

"don't even bother to read this poor excuse for an already

apologetic turd"

# special "ingrate by heritage" issue!!

## ask faith and reason (compiled by charles schaffer)

Dear Faith and Reason:

I know that when we die and go before the judgment seat of the Lord, He will open up the Book of Life and add up our good and bad deeds to see if we are admitted to heaven. What I've always wondered is, does this happen right after we die or do we have to wait until the Judgment Day at the end of the world?

Sincerely,

Ivan Tunowinov

Faith: You ask too many questions, Ivan. You only need to know one thing to be a Christian, which is that Jesus Christ died for you on the cross. Of course, this fact directly implies many other things which are important, such as don't listen to secular rock'n'roll, always give money to charismatic Southern TV personalities, stay away from The Last Temptation of Christ, and so on.

Reason: Ivan, that is a very good question. The key is actually the bit about the Lord adding up rights and wrongs. Note that when people do good or bad acts, they in fact are doing acts that continually vary in their

degree of goodness or badness. Further note that since these acts do not occur on discrete time increments but, rather, are continuous, the Lord is forced to evaluate a large number of integrals of various "goodness functions" over intervals along the real number line for each person! Seeing as how Jesus came to

save us about two thousand years ago and the calculus has only been around since Newton, the Lord is still trying very hard to catch up on these often tricky sums. The upshot of all this is that you're going to be waiting a long time to get into heaven, even if you die right now. Faith: So all those crusaders who died in battle, their last breaths gasping "Tonight we shall dine in paradise" or some such hopeful phrase, they are still hungry, in limbo somewhere?

Reason: That is correct.

Faith: I find that hard to palate.

Reason: And so it must be false?

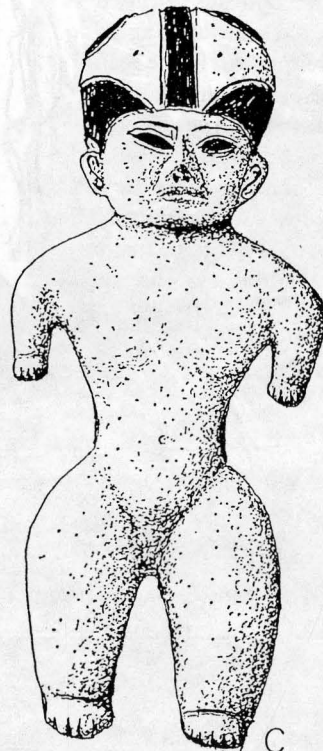
Faith: Well...

Reason: That's what's so ridiculous about your outlook! Because life seems desolate, "unpalatable," there must be something we are overlooking, something that is good and is order, something which, no matter what you say, functions to make the world seem ultimately just, even kind. Yes, kind. When pressed you deny it -- but that's why you believe God loves you. You want to believe that you live



in a kind world. Well, you don't. Don't count on God's justice in the afterlife because it might not come. Don't count on it in the world because it's never been proven to exist and because it might make you less concerned with human justice. Make your own justice. Faith: I don't feel like listening to you on one of your soapboxes. Reason: That was

semantically ambiguous. Faith: You're being a jerk. But as long as we're being picky, what you just said was redundant. If a sentence is ambiguous, it is semantically ambiguous. { to be continued }



