

Enter the Lame Monkey Chair of Excellence Sweepstakes

# The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Volume 1 Number 2

January 29, 1987

FREE



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Cut Out Entry Form on Page 10  
and Send In Today!



# Another One From The Editors, Or Something Like That

And so here it is, the much awaited for, critically acclaimed second issue of the *Lame Monkey Manifesto*. It has been three weeks in the making and this issue is even more financially solvent than our first issue. They said it couldn't be done...Ha!



The response from our first issue was underwhelming. In spite of the fact we made page two of the *Knoxville Journal* with an interview, the campus response has been disappointing at best. All we have heard are a few 'ataboys' from friends and some congratulations from faculty...we had expected a little better. Come on people, if you like the *Monkey* and would like us to continue losing sleep, money, and homework so you can read this highly adventurous paper, at least let us know we are being read.

While we were handing out Issue #1 at at Registration, the reactions from people seemed somewhat mixed. Most thought that we were coupon-pushers or religious freaks. These 'skeptics' as we call them will hopefully come to an understanding of what the *Lame Monkey Manifesto* is all about. Judging by the relative number of *Lame Monkeys* we saw scattered about the sidewalk and stairs, we can only guess that the majority were taken home and

read. Well, maybe.

We have only received one complaint regarding the paper. This came from a disgruntled instructor who had received a poor review in the Drop and Add Checklist. He was quite cordial and suggested how we might improve the reliability of our system for the future. Thanks for the constructive criticism.

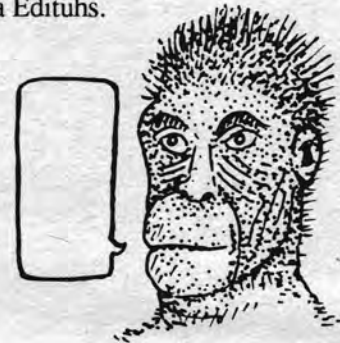
We would like to clear up some misconceptions regarding the Checklist. Our sample consisted of a just under a hundred randomly selected students. We desired to have a more comprehensive sampling, but do to lack of time and manpower, we were unable to solicit more responses. In the future, with your help, we hope to make the Drop and Add Checklist a more reliable and useful tool for you to use when selecting classes.

Show your support. Get your parents to subscribe. Write articles. Buy advertising. Ask us out on dates (*girls only, please*). Buy us beer.

Enjoy.

Christopher Gray & Paul Mozingo  
Da Edituhs.

## A Fitting End For A Skeptic



Doug Sutherland

## Moments of Truth at a Funeral

A. Pinner  
Lame Monkey Guest Columnist



Uncle Hout (67 years old).  
"This funeral would be great if it wasn't for that dead body over there."  
Dad (47) and myself (25).  
"Hey, Dad. Who's the ancient guy in overalls?"  
"You mean the man in the workboots, starched white shirt and black bow tie?"  
"That's him."  
"He's some relative of ours."  
"By marriage?"  
"No son. By blood."  
Long pause.  
"Say, Dad. Any inbreeding in our side of the..."  
"Don't ask."  
Grandma (66) and Mom (45).  
"She's so beautiful. Her hair, her mouth, her dress. She looks like she's about to sit right up and say something, doesn't she? And that nose. That darling little nose. Looks just like her father, doesn't she? What is she now? Three?"  
"Shhhh, Grandma. You'll wake her up!"  
Molly (3) and Dad (47).  
"Daddy, we goin' car? Car ride?"  
"We're going to the cemetary, Molly."  
"We going to plant something."  
"What?"  
"Mommy told me—a hole in the ground. Aunt Cissy in?"

"Yes, dear. We're going to put Aunt Cissy in the ground."  
"How far?"  
"What?"  
"How far in the ground we plant Aunt Cissy?"  
"Uh...about six feet. Now lay down and take a nap. We'll be there when you wake up."  
"Can't she get out? If she wants?"  
"What?"  
"Cissy get out of ground? If she wants to?"  
"If she wants to...well, look honey, she won't want to, okay?"  
"Okay."  
"Now go to sleep."  
"Okay. She won't want to get out of ground?"  
"That's right, honey. She won't."  
"Must be nice in ground."

## Rat Dream

I am a thousand-nosed monster  
chucka  
chucka  
chucka  
said the rat. —Jessica Burstein



The Fishing Hole from Hell  
Christopher Gray



# Let The Games Begin

Scott Colthorp  
Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

It was two in the afternoon when Johnny's alarm sounded. He performed his morning ritual of rolls and growls then quickly jumped to his feet, recalling the significance of the day. Oh, this was to be a special day for Johnny. It was "football time In Tennessee."



Flustered with anticipation, Johnny clumsily dressed himself in orange and white and rushed out the door. Within minutes he arrived at the Arena.

He met with some friends and mused with them over their successful mating encounters the night before, and then entered the Arena.

After mixing their favorably Bacardi-portioned beverages, Johnny and his friends patiently awaited the Voice. The Voice-of-the-Vols, that is.

Something more than a typical announcer; a man capable of capturing and fooling the emotions of the fans with his smooth-talking play-by and his

"questionable" motives. A man of deity status...indeed.

