Capable, efficient Senate busily tackles work

by KIM D. BROWN

In a surprisingly harmonious session, the new Student Association Senate, under the capable leadership of President Bruce Marcus, rubber-stamped a number of recommendations Monday night, disposing of the agenda items in near-record time. The first item under old business was, as has been the case in the last four meetings, the Thresher financial statement. This time, however, the Thresher business staff and advisors accompanied the report to the Senators, who had shown slight discomfort over the attempted explanation of the document by erstwhile SA Secretary-Treasurer Calvin Dale Slater. Janet Doty, business manager for the campus publication, offered an involved explanation of what the "Trial Balance" document meant, saying that it did not show that income had equalled expenditures, only that she could add all the accounts correctly, and could make the proper calculation of the liabilities. Doty, accompanied for moral support by Ad of The Rice, Kim Carroll, went on to explain that the other portion of the financial statement (which Slater never got around to distributing) would be more helpful to the Senators. Later in her office, Doty expressed regret that the Senators never saw the only part of the report that would do them any good.

As the meeting moved along, Wiess Senator Ted Andrews and Waldo Maffei, SA Vice-President responsible for internal affairs, proudly announced their recommendations for the University committee on ROTC. Their recommendations will be forwarded to President Norman Hackerman for eventual action.

Next on the agenda was the application of the Rice Libertarian Association for membership as an SA dependent organization. A Libertarian in the audience, one of the six at Rice by his estimation, stated that the organization is a wholesome, patriotic outfit, dedicated to a "pro-free market and pro-civil liberties stand." He said the Rice group would be associated with a national Libertarian Youth Alliance.

The Senators granted their satisfaction with applicant's ideology, and passed the application without dissent. (The Rice Libertarian Association will meet tonight at 8:30 pm in Sewall 352.)

The Senators were then asked by a representative of the National Cancer Society's stop smoking campaign to pledge support for a campus-wide fall attack on cigarette smoking. She said the Cancer Society wanted to start small groups which would discuss the best way to stop smoking. One Senator expressed some concern that a similar program of "self-help" should be started for Rice students known to be abusing themselves by smoking marijuana. Hearing no motion, President Marcus thanked the representative and invited her back to "try again at the next meeting."

RPC President Ed Pierce, working happily after a long-delayed election victory, took the floor to report on the workshop held last weekend on how to coordinate activities and programming. He explained the difference between current haphazard planning system and a more modern "time flow programming" system he hopes to initiate, which will have events "building to a theme" and more events spaced out through the year. As Pierce rambled through an appeal for assistance and input from the Senators, two dogs belonging to two unidentified Senators raced through the room, and soon mild-mannered Marcus found himself brandishing his gavel at Pierce's back.

Pierce, taking the hint, wrapped up his presentation with an announcement of tonight's meeting of the college film chairmen at Sid Rich. Marcus appealed to the Senators for a move to adjourn, and without dissent the meeting wrapped up. As Pierce left the room, and soon mild-mannered Marcus found himself brandishing his gavel at Pierce's back.

The Thresher explores the inner depths of campus figure
Wayne Hale in an exclusive interview with the former SA president, page 4.

On the inside...

Wiretapping discussed with ACLU tonight

Morton H. Halperin, former staff member of the National Security Council and himself a victim of federal wiretapping, will speak to the American Civil Liberties Union and the public at 7:30 pm tonight in the R Room above the football stadium. The talk, open to students, is free.

Halperin currently heads a project on National Security and Civil Liberties of the National ACLU Foundation. From 1961 to 1969 he was a colleague of Henry Kissinger at Harvard, and from 1966 to 1969 worked in the Department of Defense.

Halperin opposes wiretaps as being a threat to an invasion of privacy. As an example, he cites his own experience, his phone having been tapped for 21 months, during which time 40% of the conversations were with his wife and 29% more of his wife and himself.

"Watergate has made us aware of the extent and the dangers of wiretapping," Houston ACLU chairman Gerald Birmberg says.

"Wiretaps not under control of the courts and subject to the Bill of Rights," Birmberg says. "Are almost certain to be abused. They threaten every businessman with having confidential matters leaked to his competitors. Any political party out of office, whether it be the Republicans or the Social Worker Party, may find itself victimized by wiretaps. Even the bedroom conversations of husband and wife are not immune from the wiretappers' frenzy," he suggests.

Oil exec ends lecture series

Shell Oil Company executive Harry Bridges will give the last President's lecture in Rice University's 1975-76 Public Lecture Series at 8 pm Wednesday, April 14, in Hamman Hall. His topic is "Some Views of America's Future."

Bridges joined the Royal Dutch/Shell Group in 1937, after graduating from England's Durham University. During his first ten years of group service, he worked as an exploration geophysicist in a number of the world's jungles and deserts. During the next few years he assumed increasing management responsibilities with companies of the Royal Dutch/Shell Group in Holland, Indonesia, New York, Qatar in the Arabian Gulf, and London.

Bridges was appointed president of Shell Canada Limited in 1968, a position he held until September, 1970, when he became executive vice-president, chief operating officer, and company director of Shell Oil Company. He assumed his current position as president and chief executive officer of Shell Oil Company in July, 1971.

People you should know

"People you should know" will be a regular feature of The Rice Thresher, introducing students to faculty and staff with whom they may have occasional contact. This is the first of the series...

Mrs. Bonnie Hellums may be one of the least-known people around campus. Yet in her capacity as Activities and Personal Counselor, she performs many important functions. From her office in the Cloisters of the Rice Memorial Center, she acts as liaison between the administration and student organizations. In addition, she counsels students with personal problems, such as pregnancy and drug abuse. She's always got an open office, a pot of coffee, and a reassuring smile for students who "just need somebody to talk to." If you're ever in trouble and don't know where to turn, try Mrs. Hellums (x2435)—you're sure to come back feeling a lot more normal.
Editor hit for obnoxious bitchesness

To the editor:

Your ridiculous response to Wayne Hale’s thoughtful letter in the November 20 Thresher was to insert a straw. Your tone sounded like that of a bratty little kid. It is my belief that you called “Gonzo journalism” articles by Ted Andrews. These articles were written in the spirit of “Doonesbury,” but, hell, it’s in the Post anyway. (I take that back. It was in the Lampoon’s Texas Monthly article was pretty good.)

