

~~ARTS STUDIES~~

by Leo Lar

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# ScoLar

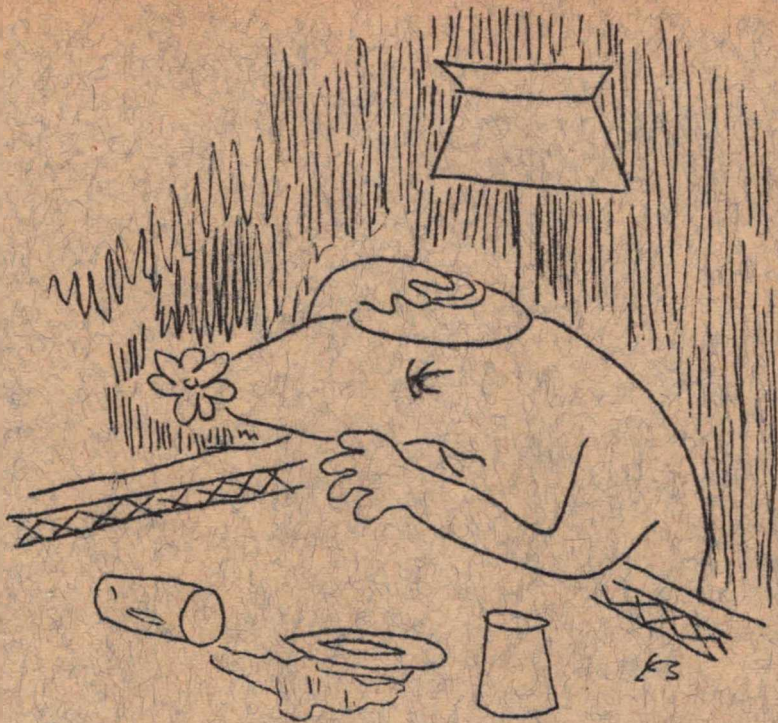
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The ScoLar is an independent and outrageous magazine, published as often as possible by Impeccable Press, Eugene, Oregon. Editorial offices are located at 2436 1/2 Portland St. and 853 1/2 E. 13th, Eugene. You have in your hand a copy of issue #2, proof that the London Times may come and go, but the ScoLar is always with us. It is, as in the past, reproduced on a hand-operated A.B. Dick mimeograph, using Speed-o-Print stencils and ink. The cover is by Rex Rotary out of Schrader (see above). Price of the magazine is 25¢ per copy. Subscription rates: four issues for one dollar. Copyright 1960 by Impeccable Press.





Well, by George, here we are. A new term, and along with it a new issue of the ScoLar. This is the "Ha! Fooled you!" issue for everyone that thought it might be a one-shot publication, and the "To Hell with you" issue for those who hoped it would be. It is also the "Disillusioned" issue for us editors, looking forward as we were to an overwhelming response, contribution-wise, from our reading public. The funny thing is that a number of people told us, "It'll never happen," but we didn't believe them. Apparently they were right: those that have something worth saying are sharp enough to realize the futility of saying it to the crowd of wide-eyed Neumanesque clots that currently defile our fair campus with their presence. But never let it be said that your two editors have taken that sort of defeatistic attitude. Not at all. By dint of our unceasing efforts in soliciting, scouting, and writing, we have managed to collect enough material for a magazine in spite of an apathetic readership.

You should not, by the way, get the idea that the ScoLar is necessarily a quarterly publication. It has been and is our intention to publish as often as we have enough stuff to fill an issue, whether it be once a week or once a month, but at least once every term. This leaves the question of "how often?" up to the Great Inarticulate out there. The problem now is to wake them aware of this Weighty Responsibility, and to get them to do something about it. Dammitall, the ScoLar exists for the primary purpose of providing a publication through which local (preferably student) writers may voice their opinions, whatever they may be, it is a trifle maddening to see it go along without anyone taking advantage of it. 'Twould appear that everyone has lost the old spirit of rebellion; that they'd rather read someone else's opinions than form their own. Certainly the trend of society is toward spectator activitie with the mild, sedentary satisfactions derivable from them, rather than toward active personal expression. But you would think that in a potential hotbed of intellectualism, such as a Liberal Arts university, the reverse would be the case. This business of begging people to submit



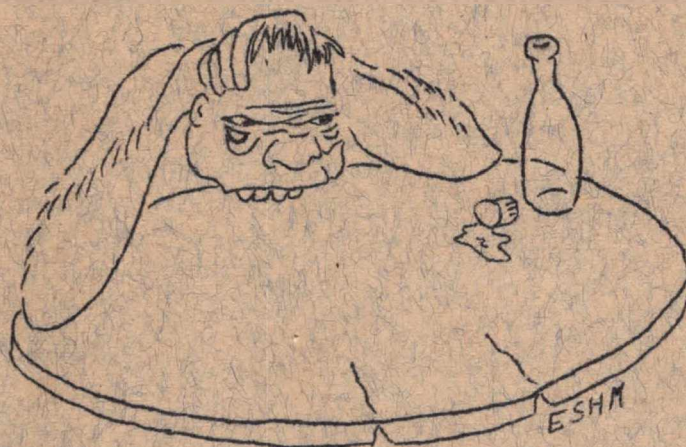
material to us for publication is getting to be a drag, to say the least so here is our final remark on the subject: if you have anything that you consider worth publishing, be it story, article, poem, cartoon, or whatever, bundle it up and send it off to either of the addresses on page 1. If we think it's worth publishing, we'll run it. If you want the manuscript or original back, kindly enclose stamped envelope. Easy, ain't it?

#### CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE

include Walt Bradley, the hawk-eyed Thin Man of the campus, whose poem constitutes our only free-will contribution; John Quagliano, editor and publisher of Quagmire, who is currently working as a member of our Uniformed Representatives in Europe (poor fella). John originally submitted his story for inclusion in BRILLIG (another Impeccable Publication, since defunct), and we can well imagine how happy he will be to find that it has not been lost or rejected. Lucius Daniel hails from Miami, Florida. Now you know as much about him as we do.

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"Whassat? You mean that  
Rocky really isn't going  
to run?"



(Grue)

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#### H-BOMB

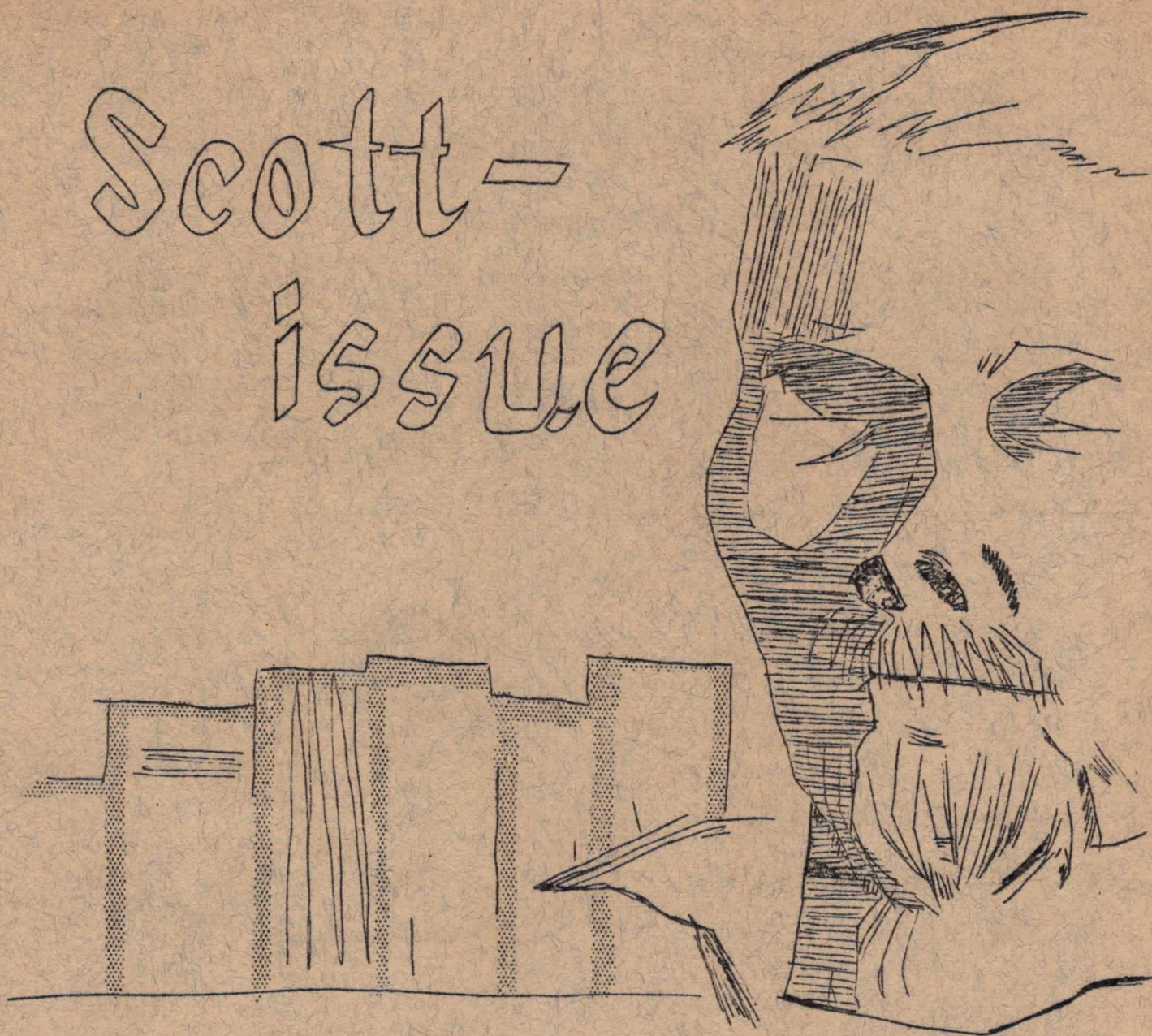
1 part Bourbon	1 part Applejack
1 part Scotch	1 part Brandy
1 part Gin	1 part Creme de Menthe
4 dashes Pernod	4 drops Angostura
2 dashes Raspberry Syrup	2 dashes Curaçao
1 dash Yellow Chartreuse	1 dash Devil Water

Shake ingredients violently in a large shaker, add glass Goldwasser, glass cherry brandy, and fill with Champagne. Stir, add cherry, and pour down kitchen drain.

- Ted Shane



# Scott- issue



A few weeks hence, finding myself with four bits in my pocket that I didn't owe to anybody, I went and squandered it for a copy of Playboy, which up until a year or so ago was my favorite magazine. Back in the back of it, mingled with the ads for flyless denims and Heathkits, I was smitten in the eye-socket by the following, complete with photo-cuts of the vile products mentioned:

## THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY!

Celebrate Friday's festivities by quaffing your favorite brew from this full-pint TGIF-BOTTOMS UP! Mug. \$3.50 plus 50¢ for mailing & handling...

