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The Otterbein Miscellany - May 1968

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THE OTTERBEIN MISCELLANY

THE POSTURE OF THE ARTIST TODAY

Jo Mielziner

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE LIBERAL ARTS AND TEACHING
James V. Miller

QUILL DRIVERS

B. R. Hanby

VOL. IV

MAY, 1968

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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May, 1968

"MISCELLANY" – A POINT OF STRESS

Not the double-accented "MIS-cel-LAY-ny" that one hears from the average American who happens upon the word. Nor the single-stressed "MIS-cellany" to which Dr. Samuel Johnson gave his blessing in 1755 and which has continued to be the authorized Oxford preference for two hundred and thirteen years. And certainly not the clipped "MIS'l'ny" commonly heard from certain present-day Britishers who have an amazing facility for pronouncing long words on the first syllable and swallowing the rest. But "Mis-CELL-any" with a clear, firm reverberating, Middle Western emphasis on the second syllable – that is the way to sound out the surname of the OTTERBEIN MISCELLANY.

As for the meaning of the term – and thereby doubtless hangs a more vital issue –, Dr. Johnson defined a "miscellany" as a mixture or a medley, citing Sir Francis Bacon for using it in this sense as early as 1617. Of course, the word is much older. In Shakespeare's time a female dealer in trinkets could be referred to as a "miscellany madam" – a quaint usage now unhappily obsolete. But by the early 1600's, "miscellany" had become established in the young printing and publishing trade to designate a collection of diverse literary pieces brought together to form a single volume. A century later, certainly by the time of *The Monthly Miscellany: or, Memories for the Curious* (London, 1707), the term with this connotation had been taken over into the standard nomenclature of the periodical publishing world. And there, as the OTTERBEIN MISCELLANY has affirmed since 1965, it still remains, though usually rather quiet and dignified, and always performing a relatively important and scholarly role.

So, in this fourth annual volume, the OTTERBEIN MISCELLANY once more brings its pleasant mixture or medley. Again, in spite of the Foreword's hopeful announcement, the volume has had to be accomplished in a single number. Therein is contained, however, a stimulating and well-balanced assortment of educational philosophy and esthetic criticism, original short story and French translation, poetry, music and art.

For the enthusiastic support of the fifteen writers, artists and composers who submitted a total of twenty-four items for consideration this year, the editors express deep appreciation. To the editorial board who helped judge and select, to assistant editor Todd R. Zeiss and to printing advisor William H.B. Skaates with the skilled staff of the Otterbein printshop, the Editor herewith records his vigorously stressed personal *Thank-you!*

The Editor

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SOME THOUGHTS ON THE LIBERAL ARTS AND TEACHING

The goal of the liberal arts is to free, to liberate, to deliver human potential. The liberal arts are not pursued simply for pecuniary return. The means of the liberal arts are the various technologies — whether in physics or philosophy, English or chemistry, physical education or history. Charles Morgan put it well:

He whom we love and remember. . . will pull the curtain away from the classroom window and let us see our own heaven with our own eyes. And this enablement of mankind, I take to be the function of true education, for the very word means a leading-out, *and to lead out* the spirit of man, through the wise, liberating self-discipline of learning and wonder, has been the glory of great teachers and of great universities since civilization began to flower.

Several years ago, I had the privilege of looking at one of the great ancient industries northeast of London, in Norfolk near the village of Weeting. This was a large flint mine. It is now known as Grimes Graves. The workers in the flint industries of that ancient site in Britain, as in other places around the world, were technicians using a technology. They were flint chippers. These chippers were dedicated to producing implements practical to their day. Along with the East Anglian flint industry, there was, no doubt, a school for flint craftsmen. As I stood there, I imagined a great flint chipping college on those thirty acres gathered about the pits and radial arms of the tunnels. But it would not have been a liberal arts college. It would have been a school of technology. So it is with atom chipping, logic chopping, hair splitting, all kinds of pedestrian teaching, and unimaginative bureaucracy — academic as well as governmental. All of these should be gathered under the rubric of “flint chipping.” They are techniques for achieving ends. They tell us little of the ends to be achieved. Perhaps they tell us nothing at all of those ends.

Whenever the “chipping of flint” in our various disciplines rises above the legalistic and the routine into the realm of the creative imagination, art, or craftsmanship, the disciplines we

transmit are truly liberal arts. There is renewing knowledge, perhaps even wisdom, in the creative leap involved in craftsmanship. In the momentary imaginative surge beyond the daily routine, we move toward a grasp of the essential elements of our special areas of learning and practice.

In this process of transmitting and refining our cultural heritage there is a kind of magic. By magic I am not indicating some hocus-pocus sleight of hand. I refer to the artistry of the genuine craftsman — whatsoever his craft. I refer to the maya, the illusion, the world beyond the pedestrian world we try to grace with the terms “practical” or “real.” I refer to teachers and students who were isolated but become aflame with the eagerness to learn together. It is magic, craftsmanship, artistry when an instructor leads a student to see (perhaps I should say to smell rather than see) through and beyond hydrogen sulphide into the wide world of chemistry or any other area that suits our fancy. It is magic when a teacher lives with a student into the streets of ancient Rome, Athens, or Babylon and makes those peoples “come alive.” This magic is evidenced only if there are magicians. Who are these craftsmen? Who are these magicians? They are our teachers who have not quit learning and living both in their specialty and in the human arena!

There is always a kind of whimsical fantasy involved in the art that liberates us. This whimsical fantasy is skeptical of the “real” world with which we guard our set ways. It must remain in the crucial activities of human life, such as education and religious ritual, or else these will become mere conventional rites fed by propaganda. Insofar as education or religious rites become routinized, they produce automatons not persons, masks not faces. We do not develop into human beings or aid others to become free by following robot-like operations.

A major problem for the liberal arts lies in the need of nurturing a sense of personal integrity in ourselves and in our neighbors. Integrity refers to wholeness rather than to simple honesty about obvious facts. Surely, our youth see us as men and women who are bound by our technologies or freed and liberalized by our arts. For those who enter the classroom again and again, let me call to mind part of a poem by Karl Shapiro, “Going to School”:

What shall I teach in the vivid afternoon
With the sun warming the blackboard and a slip

Of cloud catching my eye?
Only the cones and sections of the moon
Out of some flaking page of scholarship,
Only some foolish heresy
To counteract the authority of prose.
The ink runs freely and the dry chalk flows
Into the silent night of seven slates
Where I create the universe as if
It grew out of some old rabbinic glyph
Or hung upon the necessity of Yeats.

O dry imaginations, drink this dust
That grays the room and powders my coat sleeve,
For in this shaft of light
I dance upon the intellectual crust
Of our own age and hold this make-believe
Like holy work before your sight.
This is the list of books that time has burned,
These are the lines that only poets have learned,
The frame of dreams, the symbols that dilate;
Yet when I turn from this dark exercise
I meet your bright and world-considering eyes
That build and build and never can create.

Then the clock strikes and I erase the board,
Clearing the cosmös with a sweep of felt,
Voiding my mind as well.
Now that the blank of reason is restored
And they go talking of the crazy Celt
And ghosts that sipped his muscatel,
I must escape their laughter unaware
And sidle past the question on the stair
To gain my office. Is the image lost
That burned and shivered in the speculum
Or does it hover in the upper room?
Have I deceived the student or the ghost?

Here in the quiet of the book-built dark
Where masonry of volumes walls me in
I should expect to find,
Returning to me on a lower arc,
Some image bodying itself a skin,
Some object thinking forth a mind.
This search necessitates no closer look

I close my desk and choose a modern book
And leave the building. Low, as to astound,
The sun stands with its body on the line
That separates us. Low, as to combine,
The sun touches its image to the ground.

Karl Shapiro
*Poems 1940-1953*¹

The liberal arts are not confined to the humanities nor is technology limited to the natural sciences. Inasmuch as you and I respond defensively about our own disciplines, we are in fact demonstrating want of liberation through our particular arts. In the undergraduate, non-university college the primary task in education is research and teaching. You will note that I have not used the common dualism: teaching vs. research. The reason is simple. No one can become or remain an excellent teacher unless he is involved continuously in research. Such research may be in learning more and more about less and less or learning more and more about the sweep and significance of one's subject field. It may eventually find expression in print. It will certainly find expression in the classroom year after year.

The basic task of the liberal arts is relating the disciplines — history, physics, language, drama, philosophy — to the life of a man as the citizen, the human being. I am not suggesting a series of exhortations on being a do-gooder, but one must be able to distinguish between the do-gooder and the one doing good. T.V. Smith put it well in an address: "The do-gooder is one who does good *to* others. The one who goes about doing good is the one who does good *with* others." I hope to "Pan and all the other gods who inhabit this place" (Plato, *Phaedrus* 279,B) that none of us are do-gooders and that all of us are doing good. "Superior things are worth whatever they must cost and the end user is the first to recognize this. So this new day is in your hands, and it will be only as wonderful and worthwhile as you dare to make it. Take your blinders off! There's a new day ahead." (Edmund E. Booher, Address, "There's a New Day Ahead," 1964)

¹© Random House, Inc.

The liberal arts free us from anxious or complacent ignorance and suspicious intolerance. As often as we are engulfed in anxieties or suspicions we show how greatly the liberal arts are needed. Great is the need for our cultural heritage to be transmitted through us, to be refined by us, and in the process to refine our intellectual and appreciative faculties! We are given the task of being so fascinated by these liberal arts that we are renewed and increasingly become agents of renewal to one another in and beyond the college community.

College professors are given the task of leading youngsters to assume their own education now and later. Each professor must involve himself in the process of educating his students to study independently and to will such discipline for themselves. Insofar as one fails to lead students to read voluntarily, because books or journals entertain or inform, one truly fails to manifest or to educate others in the liberal arts. So it is with creative participation in sports, the creative participation in and listening to a wide variety of music, viewing sculpture or painting, or attending dramatic presentations. Insofar as one succeeds in cultivating the appetite for learning and appreciation, one has succeeded in transmitting and refining our cultural heritage while freeing human potential through the liberal arts.

"THE BASIS OF WISDOM"

We are face to face with a predatory, parasitic class of people, devoid of compassion, who have acquired positions of power and who use all available knowledge in exploiting their fellow men. They are the breeders of unrest, turmoil and wars. And there is, at their disposal, that vast manipulatable multitude whose *schooling* has only a parochial or at most a provincial horizon; but who, so far as a world view is concerned, have received little if any education. Our representative form of government, which we are pleased to call a Democracy, is to a dangerous extent controlled by the manipulated prejudices and ignorance of this multitude.

However, on the other hand, there are humane and compassionate people who have overcome this urge to low-down meanness, have acquired the ability to perceive the relation of knowledge to human welfare and have dedicated themselves to the use of all their available knowledge to the improvement of the human condition. In this dual accomplishment, of perceiving and using, knowledge becomes the basis of wisdom.

B. C. Glover

(Quoted from "From Experience to Wisdom: The Process of Becoming Educated" in THE BAKER UNIVERSITY NEWS BULLETIN, January, 1967.)

Jo Mielziner

THE POSTURE OF THE ARTIST TODAY¹

President Turner, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen:

It is rather an unusual event when a college with the academic distinction of Otterbein invites a first-year high school drop-out to both address its body and to bestow on him a degree. I am deeply honored and grateful for this gesture.

Referring to myself as a first-year high school drop-out sounds much worse than it really was. At that age I had already received almost eight years of academic training, if I can call it that, in the school of painting and drawing and sculpture, having been born and brought up in my father's studio in Paris. It was an economic necessity for me to leave school and start helping to earn my living.

When my journalist mother and artist father made plans to bring up their children in Paris, some of their friends objected strenuously to raising American children in a foreign milieu. My parents were not too concerned about this until the arrival one day on a visit to Paris of an American friend of the family who had complained that the Mielziner boys were not going to get a proper Yankee background.

