

Still Less Than 15% Advertising Content !!!

The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Volume 1 Number 6

November 23, 1987

FREE

Ron Ruelle Wins Chair of Excellence Sweepstakes



*"Like Ed McBoling says:
'You can't win if you don't
enter... and you stand a
better chance of winning
if you enter lotsa times.'"*

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The Restaurant from Hell



Lettuh from da Edituh

Howdy. Yes, it's yet another issue of the Lane Monkey and a damn good one too (that's if I can find something to go on the bottom of page 6 by tomorrow).

I'd like to thank all the people who submitted work to this issue—if your work wasn't included, don't feel bad, we had a record submission rate so the competition was stiff.

I'm breaking tradition a little by not writing this letter at 3am the morning of press deadline. Rather, it's ~~Saturday~~, oops, Sunday at 2am and I've got all of tomorrow to pull it together. Whew, another one done.

I was really shocked after the last issue came out and people I didn't know asked about the Letter from the Edituh. I didn't know people really read this part of the paper. I wouldn't, but I guess it means that people actually have an interest in the people and the process it takes to pull together a paper of this kind. And that's

encouraging.

But, there's still this dilemma: Does anybody really read this (5K of you?) or what? We had the Chair of Excellence Giveaway at the Long Branch (see page 7) and *nobody showed up*. Only one of our three Finalists appeared. The place was empty. Okay, so it was a little early at 7:30 pm, but it wasn't too early to drink or have a laugh or two.

The first meeting of The Friends of the Lane Monkey a couple weeks prior went much better. We even had a heckler. I had a *great* time. Twenty-three people fielding questions, laughing and getting drunk. Everyone was a comedian.


So what I'm wondering is... is our audience just dreadfully passive or just apathetic or annoyingly random? Okay, cop out, blame the audience. No good.

One of my friends who likes to analyze all of her friends tried to tell me why I publish this thing. She said that at heart

I'm an idealist who wanted to change the world, but found I couldn't and so I became somewhat cynical. She said this is my way of dealing with life—if I can't change things, I can try to influence them; the last great attempt of a disgruntled idealist. I said, "Maybe." I don't know. I used to analyze myself to death, but it's not healthy.

Financially, the Monkey is doing O.K. At this point, we're in the hole about \$30 this issue. Good thing we don't have any payroll. There's a chance that a local bar will come through with a 1/2 page and get us out of hock and increase this issue's circulation, but I'll believe it when it happens. No big deal; I just wish we could print 7,000 this time and set a new first.

But PLEEZ, keep those letters rolling in so I can get some feedback and know there's someone out there. Enjoy!

 Christopher Gray, Editor

These Times

The Young: I guess the arms race is pretty scary, but I've got zits.

The Elderly: I guess we've left a pretty unsafe world, but it's a lot less depressing to just bitch about the price of saltines to the girl behind the register.

The Yuppie: Peace, Love and Happiness were great ideas in theory, but they weren't worth a damn when I was trying to get my BMW.

The Law: Crime is increasing, but would you look at all these illegally parked cars?

The Greek: I'd rather drink than think.

The Jock: Huh?

The Nonconformists: Conform to us.

The Idealist: Maybe I can't make a difference.

—Dave Hoffman

Lettuhs to da Edituh

FROM AN ALUMNI

Lettuhs:

Congratulations on another fine issue. The cover picture was priceless. While no one will shed a tear for Big Ed, do you think we'll ever see the day when Big Phil, the student's pal, will hit the tracks? He is far more dangerous than Big Ed.

Your instructor evaluations were superb as usual. It is good to see that some things never change. Some of my "instructors" who were horrible a few years ago are apparently still horrible. Maybe someday no one will sign up for their classes and the administration will finally get the hint.

I wish you would do some feature stories on some of the 0.00 recipients, especially if they have notoriously received similar ratings in the past. You could sit in on a class and not even be noticed and get the real poop scoop on some of UT's finest examples of cures for insomnia. —(or maybe you could have a contest to name UT's most boring instructor.

One of my favorites was Dr. G[*\$@!] in the Finance Department. I am distressed to see that he is still teaching. He should have his license to teach removed. Check it out and see for yourself. You don't have to be a finance major to see how bad it is. Only Dr. G[*\$@!] could tell his class that an exam would be all multiple choice only to give an all essay exam which was impossible. He didn't understand why the class was outraged and most of the class flunked the test. His lame excuse was that he didn't have time to get the exam typed. What a Big Orange screwball. While this episode took place a number of years ago, I wouldn't doubt if it has happened again. I'd love to see his real teacher evaluations.

I wish that you would write a story featuring UT's infamous activity fee over which students have so much influence.

The enclosed copy of the Beacon is ripe for attack. First of all, at \$65 per quarter, a hell of a lot more than \$3,200,000 dollars is raised per year. Second, if you add up how much goes to Health Services, Athletic Dept. (especially the Women's Athletic Department), and "capital improvements and maintenance" practically nothing goes to areas where students have control. (A whopping \$50,000 goes to student publications.) I doubt that the Beacon gets very much considering all of the ads they sell. I'm afraid that Jerry Askew has been around Big Phil too long. The only students really benefitting are those that are always getting sick or getting free contraceptives. I hear the ice machines were removed from the dorms due to lack of funds.

I have enclosed a small contribution to purchase some bananas or beer for the monkey, whichever he prefers. Good luck in the future.

Sincerely,
Big Orange Alumni

COUNTERCULTURE

I don't know if you can print from pencil or not, but this needs to be said, so I sent it in. [see below]

Signed,
David M. Harris

P.S. Counterculture is a sacred mission. May the strength of the Rebel Gods be yours.



IN RESPONSE TO THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

How is it that there is evil in the world? In answering the article written by Doug Collins, I realize I am falling for the line he has attempted to bait poor ethereal souls with; however, it is quite obvious that Doug, yes you, Doug Collins, are oblivious to the correct procedure in answering the question that you yourself posed.

Your question, if you remember correctly, was:

How is it that there is an evil in the world?

Now, looking back at your "article," you will begin to realize, as I immediately did, that the presence of evil in the world was not the primary focus.

