Bovravain flu epidemic strikes campus

By Geany

When was the last time you really appreciated badness? Was it this afternoon when you hit the road to the Siberia lot and your car wouldn’t start? Or this evening when you sat down to “dinner” in the commons?

Do you even notice badness? It’s there. There is no way to avoid it. It is not about to go away. Every facet of life can or does involve badness in one way or another—you might as well learn to appreciate it.

BAD is a fairly difficult concept to nail down. It generally takes the form of something produced to please the consumer that goes very wrong. It might be one of many phenomenally bad commercials on the telly, depositing its 60-second existence on your brain to sink in at a later date, or a 60-minute show that leaves you begging for the return of the commercials. Bad commercials are easy to make, because it isn’t difficult to be bad for, at most, 60 seconds. A really bad show is something else again. Imagine the weeks upon weeks of work that go into the writing and production of just one episode of Wonder Woman and imagine how hard it is to stay that consistently bad, week after week. (And remember, reliability of badness is synonymous with job security to today’s video hacks.)

Unfortunately, badness can (and does) sell the product. Do images of destruction dance into your mind when you hear “Ring around the Collar” Do people revolt at the sound of these words and storm their local supermarkets, destroying every single container of Wish® that they can find? No. They buy it in ever-increasing quantities. Wish® is now the #1 selling liquid detergent in the country.)

"TRGs shop at Sage. smart girls.” Do you shop at Sage? If everyone refused to shop there until they nuked their ad agency for those terrible commercials, could abolishing their ad agency for those horrible billboards, we could abolish all time for particular variety of vile, evil badness, and clean up Houston at the same time—know (continued on page 8)

Bunnies mainlining

Rice biology professor H.R. Bernard, of the famous physicist Lazlo E. Bernard, is working on a new method of intravenous injection feeding. In most of today’s hospitals, solutions are administered to the patient on a continuous basis. Injections usually consist of an expensive mixture of saline solution and elemental blood sugars such as glucose. Bernard is working on a sy-“em by which ordinary food—can be prepared and injected directly into the bloodstream, this abiding the expensive process of refining glucose and other complex food substances.

We watched as Dr. Bernard stuffed a head of lettuce, three carrots and a cucumber into a blender. Slowly taking his cusinart up the steps to the puree setting, he discussed the various advantages and disadvantages of the new methods under investigation. "Well, this certainly is a revolution in medical science if we can pull it off,” he said. "We have several problems with this process, a main one being that it is really difficult to sterilize the plastic bucket that came with the blender. We had to get another custom made out of real stainless steel so we could put it in our little dish washer.”

"Also, we've had this occasional problem with the mixture getting to the hearts of the rabbits (we're tryin’ ’em out on rabbits now, that’s why I’m using carrots, ‘cause rabbits love carrots) and stoppin’ ‘em up. But we’ve found that if you take your food and leave it on puree for about ten minutes and then mix it on another five and then bang the whole thing on the table several times to get the air bubbles out that it doesn’t seem to do too much harm most of the time.”

Bernard is also working on methods of intravenously feeding fish to cattle and applies to horses in the same manner. Although his experiments have met with limited success, he is still optimistic. "Yes, sir, we have a few problems. But I’m sure they can be worked out soon. We’re getting to the point where we can keep a dog alive for 48 hours. I think that sooner or later we’re going to have something that will be of great benefit to all mankind.”

Volume 66, number 30%

Blanks declared non-taxable

Reaction on the street to the referendum was mixed, but most students asked why one would want tax blankets anyway. Spinkle Trasher editor for life, Fillup Packet, expressed disappointment in not receiving the extra $30,000 the retroactive levy would yield. "There were a lot of things I wanted to do. First I wanted to knock a hole in the wall between the Trasher and the Almoney Office and convert that area into a massage parlor and pinball arcade. And then I would make the RMC into the best disco death rink you ever saw.

Packet has reportedly asked the Senate Association for permission to sell Trasher equipment to his brother Small Packet. Even though he is only twenty years old, he has already bought out several other bankrupt papers in Texas.

Present Trasher business manager Sleaze Seltzer is expected to leave soon and accept a position at UH handling the university’s short-term investments.

