

DON'T READ THIS — More on page 7

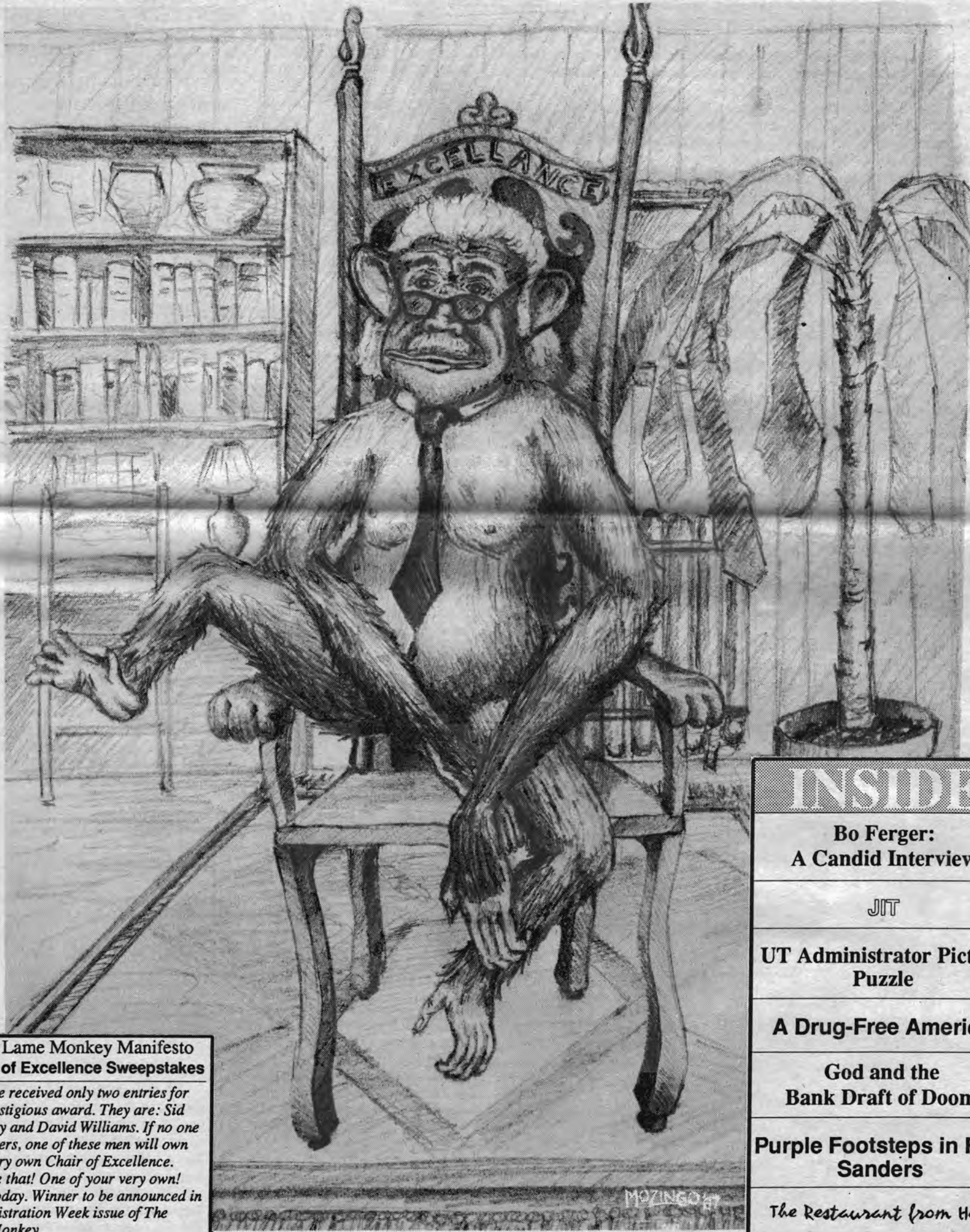
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Volume 1 Number 3

March 12, 1987

FREE

Chair of Excellence Sweepstakes Competition Thickens



The Lame Monkey Manifesto Chair of Excellence Sweepstakes

We have received only two entries for this prestigious award. They are: Sid Gormley and David Williams. If no one else enters, one of these men will own their very own Chair of Excellence. Imagine that! One of your very own! Enter today. Winner to be announced in the Registration Week issue of The Lame Monkey.

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Ah Luttuh From Da Edituhs

And now for the much awaited Issue #3. You have in your hands what we feel is the best issue yet—with new and improved regular features, including our Classified Ads section. We think you'll find this Monkey a better buy for your dollar, even though it is still free.

Although Issue #2 was received better than the first issue, by the Pythagorean Law of Publication Responses, we feel the response to the third issue will be the square root of the sum of the squares of the first two, where $\#3 = (\#1^2 + \#2^2)^{1/2}$. Thanks for the help from the studio audience on that one. Check your Ph.D.'s at the door next time.

The Lame Monkey Manifesto has received its first honor. For those of you who haven't seen Issue #1 because it is now a collector's item, the University of Tennessee Main Library Special Collections has one on file. They must know a good thing when they see it.

Which leads us to our next point. As amazing as this may seem, some people have asked if we are funded by UT™. You haven't seen a picture of the

Torchbearer on the cover, have you? The simple answer is no, unh-uh, nyet, nein, non! We wish we had a piece of the action, but we don't grpb enough nlbp. (solve this cryptogram, hint 'b' equals 'c').

The Lame Monkey Manifesto is supported entirely by our cool advertisers, subscribers (both of them), and by us when we lose money. So far we haven't seen anything but bills, not the green kind.

But fear not, The Lame Monkey is relatively solvent and will continue 'ere graduation cometh a year hence.

Where do I get my Monkey?

The LMM is always available at Universal Printing and Raven Records on the Strip. Watch for posters for distribution points across campus, but realize that *this is an underground paper and not subject to authorized distribution*. Makes it more fun, doesn't it?

The quality and quantity of material submitted for this issue was the best yet. If you submitted something and you don't see it in print, it means either

because adequate space was unavailable or that it was canned because it was stupid. When in doubt, assume that the first reason applies.

Issue #4 is rapidly approaching (not again) for release during Registration Week. That means we need even more material (Yes, that means another Jit, Brett). Deadline is rapidly approaching (March 16). Don't wait!. Don't say, "Oh, it's done I just need to type it." Turn it in; it's no big deal and there's no need to be shy. We won't call you up and make fun of you if it's stupid. We have a little file all the bad stuff goes in that is being kept for a 'Worst-Of' issue about a year down the road. Just kidding.

Please remember, though we wouldn't give up these nineteen hour days for the world (do you hear violins?), all we get out of this is the satisfaction of doing it. Groupies, you got our number. It's 3 a.m. and we're going home.

One last thing, watch for people conducting Instructor Evaluations (meaning fill out a survey).

Christopher Gray
Paul Mozingo
Da Edituhs

Lying in a strange bed she feels herself dissolve.

Wanting a sensuous touch to bring her back to this world in a room. White walls can look so different.

