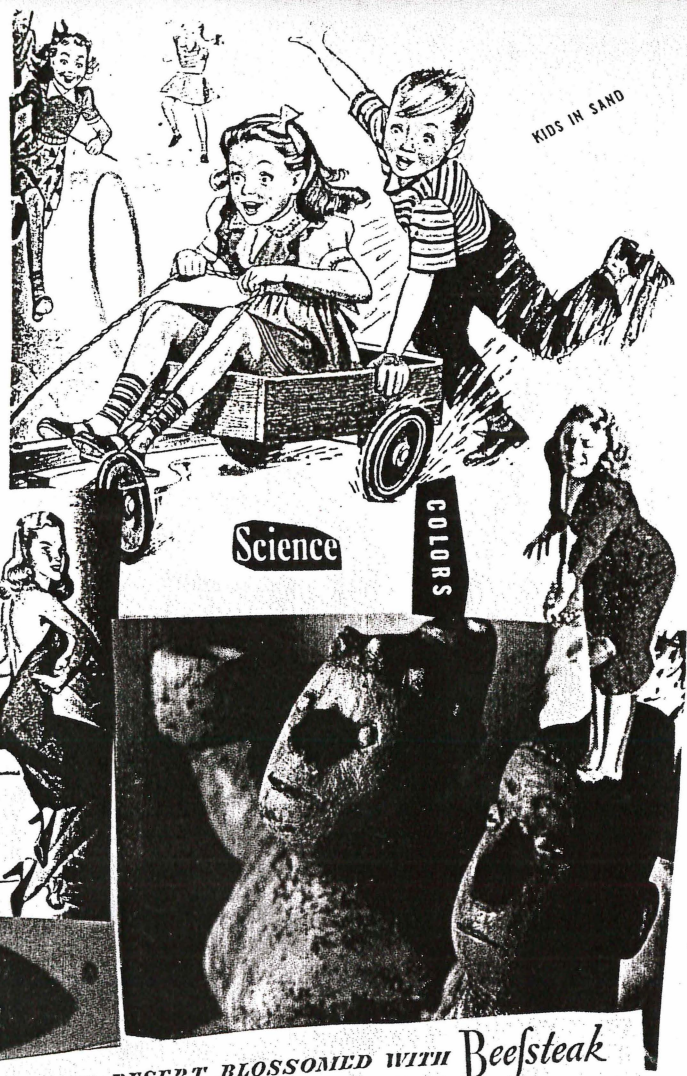


RAV'S



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"LAVAL IS LOYAL TO LAVAL"

I Still Have A Dream

by Jay Witherfunk

I had a dream that Rhodes was cool. Everyone had on a tie-die and the chiba ran rampant. No, no that wasn't it. Oh yeah, I remember. There were a tribe of Rhodents who worshipped the squirrels. I asked one of the professors of faith to show me why she believed. She took me to the base of a tree, where, surely enough, a squirrel approached. She nudged me and whispered, "Now you'll see!!!" The squirrel looked around tensely for a few seconds then bolted up the tree in a spiral. The squirrel-worshipper stared at me with pupils wide and screamed, "DID YOU SEE THAT!?!? THAT IS WHY!!!!"

"Yeah, squirrels rock," I said. Oh shit. I'm sorry. Wrong dream again. Too weird for Rhodes.

Really, the dream was this: I knocked down the door to President Daughdrill's door with the smallest thrust of my hulking shoulder and immediately proceeded to the back of the room, where lay the magic safe to which I held the only key (won through bloody battle with a maligned redneck demon). I opened the door of the safe with slow, surreptitious, and scrupulously soliloquous serendipity. And light poured onto my face as I looked upon THE INSTRUMENT. IT WAS... THE REMOTE CONTROL TO THE BRAINS OF ALL RHODES STUDENTS (except for the lucky few who have somehow managed to remove the deadly implant which is shoved at birth into the skull of all infants by 'The Man')!!!! When I picked the control up, the knob was turned to the setting labeled the "Ralph Lauren/Victorian Age/sticks-in-their-asses/spoon-fed/'oh my god, look at her butt'/I shampoo every day, don't you?'/tell-me-how-to-dance, I'm not that creative/'I'm okay cuz I'm rich, I'm white and I'm me'/please don't change this setting" setting.

This all seemed rather drab, so I changed the knob to the setting "chill daddy-o's" and the thing shocked my hands so bad that I dropped it and leaped out the window to my own demise. Or wait, no, I think my dream was something different. It's so hard to remember your dreams sometimes, you know.

I was in the jungle. It was dark. All I could hear was the sound of my feet on the forest floor. The surrounding silence was unbearable. The sounds of my footsteps were so loud that I could even see them. I tried to imagine a black-toothed devil, out to get me and I thought I heard him, but maybe not. I imagined a babbling brook that slurped quietly to mark the passage of my thoughts, but it soon returned to the silence. And I'm just now seeing that my dreams are so silly and unreal.

