



Robinson Jeffers

NEWSLETTER

CONTENTS NUMBER 87 SUMMER 1993

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*On the Cover: Hawk Tower in the mid-twenties, shortly after completion.
California State University Long Beach, Library Archives.*

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News & Notes

- Yolla Bolly Press has been asked by the Tor House Foundation, with the cooperation of Mrs. Lee Jeffers, to redesign and reissue Donnan Jeffers's
- *The Stones of Tor House* in an expanded format "accompanied by previously unpublished photographs." The press has requested from Garth Jeffers an essay on his early days in Tor House to be used as a companion volume, the two being bound separately but included in a slipcase. Price and quantity to be announced. Publication schedule looks to early November. Under paper cover, both volumes will be available at the docents' room at Tor House. Proceeds will be used for maintenance of house, tower, and grounds.
- Jane Brown's dance, "Medea," inspired by and drawn from Robinson Jeffers, was performed in Oakland, California, on Fridays and Saturdays, April 30, May 1, 7, 8, originally intended to precede and celebrate International Women's Day, March 8, 1993. The Dance Program comments: "Planet Earth's societies changed from matrilineal to patriarchal with the centuries-long rise of private property. Jane Brown reveals in the agony of Medea, women's fierce resistance to male domination as the owners of slaves, cattle, women. The struggle has never ceased."
- Of Jane Brown's dance, the critics comment: "Many dancers dance to poetry, she is poetry" (Robert Duncan, poet) and "Your interpretation of 'Medea' was a stunning performance" (Georgia Katsanos, former Chair, Alameda County Arts Commission) and "Jane Brown's 'Medea' is one of the strongest pieces of dance theatre I've ever seen" (Marilyn Tucker, *San Francisco Chronicle*). Later in this issue appears an abstract of a new critical and thematic analysis of Euripides's "Medea."

■ The *Monterey Peninsula Review* for April 29-May 5 carries as cover a rare photo of Una sitting in a rocking chair, seemingly pregnant, with a bulldog (Billie?) on her lap-in white dress, black stockings, and sandals. This is followed by a cover story by John Detro, "Jeffers Legacy Lives at Tor House," detailing tours of the Jeffers home, its gardens, seascape, and history, featuring outside and inside photos of Hawk Tower and a half-page reproduction of the 1970 Jeffers stamp with a short article on the May garden party.

LEIGH A. WIENER:

PHOTOGRAPHER EXTRAORDINAIRE

On Tuesday, May 11, 1993, age 62, died Leigh A. Wiener, one of the great photographers of our century, author of nine books, creator and co-host of his own Emmy award-winning TV series, "Talk About Pictures," and the highly commended and influential football documentary, "A Slice of Sunday." He died of a rare blood disease, result of his exposure to nuclear radiation when he covered atomic testing in Nevada for Life magazine. Only his indomitable spirit had made him live, miraculously, the last few years.

He was known for his brilliant and anecdote-filled lectures and writings on the art of photography and for his aggressive and brilliant photographing of the great and famous--John Kennedy, Willie Maya, Marilyn Monroe, Judy Garland, Frank Sinatra, Paul Newman, Pope John Paul II, etc. His last book was a poignant *Marilyn: A Hollywood Farewell* (1992). He worked for *Life*, *Time*, *Look*, *Fortune*, *Sports Illustrated*, and the *Los Angeles Times*. Exhibits of his photographs were many and always stunning and new.

Those interested in Robinson Jeffers will recall Leigh's candid shots of the aging poet which illustrated Ann Ridgeway's *The Selected Letters of Robinson Jeffers*. In 1952 (as he told the story) he approached Jeffer's front door and found the poet himself responding to his knock. "What do you want? "I want to take photos of you." "Why?" The answer to that question would have made a bumbling fool of anyone less than Leigh. Somehow he persuaded Jeffers to allow him to stay at Tor House for several days, catching him at candid moments, each one carrying its own story ("In this one he was distracted from his writing by the smell of new-baked cookies from the kitchen"). Wiener took hundreds and hundreds of photos during those intimate days; a selec-

tion from them toured California libraries, galleries, and university halls in 1986 and 1987.

One of Leigh's last proposed collaborations was to match photo and text, with shots taken very close upon the time when Jeffers was writing the poems which were to appear posthumously in *The Beginning and the End*. The photos were to hauntingly illustrate poems like "Hand," "Nightpiece," "Cremation;" "Granddaughter," "The Shears," "But I Am Growing Old and Indolent," and "See the Human Figure."

Leigh Wiener was honored at Occidental College. He was also provided an expansive exhibit of his photos at California State University Long Beach in March 1987: "Jeffers, The Man, The Poet."

MEDEA: DIVERGENT VIEWS

***Euripides' Medea The Incarnation of Disorder* by Emily A. McDermott (New York, 1989).**

Euripides' *Medea* produced in the year that the Peloponnesian War began, presents the first in a parade of vivid female tragic protagonists across the Euripidean stage. Throughout the centuries it has been regarded as one of the most powerful of the Greek tragedies.