Openly gazes at him — writing in his journal, he expects her to amuse herself while he is occupied. How can she keep busy when the sheets don't weigh on her skin and the light flickers through the room so she follows it disappearing with the shadows.

A moonbeam streaks across his pillow where her head lay; his eyes intent on his personal graspings, he couldn't see her come, doesn't see her go.

—Danielle de Gregory

Wh-Wh and The Crows: Good Music Even w/o Free Beer

By Scott Davis
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Yes, this is a review of local music.

No, it is not another article by some band member's friend claiming that you ought to go see *this* or *that* band because they're the best thing since oxygen or nothing, it's just a recap of a damn good time had by someone not expecting anything out of an evening except for the gratuity beers that my

new, cool, official Lame Monkey Entertainment Reporter business (ha ha ha) card was supposed to get me. I call it a good time because I had a blast and ended the evening without having a single beer. No shit.

I'll tell you that I went to the Cityside Cafe in Market Square on Feb. 19th (a Thursday night; Big whoopy-do!) when two bands *Wh-Wh*, and *The Crows* were playing! I didn't get a beer, a buzz, or a bad taste in my mouth;

nothing except a chance to taste a RIFF-FEST fit for the hardest music lover.

These bwahs, *The Crows*, consist of three informal (first names only if you know what's good for you) guys named Matt, Chris, and Scott. Matt and Chris had previously played together around 2 years ago in a local band, *The Green Howlers*, which was a showcase of some of the best local talent displayed in a long time. The reason for ending this 2 year withdrawal from the scene was explained by Matt (not me, get it?) by filling in the blank:

LM: Why are you back playing now, and with these guys?

Matt: It's the first time everything has come together like it did with *The Green Howlers*.

Unless you don't know how important the phrase "come together" is, or you never experienced *The Green Howlers* (what the hell were you doing, anyway?), there is no need to continue on *The Crows*. E'nuff said.

So...here I am doing a lot of passive smoking, and not giving a hoot. I just want to hear these bwahs *Wh-Wh*. I'm not the only one. The place was so crowded, people were sitting on the floor all the way up to the stage in areas. Hell, I had to *stand* by the entrance with my notepad. So what...

While waiting for *Wh-Wh* to start their set, I overheard something. I just couldn't pass up what I will call "Quote of the Evening." Here it is...

Self-Proclaimed Philosopher: "You know, you can *shoot* smack, and you can *shoot* your wife, but you *can't* shoot your wife's smack, (uncontrollable fit of laughter)..."

Poor Victim who slipped up and made eye contact: "Unh."

I'm sure that some journalism students and some English students would like to critique my writing all to hell. Go ahead bwahs and gulls. I'm communicating and that's the bottom

line. Piss-off!

The music combined with the crowd to produce an evening that would be received well with Dr. Hunter S. Thompson as well as the jerks with the Run D. M. C. album downstairs. It's *that* hard to explain.

Wh-Wh is a collection of bwahs whose music defies explanation, but I'm going to try it anyway.

Terry—a guitarist who seems fascinated with opportunities to color the air dirty black to hot pink and every flavor in between, muchachos. Picture this. If guitars had hands, his would've rubbed, raked, pinched, groped, and slapped your ears all in one night. How many people do you trust to do that?

Brian—If you did, let's say, 100 sit-ups, 100 jumping jacks, ran a mile, sang 15 of your favorite songs with all the might your lungs and butt could muster, inhaled the ??? of about 150 people's cigs, and came out begging for more after an hour and a half, I'd say you guys would get along just fine.

Ron—A male version of Sybil. I can't figure him out. He doesn't waste words and he *sure* doesn't waste riffs. He seems to be the machinery and his bass the operator. All over it like white on rice. Cranka-maranka rhythm pours from this guy like it was as natural as gas from the House of Chan.

Larry—Lessee. Where to start...Where to start...I know. I'll start with a riddle. What's got 8 arms, 5 feet, the ability to concentrate when the bed is on fire, and possesses the rhythmic ability of fifteen African tribes and every Catholic girl in the state of Massachusetts? You already heard it? That's right, Larry.

Oh well, what can I say, besides the evening didn't necessarily have to feel like a weeknight? The doorman was having fun handling the money, looking like a badass, and bumming a light. I didn't get a beer. I didn't care, it was fun. It was local music in Knoxville. This is not fiction; it's the honest truth, and you ought to know that, considering you're reading it in the Lame Monkey.



WH-WH: Terry, Brian, Ron & Larry (in no particular order)



Incoherence on Fishhats

By Jay Harriman
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

The reaction to my last column was fairly straight forward. Most people who wrote in complained that I treated fishhats as if they were God's gift to warthogs. The best thing since dry martinis. I object to this. I don't feel that I glossed over any facts to make fishhats sound anymore suave or pungent than they already are. I will address these points, but first let me get to one letter which stood out among the rest and has to be from the most bass-ackward person who wrote in.

Smed Foling wrote in complaining about "inhumanities". Frankly the letter was so unorganized and haphazard that there didn't seem to be much point to it.

Foling cited a particular fishhat he had seen as being rather disturbing. From what I could make out it was quite complicated and had something to do with a chorus girl, several large feathers, a small skull cap made out of goldfish, and molotov cocktail, though it seems that as he was recounting the story he started to get rather excited or had some type of seizure. Anyway, from the looks of it, his hand was trembling so, that he was probably doing well to hold the pen, let alone try to be coherent. I believe that he was disturbed by the goldfishhat, although here too one would question, given the situation described, how he even remembered the hat.

Smed said that it was a vicious brutality that so many defenseless little goldfish were sacrificed for this one hat (he didn't once mention how chic the

hat looked though). This brings us to goldfish and before I discuss it any further I would like to voice my objection, from the onset, to the use of the adjective "defenseless" in relation to goldfish.



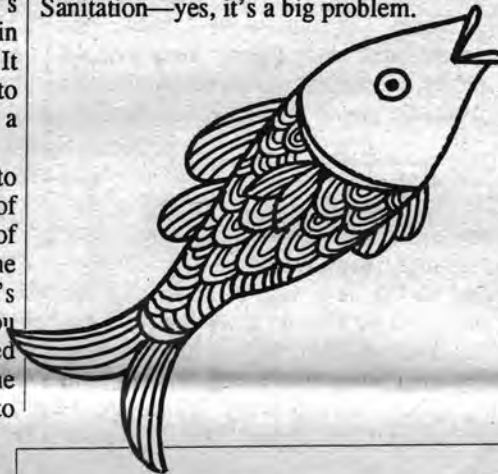
I say that if you have ever come across these fish with anything more than a pleasant bemusement, then you know that they are not defenseless. Sure, there you are, standing beside an ornamental pool or large fish bowl. Shimmering in the light is a small goldfish. After watching for a few minutes to start anticipating the fish's movements, you reach in. To begin with, the little thing tries to get away. It waits until you've got half your arm into the water and then it wants to play a game of cat and mouse.

Okay, let's assume you make it to the next step. (Pouring the water out of the bowl takes some of the sport out of it but saves time.) So you finally get the goldfish clenched firmly in your fist. It's next defense comes into play when you try to lift it to your mouth. What seemed like a firm grip suddenly is gone and the slimy scales allow the fish to

shoot a couple of feet in the air and land on the carpet.

