Famous evangelist pays Rice athletes

by Milk Rougheral

Big-mouthed evangelist Jym Backrub resigned from his position as head of the PUL ("Pay Us Loot") television network Monday after fellow evangelist Dimmy Staggers announced that Backrub had offered football recruits sex with his wife Whammy to attract them to Rice.

Kryn Egghead, Rice student recruiting director, confirmed the report. She said that her office had received no responses after they sent out letters requesting "attractive, outgoing female students who are willing to give campus tours and have sex with the recruits.

Egghead said the lack of response proved that "either there aren't any attractive Rice females or that Rice females are too intelligent to respond to such sleazy offers.

Egghead said that at that point the only option was for the university to draw on outside sources to help Rice compete with other conferences and luring athletes. Backrub and Whammy came to the rescue.

Whammy, in tears yesterday, confirmed the reports, but said Backrub drugged her to make her go along with the plan.

"I couldn't help it," she said, "he just drugged me, brought me to the campus, and offered me to the recruits. I don't know what came over him." Whammy said her biggest regret is that she wasn't offered to SA President Tom Pro, whom she termed "very cute."

Secretary Timorous Hair on a condom

If the sales in Edgar's are good, the SA will expand sales to local drugstores.

SA Secretary Timorous Hair said he didn't expect that free condoms given out by Student Death Services and Safe Sex wouldn't hurt sales of the designer condoms.

"Why would anyone want a plain product when they could get one with my picture or President Tom Pro's on it?" he asked. "They could even frame these."

Pro said that although he would not benefit directly from the new sales since he had already left office, he thought it was a good idea. "Outa Gas and the new Senate are working really hard, and they deserve a break," he said.

Apology demanded for scandal

by Airy Telliat

The Thinkmutton Commission appointed by the Stupid Association Senate released a report yesterday showing that former University Corpse candidate Andy Kandor knew that money was diverted from campus parking tickets to provide the Student Death Service with funds for the distribution of free condoms.

Former U. Corpse Chair candidate Todd Torrid demanded a public apology.

In a three-hour speech broadcast yesterday evening on the radio station KPUT, Kandor refused to apologize. "I have acted ethically and honestly at all times throughout the operation," he said.

"Mistakes were made in the implementation of the plan, but it was a good idea. I don't plan to apologize under any circumstances."

Kandor said he couldn't remember whether he had authorized the diversion of funds.

Kandor also said the PUL network will be expanded to include a Safe Sex service.

The Safe Sex program will deliver free condoms to students to prevent the spread of AIDS and the common cold on the Rice campus.

Loopola also said the RPC is working with the student Escort Service to make sure that students are actually performing safe sex as well as receiving the condoms.

"We got a great response to Safe Rides, but then we realized that there was another need on the campus," said Loopola.

The initial proposal is awaiting final approval by the Rice administration.

Safe Sex will need volunteers to deliver the condoms each Friday and Saturday night between 10:30 p.m. and 2:30 a.m.

The Rice Physical Plant will supply carts for on-campus deliveries and a shuttle bus for deliveries off-campus.

A male one and one female driver will work each shift to avoid any possible embarrassment to the students using the service or the drivers.

Safe Sex has approached Campus Crusade for Candy for funds for the program.

Safe Sex when you need it most

by Iced Pistachio

The Rice Pilgrim Council's Safe Rides Program is being expanded to include a Safe Sex service.

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Machines steal brains

We see clear evidence that Seers stores are controlled by alien powers. They have been using low, groundless brains!

Slowly, slowly, but unstoppable the stores' catalog pickup departments are being replaced by numbered self-service bins and a touch-screen computer that tells the customer the bin number of his merchandise. This grossly false feeling makes us certain that the touch-screen machines are actually instruments placed on earth by alien intelligences from other planets to suck the brains out of humans.

The minds of customers' brains with UAB/HTT (Un-Alterable Bias/Holier-Than-Thou) circuits which mimic human behavior but which cannot discern right from wrong.

We can't prove anything about this plot yet, but we warn you nonetheless to avoid those evil touch-screen machines, lest they do to you what they did to the Trasher staff.