To test me, as a 7-year-old boy, the friend said, "Jo, who was George Washington?"

I sprang up, saluted in a vigorous Gallic manner and answered "Napoleon Premier."

Needless to say, arrangements were made the next day, first to send me to an English school to learn to get rid of a French accent and then a steamer ticket to the good old USA.

Now to return to my unconventional drop-out at the age of sixteen — I was at least blessed with a God-given talent for the visual arts, combined with a driving ambition to overcome the serious gaps in my formal education.

I am addressing you briefly this morning on a subject which I will call the posture of the artist today.

The word "posture" I use advisedly. The physical attitude of the artist can severely limit the range of his view. Too many of our contemporaries are permanently bent over, each in a concentrated attempt to analyze his own umbilicus.

This over-indulgence in self-scrutinization leads to the illusion that man is self-created. Visceral organs are certainly vital and irreplaceable but should be observed and studied in their relative degree of importance. It is man's heart and his soul that are worthy subjects for the creative expression of man.

Analysis, particularly Freudian analysis, important as it is in medical knowledge, has had in the fine arts a rather negative influence, second only to that of typical twentieth century agnosticism. The overwhelming downbeat that dominates our novels, our dramas, our films, is, I feel, a direct result of our faithless age when troubled man is unable to look up in search of spiritual support. He is then very prone to lower both his gaze and his sights.

We are now about three-quarters through a century that may will be remembered for a number of notable achievements in man's adventure in science and discovery — the first flight, wireless telegraphy, radio, radar, television, the harnessing of atomic power and the beginning of space exploration. All these are great achievements, but what of our spiritual maturity? and what of our real achievements in the realm of fine arts?

In the communication fields, brilliantly developed means have been made available to the great masses. Condensation, speeded distribution seem to have taken precedence in both oral and visual techniques. The accent seems to be more on scope in communication rather than on the depth and quality of content.

In the field which we call the fine arts, how will future historians characterize the arts of our scientific century? Certainly, the first half of our century will not be rated as having been complacent.

On the contrary, treasured conventions and sacred traditions were blasted and razed to the ground, but what was put in their

place? From Western Europe came some richly gifted impressionists, then post-impressionists, then cubists, Dada-ists, expressionists, abstractionists, and on through many "isms" to our current rash of what is called "pop art"! Where much dusty and de-vitalized art of the nineteenth century was well replaced by the earlier painters and sculptors of our century, as time went on, craftsmanship all but disappeared.

In the past countless centuries of man's cultural expression and development, one used to say with complete confidence that even the primitive civilizations provided fine craftsmen, and that when love and command of the artisans' materials were joined with a creative mind, they produced art — fine art.

Many examples of modern art seen today in even our museums are totally, totally devoid of even one iota of craftsmanship.

I am not here to condemn new ideas or new forms in any of the arts. Quite the contrary, I think that one must always be aware that each generation must find an expression of its own. But these expressions are not made out of nothing — they are made out of one's past, plus one's present.

The passionate advocate of the extreme modern artists can well defend their lack of craft by simply saying that the important thing was that the artist was making a vigorous expression of his "feelings" and it was of no vital importance what means that artist used to transmit his message to his public.

That point of view can be attacked and it can be defended, but I am simply bringing up what seems to me a rather pertinent thing — the extraordinary lack of admiration of the mastery of materials exhibited by far too large a percentage of contemporary artists.

I wonder whether part of the cause of this is the restless negativism which seems to dominate modern thinking and modern education. Dissent and debasement seem to go along with the desire to express anti-establishment. In all past decades, artists have been essentially motivated by love, by admiration, and if they were devoid of these emotions, at least by praise of establishment or self-love or hero-worship.

Man has a basic right to use art as a means of protest as well

as approval. Surely there was no shrewder or more expressive critic of the social order of his day than the great French painter Daumier. He even went to jail for his social protestations.

But his total effort was not alone to debase or tear down. While Daumier was poking fun at the misuses of the law in French courts and cruelly exposing the king, he was at the same time showing enormous compassion for his fellow man and his love for the "bon bourgeois" while expressing his sense of humor and of satire. He knew how to knock Louis Philippe off his pedestal, but his whole attitude toward life was not just tearing down; he was also building up and expressing his approval and understanding.

When I had first referred to man's traditional motivation as being love, this love was either a spiritually-inspired one like man's love of God, or love of himself, or womankind, or the world around him. Today's artists seem almost afraid to show any sense of admiration or respect or affirmation.

How futile, how meaningless, how impotent is the creative artist who can only have a downbeat. Only the first beat is expressive. Thereafter, he has nothing else to come up with.

I am not making a plea for sentimentality or for the return to the old school of romanticism.

Man has, and always will have, the right to be critical, to question, to investigate, to try out new points of view, and even to tear down what he thinks is ugly or unjust, but he also bears the parallel responsibility of putting something in its place.

If the pedestal is unfashionable, let us at least not leave the world covered with potholes in its place.

In conclusion, may I be allowed to return to my symbolic modern artist whose posture is one of being doubled up in self-examination.

I say to him, "Raise your head, fill your lungs with fresh air, and listen to your God-given heartbeat."

It has not only a down-beat.

It also has an up-beat.

FOOTNOTES

¹Otterbein College Founder's Day Address, April 25, 1967, at which time Mr. Mielziner was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Humanities.

FOR THOMAS HARDY

"Impercipient" he called himself because
In all his long life's struggle with the veil
He could not see the Face behind the laws
That made man's bitterest effort unavail.
"Blind Hap" — from honest search, his honest wail
When circumstance rewarded wrong o'er right.
While facile faith praised God's relentless flail,
He saw the scourged soul in a guiltless light.
He saw the doomed who — hopeless — yet would fight;
The lone man, steadfast against Immensity;
The selfless sacrifice, Love's only might
When Doomsters — blind — decreed futility.
Impercipient he was to love in Heaven's plan:
Heaven he saw in mankind's love for man.

Cleora C. Fuller

Drawings by Earl Hassenpflug

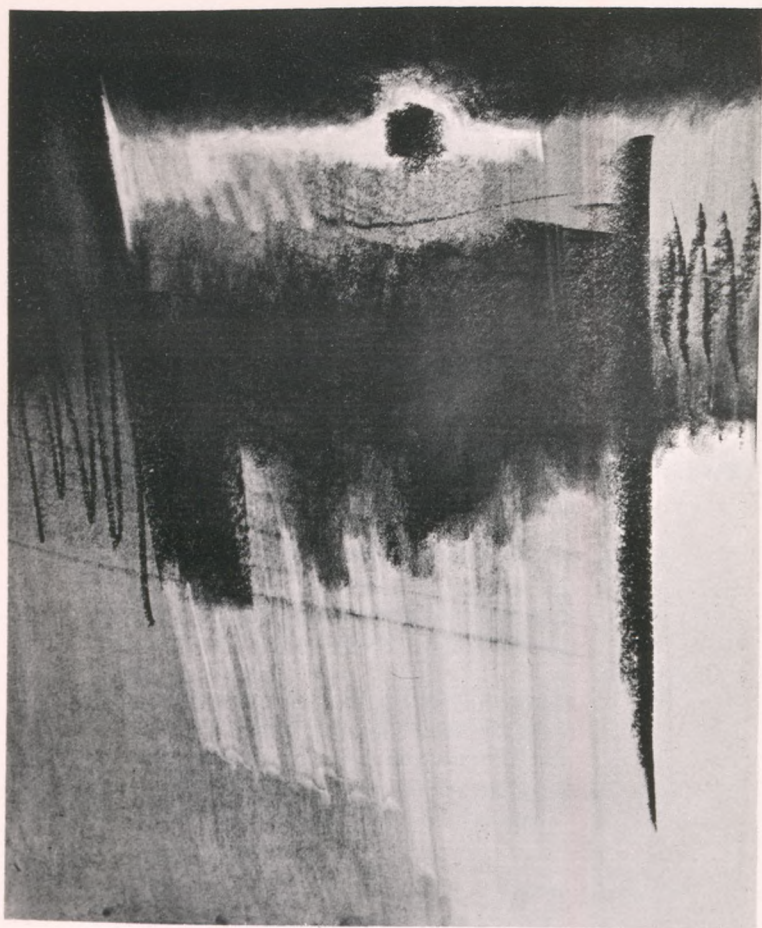
TWO LANDSCAPES

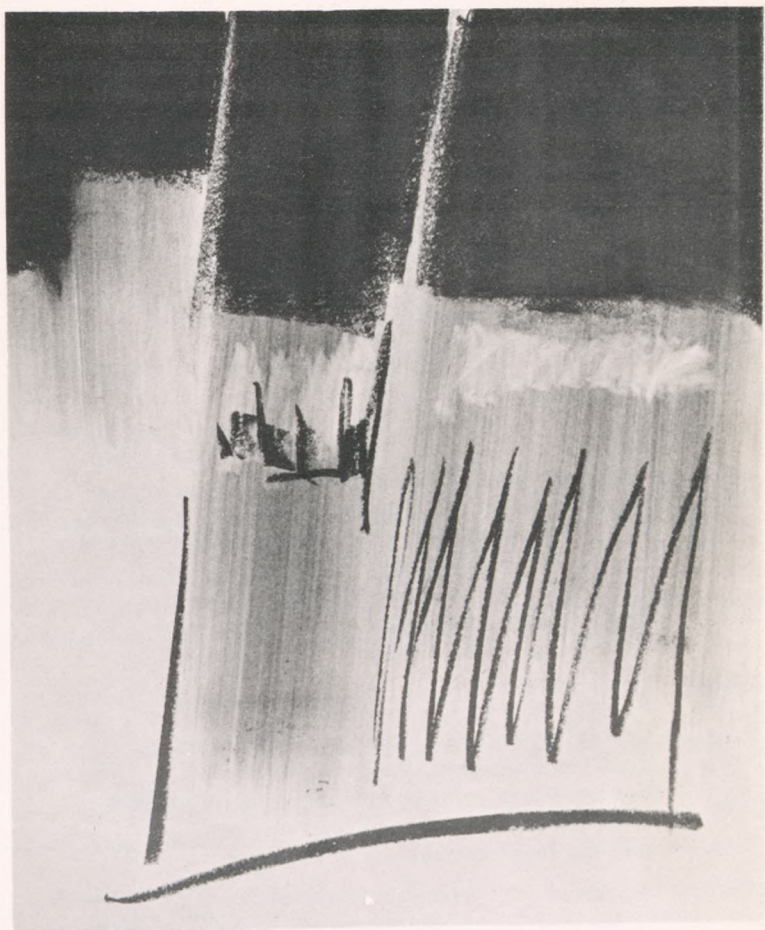
The Mood of the Drawing

Not in the landscape nor yet in me,
As I shape the drawing it shapes me.

Not in the drawing but in all who see,
Not in the landscape nor alone in me.

E. H.





A MEMORIAL SONNET

(October, 1965)

Here, numbed by loss, we shuffle wearily around
An emptiness, remembering a hand
He often reached to stay us, the assuring sound
Of his words, the eyes that seemed to understand
Even before we had shared our petty woes
And joys. Now is the acme of our grief
When, knowing that nothing can interpose
Between us and the void, we accept belief.

We knew that he too had often stood by stark
Desolation and had lived the weighing ache
That can drag even into endless dark,
For more than most he had been required to make
Long journeys, meager of light or chart,
Into the loneliest chasms of the heart.

Robert Price

LES TRAGIQUES of d'Aubigné

Because Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné had the historical misfortune of living in the turbulent time of the Wars of Religion, and the literary misfortune of writing for a minority faction, the Protestants, his work has been little known outside his native land and even less outside his language. But time, that soother of most ills, has mellowed attitudes with the result that three centuries later d'Aubigné at last enjoys a growing prestige. Several recent editions of his epic poem *Les Tragiques* have been published. He appears in late anthologies. His bibliography grows steadily, and he has even figured in an entire semester's study in the French University Program of 1959-60.¹ There is as yet no English translation of his work.

