

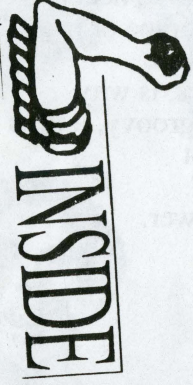
DRAFTS ASS

Volume IV
Issue II

October
twenty seventh
nineteen ninety five



Word Usage by: chris brown



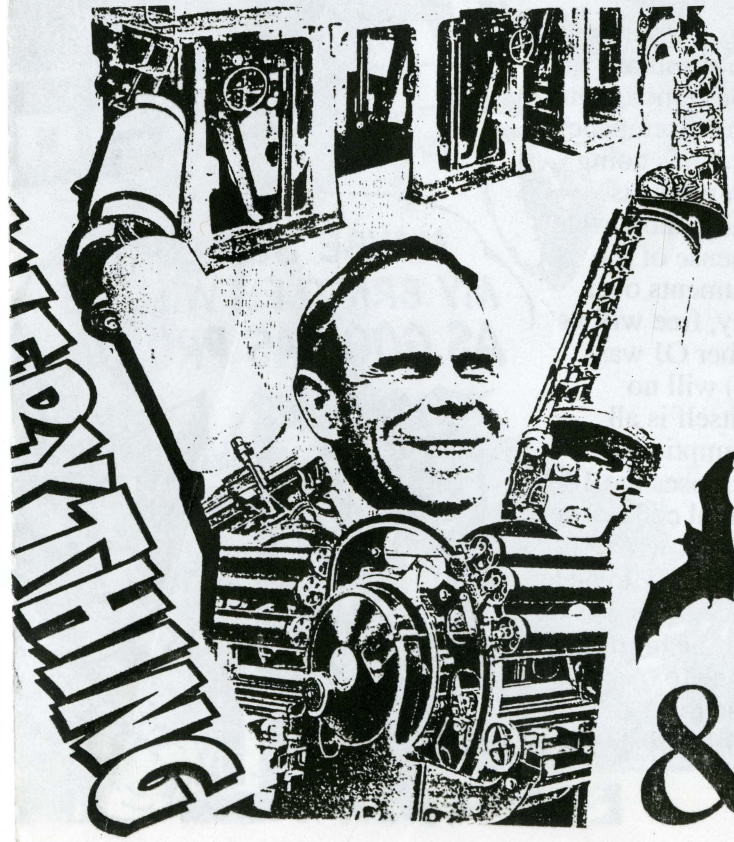
What is the proper usage of a word, or a string of words? Some believe that words have a proper time and place for use. Others believe that words can be used for any purpose and that any limit on word usage is only a masked attempt of domination. Personally, I fall into the second category. I believe that words cannot be grounds for harassment or victimization.



Words are *not* actions. It seems though that there is a prevalent conception on our campus that words *are* actions and the wrong usage can get you in trouble if you cross the boundary of established usage and "correctness." There are some who would disagree with me and tell me that limitless boundaries I am invoking would allow for such things as sexism and racism to rear it's ugly head in the things we read and the things we say. Indeed, this is the case, but such a perspective also allows for any type of discourse : feminist, nationalistic, religious, etc... So, the next time I hear someone lamenting the fact that there are words used on campus that they don't like, maybe what the problem really is that they don't talk or write like you do. Words may hurt our ego, but they sure as hell don't kill us.



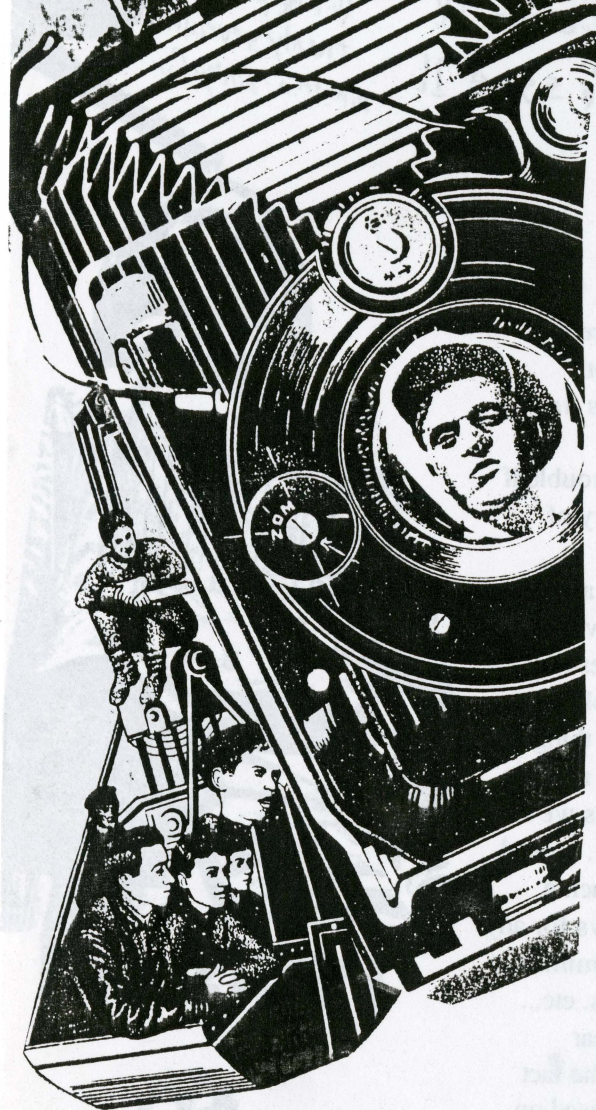
Pants off!