Hall could help with PR as First Lady stand-in

It is almost a cliche to write that Rice University ought to be better known outside Texas, but we are not afraid of cliches. Rice University ought to be better known outside Texas. We hope that William Nobull, the new head of our public relations department, will choose to implement a change we believe will put Rice on the map and the front pages of newspapers across America.

Our suggestion: hire Fawn Hall to stand in for Rice's first lady at public functions.

Chances are good that Nancy Erupt wouldn't mind. She doesn't participate in public functions, save PTA meetings. She gets tired of strangers molesting her cocker spaniel during receptions in her home. And, like any intelligent person, she doesn't like Houston's humidity. If we hired a stand-in, the lady herself could return to a temperate climate.

Hall could clearly do the job well. She's photogenic. At parties, she could entertain Board of Governors members and make wonderful small talk about politics. And if Rice were to distribute a poster of Hall in a bikini, lounging seductively in front of the Sallyport, Rice would make itself dear to the hearts, minds, and hormones of male high school seniors across the nation—especially football players.

Understandably, Nobull may opt for a less controversial plan. If so, we hope he will at least undertake the minimum step necessary to improve Rice's image: to get Mrs. Erupt to part her hair on the side, or at least a little off center.

Windy not very friendly

Some weeks ago, one member of the Trasher Editorial Board who does not usually have problems with confusing, non-comma-delimited relative clauses or made-up-out-of-nowhere hyphenated adjectives was very disappointed with the treatment he, she, or it got at a Windy's location not far from a small private university in the Southwest United States. He, she, or it forgot to proofread his, her, or its Rice ID when ordering food, then tried like a good J— to get the discount anyway, but those f—al—boys said they couldn't change the number on the f— register after the sale. And if figures had entered it once. So our hero, heroine of subject for a still life painting drove away, leaving the al—bots no choice but to change the number on the register or pay for the g—d—m—n thing and eat it themselves. So there.

All critics of Trasher are errant, mistaken souls

We have heard that there are those who doubt the Trasher is always accurate, always unbiased, and always correct in its criticism of the most offensive in recent memory. We have ridiculed the pizza review, our editorial board once got free pizza from every touch-screen machine in the Southwest United States. He, she, or it was very disappointed with the treatment received. And, like any intelligent person, she doesn't like Houston's humidity. If we hired a stand-in, the lady herself could return to a temperate climate.

I went to two very different events last week at which I faced many difficult challenges: first was day 97 of the Andy Kandor trial, where I listened as Mother Teresa testified as the five hundred and thirteenth character witness. The second was the Campus Forum for Chihuahua demonstration at the RMC Chapel to protest rampant morality. At first glance, these events must appear to have absolutely no connection to minds less erudite than my own, but then, of course, I have not yet shared with you my preschool experiences as an animal molester.

I will never forget the first hamster we took into the sandbox; it made such an indelible impression upon me that twenty-five years later I am still sending anonymous hamster jokes to the backpage and then censoring them. I later progressed to cats and then donkeys, which brings us back to the Kandor trial.

While desperately attempting to charm some of the witnesses into giving me a job, I gradually realized that something just wasn't right. For example, the light in Mother Teresa's eyes seemed somehow directed at the wrong person.

Puzzled and in search of answers, I went to the Chihuahua demonstration. Yet when gently queried by the right-to-deathers, I will never forget the first person we took into the sandbox; it made such an indelible impression upon me that twenty-five years later I am still sending anonymous hamster jokes to the backpage and then censoring them. I later progressed to cats and then donkeys.

Yes, believe me. I'm free that day! I'll take my teeth out and tell you—then you'll believe I'm sincere.

Demonstration and trial similar

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Woman's place still in the kitchen

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Yes, believe me. I'm free that day! I'll take my teeth out and tell you—then you'll believe I'm sincere.
WRC sells souls for biking

by Joel Sandlack

Blasting Wild Rice College for rampant pleasure-seeking, Moral Majority leader Harry Allswell denounced Wild Rice's college symbol as a "devil" and said the whole college has sold their souls for Beer-Bike success.

"That's how the devil works," a fiery-eyed Allswell told the Campus Crusade for Candy in a speech Thursday. "He gets you in your impressionable college years, when you are swilling with wicked drives and passions which make you vulnerable to his tricks."

