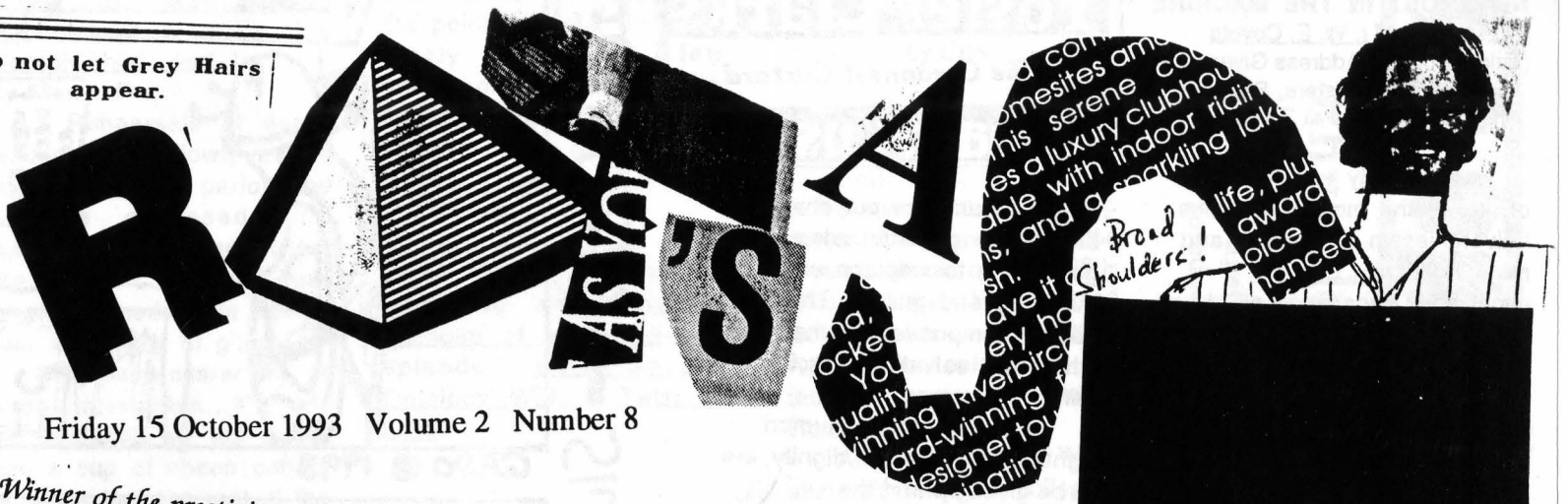


Do not let Grey Hairs appear.



Friday 15 October 1993 Volume 2 Number 8

"Winner of the prestigious Homecoming Banner Contest three years running"



Exclusive



Homecoming Issue!

Ramblin' Leaf

It was one of those days about which I don't care a fecal molecule. You know, at least I do, a day that my mutant cousin would record in her dog-eared "history" book. Anyway, temporal characters aside, I happened to be supine beneath a cancerous oak, struck senseless by the mystery of driven oscillators and their curvaceous nonlinearities. Oh, how I adore the simplicity of straight lines...and then came Einstein, slashing Euclid with his glistening Occam Razor. Blimey, what a bloody mess. There he lay disemboweled, his convulsing guts crying out in some gastric semaphore. The flagging colon, pancreas and thyroid gestured in brave geometry. Alas, they collapsed in a glutinous heap.

The genius won, Euclid lay bent forever. Who knows, he might have been gay, jolly, happy, all smiles with Gabriel about Pythagorus' hypotenuse. Maybe, maybe not. No matter how geometry hightailed to the Pearly Gates, there were undeniably intestines wedded to Momma Earth. The squirrels came. Chipmunks scattered. Squirrels went. The stench of fermenting bile tickled Diehl's

