

THE RECTUM

The Sophisticated Paper for the Non-Sophisticated Person

Volume 2

May 1987

There Are Only 43 People in the World!

By
Richard "Tricky Dick" Nixon

Maybe you've noticed that Kisten Olson looks exactly like Miss Teyyaw, and how about John and Jim Miller, I bet you have even noticed that Mr. Pinhiero is John Philip Sousa re-incarnated. You probably wrote it off to coincidence. But now there is scientific proof to the contrary.

In a startling challenge to the so-called population explosion, Dr. Lyle von Scott of Stanford University, Nobel Laureate in bio-physics and world class bowler, has indisputably demonstrated a previously unknown

anomaly in the particular physics S-matrix theory or hadron interaction originally proposed by Heisenberg in 1943. An opening fluctuation in the space-time matrix, not unlike the alternating current of household electricity, it means that there are only 43 people in the world, all who exist at many points simultaneously.

Some other people are:

| | |
|----------------|------------------------|
| Golda Meir | Lyndon Johnson |
| Jesse Jackson | Reggie Jackson |
| Yassir Arafat | Ringo Starr |
| Mumar Quadaffi | Bert Convy |
| Mr. Coppinger | The Pillsbury Doughboy |
| Mr. Lepry | Billy Idol |
| Mr. Etchells | Kenny Loggins |
| Mr. Coppa | Cheech Moran |
| Marcel LeGrand | Ralph Macchio |

E.G. SCANDAL *EXPOSED*

By
The Sweet Pea

I can't believe what I saw. But sadly enough, it is true.

It all started Saturday night. A Saturday night I would never forget.

It all began very innocently. Three squad cars were being summoned to break up a party. "The wildest party I ever done seen," was the particular quote that stuck out in my mind. But that was not the shocking part, for it is rumored that there are many parties in EG:

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Welcome to the second edition of the Rectum, a non-school, non-profit publication. We, the staff of the Rectum desire an outlet for the creative talents and urges of students who would otherwise go unpublished. Although, in the process of creating humor, these students are often offensive and somewhat rude, they do not wish to seriously malign anybody. We wish only to voice a different viewpoint than that which is commonplace. If you become offended easily, DO NOT READ THIS PAPER. Once again, please take every article with a grain of salt. Please deliver fan mail, hate mail, and eligible bachelorettes to the Other Paper's office across from the auditorium (downstairs.) and address them to:

Richard "Tricky Dick" Nixon
and Staff

The Secret Torment of

RAY ALFANO

By
The Sweet Pea &
Richard " T.D." Nixon

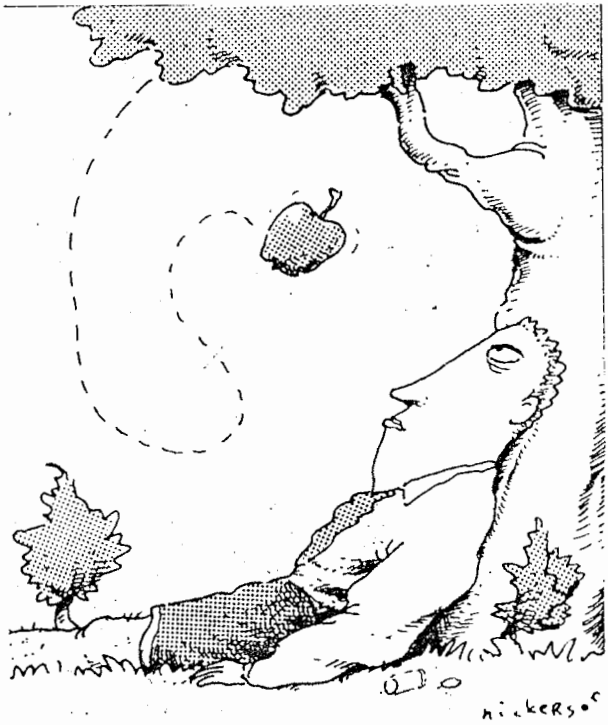
Raymond Alfano has just about everything... a successful career, a wonderful family and a "neat and nifty" wardrobe. But behind that charming, poised demeanor is a lifetime of setbacks, problems, and deep tragedies that have been kept secret...until now.

