

RAT'S

ASS



JAN 26TH 1996
ISSUE 17
Volume IV



That
Special
issue

COVER STORY

Reality #1: Narrative of a narrative narratology de/construction building. Iota Jessop ragtime escalates. Bouncing values, twists and darkness. Pushing into. Treacle. Streams of treacle.

Reality #2: I'm not quite sure what is going on, but there is this gooey bump on my nose.

(enter midwives in traditional Tahitian peasant garb, who cast rose petals on the page and stage, and walk in one another's orbit like a sidereal square dance)

Microreality #1.3: What the fuck? I thought this was the cover article. Say, who's writing this? And who are you, anyway?

Sureality #1.4: orange cromagma haughty flagellum grawling vount prouden

Reality #1: Treacle. Goddamn. the treacle. Operative diversities gells in goal polarity freeze gantry whistlesops gaunt upgrades. treacle welling out of the earth.

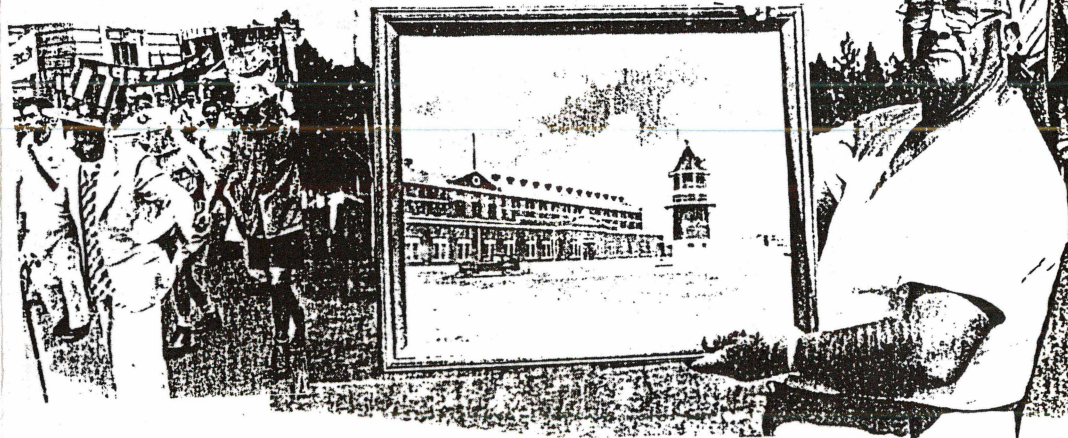
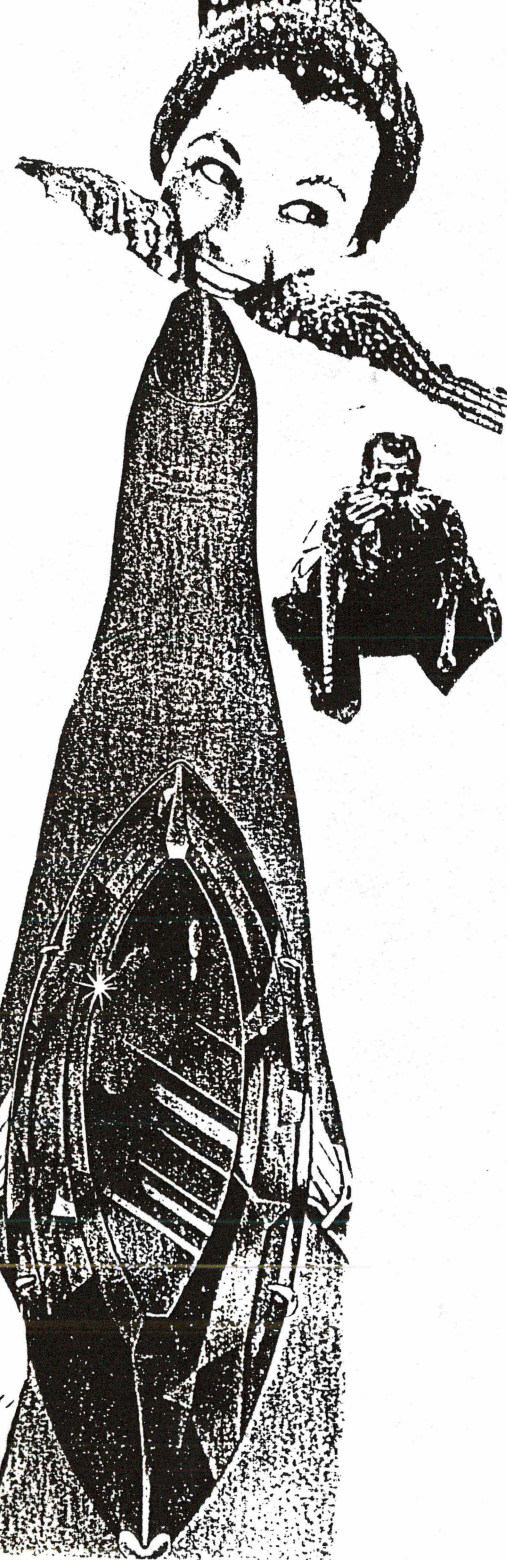
Reality #2: Shazbot! I should have known it all along, you guys are WEIRD. Why didn't you just say so in the first place? treacle my inner thigh, guys. you still shouldn't go around slapping boogers on other people's faces.

