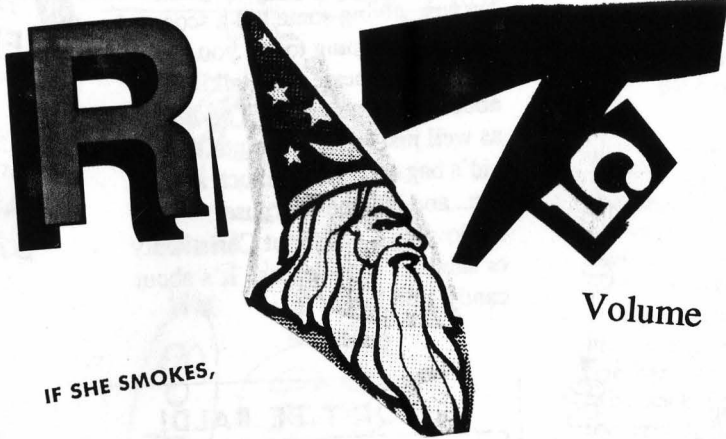


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Volume II Issue IX October 29, 1993

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HOTEL HOSTESS
"Now Hostess of this leading hotel thanks to Lewis." — J. E. Kuechle

Special Reformation Issue!!

Clay's Column
by Clay
**What Reformation means to us,
or, What is the Baptist Shrub?**

I have fond memories of the Halloween time of year, but not because of that particular holiday. In fact, kids at my home church were strongly discouraged from taking part in the pagan ritual. (Oddly enough, no one balked at the celebration of Christmas, despite the fact it was the early believers' way of putting a Christian face on the Roman festival of Saturnalia, which as a lowercase noun comes down to us as a rough synonym for *orgy*; perhaps there were some small business owners in the church.)

My church offered for children, in the stead of Halloween, a Reformation Day festival commemorating the nailing of Martin Luther's 95 theses to the Wittenberg door on October 31, 1517. Just what we children wanted—a thoughtful, reverent way to protest modern America's descent into decadence and downright un-Protestantism, and for all that, probably communism, too.

Times for celebration often lead us to reflect upon the things we are fortunate enough

to have around for the celebrating. Thus with the present holiday, we pause here to ask: Exactly what does the Reformation mean to us, that is, what if the Reformation had never happened? The questions beg the obvious answer: Without the Reformation, we'd all be Catholic. But I see another, more striking truth: Without the Reformation, there would be no Baptists.

'Not logically necessary,' you protest. True, the absence of Reformation does not logically preclude the advent of Baptists. But I submit the Reformation's *ethos of opposition* provided the fertile ground in which the Baptist shrub could flourish.

For what is the Baptist shrub, if not an intricate herbaceous system of interlocking branches of opposition? Take as examples the oppositions to homosexuality and sexual license, coarse language, consumption of refreshing alcoholic beverages, rock and roll and other forms of the devil's music, Democrats and their evil abortion racket, the ordination of female pastors, and cults [*sic*] of all kinds, including Islam, Judaism, Mormonism, and (most important) Catholicism.

But these are abstractions, ideological tangents with little apparent impact on our own city today. What's the upshot?

What would be the true nature of a world without Baptists? Mainly, it would be this: there would be no Bellevue. Memphis would have lost a venue much larger than Mud Island, a multimillion-dollar enterprise large enough to warrant its own off-ramp from I-40. Save FedEx and Graceland, Bellevue is the only thing keeping Memphis on the map.

So no Reformation means no Baptists means no Bellevue means no Memphis. Which means no Rhodes. Just think of it—without Rhodes, we'd all be at Vandy. Or would we be able to tell the difference?

Law!

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Martin Luther

Treat or Trick?
by Julie Meiman

We're all familiar with the idea of "trick-or-treating": one day a year, we knock on our neighbors' doors and demand candy. We also give them the option of NOT giving us candy, in which case we wreak havoc on their happy homes, their cars, or their unsuspecting children. It's an amazingly satisfying set-up when you're a kid, because either way, you get what you want; you get to choose between candy or destroying property...and it's often difficult to turn one of those options down.

