Hackerman has last laugh, sends Stebbings up the river

by Paulus Havlicek, 
Cesar Maximus Thembrius

Dr. Norman Hackerman, impending vice president for undergraduate affairs, enjoyed a healthy dispute over Rice character.

Hackerman, however, was not so agreeable. The appointment of Richardson College overheard a panel of Rice student representatives who were not in the minority. Hackerman was not so to a tree and leave it for the cowards.

"For what I said at all," claimed Hackerman. He also declared the pictures accompanying the bogus press release, of Rice's new administration, spurned by press releases written by Stebbings on stolen stationary, made the rounds of local newspapers.

Stebblings got the idea for the hoax from a column written in the Thresher by former editor Christopher Warrensen Ekern. "It was too much fun to resist," the former dean reported from his maximum-security dungeon cell in the basement of Allen Center.

The cell had been used only twice before for Matthew Webb, who served a month-long term for his part in the recent RPC scandal. It is quite comfortable, according to Hackerman, "even when the rain.

The Hackerman hoax is the latest in a long tradition of upper administration pranks at Rice such as the ill-fated Masterson steamship plan. As old-timers will recall, the appointment of Dr. William Stebbings was as president of Rice, a brilliant coup for the Board of Governors who spurned considerable controversy among the student and faculty, whose opinions were ignored.

Bizarre air accident leaves extempers very, very dead

by Ultra-Schleven Jones

A tragedy struck two Rice students on their way to the National Collegiate Forensics Championships in Corvallis, Oregon. Fortunately, they were able to hit the tragedy back, but not in time to save their lives.

Lovett junior David McClain and Will Rice sophomore Anne Laffoon were seated aboard the plane that took off the runway, fracturing his skull and creating a small aperture in his cerebellum. As Laffoon reached over to take off his seat belt, "bad, bad book!" Then she crooked. It was more disgusting than anything that happens in those Greek tragedies.

McClain, ever a fan of Mark Twain and other bohemian writers, attempted to quote Twain as he died, saying, "Reports of my death have been greatly . . .

The Brown Forensic Society will appoint a new president to replace McClain, "preferably one who does not smoke," said member L. Gene Spears. The group has already decided to hire a secretary with the $30,000 a year plus commission from the Brown Foundation which the Brown Forensic Society has provided for staffing for next year.

Both Lovett and Will Rice College will hold blood drives next week in memory of McClain and Laffoon. If not enough people turn out for the blood drives, said Huston, the Brown Forensic Society hitmen, who receive $30,000 a year plus commission from the Brown Foundation, will round up college members to donate.

Panelists engage in healthy dispute over Rice character

by David Ewok Froshen and Malondell Sex

Before a milling throng of thousands of interested students, faculty, and members of the community, the obligatory ecstatic Thresher reporters, the Self-Study Panel on Campus Morality held its final open meeting Tuesday night in the private dining room of Rice Memorial College. After spilling several cups of steaming hot coffee with all the right and expertise (describing Jim Kelly's performance against the Michigan Panther as "rallying"), the chairman George Grenias began the meeting.

Grenias, an alumnus of Rice, a member of the faculty of the Jones Graduate School of Administration and a part-time member of the Houston City Council, as well as a noted playwright and expert on Greek drama, taught his students past and present that has been read either of its two reports. Consequently, nobody but a few members of the panel had read either of its two reports.

The panel's largest problem, and the reason for its delayed meeting, was that its members disagreed from the beginning on the purpose of the panel. While Dr. Katherine Drew (history) had insisted that the panel look to the 1974 report and attempt to "speak up" Rice's high moral standards, Grenias and others argued for loose construction of the moral code.

The title remained so wide that the panel submitted two separate preliminary reports: one on the deficiency of moral rectitude on campus, and one on the superficiality thereof.

Dr. Gilbert Cuthbertson of political science then presented the preliminary reports to the student representatives of his semi-panel. First, Cuthbertson, faculty sponsor of the Maranatha Christian Fellowship, a group of strongly evangelical Christian students, which recently completed its highly successful week devoted to promoting Jesus Christ, a Middle Eastern troublemaker of the early Roman Imperial era who probably never heard of apostles, insisted that Rice's long-standing honor code should remain in effect until Judgment Day or longer.

