



Robinson Jeffers

NEWSLETTER

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ON THE COVER:

A Jeffers portrait by Michael Werboff

from the collection of Mrs. Russell Matthias, signed by Werboff "1941, N.Y.

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NEWS & NOTES

■ *Collector's Corner*: The following items are for sale for \$350 by Frederick O. Kiel, 5934 Salem Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45230: (1) a 10" x 14" calligraphic broadside version of "To the Stone-Cutters," published by Cody's Books (1964), in black and red, mint condition; (2) a 16" x 22" original woodcut by Robert Baldock, showing Jeffers as a hawk, with a quote from Give Your Heart to the Hawks, the fourth in a series of ten author broadsides by the Druid Press (Berkeley). One of a 1972 limited edition of 250 copies, mint condition; (3) a 12 3/4" x 19 1/4" printed copy of an undated letter from Jeffers to Sister Mary James in response to a query about his "religious attitudes." Privately printed in an edition of 250 "for their friends of the Roxburghe Club and for their other friends" at Christmas, 1964, by Kerwin Whitnah and Arlen H. Philpott. Mint condition; (4) a 10" x 15 1/2" doublesheet broadside with Jeffers' "George Sterling's Death" within, one of 75 copies published in 1976 by the Poltroon Press on the fiftieth anniversary of Sterling's death. This item needs ironing, but is unblemished.

■ *Tales of Monterey Since the Beginning*, edited by Davis and Judy Dutton ("Unique Collection of Writings from the World's Finest Authors": Ballantyne, 1974), features Jeffers' "Boats in a Fog" and "Hands," along with commentary from Powell's essay "Give Your Hearts to the Hawks."

■ An interview of Dana Gioia by Robert McPhillips appears in Summer 1992 *Verse* (vol. 9, no. 2, pp. 9-17), in part discussing Jeffers and Modernism.

■ The American Literature Association met in San Diego in May at the Bahia Resort Hotel on Mission Bay. Two Jeffers panels were held, sponsored by the Robinson Jeffers Association. The first, "Robinson Jeffers and Narrative," chaired by Professor Al Gelpi of Stanford University, featured Jacqueline Brogan (University of Notre Dame), Tim Hunt (Washington State University), James Karman (California State University, Chico), and Calvin Bedient (UCLA). A transcript of their discussion of Jeffers' "Cawdor" will appear in a subsequent RJN issue. A second panel, "Robinson Jeffers, Place, Time and Culture," was chaired by Terry Beers (Santa Clara University) with Robert Zaller (Drexel University) speaking on "Jeffers and the Uses of History," Edward Nickerson (University of Delaware) on "The Apolitical Jeffers," Robert Brophy (California State University, Long Beach) on "The Poet in His Place," and Jeff Zorn (Santa Clara University) on "Jeffers' 'Medea': The Spirit of the Adaption."

■ Alex Vardamis, University of Vermont, is preparing a second edition of *The Critical Reputation of Robinson Jeffers* (Archon Press, 1972). He would greatly welcome hard-to-access-but-significant items in which he might easily miss because they are not covered by general indexes. Contact Vardamis at the English Department, University of Vermont, Burlington, VT 05405-0114.

■ From Neville's *Catalog 18*, Item 310: Robinson Jeffers' one-page letter with signed autograph, (Ballymore via Lifford, County Donegal, Aug 12, 1937) to Mr. Joseph Roberts: "Your note about 'The Women at Point Sur' has just reached me here. It is the most copious of my books hitherto, the one written at highest tension; also I think the least read and most disliked. It has more of the materials of poetry in it, but imperfectly organized – a little like this north west comer of Ireland, where sea and mountains are so intermingled that [it] is hard to find one's way about. But here at least the landscapes are magnificent, whatever they are in that book of mine."

■ A soon to be released volume, *Perspectives on William Everson*, will feature at least two essays on Everson's relationship to Robinson Jeffers (Castle Peak Editions, 1670 E. 27th Ave., Eugene, OR 97403).