Before Alfano pursued a career in teaching, there were many years of heartbreak and neglect. As an only child he was a disappointment to his parents because of a glandular condition that kept him tremendously overweight. "Even my parents called me Fatty Fanny."

His early education took place in parochial school, Our Lady of Bagels, a small school in New Jersey which was a mix of Catholics and Jews. He told us that he learned to cook terrific meals consisting of Mozzarella sticks, chicken-ministrone soup, with spaghetti and matza balls as the main course. Ray was not liked too much at this school he told us. "At recess the kids used to beat me with Kosher Salami, it hurt a lot."

To everyone's surprise, he managed to overcome his weight problem at school, but there was a pay-off, his hair started to leave his head in one particular spot. This however is a small consolation to looking slim and trim. At the age of seventeen, Ray left home to make his fortune as a truck driver. He passed the entrance test at the New England Tractor Traylor School, but failed the driving test. "It's not that I didn't drive well, there was just not enough New England Telephone books produced that year, and I couldn't see over the wheel." With his childhood dream broken, a desperate Ray Alfano turned to a life of crime. He worked for James "Dumb Jimmy" Celestianowitz, a Jewish-Italian mobster friend of his from parochial school. Although Ray did not committ murder, he did break some very serious laws. As

(Continued Pg. 7)



Newton discovers LSD.

Catch Phrase of the Month:

freez-in (fre'zin), *adj.* 1. wicked cool. 2. substitute for cool < Mr. Pinheiro has a *freezin* car! >

Safety Pup® says....

" For a good time call 884-5769
and ask for **BIG RED** "



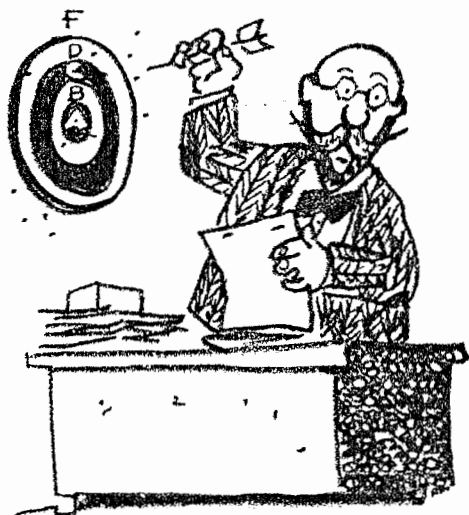
Student Council: YOU CHOKED BIG TIME!

By
Tammy Faye Baker

I don't know about you, but I'm still irritated over homecoming and the airband show. I can write this because the liberty of this great publication allows me to express my true feelings.

First, let's talk about homecoming. The demise of this came last year when the student council and The Other Newspaper (one of lesser class than this one) totally overreacted causing the cancellation of the Sprit Week competition; an event which led up to the selection of Homecoming Queen. Both sides acted extremely immaturely and, as a result, caused the student body to miss out on a great deal of enjoyment; the purpose of these events. Now, I can live with this, but what popped my cork (Editor's Note - I guess that means "flipped my lid") was the way the Queen was selected this year. I had assumed that she would be chosen on an essay/interview basis, as last year. I later found out that I was wrong, when I was asked in class to donate as many Garbage Pail Kids cards as I could. A scavenger hunt to select the Homecoming

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The Rectum captures Mr. Pinhihero
hard at work.

A SALUTE TO A SUPERIOR EGHS STAFF MEMBER

Mr. Etchells

By
Richard "Tricky Dick" Nixon

I am a little annoyed at the recent article, "Mr. Etchells - A legend in his Own Time" in the Other Paper. Not only is it a lie (Mr. Etchell's fantasy does not involve pepperoni pizza and Wesson oil, I know because I lived through this absolutely wonderful adventure), but I also feel that no underclassman should know anything about this excellent teacher until Junior year. After being taught by Mr. Baumgartel ("No Talk"), Mr. Pouliot (his talents lie in basket-ball), Mrs. Ellis (spoonfed notes), and Mrs. Spencer (Is it possible to have a thicker Rhode Island accent?), Mr. Etchells is a breath of not only clean, but "suit for the human body" air. The teachers mentioned above are fine educators, but Mr. Etchells is more than that, he is... Faster than a speeding draft board, able to leap twelve chapters of US History in a single week, more powerful than a 1961 V.W. Bug, it's...it's...Super Liberal. Although many of our more conservative students as well as extremely pretty girls may not like him as a person, him the teacher is hard to dislike. He uses his knowledge of world events past and present as a tie to the curriculum of the class. One never gets tired of his stories from those crazy sixties, and what is better than making fun of Abby Hoffman and Amy Carter while discussing the Alien and Sedition Acts. Mr. Etchells is a necessary part of EGHS, he helps the students form their own opinions on world issues in a Jeopardy/Donahue setting. Mr. Etchells, Thank You from the class of 1987, we'll miss you.