Students first
Hackerman calls purge

Noted Russian political dissident Navel Kissoff will speak on campus next Tuesday in "Making A Living As A Dissident In The USA.” Kissoff, who was deported from the USSR in 1976, was one of the leaders of an underground organization of disaffected zoo workers in the Moscow Zoo, where he swept out the polar bear cage. Unhappy about their working conditions, Kissoff and several of his fellow workers began to circulate pamphlets decrying the Soviet government for permitting such conditions to exist.

Kissoff and his cohorts soon took to writing naughty poems making allegations that Leonid Brezhnev was having an illicit affair with Lenin’s corpse, later becoming so bold as to whitewash nasty limericks on the elephants and hippopotamis. He was imprisoned, however, not for this activity, which secretly amused the KGB, but for publicly protesting Lenin-grad’s plans to annex Clear Lake City.

A graduate of the Soviet Institute for the Education of Congenital Idiots, Kissoff is the grandson of Anal Kissoff, a former of the janitorial staff of the Kremlin and the son of Nasal Kissoff, who used to run the paper shredder for the KGB. With his resulting background in high-level government paperwork, Navel Kissoff has been able to study the disparities between Marxist Pavlov and the Red A truth.

Kissoff will speak at 7:30pm in Hammered Hall (God and the Shepherd’s School of Money willing) on Saturday, April 1 (if anyone comes) and will haul it out of town right after to avoid students who are angry at the waste of money involved in bringing him to campus.
It’s such a comfort to know that I have an Editor who’s gullible enough to take whatever nonsense I ramble on about and distribute it to all the subscribers and mail them out to all the advertisers if they are lucky enough to end up on my page. Power is fun, even such a small mind as his. Not to slander him of course, after all he is from Lovett, but he’s off campus this year and he is a Soc major and... well it’s just clear that he’s not of the same caliber as English-PoliSci double majors from Lovett who live on campus and write brilliant bits of wit & wisdom for the newspaper.

It wouldn’t be hard for Rice graduates to get jobs if it wasn’t for the interview. So few personal types have proper understanding of Zoology. And they are so wasteful with words.

"Whatsoever?"

"Do you have a light?"

"No, I had a sudden urge to sing your moustache and I didn’t have any matches."

"Why would IBM want to hire you?"

"Sardines in mustard!"

"Excuse me?"

"You’re welcome."

Sardines?

I just remembered why I went to Safeway yesterday.

"Oh."

"Also a, e, i, u, and sometimes y."

"That’s a non sequitur."

"Well, the rest are vowels."

"This is stupid."

"No, it’s silly."

"Then why are they reading it?"

"Why did they print it?"

"Filler."

Of course, Rice girls are incorruptible. And since I don’t understand them and they won’t talk to me, I’ll have to resort to insults. Actually, I once thought of getting one, just after I had completely stole my bookend, but he convinced me that she would take up too much room on the desk.

To the Trasher editor:

We are writing in regard to the proposed co-ed conversion. It is our belief that the Administration should not mandate this type of extreme activity. Who is Norman Hackerman to play fast and loose with Mother Nature? Just think what this conversion would entail. Brown and Jones women, in the prime of young maiden-head, placed on a slow boat to Denmark and, after some hormonal roulette, returned as men. The male-female ratio would become higher still. Trying to find a date at a mixer (which is already nearly impossible) would become torture.

And just who is to carry out this revolting scheme? Who is this mysterious "Doe at Will Rice?" As Math Sci/Bo Chem Mach we know such procedures can be dangerous.

Our Head We are all familiar with the Brown-Jones adage of the 4-1 ratio: "I want to date one of my four men, but he doesn’t want to date me. One wants to date me, but I don’t want to date him."

The other one used to be my roommate!

Alarmed yours,

The women of Brown and Jones at Weiss

To the editor:

We, the women of Jones North, are concerned about a problem that is little discussed here at Rice. A lot of people make jokes about it, but nobody ever does anything. There are a lot of really good-looking women at Rice— with certain sort of pride that cuts through the ramblings of the 15 cokes in your stomach and the weariness of 37 sleepless hours which come only after your Trasher bed.

True you can have a Trasher on April Fool’s Day 1979, but it won’t be yours. I would have stolen it because I was too slothful.

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"What you hold in your hands is the 1979 issue of the Trasher.

