Jeffers Studies

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Editor's Note

This special double issue of *Jeffers Studies* is the brainchild of our managing editor, Robert Kafka. Both he and Robert Brophy, our senior editor, wanted to pay tribute to Leigh Wiener, the photographer who took many candid photos of Jeffers and his family in the mid-1950s, and through the generosity of Wiener's son Devik, we are able to present a gallery of never-before-published images of Jeffers and his grandchildren. *JS* readers will of course recognize these photos' genetic connection with Wiener's pictures that illustrated the 1968 *Selected Letters* edited by Ann Ridgeway. We are honored to be able to add these images to our readers' visual archive of Jeffers, and our deepest gratitude goes to Devik for his permission to publish them.

We are also excited to publish a set of other Jeffers-related visual art works. Many readers of *JS* will likely have seen some of these photos, sketches, and paintings before, but we believe that having high-quality reproductions of images such as the painting on which his poem "Granddaughter" is based benefits readers and scholars who would not otherwise have access to them. Other images are unfamiliar to most of us, and we have Rob's excellent research to thank for them. Rob has also tracked down Jeffers's comments on two little known contemporaries, Mose Daniels and Julien Alberts, selected excerpts from Edward Weston's *Daybooks* and Ansel Adams's *Autobiography*, and transcribed statements on Jeffers by Morley Baer, Gordon Newell, and Ward Ritchie. All of this material helps us understand Jeffers's views on the visual arts, and provides us with a sense of how visual artists responded to Jeffers as a person and a poet.

The two scholarly articles in this issue attest to the special connection between Jeffers and twentieth-century American photographers. If Jeffers found very little to respond to in the artistic movements of modernism, modernist photographers found very much to respond to in Jeffers and the Carmel/Big Sur region for which he was the poetic voice. Jeffers's poetry and the photography of artists such as Ansel

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Adams, Edward Weston, and Morley Baer had one purpose in common, to witness and praise the beauty of nature. Contemporary poet Brooks Haxton, in a poem called "Virgin," has also pondered the impulse of arts such as poetry and photography to praise. Not unlike Jeffers, he finds himself dissatisfied with art's interference in and appropriation of nature, whether in words or images. He asks himself, "how shall I praise it and not lay claim?" and continues:

> But poem and photograph do praise,
> although the paper stock is pulp wood,
> although making the celluloid
> trailed sulphur and spilled mercury downstream.
> Shall we despise for that the note of praise? (4)

Although he claimed to hate his verses, every one, Jeffers continued to praise the transhuman beauty in words even though he knew they were inadequate, and visual artists, especially the photographers, moved by the same beauty, took inspiration from his words as well.

WORK CITED

Haxton, Brooks. *Traveling Company*. New York: Knopf, 1989.

Articles

Nicholas Bradley

The Essential Landscape

Jeffers among the Photographers

> . . . the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to *see* something, and tell what it *saw* in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion,—all in one.
>
> John Ruskin, "Of Modern Landscape," *Modern Painters* III, 4.16 (91)

Writing to Cortlandt Schoonover on January 11, 1938, Una Jeffers described a book of photographs, then still in progress, about which she and her husband were excited:

> It is possible that within six months a very interesting book will be printed closely connected with my husband's work.—An eastern friend of ours now living here has a hobby of photography and is doing marvellous [*sic*] pictures of landscape. He said lately that so often in the East he is asked "Is that coast there as Jeffers describes it?"—and his pictures prove that it is! He asked permission to publish a book of them 40 or 50 and call it "Jeffers Country." My husband was so enthusiastic when he came to examine the collection that he agreed to choose captions for the pictures from his own poems. (*SL* 256; text corrected by James Karman, editor of the forthcoming *Collected Letters of Robinson Jeffers*)

The "eastern friend" in question was Horace Lyon, who would later write that Jeffers "became genuinely interested in seeing how the camera might catch the character of the rugged and beautiful country that meant so much to him" (11).[1] In his own version of Una's anecdote about Lyon's disbelieving friends, Jeffers likewise claims that the photographs would constitute a form of proof of the accuracy of his poetic representation of the landscape near Carmel:

> Horace Lyon told us that some of his friends had asked him, when he revisited the east after coming to live in Carmel, whether there was any such country as pictured in Jeffers's verses, or was it mere fantasy? He had assured them it was

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> as real as New Jersey and still they seemed skeptical . . . so he was going to take some photographs and show them. ("The Sur Country" 30)[2]

Jeffers further notes that his initial lack of interest in Lyon's project—"the photographs meant very little to me, until I saw them"—was transformed by the pictures themselves into "delight and enthusiasm, and sharp recognition" (30).

In a short memoir (1962) that fondly recalls the time he spent with the Jeffers family, Lyon suggests that the poet quickly overcame his coolness toward photography:

> Beginning in mid-1935 and continuing until our lives were upset by Pearl Harbor, my wife and I enjoyed a close and friendly association with the Robinson Jefferses that was quite possibly unique. . . . [M]y camera became the means of bringing us into closer and closer contact with them and giving us a somewhat more than casual insight into two very fascinating natures. (11)

Lyon observes that Jeffers was an impatient subject who was made uncomfortable by the camera, even if "in time [he] lost his early indifference" (11): "When I showed up with a camera he would immediately become tense and self-conscious, almost belligerent in his expressions, and utterly unlike his usual gentle and courteous self" (12). According to Lyon, however, Jeffers's discomfort disappeared when the camera was focused not on him but on the landscape:

> it was our all-day excursions with them into the back country that we found the most delightful. . . . Robin was completely at ease and natural, interested in seeing if the camera could see what he saw, and suggesting shots. (15)

In Lyon's account, landscape photography captured Jeffers's imagination. The question of whether the camera "could see what he saw," however, is perhaps best answered not by Jeffers or Lyon but by two other photographers and devotees of Jeffers's poetry: Ansel Adams and Morley Baer.

Despite Una Jeffers's optimism, the "very interesting book" was not published during her lifetime or her husband's. As Robert J. Brophy explains in an introductory note to Lyon's memoir, it "was brought to the point of completion in 1938 but faltered on the edge of publication" (11). Nearly a decade after Jeffers's death it was finally published, issued by the Scrimshaw Press in 1971 as *Jeffers Country: The Seed Plots of Robinson Jeffers's Poetry*. The poet's foreword to *Jeffers Country* went unpublished, too, of course, until it was pressed into service, under the title "The Sur Country," as the preface to *Not Man Apart: Lines from Robinson Jeffers* (1965), a collection of his poems, published by the

Sierra Club, with accompanying photographs by Adams, Baer, Edward Weston, and others.

But the statements of Lyon, Una Jeffers, and Jeffers himself suggest strongly that the poet, although he was no photographer, was fascinated by the camera's ability to represent the landscape and by the possibility that it could see his surroundings just as he did. Lyon was not the only photographer with whom Jeffers had sustained contact and who was drawn to the poet as a subject for portraiture; Weston, Adams, and Baer, for example, all photographed Jeffers and claimed him as an influence on their art.[3] Publishers, meanwhile, have demonstrated considerable enthusiasm for pairing Jeffers's poems with photographs of the California landscape. In addition to *Jeffers Country* and *Not Man Apart*, there is *Stones of the Sur* (2001), an edition of Jeffers's poems and Baer's photography published by Stanford University Press. Jeffers's poetic career and legacy, in short, intersect in various ways with the photographic world.

The importance of these intersections, from a literary-critical perspective, is not that Jeffers's poetry was influenced in any evident or documented way by his contact with photographers or his appreciation of their works. Instead, examining the photography of Adams and Baer—and, to a lesser extent, Weston—suggests that Jeffers's poetic project has important relations with the interests and aims of artistic figures who were, like Jeffers himself, almost obsessively concerned with representing the natural world with what they considered utmost objectivity. Looking at the works of Adams and Baer illuminates certain aspects of Jeffers's body of work; if the photography does not cast Jeffers's poems in a completely new light, it certainly throws his phenomenological interests into sharp relief. The curiosity about photography that Jeffers demonstrated should be taken as a cue to look carefully at *Stones of the Sur* and *Not Man Apart* as significant elements of the Jeffers corpus. Although they only supplement the central Jeffers publications—the original individual collections, the *Selected Poems* of 1938, *Medea*, the *Collected Poetry*, certain statements of poetics—they nonetheless offer a valuable lesson in how to understand Jeffers's poetic project.[4]

For serious readers of Jeffers, the value of *Not Man Apart* and *Stones of the Sur*—beyond the aesthetic pleasures afforded by the photography—consists in the impression they give that Jeffers, Adams, and Baer are all documentary artists who confront the challenge of representing the physical world faithfully. In other words, Jeffers, Adams, and Baer are linked by a shared sensibility. James Karman, who selected the poems and photographs that compose *Stones of the Sur*, notes that Jeffers's poetry contains "an abundance of descriptive and reflec-

tive material about the sand, pebbles, boulders, hills, cliffs, and mountains of the Big Sur" ("A Note" 24). A glance at Jeffers's poems will confirm this claim; any reader of his works knows well the solitary figure who "gaz[es] at the boundaries of granite and spray, the established sea-marks" and "the mass and doubled stretch of water" ("Continent's End," *CP* 1: 16) and who feels the "intense reality" of "living rock" "with love and wonder" ("Oh Lovely Rock," *CP* 2: 546–47). Baer's photographs of Jeffers country focus on the very same elements—sand, pebbles, boulders, hills, cliffs, and mountains. But neither *Stones of the Sur* nor *Not Man Apart* purports to illustrate particular poems. As Karman explains, the "links between the photographs and poems are, in general, thematic. The intent throughout is to allow words and images to complement, illuminate, and complete each other to create one coherent pattern" ("A Note" 25–26). In at least one sense, the poems and photographs seem stylistically different: the sharp, detailed, and at times stark photographs readily give the impression of objectivity while the poems are often overtly rhetorical and emphasize the emotional and psychological effects of the observed landscape on the observer. Yet the poems and photographs conceive of and represent landscapes in not dissimilar ways. They seek to create discerning visions of the physical world in which truth, objectivity, and clear-sightedness are of paramount importance. In particular, Jeffers's poetry and the photography of Baer and Adams aspire to offer a glimpse of the essential nature of stone. By seeking to document the physical world objectively and attentively, they attempt to reveal the most important, fundamental qualities of the natural environment.

* * *

As I have begun to show, Jeffers knew several contemporary photographers. He was a frequent photographic subject, and collections of his poetry have often included pictures of the poet. The 1938 *Selected Poetry*, for example, features a portrait of Jeffers by Weston, who also took the iconic photograph of Jeffers that appeared on the cover of *Time* in 1932.[5] The 2001 *Selected Poetry* includes a photograph of Robinson and Una taken by Lyon in 1937. And each volume of the *Collected Poetry* (1988–2001) has a frontispiece photograph pasted in; the photographers are Adams, Louis Fleckenstein, Leigh Wiener, whose pictures also appear in the *Selected Letters*, and an unknown photographer.[6] Weston's *Daybooks* (1973) contains several references to Jeffers, demonstrating clearly that the photographer held the poet in considerable esteem. "I feel that we will become friends," he writes in the entry for April 4, 1929, calling *Cawdor*, the only work of

Jeffers's that he had yet read, "a gripping poem" (116). (A later entry, dated May 30, 1929, mentions "that gripping poem *The Women at Point Sur*" [125]). Once he had met Jeffers, Weston praised his capacity to "respond to other art forms," calling him "a great poet plus" in the entry for April 13, 1929 (117). He also sensed that Jeffers was not as uncompromising as his lyric persona, writing on May 29, 1929: "Despite his writing I cannot feel him misanthropic: his is the bitterness of despair over humanity he really loves" (125). Between May 15 and June 2, 1929, Weston recorded details of his photographic sessions with Jeffers. Perhaps the most interesting passage in this section of the *Daybooks*, however, was recorded before Weston had met Jeffers. In the entry for March 17, 1929, he indicates that his attraction to stone as a photographic subject emerged from the same landscape that so captivated Jeffers: "I have discovered material exactly to my present way of seeing—rocks! They are on the coast beyond the home of Robinson Jeffers. One group is just in front of his house, I think his property" (113). If the precise location of these inspirational rocks was merely coincidental, the coincidence is still telling: Weston, like Jeffers, found a basis for art in his response to the geology of the coastal region.

Jeffers and Adams, meanwhile, were introduced in 1926 by Albert Bender, their mutual friend and Adams's first patron. In some accounts of Adams's artistic development, Jeffers is a formative influence on the young photographer. For example, Jonathan Spaulding writes in *Ansel Adams and the American Landscape: A Biography* (1995) that the meeting "gave Adams his first real contact with a leading figure of modernism" (61) and that "Jeffers taught Adams the grandeur possible within a spare realism" (62). In a letter to Bender on July 25, 1927, Adams proclaims his admiration of Jeffers's poetry: "I have been reading a good deal of Jeffers whenever I have the chance, and he grows on me constantly. The power and vitality of his verse blends so perfectly with the rugged mountains. I think he is *great*" (*Letters* 32). Adams does not say in the letter which works of Jeffers's he had been reading, but given the date of the letter, *Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems* (1925) or *The Women at Point Sur* (1927) seem the most likely possibilities. In a later letter (December 22, 1936)—this time to the photographer Alfred Stieglitz—Adams shows himself to be a thoughtful judge of Jeffers's works as he states again his great appreciation of them:

> There are certain poems that never should be read except after a long steeping in his style and thought—and those are the ones people usually read first and get a poor opinion from. But there are any number of short poems and quite a few long ones that sound more music and pile more mountains in the spirit than almost anything I know of. (*Letters* 90)

Jeffers's poetry and Adams's photography have appeared together with some regularity. The Book Club of California published a small edition of Jeffers's poetry in 1928, titled simply *Poems*, which contained a frontispiece photograph of Jeffers taken by Adams. "Please tell Ansel," Jeffers asked Bender on October 17, 1928, "what he knows already—that his photograph is much admired" (*SL* 134). In *Ansel Adams: Divine Performance* (2002), Anne Hammond writes that "Adams quoted Jeffers's declaration 'this old world's end is the gate of a world fire-new' in a wall text at the opening exhibition of his San Francisco gallery in 1933" (13); the line is from "The Torch-Bearers' Race" (*CP* 1:99). Hammond also notes that "a new monthly arts magazine" (16), *Dune Forum*, started in 1933.[7] On its covers were reproductions of photos by Adams and Weston, among others, while Jeffers was one of the writers and artists who "agreed to participate" in the new magazine (16). *Not Man Apart*, which included some of Adams's work, was first published in 1965. And *Trees* (2004), a collection of Adams's arboreal photography, contains selections of writings by various authors, including Jeffers. Lines on cypresses from "Hooded Night" and "Tamar" accompany Adams's *Cypress and Fog, Pebble Beach, California*, 1965.

Even more so than Weston and Adams, Baer was deeply affected by Jeffers's poetry. *Stones of the Sur* may be seen as a tribute to the poet who, he explains, "helped me see and sense the coast of California as a place of great tensions, great natural tensions that are part of life and not to be subdued and eradicated" (qtd. in Karman, Introduction 5). In Baer's claim that "Jeffers helped me see . . . the coast of California," *see* functions, I believe, as more than a synonym for *understand* or *interpret*. The correspondences between Jeffers's poetry and Baer's photography suggest that Jeffers taught Baer *how to look* at the coastal landscape. Baer's reverence for the geography of the Big Sur was as ardent as that of his mentor. In his "Photographer's Notes" to *The Wilder Shore* (1984), a collection of his photographs of California's coastal landscapes, Baer writes that "It was the turmoil of land meeting sea that started me on my present course" and that "Nowhere else are the natural fundaments at the edge of a continent arrayed in such magnificent opposition" (151). Baer describes the coastal region in superlative terms, just as Jeffers does in "The Place for No Story," in which he declares that "This place is the noblest thing I have ever seen" (*CP* 2: 157).

Stones of the Sur nominally resembles *Not Man Apart*—not least because the works of Weston, Adams, and Baer are stylistically comparable. Their photographs emphasize clarity and definition, employing the maximum depth of field in order to bring the details of landscapes

or geological formations into sharp relief. But *Not Man Apart* was published with a far more explicitly stated political purpose. One of many similar books published by the Sierra Club, it belongs to the Exhibit Format series that includes *This Is the American Earth* (1960, with photographs by Adams) and *"In Wildness Is the Preservation of the World"* (1962, with photographs by Eliot Porter and selections of Thoreau's writings). In *Natural Visions: The Power of Images in American Environmental Reform* (2005), Finis Dunaway writes that in the 1950s and 1960s, "Sierra Club leaders and photographers," most notably David Brower, the executive director from 1952 to 1969 and the editor of *Not Man Apart*, "believed that coffee table books offered the most effective way to promote the cause of wilderness preservation" (xvi). Dunaway proposes that the coffee table book

> conveyed [Sierra Club leaders'] concern with vision, with perception as a form of politics. It suggested their faith in the camera, in photography as a carrier of spiritual values. And finally, as a consumer item, it suggested that wilderness advocates, like other critics of conformity, were preoccupied with taste, that they considered aesthetics to be a form of dissent. (130)

In his preface, Brower writes that *Not Man Apart* "may play a role in the search" to discover "what can be done to make sure [the Big Sur] will remain a great place" (25). He does not explain *how* the book might contribute to the protection of the coastline, which, presumably, would ultimately be a governmental responsibility. But he does express a desire to increase the public's awareness of the region's beauty: "We hope . . . that it will remind those who already know it how splendid a place it is, or will bring an intimation of that splendor to those who have never been there, encouraging them, not too many at a time, to seek it out" (25). Somewhat oddly, the works of the poet who decried "The orange-peel, egg-shells, papers, pieces of clothing, the clots / Of dung in corners of the rock, and used / Sheaths that make light love safe in the evenings: all the droppings of the summer / Idlers" ("November Surf," *CP* 2:159) are employed in *Not Man Apart* to encourage people to visit the Big Sur. (It is unsurprising, given some of Jeffers's views, to hear, as Spaulding writes, that "The image of nature in Jeffers's poetry disturbed some in the [Sierra Club's] ranks" [331]).

The original large-format edition of 1965 was followed by a smaller edition in 1974.[8] Adams, Baer, and Weston are only three of the dozen photographers whose works are included in *Not Man Apart*; the others are Wynn Bullock, Steve Crouch, William E. Gartnett, Philip Hyde, Eliot Porter, Cole Weston (the fourth son of Edward), Don Worth,

Cedric Wright, and Jerry Lebeck. There are six of Adams's photographs: *Point Sur*; *Big Sur Coast at Sunset*; two entitled *Surf*; *Burned Snag, Former Homestead near Scotia*; *Rock and Shellfish*; and one of Jeffers. Baer has only two: *Garapata Creek* and *Ridges*. Weston has twenty-two pictures included, the most of any single photographer. The photographs by Adams, Baer, and Weston, however, are similar and the most compelling of the collection.

In general, *Not Man Apart* is not nearly as impressive today as it must have been upon its first publication, because contemporary standards of photographic reproduction are much higher. The relatively small size of many of the photographs also makes the book less striking than *Stones of the Sur*. In addition, some of the photographs serve an obviously environmentalist purpose but fail to make a lasting impression *as photographs*. Gartnett's *Los Angeles* (96–97) is a large, aerial image of that city's sprawl, with subdivisions in the foreground and mountains, obscured by smog, in the background. It follows Jeffers's "The Purse-Seine," which offers a fatalistic condemnation of urban, technologically dependent civilization:

> Lately I was looking from a night mountain-top
> On a wide city, the colored splendor, galaxies of light: how could I help but recall the seine-net
> Gathering the luminous fish?
> . . . . . .
> I thought, We have geared the machines and locked all together into interdependence; we have built the great cities; now
> There is no escape. (*Not Man Apart* 94; *CP* 2: 517–18)

The position of the observer is similar in the poem and the photograph; their pairing makes formal as well as thematic sense. But only the extent of the sprawl in *Los Angeles* is truly noteworthy. The photograph itself is not sufficiently detailed, nuanced, or finely realized to reward sustained consideration. Garnett's *Smog* (90–91), a dreary image of a polluted city, is similarly uninteresting, especially in comparison to the best of the book's landscape photographs. As in *Not Man Apart*, Jeffers is recruited for environmentalist purposes in Baer's *Wilder Shore*, also published by the Sierra Club. In the accompanying essay, David Rains Wallace invokes Jeffers repeatedly, casting him as a clear-eyed but pessimistic ecological thinker. The book includes passages from "The Purse-Seine," "The Redeemer," and other poems by Jeffers, but the quotation occurs in the course of Wallace's criticism, not in direct accompaniment of Baer's photographs.

Stones of the Sur is more consistently successful than *Not Man Apart* because greater care seems to have been taken to emphasize the close

thematic relations among the works of only two artists. But certain photographs in *Not Man Apart* stand out. Weston's *Rock* (106) and Adams's *Rock and Shellfish* (107) are accompanied by a single line from "Life from the Lifeless" (*CP* 2: 414): "the secret-keeping stones" (106). The first stanza of "Life from the Lifeless" asserts that "The naked mind lives / In the beauty of inanimate things"; the poem concludes with an appeal to the reader to recognize the exalted character of the physical world: "But look how noble the world is, / The lonely-flowing waters, the secret- / Keeping stones, the flowing sky." In contrast to the ephemerality of all life and to humanity's ignoble actions, rock, water, and sky are impervious to time and passion. Adams's photograph portrays coastal rocks at low tide. The rocks appear dry; they are dotted with small shells. The image could be deemed abstract, as the visual appeal rests largely on the contrasts between illuminated and shadowy stone, flat and curved surfaces, smooth and fissured rock. Similarly, Weston's *Rock* emphasizes the smooth texture of its subject and the alternation of light and shadow on the rock's surface. Yet both *Rock* and *Rock and Shellfish*, if they hold our attention, demand that we contemplate the essential qualities of stone. What do we see, these photographs prompt us to ask, when we look closely at stone? And what is it, if we look at page after page of these images with more than just an interest in the technical virtuosity of the photographer, that we admire in rock? The rock in *Rock and Shellfish* is made to fill the frame: the borders of the photograph exclude anything that would give a sense of the location or size of the rock or that would provide the viewer with a sense of the relation of the rock to its surrounding environment. The effect is to collapse the distance between the viewer and the subject and to focus the viewer's gaze squarely on the rock. In "The Beauty of Things," Jeffers declares that

> to feel
> Greatly, and understand greatly, and express greatly, the natural
> Beauty, is the sole business of poetry.
> The rest's diversion: those holy or noble sentiments, the intricate ideas,
> The love, lust, longing: reasons, but not the reason. (*CP* 3: 369)

The "business" of *Rock* and *Rock and Shellfish* is much the same. Eschewing "intricate ideas," they present their subjects to the viewer with an air of simplicity and directness; they contain an essence of what Jeffers called "pure naked rock" ("Oh Lovely Rock," *CP* 2: 546). They can be understood as expressions of natural beauty, or, more accurately, of the photographer's understanding of natural beauty. The viewer, in turn, like the reader of Jeffers's poetry, is left to ponder "the

silent passion, the deep nobility and childlike loveliness" of the non-human world (*CP* 2: 546).

The photographs do not always exclude the human world from their field of view. In *Big Sur Coast at Sunset* (32), the coast road is just visible. It extends south into the distance and beyond the photograph's boundaries. But the romantic scene emphasizes the clouds, the surf, the colors of the sky (*Big Sur Coast* is one of *Not Man Apart*'s color reproductions), and the effects of sunlight on rock. The road is dwarfed by the scale of the natural phenomena. The landscape admits just a trace of human presence (the road is empty), but the sublime beauty of the scene overwhelms the road and the viewer alike. The eye takes in the scene but is not drawn irresistibly to any of the constituent elements. As a result, the picture seems more conventional than *Rock and Shellfish*, despite the beauty of the scene.

