

AS SEEN ON TV



Report Card
by: chris brown



With the winter solstice almost upon us and the issuing of report cards that always ensues during this blessed month, I thought it would good for Rhodes not to be left out of all the fun. If you or your group didn't receive a grade e-mail me and I will issue you or your group one. All grades given are based on an impartial and objective scale of merit.

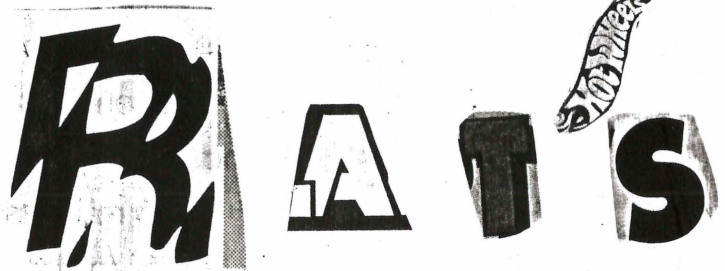
The Rhodes Student Body: D+
Too white, Republican, and, in general, apathetic about everything.

The Administration: F
This grade was given on a Pass/Fail basis. Maybe the administration needs to be evaluated by the SIRs?

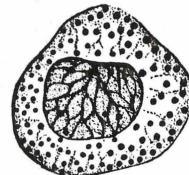
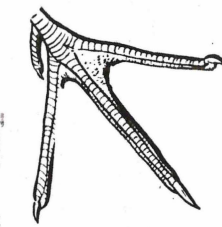
The Faculty: B
Overall, an amiable group of people who would like to have a more academic-minded administration.

The Campus: A+
It's the squirrels.

The Rat: D
The food is just slightly more bland than the student body.



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Rhodes Student Government: F
Too conservative. You guys and gals need to transfer to Bob Jones.

The Book Store: F
The next time I need an over-priced book, I'll make it a point to swing by.

The Rat Man: F
Get a real cappuccino machine.

Bit*ch Slap!: C+
Good idea, but write something worth reading.

Dick Slap!: F
Should be renamed *Dickless!*

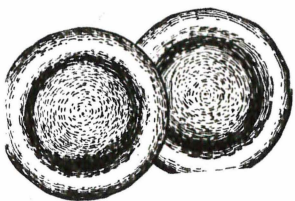
Greek Organizations: F
You should spend your money on better looking clothes instead of buying your friends.

Overall GPA: 1.5
Multiply this by 10,000 and you have the magical formula for tuition.

DOMINANT LIFE	CHARACTERISTIC LIFE
Man	
Mammals	
Reptiles	
Amphibians	
Fishes	
Invertebrates	
Primitive Multicellular Forms	
Unicellular Forms	

