Writing the novel

BY ISABEL CAMPBELL, '19

I HAVE been asked to talk on "Writing the Novel." And as I thought over the subject, I was led to ask myself why people read novels. I asked several of my friends and received various replies. Some of them are: Because I am interested in life and people; I am interested in literary style; I want to see how authors attack their problems; I am interested in the author's attitude toward life; I like to recall experiences that I have had; I read for ideas; I read for escape from life; I read for the repetition of agreeable emotions; I read for the understanding of current thought of the generation; It is the easiest form of reading; I read for diversion; I don't have to apply my mind the way I do to poetry or biography; I read novels because I like a good story, particularly glamorous novels because of the contrast with life at Norman. Such are the replies I received to my question.

Now I have a theory of my own as to why people read novels, and it is this: Man's whole history has been an attempt to arrange his universe and integrate himself with it. At the best this activity must be a compromise, due to his defective comprehension of his universe. But in art, he may find this integration, due to the necessity of a pattern. Particularly in the novel, he is aware of the sequence of cause and effect, a satisfaction he does not always get out of life. The sequence is there in life—but he is not always aware of it. Due to the necessity of a beginner, a middle and an end and the relation of one act to another, the reader of a novel becomes a little God, comprehending the whole of a small universe. Thus chaos is reduced to order and the reader's desire for unity is satisfied for the moment. This is my theory of the function of all art. The satisfaction of the human desire for a pattern in life.

The novel satisfies this desire better than any other form of art, because it deals with complex human character. Painting satisfies the eye, music the ear, sculpture the tactile sense, the short story the intellectual sense of form, due to its rigorous pattern, but the novel gives the illusion of life imbued with meaning and importance.

The novel is more difficult to write than the short story exactly because there are rigid rules for the short story, and one is forced to work within definite limitations, which is a distinct advantage. There is no standard for the novel, no real definition outside of the demand that it deal with character. Therefore each novel is almost a rule unto itself. The important thing is to recognize material suitable for a novel and not for a story. Some material lends itself to a rapid treatment, other material demands a more leisurely pace. But character is the essence of the novel. Aristotle said that character is that which leads a man to choose or avoid something. A good novel offers opportunities for making choices.

There are many kinds of novels. We have the picaresque novel, the romance of adventure, the comedy of manners and character, the extravaganza, the historical novel, the novel intensely domestic, the stream of consciousness, and the reportalional novel. This last exemplified by Ernest Hemingway and his imitators.

I object to the reportorial method because of its lack of emotion. It is not what I call creative writing, though the form may be perfect, and the diction excellent. When you read of Mr. Robin Hood you see only a man of action, but when you read of John Falstaff, you see more than a drunken man. You can view from across the room, but when you read of John Falstaff, you see more than a drunken mancross the room, you become that drunken man. You are, in a way, putting yourself in two places at once. This, to me, is the difference between reporting and creative imaginative writing. This does not mean that I think a writer like Ernest Hemingway, who uses the reportorial system, is not a creative writer. No one could read the account of the death of Katherine in the last chapter of A Farewell to Arms without being stirred to pity and remorse. But how Mr. Hemingway does it is his own little secret. None of his imitators succeed in bringing any life to their newspaper accounts. Now that I have made this statement, I am inclined to think that Mr. Hemingway has varied from his usual style in this particular novel. Perhaps that accounts for the successful presentation of a very emotional story.

Even though characters are based on real people, the exigencies of the story change them. And in like fashion, "the transcript of personal experience is not only a legitimate, but an almost invariable part of the novelist's resources. But the novelist cannot, like the poet, look in his heart and his memory, and write exclusively. The result, save in a person of almost supernatural experience, and quite supernatural character, must be monotonous, and can hardly fail, even in its monotony, to be scanty. Every life (it has been said in many forms) will give one book if the liver knows how to write it; few lives indeed will give more than one."

Anne Parrish is a fitting example of this idea. The Perennial Bachelor was an excellent novel, both in conception and execution. The characterization was sound, the emotion was real, and the children felt that they were living. But what do we find in the novels which follow, Tomorrow, All Kneeling, and others? We find that she has only one list of characters, we find that she has no new tricks, we find that she has very few situations. Taken one at a time, her novels are interesting and readable, taken as the works of Anne Parrish, they are a distinct disappointment, exposing pitably the lack of any breadth of observation and experience. Reading her novels in a group is like listening to the exuberances of someone who has taken a satisfactory summer vacation and can't get over it.

