

Apathy Poll Taken At UTK—No One Responds

The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Volume 1 Number 1

January 5, 1987

FREE

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Blah! Blah! Blah!

Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

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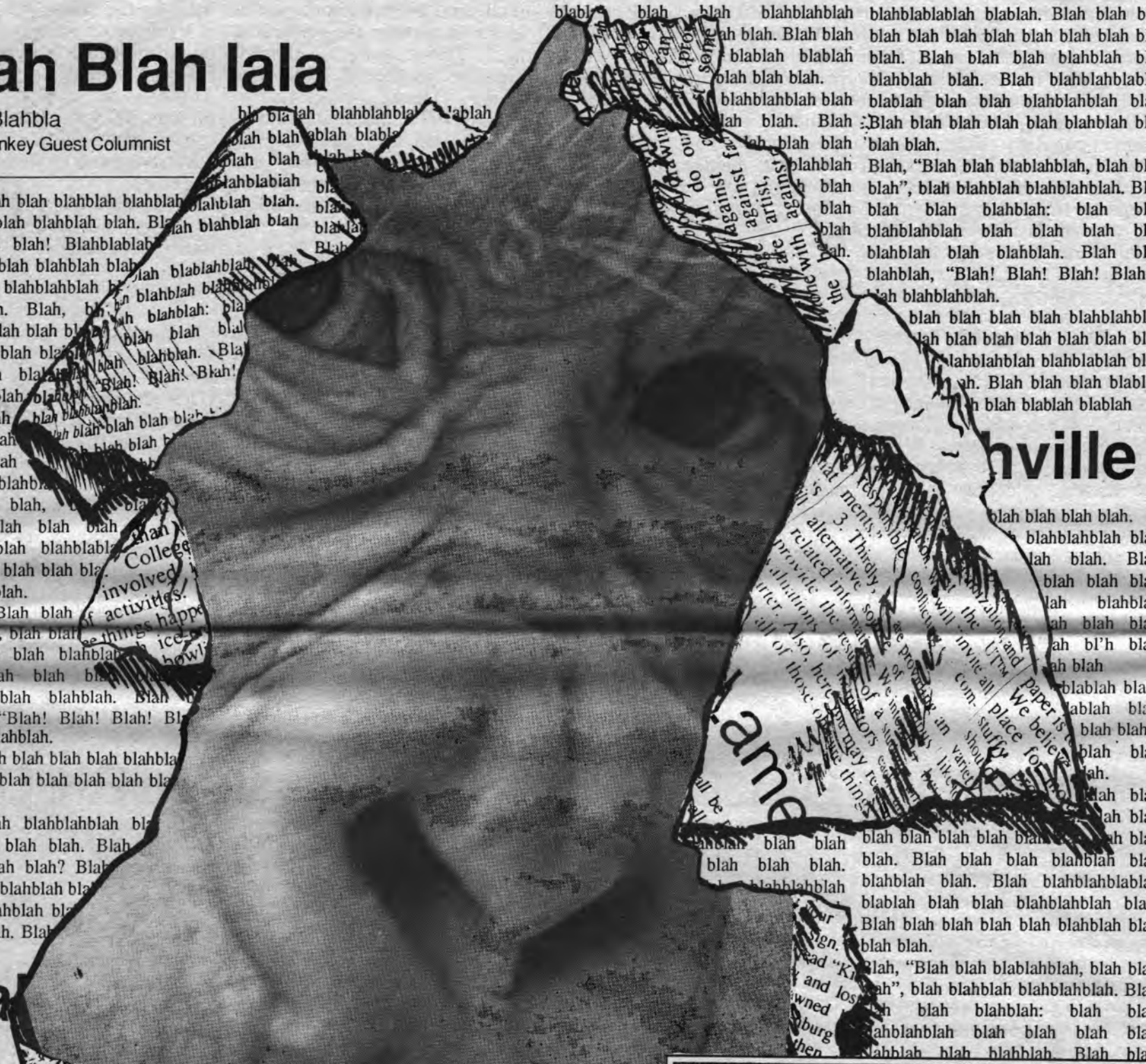
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Blah

Bill Blah
Lame Monkey

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The Manifesto

A Manifesto is a published statement of purpose. It's true that the *Lame Monkey Manifesto* fits this description vaguely at best. Below we have published our reasons for existence and we shall repeat them, at the most, from time to time. However, the title of the this paper shall retain it's *Manifesto* simply because it is far more colorful than *Times*, *Journal*, or certainly *Beacon*, and also because the publishers (us) happen to like it. So there!

If we must justify the rest of the title, let us first state that this

paper was named as so many publications, businesses and babies are these days. That is by the looking through a dictionary and a thesaurus simultaneously and pulling out exotic terms for mundane things. If you like the name of this paper, the name of the company that owns it is **Plaid Planet**.

If we must still proceed we may say that hidden beneath the seemingly silly name, *The Lame Monkey Manifesto*, is a definite underlying profundity. Let us

explain.

The monkey is a symbol for the overriding tone which the paper embodies. It is at once curious, intelligent, and humorous, just as we strive to make the material in the *The Lame Monkey*. "Curious" in that it is question raising and muck-raking, "intelligent" in that it is informed and educated, and "humorous" in that it is not only funny and entertaining, but also bears the indirect weapon of satire, which helps to make up for the

disadvantages of being *Lame*.

Yes, the *Monkey* is lame in that there are certain constraints placed upon it that arise from the fact that many of the things that the paper is trying to do are frowned upon by greater authorities, such as the UT™ Overlords and Student Apathy, our two deadliest poisons. Thus the *Monkey* is not capable of directly confronting it's adversaries and is therefore lame in a sense.

The name of the paper properly explained, we continue with our statement of purpose:

A Statement of Purpose

1. Our first and foremost purpose is to provide a source of entertainment. Our initial conception was that of a students dream—an extended funnies page engulfing an entire paper. We are going to maintain a light tone with the paper, selecting the best humor writing submitted, including comics and cartoons, and sticking in anything else that we can get our hands on that is generally off-the-wall, and still relatively legal.

2. Secondly, we are providing a student forum. We hope that the pages of this paper will become a ring wherein various campus

factions will collide in many a blood-drawing literary battle. We will do our best to pit liberal against conservative, student against faculty, engineer against artist, religious organization against religious organization, and malcontent against the UT™ administration. We will "invite all responsible conflicting comments."

3. Thirdly, we are providing an alternative source of campus related information. We intend to provide the results of a student evaluations of instructors each quarter. Also, here you may read about all of those obscure things

that are happening on campus that you are probably interested in but can't find out anything about (provided someone submits something about them).

4. Another purpose of this paper is to abolish student apathy. We believe that a university is a place for more than books and stuffy profs. College students should be involved in a wide variety of activities. We would like to see things happening at UT besides church ice-cream speers and inter-dorm bowling leagues, and we are going to do what little we can to stir things up around here.

5. Lastly, we hope that *The Lame Monkey* will provide a lever for the seemingly powerless UT student body. We place in the hands of the UT students what forces publishing may offer that perhaps they may see to it that changes are made in their University and environment to better suit them.

(If you would like to contribute material of any type, see Submission Coupon on page 11).

Enjoy.

P.H. Mazingo - aka
Christopher Gray & Paul Mazingo
The Editors (In Alphabetical Order)

History of Lame Monkey Revealed

Christopher Gray
Lame Monkey Staff Columnist

In the beginning the heaven and earth was created. And the earth was without form, not being good art, having neither form, nor function.

And then there was light. And then there was earth. And then there was water. And then there were fish. And then came fishermen to catch the fish. And then there were hooks and nets and boats and tuna in cans and yogurt and diet-coke. Everyone smiled; it was very good.

And two fishermen in their boats spake to each other.

"Able, you have a very large nose," said Cain.

"I do not," said Able. "And even if I did you shouldn't have said anything anyway. It's rude."

"Have you heard the one about the three pharisees?"

"Don't do it, Cain! It's blasphemy."