Without a doubt, Doug, you are a confused person. But I understand that it is my place to "help you out", by answering your questions (which are quite shallow and quite redundant). You stated, "God is omnipotent," and "God is omniscient," and you were correct; however you were misguided (who could have caused that, Doug?) when you imposed that statement "...He must have intended that everything that has happened, should have happened." In searching the scriptures, Doug, you failed to notice the one which reads "that He (referring to Jesus) may know to refuse the evil, and choose the good. (Isaiah). The reason there is evil

in the world, (ready, Doug?), is because man makes the decisions concerning his own actions. God has given us two choices — do good or do evil.

Come on, Doug, can you not come up with questions which are fairly original and thought-provoking? I look forward to

your future writings, as your grammar is impeccable.

Here is a real question for you: "Is placing toilet tissue between yourself and the porcelain bowl really a preventative measure against the latest communicable disease?"

[signed]
The Prophet.

DEAR MONKEY

dear Mr. Monky:
Fart Muntins
4go i cuit Evin
sPEL studint.
Now i are won
at UT.
GO VOWELS!
Sincerely,
PROUD FRESHMAN

The Lane Monkey prints 'As Is'; we do not change the spelling of a word unless absolutely necessary (Additions/Omissions by Editors for clarity/legality in [brackets]). If you have any comments regarding The Lane Monkey, please write: Lettuhs, The Lane Monkey Manifesto, P.O. Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800.

The Lane Monkey Manifesto

Official Newsletter of The Friends of the Lane Monkey

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How To Carve Your Monkey: Alternatives for Thanksgiving's Dreary Old Menu



Chef Rollo demonstrates the proper techniques for trimming a fresh Monkey. It's the perfect holiday treat!

Christopher Gray
Culinary Correspondent
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Tired of the same old Turkey every year? Ham just isn't a fair substitute anymore? Here's a little known alternative that'll add zest to your Holidays!

Monkey has been a turkey substitute for centuries in South America. This nutritious and tasty tree animal has supplied countless usurpers and guerrillas the strength to topple richer and better equipped governments—think of what it'll do for Junior's grades in school.

We met with Master Chef Rollo at the Restaurant aus Hölle, part of the South American Historical Settle-

ment in Bailey Falls, West Virginia. In a traditional South American setting, Chef Rollo demonstrated his unusual flair for preparing this new holiday favorite.

As you can see from the Monkey Cuts diagram, these little apes are chock full of good eating. The muscular



arms are the best, full of uncanny agility and meaty aerial-acrobat flavor. These are best for a good steak or filet. The legs are fleshy and full, just right for a breaded coating and smothered in aged cheese. For leftovers, the ground or chuck

make great burgers which will make your family enjoy leftovers for a change.

Take your family's weary holiday appetite and have them begging for seconds and thirds. With Chef Rollo's recipe and a tender Monkey this year will be the Thanksgiving to remember. Go buy some film for your camera and, this year, start a tradition of your own.

Rollo's Monkey Holiday Surprise

- Need:** 1 Tender Monkey
3 bags of salt
6 oz. of Potassium
9 bags of fertilizer
1 twelve-volt battery
1 electric igniter
1 large garbage can
96 oz. of water

Mix everything together and let stand overnight. When guests arrive, attach battery to wires leading to igniter and Enjoy!

Reviews of Popular Culture

H.S. Caterpillar
Entertainment Correspondent

Being the first in a series of cynically critical reviews of anything that is germane to the topic of popular culture, or that which pisses me off.

Gather round, children, as I have decided to initiate this series with a subject on which I have a great deal of experience—bars. I have listed the nine bars that I have explored and rated them on three scales. Music is the first criteria. Live music rates higher than canned; live turkeys are inferior to good canned tunes, and space for dancing counts. The second thing I look for in a bar is conversation. If the place is too loud then that is impossible. If the customers are refugees of the early Pleistocene, it may be difficult. The third criteria I used was preciousness (see "Precious" by The Pretenders). I don't go to bars in order to convince myself or others that I'm rich or powerful. I go to hang out, drink, listen to music and meet people. Hence, dress codes, valet parking, waiters that insist upon lighting your cigarette and lots of overly dressed pretentious snobs are counterproductive to a rewarding pub crawl.

A note for incoming freshmen (somehow fresh-people doesn't sound right): Don't believe everything you read, even if I did write it. These scales are completely subjective, artificial, irreproducible and probably bogus. The sum of the points means especially nothing.

Annie's: Gets a 4 in music for its high class jazz. Misses the 5 because the music I've seen there is almost academic jazz—very technically competent, but no sharp edges or subterranean feel, and because

they don't dance. I would give it a 5 if it had more couth. High marks for conversation, featuring unrecognized musical artists. The large -4 for preciousness is probably unjustified; people there are pretty relaxed, but I wrote it so it must be true.

Cityside: The only full 5 for music I gave; I've seen several bands there I really like, See 7 Excellent Pop Tunes and a truly and righteously Relentless Blues Band, for example. It gets a big fat zero for conversation simply because it is impossible there. The place is shaped like a shoebox, though bigger; the noise bounces at the band distorted, they turn up the volume to hear themselves above the bounce, etc. You find bands that play too loud because of their sexual potency demonstration needs, but every band I've heard there is too loud. Hey, Roland, how about hanging some sound baffles or maybe a macramé jungle gym? The preciousness is given a 0, due to the generous beers and great bartender.

Desperado's: Fitting name. Low marks for music because I don't grok country, but they do play some rock chartbusters and the dance floor is the main attraction. Conversation 0, desperation is

very unattractive. In fact, repellent. I know, I've been using it for years. It earns a -1 for preciousness, not due to suits, but for wallets chained to their belts and baleful stares.

Doodles: The place where the upper-lower and lower-middle income brackets can dress up and pretend they are in New York. Has a huge compact disk library of tunes, but the guy who runs it is rude when drunk. I give it a 1 for conversation, but I can't remember having one there. Perhaps the crowd just looks good. Big -5 on preciousness. Guys, if you want to score here, be sure to bring the title to an expensive sports car.

Ivories: What a pleasant surprise. Quiet, low-key, hidden. Not usual type of place, but comfortable, almost family. Not for a full-dress pub crawl or even a minor riot.

Long Branch: Great jukebox. Moldy oldies up to more recent classics. Conversation seems to be their major stock in trade, though there are pool tables for those that need something to do with their hands. I must, however, give it a -1 on preciousness due to the faint taint of hipper-than-thou emanating from some tables. They're young and will probably

grow out of it. By then they will probably grow out of the Long Branch as well and be making a killing in real estate or selling inflated stocks to senile widows.

