



Robinson Jeffers

NEWSLETTER

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COVER PHOTO:

A Jeffers caricature by an unknown artist.

For more information on the cover, see News & Notes.

The *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter*, co-sponsored by California State University, Long Beach, and Occidental College, is published quarterly.

Editor: Dr. Robert). Brophy, Department of English, CSULB.

Design and Production: CSULB University Press.

Subscriptions: \$10 per year. Charge for Backfile: \$175. Checks and money orders should be made out to Robinson Jeffers Newsletter.

Subscription requests and non-editorial correspondence should be directed to: *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter*, c/o CSULB University Press, 1250 Bellflower Blvd., University Library, Rm. 306, Long Beach, CA 90840. Send all editorial materials to editor.

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NEWS & NOTES

■ This issue's cover is a Jeffers caricature in the mode of David Levine of *The New York Review of Books*. David personally disavows the work, and the very helpful NYRB staff found no trace of it in their archives. Our source, Robert Ian Scott of the University of Saskatchewan is likewise unable to speculate on artist or source. But the readership will appreciate the Jeffers pixy likeness.

■ *Apologies*. This, our April issue, is late. The RJN editor is determined to fulfill quarterly expectations, but editorial and production problems have made for delays. A July issue will be available shortly, and then we hope to be on schedule for October and January.

■ Mrs. Phoebe Barkan Gilpin writes a warm reminiscence of Tor House and the Jeffers family, "Robinson Jeffers as I Knew Him," in the Gleeson Library Associates Newsletter No. 20 (Spring 1992), pages 1, 2 and 4). Recollections are of a 1929 Barkan-Jeffers family get-together and picnic at Kelmscott Manor, home of William Morris, in Oxfordshire, England, followed by impressions of Tor House in the 1930s from a small child's point of view. Mrs. Gilpin (then nicknamed "Button") recalls Jeffers's beneficent silence while walking the bulldog Haig with heron the beach, then picnics down the coast and up Carmel Valley. In winter of 1949-50 she and her husband Jack hosted Jeffers at her parents' family home in San Francisco's Pacific Heights while he hovered over the dying Una at the University of California Medical Center on Parnassus Avenue. Jeffers's inscription in the *Medea* Decca record booklet, sent in gratitude for her hospitality and ministrations, is one of those rare glimpses of Jeffers' humor: he warns that the work is "not advice on the way to bring up a family."

- John Ahouse, special collections librarian at the University of Southern California, reports discovery of a nine-page script from a talk given by Dr. Flewelling at the Phi Beta Kappa dinner introducing Robinson Jeffers as their distinguished alumnus on April 25, 1940.
- Richard Eberhart makes several references to *Jeffers'* influence on poet Millay in his recent foreword to *Edna St. Vincent Millay: Selected Poems: The Centenary Edition*, edited with introduction by British poet and critic Colin Falck (Harper Collins, 1991).
- Allen Mears brings to our attention *The Poets Work: An Introduction to Czeslaw Milosz* by Leonard Nathan and Arthur Quinn (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1991), which in part explores the defining experience which Jeffers's poetry was for Milosz. Alan Soldofsky develops this theme in great depth in a forthcoming essay.
- *Thought: A Review of Culture and Idea* (Fordham University, Bronx, New York) is preparing a special Jeffers number for early 1993. It will feature essays on the poet's critical reputation, relation to the Far West, his narrative strategies in two major poems, his uses of history, his relation to the modernists and to Western voices, and a review of his scholarship.
- Yolla Bolly Press's Spring 1992 Bookfarm supplement offers some limited edition books at a "Library Gift Price." *Where Shall I Take You To?: The Love Letters of Robinson and Una Jeffers*, edited and annotated by Robert Kafka, with foreword by Garth Jeffers, and *Roan Stallion*, illustrated by K. Wilstrom Woodcuts, with a milestone essay by Tim Hunt. Both are offered at significantly lowered prices. For more information call (800) 242-6130.
- "Jeffers Country" has been beautifully celebrated and explored with photographs of the masters-Horace Lyon's brilliant collaboration with Jeffers in the 1930s, the Sierra Club's *Note Man Apart*, Friends of the Earth's *The Primal Alliance and Headlands* with Richard Kaufman's photos, to name a few. Other dimensions of Jeffers's coast are revealed in U.S. Geological Survey maps which mark terrain with exquisite accuracy and articulation. For Jeffers collectors and other aficionados of the Carmel-Big Sur landscape, these are available through USGS Map Series, Box 25286, Denver, CO 80225. Commercial map dealers may also be able to

