LAST PROSE OF SUMMERS

College Music Ups Culture Quotient

By ED SUMMERS

“Dining in a residential college,” pontificated an ecstatic planner many months ago, “will be a unique cultural experience for the maturing student at Rice.” Okay. So we would like to describe our own unique cultural experience in the Baker commons last Friday night.

In the Chandeliers
Ordinarily, Baker College entertains its members at meals with hi-fi FM music pouring from ten speakers concealed in the chandeliers above the tables. Recently, a policy of permitting record music for Friday night supper has been instituted.

Commercials at Grace
The whole idea of music at mealtime can have its embarrassments occasionally. Once, the commons had just quieted for pre-meal grace when a sepulchral voice from the ceiling offered its commercial greetings, destroying the solemn atmosphere necessary for a blessing to have any beneficial effects.

Mad Bees
Nothing like that happened Friday, however. As the membership was seated, a persistent and annoying hum like mad bees was heard, followed by the first hideous notes of a bagpipe recital.

Now, bagpipes are fine, out in Scotland on an open prairie where there is lots of room for the sound to be diluted. But in a close room, their monocyclic whine has a remarkable and alarming ability to dull the appetite and induce claustrophobia. This property was vividly demonstrated only moments after the record began to play.

Foot-Stomping
If there is anything we like better than music, it is Johnny Cash. This seems to go for the rest of Baker College, too. The very audible Mr. Cash was nearly drowned out in the chorus of approving shouts, foot-stomping, and plate-tapping which followed.

It was at this moment that we realized what a great cultural uplifting we were receiving.

Cultural Uplifts
We are in favor of more cultural experiences like this. All around the country, we read in news magazines, college students are engaging in cultural experiences like fights with cops, food riots, panty raids, stuffing each other in Renaulds and telephone booths, and the like. Somehow they continue to receive an education. All these experiences have been denied the current crop of Rice students, to the extent that few students below the junior classification have ever heard of a “grab.”

Perhaps the music Friday night was the faintest of echoes of that word.