An


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Testimony alleges officer shot himself accidentally

by Bill Pittenger
Pest Reporter

Six fellow officers of the late Mexican-American police officer Manuel Garcia testified today before a Houston grand jury that they all made a desperate attempt to prevent Garcia from shooting himself six times in the back with a bolt-action rifle. Police Department records show that Garcia was assigned to the previously all-white precinct only two days before he met his fatal accident.

Garcia’s mother testified yesterday that Garcia had expressed dissatisfaction with the way he was being treated by other officers and was considering filing an official complaint with the department. Police Superintendent Gerald O. Boye followed with testimony that the department had no such complaint on file, in fact the records from that day indicated that nothing at all happened that day.

The six officers all testified that they liked Garcia and considered him to be a good officer, and that on the night in question, July 8, 1976, Garcia had been kidding around and offered to show them how to shoot a suspect in the back without leaving the powder burns which usually accompany shots fired at extremely close range. It wasn’t until just before he was about to pull the trigger, the officers said, that they realized Garcia’s gun had been mistakenly loaded by a now retired officer, Sgt. Howard Beloney, who thought the gun was his own and loaded it. The first time Beloney had been questioned by the district attorney he didn’t recall doing that, but testified that his memory improved sufficiently thereafter once he started to thinking about it.

The coroner’s report states Garcia had been struck by bullets entering from several different angles over a hundred feet. The police testified that once Garcia fired the first shot, he went on an uncontrollable shooting spree, keeping himself, the others helpless, held down, and the first time Beloney had been questioned by the district attorney he didn’t recall doing that, but testified that his memory improved sufficiently thereafter once he started to thinking about it.

The Justice Department is reportedly considering an inquiry into the case on the grounds of alleged wrongdoing by the police department. Several civil rights groups and minority organizations have asked the department to step up its investigating the department for conducting a cover-up in the affair.

Pest photographer wins ambulance chasing award

The Texas Sensationalist Journalists Association Outstanding Photo of the Year Award was given this year to Pest Photographic-ambulance chaser Sam “Blood ‘n Guts” Smerdly.

The photo, taken last February shows Mrs. Janet Pokinsawesky of the 8700 block of Bellaire shortly after the car she was driving was swiped by a passing motorhome, causing her to swerve into the path of an oncoming tank truck carrying a lethal cargo of deadly ammonia. The truck jack-knifed and overturned in an effort to avoid crushing Mrs. Pokinsawesky’s car into a twisted mass of burning wreckage. Ralph Graxton, 33, of the 2100 block of Lamar, was driving a truck full of waste paper to be recycled when he was blinded by the cloud of chlorine gas and ammonia, and swerved onto the sidewalk, knocking over a telephone pole and three phone booths, while spilling the used paper and graphic art all over the street.

Smerdly, who was talking on his CB radio to the driver of the motorhome as the accident occurred, arrived at the scene five minutes before the police and fire departments. After capturing this award-winning photo of the pain and devastation, he rushed to the aid of the stricken driver of the tank truck, who had been pinned by a fifty pound stack of old newspapers.

Mrs. Pokinsawesky was rushed to Ben Taub for emergency treatment of minor cuts and bruises. Graxton was treated and released. The driver of the tank truck was not injured and is reported to be in fair condition.

The Pest also won honorable mention in the highly competitive Human Interest Photo category for its October 14 shot of a baby trying to catch a falling leaf to signify the arrival of autumn.
Pest editorial

Maybe you think you can ignore the upcoming gubernatorial primary where millions of voters will cast their vote in that biennial ritual of universal suffrage. Maybe you can. But the Pest, trying to prevent our credibility as a major newspaper and to otherwise swing our diminishing weight around, can’t let this election pass without editorial comment.

So on May whatever it is we wholeheartedly endorse the candidacy of Ma Ferguson. We found her infinitely more qualified than the echoes and shadows that masquerade for her. She has been shown that appointees and even the governor who appoints them need not fog a mirror placed before their face to take office.

The day that males smugly assume that women cannot hold high executive positions is over. At the Pest see no problem in having a woman charge. But we feel Janey has been there too long, so be sure to vote Ma come election day.

