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Epilogue

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Who's Who: The career of James Schevill lends itself to alliteration. As professor, he has taught creative writing and other subjects in three California universities and is now at Brown. As poet, his books include *Private Dooms and Public Destinations, Tensions*, and *The Stalingrad Elegies*. As playwright, he has received acclaim for *The Bloody Tenet* (in verse), *The Black President*, and *High Sinners, Low Angels* (a musical with a difference). Schevill's latest play, *Lovecraft's Follies*, was performed for a month this spring in Providence, R.I. The protagonist, a scientist named Stanley Millsage (Bern Porter), is eager to live "at the center of discovery" but finds the center corrupt.

Not surprisingly, Dick Higgins palmed off my query about his academic degrees with "various but irrelevant," and what academician is to say he is wrong? Higgins has been in the forefront of the Fluxus and Happenings movements, is publisher of the Something Else Press, and has a burly list of books to his credit, such as *What Are Legends* (a BP Book) and *Computers for the Arts* (a sci-art alliance).

Harriet S. Blake has a bachelor of arts degree in classics from Bates College and a master's from Simmons in library science. She has worked as cataloger in the rare books divisions at Yale and Colby. She maintains her credentials currently as wife of Colby's Librarian.

Mrs. Renée B. Simon lists her status as wife (of a Long Beach attorney) and mother (of three) before her academic accomplishments of A.B. from Adelphi, MS in biochemistry from Stanford, and MLS from UCLA. Her first thesis explored the field of amino acid and protein; part of her second thesis is presented in this issue.

Porter's Prescience: The Delphic eye for future values so often displayed by Bern Porter in his judgments on literary potentials is brilliantly exemplified in the case of Anaïs Nin. In February 1962 Porter wrote me that "I have visited her, attended her readings, written her, admired her for many years, beginning as early as 1935 . . . . There have been signed books, some of which you now have, but more important have been my long and often repeated attempts to obtain from her the publishing rights to her diaries begun at the age of fifteen and now in their sixty-second volume: to me the greatest ever written by any woman and for which I'd gladly go bankrupt in order to print in full or even in part . . . . Tomorrow I shall be writing her again for the nth time, and this to her Paris address, for a please may I proceed preferably with volume one, knowing in advance the long evasions and distant hopes she will return to me in her delicate hand."

Porter's melancholy prediction proved true, but so did his superlatives. Four years later his assessment of her diaries was vindicated in the reviews of *Volume I*, published by Swallow Press, and the subsequent two volumes by Swallow and Harcourt Brace, covering so far the years 1931-1944. Verily, it is said, a prophet is not without honor . . .