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The Otterbein Miscellany - May 1967

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VOL. III

MAY, 1967

NO. 1

FOREWORD

The *Otterbein Miscellany* is published twice yearly as an outlet for faculty writing on a wide variety of topics. The college underwrites this publication in the belief that it will help maintain a genuine community of scholars. Papers are accepted, therefore, on the basis of their interest to the whole academic community rather than to members of a particular discipline. Editorial responsibility rests with a committee of the faculty.

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The
Otterbein Miscellany

May, 1967

OUT OF OUR SILENCES

No community of minds can appreciate better than a college faculty the significance of Albert Camus' reminiscence of how, one day during World War II, he was sitting in a park with his friend, the journalist Rene Leynaud, later a martyr to German rifles, pondering the agonizing problems of occupied France, their minds heavily burdened and their thoughts intense — so intense, indeed, that they both suddenly realized that without their having been aware, the conversation had lapsed and they had been sitting silent for half an hour!

Those precious and often involuntary periods of mutually respected silence — how rare they seem to be amid the chatter and scurry of a modern campus. And how jealously guarded they have to be! Out of them come insights and new evaluations, new strengths and the high level of literate communication without which a progressive college cannot exist. "Il faut dix ans," said Camus in *Noctes*, "pour avoir une idée bien a soi — dont on puisse parler." Ten years and many moments of inner sanctity.

Out of our creative silences now comes a third volume of *The Otterbein Miscellany*. In November, 1966, the college administration, having decided that the *Miscellany* had earned some degree of permanency, approved for it a carefully defined statement of policy and established a regularly appointed editorial board. Accordingly, it may now publish "writing, art and musical compositions of the Otterbein College faculty and administration, both active and retired," and when occasion justifies, the work of "alumni and special visitors to the campus (speakers, etc.)." Published material will come from "any college-level discipline" and may be "imaginative, investigative, reflective or creative, in the varying meanings that these overlapping terms have throughout the departments of a liberal arts college." Volume III is glad to bring a well-balanced representation from this widened circle of Otterbein contributors.

Looking back over the first two years, the Editor of the *Miscellany* feels a special obligation to record a resounding Thank-you to the pioneering volunteers who brought the publication into being, particularly to Mr. John Ramsey, now busy in graduate studies at the University of Maryland, who more than any other single person bore the critical and physical burdens of the first issues. Mr. Ramsey's sensitive judgment and his capacity for long labors have set a worthy ideal.

Otterbein writers have supported the *Miscellany* very well, having submitted this year a total of twenty-seven items, from which the reading committees of the Editorial Board have selected the offerings in this issue. The Editor owes special appreciation to these contributors, to the Board, and to Assistant Editor Todd R. Zeiss who has carried the responsibilities that proliferate between the editorial and publication offices.

The Editor

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Lynn W. Turner

CHANGE, CHALLENGE, AND CHOICE

On the opposite side of our shrinking globe lies the ancient land of China, which houses a fifth of the world's population and a civilization which was a thousand years old when our barbarian ancestors were still wandering in small tribes over the steppes of central Asia. My own formal education did not include very much information about China. I studied Asiatic geography in elementary school but I remembered only that the Yellow River was called "China's sorrow" because it flooded every year and drowned part of the surplus population. Since our church conducted a "foreign" missionary enterprise in China, I concluded that the people's culture was on about the same level as Africa's except that the Chinese weren't cannibals. Somewhere I also absorbed the popular notion that China was a "backward" nation in the sense that all its customs were the exact opposite of ours, and were therefore ridiculous. After I read Sax Rohmer's "Dr. Fu Manchu" novels I was convinced that the Chinese were also inscrutable and generally malevolent. I do not recall that high school or college added very much to my store of information about China, except a few names such as Confucius, Kublai Khan and Sun Yat-sen, and certainly didn't change the general picture. If anything, knowledge of such matters as our own nation's exclusion of Chinese immigrants tended to increase my sense of isolation from these people.

During the lean days of the Great Depression, I constituted in my sole and solitary person the entire Department of History at a small church college in Illinois. When it fell to my lot in this capacity to teach a course in Oriental History, I learned, by reading the textbook, that there were two Chinese philosophers besides Confucius — namely, Mencius and the legendary Lao Tzu, who, like Homer, was probably a whole collection of people. The truth of the matter is that there were dozens of eminent Chinese philosophers who lived during the six centuries just preceding the birth of Christ, but none of these was mentioned in the textbook I used — not even Chuang Tzu. This omission was indeed

President Turner's annual address to the faculty and staff of Otterbein College, September 9, 1966.

regrettable, for failing to mention Chuang Tzu in connection with Chinese thought is a little like leaving the Book of Revelations out of the Bible. Unfortunately, I didn't read Chuang Tzu until last summer, and one reading doesn't begin to do him justice. But we read him again this summer and discussed him at our seminar on Chinese Civilization in Santa Fe, and I felt a sense of youthful jubilation at the brilliance of this Chinese sage, who lived at the same time as Alexander the Great and Aristotle. Unlike Confucius, who was extremely prosaic, didactic and a little dull, Chuang Tzu's writing is full of wit, fantasy, and paradox. I should like to repeat for you the opening paragraph of his book:

In the bald and barren north, there is a dark sea, the Lake of Heaven. In it is a fish which is several thousand li across, and no one knows how long. His name is K'un. There is also a bird there, named P'eng, with a back like Mount T'ai and wings like clouds filling the sky. He beats the whirlwind, through the clouds and mist shouldering the blue sky, and then he turns his eyes south and prepares to journey to the southern darkness.

The little quail laughs at him, saying, "Where does he think he's going? I give a great leap and fly up and I get about ten or twelve yards before I come down fluttering among the weeds and brambles. And that's the best kind of flying anyway! Where does he think he's going?"

Chang Tzu concludes this fascinating allegory with the comment, "Such is the difference between big and little." What a delicious satire this is upon provincialism — and written by a man who was unaware of the existence of anything beyond China!

Among the teeming multitudes of problems which face us today, 2400 years later, it would seem that provincialism ought to be last and least, if it still remains at all. Ours is a world which surely ought to discourage little attitudes and little people. Time and space have virtually been annihilated — it is no longer sufficient simply to plan globally — it is now essential that we take the moon and the rest of the solar system into our thoughts about tomorrow. A month ago, five of us from this campus retraced the historic Santa Fe Trail, almost foot by foot, on our way out to St. John's College in New Mexico. The hardy Missouri traders who pioneered this route in the 1820's took at least two months

to push their wagons the 750 miles from Independence, Missouri, to Santa Fe, Old Mexico, provided that they encountered no exceptional discouragement in the form of hostile Indians, blizzards, floods, drought, a scarcity of game, or Mexican red tape. We made the trip in two leisurely days in a powerful and comfortable automobile, with, as our students would say, "no sweat." Had we chosen to go by jet plane, it would have taken us only four hours. All of our trip was within the boundaries of the United States, rather than half of it, as would have been the case in 1830, and our destination was not a sleepy little outpost of Latin America, but a modern, up-to-date American City, looking very much to the future. Only fifty miles away, in fact, at Los Alamos, are the laboratories which had put the finishing touches on the first atomic bomb.

Now, anyone who might suggest, under today's conditions, that we conduct our diplomatic relations with Mexico exactly as we did under the conditions of 1830, would be regarded as a lunatic. He would, indeed, have a quail mentality, or, to use another expression by Chuang Tzu which is curiously modern, he would "have a lot of underbrush in his head."

Chuang Tzu had a devastating way of satirizing the pompous hair-splitting of other Chinese philosophers. Here's a good example:

Now I am going to make a statement here. I don't know whether it fits into the category of other people's statements or not. But whether it fits into their category or whether it doesn't, it obviously fits into some category. So in that respect it is no different from their statements. However, let me try making my statement.

There is a beginning. There is a not yet beginning to be a beginning. There is being. There is nonbeing. There is a not yet beginning to be a not yet beginning to be nonbeing. Suddenly there is being and nonbeing. But between this being and nonbeing, I don't really know which is being and which is nonbeing. Now I have just said something. But I don't know whether what I have said has really said something or whether it hasn't said something.

Otterbein College was founded while the Santa Fe trade was still being carried on in covered wagons. Perhaps there are

people who think we ought to be conducting the affairs of the college exactly as they were conducted in 1847. Like the quail in Chuang Tzu's parable, such people would say, "That's the best kind of flying anyway."

As a matter of fact, it was not bad flying in 1847. The founders of Otterbein University, as they called the institution of two buildings, two professors and eight students, made up in vision what they lacked in experience. Their concept of education was broad and generous — indeed, it was universal, for their new institution had been founded, they said, "for the benefit of the church *and all mankind*." Americans who were interested in all mankind in 1847 — in Africans, and Asiatics particularly — were rare. We can always take genuine pride also in the fact that the founders of Otterbein did not discriminate against women, but opened their institution as a co-educational venture and even employed a woman on the faculty. The essential element of the cooperative system which distinguishes the University of Cincinnati, Antioch College and Wilmington College today — a system which combines remunerative labor with study — was adopted by the trustees of Otterbein University in 1854 and called the manual-labor system. There was a strong element of pioneering in Otterbein from the very beginning — a willingness to experiment — a disposition to develop meaningful patterns of education whether anyone else was moving in the same direction or not.

Not only did the founders of Otterbein College have the freshness and zeal of pioneers but they had a burning conviction of the importance, even the uniqueness, of what they were doing. This spirit, which they managed to convey to many of their successors, carried this institution through all the vicissitudes of the next century — through wars, depressions and panics, through church divisions and church unions, through the rise of the state university system, and through nagging and persistent financial stringency. It might be pertinent to inquire as to whether that questing spirit and that certainty of purpose still characterize us in this, the one hundred and twentieth year of our existence. Do we have any convictions about what this college ought to stand for or are we interested in it only as a temporary place of employment? Do we believe that Otterbein College has any kind of an educational mission, or do we only believe that it ought to win an Ohio Conference championship? Have we become part of that complacent generation whose motto is "Come weal or come woe, my status is quo"? Are we furnishing leadership for any

contemporary movement of reform comparable to the leadership which Ben Hanby and other Otterbein alumni gave to the anti-slavery crusade in the 1850's? Have we become so departmentalized and so labyrinthine and so enmeshed in procedural red tape that *rigor mortis* has set in? Frederick Bolman of the Esso Education Foundation recently pointed out that "If one consults a sufficiently large group with sufficient persistence and over a sufficient length of time, it will be possible to create insurmountable difficulties for even the most innocuous proposal."

I can say, on our behalf, that we are at least uncomfortable enough to be asking these questions and seeking some answers. We have been undergoing an almost continuous process of self-analysis since 1960 when we adopted a long range plan which gave us a sense of direction as far as numbers and things are concerned. The probing and thumping, not only by our own committees of every description, but by a series of outside examiners, have given us a clear enough picture of our weaknesses and have even suggested minor remedies, but no revelation of our institutional soul is going to come to us from the outer world. We must discover this for ourselves.

