

"It's Intellectually Stimulating"

It's home cookin' like you ain't never had it.

FLOWS FAST STAYS TOUGH!

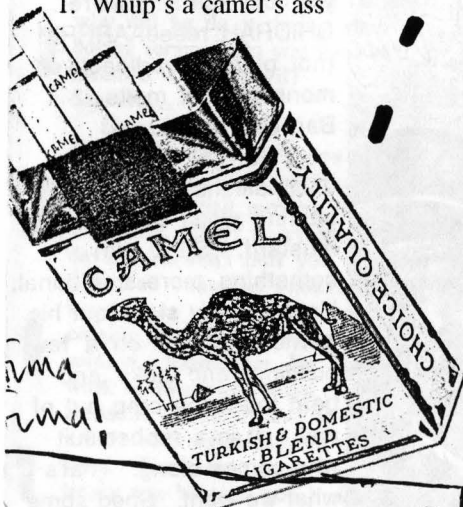


RATS ASS

Volume 2 Issue 5 September 24, 1993, the year of our Lard.

Top Ten Cool Features of the New Israeli-PLO Honda Peace Accord
by Brian Dixon

10. Anti-lock brakes
9. "Yasser" personalized plate
8. A-ooh-ga horn
7. Tinted windows throw off angry right wing PLO members
6. Steel belted radios
5. Plush wall to wall carpeting
4. "How to Talk Like a Trucker" manuel included with CB
3. James Bond oil slick feature - standard
2. Runs on sand
1. Whup's a camel's ass



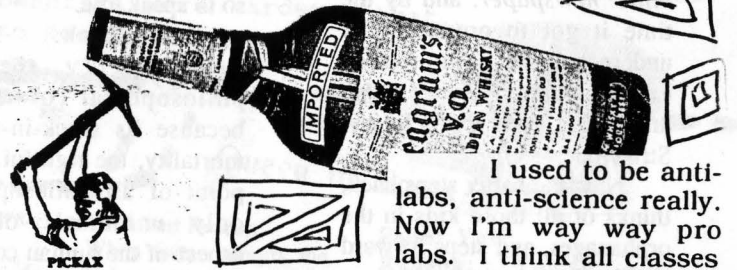
GOD ROCKS!

by Pat Garrett

At 8 o'clock on Tuesdays and Thursdays I'm running to geology class wiping lastnight's crud from my eye sockets. I sit and learn about Mother Earth and all Her crystalline structures, fractures, plates, and cleavage. It's cool, but it's a classroom and books- the same old schmae mold. You see, as a religion major, my only class rewards are rites/wrongs of passage toward more questions, books, and words (all fallen if you ask me). Crises.

But Geology isn't confined to a classroom. It has a lab. And labs are right. I have my own magnifying glass. 10X. For three hours every Thursday, I get to touch and see something real. I can describe it and know for a fact that it is gypsum, or feldspar, or galena.

I've always been down on sciences. I mocked my brother for dressing up like Mr. Wizard on Halloween and carrying around a bunsen burner. I badgered my friend when he built a telescope for his eighth grade science project. But today I understand their enthusiasm.



In my study of religion and philosophy, I've argued for hours about God, or the good, or whether or not divine incarnations defecate, only to find out near the end of the conversation that I agree with my opponents view, we just understood the terms of the debate differently.

I used to be anti-labs, anti-science really. Now I'm way way pro labs. I think all classes should have them. In fact I think a bridge in geology and religion would not only be stimulating, but would give rise to some labs that would be out of this wordliness. I will leave you with the course offerings for that bridge major.

102, Introduction to major: Stones into bread. Jesus the Geologist.

202, Philosophy: Can God create a rock that God cannot lift? Specific gravity and omnipotence.

203, Philosophy: Transmigration of the soul. How to go from magnitite to a monk in only one life cycle.

300, Topics: Micah, the prophet with high luster.

303, Topics: Creek baptisms, Looking for erozion.