Lord Lindsey's: You see, there are these evil trolls that take pop tunes, good-bad-indifferent, down into their slimy caverns and redub disco dreck onto the tracks, How they manage to distribute these full-grown abortions and monopolize certain establishments with them I don't know. The music score for this place is saved by the frenetic dance floor. I have no idea why I gave this place as high as a 2 for conversation. Perhaps, again, they just look good. Lots of fraternity types, but you can walk around them. Some interesting folk there for dancing.

Manhattan's: Only been there once, so I'm guessing, but I'd put it on par with Annie's. Different speciality in music, similar ambience. What is needed is 1 or 2 more places of similar type in the same area so that a full blown café society can arise, stumbling merrily from one to the next without recourse to dangerous driving.

Michael's: Similar to Doodles for an older and perhaps richer crowd. Valet parking and the big, blonde, bouncer-hunks with their cute little bow ties crack me up.

There it is. If I have spilt the name of the bar you own and you feel slandered, call my lawyer. Good luck. I haven't seen him since...well, forget that. But seriously, before you call out the bruiser boys to re-educate my frail frame, try a bribe. I assure you it will be cheaper.

If you would like to see something special reviewed or have any questions drop me a line c/o The Lame Monkey.

	Music	Conversation	Preciousness	Sum
Annie's	4	4	4	4
Cityside	5	0	0	5
Desperado's	1	0	-1	0
Doodles	1	1	-5	-3
Ivories	2	4	4	2
Long Branch	4	4	-1	7
Lord Lindsey's	3	2	0	2
Manhattan's	4	4	4	4
Michael's	2	0	-5	-3



Feeling No Pain

i am a writer of the eighties
 a victim of typewriters
 and word processors
 and i mite as well play guitar
 and sing.
 a singer of the eighties.
 we are the same.
 cause after you strum
 or type for too long
 after you analyze
 the situation and capture
 a feeling in words
 after all that
 you touch someone
 with your fingertips
 but they are numb
 hard as rocks
 calloused from pounding
 from telling the story
 instead of living it
 from stroking the keys
 and strumming the strings
 trying so hard
 to show others
 what you feel
 what they feel
 that you forget how
 to honestly feel
 anything anymore.

—Spike Gillespie

God's Little Petri Dish

Doug Collins
 Lame Monkey Philosophy Correspondent

What would you think of someone who spent his time with a petri dish full of cultured bacteria, giving them rules to live by, punishing them when they (as bacteria will) disobeyed him? What would you think of this person if he declared his undying love for the least of these uni-cellular beasts and demanded the same love and even worship in return? You would think him a pretty sick pup, ready for nice walks in the garden wearing a backward coat. Well then, riddle me this: God, what is man that thou art mindful of him?

You would think that a being infinite in every dimension would have better things to do than play games with a bunch of insignificant rubes on the outskirts of a backwater galaxy. I mean, come on, get a life! Be an omnipotent lawyer, or doctor, or something! Quit spending eternity with a pitiful species of barely hairless apes.

And just what is it that you do with these specimens, Oh Lord, Host of Hosts? Let's look at that carefully. If your version is correct, however improbable, you created a couple of innocent kids,



"Please Smite Him, Oh Lord!"

stuffed them full of curiosity, put them in a garden with a wise ass snake and told them not to eat apples that You made available. If I did that with my kids (supposing I had any) I'd be locked up as a child abuser. But the tale of your Creation continues...

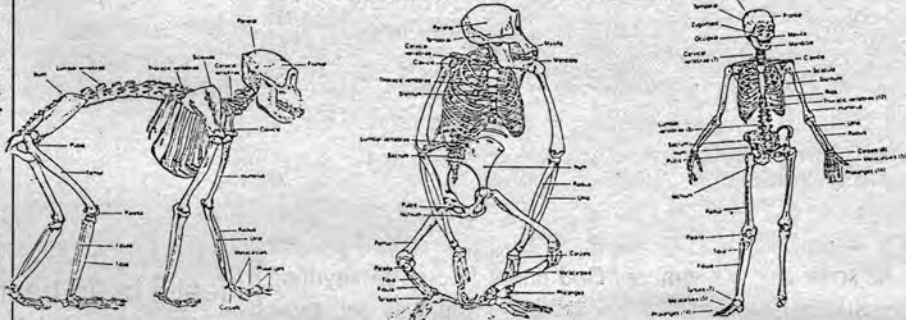
Having told these proverbial innocents not to think of a white bird, You come over all pissed off when, Lo and behold, they can't help thinking about white birds. You forgot something, O Divine Father: You gave these kids no moral sense. They did not know the differ-

ence between good and evil; of course they did what the serpent suggested. Whose fault is that? You figure it out.

I guess the point of all this, O Comforting Rod and Staff (whoops!, how did that slip in?), is that the image that most of us have about a human that can relate only with his immeasurable inferiors translates pretty well to godhood. You like us because You can tell us what to do; we pose no conceivable threat. No wonder we're so messed up, we're made in Your image.



THE HUMAN EXPERIMENT



We must crawl before we can walk
 You must gurgle before you can talk

Then what will you Do?
 and what will you Say?

What will you Know?
 When you think you can Pray

—Lee Roberts King

Does your **MIND** sometimes work at a terrifying pace?



Does Your Mind Sometimes Work?

Trevor Blake ©1987

HEY!

VINYL JUNKIES!

(CASSETTES AND C.D.'S AS WELL)

I'M SORRY, SIR, THE "DR. RUTH SHOW" LINE IS STILL BUSY; WILL YOU HOLD, SIR? SIR?

IF YOU, OR A FRIEND OR LOVED ONE, HAS THIS COMMON YET TRAGIC PROBLEM, CALL

RAVEN RECORDS NOW!

... BECAUSE WE CAN GET YOUR **FIX!**

→ 523-3898 ←

BEHIND WALGREEN'S ON THE STRIP.
 OPEN AFTER NOON.



God & The Godless Commies

Lonnie Raper
Lame Monkey Guest Columnist

The Lame Monkey Manifesto raised some interesting questions last issue in Doug Collin's article "God: That Good Natured Ole' Tyrant." I thought you might enjoy reading another angle on the "existence of God" question. Since Mr. Collin's article was directed toward "fundies," I guess my thoughts should be directed towards another group with an equally derogatory name. "Atheists" doesn't sound harsh enough. How about "secular humanists?" Hmm... "godless communists" might do. Enough with the name calling, let's get down to some logic.