In contrast, *Surf* (69) directs the viewer's gaze away from the shore and onto an inhuman seascape composed solely of sand, rock, water, sea foam, cloud, sky, light, and shadow. There are no prints on the sand nor, indeed, any sign, other than the photograph itself, that there has ever been any human presence in this wilderness. Neither is there a sense that the wilderness is bounded by anything more than the edges of the photograph. The sky and the ocean, which meet on the horizon, appear limitless. But the eye rests upon the rock, partly buried by sand, that commands the foreground space. As in *Rock and Shellfish*, the photograph emphasizes the form and texture of the sand and rock and suggests a contrast between the abrasive granularity of the sand and the smooth solidity of the rock. The tonal difference between the light sand and the dark rock echoes this contrast. The motion of the sea, of which the foam is evidence, throws into relief the stillness of the central rock. Here there is a subtle irony, however: although the sand in the photograph appears still, even stone-like, actual sand is perpetually in motion, driven by wind and the pull of the waves and wearing away the rock it surrounds. The permanence of the stone is an illusion of human perception perpetuated by the camera. Yet the physical matter of the landscape, in some form, will endure, as Jeffers well knew: "the heart-breaking beauty / Will remain when there is no heart to break for it" ("Credo," *CP* 1: 239). Likewise, Weston's *Tidepools and Shells* (48–49), *Foam and Sand* (41), and *Eroded Rock* (13) are highly detailed, tightly focused photographs of natural forms and substances. They are not true scenes so much as studies of the materiality of the titular subjects.

Baer's *Ridges* (122) stands out as one of the most visually interesting photographs in *Not Man Apart*. It depicts mountain ridges on the Big Sur, emphasizing the contrast between light and shadow. The moun-

tains recede out of focus, creating the impression that there is no end to the range; there is no sign of human existence. The scene is likely meant to represent the "mountainside of solitude" to which Jeffers refers in "Compensation" (*CP* 4: 291), the poem on the facing page (123). All of the ridges are cloaked with vegetation but only in the foreground, on the ridge nearest the camera, are the shrubs and flowers in focus and close enough to be examined. As individual plants become impossible to discern, the eye is instead drawn to the folds of rock that dominate the scene, and the viewer apprehends the monumental scale of the ridges. The forms are at once pleasing and strange; it is hard, when looking at the photograph, not to think of the immense, superhuman power of the geological forces that shaped the mountains.

The qualities of *Ridges* are also evident in *Stones of the Sur*, which takes the relation of the observer to stone as its central theme. Karman writes that Baer "sought to document the sublime beauty, alien and austere at times, of the natural world" (Introduction 20) and that Baer was "persuaded by Jeffers's belief that stone is alive, perhaps even conscious in some way, and that each particular stone, no matter how large or small, has its own personality" ("A Note" 25). In describing the genesis of the volume, Karman is explicit about Baer's desire to emphasize the essential qualities of stone as he captured them in his photographs and about the relation of this desire to Jeffers's poetry:

> When Baer invited me to serve as his collaborator, he expressed a wish to create a book wherein his photographs and Jeffers's poetry would be presented side by side. Though *Not Man Apart* served as a model, Baer had something more focused in mind. He wanted to offer a visual and literary meditation on the life-experience of stone. At first glance, he knew, the images might prove disaffecting. Without a human element to capture attention, picture after picture of rocks—and poems about them—might alienate some readers. If one looks closely, however, as he had done for decades, if one thinks deeply, as Jeffers demands, then, Baer believed, rocks can serve as teachers, revealing much about themselves—their own unique personalities—and about the meaning and the mystery of the world. (Introduction 8)

Baer's belief in the instructive potential of rocks suggests that the "life-experience of stone" can be understood in both physical and metaphysical terms. In "Rock and Hawk," Jeffers admires the ability of the coastal rocks, "Earthquake-proved, and signatured / By ages of storms," to withstand the geological and meteorological forces that mark them and, ultimately, transform them (*CP* 2: 416). But he also praises "the massive // Mysticism of stone, / Which failure cannot cast down / Nor success make proud." Photographs such as *Garrapata Rock Detail, July*

1967 (78) and *Rock Detail, 1951* (84) emphasize the "signatures" of the rocks' composition and those left by environmental factors: colors, striation, shapes, evidence of ongoing erosion. They equally emphasize the "Mysticism of stone," the experience of an ultimate reality that is embodied in the rock.

Although it was modeled on *Not Man Apart*, *Stones of the Sur* generally surpasses the earlier volume in quality of production and consistency of photographic excellence. It is by far the more visually dramatic of the two books. Some of the photographs, such as *Tor House and Hawk Tower, 1964* (31) and *Initials in Stone, 1968* (34), are of the Jefferses' residence, while others are true landscapes, such as *Division Knoll and Bixby Creek, Sur Coast Road, 1982* (44) and *Owings Beach, 1982* (56). But the thematic core of the book is the group of photographs gathered under the title "Oh Lovely Rock"; the title comes from Jeffers's poem of the same name. *Garrapata Rock Detail, July 1967* (78), *Rock Detail, 1985* (82), *Rock Detail, 1951* (84), *Rock Torso, Point Lobos, 1947* (90), *Big Creek Rocks, 1970* (99), and *South Rock, Garrapata Beach, 1967* (100), among others, depict rocks and little else, eliminating anything that would distract the viewer's gaze from the rocks. *Garrapata Rock Detail, July 1967* emphasizes the contrasts between different forms and textures. *Rock Detail, 1985*, which portrays rocks protruding from a pebble beach, looks somewhat like a Japanese rock garden—it certainly has a contemplative effect—but there is no sign that the scene has been arranged. The emphasis lies of the variety of rock forms and their basic similarity. The massive rock in the foreground of *Field Rock with Fence, Old Coast Road, 1987* (120) is far older than the fence in the background; its irregular shape is set off by the straight line of the fence; and its seeming unchangeability is emphasized by the fence's dilapidation. The photographs in this sequence are finely detailed and tremendously sharp; they create a sense of great stillness and silence. The rocks are beautiful, at once familiar and strange. They are brought by the camera into close proximity—the viewer sees them more carefully and with greater purpose than he or she would likely observe them *in situ*—yet they remain obscure. Whatever we can discern of their "personalities" from these photographs, their essential character—the stoniness of stone—is something that, apprehend it and admire it as we may, defies easy explanation. The stones in Baer's photographs simply *are*, and the viewer is provoked to contemplate their being and their beauty.

Zbigniew Herbert's description of the qualities of stone in his poem "Pebble" (1968) could well serve as an epitome of the lithic properties that Jeffers, Baer, and Adams so admire. "The pebble / is a perfect creature // equal to itself / mindful of its limits," the poem begins

(108).[9] Herbert praises "its ardour and coldness," which "are just and full of dignity," and concludes the poem with an expression of the durability of stone: "Pebbles cannot be tamed / to the end they will look at us / with a calm and very clear eye." Francis Ponge, too, admired the apparent timelessness of rock in a way that resembles Jeffers's praise of stone. Unlike the mutable parts of nature that we can observe in flux, he writes in *Le Parti pris des choses* [*The Voice of Things*] (1933), "La grande roue de la pierre nous paraît pratiquement immobile, et, même théoriquement, nous ne pouvons concevoir qu'une partie de la phase de sa très lente désagrégation" (53).[10] The permanence and impassiveness that Jeffers assigns to stone are the properties that stand in sharpest contrast to the transitoriness of humanity and all other species. The photographs of Adams and Baer, too, capture, at their best, the stillness and dignity of stone.

* * *

Adams, Weston, and Baer shared a commitment to photographic objectivity. Adams and Weston were among the founders of Group f/64, a circle of photographers who, in 1932, devised a set of guiding principles for "pure photography," a form of modernist realism that declared its refusal of the influence of older, established forms of visual art. The Group f/64 manifesto, which can almost certainly be attributed to Adams (Alinder 87), expresses the goal of aesthetic independence:

> The name of this Group is derived from a diaphragm number of the photographic lens. It signifies to a large extent the qualities of clearness and definition of the photographic image which is an important element in the work of members of the Group . . . The Group will show no work at any time that does not conform to its standards of pure photography. Pure photography is defined as possessing no qualities of technique, composition or idea, derivative of any other art form. (qtd. in Alinder 87)

The f/64 setting on a large-format camera permits maximum depth of field, allowing the photographer to create an image that is extremely sharp in both foreground and background. Although the manifesto concentrates on the "purity" of photography, the reference to "clearness and definition" characterizes the style of the member-photographers. As Karman observes, "they shared a commitment to visual purity and the pursuit of objective truth" (Introduction 3). Mary Street Alinder, one of Adams's biographers, locates the importance of the convening of Group f/64 in the stature of the Group's members

and in their adherence to some form of Group principles after the circle itself had collapsed:

> Group f/64 was a landmark in the history of photography in that for one short period, in the autumn of 1932, it marshaled some eleven of the world's most influential and important artists, all from quite diverse backgrounds, under one philosophical banner. . . . Although they stayed together only briefly, the individual members would each go on to press his or her version of the cause. (93)

"Straight photography," as opposed to pictorialism, was vitally important to Adams, in particular, before and after the brief moment of Group f/64. His landscape photography, which genre he termed "the supreme test of the photographer—and often the supreme disappointment" (*Natural* 43), was guided by a desire to represent the world accurately and objectively. His advice to amateur photographers reflects this ambition: "In landscape work, we must strip the image of inessentials; the dismal 'framing' of scenic views with tufts of fuzzy black branches should always be avoided" (43).

However, the task of the photographer who would represent the natural world, according to Adams, is more complicated than simply pressing the shutter button and letting the camera record what it sees. "The shapes of the external world are basic to our existence," he writes in one of his photography manuals: "They can create deep emotional response and a sense of wonder. Yosemite Valley, for instance, is a magnificent occurrence of the natural scene" (*Camera* 17). Yet, he continues, "to merely record its configurations cannot be art." The photographer must instead "transcribe its qualities (as visualized with emotional and aesthetic perception)." He claims, too, that his "own basic approach to photography depends on visualization of the final print before the exposure is made" (*Natural* vi). In other words, a successful photograph of a natural scene requires the photographer to interpret what he or she sees—emotionally, aesthetically—prior to the exposure and to manipulate the photographic equipment in order to attain a record of that interpretation.

Adams also indicates that the photographer must at times exploit the assumptions of the viewer in order to overcome the technical limitations of the camera. Rocky landscapes, for example, pose "serious problems in textural rendition":

> Beyond a certain distance, a great field of granite boulders will appear as perfectly smooth stones, the natural textures being beyond the resolving power of the lens and/or the emulsion. In order to suggest the substance of these stones it is necessary to include in the very near foreground a boulder in which the texture is adequately revealed. . . . While you cannot see the textures in the

> distant boulders, you *can* see it in the near boulder, and you assume that all the boulders are of the same material. (31)

In order to represent the landscape most faithfully, Adams suggests, the photographer must imply the presence of what the viewer cannot see: realism, in this case, depends on the photographer's ability to suggest or evoke. The realist photographer must also make a sequence of interpretations in the darkroom. Baer, like Adams, recognized the artifice required to create a realistic, objective image of the natural world. "Rarely can one photograph landscape 'as is,'" he writes in *The Wilder Shore*; "Often exaggeration is called for if the result is to be compelling" (153).

Such statements indicate that "straight photography" could never uphold its own ideals—and that straight photographers were well aware of the contradictions involved. Adams has received considerable criticism for this "failure."[11] That objectivity in photography is impossible, or that the illusion of objectivity requires considerable trickery (or ingenuity) should not be surprising. Photography, after all, depends on the perspective of the individual artist, even if the camera is a decidedly more complicated device than the painter's brush, the writer's pen, or the stone carver's chisel. But if Alinder's claim that "Group f/64 was a landmark in the history of photography" (93) is given any credence at all, the manifesto remains a noteworthy document, an expression of a sensibility that held great appeal for a number of accomplished photographers. The manifesto, whether or not its stringencies were aesthetically or technically viable, and whether or not they were ever truly observed by the photographers of the Group, can be understood as a statement of aspiration: the *desire* to take "straight" photographs is noteworthy, even if the ideal conditions of "straight photography" could never be met. The manifesto and other statements of belief and practice by Adams and other photographers nonetheless provide a context in which their photographs can be interpreted. This context, furthermore, illuminates the affinities between the works of Adams and those of Jeffers and provides a way of understanding Jeffers's poetic practice and the parallel challenges faced by the poet. Photographs and poems alike are records of particular ways of looking at the world. The relation between the act of looking and the resultant image is clearer, of course, in photography. But poetry equally involves a relation between the observer-poet and the observed world represented in the poem. Just as photographers, like painters, frame their subjects and control the composition of their images, poets determine what is included or excluded from their poems and how their subjects are described in relation to the observer-poet.

In *On Photography* (1977), Susan Sontag claims that "The picture may distort; but there is always a presumption that something exists, or did exist, which is like what's in the picture" (5). Yet the illusion that photographs are more faithful to the world than other representational art forms is merely that—an illusion. "Despite the presumption of veracity that gives all photographs authority, interest, seductiveness, the work that photographs do," Sontag writes, "is no generic exemption to the usually shady commerce between art and truth" (6). The photographer, then, is not fundamentally different from the painter, the sculptor, or the poet:

> The photographer was thought to be an acute but non-interfering observer—a scribe, not a poet. But as people quickly discovered that nobody takes the same picture of the same thing, the supposition that cameras furnish an impersonal, objective image yielded to the fact that photographs are evidence not only of what's there but of what an individual sees, not just a record but an evaluation of the world. (88)

But although we may know that "photographs are as much an interpretation of the world as paintings and drawings are" (6–7), it is nonetheless difficult, when looking at photographs, not to succumb to the illusion of truthfulness. The camera can be made, quite easily, to seem objective. We are accustomed to think of photography as a standard of likeness—one that even photorealistic painting can only aspire to match. A painting's brushstrokes and the visible textures of the paint on the canvas are the visible traces of the painter's hand. The photographer's presence is less discernible in a printed photograph; the machinery and chemicals on which photography relies record human agency only indirectly. Indeed, film is routinely developed by machine—a vacationer's snapshots will likely have been processed with little or no human manipulation. The slogan for the first Kodak (1888)—"You take the picture, we do the rest" (qtd. in Sontag 53)—hints at the automation and impersonality that are part of most snapshot photography.

The tension between illusion and objectivity in landscape photography is further compounded if landscapes themselves are thought of not as fixed entities but as products of their observer's perspective. Writing about Yosemite Valley National Park in *Landscape and Memory*, Simon Schama is careful to note that wild landscapes, seemingly untouched by human activity, are frequently human constructions. The wilderness at Yosemite, Schama contends, was legislated into existence, then inscribed into the national mythology by a host of artists and writers:

> It was an act of Congress in 1864 that established Yosemite Valley as a place of sacred significance for the nation, during the war which marked the moment of Fall in the American Garden. Nor could the wilderness venerate itself. It needed hallowing visitations from New England preachers like Thomas Starr King, photographers like Leander Weed, Eadwaerd Muybridge, and Carleton Watkins, painters in oil like [Albert] Bierstadt and Thomas Moran, and painters in prose like John Muir to represent it as the holy park of the West; the site of a new birth; a redemption for the national agony; an American re-creation. (7)

In order to protect the wilderness, Schama explains, the founders of Yosemite sought to keep "the animals in and the humans out," creating the illusion that the area had not already been marked by human activity: "both the mining companies who had first penetrated this area of the Sierra Nevada and the expelled Ahwahneechee Indians were carefully and forcibly edited out of the idyll" (7–8). No human observer, Schama suggests, can be free from culture: "the very act of identifying (not to mention photographing) the place presupposes our presence, and along with us all the heavy cultural backpacks that we lug with us on the trail" (7). Objectivity is thus impossible. The human observer can no more see the landscape with unconditioned eyes than he or she can see the landscape without becoming, from another observer's point of view, a part of it. These conclusions do not trouble Schama, who celebrates the realization that "the landscapes that we suppose to be most free of our culture may turn out, on closer inspection, to be its product":

> Would we rather that Yosemite, for all its overpopulation and overrepresentation, had *never* been identified, mapped, emparked? The brilliant meadow-floor which suggested to its first eulogists a pristine Eden was in fact the result of regular fire-clearances by its Ahwahneechee Indian occupants. . . . At the very least, it seems right to acknowledge that it is our shaping perception that makes the difference between raw matter and landscape. (9–10)

Adams, who took many of his most famous photographs at Yosemite, belongs to the tradition of Muir and Muybridge and the others. But his photography of the Big Sur and other regions is likewise haunted by the paradox that Schama's analysis unearths—that even the wildest landscapes are deeply entangled with human culture. As Joel Eisinger observes in *Trace and Transformation: American Criticism of Photography in the Modernist Period* (1995), "Adams's vision of the mountains is his creation as much as his discovery, and it is a creation made possible by culture and history" (75). Baer's photography and Jeffers's poetry are vexed by the same paradox. For all that Jeffers admired the beauty,

strength, and endurance of the cliffs and ocean of the California coastline and saw in them qualities that he found absent from the human world, he created as well as discovered these landscapes, expressing his admiration in poetry: his readers see not nature but his interpretation thereof.

However, if "our shaping perception" does transform "raw matter" into "landscape" (Schama 10), Jeffers would insist that we can nonetheless only see what is there to be seen. He dismissed in "Credo" the notion that "nothing is real except as we make it" (*CP* 1: 239), claiming instead that "The water is the water, the cliff is the rock." Above all, his poems have the goal of capturing the truth of the natural world, an ambition, he writes in "Curb Science?," "better than good works, better than survival, / Holier than innocence and higher than love." "Morality," he claims, "Is not an end in itself: truth is an end" (*CP* 3: 199). But in light of Schama's analysis, Jeffers's attempts to see water as water and cliff as rock seem as suspect as any claims to photographic objectivity. Jeffers may have longed to "touch things and things and no more thoughts," as he wrote in "Return" (*CP* 2: 409)—he may have sought contact with the "raw matter"—but wholly escaping his own perspective was impossible.

Yet the attempt to do so, Jeffers urges, is of the utmost importance. The enduring coastland provides the moral center of his poems, as well as their setting. Its permanence reminds the observer of the relative brevity of human life and the origin of the human species in the world itself; the world, that is, precedes us and will survive us as well. Jeffers consequently implores us to become less focused on the human world and to learn from the durability of the landscape:

> — As for us:
> We must uncenter our minds from ourselves;
> We must unhumanize our views a little, and become confident
> As the rock and ocean that we were made from. (*CP* 3: 399)

Becoming certain of the grim fact that "the people are a tide / That . . . in time will ebb, and all / Their works dissolve" paradoxically allows the observer to find consolation in the beauty and admirable permanence of nature. I take these lines from "Carmel Point" to be the central statement of ecological thinking in Jeffers's poetry. The assertion that "We must uncenter our minds from ourselves" is his clearest declaration of the need to escape the limitations of anthropocentrism. These lines make clear Jeffers's insistence on the need to adopt a broader perspective—even if the qualifying "a little" suggests that he knows that abandoning a human point of view entirely is impossible,

and would prevent the rapturous enjoyment of nature he so prizes. In fact, these lines express something of the bind in which the Jeffersian observer of the natural world finds himself. "We" are asked to become "confident / As the rock and ocean," yet Jeffers's imagery, in "Carmel Point" as in other poems, insists upon the essential difference between humans and the landscape. We cannot become like the rock and ocean, in other words, although it is imperative to do so—"We *must* . . . become confident." Although, with "The tides . . . in our veins," we are composed of the same elemental substances as the physical matter of the world, we are unchangeably human ("Continent's End," *CP* 1: 16–17). The paradox of human existence, as Jeffers understands it, is this: observing the landscape, we realize that we are cosmically insignificant and profoundly irrelevant; but once we understand our plight, we can find solace in the very landscape that provokes our existential anguish. By becoming "a little" like what we are distinctly *un*like, we can make sense of our tragic plight. For Jeffers, "uncentering" the mind allows the observer to find in the beauty of nature consolation against the corrupting effects of "the neon lights and toothpaste advertising of this urban civilization" and, above all, its violence ("Poetry, Gongorism, and A Thousand Years," *CP* 4: 423). The "uncentered" mind will see that in the "enormous invulnerable beauty of things / Is the face of God" ("Nova," *CP* 2: 531), that without "the beauty of transhuman things . . . we are all lost" ("Granddaugher," *CP* 3: 464), and that "life and death [are] not in vain" ("Flight of Swans," *CP* 2: 419).

The poet who would study "the immense beauty of the earth," Jeffers wrote in "Poetry, Gongorism, and a Thousand Years" (1948), would aspire to directness and simplicity in order to remain closer in spirit to the natural world:

> I believe that [the hypothetical great poet] would turn away from the self-conscious and naive learnedness, the undergraduate irony, unnatural metaphors, hiatuses and labored obscurity, that are too prevalent in contemporary verse. His poetry would be natural and direct. He would have something new and important to say, and just for that reason he would wish to say it clearly. He would be seeking to express the spirit of his time (as well as all times), but it is not necessary, because an epoch is confused, that its poet should share its confusions. (*CP* 4: 423)

Simplicity of language, Jeffers proposes, brings the poet closer to nature, even if the poet's vocation requires him to interpret the natural world. Poetic clarity, he suggests, represents the inherent glory of the world most faithfully and transparently. Jeffers's confidence in the value of the attempt to "uncenter the mind" and in the importance

of plainspokenness has obvious resonances with the beliefs and photographs of Adams and Baer. The landscape photographer cannot represent the world any more objectively than can the nature poet, but the photographs of Adams and Baer, as I see them, are attempts to represent the essences of their natural subjects. Although they are undeniably interpretations, the artifice that they employ allows the viewer to perceive the phenomenal qualities of the natural world most readily. Like Jeffers's best poetry, the photographs permit the viewer to see the world newly and more wholly.

In the foreword to *Not Man Apart*, Loren Eiseley remarks that "The man saw correctly" (23). Jeffers was engaged in a project of attempting to observe the elements of the world with open eyes and to apprehend their inherent beauty. Baer, Adams, and Weston also sought to see the world "correctly" and to represent the essential nature of stones, mountains, coastlines, and other landscapes. Neither *Not Man Apart* nor *Stones of the Sur* needs to be read (or, rather, looked at) in order to appreciate Jeffers's poetry. However, both books provide reminders that Jeffers's poetry influenced several distinguished American photographers. Moreover, they demonstrate convincingly that Jeffers, Adams, and Baer are ecological artists, keenly aware of the value and interest of each aspect of the natural world and committed to the attempt to see the world most fully and with careful attention to the beauty of natural things.

ENDNOTES

1. Lyon (1888–1976) was virtually an exact contemporary of Jeffers (1887–1962).

2. The passage also appears, with minor variations, in "Foreword, *Jeffers Country* (1938)" in the *Collected Poetry* (4: 387).

3. Weston lived from 1886 until 1958, Adams from 1902 to 1984, and Baer from 1916 to 1995.

4. The Scrimshaw edition of *Jeffers Country*, unlike *Not Man Apart* and *Stones of the Sur*, is directly linked to Jeffers himself. As Brophy observes, although "the Sierra Club's magnificent [*Not Man Apart*] had stolen some of the thunder and pirated part of Jeffers's preface written for Lyon," *Jeffers Country* "has the authenticity of Jeffers's own cooperation" (11). As a result, its interest is more evident. Because the relevance of *Not Man Apart* and *Stones of the Sur* is less clear, and because Adams, Baer, and Weston, however, are more closely bound to Jeffers by artistic philosophy than Lyon, I have chosen to not focus on *Jeffers Country* in this essay.

