

"A Beacon of Self-Righteousness in these Evil Times"

Haiku must not rhyme.
They must not rhyme any time.
The flowers are nice.

RAT'S ASS

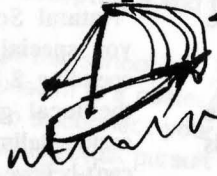
Volume II Issue 6 October 1, 1993

HAIR

Special Space- Filler Issue!



excerpt from "I am Womban Hear Me Roar" by Stacey Greenberg



My final eighteen-wheeler delivered me to the front door of an inviting bar called "The Womb". I labored my worn out body and belongings through the swinging doors, plopped down into a plush pink booth, and ordered a Wild Turkey straight up, no feathers. The waitress gobbled knowingly and produced my drink from behind her back. "Mind if I join you?" she said.

I was used to this question. "As long as you don't ask me what my sign is."

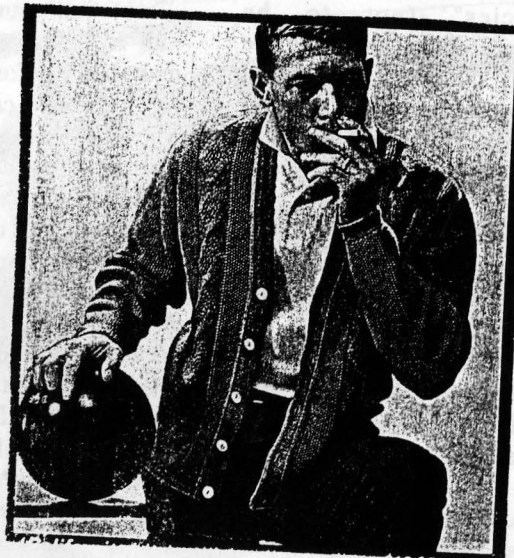
She produced another Turkey and coke from under her skirt, smiled, and joined me in the booth. She sat so close that I felt like a twin. "I know an aries when I see one," was all that she said, but she seemed to know what she was talking about. She looked like a wildflower and smelled like honey. I started to envy the bees.

"Oh yeah? About the only thing I know right away is whether a guy has a big penis." I was nervous. I always talked about penises when I was nervous.

She licked her lips and said, "To tell you the truth I think penises are becoming obsolete."

This one I had never heard before. A chill ran up my spine and froze my nipples. I was being seduced by a woman and it

was okay. I glanced around The Womb but saw no one. Out of the window the streets were empty. Just us. My eyes returned to the table. We now had an entire bottle of whiskey. I stared her up and down wondering where she had been hiding that and formed a solid hypothesis before I poured myself



a shot. She did the same and proposed a toast.
"Here's to us."
And that's how I met
Miranda.

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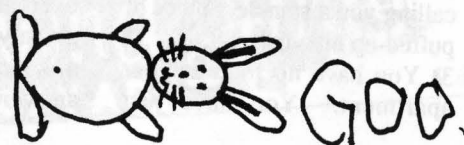
The Rat's Ass is assembled by a crack staff of Rhodes students and/or friends, published whenever the staff feels like it, and distributed for mass consumption in the domain of actual campus publications, the Rat. Obviously there are no restrictions on what is published. There is neither regard for,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



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- Stacey Greenberg
- Chuck Schafer
- Mike Augspurger
- Julie Meiman
- Ross Gohlke
- Chris Brown
- Clay Combs
- Brian Dixon
- Pat Garrett

- Spite
- Hate
- Malice
- Penis Envy
- Jealousy
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Greenhouse violence

by Jeff J. Gadomski

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NAME: Mark Muesse

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\$100 you gave them in order to have it taken care of...they say. How do you respond to this unfortunate dilemma?

- a) Cry until they give you the money
- b) Tell them your daddy is a lawyer, call him up, and have him yell at the mean old lady.
- c) Nimble leap the counter in order to better throttle the woman with your bare hands so as to procure your money.
- d) Say "OK. Thank you," quickly and ashamedly exit the building without further ado like the spine-less worm of a wimp that you are.

2) Due to unfortunate and untimely financial circumstances, you are being hounded by any number of people who like referring to themselves as "collection agencies" (not to be misconstrued as "mafia"). The money that they would like, you do not happen to have and are most likely not going to find in the cushions of your second hand couch. How do you react to the nasty phone call precluding an untimely and surely unnatural accident that is sure to follow?

- a) Whine until they kill you for humanity's sake.
- b) Call your daddy, explain the situation, and have him send them the money.
- c) Have your number changed right after having your hair colored and moving out of state.

d) Offer them your girlfriend, invite them to Thanksgiving dinner at your place, and thank them for calling you a spineless piece of puffed-up blowfish shit.

3) You have no food at your apartment. You have just

moved and opened up a brand new checking account. You do not have your ATM card yet and your checks are those plain complimentary ones they give you at the bank (not the cool "Natural Scenery" ones that you special ordered). After spending 2 hours shopping at the local grocery store, the cashier tells you in her best I-can't-believe-what-an-idiot-you-are voice that they cannot accept bank checks that have no address printed on them. It is after 5pm and the bank is closed. You have a total of 79 cents in change on your person. What is the logical thing to do?

- a) Put on your best pouty face and hope the cashier thinks it's so cute she gives you the food.
- b) Call your daddy, have him fly in from Boston, and make him pay for the food.
- c) Beat the cashier soundly about the face and head with the bag of oranges you had wished to purchase and make a break for the door with as much food as you can carry in your shirt.

d) Realize the futility of arguing with the GED failure standing in front of you, thank her, and head for Taco Bell where you can have 5 whole tacos that might even last you until your checks arrive.