"The value of the honor code," Cuthbertson said, "is not a myth. It is the outstanding moral and ethical code, not to mention a powerful, unyielding form of Rice students past and present that has given the Code its power, not the fact that the administration has imposed some kind of Skinnerian or Machiavellian penalty for infractions." All the panel members nodded their agreement and complimented Cuthbertson's choice of suit.

Second, Cuthbertson, who, when negotiated to this question, still held his resident assistant of Will Rice College, noted Rice's showing in instances of oral sex and other illegal sexual activities. Grenias, who we forgot to mention is resident assistant of Wiess College, pointed out a footnote in the report which mentioned that the figure includes both literal and figurative ass-kissing, an activity to which even the most upstanding pre-meds are prone.

Next, Cuthbertson pointed out that the university has an institutionalized chemical inducement. His report called for an end to such institutions as Willy's Pub, the Beer-Bike Relay, Rondel, Telednor, and Hasenm College's Shot's-4-Minute contest.

All of these activities are sanctioned by the administration, noted Proctor E.C. Holt holds the license for the pub. Commented Holt, "What's wrong with a little (hell) nip now (hurt) them?"

At this point, Grenias felt the time was right to present his side of the story. He agreed that the Honor Code is unimpeachable, and that if Rice decreased its morality to the point where the Honor Code would become meaningless, President Reagan would force us to push the button, since the last vestige of human decency in America would be gone and there would be no point to live on this planet.

Pumbling for a better analogy, Grenias launched into a discussion of the sex "problem." "If students don't get to sex here," Grenias said, "they won't have any practice for when they have to have sex in the business world. We have a healthy social scene and lots of reasonably attractive, young bodies, students go to parties and find sexual partners just as they will when they get good banking jobs, live in Memorial, and frequent single clubs."

Dr. J. Dennis Huston (English) concurred, calling Rice a "training ground for America's future sex industry." Nevertheless, he reminded that he was not aware of any Rice graduates who had good jobs. The other member of the panel simultaneously reminded Huston that the methodology of English is one of the finest in the country according to several
HITCHIKER’S GUIDE TO THE HEDGES by Tom Morgan

I'm in love with Lisa Shambo, the American dream. Yeah, I know I'm supposed to complain about something, and I want to wax my mustache and have a nice, long chat with Lisa Shambo in America. Let me first introduce the snotty side of our relationship, and then I will tell you how to make our lives even better.

I have lived most of my life in a state of diseased delirium. If you know, the way you show consciousness out of your mind a little bit and wake up in a hotel room with a narwhal in Galveston. Lisa Shambo is one of the largest Cat Crackers in the world. (I really don't know what this is but, it has nothing to do with domestic animals.) Two weeks ago at 6:30 p.m. I saw her five feet in front of me. Maybe you have seen pictures of Pittsburgh at the turn of the century. Well, Lisa is nothing like it.

Mark Meiches, on the other hand, smells awful. He reminds me of a wet Kleenex covered with yesterday's Rainin Bran. Mark also enjoys the worst toxic waste dump sites in the country, but she is a member of the Texas City city-wide important part of his childhood. (He is now being raised by his adopted parents.) I mean, this is a man of politics and not very exciting. A big Saturday night involves getting the quarter car wash and whipping around the Rice campus on an Apple on PCP listening to Susan Saint-Hilaire. And it's okay for people like you to dress like Lisa, I am not being sarcastic.

The pressures of the Rice American dream experience mean that Mark suffers a higher suicide, alcoholism, and divorce rate than most politicians. Teenagers take drugs to escape, and Mark Meiches remains popular. Some reports have shown people who designate journalists suffer a higher rate of genital warts than the general population.

Very few people know where she is coming from, South Africa. You can ask who people have lived there for their entire lives where they are from, and they will name some small town in East Texas. "No, I don't really live here, I just work here." These people will go home from their jobs taste-testing cheese, and immediately pass away. I mean, this is a country with the blues, well we blacks. Janis Joplin came from Port Arthur, which has a racial attitude much like South Africa, and her music expresses much of the pain and anguish of a prolonged bout with consumption.

