

Exclusive Interview with Lamar Salamander

The Lame Monkey Manifesto



Vol.3 Number 19

October 26, 1989

FREE



Since 1987

Been Here

**Activism in
1989:
A Knoxville
Area Guide**

**Fred Hampton
Remembered**

**Nothing Else
Better**

**BBS Listing
and more...**



SPECIAL

**WHO IS THAT
WHITE BOY?**



8 STUPEFYING DISGUISES
POETRY BY PAUL WEINMAN



Lettuh from da Edituh

October 26, this issue's release date, is a very very special day. According to the writings of an obscure Christian scientist and Catholic bishop, the world was created 6093 years ago today at 9am by god. That makes the 31st—Halloween—the day that "man" was created. Boo! Scariest costume I've ever seen...

While it is beyond most of our abilities to re-make the world, it isn't impossible to help reshape a little corner of it. This issue contains our annual alternative groups listing which offers the structure to selectively affect change, both personal and global. Get involved! The fires of hell are licking at your feet. Take a stand, stomp the flames and dance in the harmony of brotherhood, or kick back in the glory of helping your brethren, myn, and womyn. Don't sit back and complain, do something!

And if you are not a human being, but a student, and would like to help your

like-in-pain, the time to conduct Instructor Evaluations is rapidly drawing near. What this means is that we need volunteers to work a booth conducting surveys and others to help with the dastardly deed of compiling the information into our hi-tech database.

Bob Daedalus, the Instructor Evaluations Coordinator, has left us to move to San Fran and fall into the ocean (hope you're OK, send me your address) which leaves an opportunity for someone in the campus community to find extreme personal glory. If you're masochistic, enjoy working long hours for nothing and feel that Instructor Evaluations are necessary at an institution the size of UTK, then we'd really like to hear from you.

If you'd like to help in any capacity, call 637-4909 and leave a message. An official™ I.D. card, stickers, profane editorial gratitude and other perks are yours for the taking.

And if all that is just too much to take: Don't dye your head! Boil it in our new robust fish jelly! Janor Hypercleets, north Atlantic cod-oilsman for BobCo, will be in Knoxville on November 4th (see ad on page 11) to deep fry the uninitiated in the word of the SubGenius. This is the first Devival in the area, officially organized by the Pope of Tennessee, Rev. Onan Canobite, and should be the best thing to happen in this area since ye a r s. It would be foolish to miss it. If you don't know what this is about, you may not want to, as it may sear your cerebral karma cones.

I had always wondered why both C. Gray and Ian Blackburn always got caught in a crunch trying to make press deadline and now that my head is in the noose, I can appreciate why. No matter how early you start, everything comes down to the last minute. Press deadline is tomorrow and I have a last minute page-sized hole and the budget just took an unexpected **clump. C'est la Gimp. Fun. Fun. Fun.**

Here's something to thinkaboutuntil next time: is intelligence more prevalent in beta-males and beta-females to enhance their social position and reproductive appeal?

Fellow mutants: Enjoy!

REV. DR. NEON

- Help With Instructor Evals!
- SUBMIT MATERIAL
- Droppings Boxe located at Raven
- Records or Mail to PO Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800
- Next Issue 1st Deadline Nov. 20

Lettuhs to da Edituh

Rev. Jim...

Thanks so much for sending Matt copies from the LM Official Back Issue Shelf. He's really enjoying them.

Hope you survive UT this fall.

Yours,

C.A. Cella

Dear Rev. Dr. Neøn Fleshbiscuit,

I was amused and enlightened by your August 31 edition of The Lame Monkey Manifesto. Thank god someone is offering a forum of expression to students other than in the Beacon. Enclosed is a buck to help defray costs—please send info about the Venetian Sanity Commission. (After seven years of the so called "real world", I need it).

Hope the Lame Monkey is going well. Keep up the good work! Send the latest issue you can.

Regards,

Greg Case

Former Beacon cartoonist ('80-'82) and aging old fart. My friend Jay Nations recommends therapy.

Dear Neøn,

Thank you for the pamphlet, "You Are A Sports Car"—I'm sharing the extra copy with the few friends I've cultivated in this place.

I must admit the, before coming to prison, I'd never really been fascinated by

the concept—I tended to relegate it to the same category as cop shows, prison movies, and the like—and never really thought about it.

From what little I've seen of prison movies—most of which I've seen since entering the system—there are some cometic similarities. As for a 'convict code of honor', forget it—they CLAIM to follow some outdated "Convict Code" developed in the 20's and 30's by gangsters (a fine bunch to lay down the rules!), but in reality you wouldn't run much risk of meeting a more back-stabbing, untrustworthy, attitudinous bunch anywhere, unless you hang around with Fundamentalist Televangelists or South American Druglords. Pretty hairy bunch. There is a sort of hierarchy, with child molesters, snitches, and 'weak' (nonviolent) people occupying the bottom rung—but even that is subject to some variation. If you play it smart, remain quiet, avoid being identified as a member of any of the cliques, and just do your own time, you stand a fair chance of being left alone. Size doesn't carry any guarantees, although a larger person tends to make a less attractive target. I'm just slightly larger than avg. (6'1", 190 lbs.) so the only people I really watch out for are a) larger people, and b) those who prey in packs—and again, I'm not the most attractive target available, so it's not really a concern, just an attitude of watchfulness.

No tin cups—Zylon. Hard to make into a weapon (though some prisoners HAVE found ways, or so I'm told). No striped uniforms—uniforms are cheap denims, made at one of the prisons, and equally cheap chambray workshirts. Not really much, or much quality, in prison issue stuff. We ARE allowed packages, quarterly, but the list of allowed items is abysmally small. No real educational opportunities. Nothing laudable in the line of vocational training. No effort whatsoever to 'rehabilitate' the prisoner; these prisons are basically warehouses, keep 'em on the shelf till their time is up & put

them back on the street meaner & more dangerous than they were before—they end up coming back quickly enough. One passed through the chow line two nights ago, bragging about how he'd been out less than one month on parole before being sent back in. Recidivism is the rule for the overwhelming majority. I'm a first term prisoner, expecting to have my name cleared on appeal, so when I say that I have no intention of returning, you can take me seriously. That joke Richard Prior did—"Thank GOD we have PRISONS!"—I couldn't agree more. And I was once a LIBERAL!!!

How do I deal with the lack of female companionship? Better than most. Others go for 'Punks' (prison term denoting a homosexual) are unbelievably popular—especially the ones who act, and try to look like girls. I've seen serious violence develop over questions of ownership. Yes, ownership—you don't shack up with a sissy, you own one. What do I do with my time? Try to spend as much as I can studying, meditating, reading—and occasionally just 'zoning out', contemplating the Universal Navel, or whatever you'd call it. I try not to do very much of that. I tend to view this place as a sort of 'monastery', a place where I can clean out my spirit & slough off some of the mental/emotional garbage I've been carrying around, all these years.

Well, I've got to go—this typewriter, unfortunately, is my 'at-work' typewriter, and the boss wants me to work (work? on the job? what a novel concept. it would, however, ruin the ambience), so I'll close here... and, when I can, will write back. By the way, thank you for the stamp—postage helps immensely.

Please be good to yourself—strive to be happy. Back in touch soon.

Sincerely,
3π Henderson

[Note: Mr. Henderson is considering joining the ranks of the LMM writers. Watch future issues for his work.—Ed.]

I AM THE GODDAM
NINTH COMING OF
BOB AFTER HIS
BLESSED 666'S
ERECTION! I
KNOW NO EQUAL;
I KNOW NOTHING!
999
A&AGIN'

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.

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This issue dedicated to Danielle and Beci. I miss you both.—Neøn
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1ST STUPID GUISE
IN HIS NEW VANNA WHITE DISGUISE, WHITE BOY GOES DOOR TO DOOR TO CONVINCE RESIDENTIAL HOME OWNERS TO DROP THEIR PROTEST OF A NEWS AIDS SUPPORT/TREATMENT HOUSE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, BUT FINDS HE

First:	is stripped
Second:	is fondled
Third:	is sucked
Fourth:	is raped
Fifth:	is speechless

AFTER A COLD SHOWER WHITE BOY LOOKS IN HIS CLOSET TO TRY TO FIND A MORE EFFECTIVE RUSE
AS VANNA WHITE



Lamar, Our Beloved President-for-Life: Taking Us Into The 21st Century—And BEYOND!

An exclusive interview with University President and former Nixon office boy Lamar Salamander, respectfully conducted by Cliff Noates.

Pixie. Cherub. Bright shining angel of the ever-smiling, ever-beguiling forces of optimism. Those are just some of the warm, gushy images that come to mind when one slides off one's shoes, steps into a modestly-appointed office, and encounters, face-to-face for the first time, the user-friendly mug of the Man from Plaid. Lamar, eager to talk, eager to please, genially orders his houseboy to take away the hookah and the baby oil, then gestures me to a plushly upholstered armchair in front of his redwood desk, while he settles comfortably into his imitation Louis XVI chair. On the wall behind him hang several large photo portraits, many of them personally inscribed. There is Ronald Reagan, for example: "To Lemur—one of Australia's finest leaders." And Alex Haley: "To Ivory from Ebony—See ya in Hollywood!" And, looming large above them all, a full-color, full-body shot of Diamond Jim Haslam, standing in front of the Administration Tower; across the bottom, scrawled in bright red paint, are the simple, heartfelt words, "YOU OWE ME ONE, KID!"