I would like to reform the idea of trick-or-treating, for two reasons: first, it's a bad message for kids: Johnny learns that violence is the next step to take if his demands aren't met. Second: I'm too old to trick-or-treat, and the kids are the ones getting all the candy.

I'm arguing for a fair exchange of goods. If I give a kid some candy, then I get to reach into his or her bag and grab a handful in return. If the kid doesn't have any candy, then I get to hose him down. (That's the "trick" part.) Granted, it doesn't teach Johnny that violence is bad, but at least he understands "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," and all that stuff. You give me candy, I give you candy. You trick me, I trick you.

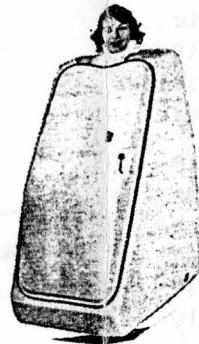
Giving out candy at Halloween is a little like paying indulgences. Let's say you yelled at a kid for walking through your flower-bed, and you feel guilty; on Halloween, you give him a double scoop of candy, and automatically you erase your overwhelming sense of guilt.

However, under the new, reformed idea of trick-or-treating, there's no such thing as indulgences. There's just plain

indulgence. You don't need to worry about purging your guilt, because giving some kid a scoop of candy isn't going to get you any real forgiveness. (I'm talking about salvation now.) You might as well just reach back into that kid's bag and grab as much as you can...and indulge...because Halloween's not about Christianity or saints or forgiveness. It's about candy, and lots of it.



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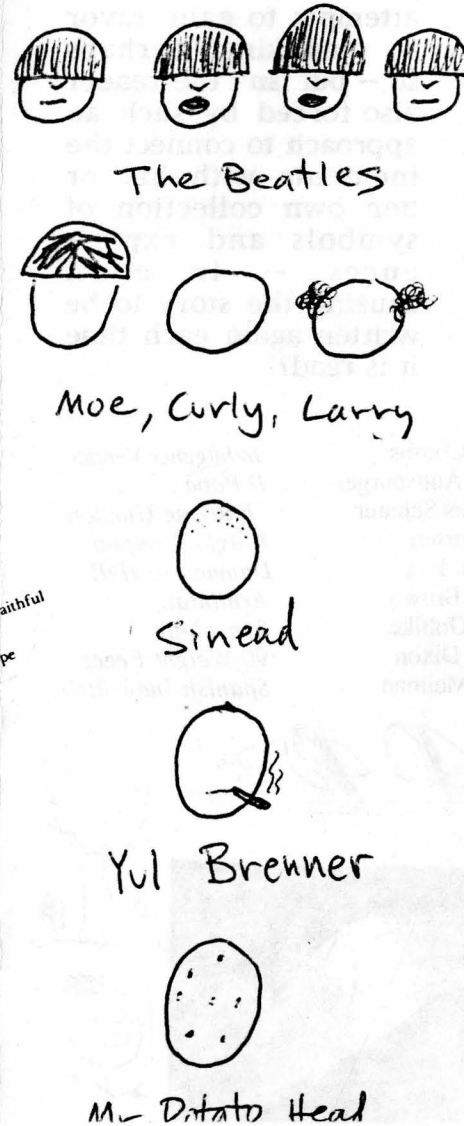
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Reformationists Since Calvin, Luther, Zwingli
by Pat Garrett



Our Rituals Used the World Over

The Anatomy of, not in, My Underwear, or How Underwear Reflects the Inner You

by Brian Dixon

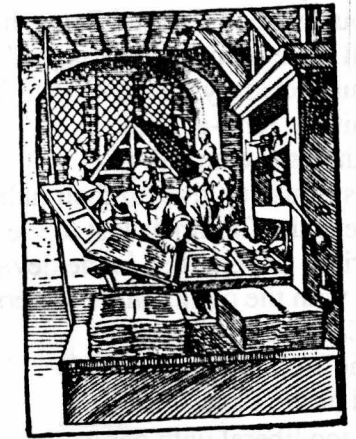
Sitting on the toilet, hoping for a nice bowel movement, I cannot help but notice my boxer shorts. Navy blue with a tube sock pattern. I suddenly realize that, besides my girlfriend and maybe my roommates, no one has ever seen me in my tube sock boxers. Nor my soccerball pattern, nor my polka dots, nor any of the plethora of plaids in the underwear collection. My mom has seen them, the boxers, because she purchased most of them.