As author of *Les Tragiques* (1616), d'Aubigné might be described as the "Milton of France," since his poem has many similarities with *Paradise Lost* (1674). Indeed, noting the sequence of dates and several parallels in the two epics, there is a question as to whether Milton might not be termed the "d'Aubigné of England," but that is a problem for further research.

Sainte-Beuve, the nineteenth century French critic, declared that "if ever one could personify a century in one individual, d'Aubigné would be, and he alone, this living type, this image of his."² To trace the life of d'Aubigné is indeed to trace in miniature the portrait of France in a flowering Renaissance and a flourishing Reformation.

Born in 1552, d'Aubigné underwent an academic formation comparable to that of the most erudite of the period. He read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and at seven, it is said, even submitted to his tutor a translation of Plato's *Creon*. In 1549 (only three years before d'Aubigné's birth) the Pléiade had published its manifesto, composed mostly by du Bellay and Ronsard, establishing the literary ideology for the last half of the sixteenth century. Accompanying this virulent thrust into the world of words was the bitter thrust of the sword on the political scene. Assassinations and massacres followed one another dizzily through the maze of years stretching from 1560 to 1598. No less than eight "wars" are recorded. It was a period of treachery and

truces, the former reaching its apex in the infamous massacre of Saint Bartholomew the night and morning of August 24-25, 1572, and the latter finding its long-sought goal only twenty-six years later in the Edict of Nantes (1598).

Out of these years came *Les Tragiques*. D'Aubigné evolved from scholar to warrior and back to scholar again. Disappointed in love (the Catholic parents of Diane de Salviati disapproved of the fiery young Protestant), he turned from writing love sonnets to a passionate fighting for *la Cause*. It was a fanatical, sword-bearing poet who composed the seven cantos of his epic *Les Tragiques* — sometimes before the blood had dried on his sword, sometimes during a short-lived truce. They vividly portray the thoughts of an "angry young man." The "Misères" give a panoramic view of war-torn France and her people, and "Princes" labels the accused. "Chambre d'Orée" attacks the tribunal abuses and leads necessarily into "Feux" and "Fers," two back-to-back cantos relating imprisonments, executions, and massacres. "Vengeance" and "Jugement" shift the setting heavenward where all has been observed and righteous indignation leads to apocalyptic damnation and redemption.

At given moments d'Aubigné's poetry soars to heights challenging even the great Ronsard. Again it descends to mediocrity, for even the noblest of birds cannot sustain an indefinite flight. But whether sailing or sinking, one style reigns throughout the 9,654 verses — the baroque. *Les Tragiques* is not only d'Aubigné's "perle irrégulière," it is now ranked as one of the major works of the French baroque, alongside the poetry of Ronsard, Sponde and Labé.³

The baroque in literature is characterized especially by the vigorous and often overwhelming impact of its imagery and examples. This is true in d'Aubigné's epic work. When the baroque is artistically controlled, it remains alive and vital. In a short form that can be read in one sitting, such as a sonnet or an ode, the difficulties may be few. In an epic poem, the reader may find himself in the midst of mass and movement, often macabre in tone.

So it is with d'Aubigné. The following passages translated from *Les Tragiques*, in which each of the seven cantos is represented, give a sampling of its epic content and style. D'Aubigné used the classical twelve-syllable verse, the alexandrine, pre-

ferred by the French for epic and dramatic poetry. Because it is impossible to imitate this form precisely in English, the rendering is left relatively free.⁴

/la France, une mere affligée/

Je veux peindre la France une mere affligée,
Qui est entre ses bras de deux enfants chargée.
Le plus fort, orgueilleux, empoigne les deux bouts
Des tetins nourriciers; puis, à force de coups
D'ongles, de poings, de pieds, il brise le partage
Dont nature donnoit à son besson l'usage:
Ce voleur acharné, cet Esau malheureux,
Faict degast du doux laict qui doit nourrir les deux,
Si que, pour arracher à son frere la vie,
Il mesprise la sienne et n'en a plus d'envie;
Lors son Jacob, pressé d'avoir jeusné meshuy,
Ayant dompte longtemps en son coeur son ennuy,
A la fin se defend, et sa juste colere
Rend à l'autre un combat dont le champ est la mere.
Ni les souspirs ardens, les pitoyables cris,
Ni les pleurs rechauffez, ne calment leurs esprits;
Mais leur rage les guide et leur poison les trouble,
Si bien que leur courroux par leurs coups se redouble.
Leur conflict se rallume et faict si furieux
Que d'un gauche malheur ils se crevent les yeux.
Cette femme explorée, en sa douleur plus forte,
Succombe à la douleur, mi-vivante, mi-morte;
Elle voit les mutins tous deschirez, sanglants,
Que, ainsy que du coeur, des mains se vont cerchants,
Quand, pressant à son sein d'une amour maternelle
Celuy qui a le droict et la juste querelle,
Elle veut le sauver, l'autre, qui n'est pas las,
Viole en poursuivant l'asyle de ses bras.
Adonc se perd le laict, le suc de sa poitrine;
Puis, aux derniers aboys de sa proche ruine,
Elle dit: "Vous avez, felons, ensanglanté
Le sein qui vous nourrit et qui vous a porté;
Or, vivez de venin, sanglante geniture.
Je n'ay plus que du sang pour vostre nourriture!"

("Misères," lines 97-130)

/France, the desperate mother)

I wish to portray France as a desperate mother,
Holding her two children tightly in her arms,
The stronger one, proud, seizes both life-giving breasts,
And with fists, nails and feet
Succeeds in destroying that part of nature
Destined for the use of his twin brother.

This implacable thief, this felonious Esau,
 Renders worthless the sweet milk for the two,
 So that, in snatching away the life of his brother,
 He scorns his own and no longer cherishes it.
 Then Jacob, faint from fasting this day,
 Having long repressed his hurt in his heart,
 Finally takes his part and in his righteous anger
 Carries the attack to his brother,
 With the field of battle none other than the mother.
 Neither the burning sighs, nor the pitiful cries,
 Nor the kindled laments calm their fury,
 But only rage guides them and hate goads them
 So that with each blow their anger doubles.
 Their conflict rekindled, they become so furious
 That, as result of a mournful misfortune,
 They put out each other's eyes.
 This weeping woman, her pain mounting,
 Succumbs to her sorrow; half-living, half-dying,
 She observes the rebels, torn and bleeding,
 Who have sinned with their heart and hands.
 Pressing to her breast with maternal love
 The one who is in the right and has the just complaint,
 She wants to save him. But the other, untiring,
 Persisting, breaks free from her arms of asylum
 And at that moment the milk is lost,
 The life-giving essence of her breast.
 Her ruin near, she murmurs her last words:
 "Traitors, you have bloodied that breast
 Which nourishes you and carried you.
 Now, live on venom, bleeding offspring.
 I have nothing save blood for your food!"

"Misères" continues with two further images to portray war-torn France. She is a "monstrous giant" (l. 135) with "marrowless bones" (l. 153) and a disproportionately small head and brain, a huge mass rendered impotent and defenseless. Somewhat less grotesque, she is next a tempest-tossed vessel having as her cargo two fighting factions, recklessly cannonading each other from the two extreme decks, and all go down with the ship.

D'Aubigné tops his long list of *accusés* with "une fatale femme" (Catherine de Medici) and "un cardinal" (the cardinal of Lorraine). These are declared the "*deux flambeaux et les deux instruments/Des plaies de la France et de tous ses tourments*" (ll. 723-725). The epithets are hurled in rapid-fire succession as d'Aubigné brings the first canto to its baroque peak: "Jesabel," "impure Catherine," "ingratitude Catherine," "l'infidelle," "cardinal sanglant," "les fleaux de ton Eglise," "la beste de Romme."

The author has prepared the reader for the second canto, "Princes," which is his direct address to those in power and those to come into power. He cautions those leaders who may succumb to the influence of flattery and treachery. D'Aubigné especially hoped to reach the heart and mind of his vacillating friend and comrade in arms, Henri de Navarre, the future Henri IV.

/les flatteurs/

Princes, ne prestez pas le costé aux flatteurs:
Ils entrent finement, ils sont subtils questeurs,
Ils ne prennent aucun que celoy qui se donne;
A peine de leurs lacqs voi-je sauver personne;
Mesmes en les fuiant nous en sommes deceus,
Et, bien que repoussez, souvent ils sont receus.
Mais en ce temps infect tant vaut la menterie,
Et tant a pris de pied l'enorme flatterie,
Que le flatteur honteux, et qui flatte a demi
Faict son Roy non demi, mais entier ennemi.
Et qui sont les flatteurs? Ceux qui portent les tittres
De conseillers d'Estat; ce ne sont plus belistres,
Gnats du temps passé; en chaire les flatteurs
Portent le front, la grace et le nom de prescheurs;

("Princes," lines 111-124)

/the flatterers/

Princes, refrain from upholding flatterers.
They enter innocently, they are subtle seekers,
They take no one, save the one who gives himself;
Scarcely none do I see escape their snares;
Even fleeing them we are deceived,
And, although repulsed, they are often received.
But at this infectious time lying is so much esteemed
And flattery has such a foothold
That the shameful flatterer, only half-heartedly flattering
Renders his King, not half, but a whole enemy.
And who are the flatterers? Those who bear the title
Of consuls of state; no longer are they rascals,
Nobodies of the past; from the pulpit, flatterers
Bear the countenance, the grace, and the name of preachers.

/le bon Prince/

Voicy quels dons du ciel, quels thresors, quels moyens,
Requeroient en leurs roys les plus sages payens.

Voicy quel est le roy de qui le regne dure,
 Qui establit sur soy pour royne la nature,
 Qui craint Dieu, qui esmeut pour l'affligé son coeur,
 Entreprenneur, prudent, hardy executeur,
 Craintif en prosperant, dans le peril sans crainte,
 Au conseil sans chaleur, la parolle sans feinte;
 Imprenable aux flatteurs, gardant l'ami ancien,
 Chiche de l'or public, tres-liberal du sien;
 Pere de ses subjects, amy du miserable,
 Terrible à ses haineux, mais à nul mesprisable;
 Familier non commun, aux domestiques doux;
 Effroyable aux meschants, equitable envers tous;
 Faisant que l'humble espere et que l'orgueilleux tremble,
 Portant au front la crainte et l'amour tout ensemble,
 Pour se voir des plus hauts et plus subtils esprits
 Sans haine redouté, bien aymé sans mespris;
 Qu'il ait le coeur dompte, que sa main blanche et pure
 Soit nette de l'autrui, sa langue sans injure;
 Son esprit à bien faire emploie ses plaisirs;
 Qu'il arreste son oeil de semer des desirs;
 Debteur aux vertueux, persecuteur du vice,
 Juste dans sa pitié, clement en sa justice.
 Par ce chemin l'on peut, regnant en ce bas lieu,
 Estre dieu secondaire, ou image de Dieu.

("Princes," lines 499-524)

/the good Prince/

Here are those heavenly gifts, treasures, and traits,
 Required of their kings by even the wisest of pagans.
 Here is the type of king whose reign may endure.
 He who establishes as his queen all of nature,
 He who fears God, who is moved for the afflicted,
 Is a leader of men, a bold, wise executive,
 Fearful in success, fearless in peril,
 Remains calm in council, speaks without fraud,
 Is untouched by flatterers but keeps former friends,
 Is prudent with public funds, an all-liberal with his own,
 Is father to his subjects, a friend of the poor,
 Is awesome to his enemies, but scornful to none,
 Is uncommonly friendly, kind to his servants,
 Is terrifying to the wicked but just toward all,
 Is such that the humble hope and the proud tremble,
 Is seen to be fearful, yet loving as well,
 Is feared by the highest and noblest minds,
 Feared without hate, beloved without scorn.
 May his heart be compassionate, his hand white and pure
 And honest with others, his tongue without rancor,
 His mind well able to fulfill its biddings;
 May he restrain his eye from succumbing to desires,
 Be a rewarder of virtue, a persecutor of vice,
 Just in his mercy, merciful in justice.

