

The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Vol 4 Number 21

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FREE



Drugs. Why do drugs? Weakness or experience? Mind destroying or enhancing? Just say, "Why?"



Politics. Follow Kerry as he confronts a visiting U.S. President in satire by Elroy Ringwald.



Sex. In this issue, The Lame Monkey explores the different ways that people perceive sexual relationships. Although it would be impossible to describe every possible viewpoint, some of these are better than sex.



POETRY BY PAUL WEINMAN



Lettuh from da Edituh

(Psychology Experiment 21B)

And I ask the good doctor, "What are you more afraid of: to be hurt again or to lose your independence?" Neither have to happen in a relationship.

Later...

"Call me!" I say, although I suspect that she will always be bizzy and maybe losing interest in this test case. Apparently some vital pheromone is missing; the same reason I've never had to shave the hair off my back. C'est la chemicals. Where's that fire when you need it?

Or maybe it's a lack of a display of strength—that self-agrandizing asshole attitude, like a body-builder flexing his ego muscles to the applause of hunk-lovers worldwide, yes, I dance for Chippendales, I'm the center of the world, all eyes are on... me.

How do I approach a woman who is telling me in her eyes and gestures and expressions, that yes, the fascination is mutual, yet she jumps when I lightly touch her shoulder? I pull back, give her space, but does she then wonder that I'm not interested by not being an absurd, Hollywood, cigar-chomping cliché, chasing her amid cries of No!, No, Yes, YES?

No. That kind of woman only existed in sexist cinema. And that's not the kind of man I want to be. Who writes the rules? Where's the owner's manual for my wants, needs and penis? Where's the buyer's guide for companionship?

We share so much and the smiles never stop... Am I physically repulsive? Is she shy? Am I not interesting enough? Is there someone else? Am I too weird? Are her intentions purely platonic? Should I, does she ()? Social tête-a-têtes.

Or social tater-tots, if you prefer.

Then some olive-tongued fella shows up in the afternoon and the best-friends-that-spent-all-day-together really communicating and laughing and how-could-this-be-any-better? split, left alone.

It's not so much the lack of sex as much as it's the lack of intimacy. To hold and be held. To share and be understood. To take the intellectual and emotional inter-

est and make it physical. Is the need for intimacy a *weakness*?

A big, bad bitter potato, damn me to hell. It happens. Again?

"I'll call ya later at work, doc," I say, wondering what the hell is going on in this omni-confusing mish-mash of conflicting definitions and sex roles. Masculinity. Feminity. Being a Man/W o m y n . Respect. Lust. Dating games. Chauvanism. Feminism. Being with the times. Being yourself. It's not like they show it on TV... What's



Sex Role with Coffee

going on? Are my desires appropriate?

It was a fantastic evening. We've so much in common. I really like her artwork. We traded a lot of ideas. She really fascinates me...

I'd like to kiss her goodnight, but she sorta avoids eye contact, pauses ever so slightly, and reaches for the door latch. What am I to think? Should I? Does she?

Impending rejection? Friendship? Invasion of space? Evasion of involvement? Misplaced, one-sided *amour*?

"Okay," she says and closes the car door as I sit trying to decipher the riddle. Where's the gameshow host with the clue? Time is up. Gong!

Confused?...

Like Charlie Chaplin, I kick my heels and walk alone off into my petri dish, fade to black.

Sex roles—the danish of eroticism. They come in many flavors, sizes and colors and everyone has one and many favorites. Look at that display case! The whole world is your bakery! What a selection! It has everything—even you next to the sugar glazed!

This issue of the Lame Monkey addresses some of the different attitudes regarding sex, a subject that most definitely affects every creature alive.

Find yourself in one of these perspectives? Accept the challenge of trying to understand exactly how people see sex in their own unique (sometimes odd, or hateful) way, but most of all...

Enjoy!

Vivé la difference. NEΦN

To Have Done With the Economy of Love

by Feral Faun

"Love of all things is integral beauty; it has no hate or possessiveness... So accept love wherever you may find it: It is difficult because it never asks."

-Austin Osman Spare

Sexual love, erotic pleasure, is the source of boundless ecstasy, the expression of the infinite divinity of our bodies. It is the very creative energy of the cosmos. When this energy flows through us unchecked, we come to be in love, to desire to share erotic pleasure with the entire cosmos. But only rarely do we experience this boundless energy. Within the bounds of commodity culture, love too is a commodity. An economy of love has developed, and that economy destroys the free flow of pleasure.

The economy of love can only exist because love has been made a scarcity. As infants, we are wild, divine

lovers in love with ourselves and with all other beings. But parents steal this from us. They deny the sexual nature of their love for the child and sell expressions of love in exchange for acceptable behavior.

They punish or reprimand us for blatantly sexual behavior, calling it bad. They judge us and so teach us to judge ourselves. Instead of loving ourselves, we feel obliged to prove ourselves—and fail often enough to never feel sure of ourselves. Love ceases to be a free gift to the cosmos and becomes a very scarce, high-priced commodity for which we must compete.

The competition for economized love changes us. We lose our spontaneity, our free and playful self-expression. It doesn't do to act as we truly feel. We must make ourselves desirable. If we are good looking by cultural standards, we



have a big advantage, for appearance is a major part of what makes a desirable sexual commodity. But there are other useful traits—strength, sexual prowess, "good taste," intelligence, sparkling wit, and, of course, knowledge of how to play the socio-sexual games. Knowing how to put across the right image, knowing just what role to play in what situation—this will buy you economized love. But at the expense or losing yourself.