What is the end result of this incessant rambling? Plastic trash bags. Everything I write is immediately yanked out of the trash bin with the rest of the world's trash. I am not advocating getting rid of the Thresher or Meiches or Joyce or South Africa. What I am asking is that we put our money where our mouths are, and dump Joyce’s food on the starving innocents of the world instead of on us. That’s not just a good idea; that’s my idea.

The American dream could be worse or she could be a nightmare; either way, ha-ha, I've got her phone number.

Mark M. Mitchell
Editor

A new way for Ekren to make money

What is all this bogosity about a so-called Rice Student Interest Organization? Is this some tremendous scam, or what? I mean really. We all know that it’s just a reincarnation of the TexPIRG thing that Ulman did. That one lived this very year. Thanks to Dave Phillips and a couple of other bleeding-heart socialist twerps whose names I dare not commit to print, being as vile as they are, we at Rice have a new red menace against which to battle — at least, that majority of us who believe in truth, justice and the American Way.

The very name of this new Chiamaera is enough to make me break out. But then, so is a slice of Domino’s pizza. Let’s face it, follow Al Green and even a few of you foreigners who at least think like Americans, now that you’re in the land of the free), that little enterprise on Kirby has this university by the genitals thanks to smart marketing and exquisite timing. Even if the black olives really are cockroaches, as Phillips alleged to me one night during a friendly game of strip cribbage, people at Rice wouldn’t care, since all they need is their midnight pizza, regardless of what’s in it. So what do we have here, a new student organization, especially with that oxymoronic “Student Interest” in its moniker, to protect Rice from old-fashioned American capitalism? If Rice students want to eat that stuff, we should have someone to protect those students from themselves.

Therefore, I propose, rather than giving Student Association blanket tax money to a Naderist-Marxist-Leninist cause such as RSRO, a Rice Self-Protection Organization (at least, you can almost pronounce the acronym RSPO, like “Rasp”) knows that enough Rice students find themselves spending too much time involved in sex, drugs, rock and roll, alcohol, pizza, and other forms of self-abuse to warrant the formation of such an agency. These wasted hours could be spent studying, brown-nosing or attending Republican caucuses instead of on useless casual paper pizza.

A number of decent Rice students from suitably wealthy and Protestant backgrounds could easily staff the RSPO. With sufficient funding, we could set up electronic surveillance systems for each of RSPO’s representatives. If a rep should catch anyone in his college having excessive fun (whether by thought, word or deed) or uttering subversive, leftist rhetoric, the rep could then use his pass-key to burst in and stop the nonsense. He could use his pass-key to burst in and stop the nonsense. He could do all this while studying quietly in his room, since pre-meds and a tremendous shajre of the proceeds from the blanket tax money, would make those loafer types like they used to. L.L. Bean is gonna hear from my lawyer.

I’m sick and tired of all these damned Jesus freaks. All I want to do is sit down on Top Star and rag on lightweight rednecks and they come dragging their holier-than-thou personages up to tell me how I’m going to hell. Don’t they realize some of us like to wallow in our own depravity? Well, if there’s anything I like better than battling in the blood pressure of a Marxan with a few choice phrases like, “Jesus was a man; and Mary and Joseph punched to get him just like everyone else,” or “I took mescaline last night and talked to Jesus; he told me to tell you he was just a born-again, overpriced mess and to stop taking me so seriously.”

Another thing I hate about short-haired, redneck, smiley-faced, fire-and-brimstone Moonies are the self-righteous crusades they make. That’s the real symbol of our society’s “immorality, decadence and punk-rock scourge decaying this nation” such as sleeveless shirts, strapless sandals, and slit skirts. If flesh was evil, God would have outlawed it and only outlaws would have flesh.

There’s nothing I despise more than trying to nurse a hangover which could kill a Buddhist, and then having some brainwashed, God-quadding, ROTC zealot tell me the only way to save myself is by letting him faith-heal me through the laying on of his or her hands.

