

Lame Monkey Banned from Print (SEE PAGE 2)



The Lame Monkey Manifesto



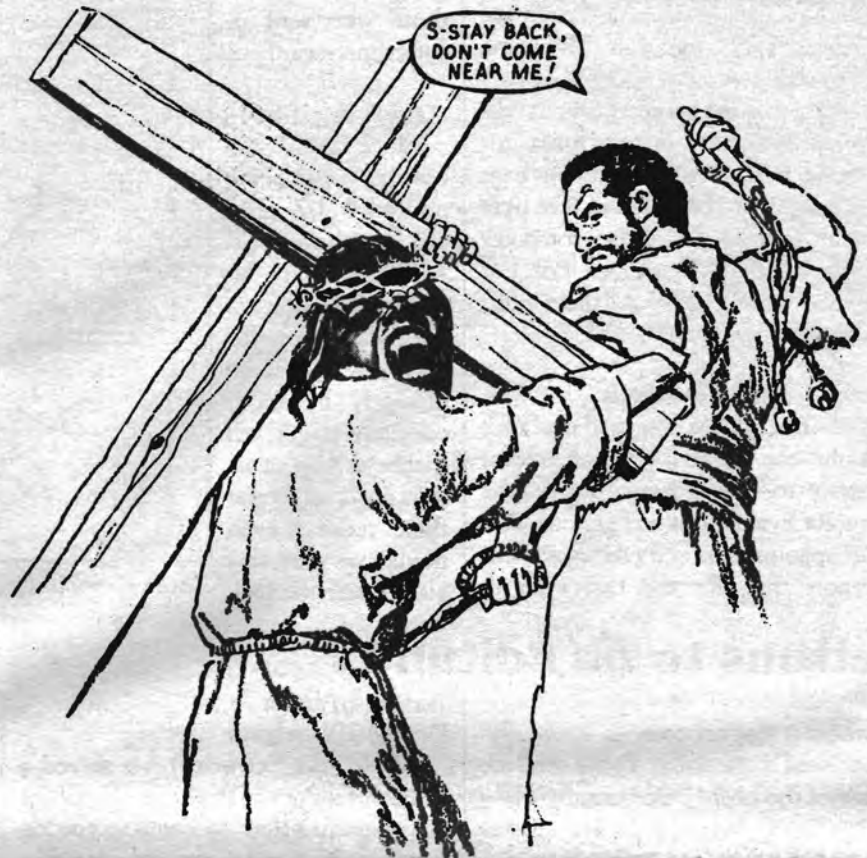
Vol 3 Number 18

August 31, 1989

FREE

MADNESS INCARNATE!

AFTER THREE DAYS HE ROSE FROM THE DEAD



THINK YOU'VE SEEN BLOOD AND GORE?
THINK YOU'VE SEEN WILD, WAY-OUT HUMOR?
THINK YOU'VE SEEN STOMACH-RETCING MUTILATION?

You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet!

"SUPERSTITION HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE"

"WE MUST NEVER LET THIS HAPPEN AGAIN!"

*If he is not alive,
why is he growing?*

*If he is not a human being,
what kind of being is he?*

*If he is not a child
why is he sucking his thumb?*



SHOCKER



IN STARTLING COLOR

**DON'T PANIC...
ONLY YOUR LIFE
IS IN DANGER!**



IT IS INADVISABLE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 16 TO
ATTEND SHOWINGS OF THIS MOTION PICTURE!

A WEIRD, GRISLY ANCIENT RITE HORRENDOUSLY BROUGHT TO LIFE IN BLOOD COLOR



Lettuh from da Edituh

Changing of the Guard

Hello, loyal Lame Monkey readers. We are proud to say that the Lame Monkey Manifesto is still indeed afloat. Mr. Ian Blackburn, Editor of TLM has stepped down, wed, and is off to an institute of higher learning out-of-state, and it is I, the Rev, Dr. Neøn Fleshbiscuit offering congratulations, luck, and seizing the reins of this newest UT™ tradition. The Lame Monkey shall not die.

It seems that the Monkey Ship is taking on water. Bob Daedalus, of Instructor Eval fame, is fed up with his studies here and is heading for San Fran to take over software analysis for some computer company out there. Good luck, Bob, but now we be needing HELP. All those interested, give Gimpy a call.

Instructor Evaluations

As the fate of TLM hung in the balance of doubt, the research and solicitation necessary to collect and compile the Instructor Evaluations was undone. It is our disappointment and embarrassment to report that, for the first time in

Monkeydom, there will be no evaluations for last semester.

But Do Not Fear. Your Avenging Voice will be back at the end of Fall Semester asking YOU how qualified and professional your instructors were.

Our sincere thanks to Kelly M. and all those who sent us comments regardless.

Lame Monkey Banned

Since the Lame Monkey began being printed 2 1/2 years ago, we have paid Alliance Press to make 5,000 copies of our paper for distribution. We have paid promptly by COD company check and withheld their name from our credit box at their request even though we were very pleased with the qual-

ity and cost of their work. We have referred them numerous accounts.

We are not sure why, after so long and mutually profitable relationship, they have decided that we are unfit for them to print. Could it be because they also print

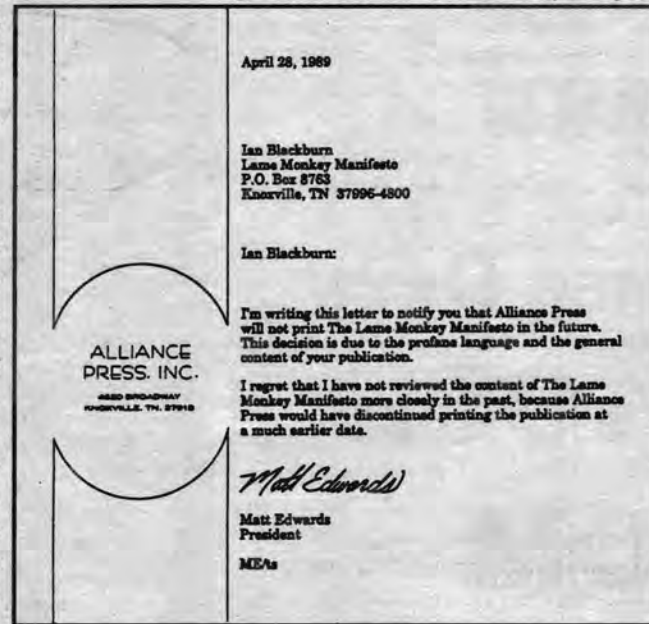
The Beacon and have a very right-wing, religious management? Let bygones be bygones: what happened to freedom of the press? Well, we no longer recommend them.

