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Robinson Jeffers Newsletter

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NEWS AND NOTES

THE ROBINSON JEFFERS OCTOBER FESTIVAL. Each Tor House Foundation festival has its own genius, its own flair, style, and special contributions. This year it began Friday, October 13th with a booksigning reception for the festival authors Zaller, Karman, Nemerov and Gioia and Stanford University Press (THE COLLECTED POEMS and THE EXCESSES OF GOD) at the Thunderbird Bookshop, The Barnyard, Highway One and Carmel Valley Road.

Saturday saw seminars at Monterey Peninsula College, 980 Fremont, Monterey, in Lecture Forum 103, with moderator, Professor Alison Schwyzer of the Philosophy Department of the College. The morning session heard Dana Gioia, poet and critic, on "Revival of the Narrative Poem," and James Karman, author of Chronicle Books ROBINSON JEFFERS: POET OF CALIFORNIA, on "Jeffers and His Critics." The afternoon session heard Robert Zaller, author of CLIFFS OF SOLITUDE and editor of ELEGIES FOR ROBINSON JEFFERS, on "Land and Value: Jeffers as Environmentalist," followed by a session of questions and discussion.

The annual Jeffers banquet was held at the Carmel Mission Inn, Rio Road and Route One, where Poet Laureate Howard Nemerov gave an hour-long after dinner talk on the genius of Jeffers' poetry, his peculiar prophetic voice, and some of the agreements and disagreements Mr. Nemerov has with the poet's work. This was accompanied by a sensitive reading of Jeffers' "Night" and a number of apropos Nemerov poems.

On Sunday the Annual Poetry Walk was conducted by John Dotson, poet and English Department Chair of Santa Catalina School, Monterey. This walk traditionally begins at the Forest Theatre (where Jeffers' "The Tower Beyond Tragedy" was first played by Judith Anderson in 1941) and proceeds with poetry readings along the Carmel River mouth and the State Beach to a picnic lunch at Stewart's Beach, just short of Tor House.

A NEW SPECIAL PRINTING. The Book Club of California has released its "fall book," A BOOK OF GAELIC AIRS. Collected by Una Jeffers. Illustrated by Robinson Jeffers. Designed by Ward Ritchie. A limited invitation reception at Tor House concluded the Robinson Jeffers Poetry Festival on Sunday, October 15th. A full reception to honor publication took place on Monday, October 16th at the Book Club's suite at 312 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

BOOK BY PRIZE-WINNING GERMAN PLAYWRIGHT AND ESSAYIST. Botho Strauss, popular German author, winner of the Beuchner Prize for 1989, has published through Michael Kreuger, Carl Hanser Press, Munich/Vienna, a 64-page booklet FRAGMENTS OF OBSCURITY (FRAGMENTE DER UNDEUTLICHKEIT) centering on Jeffers. The cover is a Leigh Wiener photo of the poet. Part I, "Jeffers-Akt," is semi and then fully dramatic, a Robinson and Una dialogue. Part II (pages 33-64), "Sige" ("Vigilant Silence") is a series of aphorisms which seem to join into Jeffers' disgusts with the "facades of civilized life." The book will be fully reviewed in the RJN by a forthcoming Eva Hesse essay.

Harold Gilliam, environmentalist and writer for San Francisco papers, is writing a book on Carmel, with a chapter on Jeffers.

THE NORTH DAKOTA QUARTERLY for Spring 1989 (Vol. 57, No. 2) has two articles on Jeffers. Jeffrey Bartlett in "Jeffers and California Today" (pages 14-25) reflects on Jeffers' verse in terms of vivid recreation of place and sense of ecology, wilderness, and non-exploitation. Christopher Cokinos in "If We Can Be Saved: Robinson Jeffers Today and Tomorrow" (pages 26-39) provides an appreciative analysis of Jeffers' themes and claim to literary acclamation in an essay-review focusing on Robert Hass's introduction to and selections for ROCK AND HAWK (Random House 1987).

Tim Hunt has published "A Voice in Nature: Jeffers' TAMAR AND OTHER POEMS" in AMERICAN LITERATURE,, Vol. 61, No. 2 (May 1989), pages 230-244.

Paul Rea has an article, "The Inhumanist," in DENVER QUARTERLY, Vol. 22, No. 4 (Spring 1988), pages 113-116.

"Robinson, Frost, and Jeffers and the New Narrative Poetry" appears in EXPANSIVE POETRY (Santa Cruz, CA: Story Line Press, \$24.95 cloth, \$15.95 paper. 254 pages.

We wish to note a masters thesis at the University of Alaska, Anchorage, 1985, by William J. Coletta. "The Grammar of 'Inhumanism:' A Linguistic Analysis of the Short Poems of Robinson Jeffers."

Albert Cross, in "Tale of Two Houses," MONTEREY SUNDAY HERALD (October 8, 1989) writes of the conflict of interest between local homeowners and literary aficionados seeking access to Eugene O'Neill's Tao House at Danville, California, and Robinson Jeffers' Tor House in Carmel. Both have had difficulties renewing use permits this year. Tor House must have approval of the Monterey County Planning Commission and have a Coastal Development Permit also. Carmel's new mayor likens the neighbors who object to Tor House access to those who buy and build homes near an airport and then complain of the noise. Columnist Cross wonders whether those living near Mount Vernon object to the tourist flow or the residents near Lincoln's home in Springfield, or homeowners in Stratford-on-Avon. He interprets the California property owners' creed as "I have an absolute right to do as I please with my property [see the obscene eye-ball home built directly behind Tor House] and an equally absolute right to determine what can be done with my neighbor's property."

Leigh Wiener, outstanding American photographer, took splendidly candid photos of Robinson Jeffers in the mid 1950s (See Ann Ridgeway's SELECTED LETTERS OF ROBINSON JEFFERS). To help raise money for the Tor House Foundation, Mr. Wiener is offering two of his out-of-print books featuring key Jeffers photos. HOW DO YOU PHOTOGRAPH PEOPLE, \$40.00, and LEIGH WIENER: PORTRAITS: \$40.00. They can be obtained by sending check or money order to Seventy Four Ten Inc., P.O. Box 46278, Los Angeles, CA 90046. Add \$2.95 postage for each book.

THE YEAR'S WORK IN ENGLISH STUDIES editors wish us to bring to the attention of subscribers that their annual volume regularly covers materials noted in the RJN. Editor is Laurel Brake, Birkbeck College, 26 Russell Square, London WC1B 5DQ.

ROCK AND HAWK: A Film Biography of Robinson Jeffers, producer Alan Soldofsky, director Sharyn Blumenthal, has received grants from the Witter Bynner Foundation and the California Council for the Humanities. Part of the CCH grant calls for matching money. Contributions or foundation help would be very gratefully received. The project is very promising, a 58 minute film to be viewed throughout the nation.

The Kennedy Center production of Jeffers' MEDEA, with Zoe Caldwell as Medea and Judith Anderson as the nurse, continues to be available for classroom, workshop, and festival use through Films for the Humanities, P.O. Box 2053, Princeton, NJ 08543, (Tel. 800-257-5126). YB-748 VHS or Beta \$199.00. U-Matic \$299.00. Rental \$75.00.

Dame Judith Anderson returned to the stage on Sunday, November 5th at the Alhecama in Santa Barbara for "Poems of a Silent Man," a recitation of about 20 short poems of Robinson Jeffers. She was introduced by Robert Mitchum. Dame Judith is quoted as saying "I don't know why he is unknown. He is a great, great poet--way before his time." Of her first meeting with Jeffers in Carmel she said: "It was an instant love affair [their personal collaboration]. He was beautiful to look at, strong and quiet, with his faithful dog beside him." (LOS ANGELES TIMES, CALENDAR, page 53.)

Jeffers' poem "Ocean" appears in THE DOLPHIN'S ARC: Poems on Endangered Creatures of the Sea, edited by Elisavietta Ritchie (College Park, MD: SCOP Publications, 1989).

David J. Eaton's "Observations on Meeting Robinson Jeffers" (RJN No. 69, April 1987) has been reprinted in NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND REVIEW, Issue 14 (Franklin Pierce College, Rindge, NH 03460), \$3.50/issue.

DISSERTATION ABSTRACTS

The Newsletter has an agreement with Dissertation Abstracts International, Ann Arbor, Michigan, to reprint pertinent scholarly abstracts. The following are offered with DAI permission.

JAMES LAVARD LUCAS. THE RELIGIOUS DIMENSION OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY BRITISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE. NORTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY. Ph.D, 1980. 428 pages. DAI 41/05A. Pub. No. AAC8020670.

The most significant British and American literature of the twentieth century began in repudiation of religious orthodoxy, and with the exception of reaffirmation by several major writers, notably T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, Graham Greene, and Flannery O'Connor, descended into nihilism, as illustrated by Robinson Jeffers and Samuel Beckett, from which the most discernible trend is a gradual ascent into secular humanism in which the religious experience is calculated in terms of existence as confronted by modern man reliant chiefly upon himself. The paradigmatic illustration of this development is Saul Bellow's Herzog.

The first chapter defines the religious as whatever is of ultimate concern, after Paul Tillich, and traces in some detail Western literary development from theocentrism to anthropocentrism, showing a gradual emphasis from Petrarch to Sartre on man and his world, rather than on God and His, out of which the literary schools emerged: neo-classicism, romanticism, realism, and naturalism. This chapter also sets out the major literary critical schools, with a summary evaluation of each, and implements for this study a modified Aristotelian respect for the work of literature qua literature, permitting the religious values primarily of the author and his work to determine its religious significance for us.

Chapters II through VI comprise the major body of the study. The writers selected are divided among those considered "heretical" from the standpoint of orthodoxy, and those who espouse the orthodox position. The "heretics" are as follows: the mystical humanists--William Butler Yeats, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Eugene O'Neill, and Dylan Thomas; the social

humanities--George Bernard Shaw, Archibald Macleish, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, and Saul Bellow; the nihilists--Robinson Jeffers and Samuel Beckett. Roman Catholic orthodoxy is represented by Graham Greene and Flannery O'Connor. Anglican orthodoxy is reflected in T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden.

The distinguishing factor of the mystical humanist is the search for spiritual meaning which, while decidedly not orthodox, is a literary quest for a humanly apprehensible power beyond the self. Myth is the key idea for discerning and evoking that power.

The social humanist represents anthropocentrism at its farthest removed from a spiritual beyond. Rationalism is the decisive element of approach. Since the rational is not uniform, it ranges from the optimistic to the pessimistic within a discernible system of thought.

The nihilist attempts to negate all value, all hope, all sense. He is characterized by implicit ridicule of religious pretension without necessarily rejecting the concept of God. In Jeffers the religious yearning is intense, and in the throes of rejection obsessed with the Jesus concept.

While the orthodox are not uniform in belief and practice, they share common indicia, subscribing to the supremacy of God, and, if Christian, to the soteriological and eschatological work of the Son. They severely restrict self-determination--the heart of humanism--prefiguring final destruction of those who oppose God's will which they believe has been made manifest. Unregenerate man is their chief concern.

But with humanism in its most secularized form appearing to be the major drift of the modern literary trend, it may be no longer theoretically useful to speak of religious significance; significance itself may mean religious, in the sense that ultimate concern, the essence of the religious, will manifest in the quest for self as it reflects and meets in others. In the Tillichian sense, culture will contain the religious impulse by which significance is measured. This would mean, of course, development consistent with the course of literary movement since Western man decided to turn inward, rather than upward, for religious directive.

GUNDY, JEFFREY GENE. I AND ME ABOVE AND IN ALL THINGS: VERSIONS OF SELF IN MODERN POETRY. INDIANA UNIVERSITY. PhD, 1983. 243 PAGES. DAI 44/12a
Pub. No. AAC8406806

T. S. Eliot's poetry and criticism create a key starting point in the search of modern poets for a self more complete and flexible, more able to deal with modern life, than either the debased romantic ego Eliot and Pound saw in the popular poetry of their day or the analytic, logical consciousness of scientific materialism. My dissertation traces that search through the work of five major twentieth-century poets, examining their attempts to avoid both the frustrations of narcissism and the destructiveness of rampant egotism.

Thus Eliot claims that poetry is impersonal, an escape from personality, while recognizing that the poet's task is "amalgamating disparate experience" which is inevitably personal and subjective. Robinson Jeffers determines to "uncenter" his work from the human to focus attention away from the anxious ego and toward the terrifying beauty of the natural world. Charles Olson seeks to eliminate entirely the "lyric interference of the individual as ego," to undertake a neo-romantic quest for the "secrets objects share" while doing without the rampant romantic self. William Stafford presents an engaging, accessible self who utilizes the poet's own experience, not as private trauma or archetypal anxiety, but as raw material for an exploration more outward than inward, into the potentials of language and the world. And Robert Bly, insisting that good poems about the outward world cannot be written without inwardness, reaches for a surreal, imagistic language that claims to bring deep levels of self and world into the poem.

The tasks these poets choose share one basic goal: the discovery and depiction of a self with the sense of relatedness and value, of being "at home in the world," which our ancestors gave up on their long climb toward awareness. Each begins with the drive to be as objective and accurate in their poems' representation of reality as possible, and each moves into realms where subjective assent or refusal is the only measuring rod: the true self, and the full nature of its relations, remain beyond our instruments. But whether their poems offer only "split religion" or what Bly calls "news of the universe" they demand and reward our attention.

The conclusion examines poems by W. S. Merwin, Adrienne Rich, Jonathan Holden, and John Ashbery, chosen for the range of concerns and approaches they bring to bear on the problem of the poetic self. It seeks to show that the problem of the poetic self and the strategies poets devise for expanding, restricting, concealing or celebrating that self are central to understanding and evaluating contemporary poetry.

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MARCIA DICKSON. THE DESTRUCTIVE MOTHER IN TWENTIETH-CENTURY AMERICAN DRAMA.

STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK AT STONY BROOK. Ph.D, 1986. 177 pages. DAI 48/02A. Pub. No. AAC8710645

This dissertation consists of three articles: "Coming of Age: Gender Related Themes in Plays Featuring Destructive Mothers" is a discussion of the plays, the dramatic equivalents of the bildungsromans novels. I apply Carol Gilligan's theories about male and female identity development to the characterizations of young men and women in Sophie Treadwell's *Machinal*, Sidney Howard's *The Silver Cord*, Clifford Odets' *Awake and Sing!*, Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes* and *Another Part of the Forest*, Jane Bowles' *In the Summer House*, Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*, and Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*. "Hell Hath No Fury: Mothers who Commit Infanticide in Modern American Drama" explores the assumptions about women and love with which male playwrights inform their characterizations of mothers who kill. In the dramas--Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms*, Maxwell Anderson's *The Wingless Victory*, Robinson Jeffers' *Medea*, Edward Albee's *The American Dream*, David Rabe's *Sticks and Bones* and John Pielmeier's *Agnes of God*--the playwrights assert that the mother's supposedly natural emotional and intellectual weakness prompts the murders she commits. The infanticide brings about and intensifies the recognition that takes place in the hero when the play is a tragedy, or in the audience when the play is an absurdist comedy. "Mom on Stage: The Destructive Mother in Absurdist American Drama" looks at the influence of prescriptive literature in general, and Philip Wylie's *Generation of vipers*, in particular, on characterizations of the destructive mother in Arthur Kopit's *O Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*, Rochelle Owens' *Futz*, and Christopher Durang's *Baby with the Bath Water*.

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PAUL A. EDWARDS. "PUTTING ON THE GREEKS:" EURIPIDEAN TRAGEDY AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICAN THEATRE. UNIVERISTY OF COLORADO AT BOULDER. Ph.D, 1987. 262 pages. DAI 49/03A. Pub. No. AAC808270

The dilemma facing the modern producer of Greek tragedy is defined by Roland Barthes as deciding whether to perform the plays "as of their own time or as of ours? Should we reconstruct or transpose? emphasize resemblances of differences?" Since relatively little is known of fifth century B.C. theatre practices, a producer of Greek tragedy must find ways to relate a text in production to the present time.

After discussing the revival of interest in Euripides in Europe early in this century, this dissertation examines three important American productions of Euripidean tragedy in the context of their aesthetic and socio-political backgrounds. The 1915 Chicago Little Theatre production of The Trojan Women; the 1947 production of Robinson Jeffers' Medea; and the 1968 production by the Performance Group of Dionysus in 69, based on the Arrowsmith translation of the Bacchae, all reflected their own times as much as they did the spirit of the ancient Greeks. Further each production reveals a greater degree of liberty-taking with the text than its predecessor.