But all average student opens the Thresher, how can he help but laugh? Several issues will include articles by the Thresher). The only thing worthy of journalistic merit in the paper is “Doonesbury”, but hell, it’s in the Post anyway. (I take that back. It was in the Lampoon’s Texas Monthly article was pretty good.)

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Security attacked for ignoring the library suckers

TO:

GARY BREWTON
RICE UNIVERSITY
HOUSTON TX

DEAR SIR,

F OR THE GOOD OF THE REPUTATION OF RICE UNIVERSITY AND THE FINE FAMILY NAME OF FONDREN PLEASE PRINT THIS IN YOUR TREASURED PAPER.

MAY BE THE BIG SHOTS ALSO LITTLE ONES AT THE SECURITY WILL BE ABLE TO READ THE FOLLOWING IN THE BASEMENT TOILETS (MENS) ONLY TWO TOILETS.

ON THE MEZZANINE MENS TOILETS, ON THE FIRST FLOOR MENS TOILETS. ON THE SECOND FLOOR MENS TOILETS ON THE THIRD FLOOR MENS TOILETS. THESE PLACES ARE USED BY A FEW SEXUALLY ORIENTED YOUNG BASTARDS TO PUT THEIR SUCKING JOBS ALSO THEIR BEAR END INTERCOURSE ACT.

THEY ARE A DISGRACE TO THE FONDREN LIBRARY AND TO THE GOD FEARING EMBARRASSED MENS.

NOW THE SECURITY MAY SAY THEY DID NOT KNOW THIS WAS GOING ON BUT THEY DO THEIR SUCKERS AND ETC SHOULD BE ARRESTED AND EXPELLED FROM RICE UNIVERSITY AS IT IS KNOWN ON THE OUTSIDE AS WELL AS THE CAMPUS.

SIGNED—
A STAFF MEMBER

S. Thompson than as Rolling Stone material. And Phil Parker makes two things clear in each issue: He knows nothing about writing and he knows nothing about sports (e.g., vivid description of “quarterback traps,” great insight into the even-odd defense dilemma, year old football article with a “food theme,” etc., etc., etc.) Someone with a basic ignorance of the game of football should not be allowed to cover it.

In short, I believe that gwib’s continuous habit of finding fault with Rice’s students, faculty, benefactor’s, organization etc., should begin just a little closer to home—that is just a little closer to the Thresher itself.

Even so respectfully,
Steven Maley
ex-Lovett ’78

P.S.—The Men of Lovett suggest that you change the name of your column from “Shootin’ Blind” to “Shootin’ Deaf, Dumb & Blind,” or maybe just “Shootin’ Dumb.”

Reflecting on homecoming: thanks for all the memories

October 9, 1975

Dear Gary,

I just wanted to take time to stop and say thank you for finding room for the picture this last Thursday. Many of us feel that was all the nominees were not able to be photographed. I am particularly grateful for what you did considering the attitude towards Homecoming you expressed to me previously. By printing the picture, you demonstrated the premise of a fair press—publishing something of general interest to anyone who would be inclined to wonder who was running, even if you do feel it is a “waste of time.”

I would, however, like to express my point of view of Homecoming. To me, it is not so much for us, the students, as it is for the alumni. To be perfectly honest, to most of us, Homecoming is just an excuse for big parties—which, for some wienies is necessary before they will go out and let loose. But for the alumni, it is an opportunity to remember four very special years in their lives, and to relate to those now participating in the Rice experience in some way—be it lunch in the colleges, a football game, or some other means. And I cannot feel that giving them that opportunity is, or could ever be, a waste of time.

The idea of Homecoming Kings and Queens takes on a new aspect when viewed in this light. Whomever we elect has not won a popularity or a beauty contest. He and she have been elected because they exemplify the type of Rice students with which we want the alumni to identify.

We have plenty of opportunity to honor someone because of their appearance or degree of popularity, but we have not won a popularity or a beauty contest. He and she have been elected because they exemplify the type of Rice students with which we want the alumni to identify.

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Rethinking Hackerman

One more aspect of the Thresher's obnoxious bitchiness this year (now to be reformed) has been its shabby treatment of President Norman Hackerman. Last year in the Trash, the editor suggested a contest to find Hackerman a middle initial. We won't dwell on that birth deformity any more, nor will we mention that a laboratory accident deprived the Hack of his sense of taste and smell. Fortunately for him, he can't smell the bird dung which covers his house.

But, after all, the Hack is only human. (Wayne Hale attests to this fact in an exclusive interview on page 4.) Here, then, in a revisionist vein, we present a warm, affectionate view of our President, seen in day-to-day activities. Enjoy it, it's nice.

Never a man to mince words, the President is known for his candid, abrupt style. Some incorrectly say that he lacks taste (whoops, sorry!) in dealing with others. Actually, he's quite funny.

Wealthy people give money to the University because they like Hackerman's approach: "he speaks our lingo," says one. They like pretty cocktail waitresses, too.

Not unlike most people, Hackerman occasionally tipples a little. But only a little.

Yes, Rice is lucky to have such an excellent President. Even if he doesn't have a middle initial, he's nice.

THE DROPOUTS

by Howard Post
Ex-SA Pres. Wayne Hale reminisces: Rice is nice

by GARY BREWTON

Former Student Association President Wayne Hale consented to this interview recently, in which he looks back on his years at Rice and his role in student government.

Thresher: To begin with, what was your biggest personal accomplishment this year?

Hale: Well, that everything came off fairly well on schedule like it was supposed to. I had a couple of pet projects that I wanted to work on, but instead I got totally absorbed in running the organization. I didn’t get it all 100% right, but just getting most of the things done was an accomplishment, and I’m rather happy with all the stuff I got done this year.

