

# RAD'S ASS STRENGTH



**SS** is one scientific answer to that idiotic Freudian mumbo jumbo.

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There's No Going to Town in Bathtub, or, How to Endlessly Enjoy the Fracture of Narrative.

by Martin Fox

## Tomorrow's leaders are busy tonight

Edward Gorey's phantasmagoria consists of parodies of Victorian children's literature, adopting a darker version of Lewis Carroll's anti-didactic strategies. His *The Raging Tide*; or, *the Black Doll's Imbroglia* uses the form of Choose-Your-Own-Adventure children's novels in which the reader is presented with a degree of control in linking passages together through directed page-turning.

The form of the text, then, is potentially different with every reading. Each page consists of a sentence accompanied by two choices and page-directives and a drawing illustrating the action. Thus, if you find Hooglyboo's cramming Figbash inside a vase clever, you are instructed to turn to 11, continuing the narrative. If, on the other hand, all this seems too terrible to

contemplate, you turn to page 29, sending everyone joyously to an early grave and ending the story. In some readings, two to four

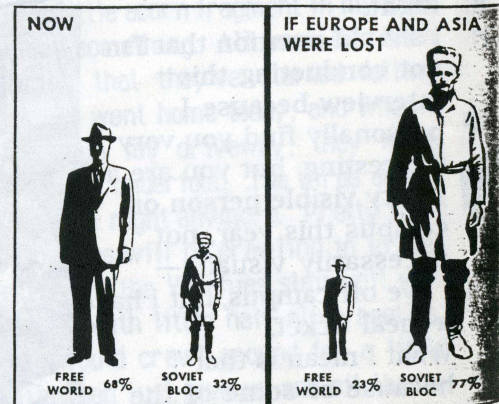


**T-N-T POPCORN**

of the protagonists will assault one another with domestic objects until the end, with possible excursions to the Dogear Wryde Topiary Gardens or to illuminatory passages on turnips and prunes.

The control, in the forms that Gorey satirizes, however, is somewhat illusory, and, as is traditional in children's literature, is designed to impose codes of "common" sense and morality, as death of the reader (the ending of the narrative) can result from choices deemed "wrong" by the author. Gorey subverts this by foregrounding the manipulativness of the genre and pointing towards the implicit codes of morality in the choices offered. One act of attempted senseless violence leads to another, with little sense of order other than that imposed by the reader's choices. The implication, then, is that such systems are arbitrary and therefore without meaning.

## THE ENEMY



TOTAL POPULATION is now roughly two to one in our favor.

The book is published by Beaufort, but I've never seen another copy of it. It occupies, however, a

