

# sticky RAts as

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**WHAT'S GOIN' DOWN WITH RHODES PLAYPEN, EST. 1848**

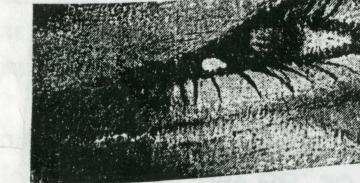
by martin fox (with Stay Joviall)



The door swung open. Promptly it shut once more. This of course, had nothing to do with what was at hand. What was at hand was a matter of you noticing this peice of paper and reading this far.

Which of course was the introduction to what is now at hand. (That of course being this peice of paper. You picked it up for whatever reason, saw that it was called the "Rat's ASs", perhaps you were curious. It doesn't really matter).

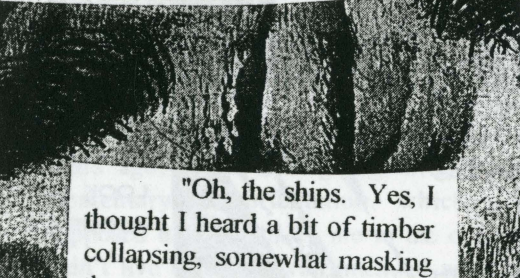
What really matters is a matter not merely of matter, but a matter of anti-matter. That is, we wish not to discuss some tangible matter per se, but a matter of what is SAID about certain forms of matter. .namely human beings and institutions of so-called higher learning.



How about an allegory: There was a lighthouse keeper who built a protective tower, but grew tired of building and didn't put in a light. Perhaps he became overly engrossed in his collections of hand-crafted toys and obscure optical instruments. For whatever reason, a light was never installed, and a fair number of ships crashed onto whatever the lighthouse was supposed to

be warning them of. The authorities organized some PR campaigns, and appointed a sub-committee to study the problem.

After a few years, someone suggested that they talk to the keeper of the lighthouse, and took the proper steps to register for a consultation with him. The keeper was suprised by a visitor, but quickly resumed studying the intricate patterns created when toys are being examined by the distortions of lens and mirrors. He occassionly jotted down notes of impressions seen, dressing them with empathy and motivation. The man from the sub-committee waited around for a number of minutes before he cleared his throat, and began asking, in a tentative and officious manner, about the wrecks that had occurred.



"Oh, the ships. Yes, I thought I heard a bit of timber collapsing, somewhat masking the screams. I didn't really think much of it. I think I read somewhere that seafaring is sort of a risky business. Excuse me though, I was busy researching."

The sub-committee representative didn't really know how to respond, so didn't. He'd done his assignment by officially visiting, and wanted to get to his plastic home early.

The authorities put the statement on file. Since this file was protected from those who might misuse it, only I person had access to it. For extra security, this person was locked in a padded cell and not



allowed contact with the outside world.

A feature story in the next issue of The People's Voice spoke of the authorities' successes in the campaign to make the island's coasts safer.

That, in the most succinct of nutshells, is exactly the matter at hand. One must simply look about at the gothic buildings, the smiling happy students, the real sense of COMMUNITY and FAMILY here at Rhodes College in order to confirm the utter accuracy and veracity of this parable.



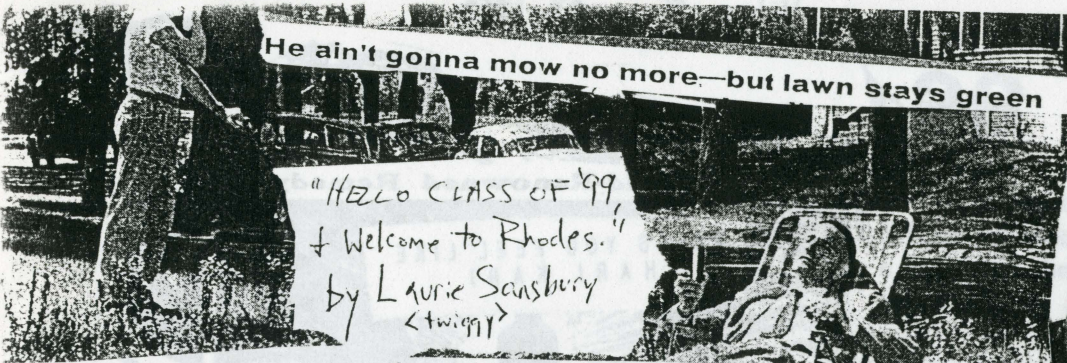
Even when "alone," inmates are not free from the snooping eyes and ears of supervisors and guards.