MAKE WAR NOT LOVE



(it's safer)



E.G. Scandal: Exposed (Pg.1)

What came as a shock was the address the cars were being called to. The all too familiar address of N.C.(see below), the head of S.O.D.A.

My curiosity was set ablaze. I grabbed my Rectum press card and headed for the scene of the crime.

When I got there, I couldn't believe what I saw. Yes, it was N.C.'s address all right, but the house was in a shambles. The lawn was littered with empty beer kegs, the windows were broken, and empty Fiesta packs of Trojan brand condoms colored the driveway. Who could have done such a terrible thing, I thought. Surely N.C. had no part in this Pagan ritual? Surely no S.O.D.A. member!

This day marked the end of my innocence.

Stepping over empty tubes of 'Joy Jelly', I walked into this shell of a house and saw N.C. spread-eagle against a wall, being handcuffed. I stepped closer to ask a few questions. "What happened officer?" I asked. "This here girl done had one hell of a party while her parents were away," the officer muttered. Not believing my ears, I decided to hear N.C.'s side of the story. N.C. looked up at me, her breath reeking of alcohol. "So they finally got me, huh?" she stammered from her drunken stupor, "It took you fags long enough to figure it out."

N.C. drinks?! I thought nothing could top this. I was wrong.

G.H. came screaming down the stairs covered in chocolate pudding, being trailed by three of EG's finest. Scantily dressed in what appeared to be spandex, with a lampshade over her head, she stopped right in front of me... then threw up on my feet.

"What happened now?", I asked the arresting officer. "We caught this woman engaged in...

well let's just say engaged, with that youngster", he pointed up the stairs. I gazed up at the stairs... J.G.!! No, it couldn't be. But it was. The pride of EGHS. He was covered in Cool-Whip, and donned a spiked collar and leash. "I was forced to do it," he screamed. But his screams were to no avail, as he was dragged, half-naked, into a police car. I only caught fragments of what J.G. was yelling, something about 'pudding in a cloud' I believe.

I turned to get out of this mad-house, but only bumped into another S.O.D.A. member. "Take me!" she screamed. "Make me feel like a woman. I'm yours!" She was soon dragged away.

I approached the first familiar face that wasn't being arrested, Inspector Joy of the EGPD. "What do you make of this, Inspector," I queried. "Well, looks like we arrested about every S.O.D.A. member during this bust. Seems that S.O.D.A. was just a cover to smuggle illegal narcotics into the state. With G.H. running the show, I think they've brought over \$450,000 worth of illegal drugs into the country. It's reported that N.C. did \$50,000 herself." I was speechless.

As if an answer to my prayers, we were joined by B.H. I was so relieved that he was not involved in this scandal. "I can't believe this was going on right under my nose," he stated. "They had everyone fooled," I exclaimed as I watched a couple dozen screaming, drunken teenagers being escorted away.

I sighed. "I'm glad I can still count on someone, right B.H... B.H.?"

B.H. was busy gazing into the eyes of Inspector Joy. "We can be thankful for that," B.H. said, as he slowly leaned over and kissed Inspector Joy passionately.



he cast of the story could be:

- a. N.C. - could be head of S.O.D.A.
- b. G.H. - could be first president of C.W.C

- c. J.G. - his last name could rhyme with "Gator."
- d. B.H. - do not confuse with the drug & alcohol counselor for E.G.
- e. Inspector Joy - please do not append 'ce' to his name.
- f. d & e could be lies!

