

Special Comeback Issue!!

The Village People: A Review
by Julie "MACHO" Meiman

The Village People concert was held at Six-One-Six on Sunday night, and I'm not lying when I say that it changed my life. We were literally packed into the club, body to body, and by 8:30 I was close, intimate friends with the people around me. By 9:30 we were all getting impatient for the show of a lifetime. The Six Million Dollar Band opened for the Village People, blasting the audience with a powerful disco beat that was reminiscent of both Rick James and the Red Hot Chili Peppers. By 11:00 we were primed and ready for the Village People.

When they marched out on stage, I was so excited I thought I would throw up. They were all there: Cowboy Man, Construction-Worker Man, Indian Man, Motorcycle Man, Police Man, and Army man were decked-out in the finest Village People garb they could dig out of their closets. I was about ten feet from the stage--just close enough to see the sweat glistening on their 40 year-old muscles.

Don't get me wrong--most of these guys have aged well, although I must say they have gotten a little stranger over time. As a 10 year-old roller skating rink devotee, I imagined that behind the voices of "Macho Man," "YMCA," and "In the Navy" were wholesome young men who enjoyed singing about how much fun it was to be representative members of the male sex.

They sounded exactly the same 11 years later (thanks to current dubbing technology), but their performance wasn't as innocent as I expected. "Macho Man" and "Trash Disco" were accompanied by pelvic thrusts, tongue-gestures, and muscle flexing. The 10 year-old me would have been shocked. The 21 year-old me loved it. It seemed to bring my whole life into perspective. As a child of the 70's, I never dreamed that the disco beat would survive the next two decades. The Village People, as I now realize, are beacons of light: they represent the timelessness of

music, art, and dance. Most of all, they assure us that even in the 1990's, it's still cool to be a macho man.



... A FLEA POWDER WORTH BARKING FOR



- Kills fleas 100% Faster
- None revive to reinfest
- Kills fleas, lice, dog ticks, stick-tites

A Musing by Charles Schafer

I currently am not trying to maximize the Good. If I were, I would calculatedly compose the rest of this column such that it would initially capture your interest and then, abruptly, try to convince you of doing the most morally productive action I could imagine. Be assured, though, that my intentions are nothing but a morass of ungrounded and unmulled grains of ideas.

I'd like simply to talk about our essence here, the meat of our human nature, in 200 words or less. I think that curiosity is really where it's at. Where our fundamental nature is at, that is. And before you look askance at this poor inquiry, think with me for a moment. What is the common element among all delvings into the nature of humanity? The astute reader will already have seen that the common element is of course that they all demonstrate curiosity. Get it? See what I mean?

This essential curiosity is closely tied with the divine side of our nature. It is only after riddling ourselves with deep boring questions, you see, that we find we are holy. So the

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A QUIET PLACE
WHERE YOU CAN
GO AWAY FROM
CLAMOR OF
CHRIS G. & STILES

Relocate
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theological truths we divine through rational endeavor may be suspect as manufactures, if you take my meaning. The only way to escape such artificial holiness is ultimately to de-sieve ourselves back into wholes. Only then can pure humanistic truth be born.

B.S.

An Early Morning Excursion
by Brian Dixon

Sun comes up, it's Tuesday morning. One problem. The sun is not actually up. It is four in the morning. The sun is up somewhere, but not here. Shannon, my girlfriend, has just risen. Today is the day. Though her surgery is scheduled for the early afternoon, the doctor insists that she arrive at the hospital at the crack of dawn.

I should back up. The story does not begin here. Two or three days before Christmas I got a message in an uncharacteristically solemn voice from Shannon, who was visiting her parents in Atlanta. If you know Shannon, you probably do not know this voice. I, however, know it, and that it usually means something bad has happened.

When I spoke to her later that evening she confirmed my suspicions: "Well guess what? I saw the doctor today. They gave me an ultrasound. I have gallstones. I need to have my gall bladder removed."

I reacted oddly. "Ultrasound" left me in momentary shock, anticipating the unexpected. "Gallstones" brought me small relief, but not really. We now understood the inexplicable back pain that Shannon had been experiencing for nearly two years. After she explained how technology had eliminated the use of scalpels, and that the surgery was outpatient, I felt some real, satisfactory relief.