Looking up, ready to tackle any and all questions, Lamar has a merry twinkle in his eye, like a dog who, having been chased away from his bitch of choice by a pack of stronger, more brutal animals, wanders the narrow, rain-splattered streets of a dockside neighborhood, forlorn, bereft of marketable job skills, and all juiced up to no good purpose now, until he stumbles upon, in the grass of a tiny old yard owned by a tiny old widow woman whose husband, Randolph, a bootblack, was killed by his regimental comrades in 1945 for humming "Skip To My Lou" one too many times, a piece of raw meat which she has thrown out because her gums are hurting her this week, of all weeks, when her beau, who is also called Randolph but is twelve years younger than her husband would be if he were still alive and humming, is flying in from Orlando to spend a few days with her, "sleeping on the couch, of course, Miz Libbie!" although, until the flare-up with the gums, which prevents her from putting in her dentures and looking her best, she'd seriously considered eighty-sixing the couch idea for something more Golden Girlish, and drags the meat back to his own yard, to his special spot in the corner, near the wire trash-burning basket, where he can sometimes nose out a scorched egg-shell

or some melted cheese mingled with plastic goo, or even, like the night before, a whole mouthful of slightly-singed macaroni and cheese, all of which are a marked improvement over the yuppie-puppie dog chow his owners ladle out every night, some kind of Swedish health-food crap that tastes like it's made out of mulched cardboard and God only knows what else, as the woman found out the time she took a bite of it herself just to prove to him how yummy it was, then threw up all over the brand-new cordless phone, and there, in the flickering light from the embers in the trash basket, sinks his yearning teeth into the cool, rubbery meat, and masticates and masticates to his heart's content. Who can resist a look such as that? I sure couldn't, and neither could you, I don't think. I put aside all the "tough journalist" questions I'd prepared, and simply spoke from the heart.

Cliff Noates: Your Exalted Honor Mister President-For-Life, I'd just like to—

Lamar Salamander: Please, no need to stand on ceremony. Just call me Mr. President-For-Life.

CN: Thank you, sir, thank you! Mr. President-For-Life, when you took office—

LS: Oh, what the hey! Just call me Mr. President!

CN: You do me too much honor, sir, but I'll obey. Mr. President, when you first ascended—

LS: Aw, hell, no need for all that either. Why don't you just call me Lamar?

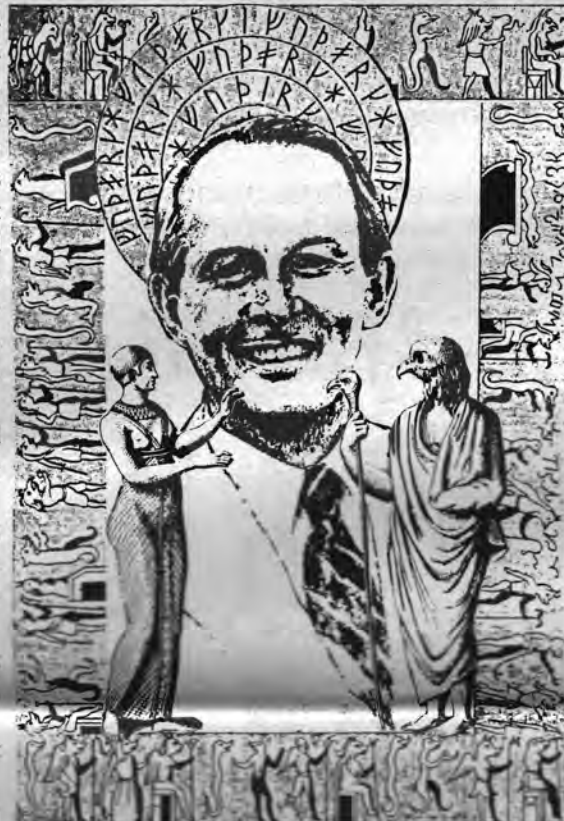
CN: Oh, no, sir, I wouldn't dare presume... I call you Lamar? Who am I? I'm just a peon, a spearcarrier, a lump of inelegantly congealed tissue, a smooth, soft larva of a sawfly or moth that creeps like a mollusk, a... a whoreson zed who's never even attended a thousand-dollar-a-plate dinner... I just couldn't.

LS: Hmm, perhaps you're right. Better stick with Mr. President.

CN: Thank you, sir. Mr. President, you've been in office for a good while now. What are your feelings about the job so far?

LS: Well, Cliff, as I have made abundantly clear many, many times before, the most important aspect of the university presidency is what it can do for me personally. As you know, I have no background in education administration, and my two terms as governor were largely a series of self-aggrandizing PR gimmicks carried out at great public expense while the Fat Man and his Little Buddy—the guy who blew

his brains out a few weeks ago—ran the state for me. And let me say here (parenthetically) that neither I nor the Fat Man nor any of our curiously commingled minions have any blood on our hands from that unfortunate incident, as I am sure that our Little Buddy was either guilty or not guilty of whatever the FBI was or was not going to charge him with and that he acted alone no matter what he did or didn't do and therefore the matter should be dropped and we should



stop all this poking around about past and present corruption in state government, unless it involves the handful of Democrats who didn't sell out their ideals—on the wild assumption that they had any in the first place—to collaborate with me during my two terms in office, which, as I say, made me feel very, very good about myself but which did not provide me, unfortunately, with the slightest skill or knowledge about guiding an institution dedicated to higher learning.

CN: Well said, Your Perkiness. Did this, shall we say, lack of common, even, shall we say, vulgar first-hand knowledge cause you any problems once you took the UT helm?

LS: Surprisingly not, Cliff. You see, I discovered—to my great relief!—that the institution is not in fact dedicated to higher learning or the examined life or the flowering of human culture or any of that other Commie-dupe claptrap. No sir, this university—like all state universities—has three main functions: To perpetuate the power of the ruling class; to cultivate a sizable amount of brain-dead, middle-class cannon fodder, which will then fill the middle-echelon positions needed in the business world to keep the money flowing to the top; and, of course, to offer a sufficient pretense of social mobility and educational opportunity to keep the lower classes pacified. It's a system that has worked remarkably well

for almost 45 years, except for a few anomalies in the Sixties, at Berkeley and Columbia and other places where you'll often find a rather large concentration of, well, if you'll pardon me, Jews. Not that I have anything against the Jewish race, you understand; quite the contrary. I was one of the first ones to tell Georgie Bush he should get those ex-Nazis off his staff until the election was over! And I think Ariel Sharon is the cat's pajamas. But that Abbie Hoffman guy, who stirred up all the students—well, he wasn't exactly a Southern Baptist, was he?

CN: No sir, he sure wasn't. Good riddance to bad baggage, that's what all the kids think about him today!

LS: I'm glad to hear it. I must say that I have never seen such an admirable collection of eager beavers, apple polishers, resumé padders, and relentless brown-nosers as we have on our UT campuses today! When I see those earnest young men out there, learning how to network—when to backstab, when to kneel—and how to turn a deaf ear to their hearts and stop thinking for themselves, how to join the right groups, say the right things, drink the right drinks, date-rape the right girls—I tell ya, it brings a tear of joy to my eyes. And the gals, too, let's don't forget them! I think they've shown us that they can be just as grasping, just as stupid, just as soulless as any man in business or politics! And more power to 'em!

CN: Your relations with the UT faculty have been quite cordial, have they not, my lord?

LS: Cordial is not the word for it, Cliff; the relationship has been downright snuggly. The UT faculty members have certainly bent over forward for me and received every bit of my input with wild enthusiasm. There are of course a handful of malcontents—crypto-Commies, doom-and-gloomers, hippie retreads, envious failures, and the occasional, well, if you'll pardon me, Jew—who bray every now and then about the relentless, accelerating decay of faculty morale, the almost total lack of funding for teacher support, the substinance-level salaries, the idiotic emphasis on quantity of publication over quality of teaching, the cynical power-plays of deans, department heads, and administrators toadying to the new regime... You can't please everybody, I reckon. Why, if you can believe it, there

Continued on page 7...



2ND STUPID GUISE

WANTING TO EXPOSE BEAUTY CONTESTS AS SEXIST, WHITE BOY ENTERS THE MISS AMERICA PAGEANT, BUT IS RULED INELIGIBLE AFTER WINNING NYS

- i: because 2 judges confess wishing to ball him
- ii: no queen ever had such amazing balls!
- iii: he won't wear a jock strap at the Coronation Ball.

UNDAUNTED, WHITE BOY CONSIDERS MARRIAGE TO TRY FOR THE MRS. AMERICA AS MRS. AMERICA



The Official Lame Monkey

1989 Alternative Organizations Listing

Compiled by Tim Dimick, LMM Research Staff

a.i.d.s. Response Knoxville (aRK)
1320 N. Central
Knoxville, TN 37917
523-2437

Purposes: providing support to persons with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions, families and friends of those who are infected; providing general information to the community at large; and educating the community to reduce fear and bring forth a compassionate response to the crisis. Educational materials, speaker's bureau, HELPLINE (523-AIDS), emergency assistance and support groups are all services provided by aRK. Volunteers are needed. Office is open M-F from 10 am to 6pm.

The Alternative
U.T. Box 16156
Knoxville, TN 37996-4900
522-0741

Anarchist group whose focuses are education and direct action. Anarchism strives for a balance between individual freedom and social responsibility. Write for information on anarchism.

American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU)
Nashville office: (615) 256-7028
Knoxville: UT Philosophy Dept.
974-3255 (George)

Americans for a Clean Environment
P.O. Box 55
Hartford, TN 37753

Group is specifically concerned with pollution of the Pigeon River by the Champion Paper Mill. Have Greenpeace info on dioxin levels and plants throughout the country that are having similar effects on waterways. Trying to inform consumers about the environmental effects of bleached paper.

