

PAT'S ASS

TO HELL WITH EVERYBODY

Volume 3 Issue 8
October 28, 1994

Helps You Overcome
FALSE TEETH

Just an article
by
tom logue

it has recently come to my attention that communists are made fun of a lot in our present society. To all of you who participate in this particular form of ridicule I have but one word: "Phooey."

I am a communist. I haven't told my parents yet; I'm waiting for the right time. But there are a few issues I'd like to address.

- 1) Communism ain't really that bad.
- 2) No, really, it isn't.
- 3) Stop laughing.

We'll start with #1. Communism is simply the answer to the following equation:
+ government
+ compassion

You see, this is the main problem people have with communism: they would have to be nice. Communism involves thinking of others and respecting them, talents, shortcomings, and all. It involves other stuff too, like distribution of wealth, which means the virtual elimination of hunger, homelessness, etc.

(God forbid that; we have to have someone to throw spare change at so we can go to sleep at night.)

Why? Because the whole thing was run by a perfect cross-section of humanity: you had greed, hunger for power, impatience, and whining. Please don't get me wrong. I like America, really. It's neat, and really big. And I think America could benefit from a little communism. But I don't like the "love-it-or-leave-it" mentality. That's not what this country is about (it's rumored). And I don't like ignorance.

Yes, this whole thing was written on a typewriter. You know us, we're kind of behind on technology.

Okay, #2. It means you can't make enough to buy a yacht to match your canvas shoes. But you know, it's those kind of sacrifices that build character. I think now is an opportune time to point out that those "damn commie Soviet bastards" who threatened our way of life, if not our very existence, for 45 years weren't Communists. Sorry.

#3. Some people say that communism is outdated, that it is no longer a viable theory. I think that human beings suck, and that we are no longer a viable species. It's not a matter of communism not working, it's that it never got half a chance.

LONG LIVE THE GLORIOUS AND VALIANT PROLETARIAT STRUGGLE AGAINST THE OPPRESSIVE BOURGEOIS CAPITALIST REGIME! Thank you and have a good night.

WILL THIS NEW SHAMPOO MAKE MY BRISTLES AS GOOD AS PROLON?

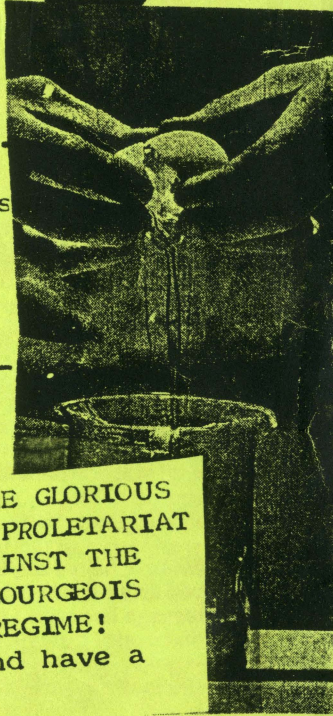
Proven formula for wealth



Satisfaction Guaranteed of your friends is bound to succeed. If you follow the yourself, we GUARANTEE you success. Your desires turned to reality. Advance yourself now, whatever present position. This book is worth thousands of dollars anyone who really wants to be wealthy, but to the best who doesn't care, it's not worth a penny. To order send \$2.00



ONCE OVER LIGHTLY GETS ALL THE DIRT



CONTINUING AGAINST

SHINE
One time a friend of mine and I were drinking out in this guy's back yard when all of a sudden he starts telling me about this girl at his job he wanted to put the moves on. He was convinced he could get her attention with sympathy by me squarely. "Hit me." I told him fuck off, I wasn't about to punch him out for some dumbass mack scheme of his. He asked a couple more times, and I refused coming into work looking like he got beat up. "A fat lip or something would be him each. A few minutes later I thought he'd forgotten all about it when he smiled enough," he said between gulps of beer, "but I don't have a fat lip." He looked at and there was that one clear second when you know you're in trouble but knocked him flat on his back. He was right about the girl. I never got the twenty. SHINE and caught my eye. "I'll give you twenty bucks and some candy," he said. I not even like falling to the ground/it's like the ground reaches up and hits you/and not all the anger or fear in the world can keep that from happening/somebody twists the room and the floor jumps up to be the wall you've just got to pass out because you got hit way, way too hard this time/it's and somebody cuts the lights with a slow fade/
believe that a stupid thing like a rubber mallet would kill a guy? He didn't think so, but it did: eternally dispatched by a fucking rubber mallet.

Butt Soldiers of Sodom or Horror Punk Rock Song

Wizened angel of death, you're Too old to reap; you can only Gnaw at a young girl's ankles. This encounter on a rain-slicked Highway, you scythe with a Road sign, impaling Windshield glass.

Old beat-up Chevys can't cruise too good Wrapped around a telephone pole. Your teenage lips won't kiss again With that pretty little head In your own lap. Hope lies in the miracle of modern Science, And the gentle craft of robbing graves. My queen My lover My Cadavera!