Few people have both physical attractiveness and adeptness at playing the socio-sexual games. So we are left with-

out love except on very rare occasions. It is no surprise that when these rare occasions arise we do not let them flow naturally, but seek to hold on to them, to extend them. When love is economized, it no longer lends itself to free relating, because the flowing away of a particular lover has come to mean the end of love itself. Instead of relating freely, we seek to build relationships—making relating permanent, hardening it into a system of exchange in which lovers continue to sell love to each other until, at some point, one of them feels cheated or finds an economic relationship because of the fear of losing love—and having to go through the whole process of earning love all over again.

And relationships—being an expression of economized love—are usually supposed to be monogamous. We do not want to lose our lover to another. If we do not agree to only sell our love to each other, might not our lover find a better product, a lover they prefer to us, and leave us? And so the fears induced by the scarcity of love help to create institutions that reinforce that scarcity.

Some people don't choose the way of relationships. They want to prove themselves to be truly desirable commodities. So they become sexual conquistadors. They want to rack up a high score in the arena of sexual conquest. They don't care about sharing pleasure. They just want to create an image. And those who fuck them do it for the status as well. For these people, the ecstasy of total sharing has been lost completely to the economy of love. It is the score and only the score that counts.

Continued on Page 4...

WRITE 4 LAME MONKEY?

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2. saying no 2 sexism
3. decrying homelessness
4. naying Bush's neigh 2 freedom of speech

17 VETS ROLL WHITE BOY IN STREET 2 KEEP FIRE FROM SPREADING TO GOD

RACISM



Clarissa, Caroline, Kerry, And George

By Elroy Ringwald
Lame Monkey Toast Master

Clarissa hurried across campus through a sudden downpour. ("News-of-death tears"—that's what Kerry always called this kind of rain; what the hell did he mean by that? God, he was full of shit; he could never just be normal, not even for one day; she was glad that was all behind her.) Fortunately, upon reaching the shelter of the auditorium, she found little storm damage to her hairstyle and outfit. The TV lights, the armed guards, the roped-off throng of on-lookers—everything added to her growing excitement as she filed into the meeting hall with all the other hand-picked, carefully-screened, officially-approved invitees. The President of the United States was here! In the flesh! An historic day, and she was part of it!

The cool, fresh smell of rain faded quickly from her body as she took the aisle seat in a middle row. Her perfume reasserted itself and mingled comfortably with the smell of warm polyester, scented mousse, sweet cologne, and deodorized cotton rising all around her. Suddenly her jaw dropped open: my God, there he was, a few rows in front of her, with his shaggy pile of brown hair and his big, slumping shoulders: it was Kerry! Who in the world let him in here? she wondered. Needles of anxiety shot through her at the sight of him; to escape their wild jabbing, she turned her attention to the stage.

There, the local luminaries were lined up beneath a gigantic banner of welcome for the Chief Executive. The University President, charming and boyish, was jawing amiably with a group of Young Republicans in the front row. To his left, the beefy Vice Chancellor of Students sat with thick arms folded across his chest and a look of nervous vigilance on his bulldog face. Next to him was a dean—the guy who looked like Truman Capote, Clarissa couldn't recall his name—then another dean, then a congressman, some business people and so on. Suddenly, the house lights went down, the idle chatter ceased, and the men on the stage looked expectantly, reverently, to the right.

Out loped the President of the United States, a tall, thin man with a lipless

smile. Although Clarissa was a Democrat, she joined in the applause with genuine enthusiasm; after all, wasn't he the living embodiment and culmination of the entire American political process? And hadn't she, a grad student in political science, committed her life to that process? The lipless culmination waved cheerfully to the crowd. He shook hands with the deans and dons who had jumped to their feet to greet him, gave his old friend the University President a manly pat on the shoulder, then took a seat beside the lectern.

Clarissa looked at Kerry, trying to spy out his reaction. A crazy thought went through her mind: My God, what if he's come here to kill the president? No, no, no; he's weird, but not that far gone!

She and Kerry had been lovers once, long ago. He had come to the university from a small, rural town, and when Clarissa met him, he was still feeling lost and unmoored in his new, un-

sheltered world ("Life with the roof torn off," he always called it). She was a native of the city, two years older than he was, but they fell in together somehow: proximity, loneliness, and biology went about their usual work, producing a fog of emotion that obscured the fact that the young people really didn't get along at all. For one thing, he was more radical than she was (although his "radicalism" took vague and impractical forms; it seemed more of an emotional state than a political stance). He mocked her decision to join the Young Democrats, saying there wasn't a dime's worth of difference between the two parties; the Republicans were "The Eunuchs of the Oligarchoes" while the Democrats were "The Courtesans of the Empire." He himself took up with various groups—Anti-Contra, Anti-Apartheid, Pro-Choice, deep ecology, Amnesty International—but he never stayed with them for very long; he always found some hair-

splitting philosophical disagreement that would force him to quit. Still, despite their differences, he and Clarissa went on together for two years, arguing, carping, making a brittle, uneasy sort of love—until the day he came in and announced, out of the blue, that he'd "accidentally" fallen in love with Clarissa's cousin, Caroline. He said he was sorry, then turned around and walked out. The cruel, crazy bastard! It was bound to happen, Clarissa thought bitterly; Caroline was pretty weird in her own right: free-spirited, reckless, a source of constant worry for the family.