He may, by these means reigning here on earth,
Be a second-place god, or an image of God.

“Chambre d’orée” (1062 verses), the briefest canto of the seven, describes the abuses of the tribunals of the Paris Parliament and their mistreatment of the arraigned.

/la Justice corrompue/

Encor falut-il voir cette Chambre Dorée
De justice jadis, d’or maintenant parée
Par dons, non par raison: là se voit decider
La force et non le droit; là voit-on presider
Sur un throsne eslevé l’Injustice impudente.
Son parament estoit d’escarlatte sanglante
Qui goutte sans repos; elle n’a plus aux yeux
Le bandeau des anciens, mais l’esclat furieux
Des regards fourvoiants; inconstamment se vire
En peine sur le bon, en loyer sur le pire;
Sa balance aux poids d’or tresbuche fausement;
Près d’elle sont assiz au lict de jugement
Ceux qui peuvent monter par marchandise impure,
Qui peuvent commander par notable parjure,
Qui d’ame et de salut ont quitté le soucy.

(“Chambre d’orée,” lines 233-247)

/Justice corrupted/

Once again we must see this Golden Chamber
Formerly adorned with justice, now with gold,
Sustained through bribes and not by lawful fees.
Therein might decides, instead of right;
Therein presides shameless Injustice on her elevated throne,
Her attire of bleeding scarlet ever dripping.
No longer does she display the traditional blindfolded eyes,
But the furious glint of wandering glances
Veers inconsistently: chastisement for the innocent,
Leniency for the guilty.
Her gold-laden scales trip fraudulently.
Near her are seated on the judgment bench
Only those who, through impure dealing,
Began their career with perjury and
Who now have departed from all care
Of soul and salvation.

Cantos four and five, respectively, contain both mediocrity and sublimity. “Feux” consists mainly of a long, tedious list of

martyrs and their last words to those assembled around the scaffold. There are touching scenes, to be sure, but the massiveness of the baroque tires the reader and he is convinced early in the canto of the existing terror so that by verse 1354 he is quite ready to move on.

"Fers" builds to its climactic Saint Bartholomew's massacre description and, though still portraying the deplorable civil war, offers the most poignant poetic account known of that terrible human tragedy of divided families, impassioned relatives, and frenzied fellow-countrymen.

/la doctrine basée sur trois mots/

Trois mots feront partout le vray deportement
Des contraires raisons, *seul, seule* et *seulement*.
J'ai presché que Jesus nous est *seul* pour hostie,
Seul sacrificateur, qui *seul* se sacrifie:
Les docteurs autrement disent que le vray corps
Est sans pain immolé pour les vifs et les morts,
Que nous avons besoing que le prestre sans cesse
Resacrifie encor Jesus-Christ en la messe.
J'ay dit que nous prenons, prenans le sacrement,
Cette manne du ciel pour la foy *seulement*;
Les docteurs que le corps en chair, et en sang entre,
Ayant souffert les dents, aux offices du ventre.
J'ay dit, que Jesus *seul* est nostre intercesseur,
Qu'à son père l'accez par luy *seul*, nous est seur:
Les docteurs disent plus, et veulent que l'on prie
Les saints mediateurs, et la Vierge Marie.
J'ay dit qu'en la foy *seule* on est justifié,
Et qu'en la *seule* grace est le salut fié;
Les docteurs autrement, et veulent que l'on fasse
Les oeuvres pour aider et la foy et la grace.
J'ay dit que Jesus *seul* peut la grace donner,
Qu'autre que luy ne peut remettre et pardonner:
Eux, que le pape tient sous ses clefs et puissance
Touts thresors de l'Eglise et toutes indulgences.
J'ay dit que l'Ancien et Nouveau Testament
Sont la *seule* doctrine et le *seul* fondement:
Les docteurs veullent plus que ces reigles certaines,
Et veullent adjouster les doctrines humaines.
J'ay dit que l'autre siècle a deux lieux *seulement*,
L'un, le lieu des heureux; l'autre, lieu de tourment:
Les docteurs trouvent plus, et jugent qu'il faut croire
Le limbe des enfants, des grands le purgatoire.
J'ay presché que le pape en terre n'est point *Dieu*
Et qu'il est *seulement* évesque d'un *seul* lieu
Les docteurs, luy donnant du monde la maitrise,
Le font visible chef de la visible Eglise.

Le tyran des esprits veut nos langues changer
 Nous forçant de prier en langage estranger:
 L'esprit distributeur des langues nous appelle
 A prier *seulement* en langue naturelle.
 C'est cacher la chandelle en secret sous un muy:
 Qui ne s'explizque pas est barbare à autrui.
 Mais nous voions bien pis en l'ignorance extreme
 Que qui ne s'entend pas est barbare à soy-mesme.

(“Les feux,” lines 651-694)

/doctrine based on three words/

In every case three words will expose the real evil-doings
 Of opposing arguments: *sole*, *alone*, and *only*.
 I have preached that Jesus *alone* is our sacrifice,
Sole sacrificer, who sacrifices himself *alone*.
 The scholars say contrarily that the real body
 Is sacrificed without bread for the living and the dead,
 That our constant need is that the priest in the mass
 Sacrifice again our dear Jesus Christ.
 I have said that we, in taking sacraments,
 Take this heavenly manna *only* through faith;
 The scholars say that the real flesh and blood
 Enter the stomach's chambers, having suffered our teeth.
 I have said that Jesus *alone* is intercessor for us,
 That surely through him *alone* have we access to his father.
 The scholars talk on, and here's what they say:
 To mediating saints, to the Virgin Mary, we must pray.
 I have said that by faith *alone* is one justified
 And that in grace *alone* does salvation reside.
 The scholars say, contrarily, that one must perform
 And do works to aid both faith and grace.
 I have said that Jesus *alone* is able to grant grace,
 That none other than he can forget and efface.
 They, that the pope holds with his keys and power
 All treasures of the Church and all its pardons.
 I have said that the Testaments old and new
 Are the *sole* doctrine, foundation for you.
 The scholars want more than these certain rules
 And want to adjust doctrines by human tools.
 I have said the great beyond has two places *only*,
 One, for the happy, the other for the lonely.
 The scholars find more, and judge it necessary
 To have a limbo for children, for adults purgatory.
 I have preached that the pope is not a God at all,
 That he is *only* a bishop, and at that rather small.
 The scholars give to him the rule of the world,
 Make him visible head of a visible church.
 This tyrant of our minds wants our language to change,
 Even forces us to pray in a language that is strange,
 But our mind, selector of tongues, makes appeal to all
 To pray *only* in a tongue that is quite natural.

It is like hiding a candle under a bushel;
What is not explicable is barbarous to others.
But we see even worse in the extreme ignorance of self
That who understands not his own words is a barbarian to self

/tous liens brisés/
/all ties broken/

La fille oste à la mere et le jour et la vie:
Là le frere sentit de son frere la main,
Le cousin esprouva pour bourreau son germain:
L'amitié fut sans fruict, la connoissance esteinte.

("Les fers," lines 826-829)

Here a daughter snatches life from her own mother:
Here a brother is struck down by his brother,
Here a cousin his own blood may kill:
Friendship is fruitless, acquaintance is nil.

Voicy les deux François l'un sur l'autre enragez,
D'ame, d'esprit, de sens et courage changez.
Tel est l'hideux pourtraict de la guerre civile
Qui produit sous ses pieds une petite ville
Pleine de corps meurtris en la place estendus,
Son fleuve de noïés, ses creneaux de pendus.

("Les fers," lines 354-359)

Here are two Frenchmen with each other enraged,
In changing their soul, mind, and feelings engaged.
Such is the hideous portrait of civil strife
Strewing in its path only death, not life,
The city full of bodies, murdered, strewn on the square,
Victims of drownings, hangings, viewed everywhere.

/le massacre de la Saint-Barthélemy/

Voicy venir le jour, jour que les destinées
Voioient, à bas sourcils, glisser de deux années,
Le jour marqué de noir, le terme des appasts,
Qui voulut estre nuict, et tourner sur ses pas:
Jour qui avec horreur parmy les jours se conte,
Qui se marque de rouge et rougit de sa honte.
L'aube se veut lever, aube qui eut jadis
Son teinct brune orné des fleurs de Paradis;
Quand, par son treillis d'or, la rose cramoisie
Esclattoit, on disoit: "Voici ou vent, ou pluye."
Cett' aube que la mort vient armer et coëffer
D'estincellans brasiers ou de tisons d'enfer,

Pour ne desmentir point son funeste visage,
 Fit ses vents de souspirs, et de sang son orage;
 Elle tire en tremblant du monde le rideau:
 Et le soleil, voyant le spectacle nouveau,
 A regret esleva son pasle front des ondes
 Transy de se mirer en nos larmes profondes,
 D'y baigner ses rayons, ouy, le pasle soleil
 Presta non le flambeau, mais la torche de l'oeil:
 Encor, pour n'y montrer le beau de son visage,
 Tira le voile en l'air d'un lousche, espais nuage.

Satan n'attendit pas son lever, car voicy,
 Le front des spectateurs s'advise, à coup transy,
 Qu'en paisible minuict, quand le repos de l'homme
 Les labeurs et le soing en silence consomme,
 Comme si du profond des esveillez enfers
 Groüillassent tant de feux, de meurtriers et de fers,
 La cité ou jadis la loy fut reverée,
 Qui, à cause de loix, fut jadis honorée,
 Qui dispensoit en France et la vie et les droicts,
 Où fleurissoient les arts, la mere de nos roys,
 Vid et souffrit en soy la populace armée
 Trepigner la justice, à ses pieds diffamée.

("Les fers," lines 765-798)

/the Saint Bartholomew Day massacre/

And then the day that destiny
 Had foreseen approaching inevitably
 Glided, shamefully, into the present.
 That blackened day, preferring to remain night
 Announced the end of bliss and peace.
 This day will ever count itself among
 Those of horror, being marked with the red
 Of blood and shame. The dawn, adorned
 In her rich coloring of flowers,
 Heard the crimson rose's prophecy:
 "This day will bring only wind or rain."
 This dawn, armed and bedecked by Death
 With sparkling, glowing embers of Hell
 To reveal in no wise her fatal face,
 Conjured her winds from sighs, her storm from blood.
 Trembling she drew the curtain from the world
 And her companion, the sun, viewing the new scene,
 Regretfully showed his pale face, mirrored in the waves
 Of our flowing tears, and stood there fixed,
 Plunging therein his beams. Alas, the dimmed sphere
 Gave forth, not the warmth of his eye, but the fire.
 But still, to conceal the beauty of his countenance,
 Veiled himself behind clouds, ominous, impenetrable.

But Satan did not await daybreak, for here is the scene:
 The heavenly hosts suddenly perceived
 That the midnight calm — when man's rest

Silently consumes his toil and care –
 As if from the depths of an awakened hell
 Swarmed with fires, irons, and murderers.
 Paris once the citadel of revered order,
 Which, because of its laws, was formerly honored,
 Which dispensed both life and rights to all of France,
 In which the arts flourished, mother of our kings,
 Where now the armed population lives, suffers –
 Paris trampled justice with its infamous feet.

In the wake of such fanatical fervor and devastation, d'Aubigné, the partisan poet, must now prophetically punish his opponents by the hand of God. The setting shifts to the heavenly courts, where all has been observed, which are now in readiness for the destruction of "l'Antechrist et ses loups" (The Antichrist and his wolves) and the redemption of "les agneaux doux" (the sweet lambs).

