

# JEFFERS STUDIES



ROBINSON JEFFERS'S POEMS  
OF THE COAST RANGE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOSE DANIELS

A PUBLICATION OF THE ROBINSON JEFFERS ASSOCIATION

# JEFFERS STUDIES

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A DOUBLE VOLUME PRESENTING RECENTLY  
DISCOVERED PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOSE DANIELS  
WITH TEXT FROM POEMS OF ROBINSON JEFFERS

## CONTENTS

EDITOR'S NOTE

JIM BAIRD

iii

PREFACE

ROBERT KAFKA

v

ROBINSON JEFFERS'S POEMS OF THE COAST RANGE

A PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERPRETATION BY MOSE DANIELS

FOREWORD

ROBINSON JEFFERS

3

POEMS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

7

NOTES ON THE PHOTOGRAPHS

MOSE DANIELS

61

Rear cover: Mose Daniels self-portrait, c. 1950.

The editors wish to express their thanks to Phyllis Furnell (deceased), formerly of Scottsdale, Arizona, and to her daughter Susan Furnell of Mesa, Arizona, jointly responsible for the preservation of Mose Daniels's photographs reproduced herein, as well as other Daniels materials, and to Jim Garner of Chandler, Arizona, for making them available to the editors of *Jeffers Studies*.

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JIM BAIRD

## EDITOR'S NOTE

As I assume the editorship of *Jeffers Studies*, I am thrilled at the prospect of helping present new discoveries, opinions, and judgments about Robinson Jeffers, but also somewhat daunted by the task of continuing the tradition of excellence established by its three previous editors. This publication was begun as *The Robinson Jeffers Newsletter* by Jeffers's friend and first biographer, Melba Berry Bennett, who kept the poet's work and life in the public eye for many years. The dean of Jeffers scholarship, Robert Brophy, took over the *Newsletter* and turned it into a journal, the increasing importance of which was sealed with its new title, *Jeffers Studies*. Robert Brophy continues to be Senior Editor. He was succeeded by critic George Hart, who maintained the high standards of his own work on Jeffers as those of the journal itself. These three were assisted by dozens of other critics, readers, and other admirers of Jeffers, not the least of whom are Managing Editor Rob Kafka and Web Editor Peter Quigley. With this kind of joint effort, we can continue to learn more about the work of the great poet who both informs and inspires us.

This double volume is a tribute not only to Jeffers but to photographer Mose Daniels, who during the 1940s took a series of images of the Big Sur area inspired by, if not necessarily illustrative of, Jeffers's poetry. Jeffers was pleased enough to write a brief preface to this collection. Unfortunately, the photographs and Jeffers's preface were not published during Jeffers's or Daniels's lifetimes. By presenting them here, we pay a debt to both these artists.



ROBERT KAFKA

## PREFACE

When the editors of *Jeffers Studies* were compiling the “Jeffers and the Visual Arts” issue (Volume 9, Numbers 1 & 2) several years ago, we wanted to include two Forewords Jeffers had written for books of images that for separate reasons were never published. One was “Black Masses,” a book of surrealist images by Julian Alberts, the brother of Jeffers’s bibliographer Sydney Alberts. Although the complete contents of that projected volume could not be reconstructed, we were fortunate to discover (something that could not have been done in pre-Internet days) some images that Jeffers commented on, and to include them in the special issue.

We were not so lucky in discovering the photographic images by Mose Daniels, taken in the 1940s, for which Jeffers also wrote a Foreword. In the Checklist that concludes the Visual Arts issue, we included most of what we had discovered of Daniels:

*Daniels, Mose (c. 1920–?)*

Daniels grew up in coastal southeastern Georgia in the county of Glynn. He was adept in many manual arts, and possessed an artist’s eye. As a young man, he bicycled from Georgia to California and subsequently entered the Navy, in which he served during the Second World War. Sometime after his discharge, he made the acquaintance of Edward Weston, possibly through a naval acquaintance. In 1949, an edition of Sidney Lanier’s “The Marshes of Glynn” was published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce in New York, with photographs by Daniels, who well knew the area. A letter to Jeffers dated April 23, 1951 from Daniels, living at the time in Newport Beach, California, is held in the Jeffers Collection at the Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas. Daniels reported that Duell, Sloan & Pearce had decided not to publish his book of photographs of the Big Sur coast, and that he had not received the Guggenheim award. He intended to return to the swamps and marshes of Georgia to finish the project submitted to the Guggenheim.

If he did, he soon returned to Southern California. The magazine *Ford Times* (a publication of the Ford Motor Company) carried an article on Lido Beach (near Newport Beach) in March 1954, and one on Point Dana in September 1960, both by Estelle Daniels, with photos by Mose Daniels.

[Much of the information above was supplied by Bill Goodyear of Brunswick, Georgia, who knew Daniels and accompanied him on some of his photographic forays to Jekyll Island, featured in *The Marshes of Glynn*, in the 1940s.]

More recently, the editors acquired a copy of *The Marshes of Glynn* with an intact dustjacket, with a note on the photographer. The chronology does not quite match what was written above, and additional detail is presented, so we quote it in full here:

A boyhood spent partly on a farm in his seacoast hometown of Brunswick, Georgia, instilled in Mose Daniels a love of the land, of the sea, and a means of expressing them: photography. Out of these three things he has forced a living since the day he traded high school in for a cutter named *Enterprise* and a sea-going voyage that lasted as long as his purse. After his father was killed in 1937, Daniels opened a photographic studio in Brunswick, but this proved to be intolerably confining, so he bought himself a lightweight bicycle and pedaled it to California. It was there, at Carmel, that he met Edward Weston, whom he describes as “the most influential personality in my life.” Upon his return from Japan at the war’s end, Daniels married a California girl and took a pack-trip honeymoon through the Yosemite. Soon thereafter he returned to Georgia, where he started work on the photographic study *The Marshes of Glynn*—work which uniquely satisfied the main interests of his life. He is presently engaged in the preparation of a similar book about California’s Santa Lucia Mountains.