provide pricing and ordering information if specify the specific map file numbers or names, for example, San Benito (Carmel area), Topo Valley, Pinalito Canyon (Point Sur), or Greenfield (Big Sur). Also available, for \$6, is *California 4099* (1985), a stunning color satellite image map of Monterey. For further information, call the USGS map vending hotline at (800) USA-MAPS.

- *Among the Cypress: The Monterey Peninsula (1992)* is the latest of regional camera forays, with photography by Gary Geiger and text by Douglas Lord. It yields striking studies of Hawk Tower, Jeffers' writing desk, and Carmel Point from the air. To order, contact Graphic Arts Scenic Publishing Co., P.O. Box 10316, Portland, OR 97210.

- *A Guide to American Poetry Explication: Volume 2, Modern & Contemporary*, edited by John Leo and published by George Hall, has a useful Jeffers section, pp. 217-221.

- *Work in progress.* Mark A. Mitchell at Harvard University Extension School is finishing his ALM thesis, "Reactionary Humanism: the New Critics' Response to the Poetry of Robinson Jeffers," under the direction of Professor David Perkins.

- *Collectors' Corner.* Some years ago the RJN ran an in-house service for collectors among RJN subscribers, negotiations to be made privately between parties. The subject has been raised again: Does the readership see an ongoing use for such a "Comer"? If you are looking for a special item to complete your collection, have a duplicate you would like to trade, or wish to liquidate your assets to interested parties without a middle-agent, we could pass on your inquiries.

- The first three volumes of *The Collected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers*, edited by Tim Hunt, are available through the Stanford University Press, Stanford, CA 94305-2235, at \$60 per volume. Also at the Stanford Press: William Everson's *The Excesses of God: Robinson Jeffers as a Religious Figure*, with a foreword by Albert Gelpi.

- The text of SONGS AND HEROES (Arundel Press, 1988), twenty-three unpublished early poems of Robinson Jeffers, is available in photocopy for scholars. Write Robert Brophy, English Department, California State University, Long Beach 90840.

- Available from the University of Delaware Press (American University Presses, 440 Forsgate Drive, Cranbury, NJ 08512), *Centennial Essays for Robinson Jeffers*, edited by Robert Zaller, includes chapters on Jeffers' literary reputation and career, apprenticeship and first maturity, post-World War II poems, metrics, politics, and relation to modernism, post-structuralism, Levi-Strauss, and myth-ritual.

- *Critical Essays on Robinson Jeffers* (G.K. Hall, 70 Lincoln Street, Boston, MA 02111), edited by James Karman includes articles on Jeffers successive volumes by such reviewers as Harriet Monroe, Mark Van Doren, Conrad Aiken, Moton Zabel, Yvor Winters, Robert Penn Warren, Louise Bogan, Floyd Dell, and Gilbert Highet, with thirteen essays providing an overview of the poet – indispensable for dedicated readers of Jeffers.

- The editors of *The Collected Letters of Robinson and Una Jeffers* (Stanford University Press) are seeking any and all correspondence from the poet and his family. Photocopies are of first priority. Leads to letters will be most welcome. It is crucial that no significant material be missed. Write Professor James Karman, Department of English, California State University, Chico, CA 95929.