The new methods involve lasers and the such. It is still considered major surgery, though, and Shannon is understandably worried.

She is not allowed to eat on the morning of the surgery. Others might have had a glorious meal the night before, living it up before the sacrifices of the next day. Shannon, however, is on a restricted diet. If she has another gall bladder attack before the surgery, they will have to use the scalpel. Apparently, the laser cannot be used if the gall bladder is severely infected. The old methods mean a week in the hospital, a month to recover, and a ten-inch scar to remember.

Somehow, I am not worried. Shannon is, and this bothers me. Her doctor has performed this surgery two thousand times without complication. I know the surgery will go as planned. As she waits for the surgery to begin, I give my words of encouragement, but what can they do? She reminds me, correctly, that she is the one having her gall bladder removed.

It hurts to see the nurse roll her away. I know she is frightened, and for the first time since the ordeal began, alone, trying to deal with her fears without the safety of me or her family. I know she will be ok. Despite her small size, she is a huge person, and capable of coping alone. I still wish I was there, though. I know that in her



"IT BURNED ME UP when he said, 'Sure! New York girls can dance—and hang on subway straps—and swim—and drive in traffic—but what I want to know is, can they cook? Show me just one who can bake a really good chocolate cake!' So..."

much smaller shoes, besides being uncomfortable, I would be extremely worried, and want a familiar face nearby.

I did not worry about her until her father began explaining the small print. Apparently, if left unchecked, her faulty gall bladder could have put her in a life threatening situation, one similar to that of an exploding appendix. It would happen quickly and unexpectedly. This is too much to even think about.

As it turns out, I have no reason to worry. As I contemplate the worst case scenario, Shannon is already in the recovery room. The surgery is a success, and involves no complications. One

more for the doc. Though she is woozy and struggles to say she feels like shit, I feel a sense of relief.

GAP GUY AND Slug Boy



I'm Just Visiting By Steve Karnes

If you come to New York sometime and feel like coming down to the West Village, you should go to Sheridan Square, where Seventh Ave South, Christopher Street, and W4th St intersect. There, high up in the air and over the Village Cigar store, you can find an advertised representation of today's man.

Highest up, there is a large picture of a rugged cowboy, known to all the world as the Marlboro Man. Below that, overlapping the Surgeon General's warning, is a huge picture of two men, sitting on rocks with their arms around each other. Behind them is a clear blue sea and a cruise ship right out of the Love Boat. In bold, red letters - RSVP CRUISES "The best value in Gay Cruises." The guys are all smiley and happy - they must be having a good time and got a dam good deal on it, too.

What's the meaning of the billboards? Does the hetero representation take precedence because its on top of the gay cruise billboard? Does everyone driving down 7th Ave, toward New Jersey, question their sexual orientation and dream about lazy days of shuffleboard and dancing the night away? Is this what this column is about? No - I'm just wondering what constitutes a good value on a Gay cruise.

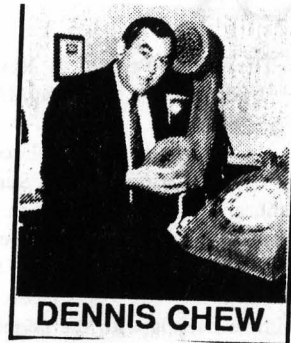
I mean, is there a difference between a good value on a gay cruise and a good value on a non-gay cruise? You probably get the same accommodations and the same food. I guess the difference might be in the entertainment or the activities. But, then again, maybe not. I really haven't called them to ask what the difference is. Maybe I should.

When I look out of my fifth floor window, I see the back of these two billboards. They're

not pretty but they do serve the purpose of blocking some of the tremendous amounts of noise

that travels up from the street. I doubt either billboard does a better job of blocking the sound than does the other. They look the same from my window.