It seemed at the time the Visual Arts issue of *Jeffers Studies* was printed that the photographs Daniels took of Jeffers Country were lost and unlikely to be recovered. But in the winter of 2012, the editors received an inquiry from Jim Garner of Chandler, Arizona, whose sister-in-law had received sometime in the 1990s a box of Mose Daniels’s personal effects from her mother, who had rented an apartment to Daniels in the Phoenix area. These effects were unclaimed by Daniels’s survivors after his death and eventually were given to Mr. Garner, a retired graphic designer, who realized the unusualness of the primary item in the box: Daniels’s collection of photographs of the Big Sur coast, arranged with excerpts from Jeffers’s poetry. These were all shot on 8” × 10” photographic plates. Garner understood the difficulty of carrying equipment through the back-country that such large images would require, and he felt that such an effort testified to a conception and commitment that was worthy of preservation.

Mr. Garner searched for “Mose Daniels” on the Internet, fortuitously discovered our recently published Visual Arts issue, and contacted the editors. Owing to his stewardship of this material, we are able to present it to the RJA membership and readers of Jeffers at large.

\* \* \* \* \*

Daniels wrote to Jeffers on April 23, 1951, from Newport Beach, California, explaining that his publisher, Duell, Sloan and Pearce, had decided against publishing his collection of photos of the Big Sur coast with verses by Jeffers. As a consequence, he would be returning to the swamps and marshes of Georgia and Florida to finish a project submitted to the Guggenheim Foundation.

If Daniels had been successful in his publication bid, his collection of photos would have been the first published setting of lines of Jeffers’s poetry to images of Jeffers Country—though not, of course, the first such images taken. He was preceded in that by Horace Lyon, whose images, paired with lines of Jeffers’s verse, were taken in the late 1930s and early 1940s, but not published until 1971, in *Jeffers Country* (Scrimshaw Press). Lyon’s photographs are well-composed, and notable for their close adherence to the texts they illustrate.

A number of other photographic settings of Jeffers’s verses have appeared. The most famous, certainly, is the Sierra Club’s 1965 edition of *Not Man Apart*, a collection that has probably done more than any other single publication to introduce Jeffers to new generations of readers. As striking as it is, it is also something of a hodge-podge. Its sections are thematically based, but it incorporates the work of over a dozen photographers, working in both color and black and white, so it lacks artistic focus. It is a cornucopia, but not a unified artistic vision. The work that most fully complements Lyon’s *Jeffers Country* is *Stones of the Sur* (Stanford UP, 2001), for which James Karman worked with photographer Morley Baer, and then after Baer’s death with his widow, to realize Baer’s vision of his final book. It is truly a collaboration, because the superstructure of the volume, panning as Karman explains from Tor House, down the coast, then zooming in on individual stones, before widening again at Tor House, is Karman’s own contribution. There have been other pairing of photographs with Jeffers’s lines, in fine press limited editions: Wolf von dem Bussche’s *Point Lobos* (1987), a portfolio of fifteen large photographs loosely enclosed in a folding case, was sumptuously presented in an edition of only 125 copies, of which 53 were destroyed in a fire; and four of Michael Mundy’s photographs appeared in editions of *Apology for Bad Dreams* (James Linden, 1986)



and *Shine Perishing Republic* (James Linden, 1987), in editions of 50 and 100 copies respectively.

Daniels's work, while sometimes arresting, does not attain the historical realism of Lyon's images, nor the magnificent luminosity of Baer's. Many are curiously framed—as if the photographer had no interest in framing at all, and simply cut off images at the edges, so intent was he on the central photographic subject. If this technique was conscious, Daniels was a pioneer, anticipating the work of such artists as Diane Arbus, who, in the sixties, took pictures which minimized or ignored standard ideas about technique to concentrate the viewer's attention on the subject of the photograph, not its artistry. But there are exceptions to this disregard of framing, as in some of the images that accompany the lines from "Night." Many of the photographs reveal the influence that Weston had on Daniels: the close-up fascination with stone texture and form. And in one (p. 34), showing the Big Sur Valley, the viewer might just perceive Highway 1 at the top of the photograph, as it emerges from the Valley and sets out on the level stretch at what is now Molera State Park, and hastens on to Point Sur beyond. The perspective is astonishing, and as Jim Garner notes, it humbles one to think of how Daniels was able to get all his heavy equipment up to such a height. (In the 8" × 10" original, this is quite apparent; in the reduction in this edition, it is rather hard to see.)