ENTERING IMPORTANCE AGAIN: DIALOGICAL VOICES AT THE DEATH OF OLD MARTIAL IN "CAWDOR"

*By: Michael J. McDowell
University of Oregon, Eugene*

■ The theories of the Russian philosopher and literary theorist Mikhail Bakhtin have particular applicability to analyses of what now is being called "landscape writing." Few ecological literary critics have acknowledged the influence of his "dialogical" and "carnival" models upon their work. The editors of the recent collection of essays, *The Frontier Experience* and the *American Dream*, who cite Bakhtin's idea of the dialogic as a key assertion in their work, are possibly harbingers of a new wave of eco-critics, including, among others, Patrick D. Murphy and Ian Marshall, both of whom have done dialogical analyses of poems of Robinson Jeffers. Bakhtin's theories are the literary equivalent of ecology, the science of relationships. The ideal form to represent reality truthfully, according to Bakhtin, is a dialogic form in which multiple voices or points of view interact. Nearly everyone writing of the American landscape from the seventeenth century to the present has complained of the inadequacy of vocabulary to describe what they have experienced. A Bakhtinian explanation of the problem might point out that the monological forms employed by most writers of the landscape until the mid-nineteenth century encourage the writer to suppress whatever doesn't fit his or her ideology. A form which allows the objects of discussion to have voices would enable a more comprehensive, accurate representation (Bakhtin *Dialogic* 262-77).

Ecocritics are searching for writing which instead of formal perfection allows "the other," whoever or whatever that might be, to come into presence. Bakhtin theorizes that existence is possible for a subject only through otherness or alterity. It is only by engaging in a relationship or dialogue with others that the self comes into being. In ecocritical terms, the "others" in the landscape create the writer. Here, then, is a literary theory that encompasses Darwinism in recognizing that all organisms are

interdependent, and that one cannot exist without modification by another. (Clark and Holquist 63-94.)

Robinson Jeffers' narrative poem "Cawdor" provides a fit example for a dialogic analysis. The old man Martial's death, preceded by a violent storm, enables several points of view to be expressed about the relationship of humans to the landscape. Fera (Latin for "wild animal") presents a primitive, superstitious view in which the natural world reacts to human affairs: she says, "It doesn't storm for a sparrow's death... You never knew my father; he had eagle imaginations" ("Cawdor" 432). Jeffers doesn't discount this point of view, but lets it stand to be commented upon by succeeding points of view.

A new farmhand from the Italian Alps has the next say when he comments obliquely on Martial's death in a conversation with Concha Rosas:

...This country
You cannot trust, it never need any people
My old country at home she is not so kind
But always she need people, she never kill all.
She is our mother, can't live without us. This one not care.
It make you fat and soon it cutting your neck. (437)

The implication is clear: the appropriate relationship of humans to the California landscape is no relationship at all. Not that humans should all die out; the European landscape always needs people.

A third stance generated by Martial's death is provided when the narrator steps in and describes how the old man's brain at death reenters the physical world. Jeffers says that

...one might say the brain began to glow, with its own light in the
starless
Darkness under the dead bone sky; like bits of rotting wood on the
floor of the night forest
Warm rains have soaked, you see them beside the path shine like
vague eyes. (450)

After another thirty lines of description of Martial's decaying brain and the dreams the decaying provides, we learn that

...the nerve-pulp as organ of pleasure
Was played to pieces in a few hours...

Afterwards it entered importance again
Through worms and flesh-dissolving bacteria. The personal show was
over, the mountain earnest continued
In the earth and air. (451)

The once-common accusation that Jeffers shrilly preaches a single point of view seldom holds true in the narrative poems, and certainly not in this section of "Cawdor." Jeffers' dialogic method enables the reader to hear a variety of voices – female, male and neuter; New World American, Old World European, and globally omniscient; wild, traditionally agrarian, and modernly scientific – offering a variety of perspectives on a single subject. In each instance, the speaker recognizes a living landscape whose wants and needs humans must struggle to understand.