**Staff Box**

- martin fox - tintinabulation
- jay witherspoon - inflation
- dave sears - intoxication
- laurie sansbury - overeducation
- ross gholke - inoculation
- chris brown - fornication
- stay joviall - authoritation

The Rat's Ass is an open forum for rhodes college students to unink their dreadlocks, unthink their buttocks, and get things off their chests. All opinions expressed herein are strictly those of the thieauthor, so don't slam us (or me, at least) with libel suits. All submissions will eventually be published. Or something.





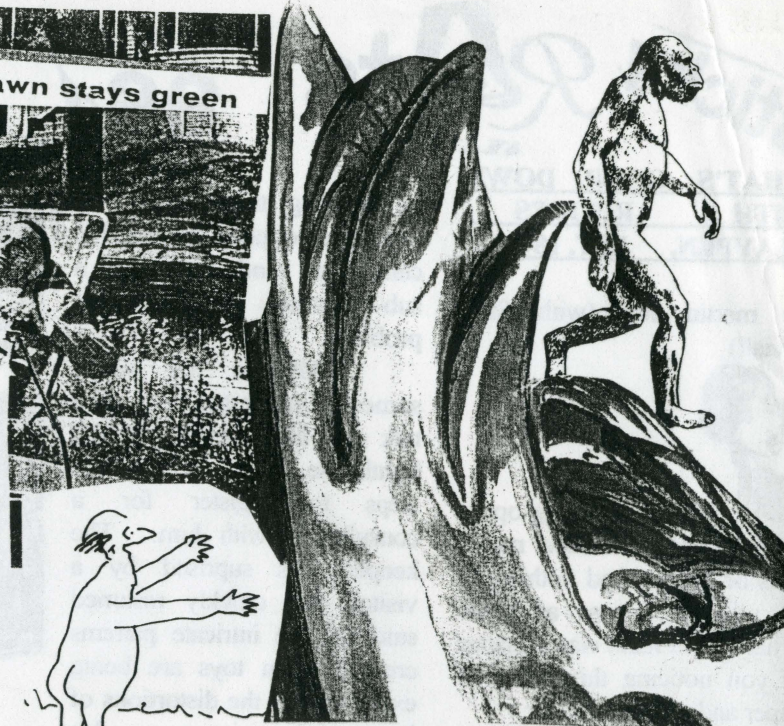
PERHAPS YOU'VE NOTICED THE FRESHMAN CLASS. PERHAPS YOU HAVEN'T. THEY BLEND IN VERY WELL, TOO WELL FOR THIS RHODENT'S TASTES. IT'S NOT EVEN SO MUCH THAT THEY RESEMBLE THE SOPHOMORES, JUNIORS, AND SENIORS, IT'S THAT THEY RESEMBLE EACH OTHER. TO A STRIKING DEGREE. ALL THIS SIMILARITY MAKES ME VERY NERVOUS.

