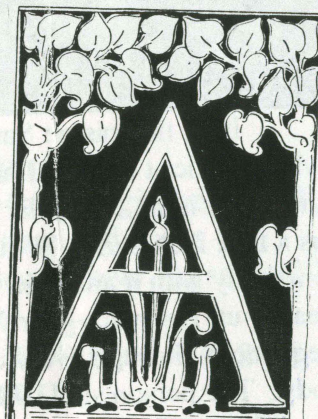


Warning: THIS PUBLICATION IS PRINTED ON PAPER DIPPED IN A SYNTHETIC-BASED PROTEIN ANALOG THAT WHEN EXPOSED TO SKIN CAUSES SIMULTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF ALL POCKET LINT AND NOSE HAIR WITHIN A FIVE MILE RADIUS.



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ass®

VOLUME V ISSUE 2  
08 NOVEMBER 1996

## INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

- > HOW TO BE POPULAR!
- > WHAT ANDROIDS REALLY THINK!
- > WINTER HYBRID RECIPES!
- > GAMES FOR THE KIDS!
- > THE MEANING OF MEANING!

## AND SO MUCH MORE!!!



### A Memo

To: Rat's Ass® Readers

From: Jay Witherfunk

Re: Real World Penetration

Welp, it seems I'm a senior. And it seems that I'm about to have to enter the "real world." I get letters in my mailbox every day about grad school, potential careers, and flyers for seminars on how to get the right message across while being interviewed (these seminars, by the way, say things like, 'make sure you don't blow ass during your interview, or at least no stinky ones') by future bosses, pimps, etc. Frankly, it makes me sick.

"But Jay," you say, "however in the world can you make a living without knowing things like the in's and out's of a business office?" And my response is, "Why don't you fax me a blowjob?" Let this memo be my official declaration of the fact that capitalism, industry, McDonald's®, little damn symbols like ® and ™, and every other effect of the agricultural revolution can kiss my enlightened ass.

I'd rather just LIVE than have to "MAKE a living." Maybe I'm cynical and maybe I'm pessimistic about the way humans have turned out, but there has to be something wrong with a world where most people have to drink/smoke/poke themselves into a stupor just to escape the fact that we live on an existential assembly belt with David Hasselhoff and Mtv handing us our slop plates at the end of the day (I'm surprised I'm not stinky-ripped at this moment).

"But Jay," you say, "I'm not like that, and you're not like that. Why not see the good in society and praise its accomplishments?" And my response is, "Yeah, you're right. We can hurl ourselves at insane rates from one place to the next in search of the perfect all-beef patty. We can blow shit up. We can get any kind of pornography we desire off the Internet!! Hell, I'm surprised I'm not looking at a picture of three nude women and a great dane right now!!!"

No really, there is lots of good stuff that we can do, but the problem is that most people can see so much of the good, the fun, and the diverting that they have trouble seeing how shallow most of our lives have become. So please just know that on the lip of your descent into the quagmire, things are not as they should be. Although it feels good to make lots of money and live like the gods, we still fart and die like the animals we eat, so don't be fooled by the grandeur. There's more to be had.



**by stay joviall**

**HUMAN: 9 WEEKS  
(APPROXIMATE  
SIZE: 3/4 INCH)**

WEEKS

It's a fine pistol: Sam had this Cybergeneticist friend of his at Berkley build it for him ... it's solar powered and has a four inch barrel. You shoot somebody with it and their limbic system freaks out, resonates gnarly-groove frequencies through every cell in their body. The person shot usually erupts into an explosion of hepdance gitdown, finds their whole subsequent existence dominated by rhythm, and has a fixed odor of super-dank herb continually waiting from their eyeballs.

Sam pulls the rod out of the barrel and twirls it in his fingers. "Why does everyone seem to believe they are free, acting on the basis of rational deliberation, *choosing* their course in life?" His tone is ponderous, full of genuine wonder. "I mean, where do people get this idea that because we have consciousness and culture, that because we're the smartest animals on the block, we are ontologically unique and distinct from all the other organisms on this planet. Humans *are* animals, for chrissake...what is the basis for the ubiquitous misconception that while other animals' actions are determined and logarithmically predictable, we ourselves are free, uncontrolled by genetic disposition and environmental conditioning?"

