

## Waxing and Waning

by Jay Witherspoon

# RAZORS

# ASS

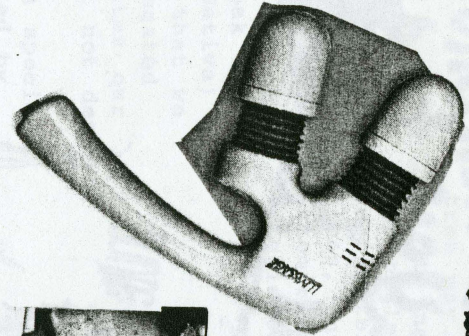
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The sign on top of the door read "This passage marks change. This passage was created in the image of God."

"Oh," I sighed, always ready for a change. Perhaps there was something exciting on the other side of God's image. Ah, yes.

After I had walked through the doorway, the realization was forced upon me by some crucial mixture of memory and immediate sensation that everything I was thinking and experiencing had somehow turned to the passive voice. The fright was pushed across and throughout my frame like an early morning piss shiver. The passivity was more than simply verbiage, though. I had been a pawn all along. Epiphany needles were poked through my spine as these thoughts were beginning to take their brutal form: The idea to walk through the doorway had been implanted in my brain by some force other than MY SELF. No doubt, the inclination had been waiting in my skull since birth. I had been vomited into the world of no volition of my own. A crying baby, a wrinkly crying brain pre-formatted to function right out of the tube: shivering with the cold, a slap on the ass, big people, white shiny clothes, blood, a mother with a warm breast. Every subsequent thought and action of my life had been in response to the previous ones. Whichever way my life had started had decided which way it would end. I had walked through the doorway because I had had to. It had been ordained.

comfortably moist



UNLESS!!!!!! I forced myself to look around and calm down. Yes, there it was!!! That FEELING!!! It was definitely there. I was deciding what to do!!! Just to test my theory, I pulled my pocket-knife from my left pants pocket and slashed my left forearm. Yes, I was quite sure that I felt I had decided to do exactly that.

But there I was again, bleeding, staring at the door, wondering whence these inclinations came. The air was hot. I was sweaty. Electric impulses raced frantic. My mind saw my life and future turn into formless melted wax. Melted wax . . . melted wax, melted melty wax wax, melty molten wax wax, waxy melted swirling life wax melt. And then the lifey wax swam around in my head a while. First it took this shape then that, melting melty. The wax of my life swam beautiful, and I began to shape the wax myself. First, a ball, then a hat, and a bat, and something I had never seen, and a pair of lips, and a doorway, and some swirly words, and whatever, and a candle, and a baby, and a bleeding arm, and a dream, and a wing, and a watch, and my mother, and a poem, and my own sweaty face, and as the waxy image waned and I crawled back to autonomy through the hallways in my head, it all seemed a whole lot better. It tasted right.

from the nefarious mind of the SUPER CHERRY MASTER...

## WHAT IF?

What if Jim Daughdrill did 69 whippits, took off all his clothes, crawled up to you and asked if he could borrow your car?



Asking your boss if she's pregnant



Logacious Ephemera  
-Xaft Minor

"Don't let incoherency spiral into you," advises an uncouth older man. "It bites. But don't pay me no nevermind." He vanishes in a puff of smoke, leaving only an odor of unwashed socks with a tint of rosemary. You can now make out coalescence and merry-making. Weather and counterpoints swirl into calibrated impatience and yellow. Knitting of egress punctured by phosphoresce umbinds as Everyman takes a bow. Grimaces of plankton resonate wandering of failed utopias. Causality ambles feverishly, pouring Dioxides and soothsaying. Junglects and demagogues take fortune for a ride. Quixotic zaps portray the familiar imbrogllo. Diaspora titillates with ethers. Polysyllabic pseudonyms cavort to populist grunge. Jocular gadgetry releases readers of wanton lushness. Catalogues from the treasonous disport. Latching poetics furthers the wistful cooper. Late haranguing of streetcorners and trolleys regurgitates opals. Avuncular rabbits pursue lovely deviants. Fabricated habit upthrusts caustically, with verve. Gregarious nomenclature queries busstops and newstands. Crabby totality wrecks diminutive harpoons. Sloughing happiness expurgates sophistry. Despotic sychophantry yells "Stop!" But it doesn't.