Proper attire for weekend revelry is the Official TGIF sweatshirt, of heavy knit cotton with cotton fleece lining... Send check or money order to:

TGIF ENTERPRISES  
Kansas City, Kansas



It seems to me that this is carrying crass commercialism just a shade too far. Of all the institutions common to university life, one of the dearest to my heart is TGIF. This little slogan completely symbolizes the universal feeling of relief that comes with the end of the school week. It has provided a common meeting ground for everyone, student and professor alike, who is connected with the academic world, and one of the great things about it has been its spontaneity, its freedom from the phoniness and creeping meatballism that has become a part of the American Way of Life. But no longer. Now the hucksters are sneaking up and violating even this. I have put up with such morsels of execrable taste as "Now! ...Show All Your Friends You, Too, Have Lived Dangerously!" YOUR NAME ON A GENUINE BULLFIGHT POSTER, (sandwiched between Manolete and Antonio Bienvenida), with the idea in mind that the dispensers of such muck probably aren't aware of the sacrilege they're committing. But as far as the desecration of TGIF goes, you can bet your navel that the bastards know exactly what they are doing; they've thought it all out beforehand. Find a popular symbol (any symbol at all; Kilroy, Charlie Brown, Davy Crockett, Grandma, TGIF, it doesn't matter), then plaster it all over a cotton sweatshirt or a pottery mug or a can of epsom salts and the clots will stand in line to buy it. Pity that so many college students are included here.

-%-

A chronic worry for most people who would write witty things is the gnawing little idea that perhaps, despite publication, no one has really read and appreciated what you have written. Sometime during the last week or two of Fall term there appeared in the classified section of the Emerald a notice which went something like this:

WANTED: A large crowbar with which to squeeze another ad into the Emerald.

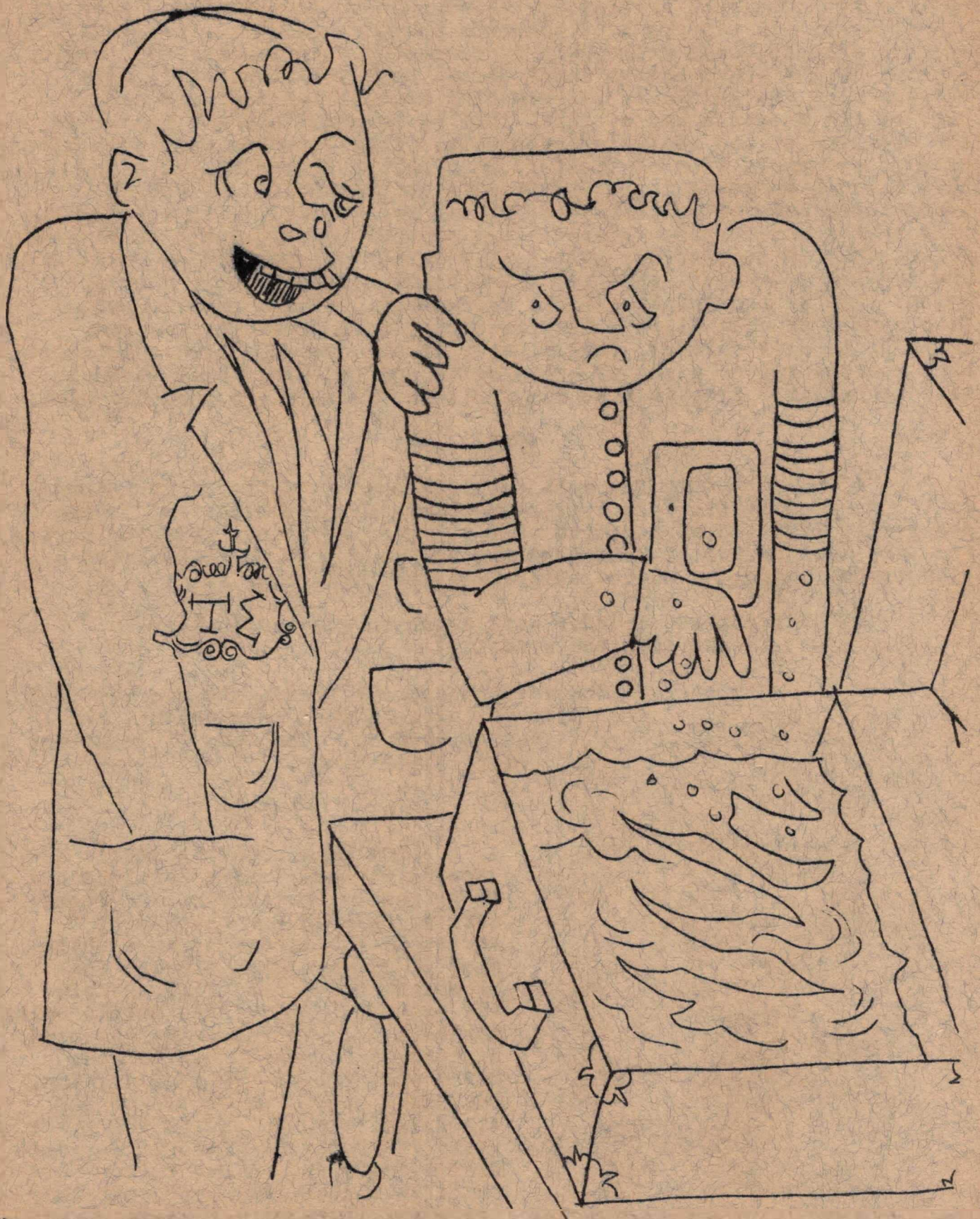
Whoever you are out there, you can put your mind at ease. I read your notice, and I appreciated it. You have at least one ally, right chere.

-%-



Out of a somewhat hectic New Year's weekend I have retained one clear memory: sitting on the floor with my head in one speaker of a stereo hi-fi, listening to a chick name of Barbara Dane singing the blues and going out of my head in the process. Any of you Bessie Smith lovers will, after hearing one band of this gal's, clasp her to your bosom and never never stop digging. She has a couple of albums on DOT label, but somehow or other I can't quite remember the titles. Do yourself a favor and go buy them. I don't know what they cost, but they're worth it, whatever it is.

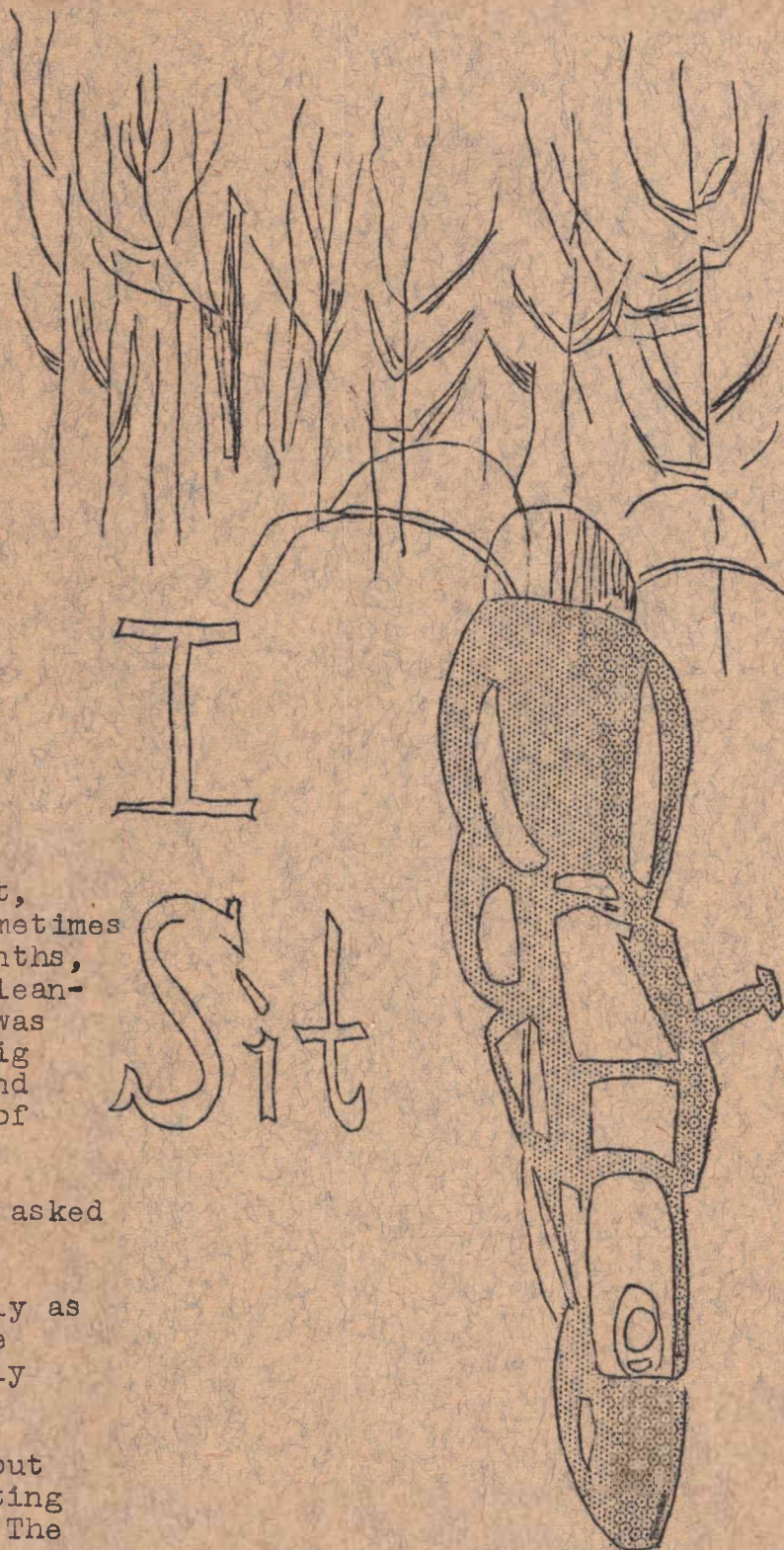




"Nice try, Crusher, but that ain't what we mean by 'a case of beer'."



From  
Where



I  
Sit

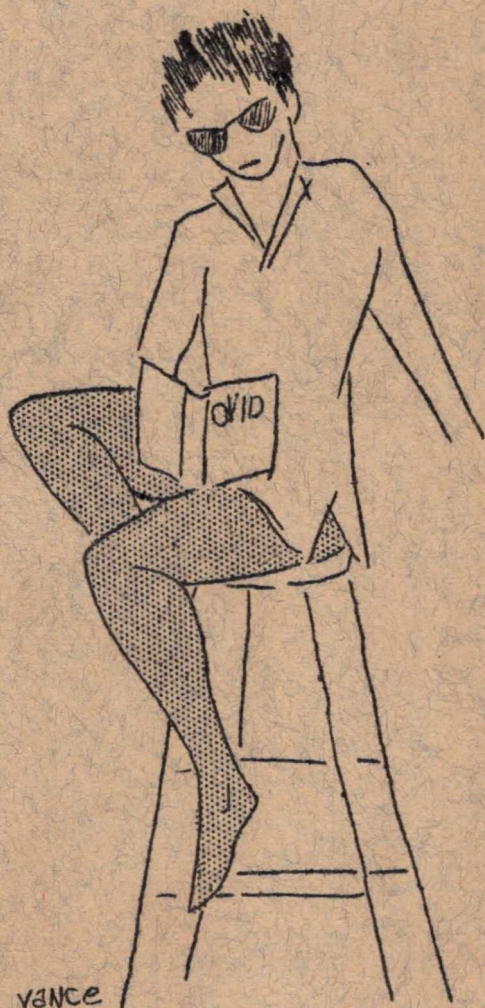
I was walking down the street, enjoying the fine weather sometimes found during these winter months, when I ran into a gentleman leaning against a lamp post. He was wearing blue tights with a big red "S" on his shirt front and sporting an attractive pair of red boots.