Unlike a number of people I know and don't know, I don't mind living in the West

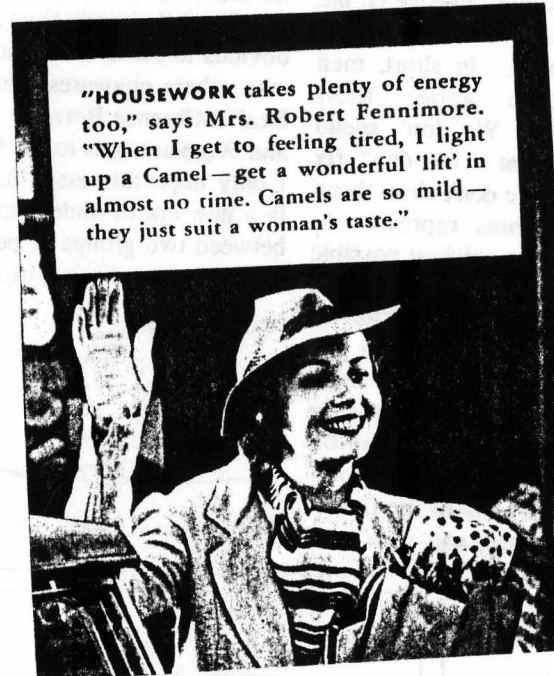
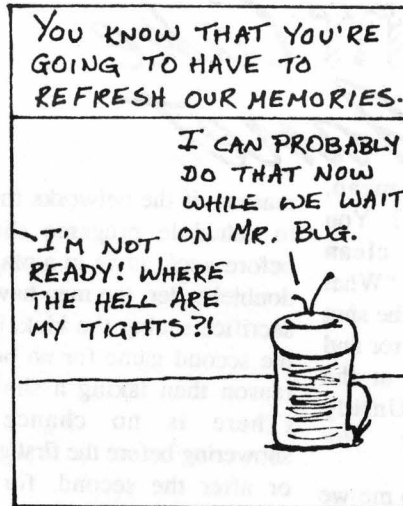


DENNIS CHEW

Village, in the center of Gay New York. Sure, a fat ugly guy tried to make a pass at me on the street one night but that's only happened once. Boy, I sure know why women hate that kind of thing. And, sure, I'm sure people assume most men are gay that live in that area but, you know, its New York and the sheer numbers lend themselves to an anonymity that cannot be had in most parts of the world. I don't mind living there at all.

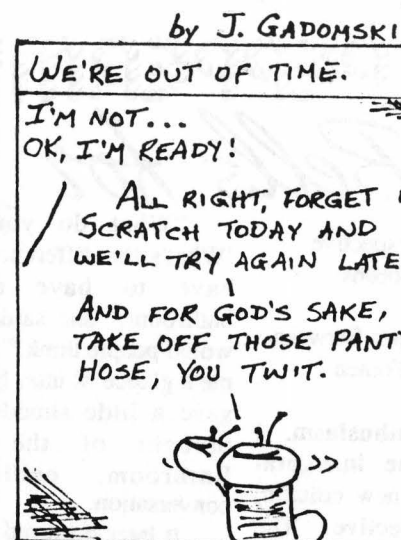
Since I've been back from New York, during the holidays, everyone has naturally asked me how I like it. It's kind of a funny question if you think about it. Anyone who knows me is not surprised when I answer - It's OK, I don't mind living there at all. It's not as bad as everyone thinks. And it's not. You can have lots of fun or you can let it get to you. Or you can be like me and just live there - you cope. You just live.

Getting back on the subject of the billboards, one could view them as a representation of today's man. You could also view them as two billboards that block the sound of sirens from waking me up at night. Either way, I don't mind living there at all.



The adventures of James L. Clark
—scientist, naturalist, explorer, and
vice-director of one of America's
largest museums