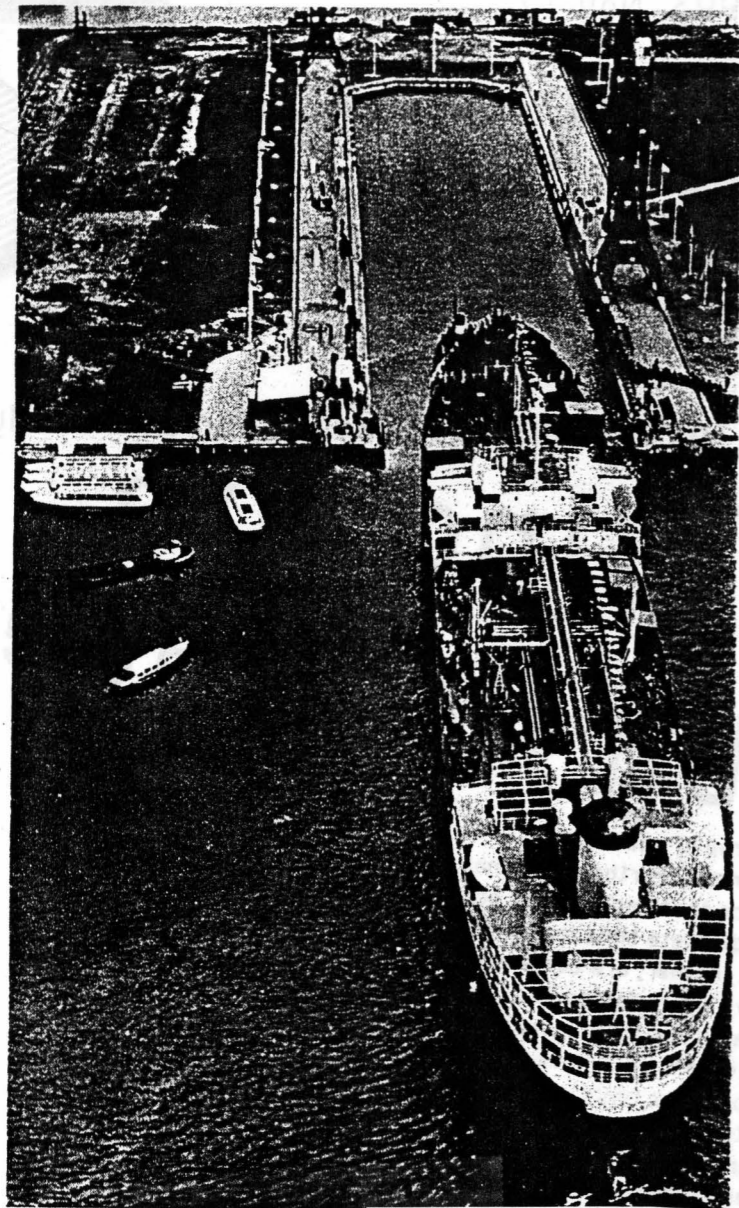
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**Ratios And Why You Shouldn't Trust Them**

by: chris brown

As next semester registration passes us by, I have some thoughts on class size. In one of my classes for next semester the class size has been increased to 30 students. I transferred to this school from a college that had 30-40 students in a class. I was also paying less than half of what I am now paying. ( humm. am I being screwed?) Rhodes prides itself on being a "small" liberal arts college. Now, "small" is to only be understood as a fewer number of students in the student population when compared to other college campuses. It does not mean that you will have a small class size or that you will receive more individual attention.



looking small is all that matters.