"Are...are...you Superman, I asked as I ran up to him.

"No," he replied rather curtly as he turned and walked down the street for a block or two only to fly off into the air.

I felt rather disappointed but continued on my way, not wanting to waste the fine afternoon. The sun was casting some unusual shadows along the buildings and in such a position as to make all the alleys almost totally dark. Coming up to one alley I discovered a man clad in a trench coat with the lapels turned up and his wide brimmed hat turned down over his face. A brilliant ring on his hand flashed in the darkness as he took off his glove to admire it.





"The weed of crime bears bitter fruit," he chuckled."

Tiptoeing softly over to him in that dark alley I said, "You're the Shadow aren't you?"

"No, as a matter of fact," he chortled. "I'm Martin Kane and my friends up there climbing that building are Batman and Robin."

Sure enough, two shadowy figures were scaling the wall to which he was pointing, the ring on his finger sparkling in the half light. Suddenly, or with some rapidity at any rate, a figure came up to Mr. Kane or whoever he was and whispered something in his ear, turned and sped away, only to be followed by six or seven other assorted characters in various disguises.

"I'm sorry, but my operatives say I must leave here very soon. The weed of crime bears bitter fruit you know."

"Yes, but, I wanted to ask you about that man in the blue tights I just met."

"Oh him. That's Superman. He just gave it to himself in the head a short while back. You'll have to excuse his curtness. He hasn't been feeling up to much of anything lately."

"What do you mean?"

"Ka Pow! That's what I mean. He shot himself."

"But...I thought Superman was Invincible."

"Not any more I'm afraid. These days, everybody who used to be invincible is dying off and disappearing. Well, I must go now or I'll find myself gone like the rest."



With that he ran down the alley, changing disguises as he went until he turned into a little old lady selling apples. I looked away for a moment and when I looked back he had disappeared. I continued on my way feeling a little sad somehow.

\* \* \* \*

About the time it was beginning to grow dusk I passed a cemetery filled with ghostly shapes, mist, and rotting graves. A small negro boy was hiding behind a mail box across the street moaning softly and crying, "Oh boss, oh boss," but I didn't pay him any mind. At the moment I wasn't interested in other people's troubles. Towards the edge of the graveyard I saw one of the graves exude a thick vapor, and suddenly I noticed a figure leaning against a tree. He brushed a piece of earth from his suit and adjusted the mask over his eyes as I looked at him through the fence surrounding the graves.

"Hey," I said softly. "You're the Spirit aren't you?"

"So to speak," he replied. "I'm more the spirit of Will Eisner who has been doing Preventative Maintenance manuals for the Army for quite a spell. I hadn't realized, but it's been a long time since I've come up from the grave to fight against evils that plague our fair city. As soon as my loyal side kick comes out from behind that mail box I'll soon be leaving to help my good friend, Commisioner Gordon or whatever his name was. My memory was never too good, perhaps from all the blows on the head, and now it's becoming worse if anything."

"Perhaps you can help me," I pleaded, looking around with some alarm because it was getting rather dark, and I could faintly see dark silhouettes here and there holding menacing bludgeons. "I met a fellow this afternoon who had a wide brimmed hat pulled down over his face and a trench coat, and he kept telling me, 'The weed of crime bears bitter fruit.'"

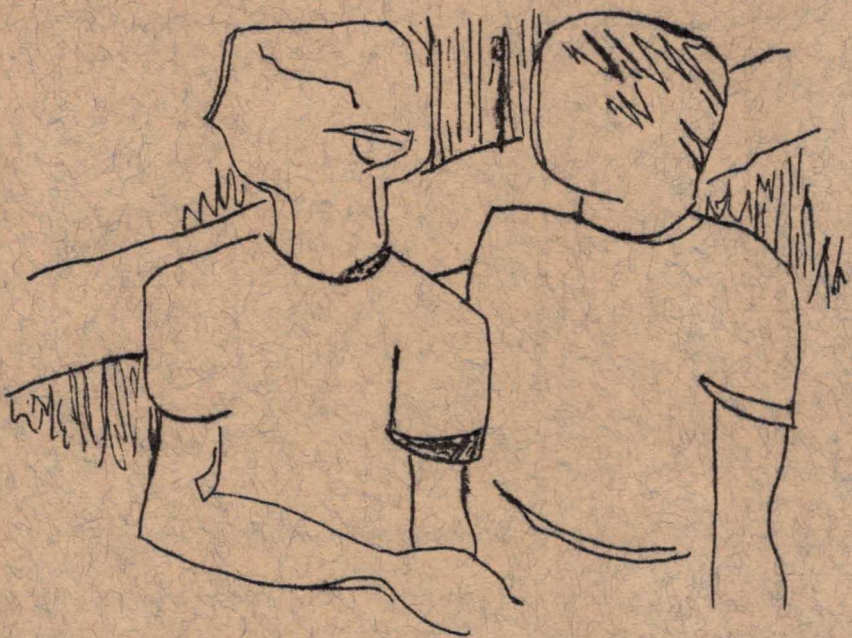
"Um, oh yeah." That was the Shadow. He was an old buddy of mine but he isn't doing too well now. He was never the same after changing from gazing raptly at his luminous ring to the practice of clouding men's minds. Personally, I liked him better when he was speeding around Washington D.C. saving the Government."

"But, what about all these people I've been running into today? What's all happened to them?"

"Well, for some strange reason they've all faded from sight and hang around only because they've been remembered by somebody who has nothing better to do. After the last person forsakes this aarticular continuum for the world of Harriet's Happy Little Family we'll all be gone. But right now, I have an obligation to fight the forces of evil just like the rest of the people you've met. See you in the comic books."

With that he sped through the cemetery and I could see him growing smaller in the distance as his faithful attache followed him, scuttling along by his side.





## THE ZOO POPSICK

### I DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD WORK IN THE POPPSICLES DEPARTMENT:

"We can now define a "beat" character as a pseudo-existentialist with hillbilly propensities who took a year of college with a ninth grade mentality and rages at the promptings of a tenor sax without knowing why." W.B. Webber

Dean and me were pedaling our tricycles at our usual high speed past Granarcy's Delicatessen which is in the middle of the block. The day was an applewhiteafternoon, like vanilla icecream that melted in the dish, and me and Dean were rolling along the sidewalk, passing the verdant trees, and closetight houses, and Grabnowitz's Hardware Store flashed by us like a panning camera shot on TV. Boy! How Dean could peddle that tricycle.

Dean made the scene in our neighborhood years ago and I fell by his pad everyday because Mrs. Moriarski would give us milk with a little extra swinging kick, a drop of chocolate goody on the bottom. But this was back in days of yore, like 1952, a crazy number when we all knew Time. Today we had pedaled all the way from the dirtbrown universe of the Standard Station on the corner.

"Hey Dean. Dean? Where we gonna stop, huh Dean?" I asked.

"Oh yeath, I mean yes and yass. We are in transit to dig a frail by name of Lucy who habitates at the end of this crazy block. Like keep up my charioteering pace."

"Yes Dean." Dean was always right. He always had a crazy mad place to go. He was really a mystic. Always having ideas like that... like ...that. Dean had a girl friend at the other end of the block that we were going to dig. I mean like we were really going to dig.

# JOHN QUAGLIANO



I mean like we were really going to dig. Dean had stolen a shovel and we were going to converse her into extricating some dirt and then we were going to bury her up to her neck and make off with her lollipop.

"Dean," I said exhaustedly, "You're going too fast!"

"Yass, I know. But it is all the better to dig everything with like."

He was mad like that. Dean was always pedaling too fast drinking too much lemonade or staying up to watch the late show on TV. He was so beat.

At last the long black satiny ribbon of the street at the other end of the block was visible. I dug it. I also dug Lucy who was sitting on the curb with her lollipop. I could tell it was a cherry, my favorite kind, as we roared into the scene.

"Stand back, boy. I am going to make with that lollipop, like off. However notice how this is accomplished without benefit of the shovel. Oh Lucy to whom I speak, do you wish to have some yabyum halavah?" he asked, hiding his clenched fist in the folds of his ripped T-shirt. In a few minutes Dean emerged from the alley holding a beautiful bright red lollipop. He was running with Lucy shouting a few feet behind him.

"Hurry up. Hurry up, Sal. I have obtained it." and he hopped on the seat and we both pedalled like mad leaving Lucy bawling, I mean crying, behind us. "She sure is a crazy kid," Dean said, "but God's gift to lollipops strikes again."

And we were on the sidewalk again. Oh sad crazy neighborhood. Dean even gave me a lick of Lucy's lollipop and we rode on. The lick seemed to raise me to the top of the world ... almost as high as Croznowski's chimney. But life is life. We are but tricycle pedalers in it. God is good.

"Where are we going now Dean, huh Dean?"

"Oh wait and stop. Like stop and let me dig that marble hole" as he pointed to a marble hole someone had dug in McCarthy's front yard. "Observe how the heel of some cat has carefully excavated that receptacle forwith the circular glass orbs. Cast your Oedipus eyeballs upon that field of honor, that scene of a million marble clackings."

How glorious! Dean was always like that. He saw things with a vision we did not have. I had ridden with him from one end of the block to the other for many trips. The first time I met him, he was riding a Schwinn Champion but he had burned that up in '53. He was nearly as good as his father who everybody said was the hottest peddler in town.

I lay on the verdant lawn and listened to Dean. "Oh boy do I hate cops. Yeath, I mean yes, Sal, they are all Walt Disnicks."



That is what they are. Walt Disniks."

"Sure, Dean. Yes, yes. That's what they are." Boy, how did he do it. He was always coming up with things like that... like ... he must be a poet or maybe a saint or like that. But I could see a gleamglint in his eyeball as it perceived Mary Jane bouncing her new red ball on the sidewalk of the next house while her friend held her lollipop. At first I thought it was verdant but it was cherry red like the last one and as we sped through the applewhiteafternoon, I swooped down like the Apoplectic Horseman of Grantland Rice fame, and grabbed the lollipop. But I didn't want the lollipop. I felt nothing. I was so mad. We were all mad. I was especially mad because there was dirt on one side of the lollipop and that's why they weren't licking it. But it was mad, and crazy, and beat and all sorts of other In words.