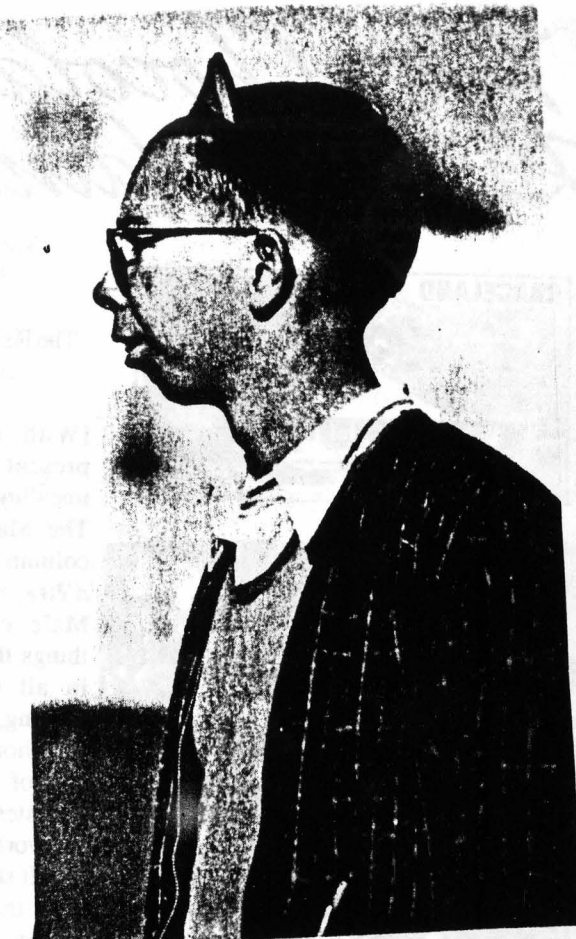
IN SEARCH of rare animals, James Clark led his expedition up from India, over the icy passes of the Himalayas, and across the desert wastes of inner China—a journey of over 3,000 miles beset with hunger, thirst, incredible hardship, and hostile natives. As Mr. Clark says: "I've had my share of nerve-tensing danger and tough going—times when Camels come in handy. I wouldn't be without Camels on my expeditions. It's amazing how quickly my vim comes back when I smoke a Camel after an exhausting trek. And Camels never upset my nerves."



The Rat's Ass, in an attempt to widen its reading audience and to fill up more space, will now feature a weekly glance at the opinions expressed by other local newspapers. This week's section comes from the January edition of the well-known Memphis Collegiate, which somehow lost its way from CBU and ended up on my lunch table. The news story's strong stance against the civil rights movement should make us all think about our ideas concerning societal change, grass-roots movements, and apple pie....

Recently, on the campus of Christian Brothers University, a burglar was pursued by maintenance men until he pulled out a pistol, opened fire, and jumped the bordering fence to make his getaway.

Violence on the serene campuses of America has become more and more a commonplace ever since the 1960s. The civil rights movement and Vietnam-era protests are especially significant for the phenomenon of campus crime, because their arrival brought, for the first time, widespread intentional lawbreaking and violence to the nation's college campuses.



Freshman Bob Shumate of Napa, Calif., stares like stout Cortes in "wild surmise" over Cal's sea of unknown faces.

Staff Box

0	Rain Man	Mike Augspurger
0	Ice Man	Pat Garrett
0	Ice T	Julie Meiman
0	Iced T	Chris Brown
0	Nicety	Ross Gohlike
0	Creature Comfort	Brian Dixon
0	Southern Comfort	Clay Combs
0	Hail Yes	Dipak Ghosh
0	Sleet Jesus	Jeff Gadowski
0	Cumulo Nimrod	Chuck Schafer

The Rat's Ass is put together every once in a while by a crack staff of Rhodes students, alumni and other people vaguely connected to this campus, and distributed in the same location as actual campus publications, the Rat. If you take offense at any of the material, the names above are simply the butt of a complex joke, and these people didn't write anything in these pages (Wait, you say, then why...?).

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL

This Chocolate Peppermint Cake Rang Wedding Bells for Janet

GRACELAND



At Kappa Alpha Theta Jean Guittard, freshman pledge (left), enjoyed formal dancing with Jean Sayre, upperclassman

One of the effects of Greeks encompassing more than half of the student body is that they tend to appear as though they set the social structure of campus, for the simple reason that, being selective social organizations, there is a perception that Greeks are the coolest, most popular people on campus.



At the sweetheart derby staged by Sigma Chi, rushees were smeared with war paint, pushed down a small roller coaster.