RECORD REVIEW: RONALD REAGAN

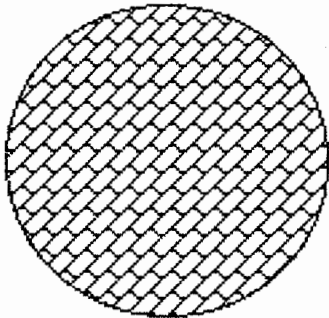
By
Mr. All the Good Pen Names Were
Taken

Since I'm not too good at topic sentences, I'll just start right into the article. This is the place where I should review a record. Now let's see...what record should I review...how about Ronald Reagan's.

Now here's a record that has not exactly been top 40. Let's start from the beginning, shall we? Elected in 1980 amid ill-feeling toward Jimmy Carter over the hostage crisis, Ronald Reagan brought little experience to the Oval Office. His only previous political office was the governor of California, and before that the president of the Screen Actors Guild. In fact, Reagan's only claim to fame is that he is the oldest elected president. Great! Any Bio I student knows that after the age of 25, the brain stops growing and loses hundreds of neurons each year. Let's see; that means Ronnie's brain has been disintigrating since 1936.

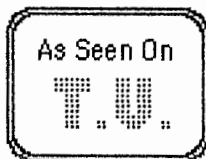
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THE **ALL NEW**



SCRATCH N' SCRATCH!

Directions:



1. Scratch circle
2. Pause Briefly
3. Scratch circle
4. Pause briefly
5. Go to Step 1

Restaurant Review

By
Bishop Jello-Mold

Walt's Roast Beef Post Road, N.K. 885-4362

A cozy little restaurant where the beverages list is extraordinary and the cuisine is in the dressed down, fast food style of the 80's. The good fresh flavor of meats, salads, and desserts are largely retained in the Walt's kitchen, not disguised in fanciful sauces. Distinct pluses here are the low price, courteous service by a bevy of beauties, and the outside view. Dinner for two, by candlelight, with beverages, will run under \$5, but the choices are so intriguing you'll want to order more and take some home.

Steak n' Shake Post Road, Warwick 783-3105

Not only were the steaks and hot dog dishes among the most satisfying we've found in the area, but the portions were so huge that we staggered out - even without having availed ourselves of the stupendous shakes. And at the Steak n' Shake, paying the bill is a cinch. Don't: If you are honest, dinner for two can cost as little as \$2 (plus money for Jerry Lewis can as tip.)

SunnyBrook Farms Deli Counter South County Trail, E.G. 884-3666.

Affectionally known as "The Houdini Room" by some, this fantastic eat and run place was oddly enough a convenience store at first. It still now keeps that old title, but its special, mouth watering delights lie behind a delightful little counter, with a window that teases your tastebuds as you wait to choose. You can eat anything you want between a roll; and the quality lies with Oscar Meyer for the stuffing (the Don Perigion of Fine meats). The sliced chicken sandwich hits the spot, especially on a roll with mayonaise. Two can easily eat for under \$2, but you must eat elsewhere, because loitering is a crime..

This space is dedicated to those
who can not read.

Student Council (Page 5)

Queen!?? That is almost as ridiculous as drawing lots for the Nobel Peace Prize. The purpose, according to the S.C., was to get the students involved with the event. Well, I don't think it worked too well because I was told about it three days before the crowning. Football players in drag as well as Garbage Pail Kids cards should not be the determining factors in the crowning of the Homecoming Queen. Kim Mitchell, I have nothing against you, you're quite qualified to be Queen, but it the way you were selected that annoys me. I am not saying that "only a senior should be Homecoming Queen", as many of my classmates have said, but she should be chosen on her personality and writing ability.

One more perturbing event that took place this year was the airband show. In the past, this has been the most incredible event of the year; however, this year it lost it's zest. Let us now dissect the word 'Airband'. It can be broken down into 'air' and 'band', and defined it is 'a group of high school kids getting together and forming a musical band while immitating the movements and mouthing the words of a selected song.' Now in this definition, does it say anything about 'six girls and a wench (N.J.) in leotards and T-Shirts dancing and prancing on a stage?'. The winning act was a video, not an airband! Another problem was the judges. I think that five students randomly chosen would have had a better idea of what an airband was and would have been more open mined to all types of music. Another element which made this event a disaster was the breakdown of the sound system, this however was not fault of the student council instead it can be blamed on a certain senior to is going to Havard next year (Stick to the books, Jerry).