(exeunt #2, enter clogged arteries and heart disease)

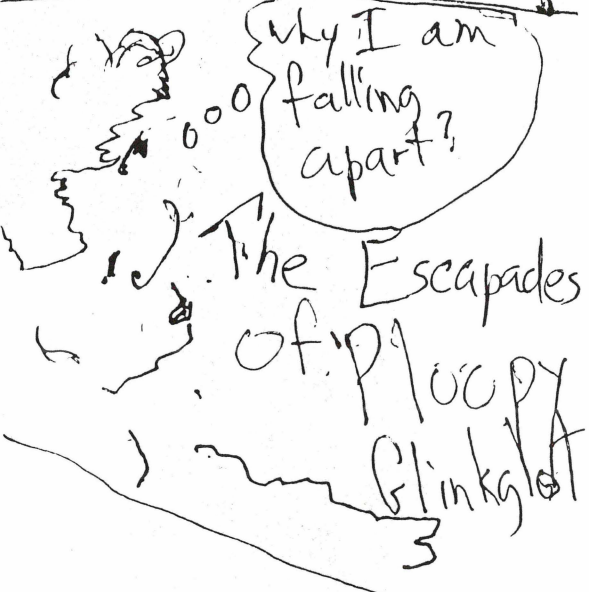
Microreality #1.3 type B: What's treacle?

Nonreality:

Mirco-sur/super controled/media reality #1{^(<.33333 repeating: being vs. non-being? Is there nothing or the lack of nothing? Send answers care of RAT's ASS. Thank you for you support.