■ Tours des Forges Ltd. of London and Carmel Valley announces a Travel Study Adventure, "Literary Landscapes of the British Isles Based on Family Diaries of Una and Robinson Jeffers." The September 1993 tour, entitled "With the Jefferses in Ireland," features the participation of actor/poet Taelen Thomas and teacher/writer Elayne Fitzpatrick. According to the tour brochure, "Spirits of long-dead characters will make themselves known as we wander through Celtic country in Ireland, guided by Jeffers family diaries. We go down tiny lanes to find the round towers that delighted Una, visit places which inspired Yeats, Moore, Joyce, and, through them, Robinson Jeffers, Carmel, California's Tor House poet. Also we hope to discover one of Una's beloved unicorns (not to mention leprechauns), delve into Druid lore, visit one of their sacred groves, take a boat to Aran Island, climb Mount Errigal, and hear tales about the careers of prominent Celtic highwaymen and pirates. We promise to provide ample leisure time for pubs, shopping and private explorations."

– *PROPOSED ITINERARY* –

- Gort, Coole: Yeats' Tower and Lady Gregory's Park –
- Cliffs of Moher and Spanish Point, Tullira Castle –
 - Lough Carra: George Moore's ruined home -
 - Sligo: Yeats' home territory –
- Drumcliff Yeats' burial place - Donegal: Exploring wild country the Jefferses loved most - -
 - Londonderry and the Giant's Causeway -
 - Knocknacarry, Antrim: Including site of Jeffers cottage –
- - Belfast: Much-changed since the Jeffers family landed there
- Dublin: Two days of Ireland's oldest and most interesting towns –
 - Blarney Castle: Kiss the stone and visit a druid grave –
 - - Flight from Shannon to San Francisco –

For more information on the tour, contact Tours de Forges, Ltd.
at (800) 456-2452, fax (408) 659-0167.

■ From a gossipy and rattlingly inaccurate recent column of the *Carmel Pine Cone* on Rollo Peters, a local resident of note from the 1920s: "Rollo presented Jeffers with a proposal that the two men earn money by undertaking a tour. Rollo would use his well-trained voice to recite some of Jeffers' favorite passages from Shakespeare, and Robinson would read from his renowned *Medea*. After spending weeks in pre-production planning, setting up all the details for this tour, Rollo was painfully disappointed when Jeffers changed his mind and decided not to participate." Notes from outer space?!

■ In an unpublished letter by John Steinbeck to Bennett Cerf (Los Gatos, March 22, 1938), after thanking Cerf for a box of new Random House publications, Steinbeck remarks: "I wish you had been able to stop at our house. I had never met the Jeffers before. Unreal quality, no? In the sons even more than the older ones. I wonder why. Does that unreality disappear when strangers are not present."

■ Dana Gioia's *Can Poetry Matter? Essays on Poetry and American Culture* will be available in October 1992 from Greywolf Press (2402 University Avenue, Suite 206, St. Paul, Minn. 55114), 256 pp., \$25 cloth, \$12 paper. It includes his Jeffers essay "Strong Counsel," which appeared in *Nation* magazine. The Press has released the pamphlet *A Graywolf Sampler*, which also includes his *Nation* essay on pages 35-48. Collectors, take note.

■ Transcripts of the 1991 American Literature Jeffers session, "Jeffers and the Modern(ist) Tension" have been edited. Inquiries can be made through Terry Beets, English Department, Santa Clara University, Santa Clara, CA 95053.

■ The Paper Sword/Poets' Theatre presented "The Love and the Hate" ("The Double Axe," Part 1) as readers theater, sponsored by the Art Association of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, twice in February. The poster for the performance noted: "Don't miss this unusual premiere rendering of Jeffers' angry and unforgettable indictment of the cruelty and corruption of war." The guiding spirit of the project was the Pennsylvania poet Joseph Jablonski.

■ *Footnotes on the Sand* by Patricia A. Gazin (n.p.: Myron Gazin Publisher, 1991), "An Incomplete Compendium, and Arbitrary Selection of Events, Rumor, Speculation, Some Fact and Some Fiction about Hermosa Beach," features a photo of Melissa Nash's home (since torn down) on page 93.

THREE NOTES :

CARMEL, 1979 - A LITTLE OF "THAT" GOES TOO FAR - SOME ENCOUNTERS

By Betty Adcock

■ ***Editor's Note:*** Betty Adcock is author of three volumes of poetry from Louisiana State University Press. Her most recent book is *Beholdings* (1988). *Nettles* was published in 1983. In 1989 she read her work at the Library of Congress. She is Kenan Writer in Residence at Meredith College in Raleigh, North Carolina. Her powerful and insightful short piece on Jeffers appeared in *American Poetry* in fall 1987.