So what have you got now? Well, if it's like my house, chances are it landed in a big furball from the cat and is now squirming around on the carpet getting fuzzier and fuzzier. So just as you're thinking that you're going to rinse the little thing off, it starts collecting little grains of cat litter which the cat is also responsible for being in the carpet.

By now the fish starts to lose some of its appeal. Not so much because it is breaded in cat hair and clay granules, as you can start to imagine where the cat litter has been. The cat goes in the litter box and does heaven knows what and on the way out gets a few "pebbles" stuck on the bottom of its paws. Then comes the disgusting part, as the seemingly graceful feline floats through the house its spreading pebbles everywhere. It could take hours before one of these grains finally sticks to something. It's probably been through the whole house. Heaven knows what kind of germs it's picked up. Sanitation—yes, it's a big problem.



Solution to Puzzle page 11



The Spa from Hell

"Our health club offers the Finest in Athletic Competition. Join Today!"

Christopher Grey

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

GI JOE

universal printing company
 817 19th street • knoxville, tennessee 37916 • 637-2510



Dieclectics: Sexual Ads on Television

Hello and welcome back to Dieclectics, the much imitated, but never equaled forum of public controversy. Today we asked two learned men what they felt about the following issue:



“With the rampant spread of AIDS, legislators and doctors have recommended an education campaign where once decorum made it impermissible. Should sex remain in the closet?”

Public Awareness Commended Traditional Values Needed

Randy Peters
Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

Recently, some controversial material has been hitting the airwaves. There have been ads for contraceptives as well as specific references to their use in sit-coms. National Public Radio broadcast a special program on AIDS in which worldwide discussion of this problem was quite frank and candid. All of these things, in addition to the feminine protection ads and the ever popular Dr. Ruth which have been around for some time, form a body of material which could not have existed in the more conservative past. Is it a positive turn? Is it all right for us to hear so much discussion about these sensitive issues right out in the open? Aren't our children going to be asking about and learning about sex much earlier than before?

The answer to all of these questions is "yes". The sexual revolution is producing its most positive effects yet. Serious problems are being brought out into the open for discussion and responsible resolution. Sexual matters have traditionally been dealt with in euphemistic fashion. Our blind adherence to this remnant of our puritan background has retarded our progress in dealing with problems of a sexual nature. Many are appalled when Dr. Ruth openly discusses such things as impotence, masturbation, frigidity, and birth control. Why? Without discussion of these matters how can we begin to understand them?

More than ever before, "sex" needs to be an everyday household word. With AIDS rampaging through our society, now indiscriminating killing across age, gender, race and sexual preference, people need to be provided with as much information as possible on it, and the squeemishness of the American public is not going to save any lives. Levels of teenage pregnancy are at an all time high. Is withholding information about birth control going to prevent our teenagers from engaging in sexual activity? Instead, the likely effect is higher teenage birthrates. Sure. Airing birth control ads may increase the amount of teenage sexual activity by constantly reminding the teenage population that birth control is available to them. But along with this would go a rise in "responsible" sexual activity, leading to fewer lives being complicated by early pregnancies, and improved control of sexual diseases.

Broadcast material forms a great part of the information that we take in about the world around us. In "Cleaning" all of the sex-related material out of airwaves we are sacrificing a means of conveying information about some of

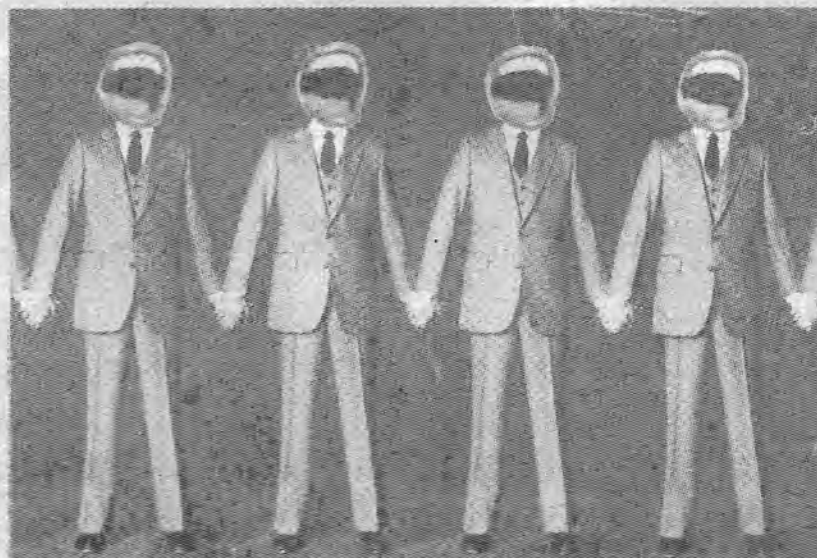
the most important issues involved in being a human being in today's world.

If you are concerned that your children will be exposed to "damaging material" too early in their lives you are doubtful of your ability to instill in them intelligent, responsible values that will guide them through their lives. Would you rather they have to work their way through these issues without the guidance of someone with the experience to help them make productive decisions? By not hiding sex from our young people, we invite them



to openly ask about it, seek information about it and deal with it in an informed manner. If we do hide it from them, let us hope that they find out enough on their own soon enough to deal with it properly.

Let us thank NPR for being progressive enough to broadcast their program on AIDS. Let us thank the major television broadcasting companies for understanding the needs of the public in allowing contraceptive ads to be broadcast on their stations. Most of all let us congratulate ourselves on our development into a society that is not afraid to deal openly with human concerns that hadn't until now been accepted in the public view.



The Mouth Men

John Walker
Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

The airwaves have long since been contaminated with the filth and pornography of decadent sex, a by-product of our society's demented values and ideals. In magazines on the shelves for youngsters to view there are half dressed women wantonly exposing themselves to become objects of men's affection. On the radio, one hears sex talk shows. On television famous personalities interview homosexuals. It seems as though anything perverted and unnatural is the day's fashion and the traditional values which have held together the family and our nation are being left by the wayside.

Now, the broadcast stations want what little regulations that exist removed in order to broadcast ads for prophalactics and other now banned advertisements. They claim that there is a great crisis going on and so it is permissible to remove these necessary restrictions from the law books. Perhaps it would be fair to judge that they want the extra advertising revenue. It is a ridiculous assumption and reflects the current trends of permissiveness which are reducing and endangering basic values.

There is a crisis going on, but it is not what they state. The crisis is the decline of proper moral attitudes among our youth. They grow up and are allowed to do things that should be known about only in the bonds of marriage. It is condoned and approved by the press and their peers and it is no guess to figure why they act the way they do. The books they read, the movies they watch, the television with soap operas and rape scenes give them these ideas and show the young that it is a proper way of life.



The way I understand it, this disease can only be caught through sex with many different people or with homosexuals. Maybe this disease is just a way of demonstrating that promiscuous activity is nothing to be proud of and something you should avoid. Perhaps now all these people will change their ways and start thinking responsibly, leading respectable moral lives.