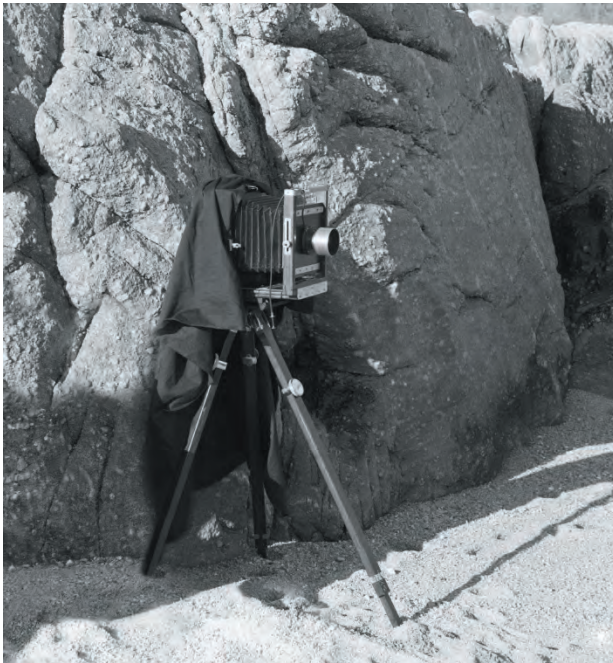
But it is the very loose connection that some of the images have with the texts chosen that is perhaps the collection's most surprising feature—and which explains Jeffers's comment in his Foreword that Daniels's photographs "more or less illustrate some poems of mine." This will be immediately apparent to the viewer. Unlike Horace Lyon's historical literalness, Daniels seems sometimes to be reaching for a subjective mood-piece that might correspond to the tenor of the verses, rather than a literal figuring of them.

A few comments about this edition are necessary. Because the expense of publishing the photographs in their original 8" × 10" format, we found it necessary to reduce them significantly. Our thought was that we wanted to provide a context for Jeffers's comments in his Foreword, and to reveal the photographic content that Jeffers reviewed. Attempting a large format reproduction was beyond the means and mission of *Jeffers Studies*.

The photograph Daniels designated for the cover of the collection is from the Corona Del Mar coast where he lived in the 1950s, in Southern California, far away from Jeffers Country. This image was taken in 1956, five years after Duell, Sloane and Pearce had rejected Daniels's proposal for publication. This suggests that Daniels may have been moving toward a wider view of the subject matter of the volume—but the

inclusion of the Corona Del Mar image on the cover makes no sense in the context of the portfolio as we have it. Daniels may never have finished working out his conception of the volume. Consequently, we have chosen to replace that image with one from the interior (page 41). It may be noted as well that the image of the Oceano Dunes on page 26 also falls outside the boundary that many establish for the Big Sur coast—San Carpoforo Creek, just a few miles north of San Simeon. But the Oceano Dunes are close enough—about 60 miles south of San Carpoforo Creek—to allow them to be included, though it is uncertain that Jeffers ever saw them.

The identifications of the photographs that are appended are from Daniels's own notations on the reverse of his prints. In addition, Mr. Garner has supplied some 8" × 10" negatives from the collection, from which we have had positive images made. These show Daniels and (presumably) his wife Estelle in consultation over the Jeffers book, as well as the cropped photo below of (apparently) the camera which Daniels carried over the Big Sur coast to make his 8" × 10" photos of Jeffers Country. We have used these in the front matter and on the back cover of this double volume.





Above: Daniels (with wife Estelle?) consult on the Jeffers book.  
Below: At Newport Beach (?).



ROBINSON JEFFERS'S  
POEMS OF THE COAST RANGE

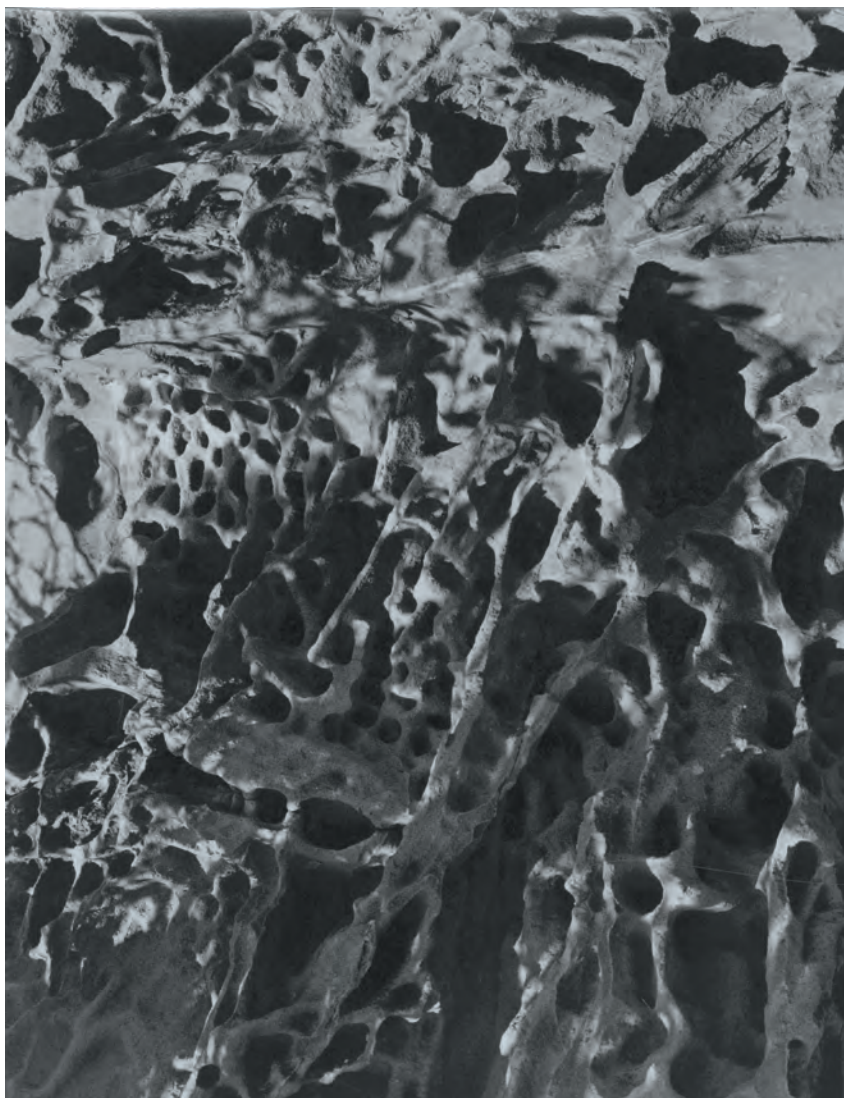
A  
PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERPRETATION  
BY  
MOSE DANIELS