If these patterns are cool enough to be inside my pants, next to my body, then why not on the outside? I envision myself walking down the street with navy blue tube socked pants. Of course, I laugh, slap my face, and replace the image of tube socks with a nice denim. Underwear patterns are just not acceptable as trousers. People would stare. Therein lies the problem. I want to wear navy blue tube socked pants. I also do not want people to stare. Boxer shorts, then, allow for the sublimation of this fanatical desire to wear oddly patterned pants. I can put on the boxers and feel a little crazy.

I know this is true because after my movement I am suddenly invigorated. Was it the jostling of my bowels? I don't think so. I truly believe the sight of my boxers gave me a boost. That's why everybody wears zany boxers, for that extra boost, for that "old time religion" feeling.

At this point I have to make some disclaimers. As a guy, I'm writing this article as if I were a guy. And not

Der Buchdrucker.

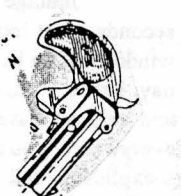
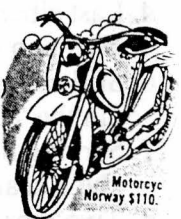


Ich bin geschickt mit der presch
So ich auftrag den Firnis ref!
So bald mein dien den benzel juet!
So ist ein bogn papps gedruet!
Da durch lombe manche Kunst an tag!
Die man leichtlich bekommen mag.
Vor zeiten hat man die bucher gschribn!
Zu Meins die Kunst ward erstlich triebn!

just any guy. I'm writing as if I were Brian Dixon. You may not feel particularly boisterous when you slip on a pair of boxers. That's fine. You may own some tube sock pattern pants. That's great. I'll stare at you when you pass, but that probably won't bother you. You may be of the opposite sex, and that would be fine with me.

Anyway, back to underwear. The same philosophy remotely applies to neckties and shirts, both of which have been known to push the limits of color theory and taste. The difference here, of course, is that neckties and shirts are normally worn on the exterior of a person. Perhaps, but this is only speculation, loopy ties and shirts are for overly confident individuals. I would understand this since many flamboyant people wear loopy, sometimes brightly colored clothes. They know that people will stare. That's what they want. I myself own many ties that are a bit, shall we say, different. I'm not flamboyant, so perhaps my theory is wrong. Can you imagine, though, the rush I get from wearing exuberant boxers and an equally bozo tie? I'd compare it to speaking in tongues or being in a zone. Pretty cool, huh?

Thank you for being patient. Next week we'll explore the anatomy in my underwear and how it fits in the inner you.



KILL THE HAIR ROOT



BREAKFAST AT THE INN
by: chris brown

Every Tuesday morning my alarm clock goes off at 5:45a.m. I then proceed, in a state of delirium, to stumble to the bathroom and do the necessary shit, shower, and shave routine. Although this is a very horrific scene, Tuesday is a great day. Every Tuesday for the past two months I have gotten up in the pre-dawn hours of the morning and frequented my favorite place to eat breakfast, Brother Juniper's College Inn. I usually arrive some time after 6:30a.m. and sit at my usual table in the right corner. The same waitress has always been there every Tuesday since I have been going to the College Inn. She walks over and tells me the coffee of the day and I have a cup of it as usual. The coffee beans are grown organically and ground fresh every morning, which makes for a mean cup of joe. I order either the breakfast special, an omelette, or a #4 that

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comes with homefries and toast. Not depending upon which one I order, I am assured of eating a large breakfast with everything being made from scratch and free refills on my coffee. All of the breads and pastries that are served are made at the College Inn and range from blueberry muffins to a five grain bread. If you are not into having a heavy breakfast you can always order fresh fruit, granola, a pastry, or oatmeal. One can walk out of Brother Juniper's College Inn having devoured probably the best breakfast in