Anarchist Black Cross, Knoxville (ABC&K)
c/o Trevor Blake
P.O. Box 23061
Knoxville, TN 37933-1061
522-7482

The Knoxville ABC is an anarchist collective devoted to prisoner support and local activism. Anyone with family or friends in prison, or with experience in prison, is encouraged to contact us. Current projects include regular meetings and newsletter, visitation of prisoners, and community work. Phone Trevor at above number for more info.

3RD STUPID GUISE

DISGUISED AS THE PRES. WHITE BOY FORCES ENTRY INTO BRANDNEW HOUSE OF CRACK AND ANNOUNCES:

- 1: Your lighting is terrible!
- 2: This place is an absolute mess!
- 3: Do your mothers know you're here?!

AGREEING TO CLEAN, REPLACE LIGHT BULB AND GET NOTES FROM THEIR MOTHERS, THE FAKE PRESIDENT GOES AWAY FEELING GOOD!!

AS PRESIDENT BUSH

Anti-Apartheid Coalition of Tennessee (ACT)
673-0565 (Greg)

ACT struggles against racism and segregation in the community, educates people about Apartheid in South Africa and encourages UT to divest from companies doing business in South Africa. ACT is currently planning an "Anti-Apartheid Week" for Nov 27-Dec 1. Students and others concerned with these issues are invited to attend meetings every Monday at 6pm in the UT International House (1515 Cumberland Ave.).

Appalachian Community Fund
517 Union Avenue, Suite 206
Knoxville, TN 37901
523-5783

ACF is a new public foundation set up to collect monies and distribute to grassroots organizations in the Appalachian

Global Sustainability). An "activist coop"/resource center is in the works for Knoxville. The center will address environmental, peace and social justice issues.

The Center for Peace of the Society of One, Inc.
Route 11, Box 39 Waldens Creek
Road, Sevierville, TN 37862
(615) 428-3595

The Center for Peace is a New Age Church and Community, a Teaching and Healing Center, a Place for people to learn and grow in communion with Life, and a Spiritual Garden. Nonsectarian, Interdenominational and Interfaith, the Center focuses on the Oneness of all Life and on Truth that can be shared by all people rather than upon beliefs that tend to separate people. People are encouraged to seek peace through personal change instead of changing others.

Weekly activities include: Sunday Gathering Service, 11am.; Tuesday Discussion and Group Meditation, 7:30pm; Friday class: "A Course in Miracles", 7:30pm. These events are held at 880 Graves Delozier Road in Seymour, TN.

A unique community of ex-prisoners, college students and other community volunteers living and learning together. Persons who were formally behind bars are paroled to Dismas House where they receive support and share experiences with others. Persons interested in becoming more acquainted, sharing in the evening meals, volunteering to cook or just hanging out can call or stop by.

East Tennessee Community Design Center
1522 Highland Avenue
Knoxville, TN 37916
525-9945

A private nonprofit organization founded in 1970 by a group of local architects, planners and other community leaders. A small staff and professional advisors assist community volunteers in bringing design, development and housing assistance to community groups in East Tennessee. The Rural Connection Program works with rural community groups trying to improve economy in their communities and need technical assistance, training, access to resources, and connections with other grassroots organizations. A Ft. Sanders recycling program is another current project.

East Tennessee Pledge of Resistance (ETPOR)
Knoxville Area Committee on Central America (KACOCA)
P.O. Box 2093
Knoxville, TN 37901

Our focus is stopping U.S. intervention in Central America and helping Central Americans have a better life. We try to do this through protest actions as well as direct aid projects. Literature and educational resources are available. Monthly newsletter available. ETPOR is one project of KACOCA. Meetings are the first Thursday of the month at 7pm at the Second Presbyterian Church, Kingston Pike.

East Tennessee Vegetarian Society
P.O. Box 1974
Knoxville, TN 37901
546-5643 (Bob)

An organization of approx. 80 persons promoting vegetarianism in the Knoxville area. The society sponsors monthly meetings and dinners at homes and restaurants. Membership is open to all vegetarians and non-vegetarians. Speakers, discussion or entertainment at most meetings. Disperses vegetarian information to the public.

Feminist Collective
522-0646 (Jennifer)
525-4844 (James)

A group of women and men dedicated to fighting sexism in society and their own lives. Informal discussions are held weekly. Currently there are separate men's and women's discussion groups. There are plans to join the Pro-Choice march on Washington in November. We welcome all people to our meetings. Call for meeting location.

Coal Employment Project
17 Emory Place
Knoxville, TN 37917
637-7905

National office of a non-profit organization which is concerned with the rights of women in the energy industries. Working with unions, support groups have been established around the country. CEP sponsors an annual conference on issues like sexual harassment and employment discrimination in coal and other non-traditional job areas. CEP publishes a newsletter and has extensive info and contacts with miners involved in the current strike against Pittston.

Commission on Religion in Appalachia, Inc.
864 Weisgarber Road
Knoxville, TN
584-6133

Info on Pittston coal strike and other issues affecting the Appalachian region today. To make donations directly to the union, send to Justice for Pittston Miners, P.O. Box 28, Castlewood, VA 21424.

Community Shares
517 Union Avenue
Knoxville, TN 37902
522-1604

A non-profit, federated fund for social change and social welfare community organizations serving east Tennessee. Currently there are 8 member groups that share equally in fund raising & revenues.



region of East Tennessee, Eastern Kentucky, all of West Virginia and western Virginia. The fund is managed by a Board of Directors from the four states. The Board is responsible for fund raising.

The Black and the Read
1538 Laurel Avenue
Knoxville, TN 37917-2016
525-4844 (Tim, James or Mike)

A not-for-profit, volunteer-run community resource center and coffeehouse. The B&R provides a variety of alternative periodicals, pamphlets and books. There is a lending library with over 200 books and a large selection of free literature. Coffee and tea are available for only 25¢. Persons interested in stocking certain publications (on consignment) can contact Brian at 525-3272. The B&R is located in the basement of Laurel Theater at the corner of 16th and Laurel. Regular hours: Sn, M, T, R 9am-12pm; Sn, M, R 7pm-12pm. Also open for many of the evening events at Laurel Theater.

Carpetbag Theater
1022 College Street
Knoxville, TN
522-2801

The Center for Global Sustainability
P.O. Box 1101
Knoxville, TN 37901
573-2322 (Steve)

A project of a coalition of area activist groups (OREPA, Greens, Foundation for



Friends of the Lambe Monkey
P.O. Box 8763
Knoxville, TN
37996-4800
637-4909 (Jim)

A group of highly motivated newsprint guerrillas dedicated to the continuation of the Lambe Monkey Manifesto.

Highlander Research & Education Ctr
RFD 3, Box 370
New Market, TN 37820
933-3443

Highlander is an adult education center, which for 50 years has been working for social and economic justice in the south. Residential education center, meeting rooms, dormitory, excellent resource library and video collection. Well worth the 30 minute drive from Knoxville. Ask Paul for directions and hours. Write for more info on upcoming workshops and programs.

Historic Ft Sanders Neighborhood Association
c/o Joe Rader
1519 Forest Avenue
Knoxville, TN 37916
523-6937

Ijams Nature Center
2915 Island Home Avenue
Knoxville, TN 37920
577-4717

A nonprofit environmental education center and park. Only 15 minutes from UT campus, Ijams has several nature trails and gardens. Programs include lecture series and school educational programs. Also contact for info on Audubon Society.

Jubilee Community Arts/
The Laurel Theatre
1538 Laurel Avenue
Knoxville, TN 37916-2016
522-5851

Through various programs at historic Laurel Theater (corner of 16th and Laurel), Jubilee supports the regional arts, provides space for new expression and for outstanding folk and acoustic performers. Poetry readings, children's programs, open mike, dance groups and regular concerts are some of the programs that broaden the diversity of art and music in your area. Membership in JCA enfold you into a community that exists to share and preserve this region's artistic riches as well as promote the growth and expansion of other arts. Discount on tickets, newsletter and other benefits are available with membership. Call for more info on upcoming events and membership.

Knox Area Literary Council
P.O. Box 50792
Knoxville, TN 37950

Knox Area Program for Adult Literacy
101 E. Fifth Avenue
Knoxville, TN 37917
544-3673

Call for information on helping someone to learn to read.

Knoxville Committee for Afrika
P.O. Box 16487 UT Station
Knoxville, TN 37996

Purpose: To educate and develop consciousness of the community about issues relevant to African people. Panel discussions, forums, and guest speakers.

Continues on Page 6

Fred Hampton Remembered

by William Calaman
Guest Political Researcher

"If you ever think of me, Niggers, and if you ain't gonna do no revolutionary act, forget about me. I don't want myself on your mind if you're not gonna work for the people."

—Fred Hampton

Twenty years ago this December 4 a detail of between 12 and 15 Chicago police officers raided a two bedroom apartment on West Monroe Street, armed with an array of pistols, assault rifles and a search warrant for weapons believed to be stockpiled inside by the Illinois chapter of the Black Panther Party.

Between 4:45 a.m. and 5:30 a.m. the police got what they had ostensibly come for—a cache of weaponry—and much more.

The next day's *Chicago Tribune* dutifully reported police accounts of what happened. How the police had heroically stormed the apartment after being fired upon from within. How in the ensuing 20-minute gun battle the cops had miraculously escaped but with two minor casualties. And how, when the smoke cleared, Mark Clark (age 22) and Fred Hampton, the 21-year old state chairman of the Black Panthers, lay dead, and how four of their compatriots had been hospitalized with gunshot wounds.