In his speech, Allswell showed a videotape of an experiment where a twenty-year-old man had to stare at the WRC logo for three hours. The man promptly drove to a record store, raped the girl behind the counter, and stole the entire selection of Ozzy Osborne tapes.

Allswell claimed that before last week's Beer-Bike race, the Wild Rice team members intoned "I will serve you forever, dear Satan" while brandishing the satanic logo on their chests.

WRC President Ronald MacDonald grudgingly called an emergency meeting so the college Diet could examine the logo closely.

"It does look a bit like a Hell's Angels patch," said Secretary Nuncy James.

Beer-Bike captain Turd Wursterhead blamed the men's Beer-Bike loss Saturday on the devil being pissed off because some of the chuggers told Allswell that they had to burn the devil's symbols on their chests.

"Satan guided us through the women's race, but he let us down in the men's," Wursterhead said.

You like living with coeds?
Enjoy your last few weeks

by Horni de la Montague

The Board of Governors voted last week to approve the conversion of the six co-educational colleges to single-sex status. In addition, they halted the co-ed conversion process taking place at Six Riskydudes and Brawn Colleges.

Handsome, Seemers, and Quaker colleges will become women's colleges, and Wild Rice, Oven, and Lice will become single-sex for males.

Students were surprised and outraged at the decision, and some plan to become transvestites in order to stay in their original colleges.

"The new decision is really a tragedy," said ex-Brawn president Caffeine Bull.

Handsome junior Joe Cool said, "I would not hesitate to pretend to be female in order to stay Handsome. In fact, I've started practicing already.

According to President Gosh Erupt, the Board didn't look into the details of conversion, but made the decision in order to reinstate moral standards.

Erupt said the change was in keeping with the new drinking law and the need for increased awareness of proper behavior.

The decision has reversed the work that Brawn and Riskydudes have done towards conversion to co-educational status. Co-ed transfers to the single-sex colleges will automatically lose their memberships, and their college affiliation will return to its original status.

For emergency situations, keep sex number on zipper

continued from page 1

The RPC plans to publicize the program by passing out zipper pulls engraved with the Safe Sex phone number.

"I think it's a really good idea, because the number is handy right when you need it," said Loopola.

Students who call the program will provide their names, physical characteristics, colleges, and years of matriculation. The dispatcher will check the appropriate Newcomer's Guide to verify the information, which will be published weekly in the Trasher to feed the callers' ego.

The Boy Scouts of America will provide insurance for the volunteers running Safe Sex. To receive the insurance, the university will become part of the Explorer Network which helps establish educational and recreational programs.

Several junior high and high schools have already established successful Safe Sex programs.

Ruppsbury County

by Garry Breathless

SO...HOW'S OUR FOOTBALL TEAM DOING?

JERRY WONG FOUR THIS YEAR?

"ALL RIGHT!" GIG 'EM AGGIES!

I CAN'T WAIT FOR MY NEW BODY WRAP TO ARRIVE!

DR. WHOOPPEE HERE! CAN I INTEREST YOU IN...

GIVE ME THE DELUXE MODEL!

HELLO! YES! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

YES! WELL, I DON'T KNOW!

PROFESSORS WHO DON'T DO RESEARCH INCENTIVE MINORS SINGLE SEX COLLEGES ATHLETE SUNDAYS

THE SA SET UP A COMMITTEE NO! DELVES INTO THE TUITION INCREASE
RV split symbolizes cleavage in sensuous Winnebagos

Big Winnebagos
Directed by Anwar Golddig and Yossi Goldstein
Possibly one of the finest in the grand vein of Das Bootie and Las Vegas, Big Winnebagos represents the first American effort to transcend the barriers of sensual commentary, a delightful skill presently gripped tightly by the Europeans.

Starring Lisa Bonet (Cosby Show, Angel Heart) and Ally Sheedy, (Wargames) this funny but disturbingly apt comic-tragic/dramatic cinema tour de force compells us to reach new heights of sensuous awareness by presenting a motion picture of unparalleled yet strong yet fundamental problems of everyday life, which, with the slightest touch of the senses, can attack the most secret of national protectorates of liberty.