McDermott's starting point is an assessment of the character *of* Medea herself. She confronts the question: What does an audience do with a tragic protagonist who is at once heroic, sympathetic, and morally repugnant? We see that the play portrays a world from which all order has been deliberately and pointedly removed and to which the very reality or even potentiality of order is implicitly denied. Euripides' plays invert, subvert, and pervert traditional assertions *of* order; they challenge their audience's most basic tenets and assumptions about the moral, social, and civic fabric *of* mankind and replace them with nothing. While the playwright seeks to uproot mental complacencies he will not move to replace them with a new vision based on clearly articulated values of his own.

One who seeks for "meaning" in this tragedy will come closest to finding it by examining everything in the play (characters, their actions, choruses, mythic plots and allusions to myth, place within literary traditions and use of conventions) in close conjunction with a feasible reconstruction *of* the audience's expectations in each regard, for we see that *it* is a keynote of

Euripides' dramaturgy to fail to fulfill these expectations. This study proceeds from the premise that Medea's murder of her children is the key to the play. We see that the introduction of this murder into the Medea-sage was Euripides' own innovation. We see that the play's themes include the classic opposition of Man and Woman. Finally, we see that in Greek culture the social order is maintained by strict adherence within the family to the rule that parents and children reciprocally nurture one another in their respective ages of helplessness. Through the heroine's repeated assaults on this fundamental and sacred value, the playwright most persuasively portrays her as an incarnation of disorder.

Thus far the publisher's catalog blurb for McDermott's book. Much of the book's issues seem still unstated, at least here. It may be rewarding to contrast McDermott's thesis with that of Jane Brown, that Medea represents the rejection of a stifling, unjustifiable, and unjust patriarchal society. Is the difference, if there is a difference, that of Jeffers's Euripidean adaptation? Ms. Brown's interpretation? or Ms. McDermott's analysis? Is the woman Medea the problem ("the incarnation of disorder") or is it Jason and the Greek arrogance of power and control that is the object of scrutiny?

A REVIEW:

THE FALL INTO EDEN: LANDSCAPE
AND IMAGINATION IN CALIFORNIA.

BY DAVID WYATT. NEW YORK:

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 1986.

Several readers have suggested a belated notice of Wyatt's *The Fall into Eden: Landscape and Imagination*, especially his chapter "Jeffers, Snyder and The Ended World." First an overview of Wyatt's chapters; they cover: 1. "Spectatorship & Abandonment: Dana, London & Fremont"; 2. "Muir & The Possession of Landscape"; 3. "King & Catastrophe"; 4. "Mary Austin, Nature & Nurturance"; 5. "Norris & The Vertical"; 6. "Steinbeck's Lost Gardens"; 7. "Chandler, Marriage & The Great Wrong Place"; 8. "Jeffers, Snyder & The Ended World"; and 9. "Epilog: Fiction of Space."

In his Jeffers/Snyder chapter, Wyatt emphasizes the many parallels between the poets-their California locus, their family pattern, their commitment to inhabitation: Carmel's Tor House/Hawk Tower and San Juan Ridge's inside/outside abode, "KitKitdizze."

Wyatt's thesis on the differences centers on the poets' "stance toward their moment in time." He sees Jeffers's poetry as succumbing to the temptation of elegy-away from the task of living in time and space, seeing the California coast as a pointing toward timelessness and apocalypse, an end and an ending. Snyder, facing the same temptation, compounded by his study of Eastern metaphysics, finally choosing involvement, possessing and being poised by land and persons, looking to "how we go on" but ever conscious of his "forerunner's lonely and chastening counter example."

Wyatt thoughtfully analyzes Jeffers's early career, the impact of World War I, his inevitable location in Carmel/Sur, the building of house and tower, though he gets some of the actors wrong. He focuses on Jeffers's apocalyptic sense, that all is ending, being recycled, evanescent, history being meaningless because it says nothing but cycle

and returns to nothing, to a repetition that scorns evaluation. Wyatt wrestles with Jeffers's apparent contradictions: of divinizing place, giving the coast an aura of judgment, making it a final altar of sacrifice, while yet dismissing place as momentary.

Wyatt's insights into Una's role are provocative. Keeper-of-the-keys and muse, she was "the essential emotional bond of his adult life." Una didn't coauthor the poems, she was never even their subject, but "all that had been done was done for her." Wyatt finds in Jeffers's plots "misogyny disguised as misanthropy—woman undoing man, love as lust, sexual encounter as incest, desire as doom."

Wyatt thinks this doom may also issue from a "consciously adopted defense strategy;" admitting in "Apology for Bad Dreams" that he wrote awful poems to decoy pain, terror and desire; they were acts of warding off threats of reprisal for his betrayal of Teddy Kuster.

In the remainder of the chapter, Wyatt considers four poets under the influence of Jeffers: Rexroth and Winters paralleling sometimes but consciously rejecting, Everson and Snyder accepting but inverting by finding different paths and making contrary choices.

Wyatt's final section analyzes Snyder's poetic pilgrimage as "Turning and Returning," a leaving behind and revisiting in order to claim, to remember, value, and commit. He illustrates this reading by a review of Snyder's volumes from *RipRap* in 1959 to *Turk Island* in 1974, and his present involvement in the San Juan Ridge landscape, recycled life, building, and community—"along the lines laid down by the most ancient culture of the area.... no waste and little wandering."