Most honest "commies" will agree with the following statements:

- Postulate 1: God does not exist.
- Postulate 2: The universe is the result of accident, not design.
- Postulate 3: There is no objective right and wrong.
- Postulate 4: Survival of the fittest ultimately defines right and wrong actions.

As some may remember "God does not exist" was one of the "logical" conclusions of Mr. Collins article. For the sake of argument, let's grant Postulate 1 as given.



"I'm Sorry, we're all out of God."

Since God is the product of an over active imagination, an educated guess says our universe is the result of a long string of chance events extending into

infinity. Matter plus time plus chance eventually produced homo sapiens, overcrowding, wars and The Lame Monkey Manifesto. If I see another T.V. special referring to the "wisdom of Nature," I think I'm going to puke. This is a universe with no design, purpose or direction. It simply exists.

Given there is no design, it follows that there can be no objective right or wrong since that would depend on a transcendent source or authority (you-know-who). Right and wrong is not built into our world. We impose it by force of will. The more you are able to enforce you will, the more right you are. In other words, it is "survival of the fittest," or "might makes right." For example, Hitler was not really wrong. He was a repugnant creature who still makes a lot of people mad, but he wasn't "Wrong" with a big "W". He became wrong when someone more powerful said he was wrong and stopped him. In our case, we have guidelines for determining right and wrong actions in our Constitution and Bill of Rights which are

keep you warm at night?

I'm not saying the world would be reduced to chaos if we all lived as if there



Would God eat people burgers?

were no God. Most of us are just rational enough to see it's not in our best interest to screw everybody. However, the lid has been blown off the idea that one has the "inalienable right" to be left alone by those with Power. You can scratch justice off your list. It's an inspiring idea, but vir-

Pre-Historic Man and Awakening Soul

I feel a heart beat
and the first realization of life
my angel, my angel, beat
my angel, my angel
angelic, angelic, angelic, beat

the mist, my breath
murmuring star cave opening
animal skins and furs
dark middle night-wonder
early dawn clearing light—life
begin

—Lee Roberts King

enforced by government employees carrying big sticks. The truth is you are free to do anything you can get away with. Forget that malarkey about "violating human rights." We are no more significant than ants or cows on the evolutionary scale. We might as well say that ants have a greater right to life than humans because their proportionate strength is greater. The "murderous Con-

tras" are not violating human rights any more than we are violating "bovine rights" by eating Big Macs. It's survival of the fittest. Aren't these thoughts that

to make it worth waking up every morning while throwing out the very power that might make such concepts more than wishful thinking.

I haven't presented any real evidence for or against God's existence. Instead, I have merely pointed out an aspect of our lives which would require considerable rethinking if God does not exist. The question of God's existence is a little too complex and serious to be settled by attacking "fundies" and "godless commies." Let's get past that emotional garbage and try to find out what the truth is.

The ChowderHead Proof

I am setting out to prove by purely illogical means that man has free will.

1. Assume a man is a fish.
2. Fish swim.
3. You can mow someone else's lawn if they are not home.
4. Bill Coff of Shreveport, LA likes cigars.
5. Cigars don't swim
6. You can't mow a lawn with fish.
7. Bill Coff can't swim.
8. A fish is not a cigar.
9. To have free will, one must realize there is no such thing as Bob Barker.
10. Bill Coff has never been on "The Price is Right."
11. Therefore, all men have free will.

—Jadmo Oy Six

SMART SHOPPER

You Got A Resumé for \$7
What did you do,
Steal Someone Else's ???

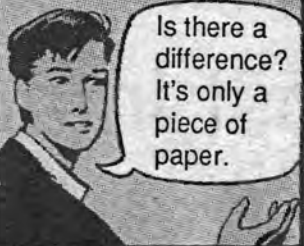


No, I went to those real cheap guys...

Look, Rick, Don't be a Schmuck... You know you get what you pay for.



Is there a difference? It's only a piece of paper.



Get smart, Rick. Your CAREER and FUTURE LIFE depends on it! Besides, the resumé you got looks like shit!

GAWD !!!

You're Right! With an ugly Resumé I might never get a job! I might as well shoot myself in the head.



UNIVERSAL... when your life depends on it!

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817 19th street
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There was a little man and his name didn't matter at the end we called him Jim he went to his office early in his life we saw him through a small window in the basement give the filing cabinet what-for and spill a folder on the floor and Nancy knew his real name the little apartment of hers made the two of them happy at nights in his fantasies a Christmas office party and he should give her a present under the mistletoe but no he wouldn't until his boss was gone he finished a drink and made a move for Nancy they kissed and were married for years the kids grew and they had a backyard where Jim killed his children in their treehouse.

—Lee Roberts King

An Intellectual's Guide to Child Abuse

Danielle de Gregory
Child Psychology Correspondent

The following are some basic guidelines for the Intellectual who aspires to a sophisticated level of child abuse:

First of all, it is always preferable to limit yourself to only one among several children. "Moderation in all excesses" (Zeno the Greek, ca. 310 B.C.) may be considered as the Intellectual's Golden Rule. This self-imposed restraint will produce unanticipated delights. The victimized child will find himself alienated from all familiar love and comfort centers. The other siblings will have an excellent opportunity to participate, thereby



exercising their own budding heinous potential.

Remember that good parenting requires the maintenance of a colorful and

varying environment—keep the kid off-guard! Allow him no security! This is easily accomplished with instantly gratifying results. Examples require little imagination: A peacefully sleeping child carried to foreign surroundings will experience uneasiness and whimpering upon gaining consciousness. If placed in a dentist's chair, an incessantly droning drill can induce a state of catatonic terror.

Recent tests have shown that the level of acceptable pain for a child is directly proportional to an adult's Recommended Daily Allowance of Stimulation Intake. It therefore follows that mealtimes are the preferred time slots for sadistic indulgences. For instance, the polite and quiet insistence that your child not eat with his hands can be an effectively disorienting technique if all utensils are placed out of reach.

The most exciting and anticipated event for sadistic parents is, of course, Christmas. A holiday sadly misused by Churchgoers and Altruists, the winter celebration of a famously alienated child is an enormous untapped resource of indiscriminate wealth. Create a Christmas that your child will always remember. This is a special occasion. Invest in a real pine tree for your offspring's bedroom. Decorate this Yuletide symbol with doz-

ens of lovely colored, lighted candles. The tree base should be kept moist in a kerosene-filled basin.