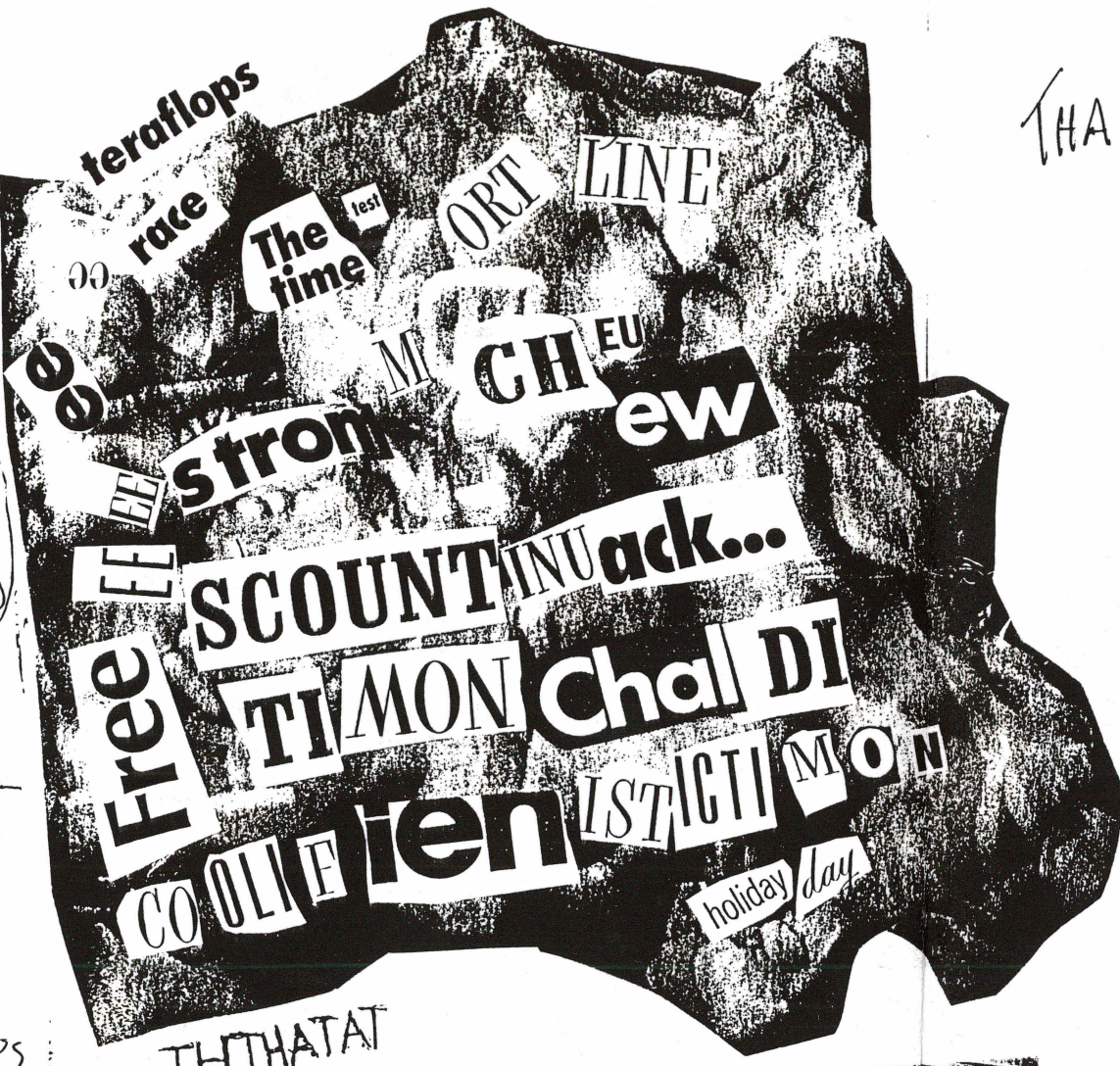


DEATH



HEGELIAN™ AND PROUD

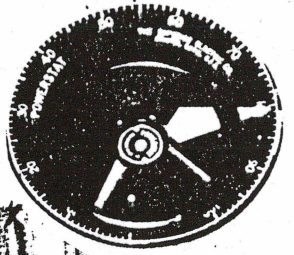
Compliments of Søren Kierkegaard



THAT

The Rat's Ass™ is a meager attempt by your peers to do something creative and stimulating instead of consumptive and riddled with *not goingness*. Into which catagory do most of *your* personal activities fall? This pseudo-publication has no ties with Rhodes College, so if you take offense at the contents, take it up with the author, and reassess your personal values/

sJaff
stay joviall - yo mama
marlin fox - yo mama
isy witherspoon - yo mama
kevin Matthews - yo mama
yo mama - you Adjunkt
Krisis Brown e Maternal
yo mama



