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# Robinson Jeffers Newsletter

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NEWS AND NOTES

The annual Jeffers October Festival will be held this year on October 13, 14, & 15. United States Laureate Howard Nemerov, poet, novelist, critic and teacher, will be the after-dinner speaker on Saturday, the 14th.

Dana Gioia, James Karman, and Robert Zaller will be panelists in day-long seminars. The festival will feature the traditional Sunday morning Poetry Walk and a mid-Sunday informal reception at Tor House with a group from the Book Club of California.

The City Council of Carmel has approved a grant of \$1550 to the Tor House Foundation for development of its programs and archives.

Professor Cynthia G. Wolff of MIT, biographer of Emily Dickinson, Samuel Richardson and Edith Wharton, inaugurated a lecture series at, Sunset Center, Carmel, on May 26, sponsored by the Tor House Foundation under a grant from the Carmel Community and Cultural Commission.

Dr. Edward C. Adams has an illustrated short article, "A Tower For Una and One for George (Yeats)," in the TOR HOUSE NEWSLETTER (Summer 1989), p. 2-3.

Robert Zaller has "A Reply to Helen Vendler" in the TOR HOUSE NEWSLETTER (Summer 1989), p. 9. Vendler's essay/review of Robert Hass's edition, ROCK AND HAWK: A Selection of Shorter Poems by Robinson Jeffers (Random House, 1987) appeared in the NEW YORKER, December 26, 1988, pages 91-95.

A TOUR OF TOR HOUSE (Tor House Press) by Jean Ritter-Murray, with photographs by William Miles, has gone into a second printing. 15 pages. \$3.50, Tor House Foundation office.

Tor House Press has just released THE TRIBUTE OF HIS PEERS: ELEGIES FOR ROBINSON JEFFERS, edited with introduction by Robert Zaller. Poems are by William Everson, Tim Hunt, Adrienne Rich, Czeslaw Milosz, William Stafford, Robert Hass, Alan Williamson, Tim Reynolds, James Tate, William Pitt Root, Bill Hotchkiss, Diane Wakoski, John Brugaletta, Peter Dale and Robert Zaller.

California poet Gary Snyder delivered a lecture, "Nature and Myth in California: John Muir, Ishi, and Robinson Jeffers," at the Unitarian Church in San Francisco on November 18, 1988, sponsored by the C.G. Jung Institute.

ROCK AND HAWK: THE LIFE OF ROBINSON JEFFERS, a documentary directed and produced by Sharyn Blumenthal and Alan Soldofsky, is in the process of filming. The 58 minute production is the first documentary since GIVE YOUR HEART TO THE HAWKS (San Francisco State University Poetry Center), RHAPSODY AND REQUIEM (KPIX, San Francisco), and SON OF THE SAD FALL (Occidental College and Los Angeles Public TV), all of which were done in the late 1960s in black and white and with now long-outmoded techniques. The project has received development grants from the California State Universities Chancellors Fund and the California Humanities Council. The CHC Award is \$38,000 as a matching grant, the other \$38,000 to be raised independently. Any benefactors out there? The film is currently under consideration for a National Endowment for the Humanities Grant. It is to be offered nationwide through public broadcasting systems.

ROAN STALLION was recently dramatized on Czech television. According to one estimate, 120,000 Jeffers volumes have been sold (in Kamil and Emily Bednar translations) during the last twenty years. The Czech TV production of CAWDOR has been dubbed into German under the supervision of Eva Hesse and will be shown on Bavarian TV this fall.

William Everson's THE POET IS DEAD: AN ELEGY FOR ROBINSON JEFFERS, has been expanded and reprinted in 140 copies, folio. Good Book Press, 1260 15th Avenue, Santa Cruz, CA 95062.

THE ROBINSON JEFFERS NEWSLETTER will again appear, updated, in the Modern Language Association DIRECTORY OF PERIODICALS, 16th edition.

Tim Hunt has an article, "A Voice of Nature: Jeffers' TAMAR AND OTHER POEMS" in the journal AMERICAN LITERATURE, Volume 61, No. 2 (May 1989), pages 230-244.

Jeffers Literary Properties has signed a contract with Stanford University Press for an edition of The Collected Letters of Robinson and Una Jeffers. General editor is James Karman, associate editors Robb Kafka and Robert Brophy. Target publication date: 1992.

A NOTE: Those who wish to have the texts of those 22 early poems published in SONGS AND HEROES (Arundel Press, 1988) may request photocopies from editor Robert Brophy, English Department, California State University, Long Beach, CA 90840.

The poems average 16 lines each. By title or first line they are: The Titan, Il Lamento--Mozkowski, The Perfect Rose, Little Verses, White breast my heart cries out for in the night (untitled), The little level ripples broke (untitled), Paying the Piper, Two More Arts, Is it corruption of the mind that makes (untitled), Philosopher, The Riding, The Whistling-Buoy, On the Lake, Condemned, A Silhouette, Her Smile, First Chorus from Euphorion, La Tour d'Ebene, I would not in old days submit (untitled), The Bacchantes, Ellen's Song, Song in the Morning. The poems seem to be from the era of FLAGONS AND APPLES but have a wider range of subject. Corrections are in Jeffers' hand, two are holographs, "I would not in old days submit" appears in variant form in Powell's book. None of the others have emerged either in printed or manuscript form. California State University, Long Beach, received them as part of a collection that came mainly from Una Jeffers' sister, Daisy Bartley, who said Una gave them to her during a house-cleaning in the 1920s. The title comes from a letter to Una, December 15, 1912, in which Jeffers refers to manuscripts he had just recovered from Mrs. Nash's at Hermosa Beach. The poems should not stand as part of Jeffers canon. He evidently did not intend them for publication. They were printed in 1988 to make them available to scholars. However, the medium turned out to be somewhat self-defeating as too expensive.

A QUERY: Some time ago Marlan Beilke asked for bibliographical information on an oddity: a volume of Jeffers poems titled THURSO'S LANDING / DEAR JUDAS AND OTHER POEMS. The spine is stamped like the title page but the cover carries the stamp of the THURSO'S LANDING volume, a nude crouching, hands held up protectively, with a tiny hammer and sickle by the feet. The copyright page runs the dates for TL and DJ respectively. The texts run separately and are numbered as in the separate publications: TL title page and table of contents, with text through "Margrave" (147pp), followed by DJ title page, table of contents, and text continuing through "Hooded Night" (129pp). Random House must have acquired minted sheets from Liveright and bound them under a Random House imprint. Mr. Beilke has a copy. The editor picked up two copies in a New York bookstore in 1963. Loyola Marymount University (LA) and the University of San Francisco have copies. There are probably very many more. A letter to Random House in 1964 brought no reply. Bibliographies and collector's checklists seem to take no notice of it. Does anyone have information regarding this volume?

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THE WORLD-VIEW OF ROBINSON JEFFERS AS REVEALED IN HIS SHORT POEMS

"Die Weltanschauung des Robinson Jeffers in seinen Kurzgedichten"

By Sigrid Kohler. M.A. Thesis (1988).  
Heidelberg University, Heidelberg, West Germany

Only resentfully is man willing to admit his secondary rank in the universe. It is exactly this sore point, with its diverse implications, that Robinson Jeffers attacked bluntly in order to awaken mankind from its complacency and to redirect it to its proper and intended place in a god-created world.

Jeffers' topicality lies in his early ecological consciousness. This thesis makes an effort to come close to the still neglected poet, reformer and prophet, through the presentation and discussion of his "Weltanschauung" as found in his short lyrics.