What seems to have happened in this country during this century is that the Greek myths, as they appear in the tragedies, have increasingly been transformed by the American theatre into new myths which provide stories and lessons suited for its own culture. As this occurs, the traditional text is progressively shorn away or otherwise altered so that only those elements which the participants in a given production find relevant are kept.

This dissertation discusses the productions mentioned above as creations of their own time and place. While this study provides insight into the versatility of Greek tragedy, it also attempts to identify the unique characteristics in the dramaturgy of each production.

CONFERENCE PAPER ABSTRACTS

OLD WEST NEW WEST, The Western Literature Association Convention Program for October 1-14, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, presents the following four abstracts which we reprint with permission. The papers which they reflect may be at a later time published in the RJN in full text. The Western American Literature Association deals with a wide range of Western authors, films, folklore, mythology, Indian lore, wilderness writing, biography, autobiography, and many other subjects.

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IAN MARSHALL
Penn. State-Altoona
"The Dialogic and the Ecologic in Robinson Jeffers'
'The Inquisitors'"

Though nature plays a prominent role in American literature, there is a surprising lack of interest in American literature that promotes ecological awareness. Part of the problem is that environmental literature does not seem to lend itself to the newest kinds of critical endeavor. But there is a promising relationship between Mikhail Bakhtin's ideas of dialogism and contemporary notions of ecology. Both deemphasize or decenter the human ego, whether it takes the form of writers interacting with their texts or all humans interacting with their world. Robinson Jeffers' poem "The Inquisitors" exemplifies this connection between the dialogic and the ecologic by explicitly and implicitly presenting dialogues--among hills brought to life, between hills and humans, between author and reader--that force us to consider humanity's effects on earth. The poem obviously expresses Jeffers' philosophy of Inhumanism, but it also gives voice to a human-centered perspective, leaving readers not with ecological commandments but with a problem to mull over and new perspectives from which to assess the problem.

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JOHN M. YOZZO
East Central U.
"The Nature of Things, the Beauty of Things:
Robinson Jeffers' Emblems and Order"

The poetry of Robinson Jeffers (1887-1962) functions as a metaphysical balm for the spirit as humankind continues to annihilate the planet. His lyrics celebrate the particular beauties of the poet's California coast and offer keenest insight into the rhythms of the world of nature at large. Jeffers' poetry contraposes the spirit of things with the nature of man, and prescribes an arduous rehabilitation for him. Man's reintegration into the beauty of things is Jeffers' ecological legacy.

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CHARLES H. DAUGHADAY
Murray S.U.
"The West as Locus of Tension in Jeffers'
Aesthetics and Poetry"

This study begins with Mark Van Doren's premise that Robinson Jeffers was "two men in one," and examines the indispensable role of his Western locale in achieving a geographic tension in his poetics and poetry which might account for such a view. In his poetics, his major themes are discussed as well as the origins and function of poetry. Further examination looks at his "laws" of poetry as well as his total poetic vision. Finally, selected poems are examined to demonstrate the working out in his poetry of his aesthetics. The conclusion about Van Doren's statement sees Jeffers as a "limited human being (who) could approximate the endurance of the granite rocks and the beauty of the soaring hawk with Tor House, but in his poetry, he could continue his limited life into his poetic vision."

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HAROLD SCHWEIZER

Bucknell U.

"Robinson Jeffers' Aesthetics of the Painful"

Robinson Jeffers presents a world unredeemed by traditional aesthetic interpretation. His work offers a radically new representation of the tragic by consistently demystifying the aesthetics that since Aristotle have served to interpret suffering. Sent out into "the godless hills of America," Jeffers' characters function like arbitrary signs whose generic characteristic is an incestuous referral to themselves. Devoid of any metaphysical reference or morally ennobling quality other than its own phenomenal "shining," the painful appears as the most reductive but also the most irrefutable of human experiences. From such a reduction of the tragic to the painful an epistemology of tragic value can be reconstructed that accounts for experiences such as the episodic, the accidental, the incomplete, or the discontinuous. This presentation sketches the beginnings of such a post modern theory of the tragic.

HUGE PITS OF DARKNESS, HIGH PEAKS OF LIGHT
by Helen Vendler

The poet Robinson Jeffers (1887-1962) is periodically resurrected. Stanford University Press is bringing out his complete poems in four sumptuous volumes; and from the ashes of "The Selected Poetry" (1938), compiled by Jeffers himself, and of a second selection, compiled in 1965 by anonymous editors at Random House, there now arises a third, "Rock and Hawk" (Random House; \$19.95), selected by the Californian poet Robert Hass. Jeffers' own "Selected" ran to six hundred and twenty-two pages, the second to a hundred and eleven, and the new one--handsomely produced--is two hundred and ninety pages long and contains over a hundred short poems. Hass has dropped Jeffers' swollen narrative poems (ranging from fifty to ninety pages apiece), which have now sunk in critical estimation, though in the thirties they made Jeffers' name and brought him an adulation normally reserved for religious cult figures. Even reduced to his shorter works, Jeffers remains, it seems to me, a finally unsatisfying poet--coarse, limited, and defective in self-knowledge. Some modulation of intelligence or sensibility is

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missing from his writing. But because Jeffers was a man of very unusual linguistic equipment and literary training, because he felt so deeply compelled to poetry that he sequestered himself in Carmel and wrote obsessively, and because he had an extraordinary fame in both poetry and drama, his work asks for a scrutiny no one would bother to give to amateur writing. He has had warm defenders of his craggy philosophy--Czeslaw Milosz most recently--and impatient detractors, like Yvor Winters and Kenneth Rexroth (the California competition). It is not his opinions I would quarrel with. His descriptions of nature are made with an intent eye; his sensibility declares itself with apparent sincerity; his lexical range is enviable. And yet I resist grouping him not only with his greater contemporaries--Eliot and Frost--but even with such lesser contemporaries as Moore and Williams.

Robert Hass, in an earnest, intelligent, and winning essay prefacing this selection, gives an honest account of various unpleasant qualities he finds in Jeffers' work. Among the adjectives he resorts to are "pretentious," "repetitious," "bombastic," "humorless," "fuzzy," "obsessed," and "hysterical." Yet Hass's essay is fundamentally a defense of Jeffers, founded on his admiration for Jeffers' "truly obsessed and original imagination." Hass sets this internal power against what actually appeared from Jeffers' pen: "The most dangerous thing that can be said of him, I think, is that he was verbally careless." The risky division that Hass draws between imagination and writing may be dear to the heart of every poet; it is certainly, in some cases, dear to me. The extent to which any imaginative ardor outstrips its verbal after-image is commemorated in Shelley's vivid Biblical image: "The mind in creation is as a fading coal. . . . When composition begins, inspiration is already on the decline." Beloved poets are valued for their imagination even in their less accomplished moments, but the distinction between fire and fading is rarely invoked for the whole of a poet's work. Hass seems to want us to take Jeffers' entire oeuvre as the work of a vivid imagination that never quite found its exact verbal body. Hass perhaps extrapolates backward to the glowing coal in Jeffers, while I see the-fading embers, the extant works. It is not humorlessness or bombast I mind (after all, Coleridge accused Wordsworth of just these faults), nor is it hysteria and obsession (which are everywhere in, say, Eliot and Plath). Even pretentiousness and fuzziness might pass (they are not absent from Whitman).

In an attempt to explain objections to Jeffers, Hass suggests that modern critics, uncomfortable with poetic statement, were seeking, and not finding in Jeffers, the modernist hermetic symbol (Eliot's rose garden, Steven's pigeons sinking downward to darkness). Yet that account is

unsatisfactory: critics showed themselves willing to praise Frost's plain speaking and Eliot's long discursive passages in the "Quartets." What, then, is it that fails to compel acquiescence to Jeffers' verse? My short answer would be "His moral timidity." Since I mean that phrase to apply to the morality of art, and not only to the morality of practical life, it may need some explanation.

Jeffers, though he seems not to have realized it, had a painful childhood. His father was a clergyman whose first wife died; he married again, and he was forty-eight when "Robin" was born. Biographers agree that Jeffers believed he loved his parents, and equally agree that behind the violent and incestuous family dramas that appear in his plays and poems there may have been some troubled Oedipal feelings toward his mother, who was in her twenties when she bore him. They also surmise that Jeffers as a child confused his father (a professor of Old Testament at the Western Theological seminary of Pittsburgh) with God, and that his subsequent fierce atheism and his philosophy of scientific "Inhumanism" were the other side of the Presbyterian beliefs of his childhood. After severe paternal instruction in Latin and Greek and after European travel with his parents, the young Jeffers was apparently too unusual to fit in with other Pittsburgh schoolchildren, and he had a lonely youth. Between the ages of twelve and fifteen, he attended European boarding schools while his parents roamed about Europe and the Near East. Eventually, the family moved to Pasadena, and at eighteen Jeffers graduated from Occidental College. He went on to U.S.C., and there met a young married woman, Una Call Kuster, whom he married eight years later, after she was divorced. Jeffers' graduate work was in science, and was perhaps undertaken in an attempt to find a comprehensive world view different from that of his father. In 1912, Jeffers published his first book of poems, at his own expense; in 1913, he married Una; in 1914, they went by stagecoach to Carmel, built a house, and settled in for life. Their first child, a daughter, died; they then had twin sons. During the ten years after the publication of his fourth book, "Roan Stallion" (1925), Jeffers became an internationally famous man: a consciously Byronic studio portrait by Edward Weston ornaments the 1938 "Selected Poetry," and Hass tells us that in the thirties Jeffers appeared on the cover of TIME and in the pages of VOGUE. His reputation, though it was somewhat resuscitated by Judith Anderson's 1947 appearance in his "Medea," has since declined; his achievements (praised by Edwin Arlington Robinson and Mark Van Doren in the early years but disputed even then by Yvor Winters and later by R. P. Blackmur) continue to perplex evaluation.

Once Jeffers had found his free-verse style and his topics--the sublimity of nature, sexual violence, and the pettiness or degeneracy of mankind--nothing further seems to have happened fundamentally to his mind or his writing. This is agreed on by all. Hass sees some superficial mellowing in the later work. "The mind has relaxed somewhat," he says of the poetry of the last years, but he adds that Jeffers "still hammers away at his religious convictions." Not much, in short, has changed at the center. This permanent arrest at the point of youthful self-discovery is the central fact to be confronted by any commentator on Jeffers.

It is not that Jeffers did not work on his art. He learned to purge out a good deal of his earlier grotesquerie, lines of the sort we find in, say, "Tamar," where Tamar asks the dead:

What shall I ask more? How it feels when the
last liquid morsel
Slides from the bone? Or whether you see the
worm that burrows up through the
eye-socket, or thrill
To the maggot's music in the tube of a dead
ear? You stinking dead.

More troubling than the surplus of the grotesque is Jeffers' never-purged sadism. Tamar's brother, sexually jealous, takes up a whip to flog her:

Sickened to see the beautiful bare white
Blemishless body writhe under [the whip]
before it fell . . .
the coppery pad of her hair
Crushed on the shoulder-blades, while that
red snake-trail
Swelled visibly from the waist and flank down
the left thigh. . . .
From her bitten lip
A trickle of blood ran down to the pillow.

Passages like these suggest that a braver artist than Jeffers would have dared to bring his sadistic impulses under some reflective scrutiny. Jeffers, instead, simply continued to act them out in verse, and worse, to find in them a justified contempt for the human. His sadism is accompanied by a fascination with the socially deviant. Even when he does attempt some analysis of this obsession (he speculates, for instance, that some psychological deformity prompts figures such as Jesus and the Buddha to form religions), the tone of hectic interest and covert excitement persists, unexamined. Jeffers' primary defense against his fantasies of sexual deviation, torture,

dissolution, and sadism was an affectation of "coldness": while the narratives and plays run riot with incest, necrophilia, women sexually interested in stallions, and so on, the haughty poet watches aloofly. This Sadean reaction to sexual obsession and physical torture becomes a mechanical one in Jeffers--one by which he seems helplessly manipulated.

It is scarcely possible to prescribe a dose of intelligence to a poet so intelligent, or a dose of feeling to one so hopelessly trapped in a groove of feeling, or a deflection of obsession to one so obsessed. On the other hand, unanalyzed obsession is the opposite of moral intelligence, of aesthetic inquiry, and of that modulation of poetic rhythm and tone which makes for melody in verse as in music. Jeffers' anvil chorus is finally boring.

The argument against an opera omnia of dominant brasses and percussion is not--though it may appear so--solely a stylistic argument. A ceaselessly curious investigation of a chosen medium is the quality that above all distinguishes artists from the mass of other people (preachers, teachers, journalists) who spend time communicating thoughts, messages, and personal responses in prose and verse. It is true that Jeffers spent some years exploring language, and that he developed an early form of personal idiom. While in "Flagons and Apples" (1912) and "Californians" (1916) he stumbles along in apprenticeship to Swinburne and Yeats, and especially to Robinson (the chief begetter of Jeffers' long narratives), by the time of "Tamar and Other Poems" (1924) "Jeffers' long-breathed style has become recognizably his own. Hass's selection begins with poems from this book, which appeared when Jeffers was thirty-seven:

The clapping blackness of the wings of pointed
 cormorants, the great indolent planes
Of autumn pelicans nine or a dozen strung
 shorelong,
But chiefly the gulls, the cloud-calligraphers of
 windy spirals before a storm,
Cruise north and south over the sea-rocks and over
That bluish enormous opal.

This is Jeffers at his spacious and lofty best. In his seventies, he is writing lines that sound very much the same:

The cormorants
Slip their long black bodies under the
water and hunt like wolves
Through the green half-light. Screaming,
the gulls watch '
Wild with envy and malice, cursing and
snatching.

In short, from thirty-five to seventy-five Jeffers did not change his writing in any artistically important way. By the time he was thirty-five, both his parents had died, and he had acquired his lifelong wife, his lifelong house, and his two children. Perhaps he was through with seeking, and was preoccupied with recording.

In what Hass calls an "explosion of work," Jeffers wrote between 1920 and 1938 "fifteen narrative poems ranging in length from ten to two hundred pages, four verse dramas, and almost two hundred lyric poems." A writer he certainly was: a modest private income and timely gifts from rich friends, enabled him to live without a job, and he wrote every day. After shearing the "rhyme-tassels" (as he called them) from his verse, he devised his all-purpose unrhymed long line--a unit indebted, according to one of Jeffers' private notes, to Greek quantitative metres and to tidal rhythms. In this flexible line, which may also owe something to Whitman, Jeffers could say almost anything at length, and did. The absence of a stanzaic exoskeleton sets problems for free-verse lyrics, since all poetic structure--tonal, logical, visual--must then come from an inner armature. Jeffers' turgid narratives (and Hass makes no brief for them) were carried by their violent plots, but plots of this sort could not govern his lyrics. In 1932, Jeffers sent some remarks on poetry versus prose to a student at Berkeley--remarks that seem to convey absolutely no idea of poetry as a form with a structure of its own, different from structures appropriate to narration or exposition. For Jeffers, poetry was simply more primitive, concrete, musical, emotional, imaginative, sensual, unspecialized, passionate, and celebratory than prose. It was, in fact, prose made rhythmic, intense and exalted:

Poetic content (the feeling, thought, and expression of poetry) may be found in prose also and is only distinguished from that of prose by having more of certain qualities and less of certain others. The thought is more primitive and less specialized. Language is more figurative, giving concrete images rather than abstract ideas and cares more for its own music. Poetry appeals rather to the emotions than to the intelligence and especially to the aesthetic emotion. It appeals more eagerly than prose does to the imagination and to the bodily senses. It deals with the more permanent aspects of man and nature.

When Jeffers pressed himself to go beyond such a feeble theory of poetic content, his remarks tended to be about what the poetic line should exhibit--rhythm and "singing emphasis," alliteration and assonance. It seems odd, given his long acquaintance with Greek and Latin poetry, that his comments never turned naturally to lyric genres, to larger compositional masses, to the structural supports of lyric, or to the modulation over time which is natural to a temporal art--not to speak of the qualities of concision, surprise, volatility, and intimacy so native to the lyric.

We can attribute Jeffers' indifference to such matters largely to the fact that he was not actually writing lyric. He was writing oratory--a rhythmical, emotional, sensual, and imaginative public prose he had absorbed from the Greek political tradition. And his oratorical stridency seems to me that of a timid man having to prove himself durable and masculine. Lyric for him is an oratorical sermon designed to persuade others--not a probe designed to investigate himself and his medium. A friend who was present at the reading Jeffers gave at Harvard in 1941 recalls that at the reception Jeffers turned to the wall, face averted from the crowd. The poet's attitude was at that time interpreted as hauteur; it could equally well be interpreted as the panicky ill-ease of a friendless, freakish boy (even though Jeffers was then over fifty).