And then, from the loudspeakers, he was heard. With his voice came the fever, the Volunteer Fever, that spread with epidemic swiftness.

Johnny melted in euphoria from its power. "Only this Fever could unite one-hundred thousand of his fellow primates," he thought. Only it could attract them to observe the brutality; The senseless brutality man can inflict on members of his own species for the ownership of an ingeniously slaughtered, sewn and blown section of cow skin. Only it could turn a potential intellectual into an apathetic, mannerless, clueless, drunken, barbaric, John Ward-loving subhuman.



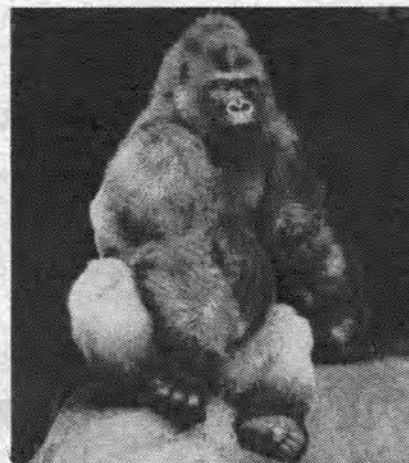
It was too late...the fever had seized the cerebrum of every U.T. fan. They cursed with rage, grinned over acts of savagery, and salivated from unmitigated brutality.

Reverberating from the bowl and pushing air molecules about, could be heard the line that would give an Anti-Vol the symbol of ultimate intellectual defeat:

"It's football time in Tennessee."

# HELP

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Call 637-4840 before 5 p.m. and leave your name and number at the tone or write P.O. Box 8763, Knoxville, Tn 37996-4800. Thanks.

## Lost Computer Writings

Bud Nelson  
Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

Where does all of the wonderfully imaginative writing go when its zapped into "nothingness" by word processors everywhere?

The second law of thermodynamics vs. Sartre.

The second law states: There is no creation, nor destruction, of energy (in so many words).

Sarte, being a bit existential, would say that it "really doesn't matter." Godot would say: "I'll be back in a minute."

Or perhaps we are looking at this thing in entirely the wrong way—God could be making a divine intervention in these ego matters. God then confiscates these poor attempts to feign muse and then enjoys sharing it with his angels for a laugh or two when things get slow in heaven.

Maybe the writings go where socks go when they disappear from dryers. (This is also the same place where clothes hangers are reproduced in great numbers to mysteriously fill our closets to overflowing.)

It just occurred to me where these writings go...



Female Anatomy: 101  
The Myron Felch Foundation

**From the Office of**  
Dr. D. Per Fecal, Rg.B.  
Bottoms Naval Surgery Base

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\*PRESIDENTIAL MEDICAL REPORT\*  
\*CLEARANCE Q REQUIRED\*

The study of the contents of the President's colon following the recent examination revealed some most unusual items:

- A collection of fiber from well chewed documents. The only part of the body of the communication was the phrase "From: Olli" postmarked Honduras
- A short segment of very old magnetic tape, about enough to last 8.5 minutes on a standard tape player.
- A cluster of gray jelly beans.
- A signed photograph of J. Edgar Hoover.

It is recommended respectfully that He increase His intake of Fruity Fiber.

*Dr. D. Per Fecal*  
Dr. D. Per Fecal, Rg.B.

## The Lame Monkey Manifesto

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# Diecletics: The Federal Military Budget?

Well, hello and welcome back to Diecletics. Today we have an especially interesting subject, now that its budget time at our nation's capital and not everyone is particularly thrilled with what they're hearing.

In our tradition of bringing you the most opposite views affordable by a campus paper of this sort, we asked the following question:



"In light of the current proposals for the federal budget, do you feel that the military aspect is well accounted for? Should the United States commit more hard found financial resources towards military applications or not, and why?"

## A Cost-Effective Military

Ginger Hutton

Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

It's budget time. And Ronald Reagan has once again submitted a budget that sacrifices many worthwhile program — such as student loans and the organ donor computer network — in order to increase defense spending. The question is: Why? Is more defense spending really needed? Can we really achieve peace through greater firepower? Is the defense budget more important than education?

The answer to the first question is obviously "No". While any nation must defend itself, the United States hardly needs to spend so much. The amount of waste in the American armed services is appalling. Who but the Pentagon pays \$500 for a toilet seat? Is national defense really going to suffer if the army has to use low-tech toilet seats? This is only the most shocking example of money wasted. If stricter accounting procedures and outside audits were forced on the defense department, large amounts of money could be saved. These kinds of controls are routinely used in agencies with much smaller budgets. There is no reason that the defense department should be treated any differently. By eliminating waste, the defense budget could be reduced without affecting national defense and money which is being thrown away could go to social programs.



Reagan's willingness to increase the defense budget while placing few restrictions — financial or otherwise — on the department is evidence of his belief in the myth of peace through superior weapons. As ridiculous as it sounds, Reagan is not alone in believing that peace can come only through military superiority. True, a nation too weak to defend itself is at risk, but the U.S. is hardly weak! Military equality, if it is carefully controlled with treaties and mutually verifiable, is far safer. Tensions mount to very dangerous levels quickly when

nations are constantly trying to outgun each other. The best — and cheapest — defense is maintained with equality and close diplomatic relations.