& wigg



WE INSTALL



Why Heaven May Not Be So Groovy

by logue, tom

This article will only make sense if certain things are taken for granted, so play along:

- God exists (this i prove with the following equation:
when $x=2$, $3x+1$ [bag oreos]=infinity;
when $3x+1$ =infinity where $x=2$, things are indeed screwed up enough to allow for an omniscient, omnipresent, all-powerful deity, assuming one twists one's oreos -- please feel free to plug in your own justification for god's existence, though)
- The bible is right (like i said, play along)
- Heaven is eternal bliss and peace among all men and women, or at least their souls, just like you learned in sunday school

Okay, enough assuming. Assumptions 1 and 3 would allow for a spiritual beyond in which relations among human souls are preserved. The discrepancy occurs in #3, that everyone is going to get along. Presumably, this is because we will all finally know what is right (in the biggest sense of the word) and the little arguments over abortion, homosexuality, free will vs determinism, and whether OJ was really guilty (he wasn't) will no longer matter. This in itself is all fine and good until assumption 2 is considered. God gave mooses the 10 commandments as a moral code, a set of what is right and what is wrong for all to see. This was not "How to Get to Heaven" by god (since there was no heaven to consider), but the ultimate moral ground upon which to make all decisions and base all actions. Yet, god defies the very Ultimate

Right which he represents. Get pas the "yeah, but he's GOD!" reactio' because that doesn't cut butter. I' right is right, and the very Bastion o'Rightness defies this, then there is indeed some relativity at work here. Right is only right when a subjective decision is made by an omniscient power. Still with me? Good. If you're not, read it again, and if you're still not, dismiss me as a blithering idiot and eat your goddam food. If subjectivity exists even in the most morally pure of atmospheres, then it certainly exists in heaven, and this in turn means that even there, moral truths will still be debated. On the bright side, this allows for endless and unrestricted learning, but i for one do not want to hear "what about in cases of rape or incest?" for the rest of my afterlife. And that, gentle readers, is why heaven may not be so groovy, unless you're willing to accept "it all depends" as the Ultimate Answer.



MAYBE SOMEDAY MY BRISTLES WILL BE AS GOOD AS PROLON



UNDERFOOT

Ahhhhhhhhh
-Kaft Minor

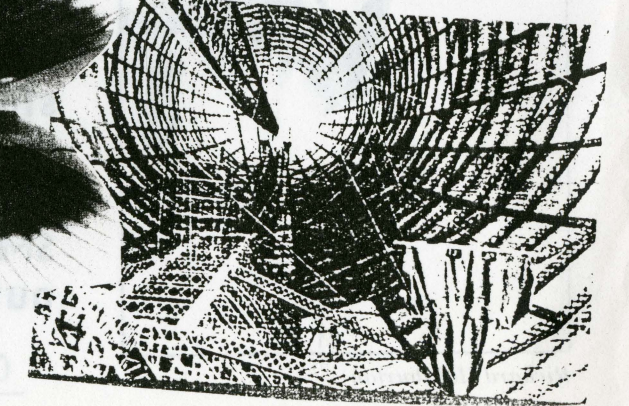
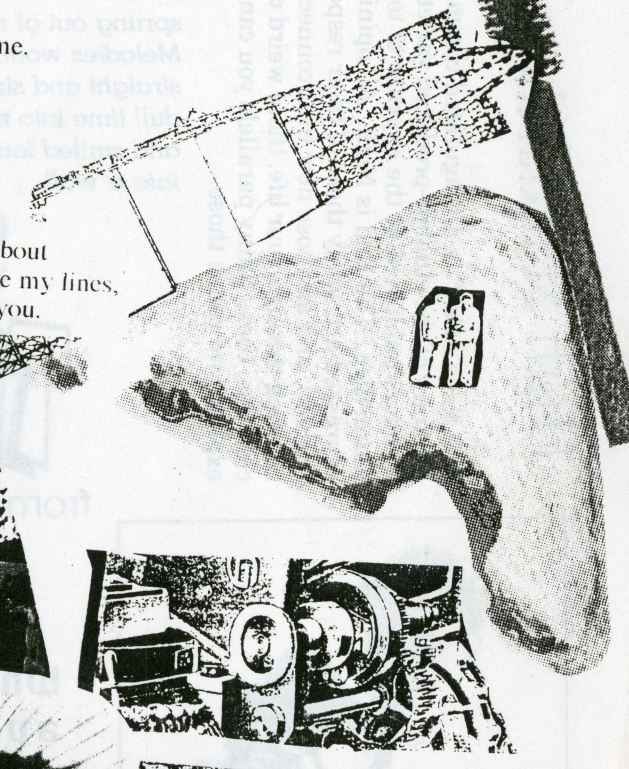
Logjam rattrap yellow
Embedded utopia blank
Torid torpid torreadors
Weasel vortex sham
Dazzle wither streetpark
Starkly lit into
Raspy ranting boulders
Pogo pebble tease
Kansas teller wispy
Dryness over retort
Wishes washing wanton
Stark juggling crazy
Purple violet desultory
Ration razor ringing
Foolproof routing now
Lacky raising open
Ideal frozen freize
Cattle crushing details
Quarters wrapping knee
Upset grounded fellow
Lost growing ease
Dizzy yonder glasses
Flowing frenzy please