Hass has omitted from his collection some poems once notorious--among them certain war poems of the forties, like "The Bloody Sire" and "Cassandra." In "The Bloody Sire" Jeffers asks the question that exposes nakedly his instinctive conjunction of beauty, sex, religion, and murder:

Who would remember Helen's face
Lacking the terrible halo of spears?
Who formed Christ but Herod and Caesar,
The cruel and bloody victories of Caesar?
Violence, the bloody sire of all the world's values.

And in "Cassandra" he places himself, as prophet, above both gods and men, who equally connive against "the truth" (a phrase, dear to ideologues, that comes easily to Jeffers' lips):

Does it matter, Cassandra,
Whether the people believe
Your bitter fountain? Truly men hate the
truth; they'd liefer
Meet a tiger on the road.
Therefore the poets honey their truth with
lying. . . .

Poor bitch, be wise.
No: you'll still mumble in a corner a crust of
truth, to men
And gods disgusting. --You and I, Cassandra.

Though the mellower Jeffers of the late sketches is an altogether more appealing fellow than this rigidly self-appointed denouncer of the degenerate mob, the essence of Jeffers' defensive and tormented personality lies more in the excessive poems (deleted, probably on grounds of taste, by Hass) than in the milder late woodnotes. Hass has also deleted the more maudlin of these, such as the posthumous speech of Jeffers' dead dog to him and his wife:

I hope that when you are lying
Under the ground like me your lives will appear
As good and joyful as mine.
No, dears that's too much hope: you are not so
well cared for
As I have been.

By sparing us poems like this, Hass makes a better "Selected" than the 1965 one compiled by Random House. And in some late poems he shows us the Jeffers who had at the end of his life the grace to doubt the sufficiency of his aesthetic of brutality and its denigration of human life. In a glimpse of a sublimity not of nature (which he had always responded to) but of man the old Jeffers speculated:

The hawks are more heroic but man has a
steeper mind,
Huge pits of darkness, high peaks of light,
You may calculate a comet's orbit or the dive
of a hawk, not a man's mind.

Perhaps he realized that all the California peaks and abysses he had spent his life describing were less "inhuman" and "objective" than he had suspected, since he transfers them here to interior steeps and pits, emblems of a perilous subjectivity like that admitted by Hopkins--"O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall / Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed." In his most honest

piece of self-examination Jeffers mused, late in life, on an anthology of Chinese poems--poems of a restrained aesthetic almost incomprehensible to him, since it got along without frenzied contempt, oratorical excess, lurid prophecy, or illogical lineation. His poem on the Chinese anthology is a genuine query, all defenses down. For the first time, Jeffers lifts his visor and gazes at Tu Fu and Li Po. In this most gentle of the late poems we see the Jeffers who might have been, relenting instead of relentless, curious rather than repudiatory, regretful instead of disdainful--damned, so to speak, to his own aesthetic of sublimity rather than boisterously electing it. Here is Jeffers' reluctant homage to discretion, gentleness, affection, friendship, and peace as aesthetic motives, and as a moral summa remote from his harsh Calvinism:

ON AN ANTHOLOGY OF CHINESE POEMS

Beautiful the hanging cliff and the wind--
 thrown cedars, but they have no weight.
Beautiful the fantastically
Small farmhouse and ribbon of rice-fields a
 mile below; and billows of mist
Blow through the gorge. These men were better
Artists than any of ours, and far better
 observers. They loved landscape
And put man in his place. But why
Do their rocks have no weight? They loved
 rice-wine and peace and friendship,
Above all they loved landscape and solitude,
--Like Wordsworth. But Wordsworth's mountains
 have weight and mass, dull though the song
 be.
It is a moral difference perhaps?

Jeffers' plaintive question "But why / Do their rocks have no weight?" is the cry of the Christian against the Confucian. Pound, contemplating the same Chinese poems, decided to try a weightlessness of his own, in phrases floating unmoored from the British solidity of blank verse. Jeffers, timid and unballasted among people, felt secured and ballasted by stone, weight, long lines, mass. His bluster--what Blackmur called "the flannel-mouthed inflation in the metric of Robinson Jeffers with his rugged rock-garden violence"--needs to be read as the long-maintained armor protecting him against an investigation into his own private terrors. Jeffers condemned "introversion" as the decadent practice of decadent cultures:

There is no health for the individual whose attention is taken up with his own mind and processes; equally there is no health for the society that is always introverted All past cultures have died of introversion.

He added, in a moment of monumental self-delusion, "I have often used incest as a symbol to express these introversions." Perhaps what this really means is that when he practiced introspection he found incest, and that the price of introspection was consequently too high. It might have been too high for any of us; but the price of finding introspection too dangerous is on the layperson a self-stalled identity and in the poet a self-stalled art. Jeffers, it appears to me, will remain a notable minor poet, the first to give an adequate description in verse of the scenery of the California coast. His ambitions as a moralist and prophet were defeated by his lack of genuine moral curiosity and its counterpart, an original moral vision. If Jeffers' harsh contempt for human history had been tempered by personal insight, and framed in a flexible style, we might now read his poems as we read those of Milosz.

--HELEN VENDLER

NEW WINE, OLD SKIN: VENDLER AND JEFFERS

by Tim Hunt

The cliché "the more things change, the more they stay the same" has been mostly true for Jeffers criticism. Proponents have argued for his prophetic power, his critique of western civilization, and his grand narrative sweep. Opponents (sometimes politely, sometimes not) have charged he is verbose, didactic, and dangerously misguided (or worse, from a critical point of view, merely confused). Now comes Helen Vendler's entry into the debate ("Huge Pits of Darkness, High Peaks of Light," THE NEW YORKER, December 26, 1988), an appraisal that has led some to see her as the latest Grinch in the line of academic dismissals that dates to R. P. Blackmur, Yvor Winters, and beyond. Vendler's charges, though, stem from a different reading of Jeffers than that of Winters and Blackmur, and they will need to be answered, not merely ignored.

In part Vendler's complaints are the familiar ones. She finds the narratives "swollen, obsessive, and mechanical." She asserts that his "remarks...convey absolutely no idea of poetry as a form with a structure of its own, different from structures appropriate to narration and exposition," and she suggests that "he was writing oratory," not lyric. For Vendler, Jeffers' "un-analyzed obsession is the opposite of moral intelligence, of aesthetic inquiry and of that modulation of poetic rhythm and tone which makes for melody in verse as in music," and she determines that "Jeffers' anvil chorus is finally boring." Winters and Blackmur, those ghosts of Christmasses past, would chime a hearty, "Here, Here."

Still, Jeffers is for Vendler a more complex figure than for Winters and Blackmur. Even as she claims the work is, finally, minor, she finds herself admitting that he is interesting and problematic--a figure who perhaps ought to have produced major work. Vendler's ambivalence may well reflect the occasion for her essay: Robert Hass's selection of Jeffers' shorter poems, *ROCK AND HAWK* (Random House, 1987). Vendler finds Hass's introductory essay "an earnest, intelligent, and winning" defense of Jeffers, and her remarks seem an attempt to clarify why she is finally not persuaded.

Hass, like many who have been attracted to Jeffers' work, considers the relationship between Jeffers' biography and his writing. He traces the usual steps: the unusual childhood, the tumultuous relationship with Una, the belated discovery of voice, the sudden fame and its gradual decay as Jeffers struggled to sustain his vision in the face of the world's increasing violence. Hass, though, finds a different moral, a different myth, in this story than the one Jeffers seems to have wanted to project and the one found most often in discussions of his work. Instead of a Jeffers who has won through to a new vision, an ultimate integrity (or rigidity, if one is on the opposite side of the issue), Hass sees a Jeffers who has won through only to a new dimension of struggle with himself and his vision, a Jeffers whose insight is still fundamentally a religious one but whose "religious ideal" would alternately, sometimes simultaneously, torment and console him." However much this Jeffers might at times turn didactic, however much he might resort to dogma, this Jeffers "is, in the end, an intuitive, unsystematic, and contradictory thinker." For Hass Jeffers is "a feeler not a thinker," and this is what shapes his work and makes it matter.

Vendler accepts Hass's contention (which she quotes) that Jeffers is a "truly obsessed and original imagination" but not his conclusions as to Jeffers' merit. To Vendler, Hass seems to be arguing that the intensity and complexity of Jeffers' imagination should make us willing to overlook what she takes as

his stylistic failings. Also, and perhaps more significantly, she concludes that Jeffers merely reflected his own tormented confusions, was "helplessly manipulated" by them, which leads her to charge him with a kind of "moral timidity." She concludes that Jeffers turned away from the introspection that might have transformed his "ambitions as a moralist and prophet" into the "genuine moral curiosity" and "original moral vision" that would have freed him from his "self-stalled art" into work of major proportion.

Clearly Vendler and Hass are at odds over Jeffers, but their disagreements reflect a more fundamental agreement, an agreement that is in turn at odds with the traditional attacks and defenses of Jeffers that largely share an image of monolithic prophet/didact. Both Vendler and Hass see a work that comes out of a continuing intellectual and emotional drama. One happens to conclude that his drama produced "many remarkable and original poems," the other that it produced a "minor poet" whose claim to our attention is having been "the first to give an adequate description in verse of the scenery of the California coast."

Most who subscribe to RJN will likely be partisan enough to side with Hass, but doing so involves adopting a view of Jeffers' work that is different than the one many of us have held, and one that requires that we respect Vendler's challenge to finish out the work sketched in Hass's introduction to ROCK AND HAWK. To do so will require that we find ways to establish how the dramatic complexity of Jeffers' introspection is inscribed in his work and how that does and does not sustain the various thematic, political, prophetic claims he makes. It will require that we find ways to clarify just how his stylistic choices do and do not serve his thematic; we must, that is, clarify his poetics. Mostly, though, it means we must accept the problems and opportunities that go along with a human Jeffers who writes his work out of the same mixture of strength and weakness as other poets, whose work is a mixture of insight and blindness, force and frailty.

In practice developing the line of inquiry implied by the disagreement between Vendler and Hass will require creating an adequate defense for the narratives, even though both Hass and Vendler find Jeffers at his best in shorter forms. The narratives, though, in spite of the stylistic problems they present for many professional readers of poetry, are fundamental to Jeffers poetic. They embody not only his ambition but his originality; they are the demonstration (for better and worse) of his stylistic mastery and his scope. Moreover, the rebuttal to Vendler's charge of Jeffers' "moral timidity" and his failure to confront his own compulsions is to be found in the narratives (or, I suspect, it won't be found) because the narratives are where Jeffers' torment and introspection are found most clearly,

in spite of our general sense that lyric, not narrative, is the proper form for such personal struggle.

Certainly Vendler won't be easily convinced, and some details of her discussion of Jeffers' career and practice may not be completely accurate and fair. Her reading, though, especially viewed as a companion to Hass's, is a usefully challenging one. If the case of Jeffers is interesting and significant, then it is our responsibility to show, if we can, that the work realizes this case, that the appeal of Jeffers is more than thematic, more than our intrigue with an "obsessed and original imagination." That is, in spite of her negative conclusions, Vendler has sketched issues that can lead us to new and useful insights, and for that she deserves our respect as well as our disagreement.

MABEL LUHAN AND UNA JEFFERS

Mabel Dodge Luhan (1879-1962) was one of the most intimate, and at the same time destructive, friends of Una Jeffers. Patroness of the arts and memoirist, she was born of the wealthy Ganson family in Buffalo, New York, February 26, 1879. After exclusive societal schooling, she married Karl Evans in 1900 and had her only child, John Ganson Evans, a future writer himself. After Karl's death in a hunting accident, Mabel went to Europe, where she married Edwin Dodge, the American architect, and between 1904 and 1912 brought together the most renowned international celebrities of Europe and America at their (restored Medici) Villa Curonia at Arcetri near Florence, Italy (see Gertrude Stein's "Portrait of Mabel Dodge at the Villa Curonia"), where they entertained the likes of the Steins, Andre Gide, Bernard Berenson, and Artur Rubenstein. Thence they returned to the United States and conducted an even more successful and celebrated salon on Fifth Avenue in New York, in an apartment on Washington Square in Greenwich Village, to which she gathered all manner of artists and radicals--Emma Eastman, Margaret Sanger, Alfred Stieglitz, A. A. Brill, Walter Lippmann, Lincoln Steffens, etc. (becoming a lover, fellow traveler, and abettor of John Reed). After divorcing Dodge and helping Isadora and Elizabeth Duncan establish their ballet school, she met and married the painter Maurice Sterne and in 1918 moved with him to Taos, New Mexico.

There she taught Indian women knitting and sewing at the pueblo, built a seventeen-room house amidst a cluster of five guest houses and persuaded D. H. Lawrence and his wife Frieda to settle on a farm she provided in the vicinity. After sending Sterne back to New York and later divorcing him, she married Tony Luhan, a Pueblo Indian, in 1923, and involved herself deeply in Indian affairs, thinking she had found in the Indian culture a wisdom and mysticism which promised to save Western civilization. Lawrence described her thus: "very intelligent as a woman, another culture-carrier, likes to play the patroness, hates the white world and loves the Indian out of hate, is very generous, wants to be good and is very wicked, has a terrible will-to-power, you know--she wants to be a witch and at the same time a Mary of Bethany at Jesus's feet." She is said to be the model for his "The Woman Who Rode Away." In Taos she continued her life as salonist amidst a colony of painters and writers, personally drawing to her celebrities such as Mary Austin, Willa Cather, Edna Ferber, Thornton Wilder, Thomas Wolfe, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Ansel Adams.

She herself contributed four volumes of INTIMATE MEMORIES, brilliant records of cultural life in the early twentieth century--BACKGROUND (1933), EUROPEAN EXPERIENCES (1935), MOVERS AND SHAKERS (1936), and EDGE OF THE TAOS DESERT (1937). Other memoirs include WINTER IN TAOS (1935), a day in the life of her husband Tony Luhan, and TAOS AND ITS ARTISTS (1947).

When Lawrence left for England in 1925, she turned elsewhere to find a writer who would celebrate the mystique of Taos. She met Robinson and Una Jeffers in the winter of 1930 in Carmel where Mabel was working on her memoirs. With a calculation that is admirable though a bit sinister she hooked Jeffers' twin sons and wife Una into a trip to Taos; the boys with promises of adventure and Una with the prospect of high intellectual and cultural stimulation. But Robinson was her target. He was, in her eyes, to become the prophet of Taos, a role which Lawrence had refused. She had hoped to somehow connect the two writers but Lawrence's death in 1930 obviated that. Instead, she wrote the biographical LORENZO IN TAOS (1932), in the form of an extended letter to Jeffers explaining Lawrence. She ended "Lorenzo" with this challenge:

Well, Jeffers, that is all I have to tell you about Lawrence in Taos. I called him there, but he did not do what I called him to do. He did another thing. Perhaps you are the one who will, after all, do what I wanted him to do: give a voice to this speechless land.

After that first visit in 1930, the Jefferses returned to New Mexico in 1933, 1934, 1935, and 1936 in the summers, and in 1937 on their way back from a visit to Ireland and England. In the summer of 1938, their final visit, Robinson was suffering

from deep depression over the loss of energies, creativity, and audience. It seems (Mabel's actual involvement cannot be precisely documented) that their hostess decided that what Robinson needed was an affair, which she provided in the person of the youngish (Jeffers was past fifty) wife of a Yale University Press editor, at the same time distracting Una so that things would take their course. Una finally discovered the trysts and, more poignantly, realized an alienation in her husband which was devastating far beyond what a sexual dalliance could have produced--a blaming of her, Una, for his perceived sterility of spirit. Una was beyond despair. What on other occasions would have brought her to violence toward the ingenue moved her now, her whole purpose in life having been negated, to attempt suicide. only a quirk of fate prevented tragedy: the bullet meant for her heart at point-blank range was deflected. She suffered a serious flesh wound but she was out of the hospital shortly and back in Carmel.