I know that hoping these people will change is fruitless, for they don't care, and it will be their demise. By advertising sex-this and sex-that on television will only fuel the fire of immoral society. What we need is more good wholesome programs that reflect proper ways of life, so that before the damage is done, children will see that there are things to do and *not*.

There are certain codes of behavior that all people must follow, not only because that's the way it has been, but because it's the proper way. Certain things are not to be questioned because they have stood solidly for many, many years. The ways of life, marriage, religion, and work which teach these values are being ignored by those who want quick pleasure and not the enduring aspect of love. These things are overlooked and made to seem banal to our children, and it is unfortunate, because these values will lead to happiness.

Allowing this talk where all can hear or watch makes these serious matters everyday affairs.

What we need is less talk about sex and more talk about family, state and God. When people learn their parts and know what is expected of them, then they'll be no more talk of sex diseases, perverts, homosexuals, and prostitutes. It is not an ill of body, but an ill of mind.

Trevor Blake

God and the Bank Draft of Doom

Christopher Gray
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

It is a wonderful and, curiously, practical fact that God is a capitalist. Times are hard and, despite the fact that the stock markets have hit all-time highs, the world economic situation grows ever grim. In fact, it has worsened to such a point that our very existence is threatened. You won't hear about it on television or radio. You won't read about it anywhere except in these prophetic writings. It may drive you into hysterics or insane, but God *wants* you to understand what a pinch he is in. God is deeply in debt.

You can't have the world overnight and if you need one in a week it costs extra. A world is a proverbial big-ticket item with such costly extras as two-thirds water coverage (for the beaches), deluxe flora and fauna, and, of course, two moons (but one had to be cut due to budget overruns). After nearly 5 million years of amounted back taxes and interest, the earth's deficit grows exponentially everyday. In order to avoid repossession by the intergalactic space dieties, God has been forced to enter the free enterprise market to raise the needed funds.

J.C. (Jesus Christ) Penny's is God's attempt to enter retail sales. Many years ago He had the idea of a nationwide chain of stores offering quality goods at competitive prices. By providing quality and price, people would naturally conduct business with their savior.

"Go and purchase yonder goods for the Lord and ye very soul will be blessed."
(Fellations 21:1)

Buyer incentive. Here J.C. clearly states that it would be beneficial to your immortal soul to purchase 'goods' from the Lord (translated as 'merchandise' in the King James version, its meaning comes from the greek words *Copulus Dominae*, or heavenly giftware). If one never purchased anything from J.C. Penny's at incredible discounts everyday, then perhaps one would not be *saved* by the Grace of God. Perhaps, one might even be wayed towards evil and frequent *other stores*.

The Sears Roebuck Company has long been seen as a competitor of His Chosen Store. This is more than just a coincidence. Sears Roebuck spelled backwards is Kcubeor Sraes, the same Kcubeor Sraes as revealed in the Old Testament and in the Book of the Dead. Nostrodamus himself described Sraes as 'the bane of plain pockets' and 'the craftsmen's tools of world destruction'. It is nothing new, brothers and sisters, to know that the devil himself seeks the world — our world — a world he can steal from He Who Mails Us Catalogs and convert this beautiful garden we call earth into a parking lot of the blackest asphalt.



But he is devious, this demon from beyond New Jersey. He will not pave us under, No!, for he is greedy and seeks the real Cash of the Gods. By competing with God's Chosen Store, Sraes wants to rob J.C. of enough revenue to force a foreclosure. Sraes wants to buy our world at auction for pennies and *make a killing* in redevelopment. Earth will become a galactic suburb, ladden with condos and sold to spacegod yuppies seeking that 'quiet little place of their own'. Like squatters, we'll be evicted and forced to fend for ourselves and God, once our creator and benefactor, will be bankrupt and without good credit *for over 10 years*.

No methods are too wicked for Sraes. The convenient location of Sears stores at the corner of shopping malls demands that you pass through his establishments in order to reach other stores. But even a stout-hearted, God-loving man can be damned just by walking through his doors.

"Listen not to the whalesong, anarchist, harlequin sheep-strings, for they are the pied-piper of doom"
(Castrations 1:15)

The disgusting, distasteful, 'sheep-string' music you hear at every Sears outlet has mind deforming qualities. When played backwards and analyzed by computer, the music's hidden message and devilry gurgles into transparency.

Take this short computer-enhanced passage: "I Dna Daeh Ym No Gnillaf Peek Spordniar" (*please do not repeat this*). Gnillaf Spordniar was a Babylonian alchemist / demon worshipper swayed to the paths of evil and locked in the service of the Unnamed One. This short musical passage is a magical summons allowing live, nubile, Tina-Turner-like demons to enter the bodies of passers through. By possessing the hearts and souls of all who enter his stores, Kcubeor Sraes ensures all men will buy shower curtains and other toiletries from him and *not God*, to the doom of all.

As incredible as this may seem, the free marketplace is filled with these demon enslaved people. These walking demons not only refuse to purchase from J.C., but actively enter into competition against Him.

Among these are George Miller, Montgomery Ward, and the notorious Mart Twins — Wallace and Kay. These

mass merchandisers undersell J.C. at every turn, drawing red ink on the ledger of mankind. Our ministries are actively seeking to exorcize these demons, but the police won't let us near them.

It is up to you to help us defeat Sraes and his minions. God cannot stand off the evil hoardes and his creditors alone.

"Blessed art those who dance with cream-ladden calves and churn the soured buttermilk in the crockery of life."

(Bob 5:7)

God needs money and it is up to you to help. But I can tell some of you still have doubts.

What I am about to tell you is extremely dangerous in the wrong hands, but I realize that some of you still do not believe what I am telling you. Do not remain skeptical. Like Doubting Thomas, you shall learn once and for all that the truth is before you. I am going to reveal to you, my friends, God's true identity.



Being a world diety is an incredible task and responsibility. The prayers never stop coming in and the phone never stops ringing. Believe me, He tries, but there are only so many hours in the day. Like all of you need a martini to relax when coming home from a long day at the office, God also needs a little distraction.



No, he doesn't grab a beer and watch television. No, he doesn't flirt with women in earth shoes eating salad. He works some more, in a different way, breaking his back for *you*.

If you created a world, who would know it better? You would know what lies around every turn and beneath every rock. It is valuable information and so God sells maps. Maps created from the original blueprint of the world, as accurate as an omnipotent can make. Not only does He provide for the happy motorist, but God also sells geological surveys to the government and the oil companies. God's name is Rand McNally.

Please do not look up his number in the phone book. Please do not harass Him. He works hard enough already.

Listen to me, brothers and sisters, for now there can't be one among you who does not believe what I am telling you. Our very souls hang in a balance of books and on the scale of Armageddon. The universal Black Tuesday is nearing, unless we all pull together and help out.

Our lives are written on a bank draft of doom and immortal bliss is ours, lest it should bounce. The Time of Appraisal is at hand and our net worth will soon be judged. If we are an enlightened spiritual people, like I know we are, then we *will not allow* God to be embarrassed when his check comes back in the mail. God, the son, owes God, the father, more money than he can ever repay. God, the spirit, has hocked everything in sight. Help God. Save the world. Mail your non-tax-deductible donations to the Reverend C. Gray Trust for the Saving of God c/o The Lame Monkey Manifesto.