/le courroux divin/

Icy le haut tonnait sa voix grosse hors met,
 Et guerre, et soulfre et feu sur la terre transmet,
 Faict la charge sonner par l'airain du tonnerre.
 Il a la mort, l'enfer, souldoyez pour sa guerre;
 Monté dessus le dos des Cherubins mouvans,
 Il vole droict, guindé sur les aisles des vents.
 Un temps de sonEglise il soustint l'innocence,
 Ne marchant qu'au secours, et non à la vengeance;
 Ores aux derniers temps et aux plus rudes jours,
 Il marche à la vengeance, et non plus au secours.

("Vengeances," lines 1123-1132)

/the divine wrath/

And now the Almighty's great voice thunders forth,
 And war, fire, and brimstone fill the earth from south to north,
 The charge is sounded by the resounding thunder bolt.
 Death and Hell He unites for the assault;
 Amidst moving cherubims He mounts His throne,
 Flies straight on wings of wind guided to His own.
 His church He once sustained by its own innocence,
 He marched only to its aid, not for His vengeance;
 But now in the last days, in the time of the end,
 He marches with vengeance, no help will He send.

At the core of "Judgement," seventh and last canto of *Les*

Tragiques, are the apocalyptic events and textual language of the last book of the Bible. The impressive *Last Judgment* of Michelangelo is evoked in the superb verses of d'Aubigné's concluding pages. The vision of the Resurrection is reputed to be one of the most gripping scenes in all French literature.

/la Resurrection/

La terre ouvre son sein, du ventre des tombeaux
Naissent des enterrez les visages nouveaux:
Du pré, du bois, du champ, presque de toutes places
Sortent les corps nouveaux et les nouvelles faces.
Icy, les fondements des chasteaux rehaussez
Par les ressuscitants promptement sont percez;
Icy, un arbre sent des bras de sa racine
Grouiller un chef vivant, sortir une poitrine;
Là, l'eau trouble bouillonne, et puis, s'esparpillant,
Sent en soy des cheveux et un chef s'esveillant.
Comme un nageur venant du profond de son plonge,
Tous sortent de la mort comme l'on sort d'un songe.
Les corps par les tyrans autrefois deschirez
Se sont en un moment à leurs corps asserrez.

("Jugement," lines 666-679)

/the Resurrection/

The earth opens her breast; from the midst of her tombs
The dead are born from her fertile wombs:
From the prairie, from the woods, from the field, everywhere
Rise new bodies; new faces they bear;
Here, one sees foundations of castles give way
Promptly to the resurrected on their upward way;
Here, a tree in its roots may feel
A squirming, living head break through its seal;
There, the bubbling water, its surface quaking,
Feels in its depths the hair of a head awaking.
Like a swimmer ascending from his own deep dive
The dead emerge, as from a dream, each one alive.
Those bodies tyrants tore torn by tyrants of old
In an instant now stand fast, restored as gold.

Our attention then switches to the condemned as they await their final destruction, a disaster second only to that of losing Paradise.

/la joie des justes/

Mais de ce dur estat le point le plus ennuyeux,
C'est sçavoir aux enfers ce que l'on fait aux cieux,
Où le camp triomphant goust l'aize indicible,
Connoissable aux meschants, mais non pas accessible;
Où l'accord très-parfait des douces unissons
A l'univers entier accorde ses chansons,
Où tant d'esprits ravis esclattent de loüanges.
La voix des saints unis avec celles des anges,
Les orbes des neuf cieux, des trompettes le bruit,
Tiennent tous leur partie à l'hymne qui s'ensuit:
"Saint, saint, saint, le Seigneur! O grand Dieu des armées,
De ces beaux cieux nouveaux les voutes enflammées
Et la nouvelle terre, et la neufve cité,
Hierusalem la sainte, annoncent ta bonté.
Tout est plein de ton nom. Syon la bienheureuse
N'a pierre dans ses murs qui ne soit precieuse,
Ne citoyen que saint, et n'aura pour jamais
Que victoire, qu'honneur; que victoire, que paix."

("Jugement," lines 1045-1063)

/the joy of the righteous/

But from this state of gloom the most depressing thought
Is to know in Hell what in Heaven is being wrought:
Where all the triumphant taste indescribable bliss,
The wicked have knowledge of, but no access to this;
Where all are of one accord, sweet unison reigns
And to all the universe are intoned sweet strains,
Where all delighted spirits break forth with praise.
And the saints, with the angels, their holy voices raise,
While the sound of trumpets in the nine heavens' hollows
All join in with their part to the hymn that follows:
"Holy, holy, holy, Lord! O Great God of assaults,
From these beautiful heavens made new, with flaming vaults,
Both the earth renewed and that city,
The Holy Jerusalem, announce their allegiance to thee.
All reverberates with thy name. Zion the joyous
Has in its walls not one stone unprecious
Or one citizen unholy, and it will have, never to cease,
Only victory, only honor; only victory, only peace."

The poet seems appeased — the unrighteous have not been consumed, but kept painfully alive to witness the bliss of the righteous. Here d'Aubigné strays from the biblical text somewhat and prefers that a mental anguish, instead of a physical destruction, continue forever.

As he approaches the end of his epic, the concluding lines flow slowly, serenely:

/le refuge divin/

Chetif, je ne puis plus approcher de mon oeil
L'oeil du ciel; je ne puis supporter le soleil
Encor tout esbloüy, en raisons je me fonde
Pour de mon ame voir la grand'ame du monde,
Sçavoir ce qu'on ne sçait et qu'on ne peut sçavoir,
Ce que n'a ouy l'oreille et que l'oeil n'a peu voir:
Mes sens n'ont plus de sens, l'esprit de moy s'envolle,
Le coeur ravy se taist, ma bouche est sans parolle:
Tout meurt, l'ame s'enfuit et, reprenant son lieu,
Extatique, se pasme au giron de son Dieu.

("Judgement," lines 1209-1218)

/the divine refuge/

Exhausted, no longer can my eye endure
The eye of heaven; no longer can I bear the sun.
All is still so blinding that
I melt away so that my soul may see
That greater soul of the world,
To know what one does not and cannot know,
What ear has not heard and eye cannot see.
My senses are void of sense, my mind takes leave,
My delighted heart is stilled, my tongue is speechless.
Everything dies, my soul ecstatic takes flight, and regaining its
Faints in the refuge of its God. abode

FOOTNOTES

¹At the University of Caen in 1959-60, the author was a student in the class on d'Aubigné taught by Professor Bailbé.

²*Tableau de la poésie française au XVI^e siècle*, (Paris, 1899), p. 140.

³An "irregular pearl" is the accepted translation of "baroque" from the Portuguese *barrôco*. Professor Harold Martin Priest, University of Denver, writes the author that when he omitted d'Aubigné from his *Renaissance and Baroque Lyrics: An Anthology of Translations from the Italian, French and Spanish* (1962), he received "more comments on the absence of d'Aubigné than on any other sin of omission."

⁴The French selections in the middle French spelling are from *Les Tragiques*, edited by Robert Laffont (Verviers, Belgium, 1959).

RONDEAU POUR LE XX^e SIECLE

Voyez ce que nous allons faire!

Nous sortirons dans l'aube blanche
Lancer nos jeunes cerfs-volants,
Courir, crier, danser et faire
Sauter des rochers en poussière
Et nous ferons l'amour aussi.
Mon Dieu! que n'allons-nous pas faire!

Mais maintenant le buvard noir
De soir descend sur mon jardin.
J'y aperçois demi-cachés
Un bout de corde, un vieux caillou,
Et je demande en arrosant
Mes pots de pâles géraniums,
Mon Dieu, que n'avons-nous pas fait?

Roger Neff

FATHER, HIS SHOTGUN, AND THE 1812 OVERTURE

My father, Jahnos Kovach, was a bricklayer.

He lived in Milwaukee.

In the days before trade unions he was also a carpenter, a plasterer, a plumber, a painter, an electrician, and a cabinet-maker. He knew how to mend harness, set saws, tune pianos, and repair bicycles. He could build a house from foundation to roof, tear apart an automobile and put it back together, and sharpen knives so they'd hold an edge.

But most of all he wanted to be a musician.

Grandfather, a locksmith, watchmaker, and master gunsmith, disapproved. Music was all right — in its place. There was nothing wrong with listening to the opera on Sunday afternoons or going to the band concerts in Washington Park on holidays. But a man should have a trade. Something he did with his hands. And he should have something to show for it when he was done. What had a musician to show when the concert was over?

There were arguments. At first merely disagreements, with a remark here, a comment there, an emphatic gesture or two. But the remarks became epithets and the comments grew into tirades. Hands waved in the air. There were shouts, accusations. And one day father left.

But it was already too late.

His fingers, bruised and calloused by brick and stone, had no touch for keys, no agility for frets or stops, no feeling for strings. His lips, cracked a thousand times by the winter cold and blistered a thousand more by the summer wind, were no good for mouthpieces or reeds. His voice had limited itself to a narrow range between D above middle C, and A an octave below.

His ear was good — excellent, in fact. And to him the most complicated scores of Bach, Beethoven and Wagner were child's play. He knew every entrance, release, crescendo and decrescendo by heart.

He could conduct.

In later years we would watch him, my brother and I, when he thought he was alone. Standing before the radio or victrola, he would wave his arms in the air, cueing the horns, quieting the strings, bringing in the entire ensemble and, flapping and soaring like an eagle, raise the orchestra to a deafening crescendo of cymbals and tympani and chimes. We would lie on the floor and

peer beneath the curtain which separated the parlor from the hallway and watch. But we could never keep still for very long and our giggling would give us away. When he heard us, father would turn, and we could never be certain what was going to happen next. Sometimes he would scowl ferociously and charge forward, roaring like a bear, his huge calloused hand describing an arc through the air which ended abruptly with a *whack* on our posteriors as we scrambled in retreat.

At other times, however, that same large hand would beckon to us, and father would say, "Come, Jahni. Come, Karl. Come and listen." We would go in. "Hear the horns," he would say, lifting us to his lap. "Listen to the cello play counterpoint. Now it starts to build." A wave of his hand would fill the room with sound, and as his hand rose, the music would rise — up and up it would go, whirling and swirling, higher and higher, carrying us with it. His hand would drop and the music would fall — soft, so soft we could hear his heart beating.

But there were too many conductors already, and nobody was interested in one who could not play a single instrument.

So father did the next best thing.

He bought a three-story brownstone on Juneau Avenue just a few blocks from the Först-Keller, where the symphony rehearsed, married a woman who was an excellent cook, and opened a boarding house with special rates for musicians. Because of the low rates, the musicians came. Because of the wonderful meals (mother was French and had learned to cook Hungarian food, an unbeatable combination), and because there was always something to eat waiting for them when they returned from a late rehearsal or an evening concert, they stayed.

There were other inducements, too.

The price of concert tickets, which the musicians could get for nothing, was deducted from the rent. And if one of them happened to be out of a job for a week or two, which was often the case, music lessons were considered adequate compensation. Consequently, my brother Karl plays the piano, the oboe and the clarinet, and I play the violin, the viola, the cello, and the bass viol.

As his patronage increased, father grew happier and happier. He would come home tired after a hard day's bricklaying or plastering, and the talk with the musicians at the dinner table seemed to revive him. After the meal they would adjourn to the parlor for wine and cigars and the discussion would continue, often until midnight. Sometimes they would put a record on the victrola and discuss orchestration. Other times one of the musi-

cians would get out his violin or sit at our piano, or a group of them would form an ensemble and play until late in the evening.

My brother and I often sneaked downstairs in our pajamas to listen to these impromptu concerts, but mother usually caught us and sent us back to bed.

But in the midst of father's happiness lay a strong sense of frustration. Taking his family to the concert every Sunday was not the same as playing in the orchestra. Hearing his children play music, although it brought him great satisfaction, was not as satisfying as playing it himself would have been. Being among musicians was not the same as being one of them.

Once he came very close to being one of them.

