

A sepia-toned photograph of Robinson and Una Jeffers in a field. Robinson is on the right, wearing a light-colored shirt and a tie, looking towards Una. Una is on the left, wearing a dark hat and a dark jacket, looking towards Robinson. They are standing in a field with tall grasses. The background shows a line of trees under a bright sky.

THE COLLECTED LETTERS OF
Robinson Jeffers

WITH SELECTED LETTERS OF
Una Jeffers

VOLUME TWO, 1931–1939

Edited by James Karman

Stanford University Press
Stanford, California

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For Paula
love-in-a-mist

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PREFACE

When Robinson and Una Jeffers first committed themselves to a life together, Jeffers hoped—promised—to become a successful poet. “I have just three ideas in my head,” he tells Una in a letter written December 12, 1912, “—you are the first:—the second is to write as good verse as possible:—and the third, to make money—I mean, plentiful money,—in our chosen profession.” Reiterating his pledge to meet all three goals, he says “I shall keep your love, star-of-hope, till the end of my life—and yours”; “I shall write, with you to help me, as good verse as any-one’s living now”; and, finally, “we’re going to have all the prosperity we shall need.” “Keep this prophecy, Una-most-beautiful,” Jeffers adds with youthful bravado, “Ten years from now we’ll read it . . . and say, ‘How true!’”

As this passage indicates, Jeffers saw his future career as a joint endeavor. “With you to help me,” he tells Una, he hoped for success in “our chosen profession.” At the end of 1928, having achieved international fame with *Tamar* (1924), *Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems* (1925), *The Women at Point Sur* (1927), and *Cawdor* (1928), Jeffers acknowledged Una’s influence. In response to a query about her in a lengthy questionnaire, Jeffers quotes a line by William Wordsworth about his sister Dorothy: “‘She gave me eyes, she gave me ears—’ and arranged my life.” Expanding upon this response, Una provides more lines from Wordsworth’s poem, “The Sparrow’s Nest”:

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;

And humble cares, and delicate fears;

A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;

And love, and thought, and joy.

Una also identifies two traits that, without her influence, might have kept Jeffers from writing steadily: a “*laissez faire*” policy” about his career and an inveterate rootlessness. By encouraging him to write for a reading public, not just for himself, and by urging him to sink deep roots into the granite coast of Carmel, Una helped Jeffers become the artist he was destined to be. “I have great driving force and energy of concentrated effort,” Una adds, “—That has influenced him” (*Collected Letters* 1: 769–770, 778).

With Una’s help and inspiration, Jeffers’ career continued to flourish. *Dear Judas* (1929) was followed by *Descent to the Dead* (1931), and then *Thurso’s Landing* (1932). Interest in the latter book was so great that a photograph of Jeffers by Edward Weston appeared on the cover of the April 4, 1932 issue of *Time* magazine. The accompanying review and biographical essay cited the widespread opinion that Jeffers was “the most impressive poet the U. S. has yet produced.” When his publisher, Horace Liveright, filed for bankruptcy in 1933, Jeffers was besieged with contract offers from America’s leading firms. He signed with Bennett Cerf of Random House, who also pursued another prominent Liveright artist, Eugene O’Neill. As the 1930s progressed, Jeffers added four new titles to his list of books: *Give Your Heart to the Hawks* (1933), *Solstice* (1935), *Such Counsels You Gave to Me* (1937), and *The Selected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers* (1938).

Selected Poetry contains a brief foreword in which Jeffers again mentions Una's contribution to his work. After discussing the principles that guided his life as an artist, he identifies the fateful accidents that shaped him. "The first of these accidents," he says in an often-quoted passage,

was my meeting with the woman to whom this book is dedicated, and her influence, constant since that time. My nature is cold and indiscriminating; she excited and focused it, gave it eyes and nerves and sympathies. She never saw any of my poems until they were finished and typed, yet by her presence and conversation she has co-authored every one of them. Sometimes I think there must be some value in them, if only for that reason. She is more like a woman in a Scotch ballad, passionate, untamed and rather heroic—or like a falcon—than like any ordinary person.

In *Hungerfield*, written late in life, after Una died, Jeffers recalls her last days. "You were still beautiful," he says, "But not—as you'd been—a falcon." At the end of the poem, he returns to the image. "You were more beautiful," he tells Una, "Than a hawk flying." And in another late poem, "Salvage," Jeffers again declares his Wordsworthian indebtedness to Una, "whose eyes made life." As for me, he says, reflecting on his passive and her active personality, "I have to consider and take thought / Before I can feel the beautiful secret / In places and stars and stones, to her it came freely."

Jeffers' "cold and indiscriminating" nature, his need to "consider and take thought," were part of what he regarded as a granite-like temperament—one that could shed "pleasure and pain like hailstones" ("Soliloquy") and endure the

vicissitudes of existence with stoic indifference. At the same time, however, he associated the artistic side of his life with raptors. In a late poem about his ongoing search for poetic subject matter, he refers to himself as an “old half blinded hawk” hunting for prey. By referring to Una as a hawk as well, Jeffers identified her as the feminine embodiment of his own creative spirit—and thus, in psychological terms, his anima ideal. The balance he experienced, and depended upon, between himself and Una finds an echo in “Rock and Hawk,” a poem written in the mid-1930s. Seeing a lone hawk perched upon a headland stone, Jeffers notes the conjunction of “bright power” and “dark peace,” of “fierce consciousness” with “final disinterestedness.” Together, Jeffers says, the two ways of being create an image of integrated awareness, with “the falcon’s / Realist eyes and act / Married to the massive / Mysticism of stone.”

Just as Jeffers’ poetry resulted from the interpenetration of these two modes of existence, his life worked best when they—and when he and Una—were in balance. In the 1930s, however, balance was difficult to achieve. Several factors disrupted Jeffers’ equilibrium, with increasing force as the decade wore on.

One such factor was the gathering storm of war. Although Jeffers did not serve in the military during World War I, he was horrified by the destructiveness of that debacle, and he foresaw a greater catastrophe yet to come. In the mid-1930s he observed the “grand and fatal movements toward death” shaping the destinies of nations (“Rearmament”) and “far fires and dim degradation / Under the war planes” already lighting the horizon (“Air-Raid Rehearsals”). He could see quite clearly what lay ahead: “Tyranny for freedom, horror

for happiness, famine for bread, carrion for children” (*Contemplation of the Sword*).

Another factor involved dissatisfaction with contemporary Americans, who seemed willing to surrender freedom to a powerful state (“Shine, Republic” and “Ave Caesar”) and sell their souls for nothing more than “Toys: motors, music-boxes, / Paper, fine clothes, leisure, diversion” (“The Trap”). In California, where most people saw progress in the new bridges, dams, and highways that were altering the landscape, Jeffers saw evidence of “a rich and vulgar and bewildered civilization dying at the core” (“The Coast-Road”).

Jeffers was also unsettled by changes in Carmel. What once was a small village inhabited by artists and independent spirits had become a busy tourist attraction and vacation-home resort. One reporter, writing in the June 25, 1937 issue of the *Carmel Pine Cone*, described the situation around Tor House: “As everyone knows, building activities in Carmel are at an all-time high. Carmel Point is particularly growing up, with literally dozens of new houses constructed in the past year.”

Even life in Tor House was fraught with difficulties: a sometimes hectic social life, the demands of friendship with Mabel Dodge Luhan, a scandal of sorts involving one of Jeffers’ early girlfriends, Garth and Donnan growing up and leaving for college, the death of the family dog Haig, and the grief occasioned by the deaths of many friends. The worst of these difficulties occurred in the summer of 1938, when Una tried to kill herself in Taos, New Mexico as a result of Jeffers’

interest in another woman. The cumulative effect of these and other factors, led Jeffers—and Una—to the brink of despair.

A symptom of Jeffers' distress was a mounting feeling of restiveness, especially in regard to social gatherings. Having become a public figure, he wished to be left alone. Writing to Mabel Dodge Luhan July 13, 1932, Una says "I've had—am having a really frantic summer so many people and so much to do in various ways—that community theatre and boys' vacation—and then by devious ways trying to make Robin believe that there is no one about." A March 30, 1934 letter from Una to Phoebe Barkan contains a similar complaint: "The thing is, Carmel has been such a crossroads lately,—so many people have made Robin difficult. He can't feel happy here unless I make regular business of keeping him so, and whenever I get him fixed and leave him—I come back to find him moody. Then he says he must leave this place & go make a home in a wilder one, that gives me a horrible sinking feeling inside." In a letter to Luhan dated February 18, 1938, Una mentions Jeffers' intractability again: "Robin has suddenly decided not to go out any more. Says it distracts his mind, that its pleasant enough but not nourishing, etc. & I guess he's right. Also that I am to go as much as I like & come home & tell him—& that all those years when he didnt go & I did was much better for his work—easier for him. O dear I wish things could be easy & simple but they cant."

In claiming that an earlier, less socially active, style of life was better for his work, Jeffers implicitly asserted that present circumstances were less favorable. In saying this, he identified another symptom of distress: a growing inability to write. At first, the problem seems to have been confined to letter writing, a task he never enjoyed overmuch. "I am a

wretched zero as a correspondent,” he tells Edgar Lee Masters in a letter dated February 1933, “but I think of you often and affectionately. The unlucky habit of writing verses takes my mornings, and paralyzes me against any other kind of writing for the rest of the day, and the days pass with amazing velocity.” In a September 27, 1935 letter to Robin Lampson, Jeffers refers to his “ridiculous inability to write a letter, at least until the occasion for it is long past!” and writing to Sara Bard Field November 24, 1936 he says “It is becoming more than ever impossible for me to write letters.” Eventually, the paralysis spread to his work as an artist, even as the 1930s found him writing some of his best and most familiar poems—such as “Return,” “Gray Weather,” “The Purse-Seine,” and “Oh Lovely Rock.”

At the beginning of the decade, Una could happily tell friends that Jeffers worked every morning, as usual. “Robin is writing busily” she cheerfully informs Bennett Cerf in a January 20, 1931 letter. By the middle of the decade, however, Jeffers was struggling. In an August 25, 1936 letter to Cerf, Una provides a guarded report: “He is writing but cant promise anything for a definite time.” By the end of the following year, Jeffers’ condition had worsened. Una had hoped that an extended trip abroad might release creative energy, but, as she tells Lawrence Clark Powell in a December 26, 1937 letter, “Robin wrote only a few lines over in the British Isles.” To this she adds, first with cautious optimism and then with honest concern, “I think [he] is much refreshed by his travels” and “I hope he will proceed on his way now.” But the blockage persisted. Expressing frustration with his work in a letter to William van Wyck dated January 3, 1938, Jeffers says, “My own attempts don’t amount to much at

present—trifling things, and unlucky beginnings.” Perhaps, he confides, a period of withdrawal from the world would restore his creativity: “I’d like to be buried for six years under deep forest by a waterside, not think, not remember, know nothing, see nothing but darkness, hear nothing but the river running for six years and the long roots growing, and then be resurrected. How fresh things would look.” Ten months later, Jeffers experienced a brief flicker of creative activity. Writing to Melba Berry Bennett October 24, 1938, Una says “Robin is writing again after a considerable hiatus”—but the paralysis soon returned. “I CAN’T WRITE,” Jeffers exclaims in a note to Una in the fall of 1939. “I feel completely half-witted (not to diagnose the case) and ‘writing’—during the past 30 years—has become one of the conditions of life for me. You see how morbid!”

On previous occasions, Una helped Robinson with his writing by making sure his daily life was conducive to work. “Life has been going smoothly here,” she tells Phoebe Barkan in a May 27, 1934 letter, “—me sitting on the lid! We have gone off for one whole day by ourselves in the hills every week and walked for two hours late afternoons almost every day & Robin has been content.” Such stratagems enabled Una to create “an illusion of a wilder, more rural home.” In the midst of their marital crisis of 1938, when Jeffers’ torment was nearing its peak, Una tried another tack. Writing to her friend Blanche Matthias August 8, she asked if Jeffers could use a guest house on Blanche’s property in the Carmel Highlands. Jeffers was working on a new poem, she tells her, and a change of setting might do him good. “After all,” Una says, “he has worked at the same table now for twenty years. He sometimes feels that a change of position might be useful &

visualized a bare room with nothing in it but a table & chair & bare walls, where he could be quiet {& hidden} & unseen.”

While Una could not help Jeffers write his poetry, except through her influence and attention to his needs, she could help him write his letters—and thereby relieve a portion of his strain. Ample evidence of her assistance during the 1930s is found in letters that begin with phrases such as “Writing for Robinson Jeffers,” “Robin says,” or “My husband wishes me to say.” Sometimes Una adds a brief explanation, such as “Writing for my husband who is too absorbed in some work for letters just now” or “I am still serving my husband as letter-writer, you see.” Occasionally she describes the situation in greater detail.

“Robinson Jeffers never writes letters,” she tells Fred B. Millett in a letter dated March 2, 1937, “I do them for him. If you will ask direct questions about him—I will endeavor to answer them and in case its a theory involved, *extract* an answer from him and write it down for you. I am sorry he has this disability about letters but have to face it.” Sometimes, in facing the problem together, Jeffers told Una what she should say on his behalf, in a process similar to dictation; other times he drafted a handwritten response (referring to himself in the third person) that Una recopied and sent as if the message were her own; most often, however, he simply let Una handle his correspondence as she thought best, knowing she fully understood what he would want to say. All such letters should be regarded as having come, via Una’s pen, from Jeffers himself.

This last point bears repeating. As this edition amply illustrates, Jeffers depended on Una—perhaps to his and her detriment at times—to balance his life, manage his contact

with others, and deepen his experience of external reality. Twenty-five years after he compared Una to Dorothy Wordsworth, Jeffers reaffirmed her influence. Responding in October 1953 to a request from his publisher for biographical information, Jeffers says of Una that “she was in many ways a mediator between me and the world.” Nowhere is this more apparent than in Jeffers’ correspondence, where Una regularly speaks his mind.

Accordingly, in addition to the letters Jeffers wrote on his own, this volume contains a considerable number of letters written by Una for him, as well as a generous selection of Una’s personal correspondence. Together, the three kinds of documents open the door to Robinson and Una’s world, revealing lives that were more crowded with acquaintances and activities, more tormented at times, and more quietly exultant than anyone might have guessed.

~

The Collected Letters of Robinson Jeffers, with Selected Letters of Una Jeffers is a three-volume edition arranged in chronological order. Volume one contains four sections not repeated in volumes two and three: “Acknowledgments,” “The Life and Work of Robinson Jeffers: An Introduction,” “Methodology,” and “Guide to Collections.” Also, except in rare instances for the purpose of clarification, footnote material is not repeated subsequently. Readers should rely on index

entries to locate information in the edition as a whole. Whenever possible, minor errors are corrected at the first opportunity in a following volume. If, for instance, ongoing research uncovers a discrepancy in the birth or death year

provided for a person in volume one, the correct date is given in a note appended to the person's first appearance in volume two; in such cases, the latter entry supersedes the former one. A list of substantive changes, corrections, and additions will be provided in volume three.

EDITORIAL DEVICES

abc italic

single underline

ABC small capitals

DOUBLE UNDERLINE

ABC roman capitals

TRIPLE UNDERLINE

ABC italic capitals

QUADRUPLE UNDERLINE

ABC italic
bold

capitals ***FIVE OR MORE***
UNDERLINES

abc bold

words emphasized but not
underlined

~~abc~~ strikethrough

deleted words or letters

~abc~ curved line

~words indicated by ditto
marks~

{abc} curved brackets

{words inserted above, below, or
beside the line}

[abc]	square brackets	[material provided by editor]
^abc^	carets	^words written upside down^
< >	angle brackets	used to enclose <over> at bottom of page
◆	diamond	page break

ABBREVIATIONS

AL Autograph Letter

ALC Autograph Letter Copy

ALD Autograph Letter Draft

ALDS Autograph Letter Draft Signed

ALF Autograph Letter Fragment

ALFS Autograph Letter Fragment Signed

ALS Autograph Letter Signed

ALSF Autograph Letter Signed Facsimile

AN Autograph Note

ANS Autograph Note Signed

AP Autograph Postcard

APP Autograph Picture Postcard

APPS Autograph Picture Postcard Signed

APS Autograph Postcard Signed

ATlg Autograph Telegram

DL Dictated Letter

PD Published Document

PL Published Letter

PQ Published Questionnaire

TL Typed Letter

TLC Typed Letter Copy

TLD Typed Letter Draft

Tlg Telegram

TlgD Telegram Draft

TLS Typed Letter Signed

TLT Typed Letter Transcript

LETTERS 1931–1939

UJ to Albert Bender

[January 1931]

Saturday

My dearest Albert—

You must forgive my being late with good wishes and thank yous when I tell you that a cut finger prevented my writing {at} all during the holiday season.—and will you now accept our love and heartiest good wishes for your health & happiness during 1931, and our thanks for your too generous gifts. Little boys—big boys I should say put their generous check into their bank baccout to await some very special need. They have their own book and seem very sensible about finances, which pleases me in this day when children spend far too easily!—Our box was filled with lovely trinkets you thoughtful person!

As for ourselves we have been desperately busy carpenters have been here to put roof on dining-room & cupboards inside. Robin has worked very hard afternoons to finish the stone work. The great chimney being complicated by a dovecot built into one side! ♦

A cabinet maker

1 who designed and built Mr. Mack's

2 house {& furnishings} (you must know him—?) has made for us a beautiful old English table & benches—

Robin writes all the morning as usual. He will have two books out this next year—a tiny thin (very de luxe) one by Random House long promised to them with Liverights permission—and a regular sized one by Liveright. We expect Liveright to spend a weekend during the latter part of January.—Why don't *you* come down over a weekend or a Feb. holiday? We can put you up here at Tor House.—So many amusing people have come & gone. I'd like to have a regular "tell" with you about them.—I have several times wished very much to be in the city. I wanted to see Rivera's exhibit.

3—I shall see your things sometime! When boys go to college there will be many jaunts for us to the city I trust. Dear Albert we send you our warm love.

Una & all at Tor House.

ALS. Mills. 2 pages.

1. Edward Raymond Moffitt (1898–1963), a California-born artist, furniture maker, and craftsman. Moffitt built the first home in the upper heights of Twin Peaks in San Francisco, a Spanish-style structure he called "La Casa de los Pechos de la Cholla."

2. Col. Harold L. Mack (1884–1985), a sportsman, art patron, and senior partner of the McDonnell & Company stock brokerage firm, began work on La Hacienda de los Amigos in 1925. Designed by the Newsom family of architects in San Francisco and built by Edward Moffitt, the home of Harold and Alyse (Schloh) Mack (1893–1989) was situated on a 30-acre bluff near Monterey's Del Monte Hotel. The 26-room, Spanish-style estate was constructed of local,

handcrafted materials along with embellishments (such as seventeenth-century tiles, carved doors, chandeliers, and ironwork) imported from Europe. The Dominican Sisters purchased the estate in 1950 and converted it to the Convent of Santa Catalina and the Santa Catalina School.

3. Diego Rivera (1886–1957), a leftist Mexican painter and muralist, was the husband of artist Frida Kahlo (1907–1954). Bender, an early patron and supporter of Rivera, was instrumental in bringing him to San Francisco—both for an exhibit of his work that opened November 15, 1930 at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor and for commissions to paint murals at the San Francisco Stock Exchange and the California School of Fine Arts.

RJ to Harriet Monroe

Tor House, Carmel, California.
January 6, 1931.

Dear Miss Monroe:

Thank you for sending me the anniversary number of Poetry, we enjoyed reading it, and congratulate you.

I I'm sorry not to have spoken sooner, but either I am busy or lazy—or both—my letters never get written. I'm sorry too not to be able to offer any poems; almost the only ones I have that would {might} be suitable are ear-marked for a little book that I promised Random House almost two years ago, and am trying to make up my mind to send in. They want first publication.

It seemed a pity to change Poetry's cover-design, but good luck to it all the same.

2

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Chicago. 1 page.

1. The first issue of *Poetry* appeared in October 1912. The October 1930 issue contains an essay by Monroe titled "Coming of Age," in which she reflects on the magazine's eighteenth birthday.

2. The new cover, featuring a larger, sleeker Pegasus, was designed by British artist Eric Gill (1882–1940).

UJ to Blanche Matthias

January 19. 1931.

My dearest Blanche—

I wish you could see your Unicorn hunt—It is framed and hung in the new dining room—there is only one other picture there—an etching Stan Wood did of Tor House. You always send us the most exquisite things—the *right* thing—who else finds them but you!—Now comes this beautiful still face—*whose* {is} it Blanche?

I wish very much to have you see the dining room, all done now except the red brick floor to be laid later. {At present its just rough cement floor, rather nice too} A clever cabinet

maker made us a great oak table 7½ ft long thick planks old English, and a settle and a bench of the same design.—In most of the room the great stones show but there are two great cupboards—one a clothes-press, the other for dishes ♦ in the latter your Jugtown pottery.

1—A loft like a minstrel's gallery at one end—in it a day bed, the great spinning wheel my grandmother brought from Ireland & the victrola—which the boys eagerly work—It sounds beautifully there.—

On the outside door is a tirling pin—do you remember mention of them in the old ballads?—Use instead of a knocker.—

2 We copied this from John Knox's house in Edinburgh.

3 Come *and tirl it*.

Mabel & Tony are down in old Mexico. Yesterday the boys got a great basket full of brilliantly colored things from her. I think she bought out a whole bazaar of little animals and so on. We expect them in Carmel for a month this spring. She wants us to go back to Taos with her but we cannot leave. She is an amazingly interesting woman. ♦

Have you met anywhere a nice {Austrian} Count Ledebur—He came the other day with Iris Tree—(Beerbohm Tree's daughter)

Caroline Blackman married Orrick Johns and produced at 42 her first baby with great ease and celerity.

4—Caroline is greatly changed, sweet and natural and devoted to the baby and has quite laid aside that old sour morbidity.

5

Mr. Blackman died Friday,—heart attack.

My friends the Steffenses are in Croton for the winter.

Boys are deep deep in the thrilling book of Byrd you sent.

6 They fear you cant be seeing many animals in New York—but hope you can tell them of some in Indochina.—Did you see Loti's *curtains of bats*

7 in the corridors at Ang-Kor? ♦

I must tell you what utter joy I take from the sandalwood oil you sent from Egypt.—One drop gives the essence of all sandalwood delight for days!

Tell me you are having great sights and experiences—are there wonderful pictures & plays? How *are* you—and do you see Alice—and how does Russell employ his days—Is New York active enough for him?

Warm love from all your friends at Tor House

Your devoted Una.

I think Robin will have two books out this year—but never know until they are in the press—but it is likely a slender *de luxe* one long promised to Random House and a Liveright one.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Jugtown Pottery, founded in 1921 by Jacques and Juliana Busbee, was located in Moore County, North Carolina, near the town of Seagrove. Using local artisans, the Busbees

produced a line of salt-glazed, reddish brown jugs, pots, vases, and tableware based on traditional designs dating from the 1700s. Jugtown ware was first sold in the Busbees' specialty shop in New York's Greenwich Village, and then in home furnishing stores across the country. Blanche gave Una a number of Jugtown items as gifts. Una's collection remains on display in the dining room at Tor House.

2. A tirling pin is a simple handle, usually made of twisted metal, around which is fastened a small loose ring. Instead of knocking at a door, one slides the ring up and down on the handle. As Una says, tirling pins are mentioned in old ballads. "Willie and May Margaret" (Scotland) provides an example: "O he's gane round and round about, / And tirlid at the pin; / But doors were steek'd, and windows bar'd / And nane wad let him in."

3. John Knox (1505?–1572), religious reformer; founder of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. The fifteenth-century home in which he lived is located on High Street in Edinburgh.

4. Caroline (Blackman) Johns (1888–1936) gave birth to a daughter, Charis Johns, December 23, 1930.

5. Soon after Charis was born, Caroline experienced post-partum depression, which may have exacerbated a pre-existing nervous condition. Over the next few years she became increasingly despondent and disturbed.

6. Several books were published in 1930 that dealt with Richard Evelyn Byrd's 1928–1930 expedition to Antarctica, including *The World's Great Adventure*; *The Last Continent*

of Adventure; The Conquest of Antarctica by Air; and Little America: Aerial Exploration in the Antarctic.

7. In *Un Pèlerin d'Angkor*, published in English as *Siam* (1930), Pierre Loti describes his 1901 visit to the ruined temple of Angkor-Vat where “the stone ceilings are tapestried” with bats—“little velvet pockets which hang suspended by their claws, and want but the slightest noise to unfold and become a whirlwind of wings” (p. 94).

UJ to Bennett Cerf

January 20. 1931.

Dear Mr. Cerf:

I will mail you tomorrow a group of short poems my husband wrote in Ireland & England. He thinks they may serve for the little volume you proposed.

1 Let us know what you think

My heart leaps to think of owning a Random House “Aphrodite in Aulis”!—.

2 I hope you will not forget to send me a copy as you suggested.

Since our return from Ireland we have been very busy with work about our place—a five weeks motor trip down to Taos, New Mexico—guests of Mabel Dodge Luhan.—Robin is writing busily and there are always interesting people—A. E. was in Carmel and we had Thanksgiving dinner together—the most charming of men!

We are expecting Horace Liveright for a weekend, before February. He has been in Hollywood for several months.

We hope to see you and your uncle
3 again at Tor House.

With every good wish—

Sincerely,
Una Jeffers <over> ♦

Edward Weston the photographer whose show in New York some weeks ago was much commented on, made a few small prints of Robin from his large studies of him. I enclose one which may interest you.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. The manuscript for *Descent to the Dead*.
2. A signed copy of George Moore's *Aphrodite in Aulis* remains in the Tor House library. The special edition book, published in 1930 by W. Heinemann in London and Fountain Press in New York, was distributed in the United States by Random House.
3. Probably Herbert Alvin Wise (1893–1961), a Wall Street broker and patron of the arts.

UJ to Hazel Pinkham

[February 2, 1931]
Candlemas Day.

Dearest Hazel—

You've probably heard Teddie's good news—a son, weight 7 lbs+, born five days ago and all going on well.

1 We are all so gay about it. During the first few months she had a very bad time and then again at the last her kidneys acted up—but she is making a good recovery. How well do you know Gabrielle? She is a dear person, very lovable and I think Teddie is in luck! He has built on an addition {to his house} and an enclosing high wall about part of his courtyard {(catches the sun, & is paved)}—has a bloodhound{hound} and a stunning Irish wolfhound,

2—and Shim

3 who is a charming child—so you see its a *regular* household!—I think of you often and often even though writing letters gets harder and harder—finding time for them—thats the difficulty. Phoebe and I always have a good talk about the Pinkham household when she comes down to Carmel. I love Hans and Phoebe. ♦

I had a letter from Percy this morning—nothing of moment. He had been in Devon for three weeks and Sheila with him part of the time—she had just returned to her garden study. Did Edith see him in London? What did Edith think of it all—did she love England? I had her nice card at Christmas—and I hate to think I havent until now thanked you for the beautiful grapes beautiful to taste and to see! The Jefferses love your grapes.

We havent gotten over the thrill of our just completed dining room—I should say *almost* completed for the tile (or brick floor) isnt laid yet and we are using the rough cement floor which really looks so interesting many people

suggest our keeping it so. There is a minstrel's gallery affair at one end where my great old spinning wheel has a permanent place at last and a day bed and victrola up there. The boys adore it. A man who makes very beautiful furniture (he did most of the things at the famous Mack ranch here) ♦ made us a stunning old English heavy oak table 7½ ft x 3½—and atwo long benches (one of them with a back) to go with it.—The stone chimney outside is very nice too—Robin made a dovecote in it with five little rooms!—We had a pair of pigeons before we went abroad but had to give them away {then}. They were beautiful around the courtyard and we liked their cooing.

Boys are in High School at Monterey. They go over & back on the bus every day. How we *hate* having them gone all day. I don't see how you can spare your children for weeks—I begin to try to harden myself remembering the relentless rush of the years and college on its way. Is Edith at college and where? and didnt you come up for the game this year?

We see many amusing people. Yesterday Lord Hastings and Lady H.

4 were here for tea—the Earl of Huntingtons {Huntington's} 5 son. He is bringing Rivera the Mexican artist to see us next week. ♦ Hastings has a copra plantation on the island of Mooraa by Tahiti.—a *nice* Englishman he is awfully decent and full of amusing adventures. I had a letter this morning from Mabel Dodge Luhan who says not to expect her and Tony before May. They went down to old Mexico in Nov. and are too enthralled to leave. She has been seeing Stokowsky

6 and Chavez

7 a great deal—they are very much interested in Tony’s songs and are going to visit her in Taos later and hear Tony’s tribal songs in chorus. They think them much more untouched than the Indian songs they get down in Mexico—where the Spanish have made more impression.—Her letter is interesting, I’ll enclose it, will you please return *soon*. I wish to show it to a painter here to prick him slightly about the Rivera’s fearless “telling of a story.” Mabel has until now been staying at San Angel Inn just outside Mexico City. Dr. Harker

8 tells me it is one of the finest inns she knows. Mexico isn’t so difficult apparently. ♦

Other interesting visitors lately were Iris Tree (Beerbohm’s daughter) and her friend (with whom she had motored across the continent) an Austrian Count Ledebur a charming man. She is lovely to look at very fair with yellow hair and exquisite voice—She is a great friend of Hon. Dorothy Brett, Viscount Esher’s

9 daughter—that strange violent and amusing—(and almost stone deaf) girl I think I wrote you about from Taos who came out to Taos with D. H. Lawrence & wife and when they went back to England stayed on—in that remote & lonely mountain cabin on the ranch Mabel gave to Lawrence. She paints & goes to N. Y. once a year to exhibit. Georgia O’Keefe was at Mabel’s when we were there just came out to paint. She looks a{s}cetic, a lovely nun-like face but is passionate and wilful.

The Steffens are in New York and will return here {in} early spring. She had a thrilling time in Russia. Stef & their ♦ little boy stayed mostly at Jo Davidson’s chateau in Touraine Count Ladebur had visited there just before coming over and

said Jo's bust of Robin is stunning. Jo is to have an exhibit in London soon of writers only Shaw, {D. H.} Lawrence, Chesterton and others and Robin is to be the only American.

We had dinner {at John O'Shea's} with A. E.—(George Russell—did you hear him?) Robin spent the day with him. A. E. told me—all of us at dinner that when he came to America he had resolved to see two people—one an old friend in Pasadena, the other *Robin*! That made me happy. A. E. is a dear—he talks gossip, agriculture, politics, art and demi-gods all with equal enthusiasm. He has a warmth and charm—one sees why George Moore and Yeats and all the others love him so.

Virginia Woolf and her husband (the Hogarth Press) have published Robins "Dear Judas" in London. They had previously done "Roan Stallion" & "Cawdor".—Do you see Harry & Fan? My love to them—hug your own family—all—

Faithfully—

Una.

Esther Boardman Busby's husband died

10

ALS. HRC Texas. 6 pages. Letterhead (embossed): Hawk Tower.

1. Colin Edward Melville Kuster was born January 28, 1931.
2. The bloodhound was named Toby, the wolfhound Aengus.

3. “Shim” was the nickname of Nathan Newby III, Gabrielle Kuster’s six-year-old son from her previous marriage. In Carmel he was known only as Shim Kuster.

4. Francis John Clarence Westenra Plantagenet Hastings, 15th (or 16th) Earl of Huntingdon (1901–1990) and his wife Cristina Casati Stampa di Soncino Hastings (1901–1953). Lord Hastings was also known as Jack Hastings, John Hastings, Lord Huntingdon, and Jack Huntingdon.

5. The 14th (or 15th) Earl of Huntingdon, Warner Francis John Plantagenet Hastings (1868–1939), a noted horseman and Master of Hounds.

6. Leopold Anthony Stokowski (1882–1977) was born in London to Polish-Irish parents. Studies that began at the Royal College of Music led to an international career in conducting. Stokowski was the music director of the Philadelphia Orchestra from 1912 to 1936 and the principal conductor from 1912 to 1941.

7. Carlos Chávez (1899–1978), Mexican composer, conductor, fine arts administrator, and author of *Toward a New Music* (1937) and other works.

8. Dr. Harriette (Buttler) Harker (1865–1941), a close friend of George and Carrie Blackman in Carmel, graduated from Vassar College in 1888 and the University of California Medical School in 1905. Her first husband, attorney Charles Harker (b. 1870), mysteriously disappeared in 1896 not long after they were married. Her second husband, Charles’ brother George Harker (1876–1911), attended medical school with Harriette and was also a physician. Harriette and George

had two sons, David (1906–1991) and Robert (1908–1988). David became a leading scientist in the field of crystallography. Two discoveries are named for him: the Harker section and the Harker construction, both of which are used to determine the structures of large molecules.

9. Reginald Baliol Brett, 2nd Viscount Esher (1852–1930), was an historian, liberal politician, and, as Privy Counsellor and Governor of Windsor Castle, a friend and adviser to the royal family. Viscount Esher was the author of *The Yoke of Empire* (1896), *Today and Tomorrow* (1910), *The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener* (1921), *Cloud-Capp'd Towers* (1927), and other books.

10. Added in left margin, page 3. Leonard Asbury Busby died September 9, 1930 from complications following prostate surgery.

RJ to Thomas R. Smith

Tor House, Carmel, California
February 11, 1931.

Dear Mr. Smith:

Thank you much for your kind telegram at New Year's, and for the beautifully done Marco Polo.

1 And forgive me for not speaking sooner. I have been busy and unlucky with my verses, not wanting to take my mind off them for fear they'd flicker out—and they flickered out just the same, several times, but I expect everything will be all right now.

Let me congratulate you and the firm on your spring list of books. It is very fine. I hope the autumn one may announce one of mine.

Horace Liveright hasn't appeared here yet, but we are hoping a visit from him soon.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Virginia. 1 page.

1. Marco Polo, *The Travels of Marco Polo*, a revision of William Marsden's translation edited by Manuel Komroff (New York: Liveright, 1930).

RJ to Babette Deutsch

Carmel, California.
February 11, 1931.

Dear Babette Deutsch:

"Epistle to Prometheus"

1 arrived several days ago, and I hoped to have written you something about it before this. It seems to me a splendid poem. Within a week or less I'll send you a talk about it, which could be appear as a review if you know where to publish it. I know nobody.—Except that Suzanne La Follette 2 wrote to me lately asking for verses for the New Freeman, or an article about poetry. I can send neither, but have just written that I'll send a nice review of your work if she wants.

Perhaps I've done wrong and you'd rather see to its placing yourself. Or perhaps she doesn't want my review. Meanwhile I'll send it to you as soon as I can.

Please take the trouble to thank your publishers for me, for sending the proofs.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Washington U. 1 page.

1. Babette Deutsch, *Epistle to Prometheus* (New York: J. Cape & H. Smith, 1931).

2. Suzanne La Follette (1893–1983), feminist, writer, and editor of several journals concerned with government, politics, the economy, and social issues—such as *The Freeman*, *The New Freeman*, *American Mercury*, *Plain Talk*, and the *National Review*. La Follette also published *Concerning Women* (1926), *Art in America* (1929), *Not Guilty* (1937), and other books.

RJ to Henry Seidel Canby

Tor House, Carmel, California.
February 12, 1931.

Dear Mr. Canby:

1

Thank you for asking me to let the *Saturday Review* see some poems with a view to publication. I'm sorry that just at present I can only find one—and that rather long—that might possibly be suitable.

2 It is enclosed with this.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Yale. 1 page. Letterhead (embossed): Hawk Tower.

1. Henry Seidel Canby (1878–1961), professor, editor, and author. In addition to teaching English at Yale University, where he obtained a B.A. and Ph.D., Canby edited the *Yale Review*. Canby left Yale in 1920 in order to found and edit the *Literary Review* at the *New York Evening Post*. In 1924 he co-founded the *Saturday Review of Literature*, serving as editor and then chairman of the Board of Editors from 1924 to 1958. From 1926 to 1954, Canby was also editor-in-chief of the Book-of-the-Month Club. He authored *Everyday Americans* (1920), *The Age of Confidence: Life in the Nineties* (1934), *Thoreau: A Biography* (1939), *American Memoir* (1947), and many other books.

2. “New Mexican Mountain” was published in the *Saturday Review of Literature* (September 5, 1931): 97. Benjamin Lehman contributed an essay to the same issue—“Robinson Jeffers,” pages 97–99.

UJ to Wilder Bentley

February 20. 19301

Dear Mr. Bentley:

1

Writing for Robinson Jeffers. He is interested in your proposal to print his "Tower beyond tragedy" on your press. We do not know your work but the fact that the Clapps and Porter Garnett

2 approve it assures us at once of its quality, but we havent any idea at all whether Horace Liveright would consent. Last year when my husband signed anew his contract with Liveright, he stipulated that he be allowed to fulfill a promise given long before to Bennett Cerf to give them {him} material for a slender volume for *Random House*. He has only now, within the last month, sent on this material. The book will be out within a few months I believe. This fact might easily interfere with Liveright's giving permission to you. We are expecting him here for a week-end soon and will speak favorably of your request but the decision must rest with him and his sense of expediency. ♦

I intend to write to Maud Clapp very soon but if you see her immediately, say we love them as heartily as ever—and wish they could look out our sea windows this morning of brilliant sunshine and flashing waves and swirling gulls and oh we wish they had sea-windows of their own close by. We have the greast greatest interest in your plan and hope it may be possible to work it out

Very sincerely,
Una Jeffers

Mrs Robinson Jeffers

Tor House

Carmel, California

ALS. San Francisco PL. 2 pages. Letterhead (embossed): Hawk Tower.

1. Harvey Wilder Bentley (1901–1990), poet, artist, printer, and professor. Born in San Francisco, Bentley studied at Yale University and the University of Michigan prior to living in Europe for a number of years. He worked with Porter Garnett at the Carnegie Institute of Technology’s Laboratory Press from 1930 to 1933 and then returned to California with his wife and children. The Bentleys established a small publishing business in Berkeley, printing limited edition works on a hand press under several imprints, including Bentley Press, Acorn Press, and Archetype Press. From 1946 to 1971, Bentley taught English at the College of the Pacific, Stockton Junior College, and San Francisco State University. For a partial bibliography of Bentley’s work as a printer, see *Selective Check Lists of Press Books*, parts 7 and 8, by Will Ransom (New York: Philip C. Duschnes, 1947): 275–284. There is no record of an edition of *The Tower Beyond Tragedy*.

2. Porter Garnett (1871–1951) was a writer and editor in San Francisco before accepting a position as professor of graphic arts at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. He established the Laboratory Press there and served as its director from 1922 to 1935.

RJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Carmel, California
February, 1931.

Dear Mr. Powell:

1

You were very kind to send me your essay about my poetry, and I have acted—(not acted) very ungratefully. There are several reasons (but no excuse) for my negligence. I'm constitutionally unable to write a letter, besides a natural wish not to speak or hear or think about past work, as it troubles the future. Then, your subtitle alarmed me—"prophet"—but my chief fault was just postponement.

The article is excellently written, and I think excellently interprets what my verses meant to express. I agree with you in preferring Cawdor to the Shepherdess, I agree in practically all your literary judgments, except my natural reservation of opinion as to the merits of my own work, and in your philosophical judgments.

This was written a week ago and ought to have been sent off then, because there is really no more to say—by a person who can't talk about his own verses—except sincere thanks and appreciation. I kept thinking there was something more. Sometime you'll come back to California, no doubt, and I'll be very glad to see you if you should have time to visit this sea-cliff.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

—You ask about my next publication—not for awhile yet—next autumn I think. But Random House will be bringing out a little limited edition of some twenty short poems that I wrote in Ireland and England, in the meanwhile—three or four months from now—I just sent them the manuscript, fulfilling a promise made two years ago.—Ought I to return to you the manuscript of your essay?

Sincerely,
R. J.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page. Letterhead (embossed): Hawk Tower.

1. Lawrence Clark Powell (1906–2001), a 1928 graduate of Occidental College, was a friend of Ward Ritchie, Jake Zeitlin, and H. Arthur Klein—with whom he shared a lifelong interest in Jeffers. Powell wrote the first Ph.D. dissertation on Jeffers, *An Introduction to Robinson Jeffers*, at the Université de Bourgogne, Dijon, France in 1932. A certificate in librarianship from the University of California, Berkeley in 1937 led to a position the following year at the University of California, Los Angeles, where Powell eventually became librarian (1944–1961), director of the William Andrews Clark Memorial Library (1944–1966), and founding dean of the Library Services Department (1959–1960). During his academic career, Powell also served as president of the California Library Association and the Bibliographical Society of America. A prolific author of essays and reviews, Powell published a number of books, including *Robinson Jeffers: The Man and His Work* (1934), *A Passion for Books*

(1958), and *California Classics: The Creative Literature of the Golden State* (1971).

RJ to Babette Deutsch

Carmel, California
March 4, 1931.

Dear Miss Deutsch:

Here is the review; I've been keeping it awhile hoping to make it better, but time passes. Suzanne La Follette says she will print it {as soon as the book is published,} and I am sending her a cleaner copy than this.

1 She asks that your publishers credit the New Freeman if they should use the review—I'll enclose her letter, don't bother to return it.

My wife enjoyed your review of Yeats' "The Tower" {"The Winding Stair"}

2 and gives me a picture of it to send you, which she took when we were in Ireland a year and a half ago. The place was as beautiful and lonely as it ought to be. Yeats wasn't there; nobody was, and the shutters up, so we could wander around freely. I'd like to go back there sometime, it was very lovely.

Yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Washington U. 1 page.

1. Jeffers' review of Deutsch's *Epistle to Prometheus*, titled "The Stubborn Savior," was published in *The New Freeman* 3 (March 25, 1931): 42.

2. Una crossed out "The Tower" and added "The Winding Stair."

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

[March 1931]

Wednesday

Dearest Phoebe—

Here is a letterhead of the man who made our furniture—I don't know whether he has yet returned to the city. He made a fine wood box bench for Ellen {like the bottom of my settle.}

Didn't we have a nice jaunt up Robinson's Cañon!

1

Last Sunday we thought of you—walking up to the Cathedral trees atop the slope south of Fish ranch. It's a ten mile walk up & down—one we want to take you—only not returning by a queer ne {trail} we tried which hadn't been brushed out for a long time and at the bottom we found ourselves covered with woodticks and when we got back to Tor House & had shed all our clothes in the courtyard we still found 42 of the beasts walking around on us!

The Sauters (Rudolph S—English portrait painter) were here visiting Helen Hooper O'S & Ellen. I had a nice day with

them Charming people—did you see his exhibit?—Still on at Vickers I think.

2 ♦

Teddie came down yesterday & returns to S. F. tomorrow. He reports Shim going on very well and speaks of your kindness.

Porthos is sitting on my lap as I write—its too wet & windy outside for little one-eyed roosters. He has sat here in the corner by my desk nearly all day—going out now and again to see whether the weather has cleared!

The sea is wild & black and the waves high.

All the Jefferses send love to the Barkans

3

Faithfully—

Una.

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. Letterhead (embossed): Tor House.

1. Located in the Carmel Valley area, about seven miles from the coast, Robinson Canyon extends north and south in the foothills of the Santa Lucia Mountains. A cabin in the canyon is said to have provided Jeffers with the location for *Roan Stallion*. The same cabin is also believed to be the one where an old rancher and bear hunter who raised goats nursed Robert Louis Stevenson back to health in 1879. Stevenson had collapsed from the effects of

tuberculosis while hiking in the canyon and was near death when the rancher found him. For more information, see October 11, 1931 letter, UJ to Sara Bard Field.

2. Rudolf Helmut Sauter (1895–1977), a British painter, and his wife Viola were guests of Curtis and Helen O’Sullivan (Ellen O’Sullivan’s nephew and his wife) when they were in San Francisco for the opening of Sauter’s March 2–14, 1931 exhibit at the Vickery, Atkins & Torrey art gallery. Sauter, a nephew of English novelist and playwright John Galsworthy (1867–1933), authored *Galsworthy the Man: An Intimate Portrait* (1967).

3. The family name was pronounced Bar-kan’.

UJ to Robinson

San Francisco
Via Postal
4-23-31

Robinson Jeffers

Deliver Scenic Drive & Carmel Point Carmel

Darlings dont forget to put your coats on if the wind blows arrived here at 9:00 everbody waiting with suggestions for parties I shall never leave you again be sure to coddle Porthos—

1

Una

ANS. Tor House. 1 page.

1. This note, delivered by post, is handwritten on a Pacific Telegram form. It was sent from San Francisco, where Una and Mabel Dodge Luhan visited Diego Rivera.

UJ to Donald Klopfer

April 27. 1927 [1931]

1

Mr. Donald S. Klopfer

2

Random House
20 E 57th New York.

Dear Sir,

I refer to your letter of Feb 26. 1931 noting receipt of ms. of {our accepting your terms for} Robinson Jeffers poems. I wish to call attention to the letter of Bennett Cerf of Feb. 12 saying, "we are willing to send you a check in full payment at once" upon your acceptance of our terms of \$500. We have not received this although {more than} two months have elapsed.

Very sincerely
Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

Tor House

R. D. 1 Box 36

Carmel California

ALS. Columbia. 1 page. Letterhead (embossed): Tor House.

1. Having the day in mind when writing the year, Una mistakenly dates this letter 1927 instead of 1931.
2. Donald Simon Klopfer (1902–1986), boyhood friend of Bennett Cerf and co-founder of Random House when he and Cerf bought the Modern Library imprint from Liveright in 1925. From the beginning of their lifelong partnership, Klopfer managed the business and production side of the company, while Cerf concentrated on acquisitions, editing, and promotion. For a composite portrait of Klopfer see *Donald S. Klopfer: An Appreciation* (New York: Random House, 1987).

RJ to Philippa Powys

Tor House, Carmel, California.
May [7], 1931.

Dear Miss Powys:

Many months ago I began a letter to you and thought it was finished and sent, but it was not. The Demon that always comes between me and a letter to be written has found a new trick evidently. I am sorry, but have done too badly to ask pardon.

Thank you much for “Driftwood.”

1 The poems are beautiful things, with the beauty of wild animals that are shy and dangerous and able to be alone; and they are altogether of your country earth—the untamed

fringes of it. Perhaps I like best “Hallowed Ground,” “The Brown Mare,” “Son of a Smuggler,”
2—admirable, and like nothing else that I have read, the first-named especially.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 1 page. Postmark: May 7, 1931.

1. Philippa Powys, *Driftwood* (London: E. Lahr, 1930).
2. The table of contents gives “Born of Smugglers” as the title for this poem, but “Son of a Smuggler” appears on the poem itself.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

May 15. [1931]
Tor House.

Dearest Clapps—
1

Its a horrid commentary on the laboriousness of my days that I never write to you whom I admire and love.—so many many people have come this spring.—Esther Busby of Chicago do you remember her?—and just now Mabel Dodge Luhan has left. She and Tony have been in old Mexico since November and she is lyrical about all of it—the awakening of the arts—and of living and learning. Paradise no less it all sounds—but Tor House still contents us. I think we shall stay here all summer.—except perhaps for one week on an

enormous ranch in Wyoming with the parents of Garth & Donnan's dearest friend, Bobby Horton.

2 ♦

Mabel and I rushed up to San Francisco

3 and had dinner with Diego Rivera and saw his fresco in the Stock Exchange. I wasn't as madly {enthusiastic} about it as she hoped—but its most interesting. There is an air of strength and genius about Rivera, grossly fat as he is—. Chavez the composer is coming to Taos for a month in summer. He wants more of Tony's {tribe's} music which he says is more archaic {judging from Tony's rendering} than any to be found in Mexico which is all tainted with Spanish even in the remote mountains. {I grow tired of the terrible *fatigue* in every line of Rivera's figures, a mannerism—the Americans look as tired as the Mexicans.}

Teddie Kuster is beginning his theatre season with "The Queen's husband"

4—but he is fed up with producing. Feels Carmel doesn't appreciate him, says it's his last season.—is puzzled how to extract any of his \$140,000 theatre investment here. ♦

Now May 26.

They have a nice baby boy and all seems set for fair weather with his household now.—not long ago a San Francisco paper published a paper {picture} of Ruth Kuster (no. 3.) playing peewee golf in Bangkok with the King of Siam! Could *anywhere* be farther away? or queerer?

Maud I loved that beautifully printed rowdy robust little Skelton book.—Elynour Rummyng

5 you've forgotten sending me by this time probably—its one of the books I have in the dining room now completed and lived in—That room is *such* a success—Walls are left stone inside but one side of the room is {wooden} cupboards—and at one end a gallery—(minstrel like)—on it a day bed spinning wheel et cetera. The floor is pale yellowish rose tile—handmade by a Mexican nearby—it blends ♦ beautifully with the redwood closets and with the yellow spots in the granite.—Lots of brass & copper and an enormous old black oak table (English)—nearly eight feet long, benches, and settle of same.—Views are particularly lovely from this room. On the {outside of} door is a “tirling pin”—do you know in the old Scotch ballads—“he tirlid at the pin”?—We copied this one from one on the John Knox house in Edinburgh. Its a sort of key which you clatter up and down along the door handle to which it is attached, inside {instead} of using a knocker.

Our courtyard is lovely with many pigeons walking about and cooing—Robin made five pigeon nests in the dining room chimney—a stone cote. Swallows have nested under the roof just here by my desk winter {window}—I love their swoop, and darting flight & the wee plaintive calls of the young inside the nest. ♦

Several months ago a man

6 who knows you there in Pittsburgh wrote about doing the “Tower beyond Tragedy” on a private press.—I cant remember his name without referring to his letter—I wrote him that it would be necessary for him to consult Liveright and we havent heard again. It sounded an interesting plan.

Edna McDuffie and her husband Horace Lyon

7 have been here for several months and he loves it so much he is going to close his offices in New Jer {Jersey} and come here to live (with an eye on a branch office in San Francisco). Susan Porter is here too and some nice new friends—Lord & Lady Hastings. He is Viscount Huntingdon Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon's son who has published some Southsea books. He has a copra plantation on Morea by Tahiti. *She* is Italian—awfully nice. He paints & has been learning frescoes with Rivera, & is now doing his first alone, a ♦ room of Gouveneur Morris'—but there isnt anyone like Mabel Luhan! The *most* amusing and comfortable companion—we do have larks together. She wanted us to go back to Taos but it interferes with Robin's work.—A letter from here yesterday said Frieda Lawrence was about to arrive to stay at the ranch Mabel gave D. H. L. I'd like to see those two together!

Spring is perfect here—is there any chance of your coming.—or Sansuming

8 this year? Boys—(O they are huge, inches taller than I, weight 142 & 150 lbs!) {have holidays in two weeks.}—We love you very much and wish to see you—Ellen sends her love. I saw her this morning. She continues to have more guests than anyone in the world & thrives on them.

Faithfully, with devotion & haste.

Una.

ALS. Yale. 6 pages. Postmark: May 26, 1931.

1. Frederick "Timmie" Mortimer Clapp (1879–1969) and Maud Caroline (Ede) Clapp (1869–1960).

2. Ovid Butler “Bobby” Horton (1916–1976) was the son of Frank and Gertrude Horton, part owners of the HF Bar Ranch, a 9,000-acre dude ranch located near Buffalo, Wyoming in the foothills of the Big Horn mountains. Along with managing the ranch, Frank Ogilvie Horton (1879–1948) was a Wyoming state senator and United States congressman. Gertrude (Butler) Horton (1881–1934) wintered in Carmel and enrolled Bobby in high school there.

3. An article that mentions this visit was published in the *San Francisco Chronicle* (April 26, 1931): 14. The story, titled “Women Find Distinction in Role of Wives,” is accompanied by a photograph of Mabel and Una posing in armchairs and facing each other with pasted-in, out-of-proportion photographs of Tony and Robinson between them. The image of Tony is not actually Tony, but an unknown man wearing an elaborate feathered headdress. The article praises Una and Mabel for “giving up their own lives and personal ambitions for their husbands.” With its ambiguous tone and odd illustrations, however, it also seems to mock them.

4. *The Queen’s Husband* (1928) by Robert E. Sherwood (1896–1955), American playwright and author; winner of four Pulitzer Prizes—three for drama, one for biography.

5. John Skelton, *Elynour Rummynge*, illustrated by Claire Jones (San Francisco: Helen Gentry, 1930). Skelton (1460–1529) was an English poet, cleric, royal tutor, and satirist.

6. Wilder Bentley.

7. Edna (McDuffie) Lyon (1889–1974) and Horace Dinsmore Lyon (1888–1976). Edna was the sister of Duncan McDuffie. Horace was affiliated with I. W. Lyon and Sons, manufacturer of Dr. Lyon’s Tooth Powder and Tooth Paste—a leading brand in America for many years. When the Lyons settled in Carmel a few years after this letter was written, both became active in community affairs. Horace won a seat on the city council in 1952 and served as mayor from 1952 to 1957.

8. Probably a reference to the Sansum Medical Clinic in Santa Barbara, California founded in 1928 by Dr. William David Sansum. The clinic was devoted to the study and treatment of metabolic disorders and diabetes.

RJ to Ward Ritchie

Tor House, Carmel, California.

May, 1931.

Dear Mr. Ritchie:

Thank you for the copies of “Apology for Bad Dreams,” which arrived a few days ago.

1 Five out of thirty is a most generous allotment, and I will try to bestow three or four of them on worthy recipients.

The conception (spacing etc.) and printing of the pages are beautiful certainly, though I can’t speak as a judge of such matters. My long lines must be hard for a printer to handle, and you have done excellently.

I address this note rather at random, hoping it may reach you.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. UCLA Clark. 1 page.

1. Robinson Jeffers, *Apology for Bad Dreams* (Paris: Harry Ward Ritchie, 1930). Ritchie printed thirty copies of this pamphlet in the Paris studio of François Louis Schmied, December 24, 1930. It contains several poems published previously in *American Poetry 1927: A Miscellany*.

RJ to Paul Landacre

June, 1931
Tor House, Carmel.

Dear Mr. Landacre:

1

I was not here when Edward Weston first brought your wood-cuts, so that he was not able to show them to us until yesterday.

My wife and I think them admirable (Weston does too) but I am not able to write a foreword about them.

2 I have had to refuse similar opportunities quite often, because my time and my energy are both limited, and if I should do it once it would be harder to refuse on future occasions, so that I must just make a rule. Thank you for letting us see the pictures. The keen clear line, the solidity of your hills, and the splendid energy of "Grass-fire", are vividly in my mind. It's kind of you to offer me a choice, but since I can't write about them I'd better not take one.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Copley. 1 page.

1. Paul Hambleton Landacre (1893–1963), a wood engraver and printmaker, was born in Ohio. He moved to Los Angeles in 1922 and worked as a commercial artist. With the encouragement of Jake Zeitlin, he soon became an independent printmaker—a craft he pursued until his death, which came as a result of an attempted suicide. In May 1963, two weeks after his wife died, Landacre opened the valve on a gas heater in his bathroom and lay down on a blanket on the floor. As the room filled with gas, he realized the overhead light was still on. When he reached up to turn the light off, a spark from the switch caused a powerful explosion. Landacre suffered severe burns all over his body and died two weeks later.

2. On Landacre's behalf, Weston asked Jeffers if he would write a foreword to a book Landacre was working on, eventually published as *California Hills and Other Wood Engravings* (Los Angeles: B. McCallister, 1931). A discussion of the book, which includes a copy of Jeffers' letter, is contained in *Paul Landacre: Life and Legacy* by Anthony L. Lehman (Los Angeles: Dawson's Book Shop, 1983).

UJ to Sydney Alberts

June 2. 1931

Dear Mr. Alberts:

I sent on your letter to the Grafton Press. We can not tell you anything about Peter Boyle. Would there not be a file of city directories at the city libraries there, in which you could find his former address at least? If you can not, I will look up some old letters which are not at hand at this moment.

(2) one printing

(3) 500

(5) printed at authors expense.

Californians was printed & published by Macmillans at their expense.

My husband wished to publish "Tamar." He privately. He did not submit it to any publisher but wrote to Mr. Boyle a printer whose notice he had seen in the magazine section of N. Y. Times.—When "Tamar" was received with interest and sold out, Mr. Boyle wrote and suggested another edition at his own expense but just ♦ then Boni & Liveright proposed to take it over and Mr. Boyle courteously withdrew saying he knew the book would fare better in the hands of a regular publisher. Mr. Boyle was at that time about to retire and put his business in the hands of his son (or sons). He impressed us very vividly in our brief relationship with him—because of his really penetrating observations upon "Tamar" which was quite out of his ordinary line really.

A young Occidental (Los Angeles) college man {Mr. Harry Ward Ritchie} wrote to my husband for permission to print some poem of his {R. J's} on his hand press which he called *The Flame Press* {Pasadena} {not for sale.} We allowed him

to do "*Stars*" out of first printed in the "Bookman" several years ago. He printed 80 copies on Feb 3. 1930.—Plain black stiff pasteboard cover with white label {7¼ x 5 in. size} eleven pages. I think he destroyed all but 5 of these because of several errors in the type—then he printed it again 110 copies Mar 10. 1930 ♦ Just lately he has printed {"a unique separate edition of Apology for Bad Dreams taken from American Anthology 1927 pub. by Harcourt Brace"} "30 numbered copies upon a handpress {by} {by} Harry Ward Ritchie under a student under the exciting influence of François Louis Schmeid and aided by Théo, fils, and others at the studio 74 bis, Rue Hallé, Paris, December MCMXXX." This is a large loose book on very heavy paper 9¾ x 12¾ inches 16 numbered pages.

Could you reach him for accurate description of this through that studio address? If you can not perhaps you could write to Mr. Albert Bender of {311 California St.} San Francisco who has ha copy & ask him to submit it to one of his bookseller friends to describe for catalogue. I cant—I dont know the terms.

I will give you one of the second edition "*Stars*"—mail it tomorrow.

No book since "Dear Judas".—A thin vol. will be published in a few months by Bennett Cerf (Random House) to be called I think "Descent to the Dead." ♦

It is possible a long regular volume will be published by Horace Liveright in the fall. This isnt finished yet, and no date set.

You have listed of course the Hogarth Press in London. They have done “Cawdor”, “Roan Stallion etc” & “Dear Judas” in London—

If you are listing anthologys—we have just seen Edwin Markham’s {“California”} “Songs & Stories, just published with a group of old poems of R. J. Powell Pub. Co. San Francisco, L. A. & Chicago

1

Very sincerely (& hastily!)
Una Jeffers

ALS. Occidental. 4 pages. Letterhead (embossed): Hawk Tower.

1. Edwin Markham, *Songs and Stories*, volume 6 of *California*, edited by John Russell McCarthy (Los Angeles: Powell Publishing, 1931): 395–398. The anthology includes three poems by Jeffers: “A California Vignette” (a brief excerpt from *Tamar*), “To the Rock That Will Be a Cornerstone of the House,” and “Not Our Good Luck.” Markham’s introductory paragraph contains the following observations: “Jeffers, a poet of elemental imagination and strange psychological insights, often strikes out a superb line, a high emotional passage. George Sterling says: ‘Jeffers has the inevitable qualifications of a poet of the first rank.’ Yet we are forced to say that at times a film of obscurity blurs his noble thought.”

RJ to Selden Rodman

June, 1931.
Tor House, Carmel

Dear Mr. Rodman:

1

It is absurdly impossible for me to get a letter written, and I'm sorry; it is my only reason for not answering you sooner. The same misfortune has prevented me from thanking your friend {Dwight Macdonald,}

2 who sent me copies of the "Miscellany." If you see him, please tell him that I thank him sincerely, and appreciated his articles; they were very well done.

3

Your poem, "Departure," I have read with much interest, and more than once.

4 It is splendid in the power with which it gathers many impulses and scenes and thoughts into the rush of one stream; and your the rhythmic power of your verses supports the lyrical energy. The thoughts isare not always clear through the speed of the stream; some of them perhaps are too personal, and some imperfectly realized perhaps; so that the impression of the whole ishas not sothe definition that your later work will achieve. In reading I was unlucky enough to think of De la Mare's line—"Is there anybody there, said the traveller."

5 The similarity

6 is probably of accident rather than reminiscence, and matters very little, but is unfortunate in its small degree because the poems are so unlike in nature.

Now I've been as critical as possible, and have only to thank you for sending me the poem. I enjoyed it much; and was interested in some of the other things in the Review.