The sisters, fed up with the mundane home life they have had to endure for the past sixteen years of life, prostitute their possessions, buy Winnebagos and leave home, each driving from their midwestern sources toward an opposite destination.

This split symbolizes the utter schismatic cleavage that each must make to flee the bonds of daughterness to move outward and challenge the unreality that awaits the fleshy sensor matrices we call skin.

Their journeys take them to Washington and California, symbols of nobility and freedom to carry out their long buried vocational conscience. It takes to hanging out in Los Angeles hotels, concomitantly with the soft yet understated T.V. evangelists that hold a timeless and constant convention of spirituality. A, on the other hand becomes a secretary to the most powerful of Marine colonels, becoming a confidante to the most secret of national. 

The sisters, nakedly thrust the viewer to the sheer yet infinite perceptions of a woman, hard at work bringing her nakedly into the raw brutality of a bureaucratic dynasty that has transcended the levels of unity and psychic fusion.

The opening scenes immediately and powerfully thrust the viewer nakedly into the raw brutality of a woman, hard at work bringing her nakedly into the sheer yet understated limit of sensual enjoyment.

Bonet and Sheedy play the identical twin sisters Tammi and Alexandra, or T and A for short. We can feel the immediate and gratifying use of historical imagery to suggest a time that is not real but instead, the highest metaphor of a singular dimensionality.

You know, I really hate news. It's boring. It's informative. And, worst of all, it's factual. What could be worse than knowing the truth? I mean, do we need to know that CK food stinks? Do we need to know just how many idiots voted for Mr. Oota Gas? I think not.

News section boring and generally sucks

Fine Arts dominates News in traditional journalist mating dance. Editor will ever realize the total utility of news reporting and give fine arts the respect (and pages) it deserves. But just let it be known that any news staffer that comes near me or my pages will have to face the consequences.

—D. Killine

Sunday, April 1, 1987 TRASHER Artsy-Fartsy Bullshit

FA OFFERS REAL STIMULATION

ACROSS
1A The man who loved rodents
2A Short for jurisprudence
3A Nancy Collier's real name
4A Slowest chugger at Beer-Bikes
5A HC Royal's jockstrap
6A Mouth-watering of flesh
7A David Nathan's favorite movie
8A Worried campus play this year
9A French for ballet
10A Rippling muscles
11A Maximush user
12A Ian Neath's girl friend
13A Sid Richardson's nephew
14A Thresher staff's favorite brand of whiskey
15A N1fe's favorite Hummersite
16A Spencer Greene's barber
17A Resisting sexual seduction
18A Totalitarian Central African nation
19A Lovejoy's favorite kitchen appliance
20A Eddie Holt's mouthwash
21A Jones College training wheels
22A Spanish for iso
1A House of Guys sign for 'My waiter makes me want to puke!'
2A Coat of Guys sign for 'My waiter makes me want to puke!'
3A Dodger forespray
4A Jerry Beards' cosmetic
5A Latent homosexual
6A Blaist homosexual

DOWN
1A Campus police officer training
2A Student Association (abbr)
3A Bovine pastime
4A Will Rice women on bikes
5A Osteoporotic symb人士
6A Nuclear submarine
7A Radiation content
8A Beer-Bike groupie
9A Std. Ritters purity test
10A KTRU (abbr)
11A Baker's decal rugger
12A Thresher groupie
13A Unicourt chairman
14A Japanese for sushi
15A Life's a bitch and so is she
16A 3rd date
17A 5th Date
18A Baker's farewell leftovers
19A 3rd Date
20A 5th Date
21A 3rd Date
22A 5th Date

—Scoops, Co-Farts Ed
Neo-post-modern redundancy is a feature of door art

The Contemporary-Neo-Post-Modern-Redundancy movement is exemplified in this repetitious door painting. The same fluorescent pattern is seen over and over. Likened to images of a psychedelic love tractor, this new movement contains underlying symbolism not encountered since fourth-century aboriginal art.