There is more wrong with Reagan's budget, however, than its irrationality



trying to prevent war by building weapons. The priorities are seriously misplaced. This budget puts military spending ahead of food for the hungry, funding for education and environmental programs. While trying to protect America from outside threats (both real and imagined), this administration is failing to protect us from poverty, pollution and ignorance although it could. In many cases huge amounts of money aren't necessary. The price of 8,000 Pentagon toilet seats would pay for a computer network to match organ transplants with donors. Eliminating one airplane from the budget (a loss that would hardly compromise national defense) could go a long way towards feeding the hungry. No one is talking about eliminating the defense budget as the right-wing paranoid hawks would have us believe. It is possible and sensible to redistribute funds so that we can have both a strong defense and a nation worth defending.



## The Cost of Peace

Doug Collins

Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

It's time once again for your and my favorite three ring circus of politics and political dogma, of promises threats and screams from special interest groups, a time when everyone wants a piece of the Federal pie.

And once again we hear screams from the peaceniks and long-haired neo-socialist-communist types. "Can't buy peace with guns", they say. "Can't stop war by buying weapons of war." Ridiculous chitter-chatter which even they believe as truth.

Ever since the Cold War, these Peaceniks believe that the government is lost in an unwinnable battle of arms escalation leading both "superpowers" to financial ruin and leading towards an eventual war. Why do they believe this? True, the United States and the Soviet Union are building more and more sophisticated weaponry, but does this lead to war?



If one is so naive not to see that the purpose of these weapons is to deter war, not cause it, then I can see why they are scared. The purpose of our weapons is to ensure that the Soviets do not believe they have any advantage in starting a scrap with us. We're rough, we're tough, don't mess with us!

By ensuring *Mutual Assured Destruction*, a foreign military policy maintained by all the Presidents since Kennedy, war and aggression is deterred. If we are strong enough, no one will mess with us.

The world today is filled with many countries in financial trouble. As a result we have seen more acts of terrorism, more hostile acts by aggressor nations, and more cries of concern regarding these problems from the American public. These concerns are justified and admirable, but the cure they call for is a quick fix. Reagan, in his

foreign policies, has made our Stand Tall attitude clear for all to see. By being strong and dealing with hostile acts in a direct and forceful manner, the United States will become even more recognized as a nation which is just and fair and able to take care of itself.

In this 1987 Federal Budget, the military increase after inflation is only 3%. Stifled by a hostile Congress, Reagan has unfortunately had to curtail plans for further development of the military.



A mere 3% is nothing to argue about. Indeed, I do not understand why we cannot afford to spend more for our own safety, lest terrorists infiltrate our country and cause havoc.

The Strategic Defense Initiative will one day lead to dismantlement of all these nuclear weapons we have amounted in our arsenal, but until we have rendered the Soviet's missiles impotent, the danger remains. Until *Mutual Assured Destruction* is dismantled by SDI into *Mutual Assured Survival*, we must remain on our guard at all times.

Freedom is an obligation as well as a privilege. It cost not only money, but the lives of all our soldiers who have fallen during the World Wars and east-asia involvements. Perhaps these Peaceniks have forgotten that the United States now nearly stands alone for freedom in the world?

The cost of peace is a price I hope we will always want to pay and a price that will remain affordable.



'See ya at the top'



# The Church of the SubGenius: Last Bastion of Human Dignity or Just Another Excuse for Assholes?

Reverend Doktor  
Onan Canobite  
Pope of Tennessee  
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

In my regular ministries to my congregation I am often asked by initiate SubGenii if the Church of the SubGenius is for real or if it is a joke. The answer depends on the definition of the operating terms, although not so much on the meaning of "reality" as on the meaning of "joke." Assuming, of course, that there is a difference between the two. Is it a joke if there are literally thousands of dues paying, card carrying ministers of the church all over the world? Can it be just for laughs if weekly SubGenius radio shows bless many cities (but not Knoxville...not yet)? There are legal SubGenius marriages, be-ins, burials...the church has been investigated by the Secret Service, the Dept. of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the FBI and the CIA...entire businesses and innocent children are named after the founder J. R. "Bob" Dobbs. The Church has appeared in Whole Earth Review, High Performance, People, High Times, Playboy, and 10, 000 independant publications such as the one you're reading now. Over a dozen people have been arrested for Subgenius related activities. and many famous musicians,

actors, and other cool people publically support (or deny) the Church. Could anyone then say that the Church of the SubGenius is a joke?

No one will pay attention to The Truth unless it is also Entertaining. And so to some degree there are built-in chuckle-valves within SubGenius Dobbisma. A dual function of these devine comedy routines is to confuse the Pinks and all others who would turn SubGenius into just another sick fad, a "Bob" fan club (we call these pipe-mouthed parasites Bobbies or Gimmie-Bobs).