In my thesis I juxtapose Walt Whitman as Jeffers' counterpart in the 19th century, a fellow "liberating god" (see Emerson) and revolutionary, yet note the contrast that, whereas Whitman optimistically sang the hymn of the self, Jeffers severely questioned that poetic view and perceived reality in rather pessimistic colors. Ironically, Jeffers may be seen as Whitman's predicted "poet of death." This Jeffersian darker reality reflects the disillusioned America of the 20th century, following the failure of the American Dream. Jeffers reflected upon the crucial ideas of 19th century transcendentalism, but according to his own, quite different viewpoint.

My interest in Robinson Jeffers and his work was initiated through a book of poems my aunt (living in Sacramento) sent to me some years ago. Unfortunately, there is no university course offered on Jeffers at Heidelberg University or any other German university that I know of. He is known only to a limited group of people through Eva Hesse's German translation. The professor who directed my M.A. thesis on Jeffers was very enthusiastic about my choice. However, without the help of the Tor House Foundation in Carmel and Mr. Harmsen and the ROBINSON JEFFERS NEWSLETTER at Occidental College--for copies of key books, articles, and timely advice and recommendations--I would not have been able to carry through my project. It was a very enriching time I spent with Jeffers and I am still "with him."

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"Vignettes of My Father"  
"Foreword" to Louis Adamic's  
ROBINSON JEFFERS: A PORTRAIT

by Garth Jeffers

Reprinted from the reissue of Adamic's 1929 University of Washington Bookstore chapbook by Yolla Bolly Press, Covelo, CA, 1983.

. . . . .

Over fifty years have passed since Louis Adamic wrote ROBINSON JEFFERS: A PORTRAIT. During that time a biography of my father was published, as well as several studies of his writing; but I think Adamic's short book is unexcelled as a description of the man and the work he did up to the late twenties. Concise and unpretentious, it is perceptive and written with an eye for significant details. Rereading the book, I am reminded of qualities my father had that I took for granted and did not think of as distinctive in those days.

As suggested by Adamic, father's eyes were not a perfect match. One, I think it was the right one, was weaker and perhaps a little darker in color. Father understood it to have been injured by forceps when he was born. When he was old, it was the first to be affected by slowly developing cataracts.

Because of his European schooling, father didn't play baseball or the American kind of football in his childhood, and was not good at throwing, but he was a skillful soccer player. He was unusually strong, and about the time of Adamic's book, after some wheedling from us boys, he chinned himself a number of times with one hand and did pushups in the same way. He was an excellent swimmer but disliked cold water. In spite of that, he taught my brother, Donnan, and me to swim in the lagoon at the mouth of the Carmel River, where it is but little warmer than the ocean. The only time I remember seeing him in the ocean near Carmel was once when George Sterling and Jimmy Hopper succeeded in getting him to join them there for a swim. He was a tireless walker, but not fond of horseback riding. When he was forty-eight, on a trip up to Blue Lake, which is sacred to the Taos Indians, I recall father led his horse the whole way, even when we made a short detour to the top of Wheeler Peak, which is over thirteen thousand feet high. No one else in that party of ten or eleven, all but five of which were Indians, did so. Father said it was more comfortable to walk than to ride, and besides, he felt sorry for the horse.

He was extremely reluctant to make a new acquaintance, especially anyone who had come to pry into his thoughts and beliefs or to interview him. He was not adept at small talk in general but endured very well and was amused at the chaffing of certain close friends, and he sometimes responded in kind. While never anticipating a good time at a dinner party and invariably loath to attend, father seemed to enjoy some of them once he was there and had been plied with a few drinks. I have the feeling that as he grew older, and particularly after my mother died, he became somewhat reconciled to leaving the house (perhaps it was because of loneliness); and his protests--now to my brother and his wife--seemed less heartfelt than they had a couple of decades earlier.

In the nineteen twenties, particularly, he seemed most content when alone with his thoughts or with his family. I can remember his whistling somewhat tunelessly in the gathering dusk as he completed the masonry work planned for that day. It was a manifestation of contentment that I am sure few of his acquaintances could have imagined.

For years, until shortly before Adamic met him, father made almost nightly expeditions along the shore to the north and south of our house. His purpose was to gather boulders for building without being observed by every passerby. Sometimes he was gone for two hours or more and caused mother some concern before he finally returned. I know he enjoyed these solitary trips. By luck he never hurt himself in the darkness beyond an occasional mashed finger or blackened nail. He told us boys later, however, that once at least he thought he was finished. That was when a rock came loose under his foot while he was working a boulder up the cliff. He fell backward with the boulder following closely. It missed him somehow, and the only casualty was the crushed Prince Albert can in his hip pocket, which cushioned the impact of his five-foot fall to the rocks below. Once he had gotten the stones inside the boundary of our land--using a wheelbarrow for the small ones and rolling the larger ones end over end--he felt free to move them up to the house at his leisure by daylight.

There were very few houses nearby at first, and traffic on the narrow unpaved road around Carmel Point was almost nonexistent. When the cold east wind blew down from the Carmel Valley at night, it brought the lowing of cattle and the howling of coyotes. Sometimes the animals were quite nearby. These neighbors father enjoyed. He quite simply preferred the absence of people to their presence. However, in spite of the thoughts expressed in some of his poems, I think he found wild nature with no trace of man less than ideal. Once--it must have been after the time of Adamic's book--I remember extolling the attractions of Australia's outback and was surprised when father replied that an empty country had very little interest if it was without evidence of human life.

Excepting the couple of dozen eucalyptus and Monterey cypresses planted near Tor House as windbreaks shortly after it was built, the trees referred to by Adamic were, of course, planted to block out the sight of neighbors. Each house that went up near ours was soon answered by the planting of a screen of trees. Eventually several thousand were growing on all but the ocean side of the house. I well remember the watering Adamic mentions: during summer months my father stood by the hour with a hose in his hand watering the trees that were too young to be well established. All the while he was wishing that the rains would come. The thickets of saplings helped but were never sufficient to insure the isolation that father would have liked.

In the late twenties visitors of one kind or another became numerous enough to be a serious bother; and, at mother's suggestion, he painted signs to hang on the front and back gates. On one side were the words NOT AT HOME BEFORE 4 P.M. and on the other, NOT AT HOME. The side displayed was dictated by the status of his work, both writing and masonry, and by his mood. About that time, as I recall, father became subject to spells of depression that returned sporadically until the end of the thirties. They seem to have been brought on mostly during summers by the presence of crowds of people along the shore and also by the warm weather. Together these would cause a sort of claustrophobia; then father would start talking about moving to comparatively uninhabited Mendocino County in northern California, or even better, to British Columbia. Such suggestions may have been made not completely in earnest, but always met with desperate resistance from mother. She could not bear the thought of being uprooted from her place in Carmel and was more realistic about the multitude of problems that would result from a move, most of them connected to logistics and to schooling for us children. After several days, father's mood would improve, then life would again go smoothly until another spell of sunny days would bring more masses of noisy people to the shore to picnic and to hunt for abalones.

The departure of many young men and the rationing of gasoline during World War II reduced the flow of holiday visitors to the shore and at the same time diverted father's concerns, partially at least, to matters other than resisting tourist incursions. His feelings were strongly isolationist before the war, but as with the First World War, he felt the urge to do his bit once the United States was officially involved. Beginning in 1917, father brooded about the war and felt he should enlist. He felt so not because of hatred for the Germans or because the United States seemed to him in danger, but because of a feeling of duty to his country. Donnan and I were then only a few months old, and mother believed she could not take care of us and the household single-handedly. For this reason she would not give her approval. Nevertheless, father eventually volunteered for the balloon corps (observation) since he had passed the age limit for a pilot. The war ended before he was called up. During the Second World War he manned an observation post in the Carmel Highlands, where he watched for enemy aircraft.