305, Application: God given names and their relevance- Diamond Jim and Peter the Rock.

The options are infinite. Create your own bridges, and remember, labs are in. 100% books and discussion is out. And magnification is Right.

SKINNY?

Men, women and children who are thin because of poor appetite or poor eating habits may quickly put on pounds and inches of firm, solid flesh, thanks to WATE-ON. New kind of concentrated body building all-in-one concentrated meal of easily digested calories here at last. Easy weight gains of 5 POUNDS... 10, 20 even 30 pounds reported. No sugary mixture, fishy oils, no drugs, or overeating.



(Maybe they should teach hermeneutics to second grade Bible Schoolers instead of Jonah and the whale.) But in only three weeks of Geology lab, I know a satisfaction I have only dreamed of. I know limonite from flourite. I know it. Satisfaction! Salvation! Hosanna!

My (ex)girlfriend was a militant feminist. She burnt bras. I burnt my toga. I'm Independent.

Anonymous

Dipak

ps. I HAVE greek friends...

GREEK CORNER

Clay's Column
by Clay

Lazarus Speaks, or,
Why You Should Love Fall As
Much As I Do

I'm a nut for fall. I go ballistic every time it rolls around. If I have the chance, with the help of the liberal free press, to share my joy with the reading public, I'll do it with as much vigor as I'll do anything else.

Of course, communication is a tricky thing. I tried this *I-love-fall* bit last year when I wrote for the... uh... the other newspaper, and by the time it got to press, it had undergone such... uh... such extensive editing even I didn't know what I was trying to say. Strike one.

Now the batter steps back, thinks of all those kids in the orphanages, and steps forward boldly for another swing, a second attempt to hit you over the head with his trusty Louisville Slugger of *joie-de-vivre*.

This week the weather-god blessed us with a cold front. I am a new man.

Isn't it funny how, with our climate controls and our safe-as-houses shelter from the elements, yet the weather affects us deeply? I can feel like death-warmed-over all summer, back breaking under the oppressive heat, but when the first cool breeze hits, I'm Lazarus. I'm ready for bear. Here we are on the cusp of the

most introspective of all seasons, fall, the time defined by ferment, the time whose *raison d'être* is to move things



along in the grand process toward death-awaiting-rebirth, and I'm so ready for it I could, so to speak, die.

Just think: fall is necessarily the most philosophical of seasons because its stock-in-trade is mortality, the rightful starting point of all philosophy, the only universally-observed aspect of the human condition. Ethnocentric thought systems crumble under the weight of their own presuppositions and cultural trappings, but mortality transcends them all. It is at once our most horrific and generous attribute. In the end, life forgives all through death, bringing sure respite from the ephemeral cares besetting us as we inhabit this mortal coil.

Besides, fall brings college football, Thanksgiving and snuggling. It brings Oktoberfest, pumpkins, le beaujolais nouveau, Arts in the Park, pretty leaves, Saturday afternoons at the river, cookouts, oblique rays of sun and the World Series. I could go on.

Every season has its strong points, but in the end, we owe it all to fall. Fall takes the resting of winter, the exuberant awakening of spring and the loathsome toiling of summer and distills them all into a sweet liquor of rest, reflection and appreciation that leaves, as it goes down, a warm tickle, the warmth of the embers of the human condition.

'Scuse me while I go jump in a pile of leaves.

Barney Must Be Destroyed

Late last night I was trying to write an English paper, which naturally led to my thinking about Barney the Dinosaur, and all the trouble he has winning the hearts of American adults. Why don't more people like Barney? Hmm. Is it because its mindless, puerile crap? No, it can't be that. After all, look at how well Beavis and Butthead are doing. And no one complained when millions of five-year olds had to see GI Joe every day and to have every little war toy that came along. That's it! Barney just isn't violent enough. Poor Barney, he's just a big eggplant-looking wimp. When we bitch about how much we hate Barney, that's really our little inner children whining, "Where's the blood? Give us blood. Waaaaah!"