Dear Dr. Thosiphiphphibile

Husband’s drinking disturbs wife

Bob Crane as Col. Hogan

Dear Dr. Thosoeopodojol: My husband of 35 years seems to have developed a little drinking problem. He’s always been able to hold his liquor, but lately he’s been “falling asleep” (so he claims) a little early in the evening. He also seems to be so tired and listless that we never have intercourse. Could this have anything to do with the fact that he drinks (on the average) a gallon of scotch at a time? —B.R.P.E.

Dear B.R.P.E.: No, I don’t think so. A little drink or two before going to bed never hurt anyone, and it probably helped him to sleep better. If he is having a sleep problem, tell him to try some tranquillizers such as Dopeouto in addition to his little nip. This should cure the problem.

Dear Doctor: I had my endocrinial porous membranes removed two years ago. Since that time the doctors I have seen have put me on the following medications: Valium, tincture of bismuth, Thorazine, milk of magnesia, aspirin, phenacetin, prednisone, dilatation, hyperate of ffeinous acid and ringaround of kollar. I have been having certain side effects such as pain, hurting, not feeling well, shrinking of lips, feelings of light-headedness, ringing in the ears, ringing in the eyes, sore throat, lichy teeth, uninsured, rickitas, pickets and lampreys. Which medicine would I start taking in addition that would cure these symptoms? —D.O.A.

Dear D.O.A.: The fact that you are still able to write letters to the world around you has got to be regarded as the nearest miracle to the Building of the Pyramids that I have ever heard of. Stop talking all that junk and start on a regimen of sugar pills and aspirin like everybody else. Don’t tell me that you don’t even try to spell my name offends me.

(Thosiphiphphibile cannot answer letters per se. Letters addressed to him care of this newspaper will be answered as space permits, if the old looser ever gets around to answering any of his junk. Letters cannot be returned, and every letter cannot be printed. Although who would write to a newspaper column doctor would probably expect that the doctor would write back with loving in Santa Claus, and the Easter Bunny, and little elves, and an implicit assurance that the doctors run our social institutions. Dr. T also accept bribes.)

Gallop Poll

Most Americans couldn’t give a shit

PRINCETON, NJ — The latest Gallop Poll shows Americans are growing more and more concerned about the nucular proliferation. The poll, taken from a random sampling of 200 American households, show that the American public is overwhelmingly confused about the nucular proliferation issue.

A plurality of 46% of the men interviewed came out against proliferation, while 32% voiced opinions in favor of it and 22% admitted they didn’t know what the hell the interviewers were talking about. The majority of support for the Administration’s policy toward this issue came from the Northeast and Far West, but many people expressed reservations over the possible effects on face. Residents of the Farm Belt area were most heavily against the Administration’s policy (disapproval of Administration policy) with the most common reason being a distaste for any new, expensive federal bureaucratic apparatus.

Broken down by sex, 58% of the men interviewed were against proliferation, 24% in favor, 18% left-handed, and 18% were completely critical of the Carter Administration’s stance (58% approval of Carter policy) than were the women (61% approval). The women were more hesitant about committing themselves on the issue (40% against proliferation, 36% for it, 24% barefoot).

White House Press Secretary Jody Powell released an immediate comment on the newly released figures. “The resources inside the Administration admit it is somewhat out of touch with the Carter program. Officials believe the disapproval is stemming from the association much of the public makes with the nucular proliferation and gay rights. Carter is reportedly considering embarking on a twelve nation tour to publicize the issue sometime in June.
Morons, Hoverwomen help fill society page

STUPID PEOPLE—Shah Case Al Awan Dami recently spent a few days in our little oil oasis, drawing attention from the Astroworld crowds as he rode the Cyclone standing up, his sheet flapping in the breeze. When asked about the Middle East situation, Dami replied, “Very bad. Sand get in everything, ruin seat covers in Caddy. Make Mohammed suction cup statue on dash fall down and roll under front seat. Real bitch to get back out.” That Shah is a real card now that he’s dumped all those Iranian bimbos on UH. * Police chief Larry Baldwell really broke up the house at Barrell’s Ice Cream Parlor in the Gomorrah as he ordered a Trough and ate the whole thing himself. When the waitress awarded him with the traditional I made a pig out of myself at Barrell’s ribbon, he jokingly offered to drown her in a Root Beer Bayou, the latest cocktail on the menu. For party games they launched bottle rockets at the grain elevators while Kang cheated on June and hubby Kang’s luxury yacht the shoddy operation actually. 

