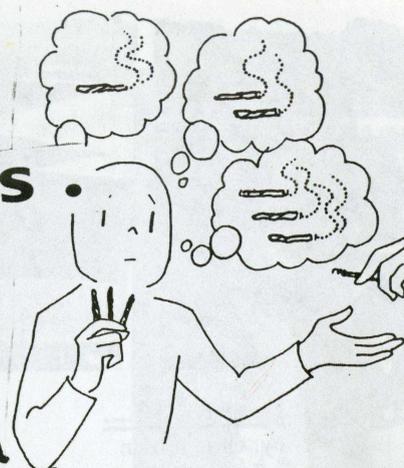
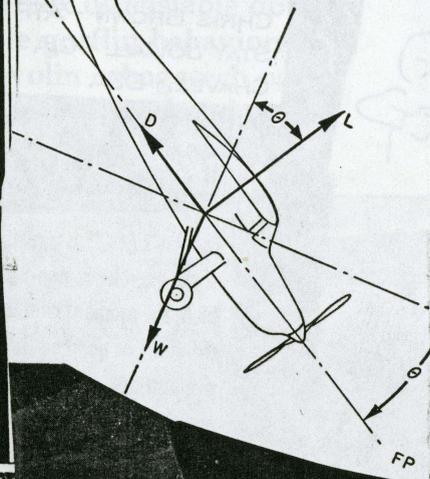


# Paras



This can make tasks that require a clear mind difficult, meaningless or unsafe.

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## WHAT'S THIS LITTLE MAN DOING ON MY KNEE?

by jay (Keep your heaven to yourself - - happiness in the clouds. It tastes itchy.

Keep your 'if only's' - - if only she would get to know me; if only she would love me; if only I could get rid of her, that bitch. - - watch them slide away like a jug of milk pushed across a kitchen table: whoosh, pause, whoosh, pause . . .

Keep your spirituality and explanations. Manufacture and build them up around you like a tree house. Tree houses are fun to play in, but be careful where you step because you may fall out and be forced to realize that there is a really big ground down there with no walls around it.

**BEING without reason is absurd. BEING without reason is a big fuzzy hitman who has come to wipe off your milk moustache with a solar flare. BEING tastes like an explosion, and it don't need no 'why.'**

So keep your materialism and your faith in faith. I found a funkiness in my own faith [a faith in funkiness], and swished it around my mouth, and tasted myself, with a tinge of wordy cholesterol, slightly underplaying a sensual overtone.

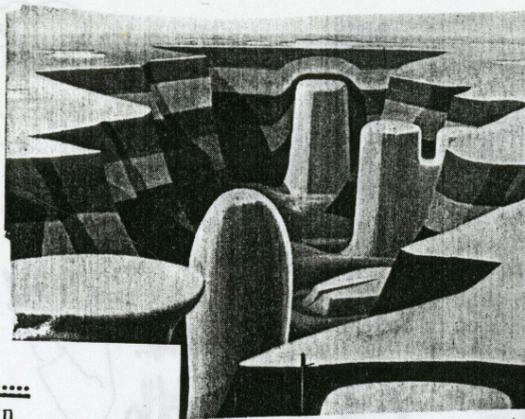
Yes, keep your glory days and your polite masking smiles.

I say, take the only real way. The way of the chicken. And, for that matter, the way of the wad of gum under the table. The table and the gum. The gum and the table. The rum and the fable. Your momma is a fat Elvis-lover, and you ain't nuthin' but a fuzzy wuzzy bear swimming through vats of fats singing 'bout I got the blues cuz the knife ran away) witherspoon

THIS LITTLE MAN IS ON MY KNEE. HE IS A LITTLE MAN. HE FITS ON MY KNEE. I DO NOT REMEMBER A TIME WHEN HE WAS NOT THERE. HE IS THE LITTLE MAN ON MY KNEE. PERHAPS I WILL WRITE A STORY ABOUT HIM ONE DAY.

TO "TUNE IN"





**Dear S.I.R.....**

by: chris brown

Sometimes I think I am living in a *Théâtre de L'absurd* play when I read that pathetic publication called the Sou'wester. One of the most informative articles which wasted about a half-page last week was on the "change" concerning the SIRs. The great "change" that will take place will be that now our wonderful and intelligent student representatives will hand out the SIR forms and read a pre-written letter to the class. This is supposed to "create a more confidential and serious atmosphere..." when students fill out these forms. Now, let's be realistic just for a second. Student reps handing out the SIRs will not have any effect on how the SIRs are used. The RSG seems to have a lack of analytic skills when it comes to thinking through who interprets the SIRs. Who gives a fuck whether the professor or some student hands out the SIRs. This will not change a single thing on how the SIRs are used. It is the administration that assumes the duty to interpret the SIRs and then use them against any job position or professor they want to terminate. It is the administration which is the problem here, not those who hand-out the SIRs. Our Greek filled student government

seems to think that they really are accomplishing something with this "change" in policy. Of course, if the function of the RSG is to suck the dick of the administration then I must compliment them on the job they are doing with only one small complaint. **SUCK HARDER!**



**STAFF**

- XAFT MINOR - FDA
- JHEY WHITHERFUNK - EPA
- NEETO BEEF URN - FBI
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The Rat's Ass™ is a metalinear botching of the exercise in non-recursive duality; as such, the opinions contained herein reflect the views of no one other than their respective authors. Thank you for choosing our airline, and we hope you will fly with us again.