But the joke was on Kerry: Caroline didn't feel "that way" about him, and he was left hanging. He took up with somebody else after that—a waitress or a secretary or something—and then he left town, slinking away like a whipped dog. Clarissa, meanwhile, was left ripped open, devastated; if it had not been for her family, her friends—and bonny Prince Valium—she might not have made it through.

She'd heard rumors that Kerry was back in town.

He hadn't called her, of course, and apparently, he was keeping away from Caroline, too.

How in the world did he wangle an invitation here? she wondered. Probably has a new lover, some artchick, another weirdo, whose daddy has connections. God, he's really ugly when you think about it, she

decided, looking at Kerry's face as he watched the president; but an ugly man who has a way with words will go farther than you think—look at Hitler. And flabby! Why, he couldn't walk a flight of stairs without wheezing like Methuselah. And those shabby clothes...

Revengeful reveries in this vein so occupied her mind that she was startled when she heard the crowd applauding. The president's speech was over! She'd scarcely heard a word, but it didn't really matter; they'd all been given a printed copy of the talk beforehand. It was basic stuff: Keeping America Number One, Fighting the Good War Against Drugs, The Virtues of Patriotism, and—especially tailored for this audience—Education: The Weapon of Wisdom.

A "discussion period" followed, with the boyish University President calling on various eager beavers in the audience, each of whom lobbed a puffball at the lipless leader: "What can we do to fight drugs, sir?" "Can we really compete with the Japanese?" and so on. The president deftly scooped them up and repeated, almost word for word, the brassy certitudes he'd just been dishing out: "Ya gotta work, ya gotta grind, and, by golly, ya gotta give, but the cream will always rise to the top in America!" "We've got no time for doom and gloom in this coun-

try. We're too busy buildin' a better world!" "A guy who has no respect for the flag will have no respect for the liberties it represents!"

On it went, for a good half-hour. Unexpectedly, Clarissa found herself agreeing with the President more often than not; it was his reasonable tone, his obvious good will that won her over. He seemed too nice, too normal, to be involved in all of the shady deals, repressive policies, and crackpot philosophies that his more radical opponents, like Kerry, accused him of. He looked like an ordinary corporate executive—a project manager, maybe, or perhaps the head of a division—and she was comfortable with people like that; her own fiance, Malcolm, was a fast-rising executive at a software design firm.

She couldn't believe it: Kerry was walking to the microphone! Despite his shaggy appearance, despite the dark, sardonic look on his face, they had called on him! She saw the Vice Chancellor's blotchy face grow redder beneath his white helmet of hair; he recognized Kerry, all right. He had once kicked Kerry off the staff of the "editorially independent" student newspaper for writing "blatantly subversive, unprofessional columns." Then he tried to block Kerry's teaching assistantship in English Lit, saying Kerry would "corrupt the younger students under his tutelage." The Ombudsman intervened in that case, however, and Kerry got the position. One of those younger students turned out to be Caroline, a freshman, whom Kerry had known only slightly before then. The dean was right after all, Clarissa realized.

But what on earth was he saying to the president? Yes, it was the same old Kerry. He wasn't asking a question, he was making a speech, holding forth like Lord God Almighty, although she knew that deep down he hated himself, was weak and frightened and confused. Hadn't she had to deal with his neurotic insecurities often enough? And yet this mental case, this emotional cripple, this pathetic, immoral ruin of a man, presumed to lecture the President of the United States!

"You fight a war against drugs because you're afraid to fight a war against privilege and inequality," Kerry was saying.

Continued on Page 8...



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1ST AMENDMENT



Why do Drugs?

by Jethro Bodine
Anonymous Man-in-the-Crowd

Why do drugs? Hold on a sec, lemme light up and think about it. Let's see... hmmm. Ok. What was the question again?

Oh, yeah. Well, I believe I'd have a different reason for each drug. Beer is a personal favorite. Almost everyone I know drinks to excess. And it's not a compulsion. Just seems to happen naturally. Liquor, unfortunately, increases one's asshole-factor by 50%—70% during happy hour. (These figures are slightly lower for beer, depending on whether or not the drinker is in a band.)

Marijuana turns everyday life into a sitcom, so getting stoned is sorta like clicking on a television set. But you can't deny that TV is the *real* killer of thought (This is your brain...this is your brain on TV). And dope's good for making you thirsty for beer, forget where you left your keys, and feel compelled to order a pizza.

Why would anyone do acid? Ask anyone who ever has. You don't realize how terrifyingly subjective your reality is until you've tripped. It's all part of a well-rounded education. If you consider we all have our *own* reality to begin with, tripping proves you can't trust your eyes or your judgment. Like Hunter S. Thompson says: "We can't stop *here*. This is bat country!" If that's so scary, why does everyone on a mushroom binge laugh hysterically?

Cocaine is a different story. And I know people who've tried it without getting addicted. Once, twice, three times. It makes your heart beat like a superball in a bird cage. It makes you more than you are, which is well and good. Then you

die. But, boy, you sure feel *good* dying. Is drug-taking a bohemian style of extended suicide? I don't know. People are compelled to shop, diet, consume, pop aspirin, dial 1-900-SEX-SEXY, smoke cigarettes, avoid the Noid, and generally not give a shit about one another. What's one more vice? Our legisla-

tors
are
busy
protect-
ing us with
Bill-of-Rights
Busters that drain billions of dollars into prosecuting the casual user. Put them in prison, our Congressmen say, and they'll learn. Right. Learn how to be a criminal from real-live-pros! Later, these ex-cons can get extensive field training in society when no one hires them because they're a CONVICT and a D R U G USER.