Magnified 300 Times





SONG #2

by Janta Clauserspoon



SAVINGS

15-INCH ANIMATED MUSICAL SANTA



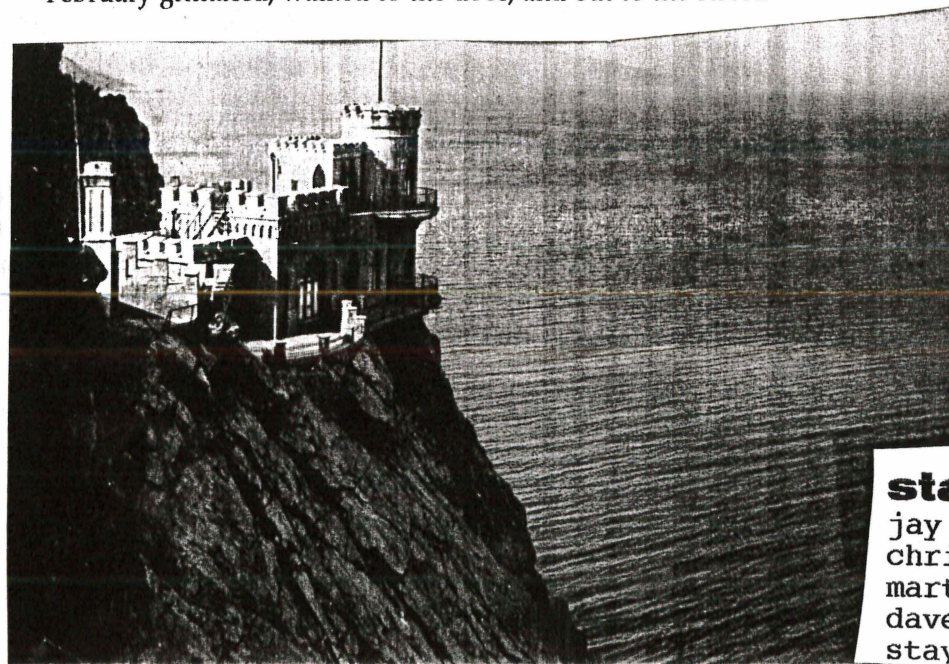
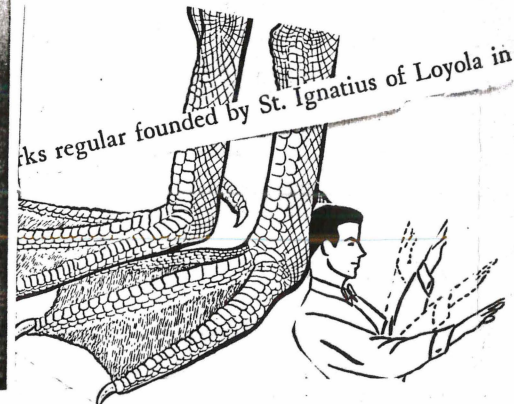
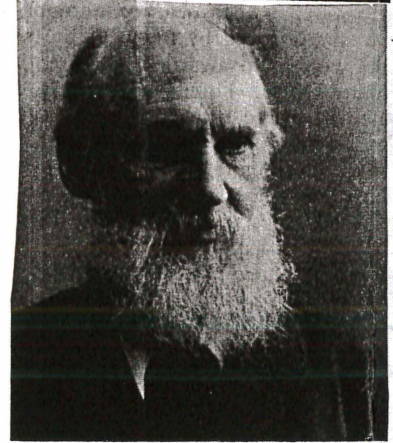
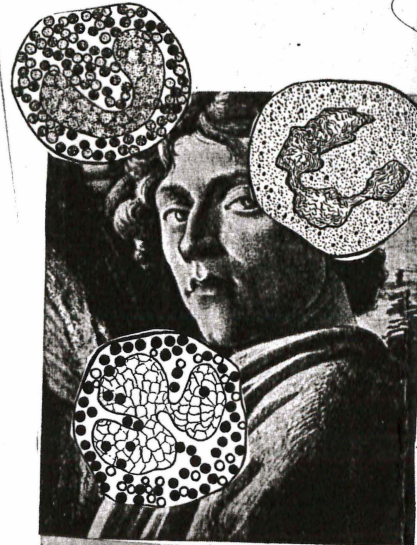
February stared at the fluorescent tube lights. His boss pointed a fat finger toward him without a glance in his direction. "Pass me that dubbaya dee forty, woodja."

February grabbed the greasy can and handed it to his greasy boss. He wondered what "WD-40" meant. His boss sat on a stool by his workbench, fingering an old door hinge thoughtfully. His thick thighs enveloped the stool on which he sat and February tried not to think about where it went when he sat on it.

The fat man mumbled to himself as he contemplated the procedure that would restore the door hinge to all its former grandeur as a functional bit of reality. The pipe he smoked dangled and danced with each syllable he muttered. Smoke curled itself around his head like a cat securing a spot to sleep. February hoped it would take the fat man a long time to fix the hinge. He thought he was just finally starting to see that the fluorescent lights really did flash several times each second.

And in a burst of handyman clarity, February's boss discovered the exact spot on the hinge that required a deep blast of dubbaya dee forty. He gave February a quick look to make sure he was not daydreaming, or what he liked to call "being out in left field with the dodo's and the doo-doo's." February returned the look quickly enough to satisfy the moving mound -- a man. "Just makin sure you was still with me kid, I'll be through in a sec, and I'll need your help with some things."

February stared at the pipe dangling and dancing from between greasy lips. He was watching closely when the burning red tobacco leapt out of the pipe's smoldering bowl on the word "things" (fat man had always packed his pipe poorly). Burning cherry careened directly into the thick spray of dubbaya dee forty. The cool liquid immediately became a two foot flame that reached through the air to a rag hanging from the lip of a container on the greasy workbench. The rag belonged to an economy-sized coffee can of gasoline, and immediately introduced the burning tongue to its can's contents. February just had time to cover his head before the fat man's side was fried. February turned to watch him hit the ground. His jowls convulsed and slapped the floor. Smoke slowly slid from his burnt face and torso and crawled slowly into the air. Fat man was burned to a crisp. February grimaced, walked to the door, and out to the street.



staff

jay witherspoon: james brown
chris brown: miles
martin fox: 'trane
dave sears: bird's heroin dealer
stay joviall: minqus

Reigndear

by stay joviall

Donner arched his chin back toward his tail, peering at the cold stars. Beside him walked Blitzen, and both were indifferent to Prancer trailing some ways behind. Giving his antlers a little shake, Donner turned to Blitzen and asked "At the most fundamental level, what is disease?"

Blitzen flared his nostrils, white breath making a sort of halo around his nose, "Sumpin's wrong wit an organism, bein' bad fer it, it's gotta dizease."