Periodically my mother, father, brother and I would go on trips. Usually these were only a day long and generally to places my mother suggested, but a few times we were guided by George Sterling or other friends to visit their favorite places. For example, I remember a spot where a water ouzel had nested; another where there was a bear trap built of redwood logs then overgrown and moss covered, a hundred years, one supposes, after the last grizzly captured had been hauled to Monterey to be pitted against a bull on a day of fiesta. A trip to Tassajara Hot Springs involved an overnight stay, but this was unusual. Father found no pleasure in camping or in sleeping away from home.

Father's knowledge of natural history was extensive, and he was quick to identify a hawk or sea bird. Some take pleasure in indiscriminate shooting, but father was much distressed by it. I well remember his face when Sterling took an offhand shot at a cormorant in the cove below our house and when he shot at a coyote off the road to Big Sur. Neither was hit. Donnan and I were severely reprimanded for condoning the shooting of a weasel on the rocks below the house by one of our friends.

Donnan and I had little interest in poetry, and insofar as I can remember, were not encouraged otherwise. Father read to mother and to us most evenings for several years but only novels or accounts of travels, not poetry.

We accepted, without curiosity, father's schedule of spending the mornings writing, and we neither knew nor cared what he was working on. After he had gone upstairs, we could often hear the creaking of the floor as he paced slowly to the end of the room overlooking the ocean, then back to his desk at the east window. When he was at his desk, we could often hear him tapping out the meter of a line; aside from that there was no sound from him until one or so when he came down.

Louis Adamic talked with father in 1928 when he was brought to Tor House by Carey McWilliams. Considerably later, in 1937 on our way to Ireland, father's publisher, Bennett Cerf, brought Adamic and the Jefferses together again for dinner. I must have been present on both occasions but regret that I can remember neither of them.

The illustrations in this book are from the family collection of photographs which is presently at Tor House. Most were taken by my mother. They were selected by my brother's wife, Lee Jeffers, for their relevance to the period in my father's life described in Adamic's essay, and for their general interest. The captions are based upon my recollections.

Louis Adamic came to America from Yugoslavia at the age of fourteen and soon acquired a mastery of English. His quick intuition and flair for description contribute to the excellence of this essay about my father, which I hope will be enjoyed by friends of the poetry of Robinson Jeffers.

Garth Sherwood Jeffers  
October 1982

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PETER AND THE WOLF EDITIONS

by Robert Bringhurst

Jeffers, Robinson. POINT LOBOS. 1987. 15 photographs by Wolf von dem Bussche. Introduction by William Everson. 55.5 x 44.5 cm, 26 letterpress sheets plus 15 mounted photographs. Albertus, Pegasus and Van Dijck types on Rives BFK paper. Natural German linen portfolio inside a black walnut box, both by Klaus-Ullrich Roetzscher. 125 copies, \$2,000.

Like Plato and Mohammed, Robinson Jeffers liked to think of himself as distinct from the other poets of his time. At the age of twenty-seven, therefore--or so he later claimed--he stood on a California hillside making his "final decision not to be a 'modern.'" Now, more than twenty-five years after his death, modernism no longer seems like such an exclusive club, and it is easy to see how deeply Jeffers belonged to it. His resolution, for instance, not to join the modern herd seems a very modern one to have made. His diction, ripe as it is with condensed noun phrases and clauses, reminds us that inside all that narrative, for him as for Ezra Pound and Hilda Doolittle, the image was the seed of meaning. And though the differences are many between the California recluse and the New Jersey pediatrician, Jeffers's "inhumanism" partially explains and is partially explained by a phrase of William Carlos Williams: "no ideas but in things." Another mark of Jeffers's modernity is the difficulty he, like Pound and e.e. cummings, has posed for typographers. His poems routinely overflow the page, thematically and typographically. What does a printer do with a poet whose lines range freely from three to thirty syllables?

Jeffers generally typed his poems as his trade publishers printed them, on sheets of conventional size in the conventional orientation, with the long lines sectioned and stacked like tent poles, sewage pipe, or sausages. It is an ancient method, after all, for fitting the long horizon of speech to the narrow pillar of the marker stone. Language is invisible and writing is a code. The one need not repeat the rhythm and flow of the other. But since the early days of writing, gifted scribes and printers have sought to make poetry look, as well as sound, distinct from prose, to make its acoustic and logical cola and cadences visible. (In the Mathaf al-Qahira in Cairo, for example, is a XXIst Dynasty hieratic text, the Book of the Dead of Nesikhonsu, in which verse and prose are visually distinguished in precisely the manner now standard in our books and magazines. The papyrus was written no later than 950 BC.)

In 1897, the year before his death, in his small cottage at Valvins, southeast of Paris, a retired schoolteacher named Stephane Mallarmé sought suddenly to enlarge this traditional notation from one dimension to two, dispersing the line into the plane and notating not only rhythmical cola but intervals--"prismatic subdivisions of the Idea," as Mallarmé described them--in order better to transcribe a poetry in which "everything happens by shortcuts, hypothetically; one avoids the touch of narrative."

Jeffers detested this departure from ancient practice and determined to go the other way--away from the human surfaces of language and into its rhythmic and narrative depths. Poetry must have rhythm, he insisted, not to tell us its human contents but because rhythm is a test of external reality. His models were geophysical rather than literary. In a preface written in 1923, not published until after his death, he says:

A tidal recurrence, whether of quantity or accent, or of both, or of syllables and rhyme as in French verse, or of syllables and rhyme and tone as in Chinese verse, or of phrase and thought as in old Hebrew verse, has always been . . . one of the qualities of poetry. Recurrence, regular enough to be rhythmic, is the inevitable quality of life, and of life's environment. Prose belongs rather to that indoor world . . . [while] poetry cannot speak without remembering the turns of the sun and moon, and the rhythm of the ocean . . .

Students of prosody are often taught that the word "verse" comes from *versus*, the furrow and turn of the plow, and by implication that verse, if not poetry, is an achievement of agricultural societies. Jeffers knew that it is older than the neolithic, that its roots are the roots of the world. The closing lines of "Continent's End," written about the same time as the preface from which I have quoted, were not to him mere metaphor:

Mother, though my song's measure is like your surf-beat's ancient  
rhythm I never learned it of you.  
Before there was any water there were tides of fire, both our  
tones flow from the older fountain.

It was that search for renewed rhythmic and narrative power that led Jeffers out again and again on his long linguistic limb. Yet it is not length of phrase, in either musical or grammatical sense, that distinguishes his work; it is the drive behind the phrases. Jeffers's phrases are no longer nor more irregular than Wallace Stevens's, for instance, though they are differently intoned. His lines routinely consist of several such phrases butted or linked. Line length becomes a sign of rhetorical voltage or pressure, something a shorter line would domesticate or restrain. Through lineation alone, therefore, the printed poem becomes a kind of graph of the emotive force behind it. Seen in this light, Jeffers and Mallarmé are deeply involved in the same business, despite the considerable difference in their wares.

Jeffers was not the first, of course, to raise the typographic problem of the long verse line. It is a problem posed by Egyptian and Levantine poets a thousand years before Christ, perhaps much earlier, and to all appearances it was sometimes (not always) solved by contemporary scribes. Translations of the later books of the Old Testament brought the problem to Europe, where it acquired a new dimension through the prolixity of Latin script, and in that aggravated form it has been raised from time to time by such Bible--reading poets as Thomas à Kempis in the fifteenth century, Whitman in the nineteenth, and at the beginning of the twentieth by Paul Claudel. Thomas, who was a scribe, and Whitman, who had been a printer, might have confronted the problem they posed, but both were inured by narrow-column Bibles and habitual thrift to the arbitrary breaking and stacking of the long, prophetic line.