Works Cited

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- Clark, Katerina, and Michael Holquist. Mikhail Bakhtin. Cambridge: Belknap-Harvard University Press, 1984.
- Jeffers, Robinson. "Cawdor" (from *Cawdor and Other Poems*, 1928). The *Collected Poems of Robinson Jeffers*. Vol. 1. Stanford University Press, 1988. 409-521.

Two Jeffers Groups Seek New Members

1

The Tor House Foundation is looking for new members. Dues are \$25 (\$15 for students and seniors) and help support the preservation of the poet's Carmel home, tours and local poetic events, and a newsletter. For more information, contact the foundation at P.O. Box 1887, Carmel, CA 93921; (408) 624-1813.

2

Teachers and researchers of Jeffers: the recently-founded Robinson Jeffers Association is looking for new members. Contact Professor Terry Beers, English Department, Santa Clara University, Santa Clara, CA 95053.



UNA JEFFERS: ***A SISTER'S MEMOIR***

by Violet Hinkley

[Editor's Note: The recollections which follow were recorded in 1977 in the form of several letters, at the request of the Newsletter editor. They clearly reflect a point of view tilted by dislike and envy. To what extent they badly misrepresent is difficult to establish. Memoirs are by definition subjective and slanted, and "facts" therein are subject to falsification the fallibility of memory, and the selectivity and emphasis of personal bias . At times the memories here are remarkably detailed even though the distance in time may be close to eighty years - Una's sister, Violet, was eighty-two at the memoir's completion. The text has been edited.]

■ I saw Robin only a few times, twice when they visited our parents' home and once in Tor House. My first impression of him was of deep admiration. He was the politest man I ever saw. Whenever a woman came in the room, he always rose and remained standing until she was seated. I remember once, when I was helping mother entertain, Una said, "Oh Robin, stop it! Violet doesn't expect you to bob up and down every time she comes into the room!" He had a beautiful voice, and when I was in their home, when the boys were four, he read nearly every evening.

As a young girl, I admired Una. She was eleven when Daisy and I were born, and assumed much care of us. I looked up to her and thought her a paragon of perfection. It was only as I grew older that I perceived she had "feet of clay."

Our family consisted of father, mother, Daisy, me, and Una.

Father had married Eunice Lamb and had by her Edith, Carrie, and Harry. I never saw the latter, as he was killed at seventeen in a run-away. Carrie married the head surgeon in the Phoenix, Arizona state hospital. She had gone to visit my sister Edith who was a registered nurse there. Carrie took a job there as a stenographer and in that way met Jack Walls.

Edith later married a Jack Allen in British Columbia, where she had gone to visit a former patient and met Jack. She specialized in TB cases. I do not remember how old the girls were when we were born in 1895. I do remember mother said Edith came home to nurse her. Our births were difficult, and she nearly died. Mother (Sarah Isabel) knew Eunice Lamb very well, for they lived on adjoining farms. Later she helped her at various times when her children were born. It was my mother's suggestion that Una be named after Eunice. This pleased Father very much.

Carrie was widowed at the time Father died and came home to be with mother. She lived in Mason until her death, living part of the time with Daisy and part-time with me.

Ages at death: Father in 1926 at 84; Mother in 1940 at 85; Carrie in 1956 at 88; Jerry (Daisy's husband) in 1964 at 70; Neil (my husband) in 1964 at 69 (he was an architect working for the state of Michigan). Edith died in British Columbia at 92. Her husband had died earlier (he was a teacher of agriculture and shop).

I'm not trying to downgrade Una, but I'm telling facts. She was extremely selfish, but maybe [it was] not her fault, as she was loved and pampered – the first and only child for eleven years. She was pretty and charming and everyone spoiled her. But it made her ruthless in getting her way in things all her life. We lived in Mason, of course, until she went to California when she was about eighteen [after] she graduated from high school. We had a fine school and excellent teachers. Being a teacher myself for twenty-five years, I can look back and evaluate them. Our school was "accredited."