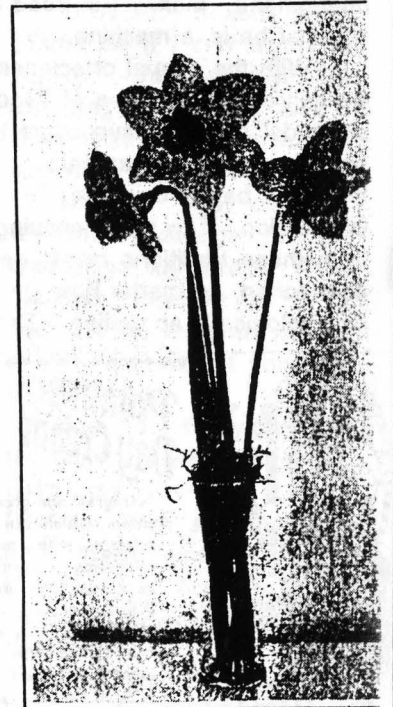
nostrils. Thank God the chap's mettle lay tested (brass).

Flies. Hoards of them. Red, blue, green, and even a few pleasant pastels. Glittering in the sun, nature's jewels. Even Newton's prism couldn't have done better. The gems did the Lord of the Flies proud, circling their fare like gnats. The rats congregated, shrieking their courier-anthem through gnashing incisors. They waited. The flies danced their dance, waltzing to the rats from Euclid's elements, their sucking pads mating rat-fur. Off went those couriers, through earth's orifices and holes in Gothic foundations, oblivious of \$500.95 chairs two storeys above. The Flies left, summoned by bifocaled Piggies. No naval officer in peak caps. Bacteria would finish Euclid's molecules. I knew that. The flies and rats

couldn't. How could they? Mutated by X Rays and spread-eagle on waxed trays. Dust to bowels to dust, ashes to ashes. Food was never the same, nor was Physics. (by dipak)



-of course-



THE NARCISSEUS

NO GHOST IN THE MACHINE
 by: Dr. Rev. M. r. W. E. Coyote
 (Taken from An Address Given to a gathering of
 Presbyterian Ministers, Students, & Faculty
 on March 15, 1993 at Princeton Seminary)

...As faculty and students of one of the most prestigious universities in the world, and most Politically Correct I might add, I challenge all of you to take hold of the breakthroughs of science and dispel the antiquated myths of our countrymen and our world. To enlighten your brothers and sisters and proclaim the truth that man is a complex and intricate machine run by chemicals and hormones and that man has no soul or "ghost" running the machine.

The most destructive idea that has burdened man is this notion of a "soul" or "spirit" that resides within every person. This idea has caused men throughout history to oppress thinkers, stifle the progress of civilization, and shackle itself in the chains of religion. What a glorious day it will be when all men know and understand that emotions such as love, happiness, hate, anger, sexual preference, and depression are only outward signs of the chemical processes taking place in the human body. Now that we no longer need a "soul" or "spirit" to explain these emotional phenomena, mankind is freed to be what he is, a machine.

With the gospel of science, we can dispel the idea of "God" or "gods" that we have come to accept merely as archaic traditions based on false information. The ideas ensuing from these traditions must be abandoned, no matter how psychologically appealing. The

Foster Clarks
The Creamiest Custard
Cream Custard

day has come for our chemists, biologists, psychiatrists, and geneticists to replace our ministers and priests. The college campus is now the place where the salvation of science can come to man.

Morality, ethics, human rights, justice, and dignity are to be given up and the promotion of self (i.e. survival of the fittest) is to become the golden rule of human life. This is the "morality" that we need to call our race to obey. Let us take the key of science and release our generation from the bonds of religion. Thank you, good night, and may Darwin bless you all.

Prevents Appendicitis and Enteritis,

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.

Prevents Obesity.