Yes, Barney should be meaner, like his ugly stepcousin, Godzilla. They are cousins after all, both are mutant spinoffs of a tyrannosaurus rex, both have annoying little children for sidekicks, and both come from studios



with low, low production values. PBS should get wise and net an adult audience by locking the purple behemoth with other big rubbery monsters in mortal combat. Where would his opponents come from? Sesame Street, of course! Big Bird, Mr. Snuffaluffagus, and Oscar the Grouch are naturally pissed that Barney's invading their turf, and



would probably love to kick his purple ass. They could stomp around Mr. Roger's Neighborhood, raising hell and smashing King Friday's castle to smithereens.

When they get really popular, they can gain international appeal by doing a joint production: Barney vs. the Smog Monster or maybe Barney vs. Rodan. Can you see it? BARNEY: Will you be my friend? GHIDRAH: Grrronk! BARNEY: I love you... you love me... we're... GHIDRAH: reeeeAARRRRK! (hot blast of radioactive monster funk melts Barney's face).

PBS, get with it: unconditional love and sharing won't cut the mustard. Stick with something more traditional. Have Barney stake out his territory, stomp on a few buildings and tanks, and beat the living crap out of any guy in a rubber suit who comes along. That's what we want. Shed some day-glo purple blood and we'll watch! Of course, so will the kids, so you can still merchandize. Aiiiiiee!!! It is Barney! We must flee!!!

-by J. Oliphant



**A helmet is a nasty thing
When your teeth are green from
eating flowers
And the telephone, it talks for hours
With someone who doesn't appreciate
chocolate pudding.**
--Ross Gohlke

**Ask Faith and Reason:
the advice column that
gives you smarts and
hearts**

compiled by Charles Schaefer
*** Dear Faith and Reason,
I was in Church last Sunday, listening to a very mediocre sermon, when all of a sudden I felt this amazing tingling in my leg and I just knew that it was the spirit of the Lord, working in me! I jumped up and ran down the aisle right then and made a profession of faith on the spot. What I want to know is this: do you think that it was really God moving in me? If so, why did he do it during such a boring sermon? Do you think that means it was the devil?
Sincerely,
Lorna Toon

Faith: Lorna, I think you really did have a wonderful experience of the Lord's spirit moving in you. Trust that. Don't worry about the devil. He can't hurt you unless you read censored books. The Lord was just being tricky, coming upon you during a boring sermon. Remember, He likes to work in mysterious ways.
Reason: Lorna, I have to throw a little cold water on your parade here. The reason your legs got tingling was because you had them crossed for too long -- which can happen when you're in church for hours. You should either open your legs more or cut out half way through the preaching. And about trying to make a profession of faith -- give it up. There's no money in it. Make a profession of medicine or advertising. That's where it's at, baby.

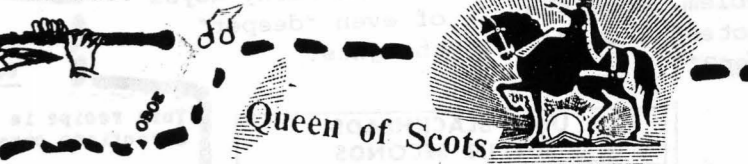
*** Dear Faith and Reason,
I am trying to argue with this friend of mine, Percy, about the existence of God. Percy is an atheist and I want oh so much to convince him that there is a higher power so that he will maybe ultimately convert to Christianity and I'll feel better about myself as a result. What is the most compelling argument for God's existence? I know one already about how nature is so incredible like how could there not be a God, I mean just look at the flowers and the beautiful waterfalls and how can you help thinking jeez, there must be a God and he must be in those flowers and waterfalls.
Sincerely,
Neva Tay

Faith: Neva, your argument about why God must exist is beautiful. There are other good ones, too. C.S. Lewis did a super duper job of reasoning through the whole thing. I think the best argument is that we should have faith in God because then we can be forgiven for our sins.
Reason: Neva, listen. You're trying much too hard. How the hell do you get "God" out of "waterfall"? If you want to see God in nature, get out on the rural interstate between here and Nashville. Jesus is on at least three billboards.