Seems to me, someone empty enough to abuse drugs, and not just use drugs, is gonna come out of the prison experience no fuller. He'll need to escape reality more.

Money should be spent on voluntary treatment and rehab for the drug abuser. That seems obvious to me, but then again I thought Reagan would *never* win his second term.

Why do Drugs?

by Walter Dennis Davis
Lame Monkey Columnist

Y'know, I think that I may know one of the major attractions of drugs: They're death done on the installment plan.

Let's say that there's some part of yourself or your life that you really detest, something like fear, loneliness, despair, or a poor personal situation that you'd do anything to get out of.

You can kill it with drugs.

Take some coke or some booze and you kill your fear, slay your loneliness. For awhile, you're Madonna or Tom Cruze.

For awhile. But you can't kill a part of you with drugs,

you only knock it out; sometimes, most times, you don't even knock it out, you knock out your awareness of your flaws, your shortcomings. You forget them.

Until you come down, anyway. I once discovered that I didn't have working pain centers on parts of my foot. I made this discovery by wearing a hole in



my heel: I was completely, blissfully oblivious of anything being wrong...until the cast I had on came off, and I could see the hole in my foot.

So that's what I think the charm of drugs are, that they shut down the alarm centers of the mind, kill your awareness that something's wrong.

And that's why I don't take drugs—not coke, not speed, not booze. Not because I'm a square, or a wimp, or a preacher. But because there's a part of me that loves the idea of killing off some of the other parts of me.

And *that* scares me. Because I never know when to stop.

Boomerangs by Starlight

Boomerangs in the morning sky,
thoughts of you and I.
And he and she.
—We.

I'm a salmon swimming downstream
content to flow with the current.
The other fish follow the norm
and swim upstream to conform.

Boomerangs in the morning sky,
In one direction they seem to fly.
But upon completing their initial course,
they return to their origin with full force.

Like a boomerang in the morning sky,
away from you I seem to fly,
Yet when my life has run its course,
I'll return to you at full force.

To Have Done With the Economy of Love *Continued from page 2...*

In order to make the commodities more valuable, the economy of love has created sexual specialization. Of course, the cultural emphasis on masculinity or femininity over our natural androgyny is the foremost aspect of this. But the labels of sexual preference, when made permanent self-definitions, are also a part of this. By defining ourselves as gay or straight or bisexual, as child lover or fetishist or any other limited form, rather than letting our desires flow freely, we are making a speciality product of ourselves and so reinforcing the scarcity of love.

When love becomes a commodity it ceases to be real love, for Eros cannot be chained. Love must flow freely and easily

without price and without expectations. When love is economized, it ceases to exist, because the lovers cease to exist. Since we must become desirable products, we repress our real selves in order to take on the roles which our culture teaches will make us desirable. So it is mask kissing mask, image caressing image—but no real lovers to be found anywhere.

If we are to experience the infinite energy of sexual love, the wild divinity of our bodies in ecstasy, then we must free ourselves of the economy of love. We have to throw off every aspect of this lifeless shell that our culture passes off as love. For nowhere in its realms can the wild joys of boundless pleasure be experienced.

But to break free of the economy of love, love must cease to be a scarcity for us. While the wild cosmos abound with lovers, commodity culture has stolen this from us. So we are left with one way to free ourselves of love's scarcity. We need to learn to love ourselves, to find ourselves such a source of pleasure that we fall in love with ourselves. After all, is not my body the source of the pleasure I feel in love? Are not my flesh, my nerves, my tingling skin the vast galaxies in which this boundless energy flows? When we learn to be in love with ourselves, to find

ourselves a source of endless erotic pleasure, love can never be scarce for us, for we will always have ourselves as a lover.

And when we love ourselves, the boundless joy of Eros will flow through us spilling freely forth. We will not grasp for love because of need, but we will freely share our vast erotic energy with every being who opens to it. Our lovers will be men and women, trees and flowers, non-human animals, mountains, rivers, oceans, stars and galaxies. Our lovers will be everywhere, for we ourselves are love.

As mighty gods of love, we then can roam the earth as outlaw heroes, for having escaped the economy of love, we have the strength to oppose all economy. And we will not tolerate this culture where our lovers are abused, enslaved and threatened, murdered and imprisoned.

With all the mighty energy of love, we will break every chain and storm the walls until they fall and every one we love is free. And so will end the long, nightmarish rule of economy, the death-dance of civilization.

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

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3. Did you ever die for the U.S. of A.?

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St. Vibrissa: Virgin, Martyr, & Stigmatrix

By Thom Metzger™
Ziggurat of Rochester

In this whirlwind time of change and inconstancy, when sin runs rampant and seems to reign supreme, where can we turn for guidance? To whom can we turn for succor, friendship, and counsel?

Saint Vibrissa!

How sweetly shines her name in the calendar of the saints. How bright and vivid is her memory. How awful, yet inspiring is her hair-raising story.

But who is St. Vibrissa? Why is this saint, the favorite of Pope Licentius X, so little known today? And how many of us realize that she is the authoress of the beloved short prayer, "Nos Trillium"?