Some ask what, then, the SubGenius does believe in. Essentially, we believe in everything. We wholly accept as absolute truth every bit of every major world religion, plus



more. We know, for instance, that on July 5th, 1998, the Men from Planet X (known by scholars as "the X-ists") will arrive on Earth to judge whether humankind is ready to join them in the

stars or if we should be *erased* like some faulty equation from some planetary chalkboard. If "Bob" is not there to explain human nature to them in a way that they can understand, we might as well give it all up and keep on poisoning our rivers, our crop-lands, our very genes...We have also been given a certain understanding as to the nature of *slack*, the pea of the shell game that JHVH-1 (alien space god from some corporate sin galaxy) has been playing with humanity for millions (yes, millions) of years.

How do we know these things are true? Why are we so sure? We must accept these matters on faith. If "Bob" says that we must pull the wool over our own eyes, we will. If "Bob" warns us concerning the Deros, the Supersonic Aluminum Nazi Hell Creatures From Beneath the Hollow Earth, we must move with caution. If "Bob" tells us Jesus smoked Chesterfields and not Lucky Strikes, we must act accordingly or perish. IF J. R. "BOB" DOBS SAYS FUCK 'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE, THEN BY DOBB'S FUCK 'EM WE WILL. For only Dobbs stands between us and The Conspiracy (not a conspiracy; THE Conspiracy...the Barbies and Kens, the Pink Boys, the Normals, the Mediocretrins, the Assouls, the Incomepoops as well as *their* masters, the dreaded Men In Black. And the chain of command doesn't end there...)

Is the Church of the SubGenius a joke? You'd pay to know what you really think.

# Where does the Bell Toll?

Beverly Silverstein  
Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

Have you heard the beautiful chimes of Ayres Hall lately?

Don't worry—you aren't as unobservant as you think. Nobody has heard the bells for some years now because they were evidently stolen from the tower. Of course, UT Safety and Security has no idea just when they disappeared or any evidence that they really were nabbed.



The Chi-O's are rather perturbed because they bought the chimes in 1950. Some people are convinced the bells are safe and sound, probably in an unmarked crate in a UT warehouse.

If you've heard some bells going off in a strange place, like a fraternity house, or have a clue as to where they might be in hiding, drop me a line c/o this paper. Solving this mini-mystery may not top the administration's to-do list, but inquiring minds want to know.

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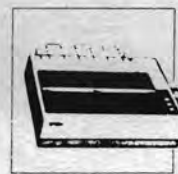


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# The Biggest Erection on Campus

A. Pinner  
Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

There are a number of large erections on campus. Morrill Hall, the Art and Architecture Building, and Ayres Hall are monumental temples to the power of public funding. And now a new addition to this pantheon: the rebuilt Undergraduate Library will soon open its doors to the pop-eyed, post-highschool pilgrims and horse thieves coming to Knoxville and UTK.

Therefore, purely as a matter of public interest, I would like to offer an answer to the following

question: Is the new library the biggest erection on campus? If it's true, then the information would be useful. We Volunteers are proud of our large erections and like to point to them and show them off whenever strangers are present. To know which is truly the largest would be, I am sure, a matter of local interest.

There are two dimensions, or measurements, of "bigness": height and width. To be pleasing to the average Vol, a good erection must have both. Many seem big, such as Kingston Married Student Housing (20 stories) and McClung Tower (12 stories), but they lack that crucial

element of width. Others, such as Humanities or the Neilsen Physics Building, lack height. (I probably should say something about the new sports arena, but we've all been screwed by that and no one seems impressed. We shouldn't be too critical, though. Everyone has trouble getting it up from time to time.)

Only the new Undergraduate Library has those deeply satisfying elements that every Volunteer finds crucial to a really huge erection. Now it stands silent, but soon it will throb with activity: a monumental testament to the driving force behind the Vols and a sign of some big orange things to come.



## Death of a First Year College Student

Patty Pope  
Lame Monkey Guest Prose

From my Mother's house I  
fell into the Dorm,

And I studied in its smallness  
till my eyeballs burst

A hundred miles from  
home, loosed from  
financial security.

I woke to term papers and  
nightmare finals.

When I failed, they gave me  
a job at McDonald's.

With apologies to Randall Jarrell.



New Fountain on Campus: Is it a waste of water?

No P.I. Where Photo

## Fort Sanders Living: A Superior Way of Life

Johnny Stank, American  
Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

Before you UT grads do your thing and exit from this institution of higher learning and move on to another city or perhaps *West Knoxville*, consider the plausible option of remaining in Fort Sanders, bastion of reality.

Fort Sanders has received a bad rap over the years for such things as ridiculous rent, bugs galore, venereal disease, crime, garbage, and the general dissident behavior of its fine residents.

Like any neighborhood, this place has its problems. But think of all the fine reasons for staying here after graduation:

1. **Drugs.** Although not a user of drugs myself, I do recognize the benefits of drug use and drug dealing. Dealing, what a great

way of introducing young people to the economic system that has made our country great.

And think about it. Where else is there such a wide and quality selection of drugs to be found other than Fort Sanders? (Besides local elementary and junior high schools, and perhaps from various off duty members of our superior police department.)