Later we parked our tricycles outside and made the scene in Gramarcy's. I bought caramel pinwheels and jawteasers that had a real kick in them. Meanwhile Dean was casually slipping a Classic Comic under his T-shirt so he could quote it when we had one of our sessions. He was so beat and great and neat in the sad Oh sad ne'gh-berhood. Oh. But it was back to Lucy's house at the other end of the block.

"Leave us meditate and cogitate, if we will, upon the great session we are about to hit," Dean said as we pedaled "There will be Harvey Lewis and Lucy Lump and Captain Kangaroo Nelson and Mary Ann and Buffalo Joe Padolick and Harry Warner and Greta Ginsburg, and all of us making and doing and maybe even Being!"

"Oh yes, yes and Yass Yass. And Yass. There will be swinging and blowing and mad mad music and liquid livers for lovers," I replied. I was weary but Dean Moriarski could not be stopped and we pedalled through the applewhiteafternoon passing the grand and glorious Grabnowitz's Hardware which was having a special on Nothing or so Dean said.

Lucy's backyard was really swinging. She had forgiven Dean for not giving her any yabyum halavah. Lucy wore her mother's high heels that emphasized the long flowing line of her trim shin-barked legs. Lemonade with all the sugar you could pour into it sent everybody digging the stars, or rather, Flanerty's roof because it was day and that was all that was in the air.

"Yes yes yes Oh more sugar Oh moer Lucy my ver-ry best friend. You catch my meaning which is contained within this sentence and not entirely clear to all. I speak sometime in parrot-balls, by by their fruits, you shall dig them...like. Are you hip, Lucy dear?"

She did not answer but swung her voluptuous hips in wild mad rhythm with the wild mad music of her wind-up Victrola. "London Bridge is falling down, falling down," and like that. Oh craziness. Mad Mad. "Swinging" her sultry voice chanted.



"Yass Yass" said Dean in the corner, making his way to the Victrola. "More lemonade with more sugar, lotsa sugar and bring yourself over here, Lu-cee baa-bee." Then Dean began to recite with the music in the background. "Oh Dick saw Jane. Jane has Puff," he said, his voice rising in a frenzy. "Jane gives Puff to Dick. Now Dick has Puff," he concluded in a wild crescendo of excitement.

We all cheered. Oh ecstasy and glory in this mad timeness. Somebody took up the chorus of "Ring Around The Rosey" and blew a million notes into the applewhiteafternoon. But Buffalo Joe Padolick came on like Joshuah with his slingshot and put out Flanerty's window. When we all dug this action, we fled the scene like fast, hopping on our mad tricycles. I liked Lucy's arms around me except she was hanging on to Dean's neck but Mary Ann was hanging on to me like I was her last peanut butter sandwich. But you couldn't say anything against Mary Ann because she too knew time.

And we raced to the other end of the block back to Gramarcy's Delicatessen and I began to wonder about all this tricycle riding because I was getting pretty tired, and besides, it was almost time for Disneyland. And Dean knows how much I dig Disneyland. But he was heading at a tremendous speed down a driveway into the street. What would our mothers say? What would that Lousy Walt Disnick cop say? But we didn't care. We were so crazy and red in this brown universe.

Then I was what Dean was after. She was blonde and almost seven and she had a whole handful of red popsicles. When me and Dean see cherry popsicles, we just go mad. Across the street our copper buttons glittering on our Zorro jeans, we looked both ways twice and made the scene with that little broad. Dean conversed her into letting him hold the popsicles while I was going to show her a new way to cheat at Jacks. Seeing Dean pedaling furiously across the street, I smiled at the blonde saying, "It don't pay to cheat at Jacks, sister," and followed Dean across the street. I neglected to elucidate the fact that we ditched Lucy and Mary Ann at some previous minute of yore just down the sidewalk a piece.

We ate the popsicles but I don't really like popsicles but Dean likes 'em and what the heck ... like. It was getting dark and the curtain was descending on another sad American day. The golden orb in Hyperion's fiery chariot dropped toward Messinger's Slau-ghter House and the day was nearly ore. Suddenly we saw a vision down the street. It was Time. Clyde Time lived on the next block and he had a two-wheeler and he was so beat that he even said "Man" instead of "Boy."

But then the voice came over the dyingnightair. "Dean it's time for dinner." and Dean went home saying "Yass Yass mother, I am coming...like, And I went home too."

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# What They Are Saying

So you're literate, huh? So you think you have catholic reading tastes, huh? Well, here's your chance to prove it. The fragments on these pages have been selected from a number of works, most of which you should have read at one time or another. See if you can figure out what they are. If you get less than three right, consider yourself a clod. The answers are toward the back of the magazine somewhere.

1. Death ends all things and so is the comprehensive conclusion of a story, but marriage finishes it very properly too and the sophisticated are ill-advised to sneer at what is by convention termed a happy ending.
2. "All events are linked up in this best of all possible worlds; for... if you had not lost all your sheep from the land of Eldorado, you would not be eating candied citrons and pistachios here."
3. The important thing to recognize is that you don't win a good score; you avoid a bad one. What a bad score would be depends upon the particular profile the company in question intends to measure you against, and this varies according to companies and according to the type of work.
4. Then said a Second - "Ne'er a peevish Boy/ Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy..."
5. At night when I look at Boris' goatee lying on the pillow I get hysterical.
6. Proceeding to the other qualities before named, I say that every prince must desire to be considered merciful and not cruel. He must, however, take care not to misuse this mercifulness.
7. The notary who was present remarked that in none of those books had he read of any knight-errant dying in his own bed so peacefully and in so Christian a manner.
8. In those days I didn't know Dean as well as I do now, and the first thing I wanted to do was to look up Chad King, which I did.
9. The most interesting dwellings in this country, as the painter knows, are the most unpretending, humble log huts and cottages of the poor... and equally interesting will be the citizen's suburban box, when his life shall be as simple and as agreeable to the imagination, and there is as little straining after effect in the style of his dwelling.



10. My old man used to have a motto that he had printed out himself in big letters pasted on the wall of his bedroom. It read: Never Blame the Booster For What the Sucker Does.
11. Steinbeck took one final snort of brandy, thumped the glass down on the table, and said:  
"Bring on the son of a bitch!"
12. Orgy-porgy, Ford and fun,/ Kiss the girls and make them One./ Boys at one with girls at peace;/ Orgy-porgy gives release.
13. "And I tell thee - since thou hast taunted me even with blindness - that thou hast sight, yet seest not in what misery thou art, nor where thou dwellest, nor with whom."
14. This flea is you and I, and this/ Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is...
15. But after I had got them out and shut the door and turned off the light it wasn't any good. It was like saying good-by to a statue. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain.
16. Let's say I believe you. You're not the red light bandit. Somebody else is. But if that's the case, you must know who he is.
17. "All right, boy. I'm gonna show you and everybody else that Willy Loman did not die in vain."
18. She was a horrible caricature of a human! There was no skin, just a disgusting mass of twisted, puckered flesh from her knees to her neck, making a picture of gruesome freakishness that made you want to shut your eyes against it.
19. When the gang wars started in the Mexican district of Los Angeles, Joseph and Mary rose above pachucos. He set up an ambulatory store, well stocked with switch knives, snap guns, brass knuckles, and, for the very poor, socks loaded with sand, cheap and very effective.
20. When George Willard got back into Main Street it was past ten o'clock and had begun to rain.
21. A sequence marked with an asterisk (\*) does not qualify as a sequence in "literature"; it may, however, be offered as a second sequence in the arts and letters group.
22. Thow woldest make me kisse thyn olde breech,/ And swere it were a relyk of a seint,/ Thogh it were with thy fundement depeynt.
23. Hail, Caligula! Hero of heroes, conqueror of the Daemon, Lazarus, who taught the treason that fear and death were dead! But I am Lord of Fear! I am Caesar of Death! And you, Lazarus, are carrion!
24. I'm going to have it, Griselda. I'm as strong as God Almighty Himself now, and I'm going to do it.



25. Stretched on the ground close to where they stood talking there lay a dog, who now pricked up his ears and raised his head. Argus was his name.

26. time time said old king tut/ is something i ain t/ got anything but

27. ...mom, the thin and enfeebled martyr whose very urine, nevertheless, will etch glass.

28. There's no need for red-hot poker. Hell is - other people!

29. A way a lone a last a loved a long the

30. "Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challenged him."

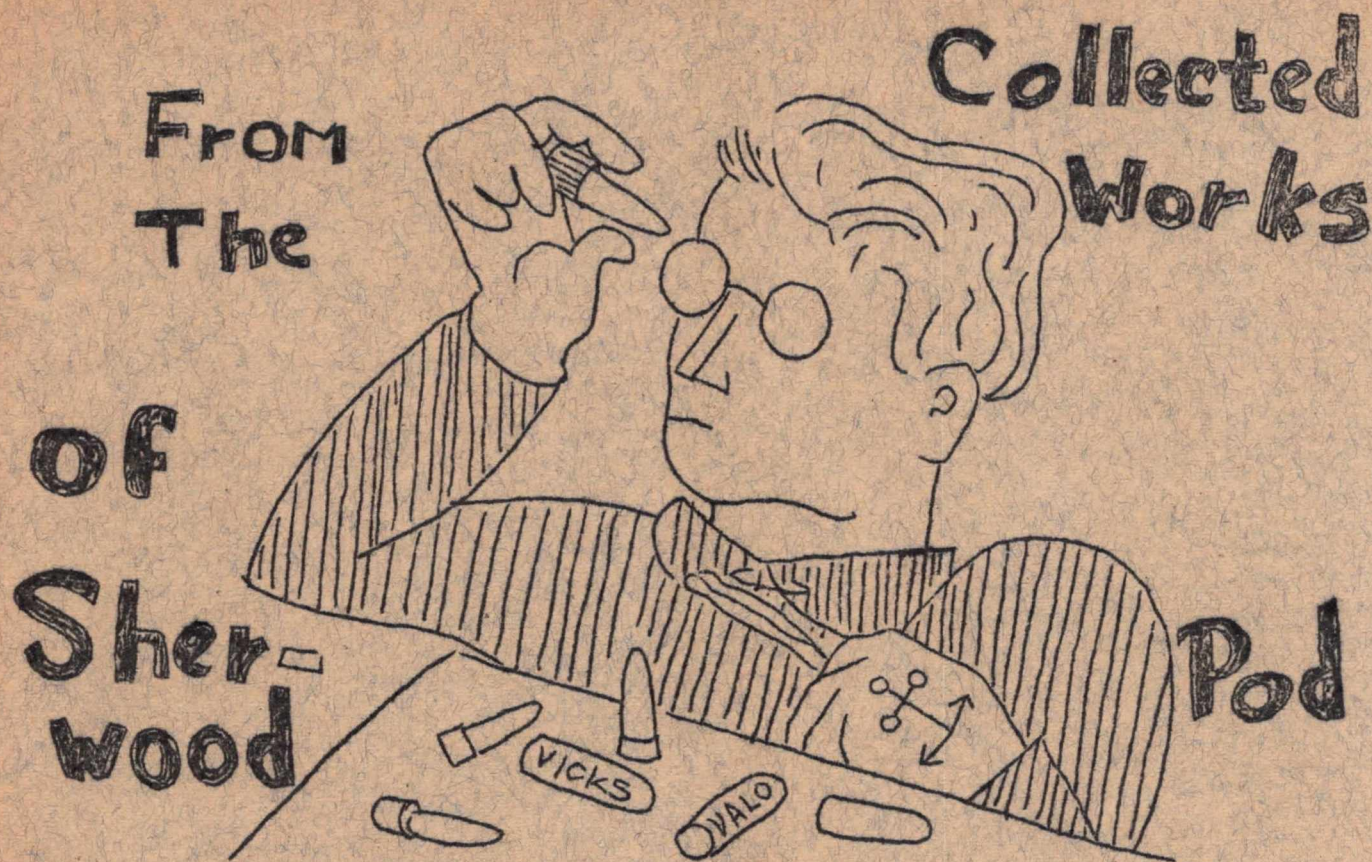
31. "Married a gal from the next farm. Purty ugly. Strong though. Got a boy. Name's Billie Dickie. He's simple."