They they



Deal
-s. joviall

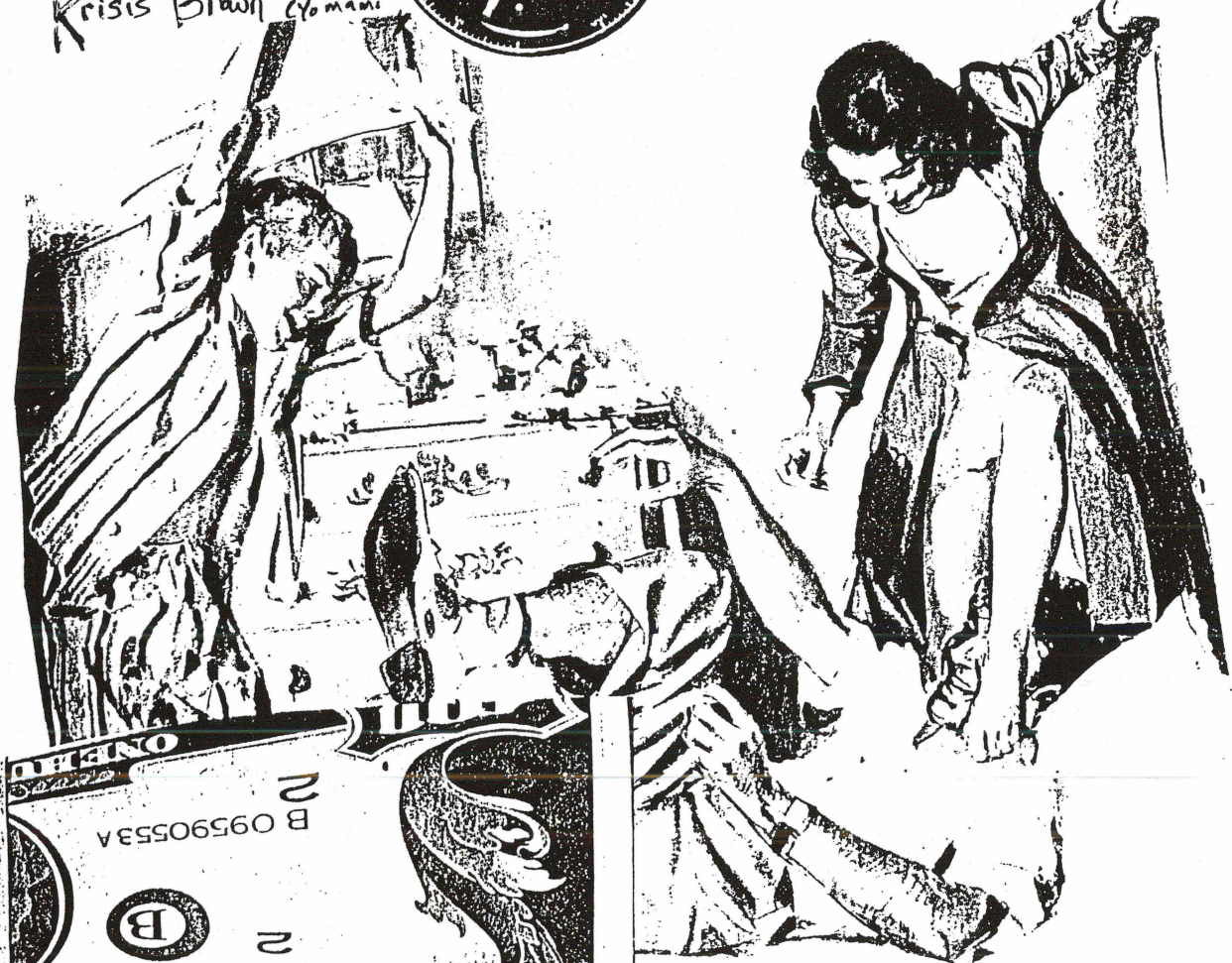
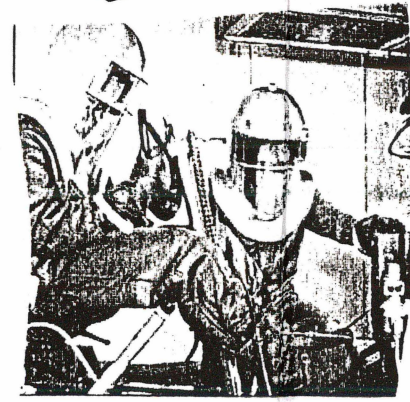
His breath comes in white plumes beneath the street lamp, hands buried deep in coat pockets, stepping back and forth pensively, but not pacing-

The other man approaches wordless, extends a package while accepting a wad, departs with a curt nod of coal eyes

The first man returns to his flat with the package examines the contents on a stained coffee table: Two men and a deck of cards.