Many printers over the years have exercised their talents on Whitman and Jeffers, but only two, so far as I know, have seriously confronted the typographic problems which these poets pose. The first to do so was William Everson, and the second is Peter Rutledge Koch. These two printers, and to the best of my knowledge, no others, have brought to the visual interpretation of Robinson Jeffers the clarity, authority, and scope we expect of serious performing artists--of Maurizio Pollini playing Schubert, let us say, or the Hilliard Ensemble singing Josquin.

Everson printed seventeen of Jeffers's poems under the title GRANITE & CYPRESS in 1975. He set the text in 18-point Goudy Newstyle with Castellar initials and printed it in landscape format to give the long lines room. The text per se appears only on the rectos, but to tie and balance the spreads, a left-reading ghost of the text is offset to each facing verso page. The sheets are side-sewn into very light boards and the book housed in a slipcase of Monterey cypress, with a small block of the granite from Jeffers's seacliff mounted into the front of the case like an icon in its frame. Goudy Newstyle seems to me a face nearer to William Morris's world than to Jeffers's, but GRANITE & CYPRESS remains for me a permanent lesson in typographic design, because it addresses the scale and shape of the poems.

Peter Koch first printed Jeffers in 1986, when he designed and produced for James Linden a portfolio edition of a single 69-line poem, APOLOGY FOR BAD DREAMS, with four photos by Michael Mundy. The text letter is 18-point Van Dijck, generously leaded, printed in portrait orientation on an 18" x 26" broadside page. Each of the four stanzas of the poem is given its own sheet, with additional leaves for front matter and titling. The longer lines range close to 60 picas, but there is ample room in the vast page for the text to settle full length and breathe. Moreover, the unbound sheets turn in their solander box like the leaves of a large folio, so the work can be read like a book.

Koch's more recent project, POINT LOBOS, is a more ambitious portfolio in the same vein. From 1916 until his death in 1962, Jeffers lived across the bay from Lobos, and the fifteen poems in this selection span forty years of attention to that famous clump of Santa Lucia granite, Carmelo sandstone and conglomerate, and Monterey cypress and pine. The text of the poems is set in Berthold Wolpe's Pegasus--a statuesque and sharp 16-point--run with 10 points of lead, again on a huge portrait-format page. The display type is the same designer's Albertus. Both faces date from the 1930s, when Jeffers was in his prime, and both give evidence of Wolpe's skill as a carver of stone and metal inscriptions. Jeffers the stonecutter--had he known enough about typography to care--would have sensed the rightness of the choice and the sure touch with which the type is used.

1. The suitability of Van Djick for setting Jeffers is a subject I will save for another time. But consider the correspondences between the "inhumanism" of Jeffers and the "inhumanism" of Christoffel van Djick's younger neighbor and perhaps acquaintance at Amsterdam, Benedictus de Spinoza.
2. Example: The white line that divides the stanzas of the poems is thinned by 10 points throughout the text of "Meditation of Saviors," which consists entirely of long-lined couplets, to tune the color of the page.

Lobos was a fortunate place in Jeffers's day. It bore only modest scars from the whaling station, quarry, coal wharf, abalone cannery, and failed real-estate development that had been visited upon it over the years. Even before the end of the nineteenth century, an enlightened citizen began buying back the property for conservation of the trees, and it was a state park by 1933. But like the Sistine Chapel, it is a sanctuary in name only now and a tourist attraction in fact. Where the demons and wraiths of Jeffers's imagination once walked freely, now there are parking lots, graded walkways, guard-rails. For those unprepared to sneak in during darkness, it is better now to know the place at a distance, through the poems and perhaps through photographs.

As literary site and motif, the Point belongs to Jeffers alone, and as long as the tourists remain, he is likely to keep it. Among photographers it is shared. Ansel Adams, Edward Weston, Minor White, and many more have worked there. Wolf von dem Bussche's prints are darker and more brooding than the now familiar images of those earlier photographers. His compositional skill is unarguable, but the supple beauty of form which preoccupied Weston and Adams is too close to prettiness for Von dem Bussche. His work is heavier with the absolutes of black and white, blank sky, and hard shadow. In his earlier portfolios (three were issued in 1981 under the titles FROM THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM; N.Y., N.Y.; and HOMAGE TO MAX ERNST), he left room over the ostinato blacks for an extensive texture of middle tones, and his earlier trial prints for the Lobos portfolio were made in the same manner. The final prints have tended to be harsher, their texture more narrowly pinched between extremes. Though the negatives were made in 1970, there is no nostalgia in these images; they are stark, unsentimental records of the forms of rock and tree.

Not long ago I had the opportunity of sifting through a full collection of Jeffers editions in English. GRANITE & CYPRESS, after that experience, seems to me the only Jeffers book worth much attention for the sake of its typography--and it is a book, because the pages are bound, like the notes of a fugue or the stills of a film, into a certain directional order, and in that order they read. But the finest pages of Jeffers I have ever seen are those in Peter Koch's two portfolios. There is no finer incarnation of the poems.

POINT LOBOS isn't a book, but for that it has its reasons. I forgive it. And I forgive it its great bulk. It is big because it has to be. I regret that, taken from its case, it gets needlessly bigger. A solander box would have made it easy for readers to page through the big portfolio compactly, just as through a book, but the POINT LOBOS box opens four ways at once, into a five-foot paper crucifix from which the pages must be removed. Once out, they ask for more space still, because all but three of the photos are mounted as landscapes and must be turned 90 degrees from the text to be seen. If the prints were only slightly smaller, they could have been mounted as the text is printed, on a portrait page.

The fact remains that Koch has set the standard for printing Robinson Jeffers: the standard for how the poet's audience is permitted to see, to envision, the voice which carries the vision they have come to hear. For all those who, like me, cannot afford a copy of this portfolio, I recommend collecting the prospectus (the most literate and informative press book prospectus I have ever seen) along with the new edition of Jeffers's collected poems, edited by Timothy Hunt, to be published by Stanford University this fall.

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TO DATE OR NOT TO DATE: JEFFERS' "PEARL HARBOR"

By Tim Hunt

It ought not to matter when a particular poem of Robinson Jeffers was written. Time and again Jeffers stressed (perhaps most explicitly in the "Introduction" to the 1938 SELECTED POETRY) that poetry should address the reader of the future and deal with relatively permanent or recurrent things: thus, the (albeit intensely local and personal) landscape of rock, ocean, hawk, grass. Yet throughout his career Jeffers wrote poems that dealt with the specifics, both the incidents and personalities of world affairs. His work, especially from the mid 1930s to the later 1940s, reflects an intense scrutiny of the immediate and transitory and teems with specific references that even now, much less a thousand years from now, can easily be missed.

Jeffers was certainly aware of this problem and the inconsistency. On the one hand, he stressed that his attention to the details of his contemporary world was an attempt to show that such intensely troubling phenomenon as world war was simply part of the larger rhythms of a history which was itself, in turn, a phenomenon of nature. Roosevelt, Churchill, and Hitler were not creating history but were acting out the history that nature--manifested as the human species and human societies--compelled them to act out. As such, the contemplative person should be as free to stand aside and contemplate the awe-ful (in all the senses of the word) grandeur and beauty of these political storms as a winter storm on Jeffers' Sur coast.