for  
EDWARD WESTON

## FOREWORD

My sea-cliff and the road above it are much-visited by nature-lovers—I suppose—why else should they come?—who leave behind them waste paper and beer-cans and many dirtier things. I pick up the leavings and destroy them, and for thirty-one years I have been wondering why human droppings are so ugly, and nothing of non-human nature's is. The rock-islands in front of the house are white-washed with the droppings of cormorants and pelicans, but that is not ugly. The non-human world—stars, water and rock and the sea-birds—is breathlessly beautiful; our film of humanity over it is quite young still, and no doubt will become beautiful after while, if it lasts.





I speak cheerfully of these things because Mose Daniels' photographs have very little trace of humanity in them. They are well chosen and beautifully done, and they more or less illustrate some poems of mine. Particularly they illustrate this coast, the scene of my thoughts and verses, and of many more important things. This is how the redwood sorrel grows, under the stump of a big tree. And here is the texture of a rock-face at Point Lobos. It is worth observing carefully, but hardly anyone notices it; that is why the artist has taken the trouble to show it to us.

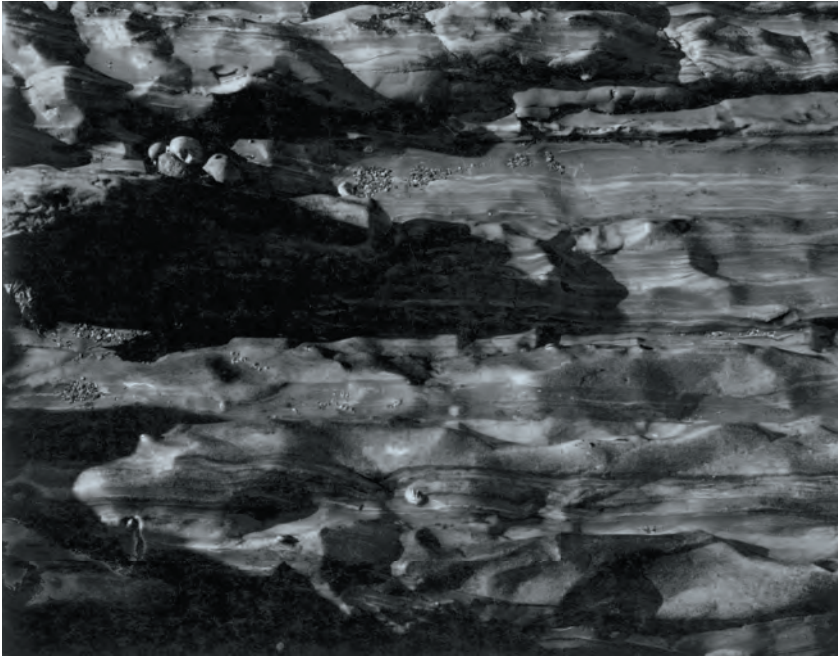
As to the question whether photography can be called an "Art," I have already many times answered, "Of course." Art is representational or it is nothing. Even at the most abstract—that is, withdrawn from nature—it must at least represent the artist's state of mind, and his skill and taste and considered choices, though it be only a pattern on linoleum. But I prefer the work that looks beyond the artist's mind to the world outside him. I think the chief function of art is simply to make manifest the beauty of things. "Look. This is beautiful."

Mose Daniels has done it very well.

ROBINSON JEFFERS







## RETURN

A little too abstract, a little too wise,  
It is time for us to kiss the earth again,  
It is time to let the leaves rain from the skies,  
Let the rich life run to the roots again.  
I will go down to the lovely Sur Rivers  
And dip my arms in them up to the shoulders.



I will find my accounting where the alder leaf quivers  
In the ocean wind over the river boulders.  
I will touch things and things and no more thoughts,  
That breed like mouthless May-flies darkening the sky,  
The insect clouds that blind our passionate hawks  
So that they cannot strike, hardly can fly.  
Things are the hawk's food and noble is the mountain, Oh noble  
Pico Blanco, steep sea-wave of marble.

## FLIGHT OF SWANS

One who sees giant Orion, the torches of winter midnight,  
Enormously walking above the ocean in the west of heaven;  
And watches the track of this age of time at its peak of flight  
Waver like a spent rocket, wavering toward new discoveries,  
Mortal examinations of darkness, soundings of depth;  
And watches the long coast mountain vibrate from bronze to green,  
Bronze to green, year after year, and all the streams  
Dry and flooded, dry and flooded, in the racing seasons;  
And knows that exactly this and not another is the world,  
The ideal is phantoms for bait, the spirit is a flicker on a grave;—  
May serve, with a certain detachment, the fugitive human race,  
Or his own people, or his own household; but hardly himself;  
And will not wind himself into hopes nor sicken with despairs.  
He has found the peace and adored the God; he handles in autumn  
The germs of far-future spring.



Sad sons of the stormy fall,  
No escape, you have to inflict and endure: surely it is time for you  
To learn to touch the diamond within to the diamond outside,  
Thinning your humanity a little between the invulnerable diamonds,  
Knowing that your angry choices and hopes and terrors are in vain,  
But life and death not in vain; and the world is like a flight of swans.

## THE SUMMIT REDWOOD

Only stand high a long enough time your lightning will come; that is  
what blunts the peaks of redwoods;  
But this old tower of life on the hilltop has taken it more than twice a  
century, this knows in every  
Cell the salty and the burning taste, the shudder and the voice.