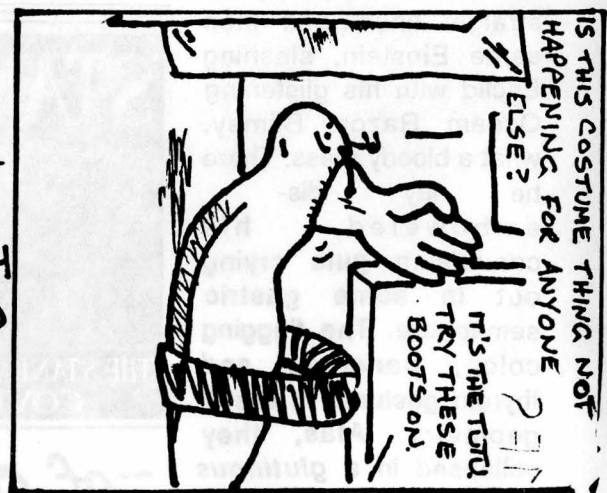
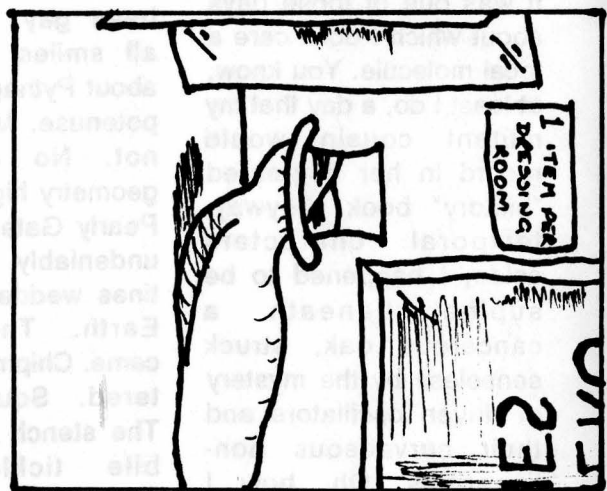
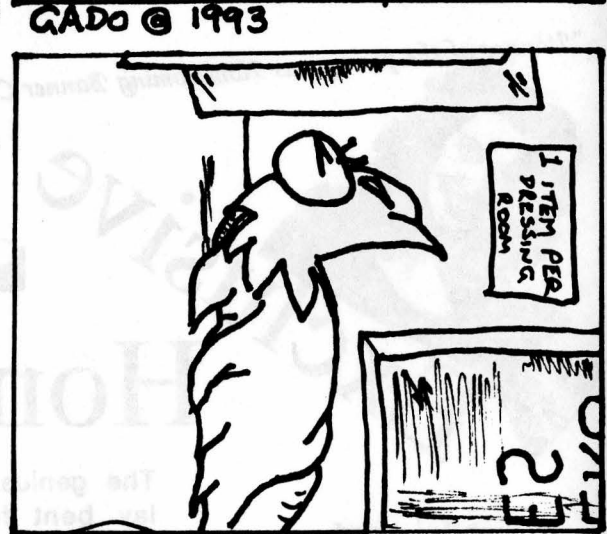
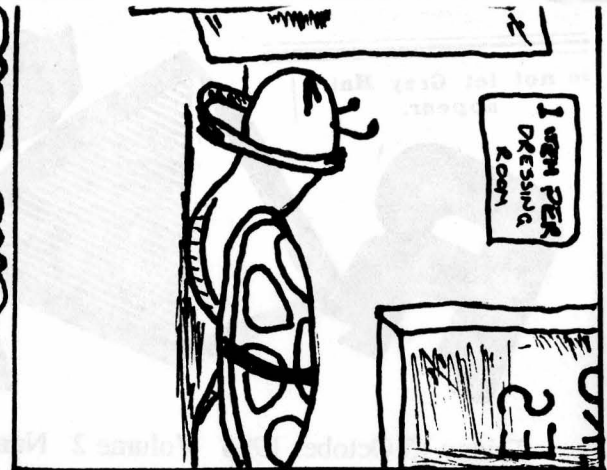
crack staff box:

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| Dipak Ghosh | crack er jack |
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| Julle Meiman | crack of ass |
| Charles Schafer | crack pot |
| | "the crack of dawn" |

HAT

AND Slug Boy

Relieves Hemorrhoids,



by J. GADOMSKI

Days of Magic and Restraint, or, Memoirs of a Memoir-Thief, part I
 by Martin Fox

Rehearsals of death wound down slowly as he left the funeral parlor and became obsessed with wearing inner tapestries. The need for narrative flow, or plot, waned as he walked that lonely city of ghosts.