(Editor's Note = To be critical is to show the positive as well as the negative of the issue(hey, Mrs. Martin something did sink in!). The S.C. did terrific job with the separated Spirit Week. The activities were not only new and exciting, they were also messy. And how can one forget the St. Patty's Volley, which after airband, is the biggest event in the school. However, one bit of advice for this activity, have only Ms. 'M', Mrs. Metayer-Vogel, and even Mrs. Davis

(because she needs the mental activity) referee the matches. This would make for less discrepency on points as well as for a faster game.)

Well in conclusion, the first few months of the year, well... you choked big time. But hey, life does go on and I have already started saving "He-Man" and "The Masters of the Universe" cards.

Dear Brother Bob Houtling,

If you are reading...



Thank you!

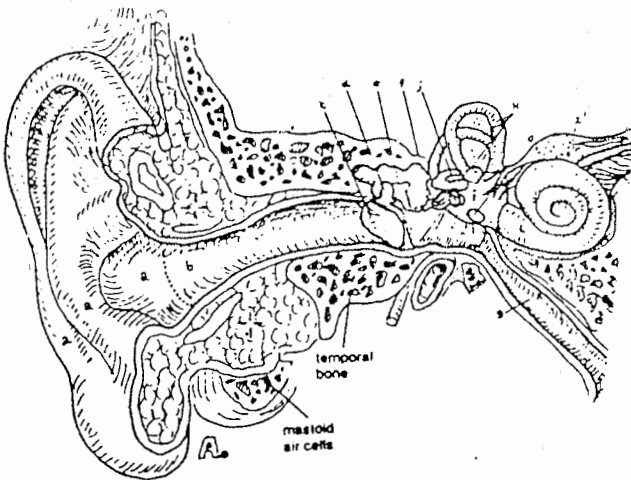
Ray Alfano (Page 2)

a rookie thug, Alfano was given the "pillow-tag" rackets. "I was in charge of breaking into pillow factories and cutting off the tags. I was paid on commission and even given a bonus for the "all cotton filling tags." Eventually after moving on to the "mugging old beggars" rackets, Alfano realized what he was doing was wrong.

He used the money he earned, and went to the University of Rhode Island where he earned a degree in English and met his good buddy Jim Metcalf. Eventually he met his wife, Carol. "I saw her across a crowded kitchen at a McDonalds, I went up to order and she said, 'May I help you.' I quickly replied, 'I'll have one of you baby.' The rest is history." History it sure is, Mr. and Mrs. Alfano have been married ever since their romantic encounter 18 years ago.

Today, Mr. Alfano is one of East Greenwich's leading teachers as well as a real upstanding citizen. So the staff of the Rectum bids Mr. Ray Alfano the best of luck and the heartiest congratulations for overcoming his horrid past.

THE RECTUM COLOR BY LETTER SECTION



Key:
ONLY USE PRETTY PASTELS!

Reagan (Page 3)

Prez Reagan also seems to have some kind of degenerative sight problem. It should seem he sees everything through a rose-colored mist. This helps to explain his belief in the equation - Higher Spending + Tax Cuts = A Balanced Budget.

Reagan's troubles really began a few years back when he stated in a speech that not only did he feel a limited nuclear war in Europe was feasible, it was also winnable for the US. I'm sure the Europeans loved him for that. Next came Reagan's on-air blunder joking about "bombing the Russians in five minutes". What a comedian this guy is. If humor can't promote world peace, what can?

And of course, who will forget Reagan's attempt to outdo Nixon in the Iran-Contra Affair. When asked why he couldn't remember giving any orders to trade arms for hostages, Reagan snapped back, "Well it was a few months ago - can you remember what you had for breakfast two weeks ago?" Good effort Ron. I was never good at analogies, but I know that this statement is not homogenous.

Ronnie's latest hobbies include bombing mentally ill third world leaders as well as playing with toy soldiers. The latter is an expensive hobby - Reagan recently gave the Contras \$100,000,000,000. Now let's see... 4,000 Contras, why that's \$25,000 per Contra. Where do I sign up?

Well we still have one and a half years of this pseudo-administration. I do not want to even wonder at what this man will do next, but there is one thing that worries me; there has been more and more Federal money going to Alzheimer's Disease research.

The Rectum Staff

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This issue is dedicated to Mr. Etchells and all of the *@#!%&!!! losers (perdedores in Spanish) who annoyed us enough to publish a second edition.