Una began her conquest of men at an early age. While in high school she became infatuated with the superintendent, E.D. Palmer. Though he was married, with children, he became enamored. He used to keep her after school on the pretext of studying Greek, though no such course was offered in school.... Finally Father sternly put a stop to their meeting. Years later, when she was home once, Mr. Palmer was in town and she called and made a date with him. He called for her with his car and they went away. I asked her the next day if she enjoyed meeting him again and she said, "No, it was a beastly bore; I don't know what I ever saw in him in the first place." She had taken special pains in dressing – a black velvet dress with empire waist, puffed sleeves and a rope of pearls. She wore a new kind of nail polish – greyish violet and scented, and, putting her fingers under my nose, asked if it didn't smell nice. It did.

Edith invited her to come to California and go to Berkeley, which she did, and there met Teddy Kuster. All of us were very fond of Teddy and

were shocked, stunned, and upset when she left him. He lavished all kinds of wealth upon her – beautiful clothes, jewelry, etc. Once she came home [and] unpacked her trunk, which contained twenty-two pairs of shoes and about seventeen elaborate gowns. She went back to school for post-graduate work, meeting Robin. They carried on a clandestine affair for a long time until Teddy discovered it by accidentally finding out they were living in a mountain retreat. She had pretended she had ptomaine poisoning and [was] there to recuperate. Poor Teddy was heart-broken. He was very generous to her and to avoid scandal sent her abroad, thinking that thinking things over might heal the marriage. He made her promise to have no contact [by] writing or seeing Robin.

Our house was modest but comfortable. Below [was] an entrance and porch [that] entered into a living room with a parlor on [the] left, which let into a dining room, with a China room off of which was a large screened porch, a dining room going into a kitchen with pantry, and a utility room. The second floor had three bedrooms and a bath.

Father was a Civil War veteran and after the war taught school for several years. Then he settled down to municipal living, and maintained on a small acreage a horse, cow, pig, and chickens. He always had a wonderful garden – a large one. He was extremely patriotic and civic minded. [He] held every office the town afforded. He was postmaster, and Edith and Carrie as young girls clerked in the office. He was sheriff of Ingham County two different terms, was mayor of the town, justice of the peace, judge of probate, street commissioner, night watch, sexton – everything at various and sundry times.

He was handsome and very popular with townspeople and school officials- (he) was truant officer many times. Mother was a very pretty woman and sort of a social butterfly. She was a leader in society, very gracious and aristocratic in mien, though simple and humble at heart.

Our home was lined with books. At one time father owned a bookstore – nothing trashy. *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, etc., were our type of reading. Una and we had piano lessons as children. Mother played, too, and she and father sang in our Baptist church choir. We were all active in church work, teaching classes, etc., though Una was more or less made to conform. We were a religious family. Father's father was a Baptist minister and Father was very strictly raised. He raised us the same way. We always had family devotions at night and grace at meals. Daisy and I carried this on in our homes, but Una forsook all religious training.

Mother died of a heart attack; Father of diabetes. After high school, Daisy and I attended County Normal the next year and taught three years

in rural schools. Then we went to Ypsilanti Normal College. I took extra courses and graduated with B.Pd. (Bachelor of Pedagogy) and A.B. degrees. I later [earned] an M.A. degree from the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Daisy left teaching to take a political job – County School Commissioner. She left that after two years to marry Jerry. She taught sixth grade for a few years after marriage in Mason where Jerry was teaching. I taught at various places in Illinois along the line and after twenty-five years was teaching in Cadillac, Michigan, as principal of a normal school, when I quit to get married. Carrie and Edith after graduation went on to nursing school and business college.