The

fire from heaven; it has felt the earth's too  
Roaring up hill in autumn, thorned oak-leaves tossing their bright ruin  
to the bitter laurel-leaves, and all  
Its under-forest has died and died, and lives to be burnt; the redwood  
has lived. Though the fire entered,  
It cored the trunk while the sapwood increased. The trunk is a tower,  
the bole of the trunk is a black cavern,  
The mast of the trunk with its green boughs the mountain stars are  
strained through  
Is like the helmet-spike on the highest head of an army; black on lit  
blue or hidden in cloud  
It is like the hill's finger in heaven. And when the cloud hides it,  
though in barren summer, the boughs  
Make their own rain.

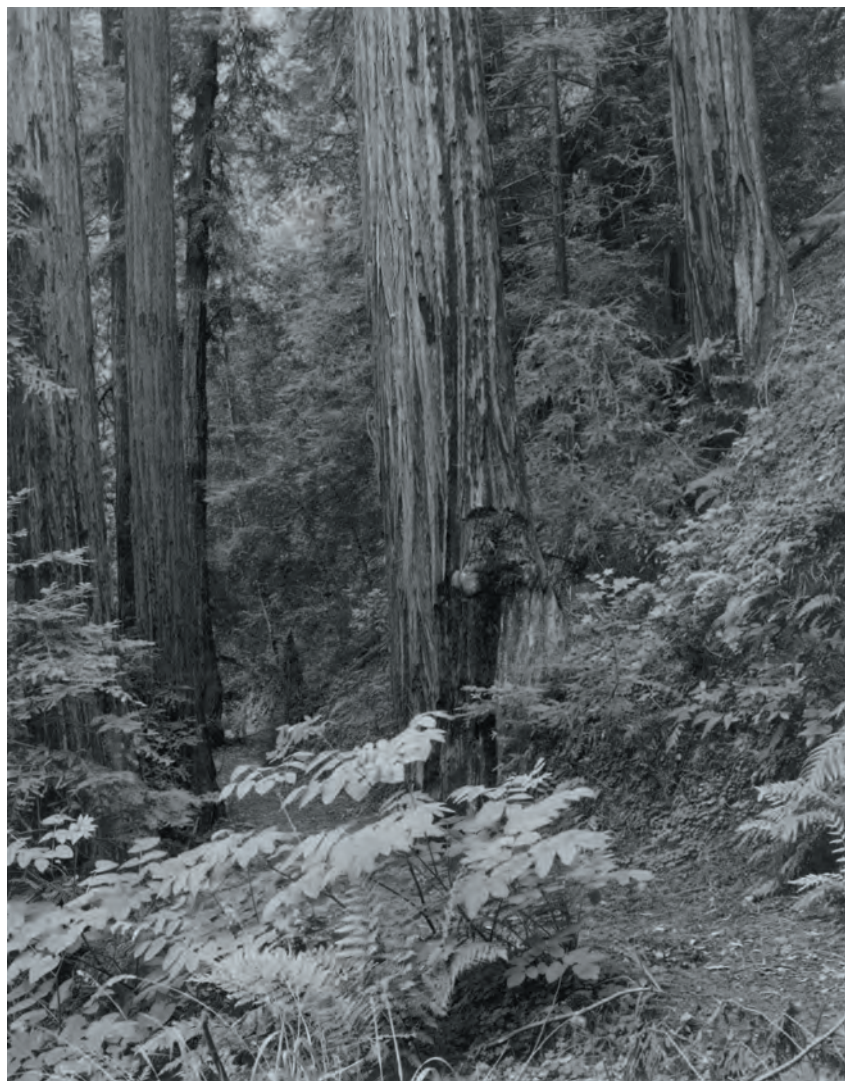




Old Escobar had a cunning trick when he  
stole beef. He and his grandsons  
Would drive the cow up here to a starlight death and hoist the carcass  
into the tree's hollow,  
Then let them search his cabin he could smile for pleasure, to think of  
his meat hanging secure  
Exalted over the earth and the ocean, a theft like a star, secret against  
the supreme sky.







## NIGHT

The ebb slips from the rock, the sunken  
Tide-rocks lift streaming shoulders  
Out of the slack, the slow west  
Sombering its torch; a ship's light  
Shows faintly, far out,  
Over the weight of the prone ocean  
On the low cloud.





Over the dark mountain, over the dark pinewood,  
Down the long dark valley along the shrunken river,  
Returns the splendor without rays, the shining of shadow,  
Peace-bringer, the matrix of all shining and quieter of shining.  
Where the shore widens on the bay she opens dark wings  
And the ocean accepts her glory. O soul worshipful of her  
You like the ocean have grave depths where she dwells always,



And the film of waves above that takes the sun takes also  
Her, with more love. The sun-lovers have a blond favorite,  
A father of lights and noises, wars, weeping and laughter,  
Hot labor, lust and delight and the other blemishes. Quietness  
Flows from her deeper fountain; and he will die; and she is immortal.



Far off from here the slender  
Flocks of the mountain forest  
Move among stems like towers  
Of the old redwoods to the stream,  
No twig crackling; dip shy  
Wild muzzles into the mountain water  
Among the dark ferns.



O passionately at peace you being secure will pardon  
The blasphemies of glowworms, the lamp in my tower, the fretfulness  
Of cities, the cressets of the planets, the pride of the stars.  
This August night in a rift of cloud Antares reddens,  
The great one, the ancient torch, a lord among lost children,  
The earth's orbit doubled would not girdle his greatness, one fire  
Globed, out of grasp of the mind enormous; but to you O Night  
What? Not a spark? What flicker of a spark in the faint far glimmer  
Of a lost fire dying in the desert, dim coals of a sand-pit the Bedouins  
Wandered from at dawn . . . Ah singing prayer to what gulfs tempted  
Suddenly are you more lost? To us the near-hand mountain  
Be a measure of height, the tide-worn cliff at the sea-gate a measure of  
continuance.