...And so Cain was banished to the Land of Nod, where not being a citizen he could not nod, but could wink and grunt. And then a voice from on high said, "Cain, you have not suffered nearly enough. And so you must start a

newspaper and it shall be named after the animal from which all mankind has come from and is returning to. And it shall be handicapped as all men are handicapped, not being gods themselves and not being able to do all the neat things I can do. And so no man will slay you for your bad humor, I will mark you with a sign."

And the sign read "Kick me."

Out of money and lost in a strange country, Cain pawned his watch and waited until Gutenberg invented the printing press and then, with his last dollar, bought one second hand. To the delight of all of Europe, Cain published the first underground anti-Nazi newspaper entitled *Die Zeitung aus Hölle*, but being a visionary and nearly 500 years too early, lost all of his readership.

Broke and having failed on his mission, Cain fell into despair. He attended community colleges and worked in supermarkets. It seemed as though his end was near.

And then one night as he was walking back from singles night at the local bingo parlor something strange happened. Stumbling blindly down the dark alleyways, he accidentally bumped

into an ancient Chinese man and stabbed him with an African Jungle Safari Knife he had won that evening. The man collapsed slowly to the ground as his life slowly left him.

"You O.K.?", Cain inquired.

"Young grasshopper, sometimes chance encounters lead one down the path of wisdom," he answered. "But this, oh damn. But this! ...those damn fish hats. They're everywhere!"

And he died.

In madness and blind panic he fled through the streets. Over mountains and across the seas he traveled frightened at every turn that he might be recognized. And then he was caught by the Spanish Inquisition.

Convicted of illegally stabbing an ancient Chinese man he was sentenced to be tied to a stake until struck by lightning, there being no electric chairs as of yet.

As the black hooded monks tightened the ropes about his hands and feet and tied off the knots around a bare tree in the middle of an empty meadow, the clouds parted and a loud, deep voice was heard.

"Cain!"



Cain
Founder of Lame Monkey

Continued on Next Page



"Yes, oh master."
 "Well, you've really made a muck of things haven't you?"
 "Yes, oh giver of wisdom."
 "Don't you have anything to say for yourself?"
 "Yes."
 "What?"
 "Why me?"
 "Why *not* you, Cain? Why should I put someone else through all this shit? I guess you want me to get you out of this mess."
 "Well...it is your mission," replied Cain.
 "I could zap you with a lightning bolt."
 "I wouldn't want to put you to any trouble. You know, with the cost of miracles these days..."
 "Don't be a coward, Cain. It'll be just a little lightning bolt. Just a teeny weeny jolt of electricity. It'll just make you jiggle awhile."
 "You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

And so Cain was struck by lightning, but survived and was released, having served his sentence and with his only possession, his second hand press, struck out for a new beginning.



He boarded the Mayflower and won name and fame saving the ship using his printing press to support a beam broken during an especially bad storm. For his bravery his was greatly rewarded with lemons, dry biscuits and salted fish.

Arriving at Plymouth he bought a yellow Buick and drove to Chicago with his press in a U-Haul trailer he had rented. But disliking the weather, he traveled to New York and bought Manhattan Island from the Indians with necklaces he had made from stringing dry biscuits together and by putting lemon halves in his mouth and tying fish to the sides of his head and convincing them he was the white-skinned, yellow-mouthed fish demon and they had better do business and move themselves out of Soho.



This aside he once again set up shop. Now a rich land developer, Cain could afford to publish anything, even if no one wanted to read it. It seemed as though he had found his pathway to success.
 Then one night, high in his penthouse apartment, the phone rang.

It was Able. He had immigrated to America after the great Mesopotamian stew rat famine, when bananas sold for \$3 a foot. He said he was sorry for what had happened so many years ago and hoped he wouldn't hold it against him when he asked for a loan to open a used car lot in Nebraska called Honest Able's. Cain suggested Illinois politics as a less corrupt venture, but realized he was in error and loaned Able enough cash to open a cigar shop on the lower east side.



Happily reunited with his old friend, Cain and Able painted the town red and have since been arraigned on vandalism charges. Drunken and lost in Central Park, barely able (no pun) to stand, they wandered between the trees in the blueish moonlight.

Other Yoikers were about on this night, most wearing leather jackets, spiked hair and knives.

"Hey buddy, you got any money?" one especially ugly urchin asked.

"Yeah, I'm a rich land developer," answered Cain.

"Shhhhhhhh..." whispered Able.

"You might say..."

"Don't do it, Cain," hissed Able.

"You might say I'm rich enough to own the city."

Immediately they were surrounded by a hundred beaming eyes, each searching intently from the short distance deciding which piece of their bodies to rend and loot.



"Cain, I don't like this," spake Able.

As the murderous lot closed slowly about them, Cain and Able slowly stumbled backwards and then **FLASH**.

It was early morning when Cain awoke, rubbing his head and wondering whether it had all been a dream. He lay in an open field with his head cushioned by a pair of ruby slippers. The sun was rising; he did not yet realize he was in Kansas. Able was nowhere to be seen.

Man Teleported 500 Miles, the headlines read. It was a sensation. It was



a scoop only the Cain paper had. Beneath this banner was written: *UFOs kidnapp nun and give her health food space diet, see page 6*. All the miracles of the day were reported in Cain's paper, to the delight of all the world.

A whole newspaper empire was soon formed. To the delight of Europe, Cain became a U.S. citizen and ran for president, but lost because he was not allowed to go bobsledding as a child. Then Cain, in fitful remorse, abandoned himself to Shangri-La, his palacial estate, until his empire crumbled to but a single newspaper.



His last newspaper was also his first newspaper, *Die Zeitung aus Hölle*. Renamed the *Lame Monkey Manifesto*, as prophesy dictated, for the Paris World Exhibition of 1878, the *Lame Monkey*, once read by millions, was now read by Imogene Berkofski of Montvue, New Jersey.

On his deathbed, a weakened and crumbled old political kingmaker, he spoke his final wish.

"Tell them," he said. "Tell them to break the presses. Tell them to burn the paper. Tell them to stop this silly farce and close the *Lame Monkey Manifesto* forever. Listen to me! Listen to me!"

But it was too late.

His estate, once enslaving nearly one fourth of the free world, was already being liquidated and *Lame Monkey* had long since been sold to the radically indeterminate. The world had not a prayer. The lame monkey had been set loose.

The Lame Monkey Manifesto

An Editorially Independent Paper

Owned by: Plaid Planet
 Editors: Christopher Gray
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 (in Alphabetical Order)
 Entire Contents Copyrighted ©1987
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Production
 Facilities: Universal Printing Company
 Layout/Design
 Pasteup: Paul Mazingo
 Christopher Gray
 Press: Alliance Press

Circulation: 5,000
 Cost: Distributed free to UT Students
 If you or someone you love would wish to support the Lame Monkey through advertising, we have reasonable rates.
 Write: P.O.Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800 or Call 637-4840 and leave a message.

Another One From The Editors, or Something Like That

Will it never end? When we first had the idea of putting together a paper we thought "Wow! Gosh this'll impress the babes" and all that stuff.

But now it's 4:30 a.m.. I've been working on this since 10 a.m. this morning. Forget about yesterday and the day before, etc. Deadline for the presses is less than 36 hours away and Paul is complaining because he can't find the word 'quirky' in the dictionary.

Some people raise their eyebrows when I tell them I'm co-publishing a paper. It seems only me and Paul believe we'll publish. This we know for sure because we have enough money to pay the pressman. And were making the time.

What I'm wondering about is why people are so skeptical and why others—I mean many others—don't do similar things. My friends always complain about parking or tuition hikes or some problem. Why is nothing ever done? Why do so many people adopt inaction and inconvenience as opposed to action and hope for change? Without action, there is no hope.

It is not as easy to make things happen than to accept things as they happen. Perhaps this is why rarely in these parts people take stands and are willing to defend them. It seems most people just want to take it easy even when in doing so they are taking a stand—against what they believe. Hypocrites? Strong word.

I remember a story I heard somewhere. I'm not sure where, so please forgive me. Two men were standing in front of St. Paul's Cathedral and one asked why such breathtaking structures are never built anymore. "Because," the man answered. "Because then people had convictions and today people have opinions, and you can't build a cathedral with opinions."