ACTUALLY, RHODES CHANGED THEIR ADMISSIONS POLICIES THIS YEAR. THIS IS THE FIRST YEAR THAT ADMISSION TO THE COLLEGE HAS BEEN NON-NEED-BLIND. MEANING THAT ADMISSIONS GETS TO SEE HOW MUCH MUMMY AND DADDY MAKE BEFORE THEY DECIDE IF BABY CAN COME. THIS PRACTICE USED TO BE AGAINST THE LAW (IT SOUNDS LIKE A FORM OF DISCRIMINATION) BUT THE LAW CHANGED, AND NOW IT'S A PERFECTLY ACCEPTABLE BEHAVIOR, LEGALLY SPEAKING.

THE PROBLEM IS THE APPLICANT POOL GETS SMALLER. THEY CAN TELL US ALL THEY WANT TO THAT FINANCES REALLY DON'T MATTER IN CONSIDERING A STUDENT FOR ACCEPTANCE, BUT IF YOU BELIEVE THAT, YOU PROBABLY DESERVE A RHODES DIPLOMA. AND I'LL LEAVE YOU TO PONDER THE RESULTS OF A SHRINKING APPLICANT POOL (THINK OF DARWINISM, GENE POOLS). THE STUDENT BODY IS CHANGING, AN EXPANSION OF THE CAMPUS'S COMFORTABLE PASSIVITY, A DISCERNIBLE SHIFT TOWARD THE

PASSIONATELY GENERIC. WITH A LIMITED APPLICANT POOL, THE "DIVERSITY" OF THE CLASS OF '99 IS ASTONISHINGLY LOW (SURPRISE, SURPRISE, NO ONE SAID RHODES WAS KNOWN FOR ITS DIVERSITY). JUST A GLANCE REVEALS 400 STUDENTS WHO THINK, DRESS, AND TALK ALIKE. WAS IT GREAT MINDS THAT THINK ALIKE, OR SMALL ONES? I'M BEGINNING TO SUSPECT A PLOT TO FURTHER INCREASE HOMOGENEITY ON CAMPUS. AND I'M GETTING UNCOMFORTABLE.

IT COULD BE A CLONING EXPERIMENT, SOMETHING INCUBATING IN THE BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT FOR YEARS (WHICH WOULD EXPLAIN THE DEPARTMENT'S GENEROUS BUDGET) TO HELP RHODES GROW IN STATURE AS THE MOST CONSERVATIVE, MBA-ORIENTATED LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE IN THE SOUTH. AN ANONYMOUS SOURCE WORKING IN THE BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT REPORTS, "IT'S POSSIBLE, THERE'S STOREROOMS THAT YOU JUST CAN'T GO INTO, UNLESS YOU'RE SOMEONE REALLY SPECIAL. AND KAREN "MACKIN MAMACITA" HUEZO, BIOLOGY MAJOR, SAID "CLONING IS ENTIRELY POSSIBLE. YOU KNOW, RHODES IS ONE OF 17 UNDERGRADUATE SCHOOLS THAT OFFERS A COURSE ON MONOCLONAL ANTIBODIES, SO IT WOULDN'T BE A LONG JUMP FROM THERE TO THINK THEY WERE CLONING STUDENTS TOO."



Two attack submarines

THEY MAY BE TAKING ALL THE MONEY THAT COMES INTO THE SCHOOL (AND THAT'S QUITE A LOT) AND BUILDING A BETTER, LESS IRRITATING CLASS GUARANTEED TO PROMOTE A SANITIZED, SAFE IMAGE OF RHODES. THEY'RE BRINGING THE VIEWBOOK TO LIFE! THE ONLY PROBLEM WITH THAT IS, EVERYONE ALWAYS LAUGHS AT THE VIEWBOOK. AND WALKING AROUND CAMPUS TODAY, I NOTICED THOSE PICTURES LOOK SUSPICIOUSLY ACCURATE.

WE MUST STOP THESE EXPERIMENTS, STORM FRAZIER-JELKE AND DISCOVER WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON IN THAT UNDERGROUND SCIENCE CENTER, FIND THE WILD SEEDS IN THE CLASS OF '99 AND PLANT THEM WHERE THEY'LL GROW (HOPEFULLY AWAY FROM THE RAT). BEFORE THE POWERS IN HALLIBURTON TOWER START EXPERIMENTING ON CURRENT STUDENTS, ALTERING OUR MINDS TO MAKE US FIT, TOO.