The tide, moving the night's  
Vastness with lonely voices,  
Turns, the deep dark-shining  
Pacific leans on the land,  
Feeling his cold strength  
To the outmost margins: you Night will resume  
The stars in your time.

O passionately at peace when will that tide draw shoreward?  
Truly the spouting fountains of light, Antares, Arcturus,  
Tire of their flow, they sing one song but they think silence.  
The striding winter giant Orion shines, and dreams darkness.  
And life, the flicker of men and moths and the wolf on the hill,  
Though furious for continuance, passionately feeding, passionately  
Remaking itself upon its mates, remembers deep inward  
The calm mother, the quietness of the womb and the egg,  
The primal and the latter silences: dear Night it is memory  
Prophesies, prophecy that remembers, the charm of the dark.  
And I and my people, we are willing to love the four-score years  
Heartily; but as a sailor loves the sea, when the helm is for harbor.

Have men's minds changed,  
Or the rock hidden in the deep of the waters of the soul  
Broken the surface? A few centuries  
Gone by, was none dared not to people  
The darkness beyond the stars with harps and habitations.  
But now, dear is the truth. Life is grown sweeter and lonelier,  
And death is no evil.







## NOVEMBER SURF

Some lucky day each November great waves awake and are drawn  
Like smoking mountains bright from the west  
And come and cover the cliff with white violent cleanness: then  
suddenly  
The old granite forgets half a year's filth:



The orange-peel, egg-shells, papers, pieces of clothing, the clots  
Of dung in corners of the rock, and used  
Sheaths that make light love safe in the evenings: all the droppings of  
the summer  
Idlers washed off in a winter ecstasy:





I think this cumbered continent envies its cliff then. . . . But all seasons  
The earth, in her childlike prophetic sleep,  
Keeps dreaming of the bath of a storm that prepares up the long coast  
Of the future to scour more than her sea-lines:  
The cities gone down, the people fewer and the hawks more  
    numerous,  
The rivers mouth to source pure; when the two-footed  
Mammal, being someways one of the nobler animals, regains  
The dignity of room, the value of rareness.





## THE TREASURE

Mountains, a moment's earth-waves rising and hollowing; the earth  
too's an ephemerid; the stars—  
Short-lived as grass the stars quicken in the nebula and dry in their  
summer, they spiral  
Blind up space, scattered black seeds of a future; nothing lives long,  
the whole sky's  
Recurrences tick the seconds of the hours of the ages of the gulf before  
birth, and the gulf  
After death is like dated: to labor eighty years in a notch of eternity is  
nothing too tiresome,  
Enormous repose after, enormous repose before, the flash of activity.

Surely you never have dreamed the incredible depths were prologue  
and epilogue merely  
To the surface play in the sun, the instant of life, what is called life? I  
fancy  
*That* silence is the thing, this noise a found word for it; interjection, a  
jump of the breath at that silence;  
Stars burn, grass grows, men breathe: as a man finding treasure says  
“Ah!” but the treasure’s the essence;  
Before the man spoke it was there, and after he has spoken he gathers  
it, inexhaustible treasure.







## JOY

Though joy is better than sorrow joy is not great;  
Peace is great, strength is great.  
Not for joy the stars burn, not for joy the vulture  
Spreads her gray sails on the air  
Over the mountain; not for joy the worn mountain  
Stands, while years like water  
Trench his long sides. "I am neither mountain nor bird  
Nor star; and I seek joy."  
The weakness of your breed: yet at length quietness  
Will cover those wistful eyes.

## APOLOGY FOR BAD DREAMS

## I

In the purple light, heavy with redwood, the slopes drop seaward,  
Headlong convexities of forest, drawn in together to the steep ravine.

Below, on the sea-cliff,

A lonely clearing; a little field of corn by the streamside; a roof under  
spared trees. Then the ocean

Like a great stone someone has cut to a sharp edge and polished to  
shining. Beyond it, the fountain

And furnace of incredible light flowing up from the sunk sun.



In the  
little clearing a woman  
Is punishing a horse; she had tied the halter to a sapling at the edge of  
the wood, but when the great whip  
Clung to the flanks the creature kicked so hard she feared he would  
snap the halter; she called from the house  
The young man her son; who fetched a chain tie-rope, they working  
together  
Noosed the small rusty links round the horse's tongue  
And tied him by the swollen tongue to the tree.  
Seen from this height they are shrunk to insect size,  
Out of all human relation. You cannot distinguish  
The blood dripping from where the chain is fastened,  
The beast shuddering; but the thrust neck and the legs  
Far apart. You can see the whip fall on the flanks . . .  
The gesture of the arm. You cannot see the face of the woman.  
The enormous light beats up out of the west across the cloud-bars of  
the trade-wind. The ocean  
Darkens, the high clouds brighten, the hills darken together. Unbridled  
and unbelievable beauty  
Covers the evening world . . . not covers, grows apparent out of it, as  
Venus down there grows out  
From the lit sky. What said the prophet? "I create good: and I create  
evil: I am the Lord."









## II

This coast crying out for tragedy like all beautiful places,  
(The quiet ones ask for quieter suffering: but here the granite cliff the  
gaunt cypresses crown  
Demands what victim? The dykes of red lava and black what Titan?  
The hills like pointed flames  
Beyond Soberanes, the terrible peaks of the bare hills under the sun,  
what immolation?)