7

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers

ALS. Wyoming. 1 page.

1. Selden Rodman (1909–2002), American writer and editor. When this letter was written, Rodman had recently graduated from Yale University. In 1932, following a trip to Europe and the Soviet Union, Rodman founded (with Alfred Bingham and C. C. Nicolet) *Common Sense*, a journal devoted to progressive political and cultural criticism. As his life and career unfolded, he married four times and published forty books in a variety of fields, including *A New Anthology of Modern Poetry* (1938), *Renaissance in Haiti: Popular Painters in the Black Republic* (1948), *The Mexico Traveler* (1969), and *Artists in Tune with Their World* (1981).

2. Dwight Macdonald (1906–1982) graduated from Yale University in 1928. He was Selden Rodman's brother-in-law, having married Selden's sister Nancy in 1934. Macdonald worked for a number of years on the staff of *Fortune Magazine*, but resigned his position in order to pursue a more radical, independent path. In addition to writing for or editing such journals as *New International*, *Partisan Review*, and *Politics*, he contributed regularly to *The New Yorker*, *Esquire*, and the *New York Review of Books*. He was the author of *Memoirs of a Revolutionist: Essays in Political Criticism*

(1957), *Against the American Grain* (1962), *Discriminations* (1974), and other books.

3. Macdonald published a two-part essay titled “Robinson Jeffers” in *Miscellany* 1 (July and September, 1930): 1–10 and 1–24.

4. “Departure” was first published in the *Harkness Hoot* (April–May 1931): 53–57. In the following year, Rodman included the poem, along with a companion piece titled “Arrival,” in his *Mortal Triumph and Other Poems* (New York: Farrar & Rinehart, 1932): 45–59.

5. From “The Listener” by Walter de la Mare.

6. Only one page of the holographic manuscript for this letter, which ends here, survives. Having suffered fire damage, the page is burned around the edges and is missing several words and lines. An accompanying typed transcription is also damaged, though not as severely. This transcription is based on a combination of the handwritten and typed versions, supplemented by material in the text published by Ann Ridgeway in *Selected Letters*, pages 179–180.

7. The *Harkness Hoot*, a bimonthly literary and cultural review founded by Rodman and William Harlan Hale when they were students at Yale, was published from October 1930 to May 1934.

RJ to Thomas R. Smith

Tor House, Carmel, California
August 18, 1931.

Dear Mr. Smith:

I just now received your letter of the fourteenth. The Random House publication is 28 pages of typewriting, short poems that I wrote in Ireland and England. Probably you remember that in my last contract with you we wrote in an exception permitting me to give Random House a manuscript of less than 50 pages, according to a promise I'd made to Bennett Cerf a year or two before. So I sent them these verses four or five months ago. I thought my wife had spoken of it to Horace Liveright when he was here, but apparently she didn't, and I didn't because it didn't seem important, and I hate to talk about my own work—I'm not a good literary man. But

I'm sorry if you're disturbed about it; no doubt we should have paid more attention to letting you know.

Random House's rights in the things are for six months from publication, then you ♦ could have them if you want them, but I'll have plenty of other things for you.

There is a local narrative poem called "Resurrection" (twenty-odd pages) that logically follows the Random House "Descent to the Dead" and was meant to contrast with that. There is a poem of about the same length, partly narrative, partly lyrical, called "Margrave", that is concerned with recent astronomical observations and also the hanging of a young criminal, etc.

There are eight or ten short poems besides.

Then there is the long {narrative} one called "Thurso's Landing" which I am working on. There are only two or three

more chapters to write but they seem to come hard and slow. I expect it will be finished in a month from now. I'm afraid the thing will be as long as "Cawdor."

The fifty-odd typewritten pages named above are too short for the kind of book that's expected of me, but with "Thurso's Landing" I'm afraid they'll make a very long book for spring; but perhaps we can omit something and save it for next time.

We enjoyed exceedingly Horace Liveright's too-brief visit here. He is delightful, and seemed to have a good time. You'd have liked to see him helping my wife and me shell the peas for dinner!

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

(P. S. over the page) ♦

P. S. I think my book manuscripts have been about 130 typed pages usually. If you wanted two volumes for the spring you could make them with "Descent to the Dead" + "Resurrection" + "Margrave" = about 705 pages for one, and "Thurso's Landing" for the other. But of course you don't want two volumes.

Yours,
R. J.

ALS. Santa Barbara. 3 pages.

RJ to Donald Friede

Tor House, Carmel, California.

August 20, 1931.

Dear Donald Friede:

I'm sorry not to have answered more promptly. Your proposal rather tempted me, (although there was clearly too much of it) and I took a few days to think it over, and then a few more days because it is almost impossible for me to sit down and answer a letter.

It was kind of you to think of it, but I can see that I haven't any time for translation. And I'm afraid the majority of Greek tragedies would make tiresome reading, some of them must have been dull even to their authors.

I'd like to have seen you when we came home from Ireland, but we weren't in New York long enough to see anybody. I expect it will be two or three years before we go again; maybe you'll be in California sometime? I'd love to take you a drive along our twisty coast-road, as I did Horace Liveright when he visited us a couple of months ago.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 1 page.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

R. D. 1. Box 36
September 9. 1931

Dear Mr. Cerf:

I sent back the {corrected} proofs of “Descent to the Dead” yesterday by insured mail. We think the make-up very good. It will be a beautiful book.—Either the white or gray paper is excellent—with a leaning to the gray if you are certain that the gray has no look of *affectation*. The red scallop isn't good I am glad you will take it away,—but the color *is* good for initial letters.

Will you kindly note my order for seven copies of this book, in addition to author's copies, to be sent as soon as published.

You were sweet to suggest a Christmas book—and we answer “The Complete Poetry & Selected Prose of John Donne”

1 unless by any chance you have any remaining copies of “The Winding Stair”

2 and they are not worth their weight in gold.

With kindest good wishes,
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

1. John Donne, *Complete Poetry and Selected Prose*, edited by John Hayward (London: Nonesuch, 1929; New York: Random House, 1930).

2. W. B. Yeats, *The Winding Stair* (New York: Fountain Press, 1929). This signed, limited edition book was distributed in America by Random House.

UJ to Jake Zeitlin

{Copy}

September 18. 1931.

Dear Mr. Zeitlin,

Since you say in your letter of Sept. 12. that you sent out only two copies of the letter in your possession written by Robinson Jeffers {in 1913}, someone in your office must be busy peddling copies. Our friend Herbert Heron of the Seven Arts was our informant. He came to us at once of course, when the copy was sent by your office to him. I have rumors of other copies but will not go into the matter further now. We are amazed that Mrs. Nash's heirs should have authorized the sale of this letter.

1 We do not feel like putting ourselves under obligation by asking them to request you to return it until we are in communication with them, {& hear their explanations.} Lincoln Steffens spoke to us about the copy you sent his wife, Ella Winter.

Very sincerely

Una Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. Melissa Nash, Jeffers' landlady and friend when he lived in Hermosa Beach, died September 5, 1929.

UJ to Edward Weston

{Copy}

Sept 18. 1931

Dear Weston:

Forgive my troubling an already overworked man. When you write your friend Mr. McGehee

I do you mind asking him to bundle up & send by express C.O.D. the papers and mss. belonging to Robinson Jeffers which he found at Mrs. Nash's I have no hesitation in asking him since he expressed his willingness to give them to us when he was here and they have no pecuniary value since he could not sell them legally, and Robin assures me they have no legal {literary} value. You can understand it would be unpleasant to have one's early efforts in composition floating about.

Thanks for bothering

Yours ever cordially

Una J.

ALS. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. Ramiel McGehee (1882–1943), a close friend of Edward Weston (see references in *The Day-books of Edward Weston, Volume II: California*), was born Clarence McGehee. According to a biographical portrait published in the July 19, 1929 issue of the *Carmel Pine Cone*, pages 10–11, a Persian friend renamed him “Ramiel,” meaning “universal mind.” McGehee was a dancer, writer, and editor who traveled widely, especially in the Far East. His study of Japanese language and culture included training as a Buddhist monk at the Hasedera monastery in Kamekura. Ruth St. Denis, an intimate companion, was among those who benefited from his understanding of eastern dance. In later life, McGehee lived

in Redondo Beach, California. Publications, as editor, include *Books and Typography Designed by Merle Armitage* (1938) and *“Fit for a King”: The Merle Armitage Book of Food* (1939).

RJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House, Carmel, California
September, 1931.

Dear Mr. Powell:

I am very sorry not to have answered sooner. Your paper is study is most interesting and well thought—I could say scholarly too if you were writing about a dead author’s work.

Your questions: Yes, I read—one could hardly say studied—several works of and about Freud and Jung, and found the first one rather ridiculous, but changed my mind. That was probably in 1914 or so. I still think that Freud pioneered a new sort of knowledge, however limited or fanciful its later developments. The use of incest as a symbol is no doubt connected with those dream-studies, but I think an earlier reading of Shelley and Byron had something to do with it. In “Manfred”, {and “The Cenci”} it is only a sin, but it {elsewhere in} Shelley’s poetry it seems to be a more or less conscious symbol of human love, reckless and comprehensive, (as in “Laon and Cythna”).

About the racial memories in Tamar’s dream and Vasquez’s visions I know but little. Images and thoughts come to a writer’s mind, and those that seem not too inappropriate to the story are let into it.

This was begun a good while ago and has been lying around. I'll try to finish.

I shouldn't like to generalize on the subject of Vasquez's chastity resulting in impotence of in relation to life: a good deduction, but not universal. His fear of any thought that ♦ might threaten it, would be sterilizing certainly.—The "golden mean" is certainly the best counsel: I shouldn't say the "man's only salvation"—there are many salvations—(if any!),—as Blake wrote "If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise."

1

The idea of Time as another dimension of space is familiar of course to modern mathematics. I read and was much interested in Dunne's "Experiment with Time,"

2 but have never found satisfactory verification, in my own experience at least. But it seems most reasonable that the future is there already.

I feel for much in Oriental thought, though I don't enjoy reading any Oriental book except the bible. But the Indian feeling that the world is illusory and the soul—The *I*—makes it, is very foreign to me. The world seems to me immeasurably the more real. Am I wrong in thinking that the Oriental mystic identifies the world with himself, and my "Orestes" identified himself with the world? The former imposes a human mind on an imaginary world—attributes to it his own "love," for instance, or desire of love; the latter let in the inhuman mind of the world (Deus sive natura) {Spinoza's phrase}

3 to obliterate his human one.

Looking again at your “Study”, it seems to me that my answers, as above, are rather oblique and unsatisfactory. I am always occupied with new work, and my recollections of the thoughts in former poems must be very imperfect, without the expenditure of more attention than I have time for now. *En effet*, I imagine that you know more about them than I do. Certainly I have nothing to take exception to in your “Study”; it is most intelligent, and flatteringly attentive. Let me wish you good luck, and thank you sincerely for sending me the copy. I’ll try to answer more promptly if you write again.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages. Postmark: October 6, 1931.

1. From “Proverbs of Hell” in *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1790–1793) by William Blake.

2. J. W. Dunne, *An Experiment with Time* (New York: Macmillan, 1927). John William Dunne (1875–1949) was a British aeronautical engineer and physicist whose examination of dreams led to a theory of non-linear time and multi-dimensional reality. Additional books include *The Serial Universe* (1934), *The New Immortality* (1938), and *Nothing Dies* (1941).

3. Baruch Spinoza (1632–1677) argued that “God” and “nature” are two names for the same reality. *Deus sive natura*: Latin for “God or nature.”

UJ to Sydney Alberts

[October 1931]

1

II *Carmel Cymbal*. (I will add date if I cant find it. July 13, 1926

2

II Between 1903–1905 (probably 1904)—not a prize poem but the first poem he received pay for—not *Vulture* but the *Condor*.

3

III Prefer to omit.

4

IV He concluded it was an unnecessarily explosive word

5

V I sent it. We are hazy about the dust wrapper. Mr. Robinson had written that sentence in a letter of acknowledgement & we had shown it to the publisher.—but we didnt know whether permission to use this had been asked of ♦ Mr. Robinson & felt uncomfortable to see it on the dust wrapper. We cannot remember whether I wrote to Boni & Liveright about it or not—I *think* I did. The book I sent was of course the first edition of *Tamar*

6

Before I post this today I will stop at the village newspaper and look at the old file of Carmel Cymbals (if there is one)—If I do not add the date probably you will have to date *Compensation* Spring 1926—for the “Cymbal” was short lived and changed into the “Carmelite” I don’t think the life

of the Cymbal was more than a year and I can locate it {{(Compensation)}} definitely as before June 1926.

Did I send you one of the old (1928) special {Jeffers} edition no. of the “Carmelite”? Besides the material of interest about R. J. it might be of especial interest to people now that Steffens’ biography is being read so much

7 for this number was edited by Mrs. Lincoln Steffens (Ella Winter) aided by Lincoln S—.

With best wishes from us both
Una Jeffers

ALS. Occidental and San Francisco. 2 pages.

1. Alberts sent Jeffers a two-page typed letter, dated October 5, 1931, which contains a number of questions concerning Jeffers’ early publications. At some time, the two pages of the letter became separated. Page 1 is located in the Jeffers archives at Occidental College; page 2 is at the University of San Francisco.

Una placed Roman numerals in the left margin of Alberts’ letter, opposite his questions, and supplied corresponding answers in the space following his signature. She then returned the letter to Alberts.

2. Una marked Alberts’ first question “I.” Her answer, however, is mistakenly marked “II.” The question concerns the first place of publication for “Compensation.”

3. In his second question, Alberts asks if a poem titled “The Vulture” did in fact win a *Youth’s Companion* publication prize in 1901, as George Sterling suggested.
4. Alberts wants information concerning the number of copies printed in every edition of all of Jeffers’ books in order to show increasing interest as reflected by sales.
5. The first privately printed version of “An Artist” is slightly different from the version printed in *Cawdor*. Why, Alberts asks, did Jeffers substitute “woman” for “whore” in the phrase “a woman of the town”?
6. The dust wrapper on the first edition of *Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems* bears an endorsement by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Why was it omitted from subsequent editions, Alberts wonders, and who sent Robinson a copy of the book in the first place?
7. *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*, published in two volumes by Harcourt, Brace in April 1931, was a non-fiction best seller.

UJ to Sara Bard Field

[October 11, 1931]
Saturday

Sara dearest:

How are you on your hill of Paradise? This is just a note today to say that I agree with you its time for Robin to pay his respects at your door—so if sometime when you both are

quite well and you feel fairly comfortable about Kay—if you’ll send me a line we’ll drive up on a Saturday for a few hours. Dont let this be a bother—I know how people besiege you—wait for a *still* moment in your lives! How *is* Kay—tell her for her comfort that Gabrielle Kuster—after a *horrid* pregnancy, spending more than half the time in bed, with ice packs and so on at intervals,—tell her ♦ after all that and all our worries, she had an easy labor and a fine healthy child!—And hug Kay for me!

1

Stef I believe has started off a lecturing—he looks well and happy,—but perhaps you’ve seen him on the way. He came for lunch a week ago with the Hastings whom we see often and find great dears. They are living in a wee old house up a cañon off the Carmel Valley on the back of the Gordon Moore Ranch—with five chairs and a table—(and a Filipino cook who can roast a duck admirably)—This house is supposed to be the one, they said, where Robert Louis Stevenson stayed when, in his letters home, he spoke of himself as ♦ “away on a lonely goat ranch in the Santa Lucia Hills.”

2—I happened to verify this yesterday. Miss Frances Taylor
3 was here for tea (do you know her?—old San Francisco family—she lives part of the time at the *Fairmont*
4 and partly here in Carmel)—She said that in 1887 she was staying in Pacific Grove for the sake of her father, who had to be out of town.—She went on a wild jaunt with some people to a lonely ranch house and stayed with the rancher there who kept goats. (This very house of the Hastings). She said to the farmer—“You cant see many people away off here?” and he said “Very few but not very long ago I had such a nice young

man here for some time—I found him on the road ♦ bleeding from the lungs and I’ve had experience with that back in New England, so I took him in and kept him quiet and fed him up on goats’ milk. His name was Robert Louis Stevenson.” Miss Taylor said at that time she had scarcely heard of him and didnt inquire any further.

You are loyal dears—Robin is embarrassed to publish a *thin* expensive book! (There are only about fifty pages)—but he had promised this to Random House several years ago and had arranged with Liveright to be allowed to do so. So he chose these Irish things for the edition and said “I don’t suppose very many people will be interested in hearing about these old graves and old old stones!” But *I* think they will be liked. Yesterday he finished a long poem to be published in the spring by Liveright. He ♦ has still to work on it.

5

Boys are off learning to play polo. They are riding three days a week with their friend Lloyd Tevis

6 on some Tevis horses. O dear that sounds so grown up.

Yesterday interesting mail—two interesting photographs from Edna Millay,—quite lovely ones!—and a most exquisite edition of John Donne from the Nonesuch Press. (present from Random House) Id love it for its incredibly lovely peacock blue leather cover and its *perfect* shape & fatness—even if it didnt contain—“O death be not proud!”—(isn’t that *fine!*)—and “get with child a mandrake root.”—!

Here are the boys and Robin trailing after so ♦ I must stop and listen to their prowess!

Tell Erskine I particularly send him my love—there arn't many men I care so much for!

And for you dear Sara—a heartfelt, from

Una.

7

ALS. Huntington. 6 pages. Letterhead (embossed): Hawk Tower. Postmark: October 11, 1931.

1. Sara's daughter, Katherine "Kay" Caldwell, was pregnant with Sara Field Caldwell, born February 1, 1932.

2. Stevenson refers to this experience in several letters written in September and October, 1879. See *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*, edited by Bradford A. Booth and Ernest Mehew, volume 3: August 1879–September 1882 (New Haven, Conn. and London: Yale University Press, 1994): 12–17.

3. Frances Easton Taylor (1866–1943), originally from San Mateo, California, was the independently wealthy daughter of Edward Taylor and Fanny (Easton) Taylor. The Taylor and Easton families were affiliated with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Frances Taylor's first cousin, Ansel Easton, was the uncle (by marriage) and namesake of photographer Ansel Easton Adams.

4. The Fairmont Hotel, a deluxe hotel located on Nob Hill in San Francisco.

5. Jeffers was in the process of finishing *Thurso's Landing*.

6. Lloyd Pacheco Tevis, Jr. (1916–2002) was the same age as Garth and Donnan and one of their closest friends. His lifelong interest in the natural world led to a career in scientific research with the University of California. In later years, he served as the manager and resident field biologist of the Philip L. Boyd Deep Canyon Research Center in Palm Desert, California. Tevis was the author of numerous scientific papers and the co-author of two books, *The Dusky-Footed Wood Rat* (1951) and *California Grizzly* (1955), both published by the University of California Press.

One of Tevis' great-grandfathers was Romauldo Pacheco (1831–1899), the twelfth governor of California. Another was Lloyd Tevis (1824–1899), a pioneer attorney and businessman who was president of Wells, Fargo & Company from 1872 to 1892, vice president of Southern Pacific Railroad, and a partner in cattle-raising and mining ventures involving hundreds of thousands of acres of land.

7. A few days before writing this letter to Sara, Una wrote to Timmie and Maud Clapp. Her October 6, 1931 letter (ALS Yale), not used in this edition, is similar in content, except for the following anecdote.

Its a sweet gray afternoon—I've been sitting on a little bench oin the sea window w {seat} mending things—many dire black cormorants on the rocks a few enormous pelicans come heavily to rest and our own pigeons {are} mingling with the sea gulls on the cliff. Robin is laying a stone doorstep by the sea door of the dining room. Under my window here by the desk a continual struggle.—The boys hatched out eight wee bantam chickens—then because they felt sorry for two other hens who had had to sit on glass eggs, they divided the chicks

between the 3 hens. You cant conceive what trouble this has caused—such hen fights—almost to the death. Whenever the fights begin the tiny atoms go & hide under the lavender & sweet alyssum. We waste *hours* just watching—

UJ to Albert Bender

[October 22, 1931]

Thursday.

Our dear Albert—

Those are beautiful pewter jars and you are the kindest of friends to give them to us and as for the book check—you are the most loyal upholder of literature I know!

Robin sits here by my side busily typing ms. for his spring book which I think will be called *Thurso's Landing*. (Thurso is a name he got up near John O' Groat's Scotland. Its a strong downright name)

1

Its a gray day—(Oh we pray for rain!) gray sea gray rocks—a gray gov't cutter on along our coast searching for bodies from a boat lost yesterday in a gray sea—

2 Black cormorants flying low overhead a striking scene—and we send our warm love to you.

Una.

ALS. Mills. 1 page. Letterhead (embossed): Hawk Tower.

1. Thurso, in the county of Caithness, is mainland Scotland's northernmost town. The name has a Viking origin, deriving from the Norse for "Thor's River."

2. On Wednesday, October 21, a woman scanning the ocean with binoculars spotted a boat in trouble about two miles out from Carmel Bay. She, her daughter, and a friend watched the boat fill with water, upend, and sink, leaving three men struggling in the waves. The women immediately called for help, but the victims were not found. See "Trio Feared Drowned in Carmel," *San Francisco Chronicle* (October 22, 1931): 1.

Drownings occurred regularly along the Carmel shore. The day after this letter was written, two fishermen lost their lives at Point Lobos. One was swept off a rock by a large wave; the other died trying to save him.

RJ to Edna St. Vincent Millay

October 31, 1931.

1

Dear Miss Millay:

You'll think we are pigs, I'm afraid, but the photographs are too lovely to admit of returning either one, and we're very grateful for them. They're not needed, though, as reminders of your visit here, that is fresher in memory than yesterday. I wish it could be hoped for again. But perhaps we may return it a couple of years from now. When our sons struggle out of high-school we'll probably go to Ireland again, or Greece or somewhere, between high school and college for

a year, and going or coming perhaps we might see you and Eugen and the farm

2 and the orchard and the famous bull. We'd be glad.

May I congratulate you on "Fatal Interview."

3 I read it a good while ago, and wanted to tell you, but I never can write a letter. It seems to me your finest book hitherto, and that is to say flamelike and powerful and very sweet, with the charm that is felt and not described, any more than a beautiful face or fragrance can be. It is yours, no one else has it. Please give our love to Eugen; and thank you for the pictures.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. L Congress. 1 page.

1. A loose envelope in the Millay archives, which probably contained this letter, is postmarked November 2, 1931; the envelope is addressed by Una.

2. Edna and her husband Eugen Boissevain lived at Steepletop, a woodland farm in Austerlitz, New York, near the Berkshire Mountains.

3. Edna St. Vincent Millay, *Fatal Interview* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1931)—a collection of sonnets.

RJ to Witter Bynner

October, 1931.

Dear Witter Bynner:

I am very sorry not to have written sooner. It is constitutional.

Thank you very much for sending me "Eden-Tree".

1 I read it with admiration for its continuity, its courage, the pageant of varied scenery and the splendid lines. A fine summing up of experience. "Indian Earth" was a beautiful book too.

2 I appreciated especially the Mexican poems, the ones of Chapala,

3 like Greek epigrams.

Something interrupted me, and now I see this paper has lain so long that it is covered with dust and ashes, so I'll send it off before worse happens to

it. Think of me as one of those friendly natural objects like a tree outside the window, that hasn't much means of communication but all it has is well intended.

Sincerely,

Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Harvard. 1 page. Postmark: November 2, 1931.

1. Witter Bynner, *Eden Tree* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1931).

2. Witter Bynner, *Indian Earth* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1929).

3. Chapala, a village in the central Mexican state of Jalisco on the shore of Lake Chapala, held special significance for

Bynner. With his companion Spud Johnson, he first visited the area in 1923 while traveling with D. H. and Frieda Lawrence. He returned regularly throughout his life.

RJ to Craven Betts

Tor House, Carmel, California
November 1, 1931.

My dear Mr. Betts:

1

Thank you for your letter. Of course I should like to see you, and I hope you will come in here if business or pleasure bring you this way. I am almost always at home after four; if your convenience should bring you earlier in the afternoon, perhaps it might be safer to send a postal card beforehand, so that I might be sure to be here. I would ask you to let me call on you if there were any likelihood of my being in Santa Cruz, but for the present I'm afraid there is not.

The "castle" is only a little house with a low tower beside it, but I made them with my hands and brought up the stones from the sea with my wheel-barrow, so that they have taken as long to build as if they were a castle, and they ought to be one if Miss Millay says so.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Long Beach. 1 page.

1. Craven Langstroth Betts (1853–1941), a native of New Brunswick, Canada, moved from New York to Santa Cruz, California in 1931. His work in book publishing and sales provided the basis for a secondary career as a writer. Publications include *Songs of Béranger*, a translation of poems by Pierre Jean de Béranger (1888); *The Perfume Holder: A Persian Love Poem* (1891); *Selected Poems of Craven Langstroth Betts* (1916); and *The Two Captains: At Longwood, At Trafalgar* (1921).

RJ to Thomas R. Smith

Tor House, Carmel, California.
November 18, 1931.

Dear Mr. Smith:

I am not at all satisfied to wait nearly a year from now Before the publication of “Thurso’s Landing;” that would be three years between books, for “Descent to the Dead” is not more than a pamphlet in length.

I want “Thurso’s Landing” to be published promptly, partly because it seems to me the best thing I have written yet and I don’t want it lying around so long; partly because too long a vacation is not good advertising; partly because the royalties on a new book would be of some use to me; my income has been cut a little, like other people’s, while taxes increase.

So let me suggest you publish “Thurso’s Landing” in the spring, without the shorter narrative poems, which might distract attention from it, but with a dozen short poems of a page or so each. “Thurso’s Landing” is 127 pages of

typewriting, and with the short poems would make a book considerably longer than the "Dear Judas" volume.

In the fall you would be free to publish "Descent to the Dead", with "Resurrection," "Margrave," and a longer narrative poem that I would have ready by that time. This again would make a book longer than the "Dear Judas" volume.

But if you prefer not to undertake a book of mine for next spring, I think you should agree to my putting "Thurso's Landing" at least in other hands. It oughtn't to be held up so long, and I have reason to think I could place it quickly. I'd be sorry, but it seems unfair to delay it excessively.

Please let me hear from you on this subject as soon as you can conveniently.

Thank you very much for "Mourning Becomes Electra." I have of course the greatest admiration for Eugene O'Neill, and shall read eagerly.

1

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

P. S. I know the market is bad, and probably will be next spring, but you will have a spring list just the same.

Best wishes.
R. J.

TLS. Berkeley. 1 page.

1. Eugene O'Neill (1888–1953), American playwright, won the 1936 Nobel Prize in Literature. His *Mourning Becomes Electra: A Trilogy* was published by Liveright in 1931.

UJ to Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Tor House

November 30, 1931

Dearest Sara & Erskine—

Do you recall Llewellyn Powys' deep dread of Africa (in "Black Laughter")

1 when he was left on his uncle brother's ranch while his brother went to war?—It won't be lessened now by what happened to his nephew.

2 I wonder whether you read Theodore's things "Black Bryony"

3 etc. In some ways he has the most curious talent of any of the family.—I think I asked you and you said "no" if you'd read Llewellyn's "*Skin for Skin*."

4 Please do. It's very short and {a} very powerful bit of autobiography and aside from its value as a *story*—his description of his family is too good to be missed.—

5

We've just reread Erskine's *Poems from the Ranges*—You done such good things in it! ♦

I hope you two are well—if you are then you are perhaps feeling as I do these cold days bounding & exuberant! I never never was intended to be in any hot mild place—

We've had a thrilling all day very difficult tramp back into the hills to a hidden Indian cave long heard of vaguely where there are hundreds of hands painted—queer skeletoney hands—an extraordinary sight with bones cut off straight at the wrist.—

6 Do you, Erskine, know of anything like that? I am told there is a cave of that kind near Sheridan, Wyoming.—There were many mortars in the rocks. One big one {rock} had eighteen in a group.

Noël sang beautifully Sat. night but was very agitated by the severe illness of his aunt.

7 (*He* sang a poem of Sara's & Ella Youngs & George Sterling's & Edwin Markham I saw him afterward. He was returning to S. F. immediately.

Our dear love to you both.

Faithfully
Una.

ALS. Huntington. 2 pages.

1. Llewelyn Powys, *Black Laughter* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1924).

2. An arrow points to a clipping from the London *Daily Mail* dated by Una October 31, 1931. The dispatch from Kenya reports on the death of Theodore Powys, son of Theodore Francis Powys, who rode off alone from the farm of Lady Eleanor Cole where he was studying agriculture. After his horse returned without him, searchers found his body “partly devoured by lions.”

3. Theodore Powys, *Black Bryony* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1923).

4. Llewelyn Powys, *Skin for Skin* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1925).

5. The Powys family was composed of Rev. Charles Francis Powys, vicar of Montacute, his wife Mary, and their eleven children. Raised to revere nature and to stand on their own as individuals, many of the children developed striking intellectual and creative gifts. John Cowper Powys (1872–1963), Theodore Francis Powys (1875–1953), and Llewelyn Powys (1884–1939) distinguished themselves as writers. Littleton (1874–1955) and Philippa (1886–1963) were writers as well, while Gertrude (1877–1952) was a noted painter, Albert (1881–1936) was an architect, and Marian (1882–1972) was an authority on lace.

6. An area called the Church Creek Rockshelter, located in the Ventana Wilderness a few miles northwest of the Tassajara Hot Springs, contains a cave once used by Esselen Indians. The shallow sandstone overhang is decorated with over two hundred painted images of hands. Jeffers describes the site in “Hands,” first published in *Dear Judas and Other Poems* (1929).

7. Noël Sullivan’s aunt, Mary Louise Phelan (1864–1933), was a San Francisco philanthropist. Socially active for much of her life, Mary grew increasingly withdrawn in her later years. Her despondency worsened after the death of her brother, Senator James D. Phelan, in 1930.

RJ to Thomas R. Smith

Carmel, California.
December 2, 1931.

Dear Mr. Smith:

Thank you for your most obliging letter, which came yesterday, and for the check in advance of royalties. The latter was not really needed quite yet, but was kindly thought, and it would seem an affectation to return it.

I will send you the manuscript in a week or less, and hope you'll have good luck with it sometime next spring.

As for the other, {(Descent to the Dead)} I signed the pages quite a while ago, and surely it will be out before the end of this month, but anyhow soon enough for our use in the fall.

O'Neill's Electra is very fine, his greatest play, and therefore no doubt the greatest of our time. Thank you again for sending it.

My recent letter seems to me to have been a little petulant, in view of your kindness, but I do think it is wiser to publish "Thurso's Landing" in the spring, and shall send it on in a few days.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Virginia. 1 page.

RJ to Albert Mordell

Carmel, California.
December 2, 1931.

Dear Mr. Mordell:

1

I am not conscious of any influence of Whittier's work on mine. I enjoyed some of his poems when I was a boy, and remember them with pleasure. They were not a part of my school-work.

Whitman's verses were never pleasing to me, and so far as I know have not influenced me.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Pennsylvania. 1 page. Postmark: December 3, 1931.

1. Albert Mordell (1885–1965) was an attorney and writer who lived in Philadelphia. His books include *The Shifting of Literary Values* (1912), *The Erotic Motive in Literature* (1919), and *Quaker Militant: John Greenleaf Whittier* (1933).

UJ to Milton Abernethy

December 4. 1931

Dear Mr Abernethy:

1

I wish I could extract little poems from Robinson Jeffers—as easily as our friend Erskine Wood seems to think. The truth is

he doesn't throw off *occasional pieces* lightly as one expects a poet to do by the way, and I've been compelled to write many and many a refusal to editors nearer home. I'll remember *Contempo* and if it can be done send you something later. We've enjoyed reading it—You published in your last number the best article (amongst so many!) that has come to my notice about “Mourning becomes Electra.”

2

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers

ALS. Chapel Hill. 1 page. Letterhead (embossed): Hawk Tower.

1. Milton Avant Abernethy (1911–1991) was the principal editor of *Contempo: A Review of Books and Personalities*, a small but influential journal published in Chapel Hill, North Carolina from 1931 to 1934. Contributors to the journal included William Faulkner, Langston Hughes, Aldous Huxley, James Joyce, Luigi Pirandello, Ezra Pound, and William Carlos Williams.

2. Barrett H. Clark, “Mourning Becomes Electra,” *Contempo* 1, 13 (December 1, 1931): 2.

RJ to Thomas R. Smith

Carmel, California.
December 16, 1931.

Dear Mr. Smith:

I am sending the manuscript of “*Thurso’s Landing and Other Poems*” by mail to-day, and hope you will think it is interesting.

In my “Cawdor” volume there are some verses (page 144) called “Bixby’s

Landing”: that is the real name of the headland that I have called *Thurso’s Landing* in the present poem. The place is not going to be so solitary in future, because the grand new coast-road that is being built will run out there, and throw a steel bridge across the gorge where the cable that is described in my verses used to hang.

I have added “Margrave” and a number of short pieces to “*Thurso’s Landing*”; these *could* be saved for the volume we plan to publish in the fall if you think the long poem would be better alone; but I am sure there will be plenty of material for the fall volume without them.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

The piece called “New Mexican Mountain” was in the *Saturday Review*, but I don’t suppose acknowledgment is required. It is the only thing in the book that has been printed before—so it would be better to omit it than to print acknowledgement.

1

Yours,
R. J.

TLS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. The postscript is handwritten.

RJ to Frederic Prokosch

Carmel, California
December [22], 1931.

Dear Mr. Prokosch:

1

Thank you truly for sending me the copy of “A Passenger to Asia.”

2 The poems and pictures too have a visionary beauty, and bear witness to real talents. It was kind of you to give me this one copy out of three.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page. Postmark: December 22, 1931.

1. Frederic Prokosch (1908–1989), American poet and novelist. Prokosch obtained a Ph.D. from Yale University and taught briefly at Yale, New York University, and the University of

Rome, but most of his career was devoted to writing. His first book, *The Asiatics* (published in 1935, when Prokosch was twenty-seven), tells the story of a young man’s journey from Lebanon to China. Filled with vivid evocations of people and landscapes, the best-selling novel is regarded as an extraordinary feat of imagination, for Prokosch had never been to the places he describes. Additional books include *The Seven Who Fled* (1937), *Death at Sea* (1940), *A Tale for*

Midnight (1955), *The Missolonghi Manuscript* (1968), and *Voices: A Memoir* (1983). A biography titled *Frederic Prokosch* (1964) was written by Radcliffe Squires, a Jeffers scholar.

2. Prokosch's early interest in fine printing led to a series of pamphlets containing his own work and that of others. Collectors later referred to the pamphlets as Butterfly Books because some were bound with colorful, marbled wrappers. *A Passenger to Asia* (1930) contains poems by Prokosch along with his own pen-and-ink and watercolor illustrations.

RJ to Frederic I. Carpenter

Carmel, California.
December [22], 1931.

Dear Mr. Carpenter:

1

I am a bad letter-writer, and should have thanked you more promptly for sending me your pamphlet on Jonathan Edwards.

2 I read it with much interest, and some profit, learning things that were new to me, and feeling a new sympathy toward your subject. Your references to my verses were both kindly and discerning, but thank you also for the whole essay.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Berkeley. 1 page. Postmark: December 22, 1931.

1. Frederic Ives Carpenter, Jr. (1903–1991), an educator, editor, and author, obtained an A.B. and M.A. from Harvard University and a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago. He served as the editor of the *New England Quarterly* from 1929 to 1937. In 1946 Carpenter began teaching at the University of California, Berkeley, but he resigned in 1951 in protest against signing a loyalty oath. He remained a research associate at the university until 1971. Among his books are *Emerson and Asia* (1930); *American Literature and the Dream* (1955), which contains a chapter on Jeffers; *Robinson Jeffers* (1962); *Eugene O'Neill* (1964); and *Laurens Vand der Post* (1969). Carpenter also wrote essays titled “The Values of Robinson Jeffers,” *American Literature* 11 (January 1940): 353–366, and “Robinson Jeffers Today: Beyond Good and Evil,” *American Literature* 49 (March 1977): 86–96.

2. Frederic I. Carpenter, “The Radicalism of Jonathan Edwards,” *New England Quarterly* 4 (October 1931): 629–644.

RJ to Edgar Lee Masters

Carmel, California.
December, 1931.

Dear Masters:

I am sorry not to have written sooner; “Godbey” did not arrive for some days after your letter, and I wanted to read it thoroughly.

1 It is an extraordinary book; into which a powerful and passionate mind has poured hope and despair and indignation, poetry and allegory, personal and public satire and reckless

fantasy, prophecy and physiology and politics, so that the Faustian vase cracks with its contents. The fantastic form fits this fantastic time; I am not sure that it fits altogether the powerful sincerity of your thought; but I don't know of any other that could hold in summation all that you have to pour into it. Thank you very much for having the book sent to me.

We go on as usual here. Our handsome sons have grown half way through high-school, and my trees are growing, and the house has grown a stone room or two since you were here, but the world's vanities increase faster than ours do.

We hope you are well and prospering. Mrs. Jeffers wants to send affectionate respects to you.

Yours always,
Robinson Jeffers.

TLS. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. Edgar Lee Masters, *Godbey: A Dramatic Poem* (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1931).

RJ to Roi Partridge

Tor House, Carmel
January 2, 1932.

Dear Mr. Partridge:

1

We were surprised and delighted by the gift of your etching of the house. The firmness and delicacy of your drawing

make us even better pleased than we were before, to live here. It seems strange that we didn't see you at work on the point below—we're always looking out the windows.—and often see artists—but none in that direction. Do stop in, if you come this way again, and let us thank you.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Melzer. 1 page.

1. Roi Partridge (1888–1984), an American etcher and illustrator born in the Pacific Northwest, studied art in Munich and Paris prior to the outbreak of World War I. He married photographer Imogen Cunningham (1883–1976) in 1915; the couple divorced in 1934. From 1920 to 1954 Partridge was a member of the art faculty at Mills College in Oakland, California; for a portion of that time, he also served as the director of the Mills College Gallery. His gift to Robinson and Una, which still hangs at Tor House, is reproduced in *The Graphic Art of Roi Partridge: A Catalogue Raisonné* by Anthony R. White (Los Angeles: Hennessey & Ingalls, 1988): 300–301.

UJ to Albert Bender

Thursday night
January 7. 1932

Dearest Albert—

It was very unbusiness-like to send back the “Colophon” {we agreed that it is a very fine thing.}

1 without a note but I was eager to get it back quickly & safely and hoped to write very soon. I think you may safely tell the “Colophon” that Robin will write the short article they want,—and I will remind him from time to time until it is done—.

2 To people who turn out work at high pressure and one thing after another Robin’s type of mind must seem strange—the reluctance to undertake set tasks (unless he sets them himself). {but} I often fear to push things lest I kill my goose who lays the golden eggs. Magazines *and* magazines (Forum, Bookman Sat. Review of Lit, Nation—etc even the *Cosmopolitan!*) write for poems—and the Examiner editor in S. F. wrote to ask Robin to contribute & “name his own price” to the new literary page. My thrifty soul is grieved that these must all be refused as I have had to do—

Just yesterday the young printer Harry Ward Ritchie who did that Paris printing of Robin’s “Apology for Bad Dreams” {(we sent you a copy)} was here,—the first time we’d seen him. He said ♦ the Colophon editor {Mr. Adler} had talked with him about an article by Robin and spoke of having him design the pages—He said, by the way, that he had found out that somehow a copy of that “Apology” he printed had come up for sale in New York & fetched \$75.00.

You funny & dear Albert—such a loyal friend! to bull the market!

I myself like those Irish poems so much that I have reread them day by day. It is curious how much that dear land means to Robin and how he often says “if we *ever* travel again that’s the only place I’d care to go to—” There is a marvellous bit

of tragedy and history connected with the old chief Sorley
Boy McDonald

3 & Rathlin Island not far from where we lived that *fascinated*
Robin and may come out in time as one of his best things if
he decides on its *form* (this is *just between us* two—he is
bothered if he thinks *any* sthing is being thought about—)

Now kindest friend—with love from all at Tor House.

Faithfully
Una—.

I have *such* a darling little Irish primer with drawings by Jack
Yeats.

4

ALS. Mills. 2 pages. Postmark: January 8, 1932.

1. This interpolation is written in the top margin; a diagonal
line connects it to “Colophon.”

2. *The Colophon: A Book Collector’s Quarterly*, edited by
Elmer Adler, featured essays by noteworthy authors about
their first publications. The series of essays appeared under
the title “Breaking into Print.”

3. Sorley Boy McDonnell.

4. Norma Borthwick, *Ceacht Beaga Gaedhilge / Irish
Reading Lessons*, Books 1–3, illustrated by Jack B. Yeats
(Dublin: Irish Book Company, 1902). Una’s copy of Book 1
is located in the library of Tor House, inscribed “Una Jeffers,
Dublin, 1929.” See Maureen Girard, *The Last Word: A*

Record of the "Auxiliary" Library at Tor House (Carmel: Tor House Foundation, 1998): 11.

Jack Butler Yeats (1871–1957), an artist and writer, was the younger brother of W. B. Yeats (1865–1939).

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

January 7, 1932

Dearest Timmie & Maud:

If you could have seen our surprise & delight when we unwrapped that beautiful book of Irish crosses!—I had hoped to own it sometime but oh very far from now. When you see your friend K. Porter tell him how ardently 'tis read in the far west.

1 Very many of these crosses we know but our technical knowledge is slight and we are absorbing all he says. Next time we shall rerevisit our old ones and seek for others. I can't think of anything I like to do so well, even Robin says "If we should *ever* travel again it will be to Ireland only—" I have a book of *Cornish* crosses by Langdon, pub. in Truro in 1896 which is scarce I believe—they sit together very cheerily.

I hope you received safely the "Descent to the Dead" I sent to Pittsburgh.—It disturbs me that you ♦ leap back and forth so dizzily. I can never say to myself "*There they are!*"

The editor of "Random House" wrote me that the entire edition of "Descent—" was sold out before publication "a record in this worst of all possible years"—I care *very* much

for those Irish things and {but} I am a bit surprised that they are being enthusiastically read by many who expect a different kind of thing from Robin.—

Spectacular waves, almost tidal, one whole day and night last week. Waves washed *over* {across} the road and into the hollow between us and Teddie's,—two hundred feet inland carrying sea-weed, big rocks and drift-wood onto our land. They broke heavy windows in that abominable house seaward from Teddie's and washed into the house, also washed quite away his garden and his piffling plants and his neat little paths. (The coast road was washed out in many places & the Trails Club

2 & houses there cut off for some days. ♦

We {have} had 13.¾ inches rain this season so far as against 2 in. this time last year. California will be very beautiful this spring.—At the proper moment our hollow is like a mille fleur tapestry (close to the ground) sitting in one spot I have counted as many as 23 different kinds of {wild} flowers there within reach.

Here on my desk—I am reading “Corn King & Spring Queen” by Naomi

Mitchison;

3 “The Secret of the Golden Flower” the Chinese Book of Life with comments by Jung.—

4 Alas, I must confess I'm not fond of anything Chinese please dont hate me! Now you'll laugh at the books most often open on my desk—Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border—I wouldnt trade those Scotch ballads for anything—. A whole life & tragedy in a page-long ballad.

I wonder whether you took time to sit through Electra & her Mourning. I love O'Neils doing that even though it isnt quite successful—at least in *reading* it isn't—♦

Boys are riding and jumping with the fascinating Irish major 5—they ride well. They just came back after an exciting time seeing one of the huge wild bull elk over there being harried by an Irish wolfhound on one side & a great Dane on the other clinging with their teeth in his flanks—Mounted cavalry men from the Presidio came & shot them off but it is a thrilling scene by the rough shore in the edge of the forest that wild play.

6

We all love you two—dont forget us!

Faithfully

Una.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages. Postmark: January 8, 1932.

1. Arthur Kingsley Porter, *The Crosses and Culture of Ireland* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1931). This book, which remains in the library at Tor House, is inscribed “Most will be known to you—But for that reason, perhaps the timelier, this token of the affection of Tim and Maud, For Robin and Una and the Gemini. Xmas, 1931.” See Maureen Girard, *The Last Word*, page 104.

2. The Coastland Trails Club (also called the Trail Club of Jolon) owned a cabin built by Sam Trotter on a sea cliff thirty miles south of Carmel. The cabin was later sold to Orson

Welles and Rita Hayworth, who in turn sold it to the Fassett family. The Fassetts built the Nepenthe Restaurant on the site.

3. Naomi Mitchison, *The Corn King and the Spring Queen* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1931).

4. *The Secret of the Golden Flower: A Chinese Book of Life*, translated by Richard Wilhelm with a foreword and commentary by C. G. Jung; English translation by Cary F. Baynes (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1931).

5. Maj. Roland Tredegar Morgan (1885–1955), a prospector, rancher, and baker, was a close friend of the Tevis family. He was born in Northern Ireland.

6. For more information, including peripheral details about Teddie Kuster's dog Aengus, a littermate of the wolfhound involved, see "The Week's Best Dog Story," *The Carmelite* (January 7, 1932): 9.

RJ to Craven Betts

Tor House, Carmel.
January 7, 1932.

Dear Mr. Betts:

I was very glad to hear from you, and, for one {a lesser} reason, because I felt a responsibility in keeping so long the little book that is returned with this. I could remember the street of your address but not the number, and was afraid to direct it too indefinitely. The poems are very fine, the Napoleon more dramatic perhaps, but the Nelson I think

nearer to your natural feeling, and to the reader's admiration. Thank you sincerely for letting me read the book.

1

Please keep the "Dear Judas"; the number of copies is not limited, as of "The Two Captains," so there is no difficulty in replacing it. I wish I had written your name and mine in it, but I am shy of doing such things, unless people ask me, and then it is often a bore.

What you quote from E. A. Robinson's letter interests me much, and is an instance of his kindness.

2 I have the greatest admiration for his classic stability of mind and the dignity with which he bears his fame, as well as for his work. He is one of the very few memorable poets of this country—or this time either.

I was very glad of your visit, and hope cordially to see you again.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Long Beach. 1 page.

1. Craven Langstroth Betts, *The Two Captains: At Longwood, At Trafalgar* (New York: Alfred Allan Watts Company, 1921).

2. Betts and Edwin Arlington Robinson were close friends. Among Robinson's papers in the Houghton Library at Harvard University are nearly 150 letters written by Robinson to Betts between 1900 and 1935.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel.
Jan 13. 1932.

Dear Mr. Alberts—

You will find some answers to questions on your own letter which I return.

1

You probably find the Carmelite hard to deal with. They are unbusinesslike & always on the verge of trouble or dissolution since there is another paper—an older one here in Carmel “The Pine Cone” on a slightly firmer financial basis. The Carmelite is always short-handed & probably has little time for searching for articles. I believe their files very imperfect too. The last Carmelite had a review of *Descent to the Dead* by Gloria Stuart.

2

Some advance information. Knopf is planning to bring out a book of reminiscences on D. H. Lawrence, on Feb 19, by Mabel Dodge (now L married to Antonio Lujan full blooded Pueblo Indian of Taos, New Mexico)—She is rather famous in many ways perhaps you know of her & her salon in New York many years ago.—Really the most amazing & interesting woman I know. Well, she wrote this book as I saw it in manuscript in the form of a {one-sided} conversation with Robinson Jeffers,—in which she attempts to explain Lawrence to Jeffers. (She feels many ♦ points of resemblance between them.)—a picture of Lawrence & one of Jeffers to be included in the book.

3

You will perhaps think I am very vague about many of the things you ask but R. J. himself doesn't take the faintest interest in his work once he has finished it & got it off his mind & I am so busy from day to day that things slip away from me—We have never subscribed to a clipping bureau & see reviews only by chance or the kindness of friends & I have never yet known him to read more than a few lines of any article or review of on him or his work.

Answer G. Didnt give permission to Paul Elder.—

4 probably is the poem of 14 lines called "George Sterling" given to *San Francisco Review* pub. in Nov & Dec. number, 1926. Don't know of any others. {1st line

5 is "I did not meet him in the gleaming years"}

Jeffers' next book *Thurso's Landing* is to be published by Liveright in the spring

You saw the article "Robinson Jeffers, Bard," in magazine of Sigma Chi May–June 1931

6

You know of course The "Robinson Jeffers" by Louis Adamic & "Superman in America" by Benj. de Casseres both Univ. of Washington Chap Book series

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. Alberts' typed letter, dated January 5, 1932, is enclosed. Like others in the collection at Occidental, it contains Una's brief answers to innumerable questions—most of which, in this instance, concern dates and places of publication of Jeffers' poems.

2. Gloria Stuart, "Descent to the Dead: Jeffers' Latest Volume," *The Carmelite* (January 7, 1932): 5. The same issue of *The Carmelite* contains "Antrim," a poem from Jeffers' book, page 7, and "In the Footsteps of Master Printing Craftsman," an article on Ward Ritchie that mentions Jeffers, pages 8–9.

Stuart (1910–2010), born Gloria Francis Stewart, married Gordon Newell, a close friend of Ward Ritchie and Lawrence Clark Powell, in 1930. The couple moved to Carmel, where Newell began his career as a sculptor, and Stuart worked as a staff writer for *The Carmelite*. Newell and Stuart divorced in 1934, when Stuart's life as a Hollywood star was just beginning. Her career as an actress spanned seven decades, culminating in a 1997 Academy Award nomination for her role in *The Titanic*. From 1983 to 1996, Stuart lived with Ward Ritchie. As a result of this association, she added fine printing to her lifelong involvement with the visual arts (having earlier exhibited her work as a painter). Her interest in Jeffers resulted in a deluxe, limited edition book that she designed and printed—*The Inscriptions at Tor House and Hawk Tower* (Los Angeles: Imprenta Glorias, 1988). She mentions this project—and a visit to Tor House when she was married to Newell—in her autobiography, *Gloria Stuart: I Just Kept Hoping* (New York: Little, Brown, 1999).

3. Mabel Dodge Luhan, *Lorenzo in Taos* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1932). “Dear Jeffers,” Luhan says in a preface composed as a letter, “This book tries to show you how we felt and acted some years ago.” Addressing Jeffers personally throughout the text, Luhan proceeds to tell him about Lawrence’s sojourn in the southwest. At the close of her narrative, she says, “Well, Jeffers, that is all I have to tell you about Lawrence in Taos. I called him there, but he did not do what I called him to do. He did another thing. Perhaps you are the one who will, after all, do what I wanted him to do: give a voice to this speechless land. Something interfered with Lorenzo’s chance to do that. Perhaps it was because there was too much willfulness and

passion and egotism surrounding him here. The irony of it is that if there is a greater freedom and purity in my wish now, that the life here may become articulate, and that you will be the channel through which it shall speak, it is Lorenzo who released me from my insistent self-will and brought me to the happy immolation that has in it no false desire. You are a clear channel and I think I am become myself a clear one, now, too” (pp. 280–281).

Photographs of Lawrence and Jeffers, both by Edward Weston, open and close the book. Lawrence is facing left and Jeffers is facing right; with Luhan’s text between them, they appear to be regarding each other.

4. The paragraph in Alberts’ letter marked “G” by Una contains a question about “George Sterling,” a poem by Jeffers that appeared in a book sale catalog printed by Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco. Alberts wonders if Elder had permission to print the poem and if other booksellers might have done the same thing.

5. A small arrow is inserted here that points to the sentence concerning “George Sterling” just above.

6. “Robinson Jeffers, Bard,” *The Magazine of Sigma Chi* 50 (May–June, 1931): 292–296.

UJ to Hazel Pinkham

January 26, 1932

Dearest Hazel—

Those grapes were beautiful to see and *eat* and we sent you many an appreciative thought. I intended to write you more promptly but kept thinking I would do it when boys were unoccupied for a moment to send a note to your nice boys telling them the pleasure they had in reading “King Goshawk.”

1 Alas, they are never idle, & their grandmother even has come to hate them for their neglect about letters. During the last five or six months they have ridden a great deal. Lloyd Tevis is their great friend—his uncle

2 has a lot of horses at the Pebble Beach Stables which they ride from two to four times a week. They have gotten to jump very well & ride the small English saddles. Just now they are very busy in school and continue to be on the honor roll. They are both so enthralled with the Biological Laboratory that I begin to think something in that line may be their career. ♦

The Barkans were in Carmel during Christmas week. Adie is going to Thatchers in Ojai—a great success for him.

3 Hans as you know left Otto & has offices at Stanford Hospital which gives him more quiet & easier hours.

He had a really dreadful illness last spring—but he looks so well now and is less nervous than I ever saw him. I love the Barkans!

Robin's new book "Descent to the Dead" was all sold out before publication! It was a very special edition gotten out by Random House—but as a small edition only 500 copies but as it is a very slim {(in size!)} book (only about 35 pages & sold at \$7.50) it was surprising. Random House wrote me "You have no idea what an unusual success this is in this worst of all possible years."—The rights to these poems revert to us in six months so the poems will be republished in onthe next but one of Robins regular books pub. by Liveright. They were written in England & Ireland. Very fine I think. ♦

In the early spring his "Thurso's Landing" will be published by Liveright.

Mabel Dodge Lujan's book on Lawrence "Lorenzo in Taos" will be pub. by Knopf inon Feb 19. It is written as a conversation—a soliquy re solliquy {soliloquy} really by her directed to Robin.

The Kusters progress satisfactorily. Colin the baby is one of the sweetest babies I ever saw. I can't help loving him—and I'm not overly fond of other peoples' babies. His blue eyes have turned brown.

The Clapps were here in the fall. Isn't it satisfactory when people you love get thrillinger & thrillinger as the years pass.—The Clapps do!

Ella Winter (Steffens) is just back from Russia with much to tell. I hear from Percy—dear letters I'm forgetting I didn't love him as much as ever when we met last time. He doesn't tell much about ♦ himself—not concretely. Hints at important changes: perhaps at last Emily intends to divorce him. He confessed to me {in London} his gratitude to her for saving him from a terrible union a few years ago.

A note from Ruth K. at Christmas from Hawaii begging me to write but not telling any news herself except that her mother is with her.

I'd like you to tell me about the Youngs, {& Wells Smith}

4 & Miss Stevens,

5 besides all the Pinkham news. Do you remember Peggy Stowe of Santa Barbara? Married Ned Bruce {the painter}.

6 We have become dear friends. They expected to be here all winter but he had business in Washington D. C. & they may not return. They live mostly near Florence Italy. She is a friend of Harriet Severance.

7 She has great charm and is witty and understanding, & lovely to look at.

Why dont you come up to the game anymore and come driving in at our gate? We are having a winter of wild winds & rains & almost tidal waves and snow on the Santa Lucia hills and everything *too beautiful*—no day is ever long enough here at Tor House.

Our warm love—to all the Pinkhams.

Devotedly

Una.

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages. Letterhead (embossed): Hawk Tower. Postmark: January 26, 1932.

1. Eimar O’Duffy, *King Goshawk and the Birds* (New York: Macmillan, 1926).

2. William “Willie” Saunders Tevis, Jr. (1891–1979), was an aviator and world-ranked polo player. The Western States Trail Ride, called The Tevis Cup, was named by Tevis in honor of his paternal grandfather. The horse and rider endurance race, held annually since 1955, covers 100 miles of rugged terrain in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

3. Adolph “Adi” (pronounced ah’-dee) William Barkan (1917–2008), Hans and Phoebe’s son. The Thacher School was established near Ojai, California in 1889 by Sherman Day Thacher. It continues to provide a college preparatory curriculum along with an emphasis on outdoor activities.

4. J. Wells Smith (1852–1945), a mine owner and operator, and his wife Katherine (Griswold) Smith (1865–1946) purchased the home in Los Angeles where Una and Teddie Kuster lived prior to their divorce.

5. Myra Isobel Osborne Stevens (b. 1881), originally from Cheltenham, England, was employed by the Pinkhams and the Jefferses as a nursemaid when their children were infants. Garth and Donnan called her “Teevie.” Stevens later worked as a nurse at Scripps College.

6. Margaret “Peggy” Stow (1887–1979) grew up on a lemon ranch near Santa Barbara, California. In 1909 she married Edward “Ned” Bruce (1879–1943), an attorney and

businessman with a special interest in the Far East. In 1923 Bruce abandoned his career in trade and devoted himself to art. Six years of work and study in Italy led to national recognition as a painter. In 1933 he proposed and then directed the Public Works of Art Project, a program that played an important role in Roosevelt's New Deal. In time, as the program evolved, Bruce was named chief of the Fine Arts Section of the Public Buildings Administration.

7. Harriett (Severance) Munn (1885–1960), a friend from Una's Los Angeles days. Harriett's grandmother was Caroline Severance (1820–1914), a leading women's rights activist. See "Significant Others: The Defining Domestic Life of Carolyn Seymour Severance" by Diana Tittle, *California History* 88, 1 (2010): 30–52.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

January 27. 1932

Dear Mr. Powell:

Writing for Robinson Jeffers who is too busy for letters just at the moment but begins to feel an answer to yours weighing on his conscience. I will reply to your questions. He says in regard to punctuation—He places his marks to indicate if possible how the lines should be spoken with regard to rhythm & expression with no conscious thought of grammatical divisions.

He believes the judgement of his publishers should be regarded in the matter of number of volumes printed. He has no idea how many without going into elaborate calculations.

He knew in Los Angeles John Stephen McGroarty (author of the Mission Play used annually in Mission Festivals {at San Gabriel chiefly}). McGroarty was affiliated with Grafton Co. and that is how “Flagons and Apples” came into their hands.

No reason at all for Macmillan except that he submitted his ms. to them as to a well-know publishing co. & it was accepted ♦ Several years after “Californians” he submitted ms. to some other publishing co. {(he can’t remember which)} & it was rejected. When he had finished “Tamar” he did not send it to anyone but decided to get it printed himself as cheaply as could be done decently and happened to notice the advertisement of Peter Boyle in the N. Y. Times. Mr. Boyle took a great interest in this poem and as soon as he had read it wrote with great enthusiasm. After it had been printed and had made a “stir” he Boyle brought it to the notice of Horace {Boni &} Liveright who immediately negotiated for the right to it & to any other material R. J. might have on hand. Peter Boyle wrote also and said if Liveright did not take it he would like to republish it in better form at his {own} expense that time.—We have never met Mr. Boyle but our relations with him were most pleasant & he gave us in his letters the impression that of an “original” & a warm lover of literature. I believe he retired soon after our ♦ connection with him & the business was to be taken over by his son. I do not know whether he is living.—

1



Consult “Descendants of W^m & Eliz. Tuttle who came from old to New England in 1635 & settled in New Haven 1639” by Geo. Fred Tuttle, pub by Tuttle & Co. official State Printers, Rutland. Vermont.

& “Fragments of Family & Contemporary History” by T. H. R. Pittsburgh, Printed Printed by Bakewell & Marthens 1867

& “Thomas Robinson & his descendants” by Thomas Hastings Robinson Harrisburg Pub. Co. Harrisburg Pa. ♦

Yale Univ. is built on the old Tuttle Estate.

Philip Robinson (son of Thomas) born about 1698 came to Pennsylvania from the north of Ireland about before 1730. His name appears on the first tax list of Hanover Township, Lancaster Co. (now Dauphin Co.). His father had first settled near Conewago Creek farther East. A fort “Robinson Fort” on his farm defence against Indians.

Scotch Irish from north of Ireland. Calvinist.

MaCCords McCords from Skye, Argyleshire, Scotland originally

Jeffers from {Co.} Monaghan, Ireland. came ov Joseph Jeffers father of W^m Hamilton Jeffers came over. He was married in America. Think he settled first in Ohio.

Rosenberg—a German from the Palatinate who fought in the Revolution. ♦

Robinson Jeffers never considered becoming a minister.

The family moved to Pasadena as to a warm climate for his fathers old age. Lived in P Highland Park a suburb of Occid Los Angeles while attending Occidental. On Shatto Street, L. A & at Hermosa Beach while attending U. S. C.

The family all were in Seattle, Wash. for a year. Later I was with him there for another nine months.

In Hermosa Beach off and on {at intervals} from 1905–1912

His brother did preparatory school work in Switzerland & Germany. {(Geneva, Lausanne, Zürich, Leipsig)}

I took him to Europe the last time—he says thats the only reason.

Very sincerely,
Una Jeffers.

I shall be glad to answer any further questions

Your friend Harry Ritchie called ten days ago, with interesting talk of people & his work.

