

ON SERENADES

Voices Rend the Air

BY BOB FUNK
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It was two o'clock in the morning and she was lying somewhat northeast of center on the Lambda Pu sorority sleeping porch. She was a thing of beauty, duplicated on every side by the sleeping forms of her sorority sisters. Her luxuriant hair, unencumbered by pins or other machinery streamed luxuriantly over her pillow. Her slender figure was swathed in a frothy negligee (we got this part out of a book). By the pale light of the moon you could see the breath curling delicately from her nostrils.

From somewhere down the street came the sound of a coarse laugh and the drop of a beer can. Almost instantly the form of the Saturday Night Sophomore Serenade Apprehending Committee chairman, which had been motionless besides the window, tensed; and with this tensing, fourteen beautiful sophomore committee members sprang from their beds with hoarse cries.

"Serenade! Serenade!" the voice of the committee chairman wailed, siren-like. Another member was poking sleeping Lambda Pu's in vulnerable places with a hairpin.

The Thing of Beauty cleverly put her pillow over her face and her luxuriant hair and attempted to sink into her mattress. This worked for approximately

three minutes, after which time the pillow was snatched up, a flashlight pushed near her face, and a mellow voice broke the night with "All right ladies, everybody wants to show their House Spirit, doesn't Everybody."

They stood, imbued with House Spirit, at the windows, and they were lovely to behold. The committee chairman was peering nearsightedly down onto the lawn. The Committee for Rendering a Beautiful Song of Reply was neighing nervously off to the side.

Down on the lawn one member of the Triple Greek-letter-we-h-a-v-e-forgotten-fraternity leaned against his brother in the bond, who leaned against still a third, who found a resting place against a tree. They numbed for a time, could not agree upon a song, and left. There was a general feeling on the sleeping porch that this had possibly been an Unregistered Serenade, and everyone went back to bed. The committee chairman was severely disappointed.

It was two-thirty o'clock the same morning when the committee chairman again raised the hue and cry, and the Sisterhood again gathered expectantly at the windows. Below on the lawn five hundred members of the Phi Phi fraternity were gathered into five parts. Members holding torches formed an Omega in the center, a line of men in front were holding roman candles. The

members refreshed themselves with last gulps of Coco Cola, and then began roughly as follows:

"Take, O take those lips away;
Should I not live another day
I should expire surfeited, replete,

With love of you, who are so neat;

With love of you, who are so fair,

For whom you know I really care;

With love of you who would not go

With any other blackguard, schmo

But me (but I) of frat Phi Phi.

In summary, even should I die
You'd still possess my Phi Phi pin

Which, on this campus, means
You're In."

The song of reply was all about the beautiful, gorgeous, and redundantly charming members of Lambda Pu being the people everyone wanted to pin, even the cross-eyed ones, and so this serenade was no surprise.

The girl being serenaded was receiving her eighth serenade in as many weeks, and was hoping to break the existing record and receive the Serenade Cup on Founders' Day. On the sixth serenade a small group of disgruntled sisters had attempted to thrust her bodily from the sleeping porch onto the blazing torches of the serenading fraternity. This plan had been frustrated from fruition only by the fact that the lady in question had lodged on a first floor awning.

Since then she had kept herself chained to the house president on the rather naive suggestion that no one would throw the house president out the window too.

As the Song of Reply ended there was an ecstatic breathing on all sides, and the Most Serenaded cut another notch on her bedpost.

"Beautiful," the committee chairman sighed.

Down on the street a beer can clinked. The committee chairman tensed expectantly. And by the dim, romantic illumination of the moon, a member of the senior class of Lambda Pu sorority, Alpha of Oregon, shot herself with a small revolver.

to the Mardi Gras," said the tired one, "but I just couldn't drag myself away."

"I'm so disgustingly bored," said a second one, listlessly stirring her Coke with a straw, "why don't they serve cocktails in this place anyway?"

"Ah, cocktails," sighed the tired one.

"Cocktails," the other two agreed looking coldly down into their Cokes.

"Here comes someone we know," said the leader. "Look at her but don't speak." They all looked directly through the acquaintance. The acquaintance, being up on such etiquette, looked directly through them. It was all extremely sophisticated.

"She's such a grind," said one of the sophisticated ones.

"I heard she actually likes it here," said another. They all sneered slightly in the direction of the acquaintance.

"Remind me to cut her dead, not that I won't," said the tired one. "Really, I would speak to more people, but it's so strenuous."

Noticing that their cigarettes were not too far along, they all puffed feverishly, put them out, and casually lit new ones. The tired one, having grown bored with her Coke, quietly slushed it onto the floor. "I wish one of these peasants would come and mop this up," she said.

"Yes," said one of her compatriots, "it's such a beastly place."

"So boring," said another. "So unsophisticated," said the fourth.

They all inhaled a great deal of cigarette smoke and exhaled it through their noses, choking only slightly. They were all so very tired,

ON INTELLECTUALS

Gertrude, Woman Compete for HIM

BY BOB FUNK
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They were sitting at the Student Union, looking at each other. It was nice there, she supposed, but crowded. She kept answering questions asked in the conversation next to her. The juke box started, making conversation impossible; she followed the song for awhile, but it was all about somebody loving somebody else who was no good, same old story, and she lost interest.

He was a member of the avant garde. He had become a member so he wouldn't have to take baths anymore, or something. They had met in a literature class. She had turned around, and there he was, breathing on her. She hadn't ever had a chance to introduce herself, since he was always expanding on his relationship to art, which was complex and as far as she could gather, almost non-existent.