Do you consider yourself a campus political?

Oh, gee, no, but everybody says I am, so maybe I am.

Would you say that you’ve been in a position to influence University policy?

More than I thought I would be, actually.

In what ways?

Particularly in student affairs. My opinion wasn’t always taken, but I felt—and I feel this very strongly—that when I gave an opinion it was very carefully considered.

Do you think Hackerman respected your opinions?

I really got that feeling. I think he did. I talked to him on a couple of occasions, and I always thought he listened to my opinions.

Do you think Hackerman can be trusted?

Yes, definitely. He’s got a bad image around here, for a variety of reasons. But a prime example is a couple of years ago, when there was a proposal to put a student on the Board of Governors. Dr. Hackerman did not agree with that, but he took it over to the Board, and did as good a job as anybody could’ve wanted in presenting the student’s reasons for wanting a student on the Board. Then the Board asked him what he thought, and he told them the thought it wasn’t very good. From the standpoint that he went ahead and told the Board what the students wanted him to tell the Board, yeah—he can be trusted.

What do students think about the SA Senate?

A lot of people think the Senate is a debating society, when what appears to be minority points really aren’t. Just sitting around talking these things out of existence is a worthwhile thing, but it leads to students thinking the Senate doesn’t do anything, which I definitely don’t think is the case.

What have you done to build up respect for the SA and the Senate?

Well, personally I’ve always tried to explain to people what’s going on, people ask me. I’ve always tried to run things in the Senate so that we get things accomplished.

Did you ever feel that you were just a bureaucrat?

Oh, gee, yeah—more times than I wish I did. There’s so much paper shuffling that sometimes I’d get bogged down in it. I didn’t want to feel that way when I went into the job, but I came out feeling that I could do just that.

Let me get a little personal information. Who is this person Wayne Hale?

(Chuckles.) I’m a mechanical engineering major. I’ve got a fellowship to Purdue and I’d like to do research for my master’s thesis on solar energy. It’s fun, interesting from an engineering point of view.

What is your major?

I was a freshman. There’s less thinking out of place.

What about the campus drug scene?

It seems to be better than when I was a freshman. There’s less marijuana smoke in the halls now.

Do you think the University should do about drugs on campus?

That’s a difficult question. I think the University has to exercise some kind of control, otherwise the state and federal authorities will. If there are reports of “pushing” on campus, then I think they definitely have to take some action.

Do you have any future political aspirations?

None whatsoever.

Not even in an informal group such as the Alumni Association?

Not at the current time.

Do you have any final thoughts about Rice after four years?

I’m glad I came. I have a lot of friends here and I’ve learned a lot. I think it’s a lot better place than people will tell you right offhand.

Reprints of this exclusive interview are available from the Thresher office ($0.50)—special rates for orders of 50 or more.
If you've got the salt, I've got the Sauza.

Nothing gets a good thing going better than Tequila Sauza. That's because Sauza is the Número Uno Tequila in all of Mexico. And that's because Tequila Sauza—Silver or Gold—does best all the things anybody would want Tequila to do.

Try it the classic down-Mexico way: in a shot glass, with salt and lime on the side. Or in a Margarita. Or in a Sunrise. Who knows where it will all lead?

Tequila Sauza

Tequila 80 Proof  Sole U.S. Importer National Distillers Products Co., NY
Easy does it: making the swingles bar scene

by PAT WEBER

How to succeed in the meat markets (or singles bars, as they are euphemistically known) is much demanded information in today's social structure. Everyone wants to know how to get an easy piece of ass from some sex starved divorcee. My unparalleled prowess in the field makes me very "This is all very beneath me, but I enjoy slumming every now and then." look on your face and head immediately for the bar. Then indelicately pass the bartender a twenty (make sure everyone in the vicinity notices) and ask him in a stage whisper to make sure you're taken care of for the night.

After that, settle back and watch the parade. Pick out the first interesting prospect that was witness to the fanfare and sidle up to her. Go through the usual small talk, and straight facedly drop the bombshell when she asks you what you do. Reply very nonchalantly that you're a surgeon. What else, of course. She will fall silent first into your drink telling you how you're the most interesting person she's met in a long time. What she means of course is that you're the richest. When she says she'd really like to sink my claws into you" or "I can't wait to get my hands on your credit cards." Then suggest removing yourselves to some more "comfortable" locale, like your place. She will acquiesce promptly, then the rest is up to you. With these pointers you should be able to transform that of a typical college student to that of a glamorous, desirable, and sought after gift to womankind.

A few appropos comments to polish your repertoire:

• If you're worried about women camping at your door, make sure she can't retrace the path.

• Get her phone number in case, but don't let her have yours; if she insists (and she will, of course) give her a fake one.

All's fair in love and war, and when we say war, men, we mean war.

Writers, artist, advertising representative wanted for dynamic new citizens band radio publication.

668-7101 or 621-9800

Desk Clerk 3-11 PM. No experience necessary, will train. Also, Night Auditor.

Rodeway Inn, 3135 Southwest Frewy, 526-1071

IN memory of our dear friend Willy's Pub, who after a single short year of paltry attempts at music suffered a fatal attack of public sensibilities. Mourners were seen heading in the direction of the Hanszen B&P's April 10 Grand Reopening (starring none other than Vince Bell, Mark Sedler, and Catfish John, how can you beat that?)

The Warwick Hotel is looking for weekend waitresses from 6:30 AM to 2:30 PM. PLEASE CALL 526-1991, Ext. 114, Ms. IBKIN

RONELENT FORMAL with America '76

Astroworld Hotel, 9 PM-2 AM
Continuous bus service from RMC
Tickets $10 from your College Social Chairman or at the SA office

INTERESTED IN NO-COST LOW-FRILLS JET TRAVEL to Europe, Africa, the Middle East, the Far East? EDUCATIONAL FLIGHTS has been helping people travel on a budget with minimum flexibility and maximum hassle for six years. For more info call toll-free 800-223-5569.