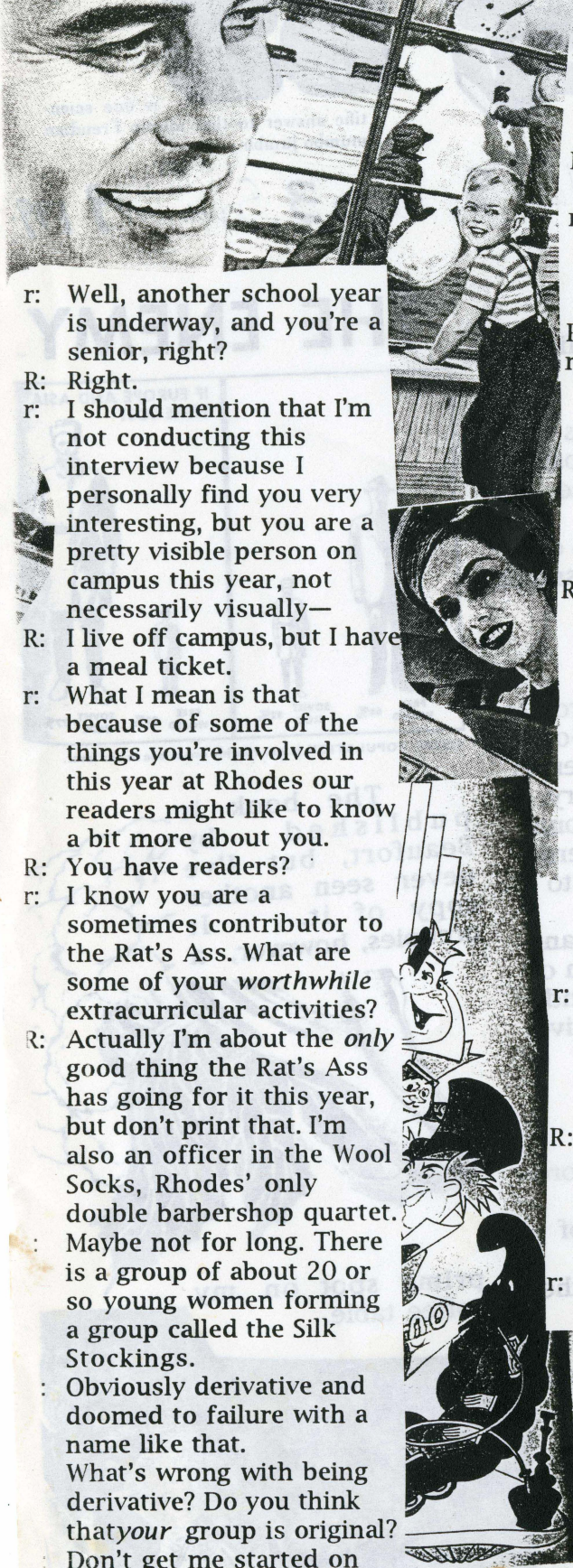


prime spot on my coffee table.



# An Interview with Ross Gohlke

by ross gohlke



r: Well, another school year is underway, and you're a senior, right?

R: Right.

r: I should mention that I'm not conducting this interview because I personally find you very interesting, but you are a pretty visible person on campus this year, not necessarily visually—

R: I live off campus, but I have a meal ticket.

r: What I mean is that because of some of the things you're involved in this year at Rhodes our readers might like to know a bit more about you.

R: You have readers?

r: I know you are a sometimes contributor to the Rat's Ass. What are some of your *worthwhile* extracurricular activities?

R: Actually I'm about the *only* good thing the Rat's Ass has going for it this year, but don't print that. I'm also an officer in the Wool Socks, Rhodes' only double barbershop quartet. Maybe not for long. There is a group of about 20 or so young women forming a group called the Silk Stockings. Obviously derivative and doomed to failure with a name like that. What's wrong with being derivative? Do you think that *your* group is original? Don't get me started on the epistemological problem of mimesis. I'm in Contemporary Continental

Philosophy and English Senior Seminar concurrently.

r: Then you don't use big words that you don't know the meaning of yourself.

R: How do you know I don't know?

r: Have you noticed how often the word "you" has come up in this interview so far?

R: You started it.

r: Isn't this interview just a weak excuse to force your megalomaniac, over-self-important self onto the freshmen and other unsuspecting members of the Rhodes community?

R: Actually, I was going to ask you the same question. Incidentally, the Wool Socks are looking for gigs of any kind. So while we're on the subject, if anyone in your imaginary audience has a need for an over-talented, under-worked double barbershop quartet, they can send DECmail to GOHSR.

r: The Rat's Ass does not participate in such blatant displays of self-promotion and free publicity.

R: Your idealism would be admirable except that I happen to know that you don't have anything else to print this week.

r: How do you know that?



**Helmet Takes Tots to Dreamland**

Sirs: Methinks Tallulah portrays herself as a frenzied, frustrated female who needs a glass of warm Ovaltine and a *Woman's Home Companion* ("Tallulah Tells on Tallulah," LIFE, June 25).

would be dropped into the river, throwing out rolling mists of radioactive spray which would destroy virtually all life within the mile circle shown above.



**TALLULAH ON TALLULAH**

# YOUNG LADY IMPERSONATES AN ELECTRODE

Small thing:  
Christina Huntington

Last Saturday morning, a strange thing happened. At about 11:20 that morning, my toes slithered from under the covers to make their first contact of the day with the little piece of carpet by my bed. I was immediately alarmed by the sharp crunch I felt, which brought to mind the half-squished roach I had seen on the bathroom tile the night before. When I drew my foot back, however, I didn't find a six-legged visitor, but a small greenish fragment of something, maybe a shell. I kicked it out of the way, figuring it was easier to let it biodegrade in some corner than to actually pick it up. When I walked over to my sink, I pinched my foot again, and this time bothered to study what this annoying little thing was. It turned out to be a piece of acorn. Later I found another fragment lodged in the inch-thick sole of my shoe like the last kid hiding in a game of hide and seek. I just left it there.

Three years ago, during my first semester at Rhodes, I spent about 45 minutes of one wonderfully chilly day sitting outside with too little clothing on. I was waiting for a friend with whom I have long since lost contact, but at the time we were close and he was in town. We had set a time for him to pick me up, but he was chronically late, and even though I knew this, I kept expecting him to drive up the next minute, so I stood outside Bellingrath in my skirt and t-shirt instead of running inside for a jacket. It would only be a few more minutes, I kept telling myself as my fingernails grew steadily bluer. If I went back to my room for even a minute, my friend might drive up and, not seeing me there, think he was in the wrong place and leave. Besides, it was starting to feel good out there. Something about that kind of cold can clear the mind, make you especially aware of sensations, make you realize that you are, in fact, alive. The air had that fresh smell you notice in the fall, but only when you first walk outside, and



DON'T BE VAGUE

Your picture of Janet Leigh and Jerry Lewis is the most horrible, vulgar picture I have ever seen in any magazine.