The emergence of Solar Art has characterized the essence of the space age. Simplicity is masterfully accomplished through a relationship of geometric and amorphous forms. In combination with the Neo-Egyptian revival of pyramidal shapes, this work of latex on door is one of the greatest contemporary achievements of our day.

Using contemporary vernacular of the college student, this example of Door Art is the epitome of the Humanistic movement. The use of human forms complemented by dice sayings and bright colors has brought great popularity to the movement. The three dimensional quality of this work and its relation to surrounding light sources separate it from the mainstream of Door Art.

Flintstones moviegoers get whorehouse gift certificates

The Flintstones Movie
Directed by Francis Ford Coppola

I must admit that when I first received the press release for The Flintstones Movie I was a bit skeptical. I was sitting in my plush Rice Trasher office. When my editor came in and offered me the movie to review, I replied, “Look, I just reviewed Rambo 3, Cobra 2, Rocky 5, and The Sylvester Stallone Story, Books 1-12, so why can’t I watch a real movie?” Her reply convinced me. If I didn’t do the movie she’d give it to Harold Bunnymolester.

Thus persuaded, I flipped through the press clippings of the $60 million epic from Francis Ford Coppola. The cast was an impressive collection of famous celebrities with a wide range of talents. Sylvester Stallone, in a change of pace role, played Fred Flintstone. Vanna White, T.V.’s favorite letter girl, starred as Wilma Flintstone. The Flintstone neighbors, Betty and Barney Rubble, were portrayed by Shelley Duvall and Roger Ebert. Also appearing as Dino, the pet dinosaur, was Oprah Winfrey, in a very convincing role. Certain I was going to see a modern masterpiece in the tradition of Xanadu I went to the theater.

The film opens with the modern Stone Age family of Bedrock contemplating a great dilemma. You see, Fred has just been laid off from his job in the rock quarry and he needs money to pay for Wilma’s outfits. Fred, a former mercenary with the T-Rex Corps, decides to rejoin the fighting forces to pay off his debts. He also wishes to wash in some cerebral baths, so he leaves home to go to battle.

A similar problem is taking place in the Rubble household. Barney, a middle-age man, is tired of being the projectionist at the local drive-in theater. He longs for intellectual fulfillment, so he decides to accompany Fred on his bloody assault upon the unsuspecting inhabitants of Vietnamville.

Fred and Barney set off on an exciting adventure in which they travel backwards in time, save the country from Communist aggressors, wander around the outback of Australia, become possessed by demons, help police in California to arrest some criminals, meet some scantily clad babes, and along the way, they manage to share many moments of male bonding.

Stallone had never given such a moving performance since his role in Death Race 2000. One scene in particular sticks out in my mind. Fred, bloody and beaten by enemy torture, raises a bolderooka and screams, “Yabba dabba doo!” before blowing up the bad guys. Ebert, as Barney, gets a thumbs up for his portrayal of Fred’s sidekick.

Reports say that Ebert actually gained fifty pounds to make his appearance look authentic. Such devotion is greatly appreciated.

White and Duvall, despite being parts of the scenery for most of the film, do have one interesting moment when they attempt to recreate a scene from Bob Guccione’s Caligula and then are interrupted by Dino, who joins in the fun. To capture this action properly Coppola filmed the picture with a new cinematic technique—Sense-A-All-Around. This technique allows 200% more screen to be filled. It was necessary to fit all of Winfrey and Ebert completely on the screen during their moments on film.

The script, written by Truman Capote only a few months before his death, had been sitting unknown for years, but was uncovered when the Librerie estate was being investigated. Cannon Pictures quickly scooped up the hot property and thus the greatest epic ever to hit the silver screen was born.

I laughed. I cried. I vomited profusely in the aisle. And when it was all over I knew I had witnessed an important milestone in motion picture history.

—Nathan Davidson

RAISE YOUR HANDS IF YOU’RE SURE

In today’s hectic, overworked, and overstressed America, where men are men and women warm beds, a new man is rising from the social chaos. He is the new male, the confident man. His mere presence instills a sense of peace and security in the hearts of all.

He is the sworn enemy of rednecks, pickup trucks, profanity, and the National Rifle Association. He is secure in the knowledge that he is making the world a better place for his children.