U. J.

He has promised Colophon to write a short article on his first book {(which he regards as *Tamar*)} It will perhaps be in the next number, if I can hold him to it.

ALS. Occidental. 5 pages. Letterhead (embossed): Hawk Tower.

1. Una draws a line under this paragraph, below which she adds the genealogical chart.

RJ to Una

Tor House, January, 1932.

Verses that I made for Una, with more love than skill, in our cabin in Seattle—by the lake—a raining night in the spring of 1913. Oh—she deserved better.

Robin.

1

Your beautiful mouth was weary {drooped softly}

2 after while

{With kisses} With {Of} all my kisses; and a quiet smile

Sealed it up close, that eager mouth of yours,
That soft {gay} fierce clutching mouth, which more allures
Than any epic lips the poets have praised.
But you were tired of love: so I just raised
The linen cover a little bit {way}, nor gave
Cold air a way to {chance at} that fine skin you have,
But slipped out of the bed, and softly passed
Into our outer chamber.
There I cast
Some wood upon {fagot on} the fire, and poured some wine
In that great {big} {illegible} hammered silver cup of mine—
Your gift to me—and sat down by the hearth
To read and dream.
You had the luckier mirth
Because your happy sleeping dreams came up
From your own heart; but mine out of the cup,
And out of the fire, and from the book I read. . . .

Like fighting drums the big rain overhead
Battered the roof, dancing. Meanwhile our fire ♦
Leaped like a man gone mad with gay desire,
Whose heart's best wish, laughing and imminent,
Calls with great voices {strong tumult}.

I had much content

Because the rain was loud and the fire leaping
So merrily for my joy, while you were sleeping
So happily.

Also the book I read

Was all about the pride of kings long dead,
And all about the {mighty} lust they had of love,
And what great host their swords {hands} made corpses
{carrion} of.

But this was anger to me, that the book

Told of a certain princess {lady}, saying, *She took
All beauty of all the {whole} water-girdled world
To her own self: her hair was sunlight curled:*

*Her breast-tips and her lips {Her bosom tips & lips} had all
the sweet*

Of every flower that breathes the summer heat:

Her blue great {great blue} eyes had all the gracious spell

That makes of heaven one spacious miracle:

Her breath had all the sweet odors of all the air:

And when she died all beauty died with her.

Thus said the book.

But you, under your sheet,

Sleeping, and smiling, {dreaming,} gave the lie to it. ♦

So I was tired of reading—and beside

Was angry at the book because it lied—

But heard with vague pale somnolent delight

The gray rain playing thro' the vacant night

And heard the wind-blown fir-trees round our house, all

[Drinking long draughts of their divine carousal. . . .]

3

Then, when at last I came to you, you smiled

Like any very little helpless child

Who hears a dream, and bends his head to it

On the warm pillow under the white sheet.

TLC and ANS. Tor House. 3 pages.

1. The place and date for this handwritten note appear below Jeffers' signature. The note itself is written on the third page of the manuscript, beneath the last lines of the poem.

2. Jeffers' changes and corrections to the typed poem are handwritten.

3. This line is transcribed as Jeffers first wrote it. Proofreading marks, however, indicate a wish to transpose "Drinking" and "long draughts" and to delete "long." An illegible interpolation also complicates matters. Assuming the illegible word is either "great" or "giant," and changing the capital "D" in "Drinking" to lower case, the final version would then be "{With great} long draughts drinking of their divine carousal." or "{With giant} long draughts drinking of their divine carousal."

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

February 4. 1932

Dearest Mabel—

Your book came yesterday & I have already read it through again and repeat again its a grand book! Its fresh, vibrating,

rushing *instancy* (I know that word is archaic, so but I'm going to rehabilitate it) its sincerity and complete lack of pose & affectation quite aside from the interesting material—and the lyrical quality of the natural scenery, and the clear characterizations {of everybody}!!!. As for Tony he is the great figure, the *base* of things and a genuine gush of affection rose up in me when I gazed at his picture! I don't understand Lawrence but Robin says *he* does completely—so that will be fun to talk over when you come.—With the exception of

Robin I suppose no one writer is capable of taking as little interest {trouble about} in the sale of a book as yourself but *I* want it to go with a bang. I think it will have ♦ a fine sale. Even before the public discovers how thrilling a human narrative it is, a host of people will buy it because of interest in you, another set because of Lawrence & another because Robin seems connected. I've got the 7 Arts

I here to order copies, the Library, Zeitlins Book Shop in Los Angeles, Gelber Lilienthal in S. F. and have mentioned it to dozens of people, besides to various people in the Liveright office & Random House Publishers because I've had many letters to write to them lately. (Robin has just sent back corrected proof for his new {spring} book *Thurso's Landing*)—I ordered five copies which haven't arrived yet. I presume that the one from you they sent is advance. I intend to send one to the Clapps, to Virginia Woolf, Mrs. Vernon Kellogg {Washington D. C.} and Percy Peacock (London)—Also I've gotten the Kusters to order one (They've never bought a copy of anything Robin has ever written!) ♦ All this activity somewhat for love of you but mostly because of the Book itself & to keep my hand in! I'm lending it today to the Hirshbeins

2 who are leaving for Poland in a few day{s}. She is to write some reviews for Continental papers of Robin and your book too. They continue to be thrilling—she particularly (& I've always hated Jews.) She is beautiful like the beautiful Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*.

Peter Steffens was here yesterday—I've seen little of her yet so cant tell you much. She has had a low fever & intestinal infection ever since she arrived & hasn't been to a single house but here—3 times. I've never talked with her alone. Stef's sweet niece Jane Hollister

3 you met, was here. She is much changed more human but a little delicate & wistful—she was so complete & self sufficient—She has been living in Shanghai with her artistically inclined husband—had a baby with terrific pain—now came back to leave it with ♦ her mother in Santa Barbara, go over She starts on Sat. for Switzerland with the Suggets

4 & will meet her husband in Russia where he is arriving via the Trans-Siberian

We've had to stop our Spanish until next long vacation The boys are burdened in school now with other things, but took great interest in the Broadsheets you sent.

Is there a chance of your going to Oaxaca? The excavations at Monte Alban are fascinating.

As yet Robin has written nothing of length about New Mexico—It will come. The period of gestation in him is longer than in an elephant!

I feel in your book as I do in Robins so complete a sense of getting inside your souter casing.—Because of the memoirs, probably there is no one I know so well {as you}—My knowledge of other people is fragmentary. Of you & Robin & myself I have a realization of complete beings, real little cosmoses stepping about.

With much love
Devotedly Una.

Robin joins me {completely} in enthusiasm about “Lorenzo in Taos”

5

Boys are at the top of their class & doing brilliant work in Biology, History & Latin.

6

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. The Seven Arts, a bookshop and gallery owned by Herbert Heron, was located on Ocean Avenue at Lincoln Street.

2. Peretz Hirschbein, also Hirshbein (1880–1948), a major Jewish writer born in eastern Poland who worked exclusively in Yiddish. His plays, such as *Di Puste Kretshme* (1913) and *Grine Felder* (1923), helped establish Yiddish theater in New York. Hirschbein married Esther Shumiatcher, also Shumyatsher (1899–1985), a poet, in 1918. Among her books are *Pasn Likht* (1925) and *In Shoen fun Libshaft: Lider un Poems* (1930). The Hirschbeins rented a home in Carmel for several months; see “Noted Hebrew Dramatist Sojourning in Carmel,” *The Carmelite* (September 10, 1931): 1, 3.

3. Jane Hollister Wheelwright (1905–2004), daughter of Lottie (Steffens) Hollister and John James Hollister, was raised on the vast Hollister Ranch in Santa Barbara County, California—a family estate that included nearly twenty miles of rugged coastline. She married Joseph Balch Wheelwright, M.D. (1906–1999) in 1929. Both were analyzed by Carl Jung in Zurich and became practicing Jungian analysts. As co-founders of the C. G. Jung Institute of San Francisco and its precursor organizations, the Wheelwrights had a substantial impact on the development of analytical psychology in America. Jane’s reflections on her life on the ranch and her connection to nature were published in *The Ranch Papers: A California Memoir* (1988) and in *The Long Shore: A Psychological Experience of the Wilderness* (1991), a book co-written with her daughter, Lynda Wheelwright Schmidt. Other books include *Women and Men* (1978), *The Death of a Woman* (1981), and *For Women Growing Older: The Animus* (1984).

4. Allen Suggett and Laura Suggett. Allen Holman Suggett (1867–1955), a dentist, was the first professor of orthodontics at the University of California’s School of Dentistry in San Francisco. Suggett was twice Lincoln Steffens’ brother-in-law. He first married Steffens’ sister Louise, who died in 1917; the following year he married Steffens’ sister Laura. Laura (Steffens) Suggett (1874–1946) graduated from Stanford University in 1896 and worked as a librarian at the California State Library. She was the author of *The Beginning and the End of the Best Library Service in the World* (1924).

5. Written in top right margin, first page.

6. Added in space between paragraphs on fourth page, just above comments about Spanish and schoolwork.

UJ to Albert Bender

February 15. 1932.

Dearest Albert:

That was {is} a beautiful psalm, beautifully set up.

1 I meant to write and say so before.

This is just a line to ask you to give Erskine and Sara two especial hugs for us on the birthday—for I already see you revelling there! I wish our plans could let us be there too.

I've been seeing a good deal of the Hirshbeins, who have just left for New York. Aren't they charming and so full of sensitive appreciation of life and beauty. She read us some of her poems and gave me a copy—can *you* read Yiddish? Someone must read these to us. A beautiful sketch of her in the front of the book. I am told his plays are extremely well written. I have seen one "The Haunted Inn" in translation. Strange and interesting.

Mabel Luhan's new book "Lorenzo in Taos" will be out in a few days.—You'll find it amusing & it leaves Lawrence as much an enigma as when you start.

2 ♦

"Descent to the Dead" has had a lot of extremely favorable reviews & I'm glad.

Warm love from all at Tor House.

Una

ALS. Mills. 2 pages. Letterhead (embossed): Hawk Tower.

1. *The XXIII Psalm of David* (San Francisco: Grabhorn Press, 1931). One hundred copies of this item were printed for Albert Bender by the Grabhorn Press. Valenti Angelo illustrated the manuscript and composed the type.

2. “Strange Idyll,” Una’s review of *Lorenzo in Taos*, was published in *The Carmelite* (March 3, 1932): 9.

RJ to Albert Bender

[Feb. 16 1932]

1

Dear Albert:

Una is answering about the Colophon. It is very kind of you to take so much trouble about it:—you are always kind. The brass knocker is a beautiful massive thing that I love to look at; thank you very much, and for one generous thought after another.

I am delighted that you like the verses in “Descent to the Dead.” Every word of them was written in Ireland or England; they were so long in being published because I was saving them to go in a book for Liveright to publish with other poems; but as that book didn’t get finished {as soon as I expected,} and Random House asked again for the little

volume I had promised, Una thought these would make a nice little volume for them, so I sent them in finally. When Liveright reprints them I shall add a shortish narrative poem called “Resurrection” that I wrote soon after we got back from abroad.

Meanwhile I sent Liveright two or three weeks ago the manuscript of a long narrative poem called “Thurso’s Landing,” and some shorter things with it. ♦

Spencer Mackey

2 was here the other day with Hans and Phoebe Barkan. He said he was to have driven you down this way lately, but it hadn’t been possible for some reason. We hope it may happen yet, for we liked him much, and would be very glad of a visit from *you*,—but that doesn’t need saying.

Guess what Una and I do quite often, when we have time, and so do the boys.—We get out the diary of our Irish pilgrimage and read it for pleasure. We had such a nice time. No doubt we shall go again, probably two and a half years from now, when the boys graduate from high school. They will still be young enough for a year’s vacation between that and college.

That is an amazing story, about your buying all these copies of the little book, “bulling the market.” I hope you kept one or two for yourself, in case it should stay “bulled”—if that word hasn’t dropped out of the language.

With love from us all, and hope to see you sometime soon,

Robin.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. Note, not in Jeffers' hand, added at top of page: "Feb 16 1932 Included in letter from Una."
2. Eric Spencer Macky (1880–1958), painter, etcher, and educator. Macky lived in Oakland, California and taught at the California College of Arts and Crafts, the University of California, Berkeley, and the California School of Fine Arts.

UJ to Carey McWilliams

February 23 [1932]

Dear Mr. McWilliams—

(Writing for my husband.) He says he cannot grant permission for the reprinting of the early things you mention.
1 He wishes me to say he does not believe either he or his readers would derive any benefit from such a reprint.

With best wishes from both of us,

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. UCLA Young. 1 page.

1. In a letter dated February 16, 1932 (TCC UCLA Young), McWilliams says he recently found copies of "Mirrors," a short story by Jeffers published in *Smart Set* (August 1913), and several poems published in 1903–1904 editions of *The Aurora*, an Occidental College publication: "Dawn," "The

Measure,” “Dreamland,” “Witches,” “The Wild Hunt,” “Death and Resurrection,” “A Hill-Top View,” and “Man’s Pride.” After showing the material to Jake Zeitlin, the two agreed that a small, limited edition book could be made of it.

RJ to Elmer Adler

Tor House, Carmel, California
February 27, 1932.

Dear Mr. Adler:

1

Our friend Albert Bender forwarded me your letter of the seventeenth, and I wrote the enclosed, which is accurate if not exciting.

2 I hope it will suit your purpose.

I can’t understand how your letter to me of several months ago failed of an answer—at least—it happens too often, but at least I’m sorry for it.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Chapel Hill. 1 page. Postmark: February 28, 1932.

1. Elmer Adler (1884–1962), American printer and bibliophile; founder in New York of Pynson Printers, one of the leading fine press printers of the 1920s and 1930s. Adler printed the first book published under the Random House imprint and joined the new firm as a partner, but he was soon bought out. In addition to his work as a printer, Adler was a

founding editor of *The Colophon: A Book Collector's Quarterly*. He also served as Curator of Graphic Arts at Princeton University. At the time of his death, Adler lived in San Juan, Puerto Rico, where he established La Casa del Libro, an important museum of fine books.

2. "First Book," an essay by Jeffers that tells the story of his first publications, from *Flagons and Apples* to *Tamar and Other Poems*, appeared in *The Colophon* 10 (May 1932): 1–8. The issue, printed by Ward Ritchie, marked the beginning of Ritchie's professional career as a printer. Ritchie discusses his involvement with the project in *Jeffers: Some Recollections of Robinson Jeffers* (1977) and *Years Touched with Memories* (1992). The former, originally published as a limited edition pamphlet, was reprinted in the *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter* 52 (December 1978): 16–27.

RJ to Mary Dwyer

March, 1932

My dear Miss Dwyer:

Thank you sincerely for your kind little letter.—Which of my books best pleases me? None pleases me very much. The Roan Stallion volume seems the most various, and more distant from me than later ones.—If I were condemned to read any I should read that one.

Cordially,
Robinson Jeffers

1

PL. Ridgeway.

1. The original letter is missing. This transcription is included in Ann Ridgeway's *Selected Letters*, page 190.

RJ to Craven Betts

Tor House. Carmel
March 1932

Dear Mr. Betts:

Thank you for letting me see the Collected Poems

1 and the pages from "The Promise."

2 I was very much interested, and should have returned them sooner, they will be mailed with this. The collection has fine things in it, and excellent variety, a "true interpreter." The manuscript pages have a largeness and music of utterance that are quieting in these shrill times. You have loved the beauty of landscape and sky, and of many kinds of humanity.

Let me wish you a happy and prosperous journey if you go east; in any case I hope to see you again sometime. It was a pleasure [to see]

3 your son-in-law

4 here with you.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Long Beach. 1 page.

1. Craven Langstroth Betts, *Selected Poems* (New York: Associated Authors and Compilers, 1916). The same book was also published as *The Perfume Holder and Other Poems* (New York: James T. White, 1922).
2. Craven Langstroth Betts, *The Promise: A Greek Idyl* (New York: Monarch Press, 1911). Betts worked on revisions of this poem until the end of his life.
3. An inkblot partially obscures the words “to see.”
4. Max Dekking (1907–1977), originally from the Netherlands, was the husband of Betts’ daughter Mary Colby (Betts) Dekking (1908–1996); their marriage ended in divorce. Dekking, a horticulturist and cellist, eventually settled in the San Diego area.

UJ to Harriet Monroe

March 2, 1932

My dear Miss Monroe:

Robin will write to you later about the Sears award—he has your letter and thanks you for your notes on the candidates.

1—He has been thinking especially about H. L. Davis. Would you consider him? Do you mind sending along any information you have about his need at this time and whether you would consider him suitable.

Meantime we both send you hearty greetings.

Sincerely,
Una Jeffers.

Davis applied for the a Guggenheim Fellowship last year and wrote to R. J. for endorsement.

Have I those initials right? *H. L.* from Oregon & now I believe in the southwest. Some very fine things of his a few years ago in "Poetry."

ALS. Chicago. 1 page.

1. The Shelley Memorial Award, endowed by Mary P. Sears, offered a substantial cash prize (\$800 in 1932) to a poet of merit and need. The jury was composed of three poets appointed annually by the presidents of the University of California, Radcliffe College, and the Poetry Society of America. For 1932, the jury included Robinson Jeffers, David McCord, and Harriet Monroe.

RJ to Harriet Monroe

Tor House, Carmel, California.
March, 1932.

Dear Miss Monroe:

Thank you much for your letters and suggestions. I hope to hear from you soon as to whether H. L. Davis may expect the Guggenheim award this year. If he is to receive it, as you and I hope, might I trouble you to send me books of Louise Bogan

1 and one or two (or three) others of the candidates you have in mind? I am so seriously ignorant of recent poetry. I'll read and return carefully.

A friend of ours here speaks of living next door to Louise Bogan a year or two ago—I think at Croton, N. Y.—and does not believe her to be in need. But of course many people's circumstances have changed, the past year.

Mr. McCord

2 sent me Margaret McGovern's book,
3 and I do not altogether agree with your judgment about it, but must have further comparisons before forming one of my own. <over, please> ♦

Do you know anything about a woman who writes under the name Clinch Calkins?

4 I do not, except that a few short poems of hers, seen in the "Nation" and elsewhere, impressed me enough to make me feel that her name ought to be mentioned to you and Mr. McCord, on the chance that either of you knows more about her than I do.

This letter, and one of similar purport to Mr. McCord, seem to be all I can contribute to our affair at present. If you'll be kind enough to lend me the two or three books I spoke of, and will let me know about Davis, and any further suggestions you may think of, I expect we can come to a decision very shortly, whether unanimous or not.

We are very lucky to have your wide acquaintance with recent poetry in the committee.

Yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Chicago. 2 pages.

1. Louise Bogan (1897–1970), American poet, critic, and translator; author of *Body of This Death* (1923), *Dark Summer* (1929), *The Sleeping Fury* (1937), *The Blue Estuaries* (1968), and other books; poetry editor of *The New Yorker* magazine from 1931 to 1969.

2. David Thompson Watson McCord (1897–1997), an American poet who specialized in light and children's verse, edited Harvard's *Alumni Bulletin* and served as the executive director of the Harvard Fund Council. Among his many books are *Oddly Enough* (1926), *Bay Window Ballads* (1935), *On Occasion* (1943), and *All Day Long* (1966).

3. Margaret McGovern, *The Lost Year* (New York: Coward-McCann, 1929). Margaret D. McGovern (1900–1971), a waitress at the Boston Y.M.C.A. restaurant, had only an eighth-grade education but wide experience as a reader. She was encouraged by Rollo Walter Brown (1880–1956), a Harvard-educated author, to take herself seriously as a poet. Brown wrote the foreword to her book. *The Lost Year* is divided into three sections, each of which explores a major theme: imprisonment in a reformatory, reflections on the meaning of life and love, and the solace (ultimately insufficient) of life inside a convent.

4. Marion Clinch (Calkins) Merrell (1895–1968), known professionally as Clinch Calkins, was a poet, investigative

reporter for the United States Senate, and novelist whose work often focused on poverty, labor, and social issues. Her books include *Poems* (1928), *Spy Overhead: The Story of Industrial Espionage* (1937), *Lady on the Hunt* (1950), and *Strife of Love in a Dream* (1965).

RJ to Harriet Monroe

March 16. [1932]

Dear Miss Monroe:

I am very glad that Davis is to get his award.

1 Thank you for letting me know; and I'll try to be good about air-mail stamps in future. I think his need ceases for the year, so we must drop him from our list.

I wrote you a couple of days ago, a letter that may arrive with this, asking whether you would be good enough to send me a book of Louise Bogan's, and one of or two of other candidates you have in mind. For I am dreadfully ignorant of recent poetry. I will read and return with care.

Also I asked whether you know anything about a poemt {pen-}named Clinch Calkins, a woman I believe. I have seen two or three striking short poems of hers in magazines, but know nothing about her.

Miss McGovern's verses did not seem to me quite so negligible—in promise at least—as your reviewer thought.

When I've seen the works that you're kind enough to offer to lend me, I dare say we can decide quite soon.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Chicago. 1 page.

1. H. L. Davis received a 1932 Guggenheim Fellowship for Poetry.

RJ to Harriet Monroe

Tor House, Carmel, California.
March 27, 1932.

Dear Miss Monroe:

Thank you very much for sending me the books. I have read them all with a good deal of attention, and am returning them with this. Roy Helton's work,
1 and Maurice Lesemann's earliest poems,
2 seem to me—(and to Mrs. Jeffers reading independently)—quite the best in the lot. I cannot get along well with the others; and of Lesemann's I am sorry to feel that the earliest poems are the best, and the latest the worst in steady progression. He saw things, at first, {rather} intensely; now he seems to be only sitting and thinking, discursively, on a subject of no emotional importance. We hope he will return to his own again, but meanwhile I don't think I could vote for him.

And I should sooner vote for Miss McGovern than for Louise Bogan. The former has had experiences which have moved her and which she tries to express—often awkwardly—inarticulately—and sometimes she gets it over.

But Miss Bogan seems to me to be just writing poetry, with a great deal of talent, but without any particular significance. ♦

Roy Helton's work seems to me excellent, and I should be glad to vote for him, if we had any assurance of his "need"—that is, of his being more in need than most other people. How could one get that? His notice in "Who's Who" looks as professionally competent as others.

Fletcher

3 I couldn't vote for, though I know the weight of past opinion in his favor. T. S. Eliot seems to me not an American poet, but almost the only interesting English one,—since Yeats is Irish—and I don't think the testator, nor most other people, would regard him as American. And I don't suppose he's—Don't you wish Shelley would knock at the door, disinherited and starving and recognizably aureoled? particularly in need.

You didn't answer about Clinch Calkins. Perhaps it was not worth while. My wife says she published a work within the past year or two, but we haven't seen it.

I haven't heard from Mr. McCord since his first letter. I am sorry not to be able to say anything definite yet. As far as my enlightenment reaches at present, I should favor Roy Helton if he were shown to be in special need.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Chicago. 2 pages.

1. Roy Addison Helton (1886–1977), graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, class of 1908; poet and author of *Youth's Pilgrimage* (1915), *The Early Adventures of Peacham Grew* (1925), *Lonesome Water* (1930), *Come Back to Earth* (1946), and other books.

2. Maurice Lesemann (1899–1981). As an undergraduate at the University of Chicago, Lesemann was president of the Poetry Club. In 1927 he won the Levinson Prize awarded by *Poetry* magazine. Lesemann continued to write poetry and fiction throughout his life, but his primary career was in advertising.

3. John Gould Fletcher (1886–1950), author of *Breakers and Granite* (1921), *The Black Rock* (1928), *The Burning Mountain* (1946), and other books—including *Selected Poems* (1938), which earned a Pulitzer Prize. Unhappy with his life and world affairs, he drowned himself at age sixty-four in a pond near his home in Arkansas.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

March 29, 1932

Tor House.

Dear Mr. Alberts:

The Carmelite has no more of the special Jeffers Edition. I gave you that one from my own few extra copies. I have no more. Mrs. Lincoln Steffens (Ella Winter) who edited the paper special number has a few copies & will sell you a few {several}. She *intends* to send them to you but if you do not receive them in a reasonable time, you can write her{.}e She

is here in Carmel for the time being, writing her book on Russia.

I mean you to keep the “Corn”

1 & the portrait and the papers I have sent you up to now. I will try to send you my Cymbal Nov 24, 1926. Please return as soon as you have read. I cant be troubled remembering where it is & I could not replace it.

My husband intended to call the book “The Loving Shepherdess” and I still think it was a better title for the book
2 as this volume certainly belongs

to the California group and that poem is Californian but Liveright did not ♦ like that title and in the haste we were in just getting our tickets {to go abroad} and arranging our place to be left for a year—we had no strength or time to argue back & forth. Indeed, with one other slight exception (in which *we* had our way) this was {is} the only difference of opinion we have ever had with Liveright, Inc.

“Condor” was written in 1904 (R. J. aetat 17), not submitted in prize contest. Perhaps thise {mis}information in “Living Authors”

3 originated with us. I remember it was all vague in R J’s mind about the poem until last year he *racked* his mind to think how it came to be published.

I wish you would congratulate Louis Adamic for us. We are *glad* that he has been given the Fellowship.

4

In great haste

Sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. Robinson Jeffers, "All the Corn in One Barn," *Lights and Shadows from The Lantern* (November 1926), published by the Gelber-Lilienthal Book Shop.

2. The book containing *The Loving Shepherdess* was published as *Dear Judas and Other Poems* (1929).

3. *Living Authors: A Book of Biographies*, edited by Stanley J. Kunitz writing as Dilly Tante (New York: H. W. Wilson, 1931).

4. Adamic won a 1932 Guggenheim Fellowship for Fiction.

UJ to Phoebe and Hans Barkan

March 30, 1932
Tor House

Dearest Phoebe & Hans—

Your notes about Mabel's "Lorenzo" were very different in tone but I agree with them both! She is an amazing woman & for me has the greatest charm never a dull moment when she is by,—but I know how exasperating it is to think of some dominating woman sitting down & willing—Clarence is terrible.

1 He came to Taos from Los Angeles to see Mabel when

we were there because she ignored his letters. She ignored *him* when he got there and he left next day. As I was driving him to the bus station—he raved about her charm and said “O Mabel is a panic!”—

But red scrubby-bearded {men}, with thin white-as-lard bodies are *not* attractive.—On the other hand I had a most amusing letter this morning from—{the} Brett this morning {which I am putting} in my desk to read to you two when you come who gives quite another picture of him. I’d send it with this but its such fun telling & *seeing* your faces! ♦ Mustn’t Jaime de Angulo have suffered—*his pride* when he read that episode of himself—I hear he is divorced?

2—I am told too that Dr. Baynes is re married again that makes 4. {for him.}

3 I’ve a comical episode to tell you too about their and the Whitney’s

4 friend Mr. Aldrich,

5—who writes on primitive psychology.—You see I’m expecting to see you as you promised. I’ll burst else.

I see the Hastings often. They are going to Detroit he is to be first helper to Rivera on a fresco—

Hazel has been here for a week with the Kusters & us. I showed her lots of my friends—she was entertained.

Have you seen *Thurso’s Landing*?

6 I had intended to send you a copy but so many unexpected people popped in who had to have one I haven’t even one for myself at the moment. It’s good!—Michael Strange

7 has been here & various—Try to go up drive down by the Skyline B'l'v'd. We were up in that region a few days ago—in the Big Basin & north of it—

8It's incredibly beautiful! We love you better than most anybody!

Una.

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. Postmark: March 30, 1932.

1. Clarence Emblar Thompson (1898–ca. 1955), an artist and writer, graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy and attended Harvard University with the class of 1922. In *Lorenzo in Taos*, Mabel describes Clarence as a vain, effeminate, gentle, violent, “ridiculous creature” who beguiled and incensed Lawrence, Lawrence’s wife Frieda, and Luhan herself.

2. De Angulo is mentioned several times in *Lorenzo in Taos*. In the key incident referred to here, he makes a fool of himself, according to Luhan, by trying to compete with Lawrence as a writer; see pages 183–187. A more detailed account of de Angulo’s visits to the southwest, told from his own point of view, is found in *Jaime in Taos: The Taos Papers of Jaime de Angulo*, compiled by Gui de Angulo (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1985). De Angulo was still married to Nancy Freeland at this time.

3. Dr. Peter Baynes’ fourth wife was Anne Leay. He married her in 1931, the same year he divorced Dr. Cary Baynes, Jaime de Angulo’s first wife. Both Peter and Cary were Jungian analysts.

4. Probably Dr. James Lyman Whitney (1881–1935) and Dr. Elizabeth Goodrich Whitney (1885–1966), San Francisco physicians and Jungian analysts.

5. Charles Roberts Aldrich (1877–1933), an attorney and writer, was the the son of Charles Henry Aldrich (1850–1929), a solicitor general of the United States in the era of Grover Cleveland. Aldrich lived in Carmel around 1911, when George Sterling was in residence. After practicing law in New York for several years, he traveled to Zurich in order to study psychology with Carl Jung. He returned to Carmel in 1927. In 1931 he and his wife Wilma (1880–1952) built a home, The Thunderbird, in a remote area of Palo Colorado Canyon, Big Sur. Aldrich was the author of *The Primitive Mind and Modern Civilization* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1931), a book that contains an introduction by Bronislaw Malinowski and a foreword by C. G. Jung.

6. Both the signed limited edition and the trade edition of *Thurso's Landing and Other Poems* were published March 26, 1932.

7. Michael Strange, born Blanche Oelrichs (1890–1950), socialite turned socialist, was a poet, writer, and performer. From 1921 to 1925 she was married to actor John Barrymore. At the time this letter was written, she was married to Harrison Tweed, a New York attorney. Books include *Claire de Lune* (1921), *Resurrecting Life* (1921), *Selected Poems* (1928), and an autobiography, *Who Tells Me True* (1940).

8. The remainder of the paragraph, the closing, and signature are written vertically in right margin. Big Basin Redwoods State Park is located in Santa Cruz County.

RJ to Frederic I. Carpenter

Tor House, Carmel, California.
March 31, 1932.

Dear Mr. Carpenter:

Your letter was dated January 19, and you have probably forgotten writing it. I am sorry not to have answered sooner. The thesis of the book “at the back of your mind” is most interesting

1—American idea *energy*—European, *time*—and looks defensible, though I have not yet thought about it intelligently enough to speak with much confidence. And per contra, I think of Arthur Symons writing about Balzac—the “invariable problem” of his novels—“Man has a given quantity of energy; each man a different quantity; how will he spend it?” And “Balzac’s sentiment of the supreme value of energy. . .”

2 I had better answer your questions rather than talk further on a subject that I haven’t sufficiently considered.

In “The Women at Pt. Sur” had I “the idea of correlating physical concepts with human actions?”—Yes. I was thinking of human and non-human as one substance—or energy!—different (not very different) ♦ manifestations of the same thing. (I am afraid the poem called “Margrave” in my latest book exaggerates the difference. From that point of view it is just a poem. I was irritated into extravagance by the excessive value that people seem to attribute to human consciousness.)

“God thinks through action.” Yes, I meant physical action—the lifting of hills and hollowing of sea-beds; the method of “trial and error” in origin of species, etc.

“Imagined victims our salvation” I think represented two strains of thought—(1) There was a time when human sacrifice was needed to save the people; then a sheep could be substituted, or some kind of Guy Fawkes image. Or an imagined victim in a story, suffering things we all feel liable to but hope to escape. Wasn’t this one of the {perhaps unconscious} functions of Greek tragedy? (2) More practically, we endow a person in a story with certain excesses of thought or passion and see what their logic leads to, and are thus perhaps warned ourselves, so he suffers instead of us.

So there might be vicar. “salvation through” vicarious “passion.”

I shouldn’t think of myself among the Titanists.

3 I don’t murmur against God, though perhaps I do too much against man sometimes.

I think it is quite possible to “fall in love outward” ♦ without hating inward. It seems to me the Jesus of the gospels, perhaps, and many mystics have done so. But it is hard if not impossible to make a story or poem about it; without some hate to balance the love—like painting all in white, with no shadows. As you say, hate perhaps, more than love breeds energy; certainly pain more than pleasure makes explosions of energy, though of course it burns it up sooner.

I think one of the most common intentions in tragic stories, from the Oedipus down, is to build up a strain for the sake of the explosion of its release,—like winding up a ballista.

“Apology”—defense—as “Apologia pro vita sua”
4—not necessarily apologetic.

I shouldn’t think of “law for man” and “law for thing” as separate.

5 Different, as “law for leaf ” and “law for stone” are different, but quite the same laws after all. But one is always led into exaggeration, emphasizing a view-point, or for dramatic or poetic purposes.

Your letter interested me much, and I wish my answers were more complete and clear, and had been more prompt.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Berkeley. 3 pages. Postmark: April 5, 1932.

1. In a letter to Jeffers dated January 19, 1932 (ALS HRC Texas), Carpenter says: “There is a book to be called ‘The American Idea’, in the back of my mind. The book should attempt an interpretation of American life and literature in terms of a key idea—namely, *energy*. This idea to be differentiated from the European idea of *time*. The problem is to show how American life and literature have progressively tended to realize the concept of *energy*—how America has gone one dimension beyond Europe, so to speak, and worked out the idea of *energy* in all its implications—physical

[mechanical} and human. Your poetry seems to me to represent the climax of this realization, as expressed in literature.”

The reverse side of Carpenter’s letter contains Una’s transcription of Jeffers’ response.

2. Both quotations come from Arthur Symons, “Balzac,” *Studies in Prose and Verse* (London: J. M. Dent, 1904): 13–14.

3. Carpenter: “Where would you put your poetry in the scheme of American literature . . .—under the heading of ‘Titanism,’ with Melville, Mark Twain (!) and Henry Adams {and E. Hemingway}; or under the heading of ‘Salvation through Passion’ (i.e. suffering) with Eugene O’Neill, Connelly’s ‘Green Pastures’, and (perhaps) E. A. Robinson?”

4. *Apologia pro vita sua*: Latin for “a defense of one’s life.” John Henry Newman used the phrase as the title for his influential autobiography, first published in 1864.

5. Carpenter: “Or is there a certain dualism between the necessary physical symbolism of your dramatic pieces, and the conscious explanation of your purpose, as in your ‘Apology for Bad Dreams.’—Why ‘apology’? Is this dualism necessary to the American mind—even yours? Is ‘law for man’ separate from ‘law for thing’ after all?”

RJ to Adolph Weiss

Tor House, Carmel, California.
March 31, 1932.

Dear Mr. Weiss:

1

You propose a grand theme, and I wish I could do what you suggest, but it seems too unlikely. No, it wouldn't be fair even to say that I will try, though the ambitiousness of it is rather tempting.

It seems to me that you should write your own libretto.

2 You will say that you are not a poet, but the conception proves you one. As for technique, you should use a free verse that would come naturally to you and would be fitted to the music; and the more minute poetical qualities would not be wanted; they would be lost at any rate, in the power of the music and scenery. Wagner's librettos do not seem to me to be always first-rate poetry, but they were exactly what he needed.

I was glad to hear from you, and am truly much interested. And I was glad to have the lines from Henry Cowell.

3

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. Though the recipient's first name is not included on this letter, Mr. Weiss is most likely Adolph Weiss (1891–1971), a bassoonist who played in several major orchestras, including the New York Philharmonic under Gustav Mahler. Weiss was also a composer (in the tradition of Arnold Schoenberg, with whom he studied) and a teacher. One of Weiss' pupils was

John Cage, who also studied with Schoenberg, Richard Buhlig, and Henry Cowell—all members of the same circle.

2. Having been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for 1932, Weiss was working on *David*, an opera about D. H. Lawrence. In a brief summary of his career, Weiss describes the work as an unfinished “opera in rhythmic declamation.” See “Autobiographical Notes” by Adolph Weiss, with a preface by Henry Cowell, *American Composers Alliance Bulletin* 7 (1958): 2–6.

3. Henry Dixon Cowell (1897–1965), a pianist, composer, and teacher with roots in Carmel, founded the New Music Society of California and published *New Music*. His ultra-modern theories, performances, and compositions attracted international attention and influenced the work of Béla Bartók, Arnold Schoenberg, and others. Among his noteworthy students were John Cage, Lou Harrison, and George Gershwin.

RJ to James Rorty

[April 1932]

1. . . mainly only wanting to make a display of human courage, in Thurso to endure pain, in his wife to endure and end it, but most of all in his mother. I thought of his as volitional and rather sterile, Helen’s as imaginative, of the old woman’s as instinctive.

The chief interest of the verses called “Margrave” was, for me, in the attempt to bring far separated things into affinity, the flight of the nebulae and a crime like the Hickman case,

2 etc. to combine narrative and lyrical passages like the dramatic and lyrical in Greek tragedy. I don't think industrial civilization is worth the distortion of human nature and the meanness and the loss of contact with the earth that it entails. I think your Marxist industrialized communism—if it were ever brought into existence would be a farther step in a bad direction. It would entail less meanness but equal distortion and would rot people with more complete security.—Civilization will have to go on building up for centuries yet and its collapse will be gradual and tragic and sordid and I have no remedy to propose except for the individual to keep himself out of it as much as he can conveniently and to exercise his instincts and self-restraint and powers as completely as possible in spite of it.

PL. Bennett.

1. This letter fragment is transcribed by Melba Berry Bennett and included in her *Stone Mason of Tor House*, page 149. The original is missing.

2. In December 1927, William Edward Hickman, age nineteen, kidnapped and brutally murdered Marion Parker, the twelve-year-old twin daughter of Perry and Geraldine Parker. The crime occurred in Los Angeles but shocked the nation. When Marion's father, a banker, met Hickman to pay a ransom, he saw his daughter sitting in Hickman's car. After the money was exchanged, Hickman drove off, pushing Marion from his vehicle about a block away. When Marion's father reached her, he found a disemboweled body without legs; rouge had been rubbed on Marion's cheeks and her eyes were held open with wires. Hickman was quickly apprehended, tried, convicted, and executed, but because of

his alleged superior intelligence combined with his depravity, he remained in public consciousness for years to come. Accounts of his case include *The Story of Hickman's Crimes!* by Charles Williams (1928), *In Defense of the Fox: The Trial of William Edward Hickman* by Richard H. Cantillon (1972), and *Stolen Away: The True Story of California's Most Shocking Kidnap-Murder* by Michael Newton (2000).

RJ to Horace Liveright

April 1932

1. . . I wrote so confidently about having a book ready for Fall, but what I have is only 90 pages; people expect 140 of me; and the long thing that I am working on can't be finished for Fall.

I enclose a description of what I have. *Helen in Exile* is good, but it is only about 35 pages, *Descent to the Dead* 28, *Resurrection* 25. There are two single-page poems besides, and would probably be a few more by Fall. But I have no theme in mind for forty or fifty pages, to make a book of my usual length. The thing I am working on will run over a hundred, probably, and I could have it ready for Spring but not for Fall.

On account of my words to Mr. Smith I'll let you have this short book for Fall if you want it, and hope to lengthen it with some additions before you need the manuscript. My preference would be to wait until Spring and make a big book; a long poem, and this ninety-page series in the same volume. I shall have to let you and your associates choose. I

would mail Helen in Exile for you to look at, but it is not typed yet, and nobody but myself can read my pencil-writing.

Thank you sincerely for what you say about Thurso's Landing. A copy of *Time* was sent me by the publishers, and the one from you has just arrived also. The picture is very good; it wouldn't be all a pleasure to have my mug on the news-stands, but fortunately I don't see them.

2

P. S. The more I think it over, the more it seems unwise to publish this Fall. People are likely to think I am writing too much, counting up three publications in a year, and to think the work slight on account of its shortness. My best advice is to wait.

PL. Alberts.

1. The original letter is missing. This fragment is transcribed by Sydney Alberts and published in his *Bibliography*, page 77.

2. The cover of the April 4, 1932 issue of *Time* magazine features a photograph of Jeffers by Edward Weston. The same issue contains a review essay titled "Harrowed Marrow," pages 63–64. In praising Jeffers, the unidentified author of the essay states that "a considerable public" considers him "the most impressive poet the U. S. has yet produced."

UJ to Craven Betts

Tor House. April 5 [1932].

Dear Mr. Betts:

It is very kind of you to try to make your enthusiasm have actual practical results. I will mail to you two volumes “Thurso”—“Roan Stallion” to place with Miss Luce.

1—If these sell or circulate she can then make the proper payment. It would be most kind of your wife

2 to make the placard.

Your verse letter to me amused us. Do you remember Shelley’s to Maria Gisborne?

3

I am sorry we could {can} not go to Pt. Lobos with you. Our friends the Dr. Barkans of San Francisco are coming down and we must keep the time free for them. Indeed we are seldom free on Saturday & Sunday when our boys are out of school they demand trips & excursions into the hills.

Of course my husband would be happy to autograph any books for Dr. Norwood.

4 Jeffers books have a number of times appeared in Dauber-Pine Catalogues which seem to have very ♦ interesting items.

5 Book catalogues are fascinating reading. Certain ones I receive from time to time from Thorp in London

6 completely absorb my attention the days they arrive!

My husband will speak for himself of your “Gift Bringers” when he sees you.

With cordial greetings from both of us
Una Jeffers

Miss Luce will perhaps be aided in her propaganda by this weeks cover of “Time” (a Jeffers Photograph) {and inside reviews;} and full page in Vanity Fair.!

7

My husband almost *never* writes a letter so you must forgive my seeming to take possession of the correspondence.

ALS. Long Beach. 2 pages.

1. Probably Gertrude Rowell Luce (1875–1945), an employee of the Santa Cruz Public Library System.

2. Elizabeth Cushing (Colby) Betts (1872–1962), an artist and homemaker. Craven and Elizabeth married in 1905.

3. Percy Bysshe Shelley’s “Letter to Maria Gisborne” was composed in 1820 and was first published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824).

4. Possibly Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood (1874–1932), charismatic rector of St. Bartholomew’s Protestant Episcopal Church in New York. Norwood, a poet, mystic, and opponent of materialism, was a member of the Poetry Society of America and other authors’ organizations. His books include *His Lady of the Sonnets* (1915), *The Steep Ascent* (1928), and *The Man Who Dared to Be God* (1929).

5. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., a dealer in new, used, and rare books, was located at 5th Avenue and 12th Street in New York.

6. Thomas Thorpe, Fine & Rare Books, a British firm, was established in 1883.

7. The April 1932 issue of *Vanity Fair* features a photograph titled “Robinson Jeffers and His Sons,” page 27. “In the eyes of many,” the caption states, “Robinson Jeffers is America’s greatest poet.” A similar claim is also made on the preceding page, where a caption accompanying a photograph of Edna St. Vincent Millay says “If Robinson Jeffers, on the opposite page, is our greatest male poet, few will deny to Edna St. Vincent Millay the twenty-four carat crown of foremost poetess.”

RJ to Harriet Monroe

Tor House. April 11, 1932

Dear Miss Monroe:

“Noctiflora” looks better on a second reading, though I cannot feel that it is up to the mark set by Lesemann’s earliest contributions to Poetry.

1 I have been thinking seriously about our selection, and have talked to a few friends, two of whom suggested Lola Ridge.

2 I am not an enthusiast for her work, but “Firehead” was much admired, I believe she was ill and poor when it was being written, and no doubt she is still in need. What do you think of her?

The result of all my thought is not very enlightening. I am writing to you and Mr. McCord to say that I should be glad to vote for any one of four that you can agree on:

Lola Ridge—Archibald MacLeish—Lesemann—Roy {Hilton.}—not named in order of preference. If you can't agree, and the casting-vote is left to me I'll vote for MacLeish, who perhaps has something more like "genius" than anyone else in the list, and is probably in need or he wouldn't be working for "Fortune" magazine. ♦—That is, I'll choose MacLeish unless further important names or arguments are produced.

3

I have told Mr. McCord that I couldn't vote for Miss McGovern, though I still like her book. It is true that what it has of originality seems to spring mostly from that one experience.

It will be nice to have this business settled.

Mrs. Jeffers and I admired the dignity and justice of your editorial in the April "Poetry."

4 Thank you for sending it. And thank you again for lending me the books; I hope they have arrived safely.

Cordially,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Chicago. 2 pages.

1. "Noctiflora," the first of four poems by Lesemann published under the collective title "Night Pieces," appeared in *Poetry* 40 (April 1932): 1–3.

2. Rose Emily "Lola" Ridge (1873–1941), a poet born in Ireland, lived in New Zealand and Australia before settling in

America. Her sensitivity to social issues, especially those concerning the working poor, found expression in *The Ghetto and Other Poems* (1918), *Sun-up* (1920), *Red Flag* (1927), and other books. *Firehead* (1929), written in response to the 1927 executions of Italian American anarchists Sacco and Vanzetti, tells the story of the crucifixion of Christ. *Dance of Fire* (1935) contains a poem about Jeffers; see “Crucible,” page 56.

3. Archibald MacLeish, the unanimous choice of the three judges, won the 1932 Shelley Memorial Award.

4. Monroe’s editorial discusses the financial problems faced by *Poetry* from its inception and appeals for more support. See “Volume Forty,” *Poetry* 40 (April 1932): 30–34.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

[April 11, 1932]

1

(1) Escaped our attention proofreading—should be *Mountain*. You are the only person who has spoken of this, so Ill tell you the only other erratum we’ve noticed. Page 121, 14 lines from bottom should omit way—Should read—“if I’d taken any easy out.” <over> ♦

II Sterling wrote a poem which R. J. thought & told him he felt too

excessive praise. I have a ms. copy. I do not think Iit was published and R. J. would not care to have it published.

2

Sincerely—in haste.

Una J.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. In an April 4, 1932 letter to Una (TLS Occidental), Alberts says, “Louis Adamic thought George Sterling wrote a poem about R. J., or dedicated one to him. Can you tell me anything about this?” He also asks, “Did R. J. change the title *New Mexican Mountain* to *New Mexican Mountains*, as it appears in THURSO’S LANDING, or is it, as I think, a typographical error?” Una wrote “II” beside the first question and “I” beside the second, provided answers on Alberts’ letter, numbering them (1) and II, and mailed his letter back to him.

In a follow-up letter dated May 24, 1932 (TLS Occidental), Alberts thanks Una for her letter of April 11 (presumably the one recorded here, for Alberts refers to Una’s response concerning errata in *Thurso’s Landing*) and makes the following observation about Jeffers and Walt Whitman: “And to digress a bit, I’d like to find fault with the current fashion of linking R. J. and W. W. together as fellow spirits.” Writing vertically in the left margin of Alberts’ letter, Una replies, “R. J. says he owes less to W. W. than to almost any other most other poets of his era & sees no reason to link W. W. & R. J.”

2. “To Robinson Jeffers” by George Sterling was published by Alberts in his *Bibliography*, page 230. For a transcription of the poem, see Una’s June 28, 1932 letter to Alberts.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

April 15, 1932
Tor House. {Carmel.} California.

Dear Mr. Powell—

I wish I had time to do a more interesting map but you can get what you want from this perhaps.

1

“Roan Stallion” was thought of as in Robinson Cañon.

The log cabin of “The Women at Pt. Sur” R. J. moved from the entrance of Palo Colorado to near Pt. Sur. This is a very old two-storied log house very noticeable as a landmark.

“Cawdor” isn’t definitely located but thought of as near Little Sur & Mill Creek. Somewhere between.

Woven all through his poems are scattered bits of old legends of the country. I cannot now go into detail because of lack of time, but I will mention a few. “Fawn’s Foster-Mother” *true*, told us by an old woman who kept the toll-gate into Del Monte Forest about herself.

In the “Shepherdess”—“he’d ride the furrows at a dead run sowing the grain with both hands”—exactly as we heard of a rancher down there.

In “Roan Stallion,” California going for the child’s toy’s & the river ♦ rising—that happened to a *native* (Indian-Mexican) girl here who married a Dutchman remt remittance man—

“Love-Children”—one of the group in Untermeyer’s “Miscellany of American Poetry 1927” was taken over from an old story here of a couple up near Cachagua.—He located the story in his {poem below Big Sur.}

We were walking up San José Creek one day & came on an abandoned house with some Calla lilies growing beside it. It had a desolate tragic look. I found out a man had been killed there years ago by his stallion & {the house left} empty since—R. J. thus got the *germ* of “Roan St—”

In “Dead Men’s Child” the location of tinajas altas is well known for the deaths which have occurrd occurred there—people coming across the desert to this spot for a few drops of water in these stone hollows and finding them so often empty.

2—The idea of the impregnating dust came from an old legend told in a footnote to Sir Walter Scott’s *Lady of the Lake*.

3—also the “Loving Shepherdess”—arose {arose} from a footnote to {Scott’s} “The Heart of Midlothian”—telling of a girl named Feckless Fannie wandering all over Scotland with her sheep—.

4

Onorio Vasquez who comes into several of the stories was drawn at the first from a man down the coast we knew slightly. ♦

In “The Coast Range Christ” O’Farrell the man who dug for the lost silver mine, onced worked by the Indians, who hung himself—he was an old inhabitant here.

In “Apology for Bad Dreams” the woman who tied up the horse to the tree to lash, with the chain around its tongue—*she* was real & she did just that. (*And* this isnt in the story {poem}, we heard later she was killed by one of her horses falling on her as they were crossing a stream. Pinioned her in the water!)

“Continent’s End” was published by the “Book Club of San Francisco” a club of wealthy book lovers who issue a few times a year a very *de luxe* edition. They asked Taggard, Sterling & Rorty to edit a book of Californian poets (or connected somehow with Calif.) Robinson Jeffers contributed a group & one of his poems was chosen for the title of the book.

Yes you may quote from my letters. Kindly edit them if necessary. ♦ I am always in such a passion of haste.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers

I wish I had time to set down more about the feeling of genius loci in these California poems of R. J. He seems to have drawn it from the very earth and hills of this region and exposed it to our sight.

In the next “Colophon” there is to be a short article by R. J. on his first book. Ward Ritchie is doing the typography.—

U. J.

ALS. Occidental. 4 pages.

1. A map, labeled “Map of Carmel coast drawn by Una Jeffers for L Powell Spring 1932,” is included with the letter. It is mostly concerned with identifying geographical features.
2. El Camino del Diablo, a 250-mile trail through the desert of southwest Arizona, contains an ancient campground called Tinajas Altas where travelers sought water. The pools were often dry, however, and many people died of thirst there.
3. Sir Walter Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto III—The Gathering, sections V–VII; see notes concerning the birth of Brian, the Hermit.
4. Sir Walter Scott, *The Heart of Midlothian*; see note (in “Notes” section at back of book) concerning Madge Wildfire, whose death occurs at the close of chapter 40. According to Scott, his conception of Madge was based on a woman named Feckless Fannie.

UJ to Jean Kellogg

Tor House. April 22. 1932.

Dearest Jean:

1

I was shocked and unhappy to have your note from the train—to know you had gone far away and must be worrying and troubled about your parents. I hope with all my heart that they are better now!

I was out by your house yesterday, a dear friend of mine was looking at Dr. Levick’s

2 house thinking of renting it for five or six months. It was lonely to think you had departed. ♦

Robin was sorry to be of no service about the inscription. He seemed unable at the moment to wrench himself from the work he had in hand.—You know if you were deep in a wave picture and tried to suddenly paint a cherry tree!—I had a copy of “Thurso’s Landing” laid aside for you and I shall send it on—I’m not sure that it is very cheerful bedside reading.

Today I did a rather interesting bit,—a man getting his master’s degree ♦ at the Sorbonne with a thesis on Robin’s poetry wrote to beg me to make a map of this region with Robin’s localities marked in. I liked doing it.

Tomorrow we four are making a pilgrimage below King City over Mustang Ridge to see the wild flowers.

Will you give your mother my warm love—

And for yourself too,

Faithfully
Una Jeffers.

(I tried to call you several times about that inscription but never got to a phone when you were at home.) <over> ♦

Sunday Chronicle listed “Thurso’s” as one of five best sellers,—non-fiction of course—in S. F. & bay region. Poetry is looking up!

ALS. San Francisco. 4 pages.

1. Jean Kellogg (1910–1995), the only child of Vernon and Charlotte Kellogg, studied art at the Art Students League, the Yale School of Fine Arts, the Corcoran Gallery of Art, and the Phillips Memorial Gallery. She also received private instruction from a number of individual artists, including Paul Dougherty. Through the 1930s and beyond, Kellogg lived in the family home in the Carmel Highlands, joining the artists' community (which included Edward Weston) that flourished there. She married James Dickie (1904–1986), an artist, in 1960. Her friendship with Robinson and Una culminated in the production of a limited edition of Jeffers' *The Loving Shepherdess*, illustrated with nine of her original etchings. The book was designed by Merle Armitage, printed by Ward Ritchie, and published by Random House in 1956.

2. Margaret Newlin Levick (1878–1973), a physician and artist from Philadelphia, moved to California around 1930. She owned a home in the Carmel Highlands.

RJ to Craven Betts

[April 1932]

Dear Mr. Betts:

I am sorry that we are not to see you again before you go east. Perhaps you will be here again sometime, or possibly we may meet in the East, for this family thinks vaguely of visiting Europe again when our sons finish high-school, two years from now. At any rate, we are happy to have seen you.

Thank you sincerely for your advice, which I take as kindly as it is meant,—though one isn't idle enough to dream about being a classic. But it is quite wrong to speak of yourself as having shot the bolt and missed. You have written, and you have enjoyed, beautiful things—no poet can do more; and the bolts are not shot, for you are still writing beautiful things, as is proved by the poem you sent lately, for which I thank you.

Thank you also for the excellent—only more than kind—review of my books. I should have acknowledged these and other things sooner, but it is almost impossible for me to write a letter, especially when I am at work on something. So my wife does it for me, and she can write a better letter in five minutes than I can in an hour.

Good luck on your journey; and we hope to hear from you again.—If I should live to seventy and find my mind and interests as vigorous as yours at seventy-nine, I shall feel very triumphant.

—Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Long Beach. 1 page.

RJ to Jim Tully

Tor House, Carmel.
April, 1932.

Dear Jim Tully:

1

I admire your work and value your opinion. If you paste this scrap into a book, as you threaten, then I'll have a hand in one of your books, which will please me well.

2

—I hear there's all sorts of symbolism in "Thurso's Landing."—There isn't. The rock and the cable and lime-kilns are twenty-five miles south of here, and I just made up a story about them.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. UCLA Young. 1 page.

1. Jim Tully (1891–1947), originally from Ohio, gained fame as a Hollywood reporter, magazine writer, and novelist. His autobiographical accounts of life as a drifter, circus hand, prizefighter, and laborer were especially popular. Publications include *Emmett Lawler* (1922), *Circus Parade* (1927), *Laughter in Hell* (1932), *The Bruiser* (1936), and many other books.

2. In a letter to Jeffers dated April 3, 1932 (TLS HRC Texas), Tully says, "Your last book touched me deeply. . . . left me haunted. I have all your books, and I feel that they will endure. I'd appreciate a few lines to paste in the last one." Jeffers' response is tipped into Tully's copy of *Thurso's Landing*.

In a previous letter, dated March 28, 1929 (TLS HRC Texas), Tully thanks Jeffers "for your fine autographs," adding "It

makes my heart glad to have appreciation from so high a source. For your work will ride the years.”

RJ to John J. Munson

Tor House, Carmel, California.
April, 1932.

Dear Mr. Munson:

1

I have to refer you to my publishers, Liveright Inc., 31 West 47, N.Y., for permission to use material from “Dear Judas” for an anthology. If they make an arrangement with you, I am entirely willing.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Tor House. 1 page.

1. A May 16, 1932 letter (ALS Tor House) from Una to Munson, not included in this edition, was mailed to him at 243 W. 99th Street, New York City. The anthology project that prompted Munson’s query is not identified.

UJ to Ward Ritchie

[Spring 1932]

Dear Mr. Ritchie—

We both think this beautifully done & appreciate your careful work on it.

1

Would there be any objection to your giving us back this proof—or another when you are through with it? We kept no copy of the ms. & do not expect Colophon to send us a complimentary copy. His prose bids fair to be *very* rare You cant think the trouble I had to get him to set this down.

Cordially—
Una Jeffers.

My favorite color on your first page.

ALS. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. This note is written on a fragment of a handwritten letter from Ward Ritchie concerning Jeffers' essay in *The Colophon*.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House Carmel. California
May 23. 1932

Dear Mr. Powell:

About the location of "Cawdor". You are right. It has to be north of Mill creek bridge. I wish I could tell you exactly where. R. J. says "indefinite"—one cant force him to set a place now—You must hazard a guess.

Yes, “Manvil’s Landing” is Notley’s.

1

With cordial good wishes

Sincerely Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. Notley’s Landing, about thirteen miles south of Carmel, was once the site of a settlement and sawmill. In *Ruth Alison*, a narrative poem published in *Californians*, Jeffers renames it “Manvil’s Landing.” For a discussion of the geographical information Una provides, along with a facsimile of the map she includes in her April 15, 1932 letter to Powell and a gazeteer of real and imagined places in Jeffers’ poems, see *Jeffers Country Revisited: Beauty Without Price* by Richard Kohlman Hughey and Boon Hughey, a special edition of the *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter* 98 and 99 (Spring and Summer 1996).

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House.

May 31. 1932

Dearest Mabel—

I had a letter this morning from Virginia Woolf at Monk’s House, Rodmell, Sussex. She & her has been travelling in Greece and has just now the copy of “Lorenzo” I sent months ago. I will copy out what she says. You can show it to anyone you wish but it’s not to *print*. She is so remote and

precious—I know she'd object to any letter being used. I think she never gives interviews—I think she is over {<over>} ♦ important as a writer & so restrained that her praise counts. Particularly as her methods are so different from yours.

“I am now reading ‘*Lorenzo in Taos.*’ I think I so far I agree with what you say many people feel—it irritates me, &and is yet the best picture of Lawrence I have read so far—to me who did not know him, much more convincing than Murry’s 1 version. It was extremely good of you to send it as I should not otherwise have seen it. Did you know him I wonder? I used to hear a great deal of him from Brett who occurs in Mrs. Luhan’s book but not much to her advantage.”

AL. Yale. 2 pages.

1. John Middleton Murry (1889–1957), English writer and critic, was the author of *D. H. Lawrence: Two Essays* (1930), *Son of Woman: The Story of D. H. Lawrence* (1931), and many other books.

UJ to Noël Sullivan

Tor House. Carmel
May 31. 1932

Dear Noël Sullivan—

You were kind to send us the books by Langston Hughes.

1 We hope you will find time to bring him to call. His verse is warm and sincere and authentically of his race—which is so much more valuable a contribution to us than if he interpreted

some other. I think it is important in American letters—I wish the Indians had someone who really spoke for them as Hughes & Cullen

2 do for their people. I look forward to his talk—and your song—those spirituals more moving than other music!

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Berkeley. 1 page.

1. Langston Hughes (1902–1967), American poet and major figure in the Harlem Renaissance.

2. Countee Cullen (1903–1946), American poet and writer. Like Hughes, Cullen was an important participant in the Harlem Renaissance. He was the author of *Color* (1925), *The Black Christ* (1929), *The Lost Zoo* (1940), and other books.

UJ to Phoebe and Hans Barkan

Tor House. Carmel. June 7. 1932

Dearest Phoebe & Hans:

The bust has come from Jo Davidson

1 & wI want to thank and embrace you both with all my heart! It was a complete surprise to us—we hadn't an idea of it! It is very fine—very much better in bronze than in the clay—fine workmanship and startling likeness from some angles. Boys stand beside it and say possessively “It will make a fine heirloom!” ♦

I hope you'll walk in & see it very soon. Those who gave it to us besides yourselves—perhaps you'll be interested are Noel Sullivan, Senator Phelan, Olga Fish (Mrs. Sydney)

2 Horace Liveright, Albert Bender the Steffenses & Jo himself.

Hagemeyer has taken some pictures of it and I will send you one as soon as they are finished.

Thanks Phoebe for the trouble about the sandalwood. The sample came in due time and I shall order some shortly. You're a dear! ♦

I've been reading an enormous book of clippings Mabel sent—from newspapers & letters from everywhere very interesting the reactions to "Lorenzo" I enclosed a letter she sent me before she thought of sending the whole book—a copy she had made. Its from N Hutchins Hapgood (brother of Norman)

3 an old friend of Mabels. His analysis of Mabel, the book and

Lawrence seem to me so *adequate*. Please return sometime.—Do you know Chauncey Goodrich's niece

4 who married young ♦ Dick Boke of Carmel?