5. Weston's photograph appears on the cover of the issue of *Time* for April 4, 1932.

6. Fleckenstein (1866–1943) was a close contemporary of Jeffers; Wiener was considerably younger (1929–1993). See also Constance Weismuller's "The Leigh

Wiener Collection" (1991). The frontispiece photographs in the volumes of the *Collected Poetry* are as follows: *Volume 1: 1920–1928* (1988): Photograph by Adams. Caption: "Robinson Jeffers, Carmel, California, c. 1927." *Volume 2: 1928–1938* (1989): Photograph by Adams. Caption: "Robinson Jeffers, Carmel, California, c. 1935." *Volume 3: 1938–1962* (1991): Photograph by Wiener. Caption: "Robinson Jeffers, Carmel, California, October 1957." *Volume 4: Poetry 1903–1920, Prose, and Unpublished Writings* (2000): Photograph by Fleckenstein. Caption: "Robinson Jeffers, Los Angeles, c. 1910." *Volume 5: Textual Evidence and Commentary* (2001). Caption: "Photographer and date unknown."

7. *Dune Forum* was published by a group who called themselves "Dunites," variously mystics, nudists, artists, writers, among others, who lived in the Oceano Dunes south of Pismo Beach, CA. A search of *Dune Forum* turned up no contributions by Jeffers. (*Eds.*)

8. When citing page numbers, I have referred to the 1974 edition, which is more commonly available.

9. The translation is by Peter Dale Scott and Czeslaw Milosz.

10. "The great wheel of stone seems to us practically motionless and, even theoretically, we cannot conceive of even one part of the process of its very slow disintegration" (my translation).

11. See, for example, Michel Oren's "On the 'Impurity' of Group f/64 Photography," (1991) and David P. Peeler's *The Illuminating Mind in American Photography* (2001).

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James Baird

The Natural Science That Isn't
Robinson Jeffers and the Photographers

> A camera is an instrument for teaching us to see without a camera. There it is—look at it, look at it.
>
> Dorothea Lange

> All art is a vision penetrating the illusions of reality, and photography is one form of this vision and revelation.
>
> Ansel Adams

> The objectivity of the camera, used wrongly, is the very devil because the literal is in league with Life to keep us hypnotized.
>
> Minor White

> The presentation through one's intuitive self, seeing "through one's eyes, not with them"; the visionary.
>
> Edward Weston

> I hate my verses, every line, every word.
>
> Robinson Jeffers

The dramatic and tempestuous beauty which brought Robinson Jeffers and his family to the Carmel-Big Sur region also attracted a number of great photographers, among them Horace Lyon, Edward Weston, Ansel Adams, and Minor White. Jeffers was a friend of the first three photographers, who photographed him, and Jeffers and White knew and understood each other's work. It is the goal of this essay to determine how the work of the various artists intersected and complemented each other.

Horace Lyon used his camera to help the readers of Jeffers's poetry see for themselves what the poet wrote of; Minor White photographed a production of "Dear Judas" to reveal qualities of this work, as performed, of which Jeffers himself may not have been aware; Ansel Adams shared with Jeffers a love of the beauty of the wild Big Sur

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coast and spoke of it in his own ways, with visual poems; and Edward Weston, the photographer with whom Jeffers bonded most completely as an artist, was devoted to artistic truth, as was the poet.

The beauty and intensity of California have drawn literary artists and visual artists together. There have been a number of jointly produced works of several California writers and photographers, from the prose accounts of John Steinbeck who in *Sea of Cortez* accompanied the photographs of his friend marine biologist Ed Ricketts with imaginative versions of what the two of them saw, to the collaboration of one-time Carmel resident Mary Austin and a young Ansel Adams to produce photographs and texts revealing the essence of the Owens Valley landscape in which the writer lived, to the three collections of photographs of the Big Sur coast accompanied by lines from Jeffers, *Not Man Apart* (photographs by various artists), *Jeffers Country* (photographs by Horace Lyon), and the recent *Stones of the Sur* (photographs by Morley Baer selected by James Karman). Lyon's work is specifically designed to show places about which Jeffers wrote and even lines from his poems, such as a picture of cows in a row which reveals that Jeffers was right when he described all the cows in a field grazing with their heads in the same direction.

Jeffers Country is literally illustrative, fulfilling what the ordinary viewer thinks of as the function of photography. The average person thinks of photography as realistic—presenting information about the physical world in a visual medium, but that's not the way a photographer thinks of photography. It is true that, historically, the camera's ability of capturing a record of a physical object seemed at first its main characteristic, forcing the formerly representational function of painting and drawing to become modified and ultimately giving us the schools of Impressionism, Expressionism, and Abstraction, among others. But almost from the beginning of photography, its practitioners have recognized that it is less than and more than a reproduction of reality. As Minor White puts it, "While camera *records* superbly, it *transforms* better! Camera transforms so successfully that, among other things, what *Else* things are is a photograph! . . . The documentary photograph, the literal image, is the ultimate illusion . . . because the documentary perpetuates the illusion that *life itself* is the only reality" (White 106).

The differences are inherent in the word "photograph" (coined by Sir James Herschel in 1839) which means "light writing" or "writing with light," not some other term which might be taken to mean that the resultant document is a faithful reproduction of physical reality. For almost a hundred years after the technology of photography was invented, photographs were very obviously *not* realistic because of two

qualities: they were two dimensional, when most of their subjects were three dimensional, and they were black and white, while most of their subjects had the hues of the natural world. After early efforts which partially fulfilled the general public's desire for a record of reality, photographers began to investigate the other possibilities of the medium, at first imitating the effects of the already accepted field of visual art. During the period 1890 to 1920, photographers tried to imitate painting with classically posed figures, gauzy surroundings, and soft focus. These effects were called "painterly," and even some artists whose work has defined what photography could do independently from other visual arts tried for these effects, including two Carmel photographers upon whose work and whose impact on Jeffers I will later concentrate, Edward Weston and Ansel Adams.

Another photographer who lived and worked in the Carmel area was Minor White. One of the goals of the school of abstract expressionism is to create works of art which have no reference to anything in the phenomenal world but which are only themselves. They are paintings, not paintings *of* anything. Minor White liked to photograph objects and arrangements which could not be categorized, teasing the viewer simply because they *were* representations of something natural and thereby reminding the viewer that the world is full of things which defy not only explanation, but even apprehension. White quoted a remark made by the dean of American photographers, Alfred Steiglitz, about his view of the role of photography: "Steiglitz said something or other about photography that makes visible the invisible, and something about true things being able to talk to each other. His talk itself was a kind of equivalent; that his words were not related to the sense he was making" (White 41). White made many exposures at that photographic mecca, Point Lobos, and noted, "While rocks were photographed, the subject of the sequence is not rocks; while symbols seem to appear, they are pointers to the significance. The meaning appears in the space between the images, in the mood they raise in the beholder" (White 63). Thus the aim of photography, according to White, is not to show something to the viewer but to reveal something to the viewer about himself or herself, something which perhaps the viewer did not know before. "The camera is both the barrier and the passage to understanding" (White 231).

White never met Jeffers but had a connection with his art through his photographing of a performance of *Dear Judas* presented by the Interplayers of San Francisco. He fretted about the tendency to regard his work as only illustrative of the production:

> I could hide behind Jeffers or the Interplayers and "shoot" it as played. . . . I take as my real purpose to evoke in these actors the meaning of their roles more powerfully than they have yet felt it . . . if I can. I must work so as to let them see that I am the living mirror of their part. (White 90, second ellipsis in original)

Although White's overtly otherworldly and even mystical approach to his art might have bothered the stern rationalist Jeffers, perhaps he would have agreed with another of White's dicta: "*. . . Holiness is the dimension of indifference / Man has the power to bring to camera / Holy indifference*" (White 223).

But Jeffers did know and work with Edward Weston and Ansel Adams. Edward Weston was born in Highland Park, Illinois, in 1886 and began working with a camera while still in high school. He immediately realized that photography was to become his life's work and opened a portraiture studio which he eventually moved to in what is now Glendale, California. Weston was never a wealthy man and had to make commercial photographs to earn a living. All his life he was driven by the desire to make his images exactly as he wished them to be according to his own aesthetic principles, and he disliked making pictures which pandered to popular taste or were false to his own vision. For example, after too many assignments which made him compromise his principles, he posted a sign in his studio which noted that portraits would not be retouched (Weston, *Flame* 39).

In 1923, seeking artistic fulfillment and contact with other artists, he and his mistress Tina Modotti, herself a photographer, left most of Weston's family in Los Angeles and went to Mexico where he continued to refine his art and met the painters Jose Orozco and Diego Rivera, among others. Characteristically, his pictures from Mexico contain none of the usual visual clichés of adobe churches, peasants in sombreros, and burros laden with firewood. Weston's desire was to get at the visual essence of whatever scene was before him. An example of his eliminative technique is a picture from a trip with another photographer, Hugo Brehme, to a village beside a mountain lake. His companion took a picture of people standing by the side of the lake fishing, the buildings of the town, the lake, the mountains behind it (*Edward Weston in Mexico* 56); a perfectly adequate image that tells a visual story: "These are people, this is where they live, this is how they live." Most photographers would have been pleased to have taken the photograph that Brehme shot. Weston's greatness is revealed in the photograph that he took from almost the same spot (*Edward Weston in Mexico* 56). The photograph consists of four elements: the geometric arrangement of the rooftops at the bottom, the light band of the lake in the middle, the contours of the mountains with their varieties of

gray, and at the top, the sky, a different shade of white than the lake. I do not mention such terms as "foreground" and "background," because Weston uses not only the unreality of black and white but the two dimensional property of photography to make this picture work. It is an arrangement of forms and light which says, "This is the visual essence of this scene. I am making you see something that you may not have seen before and that, in fact, may not be present in nature." Unlike the naïve realist's view of photography, which is that it shows us better what is there, Weston's effort is to create something which was not there before he made his photograph, something which a person at the scene could recognize after seeing the photograph. A Neo-Kantian credo is that the mind creates reality. For example, Susanne K. Langer states, "Not simply seeing is believing but *seeing and calculating, seeing and translating*" (16, emphasis in original). Weston's photographs, products not of his photographic equipment but his mind, expand our minds and reality.

Weston's most famous photograph is *Pepper No. 30* (Weston, *Flame* 35). Many have interpreted the picture as suggestive of a sexual embrace, but Weston insisted that he was only thinking of revealing the essence of the object. Minor White reported that in a conversation, Weston had noted: "Yes, he knew about the plus in them that so many see only as sex. I made them for their beauty, he says, something else crept in. If sex, regenerative sex . . . food to nourish souls" (White 80, ellipsis in original).

In 1929, Weston returned to California and moved to what was by then thought of as an artists' colony, Carmel. That same year, he became acquainted with Jeffers, then at the height of his fame, and photographed the poet. Later he divorced his first wife, married one of his models, and, in 1937, won the first Guggenheim grant awarded to a photographer. The purpose of the grant was to provide photographs of the American West. His greatness was acknowledged by a retrospective of his work at the Museum of Modern Art in New York in 1946, a show that Weston attended and for which he served as a part-time tour guide to delighted viewers. Weston's work was cut short by Parkinson's disease. By 1948, he was no longer able to photograph and print, and the disease took his life in 1958.

Ansel Adams, the other photographer on whom I will focus, was born in San Francisco in 1902. Frequent trips to the Yosemite Valley turned him to the love of nature, and this place is as clearly linked with his work as Carmel and Big Sur are with Jeffers's. At first he was as skilled in music as he was in photography, but, like Weston, his insistence on being able to devote all his energies to the perfection of his photography caused him to drop his musical career. Also like Weston,

he had to work for a living and sometimes took assignments that he disliked, such as the huge photomurals ("Coloramas") commissioned by the Kodak Company that adorn Grand Central Station in New York. Adams distrusted and avoided color photography, preferring the unreality of black and white as a better medium for artistic vision. When asked to review a book by Eliot Porter, a photographer who embraced color, Adams demurred, claiming that although he admired Porter and respected Porter's achievement, he didn't like color photography and didn't know how to judge it (Callahan 14). Adams lived in Carmel for a time and also knew and photographed Jeffers.

Adams's concern for the preservation of the earth led him in a different direction from either Jeffers or Weston. In the late 1930s and during World War II he produced a body of work which contains touchstone photographs such as *Moonrise, Hernandez, New Mexico*, *The Grand Tetons and Snake River Wyoming*, and his pictures of Yosemite Valley such as *Monolith: The Face of Half Dome* (Adams 63, 56, 8) which are among the few photographic images which the average person recognizes immediately. That person also knows who took them, for the impact of these photographs is so strong that Adams became perhaps the only photographer whose name is known by the average American. Revered and honored, he died in 1984.

Those famous pictures by Adams have been called "epic" by his critics, even "nationalistic," because, appearing as they did during the nineteen thirties and forties, a period of both domestic and international turmoil, they seemed to remind viewers of the great range of the natural beauty of the United States, and of the fact that the country was great not because of politics but because of the land, capable of calling forth the best in the spirits of those who inhabit it (Spaulding 174). Here Jeffers and Adams part company, for the poet, with his pessimistic view of human nature and history, wrote as if the world were already well lost. Adams believed with John Muir, another lover of Yosemite, that nature has the power to revive the human spirit and turn it into positive directions. In 1892 John Muir founded the Sierra Club, the oldest organization devoted to the success of environmental and conservationist causes. Adams joined the Sierra Club in the nineteen twenties, became a member of its governing board in 1934, served on that board until 1971, and was a political activist his entire life, a direction that Jeffers might have respected but regarded ultimately as futile.

In 1931, both Weston and Adams were among the founding members of Group f/64, photographers who specifically rejected the approach of the salon photographers who tried to mimic the effects of painters. They named themselves f/64 after the smallest lens aperture,

the one which gave the crispest focus and the greatest depth of field (rendering in focus objects both close to the camera and far away), thus allowing what details and pictorial elements the artist chooses to show in the sharpest clarity possible. The members of the group were too individualistic to maintain a joint agenda, but their gathering together briefly was enough in itself to establish a new artistic aesthetic for photography.

In 1926, Adams visited Jeffers for the first time with the aid of the San Francisco arts patron Alfred Bender. The two got along well and later Adams took several portraits of Jeffers. The effect of Jeffers's poetry on Adams was also strong. As one of Adams's biographers, Jonathan Spaulding, puts it,

> Jeffers's quest to pare his lines to a functionalist simplicity was an example of a fundamental principle of modernism in all the arts. . . . The goal was a "truth to materials," to strip away the Victorian edifice of gentility to reveal the stark but honest bones of the work: the steel beams of buildings, the stroke of the painter's brush, the plain word/sound of the poet. In photography, too, artists were beginning to emphasize rather than disguise what they considered the essential characteristics of the camera image, its optical precision and clarity, its ability to capture an instant and make it timeless. As Adams became more and more familiar with modernist aesthetics, he began to reassess his own photographic approach, which at that time was still predominantly influenced by nineteenth-century romanticism and pictorialism.
>
> Jeffers taught Adams the grandeur possible within a spare realism. . . . Jeffers practiced a stark simplicity. His work often focused on human tragedies set against the vast cyclic flow of nature and the universe in which humanity is only a transitory form. . . .
>
> Jeffers directly addressed the issues of humanity's relationship to nature, issues that were central to Adams' creative development. The nineteenth-century notion of nature as a mirror for human ideals gave way to the notion forcefully expressed by Jeffers that the rise and fall of individuals and civilizations were mere moments in the vast movement of the universe. . . . He based his ideas on the scientific discoveries of earth's geological time, on the principles of evolution, and on the cyclical nature of the universe. (61–62)

But it is easier to state that one is determined to get at the essence of a thing than to agree with another artist with the same purpose about what that essence is. Adams did think that nature was a mirror for human ideals, but his vision was wider than that. When some members of the Sierra Club board objected to the use of Jeffers's poetry as a springboard for environmental issues, Adams defended the poet's work and noted a proper regard for the small role of humankind in the great workings of nature, something of which Jeffers was always

reminding his readers, is necessary for the true advancement of conservation (Spaulding 331–32).

But it was Weston for whom Jeffers had the greatest affinity, because both had the same grim determination to reduce their subjects to essentials. They began their projects with axes, then began to use scalpels until nothing was left but purity. Weston went further than that; from 1923 to 1944 he kept journals that he called "Daybooks." When reviewing the Daybooks to show to others and for possible publication he edited them by cutting out with a razor blade pages and even words which he could no longer stand behind and names which he did not wish to be revealed. Such an approach and such a goal are bound to be often disappointing, as Jeffers reminds us in "Love the Wild Swan," a poem in which he defines his poetic goal as the attempt to convey the experience of a thing as small as a grass blade and his inability to do so to his own artistic satisfaction. Weston produced perhaps two hundred images with which he was thoroughly satisfied. A recent exhibit (2004) at the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art in Fort Worth covering his entire career from his first, imitative efforts to his final, fulfilled vision, presented approximately a hundred photographs.

It is not surprising that Weston had his own plan in mind when he photographed Jeffers and was at first disappointed, as most photographers are, at the subject's attempt to pose himself (Weston, *Flame* 31). When making portraits, most photographers allow the subject to present himself or herself as the subject wishes, then suggest other poses which the photographer actually prefers. Jeffers refused to be conned into a pose he himself did not like, and Weston felt frustrated. But later he confided to his Daybook that Jeffers had been right to pose himself, "I wrote of Jeffers, he 'tried to appear as he thought he should be seen.' Maybe I should have written 'as he *knew* he should be seen.' For a man to know himself is legitimate, indeed quite right" (123). The poet and his wife also recognized that Weston had captured Jeffers well: "They were so pleased with [the photographs]. Una Jeffers said: 'Robin will never again have such fine portraits, unless you make them'" (Weston, *Flame* 30).

The clearest connection between the creative processes of both Jeffers and Weston is seen in the poem "Gray Weather." Here, Jeffers strips away all elements and associations until he has what he wants, which is that his reader not think about the scene he describes—he casts away or "suspends" "the curious desire of knowing"—but to experience it. Jeffers spends most of the poem bracketing away the inessential and noting that nothing extraordinary or dramatic is happening until he has nothing but natural structure which has no connection

with humanity and which will continue after we have left this planet. The scalpel leaves nothing but bone.

> It is true that, older than man and ages to outlast him, the Pacific surf
> Still cheerfully pounds the worn granite drum;
> But there's no storm; and the birds are still, no song; no kind of excess;
> Nothing that shines, nothing is dark;
> There is neither joy nor grief nor a person, the sun's tooth sheathed in cloud,
> And life has no more desires than a stone.
> The stormy conditions of time and change are all abrogated, the essential
> Violences of survival, pleasure,
> Love, wrath and pain, and the curious desire of knowing, all perfectly suspended.
> In the cloudy light, in the timeless quietness,
> One explores deeper than the nerves or heart of nature, the womb or soul,
> To the bone, the careless white bone, the excellence. (*CP* 2: 485)

In *Not Man Apart*, the photograph which accompanies this poem ("Rocks, Beach, and Driftwood") is by Edward Weston (Jeffers, *Not Man Apart* 70–71). It is starkly black and white, as simple in subject as is its bare bones title, showing nothing but what the photographer regards as important. For example, the rocks appear as black shapes with no detail, emphasizing their solidity and permanence. There is a high "horizon line"; most landscape photographs open out expansively to impress upon the viewer the larger context of the scene. Including a greater area of sky would also include the sea, not just the water which strikes the shore, as in Weston's photograph and Jeffers's poem (Jeffers writes of the "surf," not the sea). Such an image would remind the viewer that he or she is looking at a place which is part of a greater world. But Weston does not wish to lead the viewer away from the central images of the photograph. Like Jeffers's poem, Weston's photograph invites the viewer to experience not something great but something basic. Jeffers was not a minimalist, as Weston sometimes was, but both were essentialists for whom art was a means of conveying only that which is dramatic, important, and moving. Like Jeffers's poem, Weston's photographs are prefaced by an unstated "It is true that—."

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A Tribute to Leigh Wiener

Robert Brophy

Leigh Wiener
An Appreciation

> He answered my knock on the door at his Tor House in Big Sur [*sic*] with a soft "Yes?" "Mr. Jeffers," I said, "my name is Leigh Wiener. I'd like to photograph you." "Why?" he asked. "Because I think you will probably be the most important American poet of the 20th century."
>
> We were still in the doorway. "Have you read any of my work?" he asked. "Yes," I replied. "What did you think of it?" "Well," I said, "there was a lot that I didn't understand." Only his eyes seemed to smile. "Come in," he said. "Come in!"
>
> I spent the next three days with Jeffers, his daughter-in-law, Lee, and his grandchildren, Una and [Lindsay]. (Wiener, "Portraits" 279)

The first introduction many of us had to Leigh Wiener and his work was the 1968 publication of *The Selected Letters of Robinson Jeffers*, edited by Ann Ridgeway, from John Hopkins Press. It was a wondrous experience, thirty photos of portraits and landscapes with a unique style and authoritative focus.

As revealed in his 240-page book of portraits *How Do You Photograph People?*, Leigh adopts a distinctive approach to his art. First, the photographer does his homework; he finds out as much as he can about his subject's work, personality, interests, fame; he expects much, anticipates unique qualities, listens for the humanity within. "No two people are the same, and each can teach me something. Photographs of people should be alive, warm and meaningful" (*How* 10).

Perusing the photos in *Selected Letters*, one can see Leigh following Jeffers in his element: the poet sitting at a table writing, rolling and smoking a cigarette, climbing Hawk Tower, walking on Scenic Drive, reaching for stones on the beach below Tor House, standing among the trees of his forest of cypress and eucalyptus, sitting by a window, pondering a huge granite boulder on his property, leaning against the wind on his walk, conversing with his grandchildren.

He is intent on rapport: "All photographers must deal with decisions involving cameras, lenses, setting, lighting, composition, use of

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other equipment—all the technical aspects of taking a picture. But only the photographer of people must deal with the problem of psychology. He must help his subject overcome self-consciousness and a real fear of having his picture taken; at the same time the photographer must control the shooting session. How well he solves these psychological problems is the key factor determining the success of the final picture" (28).

Evidently Robinson was a challenge to photograph. One recalls the testimony of Horace Lyon, a family friend and frequent photographer of Jeffers and his environs: "I found Robin a very difficult subject for even the most informal photograph. When I showed up with a camera, he would immediately become tense and self-conscious, almost belligerent in his expressions, and utterly unlike his usual gentle and courteous self. I never felt that the belligerence was directed at me but rather at the prospect of being photographed. Even though Una had requested it, it was a rank invasion of his privacy, and the thought of his image being held up to public gaze was repugnant to him. His feelings are evident in many of the photographs, and the problem was always to get him to relax. He would obviously be making a great effort to please Una in something she wanted, but his efforts were all too often unnatural and forced. His strong personality would be a challenge to the most experienced photographer, and I have never seen any photograph of him that I thought did him justice" (Lyon 3).

Horace was caught in a dilemma—he concluded that only "candid" shots would find the real Jeffers, yet he felt that act would be betrayal. "Una never suggested it, for, while she strove in every way to enhance his public image, she was too deeply devoted to him and too conscious of her role as his protector, to permit any subterfuge" (Lyon 4).

Leigh's approach to "candid" shots tended to be complex; he would work toward his subject's distraction from himself. "A candid picture may also be described as one that is ingenuous, sincere, honest, frank, straightforward, unbiased, and impartial" (103). He writes, "The photographer himself can control to a great degree just how natural his subject will look" (83); he would dress as casual as his subject and be interested in the person's hobbies, habits, and surroundings. One challenge with Jeffers was, in Horace's own words, Jeffers's evident concern for a "public image" and his wife's "role as his protector." Leigh remarks "I don't pose my subjects" (80). He sometimes got his subjects to play games with him to relax their attention. "Talk to your subject about things that interest and concern him or her—home, business, interests, dog" (27). When asked "Is it easy to photograph a person who is posing for you?" he responds "No. Because a person who is posing or mugging for me is really trying to hide from my camera.