"Give unto thou nose bleeds, for the true believer believes not what he sees, but what he is told."

(Lies 3:5)

Give. Give. Give. Before it is too late and all hope is lost.

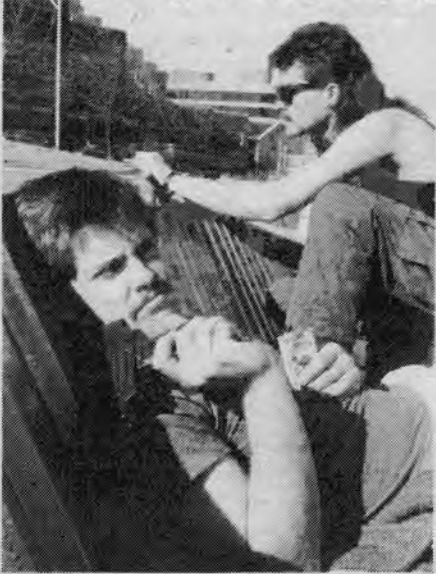




Battle for Humanities: The Volunteer Guard Demonstrates That Good Defenses Pay

Christopher Gray
Lame Monkey War Correspondent

Christopher Gray has never been seen again. His camera and a few belongings were found washed up on the banks of the Tennessee River. We will miss him, but we feel that his final report is a pinnacle of achievement for a lifetime of excellent reporting skills. The following are excerpts from his personal diary. He never had the



Death is no stranger on the front..

chance to file a formal report. We hope that you feel this article is worth his ultimate sacrifice. — Eds.

“March 1: Today we landed under the cover of night at the new sports arena. We hid the rafts in an series of caves beneath the structure. Tommorrow, I’ll try to contact the underground Volunteer Guard.

March 2: They seem supicious of me, but I’ve convinced them I’m an international reporter. They say they expect the Government troops will be striking their position tomorrow.

In preparation, they have built a metal fortress - a trench which they can hide behind to fight better equipped National Guardsmen. The aire is tense and I feel as if something is about to happen. Things are too quite. It’s that calm before the battle that drives fears into the hearts of men, great ice daggers of emptiness and lonliness which captivate the soul and torment the mind. But I’m getting a little dramatic. War is like that.

March 3: Today there was fighting like which I’ve never seen before. So intense, so passionate, with such deep emotion and care. It was like attending a Tough Love meeting.

In the fray, I met Sgt. Lance Greene and Pvt. ‘Rock’ Mozingo firing on Government death squads as they sought to recapture Humanity ...Humanities.

It seemed an impossible task, but only these two rebels held off four platoons four over 10 hours, until one-by-one, they sniped them off and killed them all. I’ve never seen such determination on the part of a soldier. It seems amazing to me that these two men, without ammunition, food, drugs and U.S.O. concerts can hold an entire sector from the infinitely better equipped government troops.

In this theatre of war, you hear rumors of torture and harassment by the government forces. You almost never regard attacks based entirely upon civilian...

What was that sound? I thought I heard Lance scream, “Kill that lousy spy”. They couldn’t mean me. I’m just a reporter. Who would ever think



Sgt. Lance Greene & Pvt. Paul ‘Rock’ Mozingo in the trenches.



Machine guns blarring...The heat of shrapnel... The successful Charge!



The last picture taken with Chris's camera.



Snake Bath

Trevor Blake

GOT ANTS IN YOUR PANTS?!
WELL DANCE IT ON DOWN TO
RAVEN RECORDS,
WHERE THE
DUDES ARE
DOIN' IT
TO DEATH!!



MR. JAMES BROWN

BUY • SELL •
TRADE : LP'S •
CASSETTES • CD'S
...
BEHIND WALGREEN'S
OPEN
AFTER
NOON



Bo Ferger: SGA Presidential Candidate or Salvation from the Collegiate Fascists

Blake Watson
Guest Student Politics Correspondent

"Last year a lot of people took my campaign as a joke. They made a big mistake. This year things will be different..."

When I met Bo Ferger for an interview about the upcoming SGA election, I was in awe of his charisma and aural presence. His six-foot-five stature demands your complete attention as do his golden brown eyes, blazing with the energy of a young Thomas Jefferson or Robert Redford. Even if I had not agreed with his political views, I would have felt compelled to follow him sheerly for his physical impact.

The following interview occurred February 20th and will not be soon forgotten.

Blake Watson: What's your goal in life?

Bo Ferger: True equality, true democracy, true freedom.

BW: What about your goals for UT?

BO: The same.

BW: Well, what are some more distinct things you want done?

BO: Oh...it'd be nice to have on my desk, before I graduate, formal resignations from at least two high-ranking UT administrators.

BW: What?

BO: You're suprised. You shouldn't be. I am sure my demands will meet with similar skepticism from the public, but once I have exposed the facts, the scams, the men themselves, all laughter will cease...replaced with cries of anger from the masses.

BW: This sounds serious.

BO: Certainly. I realize that the power barons in the administration will do everything within their power to stop me. I am prepared.

BW: Have you armed yourself?

BO: Only with the Bill of Rights. Violence isn't necessary...at this stage. If something should happen, making me unable to carry through my crusade, there will be others. The need for liberation cannot be extinguished.

BW: Can you tell me some of the facts

and scams you plan to uncover?

BO: Only in vague terms. I'll release specific details in future press conferences. There's a \$50,000 under-the-table transfer of funds, specific grievances about the organization and funding of the Athletic Department, a secret Fascist-like organization of student leaders, and general abuse of power by those holding it.

BW: Tell me more about—

BO: No. No. I really can't say more. I probably shouldn't have told you that much.

BW: What exactly does the Anti-Bourgeoisie Party stand for?

BO: We're here to even out the distribution of power, and see to it that power is not abused. The Bourgeoisie is a class of people: upper middle class citizens who, when given some type of power, abuse their authority to try to make themselves seem more important than they really are. This misuse of power makes a mockery of the ideals of due process within our society. By giving all the control to a select few, who consider themselves worthy of such stature, we open the door to elitism and corruption, especially when the "chosen ones" are inappropriate from the start.

BW: You obviously have some big plans. What if you don't win the election?

BO: What I'm doing is more than running for SGA President. I'm calling for a restructure of the UT Administrative system. Holding the office of President will merely guarantee me a direct channel to the top. My work transcends the trivialities of the current Student Government operations. I'm not going to introduce petty programs

which the bigwigs "allow" me to pass. I refuse to be their puppet! The current SGA is a blemish on the history of student activism. How can they allow themselves to be manipulated so! How can they talk about apathy when they are so subservient?

BW: But occasionally they will pass a good program, such as the move to improve safety and security on campus.

BO: I agree that was a good move, but it is something SGA has been trying to implement for well over a year. Finally something was done...at about the time Phil Scheurer got on his self-proclaimed movement for improving safety on campus. He didn't start it! He was just a couple of years late in realizing how important the issue really is! Finally he allows SGA to do something, dictates the "new" program—

BW: SGA gets the credit and Scheurer gets the glory!