Una and Robin visited Mason either on their way to Ireland or on the way back from there. I think it was the former. Robin was very dear to us all. He was never effusive but seemed to enjoy himself. He hated Una's taking him around to call. She wanted to "show him off." I went to Carmel once with Father and Mother. Una and Robin were really poor. Una was proud and made the best of everything. He hadn't published anything yet and so (got) no royalty. They lived on alimony Teddy was paying Una. This didn't seem to bother Robin. He lived in an inner world of his own and seldom emerged. Una controlled everything and he was glad to have her. She didn't hesitate to "play up" to important people. She wouldn't bother with others.

She used to make the boys eat prunes, which they hated. One night she was practically forcing Donnan to eat and he was almost gagging. Robin rose up and said, "Una, I can't sit by and allow this to happen." I was surprised he dared to. Una could fly into terrible rages, which she did one night when the boys (then four) came up from the beach, where they'd been with Robin, with wet feet. I felt sorry for Robin, but he never said a word. About the prunes: after that one session I volunteered to feed them their prunes and tell them a story meanwhile. This suited Una. But she never knew I ate the prunes. [It was] quite remarkable how well Donnan (who battled them) functioned, considering [the prunes] were inside me.

Carmel then was very rustic. Una drove us about in a dilapidated Ford. They had no electricity at Tor House, which Una made to appear romantic by using lamps and candles, but actually they couldn't afford to wire the house. They didn't have the tower at that time [Tor House was occupied in August 1919; the tower was constructed 1920-24].

Once Una thought some important people were coming because they were fashionably dressed and drove a Cadillac. She told me to sit down and play Rachmaninoff to make an impression. They came to the door and inquired for another name of people who lived a ways down the coast. Una

was very gracious and said this was the Robinson Jeffers home. I don't think they'd even heard of the name for they acted unimpressed. Una was furious, wouldn't tell where the people lived and slammed the door. I began to play Chopin's death march. Una then had to laugh.

Una made light work *of* housework. We sat at the table for meals just twice the month we were there. Una prepared something in bowls and passed them around and we sat wherever we wished to eat. I don't remember [that] we ever had dessert. She was a good cook.

There was a large, long living room with a Persian rug that was Teddy's, a baby grand (also Teddy's) a downstairs bedroom, and kitchen. Walls were lined with book-shelves. Upstairs were three sort-of bedrooms- not really rooms, but beds in alcoves.

My life was not changed by Robin's being in our family. I never cared for his works because his themes are so forbidding. I liked only his first volume – *Flagons and Apples*. I taught high school English, drama, public speaking, and music, and later on in a normal school (taught) psychology, philosophy, etc. I introduced some of his works to my classes, but they were never popular. I've been asked many times to lecture on his poetry. I have a few times, but am always reluctant because I fear I don't do them justice, not liking them.

The last time I remember Una and Robin was when they were home [Mason, Michigan]. They stayed with Daisy who had more room. Una was yellow as saffron, complained of pain in her leg and limped badly. Of course it was cancer, though it wasn't known then. They stayed only two days and one night. They were on their way to Zanesville, Ohio, where Donnan and (his first wife) Patty were living with her parents. [If Violet is here referring to Una's final bout with cancer, her chronology is in error. In March 1947 after divorce from Patty, Donnan married Lee Waggener and settled in Tor House. In 1948 Una developed the cancer, then described as an excruciating "sciatica," which brought her to her death in September 1950, after experimental treatment at the University of California Medical School in San Francisco. Violet may be conflating two visits. In a letter to Ellen O'Sullivan on June 30, 1937, Una describes sciatic pains while motoring toward a Mason visit on the family's way to Ireland.] They had come there first and taken their car to drive to Mason. Patty was pregnant and they hoped to be there for the birth of the child. In the middle of the night Daisy told me Una went to her and said they must leave right away and go back. She was so restless. Daisy made coffee, called me, and I got up and went down there. Our houses were about six blocks apart. Poor Robin scurried around. Una was always so impatient.