If you would like to fit the mold of this ideal American male, perhaps we can help. For over 75 years, we have served our community and state as the Houston Center for Male Sensitivity. We meet weekly in various fern bars around Houston where we drink fuzzy navels, read Alan Alda’s writings, and discuss various issues important to sensitive men.

If you think that you could benefit in any way from our weekly get-togethers, we encourage you to call our switchboard at 527-4892 for the time and location of our next meeting.

So remember, if you’re sensitive and you’re sure, raise your hands!
Full-contact Beer-Bike to highlight next year's race

by Ruster McElhenny

In the light of the increasing and unavoidable number of accidents that occur every year at the annual Beer-Bike Gala, the Rice Program Council, in conjunction with the consenting university administration, has decided to make the event a full-contact sport. The participants, including the chuggers and pit crew, would be equipped with protective clothing and gear as well as various implements of destruction, and would follow a number of new guidelines concerning team play. The reasoning behind the new full-contact concept, which has taken more than a few fundamentalists aback, is quite simple. For one thing, the new guidelines would eliminate the hassle of assessing controversial penalties; there would just simply not be assessed due to the no-autopity-no-penalty rule. Second, by making the sport full contact, the need for financially-draining security and paramedical aid would become obsolete, as colleges besides "misfortunes" would become one of the most commonplace aspects of the sport, and teams would be expected to expect the unexpected except in exceptionally accident-susceptible exceptions.

Finally, the new deviation of Beer-Bike would provide for a training of much less intensity and duration than does exist now and, at the same time, a much more exciting and electric atmosphere (at least from the fan's standpoint) on race day. The main strategy would not necessarily be to have the strongest or most fit team but instead a well coordinated and imaginative squad. Riding on bicycles in protective gear while swinging bats at opposing bikers would be a more deliberate coordinated and imaginative squad on the road. The dummy rider would be inexcusably injured and would have the option of entering any lane while finishing (thus surprising opposing catchers) or riding around in circles at the start, thus wreaking havoc in general. Chuggers and pushers, catchers, of course, would have the double-bazooka option and would be equipped with radar and pogo sticks.

Many people, from students to Rice President George Erupts, have had feelings on the full-contact issue. Will Rice rider Strength Brubrawler showed initial enthusiasm for the idea. "I think that this'll bring out the real men. It just can't be considered a real sport if you can't use your upper body very much." Female members of Rice were somewhat ambivalent, but some had interesting remarks. Holly Bonecrusher of Lovett, for instance, said, "I think there is a good chance that this Beer-Bike thing could replace roller derby as the next great contact sport for women."

Administrative officials also were not without comment. University Procologist Freddie Dolt said, "It's a good idea, heh, heh. We'll keep those clowns out of trouble in the dorms and provide a successful end for self-punishment, heh, heh." President Erupts had mixed feelings, as he said "Well, I'd be rather concerned about a decline in student population. On the other hand, if we set up wagering booths, perhaps we could net the university a good sum of money..."

All discussion is, of course, speculative. What will actually occur remains to be seen.

Rice Cheesers have a taste for success

by C.D. Player

In a bold move to capture as many conference awards for athletic excellence as possible, the Rice athletic department has officially launched the Rice Cheesemaking Team.

During a surprise appearance at last week's Board of Governors meeting, Athletic Director Jerry Berndt announced the formation of the team and named the tentative head coach, Sven Colby. "I just got pretty damn tired of staying at home whenever any of the playoff seasons came around. I don't care if I have to sit and watch a bunch of fat Wisconsin morons make cheddar; I just want a playoff berth for once," Berndt said of his decision.

Berndt then turned over the microphone to Coach Colby, who told the already stunned board, "Ventlemen, we are going to make some serious money into sports anyway, we might as well get a tangible product out of at least one of the games. And the cheese will make great appetizers for our alumni fundraising gala."

Coach Sven continued to talk to Colby, page 7
“Pincushion” takes ’87 NCAA javelin catching title

by bye, boy bonds

In a startling upset, Rice’s own Eugene “The Pincushion” Walters captured the championships of the NCAA Division I javelin catching contest. Eugene caught an amazing 43 of the 50 javelins thrown to him in the final round, well ahead of the score of 38 of 50 by Bubba “The Human Crapool” Spearchucker of Texas A&M.