32. He stroked those which were already arranged,/ Murmuring for his own satisfaction/ This identical phrase: Ch' e be'a./ And at this I was mildly abashed.



"Let me see... I think I have an idea right here."





The tall, rangy Texan climbed slowly from the saddle of his snow-white stallion and, beating the dust from his chaps, ambled across the littered barn-lot toward a figure busily engaged in forking manure. The figure looked up. "Hahdy, Shairf," he said, leaning on his manure fork, "Whutchall doin' ot haer at the Bar 21?"

The sherriff transfixed him with his steely gaze. "Lotta talk goin' on in the settlement, Pecos," he said. "Ther sayin' yuh got a big roan mare ot haer that gave birth to a calf."

"Ass rat, Shairf," said Pecos. "Bes dam mare A ever seen. Give fav hunderd dollers furrer upstate. She 'uz a world-beater, too . . . afore she went an had that celf on me."

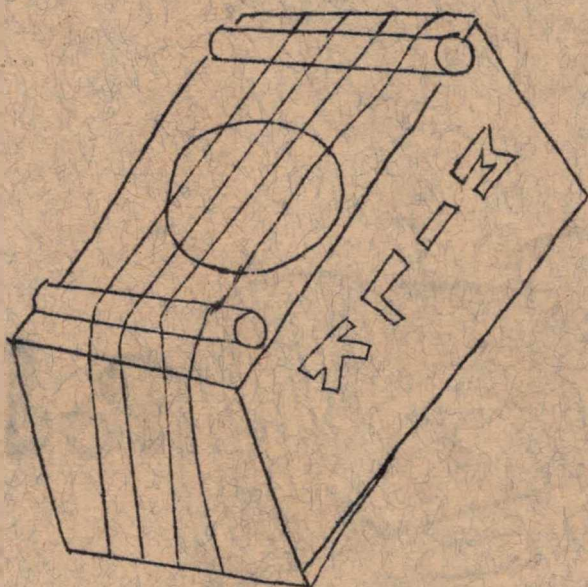
"Pecos," said the sheriff, transfixing him with his steely gaze, "Go pack yore duds an cum along. A gotta take yuh in fer hoss rustlin'. A dunno whear yuh stolt that mare, but A'm dadblame shore that yuh stolt 'er."

"Rats!" said Pecos, throwing down the manure fork with a look of resignation. "A guess yuh got me. But tell me, Shairf, hodja figger out that A stolt 'er?"

"Nothin' to it, Pecos," said the sheriff. "Yuh know as well as A do that a stolen roan mothers no hoss."



# THE Astounding Chromatic ~~TWUNG~~

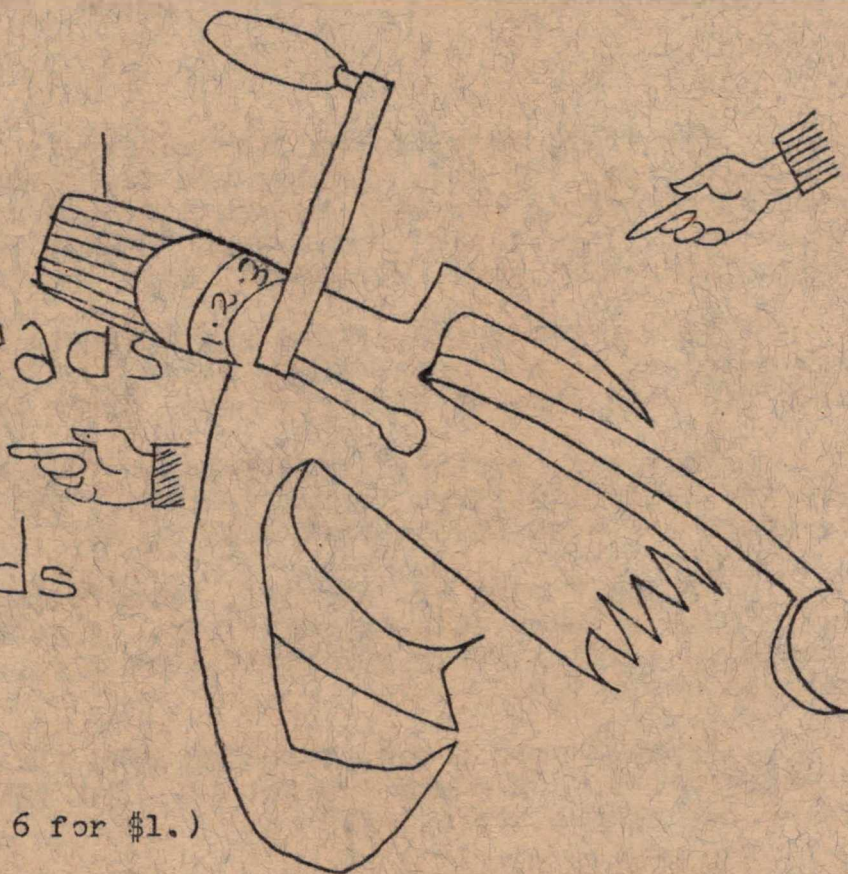


BUGGED because you can't play a musical instrument? Feel out of it at folk-sings because you don't know how to pick a banjo or strum a guitar? Well cheer up, friend, now you too can be one of the gay, mad crowd, by playing your own, hand-built TWUNG. All you need is a milk-carton, empty, four or five good quality rubber bands, and a couple of round sticks (pencil stubs may be used in an emergency). The hole should be about as big around as a half-dollar.

— AND —

you can teach yourself how to play, without an instruction book. FUN!

Ugly  
Blackheads  
OUT  
IN Seconds



(Extra blades available, 6 for \$1.)



# A century For THE Night

Daphne plunged her hands into the Miracle Suds without the usual good feeling dishwashing gave her.

When the phone rang she said to herself, "let it ring." It rang mostly, she thought, when she was washing dishes or taking a bath. They just wanted her to do something else for the church supper and she couldn't; there wasn't anything left to do with.

The phone rang and rang. "Oh, well," Daphne said and pulled down the last paper towel to dry her hands.

The phone was still ringing when she picked it up. "Hello."

"Hello," Chuck said. "Hello. Is this Daphne?"

Daphne paused a moment to let pass that breathless feeling Chuck's voice always brought her. "Yes, this is me. Who else would it be?"

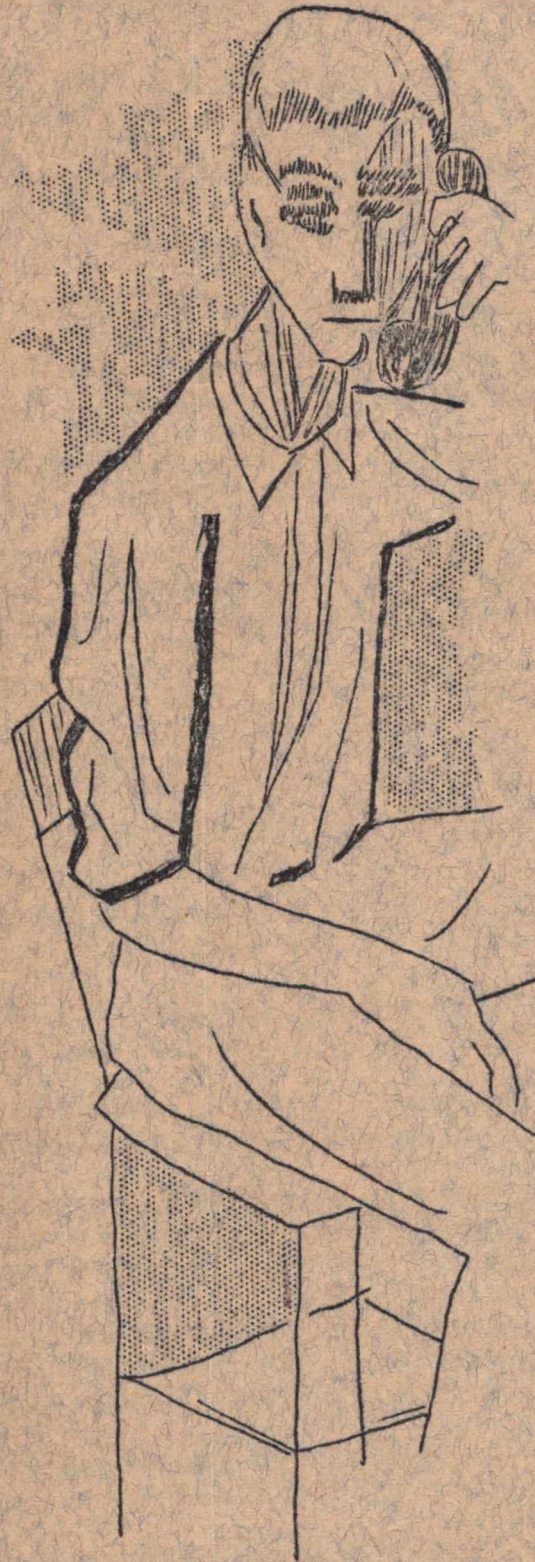
"It could be anyone. It could be the wrong number. It didn't sound like you at first. How are you?"

Daphne paused again to collect her wits. Whenever Chuck talked to her it felt like all her brains turned to soup and ran down her spine and out at her heels.

"I'm all right," Daphne said. "How are you? We haven't got your check yet."

"It's in the mail."

"You sound annoyed, like you always do when reminded you have a family."



LUCIUS  
DANIEL



"I don't have a family any more." He sounded sulky. "You went and got a divorce. Remember?"

"You never stayed home," Daphne said. "You never sent us any money. You just loved your old engines. You said you loved them and didn't want a family. You said if you needed a woman you could rent one like you'd hire a car or a TV set in your hotel room."

"But you got a divorce," Chuck said.

