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Volume II Issue 10

November 5, 1993



"Just another sheet of paper on an overcrowded table"

Special November

Issue!!

One Small Step for NASA and One Giant Leap for Michael Jordan

by Brian Dixon

Another Space Shuttle launch was scrubbed last week. What's new? NASA has made it a habit recently to screw up, look outdated, and in other words, seriously boo-boo.

Need I mention the lost Mars Probe? Probably not.

What about the space shuttle mission prolonged because bad weather prevented a safe daytime landing. Eventually, the scientists decided to risk it, to let the shuttle land unprecedently in the dark. After propelling the ship through earth's atmosphere where it navigated through asteroid belts and other celestial obstacles, the scientists were worried about insufficient light? I can just envision the post-landing exuberance. Control room scientists and engineers jumping up and slapping hi-fives, screaming "yessss!!," realizing that by conquering the dark they had nearly twelve extra hours each day with which to work.

The latest mission, which was canceled twice before finally lifting off, is another gasser. The stated mission? To study the effects of weightlessness on the human body. Hello! I've heard of more advanced research in a sixth grade science fair. After thirty years of space study and travel they're still unsure about those effects? Its called floating, lots of it. I thought we were all squared away on this one. Remember that golfball the astronaut teed off with from the moon? Still floating.

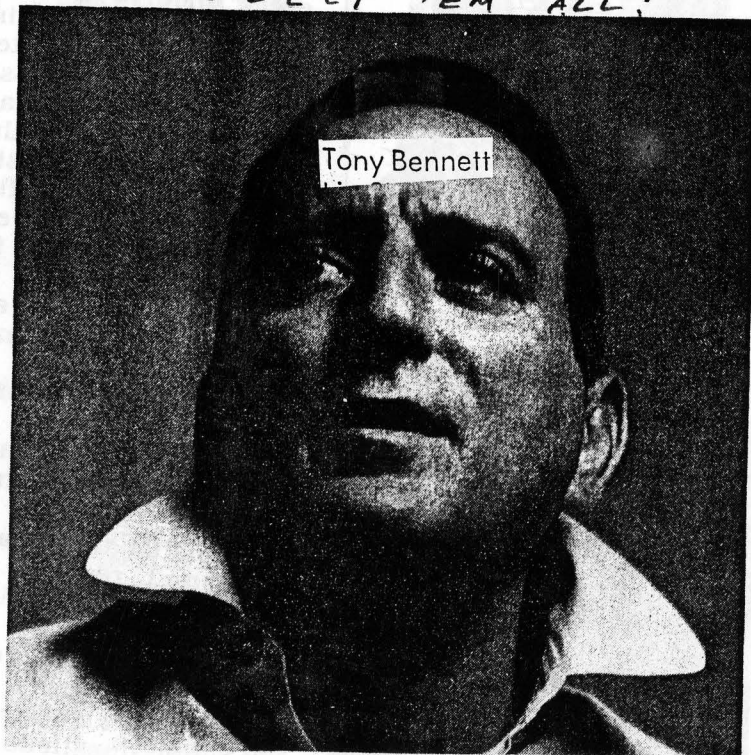
Maybe NASA needs to rethink its purpose, come up with a new mission. Afterall, the cold war, the reason NASA was born, to keep up with our neighbors the Joneskies, is over. At one time NASA may have been a point of national pride, a symbol that America had conquered as much terrestrial frontier as possible, that we had nowhere to go, as it were, but up. Perhaps they need to invest some time in watching *Star Trek: The New Generation* in the hopes of reaping ideas that others have already sown. Perhaps a manned mission to Mars, the moon of the nineties, is just what NASA needs.

But then again, maybe NASA

just needs to hang up the space boots and retire. Michael Jordan, America's greatest aviational wonder, did it. Walked away from the game in his heyday. No competition he said. Again, now that the cold war is over NASA has the same problem. Should they follow Jordan into the world of relaxation and unlimited product endorsement? They could look

back on an illustrious career, remembering that they put the first man on the moon. They won the race, but the race has been over since 1969. If they still want to go out winners, though, they had better hurry. The goof-ups are becoming more prevalent. And afterall, Michael Jordan never lost a ball in mid-flight.

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Ramblin' Leaf

by Dipak Gosh
Leaves, leaves everywhere. It's Fall. Is He telling me to shed my leaf and fall to my senses? No. God is nice. (So "COOL" that hell is HOT.) He wants me to fly. I can feel it. The cold air shrinks, gets denser, sinks and lifts me up to the heavens. Not too high. I'm only human.

Higher, higher. The sun doesn't blind me, it's shrouded with grey. It's cold. The wax won't melt, i'll stay airborne.

Laplace has been Transforming my mind brutally. How equitable are differentials? Lorentz wasn't much kinder either. My head hurts. The whiter sandstone was an illusion. I took off and saw the

truth. Slate. Dark, grey slate. Halliburton stood up, ringing that

bell, another shade of grey. I could only look up to the light grey clouds, free in flight...my plane has no wheels. I can't land. I don't want to.

LOOKING FOR YOUR DREAM HOME?



Where to buy it? See last page.

Bursting at the Seams

by Mike Augspurger
My experience in the world of business has been small. I was once a cashier for a summer. I even took Economics my second year. Most of the class seemed to be common sense. But every once in awhile I would hear something which seemed counter-intuitive. My professor once told us, or perhaps it was the text book, that international expansion in business most often results from a CEO's ego. In expansion into the farthest reaches of the East and Gaul and Brittania, a business more often ends up opening itself for attack than securing its interests. I hadn't realized that personality played a part in international economics. I hadn't realized that growth wasn't always justified.