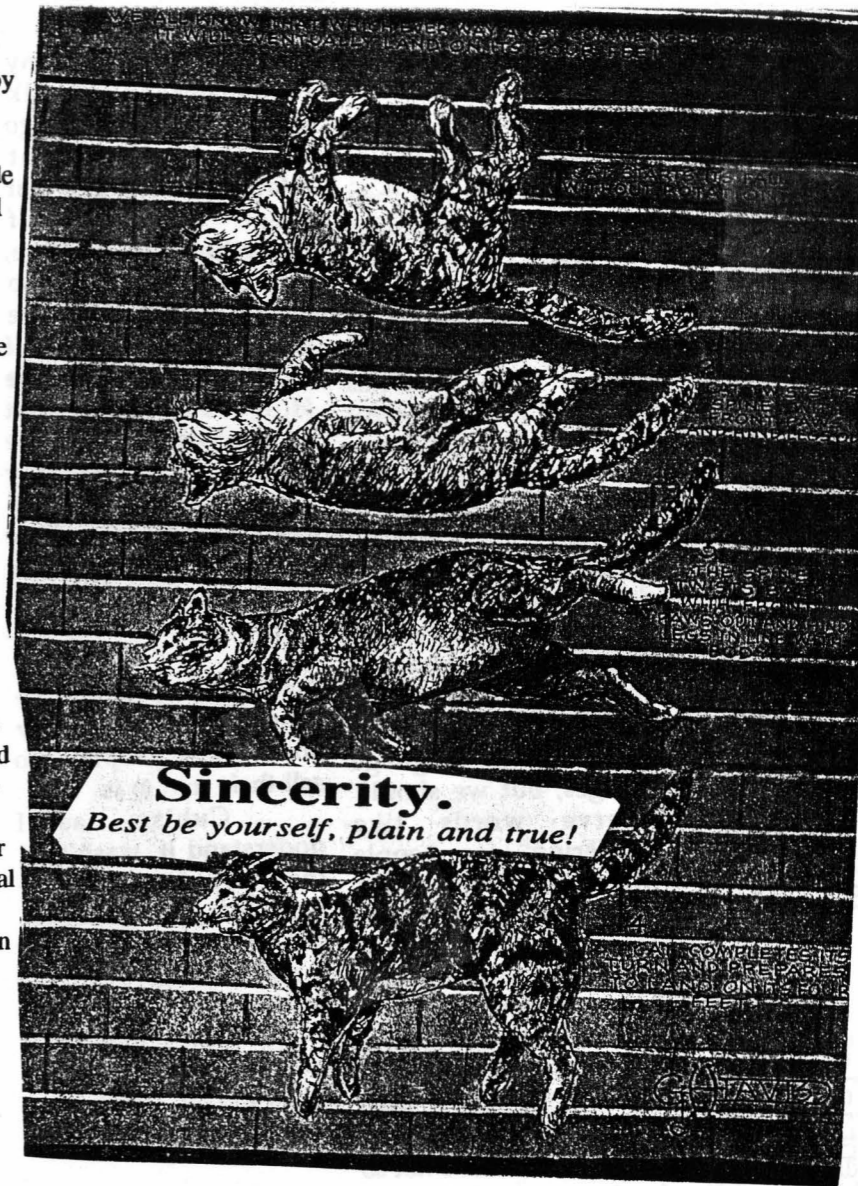
Rhodes, like many third world nations, is a paper tiger. While on paper the college boasts all of these wonderful figures and ratios that makes it superior

to other colleges is only a mirage. These ratios and figures are lost in the reality of the classroom. Or another way to see Rhodes is like chocolate covered piece of dung. From the outside it looks extremely pleasing, but on the inside it is nothing but pure shit.

Wiles-Smith Drug Store  
by ruthie stephenson

Memphis's oldest independent drug store is hidden on 1635 Union between Garner's Frame Shop and Fast Signs. You wouldn't think differently about this place because it's just a pharmacy. Wrong. My mentor/friend Virginia (see last week's article) suggested we meet at Wiles for lunch one day. I didn't know what kind of treat I was in for. When I pulled up in my blue truck, I saw "Old-Fashioned Soda Fountain" advertised in the window. Boy, oh boy was this a new find. # I walked in and had a seat on a spinning stool at the counter. I took advantage of my new seat and spun around a few times to check out everything while I waited for Virginia. Wiles is quaint and has character. It's not overcrowded like most super stores, and if you became a regular customer, you'd definitely know everyone by name. # When Virginia arrived, we seated ourselves at a vinyl-covered booth with rips in it--the kind of booth that adds character to a place. Virginia ordered the homemade chicken salad--a Wiles specialty--and vegetable soup. I ordered a BLT and a chocolate

shake. I could tell my shake was the real mc coy because it had chocolate syrup dripping down the side. # The only downside to the food is that it's all served with paper or styrofoam plates, cups, and utensils. The reason being not having to hassle with the sanitation regulations of washing dishes. The upside, however, is the friendly waitresses, the O.B.G. atmosphere (celebrating their 49th year), and the cheap food. Virginia has even seen Cybil Shepard there. # The homemade food is delicious and inexpensive. Sandwiches range from \$1.75-2.95 and shakes for \$2.00 (regular) and \$2.45 (extra thick). # This is the place to go for a quick bite or a slow meal and it's incredibly affordable. You could even treat a friend to lunch for under 5 bucks. Just keep your eyes open when you're travelling down Union because you could easily miss one of the finest drug stores around.



to our children?", he asks, his shouts muffled by the music playing on stage. "I'll work in the margins." He confides to the twisting forms, "Who's going to stop me?"

With loaded pistol and evidence gathered on the Warren commissions' habits and personality-traits, he surreptitiously searches the Dallas night-clubs.

Having killed time, he plans the next installment in his series of tightly structured serial narratives, and is startled by your reading eyes. He screeches in challenge, "Who gave you the permission to read of me?", his tensed fists raised to the sky. Then reconsidering, he continues in a somewhat calmer manner, "Oh. I guess I did. What do you think?"