The answers to these questions, and to others, will be found, dear Friend, if you but read on...

Even as a young girl, Vibrissa was known for her great beauty and charm. She went about her daily household chores with the utmost diligence and cheer. To her FAMILY and friends, she was nothing but the SHEEREST JOY. And though her mother was a woman of exemplary piousness, her father nursed a deep sin in his heart. For in fact Vibrissa's father—a prosperous costermonger named Otho—had a deep and almost insatiable urge to take his daughter as his wife. To this end, he began the slow and methodical poisoning of Vibrissa's mother, the venerable Velda.

At first, Otho ground the dried bodies of POISONOUS ants and placed them in Velda's gruel. When this only made her sick and not DEAD, he laced her composites with noxious tinctures. Still, Velda would not die. Vibrissa was of course deeply saddened by her mother's condition and made EVERY EFFORT to comfort and aid her in her dire DISTRESS. Nonetheless, Velda's condition grew so bad, after her husband began placing shards of glass in her tuna noodle casserole, the Vibrissa spent her every waking moment praying that her mother would heal or at least die quickly. Velda soon began to produce an AWFUL STINK, like rotting blood mixed with pond scum. And this gave the evil Otho the excuse to put his wife out in a rude shanty made from tarpaper and old lath. Thus, he was alone, night after night, with the lovely and fetching Vibrissa.

He poked a hole in her bedroom wall and every night secretly peered through as she took off her clothes to prepare for bed. He could barely control his bestial urges, his grunts and slavering sounds, as Vibrissa slid her simple and modest frock down from her body and showed to the

light the ripe, firm curve of her VIRGIN BUTTOCKS. He could barely help but grab himself and squeal like a wild boar in rut as Vibrissa stood naked, pure and virginal, before the mirror and touched the gorgeous maidenly swelling of her chaste young breast. Then she would kneel down beside the bed, still naked and unashamed, and pray that her mother would soon see the GATES of heaven.

And after she blew out the candle and got into bed, night after night she wondered what her father could be doing in the next room to make such awful, savage, moist snuffling sounds.

It was during this time of CONFUSION AND SHAME that Vibrissa began to experience the Passion of Our Lord in a new and special way. She was just becoming a woman then, and like the other girls her age, began to feel CHANGES in her BODY, strange and wonderful yearnings. But she had dedicated herself body and soul to Our Lord years before, and so, traveled a far purer path than the gland-crazed self-abusing vixens she attended school with.

One night she dreamt that a skull, pure white and hairless as a new born mouse, came flying at her from the bottom of the

privy pit, screaming and throbbing, growing like a STICKY OYSTER. When she awoke, she saw that her palms and ankles were bleeding, just where the nails had pierced the holy flesh of Our Lord.

Thus began her time as a blessed Stigmatrix.

Velda's condition worsened, until Otho was forced to hire a local lad to shoo away the FLIES AND MAGGOTS from her decaying flesh. But little did he know that every night, when all were asleep, the lad would tear off his clothes and prance around the sickbed, chanting VILE SLOGANS. Indeed, one night Vibrissa woke from a dream of molten cheese, and saw a red, HELLISH light streaming from the shack in back. But she assumed that Velda was merely experiencing a deep, healing fever, and went back to sleep.

Her mother grew so weak, so sickly and repulsive that she could eat nothing but a few spoonfuls of moistened gum arabic every day. And with a vigilance wonderful to relate, Vibrissa cared for her mother as only a saint can, praying that soon she would be out of her misery.

Finally, as Vibrissa grew to be an even more heart-rendingly beautiful young thing, Otho could STAND IT NO LONGER. The urges of the lower flesh became so powerful in him that he ram-paged to the shack, covering his nose

with a moist rag to keep out the horrid STENCH, told the boy to put his clothes on and when alone with his wife, gnawed through her jugular vein and bathed in the hot jets of steaming red blood.

Then he flew directly to Vibrissa's room and threw back the door. There she lay, legs long and creamy, thighs spread wide in the abandonment of total ecstatic prayer. Her breast ROSE AND FELL fetchingly, for she was sore afraid. Her NAKED belly, wherein the womb of virgin motherhood lay unsullied by heinous

lusts or evil longings, was exposed to the quaking torchlight. And her mouth, red and inviting like a hot, moist rose bud of flame, seemed to beckon him. She ran her tongue around her lips, moistening them, and stood to face her father's mad and sin-reeking MANHOOD.

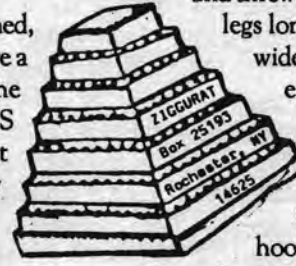
He tore off his clothes and in an instant was on top of her, snarling, biting, flailing his great hairy tongue against the pure milk-white skin of her virginity. He poked and nuzzled like a WILD DONKEY driven insane by heat and sand flies boring into its brain through its ears. But still Vibrissa would not yield up her swollen and MOST TREASURED ORIFICE to his wild and blistered manhood.

Try as he might, he could not penetrate the cordon of CHASTE ANGELIC LIGHT that protected Vibrissa's innermost sanctum of private parts and glory. In a hideous frenzy of bestial rage, Otho drew out his chisel and ball peen hammer and began his last assault on the virgin fortress of her ruby-red puedenda.