Stockings should be stuffed with enticingly shaped empty boxes.

Home-altered gifts come from the heart and will be original mementos for your child's nostalgic later years. These proved successes practiced by Advanced Intellectuals are now collectively grouped as the The Auschwitz Style. Preliminary ex-

amples include electrical bath toys, Gobots with soldered joints, piranhas as pet fish, M&Ms packaged in bottles with child-proof caps, sulphur scented Cabbage Patch dolls, and, a personal favorite, remote control operated teddy bears with *The Exorcist's* soundtrack.

If readers are interested in further information, refer to the writing of the Marquis de Sade, *The Songs of Maldoror* by Lautréaout and excerpts from Reagan's *Advice to the Poor and Homeless*.

The Famous Worst Day

WEDNESDAY

Famous Dollar-Night

FRIDAY

**\$2 Pitchers
4-7 pm**

"Knoxville's Most Infamous Party Spot"

Home of Jimbette
Back Deck Open Year-Round



Chair of Excellence Sweepstakes Ends

"Oh My God!... I Can't Believe I've Won!"



Ron Ruelle, Chair of Excellence recipient and self-admitted ballot stuffer, poses here for photographers as the winning name is revealed.

It was an ordinary Thursday evening at The Long Branch Saloon, or so everyone thought. But it was much more than that, for tonight The Lame Monkey Chair of Excellence would be awarded to some lucky soul.

"Yesterday I was a worthless paramecium. Today... I have power beyond all dreams. God, I love this country!"

The place was empty except for the owner and his friends, like some ancient

Aztec temple, abandoned, but not forgotten. The bar was barren of people at this early hour as Christopher Gray, Lance Bledsoe and Bob Daedalus shared anxious moments in anticipation of the evening's festivities. "Where's the goddamn Finalists; where is everybody?"

Chris could be overheard saying. And then the phone rang...

Ron Ruelle, finalist #3, called to say he was leaving work and would be there in a matter of minutes and not to start without him. Chris conferred with the sweepstakes judges and ruled that we could wait only a few minutes longer until the million dollar prize was auctioned to help pay for Issue #6 of the Lame Monkey Manifesto. He'd better hurry.

With only seconds left, the door flew open wide and in raced Ron, sweat trailing behind him as he leapt to the table, frantically announcing, "I'm Here! I'm Here!"

The ceremony began. Christopher Gray welcomed those in attendance, bought them a round of beers and asked for the envelope. "And the winner of the Chair of Excellence is... Ron Ruelle!"

The black cape concealing the Chair of Excellence was thrown back and the crowd, momentarily blinded, knew that they were witnessing history.

"Gawd... it's beautiful," said Ron as he gazed at its pristine detail. "This will look great on my resumé. I've got to call my Mom and tell her. She said I'd never amount to anything, and, well, here I am!"

The Lame Monkey Chair of Excellence, a farce as great as the program at UT, had run its course.

The Lame Monkey Chair of Excellence, a farce as great as the program at UT, had run its course.



The Chair of Excellence is unveiled for the first time... the crowd gasps and realizes that they have seen history in the making. No sound could be heard.



"Don't abuse your new found powers." "I won't, Father."



Accepting the prize from Monkey publisher Christopher Gray, Ron maintains poise and self-control.



Blinded with tears of joy, Ron is comforted by Friends of the Lame Monkey President Lance Bledsoe.

Chair of Excellence Sweepstakes
 Winner Data Sheet

Name: RON RUELLE Age: 21

Home: COOKEVILLE, TN (???)

Goals: To succeed By Taking The Path of Least Resistance

Favorite Books: Anything by Dr. Seuss

Philosophy: Life's Too Short To Take Seriously

Sign: CAPRICORN

Ideal Woman: TICKET WRITIN' BITCH

NOW YOU CAN CHOOSE JIT'S NEXT VICTIM!





The Return of Maxwell Meateater

Paul Mozingo

The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Peeep...peep...peeeep. A shrill sound shattered the cold early morning air. The engine roared as the Northern Sanitation Service truck backed down the alley. It stopped and Smyth Rogers, garbage man, stepped lythely down from his perch on the rear of the truck, planting his feet gently and releasing his grip on the cold metal handbar carefully so as not to disturb the curious silence that followed the driver's grinding change of gears. Sleepers rolled over and grimaced in their beds, but none rose to watch from their frost streaked windows as Smyth brushed some errant ashes from his dark green overall sleeves and began making his way around the narrow dead-end alley. He took one trash can, then another, and dumped them into the rear receptacle of the truck.

Suddenly, quietly, a bit of drunken feminine laughter echoed between the graffiti scarred brickwork—just a chuckle, but enough to catch the attention of the sharped eared refuse attendant in the stillness of the air. It was muffled even as it escaped, but it left a haunting impression in the narrow space that sent a chill up Smyth's spine. He stood up straight and set down his can, looking around. Then he coughed and sighed. "Someone still having a good time from last night, I guess," he said to himself, squinting towards some of the apartment windows high up on the walls.

"Shhh!" he heard.

He looked around again. "Gosh, that sounds close by," he thought as he gazed around suspiciously, "but I guess it's just a queer echo in here." He went back to dumping cans telling himself he was a silly old man for letting his imagination run away with his senses. He made his way down the row of cans, picking up the scraps that the dogs had dragged out onto



the ground. He signaled to the driver to pull up a bit so that he could get the cans beside the truck. The engines popped and roared once more, and as they quieted, Smyth distinctly heard a long modulating hiss, much like a whisper. "Such a strange thing..." he mumbled. He moved towards the cans that the truck had just pulled away from. "If I didn't know better, I'd swear those sounds were comin' from inside those cans." He stomped up closer, peering over the tops at the tightly closed lids. He stood on his toes to look behind them at the bare wall. Nothing. "Hmph!",

he said in self disgust and began to turn away, when suddenly, another giggle issued forth, this time unmistakably from the second in a row of four cans. "Well God damn," he said to himself grasping the handle to the lid firmly in his hand meaning to settle the matter for his active imagination once and for all. He paused for a moment, still somewhat apprehensive, wondering if he need bother. He was off the next day anyway, "George could pick it up tomorrow." He paused, thinking, withdrawing. The driver called back, "Hey Smyth we ain't stoppin' fer lunch are we?" Frustrated, he grasped the lid once more with his right hand and, only with another very brief hesitation, pulled the lid back forcefully and scowled at the contents crying, "Ahh!"