A copy of their letter appears at left.

Submitting Material

If you have anything (articles, stories, comics, poetry, photos, anything) please submit them via the Droppings Box located at Raven Records or mail to The Lame Monkey, P.O. Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800. If it is written material, typed is preferred. If it was prepared on a word processor (IBM or Mac), drop a disk with your hard copy or call 637-4909 to arrange for a disk swap. We Need Your Work to Publish!

Enjoy.



Seen above, a copy of the letter from Alliance Press refusing our business. After 2 1/2 years we got nailed for "content."

Lettuhs to da Edituh

War Not Won

To whom it may concern—

Enclosed is one dollar. Please send me a copy of the LMM, issue number th—YAAAAAH! Put your hands up you dissident slime!

Here's one from Lamar (Oof!) and one from Jerry (whack-ouch!) and one from Phil (Ungh!) and one more from Jerry (Crakk!!). Now you just forget who done this to you and we might just let you graduate from this institution of ours! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha HA!

—anonymous

From Texas

Dear Lame Monkey Manifesto "Staff",

I recently received your received your magazine/newspaper/pamphlet (actually it's just one folded sheet stuck inside another) and found it quite "amusin." I found the "humor" (anti-redneck, but somehow, in itself redneck) very similar to the "humor" I find here in Texas.

I present you a "poem" in honor of your "achievement." I would be honored if you would print it in your "?"

Shooting Tomato Dies

An eggplant found Friday night behind an ear of corn with a pear to the peach died Saturday without regaining consciousness, potatoes said.

Yam Squash, 42, was found shortly before 11 pm Friday beside his orange in the rear parking lot behind Asparagus Joe's.

So... how do you like it? Pretty stupid, huh?

Well, I feel it would be wise to stop here, but I'll write again soon...

Ed Castello

P.S. I'm including a "moist towelette" because, for some strange reason, I feel as though you "need" it.

The Parking Problem

Dear Mr. Blackburn:

While your newspaper has served a valuable function as an alternative means of communication on campus, you do members of the campus community a great disservice with your article "Return the Screw" in the April 25th edition.

I have familiarity with campus parking as chair of a Staff Appeals Board and as an ex-officio (non-voting) member of the Traffic and Parking Authority, as well as from the perspective of a payer of parking fees and a seeker of parking spaces. The parking situation on campus is unsatisfactory. There are insufficient spaces to provide each student and employee with a place to park. Every "city campus" in the United States shares this problem. Attempts to revise the parking structure are met with resistance from various campus "factions." Everyone wants a parking space right outside his or her office or classroom, available whenever he or she chooses to arrive to occupy it. This is impossible.

What we must all understand is that the Traffic and Parking Authority operates in the same way as do other non-academic units such as dormitories and food service. No state money is appropriated for these activities. Revenue to support parking comes from two sources: fees and fines. If fines go down, fees go up. Enforcement of parking regulations rewards parkers who have paid for permits and park legally; it is not an attempt to "screw" anyone. Every item in the budget, from paper clips to officers' salaries to electricity for lights in the garages and lots, as well as funds for constructing the garages and lots, must come from these two sources.

If you seek to improve parking on campus, and keep fines for parking permits at a reasonable cost, you will find

ways to help the Traffic department reduce costs, not ways to increase their expenses.

I realize that this letter is too long to print in your paper, but I hope you will do a fair job editing it.

Sincerely,
Sandra Leach, Associate Professor
[This letter was not edited for print—Neøn]

Dear Lame Monkey,

I would like to add to your "Return the Screw" article in your last issue about the parking problem on campus:

I am a commuter student and I have a hell of a time finding any parking anywhere. I pay for a parking permit for a student lot and invariably spend 30 minutes looking for a spot, then give up and find a place on the street, usually over the hill in Ft. Sanders. I've tried the baseball lots and all the other lots I'm authorized to park in—where is my spot that I pay \$72 to park in?

While I'm not sure about forcing TPA to pay for a hearing for every parking citation I get, I sure as hell resent paying twice—once for the spot I'm supposed to have, and once for the fines I pay when I can't find a space.

Is it true that parking fees and fines pay for ALL of UT security? I mean why should us car owners pay for those green-shirted rent-a-cops who walk around at night to protect (non-driving) dorm dwellers? How much money did they pay to pave the lot out in front of Hess Hall and the Library? It sure looks nice, but there are actually less spaces there now!

It seems that if UT ticketed and towed a few more cars illegally parked on football game days and charged \$5 a car for UT lots, they'd easily raise as much money as we commuter students pay in fees. Instead they give away the lot spaces to season ticket holders. If the football de-

8122B104
UNDER PENALTY OF LAW
THIS TAG NOT TO BE REMOVED
EXCEPT BY THE CONSUMER

ALL NEW MATERIAL CONSISTING OF
FIBERS NEWS-PRINT TREE MADE
LAME MONKEY

Reg. No. Orgeon 1226 (Utah)

This publication
protected by copyright.
All rights reserved.
© 1989
N.C. Stamp
Exemption No. 45

NOTIFICATION IS
MADE THAT THE
MATERIAL
SUBMITTED AND THE
OPINIONS EXPRESSED
BY INCLUDED
WRITERS / ARTISTS
ARE THEIR OWN

MADE BY
MAGIC OF ZAMFIR CO.
P. O. Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800
(615) 637-4909

Editor: Rev. Dr. Neøn Fleshbiscuit, C.S.G., V.S.C.
Layout/Design: Neøn; Original Design: Christopher G.
Cover: Trevor

Proofreading: Johnny Walker
Distribution: Bob & Neøn
Ad Sales: Jim Bacon
Facilities: Universal Printing Company
Press: Knoxville Printers & Publishers (Good Job!)