"Probably our need for self-respect, our inescapable anthropomorphic drive. It's also tangled up in centuries of moral rhetoric which has to presuppose human freedom. I don't know Sam... people are frightened of the idea that they may just be machines, that their consciousness is a passenger and not a pilot, that their sense of self is some kind of illusory construct tacked onto these big convoluted chunks of grey matter as a helpful afterthought."

Sam shrugs. "Aw, hell... does it matter? Let's go swimming."

Daily Meditations of a lost and delusional soul  
(To be read in monotone thought patterns!)

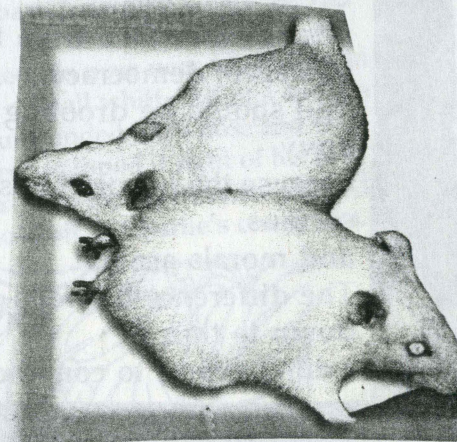
i am a creature  
i am a happy creature  
i beat myself over the noggin because i  
find it pleasure inducing  
the instrument i use to beat myself with  
is a blender  
when the blender is plugged in it goes  
"whrrrrrrrrrrrr"  
i like my blender  
my head often becomes soar  
sometimes it even bleeds  
mother cries when it bleeds  
i tell her: "don't worry mother"  
i think: "shut the fuck up bitch"  
i want to beat my mother over the  
noggin with my blender  
that way she would understand  
when my head hurts i eat pills  
pills make me feel good  
i like feeling good

six months later

my mother died  
she died of serious head wounds  
before she croaked, i fed her some pills  
because her head hurt  
she died smiling

### Rat's Ass Staff Box

Ross G.--Memphis Mook  
 Chavez--Silver Haze  
 Kleenith Spanky--Jack Herer  
 Jay Witherfunkengrooven---G-13- Government Issue  
 Stay Jovial--Alaskan Thunderfuck  
 Suzy--Shiva Skunk  
 Matty Scatty Dreadlock.--Purple Kush  
 Matt Gore--Schwiggity Schwagg





## You Make Me Smoke

by ross gohlike

Don't take this personally  
but your life looks exactly  
like a color-by-numbers  
nightmare  
with crayons outside the lines  
and you don't understand why  
I chose drugs over Jesus  
because you're already dead.

Life smells like motor oil.  
You act like you've forgotten  
how to smell  
the dirty things in your midst.  
Somehow you've learned to  
look through the unpleasanties  
sautered to homesteading and  
love.

I cherish chicken fried steak  
more than my salvation  
and every day of my life  
wears its own crown now.  
For all their ignorance  
druggies have acute values

descending from the Christ of the  
Cross  
after he ascended from the  
bowels of democracy.  
You should be drooling with  
envy  
because the Labor of History is  
serious  
and morals are not.  
The difference between us boils  
down to this:  
I don't expect to convince you.

The Art of Letting Go does not  
interfere  
with the Art of Belief.  
You're hung on the Concept of

Principle  
and overwhelmed by the odd  
of addiction.  
You look clean  
but your bedroom is full of junk.

I believe  
every justification of  
righteousness  
is an excuse for a scheme of  
prosperity  
without wealth.  
The Protestant Alcoholic Myth is  
alive  
and undone by doing drugs  
among other things.

