

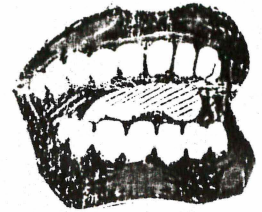
Great Journalist to...

SSA

Tar

1.19.96

ISSUE 16
VOLUME IV



18

Navy

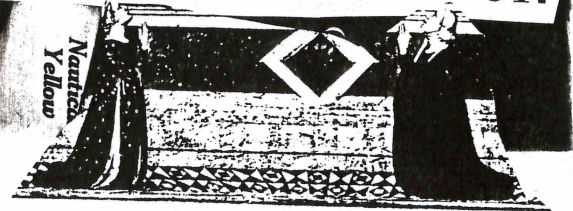
Raspbery
(Women's
only)

Malard

Red

Nautica
Yellow

AMERICA'S LUXURY BACON



The Gravity Well

by stay jovial!

"The problems *define* him. That is, they put him into words and *explain* him. And explanation is a funny thing: Darwin and the Bible both explain a lot. But this isn't about God. Or Darwin. It is about the problems, which define him. It is not that he wrestles with them, angst-ridden and Byron-like, but that they breathe him into being, with voice; breath, word, whisper, inflection, tone and timbre. . . all from the lips of the problems. And so his definition is not written, but spoken, not static, but dynamic and transient: in considering the *logos* constitutive of his being, one must remember that he is the *object* of this genitive construction. . . that the definition is not of him, but he is of the definition.

The definition yielded by his problems contains only a few words, the most significant of which have lengthy etymologies and are derived from a sidereal language of love and hate.

The problems which define him also *explain* him. Hence the problems think that they have a way to control him, for with successful theoretical explanation comes the possibility of prediction, and hence control. He would want to argue that counterfactuals of freedom lack operative conceptual validity, and hence their control over him is at best inductive and at worst illusory. His problems would sit back and smile at that: "See, you've just proved our point."

What do you think of that, Dr. Joy?" He paused, and there was a silence in Dr. Joy's office like an airplane taking off. The pencil Dr. Joy had been turning in his fingers as his patient spoke crashed to the desk, and his old leather boot face remained expressionless.

"Zat is a very *interesting* story." Only a slight vestige of Bavarian accent, extremely articulate. "Perhaps you have had flashes of *insight*, lately or. . .zomething else?"

I paused and lit a cigarette. You looked over the table at me, the waiter hovered in the background. I watched him over your shoulder. You thought I was staring at you to make you uncomfortable. You do feel vaguely uncomfortable.

You bite your lip for a moment. "What was Dr. Joy talking about? Are you going to tell me what happened after that?"

I exhale smoke in your face. "No."



for breakfast

WITH A HEALTHY P.S.



SUNSWEEP HELPS
KEEP YOU
REGULAR, TOO.