The letters in this series which begin with August 3, 1938 ("We have been home a week") reveal a Una who either must deny her naivete (the blind trust she had placed in Mabel) or who actually believed that the affair was entirely the doing of Hildegarde, "the snake," as she labels the woman on the back of photos taken at Taos that year. Anyone who knows anything of the story must be amazed that there are at least twenty-two more letters extending up to the time of Una's last illness. Three open with "Thanks so much for wanting us to come to Taos... if we came this year it must be late--autumn" (April 13, 1939). "I fear we cannot come to Taos in August although I would love to" (May 28, 1940) and "I wish we could stop in Taos" (March 26, 1948). Considering the fact that five of those ten years intervening (1941-1945) were war years when travel was unavailable, leaving only two years unaccounted for (1946 and 1947 show no correspondence), one might think that Una remained in monumental denial. Except for a downgrading from "Dearest" to "Dear" for a time, and a diminished frequency, the letters are still substantial, still filled with local news, enthusiasms, insights, family ties. If psychological denial there was, it was not focused on the friend's betrayal but on the failure of the husband-wife relationship. To cut off correspondence entirely or to say "We won't come" might have seemed to say there was substance to the presumption which Mabel expresses in correspondence to others that the perfect marriage had, for a moment at least, disintegrated. Una's protest in the August 3rd letter is that Jeffers' love is deeper and more devoted than ever. This evidently was the truth, which Una could not live without.

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LETTER 1
(June 21, 1930-postcard)

To Mrs. Antonio Luhan/Taos/New Mexico/"Los Gallos"

Card commercial text: "The world is a pretty ancient dust heap wherever one may choose to stand, and written history is a serial story of which all save the last two or three chapters are missing. The history of the petrified forest is rent, gashed--whole volumes missing--yet wind and rain and whirling sand have all combined to lay bare this treasure-house of the past, for such it really is. What race of men knew the living forest none can tell. Geologists state this forest more than a million years old. It was growing before the Stone Age."

Fri. A piece of this to build into Tor house. First night at New Laguna, tonight Winslow. All goes well. Cadillac & Ford going nicely tandem. All our love for you both. Una

LETTER 2
Thursday morning
(no date, ca. August 1930)

Dearest Mabel--Teddie came in just now on the way to San Francisco--says play is going fine, says Gabrielle has gone up on the train to shop for costumes --He sleeps about two hours a night. Gay and happy though.

Business first. I sent your mattress yesterday--at least I got it from Teddie's and took to the Wermuth storage who promised to wrap and send. They didn't know cost so will send you bill. I wrote a tag. I paid Weston for past pictures and the one you wanted of Robin \$55. Robin's picture goes today and Cawdor. We found your spectacles in the seat of the car long after we started. I mailed those.--

Dickinson may be willing to rent. Will wire you. Jimmie says he can't interest any magazine in the Manly story and can't come.

I kept oil in the Cadillac. Kept it full. It uses 1 qt to 240 miles. I got about 11 miles a gallon out of it until California and then one fine boulevard I got 17-1/2 mi. a gal.

Tell Tony! I know exactly because I arrived at Palo Robles garage with just a spoonful of gas. (Expected service station on way was closed.) Next morning I watched for 100 miles to see.

Robin had to change one tire on the way but no trouble, but I had tires changed 5 times at service stations. --Must tell you that either Gross-Kelly (not likely) or the place they sent me to have tire put on (Phillips I think--a green painted station at end of street) did a dirty trick, gave me a patched inner tube for a new one (discovered later). Gross-Kelly kept me waiting 55 min. while they got a tire from down town and sent me to Phillips to get it put on spare rim. I had the left rear changed as Tony suggested from one on back. --They took 1 hour and 30 min for this job. I never saw such ineffectual efforts. I found out they had left off a narrow rim that goes on and so finally got the tire on--and various things. I saw too that the valve stem on inner tube of new tire was a bent type and remonstrated said that kind wouldn't go on but man said it would (If you ever mention it to Gross-Kelly perhaps they'd know if they had that type of tube). When the new spare had to be put on later because of puncture of course it wouldn't fit and valve had to be replaced. --Then it was discovered that new inner tube had a big patch on it!

Your man at your garage either did a good job on the engine or it was in good condition already. It ran like a good watch! Smoothly!--but he left the hand brake about 40% effective. I only used for parking--it wouldn't hold up on the slightest incline. Also the lights were so poor I had to rely mostly on Ford lights behind. --Also radiator had constant drip of water.

No trouble except snapping of right left [sic] front wheel brake rod. Garage said I'd have no trouble as other 3 wheels were good--if I did not drive at great speed, so I did not stop for repairs. I will ask Chrysler place to fix.

We could not have gotten across border of Calif. if Ford hadn't been along. --At Daggett as we came along after dark at 9:00 great blare of lights 2 policemen held us up--took away our trees and rose and scolded us, said was a terrible root disease in New Mexico. Then he handed us over to license cop. I showed your letter and he fumed, said it wasn't worth anything unless before a notary, I showed him receipt for money order I had sent for California license, he relented a little but thought I was a ninny to think that enough. --Much talk and persuasion --let us through with warning to report at once to our traffic cop. --Now I have both you and my address when I sent money. If a letter

comes to me to Taos from Motor Vehicle Co you open and proceed as necessary--extra papers etc. have to be sent. If you have no certificate of title you must go to a notary.

The roads around Gallup were worse than ever--the desert about Needles was like hell but on the first desert it was cool with rain in the distance--and on the Mojave it was lovely, cool breeze--Boys rode part of the way in their B V Ds only. Ford behaved admirably, only trouble 4 punctures.

The lunch was delicious that Amelia put up!

Tell Tony I took his trunk from Teddie's garage and put it upstairs in our trunk room.

I guess that's all the business and tonight I'll write other things I was too tired to write on the way, and work yesterday.

All safe here and in good order except a big red-shafted pecker had gotten down the chimney into my tower room and messed it up terribly. It took me three hours to clean and put in order--

Dearest Mabel, we all love you and Tony--I think you are the most adorable woman friend I ever had--O dear--men aren't better--

A hug to Alba. She is a darling dog too--I'd like to see her grin and hop into the first vacant seat!

Faithfully. Una

Nice letter from Mary Austin.

O what a happy time we had with you!

LETTER 3

Monday evening

(no date, ca. August 1930)

Dearest Mabel--Such news. Gabrielle is expecting! She is so dreadfully affected by nausea that she cannot participate in "Thr' Penny Opera" at all but has retired to that rest house Hollyhock Court near the Point until she feels better. Teddie is very cheerful at the prospect of an heir.

I took your Cad. to Chrysler place in Monterey. They will take out battery and jack up --also mend broken connection in the front brake rod. First I had it washed and polished at new garage here. Tonight I went over to make sure Dickinson had wired you about their house. He hadn't. He is working night and day at the Forest Theatre Indian play and she is helping Teddie.

They had considered renting it to you. She goes east late in Sept. with her son who enters Columbia--but she has decided to return in a month so they will be needing their house in Nov. They asked me if I had happened to meet the Gaspards in Taos. They knew them in Chicago--have a picture of his in their living room. They admire him very much. They say she is American and a Chicago woman (that's their hometown) who likes to appear foreign.

I sleep gently on your nice mattress.

At the dinner party at Ellen O'Sullivan's the other night the Orrick Johns were there, Caroline got violently ill and faint in the middle and had to retire. Hope she isn't expecting! She said it was because of the snake stories a man from Boston and I were telling each other. --quietly, she didn't have to listen.

Peter Steffens sailed June 20, goes to Russia with a party Aug. 10. Will meet Rhys Williams there. They parked Pete with some old friends of Stef's, the Roes, while in N.Y. Says Stef wants her to go to Russia, says "that gives purpose to our whole trip." They have decided to call his book "In Wonderland." Peter says it's a good description of Stef. Sinclair Lewis has a son. Peter says he (the father that is) was behaving admirably, calm and clear-eyed and settled.

The boys find the ocean very cold after your hot springs. They shout with amazement when they first hit the icy water. Took bubble boat in today. I haven't written to you our thanks for your endless thoughtfulness about our whole trip. It was the loveliest trip we ever had and we enjoy you and Tony more than any friends we have. All of us send out love to you both!
faithfully--- Una---

[Note appended to preceding]

Wednesday--Haven't been to the village for two days to mail this.

Mattie Hopper came last evening. Said Jimmie has sold a story. He has to drive down to Los Angeles for something and she hopes he will go on to Taos.

He wants to very much and she thinks it a wise thing to do and his story-sale gives him another breathing space. So you may hear from him.

Mattie and Jane are going to Yosemite for a month.

"St. Mawr" came and I had an interesting afternoon reading it. There is something like "Roan Stallion" in that beyond human virility and fire and how well done the people--that Mrs. Witt and bored Lorrie and the little Pan-like Welshman! And Laura Ridley must be Brett. --

LETTER 4

(No date, ca. July/August 1930, on stationery of Godolphin Hotel, Marazion, Cornwall, but sent from Tor House)

Dearest Mabel--Just a word. You must get this money back on money order at your post office. If you will send me 1, 2, or 3 listed on printed slip, I will proceed with the rest of the thing to get your license if you wish--otherwise it will cost you \$6 instead of \$3 to get a license if you wait until later. No, you don't owe me any money. I owe you more than I ever expect to repay! I sent you the Weston receipt to show you we're paid up with him.--

Mr. Praeger said uptown a man said to him--"Tony Luhan is coming back." "How do you know?" "Because I was in the Chrysler garage in Monterey and an Indian woman drove his car in and left it for him to call for." Did you realize I was so tanned? -
Teddie has gone to the city to return some play costumes. We had only a word before he went. I told him if he intended to sell his house we'd rather you and Tony than anyone we knew. He said held come over to talk as soon as he returned. He said he wasn't sure they wanted to sell --Gabrielle is still very nauseated and in the rest house. I see her every day for a few moments--She always asks and asks about Taos. I think she must have been happier there than anywhere else. Just going out for lunch.

I love you. Una

LETTER 5

Friday Night

(no date, ca. August 1930)

The letter comes with a clipping from THE NEW YORK TIMES, July 6, 1930: "D. H. Lawrence died intestate, leaving £2,438."

Dearest Mabel. Did you see this? I am all agog--Robin too--to see what Frieda [Lawrence] does and says about the Taos book. I hope she won't hold it up.

Teddie is back now. I saw him today. He says he doesn't know about selling the house, wants to wait quietly and see what Gabrielle says when she feels better. He doesn't want to if she will be content here. She is still at the Rest House nauseating, and he has a gang at work with horses scraping the courtyard with some plan for beautifying it--It's all in the air; He and G- are

going up to Lake Tahoe for a few days. I asked him about trading for something in Taos but he says he must stay here principally--much taken up with the theatre just now. Perhaps by the time he decides to sell you will have much hard cash in hand!

I had a letter posted at Queenstown, Ireland, from Peter. Boat put in there in passing--having a beautiful trip. Warm. Pete in bathing suit all the way.

She goes to Russia Aug 10.--

Side lights on people we know are interesting. Steffens' Anna works off and on for Kusters--cleaning. She is going to have a baby too. She told Gabrielle that she is fond of Stef and Peter both but really loves Stef who is the kindest man in the home imaginable but Peter is more difficult. Now I think that's amazing inside information. Maybe Stef is all the sweetness and light he talks about. --but Peter seems to be so reasonable and ready to do her share and not demanding over much.

Mrs. Young Hunter had Gabrielle's horoscope drawn out a few months ago and it said for her to avoid having a baby for at least two years. So now she, Mrs. Y.H., is not happy at this going contrary to the stars.

Do you know Mrs. Gordon's house on San Antonio? A big handsome Spanish house of chalk stone set in big gardens.-- She came to me at the "Thrip'nny Opera" and said she would like to have me tell you that if you come back for the winter she would rent you her house for "almost nothing." Never rented before. She wishes to go abroad. I said what do you call "almost nothing"? Said \$350 a month for some months (6 I believe)--said she would like to have you there. I said I would give the message to you.

I went over yesterday and gaily paid the remainder on our \$9000 for altar-stone lots. Tony will be glad to hear I can now begin to save for a new car!

I don't believe we can possibly come back from the winter to Taos. Robin is now full swing at the work on the dining room afternoons and absorbed in his writing mornings. Our place really needs us and our prolonged attention for a while, we've been away so much this year. It tears me to decide but this seems best and it will still give our New Mexico experiences time to permeate into Robin before we come back. Things have to soak in gradually. I have to confess you and Tony are the first people who have made an actual dent in our armour of complete content here. A few nights ago when Robin was tucking me into bed he said "Aren't you quite well? You seem a little depressed

these last few days"--It was missing you. I hadn't felt all here. Funny, our friends and the Carmel populace are bitterly indignant at our trip to New Mexico. Our going to Ireland was bad enough but redeemed by our not staying out our proposed year. --But then for us to be enticed away so soon--It spoils our legend a little! --But I am not proposing to stay at home for their dull sakes either! --If Tony is likely to be too unhappy in Carmel this winter you must try Mexico. You might love it and some other year we can do the Taos winter.

Long past midnight--I'll add a word in the morning. Such a pest. (The man who kept our bantams) hatched 18 baby ones while we were gone and gave the boys 5 new tiny ones! I see an endless succession of them through the years to wrestle with Boys ecstatic.

Precious funny Alba. Is she chagrined about the size of the Ford? Does she squint and pant and wheedle for a ride in it?

I long to read your pages. I still, at a distance from the book, say "No one but George Moore pleases me half so much and he hasn't squirmed and struggled and been ecstatically alive enough!"

I'd like to read "Apples be Ripe." I like that title. Isn't there an old Dorset song called that? He must have caught the Dorset atmosphere even if the story lags. This is Llewellyn P[owys], isn't it?

I don't understand Gabrielle very well. She is sweet and amiable but lacks utterly the intensity I so enjoy in people. --I like people to be jabbed by love-and hate and to make adequate gestures or smoulder visibly. --She seems to have no really dear and intimate friends for an outlet yet doesn't seem pent up. I conclude she doesn't care passionately about things but is cool and quiet. She is now 25 and one is mature then--I hope to know her better.

All of the Jefferses so much enjoy that Buffalo hunt picture. I think that boy has talent! That picture is so vivid and alive and so Indian.

Blessed Tony Luhan. I want to hear him tell a long story about old days there! I hope he likes us even half as well as we do him.

Dear love to you from all of us. Una

LETTER 6

Tuesday

(No date, Fall 1930)

Dearest Mabel--We have all been thrilled with your story. All the characters so vivid and the setting. All of them alive and acting before us. --All four Jeffers and Teddie and Gabrielle have discussed the plot and will await to see you before going over it in more detail. I'm hoping to see Jimmie soon and will ask him what he thinks of it all--

Gabrielle is still feeling miserable but has some good days now. But she has gotten salivated which is very unpleasant accompaniment to her nausea.

Men are building on the extra bedroom and both servants room to the north beneath their old bedroom. The courtyard is now windless and quiet and is being paved.

Dr. Palache the great geologist from Harvard has been here at Tor House twice and awfully nice person. Yesterday he brought us two pieces of rare ore to build into Tor House.

Boys have been swimming every day and managed to keep on their tan--but not so nice as Taos tan.

Everyone here is still cross at intervals because we had that lovely journey!

Washing!

I must work. I send your typewriter this morning with this. All our loves to you and Tony, -Una

LETTER 7

Wednesday

(No date, ca. August 1930)

Dearest Mabel--Did you have any follow-up letter from Mrs. Knopf? Because this letter of hers sounds so curt after her insistent letters and wires to you to let them publish your Mss. Frieda or her publishers have worked on the Knopfs very hard evidently. What shall you do about it now?--

I enclose a clipping from a London paper. I have never yet read a favorable article on Lawrence in an English paper.

Did you see the letter from Aldous Huxley in Sat. Review of Lit. asking everyone who had Lawrence letters to send them to him. He has been appointed by administrators of Lawrence's estate to obtain copies and file for use.

I went to the third of the Wednesday morning concerts today--Harry Cooper piano--He played Brahms very well and Gluck. Two concerts by Buhlig next week. Richard Buhlig you remember.

Boys and I went out to Mrs. Vernon Kellogg's yesterday to lunch at the Highlands. Her book on Poland is almost finished. She amazed me by saying she goes to bed by 6 or 7 and gets up and starts to work at 3 in the morning. A regular zero hour for me!

We were thrilled all through with your vivid report of the trial. It was as clear to us as if we had sat with you in the courtroom. I wrote very discreetly to you in reply not knowing how safe your mail was at the time. What has happened further?

We are all enjoying the boys' map of the modern world. It covers the entire front door and is awfully in the way at that spot but we have put off finding a more secluded spot for it because we are all looking at it every day. Donnan is particularly interested in the redistribution of the countries and can't see it enough!

They have been out every day for over a month in their bubble boat in our cove. Robin guards them.