I smoke the hard stuff when I'm  
sore  
from losing.  
It hurts to make a mark.

iie Kat s Ass@ is something inexplicable and  
instantaneous. Aberrations from the normative system of  
thought are the soul responsibility of each article's  
respective author/progenitor/master/lover/barber. If you  
have a problem or a beef or a metaphysical query in regard  
to an article, please eat enough beans to project yourself  
into outer space and then contact the said author/etc.  
Have a goddamn bitchin day.



### Crack Will Have Your Nose By Kleenith Spanky

"Whazuup Will?"

"Nothin' much fellas, just passed by to do some  
chillin'."

"Yea, its good to see ya man. Who is your friend  
here?"

"Oh, hey guys this is Jim. I thought I would bring  
him over to hang out for a while."

Will is an interesting character and everyone is  
at least tolerant of him. The only drawback to  
having him around is his obnoxious tendency to  
bring over these chump friends of his who  
couldn't distinguish jinky crust rim from low  
grade shit if their life depended on it. Will  
knew why we would gather together in the  
evenings but it didn't stop him from bringing his  
loser friends around.

"A-ite, you fellas ready to set aside the bullshit  
and get down to business?"

Chabloober (this is just what everyone liked to  
call him) immediately piped up, "I'm all about  
sniffin some good rim." This was the moment  
Charlie was eagerly awaiting.

"Hey Chabloober, I got some shit back here that  
will turn your nibbles green."

Charlie then said with pride, "I haven't wiped  
in two weeks and have stuck to a strict diet of  
roughage and espresso the whole time."

"Let us get to it my friend." said Chabloober with  
anticipation.

Charlie proceeded to drop his pants, bend over  
and spread his cheeks. Chabloober lodged his  
nose in the proper area and took such a big whiff  
that he burst a blood vessel in his forehead. He  
then sat back content as he could be.

"Man, I forgot what I had been missing. Its been a  
while since I've hit some rim like that." Since  
most of us have a job or go to school its hard to get  
the real potent buildup. The smell usually gives  
one away.

"Hey Jim, come over and try this shit. You are in  
luck, we haven't had anything like this around  
in a while."

Jim responded rather timidly, "You aren't serious  
are you?"

The tone in the room immediately changed as  
everyone began harassing Jim for his inability to  
hang with the group.

"What's the matter Jim? You afraid?"

"No man, I just don't feel the need to."

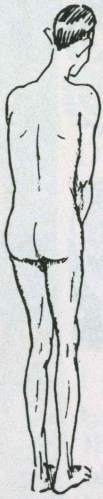
Everyone continuously harassed Jim until he  
agreed to try it.

"That a boy. Once you get a whiff of this shit  
you'll never turn back." claimed Charlie rather  
proudly.

Jim bashfully placed his nose near Charlie's rim  
and began to take a small whiff. All of a sudden  
Charlie's cheeks surrounded Jim's nose and with  
one swift movement snapped it right of his face.  
Blood poured from Jim's face as he screamed and  
tried to pull his nose off of Charlie's crusty rim.







vicious cycle  
by  
not quite you

hollow and pure  
murky so clear  
tremors awaken  
dead no sleep  
mudslide  
eyes quiver  
masks & prisms  
nonchalant so surreal  
razor smoothness  
leaves airborne  
corpses no feathers  
nucleus  
frozen blanket  
birds need  
no downy softness  
noise black smoke  
warmth aborted  
hollow womb  
vicious cycle

Gross Misinterpretation of existentialism

by CHAVEZ

Today belongs to only you. Tomorrow never exists. Yesterday is but a dream. Why does Reality seems to lose a grip on itself? What is there to hold on to? What should we believe to be real? These are but musings in the greater realm of seeing. Shall we all remain in light, or succumb to the nasty misfortunes of being unto death. There is no reason for pessimism in a world which allows for orgasm, extacy, and pure consciousness. Go forward without looking back on that which cannot be changed. Continue with that which benfits all mankind. Remove superficiality and restraints in order to pruiify one's Being. Don't let the choas cause pain--overcome, surpass, and believe in that which you value most. Rely on your wits, Puff the Dank, control your mind.

Exitentialism can be liberating once you realize your place in the cosmic order--don't become bitter. Become Free.