AND HEY, BOOM-BOOM'S NOT HERE. WHERE'S BOOM-BOOM?

What does yours do?

THE RHODES COLLEGE ENDANGERED SPECIES LIST

by ross gohlke

Here is a user-friendly guide to the Rhodes campus for all the new faces, and for those of you who successfully used the summer to black out all memories of our fine campus.

Rhodes is an exotic place, full of strange people, mysterious secret passages, and a history that would make Edgar Allen Poe horny. Palmer Hall, that stately building with the tower, was built on a Confederate graveyard. And on a certain exterior wall of the New-Robinson dorm complex, a demented stone mason stuck a bas-relief head instead of a stone. Rhodes is populated with ghosts. Ask one of the theater people about McCoy's tale of horror, or find your way through the attic of Glassell to a hidden cubby hole with one student's final message of despair scribbled on the wall. Girls in Bellingrath have been known to wake up feeling the presence of someone in their bed.

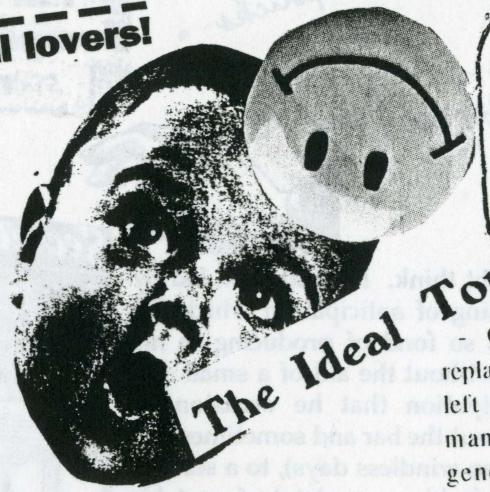
But as interesting a place as Rhodes is, there are certain things that you won't see very often. We would like to call your attention to all of Rhodes' endangered species, because if you see one of these on our fine campus, you better take a picture for posterity's sake.

- minority faculty
- Jewish faculty
- minority administrators
- women administrators
- humpbacked whales
- untenured faculty who feel secure in their jobs
- homosexuals
- white-spotted owls
- dinosaurs
- people who use public transportation
- supporters of school sports teams

War of the Ant Queens

See for Yourself... Make Your Own Decision

Animal lovers!



Cigarette machines, candles, incense, loud parties, and condom machines are extinct.

For a list of things so common you might not even notice them, see Chris Brown's Welcome to JD's Plantation.

Welcome To J. D.'s Plantation

- A brief introduction to Rhodes College for incoming freshman.

by: chris brown

I WISH I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS. I'D BUY MYSELF SOME HAPPINESS.

When I came in as a transfer student two years ago, I felt after going through the elementary-like orientation, which was supposed to "introduce" me to the college, didn't live up to its well intended purpose. Thinking back on my orientation experience, the deficiency I found with it was that it wasn't from a student's perspective.

To correct this problem, I have compiled a list of phenomena which any student comes across in her/his experience at Rhodes College. Also, you should see Ross Gohlke's Endangered Species List for a good list of things you won't see at Rhodes College.

- Every month, a strange man enters the rat trying to sell long distance for AT&T.

- The wrong last name on the doors of professors'.

"I Will Train You at Home in RADIO-TELEVISION on Liberal No Obligation Plan!"

- Over ten new professors who are replacing the exodus of 14 professors who left for different reasons such as being manipulated by the administration, a general lack of respect from the administration, perverting student class evaluations(SIRS) to fire professors, and different legal reasons you shall hear about in the future.