The most recent Rhodes Today, in a series of answers to common alumni questions, said

Act Two

Now it's your turn.

"Since when do you drink Bourbon?"



"Since I tasted Jim Beam"

COMMERCIAL BAIT SHOP



DESIGNED BY John W. White

The Hip, Happening Spots Around Town. by ruthie stephenson

Her name is Virginia and she's really cool. She's my mentor I was matched with through Leadership Rhodes, but I consider her an older friend because she's loads of fun. We hang out and go to a new dive for lunch once a week. # The first joint we hit a few weeks ago was the Fourway Grill--(don't get it confused with the Two Way). The Fourway Grill is located back in midtown on (I think) Mississippi Blvd.--a section of town you might not want to pogo stick through in the middle of the night. The only entrance to the FW is in the back, and the vinyl padded door is studded with furniture tacks. Kind of like this:



Upon viewing this awesome decor, I realize that I must ring the bell in order to be let in to see the inner decorations as well as for lunch. # The eating area is nice & cozy with approximately 8 tables covered with vinyl tablecloths. Pictures of famous people line the walls and give the place lots of atmosphere--not to mention our friendly and helpful waitress. # For lunch I ordered fried chicken--their supposed specialty. It was good, but I'm no connoisseur when it comes to fried chicken. Virginia ordered some veggies: something like beans and red cabbage. Virginia and I agreed that the cornbread muffins were by far the best--especially if you douse them in honey. # The Fourway Grill is a popular lunch spot amongst mid/down towners. It opens at 11:00, so get there early if you want a seat. And don't forget to ring the bell.



that Rhodes in the last ten years has grown 46 percent. The statement was followed by an exclamation point. Clearly this was a promising statistic.

I would like ask whether Rhodes needs to grow. The school has defined itself as a small liberal arts college. Its purpose is to be one of the best of these in the nation; the object is clearly quality. Does growth forward this goal? Will increasing the student body size without hiring new professors move the



which the business aspects of Rhodes exist in the first place.

Alumni might want a larger school; everyone wants a school that is recognized. Perhaps the President and the Board of Trustees want a larger



My Name Is Barb

school toward this goal? President Daughdrill wrote in the Rhodes Today that a school must balance business and academics. This makes sense. New students bring new money. I wonder only whether this steady increase in size is not gradually undermining the goal for

school; most people would be thrilled to be among Memphis Magazine's 50 most important people for, among two or three things, bringing Rhodes an accounting master's degree program. But as a student, I want a better small liberal arts college. And I don't see any evidence indicating that growth moves Rhodes towards that goal.

The Southwestern Review is still accepting submissions of fiction, poetry, photos and other artwork. The DEADLINE is WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

The are three ways to submit: 1)By computer (see instructions in the MacLab), 2)Thru library reserve folder #000, 3)slip it under Tammi's door (114 Voorhies). LIMIT 5 submissions per person. Contrary to popular belief, you need not be bitter to submit, but we do encourage diversity and creativity.

LOOK FOR OUR NEW TV POSTERS!

Swing on By!

Top Ten "If You Haven't Read It" Slogans Rejected by the Commercial Appeal



by Brian Dixon

10. If ... it really hasn't happened.
9. If ... some bird is poopin' on it.
8. If ... then go to hell.
7. If ... you probably never will.
6. If ... you might not know how to read.
5. If ... you're a goob.
4. If ... we hope someone else has.
3. If ... neither have we.
2. If ... you're probably reading *The Rat's Ass*
1. If ... it might be written in Hebrew.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------|
| Clay Combs | Errand Boy |
| Brian Dixon | Peon |
| Pat Garrett | Hired Hand |
| Chuck Schafer | Fetcher |
| Julie Meiman | Scribe |
| Mike Augspurger | Assistant |
| Ross Gohlke | Trainee |
| Martin Fox | Help |
| Chris Brown | Hanger-on |

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valid," he questions one of the actors in the TV drama, "to be more concerned about the structure of a work of fiction than the actual content therein?"

The character turns, continuing his lines: "...well, of course. You've got to put in the elements you wish to have in the story. Be sure also to lead the reader to closely examine variations within that structure, as well as to observe the closeness the incidents adhere to various parts of this structure. Is there, for instance, a larger structure made up of smaller parts?"

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WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE ?

The Werewolves of Suburbia, or, Memoirs of a Memoir-Thief, part 3

by Martin Fox

Entranced by the carpet's pattern, our hero conceptualizes, but is unable to express his theory of space-time. Development here and now is made untenable and not worthy of defense, as he imagines a burning city in the distance.

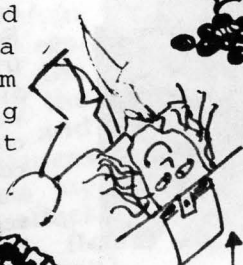
"More comforting arrangements can be found-- but would you want them?" he attempts to imply in the way he buys a pornographic magazine. As he walks away from the kiosk, he glances back at the clerk, who seems oblivious to his message. "Inundated by

culture, I see..." he shouts over his shoulder, gaining no more attention from the vendor. He quickens his step, looking about the station for the two men he'd thought were following him. How much had his actions been monitored on November 24, 1963?

He later eats dinner in front of the television, and sees a clever camera angle for the film he's been planning to make. "Is it



To follow this ever-darkening tale, read the next episode of Memoirs of a Memoir-Thief, Monster in My Poet.



Virginia

Arlo Guthrie AS

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