“I did it for my school and for my teammates,” said Eugene moments before being wheeled into surgery at Hermann Hospital. “I knew going into the final round that I’d need a score of at least 40, so I just went all out.” Though as you all know no style points are given in amateur javelin catching, Eugene showed that he is a potential first-round pick for the pro leagues due to his amazing flair and imagination in racking up what was nearly a new NCAA record number of catches.

In the first set of 10 throws, the ones that fly only between 20 and 30 yards in the air, Eugene missed only once. He was expecting a long and imagination in racking up what was nearly a new NCAA record number of catches.

During the second set of throws, Eugene was hampered by an Achilles tendon tear caused by his lack of attentiveness. While being given last minutes instructions by his coach, Eugene was facing the wrong direction and the stick hit him in the back of the lower leg, causing Eugene to limp badly for the rest of the competition. Still, “The Pincushion” caught 12 of the 15 middle-distance tosses, with the crowd pleased coming on a beautiful catch that severed his spleen, causing one long-time javelin-catching fan to remark, “That boy’s gonna be a great pro some day. He’s got it all: heart, determination, and a good insurance plan.”

Though hampered by the ruptured spleen and severed Achilles tendon, Eugene caught an amazing 22 of the final 25 throws, the ones that travel over 75 yards in the air. This sets a new NCAA standard for catches in the final set, and prompted Eugene to say, “I was feeling kind of faint out there for the last set, so I don’t really remember what happened. I think that I was trying to catch them in my thigh, since that’s the bestest part of my body, but I don’t...” With that the doctors began administering the anesthesia and started the operation. He is given a 50-50 chance of surviving.

Eugene Walters won the javelin catch as he led the NCAA with an amazing 43 of 50 spears to the chest.

though Eugene won fair-and-square, some coaches still were arguing for a tournament format to decide the national championship, like they do in basketball. “A tournament would add a whole new level of excitement to the sport,” said A&M coach Clovis Combine. Besides, it would require that teams have more depth to win the trophy, ’stead of one little panic taking the whole thing.” When questioned as to whether or not the extended amount of playing time would increase the already startling number of injuries, Combine merely replied, “Ain’t no sissies on my team. Never have been, never will.”

In other sports action the winner of the Rice wet T-shirt contest has been chosen. This year’s winner is

See Wet T-shirts, page 9

Colby appointed to lead Cheesemakers

continue from page 5

into the wee hours of the morning, holding the board of governors spellbound and confused with his atrocious English pronunciation. The board members learned through Sven that cheesemaking is not just an art, it is a demanding, disgusting, and thankless sport. It leaves contestants and fans spellbound and confused with his atrocious English pronunciation. The new coach then made an important point: “Vat da collegiate level, ve have eliminated da veams and veppers, as those vere child’s play.” He added that formal rules and recruitment standards would be set after several meetings with the NCAA review board.

Finally President Rupp addressed the board, saying, “It appears that Rice is finally going to participate in playoff competition. I foresee only good emanating from this new program, since Harvard also has a cheesemaking team and they have tasted success countless times.

Look here

Things we’d like to see in sports:
The Owls’ football team in a bowl game.
The Owls’ basketball team in the SWC Post-Season Classic.
Cheerleaders with large breasts. Autry Court with four real walls.
Women tennis players sans underwear.
Kareem Abdul-Jabbar retiring.
The Astros in the World Series.
Sports Editors who know the scoreboard from their butts. (Hey wait a minute... That’s me.)
The Owls’ volleyball team. Anywhere.
Will Rice coming in last at Beer-Bike.
Lawton coming in last at Beer-Bike.
Wayne Gretsky on injured reserve.
A run-out at the Astrodome. Roger Clemens regaining his amateur status and pitching for Rice.

Winners were judged on taste, texture, and time needed to complete their by-product.