I am convinced that unwillingness to undergo this introspection or failure to fix upon the pole star of the future will bring about the demise of Otterbein College. I do not believe that small, private colleges, dependent upon tuitions, gifts and endowments for their economic existence, can survive in today's world of tax supported multiuniversities unless they become educationally significant, and they cannot become educationally significant if they try to serve up learning in cafeteria or smorgasbord style. The state universities can do this much more cheaply and effectively. The private colleges must dare to be different!

St. John's College, our host for our seminar on Chinese Civilization, is a good, if extreme, example of individuality in education. St. John's is based upon two principles unique in today's educational world: first, that a student can become educated by studying the ideas expressed in great books (not textbooks), and secondly, that the study of the great books can best be accomplished in small groups within a small student body. So, their curriculum consists principally of the one hundred great books of western civilization; their enrollment is limited to 300; their faculty members can discuss Aristotle and Darwin with equal

aplomb and their classrooms are furnished only with large, seminar tables and chairs — there is not a teacher's desk on the campus. When the population explosion brought unbearable pressures upon the St. John's admissions office they responded, not by doubling their enrollment at Annapolis, but by building a second St. John's College in Santa Fe. St. John's College is completely dedicated to the liberal arts, and neither the graduate schools, the accrediting agencies, the state departments of public instruction, nor the federal government have been able to shift or shape that dedication. St. John's, therefore, with only 600 students, is a significant factor in American higher education, and it attracts the kind of students, teachers, and donors who are impressed by that significance.

Nearer home is Western College for Women at Oxford, Ohio, which has achieved a firm place in our educational world in a different way. As its name implies, this institution was founded in 1853 to offer women on the western frontier educational opportunity which, at that time, existed in few other places, Otterbein, of course, being one of them. For a good many years, Western served well in this role. By 1953, however, it could neither claim to be on the frontier nor to offer unique opportunities for female education. History had robbed it of its mission. The people who realized this fact most clearly were not the trustees or the alumni, but, praise be, the faculty. It was the faculty which decided that just as Western had played a pioneering role in the education of women during the first century of her history, she should pioneer during her second century in the field of international education. The faculty sold this idea to the trustees. A new curriculum, emphasizing the study of foreign cultures and international relations, was developed, a new administration skilled in those areas was employed, and Western College for Women marched off in a new direction. It is noted in American educational circles today for its unique program, which includes summer tours successively to Latin America, the Near East, the Far East, and Africa, and which brings to the campus every year, foreign educators in residence, such as Dr. Sylvester Broderick last year, an Otterbein alumnus from Sierra Leone. It was to Western College, therefore, that the Association of American Colleges turned when it wished to invite to the St. John's seminar an institution significantly involved in curricular experiments in global studies.

I am certainly not suggesting that Otterbein College become

either another St. John's or another Western. They have followed their peculiar geniuses and we should not try to imitate them. I am saying that we must discover our own peculiar genius and use it as a basis for developing our own second century role as a significant institution of higher learning.

Dr. Alfred Garrett challenged us this morning, in his brilliant address on "The Faculty Introvert - Extrovert Syndrome Equilibrium" to define our unique contribution to higher education — then asked us to try his own definition on for size.

The unique contribution of the church-related colleges is continually to assert *and demonstrate* that the best atmosphere in which to search, to learn, to teach is the backdrop of the Christian ethic.

That fits me very comfortably and I think it will wear well. Whether the 3/3 plan now being worked out will accomplish this or not is immaterial — what is important and relevant is that we create a climate of thought and attitude in which the search for a significant educational role will be regarded as natural and even necessary rather than radical and threatening. Only in this kind of receptivity to new ideas can Otterbein find a reason or even an opportunity for continued existence as a private college.

Fortunately, academic people — *genuine* academic people — have one virtue in common, which ultimately guides them like the pole star to the rejection of all that is false, cheap and cowardly. This is the love of learning — a quality of the heart without which no other virtue is ever complete. So I turn at the end to another great Chinese sage — the greatest — Kung Fu Tzu or Confucius, who said:

Love of goodness without love of learning degenerates into silliness. Love of wisdom without love of learning degenerates into utter lack of principle. Love of keeping promises without love of learning degenerates into villainy. Love of uprightness without love of learning degenerates into harshness. Love of courage without love of learning degenerates into turbulence.

And a greater than Confucius said:

“As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he!”

AUTUMN

The maples burn and smoulder on the hill;
The oaks spread far and wide their purple cry;
The ash of goldenrod lies everywhere;
Sumac and sassafras, now brilliant, dye

The fields where autumn grass lies spent, unkempt,
Patient beneath the keen autumnal air,
Storing endurance for the winter blast
Coming so surely when the trees are bare.

For all this throb and pulse of autumn fire,
This wide-flung glory of departing leaves,
The heart swells to the rounded blue of sky
And yet for summer's quiet greenness grieves.

While soft mauve clouds of asters do their part
To ease the ache of autumn in the heart.

Cleora C. Fuller

BRANDY BROOK

This brook is much the same as ours –
Swift water singing over stone –
But ours sang to us long ago;
Now this one sings to me alone.
So again I know – I've known it long:
A different day, a different song.

And yet this evening just at dusk,
When two went hand in hand to hear,
It sang our song of long ago
A love song, joyous, rippling, clear.
And well I know – I've known it long:
A different day, the same sweet song.

Cleora C. Fuller

IN DEFENSE OF WILLIAM KENRICK,
THAT "SUPERLATIVE SCOUNDREL"

The prosecution in the case of Public Decency vs. William Kenrick has devoted the better part of two hundred years to its presentation. In the emotion-seared process it has introduced such adjectives as malicious, libelous, violent, masochistic, sarcastic, pretentious, envious. The charges presented are formidable, the prosecution having called to the stand many of the most illustrious persons of eighteenth century London to relate eye-witness accounts of Kenrick's perfidious actions and impressive testimonials to his character failings. Not a single contemporary has spoken in his behalf; indeed, all have joined with surprising passion in his condemnation.

David Garrick, who as proprietor of the Drury Lane Theatre had a working relationship with the playwright Kenrick for some twenty years, described him as "the malignant, obscene, and leprous creature."¹ Samuel Johnson, with his usual understated wit, said that Kenrick "was one of the many who manage to make themselves *publick* without making themselves known."² One Cuthbert Shaw owes his very minor footnote in history to his malicious verse on Kenrick:

Dreaming of genius which he never had,
Half wit, half fool, half critic, half mad,
...Eager for slaughter, and resolved to tear
From others' brows the wreath he must not wear,
Next Kenrick came: all furious, and replete
With brandy, malice, pertness, and conceit;
Unskill'd in classic lore, through envy blind
To all that's beauteous, learned, or refined.³

The prosecution of Kenrick has not been content to rely only upon his contemporaries for opinions. In 1812, when the "authority" of the standard reference (here David Erskine Baker's *Biographia Dramatica*, a generally excellent biographical dictionary of people in drama and a history of individual English plays) pronounced its judgment on Kenrick, he was further castigated: "Few persons were less respected by the world; still fewer have created so many enemies, or dragged into the grave so little

regretted by their contemporaries.”⁴ In 1815 Alexander Chalmer’s monumental *The General Biographical Dictionary* continued that Kenrick “was seldom without an enemy to attack or defend himself from” because of his “unhappy temper and irritable vanity.”⁵ In 1894 the grand successor to all such earlier references, the *Dictionary of National Biography*, through the pen of Gordon Goodwin, found that Kenrick “had a strong love of notoriety, a jealous and perverse temper, and was often drunk and violent.” He was “the enemy of every decent and successful person, and so notorious as a libeller that few condescended to answer him.” Indeed, he was a “superlative scoundrel.”

But a characteristic of human life is that time cools all passions, and a quality of English justice is that the prosecution must in time give way to the defense. In 1957, Paul Fussell, Jr., was able to report that Kenrick’s *Remarkable Satires*, “the embarrassment and rage” of 1760, “suggests only faintly today its original context of violence, sarcasm, libel and masochistic gaiety.”⁶ The trial of William Kenrick, alleged scoundrel, has reached the stage of defense.

First, however, some pertinent context must be provided. William Kenrick (1729 or 1730-1775), the son of a Watford, Hertfordshire, scalemaker, received a grammar school education, travelled extensively in Europe in his teenage years, and was apprenticed to a maker of brass rulers at eighteen or nineteen. Ambitious for a literary career in spite of his humble origin, he abandoned his apprenticeship after two years and hurried to Grub Street, the heart of London’s publishing district.

As the early struggles of such talented men as Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith make clear, Grub Street was an unpleasant place for ambitious, hopeful young men, specializing as it did in the impoverishment and humiliation of the uninitiated. This Kenrick quickly discovered. His first venture for recognition was a satiric magazine, *The Kapélon*; or, *Poetical Ordinary* (1750-51). It staggered through six months of failure before dying. Then came a satire after the manner of Pope, *Old Woman’s Dunciad* (1751). It, too, failed. Then *A Monody to the Memory of His Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales* (1751). A failure.

Where does one turn for a hearing when satire has not succeeded, when imitation of the most respected author has fallen on deaf ears, when an appeal to patriotism has gone unnoticed?

Why, of course, to religion — particularly to an attack upon religion. This Kenrick did. Seemingly certain in its offensiveness was his *The Grand Question Debated, or An Essay to prove that the Soul of Man is not, neither can be, Immortal* (1751). Here, too, Kenrick was disappointed. There was no reaction at all to this impudent publication. At this juncture the rather desperate young man conceived a pattern which he was to maintain the rest of his life, one which was to become Exhibit A in the prosecution's case, an exhibit supporting the charge that he had a basic lack of principle. Having published his *Grand Question* anonymously, a common practice of the time, he answered it, also anonymously, with a slashing attack on its indecency in his *A Reply to the Grand Question Debated* (also 1751). Did the London literati listen? They did not.

At this point the case against Kenrick as an offender against decency begins. He is charged with creating artificial disputes with himself by anonymously arguing against his own writings. How does the defense plead? Why, guilty, of course. Kenrick did this not once but many times. It became with him a common method of attracting attention (or perhaps trying to attract it better, for the method was never very successful). There are, however, mitigating circumstances which, while they do not make him less guilty, do bring into question the self-righteous certainty with which his own age condemned him. In response to a request from Ralph Griffiths, proprietor of the *Monthly Review*, Oliver Goldsmith, in many ways the sentimental darling of the age, revised, prepared for publication, and provided introductions for a six-volume *System of Natural History* by one R. Brookes. This was the kind of hack work in which both Goldsmith and Kenrick were frequently involved. But, according to Griffiths' own records, Goldsmith, anonymously, also wrote for the *Monthly* the review of the Brookes volumes. Needless to say, he found them well prepared for publication. He thought well particularly of the introductions. In addition, at least one much respected modern scholar has found the review in the *Critical Review*, the only other major publication of the type, so markedly similar to that in the *Monthly* as to lead to the conclusion that Goldsmith wrote both.⁷ Underscoring again this line of defense, Samuel Johnson, the self-confessed moral arbiter of his age, admits that he and Goldsmith had an agreement with the editors of the *Critical Review* that Johnson was to review, anonymously, anything that Goldsmith published, and Goldsmith anything of Johnson's. How these actions are more honorable than Kenrick's attempts to argue with himself is hard to determine. Such practices were obviously quite common.