But the prices of Fort Sanders drugs can't be beat. That's why various local television personalities and government officials come to the Fort to do biz instead of the bathroom of the Fox Den Golf Course where a bag of dope can run you \$300 (or you can get a new copy of *Gone With The Wind* on videotape).

2. **Survival.** Fort Sanders is a neighborhood of survivors. Did you know that in the event of a

nuclear war that the only survivors would be those little loveable varmints under your 75 year old house, ROACHES. That's right Miss Mull! ROACHES! After the big war, whilst West Knoxville is no more than a level smolder, Fort Sanders will be alive with roaches running about and basking in the fallout, having the last laugh.

3. **Women.** Have you ever seen the hopeless array of divorcees, adultery fans, and VD carriers that hang out in such bars as Swizzles, Micheal's Cow Palace (where the women weigh in), Chevy's or Tony's VIP???

Now compare those wenches to the pristine and intelligent women that frequent the U-Club, The Longbranch, and Hawkeye's. Well, maybe this point is moot.

4. **Free and/or Cheap Entertainment.** Where else can you wake up and see entire

families from South Knoxville going through your Dempster dumpsters in search of tin cans (worth a whopping 1/2¢) and food, other than in the Fort? Dumpster divers are an endless source of free entertainment brought to you courtesy of the US Government.

Also, the walls are so thin in most Fort Sanders housing, you can usually hear your housemates arguing, laughing, or doing whatever naughty thing, clear as a bell if you just stick your ear to the wall next to a glass. No charge!

So think about it you seniors. Is there any reason to move anyplace else? Next Issue: More about dumpster divers.

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# An Exposition on Fishhats

Jay  
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

I've heard alot about fishhats lately. Some people like them, some don't. I've also heard it said that they are everywhere. It is true that they are currently in fashion, and that many more people are wearing them now than ever before. So many that the proper way to wear a fishhat has been forgotten. How many times do you see them worn indiscriminately, the man or woman that pulls up to the stoplight beside you, the lady on the bus who has decided to be daring and wears hers with a fin tucked neatly behind each ear.

Remember back before the war when aquatic fashions first appeared? At first fishhats seemed to be limited to wafer thin models in bright glossy magazines. Tall thin women photographed standing over fishbowls with halos of luminous orange carp. Then they started to catch on. Ocassionally a flounder, mac, or rainbow trout tiara would appear in the windows of chic boutiques and stores up and down Fifth Avenue, such as Macy's or Tiffany's.

Almost immediately they were worn by women who wanted to be noticed. Remember the first fishhat in the White House. Bess had a specially made walleye tea hat and Harry had fillet the next day for lunch. Remember the episode when Gracie began collecting

fishhats on the *Burns and Allen Show* and George made her get rid of them? And when she refused he started giving them to Harry von Zell's girlfriends.

Fishhats for men have had moderate sales since they were introduced. Now that more women are entering the work force, more men are taking fishhats out of the closet.

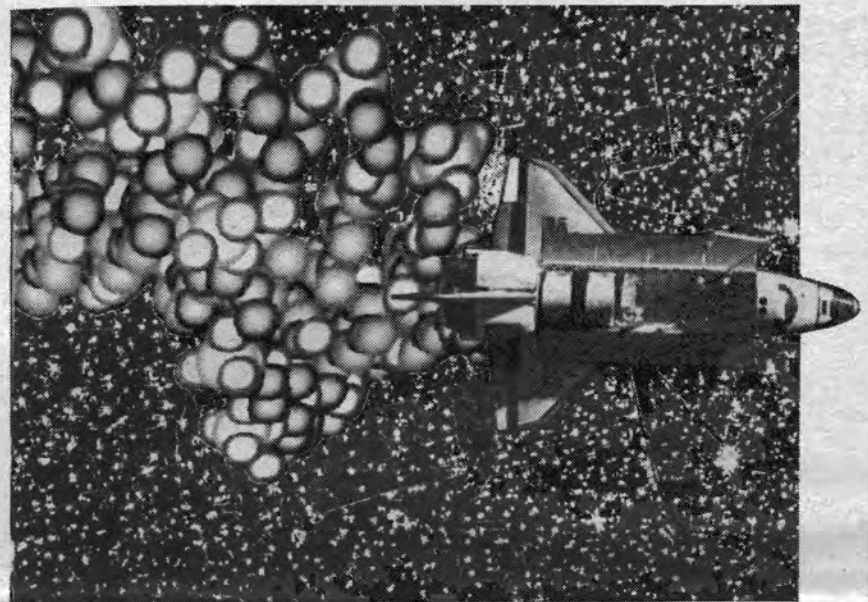
Still, there are problems today. Sure, it is great to be able to get one at the local Kroger's, but what about age? A halibut hat only smells fishy for a few days. After that it is just plain rank. Sure you can get fish powder or spray, but these are not always effective — rank fish is a hard odor to cover up. This can be a big problem, especially on days when the sun is out.

I had a friend once who made great fishhats. Bass were his speciality. He loved to fish for fun and profit. He'd keep the small ones to eat or mount, but the big ones were strictly set aside for hats. A couple of nights a week he'd pull these wide mouthed beauties out of the fridge and go to work.

