

# RAT'S ASS

VOLUME LV

issue 4

9-8-95

GO!!

行こ!!

GO!!

## A Dialogue

**Angry Reader:** I FIND THE RAT'S ASS™ FRIVILIOUS, OBJECTIONABLE AND OBSCENE. WHY DO YOU FORCE ME TO READ IT?

**Rat's Ass™ Spokesperson:** First of all it is very difficult for the composers of the Rat's Ass™ to acknowledge the existence of other people, much less attach any importance to their opinions. Those we do acknowledge we see as purely for our entertainment, and take great pleasure in watching them squirm. As a matter of fact I feel as if I'm engaging in a conversation with myself right now. Your own weakness forces you to read it. We have ceased hiring thugs to increase our circulation, although it is commonly brought up in the meetings of our cabal.

**A.R.:** BUT WHAT OF JOURNALISTIC RESPONSIBILITY TO THE COMMUNITY?

**R.A.™S.P.:** Are you not listening? We don't recognize Community as an operative concept. Especially not capitalized. Our responsibility is to the Rat's Ass™, except some of us, who place their dedication in deities of our own creation.

**A.R.:** WHAT'S WITH ALL THIS NEGATIVE CRAP ABOUT GOD? IT'S OBVIOUSLY JUST A BUNCH OF SHIT. WE ALL KNOW THE TRUTH.

**R.A.™S.P.:** Blasphemous Bastard. Are you aware to whom you are speaking?



BEAUTY!



GO!!

GO!!



**A.R.:** I'M SPEAKING TO A PERVERTED BUTT-PIRATE WHO IS FOND OF LITTLE BOYS!

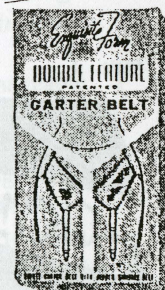
**Narrator:** The Angry Reader is reduced to Nothingness, and restored as a donkey testicle with a slightly angrier voice.

**A.D.T.:** <MUFFLED> WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM? I'M NOW ENCLOSED IN A SCROTUM!

**R.A.™S.P.:** You are asking about my concern for your opinions? I can take you more seriously in your current form.

**A.D.T.:** I OBJECT TO YOUR USE OF THE ADVERTISEMENTS FROM GOD-FEARING TIMES, TO YOUR AVANT-GARDE TYPOGRAPHY, AND TO THE PORNOGRAPHY CONTAINED IN YOUR PUBLICATION. IT'S KIND OF NICE IN HERE.

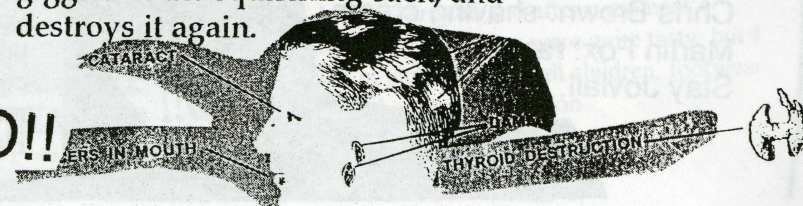
**Narrator:** Rat's Ass™ Spokesperson giggles at the squirming sack, and destroys it again.



GO!!



GO!!





A Response To Redemption - by: chris brown

For (the son of) man must be slain

SilLooKing 4 a savior - save your (asS)

it is so easy to criticize a stranger: a nigger, a jaw, an addict.

ReCkleSS Youth : LoSTsOUL

The knowledge of aged bones they know not (sigh)

Will you let

me be  
YouR saViOuR ?

Fill you with (a) LI{F}E..

CAN

OWN

you ?

GO!!

Staff Box

- Jay Witherspoon: soap
- Ann McCranie: towel
- Dave Sears: toothpaste
- Chris Brown: shaving cream
- Martin Fox: razor
- Stay Joviall: water

GO!!

Disposable Boys or Girls

The Rat's Ass is a student-produced publication planted among the many others on this campus by unseemly and manipulative powers greater than all of us. There are no restrictions on what is published, and should you be offended by its contents, take issue with the staff and anticipate certain morphological/animistic transformations occurring. Have a nice day.



WHAT THE SCIENTISTS HAVE TO SAY.

Sheepish Logarhythm  
by Stay Joviall

Rhythm: metrical movement or flow as determined by the recurrence of features of the same kind fr. L. *rhythmus* or F. *rhythme* -Gr. *rhubmós*, rel. to *rbein* flow.

GOGOGOGOGOGOGOGOGO!

"Tching prayed on the mountain and wrote MAKE IT NEW on his bathtub. Day by day make it new cut underbrush, pile the logs keep it growing."  
-Ezra Pound, *Cantos* #53

GOGOGOGOGOGOGOGOGO!