Yet Jeffers also seems to have felt that his compulsion to write about leaders and battles was a sign of his own weakness, a failure to hold to his vision of nature as a vast and beautiful organism in which man was a minor element. BE ANGRY AT THE SUN (1941) testifies to this. In the opening note Jeffers apologizes for the topical nature of many of the poems, and a preliminary sketch for the collection's table of contents (with the Jeffers papers at the University of Texas) suggests that this was more than a rhetorical ploy. The sheet omits virtually all of the shorter poems eventually included in the collection that trace Jeffers' response to the widening conflict in Europe, even though some of those poems, "The Day Is a Poem" for instance, had already been published in periodicals. Also, the various manuscript sheets show that many of these political poems had originally been part of a single ongoing sequence, a kind of political journal in verse, to be titled "On the Calendar" or "Memoranda," further suggesting that Jeffers wasn't sure how he wanted to view this work. (Perhaps significantly, an early table of contents for Jeffers' next collection, THE DOUBLE AXE, indicates the short poems in that volume were also at one point to have been grouped as a section with title, this time to be called "Mornings in Hell.")

In any case, then, through this period Jeffers seems to have wanted both to specify much of his work (that is, to place it "on the calendar" as an act of witness--a record of his struggle to face the disaster of the contemporary world) and to generalize it (that is, to prove that his sense of history and society as forms of nature would allow one to transcend the immediate flux and violence by transforming it into a kind of stylized description). The poems themselves testify to this ambivalence. But one can also argue, I think, that Jeffers, at least for the period covered by THE DOUBLE AXE (spring 1941 through 1947), tended to draft individual poems in response to the former impulse (i.e., documenting the struggle) while he considered how he might select and arrange the body of his work into a collection increasingly in terms of the latter (i.e., demonstrating transcendence). This, at least, would offer one way to analyze the several different designs Jeffers considered for what became THE DOUBLE AXE before he originally submitted it to Random House in 1947, and it would perhaps help clarify why he chose to withdraw ten poems--partly in response to the dismay Random House expressed at some of the political references in the collection--after having delivered it for publication. (The deleted poems appear as an appendix to the 1977 reissue of THE DOUBLE AXE prepared by William Everson and Bill Hotchkiss.)

Here, though, I would like to focus more simply on one aspect of Jeffers' shifting treatment of this material: his use of dating. The manuscripts for a number of THE DOUBLE AXE poems that deal with the war have dates as title, subtitle, or postscript. However, in THE DOUBLE AXE as published, only four of the twenty-seven poems still show dates in the title or subtitle (it should perhaps be noted that five of the ten poems withdrawn from the collection have dates as subtitles). The effect, whether Jeffers intended it, is in part to generalize the texts (or at least to encourage us as readers to think more in terms of the thematic contours, perhaps at the expense of the specifics of his observations).



The poem "Pearl Harbor" is a case in point. Although the title specifies the poem to a large degree, the specification is actually somewhat misleading. The manuscripts and typescripts at the University of Texas show that the poem was originally drafted as two separate pieces written some six months apart. The division corresponds to sections "I" and "IV" of the poem as it appears in THE DOUBLE AXE.

Jeffers apparently wrote "II" December 10, 1941, and at one point (among others) considered the titles "News-Item" and "First Thoughts," before settling on "West Coast Black-Out (December 1941)" (Jeffers first published "West Coast Black-Out" in Oscar Williams' anthology NEW POEMS: 1944). What appears to be the first draft of the poem is on the verso of a letter with that date. This manuscript does suggest that Jeffers may already have been thinking about linking the two pieces, but they weren't actually combined until late 1947 or early 1948--after Jeffers had originally submitted THE DOUBLE AXE to Random House. The table of contents originally submitted to Random House shows the two sections as two poems, and "West Coast Black-Out" was one of the pieces that particularly concerned Saxe Commins, the Random House editor.

The typescript of "West Coast Black-Out" originally submitted to Random House (and Commins' memo to Bennett Cerf in the Random House papers at Columbia University) shows that Commins' quarrel was with the opening line: "The war that we have carefully for years provoked." The typescript shows that Jeffers, presumably responding to Commins' query in the margin, pencilled in "considered" to replace "provoked," but then chose to let the original reading stand. He did not, though, leave the poem untouched. Rather than mute the opening line, he revised the description of the beach at night in lines 13-15, deleted the title "West Coast Black-Out (December, 1941)," and combined it with what is now part "I" to make the version of "Pearl Harbor" actually published. Although the revisions to lines 13-15 tighten and strengthen the description, they likely did little to make the piece more palatable to Commins. The changes, however, do alter the politics of the poem, or perhaps more accurately, the changes alter Jeffers' dramatic relation to his politics and thereby alter their implications.

Read as a separate piece, "West Coast Black-Out (December, 1941)" shows a Jeffers able to indict his country for what he sees as its decision to "provoke" a conflict that (as he claims elsewhere) could have been avoided, but then able to transform his dismay, his sarcasm, into a celebration of the "prehuman dignity of night." Six months later in what became part "I," the tone is more bitter, the poem more a lament for history, and its conclusion--"Look no further ahead"--a kind of call for stoic resignation. (In this sense it is perhaps ironic that "II," written several days after the Pearl Harbor attack ends in affirmation, while "I," is likely a response to the Battle of Midway and including an allusion to the Doolittle bombing raid in Tokyo, ends in a kind of despair.) Combined, the two sections still

move from the speaker's despair to his transcendence, but separately (and in their original sequence) they tell a different story. In the poem as published the speaker stands, momentarily, aloof from the history he describes, descends into it, proceeds to indictment and satire, and then rises above to affirmation. In the poems as originally composed, the affirmation of "West Coast Black-Out" is the middle of the story, not the conclusion. As two units, in their original order of composition, we see more clearly why Jeffers might have considered grouping these poems as "Mornings in Hell."

We cannot, of course, determine precisely why Jeffers reworked what became "Pearl Harbor" (certainly the changes do not reflect an attempt to placate Commins or Random House--even if their response did initiate the reworking) or why he stripped the date from the subtitle of "West Coast Black-Out" (the evidence does not indicate whether the typescript for what became part "I" originally submitted to Random House had a date for subtitle). We can, though, determine that these changes alter both the actual form and implications of the original pieces by muting (though perhaps only slightly) their original specificity. (Here it is perhaps worth noting Jeffers' comment at the bottom of a sheet of the manuscript, at Texas, for "The Inhumanist" where he considers grouping the short poems, presumably with their dates, as a section to be called "Dates to Remember.") We can also determine, I think, that these changes indicate that Jeffers' sense of himself, his work, his audience, and the political world around him was much more volatile and intricate than at times we credit, and if so, even so small a piece as "Pearl Harbor" suggests how much remains to be done if we are to have a reasonable account of Jeffers' career--both its drama and its serenity.

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HERBERT ARTHUR KLEIN: IN MEMORIAM

By Tyrus G. Harmsen

Herbert Arthur Klein, whose death was briefly noted in the last issue of the NEWSLETTER, was an early and continuing enthusiast of Robinson Jeffers. After receiving his A.B. degree from Stanford University, he attended Occidental College where he wrote for his M.A. degree in 1930, a thesis entitled "A Study of the Prosody of Robinson Jeffers," probably one of the earliest, if not the earliest thesis in the country on Jeffers.

In 1986 Herbert edited some of his wife's letters containing references to Jeffers under the title of JEFFERS OBSERVED by Mina Cooper Klein, published by Quintessence Publications, and with a memoir by Jacob I. Zeitlin.