– *CARMEL, 1979* –

I had come to California specifically for this, to see the coast out of which Robinson Jeffers had made his poems. I knew it only from the poems, a few photographs, and the mind's pictures.

I hadn't thought of the town of Carmel, at least I hadn't imagined how much of it there is. I believe I thought I'd see Jeffers' tower from a distance, having held it in a timeless place in my mind. I thought there would be wide land around it, a forest of trees he had planted. And of course that was an absurd notion. We couldn't even *find* the tower on our first try, driving the streets with their houses jammed close together.

We had to go back to town to ask directions, [to] a real estate office as it happened. The place was paneled in the usual fake wood. On the walls were photographs of rather modest houses with enormous, ridiculous prices posted beneath them. The real estate agent laughed when we told him what we were looking for. "That crazy poet's house," he said. "Sure, I know where it is, and I've got no use for it, either!" We did not ask the reason for his hostility. Perhaps he felt the Jeffers place took up too much space, kept too much land out of the hands of builders and sellers.

He gave us directions, and we found the place. I was bold enough to knock on the door of Tot House and ask if I might look around the tower closely from outside. The pleasant woman who spoke to me (Jeffers' daughter-in-law?) gave us permission to walk about. She told us she no longer had a key to the tower, or she'd have been glad to let us in. She said it was unfortunate we had not arranged to come a few weeks later, for by then the tower would be open to the public. It was the property of a foundation now.

I stayed perhaps an hour with that masonry, walls deeper than I had imagined. In the poems, it is part symbol, part myth, part home. Here it was real, simple stone, a plainness shaped by the sea, a distance still in it. It keeps its dignity, however close the dreams of real estate dealers have crept. The view straight to the sea is clear; and to the rocks, the kin of those in the tower, which go on shaping the sea foam. It was a little rough that day, very beautiful, air the color of pewter. I stood perhaps too long in the cold wind.

We spent the night in town, in some motel or other, where I developed a full-blown case of flu. Carmel has an arty surface, but it is full of kitsch. Expensive, but kitsch nonetheless. I would have been sick even without a virus.

I lost nothing by all this, of course. Jeffers' poems would go on standing for me in a wild place, shaped by the sea and the plunging mountains, masoned with time itself, and lit with a flame as permanent as the stone, light of the compassion without which he could not have seen to write.

As we left the next morning to push on to Big Sur, flu and all, I found myself hoping that Jeffers haunts them. I wouldn't be surprised if the costly, handmade, real-Indian pots do sometimes fall abruptly from the tasteful shelves, and the houses develop unexplainable cracks, and the expensive, purebred dogs suddenly bite for no reason.

– A LITTLE OF "THAT" GOES TOO FAR –

All the sins of which Robinson Jeffers' poetry stands accused, from carelessness to excesses of heat and cold, are not enough to account for the critical eclipse of his work. I think the hint of prophecy may account for that eclipse.

It is the prophecy that really disturbs us. As the landlady says to Hazel Motes in Flannery O'Connor's *Wise Blood*, "...it is something people have quit doing—like boiling in oil or being a saint or walling up cats. People have quit doing it." The poet-as-seer can be nothing more than a convenient metaphor in the twentieth century. It's all right to talk like that at literary cocktail parties, and occasionally a few poets will break out in a

benign and self-conscious version of shamanism, but for a poet as learned as Robinson Jeffers to have donned the mantle of seer, to have worked all his life to frame and understand an almost pre-literate religious vision, and to have done this with no more irony or relieving humor than the Old Testament granddaddies; to have begun in the jazz Age and continued through the depression, the war, the Atomic Age and on into the Space Age; and furthermore to have brought news that was not good, not the old comforting pastoral message, not the message about liberating everybody and uplifting all mankind, not a twentieth century way to Christianity, not even the Lawrencian message that a return to orgiastic primitivism would fix us good as new—not even the soon-to-be-fashionable messages of despair full of satisfying literary references—well, that was not going to be tolerated. It was worse than any of the sins Jeffers had otherwise been charged with. It was, well, *embarrassing*.