As you read these words, my existence is propelled.

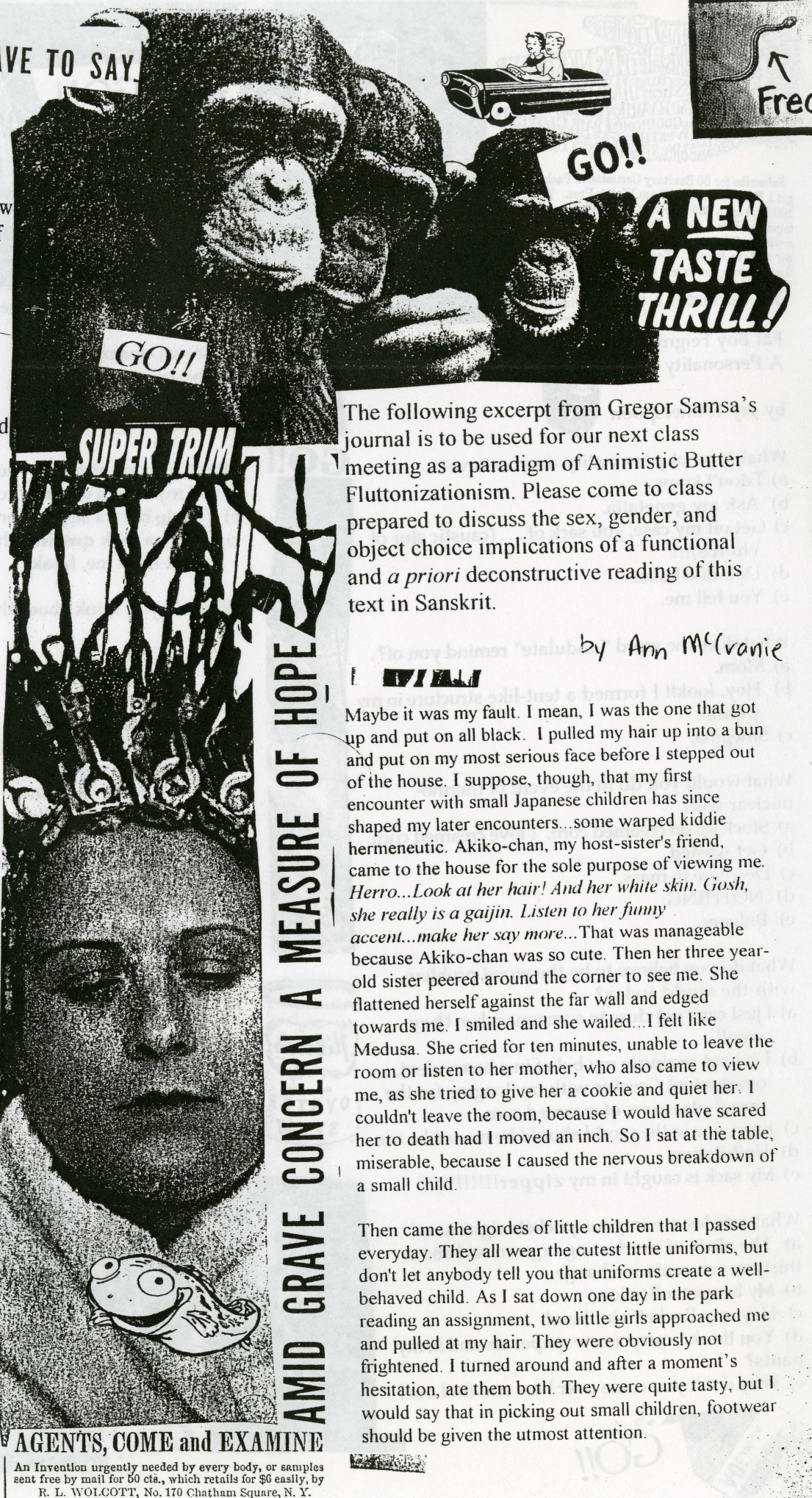
GOGOGOGOGOGOGOGOGO!

go gou pt. went, pp.gone †walk; move along, proceed. OE. *gan*, pres. *ga*, *gæst*, pl. *gap*, pp.*gegan* + OFris. *gan*, gen, pres. 3sg.*get(h)*, *geith*, pp. *gen*, OS. *-gan*, in *fulgan* accomplish (Du. *gaan*), OHG.*gan* pres. *gam*, *gas*, *gat*, *games*, *gat*, *gant*, and *gen*, pres. *gem*, *ges*, etc. (G *geben*), Crim-Gothic *geen* (not in the Gothic of Wulfila).

GOGOGOGOGOGOGOGOGO!