5 They are in Taos for six months, have rented a little house of Mabel's—had an excited letter from Mabel this morning all about an enormous snake whose trail they've seen daily in the desert back of their house and have only lately been able to trace to its den in a cañon not yet caught a glimpse of *it*—a vivid account of it all I'll just enclose it & please return. Now the psychoanalysts would leap to see so clear an image! ♦

In regard to the Indian rites—of course no actual human sacrifice but there *are* strange doings on that sacred mountain. I'll tell you sometime the rumors we heard.

Last Saturday we went on a gorgeous pilgrimage. We drove to Santa Cruz, then along the water up through Pescadero & to Half-Moon Bay. Its the most beautiful country wild & lonely—partly through *forest*—great redwood & laurel & more wild flowers than you ever saw—partly by the wild cliff broken sea—through deserted villages. The road is very good ♦ not dangerous in any spot.—You go past two lonely lighthouses. Pigeon Point & El Año Nuevo. It occurred to me you might like to come down that way sometime. Half Moon Bay is 36 miles from S. F. & its 110 from here so you see the distance 146 isn't impossibly further than from {the} ordinary way.—This is *not* the Skyline B'lv'd, its nearer the sea. Our dear love & warm gratitude

Una.

Have you a copy of Yeats "Reveries over Childhood & Youth."

6 I have an extra copy I want to give you if you have none. It is one of my very *favoriteest* books.

Love.

Una

ALS. San Francisco. 6 pages. Postmark: June 8, 1932.

1. A bronze casting of the bust of Jeffers modeled by Davidson in May 1930 and finished later in the year; it remains in the Jeffers collection at Tor House.

2. Olga (Wiborg) Fish (1889–1937) was the daughter of Frank and Adeline Wiborg of Cincinnati and New York. She and her two older sisters, Sara and Mary, were presented at court in London in 1913. Sara and her husband Gerald Murphy owned Villa America on the French Riviera, where they entertained F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, Dorothy Parker, John Dos Passos, Pablo Picasso, and other artists and writers. For more information about the Murphys, see Una's April 20, 1937 letter to Mabel Dodge Luhan, notes 2 and 5.

Olga's marriage to Sidney Webster Fish (1885–1950) and Sara's marriage to Gerald Murphy both took place in 1915. Sidney was the son of Stuyvesant Fish, president of the Illinois Central Railroad, and Marion (Anthon) Fish, a leading society matron. Following studies at Groton, Harvard, and Columbia, Sidney practiced law for a number of years; he closed his New York office in 1928. Sidney and Olga maintained a summer home in East Hampton, Long Island, but moved their primary residence to California, where they built an estate on several thousand acres of land overlooking Carmel Valley and Carmel Bay. Like the Murphys in France, the Fishes opened their Palo Corona Ranch (also called Fish Ranch) to artists, intellectuals, and visiting celebrities.

3. Hutchins Hapgood (1869–1944), a journalist and writer, and his wife Neith Boyce (1872–1951), also a writer, belonged to Luhan's circle of friends in New York. With others, the couple co-founded the Provincetown Players. Hapgood was the author of *The Spirit of Labor* (1907), *The Story of a Lover* (published anonymously, 1919), *A Victorian in the Modern World* (1933), and other works. His brother Norman Hapgood (1868–1937) was a muckraking journalist,

writer, and editor of *Collier's* and other magazines. His books include *Abraham Lincoln: The Man of the People* (1899), *The Advancing Hour* (1920), and *The Changing Years: Reminiscences of Norman Hapgood* (1930).

4. Sara “Sally” Shafter (Bacon) Boke (1907–2006). For information about Chauncey Goodrich, see Una’s December 21, 1932 letter to Phoebe Barkan, note 2.

5. Richard Lathrop Boke (1909–1991), a naturalist born and raised in Carmel, was educated at Antioch College and the University of Chicago. He worked for several years in northern California as the regional director of the United States Bureau of Reclamation.

6. W. B. Yeats, *Reveries Over Childhood and Youth* (New York: Macmillan, 1916).

RJ to Sydney Alberts

June 14, 1932

1A promontory of the coast thirty miles south of Monterey is called Bixby’s Landing. The cable for carrying lime from the kilns far up the gorge, and a heavy iron skip stuck midway, were still hanging between the headland and the hill when we first saw the place in 1914. Revisiting it many years later, we found a pair of duck hawks nesting under the headland cliff. I wrote some verses called Bixby’s Landing (printed with Cawdor) about the solitary beauty of the place, and brought home a few fire-bricks from a broken

hoisting-engine to use in a fireplace that I was building. When it occurred to me to make a story about the place, the name had to be changed, and I called it Thurso's Landing.

It seems to me that the theme of the poem is courage, and its different colors or qualities, in Reave Thurso, in Helen, and in Reave's mother. This is not a Greek or Mediterranean theme but distinctly northern; perhaps for that reason the Viking name of the northernmost town in Scotland came to my mind as the family name of these people.

PL. Alberts.

1. In a May 24, 1932 letter (TLS Occidental) to Una, Alberts asks, "Would R. J. be willing to write a brief note on *Thurso's Landing*, similar to the ones printed on the dust-wrappers of *Cawdor* and *Dear Judas*?" Beneath the question, Una writes, "Yes I will send later." The manuscript copy of Jeffers' note is missing, but Alberts published a transcription in his *Bibliography*, page 72. Una also prepared a handwritten copy of the same material. Marked "(From a letter of R. J's. June 1932)," it is located in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin (hereafter Humanities Research Center, Texas).

UJ to Sydney Alberts

[June 1932]

Some friends of ours bought the Jo Davidson bust in bronze for us and it {has} just arrived from France. {(a complete surprise!)} A photographer here has taken some pictures of it and I will write you as soon as he gets them ready and tell you

the price of a print. The bust is extremely good—much more like in bronze than in clay. The Paris picture was of it in the clay and the likeness was not so clear—per ♦

R. J. would say that he grew up in those years 1916–1924.—If you have access to the “Colophon” Part X just printed you will find some material in that.

“Tamar” was written in 1920—or 21 The war had moved R. J. very much.—Our twin sons were born in {Nov.} 1916 and when the war was in progress he was torn between wishing to enlist and his feeling of duty here. I resisted being left with the babies!—At last ♦ he decided to enlist and being over the age for aviation—{regular airplane—}had put his name down for

training in the balloon corps and was awaiting call when the war ended. The anxiety of all those years (*and* the children)—seemed to bring to maturity a mind which hadn’t made itself really face things until then—

It was then too he did his first manual labor. We had bought the land on the cliff here outside the village in spring 1919 and ♦ had let the contract for a small stone house (finished early Aug 1919) It was far outside the village & was going so slowly we decided to try to get the contractor to hire R. J. so that he could keep at eye on the men.—He hadn’t any skill of any sk kind so he did the hardest and plainest job,—(at \$4.00 a day I think)—mixed mortar and carried the hod to the master mason.—It was thus he learned to handle stone and learn the trade {craft!} of *mason* ♦ which led to years of building (garage, tower, walls etc) These things I have mentioned were all disciplinary—and he had never encountered discipline really before.

Thats a grand story about Moira O'Brien! R. J. sends his thanks—

Sincerely,
Una Jeffers.

I'll send you a line about the photograph.

ALS. Occidental. 5 pages.

RJ to Sara Bard Field

Tor House, Carmel, June 20. [1932]

Dear Sara:

The poem is epic,

1 a streaming narrative of important events, jewelled with lovely imagery and shining words. The theme is unique in poetry as it is in history, the sublimation of an oppressed people's rancor into spiritual power. Behind the lovely poetry, the carefully studied history, the dramatic confrontation of Jesus and Barabbas, the unity of this theme directs the poem's wide arc of flight, subordinating even the crucifixion and the fall of Jerusalem into episodes.

2

It is a majestic poem and I describe it awkwardly, perhaps your publisher can pare down the sentences. Thank you very much for letting me see it; we'll send it back soon.

What a misfortune the jam of people were here when you came the other day. I wanted to talk to Kay about babies,

instead of seeing her palm read by the advertising man; and to listen to you and Erskine and Jim.

The man Fitzgerald

3 had “Barabbas” from Thursday evening to Saturday morning, when he returned it. He was starting for Los Angeles and gave it to the boys, not to disturb us in the morning, and said he would write about it. He and I had rather a comical interview on Thursday—Might he quote me as saying that narrative poetry would redeem the world from chaos? And what could I answer except that I’m not naturally an optimist? But he was quieter on Thursday than ♦ when you were here.

I am almost sure that your poor little sparrow got well and flew away. We didn’t do anything for it, except to look once or twice, because I’m convinced {by experience} that laissez-faire is the kindest policy for hurt wild-birds, even if it involves a quick end. None ever hurt itself on the outside of our windows before, though one or two got in-doors by mistake and stunned themselves, but soon recovered. The world is full of very new sparrows this month—and how the young swallows yell in their nests!

Friday we drove away down the coast until they stopped us at the convict-camp at the end of the road; and we walked six or seven miles to and from a lovely beach down there. Saturday and Sunday and to-day we put up not-at-home signs and refused to answer knockings—except Ben Lehman’s, whom we saw coming and couldn’t refuse. To-day the boys had their first regular swim of the summer, on our rocky beach with me for chaperon, and bitter cold it was. The sun shines

(alas!) and the pigeons make love, and our five bantam roosters fight venomously all day long.

Do come again soon and we'll hope to have the house clear.
Our love to Erskine and yourself.

Robin.

TL and ALS. Huntington. 2 pages.

1. Sara Bard Field, *Barabbas: A Dramatic Narrative* (New York: Albert & Charles Boni, 1932). The first paragraph of this letter and the first five words of the second paragraph were used in Boni's fall 1932 catalog; they were printed on the book's dust jacket as well. A portion of the endorsement was also used in an announcement for the book published in the *New York Times* (October 24, 1932): 16.

2. The first paragraph is typed; the rest of the letter is handwritten.

3. Probably Gerry Fitzgerald (1893–1954), born Harold Percival Gerald Fitzgerald in England. Fitzgerald was the promotion manager and director of public relations for the May Department Stores Company in Los Angeles. He had previously worked as the literary editor of the *St. Louis Times* and as a freelance book reviewer.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

[June 1932]

Friday

Dearest Mabel—

My thoughts race to you and what you are doing although I am so slow with letters just now Everybody is in Carmel—not all at once—stringing along and my time is used up. Blanche Matthias is here—has taken Frank Wickman's

1 house at the Highlands.—The Woods {Sara etc} are here over Sunday in Noël Sullivans house. We are going to dine at O'Sheas tonight in honor of Ella Young. Ill try to write you tomorrow about her & all ♦

The Toomers are leaving Monday I believe going to Taos. I havent seen much of them but we've had a few nice times together. She is expecting you know? I think she is finding life difficult.

2

If you want to know anything more about Dynamic Sym.

3 & Rivera write to Albert Barrows

4 {217-14th Ave. S. F. calls it *Golden Section* a poetic name for geometric line & division} whom Phoebe questioned. He used to draw some of the preliminary {geometric} diagrams for ♦ Diego R. He thinks Rivera somewhat credulous I believe & thinks he *swallowed* the whole system some years ago in Paris—without altogether comprehending it or analyzing—{Followed *Picasso* who did know.}

I havent told you I think how busy I've been with the *Theatre!* Its a long tale—Teddie *had* to get out of it (finances) also boredom of it I think & he got me to go into a committee who have tried to work out a community ♦ theatre properly underwritten by subscriptions of \$35 from individuals. They seemed all to think I was helpful on the thing but my mind is

very far from theatre projects However the committee of 6 had 3 women. Olga Fish Paula Dougherty

5 (you remember her at Molly's) & me. The first show "The Firebrand"

6 went on last night & was a success {Paula was the Duchess}. A permanent body of directors ♦ will take charge soon & I hope to get out. I think Ive done Teddie a good turn however. Galt Bell

7 is the play director. Teddie had to promise to keep out of it before the thing went through. We have leased the theatre for a year.

I've got to stop now. I've promised Olga Fish to go to first rehearsal of "Rain" this P.M. *She* is to do *Sadie*.

8 No, if you ask, there is no ♦ danger of my appearing on any stage in any play.

Thank you so much for sending your *War & Peace*. Robin and I read it the year before boys were born & are ready now to do it again. Its magnificent! The boys will enjoy it. "Hatters Castle" came today.

9 I've read some of it. Robin will read it aloud. Its the best novel of last year I already know from excerpts.

I love you best of any woman! So dont forget even when I cant get to letters

Una.

A *fine* letter from Hapgood—do you want it back. Is that a copy

10

An erratum in “*Thurso*” cross out *s* in Taos Mountains (title.)

11

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. Frank Wickman (1883–1946), a pianist, lived in the Carmel Highlands. Although he never had a concert career, Wickman’s extensive study of piano performance and human anatomy led to discoveries that made him an effective teacher.

2. Jean Toomer (1894–1967), author of *Cane* (1923) and other works, played a major role in the Harlem Renaissance. He married Margery Latimer (1899–1932), also a writer, in late 1931. The couple’s mixed-race relationship attracted nationwide attention in March 1932 when they visited Carmel. “Negro Spouse of Novelist Stirs Carmel” and “Intelligentsia Divided Over Marriage of White Woman” says a headline and sub-headline for a front page story in the *San Francisco Chronicle* (March 17, 1932). Another article the next day softens the tone; see “Carmel Ignores Color Lines, Welcomes Negro, White Bride,” *San Francisco Chronicle* (March 18, 1932); 2. *Time* magazine covered the story of the marriage and the Toomers’ visit to Carmel in its March 28, 1932 issue; see “National Affairs” and “Milestones,” pages 19 and 38. Margery’s pregnancy progressed through the summer, but she died following childbirth in mid-August.

3. Dynamic Symmetry—a principle of design based on proportions found in the human figure, plants, sea shells, and other organic forms—was popularized by Jay Hambidge in *The Elements of Dynamic Symmetry* (1926) and other works.

4. Albert Barrows (1893–1958) was a San Francisco artist, photographer, and teacher who lived in the Carmel area for several years.

5. Paula Gates Dougherty (1890–1961), an actress, was the wife of Paul Dougherty (1877– 1947), an artist who specialized in marine and landscape paintings. The couple had a home in the Carmel Highlands.

6. *The Firebrand* (1924) by Edwin Justus Mayer, a romantic farce featuring Benvenuto Cellini as the central character.

7. John Galt Bell (1899–1949), an actor, director, and producer whose family lived in Carmel. In July 1933, he and Preston L. Shobe mounted a Los Angeles production of *The Drunkard*, a play written by W. H. Smith in 1843 and first staged by P. T. Barnum. The melodrama proved exceptionally successful, running for nearly ten thousand performances in the course of twenty-six years.

8. *Rain* (1923), adapted for the stage by John Colton and Clemence Randolph from a story by Somerset Maugham, takes place on the island of Tutuila in the South Pacific. The story concerns Sadie Thompson, a woman of dubious morals, whose presence at a hotel offends a righteous missionary and his wife. When the missionary takes steps to force her off the island, Sadie fights back, first by begging the missionary to leave her alone, then by seeking his spiritual counsel, and finally by seducing him. The missionary kills himself in shame.

9. A. J. Cronin, *Hatter's Castle* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1931)—the story of a hat maker driven by a dream of

financial and social success. Cronin (1896–1981) was a Scottish physician turned best-selling author. *Hatter's Castle* launched his career.

10. Written vertically in left margin, page 1.

11. Written vertically in left margin, page 6.

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

[June 1932]

Saturday

Dearest Phoebe—

I awoke one morning with a start to realize I had mailed your Havelock Ellis book without insuring it I had been interrupted at the P. O. window and forgot my purpose along with one I mailed to Ben Lehman—O dear! I hate careless people. I hope it arrived all right—{I enjoyed reading it.—Hardy is my dear pet & 20 yrs ago Ellis with his 6 Vol. of Psychology of Sex helped simplify life for me}

Knowing that the Hastings wished very much to visit Mabel—they ♦

had asked me to try to arrange it—I gave Mabel their Detroit address and she wrote to him about Dy. Sy. & he wrote back at great length, so now they are in great rapport.

Erskine & Sara Wood have been down over the weekend in Noel Sullivan's house & Ella Young & Marie Welch on their way to Big Sur stayed at O'Sheas & we had amusing visits. My friend Blanche Matthias ♦ from Chicago has taken Frank

Wickman's house for six months. So I am as busy as I let myself be.—There is a marvellous *easy* walk about 4 miles up Mal Paso Cañon here which you must take through more {wild} flowers than I ever saw before. I say *easy* because the trail is along a graded level once {proposed to be} used for a cable car to haul down {coal} from an old mine a started & {abandoned} 40 yrs. ago. Now the grade is thickly overgrown with grass & flowers. ♦

What do people in San Francisco think of Mrs. Athertons memoirs

1—the proud Catholic Spanish families! Sherwood Anderson
2 came to call yesterday. Very interesting. On his way to Russia he hopes.

A letter from Brett.—Its a great cross for me that all ink nowadays is fluid fountain pen ink & I alas, can write only with a stub.

All our love to you Barkans.

Faithfully,
Una.

ALS. San Francisco. 4 pages.

1. Gertrude Atherton, *Adventures of a Novelist* (New York: Liveright, 1932).

2. Sherwood Anderson (1876–1941), American businessman, editor, and author of *Windy McPherson's Son* (1916); *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919); *Dark Laughter* (1925); and other works.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

[June 1932]

From From near my old home.

1

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

Did I speak to you in any recent letter of Proust's "Le temps Retrouvé"

last final vol. I want you to read it—*particularly* the few pages about the beginning of the last third of the book in which he tries to unfold at great length & {with extreme} precision the *mechanics* of *remembering* & setting down past events in his life.—it's in your line & you'll enjoy it. I don't know whether it's published in America yet. It was announced, then postponed. This English copy was lent me.

I just rec'd from Noel Sullivan two vol. of verse by Langston Hughes. He is to talk here Wed & Noël sing. Was he the husband of the woman I met at lunch with you in Santa Fe or some other negro? Have you seen the Toomers. ♦ Jean Toomer told Blanche Matthias I was the only person he met here he couldn't understand—that he couldn't tell what I thought or felt. Some people might like that said of them but I don't. I seem to myself to be so frank. I abominate small mysteries and silences et cetera. Did he say anything like that to you? I wonder what their future will be—I wonder if it seemed queer to him that I accepted {them so casually—I

mean their marriage—that seemed to me to be their problem entirely & not for me to try to solve. I thought of them as just humans}

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

Orrick Johns & Caroline have separated, friendly but can't live together.

2 Hagemeyer told {took} a lot of pictures of Robin's hands—Efor exhibition at Legion of Honor Hall in S. F. Olga Fish played Sadie in "Rain" awfully well. Colton who dramatized "Rain" came to call—another day Sherwood Anderson—

We love you!—Write us about you & Tony & everything.

Faithfully

Una.

3 ♦

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

“Once a house has suffered the shock of a great god's wrath

The curse pursues its children even to the very last.”
(Sophocles)

Prof. Boke a professor at Stanford or Berkeley, family = his wife, three daughters Eliot, (oldest) then Marian, Charis, & youngest child Dick.

4 Summer home in Carmel near Ellen O'Sullivan's overlooking mission.

Soon after we came here Eliot was attacked down by the Mission on a midnight ramble, by a Mexican gardener.

Prof. Boke developed softening of the brain and for 15 yrs it progressed in more dreadful ways until the end about 2 yrs. ago. Mrs. Boke is stone deaf, but a valiant, cheerful soul always smiling & trying to "carry on."

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

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

Eliot & Marian opened a swagger dress shop. Eliot has a talent for clothes—The shop was robbed, another time

someone entered in the night & threw ink all over the dresses, then it burnt & finally went bankrupt.

5

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

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

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

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

Now I have to recount a fairy like piece of luck in their history. Eliot who has always been in very ill health & unattractive to men—was wooed & married by a very rich {handsome} Jew Schaeffner (of Hart, Schnaefner, Marx Clothes, Chicago.) He provides amply for the family, had trained nurses for Prof Boke the last year of his life, financed a needed major operation for Mrs. Boke, sent Mrs. Boke &

Marian & her son John Todd to Europe for 2 yrs. & keeps them all in great comfort. also I suppose he financed Dick Boke's college, for they are {were} hard up always. ♦ The Schafner's have been married about five years now, I guess & are still devoted & she has at last after much hospital treatment become pregnant which is of course very important in a Jew family. He continues most kind & generous to her family.

No misfortune has reached them lately except the little Todd child or Charis' boy {(aged about 4 or 5)} shot the negro servant in the leg!

Dick has always been a fine boy but very sad & retiring. I do not know the family well but once Mrs Boke told me that he had seemed more hurt by his father's illness than the others—the decay of that fine mind was terrible for him to watch.—Dick I believe knows a good deal about trees & plants & small animals—just recently married & writing a book {for children}.

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

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. A newspaper clipping is glued to the page here. The headline for the May 24 wire service story from Muskegon, Michigan says "Wife Buried Alive For Allowing Dog To Kill

Lamb.” According to the article, Mrs. Mary Kozun was murdered by her husband John because she allowed a dog to kill a lamb he had won at a church festival. Mr. Kozun buried his wife alive and then poured concrete over her.

2. Orrick and Caroline Johns’ marriage was affected by the depression that overtook Caroline following the birth of their daughter Charis in 1930. A year after this letter was written, as her mental condition deteriorated, Caroline attempted to drown herself in Carmel Bay; see “Poet’s Wife Rescued From Drowning on Carmel Beach,” *Carmel Pine Cone* (May 26, 1933): 1. A few days later, she left her wedding ring on her husband’s hat in a railroad station and tried to run away; see “Wife of Poet Feared Suicide,” *Oakland Tribune* (May 30, 1933): 3, and “Carmel Woman Missing in Southern California,” *Carmel Pine Cone* (June 2, 1933): 12. Caroline was placed in a hospital, but never regained her emotional and mental health. She eventually refused to eat and died of starvation in 1936. Orrick had left Carmel prior to that time, having surrendered Charis to her aunt Elsa Blackman who moved from Berkeley to Carmel to care for her. Orrick offers a sympathetic portrait of Caroline, an account of their marriage, and a description of his friendship with Robinson and Una in his memoir *Time of Our Lives*, pages 302–318.

3. Last sentence, closing, and signature are written vertically in left margin, second page.

4. George Henry Boke (1869–1929), a graduate of the University of California, Berkeley and Harvard University, was a professor of law and dean of the Law School at Berkeley. He also taught at Stanford University for one year.

As a crusader for honest government, he was affiliated with the Citizens' League of Justice, an organization that published *The Liberator*—a journal Boke founded in 1908. According to some reports, Boke's political activities ruined his academic career. He and his wife Grace Sophia (Bray) Boke (1872–1958) were the parents of Eliot (Boke) Coburn Schaffner (1894–1934); Marian/Marion (Boke) Taylor Todd (1897–1957); Charis (Boke) Kinsey (1898–1930); and Richard Lathrop Boke (1909–1991).

5. The misfortunes of Eliot and Marian's eponymous store were the subject of public discussion. See, for instance, "Hard Luck Hammers Away at Eliot and Marion," *Carmel Pine Cone* (June 10, 1927): 1.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

[June 28, 1932]

1

I Yes

2

II. Fortnightly Review {pub. in San Francisco} I think is defunct but not positive. I heard it was to suspend. R. J. promised to contribute if he wrote anything he deemed suitable but never did.—He did this (promise) to please our dear friends Sara Bard Field & her husband Chas. Erskine Scott Wood. They were interested in the venture because of their son-in-law James

Caldwell who was one of the editors. You could address him for information care of C. Erskine Scott Wood, Los Gatos, California, "The Cats"

3 ♦

III absurd—he has never burned any.

4♦

5IV No. This question made R. J. laugh OUT LOUD which doesn't happen very often!

6

I believe he thinks of psychoanalysis as a matter of scientific interest {rather} than of any therapeutical value, but in any case would find it impossible to give the time for analysis. To one who sees daily his extraordinary serenity & balance of mind, it is amusing to think of him undergoing a process usually dictated by a sense of {emotional} confusion & strife.

♦

V I cannot recall all about the Sterling poem. I think it was unpublished. I have copied it {exactly} for you from the only original I know of—one in Sterling's handwriting which I pasted in the {my} copy of Sterling's little book "Robinson Jeffers" R. J. thought it too excessive in praise. Sterling had a habit of copying out his poems (many copies) & keeping them in his pocket to give to friends or enclose in letters. So there may be other copies of this held by different people.

7

VI Do not know of any de luxe edition & I believe the regular edition is exhausted.

8

Thanks for check for photograph

Very Sincerely
Una Jeffers.

“Carmelite” June 9 has a note by Lincoln Steffens (erroneously signed by his wife Ella Winter’s initials) about the Davidson bust of R. J.

You saw his “Colophon” article?

9 ♦

To Robinson Jeffers

10

by George Sterling {probably 1925 U. J.}

Strolling one day where April hills were green

I saw an eagle far against the sky—

Oh! high and lonely as the clouds are high!

What realms were his, how terrible and clean,—

A comrade of the winds in their demense,—

11

Arisen from the world’s regret and sigh,—

Uplifted from the grass where crickets die,—

Seeking the sun, with not a cloud between.

Remembering, today I think of you,

From whose deep eyes a sense of loneliness
Falls on me like the shadow twilight brings.
You also have your vision from the blue
Of alien heavens past my power to guess—
Sufficient to yourself,—a soul with wings.

ALS. Occidental and San Francisco. 5 pages.

1. Alberts sent Una a two-page typed letter, dated June 28, 1932, that contains a number of questions concerning Jeffers' early publications. Alberts' letter, on which Una wrote some of her responses, is located in the Jeffers archives at Occidental College. The remainder of Una's responses are written on a separate sheet, now located in the Jeffers archives at the University of San Francisco.

Una placed Roman numerals in the left margin of Alberts' letter, opposite his questions, and supplied corresponding answers on the letter itself and on the additional sheet.

2. Alberts: "I am having made a typescript of the bibliography, and should like your permission to send it on for your approval and R. J.'s before publication."

3. Alberts: "Do you know of any periodical called *The Fortnightly Review* that prints R. J.'s name on its editorial page, and to which he has, to date, contributed nothing?"

4. Alberts: “I’m told that R.J. has been purchasing copies of *Californians* and burning them; if this is true, could you give me any idea as to the number of copies so destroyed?”

5. Una’s separate sheet of answers begins here.

6. Alberts: “I’m told that R. J. was psychoanalyzed by Jung in 1916. If it is not prying into personal affairs, may I ask if I am correctly informed?”

7. Alberts: “Concerning the unpublished Sterling poem referring to R. J., which R. J. does not want published: approximately when was it written, is it addressed to R. J. or does it refer to him, and would you be willing to tell me the title of the poem?”

8. Alberts: “Do you know of any special, de luxe edition of L. Adamic’s *Robinson Jeffers: A Portrait?*”

9. The postscripts are written across the top of Alberts’ letter.

10. This handwritten transcription of Sterling’s poem did not remain with the Occidental portion of Una’s response to Alberts; it is located at Occidental but filed with miscellaneous fragments.

11. Instead of “demense” here, Una meant to write “demesne”—which rhymes with “between.”

UJ to Hazel Pinkham

Tor House. Carmel California
July 4 [1932]

Dearest Hazel—

What happened? We expected to see you & Roy—the Kuster's Katerina

1 spoke of your daughter coming (Edith?) We hoped to have a good *tell*.

We are having wonderful holidays boys playing Badminton (tournament at Tevices

2 yesterday) riding swimming tennis, (with rebellion

3) Spanish also every day. No work in vacation they believe!



This hdk. is from Ellen O'S.

Boys & I drove up to San Fran. other Saturday as Noel Sullivan's guests, had lunch at his big old house at top of Hyde Street

4 (Ramon Novarro

5) was staying with him which interested boys), then to "Green Pastures"

6 & a talk with "God" afterwards,

7 & drove home by sunset & moonlight. a nice day and unusual for us. Robin had agreed to drive up with us (but not to go to theatre) but ◆ began to feel & act soso gloomy as the day approached I let him off.

We four did a nice remote trip not long ago up the coast through San Gregorio & Pescadero to Half Moon Bay—just a narrow country road no traffic, along by seashore {under cliffs} & then atop the cliff & through redwood cañons in which were countless buckeye trees all abloom & fragrant, past *two* ◆ lighthouses Pigeon Pt. & El {Put into} Año Nuevo.

Do *you* know that part of the coast? Old houses old farms, old adobes all remote and *such* wild flowers.

We've been discovering new trails back in the hills *new* to us—We found in a big flat rock the other day 18 {Indian} mortars in a group,—(by a stream under a sycamore tree.)—

We are going to a big beach ♦ supper tonight with fireworks (Tevis party)

This big curving beach is very beautiful with fireworks darting from end to end.

The Community Theatre produced “Spread Eagle” this week.
8 A fine play, moderately well done. Heavens I *never* got into any job that bored me to such a point of collapse as that theatre business. ♦

Hans & Phoebe B were among the people who gave us that magnificent bronze bust. Here is a note from Hans—

Kusters are well. Baby more darling every day. His one word so far is German. “Heiss” when he sees a fire. He is good tempered and very sweet He walks about now.

I had a nice note from Fan full of news & breathing of her sincere generous self.—I had sent her a clipping ♦ about *Rowan family* from my Irish paper.

I'm reading *and* reading *Glastonbury Romance*
9 which runs to 1,200 pages! but its {a} fascinating tale of mysticism, bawdy country folk, the smell of water meadows & rich Somerset dsoil and bitter broken twigs.

Im making curtains for the dining room.—wanted something
◆ coarse & homely & completely unnoticeable—with no
splotch of color to catch ones eye instead of that exquisite
landscape! I thought & thought—at last an inspiration stone
gray corduroy its just right.

Send a line sometimes to your faithful & loving

Una

ALS. HRC Texas. 8 pages.

1. Katerina Hoffman, the Kusters' German cook and housekeeper.
2. Lloyd Pacheco Tevis, Sr. (1890–1963) and Lee (Girvin) Tevis (1891–1986), the parents of Lloyd Tevis, Jr., had a home in Carmel and were friends of Robinson and Una.
3. After “rebellion” Una adds an arrow that points to “Spanish.”
4. Noël Sullivan lived at 2323 Hyde Street, San Francisco.
5. Ramon Novarro (1899–1968), born José Ramón Gil Samaniego in Mexico, was a popular screen actor who starred in *Scaramouche* (1923), *Ben-Hur* (1925), *Mata Hari* (1932), and other films. Like Noël Sullivan, Novarro was both Roman Catholic and homosexual. Their friendship is recorded in letters written over a span of nearly thirty years (see Noël Sullivan Papers, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley). On October 30, 1968, Novarro was murdered in

his Los Angeles home by a male prostitute and his sidekick brother. The two men ransacked Novarro's belongings in a failed search for money, then beat him to death with a cane.

6. *The Green Pastures*, a play that features stories from the Bible as told by an elderly African American preacher in rural Louisiana and brought to life by an all-black cast, was written by Marc Connelly (1890–1980), an American playwright. Connelly belonged to the Algonquin Round Table, a group of writers, actors, and assorted intellectuals that met for lunch each day at the Algonquin Hotel in New York. *The Green Pastures*, which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1930, embarked upon a limited transcontinental tour in 1932. It opened at the Columbia Theater in San Francisco May 16 and closed June 11.

7. Following the performance, Una and the twins went backstage to meet Richard B. Harrison (1864–1935), whose engaging portrayal of The Lord had made him a beloved national figure.

8. *Spread Eagle* (1927) by George S. Brooks and Walter B. Lister, a play about American business interests, government relations, and war with Mexico.

9. John Cowper Powys, *A Glastonbury Romance* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1932).

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House.

July 13. 1932

Dearest Mabel:

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

1 & Helen O'Sullivan.

2

Well, here they came and it wasn't so bad. Jack and Ella stayed after and we had some talk.—Hedwiga is very handsome—she was here in the early Golden Bough Days when Maurice Brown was here. ♦ She is much interested in you because she has heard so much about you from Elizabeth Duncan.

3 She is (Hedwiga) is built on a big grand warm abounding scale & that has done her out of a job in this age. No parts to fit her on a stage. She belongs to the time of long tragic rantings!

The letter from Ivy Low

4 was very interesting. Ella knows Ivy Low and says she is a friend of Catherine Carswell

5 (whom E. W. doesn't know) & {Ella} thinks this letter was written to Carswell. I showed this letter to Ella W. there seemed no reason not to—& I am have been so discreet about talking with her of your things!

We had (Robin, boys & I) such an interesting trip Sunday. We went with Olga & Sydney Fish & their guest Irwin Cobb
6 & Harry Toulmin
7 back to their Palo Corona Ranch in the hills about eight miles on ♦ horseback. They have a charming small house there an old ranch house fixed up in a little peach orchard—*such* a wild lonely spot in a redwood cañon. The Fishes are charming. & She is gay and amusing & full of fun & Cobb is really truly the funniest man I *ever* met. He *looks* & *talks* just the same! It was a very nice day.—We saw an old bear trap where they used to trap the bears to fight the *bulls*—in the old Spanish fiesta days. a little log cabin thing with a drop door.

I have almost persuaded the {theatre} committee to do “Green Grow the Lilacs.”

8 I think thats a *grand* play *Tex*,

9 the Fish head cowboy knows a lot of hillbillies who can do the songs. I hope it will go.

I’ve read & read & read “Glastonbury Romance.” Its certainly the longest book after the Bible. I like it very much. The *feel* of a part of England I love & all that ♦ magic overtones are real to me! and what fun those bawdy country folks—and I can imagine Evan’s obscess obsession with the iron bar—

10 Well I’m nearly finished—it’s a borrowed book & I can’t keep it forever so it & Bertram Thomas “Arabia Felix”

11 have kept me from your *Memoirs* which I’ve just dipped into. I will read & return very soon. Of course part of that section I read when you were here. That part of your life is *bleak* to me, but I love to read it all as I do anything which completes my picture of you.

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

I am sending you a notice of the Carswell book.

12 Peter promised to have her sister

13 send it to me, but it hasn't come yet. I may have to reorder I

usually get Bess O'Sullivan {in London} to get my books so to save *much*. The regular charge of American booksellers is to count each English shilling as 40¢, which is to cover duty, postage, etc. It *does* cover it ten times over!

Mollie got tight up at the Moore Ranch—their first visit there, & she *never* does you remember & Moore came home with them and stayed until 3: AM I wish I'd seen it! I mean Mollie, but we've refused his last three invitations & probably won't be asked again. It's boring to stay too long there & Robin feels cheated of time & Moore

14 isn't *too* attractive. A strange shifty {man with a certain power & evidence of *events* about him} who tells rotten jokes every minute. Mrs M.

15 left him a year ago. She lives in Pebble Beach. Raving beauty! ♦

I love you always,
Una.

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. Mary (Pardow) Hooper (1868–1954), wife of Joseph George Hooper (1866–1935), vice president of the Crocker National Bank in San Francisco. The Hoopers' home in Carmel was located on Camino Real at 13th Avenue.

2. Helen (Hooper) O'Sullivan (1895–1969), Mary and Joseph Hooper's daughter. Helen's husband Curtis O'Sullivan (1894–1967), Denis and Bess O'Sullivan's son, was born in London. He graduated from the University of California, Berkeley in 1915 and pursued a career as a businessman in San Francisco and as an officer in the California National Guard. During World War II, as Major General O'Sullivan, he commanded the 184th Infantry Regiment in several Pacific campaigns, winning the Bronze Star with oak leaf cluster and other awards for his service. After the war, he led the California National Guard as adjutant general.

3. Elizabeth Duncan (1871–1948), a dancer and teacher, was Isadora Duncan's older sister. Elizabeth established a number of schools in Europe and America, including one in New York's Hudson Valley that she opened in 1915 with Mabel's help. Mabel's son John Evans was a student there. Along with instruction in dance, children were offered a progressive curriculum designed to integrate body, mind, and soul.

4. Ivy (Low) Litvinov (1889–1977), British author of *Growing Pains* (1913), *A Visit to D. H. Lawrence* (1946), *She Knew She Was Right* (1971), and other books. Litvinov's husband, Maxim Litvinov (1876–1951), was a leading participant in the Bolshevik Revolution. He later served as commissar for foreign affairs and represented the Soviet Union as ambassador to England and the United States.

5. Catherine (MacFarlane) Carswell (1879–1946), a Scottish writer, resided in London for most of her adult life. She was a friend of Ivy Litvinov, who introduced her to D. H. Lawrence. Carswell authored *Open the Door!* (1920), *The Life of Robert Burns* (1930), *Lying Awake* (1950), and other books—including a study of Lawrence (see note 12).

6. Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb (1876–1944), popular American journalist and writer known for his humorous accounts of life in Kentucky and the old south. Cobb also wrote for and appeared in Hollywood films, including *Steamboat 'Round the Bend* (1935) starring Will Rogers. Among his many books are *Old Judge Priest* (1916), *Prose and Cons* (1926), and *Exit Laughing* (1941).

7. Henry “Harry” Wroughton Toulmin (1871–1952), a sportsman and amateur archaeologist born in England, lived in Monterey’s historic Larkin House with his wife Alice (Larkin) Toulmin (1879–1963).

8. Lynn Riggs, *Green Grow the Lilacs* (New York: S. French, 1931), later adapted as *Oklahoma!* by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein.

9. Ira L. “Tex” Raibourn (1904–1970), foreman of Sidney and Olga Fish’s Palo Corona Ranch.

10. Owen Evans, a character in *A Glastonbury Romance*, is both mystically religious and sadomasochistic. One of his mental obsessions, present from childhood, concerns a killing blow delivered by an iron bar. The penultimate chapter of the novel is titled “The Iron Bar.”

11. Bertram Thomas, *Arabia Felix: Across the "Empty Quarter" of Arabia* (New York: C. Scribner's Sons, 1932).

12. Catherine Carswell, *The Savage Pilgrimage: A Narrative of D. H. Lawrence* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1932).

13. Rosa Winter, Peter's (Ella Winter's) older sister, lived in London.

14. George Gordon Moore (1875–1971), born in Canada, was rumored to be the illegitimate son of King Edward VII of England. References to his early life identify him as an American who resided first in Detroit and then New York. As an attorney, businessman, and international financier, he served as an adviser to members of the British nobility. Lady Diana Cooper describes Moore and his lavish London parties in her three-volume *Autobiography* (1958–1960). During World War I, questions were raised about his close association with Sir John French, Field Marshall and commander of British forces in France. Moore was French's adviser and resided with him at his headquarters on the front line. Moore directed the Michigan United Traction Company, owned public utilities in Michigan, Nebraska, Georgia, Canada, and Brazil, and operated several ranches and stud farms. In California, where he was a friend of newspaper publisher William Randolph Hearst, Moore acquired the Rancho San Carlos, a 23,000-acre estate in Carmel Valley. Financial problems plagued him after the Depression, during which he is said to have lost \$8,000,000 in one month.

15. Esther (Foss) Hickman Moore (1894–1954), celebrated for her beauty as a debutante, was an internationally known social figure. Her father was Eugene Noble Foss

(1858–1939), industrialist, real estate magnate, congressman, and governor of Massachusetts. Prior to marrying George Gordon Moore, Esther was the wife of William Albert Hickman (1877–1957), a Harvard-educated writer, marine engineer, and inventor.

RJ to Varian Green

[July 1932]

Dear Mr. Green:

1

Thank you for your letter of July 26. The sudden cut of monthly income from 200 to 80, without warning, seems to {surely} indicate some inattention on the part of the Bank. I know the difficulties of the present time, but I hope that reasonable care has been exercised {in the past} in regard to investments; and that all urgency will be used in collecting interest and salvaging principal as far as possible.

I do not wish to realize on any of the principal, {at least} for the present. at least. We shall be able to live for some months {through the year for awhile} on 80 a month from the Trust, by using up some little small savings, but our taxes {last year} on unproductive home property {here} were \$600! and will no d and a similar and a change like that leaves very little to live on, out of 80 a month.

I received {a few days ago} the papers for the declaration of a living Trust, and have been thinking the matter over. {They are drawn {approximately} as I should wish them, but} as things are it seems advisable to hold them for a time, and ask

the {seek the} advice of friends. I do not understand from your letters tho [illegible] the security or the income would be increased by this change; the only advantage would be in the matter of administrative fees. As I feel [illegible] and my death {in the near future} seems so unlikely that the saving inof administrative fees and some portion of the inheritance tax do not require immediate action need not be instantly considered. If there is any other advantage to be gained, please let me know.

Meanwhile I'll consider the matter further; but there would be more arrangement time making the change, if the trust were in better paying condition.

ALD. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. Varian S. Green (1895–1988), an attorney and trust officer with Security First National Bank in Los Angeles.

UJ to Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Tor House. Carmel. August 1. 1932

Dearest Erskine:

You're right that's one of my things that book on Irish crosses! I already have a copy given to me by my dear Frederick Mortimer Clapp (you have his book on Pontormo 1—early Italian—) Clapp was with Kingsley Porter 2 in Ireland several years ago when he was collecting material for it.—(& is now visiting him again this summer I think for he has rented an old castle in Donegal.) Irish sculptured remains is one of the topics I can really hold forth on with

enthusiasm & some technical knowledge but alas, the audience for such matters I find limited!

I am indeed sorry to know you are feeling a bit frail, I've had in mind to write you for several weeks but have had several worries.

3—My mother was in an automobile accident which has completely blinded her—a She fell against the front seat & the {eyes got the force of the} blow. A specialist in attendance assures us that she will see again but three weeks have ♦ elapsed & they are still dark.—She is 76 & a woman of extraordinary physical strength & exuberance who has always lived an exterior, objective life & would find it almost impossible now to find any rich resources within. My twin sisters are with her in Michigan & keep {keep} me informed—but I have felt much concern. She had a badly fractured rib but that has given her little trouble.

I've been having to reconstruct our budget too, but fortunately a number of things we've had to give up we've discovered were an actual relief to be rid of bothering about. Thrifty Scotch Una has been laying aside a sum each month for a future trip which {sum} will beautifully tide us over until our income resumes.

I got Ella Winter's sister Rosa to buy Catherine Carswell's Reminiscences about Lawrence {D. H. Lawrence} "Savage Pilgrimage". for me {in London}. In it she does not display the power which we felt in ♦ her "Life of Burns" but its very good reading though Lawrence, from {from} so completely a different angle, is as unprepossessing (to me) as he is in Mabel Luhan's book. Now Peter informs me that Rosa writes

the book has been withdrawn after the sale of just a few copies. I am eager to know why. In it she bitterly attacks that cad Middleton Murry but I doubt whether he has enough influence to get that withdrawn.

4 I can't agree with you about Mabel's book. I think—once you accept Mabel—the books has an amazing honesty & vivid freshness,—but perhaps you dont care for *her* honest revelations, self & otherwise.

Our dearest love to you two precious friends.

Faithfully—
Una.

Robin & I have stayed married 19 years tomorrow!

<over> ♦

Today a letter from the New York Public Library asks leave to photostat Robin's "Flagons & Apples" from the Library of Congress copy, as they are completely unable to buy a copy.

Robin groaned, but not as loudly as he has groaned & rebelled five times lately when a five different people {(one from France)} have asked leave to collect & reprint his youthful efforts in "Youth's Companion" etc.

Our love to you.

ALS. Huntington. 4 pages.

1. Frederick Mortimer Clapp, *Jacopo Carucci da Pontormo, His Life and Work* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1916).

2. Arthur Kingsley Porter (1883–1933), American archaeologist, scholar, and professor of fine art at Harvard University. Porter was the author of several important works, including *Mediaeval Architecture*, 2 vols. (1908); *Lombard Architecture*, 4 vols. (1915–1917); *Romanesque Sculpture of the Pilgrimage Roads*, 10 vols. (1923); *The Virgin and the Clerk* (1929); and *The Crosses and Culture of Ireland* (1931).

3. In addition to the worries Una mentions in this and the following paragraph, another worry (or scare) was a grass fire that swept over the Jeffers property, probably ignited by a cigarette tossed from a passing car. Robinson and a group of volunteer firemen extinguished the blaze, which was visible for several miles. See “Jeffers Has Own Inferno As Flames Threaten His Tower,” *Carmel Pine Cone* (July 29, 1932): 1.

4. As a result of J. Middleton Murry’s accusations of libel, Chatto and Windus issued an apology and suspended publication of Carswell’s *Savage Pilgrimage*. Martin Secker issued a revised version later in the year.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House

August 1, 1932

Dearest Mabel—

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

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

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

Night before last I had dinner with Blanche Matthias, & Frank Wickman {Russian} pianist, & Olin Downes

2 of the N. Y. Times. Afterwards we went to hear Harold Bauer

3 solo & in quintette with a string orchestra quartette. His playing with them of a Schumann quintette was *marvellous*. Yesterday I went to tea with those two men to Mr and Mrs. Curtis

4—*awfully* interesting people. She is a Russian & he is a biologist pursuing some experiment here at the Marine Laboratory in Pacific Grove. She is heartily ♦ opposed to the business going on in Russia now & we had some interesting conversation. Downes is *very* nice.

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

5

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

Send me a line soon about everything.—Did you find the photograph of the bust in the package with “Indian Boy.”? Are you seeing Ella Young?

Love to you and Tony.

Faithfully

Una.

Robin and I have stayed married 19 years tomorrow

6

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Maurice Sterne (1878–1957), a Russian-born American painter and sculptor, was married to Mabel from 1917 to 1922. In 1933 the entire Museum of Modern Art in New York was devoted to a retrospective exhibition of his work. Other major projects include sculpture for the Rogers-Kennedy Memorial in Worcester, Massachusetts (1929) and twenty large murals for the Department of Justice Building in Washington, D.C. (1941). As an appointee of President Truman, Sterne was a member of the National Commission of Fine Arts from 1945 to 1951.

2. Olin Downes (1886–1955), music critic for the *Boston Post* from 1906 to 1924 and for the *New York Times* from 1924 to 1955; author of *The Lure of Music* (1918), *Sibelius the Symphonist* (1956), and other works.

3. Harold Bauer (1873–1951), American pianist born in England. Bauer was a touring concert

pianist, both as a solo performer and chamber musician, and chair of the Piano Department at the Manhattan School of Music.

4. Brian Curtis (1893–1960), chief biologist for the California State Fish and Game Commission, was the author of *The Life Story of the Fish: His Morals and Manners* (1938) and other works. Meta (Rumel) Curtis (1891–1962), an Estonian princess and writer, fled from her native country after the Russian Revolution.

5. John Young-Hunter (1874–1955), Gabrielle Kuster’s father, was born in Glasgow and educated in London where he studied with Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, John Singer Sargent, and others. Young-Hunter moved to the United States in 1915 and established himself as a portrait painter. A summer home in Taos, where he eventually lived year-round, directed his attention to scenes of the southwest. Soon after his divorce from Gabrielle’s mother, Mary Young-Hunter, John married Mabel Luhan’s secretary, Eva “Eve” Renz Schroeer. From then on, he distanced himself from his original family. His autobiography, prepared for publication by Eve and titled *Reviewing the Years* (1963), makes no mention of Mary or Gabrielle. An account of his place in British and American art is contained in an exhibition catalog produced by Alan and Mary Hobart, *Edwardian Pre-Raphaelites: The Art of John and Mary Young Hunter* (London: Pym’s Gallery, 2000).

6. Added in lower right corner, page 4.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House
August 16. [1932]

Dearest Mableel:

I don't know when I've been so interested as wh when I heard that Claire Spencer

1 is there! I thought her "Gallows Orchard" a very important book of fiction—and *different* from any other I know—the atmosphere and the turn of expression really *rare*—and to paint well too!—I like the quiet fine sound of her.

The letter of Naomi Mitchison I like. She lives right near our ♦ home for three months in Oxford{shire} I regret I didn't know her there. Robin read aloud "The Barbarian" this holiday. He had read most of it to the boys before.

2—There is something *queer* about her books. I feel as I read as if I were seeing her events through a thin very transparent very *hard* piece of glass, because she tells all the thrilling things as though herself

completely detached & unemotional & therefore, however real and vivid the terrific encounters ♦ appear to the eye they do not affect one's emotions.—I think this detached quality in her must make her feel an intense interest in your writing which is so in the *midst* of what you are telling every throb one is aware of.

The French article hasn't arrived yet.—

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

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

3

Mrs. Chester Arthur {& Mollie} for tea yesterday (tell Ella Young) with her a friend married to an Italian living on a hill outside Florence. She says the Villa Curonia

4 is rented to rich Americans!—Must run away going to buy boths boys' school clothes. Start in Monday alas,

With fondest love.

Una.

August 2. Robin and I have stayed married 19 yrs.—13 yrs. yesterday in Tor House.

5

Mexico this winter?

6

I hope Brett's book gets published.

7

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. See Una's next letter to Mabel.

2. *The Barbarian: The Corn King and the Spring Queen* (1931) by Naomi Mitchison was also published simply as *The Corn King and the Spring Queen*. Mitchison (1897–1999), born in Scotland, was a prolific author of novels, plays, short stories, poetry, children's literature, and non-fiction. In

addition to her work as a writer, she was involved in a number of social and political causes.

3. Sara Bard Field's older sister Mary (Field) Parton (1878–1969) and her daughter Margaret. Mary, a friend of Clarence Darrow and Theodore Dreiser, was a social activist, writer, and journalist. Publications include *Autobiography of Mother Jones* (1925) and *Metropolis: A Study of New York* (1939). Mary's husband, Lemuel F. Parton (1879–1943), was city editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin* and author of "Who's News Today," a nationally syndicated column. Their daughter Margaret (Parton) Hussey (1915–1981) also chose journalism as a profession. Writing as Margaret Parton, she worked for the *New York Herald Tribune* as a reporter and foreign correspondent and for the *Ladies' Home Journal* as an associate editor. She was the author of *Laughter on the Hill: A San Francisco Interlude* (1945), *The Leaf and the Flame* (1959), and *Journey Through a Lighted Room* (1973). The latter book contains a brief account of a visit to Tor House, page 60.

4. Villa Curonia was the estate Mabel once owned near Florence, Italy.

5. Written vertically in left margin, page 4.

6. Written vertically in right margin, page 4.

7. Added in top right corner, third page. Dorothy Brett's book, *Lawrence and Brett: A Friendship*, was published in 1933.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

[August 1932]

Tor House.

May 27

1

Dearest Mabel—

Just a note this morning to tell of John & Claire.

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

As for John—doesn't every woman love him? I do. Tomorrow we are going for a long drive & I hope to talk things over with them. John gave me the letter to read—that you wrote telling of your mother's hard heart!

3 I hope in ♦ some way to be of use to them but don't know how yet. They probably wrote you they came up here to spend the two weeks they had to wait before Myer {Meyer} returned to Hollywood. The children are quiet and clever and British acting!

4 The first day they arrived we were sitting in the dining room & they quickly skipped away up the ladder into the loft & read Geographics quietly & busily until time to go.

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

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

That's all for the moment—

The French *Revue de Paris* came this moment & Ive read the first three pages. Blanche makes you sound thrilling & straight out of a novel!

5

Always your devoted
Una

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

I think Effie Gallows
6 is a tremendous person.

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

ALS. Yale. 3 pages.

1. This letter was most likely written in late August, probably August 27—which means Una wrote “May” by mistake. In her August 16 letter to Mabel, Una says “the French article hasn’t arrived yet.” In this letter, she says “The French *Revue de Paris* came this moment.” Since the article was published in the July 15 issue of the *Revue*, Una could not have seen it in May. Additional clues, such as those concerning John and Claire Evans’ arrival in Carmel, support an August date.

2. John Ganson Evans (1902–1978), Mabel’s only child, was the author of two novels, *Andrews’ Harvest* (1933) and *Shadows Flying* (1936). Much of his life was devoted to government work. He served, for instance, as the superintendent of Indian Affairs in Albuquerque from 1944 to 1946. He also worked for the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Alaska and held posts in Iran, Israel, and Washington, D. C. with the Departments of Interior and State. At the time this letter was written, he was married to Alice Oliver Henderson.

Claire Spencer (1896–1987), soon to be John’s second wife, was married to Harrison Smith. Claire, a novelist, was born in Scotland. She was the author of *Gallows’ Orchard* (1930), *The Quick and the Dead* (1932), and *The Island* (1935).

3. Mabel’s relationship with her mother, Sarah/Sara (Cook) Ganson Montague (1853– 1933), was strained. In the first volume of her autobiography, *Intimate Memories: Background* (1933), Mabel mentions the privation she experienced as a child: “Probably most people have some memories of their earliest years that contain a little warmth and liveliness but in my own I cannot find one happy hour. I

have no recollections of my mother's ever giving me a kiss or smile of spontaneous affection, or of any sign from my father except dark looks and angry sound" (p. 23).

4. Claire's children, Harrison Venture Smith and Patricia Smith.

5. Jacques-Émile Blanche, "D. H. Lawrence et Mabel Dodge," *La Revue de Paris* (July 15, 1932): 325–341. Blanche (1861–1942) was a French portrait painter and writer whose friends included Edgar Degas and Marcel Proust. A portrait of Mabel by Blanche serves as the frontispiece for *European Experiences* (1935), the second volume of her *Intimate Memories*; another portrait appears opposite page 82. Mabel refers to Blanche several times in *European Experiences* and describes him at length on pages 405–408.

For an extract of the article, see "D. H. Lawrence and Mabel Dodge," translated by Una Jeffers, *The Carmelite* (November 10, 1932): 6–7.

6. Effie Gallows, the protagonist of Spencer's *Gallows' Orchard*. The novel, as described in *Book Review Digest* (1930), tells "the story of a gallant, wayward girl in a little Scotch village, of the several men who loved her, and the hatred of the villagers who, resenting her progress toward happiness, arose in wrath and slew her."

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel. California.
August 28, 1932

Dear Mr. Powell:

Robinson Jeffers is glad to give you permission to reprint the four poems (Star on the Hill-Crest, Stars, George Sterling) and the prose Memories of G. S. but you would need to consult the editor of *Colophon* for the right to Story of First Book.

He has never been in Alaska—the lines

1 were written one day after our friend Frederick Bechdolt (writer of wild west stories) had been describing with great vividness his life in Alaska and my husband was much interested in the picture of the garnet sand & green sea with snow mountains in the background.—R. J. is usually {cares} so much more interested in {for} *form* than infor color that this poem has a different interest from most of his.

In the “Year of Mourning” M. J. refers to our first ♦ child, a daughter, Maev {maev}

2 Jeffers born in May 1914. She lived but a day. His father (W. H. J.) died in Jan Dec. 1914.

Very sincerely

Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. See “Stars,” *Collected Poetry* 4: 303–304. The poem begins with a reference to Alaskan beaches.

2. Printed in block letters above the cursive script.

UJ to Phoebe and Hans Barkan

[September 1932]
Thursday
Tor House. Carmel.

Dearest Phoebe and Hans—

You are *darlings* to send me the Lawrence Letters

1 which are so important in rounding out the picture of D. H.—I have the “Reminiscences {of D. H. L}” by Catherine Carswell which came out in London a few weeks ago called “Savage Pilgrimage.” Ella Winter’s sister got it for me as soon as published {in England} which was lucky because it was withdrawn almost instantly on account of libellous statements about Middleton Murry. I believe it has been published over here now, revised. Anyway you shall have mind {mine} to read when you wish.—We often talked of you this summer and of the little note Hans sent from hospital asking us up to your mountains—which never did get answered because we kept thinking we could make it—and never did find a free time. I hope you all came down well & energetic as you did last year. ♦

Summer was full here of work & people & long walks (and badminton & swimming & tennis & riding for the boys)—The most exciting thing that happened was two {three} weeks of John Evans, Mabel’s son, who took a house by us. With him was Claire Spencer, the wife of Harrison Smith

2 & her two children. Claire & John are to marry as soon as their divorces are gotten.

3

They met in Mexico & have gone back there where he has bought a house in Taxco. They are both very beautiful to look

at—*She* is the {Scotch} novelist author of that strange “Gallow’s Orchard.” Won’t you get that from the library & read it before we meet. Phoebe—I want so much to talk her over with you the strangest woman I’ve ever met & one of the most interesting. John is loveable. He is 30—dark & a bit sombre—very real & sincere like Mabel—He has just turned his back on banking & his grandmother with her millions & conventional society in Buffalo—♦ He longs only to be away from people & towns! I’ve never seen a man of that age so poised as he.

Send us a line do—. We hear that Albert {Bender} has a French decoration, bless him!

4

How lare little Phoebe

5 & Adie—

Colonel Wood & Sara Bard Field are here for a few weeks & I’m seeing them often.

Thanks again for remembering me & my great interest in D. H. L.!

Love from all the Jefferses

Una

ALS. San Francisco. 3 pages.

1. D. H. Lawrence, *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, edited by Aldous Huxley (London: W. Heinemann, 1932; New York: Viking, 1932).

2. Oliver Harrison “Hal” Smith (1888–1971), an editor and publisher, was a graduate of Yale University, an avid sailor, and a friend of William Faulkner and other leading writers. He held editorial positions with several publishing companies before establishing his own firms—Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith, Harrison Smith, and Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. Smith was president of the *Saturday Review of Literature* from 1938 to 1966. He and Claire divorced in 1933.

3. John Evans married Alice Oliver Henderson (1907–1988) in 1922, when he was twenty-one and she was fifteen. Alice was the daughter of William Penhallow Henderson (1877–1943), an artist, architect, and furniture designer, and Alice Corbin Henderson (1881–1949), poet, author, and associate editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*. John and Alice, who divorced in 1933, were the parents of Natalie, Nancy, and Letitia.

4. Trustee Albert Bender and President Aurelia Henry Reinhardt of Mills College were awarded membership in the Legion of Honor for outstanding academic and artistic service to France. Yves de Bellefou, consul general of France, presided over the September 15, 1932 campus ceremony.

5. Hans and Phoebe Barkan’s daughter Phoebe was born October 24, 1924. Her brother Adi was born on the same day, seven years before.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel California
September 20. 1932

Dear Mr. Alberts:

I returned your ms. yesterday as directed by insured parcel post. We felt that it was an extremely thorough & scholarly document. The amount of painstaking labor you have put upon it to bring it to such a correct standard throughout appals us as I told you! Your introduction and notes make it interesting even to one who is not a collector. I looked it through page by page—& of course could not verify your references but could modify your notes if they h needed it.—I wrote in in pencil the missing data for “Triad”—(Vol. & no. {& page} of Pine Cone)

In your miscellaneous notes I think you used an incorrect expression. R. J. did not “assume” the name Robinson when left the legacy by his mother’s relative, John F. Robinson Pittsburg banker. R. J. was so christened as a baby. His mother ♦ had lived with her “Cousin John” some years before her marriage & as a child my husband addressed him as “grandpa.”

You left a {blank} page on which a facsimile of first page of {ms.} of “Tamar” was to be inserted.—This is not in existence. The ms. of “Tamar” was burnt long years ago one day when my husband was clearing his desk. The ms. of “Roan Stallion” was given to Donald Friede on his own request.

In the postcard to Liveright you quote from Ireland omit the comma {between B- & S—} in the address, the little village was *Britwell Salome*, well known thereabout. 12 miles from Oxford. I do not know whether another edition of “Thurso’s

L.” has been printed yet. {T. R.} Smith agreed to have the error in title “Taos Mountain(s)” corrected.

You are right. It is a loss that “Alpine Christ” was destroyed. Some pages of it were sent to the firm—with other poems on the bac reverse sides.—(Either some of the ms. *Roan Stallion* or some advance—I think it must have been.

1) Anyway Friede telegraphed in excitement to beg the whole poem ♦ be sent on immediately for publication but it had been burnt.—

These comments are not of much importance but that is because I really saw no important error.

I hope sincerely that the book will be well done—its sure to be if it is in “Random House’s” hands. I hope that the larger of the two small sums will be available for you!

With best wishes for the book and yourself,

Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 3 pages.

1. An arrow is inserted here that points to *Roan Stallion* in the line above.

RJ to Remsen Du Bois Bird

Tor House, Carmel, California.
September 20, 1932.

Dr. Remsen du Bois Bird,

Occidental College, Los Angeles.