MCAT

Stanley H. Kaplan MCAT preparatory course available in Houston. There is still time to complete this course by April 24. Certified by the Texas Education Agency.

For information call 726-5786.

The power behind Swampwater is Chartreuse, 110 proof. It has no mercy; that's why it's called Green Fire.

To sample this powerful drink, (legal in all 50 states) ask a bartender to fix some. He may say, "What's Swampwater?" Give him the recipe!

To 1½ ounces of Green Chartreuse, add 6 ounces pineapple juice, ¼ lime and ice. Stir.

Note: For do-it-your-selfers, one bottle of Green Chartreuse makes one gallon of Swampwater.

the nice thresher, Thursday, April 1, 1976 — page 6
No Paradise Lost

Too many times the hard-working, God-fearing students of Texas A&M University have suffered a lot of unwarranted criticism. Weak-minded knee-jerk liberals and soft-hearted communist-types unjustly point to the burgeoning educational edifice in College Station as moribund, harsh environment, more concerned with its grand traditions than developing as a quality educational institution. Well, the facts have proved such groundless babblings to be so much hogwash. The spirit and fervor of TAMU are certainly exemplified best in the behavior of the Aggie students at past athletic encounters with Rice, particularly among the self-proclaimed “pride of the Aggies”: the Corps. —kdb

JOCK NOTES

Baseball—At Texas A&M, one game Friday at 3pm; also Saturday, a doubleheader there at 1pm.

Tennis—Starting April 2 at 1:30pm in Jake Hess Tennis Stadium against TCU, the Aggies begin a 10-day period in which they will play five tough teams that are all among the top 20 teams in the country. These matches should require some first-class performances from the Rice netters, but, as is shown by their record, they are capable. Following TCU are:

April 3: Rice at Trinity, 1pm.
April 7: UH at Rice, 1:30pm.
April 10: Rice at SMU, 1:30pm.
April 12: Texas at Rice, 1:30pm.

Track—Tonight through Saturday the Owls will compete in the Texas Relays at Austin. Jeff Wells is scheduled to run in the only race tonight—10,000 meters.

Sailing—This Saturday Lynn Luzzi, Darlene Mistrot, Sandy Allen and Vicki Bell travel to Lake Somerville (College Station) to compete in the Southeastern Intercollegiate Women’s Championships. Last Saturday the Rice Sailing Club beat Texas by one point to win their Spring Invitational Regatta.

THE RONDELET FORMAL

Free bus service from RMC
Tickets $10 from college social chairman

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An exciting new restaurant opening in Meyerland Plaza.
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What’s an ear for art?
Jules says he knows.

Here we are describing his new stereo system—

• Advent’s smaller loudspeakers: Do you know? You should. Will success spoil Advent?
• Harmon Kardon 330B stereo receiver. Good and plenty. No new fins or extra lights.
• BIC 940 belt drive turntable and Audio Technica 13e cartridge. Plays right, lasts a long time.

Duplicate Jules — Speak to us.
For $495, our finest for your ear. You won’t be so serious.

Audio Concepts
A store with people in it.

Open 10—7 Monday through Saturday and until 9 Thursday
2328 S.W. Freeway
Greenbriar 827-8774

the nice thresher, thursday, april 1, 1976 — page 7
Food co-op open to all

Do you like fruits to snack on, but you're getting tired of the rip-off prices at Wein's? The Rice Food Co-op offers a wide selection of fruits, vegetables, breads, and even eggs at prices that beat out the supermarket price leader—Eagle—in price and quality. The Co-op is ideal for the off-campus student, Rice faculty or staff who lives close to Rice, but is also great for the on-campus student. He or she can try out high quality fruits at a bargain price, all without leaving campus.

What must you do to get in on this great deal? Just drop by the Rice Food Co-op on the second floor of the RMC, fill out an order form and hand it to the secretary with a deposit (an estimate of the total price of the order) before 4pm Friday. (The SA office hours are 9am-1pm and 2-4pm weekdays.) Then, on Saturday, you search for it (hopefully! find the Lovett Commons basement and pick up your order before 10:30am and 1pm (hint: try the stairs on the Main Stree-Sid Rich side). The difference between the actual price and your deposit will be taken care of on the spot.

Easy, isn't it? Try out the Rice Food Co-op this weekend. All Rice University faculty, staff and students are welcome. There is no minimum order.

the nice thresher, thursday, april 1, 1976 — page 8
Prophylactic shortage to cause tight squeeze

TO KNOW SCIENCE FICTION IS TO LOVE IT.
—Robert Thordborke, 1879-1917

Once again the Trasher has secured an exclusive interview with the noted Dr. Lazlo E. Bernard III, discoverer of the boson and inventor of the Moebius treadmill; but it was only with much persuasion that he would emerge from his seclusion in the lower middle islands of Tasmania. He tells us in this interview that his interests have broadened to include the more diverse aspects of bosonology, having left the basic theoretical aspects to his dedicated associates. As such, he has been considering the implications of bosonology for the common man.

If reality were consistent, it would undoubtedly cease to exist.

—Robert Thordborke, 1879-1917

Trasher: What exactly have your interests turned to? Dr. Bernard, after concluding the foundational research, as you so dutifully recorded last year, I decided to branch out into applied bosonology. The most important step had already been done: the hypothesis and subsequent discovery of the boson as the source of all that is boson in the universe. But this research, in my estimation, was rather theoretical, and for myself, being of an engineer-

My heart reached out to him so I handed him my business card. The name’s Jim E. Duffheim. My friends call me Jim E. He smiled; it looked like the start of a "claw" relationship.