In the wake of the shootout the media remained consistently uncritical of the police, focusing most of their attention on the Panthers who had escaped the scene and who were being sought on charges of attempted murder for their part in the shootout. The local CBS affiliate went so far as to stage a re-enactment of the raid, happily accepting the police version of the events to shape its journalistic narrative.

But soon gaps between what the police said and what the evidence proved widened, filling the official version of the raid with more holes than their gun blasts had made in the Panther's living room wall. The most telling inconsistency between the police version and the evidence was this one: of the 100 bullets believed to have been fired during the raid, 99 came from the police and only one from the Panthers, and that one, significantly, was unquestionably *not* the first shot fired, nor even the second but possibly the third or the fourth.

Survivors of the raid insist that Fred Hampton was murdered in his sleep. Though evidence is inconclusive it does tend to corroborate this account. Moreover, it is probable that the fatal bullet was fired at point blank range.

What the police carried out on that blustery Chicago pre-dawn appears not, in fact, a lawful raid, but the premeditated assassination of a political dissident.

Eventually indictments were handed down against the cops, but after two grueling trials all defendants were acquitted. In 1970 the parents of Clark and Hampton filed a civil suit against the police and, after years of frustration, mounting legal fees and encouraging words from every

official mouthpiece in the judicial machinery, the case was finally decided in February 1983 in their favor. They had sought \$47 million in damages for their sons' murders. They got \$1.85 million.

In his remarkable novel, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, Gabriel Garcia Marquez tells of a striking Colombian labor force that is massacred by the agents of an American fruit-growing company and how, inexplicably, the slaughter is wiped out from the people's collective memory. Garcia Marquez's memory thieves and manipulators exist against a backdrop of magical realism where the inexplicable is endowed with mystical—albeit, oftentimes horrific—qualities.

Here in *el norte* the methods of squashing unpleasant memories may be more subtle, less mysterious certainly, but just as insidious. Memories are short in America, malleable like Silly Putty, so that here, in 1989, we can look back smugly upon 1969 (and the 60's in general) as an aberration, an upheaval against many things, but—largely because of the age of the era's most visible rebels—we like to remember it as more of a childish tantrum than as an outcry both poignant and painful against injustice and tyranny.

The year we choose to remember in 1989 is dominated by the images of Neil Armstrong walking on the moon, of the satanic smirk of Charles Manson and the thousands of young (mostly white) kids communing, tripping and grooving to the sounds at a rock and roll festival. Fred Hampton is not an enduring figure of the current 1969. He gets thrust into that conveniently enigmatic pile of leftover news stories along with the conspiracy trial, the My Lai massacre, and the US's illegal incursion into Cambodia.

One could argue that all this emphasis on commemorating things at arbitrary though regular intervals is overdone, and that to dwell on the oversights of pop historians is to dwell on the past to no useful effect. But though the past is in fact over, our recollections of it, our constant need to reshape and redefine it in terms that fit our current perspective is what gives us a sense of who we are today, individually and collectively.

Six years after the assassination, the furor over Fred Hampton had subsided.

Continued on page 7

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4TH STUPID GUISE

WANTING TO CONDUCT BIG SURVEY OF SEXUAL MORES AMONG BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, WHITE BOY GETS INTO A SPUDS MACKENZIE SUIT, AND GOES TO THE BEACH

- a. where other dogs piss on him
- b. a cop pawcuffs him to Men's Room
- c. 7 cats claw the shit off of him

LIMPING HOME WITH HIS TAIL DRAGGING BEHIND, AN OLD LADY DRAGS OUR WHITE BOY INTO HER HOUSE AND DOES SODOMY AS SPUDS MACKENZIE



1989 Alternative Organizations Listing

(Continued from page 5...)

Knoxville Food Cooperative
937 N. Broadway
Knoxville, TN 37917
525-2069

Nonprofit grocery store with emphasis on whole and healthy foods. Member owned with discounts for members and further reductions if you wish to volunteer time to work in co-op. Wide variety of produce, herbs, spices, vegetarian items. Do not need to be a member to shop. Hours: M-S 9:30-7:30, Sn 2-5pm.

Knoxville Housing Cooperative
204 E. Fourth Avenue
Knoxville, TN 37917
546-6364 (Helen)

A nonprofit organization with the purpose of offering quality housing for low and moderate income people. The co-op is also concerned with neighborhood destabilization, unsafe housing, and displacement of low-income residents. It is self-managed and decisions are reached democratically.

Knoxville Legal Aid Society
502 S. Gay Street, Suite 404
Knoxville, TN
637-0484

Assists people in the community who may not be able to provide for their own defense. Provides legal counseling. Fees based on need.

Knoxville Recycling Coalition
937 N. Broadway
Knoxville, TN 37917
525-9694

A grassroots, nonprofit organization seeking sensible, environmental sound waste management practices. The Coalition brings together local citizens and organizations to support the concept and practice of recycling. Through public education, workshops and demonstration projects, the Coalition is striving to move our community into a new era of solid waste management. At its centerpiece is waste reduction, recycling, composting and mulching of yard and food waste, and the proper disposal of household hazardous waste. Bi-monthly newsletter. Write or call for membership info.

Knoxville 10% (KTP)
P.O. Box 1046
Knoxville, TN 37901
521-6546

Local gay organization with monthly meetings on the 2nd Tuesday only at 8pm. Call for location.

5TH STUPID GUISE

ROBED IN A BLUE WALL ST. ANALYST'S COSTUME WHITE BOY GIVES THIS ADVICE TO A GROUP OF CRACK & SMACK USERS:

- 1st. Remember your roots!
- 2nd. Take stock of yourselves!
- 3rd. Consider the future!

ONCE ADVISED, THEY SUBMIT TO WHITE BOY THAT THEY ARE TWICE WARNED AS ALL OF HIS CLOTHING IS STRIPPED AND HE IS THROWN IN A RUSTING DUMPSTER

AS WALL ST. BANKER

Knoxville Women's Center
124 South Cruze Street
Knoxville, TN 37915
546-1873

An educational and resource center with a focus on employment and coordination of community services. Monthly classes focus on career decision making, job readiness and the job hunt process.

Laurel High School
1539 Laurel Avenue
Knoxville, TN 37916
525-3885

Lawyer Referral Service
522-7501

Macrobiotic Center of Knoxville
Rt. 6, Hwy. 70, Box 530B
Lenoir City, TN 37771
(615) 986-9711

Purpose: providing education of macrobiotic principles for groups and individual application; providing services related to macrobiotics, meals, shiatsu massage, consultation. Cooking classes are at 6pm on Tuesdays and a dinner on Thursdays at 6pm.

Monroe Maternity Center
P.O. Box 115
Lost Sea Pike
Madisonville, TN
37354
442-6624

Provides comprehensive maternity and normal gynecology services including nurse midwifery care, complete prenatal care, child-birth education, homelike birth, early discharge, postpartum and newborn follow-up, and well-women care. Costs are generally half that of traditional hospital care. Business hours M-F 8:30am-4:30pm.

NTA
P.O. Box 8553 UT Station
Knoxville, TN 37996

An animal rights organization which feels that most animals that suffer at the hand of mankind are bred for the purpose of making somebody money. Consumers pay for the suffering and the death, and then more are bred to meat demand. No one can avoid all exploitation of animals, but most cruelties need not be supported by our dollars. For more info, what steps you can take, and a guide to cruelty-free products send SASE envelope.

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People
220 Carrick
Knoxville, TN 37921
522-8930

National Organization for Women Knoxville Chapter (NOW)
220 Carrick
Knoxville, TN 37921
522-3264 Hotline

Local chapter of large national women's rights organization. Will be hosting the Tennessee NOW State Conference October 20-22 at the Best Western Campus Inn. Workshop topics will include Woman's history, child custody laws, history of NOW, and a lobbying symposium.

NOW President Molly Yard will attend and speak. Registration is \$15. NOW is involved in the Pro-Choice Coalition and other political activities. Call for info.

Oak Ridge Environmental Peace Alliance
P.O. Box 1101
Knoxville, TN 37901
588-9370 (Stephen)

A community of groups and individuals working to empower people to creatively address the problems of militarism, environmental destruction, and social injustice. We seek to join with other groups to form an active network capable of affecting change locally, regionally and world-wide. The OREPA is committed to organizing non-violent direct action focusing on Y-12 nuclear component plant in Oak Ridge and assisting other committees with their actions. We are committed to consensus decision making. For more info, please contact us.



Matt Jasper

Planned Parenthood of East Tennessee
109 Northshore Drive #101
Knoxville, TN 37919
522-0191

Preschool Cooperative of Knoxville
c/o Sandy Mutchler
Rt. 4, Box 235
Louisville, TN 37777
970-4151

We are parent owned and operated. Our goal is to provide an environment which encourages the creativity, imagination and individuality of the child, and one where children may learn through watching, touching and doing. The program emphasizes the development of the child's feelings of self-worth through interaction with teachers and through a planned curriculum. The preschool also provides the opportunity to learn important social skills, basic concepts, and the building blocks of learning. One primary teacher will be hired to plan daily activities and provide continuity while parents take turns working in the classroom as teaching aides. Children ages two to five are accepted. Preschool is held at the Fourth and Gill Neighborhood Center. Fees and labor are flexible. Call for more info.