"Why have characters, or even interaction...?" He murmured a bit too loudly into a cup of cheap coffee, unaware that the rest of the diner's patrons overheard him and would note this remark in their reports to the central committee. "Divisive forces surround us," he continues to sub-vocalize. "Does it matter where they originate?"

Now seeing the next potential segue in the letter he plans to write to the editor of the Oswald assassination magazine, he leaps up and rushes out of the restaurant, forgetting to pay the bill, and not noticing the shift in tense.

Two months later, he sits at his desk attempting to avoid dozing off, as a potentially workable ambiguity occurs to him and is unfortunately forgotten before it can be written down. "Contextual analysis reveals," he continues, "a decided lack of substance which has been exchanged for trendily disconnected lines of prose and ill-defined metaphors."

"Ah yes," the other party replies, "but you miss the implied critique of the conventional forms of fiction, a practice which we



Some Calders Yeast will quickly raise A loaf that keeps for sev'ral days.

can expand conceptually to the point where it fits most nicely -- these few paragraphs, taken in the correct light, could be the undoing of our entire culture -- the dawning of a new intellectual era."

Don't miss next week's surprising and insightful Memoirs of a Memoir-thief episode: Ontological Ontology With a Twist of Lime!

ask faith and reason: the advice column that is really super

Dear Faith and Reason,
 Are there moral absolutes? I want to know because if there aren't, how can we find a meaningful way to live our lives -- also, wouldn't that make obeying rules pointless and silly?
 Sincerely,

Noah B. Leaf
Faith: Well, for starters, there are moral absolutes. Just look at the Bible. You cut out the stuff that takes them for granted and -- hey -- instant pocket Bible. What kind of question is that, anyhow? No moral absolutes, my foot.

Reason: Hmm... I don't know. This question is a real toughie. The existence of moral absolutes has plagued humanity for a long time, at least since I got to college, and nobody's convinced everybody else yet. Maybe if I talk around it I'll say something profound. Let me think... Nobody would disagree that we have moral relatives. I mean, everybody has what I call an "Aunt Gertie figure" -- you know, that chaste teetotaler you avoid at family reunions because she's just no fun. Also, there are plenty of nonmoral absolutes -- laws of science and such. This is beginning to bore me. I think the point is, it's a lot more fun if you don't buy into this whole moral thing. Especially the "absolute" part. There's not enough room for interpretation, really. Anyway, obeying rules is pointless and silly, especially when you can tell the room doesn't have those rotating cameras. Also, about that "meaning" stuff, give it up. It's a waste of time. Just get one of those goal-setting books and adopt a wellness plan.

"Ah yes," the other party replies, "but you miss the implied critique of the conventional forms of fiction, a practice which we

Clay's Column
 by Clay

You can't come home again

Well, folks, it's fall and we've sailed with little pomp past another anniversary of the greatest album of the 1980s (*The Unforgettable Fire*) and the leaves are sweetly turnin'. All that can only mean one thing, of course. It's time for Homecoming.

Ah, Homecoming! When alums from the great collegiate days of yore come back for a look at the old school. When class reunions bring together old chums and kindle bittersweet memories of simpler, more innocent times. When the mild-mannered folks over in Development lick their chops in a delirium of delicious anticipation. (Didn't they tell you the great privilege of being an alumna/us is the opportunity to be hit up for dough for the construction of a \$17 million weight room, the glorious final step in the Make Rhodes More Like Vandy campaign?)

Yes, it's Homecoming and I, for one, couldn't be more excited. Only once a year do we alums get the chance to see so many of the people we've "lost track of." The sweet bird of scheduled chance meetings. Imagine all those *tres bons mots* in one place!

Herewith, a sample conversation, with subtexts:

Happy and Successful Alum #1: Hey... [pause just long enough to make it obvious he or she doesn't remember the other person's name] How are you doing? It's so good to see you. [You were in my path as I was heading for the keg. Why don't you go be in someone else's way?]