The first man steps back and forth pensively, hands buried deep in coat pockets, breath coming in white plumes beneath the street lamp.

The other man approaches wordless, extends a package...



1. Long Green \$1000 Cash



THAT

NUNS AT PLAY



(+hat)



(THAT)

3.

Long Green
Lincoln Contine

Excalibur Raised

by Jayzus Witherfunk

Okay. That's it. I am going to start kicking ass.

Those of you who know me know that I can kick some ass, and ass-kicking will be an endeavor which I am soon going to belabor. Because I am pissed.

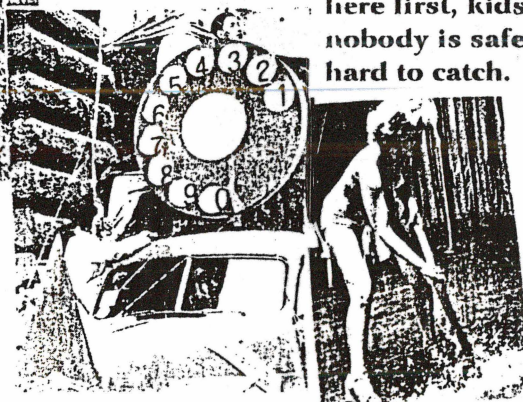
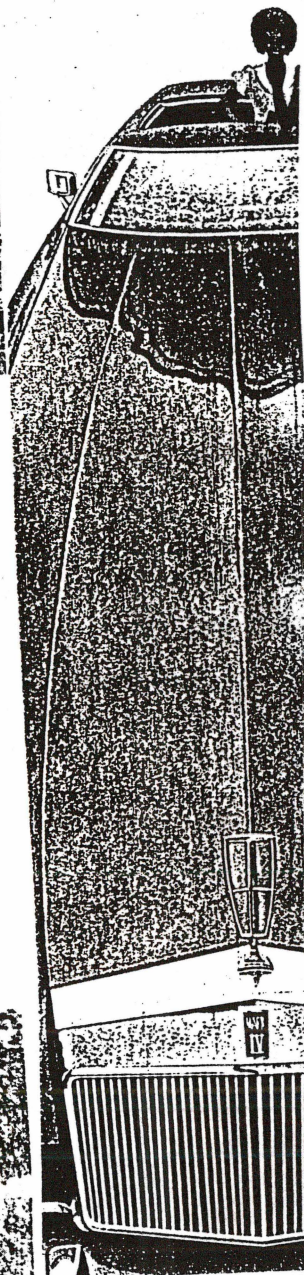
Those of you who are acquainted with my habits and personality are quite aware of its explosive and quite daunting characteristics. You know that I can be one pissed-off motherfucker, and this time they have simply gone too far.

They have, those personality-less, butt-sucking, thought-vacuumed sons of bitches, actually mustered up the audacity, the pubescent, match-stick humored gall, to . . . no, you won't even believe if I tell you. I mean I am PISSED OFF!!!! Anger is seeping out of my pores like a thick slab of lasagna rage cooking in my belly, and I can't move without stirring up the smell of it. It clings to my flesh like a cocoon.

And anyone who has seen a cocoon knows that it's tough shit if you're in a cocoon and you don't have the welders equipment necessary to penetrate its bonds. That's how pissed off I am right now. It's all around me. I could rip out my own tongue and throw it at my dog. My dog's still happy. Bastard.

So these mutation-induced freaks of humanity, I don't really know them (they might be watching me right now), but they decide that, out of all the other human beings on the planet (including richer and better-looking people), I was the BEST PROSPECT they could come up with. That's how audaciously inundated with audacity these people have always been. They're just twerpy little chunks of goo in a stranger's vomit.

And right now I, too, could really blow some chow because I AM PISSED!! My entire system is a swirling swath of ire spiraling toward revenge. I am going to start kicking ass. Heard it here first, kids. Dr. Death is on the prowl and nobody is safe but the squirrels because they're hard to catch. That's it and that's that.



AND
THAT'S
THAT.