This coast crying out for tragedy like all beautiful places: and like the  
passionate spirit of humanity  
Pain for its bread: God's, many victims', the painful deaths, the  
horrible transfigurements: I said in my heart,  
"Better invent than suffer: imagine victims  
Lest your own flesh be chosen the agonist, or you  
Martyr some creature to the beauty of the place." And I said,  
"Burn sacrifices once a year to magic  
Horror away from the house, this little house here  
You have built over the ocean with your own hands  
Beside the standing boulders: for what are we,  
The beast that walks upright, with speaking lips  
And little hair, to think we should always be fed,  
Sheltered, intact, and self-controlled? We sooner more liable  
Than the other animals. Pain and terror, the insanities of desire; not  
accidents but essential,  
And crowd up from the core": I imagined victims for those wolves, I  
made them phantoms to follow,  
They have hunted the phantoms and missed the house. It is not good  
to forget over what gulfs the spirit  
Of the beauty of humanity, the petal of a lost flower blown seaward by  
the night-wind, floats to its quietness.



III

Boulders blunted like an old bear's teeth break up from the headland;  
    below them  
All the soil is thick with shells, the tide-rock feasts of a dead people.

Here the granite flanks are scarred with ancient fire, the ghosts of the  
tribe  
Crouch in the nights beside the ghost of a fire, they try to remember  
the sunlight,  
Light has died out of their skies. These have paid something for the  
future  
Luck of the country, while we living keep old griefs in memory: though  
God's  
Envy is not a likely fountain of ruin, to forget evils calls down  
Sudden reminders from the cloud: remembered deaths be our  
redeemers;  
Imagined victims our salvation: white as the half moon at midnight  
Someone flamelike passed me, saying, "I am Tamar Cauldwell, I have  
my desire,"  
Then the voice of the sea returned, when she had gone by, the stars to  
their towers.  
. . . Beautiful country burn again, Point Pinos down to the Sur Rivers  
Burn as before with bitter wonders, land and ocean and the Carmel  
water.



## IV

He brays humanity in a mortar to bring the savor  
From the bruised root: a man having bad dreams, who invents victims,  
is only the ape of that God.  
He washes it out with tears and many waters, calcines it with fire in  
the red crucible,  
Deforms it, makes it horrible to itself: the spirit flies out and stands  
naked, he sees the spirit,  
He takes it in the naked ecstasy; it breaks in his hand, the atom is  
broken, the power that massed it  
Cries to the power that moves the stars, "I have come home to myself,  
behold me.  
I bruised myself in the flint mortar and burnt me  
In the red shell, I tortured myself, I flew forth,  
Stood naked of myself and broke me in fragments,  
And here am I moving the stars that are me."  
I have seen these ways of God: I know of no reason  
For fire and change and torture and the old returnings.  
He being sufficient might be still. I think they admit no reason; they  
are the ways of my love.







Unmeasured power, incredible passion, enormous craft: no thought  
apparent but burns darkly  
Smothered with its own smoke in the human brain-vault: no thought  
outside: a certain measure in phenomena:  
The fountains of the boiling stars, the flowers on the foreland, the  
ever-returning roses of dawn.



## GRANITE AND CYPRESS

White-maned, wide-throated, the heavy-shouldered children of the  
wind leap at the sea-cliff.

The invisible falcon

Brooded on water and bred them in wide waste places, in a bride-  
chamber wide to the stars' eyes

In the center of the ocean,

Where no prows pass nor island is lifted . . . the sea beyond Lobos is  
whitened with the falcon's

Passage, he is here now,

The sky is one cloud, his wing-feathers hiss in the white grass, my  
sapling cypresses writhing

In the fury of his passage

Dare not dream of their centuries of future endurance of tempest.





(I have  
granite and cypress,  
Both long-lasting,  
Planted in the earth; but the granite sea-boulders are prey to no  
hawk's wing, they have taken worse pounding,  
Like me they remember  
Old wars and are quiet; for we think that the future is one piece with  
the past, we wonder why tree-tops  
And people are so shaken.)

LIFE FROM THE LIFELESS

Spirits and illusions have died,  
The naked mind lives  
In the beauty of inanimate things.

Flowers wither, grass fades, trees wilt,  
The forest is burnt;  
The rock is not burnt.









The deer starve, the winter birds  
Die on their twigs and lie  
In the blue dawns in the snow.

Men suffer want and become  
Curiously ignoble; as prosperity  
Made them curiously vile.

But look how noble the world is,  
The lonely-flowing waters, the secret-  
Keeping stones, the flowing sky.







## POINT JOE

Point Joe has teeth and has torn ships; it has fierce and solitary beauty;  
Walk there all day you shall see nothing that will not make part of a  
poem.

I saw the spars and planks of shipwreck on the rocks, and beyond the  
desolate  
Sea-meadows rose the warped wind-bitten van of the pines, a fog-bank  
vaulted



Forest and all, the flat sea-meadows at that time of year were plated  
Golden with the low flower called footsteps of the spring, millions of  
flowerets,

Whose light suffused upward into the fog flooded its vault, we  
wandered  
Through a weird country where the light beat up from earthward, and  
was golden.







One other moved there, an old Chinaman gathering seaweed from the  
sea-rocks,  
He brought it in his basket and spread it flat to dry on the edge of the  
meadow.

Permanent things are what is needful in a poem, things temporally  
Of great dimension, things continually renewed or always present.

Grass that is made each year equals the mountains in her past and  
future;  
Fashionable and momentary things we need not see nor speak of.