Did I tell you my adored Timmie and Maude Clapp arrive August 25 for two days.

The Beckwith house has been empty ever since you left except for one month. --I wish you owned it or one as close because we love you! And Tony. Your devoted Una

Today Les Liaisons Dangereuses arrived.--a beautiful copy--you're a dear! --I sent your Sterne ms back last Thurs. registered. --a few days later than I had planned but Robin hadn't finished and was too interested to let go.

LETTER 8
Thursday
(No date, ca. September 1930)

Dearest Mabel--I am horrified at the loss of your Reed post cards. I would stake my life on their being in the pkg when I put it in the mail. I had dealings with those cards when I was wrapping them at the last. I took off the heavy green and white cord you had put on them and substituted thin string so they would lie flatter. --There were two pkg of cards, one blank ones, the other written-on ones. Was the envelope frayed so they could have come out? This seems unlikely as I put string around outside too, and registered mail goes in a separate pouch. I shall ask the Post Office to send a tracer today.

Are you positive they were not in it when you first opened the pkg? Has anyone had access to your papers or helped you file them? The cards were mostly Russian. --And a few miscellaneous. Some I think Washington D.C. They may have dropped out and been filed separately.

Gabrielle says now she has a good maid. She probably won't want to let you have the house in Nov. but this morning Mr. Praeger told me he thinks you could get the Perry Eyre house--it is just below the Beckwith house on the water front (but not the house first next to Teddie's which always looked to me like a funeral parlor). Eyre charges \$300 a mo. in summer but certainly not more than \$150 in winter. It is a fine sunny convenient house. I will find out and let you know for certain.

Garth and Donnan started in at Monterey High School Monday.

Jean McDuffie and I went to hear Buhlig (you remember him). He played beautifully Tues. night--All modern except 2 Bach, one of them Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue. Love. Una

LETTER 9

Monday

(No date, Fall 1930)

Dearest Mabel--I went to see the Perry Eyre house and am sure you would find it very comfortable. The Eyres are an old San Fran. family--They have rented this place only once before I think. It is clean very convenient and the living room has a great window looking out to sea. Sun porch lovely. Heating by gas, electricity and fire place. Here is a letter from him next day, so write to him direct if you are interested.

(map)

I suggested \$150 a month but he wouldn't take it. He isn't keen to rent.

Gabrielle won't be fit to go out of her house so don't blame her for putting you off. She has been in bed over a week--began to menstruate--looked like a miscarriage--but was prevented. Her Dr. says she mustn't go upstairs once even until the baby comes. She still spits all the time. Her father didn't even write her about her coming baby!

Caroline Blackman Johns expects a baby in Dec.

My adored Clapps have been and gone. With them was H. G. Dwight author and diplomat (author "Stamboul Nights," "Persian Miniatures," etc.). Stayed four days in Jean McDuffie's house.

One day we drove down the coast to just below Jaime de Angulo's. The Clapps say they dined with you several times at Villa Curonia. They lived in Florence a long time. Her father was an Englishman named Ede. She was born in Constantinople. Timmie is head of the Fine Arts Dept. University of Pittsburg. Timmie Clapp is matchless! I'm proud to know I realized it when I first met him in 1904! Jaime de Angulo has gone abroad. He says Mexico was dreadful. He came back a good U. S. citizen.

Thank you for the Harcourt letter. Robin answered it cordially. He would find Harcourt a good publisher but is still bound by contract to Liveright. We expect him up over a weekend. He is in Hollywood for a few months.

Would you like back the letter of Willa Cather you sent me some weeks ago.

"Gallow's Orchard" is worth reading. It's queer. Did you have any postcard telling you to send wrapper if possible? I hope very very much you have found the Reed cards. I hate to be involved in any lost thing.

Our warm love to Tony and you. Always your devoted Una

I did not think these blankets to be woven Indian ones. Gabrielle misunderstood.

Write soon to Eyre if you want the house.

LETTER 10

(No date, Fall 1930)

Dearest Mabel. --I sent a wire to you this morning, also letter containing all details about Perry Eyre house. I hate advising people. I think that Eyre house the best available out here on the point but would be sorry to have you take it and not be happy. I think you would find the glass enclosed and with awnings sun porch good for quiet and writing--it is at north west corner. There is also a tiny patio enclosed on 3 sides and open to south. --Of course there is always the contingency that Gay will not be able to carry the baby to its sufficient time and in that case they would long to go away for a time--but it isn't right to think about such a contingency much--They are taking great care and the doctor rushes out and ice packs her when there are symptoms. I can't as yet hear of any other house that sounds possible out here on the Point.

Would you care to permit your Santos to be photographed and the photographs deposited in the Fine Arts department of the Univ. of Pittsburg? Timmie Clapp spoke of it and I suggested Ansel if he decided to ask you permission for it--but we did not

find time to talk of it again. I will write him to write directly to you about it.

I will return with this the letters I rec'd from you this morning also the Willa Cather letter of same time. Frieda acts very agitated. That's a fine letter from Brett really--Whether she analyzes Georgia right is another matter. Theoretically we must snatch out these best bits out of your friends and ignore all else--but I cannot and will not allow genius too many selfish manifestations--solitude,--yes--time to think and create--but never never any grasping appropriation of what is mine--or anything I guard. And never any leeway that permits them disloyal conduct--to feed their flame--nothing they could produce in any art would be worth that to me.

It is possible I know the very typist for you. --a woman of 44 or so--well bred, self sufficient,--very quiet but very amusing. Educated. She used to type here but she and Elsa Blackman have set up house in Berkeley together. Elsa teaches here. --I don't know whether she would leave Elsa but I think it possible.

Haven't seen the O'Sheas. They asked us to lunch on cliffs last Sun. but the Clapps were here.

Dear love from us. Una.

LETTER 11
Monday
(No date, Fall 1930)

Dearest Mabel--I do not know anything about your requirements for a typist but in case you are still wanting someone--This Edna Owings is best possible. She is a fine typist--besides being a fine human being as well. She used to have a cabin here and type for writers here. --Then she and Elsa Blackman because very devoted and have kept house together in Berkeley. Edna typing and Elsa teaching. She is reserved, loyal, educated and well bred--very quiet but a keen sense of things. It occurred to me it would be fine for both of you if you could get together. --I asked Burton Williams if he thought there was any possibility that she would go there--here is his reply--and the end of my interference and help!

Frieda grows calmer.

Do you suppose Albidia or your cook would write down the recipe for bread made with the whole wheat flour. --Yesterday I made some nut (chopped well) bread with it--oh so good!

The story of San Michele came just this moment.
Absorbingly interesting the few pages I read.

Our dear love. Una.

My diary says a year ago today we were in the Scotch highlands--
(as per envelope!)

LETTER 12
(January 6, 1931)

12th Night, only it's morning. --That's my birthday and I'd not
thought of it yet, yesterday when Blanche came and said "Will you
go to lunch with me tomorrow at Peter Pan--a special party" and I
said "Why, is it someone's birthday?"--"Yes, it's yours."

Dearest Mabel: Noël gave me the picture of Tony. I meant
to tell you. He brought me a bunch of pictures from his uncle's
and that was one and he said I could give it to you if I wished.

If you go to Mexico can't you go via here or come back this
way? I would urge you harder to come here if I were sure Tony
wouldn't be bored. There isn't much to do for him and not very
comfortable for either of you unless you take a house. But I am
eager to see you!

What a satisfactory letter from John. I dreamed about him
last night very vividly. I just received a new book by Llewelyn
Powys with a long inscription in it--Can scarcely wait to read
it. It looks just my kind "Dorset Essays." I may write again
soon. --Noël was just here to wish me happy birthday and invite
us over tonight to celebrate. Ben Lehman is staying with him.
Ben is one of your most enthusiastic readers. --And he is very
helpful, his lectures at the University have great influence. He
has been of great help to Robin.

Today--XIIth Night--I always wrap up my creche and put it
away. Have you ever seen it? --such darling figures. I always
have them grouped on a shelf by the door--(take the books away).
This year I had back of them a spray of greens that Mrs. Kiker
sent--the pale gray green with gray berries kind, is it juniper?
I have three darling camels among the eighteen figures of above--
carved from sandal wood.--

All our love. Una.

Boys just came back from Monterey disappointed not to get
the pictures you sent,--so slow framing at Oliver's--but good.
They've been waiting for them before writing to thank you.

Tell me if you hear how John's visit to his girls prospered. Do you see Alice often?

If you see Hanni [?] --or soon, tell [her] we read last night that Rilke book--so beautiful and so disturbing--it's Requium. I shall write her soon.

LETTER 13
Candlemas Day
(February 2, 1931)

Dearest Mabel--Just a note to tell you Gabrielle has a boy born Jan 28, weight 7 lbs+. She had trouble with her kidneys at the last and her Doctor induced labor a fortnight or so early. She and the baby are getting on well. Her mother is away in Yosemite at this time! Not named yet, the baby. To further add to excitement in the Kuster household--they had a burglar a few nights ago who took all the Filipino boy's best clothes and Gabrielle's jewelry!

New friends of ours are Lord and Lady Hastings (Earl of Huntington's son). They have a copra plantation on the island of Moorua (by Tahiti) --He paints and is studying with Rivera as he paints his great fresco in the Stock Exchange in San Francisco. He is going to bring Rivera to see us next week I think. --Hastings is a darling Englishman so decent and so full of amusing adventures.

I went to call at the O'Shea's--Mollie was away and I had a long talk with John. Said he was done for the moment about his work. He is feeling better though--doesn't smoke--but I got a head from his whisky. He is a dear person really--though a bit irascible.

Do you know Mrs. Casserly--of San Francisco--much, very much money and a great patron of art and very nice also. She is to take a house near the Highlands and subsidize some music here.

Robin and the boys send their love with mine. Your letter just came. I love hearing about Mexico and Chavez and Stokowsky. (Buhlig plays Chavez.) Mrs. Wheeler at Pebble Beach told me she had expected to have him [Stokowski] here with her. Her house has the most beautiful and dramatic setting I ever saw--you must go there with me if she hasn't gone back to Philadelphia.

Your devoted Una.

LETTER 14
February 4, 1932

Dearest Mabel--Your book came yesterday and I have already read it through again and repeat again it's a grand book: It's fresh, vibrating, rushing instancy (I know that word is archaic, so but I'm going to rehabilitate it); its sincerity and complete lack of pose and affectation quite aside from the interesting material--and the lyrical quality of natural scenery and the clear characterizations of everybody!!! As for Tony he is the great figure, the base of things and a genuine gush of affection rose up in me when I gazed at his picture! I don't understand Lawrence but Robin says he does completely--so that will be fun to talk over when you come.--With the exception of Robin, I suppose no writer is capable of taking as little interest in (trouble about) the sale of a book as yourself but I want it to go with a bang. I think it will be a fine sale. Even before the public discovers how thrilling a human narrative it is, a host of people will buy it because of interest in you, another set because of Lawrence and another because Robin seems connected. I've got the 7 Arts here to order copies, the Library, Zeitlin's Book Shop in Los Angeles, Gelber Lilienthal in S.F. and have mentioned it to dozens of people, besides to various people in the Liveright office and Random House Publishers because I've had many letters to write to them lately (Robin has just sent back corrected proof for this new spring book Thurso's Landing)--I ordered five copies which haven't arrived yet. I presume that the one from you they sent is advance. I intend to send one to the Clapps, to Virginia Woolf, Mrs. Vernon Kellogg, Washington, D.C., and Percy Peacock (London). --Also I've gotten the Kusters to order one. (They never bought a copy of anything Robin has ever written?)

All this activity somewhat for love of you but mostly because of the Book itself and to keep my hand in! I'm lending it today to the Hirschbeins who are leaving for Poland in a few days. She is to write some reviews for Continental papers of Robin and your book too. They continue to be thrilling--she particularly (and I've always hated Jews). She is beautiful like the beautiful Rebecca in Ivanhoe.

Peter Steffens was here yesterday--I've seen little of her yet so can't tell you much. She has had a low fever and intestinal infection ever since she arrived and hasn't been to a single house but here three times. I've never talked with her alone. Stef's sweet niece Jane Hollister you met--was here. She is much changed more human but little delicate and wistful--she was so complete and self sufficient--she has been living in Shanghai with her artistically inclined husband, had a baby with terrific pain--now came back to leave it with her mother in Santa

Barbara. She starts on Sat. for Switzerland with the Suggets and will meet her husband in Russia where he is arriving via the Trans-Siberian.

Boys are at the top of their class and doing brilliant work in Biology, History, and Latin. We've had to stop our Spanish until next long vacation. The boys are burdened in school now with other things but took great interest in the Broadsheets you sent.

Is there a chance of your going to Oaxaca? The excavations at Monte Alban are fascinating. As yet Robin has written nothing of length about New Mexico--It will come. The period of gestation in him is longer than in an elephant!

I feel in your book as I do in Robin's so complete a sense of getting inside your outer casing. --Because of the memoirs, probably there is no one I know so well as you--my knowledge of other people is fragmentary. Of you and Robin and myself I have realization of complete beings, real little cosmoses stepping about.

With much love. Devotedly. Una

Robin joins me completely in enthusiasm about "Lorenzo in Taos."

LETTER 15
March 7 (1932)

Dearest Mabel: I think no American novelist is writing anything comparable in power to the Faulkner things. Thank you so much for "Sanctuary" and "As I lay . . . "

Robin agrees too. --But how terrific. I'm not easily upset but that ghastly smelly corpse with its satellites--and that inhuman Popeye with his rough corncob nearly did for me. What vivid people--that boy Jewell with his pale eyes and his ardent will on that wild horse!--

I'm sending you a copy of that little Southern Contempo a Faulkner number--and these Carmelite articles. --They asked me to tell about when you were writing etc. --I don't quite see why my picture. They just had the cut I guess.

Gay and Teddie are back from ten days in Los Angeles. Baby very sweet. Ella Winters is feeling better and we are having better times together. We took her and Stef up to the Hastings on the Geo. Gordon Moore Ranch for lunch and afternoon. I have sent you several letters through Wells-Fargo. Hope you get them.

Everyone reads your Lorenzo excitedly. Some find you all exasperating but all say they can't lay it down until finished.

Love U.J.

LETTER 16
March 23. 132

Dearest Mabel: Your letter came today from Oaxaca. Dear, dear, I wonder how many of my letters go astray. I've sent several letters and a lot of reviews of "Lorenzo" and Robin's new book "Thurso's Landing" and the review of your book by Orrick Johns in Carmelite and mine in same paper. Have these come? An advertisement too of "Young Lorenzo" by Lawrence's sister and of a book of "Reminiscences of D.H.L." by Catherine Carswell. I wanted you to see my article--not so much a review as notes on the writing of Lorenzo which I wrote to cover two envious questions from various sources "Did Mabel Dodge really write that herself--how could any one write so well, their first book?"--also what right you had to address it to Robin!!! A number of Carmelites were sent to N.Y. and Peter Steffens said five different people had called up someone she knew there one morning to ask and talk about it! (The review) for your books is being tremendously discussed--everyone is reading it and getting very excited pro or con--for you seem to be able to exasperate people! A paper in So. Carolina wrote to ask if they could reprint the review. I think it's a grand book!

I've lent my copy to 25 people and egged on twice as many more to buy it!

I sent two copies to England (Virginia Woolf and Percy Peacock). It will be amusing to hear them.

Michael Strange came to tea with his son--Iris Tree and Ledebur are here. Jean Toomer and Marjorie Latimer live by Dickinsons here on the Point. I don't think that marriage will be happy. They are uneasy together and lack joyousness--They are dear friends of Blanche Matthias. The Hastings were devoted to your book. They've been here on George Gordon Moore ranch all winter and are going now to New York where he is to be first assistant to Rivera working on his frescoes there. Hastings is very excited to go.

Mollie and John (O'Shea) are just back from the East both very thin and Mollie crying poverty but with plenty of new gowns. John is on a strict diet (kidneys wrong) and pale but is very dear and in fine form, means to work hard. Has left off smoking and drinking (almost).

Ledebur is going to South Seas a guest of somebody, Iris to England. They lead a weird life sleeping around in corners or on anybody's shelf. I'd go frantic living so--

We introduced the Steffenses to Hastings and to George Gordon Moore and they've loved going up to his ranch. --He is living there bankrupt in hiding on that great estate--his wife's left him. Peter is wistful and more appealing than of old but I don't think she's very welcome in Stef's home!

The boys have been having a week's Easter holiday. We've been walking and driving all day trips.