She made use of all people she thought could help her. She played up to Noel Sullivan and Albert Bender, both of whom lavished her with gifts. She even asked them for money, which they gave. Teddy eventually moved to Carmel and she spent much time with him, and Robin didn't mind. She also asked him for money. As I said before, she was ruthless when she wanted anything. Robin was apologetic about making us so much trouble. Una said nothing at all. I know that one of them, Albert Bender or Noel Sullivan, financed one trip abroad, maybe more. Una died in great pain. I called the hospital once in San Francisco, but she was unable to talk. Robin talked, though. Poor dear. He never was the same after she died. She was truly his whole life.



[The following are some addenda, which arose from questions sent seeking clarification from Mrs. Hinkley.]

Una was valedictorian of her class and gave a fine speech. In it she thanked Mason High School for its fine educational opportunities and the faculty for their helpfulness, etc., etc., and also said of E.D. Palmer that he had an unusual understanding of his students. A roar of laughter followed, this from the student body, for they all knew of her affair with Palmer. But she stood her ground, finished her speech, and walked off the platform. She received a great round of applause (this my mother told me). By the way, Daisy and I tied for valedictorian and the faculty told us to settle it between us. I was extremely shy and it was torture to stand to recite. Very often I said I didn't know rather than face such an ordeal. (People won't believe this now.) So I wrote the speech and Daisy delivered it. Seemed an excellent solution both then and in retrospect.

Edith lived in San Francisco while Una attended Berkeley. She was nursing there, and was responsible for Una [until] her marriage. We saw Teddy [first] when they came home to be married. I shall always condemn Una for putting father to that expense, when it meant nothing. Mother wanted to give her a wedding, so they came home [to Mason]. Chairs were rented, a caterer hired, and many floral arrangements bought. Una refused a bridal dress and veil, but wore a pale blue evening dress. They arrived at four o'clock in our parlor. Our church choir furnished music and our organist was paid to play. Daisy and I were told we must be very quiet and were allowed to sit on the stair steps and look through the railing. Una giggled all through the ceremony. We had always been brought up to believe in the sacredness and solemnity of marriage, and it was quite a

shock to Daisy and me. Later when mother pinned Una down for an explanation, she confessed they were already married. [They] had been married at the registry. [Una married Teddy Kuster in the small town of San Andreas, Calaveras County, California, on May 31, 1902, when she was 18 and he 23. The Mason ceremony here mentioned took place April 25, 1903. Information provided by Robert Kafka.] How mother cried! Father told mother later the expense of all had been about one hundred dollars. That was a lot of money in those days. Daisy and I cried because mother was crying. Teddy tried to comfort me. I remember how consoling it was to nestle up against his tweed coat. He said, "Don't cry, Violet; you'll only make your mother feel worse." Una should never have allowed this to happen. Una was not remorseful, but considered the whole thing a good joke. There were many private matters Melba Bennett never knew about!

Una was never accepted by Teddy's family, much to Una's chagrin. She tried at first to win them, then gave up.

Mother and Una got along well, for mother always gave in to her. Una didn't try to imitate her or anybody. Una was extravagant. She told me one time she paid ten dollars apiece for some buttons for a dress. That was a great deal of money then. Once, when Una was with Teddy, she paid Paderewski one hundred dollars for a half-hour lesson. I think it was for the notoriety. Una was not a particularly good musician.

Our evening prayers consisted of Father's reading some scripture. We were not passive listeners, for he would question us afterward and if we hadn't listened carefully and couldn't answer, it was re-read until we could. He followed with prayer, as did mother. We knelt beside a couch, holding hands. When we were older Daisy and I offered prayer. Flow I thank God for such a Christian upbringing! Then we kissed each other goodnight. We were a close-knit and affectionate family. A hug, a pat, a kiss was normal procedure.

Una was very frugal; [she] had to be. Once she scorched a piece of toast and I was about to throw it away when she snatched it and scraped it clean. Also once when cutting cheese I was going to discard the rind and she rescued it and said she used it in soup. I marvel at this change, for when she lived with Teddy she was extremely wasteful, [or] so Carrie, who visited her, reported.