In all ages except ours, and perhaps in ours, too, in obscure pockets of the world, the initiate, or the medicine man or woman, or the hero, or the prophet (there are many names for this) goes into some wild place. He goes there to undertake some harsh task, or to practice self-denial or meditation, to be made deaf to the habits and wishes of the clan, the tribe, the village, the city. He goes into the wild place to call upon what is not himself spirit of totem animal or bird who will give him a new song, or the harsh and singular tribal God who will give him a new law, or the Goddess who will open his eyes; he will call forth in any case a voice from the outer world, from the mountain or desert or forest, from the cosmos, and from the deepest rivers of the human psyche as well. In a different guise for every culture, for every time and consciousness, this force can grant a boon, a kind of knowledge both mystical and useable. Such knowledge is often dangerous, always two-edged. It may have at the same time healing and destructive possibilities both for its bearer and for the community.

The man or woman who brings such knowledge back to the community may be welcomed, or may be killed, or may be exiled. Such knowledge may become the start of a new way of seeing for the group, or it may be destroyed, or it may be subtly integrated into the existing wisdom, either complementing and completing it or causing a dissonance, a shift.

I suggest that we cannot know what combination of these possible fates actually did befall the poetry of Robinson Jeffers. In one sense, he was "killed" by the critics (and the poets). But such things are not so simple, and never were. Since Jeffers' death, the Vietnam War has come and gone, with its protests, its numbers of ordinary men who refused to fight. As I stood in protest lines in those days, I thought of Hault Gore in

whose dead mouth Jeffers placed the words "...and an angry spirit will go through the camps whispering mutiny in the conscripts' ears." Some broad understanding of what our technology and growth and our insistence on luxury has done to the land has become part of our ordinary knowledge of our world. Poetry begins to reach again for narrative force to lift itself out of triviality. Jeffers' work cannot be said to have played any part in any of this. But I will not say absolutely that it did not. Visionary knowledge is hard to lose, once brought back to the tribe. By Jeffers' time, of course, there was no longer a tribe, not even a people, but rather a mass which is immovable except by those forces which have grown into the place of the forces of nature and of myth: politics and power on a global scale, science as handmaiden to these, technology, and economics. And poetry was already a minor specialty among specialties. In such a time, perhaps the knowledge Jeffers brought was never received at all. Perhaps it was fated to remain, as he did in a way, in the wild place of its origin.

I am aware of Jeffers' sources in Nietzsche (but with a large difference there) and Schopenhauer, Spengler, Vico, Lucretius, even that obscure Egyptologist whose name I can never remember. He drew on his classical education, on the science of his day, and on the work of Freud and Jung. All these were ways in which he framed an essentially visionary understanding, which had come to him in the days when the Big Sur coast was still a wilderness. That visionary experience continually renewed itself in the landscape to which he had wedded himself. This was the rock at the core of his work, as powerful and unclassifiable a religious experience as any that may be imagined, and he clothed it from the sources of his intellectual time and heritage. He did so without ever altering the elemental character of that vision.

Such vision disturbs us, the untidiness of it, the willful isolation, the sheer size of it. We feel uncomfortably ancient in its presence; we feel as if no progress has been made at all. Most of all, we are disturbed by the burning of that vision into prophecy.

For a long time now, people have quit doing that.

– *SOME ENCOUNTERS* –

When I began this contribution, I meant to write conventional paper, one of those things full of reasoned argument, reasonable concessions, and hard evidence. I didn't like it. Something, perhaps the rainstorm in which suddenly darkened my study window, caused me to tear

up those neatly typed pages and begin again on something disorderly and personal.

I want to list some encounters, and then I want to address them.

"Why in the world would you want to read Jeffers? *Nobody* reads him anymore." The speaker was a professor at North Carolina State University, a specialist in American Literature, teacher of the course I was taking. I had asked to write a paper on Jeffers' poetry. It was 1966.

"You don't want to read Jeffers. He wrote about nine hundred poems about a rock and a hawk. Read Pound." The speaker was one of the first real poets I had met. He was replying to my statement that I had undertaken a study of Jeffers on my own. It was 1968.

"But Robinson Jeffers *hated* women." The speaker was a young feminist writer at a party after a literary conference in the mid 1970s. She had asked me to name some poets whose work had been important to me. "Still," a famous feminist poet spoke up, "he'd have been a better model than Eliot, wouldn't he?"