My dear President Bird:

1

It will not be possible for me to be present at the literary conference and dinner, September 27th. But thank you sincerely for the invitation. I am sure the conversations will be most interesting.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. Remsen Du Bois Bird (1888–1971), president of Occidental College from 1921 to 1946. During his tenure, Occidental became one of the leading small liberal arts colleges in the nation. Upon retirement, Bird and his wife, Helen (McClure) Bird (1893–1978), moved to Carmel, where Bird assumed leadership positions in a variety of cultural organizations, including the Monterey Institute of Foreign Studies, the Monterey Peninsula World Affairs Council, the Defense Language Institute, and the Carmel Art Association.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel California.
September 26. 1932

Dear Mr. Alberts:

No. R. J. is not planning an article for Grabhorn Press.

R. J. wished me to say the article you include,—the review of Rorty's verse does not bear the title he used. R. J. called it *Dichtung und Wahrheit* which the editor changed to *Poetry & True Poetry*, with R. J's permission.

I I do not know anything about the publication of Powell's thesis.

R. J. has never been in Alaska. "Stars" was written after a conversation with our friend Frederick Bechdolt, (writer of wild west stories) in which he described very vividly certain Alaskan beaches. This poem interested me because of the interest R. J. showed in the *colors* of that landscape. *Form* is usually so much more sharp in his mind than color.

M. J. refers to our first child, a daughter Maev, born May 5 1914, died May 6. R. J's father died Dec. 1914. ♦

I fancied that I had mailed a letter to you the same date as I did the ms.—with some slight corrections. You have probably received it.

We are satisfied with your assurance about the copyright.

R. J. will write a brief introductory note. Do you think it necessary for him to sign the {ten} copies, since they are including some original ms.?—I have an idea. Why not send for his autograph the printed pages of the introductory note which he will autograph.—The point is he doesn't want to seem the author or inspirer or even collaborator of a bibliography about himself, and in like circumstance refused last year to sign a proposed small edition of a private press in

Los Angeles of Zeitlin,—of a book by a student named Klein who was writing on his verse etc

I will stop in at the Pine Cone office to ask about extra copies. I have none & dont know of any.—If you dont receive any from me right away that means there are none. I daresay if you still want some—if you got them to insert a notice in their paper they could collect some copies.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

2

I will send you the photographs.—I have one of him at 23 of which I am particularly fond. It was to have been published in the Carmelite but the printer mislaid it until too late to use. I have only one copy of it but will lend it to you if you take special care. It is one I carried through Europe with me in 1912 before our marriage. It is more interesting than the other.

3

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. Robinson Jeffers, “Poetry and True Poetry,” a review of *Children of the Sun and Other Poems* by James Rorty, *The Advance*, (April 1, 1927): 12. *The Advance* was a journal published in New York by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. The essay is reprinted in Alberts’ *Bibliography*, pages 140–143.

2. The closing and signature are written vertically in the left margin.

3. The postscript begins in the left margin of the second page, continues across the top, and extends down the right side.

RJ to Martha Barret

Tor House, Carmel, California.

A September, 1932.

My dear Miss Barret:

1

I haven't any book-plate; but I read aloud to my sons all Thomas Hardy's novels, all Walter Scott's, Dostoevsky's great ones, and a tremendous lot of prose and verse besides, before they began to go to high-school; and they enjoyed it exceedingly. So I sympathize the more with your plan of reading for pleasure in literature classes.

I hope what follows will be the sort of statement you wish on the subject of reading:

It is often more valuable to see things than to read about them, but what we can see is very limited, and there is almost no limit to reading. It is the doorway to worlds vastly wider than our personal ones, and almost nearly as real. All the places that we can't visit, the times we can't live in, the experiences we can't have, the thoughts we can't think for ourselves, are to be found in books, if anywhere.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Neville. 1 page.

1. Martha (Buckman) Barret (1898–1969) was an English teacher in the Los Angeles school system for forty-three years. She completed her career at Emerson Junior High School.

RJ and UJ to Graham Bickley

1

[September 1932]

2Verse is speech modulated to produce a pattern of rhythmic recurrences as of a certain number of ft or accents or syllables to line, or recurrences of rhymes or of all these or perhaps only recurrent parallelisms of tho't or expression as in Old Testament verse

Poetic content (the feeling, tho't & expression of poetry may be found in prose also & is only distinguished from that of prose by having more of certain qualities & less of certain others. The tho't is more primitive, less specialized. Language is more figurative giving concrete images rather than abstract ♦ ideas & cares more for its own music. Poetry appeals rather to the emotions than to the intelligence & especially to the aesthetic emotion It appeals more eagerly than prose does to the imagination & to the bodily senses. It deals with the more permanent aspects of man & nature. It tends to be farther removed from quotidian life in order to be nearer to natural, unspecialized & passionate life. Poetry is more properly a celebration & prose a statement of things ♦

Verse is the only definable difference between poetry & prose. The others are more important but are differences of

degree not absolute but relative subjects not for critical definition but for critical analysis

ALF. HRC Texas. 3 pages.

1. James Graham Bickley (1899–1969) was a graduate student at the University of California, Berkeley when this letter was written. He earned a Ph.D. in Romance literature in 1935 with a dissertation titled *The Life and Works of Rafael Delgado*. Thereafter, Bickley taught Romance languages at Occidental College in Los Angeles, where he also served as chairman of the Department of Foreign Languages.

2. On behalf of his classmates in a course on French poetry, Bickley wrote Jeffers September 19, 1932 (TLS, HRC Texas) and asked “if it is not too much of an imposition, would you be kind enough to write us what you feel and understand *poetry* to be.” A draft answer in Una’s hand, the result of either dictation or transcription, was hastily recorded on both sides of Bickley’s letter. If a formal reply by Robinson or Una was sent to Bickley, it is now lost.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Oct 18. [1932]

1

Dear Mr. Alberts,

Re Storm as Galeotto.

2 See Francesca episode in Dante’s “Inferno.”

Galeotto is the Italian version of Galahad, who was the go-between in the affair of Launcelot & Guinevere. (not being as pure then as in Tennyson's day.).

R. J. cannot grant permission for any use of "Alpine Christ" fragments, of found with "Roan Stallion"

I am sending the pictures you ask for. I wonder whether in the ♦ case of the one *age 23*—if a reproduction could not be made soon—(or the block—or whatever you use) and the picture returned to me. I have no other copy nor could get one.

I send them insured. {with this—registered}.

Let me know when the article *introduction* (to your book) by R. J. sch should be in your hands so I can gradually & painlessly get it out of him.

3

R. J. will be very glad to see your "sheet of verse."

Very sincerely in haste
Una J.

In great haste. I've been too busy to write promptly.

4

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages.

1. This note was written in response to a September 30, 1932 letter from Alberts to Una. Alberts' letter is in the Jeffers archives at Occidental College. Una's response is located at the University of San Francisco.

2. Alberts wants to know “the meaning or significance of *Storm as Galeotto*,” the title found on an early draft of the “Prelude” to *The Women at Point Sur*.

3. Jeffers titled his introduction “Remembered Verses.” See Alberts’ *Bibliography*, pages xv–xvi.

4. Added in top right corner, first page.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

October 25, 1932
Tor House. Carmel

Dear Mr. Alberts:

I answered your former letter several days ago. Answering now your letter of October 22.

1

I. Do not know.

II. Red marbled paper with red leather back & blue with blue. The papers are of different design. Very different.

2In both besides the main color there is much cream color & a dash of greenish gold.

The conventionalized floral designs on backs are different—I indicate Δ and \square .

The scrolls are different—I indicate  and .

At top of blue one are 2 parallel gold lines instead of one as on Red also 2 at bottom *above* the date. at very bottom on both is a single gold line. (and a single line at top of red). Title & author of red blue are in a square of gold line. Square is $1\frac{1}{6}$ in. on a side.

The spacings of letters of titles are different (slightly)

The designs on the leather are all gold of course & seem to the eye an equal amount of gold on each ♦

III. Cannot remember. “Tamar was written after 1920 but dont know when. Probably in 1923. R. J. thinks it lay on his desk some months before he sent it to Boyle. Destroyed simply because it was in print & I asked him to clean up his table.—Probably burnt late in 1924. He writes on a big heavy old mahogany table bought when we moved into Tor House in {Aug.} 1919. It fits exactly into a corner of the upstairs room where he has always written, a corner with a window looking south & several in a row looking east. We got the table in an antique shop in Monterey which probably—the table I mean—came around the Horn by sailing vessel. Monterey is full of such furniture. He sits in an *enormous* {very heavy} chair made {out} of redwood planks by native Indian workmen about 70 yrs. ago, from redwood taken from the old Carmel mission when it was mostly stripped of wood &

treasures & roofing tile. We got it from an old ranch up the Carmel valley ten miles. The chair was once painted or stained gray—but looks now about the color of old silvery driftwood.—No one ever touches his table and when he it gets covered about six inches deep with mss. I ask him to clear it. I have provided handy an ancient small leather trunk

that belonged to his great grandmother & he puts his things into that now, but at that time I hadn't arranged the trunk and he put the used paper into the fire. ♦

“An Alpine Christ” was written before we came to Tor House, probably in 1918. “Fauna” was written in 1918 also.

IV We have no objection.

V. No likelihood likelihood of giving any to “Contempo.” At least a dozen of the foremost magazines have written during the last year for verse. R. J. always promises if any is written that seem seems suitable to send it but never thinks of it again. I sometimes think I should take this in hand, but whenever I begin to plan to send it any, makes {it bothers} him—he hates any fuss or business about mss. Contempo is very insistent as you know so I just say—“if any suitable—” but between you & me, there are many others who come first, certainly The Yale Review would have preference!

I sent you the photographs registered with my last letter.

Very sincerely

Una Jeffers. <over> ♦

I notice in a {an English} catalogue a Bibliography of { the writings of} D. H. Lawrence by E. D. McDonald with a foreword by D. H. Lawrence. 8 vo. boards cloth back limited edition 100 copies numbered—signed by D. H. L & the author. Philadelphia, 1925 price 40/ Do you know this book? The firm {publisher} is not stated. I was interested, not knowing that the author whose bibliography was done, was often associated with the book

“The Tower Beyond Tragedy” did I tell you is to be produced Nov. 8 & 9. at the University Little Theatre at Berkeley.

3

I wish I had time to speak of your review of “Descent”

4—I’m glad you like it better but than at first, but I feel you do not estimate its value in comparison with the his other books, correctly. I wonder how thoroughly that gore-caked ancient soil is in your consciousness? Ireland is one of the most

important things that ever happened to R. J.—There is about him a kind of timelessness—the passage of centuries is an unnoticeable & unimportant moment to him really. I think he realized himself more fully as he stood beside those old cromlechs than

5ever before.—Perhaps I phrase that hurriedly, & awkwardly. I do not mean realize himself as a point in time. I mean he felt *at ease*, at home in that place

ALS. Occidental. 4 pages.

1. Alberts’ letter is missing.

2. This and the following four paragraphs are written on the right side of the first page of Una’s letter. Beside them, on the left side of the sheet, Una has carefully drawn two 1½” x 6” book spines; one is labeled “Red” and the other “Blue.” “Roan Stallion” is written inside and at the top, “Jeffers” in the middle, and “1925” at the bottom. Una also indicates where different floral designs and scrolls are placed.

3. See RJ and UJ to Edwin Duerr, November 1932.

4. Sydney S. Alberts, "Jeffers' Trip to Ireland," *Contempo* 3 (October 25, 1932): 1, 8; also published in *The Carmelite* (October 20, 1932): 7.

5. The rest of the letter is written vertically in the right margin.

RJ to Fremont Older

Tor House, Carmel, California.
October 26, 1932.

Dear Fremont Older:

1

I am very eager for the success of "Barabbas," but I can't write a review.

I've written two in my life, the last was four years ago and I swore then never to write another, for the gift of advertisement is not in me.

After seeing "Barabbas" in manuscript I wrote a little statement for the publisher to use. It is on the dust-jacket of the book, and I enclose it here. Perhaps you could print it, with my name, if you think it will do any good, in connection with a review by some more capable person.

Mrs. Jeffers joins me in affectionate regards to you.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Berkeley. 1 page.

1. Fremont Older (1856–1935), editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin* from 1895 to 1918 and the *San Francisco Call and Call-Bulletin* from 1918 to 1935. Older, a leader in California’s progressive movement, was committed to civic reform and social justice. He recounts his adventures as a newspaperman in *My Own Story* (1919 and 1926). Older was married to writer Cora (Baggerly) Older (1874–1968).

UJ to Martha Barret

October 26. 1932.

My dear Miss Barret—

Writing for Robinson Jeffers, he wishes me to thank you sincerely for your invitation to the institute tea on December 22.

1 He invariably refuses invitations of this kind (or *any* kind! {I add.}) He finds interruptions very disturbing to his work. He doesn’t like to talk and doesn’t consider himself a valuable addition, conversationally.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers. ♦

I can’t help adding a line about our great pet Hardy. Our boys have just written Book Reports on “Return of the Native” and “Far from the Madding Crowd” for Junior High School English, and relived their pleasure of several years ago in first hearing these read, and our later interest in visiting Wessex. My husband has read faithfully to them evening after evening

since they were very tiny.—the sum total, an amazing number of books.—I hope he didn't fail to speak of W. H. Hudson. He has been important to them.

U. J.

ALS. Tor House. 2 pages. Postmark: October 26, 1932. Letterhead (embossed): Hawk Tower.

1. Martha Barret, as president of the English Teachers Association of Southern California, presided at a session of the December 19–21, 1932 Los Angeles City Teachers' Institute. The Institute was followed by a meeting of the California Teachers' Association, an event that included a tea sponsored by the English section. Carl Van Doren accepted an invitation to attend.

RJ to Jeremy Ingalls

Tor House, Carmel, California
November 9, 1932

Dear Miss Ingalls:

1

2I am a wretched answerer of letters, but your questions seem few and simple. (1) Poets and poetic forms most satisfying? Shelley, Wordsworth, W. B. Yeats, Milton, Tennyson. Forms—Greek tragedy, Greek lyric. (2) English poetry has more significance for me than American. That is, poetry of the past—certainly not of the present. (3) What poets in early reading or personal contact most influenced style or philosophy? None by personal contact. I read and imitated at

various times all those named above, besides Swinburne, Rossetti, and who knows how many others. I am not qualified to talk about persisting influences on style, indeed I do not know. “Philosophy” had little to do with any reading of poetry, but came, such as it is, from life and prose, science and the like. Perhaps a gleam from Lucretius on one side and Wordsworth on the other. I used to read a good deal of German and French poetry, having been at school in Europe and attracted at various stages by Heine, Baudelaire, Hugo, but I think neither excited nor influenced; nor by Latin either, except the prosody interested me.

No doubt I should have mentioned Shakespeare and the King James’ Bible!

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers

Poe captured me when I was very young; I had almost forgotten. Emerson interested me; Whitman never did.

TL. Tufts. 1 page.

1. Jeremy Ingalls, born Mildred Dodge Jeremy Ingalls (1911–2000), was a student at Tufts University when this letter was written. She later became a poet and professor of Asian studies, English literature, and creative writing at Rockford College, Illinois. Ingalls won the Yale Series of Younger Poets prize for *The Metaphysical Sword* (1941). Other books include *A Book of Legends* (1941), *Tahl* (1945), *The Galilean Way* (1953), *The Woman from the Island* (1958), and *This Stubborn Quantum* (1983). Upon her death,

Ingalls left a substantial bequest to the Poetry Center at the University of Arizona in Tucson.

2. This letter is a typed copy of an original sent by Jeffers; it is included as an appendix to Ingalls' M.A. thesis, *Metaphysical Aspects of American Poetry*, Department of English, Tufts University, 1933.

RJ to Horace Liveright

November 11, 1932

1. . . The name I have in mind for the longish narrative poem that's being written is Give Your Heart to the Hawks, a quotation from something said by one of the people in the story. The hawks have a sort of symbolic value throughout the poem. This would be the name of the book, too. Let me know if you think it is too long or too ferocious a title, though I don't know what else to suggest. I think this poem will be nearly the same length as Thurso's Landing. In poetry and dramatic value, and variety of character, it seems to me rather better perhaps than Thurso, but it is not finished yet, of course. The scene is contemporary.

The book as a whole will be rather longer and more various than anything of mine since Roan Stallion. Probably a little more than 200 pages of typewriting after all. Contents: Give Your Heart to the Hawks; a few short poems; Descent to the Dead; Resurrection; Helen in Exile.

2 The latter three form a sequence in thought, though not in scene, all being progressively concerned with the death-and-resurrection theme, though scenes are British,

contemporary American, and Greek at the end of the heroic age.

I will try to complete the long poem by January first, but I can't promise. It may be a month later. At least I can send the first half of it, and the rest of the book-manuscript at that time, if you want.

No doubt you have heard of the University of California Little Theatre production of my *Tower Beyond Tragedy*, which is going to compete with the election, November 8 and 9. I expect it will be done as well as possible. My wife has yielded to the invitations of friends and is going up to see it, poor girl, and she'll tell me about it.

PL. Alberts.

1. The original letter is missing. This fragment is transcribed by Sydney Alberts and published in his *Bibliography*, page 78.

2. The title of *Helen in Exile* was changed for publication to *At the Fall of an Age*. Jeffers also considered *The Daughter of God* for a title, as indicated in a statement about the poem located in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities Research Center, Texas. A copy of the one-page handwritten statement may have been included in another letter to Liveright, now lost.

“The Daughter of God” is a poetic drama that comes nearer in form to a Greek tragedy than my former poem of that sort—“The Tower Beyond Tragedy.” This one has a chorus in the Greek manner, and is written as if for the stage.

Technically it interested me a good deal, because it seemed nearly impossible to use the Greek tragic form in English without an appearance of formality and absurdity; but perhaps it seems almost natural in this play.

The story is the familiar one about Achilles finding no rest in the grave because he remembers the beauty of Helen, so that he comes back from the dead to possess her—This story is combined with the less familiar but equally authentic one of Helen’s exile after the death of Menelaus, so that she fled to the island of Rhodes, but the friend with whom she sought refuge hanged her on a tree, in vengeance for her having been the cause of the war at Troy.

The resurrection-theme occurs in both these poems, and for that reason, and because they follow “Descent to the Dead,” I thought of calling the book “*Resurrection* and other Poems”—or is it too much like the title of a motion-picture?

RJ and UJ to Edwin Duerr

1

[November, 1932]

2My wife says that your production of my verses was amazingly good, and others who saw it tell me the same.

3 But even if it had been less excellent, I should owe gratitude to you and your players, and some apology for not having been more attentive about the production. My utter ignorance of the theatre, and aversion from crowds and responsibility, were the reason; certainly not distrust of your work. But I don’t think my hands-off attitude was any hindrance to you, but an advantage.

Thank you sincerely. It is astonishing to me that the long verses and bloodthirsty scenes could be managed so as to satisfy the audience. The praise that people are kind enough to give belongs to you and your actors—and to Aeschylus.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

I have nothing but praise and thanks to you for your dignified and really noble production of “The Tower Beyond Tragedy.” It was simple and direct—and the dramatic ability of those student actors amazed us . . .

[Una Jeffers]

TL. Stanford.

1. Edwin Duerr (1904–1985) directed the Little Theatre program sponsored by the Associated Students at the University of California, Berkeley from 1931 to 1940. Duerr’s work was praised for its exceptionally high professional quality; young actors like Gregory Peck and Gloria Stuart developed their skills under his guidance and instruction. He later worked as a director in radio and television and taught drama at California State University, Fullerton. Books by Duerr include *Radio and Television Acting: Criticism, Theory, and Practice* (1950) and *The Length and Depth of Acting* (1962).

2. Robinson and Una’s letter to Duerr is lost. These excerpts are set as quotations in a letter written by Duerr to Walter F. Higbee, dated September 30, 1933 (TLS Stanford). Higbee, a

Los Angeles book collector interested in Jeffers, had written Duerr about his production of *The Tower Beyond Tragedy*.

3. A Little Theatre production of *The Tower Beyond Tragedy* was performed at International House, University of California, Berkeley, November 8 and 9, 1932. According to the program, the full title of the production was *The Tower Beyond Tragedy: A Treatment of the Poem by Robinson Jeffers, as Arranged for the Stage by Edwin Duerr*.

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

Tor House Carmel
November 18. 1932

Dearest Phoebe:

I hope you are not coming for your semi-annual visit to Carmel over Thanksgiving unless you are sure to stay over the Sunday, for I think we shall be away Thursday, Friday & Saturday. We are expecting to go down the coast—way beyond the end of the road—leaving our cars & going on horses to the Horton's place near Gamboa Point.—

1

The Highway will in time go through ♦ that region. People who know that coast say it is the most beautiful in California—Robin & I and the boys. Bobby Horton & young Lloyd Tevis are to go & possibly Mrs. Horton. She goes to the city this Sunday for a few days to consult oculist (thats to be

Hans!) dentist et varia. She fears she won't be back.—I was in Berkeley the night of Robin's play at International House,

but did not cross the bay at all. I had promised to go to tJean McDuffie's the next morning & ♦ then drove on home by Pied Foothill Blvd & over Dumbarton Bridge.

Duncan McDuffie gardens are like Paradise—

2 My friend Blanche Matthias went up with me.—I had not intended to go & when we went to get tickets the place was sold out but two tickets were taken away from their owners when Blanche insisted on Mrs R. J. seeing the play!—It was tremendous! And these student actors amazingly good. Robin had not written that with the idea of stage pro- ♦ duction & we both were surprised at its success.

My love to all the Barkans.—

If you should be coming, don't fill up your Sunday too much. I think we'll surely be back then, but I wonder why I'm expecting you!—

Faithfully—

Would you mind just putting these clippings {and the programme} into this envelope & mailing when you've read—Klein is getting a degree with a thesis & bibliography of R. J. Of course the Mable one is for you.

Heard of Hans—irresistible in a black Spanish hat—at a dinner party—

AL. San Francisco. 4 pages. Postmark: November 19, 1932.

1. In 1928, with plans to create a California HF Bar Ranch, Frank Horton and several partners purchased land along the Big Sur coast, about seventy miles south of Carmel.
2. The Mediterranean-style McDuffie estate at 24 Roble Road in Berkeley featured an extensive terraced garden, regarded as one of the most beautiful in California.

UJ to Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Tuesday November 29. 1932
Tor House

Dearest Sara & dearest Erskine—

Thank you so much for copying out the Chief Joseph speech Erskine.

1 I shall treasure it carefully for more reasons than one! When Donnan questioned me the other day I could not tell him honestly whether I

thanked you properly for the salami—he wished me to do so and to thank you for all your kindnesses. I was so confused with a multitude of duties last week that I dont know what I did or left undone. I was getting us ready for a very *thrilling* trip of four days we took back into the mountains over Thanksgiving—there was {were} our outfits & our pigeons & our bantams etcetery—I do not know whether you are familiar with the geography south of here.—Our coast road is open for about forty miles to Big Sur & beyond, where the convict camp is—There a great stretch of un- ♦ inhabited country—wild, mountainous, rising up from the sea to elevations of over 3,000 ft. The coast road from the south comes up from San Simeon—there is a hiatus of 13 miles.

From the heights one can see the two ends of this spectacular road.—An enormous ranch down there is owned by three easterners and one of them is Bobby Horton's father. Bobby & Lloyd Tevis, Jr. make up with our boys the famous quartette! So those four & Robin & I went on this trip. A very hard one but rather de luxe too for two cowboys met us at the end of the road with horses for all & mule for pack, & led us back into the fastnesses.—completely wild, {deer,}—mt lions, foxes & even wolves back in there & several fine streams of water. A fine house (two baths etc, way back there) y awaited us!)—I am used to trail riding but never saw such frightful ones as we ♦ traversed, on desperate straight up & down mt. sides where there seemed not even foothold for a cat! One day we were in the saddle seven hours. We saw only three inhabited houses. I gleaned many tales from the cowboys. If ever you look at the map, the point marked *Gamboa's Point* is the center of our travels. At a house in a wild cañon we found two enormous and thrifty ancient fig trees weighted to the ground with fruit just ready to eat—“with the rent & the tear etc”—Fancy some old settler fifty or sixty years ago packing these wee trees in—over the mountains when even the urgent necessities were almost impossible to achieve. {Thunder storms & clouds encircled us sometimes A menace & terrific beauty}

My dear Matthias friends

2 are down in the desert near Indio for a fortnight. He examined with great interest & admirations your impressions of Eros. ♦ Erskine none of those scents was like the Eros. I declare that

Eros scent was like *daphne* Do you know the products of the “*Culpepper House*” society of Herbalists? At the risk of being a bother I am going to send you a catalogue which after

examining you must mail to Jean MacDuffie. I will write her address on its cover. I am so sure looking at it you will amuse & interest you. She lent it to me when I was in Berkeley lately because I was raving about the old Nickolas Culpepper herbal
3 I had gotten down from the State Library Have you ever seen a copy? Jean has *such* a library! I spent time over a Dante with Botticelli illustrations in a persimmon leather binding—and think I caught a glimpse of the same in your bookcase. {Just as I was writing the above Jean & Duncan drove into the courtyard!}

I agree with that woman about *First Snow*. I have reread *many times* those Poems from the Ranges.

4—Warm love to our darling Sara & you, from all at Tor House.

Una.

We hope the searcher-of-ancient-cemetery-records is about to deliver over a fortune to you!

5

ALS. Huntington. 4 pages. Postmark: November 29, 1932.

1. As an officer in the United States Army, Wood participated in the Nez Perce War of 1877 and was present at the surrender of Chief Joseph (1840–1904), who later became his friend. Wood recorded (and possibly embellished) Chief Joseph’s speech to his captors, which closes with the words “I will fight no more forever.”

2. A November 30, 1932 letter to Blanche Matthias (ALS Yale), not used in this edition, is similar to this letter to Sara

and Erskine. In the letter to Blanche, however, Una mentions her interest in a book about to be published—*The Roman Way* by Edith Hamilton. “Can she possibly make of civic virtue as enthralling a book as she did of the beautiful decorum of mind & body of the Greeks?” she wonders. Hamilton’s *The Greek Way* was published in 1930.

3. Nicholas Culpeper (1616–1654), English herbalist and physician; author of *A Directory for Midwives* (1651), *The English Physitian* (1652), *The Complete Herbal* (1652), and other works.

4. “First Snow” is the first poem in Wood’s *Poems From the Ranges* (1929).

5. Written vertically in left margin of first page.

UJ to William Gibson

Tor House. Carmel. California
November 29. 1932.

Dear Mr. Gibson:

1

Thank you so much for your kindness in sending me the *Nassau Lit* which I should have missed otherwise.

2 I am enclosing a letter {on} which I wish you could complete the address, & mail. Please read it. I am glad you are to have a copy of the bibliography. I enclose a copy of the program of the performance of “The Tower—” I dashed up to see it the second night. It was an amazingly fine performance. I would not have believed it possible for a college cast to have

given so adequate a treatment. International House {auditorium} holds I imagine about 2,000 people. It was sold out both nights with {to an} audience eager & alert and intent throughout. Remembering the occasional *longueurs*
3 in the only Greek play I've seen (a fine performance of *Antigone*, by Margaret Anglin
4 in the Greek theatre at Berkeley) I have greatly feared beforehand.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Princeton. 1 page. Postmark: November 29, 1932.

1. William Merriam Gibson (1912–1987) graduated from Princeton University in 1933. A previous letter from Una to Gibson, dated April 15, 1932 (ALS Princeton), not included in this edition, addresses Gibson's interest in preparing a bibliography of Jeffers' work. Though Gibson abandoned this idea when Una told him about Sydney Alberts' project, he continued to follow Jeffers' career; later in life, he donated a collection of Jeffers' first editions to the Princeton Library. Gibson's interest in bibliography also persisted through the years. After completing doctoral studies at the University of Chicago and serving as a captain in the air force during World War II, he became a noted literary scholar, founding and directing the Modern Language Association's Center for Editions of American Authors. Among his works are *A Bibliography of William Dean Howells*, with George Arms (1948); *Selected Prose and Poetry* by Stephen Crane (1950); *William Dean Howells* (1967); *Mark Twain's Mysterious Stranger Manuscripts* (1969); and *The Art of Mark Twain* (1976). Gibson taught American literature at several colleges

and universities; he concluded his academic career at the University of Wisconsin, Madison.

2. *The Nassau Literary Review* was a campus literary journal published by students at Princeton University. The November 1932 issue contained two essays of interest—“Robinson Jeffers: Pro” by W. M. Gibson, the recipient of this letter, and “Robinson Jeffers: Con” by Philip Horton, pages 11–16 and 17–23. The positions taken by the two students are indeed partisan, the one exaggerated in praise, the other violent in denunciation. The latter elicited a response from Una; see next letter.

3. *Longueurs*: French for “tedious passages” (in a work of literature or drama).

4. Margaret Anglin (1876–1958), a Canadian-born actress, director and producer, was known internationally as a leading romantic and comedic actress before adding Greek drama to her repertoire. Her first performance of *Antigone* at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley took place June 30, 1910. She appeared on the same stage in another performance of the play September 16, 1928.

UJ to Philip Horton

Tor House. Carmel. California
November 29. 1932

Dear Mr. Horton:

1

My attention has been called to the November issue of your college magazine. I write to ask you to correct in the next number an error of fact in your article on Robinson Jeffers.

2 My husband has never yet read any criticism of his work either in praise or dispraise and does not care to have me speak of them so I must just digest the bitter with the sweet by myself. Until this moment I have never commented on any article. Errors of fact are frequent but unimportant, and as to judgement and taste, one realizes very quickly the personal idiosyncrasy. (I myself have so sharp a disinclination toward {the writings of} a certain eminent and contemporary EngBritish man of letters that I cannot discuss them without passionate fury & abuse!)

Robinson Jeffers has always been extremely interested in the theoryies of Freud & Jung, particularly the former but has ♦ not been able to concede any *therapeutical* value to psycho-analysis {from cases he has observed.*}. He has been interested from the standpoint of their broadening the field of psychological investigation. He has never at any time been psycho-analyzed by Jung or anyone else. He would never have had time or money for such self-indulgence even if he had needed it! But thats the comical part. Ask anyone who has met him whether or not the first thing they {one} notices about him is not extraordinary serenity & poise of mind and body.—So

if you allow that wrong statement to stand I'm going to have such bundles of letters to answer—all off on the wrong scent to discover something to explain his rather turbulent writing. Yes it is violent sometimes, but one cant explain it so easily by any disharmony in him!

Besides your printed correction I would be interested to hear from you, {your authority for} your statement.

3

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

*A dear friend of ours is Dr. Carey de Angulo Baynes who has been with Jung as patient, pupil & teacher about 8 yrs. & her husband Dr. Baynes English colleague & translator of Jung.

4

ALS. Princeton. 2 pages.

1. Philip Clark Horton (1911–1989) was born in Providence, Rhode Island. After graduating from Princeton University in 1934, he devoted three years to a research and writing project that resulted in the publication of *Hart Crane: Life of an American Poet* (1937). Horton then joined the faculty at Harvard University, where he was an instructor in English and curator of poetry at Widener Library. During World War II, Horton was an agent for the Office of Strategic Services in Washington, England, Germany, and France. Following the war, he was appointed the Central Intelligence Agency's first bureau chief in Paris. Horton returned to civilian life in 1947, when he became an associate editor of *Time* magazine. In 1949 he moved to *The Reporter*, where he served as executive editor until the journal ceased publication in 1969. He returned to academia as the director of a program at the New School of Social Research designed to help news media report the problems of urban minorities. At the time of his retirement, Horton was a professor and director of the Edward

R. Murrow Center of Public Diplomacy at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, an institution jointly administered by Tufts University and Harvard University.

2. This letter, without the postscript concerning Dr. Baynes, was published in *The Nassau Literary Review* (January 1933): 41. Titled “A Correction,” the letter is preceded by an editor’s note: “We print the following letter as a correction of a misstatement made in the article, ‘Robinson Jeffers: Con’ which appeared in the November issue of the *Lit.*”

3. An apologetic letter from William Gibson (TLD Princeton) contains the following response: “I was far from pleased, however, to learn that Mr. Horton’s statement concerning your husband’s being psychoanalyzed by Jung was untrue, since I was partly responsible for that statement. Paul Dozier, a specialist in nervous disorders in a New York hospital and R. J. enthusiast, told me several months ago that Robinson Jeffers had been psychoanalyzed by Dr. Jung throughout the period of about one year; this information had come to him from an un-named friend acquainted with both you and your husband.”

Paul Dozier (1904–1960), a 1929 graduate of Harvard Medical School, completed a residency in psychiatry at the Boston Psychopathic Hospital in 1932. In the same year, he accepted a position as a research associate of Dr. Samuel T. Orton in the Language Research Project at the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York.

4. Written vertically in left and top margins, second page.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel.
December 12, 1932.

Dear Mr. Powell:

We were delighted to know of your success in getting your degree

1 and to receive a few days ago the French newspaper (*Le Progrès de la Côte-d'Or*) which had an interesting notice.

2 I am most unhappy to say the copies of your thesis

3 are have never yet arrived & I am afraid they are lost or mislaid in some custom house a circumstance which once delayed some books from Belfast for four months. In case these do not come I do hope you can spare us another copy or at least lend us one to read. The copies of the map came at least a fortnight ago and thank you for the liberal number—several of my friends are very eager to possess them.

We cannot help being very grateful to you for your ♦ extremely thorough & earnest work which must have advanced his reputation very much in that foreign land. I hope the thesis can be published in America & will if you wish, & if he it is as well done as we think, be glad to say a word for you to Liveright or some other publisher.—

I gave, the other day, your chapter on *Dreams & Visions* and the article {translation of the article} on by M. Cestre

4 to Charles Aldritch to read. He is the psycho-analyst—author of “Mind of Primitive Man in the Making.” He was very interested to get them & is to make some notes on them.

My friend Mabel Dodge Luhan has just been here to take a house for some months early in the year. Meantime she is taking all 4 Jefferses back there by plane to see some interesting {Indian} rites that occur around the New Year. Flying is new for us—and O its going to be cold—when we get there!—

5

I will write if the books arrive—

Very cordially

Una Jeffers

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. Powell earned a Ph.D. from the Université de Bourgogne, Dijon, France in 1932.

2. For a report on the article published in *Le Progrès de la Côte-d'Or*, see the *Carmel Pine Cone* (December 23, 1932):

13. The French newspaper describes Jeffers as “the greatest of the present generation of poets” and praises Powell for having written an excellent thesis about him, one that earned “very honorable mention” from the examining committee.

3. Lawrence Clark Powell, *An Introduction to Robinson Jeffers: Thesis for the Doctorate of the University, presented at the Faculty of Letters of Dijon* (Dijon: Imprimerie Bernigaud & Privat, 1932).

4. Charles Cestre (1871–1958), a professor of American literature and civilization at the Sorbonne, was one of Powell’s mentors. He was the author of *La Révolution*

Française et Les Poètes Anglais: 1789–1809 (1906), *Les États-Unis* (1928), *An Introduction to Edwin Arlington Robinson* (1930), *La Littérature Américaine* (1945), and other works. The article Una refers to here was probably Cestre's "Robinson Jeffers," *Revue Anglo-Américain* 4 (August 1927): 489–502.

5. Plans for this trip eventually fell through. See Robinson's January 10, 1933 letter to T. R. Smith, note 1.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel. California
December 13. 1932

Dear Mr. Powell:

How pucky events are—only yesterday at long last I wrote to say your books had not arrived & they come to me in this morning's mail. I shall not have time until we come back from Taos, New Mexico to read the thesis with care, but as I glance through I see that I shall find it very interesting. One error of not much consequence, I note. You say (p. 237) that Robinson Jeffers' name did not appear in *Who's Who* until 1930–31. As a matter of fact it began to be put in many years ago—before "Tamar" It was included after "Californians." {& always since.—} I believe as long ago as 1918 but I have none at hand at this moment of that vintage. As for the few lines—you know blanks are sent to each owner of name included to fill out and R. J. wont write down anything but the most meager details. ♦

I see you quote from some poem left in drawer at Mrs. Nash's. {(not Mrs. *Hamilton*, p. 8 no such person.)} This material as well as a letter of {R J to} Mrs. Nashs is wrongfully in the possession of one McGehee who has tried & perhaps {has} succeeded in disposing of them for money. We have demanded their return but must put a constable on his trail yet I suppose. Where did you get this? {I see you mention Herbert Klein.} Does he own it? {Has he it in his possession or a copy?}

Very sincerely with warm thanks
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

UJ to Albert Bender

[December 1932]

Tor House

Saturday morning

Dearest Albert:

I ought to have written days ago, but Mabel Luhan is here & I've been helping her find a house She intends to go back & bring her household in January.

Anyway you are sweet to send us the beautiful blue bowl which Robin somehow is very fond of. He doesn't notice bowls usually.—Now its Monday & she is gone but telegrams are arriving momentarily with messages & directions & inquiries about lost articles. She has offered me 4 round trip tickets by airplane to Taos { New Mexico} for any time or all

the time during the holidays. I hope very much to get there our family started & stay at least ten days just after Christmas.—Albert will you look up & read if you can the article on Robin's "Tower beyond Tragedy" in the "Argonaut," a little before the one you sent ♦ date Nov 11. Article called "The Bloody Stones of Mycenae" by Sprague Holden.

1 *I really wish* you would read that to see how the play was received. Blanche Matthias a& I dashed up for the {2nd} performance. The house was completely sold out & the audience a intent to the last moment. I was amazed because I have sometimes found Greek plays very tedious in spots.

Robin is absorbed too, in the "Ireland" you sent. Some interesting material about some local history near Ballycastle he hadn't found inelewhere.

Now Albert I consider all these gifts our grand Christmas from you and thank you with all our hearts. To you we send our devoted love and hope that you continue to be—*Albert* your the enthusiastic partaker of life!

Faithfully,
Una.

ALS. Mills. 2 pages.

1. W. Sprague Holden, "The Bloody Stones of Mycenae," *Argonaut* (November 11, 1932): 5–6; reprinted in *The Carmelite* (November 24, 1932): 4.

UJ to Mary Austin

Tor House. Carmel. California
December 19. 1932

Dear Mary Austin:

Mabel Luhan has been here for a few days to get track of a house for January. Spud was along driving her. She asked me to send you these enclosures.

1 She has gone back to Taos. It is just possible that we shall go there for a few days over the time of the deer-dance. I think January 6th.

I can't seal this letter without telling you how thoroughly Robin and I enjoyed your "Autobiography"!

2 ♦ I think we like it better than anything you've written—and the reception it is getting everywhere is makes one feel very encouraged about the reading public in general!

With warm good wishes for this holiday season and all the year to come.

Cordially,
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Huntington. 2 pages. Postmark: December 20, 1932.

1. The enclosures are missing.
2. Mary Austin, *Earth Horizon: Autobiography* (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1932).

UJ to William Gibson and Philip Horton

December 19. 1932
Tor House. Carmel. California

Dear Mr. Gibson and Mr. Horton:

This one letter must do for you both, I fear, as I am in great haste—a rush of holiday things.—Certainly you may use my letter—edit it, if it needs it, I can't remember all I said. {(See over)}

1 It would interest me to know who mis-informed Mr. Dozier but don't take any more trouble about it all. Your correction is enough.

We {four Jefferses} are expecting to fly to Taos, New Mexico for New Years and the early-in-the-year pueblo dances. We haven't flown before although {although} my husband's brother (astronomer at Lick Observatory) has his pilot's licence. R. J. has so often taken a hawk's-eye view of the landscape in his verse that it will be amusing to be up there with him and discover what he actually will see.

Sincere holiday good wishes,
Una Jeffers ♦

On second thought I prefer to have you say simply that I wrote to ask you to make the correction since R. J. has never been psycho-analyzed.

2

ALS. Princeton. 2 pages.

1. This interpolation is placed above the word "Certainly."

2. By the time Una's letter reached Gibson and Horton, the January issue of *The Nassau Literary Review*, which contained her November 29 letter to Horton, was already in production. Informed of this, Una responded with a telegram; see January 7, 1933.

UJ to Julie Heyneman

Tor House. Carmel. California
December 21. 1932. *Winter Solstice*

My dear Julie:

1

The Arthur Putnam book came two days ago and we have read it with extreme interest.

2 I think you've done a really brilliant piece of writing there. You have made a coherent study of a man burdened with genius and tormented later by heavy strokes of misfortune.

3 So often a character study in *fiction* is more satisfactory than one of *real life* because the writer has been able to arrange events and traits in a logical progression and to select & omit. *You* have been successful in showing events and reactions,—the man is understandable.

The book came while I was away for the morning and Garth had read it more than half through when I got home He had opened up first to the animal drawings, and was able to give an outline of the whole book as he dried the dishes for me.

I hope you are feeling much better by this time and we send you many affectionate holiday greetings.

Una.

ALS. Berkeley. 1 page.

1. Julie Heyneman (1867–1942), born Julia Helen Heynemann in Hamburg, Germany, came to America with her family when she was less than a year old and was raised in San Francisco. As a young woman, she studied art in London with John Singer Sargent. Upon her return to San Francisco, which she regarded as her native city, she pursued a career as an artist and a teacher at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art and the Art Students League. Much of her important early work was lost in the earthquake and fire of 1906, but she continued to paint and exhibit after the disaster. She also returned frequently to London, where she lived and worked for extended periods of time. For information about her transatlantic career, see *American Women in Gilded Age London: Expatriates Rediscovered* by Jane S. Gabin (Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 2006): 130–135, 173–175.

2. Julie Heyneman, *Arthur Putnam, Sculptor* (San Francisco: Johnck & Seeger, 1932), also published as *Desert Cactus: The Portrait of a Sculptor* (London: G. Bles, 1934).

3. Arthur Putnam (1873–1930), one of Heyneman's star pupils at the Art Students League, achieved fame for his cast bronze sculptures of animals. His career was cut short in 1911 by paralysis following brain surgery.

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

[December 21, 1932]
Winter Solstice
Tor House. Carmel.

Dearest Phoebe:

It was wild weather that day—we were sorry to lose your visit and the promised tree! Mabel Luhan has been here to take a house for three months beginning Jan 15. She took the Miss Stewart 1 house near us where the Chauncey Goodriches 2 were last summer. She is to bring Tony, Brett & Spud Johnson with her. We have half promised to accept four return trip *flying* tickets to Taos from over part of the holidays. There is an extraordinary deer-dance given by the Indians on Jan 6. my my birthday. (*and Twelfth Night!*)

We are to have Christmas dinner with the Tevises.

I've just got a message that a haunch of venison has come for us from Wyoming. *How* to cook! I remember long directions ♦ from Erskine wood about standing it for 24 hrs. in red wine before roasting but mercy how to acquire a Hogshead of red wine!

Have you read Julie's book? Its *very* good.

I thought perhaps you would like to paste this map into one of Robin's books—It is an extra map from {like} the one bound into the thesis.

It will be fine to see you again and catch up on things. We had a wonderful trip back into the mts. 70 miles south of here

over Thanksgiving we four, Horton boy & Lloyd Tevis on horseback.—And your summer?

Our warmest love to all the Barkans, and a thousand good wishes for the new Ne year.

Lovingly always,
Una.

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. December 21, 1932.

1. Margaret Stewart (1866–1946), born in Scotland, owned the Hotel Stewart in San Francisco with her brother Charles A. Stewart. Her spacious home in Carmel was located just south of Tor House on Stewart Way. Margaret also owned an estate situated amidst redwoods on the Eel River in Garberville, California. The Scottish-style country manor was designed for Margaret by Julia Morgan in 1926.

2. Chauncey Shafter Goodrich (1881–1940), a San Francisco attorney, and his wife Henriette de Saussure (Blanding) Goodrich (1891–1973) lived in Saratoga, California in Hayfield House, a landmark mansion designed by Julia Morgan. In the early 1920s, the Goodriches became interested in the work of Carl Jung and traveled to Zurich for analysis. Upon their return, they encouraged Chauncey's sister and brother-in-law, Elizabeth Goodrich Whitney and James Lyman Whitney, to do the same.



1. Tor House and Hawk Tower, ca. 1931



2. Horace Liveright and Robinson Tor House, 1931



3. Robinson Jeffers, 1932
Photograph by Julian P. Graham



4. Phoebe Barkan
San Francisco, ca. 1932



5. Noël Sullivan and dog Tina
Innisfree, Carmel, 1932

11
 100 Home Road, Colfax, Va.
 March 19, 1933

Dear Mr. Powell: I am awfully sorry not to have written you sooner. I was only pleased a very long life and the fact that I could not oblige you in your regard for Assembly. The paper stopped publishing before your chapters appeared in it. The publisher & editor of the paper was a queer, testy, backman with many faults & often disabilities but with a really keen perception & liking for literature. He worked himself half to death doing most of the paper all by himself - setting of type, being but had to give up in the end. That is why I supposed that he was not in business, like in his correspondence never for other business letters & requests, as I have heard again and again. It is impossible for me to give you the book number - but you know

6. Holograph letter from Una to Lawrence Clark Powell
 March 19, 1933

your review of Descent to the Dead appeared in the
 I remember Berwick's review. Now certain to have
 remembered your if it had been there and had been
 it.

Thank you so much for the Book ~~copy~~ article on Book
 Dodge. She is living here for the four months over the at
 my side - and she is perhaps the principal reason
 for my extreme happiness. - Her new book
Infinite Memories: Background, being her first 18
 years of life, (mostly in Buffalo) is just out, very
 fresh & good writing. - Brett's (The Hon. Brett
Brett of Providence) - book is announced & will be out in a
 few days. Lawrence & Brett - I read that, that a strange
 book sentence in some way, maybe too - She is almost
 sure of her triumph - is not in action is cut off
 from every thing except visual perception. It is dedicated
 to a potential lover - so you get the angle -
 Above: "You you heard to the Heaven will be not in a first night
 Thank you again for every thing done by Powell & the Partners of Providence
 grace - I really had to be repeatedly repeatedly repeatedly repeatedly



7. Frieda Lawrence and Robinson Taos, New Mexico, 1933



8. Angelo Ravagli, Mabel Dodge Luhan, Frieda Lawrence, and Robinson Taos, 1933



9. Lloyd Tevis, Bobby Horton, Garth, and Donnan
HF Bar Ranch, Sheridan, Wyoming, 1933



10. Inner courtyard, Los Gallos
Taos, 1933



11. Aerial view of Carmel, ca. 1933
Photograph by Julian P. Graham
(Tor House and Hawk Tower in center of photograph
surrounded by trees and open land)





12. Robinson Jeffers, 1933
Photograph by Edward Weston

UJ to William Gibson

CARMEL CALIF JAN 7 [1933]

WILLIAM GIBSON
251 WITHERSPOON PRINCETON NJ

YOU MAY USE MY LETTER IF ALREADY SET UP BUT PLEASE
CUT OUT REFERENCE TO COMPARATIVE MERITS OF JUNG AND
FREUD

1 DO NOT WISH THE CORRECTION FEATURED AS IF
IT MATTERED MUCH

2

UNA JEFFERS.

Tlg. Princeton.

1. The first sentence of the second paragraph of Una's November 29 letter to Horton says "Robinson Jeffers has always been extremely interested in the theories of Freud & Jung, particularly the former but has not been able to concede any *therapeutical* value to psycho-analysis {from cases he has observed}." As printed, "particularly the former" is omitted.

2. Una's letter was treated as a featured item, with a title, a page to itself (listed in the table of contents), and an editor's prefatory note.

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

January 10. 19323
Tor House. Carmel

My dearest Phoebe:

I would have written immediately after your visit if I hadn't been galloping at top speed every moment. When Mabel is here I scarcely can stretch the day out long enough to attend to my own affairs & her adventures too! I wonder whether you will please say to Mrs. Heyman

1 how very much we appreciated her generous thought for us. Robin planted it next day very near the house in the shelter of a great rock. Garth ♦ inspects it at short intervals {intervals.} Of course the sandalwood completely won my heart for Phoebe—that was a lovely bribe I did not need

We cannot come up to Wigman on Jan. 16.

2—I cannot get away except nearer the weekend. So do not save your ticket for me.—We cannot come on Sat (the 14th) & let Monday be the end of our stay because Mabel is just

now in a turmoil because the editor of a ♦ great eastern magazine is telephoning constantly from New York for serial rights to some book of her memoirs (any one) I talked to him this morning because he makes her nervous he is coming out to see her (fly) next Sunday to negotiate She will {would} have to rewrite & edit out much personal stuff. She says she wont do it for less than \$40,000, (and is going to name {at first} the to-me staggering sum of \$50,000)

This to you in confidence. ♦

I am to be the negotiator! I said to her this morning “why shall I said *I* am speaking, not you?” & she said “O tell him the truth that I fear to get flustered talking on the phone. I might promise something I don’t want to do at all!”

Just keep the book until we come & the letter too unless I send for it. I don’t expect to need it for anything.

Our dearest love to Hans & you two of our most precious friends.

Una. <over> ♦

I meant to say send some special thanks to Button 3 for the darling Christ-child in his crèche. Tell her please that I liked having the little figure in *wax* to match my lovely old wax madonna of the tower.

We (Mabel Brett & I) went up to the big Geo. Gordon Moore Ranch for lunch Sunday. He gave Mabel an Irish wolfhound

from his kennels—. When we got back to Tor House we found Noël Sullivan here.

(Happy Birthday of Robin)

4

ALS. San Francisco. 5 pages. Postmark: January 10, 1933.

1. Caroline Hyman; see UJ to Phoebe Barkan, February 21, 1933.

2. Mary Wigman (1886–1973), a German dancer, choreographer, and teacher, was scheduled to perform “The Way” and other works with her company of twelve women at the Memorial Opera House in San Francisco, Monday, January 16, 1933.

3. “Button” was a family pet-name for Phoebe’s daughter, Phoebe—also called Little Phoebe.

4. Added in top margin, above date (Robinson’s forty-sixth birthday).

RJ to William Rose Benét

Tor House, Carmel, California.
January 10, 1933.

Dear Mr. Benét:

1

I was happy to hear from you, having often heard Sarah Bard Field speak of you affectionately; and I too am an admirer of your ballads, especially the Falconer,

2 and recently your fine sad “Rip-Tide.”

3 Here are my paragraph

4 and verses.

5 The latter are copied from memory, and two or three words have got changed from the printing in “Roan Stallion”; for the better I hope.

6

Liveright Inc. has the copyright, and I don’t know what they will want for leave to reprint. I’ve never felt competent to interfere in such matters; but have a suspicion that the offered \$10.00 would be rather cheap, for an anthology permission, and a paragraph of prose, and a whole crabbed reproducible autograph!

Yours cordially,
[Robinson Jeffers]

7

If you asked what are my favorite lines of poetry I could answer cheerfully:

“Where the great vision of the guarded mount

Looks toward Namancos and Bayona’s hold,”

8

and stop before the vision melts toward that unlucky verse about dolphins. It is less delightful to pick a favorite among one’s own pieces of verse; the choice will have to depend on

associations, not poetical quality. The brief poem that comes to my mind is called *To the Stone-Cutters*. When I was building the walls of our house we wanted carvings of unicorn and hawk, my wife's favorite animal and mine, to build into the stonework; and we persuaded the old man who used to cut the tombstones in Monterey

9 to make them for us. His and our preoccupation with stones made me think of writing the verses; and they are chosen rather for love of old stones and old Scotch stone masons than for any more arguable reason.

ALS. Yale. 1 page.

1. William Rose Benét (1886–1950), poet, editor, and co-founder in 1924 of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, for which he wrote until the end of his life. Benét won a Pulitzer Prize in

1941 for *The Dust Which Is God*, an autobiography in verse. Other books include the *Oxford Anthology of American Poetry* (1938), *Day of Deliverance: A Book of Poems in Wartime* (1944), and *The Reader's Encyclopedia* (1948, with revised editions following).

2. William Rose Benét, *The Falconer of God and Other Poems* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1914).

3. William Rose Benét, *Rip Tide: A Novel in Verse* (New York: Duffield & Green, 1932).

4. For *Fifty Poets: An American Auto-Anthology* (New York: Duffield & Green, 1933), Benét wrote to “the best fifty poets in America” and asked, “If posterity could know your work only by one single briefer poem you had written, what poem

of yours would you choose to represent you?” Respondents were also asked to provide a brief paragraph concerning reasons for choosing the poem and the circumstances surrounding its composition. Jeffers’ paragraph is missing. The text provided with this letter comes from the version published in Benét’s anthology, pages 87–89, and from Una’s handwritten transcription located in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities Research Center, Texas.

5. Jeffers selected “To the Stone-Cutters.” The holograph sent to Benét is lost.

6. See letter fragment, RJ to Sydney Alberts, March 6, 1933.

7. The sheet of paper on which this letter is written is trimmed just below the closing, so the signature is missing.

8. From “Lycidas” by John Milton, lines 161–162.

9. Robert Henry Maddock (1860–1952), a stone carver, was born in Sherwood, Nottinghamshire, England, where his father was a master lace maker.

RJ to Thomas R. Smith

Tor House, Camel, California.
January 10, 1933.

Mr. T. R. Smith,

Liveright, Inc., New York.

Dear Mr. Smith:

I promised to send you part of my manuscript by January 1, and I am ashamed to have failed. I had a touch of flu about Christmas

I and couldn't get the copying done. No one but myself can read my pencil manuscript. And "Give your Heart to the Hawks" is taking longer to finish than I expected. The end is in sight, but there are still three or so chapters to do, and if I hurry it I spoil it. I ought never to promise a thing before it is finished.

To-morrow or next day I'll send you the first three chapters of "Give your heart", and the two poems (about 40 pages) at the end of the book.

I expect "Give your Heart etc." will be finished in February; then I'll send you the rest of it, and the short poems that follow it, and "Descent to the Dead," of which I don't suppose you have a copy for the printer, and I haven't, so I'll have to make a typed one.

I'm very sorry to be so tardy.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

TLS. Virginia. 1 page.

1. On a letter (TLS Occidental) from Sydney Alberts to Una, which Alberts dates December 12, 1933 instead of 1932, Una answers some of Alberts' questions and adds, "R. J. had flu all during the holidays not serious but annoying. Prevented our airplane trip to Taos & put him off his new poem's completion—Probably will be sent in Feb (middle)."

RJ to Sydney Alberts

February 2, 1933

I offered several different collections to various publishers in the years between *Californians* and *Tamar*. I can not remember under what titles. But *Tamar* was not sent around, because I was discouraged with publishers by that time and decided to pay for the printing.

1

PL. Alberts.

1. The original letter is missing. This fragment is transcribed by Sydney Alberts and published in his *Bibliography*, page 17.

UJ to Mary Austin

Tor House. Carmel. California
February 15, 1933.

Dear Mary:

I'm sorry I didn't sit down at once to answer your letter.

1 Robin had me lay it aside for him to do—but his flu set him back so badly that he has had to write many more hours a day than usual with him—and never a letter does he achieve.—

Mabel is here as you know just a few seconds away from us—I wonder do you remember Reamer's {s} house way at the end of the Point?

2—Just beside it {now} is a big house and garden with a magnificent view. The house isn't interesting but *is* comfortable and {has} plenty of room. One can look out to sea—up the valley, across the lagoon and river mouth and of course to Pt. Lobos & the Santa Lucia mts. I think they are happy there. Tony goes and comes and has friends from Pacific Grove to Watsonville.

Brett has done several sea pictures—two of ♦ them very good. Her book is in the press now have you read any of it in ms?

3 Its interesting and her deafness has shut off so many things that what she has heard—& all she { has} seen is done *intensely*. Brett means to go on to New York about March 10.

Mabel and I have great larks—you know what an amusing companion she is—nothing escapes her eye. She and I are going up to San Francisco tomorrow for three days. Brett is to take care of Tony and Robin & the boys.

There is a possibility that we will come to Taos for June or July. Mabel talks of a trip for us to Blue Lake. We hope to see you if we come. Robin would enjoy seeing some of the country you know so well.

I dont suppose you see the Catholic paper ♦ “The Commonweal” A friend sends it to me & weeks ago I cut out this clipping

4 to send you.

We have both read your “Earth Horizon”—I think I told you in my last letter, but cannot resist saying “yes” to your kind offer to send us a copy. We have had to cut down on many things we like to buy, this year and read the library copy.

Robin will be happy to respond with his new book which will be published next month.

5

With affectionate greetings from all the Jefferses.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Huntington. 3 pages.

1. Austin's letter to Una (TLS HRC Texas) is dated December 30, 1932.

2. George W. Reamer (1864–1938), a mining engineer and building contractor, and Catherine A. Reamer (1880–1966) lived on Carmel Point just south of Tor House. Reamer built their home in 1908; it was one of the first constructed in the area.

3. Dorothy Brett, *Lawrence and Brett: A Friendship* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1933).

4. The clipping is missing, but Una most likely sent "Mary Austin Remembers," a review of *Earth Horizon* by Michael Williams, *The Commonweal* 17 (January 25, 1933): 362–363.

5. In her December 30, 1932 letter, Austin refers to her own and Jeffers' publications. "Of course I see Robinson's books from time to time," she says, "but I haven't tried to write a lot to him. I am always too much moved and also I promise myself every little while that I will write and tell him how much I appreciate them, but I always find that I weaken

before I get to the point of doing it. They are so like great natural phenomena that it almost seems like an impertinence to comment upon them.”

UJ to Albert Bender

[February 1933]
Tor House. Carmel
Monday.

Dear Albert:

Mabel and I are coming up to S. F. on S Friday of this week and stay until Sunday.—We have an engagement to dine at Denmans

1 on Saturday—otherwise I dont know in advance but we expect to see you. I will telephone you when we come {get there}. I think we shall stay at the Woman’s Athletic Club.—I want ♦ very much to ask your advice about something.—your friendly and shrewd advice. A sum of money has been paid me which has been owing since 1912. This sum I have always dedicated to getting the boys through college (with what help they themselves can furnish by working) I am troubled now that it is paid in these troublous times—what ought I to do with it? ♦ It must be in some form that is convertible—suppose they start college in 2 yr’s I must be able to draw on the principal each year a certain portion. Will you think it over & help me decide—please.

Love from all at Tor House

Una.

ALS. Mills. 3 pages.

1. William Denman (1872–1959), a San Francisco native, was educated at the University of California and Harvard University. His success as an attorney and his record of social activism led President Roosevelt to appoint him to the United States Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in 1935. He became chief justice in 1948. A liberal Democrat and New Dealer throughout his career, Denman was a staunch defender of judicial independence, individual freedom, and the rights of the oppressed. His wife, Leslie (Van Ness) Denman (1867–1959), to whom he was married for more than fifty years, shared Denman's social ideals. She had a special interest in the needs of native peoples, particularly the Navajos, Hopis, and Kiowas of the American southwest. Denman shot himself one month after she died.

RJ to Edgar Lee Masters

Tor House, Carmel, California.
February, 1933.

Dear Masters:

I am a wretched zero as a correspondent, but I think of you often and affectionately. The unlucky habit of writing verses takes my mornings, and paralyzes me against any other kind of writing for the rest of the day, and the days pass with amazing velocity. Thank you very much for the pages you sent me from the Iliad. It is by long odds the best translation from Homer that I have ever seen, having dignity without stilts or archaism, and speed, power, and the grace of nature. I feel like the fellow in Darien.

1 It is almost thirty years since I tried unsuccessfully to feel that way about Chapman.

2 Of course, you have chosen one of the high spots, you couldn't make it all so beautiful or so interesting; but you could present the spirit of the original better than anyone else had has done. It seems to me a poet translator of the Iliad might do well to practise large and judicious omission, offering his work as a beautiful even if somewhat fragmentary poem, rather than as a piece of classicism or archaeology. But I don't suppose you have time to consider such an enterprise. ♦

Thank you too for telling me about your conversation with the president of Macmillan Company. It was very kind of you to take the trouble. I have no complaint to make about Liveright Inc., so far, but if a change should become necessary sometime, I'm going to ask your advice. There have been several more or less direct offers—one of them came to see me yesterday—and choice would be difficult in my "giant ignorance" of such affairs.

I finished another long book and sent it off to Liveright the day before yesterday, and feel like a shipwrecked sailor in this convalescence from authorship. The thing is named ferociously, "Give your Heart to the Hawks," and I'll send you a copy when it gets printed.

Una is not here at the moment, but I know that she joins me in affectionate greetings to you.

Yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. In “On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer,” John Keats refers to the discovery of the Pacific Ocean by “stout Cortez,” who saw the sea from a peak in Darien, a province in Panama. It was actually Balboa who reached the Pacific when he crossed Panama seeking gold.

2. George Chapman (ca. 1559–1634), an English poet and translator, published the first complete English translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in *The Whole Works of Homer* (1616).

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

[February 21, 1933]

Tues.

Dearest Phoebe—

You’ll think I’m feeble minded when I tell you I cant remember *what* you bought for me at the drugstore besides Vapex—I remember I thought vaguely at the time it was around a \$1—Here are stamps—and such warm thanks for *all* you did to make our visit a happy one—I love seeing more of you and having long talks and establishing more ties & memories

—John Evans, Mabel’s son, arrived {in S. F.} Sat. night from Mexico & Claire Spencer. I wish you could have seen them. He is VERY handsome and she has a strange and extraordinary beauty. They drove Mabel’s car down {to Carmel} and Mabel & I went over to the Duncan McDuffies

& had lunch there {exquisite!} and came down that side of the bay crossing over the salt marshes & Dunbarton bridge. We got home at 8:00 having met {caught up with} Claire & John on the road—they'd had trouble—the gas had been taken out of the car somewhere—we left it full!—We dined in Salinas. ♦

Please give this kodak to Dr & Mrs. Heyman.**¹ He will understand—Edna McDuffie's husband took it. Tell Mrs. H. I wanted to discuss something with her but thought talking *through my nose* too boring to inflict—it was à propos the Russian painter talking of {"R. J.} withdrawing from the world"—that is such an *infantile* remark. *What* world?—O such a lot I wished to say & will next time—

In haste with our love & thanks

Yours devotedly
Una.

Dearest love to Hans—whom we hated so to miss. Wasn't *Cavalcade*² perfect!!

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. Postmark: February 21, 1933.

1. Solomon Hyman (1875–1940), a San Francisco physician and surgeon, and Caroline (Penna) Hyman (1877–1954).

2. *Cavalcade* (1933), an Academy Award–winning film based on a play by Noël Coward and starring Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook, played at the St. Francis Theater, San Francisco.

RJ to Sydney Alberts

March 6, 1933

1 The verses are in Roan Stallion, but I copied them from memory, and changed the eighth line to “Die blind and blacken to the heart,” and inserted “of” in the last line—“The honey of peace . . .”

2

PL. Alberts.

1. Jeffers’ letter to Alberts is missing. This fragment is quoted by Alberts in his *Bibliography*, page 92.

2. The poem referred to here is “To the Stone-Cutters,” Jeffers’ contribution to William Rose Benét’s anthology, *Fifty Poets*. In addition to the changes mentioned, Jeffers made another in line three, where “records fall down” becomes “records go down.”

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel. California.
March 19. 1933

Dear Mr. Powell:

I am awfully sorry not to have written you sooner. I can only plead a very busy life and the fact that I could not oblige you in your request for “*Carmelites*.” The paper stopped publication before your chapters appeared in it. The publisher & editor of the paper was a queer, testy Irishman with many foibles & open dislikes but with a really keen perception & liking for literature.

1 He worked himself half to death doing most of the paper all by himself—setting up & everything but had to give up in the end. That is why (I suppose) that he was so unbusiness-like in his correspondence never properly answering letters & requests, as I have heard again and again. It is impossible for me to get hold of the back numbers.—Are you sure ♦ your review of *Descent to the Dead* appeared in it?

2 I remember Orrick John's review.

3 I am certain to have remembered yours if it had been there and I had seen it.

Thank you sincerely for the *Blanche* essay article on Mabel Dodge.

4 She is living here for the four winter months at my side—and he is perhaps the principal reason for my extreme business.—Her new book "*Intimate Memories: Background*", being her first 18 years of life,—(mostly in Buffalo) is just out.

5 Very fresh & vivid writing.—Brett's (the Hon. Dorothy Brett of Lawrence)—book is announced & will be out in a few days "*Lawrence & Brett*" I've read this {in} mss. a strange book *intense* in some way, vague too—She is almost stone deaf & if her trumpet is not in action is cut off from everything except *visual* reception. It is dedicated "To a Potential Lover"—so you get the angle.—

Robin's "Give your Heart to the Hawks" will be out in a fortnight.

Thank you again for everything dear Mr. Powell (& the postcard of Lawrence's grave—) I really won't be so neglectful next time.

Warm greetings from R. J.

Yours,
Una J

W^m Benét gave you a nice note on your thesis in Sat. Review
of Lit

6

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. *The Carmelite*, a local newspaper, was published by Joseph A. Coughlin (1899–1977) from February 1928 to December 1932.
2. Powell's review of *Descent to the Dead*, titled "Jeffers Abroad," was published in *The Carmelite* (July 7, 1932): 6.
3. Orrick Johns, review of *Descent to the Dead* by Robinson Jeffers, *Carmel Pine Cone* (January 15, 1932): 5.
4. Probably the article published by Jacques-Émile Blanche in the July 15, 1932 issue of *La Revue de Paris*; see UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan, August 1932. Blanche's interest in Mabel and Lawrence led to a translation of *Lorenzo in Taos*. See Mabel Dodge Luhan, *Ma Vie avec D. H. Lawrence au Nouveau Mexique*, translated by J. E. Blanche and Armand Pierhal, with an introduction by J. E. Blanche (Paris: Grasset, 1933).
5. Mabel Dodge Luhan, *Intimate Memories: Background* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1933).

6. Written across top of first page. The reference is to “A Thesis-Essay on Jeffers,” a note in Benét’s column “Round About Parnassus,” *Saturday Review of Literature* 9 (January 21, 1933): 394. Benét says “. . . in my opinion Mr. Powell has done an unusually intelligent biographical work on the poet, and one to which all students of Jeffers will have to go in the future.”

RJ to Mary Austin

Tor House, Carmel, California.
March [20], 1933.

Dear Mary Austin:

Una and I are devotedly grateful to you for “Earth Horizons” with your inscription. We had read it already, of course, with enjoyment and admiration, but it is much to have it from you, and I shall read much of it to our boys this summer, when their high-school work ceases to afflict them. It is a beautiful record of a singularly varied and exciting life.

I am awfully sorry to hear that you have been having difficulty with your health again. I hoped it was stabilized for a long time to come, and still hope it will be. It would be a disappointment to us to find you absent in Mexico, if we should be in New Mexico again this summer, as seems quite likely, but I know that you love the country southward, and have valuable interests there.

I expect I’ll have a book out this spring, and shall claim the honor of sending you a copy, but not as a return for yours.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Huntington. 1 page. Postmark: March 20, 1933.

RJ to Miss Bow

Tor House, Carmel, California
March, 1933.

My dear Miss Bow:

Thank you sincerely for your kind little note. I am a collector too, though not of books—of something that costs nothing and lasts longer. Whatever interesting place we go to I pick up a stone, and bring it home and build it into our walls here. There were plenty of stones here to begin with, but all the same kind; now the local granite is speckled with representations of all the places we've been and a few that our friends have visited, from the Hebrides to Tahiti to the Wall of China, and some of them feel far from home in such company, but are growing used to their places.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Scripps. 1 page.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California
April 3. 1933

Dear Mr. Cerf:

I am making use of your kind offer & answer that I'd be awfully glad if you'd have your Modern Library send us

92—James Boswell's Life of Johnson

1

(&) 94 Elizabethan Playwrights

2 (to go with my copy of Restoration Plays!)

3

It is very kind of you to suggest this. I have a whole shelf of this edition every one read constantly.

Cordially with warm greetings from us both

Una Jeffers ♦

Did you see the queer account of Moore's funeral by Ratcliffe in the "Nation" of Feb 22

4,

5

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. James Boswell, *The Life of Samuel Johnson, L.L.D.* (New York: Modern Library, 1931).

2. *Eight Famous Elizabethan Plays*, edited by Esther Cloudman Dunn (New York: Modern Library, 1932).

3. *Twelve Famous Plays of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century*, introduction by Cecil A. Moore (New York: Modern Library, 1933).

4. S. K. Ratcliffe, "George Moore's Burial," *The Nation* (February 22, 1933): 205–206. In noting the preponderance of anonymous mourners at Moore's funeral, Ratcliffe says, "No representative of the company of great prose writers whose fame was made in or near the dead man's prime has come to bid him goodbye."

5. George Moore died January 21, 1933. In response to this event, Una published an excerpt from her 1929 travel diary that describes the Jeffers family visit to Moore Hall in County Mayo. See Una Jeffers, "Pages From a Diary," *Carmel Pine Cone* (March 10, 1933): 3. In a previous letter to Cerf, now lost, Una sent a copy of the article.

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

Tor House. Carmel
April 3. 1933

Dearest Phoebe:

I meant to write days ago to thank you for our lovely gardenias—so fragrant & exquisite!—And you were very sweet to us while we were there.

Mabel wished me to ask you whether you saved some "news" with article in, you two talked about—I don't know what—She would be very glad to have it.—

Mabel & Tony & John Evans are away ♦ for a few days—went to Phoenix

Ariz. to spend week-end with her mother.

1 Claire Spencer staying with Brett while they're gone.

Did you know of the sudden death of Charles Aldrich Friday night?

2 I wonder whether Elizabeth Whitney

3 got word. They were great friends.

Did you read {& pictures of} in the paper a few weeks ago—of the big white English bulldog “General Grant” sent to Pres. Roosevelt from Los Angeles?

4 Mabel sent & got two white puppies of his for herself & me.—I am torn between joy & sorrow. I have always loved English bulldogs & have raised ♦ three—but oh a puppy means a lot of extra work for one whose every moment is full!

5

I am wondering whether you like Mabel's book—

Write, dear Phoebe, to your loving

Una

Your friends Dr & Mrs Heiman called yesterday to see my asphodels. He was well pleased with the fine growth of his tree.

Love to Hans too—

U. J.

ALS. San Francisco. 3 pages. Postmark: April 3, 1933.

1. Mabel's mother, Sarah Ganson Montague, and her husband Joseph E. Montague, wintered in Phoenix. Montague was the chairman of the Niagara Electric Service Corporation. Sarah married him in 1915, thirteen years after Mabel's father, Charles Ganson, died.

2. Aldrich died of a heart attack at his home March 31, 1933, around midnight. Newspaper reports claimed he knew in advance that his end was near, despite the fact of his apparent good health. See, for instance, "Aldrich, Psychologist, Knew, Predicted Day of His Own Death," *Oakland Tribune* (April 4, 1933): 11, and "Aldrich Foresaw His Own Death Discussed It With Many Friends," *Carmel Pine Cone* (April 7, 1933): 1.

Ten days before he died, Aldrich wrote a letter to Blanche Matthias (TLS HRC Texas) in which he shared his thoughts about Mabel Luhan. "Long before Mabel had brought her lure to Carmel (a lure perfectly imperceptible to me, I must observe) I had told Una Jeffers that I thought Mabel was the most objectionable of women, the most nearly hateful that it was possible for a woman to be." "Certainly," he adds,

Mabel is very much of an artist; and she has a splendid gift for disrobing in public—she surpasses even Casanova, far excels Cellini, and makes Pepys seem like a shy child in comparison. Writing herself completely naked, she achieves a certain dignity in her books; whereas she never lets her friends appear either completely nude or completely clothed, but catches them ridiculously half clad in the silliest postures of private chambers. She loves (to use lawyers' language) to hold people up to hatred,

ridicule and contempt. A totally selfish and heartless woman, the only reason I like her is because I like dangerous people; and she is that Tony being an Indian, has a conscious pattern in his life; he fits into the pattern of his race as a mosaic; his existence is justified, because it is related, is part of a fabric greater than any one man. Mabel, devoid of meaning or function, unrelated, having no inner life of her own (perhaps because she is part of no life greater than her own), has come to rest upon the rock of Tony's solidity. Some people would call it stolidity. . . . Mabel is here to vamp Robinson Jeffers. She had marked him long ago, and the Lorenzo book was part of the stalking of her prey. It is after she gets a firm hold of a victim that she becomes a vampire, sucks out the mind and soul of the man and casts his shell aside; her approach makes one think of a boa constrictor, slow, stealthy, winding herself around coil upon coil until she is ready for the final crushing embrace. But this time she will fail again: Lawrence had to run away from her, for he was soft; but Jeffers is granite. Serpent-ladies cannot crush him.

3. Elizabeth Goodrich Whitney (1885–1966), a graduate of Vassar College, studied medicine at Johns Hopkins University and Stanford University before opening her practice in San Francisco. Elizabeth and her husband James Lyman Whitney (1881–1935), a physician and professor of medicine at the University of California Medical School, were analyzed by Carl Jung in Zurich in the early 1920s. Upon their return to California, they both added Jungian analysis to their practices. As a founder of the Society of Jungian Analysts (a precursor to the C. G. Jung Institute of San Francisco), Elizabeth belonged to the circle of friends and associates that included Jane and Joseph Wheelwright. Four years after her husband died, Elizabeth married John Strong

Perry Tatlock (1876–1948), a leading medievalist and professor of English at the University of California, Berkeley. In 1958 she published an edition of *Love and Marriage in a Changing World* by James Lyman Whitney.

4. For an example of newspaper coverage, see “Bulldog for President,” *New York Times* (January 31, 1933): 15.

5. When Una’s puppy arrived, she named him Haig of Bemersyde.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House, Carmel, California
April 25, 1933

Dear Mr. Cerf:

I havent answered your letter before because really it so so difficult for us to know what is the best course to pursue.

1 As long as Liveright seemed able to carry on, we let the matter ride since one book more was still contracted for from {with} him. We have heard nothing unsettling directly from Liveright, Inc, yet but of course rumours reach us very disquieting.

2 Now five publishers perhaps the best ones in America have written to R. J. asking for his work. We are considering two of them. Random House is one. Harcourt Brace is the other. We have a certain leaning toward Harcourt, Brace because of our friends the Steffenses who are always telling us of his qualities as publisher and friend, and he obviously did very clever ♦ work with Lincoln Steffens’ autobiography. Now Mabel Dodge Luhan has him for publisher too and she also

extols him. (I say *him*—they seem to deal always with Mr. Harcourt).—Formerly we had a small but adequate income—this has shrunk (I *hope* not permanently) to a mere pittance so that it is important for us to consider royalties. Liveright Inc. has been paying us 15% straight. (twice a year payments.) I do not know but suppose that has been a fair amount. I do *not* think the books have been pushed or advertized as extensively as desirable. Even so the royalties have been excellent and payment prompt. My husband won't bring his mind to bear on this business—and *I* feel that I know very little about the publishing game. What we would like would be permanence and dignity of publication combined with proper salesmanship ♦ and to have in our publisher a genuine friend.

I am writing, then, to you and Alfred Harcourt to ask what terms you can offer—and what suggestion about getting hold of the six books already published by Liveright (*HGive your Heart to the Hawks* due any moment makes the sixth)—All of these books are still selling. I haven't any idea *what* is supposed to be happening to Liveright, Inc. Has it come to a question of salvage? I remind you that one book more is due to him.

3

With greetings from R. J. as well as myself,

Cordially,
Una Jeffers

ALS. Columbia. 3 pages.

1. In a letter to Una dated April 6, 1933 (TCC Columbia), Cerf reiterates his wish to be Jeffers' publisher and urges Una to write him with any questions or concerns. "I would rather publish the new books of Robinson Jeffers," he tells her, "than those of any other writer in America."

2. As a result of the Depression and other forces, Boni & Liveright had been sliding toward bankruptcy for several years. In May 1928, the name of the firm was changed to Horace Liveright, Inc. Liveright himself, however, was forced out of the company in 1930 by Arthur Pell (1896–1986), the corporation treasurer. In 1932, Pell changed the name of the firm again, this time to Liveright, Inc., but he could not stop the flow of red ink. An involuntary petition of bankruptcy was filed against Liveright May 4, 1933. To save what he could of the company, Pell sold some of its major literary assets—such as its contracts with Jeffers and Eugene O'Neill—and then reorganized as the Liveright Publishing Corporation. Pell kept the new company alive, primarily on reprints, rights, and permissions, for thirty more years; it changed hands in 1969 and again in 1974, when it became an imprint of W. W. Norton & Company.

3. Cerf's immediate response to this letter, addressed to Una, arrived as a day letter via Postal Telegraph (Tlg Columbia). It contains the following message:

MOST ANXIOUS TO HAVE YOUR HUSBAND WITH US IN EVENT OF LIVERIGHT SUSPENSION THERE IS EXCELLENT CHANCE THAT WE WILL BUY ALL ASSETS ALTHOUGH JEFFERS AND ONEILL ARE ONLY TWO AUTHORS WE PARTICULARLY WANT ON OUR LIST SURE WE CAN PURCHASE RIGHTS TO ALL OLD BOOKS AND TO HEART TO HAWKS OFFER YOU TWENTY FIVE

HUNDRED DOLLARS CASH ADVANCE IMMEDIATELY ON SIGNING OF NEW CONTRACT {FOR 3 BOOKS} AGAINST STRAIGHT FIFTEEN PERCENT ROYALTY ON ALL BOOKS AND GUARANTEE YOU ALL BACK ROYALTIES DUE YOU FROM LIVERIGHT REGARDLESS OF WHAT SETTLEMENT THAT FIRM MAKES PLEASE WIRE COLLECT AND LET ME KNOW IF YOU WANT ANY FURTHER DETAILS WE EXPECT TO KEEP OUR LIST EXTREMELY SMALL AND TO PUBLISH ONLY BOOKS FOR WHICH WE HAVE KEEN PERSONAL ENTHUSIASM REGARDS BENNETT CERF.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

1933 MAY 1 PM 3:08

BENNETT CERF
20 EAST 57

WE ACCEPT YOUR TERMS IF LIVERIGHT CONSENTS
REGARDS

UNA JEFFERS.

Tlg. Columbia.

RJ to Edna St. Vincent Millay

Tor House, Carmel, California.
May 2, 1933.

Dear Edna Millay:

You are good to remind me, though indeed we couldn't have forgotten. Our boys have studied tennis so hard that they are going to take a semester more than three years to their high-school course, and perhaps next winter or early spring we'll start for Ireland again. Whenever we do, we'll hope so much to see you—and Eugen too—don't tell me you'll be in Bermuda or somewhere!

Has the snow you spoke of melted yet? We have just had the last rain of the season, probably, and the headed grass is two feet high in front of the house where we picnicked when you were here; the wind tears at it, and the beach where you went swimming is piled with stormy brown sea-weed. Our hollow to the north is a perfect carpet of wild flowers, yellow, orange and blue; and I am the policeman that keeps people from picking them—or shooting at the sea-lions.

Be sure we shan't forget Steepletop—I wish we could see you sooner. Una wants to be remembered very cordially to you and Eugen. Wouldn't it be fun if you two were travelling in Ireland next year.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. L Congress. 1 page. Postmark: May 3, 1933.

UJ to Dorothy Brett

Tor House. Carmel. California
Friday. May [5, 1933]

Dearest Brett:

1

Forgive me do for not writing sooner I've thought of you enough—and I'll tell you presently what has kept me so busy.—The lovely little ring came to me safely and I've been wearing it all the time and thinking what a friendly thought it was in you to send it. We miss you and Mabel's household so very much. It seemed very like one family all of us together here and getting on so comfortably. It is a very real and pleasant friendship we feel toward you & a happy thing to come into our lives!

You must have heard me speak of the Matthiases. They are here now and in the Field house

2—you know that high pleasant sunny house between here & the house Mabel had. She is a great friend of O'Keefe. I've been seeing them—mostly riding about for the wild ♦ flowers are blooming like mad & its a grand sight to see aone hundred acre field one {a} mass of gold and on the other side of the road another field equally large all blue and the air heavy with scent yet keen with salt!

I've been hurrying about trying to propitiate my friends here since Mabel went for I never see anyone of them when she is here and some of them care enough about me to feel a bit hurt at my total neglect.

3 But I have been very mu busy with *letters* too—Robin's publisher Liveright is in financial straights—possibly will come to bankruptcy. Seven of the best known publishers have asked Robin to come to them (Macmillan, Random House, Knopf, Harcourt Brace, Bobbs-Merrill, Friede-Covici, Henry Holt) so are {our} future will be taken care of and naturally I

am happy that he is so wanted—but we are much bothered just now. Robins book all ready to be published is ♦ held up; our royalties {held up our royalties} for six months ending Jan 1. & due Apr. 30 are held up to say nothing of what is becoming of those accruing from Jan 1— to now. We are still under contract for one book & if it comes to bankruptcy that contract will be regarded regarded as a creditor’s asset. The new publisher we go to must negotiate for rights to old books—all this is a great bother which I wouldn’t torment you with except to explain how occupied I’ve been.

Then Charlie Van Riper

4 came with *ten* volumes of plays which he begged me to f read over for the Community Theatre & fill in a printed form about merits & points of each. I’ve finished seven.

Today I got from San Francisco “Lawrence & Brett.” I’m going to enjoy reading it again. That is an interesting portrait of Lawrence. Where is it now? I think your ♦ book is well gotten up—good clear print & excellent form and the text itself exciting & interesting and in such a *different*, unusual manner. It is certainly a contribution to Lawrenceiana—

Someone sent me from New York today “We Need One Another”, two essays of D. H. L. reprinted from Scribner

5

—Just here John Evans dashed in for a moment. I think he has got a publisher—has a good offer but he’ll write about that I suppose soon as its settled.

Here is a relative of yours? Is this the same girl recently reported engaged to the rich man from the Balkans? This girl

looks like the picture of you in your book with K. Mansfield
& Murry

6—I lent your book to Clare & John just now.

Love from all at Tor House—and won't it be fun to see you
again if we come to New Mexico.

Una.

Your west fish in the wave is fine in the dining room over
fireplace. You'd be glad to see the green against gray stones
{lovely color—}

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages. Postmark: May 5, 1933.

1. Dorothy Eugenie Brett (1883–1977), daughter of Reginald and Eleanor Brett, Viscount and Viscountess of Esher, was raised in the court of Queen Victoria of England. Brett studied art in London at the Slade School (where she acquired the habit of using her surname rather than her given name) and became friends with members of the Bloomsbury group. She met D. H. and Frieda Lawrence in 1915 and traveled with them to Taos in 1924. She remained bound to the Lawrences for the rest of their lives and to Taos for the rest of hers. In Taos, Brett became a close friend of Mabel Luhan. She was also an important member of the Taos art colony, known for her vivid paintings of Native American ceremonies and dances. For personal information about her life, see *Lawrence and Brett* (1933) and “Autobiography: My Long and Beautiful Journey,” *South Dakota Review* 5 (Summer 1967): 11–71.

2. The Field home was owned by Mrs. Johnson Field of Los Angeles.

3. Along with time spent with Mabel, other activities claimed Una's attention in recent weeks. The April 21, 1933 issue of the *Carmel Pine Cone* contains the following item: "V. Sackville-West, the noted English writer, was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Jeffers on the Point recently. Miss West, who is lecturing in several of the larger American cities before returning to her home in England, made the trip from San Francisco to Carmel especially to visit with the Jeffers" (p. 9). In a March 28, 1933 letter to Virginia Woolf, Sackville-West mentions this visit. The letter, which contains references to Brett and others, includes the following observation about Mabel: "She is married to a Red Indian, but is now in love with Robinson Jeffers, who was also there. A handsome man; you know him. Mabel sat and gazed at him, while he pretended not to notice . . ." See *The Letters of Vita Sackville-West to Virginia Woolf*, edited by Louise De Salvo and Mitchell A. Leaska (New York: William Morrow, 1985): 365–366.

The April 21, 1933 issue of the *Carmel Pine Cone* also notes a performance of Indian songs by Tony Luhan that was preceded by "a charming introductory talk" by Una (p. 4) and the arrival of Sinclair Lewis, who came to Carmel for a vacation (p. 7). According to the newspaper report, Lewis "carried three books during his recent trip across the continent. One was an advance copy of his own novel, 'Ann Vickers.' The other two were books of poetry by Robinson Jeffers."

4. Charles King Van Riper (1891–1964) and his wife Helen (Ordway) Van Riper (1893– 1965) were neighbors of Robinson and Una. They built their home on Carmel Point in 1920; it was located on Isabella Avenue between San Antonio and Scenic Road. Both were active in a variety of community affairs, including theater. Van Riper helped organize the popular “Abalone League” of softball teams in Carmel, which brought men, women, and children together on Sunday afternoons. Soon after this letter was written, the Van Ripers moved to Martha’s Vineyard; they later divorced. Charles opened the Van Ryper Shipyard in Vineyard Haven, a firm that built scale-model replicas of ships.

5. D. H. Lawrence, *We Need One Another* (New York: Equinox, 1933). “We Need One Another” and “The Real Thing,” two essays about male–female relations, originally appeared in *Scribner’s Magazine* 87 (May and June 1930): 479–484 and 587–592.

6. Katherine Mansfield (1888–1923), New Zealand-born author of *In a German Pension* (1911), *The Garden Party* (1922), and other books. She and John Middleton Murry were married from 1918 until her death from tuberculosis in 1923.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California
May 10. 1933

Dear Mr. Cerf:

I enclose a letter from my husband

1 definitely binding ourselves to you if you can arrange these matters of old plates etc.

2 I think it will cover the case and I hope you can speedily push the thing through. I should think that it would be for the benefit of all creditors to let the bound books get to the market with as short an interruption as possible. TSeveral bookstores in San Francisco have been asking again & again about the delay of “Give your heart—etc” You thoughtfully suggest an immediate advance of \$500. We do not need it at this moment—I will ask you for it in case we do—before some arrangement is arrived at.

You may be re interested to know that eight other publishers beside Random House have invited R. J. to come to them.—The latest is Boni who seems to think he is getting taking over Liveright, Inc. almost in toto.

With best wishes,
Una Jeffers

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

1. See next letter.

2. In a letter to Una dated May 5, 1933 (TCC Columbia), Cerf says, in regard to the Liveright bankruptcy proceedings, “As you will note from the enclosed clipping in this morning’s New York Times, the blow has fallen.” See “Liveright, Inc. Put Into Bankruptcy” and “Bankruptcy Proceedings,” *New York Times* (May 5, 1933): 16, 22. Cerf then tells Una that the plates for Jeffers’ books are in the hands of a binder who, as a close friend, would guard them carefully. In addition to offering to send \$500 as a partial advance, he asks for a more

formal statement of intent: "It might strengthen our position if you could write me a note agreeing to our offer, and telling me that it is the desire of both you and Mr. Jeffers that we acquire the old plates and the existing contract with the house of Liveright."

RJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House, Carmel, California.
May 10, 1933.

Mr. Bennett Cerf,
Random House,
New York.

Dear Bennett Cerf:

I understand your telegram to offer me 15% royalty, based on retail prices, on my books published by Liveright, and the one that was about to be published ("Give your Heart to the Hawks"); and to guarantee back royalties due me from Liveright, (a little more than \$400.0, I think); and you to have an option on my next three books at the same royalty.

I shall be very glad to have Random House for my publisher, if you can acquire the books, plates and copyrights, and work out a contract on those lines. As my wife wired you, you and Random House are definitely our choice.

You also spoke of a considerable advance payment, which would be useful of course, but we'll not make it essential to an agreement, considering the immediate trouble and expense that I fear you'll be put to about the old books.

I am very sorry about the misfortune to Liveright Inc.; we have never had reason to complain of their dealings with us. I shall be very glad if Random House can arrange to take over our affairs.

1

TL. Columbia. 1 page.

1. This unsigned letter may be a file copy prepared by Random House.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel
May 24. 1933.

Dear Mr. Powell:

I did intend to answer your note sooner but have been even busier than usual. My friend Mabel Dodge {Luhan} had a house just beside us for four months and she moves like the whirlwind—

I cannot promise at this time to give you further “local color.” I wrote down for you all that readily occurred to me and would need to read much of the verse through again {very carefully} in order to recall—which I have not time for at this moment. ♦ So much of the material has been taken all apart and rewoven bits here, bits there—thats why it takes time to remember atnd point out. I cannot ask R. J. to help because as he uses it he is so unconscious of the *original* story. It gets to be his as he works and would destroy his feeling for it if we began to talk it over.

I think your biographical material was adequate enough.

You may be interested to hear that a young woman was here a few ♦ days ago asking my help about some material for her Master's thesis at the Univ. of California. She is getting her degree in Philosophy but is to use R. J. as her theme. I dont know what angle exactly, yet. One of the Philosophy courses used R. J. for discussion & study.

Perhaps you have noticed that "Give your Hearts to the Hawks" hasnt appeared yet. It is caught in the Liveright, Inc. bankruptcy proceedings.

Although ♦ al{all} ready to be sent out. It is nice to be able to say that nine of the foremost publishers in America have invited Robin to come to them. We haven't quite decided. Whoever takes him will also take {take} over old plates & continue to publish all the old books.

{We} hope to see you in Carmel this summer.

With best wishes
Una Jeffers

Dorothy Brett's "Lawrence & Brett" is
1 just out over here. She finished it here. We are to meet Frieda Lawrence in Taos in July.

ALS. Occidental. 4 pages.

1. The rest of this paragraph is written vertically in right margin.

RJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House, Carmel, California.
June, 1933.

My dear Mrs. Bennett:

1

You must have thought me ungrateful not to answer anything, and I am sorry indeed. Your letter was interesting and most kind. I failed to answer at once because I am in the cloudy stage of composition when theme after theme presents itself excitingly to be started and abandoned, because the next one seems more attractive. This survival-of-the-fittest kind of contest keeps the mind always preoccupied; whereas after you settle to work you do your little stint and are free for awhile, feeling something done. Yet I should have thanked you sooner. And I am sure you could write very well about my verses, though perhaps too indulgently. I hope this will be forwarded if you should have left Palm Springs by this time.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. Melba Berry Bennett (1901–1968), whose father Henry Berry made a fortune as a gold prospector in Alaska, married Francis “Frank” Bennett (1898–1973) in 1921 and graduated from Stanford University in 1922. The couple settled in Palm Springs, California where they owned and operated the Deep Well Guest Ranch. Melba was a writer and an active participant in community affairs. An interest in Robinson Jeffers led to *Robinson Jeffers and the*

Sea (1936) and *The Stone Mason of Tor House: The Life and Works of Robinson Jeffers* (1966). Other books include *Often I Wonder* (1939), *In Review: Poems* (1946), *Palm Springs Garden Book* (1957), and a series of pamphlets titled *Famous Libraries of Europe* (1958–1968).

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

[June 1933]

Dearest Mabel:

I just *loathe* anyone coming to me & saying they've been *defending* me—it seems ill-bred to do that (*tell I mean*) but anyway I'm enclosing a *copy* of a letter I wrote Sara because people are at me & at me about you & us. Jealousy I think often. Here it is—

We expect to leave for Taos June 15

I've been forwarding your letters to John. He isn't here

Love

Una. ♦

{Copy}

This brings me, Sara, to something we discussed a bit Saturday & a talk I had with Ella Winter brought it vividly to my mind so I must not let it pass without a few more words. Of course I do not {think you} need reassuring about Mabel's hurting us actually, if you do not believe she "appreciates" us

ask Noël what he thought of her little sketch of us—or ask Stef, he saw it.

I resent really if anyone who knows us thinks our substance so tenuous that it couldn't remain intact even surrounded by a battalion of Mabels.

Ella hinted dire talk about us in New York but couldn't be pinned down to anything except {that} Robin's readers hate having him associated with Mabel in "Lorenzo" because they have a very special respect for Robin & don't want him to seem in her train. I am afraid our New York friends have forgotten their classics, and if they were reminded of Lucretius' "De Rerum Natura" addressed to Memmius & of Horace's odes written to a hearer wouldnt be impressed ♦ It is possible they have just heard

of Eckerman's "Conversations with Goethe" or Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" or Medwin's "Conversations with Lord Byron" or Lady Blessington's "Conversations with Byron" or my own adored George Moore's "Conversations in Ebury St." (*He* even made up the listeners' answers too—)

I do not think the classic model demands an inquiry into the comparative nobilities of addressor & addressee. I call your attention to the fact that in no case does Mabel pretend to note any reaction on Robin's part to her long explanation of Lawrence—he simply listens without response I cannot be indignant at her addressing Robin. We saw the ms as it was written, read it page by page & made no resistance about his name. Its {would be} our fault rather than hers—if there were a fault. Mabel has always raised storms—& often with reason probably & I am not going to take time to fight ♦ her battles

although I happen to know she is often credited with things she hasn't had a finger in.

We have now been intimate friends for three years without one second's cloud & I cannot for a moment deny my respect & love for her; the friend Mab {Mabel} we know is always warm hearted, generous, considerate, rollicking (but with a curious correctness of demeanor almost hyper-conventional. Besides there is in her a whirlwind of mental & physical energy that I can't resist participating in.

Ella also hinted at gossip of scandalous relationships in our family, with her. I think Ella knows from watching me in action how warmly I would take to my breast any female trying to break up my household! So I shan't bother to speak of that. I suppose she informed N. Y.

One other point. While Robin enjoys Mabel his preference for solitude would rarely carry him to New Mexico (or anywhere) But Robin is not the only member of the Jeffers household ♦ although for the world the most important (up to now but perhaps the boys later?)—but Robin would lose in the greatness of character that is his if every detail of our precious life together revolved around him. It is part of his life & form to think of the boys pleasure & doing things with them & the trip this summer—if we do even half of what we've planned is worth a years school—apart from the fun

ALS. Yale. 5 pages.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House Carmel
Friday night June 2 [1933]

Dearest Mabel—

I am glad to know you and John were not cut off—either or both for your mother sounded so high-handed & wilful
1—one couldn't tell—I thought of you so often there in New York—wondering—and trying to imagine what you were doing at the moment.—I agree with Harcourt about your Indian <over> ♦ book being VERY good. I hope you can begin to get on with it steadily now.

School closes June 9. It will take some days to arrange things we are all tired with so many extra things. I had sort of set June 15 in my mind to start to Taos. I wonder whether John & Clare will be back by then? They had promised to take charge of our bantams. I am forwarding their mail & haven't heard for some days ♦ from either of them.

If all goes well at Taos and you enjoy having us all right we will stay several weeks. I thought we would be gone from here a month. If you find there are too many of us we can leave sooner & go home by way of {Hortons.} H. F. Bar Ranch Wyoming.

The boys & I went on a picnic lunch with Tevises several days ago. They have leased (expect to buy) 1800 acres Jacks Peak that wooded region ♦ to right of road as you go over the hill toward Monterey for stables & riding. They are so happy Lloyd is to have this trip to Taos.

I love all the arrangements you've suggested for us there, and get a really glowing feeling inside when I think of seeing & doing the Taos things again—and I hope to see Frieda! Did I tell you about going to see Moore and finding such desolation up there? ♦ And did I tell you about his telling me about his family his fath grandfather the Earl of Drogheda etc?—I happened to see this item {clipping} in an English paper & note that the Drogheda family name *is* Moore.

2—More about that when I see you.

—O and I asked the Matthias about Christian Science practitioner HYou remember Mollie said *he* had been one. They were ♦ simply *flabbergasted*. Russell doesn't believe in it at all but Blanche once was a *little* inclined to C. S.

It's 1:00 in the night so I'll leave off. We have to go to the Woods (Los Gatos) early in the morning, long-promised trip to meet Meiklejohn

3 at the Woods. He has been very eager to know Robin—

Boys & Haig & all going. As soon as Teddie is home ♦ long enough to spare a few moments I am going to have him go with me to Automobile Club to get information about roads & route. We do not belong to the A. Club & I don't like to ask by myself

Sara's daughter Kay & husband Jim Caldwell are have been staying for a fortnight at {in} Noël's house here.

Heaps of things collected to talk over.

Love from all here.

Una.

ALS. Yale. 7 pages.

1. Mabel's mother suffered a heart attack while traveling by train from Arizona to New York. She died ten days later, on May 23, 1933.

2. Henry Moore, 3rd Viscount Moore (d. 1675) was named Earl of Drogheda in 1661. Other titles associated with the family are Marquess of Drogheda; Baron Moore, of Cobham; Baron Moore, of Mellefont; and Baron Moore, of Moore Place.

3. Alexander Meiklejohn (1872–1964), America educator and civil libertarian. In 1933, while on leave from his position at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Meiklejohn and his wife Helen (Everett) Meiklejohn (1892–1982) moved to Berkeley, California, where they devoted themselves to the educational needs of adults. Their San Francisco School of Social Studies opened in 1934. The couple maintained a residence in Berkeley for the rest of the decade and beyond.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Carmel. California
Tor House. June 2. 1933

Dear Mr. Cerf:

Thanks for your letter of May 26. I hope you will continue to write us often about our affairs.

1 You may know we feel uneasy until things are adjusted, but I do not intend to write to you unless I have a question—there is no point to our buzzing around at this time.—

We are going down to Taos New Mexico in about a fortnight to stay with Mabel Luhan for some weeks. I will let you ♦ know when we go.

A great deal of pressure has been brought to bear on us the last few weeks about publishers. Different publishers have *worked* on us through their authors and friends. We hear all kinds of reasons why we should go to this or that one—& no other.

Mabel Luhan just flew to N. Y. for a few days. She sent us many a vivid comment, & urge to Harcourt! ♦ She says she has promised to go back for a month next winter & wants me to go along & see many a frolic, but I'm not likely to go—although she is the most amusing companion in the world, but life is too full already here.

Best wishes from R. J.

Cordially
Una Jeffers

Do you know Claire Spencer?

ALS. Columbia. 3 pages.

1. In the May 26, 1933 letter to Una (TCC Columbia), Cerf writes, "Eugene O'Neill has invited me to spend a few days with him at his house down in Georgia, so I am flying down there on Monday. Before I go, I want to tell you that affairs at Liveright seem finally to be moving to some kind of conclusion. A hearing will be held sometime next week

before a referee in bankruptcy to determine legally once and for all whether the firm is bankrupt.”

RJ to Theodore Lilienthal

Tor House, Carmel, California.
June 8, 1933.

Dear Ted Lilienthal:

Thank you sincerely for the very lovely etching. The charmingly drawn lines, as well as the saint and his surly lion, are a delight to look at.

The gift is timely too, for we are starting for a month in New Mexico about a week from now, and Una and I were feeling a little gloomy about it, neither of us really liking the sun and the desert, though we expect to see some fine things, and the motoring and horseback riding will delight our sons. Well, the etching quite consoles us for the trip, if we can find such a solitary rock and blasted tree to meditate under.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

P. S. We had your note with the wire from Dan Longwell
1 in the morning mail. Thank you for sending it. We had also an offer from Yale Univ. Press this morning. We still feel committed to Cerf or Harcourt.

—R. J.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. Daniel Longwell (1899–1968), an editor at Doubleday, Doran & Company. In 1934 Longwell moved to Time, Inc. where he co-founded and edited *Life* magazine.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

June 11. 1933

Tor House. Carmel

Dear Bennett Cerf:

We leave June 15 for New Mexico. Please address us for the next few weeks

c/o Mabel Luhan
Taos. New Mexico.

I cant help being very anxious to get th our affairs straightened out. Has the court decided whether Liveright Inc. is bankrupt or solvent?

1

There is just one point I would like emphasized if ♦ or when we come over to you & that is that Robin will be published in regular trade edition—ordinary priced manner—and if special de luxe copies are published they will be simultaneous or subsequent to trade edition. So many of his readers have written or spoken to me about this since we are saying Random House. They fear expensive ♦ editions beyond the means of ordinary people!

We start across the desert in a few days—its 1500 miles from here & hot! but Taos itself is 7,500 elevation.—Our twin boys

are talki taking their chum Lloyd Tevis along. They have just graduated from High School. They've been to school just four years in their life—the rest I've tutored at home. They & Robin lead me a busy life!

Sincerely
Una Jeffers. ♦

Monday morning

I wrote the enclosed letter yesterday. Your telegram just came.

2 Send contract to Taos c/o Mabel Luhan, please. The telegram raises many questions in our minds whether for instance you are able to get hold of old books & plates.—it makes a difference of course in our action or signing of contract. Please explain everything fully with the contract you submit so there will be little delay further.

Have just heard King George open economic conference—over radio at 6:00 this morn!

3

ALS. Columbia. 4 pages.

1. In a letter to Una dated June 7, 1933 (TCC Columbia), Cerf says, "The Liveright situation is still engulfed in a maze of difficulties but I think that a final settlement is only a few days off, and that it will very soon be possible to settle matters definitely, and to draw up contracts." He goes on to say, "From the present look of things, we have an excellent chance of persuading Mr. O'Neill to let us publish all of his books—at least I can say that we have a better chance than

anybody else. Unless some last minute complication arises, next year may see us publishing the new works of the greatest dramatist in America and the greatest poet.”

2. Dated June 12, 1933 (Tlg Columbia), Cerf’s telegram to Una contains the following message: “LIVERIGHT OFFICIALLY BANKRUPT WE ARE DRAWING UP CONTRACT TO SUBMIT FOR YOUR APPROVAL LATE THIS WEEK SHALL WE SEND IT TO CARMEL OR TO TAOS BELIEVE WE WILL HAVE GIVE HEART TO HAWKS BUT CANNOT MOVE UNTIL OFFICIAL RECEIVER IS APPOINTED WILL KEEP YOU POSTED PLEASE WIRE YOUR PLANS COLLECT BEST REGARDS BENNETT CERF.”

3. The opening addresses by King George V and Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald at the International Monetary and Economic Conference in London were broadcast worldwide by radio June 12, 1933. Representatives from over sixty nations attended this major event.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

CARMEL CALIF
1027A JUNE 12 1933

BENNETT CERF
20 EAST 57 ST

START TO TAOS THURSDAY ADDRESS CARE MABEL LUHAN CONSIDER VERY IMPORTANT ALL BOOKS UNDER ONE PUBLISHER

UNA JEFFERS.

1

Tlg. Columbia.

1. A June 13, 1933 telegram from Cerf to Una (Tlg Columbia) contains the following message: “DONT WORRY ABOUT GETTING ALL BOOKS UNDER ONE PUBLISHER THIS WILL SURELY BE ACCOMPLISHED ONLY QUESTION IS WHAT PROCEDURE TO FOLLOW THAT WILL BRING QUICKEST RESULTS WILL YOU PLEASE WRITE ME COPY OF BANKRUPTCY CLAUSE IN YOUR CONTRACT WITH LIVERIGHT THIS WILL ENABLE US TO TAKE PROPER STEPS AT ONCE WRITING TO TAOS.”

UJ to Alfred Harcourt and Mabel Dodge Luhan

[June 12, 1933]

Tor House,
Carmel, Calif.

{copy}

1

Dear Mr. Harcourt:

2

I agree with you in your feeling about that sketch Mabel did of Robin and me.

3 It caught certain aspects of our life at Tor House as no one else could. It is so simple, sincere and vivid—her all-seeing eye has always been

wide open here with us! No one knows us as well as Mabel or is with us as intimately. I think it gives a new aspect of Mabel too don't you? A gentleness and unguarded simple friendliness that perhaps no one else but Tony knows in its warmth and depth. I sincerely love her and find her the most amusing companion in the world.

I seem to have wandered from what I started to write—that even though I like the sketch I'm not quite yet prepared to let it be printed. From what Ella Winter and others tell me I know there is much speculation and gossip about us and Mabel in N. Y. and I don't know whether they *deserve* to see us as we are—or, from another standpoint, whether the admiring readers of Robin who are now fearing he is somehow in Mabel's train and resenting it, will like it any better when they see him for all practical and amorous purposes in mine!

It's a pretty intimate sketch really, and if a little later we let it go forth, I would first want you to let several people of solid substance read it and tell us their honest reaction. Robin is indifferent whether or no.

We are leaving for Taos, June 15 and will be with Mabel for a month. All four Jefferses and a friend of our boys—its going to be blastingly hot across the desert.

Cordially, Una Jeffers

It's boring waiting for culmination of Liveright Inc. business
(D. J.—U J) ♦

Monday morn.

Got up {to hear} at 6.00 this morning at Matthias' King George open Economic Conference in London Interesting. He speaks a clear English with German *intonation* & only 1 clipped (*aristocratic*!!) enunciated work word that word was "*contrary*" Ramsay McDonald also spoke

We leave Thurs. Expect to arrive Sunday in Taos. Dont prepare food We will eat on way. Will wire if delayed—if we can—I seem to remember no telegraph service on Sunday in Taos. No sign of John & Claire yet. Imagine—*boys graduated* didn't realize until 2 days before, they had credits enough. Blanche loves the *Robin & Una*—just read it.

Love Una.

TLC and ANS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. This typed copy of a letter to Harcourt was sent by Una to Mabel. Una writes and circles the word "copy" at the top of the page and makes a few corrections throughout. "D. J." (possibly Donnan Jeffers) is typed at the bottom of the letter; "U J" and parentheses are added by hand. Una's Monday morning note to Mabel is handwritten on the reverse side.

2. Alfred Harcourt (1881–1954) founded Harcourt, Brace and Company (originally Harcourt, Brace, and Howe) in 1919 and directed the firm as president until his retirement in 1942. Harcourt had a reputation for publishing the work of controversial authors and championing new ideas.

3. Mabel had written a portrait of Robinson and Una, featuring an account of their life together at Tor House, that she hoped to publish with Harcourt. Una appreciated the

sketch but did not want to see it in print. A revised portion of the document, which Luhan changed and expanded over the years, eventually appeared as *Una and Robin*, edited by Mark Schorer (Berkeley: Friends of the Bancroft Library, University of California, 1976).

RJ to Ridgely Torrence

Tor House, Carmel, California.
June 13, 1933.

Dear Ridgely Torrence:

I have been hoping to send you some piece of verse in reply to your note of two months ago, but I am sorry, there is nothing yet. Whenever anything comes up that seems to fit the *New Republic*, it will be a pleasure to send it to you.

1

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Princeton. 1 page. Postmark: June 14, 1933.

1. Torrence was the poetry editor of *The New Republic* from 1920 to 1934.

UJ to William Gibson

Tor House. Carmel California.
June 14. 1933.

Dear Mr. Gibson,

Robinson Jeffers is glad to hear of the intention of Professor Coindreau

1 to translate several of his shorter poems for “Les Cahiers du Sud” and willingly gives permission.

We are leaving tomorrow to motor to Taos, New Mexico for a month. If there should be need to write us about the above, address there c/o Mabel Dodge Luhan.

I suppose you know that the reason for the delay of “Give Your Heart to the Hawks” is the ♦ bankruptcy of Liveright, Inc. The firm is in the hands of a receiver but we expect the book to be released soon. I believe it is all ready to send out. You may be interested to hear that twelve publishers—perhaps the leading twelve in the United States has asked R. J. to come to them. He has not yet committed himself definitely. (So Poetry seems to be appreciated!)

With greetings from R. J.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Princeton. 2 pages. Postmark: June 14, 1933.

1. Maurice Edgar Coindreau (1892–1990), born and educated in France, was a language and literature professor at Princeton University from 1923 to 1961. His translations of Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, and other authors were instrumental in introducing French readers to modern American literature.

RJ to Sara Bard Field

Tor House, Carmel.
June 15, 1 AM! [1933]

Dear Sara:

I wish very much that we could be with you at Marie Welch's party, to wish Albert a gay birthday, and many more of them. You will all tell him truly that you love him; tell him that Una and Robin do too, and are thinking of him with deep affection while bumping along somewhere in New Mexico. It would seem more natural if it were Ireland, but tell him that even under that desert sun we are thinking of him not only as a man distinguished by love of his friends and love of art, but as our own dear Albert.

—And love to you & Erskine too.

Yours,
Robin.

ALS. Mills. 1 page.

1. Albert Bender turned sixty-seven June 18, 1933.

UJ to Sara Bard Field

[June 15, 1933]
Thursday morning 1:45

Dearest Sara—

In five hours we are to start to Taos—and we havent been to bed last night yet,—but I have to send a message to Albert! If

others were not involved we would put off our start to come to the birthday party at Marie Welch's.—On the top of the trunk tray here that I've been packing just now lies a lovely green scarf that Albert gave me last time he was down here,—only one of the many many beautiful things he has given me during these years he has been our friend. Dear devoted friend we send you warm love and greetings on your birthday and a thousand good wishes for the coming year.

Yours, with a cheer for Albert & *Ireland!* (and love for *Sara & Erskine* too!)

Una

ALS. Mills. 1 page.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

TAOS NMEX
1933 JUNE 19 PM 5 11

BENNETT CERF
RANDOM HOUSE 20 EAST 57

ROBIN WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO HAVE HIS NAME
ANNOUNCED WITH ONEAL
1 FOUR POINT IN CONTRACT
2 NEED DISCUSSION BUT UNDOUBTINGLY CAN BE
ADJUSTED PROMPTLY WRITING AIR MAIL TODAY
WHAT ABOUT HAWKS

UNA JEFFERS.

Tlg. Columbia.

1. Una's telegram was sent in reply to Cerf's June 15 letter (TCC Columbia) and June 19 telegram (Tlg Columbia). In the letter Cerf says "At long last I am able to enclose herewith two copies of a proposed contract for your examination." His telegram contains the following message: "EUGENE O'NEILL HAS DEFINITELY COME WITH US WE SHOULD LIKE TO MAKE FORMAL ANNOUNCEMENT ABOUT ROBINSON JEFFERS AND O'NEILL AT SAME TIME IF SATISFACTORY TO YOU IT WOULD BE TREMENDOUSLY IMPRESSIVE EVERYTHING ON OLD BOOKS STRAIGHTENED OUT PLEASE WIRE COLLECT."

2. Based on a response from Cerf dated June 22, 1933 (TCC Columbia), the four points concerned a discount clause for damaged copies of books, magazine publication rights, a standard option clause for future publications, and rights to books previously published by Liveright.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

[June 19, 1933]

"Los Gallos"

1

Taos, New Mexico

Monday

Dear Bennett Cerf—

Havent any ink in my room & dare not venture forth lest I fall into conversation—I am enclosing notes made by Robin 2 which you can read without my help.

It begins to seem as if things were getting settled—

We have had great uneasiness about it all the last few days.—Several {are} prepared to offer all you would & one said *more*,—& Macmillan man came to see us for hours the night before we left (so that ♦ I had to pack our trunks at 3:AM)—& showed us the most incredible selling facilities they would bring to bear full force on Robin's books—

Well, we are trusting you to make great efforts for your own sake & ours—

We are overjoyed you are to have O'Neil

I hope all will be underway soon

Cordially

Una J

One awful day of our journey 116° in Needles at midnight when we arrived there

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages. Letterhead (crossed out): The Alvarado, Albuquerque, NM.

1. *Los Gallos*: Spanish for “The Roosters,” and the name of Mabel Luhan's estate in Taos.

2. The notes referred to here are missing.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

June 21, 1933

Dear Bennett Cerf:

No answer from you yet about the "*Hawks*"—I do hope all is settled soon.

1 You've had a tremendous bother—In your contract you mention prompt filing of back royalty claim how soon must that be done? We have in Carmel royalty statement covering July 1–Dec 30, 1932.—we its unpaid. Was due to be paid April 30, 1933—I believe these dates are correct.—We have no statement covering Jan 1—to now—

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Columbia. 1 page. Letterhead: Mabel Dodge Luhan.

1. In his June 22, 1933 letter to Una (TCC Columbia), Cerf also assures Una that Random House would soon have the rights to all of Jeffers' books, including *Give Your Heart to the Hawks*. "I honestly think you can cease all your worrying about these books entirely," he says. At the close of his letter, Cerf adds, "Believe me that I know how many offers have been pouring in to Mr. Jeffers, and not only appreciate your having chosen us, but realize the trust that you are putting in our abilities, and promise you that you will never regret your move."

UJ to Bennett Cerf

June 27. [1933]

Dear Bennett Cerf:

I enclose a letter & screed but not the legal document they sent us to sign. On back is Robin's draft of answer he made to this. What shall we do? Is this the man to file the claim with & is how much time have we to do it? We await your amended contract & news.—Thanks so much for the *handsome Bibliography*—

1 It seems complete—well done & executed.

So very busy here riding every day swimming & doing excursions into the mts. gorgeous country

In great haste,
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

1. S. S. Alberts, *A Bibliography of the Works of Robinson Jeffers* (New York: Random House, 1933). The publication date for the *Bibliography* was June 26, 1933.

RJ to Isidor Werbel

[June 1933]

c/o Mabel L. Taos NM

My dear Mr. Werbel:

1

We are travelling, so that I have and my statement of royalties due from Liveright Inc. {up to—,} is locked up at home, so that I have not access to it.

2 There were between 3 and 4 hundred dollars payable April 30 due on—and payable April 30; but I have never received any statement of royalties due since—, so that it is impossible for me to fill out the power of attorney enclosed in your letter.

The contract which I am about to sign with another publisher will guarantee back royalties due from Liveright, and the best I can do is to refer your letter to this {other firm,} so that they may act as appears may advise me to assign my claim to them, or act otherwise in their interest. I suppose Liveright's books will be open in course of time, and they can find out what my claim amounts to.

Thank you for your letter and the volume.

ALD. Columbia. 1 page.

1. Isidor Werbel (1900–1974), born Isidor Werbelowsky, was an officer of the Montauk Bookbinding Corporation, one of Liveright's creditors, and a banker. He served as chairman of the Creditors' Committee of Liveright, Inc.

2. As a creditor of Liveright, Inc., Jeffers received a letter from Werbel dated June 9, 1933 (TL Columbia) in which he is asked to submit a "proof of debt" form and other documents concerning his account.

RJ and UJ to Bennett Cerf

c/o Mabel Luhan, Taos, N.M.
June 30, 1933.

Dear Bennett Cerf:

I have signed the agreements, and enclose one of them, and expect never to have to change publishers again. You have been most kind; I hope you won't have any further trouble. If some villain should get hold of "Give your Heart to the Hawks" in spite of us, perhaps at the worst you could arrange to acquire the right to it at the end of a year.

We are having a delightful time here, riding horses in strange places and swimming in the hot springs. To-morrow morning we go off on a four-day trip in the wilderness, to a little lake up at snow-line, 13000 feet altitude. Five or six Indians go along, we shall make quite a caravan.

We'll be home in Carmel before the end of July, and I'll be glad to see the Pacific fog again.

Cordially,
Robinson Jeffers.

Ought not something to be said about movie rights? (—in case ever—) Would that be a thing quite apart & to be settled separately? Let me hear.

—U. J.

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

UJ to Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott Wood

July 6. 1933

"Los Gallos" Taos. New Mexico

My dear Sara & Erskine:

We have been away from home three weeks today and have had an interesting time every moment. (tragic some moments as at Needles 116° at midnight when we arrived!) We've been living in one of Mabel's guest houses, called "Tony's House" looking out over an alfalfa field—beyond this is the desert stretching away to the mts. The ancient acéquia (water ditch is almost encircles Mabel's domain—swift flowing gurgling water with great cottonwood trees along its banks. Mabel's beautiful Indian maid Albidia

1 cooks our breakfast and tidies up and we go to the Big House for lunch & dinner.

2 We have ridden horseback every day & been swimming in the Hot Springs pool most days. Boys play tennis all very busy. When we first came there were thunderstorms every day which we loved—always black clouds all around the mt. sides. Yesterday we came back from a wonderful trip in the mts. to ♦ Blue Lake which is the sacred Indian ceremonial place. Its high up 12,500 {ft.} elev. blue *blue* encircled by great trees. We made an imposing party, *16 horses!* I was the only woman.—There were 4 Jefferses, Lloyd Tevis, Tony, 3 Indian men helpers, 3 Indian boys, 3 pack horses, & one yearling colt sent along to get trail-wise. We expected to stay 4 days but returned a day early because of thunderstorms. The Indians caught more trout than we could eat. Lots of snow all around us in the hollows. Returning we went over Mt. Wheeler 13000 ft elev. {& Twining. Ella Young went to the lake but not this way home.} along a knife edge trail for miles with hundreds of miles of mts—and lakes & streams & forests below us. Down through the most magical woods of *aspens*—do you know aspens—and have you seen a whole forest of them? We were in the saddle eleven hours the last

day, from 8 AM to 8 PM—(hr. for lunch)—I felt a bit stiff when I got home but it was all gone next morn.

This is a queer foreign town all mud houses & narrow dirty streets centering in a plaza. ♦ dark skins all around & Spanish & Indian talk. There is a little enclosed-by-trees beautiful green cemetery “Kit Carson Cemetery” which Mabel & her friends had {have} never been in—because they lean hard upon the Indian & Mexican atmosphere & ignore the pioneer Americans—Well—I went in exploring with Robin & found the queerest thing.—Near the grave of Kit C & wife is a monument erected by U. S. War Dept. in honor of those dead fighting Apaches & Mexicans.—At two one {of} the thcorners of the lot were enormous iron anchors—you cant think how strange they look in the middle of this continent in such a dryness! Mabel had never heard of them but I kept on and on inquiring until I found that when in the Civil War the Confederates held Albuquerque & region about for a short time there were no bridges across the Rio Grande & troops were carried on Ferry Boats—*these* are the anchors of them.—♦

We went up to the Del Monte Ranch on the mt. to see Frieda Lawrence—then to Brett’s ranch a mile away. She is having a tiny wee log cabin built for Ella Young near her own house.—Its a darling wee house beside a rushing little stream. I can see Ella in it!

Saw a woman today who had been hearing Ben Lehman discourse with passionate enthusiasm on the subject of Mabel & her writings. Said he had been lecturing to different groups on her.

We expect to leave here Monday. Mabel & Tony are going with us archeologizing to Mesa Verde, Colo. then we are coming home via Reno, Truckee, Tahoe, etce {etc—} or may dash up to Sheridan, Wyo. for a few days visit to the great H. F. Bar Ranch owned by Horton. Bobby Horton is the 4th of the quartette (our boys, Lloyd T.)—we are invited for a month but thats out of the question. We long for our cool sea cliff.

Our dearest love always.
Una.

Did you know our boys unexpectedly graduated from High School after 3 yrs. attendance. Didnt realize it until 2 days before graduation.

ALS. Huntington. 4 pages.

1. Albidia (Marcus) Reyna (1896–1960), a member of the Taos Pueblo, was Mabel Luhan’s maid and housekeeper; she was married to Manuel Reyna (1894–1984), a master woodcarver. In a tribute to Albidia published December 22, 1960 in *The Horse Fly*, Spud Johnson’s Taos newspaper, John Evans says “she was as beautiful in spirit as she was in body. She possessed that indefinable air of mystery and allure with which only women of true inner beauty can ever really be endowed” (p. 1).

2. For information about Mabel’s estate, which included the Tony House, the Big House, and several other structures, see Lois Palken Rudnick, *Utopian Vistas: The Mabel Dodge Luhan House and the American Counterculture* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1996).

RJ and UJ to Bennett Cerf

c/o Mabel Dodge Luhan,
Taos, N. M.
July 7, 1933.

Dear Bennett Cerf:

I have received a form to be signed etc.—“proof of claim and proxy”—from Irwin Kurtz,
1 15 Park Row, N. Y. C., referee in the Liveright bankruptcy. The proxy part is for the election of the Irving Trust Company as trustee, to be voted at the first meeting of creditors, July 11.

I cannot fill out the form because I do not know the amount of my claim. The only statement of {unpaid} royalties that I have is up to January 1, this year—\$330 or 40—I cannot remember exactly—which should have been paid in April. We are writing to Liveright Inc., to ask for a statement of royalties since January 1. If in their present disorder they should fail to send one, perhaps you could find out.

I'll keep the form until I hear from you. We have six months in which to file a claim; I don't know whether the voting privilege amounts to anything meanwhile.

R. J.
by U. J.

2

Please reply to Carmel. We are leaving here Monday I think—& may stay in Wyoming a few days.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

1. Irwin Kurtz (1884–1965), bankruptcy referee for the United States District Court in New York from 1932 to 1958.

2. This letter was written by Jeffers. Una signed it with his initials and added her own concluding note.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Taos. New Mexico
July 12. 1933

Dear Mr. Cerf:

Your check for \$2500.00 advance royalty arrived promptly.
Thank you.

We leave here tomorrow morning for H. F. Bar Ranch, Buffalo, Wyoming (an enormous ranch near Yellowstone Park, belongs to father of a dear friend of our boys) Shall stay just a day or so then back to Mesa Verde, Colo (Tony & Mabel meet us there) then home—in ten days. {from now.}—

Hastily—yours
Una Jeffers

ALS. Columbia. 1 page. Letterhead: The Alvarado, Albuquerque, NM.