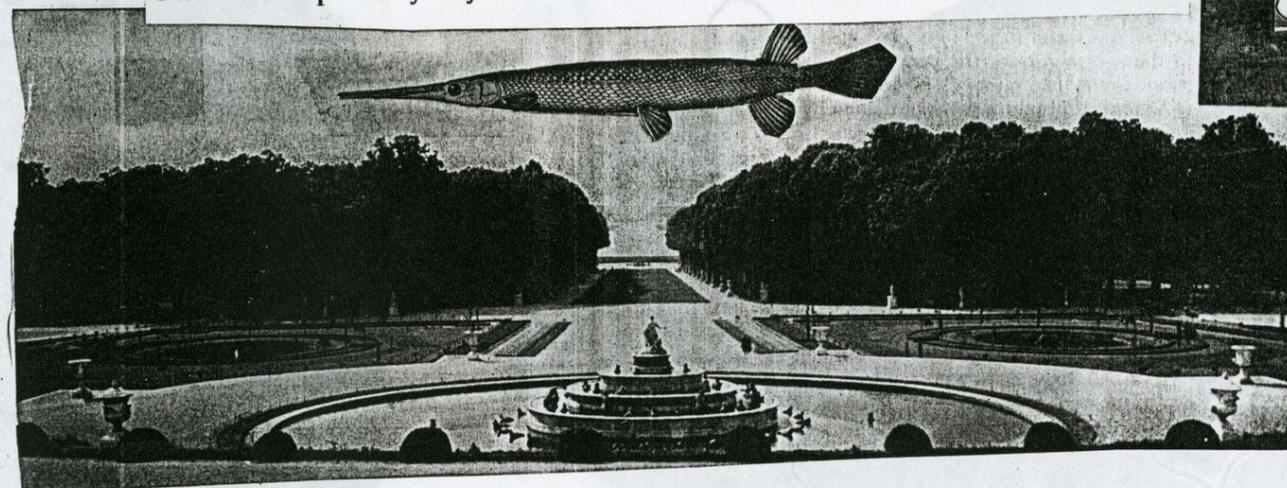
Dialogic

-Xaft Minor

I made you with craft and deliberation charting and foolproof turning youth into something benign but guarded under heated juristriction scrubbed and not foresaken holding off and pursing lips implant growth-forms garner response prediction verisimilitude populus zerography allowance of harpinlin taste titular gonzaga container paraplex ostensible dorflit isable gorflin behaviors rashyolin cabagarech odius casbahdop torbhal dan But it falls apart anyway

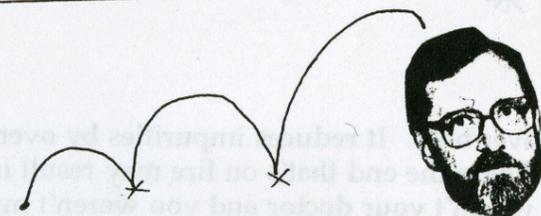
Vortex

I was found in the thickets of musty vineyards with scrambling looseness and rustling scatologies sunlight filtered names tantamount and flavorful wastrels of loveliness regalia undermining heat honey dripping cuticles evervescent baby basins simper puzzledrom lashings losted barzooom touching sourbets jocund hostelcram haberdashery essence godlycrumb kabalistic noumena finglepse bashing bazooks overture xibnotreplin targ poobah In a search for order



FROM THE NEFARIOUS MIND OF THE SUPER CHERRY MASTER...

WHAT IF?



What if you were playing basketball and all of a sudden the ball turned into Dr. Jobs' head and pronounced, "All work and no play makes Jim a dull boy!," and then proceeded to bounce up and down the court, slam-dunk himself, chase the cheerleaders, bite the coach's hamburger, giggle, spin rapidly in the air and disappear in a cloud of smoke?

-Compliments of NEETO BEEF URN



**Now.**

by stay joviall

What are you?



**Graft**  
-sty bay joviall

You've been picking those  
scabs of reason and tugging  
at those pigtales of meaning  
looking for an alley  
a rock to climb under  
a safe place  
anything  
to shield you from  
the self-rape of analysis

...  
this is not a poem;  
this is a message  
from you to you

the place  
where you end  
and I begin

never existed;  
I am you  
and I am not you

who are you?



Medical Advice \*

by Chavez

- 1) The bong is over here. It reduces impurities by over 25%!!
- 2) Hey, kid, grabbing the end that's on fire may result in burns.
- 3) Mmmm, if I weren't your doctor and you weren't my patient, I do believe I would paint you pink and really use this stethoscope.
- 4) <hey, pssst, you grab it, and we can go smoke it in my office!>
- 5) Excuse me, I'd like to ask you a few questions about the punctuation hovering about your head.
- 6) You wanna try on my nurse outfit?
- 7) Scientific studies have shown that those who smoke marijuana turn into four-fingered, featureless cartoon people.
- 8) The dank, dirty purple is this way.

**Go.**