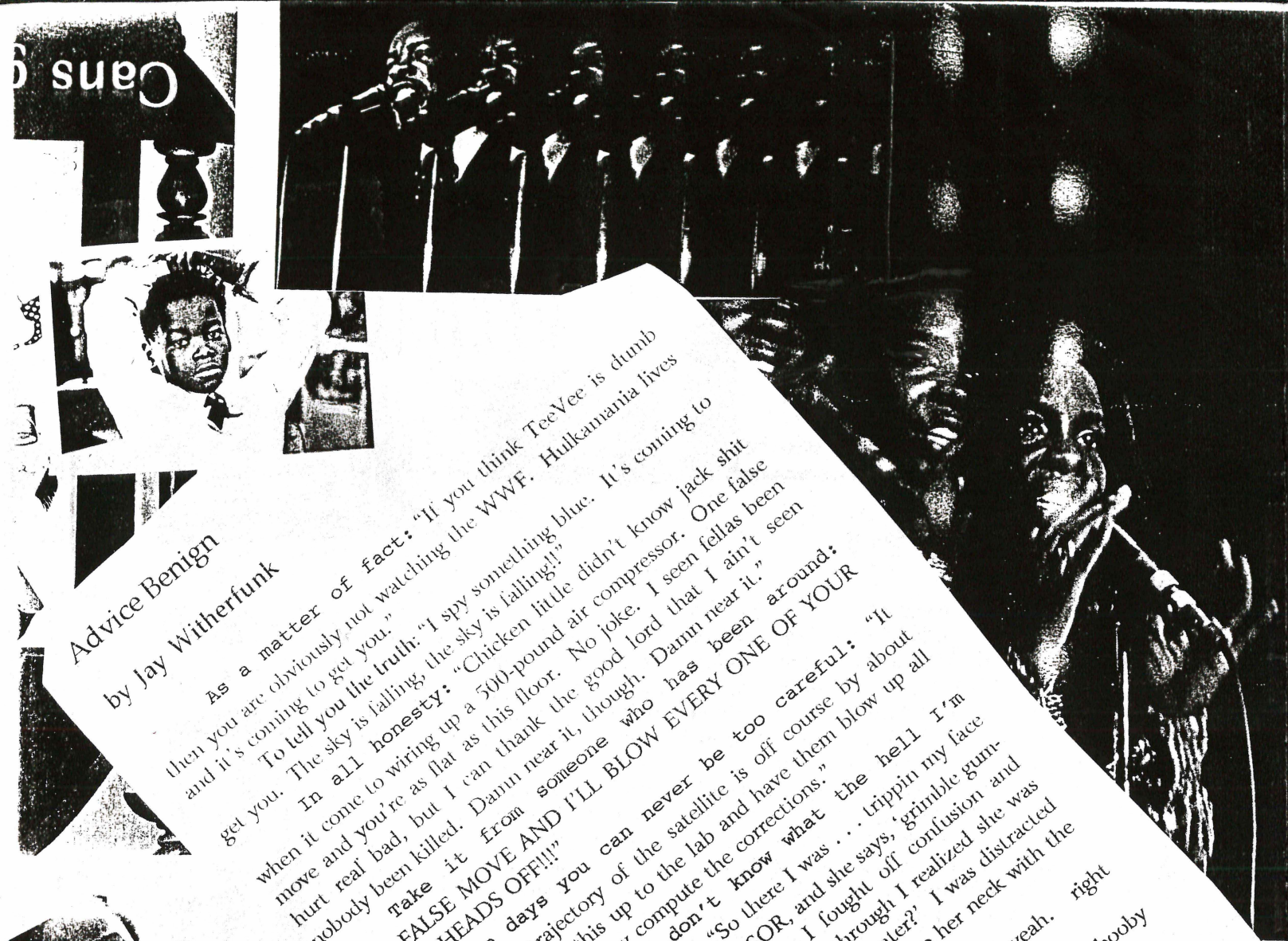
SUNSWEEP
PRUNE
JUICE



Now also
available
in cans



Prepared and distributed by the
makers of Mott's apple juice, apple sauce,
cider, vinegar, and jellies



Advice Benign
by Jay Witherfunk

As a matter of fact: "If you think TeeVee is dumb then you are obviously not watching the WWF. Hulkamania lives and it's coming to get you."
 To tell you the truth: "I spy something blue. It's coming to get you. The sky is falling, the sky is falling!"
 In all honesty: "Chicken little didn't know jack shit when it come to wiring up a 500-pound air compressor. One false move and you're as flat as this floor. No joke. I seen fellas been hurt real bad, but I can thank the good lord that I ain't seen nobody been killed. Damn near it, though. Damn near it."
 Take it from someone who has been around: "ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL BLOW EVERY ONE OF YOUR FUCKIN HEADS OFF!!!"
 These days you can never be too careful: "It seems that the trajectory of the satellite is off course by about three clicks. Bring this up to the lab and have them blow up all these photos before they compute the corrections."
 Now, maybe I don't know what the hell I'm talkin about . . . but: "So there I was . . . trippin my face off . . . TALKIN TO MY PROFESSOR, and she says, 'grumble gum-lat, chimichanga bloptow satellite.' I fought off confusion and panic and after about the twelfth time through I realized she was saying 'you look pale, do you need some water?' I was distracted by the fact that her scarf was slowly crawling up her neck with the full intention of eating her face."
 Take a few words of advice: "ooh, yeah. right there."
 Before you do: "Yeah, I got your blue-footed booby right here, bitch!! Count these eggs!!"
 As they say in Madagascar: "I'm only one. I'm tired and I'm lonely. Sometimes the air is too thick to breathe, and my arms, they stick to my sleeves. One seems not enough, and I'm so only. Sometimes the sky is too blue to look at, and all there is to see is oneself. But now, this one is going to bed to dream of strange words and voices."