RJ and UJ to Mary Austin

[July 22, 1933]

Mesa Verde! We were so sorry you were ill & could not come up to Mabel's that weekend. We went up to an enormous ranch at top of Wyoming {after} we left Taos, then back here by Ouray & Silverton surely the most *beautiful* mt. road in the world.

Affectionate greetings from
Robin and Una.

APPS, Balcony House, Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado.
Huntington. Postmark: July 22, 1933.

RJ to Charles Keppel

Tor House, Carmel, California.
July 29, 1933.

Dear Mr. Keppel:

1

Your interesting letter was forwarded to me in New Mexico, but we have been travelling so constantly since then, to Wyoming and elsewhere, that I could not answer sooner.

The lines you quote were {written and} printed according to the meter—octameter I suppose—eight feet to the line, that is, eight accented syllables, each with a certain weight of unaccented syllables, or of pause, to make it more or less equal {in quantity} to its neighbors. All my verses are

metrical, or imagine themselves to be, though there is often much departure from pattern in the long poems.

I have no particular objection to your arrangement, but it seems to me that the rhythm is happier in mine; and—since the phrases are formed with regard to the pauses and cadences of the meter—even the meaning appears clearer; but perhaps only to me, because I am used to it.

Whitman of course considered rhythm but not usually meter. Let me congratulate you and your wife
2 on your “lovely evenings” with poetry. It seems to me there is hardly anything more like happiness, except lovely days together with beautiful natural scenery.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Buffalo. 1 page.

1. Charles William Keppel (1906–1998), a self-published author, graduated from Columbia University in 1928. When he wrote this letter, Keppel was working as a day laborer and carpenter’s helper in San Francisco; he was later employed by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company as a meter reader and collector of delinquent accounts. Keppel contacted Jeffers in regard to a poetry project titled *Souvenirs of Earth*; see Jeffers’ July 25, 1934 letter to Keppel for more information.

2. Keppel’s French Canadian wife Rollande Bernadette (Auger) Keppel (1906–1945) was a homemaker and writing collaborator.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

July 29. 1933.

Tor House. Carmel.

Dear Mr. Alberts—

Your bibliography is really a superb bit of work from a point of view of scholarship and scope, & of printing. We both thank you for *all* your work and care, and for the copies sent us—You were very generous.—

You must forgive our delay in writing. After we left Taos where we spent a month with Mabel Luhan, we drove to the ♦ northern part of Wyoming to a great ranch where a friend of ours lives—then back to Mesa Verde {So. Colo.} to inspect the cliff dweller ruins—so we were out of touch with our mail for a fortnight.

Our association has been very pleasant I hope we shall hear from you sometimes from that pleasant Vermont glen!

Very sincerely

Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel

July 29. 1933

Dear Bennett Cerf:

Did Smith speak to you about the point he mentions in his letter? The unpaid royalty *due* Apr 30 was \$332.09. We have no account of time covering Jan 1, 1933—on.

I will write tomorrow to your office in answer to question about bindings submitted. We have been very busy & tired the few days since we got home. After ♦ we left Taos we drove to a great ranch at the top of Wyoming for a few days visit, then back to border of New Mexico & Colorado to see those Mesa Verde Ruins—The great heart of this continent is a complete inferno in summer—I cant tell you our joy when we came into our own court-yard full of fog and sea air!

Cordially
Una Jeffers—

We drove over 4,000 miles—mostly desert as we think of it!

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

UJ to Ernest G. Bishop

Tor House. Carmel. California
August 1. 1933

Dear Mr. Bishop—

We have just returned from six weeks in New Mexico and Wyoming and find your letter in unforwarded mail. I think you felt very sensitively the genius loci here—I am glad you spoke of the wood smoke,—one of the most poignant notes in an evening landscape. The oak & pine & driftwood fragrance

here, the peat in Ireland and the piñon in New Mexico all have unforgettable qualities for us.

Come into Tor House when you are here again.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

[August 2, 1933]
Wednesday night
Tor House. Carmel

Dearest Mabel:

We got home early Sunday morning (3:30!) and on Monday Robin & I somehow got an attack of ptomaine poisoning sowhich laid us low for twenty-four hours—thats why I havent written. We got sick within two hrs. of each other!

It took 2½ days hard going {from Taos} to get to H. F. Bar Ranch

1—roads poor in spots—by way of Denver, Cheyenne etc. Their {H. F. Bar} ranch is about 6,000 ft elev. with a good stream running through and fine cañons & mts.—Their other ranch *Paradise* is higher and they are separated only by a National Forest Reserve. We had some fine rides there. There were about sixty dudes present—but you saw them only at meal time since the separate cottages are hidden under trees

by the stream—and during the day they were far-scattered. They have a habit at that ranch of riding after supper and it was ♦ very interesting to watch the saddling.—They had two corrals adjoining,—in one were over a hundred horses milling around, the cowboys would go in & pick the horses out with lasso, one at a time & bring into other corral for saddling & a big rodeo was about to transpire at Sheridan & there were several champion ropers and all-around cowboys visiting the ranch who gave exhibitions at saddling times. All the horses were spirited & several wild ones. The first time I mounted, a horse beside me got mixed up with a rope under its tail & began to buck right beside me & gave me some startling{ed} moments. They have a fine outdoor swimming tank. The roads are adobe & Gertrude Horton & I had a desperate ride in car back from Paradise the car going sideways down hill. The boys & I had ridden up horseback {via cañons} & Robin went in car with her by the Yellowstone Highway. Then Robin went back with boys & I with her. In a few particulars the mt. scenery ♦ there is more impressive than Taos but not in *most*. One thing remarkable there is the feeling of *space* really *limitless* in every direction.—but the mts. themselves haven't such grand outlines & the aspen forests are not nearly so lovely. There is much undergrowth so one doesn't see their straight fine shapes—and curiously enough their bark is not so light colored as in TaoNew Mexico.—

The four boys enjoyed being together again.

We went from there via Rawlins along the old Oregon Trail, down to Baggs (*horrible* roads),—Craig, then on to Ouray & spent night at Silverton. This stretch of highway Ouray-Silverton repaid us for the horrible 2½ days from H. F.

Bar. It was just sunset the ideal time we were told, and the rose & ochre mts. blent in with the rose & gold sky. Those miles there were the high spot of pleasure in our return journey, and the delightful chill air after a day of torturing heat & dust was life-giving! ♦

Mesa Verde was a welter of heat & dust & tourists you never saw so many or such dull ones. In spite of all this we had a good long round with a guide to some of the best houses & an hour & half in the museum to see the things taken out of the cliff houses & {which} help{ed us} to visualize the life there. (Some interesting mummies there—do you remember that old purplish-colored woman mummy (of basket-makers-age (*pre-cliff-dweller*)) curled up in a basket-weave mat—with such expressive hands & feet—*so* much character, that old woman & humor!) One of the finest jars—black & white, I ever saw found intact there not long ago.

In the evening two long talks about the place by rangers & naturalists—then several songs & dances by eight Navajos {around a campfire.} Cabins clean & good but hotel food poor & expensive. We were tremendously disappointed not to find you & Tony there. I would have enjoyed seeing you scale those ladders & creepy-crawl on all fours through the passage ways,—but thunderstorms were all around us ♦ one short, brisk, sharp one while we were in the museum cooled off the air,—and the next day as we set off through Utah via Cortez, Colo. we were told again & again that if the storms caught us we might as well park our car for we couldnt keep it on those adobe roads if they got wet. We drove until late & slept at American Fork, near Salt Lake City. Next day we drove through to Lovelock, Nev.—Some of that country is

appalling—desolate & dry & barren beyond belief & *hot*.—I meant to tell you that at Silverton is an old-time hotel with great polished mahogany bar & huge mirrors where we got grand food although all the furniture was threadbare.—Next day through Reno Carson City, around beautiful Lake Tahoe (where Lloyd used to visit the great house of his grandfather)

2 Now this lake is *bustling* with tourists. I hadnt been there since 1910 when it was alone & quiet. Very hot still—we went down via Jackson & San Andreas. ♦ This tiny one {old} mining town is where Teddie & I ran away to from college & married.—Unseen by me since that day. We all had a look at the place & talked it over as family history.—By now it was 6:30 P.M. but so hot we couldnt think of stopping—so we went on & on—until we reached Tor House at 3:30 AM. Lloyd stayed with us until morning We got into Salinas at 2:45 & were amazed to find the streets so crowded we could scarcely get through & the sides of the streets parked *solid* with cars—it was the end of rodeo.

Our place intact except the two “*Not at Home*” signs stolen. Robin painted new ones today. Our garden was dried up.—We had hired Hoffman

3 to sprinkle it & {but} he nearly died of pneumonia while we were gone. Katerina came over & fed the pigeons but couldnt sprinkle. Mr. Praeger

noticed Hoffman wasnt doing his duty & sprinkled a few times which helped. Went up the valley & got the chickens—two hens were missing, but some new baby chicks were hatched out. We told Ben ♦ that John is expected. I had a telegram dated July 25, New York “We leave this week for Carmel. Everything settled & arranged. Dying to see you. Love from us. John.” I am so anxious to see them!

On account of great unpackings & shampoos & straightenings up & washing of clothes & then ptomaine poison—I have scarcely been off the place or seen anyone. Got this letter in mail from Blanche M. today & went over for a cocktail before dinner. They have been to Los A—twice since we left, because of her mother's
4 illness. They have seen Mollie & John just twice, said John looks a wreck on account of his back.

Olga Fish & family chartered a great Greyhound bus to take them from here to the boat in S. F. Esther Moore went with them. I hear that *both* breasts were removed & that it was {is} a very serious business.

Boys are away this evening—a sunset riding party & picnic supper with the Tevises. They have ♦ been over twice to say how marvellous the trip was for Lloyd & how much he gained by it and how he loved being at Taos—

Isn't it *fantastic* that heirloom gold watch key set with a yellow diamond, belonging belonging to Donnan, fitted that watch perfectly and it has gone steadily. It gains time but doubtless a watchmaker can slow it up.

Also we got the black jar home without a blemish.

Sally Boke came today. Dick is in Gallup. She has a house here near us & is going to lie flat on her back for a month for her stomach's sake. She said after their first news of Dick's job they couldn't get any satisfactory confirmation. Dick received very vague telegrams in answer to his. At last *she* telegraphed & signed her name & the answer came—"Your son has been is held on call." She was surprised to hear Collier

5 had been out.

Robin, Garth & Donnan and I here send you formal & heartfelt thanks for our grand holiday. It looms up a gigantic task to steer five people around happily for weeks! I hope we were worth it.

Devoted love,
Una.

Love to Tony.

Was the flute found?

I lost my address book somewhere—did it show up there?
Such a pest!

6

Excess check herewith.

ALS. Yale. 8 pages.

1. For a complete history of the ranch along with detailed information about the Horton family, see *Saddlestring: A History of the HF Bar Ranch* by Tom Ringley (Greybull, Wyo.: Pronghorn Press, 2006).

2. The Tevis estate on the south shore of Lake Tahoe, now part of the Tallac Historic Site operated by the United States Forest Service, was owned by Lloyd's paternal grandparents, William Saunders Tevis, Sr. (1863–1943) and Maybella Ramona (Pacheco) Tevis (1863–1921), from around 1900 to 1923.

3. Edward Hoffman was the Kusters' German handyman and the husband of Katerina Hoffman, the Kusters' housekeeper.

4. Blanche Matthias was the daughter of Victoria (Hudson) Coates (1856–1936) and Frank J. Coates (1860–1921). Her father was the president of Jones, Coates & Balley, a Chicago lumber company.

5. John Collier (1884–1968), Mabel's friend from their days in Greenwich Village, was a social activist with interests in ethnic diversity, the rights of immigrants, and the needs of the underprivileged. Following a visit to Mabel in Taos, Collier became an advocate for Native Americans. He founded the American Indian Defense Association in 1923. In 1933 President Franklin Roosevelt appointed him commissioner of Indian Affairs, a position he held until 1945. During Collier's administration, lasting changes were made in the way the federal government dealt with Native Americans. Publications include *Indians of the Americas* (1947), *Patterns and Ceremonials of the Indians of the Southwest* (1949), and *On the Gleaming Way* (1962).

6. This and the following postscript are written across top of first page.

UJ to Donald Klopfer

Tor House. Carmel California

August 3. 1933

Dear Mr. Klopfer:

We both like the henna colored cover best and so do all the people—constant readers!—we've shown the covers to. We like the red second best—but not nearly so well as henna. Hope I haven't bothered you by my delay in answering. We are just home from six weeks away in New Mexico & Wyoming and overburdened with things undone.

Sincerely
Una Jeffers

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

August 19. 1933

Dear Bennett Cerf:

We are very, very happy to have all the business of old books settled & know they are in your hands. I know you've had a lot of bother. Several booksellers have told us that their old orders have not been filled. I hope they will now renew them with you.

Of course R. J. will gladly sign a new set of sheets for the limited edition of *Give your Hearts to the Hawks*. Queer that the others vanished.

1 I note that the number of {copies} in limited editions have been.

	all Told		For sale		Price
Women at Pt. Sur—	265	—	250	—	\$10.00
Cawdor—	375	—	350	—	10.00
Dear Judas—	3975	—	350	—	10.00
Thurso's Landing—	200	—	185	—	7.50

So perhaps 500 copies is too many when accompanied by the trade edition. You decide & we'll be content.

2

We hear much favorable comment on the *Bibliography*. Did you see the reviews in Herald-Tribune Books of Aug 13 & New York Times of July 23.

4

Cordial good wishes from both of us
Una Jeffers

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

1. In a letter to Una dated August 29, 1933 (TCC Columbia), Cerf reports that 202 signed sheets for the limited edition of *Give Your Heart to the Hawks*, planned by Liveright, had been found.

2. "Upon mature reflection," Cerf says, "I feel that Liveright planned wisely in limiting this edition to 200 copies at \$7.50 a copy."

3. "A Jeffers Book" in "Notes for Bibliophiles," a column edited by Leonard L. Mackall, *New York Herald Tribune Books* (August 13, 1933): 18.

4. "Notes on Rare Books" by Philip Brooks, book review section, *New York Times* (July 23, 1933): 16.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel. August 23. 1933

Dearest Mabel:

John & Clare were here yesterday & the children and we had a very nice time & a good lunch. I made the spaghetti & mushroom, tomatoes & cheese dish *you* like, and Blanche Matthias sent over a great platter of Virginia ham (very special one!) and meat loaf & a grand cake & we had a bottle of Erskine's Burgundy.—I had invited Russell & Blanche, you see, but Blanche got some infection in her eye & was told not to be in a room where any smoking was going on because of the inflam{m}ation.—She had said they would come if I allowed them to bring part of the lunch & their maid. I refused the latter but the food was all ready so we had it!—John's book had just come

1 & we talked of that and all was gay. Claire looked *beautiful & strange* in a very full yellow flowered print dress. John & her children & our boys went sw swimming in our cove here in spite of the cold. Garth & Donnan go in every day at 1:00, just before lunch after Robin comes down from upstairs.
<over> ♦

Of course I wont speak of your sending Claire's letter, but—I dont much like that letter. Its too soft and sentimental to fit my conception of her as a strong woman. When people go their own way and do irregular things as Claire does they've *got to expect* people to react against them and try to take it out of them and hurt them but I think its weak to RESENT the hurt {& feel injured!} But the letter is written too cryptically for me to know exactly what she is unhappy about. She has told me that Hal is mean & stingy—but that seems hardly enough to cut her so deeply.

Speaking of cryptic writing—I have finished Murry's book on Lawrence & will mail it back to you today. I wish you'd tell me, if you know, what he means by certain passages which I will note on the next page. I must confess

Murry comes out better than KCatherine Carswell when all's said & done *but*—all Murry's hysteria is boring to tears. ♦ All his “my personal self & his & my impersonal self & his” etc.—A flabby, hysterical, nervy generation of Englishmen no mistake if you consider Sassoon,

2 Murry, Graves

3 etc.—And I *dote* on Englishmen really & HATE to have them show up so.—

Now what does Murry mean—?

4

Page 165.—Can you tell me anything at all about the brutal {“devilish”} letter he wrote to the sick Katherine Mansfield? Frieda must know.

Page {174 &} 175— What *basis* did D. H. L. want Murry on? and how did Murry behave like a lunatic or trapped rat?

Page 176—What was Lawrence’s secret?

Page 177—“a living dead man” {“leading a posthumous life”} ghastly etc.? He actually *says* that D. H. L. was a “zombie” (or some such word you know the South Sea Island {or Haitian} movie with soulless corpses going about.)

Page 194. Who was the fourth person in the party that Murry couldn’t stand. He cant mean Brett because she was there already & Murry knew it.

Jaime is improving but will have to stay in hospital at least 3 months I am told.

5 Nancy & the little girl ♦ have taken a cottage here for that time. I intend to go to see her & to see Jaime in hospital when a little more time has elapsed, and I will tell you.—Jaime certainly must have been in hell all those {18} hours. He was broken to pieces & conscious, lying directly on the body of his child & pinned there by the weight of the car. Did I tell you in my last that Robin talked to a man ploughing about the accident & he shuddered & could not talk of it & said “I am one of those that got him out.”

Chester Gavin

6 Arthur was here Sunday. He had just taken Hazel Dreiss
7 home to Santa Cruz. HShe is going to live down at the
Dunes from now on. He is all ajog about his magazine
8 & looked very handsome & enthusiastic and
persuasive—but of course I’d shake him if he were mine—all
that puttering about with art is such a bore!

Do send your ms. soon—

Dearest love from all of us.

Una.

For stars see page 3

9 ♦

A Short Discourse on Heavenly Bodies!

The stars unlike moon & sun & planets rise always at the same relative position in the skies, 4 minutes earlier each day (—2 hours {earlier} each month {24 hrs in a yr.}). The stars are fixed to all intents & purposes in groups or constellations {which move across the sky}. The sky {map} looks entirely different in winter & summer evening as the time of rising & settling has gone half day different

The planets (7 well known ones) follow very closely the path of the moon which varies with the seasons but is never very far north or south. The planets are single & wander through the constellations and are near or far from each other as their orbits cross or not. They look of course same as st bright stars.

Four planets are very bright and visible to naked eye In order of apparent brightness,—most bright {1} Venus, then {2} Jupiter, {3} Mars & {4} Saturn. Their colors are different & they are easily recognized by the practiced eye. Mercury the fifth brightest (“a squinting lacquey of the Sun”)

10 *never* sets more than 2 yrs. {hours} after the sun, & *never* rises more than 2 hrs earlier than sun. So the daylight prevents it ever seeming very bright. Venus *never* sets more than 3 hrs after sun or rises ~more than 3 hrs~ before ~sun~ ♦ The identity of the morning & evening stars varies according to

which planet happens to be around. Sometimes all the planets are off the job & a very bright star like Sirius may seem to be “morning star” or “evening star”—*Often & often there isnt any bright heavenly body in the place to serve!* So the old men have simply forgotten. Certainly I could find out from Hamilton. The courses of all the bodies have been computed for years to come,—perhaps for centuries—its just a question of mathematical calculation.—but any almanac will give the information for the current year & I will therefore cut out a page of one & send you.

The moon rises 50 min. earlier each day.

If you had noticed {looked} at the evening sky of Aug 16th, to the west you would have seen the two brightest planets Venus & Jupiter in conjunction—just a few inches apart apparently. If you had looked on preceeding nights & succeeding nights you would have seen how rapidly they approached each other & how rapidly they went apart & gotten an idea of the course of these bodies.

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. *Andrews' Harvest* by John Evans was published by William Morrow & Co. in August 1933.
2. Siegfried Sassoon (1886–1967), poet and author whose experience as a British soldier during World War I formed the basis of his writing career. Sassoon was the author of *Suicide in the Trenches* (1918), *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* (1930), and other works.

3. Robert Graves (1895–1985), English poet, translator, and novelist; author of *Good-bye to All That* (1929), *The White Goddess* (1948), and more than a hundred other works.

4. The passages that follow are from *Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence* by John Middleton Murry (London: Jonathan Cape, 1933). An American edition (New York: Henry Holt, 1933) contains the same material but is paginated differently.

5. On Saturday, August 12, 1933, Jaime de Angulo and his nine-year-old son Alvar were in an automobile driven by Gertrude Cothran, the daughter of a Santa Clara county physician. They were on their way to a large community party in Big Sur. Jaime's wife Nancy, their daughter Gui, and a friend were in another car behind them. Because of darkness and tight turns on a mountain road, Nancy lost sight of the car ahead of her. When she reached the party, she was puzzled to discover that Jaime, Alvar, and Gertrude had not arrived. As it turned out, Cothran lost control of her car on a narrow canyon road; it then plunged down a steep cliff, overturned, and pinned everyone in the wreckage. After passing the night in silence, Cothran freed herself at dawn and walked ten miles for help. When rescuers found de Angulo later in the day, seventeen hours after the accident, he was still trapped in the car, semi-conscious. He had a broken leg, a broken shoulder, and internal injuries; Alvar, crushed beneath him, was dead.

An ironic twist to the story concerns Carl Flannigan, the man credited with saving Jaime's life. Flannigan, a convict from San Quentin, was the camp nurse for a team of prisoners working on road construction in the Big Sur. Having caused an automobile accident in which two prominent San Francisco women (members of the Crocker banking family)

were killed, he was serving time for manslaughter. According to an August 20, 1933 story in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Flannigan was among the first to reach de Angulo and, in the eyes of some, redeemed himself by providing emergency care.

6. A circle is drawn around “Gavin.”

7. Hazel Dreis (1890–1964), a master bookbinder, learned her craft in England. In addition to working with the Grabhorn Press in San Francisco, the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D. C., and other institutions, Dreis established her own imprint, Hazel Dreis Editions, in Santa Fe, New Mexico in 1939. She moved her studio to Pacific Grove, California in 1948.

8. The first issue of *Dune Forum*, Arthur’s monthly journal of arts and ideas, appeared January 15, 1934. The last issue was published May 15, 1934.

9. Added top right corner, page 1.

10. John Goad (1616–1689), an English educator, astronomer, and meteorologist, refers to Mercury as “a squinting lacquey of the sun, who seldom shows his head in these parts, as if he were in debt” in his *Astro-meteorologica, or, Aphorisms and Discourses of the Bodies Cælestial, Their Natures and Influences* (1686). Goad’s description of Mercury was thereafter quoted in books about the stars and planets.

UJ to Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Tor House. Carmel. California
August 29. 1933.

Dearest Sara & Erskine:

It *was* the package from you and brought us much cheer! I hope you realize, truly, how wonderful a gift this is to us. We simply couldnt have the richness of the vine (and grain!) in so rare a form without your generous bounty! The bottles havent been broached yet but sit like angels of light here in the closet by my desk.—I can't think whether I wrote you of the {other} presents we received on our 20th anniversary. You speak as if I had written but I dont remember—They were *such* a funny collection,—since they were *chance* presents from people who happened in.—

A bottle of scotch whiskey from Blanche & Russell surmounted by elaborate wedding cake decorations!

A green alarm clock from Mrs Vernon Kellogg, (who happened in—with {new} clock to start a journey by next day).

A small parchment-bound excessively rare (only 90 published privately & NOT *for sale* in 1827) “Burns’ Muses”, *very ribald* old Scotch songs by, & collected by, Bobbie Burns.—This ♦ book was given us by a Los Angeles bibliophile—an ardent admirer of Robin!

1

Now wasnt that an odd assortment?

Russell & Blanche were truly touched by your thought of them—such darling creatures they are and worthy of your attention! Blanche has been having a horrid time with an infected or inflamed eye which has gone on now for several weeks. It yields to treatment and seems normal, then suddenly starts up again. They are going up to the city in a few days on the way to Tioga Pass and if the eye is bad again, will consult my dear Hans Barkan.

I cant think what I've told you & what not about our trip so Ill wait until we see you to talk about it—We had a grand time although none of us thrive in the heat. Garth & Robin lost so much weight that Blanche thought they'd been sick but they've regained it in this precious coolness. We have been walking a great deal. The extension south-wards of this coast road which we have all resented as opening up ♦ this region to tourists, will really be of great value to us too for we can drive to new points from which we can tramp up cañons and along the coast. We investigated an old tunnel we had seen 300 ft. below level of the road by the sea and found it had been used 50 yrs ago for taking out tan-bark from a cañon. We found a tunnel 150 ft long through a mt. well timbered-up {(shored-up is that the word)} and discovered the bark had been brought {out} on *sled*-like affairs drawn by mules. The ruts look in an old redwood bridge by the tunnel look like the marks of chariots in the old Roman roads. These abandoned enterprises are full of interest and pathos too. Incredible the work of making that tunnel—& the difficulty of getting in tools—the landing spot is tiny. This place is just beyond a portion of the coast road recently completed along “Rotten Mt.”—a mt. that has defied the road-makers for years—with its incessant sliding & crumbling. Even trails could not stay intact.

Boys' school begins next Monday & we cant bear it! We've ♦ had such pleasure this summer together.—I think you knew they graduated from High in June unexpectedly, but are going back for Post-Graduate work this semester.

2

Robin has been rereading much W. H. Hudson to us evenings. We just finished “Nature in Downland” & “Afoot in England,”

3—and are reading now Sven Hedin's “Across the Gobi Desert”

4 & the new Gaelic novel “Twenty Years A-Growing”

5—O its a grand book I was afraid the reviews exaggerated but you cant resist its freshness, & *naturalness* & sincerity.

Robin's “Give your Heart to the Hawks” will be out Oct. 5.

What a problem is this business of trying to live an intact rich life—but

having it lost & scattered by too many things & people—How *can* one manage?

6 I have been brusque to many people this summer just to save us alive—but there are so many people come along one WANTS to see—but{and then} time does get away so fast. Just now the Frederick Mortimer Clapps have come. We love them devotedly. He is the head of the Fine Arts Dept. in University ♦ of Pittsburgh & the head director of the Frick Collection

7 in N. Y. City.—He wrote the big book on *Pontormo* I saw in your library.

I have only lately heard of Noël's sorrow, and hate to write (so tardily) to him of our sympathy.

8 Perhaps you Sara might say to him when it is a convenient moment that we feel warm affection and sympathy. Will you?

Come down soon and I will tell you about the wee cabin Brett has had built for Ella, near her own—I can well picture Ella crouching on the doorstep listening to the stream a few yards away & the mt. noises. I envy her seeing the aspen forests when they are all golden. They clothe the lower mts. there. Nothing more exquisite in Tir-nan-og.

9

Much love from all four, to five of you!

Una.

Didn't Erskine live in Wyoming? We'd like to talk about it with him.

Ella Winter came two days ago with Freeman
10 of the “{New} Masses” Did you meet him?

ALS. Huntington. 5 pages. Postmark: August 30, 1933.

1. Robert Burns, *The Merry Muses: A Choice Collection of Favourite Songs Gathered from Many Sources, to Which are Added Two of His Letters and a Poem* (Privately Printed, 1827); see Maureen Girard, *The Last Word*, page 17. The book was a gift of book collector Walter F. Higbee (1889–1961), a Los Angeles real estate, insurance, and investment broker, and his wife Maud (Lathrop) Higbee (1898–1986). An article about the Higbees in the July 14, 1933 issue of the *Carmel Pine Cone*, page 13, mentions their rental of a home near Tor House for the summer months.

2. Garth and Donnan returned to Monterey High School for another year of study.

3. *Nature in Downland* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1932) and *Afoot in England* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1933) by W. H. Hudson were first published in 1900 and 1909, respectively.

4. Sven Hedin, *Across the Gobi Desert* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1932).

5. *Twenty Years A-Growing* by Maurice O’Sullivan (New York: Viking Press, 1933) is a vivid memoir of O’Sullivan’s early life on Great Blasket, an island off the west coast of Ireland.

6. The village of Carmel was also becoming busier and more crowded. A few days after this letter was written, streets and beaches were jammed with automobiles and tourists. See “Thousands Visit Carmel Over Holiday Week-End,” *Carmel Pine Cone* (September 8, 1933): 3.

7. The Frick Collection, a museum of fine and decorative arts, was established by Pittsburgh industrialist Henry Clay Frick (1849–1919). Housed in a mansion at East 70th Street and 5th Avenue in New York, the collection features works by El Greco, Rembrandt, Turner, Vermeer, and other masters. Clapp was named founding director in 1931.

8. Mary Louise Phelan, Noël’s aunt, died January 28, 1933.

9. Tir-nan-og, “The Land of the Ever-Young” in Celtic mythology, is a place of eternal bliss.

10. Joseph Freeman (1897–1965), Russian-born American poet, editor, and author. Freeman worked for the Soviet news agency TASS from 1925 to 1931, co-founded *New Masses* in 1926, helped edit the journal until 1937, and participated in the creation of *Partisan Review: A Bi-monthly of Revolutionary Literature* in 1934. Freeman was the author of *The Soviet Worker: A Narrative of Social and Cultural Status of Labor in the U.S.S.R.* (1932), *An American Testament: A Narrative of Rebels and Romantics* (1936), *Never Call Retreat* (1943), and other books.

UJ to Donald Klopfer

Tor House. Carmel California
August 29. 1933.

Dear Mr. Klopfer:

I will see that the pages of the limited edition of *Give Your Heart to the Hawks* are signed & returned promptly. I think it is important to actually get the books out on the date announced—the long delay has been so tiring!

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House. Carmel.
August 29. 1933.

Dearest Albert:

We hoped to see you long before this. Is there any chance of your coming down again? I cannot think whether I have written you since we got home. We were gone from Tor House for six weeks.—four of them at Taos, then we drove up to a big ranch at the top of Wyoming to visit the boys' friend, Bobby Horton—then back to the border of New Mexico & Colorado to visit the cliff dwellings at Mesa Verde National Park—Very thrilling place but oh! it was hot everywhere! and none of the Jefferses can stand hot weather—we perish. We had Lloyd Tevis, Jr. with us. As he had spendt his early years in *Bakersfield*, he bloomed like a rose in the desert!

In Taos we visited Brett up her mt. where Ella Young is to stay. She was having a tiny log cabin built for Ella right beside a stream about 100 ft. from her own house. I could just see Ella in it an looking out toward the mts. and watching the fairies gamboling by the water! Brett is fond of her & they will have good times together. ♦

Did I tell you that eventually thirteen publishers invited Robin to their lists—Are you proud of him! I think its a fine tribune to him—and poetry!—

We have gone to Random House who also got Eugene O'Neill.—They took over all Robin's old books and will keep them going, guarantee back royalties etc—Besides the fine books Random House publishes, they also own Modern

Library and I think have wide facilities for selling.—I hope we have acted wisely. We thought it all over long & earnestly.—

I have \$50 of yours, you know, for books.—The bo “Give Your Heart to the Hawks” is announced for Oct 5. publication. D Sometime you might let me know whether you wish all of the {in} copies of the trade edition—or perhaps 1 of the limited edition included.—?

We think and speak of you often—and hope you are feeling better again.—If your health seemed to require your slowing up somewhat—why not try Carmel for a bit now and then?

Warm love from all of us at Tor House

Una.

Had you any Irish papers telling of the death of Kingsley Porter the American archeologist drowned off Donegal, July 8.

1 I would be glad to see them.

ALS. Mills. 2 pages.

1. The first newspaper report concerning Arthur Kingsley Porter’s death, cabled from Dublin July 9, stated that he drowned off the coast of Donegal after leaving the island of Inishbofin in a small boat during a thunderstorm. Subsequent reports said that Porter disappeared during a walk on Inishbofin, where he and his wife Lucy had a cabin, on the morning of July 8. He had arranged to meet Lucy at a designated place but never arrived. Because rocks on the cliff

tops were slippery and a fast outgoing tide was flowing, it was presumed that he lost his footing, fell into the water, and was carried out to sea. For many years, the circumstances surrounding Porter's death remained a mystery. Eventually, however, information came to light that suggested suicide.

Porter, a handsome and independently wealthy man, was one of Harvard's most popular professors. Despite the fact that he was happily married, irrepressible homosexual yearnings threatened to ruin his career. With Lucy's involvement and support, Porter sought help from Havelock Ellis, who advised him to pursue his desires. Ellis was responsible for putting Porter in touch with Alan Campbell, the young man who became Porter's lover. When Porter realized the relationship could not be sustained over time (his friends were growing suspicious and Campbell's emotional investment declined), depression set in, and he eventually killed himself, it seems, at Inishbofin. In the wake of her loss, Lucy funded research to study the nature, cause, and treatment of homosexuality. For information about these events see Phyllis Grosskurth, *Havelock Ellis: A Biography* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1980): 418–419; Hilary Richardson, "The Fate of Kingsley Porter," *Donegal Annual* 45 (1993): 83–87; Todd Dufresne, "An Interview with Joseph Wortis," *Psychoanalytic Review* 83 (August 1996): 595–596; and Douglass Shand-Tucci, *The Crimson Letter: Harvard, Homosexuality, and the Shaping of American Culture* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 2003): 125–129. See also the letters written to Havelock Ellis by Arthur Kingsley Porter, Alan Campbell, and Lucy Kingsley Porter in the Havelock Ellis Papers at the British Library.

To the known facts of the story, a few more details can be added. When the Porters sailed from New York on the *S.S.*

Cameronia May 27, 1933, Alan Campbell was with them. His name is on the passenger list twice. The first entry, which has a line drawn through it, identifies Glenveagh Castle as his destination; the second entry indicates London. The ship docked in Londonderry, Ireland June 4; a month later Porter was dead. Campbell was in Stratford-upon-Avon at the time, but he joined Lucy as soon as he was notified.

Alan Campbell (1910–1959) was born George W. Campbell in San Francisco, where he came of age in *outré* establishments such as Myrtokleia’s “tearoom” on Telegraph Hill. With the financial assistance of Noël Sullivan, he traveled to India when he was twenty-one. Campbell’s account of his visit to Santiniketan, Rabindranath Tagore’s school in West Bengal, was published as “Tagore’s Abode of Peace” in *Asia* (April 1933): 231–235. Writing pseudonymously as Arion, he also published *Starborn* (1938), a novel based on personal experiences. The book was released by Obelisk Press in Paris, the same company that published Henry Miller, Anaïs Nin, Lawrence Durrell, and other writers who wrote explicitly about sex. Back in California by the fall of 1934, he visited Tor House. In a September 28, 1934 letter (ALS Yale) to Frederick and Maud Clapp, not included in this edition, Una writes, “Who do you think is coming today? Alan Campbell who was with the Kingsley Porters in Donegal.” He may have lived in Carmel for several months the following year, for an Alan Campbell operated a bookshop in the village and wrote music and book reviews for the *Pacific Weekly* in the latter half of 1935. After traveling widely and residing in Santa Rosa, California for a number of years, Campbell returned to San Francisco, where he opened Studio Forty-Four, a bookstore and art gallery on Fillmore Street. On November 26, 1959 he came home with a large

gash above his eye—which, he told his mother, resulted from a fall in a bar. He then tripped while descending a flight of stairs and died on the landing below.

Coincidentally, another Alan Campbell also visited Tor House in the fall of 1934. He was the husband of writer Dorothy Parker. See Una's October 26, 1934 letter to Mabel Dodge Luhan and Una's March 23, 1935 letter to Hazel Pinkham.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel, California
August 30. 1933

Dear Bennett Cerf:

May {May} we have a couple of the "Give Your Heart to the Hawks," Liveright edition for our collection?

1 They can be subtracted from the number promised to us as author's copies.

Besides our author's copies, I wish to order 25 copies trade edition and 1 limited edition. Will you have a note made of this order.

If satisfactory to you—(and if not, please explain—) we think so well of Alberts "Bibliography" that we wish to let him continue with the material {& new data} as required.

2 The *Reviews* we have seen have been extremely enthusiastic and it seems on the whole to be worthwhile to have it done, although I have not a collectors intense interest in Bibliographical detail.

Mr. Klopfer says Oct. 5. is to be the publication date of "Give Your Heart to the Hawks". It will be grand to have it out at last.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

1. In a response to Una dated September 7, 1933 (TCC Columbia), Cerf says, "there will be no copies of the Liveright edition of *Give Your Heart to the Hawks* at all. The trade edition of this book was never even printed by Liveright. As far as the limited edition is concerned, the sheets were printed and never bound, and the minute we got possession of the sheets, we destroyed the Liveright title page on all of them at once."

2. "By all means," says Cerf, "Alberts should be allowed to continue with the Jeffers material. Reviews on his bibliography have been uniformly excellent."

UJ to Donald Klopfer

Tor House. Carmel. California
September 5. 1933

Dear Mr. Klopfer:

Lawrence Clark Powell who wrote a thesis {on Robinson Jeffers} for Doctors degree at Dijon, France last year has just been here in Carmel and we saw him for the first time. He says you promised to give him or let him read advance

sheets—or galley proof of “Give Your Heart to the Hawks,” and he is anxious to have them.—Do as you like about it of course—but in any case he is working over his thesis a bit before his friend Ritchie in Los Angeles reprints it on his hand-press

1 and wishes to study the new book & refer to it.—His thesis is by no means the work of a mature scholar—but at any rate is the most ambitious and lengthy study of R. J. done to date and seems to interest many Jeffers readers ♦ and there is no reason why we should hinder it being as good as he can make it.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

His address is

662 Prospect B'l'v'd

Pasadena.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. Powell's revised thesis was published as *Robinson Jeffers: The Man and His Work*. Ward Ritchie designed the book, which featured decorations by Rockwell Kent and a foreword by Jeffers (pp. xv–xviii). It was printed in an edition of 750 copies by Jake Zeitlin's Primavera Press and released in June 1934.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel. California
September 7. 1933

Dearest Mabel:

The *Family History* came several days ago and I have read it all, & Robin certain portions and we are very enthusiastic about it. You've put over your mother & John and Claire—all vivid and clear cut they are. Tony and the Indians and Taos are all beautifully done. (Eliseo

1 part I find such an unsatisfactory and exasperating interlude—I do not mean the recounting, which certainly makes the reader experience the difficulty of understanding Indians, but the thing hadn't any apex—just a wavering flickering flame which seemed to dissolve in smoke—) Stokowski and others are all clear and do their part.—Of course I think John and Clare should read it. They are vivid, queer—important and *sincere*.—Romantic too. <over> ♦

I rather expect to see John here today. They come into town often and I put a note in P. O. yesterday telling him to come for ms. We cant go up the valley for a few days—school is on again and boys busy.—I've had such a busy life, over the weekend. The Barkans came. Sunday we all had lunch at Ellen O'Sullivan's—the nice Andertons

2 (Tony went there) and Jean McDuffie were there too. In P.M. Barkans were here at Tor House—then Monday the four of them here for lunch bringing a friend of their boy's. I wish you could see them—all straightened out and calm and no *nervous* excitement or undue {or *undue* devotion} on his part toward Phoebe. He looked very handsome and certain of himself. She very quiet & natural but none of that attractive *allure* we saw her exhibit that warm relaxed abandon—last

winter. ♦ Hans was just a little restrained with me. I think that was all a complicated situation {which still embarrasses him to think of.} Phoebe says his practice is enormous and that he is actually *enjoying* it.—They take motion pictures—the best amateur I’ve ever seen, and brought them down {down} & showed us at Ellen’s. Some of all of us in Oxfordshire and on top White Horse Hill in Berkshire & showed us us {us} shivering over our lunch and then Hans producing a bottle of sherry & me drinking and a {with a} perfect *ecstasy* afterwards! Also a lot of Tor House {inside & out} and boys and all the chickens & Porthos.

Also a day we had near Tassajara & Donnan and Hans playing chess under the trees and the rest of us throwing acorns at Robin, all gay.

3

—Just here John came. All the family & Jessie & 2 dogs in station wagon. They were going down the—♦ coast to picnic, then all coming back here for tea & to get your ms. I’ll tell you later about Jessie. I mean in another letter after I see more of her.

Ellen O’Sullivan just here to ask me to go to “Little Women”. The Community Theatre is putting it on most awfully well I’m told. Paula Dougherty is Aunt March.

Next week Noël Sullivan and Langston Hughes are coming to stay in his cottage.

4

Bobby Horton here at Tor House for day & night and now settled elsewhere for school. His mother is coming later for the winter.

In morning mail just received a marvellous cheese from Russell Matthias—made somewhere in Canada by Trappist monks. Wish you were here to try a bit of it I've been sitting in window seat with some and a cracker. It's a day of brilliant sun and flashing sea, and just a hint of autumn in the air mellow, golden and *ripe*. If I could sit by that ♦ window a hundred years it wouldn't be a second too long for me!

None of us had seen or heard from George Moore until Monday {Sunday} he telephoned to Peter Steffens to get word to us at Tor House to SURELY come up to his ranch for barbecue next day at 12:30. I was sorry we could not go {(Barkans here)} because I wanted to smoothe out the tangle about John. Barkan had to leave early to see a patient in San José or I would have taken them along. Heard afterward all the help got *drunk*. (It was Labor Day & all the help at the party! Ranch hands and cowboys etc.) A woman and child were killed when car tipped over. Stef has been in bed three weeks to rest his heart. He sent word by a friend to ask me to come & see him. He looks very frail. Peter is acting very sweet & enthusiastic and like {as} she used to when she first came to Carmel. I decided not ♦ to deliver your message yet because she speaks in *such* friendly warm way of you and our trip there and is so interested in the success of John's book—which Stef is *raving* about and wishes to review. So it's nicer to act as if nothing silly had been said. She really acts & feels differently, I think.

Lawrence Clark Powell who wrote the Jeffers thesis at Dijon has been here, & took a lot of time for a few days. He was a bit overcome when he discovered Robin had not read his

book but was found Robin glad to talk about the coast region and other people's books than his own. He let me have some pictures printed from film of Lawrence's grave. I send you one. See how it is changed since the picture in the "Letters." Huxley edited.

6

Some long day we might have fun discussing our differences. Our likenesses are fun too.—I mean your quest for explanation of things & their goal—*our* complete acceptance of our belief that this *cannot* be known—(*if* there is a goal)—but our happy delight in speculating—regarded as just a pleasant exercise of *no* importance but just fun.

Love from all here.

7

Una

I have "Twenty Years A-Growing"—it's a grand book. If you read "The Book of Talbot" by {Violet Clifton}

8 or Naomi Mitchison's new book

9 tell me how they are

10

"Give Your Heart to the Hawks" is announced for publication Oct. 5.

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. Eliseo Concha (1905–1987) was a tribal member of the Taos Pueblo. He worked for Mabel as a carpenter and handyman.

2. Probably John Gayle Anderton (1880–1948), a banking executive and civic leader, and Margaret (Barron) Anderton (1885–1968). The couple lived in Hillsborough, California and summered in the Carmel area.
3. Copies of this home movie are located in the Jeffers archives at the University of San Francisco and at the Tor House Foundation.
4. Una adds an arrow here that points from “cottage” to “Noël Sullivan.”
5. Soon after Bobby Horton’s mother returned to Carmel she required medical attention. In a January 30, 1934 letter to Mabel Luhan (ALS Yale), not included in this edition, Una says “I’ve been as busy or more so than usual and just lately have been much disturbed by Gertrude Horton’s illness which turned out to be critical & I am afraid fatal.” A diagnosis of cancer led to Gertrude’s immediate hospitalization in San Francisco. She died March 17, 1934. Una wrote an obituary for her friend, “Mrs. Frank Horton Passes,” for the *Carmel Pine Cone* (March 23, 1934): 6.
6. *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, edited by Aldous Huxley (New York: Viking Press, 1932).
7. Closing and signature added vertically in right margin, last page.
8. Violet Clifton, *The Book of Talbot* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1933).

9. *The Delicate Fire*, a collection of short stories and poems by Naomi Mitchison, was published September 7, 1933 by Harcourt, Brace.

10. This and the following postscript are written at top of first page.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel
September 13. 1933.

Dear Mr. Powell:

Thank you so much for sending up these films which I now return. The second printing this man here did of Lawrence's grave is as good as yours, I believe. I enclose all the films.

R. J. read the two papers by your friend Dr. Bieler
1 with interest. *Is salt such an enemy—do you not eat it?—(my comment not R. J.'s. He must discuss those articles himself) ♦*

I have sent prints of Lawrence's grave to Mabel Luhan, Brett & Frieda.

I talked over {with R. J.}—or tried to, some of the points I intended to raise with you about the thesis but after all they are questions of opinion and he says its *your* book and no use confusing your point of view with another's.

Yes, Fraser's Point is Pfeiffer's, reached by going down Sycamore creek {see map.}

Let me know the deadline ♦ in regard to *time* for the note you wished R. J. to write and I'll try to get it for you.

2

Dr. Remsen Bird was here for tea several days ago and spoke of you with appreciation.

Fine that Random House will distribute your book!

We were glad to see you at Tor House after all our writing to and fro.

With cordial good wishes from both of us.

Sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 3 pages.

1. Probably Dr. Henry G. Bieler (1894–1975), Los Angeles physician and author of *Food Is Your Best Medicine* (New York: Random House, 1965).

2. Jeffers' foreword to *Robinson Jeffers: The Man and His Work* was completed in October.

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

[September 1933]
Tor House. Carmel. *Monday*.

Dearest Phoebe:

I wish I were to be in San Francisco for your tea party.—I wish too you & I had had more talk when you were down. I seem to have only made a beginning.

We were glad to see all four Barkans looking so well. Never have I seen you all four at once in such pink of condition! You must be trying to get used to Bill's being off at school again. Makes me shudder whenever I have ♦ to consider boys' college. They have been such fun at home.

Tell little Phoebe we forgot to show her some *star dust* when she was looking with interest at the different stones in the dining room. We have a grand fragment of meteorite from the meteor crater at {in} Arizona. Its black & amber coll color—(mostly iron) there is also nickel & platinum in it & diamond dust! Its built in by the south door. I think its very romantic—star dust—♦

A lovely golden day here with early equinoctial winds churning up foam on a blue blue sea.

Boys have been two weeks in school now and into the routine.

John Evans just came with a haunch of venison. He had left Harrison Smith in his car outside. The publisher you know just arrived from New York to take his children back. They have been with their mother Claire Spencer {& John} for 3 months. They are all coming to tea tomorrow♦

We went a week ago yesterday to lunch at Marie Welch's ten-acres-inredwood-cañon house near Los Gatos. Bender was there & Noël & Langston Hughes. He is the nicest negro

I've met. He was here a year ago before he went to Russia. He is so natural & sincere no bother at all to be with. Gene Toomer, Marjorie Latimer's husband was so conscious & difficult.—Write me sometimes and don't forget us.

Warm love to you & Hans.

Una.

ALS. San Francisco. 4 pages.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel
September 18. 1933

Dear Bennett Cerf:

I agree with you—there should be no “Give Your Heart to the Hawks” go out with the Liveright imprint. I thought if there *were* any in existence though, we ought to have a sample!

We like very much the advertisement you sent which will be in the New York papers of October 8.

1 Very dignified and handsome set up! Also the leaf inserted in books sold. Your house *device* is very interesting—tell me sometime is it from a *real* house somewhere—or how one would like an old *old* publishing firm's house to look? Whence the name *Random*?

2 We are interested.

Two days ago Melrich Rosenberg

3 was here, smiling and gay and efficient and he was encouraging about prospects.—

He said you were {are} to publish George Moore's "A Communication to my friends."

4 I am wondering whether you noticed ♦ that clause in his will which was so aptly worded leaving his books, mss etc to his friend Medley

5 "to deal with *according to his wit & judgement*" because I forget the exact words—but "because he {likes my books,} knows good literature and has been my friend & advisor for many years."

Frieda Lawrence told me that Medley is the attorney for the authors' league or whatever its called in England and he is the man who rescued Lawrence's estate for her. I am told that Moore's ashes were buried on that tiny island in Lough Carra which lies straight out in the water from the Manor house—I think I sent you a kodak of it once.—Moore Hall.

Here is hoping for a good success for you and us!

6

Sincerely
Una Jeffers.

Lincoln Steffens & Mabel Luhan and many others have again & again spoken of "Thurso's Landing" as having a grand plot for a motion picture—I have no connections there in Hollywood nor could in any case with dignity do anything about it but do bear this possibility in mind if <over> ♦ ever there is a chance.—Motion pictures are in my mind at the moment. John Evans is staying here in Carmel & out of

the blue he got a notice from Morrow in N. Y. saying he'd sold the rights to *Andrews' Harvest*—his first novel you may have seen—for \$15,000 Such a windfall.

ALS. Columbia. 3 pages.

1. See, for example, the display advertisement for *Give Your Heart to the Hawks* published in the book review section of the *New York Times* (October 8, 1933): 22. A similar ad for *Ah, Wilderness!* by Eugene O'Neill ran in the same issue.

2. In a letter to Una dated September 27, 1933 (TCC Columbia), Cerf provides the following explanation: “No, the Random House device was not taken from any real house. Rockwell Kent drew this design one day and we liked it tremendously from the first. We chose the name Random House deliberately, because when we began this branch of our business in 1927, we declared publicly that we would have no set publishing policy, but would publish at random things that we enjoyed personally. We have been proud and excited about the growth of Random House, and even though the Modern Library was always a much more profitable end of our business, our real love was for the handsome books that we were producing under the Random House imprint. Of course, now that we have added Mr. Jeffers and Mr. O'Neill to our list, our whole Random House picture has taken on a new color, and the lord only knows what the future holds in store for us. All I can say is that we will continue to do only the things for which we have a real personal enthusiasm, and I hope I will never allow myself to be betrayed into publishing some junk just because a commercial success for it seems to be assured.”

3. Melrich Vonelm Rosenberg (1904–1937), a graduate of Cornell University, was the president of Melrich V. Rosenberg & Co., a publishers' agency, and the author of *Eleanor of Aquitaine* (1937), *With Sword & Song* (1937), and *The Ark of Heraldry* (1939). At age thirty-three, in the same year his first two books were released, Rosenberg died suddenly of a heart attack.

4. George Moore's *A Communication to My Friends* (1933) was published in London by Nonesuch Press and distributed in the United States by Random House.

5. C. D. Medley (1870–1964), George Moore's attorney and the trustee of his estate.

6. "The advance sale on *Give Your Heart to the Hawks*," Cerf tells Una in his September 27 letter, "has now crossed the 2300 mark, and the limited edition of 200 copies is entirely subscribed. In a season like this, that is a truly remarkable showing, and we are delighted."

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel
September 21. 1933.

Dear Mr. Powell—

Laurel Spring does not really exist,—under that name at least.

Elkhorn Slough is in the general direction of Watsonville—vaguely between Watsonville and the Prunedale cut-off highway. I say *vaguely* because it includes a

rather indefinite region of sloughs, marshland and orchards & farms.

I have located Wreck Beach south of Pfeiffer Pt. & several Ventana Cones. Sorry Tassajara note I blotted on map. I wanted to say that it is not located far enough away from Pfeiffers according to scale. Its about twice as far away to the right from Pfeiffers as Pt. S Little Sur {River} is in another direction.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 1 page. Postmark: September 21, 1933.

UJ to Marie de Laveaga Welch

Tor House. Carmel
September 21, 1933

Dear Marie:

1

We did feel sad not to find Sara and Erskine at your place as we had expected but the day was very lovely in spite of their absence. We enjoyed the drive and your cañon & trees and the people seemed to combine happily. Thank you for having us.

Please do come to see us when you are in Carmel. Several of our friends are so fond of you that we have always wished to know you better. ♦

Thank you for Sterling poem. We had never seen it—its excellent so spontaneous and natural and vivid. Too often his poems sound so formal—so aware that he had set out to write poetry. George had a really remarkable sensitiveness toward animal and bird life. Our walks with him along the coast and in the cañons revealed this.—

You too have that understanding—and if you had mentioned the lion track I couldn't have gotten my boys away from your cañon. Its a day of days when ♦ we come on tracks.—Last year in early evening we were returning from a long tramp we had gone—near Tassajara to some caves with Indian pictographs.—We got back to our car just at dark. As we drove along we saw many glittering eyes along the way of I do not know what wild things—but suddenly around a sharp bend we came upon a large mountain lion just bending & sliding out of our way. Such beauty of movement, ♦ and so wild & strange!

Is the wind of this equinox murmuring in your treetops? The sea is dazzling blue, whipped up in great waves, foam-tipped.

Greetings and thanks for our happy day with you from all at Tor House.

Una.

ALS. Berkeley. 4 pages. Postmark: September 21, 1933.

1. Marie de Laveaga Welch (1905–1974), San Francisco Bay Area poet, writer, and editor. Marie's parents, Andrew P. Welch (1878–1957) and Julia (de Laveaga) Welch

(1881–1957), both belonged to distinguished San Francisco families. Andrew Welch, an industrialist and financier, was president of Welch & Company, chairman of the board of the C & H Sugar Corporation, vice president and director of the Honolulu Oil Company, and a director of the Federal Reserve Bank. Marie, a left-leaning progressive thinker and social reformer, married George West (1884–1943), San Francisco editor and close friend of Sara Bard Field. She was the author of *Ways of Earth* (1932), *This Is Our Own* (1940), and other works, including *The Otherwise* (1976), a posthumous collection of poems introduced by Muriel Rukeyser. Marie also served as an editor of the *San Francisco Review* and other journals.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California
September 27. 1933

Dear Bennett Cerf:

The author's copies of *Give Your Heart to the Hawks* came yesterday. We are very well pleased with the format. Dignified and clear-cut—and *durable* I believe (there were complaints that the Liveright bindings were fragile). I like the color very much too.

I am eagerly waiting for the Moore *A Communication* etc ♦
Why isn't that in
your catalogue?—I think you may well be proud of that
catalogue,—the get-up *and the list!* There are no writers in
America who interest me as much as O'Neil and Faulkner
1 (—if you'll let me except Robin).

To return to Moore,—we were touched beyond words yesterday to receive from his brother Colonel Maurice Moore 2 a photograph of the cairn on Castle Island, Lough Carra in which Moore's ashes ♦ were deposited. They are “in an urn the exact copy of one in the Dublin Museum found in a cist of Bronze Age period. I will send you a photograph of this urn later”—so writes Col. Moore.—He says he sent us the photograph because Oliver Gogarty 3 told him of our interest. Did you see {anywhere} what the inscription on Moore's tomb says.—If you didn't I will copy it for you.

With our cordial good wishes and thanks for all your thought for the R. J.'s book—

Una Jeffers <over> ♦

We were grieved to hear of Horace Liverights death 4—Just a fortnight or a little more ago Robin had a long letter from him—full of plans, gay and forward-looking, and telling of his memoirs and asking Robin to verify some detail. He spoke of you very cordially and said we had made a grand choice.

5

—Harrison Smith has been here in Carmel recently & *he* spoke of you in friendly fashion—as did Harcourt in a letter. That is very nice—

ALS. Columbia. 4 pages.

1. William Faulkner (1897–1962), American writer; winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature, 1949.

2. Maurice George Moore (1854–1939), ardent Irish nationalist, decorated soldier, statesman, and writer. Col. Moore served with the Connaught Rangers, an Irish regiment of the British Army, in a number of battles in South Africa. As a member of the Provisional Committee of the Irish Volunteers and as a commander of the National Volunteers, he helped militarize advocates of Irish independence. From 1922 to 1936 he served as a senator of the Irish Free State. Publications include *An Irish Gentleman* (1913), *British Plunder and Irish Blunder* (1927), and *Rise of the Irish Volunteers* (1936).

3. Oliver St. John Gogarty (1878–1957), Irish physician, politician, poet, writer, and friend of Yeats, Joyce, and other key figures of the Irish Renaissance. He was the author of *Wild Apples* (1928), *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street* (1937), *Collected Poems* (1954), and other works.

4. Liveright died of pneumonia September 24, 1933.

5. In Cerf's letter of September 27, 1933 (TCC Columbia), he says: "Speaking of the publishing business, I have just returned from the funeral services held for poor Horace Liveright. What a tragic end it was for this man whose star was so high in the heavens only a few short years ago! He died penniless and utterly broken in spirit, and even authors who owed their whole start in life to him didn't have the grace to turn up at the last services. Upton Sinclair spoke a few words, and very badly too, I thought. The only newspaperman present was Harry Hansen, the reviewer for the Evening Telegram. As Hansen put it, Liveright had no more advertising appropriations to hand out. It was a very touching performance." A memorial by Cerf, titled "Horace

Livright: An Obituary—Unedited,” appeared in *Publishers’ Weekly* (October 7, 1933): 1229–1230.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

September 289, 1933
Tor House. Carmel.

Dearest Mabel:

Have you read “The Book of Talbot” by Violet Clifton? Make Harcourt send it to you. It is published in this country by him. Its a grand book! First you have to concede that the author is an eccentric—and that her husband Talbot Clifton is {was} also one inand cast in an aristocratic wilful mould no longer possible to be {often} tolerated in these days, then that Violet writes in a strange vein—then proceed! It’s a *grand* travel book going back to 1892 here in California when Clifton came over from Scotland & rode gentleman steeple chases here in California with Richard Tobin

1 (you remember him) {came to tea with us with Cristina Hastings?}—Then travel in Alaska, Africa, Siberia, South America and so on—everywhere with the most delicate perception and appreciation of natural beauty. Life on an estate in the Hebrides and in Ireland completes my joy! ♦

You know Claire & John are now in the Highlands about three blocks length above Mollie & John. a nice convenient house, not {without} much atmosphere but they are picturesque enough without. Lovely wildish grounds. I believe it’s much better for them there. That valley where they were seems confining and barren after a time & living hard to manage.

Harrison Smith seemed a nice quiet friendly person. Intelligent but not *rare*—like Claire. I think they found the situation rather difficult with the children—but all passed off successfully enough and he has left *friendly* enough. They all came to tea one day. Langston Hughes happened to come in. He knew Claire. He is the very nicest negro I've met. He is staying for several months as Noël's guest writing his Russian book,—on Soviet Assia.

2 He went down through Samarkand. Was there a year. Went to do films with a company of negroes. They had to abandon the film because ♦ the scenarios provided were so comical. They were supposed to treat of *Negro versus white* in U.S.A. Had situations like companies of negro girls marching through the streets of an Alabama town with guns over their shoulders!

Does Muriel

3 know Langston and did she know Horace Liveright? He died a few days ago.

The nucleus of the house that John lives in now was the old Ritchel studio & house—the only house within a mile or so {of that spot} when we came to Carmel.—You remember Ritchel and *Nora*.

4,

5 Do you remember she told us she often didn't *sleep* but got up to garden in the middle of the night? I thought she was spoofing but here is a funny story a propos.—Did you know the history of that shack by the big bridge toward Pt. Lobos where a cultivated English woman lives with a drunken Mexican? He was chasing her with a knife to kill her in the middle of the night recently & she fled through ♦ the night

{darkness} & out to the Highlands meaning to seek refuge with Nora Ritchel who had spoken kindly to her sometimes. She got to that wild wave-beaten bit of Ritchel coast. Crept up toward the house when from behind the a rock she met Nora rushing along with a candle in one hand, long knife in the other, black hair flying—The woman yelled to see another murderous opponent—but Nora was just gardening! & pruning!

I was very interested to hear about Angelino.

6 I have seldom been anywhere where the situation seemed so unnatural as their ménage. False and *thin*, it seemed. Can it last and is it worth it?

Tell me about Brett & Ella—and more about Spud.

I suppose Sally Boke will be in Taos as soon as this letter. I think she feels uncertain of the immediate future. ♦

Advance copies of Robin's book have come. I will mail you one today if I get time to wrap it {but} Ive promised to go see exhibition tennis with

Matthiases at Del Monte (Vines, Perry, Round, Stoefen etc)

7 and afterwards hto their house for cocktail. John & Claire invited.

Yes, I wrote with delight of {receiving the box of} the *Costmary* leaves and dried them in the sun & strewed them in a drawer along with the precious rose-leaves you gave me. Was the letter lost—perhaps you read it hastily. Did *you* receive the {recent} Kodak I sent of D. H. L.'s grave?

I do not agree with you, and Frieda. Murry does not convey to me the idea that Lawrence's secret was homo-sexuality. He *vaguely* hints at too much tender affection sometimes—but very *distinctly* states it was that D. H. L. *knew* himself to be a “living dead man” a shell of a man—his interior *killed* somehow, & that was his tragedy. ♦

We were extremely touched to receive in the mail yesterday from Colonel Maurice Moore (*my* George Moore's old brother who is so often mentioned in his books) a photograph of the cairn on Castle Island, Lough Carra, Co Mayo, on the Moore Hall estate which we visited. It contains the ashes of George Moore. They are enclosed in a bronze urn an exact copy of a very ancient {Bronze age} one in the Dublin Museum. He promises to send us a photograph of the urn later. Col. Moore & their sister Mrs. Kilkelly
8 stand near the cairn The epitaph says, “George Moore born Moore Hall 1852 died London 1933”

“He deserted his family & friends for his art but because he was faithful to his art, his family and friends have reclaimed his ashes for Ireland.”