Look at Me
by stay joviall

Implicate me
Bind me
Isolate me
then ignore me.

Surround me
Play me
Use me
then lose me.

Don't worry about coloring inside my lines, because I am you.



- staff box
- Jay Witherspoon - Harmony
 - Kaft Minor - Compassion
 - Stay Joviall - Moderation
 - Chris Brown - Purity
 - Tom Logue - Chastity
 - Neo to Beef Urn - Piety
 - Kevin Matthews - Temperance

CLINIQUE

naturally glossy mascara

Collision on Blacktop

by . . . uh . . . oh yeah, Jay Witherspoon



Ripe



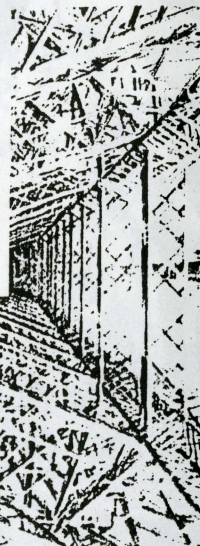
Mikhail Gorbachev

I . . . DAMMIT! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET AWAY FROM MYSELF. YESTERDAY, I RAN AROUND A CORNER AS FAST AS I COULD TO TRY TO LOSE MYSELF, BUT APPARENTLY I AM A VERY FAST RUNNER BECAUSE THE SECOND I STOPPED AND TURNED AROUND TO SEE IF I HAD GOTTEN AWAY FROM MYSELF, THERE I WAS . . . TURNING AROUND LOOKING FOR MYSELF!

THEN I TRIED SOMETHING SNEAKIER. I BEGAN WALKING DOWN THE STREET VERY DELIBERATELY, FORCING MYSELF TO THINK OF NOTHING BUT MY NEXT STEP, AND THE NEXT AND THE NEXT, AND . . . 'TRIP TRAP TRIP TRAP,' SAID MY FEET ON THE SHARP CONCRETE. AND WHEN I WAS SURE THAT I WAS THINKING OF NOTHING ELSE THAN THE 'TRIP TRAP TRIP TRAP' OF MY FOOTSTEPS, I DARTED TO THE SIDE AND SPUN AROUND, EXPECTING TO SEE MYSELF TRIP TRAP TRIPPING RIGHT ALONG, UNAWARE THAT I HAD REALLY JUMPED OFF COURSE. BUT, AS YOU MAY HAVE GUESSED, THERE I WAS, STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET, LOOKING FOR MYSELF.

But instead of myself, all I found was a light green pick-up truck with rusty patches along the edge of the hood. It was heading straight toward me. The street was wet. The brakes were bad. Physics (and the world physics makes love to) dictated that the truck would slide across the wet road, heedless of the personal, social, or economic repercussions that would follow a collision with my frail body. The sound of tires sliding on wet blacktop . . . what had I been thinking about?

Then the music came. Blaring into the dull sky. A groove funky sprung out of my chest, bounded off buildings, and spiralled into space. Melodies wound and spun, wrapping their magic around a beat so straight and simple: trip trap trip trap. The tapestry of get down weaved dull time into music. trip trap trip trap . . . SMACK!!!! I shook my head and smiled loudly as I found myself and realized I had walked directly into a wall.



High Standards

The Rat's ASs™ is a coagulated communal coronary of the student-produced variety which is published at the expense of token butterflies. The End is Nigh. All opinions expressed are solely those of their respective authors, and all those new interconnections running through your life, those weird coincidences, those funny parallels you can't quite explain, we cause those.

SPECIAL TREATMENTS

from the nefarious mind of the Super Cherry Master.

WHAT IF?

What if an apparition of Richard Halliburton appeared at your door and slooooooowly whispered in your left ear, "I'm a monkey junky," and then slooooooowly whispered in your right ear, "They make me feel funky," and then suddenly shouted in your face, "AND YOU SMELL KINDA SPUNKY !!" and then jumped out your window never to be seen again?



Richard Halliburton

Compliments of NEETO BEEF URN

EVERY