After his venture into disputation had failed, Kenrick tried the stage, writing a rather innocuous play, *Fun: a paroditragicomicol Satire* (1752). Because it involved a rather mild attack on the novelist, Henry Fielding, whose friends were politically more powerful than the young man newly arrived from the provinces, the Lord Mayor was persuaded to suppress it. It was never acted. But it could not be termed a failure, for the experience taught the shrewd Kenrick several lessons: first, that he did have a future in the theatre; second, that one could get attention by attaching himself to a well-known person; and third, that prominent people will sometimes react to personal attacks.

Each of the three led to a type of writing to which Kenrick devoted much of his energies during the rest of his life. He ultimately wrote six plays, five of which were presented on the stage, two — *Falstaff's Wedding* (1766) and *The Widow'd Wife* (1767) — rather successfully. In answer to the second lesson, he turned to the translation of the works of great men, most notably Rousseau (*Eloisa*, in 1761, *Emilius* in 1763, and *Miscellaneous Works*, in 1767). For *Eloisa*, he was awarded the degree of LL.D. from Marieschal College, Aberdeen.

Kenrick's response to the third lesson led to the writing for which he is best known and for which he has been condemned. Prominent men will sometimes reply to personal attack, and such an answer does bring attention to the attacker. In 1753, with his *Pasquinade*, aimed at Sir John Hill, he began a series of abuses of the great and near great which spans the remainder of his life. In 1765 he saw his opportunity to strike at the top when Samuel Johnson published his *Shakespeare*. Kenrick issued his *A Review of Dr. Johnson's new edition of Shakespeare; in which the Ignorance, or Inattention of that Editor is exposed and the Poet defended from the Persecution of his Commentators*. This work is a rather superficial examination of Johnson's emendations and commentaries interspersed with rude, badgering, and insulting remarks. Clearly Kenrick is guilty of bad taste. Ironically he also reveals himself a sound student of Shakespeare who, had he devoted more attention to his project, might have produced a work worthy of memory. Johnson was too wise to respond to such goading, realizing that silence is the best defense against criticism which seeks not correction but reply. Perhaps to urge Johnson again to acknowledge him, Kenrick announced a coming work, *A Ramble through the Idler's Dictionary: in which are picked up several thousand Etymological, Orthographical, and*

Lexicographical Blunders. Either Johnson's silence was effective or the proposed task was too difficult, for the promised volume never appeared.

Kenrick then turned to James Boswell, a more excitable target, with his equally sarcastic *An Epistle to J. Boswell, Esq., occasioned by his having transmitted the Moral Writings of Dr. S. Johnson to Pascal Paoli* (1768) and *A Letter to James Boswell, Esq., on the Moral Septem of the Idler* (1768). Boswell says that he was "at first inclined to answer this (the first) pamphlet; but Johnson, who knew that my doing so would only gratify Kenrick by keeping alive what would die away of itself, would not suffer me to take any notice of it."⁸ Kenrick is thought also to be the author of a letter published in the *London Packet* in 1773 which suggests an immoral relationship between Oliver Goldsmith and Miss Horneck, a young girl half Goldsmith's age, whom he idealized. If this is Kenrick's work he was more successful with his insults, for Goldsmith charged into Thomas Evan's printing shop and attacked him for publishing such material. Unfortunately for Goldsmith, the much older Evans soundly thrashed him. But an acquaintance, one Dr. William Kenrick, just happened to be nearby, and he was kind enough to assist the dazed Goldsmith to a coach and send him home.⁹

How can a defense plead against such charges? Only, it seems, by citing the context in which the actions took place. Johnson, though thoroughly insulted by Kenrick, was himself, at least outwardly, brusque, rude, and overbearing, Boswell a fawner almost beyond belief. Such men by their own natures seem fair game. The charge in the Goldsmith affair is more serious, but it is also a conjecture in that there is only the belief of persons at the time that Kenrick was involved. No one has managed to substantiate the connection further.

The apex of Kenrick's career in personal abuse came in 1772 with his *Love in the Suds; a Town Eclogue. Being a Lamentation of Roscius for the Loss of his Nyky*. Here Kenrick goes far beyond mere bad taste. He explicitly attempts to connect Garrick with the then sensational affair of Sir Isaac Bickerstaffe which led to Bickerstaffe's expulsion from public life. Homosexuality and politics had become entwined, and Kenrick suggests that Garrick is homosexual and that he has allowed this to enter the conduct of his theatre business. This is clearly libelous. By his own admission, Kenrick believed no such thing, but wrote the

work "to plague the fellow." Garrick immediately brought suit for libel, and he was persuaded only after much urging from his friends to agree to a published apology in lieu of a trial. Kenrick was forced to apologize abjectly in the daily newspapers.

Such gross libel is, of course, inexcusable. The defense pleads guilty, but asks the mercy of the court on the grounds of extreme provocation. The relationship between Garrick and Kenrick, a necessary one since Kenrick was a playwright and Garrick the proprietor of one of the two major theatres of London, had been deteriorating for several years. Despite the personality difficulties of Kenrick, Garrick must bear much of the blame for this situation, for his actions were hardly exemplary. In 1767 Garrick produced Kenrick's *The Widow'd Wife*, a fairly successful comedy. A large audience attended the first night and was pleased. The same occurred the second night. The custom of the time dictated that the profits from the third, sixth, and ninth nights were to go to the author. But in this instance a circumstance "unprecedented in the annals of the theatre" occurred.¹⁰ A command performance was called for. With all the royalty in attendance on the third night the crowd was unusually large, and the profits equally so. On the fourth night, because so many potential customers had attended the society affair the night before, the audience was small. Then Garrick decreed that the author must take the fourth night's profits rather than those of the third because of the unprecedented circumstances on the usual author's night. Kenrick was furious, but he was also helpless. Only custom, not law, divided the profits in the usual manner. Kenrick was a young, little-known hack writer and Garrick a strong, prominent businessman. Kenrick ever after felt he had been cheated.

In 1772, immediately precipitating Kenrick's *Love in the Suds*, another clash occurred between these two vain men. Kenrick either had or had not sent his play, *The Duellist*, to Garrick for his consideration. Kenrick said it had been returned unread; Garrick maintained that he had never received it. After an exchange of several insulting letters on the subject, Garrick proposed a personal meeting to iron out the matter. This was agreed to, but at the appointed time, Kenrick did not appear. Instead he sent a letter saying that he had been warned of a plot to waylay and beat him. Garrick called him a fool and a coward: "what talk of dangers and attacks which were never conceiv'd, and which even you could not be frighten'd enough to believe!"¹¹ Kenrick

did appear a foolish coward. Later, however, a letter written by Garrick on June 15, five days after the meeting, turned up in which he said that he "had been going to beat Dr. Kenrick for his infamy, but the latter 'smok'd the crab tree,' and wrote a most cowardly letter."¹² In July of that year Kenrick published his *Love in the Suds*. The defense, therefore, pleads mitigating circumstances.

These are the major changes that Decency brings against William Kenrick. Clearly he is guilty on all counts. Posterity, however, has been unkind not to consider the context in which the crimes were committed. Kenrick's actions show lack of judgment and restraint beyond that usual at his time. But the directions of his sins were clearly painted out for him by his betters, many of whom then joined in the chorus of condemnation. Such self-righteousness is less than justified.

FOOTNOTES

¹Joseph Knight, *David Garrick* (London, 1894), p. 261.

²G. B. Hill, ed., *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, rev. L. F. Powell (Oxford, 1934-1950), I, 497.

³Quoted in James Prior, *The Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, M.B. (2 vols., London, 1837), I, 295-296.

⁴David Erskine Baker, *Biographia Dramatica* (3 vols., London, 1812), I, 430.

⁵Alexander Chalmers, *The General Biographical Dictionary* (32 vols., London, 1812-17), XIX, 324.

⁶Paul Fussell, Jr., "William Kenrick, Eighteenth Century Scourge and Critic," *Journal of the Library of Rutgers University*, XX (June, 1957), 42. This article is the primary source of biographical and bibliographical information used in this paper.

⁷R. W. Seitz, "Goldsmith's 'Lives of the Fathers,'" *MP*, XXVI (1928-29), 304.

⁸*Johnson*, II, 61.

⁹*Goldsmith*, I, 293-296.

¹⁰*European Magazine*, X (1767), 19.

¹¹David M. Little and George M. Kabel, ed., *The Letters of David Garrick* (3 vols., Cambridge, Mass., 1963), I, 806.

¹²*Ibid.*, I, 805, note 1.

PAROLES A LA JEUNESSE

Qui mène le peuple?
C'est Toi, Jeunesse.
Il faut le faire avant vieillesse.

Qui défend le peuple?
Mais, Toi, Jeunesse.
Il faut le faire avec hardiesse.

Qui parle au peuple?
C'est Toi, Jeunesse.
Il faut le faire avec gentillesse.

Qui aime le peuple?
Encore Toi, Jeunesse.
Il faut le faire avec tendresse.

Qui? Moi?
Oui. Toi.

James E. Carr

Charles B. Buffington, Translator

THE DITCH

From the Spanish of Vincente Leñero¹

"I am a man pursued by
something worse than death
..."

Graham Greene

We didn't create the noise. It came linked to the hooves of the horses and when we arrived in the town it seemed to us that we had punched little holes in the silence. But no one noticed it.

We lowered him from the horse. Genaro grabbed him by the armpits and I by his feet. His arms hung down and his fingernails reflected flecks of moonlight.

We heard the dogs barking. Genaro stopped then. I told him not to be afraid, but his bared teeth were holding in a scream that was making a knot of his body.

"All we need now is for you to crack up," I told him.

He tightened his lips. Then I couldn't see his face because his hat cast a shadow over his forehead.

He was very heavy. It was as if we ourselves were weighted inside and we had heaped on him the stones that we had in our souls. Now, when I look back, I become soft. But then I was hard. Hard, like the *huaraches* in which we walk the land.

We went through the field until we arrived at the lower slopes of a hill. Genaro wanted to rest. We dropped our burden in a furrow. Genaro took out his red handkerchief and tried to erase the sweat that screamed on his face.

"They're going to catch us," he told me.

¹Vincente Leñero (b. 1933-), "La Zanja" from *La polvareda y otros cuentos*, Editorial Jus, 1959.

“Why?”

“Everything is always known. No one ever escapes.”