Print Run: 5,000 copies
Cost: Distributed free at area locations OR \$1 by
mail in plain brown wrapper. All back issues
available.

Hall 'o Fame: Ian Blackburn, Bob Daedalus,
Lance Bledscoe, Paul M., Christopher G.
Special Thanks: Friends of the Lame Monkey

FEDERAL REQUIREMENT

Filing: Ad content less than 13%
Lining: 100% Unsolicited. Submit your work
Advertising: Very Affordable. Call 637-4909.
Entirely created using an Apple Macintosh™
Lame Monkey Products Identification Act RN 37230

partment can build a huge indoor athletics field and Gibbs Hall Hotel, then maybe they could pay us (the students) back for using our campus parking by giving us money to build a garage. Hell, we could lease it right back to them on game days.

We the students ARE the university. How come we're always the ones getting Big Orange Screwed?

Go Vols,
Beci Bacon

The Lame Monkey prints luttuhs 'As Is'; we do not change a word unless absolutely necessary (changes denoted by [brackets]). If you have any comments regarding The Lame Monkey, please write: Lettuhs, c/o The Lame Monkey Manifesto, P.O. Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800. Names are withheld by request.



The Observer Mentality

by Paul Johnson

I was running along the creek in the Smokies last weekend, having a blast, semi-clad, barefoot and dripping wet, when I looked up at the road some 50 feet of incline away up the hill and saw a tourist taking my picture. There she stood. Not much older than I, yet standing there with her pocket instamatic and catching the reflection of me that was landing on the back of her camera's focal plane.

It struck me as ridiculous that I was picture worthy. Why me? Will I be attached to a story that she tells her friends back at the office. "When I was in Tennessee I saw a hillbilly bounding over creek rocks, barefoot and like a wild animal." And they'll giggle and ask if she saw any TREES while on vacation. Ha ha.

What is it that makes people be observers and not doers? She was taking my picture because I was doing something which she must have thought interesting. I was having fun—fun which if she had wanted to could easily have shared, finding a stretch of creek of her own or barelling down the mountain slope. But she was a tourist, she was an observer. I was playing in the creek and she was watching television.

It seems that most people are voyeurs taking what adventure they desire from movies, television, spectator athletics, and soap operas. It's safe. It's secure. Yet, it hardly addresses the element of risk and risk as a means of advancing one own's sense of identity, of pushing back self-made boundaries and exploring abilities.

Maybe she had a sprained ankle and would love to have been bouncing over the slick river rocks, but adventurers are

an odd occurrence, limited mainly to the one or two people everyone knows who gets things done. These people are the shakers and the movers, the ones who aren't just full of talk and "good ideas", but with the initiative and follow-through to actually realize their dreams.

You think this sort of thing would be encouraged. This type of person is the classic entrepreneur, the wild west settler, the artist who looks at and describes things in new ways, the people who add to the interpretation of life and add the richness to our culture. But an adventurer doesn't fit in well into a 9-5 job structure and an adventurer doesn't work well except for him/herself. And it's hard to overregulate someone who's consuming desire is to make use of their freedom.

Most people take their victories in business and political power plays, social and mating rituals and verbing especially forked interoffice memos. Maybe filing paperwork is as dynamic in its own way as climbing a mountain, but no new territory is explored, no new frontier has been opened. At best you have just maintained what already has been discovered and staved off decay from our culture.

I could have broken my neck that day, and one day maybe I shall, but at least it temporally suspended boredom and freed me from the tranquil, yet sterile, life that many people seem to enjoy. I haven't claimed any new frontier or climbed the unclimbable mountain, but by golly I've got my eyes peeled for a goal, for a hint, for some trace of something new in the details that the pioneers may have overlooked, at least until I can find a goal of my own.

The world may be shrinking, but there is so much more to explore.



Cadillac Prayer

by Lee Roberts King

Dear God show me your classic caddy,
Holy prayer fins raised in adoration!
A Beautiful Blue Cadillac
About the color of lilac.
Never asking where to be driven
but only to drive.
What a blessed, messianic ride!