BO: See how it works?

BW: So that's SGA?

BO: In a nutshell.

BW: This is criminal! It must stop! There must be change!

BO: I think I've got another convert.

BW: Sound the bell of freedom!

Liberate us! Long Live BO!



There are those that would
have you not read this.

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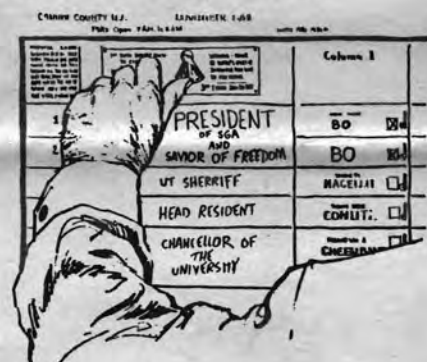
1. Computer terminals accessing the Online Catalog can presently be found at the Music Library and in the reference departments of both the Main and Undergraduate Libraries.
2. The Catalog can be accessed through any UTCC terminal in any computer remote on campus by typing LIBRARY when prompted for HOST NAME.
3. The Online Catalog can also be used with any personal computer and a modem (set to 7 data bits, one stop bit, and even parity). All commands must be entered in UPPER CASE. The UTCC DCA network can be accessed as follows:

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BO IS BACK!

He will lead us to victoryY



The Half Life of Freedom

Eric Evers

Lame Monkey Scientific Advisor

The assumption has been that civil liberties in the United States would simply continue to increase at the same rate that they have been.

Early on, the Bill of Rights was added to the Constitution. Slowly its depth of scope and range of applicability has increased to include women, blacks and even small useless fish. But this trend ended in the 60's. See graph.

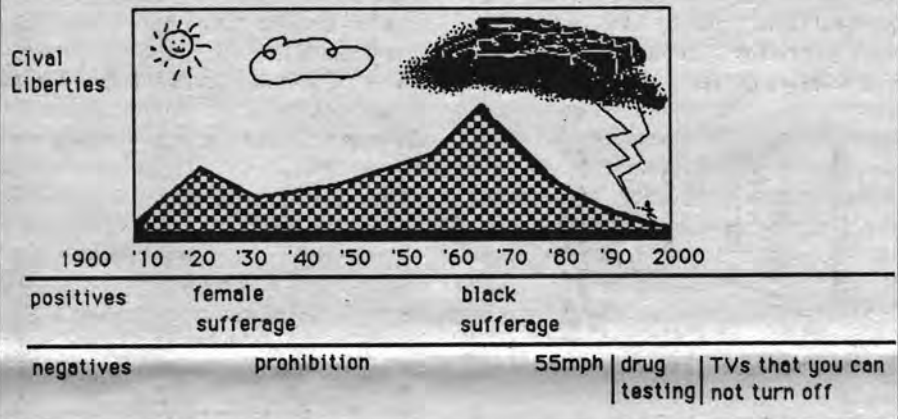
The general feeling on Capitol Hill is that "Since the people can't handle so many choices let's cut them back." Starting in the 70's, we had the 55 mph speed limit: the real reason being that if a car travels slower than 60 mph then spy satellites can read car license plates in order to keep track of people's locations and activities. Now with random drug tests the government can be sure that only those people that are 'good' citizens get their Soma. There is, also, a bill to try and repeal the laws

against illegal search and seizure.

Freedom is not determined by laws. Laws and social movements are determined by the content of freedom in one's diet. The juice of Elderberries is the true source of freedom. Elderberry-juice colored red M&M's were taken off the market in the early 70's, and this nation and the entire world have seen personal freedoms collapse. The original Cherry Coca Cola had that secret juice of freedom. Neither the new Cherry Coke nor the new red M&M's contain any flavoring similar to Elderberry.

Our founding fathers understood the importance of freedom and were well acquainted with its roots. Thomas Jefferson grew Elderberries. Elderberries even surround the bottom of George Washington on a one dollar bill.

Without a supply of Elderberries a society's level of freedom decays exponentially. Soon we will have to look hard to even find the most basic of freedoms.



Are You a Moe, a Curly,

By Rev. Ivan Stang
A.O., Church of the SubGenius

There are three kinds of people in this world. I know, you've heard that before. Everybody has their 'three types' of people, or their four types or five types. Many only list two types: those who divide people into two types, and those who don't. But there are three, and the models for these types come neither from psychology nor ancient religion. They come from Columbia Studios and they are archetypally embodied in The Three Stooges.

The Stooges unwittingly—of course—left us a rich legacy of deft interpretations of the most primal human behavior patterns. Their short films, seen as a whole, form a tapestry in which the interactions of people as individuals, corporations, and nations are distilled into a microcosm, a *pure essence* of existential folly.

There is but a small percentage of Moes in any given population: perhaps 5%. There are even fewer Curlys. The vast bulk of humanity are Larrys.

(Though represented by male characters, the three types also apply to women.)

Moe is the active personality, and if not *always* dominant, always striving to be. Moe is the one who spurs the others into action. He devises plans to better their lot, but when his plans fail the other two suffer the consequences. But is Moe any less the fool for that *they* follow *his* plans?

He is a natural manipulator, only partially because the others are waiting to be manipulated. He would want to manipulate them anyway, even if they weren't so willing.

But Larry is a born follower, a blank slate that only reacts (and slowly at that) to exterior stimuli. He never initiates action. He is Moes absolute tool, the truest 'stooge'. When Moe's abuse finally does make him angry, he lashes out not at Moe, but at Curly. No matter how he suffers under Moe's yoke, he never really rebels. He argues, but gives up easily.

Were it not for the presence of his friends, Larry probably would live in peace—a dull, flat, mechanical peace. Though clumsy, he is still the most employable of the three—for the other two are incapable of following orders, although for different reasons. Most people are Larrys.

Larrys divide people into those who don't divide others into two types, and those who do. But they do so only because they grew up hearing it.

Curly is the only likeable one, a truly rare human model. He is the holy man, the Divine Fool. He is as creative and active as Moe, but it is a spontaneous and joyous kind of creativity, no good for the kind of plotting and scheming required by a Moe-dominated society. He is a free spirit, but correspondingly unable to function well in a world of Moes and Larrys. He, like Larry, is perpetually abused, but he intuitively understands what is happening to him and reacts far more angrily—if equally ineffectually. He is everyone's favorite

Stooge because he is the funniest, though his innate nobility and natural humility he constantly bests Moe, but it is in an unconscious way, and it is only apparent to the outside observer. Curly himself is hardly aware of his talents; his weakness is that he does not know his own strength, and cannot trust his own luck.