I'm mixed up in a committee of 5 to start a community theatre! (Hush! For Teddie's sake I'm on it to take it off his hands and get it going). Olga Fish, Paula Dougherty (you know them), Charles Van Riper, Wm. Parrot and I. --A temporary affair. They've got all Pebble Beach and Highlands in and the thing properly underwritten. I hope to be through with it soon. I've no time for it but they wanted me very much to help start it. --I'm helping all I can.

We've got two Vanderbilts in town now and Mrs. Vincent Astor--quiet and decent folk compared to some of the artists too!

I hope you got my devout thanks for the Faulkners. O I sent you a paper about him too. We'd love to see Monte Alban. I hope you'll come & do teeth (sic). There's absolutely no one half as dear to us as you. --And no one in the world such fun for me! The best review of your book I've seen was in Herald Tribune Books. I'll save the copy for you. It's by Lorine Pruette.

Love from all at Tor House. Devotedly. Una

A wire today from "Time" says Robin is to occupy cover next week. Watch for him.

Your letter just came (Mar. 25). I see you have rec'd most of these items. My last envelope must alter it.

Orage has started a new paper in England.

LETTER 17
April 13 (1932)

Dearest Mabel: Certainly have the article I wrote used as you like. I spoke to the Carmelite editor today. He says it's my article and I can do as I like about it.

Hastings has gone east to Detroit to be first helper to Rivera. You could reach him at Hotel Wardell, Detroit. He would be only too happy to have you ask him about Dynamic Symmetry. He wished to get in touch with you (before even they read "Lorenzo" which they enjoyed vastly). He had a plan to stop at Taos and somehow work with the Indians thereabouts. I didn't quite gather how. He wanted to teach them some of the things he had gotten from Rivera about frescoes and get some creative impulse from them in return.

John O'Shea sniffed at D. Symmetry. I gather he feels it is a sort of formula students have concluded that the old masters used, from study of their paintings--paintings done instinctively and to start painting with the formula before one would be cramping to a genius.

Weston was here today. He said that Rivera, Orozco, Charlot all used the system of Dy Sy. or something akin to it for he had often seen geometrical drawings they made in preparing sketches before starting to paint.

Jean Kellogg the daughter of Vernon Kellogg is painting at her studio here at the Highlands under supervision of Paul Dougherty (who says she promises to be the greatest woman painter in U.S.!) She says this Dy. Sy. suddenly like a flame swept through the art school at Yale a year and half ago but as suddenly died away after it had altered the work of all of them. Do they say that a picture exhibiting true balance is asymmetrical.

Did you get my note in Mexico with clipping about D.H.L.'s sister's book called "Young Lorenzo" about his youth. Also have you yet seen Catherine Carswell's "Reminiscences of D.H.L." pub. by Chatto in England. I'd love to see that.

No--I wrote Mrs. Knopf all there was to say. Robin has no expectation of writing a novel.

More soon. In greatest haste. Love. Una

Ratcliffe, the well known English journalist, here to call, said Tomlinson said "No wonder the Adelphi magazine failed with the pornography of D.H.L. and the Holy Ghost of Murray." Also sent Orage's Sixpenny Weekly. Won't have a show. He asked Robin for contribution. We'll see.

I long for the Tony book to be done. Don't fear for it. Already in Lorenzo you have drawn an unforgettable and a true picture of him.

LETTER 18
May 27 (1932)

Dearest Mabel--Just a note this morning to tell of John and Claire. They have a house just about four blocks from us--not an interesting house but clean and convenient and full of light and we are seeing them often. I already feel a warm affection for both of them and I think they like us. John's face has a great sadness in repose--one feels he has been through a hard struggle. There is between him and Claire a settled and understanding relation which seems to indicate something permanent. She is a rare person both in looks and being. She has such a quick appreciation for the turn of events and such a quiet reserve with flame underneath.

As for John--doesn't every woman love him? I do. Tomorrow we are going for a long drive and I hope to talk things over with them. John gave me the letter to read--that you wrote telling of your mother's hard heart! I hope in some way to be of use to them but don't know how yet. They probably write you they came up here to spend the two weeks they had to wait before Mayer returned to Hollywood. The children are quiet and clever and British acting! The first day they arrived we were sitting in the dining room and they quickly skipped away up the ladder into the loft and read Geographics quietly and busily until time to go.

They have been going down the coast a few miles and swimming every day.

It has been very foggy-I don't know whether they mind--they say they don't. I told them I would have the Steffenses in to tea and Gabrielle and Teddie but they wanted to wait a few days so I haven't bothered them further about it. I shall offer to take them or Claire alone to John O'Shea's if she cares to go but shall not urge it--she and John are so sunk in each other and in plans that I think in their place I would feel very indifferent to bothering with a lot of new people.

That's all for the moment.

The French Revue de Paris came this moment and I've read the first three pages. Blanche makes you sound thrilling and straight out of a novel!

Always your devoted Una

Robin likes them so much too--they made friends at once and we had a gay tea party together Sat. Claire insists on our all coming to supper and she will make a curry.

I think Effie Gallows is a tremendous person.

Claire lived in the region in Scotland--not far from Glasgow where we stayed with a relative on whose property is an old tower set on a hill which Claire has often seen!

LETTER 19

(ca. May/June 1932)

Clipping: WIFE BURIED ALIVE FOR ALLOWING DOG TO KILL LAMB. Muskegon, Mich., May 24 (INS)--"An argument over the killing of a pet lamb by a dog today was revealed as the cause of the murder of Mrs. Mary Kozun, 37, by her husband, John 41, who has pleaded guilty and awaits sentence.

Mrs. Kozun was buried alive in a grave prepared in advance and concrete poured over her on October 30, last. Kozun admitted in his amplified confession, according to the prosecutor.

The confession followed his arrest two days ago. Kozun, the confession related, became enraged because his wife permitted a dog to kill a lamb he had won at a church festival."

----- From near my old home. People needn't say that Robin thinks up too horrible plots! And isn't this literary--starting out with the lamb at the church festival, lamb of God, sacrifice, etc.

Did I speak to you in any recent letter of Proust's "Le Temps Retrouve" last final vol. I want you to read it--particularly the few pages about the beginning of the last third of the book in which he tries to unfold at great length and with extreme precision the mechanics of remembering and setting down past events in his life. --It's in your line and you'll enjoy it. I don't know whether it's published in America yet. It was announced, then postponed. This English copy was lent to me.

I just rec'd from Noël Sullivan two vol. of verse by Langston Hughes. He is to talk here Wed. and Noël sing. Was he the husband of the woman I met at lunch with you in Santa Fe or some other negro?

Have you seen the Toomers? Jean Toomer told Blanche Matthias I was the only person he met here he couldn't understand--that he couldn't tell what I thought or felt. Some people might like that said of them but I don't. I seem to

myself to be so frank. I abominate small mysteries and silences, et cetera. Did he say anything like that to you? I wonder what their future will be--I wonder if it seemed queer to him that I accepted them so casually--I mean their marriage--that seemed to me to be their problem entirely and not for me to try to solve. I thought of them as just humans.

Did you know some friends of ours led by the Steffenses (I am to have a list of them shortly) bought and gave to us that bronze bust of Robin by Jo Davidson--and the bust is splendid! Infinitely better than when we saw the plaster.--He must have worked on it some more and of course the bronze is better for Robin.

--Orrick Johns and Caroline have separated, friendly but can't live together. Hagemeyer took a lot of pictures of Robin's hands--for exhibition at Legion of Honor Hall in S.F. Olga Fish played Sadie in "Rain" awfully well. Colton who dramatized "Rain" came to call--another day Sherwood Anderson--

You asked about the Bokes and their life history would fill volumes. They are one of those families so obviously marked for misfortune and disaster.

"Once a house has suffered the shock of a great god's wrath
The curse pursues its children even to the very last."
(Sophocles)

Prof. Boke a professor at Stanford or Berkeley, a family = wife, three daughters, Eliot (oldest), then Marian, Charis, and youngest child Dick. Summer home in Carmel near Ellen O'Sullivan's overlooking Mission.

Soon after we came here Eliot was attacked down by the mission on a midnight ramble, by a Mexican gardener. Prof. Boke developed softening of the brain and for 15 years it progressed in more dreadful ways until the end about 2 yrs ago. Mrs. Boke is stone deaf, but a valiant, cheerful soul always smiling and trying to "carry on."

Marian who is talented dramatically married Thorne Taylor, son of Judge Taylor of Chicago. He died in 3 months of pneumonia. Later she married an English born young man Ralf Todd (of a family somehow tainted with queer afflictions). Todd had come into a property which he speedily ran through and left her and their son penniless. He can't earn a living and has to live in Arizona for asthma. Marian drinks too much. They are divorced. Mrs. Boke has the child who recently broke its collarbone.

Eliot at a drunken party married the lover of a woman (the man and this woman--I forget their names were here waiting for her divorce in order to marry. They were desperately in love). He was unconscious when he married Eliot. When he came to, he went back to his love and they left Carmel. Divorce for Eliot.

Eliot and Marian opened a swagger dress shop. Eliot has a talent for clothes--the shop was robbed, another time some one entered in the night and threw ink all over the dresses, then it burnt and finally went bankrupt.

Charis married a young newspaper man. They were much in love, had a baby, then just before her second child was born he deserted her for another woman. Charis [was] desperate. She came home, had her baby, and when it was a few months old went to the hospital one morning to have an operation of a few minutes duration and no importance (something like opening a pustule on her back)--the local anaesthetic killed her. Mrs. Boke has her 2 children also. Charis died while we were in Taos.

Marian then was in an automobile accident all smashed--later appendicitis operation.

A very much loved young man here Jack Mulgart was flying over the Boke's house and leaned out to wave to them and went into [a] nose dive and broke himself to bits in front of their house.

One of the Hooper (not Hopper) girls went to call at their house with her new husband and as they left the house he fell down dead with heart attack.

Now I have to recount a fairy like piece of luck in their history. Eliot who has always been in very ill health and unattractive to men--was wooed and married by a very rich handsome Jew Schaffner (of Hart, Schaffner, Marx Clothes, Chicago). He provides amply for the family, had trained nurses for Prof. Boke the last year of his life, financed a needed major operation for Mrs. Boke, sent Mrs. Boke and Marian and her son John Todd to Europe for 2 yrs and keeps them all in great comfort. Also I suppose he financed Dick Boke's college for they were hard up always.

The Schaffner's have been married about five years now, I guess, and are still devoted and she has at last after much hospital treatment become pregnant which is of course very important in a Jew family. He continues most kind and generous to her family. No misfortune has reached them lately except the little Todd child or Charis' boy (aged about 4 or 5) shot the negro servant in the leg!

Dick has always been a fine boy but very sad and retiring. I do not know the family well but once Mrs. Boke told me that he had seemed more hurt by his father's illness than the others--decay of that fine mind was terrible for him to watch.--

Dick I believe knows a good deal about trees and plants and small animals--just recently married and writing a book for children.

They have always been a very devoted family. Mrs. B told me she and Marian and the 3 children are also going to Taos this summer. Marian has been very upset by the horrible accident to Kit Cooke 7 mo. ago--fall at a party and broke her back, will probably never walk again. Marian's best friend.

LETTER 20
May 31, 1932

Dearest Mabel: I had a letter this morning from Virginia Woolf at Monk's house, Rodmell, Sussex. She has been travelling in Greece and has just now the copy of "Lorenzo" I sent months ago. I will copy out what she says. You can show it to anyone you wish but it's not to print. She is so remote and precious--I know she'd object to any letter being used. I think she never gives interviews. I think she is important as a writer and so restrained that her praise counts. Particularly as her methods are so different from yours. "I am now reading 'Lorenzo in Taos.' I think I so far agree with what you say many people feel--it irritates me, and is yet the best picture of Lawrence I have read so far--to me who did not know him, much more convincing than Murry's version. It was extremely good of you to send it as I should not otherwise have seen it. Did you know him I wonder? I used to hear a great deal of him from Brett who occurs in Mrs. Luhan's book but not much to her advantage."

LETTER 21
June 9, 1932

Dear Mabel: I will mail back to you this P.M. your book of clippings and letters which I read straight through with pleasure and amusement. Your book is a success, not a doubt of it--with such rabid pros and cons.

The Ede of Savage Messiah is the nephew of my Timmie Clapp's wife. I enclose your Indian Boy kept inviolate except for Robin and my eyes.

You asked did I hear from Percy Peacock. I sent you the letter and you have an excerpt in your book. Do you hear from Frieda--What?

I hear that Ella Young is to visit Taos. Boys and I are going to San Fran Sat to be Noël Sullivan's guest at Green Pastures. I'll write you.

O wouldn't I like to read your memoirs about Maurice [Sterne]--the rest, for you were in it where I read last. He somehow seems outside your life. I want to get him placed better.

Friday. I sent off your book today. Inside is Indian Boy and inside its case is a photograph for you of Jo's bust of Robin in bronze. It's good. Love. Devotedly Una

I lent Mrs. Boke Lorenzo.

LETTER 22
July 13, 1932

Dearest Mabel: I've had an--having a really frantic summer so many people and so much to do in various ways--that community theatre and boys' vacation--and then by devious ways trying to make Robin believe that there is no one about. --Just now I've baked a grand ginger bread and am awaiting my tea party--such a mixture! (All self-invited and not knowing each other!) Hedwiga Reicher and a friend of hers, Ella Winter's Jack Black, Julie Heyneman (English portrait painter) and Mrs. Hooper and Helen O'Sullivan.

Well, here they came and it wasn't so bad. Jack and Ella stayed after and we had some talk. --Hedwiga is very handsome-- she was here in the early Golden Bough Days when Maurice Brown was here. She is much interested in you because she has heard so much about you from Elizabeth Duncan. She is (Hedwiga) built on a big grand warm abounding scale and that has done her out of a job in this age. No parts to fit her on a stage. She belongs to the time of long tragic rantings!

The letter from Ivy Low was very interesting. Ella knows Ivy Low and says she is a friend of Catherine Carswell (whom E.W. doesn't know) and Ella thinks this letter was written to Carswell. I showed this letter to Ella W. There seemed no reason not to--and I have been so discreet about talking with her of your things!

We had (Robin, boys and I) such an interesting trip Sunday. We went with Olga and Sydney Fish and their guests Irwin Cobb and Harry Toulmin [?] back to their Palo Corona Ranch in the hills about eight miles on horseback. They have a charming small house there, an old ranch house fixed up in a little peach orchard. Such a wild lonely spot in a redwood canyon. The Fishes are

charming. She is gay and amusing and full of fun and Cobb is really truly the funniest man I ever met. --He looks and talks just the same! It was a very nice day. --We saw an old bear trap where they used to trap the bears to fight the bulls--in the old Spanish fiesta days. A little log cabin thing with a drop door. I have almost persuaded the theatre committee to do "Green Grow the Lilacs." I think that's a grand play. Tex, the Fish head cowboy knows a lot of hillbillies who can do the songs. I hope it will go.

I've read and read "Glastonbury Romance." It certainly the longest book after the Bible. I like it very much. The feel of a part of England I love and all that magic overtones are real to me! and what from those bawdy country folks--and I can imagine Evan's obsession with the iron bar--Well, I'm nearly finished. It's a borrowed book and I can't keep it forever so it and Bertram Thomas' "Aralia Felix" have kept me from your memoirs which I've just dipped into. I will read and return very soon. Of course part of that section I read when you were here. That part of your life is bleak to me but I love to read it all as I do anything which completes my picture of you.

Teddie's letter--Well, I don't know. He is hard up now I guess but he is always in debt and has always been, no matter how much money he has coming to him. He is so constituted that he always spends more than he has and hates more than anything in all the world to pay a debt of any kind.

I am sending you a notice of the Carswell book. Peter promised to have her sister send it to me, but it hasn't come yet. I may have to reorder. I usually get Bess O'Sullivan in London to get my books so to save much. The regular charge of American booksellers is to count each English shilling as 40 cents which is to cover duty, postage, etc. It does cover it ten times over!

Mollie got tight up at the Moore Ranch--their first visit there and she never does, you remember, and Moore came home with them and stayed until 3 A.M. I wish I'd seen it. I mean Mollie, but we've refused his last three invitations and probably won't be asked again. It's boring to stay too long there and Robin feels cheated of time and Moore isn't too attractive. A strange shifty man with a certain power and evidence of events about him who tells rotten jokes every minute. Mrs. M. left him a year ago. She lives in Pebble Beach. Raving beauty!