DUM DUM GANG—Ex-mayor Phred Golfmines has been a busy little bee lately hopping between law offices in preparation for all the slander and libel suits he has in the works. Well, we at the Pest sympathize with him completely, and will stand behind him until he drives that wretched, distorted evening rag out of business. They practically came right out and called him a fag; I mean, there’s hinting, and then there’s doing everything but. It may come to you when you’ve got time to read it, but only if you can find it in the bushes or retrieve it off the roof, they’re such lousy shots. The lower middle class family that delivers in our neighborhood uses a surplus grenade launcher from the tailgate of a suburban station wagon. Quite a shoddy operation actually.

Well, we don’t have to put up with this, no we don’t. Tingle’s phone number is listed, and his address is 4218 Beaumeyer Meadowlana. Why don’t you let him know just how unacceptable a big n’ot he is?

BIG SNOTS—Okay, gang, let’s hear it for Channel 2 executive Bill Tingle. He’s the one who decided to ax Monty Python and replace it with the unfunny trash they’ve got on now.

BLOTCHY PEOPLE—Larry Baldwell really broke up the house at Barrell’s Ice Cream Parlor in the Gomorrah as he ordered a Trough and ate the whole thing himself. When the waitress awarded him with the traditional I made a pig out of myself at Barrell’s ribbon, he jokingly offered to drown her in a Root Beer Bayou, the latest cocktail on the menu. For party games they launched bottle rockets at the grain elevators while Kang cheated on June and hubby Kang’s luxury yacht the shoddy operation actually.

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Finally, Yes, finally. It's happened. Among the quaint curios and pocket pedantries which publishing companies continually send to theTrash, one finally has arrived of quintessential substance and qualities sublime that irrevocably captures the elemental nature of passion, heart-throbs and naked lust.

Under the apparently simple guise of a cognitive and probing title (The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne), author Brian Moore has written a tour de force of exonerated passion that chronicles the verisimilitudal qualities sublime that irrevocably exonerated passion that finally has arrived of the order of life is what makes this novel a philosophic training ground for those uninitiated into the rites of love.

But in The Lonely Passion of Miss Judith Hearne, what will grab you by your anus is a supreme masterplan of deft and intricate contrasts. That Mrs. Rice can gently prod one for information while "offering a plate of Jacob's cream puffs." Or that such complex notions as the ethical imperative being internalized may be brought to the surface with such an apparently simple proposition as: "We all have to move around."

On only the seventh page you can read such tremendously rich dialogue as produced by one character quixotically quizzing another, "Have a bikky, Bernie?"

Yes, this class. This is the type of writing which all too many people can appreciate. This is the pathos which, as the front book jacket says, results from a woman who "can't help getting hurt."

As a serious and conscientious critic, I must make a confession. Because of my deadline and other limitations which I will not discuss, I was only able to read fifteen pages out of this 253 page novel. But surely the qualitative merit of this book is beyond reproach by any sentient being.

After all, the Houston Post reviewed this book. And their illustrious critic said: "The manner in which Brian Moore is able to project himself into her mind and soul is a little short of magic. This is a triumph of craftsmanship, and reading it is a memorable experience."
Hughes found alive in steam tunnel

(continued from page 8) everyone can get to see the best of the worst pictures ever made. In lieu of that, I humbly submit the following list of awards and deserving pictures, which does lean fairly heavily toward science-fiction: here's a photo of a wind, illegal this year under the sidewalks and in the building lobby, because it's so easy to be bad with science when you haven't got any of that you are talking about.

Worst mad scientist movie: Dr. Jekyll and the Girl Bomb

Worst monster: the mottled carnivorous tent, The Creeping Terror

Worst ending: Red Planet Mars

Hughes found alive in steam tunnel

These are some of the highlights of a dazzling year in intramural sports. The year was a year of records by the same people who had the supreme participation and competitiveness possessed only by Rice students.