Though I was asked to talk on Writing the Novel, I feel that I know more about Writing a Novel, or to be more exact, Writing My Novel, and if you are willing, I should like to tell you a little about my own personal experiences in this delightful and satisfying occupation.

I make voluminous notes for a novel and I have my own particular method. I do not keep a notebook, but make my notes on small cards, about three by five inches. I keep these cards all over the house, so that if I have an idea I don't have to overcome my natural laziness by looking for something to write it down on. No matter in what part of the house I am, I can find a card without too much effort. I note down scraps of conversation, descriptions, ideas for scenes, an interesting sequence of words, anything that might be valuable. From time to time, I collect all the cards which have been written upon and stack them in a drawer in my desk. In this way I get the idea down while it is hot and fresh—it is not left to be remembered in tranquility when some of its significance may be lost.

I collect literally hundreds of cards in this way, and when I finally feel ready to write, I get out the cards, sort out any that may be of use to the particular project I am interested in and put the
of San Antonio, Texas; Charles Cope, Tyler, Texas; and Casper Kite and G. A. Hinshaw, Oklahoma City.

A brother, C. G. Geyer, lives in Norman. Mr. Geyer was married twice, his first wife, Mrs. Ada L. Geyer, died on June 19, 1919, in a son, F. Park Geyer, Jr., living in Oklahoma City; his second wife, Mrs. Adeline Randal was with him at his death. He was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity.

Harold Keith, ’28 jour., gives the following summary of Mr. Geyer's sports achievements: It all started back in 1908 when Oklahoma graduated its powerful team of that season and began drawing light material. Bennie Owen, young Sooner coach, decided that despite its unpopularity the new-fangled forward pass might be the weapon the Sooners needed to successfully combat the superior weight and numbers of their foes.

Then came No. 1 for “Spot” Geyer. There was the fact that Claude Reed, Oklahoma’s great fullback of 1913, was graduating and Owen was looking around him that fall for someone to serve as alternate to Reed and eventually succeed him as the pass-catcher in Oklahoma’s indispensable aerial attack. Another break for Geyer, then a gangling big- footer, Norman high school boy weighing 160 pounds.

When the “Spot” enrolled at Oklahoma he unwittingly selected the one school in the south- west that used and endorsed the forward pass, and moreover was graduating its key man in that style of play. And as those were football mechanics for which Geyer had a natural adroitness he arose to fame quite under Owen’s teaching.

His baptism of fire came in the Oklahoma-Missouri game of 1913 at Columbia, a contest which Reed missed because he was on bar field duty because of the Missouri interpretation of the three-year rule.

Missouri won, 20 to 17, but only after the Sooners, fired to a high pitch by what they considered the injustice of Reed’s disbarment, had worn themselves out. Geyer played every minute of that contest and his unerring right arm accounted for the final score of the game when he drilled a short pass to Lowry for a touchdown. And in the last moment of play he nearly gave the Tiger rooters an apoplexy when he nearly gave the Tiger rooters an apoplexy when he drilled a short pass to Lowry for a touchdown. And in the last moment of play he nearly gave the Tiger rooters an apoplexy when he nearly gave the Tiger rooters an apoplexy when he drilled a short pass to Lowry for a touchdown. And in the last moment of play he nearly gave the Tiger rooters an apoplexy when he nearly gave the Tiger rooters an apoplexy when he drilled a short pass to Lowry for a touchdown.

Then came No. 2 for “Spot” Geyer, the.filling in of 240 yards on passes alone. Against the Ok- lahoma Aggies he threw two of the four Sooner touchdowns and against the Oklahoma Aggies he threw two of the four Sooner touchdowns and against the Ok- lahoma Aggies he threw two of the four Sooner touchdowns and against the Oklahoma Aggies he threw two of the four Sooner touchdowns and against the Oklahoma Aggies he threw two of the four Sooner touchdowns and against the Oklahoma Aggies he threw two of the four Sooner touchdowns.