UNA JEFFERS, CORRESPONDENT:

THE LUHAN LETTERS

EXCERPTS, 1937

■ ***Editor's Note:*** The 1937 correspondence, here excerpted, unfolds another year of Tor House activity, friendship concerns, travel, reading, blessings, and tragedies. The advent of radio at Tor House, conversations with Gershwin, care for pets, joy in children, Book Club recognition, reflections on Communism tumble from Una's pen. Irish castles and loughs, reading, sittings for two great photographers, the stark death of a friend, sciatica and a Doctor of Letters, a friend's tragic drowning, taxes, and book reviews—all these resound in the lives of the Jefferses, revealing especially Una but also the poet, his affirmations and reticences.

— *January 20, 1937* —

I haven't written because all my days have been packed full, not time for a line. Boys were home for three weeks and many people were in & out & dozens of parties. The Clapps we have seen constantly. They go tomorrow. I have a lot of things to tell you at great length & will do so or make a beginning tomorrow.

For my birthday Noel gave me a dinner party as has for some years past & a radio installed beside my bed. The boys had great fun with it. They got 65 stations. Clear as crystal.

Olga [Fish] is wretched-& we are very much alarmed about her.

Gershwin visited her & came here to Tor House. More about that later.

I was invited to a very elegant lunch in S.F. in Olga's honor and matinee (Gershwin & symphony). At the last moment Olga was too sick to go and made me go anyway. In her absence I was the honoree.

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It was at Mrs. Taylor's, the sister of the much talked of Mrs. Corrigan, American hostess in London, the only one persona grata to both Ed. VIII & the new king & queen. I believe Lady Cunard is in eclipse!

Gershwin is terribly nice, very clean-cut & hard working and very interested in other people's endeavors Not a bit blatant & hard boiled. He played with orchestra his concerto & a lot of airs from "Porgy" & his "Rhapsody in Blue." Very funny to see the old classical symphony players writhing through the syncopation & all the percussion instruments banging like mad.

Robin & I & Haig stayed all night at Noel's & then went over to Berkeley Sat. morn to see boys again. Haig looks very handsome just now.

Olga gave me something to cherish along with her mother's blue shawl—it's her mother's black point lace coatee reaching to my knees—very quaint and beautiful.

Ella Winter has stored her furniture, closed her house, put it up for sale. Pete [Ella & Steffen's son] lives with Stef's nephew A. Hollister. Ella says she has no plans but may go on to N.Y. now. Gave York [Haig's sibling] away. I hope to good people. He is about 20 lbs. under weight. I am going to try to see the new owner and *offer* some advice. Don't know him.

For my birthday, Ellen O'S had Hagemeyer take boys separately. The whole 30 he took of Donnan are amazing—*stunning*! About 10 of Garth are extremely good too.

Tell Brett her *Eyes of Eagles* [photo of her painting] came today—queer and fascinating.

Father Wilbur [at the mission] is a very interesting man from St. Louis. He is a Catholic convert. He has visited in Carmel people from St. Louis (the Blackmans and Susan Porter.)

— *CANDLEMAS DAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1937* —

You may know we are very happy for Robin to receive one of the four Book-of-the Month fellowships \$2500.00 I suppose you read in the papers about it. It was a new idea of the Club I believe to honor outstanding books which had not sold over 5,000 copies. With no varied a jury I am amazed & delighted that Robin got the top number of votes. it's a great god-send to us!

Robin rec'd many telegrams of congratulations.

Myron [Brinig, novelist] looks very well now after a severe flu. He and Marie Short are always together & seem very gay and happy so. —but I do not see them very often. Marie has just been through another painful experience. A dentist in S.F. *broke* her jaw in extracting an impacted wisdom tooth & it was left so for several days before x-rays showed up the trouble.

Did you see Max Eastman's article in Feb. "Harpers Mag." about "End of Socialism in Russia." He completely repudiates Russia as the experiment has worked out. Also Andre Gide whom the Communists claimed so proudly now in his last book relates his trip to Russia & is *ferociously* bitter against Communism. See long careful review of this in "Living Age"—of January.

Sally Boke came for lunch one day. She is a thoroughly nice person, generous-minded and full of humor.

You remember Hilary Belloc and his wife Hope—friends of Claire to whom she lent the small cottage at the Highlands. A friend of Hilary's was here the other day and told a funny story about them. Hilary was away somewhere & heard about a need for a play for some performance and telegraphed Hope to "hurry & write a *Lenten* play." Hope didn't know much but Lent & began reading wildly & trying to think up something apposite. —Hilary came home & was horrified at her efforts. What he had really wired (& got transmitted wrong) was "Hurry & write a Lenin play"! They are ardent Communists.

The friend of theirs who called was a man named *Black* from West port, Co. Mayo, who knew Gershwin family very well. Col. Maurice Moore in particular. He was the most Irish-spoken person in our house for a long time. He was a graduate from Sandhurst, the Eng. military school, but gave up military life for adventure in Canada.

Mrs. Kingsley Porter of Cambridge, wife of the great archeologist now dead, invited us to come for a week or more to Glenveagh Castle in Donegal—we to name any week April to July—but of course we couldn't—only a vague idea of going to Ireland this year. This is a famous castle in one of the wildest parts of Donegal on Lough Veagh and over the Poisoned Glen. I would like well to stay here.