It’s not that I hate God. Actually, I kind of like the old goat, but you never see him around Houston. Now New York, that’s another thing. I’ve got his own box in Yankee Stadium. Right next to Mayor Koch.

I just hate to see people being so fucking serious when they should be having the time of their lives. If God does not want to raise hell, now when are you? When your first bald spot comes in? As your ulcer matures? This is college, man. Be a mana stud, fall head over heels in lust, and live it up. Don’t put it off.

Christopher Warrenberg Ekren

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Boy says he'll tumble for the Mormons

In a surprising move last week, Brigham Young University asked English pop star and bisexual Boy George (aka O'Dowd) to become guest lecturer for the fall term. The invitation was on official terms for the lecture series yet, but say they hope the Boy will discuss such topics as homosexuality in popular culture and the right dress and make-up for your first date. This was reported in the BYU Daily Polygamist.

The Mormon Church (which runs the school) was unexpectedly supportive of the invitation. Church President Martin Cardinikie said, "Well, sure, he (Boy George) is damned and he's going to hell already and there's really no turning back for his kind, so we figured, 'what the hey?' Besides, I think, God forgive me if I'm wrong, and I'm sure he will, that the kids need a change of pace from the age-old traditions such as fishbites and saddling. As a result, many cadets found life at A&M wanting. The suggestions list was quite long but some other possibilities were bobbing for piranhas, pin the tail on the drill sergeant, and (Crackback's favorite) 40-day mandatory freshmen fast - 'IT's toughen them up.'

Commandant Klink was unsure which of the KKK's proposals would be approved, but none of them insulted him. "We've just there to show the boys some discipline," Klink said, "but some of these things look pretty damn fun."

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GLOOM COUNTY

by Derke Deathbed
by Not-Schellin Shelles

In response to all the attention surrounding James A. Michener's recent appearance at Rice, Professor of English Max I. Apple held a similar discussion at Hansen College commons Wednesday. Several hundred students, instructors and members of the community packed 11:15 a.m. to hear Apple discuss a variety of interesting subjects and get their copies of The Caine Mutiny autographed.

Apple, author of the critically-acclaimed screenplay for Smokey and the Bandit, recently accused Michener of being "one of America's greatest liars." Speaking to his fiction writing class Monday, he allegedly said, "Michener is a hack who would put Hackerman to shame. He makes Judy Blume look like Thomas Pynchon."

Most of Apple's discussion centered around his upcoming 900-page novel Meyerland, recounting the struggles of the original Jewish families in Houston's west-side bedroom community. In the book, to be published this summer by Simon and Schuster, Inc., Apple tells of the Meyers, the Berge and the Stein's in their epic journey from the Third Ward across the Braes Bayou into Belaire in 1930.

"It's an incredible human interest story," Apple said, perspiring with the passion of a true author. "In the story, Jewish refugees divide the Bayou and walk across it just as their wives are in labor so their babies can be born in the Medical Center. Then, when the children turn 25, they can return to the Medical Center with their families and their M.D. degrees to live happy, productive, American lives."

The novel also describes in agonizing detail Meyer's battles against the construction of Texas Southern University for Negroes on prime investment land. It devotes several chapters to his descendents' fight to stop the intrusion of Loop 610. "Aside from the Jewish Community Center and the Galleria," Apple said, "this particular area of Houston has remained virtually unchanged since 1950."

"The opening of Edgar O. Lovett Elementary School in 1959, he added, contributed to the educational prestige of the area.

One student in the audience asked Apple what it takes to be a writer. "Take English 311 and 312, you twist," Apple's terse response. "If a student comes up to me and says, "Dr. Apple, I've had three unsuccessful marriages, countless abortions and parents who threw pineapples at me, and I think I'm ready to be a writer," I won't be impressed. I'll say, 'Did you make A's in 251 and 252? Have you taken my writing courses yet?'"

Mr. Michener and Mr. Apple disagreed with each other on the kind of job a prospective writer should take. Whereas Michener believed the ideal job would be giving change in a New York subway station, Apple replied, "No, that's ludicrous. I wouldn't be caught dead in a New York subway station. I think a better job would be flying cocaine across the border. God knows you make a few interesting people doing that."