The Male Perspective
by Clay Combs

The Real Difference Between Men and Women

[With rabid enthusiasm, I present here the inaugural installment of a new column, The Male Perspective. The column itself has no *raison d'être*, other than to celebrate Male culture, to report on things that interest Males, and in all things, to reduce to nothing, through stereotyping, the thoughts and feelings of one of the largest groups of testosterone-bearing peoples in the world, Males.

It should be noted right off that there exist within the group of Males many subgroups classified, by and large, according to tongue behavior. The dominant male gene for tongue behavior, carried on the Y sex

chromosome, results in the hanging of the tongue over the lower lip at all times. Tongue behavior in a small minority, however, is governed by a less common gene that results in the constant resting of the tongue inside the cheek.]

My mother and I, as is our wont, were talking about bathrooms—their purpose, decoration and maintenance. “You just have to clean your bathroom constantly,” she said. “Oh,” I said. “I’m not so sure about that.”

“What do you mean, I’m not so sure about that? You have to clean bathrooms all the time. At least once a week.”

I reviewed mentally my bathroom-cleaning record. It came to twice a month,

roughly. Okay. Once a month. Maybe. “I don’t understand, mom,” I said. “What’s the real difference?”

“What do you mean, ‘What’s the difference’? You have to have a clean bathroom,” she said. “What would people think?” She shot me a glance of utter horror and gave a little shudder at the thought of the Untidy Bathroom, ending the conversation.

It later occurred to me we had unwittingly uncovered the Real Difference Between Men and Women. In short, men don’t care about their bathrooms. We don’t spend time in them. We don’t fix them up. We don’t clean them.

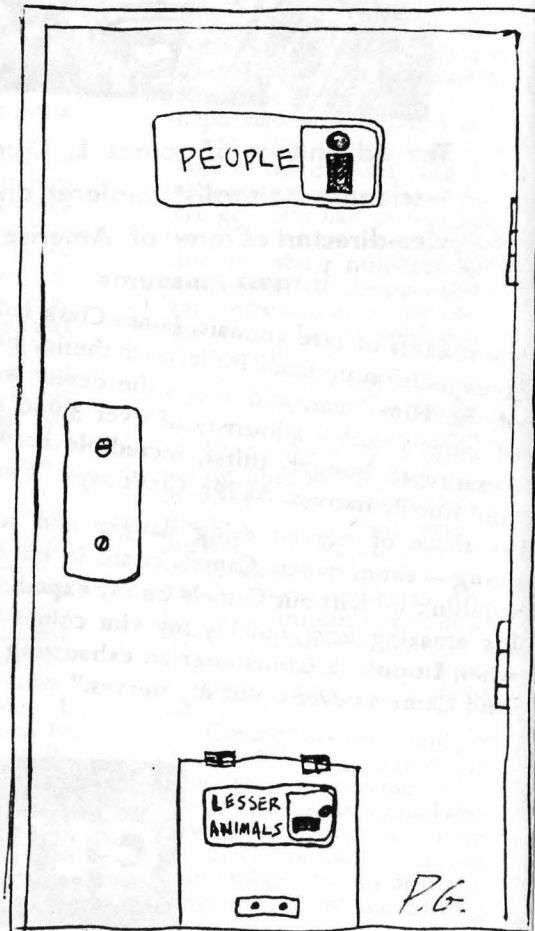
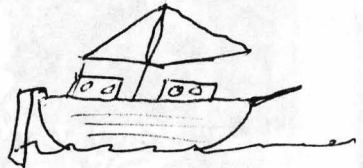
Bathrooms represent to men only the quickest possible satisfaction of bodily urges and social requisites that, truth be told, only slow us down and contribute nothing to our lives. The men are legion who, even as they lather their hair for the obligatory weekly shampoo, resent every dig of the fingers into the scalp, and with good

reason: if the networks forget to schedule pregame shows before *each* game in a playoff doubleheader, the men have to sacrifice seeing the kickoff of the second game for no better reason than taking a shower. (There is no chance of showering before the first game or after the second, for the obvious reason of Beer.)

So while it may have been obvious to some, it will surely take others unawares that the Real Difference Between Men and Women traces to the W.C. I only hope this essay ushers in a new era of understanding between two groups of people heretofore so mutually

misunderstood.

XXX



P.G.