For you and your Yum-Yum

Untapped reservoir of mediocrity

By ROGER GLADE

What with the new regime coming soon to the Rice Thresher (just who, of course, we’re not sure yet, but in the final analysis, we have never been known as special worry warts); it is perhaps politic to stop for a moment for some sombre self-evaluation.

That is, how can we continue producing pap for the populace (that’s you, friends) time after time and receive nothing but sneers and epithets from the outside world? We refer, of course to certain rather high-flown critics of the local press who have been audibly sniffing in our presence.

Of course, they might have just had a cold.

Also there is a sizable faction of students (even, yea, on the Thresher staff itself) who seem to feel that Yum-yum is, of all things a column designed to tell people where to go on weekends!

Twaddle! We dextrously add. If you want to know where to go on weekends, look in the Sunday Chronicle, that’s all we do, anyhow.

Still, one becomes tired of being sneered at and called “vulgar” by the people of taste around town. After all, when you prick us, do we not bleed? When you cast aspersions (even subtly—such as shouting “Unclean! Unclean!” as we walk by) do we not quiver with unbidden pain?

NO! We cry from our battlements. Pap for the populace does have its virtues. Somebody down in the mass of the Rice Student body must love us. Otherwise we would have been stoned long ago.

OUTSIDE WORLD, GO HOME! Take your adult standards and your adult news values and put them in your adult newspaper. We of the Yum-yum staff have come trailing clouds of magenta glory from God who is our home—and by heaven, we will not betray our trust.

And so, having proclaimed our devotion to mediocrity and our love of something obscene, we move on to that indispensable portion of any Yum-yum, the menu.

EARWIG SOUFFLE:

“Taming of the Shrew” at the Tower is providing great gasps of excitement for those who like Liz, Dick and Will. Go immediately. “Man For All Seasons” if you’re broke.

FORMICID PUDDING:

“The Great Sebastians” at the Alley (snipe!) “A Streetcar Named Desire” at Pasadena Little Theatre. (blanch!)

ANT PASTE:

Rice Owl Band Concert tonight. (Go, it’s free and the Thresher’s doing penance.)

A PARTING TASTE:

“Taming of the Shrew” Friday, “Streetcar” Saturday. TOTAL COST: God knows.