I shall read your "Higher Learning" today and mail back to you shortly. I had a great mass of borrowed books ahead of that. A number belonged to the Clapps & I had to finish theirs before they left for the East. Yesterday I gave two back to Noel, —Willa Cather's "Not Under Forty" with several interesting essays in it and Lord Howard of Penrith'a "Theatre of Life" (Esme Howard he was) the very *niciest* type of

Englishman with a wide experience on many continents. He gives the clearest, most convincing account of conversion to the Catholic faith that I ever read. He was inspired to seek instruction from Cardinal Merry del Val because he wanted to marry a Catholic wife— (daughter of Prince Bandini.) He didn't expect to be able to be converted but he *was*.

After Genthe's visit that Sunday which I must have written to you about, he sent us his autobiographical "As I Remember." Many of your friends in it. Did you ever meet Arnold Genthe? Rather fascinating. He did my pictures in 1910 or 1911 just before he went to N.Y. It was indirectly through him that we came to Carmel. He had had Timmie Clapp as his guest here & Timmie first began to tell me of the place in 1907. Genthe came to call to meet Robin and get some pictures of him. Unfortunately his sec. had forgotten to bring his camera. Genthe rented one in Monterey for the pictures, but wasn't sure what he could do with it.

We intend to go up on Friday to bring the boys home for week-end. I get in perfect despair & so does Robin if we don't have them home once a month— (Well it's only 3 weeks this time!)

Hagemeyer has been sick & hasn't finished the boys' pictures yet. This has been the coldest winter we've ever had here. We are lucky in being able to warm our house so thoroughly. — Are you in Tony's this winter? Do you ever use Franklin fireplaces? The one upstairs here burning coal is so efficient & easy & economical compared to our big fire-places.

— *FEBRUARY 27, 1937* —

Ella went away & left York with someone who soon took no care of him. She comes & goes from here to I don't know where all the time, Hollywood I guess, but she acts mysterious. I wrote her a note, a pretty sharp one, & told her she had insisted on taking him away from Barkans when they wanted him & now ought to attend to him. She paid no attention. Then quite by chance I heard he was in the pound So I went over and bailed him out & took him to Miss Kingsland's. Noel offered to pay his board while she gets him into condition—Then we think we know of a good home, if she doesn't (Bowles Hall—boys' dormitory at Berkeley). The pound man found him eating *coal*—he was so hungry. Pete lives here with his relatives the Hollisters but Pete never took any interest in York after the first few days. Damn communists!

Noel has already too many dogs to take more. I don't think he really cares for bulldogs anyway although he has offered to keep Haig if we should go to Ireland. (We are talking of going for 6 months if we can make it, this year.) He is having his house altered--his farmhouse--and expects to be in it in two months. Sallie Boke left her dog Chim with him, gave I guess. He calls his place *Hollow Hills Farm*. We cannot go unless Robin gets his book done, without hurrying. I scarcely dare ask him about it for fear of seeming to bring pressure.

Have you heard-Myron has sold his book "Me Sisters" to movies. I don't know how much, heard \$25,000. (Wasn't supposed to tell.) Yesterday morning I had a letter from Del Monte by messenger from some one signing herself Mimi Durant (Mrs. John) saying she & two friends were here on way back to N.Y. via La Quinta, stopping just to see R. —& me—if possible. They came. Mimi Durant is John Martin's (ed. of "Time") first wife. With her was Libby Holman Reynolds (you remember torch singer—husband tobacco heir—killed etc. 4 yrs ago). She was attractive too, gay, straight-forward laugh, husky voice, young, gray eyed. Man's name was *Tier* (I think) very blond. Lee Crowe, Noel's friend knows him—terribly rich young man—neurotic—he was nice too. Lee is staying with Noel went abroad with him.

Well, that's just one day! Most every day is different!

They were here a good half-hour before I discovered who any of them was.

Tell Tony Lee Sage (that cow boy)—appeared lately around here.

—Last week he bet his saddle & bridle & everything he has that he could ride continuously 72 hours without sleep, changing horses every 8 hrs. & stopping to get coffee and sandwiches once in a while. He rode 62 hours, then dozed off and fell from his horse. He was in a motor accident yesterday and is in hospital.

Hagemeyer just got the boys' first prints done—he has been sick. Now I will see whether I can get some more. They are *stunning*!! Did I tell you Ellen O'S. gave them for my birthday.

One thing that is keeping me busy—I have promised to give an hour's talk on George Moore Mar 17 and I'm trying to get my thoughts into shape. I have enough material in my head about him to write a big book! But it's in need of arranging & selecting & pointing.

The last two week ends the boys have been home. Once they had a party of 8 for lunch & the day. One was a long week-end (Washington's Birthday.) Then we've got to face going over Mss. Robin agreed

to be one of 3 judges for Phelan awards (fiction prizes in honor of Noel Sullivan's uncle, the California senator].

I try to see Olga as much as possible. She looks terrible & feels worse. She has constant nausea and has had for 6 weeks and has lost much weight. I think her sister Sara is coming very soon, flying from N.Y. to see her. Sara (Murphy) has just lost her second boy. One died last year. Olga was having x-rays for trouble in the other breast and whether *they* caused the complete upset of stomach or whether it's something worse is not known.