Marilyn's body with a schoolgirl's head, The pinnacle of tonight's delights. She'll keep loving long after you're dead. See the stitches? Turn out the lights.

Vertigo a go-go or I'm too immature to appreciate That Hitchcock film

Jimmy Stewart didn't need no talk To get off Kim Novak's clothes.

When she almost drowned, that's when He had her Over to his apartment.

- Juan Olliphante



So smooth it leaves you BREATHLESS!

Apologia (J Stovall)

[!aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
i'llsmashdashbashaskull- and-giveafewkicks-in-the-ribs--mydadlikesguns-and-hasbunches-but-thinki'll-go-down-town-andgetagun, just-for-the-feel-of-it];

smile and nod in kurt reply: Another person whose name I don't know has greeted me like an old friend.



Streiking: One Way to Get a B.A.

BUCK ROGERS SPACE RANGER KIT

Exclusive Interview: A Word With the Anti-Christ

10 Oct. 1994, 2:59 a.m. As recent rumors have suggested, Lucifer has indeed been discovered in our midst. En route to his next class, we grabbed the Prince of Darkness for a quick chat:

Rat's Ass: So,uh, Mr. Satan, how long have you been attending Rhodes College. Anti-Christ: Since the Masons founded it, actually. But right now I am posing as a senior. RA: What are your views on the current state of evil at Rhodes?

ADVICE

A-C: Well, not a bad way to make a living...I've lately found bitter polemics in underground newspapers to be a useful tool. RA: What has been the focus of these polemics, in general? A-C: Oh, you know, the usual sort of stuff you find at every college: bitter diatribes against the administration, meaningless poems, and a penchant for the pointless. But excuse me, I must be going. RA: One last question, Mr. Satan. When shaving, do you prefer a brush or a roller? A-C: Lime.

NEW! ILLUSTRATED POWER & SPEED CATALOG! OVER 500 PICTURES - TUNING TIPS - COMPLETE DATA ON ALL LATEST CARS! \$3.97 S. Norwalk, Vt. 05646 75¢



The Arlington (175M) 21" Table Model with HALOLIGHT. Mahogany veneer cabinet. Stratopower "50R" Chassis. Available with built-in UHF reception. Also in Blonde (175B).



The cat blew another note on his trumpet; the TV screen went blank. He intoned, "Night has just fallen."

FLUX FEST SALE

LOOK 1944... AUDIENCE PRICE NO. 1, 1945... HOLD UP, 1948...

Keep collar points
DOWN



The Rat's Ass is put together by a fairly fallow phunctitude of Rhodes squirrels, published at our inconvenience, and distributed for your personal use in the Rat. There are, clearly, no restrictions on what is published. "Collectively, there is neither regard for, nor claim of, accuracy or even truth in today's media. (Reagan p.24) So don't smoke us about it: the opinions expressed by individuals are their own and not anyone else's. Any contributions will eventually be published or something

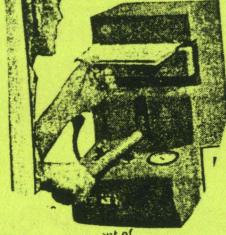
Martin Fox's criticism in this issue of the Rat's Ass has become entirely concerned with itself, allowing a silly amount of self-referentiality. By isolating itself as a signifier which points exclusively towards itself, it circumvents modes of critical discourse which, have, of course, been assimilated by the ruling classes, as a prop to the hegemony of bipolar thought, a fetish of hierarchical organization within a post-cultural strata invoked by the exchange of play and structure. Although he addresses none of these concerns, the interjection of a text in variance with this system clearly points towards the implication of critique. It would have been vastly improved, however, if it had alluded to Proust.

THE FEW, THE PROUD,

THE STAFF:

- marty linville: post-industrial tactician
- dipak ghosh: post-quantum by proxy
- ross gohlke: post-textual pater familias
- martin fox: post-criticalism
- jay stovall: post-emergence
- tom logue: post-teutonic crouton
- john oliphant: Capt. Kronos, vampire slayer

Get into... **PLASTIC LAMINATING AT HOME**



BLOOD IS TRACED through the body by two counters at University of Pennsylvania. Man breathes air containing radioactive gas. Counters at head and lungs pick up particles given off by the gas as it passes through the body.

"Mind if the 5:15 is a little late tonight, Jay?"

Labels in the illustration include: EIGHT FLYING SAUCERS, STRATOPOWER SPACE SHIP, ATOMIC ROCKET, SUPER-SONIC ROCKET LAUNCHER, MARTIAN DYNAGATOR TANK, STANDING FIGURES OF BUCK, WILMA, SPACE RANGERS AND MARTIANS, CHRONOSCOPIC SPACE COMPASS, HOW QUICK, LUNG, BRAIN, Dean Robert G Patterson introduces Southwestern alumnus Joe Heflin in 200 Clough today. Heflin, an anti-war activist active with the Vietnamese "third force", in Paris, spoke the consequences of the Vietnam cease fire.