"There! Nothing but trash. Ha! I knew I was a silly old man, but this takes the cake." He shook his head, staring down at the coffee grounds and egg shells that graced the heap of beet-juice-stained trash within the container. He found it somehow comforting.

Then—quite suddenly—pain shot up his arm, blinding him with its intensity. He hurled the lid towards the truck, screaming with agony and thrusting his hand before his face. He forced his vision to clear and stared at it in horror. He plummeted into the first throes of shock, his eyes widening, a blackness growing behind them. How could it have happened? After seventeen years on the job, how could a garbage can lid have snapped off what amounted to three quarters of his right hand in an instant?

He stood fast in his delirium. Through clouded vision he saw four trash can lids slowly advancing on him. It seemed that he was dreaming. He stepped back, screaming. He fell. The scream was cut short.

Maxwell kept back and watched his friends. A sickness developed in his stomach as he watched them eat. "They don't even bother to taste their food," he remarked. He watched as two lids circled around the truck in each direction, headed for the driver who was even at that moment lumbering out of the cab to investigate the screams, probably thinking the company had lost another good man to the hydraulic system. "This just isn't fun anymore. Not like it used to be," thought Max.

"Wh...wh-who wants ta...dri-ve?", asked Vanessa, who was the drunkest of them all.

"You all right, Van?", asked Richard, licking from his metal-like lips some juices from the second garbage man. "That first one gave you a pretty nasty throw."

"Ah, she's all right. She's just had one bum too many, that's all," said Charles, coming back around the truck with Rick. "That last one was drinking antifreeze, the dope. No wonder she's so wasted."

"I'll steer," said Max, "if one of you will work the pedals." He was hoping to get back into the spirit of things. He just

didn't seem to enjoy this kind of thing any more. And then there were the nagging events of yesterday trying to break into the back of his mind. But behind the wheel and terrorizing the three-in-the-morning New York City streets as a metal lid behind the wheel of a careening garbage truck, Max began to feel more at ease.



"Now this is what it used to be like," he thought, only then allowing himself to recount in his mind the events that had led up to his present situation.

It was just late yesterday afternoon that he had been lying (or rather hanging) in wait for one Brady Cooper in the form of a flashing red, white, and blue Budweiser beer sign in the window of the *Barny's Fourth Street Danceteria*. Cooper owned the place as well as a lot of other things in town. He was a very big man, both in size and in importance. Some even dared to say that he was involved with the infamous Cain gang. But it was not Cooper's shady business deals that made Maxwell interested in him as a target. It was not that he had laid waste to many an honest businessman and thrown them, hungry, into the streets. It was not that his shady political deals were robbing millions of their tax dollars and their rights or that his factories were illegally poisoning them. It was partly all of those things, of course. But mostly it was because Mr. Brady Cooper was an asshole.

Maxwell flashed on especially long and hard, thrilling at the surging amperes flowing through his amorphous body. Brady was due at any minute—even overdue. Max shivered with anticipation; he lived for this. He listened, his senses seasoned with ages of experience. The street wasn't empty, but few were near. Max singled out the sounds of two men approaching from opposite directions, one about 165 pounds, dragging his feet, the other about 320 pounds, and walking with a cane. The latter was Cooper. Max allowed himself a grin, but quickly dropped it. There was a nagging familiarity about the gait of the other man. Max could not place it, but Max, the most fearless and feared of meat-eaters, was somehow disturbed.

But he didn't have time to think about it. Brady would arrive at any minute and he had to be ready. He had waited too long for this morsel as it was, and in his flashing patriotic colors he was even beginning to annoy himself. The footsteps drew nearer, and Cooper's belly came into view, closely followed by the rest of Cooper. Ready to pounce, Maxwell glanced back to gauge the bartender's

position, then whipped his neon eyes back onto Cooper, who was carrying a shining object under his bulging arm. "This is too good to be true!," thought Maxwell, recognizing the *New York Chamber of Bars and Pubs Annual Platinum Platter for Excellence in Service of Boozes and Liquors Award*.

Maxwell was not a frequenter of Chamber institutions. In fact, he probably would not have even recognized the award had he not been hanging over a half-dozen similar trinkets in the window, identical to the one Cooper held as a baby in his arms save for the tarnish and the dates. It did not take all of Maxwell's wit and experience to figure out where the new one was to be placed. Brady Cooper was walking right into his doom. He was delivering himself on a platinum platter.

Cooper came in. He waved his award above his head to the bartender, who ignored him. He approached the window smiling, platter out before him. Maxwell reared up in neon ferocity glaring down at Coopers terrorized recognition of death. But a shadow filled the window, and out of the corner of his eye, Max caught a glimpse of a horribly familiar visage, wrenched in shock and hatred.

Max hesitated, and the instant that Max needed passed as he wondered which move to make first. Out of instinct he made an arbitrary decision and lunged at Cooper, his eyes still on the window, his heart becoming aware that he had probably chosen wrong. His teeth met flesh, there was a cloud of blood, there was a clatter as the platter hit the floor, and a thud as Cooper's severed head hit the platter. Max stopped a split second to swallow, then in a shower of glass was out the window and onto the street.

Empty. The street was empty. Max darted around the corner, pulling his plug out behind him, and rushed down the dead end alley, where he would spend the evening. He fell bloated and sweating behind some trash cans and there dropped off into uneasy thought.

It wasn't until evening that his thought would be broken by another familiarity. A tattered bum approached his resting place looking for discarded dinner. "Come any closer and you shall become one," Maxwell thought to himself irritably. But even then it was too late for the vagrant. He was suddenly pulled out of sight behind a trash can amidst a burping and slathering that Maxwell fondly remembered from his less responsible days. It was his old gang from the South Side. And he tried to forget that he had been discovered by Bo Coondiddly, loyal assistant to Captain Dr. Chjarboxxolov, infamous hunter of meateaters around the world. It didn't seem possible that he should appear here after so many years. But where Coondiddly is snooping around, Chjarboxxolov can't be far behind.