“Chicken.”

I wasn't afraid that night. I only noticed the cloth around my middle and the bills inside tickled me.

“Everything went all right. How are they going to catch us?”

“Come on, let's get it over with. . . .”

And I thought that Genaro was getting old. Fear was making him old. It wasn't lime he had in his hair, but some thick grey strands that were making his conscience itch.

“These people don't deserve to live,” I told him.

He didn't answer me and I felt I was making excuses to someone who didn't exist. . . . Why did I say “they don't deserve to live?” Who was asking me to account for anything? People kill because they have the need to do something. Because we are not content with what we have. Because we need some dirty money and because others have a house with lights and a *petate* to sleep on and a woman who fires up the meal.

It is all a question of a moment. To hold the tongue and let the hand fit the machete. Our hands don't belong to us. They are someone else's. They are a bit of the earth and of the silence and of the resentment. The hands turn bad because everything is dirty. The hands of Genaro were as dirty as mine. That night he was afraid, but it was the fault of that “lime” that was sprinkled on his head.

We drank five gulps of *chinguere*. I made a sign and he lowered his head and followed behind me as if the blood were calling him.

Genaro looked at the limp form first. Perhaps his memory was jolted by the scarecrow face that the wretched man had.

But it was Genaro who grabbed his arms and held him up in front of my machete so that I might cut the thread of his life.

Perhaps the blood got in his eyes and filled him with fear. But it was God's will that it should be so and because of this I felt no remorse.

We threw him in the ditch. His body rolled as if it were made of stones and his face was lost in the darkness, far out of our sight.

"Now we've finished," I said.

Genaro mopped his sweat again and followed me without saying anything.

We mounted our horses, and the town was lost to us in the dust and in the night.

Three days later Genaro came to see me.

"Have you heard yet? They found him. They're checking up everywhere."

"Fill this up, Pepe. . . . Have a drink?"

"What'll we do? Epifania knows something."

"Why?"

"I ran into her the other day, washing clothes. 'You know they found some one in the ditch?' she told me. 'No,' I told her. 'Well, they found him. They say he was killed with a machete and thrown there afterwards.' 'I don't know anything,' I told her. 'They're making inquiries,' she told me. . . . She was looking at me who knows how and I turned my head and left."

"Nothing more? . . . Fill it up, Pepe. Sure you won't have anything?"

"I'm getting out by tomorrow's train."

"What you need is to get drunk and stop looking like a half-dead burro. . . . You'll have to stop being so stupid — do you want them to catch us? All you have to do is leave for them to

suspect. . . . Drink up, with this you'll forget everything."

"I can't stay. You can't make me stay. . . . I keep seeing the dead man's face and I feel that they can see the murder in my face from miles away."

"No, you're not going to go. . . . Have another."

It wasn't difficult to get him drunk. Then he began to say stupid things. He told me about when he was a child and his father used to come by each week in the engine of his train. He used to go to the station and wave his hat when he saw the train arrive. His father used to get down and help him up into the cab. His father taught him the levers. Then his father would buy him *tacos* and Jamaica water and, when leaving, he would say good-bye.

He wanted to be an engineer.

He didn't want to kill anybody.

He was drunk.

"Where're you taking me?"

"Let's take a ride."

"I want to get out, I want to get out of here, I want to get out of here. . . ." he kept repeating like an enraged brat.

It was a beautiful night — neither cold nor hot. I was singing and felt his arms around my body — so he wouldn't fall off the horse.

"You're not afraid?" he asked me.

"No, I'm not afraid. I've never been afraid. . . . When I was a kid I killed a boy with a rock. I didn't mean to, but I killed him. I remember that I bent down to look and blood was trickling from him. I wet my fingers in the blood and returned to town sucking them. No one knew it was me. They threw the blame on who knows who and shot him. . . . I've never been afraid. . . . And you, Genaro?"

“Me, yes, I’m afraid.”

“And how do you feel when you’re afraid, Genaro?”

“My legs feel weak, very weak, like flat tires, as if I were drunk.”

“You’re not drunk. . . . are you, Genaro?”

“Let me go. . . . I’ll leave on tomorrow’s train. No one’ll know anything. I’ll never say anything about you.”

“Why should you say anything, Genaro? . . . I’m your friend. I’m the only friend you have.”

“Yes, you’re my only friend. I never had friends. I was always alone. Everybody left me alone. My father left me alone, too. One day the train came and he wasn’t on it. I wanted to drink a glass of Jamaica water and to climb up into the cab. . . . But I never saw him again.”

We heard dogs barking, but they were very far away.

“Where’re you taking me?”

“I told you we’re going for a ride, Genaro.”

He let go of my shoulders and fell from the horse as if his body was broken. He got up. There was blood in his voice.

“Don’t kill me. . . . I won’t say anything. . . . don’t kill me.”

“Take it easy. It’ll all be very quick. One jab and that’s it. You won’t feel a thing.”

He was shaking. His body was swaying as if it were hanging from a tree and swinging in the wind.

I don’t remember what else he said. Only, after I chopped him with the machete, I heard him say: “. . . a glass of Jamaica water.”

I’m still here – in the village. They never found out anything.

They caught two guys and who knows what happened to them? I'm free. I am free like I always have been. But I have stopped going out at night on horseback. I don't go out even though I always did before, because I used to like the chirping of the crickets and the moonlight that sketched the mountains on the black sky.

Now I can't go out at night because the barking dogs scare my horse, and the crickets stop chirping when I get near them. Everything is lonely. It was before, also, but now my soul is filled with rocks that are crumbling before my eyes.

The branches of the *palo blanco* trees have turned yellow. The ditches have filled with water and through the furrows one hears the little thread of blood that wets the feet and stiffens me.

At times I hear the noise of the train. It passes, whistle blowing, and does not stop. Nobody gets off. People look out the windows and I seem to hear their voices mixed with the click-clack of the engine.

My body is full of ditches and of the barking of dogs. Nobody comes to look for me. Justice hides itself, and I walk alone, free as the clouds.

I feel like crying. . . .

THE SCHOLAR POET

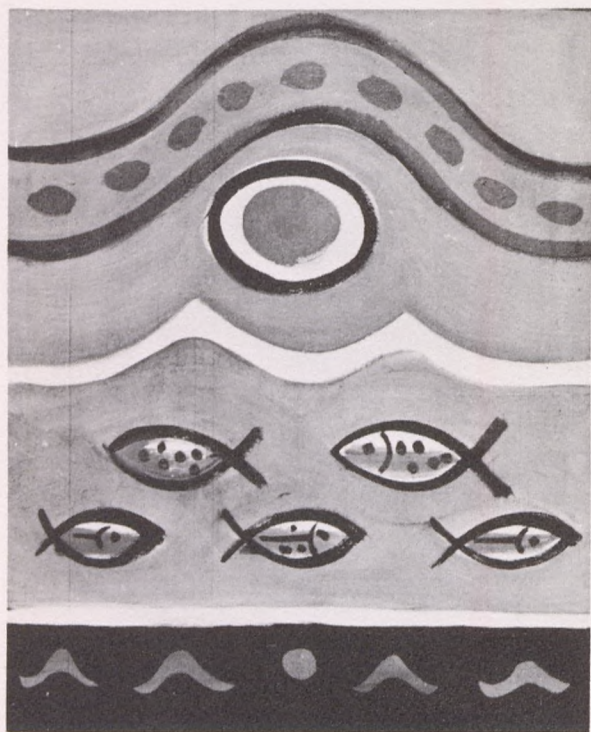
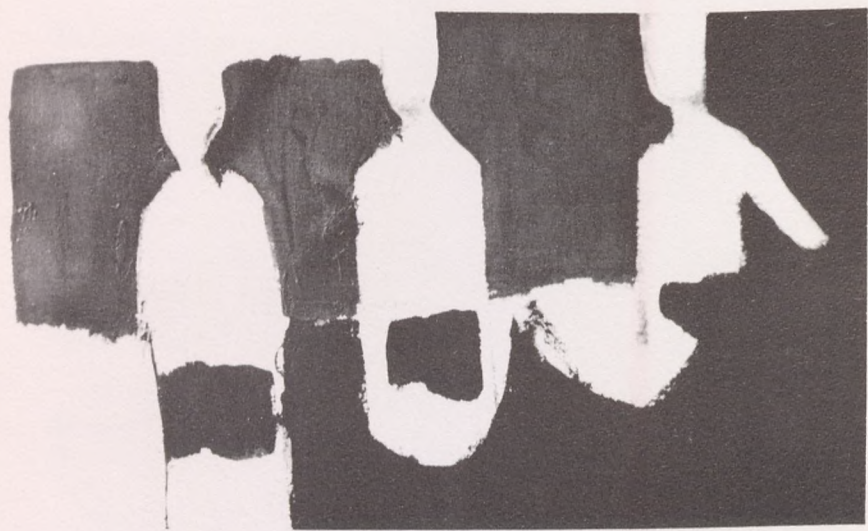
A poet with advanced degrees
Is like a dog with extra fleas;
He barks no louder, itches worse,
And finds he's lost his taste for verse.

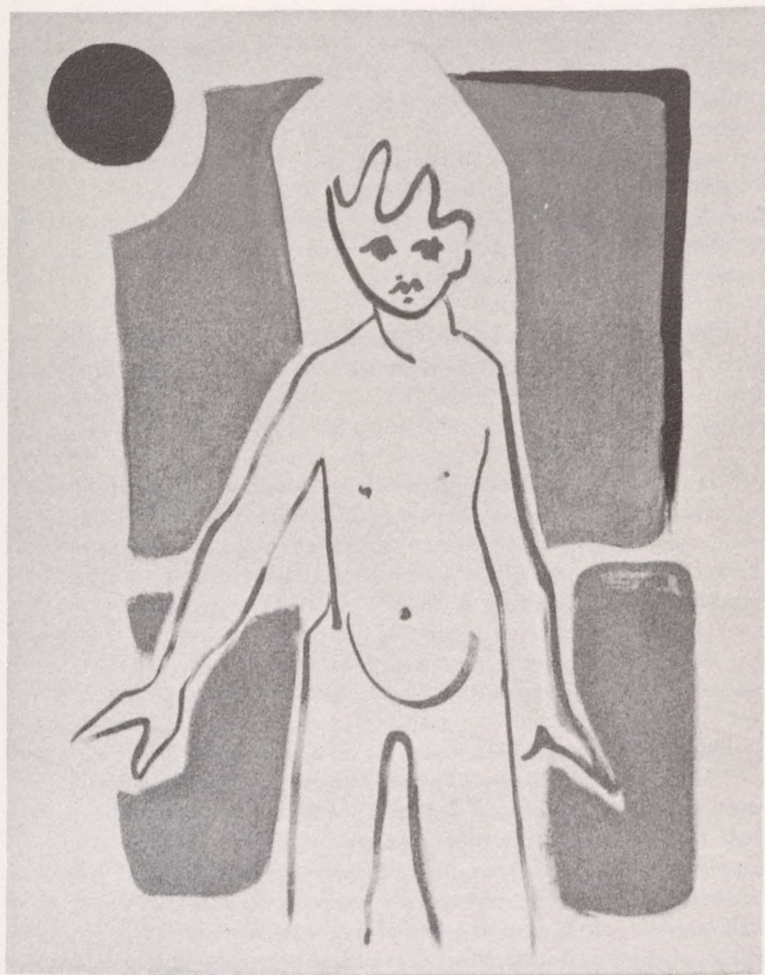
Todd R. Zeiss

Earl Hassenpflug

NEW PAINTINGS – 1967

1. "Three Bathers"
2. "Speckled Trout"
3. "Child – The Measure"





IN PURSUIT OF THOSE ELUSIVE HUMAN CANCER VIRUSES

When people ask, "Why haven't human cancer (oncogenic) viruses been discovered?" it is often difficult for the research scientist to provide a satisfactory answer. There is usually the hurried explanation that the main obstacle is that one cannot carry out the type of experiment in man that one performs, for example, with rodents or with chickens — and this is true. But the major difficulty lies in the fact that the laboratory specialist frequently feels a great inadequacy in attempting to communicate in easily understandable terms the complexities that are actually involved in the present efforts to establish evidence of a viral cause (etiology) of human cancer.