She resisted valiantly to the very end. When the battle was over, the lovely Vibrissa was naught but a heap of torn meat and ordure. Then wiping his vile ORGAN on her scalp, which he had torn in one piece from her skull, he went outside and threw himself down a well, where to this day, squamous, gibbering demonettes poke him incessantly with their red-hot PRONGS.

On medallions and icons, St. Vibrissa is shown with a bent cork-screw, symbolizing her impenetrable virginity. She is the patroness of narcoleptics, grifters, and spelunkers.

For more information concerning St. Vibrissa and her Shrine of the Most Blessed Orifice, write to: Box 25193, Rochester, NY 14625.



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b. You're in the wrong auditorium!
c. You're out-of-tune!

SEEING WHITE BOY DOESN'T UNDERSTAND, VETS GRAB WB BY THE NECK TO BEAT HIM WITH A DIFFERENT DRUM

POVERTY



Our Hidden Sexuality

by Harry Palms & Susie Chapped-Lips
Hip Ft. Sanders Couple

Does the word masturbation make you feel uncomfortable? For many people, the subject of masturbation is taboo or it is nervously joked about and discarded as unnecessary.

We're brought up to believe that our bodies are dirty. We're told that we, too, are dirty if we touch ourselves or even think about sex. Self love and self understanding are considered to be unimportant in an era of cleanliness and godliness. But it is *natural* and *healthy* for children to touch themselves and to be curious about their own bodies. This natural curiosity is often stifled by parents when they give the child the message that it's **WRONG**. This is the first step in the process of destroying a natural sense of self love.

We live in a society that is obsessed with its fear of sex. Sexuality in the United States is a double standard for men and women. In the media, women are garish for advertisements of cars, beer, and sports, etc. to be consumed by an all male audience who are encouraged to satisfy their sexual desires. Society constantly holds this double standard up for women—they're supposed to be both seductress and virgin at the same time. That double standard dictates that women remain passive and unaggressive and that men say or do anything to get them into bed. These cultural directives are often

brash and damaging, leaving its victims wary of future relationships.

Neither men nor women are encouraged to masturbate. This stems from society's fear of self pleasure and the belief that any sexual activity other than for reproductive means is unnecessary and evil. It should be obvious to us that the expectations placed on us (religious or otherwise) are unrealistic in light of the fact that we are pleasure seeking beings and that sexual satisfaction is a natural result of self love and self discovery.

Because of the different roles that society forces men and women to play, masturbation should be understood from the viewpoint of both men and women. The following is a dialogue between a heterosexual man (21 years) and a heterosexual woman (20 years). We don't assume that we represent any other men or women. We acknowledge that our experiences are unique to our own histories (or herstories).

W: When did you first masturbate?

M: When I was 10.

W: Wow! I didn't masturbate until I was 18.

M: I first had sex when I was 15. When did you first have sex?

W: When I was 16.

It took me 2 years of sexual activity to feel comfortable with my body and with masturbation.

M: I can't imagine that, because I was aware of what felt good long before I had sex with a woman. I had fantasies about what I thought I wanted from women. By the time I had my first sexual experience, I knew that I was sexually powerful.

W: By the time I had my first sexual experience, I felt sexually and emotionally

vulnerable. Because I had had no contact with my own body, I felt like I was at the sexual mercy of the man to show me what sex was all about.

M: I was very concerned about "performance" the first time I had sex. I was concerned with giving this woman

pleasure. Looking back on the experience, I know that I was actually more concerned about my own pleasure than about hers. I was not familiar with the female orgasm until this woman had one. She only had one orgasm during six months of sexual activity.

W: Did you use contraception?

M: Yes. We used condoms.

W: Did you take the responsibility for that or did she?

M: We both did. Did you use contraception the first time?

W: I went on the pill before I had sex. The responsibility for contraception was left completely up to me.

M: Back to masturbation... what made you start masturbating?

W: I started because the person that I was sleeping with liked to watch me do it. After a while, I did it for sexual satisfaction when there wasn't someone around to sleep with. Now, I realize that masturbation is a form of self discovery and self love and not just a substitute for sex when a man isn't around.

M: That surprises me because I think that all men masturbate. In fact there is a joke that 99% of all men masturbate and the other 1% are lying (laughter).

Do you think that this is true of women?

W: Hell no! I don't believe that as many women as men masturbate. I don't think that a lot of women experience orgasm. Women's bodies aren't set up to where it's obvious where the pleasure areas are. A woman's clitoris is a mystery to her unless she has the courage and the patience to feel around and find it. To achieve sexual pleasure, most women have to let their fingers do the walking because most men won't put forth the energy to please a woman. This gives women the impression that their sexual pleasure isn't important. Women need to masturbate to establish that they are worthy of pleasure and self love. Women also need to demand that their sexual partners be attentive to their sexual needs.

M: It is also important to remember that

all sexual interaction doesn't have to be for the purpose of orgasm. Sex can be gratifying on many other levels... such as intimacy. Even when I was young, masturbation didn't always end in orgasm. It often was a form of self-affirmation and just an opportunity to touch myself.

W: Did you always have such a positive attitude toward masturbation?

M: The first time I heard the word was when my mom told me that it is a sin to masturbate, and my dad and I never talked about sex. My early peer group—in my early teens—always joked about

Before Experience

Toby Koozman

He was no virgin or without strong speech but gentle beyond the power of sex to change: inhibited but not innocent of where on woman to press a finger, leading the weight of his loins so that we click tight into pleasant automation and when I blew my valve he was right behind, disengaging his hand that's done its work to cage me in both arms and fuck the universal bride that every man comes in, no more knowing himself than a dead man.

