For you and your Yum-Yum
Sex rears its ugly head at Jones

By ROGER GLADE
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It has long been a standing axiom around this place that if one locks up the mares the stallions won’t get into any trouble.

That is, at least in the Rice vocabulary, sex is a four letter word.

We could hardly agree more. Our basic Puritan strain rebels at the very idea of—well, all THAT, you know.

Anyway, after two weeks of blissful rest and relaxation, we of the Yum-Yum staff have returned feeling at once beneficent and serene. Hence, we come not to lambast, but to salute those who are in the forefront of preventing—well, “foals” we suppose—from over-running the campus.

We refer of course to those champions of chastity, the delightful, loveable, and essentially hospitable staff of Jones North.

Picture this, you, a male (healthy, red-blooded, apple-pied, American) approach the front desk to make contact with your yum-yum who is, blissfully ignorant, ensconced in some cubicle above.

The desk of course is vacant—the staff having secreted themselves in the basement in the hopes, of course, that you will (a) go away and leave them alone or (b) stay, get frustrated, answer that telephone that’s been buzzing for fifteen minutes, and tell whoever is calling that THEY should go away.

At any rate, assuming you are patient, a staff member returns looking somewhat like a disgruntled bull-frog at having been forced to appear at all.

You ask to speak with whatever-her-name was and are told, smilingly, that “she has a private number.”

And it is here, friends, that the defenders of virginity are at their most fiendishly clever. They look up at you assuming an almost bea-fiic contenance and intone: “Her number is 14026 JACKSON.”

Heh.

THAT, gentlemen, is a master stroke—for if one dials that number he will make contact with Miss Mary Regina Prynm, a delightful seventy-three year old spinster who lives in Omaha, Nebraska, and raises goldfish.

Further, she LOVES to speak to Rice men, and has long ago ceased wondering why she gets so many calls.

Ah, vigilance, you have triumphed again.

Once more the forces of reproduction have been thwarted and the world is safe for democracy.

You leave, of course, wounded and wondering why Miss Prynm insists on talking so much. And once again the happy hop-frogs return to their seats in the basement guarding the washing machines.

CROW:
We recant! We recant! Go see “the Sea-Gull” at the Alley. Who are we to disagree with Ann Holmes? Besides, everybody has loved it.
(We do wish, however, that something more daring might be forthcoming, Alley Theatre, so there)
(also, so there, Houston Chronicle)

PHEASANT:
It’s here! It’s here! (No, friends, I don’t mean Antonioni’s “Blow-Up”—which by the by is here too at the Delman) But rather “A Man For All Seasons” which has finally arrived—would you believe?—the Village. IT IS QUITE SIMPLY, A MUST.

ORIOLE’S TONGUE:
“The Infernal Machine” comes to the Attic Theatre at U of H tonight. It’s a latter-day Oedipus by Jean Cocteau and should be seen by anybody who’s a theatre nut and has the time.

“A View From The Bridge” is essential for the O’Grady cultists at Country Playhouse this week-end. We, on the other hand, must confess a certain dislike for Miller.

A PARTING TASTE:
“Man For All Seasons” Friday, “Blow-Up” Saturday. “The Last Drop” after each. Total cost: $6.00 more or less. We have money.