For you and your Yum-Yum

Forces for goodness meet RMC

By ROGER GLADE
Fine Arts Editor

Once again, sallying (pardon the term) forth against the forces of falsehood and injustice, Yum-Yum (in its devotion to God, Country, and Apple Pie) must deflate another heinous rumor circulating around our hallowed halls.

That is, it is widely held that the Rice student center exists to serve and (even) edify the students. This is mere slander. The staff of the RMC are devoted to their duty, they would never dare to deviate from the trust to make a student even so much as comfortable, not to mention HAPPY.

This is proven in the following fashion: First, regard the name “RICE MEMORIAL CENTER” which the cornerstone says is dedicated “to outstanding students.” Remember, friends, “memorial” means DEAD. The Thresher notwithstanding, most of us are breathing and have blood (albeit anemic) coursing through our veins.

Hence, the RMC is designed to be a mausoleum—a memorial to those dead, but dedicated, students of distinction.

The staff, in all their glory, maintain this mausoleum and do their best to keep the living reverent, if present at all. Why else should they be certain to staff the front desk with uncivil and un-cooperative (and, some say, unhuman) personnel?

One can never quite forget a first entry into the daytime RMC because, if there is anyone to welcome him at all, like as not it will be a neo-undertaker type who will make it plain that such frivolities as LIFE will not be allowed in HIS building.

(We refuse, however, to believe the rumor that the front desk is staffed by the CIA).

It takes an iron stomach to abide this welcome. But, if you’ve got the guts, you have still more perils ahead if (perish the thought) you should attempt to “make yourself at home.”

Rice may be my home, the song says, but not the Rice Memorial Center! No Sir! It is designed to be kept clean, spotless, institutional, uncluttered, and pure. Sit down? Don’t try it, unless you want to twist yourself yogi-like into the furniture. Eat? In Sammys? Are you kid-ding?

Play the piano? Dance? Not if you don’t want the wrath of God to descend for offending the “delicate” ears of the staff.

Need help? Try Lovett Hall, you could bleed to death in the central lobby in the RMC and catch nothing but flak for staining the floor.

Communicate with other students? Well, as long as you’re not too loud—and don’t bother writing a note for the bulletin board.

Buy books? Supplies? Not if you have a lab, baby. Hardly at all on Saturday, and NEVER on Sunday.

It is an ironic note indeed, especially for those who have been here a while to realize that the place in the RMC most devoted to the comfort of students is the Dean of Students’ Office.

We congratulate the RMC for preserving the pristine devotion to the rules of its trust. It is a fine mausoleum, a grand memorial to the dead, but dedicated.

ROTUND POMEGRANATE:

Boycott the Alley Theater! They are presenting this week as the latest in their gestures towards “modern” drama Chekov’s “The Seagull.” It could be grand, but somehow we doubt it.

REDBIRDS IN PIE (WITH BANANAS):


“Sound of Music”: Majestic.

“The Quiller Memorandum”: Metropolitan. Interesting for fans of Harold Pinter and/or George Segal.

“Georgy Girl”: Delman. Mixed Reports.

Alrav: any night.

GRIZZLY BEAR DUMPLINGS:

The Rice Players relinquish their iron-clad grip on the Hamman Hall stage tomorrow night just long enough to let John Williams perform. Go if you want to but watch out; defenders of the faith may attack him.

After this, the Players return to producing “Tiny Alice” March 1-4. (Tickets on sale soon.) (Even Yum-Yum has its biases.)

A PARTING TASTE:

Williams on Friday, “A Man and a Woman” on Saturday, and Grundelet afterwards for those with men and women still linked in their hot little heads. The Last Drop for those who don’t.

Or who do and won’t admit it. Total cost: $11.69. Bring your own mattress.