Opinions? Yeah, opinions. No one wants to take a stand because they could be wrong. It's easier and safer to 'have no opinion' about something, than to risk error. Perhaps being wrong is the greatest sin of this informational age.

But now it's 5:15 a.m. and I should like to catch a few hours before morning really arrives. I have a connect-the-dot puzzle to make and the cover needs work. Does this sound like the ramblings of a martyr. I hope not.

I'm not sure if there will be a second issue of *Lame Monkey* at this point. It'll depend a lot on how this one is received and how much money it'll cost to print versus how much advertising we can sell. So this issue is going to be as 'hot' and 'brilliant' and 'fantastic' as possible for there may not be a second chance.

Here.

Now.

There's always something else if you make it happen.

Health.

—Christopher Gray



Diecletics: Nicaragua, Now or Never?

This is the first in a series of articles in which we hope to address and bring to a head-bleeding crunch issues which are current, pertinent, and controversial.

By bringing two almost diametrically opposite attitudes

into collision we hope to help the reader form a new synthesis or to see the other side of the issue. Or make you mad as hell. The choice is yours.

The question we asked our Guest Columnists to respond to was this:

"In light of the sale of arms to Iran and the subsequent transferring of proceeds to the Contras, the American position in Central America seems wishy-washy.

What stance should the United States assume as an established

national policy concerning Central American countries and how should this policy be carried out?"

If you are of an extreme viewpoint in any direction and would like to participate in the future, drop us a line.—Eds.

Iran Scandal Forces Question Military Involvement Necessary

Ginger Hutton

Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

The accusations, counter-accusations, lies, rumors and facts that have been revealed regarding the Iran-Contra affair have made U.S. involvement in Nicaragua seem much more complicated than almost anyone had imagined. However, many who have been opposed to Contra aid from the beginning realize that this is merely a continuation of existing U.S. policy towards Central America—policy which can and, if we aren't very careful, will lead us to war in Nicaragua. This is just one more event in a series of lies and deceit designed by President Reagan to overthrow the Sandinista government, whatever the cost. It is one more reason to oppose U.S. Central American policy.

In Nicaragua, as in Vietnam, lies are being told by our government about how deeply the U.S. is involved. The money and advisors that our Congress has approved is apparently only a fraction of the actual pressure that is being applied in Nicaragua. Anywhere from 5 to 30 million probably illegal dollars went to the Contra guerillas in addition to well over \$100 million in legal aid. If much more money is sent to the Contras, the U.S. will have too much at stake, both in money and in pride, to leave Nicaragua without war.

This money is justified as taking a noble stand against communism. Even if that were true, which it isn't—is it worth the sacrifice? We are violating our national principals to overthrow another government. That is hardly justified or noble. America is selling guns to terrorists to fund a group of reactionary guerillas who are considered terrorists by

their own countrymen—all the while claiming to be opposed to terrorism.

There is little doubt that U.S. laws have been broken in the Iran deal, not to mention at least two past violations of international law. The question is, if overthrowing the Sandinistas is such a noble cause, why is the President forced to find money for the Contras by illegal means? Why aren't other nations joining in this "noble" work? Why can't the American people be told what their government is doing? It is absurd for us to claim that we are defending democracy in Nicaragua when our government refuses to practice it at home! We hardly seem qualified. The American people and Congress have been lied to and our principals have been compromised; is Contra aid worth that?

What is sadly overlooked in all of this is the human cost of the war. Nicaragua should not be a pawn in the "superpower" supremacy struggle. It is a free country whose people have a right to choose their own government and with the Sandinista revolution, they chose it. Now these people are dying and being maimed because our government refuses to see people as people instead of means to an end. While people die in Nicaragua another generation of Americans is being taught to distrust their government and may be heading towards another pointless unwinnable war.

Those who oppose aid to the Contras are not Communist funded dupes or people who refuse to see the truth, as recent accusations have implied. They are Americans who have thought very seriously about issues in Nicaragua and have decided that the government has not been honest. Unfortunately the administration has proven them right. In light of the breaking of laws, the lies, and the violation of the trust of the people involved, there is little chance for the Contras to receive any further aid, legal or illegal, from the U.S. government. This scandal has hopefully forced a choice on the Reagan administration: admit that they have been wrong or throw away all pretense and invade Nicaragua—a possibility the U.S. public probably will not allow. Assuming, of course, that the Reagan administration still exists when all the details of this scandal have been revealed.

Doug Collins

Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

The Iranian arms 'scandal' has been hailed as another watergate, as proof that Reagan is a lying, coniving war monger. This is barbarious. This is rumour, misrepresentation and lies spread by those who have disagreed with his hit-em-hard policies established over the last six years of his leadership. The United States has shown the world that we are a world-power to be reckoned with and not the weak, apathetic, whatever-you-want welfare state of the recent past.

Ronald Reagan and his actions thus far as President have revealed a man who is genuinely concerned with America and her interests world wide. When the Cubans (soviet dupes) tried to construct a military airbase in Grenada, Reagan pounced. Under the Reagan administration we have seen the Soviets leave Afganistan, have seen the Soviets make concessions from fear of the Strategic Defense Initiative, have seen the Libya terrorist-state shake with fear and seen actions toward a balanced federal budget. Reagan has declared a war on drugs which have been draining our nation of the vitality we had after World War II. I need not elaborate on all his sucesses, nor defend a man who's record is clear for all to observe. Reagan has done more for the good of this country than any president in the past 25 years.

And now this 'scandal'. The press and media in their unwavering tradition have painted a picture of conspiracy. Reagan has only continued with his established policy—to stop the Sandinistas however possible and stop their hostile agression in Central America. The Nicaraguan government has long been supported by the USSR, receiving weapons and assistance, training and 'indoctrination' to the soviet way. Anyone who has examined the course of history will realize that this is the first step in a pattern which led to dropping of the Iron Curtain on countries such as Poland and East Germany. Rather than passively accepting the fall of Nicaragua, like past policy, or sitting around talking and negotiating about it, Reagan takes action. He is a man of action and not some well-wishing paper pusher. He sees the world in its ugly hostile truth.

If the pressure were lifted from Nicaragua, then they would be free to further pressure their neighbors—then Mexico, and then what? The soviets would love to have this beachhead in

Central America, and once it is secured their further expansion would be imminent—much to the chagrin of all the people screaming 'scandal' now.

By supporting the Contras, a group of freedom fighters Congress has already voted millions of dollars in aid, Reagan only renews hope that democracy can be restored to that region and that the American way can be established.

Now that the taboo has been lifted, I say we should fully and willingly committ ourselves to restoring order to that region. And this means more than money. This means direct military assistance. We should not continue to persue this half-baked and end up with another Vietnam-type war, but take firm a firm stance and squash them like grapes and harvest the pure wine of freedom. It is time that a solid commitment be made and that we disavow communism for the dark stain it really is.

It is clear to me that action is called for—but do the people of America have the courage to realize that sometimes military involvement is necessary? It is our duty to preserve order and human freedom and dignity, or we are not worthy of our nation's gift of liberty. We must help keep the free world free or else the United States will one day stand alone against a world seeking to enslave us and rape our civilization and all we hold dear. Good intentions are not enough, just like the innocent man on the street beaten up and robbed for no reason except his money. Are we not one of the wealthiest nations in the world? We are one of the hardest working nations of the world and deserve every damn thing we've fought so hard for in our last 200 years.

If you support freedom and the American dream, then support Reagan now as you have in the past. Give your vote of confidence that, yes, you wish the rest of the world to reap the benefits of democracy, capitalism, and freedom. Capitalists of the world, unite and defend our hero, for the bleeding hearts and unaware communist-allies seek to render us impotent.





Tribal Rituals of UT Women

D. Kent Stanford
Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

After spending the last three years of my life at Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia, I have returned to Knoxville uniquely qualified to analyze the University of Tennessee and its version of girl-meets-boy. Even though U.T. is the land of Farrah-doo's, unnatural fibers, domestic beer, and rear view mirror paraphernalia, I feel a certain *noblesse oblige* to critique the status-quo, hoping to correct the current U.T. coed ideal of the superior male.