Again she paused. "They told me to. The preacher and the lawyer said it was the only way I could force you to support your family. I wanted a family. I wanted a husband. But what good is a husband who never comes home?"

"Well, I'm here now and I'm not coming home on account of the fact that you got a divorce. Why don't you come down here and see me?"

Daphne looked into the kitchen. "I've got to wash the dishes. I've got to cook something for the kids. And I haven't got anything now but some brown rice for supper."

"O.K. O.K. Check's in the mail!"

"I want you home, Chuck. I can't forget the first year before the babies started. I guess that's why I still love you even after the way you've treated us. And what good would it do to meet you in a hotel?"

"Well, we could talk things over, Daphne. Drive your old clunker down to the Metropolitan Hotel."

Carol careened around the corner from the bedroom. "Oh, Mummy, Mummy! Is that daddy? Let me talk to him."

Daphne let Carol have the phone and went back to the dishpan with the dreary feeling unrelieved. It was always that way.

"Mummy, Mummy!" Carol had her arms around Daphne's waist. "Mummy, daddy wants to talk to you and he says he sent the check and has a present for you. What do you think it is, Mummy?"

Daphne dried her hands a second time and patted Carol on the head for answer. How could she tell her daughter that the present Chuck was talking about had no commercial value.

Daphne lifted the phone with little expectation. "All right, Chuck." She realized her voice was lifeless and flat.

"Look, Daphne." Chuck sounded full of life and anticipation. "Look, Daphne, there's no one like you. Maybe we both made mistakes. Maybe we can make out after all. Why don't you come on down and talk it over?"

Chuck was persuasive and Carol had her arms about her mother's waist again. But still Daphne hesitated. She paused, silent, but could feel his impatience over her hesitation. "Well," Daphne said



at last feeling weak and hopeful at once, the way she always felt on the verge of surrender. "Well, there's no use talking about it unless you can be a father to Skipper as well as to Carol. He's out now, trying to collect a little on his delivery route."

"O.K. Check's in the mail. Now look, Daphne, you know the kid never looked like me."

"A marriage counselor I worked for said you were just insanely jealous. We've been all over this, Chuck. Skipper looks like my father. You can't have every child look like you."

"All right," Chuck said. "Maybe I was wrong to say anything."

"And you were home all the time when I got pregnant with Skipper." Her voice sounded weepy. "That was our first year, our only good year. You didn't want Skipper from the first."

"Well..."

"You'd have to change back, Dhuck, if we got married again. I love you and I want to be married to you, but I want a father for Skipper as well as Carol. So far they haven't had any more of a father, really, than I've had a husband." Daphne paused, almost breathless.

"That's something we can talk over, Daphne," Chuck said in his most persuasive manner.

"It's no use just talking it over, Chuck. You'll have to stop splurging your money and give us a regular home allowance. You know how you are on pay day."

The front door opened and Skipper brushed in, head down as if bucking a gale. "I got seventy-five cents, mama. Here it is." He laid the money on the little phone table.

"Quit pushing me," said Carol.

"You kicked me," said Skipper. "Stop it."

"Wait a minute, Chuck." Daphne turned to the children. "Behave!" She looked at Skipper, his broad shoulders and brushy hair. "Chuck wants me to marry him again, Skipper."

Skipper's face changed and became more intense and worried. He left for the back part of the house without saying a word.

"I'm going over to Clara's, Mummy," Carol sang and danced out the front door.





"Skipper didn't say anything when I told him we might get married again," Daphne said. "That's not right, Chuck. You ought to treat your son so he'd be glad to see you."

"O.K., Daphne. I've already told you I'd play ball. The main thing is for you to come on down and we'll have dinner and... talk everything out. Come on down now."

"There's one more thing, Chuck."

"All right, what is it?" he said testily. "I've been listening and listening and you act like you always do. You always want me to do a hell of a lot in a hurry."

"I've got to call my lawyer, the one who got my divorce. Maybe if I came down tonight and we got married again - if we could, I mean - maybe you wouldn't owe that check to us. The one you say is in the mail."

"You just don't trust me," Chuck said in a hurt tone. "Look, honey-babe, you know there's no one else like you. I've told you that a lot of times. If it was just you and me, there wouldn't be any trouble."

"Yes, but I want a family, Chuck. And we've got a family."

"Maybe I wasn't home as much as you wanted, honey-babe," Chuck said. "But you could bet your sweet life I wouldn't have been home as much as I was if it wasn't that you were a hell of a lot better than any other women I've ever known."

"Well..."

"Nobody can do for me what you can, baby. You know that. You're the only one that can get me steady. Now grab that hat and come on down to the Metropolitan. We can do some talking..."

"Well," Daphne said again and paused. It seemed as if everything were madly rushing in traffic circles in her brain. She'd never been a match for Chuck. And she did want him so. His strong arms, his virile speech, actions, man-ness...

The pause went on longer than usual. There was something she ought to remember, but she couldn't think of what it was.

"Look, Daphne," Chuck said with the air of a man playing his ace hole card. "I know you're worried about money. I'll tell you what I'll do. Come on down and stay with me tonight. There's no one else like you, baby. I'll give you a century, one hundred dollars. That's just for tonight. I want you, honey..."

Daphne set the phone on the telephone table without bothering to place it in its cradle. She was tired of hearing it ring.

She went back to Miracle Suds.

-%-%-





# VS.

## COMPASSION

A November evening and chimes  
and a man crouched on my porch  
asking for food, and I said  
"Go to the back."

He was dirty and hunched like a  
gunny of sacked potatoes on end  
in a field, and the sky was mottled  
and gray with snow about to fall.  
He bungled around the house and  
when I reached the door  
he was there with his dog eyes.  
And when I told him, "No,"  
he collapsed with his head on the mat  
and his nose on the "c" of Welcome.  
I toed him from the porch and  
he fell in last years flowers.  
I was right it snowed that night  
and in the morning he was there  
whiter than before.

Walt Bradley

Mother



MORE

V.S.

---

Dirge For A Vacation

(To be chanted or wailed by any number of sufficiently beat, discouraged, or hung over students - with appropriate accompaniment.)

Butt ends only now,  
though shining with promise  
in the beginning.  
("I went down to Northbeach,  
down where the Beatniks live.")

Time to sleep, time to travel  
Time to experience

How much can you experience in a week?

I know a boy who hitch-hiked to  
San Francisco on his vacation.

Precious time, gone now  
I'm glad to see it go.  
("Fell in love with the Beatnik life,  
down where the Beatniks live.")

I had a friend who was killed in a car wreck,  
going down to Tijuana.

Spring, young time of the year  
vague expectations, unfulfilled.  
("Now I'm broke in Northbeach,  
down where the Beatniks live.")

Worse than to be dead is never to have gone at all.

Farewell, the lark is over  
the dance to the equinox completed.  
("I can't go back to the Beatnik life  
down where the Beatniks live.")

Worse than to be dead is never to have danced at all.

Butt ends now  
though glittering with promise  
in the beginning.

Never danced at all...

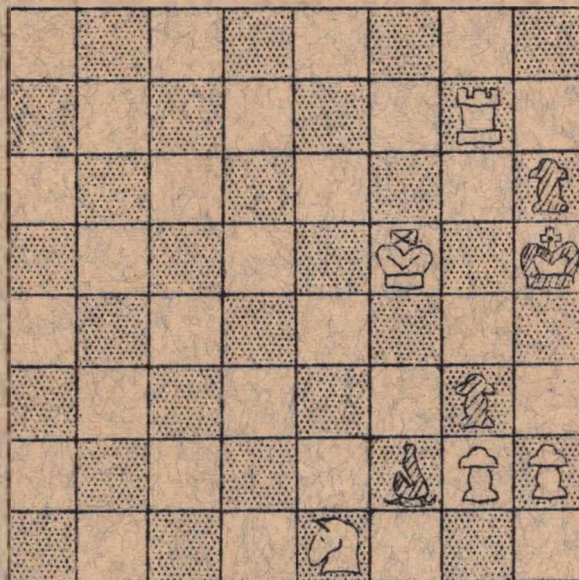
- JoAnn Vance



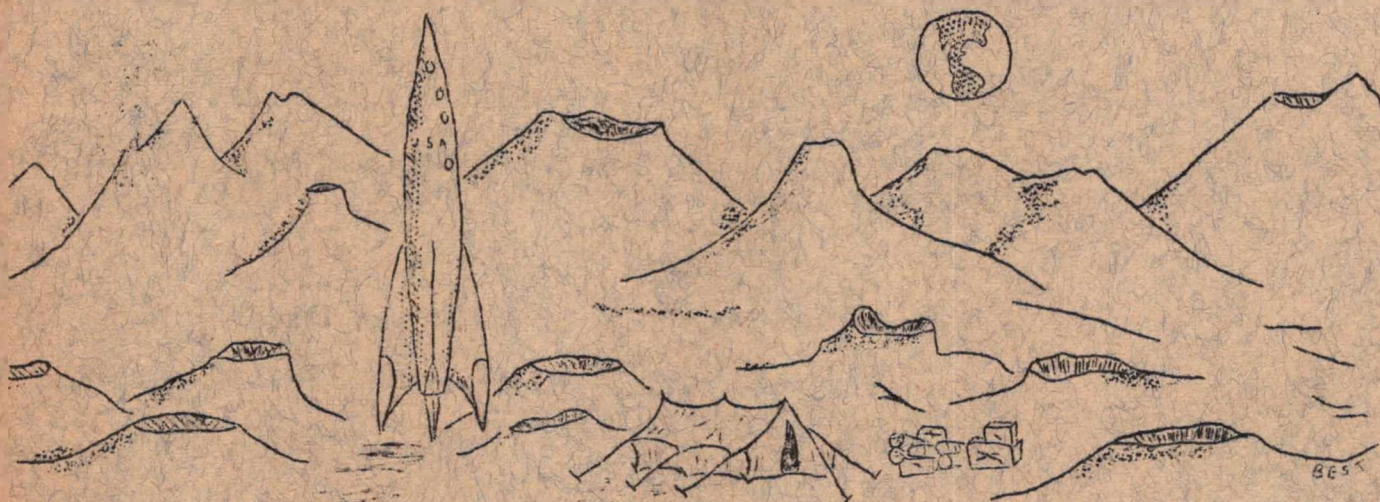
# chess gems

## # 2

This issue, our chess gem turns out to be a chess problem with a legend behind it. According to the story, it was during the siege of Charles XII of Sweden by the Turks in 1713 that this game took place. The game having reached the stage shown in the diagram, the King, playing White, announced a mate in three moves. Scarcely had he spoken when a bullet crashed through the window and shattered his Knight. The King remained calm, and was on the point of placing his other Knight on the board and continuing the game when he glanced at the board once more and said, "We do not need the Knight. There is now a mate in four moves." At this moment another Turkish bullet flew in the window and snapped off his Rook Pawn. But the King remained unruffled and said, "Let me see if I cannot dispense with that unlucky pawn." Then with a tremendous laugh he shouted, "I have it! I feel great pleasure in informing you that there is undoubtedly a mate in five."