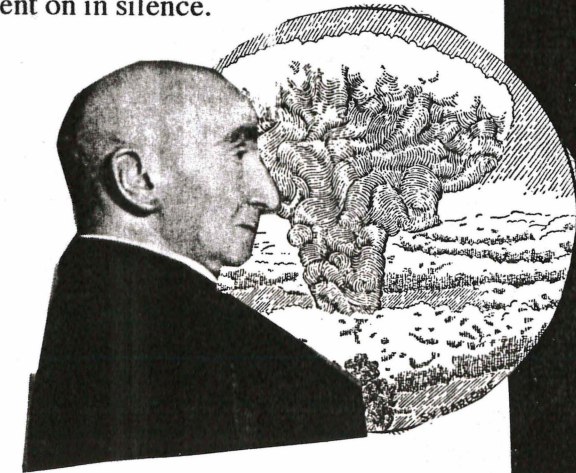
Donner stopped and dug his fore hoof into the hard frosty dirt. "I cannot agree. It seems to me that disease-causing micro-organisms are simply other species just struggling to live, seeking self-preservation and -perpetuation." He leveled his eyes at Blitzen, who had paused to listen. "When one considers the relativity of the situation, we are merely *ecosystems*. A reindeer or elf supporting the life and well-being of a destructive virus does not have something *wrong* with him or her, but has merely become an environment-in-flux."

Prancer trotted up. "Ooooooh, yeah, right baby, and now I suppose you're going to say something like 'And from one possible perspective, one can view us as a disease being supported by the planet, which we are making ill, and which is trying to cure itself of us by its antibodies which we refer to as harmful bacteria and viruses.'" Prancer pranced about, batting a low-hanging hemlock branch with his antlers.

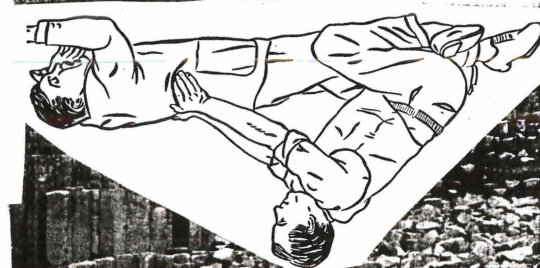
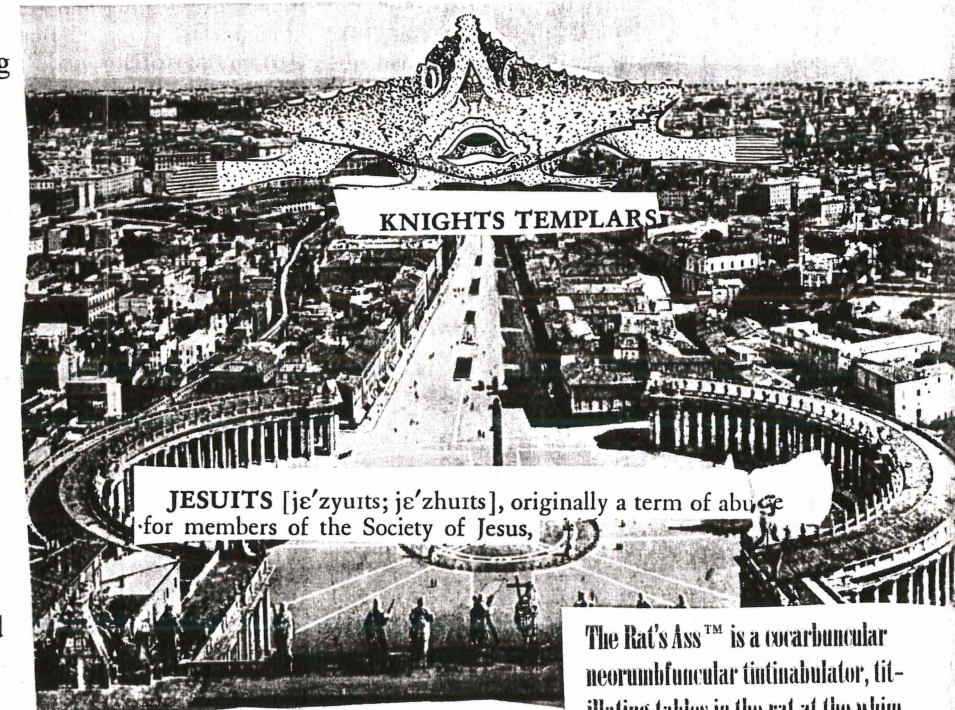
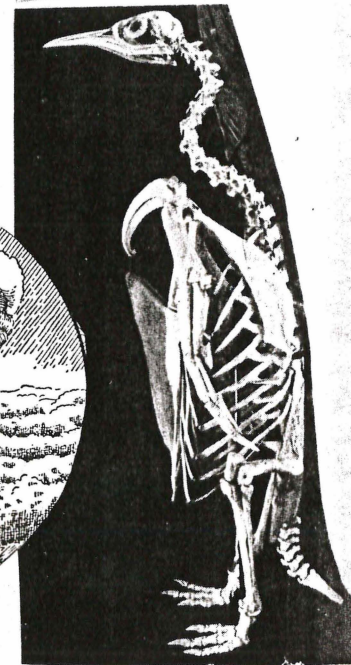
Blitzen snorted, and Donner said nothing. Prancer chortled madly and went on. "Disease is something we've been trained to believe is natural by the clever malicious scientists running world politics! Disease is the three-degree nonentity caught in the turning lane of time by the oncoming traffic of entropy!" He reared up on his back legs and yipped insanely in the still night air. A startled owl took flight. "Disease! Dis. Ease! Disease created us! We are a state of disease in the universe, which is a state