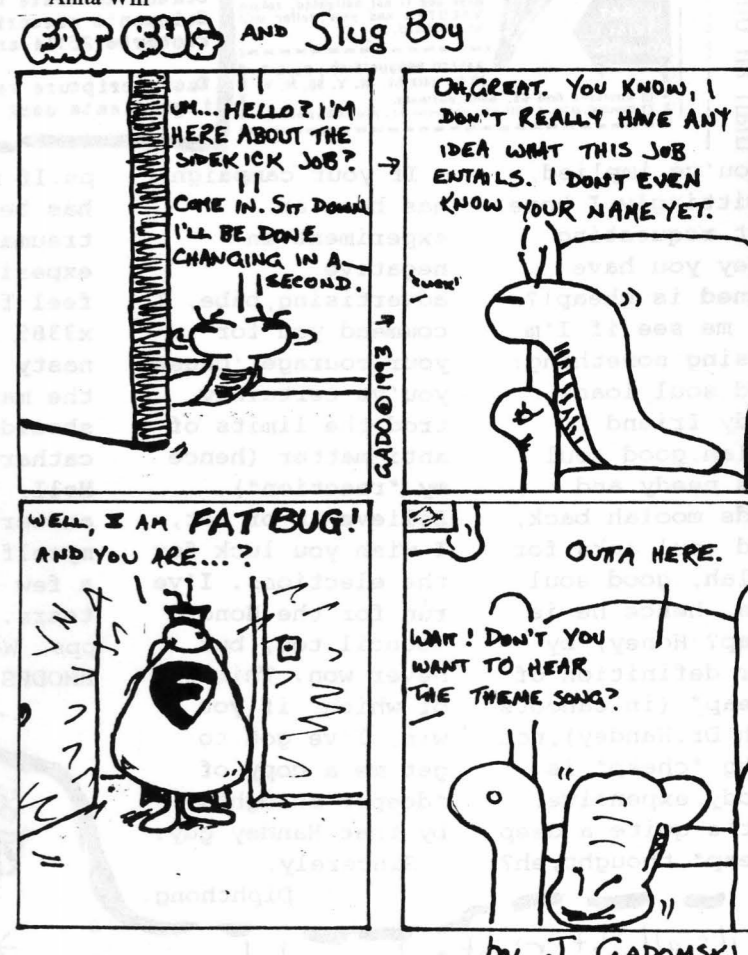
A Flawed Story
by Mike Augspurger
I talked to President Daughdrill last week at AT&T. He was nice enough. He answered my questions congenially. He said that the cost of a college education really wasn't going up, that in fact it had stayed about the same as the price of a car for years. People just complained about it more, because its benefits were harder to see.

I read an article yesterday in the *Cereal Info*. 'College Costs Up More Than Double Rate Of Inflation.' It said, "While the rate of increase for college costs has slowed somewhat during the past three years, 1993 nonetheless marks the thirteenth consecutive year that those costs have outpaced inflation." The President probably didn't know that.



*** Dear Faith and Reason,
When Satan tempts me to do evil, I am sorely troubled. What can I do to resist? He is so powerful, and I am so weak, so... human. I know Jesus responded to the evil one by saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Is it that easy?
Sincerely,
Anita Will

Faith: Yes.
Reason: You've got to remember that Jesus was human, too. And when he told Satan to get behind him, He had been in the wilderness for 40 days and his butt probably smelled terrible. If you have a lot of B.O., His technique might work for you. Otherwise, give it up.