I don't know. But maybe you do.

I thought I dreamed that Rhodes was cool.

But it's really just a wet spot on my bed that I'll have to wash off later.

* 'The Man' is anyone who knows where to look when they see a word with an asterisk.

AMERICANS PRAYED,

"Stick to your etchin, Mr. T!"

Why You Can't Buy a Rubber on Campus

-by stay joviall

I think it's a function of angularity, ya know, in the sense of two things coming together with a certain fixed relation between them. Definitely there are overtones of inundatory inanity involved, in an essentially egregious mode of comportment towards itself and us as a community of people acting like students.

And Rhodes is a churchy place...religious hangups hang out like Damoclean bad breath. Not that I have a problem with Damocles' breath, or religion, or hanging things -- it's just that two lines of this situationality don't seem to be at a right angle when you think of that nasty little virus running around out there. Yes, the administration's lack of rational responsibility forces the responsibility on our heads as students, but I suspect some lessons should not be so potentially costly.



Anatomic Bomb

If I oNly HaD a GuNnnN.
by MIchAel AIAn LonGI

It'S LatE ANd DaNZig Is oN...

IF I onLy Had A gUN.
TheN I'D Be DUNne.
ShE WouLD NoTICe mE.
And My fOod WouLD Be hOT.

LifE WouLD BE mORe PG-13
I CouLD TeLL MY StoRIES And
ShOW My TatTOOs.
WiTh A BeeR And A gUN.
No mORe StAIned GlaSS.
No MorE TIGHt JeANs.

"HeY maN, WhAT's UP?"
BOOM!
"WhAt aRE Ya'LI uP to tONiGHt?"
BOOM!
"IS ThiS GoNna be On tHe TeSt?"
BOOM!
"COuLD yOu ThrOw me a zImA?"
BOOM!

AIL ThEse TaTterED BaSEbaLL CaPS
ANd KaKKi ShORTs
ANd TeVaS
ANd BoOMIn' baSS
ANd IED zEPPLin Cds.

TheRE WouLD jUST bE PeaCe.
And a LoT
oF DeAD PeoPlE.

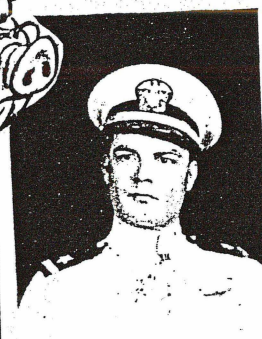


ANT-FACED GIRL

GOD IS LOVE

CLOSE-UP

BURN VICTIM BEFORE?



DON'T BE OLD FASHIONED, MOM!
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC PROLON IS
BETTER THAN PIG BRISTLES!