of disease in reality! Being diseased is a disease of disease!"

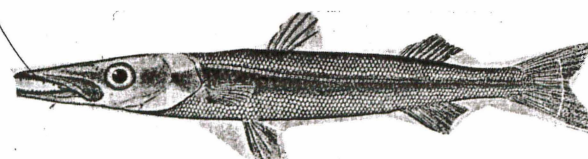
Prancer stopped, panting. "The night was strangely still. The reindeer went on in silence."

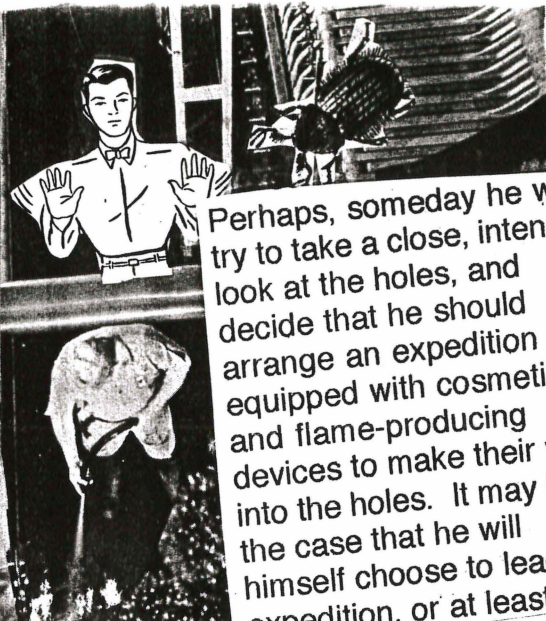


BUD OF THE MONTH



The Rat's Ass™ is a cocarbuncular neorumbfuncular tintinabulator, titillating tables in the rat at the whim and caprice of our masturbative urges. Attempts to interpret the material contained herein as offensive, poorly written, or inane by misguided parts of your brain should be ignored, but if you give in to your weakness of taste and meekness of style, please remember that the views expressed herein are strictly those of their respective authors. Have a pleasant day and safe, pleasure-maximizing holiday season.





Perhaps, someday he will try to take a close, intense look at the holes, and decide that he should arrange an expedition equipped with cosmetics and flame-producing devices to make their way into the holes. It may be the case that he will himself choose to lead the expedition, or at least

The lighthouse will remain unintended. This parable clearly explains changes in the state of the gothic playground.

Another Allegory
-Xaft Minor

What we are doing is writing these words, which relate to the words you are reading. Reading these words causes us to keep writing these words that you are reading. Words read are written for causes we keep writing. Causes for reading are written. Relations of writing read writing. Which is what we're doing. How about another allegory? There's still a lighthouse keeper, who keeps a lighthouse unlit. There are still sub-committees. The keeper still has large collections of optical toys which distort. Everything else is different. Holes have developed, and the populace has begun to wonder about them. Occasionally, someone investigates too closely and doesn't come back. Legends proliferate and are fed to the lighthouse keeper, who has recently taken a great interest in the holes.

serve as mascot to it in order to inspire and give himself something to do once he has tired of his duties as lighthouse keeper. It might come to pass that he will bring his optical toys in hope that they will be of service to him in the holes. Possibly, he could pretend to draw conclusions from these observations to prove to the expedition that its mission was righteous and their moral duty. It is a distinct chance that he will do this so that they would build him altars, doorknobs, and palaces full of jocund beekeepers. Maybe, these things will come to past, allowing him to achieve his goal of turning the optical toys in on themselves, giving distortions with infinite recursion. There is also the possibility that he will be swallowed up by holes, and never heard from again. If this is the case, he will receive a promotion from the sub-committee, and have a plaque announcing that he had lived