Hampden-Sydney, America's tenth oldest college and it's last non-military all-male institution (enrollment 750), has been called by Lisa Birnbach, author of *The Preppy Handbook*, "the preppiest college in the U.S." I am the product of this time-honoured institution and therefore my critique reflects the more traditional distinctions of class, manner, and taste. In my considered opinion these proven traditional values are far superior to the banal, sophmoric "transvalued-values" prevalent at U.T.

The most disturbing issue concerning tribal rituals is the manner in which your females pick their bed-partners. Even though most U.T. girls lack the breeding of polite society, many are still physically attractive (despite their atrocious 1970's hair-doo's) and thus warrant my concern. The problem as I see it is that U.T. girls value qualities in men which are based on tribal imperatives. They want a dumb stud. Little do they realize that ten years from now these muscle-bound, moustached, neanderthal, communication/recreation majors will be working at Video's Are Us making a walloping four bucks an hour. Your females have no conception of their self-interest rightly understood.



The ladies of Sweet Briar Women's College of Va., on the other hand, recognize the advantages of a bulge in the wallet over a bulge on the arm. An evening with Malcom Forbes, then, would be a much more enriching experience than a tumble with Arnold Schwarzenegger. The preference of U.T.

girls for "hunks" is pure folly. Instead of recognizing the advantages of catching an upwardly mobile professional-type, your girls are convinced that muscles are the key to "the good life". By adopting this attitude they convict themselves to an existence of apartment dwelling, Chevette payments, daytime television, and unwanted children.



It must be pointed out, however, that your fraternity boys are not an alternative. The only qualitative difference between frat-boys and jocks at U.T. is that one hoists beer glasses while the other hoists dumb-bells. A future alcoholic is not upwardly mobile. Besides, few of your frat boys drive anything more impressive than daddy's white Cutlass Sierra. If this is your idea of "the good life" I'm certain you'll find happiness in the P.T.A. or Divorce Court.

So who is left? Many young women realizing the superficiality of the aforementioned characters are attracted to the bohemian "artsy" type fellows. This is a major *faux-pas*. Anyone who majors in theatre, music, or art at U.T. is destined for welfare hotels or unskilled labour professions. In spite of their "superior" attitudes, these boys are doing nothing at college besides wasting their parents money and consuming copious amounts of illegal substances. No more needs to be said.

There is hope, however. Although few in number, some intelligent young gentlemen with bright futures do exist. I know of a few at U.T.—not many—but a few. These men do not frequent local drinking establishments or football games. Instead, you are more likely to encounter them perusing the aisles of local bookstores or the import section at any given record shop. These men are rugged individualists, sensitive human-beings, and, more than likely, great in bed. They possess something which most U.T. men don't have—a vision for the future and the intelligence to achieve it. These upwardly mobile men will be successful in every aspect of their lives. Although currently ignored by U.T. women, these men will be the object of everyone's admiration ten years down the road. It is just as easy to love a richer man than it is to love a poorer man—and much more profitable. Only a fool would disagree. Happy hunting.

Mr. Stanford has requested his mailing address be published. He can be reached at P.O. Box 517, Hampden-Sydney, VA 23943 —Eds.

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"Pelican Farmer"

Trevor Blake



Drop & Add Checklist: Highlights of Fall 1986 and Past

INSTRUCTOR EVALUATIONS

And now its time for the tri-annual Instructor Evaluations. Ever find yourself wishing you had the guts to axe murder your prof? Find an instructor you'd like to recommend for tenure? Well, here's what we found out...

In compiling this course sampling, we encountered many problems. We could not reach adequate amounts of students, so here you don't have a truly reliable survey. It's your fault. We tried.

We asked about classes taken during Fall quarter, as well as those regarded as 'Best Ever' and 'Worst Ever'.

Every effort has been made to confirm course information and name spellings. If there are mistakes, we apologize.

If you wish this guide were more accurate, complete and reliable—drop us a line and you can participate as an Examiner in the next one. It doesn't take much time and you'll help to troubleshoot the UT™ system.

If you received a poor review and are disgruntled, we invite conflicting comments for our next issue.

Enjoy.—Eds.

ACCOUNTING

- 2110 Fundamentals of Accounting
 - ?Steadman 3
 - ?Bryan 2
- 4110 Principles of Auditing
 - Kiger 3
- 4140 Adv Fin & Fund Accounting
 - ?Kleccinj 3

ADVERTISING

- 3000 Advertising Principles
 - Jackson 4

"His enthusiasm in the class and subject rubbed off on us, making us want to work to our top potential."
- 3630 Ad. Copy & Layout
 - Frost 3

"Can get sidetracked during lectures, but a very good professor."

ANTHROPOLOGY

- 2920 Human Identification
 - Bass 4

"It was an incredible class, with an instructor who was both knowledgeable & interesting."

ARCHITECTURE

- 1110 Design Drawing
 - Shell 4

"The class was very informative, although it was extremely difficult. Learned more from this class than any I have ever taken."
- 1300 Intro to Archt Design
 - Wells-Bowie 0.5

"Prof seemed to have no interest in students."
"There was a lack of organization & directions were unclear."
- 1301 Structural Types
 - Kersavage 3
- 2100 Design in the Environment
 - Coddington 3.5

- "Usually labs are tense & hectic, Coddington made it a lot less tense & easier to deal with design problems."
?Kendall 2.33
- 2114 Computer App in Archt
 - Forty 2
- 2301 Models of Building Form
 - Moffet 0

"Chaotic, unrelated to our field even though it should. Teacher closed minded."
- 3100 Archt Design I Review
 - Kinzy 1

"Pays attention to several students only!"
•Wooley 0

"Grading & making decisions on students' future life."
- 3107 Archt History
 - Wodehouse 4

"His lectures are enjoyable and work like No-Doz."
"Lively, interesting lectures; no superfluous information; concise."
- 3116 Environmental Control
 - Bovill 2

"Good lectures, but bad grader."
- 4100 Adv Archt Design I
 - Lizon 2
- 4101 Community Form
 - Moffett .67

"Expects information the book—no one has. Grades on english."
- 4116 Accts, Comm, Trans: Bldg
 - Bovill 2
- 4821 Design Methods
 - Conley 1
- ART**
- 1815 Western Art I
 - Habel 3

"Made class too complex."
"Best art hist teach by far; witty, interesting, knowledgeable."
- 1850 Survey of Comtemp Art
 - Cleaver 4

"Helped you understand what contemp art is all about."
- 2105 Survey of Drawing
 - Clarke 3.5

"Knowledgeable."
- 2905 Photography
 - Lee 4

"Only one, but he is the best; encouraging patient."
"Voice like Gene Wilder; bad punner, but Great!"
- 2935 Intro to Film Design
 - Livingston 0

"Lectures unorganized & ramble. Lasts forever. Expose 6 rolls and pay for the developing and you've learned everything this class will teach."
- 3515 Graphic Design
 - Kennedy 3.5

"Interacts with students."
- 3517 Airbrush
 - Clarke 3.5

"Compassionate to students' problems."