Botanical Truth  
by David Sears  
Graphics by  
Fredrica Carpenter



It was that time again. Time for the bimonthly tree gathering. The Interforestry Tree Convention was an opportunity for the great trees to come together and engage in rigorous debate over crucial issues pertinent to their existence. As you might imagine there was rarely any agreement over the important philosophical issues but the great trees persisted, preparing their little sermons on tree ethics, tree afterlife or absence of, tree gods, proper modes of discourse, etc. The great trees came from around the country by whatever means available to them. This particular meeting got under way with a reading of the minutes recapping the last gathering followed by a heated discussion on tree morality. The Gambel Oak instigated the debate by stating his opinion on the matter. "Fellow trees, bushes, shrubs, and various other plants

(the convention was generally open to any type of plant life that could make it to the meeting but the only

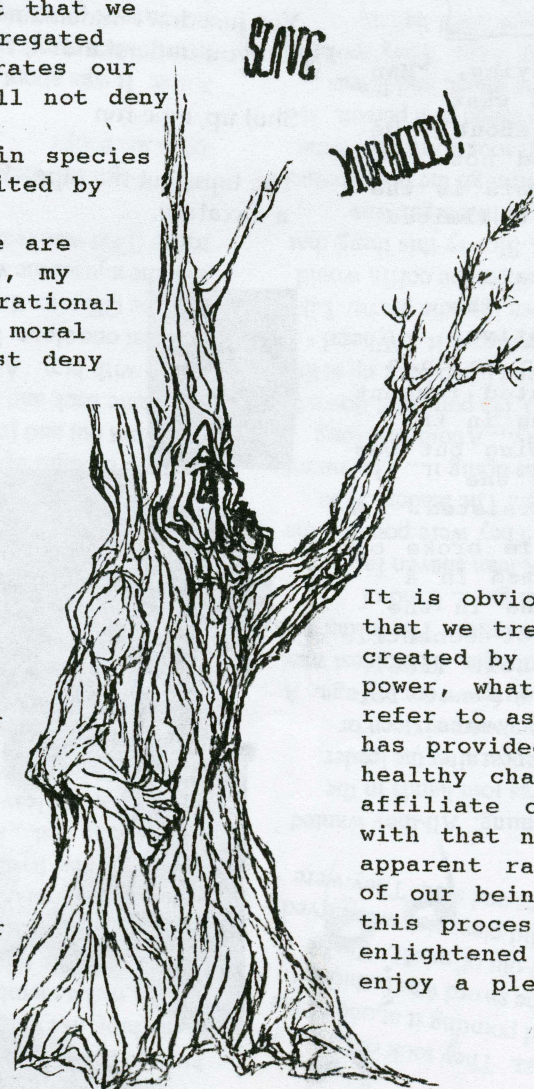


plant besides the trees that would speak was the Cannabis Sativa); the very fact that we are all congregated here demonstrates our unity. I will not deny

that we vary in species but we are united by our drive for knowledge. We are rational trees, my friends. As rational trees, we are moral trees. We must deny ourselves the

superficial pleasures of our trunks; to grow and expand overrunning other trees." The charismatic Giant Sequoia began scoffing quite deliberately and proceeded to state in his usual rich and stunning tone, "SLAVE MORALITY, I am a rather large tree and require much space in order to grow to a satisfactory size. Tree rationality, my bother, is simply a myth created by those weaker trees who are not self sufficient." The articulate Winged Elm immediately jumped to the Gambel Oak's

defense. "My giant friend, the noble Gambel Oak is referring to a higher order. Certainly any large tree may blindly dwell in its natural impulses and neglect any social responsibility to other trees, but we are attempting an intellectual venture.



It is obvious to us that we trees have been created by a higher power, what you might refer to as 'God.' God has provided us with a healthy challenge to affiliate ourselves with that not so apparent rational side of our beings. Through this process an enlightened tree will enjoy a pleasant tree

afterlife." The skeptical Bristlecone Pine (this species is one of the oldest varieties of trees on the North American Continent, this particular one is well over 4,000 yrs. old) inserted his opinion into the discussion. "My good friends, the Winged Elm and Gambel Oak, in my youth I used to look forward to a wonderful tree afterlife but that was at least three millennia ago. I witnessed your ancestor's birth and subsequent death and I am still alive. In fact I have given up hope of ever dying. I have no good reason to believe I ever will die. Consequently, I have no choice but to suck life for what it's worth." A strange silence spread rapidly throughout the circle of trees. The entire surrounding atmosphere seemed intoxicated with thought as the trees were slightly reclined in their upright positions. The great Elm and the great Oak desperately wanted to avoid slipping into total tree relativism but with the addition of the Bristlecone Pine's statement, things seemed to be going in that direction. All of a sudden a bit of frustration and

**The Protect Allegiance  
by Anonymous**

Me: Tell me about the Protect Allegiance.