"I haven't read Jeffers. Except for some of the anthology pieces." This statement, with minor variations, has been made to me many times by many people, among them a Duke University professor who is a young critic. I have heard it from the head of a major university's Creative Writing program, himself a poet; and from too many editors, serious graduate students, English professors, and other poets for me to list. Most went on to express strong negative opinions of Jeffers' work, despite the fact that they knew only a few short pieces or excerpts.

"Robinson Jeffers? Never heard of him." The speaker was one of two poets with whom I was having lunch. The three of us were part of a panel at a literary symposium in early 1986. The poet who said he had never heard of Jeffers is author of two books of poems (one a national prizewinner) and the co-editor of an important contemporary anthology. "Oh, you know," said the second of my companions, "Jeffers was the one who liked the Nazis." This second speaker is also the author of two well received collections. He is a professor at a prestigious college and an editor of one of the more influential literary quarterlies. When I asked him how well he knew Jeffers' work, he replied that he had not read it, but had "heard of" the Random House disclaimer attached to *The Double Axe and Other Poems*.

Though the last-mentioned example could make me doubt it, I know that the attitudes illustrated by the above encounters are changing. There are strong signs of a real reappraisal of Jeffers' work. I have noticed that younger poets are more and more often addressing poems to Jeffers,

saying at least that they have read him, and acknowledging that this figure must be dealt with, however often they seem to do it with the intent to show how warmly human they are against what they perceive as his bleakness and detachment.

And not all the people to whom I have mentioned Jeffers have responded negatively. The exceptions were few but interesting. James Dickey, William Stafford, and a most unusual university librarian had positive things to say. And the famous feminist I mentioned earlier, the one who said that Jeffers was a better model for a woman than Eliot, was Adrienne Rich.

Still, most of the evidence I gathered over the years by making a point of mentioning Jeffers' name when I gave readings or attended minor literary gatherings has a disturbing uniformity. Academics, critics, students, poets—the only people who can be expected to read poetry in this country—felt either that one *shouldn't* read Jeffers, or that one needn't read him since one already knew what to think.

I do not believe there is a simple answer as to why this is the case (and I'm willing to project broadly from my "informal sample"). The reasons usually given for the eclipse of Jeffers' work are true but do not suffice. The real reason is more than that Jeffers simply didn't fit the programs of the Marxists or the New Critics or the Existentialists. Neither does it serve to say that Jeffers was not read because of charges of pro-Fascism (though the pro-Fascist charge was absurdly resurrected as recently as 1979 by Vernon Young in *Parnassus*, vol. 6, no. 1). It's not enough to say the poetry suffered from the critical charges of carelessness and excess, or that it wasn't read because of a general perception that Jeffers was "pessimistic" or "fascinated by evil." All these charges have been brought against other poets, often with considerably more reason, without obscuring their names or the virtues of their best work.

We will tolerate and praise almost anything, any triviality, narcissism, nihilism, buffoonery, absurdity, hatred, sentimentality, even the destruction of language, even *real* Fascism (in Pound, for instance). We will tolerate random experiment and poetry by spirit-dictation. I am not yet satisfied with the reasons given for our willingness to allow the work of a great American poet to come near to vanishing.

UNA JEFFERS' CORRESPONDENCE:

THE LUHAN LETTERS

EXCERPTS, 1934

■ **Editor's Note:** The following letters are continued from RJN nos. 77 and 80, in conjunction with the memoir in no. 81, and provide windows on the Jeffers' family and social life, complex intramarital relationships, friendships, reading, attitudes toward and interest in weather, race, sexual stereotypes, liberal causes, the esoteric, etc. Wording, spelling and punctuation have been preserved from the original letters, with editorial notes in brackets.

– *THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1934* –

Well, you have been busy with fires and Forums and Frieda's [Lawrence] tangle. You know I think Frieda sounds very cold and cynical, and whatever "impersonal love" she feels would not lead her to any helpfulness or sympathy. I can imagine her an amusing companion for frolic though.

Our great excitement has been Garth and Donnan took a six- day trip with the Tevis family first time they've ever been away from us. They went to shoot plover over on the desert near Bakersfield, then to an Indian mound that is being excavated, then to Hollywood and the Big Game in Pasadena New Year's Day. –They were there during the flood. –The worst since 1877. The game was played in the rain.