- friendly brown squirrels, white male administrators, black groundskeepers, housekeepers, and cafeteria workers

- unpleasant experiences in the <sup>Bursar's</sup> office. <sub>LIVE IT UP!</sub>

- Asking yourself "why classes have

- Greek Letters 25 students instead of 14?"

- very few parking places

- "Rush Is Right" bumper stickers

- A library with very few books



Have Fun and Gain Popularity!

Doesn't the Bible speak of "eternal torment"?

ER: No, the phrase "eternal torment" does not appear in the Bible.



Frank L. Sp. Educational Director

"Drugs? Just Shake Hands With Satan!"

Yes, I'm one of those people who doesn't really have to watch her weight."





Whutcha Gonna Do, Fat Boy?

Two lipsticks  
 Good girl  
 By Jay n-l girl  
 Witherspoon

The dark smelltender made use of his unusually wise-looking eyes (which any smelltender worth his salt gains after night-in, night-out of listening to memory-dazed smell-junkies spilling their lives to an attentive man across the counter - - the man whose presence becomes somehow less a part of the now and more a part of that world which is . . . well, I'll call it the Smellfunk. He is a confidant and a lover to lost souls who take their haven in the immediacy of the magic smell-o-ramas.) to glisten across the bar at a young businessman, still fresh from work in a sensible dark suit and optically enhanced neck-piece. The man had a look on his face which told the smelltender volumes about the man's situation and his thoughts. His job. It was almost always their job, the suits, that is. At first, he was living in a dream, ecstatic at the ease with which he opened the world before him and stepped into a powerful position with a powerful company. Oh, could he play the game. The dark smelltender glistened across the bar, amused with his psychoanalysis. He constructed a grin that was not wholly unbenevolent, and gently yet clearly formed the words, "Pick your poison."

The young businessman shuffled uncomfortably on the stool, utterly conscious of the tag on the back of his brand-name underwear and the comments he was sure to receive from his wife when she saw that he had been at the smell-o-rama for the third time this week. You see, she always knew. The smelltender noticed the man's discomfort and set him at ease with a heart-wrenching smile of kindness, then boomed, wholly too loud considering the small distance between the two, "Come on, boy, spit it out."

"Early eighties, please. I want booming business. I want cocaine. I want conservatism. Dammit, I want Ronald Reagan!" The young businessman had blurted the words before he considered what the

smelltender might think. He had been led by an amazing feeling of anticipation which the smelltender was so fond of producing in his customers (not without the aid of a small dab of Eau d'Anticipation that he occasionally dripped throughout the bar and sometimes just outside the bar on windless days), to a state of mind which made him completely forget his position in every realm of his life and others, that is, except that tag on his underwear and the fact that he wanted more than anything in life or death to enter Smellfunk, and to do it NOW.

The smelltender was in motion before the man had finished speaking. He had turned around to face row after row of colorfully labeled and packaged bottles (the creative marketing of which the businessman would usually have mentally commented upon, but not just now) and bent down to open a cabinet. "I have just what you want. You liked Van Halen? Yes, of course you did. This costs a bit more than your average eighties ride, so I don't bother to keep it on the racks, but believe me, it captures the essence of the time better than you could dream it. Cost is no object? Fine. Yep, there you go. That'll be forty-five even. Good smells, friend."

### Plumbing

by S.Joviall

"Help!"  
 wife cries to husband  
 "I've dropped my small liberal arts college down the sink while washing my hands."  
 husband ambles in  
 fetches monkey wrench  
 crouches beneath the sink  
 empties the contents of the pipe:

- a 1975 nickle
- a hairpin
- 17 antelope skulls
- and a great sleepy black bear

the bear rubs his eyes  
 awakened from a long winter's nap,  
 sez "If you are looking for the small liberal arts college,  
 you're too late, I'm afraid  
 it is already deep within the bowels of the plumbing.

"I'm afraid I'll get dumped if I don't get muscles"



Jesus will be deeply saddened when He must destroy those whom He died to save.

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