This article will attempt to suggest some of these complexities and at the same time point out the new laboratory approaches that seem to be on the way to providing the necessary evidence to justify the hope that these studies now offer.

Classically, a causal relationship between a microorganism, be it bacteria, a fungus, protozoa or a virus, and a disease has been established by a series of steps. These have included: (1) isolation of the agent from the diseased tissue or host in a large number of cases of the disease; (2) reproduction of the disease by the microorganism in the same or similar host; and reisolation of the same organism from the secondary host. These procedures were first outlined by Robert Koch in the late 1800's.

Over the years, other forms of evidence have been accepted in lieu of certain steps. These, in general, have evolved from retrospective analyses of disease patterns in a number of individual cases or in certain populations. Foremost among the alternative acceptable forms of evidence is serologic data. For instance, if it can be shown that an individual, prior to onset of a disease, lacked specific globulin molecules (antibodies) in his blood, which are capable of reacting with the specific microorganism known to produce a similar disease, but during the course of the disease the individual formed these antibodies, this is accepted as good evidence that the patient had been infected with that organism even though the organism was not isolated. This type of procedure has been applied to the study

of epidemics. The surveys have shown, particularly with certain viruses, that in a given population many people may be infected while only a few actually develop disease. The polioviruses perform in this manner — many infected individuals, but only a few clinical cases. The individuals who are infected and develop antibodies become essentially immune. Their antibodies, as well as antibodies from actual patients, react with the virus; this reaction can be demonstrated in the laboratory by a variety of techniques. It is the modifications and applications of these techniques, in recent years, which have provided a major impetus to human cancer virology.

Before describing these techniques and their applications, it seems pertinent to define some terminology. I have already introduced the term *antibody* which we all identify as those globulins (proteins) which circulate in the blood plasma and have the capacity to react with specific molecules normally foreign to that individual. These antibodies can be genetically determined as in the case of antibodies which react with red blood cells and are the basis of blood typing. Or the antibodies may be induced by the introduction of a foreign substance into the body as in the case of infectious diseases. Any substance which induces formation of antibodies or reacts with antibodies because of specific molecular morphology is called an *antigen*. Thus polioviruses are foreign substances and the host responds by forming antibodies. When other viruses or microorganisms infect an individual they generally are antigenic. This is also true of tumor inducing viruses.

One of the most striking examples of how scientists have successfully utilized this knowledge has occurred in the past five years. Dr. John Trentin, of Baylor University, discovered that a high percentage of newborn hamsters, injected at birth with a human virus called adenovirus-12, developed tumors at the site of injection in two to four months. These tumors did not contain infectious adenovirus-12 or any other virus. However, sera from some of the hamsters with tumors contained antibodies which reacted with adenovirus-12; while sera from hamsters without tumors did not react. Since it was recognized that the amount of virus injected represented an insufficient amount of antigen to induce the level of antibody formed, it appeared that either additional virus was produced in the tumor-bearing animal or the tumor cells contained at least a portion of the virus which served as source of antigen. The latter was found to be true. Extracts

of the tumor were indeed found to react with antibodies to adenovirus-12 even though intact virus was not present in the tumor cells. Furthermore, it was found that sera from tumor bearing hamsters would react with the antigens in the tumor extract. Further analyses of the antigens in the tumor extract revealed that some of them were elements which formed actual parts of the intact virus. However, another antigen, which has been shown to be in all tumor cells induced by adenovirus-12, was found not to be a structural part of the virus; this antigen was called the adeno-12 tumor antigen or T-antigen for short.

How does one demonstrate the presence of T-antigen in a tumor cell? Several methods have been devised. The most dramatic method has been the application of the fluorescent-antibody technique. This technique was first introduced by Dr. A. H. Coons in the 1940's. Essentially, antibody is given a fluorescent tag by mixing 20 parts of antibody with one part of highly purified fluorescein dye. The dye becomes bound to the antibody molecules without interfering with the capacity of the antibody molecules to react with specific antigen. Excess dye is removed and the labeled antibody is ready for use. In our example with T-antigen, ultra-thin slices of the tumor are placed on a microscope slide, fixed with laboratory acetone or alcohol, and then covered with the fluorescein-labeled antibody. After sufficient incubation the slide is rinsed very thoroughly and examined microscopically using ultra-violet light illumination. Wherever T-antigen occurs in the tumor cells the labeled antibody will have been bound and remain localized during the rinsing procedure. Upon irradiation with ultra-violet light the dye fluoresces a bright apple green. Thus a vivid demonstration, readily discernible by all but the color-blind, of an antigen-antibody reaction is established. This technique yields visual evidence of the presence of genetic information supplied to the tumor cell by the virus. It does not imply that the complete viral genetic material is present since all the genetic information necessary for formation of complete virus in an infectious form may not be present in the tumor cell. This reaction is, however, acceptable evidence that an etiologic relationship exists between the virus and conversion of a normal cell to a tumor cell.

It is and will continue to be the latter phenomenon which has stirred the imagination of the majority of virologists who believe that human cancer and leukemia are indeed induced by viruses. Will it be possible to demonstrate the presence of viral induced

antigens in human tumor cells or leukemia cells? Many investigators firmly believe that this will occur. This belief is based on observations with many different animal tumor and leukemia virus systems, all of which have been shown to result in cellular synthesis of specific viral associated tumor antigens. The fact that in the majority of these systems the animal host forms antibody to the tumor antigens indicates that perhaps all viral induced tumors may be antigenic. This remains to be shown with human cancer and leukemia; extensive studies are underway.

Another approach, perhaps of great potential, has been developed from the observation that bacteria which have been infected with a virus and are not producing it can be induced to produce that virus. In this special case of biologic interaction it is known that the complete genetic information for synthesis of the virus resides in the bacterium and that every time the bacterial genetic material is duplicated the viral genetic material is likewise duplicated. Normally, no infectious virus is produced. If, however, the bacteria are subjected to irradiation with ultra-violet light or treated with certain chemicals or antibiotics, synthesis of complete infectious virus occurs. This technique has been applied to several animal tumor systems. In one instance it has been possible to induce tumor cells to synthesize the virus which actually induced the tumor. In other systems, including the adenovirus-12 system, this approach has not been successful.

A final approach, which should be described, involves the technique of somatic hybridization. When two populations of cells growing in laboratory cultures are mixed, frequently an exchange of materials between unrelated cells takes place. The degree of exchange may range from small amounts of cytoplasm to complete integration of all components of both cell types. In the latter instance the resulting cell is a hybrid and has been formed not by sexual hybridization as in fertilization but by two unrelated cells forming one cell. In the course of this type of test-tube hybridization, it is possible that machinery is now present for synthesis of material that one of the original partners lacked. For example, a tumor cell, which contains all the genetic information necessary for synthesis of the virus which caused the tumor cell to develop, may actually be unable to synthesize the virus because of a block at some vital step in the process. If, however, the tumor cell combines with a non-tumor cell which has full capacity to produce the type of virus sought, it is possible that infectious virus will be produced. There are, at present, three examples

known where this process may play a role in activating the hidden virus genetic material. In these three instances some biologic interaction occurs between at least a few tumor cells and susceptible normal cells. The interaction results in a cell which is capable of synthesizing virus. Once this cell begins to synthesize and release virus, other normal cells in the mixture become infected and shortly yield readily detectable virus. Here, then, is definite evidence that virus genetic information is latent in some tumor cells. It remained only for the scientist to devise the necessary combination of environmental conditions to activate the viral genetic material. The search for a technique is now going on with human cancer cells, but at this point the pursuit is somewhat empirical since one cannot predict what conditions are actually necessary. If this approach is to be fruitful, the conditions will be discovered.

This discussion could include descriptions of several other approaches, such as nucleic acid hybridization, genetic derepression, and enzymatic induction with oncogenic viruses. These approaches may be as promising as the three which have been described. However, the important point is that means are available which provide potentially profitable studies on the viral etiology of human cancer. Once specific causal agents are identified, control becomes more meaningful and, perhaps, prevention may become more than just a hope.

PHYSICAL-METAPHYSICAL

'T is true, my love, I bring to thee
A bruised and swollen heart
Whose leaking valves and ventricles
Can scarce perform their part;

And yet, 't is also true, my sweet,
Since he enlarged be,
His auricles communicant
Speak greater love for thee.

Todd R. Zeiss

LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL

September 4

Wind in the trees – softly insistent, a cricket on the hearth where a fire burns low. The house is quiet, and all the night has access through the open windows and doors. It is one of my cherished luxuries, this sharing the house with nature, still keeping the fire going and enough blankets on the bed.

We've had other cool nights this summer. Yet tonight there is a restless necessity in the soft wind. It *has* to be on the move. It has somewhere to go.

I just got up to check the fire and thought once again, as I threw on a sassafras and an oak, of Thoreau's questions: "What did I do while I was warm?" – thinking of Nature's long labor to grow a tree and the short time required to consume it. Thoreau philosophized. And I? I feel, think in retrospect, hear and wonder at the changes in the voices of night, and realize that another summer is gone, but that fall has not yet arrived. Tonight belongs to neither season, only to itself. As with Thoreau's log, so with my summer. What did I do? I shall not regret *if* I have done, or grown, or shared.

Sometimes it takes preparation to *do* – as with a pie. It takes a bit of working at till I can come to the moment when I say, "Here, I have created a pie!" And sometimes growth requires long aching periods of struggle before one can say, "Growth has been achieved!"

I am aware, as the voices of night come to me, that a season planned and prepared for according to an eternal law is on its way, but not yet quite achieved.