Robin and I felt rather young and silly without them. It's going to be a horrid jolt letting them go to college.

– *TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1934* –

I went to a cocktail party at Blanche's yesterday. Langston Hughes was there (for the first time). It's taken all this time for Russell's [Matthias]

Virginian blood to flow smoothly with a negro in a chair in his drawingroom. --He is a very nice boy (32 years old], Langston.--

Did you ever read "Stay of my Life" by that Englishman Augustus Hare (pub. 1901) -in four vol. full of the most interesting stories about all the great families of England and Italy and Sweden. (He is from Hurstmonceaux Abbey)-I just got it down from the State library and how we laughed when we found on the card, I was the last person who took it out (March 1923!).

And have you seen that republication of "Gates of Remembrance" – the account of the restoration of Glastonbury Abbey helped in difficult moments (about finding foundations by automatic writing of several people. Marvelous tale)–one of the automatic writers was that John Burton we met at Noel's. He has been here to call–

Mattie Hopper now disappears frequently and keeps Jimmie (the novelist) searching hither and thither -- last Sunday they got out the whole town with the fire siren, and brought the fire engine and pulmotor here to rescue her -- but she was just sitting on the beach.

We go for all day pilgrimages always once a week. Saturday or Sunday and you can think of happily packing our lunch!

Garth and Donnan are taking dancing lessons from Ruth Austin and you should see us waltzing and foxtrotting here at night. Robin pushed into the corner with the table and light and imperturbable throughout the noise and tumult (victrola etc). The boys had sworn they wouldn't learn but I notice with each night they grasp me with less hatred and violence. They may make good dancers I am happily surprised. In any case I am getting the poor thirsty floor here in Tot House waxed and rewaxed. Except the kitchen it hasn't before had as much attention in ten years as it ought to have had every six months.

– MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1934 –

I've been busy with flu in the house. Garth got it at school – all the boys had it. Garth was in bed four days – then after he's been back in school a couple of days, Donnan got it and he was in bed another four days – their only symptoms were high temp. (104°+ with Garth) and colds, but they enjoyed their time in bed here with a nice blazing fire and bed by the windows and sea gulls flying by low as they do in winter. Robin read aloud a lot and we had lots of ice cream and custards and made a sort of holiday as we always have when they are in bed. Then Robin and I had it not hard enough to stay in bed, but I haven't had time for letters.

[James Joyce's] *Ulysses* is here too--and is as boring as ever. The only part I can read with much interest is that filthy old robust wanton's soliloquy at the end.

It is raining today. You ought to see Robin's happy face. I dread to see Russell (Matthias) today though. He doesn't like rain. They have been away to the desert --went as far as Phoenix but only stayed 10 days instead of 3 weeks as they intended--they hastened to come back to our golden weather! It has been magnificent weather all winter--(if one likes sunshine!).

Jaime [DeAngulo] and Nancy came in the other evening and brought that photographer friend and his boy friend! Such blatant homos-- They can't bother to conceal it but keep somehow drawing attention to their happy state. Jaime looked really handsome again and full of life. He has been planting an orchard down on his ranch. Nancy says they have a helper who gets their supplies and makes life easy but it's a drain on their income, which must cease when Jaime gets a bit stronger.

– **SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 1934** –

Life has been very crowded lately. Lots of people and we have been walking a great deal. On Saturday we are going up to Mt. Hamilton for the day and walk back into the mts. there [Lick Observatory near San Jose where Hamilton Jeffers was astronomer].

Blanche and Russell have had some visitors named Parsons. He is an important architect from Chicago. His dearest friend is Edwin Dodge [Mabel's 2nd husband] whom he knew well from the years before his marriage to you. –*Is Dodge witty? Is this story apocryphal?* When you married Tony the Boston Transcript called E.D. up and asked if he wished to comment on the news and he, after a moment's silence, said only "Lo! the poor Indian!" Now that's a very witty thing all of a sudden. *Is it true?* Parsons is the architect for a very beautiful marble mausoleum for Wrigley being built on Catalina Island. Wrigley's own Catalina.