I do not think father was more strict with us because of Una's conduct. He was already so strict, [that] he couldn't be more so.

Maybe I said before [that] Una had many admirable qualities, bur she also had "feet of clay." I remember many clippings of Una's divorce being sent to mother, and how mother cried when she read them. I shall always

remember Teddy with admiration as a man of integrity. I don't think Una was worthy of him.

I once said to Una in a letter [that] she had enjoyed such a rich, full life, but had missed the most important thing of all – a strong, vital Christian experience. She replied in a nasty letter and told me to "mind my own business." I was heartbroken, for she had always been an idol. I had not meant to preach.

Perhaps I inherited a Puritanical streak from my minister grandfather Call. I do not condone marital infidelity, nor do I believe in "using" people. This lack of morality in Una burdened me.

When I last saw Una and kissed her goodbye, I knew I'd never see her again. When I bade Robin goodbye, he held me for a moment and said, "Violet, this is it!" And, oh, he looked so sad! I don't know exactly what he meant – perhaps a premonition of sad things ahead.



[Violet concludes her notes on Robin and Una with these sketches.]

Una

Appearance: beautiful, graceful, poised, gracious.

Manner: energetic, eager, ingratiating (if she wanted something), pleasing (to make an impression).

Mentality: alert, inquiring, analytical, stubborn, self-willed.

Conduct: elastic personal ethics, permissive (toward others, what they did), selfish (very), quick-tempered and impatient, indifferent (to needs of others), gossipy, unyielding (in quarrel or argument).

Robin

Appearance: arresting (tall, unusual features), dignified, sensitive (face), reserved (very).

Manner: polite, deferential (especially to older people), calm, attentive (listener), gentle (with children).

Mentality: keen, searching, reflective (very), dreamy, moody.

Conduct: fair (in judgments), hesitant (to assert himself), worshiper of nature, civic-minded, idealistic, freedom-loving (hated war).

Guidelines for Submissions to the Robinson Jeffers Newsletter

The *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter* will print short notes, notifications of work-in-progress, announcements requests for information, inquiries from collectors, bibliographic findings, etc. It especially welcomes short anecdotes relating to the poet and his works.

It has not been RJN policy to publish unsolicited poem tributes. Photos relating to Robinson Jeffers and family are most welcome and may be printed if not restricted by copyright.

Significant letters from or about the Jeffers family are equally welcome, as are drawings, maps, family-tree annotations, and reports on cultural allusions to the poet, use of his poems, and difficult-to-access articles.

Essays:

Place the title one inch below the top of the page, the author's name one inch below the title, the text two inches below the author's name. Affiliation of the contributor should appear at the end of the essay.

Notes, Book Reviews, and Bibliographies:

Follow the form for essays, except that the author's name (and affiliation) should appear at the end of the text.

References:

Consult the *MLA Style Sheet* Second Edition. Mark references in the text with raised footnote number (not author-year citations in parentheses). Double-space endnotes following the essay on a new page headed "Notes."

Quoting and Citing Robinson Jeffers:

The standard edition of Jeffers' work is now *The Collected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers* (Stanford University Press, Vols. I, II, 111: 1988, 1989, 1991), abbreviated CP. Of course, for peculiar purposes, the original printings may be referred to, in which case the title in full or (when repeated) appropriately abbreviated, should be cited, along with an explanatory note. Until *The Collected Letters of Robinson and Una Jeffers* (Stanford) is available, references should be to *The Selected Letters of Robinson Jeffers*, edited by Ann Ridgeway (Johns Hopkins, 1968), or to the appropriate number of the Robinson Jeffers Newsletter

Submit two typescripts, double-spaced on 8 1/2" x 11" standard white typing paper. To have one returned, include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Address correspondence to Robert J. Brophy editor, *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter*, Department of English, California State University, Long Beach, CA 90840; (310) 985-4235 Contributors whose work is published or publishers whose book is reviewed will receive two complimentary copies of that issue of RJN.