Apple closed the discussion with a bizarre anecdote about an electrical engineering major who confounded him with an Apple Macintosh computer. The perplexed student spent several minutes searching for Apple's "mouse."

Sex and booze at Rice: Really? Where?

continued from page 1

surveys, it rarely produces employable graduates. After a few seconds of deep thought, Huston changed his mind, saying that English major students too often procrastinate until they get tenure, anyway.

Regarding chemical indulgence, Rice Program Council lame duck Brian Marek had a few observations. "College students are college students, and there's nothing you can do to change that. If you want to keep up their morals, you have to keep prodding them with sex, alcohol and rock music, sometimes all at the same time. The RPC provides all three of these necessary elements. Well, maybe not the sex. But if you're going to clean up Rice, you may as well get rid of the RPC and other related stalling organizations." Marek added that the folk concerts were "still Matt's fault."

Dr. Robert Haymes, professor of space physics and master of Will Rice College, recalled that the RPC has indeed provided sex to students. Marek replied, "A few RPC officers sold out — their bodies in the colleges back when our finances were getting really low. But it saved the RPC and a few promising medical careers from going under."

Grenia's semi-panel recommended that the university institutionalize sexual activity just as it does alcohol. Will Rice senior Tom Morgan, president of the Marijuana Christian Fellowship at Rice and part-time former editor of the Thresher, shouted his concurrence. "Yeah, man," he said in an unusual display of enthusiasm. "I'm all for a college that spreads and fosters love among the student body, and_members. Morgan in particular. The shouting escalated to a fever pitch, and members from both sides began throwing furniture. Campus police officers finally entered the RMC to break up the altercation.

"I said to the people, 'Surely you all can settle this peacefully!'" Assistant Police Chief Major Vorwinkel told the Thresher. "So they agreed that the issue would be determined the way Rice people usually settle things."

The softball game between the opposing halves of the Self-Study Panel on Campus Morality will take place on the MOB practice field on Saturday, April 7 at 10:30 a.m. Grenia and Cuthbertson encouraged all Rice students and faculty members to come out and support their respective points of view.

You've got a Generic Student Rep right on campus. He's your light beer expert for whatever excuse you have for getting shit-faced. You've got a Generic Student Rep right on campus. He'll help make you really sick.

Huston's west-side bedroom community. In the book, to be published this summer by Simon and Schuster, Inc., Apple tells of the Meyers, the Berge and the Steins in their epic journey from the Third Ward across the Braes Bayou into Belaire in 1930.

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Art makes social registers ring, pretentious critic sing

Art
In Houston
Through the Post-Modern Era

While it is true in Houston, as in the rest of the civilized world, that the plebeians go to exhibits to see the art and the members of society go to be seen, there is good art in Houston, which can be seen without one's being stricken from the social register. This is the art that appears at the Contemporary Arts Museum, that bastion of culture on Bissonet (oh-hi-now) and Montrose.

The CAM, as it affectionately referred to by its admirers and loyal patrons, keeps Houston aware of the very furthest boundaries that Art has been pushed to in the post-modern world, and is therefore worthy of location in such a forward-looking city.

It counterpart across the street, the MFA, house rejects from the CAM, dusting them off and flaunting their outdatedness as a worthy quality. Occasionally, the MFA (which deserves our sympathy, having only an early Jackson Pollock, with Child, Mattace: and Untitled, on the history of the artist in America), I stumbled out of the all-too-brief show like a pilgrim returning from Mecca.

To further demonstrate how weak the MFA's conception of art is, I bring to your attention the above gallery (which due to journalistic courtesy shall remain nameless) shows solely the work of a foreign country and there are cards on the wall written in a foreign language and with Child, Mattace: and Untitled, on the history of the artist in America.

Because of this, I decided that in order to even find such a work, I would have to write it myself. It is this incomparably stunning musical tour de force of mine which will be reviewed in this article.