Imagine, if you will, two ten-pound bass sown together to make the ultimate mark of distinction. They could form a ring, put together as if they were swallowing each other's tails. After a few days on ice, piscine saliva gets really sticky. With gentle force and the right twisting motion of the thumb and index finger, the bass jaw can be severed from the torso and the tail-fin of the

paired fish can be shoved through and out the gill.

It doesn't take much to realize that the fish should be cleaned first. It may be fashionable to trounce around with twenty pounds of bass on your head, but here spoilage must be taken into consideration. If the fish have not been properly cleaned before being strung together, the guts tend to abcess and send a trail of fish puss down the wearers neck. This puss is about the consistancy of tapioca pudding and beet juice mixed together and smells like warm Easter eggs in June.



Trevor Blake

Genetic Shuttle



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# Pyramids on Mars: Is Mankind a Psychic Cow?

Eric Evers

Guest Mars Correspondent  
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Why are there are pyramids on Mars? Viking spacecraft images show multiple five and four-sided pyramids on the surface of mars, not to mention a human face carved in a hill a mile in diameter. Why indeed are there pyramids on the Earth and positioned such as they are? Why does the Fermi Equation (which describes the probable number of alien civilizations in the Milky Way Galaxy) predict hundreds of alien races in our galaxy and why have we had no regular visits by these people?

It has to do with the Biggest Conspiracy yet to be discovered in the history of mankind!



The most powerful and concentrated energy source is psychic energy or consciousness. Humans are just now beginning to rediscover this type of energy. It has been known for millions of years to earthers, but has always been eschew from common

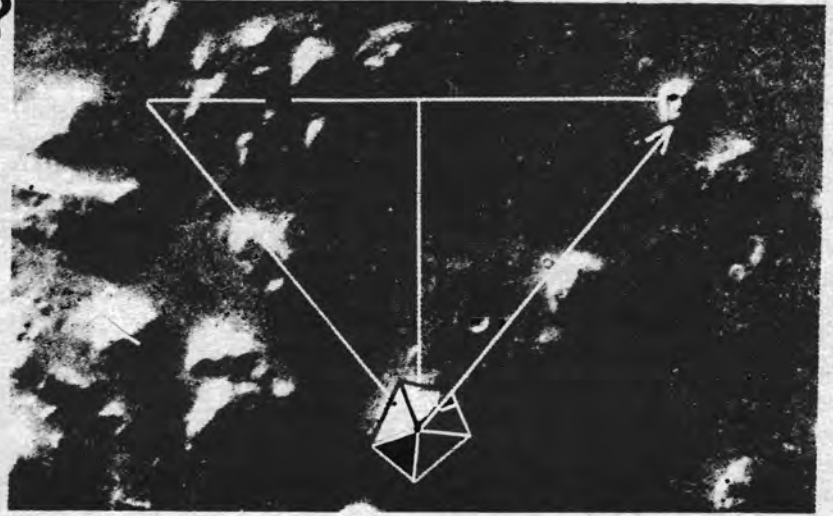
knowledge and acceptability. Why and who has repressed this most basic form of energy?

Those same aliens that will not let themselves be known repress this knowledge through the construction of anti-psychic religions for humans. The truth is out and it could only be done in a small underground newspaper of this type — even so my life will not be worth a plug nickel after this printing!

There is a highly organized galactic empire made up of all the worlds with native intelligence and also thousands of other colonial worlds. How did the British Empire keep its colonies docily tethered? With a combination of technological and economic repressions.

Now this galaxy-wide empire will have technologies millions of years ahead of us. Their dominion will be so easy that they will believe its colonies mostly ignorant of the means and motives of their captors. The technologically advanced exploit those less advanced. Do they want our minerals?—No their material science will probably be at the level of stellar synthesis of required atoms. And it would be hard to cover up.

Why have so many good human civilizations collapsed: Romans, Incas, Egyptians, etc.? They were made unstable by these aliens so that we



Conclusive Proof: Mars surface photo reveals Galactic tyranny  
(Courtesy: National Space Data Center)

would never get to the place where we could discover them.

The most advanced galactic empire possible will operate on the most powerful available energy source. The Roman Empire ran on slaves and horses; The British Empire ran on coal, and gunpowder; America ran on oil and nuclear power. But the Galactic Empire runs on psychic energy.

In order that this empire have a large steady supply they grow and reap psychic energy from their colonies. If the natives of a colonial planet ever developed a good degree of control over their psychic powers they could be a thorn in the side of the Empire. The method of control is subtle and well hidden in our very culture.

The major difference in the "pagan" religions from the "orthodox" ones is the location of the object of prayer. Pagan religions pray to the earth goddess or equivalent mostly. The religions of the organized empires of history have prayed up to God(Christianity-Judism), Up to the Sun (Inca), etc.

The pyramids on the earth concentrate this outbound energy and beam it to relay stations periodically on Mars and other planets out to the Galactic Empire for consumption.