Man gleaned food between the solemn presences of land and ocean,  
On shores where better men have shipwrecked, under fog and among  
flowers,

Equals the mountains in his past and future; that glow from the earth  
was only  
A trick of nature's, one must forgive nature a thousand graceful  
subtleties.



## DIVINELY SUPERFLUOUS BEAUTY

The storm-dances of gulls, the barking game of seals,  
Over and under the ocean . . .  
Divinely superfluous beauty  
Rules the games, presides over destinies, makes trees grow  
And hills tower, waves fall.



The incredible beauty of joy  
Stars with fire the joining of lips, O let our loves too  
Be joined, there is not a maiden  
Burns and thirsts for love  
More than my blood for you, by the shore of seals while the wings  
Weave like a web in the air  
Divinely superfluous beauty.



## NOTES ON THE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOSE DANIELS

Front Cover. See note for page 35.

Page 4. [Unidentified.]

Page 7. Sea-eroded hard stone, April 1948.

Page 8. Mountain sorrel growing on redwood stump, April 1948.

Page 10. Redwood black against mountain. Yucca bushes in foreground, April 1948.

Page 12. Burnt, hollow stump – redwood, April 1948.

Page 13. Redwood leaves against moss-covered log, April 1948.

Page 14. Big Sur.Redwood grove, April 1948.

Page 15. Lobos. Massive headland jutting into sea, April 1948.

Page 16. Mountains, dark fields, fog bank in distance, April 1948.

Page 17. Lobos.Jagged rock point, April 1948.

Page 18. Fern wet, against black base of redwood log, April 1948.

Page 20. Coastline at Lucia, April 1948.

Page 22. Growth of fern on side of redwood, April 1948.

Page 23. Sea breaking white and foamy upon rock, April 1948.

Page 24. Lobos. Sea-eroded rock, grass shadows in foreground, April 1948.

Page 25. Sandstone cliff, sea rolling in foreground, April 1948.

Page 26. Sand dune, Oceano, May 1948.

Page 27. Mountain meadow.Peak in background, Big Sur ridge, April 1948.

Page 30. Fern and sorrel at base of redwood, April 1948.

Page 31. Mountains—dead oak, April 1948.

Page 34. Mountains.Big Sur Valley from Ridge. Sunrise, April 1948.

Page 36. Mountain. Big Sur.Burnt out redwood, redwood shrub foreground, April 1948.

Page 37. L.S. [long shot] coastline south of Big Sur, April 1946.

Page 39. Lobos. Granite head, tide pool at base, May 1946.

Page 41. Mts. Dead pine, April, 1949.

Page 43. Mts. Close-up base of madrone tree. Crinkled bark.

Page 44. Lobos. Sea breaking over black rocks, April 1949.

Page 46. Lobos. Rock-bound coast. Sea foreground, cypress on rocky headlands, April 1949.

Page 47. Lobos.Hen and Chickens growing on granite cliff, April 1949.

Page 49. Close-up. Rocks—sea erosion formation, April 1949.

Page 50. Close-up. Charred redwood log, April 1949.

Page 51. Lobos—rocky coast, small pebbled beach foreground, April 1949.

Page 52. Fern against rock.Garrapata Canyon, April 1948.

Page 53. Lobos—tide pool, March 1949.

Page 54. Pt. Lobos—close-up, driftwood on beach, August 1949.

Page 56. Big Sur. Folds of mountains rolling seaward.Fog bank above beach, April 1949.

Page 57. Close-up. Kelp on beach, September 1946.

Page 59. Sea breaking over growth on offshore rocks, September 1946.

Page 60. Point Lobos. Lobos Rock, water foreground, September 1946.

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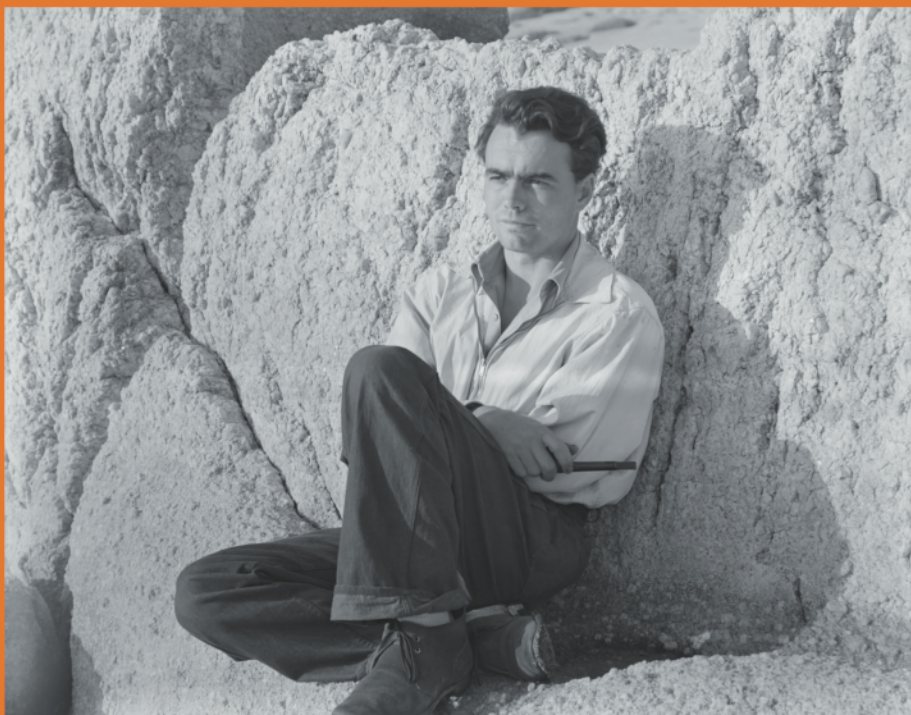
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