The piece is entitled, simply yet poignantly, Sonus Urbis ("Pound of the city," for you slyme who took useless languages like German and French). The basic objective of the work is twofold. First, it overcomes the psychological barrier between performer and listener by eliminating the former. Finally, it correlated the musical ethos with the listener's own personality; enhancing the karma, the brain-wave compatibility, and other nuts-and-dates-California-type facets of the listening experience.

How, one may wonder, was I able to accomplish such an astounding feat? Despite their exceptional lack of musical training, they never flout their own role in the exhibit. This is obvious in their taste of architecture, which is modest and unpretentious but always subsumed by the artworks themselves.

A further proof of the modesty of the CAM is their refusal to keep the piece sitting down in the middle of the road, and listening to the sounds around him. Because the work is only lengthy (2 hours, 36 minutes, 9 seconds), one might find a lack of musical utility in the enjoyment of this masterpiece.

The work fulfills the inner being with its environment; making the soul of the individual an integral component of our living, breathing, organic society. It overwhelms the mind with a seemingly unstructured universe of audial, visual, and even olfactory images. Yet within the deep recesses of the mind, these images are molded into a perfect, symmetric universe. This allows the mind, free of the cross of the center. Here, at last, lies the essence of humanity, the very key to our being.

Could it be that humanity has achieved perfection at such an early age? Could it be that the dialectical process of musical history has, at last, come to fruition? On 1-45 lies the answer.

- Larry G. Spears

Traffic Symphony with Latin Title Jams the Senses Splendidly

SUPERLATIVE MOVIE OF THE WEEK by I. Claudius Neal

Sahara
Directed by Andrew V. McLaglen

Only ones in a lifetime down a cinematographic spectacle such as Sahara come along. This is undoubtedly the best example to date of the unquestionable superiority of the American film industry in general, and MGM/UA in particular.

Brooke Shields is Dale Gordon, the teenage heiress to the fortune left by her dead father, R.J. Gordon (Steve Forrest). While at his death-bed, Dale makes a promise to win the first Sahara International Rally in her father's new car. The plot is new, original, a gigantic breath of fresh air. It needs to be created in order to do justice to this film; using mere superlatives would be insulting and degrading.

You, all of your friends and relatives, and all of those friends and relatives should see this film, not only once, but over and over. But be warned, after seeing this film, this masterpiece of perfection, you will never, ever be able to enjoy another movie again.

- I. Claudius Neal

This Desk Can Reach Mach 2.

Since you're educated, you would get to be an officer, which is really great, since you could give orders to enlisted men, which is fun. We figure, if you went to the trouble to go to school, you deserve to be a member of the ruling class, right? Navy flying is exciting, too. ask any Air Force pilot. Would you land a plane on a couple of moving football fields at around 300 mph? They'll tell you you're crazy. Yes, the Navy is a special breed of man. (Sorry, no women on the ships, they're bad luck.) Fill out the coupon, the rest of the world can have their fun. If you're going to be shot off on a carrier before you can say "Hello Sailor."
than ten diseases.

satisfy our customers for thirty minutes. So give us a call,

We Wrote the Book

One

Off!

One Dollar

Two Dollars

Off!

Any guy who has a 12 inch "Destroyer."

If you can't score because of bad timing and poor
equipment, ask Dominique. At Dominique's we work fast to
satisfy our customers for thirty minutes. So give us a call,

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Any time's a wild time when you wear condoms on
your fingers. They're great for keeping dirt out from
under your fingernails when gardening. And they're
always good for a few laughs when shaking hands with
important people. To get yours, stop in any truck stop
men's room or well stocked pharmacy.

Five Fingers

is all it takes.

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SPORTS NOTES

Akeem Olajuwon has decided to forgo his final year of eligibility at the University of Houston and will transfer to Rice. The seven-man aqua-jock squad placed an admirable 53rd in a 55-man field at the Conference meet, a frequent comment of former Thresher staffer Matt Petersen, delivered whenever he read the women’s cross country times. "I could beat that," she added. She also responded to the frequent accusations that women basketball players don’t jump, explaining, "It’s true. We have to use mirrors for anything over two inches."