Pro-Choice Coalition of East Tennessee
P.O. Box 11708
Knoxville, TN
37939-1708
531-7685 (Maureen)

An umbrella organization consisting of area groups and individuals who advocate freedom of choice concerning women's abortion rights. Regular meetings: call the NOW hotline (522-3264) for more info. Planning march and rally for October 21.

Save Our Cumberland Mountains (SOCM)
P.O. Box 457
Jacksboro, TN 37757
562-6247

A rural citizens' group that does community organizing. There are 9 chapters in 12 counties in the Cumberland Mountains and on the Plateau. SOCM works to improve the quality of life in rural communities and has organized around various issues, including the damage done by strip-mining.

The Schoolhouse
2647 Bafford Place
Knoxville, TN 37920
573-4135

Alternative preschool and kindergarten located in South Knoxville (4 miles from UT campus). Bringing together two educational philosophies—Montessori and Waldorf—to create a balance and integration of knowledge and imagination, competence and creativity, self-discipline and freedom. Contact Karen Nolt at above phone for more info.

Sex Abuse Crisis Line
523-2222

Sexual Assault Crisis Center
P.O. Box 11523
Knoxville, TN 37939-1523
558-9040
24hr Helpline 522-7273

Share Food Bank
10600 Dutchtown Road
Knoxville, TN 37923
675-3663

SHARE collects food for distribution to over 250 governmental and private agencies in East Tennessee that help those in need. Volunteers are needed.

Shaconage Greens
P.O. Box 1101
Knoxville, TN 37901
524-4771 (Chris), (523-2322 (Steve))

The local affiliate of the national Green Committees of Correspondence. Greens strive to produce social and political change incorporating the following 10 key values: respect of diversity, non-violence, ecological wisdom, personal and social responsibility, decentralization, global responsibility, post-patriarchal values, grassroots democracy, community based economics, and sustainability. Group meetings are every Thursday at 7:30pm at Laurel High School.

Sierra Club Southeast Representative
864 Weisgarber
Knoxville, TN 37919
588-1892

Continued on page 8...



Lamar, Our Beloved President-for-Life: Taking Us Into The 21st Century—And BEYOND!

Continued from page 3...

are still a few pathetic wretches who believe that there was something wrong with the way my sugar daddies and yes-men subverted the hiring process and handed me the presidency on a silver platter! And they say that my constant political whoring of the office is poisoning the "institutional karma," or some such demonic-New Age-Buddhist-Bolshevik nonsense! Well, let 'em whimper, I say! As long as people like Chris Whittle, Marv Runyon, Georgie Bush and Billy Bennett are pleased with me, then I don't have to answer to anybody else!!

CN: Bravo, sire, bravo! The mockers shall not prevail against thee. Hellfire shall be their portion, and they shall dwell in the sulfurous flames forever, watching Three's Company with lidless eyes and gnawing on really spicy beef jerky that they can neither swallow nor spit out!

LS: My sentiments exactly.

CN: Can you favor us, sir, with a brief glimpse of the university's future under your illustrious leadership?

LS: With pleasure. I see us moving into an ever-more-intricate symbiosis with the military-industrial complex at Oak Ridge; those folks are growing like a cancer

out there, and we want to grow with them! I see us becoming ever-more-entwined with gigantic corporate interests—doing their research for them and letting them earn the profits, tailoring our programs to meet their whims, and maintaining a thoroughly uncritical eye toward the spiritual and physical devastation wrought throughout the world by the rapacious, utterly anti-democratic machinations of Big Money. A handmaiden to technocrats, a footman to the powerful: that's my vision of the university of the future!

CN: Sire, you've been more than gracious with your precious time. One last question: What would you like to say to the thousands, nay, tens of thousands of young people out there who are hanging on your every word?

LS: I just want them to remember that America is the Land of Hope, the Shining City on the Hill. There's absolutely nothing to hold you back. If you are white, well-off, have lots of wealthy, influential friends, and are willing to consign vast portions of your conscience and human sensibility to oblivion, then you can go as far as you want to in America. I truly believe that.

Fred Hampton Remembered

Continued from page 5...

The Sixties were, for all intents and purposes, over; the Black Panthers, though still active, were no longer a potent force in developing Black rebellion. It was then in early 1976 that America learned how its own domestic security agency, the FBI, has waged a secret and illegal war against its citizens who held political views not congruent to the mainstream. This war, named COINTELPRO, was as psychological as physical. The most common tactic included the forging of documents and then infiltrating of groups such as the Panthers in hopes of forming dissension and causing squabbling. The desired result, of course, was that the activists would turn on each other and mutually self-destruct.

Though the exact details never surfaced, one FBI memo released at that time was "crucial to police" in setting up the raid on the West Monroe street apartment. Another memo outlined in general terms what the FBI hoped to accomplish in its war against the Panthers: "[to] prevent a coalition of militant black nationalist groups... Prevent the rise of a messiah who could unify and electrify the militant nationalist movement." Other documents glorified the FBI's role in the escalation of "shootings, beatings and a high degree of unrest" within Black communities.

The cycle of institutionally sponsored recollections ensures that we will again be bombarded with images of Woodstock and Manson in 1994 and 1999. Fred Hampton is not likely to be remembered then any more than he is today. For to remember Hampton and the circumstances of his death is to confront the ugly truth that America was and still is a racist

society, that the agents most responsible for perpetuating this racism are not exclusively uneducated southern rednecks—as we are led to believe in silly movies such as Mississippi Burning—but American institutions themselves. Even today, in the face of daily reports of racial incidents, America is traumatized at the mere suggestion that racism is an integral part of our country's fiber. To deny it we must invoke all kinds of fairy tales about equal opportunity (while at the same time bad mouthing Affirmative Action) and half truths about how this country came to be Number One, all so we can obliterate from our consciousness the legacy of bigotry and prejudice that has prevailed for better than two centuries.

Witness, for example, the massive revisionism of America's role in the Vietnam conflict. Depending on who's doing the talking you have your choice of believing:

A) America fought and won in Vietnam, but the South Vietnamese wimped out, thus giving America the image of a loser.

B) America would have/should have won in Vietnam, except for an inexcusable indecisiveness on the part of wishy-washy politicians and bureaucrats who were too intent on placating an ambivalent and vacillating public than fighting the real enemy.

C) America would have etc., if only the war effort hadn't been undermined at home by left-wing peace creeps and their earnest through insufferably naive followers.

For a decade now this country has been knocking itself out trying to affix blame (the accepted, more polite phrase is "coming to terms") for its failing in Southeast Asia. The scenario that seems

"Everyone is guilty in the eyes of God... Confess!!!"



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to have the most currency nowadays is that the U.S. acted in good faith, that its soldiers fought and died valiantly under adverse conditions, but that incompetence at home (though, perhaps for reasons of tact, no one ever gives names) led to "our" downfall. Any suggestion that America was on the wrong side of the war and deserved its ignominious fate will get you laughed out of the room or, more probably, beaten to a pulp.

For all this Rambo-esque posturing and selective memory retention, it's astonishing to note that on the day Fred Hampton was rubbed out by state sponsored terrorists, a Lou Harris poll revealed that 52% of the American public believed that its country's military presence in Vietnam was "morally indefensible." Not, mind you, "ill-advised," not "questionable," but "morally indefensible."

Those who remember Fred Hampton with fondness describe him as "charismatic." Those who represent the interests of the state describe him as "fanatical," "criminal," and "animalistic."

Sadly, there is a dearth of documentation on the life and times of Fred Hampton. The Illinois state attorney who orchestrated his cold blooded murder has received much better press. Even the stool pigeon who kept tabs on the Panthers, and Hampton in particular, for the FBI was the subject of a sympathetic profile in the Chicago Tribune a couple years back. But Fred Hampton, except for Mike Gray's technically poor but politically powerful

documentary, The Murder of Fred Hampton remains invisible to the mainstream press and, by extension, to most of American society.

To the politically committed—those who refer to as belonging to "the movement"—Fred Hampton was both a viable and visible force. He had been instrumental in making the Panthers' breakfast for school children program a success in Illinois. But his major achievement, never fully realized, was to try and unify divergent factions of political outcasts, primarily Blacks. It was this capacity for drawing people together that, if we scrutinize the FBI's words carefully, most likely led to his assassination. Hampton in the 60's came closest to doing what no one since—not even Jesse Jackson—has been able to do: bring Chicago's street gangs together so that they would stop fighting each other and could focus their energies on fighting the systematic repression of Black people.

Though commonly portrayed by the establishment as hardened thug, Hampton had been convicted of only one crime in his short life—that of helping some youngsters steal \$70 worth of ice cream from a vendor.

For all his energy, his considerable rhetorical flair, and his organizing skills, Fred Hampton didn't make the news until he was safely dead, no longer a threat to a white society that today, twenty years later, would rather remain blissfully ignorant of the man and the culpability of its own leaders in the taking of his life.



Solutions to Issues of Concern to Knoxvilleians (SICK)
2611 E. Magnolia Avenue
Knoxville, TN 37914
523-8009

S.I.C.K. is a grassroots organization that takes on issues that most groups won't touch, such as health care, truck re-routing, food problems, to name a few. We are nonprofit, but accept donations. A part of Community Shares. Meetings are on the 2nd Tuesday of each month at 6:30pm in the M.L.B. Building, 2247 Western Avenue.

Southern Empowerment Project (SEP)
323 Ellis Avenue
Maryville, TN 37801
984-6500

SEP recruits and trains persons who are interested in community organizing and working for various community organizations throughout the south. Deadline for the 6 week summer program is May 15, 1990. Call or write for more details.