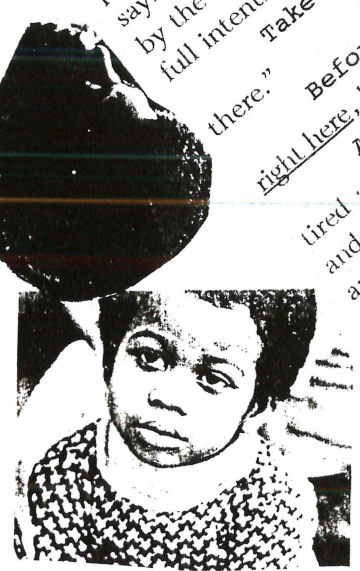
NEW SKINATURAL
STRETCH WIG
LIGHT N' AIRY
COOL VENTILATED CAP
With Built in SCALP
That Looks Like SKIN
So Natural It LOOKS LIKE
YOUR GROWING OUT OF HEAD

6 WIGS IN ONE
COOLEST LIGHTEST ARIEST

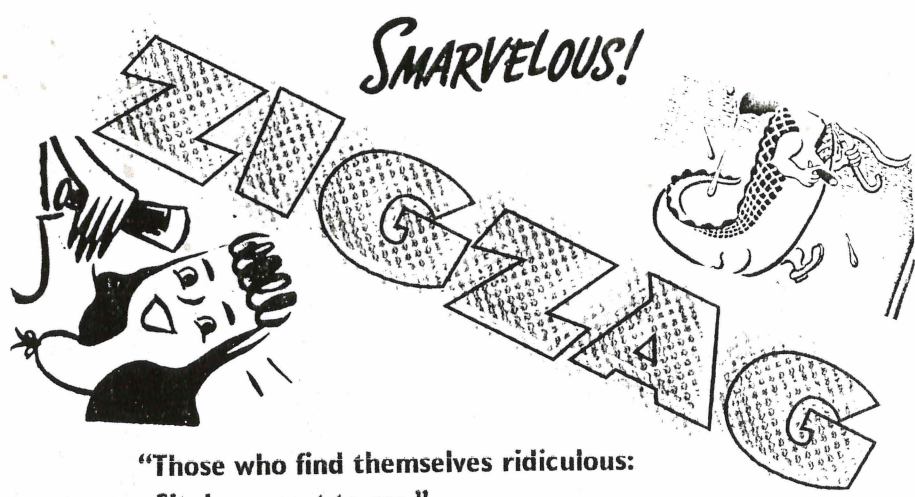
6 WIGS in ONE
Just Brush the STYLE you want

12⁹⁹
WAS \$22⁹⁹ ONLY

PERMA-STYLED WASH & WEAR NEVER NEEDS SETTING

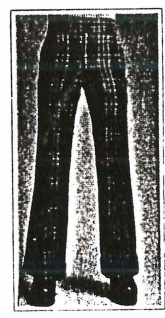
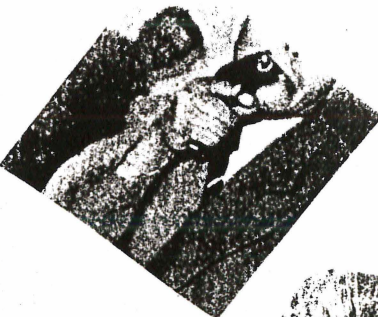
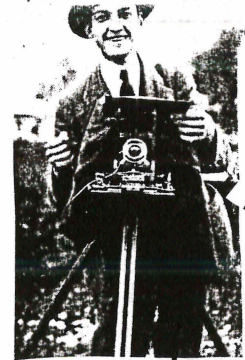
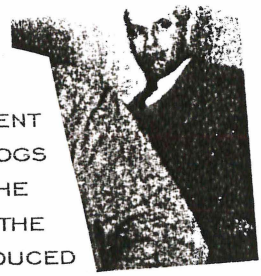