He was a singer. Some day he was going to be great. He was working up a new kind of music without rhythm or harmony or any of those restrictive things, and he was going to sing in Carnegie Hall some time if the rats hadn't gotten it first. His actual vocal range was two rather plebian notes, anything above or below them was accomplished by pure gall.

Gertrude came ploughing across the room toward them. Gertrude was the big competition for the heart of the bathless member of the avant garde. Gertrude was avant garde, too; maybe not enough, though.

Gertrude sat down tragically. She was carrying a book entitled "How To Write Good."

"What do you think of Schopenhauer?" Gertrude asked. Gertrude was a genius at small talk.

"I think he's Nietzsche," said the singer, looking around with an aren't-I-the-one smile, which was unbecoming as well as ungrammatical.

"Schopenhauer has changed my whole life," Gertrude stated gravely. "Yesterday he was just another name; today—today I'm a new woman."

She looked at Gertrude rather carefully. The new woman was well concealed. Gertrude was possessed of a grooming all her own. Her hair was a startling example of indecision. The part in front had once started out to be bangs but was now just hanging there; the middle part had not yet recovered from having been in contact with the pillow all night, and the back part had obviously given up long ago at any attempt to be anything but a lot of hair.

"You're looking very nice today, Gertrude," she said politely, hoping that Gertrude would forget about Schnopenhauer.

Gertrude, who evidently hadn't looked at herself in the mirror, acknowledged the compliment and then started to work on the singer.

"Have you sung anything lately?" she whispered intellectually, leaning close to him.

"He's got a cold," the other lady put in, attempting to push Gertrude back off the table.

"Ah, you don't know anything," the singer said. "I haven't been singing because nobody's written nothing worth singing." Needless to say, she thought not very many compositions of any noticeable length had been written for a range of two notes.

"If Schopenhauer had only written music," Gertrude began.

"He still ought to go to the infirmary."

Gertrude and the singer cringed at the word. It was so material.

"Unartistic," mumbled the singer. "She don't know nothing."

The juke box started again, and they all three sat there, looking at each other. Somehow she was going to have to become a member of the avant garde. Maybe Gertrude would help her with her hair. Maybe she could stop pressing her clothes, or give up baths. It would take a while.

The juke box was singing some song about a man that some foolish woman had loved and who had subsequently run away for some reason (possibly her singing voice) and left her in a very depressed mood. Same old story. It was a long way, she felt wearily, from here to Schopenhauer.

ON SOPHISTICATION

Four Sophisticates Congregate in SU

BY BOB FUNK
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They were sitting, four of them, around a table in the soda bar. Each had her left elbow on the table. Each was dangling a cigarette between the first and second fingers of her left hand. It was, they all knew, the ultimate in sophistication.

"I'm so awfully tired," sighed one, delicately filtering some smoke through her nostrils. "So beastly tired." The other three muses looked at her sympathetically through half-closed eyelids.

"Wretched," said one. "Wretched," the other two agreed.

They were all drinking small cokes. It was not sophisticated to drink large Cokes. Someone might get the idea that you actually liked Cokes. You were not supposed to actually like anything.

"I was going to New Orleans



BOB FUNK

ON SOCIAL REGRESSION

Fraternity Still Safe

BY BOB FUNK
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It was evening in the fraternity house, and there was an oppressive sense of intolerance in the air. Members of the censorship committee were meeting in the dining room, blacking out intellectual articles in the newspapers. Several members, reeking of alcohol, lay passed out on the floor.

A claxon sounded, and there was a clatter of uncut toenails on the floor. The bondsmen, wearing identical cashmere sweaters, uniform haircuts, and low foreheads, ran in a muttering pack into the chapter room.

The chapter room was simply decorated. There was a banner declaring "WHITE IS MIGHT—WHITE IS RIGHT" dominating one wall. On the opposite wall was an array of whips and old Ku Klux Klan uniforms. The members sat down on various assorted beer kegs.

"The meetin ull now come ta order," snarled the Grand Drag-

on. The Grand Dragon announced the agenda. It was as follows:

1. Report of the committee for corruption of public morals.
2. Report of the committee on the 1953 Christmas Project—Racial Discrimination for the children of Eugene.
3. Hallowe'en vandalism committee report.
4. Report on the committee for rephrasing the ritual in obscene language.
5. Proposals for pledging.

As usual, committee chairmen for most of the committees were either too intoxicated to report, or were doing time. The meeting grated discordantly on until it was time for the fifth item on the agenda.

"There's this real nugget," slobbered the Grand Dragon, "and he don't eat much, so maybe we oughta nail a pledge pin on 'im."

The standards chairman arose. "Whut color is he?"

"Sort of dirty tan," replied the Grand Dragon.

"A NON-CAUCASIAN?" asked the standards chairman incredulously.

"Naw," sneered the Grand Dragon, "he just doesn't wash."

Everyone snarled with relief, and the proposed pledge was promptly voted in.

"An now," the Grand Dragon said, almost in a normal speaking voice, "we'll sing the Closing Song." The bondsmen stood, and peering at each other malignantly through the thick smoke, they shrieked—

"Dear old frat club, we hereby pledge

To never leave this narrow ledge

Of intellectual degradation

To which we cling in fond stagnation.

To never read a classic book;

To never ever bear or brook

The slightest racial deviation

From pure Caucasian pigmentation;

To never know no English Lit.,

Or when infinitives are split."

As this ended, there was a tear (maybe from the smoke) in every eye. The members file out, gulp for fresh air. Social regression was safe for another day.