The SubGenius Foundation
P.O. Box 140306
Dallas, TX 75214

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Suicide/Crisis Line
(Helen Ross McNabb Center)
637-9711

Tennessee Hunger Coalition
P.O. Box 3181
Knoxville, TN 37927

Tennessee Valley Energy Coalition (TVEC)
800 N. Fourth Avenue
Knoxville, TN 37917
637-6055

Volunteer citizens group working on solid waste disposal (incinerator) and other energy issues.

Tennessee Valley Unitarian Church Sanctuary Committee
3219 Kingston Pike
P.O. Box 10507
Knoxville, TN 37939-0507
523-4176 (church),
691-1845 (Keith)

The Sanctuary Movement exists to help Central American refugees fleeing military, political and economic violence in their homelands. Providing safe haven for refugees, education of the community on their plight, and challenging some aspects of U.S. policy regarding Central America. Resources and speakers available.

Tennessee Vegetarian Society
P.O. Box 854
Knoxville, TN 37901
558-8343
24hr state-wide helpline
1-800-280-8343

Headquarters for various state vegetarian groups. Call for meeting time and location. 1st Monday of each month. Trying to increase visibility and awareness of the vegetarian movement.

Volunteer Ministries
Keith Richards
107 S. Gay Street
Knoxville, TN 37902
524-3926

Homeless shelter and labor program. Volunteers needed.

West Knoxville Friends Meeting
Meeting House Lane
Knoxville, TN 37921

Pacifist Quaker group.

Workers Solidarity Alliance, East Tennessee
c/o UT Box 8436
Knoxville, TN 37996-4990
525-2350 (Allison)

A nationwide anarcho-syndicalist organization. We believe that working people (employed and unemployed) must organize themselves in their workplaces, communities and schools into autonomous direct action-oriented movements controlled democratically and directly by the rank and file. This, we feel, is the only way to build a new world in which people run their own lives free from states and bosses of any kind. WSA is active in fighting for rights and freedom: sexual, racial, cultural, environmental safety. The WSA is the US section of the International Workers Association with branches in Europe, Latin America and Asia (WSA National Secretary, P.O. Box 2764, Charleston, WV 25330). Regular meetings are Thursdays at 6pm. Call for location and discussion topics.

Venetian Sanity Commission
c/o Rev. Dr. Neqñ Fleshbiscuit
P.O. Box 8717
Knoxville, TN 37996-4800

A non-sectarian coalition of researchers and psycho-surgeons striving to use mind control techniques to reverse cultural programming. Send 25¢, a stamp or a SASE for fascinating propaganda. Get in now while we're small and be a carrot on a stick, not some dumb horse.

You-See-Um-Museum
406 11th Street
Knoxville, TN 37916

For the hip crazy underground art shows of the bizarre but good, stop by. Located in the 11th Street Artists Colony next to the World Fair Site. Most shows are open to submissions by anyone.

UT Affiliated Organizations

These groups have petitioned and become officially recognized by the UTK Administration™ and have access to campus spaces like the University Center. While some may be exclusively oriented to students, others have open membership. For a more detailed listing of student organizations, check the Student Directory or Hilltopics.

Amnesty International
c/o John Grayson
974-3255 (leave a message)

Amnesty groups work for the release of prisoners of conscience (may have been detained or jailed because of their religious, political, or other beliefs, and must

not have used or advocated violence). Work for fair and prompt trials for political prisoners and for an end to torture, the death penalty, and other inhumane treatments of all prisoners, mainly by letter writing campaigns. Irregular meeting times. Call for info.

Black Cultural Center
812 Volunteer Blvd
Knoxville, TN
974-6861

Contact for information or Black Cultural Programming Committee, which plans speakers and events. Student Advocates for Equality (SAFE) focuses on national and campus issues which effect minority groups and the Black Male Caucus.

Central Program Council:
974-5455 (One Call Gets 'em All)
Offices located in University Center
•Film Committee

The Film Committee is an outlet for persons wishing to view movies that range from blockbusters to vintage classics. During the week, movies are shown in the University Center, and in the Clarence Brown Theater, critically-acclaimed films are presented for the Sunday International Series.

•Exhibits Committee

The Exhibits Committee is responsible for the installation of art shows in the University Center.

•Teleproductions Board

The TPB makes available training and use of professional video equipment to produce material for campus broadcast. They have taped lectures, rock concerts and special events. A boon for the self-motivated.

•Campus Entertainment Board

Brings concerts (and some big names) to UT. Members assist in the set-up and staging of events, as well as acting as neo-promoters.

•All Campus Events

Produces annual campus-wide productions. Most are frat or sorority related, like Carnicus.

•Cultural Attractions Committee

The most enriching student organization on campus. Brings famous talents to the Knoxville area.

•Issues Committee

The Issue Committee is responsible for bringing pertinent and informative speakers to the UT campus. The committee seeks to guide its programming toward

6TH STUPID GUISE

DISGUISED AND EQUIPPED AS AN ABLE WET NURSE, WHITE BOY IS TO VOLUNTEER TO GO TO STARVING ETHIOPIANS, BUT IS DENIED

- A. Because he can't produce a birth certificate.
- B. Doesn't even have 1 credit card.
- C. Can exhibit no references other than from a homeless mother of 7.

ASKING - WHAT IF I MIX IN A STRAWBERRY FLAVORING? - DOES NOT CHANGE OFFICIALS

AS WET NURSE

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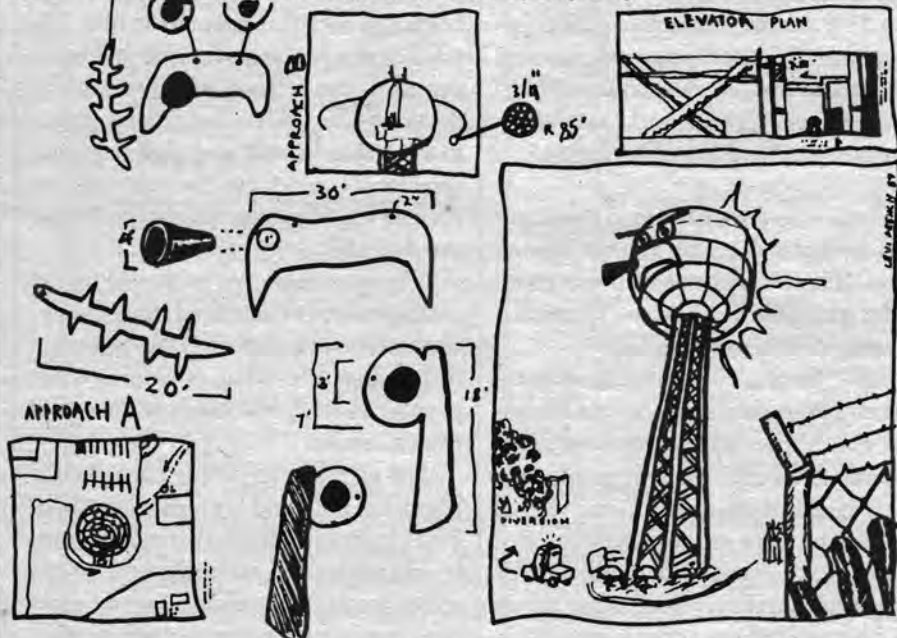
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IN ORDER TO RECRUIT A TASK FORCE FOR THE
EXECUTION OF THIS QUANTUM LEAP IN
RECOGNITION

FOR THE LAME MONKEY MANIFESTO. WITH DUE RESPECT, LEVI FRENCH



The editors of the Lame Monkey Manifesto do not believe in violence of any kind, so we are publishing these documents of conspiracy in the hope of discouraging the would-be terrorists. Any persons knowing the "true" whereabouts of "Levi French" are requested to phone "authorities."



On the Saltine Trail With the Bacon Boy

By Fritz Quadrata
Gristle Taste-Tester

The Bacon Boy sighs at the end of a long, hot, dusty day and politely declines the offer of a popsicle from a kindly housewife. If she weren't bored, thinks the Bacon Boy, she'd be annoyed with me for just being here. Her husband is sitting on the couch, pointedly ignoring the Bacon Boy after a twelve-hour shift at the Grit Factory. His sister, Wilhamina Sloath, is watching re-runs of assorted and sundry game shows.

The Bacon Boy feels a little ridiculous for having been offered a popsicle.

Fifteen minutes later finds the Bacon Boy sitting in lotus on a scraggly patch of grass at the pick-up point, his briefcase emptied into his lap and stuck over his head in some sort of self-conscious self-parody. The convenience store behind him and to his right bears a bunch of locals hanging around; they regard the Bacon Boy with mild suspicion, and a few amble over to "check him out". The Bacon Boy mumbles something about being a company representative; upon digesting

this, the locals conclude that the Bacon Boy doesn't pose any threat to anything they believe in. They yak in an aimless fashion and conjecture that since the Bacon Boy is wearing a tie, he makes more money than they do, having failed to recognize the tie as a polyester model that might have been fashionable in 1975. Whatever amuses them, thinks the Bacon Boy tiredly. He hasn't made one fucking cent.

His ride arrives just as darkness is settling in on the rural Tri-City suburb. The Bacon Boy gathers together his papers and materials and sample copy of the Grolier Encyclopedia; stuffing them in the briefcase, he trundles into the station wagon and shakes his head when asked how he did. Bill, a recovered alcoholic from Johnson City, was the only member of the sales team who has made a "placement" (a sale, give me a break from this 'placement' crap, thinks the Bacon Boy). The rest of the sales team sit in silence as Bill reads the "customer evaluation" he received, a glowing report indeed. Bill is into Indian music and hopes to play the zither someday.

