Grey and alone to eight o'clock class, last week we stalked manfully across the barren Hiroshima Flats separating the chem and bio buildings. With some dismay we encountered, lying four-square in our path, with a smirk on its face, a gnome bog. Into the center of that morass marched a brave line of footsteps—but on the other side, the lone and level mud stretched far and away. "Poor devil," we muttered sinkingly.

Go rant of satanic grading and the Myth—the fountainhead of the Rice dropout problem lies in the greedy maws of mud fed by gnome sprinklers. Students of Rice, unite; you have nothing to lose but your wastebaskets.

But just before the battle, reader, we find "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" still on display (yes) at Theatre, Inc. Flush was never like this. You've heard it on the p.a., seen it in your mailboxes; here it is in glorious flesh: "Space Is So Startling," the Moral Re-Armament Association's gambol at the Music Hall. Rice cheering section Friday and Saturday nights.

Alas, poor Arlay, its seating capacity is limited. Go anyway for the classic film production of Olivier's "Hamlet." Flies and mecs riot in Montmarte over "Irma La Douce," Thursday at the River Oaks. Dur Lemmon extends the thin red line.

For the raving pack, there's "Rampage," in which halfclad Robert (Spit) Mitchum and unclad Elsa Martinelli vie with nature and the SPCA. At the Majestic, fellas. Deeper fare is "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" at the Delman. See Nemo broiled in Bikini Atoll. See Verne spin in his coffin. Zow.

Flight-Deckers may care to see a mink-lined Liberace concert Friday at the Music Hall. Then again, they may not. The Museum of Fine Arts splashes on with its "Versatile Shell" exhibit. The Dreyer Galleries present a contemporary display of painting and sculpture in their opener.

And Orchids to "Desire Under the Elms," wherever it may be.