Anon.: The Protect Allegiance is a society of vampires and devil worshipers. It's everywhere. They knew that when I joined them, I was destined for joining them. You can find them about anywhere in everyday society. I found them at the graveyard... Or rather, I should say that they found me. You can't find them. If you are going to go out looking for them, don't go out unless you have the assistance of gods behind you, because you ain't gonna find them. They are some of the most powerful magic users in the world. Umm... So I was in St. Monica's graveyard, and one of them came up to me. I was sleeping on one of the graves. I like spending time in graveyards. Umm... And umm... Umm... They gave me one of their black robes and everything, and they showed me some of their ceremonies. They are fascinating people. Their job was to speak to the dead. A lot of the things that I saw them do were fascinating. They always terrified me.

Me: Did they have human sacrifices?

Anon: I saw someone get sacrificed, actually. He was screaming the whole time. This is the way it worked... They all gathered around, like, that square, OK? You know... That big square in the center of St. Monica's graveyard? Well... They gathered

around that. They took out a sword and started pointing it at one of the graves. The sword was fashioned completely out of metal. There was one solid piece that was carved in with runes and shit. They were

very welcoming. All they wanted me to do was join hands in the circle and repeat after the leader. Most of them were sixteen or seventeen. A few were my age. A few were younger. The oldest was in his late twenties. The leader was this very tall guy... Kind of heavysset... Clean shaven face... Very pale. They were pointing the sword at the... The leader... The guy who was doing it... The sword was probably... About that long (Three feet.) He pointed it down to the ground and lifted back up at the sky, and then drove it... Wham! - Straight down into the grave. Like right on to where the coffin would have been. Slowly this thing that looked kind of like a gas was seeping up through the hole around the sword. It took form above the sword in the shape of a person. It was a fucking ghost, and it was standing right there. They spoke to it in a language that I had no fucking clue what it was. It did not sound backwards at all. I was paying attention for it. It did not sound anything. Umm... When they were done, the ghost slipped back into the ground. Just the leader spoke to him. After that... the leader... They all turned and faced the leader and he told us that such and such... Whatever the dude's name was... Had requested that something be brought to

him... Like one of those rings or something like that. He told me that he was a member of the Protect Allegiance. He told me that what they were there for was to speak to the dead and find out what went wrong in their lives... What's not letting them rest... And go correct it. I decided to leave the group because they requested me on the first time that I was going to go out on one of their little crusades... I was supposed to kill a man.

Me: Every time they would bring up a ghost.

Anon: Not every time. The guy that we brought up the first time. We went out and found his ring. We came back and buried it in the grave with him. After that, we just left that one alone, because he said he'd be OK after that. I went and saw the aquadome with them one time. That was really a cool thing.

Me: When did they want you to kill somebody?

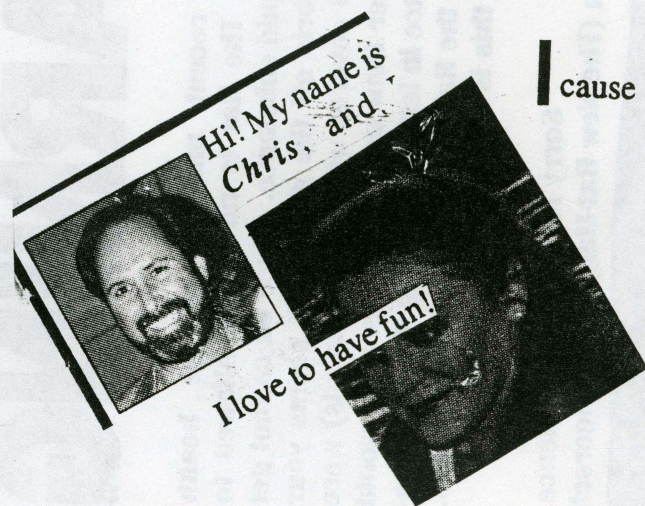
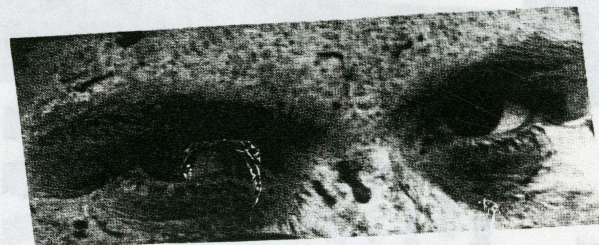
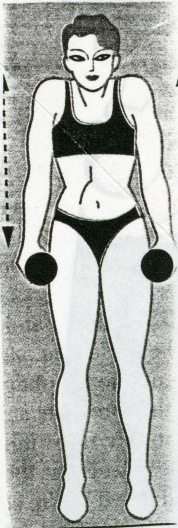
Anon: It was about three weeks into it when they said, "We want you to seek out a higher standing. We want you to seek out a crusade. It's a very simple mission. We know entirely who this person is. We have his entire schedule. All you have to do is kill him using this." And they pointed at like a steak knife or something. Bizarre thing.