His career as a writer led him into a remarkable variety of subjects. From his interest in art, he wrote GRAPHIC WORLDS OF PETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER in 1963, and with his wife Mina, who was a frequent collaborator, PETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER: ARTIST OF ABUNDANCE, 1986, and KAETHE KOLLWITZ: LIFE IN ART, 1972. Explaining science to young people brought forth MASERS AND LASERS, 1963; BIOLUMINESCENCE, 1965; FUEL CELLS, 1966; HOLOGRAPHY, 1970; THE NEW GRAVITATION, 1971; and THE WORLD OF MEASUREMENTS, 1974. He also wrote several books on surfing, based upon his own pleasure from surfing and swimming as a resident of Malibu. The first of Herb's contributions of articles and news notes to the NEWSLETTER was in 1965. He read each issue avidly, following the course of Jeffers studies and publications, and was as keenly interested in Jeffers affairs in his last years as he was as a youth, writing his thesis in 1930. He will be sorely missed, but well remembered by his friends.

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UNA JEFFERS CORRESPONDENT,  
LETTERS TO REMSEN BIRD, 1932-42

The following letters are from the manuscript collection of Occidental College. Remsen Bird became president of Occidental, Jeffers' alma mater, 18 years after the poet's graduation. Of his background and personal qualities the following paragraphs from Rolle's HISTORY OF OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE attest:

This time many candidates were considered. After their capacities, background, and aptitudes had been carefully studied, Dr. Remsen Du Bois Bird, professor of church history at the San Francisco Theological Seminary, was invited to become President. Dr. William Stewart Young was responsible for the invitation. Bird, then only thirty-three years old, was a magnetic and attractive personality who from the start attached a sense of dignity and importance to his office. He was a charming conversationalist, liberal in mind and spirit, deep in his devotion to truth. The latter attribute derived in part from his study of philosophy and ecclesiastical history. Ordained also as a minister, Bird brought both polish and a zestful scholarly mood to the college. Like President Baer before him, he was at home with persons of status.

In his youth he had been Secretary to the President of Lafayette College, traveling extensively abroad as an honor graduate student and later with the Y.M.C.A. during World War I in France and on the Greek island of Corfu. He had learned to associate with persons of importance, many of whom became lifelong friends. Helen Bird, his young wife, proved also to be a gifted hostess. To this task Occidental's new President brought qualities that Cleland described as a "spontaneous enthusiasm, extraordinary energy, capacity for making friends for the college, imagination, a contagious love of beauty, and zeal for contributing to the common good." Those closely associated with the college from 1921 to 1945 appreciate fully the meaning of such a statement.

. . . . .

Dr. Bird, in the late twenties and early thirties, was a friend of Jake Zeitlin, well-known Los Angeles antiquarian bookseller, and acquainted with artists and authors who gathered around Jake's shop. As fame of Jeffers emerged, Dr. Bird was instrumental in establishing a Robinson Jeffers collection in the Occidental College Library. He became personally acquainted with Jeffers in the 1930s and moved to Carmel in his retirement, where he continued his acquaintance and friendship with Jeffers in the poet's later years.

Soon after Jeffers' death, Dr. Bird was one of a small group of Jeffers friends who gathered in Carmel to plan a suitable recognition for Jeffers which led to the establishment of the ROBINSON JEFFERS NEWSLETTER.

As can be seen from the letters which follow, Dr. Bird made contact with the Jefferses in 1932. Una, who assumed the burden of ordinary correspondence, continued the exchange for eleven years, stopping only shortly before Bird's retirement to a cottage a few blocks from the Jefferses'.

The letters reflect the overtures of the college to the Jeffers (1935 exhibit, special collection, honorary degree) and Una and Robinson's reciprocation.

October 6, 1932

Dear Dr. Bird:

Robinson Jeffers wishes me to thank you for your note of September 28th--and to say he would be glad to see you here at any time. If your plans permit you to send me a line in advance he will be sure to be at home.

Very sincerely, Una Jeffers

April 6, 1935

Dear Remsen: I was sorry not to see you again while I was in the South but our two days were filled every moment before we arrived. I telephoned your house and left a message saying so, which I hope was delivered to you.

I sent Larry Powell the several items he wanted from us and hope that the exhibit shows off well.<sup>1</sup>

When we go to Taos in June as usual we think this year we will need to go by way of San Diego on business in which case we will stop for a look about the college. Heat and hot sun is so completely devastating to me we usually hasten by night the shortest way (Paso Robles across to Bakersfield).

Cordially, Una Jeffers

February 23, 1935

Dear Remsen: Yes I was in hospital for two weeks but I am all right now.<sup>2</sup> I hope you'll stop in at Tor House as you suggest. Send a line when you are coming if convenient and we will surely be home--but anyway you will probably find us here except on a Saturday or Sunday when we often go into the country for the day.

I shall be happy to assist in every way I can about the exhibit of Jeffersiana. I really don't think there is any chance of our being there. Gatherings of any kind are a torment to Robin. If you'd like I am sure he would write some sort of letter for the occasion.<sup>3</sup> --along with any material you want me to lend. I wonder whether his Occidental diploma would be a nice addition. I think I can find it. You say when you are here.

You may be interested to hear that Modern Library is to publish ROAN STALLION in May. This is the first contemporary poet in that fine series. It is to have a preface by the author and also the series of poems published in A MISCELLANY OF AMERICAN POETRY, 1927, edited by Louis Untermeyer, published by Harcourt Brace and out of print.

He is just at the moment finishing typing his book for early fall publication which he expects to call "Solstice" (titles are never certain until in print!).

Hoping to see you soon.

Cordially, Una Jeffers

April 24, 1935

Dear Remsen: This enclosure explains itself. Robin & I agree with Alberts that it would be best to prevent anyone copying those poems until they are protected by the copyright of another edition of the BIBLIOGRAPHY.<sup>4</sup> People torment Robin constantly for permission to reprint and so on, and these poems mentioned he cannot at present control. Perhaps you would be willing to give the librarian instruction about this. I thought they were safe enough on Founders Day!

Thank you so much for all your thought and interest in the exhibit of Robin's books. I thought the Ritchie leaflet very handsome. My mother back in Michigan sent me two clipping(s) speaking of this exhibit and all about it--

We hope you are having a grand trip. Warm and good wishes from both of us.

Una Jeffers

June 3, 1935

Dear Remsen: I think it is quite all right to sell those remaining copies of the catalogue. We were generously supplied by Ritchie and Powell.

We are going off and away at crack of dawn June 6 for Taos.<sup>5</sup> -- Doesn't Hazel's trip sound thrilling. I hope she'll take time to send enough cards so we can follow her about.

That young man--so divorced from reality--how do you ever get his feet firmly planted--him and his like?

I am afraid that I never could be at once gentle and resolute and hopeful with them. There are countless neurotic young verse-makers that pass by here.

Do you know Jesse Stuart's "Man with a bull-tongue Plow," published last year? Some refreshing verse in it--by a young man whose history is like enough to get your student--to interest him I should think, a young man who seems to have settled any differences he had with life on the farm.

Good wishes from all of us.

Cordially, Una Jeffers

June 22, 1935

Taos, New Mexico - c/o Mabel Luhan

Dear Remsen--Some weeks ago, I believe in your absence, I wrote to ask that the poems of Robin's in the Occidental publications which have been found and not included in Mr. Alberts' Bibliography be kept from the public inspection until another edition of the Bibliography when they would be included (with full credit to Oxy and recopyrighted).