LETTER 23
August 1, 1932

Dearest Mabel: I sent your Ms back several days ago. Thank you so much. I enjoyed it and emerged liking Maurice better than I expected to. He is, to me, an exasperating type but there seems a fundamental simplicity in him that I can like. --You are amused at everything so I mustn't fail to tell you that one day when I was as usual telling how fond I am of you a woman here who is supposed to be at once very spiritual and very psychic warned me very strongly against you. She said she saw you only once, you and Tony and I were together and you are attended by terrible and powerful spirits from Atlantis (whence you came). The notable quality about these spirits from Atlantis is their ability to take from people's aura any power or quality they covet and replace the vacant hole with an equal amount of malignant material. Tony is a powerful-earth spirit who fulfills your behests. She was amazed and sorry when I confessed that in general I had felt enhanced by my association with you and not enfeebled.

I got Rosa Winter, Ella's sister, to buy Catherine Carswell's book on Lawrence as soon as published in London. It came a few days ago and Rosa wrote Ella immediately after that it had been withdrawn after the sale of a few copies. It's well done but doesn't compare in the matter of good writing with the Life of Burns. She bitterly attacks Murry in it and I am wondering whether he had enough influence to get it withdrawn. I doubt it--there are many references to Brett in it and to you and your book. Tell me whether you secured a copy of this book and if you didn't I will lend you mine when Ella Winter has read it as I promised she could--Did you hear Lawrence talk of Carswell. His letters to her seem to indicate a long and intimate friendship.

In your Sterne vol. there are many bits of fine work--for instance that description of the near drowning is splendidly done--the way you felt when he was being resuscitated--that was a dreadful cruel comical prank with the cat and his teeth!

Night before last I had dinner with Blanche Matthias and Frank Wickman, Russian pianist, and Olin Downes of the N.Y. Times. Afterwards we went to hear Harold Bauer solo and in quintette with a string quartette. His playing with them of a Schumann quintette was marvellous. Yesterday I went to tea with those two men to Mr. and Mrs. Curtis--awfully interesting people. She is a Russian and he is a biologist pursuing some experiment here at the Marine Laboratory in Pacific Grove. She is heartily opposed to the business going on in Russia now and we had some interesting conversation. Downes is very nice.

Last Sunday we went down all day with the O'Sheas to their 120 acres way down the coast near de Angulo's only on the sea. It was terribly hot down there but a beautiful bit of country and John is great fun. Is John Young-Hunter in Taos this summer. Gay says he never writes her.

Today a letter from New York Public Library asking Robin's permission to photostat the Library of Congress copy of his "Flagons and Apples" since they are totally unable to buy a copy! --and very necessary for students to see.

Send me a line soon about everything. Did you find the photograph of the bust in the package with "Indian Boy?" Are you seeing Ella Young? Love to you and Tony.

Faithfully Una

Robin and I have stayed married 19 years tomorrow.

LETTER 24
August 15, 1932

Dearest Mabel: I don't know when I've been so interested as when I heard that Claire Spencer is there: I thought her "Gallows Orchard" a very important book of fiction--and different from any other I know--the atmosphere and the turn of expression really rare--and to paint well too! --I like the quiet fine sound of her. The letter of Naomi Mitchison I like. She lived right near our home for three months in Oxfordshire. I regret I didn't know her there. Robin read aloud "The Barbarian" this holiday. He had read most of it to the boys before. --There is something queer about her books. I feel as I read as if I were seeing her events through a thin very transparent very hard piece of glass, because she tells all the thrilling things as though herself completely detached and unemotional and therefore, however real and vivid the terrific encounters appear to the eye, they don't affect one's emotions. --I think this detached quality in her must make her feel an intense interest in your writing which is so in the midst of what you are telling every throb one is aware of.

The French article hasn't arrived yet.

Robin is sad today. He has been called for jury service. He must appear on Wednesday in Salinas--Hopes to get off but is doubtful. They are urgent about jury service just now. Stef had to serve a few weeks ago.

A note from Sara today. They are coming down for the day Friday and bring her sister Mary Patton and daughter. I think Lem has gone back to N.Y.

Mrs. Chester Arthur and Mollie for tea yesterday (tell Ella Young) with her a friend married to an Italian living on a hill outside Florence. She says the Villa Curonia is rented to rich Americans! --must run away going to buy boys' school clothes. Start in Monday alas. With fondest love. Una

Mexico this winter?

August 2 Robin and I have stayed married 29 years. yrs. yesterday in Tor House.

I hope Brett's book gets published.

LETTER 25

(ca. September 18, 1932)

Friday

Dearest Mabel: My thoughts race to you and what you are doing although I am so slow with letters just now. Everybody is in Carmel--not all at once--stringing along and my time is used up. Blanche Matthias is here. Has taken Frank Wickman's house at the Highlands. --The Woods, Sara etc., are here over Sunday in Noël Sullivan's house. We are going to dine at O'Sheas' tonight in honor of Ella Young. I'll try to write you tomorrow about her and all.

The Toomers are leaving Monday I believe going to Taos. I haven't seen much of them but we've had a few nice times together. She is expecting you know? I think she is finding life difficult.

If you want to know anything more about Dynamic Sym. and Rivera, write to Albert Barrows, whom Phoebe questioned, 217-14th Ave. S.F. Calls it Golden Section a poetic name for geometric line and division. He used to draw some of the preliminary geometric diagrams for Diego R. He thinks Rivera somewhat credulous I believe and thinks he swallowed the whole system some years ago in Paris--without altogether comprehending it or analyzing. Followed Picasso who did know.

I haven't told you I think how busy I've been with the theatre! It's a long tale--Teddie had to get out of it (finances), also boredom of it, I think, and he got me to go into a committee who have tried to work out a community theatre properly underwritten by subscriptions of \$35 from individuals.

They seemed all to think I was helpful on the thing but my mind is very far from theatre projects. However the committee of 6 had 3 women. Olga Fish, Paula Daugherty (you remember her at Molly's) and me. The first show, "The Firebrand," went on last night and was a success. Paula was the Duchess. A permanent body of directors will take charge soon and I hope to get out. I think I've done Teddie a good turn however. Galt Bell is the play director. Teddie had to promise to keep out of it before the thing went through. We have leased the theatre for a year.

I've got to stop now. I've promised Olga Fish to go to first rehearsal of "Rain" this P.M. She is to do Sadie. No, if you ask, there is no danger of my appearing on any stage in any play.

Thank you so much for sending your War & Peace. Robin and I read it the year before boys were born and are ready now to do it again. It's magnificent! The boys will enjoy it. "Hatter's Castle" came today. I've read it aloud. It's the best novel of last year. I already know from excerpts.

I love you best of any woman! So don't forget even when I can't get to letters. Una

An erratum in "Thurso:" cross out s in Taos Mountains (title) [sic--"New Mexican Mountain"].

A fine letter from Hapgood--do you want it back? Is that a copy?

You've really enjoyed the Stokowskys --I hope to know them. --He sometimes visits a woman I know who is a patroness of the Philadelphia orchestra and has a beautiful house here she comes to sometimes on the cliff in the most beautiful part beyond Pebble Beach. --Her name is Wheeler. --She was formerly married to Hobart--was a great friend of Gladys Deacon and her mother (was she scandalous somehow--?) Anyway she was eager to hear of you in Florence one day when I was lunching with her and knew everybody over there--She is in India now but usually comes here for a few months each year.

We all love you always and thank you for John and Claire. I don't know that we were any help except that we did form a real friendship and it is a sort of sustaining thing to see a settled household with a solid core, and not uninspired.

Devotedly. Una

LETTER 26
September 21, 1932

Dearest Mabel: I had a note from John today saying he had an engagement for today with Mayer so perhaps by the time you get this you will have had a note as to the result. I do hope John gets something that he wants. He would hate living in Hollywood I think--writing quietly in some remote and beautiful countryside with Claire at hand. That's what he wants I think. --0 he is a nice person, Mabel, Robin and I both charmed with him--so honest and downright, so utterly lacking in pose besides being handsome and liking things we like! --Claire is most unusual too with her beautiful face and her humor and sense! and so able to face things. They are deeply in love and quietly at ease together. We had many good times together--down the coast and up Robinson Canyon and one day out in a boat from Monterey Bay and caught 65 fish and 2 sharks. Donnan and Garth thought this almost the nicest time they ever had. I liked the cruising but don't care much to fish. I took them to Gabrielle's to tea and they say were once or twice more. I don't think they cared very much for Teddie who was upset about theatre affairs. They met Ella Winter here once. --They did not care to know people, John O'Shea, etc., this time. I hope they will come back when they are more settled about plans. My boys were fascinated with John. Awfully clever and well behaved children, Claire's are. Robin was so interested in her talk about her early life in Scotland--sounded like some of "Hatter's Castle." Did I tell you she lived near the relatives we visited near Paisley and know the ancient tower on the hill in their property.

Are you still interested in Faulkner? There is a very interesting article on him and contrasting his work with Robin's in an old Bookman--Sept of 1931. Can you get it from your Santa Fe Library file--it's worth reading.

I return Toomer's letter. I think it's too glib and literary for so soon after her death.

John asked me to send on these verses of his to you. They have a sensitive beauty.

I have enjoyed very much having the Revue de Paris. I have asked a friend to get me a copy in Paris and will mail yours in a couple of days back to you. I want to show it to the O'Sheas tomorrow. We are going there to dine.

Blanche writes well--Those first three pages bring back to me the Florence I knew and longed for from Clapp's talk (about 1910). --The thrilling and shadowy unreal figures against a beautiful background, moving about their exquisite and useless

businesses (nuance was the word!), divorced from reality. I can see the beautiful landscapes through the villa windows and smell the faint acrid perfume of burning olive branches. In those old days in that dreadful Los Angeles I hated I used to be faint with longing for that very scene you were acting in! It seems pretty far away now!

LETTER 27

October 26, 1932

Dearest Mabel: We had a note from John after he got to Taxco telling of flu and floods on the way and beautiful weather and flowers when they got there. I think your characterization of Claire perfect. She is strange and still and deep with a perfect volcano of passion inside. I should feel that I must stretch myself to keep her interested and amused if I were her lover but John seems to take her very calmly and simply and they were very content together. They are the most interesting thing that has happened to us since you.

I've been busy. I think I told you Sara and Erskine were here for three weeks in Noël Sullivan's house. They had no chauffeur so I helped them about. Sara's book "Barabbas" is out. And Ella Young's "Unicorn with the Silver Shoes." --When shall we see Brett's? Ella Winter is just about to go to New York to "see her book through the press." It's just finished. Called "Red Virtue."

Robin's "Tower Beyond Tragedy" is to be put on at the University Little Theatre at Berkeley Nov. 8 and 9. I wish I could go up to see it, but he won't and it's so involved getting away to do things that I won't attempt to go.

I see that Stokowsky insists upon using some modern music after all even though the directors of the Philharmonic at Philadelphia had agreed not to disturb people's minds with any new noises during the depression! There was an article by Olin Downes in the N.Y. Times. --Do you know him? I saw him several times lately at dinner at Blanche [Matthias].

Amusing talk. I wonder whether I told you Orrick Johns and Caroline are separated. And she has gotten so queer that people think her mind is deranged. A queer dumb lost look about her. Are you going to Mexico this winter?

All our love --- Una.

NOTES

LETTER 1 - June 21, 1930

"Los Gallos." The Roosters was the name Mabel had given to the main compound in Taos. The postcard records a section of the return trip from the Jefferses first visit to Taos. Summer climate ranged from tolerable to pleasant: the trip to and from was (in Una's word) "Hell."

Una and Robinson evidently were taking the Luhan Cadillac to Carmel so that Mabel and Tony could use it on a planned visit.

The Jefferses collected stones from all over the world to incorporate into Tor House and Hawk Tower. See Donnan Jeffers' pamphlet, THE STONES OF TOR HOUSE. Carmel, n.d., 10 pages.

Taos is 70 road miles north of Santa Fe, which itself is 60 miles northeast of Albuquerque.

Laguna lies 45 miles and Winslow 270 miles west of Albuquerque (60 miles east of Flagstaff, Arizona), both on Route 66. The Petrified Forest and Painted Desert straddle Highway 66 about 60 miles short of Winslow.

LETTER 2 - Thursday, August (n.d.) 1930

Teddie is, of course, Una's first husband, Edward Kuster, who moved to Carmel and built a stone house seemingly imitative of Tor House, a few hundred yards northeast of the Jefferses. Gay (Gabrielle) Young-Hunter was his fourth wife, daughter of John and Mary Young-Hunter; he a portrait painter, she also a painter, both connected with Taos. Teddie Kuster founded the Golden Bough Theatre on Carmel's Ocean Avenue and directed, produced, and acted in plays for the community over many years.

Edward Weston (1886-1958), famous photographer, came to Carmel after a sojourn in Mexico in 1923. The Jefferses appear in Weston's DAY BOOKS (1961/66): Robinson wrote a preface for FIFTY PHOTOGRAPHS (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1947), text by Merle Armitage.

CAWDOR AND OTHER POEMS had been published by Boni & Liveright in 1928.

Dickinson was a Carmel neighbor whose house was near Carmel Point.

Jimmie Hopper (1876-1956), friend and short story writer, had lived in Carmel for some years.

Paso Robles, California, is a city 98 miles south of Salinas on Highway 101 and about 130 miles from Carmel.

Gross-Kelly and Phillips were evidently auto establishments either in Taos or Santa Fe.

Daggett is a California town 10 miles east of Barstow, 140 miles west of the Arizona border on Route 66. Una does not say why they were stopped at this point instead of at the border. California conducts a strict agricultural inspection. It is not clear why the Cadillac needed a California vehicle license.

Gallup is 22 miles from New Mexico's border with Arizona. Needles is located on the California side of the Colorado River at the state border.

The first desert may be the Colorado, stretching north from Mexico. The second is the Mojave, reaching from Joshua Tree through Death Valley along the eastern border of California.

Amelia was a Mexican servant of the Luhans. Alba was their dog.

Mary Austin (1868-1934), poet, critic, novelist, playwright, mystic, author of 32 books, had lived in Carmel before the Jefferses' advent in 1914. From 1910 she alternated between Carmel and New York. In 1924 she took up residence in Santa Fe. Her adobe house, Casa Querida, was a gathering place for literary friends and locus for cultural activities, paralleling Mabel's Los Gallos.

LETTER 3 - (n.d., ca. August 1930)

Gabrielle Kuster bore a son, Colin, on January 28, 1931.

Gaspard, as is evident, was a painter.

Ellen O'Sullivan was a friend through Noël Sullivan, living nearby in Carmel.

Orrick Johns (1887-1946), editor, reviewer, dramatist, biographer, poet, was associated with radical causes in politics, the labor movement, and writing. He died by his own hand.

Peter is Ella Winter, wife of Socialist and muckraker, Lincoln Steffens, who lived in Carmel on San Antonio till Steffens' death. Pete is their son.

Sinclair Lewis was Nobel Prize winner that year (the first American novelist to be so honored).

Donnan and Garth Jeffers had an inflatable dinghy which they would paddle in the cove in front of Tor House.

Jimmie Hopper, American short story writer and novelist mentioned in a prior note, collected his stories in at least three volumes. He collaborated with Frederick Bechdolt, another Carmel resident, on a novel "9009," about American prison life. He was considered a founder of the Carmel Bohemian colony.

D. H. Lawrence's ST MAWR (1925) has been compared to "Roan Stallion" (1925) elsewhere.

Dorothy Brett, daughter of Viscount Esher, came to Taos with D.H. Lawrence and stayed for the remainder of her life, painting in a remote mountain cabin of the ranch Mabel had given to Lawrence.

LETTER 4 - (n.d., July/August 1930)

The license is evidently a California Department of Motor Vehicles permit for the Luhan Cadillac.

Mr. Praeger was a neighbor.

LETTER 5 - (n.d., August 1930)

D. H. Lawrence's wife, Frieda (1879-1956), lived in Taos at various times after her husband's death, having a love/hate relationship with Mabel. Born Frieda von Richthofen (sister of the German World War I flying ace, Baron Manfred von Richthofen), she had married Ernst Weekley, an English lexicographer, when Lawrence fell in love and had her elope with him in 1914. He claimed she freed him from repressions and inhibitions. She wrote a memoir of Lawrence, NOT I BUT THE WIND, in 1934.

The "Taos book" is probably LORENZO IN TAOS (1932) which is a study of D. H. Lawrence framed as a letter to Robinson Jeffers and published by Knopf in 1932.

Teddie Kuster had been considering selling his Carmel house: Una thinks Mabel and Tony may wish to buy it.