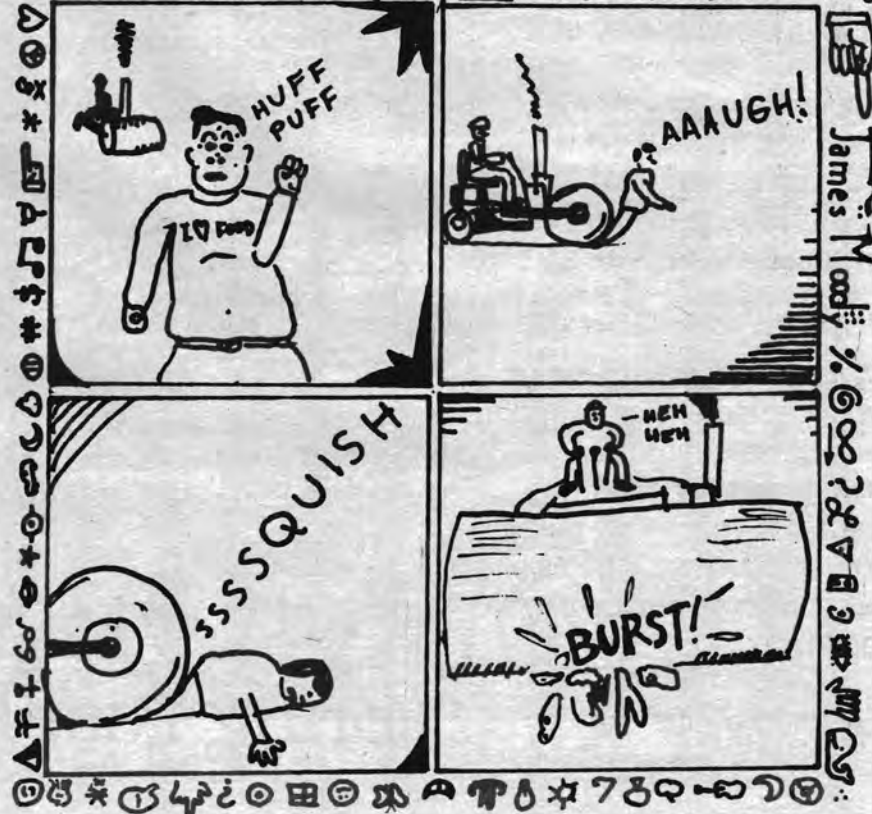
OFFICIAL

Lame Monkey Parking Permit

Dear Student Ticket Writer:
I am a fellow student, who, just like yourself, is hard up for money. Please don't ticket my car. Why don't you get a real job instead of preying upon your peers? You'll feel better not being one of the despised and hated dupes of the administration.

Sincerely,
A Fellow Student

DAVY JONES RUN OVER BY STEAMROLLER!





Dessert

by Julia Watts
Appalachian Affairs Researcher

"What do you mean I can't touch you?" "I mean you can't touch me." Neal drummed his fingers on the dashboard to the beat of the Creedence Clearwater that was blasting from the stereo. "Why do I get the feeling that we're driving to dogpatch or something?"

"Because we are," said Angela, trying to simultaneously turn down the volume on the stereo and merge into the right lane. "I know it's only an hour from Knoxville, but believe me this place is a far cry from UT. And since it's nana and papaw's anniversary, and they're going to be a little shocked anyway because you're not of—um, American descent, I just think we ought to be on our best behavior."

"You think they'll be shocked to see you, a good Southern Baptist girl, bringing home a Hindu?"

"They won't be able to grasp that you're a Hindu—they'll probably just think you're a Commie."

"Why are you doing this to me, Ang?" "It's just this urge I have to show you the real Appalachia."

"I'll ask again—Why—?"

"Let's just say you've been reading a bit too much Jesse Stuart. You've got this whole regional thing a bit too romanticized."

"Great—what about dinner?"

"Oh, you'll taste the real Appalachia, too. It's not bad once you get used to it. But it's nothing like what you get at Cracker Barrel."

Ode to Rus Harper

by Charlie Burger

And I used to think you were just another fat drunk sitting on your porch,
A witty punkster who could twist any remark into a penile reference.

No, I see the truth now.
You are the new messiah,
A very wise man living an example of enlightened, carefree life.

Instead of wine and bread,
your sacraments are whiskey and cheeseburgers.

And instead of delivering sermons from a lofty pulpit,
You espouse your gems of wisdom in an eloquent rock band.

Let us follow the high example of the wise Rus Harper,
the new Jesus. Selah.

"This is really scaring me, Ang."

"Uh, it's not that bad—it's just that I didn't want to do this by myself. Oh, there's my exit."

They drove through the downtown—small, Southern, deteriorating. Men in faded jeans leaned against store fronts, smoking. A fat, polyester-clad woman walked out of the IGA store carrying a brown paper bag from which a protruding box of Twinkies could be seen. Many stores stood empty and many more, still open, had goods in their windows that looked like they could have been there since World War II. A layer of dust—coal dust, perhaps—seemed to have settled over the town.

"This looks like an Edward Hopper painting," said Neal.

"Or a scene from 'The Last Picture Show,'" said Angela, turning left up a street into a residential area. "Well, here we go."

On top of a hill stood a white, aluminum-sided house, not much different from all the other white, aluminum-sided homes in the neighborhood. Angela pulled into the driveway.

Neal sighed. "Well, come on, pagan, Commie boyfriend," Angela said. "Let's try this." She reached in the back seat and got the little hen-and-chicks plant she had bought as a gift and got out of the car. Neal followed, several steps behind.

As they entered the house, the aroma of pork grease hit them harder than the smell of Giorgio on Rodeo Drive. Angela found her nana and papaw in the living

room, watching championship wrestling on their color TV in its wood-look Mediterranean case.

"Well, who are you?" Nana said to Angela. "Where've you been?"

"College, Nana, you know that." Angela smiled. "I brought you this." She handed her the plant.

"Oh, a flower, how pretty!" Nana said, taking the plant and setting it on the TV while Angela went to kiss her papaw.

"How are you doing, Papaw?" Angela asked.

"Aaah, he ain't been doing a bit of good," said Nana. She gestured to the Lay-z-Boy recliner in which he was sitting. "He ain't got up out of that chair all day."

"I'm doing fine," said Papaw. Angela wondered why her nana was always putting Papaw into verbal intensive care when he said he was doing fine. She got up her nerve and spoke. "There's somebody I'd like you to meet."

Neal stepped into the room as instantly as if he had been introduced on the Johnny Carson show.

"This is my friend Neal," Angela said. "I thought he'd like to try some of your good cooking, Nana."

Papaw said hello. Nana just looked a little stunned and said, "Well, I guess we'd better eat then."

They all sat down at the kitchen table to plates heaped with pinto beans and cornbread, fried potatoes, mustard greens, and macaroni and cheese. Angela thought she could feel her arteries clogging at the

sight of the stuff. Neal looked a little puzzled, but ate dutifully. Nana and papaw kept shooting him glances, and Neal felt he ought to say something.