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The Lame Monkey Manifesto WIN A DATE WITH JOHNNY MAJORS SWEEPSTAKES

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The Cop on the Corner

E.S. Douglas
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

It's time. Time for what? I'll tell ya what. What, time? No! It's time for something to be said about yet another bothersome piece of the UT puzzle. The official University of Tennessee Safety Patrol, the cop on the corner.

Everyday, at the corner of Volunteer and Andy Holt, a little charade will repeat itself hundreds of times. The traffic lights will change from green to red (and red to green), cars will drive through the intersection, and on each of the four poles that stand on each of the four corners a little man stands in the limelight to let everyone know when it is their turn to cross the street. This glowing figure is offset by the bright red hand that conveys the message, "It is unsafe to cross the street at this time."

Now this is all a very simple sounding



process, one with which you would expect no difficulty, right? My point is that only an idiot would step out in front of an automobile advancing toward them at a high rate of speed. These crossing lights

would seem to be superficial, there only to meet some safety requirement of the law. But this is not enough! At the time of the light change, something else happens. A shrill sound permeates through the air. A signal, superfluous, but present nevertheless. It is the biting blast of the small silver whistle carried by your friend and mine—The Cop on the Corner.



"Buck'! up, Timmy!
We're goin' to run
down some students!"

you safely cross the street!

He's there for you!

What a crock! Why would anyone think that college students need a policeman to help them cross an intersection such as the one at Volunteer and Andy Holt? Have there been reports of massive student death tolls due to people leaping in front of oncoming cars? Is the University worried that they *might* lose big bucks due to a decrease in student population? Probably. BUT the point is that there have been no reports of the kind mentioned above. (If they are around I have missed them and would greatly appreciate being informed.) This would lead a person to conclude that people can cross the street

by themselves. I, personally, have been doing this for some time (I've gotten pretty good at it) and I feel I can say, with a fair amount of honesty that, it's pretty easy to do. You look both ways (left and right, folks) and if there is a car(s) coming down the street at just about any rate of speed, you don't step out in front of it. (The exception being when the girl from your history class is passing the car on her 10-speed.) Pretty simple, right?

But these policefolk seem to think their assistance is required and so they arm themselves with guns (what? Are they going to shoot me if I jaywalk?), sticks (no doubt to beat back the students who step into the crosswalk too early), and those annoying little whistles. Thus equipped, they set out at certain given



intervals of the day to act like overgrown boy scouts and guide little students across the streets. Let's hear it for our own personal safety patrol people!

"Yay!"

A Big Orange Fable

Thomas Perkins
Lame Monkey Fabelist

Once upon a time, in the Kingdom of Orange, there lived a great Sergeant who served under a great Majors, who in turn served the King and his minions.

And the Sergeant had a son.

Everything went well in the kingdom and everyone was happy, until one day the Sergeant's son was caught cheating on his clerical studies.

The Priest was very upset and complained bitterly to the King. The King realized this was a second offense; the punishment for which was suspension from the monastery. But the King loved his Majors and he loved his Sergeant, and the Sergeant's son was going to graduate from the monastery soon anyway, so he hid the evidence in his desk and asked everyone to forget about it.

This made the Priest very angry. "Is it fair that one should be treated more fairly than another?" he asked. And he received no answer. So he left to wander in the Northlands, hoping that one day justice would be met.

The Sergeant's son entered graduate studies at the monastery, tho his grades were not adequate.

The Kingdom's scribe uncovered the scandal and gathered evidence, which probably would result in the King's resignation and many legal problems, so great lawsuits were threatened and nothing happened.

The moral: If you can't make the grade, have friends in high places.



The Lame Monkey Manifesto HorrorScope



Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 22) Watch for a tall dark stranger to sweep you off your feet towards the middle of this week. He/she will carry you through the dimensional gateway and thrust you, kicking and screaming, into the deepest pits of Hades. Avoid making any long-term commitments.



Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 21) If you feel that you are being abused at work, that your friends don't respect you, and that your being ripped off right and left, then relax. You are, they don't, and you are, and there is nothing you can do about it.



Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Romance is just around the corner. But be prepared for some family conflict. It may be of a form that your father won't be proud of.



Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19) Take time out to enjoy yourself. Take control of your life and straighten it up this week. It will probably be your last.



Pisces (Feb. 20-March 20) Circumstances may allow you to take unfair advantage of a loved one today. Do it! If you smart, do it, because they'll be the first in a long line to do the same to you tomorrow and the next day.



Aries (March 21-April 19) A domineering type may try to impose himself on you this week. Be especially wary of one eyed men bearing chainsaws.



Taurus (April 20-May 20) Luck is on your side today—you'll die tomorrow.



Gemini (May 21-June 20) Be careful not to spend too extravagantly this week. You may need the money to cover the expenses of a sudden tragedy. Also, you may want to pay a visit to your parents - soon.



Cancer (June 21-July 22) You may be in store for a heavy family conflict, but your superior management skills will help you to make the right decision. If you hole up at a friend's, things may blow over, but the airports and bus stations are always staked out.

UT ADMINISTRATOR JUMBLE

By Paul Mozingo

Unscramble these four Jumbles, one letter to each square, to form four ordinary administrators.

RRHSUCEE
 KSEWA
 GIBNOL
 SHONNOJ



Now arrange the circled letters to form the surprise answer, as suggested by the above cartoon.

Answer:

A M P M



Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) You will withstand a temptation to betray your mate. Your mate will succumb to many.



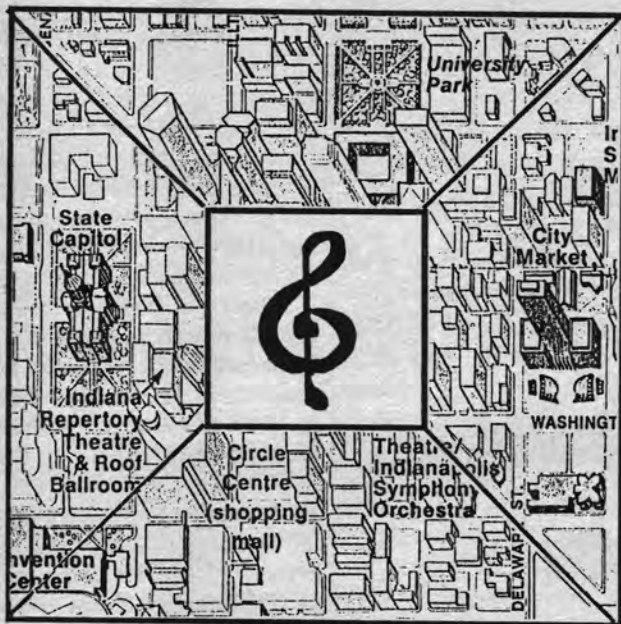
Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Focus on your public rather than your private life. Your last few months of sleazy living have hurt your reputation. Check for your phone



Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) This is a dangerous time for you. People will find you even more annoying and tiresome than usual. You will talk entirely too much, even if you just apologize each time you act like an ass.