It is evil to use psychic



Galactic Central  
(Artist's Rendering)

energies or powers (except in the name of a miracle for a God above which reaps trillions more megasouls of psychic energy than what it cost). Earth is a psychic slaughterhouse for alien beings. When you meditate you strengthen the Earth and its native life forms. When you pray up you weaken earth and its life forms and you become a breakfast for champions.

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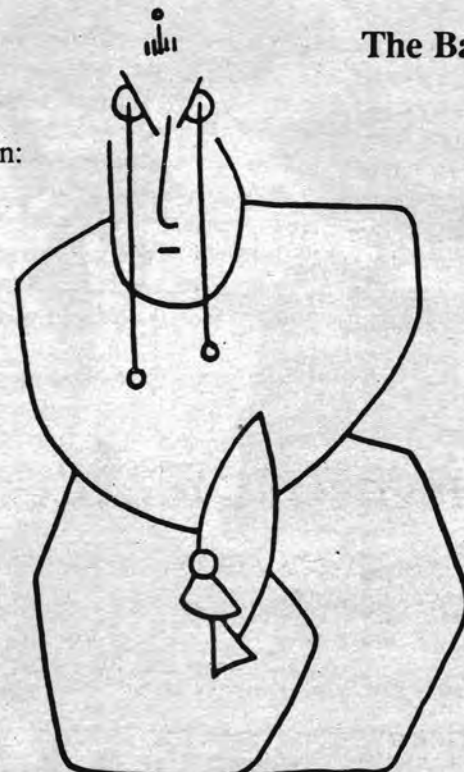
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# The Art of Lying

Sheilah Wallace/Patricia Neal  
Guest Columnists  
Lame Monkey Manifesto

Generally speaking, there are two kinds of liars; the effective and ineffective ones. It should be quite obvious to the reader that the true test of the liar is whether he is believable or not. This sounds quite simple to determine, does it not? Well, if it seems simple to you, then you have never encountered the person who is telling the gospel truth, yet does so with an air of agitation that screams counterfeit. The old saying that a Liar cannot look you straight in the eyes is far from being true. The effective liar can look you in the face, smiling, and at ease with a guileless look that would convince you that before you stands the Truth Incarnate. Never a quiver will pass through his body as he stands and tells you a falsehood that would make his dear, departed mother turn over in her grave. As an effective liar, he proceeds with the assumption that everything he says will be accepted as the truth. He has, at hand, "facts" that will back him up, but they will have to be extracted slowly. Only an ineffective liar or insecure truth teller would say, "Well, if you don't believe me, ask....," or, "look it up in..." This would only serve to place seeds of doubt in the listener's mind. The effective liar does not make a habit out of telling shaky lies or lying continuously to people he has frequent

contact with, for he is well aware of the "cry wolf" adage, and it is important for his credibility that his "pearls" be accepted without a twitch of the ear. The ineffective liar will spend much time telling falsehoods and offering "facts" to back him up. After a while, when he is telling the truth, no one will listen, which is unfortunate in case of a robbery, or worse.

I once was acquainted with a man known for his prevarications. His wife was found dead one sunny morning, and he claimed that masked men had entered the house during breakfast and "done her in." Unfortunately, I was not the only one who knew him to be a liar, and the poor guy is sitting right now in a cold cell for the crime of being an ineffective liar. Now, I know that masked men did enter his house and did probably kill her, for my husband and I watched from the window as they were leaving, but I had grown quite tired of Jim's bungling of what I consider an art. Poor Jim gave me as a witness and since I am quite an effective liar I'm afraid they believed me over him. You should have seen the astounded look on his face as I told of the horrible quarrel they were having



just before her screams. Maybe someday I will step forward, but I doubt it. I would be immediately banished to the ranks of the ineffective liar.

The more effective liar would have been believed, as is the case with many murders. He would have been in forced control of himself with eyes barely concealing a look of excruciating pain, frequently taking deep breaths to avoid fainting, and answering every question as cooperatively as possible without going to the extreme of being prepared. Probably, he would touch the investigating officer on the shoulder at least once, gripping with obvious pain and apologizing for his lack of control. Hopefully, the sympathetic officer would feel for the man in his grief and immediately dismiss the less sympathetic press. This would eliminate the possibility of conflicting stories and allow the effective liar to get some feedback as to whether the story was acceptable to his friends and neighbors. If believable, he would have his wife's friends flocked around sobbing, and comforting him. If not, he would be receiving a barrage of hostile phone-calls from her irate mourners. You can see how much more effective is control of yourself and others in such a situation.

Now Jim wasn't lying in the aforementioned case, but he had lied ineffectively in the past. Many people telling the truth assume the characteristics of the ineffective liar. They inquire frequently, "You do believe me, don't you?" The moment these words are uttered, the speaker has sown

the seeds of doubt in the listeners mind, and these seeds will remain there to spring forth at any fact that does not immediately sound very commonplace, whether it concerns the price of a dress or more important situation calling for acceptable credibility.

A lot of people avoid eye contact. This is not necessarily a sign of lying, but since adage generally associates this trait with lying, those desiring to become more believable would do well to increase eye contact. Effective liars are well aware of body language. Standing closer to the listener and avoiding fidgeting in order to convey poise and confidentiality, they inspire confidence and lend credibility to the conversation.