Recent Title IX interpretations encouraged Hawthorne’s move. She commented, "Since the government now says Rice only has to give money on an equal basis to men and women for specific programs, I see that we’ve been incredibly wastefully by having volleyball and swim teams when the men don’t.”

Hawthorne added, "I’ve always felt that the girls have gotten too much publicity for their scholarship, they could get in to Rice anyway, and all that crap, sharp eyes anyway, and it improves their feel for the ball.”

THRESHER SPORTS

Wimpy women’s sports wiped out to trim expenses

by Jeannie Scooper

Director of women’s athletics Martha Hawthorne announced today that all Rice women’s sports teams would cease to exist next year, in a generous effort to support the football team.

Consistently more competitive than the men’s teams in every sport, the women’s teams for years have improved in every aspect. In framework’s words, "needlessly stolen publicity, alumni donations, and fans from the football Rice Owls.

When reminded that the football team’s losing tradition since 1963 might have something to do with it, Hawthorne commented, "They may be losers, but at least they’re sincere.”

She continued, "Sure, our girls are winners in volleyball, basketball, track, swimming, and tennis, but you have to remember, in general the rules are easier in girls’ games, and the competition isn’t very tough.” Hawthorne cited a frequent comment of former Thresher staffer Matt Petersen, delivered whenever he read the women’s cross country times: "I could beat that.” She also responded to the frequent accusations that women basketball players don’t jump, explaining, "It’s true. We have to use mirrors for anything over two inches.”

Hawthorne added, "I’ve always felt that the girls have gotten too much publicity for their scholarship, they could get in to Rice anyway, and all that crap, sharp eyes anyway, and it improves their feel for the ball.”

Wimpy women’s sports wiped out to trim expenses

by Regie Fithin

The fabulous Rice fluid-floggers are getting their act together and taking it to the pool this season. In a surprise move last Saturday, President Norman Hackerman "hacked" 10 million clams off the Rice football budget and gave it all to the previously non-scholarship Rice men’s swimming team. When asked about his reasons for the move, Hackerman explained, "Well, swimming is done in the water, whereas football is not, unless it rains, and then only kind of.”

The seven-man aqua-jock squad was understandably excited about this practical application of Acco 305. Each team member has been granted a full GUCCI scholarship: "They Girls, Unending Cash, and Cash Included."

The team has planned several big projects to help break in the new budget, including a trip to the Caribbean for Christmas training, a bevy of Swedish masseuses, and an all new set of matching electric team toothbrushes.

Rice men’s captain Stumpy Hodges, the team’s only quadruple amputee, felt the money was a long time coming. "Even with the money saved on my warmup machine," he said, "I’m getting a real tongue machine.”

Stumpy declined to comment much about the student-student controversy here at Rice. "If Hackerman finds out we are good bottommen, we will lose our GUCCIs,” he said.

The newly endowed team takes to the road today for a two-week swim meet at the icy pools of Colorado Barbers College.

SPORTS NOTES

Martha Hawthorne

when everyone knows that teachers like girls better than boys anyway. Now the girls will get a chance to prove what good scholars they are without the benefit of a nice workout to stimulate their brains.”

Not Pregnant?

An Alternative to Sperm Banks: Ed Gladhands Home, 555-2349

The sessions are open only to players and Maranatha members.

FREE COAT HANGERS

• Do-it-yourself pregnancy termination
• Pre-med on hand for advice
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527-4096
RMC Darkroom
2nd Floor, Rice Memorial Center

713-527 8101

The Rice Thresher, April 2, 1984, page 7
**Back page editor fired, killed; five hospitalized**

The Thresher staff was surprised on Wednesday night when the poor, deranged engineer and back page editor Hal Winderman kicked open the door, announced "I'm in charge," and proceeded to knock the area with automatic fire. Luckily, the shot had been drinking mass quantities of Don Equus and missed everyone. Mark Mitchell, the editor, reacted quickly and pulled out his .357 magnum and opened fire. Hal dove behind the ad desk for cover. A protracted exchange took place, and the water cooler exploded in shards of plastic.