Did you see the picture of Georgia O'Keefe in last week's "Time" -looked like a man. Article praised her work very highly.

I just finished "Of Lena Geyer." Best opera singer book I've ever seen.

Did I tell you that Teddie's ex-wife no.2 [Edith Greenan] lives here with her three children & is talking of building on this point south of us? I can't write all that tale but will tell you when we meet. At odd moments the dashes in here at midnight hysterical & *tight*. Such a hullabaloo [?] I shall never be quit of her. She cares more for me than most anyone else does! She has lots of money now & her husband is off in Borneo getting more, —gold mine shares in Philippines and (hopes) diamond mine in Borneo. He is a mining engineer. She is still beautiful but dissolute looking & completely disorganized.

Our radio is nice. Robin loves the news and when he is upstairs I get other things. Of course the boys adore it when they are home.

I am going next Fri. to hear the S.F. symphony with Marian Anderson the Negro soloist. We stay all night with Barkans, see boys next day. Tomorrow (Sun) we spend partly at Olga's. They have (tell Tony) constructed a beautiful roping place out of sight of road-just behind Noel's *Carmelite* nunnery. Cowboys from up the valley rope there every Sunday. It's amusing for Sidney. He is awfully agitated about Olga.

Write! Tell about trials and troubles and fun.

All my love. Devotedly Una.

Love, love love!

[P.S.] 1) I like the sound of color in Tony's house, 2)Did you know Eleanora Kiasel is Loma Lindsay's cousin, 3)Father Wilbur—did I tell you is a Catholic convert—he was Anglican. Did he tell you he performed marriage ceremony for your mother? 2nd I guess, 4)Erskine just had his 85 birthday, 5)Marie West is pregnant, 6)my hyacinth Fortuny.

— TUESDAY, APRIL 20, 1937 —

Olga died at 11 P.M. Sat. You left Fri. night you remember, and Sat. morn. I went up to Olga's at 11 and stayed for two hours with Sidney. Mrs. von Rath was there part of the time. She left to go to S.F. to meet Sara, arriving Sun. morning at Oakland airport. The doctor had been there for two hours that Sat. morning. They could not get her to sleep even with hypodermics—& by mouth & rectal doses of morphine. She had willed not to sleep & was wild with nervousness & discomfort. —It was 8 that evening before she said she felt easier and went to sleep for an hour or so. Meantime during the night Friday, the Chauffeur had gone down to Santa Barbara for Stuyvie [her son]. So after her sleep she talked quietly with him & said "Well goodnight boy, I'll see you in the morning." —She dozed a little & talked a little. At 11. Grace came in to see if the night nurse needed any help. Olga sat up & shrugged her shoulders & died without a struggle or word!

They sent me word Sun. morn. & I went up. There she lay quietly in her room filled with sunshine & morning breeze —Pretty as a child and as young. *Impossible* to believe you were seeing a dead person. She looked happy & well, with the pink satin & lace coverlet over her as I had seen it dozens of times, —the mirrors catching the gay reflections and one great blue jar of lilies by her aide—that gay, frivolous charming room. Not an object in that whole house that doesn't cry out "Olga"! & no one else.

Of course Sara didn't arrive until about noon. She stood the shock pretty well, for her husband was telephoning, frantic with anxiety, from N.Y. He flew out & arrived Mon. morn. Meantime at the back Palo Corona ranch Doud, that queer silent man of theirs who lived there (& made my salad bowl out of redwood bud!), was hammering away at a redwood board coffin as she had ordered.

The funeral was Monday yesterday morn. at 11. About 75 people were there—her best friends from Los Angeles, Santa Barbara & Burlingame. The coffin was not opened. There must have been a million gardenias in the room, a dozen wreaths of them as big as barrel-hoops—besides crosses etc. her favorite flower.

It was a brilliant morning. Noel went up with Robin & me.

—Afterwards Sidney & Grace & Josephine (her French maid) went with one or two others to Salinas—the coffin in the Palo Corona station wagon. She was cremated & the ashes brought back to be buried

on the round hill between the house & the Carmelite nunnery. She told me four years ago she planned to be buried there.

I had more than an hour's talk with Josephine on Sunday. She knew Olga better than any soul I think. She is so dramatic & had so identified herself with Olga that as she told me the terrible days and more awful nights they had gone through since I last saw Olga (with you on Monday). I seemed to see the whole nightmare & to hear Olga's piteous wails "But I *feel* so dreadfully, Jo—Don't you intend to do anything for me? You always have!" —Josephine was the only one consulted who held out against the doctor telling her the truth about her condition a month ago. It is queer that Grace had approved the telling.

No one need worry a moment about Marie [Short] if there is available, when Myron goes, some other man who can give her 24 hrs. a day to talk and play with & lie taking sun baths with. This has all been gone through with several times exactly the same pattern. It's impossible to feel tragic with her continuously year after year when these males depart.