So. There you have it. That's the test. How did we do? As far as scoring goes, if you answered anything except D for any of the above questions, you're in for a very large surprise when school's over and your parents have given you the "We didn't raise a sponge" speech. If you answered C, however, make

sure and send all your old college buddies letter from the "joint" because you and your new wife, Billy Joe Jim Bob, are going to have a lot of free time on your hands.

Now then, I hope you all have learned a valuable lesson from this. Stop all of your pathetic little crying and whining about such stupid, trivial little things that Rhodes is doing. Certain things, such as Prof. Byers leaving, educational standards of teaching, and other issues that concern your schooling and general life after school are, in fact, important and should be whined about as such. However, when it comes to things like the "new" candle and open-flame restriction imposed on dorm rooms (by no means intended to demean last week's brilliantly elocuted article by our own Julie Meiman, a fellow Catholic and a damn fine complainer) or the food in the Rat, look at it this way: if you don't like it, don't be the first in line to give the school money when you graduate. If the school didn't have all it's private funding, it might be slightly more attentive to the students rather than to their parents.

If you really want something to whine about, why not call your parents and ask them to send money in order to fund your favorite publication. Or, perhaps, to use the money in order to bail this writer out of jail after he gets arrested for blatantly using a copyrighted name to title his article. Next week: "Letters from the joint -- greenbacks and what to do without them." Now that's the real world for you.

MEN!

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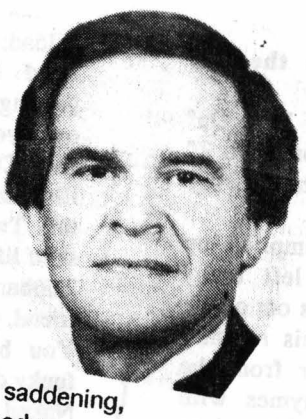


Patty in the early 1960s, working as a cigarette girl in a Las Vegas casino



THIS ISSUE SPONSORED BY Prof Mark Muesse (unless it gets him) in trouble

Country Club MALT LIQUOR



TO: REV. DAUGHDRILL
FROM: chris brown
DATE: OCTOBER 1, 1993

SIR, I also find the death of Leland Smith saddening, but your attempt to console the student body probably did more harm than good. I find this one section of your memorandum repugnant:

"There is little comfort in the rational and intellectual pursuits we normally follow. The only lasting comfort is the peace that comes with acceptance and faith, a peace that passes understanding."

Even though this school teaches that the Bible is full of error and that Judaism is a coalescing of Mesopotamian religions, I ask you to disconnect your minds from your emotions; To disown intellectual pursuit in the name of psychological comfort for the sake of religion; and to take solace in that everything will be ok, because timeless words taken from a book full of myth, and littered with quasi-answers which must be heavily filtered by the educated mind should be enough to soothe the pain and sorrow of living in this world. On the contrary, this is utterly disgusting and repugnant to anyone who thinks. This college teaches its students that this is what the Bible is and that on top that, that we should trust it and come to a new synthesis concerning our intellectual pursuits and faith. I would rather be a nihilist than believe in the god that this so called "Christian college" sells to its students. Sorry Rev. Mr. D, thanks but no thanks.



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New News from the Old Testament

By Pat "Zippetty Doo Da" Garrett, Mike "From E to Z" Augspurger, and Chuck "Busy B" Schafer

The Bible as compiled by monks of yore left many chapters and books out of the final edition. This recently excavated chapter from the book of Job (rhymes with globe, robe, and ear lobe) gives rise to an interesting new interpretation.

Chapter 15b Job: I have heard many things like these; miserable comforters are you all! God assails me and tears me in his anger and gnashes his teeth at me; my opponent fastens on me his piercing eyes. You are wrong, I am right, na nancee boo boo stick your heads in doodoo.

Bildad: But don't you believe in retributive justice? You must have done something horrendous to deserve all these boils. Are you sure you don't ever spill your seed on the ground or let your daughter see your feet? Come on now.

Eliphaz: God assails you! And yet you say you have been pious? Hmmm. God says he'll be good to faithful believers, you are a faithful believer, and you're covered with pus. Waketh thee up, my son! Thou needeth counseling.

Zophar: Alright, stop, castrate it, and listen,

God is back with a brand new dementia,

Somethin's gonna grab you tightly,

Pain-in-all-your-boils daily and nightly,

Will it ever stop? Yo, I don't know,

Check out my beat and let the blood flow.

I am Zophar the rappin' Naamathite,
And I'll bust a move on your God thing plight.

Bildad: That was a righteous move you busted, Zophar.

Job: Give me not that faithless blaspemy, my posse! You're not down with trusting the Lord of Hosts!

Bildad: He's more like the Lord of Hostess Snacks, judging by that white stuff all over you. It reminds me of Little Deborahs.

Eliphaz: If it were only true that Twinkies had an infinite shelf life!

Zophar: Now Job my fresh friend, you do not listen, You be way wrong in dis funky down position.

Naked you popped from yo' mama's ole womb,

And now you all sored up lookin' like a buffoon.

Womb. Buffoon. Boom. Boom. Chica chica.

Scratch, chica, chica, scratch, scratch, chica, BOOM. . .

ed. note: The text moves along in something of the same vein for approximately 200 more lines. We thought this was plenty.



TIME IS A RIVER
NO WAIT I CANT KILL IT IF IT IS A RIVER
IT MUST BE A NOBLE BEARDED OLD MAN
NO THAT WOULD BE MURDER
SO IT MUST BE A SMALL PESKY ANT.



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