Often, these are the same people who have a 'good side.' Interestingly enough, the facial pose these subjects try to give me has little to do with the kind of people they really are. And of course it is the real side of people that I try to show in my photographs" (87).

In another passage, Horace Lyon pinpoints the challenge; he recalls one moment of breakthrough that produced a familiar photo of Jeffers on a hillside at the Victorine Ranch:

> He was relaxed and almost chatty on the way, but, as soon as we had climbed the grassy slope and I unlimbered my camera, he froze. He had his knobby Irish stick and his leather puttees, and he tried so hard to appear to be walking leisurely in the hillside pasture, but he was stiff and unnatural. I made a couple of exposures hoping he would relax, but the results were not good. Suddenly I realized that something was attracting his attention, and I became aware of the throbbing sound of a passing trawler out at sea, unusual only in its peculiar broken rhythm. For a matter of seconds he forgot himself in his concentration on the sound and I snapped the shutter. As I did so he said: "It sounds like a three-cylinder Diesel." . . . He was a marvelous subject when his privacy was not being violated and he could forget himself. (Lyon 4)

Wiener distinguishes between photographer and photojournalist. "Pictures taken for a newspaper or a picture magazine are similar in that they are both informational. For magazine work, however, the photographer takes many more pictures of the subject or subjects, and these photographs are used to explain the story in a deliberate and almost leisurely manner. His work is often called a picture story or photo essay" (13). The photos illustrating *Selected Letters* (and in this issue of *Jeffers Studies*) are those of Leigh Wiener as photojournalist, and they can be "read" as their own story separately. They work opposite Jeffers's own words in the letters but are an essay in themselves on the man and his work. They capture him in his whole environment, Tor House, Hawk Tower, garden, driveway, roadside, and beach. The three days of photographing focus on a man of sixty-nine and immerse him in his familiar domestic world, which includes declining health and diminished powers. He is looking forward to death, looking backward over the life of letters exactly in these environs and no others.

Almost all of Wiener's photos of Jeffers come with a defining place. Leigh writes: "An 'environmental portrait' is a picture taken in a setting background that either is familiar to a person or is even in a sense part of the person" (110). Thus in one photo in the *Selected Letters* the poet looks out from his tower whence he has gathered cosmic context (see the poem "Night"). In another his westward vision is Point Lobos where long ago he tracked Prohibition bootleggers as they landed their wares and where his breakthrough, marvelous narrative

poem "Tamar" was envisioned and played out to its fiery end. In an alcove he writes with the pen, ink, and paper from which thousands and thousands of words have flowed. Here he sits by a wide window from which he can watch a storm gather. Elsewhere he stands over the ashes of one of the numerous Tor House fireplaces to which for over three decades he has replenished wood sawed, chopped, and stored with his own hands. Then he sits pensively across from his grandson Lindsay, walks in the open garden, intent on his granddaughter Una, or lingers with the two of them below the tower parapet. On the beach he is pensive, his back to the ocean, his shadow monstrously long in the dying sun. In another photo he stoops on the beach fingering stones which might be fragments of the very ones he hoisted onto his house or tower. In yet another he sits on a great stone half-submerged in sand and looks seaward toward the ocean rim. Then he is walking Scenic Drive, determined against the wind. In the book's final photo, one in which the beach stretches a half mile—stone, sand, stone islands, and surf, with Point Lobos in a fog—Jeffers is conspicuously absent, and we reflect on our great loss.

Leigh Wiener took hundreds of Jeffers photos in those three days, more, his son Devik tells us, than of any other subject of his art. In Jeffers he was intensely interested. For the centennial of Jeffers's birth in 1987, he organized a special exhibit of these photos taken at Tor House, which circulated through the state of California in regional and university libraries, in book galleries, and in museums of art. On the question of number of photos taken, he reflects: "There are many, many decisive moments, and this brings us to the best reason for taking many pictures: the subject himself. Once rapport has been established and the subject is relaxed, he begins to reveal many portraits of himself. I want as many as I can get. There is no such thing as a single best portrait of a person."

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Biographical Note

Born in 1929, Leigh Wiener grew up in New York City, where his father worked for a newspaper. Moving to Los Angeles in 1946 and beginning his cub career as photographer at the *LA Times*, he got his first break in 1949 when his photo of a child's tragedy appeared on the front pages of over one hundred papers across the United States. Over his fifty years as outstanding photographer and photojournalist, he worked free lance for *Time Magazine*, *Life*, *Fortune*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and many other journals. On Tuesday, May 11, 1993, age 62, he died, one of the great portrait photographers of the twentieth century. Author of nine books, creator and co-host of his own Emmy award-winning TV series, "Talk about Pictures," and the highly esteemed and influential football documentary, "A Slice of Sunday," he was famous for his brilliant and story-filled lectures and writings on the photographer's art and for his skilled and assertive photographing of the famous and great—John Kennedy, Marlon Brando, Marilyn Monroe, Willie Mays, Judy Garland, Frank Sinatra, Paul Newman, and Pope John Paul II, to name but a very few. His last book was *Marilyn: A Hollywood Farewell* (1992). His passing was an ironic and poignant tragedy caused by a rare blood disease believed to be the result of exposure to nuclear radiation contracted while covering atomic bomb testing in Nevada for *Life Magazine*. Only his indomitable spirit allowed him to live the last few years. For more information and images visit <www.leighweiner.com>.

Leigh Wiener

Photographs of Jeffers and Family

Jeffers and the Visual Arts

Various Artists

Portfolio

Granddaughter

And here's a portrait of my granddaughter Una
When she was two years old: a remarkable painter,
A perfect likeness; nothing tricky nor modernist,
Nothing of the artist fudging his art into the picture,
But simple and true. She stands in a glade of trees with a still inlet
Of blue ocean behind her. Thus exactly she looked then,
A forgotten flower in her hand, those great blue eyes
Asking and wondering.

Now she is five years old
And found herself; she does not ask any more but commands,
Sweet and fierce-tempered; that light red hair of hers
Is the fuse for explosions. When she is eighteen
I'll not be here. I hope she will find her natural elements,
Laughter and violence; and in her quiet times
The beauty of things—the beauty of transhuman things,
Without which we are all lost. I hope she will find
Powerful protection and a man like a hawk to cover her. (*CP* 3: 464)

For a discussion of this poem, see Tim Hunt's article "The Work of the Edition" in JS *6.4 (Fall 2002): 41–44.*

Robinson Jeffers

Foreword to *Black Masses* by Julien Alberts

See checklist in this issue for information about Julien Alberts and this Foreword.

I have some acquaintance with the artist's brother, and in the bodeful years before the war we sometimes received cards of strange greeting from him . . . Christmas, New Years, Easter . . . cards that surprised us. They were drawings by Julien Alberts; two or three of them are included in this collection; and what they meant was very clear. They were storm-warnings, and they were expressions of fierce disgust. They were true prophecy.

Now the war has come and gone; most of the drawings in this volume are not storm-warnings, many are rather stagnation-warnings. All are clear statements. They have faults, no doubt, but not the fault of pretentious obscurity, the mask worn by artists who have nothing to say.

The drawings may be divided into three categories. There are first the portraits which are drawn with a little malice and much pity, and to my mind are almost too "depressing" as people say . . . precisely because of the pity, for malice is often exhilarating. But they are excellently done, and they are real persons, each has her distinction.

But the imaginative compositions have poetry. I divide them in my mind into those that say, "This is what you are," and those, less numerous and less objective, that say, "This is how I feel toward you." The latter are almost hysterical in their resentment; it is a personal matter and persons less sensitive than the artist may wonder what it is all about. Others will understand the feeling, but have lived through it and become inured; and others will regard it as wicked and at least unpermissible. "Is disgust one of the Muses?" . . . But why not? All human passions are material for poetry, and certainly disgust can be passionate. In these pictures it is.

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So I come to the drawings that say, "This is what you are," and they seem to me to be the best in the collection. (I have not seen the color-prints, only the lithographs.) Consider "Conversation Piece." It is a pleasant enough family party, though a little vulture-nibbled. These people are good-humored and good-looking as healthy cats; they are flesh under their clothes and bones under their flesh, . . . nicely formed bones. They enjoy conversing with each other; but of course it is a shallow business, everyone is really alone; each person's clock keeps its private time, and chance rules the dice. "This is what you are." We understand that you will be more exclusively bone a few years from now; meanwhile be happy. It is the mildest of death dances.

The symbolism apparent in this composition becomes in others a full-fledged mythology, violent and occasionally perverse, as mythologies are, but the emotion remains clear. This violence of mythologies is interesting, I think. It is present in all of them, from the ancient roots of Greece down to the dream-histories observed by psychoanalysts. It seems to prove that we are all murderers at heart, however we hush it down; Alberts' "Death of Venus" and "Voices of Spring" are not so alien to us as we prefer to think. Every myth is a foreshortened presentment of reality.

At this point I should like to quote two or three sentences from one of the artist's letters. " . . . The iconography of my work," he says, "and of reality are much the same, except that the logic that separately dominates each is different. The unique juxtaposition of images creates a tension which leads to a provocative picture; . . . the new relation of forces within the picture-plane . . . converts a cohesive collection of images into almost an autonomous organism, but one existing under the shadow of reality . . ."

This "juxtaposition" and this "tension" that Alberts speaks of may be observed at their simplest in "Fragments"; . . . the stretch of imagination between the massive human foot, bedded in brickwork, solidly planted, carefully carved, with all its tendons dissected out, . . . and the fantastic little figure beyond, rope-dancing on the wall-top against the sky. Observe, too, in "Hero's Return," the stretch between the huge stolid dead man and the flighty cat grimacing at him.

"This collection will represent," Alberts says, "a summing-up of my efforts to date." That is to say, the first ten years of his work; with time out for the war in which he played his part. Curiously enough, his first one-man show was held in Honolulu, "while waiting for the Central Pacific campaign to begin"; but most of his showings antedate the war years.

There is fierce and original talent here.

Robinson Jeffers

Foreword to *Fifty Photographs* by Edward Weston

Reprinted from Fifty Photographs, *Edward Weston, NY: Duell, Sloane, and Pearce, 1947, 7—10.*

Waiting for Weston to come in, I looked at the row of books along his mantle-shelf, and a fat one caught my eye,—Taine's History of English Literature, the same edition and binding that used to stand in my father's library,—a book that had excited me when I was very young. I took it down and opened at random, wondering whether the Frenchman's enthusiasms would still be infectious after so many years; and indeed the book opened on treasure; two ten-dollar bills lay between pages. A dollar was still a dollar in those days, and when Weston came in I made haste to tell him what I had found. He answered rather sheepishly, as if ashamed of owning so much money: yes, he didn't need them at the moment, and had tucked them away there; this book was his bank. I think of the anecdote because it seems characteristic; Weston's life and his work are like that, simple, effective, and without ceremony. He knows exactly what he wants to do, and he does it as simply as possible. He is not interested in the affectations and showmanship that distract many talented persons; I think he has never even been interested in having a career, but only in doing his work well.

But concentration is not enough; there must be energy also; and this brings to mind my earliest impression of Weston at work; the almost unseemly contrast between the hot vitality of his red-brown eyes and the cold abstract stare of his camera; as if the man and the instrument had been specially designed to supplement each other. W. B. Yeats had something very different in mind when he wrote of "passion and precision" made "one," but the line is applicable. Photography in itself is only a mechanical kind of reporting and recording; the directive passion, the energy for endless experiment and the passion for beautiful results, make it much more than that.

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Now I hear rumors of an old-fashioned controversy on the subject of art; can photography be considered an art? It seems to me that the question is rather verbal than vital; but it may be answered by looking at the photographs. If they have the effect and value of works of art, as clearly these do, then photography is the art that produced them; for we judge a tree by its fruits. And if the intention and effect are primarily aesthetic, then photography, at that level, is one of the fine arts. It has not the prestige of history and prehistory, as painting has; and its future is doubtful, for it depends on a machine, and machines have a high mortality-rate, they are always being superseded; but for its active century or two, and as long afterwards as the films and prints survive or are reproduced, photography has its honored place. It does not compete with painting; it has its own special qualities—its precision, infinite value range, instantaneous seeing—and they are important.

Edward Weston was a pioneer in the recognition and development of these qualities. He was one of those who taught photography to be itself, not a facile substitute for painting, or an anxious imitator. It was an exciting adventure; and the more so because of the newness of photography. The field was nearly clear; whereas the painter has nearly twenty thousand years of experience to guide—and discourage him. The human hand with a graver's tool or a daub of pigment is the same hand that made pictures on the cave-walls in France, in a bay of the last ice-age; and really it has not increased in skill,—look at the best of the cave-paintings!—though the mind has longer knowledge and the brushes are a little better. But the camera was something new to work with.

And Weston wanted pure photography; he was zealous, he was honest, he was for a time even bigoted, in his refusal to retouch or use any kind of trick or mistiness. He really believed in the beauty of things, and that included their accidents and asperities; the beauty of harsh stone, or broken wood, or a blemished face. He would choose, of course, long and carefully, but he would not conceal nor soften. Nothing perhaps since the beatitudes is more endlessly quoted and less believed than that famous line about "beauty is truth, truth beauty." I doubt whether Keats himself believed it, except in some transcendental sense; but Weston believes it.—And on this note let me end. I am not qualified to speak technically of Weston's work, nor of his wide and living influence; but one does have ordinary human judgment. I know the man, and I can recognize honesty, single-mindedness, originality, ability, when I see them.

Robinson Jeffers

Excerpt from the Foreword to *Jeffers Country* by Horace Lyon

Reprinted from Jeffers Country: The Seed-Plots of Robinson Jeffers' Poetry, *Horace Lyon, San Francisco: Scrimshaw P, 1971, 9—10.*

Horace Lyon told us that some of his friends had asked him, when he revisited the east after coming to live in Carmel, whether there was any such country as pictured in Jeffers' verses, or was it mere fantasy? He had assured them that it was as real as New Jersey and still they seemed skeptical; easterners are bound to think of orange groves when you speak of California; so he was going to take some photographs and show them. Perhaps he would make a little book of the photographs: if so, might he call it "Jeffers Country"? Certainly, I said, if he wanted to. I ought to have thought of the people who really have names on this coast, because they have lived their lives in it, and their fathers before them; whilst I have only sat in its doorway and written verses about it. But the photographs meant very little to me, until I saw them.

Once seen, they stirred me to delight and enthusiasm, and sharp recognition; as in that story about Milton's daughter, when several portraits of her father were shown her and she chose one of them: "This is the very man, this is my father!" So I felt about these photographs, looking at them successively: "This is the very coast that I love, the forms and the moods, and something of the life." While I was still enjoying the pictures another thought brushed my mind. I thought of the cant we have heard about art—cant that no one has to believe in, but it seems to be generally voiced, if not accepted—that art must not be representational; it should not, if that were possible, even suggest nature; it should reject nature and produce its own forms, follow its own laws. For a moment I felt meanly suspicious: is it possible that *photography* has driven the doctrinaires into this sterile corner? Then I remembered that the same cant is recited about other arts than painting; and that even photographers have sometimes been influ-

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enced by it, so far as the honest lens would allow them. While all the while it is obvious . . .

I dropped the thought unfinished, preferring to look through the pictures again, recognizing each scene, refreshing the emotion it had brought me, often remembering the insufficient verses through which I had tried to express the emotion. That is one reason for writing narrative poetry, and in this case a principal one: because certain scenes awake an emotion that seems to overflow the limits of lyric or description, one tries to express it in terms of human lives. Thus each of my too many stories has grown up like a plant from some particular canyon or promontory, some particular relationship of rock and water, wood, grass and mountain. Here were photographs of their seed-plots.

Robinson Jeffers

Foreword to an Unpublished Book of Photographs by Mose Daniels

See checklist in this issue for information about Mose Daniels and this Foreword.

My sea-cliff and the road above it are much-visited by nature-lovers—I suppose—why else should they come?—who leave behind them waste paper and beer-cans and many dirtier things. I pick up the leavings and destroy them, and for thirty-one years I have been wondering why human droppings are so ugly, and nothing of non-human nature's is. The rock-islands in front of the house are white-washed with the droppings of cormorants and pelicans, but that is not ugly. The non-human world—stars, water and rock and the sea-birds—is breathlessly beautiful; our film of humanity over it is quite young still, and no doubt will become beautiful after while, if it lasts.

I speak cheerfully of these things because Mose Daniels' photographs have very little trace of humanity in them. They are well chosen and beautifully done, and they more or less illustrate some poems of mine. Particularly they illustrate this coast, the scene of my thoughts and verses, and of many more important things. This is how the redwood sorrel grows, under the stump of a big tree. And here is the texture of a rock-face at Point Lobos. It is worth observing carefully, but hardly anyone notices it; that is why the artist has taken the trouble to show it to us.

As to the question whether photography can be called an "Art," I have already many times answered, "Of course." Art is representational or it is nothing. Even at the most abstract—that is, withdrawn from nature—it must at least represent the artist's state of mind, and his skill and taste and considered choices, though it be only a pattern on linoleum. But I prefer the work that looks beyond the artist's mind to the world outside him. I think the chief function of art is simply to make manifest the beauty of things. "Look. This is beautiful."

Mose Daniels has done it very well.

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Morley Baer

Address at the Tor House Festival, October 1992

I must tell you I'm here under somewhat false pretenses. I feel I'm here to honor a man who I really never got to know, and whose work I've never really, in any depth, understood. And yet, from the time I was in school in the '30s until this day and I hope for a few years more, I feel that Robinson Jeffers's words, the way he looked at the world, the way he found and delineated the coast of California, these elements in his work have finally come to mean a great deal to me, and they started in a very somewhat obscure, unintelligible way.

I was in school in Ann Arbor in the mid '30s when we were assigned, I believe, "Roan Stallion" to read, and the word went through many sophomoric minds, not only mine, that there was something dirty in the poem. And another sophomore told me that "That's just a rumor in order to get you to read his work." But I succumbed to the rumor, and I remember the desk, looking out the window, in my accommodations, and trying to read that poem and understand what it had to do with. I had never seen California, I didn't know horses, or women, very well, and I must admit to you, it was a total flop. I couldn't have been more disgusted with Robinson Jeffers at that time, because I thought it was his fault that his work was unintelligible to me. I feel as though this same sentiment was transferred to Carmel at the end of World War II when I came here with my wife to live, mainly as a result of trying to find a man named Edward Weston. We came here in 1946, and the first thing I did was drive to the coast of California, actually before we even came to Carmel. I picked up my girlfriend in Palo Alto one day I remember, and she said, "Where are we going? What are we doing?" And I said, "I've got to get to the coast of California." I had been here in 1939, with a couple of friends of mine who drove out to California from Chicago, and no one in Carmel knew who Edward Weston was. I wanted to find him because I'd read a few articles by him and seen a few photographs, and I wanted a job with that man, I wanted to be his apprentice, and so on.

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And I remember going through what was then a very small village, a few real estate offices, a few gas stations, a couple of photographers, and no one knew Edward Weston, except a little woman who ran a dress-making shop in Lincoln Court—I think her name was Mrs. Heller—and when I came down from the upstairs studio that I knew had been a photographer's studio, told me that Edward Weston *had* been there until a few weeks before, had gone away and no one knew where he was. I couldn't find him.

In 1946 when I met him, one of the first things we talked about was who this man Robinson Jeffers was, and what he meant to this area. Edward Weston happened to be a very small, rugged little man at that time, and he talked about Jeffers, not as if he was intimate with him, and knew him very well, but as if he had an associate in this world—a man who was something close to his own ideals in photography but who expressed them in a different way. It was wonderful to listen to him talk about another man, he rarely did this, he rarely said anything glowing, or romantic, or full of feeling, it seemed, but after listening to Weston talk about Jeffers, I knew that he was unique—both of them were actually in their own way very unique. It wasn't until we started going down the coast, going into the ranchland between here and Big Sur, going into the Sur itself, hiking around mainly on the coastal areas themselves, that we were drawn back to Jeffers. And then I started reading not only "Roan Stallion," but the other work with another feeling, another kind of interest, I'll admit, but a relationship I knew to the Spanish names, the Portuguese names, the ruggedness, the rockiness, the actuality, of the California coast. I don't think any photographer can take from writing and go out and think about that writing and make a certain kind of photograph, because it so happens that Jeffers really, in a sense to me now, when I think about it, replaced a woman named Mary Austin, who was the first woman that I read [on?] California, and California was imagistic in Mary Austin's writing, you could see parts of it when you read her work. You recognized what they looked like, because Mary Austin wrote in a very picturesque way, I think, about California. This was all started by a grandfather back in Ohio when I was a young kid, eight, nine, ten years old, and when he moved his hand and said "All the golden hills in California look like this," I believed him. I could see the gold, and somebody gave me a book of Mary Austin's, sometime before I got to Ann Arbor, and then Jeffers and Ann Arbor became that enigma, and it wasn't until after World War II that I realized what Jeffers was talking about. I still didn't understand the major themes of his work, the great force that he had, as a prophet, really. Garth has expressed that so beautifully just a little while ago. But all the parts of the coast were

encased in Jeffers for me. And I couldn't go out right after reading Jeffers and make the photographs—the light wasn't right, the time wasn't right, there were always trivialities, and I'm sure there are with every photographer that keeps him from doing what he thinks he ought to do right now. But when I did get to the coast, the seedage was there from what I'd read. And one thing it's made for me out of the coast of California, and that is a place of great tensions, great natural tensions, that are part of life, and not to be subdued and eradicated from life.

I happened to be fortunate enough to live at Garrapata Beach—above Garrapata Beach—in a stone house for many years. And waking every morning and finding the great forces of nature at our doorstep, was something that I couldn't possibly have felt without having read Jeffers first. When I drive down the coast today, Soberanes Point—even spelled with a "v"—means so much more to me, because I've read about it in Jeffers, and there are certain connotations about it that make it a place not of great romance, but of great integrity, with the natural forces of this world. The whole coast between Carmel and Big Sur has become alive in a very definite way to me, and I can't get out of this feeling when I work. I may not be conscious of it when I make a photograph, but I know it's in there some way, and I couldn't be more thankful and appreciative of having read that work in order to be the kind of photographer I am.

I said in the beginning that I was here under somewhat false pretenses because in 1948, the *Theatre Arts* magazine assigned me the job of photographing Robinson Jeffers. And I must tell you that I was scared to death, so I asked my mentor, Edward Weston, to tell me a little bit more about how he might react when I had a camera in front of him. And Edward said many things about him, but mainly he said, "Don't worry about it. Don't be frightened by him. You'll find that *he* makes the photograph much more than you will." And that bothered me a little bit, I couldn't understand exactly what he meant by that. And I remember making the appointment and coming to Tor House, and I believe we shook hands, Jeffers walked out of the door, and I asked him if he wouldn't go to—I can't remember exactly what it was, but probably a rock wall, not of the house, but somewhere back of the house, and he stood there for a moment—he hadn't said two words to me—I don't think I directed him at all, and all of a sudden, the nose, the profile, went up against the rock. And I saw one of the most beautiful outlines of the human head I'd ever seen. It had dignity, the force, the appreciation of this world, all encased in very sinewy, gaunt lines, that I can't today forget. It was a great moment for me, and yet very very little was said, I really remember no conversation. I was very

thankful for Garth's filling in a great deal about the man for me today, because that still perplexes me, even though I made his photograph. I know a portrait photographer is supposed to at least represent the character of the man he photographs, but if I did in any way, I'm sure it was Jeffers's fault, not mine.