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At BEVO Steak House we think that cows were made to eat, not lead around at football games like some sissy pet. That’s why we hate Bevo, and love to eat him. A nice, juicy half-pound burger is just the thing to fill you up and piss off those folks at UT at the same time. We personally hunt down Bevo and all his little ones after every football season, so we guarantee our meat to be the original Bevo, not an imitation like you might get at discount steak houses. And this week only we also have horse-meat stew, brought to you by the kind folks at SMU, who killed their horse just a few weeks ago, so it’ll still be almost fresh.

“Home of SERIOUS steaks.”

BEVO STEAK HOUSE
Home of the BEVO Burger

LUNCH Monday-Friday from 11:30 a.m.
DINNER Monday-Sunday
**HOW TO GET SUSPENDED... AND STILL MAINTAIN YOUR GPA**

by Tweedle D. and Tweedle D.

Flunking is not a problem for most Rice students. The Pub majors, the sun worshippers, Rice Memorial College members, and the crew that holds down Willy's statue can all give seminars on how to fail out of Rice without really trying. But how many of them can be thrown out on their asses without a scratch on the transcript?

Though not a majority, the students that have accomplished this prestigious end have talent and perseverance. Practice and careful planning for weeks if not years can lead to the kind of success of which legends are made and administrative nightmares are born.

Through a careful interview process, and long hours of independent research and testing, the Trasher has come up with the following guide (Hi how you, too, can have talent and perseverance. Practice that will be lost on all but the most cultured. 'Shit-swallowing, semen-sucking, slime-spitting son of a syphilitic sailor' has definite alliterative appeal.

We like all these, but our all-time favorite has got to be 'Neo-nazi fascist proctologist's gloveless fingerman.' We all know, of course, that none of these clever names actually describe our beloved proctor, and the Trasher does not take any responsibility for those who feel compelled to use them. We do encourage those who do use them to consider more accurate phrases while finishing their academic careers behind the counter at Two Peas.

Siskel and Ebert agree on four stars for this fast-paced, action-packed, Academy award-winning thriller.

**GRADUATION**

Getting suspended at graduation is the ultimate accomplishment, the Citizen Kane, the Gone With the Wind, the Wizard of Oz, the Inevitability, the liability by making and enforcing silly little rules like suspending those who get caught in the steam tunnels.

The Trasher rates this method of suspension with one star, not because it is an easy way out, but because the tunneler must be caught to be disciplined. This method lacks creativity and originality. Although Ebert was waving, Siskel says, 'Thumbs down.'

The classic geziicher is a gigantic singlet constructed from surgical tubing which is available at any supply store in the Medical Center across the street, and, as rumor has it, the chemistry storeroom.

This seemingly harmless toy is capable of hurling a golf ball from the sixth floor of Sid Rich to the stadium parking lot. Other favorite ammunition includes, but is not limited to: yogurt, rotten tomatoes, eggs, water balloons, paint balloons, doughnuts, frozen oranges and grapefruit, and lab mice freeze-dried in liquid nitrogen, the latter particularly chosen for its day-after effects.

Favorite targets include: Hanszen, Will Rice, Lovett, Sid, Baker, Wiess, open windows, closed windows, administrators, campus police, Domino's delivery men, sunbathers, trees, pigeons, squirrels, movement, and non-movement.

The geziicher made its last public appearance on the new dorm balcony at Will Rice in the hands of a pair of Hanszenites who launched a frozen grapefruit through a large plate glass window at Sid. The administration, not pleased with the glass shards which were embedded at the end of both hallways, cracked down on the malcontents.

The gezilcher is a definite two star baby. The guilty party only has to be caught with a gezilcher in his or her possession to earn a blind date with Proctor Holt. Creativity is limited to target, timing, and projectile, although the administration is quick to lump canons and similar devices at the same danger level as gezilchers.

**TUNNELING**

At one time the underground steam tunnels which connect campus buildings to physical plant were all but open territory. Today, because the casual observer cannot miss the screwed directions and warnings scattered through the passages. More subtle, however, are the empty champagne bottles, the missing and marked locks to various campus landmarks, and the scratches between pipes from bicycle traffic.

There are many people on campus who can still navigate from one side of campus to the other through the tunnels, but there are few who continue to feel at home among the pipes and rats.

The decrease in tunnel activities is not an accident. The university feels the pressure to limit its susceptibility to...