"Late at my place: I don’t understand many people very long. Certainly not with many editors. A lot of people think I’m a complete A-l asshole but it ain’t so. I ain’t a dishonest person. I even have a reputation for honesty. The tough outer shell of arrogance and stupidity, not just the tendency to act ---

(continued on page 4)
VD linked to Polish pink things

Dear Shabby,
I walked in on my 18-year-old son, a child who has had the unceasing love and devotion of both parents ever since he was born, the other day. He had this maroon Army ROTC coat and he had dyed his best pair of pants gray, and his hair fell out and my aunt has crotchetia and the milkman spread nasty stories about me and my pet hamster and there’s a flash flood and and the light shat my house after I made the last payment with my life savings and my record player got shorted out after I spilled Wild Turkey whiskey on it. What should I do?
Billy Sue Sunset

Dear Sunset,
Find a agent, grow your hair down to your ass, and get into country & western music.

Dear Shabby,
After forty-two years of marriage, my husband upped and said he wanted a divorce the other day. Lord knows I held up my end of the bargain. I gave that man the best years of my life. Did I ever complain? Hardly ever. I bet he’s got another woman stashed somewhere.
Prell Concentrate in Bohemia

Dear Prell,
Your letter is typical of the letters of many women. I bet you gave that man HELL. Did you ever stop to think that he may just have had enough? Whenever a woman gets a divorce, the first things her good friends assume is that HE has a woman stashed somewhere. Did it ever occur to you that sometimes a guy reaches a point where he’s had enough? I hope he gets custody of everything!

Smegma attack angers Nixon

This photo bears no relationship to any story on this page, nor, for that matter, to any other article in this paper. She does have an unusual pair of tits, though.

Phlegm is no joke

YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A RICE DRUG CO-OP.

Last week the Rice Drug Co-op nearly died, but was revived after the release of the old management due to lack of evidence (they ate it). The Co-op will be taking orders again this weekend. Due to difficulties in the past, the management regrets to announce that it cannot accept orders greater than $100 without proper collateral (i.e. your car, your stereo, your girlfriend). Orders forms may be picked up and turned in no later than yesterday at the SafoinRC. Orders may be picked up between 11pm and 5am at the Or-Leave It Commons (the boozing service entrance). For those who could not get your order in on time, there will be a limited selection of surplus items available (dimes and oz’s only).

The Rice Drug Co-op is open to all students, faculty and staff. An eight-hour-a-week job of managing the coop, paying free samples and expert legal advice, is currently open. Apply at the Financial Aid Office.

This border represents what is known in the communications business as “Fill.” In this respect it must be prefixed.

Hairy Crotton

Tina Osmal: 4F Preventing Manger Vile StudyStaff Production Reproduction Ordinal Maker Snooply Deinito Kill.Maltshorlien n Production Manger Manly Crazzy R.angare Coop Mom My only fan.

Tee hee

Phlegm is no joke


Deirtorial Staff: Under Handled-Son, Keep Again, Low Hech Prani, Badde Slaices, Low Deal. Last week the Rice Drug Co-op nearly died, but was revived after the release of the old management due to lack of evidence (they ate it). The Co-op will be taking orders again this weekend. Due to difficulties in the past, the management regrets to announce that it cannot accept orders greater than $100 without proper collateral (i.e. your car, your stereo, your girlfriend). Orders forms may be picked up and turned in no later than yesterday at the SafoinRC. Orders may be picked up between 11pm and 5am at the Or-Leave It Commons (the boozing service entrance). For those who could not get your order in on time, there will be a limited selection of surplus items available (dimes and oz’s only).

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The Life And Times of Elfie the Elf (or ETBDR)

by J. VENN SEUSS

Once upon a time (this is a kids story, and everything in a kids' story has to happen "Once upon a time...")... nothing ever happens in the present) there lived a little-known chirurgeon named Elfie. As he was also an elf, his friends and his macho counterparts referred to him as "Elfie the Elf." Elfie lived on the side of the hill with all the rest of the weirdass people. Zoning laws were strictly enforced in those days, and weird people were not allowed inside town, except to contribute to the established Church.

Elfie's friends all lived there with him, like Barry the gnome, and Kim the Nazi, and Barry, a defrocked high priest of the Church, and Bill the Screwup. and Raoul the bartender, and the hunt-and-peek artist, and the Jim confident man, and Janet the loan shark, also Frank the wandering knight. And Gary the chiropractor. These were the type of people that good little boys and girls don't play with.

According to reliable historical documents, Elfie was born "with a funny little face, and ears so small they seemed out of place." Elfie knew from the start that he was show business material, but he had to hide his time until he could find a good agent. In the meantime everybod... called him "dumbass" and girls and boys don't like things like that. Such is the fate of all prophets.

Whenever Elfie tried to assimilate into a world of goyishe protestants, he fell flat on his face. Needless to say, this did not improve his appearance. Elfie was so lonely that instead of sking in Colorado or nestling in France with his friends who never asked him to go along, the high point of Elfie's entertainment came when he would go up to the U-Totem to buy gum and watch kids pick up magazines that good little boys and girls don't look at and try to convince the man behind the counter that they were for their father, uncle, or big brother, check one.

As Sands in the Hourglass So Are the Days of Elfie the Elf

And she said, "come to me my darling. I don't care what the rules are, they don't count for our love." He assaulted her soft face and then moved closer, almost hugging, the Big Golden Book of Fetishes still fresh in his mind. WAIT, this is a kids' story.

After Elfie had finished brushing his teeth, and cleaning the room, and washing the dishes, and putting a new roof on the house, his mother told him that, since he was such a good little boy, he could wait until the morning.

Some very bad people had been hiding in his immaculate closet and when they saw him sleeping, they ruled over and grabbed him and tied him up, and beat him with their dirty underwear hands and threw him into their secret aeroplane so that they could fly away, and when their parents weren't looking, they could strap Elfie down to the Alaska Pipeline and force him to smoke cigarettes. (Gez, it takes a lot out of a person to write like that.) But when they were flying through Alaska the aeroplane crashed and all the naughty boys and girls were killed, which should be a lesson to all of you, and Elfie was left unconscious, which was unfortunate.