"So, Mr. Bowlin," he said to Angela's papaw, "Angela tells me you used to be a coal miner."

"Yeah," said papaw, "I started working in the mines when I was just twelve—"

"I was raised in a coal camp, you know," Nana interrupted, "Right over there in Eagen. Them was the days. I had three brothers and one sister. I had a young'n on my hip from the time I was nine years old."

"That must have been really rough," said Neal, feeling the need to comment.

"Rough? Why, we had to carry water from the well as far as from here to the Baptist church—"

"That well gets farther away every time," said papaw. Nana ignored him. "And we only got two pair of socks a year—one black and one brown—and one pair of shoes—"

"I'm doing really well in my classes, Nana," Angela said. "And I got called back for this play I tried out for."

"What was the play?" Nana asked. "It's called Pygmalion," Angela said. "They made a movie out of it called 'My Fair Lady.'"

"I believe I saw that," said Nana. "Couldn't get a bit of sense out of it."

"Well, see, it's about this low-class English girl who sells flowers—," began Neal.

"I don't know what you're doing up at that college anyway. All that's at college anymore is dope fiends."

"And how many colleges have you been to?" Angela asked.

"Enough—I know."

"Nana, I don't believe this. I come here to wish you and papaw a happy anniversary and to introduce you to my friend here, and you start giving me the same old garbage you gave me when I was twelve years old!"

"Don't believe me?" Nana yelled. "I fix you that macaroni and cheese and you never eat but two bites of it, and you come into the house with that nigger!"

"Neal is not black—His family's from New Dehli, India, and he was born in Cleveland, Ohio!"

"I never knew nobody from Ohio who had a bit of sense."

Neal had to say something. Finally, out of sheer desperation, he yelled, "You really do make good cornbread, Mrs. Bowlin!"

Nana was sidetracked. "Now, I bet you don't get cornbread like that overseas, do you?" she said.

"No, ma'am," he replied. Nana went to the refrigerator, took out a huge casserole dish full of orange Jell-O, and they had dessert.

.....
• To My Sun-Child in Italy: •
• O Deb! Amerika is sad without your •
• song. Please come home! •
• Love, Fak •
.....

Don't Forget! Wednesday Nights are Dollar Nights



Party on the Back Porch Bring Your Favorite Tape



Upon Viewing the Total Eclipse of the Moon

by Elroy J. Ringwald

The thrice-crowing cock found me in the shadow of the great campus Tower, where by day the dread Lord Alexander sits in quietude brood, weaving the webs of his advancement. I was in the grass, betraying many blood-sworn vows and sacred promises with a beautiful Amerasian girl from Huntsville, Alabama. She had a face more exquisite than a royal geisha's—and an accent like Gomer Pyle's. The blood of Buddhist sages surged through her veins, while the seed I spilled in so drunken and misbegotten a fashion was greasy with the paltry leavings of peasants, thieves, and hardshell Baptists.

How did I get here? A rooftop. The poetry reading. Rimbaud. Ah, the wine of abandon! Seasickness. A cassette tape in a cookie tin. The sweet obscenity of survival. Chalk it up to a nervous stomach, a spastic colon, and a jealous God. When the sun rose over the river, the beautiful Amerasian girl got her first good look at my face, and split. This music crept... A cherubim thou wast that did preserve me. Prophecy, ye gleaming head of Pantocrat Apollo: What forgery must I put upon these most unseemly grass stains?

I'd climbed the Hill, one of a curious few come to peruse the celestial minuet. Aloof as Darcy, the moon disdained our crowd of provincial hopefuls, and executed graceful steps with its aristocratic partner behind a screen of haze. News crews splashed white fire on the polished wood of their words, cracking jokes with every hair in place. The beautiful young Amerasian girl with a Beatles haircut and a killing way with white socks and bare legs dropped my guard with a Bob Dylan t-shirt, circa 1984. Long-faced, bleary-eyed, half-bearded bard, with golden letters beneath his diamond jaw:

SLANE CASTLE, IRELAND

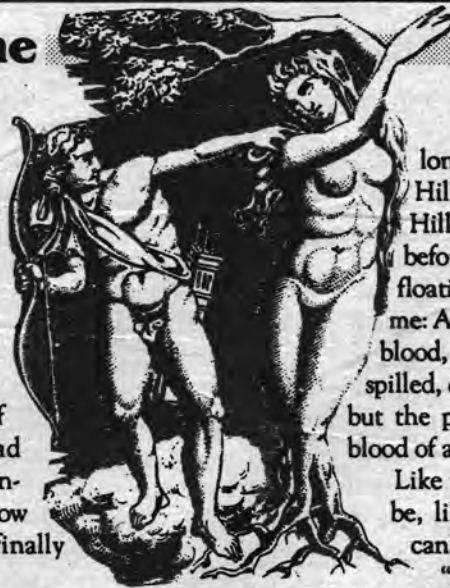
A match to flashpaper. They shut down the TV lights. My flab receded in the darkness. Clark Kent goggles ditched in a pocket. The perfect yin-yang of her face was disturbed by a fetching quantum particle: slightly crooked upper lip, right side higher than the left. The new universe of the now observed. Child of a long, disorderly dream: MillyMollyRudy Bloom. Her small hand in mine in a roomful of smoke: Ta poitrine sur ma poitrine? somebody says, and the lights go out again, thank Christ.

"There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number. My dove, my undefiled, is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her. The daughters saw her and blessed her; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her."

Dragging up from the dew, staggering toward the sandy brick, wherefore to wash and relieve; dragging down the broken walk, with my forgetful shirttail; dragging for the weighted corpse I cast off in secret,

years ago, when I first put my lips to lies; dragging on, beneath the peppy glower of the dread Lord Alexander; is this how morning finally comes?