— *JUNE 24, 1937* —

Such a daze of work & discomfort for past 2 1/2 weeks. I don't know what I've written to you. —whether I told you two weeks ago last Sat. on June 5, I was stricken at 7. am with a horrible excruciating pain all along my sciatic nerve (biggest one in body—from base of spine the length of your leg to heel!) I could neither sit nor lie nor stand. I was for several hours half doubled over a chair leaning on my arms close to blazing fire. Dr. came & gave me hypodermic. We were supposed to go to L.A. next day. Robin to get his Doctor of Lit. degree on day after. I couldn't go until day after—and that hurried ride of 365 miles each way wasn't any help— I have had no return of the bad pain but the nerve is still somewhat inflamed and you can imagine how many thousand times I've just felt I couldn't get us ready or on our way & wished we could afford just to throw away our tickets!

Well we expect to be off day after tomorrow morn. I expect to be all right. I got the thing one day after I had been doing a big washing & then on the way in from hanging out clothes—got to weeding the garden & a sharp wind blowing! All my own fault but I thought I was impervious. I realized my back felt lame after work but it wasn't until next morning the blow fell.

God, pain is *queer*—

I've had a lot of diathermy treatments.

I told you that Sidney & Stuyve just left for Brittany with a friend of Sidney's & his son. I told you too (?) I can't remember—that I was horrified to find Hazel Pinkham had had one breast off and [The remainder of the letter is missing].

— AUGUST 4, 1937 —

Lac-na-Lore House. Ballymore via Lifford, Co. Donegal. Ireland. Northwesternmost Ireland near Dunfanaghy if you have a map.

—Your letter came yesterday as we were on our way to climb Errigal the highest mt. in Donegal. —Not high at that was very stiff climb steep & through, first deep heather where you *waded* & fell in soft bog holes, then sharp rolling boulders. We are settled for a month in this charming farm house—an old stone house rambling around. —been in this family for centuries. Very simple, but good plain food. You'd like it. Milk, butter, eggs —vegetables, jams, all from the place. Nice real people who own it. Disabilities—no running water, dim lamps and candles, mud if it rains. But the place is clean—O how rare in Ireland! Close to the sea—bathe every day—the water much warmer than our sea filled with arctic current.

We are the only Americans who have ever stayed here. —Meal hours are—Breakfast 9. Dinner 11:30. Meat tea 6. Supper 11:00 P.M. Could you arrange your life to that?

We were at Glenveagh Castle & made great friends with Mrs. Kingsley Porter. She has given us letters to all the nicest people and houses around here— (which we haven't used yet) Glenveagh C is a romantic looking castle with an even more romantic history. A castellated place with a high tower, overlooking the lake. It's on its very edge—& the wild wild ravines & mts. set in an estate of 30,000 acres. Their deer fence is 30 miles long. One of her house guests was —Clapham head of the gov't bureau British Preservation of Ancient Monuments so I had fun & learned a lot. Beautiful peacocks— (one *white!*) on the ramparts—& coming to dining room window sills for crumbs.

This is the exact spot I had chosen for us but *nearly* didn't pull it off, couldn't find a cottage—& the inns were either too expensive to stay long or too dirty. I found this by chance—It is next place to the one where AE stayed when he wasn't with the Poroera in Glenveagh. Donegal is the wildest most exciting county in Ireland. The

most desperate rocky mts & dark precipitous ravines, lakes, bogs, —everywhere black slabs of peat drying in piles. There are rich little farms tucked away in valleys—stone walls running everywhere, clouds rolling & much rain & then days of sunshine that for the first time in years enabled me to recapture the thrilling ecstasy I felt in spring & early summer as a child. We are close to Horn Head & the Bloody Foreland—tremendous rocky cliffs & desperate rocky fields. Just to name a few of our experiences:

- 1) A trip to Aran Is. —in such rough weather every passenger except us & two American girls were sea sick even the noble Lady Moira Cavendish on board gave way all over the place! The little lugger stood first on one end & then the other—seas washing over each time. We were nearly six hrs. *from* Galway to Aran instead of 2 1/2 or 3. Even one of the crew gave way—but it somehow didn't frighten one. Rode at a fast trot 12 miles in wind and rain over a stormy track on a jaunting car to see Dun Aengus on the other side of Aran.
- 2) Were taken all over Yeats' tower. Castle Ballylee. Co. Galway, by caretaker. A thrill for me.
- 3) Climbed the holy mt. Cragh Patrick in Co. Mayo. two days before the annual pilgrimage. That was a climb! A Catholic said to me "May it be a benefit to you!" I hope it was. I gave up a dozen times before I got to the top.
- 4) A trip to Tory Is. in a small motor boat -(more primitive even than the Arans & has a little round tower) We were soaked to skin by rough waves.
- 5) A day at Moore Hall. After many complicated arrangements (aided by Col. Maurice Moore) with the present owner and an ex-caretaker of Moore—We were rowed out to the Castle Is. in the lake to see the Cairn where Moore's ashes lie. Lonely and beautiful spot.
- 6) Many, many antiquities & 20 round towers, most of them unseen before.

We were only a few hours in Dublin to pick up mail, maps etc. but are going back next month for several days. Kathleen O'Brennan has offered to have the Dublin *Characters* in to see us—or for us to see! (She is the friend of Mollie's & John's who introduced them to each other).

O—I promised a person in Mayo to give him a copy of Yeats' "Dramatis Personae" and do you know in Yeats' home town & that of his ancestors, a large prosperous city *Sligo*, no bookstore carried that

book of his or *any* book of his, not a line—& looked askance when I insisted.