In the Missouri game of 1915, “Kid” Nichols, who from 1891 to 1898 was the famous pitcher of the Boston Nationals, approached Coach Owen at his hotel: “Gee, Bennie,” exclaimed Nichols, who had known Owen at Topeka, “That ain’t fair! That Geyer throws that football around like I throw a baseball!”

**YEAR BY YEAR**

**1907**

Plans should be made now for the twenty-fifth reunion of the class of ’07. If you have not already begun to make plans to return to the campus for commencement, write Frank Cleckler, executive secretary of the Association, for details of your quarter-century reunion.

Mrs. Walter Ferguson, ex ’07, columnist, is quoted in “The Mental Approach to Love,” a department in the Liberal Golden Book. The quotation was: “No man marries for the good of the race. He should but he doesn’t.

**1910**

Fred E. Tarman, ’10 arts-sc.,’17 fine arts, has been engaged by the Indiana Historical So- ciety to paint portraitsof publicmen and other state notables from Indiana history down to the present day. The portraits to be painted include six life size por- traits and sixty smaller ones. Mr. Sheed has been connected with the Graphic Arts firm in Fort Wayne and Indianapolis for the past ten years.

**1912**

Claudia Denzelkova Carr, daughter of Denz- el Ray Carr, ex ’22, is not only a linguist but also a musician. She plays Paderewski’s Min- net in G on the piano at the age of four and a half years. Mr. Carr’s address in Plac Kossaka 2, Crawo, Poland where he is a lecturer in Japanese and Chinese at the University of Crac- ow.

**1923**

Lynn Riggs, ex ’23, was speaker at the Na- tional Drama Conference which met Febru- ary 18-20 at Iowa City.

**1926**

Marvin E. Tobias, ’26 jour., is the presi- dent and general manager of the Ridgewav, advertising agency, 1901 Locust street, St. Louis, Missouri. Mr. Tobias previously has been in the advertising department of Rice Stix, dry goods, St. Louis.

**1928**

Mrs Virginia Billups Green, fine arts, ’28, and Miss Helen Lord, both of the Bernice Rice

**The Sooner Magazine**

**March**

H. Davis in Outing magazine. He ranked first in number of points after touching down with 50, missing four points during the season.

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**ETHEL MOORE VICKERY**

Mrs Almina H. Vickery, nee Ethland Moore, ex ’22, died February 12 at her home in Den- ver, Colorado, following an operation. Mrs. Vickery is survived by her husband, a six-months old son, her parents and a sister, Mrs Nowland Halcombe. Mrs. Vickery was a member of Kappa Gamma Gamma fraternity.

**WRITING THE NOVEL**

(continued from page 179)

I never make carbon copies, only of the final draft, because there is a great deal of manual labor connected with writing a novel. When you consider that it takes fifteen hours to fill a sheet of paper with single spaced writing—that makes four pages an hour, which is about 2,400 words—and there may be not less than 60,000 words in a novel, what with the numerous revisions and copying—the mere physical work of pounding a typewriter all those hours amounts to something.

And because of the fatigue attendant on running through them and roughly classify them A, B, C, D, according to the chronological place they might take in the story. Then I go through the cards marked A, which will be the first fourth of the story and rearrange them in chronological order. When I have done this for all of A, B, C and D, I find that I have a rough first draft. The material arranged in this manner is easier to handle than notes made in a book where sequence is already established. The cards are mobile and flexible, they may be shifted and rearranged and the story is constantly in a fluid state, not fixed, which is a great advantage to me, for I find that once a story is more or less fixed in my mind, it is only with the greatest diffi- culty that I am able to rearrange the material, therefore, it is absolutely neces- sary for me to keep my material in a state where it is easily manipulated.

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Upon such work, and because humanity is very prone to deceive itself when its own comfort is at stake, I find that I must resort to mechanical devices to buttress my weakening will. Therefore, instead of tempting myself with a nice fair copy, double-spaced and neatly margined, with two clean carbons, I deliberately single space my revisions with no carbons. Then, when I am absolutely sick and tired of the thing, and feel that not another word or line could be improved by revision, I find that I must make my fair copy, double spaced, etc. It is then that I don't make my final copy. I do it over again single spaced and find so many things that should be revised that I wonder I had the effrontery to tell myself that I had finished my work.