Night, precious night, merciful illusionist, has fled into the non-observed with her antique magic lantern. O, but I have a memory, I have a faculty, I have a



long way to go: Walking up the Hill, through the grass, up the Hill, before the gods had withered, before the haze set in, and there, floating in the fading sky beyond me: A raised, round disk the color of blood, blood-red, churning—not the spilled, dead blood of an open wound but the pooled, still-pulsing, pink-red blood of a bruise beneath pale skin.

Like what has been, like what will be, like all that never was—they can't take that away.

"Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were a company of two armies."



Wanted:
Bass Player, Singer or Both
for local band
Emperor of Ice Cream
Call James
524-4112

LISTEN TO



UNRADIO

DAMMIT!
Saturday Nights
10-2
on WUTK-FM 90.3

VINYL'S NOT DEAD!
DIG IT UP AT RAVEN & SON OF RAVEN
UNEARTH CD'S. CONJURE CASSETTES.
RESURRECT T-SHIRTS.
EXHUME IMPORT POSTERS.
WE HAVE A BONEYARD & VALUE.

RAVEN RECORDS

1725 CUMBERLAND AVE., KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE 37916

JEFF GRAYHER



A Life in the Night of Lucinda Powell

by Sam Denno

Lucinda Powell sits in the corner. The blue lights of the bar, filtered through layers of cigarette smoke, bring out the paleness of her skin. Her hair, once a golden blonde but now faded beyond white, is pulled back in a tight bun. Sharp cheek bones still stab out from slackened flesh. Once used to showcase her breast and hips, a frayed blue dress now merely drapes over her form, decayed seams exposing the original color as they give way to time and gravity. A cigarette, resting between two arthritic fingers formed in a crooked V, burns away next to her face, its ashes falling away with each harassing flutter of age. Her left hand, her mike hand, rests gently around a short, clear glass containing a clear liquid, a gin and tonic most likely.

But what I notice first is the scar in the shape of a frown, glowing white, two and a half inches in length, its history forgotten long ago, that runs across her forehead. Every so often, a fingertip, yellowed from decades of smoking non-filters—they mellow her voice, she would defend, darts to feel for the scar, almost as if she expected it to disappear, taking with it all that has ever happened to her. But staring into her eyes, gray with life, I see that everything remains.

I picture Miss Powell as I have always known her from the pictures on her al-

bum covers. I had found them in an old trunk my father had forgotten in the attic. The covers are all about the same; faded with brown circles where the discs have rested for so long. Miss Powell is sitting, her legs crossed, toes pointed. She is holding the mike up to her lips, her eyes half closed as if she will any second succumb to song. Above her likeness, titles such as "Lucinda Powell at the Purple Onion" or simply "Lucinda Powell Sings" act as halos. Musicians such as Thelonious Monk and Oscar Peterson populate the albums' liner notes. Even though the albums are scratched beyond repair, the sound barely escaping from the grooves, her greatness still comes through. Her forte is the torch song, her voice emerging from the vinyl in a bitter sweetness mingling with a deeply inhaled Lucky Strike.

I know that my father, now dead, had once been in love, as I am now, with Lucinda Powell the album cover—he had never tried to see her perform. He had talked of her with me, though. One of my father's stories, about an incident that took place at the apex of her career in the mid 50's, was brief and his facts hazy. It was about Miss Powell and a man, Randall or something, and wasn't sure what his relationship with Miss Powell was. The man was found shot to death in her apartment with Miss Powell sitting in her chair, smoking a cigarette, next to the body filled with five bullets. My father

ended his story with Miss Powell's lone remark made at the scene: "I didn't mean to shoot him, the first time anyway." My father laughed; I simply stared back.

Later, looking up the story on my own I found a page 20 article in the September 3, 1956 *New York Times*. "Lounge Singer Shoots Male Companion; Drugs Possibly Involved" read the headline of the tiny article. My father was close to the man's correct name. Raymond Pyle, 35, an unpublished writer, had supposedly lived with Miss Powell for three years prior to the shooting. The police found his body in Miss Powell's residence after an anonymous phone caller reported gunshots. Police said that it was most likely self defense, the quote my father had told me of was used in the same paragraph. There was no other mention of drugs than in the headline.

Now thirty years after the incident, I have found her in obscurity, a mere shade of how I had pictured her only minutes before walking in. I sit at the bar, drinking in silence, watching her in the mirror. The bar is a dirty, thin place filled with loneliness. People are scattered about the room, all trapped in their own worlds. My glass sits uneasy on the bartop, chipped away with obscure graffiti. "Don't know why... Rene 1948" is carved deeply into the surface where I rest my hand.

"Joe," she says, her voice a mere sound. The bartender shoves from behind the

bar with another fresh, clear glass filled with fresh, clear liquid.

"Here ya go, Miss Powell," he genuflects. He then adds, almost as an afterthought, "What will you like to start with tonight?" She now speaks in a low voice only he can hear. He then moves toward the stage, picking up a microphone. After placing the microphone on her table, Joe makes his way back to the bar. Finishing my drink, I stand up to pay the bill. Joe pops a tape into the house system, music strains forth. This is her band: dead musicians playing in the past. I watch her as she picks up the microphone, not bothering to move from her table for this has become her stage, hidden away in the corner.

I hold the door open as I leave, listening for her first words:

'When will I ever stop moaning, when will I ever smile;

my baby went and left me, he'll be gone a long, long while.