I must conclude this by telling you that someone, I assume from this group, inadvertently or not, took a print of that photograph from the counters up at the Community Center last night, while we were drinking and eating a little too much. I wouldn't ask any questions if you gave me that print back today, but I'd sure like to have it. I happened to bring it last night to show to someone, and I left it with a group of photographs that were shown on the wall last night, photographs of the coast of California, but that print of Jeffers is missing. And I must tell you that, even though I ask for it back, all of the photographers I know who have had prints stolen from them are very complimented. So I remain very pleased that it was stolen, but I'd still like it back. Thank you very much.

Q: [inaudible]

A: How honest do you want me to be? *Not Man Apart* was a terrible disappointment to me, because it was in the early '50s, I had already photographed Jeffers, I was imbued with almost everything I had read of his, I could hardly stand it when I heard that Ansel Adams and Margaret Owings—Margaret Wentworth I think at that time—were bringing out this book for the Sierra Club. And I thought they would, you know, at least use a few photographs of mine. Well, I wasn't a very experienced photographer, at least not in relation to publication at that time. I must have sent Ansel about fifty photographs, all of which I knew were very important to the memory of Jeffers. And I couldn't find out very much about it, in fact all of my photographs at that time I think were stamped with a very wide PROOF on them, so that they would be selected and then the editor in most cases would write back and say "We want these few," and I would send them proper prints for reproduction. I never got back the prints that I sent Ansel, and I couldn't figure out, when the book came out, how in the world they ever used the photographs that I had sent them because the stamp PROOF was on them. But they had it retouched apparently and used. At that time—I think today if that happened I'd have a little more experience with editors, even colleagues in photography, and I wouldn't feel so badly about it. But that was as close as I ever came to suicide, I think, having one out of fifty photographs selected for a book that I *knew* was going to be very important. That photograph

happened to have been done in Garrapata Creek, back of the—east of the highway, when there were a couple of shacks there, I don't know who built them, but they were intriguing to me because of their lack of source, or their lack of understanding on my part, as the background, and so on. I don't think they're there today, but they were just east of the highway, in Garrapata Canyon, actually.

Q: Morley, I don't want to ask a question, I just wanted to answer one. [inaudible] Her name is Mrs. Heron.

A: It was Heron, not Heller? Thank you for correcting me.

Q: What was the year that you took the photo of Jeffers?

A: 1948. I think it was in anticipation of Medea in New York.

Q: Did you meet Una and [inaudible]?

A: No. I never met Una. I knew Donnan, I met Garth today, very thankfully, Donnan and his wife I met many years ago when I think the *Los Angeles Times* asked me to do some photographs of Tor House, and when I did those, I think Donnan and Lee were there, and very accommodating about photographs being made. I had to bother them for a full day about the interiors and so on. Incidentally I was very pleased to find out that Robinson Jeffers didn't use the very refined slanted desk in a little cubby-hole called the library, but did use the kitchen table that was set up in the bedroom that looked, I think, east, or north, from the house. That pleased me very much.

Q: Was that the only occasion in which you met Jeffers personally?

A: Yes. I really knew Jeffers more through Edward Weston's eyes than through that [inaudible] meeting to make the photograph.

Q: Did you actually work for Weston? [rest of question inaudible]

A: No, it's somewhat aside from what we're talking about, but you might care to know that in 1946 I talked to him about having come out here in 1939 to find him and I couldn't find him. He said, "Why did you want to see me?" I said, "I wanted a job as your apprentice." And he took just a couple of seconds, and with those deep brown eyes of his looked at me very carefully and he said, "You're the wrong sex."

[audience laughter] I was glad to find that out. [more laughter] Anything else I can answer for you?

Q: How much were you paid for that '48 shot, if you remember?

A: I really don't remember. Certainly it wasn't anything I'd charge today. No, I'd hate to mislead you, but it was probably twenty-five or thirty-five dollars, or something in that range, you know. Very exorbitant fees.

Q: Are you going to burn your negatives?

A: Well, you've read all about Brett [Weston] and the burning of his negatives. I really feel like it. I don't know what I'll do with them. I think I've got a few months yet to worry about it. I really am not sure. I think many people misunderstand that, you know, once a negative is made, it's subject to a great deal of not so obvious but definitely manipulation, even the most carefully made negative requires a certain handling in the darkroom anyways, that not too many people recognize as part of the photographic activity. And I have no quarrel with Brett Weston for doing what he did, if he's done what the public says, I think it was more the machinations of his gallery than Brett. But nevertheless it became a very important thing for him to have done. And I think it was also conditioned by the fact that his father left his negatives mainly in the hands of another son, Cole, who is certainly a very competent photographer, and makes beautiful prints from his father's negatives. But they're *not* Edward Weston prints. And there's no—any photographer who's familiar with both of them would certainly know this and recognize this in the printing itself. There's nothing wrong with Cole's work. It's beautiful. But it's *different*. It can't be his father's. It took me a long time—in fact it was Edward Weston who finally got it through my thick skull, that photography was not a mechanical activity, it was a personal activity. And it's personal enough to make it extremely individual in some cases. Brett I think was conditioned by the fact that Cole's prints now sell for a great deal of money, much less than his father's do of course, but Brett doesn't want that to happen to his work, and I don't mean to speak for him in any way, but I know him pretty well, and I know what he was thinking about when he said he's going to burn all his negatives. He doesn't want other people to print them. I don't mean to make any direct comparisons, but I have some tendency to feel that leaving some negatives might produce an educational result. I don't know exactly why or

how, but it bothers me to think of chilling those, of burying them, or burning them, and I'll have to think about it a while.

Q: Did you do any more of portrait photographs, of Judith Anderson for instance?

A: No, I forget who it was, Connie [Weismuller, of the Tor House Foundation] or someone the other night, talked to my wife who didn't hear very well what she was talking about over the telephone, and she said, "Oh yes, Morley has done a number of portraits of Marian Anderson." That was true, my wife was telling the truth, but she didn't recognize the connection, and who the particular Anderson was in this case. I never photographed Judith Anderson, unfortunately, I would have loved to. And I'm very sorry to have not lived when Jimmy Hopper and George Sterling were alive, because I would have loved to have made photographs of them, from what I've read about them. But I was a little late.

Q [John Courtney]: Morley, you said you had selected fifty pictures of yours that you thought represented Jeffers's coast, and presented those to Ansel, and only one was printed. I'm wondering if there's any way we could possibly see the other forty-nine.

A: That was a long time ago. I really don't remember even getting those photographs back. But regardless, I've been lucky enough to have had a few shows of prints, and many of those pictures are part of the portfolio I show people when they give me a call and say, "Can we look at your work?" and so on. I'm available, I'm really not as pretentious as I sound, I hope, and you can give me a call sometime and look over photographs. I don't know whether they'll be the original fifty, or the remaining forty-nine, or anything like that, but I'd be glad to show you photographs, most of which have been strongly influenced by Robinson Jeffers.

Gordon Newell

Address at the Tor House Festival, October 1990

I should like to make clear that I speak not as a friend of Jeffers's, but as an acquaintance, one who knew him casually off and on in those early years, and I found Robinson Jeffers to be one who was [sentence unfinished]. I met him walking on the beach, and both of us looking for driftwood or particular stones or whatnot, and in that relationship he was wonderful. He was warm and forthcoming and so on. I found that he never spoke of his poetry. He didn't wish to speak of it, at least to me [laughs]. But I'll try and pass on to you a few recollections from my life of sixty years ago, recollections that's [*sic*] the beginning entrance into my consciousness of the poetry of Robinson Jeffers and the presence of the man.

My friends, Lawrence Powell and Ward Ritchie, were both in France. Larry was at the University of Dijon, working on his thesis on Robinson Jeffers, which was to become the first book—study—of Robinson Jeffers and his poetry. Ward was in Paris. He had apprenticed himself to Louis Schmied, a printer and typographer and book designer of great distinction. While he was there, he did his beautiful little volume of "Apology for Bad Dreams," his first Jeffers printing. In Carmel, my role was occasionally to visit the Jefferses, and report trivia: titles of books in the bookcases, the progress of the masonry. I wrote many long letters to Ward and Larry, just giving them a little background of Robinson Jeffers and their home there. On one such visit, I remember walking across the open field of Carmel Point with the Jefferses, from Tor House, to visit Ted Kuster and his young wife. At that time I believe these two stone houses were almost the only structures on the Point. I remember that on the way we stopped to visit with a tethered cow. Ted Kuster was Una's first husband, and a most amicable relationship existed between the two families. Earlier I had gone to Tor House one afternoon when Jeffers was at work on his masonry to ask as a job as helper. He refused me, saying he preferred to work alone. But he was gentle in his refusal. I left with regret, but with

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the insight that the doing of this work, dealing with the reality of these stones, provided a time of gestation for the realities of his poetry. Later, in Big Sur, I worked as a stone mason to supplement my living, learning for myself the satisfaction of placing each stone in its proper place. On another occasion I remember taking several wood carving chisels to Tor House, where mottos or quotations were sometimes carved in wood to enrich the dwelling. I never knew whether Jeffers or the boys worked at those things.

This is a second-hand story. Lincoln Steffens told me of a conversation he had had with Jeffers as they walked together. Steffens related to Jeffers a story for consideration as material for a narrative poem. Jeffers agreed that it was a worthy theme and in reply to urging said that he might attempt to deal with it, if he could find the strength. It has remained in my mind that strength is one of the requisites for writing a poem.

Upon his return from Europe, Larry Powell, whom many of you know, came to visit. I lived in a board-and-bat cabin in the pinewood—real Carmel. Our plan was to go down the coast, to see and enjoy that beautiful country and perhaps spot a few of the locations that had moved Robinson Jeffers. Returning at day's end to a nice meal and a fire, we read aloud to one another from the poet's pages, and with the help perhaps of a little wine, shared one of those magic times that poetry may engender. It was a full-moonlight night as we walked down to Tor House and sat on the wall in the garden, for the Jefferses were away, and felt the warmth of the stones, and something of the spirit of the one who had gathered them.

Q: Did you see Jeffers on the beach, actually selecting stones, and if so, how did he get them back, from wherever he found the stone, to the site?

A: Anything that he could manhandle, and he could handle some pretty good-sized stones, he'd struggle up . . . there was a little cliff down there where he got most of his stones. And he'd get them up over the edge, and he had a wheelbarrow, and he'd take them up to the site. And larger stones, he would sometimes use a block-and-tackle, and drag. I remember meeting him on the beach one day and I came upon him, and there was a great timber that had come ashore from some ship at sea, I suppose. And it was, oh, sixteen feet or so long, and oh, a big massive timber. Furthermore it was wet from having been in the sea, and the two of us couldn't lift it, one end of it. And so we discussed how we might get it [laughing]. We never did, we

talked about getting a team from one of the ranchers or something, but neither one of us got that particular piece.

Q: So it just stayed there frustrating you for months, I suppose?

A: Yeah, yeah.

Q: You mentioned earlier that he didn't want a helper, but when it came to collecting stones, did—I mean it must have been something that people would think, "My, this is just what I would think Robinson Jeffers would want." Weren't people coming up to him, were they offering to help him in bringing the stones or in selecting them?

A: Well, in the first place, I think there weren't many people going down to the Point in those days. He apparently wanted to work alone, and I really feel that that work left the other part of his mind free and was very important to him, not just for getting his projects done, but for his writing work as well.

Q: Who built the Kuster house?

A: I don't know. The Kuster house was there when I came to Carmel.

Q [Jim Robertson]: I'd like to know a little more about your reconnaissance work for Larry Powell. You said you went to the house and read the titles on the spines of books? What did they ask you to find out?

A: [laughing] Well, they just wanted to know everything about Robinson Jeffers. And I remember I would scan the bookcases, trying to do it without being noticed, you know, and then I'd write these long lists of titles and so on, and then we'd speculate on various things . . .

Q: What were your impressions of Una?

A: Well, she was a very wonderful person, and a person of great spirit. She was very protective of Jeffers, because as you all know, she shooed people off and she permitted no one, even friends, to come except after hours, and she protected him from casual or trivial conversation and so on. And he liked it, he loved it, he wanted to be protected from most of that. She was very warm, I remember her busy in the house and kitchen, and they had a few chickens I remember around, bantams I believe for the most part, and she always took care of them and took special scraps out for them, and so on.

Q: Did you see them, Robinson Jeffers and Una together, could you comment on any sense you had of their relationship or their interacting?

A: I don't know. I always felt it was a special relationship in a way, it was a relationship that all of us should be able to enjoy, in that their life was at home, and I know one of the things that has impressed me so much, here was a man who found his place and then he spent his life building his house and doing his work there, and he only went away once or twice. And you think of our lives, dispersed and interrupted and we're just constantly getting out and getting in the car and going someplace. Jeffers was always at home, and I think that's a wonderful, wonderful thing, and I don't know how people who live today can arrange it, but it would be nice if they could. And one felt that this was their place, and I think intruders many times intuitively would sense this and just not go any further.

Q: Do you know when he was building Hawk Tower, did he have blueprints, or was he building from his mind, or . . .?

A: He built it primarily, I believe, just from his mind. They had done a lot of reading of course when they went to Ireland they did a lot of sightseeing of the towers and dolmens and all that sort of thing, and they had books on the Irish castles and English and all those things, and so I think he was pretty familiar with that kind of structure. But I don't believe he had blueprints. I think he drove stakes in the ground and put strings and said "this is where it's going to be," and started out.

Q: Did you ever see Jeffers down in Big Sur, or if you had any reminiscences or second-hand stories of his relationship to Jaime D'Angulo?

A: I knew Jaime quite well, and spent a lot of time up there, and as far as I know, there was no close relationship of any kind. I just don't really know. Jaime always said that yes, Jeffers had been up there, and he knew Jeffers, but he never expanded on it at all.

Q: Gordon, I know you're one of those fore-defeated challengers of oblivion, and that the stone-cutter's poems really affected you, and I wonder if you might share with us how Jeffers's philosophy has affected your outlook.

A: Well, that's a big question. [laughs] I admired the way he arranged his life, staying in one place, I sort of tried to do that, I haven't been

very successful. But well, all I can say is that I've read his poetry all of my life, just off and on, I go without reading perhaps for a while but then it's like food, I begin to feel the need for it, and I go back and get into it again. I know he's been an influence, I can just say that, but a great one. Yeah.

Q: For a person who has stayed in one place and lived very close to home, how do you account for his universality? How do you account for this ability of him to touch people, not only here but all over the world?

A: Well, I think that is something was nurtured [*sic*] by his quietude, his personal quietude. I mean, he had time to think and dwell upon these things. And being a poet, he could express them. But it would be very difficult for a very busy man to reach out in that way.

Ira Latour and Gene Thompson

Notes on a Visit to Tor House in 1950

Photographer Ira Latour includes the following background to one of his portraits of Jeffers on his extensive website, <www.iralatour.com>:

> The portrait was for a freelance article with writer Gene Thompson (in preparation for working as a photojournalist team in Europe) on Henry Miller, Robinson Jeffers, Edward Weston and the Big Sur. The article was sent to editor Fleur Cowles of *Flair* magazine in New York City. She liked it and immediately dispatched her own writer and photographer to California to do a story on Henry Miller, Robinson Jeffers, Edward Weston, and the Big Sur.
>
> Jeffers stands in front of the door to Hawk Tower, which he built himself over the years using stones he gathered in the local area or that were collected from distant countries, some donated by friends. Engraved above the door are the initials U, for Una, his wife, and his own, R and J.
>
> This was the second meeting the photographer, whose home was in Carmel, had with Jeffers. The first time Jeffers was spritely, somewhat outgoing, upbeat, and most gracious and hospitable in manner. But this second time, Jeffers appeared self-conscious and guarded. Gene Thompson had great difficulty engaging him in the interview.
>
> Colleague Dr. James Karman . . . recently explained Jeffers's demeanor at the time. His wife, Una, was dying. We had not been aware of that.

Gene Thompson, referred to above, was a friend from Latour's UC days, where they had jointly edited a humor magazine. Later, Thompson became a TV scriptwriter for *My Three Sons*, *The Flying Nun*, and *Columbo*. By coincidence, he was also the son-in-law of Gloria Stuart, actress, wife of Gordon Newell (and late in life, lover of Ward Ritchie), who edited and designed *The Inscriptions at Tor House and Hawk Tower* (n.p.: Imprenta Glorias, 1988). Mr. Latour has provided a copy of Gene Thompson's notes from the attempted interview:

> This man lived in a small castle which he had built himself, writing in the morning and hauling stones up from the beach and putting them on top of one another in the afternoon. He began this endeavor in 1919, continued at it

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steadily, and in thirty-one years had used up scarcely an acre. On his gate hung a reversible wooden sign with "Not at home" on one side and "Not at home until 4 p.m." on the other, a negative attitude that suggested he was visited enough to be interested in discussing why.

We rang and he answered. He was gaunt, and too tall for his own doorway. He shook hands and asked us into what he must originally have intended as the dungeon. He sat down in the gloom with his back to the light. We told him we wanted to take pictures and he said to go right ahead. I asked him why strangers came to see him and he said, "I am an interesting natural object like the redwood trees." I waited for more but he didn't say any more. I asked him some more questions. To everything he answered, Yes, No, or Um, followed by a silence. Talking with him was like playing tennis with a man who is too polite to hit back the ball. We all sat and breathed. A woman called him, he went away, came back and said one of his twin sons was ill. "Put in a lawn," said Mr. Jeffers unexpectedly. "Brought the seed back from Ireland on our last trip and the thing grew. Surprised me." Another profound silence. I said we'd been up to see his neighbor Henry Miller.

"You have?"

"Yes."

"Say, is he here to stay?" I didn't know. When he didn't seem to have anything to add to this, Ira asked him if he knew another neighbor, Edward Weston.

"Yes, how is he?"

"Fine. He was ill recently but he's better."

"Oh? Years ago when he came here to live, he was the most active and alive man I ever met." I wrote that down slowly, trying to make it last. He said no more, we took our leave.

Ward Ritchie

I Remember Robinson Jeffers

Printer Ward Ritchie (1904–1996) had a life-long association with Robinson Jeffers and his poetry. The following essay was first delivered at California State University Fullerton on May 2, 1976, and printed by the Zamorano Club (a Los Angeles organization dedicated to fine printing) in 1978.

A half century ago, when I was a student at Occidental College, I first heard of Robinson Jeffers who had also been a student there a quarter of a century before. His fame as a poet had skyrocketed with the publication in 1925 of *Tamar* [*sic*]. Its poetic quality was acclaimed but, in this Christian college, its contents were suspect as being too erotic. At that time dancing on the campus was prohibited, as was smoking, and the reading of the poetry of Robinson Jeffers. There were copies of his books in the library but they were for restricted reading only. It was in the year 1928 that my college friend and fraternity brother, Gordon Newell, wished to give a birthday book of poems to his girl. He asked for a recommendation and I suggested a book by Edwin Arlington Robinson. He went to Vroman's Book Store in Pasadena and, somehow confused the name of the poet and returned to the Occidental campus with a copy of *The Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems* by Robinson Jeffers. He inscribed it, and then read a bit, and wondered if it were a proper book to present to an innocent young girl.

Appraised [*sic*] of his mistake, he purchased another book and gave to me the volume of Jeffers's poems. It involved me in a long association with Robinson Jeffers, as it also did my friend from grammar school days through college, Lawrence Clark Powell, with whom, in the thrill of discovery, I shared this book. It influenced both of our lives, almost creating our careers. For Powell it became the basis of his doctoral thesis, his first published book on Robinson Jeffers, which is still considered the basic book on the poetry of Jeffers, and catapulted him to a distinguished career in the library world as librarian and dean of the

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Library School at U.C.L.A., and now consultant to the President of the University of Arizona.

As for myself, interest in Jeffers has involved my life over many decades. After graduating from Occidental I started studying law at the University of Southern California. I soon became disenchanted and began thinking of some way in which I could combine my interest in literature and art into a livelihood. About that time, the Huntington Library opened its doors to the public and I saw, for the first time, the work of the great printers of England during the last years of the nineteenth century and the next decades. It was then I decided I wished to become a printer of fine books. To do this I had to learn how to set type and print. I enrolled in trade school and learned enough in a few months to start printing some slight booklets of poetry. In innocent adulation, I wrote to many of the poets I had admired to ask permission to print one or more of their poems. Among these was Robinson Jeffers who was generously agreeable to allowing me to print a couple of sonnets entitled "Stars" which had appeared in the magazine *Bookman*.

I had left Trade School and was working at Vroman's Book Store. Powell and I had rented a studio on the hillside above Clyde Browne's print shop at the Abbey of San Encino off the Arroyo Seco in Highland Park. I had a couple of cases of type and Browne allowed me to use one of his presses on Sundays for the sum of one dollar. Here I printed the two sonnets by Jeffers and, with Browne's help, bound them in black paper-bound boards. I sent some copies to Jeffers and he inscribed one to me, "with congratulations on the beauty of this handprinting," without so much as mentioning that I had misspelled some seven or eight words in the twenty-eight lines printed. It was Powell who had to disenchant me, so I reset the poems and printed them in a corrected edition. I recently saw that an imperfect copy of the first printing was offered in a bookseller's catalog for $2500, while the improved reprint was only $185. Thus you can appreciate the value of ineptitude. It was Powell, by the way, who first shamed me with the discovery of these errors and has insisted on proofreading my subsequent projects. I still don't know whether Occidental College has destroyed their copy of this first printing of "Stars" in embarrassment of first, having graduated me and, later, for having conferred on me an honorary Doctor's degree.[1]

In 1930 I became restless and wanted to learn more about printing. I had read that the most innovative printer in the world was a Frenchman by the name of Francois Louis Schmied. I decided I wanted to work and learn from him. Now, I wonder at my confidence. Then, I went to Paris with full assurance that I could get a job with

this greatest of printers, and I did. Since I am talking about Jeffers, that is another story, but before leaving California I had from Jeffers a batch of poems which he would allow me to print. And while working there in Paris for Schmied, I had access to an old Stanhope hand press. On this I printed a volume of several of Jeffers's poems called *Apology for Bad Dreams*. There were only thirty copies, but it is one of my proudest books—inspired typographically by Schmied and including several of Jeffers's shorter poems.

When I returned to the United States in 1931, I showed a copy to Elmer Adler in New York, who, in addition to being a distinguished printer, was editor of the *Colophon*, a prestigious quarterly publication for bibliophiles, in which each article was printed, beautifully, by a different internationally-known printer. Adler was interested in my *Apology for Bad Dreams* because he had vainly sought to have Jeffers write a piece about his first publication for the *Colophon*. He had hoped that I might be able to induce Jeffers to do one. Back in California, I did see Jeffers in his stone house on the rugged point in Carmel. I asked him about the possibility of this article and he told me that he just didn't have anything to tell.

When I returned to Los Angeles, I inquired around and found that the original printer, Grafton Publishing Company, had sold the remainder of Jeffers's book, *Flagons and Apples*, to Holmes Book Store. I went to see Holmes and he remembered that he had bought four hundred and fifty or sixty copies for some ridiculous price but couldn't sell them. He had a shop on Spring Street at that time and, when he was about to move to Sixth Street near Figueroa, he wanted to liquidate as much of his stock as possible. Los Angeles traffic was not then as formidable as it now is. He set a pedestal in front of his shop from which he would shout and harangue customers to take advantage of his great sale. From time to time he'd grab a handful of Jeffers's *Flagons and Apples* and fling them out into the center of Spring Street and, as passersby scrambled to pick them up, he'd induce them into his shop, perhaps to buy a book or two. I wrote of this to Jeffers and it encouraged him to write the article which was eventually included in the *Colophon*, number 10, and printed, if you can believe it, by me.

Adler, appreciating the prod I had given to Jeffers, sent me a copy of the article, mentioning that he'd probably select a California printer to print it. Under my bed I had a couple of cases of type and, in the garage, an old Washington hand press I had bought for $50. I stayed up all night setting the article in type, proofed it on the hand press, and sent it off to Adler. He must have been astonished, but he liked it and wrote to ask what equipment I had on which to print it.