Elfie woke up and began to worry about his parents who would be wondering where in the hell he was. (Of course Elfie didn't put it quite that way.) Also, he was singularly concerned about freezing to death. At this point in time, a mysterious-looking man wearing a sombrero and riding a donkey outfitted in snow shoes found Elfie and the rest of the crash debris, and after he had emptied the wallets of all the rest of the boys and girls, he said, "Are you the Santa?" Elfie was alive. Almost predictably, he pulled a flask of Jose Cuervo out of his sporran and said: "Oh, Santa, don't think we blame you. We just open up our pants and bring back the old-fashioned big bustline 20% off with this ad For more information call 527-4802 quotations from chairman mao tsetung — page 3
Deep Throat speaks . . .

people's nerves very quickly, is just an act. Underneath it all I'm sensitive and lovable. You know that in Jim E.

"That's right, D.B." Boy was right. Dreamy moments. Laditude. It was like we'd known each other since forever. Like we were at college together and could walk through the commons and sit at dinner with our hands in each other's laps. Our tongues down each other's throats. I'd wear a halter.

He told me more.

"It's an odd one. After I stood up to the Deitor — that's what all of his paid shuckers call him — I got tired. He was out to get me. Fun was too much of a challenge to him. First chance they got, they jumped me. The large and famous student publication printed this retrospective on past years. Even a page on Hue Rice Kelly. It was all conspiled large and famous student publication stuff. Sounded like a half-assed Texas Monthly and their weekly -- no style at all, no mentality. Dixie Sick would've liked it.

"But there was the big article. An article I helped former editor Sleazen jerk out. A story I wrote. I know only Sleazen's name was on it. It was a great article on a big event — the famous Sleazen's. Sleazen's was a big event in Houston sports history. I was there, I helped bring it to the world. And they revealed the secret of who'd never seen the thing before. They didn't know that I helped.

"I was mad. I went to see all of the top politicos on campus. I told them what was going on. Some of them laughed, thinking that I'd flipped because of some obsessive desire to become editor of the large and famous student publication. They thought that I saw myself to my not-so-distant dignity. Every chance they got, they'd rub it in my face. Well, I let them know the truth.

"The large and famous student publication was filled with paid shuckers, like I said before. Whores with enough nerve to give themselves pay raises and to spend $500 on a pig dinner at Trader Vic's with liquor for everyone. A campus official commented that the Deitor must have been supposed to do it. He went to Spindletop for a few weeks and came back saying that he couldn't find anything. The campus official bought it. I didn't. I found out that late at night the elite members of the staff were hanging around the office, trying to find a way to stab me in the back. Trying to justify my paranoia. Foibles. They're silly schemes are too trivial for me to worry about. They apologized but it was only the opening gun in their campaign to sink me.

"Before our big broadcast debate — me, the harlot and the third candidate (spurned by those at the top, for reasons of 'viable') — I told her main benefactor, a new comer on the scene, that as a journalist, I could tell he had no balls. He, being a liberal type, was a little miffed, and damn near ruined his health and career trying to sink my candidacy. Well, I tore their pieces to the issues, and in my anger I some cloying in their beer afterwards in a popular Campus beerhall.

I began to worry about D.B. and the Deitor. The way that the Deitor screwed up. "I'm coming on you. I don't think I'm going to stop until you see it." They're all about a man, be in the palm of some fool's hand."

"There's still a lot more coming, Jim E. When the election finally began they reached deep into their bag of tricks to get me, the smir -

But the hell should I care?"

Rondelet Events

Thursday, April 1

"Bedtime for Bonzo" - Lovett Commons — 8:00pm
Rice Choral Spring Concert "American" - Chapel — 8:00pm

Friday, April 2

1979 - Lovett Hall Front Lawn — 4:30pm
Dinner/All School Picnic - Front Lawn - 6:00pm
Carival - Quadrangle — 7:00pm
Santa - Quadrangle — 8:00pm
Concert Movie - Gimmie Shelter - Lovett Hall Front Lawn — continuous showings starting 7:00pm

Saturday, April 3

Beer-Bike Race - Stadium Parking Lot - 2:00pm
'Deitor Fomal - Grand Ballroom, Astroworld — 5:00pm
Hotel - 9:00pm-2:00am

Sunday, April 4

Road Rally - 2:00pm
Sight — Grand Hall 7:30pm

ED. NOTE. Shortly after this manuscript arrived at the Trashzer office, Mr. McDonald's ax-mutilated corpse was found on the beach at Puerto Vallarta, with a note attached to the remains. The note read: "Mind your own business, buddy." Shortly after this manuscript arrived at the Trashzer office, Mr. Parkinson was found, in several pieces, at the base of St. John's Westchester College. The lack of any suicide note led authorities to suspect that Parkinson's fall was not accidental, but after consultation with Trashzer staffers, the investigation was abruptly dropped. As one campus later explained: "Money talks."

Dector Hairy Crouton, asked to comment on the strange events, replied, "To the best of my recollection, I don't recall that at all. Besides, I won't be here next year, so why the hell should I care?"

— Raul

E.T.E. Superstar . . .

(Etentioned from page 3)

the next best thing - a guided tour of the complex.

Why Does Mickey Mouse Have Only Three Fingers?

The first thing that Elfie saw was the main toy manufacturing plant. Eki- mos were worked to death and as soon as they dropped, a flunky would scrape them off and slap another one on. The droopy Ekiemos were stuck in ovens at dinner time and all the management personnel with kegs of beer, cheered and squealed: "Oh, boy! Ekiemo Pie!"

The high point of the tour came when Elfie and his guards wandered into the private kitchen (rumor has it that this kitchen was designed by the spirit of Christmas himself) and had a now attractive but quickly fading woman on his lap. The woman was wearing a red and white Frederick's of Hollywood jumpsuit with the letters "X.H." monogrammed on the front. Santa asked, "What do you want for Christmas little girl?" and when she replied, "SANTA!" Santa went wild, wild, that is, until he noticed Elfie and his entourage was dancing in some picaresque language Santa ordered that Elfie be immediately executed. Elfie was immediately executed. His captors threw him into a vat of boiling water.