When I first tried to write, I felt that I had to do it in the morning when I was fresh. And moreover I was somewhat afraid of the written word, somewhat afraid that I would not be able to say what I wanted to, and I was in a feverish excitement to get at the type-writer and get the words out of the way for the day. But now, I prefer to get my housework out of the way for the day, the meals planned, and things going. I write now in the afternoons between four and six. Two hours religiously each day will get a lot of work done, and with the housework behind me, there is that constant and ineffective effort to push down into the unconscious all those little things that have been left undone, and which gnaw at the mind and divide the attention.

After a novel is written, then comes the business of reading proof, which is no fun at all. My novel was so familiar to me that I practically knew it by heart and I could read the proof without seeing it. I found only one typographical error in Jack Sprat, and that was on the last page, where the phrase "steaming earth" was printed "streaming earth." It distorted the meaning, of course, but was perhaps not of any great consequence. Some of my facetious friends even suggested that the meaning was improved, but I cannot agree with them. I am not so arrogant as to think that my last chapter could not be improved, but not by a typographical error.

I am greatly influenced when I am planning a piece of work by music. That last chapter I visualized, as if the action were taking place on a stage, while I listened over the radio to a concert from the Philharmonic Orchestra in New York. We were spending the winter in Montclair, New Jersey, the summer before we went to Connecticut. It was a nasty, rainy winter with an epidemic of mastoids running through the city. Our children had the flu and Mr. Campbell was in bed six weeks fighting off mastoid trouble. There were no nurses to be had and all of the doctors were overworked. I was tired and worried, and one Sunday afternoon, when they were all asleep, at the same time for once, I went into the sitting room closed the door and turned on the radio very softly so I would not disturb them, and heard that lovely symphony. It is a strange thing and I have remarked it on other occasions, but great fatigue, at least in my case, seems to lower the barrier between the conscious and the unconscious mind, and as I sat there and listened to the music, the last chapter of my book began to form. I saw a park, and a girl standing under a cottonwood tree. I knew what her problem was though only a third of the story had been written and the girl was a baby at the present stage of the book. Even the last line of the final chapter stated itself, and when the afternoon was over and the music was finished, I knew what I was going to write as soon as I had the opportunity to do so, which was the following summer.

As to the beginning of a book. Different people are stimulated to write by different things. Sir Walter Raleigh, professor of English literature at Oxford University, said that a writer needed to read only three kinds of books: First, a model, second, a source book, or a book from which he got material, third, a book which makes him feel like writing.

My husband says that George Bird Grinnell inspires him to write. Coleridge was inspired by Bowles, a much inferior poet to Coleridge himself. I am always inspired particularly by women writers of the first rank. Virginia Woolf, Ellen Glasgow. The books of men leave me a little untouched, because of their alien philosophy. Wars, conquest and adventure are not my province. I am interested in the domestic relations of men and women, in social problems as they affect women, in wars, conquest and adventure only as they produce problems of interest to women. This preference for women writers is not sex-antagonism, but a feeling of being a little outside of the inner circle of men's minds, and a feeling of kinship with the female mind. I have no patience with unenlightened people who claim intelligence is a masculine virtue and that any intelligent woman approaches the masculine norm. Anyone who meets the problems of his life satisfactorily is intelligent.

We are too prone to think of intelligence as a strictly literary virtue. The problems of women being different from the problems of men, necessarily develop an individual attitude of mind.

**MEDICAL SCHOOL DEAN**

Dr. L. J. Moorman, a member of the medical school faculty since the incorporation of the school into the university, is carrying on the traditions of the medical school as dean. Dean Moorman became professor of clinical medicine in 1910.
It is the things taken for granted that differentiate people, and it is exactly the things that women writers take for granted and do not take the trouble to write down that admit me to their inner circle. I pride myself that I can read a novel, without knowing who the author is and tell whether it is a man or a woman.

Virginia Woolf has written a charming book in which she claims that a woman who writes should have an income of five hundred pounds a year and a room of her own, which is an ideal that few of us can realize in the early stages of our writing, at least as far as the income goes. We might manage a room of our own, but hardly the five hundred pounds.