A famous pianist of German extraction (I'll call him Herr Stein) whose concert tours always included several performances in Milwaukee and who invariably stayed at our house because he liked the food, on one occasion planned to play several piano variations written by Dr. Prager, the conductor of the symphony. Because the variations were still in manuscript and he'd had little time to go over them, Herr Stein required a page-turner. He had intended to use his secretary and valet, a slender, dyspeptic Frenchman, but shortly before the concert was to begin, the man became violently ill. He said it was something he ate.

Herr Stein stalked up and down the parlor in his white tie and tails. "Fifteen minutes before the concert!" he stormed. "If he was going to get sick, why couldn't he at least have given us time to find a replacement? I'll have to cancel the variations, that's all. Where can we possibly find a page-turner at this hour?"

Father volunteered.

"Are you a musician?" the pianist asked, somewhat surprised, since father had come home late that evening and was still dressed in his work clothes.

"No," father replied, "I am a bricklayer. But I read music quite well and I am certain I can turn pages as efficiently and quietly as that idiot secretary of yours, who can't recognize good food even when it stares him in the face. Besides," he continued, throwing his arm around Herr Stein's shoulders and turning on his warmest smile which, we used to say, could win a lamb from a wolf, "we were planning a little smorgasbord after the concert in honor of you and Dr. Prager."

Herr Stein threw up his hands.

Father dashed upstairs and returned a few minutes later, wearing the skinny Frenchman's tuxedo, its sleeves and

shoulders bulging, trouser cuffs turned under, and a large safety-pin hidden behind the white tie, fastening the collar.

We hurriedly drove downtown to the Pabst Theatre, and mother, my brother and I had just time to get ourselves seated before the conductor walked onto the stage. The first half of the concert went well. The audience was appreciative, but most of them were looking forward to the second half when the Prager variations were to be played.

When Herr Stein appeared on the stage after intermission, father was with him. We applauded wildly.

The first of the variations went nicely with father proving himself an able assistant. In the middle of the second variation, the accent pedal began to squeak. The audience stirred. Herr Stein, with true professional style, continued as if nothing unusual were happening. But every time he pressed the pedal, it squeaked.

Sque-e-eak . . . sque-e-eak . . . sque-e-eak.

Herr Stein grew visibly annoyed.

At the end of the variation, father stood up, whispered something to Herr Stein and hurried off stage. A moment later he returned, carrying the toolbox which he always kept in the car. Before anyone could think of pulling the curtain, father was down on his knees beneath the piano, toolbox open, working on the pedal with screwdriver, wrench, and oil-can.

Herr Stein tested the pedal.

It no longer squeaked.

Father rose, closed his toolbox, carried it offstage and returned, brushing dust and sweeping-wax from the Frenchman's tuxedo. They continued with the number. When it was over, the audience burst into applause. Herr Stein rose, bowed, bowed again, then sat down to begin the next piece. The audience continued to applaud. Herr Stein stood, bowed once more, and sat again. The applause continued.

"Kovach!" we shouted. "Kovach!"

Herr Stein heard us. He smiled, rose again and extended his hand to father. Father stood up, bowed stiffly as he shook Herr Stein's hand and sat down quickly. The applause died and they finished the concert.

Still, for father, it was not the same.

It was true that much of the applause Herr Stein had received that evening was meant for father, and father really had saved the concert. But being able to repair a piano, however important it might be at the moment, was not the same as being able to play it.

In the late 'twenties and early 'thirties Milwaukee became quite well-known for its music. Every weekend during the summer there were concerts in the Blatz Open Air Theatre in Washington Park, and as the weather grew colder, the orchestra moved indoors to the Pabst Theatre downtown. Because we had a short concert season and it was easy for our musicians to find work during the off-season at downtown theatres like the Palace, the Majestic, the Alhambra, and the Strand, with the stock companies at the Schubert and the Davidson, at jazz spots like the Chateau Country Club, and even in burlesque houses like the Gaiety and the Empress, we were able to hold within the city itself the solid core of musicians so necessary to a good orchestra. Although we often had guest conductors and performers, the orchestra itself had very few itinerant members.

But music was not consigned only to our musicians. It was everywhere. One could walk down any street in the residential districts and hear a cacophony of instruments practicing scales, exercises and recital numbers. People walking to and from work hummed tunes from Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* and from *Die Fledermaus* by Strauss. One could hear them whistling themes from Haydn's *Surprise Symphony* or Beethoven's *Eroica*. In the winter it was there, too, but hushed, muted. Blending with the silent snowfall of a winter night, it lay encased behind closed doors and tightly sealed windows, waiting for spring to set it free again.

For father it was like an eternal winter. His desire to play music, to contribute to the sound of an orchestra, lay dormant like a hibernating animal, restless, stirring with the first pre-dawn of spring.

Musicians came to our city from all over the world, and soon our orchestra was playing two concerts a week — Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon. At least one of these concerts, usually the one on Sunday, was directed by a guest conductor.

On one of these occasions the guest conductor was a famous Italian, a very particular and exacting man who had never been in our city before. He had just completed a world-wide tour and this final stop was to be his triumph. Instead of the usual two, he was scheduled to direct three weekend concerts, and his concluding selection for the Sunday evening performance was to be Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*.

The musicians at our house were buzzing with excitement. Some of them were nervous. They had heard of the Italian's incendiary temperament and they feverishly hoped nothing would go wrong.

The great maestro arrived Thursday morning and immediately the orchestra was plunged into rehearsals. They rehearsed and rehearsed until each number was measure perfect.

All went well until Friday evening when they rehearsed the *1812 Overture*.

Near the end of the overture, which was written to celebrate the Russian victory over Napoleon and which was to be the grand climax to the maestro's triumphant tour, there is a notation for cannon. Ordnance is to be fired nineteen times. Our orchestra had no cannon. The young man who headed the percussion section, a tympanist named Otto who lived at our boarding house, planned merely to substitute bass drum and tympani, which was often done. When the first stroke of ordnance fell, Otto pounded the tympani and another fellow the bass drum.

The maestro stopped the orchestra.

"Where is the cannon?" he asked.

"We have none, Sir," Otto replied.

"No cannon?" the maestro asked with cold incredulity.

"None, Sir," Otto replied, a bit ill at ease. "We will substitute bass drum and tympani."

"But the score calls for cannon," the conductor said, his voice rising. "Tchaikovsky asks for cannon. And I demand cannon!"

"But, Sir. We have none," Otto cried.

"Then go out and get one," the maestro screamed. "And don't come back without it!"

The following morning Otto borrowed father's car and chased all over the city looking for a small carbide cannon. There was none to be had. At noon he remarked plaintively, "If only I could find something, a shotgun, anything . . ."

"I have a shotgun," father said.

It was a marvelous gun. Father had inherited it from grandfather. It was an eight-gauge double-barrel, a journeyman's piece made by grandfather to display his craftsmanship for entry into the gunsmith's guild. It had external dragon-shaped hammers, a fancy brass triggerguard, engraved Damascus barrels with two tiny ivory beads between the barrels for sights and an ivory butt plate. Its stock and fore-end were of burl walnut, polished smooth as glass. Inlaid on each side of the stock was an ivory dragon and there was a small pewter shield at the wrist, stamped with grandfather's initials 'J. K.' Father used it for shooting ducks along the river. But if Otto wished, he would remove the shot from a box of shells and it could be used for the concert.

There was one stipulation.

Father would have to shoot it himself.

It was a family treasure, he explained, and if anything should happen to it . . .

Otto agreed. That afternoon he brought father and the shotgun to rehearsal. Karl and I tagged along and hid in the wings.

"We could find no cannon," Otto explained to the maestro, "but my friend, Jahnos Kovach, has kindly consented to lend us his shotgun." The maestro smiled. "There is one thing," Otto continued. "The shotgun is a family treasure and Herr Kovach insists that he shoot it himself."

Again the Italian smiled. "Certainly," he replied; then questioned, "Herr Kovach is a musician, of course?"

"I am a bricklayer," father said with quiet dignity.

"A bricklayer!" The maestro exploded. "So now I am to have bricklayers playing in my orchestra . . ."

"I read music quite well," father said, "and I assure you I can play the shotgun."

The maestro was furious. They argued violently. The conductor, jumping up and down and waving his arms, yipped and squeaked like a puppy-dog. Father, standing solidly with his massive arms folded across his barrel of a chest, growled and rumbled in response. As the argument grew more and more intense, Karl and I became more and more concerned. How long could father hold his temper? How long would it be before one of his immense fists descended upon this noisy little creature and . . .

But a temperamental Italian is no match for a determined Hungarian. In the end, father won out.

They rehearsed the *1812 Overture*.

Bang . . . bang. Father had fired only two shots of the initial volley of ordnance when the maestro stopped the orchestra.

"Do you call that a cannon?" the maestro asked acidly. "It's not even a pop-gun." The men in the orchestra laughed. Father's leathery cheeks grew red. "It must be louder," the conductor cried, enjoying his immediate victory, "much, much louder."

"I can make it louder," father said.

"Then do it," the maestro replied. "And don't fire another shot until you do."

Making the shots louder was no problem. Father merely pulled the wads out of the shells and filled them with a triple load of powder. What bothered him was that he had had no chance to rehearse with the orchestra. The first five shots were to follow within a single measure of one another. The tempo was *allegro vivace*. He would have to load both barrels, fire both, reload,

fire both again, reload and fire one, all within five seconds. And if any of the shells misfired . . .

For the rest of the afternoon father retreated to the parlor. We could hear the metronome ticking and we could hear him count, "One and two and-a three and four and-a one." And each time we could hear the hammers of the shotgun click, the shotgun break and snap shut. But his timing was off. The metronome always came out a beat ahead.

That evening father did not go to the maestro's first concert.

When we returned from the concert we heard him working on something in the basement. Late that night I remember waking to the faint ticking of the metronome and the snap and click of the shotgun. But I was too sleepy to take serious note of it and rolled over and quickly fell asleep again.

The following morning father said nothing. He accompanied the rest of us to church which was unusual. He generally let mother take care of the family's religion. But I noted that he was especially devout during the silent prayer.

That afternoon we all went to the maestro's second concert. Although we particularly enjoyed a piece by Liszt, featuring an American pianist who was staying at our house, the concert as a whole was disappointing. When we were back home and the musicians were munching a light between-concerts snack mother had prepared for them, we listened to them grumble their dissatisfaction with the maestro. He was too severe, they said, too tied to the score. He gave the music no chance to sing.

That evening father put on the tuxedo he had rented especially for the occasion, slipped his shotgun into its case, and we all headed back to Concert Hall.

Our seats were to the right, in the front row of the balcony where we could see the entire stage. On the back of our programs listed at the bottom of the percussion section, we found father's name, "Jahnos Kovach," in neat hand lettering. Otto had got hold of the programs, and he and the other musicians staying at our house had spent the entire morning printing it on every one.

The musicians filed on stage. The oboe sounded his concert A and the orchestra began tuning up. Father appeared and assumed his place at the rear of the stage. He removed his shotgun from its case, carefully examined both barrels to make certain they were clear, took out an oilrag and began polishing the barrels and the stock. He then pulled from his pocket a curious object which looked like a bent strap hinge and taped it to the breech.

Otto came over and they shook hands.

The maestro entered and walked to the podium. There was a smattering of applause.

During the first half of the concert, father sat quietly, his shotgun across his knees, his arms folded, his sunburned face glowing like a red lantern among the pale faces of the musicians. At the break for intermission, he got out his triple-load shells and placed them in a neat row on his music stand. He loaded his shotgun and clipped four shells onto the strap hinge.

The *1812 Overture* began. It moved slowly for several minutes and then began to build, gathering momentum for the grand climax. At the entrance for the French horns, father stood up and lifted his shotgun. The ivory dragons flashed in the floodlights.

Mother nibbled on her handkerchief. I crossed my fingers and sat on them. But brother Karl, who was still young enough to have supreme faith in his father, sat on the edge of his seat in excited but confident expectation.