I had an answer from your office that my request would be granted. I am therefore amazed to hear that they were given to Lawrence Powell and that he announces in a letter to Alberts that Ward Ritchie is probably to print them in a limited edition. This we will oppose by every means in our power and may I ask you to exert your influence at once upon Powell or anyone else to whom your librarian has given these poems. Of course our copyright has expired on them and until they are tucked away in the Bibliography and recopyrighted--we are in a somewhat insecure position about them. In the Bibliography only scholars will study them and that is legitimate enough as a step in his growth. Both Robin and I have a horror of these little collectors items--any little collectors items and if these poems were printed in any such limited way they would attract his readers and fetch absurd prices and assume absurd importance. I really believe that a reputation of importance is being built up by R.J. and I wish all these bothersome details could be avoided. They seem trivial enough but they need not arise at all if people who are dealing with his work cared more for his place in literature and less about making a few dollars in this kind of way.

I feel extremely disappointed in Mr. Powell and I feel amazed that he would announce such a thing without even asking our permission.

The things must have slipped by your librarian through misunderstanding. did she confuse the Bibliography (which I consider one of the best ever published in America from the standpoint of scholarly attack)--did she confuse it with Powell's work--It is for the Bibliography alone that we give permission and have stated why. Powell's book has a more popular appeal and we do not wish the early poems studied except by real enthusiasts.

Will you help out? Sorry. I suppose you'd like a bit of holiday from details. Best wishes from Robin and me.

Una

July 8, 1935  
Taos, New Mexico

Dear Remsen: Thanks for wire and letter following. I don't know that there is any more to say about the juvenilia. I hope they will not be issued in any little separate way--We have had a grand holiday and have not suffered as much as usual from the heat. We have ridden horseback every day, walked, tennis, swimming--and a 3 day pack trip to a magical Blue Lake of the Indians at nearly 14,000 feet elevation. Cut our way through snow packs. We leave here July 11.

Hoping to see you during the summer some time.

Very cordially--in haste--Una Jeffers

February 21, 1936

Dear Remsen: We haven't seen you in so many months. Have you given up buying a lot here? Robin's brother has been shopping for lots here for a weekend place to come to from Lick Observatory<sup>6</sup> and for the first time in many years I have stood on lots and [in] built houses. If I had to live anywhere except on this very spot I prefer to all others I would get one of several lots upon the Mesa above the Mission. The view is superb--a view is the first essential for us.

But this letter was to say that Sydney Alberts got printed on a hand press and copyrighted those poems of Robin's that were unprotected by copyright in Occidental College papers (and two other poems as well) so you need not bother further to keep them back or in reserve.<sup>7</sup> Thank you very much for your trouble. We were given just one copy or I would send you one for the library.

Larry Powell sent me several reviews he has written and I have been extremely interested to see how his style is improving and his mind deepening.--

Our boys continue to enjoy their college work. They come home very frequently as friends are constantly rushing back and forth from S.F. They are very content at International House.<sup>8</sup>

More Sundays than not we go with the Sidney Fishes back to their ranch on Palo Corona--eight miles on horseback so if you are here over weekends try us on Saturdays!

We had more and more bother with that creature Moore after we saw you bombarding us with letters and threats of articles. Robin put it all in Dan Hammack's hands who says the man hasn't a penny's worth of financial responsibility and is mad for publicity--so he is a problem. We think he has turned his attention elsewhere. Did Melba Bennett send you a copy of Robin's answer to that "Aperitif" article? Horrors such a bore. Here is a copy I laid aside in my desk for you last November.<sup>9</sup>

Best wishes to you and your wife. Una Jeffers

April 27, 1937

Dear Remsen: My husband wishes me to thank, through you, the Board of Trustees of Occidental College for the honor they propose to confer upon him. He will be present in Orr Gardens at the time specified to receive the honorary degree.

(The measurements you ask. His height is 6 ft. His hat size 7-1/2 --for gown and mortar board.)

With kindest regards from us both, Una Jeffers

Mrs. Robinson Jeffers

Robin had his fiftieth anniversary a few months ago so [is] nearly the age of Occidental.

May 25, 1937

Dear Remsen: I have suggested to Hamilton Jeffers that he fly down to Occidental--he may do so--if only to tease Robin by seeing him in a crowd. Hamilton told me he was glad that Occidental is doing Robin this honor. --He flew down last Sunday and took us all up, one by one, in his plane. It's wild work. I think, in an open cockpit! I hadn't--none of us had--flown that way before.

Thank you--it is our intention to arrive Sunday eve at Hazel's and depart Tuesday morn. We are sailing N.Y. to Cork--on July 10 and as I must stop in Michigan and Taos--we have to leave here about June 20. --We are motoring across the continent and taking our car with us to Ireland. We shall be away for four, perhaps six months. I suppose I am terribly excited to be going--but I haven't had a moment to enjoy the thought yet. Life is a wild kaleidoscope and turns faster every moment and the six months' quarantine of dogs prevents us getting Haig into Ireland--devastating. Noël is keeping him for us. Noël just had Haig's portrait painted as a surprise for me. The painter came two days and did him while I was at Noël's in town shopping.

I sent several items to the Jeffers collection in your library and got Melba Bennett and Ted Lilienthal to contribute.



Please keep every person off Robin you can--he is so courteous he is defenceless--but we all pay for it after.

One man I would like to meet if convenient without a lot of fuss. David Donnan (an alumnus trustee?). My great-grandfather was David Donnan, Killinchy, Co. Down, Ireland. It's an unusual name. One other person for me if available--my old suitor--Clinton Judy--Cal Tech.--

Warm affection to you and Helen. Una

August 16, 1937 Ballymore near Dunfanaghy, Co. Donegal (Postcard)

Glad you have had a happy summer in Carmel. Of course that is the nicest place in the world but we've had fun too. Aran Islands, round towers, etc. This tower had ladders arranged to top. First one I've been to top of. 120 ft. high. Donegal is the most thrillingly beautiful Co. in Ireland.

Yrs. U.J.

(No date)  
7 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park,  
London W11

Dear Remsen: O I don't know. I feel awfully far away from California and too self-indulgent at this moment to talk even on Irish music.<sup>10</sup> Certainly I couldn't do it in December. We will just arrive home then. Perhaps in March. When do they need to print their programmes? If they haven't filled up their space by the time we get home I think I would like to do it in March but if I must today make the promise, I can't. My whole force is directed toward absorbing London. I must say I did enjoy the talk I gave with O'Connor at the Century Club, S.F. We sail for home Oct. 30. Our boys are going over to Paris for a few days first but Robin and I stay in England. The thought of Paris makes Robin shudder. We hear it's a riot of noise and hurry now. Exposition.

We've been to the Orkneys and Shetlands--they're remote and thrilling. We roamed the Hebrides inner and outer, then came south along the west coast of Scotland from Cape Wrath.

Just about ready to sit down in Tor House and think a bit. But London enchants me and this melancholy autumn weather and falling leaves just right!

Affectionate greetings to you both. Una

Do I hear of books from your pen--are they printed or in process--just got a rumor?

Your Note just came.

The creature J.G. Moore whose note you sent me is such an enemy of Robin's we had to engage a lawyer to get after him (Dan Hammack). Dan thinks after interviewing him that he is cracked and so publicity-mad that he'd welcome a law suit for slander. Apparently uneducated altho he attempts to lecture on Walt Whitman! He wrote that filthy article in the Santa Barbara scandal sheet "Aperitif" about Robin 2 yrs ago. We never saw him and do not answer his barrage of letters. He really is crazy or a blackmailer.

I enclose a typed copy of an article by a man who wrote an extremely interesting paper on Robin for his doctor's (or M.A.) degree in Lit at Yale I believe. It was a comparison between Robin's views and those put forward by Ecclesiasticus.<sup>11</sup> If you like to ask him I daresay he has a copy he could deposit with Jeffers material at Occidental. Robin found his insight penetrating. Please send this article of his to Melba Bennett, Palm Springs, California, Deep Well Ranch.