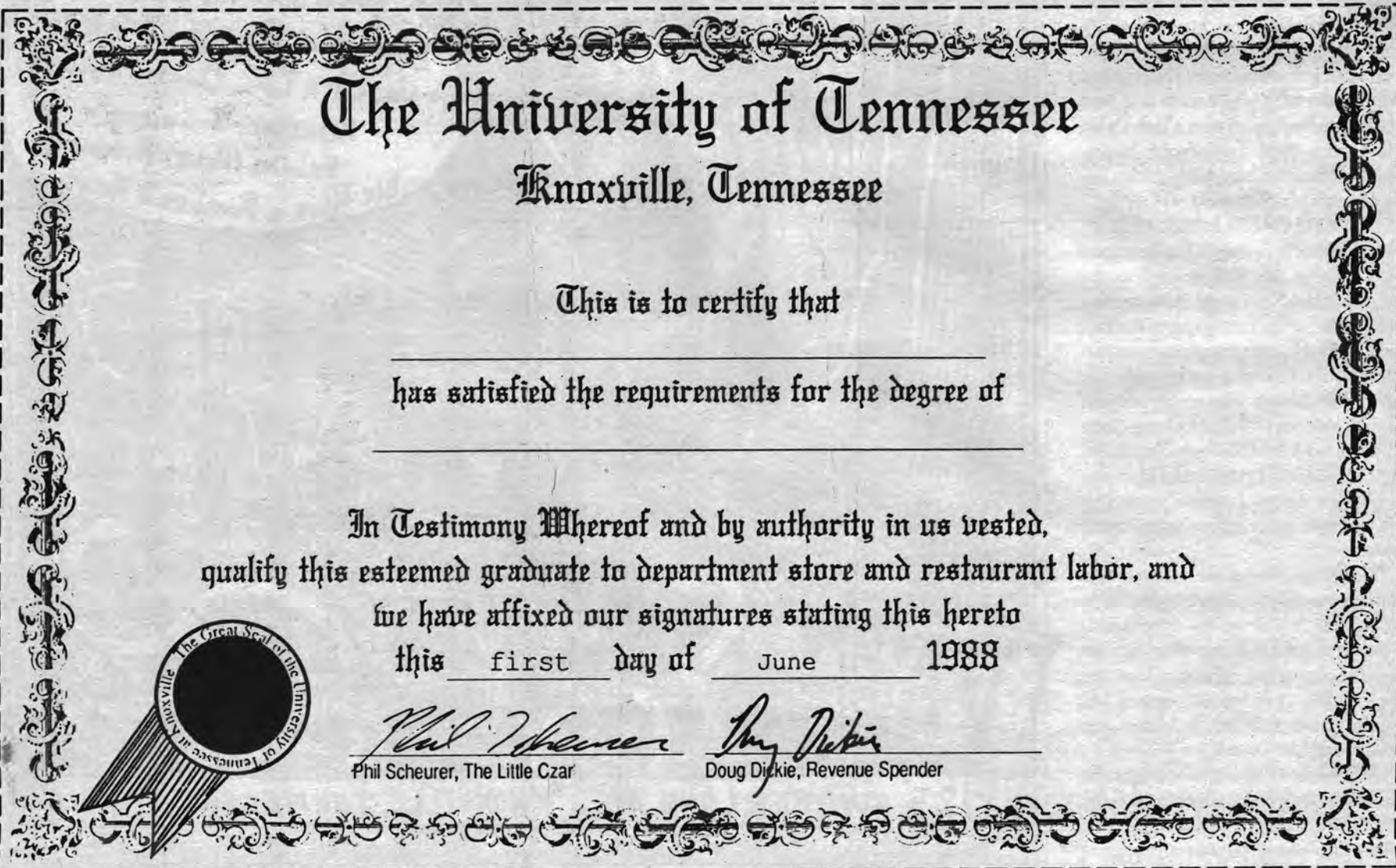
I felt so blue and heartbroken, what am I living for;

for my baby went and left me never to come back no more....'

Her song, like everything else, is better remembered from the past than to be heard. Closing the door behind me, I walk down the street. Making my way into the night, my feet moving to a memory as I listen to a voice no longer heard.

The Lame Monkey Diploma

COSTS LESS • IS ABOUT AS INFLUENTIAL • TAKES LESS TIME • JUST CLIP AND PHOTOCOPY TO PARCHMENT



The University of Tennessee

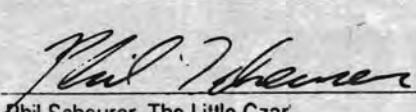
Knoxville, Tennessee

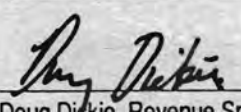
This is to certify that


has satisfied the requirements for the degree of

In Testimony Whereof and by authority in us vested,
 qualify this esteemed graduate to department store and restaurant labor, and
 we have affixed our signatures stating this hereto

this first day of June 1988


Phil Scheurer, The Little Czar


Doug Dickie, Revenue Spender





You Are A Sports Car... WHAT A GREAT THING TO BE!

Rev. Dr. Neøn Fleshbiscuit
High Potentate, Venetian Sanity Commission
Self-Acclaimed Moralist, Practical Idealist
Nobody in Particular, Unqualified

The streets are crowded with people and cars, small talk and smog, body odor and exhaust, packed sidewalks and six-lane highways and sometimes it gets hard to tell the difference between the two. People and cars, cars and people. Both are really much the same.

Have you ever felt like an automobile? As you travel down the road of life do you always see signs which say ONE WAY? You might be caught in that maze of city streets: a rat race of red-lights, blocked allies, and full parking lots, yet there is another way to find the cheese. You can stay in the maze or you can rise above it and see the solution from a new perspective. Your overpass is in sight! You're shifting gears. There are many roads to travel on, but the best way is the FREEWAY.

Friends, life is a cross-country excursion with you at the wheel. Happiness is yours if you can find your destination. Where are you going? You could choose the obvious routes: to the big cities, national parks, on all the tried and true paths of a million weary travelers. You could follow the flow, stay in the groove, and find yourself in a rut. You could follow others, only to find yourself pulling into their driveway. It's a 5.2 trillion car pile up, but only one garage is your home, only one key unlocks your door. Are you tired of cruising down main street, bumper to bumper in a spiritual gridlock? Take the exit, take the BYPASS.