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Further Adventures in the Hell House

Sandy Capps

The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Sure, I had heard of cockroaches before I moved into the Hell House, but I had never encountered the *Cock Roaches from Hell*. Pat, my roommate, had briefed me on their abundance in the old buildings in Fort Sanders; I'm used to bugs—I've lived in the sticks. But then I had never seen cockroaches like the ones I was to meet last summer in the Hell House.

The roaches laid low while I was moving my stuff in that late summer. I did not see them at all until the first time I brushed my teeth in the bathroom sink. As I bent down to spit, I noticed a ring of roaches around the sink's edge. They wore beach towels and carried inflatable floats. As I stood there, forgetting to spit, they began to audibly protest my slowness. "Are you about through?", one finally yelled. "My float's losing air."

Normally I would have picked up the

nearest shoe to squash them for their impudence, but their sheer number intimidated me. And there was something about those chitinous features...

I omitted flossing, leaving the bathroom and good dental hygiene behind. I overheard one grumbling as I left that I had left the sink filthy with my spit and toothpaste. I decided it was time to ask my roommate the truth about the roaches.

Pat had been in the Hell House for several years, yet, she had never told me

about the roaches' audacity. When confronted, she looked surprised, then embarrassed.

"I guess I don't pay much attention to them anymore. I feed them a little and they do me little... favors now and then. Yeah, favors."

Sickened by what seemed to be the nadir of depravity, I went to my room to escape the roaches and Pat. Pat seemed to be lost in another world by this time anyway.

I locked Pat out, but not her partners in perversion. Under the door walked the biggest cock roach I have ever seen. I sensed this was the one who had been the most "helpful" to Pat. He wore Raybans and a little gold chain that shone against his 2" thorax.

Before I could comment on their uninvited entrance, the biggest cock roach stopped me with a wave of his leg. "Do you know about the arrangement we have with your roommate? It's been good for both of us. She keeps us satisfied with food and we just keep her satisfied."

My mind reeled momentarily at the thought of what a cock roach like that could do for a woman, any woman, even Pat. I was not immune to his charms as he stood in my room, a shaft of sunlight setting off his chittinhood. For a moment, I felt myself sway, feeling the same irresistible pull that had so completely captivated Pat.

Fortunately, someone came up the steps at that time and the roaches retreated, the leader smirking as he undressed me with his eyes. I knew they would be back and I prayed that I might be better prepared for the crude sexual overtures the next time. Thank God, I live near a college campus and have access to every crude sexual overture imaginable.

Come, my Love
To the Pat Boone film festival,
Where heroin is injected, free of charge
Let us eat pork rinds and mayonnaise
Until we're too large
To get through the door

Apple of my eye
Rotten to the core
Come, my Love
Let us bark at TV evangelists
And sculpt the President's colon
In play dough
Let us keep a secret
That no-one may know
Except for the low, low price of only \$9.99 !!
(3 records or 2 cassettes or 8-tracks)

Come, my Love
Let us do quadratic equations
And discuss the virtues of polyester
Let us support for the presidency—
Uncle Fester
BETTER YET
Let us turn off the TV
I'll turn you on
And you turn on me

—Anthony James Gustin

The Restaurant from Hell

Christopher Grey



Boner's Fishtank

Juan Wuelle



Clown On The Run

Doug Sutherland



JIT

Bret Wood



Come, my Love
Let us do quadratic equations
And discuss the virtues of polyester
Let us support for the presidency—
Uncle Fester
BETTER YET
Let us turn off the TV
I'll turn you on
And you turn on me

—Anthony James Gustin

Lame Monkey Classified Ads

Win A Date
With
Johnny Majors
SEE PAGE 9



PERSONAL

ALL GIRLS PLEASE WRITE.

I am serving time at the Federal Correctional Institutional in Milan, Michigan and would like to hear from you. Thomas Ponchik, 02284-041, Box 1000, Milan, MI 48160.

Don't touch that gun. Remember Gimpy Saves. For more information, send \$1 to Lame Monkey, P.O. Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800.

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See us on the U.C. Plaza
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and
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December 1 & 2

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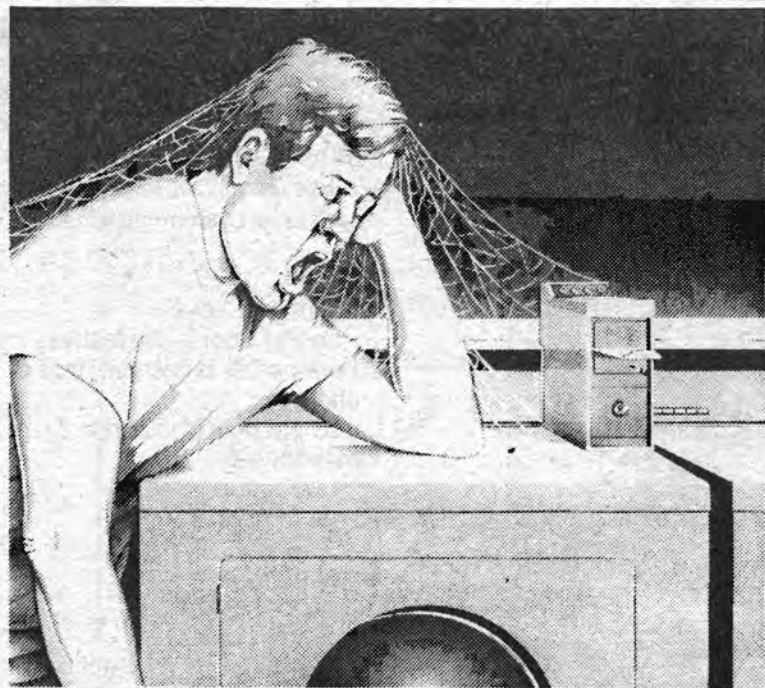
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