You've no idea how we adore Haig (the Jeffers' bulldog, gift of Mabel) and what a big share he has in our lives. He walked up a mountain 5 mile trail with us the other day--10 miles all told and was quite fresh at the

end, –a feat for a bulldog. We always carry a bottle of water and a tin basin and he drinks frequently. He has a number of long tales, which he reiterates in a flat insistent tone (through me) and so freely expresses himself on all occasions that he keeps Robin and the boys in gales of laughter. He has one long tale that starts-"You know my brother York? I admire him—he's *hard-boiled* but my granny won't allow me...." This is a very popular one! He wears a night-shirt at night-and sleeps with his head on a pillow-(in the bathroom) and *snores!*

The sale of things from Scottsboro boys' defense brought \$1500.00 and some things not sold. Robin's was bought by Dr. Bernard Strauss for the highest single price during the sale. (These Jeffers' manuscripts are now at the University of Alabama.)

Here is a secret until you are officially told. Gabrielle [Kuster] is *expecting* again. She has been in bed about a month, is so nauseated if she gets up. Her troubles were complicated by her mother getting sick too and staying over there. She had the bedroom downstairs and Gay the one upstairs (the old library) but her mother has gone back to her old house now. She (Mary Y.H.) dislikes Teddie and is most unpleasant. (He doesn't love her either!). Teddie is producing "They knew What They Wanted" tonight. He put that on splendidly 7 yrs ago. He took the part of the Italian hero Tony and played it wonderfully. He was completely *disguised* and that *gave* him a freedom of expression he usually lacks.

I *love* you as ardently as ever! Write us all the news. Dear love from all of us. Una.

[The following letter was addressed to Robinson Jeffers by Maynard Dixon (1875-1946), newspaper & magazine illustrator, muralist for the Santa Anita Ranch, Mark Hopkins Hotel, California State Library, & Bureau of Indian Affairs, noted for his pastels of the Southwest. His wife, Jessica Lange was the dustbowl photographer.]

- MONDAY, MARCH 19, 1934 -

My dear Sir-[directed to Robinson Jeffers]

"My husband wishes me to thank you" etc -- The print I sent you doesn't call for any thanks, -- but if you want to thank me why the hell don't you do it yourself? This proxy stuff don't mean anything. Yours, Maynard Dixon

[Una's note to Mabel is written below Dixon's signature.) Do you know him? Why is he so cross-- is he always? I wrote him quite a nice letter! Well, we didn't answer this--Robin was tickled by it because so many people find my letters agreeable I get set up! He had sent, unasked, a print of "Earth-Knower."

– *SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1934* –

Yesterday at Olga's I met a young friend of hers Mr. le Doux (I thought [that was the spelling] but find an article in Pine Cone I enclose spelled Ladew). He has a house on Long Island and one near Baltimore—he is Master of a famous hunt pack there. —He wanted very much a note of introduction to you, which I shall give him but you needn't bother of course if you don't like him—he is a very great traveler in fat countries—but he is in the West for the first time. He wants advice about getting pack animals etc to make trips in N.M. He knows everybody and has amusing things to tell about T.E. Lawrence et others out in Arabia—he won the letter of introduction from me when I mentioned *Gertrude Bell* and found he knew her and he said—"Now you see why I want to meet Mabel—she also is one of these rare women in whom I feel a power"—et cetera—I've been seeing Mrs. Doubleday, wife of publisher, *full of* interesting talk. She is coming for tea Tues., also Fish and Ledew.

I am returning your letters which came this morning. So glad to catch up on the news! I am terribly busy. Edith Greenan is here from the Philippines—out there 4 yrs. She looks very dissipated—still lovely though. She was at one time the most alluring creature I ever saw. John O'Shea says he remembers her that way too. She was Teddie's wife No. 2, you remember. She used to stay with Robin and me weeks at a time between love affairs or marriages. Never knew anyone so emotional—so many violent love affairs. She is involved in one now out in Shanghai—had to clear out for a while.

– *MONDAY, MAY 14, 1934* –

Will you please send on this clipping about Crowley and his black magic to Ella Young and say it's from me. She once told us a long queer tale about him killing Count Macgregor Mather with black magic. Mather fought with *white* magic.

Guidelines for Submissions to *RJN*

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.

Citations and Notes:

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. A computer file containing the text would be much appreciated; identify the software program used, please.

Address correspondence to Robert J. Brophy editor, *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter*, I 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.