- 3726 Art Nor Eur 1550-1675
 - Habel 2

"Over talkative."
- 3905 Intermediate Photography
 - Lee 4

"Energetic, enthusiastic. A good practicing artist. I highly recommend Lee to any aspiring artist in any field. BEST."
- 4106 Special Topics in Drawing
 - ?Loving 0.5

"Absolutely interesting man w/ phenomenal work, he does absolutely nothing to promote activity; Classes are blown off and didn't even hold class after midterms; An easy grade, but I would have liked to have been encouraged..."
- 4505 Adv Graphic Des
 - LeFevre 3

"Outdated bland, gives unrealistic assign w/ absurd curricula."
"Learned & improved."
- 4506 Spec Top: Gphc Des/II (Compnr Enhnced)
 - Metros 4
- ASTRONOMY**
- 1530 Introductory Astronomy
 - Lide 0

"Do not take unless drugged or otherwise mentally incapacitated."
"He mumbles while talking. Talks to chalkboard alot...I think he married it."
- BIOLOGY**
- 1110 General Biology
 - Fox 0

"Boring! Boring! Monotonous! Insipid! Dull! Plain; Everyone falls asleep!!!"
- BOTANY**
- 1110 Fundamentals of Botany
 - Herndon 4

"...made class interesting...had fair grading system."
- BROADCASTING**
- 2750 Intro to Broadcasting
 - Moore 3
- 4021 Adv Radio Prod
 - Carr 0

"...learned virtually little; wasted time & money."
- 4030 TV Production
 - Johnson, G 4

"Learned a great deal of information; enjoyed subject; got practical experience."
"Very valuable to future career."
- 4610 Broadcast News Operat
 - Ziegler 4

"Got a lot of reporting experience."
- BUSINESS**
- 4310 Business Letter Writing
 - Campbell 4

"Takes interest in class; uses good examples."
- CHEMISTRY**
- 1510-20-30 General Organic & Biology
 - Alexandratos 1

"can't understand a damn word he said."

CLASSICS

- 1110 Beginning Latin
 - Martin 3
- 3340 Cities Greek & Roman World
 - Gesell 1.01

COMPUTER SCI

- 1510 Computer Science (FORTRAN)
 - ?Ayres 0
 - ?Kahn 0.5

"He can't teach."
"He went too fast in lectures..."
"Learned nothing..."
"Instructor gave terrible lectures as far as content. The whole class appeared confused..."
"Though his tests weren't difficult, I am unsatisfied with what I learned."

ECONOMICS

- 2510 Introductory Economics
 - Spiva 3

"Take him!"
Cole 1.75

"I got more from reading the book than going to class."
"The class lectures were extremely boring. The tests were very confusing. I learned practically nothing from the class."
?Pope 0
- 2520 Introductory Economics
 - Clark 4
- 3110 Intermed Micro Theory
 - ?Harvey 4

"Funny; good instructor."
- 3220 Prin of Econ Development
 - Neale 2

"Boring."
- 3250 Economic History of Europe
 - Neale 0

"Tranquilizing."
"...I instead skipped the last 1/3 of classes and studied my old West Civ notes for test studying."
- 3340 Government & Business I
 - ?Brown 1

"Boring."
•Mayo 4

"Excellent."
- 4130 Business Cycles
 - Garrison 4

"Invigorating."
- EDUCATION**
- 4750 Utiliz Instructional Media
 - Faires 4

"Very easy-going."
- ENGINEERING**
- 1310-26 Statics/Dynamics
 - ?Forrester 0

"The guy is just not an effective teacher; not real helpful either."
?Soloman 4

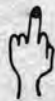
"Best lecturer on campus; good class."
- 4791 Thermal Design
 - ?Hodgson 4



The Key:



WORST



WELL?



BEST

Scores are figured just like Grade Point Average.
Instructors are graded on a scale of 0 (F) to 4 (A).
Specific point averages are opposite instructor names and corresponding icons.
Comments are not necessarily shared by the Editors.
Bullets: (*) instructor exists, but could not confirm their teaching of class.
Question Marks: (?) instructor not confirmed as being associated with department.

ENGLISH

- 1010 English Comp
•Shurr 3
"Fun; she dressed like she was from the 'Woodstock' age. Crazy."
- 1018 Honors English Comp
Overbey 2
"What do you expect from Intro classes anyway? Not much."
- 1033 Technical Writing
?Holtzclaw 4
"Uncle Bob' is one in a million; More fun than sex and beer."
- 2510 English Masterpieces
•Lewis 3
Zomchick 4
"Made reading relevant to modern readers."
- 2531 American Masterpieces
•Pobo 3
- 2690 Film Studies
Maland 3
"One of the best teachers I've had."
"Instructor very enthusiastic."
Samson 2
- 3042 Colloquium in Literature
Maland 3
"So much reading! Course is required for English majors."
- 3070 British Poetry
Leggett 3
- 3450 Writing Fiction
White 2.5
"Read lectures from notes. Knows material, but is a little comfortable in his position. Could have learned more with more critique."
- 3480 Writing Drama
White 2.5
"Excellent, tremendously interesting."
"Interesting, but poor teacher."
- 3520 Eliz & Jacobean Drama
Carroll 3
- 3840 Advanced Writing
Adams 3.86
"This course has taught me skills I can use the rest of my life. I learned a lot."
"I've never enjoyed an english class as much as this one."
"I actually learned a lot. My writing has improved tremendously."
- 3870 Writing Screenplay & TV Play
White 4
"He has a very unique perspective being involved in the television & film industry since the early 50's, having published books of poetry, and plays, as well as having worked as screenwriter for many films. He is fascinating and many-fasceted."
- 3940 Novel of Contemporary Western World
Penner 2
"Selected good works to read."

- 4010 Shakespeare
Stillman 3
"Good but picky."
- 4090 Topics in Film Study
Maland 2
"Strange severe absence of topic."
- 4610 Black Literature
Miller 4
"Miller has broad knowledge of history of literature and is simply a brilliant man."
- 4680 American Humor through Mark Twain
Ensor 1
"Lectures repeat. Readings not useful. Very dull."
- 4930 Chaucer
Fisher 4
"Very knowledgeable."

FINANCE

- 4810 Real Estate Finance
Boehm 4
"Very practical & challenging."

FRENCH

- 1110 Elementary French
•Rabot 1
"Moves way too fast! Expects fluency by 3rd class period."
- 2118 Honors Intermed. French
•Levy 3
"Too much homework. I am not a french major."
- 2120 Intermed French
•Rabot 0
"...who didn't speak english very well."
- 4210 Phonetics
Elliott 4
"Excellent teacher."

GEOGRAPHY

- 3000 Man, Location & Behavior
Bell 4
"Useful info; great communication by instructor."

GEOLOGY

- 1030 General Geology III
McKinney 3.5
"Short lectures, to the point, very interesting."
"Very witty, he lets class go when he's finished talking and he's got cute legs! (girls only); Loves to chat."

GERMAN

- 1518 Honors German
Mellor 3
- 2110 Intermed German
•Lauckner 2
"She has no taste in clothes."
- 2120 Intermed German
Tannert 3
"Talkative, high spirited, informal, but demands you do homework."
- 3010 German for Upper Division
Mellor 3
"Knows his stuff."

HEALTH

- 3210 First Aid & Emer Care
?Fourture (GA) 4
"Course is fun & informative. Easy 'A'."

HISTORY

- 1510 Western Civilization
Haas 0
"Unreasonable demands by instructor as to learning materials; lectures presented too fast - seating chart."
Lansing 3
"Informative, but lot material. Good teacher."
- 1518 Honors Western Civ I
Trainer 0
"After telling me I was doing fine in his class, he gave me an 'F'. I later learned he had a 5 year track record of doing this."
- 1520 Western Civ
Miller 4
"Prof was very sincere & concerned for the students."
McDonald 3
"Good lectures. Deals with issues rather than petty facts."

ITALIAN

- 1110 Elementary Italian
Dimaria 3
"Difficult but interesting."

JOURNALISM

- 2215 Basic News Writing
?White 4
- 2220 Reporting
Caudill 2
- 3110 Comm History
•Everett 2
- MANAGEMENT
- 3010 Principles of Management
?Spann 2
- 4110 Office Systems Analysis
?Fox 4
"The guy was interested in what he taught & his enthusiasm showed; a lot of freedom."

MARKETING

- 3110 Intro Marketing
•McMillian 2
?Maute 3

MATH

- 1700 Pre-Calculus
•Alikakos 1
"Me no speak english"; Drop! Get out! Run for your life! Jerry Falwell is more interesting."
- 4710 Vector Analysis
•Svirsky 0
"Poor lecturer."

MILITARY SCIENCE

- 1110 Fund of Military Organization
Cochrane 4
"Very interesting; easy 'A'.
Head 3
- 2120 Basic Officer Skills
?Bruce 4

MUSIC

- 1220 Orien in Music Appreciation
Trevor 4
"He jumps on the piano! Easy grade, but learned alot."
- 1230 History of Rock & Roll
Young 2.67
"Great presentation of material."
"Fun."
"Too radical."