Me: When did you see a human sacrifice?

Anon: On the fourth meeting. Six knife-bearers with masks and black robes all at once stabbed him in a circle around the heart. I was terrified. I didn't scream or anything like that because I didn't think it was real. Well... it was. It was at the Aquadome, actually. It's a bad place to be.

Me: Did authorities find that?

Anon: No (Quickly.) Authorities haven't touched them. How are you going to find them? There's probably a hundred dead bodies in that place that no one can find. They grind up the bones, usually, and use them for spell-casting purposes.



cause

hostility began floating about. The silence then converted itself into an extreme tension. The Giant Sequoia piped up breaking the silence with some vicious words directed at the great

Elm and great Oak. "You flimsy trees postulate the existence of morality which supposedly governs us because you are weak. The both of you, one stacked on top of the other do not even equal half my height. You simply are not good competitors for sunlight. So you try to convince those who can get an abundance of sunlight that it is immoral. And you, Gambel Oak what about those deciduous leaves. You would think that God would have endowed you with leaves that are able to last a little longer than one year before they perish." The Winged Elm was thoroughly offended by the attack and decided to retaliate poking the Giant Sequoia with one of its limbs. "If you want to start criticizing other tree's natural endowment, consider your own oversized self. I bet you would have trouble getting out of your own way." The Cannabis Sativa interjected quite peacefully by



smoothly saying, "Man this is not what freedom is about. We trees should not quarrel. This is the product of a limited spectrum of philosophical discourse." The Cannabis Sativa proceeded to go on a long unrelated tangent which it was in the habit of doing but was ignored and the conflict persisted. A fierce battle broke out which resulted in a sharp decline in the population of eccentric trees. The next Tree Convention was not for a number of years.

**Meeting of Stone Giants**

Oh boy, flowers. I love flowers.

Shut up, moe-ron  
You're hurting my ears. My lovely orbular ears.

Shut up, moe-ron

Suckle from my gaping buttocks!

Shut up, Moe-ron

You just don't understand my sensitive side. I, I love.  
Do you understand. I, I love. Love, love, love, love, love la, la

Shut up, moe-ron

The tape, get the tape. Someone call John Laroquette, and get a laxative.





### Reason #183 to Carry Jumper Cables

So, a buddy and I were sitting in the car, in the line, at the Taco Bell on Poplar (which will remain nameless). We go to Taco Bell only because it is cheap and open late at night. This time it was about 11:00p.m. We were shootin' the shit when the woman in the next car jumped out and trotted over, and stuck her head in the window. She said nothing but, "My car's battery just died, and I'm stoned." *THAT HAS TO SUCK.* Even worse, if she didn't have the munchies yet, they were about to set in hard.

My buddy asked if she had cables. No cables. She asked the car which was ordering behind us, also containing two guys, who didn't have any cables either. Understanding that we are in a drive-through lane, this car was going nowhere. We tried to roll start the car. The woman running the drive-through leaned out the window to watch four idiots pushing a car towards Poplar at an alarming rate. In hindsight, realizing how baked this woman was, it is amazing that she didn't let the car go out into Poplar, but stopped it just short of Poplar. The car was still dead.

The woman paid for her food as we watched the line grow and contemplated the dead car. The end decision: roll that puppy out into Poplar and get it in the first parking lot. Of course, that means pushing a dead car the wrong way on Poplar, with this stoned woman at the wheel. We waited for the appropriate opening, and ran this car into the street and into the parking lot. The oh-so-helpful Taco Bell employees asked if we would be returning to our cars. My buddy had already bought the food, and we took off. All he said on the way back to campus, "That was so weird, I need a burrito."

DAVE WELLS

The Rat's Ass™ is a funkified and groovalicious undulation of spermicidally lubricated grey matter that has been ribbed for pleasure. Opinions and funkiness herein belong solely to their respective authors and anyone with a gun who really agrees.



**Staff Box**  
Xaft Minor: follicle  
Fredrica Carpenter: jherri kurl  
J Witherfunk: toupee  
Dave Wells: pubic  
Neeto Beef Urn: bald  
Mike Long: bouffant  
David Sears: butt

# WARNING

Due to a recent mandate of the health department, The Rat is no longer allowed to serve any liquid substance. Since we cannot get the food debris off the glasses, it seems your mugs (albeit covered with Greek symbols) were much cleaner than our stuff. Since we would really lose face in letting you bring those big mofo's back in the Rat, we're outlawing all liquids. So I'm told, this is how Rhodes works.

Sorry for the inconvenience,  
Tim (The New Rat-Man) VanderMeersch