Do you know which road you're on or are you blindly following the service attendant's directions? Some will tell you

It's not how fast you burn through the straight-ways, it's how you handle the curves. The road of life

is covered with potholes and it's up to YOU to keep your front-end aligned. It may be raining. It may be snowing. There may be Traveler's Advisories until the end of time, but no matter what obstacles nature hurls in your path, no matter how many 18-wheelers block you in, it's still you, YOU and your skill against everything blocking your way towards TRUTH. You are the only one ultimately responsible for your actions. You are the only one answerable to your fiercest critic, best friend, and enemy—YOURSELF.

You are a limited edition series of one. You were born a test driver. Evaluate your make: run it over the test track. Realize your abilities: they are not known until tested. Test drive your heart and soul!

I saw a road hog yesterday. Yes, I saw a road hog pull into a right turn lane and block the car ahead of it from that same right handed turn. And it was ugly. It seems many people today are so scared of not getting their fair share that they take double helpings just to be on the safe side, to get on the right side, to get their deserts—at the expense of antagonizing and robbing others.

It is not necessary! Sure you can get ahead, but one car's length is nothing on a journey through your mind and the attitude you assume only makes your journey longer if not impossible.

Tune-in and Tune-up. Be a trucker of your soul. Keep the hammer down, good buddy. Know the roads, read the signs,



but remember that the state of Happiness is not on any map. Truth can be found wherever you travel, around every corner and in everything you

do—you just have to be able to recognize it. You can pull up stakes and hunt down new ways, yet some of the best journeys never leave the garage. Friends, it's a 6-lane highway straight to heaven on earth and your entrance ramp is in sight! Rev up your strength, put your mind in gear and keep your eyes peeling out. You're a high-performance, turbo-charged sports car. SPIN OUT!

Q: Which way do I go?

A: All roads lead to happiness. You must be able to recognize it when you arrive. Learn how to enjoy yourself and help others to be happy and you will be on the fastest route.

Q: Should I buy a map?

A: You already have a map buried deep inside you. You must know yourself well enough to read it. No one can tell you the WAY to go. Beware of people with all the answers.

Q: Should I pick up hitchhikers?

A: Companionship on a journey makes the traveling easier. Be cautious. There are those that are traveling the same way and those that will divert you or kill you.

For more about this, read You Are A Sex Slave from the Venetian Sanity Commission.

Q: Is routine bad?

A: When you travel the same roads everyday, it means that you are traveling in circles. Perhaps it's time to find out where that interesting side road leads.

Q: Is it bad to be afraid of going new places?

A: Only a fool is never frightened. When people are exposed to new things, they either ignore it, are dazzled by it, or are scared of it. It is important to overcome your fear of new things so that you may understand them faster and eliminate the smog of doubt.

Q: Why am I a sports car and not a polar bear?

A: That issue is discussed in the Venetian Sanity University Doctoral Program coursework. Please see back page for details.

Q: How do I find out more?

A: Contact Rev. Dr. Neøn Fleshbiscuit at the Venetian Sanity Commission, P.O. Box 8717, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800. Please send 24¢ to help defray costs. **ALSO AVAILABLE**



You Are A BUG

Additional enlightenment may be found from The Church of the Sub-Genius, P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214. Tell them Neøn sent you. Please send \$1 to help defray costs.

And when all else fails, don't hesitate to contact the AAA of your soul—The Venetian Sanity Commission.



A Question of Some Importance

by Starlight

If the smile I wear upon my face cracked and ran all over the place, Melting like a dripping candle —or napalmed flesh How would people react?

If the masses then could see the reality I try to conceal— Would they run away in fear? or is there the possibility They would accept what is revealed?

Is it easier to live beneath a guise and please the masses? Existing merely to satisfy the conformists —who are the majority.

Or is it better to be true to oneself and be a solitary entity? To walk the path alone in spirit —Vacant soul like an empty, white room.

Be The First On Your Block To Own The Official™ Lame Monkey T-Shirt

"It's just SO soft, I could wear it all day and ALL NIGHT and nothing else."

"Now I've really got a hairy chest."

"I wasn't cool till I bought mine."

"Oh, wow! Like more hip than tie-dyes"



The Lame Monkey Manifesto



Available Now at Son of Raven for \$10 (behind Kinko's) or send \$12 to Lame Monkey, P.O. Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800. State size. Allow 2-3 weeks delivery. All orders are shipped in plain brown wrappers.



planet earth

**THURSDAY
AUGUST 31**

THE HYRAS
IN THE PUB
9PM • FREE

**SATURDAY
SEPTEMBER 2**

TAOIST COWBOYS
WITH REV. COLIN WADE MONK
& BONGO FURY
10PM • DOWNSTAIRS • \$5

**FRIDAY
SEPTEMBER 1**

COL. BRUCE HAMPTON
WITH CLOCKHAMMER
10PM • DOWNSTAIRS • \$5

**SUNDAY
SEPTEMBER 3**

**ALTERNATIVE
DANCE PARTY**
11PM • UPSTAIRS • \$3

**TUESDAY
SEPTEMBER 5**

CINEMA PUB
9PM • FREE

**WEDNESDAY
SEPTEMBER 6**

**ALTERNATIVE
DANCE PARTY**
11PM • UPSTAIRS • \$3

**THURSDAY
SEPTEMBER 7**

**ACOUSTIC PUB
OPEN MIKE**
9PM • FREE

**FRIDAY
SEPTEMBER 8**

**TINY LIGHTS &
TAOIST COWBOYS**
10PM • DOWNSTAIRS • \$5

**SATURDAY
SEPTEMBER 9**

**TINY LIGHTS &
JUDYBATS**
10PM • DOWNSTAIRS • \$5

**SUNDAY
SEPTEMBER 10**

**ALTERNATIVE
DANCE PARTY**
11PM • UPSTAIRS • \$3

121 WEST JACKSON • 522-2737