With a dramatic gesture, the maestro pointed at father.

Ka-WHOOM! and ka-WHOOM! and-a ka-WHOOM! and ka-WHOOM! The initial volley thundered from the rear of the stage. A great cloud of white smoke engulfed the orchestra and rolled out into the auditorium.

For a moment everything stopped.

The conductor waved his arms furiously and one by one the awestruck musicians gathered their wits and began to play again. As the music approached the next cannon shot, the musicians tightened up, the music became pinched and sharp. The maestro tried frantically to wave father off. But father's consummate musicianship, like rare wine bottled for years and at last uncorked, could not be contained.

Ka-WHOOM! went the shotgun. Everyone jumped. Ka-WHOOM! again. And again, ka-WHOOM!

Suddenly the orchestra caught hold. It began to play as it never had played before in a mad attempt to equal and incorporate the shotgun blasts. Ka-WHOOM! The maestro could barely be seen behind the thick curtain of smoke. The orchestra played without him. Ka-WHOOM! The strings raced wildly up and down. Ka-WHOOM! The horns and trumpets came in. Ka-WHOOM! The tympani and chimes.

The orchestra hurled itself through the closing measures of the overture, hammered out the final series of concluding chords, built them up and up to the firm and final statement of the last resolving note.

The audience jumped to its feet with great applause.

When it was all over and we and the musicians had gathered around the table for a late celebration dinner, father stood up, and lifting a glass of his finest Hungarian wine, said, "Gentlemen, to music!"

He was one of them.

PASSACAGLIA IN G MINOR

Lawrence S. Frank, 1964

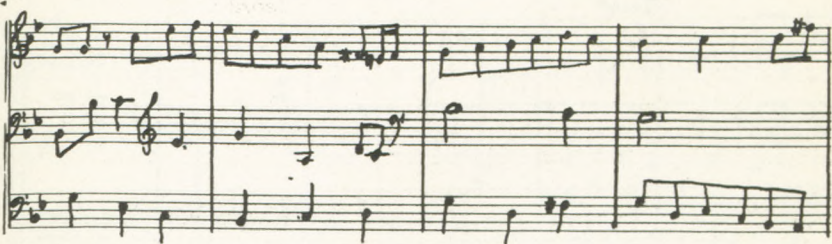
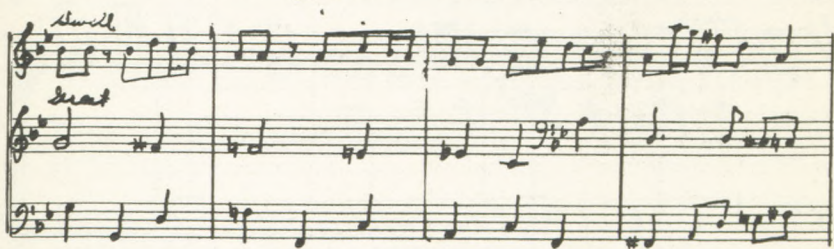
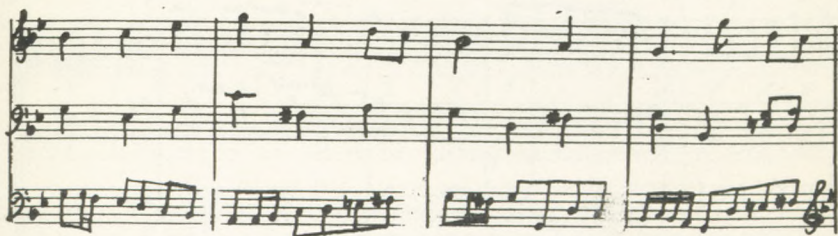
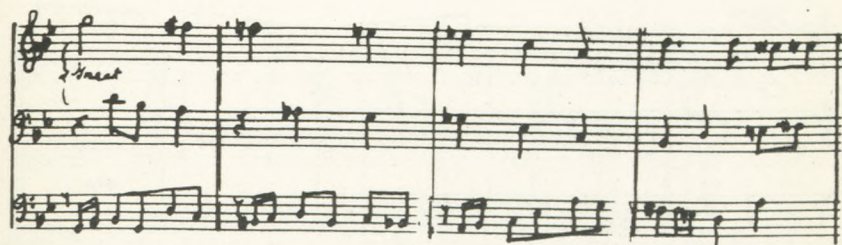
①

No. 1



Handwritten musical score for three staves. The notation includes treble, bass, and a lower staff (possibly for a second bass or a different instrument). The music is written in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The score is divided into four measures per system. The first system shows a melodic line in the treble staff, a bass line in the bass staff, and a lower staff with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The second system continues the melodic and bass lines, with the lower staff maintaining its accompaniment. The third system introduces a dynamic marking of *smell* (likely a typo for *smell* or *smell*) above the treble staff and *grace* (likely a typo for *grace* or *grace*) below the bass staff. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final chord in the treble staff and a final note in the bass staff.

③



No. 1



④

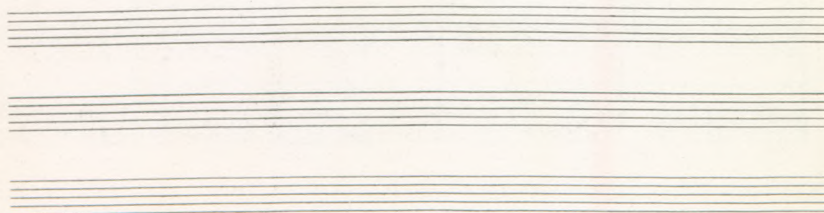
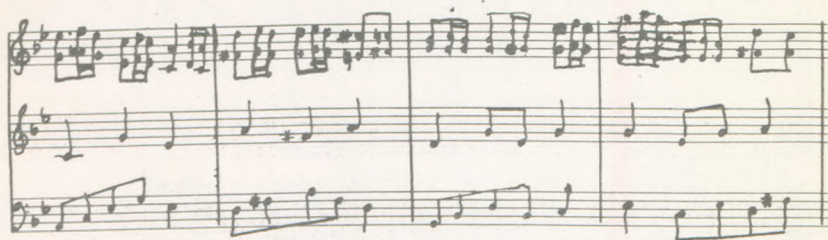
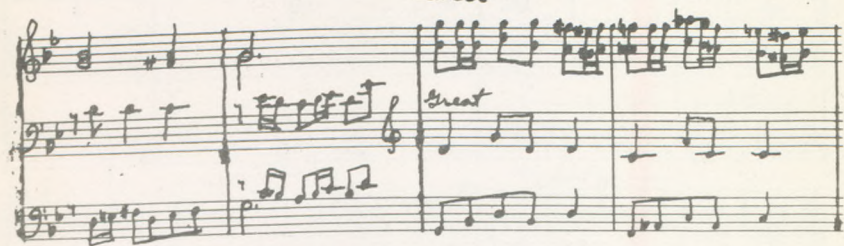
Handwritten musical score for a three-part setting, likely a chorale or hymn. The score is written on three systems of three staves each. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The music features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The third system includes the word "Great" written above the first staff. The fourth system includes the words "as great" and "small great" written above the first and second staves respectively. The score is handwritten in ink on aged paper.

⑤

Handwritten musical score for a piano piece, consisting of four systems of three staves each. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures (one sharp and one flat), and various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals. The word "Great" is written above the first system, and "Add" is written above the third system.

⑥

Swell



BEN HANBY – STUDENT SATIRIST (1853)

(*Editor's Note.* Ben Hanby's achievement in turning out during his sophomore year in "Otterbein University" a song that was to win international renown has always seemed so remarkable that investigators have rarely felt the need to look into the nature of his other very substantial accomplishments as an undergraduate. Actually, Ben was not only the college's first successful composer, but the founder of the campus creative writing and journalism tradition, a founder and president of the first campus literary society, a founder and the secretary of the first local missionary society in the United Brethren denomination (an Otterbein student organization), the college's first playwright, the first poet, and (judging from a manuscript in the "Otterbein Room" archives) a projector of the first student newspaper.

Otterbein's publishing outlet during the first years, however, was *The Religious Telescope*, the church weekly, whose editors seem to have opened their columns freely to all kinds of writing, whether reportorial or creative, from the new school's administration, faculty and students.

From April 23, 1851, when the *Telescope* printed a report on "Otterbein University" from Hanby, through 1859 when it ran a series of travel letters he wrote as field agent following his graduation, Ben was a constant contributor of articles, letters, reports and poems – the campus' most consistent and prolific student scribe. He had enrolled at Otterbein as early as 1849-50, but having to work his way by interspersing college with terms of district schoolteaching in Clear Creek, Rushville and Westerville, he did not finish till 1858, when he was a member of the second graduating class.

"Quill Drivers" was read first at the Annual Exhibition of the Young Men's Department, June 22, 1853, then printed in *The Religious Telescope* of July 13, 1853. The style is a common one in undergraduate and newspaper writing of the period. It derived – though humbly, one has to admit – from the great age of satire that had run its course from Dryden and Pope (whom Hanby knew from the school readers) to the more recent Byron (whom students in church colleges knew in less official ways). Obviously, "Quill Drivers" has value in the record now much

less as literature than as a registry of Benjamin R. Hanby's maturing in the literary climate of a very young, church-founded college in Ohio.)

QUILL DRIVERS

B. R. Hanby

The ladies and gentlemen wonder, I ween,
What that curious expression *Quill Drivers* can mean.
To be short, then, 'tis those who for good or for ill,
Make their bread and their butter by using the quill.

Did you ever see an auctioneer
Upon the public square,
With the multitude around him,
Examining his ware;
While he with lungs of leather
Fairly makes the welkin ring,
As each article in turn
In a manner bold and stern,
He declares shall now be sold
For whatever it will bring?
So I will take each one in turn
And speak of it myself.
I will not *praise* my articles
As "Honest John's" or "Goodman's".
I'll simply tell their bad traits,
For I think they've got no good ones.
And when the honest auctioneer
Their properties has told,
You, if you listen well, may hear
How cheap they can be sold.

Quill Drivers are a multitude too numerous to mention.
To but a very few of them will we devote attention.

The critic here presents himself
As being first upon the shelf.
He represents a class of half starved men
Whose name is legion multiplied by ten;
Who like a swarm of lazy wasps, around
The cup of the industrious bee are found,
Snatching the honor of their better brothers —
Stealing their living by the toil of others.
The critic's eye is envy, and is such an eye
As while it sees the worth of others, can descry
Its absence in himself, and here's the thing
That drives him mad, and, with a burning sting,
Goads keen and bitterly the menial jade,

And bids him carry on his paltry trade.
 As when the would-be artist
 Sees his genius far outreached
 By some more noble painting
 Than his own hand ever sketched —
 Would daub the beauteous picture
 With the contents of his brush
 And mar its sacred purity
 With his polluting touch,
 Because, forsooth, such bold design,
 Such symmetry — such grace —
His genius never could conceive,
 Nor *his* dull pencil trace,
 So *he* — the critic — aims his dart
 At the poor care-worn author's heart,
 And seeks to stigmatise his name;
 To crush his hopes, destroy his fame,
 And rob of his just dues the man of letters,
 (And knowing all the while he robs his betters,)

By splattering with ink spots
 The masterpiece, that shows
 In every line, from first to last
 Superior skill, and glows
 With thoughts too high for range of Critic's soul,
 Too broad to enter his contracted poll;
 And o'er that masterpiece with eager eye,
 Straining his mental vision to descry
 If aught there be of imperfection
 Or lack of force or just connection;
 Then summoning at once
 His second-handed thunder,
 He works with all his might,
 To gain his ill-got plunder;
 Then claims the honor as his greedy spoil
 Of making havoc of the work of toil,
 That cost its author's long and tedious years
 Of fear and trial, poverty and cares,
 Such is the critic and his hand has caught
 The garland from its owner, and has snatched
 The laurel bright — too oft alas, ere now —
 Ere it had touched, well earned, its wearer's brow.