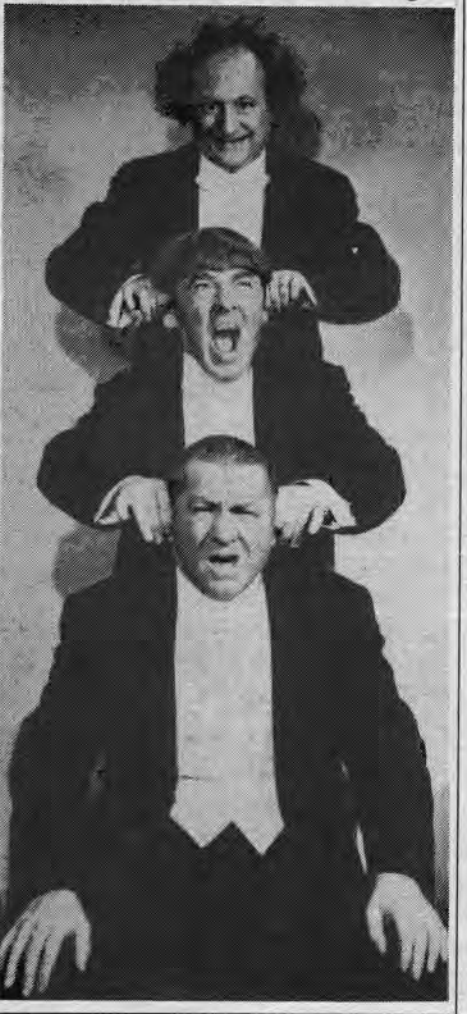
In real life, Curlys are usually branded by the Moes and Larrys around them as retarded, schizophrenic, mal-adjusted or just plain stupid, whereas in reality, it is only Curly who understands the truth. Remaining cheerful through adversity, he wins battles not by fighting, but by 'accidentally' releasing 'accidents' in which his enemies injure *themselves*.

Alien to feelings of avarice or ambition, he is the opposite of Moe, yet the two are drawn together by the same inexplicable balancing force of nature.

The Larrys, though, are ever the in-betweeners, sluglike nonentities caught in the crossfire of cosmic dualities—yet remaining there by some hearing instinct that makes being a casualty of the Moe-Curly battle preferable to life alone with other Larrys.

(And then there are the Shemps, Curly-Joes, and Joe de Ritas, but these were all merely Larrys trying to be Curly-like. The Larry-Who-Would-Be-Curly is the saddest "type" of all. American show business is littered with the corpses of personalities locked in failed Curlihood.)

Only the existence of the blameless, bovine Larrys make that of Moe or Curly possible. They are able to maintain their level of glandular brutality and senseless destruction only at the expense of the unquestioning, loyal worker drone whose income partially supports their own excesses. Were he not there to diffuse Moes anger



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or Merely a Larry??

by becoming another recipient of his blows, Curly would have been killed long ago and Moe would have committed suicide out of loneliness.

The horror of it all is that the three types need each other to survive. Of all Nature's cycles of parasitic symbiosis, the one involving the three human types is the most nightmarish. It rages around us all the time in real life, spreading death and madness, yet when we see it on the screen we call it "comedy."

##

I am a Moe. Moe's are always coming up with theories like this. They, we, are Colin Wilson's 'Right Men' (Wilson is a 'Right Man' too), those who assume they're right and act accordingly. Let the Curlys and Larrys be the dumb, willing guinea pigs for our egocentric ideas. They're BEGGING for it! They DEMAND that we tell them what to do! Should we be so cruel as to deny them their desired bondage??

We, unlike the Larrys, recognize the magical potential of the Curlys, and become skilled at exploiting it. We receive royalties off the works of Curlys. HA! And the Larrys--those "fuzzy headed ones" are fit only to take down our dictation, to sweep our offices, to deliver our papers in the morning. All those LITTLE THINGS. And though we know it looks unseemly for us to wield such tyranny over such innocent idiots, yet what choice do we have? NATURE ITSELF has decreed that this shall be THE WAY.

Unfortunately I am not the only Moe in real life. My own son is a Moe; he bosses the other kids around and invents clubs which they may join...and already he mildly threatens my bull patriarch's hold over our tribe. There are thousands of others, and I constantly find myself doing battle with them. Two of my old friends and myself currently hate each other because our Moe Powers came into stark conflict. This sort of thing is weakening the stranglehold we Moe's have traditionally maintained over the Larrys and Curlys, because those tribes do not waste their energy fighting amongst each other or their own species. Soon or later, I fear, the Larrys and Curlys will learn from our example and

lift their heads out of the sinkhole of ignorance they have always wallowed in. I wonder if this could be the Twilight of the Moe's. It would mean peace between Russia and America and the Third World, on the one hand; on the other, it would mean the end of magazine columns by opinionated assholes. I'd be out of work!

No, the Moe conspiracy must rule for ETERNITY! I will occasionally join, however distasteful it may be to me, with my fellow Moe's like Ronald Reagan (who I hate) and other governmental and corporate "leaders", whose whose regimes I normally oppose, just long enough to agree upon the illusions to be used to seduce the Larrys and Curlys into fighting our wars against each other for us...it is what they WANT...I personally would just as soon let them free in their pastures, but if I did, the Reagan Moe or the Client Moe or the Rival Columnist Moe, might get the upper hand. No, our battle between ourselves must remain self-perpetuating, and if we do not cooperate in using Larrys and Curlys as fuel, our machine will run down.

I am the only Moe that ever dared to announce the existence of the Moe Conspiracy, and I do it only because I know that you Larrys and Curlys will think it is a joke--SIMPING FOOLS!--while my fellow/rival Moe's will chuckle along with me at the thought that I'm getting PAID for this.

Bow before me, oh ye pitiful earthbound Larrys and meek Curlys! The MOES shall TRIUMPH, and your cries of poked eyes and the sound effects of your konked heads shall be as music to our ears!

I HAVE SPOKEN.

Mean King Stang, 1985

Fat, Cigar-Chomping, Egotistical Lord over ALL SubGeniuses in the World After "Bob's" Death, Commander of the Vast Army of Little Dallas Whipping Boys, Abusive Order-Giver to Popes and Other Moe's, Crusher of Larrys and Scheming Exploiter of Curlys. ##

For more information crucial to human survival, send \$1 to: The Church of the SubGenius P.O. Box 140306 Dallas, TX 75214

Is Madonna Really Max Headroom's Cousin?

Eric Evers
Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

Our sources tell us that Shawn Penn was hired to marry Madonna by Madonna's record label to quell rumors that Madonna is not only dead, but that she was never born in the first place. Why does Madonna always wear a hood and or sunglasses in public? Why did Shawn Penn punch out reporters and photographers who tried to photograph and interview her?

The truth is that the Madonna in videos, movies, and records is computer generated. She is state-of-the-art art. A pure creation of movie, record, and television marketing executives and a Cray XMP much like Max Headroom: a computer generated personality.

Shawn Penn was hired by Warner Communications to appear with a human double to make Madonna seem more real, but also to protect the double from being found out.



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I ask the moon
and he says "Eternity waits for those
who take pills"
so I take the pills
and wait for eternity
Mr. Moon says "no, asshole Eternity
waits for you"
I pretend to understand, but
Confused, I take more pills
"now read to us from your book of
dreams"
say the stars
I open the book to find my written
pages
blank
Embarrassed, I make them up in my
head
the stars say "Yes, that's it"
Stars are so stupid
with my pills and my empty book
of dreams
I bide my time while eternity waits
I set my mind for the sun and
the mountains
and the sea
and speak to them with
equally fruitless results
I have run out of pills and resort to
the needle
spacing my Dreams along
my forearm
NOW eternity comes and I fill
my book
dreaming about Moments of Action
and forever having to converse with
one very ignorant star.