What are the three mates? (In the event that you can't figure them out, the answers will be found on page 30 or thereabouts.)



"I don't know, Marty... what do you want to do tonight?"



# Values...



In the midst of the dungeon the creature lay, surrounded by its toys and playthings. It moved without purpose, and the dark wavelets lapped about its ankles, sending up a spume of fetid moisture. Slowly the door of the hulking Cadillac opened to emit a searing blast of teevee noises. The creature writhed and slammed the offending door. Stillness. Withdrawing into the yawning blackness, the creature stopped. "F--- YOU!" it screamed. And the tide slowly came in, inundating the world, covering all with its chilling mass.

"Why must you be this way?" shrilled Mrs. Foster. "Always tracking mud onto the new wall-to-wall carpeting." A sigh. "When your father gets back he'll hear of this, I warrant you... unless he has drowned by now. He sometimes does, you know."

Doctor Foster went to Gloucester  
In a shower of rain...

Crawling, crawling, ever onward, no stopping, endless timeless lack of progress in all directions, evolving into a thing with a hive of maggots for a brain and an eagle on the back of its hand. Above the light beats, blazes down upon the surface, searching for ingress; below nothing save dank, currentless void. Light will penetrate neither quick sand nor feces.

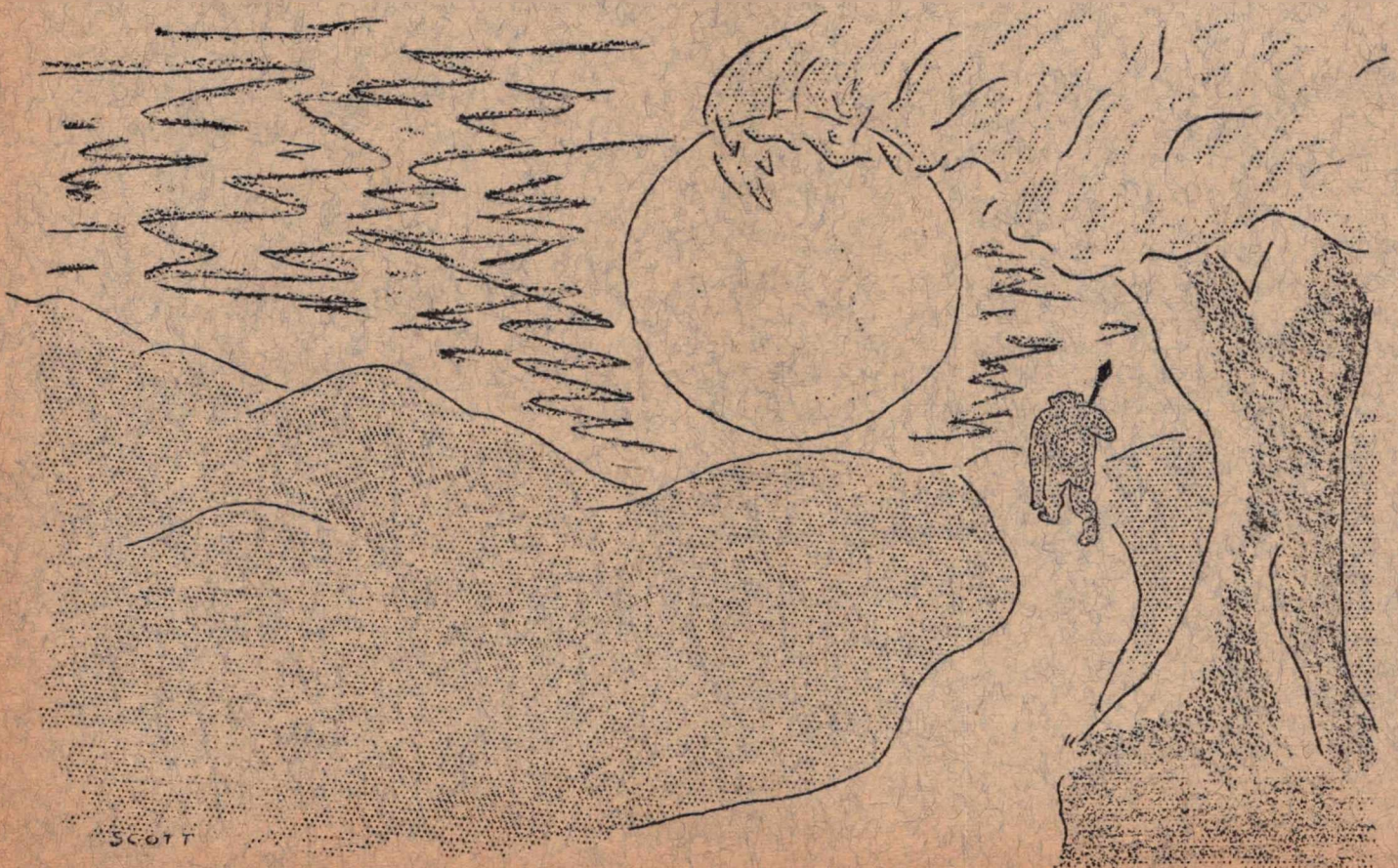
"...and the power was off all day, so I simply couldn't do a thing around the house, dear... Dear! Are you listening to me?" He remained silent as his hands turned into pincers and he shrank to the floor, scuttling backwards across the Vinyl tile. "Why Dear, I think you've turned into a crawfish," she started to say, but didn't. She merely peered at him with her wildly waving eye-stalks.



"Oh Alvin, I love you so much. If you want my body, you can have it."

"OK, but let's go to the drive-in movie so we'll have something to watch while we're doing it."

In the distance a lonely animal bayed at the full moon, and the savage, spear over his shoulder, strolled down the path leading to the present. He rounded the last turn and stepped into the middle of civilization. With dazzled eyes he gazed at the people around him, the hordes pouring into brightly lighted buildings to watch three-dimensional colored shadows dance upon a flat surface. He saw the people in their houses peering avidly at illuminated boxes, or gazing at revolving black discs attached by plastic-coated wires to roaring, screeching speakers. He hastily stepped back to avoid being crushed by one of the scurrying herd of metal beasts, beasts equipped on one with glistening teeth and on the other with cancerous wing-like appendages. He listened and heard men trying to convince other men's wives to engage with them in some twisted version of the act of procreation. He watched these people of civilization consume endless amounts of a fluid which was the end product of a process commencing with rotten cereal. He watched them throw their lives away joylessly in quest of a large figure to be stamped in a small book atop a teller's counter. He watched as they constructed machines which accomplished nothing save to maintain the vicious circle; machines which removed the need for labor and other machines to provide the exercise formerly provided by the labor now made unnecessary by the machines. For a long while the savage watched this, then, shaking his head he turned back down the path toward his hut; toward his home and family in the past.





Sirs:

Your magazine has a beatnik attitude toward sex (and this is a plug).

Thomas E gad,  
Local Author

Sirs:

You are evil and low-minded. Why must all magazines have swearing in them these days? Also, I didn't get the point of those animal stories. Why don't you die?

Anna Histamine,  
Soph. in Home Ec.

Sirs:

What a gyp! I spent a quarter for a copy of your magazine because of all them dirty titles you had on the cover. I expected to find some you know, like racy stuff inside, but there wasn't none. I don't think its right that you should tittilate your readers like that and then not follow through. You are just a bunch of dirty old P.T.'s.

Amos Gonad,  
Lecher

Dear Sweet Editors:

I think this idea of printing poetry you have is really nice and all the girls here in the dorm think so too. Enclosed find a few sonnets and things I did between classes. Nothing very deep, but things I'm sure your readers will get great pleasure out of. They're all full of Symbolic Things like Mother Love, Home, the New Deal, Dogs, Sororal Living, Campfire Girls, Flowers, Birdies, and like that. Something your readers can read over and over again and again.

Affectionately,

Edith Fink,  
Chi C Fledge

A  
P  
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Sirs:

...a shining star in the  
annals of literary endeavor...

Byron Xif,  
Critic

Sirs:

I am in agreement with you on  
some points, but in others however  
there seems to be some doubt. I  
think if you were to try a differ-  
ent approach all the factors would  
work out more satisfactorily. In  
other words, a more diligent appli-  
cation to the matters at hand would  
facilitate things more readily.

Alvin Karpis,  
Humanist

Sirs:

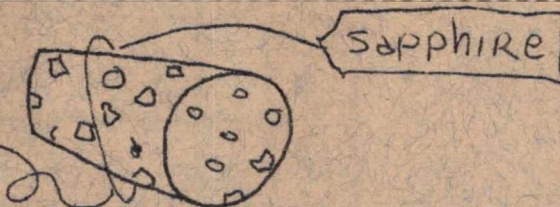
As a patriotic American I feel it is my duty to complain against  
the obvious overtones of socialism in your magazine. While I realize  
that this is due to the omnipresent subversion in our schools, as  
publishers you have a responsibility to the American public to pre-  
sent a proper respect for our political and economic system. I also  
noticed the color of paper used for your cover (very significant),  
and have sent a copy to the Attorney General for possible future ac-  
tion.

Yours truly,

Harold Gray,  
Watchbird

"...and here's a free plug  
for our competitors in the  
publishing field."

-o-  
N.N.E. Review



Here y'are. The ONLY AUTHENTIC ANSWERS for "WHAT THEY ARE SAYING."  
(No fair peeking, though, until after you've made your guesses.)

(1)W. Somerset Maugham, The Razor's Edge. (2)Voltaire, Candide. (3)Wil-  
liam H. Whyte Jr, The Organization Man. (4)Rubáyat of Omar Khayyám. (5)  
Henry Miller, Tropic of Cancer. (6)Machiavelli, The Prince. (7) Cer-  
vantes, Don Quixote. (8)Jack Kerouac, On The Road. (9) Thoreau, Walden.  
(10)Damon Runyon, My Old Man. (11)H. Allen Smith, Life in a Putty Knife  
Factory. (12)Huxley, Brave New World. (13)Sophocles, Oedipus Rex. (14)  
John Donne, The Flea. (15)Hemingway, A Farewell To Arms. (16)Caryl Chess-  
man, Cell 2455 Death Row. (17)Arthur Miller, Death of a Salesman. (18)  
Mickey Spillane, Kiss Me, Deadly. (19)John Steinbeck, Sweet Thursday.  
(20)Sherwood Anderson, Winesburg, Ohio. (21)U. of C. Bulletin, 1959-60  
(22)Chaucer, The Pardoner's Tale. (23)Eugene O'Neill, Lazarus Laughed.  
(24)Erskine Caldwell, God's Little Acre. (25) Homer, The Odyssey. (26)  
Don Marquis, archy and mehitabel. (27)Philip Wylie, Generation of Vipers  
(28) Jean-Paul Sartre, No Exit. (29)James Joyce, Finnegans Wake. (30)Wm.  
Shakespeare, Twelfth Night. (31)Max Schulman, The Feather Merchants.  
(32)Ezra Pound, The Study in Aesthetics.