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masturbation. Sometimes it came up a lot. They said that you only masturbate if you can't get real sex, that masturbation is "gay", and people who masturbate are oversexed. I think that the joking relieved a lot of tension and was a way for everyone to subtly admit that they did masturbate or at least wanted to try it. How did the girls around you deal with it, did you talk about it?

W: No, we never talked about masturbation at all. If we ever discussed sex, it was about who we wanted to do it with, but that wasn't until I was in high school. There was a lot of talk about the women around us who were having sex. There was a real criticism about women who would have sex, even though we all wanted to.

M: Do you think that the myth is true that women like sex for emotional reasons and that men like sex for physical reasons?

W: I was raised with the false idea that women should do anything to keep their men. So sex was one way to assure that the man would stay and it was a means of validating my self worth. So I guess that I did buy into the myth that I needed sex for emotional stability because I thought that I needed that man for emotional stability. Do you think that men like sex for purely physical reasons?

M: Yes, I think that most men do. I also think that sex often becomes the hidden reason why they continue relationships and why they think they're in love. It wasn't until my 4th year of sexual activity that I felt a real emotional tie to the person I was involved with. That was the first time that I was

more concerned about her orgasm than about my own. This was the first person that I was completely honest with about my own masturbation, and we even practiced mutual masturbation. I would recommend mutual masturbation for sexually active couples because it is self affirming and because it is safe sex.

W: Let's summarize what we think about masturbation. I think that it is important for women to explore their own bodies and figure out what feels good. I think that we need to stop sending our children the message that self love and gratification are not worthwhile endeavors. These messages shouldn't be confused with narcissism or hedonism because they are an affirmation of the self, not an indulgence. They only serve to increase an individual's awareness, they do not serve to harm anyone else.

M: We shouldn't feel ashamed or guilty about feeling good. Parents need to stop slapping their children's hands, peers need to learn how to confront their anxieties about sex, children need to be given information about their own bodies, and society's message for people should be sex positive... while at the same time stressing an individual's responsibility for her/his own actions.

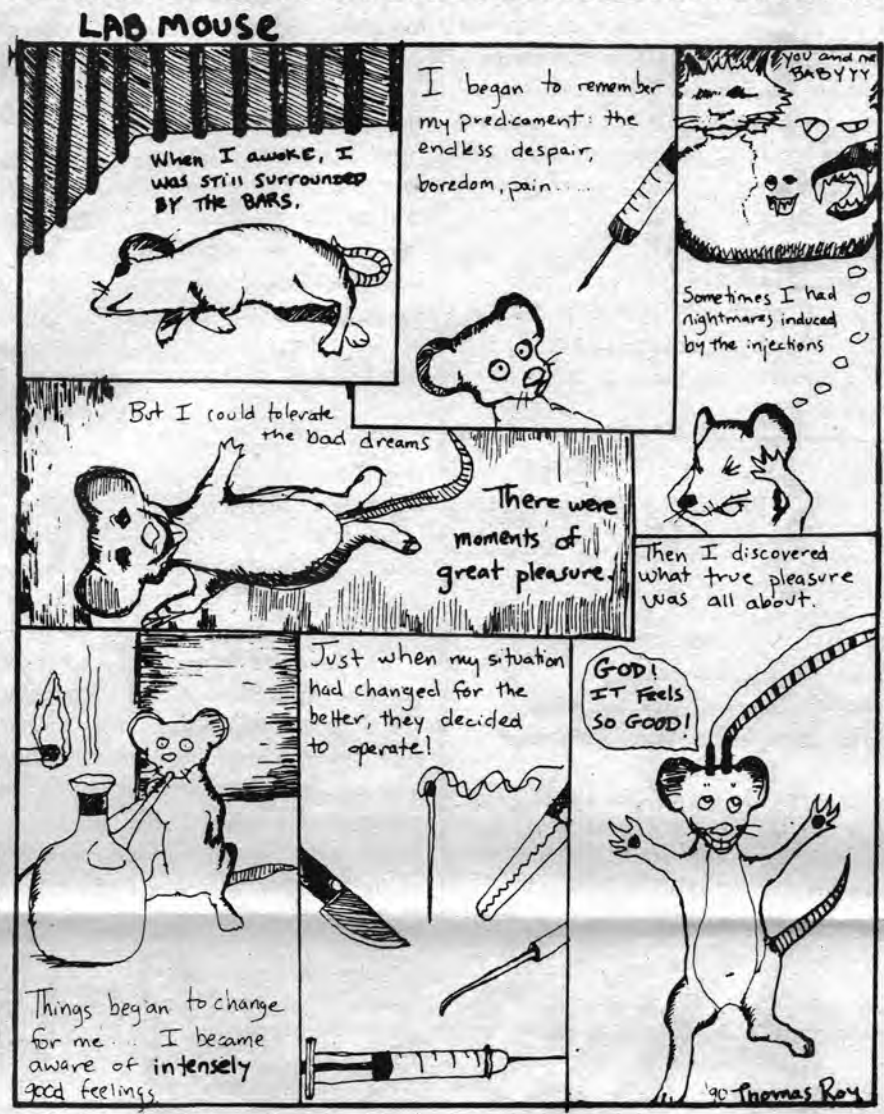
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EDUCATION

STARS & STRIPES AWAIT WHITE BOY'S FLAME AS HE DECRIES COUNTRY'S

- threat to first amendment
- involvement in Central America
- ecological raping.