How wise a God to establish flexible laws. Yet those laws stand immutable as long as needed. And it is part of the law that its fulfillment may vary in potency, and that it may have an end when its need is no more. No waste. No season is ever stamped out and rejected and cast aside because it does not meet all of the requirements for the product. There is none of man's conform-

ity. For fall does not come *again*; it is always a new and different fall.

As usual, the hour, the fire, the cicadas, the day just past, and especially the soft murmur of a new wind in the trees in the valley, all lull me to sleep. Soft forgetfulness.

September 8

Awake since 3:30 A.M. and I have had the opportunity once again to see the magic of night transformed into pre-dawn, that bridge between night and day. How quietly it comes. No news headlines, no government investigation, no taxes – free to anyone who for that short period dares to be insomniac – a blissful state if one does not fight it!

It seems such a fragile thing, this change from dark to light. You lie very still, curtains parted, watching. You never know the precise moment when it happens. There is just that moment of awareness. Dark is less dark, and day is already being born. The sky from my east window will repeat the glow of coals on the hearth. A feeling of coming warmth.

The soft light from the hearth gives a half substance to rocking chair, spinning wheel and loom, and rows and rows of books. The luminous pre-day gives meaning to the incomplete forms of the walnut trees, the slope of the hill, and the sounds of nature stirring.

Perhaps just so our present imperfect vision gives a foretaste of what we shall learn to feel, see, and experience in a fuller life.

We are so very human! We vacillate between conceit and impatience, and want to take all in our hands and say, "See, this is it. We know because we can touch, analyze, and catalogue." We ignore the sensing which is perhaps our most non-human gift, and one which brings us closest to the language of the infinite.

October 7

Lying stretched out in the tall grass, cool soft, while the others gathered walnuts, I wondered once again why we insist on painting pictures right side up. Why "right"? It's just a point of

view. As I looked up through the thinning walnut leaves into the canopy of October blue, the view was just as right as from the lane or from a bird's view far above.

We begin growth in one place. The soil of that place affects the growth. An image is established that we call reality. But the tree is just as real from another view. And so, perhaps, it is with friends. They, too, vary with the change of backdrop. Yet we tend to build for each an image and a pattern according to the ambience we first experienced and our own relative position. How easy it is to limit the view and then to feel disappointment or hurt or criticism, when we might well glory in the multiplicity.

It's still the same tree! With many views, many angles to its pattern, dependent upon our relative positions.

Reality, again, with many faces!

December 4

The whole world is dripping. Dawn and dusk are merged into one. Day itself is suspended – an interlude between yesterday and tomorrow.

December 9

Wind is racing through the treetops in a most indecorous manner, her voluminous skirts catching and snagging, breaking off little twigs, shaking the lower branches, causing bird feeders and chickadee house to sway alarmingly. The wanton laughter and swooshing rushes high above me.

This is the South Wind, and I think she must have brought all her sisters along to enjoy the rainy night.

Sometimes they come rushing all together. Then their exuberance mounts almost to a shriek as they pass, dying softly again to a murmur in the woods behind the hill. Sometimes they come singly, and the sound of their approach swells like the ocean waves and, breaking overhead, diminishes again, much like the repeated rhythmic "swell, swish, shush" of passing cars on a wet pavement or highway.

I think these winds like this special path that runs from our pond, across the hill past the house, out the front lawn, around

the bend in the road, through the orchard, and back around to the pond again.

I'm so glad they've come tonight! Our housedog Cindy seems glad too. We feel the same special freedom and joy, for we are back home again after a difficult week away. Her tail goes thump, thump, and her nose lies daringly close to the fire. She seems happy, too, with the kind of warm thanksgiving joy that lasts and lasts. Out here one can know that a heart is still able to love, and sing, and thrill.

January 1

Nika the Boxer made the rounds of the bird feeders with me this morning. Our last stop is always at the titmouse feeder on my bedside window. I filled the holder and scattered extra rations along the sill. Nika, chin resting on the ledge, sniffed to see if this was suet too, and a shower of sunflower seed scattered to the ground. She looked up at me in surprise, quizzically tilting her head as if to say, "What happened? Did I do something?"

There flashed through my mind the memory of a three-year-old, face and hair heavily dusted with powder, serious eyes looking up from under powder-laden lashes, uncertain whether or not to cry. "Aunt Eafhel," she lisped. "Mus'n' blow in a powder box!"

How many little gems are lost in our dailyness because we are so intent on fulfilling self-appointed tasks. How easy to give unwise priority to our own created jobs and, unseeing, miss the supporting cast in life's drama. It is so easy to lose sight of today in tomorrow and yesterday. The *now* when experienced is brief and deep — its awareness, a willing hush, a stillness within.

Sylvia Vance

COMMENTS ON A CURIOUS PARAGRAPH: THE ART OF ROBBE-GRILLET

Almost at the end of his novel *La Jalousie*, Alain Robbe-Grillet has written a most puzzling paragraph. Full of contradictions from beginning to end, it purports to be a summary of the action of a novel which figures in the plot structure of his own book. This is the paragraph:

Le personnage principal du livre est un fonctionnaire des douanes. Le personnage n'est pas un fonctionnaire, mais un employé supérieur d'une vieille compagnie commerciale. Les affaires de cette compagnie sont mauvaises, elles évoluent rapidement vers l'escroquerie. Les affaires de la compagnie sont très bonnes. Le personnage principal—apprend-on—est malhonnête. Il est honnête, il essaie de rétablir une situation compromise par son prédécesseur, mort dans un accident de voiture. Mais il n'a pas eu de prédécesseur, car la compagnie est de fondation toute récente; et ce n'était pas un accident. Il est d'ailleurs question d'un navire (un grand navire blanc) et non de voiture.¹

(The principal character of the book is a customs official. The character is not an official, but a high-level employee of an old commercial house. The business of this company is bad, bordering on swindling. The business of the company is good. The principal character, we learn, is dishonest. He is honest, trying to rectify a situation compromised by his predecessor, who was killed in an auto accident. But he had no predecessor, for the company was founded only recently, and it was not an accident. Besides, it involved a ship (a large white ship) and not a car.)²

How to explain the contradictions? One might add this mystery to the list of difficulties encountered in the "new novel" or shrug off this puzzle as a deliberate obscurity on the part of Robbe-Grillet, who, as the author of the scenario of *L'Année dernière à Marienbad*, is not known to American audiences for his clarity. But a close examination of so much of his novelistic technique reveals such a disciplined design that somehow it is

difficult to accept the explanation that this paragraph has no real function.

The most enlightened criticism of Robbe-Grillet does not aid greatly at this point. Bruce Morrissette in his detailed and perceptive analysis of Robbe-Grillet's novels speaks of this series of contradictions as reflecting the uncertainty of the narrator, and representing the extreme to which his distortion of reality goes.³ The text of the novel edited for student use by Germaine Brée and Eric Schoenfeld suggests at this point that the student read the paragraph with care, and asks (as another in the series of questions used to point out structural clues), "Vous l'expliquez-vous?" ("Can you explain it?"). Undoubtedly this paragraph in question is one of many distortions of remembered scenes, a distortion represented in concrete form in the novel as a flaw in the window glass through which the narrator observes, on occasion. But distortion to what purpose? And why to this extreme?

Few authors are more demanding than Robbe-Grillet of the reader's participation in the novel, and this very participation can and does lead to a variety of interpretations. Bearing in mind that in the film version of *L'Année dernière à Marienbad* even Robbe-Grillet and the director, Resnais, did not agree on the important point of whether or not the two protagonists had met before, readers of his novels still persist in examining such puzzling paragraphs in the light of the whole novel, starting with the premise that such writing is not arbitrarily difficult, without reason.

There is, surprisingly, in the novels of Robbe-Grillet a certain harking back to the days of French classical drama, to the discipline of the three unities. As Morrissette points out, the progression of scenes in *La Jalousie* obeys the most rigorous rules of "liaison" set up by such critics as the abbé d'Aubignac in the seventeenth century; that is, linking of scenes by sight, or through one character who is looking for another just leaving, or who has already left, or sometimes by means of the sound of someone coming, and so on.⁴ Without belaboring this point (for the obvious differences between classical drama and Robbe-Grillet's novels are many), one can become aware of an essential discipline which Robbe-Grillet enforces on his art — a strictly controlled point of view through the eyes of his narrator. Nothing is revealed to the reader but from this single vantage point. This

technique corresponds in the novel to a technique of camera use such as Robert Montgomery's in the film, "Lady in the Lake", where the observer-narrator is, in point of view, the camera. In Robbe-Grillet's novels, it is what the narrator's eyes "choose" to see, how the sight is "edited" or distorted by the characteristic warping of the narrator's vision, (that is, by his personality or, perhaps, his obsession) that tells the tale. What actually happens is not necessarily known; what is apparent is, in objective description, the psychological reality that exists for the narrator. Time flows from the present to the past and occasionally to the future, as some object triggers a memory or a premonition, though throughout almost the whole text the events play through the immediacy of present tense, the constantly unrolling "film" of the mental images of the narrator.

The reader learns to watch for clues: the time adverb suggesting a change of scene; the description of a different room indicating that the narrator has changed location in place, perhaps also in time; the minute variations in repeated descriptions giving the hint of how the narrator at this point is interpreting what he sees in actuality or in memory. For it is not the verbalized thoughts of the narrator which tell us what he thinks; it is the literal, physical description of (primarily) what he sees, and (sometimes) what he hears and (rarely) what he does. Robbe-Grillet himself has humorously described the plight of the reader who prefers to skip description in novels, only to find, leafing through his novels, that he has come to the very end without finding "the action".

Mention was made earlier of the flaw in the window glass which can be said to represent physically the mental distortion of the narrator's descriptions. Let us call this sort of device the "objective correlatives" (as Stoltzfus does, echoing Eliot) which Robbe-Grillet manipulates to reveal the state of mind of the narrator.⁵ There are several such objects in *La Jalousie*. At this point it should be mentioned also what these objects are *not* meant to be. They are not symbols with any inherent meaning. The conscious art of Robbe-Grillet consists, in part, of a methodical attack against all anthropomorphizing of the physical world, and a substitution of geometric description. (Mountains are not "majestic"; they are located in a certain plane, at a certain distance from the observer.) "La métaphore, en effet," says Robbe-Grillet, "n'est jamais une figure innocents....(elle) introduit en fait une communication souterraine, un mouvement de

sympathie (ou d'antipathie) qui est sa véritable raison d'être."⁶ ("Metaphor is never innocent; it introduces in fact a subconscious message of sympathy (or antipathy) which is its real reason for being.") Distortions in glass do not *mean* a distortion in human perception. They are simply the objectification of the state of mind of the narrator, who is unhappily engaged in warping his own meanings into things that exist, things that happen. It is the purpose of Robbe-Grillet's technique to enable the reader to undergo this experience of the narrator with him.