Monster in My Poet, or, Memoirs of a Memoir-Thief, part 4  
by Martin Fox

Allegorical dust settles around him, as he wanders alone in the painted desert. Visions of grandeur and stasis no longer speak distinctly, as nothing heeds the fevered pronouncements which barely escape his lips.

"How will we teach these songs

As the structures break down, you reply



STAFF BOX

- pAt garrett wild turkey
- chris brown marshmallow und yam casserole
- briAn dixon i'm dressing
- cIAy combs punkin
- chARles schafEr liver gravy
- dipAk ghosh plymouth sundance
- julie meimAn progressive pilgrim
- ruthie stephenson postmodern pilgrim
- mike Augspurger deconstructive pilgrim
- john wAYne listen pilgrim
- ross gohlke unwitting native american





## A wonderful holiday flight to Beirut for £105 return

(BOAC 23-day Tourist Excursion fare\*)

could only look up to the light grey clouds, free in flight...my plane has no wheels. I can't land. I don't want to.



hurts. The whiter sandstone was an illusion. I took off and saw the

truth. Slate. Dark, grey slate. Halliburton stood up, ringing that

bell, another shade of grey. I

grey. It's cold. The wax won't melt, i'll stay airborne.

Laplace has been transforming my mind brutally. How equitable are differentials?

Lorentz wasn't much kinder either. My head

me to fly. I can feel it. The cold air shrinks, gets denser, sinks and lifts me up to the heavens. Not too high. I'm only human.

Higher, higher. The sun doesn't blind me, it's shrouded with

## Act Two

Rambolin' Leaf

by Dipak Gosh

Leaves, leaves everywhere. It's Fall. Is He telling me to shed my leaf and fall to my senses? No. God is nice. (So "COOL" that hell is HOT.) He wants

I saw a commercial today. It said that if you buy their product your suffering will end. I took a class last year. The class was called Human Suffering and for 14 weeks we talked about what suffering is to different people in different times. The commercial I saw claimed to relieve none of the situations of suffering which we discussed in class. It claimed to end dandruff. Suffering. From dandruff. Hmm. I understand that words change and are used differently as language changes, but we should reserve words like "suffering" for people who have suffered. I am no judge of who has and has not suffered, but I'd like to try. Retired major league baseball players with dry flakey scalps have not suffered. Jews in Germany and elsewhere under Hitler did. There. That's not so hard.

Sometimes my roommates and I talk about stuff. A while ago we talked about relativity. It's popular these days. If everything is relative, then maybe people who have dandruff really are suffering. Dandruff victims. And maybe the Holocaust was just uncomfortable to the millions who died. My roommates will tell me that I have not done relativity justice. And my roommates are often right. But my bitch isn't

that relativity should be canned. I just worry about those people who sell their soul to it.

Cubism, as I understand it, wasn't all that popular when it first hit the galleries. But some artists did like it and made great strides and strokes in the cubist thing. Picasso knew that cubism could have been taken too far. He turned back.

Lucky him, he was bald. Imagine how different his canvases would have looked if he suffered from dandruff.

BY PAT GARRETT



## Top Ten Ethno-conscious Color Fashion Combinations For Flight Attendants in the 90's

brought to you by J. Crew

10. **Oatmeal Heather** Deep V-neck lambswool sweater over neo-classic **Chamois** unitard
9. **Bark** bodysuit, accented by **Yam** corduroy skirt
8. retro-traditional **Teale** fine jersey tee with wide-leg retro **Taupe** jeans
7. plaid sweater dress, **Pine & Ecru**, with monk strap shoes
6. **Port** camel hair oversized coat & **Thistle** thermal pants
5. **Saffron & Tobacco**
4. **Cactus** lounge wear with **Canvas** wool socks
3. **Twilight** twill schoolboy jacket over broken-in **Chili** jeans
2. brushed chinos, **Sky**, with **Stone** cotton rollneck sweater
1. **Black & / or White** birthday suit

\*all fabrics synthetic, regardless of name

\*all fashions uni-gender, of course

\*all fashions respectful of every season

\*sincerest apology to all colors and designs not on the list