Touch football—Once again, Tubestreaks XXII came away victorious as Jim Toorli, playing in his 50th intramural championship, was wheeled in suffering from arthritis and tossed a 50-yard TD with two seconds left to center Fluffy Pi. Fluffy was taken to the hospital later for a severe hangnail. The Ruskies, losing for a 23rd consecutive time in the championship, was wheeled in for use first issue).

The game began on a nail note for the Owls, with the championship, won 64-63. Beef Too defeated Crew X of Lovett College into a covered parking garage for the employees of Allen Center. The expected $4.3 million cost to drive all over campus before I found a place.

He went on to explain that on any campus, the greatest problem is parking. "Everyone wants to park close, but there is only so much room on the sidewalks and in the building lobby," he said. "One morning I had to drive all over campus before I found a place. Considering what the University pays us it is a waste of money to spend more than 50 feet to park their cars. Besides, the architecture of the building suggests its use as a garage." He went on to explain that on any campus, the greatest problem is parking.

Wrong Information offered

H. Rough Seedman, campus business manager, announced a plan to convert the second and third floors of Lovett College into a covered parking garage for the employees of Allen Center. The expected $4.3 million cost will be financed by an increase in student parking fines to $210 per violation. When contacted in his office, Seedman said the change is needed because staff employees need not walk more than 50 feet to park their cars.

The Frank Zappa special award for "Cheepnis": It Conquered the World. Most supporting football players: The Dallas Cowboys' starting offense, as cops.

Most supporting football players: The Dallas Cowboys' starting offense, as cops, The Twisted Brain.

The Twisted Brain.

Worst premise: They Saved Hitler's Brain

Worst acting: The Creeping Terror

Worst costumes: the zippermen, Invaders from Mars

Worst soundtrack: a tie between the Greek version of The Golden Fleece and The Creeping Terror

Worst spaceship (excluding '30s pictures, when they didn't know any better): the S.S. Buick, Demon Planet

Worst special effects: Attack of the Fifty-Foot Woman

Most frequently victimized actor: Peter Graves

The Frank Zappa special award for "Cheepnis": It Conquered the World. Most supporting football players: The Dallas Cowboys' starting offense, as cops, The Twisted Brain (in color!)

Simply without a doubt, there is no question, don't look elsewhere, the most awful movie currently in existence: The Creeping Terror

You can, if you have to, support badness. At least in the right places. Demand a bad film festival this year!
mislclassifications
malicious statements. I really do wish, however, that php had left in the parentheses and remarks, really the one about the Spring rabbit cult. Thank you. You can get back to your business now.

To the editor:

That's not being a professional dumper and telling you aseholes what this drive is, let's take it from the top again.

This misclassified suddenly had a problem. Please stand by. It could be rushed through in three or four months...

Asterisks deleted from misclas

(continued from page 1)

Product badness, on the other hand, can be dangerous. If your new Mister Blister hairblower really lived up to its name, you would have been victimized by badness. FB can strike in many forms: Short Fuse fireworks; “Only idiots need safety...” firearms; “I'm dead because the battery ran down in me...” (a) space-maker, (b) smoke detector, (c) burglar alarm; Cyclotron blenders; Burnyurbans microwave ovens; Fuzzymat photo-finishing; Diet Dr. Leper; Food Service, Fisk, KISS, student newspapers... Badness can be amusing at times. Where would the world be without really bad movies? What would KDOG show on "Terror Theater?" How cold we ever learn to truly appreciate a good sci-fi flick if it weren't for those splendid 1960's black-and-white turkeys?

There are only two types of movies worth watching—really great movies (Gone With the Wind, etc.) and really bad movies (Godzilla as the Bionic Monster: Badness in movies is wonderful. (It must be real badness, though; a mediocre movie can be frighteningly dull. Have you ever stayed up into the wee hours of the morning watching and hoping that maybe one interesting thing would happen? Even after a day that had been a professional dumpster and reeling with purple.

Badness in movies is really classified as good/bad. (Badness meaning it was made purposefully to be bad; the old Batman series is a good example of good/bad.)

Good/bad is alright, but it's nowhere near the profound greatness of BAD/BAD. Movies that have been produced seriously, in which you can FEEL how hard the cast tried to save the film from itself, should win special awards. The same goes for a picture in which the cast doesn't even try...or care. There should be a bad film festival every year so that (continued on page 7)