As the motivational catch-phrases roll on, the Bacon Boy thinks back to the previous day in a suburb of Bristol when, after dealing with one insane person after

another, he climbed to the top of a hill and sat in lotus in the midst of some scrubby underbrush. After a while, the Bacon Boy rose and walked down the hill into a wooded subdivision where he ran into a group of kids a few years younger than himself. Nonplussed at this tie-wearing apparition, they ask him what he's doing; embarrassed at his acutal employment, the Bacon Boy makes up something about taking a government survey of all homes with two or more cars. Satisfied, they yak in a pointless fashion for a while, occasionally asking the Bacon Boy if he'd heard of this or that or if he knew any *computer programming*, we're learning *computer programming* in school and today I made a program that said what's your name and when you typed in your name it said like if your name was John it said John is a faggot and the *computer programming* teacher saw it and I almost got into trouble. The Bacon Boy says no, he doesn't know any computer programming. One of the kids is sitting on the back of her boyfriend's motorcycle; she's dipping Skoal, apparently for the first time, for she is throwing up on the ground within minutes. The Bacon Boy sighs and moves on.

Later that day, the Bacon Boy is virtually held captive by a man who has decided that the Bacon Boy is responsible for an error on the man's long-distance telephone bill. The Bacon Boy wisely decides not to try to sell him any Grolier encyclopedias. Jesus Christ, thinks the Bacon Boy as he beats a hasty retreat. He buys a can of Orange Slice from a machine. We don't have *this* in Tennessee!

Later, the Bacon Boy sits in Poor Richard's Deli, a popular eatery, and contemplates his summer. This really sucks, he thinks. Only yesterday he saw Cathy Cross get a new job at Chick-Fil-A; the same job that the Bacon Boy had applied for the previous week. It's always like that - The Cathy Crosses get the enviable Chick-Fil-A positions, and the Bacon Boy is stuck selling goddamn *encyclopedias*. That's not entirely true, the Bacon Boy thinks, for he *hasn't* sold a *volume*. He even had to improvise credentials to get the job he had; the minimum age for the job was eighteen, which the Bacon Boy wouldn't be for another year. I've got to earn some cash somehow, thinks the Bacon Boy. He has aspirations of buying a bass guitar and playing in a band. The Bacon Boy tries to convince himself that he really likes Poor Richard's Deli. Mentally projecting himself a few years into the future, he said half-aloud, "Yeah, we all used to hang out in Poor Richard's Deli. Yeah, what a cool place." Someone turns around and stares at him.

The Bacon Boy finishes his chocolate milk, and checks his pockets for a videogame quarter. "Targ" is still the best! Finding none, the Bacon Boy goes home, and plays cribbage, moving for both players. He tries not to cheat, but he decides it really doesn't matter and does anyway. The truth be told, the Bacon Boy really doesn't like Poor Richard's Deli at all.

Madness Stroke my Hand
Lee Roberts King

I believe your thought of wild death
mountain stream.
Make the river make me see clear.
River death flow, trash guitar will sing,
clear sing Jim Morrison.

Listen to the wind—light soft whisper in
ear music.
Kiss to my hand, on my lips Sweet touch
lady.
Hand on chest heartbeat faster, faster.
Lay my mind in your breast
And feel my thoughts flow with your milk.

My Padded Walls
Becky West

Around and around the Ferris wheel
goes
And birds sing and rabbits hop
Day and night are one at dusk

And the walls get smaller...

Bars of iron hold me in? No, not I
For my mind is a fish
Cry for long forgotten men
The nail pricks at one end
Smile to yourself, Cry for others
Blankets protect the soul from evil at night
Smoke in whiffs if closed in spaces

And still the walls get smaller...

What was that... only the silence of a
dead mind
Why am I hear? I think too much
Don't talk to me of pain... I'm getting
better
So.
Tell me of the big things—big plans, big
tears
Does the nightingale not fly at day?
Sing, I can hear the music
The world is my playground without any
swings.
Why is the world spinning so fast?
Slow down I say!
Snakes of steel...

And STILL the walls get smaller!

The Seventh Suitcase
Bob Chesney

Red crimson tongues light a child's burning
flesh. They say:
Hey man, got any bazooka gum?
What the hell, unwrap the crackers.

Echoes of M.
Special Rider

I know that I will seek your face in every
woman's face I meet
and hear the echoes of your voice in
every note that's high and sweet.
And in the first, fresh taste of wine, I'll
catch an echo of your lips,
Which pressed but once, so warm to
mine:
A night that Time has torn to strips.

1989 Alternative Organizations Listing (Continued...)

ideas and issues that will stimulate & enrich the university community.

•Women's

Coordinating Council

Responsible for providing programs to address the interests and needs of women on campus from a feminist perspective. WCC programs include famous speakers, performers, informal discussions, film and video presentations and workshops.

•Recreation Committee

Organizes off-campus activities such as weekend and overnight hikes, camping, rafting, trips and horseback riding.

Gay and Lesbian Student Union

P.O. Box 8529
Knoxville, TN 37996
595-8686

Discussion groups, speakers and special activities with regular Tuesday night meetings at 8pm. Call for location.

International House

1515 Cumberland Avenue
Knoxville, TN
974-4453

Coordinates activities involving international students at UT. Everyone is welcome to visit I-House to relax, read international papers, play ping-pong and visit the library. Contact I-House for info on numerous international organizations and programs like: African Student Association, General Union of Palestinian Students and the General Union of Arab Students. Also info on supporting Chinese students.

Libertarian Student Association (LSA)

974-2261 (Larry Hall)

The LSA of UT maintains as its purpose the peaceful discussion, development and transmission of libertarian

thought. The Association is open to all UT students who are interested. Sponsors lectures, films, and political activities.

New Student Vegetarian Group

523-1404 (Melissa)

Now forming, call for meeting times.

Striking Miners Support Group

974-6021 (Don Davis)

Students for a Better Environment

577-6544 (Greg)

Students for Equal Access

693-5252 (Margaret)

974-7900 (Cecilia)

Protects student interests. Lobbies against financial aid cuts, hosts movies and other events. Coordinates use of university facilities with local progressive organizations. Financial aid phone book with alternative sources of financial aid are available. Call for more info.

UT Legal Clinic

974-2331

Women's Center

301 University Center
974-4160

The Women's Center is open from 8am-5pm M-F and its services are available to all UT students, faculty and staff. An extensive collection of books, periodicals and papers are available in addition to a small collection of video tapes. The Center disseminates information on all types of women's activities on campus and in the community.

If you know of a group that should be included in future editions of this list, please send information and a short paragraph describing the organization to the Lame Monkey Manifesto, P.O. Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800.



Splash!!!

Patrick Jones

Both feet forward
nose pinched
eyes closed
I leap in.
The suddenness overwhelms
The chill leaves me
breathless...
I become, slowly
accustomed.
I begin to
enjoy
thrive...

Until
The chill returns
it, slowly sinks
past chilling
beyond cold
& settles on
frigid.
The hypothermic affront
forces me out.
I climb
away...
I shake my head
take my towel and walk
into the sun.
The beating rays
evaporate her remains.
She is literally pulled from
me
until
no
trace
remains
She is
now
gone.

I've made it through another one
without drowning.

SUBMIT

The Lame Monkey Manifesto is
preparing for our next issue.

Send to P.O. Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-
4800 or Drop in box at Raven Records

7TH STUPID GUISE

PREPARING FOR HIS OWN PRESIDENTIAL
CAMPAIGN KICK OFF, WHITE BOY LOOKS
IN HIS SUITCASE TO SELECT A GOOD NOSE

- a. large, clown type
- b. Tyrannasaurus Rex
- c. Pinocchio
- d. Groucho Marx
- e. elephant

WHITE BOY DECIDES ON CLOWN NOSE
BECAUSE THE RED WILL PICK UP WELL ON
NATIONAL TV
AS PRES. CANDIDATE

Nothing Else Better

by Sam Denno
LMM Guest Fiction

They look as if they are melting. They wash in and out of view with each new torrent of rain as it pours down the dark glass of the restaurant's enclosed patio. They try to dodge the raindrops, stepping back and forth on the watersoaked sidewalk, umbrellas held up in defiance. But the end results are always the same as they move out of sight, erect puddles.

"What are you thinking about?" Casey inquires. "Nothing," I say, meaning it. I look out from the protected world of El Cid's patio area surrounded by empty tables—the other patrons opting for the warmer confines of the main room. Taped Spanish folk music chokes the restaurant's sounds down to an irritating hum. The waitress makes a pass at the table, sweeping up an empty bottle and an overflowing ashtray. A murky street lamp from the corner burns down through the roof of the patio. The only other light is a table candle, an ugly bulb of red glass and thick wax. I light my cigarette in its flame, my nose tingling from the sickening aroma. I look up through the first thick smoke into Casey's face.

"Light me," she says, her cigarette aimed for the most dramatic effect. Having a conversation with Casey is like reading a bad Norman Mailer story—any one of them, take your pick. You struggle through cliched repartee and cardboard dialogues, hoping beyond hope that there is something, anything, to it. In silence, I have watched Casey struggle, trying to find the wittiest remark possible. The pauses sometimes last for weeks until a three a.m. telephone call wakes me and I hear a voice on the line wanting to wind up a dialogue long forgotten.

"What did you want to talk about now?" I ask, holding my cigarette's burning tip to hers, trying to get the stagnant conversation moving toward an end.

"Sorry, been here long?" she asks, laughing. "Ages," I answer, meaning it. I glance at my watch.