What happens in *La Jalousie* is a slight, commonplace sort of plot. The narrator, operator of a banana plantation in some tropical location, perhaps Africa, suspects that there is a sexual attraction springing up between his wife, identified only as A...., and Franck, the owner of a near-by plantation. An incident where Franck, who is lunching with them, kills a centipede, leaving a faint stain on the dining room wall, takes on for the husband revealing sexual overtones, as it plays and replays in his mind. Franck plans a one-day trip to the coast to see about buying a new truck, and A.... accompanies him to do some shopping. Because of motor trouble they are delayed overnight and return the following day. Throughout the long night of A....'s absence the husband's jealousy causes him the most acute torments; then it appears to recede, in diminishing waves, through the two final chapters of the novel. There are hints, he observes, that the attraction, if there were such, is waning. All through the book, in the mingled realities and recollections, the various important scenes are "seen" again and again, described with slight, but revealing, changes.

Readers of this novel must accept the fact that Robbe-Grillet will not let the narrator say outright that he believes an affair is happening, or is not happening. Only by a physical, literal description of what he sees and hears will we be enlightened, and these clues are subject to alternate interpretations. There will be none of the clarity in self-comprehension of Phèdre's "Moi, jalouse?" which we find in Racine's study of the same corrupting emotion.

The "African novel" (supposedly summarized in the curious paragraph) has played a role in Robbe-Grillet's novel previous to these puzzling contradictions. It is a book read by Franck and A...., but not by the husband. It is mentioned as being discussed by them several times, one of these in the paragraph in question.

The amount of the novel that has been read at any certain point in the story is a clue to when the scene takes place, sometimes the only clue. On two occasions there is an element of uncertainty introduced into what is being said by A.... and Franck about the novel, because the husband cannot hear exactly their conversation. On one occasion he says that they are talking only of the plot, without making the slightest evaluation in any critical sense. Finally, at almost the end of the book, there come the extreme contradictions. What can be their purpose? To try to answer this question, it may be appropriate to ask another one first.

Consider the strict discipline of Robbe-Grillet's technique in handling point of view, his insistence on psychological reality and his manipulation of the objective correlatives important to *La Jalousie*; within these, how can he present an "ending" at all? (He has already hinted that the story may well be like the native song described in the novel, ending as abruptly as it began, in the midst of what would seem to be the flow of song.)

What function, in short, can the very contradictions of his summary of the novel serve in indicating the state of mind of the narrator at the end of *La Jalousie*? It shows the greatest confusion, suggests Morrissette.

But there is another possible interpretation.

Suppose Robbe-Grillet wishes to show the narrator's acceptance of the fact that he is not ever going to know whether there has or has not been an affair between A.... and Franck? How better to do it than by the extreme contradictions of the plot summary? The plot of the novel has already appeared to have elements that are unclear in the husband's mind. By this device of the many contradictions we may be observing the husband as he realizes that he has neither the desire nor the intention of forcing the issue, because of the kind of person he is. If so, this paragraph becomes the equivalent of Phèdre's "Moi, jalouse?" in the self-appraisal of Robbe-Grillet's narrator, with a certain painful clarity of its own.

Whether or not this paragraph of contradictions does indeed represent the narrator's realization of the uncertainty he will live with because of the sort of man he is, by this point in the novel the reader has experienced in a striking way the jealousy of this

man who is never named, never tells us his thoughts, but only describes in literal terms what he sees and hears. For what Robbe-Grillet asks of his readers, "ce n'est plus de recevoir tout fait un monde achevé, plein, clos sur lui-même, c'est au contraire de participer à une création, d'inventer à son tour l'oeuvre et le monde, et d'apprendre ainsi à inventer sa propre vie."⁷ ("---is no longer to entertain a world fully created, perfect, complete, sealed off to itself; it is, on the contrary, to participate in a creation, to devise for himself the novel and its world, and to learn thus to discover his own life.")

FOOTNOTES

¹Alain Robbe-Grillet, *La Jalousie*, Germaine Bree and Eric Schoenfeld, editors (New York, 1963).

²All translations from Robbe-Grillet by the present author.

³Bruce Morrissette, *Les Romans de Robbe-Grillet* (Paris, Editions de Minuit, n. d.), 121.

⁴*Op. cit.*, 129.

⁵Ben F. Stotzfus, *Alain Robbe-Grillet and the New French Novel* (S. Illinois U. Press, 1964).

⁶"Nature, Humanisme, Tragedie" (1958) in Alain Robbe-Grillet, *Pour un Nouveau Roman* (Paris, Les Editions de Minuit, 1963), 48-49.

⁷"Temps et Description dans le Recit d'Aujourd'hui" (1963), in Alain Robbe-Grillet, *Ibid.*, 134.

Harold Hancock

TOWERS FROM THE ASHES: THE STORY OF THE BUILDING OF TOWERS HALL

By 1870 Westerville had grown to become a typical Ohio village of 871 population with no particular distinction, other than being the home of Otterbein University. No large industry was operated in it, most of the inhabitants being shopkeepers, retired farmers, and students or members of the faculty at that institution. Growth was anticipated when the Cleveland, Mt. Vernon, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad would be extended through the community. Both Methodists and Presbyterians had church edifices, while United Brethren met on the campus. During the previous decade the first public school had opened, and the first newspaper had been published.

Writers to the *Religious Telescope*, the United Brethren weekly published in Dayton, reported that the inhabitants were characterized by gentility, respectability, intellect, and sobriety. A visitor to Westerville had been there for several weeks before he heard an oath, and that was uttered by someone who was not a resident. When a liquor shop had been opened three miles from the village a few years earlier, the inhabitants had purchased and destroyed its contents and had asked the vendor to desist from sales. Later when inebriated men were found in the village, the question arose as to whether purchases of liquor had been made in nearby towns or within the community. A public meeting was called, and a resolution was passed promising support of prayers, money, and muscle for suppression of the nuisance; thus far the writer reported that only prayers had been needed.

Otterbein University was almost twenty-five years old in 1870 and had more students than ever before. The total enrolled in the preparatory department, or "Academy," as it was called later, numbered one hundred and twenty, while fifty-two were registered in college courses. Professor Henry Garst estimated in a brief history published in the *Religious Telescope* in 1872 that 3,500 students had attended the institution, though only 110 had become graduates. Many of them had become ministers, teachers, or professional men, and practically all of them had left the institution as Christians. Tuition was \$12.00 per semester, with

instruction in instrumental music and modern foreign languages extra, while board could be obtained for \$3 or \$4 per week on campus and for \$1 or \$2 in clubs in the village. A "Base Ball Club" was permitted by the faculty to use the campus and smooth grounds in 1870. The four buildings on campus were the old White Chapel, "Ladies" Hall, Saum Hall and the new main building begun in 1854, but still partially unfinished in the interior.

About one o'clock on the morning of January 26, 1870, cries of "Fire! Fire!" echoed across the campus. Students and faculty were horrified to see flames coming from the main college building, which contained the library, classrooms, and libraries and furniture of the three literary societies. The fire had begun at the head of the north stairway and had spread rapidly, the flames soon lighting up the campus and the adjacent section of the village. The bell of the burning building was rung, but the combined efforts of students, faculty and townspeople were unsuccessful in checking the conflagration. Only some chemical apparatus and furniture were saved from downstairs rooms. Lost were classroom furniture, the college library of 3,000 volumes (including a copy of a Sinaitic manuscript presented by the Emperor of Russia) and the libraries and furniture of the three literary societies. All that was left standing were the gaunt walls of the ruins. The loss was estimated at \$50,000 of which only \$20,000 was insured with a Dayton company.

On the evening of the conflagration a revival service had been taking place in the chapel in the building, and forty had been at the altar. The janitor who resided in the structure had locked up as usual afterwards. The fire broke out some distance from any stove, and President Lewis Davis and Professor Garst, as well as others, believed that it was of an incendiary nature. In spite of the catastrophe, the revival services continued at the Presbyterian Church next evening, and six were converted.

At four o'clock in the morning, while the ruins were still glowing and smoking, the faculty met in President Davis' living room and made plans to continue teaching in the old White Chapel, Ladies' Hall, Saum Hall and in the homes of professors. Academic work continued throughout the year without interruption, with a large number of students in attendance.

On that same day the Prudential Committee (Executive Committee) arranged for refurbishing the old White Chapel for instructional and church use and for the preparation of recitation rooms

in Saum Hall. President Davis agreed to write an article for the *Religious Telescope*, giving an account of the catastrophe, asking for financial support, and calling for a meeting of the trustees in February.

Interested citizens of Westerville asked what they might do to retain the university and were advised to raise \$50,000. At a public meeting in the Methodist Church this undertaking was initiated. President Davis addressed an appeal to the citizens of Columbus and Franklin County to contribute to the building fund, and an editorial in the *Ohio State Journal* urged support, pointing out that vigorous efforts were being made to relocate the university in Dayton, center of the printing activities of the United Brethren Church.

When the Board of Trustees met in February, a resolution was passed expressing appreciation to the faculty, Prudential Committee and citizens for their assistance at the time of the fire and to students for remaining at the institution after the loss of the literary halls and libraries. Several petitions were received suggesting a change of location, but action was deferred until June to see what kind of offers would be made. The faculty was appointed as a committee to submit plans for the erection of a building at the next meeting of the Board.

During the next several months letters appeared in the *Religious Telescope* urging that the institution be moved to Dayton, which was already a center of church activities, while other communications emphasized that Westerville was in the center of the state, was soon to have a railroad, and already had a campus with several buildings. By June the citizens of Westerville had pledged \$25,000, and church conferences had promised an additional \$10,000 to retain the university in the same location. Payment of these pledges was underwritten by fourteen men, including William Hanby and President Davis. Miltonville countered with an offer of \$25,000, which it promised to double within three months. Fostoria and Defiance also expressed interest. The Otterbein University Association of Dayton pledged \$65,000 and asked that a committee of the Trustees inspect a location in that city before a decision was made. A motion to postpone the matter for sixty days was defeated at the meeting of the Trustees, and motion to remain in Westerville was carried by a vote of seven-teen to three.

The Trustees appointed the faculty and a building committee to draw up a rough design for a building costing \$25,000, and the Buildings and Grounds Committee recommended that the location be on a more central part of the college grounds. Plans submitted by R.T. Brookes, a Columbus architect, were accepted in July, and on August 6 bids from six firms were opened. For \$29,355 a contract was awarded for the construction of the building with the understanding that bricks from the ruins were to be used as much as possible. (Some of these charred bricks could be seen in the basement of Towers Hall until recently when they were painted over.) The contractor was A.W. Cornell of Newark, and the date of completion was fixed as August 1, 1871. The trustees had used the \$20,000 of insurance to pay off debts, and the pledges from Westerville and the church conferences were to pay for the constructing and equipping the building.