I couldn't tell him that I had only a hand press, for, with that, it would have taken months or years for me to have printed the article—so I fibbed. He told me to go ahead and so I had to buy a press and, in 1932, I was in the printing business, thanks to Robinson Jeffers.

My good friend Powell had remained in France, studying for his Doctor's degree and, in 1932, his thesis on Robinson Jeffers was printed in Dijon and submitted to the Faculty of Letters at the University there. This was the first serious study of Jeffers's plots, characters and his poetic style. As such Jake Zeitlin, the Los Angeles bookseller, suggested that it should be published here in America. Powell was also pressuring us and agreed to revise the text from its stuffy thesis style into a more readable book. It was issued in 1934 under the Primavera Press imprint, which was a publishing project in which Jake and I were interested. There was an amusing sidelight to the production of this book. Rockwell Kent had visited us in Los Angeles the previous year and we prevailed upon him to do a decoration for the title page and initial letters for each chapter opening. At the time Powell had not done his revision but, to hold Kent while he was still willing, I made a list of initials for him to do and Powell later wrote the opening paragraph of each chapter to accommodate the letters I had chosen. I naturally specified an "L" and a "P" for Lawrence Powell and a "W" and an "R" for you know who. The rest of the letters were rather arbitrary except for the opening chapter which I wished to be dramatic. It was a tall "I" around which Kent draped a heavy bosomed damsel in front of some flowering cactus.

By 1935 Occidental College had come to appreciate their most famous graduate and President Remsen Bird asked Powell and me to organize an exhibit of his books in the library and, two years later, they conferred upon Jeffers an honorary degree of Doctor of Literature. Since then they have accumulated possibly the finest collection of Jeffers material in the United States and publish a quarterly newsletter devoted to Jeffers.

When I was in Paris, I met an author, William van Wyck. He was a robust man, both in physique and language. He had never had to work a day in his life. I had heard that his fortune derived from his family's political connection with Boss Tweed of New York. Anyway he was a compulsive and prolific translator and writer and induced me to publish several of his books, one of which was a small book about Robinson Jeffers.

First, I would like to tell something about this man. Money being no object, he quit school and vagabonded in Europe for many years, picking up languages—and being of a curious mind, he read whatever he could find and he accumulated a vast and varied amount of

information. World War I sent him scurrying back to the United States and, for nothing better to do, he enrolled as a freshman at the University of Southern California. When confronted with the curriculum offered, he was distressed in being unable to find any courses which would interest him and which he didn't know. He suggested that it would be a waste of time for him to sit through these classes and asked if he could take exams for credit. His request was referred to the Faculty Committee. They were not too agreeable but one member of the English department, vindictively, suggested that they give this whippersnapper a lesson and it was agreed that they would allow van Wyck to take exams for credit in any course he wished. Studying the curriculum, he applied for examinations in enough to graduate. The faculty was aghast, but they had committed themselves, and they set about to make the examinations as difficult as possible. Van Wyck was evidently equal to their best and was graduated after one semester. He continued for another year to get his Master's Degree and was later given an honorary Doctor of Literature by U.S.C.

Van Wyck, an admirer of Jeffers's poetry, submitted a short essay to me for possible publication. It was much too short for a book, but since anything about Jeffers would sell at that time, I decided to publish it. We had a chap working with us then by the name of Alvin Lustig. He was brilliant, later to go on to design in New York, teach at Yale University and have a show of his work at the Museum of Modern Art before his early, untimely, death. He was then experimenting with creating designs from geometrical printer's ornaments, bits of squares, triangles, circles and rules that could be pieced together as an illustration. We padded van Wyck's essay with Lustig's illustrations to make a little printer's masterpiece.

Another book, lovingly made, was a prose piece called *Poetry, Gongorism, and a Thousand Years* in which Jeffers tells us that the poet must not be distracted by the present; his business is with the future—"For thus his work will be sifted of what is transient and crumbling, the chaff of time and the stuff that requires foot-notes. Permanent things, or things forever renewed, like the grass and human passions, are the material for poetry; and whoever speaks across the gap of a thousand years will understand that he has to speak of permanent things, and rather clearly too, or who would hear him?" I thought I made a pretty book of this—one of my favorites.

There are more books with which I worked with the Jeffers [*sic*]—*The Loving Shepherdess* with illustrations by his neighbor, Jean Kellogg, *Of Una Jeffers*, the story of his positive and protective wife, and *Visits to Ireland*, the travel diaries of Una Jeffers, Robin and their sons.

The last book was a biography by Melba Berry Bennett. Years earlier, I had printed a little book, *The Bushes and its Berrys*, which told of how her forebearers had gone to Alaska during the Gold Rush and struck it rich. Melba Berry, while a student at Stanford, became interested in the poetry of Robinson Jeffers and wrote a book, *Robinson Jeffers and the Sea*. This led to a lifelong friendship and, when Una Jeffers died in 1950, Melba Bennett helped with his correspondence, collected biographical material and was designated by Jeffers to write his biography, but not until after his death. This book, while not the final biography of Jeffers, will remain a chief source book since Melba Bennett gathered material during Jeffers's life which otherwise would never have survived.

I am not always proud of my typographical errors, though that early one in "Stars" has been a financial bonanza to booksellers. But here in the last Jeffers book, which I published, I find that I have not really improved too much in the intervening half decade. While I thank you for allowing me to reminisce a bit with you, I should like to allow the President of your University to see if he can find errors on the jacket of this last book. I can only allow him 30 seconds while I say thank you and best wishes to the Patrons of the Library.

ENDNOTE

1. Ty Harmsen says Oxy Library is carefully guarding two copies of first printing in uncut bindings.

Edward Weston

Excerpts from Weston's *Daybooks*

From Daybooks, *2 vols. in 1. Singapore: Aperture, 1973. The first entry is included because it succinctly presents some of the thoughts that Weston urged on his friend Johan Hagemayer, who also photographed Jeffers, at a time when Weston was coming to his own vision of what would later be termed "pure photography," which eclipsed the soft-focus school of Stieglitz's Photo-Secession.*

April 20, 1923—Johan brought new work—fine industrial things—nicely seen—but lacking in definition—an inexcusable fault when it comes to photographing modern architecture and machinery—even the "mood" could be better interpreted with sharp—clean lines—"–But if I see things this way—Edward—I must render them as I see them" —"Nevertheless—Johan—photography has certain inherent qualities which are only possible with photography—one being the delineation of detail—So why not take advantage of this attribute? Why limit yourself to what your eyes see when you have such an opportunity to extend your vision?—now this fine head of your sister—if it was focussed sharper you would have expressed your idea even more profoundly—Here is a proof (Bertha Wardell) which may explain what I mean"—"By God ! I do see now—in this case at least—that a more clearly defined—searching definition would have unveiled and exposed the very suffering and strife I have tried to portray—but in some other prints I show you—it seems almost necessary that there should not be so much revealed—however in the portrait under consideration I realize that I skimmed over the surface and did not penetrate as I might have—I do not accept—swallow—what you say as a whole—but I have gotten something from the talk which makes me see more clearly and will make me surer of what I wish to do—Let me question again—if in a certain mood why should I not interpret that state through my picture and not merely photograph what is before me?—in such instances the use of diffusion would aid me—"

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"Yes, it would aid you—to cloud and befog the real issue—and prevent you from telling the truth about the life towards which your lens is pointing—if you wish to 'interpret' why not use a medium better suited to interpretation or subjective expression—or—let some one else do it—Photography is an objective means to an end—and as such is unequaled—It comes finally to the question: For what purpose should the camera be used?—and I believe you have misused it—along with many others—including myself!" And so—on we went pro and con— — —

April 4 [, 1929]. [Weston does not identify his companion Marcella, below. Perhaps she was Marcella Burke, an actress whom Edward Kuster had brought to Carmel, and who became a friend of the Jefferses'. Weston has just described a round of visits to artists in the Carmel area.] I said to Marcella as we drove away, "why this way?"

"I want to leave some things for Robin and Una Jeffers."

I did not want to go in: Jeffers must be pestered to death with sightseeing tourists, curious meddlers. Marcella insisted. Jeffers opened the door. He was cordial, simply so: also his wife, but more voluble. We stayed on and on, sipping excellent homemade wine,—the recipe promised me. A Jeffers's [*sic*] sort of day, with rain sweeping over the ocean.

I have only read *Cawdor*: a gripping poem. I feel that we will become friends. And I am to photograph him, when I know him better.

Saturday, April 13. Last Thursday was a full day. Back from seeing Brett [Weston's son, who had recently been seriously injured in a horseback-riding accident], I found a note from Una Jeffers—would I come over?—Friends of Stieglitz—wanted to see my work. They came after me. She proved to be Mrs. Blanche Matthias, whom Walt Kuhn had sent to me.

The Jeffers's [*sic*] had not seen my work, so I had a very interesting audience,—and they responded. A man may be a fine poet, and yet not respond to other art forms. But Jeffers is a great poet plus—

Wednesday, May 15. Fog drifted in, dulling the sky, obliterating the horizon, before I had even started for Jeffer's [*sic*] home. I planned to do him out-of-doors, in surroundings that belong to him—the rocks and the ocean. The heavy sky was suitable in mood but sunlight would have carved his rugged face into more revealing planes. I made but twelve negatives, mostly profiles against the sky, and then quit, until the next time.

I couldn't get into the sitting: the light so flat—Brett sitting alone for the first time except for my hurried dash to P.O.—and then finding him unexpectedly conscious, not nervous as some are in front of a camera,—that tendency can be usually overcome, but Jeffers really posed, tried to appear as he thought he should be seen. I caught him looking out of the corner of his eye at me, and then would come a definite attempt to assume a pose,—throwing back the head, feeling the part he was to play. This was disconcerting.

I am inclined to think there is much "bunk" talk about Jeffers,—about his way of working, unconscious of what he is doing. Any great man, artist, is quite aware,—conscious of his unconscious, if that means anything, if my words make clear my thought. And so Jeffers.

May 18. Several negatives of Sonya [Noskowiak, Weston's student, partner, lover, and model] are quite Sonya. And of Jeffers I made a good start,—better than I hoped. I wrote of Jeffers, he "tried to appear as he thought he should be seen." Maybe I should have written "as he *knew* he should be seen." For a man to know himself is legitimate, indeed quite right.

I showed the Jeffers portrait at a gathering here last Saturday. Both Lincoln Steffens and Ella Winter thought I had seen him too heroically. They hoped I had caught a shy, retiring side which he has. I see that quality and perhaps will catch it today when I go again,—but gestures, attitudes, moods are not made to order—they happen—and when they do I am usually ready to catch them. I photographed Jeffers out on the rocks, his face oceanward. Almost anyone would become heroic in such surroundings—certainly Jeffers.

May 29. I made three dozen negatives of Jeffers,—used all my magazines: and developed the moment I got home. It was another grey day, but I now realize, knowing him better, that Jeffers is more himself on grey days. He belongs to stormy skies and heavy seas. Without knowing his work one would feel in his presence, greatness. His build is heroic—nor do I mean huge in bulk—more the way he is put together. His profile is like the eagle he writes of. His bearing is aloof—yet not disdainfully so—rather with a constrained, almost awkward friendliness. I did not find him silent—rather a man of few words. Jeffers's eyes are notable: blue, shifting—but in no sense furtive—as though they would keep their secrets,—penetrating, all seeing eyes. Despite his writing I cannot feel him misanthropic: his is the bitterness of despair over humanity he really loves.

My negatives show better technique, though I may have nothing finer in feeling than several from first sitting.

Jeffers gave me a copy of *The Women at Point Sur*—autographed. I would never have asked him to autograph a book, but coming this way it has meaning.

May 30. After proofing the last Jeffers's [*sic*] negatives: I have done well,—very well!—at least twelve, from which I could choose any one, and show with my finest portraits. Three or four are great, using my own work for comparison. So I am happy! This is Jeffers' [*sic*] week: last night I read to Sonya and Brett from that gripping poem *The Women at Point Sur*.

June 6. And today the Jeffers's [*sic*] leave for Ireland. Sonya and I walked out to say goodbye, and take them several of his portraits. They were so pleased with them. Una Jeffers said: "Robin will never again have such fine portraits, unless you make them." Indeed, everyone seeing them has been impressed, and I too know that I have seen and worked well.

May 19 [, 1930]. A sculptor—Jo Davidson—of whom I have heard—from the Steffenses—whose good friend he is—and of course through magazines I long ago became acquainted with his work—has been house guest at the Steffenses—and while there doing a bust of Robinson Jeffers. I went over, asked by Ella Winter to photograph the "maestro," his subject and his sculpture together.

What happened, the many reactions evoked by the afternoon, would involve me in a chapter I may not find time to finish in this short morning hour.

For instance—am I too politic with friends or acquaintances? Yes, I am! I know it and it hurts me. But if I spoke out frankly my thoughts, what a storm I would arouse! And what about my pocketbook? My policy is either silence, avoiding the issue, or finding all possible good—and there is always some good in most work—discreetly confining myself to that. Is this weak? It all comes down to economics with me.

Take yesterday as an example: what if I had exploded at the Steffenses as I was sorely tempted to—and before the assembled guests paying homage to Davidson? Should I have hurt them and started a free-for-all by proclaiming the lion of the moment a clown, a boor, a cheap, fresh personality: and his work, that he was doing third-rate photographs in sculpture, that I could see him being a very successful bulb-squeezer in a photographic studio catering to middle class minds?

At first meeting I was amused, he had a disarming way, his exhibitionism, his pose, the antics of this droll, pot-bellied, bewhiskered

little monkey were really funny. But later when I got a taste of his crude arrogance, not the dignified sureness of one who really knows they are great,—the quiet poise of Jeffers—what a contrast between those two men! The real—the artificial! If I had wished to cartoon Davidson, I would have photographed the two heads together,—no intentional caricature could have been more revealing: perhaps I have caught this contrast in the group.

He did not like my portraits, the several he had seen,—of course this accounts for the above tirade! I'm sore!? No,—one gets weary of continual praise—it might easily harm a weak person—even the strong might momentarily become complacent. A constructive thought, a good stiff jolt from a fine mind to start one thinking—that is to be welcomed. It was his manner that infuriated me! If there is one thing that makes me boil, it is the familiarity, the boorishness that allows another to put his hand on my shoulder, stick his face within six inches of mine and try to put over with loud talk a boring idea. He was patronizing—the great Jo Davidson—condescending to impart his profound wisdom,—so others could hear him: harping on "intention," all art must have "intention." How very brilliant!

This explosion on paper is the result of being decent yesterday. Keeping my temper—well, one should do that with inferiors—for the sake of the Steffenses, fine persons both.

Davidson was jealous of my work, his aggressiveness was a defense. My portraits of Jeffers made his bust of Jeffers look weak. That's the whole story. He had to keep his exalted position on a shaky pedestal. Now I know my portraits, and I realize they seldom reach the importance that my other work has, not even when I make them for myself—with intention. In the first place my professional routine worries me, so I throw my best creative effort into trees, rocks, peppers, to escape the other: I admit too, that twenty years of pleasing others,—probably I have made near to five thousand portraits, always trying to please the sitter, for a price, this must often tinge my conception when I work for myself,—habit! This is my "out." But I do know when I rise above habit, often enough to place me far ahead of Davidson, often enough to have me considered by some very fine minds, the best portrait photographer in America which means the world so far as I know from reproductions.

"Well," I would ask Lincoln Steffens, "now where is my 'humility' you felt I should have?" What would he feel from this noise from my tin trumpet?

But there is a *man* to talk with. Lincoln Steffens is *real*, he is a gentleman,—courteous, lovable, intelligent. He speaks—says something, doesn't puff and blow to put over a thought, doesn't have to.

When he puts his hand on my arm,—my heart warms: when Davidson puts his hand on my shoulder, and leers, I could slap him for impertinence. His instructions to me to dominate my subject were amusing. I wonder if he got the sarcasm when I asked him if he dominated Jeffers! One glance of Jeffers could wither him—the eagle noticing the chipmunk. He saw Robinson Jeffers exactly as Jeffers wanted him to see, only he failed in the execution.

How vulgar he was when he almost shouted, "I would dominate Mussolini, I'd grab his nose if necessary"—then he tweaked mine to show me and at that moment I nearly failed and spit in his face. If Davidson had been a gentleman or intelligent, I might have given him a word on photography. I must dominate in a very subtle way, I must depend upon "chance"—if there is such a thing. To present to me at the moment when my camera is ready, the person revealed, and capture that moment in a fraction of a second or a few seconds, with no opportunity to alter my result. A painter or sculptor may see as quickly as I do, but they can carry their conception on mentally, change it, or if the model changes in mood or position, keep on with their original idea in mind.

Photography's great difficulty lies in the necessary coincidence of the sitter's revealment, the photographer's realization, the camera's readiness. But when these elements do coincide, portraits in any other medium, sculpture or painting, are cold dead things in comparison. In the very overcoming of the mechanical difficulties which would seem to restrict the camera, and does if one is not aware, and turns these apparent barriers to advantage, lies its tremendous strength. For when the perfect spontaneous union is consummated, a human document, the very bones of life are bared.

Later, it was suggested I show my portfolio (no portraits, though now I wish I had included some) to Davidson. I did not take my work for him to criticize or praise, but for his education.

He changed his tune, couldn't have done otherwise: but *now* I was no longer in competition with his portraits!

Enough time wasted letting off steam—too much, considering my subject matter— — —

May 21. Awake at 4:00, up at 5:00,—old habits again, all but lying in bed for an hour before arising.

I was sick yesterday. The strain of Brett's leaving, then the episode with Davidson, was too much for the back of my neck. I came to in the afternoon, had to, for I had an appointment with Una Jeffers to photograph the twins, Garth and Don, going soon with the Luhans to Taos. I did them with their father, and alone together.

From several sources,—one, the Jeffers [*sic*], I find that I came out victorious in the Davidson episode: victorious in defeat!—defeat because I kept my mouth shut, and he had the last word. The climax to my nonresistant victory happened at the Jeffers's [*sic*]. Robin told me this: a crowd gathered to say goodbye,—the Steffenses, Jo Davidson, Jimmie Hopper and so on: my portraits of Robin were brought out to show Davidson: he couldn't put down the head against the rocks, even examined it through a reading glass, said, "Why, I could make a bust from this." So if I needed revenge I have it. But such episodes have their value: after, one feels cleansed, purged,—and stronger, as Jack Black [ex-convict championed by Steffens, C. E. S. Wood and others, whom Weston had recently met] did after his flogging in the Canadian prison. His arms were tied so he couldn't fight back, my tongue was tied so I couldn't: partly tied by courtesy, partly—I must admit—because my words come slowly in a verbal duel, I answer better in writing.

May 24. Reading over my chapter on Davidson it seems childish! I couldn't stand being publicly "chastised." Now I find the "public" all with me!

So I will say this in J. D.'s favor, seeing the first print in my portfolio he said: "Well—this has 'intention'—this is art—I wouldn't have spoken so if I had seen these first." And I will also say that I might have quite liked him, at least as a jolly, lively human being if we had not clashed on "art."

I was called over to photograph him, with Fremont Older and his bust—while he worked. I took along two new prints of Jack Black to show Older who was most enthusiastic, and so was Davidson! *After* seeing my photographs, or rather while looking at them he got a sudden inspiration to also do him. I can't resist this little "dig." He excitedly inquired how long Jack was to be south—he would wire him, etc. Enough!

Finally, Steffens presented one of my peppers to Davidson, "he liked it so much." Curtain!

Sunday, May 25. I had long promised to do Jeffers and the twins together. The right time came to keep my word, before the boys left with Mabel Luhan and Tony for a month in Taos. When I arrived the plans had changed to include the whole family; so—there was a large crock of wine in the making which would spoil without attention. Robin put it in the old Ford and drove us home. Now the crock stands by our fireplace.

Sunday, June 1. A recent evening Sonya and I, walking as usual, met Orrick Johns and Caroline. He had known Jo Davidson in Europe. Also he had been present during our one-sided controversy. He told me of a conversation once with Davidson, a sort of confession, in which J. D. revealed himself as a very sad figure: said that he had definitely cultivated a grand manner for his "business," but actually considered himself a failure as an artist.

Now I better understand the reason for our clash, though I already put it down to jealousy. And I do feel guilty that I exploded, even to myself. The outburst was likely good for me: J. D. only incidental. It was an episode which brought me face to face with myself, to ask a question or two. Do I overrate my work? Am I becoming self-satisfied? Am I repeating successes?

March 27 [, 1932]. Una Jeffers brought me a beautiful author's copy of Robin's new book, *Thurso's Landing*. Last night I read aloud to the boys and Sonya. I think the boys got a surprise, that great poetry could at the same time be exciting. Cole said, "Dad, that's as exciting as a wild West movie!"—and later—"It sounds like a song—I didn't know poetry was like that." They didn't want me to stop reading.

In a short poem "The Bed by the Window,"—his chosen deathbed—is a thought I have always held, that we live on until our reason for existence ends, until we have finished our work. I grant that many deaths seem hard to justify, but I hold this conviction nevertheless. Jeffers writes: "We are safe to finish what we have to finish."

Yesterday came a Mr. Kendall. I liked him immediately. He is making an exhaustive study of genius. He asked me if Jeffers was interested in the occult. I could not answer, except from his writing, which would indicate that he is. Then he said, "I have not yet found an authentic genius, neither in history nor contemporary life, who was not a student of the occult." He is making a special study of the eyes of genius, which seem to have certain unique qualities.

Feb 26 [, 1933]. Robin's new portraits are finer than his old ones.

April 25. After days of fog, a surprise rain fell last night. We walked over to Steff's; he was alone, fortunately I took my new 4 x 5 portraits and nudes. He "got them," was really moved by them. Steff may not know art lingo, but he *knows*, instinctively. Followed a long talk on diverse topics; why he is no longer a liberal, his unaccepted challenge to ministers of the gospel to debate on Christ—he claiming to be a better Christian than they—and his recent lecture tours,—how he loves to sway an audience, to talk, but finds writing difficult, a job. He

told of a recent visit with Jeffers. Robin spoke of their long friendship, of how they complemented each other; Steff seeing the humor in the kaleidoscope of life, Robin the tragedy. "It is because you see, are interested in masses, 'the crowd' which is always humorous, while I see and write of the individual who is always a tragedy."

Ansel Adams

Excerpt from Adams's *Autobiography*

From An Autobiography, *New York: Little, Brown, 1985, 69–70. Adams remembers his June 1926 meeting with Jeffers. Albert Bender had arranged the visit and accompanied Adams. Adams "knew and admired" Jeffers's work, and was nervous. He describes the often-mentioned sign reading "Not at home before 4 p.m.," and then:*

Promptly at four, Una Jeffers appeared, removed the sign and chain, and greeted us. She was a slight though striking woman of great poise and charm. She led us into the house where Jeffers was awaiting us—a tall man with a hard face and a bold shock of hair. He was wearing an open shirt and knickers. Quiet and shy in manner and voice, he possessed a strange presence with his rugged features and relentless glance. He grasped Albert's hand in welcome and turned to me. Albert introduced us and, with a faint suggestion of relaxed eyes and lips, Jeffers murmured, "Glad you could come." I sensed a power of personality that I have rarely felt. We had nothing important to say to each other at the time, so we said nothing. One did not make small talk with Robinson Jeffers.

Una brought out wine for us and fruit juice for Albert. We were made to feel very much at home, and Albert held forth with torrents of discussion on books and libraries, writers and literary gossip. The vivacity of both Albert and Una was balanced by Jeffers's quiet tranquility. Una was always in tune with this genius who, in my opinion, produced much of America's greatest poetry. The writer Mary Austin categorically praised Jeffers as "the greatest poet since the Greeks."

