I GO TO RICE

Some many years ago my theatre group, Rice Players, was rehearsing a play in which the actor playing the central character needed to have a different nose. One of our Rice students had spent some time researching how to do that. So, one night after rehearsal he, the actor in question, and several friends gathered in one of the dressing rooms to make the "prosthesis." I went home to bed.

When I came to rehearsal the next evening I looked at the lead actor--he was missing his mustache, his side-burns, his eyebrows. I exclaimed, "What in the world happened to you?"

This is the story of what happened:

Everything had been made ready to make the prosthesis--plaster of paris to make the negative mask of Rod's face, the straws to insert in his nostrils so he could breath while the mask hardened, etc. Except, the instructions called for Vaseline to coat facial hair. They had forgotten to bring Vaseline. However, since there was a plentiful supply of cold cream for the removal of makeup they decided that it would work as well.

Wrong. When the time came to remove the plaster of paris mask it would not budge. The students attempting this task panicked. They could not remove the mask and the plaster encased student was becoming majorly anxious.

So they took him to the emergency room at Methodist Hospital across the street from the campus. About 2:00 am now.

Unable to remove the plaster mask themselves the emergency room personnel wound up calling in a reconstructive surgeon who had the expertise and special tools to cut away the mask.

In the meantime hospital staff were dropping by in droves and collapsing in hysterical laughter as they viewed the poor actor sitting on a medical gurney.

He was sitting there with a slab of plaster of paris covering his face while wearing a T shirt with the message, "I go to Rice I must be smart."

Copyright © 2020, Sandy Havens, All Rights Reserved.