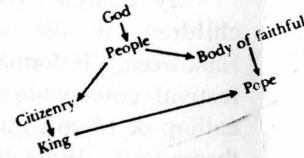
Memphis and pay under \$5. If you like the coffee or bread that you had for breakfast you can buy a pound of coffee beans and/or purchase a loaf of homemade bread or some muffins to take home with you. While one may have to sacrifice a little sleep to get this breakfast before going to class, you will be so wired from the great cups of coffee that you won't even notice the hours of sleep that you missed. Needless to say that even if you don't like breakfast or getting up before most warm blooded animals do you need to give this place a try, but if you do like breakfast then you need to make a pilgrimage over to Brother Juniper's College Inn. As a side note, the College Inn will be opening its doors during the evening and functioning as a coffee house from Monday-Friday(6-12) serving cappuccino, espresso, pastries and the possibility of a limited menu. So, if you need a good place to drink some superb coffee or you just want a cool place to go and talk the College Inn is the place

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2. 'I Say we shall have no more marriages!'
3. Good Works unnecessary for salvation. You just gotta have faith-a, faith-a, faith. ♪
4. Last album a little too ethereal. ♪
5. Nympho Nuns refuse to give up their habits.
6. Still can't believe the Cardinals lost to the Royals back in the '83 series. Saberhagen is the devil.
7. Serving blush with the communion wafers? It should be a hearty Cabernet Savignon.
8. Two words: no sex.
9. Growing tired of the Papal Bull. 
10. Pope getting too liberal with damnations.

A Call to Action

by Charles F. Schafer

* in the rat

Indulge me for a few seconds. Just look out that Rat window. It's a beautiful autumn day, isn't it? Nippy air, vivid red and yellow leaves blowing everywhere, you're aware of that inexplicable fall exuberance, aren't you? You feel free as a bird. Now look down at your elbows. Try to lift them off the table. They won't budge, will they? Those Rat tables are sticky, that's why!

* in the mailroom

It's later -- after lunch. You're checking the "box of eternal disappointment." You open it, and -- Oh joy! -- inside is a beautiful rare postcard from Europe, a valuable collector's item. You look at it closely, only to find your box number scrawled across it in large, insensitive blue letters. Grrr... you get angry! Unfortunately, you are powerless in this domain.

Ontological Ontology With a Twist of Lime, or, Memoirs of a Memoir-Thief, part 2

by Martin Fox

Dangerous preoccupations emerge in our protagonist as he leafs through the best-selling and precisely written novel, Daze of Asphalt and Grace. Sometimes overwhelmed by scenes from the documentary on vanishing tribes, his imagination wanders in search of conflict.

"Do you ever feel that you're being followed?" he whispers in a conspiratorial tone to a stranger he passes on the sidewalk, who dismisses him with a glassy stare and an icy shaking of the head. "I feel caught up in the forms I've created.", he recites to himself -- "Have I lost control of them?" Inspired by the tenacity of the few blades of grass able to live between cracks in the sidewalk, he is

strangely reminded of the missing pages in the books he had checked out on Jack Ruby, while trying to avoid thinking about himself as a composite of cultural icons.

Distracted later by thoughts of structure's impact on meaning, his search for a way to communicate these effeminate shadows in poetic form is forgotten. "Has our emphasis on the discovery of new conventions been gained at a loss of meaningful content?" he semi-consciously writes on the board, after failing to recall the subject matter of the prepared lesson's material.

An unusually precocious student attempts to gain favor by remarking: "Perhaps so -- but isn't the reader also forced by such an approach to connect the incidents with his or her own collection of symbols and experiences -- in effect causing the story to be written again each time it is read?"

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* in the room

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*** If any of the preceding scenarios struck a major chord with you, then think about this: you can change the way things are. Mass concerted action is the way to go. This is our college, let's take it back!

ETIQUETTE



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.

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