Two days later all the employees of Santa Inc got together and bawled out the vat and said, "Here we go a wassailing."

All the MORAL IS:
All work and no play, and you'll probably go to Rice and end up in a Rubash Recycled Regret.
Pub spurns prosthetics . . .

by PETER HARDON

After weeks of being kept out of Hamman Hall by the Shepherd School of Music, the Rice Players got their revenge this semester. In an unprecedented move, the Players broke into manHam Hall, much to the amusement of the spectators.

Opening the evening's festivities, the Hamman Hall stage manager (one of the Player coordinators) arranged the music on the stage stands so that the cellist had the score to the viola part, the violinist was given the first violin's score, and the second violinist had the cello part. The first violinist was given no music at all.

As the members of the Quartet came on stage, extreme dismay was in evidence on their countenances as they realized the groundlessness of the staging. The cellist was heard to remark, "Oh damn, now the cello won't vibrate. I'll be smothered!" The violinist comforted him: "It isn't that hard, the violinist realized in horror that his music was missing.

In his haste to check his music stand, he walked over the trap that the Players had built into the extension and plummeted into the depths. The second violinist caught his fiddle on the way down, thus saving it from destruction at the teeth of the cockroaches below. Nothing more was heard from the first violinist.

Capping the performance, the stage manager turned off all the onstage lighting, and focused a special spotlight on the Shepherd School dean, who was evidently engaged in a fit of apoplexy, and was turning several different colors. His secretary had fainted in the aisle.

Before there could be any reaction on the part of the musicians, the house lights were turned on, and the stage was cleared.

Bruised cheeks decried

continued from page 2

balance out. But there is, of course, the obvious problem.

T: Population?

L: Exactly. What happened was, there used to be no valid restraint against increasing the population, in fact just the opposite—it was the valid thing to do.

T: Yes, very chic.

L: By the time someone noticed the stagnation, it was increasing so wildly and ran out to make the announcement of truth and grab all the validity for himself, it was already too late. Of course, the first person was saturated negatively against anyway.

T: You mean it became popular to discredit him?

L: Exactly. Have you ever heard of the term "crackpot"?

T: Think about it.

If there can be such a thing as a deplorable hack, that's what I'd be.

from r.t.'s unpublished novel

cosmosis

L: But we're all starting to become aware that there isn't enough validity for an increased population to use as

Exclusive! Hackerman's secret goat love ritual

by INANE VANILLA

Theatrical history was made last weekend as the two Rice Shakespeare productions were irrevocably mixed. After an exhausting Saturday, the actors were apparently confused and turned up on different stages at curtain time. The result was an innovative Hamlet IV. The patrons were surprised to discover Falstaff singing the delightful "Put on a Tragic Face" to a chamber Prince Hal who was out to revenge the murder of Richard II by Henry IV so the young Hotspur could regain the throne.

Hal and Hotspur engaged in a brilliant performance of "We're Rosencrantz and Guildenstern" that had the audience rolling in the aisles, bowed over in their attempt to reach the doors in order to escape.

Meanwhile, at Baker Commons, the traditional Falstaff week festivities were interrupted by a pondering Hamlet debating whether to wipe out rebellion against Claudius or to pursue the folly and fun of wooing Ophelia in full view of court and audience. An excellent performance almost turned to disaster as the Douglas came close to clearing Hamlet in a surprising sword encounter that the misplaced Wiess actor had not anticipated.

Both audiences expressed surprise at the unexpected excitement and heightened audience. One member commented, "A brilliant performance, they should do it more often."

Bruised cheeks decried

continued from page 2

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cosmosis

L: But we're all starting to become aware that there isn't enough validity for an increased population to use as

much as we want to. The amount of validity, which is constant, just can't serve that many people.

T: Validity inflation?

L: You got it. With Watergate, we used up all the American reserves. Submitting oneself to a religious sort of in reverse validity has been tried and abandoned by many. Other systems, such as those of the Japanese, are dimensioned to keep coming and have gone on at an ever-increasing rate. There's just no more cheap validity.

REALITY IS AN ACQUIRED TASTE

— r.t.

There just ain't the creativity and energy to keep two continued on page 7

STAR TRASH

Trekkies: looking to lose some change. Galactic Enterprises International is holding a Star Trash Nostalgia/Resurrection in The Alley Behind George's. At 158 Main, 2am next Sunday. Send all your money to plain brown wrapper, to M.L., 2nd floor, RMC by 12 midnight. See you there, suckers.

This message sponsored by the women of Sid W. Richardson College

the self-abuse self-help manual — page 5
SUN. TWO FOR ONE DRINKS
Leg Contest
1st prize $50
2nd prize $15 gift certificate
3rd prize $10 gift certificate

M O N. Twist Contest
50’s and 60’s music
$50 first place prize
Bar Drinks 35c
Call Drinks 50c
Beer 20c
Cover charge: men $3

T U E S. Bumpin’ Boogie
Bar Drinks 35c
Call Drinks 50c
Beer 20c
Cover charge: men $3

WED. Wet T-Shirt Contest
$50 first prize
Cover charge: men $1

T H U R S. APPRECIATION NITE
Double drinks & 2 free drinks for ladies
FREE ADMISSION

THURS—FRI—SAT $50 door prize
Joyce Rubash: ‘I say it’s spinach, and I say the hell with it…’ continued from page 5

hundred million people valid. There’s just barely enough, for the moment, to keep them under the illusion that they’re valid. You can probably count the really valid people in the U.S. on a slide rule. Yet even that traditional source of rationality, the university, is beset with the onslaught of the every-man—must-have-his-own-validity idea, the motto of the ’70’s in itself, what we learned from the ’60’s, and what will put us (US) in the ground in the ’80’s. What will happen when the last valid scene goes down, baby? I mean, disco-wise, where will it be at? I mean, man, the jive just won’t check you out, and the scene will, like, just self-eventuate into “the total recusco-culturo-meaninglessness of the new white-black/womo/homo/highlyconcious, personali-tu-pablumized, liberated, validated, plastiﬁed ’80’s (read ’70’s).” The gangrape of reality has been con-summated by our national plunge into meaninglessness. Maybe reality is shit, or doesn’t exist, but, dammit, if it doesn’t have it should be necessary to invent, and then to leave the damn thing alone. But the validity was on the people who knocked it down, to increase their own validity in an entropical sort of fashion, which brought us to the brink of the terrible, awful validity bankruptcy of today.