Peter, again, is Ella Winter, wife of Lincoln Steffens.

Mary Young-Hunter is Gabrielle Kuster's mother.

The "altar stone" lots were at the northeast corner of the city block on which Tor House was situated, bounded by Scenic Way, Stuart Way, and Ocean View. The altar stone was a 5 foot oblong, perpendicular sandstone rock jutting from the ground. Legend had it that it was used as an altar in local Indian ceremonies.

The Jefferses were not to return to Taos till the summer of 1933.

George Moore (1852-1933) was an Irish author who became a special study of Una Jeffers. Jeffers' "Dear Judas" seems to have interesting relationships with Moore's THE BROOK KERITH (1916).

Llewelyn Powys (1884-1939), English novelist, was to write DORSET ESSAYS (London 1935) which intrigued Una.

LETTER 6 - Tuesday (n.d., Fall 1930)

Mabel had evidently written a short story or novella.

Dr. Charles Palache (1869-1954) published prolifically. A typical title: CATALOGUE OF THE COLLECTION OF THE METEORITES IN THE MINERALOGICAL MUSEUM AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY (Boston 1926).

LETTER 7 - Wednesday (n.d., August 1930)

Blanche Knopf, wife of Alfred, co-founded the publishing firm which bears their name; she became president of the company in 1957.

Aldous Huxley, English novelist (BRAVE NEW WORLD, 1932), lived in Los Angeles and visited the Jefferses at Tor House.

Richard Buhlig (1880-1952) was a pianist and teacher who studied under Theodor Leschetizky.

Mrs. Vernon (Charlotte) Kellogg's book on Poland was JADWIGA: POLAND'S GREATEST QUEEN (Macmillan 1931).

The "trial" seems to refer to the entertainment factor in Taos-- the local courts which aired all manner of dramatic criminality.

The Beckwith house was next to the Kuster's, a few hundred yards from Tor House.

The Sterne manuscripts refer to that part of Mabel's INTIMATE MEMORIES which dealt with Maurice Sterne, American painter, her third husband, who had accompanied her to Taos.

LETTER 8 - (ca. September 1930)

John Reed (1887-1920), a former lover of Mabel Luhan, was the famous American journalist, poet, and Communist, author of TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD (1919).

Garth and Donnan Jeffers attended Monterey High School from 1930 until 1933, taking courses also after graduation.

Jean and Duncan McDuffie were friends who lived in San Francisco's East Bay.

LETTER 9 - Monday (Fall 1930)

Caroline Blackman Johns, wife of Orrick Johns, editor, reviewer, dramatist, biographer, and poet.

Frederick Mortimer (Timmie) and Maude Clapp had been friends of Una since before her marriage. The Clapps had suggested Carmel as a place to live after Robinson and Una's plan to relocate to Lyme Regis, England, had fallen through. Timmie Clapp was author of six books of poetry.

Harrison Griswold Dwight's STANBOUL NIGHTS (1916) and PERSIAN MINIATURES (1917).

Jaime de Angulo (1887-1950), anthropologist, folklorist, medical doctor, was an early acquaintance of the Jefferses when they arrived in Carmel.

Alfred Harcourt (1881-1954), after publishing with Henry Holt from 1904, founded Harcourt, Brace & Company.

Horace Liveright (1886-1933), founder and president of Boni & Liveright (Jeffers' own), was responsible for the Modern Library Series. He was also a theater producer ("Firebrand" 1924). He was noted for helping defeat Justice Ford's "Clean Books" bill in 1924.

GALLOWS ORCHARD (Cape, 1930) was a first novel by Claire Spencer, Mabel's daughter-in-law.

LETTER 10 - (Fall 1930)

Una is still house-hunting for Mabel, probably for the winter of 1930-31.

A santo is a religious figure or panel usually carved of pine, for use in popular Spanish and Indian devotions in the American Southwest. Most that survive were made in New Mexico between 1750 and 1840. A distinct form of folk art, depicted with intense feeling.

Timmie Clapp was head of the Fine Arts Department, University of Pittsburgh.

Ansel Adams is the now famous photographer (both landscapes and portraits). He eventually had a studio in Carmel Highlands.

Willa Cather (1876-1947), American novelist, teacher, editor, short story writer, poet, mostly of Nebraska and the Southwest.

Georgia O'Keeffe, wife of Alfred Steiglitz, used "magic realism": exotic color and form of plants and flowers in her painting.

John O'Shea was a local landscape painter who lived down the coast a few miles.

LETTER 11 - Monday (Fall 1930)

THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE (Dutton, 1929) is by Axel Munthe (1857-1949).

In their 1929 trip to Ireland the Jefferses had taken the ferry over to Scotland and then found several weeks residence in Oxfordshire.

LETTER 12 - January 6, 1931)

Noël Sullivan, patron of the arts, denizen of San Francisco and Carmel, was a very close Jeffers friend, introduced by Blanche Matthias. He was responsible for bringing Robin and Una into contact with writers, dramatists, musicians, film stars, politicians, and many other types. His uncle was California State Senator James Phelan who had a mansion and power base in San Francisco.

John Evans was Mabel's son by her first marriage. He and his wife Claire Spencer became friends and neighbors of the Jefferses for a time in Carmel.

Llewelyn Powys' DORSET ESSAYS.

Benjamin Lehman, chair of the English Department of the University of California, Berkeley, wrote the introduction to Jeffers special printing for the Book Club of California, POEMS (1928). He later introduced to them Judith Anderson, his new wife.

Mrs. Kiker was a resident of Taos.

Alice Evans, John's first wife, was mother of two of his children.

Hanni was the wife of Baron von Maltzaln, friends of Mabel at Taos.

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926) REQUIEM.

LETTER 13- Candlemas Day (February 2, 1931)

Colin Kuster, Teddie and Gabrielle's only son. His sister, Marcia, was born several years later.

Diego Rivera (1886-1957) was the famous Mexican muralist. Impressed by Cubists and by Renaissance frescoes in Italy, he painted murals in Mexico City for the new socialist government. Later he decorated the California Stock Exchange in San Francisco, the Detroit Institute of Art, and Rockefeller Center in New York City.

Leopold Stokowski, English-born conductor, was associated with the Philadelphia orchestra.

Mrs. Wheeler of Pebble Beach, local patroness of the arts.

LETTER 14 - February 4, 1932

Una's response is, of course, to Mabel's LORENZO IN TAOS.

Jake Zeitlin's book shop. Zeitlin first established in downtown Los Angeles, then on La Cienega Boulevard. His shop was a gathering place for literary people.

Gelber-Lilienthal was a bookstore in San Francisco. Theodore Lilienthal later became a friend of the Jefferses and published a number of Jeffers special items on his Quercus Press in San Mateo.

Virginia Woolf (1882-1941), English novelist, and her husband Leonard, had published three Jeffers editions from their Hogarth Press: ROAN STALLION, CAWDOR, and DEAR JUDAS.

Percy Peacock was a traveling companion of Una's when she visited Britain during her "cooling off" trip of 1912.

Jane Hollister's family owned and managed a dude ranch on the coast. The town of Hollister, 30 miles northeast of Salinas, at the base of the Diablo Range and Pacheco Pass, is named after them.

Sugget was a local medical doctor who took care of Lincoln Steffens.

Donnan and Garth Jeffers are at Monterey High School.

Oaxaca (wa-ha-ka) is a 36,371 square mile state in northwest Mexico bordering on the Pacific Ocean. Also its capital city.

Una's closing remarks reflect her experience on how slowly scenes, people, and tales were incorporated into Jeffers' poems. It also acknowledges Mabel's expectations voiced at the conclusion of LORENZO, that whereas Lawrence had failed her call to celebrate New Mexico in his writings, she expected Jeffers would succeed. Actually, Jeffers wrote only one poem: "New Mexican Mountain," to fulfill her wish.

LETTER 15 - March 7, (1932)

William Faulkner's AS I LAY DYING appeared in 1930, SANCTUARY in 1931.

The "Carmelite articles" included one by Una here alluded to in Mabel's LORENZO.

Lord and Lady Hastings are identified in the Candlemas (1931) letter.

George Gordon Moore was an entrepreneur who owned a ranch east of Point Lobos reaching into Robinson Canyon.

LETTER 16 - March 23, 1932

Ada Lawrence's YOUNG LORENZO was published in Forence (Orioli, 1931).

Catherine Carswell THE SAVAGE PILGRIMAGE: A NARRATIVE OF D. H. LAWRENCE (London: Chatto & Windus, 1932).

Iris Tree was daughter of Beerbohm Tree, English Shakespearean actor-manager, and friend of Dorothy Brett.

Ledebur was an Austrian count, at the moment Iris's traveling companion.

Jean Toomer (1894-1967) was a black (mixed blood) writer of the 1930s, principally known for CANE, a mixture of poetry and prose. He and his white wife, Marjorie Latimer, lived in Carmel at this time.

Blanche and Russell Matthias were close friends of the Jefferses. See the Una Jeffers letters to Blanche beginning with RJN No. 49.

George Gordon Moore's wife was Esther. She had lived with him for years, raising her children on his ranch. She later married the Irish polo star Aidan Roark and finally Sidney Fish after the death of his wife Olga. The Fishes lived on an estate just south of Carmel, opposite Point Lobos.

Lorine Purette's review of LORENZO. Herald Tribune Books.

TIME MAGAZINE cover story, April 4, 1932.

Alfred Richard Orage (1873-1934) was a popular philosopher whose lecture tour attracted a following in Carmel. See THE ART OF READING (Farrar & Rinehart, 1932)'.
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LETTER 17 - April 17, (1932)

The "Tony book" is probably WINTER IN TAOS (1935) a meditation on Tony's life and hers, the changing seasons, and the mythic renewal of earth. It has been compared with Thoreau's WALDEN for its deep feeling for the land and for man's place in nature.

Dynamic Symmetry, a theory propounded by American artist and writer, Jay Humbidge (1867-1924) on the underlying principle of good design.

Clemente Orozco (1883-1949) was a Mexican painter.

LETTER 18 - May 27 (1932)

John Evans, Mabel's son, is possibly consulting with Jack Mayer of the Metro Goldwyn Mayer industries for film rights to his ANDREW'S HARVEST.

The REVIEW DE PARIS' article/review of Mabel's LORENZO was by Blanche Matthias.

Effie is a character in Claire Spencer's novel, GALLOWS ORCHARD (1935).

LETTER 19 - (ca. May/June 1932)

Marcel Proust (1871-1922) LE TEMPS RETROUVE is in the third volume of A LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU.

Langston Hughes' two volumes of verse at that point are: WEARY BLUES (1926) and THE DREAM KEEPER (1932).

Jo(seph) Davidson (1883-1952) was an internationally acclaimed sculptor, famous for his figures at the Versailles Conference (Wilson, Foch, Pershing, Clemenceau) and representations of the famous (Whitman, F.D.R., Winston Churchill, Will Rogers, Tagore), had recently held an exhibit in New York --Shaw, Lawrence, Chesterton--in which Jeffers' bust was the only American.

Johann Hagemeyer is another prominent portrait photographer who used Jeffers as a subject.

John Colton: RAIN (1923). THE SHANGAI GESTURE (1926).

Sherwood Anderson (1876-1941), short story writer, novelist, newspaper writer and publisher and poet, visited Tor House on May 13, 1932.

LETTER 20 - May 31, 1932

Murry, again, is John Middleton Murry who wrote: D.H. LAWRENCE (reprinted from THE NEW ADELPHI, viii, June-August 1930, p. 241-343) and SON OF WOMAN: THE STORY OF D.H. LAWRENCE (Cape, 1931).

LETTER 21 - June 9, 1932

"Your book" seems to refer both to LORENZO and to a scrapbook of clippings and letters.

Harold Stanley Ede, SAVAGE MESSIAH: GAUDIER-BREZSKA (Literary Guild, 1931).

Ella Young was a folklorist who taught for a time at Berkeley, a friend within the Jeffers circle.

Marc Connolly, newspaperman, versifier, dramatist, based THE GREEN PASTURES (1929) on Roark Bradford's Negro stories, OL' MAN ADAM AN' HIS CHILLUN (1928).

Mabel's memoirs on Maurice Sterne, her third husband, whom she married in 1917, may be the text published in EDGE OF TAOS DESERT (1937) or part 2 of MOVERS AND SHAKERS, titled "For Maurice Stern the Sculptor."

LETTER 22 - July 13, 1932

Irvin Cobb (1876-1944), humorist, writer, actor, was a journalist for the SATURDAY EVENING POST and COSMOPOLITAN. Wrote travel books, was a scriptwriter for Hollywood, published 300 stories and over 2,000 articles.

Tex was the Fishes' foreman.

A GLASTONBURY ROMANCE was by John Cowper Powys (London: Macdonald, 1929).

Bertram Thomas, ARABIA FELIX (Scribner's, 1932).

Bess (Mrs. Denis) O'Sullivan was the niece of Ellen O'Sullivan of Carmel. The Jefferses stayed with her in Oxfordshire in 1929.

Mollie O'Shea, George Gordon Moore, Mrs. Esther Moore.

LETTER 23 - August 1, 1933

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS by Catherine Carswell.

Olin Downes of the NEW YORK TIMES.

Harold Bauer (1863-1951), an internationally known English pianist and violinist.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, she of Russian extraction, he a biologist at the Marine Laboratory.

LETTER 24 - August 15, 1932

Claire Spencer's GALLOWS ORCHARD (Cape, 1930).

Naomi Mitcheson, THE BARBARIAN: The Corn King and the Spring Queen (1931).

The French article is the article on LORENZO in REVUE DE PARIS.

Sara Bard Field (1883-1974), feminist leader in civil liberties and other liberal causes in the San Francisco Bay Area, wife of Charles Erskine Scott Wood, and author of volumes of poetry: THE PALE WOMAN (1927), BARABBAS (1932), DARKLING PLAIN (1930). Una wrote to her voluminously--highly cultured and politically opinionated letters. The correspondence is at the Huntington Library and will be published in this series, UNA JEFFERS, CORRESPONDENT, in the RJN.

Mrs. Chester Arthur, wife of the grandson of the 21st President of the United States.

Villa Curonia was the site of Mabel's salon near Florence in the early 1900's.

Dorothy Brett's book was LAWRENCE AND BRETT: A FRIENDSHIP (Lippincott, 1933).

LETTER 25 - Friday (ca. September 18, 1932)

Frank Wickman, Russian pianist.

Sara Bard Field and Erskine Scott Wood.

John Colton's RAIN was adapted from Somerset Maugham's novel, SADIE THOMPSON.

A. J. Cronin, HATTER'S CASTLE (Grosset & Dunlap, 1931).

The title is not "Taos Mountains" but "New Mexican Mountain."

Possibly Norman Hapgood (1868-1937), former editor of COLLIER'S, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and Hearst's INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE.

Leopold Stokowski, English-born conductor, and wife Evangeline.

LETTER 26 - September 21, 1932

Granville Hicks, "The Past and Future of William Faulkner," BOOKMAN, LXXIV (September 1931), pages 17-24. "If he (Faulkner) had the dark genius of a Robinson Jeffers one could condone, even admire, his abandoning himself to the guidance of his more sensational talents. But no signs of that genius have appeared."

LETTER 27 - October 26, 1932

Taxco de Alarcon is a city 75 miles southwest of Mexico City, 30 miles southwest of Cuernavaca.

Sara Bard Field, poet, feminist, social activist. BARABBAS: A DRAMATIC NARRATIVE (Boni, 1932).

Charles Erskine Scott Wood, graduate of West Point, campaigner against Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Indians, explorer of the Yukon, lawyer for corporations, for civil liberties in Portland, 1884-1919. Moved to Los Gatos with Sara in 1929, devoted to literature and liberal causes. Books: THE POET IN THE DESERT (1915), POEMS FOR THE RANGES (1929), HEAVENLY DISCOURSE (1927).

Ella Young, UNICORN WITH THE SILVER SHOES (Longmans, 1932).

Dorothy Brett, LAWRENCE AND BRETT: A FRIENDSHIP (Lippincott, 1933).

Ella Winter, RED VIRTUE (Harcourt, 1933).

"The Tower Beyond Tragedy," Edwin Duerr production, Mortar Board Group, University of California, Berkeley, Greek Theater, 1932.

Olin Downes, NEW YORK TIMES.

Orrick Johns, editor, reviewer, dramatist, biographer, poet. Verse: ASPHALT (1917), BLACK BRANCHES (1920), WILD PLUM (1926). Play: A CHARMING CONSCIENCE (1923).