Next comes a pack of curses,
 A host of venomed vipers,
 Whose hearts lie in their purses,
 We call them *Novel Writers*.
 My stanzas shall not score,
 (Don't understand me so)
 John Bunyan, Hanna Moore,
 Or Mrs. Beecher Stowe,
They wrote for good
These write for food
 And cannot think of others' weal
 And wouldn't if they could.

Too lazy then to earn their daily bread
They fain would force it from a brainless head.
Discarding real life and present scenes
They throw themselves into a world of dreams.
Peopling their craniums with fancied creatures,
Giving their characters unsightly features —
They give to real life distorted view,
By penning what these creatures say and do.
The poisoned pages from their pens are hurled
By thousands on an unsuspecting world;
A secret charm — a serpent's charm — they bring,
And with that luring charm a serpent's sting,
Assume a thousand shapes to gain their ends,
Fill up our weeklies, journals, fireside friends.
Appear in magazines "with illustrations,"
Come out in pamphlet form, with commendations —
In every bookstore in this reading land,
You'll find the shelves and counters fairly crammed
With *cheap editions* backed with yellow labels,
Or "royal gilt edged" for the centre tables.

Thus doth this mental alcohol
Flow on in poisonous tide,
And wretched mental drunkards
Meet our gaze on every side.
What means the sad expression
Of that vacant, sunken eye?
That seeming soul's depression —
And that smothered, broken sigh?
'Tis the saddened look, the sunken eye,
The trembling voice of one,
Whose heart from virtue's precepts
Is by *these temptations* won.

Go to the showy residence
Of this unhappy maiden —
You'll find each bookcase, table, stand,
With trashy novels laden.
Go to her chamber, when the sun,
Has almost half his journey run,
You'll find her sleeping in her curtained bed,
The midnight lamp still burning at her head;
View the disordered room, and see
The entire want of care;
Lift up her pillow and you'll find
The latest novel there.
Nor are these silly love tales
Pursued alone by females;
Young men in every city, town
And country village, too, are found
Held by the witching charm spellbound
And lost to everything around;
Fixed like a statue to the cursed leaves before them,
Midnight oft finds them bent intently o'er them.

To tempt from virtue, purity and truth,
Seduce, *entrap*, *destroy* our noble youth,
And in their blood their demon hands embue —
This is the work that *novel writers* do;
A hell-born work against all that's true and right.
And all that they may make their living by it.

The partisan Editor, next on the shelf,
As character *third* here presents himself.
This department of men, (if men we may call them)
Outnumbers the locusts and frogs of the east.
And, though we don't wish any harm to befall them,
We think we might fairly spare half them at least.
At every crossroad hamlet
The printer's sign you'll see,
At every country village
You'll find two or three;
In larger cities too they're still more plenty,
One for each party, so — not less than twenty.

This character's a rare one,
He is the public's tool,
And not unfrequently he acts
The part of public fool.
Public opinion is his god,
And to its shrine he bows,
Mutters his prayers and sings his songs,
And makes his solemn vows.
Each moment of his being
He's in the public eye,
Whate'er he says, whate'er he does
The public can descry;
He dare not leave his sanctum
For the space of half a day
Without telling what it was that took
The Editor away.
He tries to please each man he meets;
He'll do whate'er he's bid to,
And thus he undertakes a job
That *no man ever did do*;
He tries to please many,
Yet scarce pleases any,
And because he'll please all
Scarce pleases at all.

He half holds his breath in order to listen, his
Kind patrons' wishes that well he may know,
And thus he's a bundle of strong inconsistencies,
As every one of his papers will show.

He dwells on Intemperance evils most glowingly
And tears from the heart's gushing fountains would draw —
Appeals to lawgivers in eloquence flowingly,
And stoutly cries out for a "Maine Liquor Law."

And having devoted a column in toto
 To deploring "the deeds that the Rumseller's done,"
 Then, right in the very next column you'll find him
 Most valiantly puffing the *Rumseller's Rum*.
 In one of his essays you'll see him unmasking
 The houses where gambling is much carried on;
 Then appeals to the "city authorities," asking,
 "For the sake of religion to put these things down."
 And he finally closes that very same column,
 After having appeared in some ten or twelve faces,
 Grave, humorous, serious, gay, sober and solemn,
 With a flaming review of the *Ingletown Races*.
 An article next to his feeling gives vent, in
 A cutting rebuke on the sins of the day —
 "Shows, dances, and concerts," &c — lamenting
 That "so many youth are thus carried away,"
 And having read over this well-earned berating,
 Just turn to page 4 where a large cut is found
 With a long advertisement right under it, stating
 What a *wonderful circus* is coming to town.
 And besides, that this paltry excuse for a man, too,
 Is a double-faced hypocrite, all will agree,
 For he's pledged to do all for his party he can do,
 And "go for its measures" whate'er they may be.
 And the party he's pledged to, so frequently baits him,
 He thinks he must do what it says right or wrong.
 Should it start up a seeker, though he himself hates him,
 For office, he'll "puff him" to help him along,
 And since how to get out of it he can't connive at, he
 Praises him publicly — curses him privately.
 What should we call this machine of chances,
 That runs by the force of circumstances?
 The fellow surely should be branded,
 In letters of a fire color,
 A seven-sided, underhanded,
 Oily tongued old wire puller.

And now my friends, I really am perplexed —
 A very curious character comes next.
 This thing of spinning rhymes is what
 I never did do much in,
 And coming to this character
 I almost hate to touch him.

He's called *the Plagiarist* — the man who would
 Be something great and famous if he could.
 Alas! for him, he greatly lacks the stuff
 That makes the man, — he hasn't quite enough
 Of that which nature — the capricious dame —
 To honest men gives more — I mean the brain.
 In place of this commodity
 (I 'spose I might have said)
 He has on hand a large front room
 To let within his head.

He thinks by theft and artifice
 He may secure his aims,
 And thus make out to compensate
 For conscious lack of brains.
 Taking the masterpiece
 Of Speaker, Bard or Sage,
 Bids the reluctant pen
 Glide o'er the blushing page,
 And copying out those noble thoughts,
 Expressed in words that burn
 He places at the head *his name*
 That all the world may learn
 The truth of which he had not sense
 Enough to be afraid
 That as a "literary thief"
 His part he poorly played.
 The ass, Old Aesop tells us,
 Conceived the bold design
 Of ceasing straight to be an ass,
 And coming out *The Lion* —
 And having enveloped himself within
 The tawny coat of a lion's skin,
 Went stampering up and down the mead,
 And braying, and pawing, and tossing his head,
 And putting the animals into affright;
 Till alas! for poor donkey, he came in sight
 Of the plowman, who also had taken to flight
 With the rest, and would never have thought to show fight
 With the lion, had not his fears
 Been calmed as he saw a pair of *long ears*:
 So taking a club he belabored him well,
 And then (if the fable correctly I tell)
 Bade the ass be satisfied with his lot,
 And never again pretend to be what
 The hypocrite scoundrel *knew* he was not.

And that lesson his donkeyship never forgot.
 And now my friends I need not to go
 To the end of my sense in trying to show
 How the plagiarist is as the ass was. You know
 That full well already, I'm certain, and so
 As my rhymes at this juncture too tamely do flow,
 And fail too, with poetic fire to glow
 No farther remarks on this point will bestow,
 But dispose of his case as a moment ago
 The ass was disposed of by good plowman Joe;
 Having taught him that he should his proper place know,
 We'll cudgel him soundly and then let him go.

And now, I think I hear some of you say
 "We're getting weary," and well you may,
 For I feel a little myself that way.
 For my dullness of rhyme,
 My only excuse is:

I had not time
To invoke the muses.
So now to come to a close I'll try,
Since you are tired, and so am I,
And I'm morally certain you'll none of you cry
As your would-be Poet now bids you Good-Bye.

"AN IMPORTANT QUALIFICATION"

There are many good teachers who try to know their students well enough to relate their field of knowledge to the needs of the members of their classes. But there are too many poor teachers, merely trainers, who are content with training their students in the use of skills, appropriate to some narrow field of knowledge and feel no obligation to direct their attention to the possible benefits for or dangers to humanity that may result from the use of this knowledge.

The teachers of our inexperienced youth have a very great responsibility in the task of joining their students in the search for the bits of truth that may be found in our mass of communications; and in helping them acquire minds, disciplined in the search for truth. The ability to awaken and guide the potentialities of youthful minds should be an important qualification of every teacher, much more important than the ability to acquire degrees and/or to have manuscripts published.

B. C. Glover

(Quoted from "From Experience to Wisdom: The Process of Becoming Educated" in THE BAKER UNIVERSITY NEWS BULLETIN, January, 1967.)

CONTRIBUTORS

Dr. James V. Miller, Academic Dean, first presented his thoughts on "Liberal Arts and Teaching" in an address to the Otterbein College faculty on September 11, 1964.

Jo Mielziner's convictions about values in the visual arts come from long and distinguished experience as a designer of settings for plays, opera, ballet and theatre centers. *Strange Interlude*, *Street Scene*, *Winterset*, *Glass Menagerie*, *South Pacific*, *Death of a Salesman*, *The World of Susie Wong* and *Gypsy* are but a few of the many productions for which his designs fill a momentous chapter in the history of the American theatre. He created the setting and lighting for the U.N. Conference in San Francisco, 1945, and for the exhibit of Michelangelo's "Pieta" at the New York World's Fair. He was co-designer for the Lincoln Center of the Performing Arts. He has received many awards.

Roger Neff, Foreign Language Department, spent 1965-67 in France as resident director of Otterbein's "Strasbourg Year Abroad" program.

Earl Hassenpflug exhibits frequently in Ohio galleries. His recent series of black and white abstract landscapes was included in a joint showing with the ceramics of Jan Jones at Otterbein's Campus Center, April 16-30.

James E. Carr, Modern Language Department, is working extensively in translation. His French poem "Dialogue" appeared in the 1967 *MISCELLANY*.

Other short stories by Todd Rolf Zeiss, English Department, have appeared recently in *Four Quarters* and *Readers & Writers*. He contributed verse to the 1967 *MISCELLANY*.

Lawrence S. Frank's "Passacaglia in G Minor" was first performed at Cowan Hall in the graduating recital of Kathleen Stanley on February 7, 1965. Professor Frank, Music Department, has previously published "Communion Service in C" (1946) and regularly composes an original number for each of his graduates in organ.

Benjamin R. Hanby's activities as an Otterbein undergraduate, including many accomplishments beyond his famous "Darling Nelly Gray", were first reported from the college archives in *Ben Hanby and Otterbein College: A Source Book*, compiled in 1964 by the curator of the Otterbein Room collection, who has edited "The Quill Drivers" for its appearance here.

Professor Emeritus of Mathematics B. C. Glover writes from long experience in the classroom.

The poetry of Cleora C. Fuller has been nationally recognized. She was also represented in the 1967 *Miscellany*.

THE OTTERBEIN MISCELLANY

Vol. I May, 1965

Articles on the Supreme Court, the laser, Gilbert White of Selborne, Goethe, Albert Camus, Pirandello and Oliver Goldsmith, by John H. Laubach, Philip E. Barnhart, Robert Price, Dorothy Cameron, William T. Hamilton, Paul L. Frank and John K. Coulter. Poetry by Norman Chaney.

Vol. II May, 1966

Paul L. Frank — original compositions, critical articles, memorial tributes.

Vol. III May, 1967

Articles on curriculum, cancer, Will Kenrick, Robbe-Grillet, and Otterbein history, by Lynn W. Turner, David S. Yohn, John K. Coulter, Sylvia Vance and Harold Hancock. Translations, essays and poetry by Charles B. Buffington, Cleora C. Fuller, James E. Carr, Todd R. Zeiss and LaVelle Rosselot. Paintings by Earl Hassenpflug.

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