Happy and Successful Alum #2: Oh, hi... [similar pause that says, 'I know the name, but I can't place the face'] I'm doing great. What are you doing with yourself these days? [Hitting the sauce a little hard, there, aren't we?]

The only agent that effects the functional "re-education" of the Intestine.

Physiological Laxative.

JURBOT

One more brew and you might spew from here to Palmer Hall.]

HSA #1: Just wrapped up a doctorate at Stanford. Comparative Lit. What about yourself? [Bet you didn't even get into grad school. Or perhaps a Master's in Social Life, Correspondence School U.?]]

HSA #2: I'm a junior partner in a firm down in Atlanta. [More money than you'll ever dream of, baby.]]

HSA #1: Sounds great. [Shoot me if I ever aspire to junior partnership in anything.] Don't you love it down there? [That provincial backwater?]]

HSA #2: Oh, yeah, it's fantastic. [pause for just the appropriate half-second] Well, I'm going to move on. [... and talk to someone with a life.] Take care of yourself. [Don't spew.]]

HSA #1: Okay, you do the same. [Yeah, whatever.] Give my love to Tracy. [Raving bitch stood me up one night junior year.] [Please, God, keep the coast clear all the way to the keg this time.]]

Sounds idyllic. Homecoming, here we come!

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Mr. Wiggleston:

Last Friday after my last class, I rushed to the Rat to see what sort of trash was being printed in that most meaningless of campus rags, the Rat's Ass. My first disappointment came at the sight of the blatant carelessness with which the "femininity speed issue" was assembled.

Yet my astonishment was made absolute as I perused your verbose and odious interpretation of my "poem" as you called it, only to

YUM KAX Dios del Maiz (God of Corn)



discover, much to my own amazement (not to mention disgust), that my name was associated with an anti-American jab at the Vietnam War evoked by purely sexual imagery and the rape motif.

I suppose I should be grateful to you for your adoration of my poetic skills, but the fact is, I am not even a poet. Truth be known, those four little lines you so graciously praised were never meant to reach the light of day. Several weeks ago I was baby-sitting a four year old in a house without a TV, and, being hard-pressed to keep the tot

YOU THINK THIS STUFF IS FUNNY?! THEY'RE A MENACE, I TELL YOU... A MENACE!



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JUBOL Cleanses the Intestine

entertained, I was forced to resort to a pastime I learned long ago at Vacation Bible School—cutting out random words from old National Geographic magazines and making word collages. The little brat cried all night because his last baby-sitter had brought with her a Nintendo Gameboy, and I was cold turkey.

Since I'd already put the cement glue (I found a jar under the parents' bed) on the paper, I forced the unthankful enfante terrible to stick some words to it so the sausage rinds in the trash wouldn't stick to it when I threw it away, which I promptly did, but not before the borish bairn wrote my name at the bottom—his idea of hilarious revenge.

Apparently those rascally Rat's Ass editors (at least I agree with your assessment of them) were digging through dumpsters later in the week, looking for a wholesome meal, and dug out that meaningless piece of "poetry" and stuck it in their trashy paper for a lack of material.

I'm sorry for the mix-up. But, dude, get a life.

-Ross Gohlke

"De Reszke" AMERICAN CIGARETTES

Praise bestowed by unbiased judges is convincing. The following opinions* of "De Reszke" American Cigarettes are those of well-known people whose words must carry weight:-



A. G. Gardiner, Esq., writes: "I find the 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes most excellent—delicate and individual in flavour, a perfect harmony of quality."

Donald Calthrop, Esq., writes: "I like the 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes extremely, and consider them excellent in every way."

*Other opinions in other "De Reszke" advertisements
Sold at all Military Canteens at Home and Overseas, also Tobacconists and Stores.

MEDICAL OPINION

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Prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Ph. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all chemists and drug stores, or direct, post free, from the English and Colonial Agents, **Heppells** Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 191, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom also can be had, post free, the full explanatory booklets: "Scientific Remedies" and "Treatise on Diet."



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