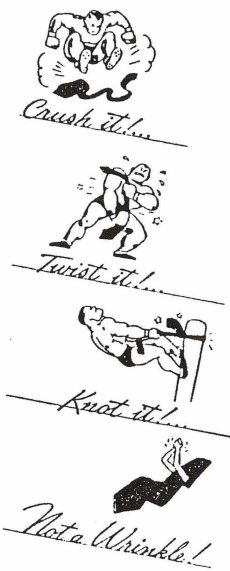
ECONOMICS

by david sears

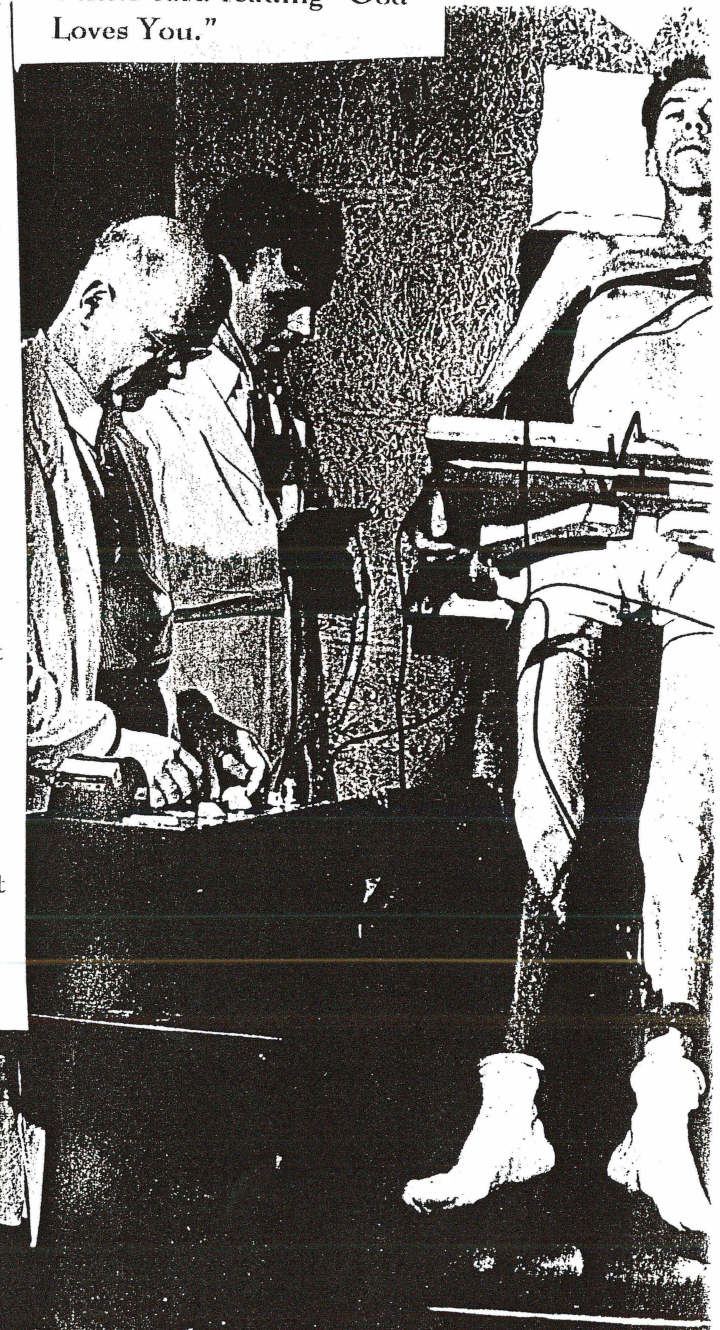
"Ugh, how did I get here?" Jack thought to himself as he opened one eye, only to be confronted by an intense ray of light penetrating through his skull. He could only recall going to the French Quarter the night before to have a few drinks or something. But now he found himself stretched out by the river in an unimaginable condition. His hair was knotted up around a huge wad of gum which was stuck to the ground. His body had made a bed for itself in a pool of vomit complete with a few barely digested hot dog wieners. He also became aware of a moist feeling in his right ear. He yanked the clump of hair and gum from the ground so as to turn his head over. A yellow liquid slowly seeped from his ear, bearing a striking resemblance to urine. "What have I done to myself?" he thought. He glanced around at his surroundings and immediately became fixated on the water. To his amazement he noticed

two emus dancing elegantly over the river together. "Okay it makes sense now, I'm dreaming. At least when I wake up I won't have to contend with hot dog infested vomit dripping from my nose" All of a sudden a sharp beam of light attacked his retina from the right. He turned and saw the most beautiful human figure he had ever directed his vision towards. The figure was a huge black man possibly seven feet tall with long wiry dreads and an enormous black and grey beard. The sight was so pleasing that Jack forgot all about the graceful emus. After a few moments of silence Jack asked the beautiful man, "Who are you, what is your name?" "I have no name, I only have a job." "What is your job, sir?" "First let me ask you a question, what do you think of money?" "I don't know, I just use it when I want something." "Money is undeserved power, my brother." "Okay, so tell me what your job is?" "Different people refer to it by different names" "What do you call it?" The magnificent figure

replied, "Redistribution" and then vanished. Jack was overwhelmed with what had taken place since he had become conscious. He stood up and attempted to orient himself. He sat on the bench behind him to contemplate the recent course of events he had experienced. He reached in his back pocket and pulled his wallet out. All of his money and credit cards had been replaced by a little card reading "God Loves You."



Not a Wrinkle!



The Rat's Ass™ is neocarbuncular corunkfunkular tintinabularity produced on a basis by people with other specific and random factors involved. It just sort of happens. There are no restrictions on what gets published, so if you have a problem with an article please take it up with its respective author. And you know those little pointy things that get stuck in the inner passage of the flow part? We do that.

STAPHBOX

- EricBlock--Rumblepuppy
- marTinFox--MumbleGuppy
- DAVesears--stumblefluffy
- miKeLong--junglestuffy
- DaveWells--bunglescruffy
- Stayjoviall--mungIEFurry
- JheyWitherspoon--tungleblurry
- AlanBouRDEReaux--ainnoworry



The new era was met head on by a bartender in Columbus, Ohio, but Americans sanely continued to prefer bourbon.

I am nobody,
 I shall be nothing
 I come from nowhere
 I am going no place
 I have no reason for being here
 My entrance was painful
 I cried -- Others rejoiced
 My exit shall be miserable
 Others will cry -- I will rejoice
 Stretching between this beginning and end
 Is a succession of sensation-None important
 There was only one important event in my life
 That was an affair I attended
 Where illusion furnished the music
 Folly was my dancing partner
 And despair my escort home.

— A. Block

COLOR EVER.



beef... grilled
 sliced bacon in a can
 gravy (like that above)
 the grand flavor of me
 plete, high quality
 everyone needs.