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Epilogue

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Editor's Epilogue

Who's Who: Dr. Nancy Joyner, B.A. from Meredith College and advanced degrees from Columbia and North Carolina, has taught at the University of Kentucky, is currently associate professor of English at Western Carolina University. She has already published three times on Robinson: a comparison with Sandburg, a version of “Mr. Flood’s Party,” and EAR’s concessions to critics, in American Literature, English Language Notes, and Research Studies.

An omnivorous consumer of whodunits, Robinson would have doubly appreciated Robert S. Fish, who has published four mystery stories and done a master’s thesis on Lovecraft. Dr. Fish matriculated at the State University of New York, Albany, took M.A. and doctorate at the University of Oklahoma, returned to teach at his alma mater, and is now assistant professor of speech at Southern Illinois University.

Celia Morris' schooling has traced a grand triangular pattern: B.A., University of Texas; M.A., Stanford University; Ph.D., City University of New York. Lately an assistant professor of English at Pace College, she had also held forth at Hunter College, CUNY, and Texas. Currently she is associate editor of Change, the magazine of higher education. Her analysis of Malory’s Morte d’Arthur appeared in Studies in Literature.

Sandbagging Sandburg: Strong in opinion but shy in the utterance, Robinson could never be induced to write book reviews or public critiques on coexisting poets. When Karl Schriftgessser persisted, Robinson declared: “I think we must leave my contemporaries out of it.” However, he did now and again deliver himself of incidental opinions in his personal letters or infrequently granted newspaper interviews: negatively on Amy Lowell, Frost, and Vachel Lindsay; affirmatively on Kipling, Housman, William Vaughn Moody, and Joyce Kilmer. Writing the note on Professor Joyner, above, brought to mind two remarks Robinson made about Carl Sandburg, whom he had met once and (he said) liked. To Louis Untermeyer: “Your friend Sandburg should have stayed in the army; he’s all blood and guts.” Less caustically to Winfield Townley Scott: “I don’t care so much for his poetry. But then we can’t help those things.” The unbridgeable chasm between esthetes and hog butchers of poetry, the Wildes and the wild ones?