For you and your Yum-Yum

Good night, sweet prints

By ROGER GLADE
Thresher Fine Arts Editor

Yum-yum has been a funny thing this year, friends. It has been a vehicle for information. A vehicle for personal expression. A vehicle for laughter. And, sometimes, when we of the Yum-Yum staff were a bit low, a vehicle for thought.

Muddled, perhaps, but still thought, after all.

Sometimes, it even dealt with amusements or fine arts.

And now, here we are. Strangely enough, very close to the point where we began. Cocky, self-assured, insecure, and frightened half to death. The time has come to drop the editorial we, to speak personally, and maybe offer what little I can to those bound volumes that are going to gather dust in Fondren.

So here goes.

There is one way to succeed at Rice—if you decide that “success” means the same as “live.” There is one way to beat the system and perhaps even avoid it.

And maybe it isn’t even a way that is open to everybody.

Total immersion.

If a man can get excited about something and devote every waking hour that isn’t taken up by eating, sleeping, or wenching, to that project, he will survive academically.

For, it is a funny fact that, when school work becomes merely a nuisance and not the most important obstacle to living, it can be accomplished with surprisingly little effort.

Of course, if you are committed to the academic regimen, then it becomes desirable—and thus you excel. In any case, if you badly want to accomplish, to relate, to achieve; then you will.

All you gotta do is choose.

For me, there are plays.

For others, journalism (Thresher).

Or politics.

Or student government.

Or drugs.

Or music, art, language, debate, pornography.

All my life has taken here at Rice is love, total commitment, and time. As long as I worked at something, everything else sorted itself out. Because everything else was unimportant.

Maybe I’m lucky, I beat the system.

Maybe you could try.

DIED: On the Twenty-eighth day of May, 1967.

Yum-yum, muchly beloved of its father, at turns trying and rewarding. Of heart failure and old age. In the Rice Thresher offices, surrounded by friends and family. Services were held at five-thirty that afternoon. Burial in the stacks at Fondren. With little honor, at all.