Fear was expressed that the location of a new agricultural college in Columbus (OSU) might "militate" against the prosperity of Otterbein, but plans proceeded for the laying of a cornerstone on October 5, 1870. Professor Garst spoke about the number of students who had attended Otterbein and what contributions they were making to society and emphasized that almost all of them had been Christians. This "Title Stone," as it was called in the minutes of the Prudential Committee, cost \$50.00. The location of the new building was slightly west and south of the destroyed one.

An article in the *Religious Telescope* in December reported that the new building was rising as if "by magic" and that the top of the second story had been reached in stonework before the contractor suspended work for the winter. The fact that the university had decided to remain had resulted in "a new era of progress" in the community. Several new homes had been erected, and the possibility of the coming of the railroad opened new prospects for Westerville.

Commencement, the beginning of the new academic year, and the dedication of the new building were all fixed for early August, 1871. When the regular academic year ended in June, Professor Garst noted that the occasion without Commencement was rather dull, in spite of examinations, exhibitions, and two weddings. The confirmation of the railroad had been celebrated by the unfurling of banners and the pounding of anvils. The contractor for the new building was winning "golden opinions" by the excel-

lency of his work, and the Prudential Committee had appropriated \$1000 for Professor Thomas McFadden to spend on scientific equipment. Professor Garst had collected money and books as a nucleus for a new library, and the trustees had promised to bring a contribution of \$10 in books or cash at the next meeting of the Board. A "normal" school – probably Otterbein's first attempt at teacher education – was held on campus during the summer.

After the Board of Trustees and alumni assembled in August, they found that the building was still incomplete, lacking in part flooring, ceilings and windows. Even though the dedication could not be carried out as anticipated, Bishop J.J. Grossbrenner gave a dedicatory address which was later published in full on the front page of the *Religious Telescope*. His address emphasized the importance of education and above all of Christian education. Classes at the beginning of the semester in 1871 continued to meet in make-shift classrooms.

When the Prudential Committee met in October, work had been suspended on the building for two months because of the contractor's bankruptcy. The Secretary of the Committee was directed to notify Mr. Cornell's securities that they would be required to finish the building and that their answer must be filed or work resumed within twenty-four hours. Finishing touches soon made the building available for use, and faculty and students moved into the new quarters late in the fall. The Prudential Committee struggled with problems connected with the new building during the remainder of the school year. Coal-burning stoves were purchased, and a cistern of eighty-barrel capacity constructed. An ingenious recommendation by the Committee on Grounds and Buildings that a twenty-barrel tank be placed in the attic with pipes to the various floors for use in the case of fire was not carried out. Defective registers for ventilation in the rooms required attention, as did the leaky roof. The chapel was painted in two shades of "stone," and the scroll work on the seats stained walnut. The architect of the building was given permission to prepare one thousand lithographs for sale. A visitor to the campus in December told the readers of the *Religious Telescope* that it was the finest college edifice that he had ever seen, and he praised the well-ventilated classrooms, library rooms, literary halls, and well-arranged chapel seating eight hundred.

For the building a bell weighing 1,031 pounds was purchased

from Vanduzen and Tift of Cincinnati in March, 1872. The cost of the bell, freight and hanging totaled \$170.00. Two members of the Alleghany Conference promised to raise the money to pay these charges.

The building was formally dedicated at Commencement in June, 1872, by Bishop Grossbrenner "to a Triune God, in a dedicatory prayer, to be used in the interest of science and religion." At the meeting of the trustees, the Committee on Buildings and Grounds expressed appreciation to the Prudential Committee for its earnest labor and success in securing "so fine a college edifice."

Philomathean Literary Society records reveal how one campus organization was affected by the disaster. The society lost all its furniture and library, property later estimated to be worth \$1900, with the exception of a few chairs and a Bible saved by the exertions of W.S. Winter, who was voted the thanks of the society and a gift of one of the rescued chairs. During the next months it met in five different places. A committee drafted plans for a new society room, and a printed appeal was issued to alumni requesting financial assistance. A manuscript history of the society, probably like the one preserved in a small red volume in the Otterbein Room, was placed in the cornerstone in October, 1870. Members were requested to solicit funds during the summer vacation in 1871. The location of the new hall on the third floor was fixed in the same relative position as in the old building.

During the fall of 1871 members worked energetically to put their new quarters into shape. They met as a group to carry lumber upstairs, voted to place the rostrum on the south side with three chairs on either side, and bought two stoves. For "fresh-coating" (frescoing) \$120 was spent. The formal opening of the room took place on December 1, 1871, when the president of the society's Board of Trustees presented a key to the room to the president of the organization. By 1875 the society had fully recovered from its losses. A picture of Lincoln's "Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation" and an oil portrait of Shakespeare were hung on the walls. With carpeting, two chandeliers, and new arm chairs, the hall made a handsome appearance. Members were proud of the library of 249 volumes.

At the first meeting of Philophronean Society after the fire a

committee was appointed to look after damaged belongings. A vote of thanks was extended to four gentlemen who had rescued the carpeting and chairs, and the organizer of this effort, Mr. Bellhamer, was presented with one of the rescued chairs. A committee was appointed to dispose of the carpeting, chairs, and chandeliers, and donations were collected for the purchase of new furnishings.

After the faculty agreed to permit the society to use one of the south rooms on the third floor, plans were laid to furnish and decorate it. At a cost of \$300 the room was frescoed by a Mr. Finegan, and a "Brussels" carpet purchased. Members or alumni contributed books, stands for the chaplain, secretary, and critic, and "the work of fine art of the transom." Other gifts included a picture of the "First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation" and a bust of Shakespeare.

The minutes of the Philaethea Society to which the young ladies belonged are less full and contain few references to the fire. The meeting place had been the northeast corner of the Old Chapel. The catastrophe now facilitated the division of the society into two organizations, as the following section of a petition by twelve members on April 7, 1871, indicates: "Resolved that as the property of the P. Lit. Society has been destroyed, we are convinced that two Societies could proceed upon more equal grounds now than at any future period." The members voted to divide, and thus was born the Cleiorhetean Literary Society. Later the two societies acted together in asking the faculty to grant them two society halls "equally large" as those occupied by the young men, and the request was approved.

The class song of the graduates of 1872 contained a reference to the great fire:

When our fair Alma Mater was stricken and bare, —
Ah! we ne'er shall forget of our sorrow,
As homeless we stood in that flame's sullen glare
And communed of our hopes for the morrow.
But friends, "brave and strong," gathered round and offered
solace and comfort.

Thus did the literary societies, as did Otterbein University, recover from a crippling blow to their facilities. Visitors at Commencement in June, 1872, paid tribute to the architectural merits of the new building, and their praise seems vindicated by

its use for almost a century as the main classroom building. As part of the observance of the one hundred and twenty-fifth birthday of the college in 1972, it might be appropriate to rededicate the building.

THOUGHTS TO MY SLEEPING SON

We need no bard or weatherman
To tell us it will snow tonight;
It's in the feel of things.
The chill air pressed against the earth
Suspends its charge of wet and sterile white
Until the moment when — like sorrow
Too immediate and deep to be resolved in tears,
The pain subsides, and one small sob
Releases torrents of despair — one flake
Heaps shovelfuls upon the ground.

Tomorrow, early, you and I
Will break the morning calm
With the hoarse bark and chatter of our shovels
As we slice and chop and pitch the snow
To clear a path for walkers.
I'll laugh at your undoing what I've done
And at your imitation of myself,
Foot on shovel, chin upon hand upon handle,
Gulping frosty breath
In serious mockery of my breathlessness.
I'll see you stride like a toy Eskimo
In seven-league red boots
Across the front-yard tundra,
Joyfully destroying with your tracks,
So gross yet so impermanent,
The even whiteness of the drifts.
Perhaps we'll build a snowman
Thirteen stories high
With coals for eyes, a carrot for a nose,
And borrow mother's broomstick
To lend purpose to his pose.

Ah, here it comes.
The heavy feathered flakes
Almost obscure the glow of streetlamps.
We'll have a foot or more before the night is out.
That should give you bank on bank
To hollow out and play old mole;
And on the level snow enough
To thrash your arms and legs,
And with your angel self, shape angels,
Rise, and brushing off your crystal glory,
Snatch a piece and suck it thoughtfully.

Such vision prompts a buzzing in my brain
Of something read and half forgot —
That eating snow,
The eon right of every child,
Because of strontium heat
Is now to be denied. My child, my son!
In a world of forces neither you nor I
Can fully comprehend,
A world where solid flesh *can* melt,
Live men who'd have us tunnel out our lives
But not in play. Snowman men
Who passionately spit out
The old Socratic paradox,
"Think justice first and children afterwards."

Well, I must get to bed
If I'm to have the wherewithall
To do tomorrow's work;
To bed, to sleep —
To sleep, I fear, no nutshell sleep.

Todd R. Zeiss

CONTRIBUTORS

Dr. Lynn W. Turner, President, Otterbein College, has written and edited widely in the fields of history and education. His most recent book, *William Plumer of New Hampshire*, was published in 1962. His address to the faculty of September, 1966, bears specially upon curricular changes in Otterbein College.

The poetry of Cleora C. Fuller, English Department, has appeared in *Quiz and Quill* and elsewhere. In 1957, her poem "Remembering" was awarded First Place in the national writing contests sponsored by the American Association of University Women. A musical setting of this poem, by Paul L. Frank, was published in the 1966 *Miscellany*.

Dr. John K. Coulter, English Department Chairman, reports again from his special research world of eighteenth century London. An article on Oliver Goldsmith appeared in the 1965 *Miscellany*.

James E. Carr is a member of the Modern Language Department. "Dialogue" represents Mr. Carr's first excursion in the realm of poetry.

Charles B. Buffington, Foreign Language Department, has translated a collection of short stories from contemporary Mexican writers. He has had the privilege of interviewing each of these authors.

Todd R. Zeiss, English Department, has published verse and prose in *Contributor Magazine* and *Poet and Critic*. In 1958 at Lawrence College, he received the Alexander Reid prize in fiction.

Earl R. Hassenpflug, Fine Arts Department, has exhibited extensively in Ohio galleries. In March, his most recent one-man show was hung in the Otterbein Campus Center.

David S. Yohn, Otterbein '51, with M.S. and Ph.D. degrees in bacteriology from the Ohio State University, shared in the search for the Salk vaccine at the University of Pittsburgh and for the past five years has been involved in cancer research at Rosswell Park Memorial Institute, Buffalo, N.Y. He addressed the Otterbein College convocation of November 22, 1966, on the subject, "Heart and Lung Disease Prevention - a Public Responsibility." He has published extensively in his field.

Dr. E. LaVelle Rosselot, Modern Language Department, nationally known author of foreign language film and book texts, here turns to the personal essay vein, in which she is equally at home.

Sylvia Vance, Modern Language Department, has published frequently in *Quiz and Quill*.

Dr. Harold B. Hancock, Chairman, Department of History, has published numerous articles and several books relating to his special research area of Delaware state history. Currently he is commissioned to update the history of Otterbein College.