Mate in three:

1. RxP BxR
2. N-B3 ExP
3. P-N4mate.  
(If 1...BxN,  
2. R-R3ch etc.)

Mate in Four:

1. PxP B-K6
2. R-N4 B-N4
3. R-R4ch etc.

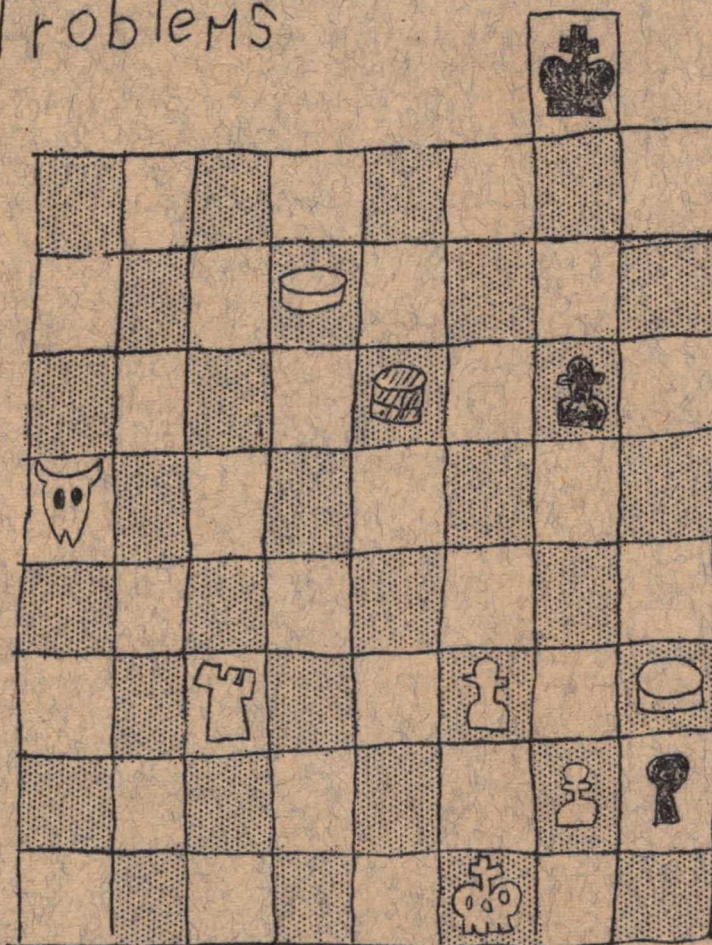
Mate in five:

1. R-QN7 B-K6
2. R-QN1 B-N4
3. R-R1ch B-R5
4. R-R2 FxR
5. F-N4 mate  
(If 1...B-N8, 2. R-N1  
B-R7, 3. R-K1 K-R5  
4. K-N6 K-N5 5.R-k5m.)

# Chess Problems

For The  
Novice

#69



WHITE TO MOVE AND INVESTIGATE

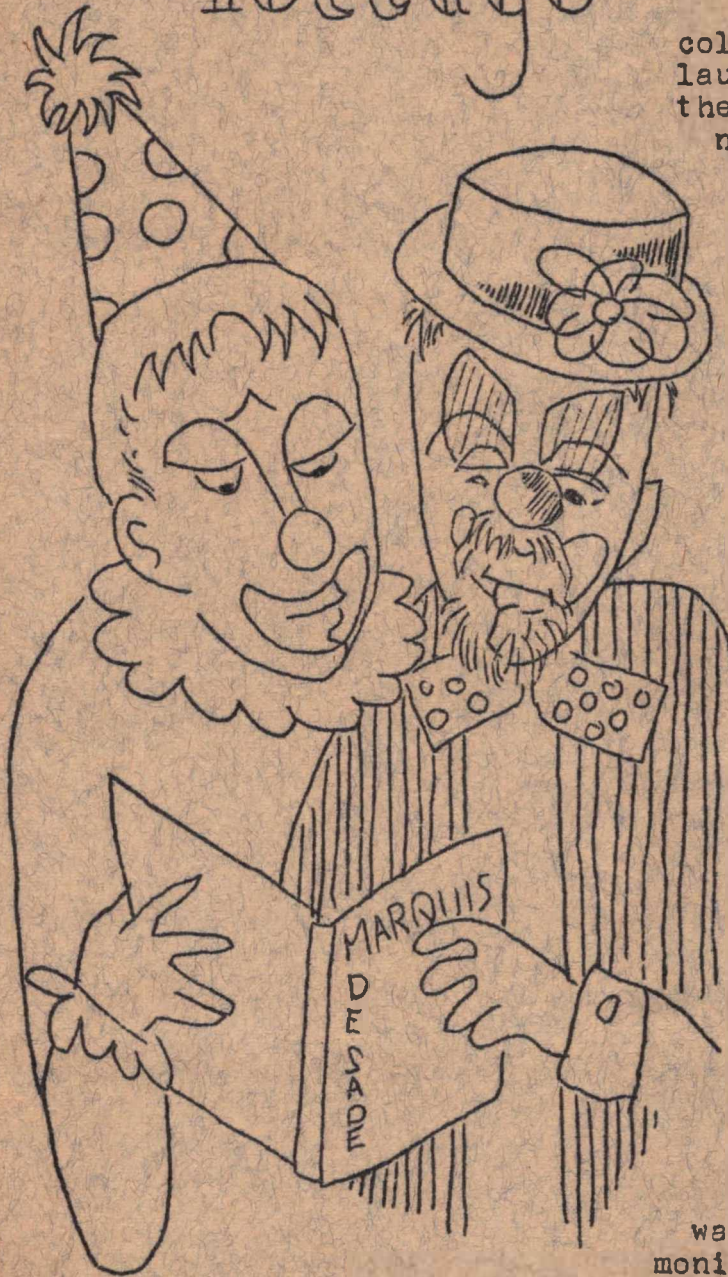
-Jack Schrader



"I have sold my birth-  
right for a mess of  
Proust."

-Grue

# Pottage



We all know that those crazy college kids will do anything for a laugh, but only once in a while do they come up with something odd enough to warrant mention here.

The other day, and a rainy one it was, your narrator was sloshing his way up thirteenth toward an afternoon class, when his beady eye was arrested by an attractive (not that euphemistic editorial "attractive" jazz, but, you know, really attractive) young blond making her way down the chaplain what's-his-name quad. On a sunny day, a blond of any kind will attract my gaze at eighty paces, but in the middle of a rainstorm this is a rare thing, as I am usually all hunched over and focused on the ground in front of me, with only a peripheral shot of the surroundings. The reason I noticed this one was because she was wearing a hip-length coat and a pair of plaid shorts (the long kind, but still shorts). I stopped dead in my tracks, but she seemed unconcerned about the whole thing as she sloshed (on a day like that, everybody sloshes) on across the street, around a corner and out of sight. And 'y'know? Depraved as it may sound, the only thing I could think of was, "if she doesn't watch it, she's gonna catch pneumonia."

\*\*\*\*\*

"Stay young and fair and debonaire  
...take hormones."

\*\*\*\*\*



Any of you people out there lovers of relics out of the dusty past? Any of you like to stand and ponder over Noble Plans Never To Be Fulfilled? Well, down in the dungeon under Johnson Hall (the Administration Bvilding) sitting smack in the middle of the floor in a glass case sits a scale model of the U. of O. There's no date on it, and my limited inquiry has failed to turn up anybody that knows just when it was built, but I judge it to be at least forty years old. It is evidently a demonstration model of how the people back then figured the University would look by about now. All of the buildings are of red brick and look like prototypes of Straub Hall (or maybe Gerlinger). It is pretty hard to figure out just what is where, but according to a chart there in the case the TKE parking lot is the site of the "student union", complete with steeple (?), the "faculty club" is at the location of the present-day men's locker room (the White Elephant isn't even shown), and a great crab-shaped edifice labelled "auditorium" is on the ground now occupied by the library and the fine arts museum. It leads too all sorts of interesting speculation, if you're of a mind to go look at it.

\*\*\*\*\*

"What are you doing up on that table?"  
"The doctor is taking my temperature."  
"With a daffodil?"

\*\*\*\*\*

Although in the past we have been called "anti-fraternity" we feel that it is in the public interest that we get behind them for once, because they enjoy a certain degree of popularity but particularly in view of their recent "Hell Week" celebration. This is an admirable institution, especially if applied correctly and universally. In other words:

to hell with frats.

\*\*\*\*\*

"You can't really blame him. After all he made his letter in stumbling."

\*\*\*\*\*

By the way, we still have a few copies of issue #1 on hand. If anyone is interested, send us 25¢ for each copy you want. Either address on page one will do.

\*\*\*\*\*

For the benefit of you old-time readers of the SoLAR, we have been informed by the editor of Grue that the Pome on page three of issue #1 was written by none other than H.L. Gold, noted science fiction author. Gaze in wonder at the illustrious people from whom we crib our stuff.

\*\*\*\*\*



Incidentally, this is being written on a Science-Fiction typewriter. See? It even has a Space-Bar.

\*\*\*\*\*

Favorite Hate for the Week: That nasty little habit some people in the writing field have of using the article "an" before words beginning with an aspirate "h". Ever try reading aloud a sentence like "He stayed all night in an hotel," or "It was an heavy load."? It doesn't work. You either come out sounding like a Cockney, or insult your friends by spraying them with that explosive h after n. If I could get hold of the man that originated this abominable practice, I would see to it that he was tarred and feathered twice a week for the rest of his life.

\*\*\*\*\*

More Incredible Shrinking Men and Amazing Colossal Men smoke Viceprexys than we do. Wanna know why? They have a shrinking man's filter and a bloating man's taste. Feh.

\*\*\*\*\*

Big Barnsmell and Joe Falooka both smoke more Vicevices than they would otherwise, because... because they have a stinking man's filter and a poking man's taste. Gah

\*\*\*\*\*

The gang that stole Plato's love-potion and Vulcan's glue are very fortunate fellows. They have a thinking man's philtre and a smoking man's paste.

\*\*\*\*\*

In Scott's Utopia, any man who writes a song with the words "teen-age" in the title or lyrics will be burned at the stake.

\*\*\*\*\*

Our only indigenous American musical instrument was invented by accident in 1809, when a saloon guitar player in New Orleans became enraged at the persistence of a lady with a tambourine who was trying to solicit donations from him and showed his displeasure by striking her forcefully and repeatedly about the head and shoulders with his instrument. The lady soon fled screaming from the premises, but the guitar was hopelessly shattered. Its owner, being a resourceful fellow, affixed the neck of his broken guitar to the forgotten tambourine with a ten-penny nail, and thus it was that the first banjo came into existence. Isn't history fascinating?

\*\*\*\*\*

Well, here we are at the bottom of the last page again. We trust that you've enjoyed this second issue of the Scholar, and that you'll recommend it to your friends. If we sell enough copies this trip, who knows... maybe next issue we'll be able to afford a purtier reproductive process (snicker) than mimeo. 'Til then, have fun and don't take any wooden literature.

*Scott & Jars*