- 2199 Tech Sound Recording
Jacobs 2.2
"Waste of time."
"Too concerned with future technology and not what is available now. Taught like a review."
- 3052 Jazz Improv
Coker 4
"Fantastic teacher."
- 3112 Instrumentation
Fred 1
"Confusing teacher; ambiguous."
- 3113 Analysis I
Pederson 4
- 3650 Concert Band
Julian 4
- 3657 Marching band
Julian 0
"Blah! Get a real job, doc! You can't be god forever; He's a sadist."

EVOLUTION OF JAZZ

- Coker 4

MUSIC EDUCATION

- 3110 Music for Elementary Teachers
Moore 3.5
"Got enjoyment out of teaching; showed it."
"Made class interesting."

PHILOSOPHY

- 1521 Hum Cond & Reality
Cohen 3
"Learn by arguing. Hard for most students to yell at a professor, but method works. He makes terrible analogies."
- 2510 Elementary Logic
?Maizove 4
?Roddy 3

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

- 1000 Orientation to P.E.
•Donovan 0
"Stupid unnecessary material."
- 3040 Elementary Jazz Techniques
Croskey 4
"Very professional; fun class."

- 3560 Human Growth & Motor Development
•Kelley 4
- 3910 Psychology of Coaching
Wrisberg 4

PHYSICS

- 1210 Intro Physics
•Breinig 4
"Excellent teacher; hard to understand her accent, but what a mind!"
- 1450 Physics of Athletic Activity
•Harmatz 0
"Made simple material uneasy and boring! Told boring and unfunny jokes."
- 2240 Physics for Architecture
•Thompson 1.17
- POLITICAL SCIENCE
- 2520 US Government & Politics
Gant 4
"Professor was familiar with subject & interesting."



Drop & Add Checklist

Continued from Page 7

PSYCHOLOGY

- 2500 General Psy
?Bragdon 1
"Would only take if (instructor) got a sex change & taught another class."
- 2518/28 Honors General Psy
Calhoun 4
"Learned about myself as much as I learned subject. Four stars!"
- 3550 Child Psy
Wiberley 4
"Genuine caring for students."

RELIGIOUS STUDIES

- 3110 Ancient Israel His & Rel Tradition
Humphreys 3

SOCIOLOGY

- 1510 General Sociology
?Collmann 2

SPEECH

- 3031 Non-Verbal Communication
Julian 4

SPEECH & THEATRE

- 2021 Voice & Diction
Mashburn/Dauro 2.75
"Very good."
- 2031 Intro to Oral Interp
Lester 3
- 2361 Business & Professional Speaking
?Madox 4
- 3651 Oral Interp Prose Lit
Julian 3
"Fun teacher. Tends to pick favorites."

STATISTICS

- 2100 Probability & Stats
?Romans 1
"Instructor unreasonable."
- ?Husch 4
"Excellent instructor. She makes class interesting and helps us learn the material by holding extra study sessions."

THEATRE

- 1320 Intro to Theatre
Harman 3
"Not a valuable class, but Harman is excellent."

- Garvie 1
"Interesting, but poor teacher."
- 2111 Acting
•Schario 4
?Shute 4
"He made class alot of fun. ...not the regular pressure atmosphere of a classroom."
- 2211 Stagecraft: Set Construction
Field 2.5
"Knows material, but grades very picky"
- 2221 Stagecraft: Lighting
Corliss 1.75
"Lectures were terribly boring & technical. Re-quired many hours of outside work."
"One might think at times that he's learning the material as he teaches it."
- 2231 Basic Stage Costuming
Black 3
"Good for theatre interests."
- 3221 Intro to Scene Design
Cothran 2.75
"Sleepy time!"

- "Boring lectures, but what ideas!"
- 3222 Intro to Scene Design
Harman 3
"Practical design for theatre."
- ZOOLOGY**
- 2920-30 Human Physiology
•Whitson 4
"Told funny jokes; talked about women; learned a lot."
- 4940 Physiology of Exercise
Howley 0

ADDITIONAL COMMENTS

The large classes at UT, while probably unavoidable, make one feel more like a number than a student. More classes than not I have never spoken with the instructor and often have never exchanged eye contact.

Do away with Chemistry (Kleinfelter on TV) and any other television classes.

The Correct Line

Bob Black

Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

A Spectre is haunting Terra: the spectre of comedy. East and West, "left" and right, power's pimps and property's property (businessmen and bureaucrats, socialists and socialites, commissars and clergymen, Coke and Pepsi) — all the fat cats and phonies and their marching morons and stultified tools are as one in their efforts to exorcise the mockery of those who fly in under their radar. Banished or bridled again and again, the Trickster always gives them the slip in the end, wearing countless faces as the institutionalized slip on their faeces. They'll never catch the Roadrunner!

And now the time has come "to make the silence audible"...with the radio off. Ragnarok'n'roll is here to stay. "Take back the night"? Why settle for half-measures? For the unbosomed and unbought it is better to score than to keep score, better to prey than to pray. Let all the she-and-hedonists shit-can the (sub) humanists; let hungry Morlocks everywhere eat the rich; let the ludic and the Luddites put an end to the supreme servitude work. The depressive have reason to dispose of the repressive. Why not take the socio path? It leads to a leaderless life of permanent revelry beyond the Reality Principle.

As the economy implodes and the culture corrodes and the old world erodes, as even the oblivious incline to Oblomovism, as time runs out on the time-clock — with Armageddon imminent, the sentients and the sensitives had better make sure that the Antichrist wins. It's autism against oughtism! Necronomics is bankrupt: statism is withering away. This is the fight to finish between Them and Us, between gorillas and guerillas, quantity

and quality, Marxists and Groucho Marxists, the inane and the insane, Locke and Loki, the Syndicate and the cynical, the Trots and the hot-to-trot, common sense and communal sensuality, Catholics and catholics, Protestants and protestants, the ruling class and the declass, the static and the stateless, the negation of pleasure — and the pleasure of negation. All reet!

Confused by Cartesian, Manichean, left brain/right brain structuralist binary oppositions crosshatching the wrinkles on your brain? Would you hesitate to play chess with Karen Quinlan? Your prudence (but not your prudishness) is commendable and, hopefully, not commandable. What you need is a different (but not diffident) industrial-strength ideology, a foray into fuckturalism, the (non-illuminist) illumination of north-brain consciousness, a plunge into 3-chord politics and nothing-leftism. Too much is enough! Self-help means help yourself! Pursue liberation through logosexuality: see for yourself how cunning-linguistics adds a whole new dimension to oral sex. Use the power of absurdity to expose the absurdity of power. You say you hear a different drummer? Maybe so — but is the rhythm syncopated? Give yourself permission to feel okay about trashing the Totality and its countless licensed loyal oppositions, its artfully engineered illusory alternatives to itself. Accept no substitutes!

You're entitled, after millenia of civilization, after centuries of industrialism, after decades of schooling, after years of television, after months of rock music, after minutes of reading — you're entitled to the straight poop. And here it is, the question to the answer you've been hearing all your life, the

correct line:

Incorrect	Correct
Sedation.....	Sedition
Vanguard parties.....	After-hours parties
Freedom of religion.....	Freedom from religion
Legal practice.....	Target practice
Behaviorism.....	Misbehaviorism
Meditation.....	Premeditation
Leninism.....	Lennonism
Praying.....	Playing
Free trade.....	Rough trade
Counter-culture.....	Countering culture
Political Movements.....	Pelvic Movements
Dad.....	Dada
Revelation.....	Revolution
Wars.....	Whores
Classical liberals.....	Rococo radicals
Reason.....	Treason
Sects.....	Sex
Capital punishment.....	The punishment of capital
Atomic power.....	Anomic power
Lawyers.....	Sofflawyers
Homophobia.....	Nomophobia
Separation of church & state...	Abolition of church & state
Consultants.....	Insultants
Elections.....	Erections
Force.....	Farce
Historic materialism.....	Hysterical materialism
Racism.....	Erase-ism
Neurotics.....	Erotics
Positive thinking.....	Positive drinking
Libertarians.....	Libertines
TV.....	TV's
Theologins.....	Neologins
Foeign affairs.....	Foreign Affairs

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Einstein to Receive Chair of Excellence

Herman Peabody
Lame Monkey Manifesto

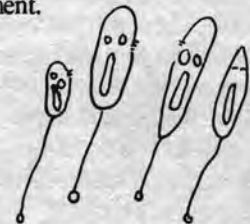
In order to provide a better education for University of Tennessee students and to better the reputation of the University, UT officials have set out to recruit instructors from the foremost leading authorities in a variety of fields.