Unfortunately, no matter how effective the liar, there is always the possibility of a witness who knows the "truth". If the liar is to succeed, he must cover all the bases. Ever since the murder, my husband has been watching me warily. Not only do I not dare ask him for a new dishwasher, I dare not lie to him. My credibility is on treacherous ground as far as he is concerned. I may need to pay a visit to the prison and inform poor, dear Jim that Ralph threatened my life if I told the truth, then just arrange for his escape. But would he believe me? Oh, dear. "What a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."

## We Lie

C. David Mollogon  
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

We are all liars  
We lie to escape the reality of what life's really like.  
We lie to attach some permanence of beauty and peace to an unstable and unpeaceful world.  
We colour memories with adjectives with each passing year, till truth is no longer itself, but some cotton candy creation of our imagination. We lie to disguise the fear we attach to each new day. We lie to forget the crimes of yesterday, which we are guilty of just by association, no matter our knowledge or trite ignorance. Some of our lies are innocent, some premeditated as if we planned an alibi in advance. Some lies are subconscious defense mechanisms adopted to retain some shred of our sanity in the face of what seem insurmountable problems of the world or some basic flaw in our characters we can't or don't wish to deal with. We lie to rationalize our own insecurities of the world, people or times surrounding our lives. We lie to escape the fact that we are responsible for our own ac-

tions. We lie in order to deal with the fact that we are born and we die. We lie to avoid the unknown that may lay beyond, in fear that it is nothing. We lie to boost our own self-importance. We lie to convince ourselves that our unhappiness is the fault of someone else or to persuade ourselves our happiness is not real. We lie to make ourselves feel we deserve the luxuries we have, and those we don't. We lie to make us feel we weren't wrong when we deeply suspect we were or, at least, shared the blame. We lie to deceive others for personal gain or pleasure. We lie to protect others. Some call them little white lies or stretching the truth. But all are the same, lies. We lie to escape the fact that we are imperfect, a synonym for mortal, which we all are. And that is no lie.  
We are all liars.

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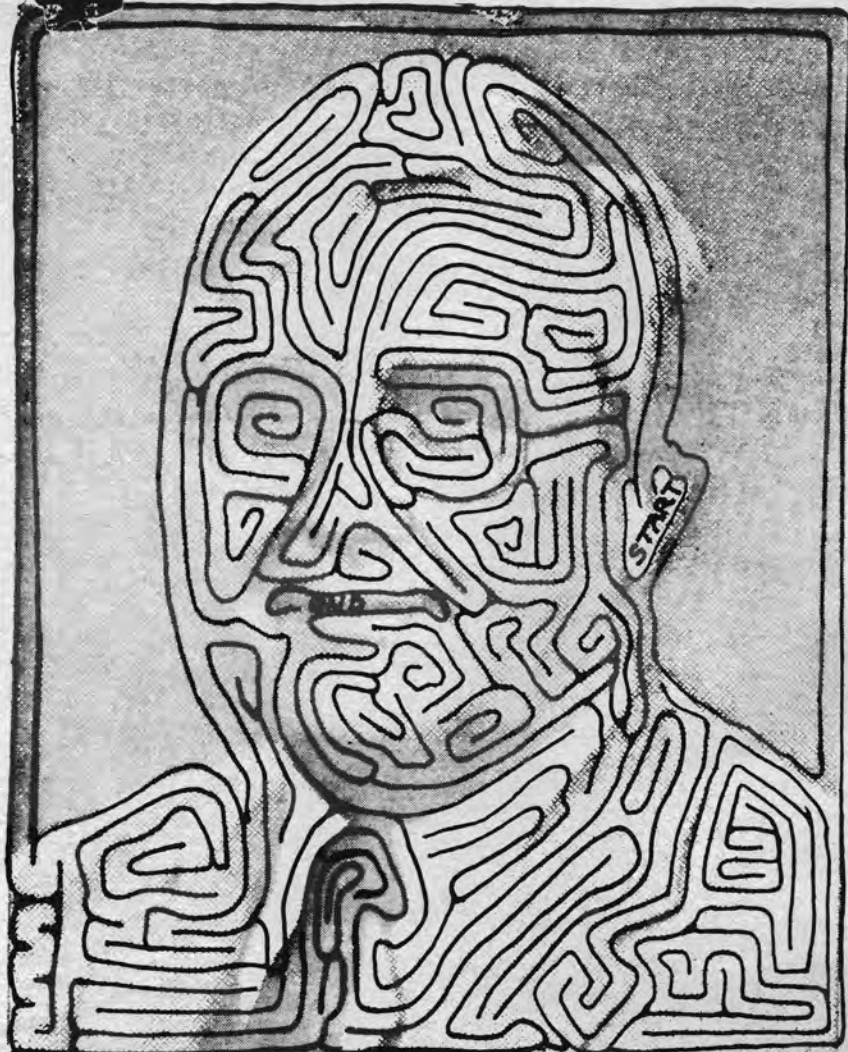


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