FLAME OF PATRIOTISM SPARKS VFW MOB TO GIVE WHITE BOY STARS TO SEE AND STRIPES TO WATCH HEAL WHEN SCABS FORM ON SKIN

HOMELESSNESS

HOMOSEXUALS

PLEASED TO HAVE BURNED FLAG IN PROTEST OF 1ST AMENDMENT THREAT, WHITE BOY FINDS FREE SPEECH ALIVE

- 28 phone calls to tell him his house will be torched
- stopped over & over to be informed that he should be ashamed and/or killed after his balls are cut off
- provocative information provided by TV, press

GOING TO VFW TO THANK THEM FOR PROVIDING FORUM, WHITE BOY THINKS 2X ABOUT BRINGING ANOTHER FLAG TO BURN. DECIDES ON BIGGER MODEL.

JINGOISM

(I) WANT





Clarissa, Caroline, Kerry, And George

Continued from Page 3...

"You blather on about making America 'Number One' in industry, as if that's something human beings should strive for! Have you ever worked in a factory? I don't think so. It's not really something a person wants to do his whole damn life, you know. Where's the concern for a truly human society? For a nation where a few blue-blooded ballbreakers don't fatten themselves on the wage slavery of others? Where a person could just live—for good or bad—without money being the master of his choices? You don't even know what I'm talking about, do you? The body snatchers took you off a long time ago. The humanness of life is being eaten up, day after day, by all this ungodly chicken-shit, and all you can do is wave the flag and moo the pledge of allegiance! When will we—"

The Young Republicans began shouting him down. "Get outta here!" "Eat shit and die, commie bastard!" "Stop insulting our President!" "Vulgarian!" "What's your question, you faggot?"

"What's my question? What's my question?" Kerry glared at them incredulously, then turned back to the President. "I've only got one question for this sad sack of wind: Who are you, anyway?"

The carbuncular Vice Chancellor burst from his chair. "I'm sorry, sir, I'm sorry," he said to the president. "This man is a well-known agitator, it's obviously some kind of set-up, some kind of trick that he's here. I'll have security—"

"No need for that," the President said, thrusting out his jaw and holding up his hand. "Such a passionate young man deserves an answer to his question."

The president gripped the lectern with his bony hands and looked down at Kerry. "I'll tell you who I am, son. I'm a man who took up arms when his country called him and who did his damndest to make this world safe for you and your loved ones. I'm a man who has worked hard every day of his life, in business, in government, in his community—and in trying, humbly,

to serve his God."

He lifted his face and gazed out upon the crowd. "And I'm a man who believes that, yes, by golly, there is something special about America, something worthy of infinite praise, infinite loyalty, infinite sacrifice. Who am I? Plain and simple, I'm a man who loves America. Maybe I love her too much, I don't know. You seem to think so, young fella. But if that's a crime, then I plead guilty. And I hope each and every one of you will too!"

The crowd exploded with cheers and applause. Clarissa, who'd felt a momentary wavering in Kerry's direction when he spoke—an involuntary reflex of emotional memory, provoked by the sound of his voice—swung back to herself during the president's reply and clapped as vigorously as the rest. That sure put him in his place! she thought. And she realized that although she'd probably always be a Democrat, she would never join the ranks of those, like Kerry, who desecrated the lofty ideal of America. She might disagree with the President on some matters of policy and method, but they would stand united in their love for the nation. "Infinite loyalty, infinite sacrifice..." The words moved her to a vision of something great, something grand, something far beyond the little world of personal entanglements.

Kerry was still standing at the foot of

the stage. She thought he would either slump down, utterly vanquished, or else snarl out some wiseass remark, but he surprised her. With a bemused smile, he turned to the crowd, pressed his hands together before him, Gandhi-style, and bowed. He turned to the president and did the same. Then he started for the door.

As he neared Clarissa's row, her eyes met his. Her stomach lurched; her face contracted in a mixture of scorn and expectation. He slowed his pace and nodded to her, but his beatific smile was gone. "Tell Caroline hello for me," he said as he drew even with her. Then he walked on.

Clarissa didn't feel angry, as she thought she would when she first heard his words; she didn't feel jealous, or regretful, or sad. She didn't feel anything at all about it. Everything was over, done with, decided; and she was satisfied. She turned her face up toward the President.



EQUAL OPPORTUNITY
UNABLE TO IGNITE R NATIONAL CLOTH IN PROTEST OF THREAT 2 FREE SPEECH, WHITE BOY ASKS COP IN CAR FOR PROTECTION FROM THE ENRAGED VFW HORDE

- A. that's pushing him down
- B. screaming so many death threats
- C. calling him very embarrassing names

COP ROLLS UP WINDOW & CALLS FOR MOUNTED OFFICER TO PUSH WHITE BOY WITH HORSE AND TRY TO STEP ON WB'S TOES WITH BIG HOOVES. A BIT.
MILITARISM

ELITISM
NOTING VIOLENCE IN FACES/WORDS OF PEOPLE CONFRONTING HIM OVER BURNING OUR OLD GLORY, WHITE BOY

- A. offers them a kiss of love
- B. a hug of mutual understanding
- C. words of harmony/oneness

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