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Send name and address. Pay only \$2.00 on arrival plus \$2.00 and tax. Results guaranteed. Or save. Send \$2.20 (tax incl.) we only charge \$2.00 if unsatisfied.
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A Didactic Letter

in Response to Amy Chris Fisher's "I CAN'T stand cheap people" election flyer.

(Yeah, it IS a long title. Shut up and read :) ...)

Dear, dear Chris,

Let me start by reminding you that the Honor Council is no joke. If you're going to make references to it through "deep" thoughts, babe, you've got a problem. Note the "quotes" around "deep?"

Look, (I hope) I'm sure you saw some humor in your researched quote, but how much "deeper" will you get, especially if elected to THE council. Please get a handle on your bearings. If you're going to take off in this direction, there is no telling what other pithy maxim you're going to snatch from another murky abyss of even "deeper" thoughts.

The *Rat's Ass* is assembled by a crack staff of Rhodes students and/or friends, published whenever the staff feel like it, and distributed for mass consumption in the domain of actual campus publications, the *Rat*. Obviously there are no restrictions on what is published. There is neither regard for, nor claim of, truth, so don't get on us about it. Feel free to send contributions and/or letters via campus mail to any one of the poor souls listed here.

- brian dixon • hairytick
- chris brown • holy romin' emperor
- chuck schaffer • bosom of abraham
- clay combs • "the indulgence vendor"
- dipak ghosh • altar boy
- jeff gadomski • deep friar
- john oliphant • monk d
- julie meiman • monk e
- mike augspurger • judas priest
- pat garrett • altered priest
- ross gohlike • level 3 cleric

Are you in the know?

Scriptural Cake

(This recipe is over 300 years old. Follow the directions carefully for a delicious cake).

- 1 cup of Judges 5:25
- 3 1/2 cups of Exodus 29:2
- 2 cups of Nahum 3:12
- 1 cup of Genesis 24:17
- 1 tsp of Exodus 16:31
- 2 cups of Jeremiah 6:20
- 2 cups of I Samuel 30:12
- 1 cup of Numbers 17:8
- 6 cups of Isaiah 10:14
- 1 pinch of Leviticus 3:12
- 3 tsp of Amos 8:14

Season to taste with I Kings 10:2. Follow Solomon's prescription for a good boy in Proverbs 23:14 and bake.

Each scripture verse contains one or more ingredients used in making a cake.



TERD IN A PUNCH BOWL
by:chris brown

Dark red, like the lips of your favorite female porn-star, was the color of the punch in this bowl. Perfectly round ice-cubes floated all in the red juice; then I saw this big black terd among all the perfectly round ice-cubes. I asked the guy next to me "Are you drinking this shit?" He only smiled as he dipped his cup into bowl and drank his second cup. He obviously liked it. "Don't question." "Don't ask." "Just drink it." was his reply.

ps.If my criticism has been a traumatic experience, please feel free to call x3385 and leave a nasty rebuttal on the machine. It should be a cathartic of sorts. Hell, I might answer the phone myself and generate a few (crocodile) tears.
pps. Welcome to RHODES :)

-Dipak Ghosh



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Enclosed find \$1. Send postpaid.
Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1, plus 43c postage

\$1.00

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

You've implied, unwittingly I hope, that requesting money you have loaned is cheap! Let me see if I'm missing something: Good soul loans needy friend moolah, good soul gets needy and needs moolah back, good soul asks for moolah, good soul asks, hence he is cheap? Honey, by your definition of "cheap" (in cahoots with Dr.Handey), not being "cheap" is bloody expensive. That's quite a deep "cheap" thought, eh?

If your campaign has been an experiment in negative advertising, babe, I commend you for your courage 'cause you've certainly trod the limits of anti-matter (hence my "reaction"). Believe it or not, I wish you luck for the elections. I've run for the Honor Council too, but never won. Thinking of which, if you win, I've got to get me a copy of "deeper thoughts" by that Handey guy.

Sincerely,
Diphthong.

it's all abt right and wrong baby