Our peerless leader asked "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" "I want an end to this bullshit with a nice Thresher," came Hal's reply. "Blow it out your ass" replied our sublime and righteous leader. "No prisoners!" Hal yelled and let off another burst, pummeling our business manager and the accounts receivable. Unbeknownst to the poor debuffed fool, Jeanne Cooper, chief hatchetperson, was behind the FART's desk with a grenade. "You get one last chance, Hal," said our canny leader as he motioned to Jeanne to smash the grenade and lobbed it into the production room, killing and maiming 5 people. As Hal threw the grenade, Mark got off a's a's and plucked him in the back. Hal fell to the ground and started bleeding all over the tear sheets. "You're fired," Mark said, as he administered the coup de grace. "Anybody else have any problems around here?" he snarled.

Our benevolent and most excellent board of governors declared martial law and decreed that he should be hereafter referred to with at least one gavel preceding his name. We at the Thresher agree with him and his 357.

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**Die Rice Preschmachine**

A Conservative Alternative To The Mask-tailed Liberal Thresher

Monday, April 2, 1984

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**Rice bankrupt, Hack resigns**

Rio De Janeiro - President Norman Q. (The Sack) Sackerman in his capacity as Rice, Inc., has declared martial law today in the hopes of finding an excellent editor. After Hal had been fired on Wednesday night, the board of governors declared martial law and decreed that he should be hereafter referred to with at least one gavel preceding his name. We at the Thresher agree with him and his 357.

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**New Core Curriculum**

The Committee on Undergraduate Affairs adopted the protocols of the new core curriculum. The Committee, realising that Rice's bankruptcy would alter things significantly, has changed graduation requirements. The new requirements place more emphasis on the humanities. The new lab courses are based on the philosophy of the Maharishi Falwell which states that experiments do not actually have to be done as long as you already know the results. As everybody knows from freshman chem lab, the labbies already know the results. It therefore stands to reason that if the labbies had a chance to look at the samples and let everyone know exactly what was in them, the students could then perform the experiments in their mind. The advantage of this is obvious. No more expensive upkeep on equipment and chemicals, no more over-attentive on-lookers, and a better GPA for all.

The same philosophy will be carried over to the academic courses. Instead of holding classes on literature, students could just read the books and sign a pledge stating that they had postulated sufficient effort on the subject to total strangers. This philosophy would also be applied to the more mundane operations on campus such as Central Kitchens. The costs of serving actual food are outrageous these days. A ham and rye sandwich with potato chips and jello costs nearly $4 these days. Central Kitchens would be turned into a photography lab where Joyce's minilab would prepare gourmet meals and photograph them. The pictures would then be distributed, along with vitamins and water, and students could use the pictures as meals. After which we would have the Warwick club, dining with the elite.

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**Fun In Rio With El Hacko**

Rio is a very nice this time of year, and El Hacko's palatial estate on the hills is reasonably cool. With seventeen bedrooms, and twenty baths, the mansion is a masterpiece of understatement. The Olympic-size swimming pool and squash court, kept by a platoon of loyal deaf-mutes, are among the simple pleasures that El Hacko enjoys during his autumn years.

The Thresher business manager protested at first when I and my loyal body-guard Guido requested funds for our first-class airplane trip to Rio, but few moments of friendly persuasion on the RMC convinced him of our needs and he even threw in expenses. Todd can be visited at Ben Taub in the intensive care section between the hours of 9 and 10 am. He should be able to talk as soon as they disconnect the respirator. El Hacko was not to be found at his estate, so Guido and I decided to investigate the local brothels in the hopes of finding some clue as to his whereabouts. 2,000 dollars and four amazing hours later, we still had not found him, but then again, we weren't trying very hard. We were staying in a seamy bar just outside the Hilton.

Rio is an experience that must be experienced to be believed. Guido doesn't often freak out at the sight of this surreal world, but this one reminded him of El Hacko. He jumped off the bar top and stood raving incoherently about El Hacko and coke as he ground the room into small pieces. Three large Colombian types appeared out of nowhere and searched us for drugs, and said, "What the hell do you think you're doing?" I thought we were done for. see Dead Meat, page 17