Least Favorite Pupil  
(J. Stovall)

Looking out over the playground, she thinks, He's been a bad boy again.  
one cup flour  
I was so close.  
two eggs  
He deserves to be punished, again.  
one cup milk  
So close.  
one tsp. vanilla extract  
I should call his father.  
one cup sugar  
She might call Dad.  
a pinch of salt  
But his father is never home.  
preheat oven 350°  
But Dad is never home.

Your cover of Janet Leigh is utterly disgusting.



My blood pressure hasn't returned to normal since seeing Janet Leigh's

it made the shadows sharper and deeper. I think the thing I noticed most that day was that each time the wind blew, it would rain dull brown acorns. They crackled against the pavement, pricking my ears with their sound and sometimes knocking against my head on the way down. It was as if it were sleeting. I told my friend about it when he finally got there, and he said that the squirrels had probably been throwing acorns at me. I thought he was a little paranoid.

That little acorn fragment in my shoe told me something. All week I've been noticing that they've started falling again. I went home today, and when I walked up my driveway, they were crunching underfoot. The birds aren't singing at night anymore. Pretty soon the beetles will be crawling in to die. Last year, the Voorhies stairwell was littered with little half-alive beetles. They would crawl around for a little while then just give up and sit there, even if you poked at them. I eventually gave up trying to make them keep moving. It was fall, their time to die.

So, what is my point in talking about all of this? I guess it has something to do with the idea that sometimes, small things speak with more authority than one would expect. Even though the heat is still beating the hell out of me these days, I'm looking for those little details that hold the promise of fall.

# FANTASTIC WEAPONS

- Staff Box
- D. Ghosh Bengali Bruiser
- R. Gohlke Cogent Boy Wonder
- J. Oliphant Barney's Bane
- C. Huntington Sangria Christy
- M. Fox Vulpine News Hound
- J. Stovall Muscular Dystopia
- C. Schafer Sans Cerebrum



Waterproof Plug Automotive Plug

**Movie Review**

A couple of weeks ago i went to see a yellow drama at the orpheum. It was that movie, umm, easy rider, and i absolutely hated it. It was funny, though. I liked natural born killers.

**Restaurants of Midtown**

I had better not name this restaurant because i fear lawsuits like the plague. Anyway, it is in midtown, i was there the other day, and i saw a roach. It was very very disgusting. I will say, though, that the food was good. Quite good.

**Memphis Night Life**

Pool is fun and there are some good restaurants. Reading is fun but you can do that in any town or city. Or rural area.

**The People**

It's like anywhere, i guess; some people are nice, some are pretty mean. I'm pretty normal so i don't have to make a lot of sh-t.

**Other Things**

I for one am having great difficulty trying to find good criteria that distinguish art and science from each other. I feel that art probably means a process we don't understand because it is so complex or is obscured by blights of ignorance in the fabric of our sophisticated but certainly not ultimately sophisticated conceptual frameworks. So really I think that doing art and doing science are the same except that in one case it's much more obvious to us what we're doing. I could go on and on about this until i maybe made some sense but i won't.

**Why**

And i'll tell you why i won't. It's because i'm apathetic and my powers of concentration are laughable. I'm actually laughing right now. And i lame mtv for my laughter, even though watching it never makes me laugh. I honestly don't mean to sound bitter. Probably just too much coffee. Espresso, even. I'm always into the latest fad.

**Religion**

I love to talk, read and think about that phenomenon people have named religion." Religious people can be so motivated! Much more so than you and/or i probably usually are. Probably horribly bad, though, can be



THE BABY SEAL SONG

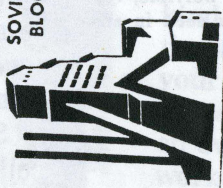
Way up north in the ice and cold  
Where the men can find no gold,  
There I'm forced to make my livin'-  
Killin' the baby seals!  
Smash 'em bash 'em rotor-till 'em-  
Bash their heads until they squeal!  
My wife and kids, they all hate me,  
Cause I'm killin' the baby seeeeeee-als!  
-author unknown, probably Yeats

religion for the sense of humor. I think being cynical and probably also quite flippant is the true mark of a person with a healthy(not as in "health" but as in "definitely there in a menacingly flourishing way") sense of humor. Because and i know this is obvious there are just so many more things - and bigger, more important things - that the cynical and flippant person is having humor over.

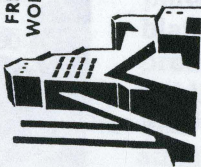
Well

Well, i need to go. I enjoyed talking to you.

SOVIET BLOC 51%



FREE WORLD 49%



JUST BEFORE PLAY BEGAN IN THE ANNUAL NATION

*Tom Logue*

...AND TODAY JIM ASKED ME TO THE PROM!  
NO WONDER YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT LEAVING COLLEGE!  
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!  
Now-NO BAD BREATH behind her