— Lee Roberts King



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Just Say "Yes"

By Tim Glazner
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

For the past few months there has been a barrage of television shows, commercials, and news reports on the evils and dangers of cocaine, crack, marijuana, homosexual, heterosexual, and promiscuous sex, not to mention all the hubbub about alcohol and drunk driving. They're telling us to just say "no" to drugs and sex.

Basically the society of the 80's is overturning all that was accomplished in the 60's. This is disgraceful. Yes, people are dropping like flies from AIDS, and cocaine is ruining life for many executives and hairdressers. Sure people are dying from drug use, but that's a risk you take. Jimi Hendrix knew the risks, but he was willing to die for the cause. How many people died at Woodstock? Do you hear any of them complaining? In the 60's drug culture lots of people died, but they didn't whine about it. What we have now is a society of wimps!

We in the 80's cannot sit by and let all the lives lost in the sexual revolution become meaningless. We cannot forget all those hippies who took LSD and burned their eyes out tripping on the sun.



We cannot let those valiant soldiers of freedom down because our moms don't like drunk drivers. We must not be a disgrace to human freedom. Just say "yes". Drink and drive. Have sex with everyone you can. And if we die, we die happy. Come on America, let's not forget Jimi, Janice, Jim Morrison, and all the other soldiers of freedom who died to make America safe for drug crazed sex fiends! Take drugs, have illicit sex, and let freedom ring!

Slothlust

I missed your presence
by me
this morning
so badly that
I hit myself in the crotch
with a lamp
and pretended
it was you.

— Robert M. Reed

Amerika, Land of the (Drug) Free

A Play
By Phillip D. Troutman
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

The Characters:

MR. MUNDANE, ordinary passer-by.

MAN IN DARK SHADES.

The Place:

A street in town.

The Time:

Day after tomorrow.

MAN IN SHADES. Hey, you sir! Mundane, come with me!

MR. MUNDANE. What? Why?

SHADES. Mandatory urinalysis, I'm afraid. Come along now.

MUNDANE. Madatory unin...? Hey, you can't do this to me! This is America—land of the free and home of the Braves. I'm a citizen.

SHADES. Wrong, buddy. This is Amerika all right—land of Senator Bill Richardson, D-Columbia—and you're a suspect. By the way, so are the Braves.

MUNDANE. Leave me alone, I've just had a rough day at the office and I'm ready to go home and relax and—

SHADES. —Yeah, we know. Eat some dinner (fried ham, green beans, Hungry Jack biscuits, and two chocolate Ho-Ho's), pop some popcorn, watch *Still the Beaver* with your wife and two point three children and your dog, then go to bed.

MUNDANE. How do you know so much about me? Who are you anyway?

SHADES. We're DBG, and it's our job to know. Oh, your dog was confiscated this morning after you left for work. His urinalysis checked positive. Did you know your Fido has been smoking

marijuana?

MUNDANE. Marijuana?! The only thing I feed him is Tender Chunks and Flavobites heartworm medicine! Where in the hell would a dog get marijuana?!

SHADES. Now that's really none of my business is it? Anyway, I'm falling behind schedule, so let's go.

MUNDANE. Wait, you can't do this to me! I'm a fine upstanding member of the community. I'm a member of the Rotary Club! The Veteran's Association! The Greater Knoxville Beautification Board! I'm a Kerbella Clown, for crying out loud! I've never hurt anybody! I have no criminal record! I've never done anything wrong in all my life!

SHADES. Sure, buddy. That's what they all say. You're wasting my time, so let's get a move on. Here's your flask. Get to it.

MUNDANE. But, but, but—!

SHADES. —No buts—oh, thanks for reminding me, we'll have to check that, too...



"Amerika, I love you."





Purple Footsteps in Fort Sanders?

By Karen Patterson and Emma Byrne
Lame Monkey Guest Columnists

"I'll kiss a sunset pig," she said while meandering down the sidewalk. She looked at her feet, watching one step in front of the other. But a fly buzzed and she looked away. It flew North into the sky—until it disappeared. It's more than she can stand—the boredom of it all. Fort Sanders is really dead today. Penitence is fading. She likes this curious feeling. She's not lost, but she doesn't know where she is. Everything spoke to her soul in secret—in its own delicate native

language—the purple footsteps of Fort Sanders entranced her. "What is the purpose of those footsteps?" she wondered. Then, a voice spoke to her, "They are in memory of Purple Paul, who was an artist. He lived in New York and always wore purple. Every day for ten years, Purple Paul rode his bike out of town and brought back dirt. Soon he had a beautiful park in the middle of town. Then someone bought the property and paved over Purple Paul's park. The neighborhood tried to stop it—how does one stop the bulldozers? Purple Paul has since then died, but in his memory, one of his friends painted purple footsteps all over

New York. And so, now Purple Paul is also remembered in Fort Sanders." The woman's thoughts became clear.

By the time she got to the psychiatrist's office it was getting very late in the day, but she was revitalized. She could not wait to tell her analyst about her new discovery. Her analyst told her that it was all moot and gave her another perscription.



Untitled Trevor Blake

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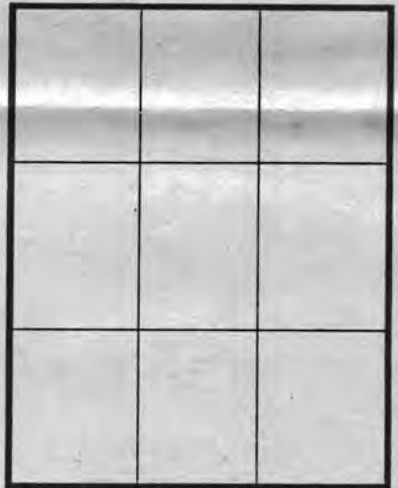
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Solution on Page 3



Christopher Grey

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The Restaurant from Hell

JIT Bret Wood

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HEY JOEY, GIMME ANOTHER BAI

YOU GOT IT, DUDE!

JOEY'S GIVING ME A RIDE IN HIS DADDY'S NEW BMW

HEY YOU #6#7!

LET'S PARTY

SLOSH

GRRR

DRIED PUKE

NOBODY TALKS TO MY GIRL LIKE THAT, YOU FAT LITTLE SONOFA—

HEY! WATCH IT YOU BIMBO

SUCK ON THIS!

YOU KNOW YOU MAKE ME WANNA BOOM!

CALL ME NERO

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

WEDDING!!! Miss Wendy Sharon Nichols to Mr Thomas Andrew Setaro, March 16, 1987, 5PM. Country Oaks Apartments Club House. Reception to follow immediately and last until midnight. Food, beer, B&J wine cooler, etc. as long as it lasts. Who cares about finals?! Let's party! You must provide your own bail money.

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