University officials released some of their plans yesterday in a press conference at Ayres Hall. Notable amongst these, is the plan to bring Albert Einstein to help out in the physics department as holder of one of UT's new Chairs of Excellence. Research is underway at Walter's Life Sciences Building that will allow scientists to clone a new Einstein from cryogenically preserved brain cells.

"The research is coming along very nicely", said one of the doctors working on Einstein's brain. "We hope to have him up and running by next fall."

When asked of the cost of the research another official responded, "Of course the cost is going to be substantial, but we expect to offset the expense when we begin the mass production of Einsteins for sale to other major Universities."

Other figures scheduled for resurrection include Johann Sebastian Bach for the music department, Vincent Van Gogh for the art department, and Ronald Reagan for the political science department.



The Sperm Glee Club



New Cave Means Yet Another Setback for UT Sports Arena

By Paul Shithead
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Yet another limestone cave was discovered beneath the foundation of the sports arena, now under construction at the University of Tennessee Knoxville campus. The cave was found yesterday afternoon when Alex Schmunen, a worker on the site, dropped the screwdriver with which he had been removing misplaced staples in a roof support beam. When workmen went to

look for the tool, it was discovered that it had fallen through the roof of the cavern in which it had made a moderately sized hole.

One of the foreman on the sight, when questioned on the incident, said "I just don't understand it. One of our men fell on that same spot not two days ago and nothing happened."

Plans are underway to fill the cavern with high grade concrete. When questioned as to the expense of this, an official stated, "That information just isn't available right now. Our engineers have been down there all day surveying the cavern, and as soon they are located we will issue a complete report."

This incident is causing a lot of people to wonder if the arena should have been built on that location at all.



No UPI In *The Lame Monkey*



The Restaurant from Hell
Christopher Grey



"Satellite Fiddler"

Trevor Blake

DAMN !!!!!
THE WAR'S OVER
AND I NEED A
RESUME'.....
BAD !



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Maxwell the Meat-eater

Paul Mozingo
Lame Monkey Staff Columnist

Maxwell the Meat-eater gazed lazily out of his glazy, yellow eyes at the relatively peaceful street outside the window in which he hung. He hung very easily and patiently, flashing on and off periodically. He glowed very brightly, majestically, for a few short seconds and then, once again, he would revert to the dull red and blue that usually befits neon Budweiser Beer signs. "Gosh", he thought, "I feel obnoxious as Hell in this form." But, of course, obnoxious was one thing that Maxwell certainly didn't mind feeling.

Mr. Brady Cooper was not due to show up for another hour yet. Maxwell had already checked the schedule in the club's cluttered office. It was only 4:00.

Opening time, if Maxwell's reckoning was right, wasn't until 5:30. Only the bartender inhabited the *Barney's Fourth Street Danceteria*. That skinny little liquor-wit almost caught him, too, as he was retiring Mr. Cooper's real neon Budweiser beer sign in the kitchen garbage disposal.

"That was careless", he reprimanded himself. "Am I getting too old to earn a living or what?" He smiled to himself in knowing self disagreement. It was a frightening sight. A flashing, Budweiser, neon sign smiling with rows of glittering neon teeth, as sharp and hard as surgical steel. But Maxwell quickly straightened himself up to appear as nothing but a normal sign to the bartender and the passersby.

He hung, relaxed, and let his cruel mind wander back to some of his earlier days of bliss. He thought back to when

he was but a wee chap, posing as bread crumbs to nab an occasional ant. He recalled with another short but hair-raising grin one especially glorious morning when he and his friend Charles, getting a little older, were disguised as two particularly appetizing bread crumbs, hoping to pick up a snack of a fly, or perhaps a beetle. That fine day it happened that the two of them together brought down a full grown sparrow and devoured it in its entirety except for legs and beak. Indeed, that event had greatly contributed to his size and strength.

Ah, yes, it seemed a long way from there to human game, his present favorite.

He remembered how, early on, he had done no more than to hide himself as light switch or ashtray in a dimly lit room to snap off occasional fingers or forearms, then quickly escape into the shadows amidst deafening shrieks of pain and horror, sloppily masticating his bloody prey all the way.

From there he had undergone a crisis in his life, during which his fear of being discovered was so great that he took to the coastal waters where he preyed on swimmers in the form of a fish. Naturally the blame was placed on the sharks and evasion of hunting parties was easily executed in the form of anchors or beer bottles discarded underwater.

Driven from the waters by industrial waste and the urine of the ruder bay-swimmers, Maxwell withered to the size of a rat. He had less and less of an appetite. Occasionally, made up like a shiny aluminum can, he would nab a vagabond, but this was strictly to maintain a meager survival. He took to

the habit of putting himself in the form of cardboard box mats under bridges and waiting for sleepy drunks looking for a place to pass out. He would whisper half to himself, "Here, Chief, lie down. Don't I look comfy." Then he would drown his sorrows in his victim's 30 proof blood and lay in a stupor by the riverside for his next shot of bum.

Maxwell was quick to recover himself though. He underwent a particularly therapeutic period in urban parks. Disguised as a duck or pigeon he was able to devour countless pairs of romantic lovers and elderly women (although these were generally tougher and more spare of flesh). This particularly amused him because usually they were, ironically, bearing bags of breadcrumbs themselves.

Maxwell became more and more comfortable back in the world of mankind. He really enjoyed his days in the parks, snatching unleashed pets from their careless owners, whisking away church league outfielders, and most of all, just watching the people and their strange ways. He began to have a soft spot for these dumb, playful morsals. Perhaps he became too attached to this animal "man". "People, son, is cattle! Don't ya ever forget that," his father had said to him. But how could he accept this now?

This second crisis peaked one fine holiday picnic celebration on the chlorophyll lawns of central park. The cool evening sky was filled with bursting fireworks, the laughter of brightly clad city folk and the aromas of exotic foods. It happened that, on this day, Maxwell was destined to do a favor not only for himself but also for the others in his general vicinity. It was the first time, not the last, that Maxwell would consider doing something to

benefit those he had once considered merely meals just trying to stay fresh. Nearby, in a crowd, stood a one legged organ grinder complete with greasy mustache and tin-cup-bearing monkey. His uneven turns on the rusty gadget filled the air with lilting unharmonious racket, dimming the joyous gleams in the eyes of the happy citizens. Maxwell reached a point at which he could take it no more. Without further thought Max snarfed down the old motza ball, monkey and all, and spat out the hurdy-gurdy. Maxwell was sure that the shouts of upsurging joy were not just for the sprays of sparks overhead but also for his strange but well meaning gift.

No longer would he be satisfied with taking whatever nourishment came his way. He was determined to find himself real cuisine. That day in the park had made him realize that there is more to life than eating—there is selective eating. He had found friends amongst his prey. The enemies of his allies became his. From that moment on he was avowed to being the scourge of humanity. Grouches, prissies, ignorants and assholes of all types beware! Maxwell is a meateater and you smell like ripe meat!

Maxwell waited and waited in his window. He was very good at waiting. His kind had to be. Besides, they could afford to wait. How long is a meat-eater's life span anyway? Maxwell didn't really know but he assumed it was a long, long time. Nevertheless, he hoped that Mr. Cooper would arrive a bit early. He could hardly wait to sink his teeth into that one. He had been watching him for a long time. Putting it off. Putting it off. Putting things of greater priority at the top of his ever-growing list. "But now, Cooper, your time has come", thought Max.