I passed time by absorbing the conversation and inspecting the beautiful, simple furnishings of the room, including a fine Steinway grand piano. Later Albert asked me to play for the Jefferses. I was tense, but I knew my notes. I played a section of a Bach Partita, then a Mozart sonata, and I recall the performance as creditable. Una was touchingly appreciative and Albert was beaming. Jeffers said, "Good."

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The glacier began to melt; Jeffers brought out a copy of *Roan Stallion* and inscribed it to me, June 26, 1926. The fog thickened and Una set out candles. Jeffers thawed a little more. When we departed for San Francisco at dusk, I felt I was leaving new and truly warm friends.

Jeffers's poetry deeply affected me, not so much because of the narrative complexities of the epic poems, or the stern messages involved in many of them, but the extraordinary grandeur of the images invoked and the profound music of his lines. In addition to the great themes of tragedy and symbolic experience, his poetry contains musical word-sounds and relationships. The surge of the ocean lives in the flow of phrase and imagery; the brilliant shafts of sheer beauty that illuminate so many passages in his work give an added dimension to the harsh bones of his creative vision, expressed in lines such as these from "Night."

> the deep dark-shining
> Pacific leans on the land,
> Feeling his cold strength
> To the outermost margins . . .

Jeffers was a dramatist, deeply concerned with the ebb and flow of humanity in the chaos of an inhuman cosmos, writing of the eternal realities of the natural world where man is but an accidental phenomenon. He promised a future when man will go the way of all species and the eternal domains of nature will persist magnificently without him. There are sheep by the billion, but the shepherds are few. And the shepherds in the modern capitals of the world may lead us either to pasture or to slaughterhouse. Jeffers saw man as inseparable from nature; thus man must conduct himself accordingly or he is doomed. Jeffers was a prophet of our age.

Joan Hendrickson

Tor House's Art Collection

This is an updated version of an article that originally appeared in Tor House Newsletter, *Fall 2002.*

While compiling a thorough inventory of Tor House, Hawk Tower, and the East Wing photos and art work, including those which are located in the archives at the Tor House Foundation, it soon became obvious that the "treasures" of Tor House extend far above and beyond the historic buildings and history created therein. An inventory of the paintings in the East Wing led to a quest for information about the artists represented and the discovery that 15 members of the Carmel Art Association are represented with art work dating from 1918 to the present.

Included in this list of members are the etchings of the following prestigious Carmel artists: Armin Hansen's Carmel Mission etching, dated 1918, entitled "California"; two etchings by Jean Kellogg including one of her illustrations for Jeffers's "The Loving Shepherdess"; Stanley Wood's etching "The House and Tower of Robinson Jeffers, 1930." One further etching of note, given as a Christmas gift to Robin and Una, is a signed etching by Roi Partridge, "Jeffers House 1930–31." (Mr. Partridge was not a member of the CAA.)

Of the Carmel Art Association portrait artists, Sam Manning is well represented with his Jeffers family portraits. Mr. Manning lived at Tor House while Donnan and Lee were in Ireland during the 1960s. He died in Carmel in 1967 leaving behind the unfinished portrait of Robinson Jeffers that is displayed on the lower level of Hawk Tower. His portrait of Lee Jeffers hangs in the parlor of the East Wing as does a portrait of young Lindsay Jeffers wearing a straw hat. Perhaps the finest of his Jeffers portraits is that entitled "Granddaughter" (as referred to by Jeffers in his poem bearing the same title), a portrait of two-year-old Una Jeffers which graces the sitting room of Tor House on the wall behind the grand piano.

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Howard Bobbs, who was a well-known Santa Fe artist, part-time Carmelite, and friend of Donnan and Lee Jeffers, is represented by a large portrait of Robinson Jeffers (1956) donated to the Foundation by his widow, Elspeth Bobbs.

Other Carmel Art Association members represented in the THF collection include Samuel B. Colburn (portrait sketch of Jeffers), William Justema (artist and poet who painted a head of a unicorn at Una's request in 1942), and Claude de Kinnoull (large oil portrait of Robinson Jeffers, 1942, which hangs in the East Wing entry hall). Fred Klepich's 1930s watercolor "View of Hawk Tower from Water's Edge" is displayed above the bookcase in the entry hall of the East Wing. Hamilton Achille Wolf's pastel portrait of Robinson Jeffers, dated 1919, is located at the entrance to the guest bedroom of Tor House. Mary Lansdowne's lovely sketch of Tor House is a treasure which can be seen on all Tor House notecards and stationary.

Discovered in the sleeping loft of Tor House was a large mosaic of a unicorn created on wood with blue, pink, gray, silver, copper, and black triangular tiles. It is encased in a large white wooden frame. This mosaic was created by Louisa Jenkins, a distinguished artist known for her religious mosaics. Una Jeffers commissioned the artist to create this piece for her and kept it in her room at Tor House. When Una became critically ill, Louisa helped to care for her, offering Lee some relief. (Ref: Betty Hoag McGlynn's 1986 biography of Louisa Jenkins.)

Noteworthy works of art represented by artists other than those belonging to the Carmel Art Association include the outstanding double portrait in charcoal/pastel of Donnan and Garth Jeffers (1926) by Julie Heyneman, who was a student of John Singer Sargent. It is located in the sitting room of Tor House. On the walls of the East Wing entry hall is a charcoal sketch of Una Jeffers, also by Heyneman, which bears the notation "Sketch for my friend Robinson Jeffers. Carmel, 1930." Heyneman left another treasure at Tor House: the little statue of "The Boy on a Dolphin," of Roman antiquity, which she inherited from John Singer Sargent. It now sits in Lee Jeffers's rose garden. When Ms. Heyneman died in San Francisco in 1943, it was her friend, Una Jeffers, who composed her obituary for *The Carmel Pine Cone*.

In 1989, Theodore (Ted) Hancock was commissioned by Carolyn Tyson to paint watercolor "portraits" of three rooms at Tor House: the bedroom, dining room, and sitting room. Each one is a special treasure. Mr. Hancock notes in a letter dated February 20, 1989, that he "had the privilege of staying there (at Tor House) by reason of my long friendship with Mrs. Donnan Jeffers." Previously, in 1974, Ted had painted a watercolor of Tor House.

In 2005, THF received a Kate Carew "Portrait of Robinson Jeffers" (1939), a gift from the artist's granddaughters, Christine Chambers and Virginia Horning, and an anonymous friend of Tor House. The previous year, Brenda Jeffers gifted the THF with a painting by the highly esteemed artist Maynard Dixon. Dixon is best known for his paintings of Indian tribes of the southwest. The painting "Ysabel" (1929) is exhibited in the Book Room of Tor House next to the portrait of Noël Sullivan. Originally the painting belonged to Brenda's mother, Noël's sister. Both Maynard Dixon and Julie Heyneman were awarded bronze medals for their entries in the Panama Pacific Exposition of 1915, in San Francisco.

In the realm of photography, the Tor House Foundation archives contain photo portraits of the Jeffers family by the most celebrated photographers of Carmel, including Edward Weston, Johan Hagemeyer, Arnold Genthe, Ansel Adams, and Morley Baer. Other treasures include Lewis Josselyn's 1925 photos of Jeffers in front of Hawk Tower, displayed in oversize format in the docent office and Horace Lyon's 1938 photo portrait of Jeffers, as well as his 1930 photo of Jeffers with briarwood cane at Big Sur.

Leigh Wiener's sensitive photos of Jeffers with his grandchildren, Una and Lindsay, taken in the 1950s, are priceless. Also noteworthy are the 156 photos included in the TIME Inc. series (many of them taken by R. R. Farbman), photos from the Pat Hathaway Collection, the Early Days Series, and the Hamilton Jeffers bequest which includes photos from Jeffers's youth and the early days in Carmel with the twins.

More recently, Brenda Jeffers has given the THF archives a noteworthy donation of Garth's personal photo collection which includes the travel photos from the three trips the Jeffers family took to England, Scotland, and Ireland, and photos of the 1930–38 vacations in Taos, New Mexico, with Mabel Dodge Luhan and Tony Luhan. Also included are old family photos from Una Call Jeffers's family collection of Belfast, Ireland, and Mason, Michigan, where she spent her childhood. Brenda has gifted the THF with Hagemeyer photo portraits of Robinson and Una Jeffers. Maeve Jeffers donated a number of photos, the most valuable being an Edward Weston portrait of Jeffers with his pipe in hand (1933) signed by both Weston and Jeffers.

A particularly noteworthy donation from Maeve is a watercolor painted by "Lollie," Elizabeth Corbet Yeats (1868–1940), William Butler Yeats's sister. The painting is entitled "The Twelve Bens," in Connemara, Co. Galway ("Bens" meaning mountains). It bears her signature and the year 1934 as well as a personal note: "I did this on Renvyle, 15 miles from Clifden." This painting was given to Una

Jeffers by Albert Bender. It was passed on to Garth Jeffers. Maeve remembers it hanging in their family home.

In 2006, the photographer Ira Latour presented the THF with a signed, limited edition, gelatin silver print entitled "Robinson Jeffers. Hawk Tower. Tor House. Carmel. 1950."

There is hardly a facet of Robinson Jeffers's life that has not been captured on a photograph, surprisingly, in view of his desire to remain "apart."

Other photos of interest in the THF collection are contained in the outstanding series "The First Decade" by William Miles, which documents the Tor House Foundation events from 1984 to 1991, including images of distinguished persons such as Jeffers scholars Dr. Robert J. Brophy, William Everson, Dr. Robert Zaller; Ward Ritchie, printer; and Robert Hass, poet. Miles's series also includes photos of Tor House and Hawk Tower. John Gamble's series of color photos of various views of Tor House, Hawk Tower, East Wing, and gardens is exceptional. There is also a collection of photos with a focus on Dame Judith Anderson, the Medea, and her involvement with the Jeffers family and the Foundation.

This listing of art work and photography is by no means all-inclusive. The inventory is constantly being updated as Tor House Foundation receives new donations. These archives serve as a valuable resource for scholars and researchers with a particular interest in Robinson Jeffers and his world.

Robert Kafka

Jeffers and the Visual Arts

A Selective Checklist

This list, which makes no pretense to comprehensiveness, selects artists who depicted Jeffers, his home, his characters, or the scenes of his poetry. It is limited to artists whom Jeffers himself knew, or whose works he knew of. Thus other notables, such as Wolf von dem Bussche and Michael Mundy for instance, are not included. Also, in the interest of economy, fine printers and book designers have been arbitrarily excluded. Ward Ritchie's many Jeffers-related productions are therefore absent, as are those of other printers and designers whose work Jeffers knew, including John Henry Nash, the Grabhorns, Ted Lilienthal, and many others. It is hoped that a separate compilation of their contributions will be assembled in the future.

Prominent in this list is the large number of photographic, illustrative, and sculpted portraits that Jeffers agreed to sit for. The popular canard that Jeffers was a recluse is tested by the sheer number of these likenesses. One wonders how many other American writers among Jeffers's contemporaries are so multifariously represented. Partly this resulted from Jeffers's situation in Carmel, a much smaller village in his lifetime than it is today, and which was then, as it is now, a magnet for artists. Because of his wife's circle of acquaintances, he could scarcely have avoided social interaction with many of them. Una herself was likely instrumental in arranging many of the sittings, but even after her death Jeffers apparently did not shrink from lens or brush.

Biographical information on many of the more famous artists can be found online; no attempt is made here to restate what is easily available elsewhere. An emphasis has been placed on lesser-known material directly related to Robinson Jeffers, or biographical information on lesser-known artists. This accounts for the disproportionate length of the commentary, for example, on Bessie Buehrmann, Sam Colburn, and Claude Kinnoull, and the paucity of the same on major figures such as Adams and Weston.

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The compiler has received assistance from many correspondents. Artist-specific assistance is acknowledged in the listings. Dirk Aardsma visited the National Portrait Gallery and supplied digital images of the portraits by Sipprell and Rederer (not reproduced). For guidance on some of the holdings at Tor House, Joan Hendrickson's article, reproduced elsewhere in this issue, has been especially valuable.

Selected reference to publication of images elsewhere is made where appropriate, but is hardly exhaustive.

ABBREVIATIONS

EG: Edith Greenan. *Of Una Jeffers*. Ed. James Karman. Ashland, OR: Story Line P, 1998.
JK: James Karman. *Robinson Jeffers: Poet of California*. Brownsville, OR: Story Line P, 1995.
LCP: Lawrence Clark Powell. *Robinson Jeffers: The Man and His Work*. Los Angeles: Primavera P, 1934 (rpt in 1940 by San Pasqual P, Pasadena, CA).
MB: Marlan Beilke. *Shining Clarity: God and Man in the Works of Robinson Jeffers*. Amador City, CA: Quintessence P, 1977.
MBB: Melba Berry Bennett. *Robinson Jeffers and the Sea*. San Francisco: Gelber, Lilienthal, 1936.
RJP: *Robinson Jeffers, Poet: A Centennial Exhibition*. Los Angeles: Occidental College, 1987.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Adams, Ansel (1902–1984)

Although the dates given below differ by a year, the portrait in *CP* 2 was clearly taken in the same session as the color photograph used on Shebl's dustjacket. In both, Jeffers is standing inside the west courtyard gate and is dressed identically.

Portraits of RJ: *CP* 1 frontis (1927); *CP* 2 frontis (1935).
Color photo of RJ in courtyard c. 1936: dustjacket, James Shebl's *In This Wild Water*, Pasadena: Ward Ritchie P, 1976. This photo also appeared on the inside back flap of the dustjacket of *Not Man Apart*.

Adriani, Sadie (1900–1968)

See entry below under illustrators.

Photo of RJ, which he had recommended to his publisher, c. 1947, reproduced in *SL* (354). A full-page enlargement of this photo was used in the playbill for the original production of *Medea* (1947).

Baer, Morley (1916–1995)

A friend and younger contemporary of Ansel Adams and Edward Weston, Baer was a California photographer known for his studies of architecture and natural landscapes. He was born in Ohio, grew up in the Midwest, and earned degrees in literature at the University of Michigan. After service in the Second World War, Baer eventually took up residency in Carmel, where he became intimately acquainted with Weston and Adams. Later, he lived in a stone house at Garrapata Beach. Books featuring his work include *Adobes in the Sun* (1972), *Painted Ladies* (1978), *The Wilder Shore* (1984), *Light Years* (1988), and *Stones of the Sur* (2001).

Photos of Tor House and the interior rooms, *RJP* (17–19, 21).
Portrait of RJ: *Theatre Arts* 32.5 (1948): 71.

Beaton, Sir Cecil (1904–1980)

The famous English portraitist and designer photographed Jeffers on his first visit to the US.

Full-figure portrait of RJ seated on steps of the tower, in sweater and puttees, 1931, in *Beaton*, ed. and with text by James Danziger. New York: Henry Holt, 1980. 108.

Bissenger, Karl (1915–)

Staff photographer for the renowned magazine *Flair*, Bissenger was an important photo-essay and celebrity/society photographer of the mid-century.

Photo of RJ peering out from the tower, winter 1949, reproduced in MB (297).
Photo of RJ seated at work desk, *Flair* 1.5 (June 1950): 26.

Buehrmann, Elizabeth (Bessie) (dates unknown)

Buehrmann, a native of Chicago, was a member of Steiglitz's Photo-Secession movement, which was organized in 1902. Enormously influ-

ential in the first two decades of the twentieth century, it emphasized "pictorialism"—an emphasis on the same pictorial qualities—color, tone, composition, lighting, etc.—that characterized the other visual arts. The movement also emphasized the photographer's emotion, frequently manifested in "soft-focus" images.

The NY Public Library (Berg Collection) holds a copy of *Flagons and Apples* with a typescript poem pasted in, and an inscription by RJ to Buehrmann. [See "The Collected Early Verse of Robinson Jeffers, 1903–April 1914," *JS* 1.3 (1997): 50, 108.] Buehrmann had moved temporarily to Los Angeles in late 1912 and had set up a portrait studio. But as no portrait of Jeffers by her is known to exist, it is unlikely that she ever photographed him. Jeffers had met her on December 4, 1912, and may have accompanied his friend Antony Anderson, art critic for the *Los Angeles Times*, to her exhibition in downtown Los Angeles in late December 1912. Anderson had noted the opening of her exhibition in his column.

Daniels, Mose (c. 1920–?)

Daniels grew up in coastal southeastern Georgia in the county of Glynn. He was adept in many manual arts, and possessed an artist's eye. As a young man, he bicycled from Georgia to California and subsequently entered the Navy, in which he served during the Second World War. Sometime after his discharge, he made the acquaintance of Edward Weston, possibly through a naval acquaintance. In 1949, an edition of Sidney Lanier's "The Marshes of Glynn" was published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce in New York, with photographs by Daniels, who well knew the area.

Daniels photographed the Big Sur coast sometime after World War II, under the guidance or influence of Weston, though the images were never published. What became of these photographs is not known. A letter to Jeffers dated April 23, 1951 from Daniels, living at the time in Newport Beach, California, is held in the Jeffers Collection at the Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas. Daniels reported that Duell, Sloan & Pearce had decided not to publish his book of photographs of the Big Sur coast, and that he had not received the Guggenheim award. He intended to return to the swamps and marshes of Georgia to finish the project submitted to the Guggenheim.

If he did, he soon returned to Southern California. The magazine *Ford Times* (a publication of the Ford Motor Company) carried an article on Lido Beach (near Newport Beach) in March 1954, and one on Point Dana in September 1960, both by Estelle Daniels, with photos by Mose Daniels.

[Much of the information above was supplied by Bill Goodyear of Brunswick, Georgia, who knew Daniels and accompanied him on some of his photographic forays to Jekyll Island, featured in *The Marshes of Glynn*, in the 1940s.]

Fleckenstein, Louis (1866–1943)

Fleckenstein opened a portrait studio in Los Angeles in 1907, and was the first Southern California photographer to attain national prominence as a pictorialist. In 1914 he formed the Camera Pictorialists of Los Angeles with Edward Weston, Margarethe Mather, and others.

Portrait of RJ: *CP* 4 frontis, c. 1910.

Genthe, Arnold (1869–1942)

German-born Arnold Genthe gained world-wide fame for his photographs of the San Francisco earthquake (his own studio and negatives were lost, except for some of Chinatown). He relocated to New York in 1911; his portrait of Una was done the year before. For Una's humorous comment comparing Genthe and Hagemeyer, see entry below under Hagemeyer.

Portrait of Una: MBB (facing 16); JK (57); *RJP* (15).

Hagemeyer, Johan (1884–1962)

A Dutch-born photographer who became part of Edward Weston's early circle, Hagemeyer opened a studio in Carmel in 1926, several years before Weston arrived.

Una wrote to Hazel Pinkham in May 1926: "I've had some wonderful photographs done by Hagemeyer. There are three so good that I dont know which is best. They make my old Genthe ones look feeble. . . . Hagemeyer asked me to sit for him—I never would have had them [the enclosed prints] otherwise—when he *asks* you to sit he *gives* you two prints. He took 24 that day. I was there for two hours. Then when they were so good I wanted to *buy* some he said he didn't like to make money off people he'd invited—but if I really wanted to buy, to sit again and I could have my choice of all so I sat another 24. I hate sitting—I dont think I'll ever again. Its 16 years since Genthe but he made love to me. This one didnt." *RJN* 58 (May 1981): 20.

Portrait of Una Jeffers: LCP, facing 28 (1940 ed. only).
Portrait of RJ, frontis in RJ's "An Artist," privately printed by John Mayfield, Austin, 1928.
Portrait of RJ, *The Carmelite*, Dec. 12, 1928.

Josselyn, Lewis (1883–1964)

Josselyn arrived in Carmel in 1914, the same year as the Jefferses. He photographed extensively throughout California, but especially in the Monterey and Big Sur regions. His passport photo of the four Jefferses in 1929 hangs in the Carmel Library (Park Branch at Mission and 6th), and is reprinted in *RJP* (22).

Latour, Ira (1919–)

Ira Latour, an early student of Ansel Adams, served as an aerial combat photographer during World War II. Additional studies in photography after the war led to a variety of government and academic positions in Europe and America. In 1968, he joined the Art Department at California State University, Chico, where he taught classes in art history and photography for the rest of his career. Latour's photographs have been exhibited and published worldwide. He was named "Bay Area Elder Artist of the Year" in 2003. Coincident with this award, a retrospective exhibit of his work was displayed in the San Francisco Library. See <www.iralatour.com>.

Lyon, Horace (1888–1976)

Lyon lived in Carmel Valley and made photographs of the Monterey County landscape from at least the 1930s to the 1960s.

Of all the written records made by photographers of Robinson Jeffers, his family, and the "seed plots" of his poetry, Horace Lyons's article for the *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter* 18 (June 1967) is the most extensive. For the full text see <www.uclaextension.edu/jeffers/rjn>. Lyon also wrote a nine-page essay in MB (xl–xlviii), much of it treating the same material, but with additional recollections of his visits with the Jeffers family as well as background for his photographic sessions. Taken together, these two essays constitute the most detailed written account by a photographer of Jeffers, his family, and his locales.

Photos of Big Sur environs in *Jeffers Country: The Seed Plots of Robinson Jeffers's Poetry*.

Portrait of RJ standing on hillside above Victorine's Ranch: dustjacket, Robert Brophy's *Myth, Ritual, and Symbol in the Narrative Poems of Robinson Jeffers*. Cleveland: P of Case Western Reserve U, 1973.
Unusual photo of RJ and Judith Anderson (backstage?) in *Theatre Arts* 33.5 (1949): 35.
Several photos of RJ, c. 1937 and 1939, reprinted in MB.

Noskowiak, Sonya (1900–1975)

Born in Germany and raised in Chile, Noskowiak emigrated to California in 1915. She met Edward Weston while working in the Carmel studio of Johan Hagemeyer. From 1929 to 1934, she was Weston's assistant, lover, and sometimes model, and joined with him, Ansel Adams, Imogen Cunningham, and others in 1932 to form Group f/64.

Two of Noskowiak's images of Jeffers are held in the large Noskowiak archive at the Center for Creative Photography in Phoenix. One can currently be viewed at <www.luminous-lint.com/> by searching for Noskowiak. Another impressive photograph of Jeffers, made c. 1930, is held at the California State Library in Sacramento.

Redl, Harry (1926–)

Austrian-born Harry Redl is best known as one of the photographers of the Beat poets, having photographed all of the well-known members of that group in the 1950s. For his images of the Beats, including one of William Everson, see his website at <www.harryredl.com>.

A four-volume collection of his portraits in clam-shell boxes, *California Artists*, was published in the 1950s in San Francisco. Included is one posed portrait of Jeffers, apparently from the mid-1950s.

Rodman, Selden (1909–2002)

Rodman was a poet, critic, editor, promoter of folk art, and, like Mabel Luhan, something of a collector of people. His friendships and acquaintanceships with luminaries such as Hemingway, Pound, Joyce, Mann, Bertrand Russell, and Leon Trotsky were cultivated assiduously throughout his long life. His reviews of Jeffers's books for *The Saturday Review* and *Poetry* were mixed, though he believed that Jeffers was the best poet then writing in English. Rodman was also an amateur photographer. In 1997 he published a compilation of 82 photographs

of celebrities he had known, with brief biographical sketches and reflections, in a volume titled *Geniuses and Other Eccentrics: Photographing My Friends* (San Francisco: Green Tree Press). His photo of Jeffers in front of the courtyard wall, with the framing of a house being constructed just beyond, was taken in 1956. Jeffers appears relaxed, in an open-collared shirt and pull-over sweater, with one hand in his pocket.

Sipprell, Clara Estelle (1885–1975)

Canadian by birth, Sipprell moved to Buffalo, NY in 1895, where a number of her family members had established themselves. Like Bessie Buehrmann, Sipprell became active in the early 1900s in the burgeoning pictorialist photographic movement in Buffalo. In 1915 she moved to New York City, and she later had a summer studio in Vermont. She made portraits of many luminaries, including Einstein, Pearl S. Buck, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Eleanor Roosevelt. Her portrait of Jeffers may have been taken during his 1941 lecture tour; his features in her portrait seem to conform to other photos made at the time.