Trasher: But how does sexuality enter into all of this? Laslo: Don’t we all wish we knew.

next installment: levels, sex, buddhism and how to make it work for you. hubert Humphrey in book form. how to butter your knife and survive the reality-validity shortage at the same time.

MORAL: You can feed the starving child on page one for a few pennies, or you can turn the page.

TURN THE PAGE. —F.A.

Maximum tumescence and you

by JEAN-LUC GODARD

In a surprise move at a Wednesday morning press conference, lame duck RFC president Eddy Kopros announced that Randelte has been cancelled. The funds intended for the annual event are to be donated to a Houston organization that teaches illiterate ghetto children how to read and write.

After explaining the meaning of the word “illiterate” to the KTRU news staff that was present, Kopros went on to add, “It’s about time Rice people learned a little social consciousness. Rice has been a factory for the bourgeoisie for too long, and it’s got to stop. I don’t know how we can justifiably waste our money like this. Especially the pre-meds.”

The former president was asked why the announcement was made at such a late date. “The Germans, as usual, had the solution way ahead of me. It’s called ‘blitzkrieg’—the only way we’d have any effect at all was if the image which had been dangled in front of their heady—buried—in—the—books eyes was suddenly yanked away. I’ll make ‘em sit up and take notice.”

After spelling the word “blitzkrieg” for the KTRU staff, Kopros lapsed into hysterical vindictive. “Does anybody really think they’re getting an education here? What’s really going on is the brainwashing that the big oil companies need to get their allotment of robot machine operators to help them oppress the rest of the world. Anybody that really tries to get an education here ends up beaten by the sheer inferiority of the school as a whole. And the professors destroy any chance of internal change by the reactionary stance they assume when they become elected officials in the colleges or university-wide. But I guess that’s how they get into med school.”

VOTE FOR JIMMY KARTER

Illegal advertisement paid for by the American Dental Association

Out of State Papers * Zig-Zag Papers * Sleazo Publications * Feelyth Movies

HELHAIER PORNSLAMD

Pollute your mind with 4,000 Foreign & Domestic forms of perversion (also news)!

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You have interpreted Andrews, Einstein, Shakespeare, and Proust
Now you are ready for the big time!

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Five lectures per course

To name just a few:

“In Cod We Trust”: Americans and Their Seafood
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“American Whores”: Their Lives, Their Fortunes
and Their Sacred Honor

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And many more to come in months ahead

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Ripe students may apply to act as student copulators for one intercourse
and receive free enjoyment

Call 526-3893 to enroll or for information

preludes and fugues, op. 87, dmitri shostakovich — page 7
Tomato trauma kills five

continued from page 1

loss for an explanation.

T: Why have you encountered resistance to your theory?

L: Impedance, really. But that will be obvious later on. Briefly, physics is a system and its members have their own validities. Allow me to explain what I meant to talk about in the first place.

T: Gladly.

DROP-KICK ME, JESUS, THROUGH THE GOAL-POSTS OF LIFE.
—graffito

I AM NOT SWEET! I have never been sweet! I will never be sweet! Let go of me... besides, my underwear shows. I'm going to break your kneecap, that's what I'm going to do. Which one of us do you want to run? And you really think that's a way to talk me into coming to your damn meeting on Monday? Where's my jewelry?... He's bigger than I am. "I swear I didn't hear anything fall... did anybody else?... See what you did to me?" "You did that washing dishes, because you're a klutzoid, that's why... I'm going to drive your car off a cliff somewhere. I really am. I think you're a presumptuous son-of-a-bitch."...

C—You're a real pain in the ass.

G—I've known that, ever since fourth grade.

"You don't think I'd hold a grudge, do you?" (grudgingly)

Tired of commons food?

Come to Nick's Restaurante!

Menu

Rebanadas de airen
Pinta la vinagreta
tripa de perro barbecue
patas de rana eu
salas de mierda
Postre
diarrrea de vanilla
Bobá
Extracto de anón
$1.89

Repent Ye Sinners of Rice!!
The time of reckoning is at hand. The Wisdom of Ages is revealed in the ancient Parable: "As even the Carrots in the field shall remark upon that horrible day of judgment; if only we hadn't gotten into bed together, we wouldn't be in this stew."—Rev. Hupert Dink

(rat your heart out. CVSMY)

nosedrops and no-doz

Actions — In recent actions by the Proctologist:

1. A student has been publicly stripped, beaten, & thrown in chains for saying "Sam D. Sham" in the presence of a recording microphone on the second floor of the Fondren Library last Thursday. Upon release, the student is barred from eating off campus for one semester.

2. A student has been placed on disciplinary probation for spilling beer on the floor of the Pub without prior notice. The probation will extend until the student stops writing letters to the editor of the RMC Trasher.

3. Three students have been placed on disciplinary probation for keeping messy rooms. Their T-shirts are liable to tow for the remainder of the semester.

4. The presidents and social chairmen of ten campus organizations have been publicly reprimanded for quote, "givin' Rice a bad name, with all that beer and stuff."

5. A student has been fined $200 for exploding firecrackers in a residential college, thereby nearly blowing a fellow student's head off and endangering others.

Hail to the Chief—If, in your judgement, you would like to play on the Gerald Ford campaign team, come by YR's Ford Campaign training table at the RMC, Tuesday, 8am-5pm. Knowledge of German advisable. This is for real.

—Winney Waldroth
Winfred