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Epilogue

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Who's Who: Archille H. Biron, associate professor in the Department of Modern Languages at Colby, spent his recent sabbatical year as Professor in Charge of the Sweet Briar College Junior Year in France; has also served as Assistant Director of the Colby College Summer School of Languages. Confronted by the usual hazards of the translator, Professor Biron frequently settled for an awkward English construction in order to convey with some degree of fidelity the peculiar swerves of thought, the rhythms and idioms of Madame Blanc’s original.

Eugene Hillhouse Pool, graduate of Harvard and member of the English faculty at Browne and Nichols School in Cambridge, has also written on Saroyan for the Boston Globe Sunday magazine. His contribution to this issue is extracted from a longer unit in which he scrutinized Miss Jewett’s artistic approach to The Country of the Pointed Firs. If transitions sometimes seem rather abrupt, the fault lies with the editor for wishing to include within these space limits Mr. Pool’s commentary relevant to Madame Blanc’s examination of A Country Doctor.

The Hobbyhorse Is a Mare: Madame Blanc’s respect for her craft as a critic was monumental, and it is to be expected that many of the qualities she extolled in Brunetière—erudition, scrupulosity, limpid style, perspicuity, incisive decrees, tart eloquence, and high seriousness—she hopefully saw in her own image. She made this unequivocal statement to Theodore Stanton: “I have very often severely censured what is bad, not, however, from a moral standpoint, but from a purely literary one; for, in the eyes of a true critic, it is, perhaps, the greater crime to violate the laws of literary taste. What always shocks me is a judgment based on any other than purely literary ground.”

Vaultingly Gallic as it sounds and incorruptible as it means to be, this credo was brought to earth by a factor extraneous to those Madame Blanc mentions: the socio-political aim of feminine equality. Her response to the feministic implications in A Country Doctor is comprehensible, although she need not have borne down so heavily in her doctrinaire preface and peroration. But when she imposes insurrectionary overtones upon the vacation activities of two simple fun-seeking girls in Deephaven, she is riding a bias that runs roughshod over her bravely erected critical motives. Thus collapseth even the staunchest of dogmas.