Photo of RJ, National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC.

Van Vechten, Carl (1880–1964)

An Iowa-born New York writer and photographer, Van Vechten is known especially for his writings on the Harlem Renaissance, of which he was a patron.

Four images from the same session in an unfamiliar setting, widely available on the internet, are dated July 9, 1937, on the prints at the Library of Congress. Probably these were taken when RJ was in New York with his family, prior to boarding the Georgic for Ireland. The four photos are currently viewable at the following website: <http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/collections/vanvechten/vvoccindx_po.html>

Wiener, Leigh (1931–1993)

See commentary, images, and list of published photographs in Robert Brophy's tribute in this issue.

Weston, Edward (1886–1958)

See excerpts from Weston's *Daybooks* elsewhere in this issue.

Portraits of RJ:
JK, cover photo.
LCP, frontis, 1934 and 1940.
MBB, frontis.
RJP, three portraits (24–25).
Time cover, April 4, 1932.
Two 1929 portraits excellently reproduced in Herbert Arthur and Mina Cooper Klein's *Jeffers Observed*, Amador City, CA: Quintessence P, 1986.

Illustrators

Adriani, Sadie (1900–1968)

Sadie Adriani and her husband, art critic Bruno Adriani, were art collectors whose bequests were made to numerous institutions. They were residents of the Monterey-Carmel area.

Sketch c. 1950 of RJ held by Fine Arts Museum of San Francisco. Rpt. in *RJP* (28).

Alberts, Julien (1916–1986)

Brother of Jeffers's bibliographer Sydney Alberts, Julien was an American surrealist graphic artist and painter. A New Yorker for nearly all of his life, he studied at the Art Students League during the Depression, where he eventually focused his energies on lithography. Later he worked in painting and woodcuts. During the Second World War, he served in the Pacific Theater. His first solo show opened in New York in 1951. A major achievement was his execution of ten large woodcuts illustrating Joyce's *Ulysses*, which were first reproduced in 1972 in the journal *Mosaic*.

The Jeffers Collection at the Humanities Research Center, University of Texas, contains two letters from Alberts to Jeffers. The first, dated November 25, 1947, thanks Jeffers for consenting to write a foreword to *Black Masses*. The second, dated February 12, 194[8], thanks him for sending the foreword.

A lengthy and highly appreciative biographical essay is included in *World Artists, 1980–1990*, ed. Claude Marks (New York: H. W.

Wilson, 1991), with a substantial, idiosyncratic, and humorous statement by Alberts himself. Interestingly, this essay also quotes Jeffers's unpublished Foreword to Alberts's unpublished collection, reprinted in this issue. Some of Alberts's weird and humorous Christmas cards, mentioned in the *World Artists* essay and Jeffers's Foreword, are in the Jeffers collection at the Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin.

Bobbs, Howard (1910–1984)

Bobbs was born in Pennsylvania and raised in California. He studied at the Otis Art Institute in Los Angeles, the Hollywood Art Institute, the Phoenix Art Institute, the National Academy of Design School, and the Art Students League. His subjects include scenes from the American Southwest and the countries of his travels.

Bobbs's large portrait of Jeffers (1956) is held by the Tor House Foundation.

Boynton, Ray (1883–1951)

An Iowan, Boynton studied art in Chicago and settled in San Francisco in 1915, where his works were exhibited at the Panama Pacific Exhibition. He taught at UC Berkeley from 1919 until 1948. He is primarily known today as a painter and muralist of the Gold Country.

Woodcut of Onorio's vision of Our Lady, from the Prelude to "The Women at Point Sur," published in *The Carmelite*, Dec. 12, 1928 (Jeffers special issue).

Brett, Hon. Dorothy (1883–1977)

Brett, as she was known, was a high-society English adjunct to the Taos artistic community. She was the daughter of Viscount Esher, a close advisor to Queen Victoria. Her friendship with D. H. Lawrence, his wife Frieda, and Mabel Luhan is well-documented in her own writings, and in Mabel Luhan's and Frieda Lawrence's. As a member of the Bloomsbury group, she had a close relationship with Katherine Mansfield, John Middleton Murry, and others. Her travel to New Mexico in the 1920s with the Lawrences turned into a permanent expatriation. In the 1930s, she carried on an occasional correspondence with Una Jeffers. See Sean Hignett, *Brett: from Bloomsbury to New Mexico, a Biography*. New York: Franklin Watts, 1983.

Brett's two portraits of Robinson Jeffers, reproduced in this issue, are undated, but certainly are from the 1930s, the decade when the Jeffers family visited Taos. The portrait of Jeffers with moon and ocean is a black-and-white photo in the Jeffers Collection at the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas; the location of the (presumably color) original is not known.

Carew, Kate (1869–1961)

The 2005 gift of a portrait of Jeffers to the Tor House Foundation exposes a fascinating connection. Kate Carew was the pseudonym of Mary Williams, an illustrator who became known in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries as "the only woman caricaturist." She was born in Oakland, California, studied at the San Francisco School of Design, and became an illustrator for the *San Francisco Examiner* in the 1890s. She later moved to New York City with her husband and worked for the *New York World*, contributing interviews illustrated with caricatures of artists, industrialists, inventors, and others. After World War I, she returned to California; she lived on Mesa Road in Carmel at the time of her death. A search online will reveal her interviews with and sketches of Mark Twain and the Wright brothers, as well as many period caricatures.

Portrait of RJ, executed perhaps in the early 1940s, Tor House Foundation. A reproduction of this portrait is currently available as a note-card from the Tor House Foundation. The reverse contains interesting information about the portrait itself.

Colburn, Sam (?–1993)

Colburn was born in Denver and moved with his family to Los Angeles in 1918. He studied geology at USC and the University of Colorado but abandoned it for art after visiting Europe. In 1937, he relocated to Pacific Grove, where he taught for many years. Colburn's charcoal portrait of Jeffers appeared on the cover of the Vintage (Random House) edition of the *Selected Poems* in 1965. The original is in the possession of Owen Greenan, son of Edith Greenan, Edward Kuster's second wife and a Jeffers family friend.

According to Owen Greenan, the portrait for which Jeffers sat was commissioned by Mr. Greenan's mother and was executed in the late 1940s or early 1950s. Jeffers had known Colburn—perhaps they were introduced by Edith Greenan—and had developed a personal friendship with him; they admired each other's works. Before the portrait

appeared on the cover of the Random House edition of the *Selected Poems*, Colburn visited Owen Greenan and made some modifications and restorations to it [personal correspondence].

Dixon, Maynard (1875–1946)

Dixon was a close friend of Mabel Dodge Luhan's and had lived in Taos with his second wife, photographer Dorothea Lange, from September 1931 to January 1932, a period that occurred between the first two Jeffers family visits. On March 19, 1934, Una Jeffers wrote to Mabel Luhan, enclosing a letter from the renowned western artist, who had sent Jeffers a print of one of his most famous paintings, "The Earth Knower." The letter, which appeared in the *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter* 83, reads:

> My dear Sir—
>
> "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

Dixon also wrote poetry. One of his poems, "Navaho Song," appeared in the 1925 anthology *Continent's End*, an important early publication in Jeffers's literary career.

Grover, Dorothy (1908–1975)

Grover was born in Texas and moved with her family to San Mateo, California, in 1918. She studied at both Mills College and UC Berkeley. Her illustrations were used in a number of Grabhorn Press productions, including a color woodcut portrait of Robinson Jeffers for the Grabhorn's 1936 printing of Jeffers's *The Beaks of Eagles*.

Heyneman, Julie (1866–1942)

Born in Germany, raised in San Francisco, Heyneman studied art under John Singer Sargent in London. She taught at the San Francisco School of Design, and at the Art Students League. She was renowned as a portrait painter and developed a close friendship with Una Jeffers, who wrote her obituary (*Carmel Pine Cone*, Jan. 1, 1943: 3). See Joan Hendrickson's article in this issue for information on the Heyneman portraits of Jeffers family members.

Kellogg, Jean (1910–1995)

Jean Kellogg was the daughter of Charlotte and Vernon Kellogg, who were friends of the Jefferses. She studied at the Art Students League in New York, the Yale School of Fine Arts, and in Washington, DC, at the Corcoran Gallery. She returned to California in 1931 and settled in the Carmel Highlands, apprenticing to Paul Dougherty and painting marines and landscapes.

Kellogg executed nine etchings for the 1956 Random House edition of *The Loving Shepherdess*. Unfortunately, only 115 copies of the book were printed, and it remains today one of the scarcest and most expensive of Jeffers editions. Kellogg's renditions are sensitive, restrained, and highly imaginative.

King, Alex[ander] (1899–1965)

King, born Alexander Koenig, had some success as an illustrator in the 1930s, particularly for works by Eugene O'Neill. In the 1950s, he wrote a series of books and became a regular and nationwide celebrity on the Jack Paar show, which showcased his witty and blunt commentary on contemporary issues. In the 1920s or '30s, he created some woodblocks for an edition of *Tamar*; it is not known whether a publisher had already been found. Three of the images are in the Jeffers Collection (Vertical File) at the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas, Austin. In an attached note, Una states that she and Robin both find them "horrible." The compiler confesses that he finds them well-executed and imaginative. One depicts Tamar standing naked before three coast-range peaks, which have mournful human visages—a curious prefiguring of "The Inquisitors."

King had an interest in other works by Jeffers. Recently a bookseller offered the following for sale on the internet: "*The Women at Point Sur*, with copies of four contemplated illustrations for the book by Alexander King and others; eleven photographs (most annotated by Una Jeffers)."

Kinnoull, Claude (1904–1985)

"Claude, Countess of Kinnoull," was born to a very wealthy English family and associated herself with both politically conservative and animal-rights causes throughout her life. She acquired her name (and a Scottish castle) by marriage to the Earl of Kinnoull after World War I. The marriage ended after the death of an infant son. During this

period she also competed in world-class sports car racing events, to which she returned some years later.

In 1931 she converted to Catholicism, embarked on a tour of Africa to visit Catholic missions, and filmed her adventures. Later she moved to Paris, engaged in humanitarian efforts, and played the lead in a spy movie. Next she went to Spain, where she studied art, became a personal friend and supporter of Francisco Franco, worked with the Monarchist secret service, and filed press reports while travelling with Franco's army. Before World War II she served the British and French secret services in exposing communist agents.

After the outbreak of World War II, she was unable to escape France to England. Franco assisted her in relocating to the US, where she soon settled in Carmel after learning that it was an artists' colony. There she was very active for the rest of her life in animal-welfare causes, Carmel politics, the arts in Carmel and the Peninsula, and the Catholic church, particularly the Carmel Mission.

Lady Kinnoull received numerous honors during her lifetime. She was a Knight of the French Legion of Honor, a Commander of the Royal Order of the Lion of the Congo (Belgian), a Knight of the Order of Isabel the Catholic (Spain), a Dame of the Holy Sepulchre, and was awarded the Cross Pro Ecclesia Pontifica by Pope Pius XI.

She was also a member of the Tor House Foundation. Her portrait of Jeffers, evidently made in the 1940s, currently hangs above the stairway behind the docents' office at Tor House.

[Condensed from a full-page obituary in the *Carmel Pine Cone*, July 23, 1985.]

Klepich, Fred (1915–1980)

Born in South Dakota, Klepich studied at the Art Institute of Chicago, and at the Bellas Artes, San Miguel Allende, in Mexico. He worked in a variety of media and is primarily known for his representations of the Monterey Peninsula. For many years he was the owner of the SAS Gallery in Carmel and was a member of the Carmel Art Association.

Klepich's watercolor of Hawk Tower is in the Tor House collection.

Landacre, Paul (1893–1963)

A native of Ohio, Landacre moved to California c. 1922. While a student at Ohio State University, he contracted a strep infection which left him permanently disabled. Rockwell Kent once called him "the best American wood engraver working." He was a member of the

Ritchie-Powell-Zeitlin-Newell circle of artist-intellectuals in Los Angeles and taught at Otis Art Institute in Los Angeles until his death.

Wood engraving of Hawk Tower, *First Book*, *The Colophon* X, (May 1932); rpt. on cover and as frontis of *RJP*.
Wood engraving of Irish round tower in Una Jeffers's *Visits to Ireland*, Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie P, 1954.

Lustig, Alvin (1915–1955)

Lustig was a wunderkind of modern design, particularly in the areas of graphic and functional design. He was also, coincidentally, another member of the Powell-Ritchie-Zeitlin circle, which included other artists such as Gordon Newell and Archie Garner. In his brief professional life he made a lasting impact. Three essays on Lustig by Steven Heller and one by James Laughlin of New Directions are currently viewable at <www.alvinlustig.org/>. These are reprinted from *Print*, *Baseline*, and *Eye* magazines.

Jeffers is associated only tangentially with Lustig's works in two publications, somewhat obscure to Jeffersians but known to students of modern graphic design, for which Lustig supplied the graphics: the 1938 monograph *Robinson Jeffers* by William Van Wyck (Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie P, 1938), and the poetical epic fragment *The Ghost in the Underblows* (Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie P, 1940) by Alfred Young Fisher, first husband of M. F. K. Fisher. For the latter, both Jeffers and his wife Una wrote brief appreciations that appeared in the elaborate prospectus. That the profoundly anti-modernist Jeffers is tenuously linked through these publications with one of modernism's icons of graphic design is an irony of publication history.

Manning, Sam (1922–1967)

Sam Manning was born in San Francisco. After completing service as a naval officer in World War II, he studied at the Art Students League in New York City. In 1948 he moved with his wife Cynthia to Carmel, where he honed his skills as a portraitist, receiving commissions throughout California and other western states, painting such notable figures as Bing Crosby and his family, and actress Alice Faye. His Jeffers family portraits, the most memorable of which is of the granddaughter Una, grew out of his close friendship with Robinson Jeffers and his son and daughter-in-law, Donnan and Lee. He died at the age of 45 from complications of diabetes.

[Biographical statement provided by Sam Manning's daughter, Donna Manning, of Carmel.]

Partridge, Roi (1888–1984)

Born in the territory of Washington, Partridge moved with his family to Seattle, where he was raised. He studied art in New York City and studied and practiced etching in Germany and France before the First World War. A large number of his etchings were exhibited at the Pan Pacific International Exhibition in San Francisco in 1915, after which he decided to make California his home. He was married to photographer Imogen Cunningham from 1915 to 1934, and taught at Mills College from 1917 to 1946.

Partridge's etching of Tor House and Hawk Tower is displayed at Tor House. The forthcoming *Collected Letters of Robinson Jeffers*, edited by James Karman, will contain a letter from Jeffers to Partridge dated January 2, 1932, warmly thanking him for the gift of it.

Rederer, Franz (1899–1965)

An autodidact and world traveler, Rederer was born in Switzerland. In the 1930s he taught in Caracas, and later moved to Berkeley. A 1945 profile of Jeffers by Rederer, done in broad bold strokes, is in the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, DC.

Remsen, Ira "Rem" (1876–1928)

Born in Maryland, the son of the president of Johns Hopkins, Remsen studied art in Paris and then resided in New York. In 1922, he moved to the Monterey Peninsula and kept a studio in the Seven Arts Building in Carmel. Remsen was also a poet, actor, and playwright. He died by his own hand after his marriage broke up and one of his plays was rejected.

Remsen's large-canvas portrait of Jeffers, standing apparently at Point Lobos, hangs in the Jeffers Room at the Mary Norton Clapp Library at Occidental College. It was reproduced on the cover of the *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter* 89 (Winter 1994).

Ward, Charlotte Blakeney (dates unknown, but fl. 1898–c. 1939)

The compiler has been unable to discover much information about this artist. She was an Englishwoman, born in Lancastershire, married to Charles D. Ward, also an artist. She worked as a miniaturist and

portraitist, exhibited for many years at the Royal Academy, and executed many portraits of distinguished people in England and America. An online auction site in Britain attributes a portrait to an unknown artist of "the circle of Charlotte Blakeney Ward," so she was important enough to be considered the center of a circle in the British art world.

Ward's portrait of Jeffers, executed in 1928, currently hangs in Una's room in the Tower.

Werboff, Michael (1896–1996)

A Russian-born portraitist known for likenesses of royalty, industrialists, writers, and artists, Werboff studied law and painting (under Ilya Repin, the nineteenth-century realist) at the University of St. Petersburg. After the Revolution, he taught in Tashkent for three years, emigrated to Paris in 1923 and to New York City in 1933, where he lived for the rest of his life.

Werboff made at least two highly realistic sketches of Jeffers, which are reproduced on the covers of the *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter* 83 (July 1992) and 85 (Winter 1993), in black and white. These sketches were in the possession of Blanche Matthias, from whom Robert Brophy had permission to use them for the *RJN*, and both were dated "1941, N.Y." by the artist. It is supposed that these sketches are now at the Huntington Library, where the rest of Mrs. Matthias's Jeffers collection is now housed. One of the sketches (*RJN* 85), a left profile, is also held in the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center Iconography Collection at the University of Texas, and is a color pastel. It is reproduced on the cover of the Center's journal *The Library Chronicle* (New Series, Number 40 [1987]) and is dated "September 22, 1939" by the artist. It is signed by Jeffers and carries the notation "Carmel, Ca." apparently also in Jeffers's hand. It is not known how there came to be two copies of this sketch with two different dates. The other sketch (*RJN* 83), full-face, may be from the same sitting (Jeffers's shirt seems to be identical in both, and his features are the same though his hair is combed differently). In a letter to Una at the University of Texas, Melba Bennett remarks on Una's comment that she found the sketches disappointing.

Wolf, Hamilton Achille (1883–1967)

Born in New York City, Wolf studied art in New York and Paris before moving to California. He taught at the Los Angeles School of Art and Design from 1912 to 1916, at the University of Washington from 1916 to 1918, and at Santa Barbara Teacher's College from 1922

to 1924. In 1928 he joined the faculty of the California College of Arts and Crafts in Oakland, where he remained to the end of his career.

The pastel portrait by Wolf that hangs in the entranceway to the downstairs bedroom in Tor House is intriguing. It depicts a very youthful Jeffers with clear blue eyes and is inscribed "To my friends the Jeffers [*sic*] / Hamilton Achille Wolf / 1919." How the couple knew Wolf and what he was doing in Carmel at the time are unknown. In any event, it is apparently the earliest non-photographic portrait of the poet.

Wood, Stanley (1894–1949)

Born in New Jersey, educated in engineering and architecture at Drexel Institute, Wood settled in California in 1920, residing in Carmel and San Francisco. He worked in watercolor and lithography.

Linoleum cut of Tor House and Hawk Tower, *The Carmelite*, December 12, 1928 (special Jeffers issue).

SCULPTORS

Davidson, Jo (1883–1952)

Davidson was born in New York and exhibited artistic talent as a youth. At 16 he won a scholarship to the Art Students League. Later at Yale he studied medicine, but he soon returned to art, studying in New York and Paris, and eventually became a portrait sculptor in marble, bronze, and terra cotta. A friendship with heiress Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney benefited him from 1908 until Whitney died in 1942. During his prolific career, he sculpted politicians, artists, and writers. More than sixty are held by the National Portrait Gallery.

Davidson's bust of Jeffers has been reproduced pictorially dozens of times, including on the dustjacket of *SL*. The original terra cotta bust is in the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, DC. To view an image, go to <http://npgportraits.si.edu/code/emuseum.asp> and enter "Jeffers" in "Sitter Name." The bronze copy at Tor House was given by Davidson to the Jefferses. During the sculptor's lifetime, all casts of his work were made by the Valsuani Foundry in France.

Garner, Archie (1904–1969)

The following sketch of Archie Garner was provided by his son, Jeff Garner. Jeff was born on the Monterey Peninsula and has been a horticulturist, designer, craftsman, artist, and musician. He now devotes his time to sculpting and writing. He has co-edited the correspondence of Lawrence Clark Powell and Ward Ritchie (currently unpublished) and is co-writing a book on his father's friend, Gordon Newell. See his webpage at <http://words-and-art.com/index.html>.

> Lorraine Archibald Garner was born February 21, 1904, in Onida, South Dakota. His family moved west in 1910, and he graduated from Long Beach High School in 1922. In 1925 he began a career as a commercial artist. He became interested in sculpture and studied with Ruth Cravath and Ralph Stackpole at the California School of Fine Arts. His versatility in style, scale, and media netted him many public art commissions. The Astronomers Monument (1934) at Griffith Observatory in Los Angeles is probably his most well-known public work. He also taught sculpture at Occidental College.
>
> In the early '50s he moved to the Monterey Peninsula, where he worked as a commercial artist, sculpted portraits, and taught at Monterey Peninsula College. With friend and fellow sculptor Gordon Newell, he established The Sculpture Center on Cannery Row, where he and Gordon taught and worked. Throughout his life, his primary expressive art was portraiture. His style was strictly realistic, often larger-than-life in scale.

In January 1937, while Jeffers was in Los Angeles to be honored at Occidental College on his fiftieth birthday, it was arranged to have Jeffers sit for Garner in Beverly Hills at a friend's house, probably at Hazel and Roy Pinkham's residence (letter from Una to Mr. Armstrong, August 4, 1943, UC Santa Barbara library). The resulting bust exists in several copies. Jeffers mortared one in terra cotta into the west wall of the East Wing, in the nook that opens out on the courtyard. Another is on display at Deetjen's Big Sur Inn. Other copies are held at the Occidental and UC Santa Barbara libraries.

Newell, Gordon (1905–1998)

Newell, a native Californian, was educated at Occidental College, where he formed lifelong friendships with Lawrence Clark Powell and Ward Ritchie, and at UC Berkeley. From 1929 to 1932, he was a student of sculptor Ralph Stackpole and worked on a significant commission for the San Francisco Stock Exchange Building. From Stackpole, Newell learned a respect for the massive stylized forms of Aztec sculpture.

In 1930 he married actress Gloria Stuart and relocated to Carmel, where he met Jeffers. When the marriage ended in divorce in 1934, Newell went to Los Angeles and won commissions for various New Deal art projects. A few years later he returned to Carmel to work.

Newell taught in Los Angeles at Occidental College and at the Chouinard School of Art. His work has been featured in numerous expositions and shows. He spent the final years of his life in Darwin, California, in the Mojave Desert.

<www.tamsoldracecarsite.net/GordonNewellMemorial.html> presents photos of a memorial to Newell constructed by his son Hal, as well as several photos of Yggdrasil, Newell's astonishing sculpture placed by helicopter on the steep foreland at Partington Cove, Big Sur.

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Robert Brophy edited the *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter* from 1968 to 1996 and *Jeffers Studies* from 1997 to 2002, and he currently serves as *JS*'s senior editor. He is the author of *Robinson Jeffers: Myth, Ritual, and Symbol in His Narrative Poems* (P of Case Western Reserve U, 1973) and editor of *Robinson Jeffers: Dimensions of a Poet* (Fordham UP, 1995). His article "Jeffers's 'Apology for Bad Dreams' Revisited" appeared in *Jeffers Studies* 8.2 (2004).

Joan Hendrickson has been a docent at Tor House since 1999. She also serves as Assistant Coordinator of the Tor House Foundation archives, having responsibility for the photograph collections and art work. She has a special interest in Una Jeffers and has made several visits to Mason, Michigan, to research Una's life there. Recently, she gave a presentation at the Mason Historical Society on Una's early years, concluding with a description of her life in Carmel as the wife of the poet.

Robert Kafka is the managing editor of *Jeffers Studies* and treasurer of the Robinson Jeffers Association. His article "Jeffers's 1936 Ventana Creek Hike: A Miscellany" appeared in *Jeffers Studies* 8.1 (2004).

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