The latest market gossip from New York is that publishers are eager for extra long novels of family life, like The Calendar of Sin by Evelyn Scott. The public seems to want a big thick book.

It is the first requisite for lasting literature. If there were, the original artist would probably strike out a new definition. If there were, the original artist would probably strike out a new definition. If there were, the original artist would probably strike out a new definition. If there were, the original artist would probably strike out a new definition.

In an address at a meeting of students of the medical school held in November, 1931.

To support its work and its ideals. It remains with you to make of it a lasting monument and a symbol which can, if united, absolutely fulfill the purpose which was the original intention. If there were, the original artist would probably strike out a new definition. If there were, the original artist would probably strike out a new definition. If there were, the original artist would probably strike out a new definition. If there were, the original artist would probably strike out a new definition.

The statements put down here are based upon my knowledge of events during the period from May, 1915 to August 12, 1931. At the beginning of this period there was an insufficient number of full-time teachers, because there was no money with which to pay them. The equipment in both the preclinical and clinical years was most meager. The school did not own any real property at all.

At the end of this period the faculty meets the requirements of "A" grade rating. The equipment is adequate. The school owns a campus of twenty seven acres in Oklahoma City and on it are the medical building and two large hospitals, and, in addition, it has a ninety-nine year lease on old City hospital and a half block of ground at Third and Stiles streets.

The future of the school will depend very largely upon the alumni—a powerful body which can, if united, absolutely determine its destiny. It remains with you, alumni of the school of medicine, to support its work and its ideals. It remains with you to make of it a lasting monument signifying our part in the progress of medicine in these days.

Oklahoma Medical Education

(Continued from page 183)

paid $1,000, with which the Angelo hotel on the northwest corner of Sixth street and Broadway was purchased for $19,000.00, rebuilt and equipped for the medical school. Members of this corporation were Doctors A. D. Young, R. F. Schaefer, A. K. West, E. F. Davis, A. L. Blesh, L. H. Buxton, H. C. Todd, L. A. Riely, C. W. Williams, U. L. Russell, J. W. Riley, E. S. Ferguson, W. J. Wallace, Horace Reed, W. J. Jolly, R. M. Howard, J. M. Postelle, F. C. Hoopes, W. J. Boyd, and the Hon. A. H. Clas sen, and Mr C. B. Ames.

After the purchase of the building at Sixth and Broadway, which was remodelled with class rooms and laboratories well equipped for teaching, the Epworth college of medicine grew with rapidity. None of the students' tuitions were paid as salary to any of the teachers. The services were given free. All the money from tuition was put into equipment so that the school became quite creditably maintained in its laboratories and other appointments.

The task of operating and administrating the school, however, was becoming a great burden to the men who had already given it so much of their time and effort.

A partial two years course was still being maintained at the University of Oklahoma. While Epworth college of medicine was graduating men with the degree of M. D. Not one of the graduating classes of the school ever failed to pass any state board examination. In 1910, a committee, composed of Doctors L. H. Buxton, A. K. West and H. Conlin, November 1931.

Todd was named to confer with the authorities of the University of Oklahoma to ascertain if the Epworth college of medicine could not be affiliated or taken over by the university. This arrangement was consummated by the board of regents of the university and the Epworth college of medicine became the school of medicine of the University of Oklahoma in 1910. The property of Epworth college of medicine reverted to the original incorporators and was sold for $30,000.00 and the corporation dissolved.

The men back of the Epworth medical college were men of high ideals and had but one purpose, namely, to build up a creditable medical school in Oklahoma. They succeeded well and were able to turn over to the state university, over twenty trained medical teachers, and a student body of forty-seven. Some of the graduates of Epworth college of medicine are filling prominent places on the faculty of our present university school of medicine and are on the staffs of our leading hospitals.

In this brief sketch it has been our purpose to deal only with the work of Epworth college of medicine in the hope that the story of this first school of medicine in Oklahoma may not be lost. Being affiliated as it did with the school of medicine of the University of Oklahoma in 1910, the story of medical education at the state university, and in the state of Oklahoma would not be complete without this statement.

The records of the University of Oklahoma contain an account of medical education as it has been carried on in Oklahoma since 1910. It is a record of progress and achievement.