Ten o'clock. It is now two hours, three beers and a half-pack of Camels since I had come in from the rain. But watching the storm take its toll on the city, I am overcome with a longing to become lost in it once again. At least to get out of here. I haven't spent any real time with Casey in two years and it shows.

"I'm sorry," she says. "Do you have some place to go? Do you have anything better to do? I just thought you might want to spend time with an old friend." Casey is not the same woman I knew two years ago. She had long brown hair and was a performance artist—reading Burkowski in the nude. Now she has short, blonde hair and dresses like an Amway dealer. She will more than likely not be this same woman the next time I see her. Casey is a chameleon; that is what she does best. She also does very well at destroying any sanity I have mustered since our last encounter. I have nothing else better to do, so I stay.

"Okay," I give in. "What was so important?" She leans over the table, her face red in the candle's glow.

"I was just thinking," she smiles. "How great we formed the two-backed beast." See what I mean about Norman Mailer dialogue?

"Do people actually say that?"

"Of course, all my friends..."

"You're reading again?"

Casey reading is not normal reading, that is why I ask. Casey only reads when she has a new library, for lack of a better way to put it, to sleep with. And every time she gets a new library, she calls me. Don't ask me why, I'll tell you later.

"I read perpetually." Casey left me two years ago. I try not to blame her. I sometimes blame her mother, just for the hell of it. And she never liked me anyway. Casey's mother is a professional cosmetic surgery patient. Her skin has been cut, shrunk, aired out and replaced. One time Casey had to fly into Palm Springs. Her mother had a radically experimental technique done and complications had set in. The procedure was called complete skin elasticity removal. The way it sounded to me was that the doctors just pulled all the loose skin to the base of spine, twisting the extra into a small tail. That is what I told Casey it was anyway.

But there is no real reason Casey left me, I guess. You can never know about a girl like Casey. My library was too small for her, maybe.

"I was wondering..."

Here it comes. Casey likes to move in and out of my life. She maneuvers through the many holes, real and imagined.

If I do sleep with her, I have a week of promises before she disappears for another two months or two years. I will then sit and wonder and kick myself. And then, when I am finally over her: pop goes Casey, the next time as a research assistant or a paralegal. Or one of the many other forms she has taken over the years since we first met.

"I can't," I lie. Her face frowns with the rejection. "There's someone else." It's easier than I thought it would be, telling her.

"Really?" Casey probes. "What's she like?"

"Well, beautiful long brown hair. Just about your height, I guess. She loves racquetball and Thomas Pynchon.

"She's a graphic artist. And she doesn't steal the blankets, or lets the bread get moldy. And she doesn't use all the hot water."

"She sounds very nice."

Yes, she does and I hope to find her someday. Now, I really didn't make her up, per se. This is my dream girl, my best match. Someone I know I really could enjoy being with. This is the woman I close my eyes and see. The problem has always been finding her. Especially when Casey is around to muddy the waters.

"Listen," Casey says. "I have to get going." A look of irritation flows over her.

"Yeah," I say, milking it for all it's worth. "I told Abby (Nice name, I've

always liked it) I would be home early." Casey stands up, her purse tucked tensely under her arm. God, this is great. I think about announcing a June wedding but it will have to wait for next time. She is already at the exit, looking back.

"Well, I hope you are very happy." She disappears into the rain. I follow her into the storm. The wind attacks promptly, whipping my coat tails away from my legs. The rain pounds into my face like small rocks. I meet the street corner with indecision. It is now that I come out of my self-induced trance, walking toward a reality that is my empty apartment

There really is nothing else better.

Ode to the Penis God

Tim Glazner

Penis borne on wings of fire,
Cuming down through the Halls of
Puberty.
Grant me burning steel
With which to brand her and make
her mine.
Oh, sweet erection!
Power and Pride!
Give to me that wonderous pleasure.
Hot and insensitive;
Make me real.

Shorelines

Starlight

In your absence...

i am the ocean without a shore
upon which the tides of my love
ebb and flow.

My waves...

long to spew their saltiness upon
the silica of your beaches.

Without my shoreline...

i am left without a right to my
alter ego which is you.

Love Feast

Neon

When asked to decide between the
Queen and dinner, the King said "I'd
rather have the mutton, but with
potatoes and no dressing."

8TH STUPID GUISE

WEARING A HALLOWEEN MASK OF THE
PRES., WHITE BOY WAITS FOR THE DOOR
OF THE U.S. TREASURY TO OPEN SO THAT
HE CAN FILL HIS BAGS WITH MONEY TO
SPREAD AMONG PEOPLE WHO HAD
FALLEN FROM BETWEEN THE CRACKS ALL
OVER

1st. He's told they're not open Saturday

LEAVING, WHITE BOY PASSES MANY
OTHERS IN LINE WEARING THE EXACT
SAME MASKS

AS THE PRESIDENT



Knox Area Electronic Bulletin Boards

Knoxville has seen a large number of alternative publications over the years like the Addict, Warm Jet, Township Jive, and such money making ventures as Rage, but there are other alternatives to the one way monologue of print media. If you've got access to a computer and a modem (a device which hooks it up to a phone line) you can call up and converse (anonymously if you wish) with other people. It's sort of a digitally delayed chatline that doesn't cost anything more than a local call and your own time.

Oftentimes you'll find yourself engaged in a heated debate or lulled by the affectionate typings of some lonely computer equipped gal or guy.

I frequent the Neutral Zone regularly. There is a chance that the Lame Monkey may start a BBS of its own. Stay tuned and I'll see ya on the boards. —Neon

525-4934	Another BBS (Net-Board with Volunteer)	[2400]	(WWIV)
922-1276	Camry	[]	(C=64)
573-8614	Clip Joint!!! sysop: Clipper co-sys: Dee	[2400]	(C=64)
983-6528	Commodore Corner	[]	()
637-2364	Commodore Post Office	[1200]	(C=64)
992-6538	The Dark Forest	[2400]	()
595-7755	The Dark Horse BBS	[1200]	(COLO)
970-7418	Data Comp	[]	()
966-3574	Data World BBS. Biggest BBS around here.	[9600]	(PCB)
938-2925	Elite Exchange DOORS, FILES Immed Access	[2400]	(GAP!)
694-5941	The Future BBS! Need members! 10-10 only	[300]	(C=64)
523-1618	The Graveyard BBS sysop: Rubberhead	[1200]	(C=64)
637-2364	HAMNET BBS—EMPIRE COLONY	[2400]	()
523-9289	Ivory Tower BBS 20 megs, CoCo BBS	[2400]	(C=64)
558-8833	Jim's BBS	[9600]	()
588-3155	Knoxville Atari	[]	()
691-7094	MacClique	[2400]	(RRH)
675-3123	Midnight Express (11:30 to 6:00 AM)	[2400]	(PCB)
693-3760	The Monestary!! Home of Empire Deluxe!!!!	[1200]	(DMBB)
521-1501	The Mountain Top BBS! Open 24hrs!	[2400]	(WWIV)
691-1156	Necropolis BBS sysop: Necross Call NOW!!	[1200]	(C=64)
691-2302	Network BBS 9am-3pm Summer's ONLY!	[2400]	(GT)
687-3840	Neutral Zone Sysop Tomcat!!! Tradewars, etc.	[1200]	(C=64)
970-2966	PC Users Group #1	[]	()
688-0136	The Pit Sysop: Oats	[2400]	(AMI)
531-8789	Rising Connection	[2400]	(TLGD)
690-6503	Smiley	[1200]	(C=64)
992-4576	Solar System...friendly folk, Empire!!!	[1200]	(C=64)
690-5467	Volunteer BBS NET board all over!!	[2400]	(WWIV)
Long Distance from Knoxville			
426-2009	The Dark Horse BBS of Anderson County	[1200]	(COLO)
494-9567	Death Pit	[]	()
435-6741	Lost Kingdom BBS Largest in Anderson Co.	[2400]	(RRH)
483-9040	Nut House	[]	()
483-3160	PC User's Group#2	[]	()
483-2087	The Swamp	[]	()
457-9825	ZOO BBS! The craziest BBS in Tennessee	[1200]	(FP22)
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703-466-2120			

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hip than
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really got a hairy
chest."

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the Animal in Me"

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wouldn't Kiss Him
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who tried to kill Jesus when he was less than two years old, to the Jewish religious leaders of the time who in league with Judas Iscariot and the Roman government crucified him; to Nero who used Christians as the original Roman candles at his parties; to Friedrich Nietzsche, the founder of the "God is dead" movement; to present day Communist governments who oppress and persecute Christians.

There have, through our history, been many people who were against Christ. They range from Herod the King who tried to kill Jesus when he was less than two years old, to the Jewish religious leaders of the time who in league with Judas Iscariot and the Roman government crucified him; to Nero who used Christians as the original Roman candles at his parties; to Friedrich Nietzsche, the founder of the "God is dead" movement; to present day Communist governments who oppress and persecute Christians.

persecute Christians. The lost goes on and on and on. Many of whom are dead. But Christ lives on. The name Matt Jasper is just one small, and frankly, insignificant name in a big list of those who were, and are, against Christ. Two years ago Matt, you filled out a response card requesting to talk to someone about Christianity. I approached you about this a couple of times, but you seemed to have lost interest, and would not talk to me. Should you desire Matt, to know the God you have so foolishly attacked; and know his forgiveness. I would still love to talk to you. You may call me at 749-1420. Sincerely, Joseph Marucci

still boring

this is boring

TELEPHONE POLES

LEGS

Matt Jasper



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