Think of all the things *going* at this very moment. Think of all the energy involved in the perpetual orgiasitic subatomic sea of motion that constitutes all which is material.

Consider your eyes going across this page right now. Where are you going, in the biggest sense of the word? What's your direction, friend? Where are you going?



A NEW TASTE THRILL!

The following excerpt from Gregor Samsa's journal is to be used for our next class meeting as a paradigm of Animistic Butter Fluttonizationism. Please come to class prepared to discuss the sex, gender, and object choice implications of a functional and *a priori* deconstructive reading of this text in Sanskrit.

by Ann McCranie

Maybe it was my fault. I mean, I was the one that got up and put on all black. I pulled my hair up into a bun and put on my most serious face before I stepped out of the house. I suppose, though, that my first encounter with small Japanese children has since shaped my later encounters...some warped kiddie hermeneutic. Akiko-chan, my host-sister's friend, came to the house for the sole purpose of viewing me. *Herro...Look at her hair! And her white skin. Gosh, she really is a gaijin. Listen to her funny accent...make her say more...* That was manageable because Akiko-chan was so cute. Then her three year-old sister peered around the corner to see me. She flattened herself against the far wall and edged towards me. I smiled and she wailed...I felt like Medusa. She cried for ten minutes, unable to leave the room or listen to her mother, who also came to view me, as she tried to give her a cookie and quiet her. I couldn't leave the room, because I would have scared her to death had I moved an inch. So I sat at the table, miserable, because I caused the nervous breakdown of a small child.

Then came the hordes of little children that I passed everyday. They all wear the cutest little uniforms, but don't let anybody tell you that uniforms create a well-behaved child. As I sat down one day in the park reading an assignment, two little girls approached me and pulled at my hair. They were obviously not frightened. I turned around and after a moment's hesitation, ate them both. They were quite tasty, but I would say that in picking out small children, footwear should be given the utmost attention.

AGENTS, COME and EXAMINE

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### Fat Boy Feigns Belief in the Humor of Absurdity: A Personality Test

by Jay Witherspoon



What type of personality do you have?

- a) I don't know.
- b) Ask my genitalia.
- c) Get off my case, you sack of ... (caustic slur of choice)!!!
- d) Doo-doo balls.
- e) You tell me.

What does the word "undulate" remind you of?

- a) Mom.
- b) Hey, look!! I formed a tent-like structure in my pants!!
- c) Smegma.

What would you do in the event of thermo-nuclear war?

- a) Stock up on creamed corn. I love creamed corn.
- b) Get wasted.
- c) Decrease in mass.
- d) NOTHING.
- e) Phlegm.

What do you believe to be the worst problem with the world today?

- a) I just can't get close to someone when they smell.
- b) I cannot reconcile my belief in a benevolent, omnipotent Creator with my longing for the carnal pleasures of creamed corn.
- c) Everyone in the world should be more like me.
- d) Undulation.
- e) My sack is caught in my zipper!!!!!!!!!!!!

What articles are in your pockets right now?

- a) The elixir of everlasting orgasm and about thirty-seven cents in change.
- b) My booger collection.
- c) Hey, my Rocket's in there!
- d) You think I carry a newspaper around in my pants?
- e) Why don't you come over here and find out?

GO!!



What is your favorite name for excrement?

- a) Mom.
- b) Brown creamed corn.
- c) This question.
- d) Television.
- e) I allow my feces to name themselves.

I think you are nice. Do you like me, too?

- a) Eat my brown creamed corn, spunky.
- b) You do have a superb foreskin.
- c) Is this a trick question, huh? What do you want from me, freak?

What do you think about the following poem?

Hmmm  
 Ahhhh  
 I like to  
 run my fingers  
 through the gauntlet  
 that is my crotch.  
 And speak to him  
 in perfect Italiano.

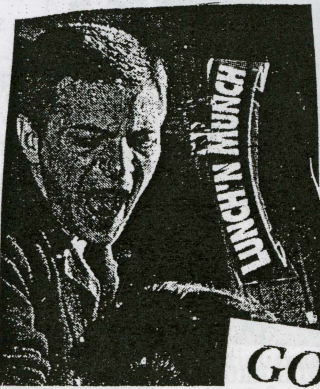
- a) Would someone mind telling me what the hell is going on?
- b) It is a childish attempt at humor, and the author should attempt to gain some sort of literary ability before he insults my intelligence again.
- c) HaHaHaHa. He's talking to his pecker!!

RESULTS:

You are weird.

HEAT & EAT LINK

vamos!!



GO!!



GO  
GO  
"Now, boys, I want a good clean fight. Break when I tell you to, and no hitting in clinches. Sammy, you fouled in that last fight. I must warn you to watch out for low punches."

2