FUN



**"Those who find themselves ridiculous:
Sit down next to me."**
 Xaft Minor :: Bently (the jeffersons)
 Jhey Witherfunk :: Jimmy Washington (WBKotter)
 Stay Joviall :: Alex Keaton (family ties)
 Gerritt Lagemann :: Jack ritter (3's company)
 Dave Sears :: Arnold Drummond (diff'rent strokes)

Mission Statement
 THE RAT'S ASS™ IS A PUNCTUATED EQUILIBRIUM KALIBRATION INSTRUMENT DROPPED AMONG THE GEARS AND COGS OF TEMPORAL METAPHORS ABOUT THE ETYMOLOGY OF THE EVOLUTION OF THE ETERNAL NOW: AS SUCH IT IS PRODUCED BY RHODES STUDENTS WHO ARE REPRESENTING NO OPINIONS BUT THEIR OWN. IF YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH AN ARTICLE, TAKE IT UP WITH ITS AUTHOR. AND REMEMBER, AS PYNCHON POINTS OUT, ONE MAY NEVER GET TO TOUCH THE MASTER, BUT ONE MAY TICKLE HIS CREATURES.



the original performance



Ode to My Eight O'Clock
Gerrit Lagemann

Many poets and beer ads
Glorify sunrises for their awe, beauty and majesty
But I
Don't like sunrises
Because they are
Too early.

They streak the sky with odd smudges of amber and rose, but pour he bails of shattering white light upon my head.
Out! Out! Damned light!
Foul and ugly, like the chance miniature rainbow from a piece of crystal
Ejected and stapled to my creme-colored concrete walls.
Too small! Too yellow! Too insignificant!
In my mornings of chronic tiredness, itchy eyes and smooth inky newsprint
You are much too feeble to crack my crown of bleakness and bring my daily dose of joy.

Sunsets, however, are truly the earth's own halo.
Brilliant, rich ubiquitous hues smeared across my evening sky
Reflecting its striking salmon pinks and baby blue hues and cries off the milky clouds

Truly life's most graceful film.
Lacking in action, perhaps, but pure beauty nonetheless.

If I am bored with sunsets, then I am truly bored with life.



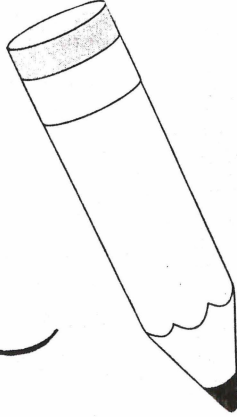
SKY SCANNING BIRDMEN model equipment on Washington's Potomac Building. Zoot-suit key chains and plummy mo-taches come with audio



I, Object
-xaft minor

- 1) You
- 2) Rhodes
- e) masons
- 3) lists
- 4) 4
- 5) pinching
- 6) 666666
- 7) Numerology
- 8) Daughdrill
- 9) Libby
- 10) Brouhaha
- 11) God
- 12) riots
- 13) ducats
- 14) fat
- 15) booty
- 16) spacestation
- 17) women's goat room
- 18) tomorrow
- 19) operation
- 20) flame
- 21) dineophile
- 22) squirrels
- 23) coffee
- 24) cover-up
- 25) rubbing-out
- 26) washing-up
- 27) passing-through
- 28) 28
- 29) tree-labels
- 30) fly-fishing
- 31) sophistry
- 32) inversions
- 33) administration
- 34) lists
- 42) Rat's Ass

SMILING MINER, William Williams, washes off the soot after setting a new British record by digging 234 tons of coal in the week of Dec. 13 to 20. Although a hero to most Englishmen, who will shiver for lack of fuel this winter, he still has troubles. Williams cannot find a house for his family. And the government took \$60 in taxes out of his \$168 pay check.



and Beq.