April 4, 1938

Dear Remsen: I hope you will be here long enough for us to see you Easter time. We are to go to Death Valley if it's flying weather on April 14 returning April 17. Robin to fly down with his brother and the boys and I to motor. I hope, too, that the [Aldous] Huxley visit will transpire when we can see them. We spend a month with Mabel but are usually home by the last week in June. Various people tell us they are charming companions.

We had cocktails a few days ago with the Hubbles at the Baldwins. I liked them so very much. You must know them. I am happy to hear of Albert Bender's generous gift to Occidental. He is the most ardent enthusiast about these collections of his.

0 but this is a beautiful spot with all the flowers a-burgeoning. Only Donegal is its rival in my love.--

Our love to you and Helen. Una

P.M. Mar. 25, 1939  
To Remsen Bird (a card)

Yes, do tell Albert about the mss for the collection.<sup>12</sup> She has given it to me inscribed to your library. I am just waiting until I can send Robin's foreword ms with it. Hope to see you up here at Easter. Love from Una.

January 22, 1941

Dear Remsen: You know Robin has been asked to inaugurate the Poetry Series in the Library of Congress Feb. 27 (4 in the series--R.J., Carl Sandburg, Stephen Benet, Robert Frost--perhaps you can make an item in your college paper). Robin is going on to lecture at Harvard, Columbia, Swarthmore, Buffalo, etc., etc.

What I write to you about. There is to be a very extensive exhibit of R.J.'s things for a month in the Lib. of C.--letters, mss, photos, first editions, and so on. It occurred to me that it would make a nice item, and incidentally give Occidental a good notice if some resume of your Jeffersiana there at Occidental were to be put in the collection. --Say a typed list of the items there and a Kodak shot of the cases they are in, giving Albert Bender credit, perhaps a notation that these cases are duplicates of the one in Trinity College, Dublin, holding the collection of finely printed books he gave them. That would please him.

I think your nice librarian there wouldn't mind taking a little trouble about it. She is ever courteous and helpful, and perhaps a student in Eng. or Librarianship might get a little kudos for doing the work. What do you say? I need to have it within two weeks if you care to send it.

Did you see the Pine Cone number dedicated to Robin's birthday--a nice gesture from his home town.

Joseph Auslander and his wife have been here, very nice and sympathetic. He and Archibald Macleish are in charge of Lib of Congress thing--

Love to Helen and say I still have hopes of seeing her for a moment one day.

Winnie increases in size moment by moment. 42 lbs now. He is only 5 mo. old. An adorable bull dog.

With love, and hastily           Una

December 9, 1940

Dear Remsen: Thanks for the Vorhees note. I expected to see you at Thanksgiving to say so but never got a glimpse of you. Please stop in to see us during the Christmas holidays you and Helen. --I want to show you a magnificent English bull-dog puppy--pure white--and a perfect angel and full of mischief. It's a whole career to bring him up. We call him "Winnie" after Winston Churchill. Noël gave him to me.

Ted Lilienthal (Quercus Press) is printing for his first item on the little Wm Morris handpress he has, two poems by Robin with short extract from my diary about Kelmscott Manor and a fine woodcut of the manor.<sup>13</sup> I shall see that Occidental Library gets a copy if Albert B does not attend to it. To be published before Christmas.

I have heard that you have been in the East--perhaps still are. I daresay this will rest on your desk awaiting you with heaps of other letters.

Robin rec'd a wire from Auslander and Macleish ten days ago asking him to "inaugurate" the Poetry Series in the Congressional Library Feb 27.--honorarium \$500. He said for me to decide and I wired "yes." I do think it is an honor to be asked, don't you--and one well deserved!

Love to you and Helen.           Una

November 5, 1942

Dear Remsen: I have long had here in my desk a note from you in connection with the additions Larry Powell made to the Jeffers collection in Occidental Library. He is certainly a loyal enthusiastic friend to his college and to Robin. We hope to add some items in due time.

It seems a long time since we saw you last. When you come up next time with your car I hope you will surely let us know. Among other reasons I hope to send back to the Library several rather valuable archeological books--so bulky I've hated to try to wrap for mailing. But then, I suppose your tires and lack of time for slow driving will keep you at home as we are kept.

Our son Garth came in unexpectedly from Hawaii. He brought back some enemy aliens and some prisoners of war. He is in an M.P. corps over there. Donnan and his wife expect to present us a grandchild in late spring--that's the only really cheerful news we've had lately.

Affectionate greetings to Helen and yourself.

Faithfully. Una

No cord wood to be had in Carmel--for the duration probably! No wood cutters and no trucks to haul wood if cut. We've bought a grate and some coal.

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NOTES:

1.   ROBINSON JEFFERS / 1905-1935 / An exhibition commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of his graduation from Occidental College at the Occidental Student Union, Los Angeles, California, April 11 to 18--the foregoing from the cover of an 18 page booklet-checklist commemorating the exhibit.
2.   Una had some gynecological "repair" surgery in 1935, a rare break in her almost headlong daily routines.
3.   Jeffers did write a reminiscence and appreciation of the college for the exhibit catalog as did Dr. Bird.

4. S.S. Alberts. A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF ROBINSON JEFFERS (Random House, 1933). With the next letter (April 24) Una includes a note from Alberts, identifying the poem titles (North Pole, The Moon's Girls, Pan in the West) and asking permission to include them in the next edition of the Bibliography for three reasons: 1) completeness, 2) links in R.J.'s artistic development, 3) copyright protection. He sees a need of obviating or blocking the "temptation to any enterprising person who naively 'loves' poetry or is just unscrupulous" who might copy the poems at the Jeffers exhibit and issue another pamphlet without Jeffers' knowledge or permission. Which is what almost happens.

5. Una, Robinson, Donnan and Garth are going on one of their frequent summer trips to visit Mabel and Tony Luhan at Los Gallos, Taos, New Mexico.

Hazel Pinkham is a mutual Los Angeles friend whose letters from Una were published in the RJN.

The young man "divorced from reality" is evidently one who bothered Dr. Bird and was mentioned by him. The incident triggers Una's dismay with one level of visitors to Tor House -- a reason why she so sedulously checked out visitors, a Cerberus at the door.

6. On Mt. Hamilton near San Jose, where Hamilton Jeffers was chief astronomer.
7. FOUR POEMS AND A FRAGMENT (n.p., privately printed by Sydney S. Alberts, 1936).
8. Dormitory complex on the campus of the University of California, Berkeley.
9. "The Beginnings of Jeffers: A few notes for a history, a biography, and an interpretation" by John G. Moore in *APERITIF*, October, 1935, p. 6 & 13. Moore quotes a Lenore M. who claimed Jeffers had written all his Helen poems for her and had turned pessimistic and silent after she rejected his suit for marriage. Jeffers presented an elaborate denial in the November issue.

10. Una did go to Occidental in March 1938 to give her talk on Irish music. It was received so enthusiastically that Dr. Bird asked her to repeat it for the general student body.
11. Probably Benjamin Miller, although his article is not noted in Alex Vardamis' annotated checklist, THE CRITICAL REPUTATION OF ROBINSON JEFFERS (Archon Books, 1972).
12. Edith Greenan's OF UNA JEFFERS (Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie, 1939). Edith was Una's first husband's second wife.
13. TWO CONSOLATIONS (San Mateo: Quercus Press, 1940). Included the poems "Only an Hour" and "Vanished Englands."

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