All of us are happy. It takes a definite *technique* to be comfortable here in Ireland. This I learned by harsh experience last time & I have got us fixed more easily this time. Boys are busy & make friends easily. Tomorrow they are going for the whole day deer-stalking with a keeper at Lucy Porter's for she has let Glenveagh Castle for the next month from Friday on, for the shooting & a keeper is going out now each day stalking to get the deer located—It's the *wildest* country & I think the boys will have their fill of walking tomorrow.

(You read Lucy's book, "Letters to Minanlaban"-the letters from A E and introduction by Lucy) She is off now to Italy on some archeological clue she is working up herself. She is a busy, keen, energetic woman-devoted to the husband who was drowned from their house on Inishbofin Is. 4 yrs. ago. He was the head of archeological Dept. at Harvard. Now she is making a life of her own. We found ourselves very sympathetic.

Robin is enjoying it—he says for my sake. But I think he is fairly well for himself. — We came over as I told you 3rd class in order to save enough to pay for the passage of our car. We were worried about the situation but now I can report we were completely comfortable & happy. Good food & clean big cabin, good deck chairs. Plenty deck apace & the people were mostly professors, college students & teachers, & a group of Boy Scouts—very well-behaved, —& some Irish going home (these I fancy policemen, maids, etc., but jolly and decent). I shouldn't have any hesitation in recommending this class to any intelligent person. Our accomodation was, in almost every way, equal or better than 1st class in the big "Konigin Augusta Victoria" I used in 1912. Our return (round trip) fare was \$154.80 each. Our car \$135 return.

I am *delighted* to know you are all right. Wish I could have seen Brill [Freud's American editor, Mabel's psychoanalyst]. He sounds like a magician. Setting you all up—you must have been up all ready, though, to prepare the party. Had a letter from Van Vechten. He says R's pictures are stunning. Do you hear from Myron? and is Brett coming to England?

We expect to return in November—coming by you, if you are there & free to have us —& stopping a few days at Deep Well Ranch, Palm Springs, with Melba Bennett. Noel says Eula & Haig are great friends. We felt *sick* leaving him.

— *SEPTEMBER 11, 1937* —

Port William. Scotland

Dearest Mabel—After our month in Donegal we dashed around Ireland for ten days. We spent an afternoon with Col. Moore (G.M's brother) in Dublin. He is a charming old man. We had a most delightful time. He had really wanted us to come & had written 3 times urging us while we were in Donegal. He told us much about G.M. & when we return I will tell you. You'd be interested I think. And in his wife too a strange bitter thwarted woman. We called on Mollie and John's friend Kathleen O'Brennan who invited a lot of interesting people for an evening (Jack Yeats, Seamas O'Sullivan, editor of Dublin Quarterly & so on) but Robin as usual fled from the thought of conversation so went on to Northern Island & there in one last frantic search for Round Towers we went out to Rains Island in Lough Neagh in terrible we were completely soaked and the dark brown water was menacing. Then we came over to Scotland. We've been for a few days at Uplawmoor near Paisley (Claire Sp—'s home [Mabel's daughter-in-law]) at the house of my step-sister's sister-in-law [half-sister, Edith, Mrs. Jack Allen]! She has Cauldwell Tower which Claire says she remembers. Now we've been roving among the Hebrides like Dr. Johnson & his Boswell. We've been among the Inner Hebrides (a present from Phoebe B. She gave me some money to buy a grand piece of luggage and I saved it for a trip) —Now we go to Skye & the Outer Hebrides. Skye then Harris & Lewis—then perhaps the Orkneys & Shetland Is. —*so* far away. Tonight we've been to Museum to see that famous *Secret Portrait of Prince Charlie*. Ever hear of it. It's a flat board with dabs of paint on it—if you set a certain cylindrical mirror in a certain place on the board the reflection in it is a beautiful picture of the bonnie Prince—His loyal subjects indulged themselves with this hidden portrait when possessing a plain one would have brought death to them. Today we went through the Pass of Glencce—the scene of that horrible massacre—dire dark for hiding place.

We go sooner to London —O not soon but by Oct 1. We are invited to stay a fortnight with Bess O'Sullivan (Mrs Dennis). Our address there: 7 Lansdowne Road/ Holland Park/ London W.11.

—We are all—the boys particularly-enjoying this trip. They made such friends with the Irish young there at Ballymore & they were nice. Very energetic, outdoorsey, jolly & husky. Hardly a day without 15

miles or more of walking besides swimming, tennis, mt. climbing as well.
Crush & smell bog myrtle leaves. The moors are fragrant with it.

— *DECEMBER 15, 1937* —

I can't remember what stage the Flavin tragedy [Sally's drowning, wife of Pulitzer novelist & playwright, Martin] was in when I wrote you—but besides the shoe & sock her belt washed in afterwards. This was not spoken of in the papers. Mollie gave us to understand last night that it was in a shocking state—I couldn't quite understand how—but evidently gruesome and decomposed. John O'S[hea] said she was wearing a seven thousand dollar diamond when she was drowned.

We had a really nice two day & half in Palm Springs. It is most luxurious at Deep Well [home of Melba & Frank Bennett] as Cady said—but even so a feeling of simplicity & friendliness & such *food!* I never tasted better & such variety.