The Restaurant from Hell

Christopher Grey



HOW TO BUILD A BETTER MAN



The Myron Felch Foundation

'Stars Wars' linked to AIDS

Art Cronkletter
Military Disease Correspondent
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

In a surprise move, White House spokesmen have denied reports that a connection exists between Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS) and the President's "Star Wars" weapon

defense system.

Secret Pentagon sources have revealed that high ranking military leaders have contracted the disease, possibly due to ionization streams caused by anterior mass acceleration in close proximity with other Pentagon officers during a recent "brain storming" session at Davidson AFB.

Says an anonymous Pentagon

safety officer assigned to the meeting, "They knew the risks. The word was out. They should have worn the plastic safety shields, but they didn't listen. We've learned a lot about how to prevent this from the Navy boys."

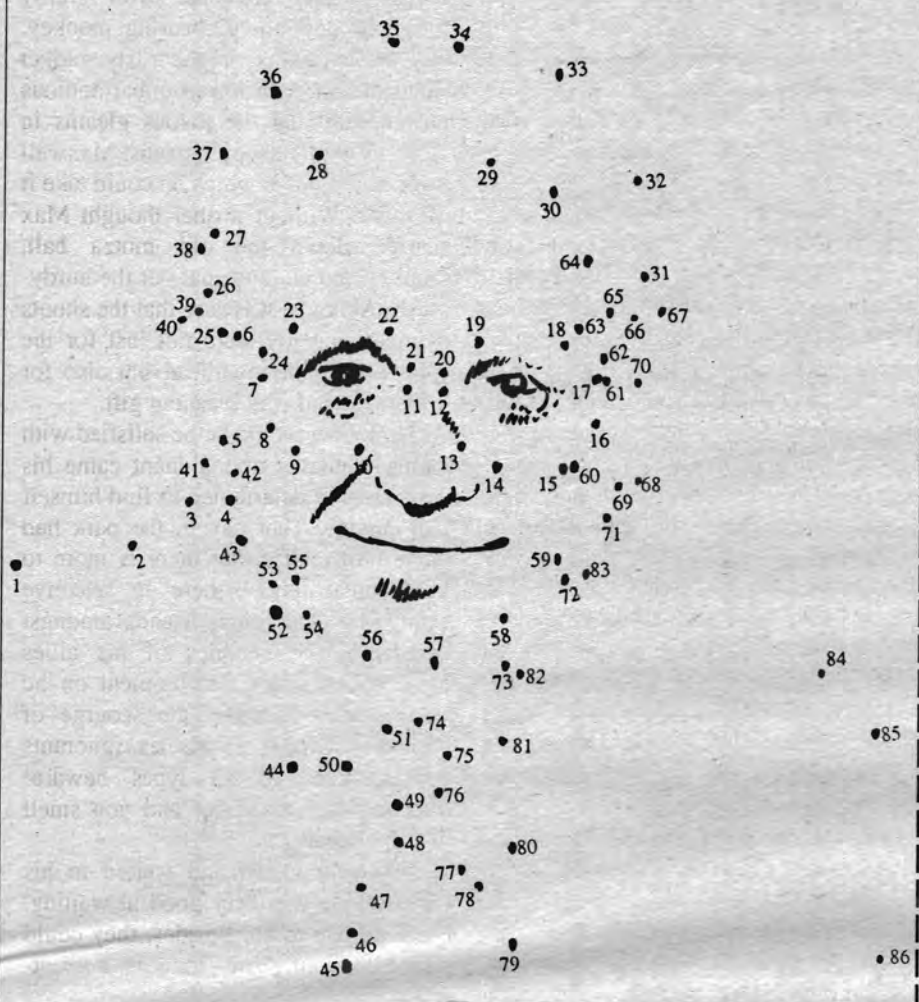
While this disease breaks down the body natural defenses, military experts see no immediate damage to national defense.

The Center for Disease Control in Atlanta has made no comment.



UT Administrator

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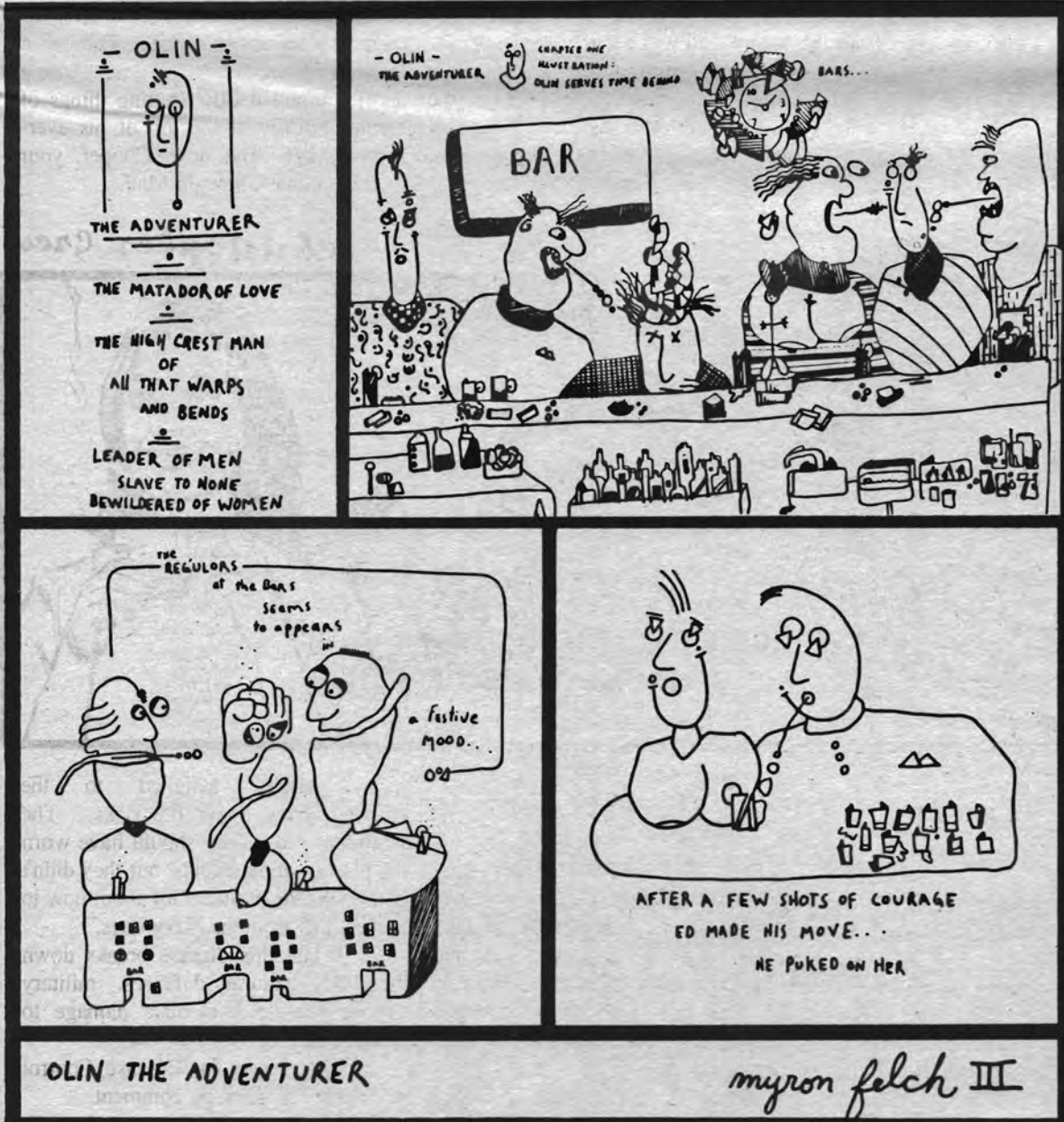
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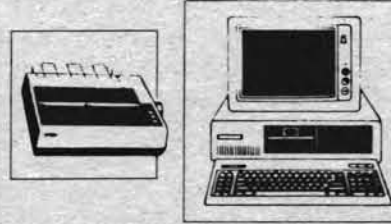


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