Our place looks as beautiful as a dream & the trees have grown tremendously. The boys are both working outdoors, clearing up. Donnan is trimming trees & his Maze. Gardi moving the atone pile. Haig is happy as a lark going around his familiar spots.

The night we arrived home a dreadful rain & wind was raging. Robin went out about 2:30 in the night to put on the south shutters. It was like some wild tragic happening to see him through the window struggling with the shutters like big live birds they were flapping in his arms. The rain *beating* down, wind howling.

We are often speaking of Taos even now when we are all so thrilled & thankful to be home safely from our wanderings. It was perfect to get all the clear-cut shorn-away winter expression—but I think I like it best in summer. Even though cold weather agrees with me so well.

It is moonlight—the sea magnificent—but what has it done to Sally. John O'S thinks she is stuffed & wedged and pounded into a hole under the waves in the cliff.

— *DECEMBER 26, 1937* —

—We had Christmas dinner as usual with Mrs Girvins at Lloyd Tevies, 38 at table. Then dancing with a Spanish orchestra. Afterwards to Mollie O'Shea's dancing. John and Claire. Nappy. Hal Smith & sister there. Not very gay anywhere because of Sallie. We also had a

dinner at noon—up at Noel's Hollow Hills Farm-in honor of his birthday.

Robin had a tooth pulled.

Our taxes this year on this place are \$712.00 Isn't that *awful!* They were about \$60.00 when we came first.

Found the "Time" review of Robin's book but not the old she-eagle one—must have been in the New Yorker.

Hear that Sinclair Lewis & Dorothy have really separated—also that he is definitely on the water wagon. Can't picture him on it.

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1933	Thurston	<i>Tragic Spirit</i>	U Utah	25:5
1934	Clark	<i>Study in RJ</i>	U Vermont	25:4
1935	Strauss	<i>P of Decl of West</i>	Mills Col	25:5
1938	Ashelman	<i>Ethical Fiber</i>	Swarthmore	25:5
	Miller	<i>Aesth Naturalism</i>	Pacific S Rel	25:5
1939	Wrubl	<i>Primitivism</i>	Columbia U	25:6
1940	Hopkins	<i>Compar Whit & RJ</i>	U Wash	25:6
1942	DuBoise	<i>Parall Poe & RJ</i>	U Ky	25:6
1947	Levy	<i>Prophetic Element</i>	Columbia U	25:6
	Wasserstrom	<i>Criticism of RJ</i>	Columbia U	25:6
1948	Dolan	<i>Virile Poet... Decay</i>	Columbia U	25:6
1950	Swift	<i>TBT: Crit St of Phil</i>	Columbia U	25:7
	Walker	<i>Lyric Poetry of RJ</i>	Columbia U	25:7
1951	Hart	<i>Study of TBT</i>	Columbia U	25:7
	Lipson	<i>Paradox of Humanism</i>	Columbia U	25:7
	Moss	<i>RJ as Narr Poet</i>	U of Ill	25:7
1957	Ridgeway	<i>Inhum; Act & Symb</i>	Bowling Gr	25:7
1958	Monjian	<i>RJ: Study in Inhum</i>	U Pittsb	25:8
	Keller	<i>RJ & Beauty of Things</i>	U Utah	25:8
1963	Langford	<i>Influence of Science</i>	Duke U	
1964	Cox	<i>Role of Women</i>	U No Carol	25:4
	Reeve	<i>3 Poems of Humanity</i>	Sacto State	25:8
1966	Weisstein	<i>Greek Plays of RJ</i>	Indiana U	25:8

1966	Fairbanks Shields	<i>Impact of Wild on Savior-Inhum Dilemma</i>	U Utago NZ Duke U	45:9 26:4
1971	Karman Alred	<i>Religion of RJ Western Inhumanism</i>	U Iowa U Utah	40:6 36:5
1972	Pyne Kafka Beilke	<i>Minority Characters WPS: Narr Intention God & Man</i>	Wash St U Lehigh U Tasmania	32:4 35:3 36:5
1975	Potts	<i>Crisis of Hope</i>	GTU Berk	63:4
1977	Grace	<i>Sum Fog Lit Chart</i>	U Hawaii	65:4
1982	Beers	<i>Imagery & Symb</i>	CSU Northr	62:4
1985	Colleta	<i>Lang Anal Short Poems</i>	U Alaska	77:3
1988	Kohler	<i>World-View of RJ</i>	Heidelberg	76:5
nd	Briggs	<i>4 Major Symbols</i>	U So Carol	25:4

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.

SUBMISSIONS

Whenever possible, please make submissions by computer disk. IBM and Macintosh programs are both acceptable—identify software end version number used. Along with the disk, submit two typescripts of the piece, double-spaced on 8 1/2" x 11" standard white typing paper. To have disk and copy 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.

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 be included.

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. Citations should be to author and page number in parentheses within the text referring to an attached bibliography, "Works Cited." Double-space endnotes (explanatory, not citations) following the essay on a new page headed "NOTES."

Quoting and Citing Robinson Jeffers:

The standard edition of Jeffers's work is now *The Collected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers* (Stanford University Press, Vols. I, II, III: 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, in the case of Una's letters, to the appropriate number of the *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter*.