Col. Moore said in his letter that he sent this picture because Oliver Gogarty had told him of our interest. I wept when I undid this package. I did indeed.

Well—devoted love from all of us.

Una

Sunday we walked 12 miles—a hard cañon trail with Haig along. Robin & boys cheerfully carried him when he got tired. That adored creature has to play
9the part of bull dog and hound.

Greet Muriel heartily for us. I think you two must be having fun!

10

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. Richard Montgomery Tobin (1866–1952), president of the Hibernia Bank in San Francisco, was the United States ambassador to the Netherlands from 1923 to 1929.

2. Langston Hughes, *A Negro Looks at Soviet Central Asia* (Co-operative Publishing Society of Foreign Workers in the USSR, 1934).

3. Probably Muriel Draper. See UJ to Theodore Lilienthal, October 14, 1933.

4. William F. Ritschel (1864–1949) and his third wife Nora (Havel) Ritschel (1897–1975). Ritschel came to America from Germany and settled in Carmel in 1911, where he expanded his international reputation as a marine painter. In 1918 he built *Castel a Mare*, a stone studio/home perched on a bluff above the sea in the Carmel Highlands.

In a January 19, 1933 letter to Blanche Matthias (ALS Yale), not used in this edition, Una describes a visit to the Ritschel home: “That place is like a madhouse. I wish you’d gone.—& the situation magnificent—but what a ménage. Nora going on

like a rattle—with really beautiful feverish eyes shining, and laughing without stopping & uttering one banal remark after another, and that old German staggering under the weight of colossal canvases, old fashioned in execution & *intent* but somehow after all giving the feel of the raging sea And the great dim studio with lovely colors in hangings & brocades & vases & all the curtains tight drawn against the *sight* of the sea.”

5. Una may have underlined “Nora” because Ritschel’s second wife was named Zora.

6. Angelo Ravagli (1891–1976), Frieda Lawrence’s lover while she was married to D. H. Lawrence, later her companion, and from 1950 until her death, her husband. The Lawrences met Ravagli in 1926 when they were living in Spotorno on the Italian Riviera. Ravagli was a member of the Bersaglieri, an infantry regiment in the Italian army; his wife owned the home the Lawrences rented. Ravagli’s relationship with Frieda provided source material for Lawrence’s *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* (1928).

7. Ellsworth Vines, Frederick Perry, Dorothy Round, and Lester Stoefen were champion professional tennis players.

8. Nina Louise Mary (Moore) Kilkelly (1858–1944).

9. The rest of the sentence is written vertically in right margin.

10. Written in top right corner, first page.

RJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

[Autumn 1933]

This is what I told them, and believe. They asked about your project as well as your ability. Wish you best of luck.—We are having a beautiful rain and wind storm here.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

1

I have known Mr. Powell through correspondence for several years, and was interested in conversing with him during his two or three days' visit here a few months ago.

He seems to me highly intelligent, studious and observant, a very careful and voluminous reader, and capable of independent thought. He is young, and yet has the advantage of a great deal of various experience and travel. He talks amusingly, writes interestingly and accurately, and with increasing distinction.

I believe there would be a considerable audience for such a work as Powell proposes; and it would be valuable as a book of reference. {D. H.} Lawrence must be recognized as an important figure in any consideration of the English novel.

In spite of all the books recently published about Lawrence, and all his own writings, the question of that "message" he felt so burningly impelled to deliver remains quite obscure. If Mr. Powell can solve it I am sure he will solve it interestingly; and—whether the "message" was valuable or not, or merely imaginary—will not lack readers.

Lawrence's early life remains clouded with contradictory stories. But members of his family, and early friends, are still living; Powell is adaptable, persistent, enterprising; I am sure that he can clear up these mysteries also. ♦

Of the witnesses who have written about Lawrence's later life, each has his (or her) own enthusiasm to forward, or defence to make, or enemy to attack. Powell is not personally concerned, and is by nature and education unprejudiced; his account will be clearer and more true.

I think that Mr. Powell is excellently fitted for a work of this nature; and such a work seems to me one of the kinds of enterprise that the Guggenheim Scholarships can further most successfully.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. In the original document, Jeffers' note to Powell follows the copy of his letter of recommendation to the Guggenheim Foundation. Occidental assigns the undated letter to 1933, which means it was probably written in the fall, when Powell's application for a 1934 fellowship was due. Although Powell did not win an award that year, he received a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1950 and 1966.

UJ to Cornel Lengyel

[October 3, 1933]

Tuesday

Tor House.

Dear Mr. Lengyel—

Robinson Jeffers would be glad to see you on Thursday if you are in Carmel. He will be at home between four and six.

Sincerely,
Una Jeffers

ALS. Lengyel. 1 page. Postmark: October 4, 1933.

1. Cornel Adam Lengyel (1915–2003), poet and writer. At age eighteen, with the help of his professors at Los Angeles City College, Lengyel published *Thirty Pieces* (1933), a limited-edition book of poems. In the same year, he decided to ride his bicycle from Hollywood to San Francisco, with a stop in Carmel along the way. His visit to Tor House—marked by Jeffers’ quietness and kindness—is described in an unpublished memoir, *A Clockmaker’s Boy*. Lengyel held a number of jobs (shipwright, merchant mariner, forest lookout, theater manager, music critic, and visiting professor) before moving to a cabin in El Dorado National Forest near Georgetown, California and devoting himself to writing. Books include *Four Days in July: The Story Behind the Declaration of Independence* (1958); *I, Benedict Arnold: The Anatomy of Treason* (1960); *The Creative Self: Aspects of Man’s Quest for Self-Knowledge and the Springs of Creativity* (1971); and *El Dorado Forest: Selected Poems* (1986).

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

[October 1933]
Tor House.
Monday

Dear Mr. Powell:

Thanks for sending us the article.

1 It is very interesting and shows careful thought on your part. Some of the observation of R. J. shows him from a different angle than he has been treated before and a true one—I liked very much your emphasis on his serenity & *relaxed* and easy manner (I know some who cannot think of him except as tense and tragic!)—*but* as the article says {stands} it will be necessary to change some of the observations on contemporaries or add explanatory sentences—he could *not* agree to the meaning *as* it appears—

I do not know that we would like so intimate a picture of our life in a magazine—it is {a} different matter as part of a book—You remember that we have not as yet been able to allow ♦ Harcourt Brace to publish the Mabel Luhan article (even with some parts cut out) although he has begged to do so and she is so dear a friend that we'd like to allow her.

If you please—*do not* read or show the article to anyone until you consider our corrections. I will try to write tonight or tomorrow if R. J. has time to talk the suggested changes over.

I am in a great hurry now to keep an appointment and cannot write further.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers. ♦

About Una

Page (1) paragraph 3.

(a) Please say heelless shoes or moccasins—women wear *slippers* in their bedrooms.

(b) Make it blue or black—*washdress* NOT housedress. I've never had a gray dress in my life.

(c) If I must be introduced in an unprepared state do say something nice as well. say *heavy* twin braids reaching to knees—in effect.—I like “simple & direct”—I hope it's true. *Dont* say “without pretensions.” Pretensions are so vulgar lets leave the word out entirely.

Next paragraph.

Please—why that? “rattled about in kitchen”? say “worked in another room”—“was busy in another room” or something with a trace of dignity.

Its true I *did* rattle. That was a reproof to you. You came at an inopportune time. We do not receive before 4:00 as the sign which you came past said. I would not have admitted you if I hadn't thought you must be here just between trains to ignore the sign. Robin writes until 1:30 or 1:45.—You came at 2:15. He had just set down his luncheon tray & taken up his razor as you came! <over> ♦ and I had not had a moment to remove luncheon dishes. I see I should have not answered your knock at that time & kept my dignity intact!—

Also “not regal” Why *expect* one to be? Either leave that out or say as you *told* me,—that my letters had sounded that way and you were surprised to see me short.

{Page} 2. You will kindly omit age—one doesn't do that you know. You sufficiently date me by saying "still a beautiful woman."

Page 3.

The boys {are 16} will not be 17 for some time yet. Why "good animals"? "aristocratic {detachment} indifference" is more like it but for heaven's sake don't say so.! That's out of date and place.

If you *care* to use it, one inscription is a joke of Robins to surprise me. On the beam above the handmade ladder up to loft is "facilis descensus."

2

Not my mother's—*my* grandmothers wheel.—My mother is still alive & would be startled to see such a statement.

{oriel window NOT aureole} Page 4. It *must* be changed to "old ballads,"—because it is the content & connotation of the ballads that helps him to enjoy the music. Their use in old Shakespeare plays etc. ♦

Page 4.

Error in spelling not case.

All Waverly (30 I guess) 17 Hardy

Page 5.

He prefers not to be *quoted* in unconsidered opinions of his contemporaries. Delete Yeats etc.

(For your private information. Jugtown {founded in 1700.} (Jugtown) pottery is hand made in a North Carolina mt. town by potters whose forbears have worked there since pre-Revolutionary days. Josiah Wedgewood potters 3 came over to help with the making of this pottery. It has a history packed with romance and historical interest) Say something about heavy red brown Jugtown cups——.

Page 6

Began a novel 20 yrs. ago—didn't finish it. Omit Ulysses talk. R. J. is prepared to admit the influence Ulysses has had on younger writers—but *not* sure that it's really great—{lastingly so, as it stands.} Do not quote him on Ulysses. <over> ♦

corrections written in on page 7.

About Joyce. “Strange whispering {thin} intonation. which justified the shapeless syllab {One heard in it the rippling of the} Liffey & the noises of the washerwomen and realized his intent in the shapeless syllables which look so helpless and without shape in print.

Page 8.

Leave out lines on O'Neill I've crossed out. Say instead “perhaps a little artificial when you think it over but the architecture is fine.” He admires E. A. Robinson as poet & as personality though he has never met him.

{About Spoon River} He w He was not aware of having been influenced by it but he considered the book a landmark in American literature. He cherishes a tree cypress tree planted by the poet of Spoon River when he visited Tor House & up in a niche etc. (crevice sounds like a crack! horrors!)

Cannot be quoted on Catholsicism. I do not know whether you can fix that paragraph up or not. You might say “of the Puritanism of the Catholic Church in Ireland” ♦

Page 10.

“guyed”—Be *very* careful if you wish to sound true not to put a word of slang in his mouth. One never hears him utter one word of slang. His speech is curiously pure of it.

Page 12. Perhaps R. J. spoke out of his own feeling of boredom for {toward} games. They kept on playing for days after you were here—The chess set was {not} put away at all always a game going—they had been out of the habit for some months.—Even if that were not so we could not hurt the feelings of one of our dearest & most sensitive friends who, an expert himself, has taken pains in instructing our boys & who will certainly buy this book of yours.

Page 13

Our great friend Tony Luhan is a Pueblo Indian not Navajo.

Page 15.

Shrewd is a horrid word say wise—if you like. I think you write much more agreeably of me in your thesis use

that.—And *who* tells spiteful tales? I have never up to this time ever heard a hint of such. There have
4efforts of jealous women to attract his attention but never any tales of success as far as I know. <over> ♦

R. J. remarked that perhaps Lawrence, his strength waning through illness, but still rightly conscious of his own importance & the drive in him, had turned to paints & disciples etc because he lacked energy for the long labor of writing novels.

ALS. Occidental. 8 pages.

1. Draft of an essay by Powell eventually published as “Robinson Jeffers on Life & Letters,” *Westways* 26 (March 1934): 20–21, 34.

2. *Facilis descensus*: Latin for “descent is easy.” The phrase is taken from Virgil’s *Aeneid* (Book VI, line 126).

3. Craftsmen affiliated with the English pottery firm founded by Josiah Wedgwood (1730– 1795), the grandfather of Charles Darwin.

4. The rest of this sentence is written vertically in the right margin.

UJ to Ernest G. Bishop

Tor House. Carmel.
October 9. 1933

Dear Mr. Bishop:

I intended many days ago to write you our thanks for your
Autumn in the Highlands

1 which we have enjoyed very much and which made us feel a sympathetic bond with your household and its life. Natural objects have long been our greatest joy and during the last years when the outer world has interrupted our quiet too much we have realized passionately that our contentment rests in them. Yesterday we ran away from some obligations and walked up a cañon from the sea—my husband, two boys and I—and the English bulldogg who, unfitted by structure still walks with us like a hound—in order to keep us intact.—A fog blew in and out from the sea and the gray stones with long lichen, and the upland spaces {covered} with false heather and {wild} buckwheat in all its shades gray, pale rose ♦ and amber, showed, magical in the strange gray light.

I knew the region you live in well at one time. Years ago a friend who now lives in Beverly Hills—lived in the house opposite and high up above Sycamore Grove and we used often to walk along the Arroyo Seco.

Your talk of your woodpile and fires

2 in made us remember our incessant preoccupation with ours. Wilfred Gibson has a nice little poem *Hewer of Wood*

3—do you know it?

“The timber I have hewn, stacked high

Would overtop Saint Mary’s spire

That soars into the windy sky

Yet it has only served as fuel

To feed one little cottage fire—”

and so on——

Redwood burning has a curious fruity smell—we often burn driftwood redwood from down the coast. The peculiar odor of *much* driftwood is that of gun powder. Very curious. I remember the faint spicy acrid fragrance of burning olive branches in Italy.

Thanking you again for us both,

Sincerely,
Una Jeffers

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages. Postmark: October 9, 1933.

1. Ernest G. Bishop, *Autumn in the Highlands and Other Sketches* (privately printed; no location or date).
2. One of the essays in *Autumn in the Highlands* is titled “The Winter Woodpile.” It was originally published in the *Los Angeles Times* (March 19, 1922): VII, 23.
3. “Hewer of Wood” appears in the “Beauty for Ashes” section of Gibson’s *Collected Poems, 1905–1925* (London: Macmillan, 1929): 783. Wilfred Wilson Gibson (1878–1962) was an English poet associated with the Georgian movement. His work was primarily concerned with the sorrows and joys of ordinary people and everyday life.

UJ to Theodore Lilienthal

October 14. 1933
Tor House. Carmel. California

Dear Mr. Lilienthal:

About my {Irish} diary. I really *wish* it could be put into permanent form and I think that it would be interesting to some people but I simply cannot find time to attend to it just now, and this I had to tell an eastern publisher also. The diary is very full, and would need to be carefully gone over and condensed and somewhat rearranged. We sometimes visited some particularly interesting place several times and I would want to group and put the several impressions and observations together. I wrote most of it, but Robin and the boys sometimes wrote in some pages. Of course Robin's pages would be of interest {importance} to his public aside from the general interest of the book. I sincerely hope to find time for this before too long a time has elapsed, and will ♦ remember your request if I do bring it off.

A letter from Random House dated Oct 9. says "Limited edition of "Hawks" completely sold out with dealers howling for more" & "First {trade} edition of 3000 all gone, second edition on press."

That is grand news.

We are much disturbed about Erskines illness.

With good wishes from both of us
Una Jeffers.

I wrote this several days ago but have been busy with Mabel Luhan & Muriel Draper
1 here for a brief visit & forgot to mail—

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages.

1. Muriel (Sanders) Draper (1886–1952), a Massachusetts native, was a friend of Mabel’s from her days in Italy; like Mabel, she was a noted hostess. Muriel married and, after several years, divorced Paul Draper (1886–1925), a lieder singer who had an affair with Mabel, gambled ruinously, and eventually succumbed to the effects of alcoholism and related dissipations. Their son, also named Paul Draper (1909–1996), was a well-known concert dancer, described popularly as “the aristocrat of tap.” Upon her return from Europe in 1915, Muriel worked in New York as an interior designer, opera company assistant manager, writer, and lecturer. *Music at Midnight*, her memoir of the years she spent overseas, appeared in 1929. One chapter of the book, titled “A Florentine Week, 1913,” recounts a visit to Mabel’s Villa Curonia with Arthur Rubenstein, Carl Van Vechten, John Reed, and other guests; see pages 119–132. After a trip to the Soviet Union in 1934, Draper associated herself with leftist causes and became more politically active. She helped create the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship in 1942. She also helped found the Congress of American Women, a branch of the Women’s International Democratic Federation. She was the organization’s president in 1949 when it was attacked by the House Un-American Activities Committee for having a pro-communist agenda. Mabel devotes a chapter to Muriel in *European Experiences*, pages 253–273.

UJ to Sara Bard Field

Tor House. Carmel
October 19. 1933

Dearest Sara:

This morning early that dear Blanche sent her maid over with a plate of hot muffins & a note with your good news about Erskine and we all rejoiced! I have been waiting to hear more certainly before writing. We have all been terribly disturbed. Aside from our personal *love* for him, he is such a noble figure of a man—and such a symbol of fine human integrity & generosity & sympathy & *fun*! There isn't anyone like Erskine. So dearest Sara we felt very happy. The day the news came of his illness—when I came home I found Robin walking about the courtyard with such a grave sadness as I've never seen on him. Erskine is one of the people who are *important* to him. We have an errand up your way & sometime ♦ when he is home & strength returned we will do the errand & stop in at “The Cats” for a half-hour.

I know you've been through a blasting worry—rest and happiness will set you up!

Dear love from all four of us to you two.

Faithfully
Una.

Robin's book was pub. Oct 5. & on Oct 9. Random House wrote

(1) Special edition exhausted & book sellers howling vainly for more

(2) Trade edition of 3000 copies exhausted & 2nd edition on the press!

Isn't that fine news.

An An eastern publisher, as well as Gelber & Lilienthal have been interested enough in my diary {extract} about Geo. Moore to ask to publish the diary.—I may arrange & edit it sometime. It would be *fun* to do when I get time!

ALS. Huntington. 2 pages. Postmark: October 19, 1933.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Thursday
Tor House. Carmel
October 19. 1933

Dearest Mabel:

Did you have a gay and happy trip?—It looked such fun when you started. Your cards to boys from Yosemite came just now in the mail. I'd like to do that Tioga Pass Road {too} & will next year. Its too late for us this year to plan anything more. They say Mono Lake is strange & desolate and the trees dead along its shores from the alkali.

I haven't seen Blanche since the cocktail party. I've been busy & she away one day but this morning her maid brought over a grand set of hot muffins for breakfast & a note saying Sara telephoned to tell us that Erskine is regarded as recovering now, *definitely* and Sara slept at home for the first time last night away from the hospital. Marvellous

recuperative power in that old man! The doctors were hopeless for a time.

Yesterday Robin & I went to see Jaime de Angulo. He ♦ said he wished you had come. He said he had been hurt by some of your talk about him but regarded it on the whole as a very amusing caricature which was so good he forgave you! He said he has long since abandoned Ch Psycho-analysis. We found him very old & drawn {& *thin*} & broken but *sweet* & not bitter as we expected. He said his life is over—it was all centered in his boy. He never intends to go back to Berkeley but will live on his ranch, and do some writing. (I suppose on anthropology—when we came in he was covering pages (in swift *shorthand* I think.) He is in *constant* pain from neuritis centering in the shoulder which was shattered & pressed under the bumper for 17 hours! It seemed to me that his accent was less strong—but perhaps because he spoke so slowly. I must say he seemed rather a personage as he sat there. I think it would be a nice friendly ♦ gesture for you to send him your last book. I have never known Nancy—just seen her a few times {with no intimacy.} I could scarcely believe my eyes to see her calm pleasant untroubled smiles yesterday. To say nothing of her Aside from her boy's death, the prospect of life with Jaime ahead!—his moments of rebellion & despair & pain must be terrible. I was told that he completely exhausted the whole hospital, doctors & all, & one day they said they couldn't keep him even.

Weston's pictures of Muriel are *grand!*—I think, except Bretts, by far the best woman pictures he has done. He says the best in a long time anyway.

Thursday Mollie O'Shea came all flushed & pretty & intending to give a party for Muriel. Great disappointment.—Mollie had just been talking on phone to Geo. Moore at his ranch (so he is still in residence!)

I who when he heard that you were gone suddenly, said ♦ he'd be glad to have Muriel come back up there & that he would come around {here} to ask her (He didn't show up however.) I don't also always agree {with you} about your friends but I do about Muriel. I could live with her comfortably & *with interest* She is witty & intelligent & sensible and considerate All very important in a companion!

Mollie after saying she & John were hoping to move down to their place down the coast in order to escape so many parties, invited us to a bang-up one for John's birthday this Sat. night, on the cliff with flares etc. She couldn't understand our refusal to come and our saying but *we* really mean it. We CAN'T go to parties & live our real life too.

Robin's special edition—"Hawks" came yesterday (*very beautiful*—) at least the two I ordered for Bender came I am getting terrified about *our* author's copies & wrote air mail yesterday. The edition is exhausted—but of course our ♦ copies will be "out of series" numbers anyway.

Cerf {of Random House} sent me his own out of series copy of George Moore's posthumously published "Communication to my Friends"—not a farewell—it was a special volume he was writing (unfinished) to go with a definitive edition of his works—Cerf is the American associate of the noble Nonesuch Press in Eng. who published the *Communication*—What I started to say was that it is an expensive book limited edition of 1000 copies & they were sold out on publication

date—which amazes me because I am unfortunate enough to meet so *few* people who appreciate that great man!

Garths bed of big purple irises has 30 big stalks of *flowers* today here under the southwest window in courtyard almost my favorite flower. The yard is full of butterflies the day is golden & sweet and fragrant. ♦

This morning I finished a Greek romance {Aethp Aethiopica} by Heliodorus.

2 The most famous there is except *Daphnis & Chloe*. It is beautifully written—perhaps you'd like to see it sometime. Its pub It has Greek & English on opposite pages—a beautiful clear literal translation.

Haig has just had a bath & is lying with his head on my foot like a snow white lamb.

Thanks a thousand times for your part in my having Claire's clo coat. It is very beautiful. I've just written to tell her so.

Wasn't it grand all around that you were so happy together. Love to Tony—

My dearest love to you.

Devotedly
Una.

Perhaps Muriel will be interested to see this about Liveright I enclose.

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. George Gordon Moore's wife Esther sued him for divorce in April 1933.

2. Heliodorus of Emesa, a Greek writer who lived in Syria. He is believed to have composed the *Aethiopica* in the third century CE.

UJ to Julie Heyneman

Tor House. Carmel. California

October 20. 1933

My dear Julie:

Your *Observers*

1 come from time to time and are as interesting to us as ever! When *will* things quiet down—its hard not to get the jitters. Germany proceeding as if her one idea was war. In spite of my intense love for England I hope we will know enough to keep out of the mess this time. The attitude of the allies toward U. S. A. since the war has been a stern lesson.—It is early to know whether NRA

2 is going to pull us out of our troubles certainly years must elapse before times can be easy again {even} *if* it works, but one cannot but observe many evidences of better times—less unemployment and better psychological state.

I sent you a week ago one of Robin's new books with Bess' copy. I had for the moment lost my ♦ address book with your address in it and remembering no 7. I sent them both there.

We've had a busy summer. Boys graduated from High School unexpectedly in June. (having done it in three instead of four

years). We went to Taos to visit Mabel and had more than a month there. She kindly allowed the boys to bring their friend Lloyd Tevis, Jr. with them, and he proved a charming addition to our family party. We rode horseback every day, swam a good deal and did some mt. trips up to 13,000 elev. The wildroses & enormous pale blue columbine{s} were rioting through the country. I got to know an aspen forest well for the first time. They are beautiful trees so vividly, glancingly green and the trunks almost as white as white birch. From Taos we drove to the northern part of Wyoming to stay a few days in one of those great dude ranches (owned by the father of ♦ the boys' friend Bobby Horton. All new and interesting, also our trip to Mesa Verde in So. Colorado the great cliff dwelling region. Back by way of Tahoe & through the Sonora country.—but hot! Our trip was somewhat complicated at hotels by the presence of our adored Haig of Bemersyde

3—the white English bulldog Mabel gave me last spring.

Summer was full of friends here too after we got home. The Clapps—and {Hans} Barkans for a few days. I have never in the years I have known them—six I guess—seen them look so well and normal. Hans is bubbling with life & good spirits. Adie who now is called Bill was along—vacation from Thatcher School. He has grown almost as tall as my boys in these last two years. (He was short you remember)—Hans' practice is all he can manage and not such long hours as he had with Otto. Hans brought down his ♦ motion picture apparatus & showed some amusing pictures of all of us in Watlington & {on} White Horse Hill. Also some taken recently of Barkan families at Mill Valley & playing 'cello & violin in string quartette to send his father. There was talk of

Hans & Adie dashing over to visit his father in the spring.
Their friend Ben Kurtz is married to the Jewess.

4

I see Ellen often. She & I are going to dinner with Mary Eyre
5 tomorrow night. Ellen is very gay & happy.

Have you read Violet Cliftons “Book of Talbot”? I say a
grand book, once
you accept the fact that they are both eccentrics & the archaic
manner of the telling. And Gertrude Stein’s “Toklas”
6 amusing that Gertrude is so clear when she tells her *own*
story. “Flush”
7—thats nice but not *important*.

Our love & send us a scribbled line sometimes just to say
you’ve not forgotten your friends at Tor House.

Una.

ALS. Berkeley. 4 pages.

1. *The Observer* was a newspaper published in London.
2. National Recovery Administration, a New Deal economic program established by President Franklin D. Roosevelt.
3. The name “Haig of Bemersyde” appears in a thirteenth-century prophecy uttered by Thomas Learmonth of Erceldoune, also known as Thomas the Rhymer—“Tyde what may, whate’er betyde, Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.” Bemersyde is located near St. Boswells in southern Scotland.

Members of the Haig family have lived there for several hundred years.

4. Benjamin Putnam Kurtz (1878–1950), professor and scholar. Kurtz, guided by his mentor Prof. Charles Mills Gayley, was associated with the Department of English at the University of California, Berkeley for his entire academic life. He obtained both his undergraduate and graduate degrees there and taught in the department from 1903 to 1949. His field of specialization was English poetry, particularly the work of Percy Bysshe Shelley. His wife, Barbara (Hirschler) Kurtz (1906–2000), graduated from the University of California, Berkeley in 1927 and worked there as a librarian. The couple eloped in June 1933.

5. Mary Virginia Eyre (1870–1950) was a member of a pioneer California family. She lived in San Francisco, where she was active in civic affairs. Her sister Margaret (Eyre) Girvin was the mother of Una's friend Lee (Girvin) Tevis.

6. Gertrude Stein, *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (New York: Random House, 1933).

7. Virginia Woolf, *Flush: A Biography* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1933).

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

[October 1933]

Answers.

1 I. Interested in it as a science. II. Did not intend to practice. III. wanted to write IV. & V. Yes. Perhaps the article I enclose will help you with this.

2 Please return it. I have no other copy. Medical men have often mentioned very accurate pathological & anatomical details in his poems.

VI. Interested in out-of-doors, in forests as a whole & in trees. Found the study boring because of the mathematics—so much measuring & calculating timber etc in standing trees. Didn't like planning to cut them.— anyway always the thought of writing.—VII. Best on coast.

All right use the material in Touring Topics.

3

Suggestions: Page 5.—Mention of books in articles of this kind are often of service to their authors. Suppose you change *Conquistador*

4 to something else. Robin has already been of use to the author of *Conquistador* within the last 18 mo. It was R. J. as one of 3 judges (to award a \$1000 prize fund for poetry) who suggested & carried through the award to Macleish. (Harriet Monroe & was one of the three)

Suppose you say Millay's "Fatal Interview"—or Yeats or Oliver Gogarty's,—all of which like {lie} here on the table. ("An Offering of Swans," is Gogarty's) <over> ♦

Page 10.—

{Not continuously in So. Calif} He was in school college in Zürich for a year {fall of} 1906–1907 and in Seattle {over} a

yr. 1910–1911 besides trips East (We were together in Seattle from Jan-Aug 19123)

Page 9. Suppose you say “boys were bound for the Tevis horse-corral.” To old California families as well as new Tevis (TEVIS)

5 is a {evocative} name to conjure with and the rather close friendship we have with them (—they are so gay and thoughtless & full of play & horsey) gives one a queer start! Young Lloyd Tevis went with us to Taos & Wyoming all summer.—

(Page 10)

I still hate *guyed*. Yesterday I heard Robin say “*jeer*” That is a word he often uses. {Later I just noticed your note on back of sheet that you changed “guy” to “taunted”. Thanks.—Maybe you like *jeer* better?}

Did I send you this Pine Cone clipping before?

The Saturday Review article on *Give Your Heart to the Hawks* by the editor *Canby* is worth reading. Oct. 7, I think

6

Sincerely
Una Jeffers.

I think that’s a good article R. J. gave you, too.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. A scrap of paper on which Powell wrote seven questions accompanies the letter. Above each question, Una added a Roman numeral: “I Why did Mr. Jeffers study medicine II Did he intend to become an M.D.? III Why did he give it up? IV Would you say that that study of medicine had a lasting influence on him & on his poetry? V If so, how is it manifest today? VI Why did he study Forestry? VII & why at U. Of Washington?”

2. Probably M. Webster Brown, “Robinson Jeffers: A Poet Who Studied Medicine,” *Medical Journal and Record* 130 (November 6, 1929): 535–539.

3. *Touring Topics*, the magazine of the Automobile Club of Southern California, changed its name to *Westways* in 1934. Powell’s questions concerned his essay, “Robinson Jeffers on Life & Letters,” published in the March 1934 issue.

4. Archibald MacLeish, *Conquistador* (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1932).

5. After writing “Tevis” in cursive script, Una rewrites the name in block letters.

6. Henry Seidel Canby, “North of Hollywood,” *Saturday Review of Literature* 10 (October 7, 1933): 162. In this lengthy, positive review, Canby praises the moral significance of *Give Your Heart to the Hawks* along with the “extraordinary beauty” of its descriptive verse. “Malicious critics will say that Jeffers and O’Neill should sit telling old tales together with a pool of blood between them,” he says. “But good-natured people go to excess when they feel deeply. In spite of its morbidity, and perhaps because of it, here is a

poem that troubles the water as if there passed by some angel of judgment.”

RJ to Norman Foerster

1

[October 1933]

3—Night 1924

2

1—Gale in April circa 1921

2—To the Stone-Cutters circa 1922

5— Hurt Hawks 1927

4—Apology for Bad Dreams 1926

6— Evening Ebb 1928

7— Edison 1931

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ANS. Stanford. 1 page.

1. Norman Foerster (1887–1972). When this note was written, Foerster was a professor of English and the director of the School of Letters at the University of Iowa in Iowa City. Prior to that appointment, he taught at the University of Wisconsin, Madison and the University of North Carolina,

Chapel Hill; he later taught at Duke University. Foerster was the author of *Nature in American Literature* (1923), *The Future of the Liberal College* (1938), *Image of America* (1962), and other works. He also edited several anthologies.

2. In a letter to Jeffers dated October 23, 1933 (TLS Stanford) concerning a revised edition of his textbook, *American Poetry and Prose* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1934), Foerster asks, “Will you not be good enough to state in what year you wrote the poems listed below? If you cannot fix the year exactly, perhaps you will give the approximate year, indicating the latter with a ‘circa.’” Jeffers wrote the dates and numbers indicating chronological order on Foerster’s letter, which he then signed and returned. Una probably mailed it for him, but before doing so she made a small correction to Foerster’s letter—where he had written “Top House” instead of “Tor House.”

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California.
November 1. 1933

Dear Mr. Cerf:

I agree with you that limited editions ought to be *scarce*—and I’m glad ours was sold out at once.

1 I was disappointed of course to have only one copy but on referring to our contract I see that the number of author’s copies of limited edition is to be agreed upon with each edition. I knew that there were 17 (unnumbered {or out of not for sale}) copies and expected the usual three I had received

always from Liveright. (once six—by bookkeeper's error I suppose!)

We had a letter from Weil, Gotshal & Manges and signed the paper they sent.—I suppose the creditors will receive some percent of their claim from the Liveright, Inc. firm. We think it best for the other rest of our royalties due, which you are to make up, to be charged against our advance royalty, ♦ if that is satisfactory to you.

I have seen a number of good reviews. I was particularly interested in Canby's in Sat Review of Oct 7, I think. I was glad that the three big *book* papers reviewed it at once after publication.

2

I intend to send you shortly a photograph of R. J. for your own collection. I have just had some printed

In speaking of the limited edition I meant to say how beautifully done it is & how especially stunning the one you gave me—with the *red* in the cover pattern. My recollection of the other two I got & sent off was {is} of a prevailing *blue*. How many different {color} schemes were used in the whole edition?

3

With cordial greetings from both of us,
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. In an October 20, 1933 letter to Una (TCC Columbia), Cerf writes, "My definition of a limited edition would be one on which the demand far exceeds the supply. When the booksellers realize that Random House means to adhere strictly to this policy, limited editions bearing our imprint will become very desirable items to them. Do you not agree with me? When the next Jeffers limited edition comes along, I expect to see quite a scramble for it."

2. In addition to Canby's review in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, see Eda Lou Walton, "A Poet at Odds With His Own Civilization," *New York Herald Tribune Books* (October 8, 1933): 6. See also Percy Hutchison, "Sound and Fury in Mr. Jeffers," *New York Times Book Review* (October 15, 1933): 5.

3. Writing November 6, 1933 (TCC Columbia), Cerf replies, "We used ten different kinds of pattern papers on the covers of the limited edition of *Give Your Heart to the Hawks*. The backstrip, of course, was always the same, and it was only the design of the paper boards that varied. I agree with you that the red paper looked more attractive than the blue one. We would have bound the entire 200 copies in this red paper, but unfortunately, these are very special papers, and the company that we bought them from had only limited supplies of all the different patterns on hand."

UJ to Remsen Du Bois Bird

Tor House. Carmel. California.
November 7. 1933

Dear Dr. Bird:

I am interested to hear of the Jeffers' collection in your Occidental Library and this morning am wrapping up a package of several *items*—to add to it. I shall have Robin autograph them. Perhaps I can help you from time to time.

I am sending

1. (Special Edition) Dear Judas

2. 4th Ed. Cawdor

3. *The Carmelite* Jeffers number December 12. 1928. This was edited for this special number by Lincoln Steffens and his wife Ella Winter.

4. A photograph of a portrait {in oil} of R. J. done by Rem Remson here in Carmel in 1926.—He was a curious and talented person, did you ever know him? (The Pinkhams did)—who died by his own hand a couple of years after the portrait was painted. Son of Ira Remsen (chemistry & Pres. of Johns Hopkins) ♦

5. *Stars* printed by Ward Ritchie—I think but {am} not *certain* that this was the first thing he printed on his Flame Press. This poem was first printed in *The Bookman*. It does not appear in any volume of R. J's.

6. Leaflet {(Lights & Shadows from the Lantern)} which collectors are interested in—printed by Gelber-Lilienthal November 1926, with front page by R. J. (on the third page in *Digressions*, the second paragraph gives me a start as I notice it, speaking of H. L. Mencken coming to town. His arrival, or the expectation of it was inextricably bound up with the death

of George Sterling, of whom we were very fond. Sterling, a martyr to indigestion and nerves and a ceaseless struggle with a temptation to alcoholic excess was eagerly awaiting his friend Mencken at the Bohemian Club. Mencken was delayed several days and somehow in an unendurable moment George took his fatal potion.—)

7. A photograph of Tor House & Hawk Tower

I hope you will like having these books and papers.

Our friendly good wishes to you.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

1Our boys will be 17 day after tomorrow. Fantastically happy seventeen years it has been! <over> ♦

You may be interested to hear that the special edition of *Give Your Heart to the Hawks* was sold out before publication and the {first} trade edition exhausted on the fourth day.

I think up to date the most thoughtful review of it I have seen whas been {in} Oct 7, Saturday Review of Literature by the editor Henry Canby.

ALS. Occidental. 3 pages.

1. This sentence is written vertically in the right margin.

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House. Carmel.
November 14. 1933.

Dearest Albert:

Did you happen to remember that the boys had a birthday or was it because you make every day Christmas for your friends—? Anyway the two grand boxes of candy arrived just in time. They were 17. blessed boys! We've had seventeen happy years of them! They had Lloyd Tevis, Jr. & their Wyoming friend Bobby Horton for a birthday dinner. Blanche Matthias sent over two birthday cakes & all was jolly! ♦ And the lovely pewter plates got used and you'd have been welcome if you had stepped in!

Thank you too for the Irish books and the Dublin Quarterly. Robin had a very appreciative letter from the author of "Sea Wall" several years ago.

1

Hans & Phoebe were down over the weekend and we took our lunch with us for a happy jaunt down the coast so I got news of you and of music. The Barkans had seen our flag ♦ nobly waving {Armistice Day} from the top of the tower. We used always to fly it on special days but seldom now it terrifies the pigeons. However I was waving a *very* special message to our communist friends—a message I do not hesitate to deliver verbally also.

Our love to you—I hear Robin pacing to & fro above my head I hope he is writing a grand verse for us.

Yours always

Una—

ALS. Mills. 3 pages.

1. Leonard Alfred George Strong, known as L. A. G. Strong (1896–1958), was an Irish-English writer, editor, critic, and teacher. Strong was a member of the Irish Academy of Letters, a director of the Methuen publishing company, and the author of *Dublin Days* (1921), *Sea Wall* (1933), *Travellers* (1945), *The Sacred River* (1949), *The Body's Imperfection* (1957), and many other works.

UJ to Theodore Lilienthal

Tor House. Carmel. California

November 14. 1933

Dear Lilienthal:

I am mailing back to you the package of books autographed.—

I meant to write at once to tell you how interesting I found the article you sent down. Robin *never* reads these or any book reviews. He is always engaged on some *work in progress* and it seems to annoy & distract him to talk of completed work. But I rage and {or} rejoice as I read, quite solitary. This article was thoughtful & penetrating and I wished Robin had a huge audience with the same turn of mind. I wished too that more people engaged in reviewing of books had a preparation for it such as this man shows.

With kindest regards from both of us,
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page. Postmark: November 14, 1933.

RJ to Frederic I. Carpenter

Tor House, Carmel, California.
November [18], 1933.

Dear Mr. Carpenter:

Forgive me for not answering sooner. My less interesting correspondents usually get prompt answers, because my wife writes them; the few that really interest me are left to me to answer, and I do not get it done.

Besides that I dislike talking about my verses, but especially about the meaning of my verses—and I have just been sitting here with an idle pen, wondering why. Partly, perhaps, some relics of false {(or even real!)} modesty; partly because I am a little tired of them after they are written; but it seems to me there is yet a better reason. I think it is the business of a writer of poetry, not to express his own gospel, but to present images, emotions, ideas, and let the reader find his good in them if he can. Not to form a way of thought but perhaps to activate thoughts. So that I feel no impulse to disengage my own meaning—{or} call it religion—from the web of verses, and even wish not to, in order to keep an innocence of mind on my own account. Not to become too self-conscious about my meanings. There may be symbolism in my verses, but I shouldn't want it to degenerate into allegory.

But your questions deserve answers. When I spoke {in my letter to you} of Jesus as having “fallen in love outward” I was thinking of “love the Lord thy God with all thy soul—” however it is worded—“and thy neighbor as thyself”—(which might mean *greatly*, or might mean *not {hardly} at all*, the self and the neighbor being recognized as wholly unimportant, and human love swallowed up in divine love). But when I wrote “Dear Judas” I was thinking of Jesus as a subject for tragedy—the Greeks had many demi-gods; we have only that one—♦ and the subject of tragedy cannot be a perfect person. The perfect man could have no conflict in his mind, and could feel no misfortune; could not even have felt the agony in the garden or the despair on the cross that the evangelists impute to him. However, the two points of view are not contradictory. Mystical vision may be only a momentary experience; one may have it, and then have only a fading remembrance of it, and become a very imperfect person after all. {It seems to me that the *having had it* is somewhere indicated in the poem.}

I don’t remember altogether what Lazarus said in my verses, but it seems to me that he represented only the clear negations and detachment of death, had nothing to do with love.

As to “joy”, it has a color, and pain has a color; they are both inherent in life, and seem to me quite exactly balanced. In the complete recognition, such as I imagined for Orestes, might not the two colors cancel or rather fulfil each other, and make a whiteness?

You

There is, of course, the joy of breaking prison; it seems to me rather preliminary than essential, in the recognition we are speaking of.

You ask what I think of Emerson, Thoreau, Melville. I am ashamed to say that I never read anything of Thoreau's; I like to think of his life, though it was rather specialist. Emerson was a youthful enthusiasm, if you like, but not outgrown by any means, only read so thoroughly that I have not returned to him for a long time. Melville: I read *Moby Dick* aloud to my boys a few years ago and was much impressed. There is greatness in it; there was also much that I resented—the tiresome humor that spoils so much American work—the occasional stilted Shakespeareanisms.

Your essay is very interesting and intelligent, and I think in general very true {at least of American literature as a whole.} I won't discuss it particularly, wishing, as I said before, to keep my intentions rather instinctive than considered. Thank you sincerely for letting me see it. You did not say that you want it back, but since it is not a carbon copy I return it with this.

I was delighted to hear from you, and shall be if you should write again, and shall try to be decent about answering.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Berkeley. 2 pages. Postmark: November 18, 1933.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel
November 22. 1933.

Dear Bennett:

I would be glad to see the clippings We do not subscribe to a clipping bureau. I will return them safely. Robin never reads a review but *I* do & rage or rejoice and am glad to be au courant with whats thought.

We liked the look of your advertisements—*very* dignified and handsome.

I intend to call you Bennett since I hear you spoken of often that way. We seem to know lots of writing folks who know you. You may call me Una which won't in the least prevent our being severe & cross when we need to be.

1

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

1. Responding to Una in a letter dated November 27, 1933 (TCC Columbia), Cerf says, “ I shall be delighted to have you call me Bennett, and you will note by the salutation of this note that I have taken advantage of your permission to call you by your first name. I hope that this will simply be the outward symbol of a friendship that will last for the rest of our lives.”

RJ to Mr. Pumphrey

Tor House, Carmel, California.
November, 1933.

Dear Mr. Pumphrey:

Thank you sincerely for your letter; but I have not time to copy the verses. You lose nothing by that, for my handwriting—you see—is neither beautiful nor easy to read.

And I am sorry not to be able to answer your question. One can say that Mount Everest is higher than Mont Blanc, but there is no way to measure poetry. I cannot even tell whom I prefer to read—sometimes Yeats, sometimes some other.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Virginia. 1 page.

RJ to Edgar Lee Masters

Tor House, Carmel, California.
November, 1933.

Dear Masters:

I was excited and deeply grateful when the Serpent in the Wilderness came;

1 they are very great poems, drawing in the science of the time as Dante did and Shelley wished to. I admire three especially, the Cobra and Beethoven for the intensity of its thought, straining at limits, and the title-poem and the Prometheus for the heroic quality of their emotion. But

indeed all the poems have that quality. And all have a packed inclusiveness of thought and a refusal to be sentimental that must limit their audience very severely—“fit though few”

2—I can see why you chose to publish in a limited edition.

3 Thank you, and thank you for the inscription.

I began this last month and am ashamed of its tardiness.

4 It is nearly impossible for me to get a letter written—because I have no habit of it—Una attends to those that have to do with business or common courtesy, while I dream verses.

Last summer we saw a good deal of western America, driving from here to New Mexico, then to the north of Wyoming, back to New Mexico by other roads and {another way} home again. It is very big and extraordinary and often very beautiful, but horribly hot and dry; I’ve never quite forgiven my ancestors for leaving Ireland and Scotland. It’s not all velvet, to be an American, but we have to make the best of it.

Una joins me in affectionate greetings.

Your friend,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. Edgar Lee Masters, *The Serpent in the Wilderness* (New York: Sheldon Dick, 1933).

2. “. . . Still govern thou my Song, / Urania, and fit audience find, though few”—from *Paradise Lost* by John Milton, Book 7, line 30.

3. Masters' signed, limited-edition (400 copies) book contains six poems: "Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the King Cobra," "Ode on America," "The Seven Cities of America," "The Serpent in the Wilderness," "Prometheus," and "Song for the Dead Gods." Each is critical of conventional American conceptions of life and human destiny; some draw upon scientific insights to press their points. In the last three poems, Masters extols the Greco-Roman tradition while condemning the Judeo-Christian—ranking Socrates over Jesus, for instance, and pagan deities over the Bible's God.

4. A note on the letter, probably added by Masters, says "Mailed Dec 6-'33 Received Dec 11-'33."

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

Tor House. Carmel
December 5. 1933

Phoebe dear:

Will you thank Hans for us, for sending the Kurtz book on Shelley.

1 Robin has finished it and says it its very scholarly and parts of it stimulating. I am reading it with great interest. I care so much for Shelley and it is most interesting to me to follow out the theme of Death through all his writing (to follow my means of Ben Kurtz's careful study)—because, after all, it is no longer possible for ♦ me to read ALL of Shelley—(can you?) I must pick and choose as I do in Shakespeare—whom I adore but must skip boldly & quickly pages of clowning & persiflaging at a bound, in order to keep my rapture!—In Shelley I evade the paeans about *Liberty!*

It was so nice to see Hazel but we had {a} funny scrappy sort of time because as usual she failed to say when they would arrive so we were away on an all-day jaunt the day they all came. The next day she & Edith came in the ♦ morning for a while then back in P.M. I had invited the Duncan McDuffies & Ellen O's. & several others to tea. I think Hazel liked them but we hadn't as much time as we wanted to exchange gossip alone. Edith is a charming girl I think and very amusing!

The boys had a week's holiday over Thanksgiving, (and get only 1 week at Christmas). We did a lot of walking & pilgrimaging.

The Matthiases have invited me up to Shan-Kar 2 but I do not think I shall go. In fact I ♦ had them return the ticket they got for me, but Jean McD. was so insistent about my coming and told such marvellous things about his dancing that I may go up after all, particularly as Jean said I need not decide until the last moment. She could always use an extra ticket. If I stay over tic night I'll try to say "hello" to you on the phone. It will be a flying visit—if at all—It was delightful to see you that Sunday. *We love our Barkans!*

Una.

ALS. San Francisco. 4 pages. Postmark: December 6, 1933.

1. Benjamin Putnam Kurtz, *The Pursuit of Death: A Study of Shelley's Poetry* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1933).
2. Uday Shan-Kar, also Shankar (1900–1977), was a classical dancer and choreographer from India and the older brother of sitarist Ravi Shankar. Traveling with a large company of

dancers and musicians on his first American coast-to-coast tour, Shan-Kar was to perform at the Memorial Opera House in San Francisco December 8 and 10, 1933.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel
December [1933]

Dear Bennett:

We are constantly getting requests for poems for anthologies of one kind or another. Aside from the fact that nearly every anthology is a loathsome book, I don't see any reason why people expect to have poems free of cost. So I refer them to Random House for you to attend to in regular order.—I except the *Braille* publications which I think should be fath favored. Also Henry Canby wrote that Sat. Review wishes to include {*New*} *Mexican Mountain* (now in *Thurso's Landing*) in an anthology of Sat. Review poems. That was first published in Sat. Review. I think he should have it free of charge. He has been uniformly friendly to R. J.

New Mexican Mountain was wrongly labelled Mountains in *Thurso's Landing*. I called it to their attention but do not know whether it was corrected. Will you look see?

Your advertisements are very handsome.

Thanks for the radio talk. The B. B. C. broadcaster, *Mais*
1 ♦ who is rapidly touring U. S. A & broadcasting once a week over an international net-work came to call with Miss Cuthbert the N. Y. agent of B. B. C. & his daughter

2 and afterwards talked of R. J. over {in} his broadcast.—

3

Cordially
Una Jeffers

John Evans & Claire Spencer came back from Reno last night married & happy and handsome, reported Reno a terrible place!

I am not returning the Radio talk you sent but will do so with the clippings if you wish it.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. Stuart Petre Brodie Mais, known as S. P. B. Mais (1885–1975), English writer, literary critic, and broadcaster. Mais was the author of *Sussex* (1929), *The Unknown Island* (1933), *Chronicle of English Literature* (1936), and many other books.

2. Mais had four daughters—two with his estranged wife Doris (Snow) Mais and two with his companion Gillian Mais—but none accompanied him on this tour. Gillian (1905–1993), who was twenty years younger than Mais and traveled with him, was born Winifred Doughty. She changed her name to Gillian Mais by deed poll, just before the birth of her first child. Information about S. P. B. Mais' complicated domestic life, exacerbated by the High Court's denial of his wife's suit for divorce, can be found in a law report in the *London Times*, July 16, 1936, page 4.

Gillian and S. P. B. Mais co-authored *Italian Holiday* (1954), *Spanish Holiday* (1955), *Greek Holiday* (1962), and other travel books.

3. Mais' radio broadcast for November 24, 1933 included a description of his visit to Tor House, where Jeffers spoke of "A. E. Housman, Yeats, George Russell, Virginia Woolf, and the wilder bits of Scotland" and left Mais with an "impression of a disturbing, fascinating, and powerful poetic personality." See S. P. B. Mais, *A Modern Columbus* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1934): 187–188.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel
December 8. 1933

Dear Bennett:

We read in the paper that you have gotten Ulysses into the country!

1 Congratulations,—and havent the newspaper items been funny during the proceedings—the reporters trying in haste to sum up the contents of that lengthy volume.

I wonder whether you have ever heard the Victrola record of Joyce reading from Anna Livia Plurabelle?

2—the part about the washer women as they wash & talk beside the Liffey. Its a marvellous record and reconciled me to what has annoyed me tremendously in later Joyce work—the broken syllables & grunts and shapeless words. As *read*, by him, its as the work—washing—sounded in progress. ♦

I enclose two letters about *anthology* requests. I spoke of Mr. Canby's yesterday.—Do not return these. I only want to add that perhaps occasionally the advertizement value would be worth giving the right to reprint some poem. I refer them to you.—It came into my mind as I read this letter from Tennessee. In the course of my labors I have dozens of *fan* letters to answer fromfor Robin. I think no more than two ever came from Tenn. It is very possible that this might help to make him known there—You must judge.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

The Joyce victrola record I spoke of is English make. Jo Davidson sent it over to the Lincoln Steffens.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. James Joyce's novel *Ulysses* (1922) was condemned as obscene by authorities and banned from distribution in the United States. Cerf recalls his efforts to import and publish the book in *At Random*, pages 90–96.

2. *Anna Livia Plurabelle: Fragment of a Work in Progress* was published in 1928. Joyce made a recording of the fragment at the Cambridge Orthological Institute around 1929 and used it as the concluding section of Book I of *Finnegan's Wake* (1939).

UJ to Hazel Pinkham

Tor House. Carmel
December 12. 1933

Dearest Ha:

Such a nice visit from you but too short. Now *don't* fail to let us know next time so we can be here. Tell Roy we adored the grapes and when I looked at the beauty of them their perfection of color and form and texture I felt that few of the artists and writers here were creating anything so beautiful and satisfying!

Our dear love to him.

And I do like your Edith. I could have fun with her!

This Sunday we went on an all day ♦ horseback ride with the Sydney Fishes to their back ranch at Palo Corona. John Colton

1 {playwright} was along, an amusing man (Shanghai Gesture & *Rain*)—also Lester Donahue

2—know him? pianist. I never had a nicer ride over chalk mts. & through a long

deep redwood cañon. If it weren't such a burden to *have* to exercise your horses every day—and we so busy!—we'd keep two horses & have a thrilling little stone barn somewhere on the place. I *adore* riding.

We just barely got started talking I've days of talk laid up for you ♦ and such quantities of analyzing and speculating, and so on.

Just had a note from Fan saying to look out for Caroline Trask

3 coming to call.

John Evans and Claire Spencer are back from Reno married & gay & vivid You never saw a pair of such handsome creatures—in a strange unusual way & so different—Did you read her “Gallow’s Orchard” or *his* “Andrew’s Harvest”? They rush about hither & thither & fly to & fro from N. Y. & its hard to keep our life deep & sustained so fluttered upon by them & all! ♦ They are going to Taos for Christmas. We are going for the third year to a grand Christmas dinner party at the Tevises Last Christmas night there were thirty two at table and such. A dream of loveliness—gold damask cloth—tall Spanish candlesticks (43 ft gilt)—{little} gold peacocks and gold favors—Year before all in silver. I never saw a more {so} beautiful a table!

Wild gale last night I slept scarcely at all such terrific wind—but I loveit love it!

Dearest love from
Una.—

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages. Postmark: December 12, 1933.

1. John Colton (1886–1946), American playwright and screenwriter. Colton was born in Minnesota but was raised and educated in Japan, England, and France. His greatest success, co-written with Clemence Randolph, was *Rain* (1922), a play based on a story by Somerset Maugham. Other plays include *Drifting* (1922), *The Shanghai Gesture* (1926), *Saint Wench* (1933), and *Nine Pine Street* (1933). Film credits include *The Cuban Love Song* (1931), *The Werewolf of London* (1935), and *Under Capricorn* (1949).

2. Lester Donahue (1892–1964), American pianist. Donahue studied with Rudolf Ganz and Madame Helena Modjeska in Europe before beginning an international concert career. He lived in Los Angeles, his native city, where he was president of the Los Angeles Municipal Art Commission from 1948 to 1953.

3. Caroline B. Trask (1886–1974) was one of Una’s friends in Los Angeles when Una was married to Teddie Kuster. Caroline’s father, Walter Jones Trask, was the president of the Los Angeles County Bar Association in 1910.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House Carmel
Wednesday December 20. 1933.

Dearest Mabel:

John and Claire must be at your house tonight and its nice to think of you all there by the fire in your lovely big room and the piñon fragrance floating about. Your letter today didn’t say whether there is snow—I love the cold snappy winter weather—oh I love *most* weathers except a *thaw* when its slushy (you know Francis Thompson “I gladden and I sadden with all the weather—”

1 I just gladden.)

Last night Teddie & Gabrielle gave a little party—with music. A friend of Gay’s who wants to give a concert here and this was to introduce her. She played very well but with concert *force* almost lifted you out of your seat. She was beautiful to

look at. Meta Curtis went with me (the Russian in the Beckwith house

2) looking perfectly *stunning* in a sleeveless black velvet with a long velvet cape, a wee hat & veil & a white feather *boa*.—Alice Williams was there (Mrs Jesse Lynch W.) & she told me a Monterey {High S} teacher whom her son met told him that Garth & Donnan ♦ were far & away the most brilliant students over there. (800 there) So I gasped with joy & said “Mercy I wish they’d show off sometimes so my friends would know it!” & she said “Never mind I’ll tell them” so she turned & told Molly. Molly was behaving her angel-ist. She has been cross at me for a time & said I had refused two of her invitations so “brusquely”—(I thought I was just firm)—but when she heard that Blanche had gotten two tickets for me to Shan-Kar & I hadn’t gone up—she stopped being cross.

Blanche & Russell go to Los Angeles for Christmas. We four dine with Lloyd’s grandmother

3 at Tevis house.

What a truly nice sounding person Wilder

4 is—I hope I shall meet him. IOne would quickly feel at home with him. I wish very much you’d ask him sometime his feeling about George Moore—the writer I mean. I fethink he has in some his ways moulded his style by G. M.

O such an angel little stone house & tower set all alone in a DENSE forest by the sea—that’s how Tor House looks in an airplane photograph just rec’d! ♦

We are going to see *Henry VIII*

5 Friday night—I haven't seen one since *Cavalcade*. John Colton said he thought it {Henry VIII} the best film made to date which is praise indeed coming from Hollywood. It was filmed at Elstree

6 you know.

Robin has been reading aloud until boys went to bed from "Caspar Hauser"—the Wasserman book you recommended.

7 It goes very well aloud and is a strange mystery—thrilling to think of its true basis. I darned & sewed on buttons.

Stef—perhaps you read in the paper—was taken sick in Omaha—He is home in bed for a few weeks. Doctor says a tiny blood vessel broke in brain. Sounds like a slight stroke. He feels well enough I guess except *weak*.

You remember the man bandit who took Noël's car at St. Lukes Hospital {which he had just robbed} & made his chauffeur drive him to Market St. Noël felt very sorry for the man who told the chauffeur such a pitiful tale of woe—first crime etc & a needy family & so on. Well, he has just been ♦ caught in a holdup in S. F. and confessed to various crimes & has been identified as the man who shot the cashier {*dead*} of a movie in S. F. in the midst of rush hour & places lobby filled with theatre-goers. He was a young man, had a job, unmarried, had a father who was glad to have him live at home.—but he wanted more money to take out a young strumpet there & "give her a good time in a big way" he says. {Even} Noël's soft heart will have difficulty in sympathizing with this creature I should think, but I'll wager he manages it.

We did not go up to Fremont Olders for the lunch last Sunday.—I was amazed to know she was well enough to

entertain.—I think I told you of her dangerous, nearly fatal illness—ruptured, gangrenous appendix?

Please tell Tony we all wish we were seeing the deer dance {with him} on my birthday! Our love to him & John & Claire and you!—A happy holiday & fortunate New Year!

Devotedly
Una.

We had a greeting today from *Ficke's* in *Florida* & the Hastings from

8

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. “I triumphed and I saddened with all weather”—from “The Hound of Heaven” by Francis Thompson (1859–1907).
2. The Beckwith house, located next door to the Kuster residence, was on Bay View Avenue between Martin Way and Inspiration Avenue. It was owned by Col. W. L. and Constance Beckwith.
3. Lloyd Tevis’ maternal grandmother Margaret (Eyre) Girvin (1862–1941), widow of Richard D. Girvin (1853–1924), a San Francisco grain broker and financier.
4. Thornton Wilder (1897–1975), American playwright and novelist; Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (1927), *Our Town* (1938), *The Skin of Our Teeth* (1942), and other works. Wilder and Luhan were friends.

5. *The Private Life of Henry VIII* (1933), a film directed by Alexander Korda with Charles Laughton in the title role.

6. Elstree Film Studios in Hertfordshire, England.

7. Jakob Wassermann, *Caspar Hauser* (New York: Liveright, 1928)—a retelling of the true story of a teenage boy who suddenly appeared in Nuremberg, Germany in 1828. It was eventually determined that he had been kept in a dungeon for most of his life, which explained his feral behavior and stunted mental growth. Rumors tied him to the royal house of Baden. He survived an assassination attempt in 1829 (a hooded man tried to kill him with an axe), but was attacked again and stabbed to death in 1833. His tombstone bears the following inscription: “Here lies Kaspar Hauser, riddle of his time. His birth was unknown, his death mysterious.”

8. Added in the lower right corner of page 4. The postscript ends with the word “from.” If Una completed the sentence, that portion of her letter is missing.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House, Carmel, California.
December 26, 1933

Dear Bennett:

I sent off by express your clippings to you today and thank you for them. I meant to look them over again to note many important missing ones {I believe!}

—The Saturday Review of Oct 7.—(Canby review)

{The one by Edna Lou Walton in Books of Oct 8 was quoted in various papers but not the original article.}

N. Y. Times of Oct. 15 by Percy Hutchinson.

James Rorty spoke of reviews he wrote of *Give Your Heart to the Hawks* for the *Nation*

1 & *Modern Monthly* (not there.)

There must also have been reviews in New Republic.

2

Does your clipping bureau cover magazine articles?

An amusing mistake in a clipping from Pasadena Star-News {of Dec. 9.} sent to us. AE's "Avatars" was reviewed on the same page and his picture & Robin's had the wrong captions! Under his picture with great beard & spectacles it said Robinson Jeffers!

3

Did you ever see the caricature of R. J. in the Bookman of Mar 1933, with a hawk perched on his head.

4 ♦

Robin has read with extreme interest the Ulysses brief and opinion.

5 Thank you. I have not yet gotten to it.

A friend of ours living on the north coast of Ireland writes that turning on her radio a fortnight or so ago, she heard Mais broadcasting and saying he had just been along the famous Monterey Coast and a dense fog had prevented him seeing

anything but he had visited Robinson Jeffers—and described—He was is the English author and critic who is making a hurried survey of U. S. A. & broadcasting over B. B. C. once a week.

We wish you success and happiness for this New Year.

Faithfully
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. James Rorty, “Robinson Jeffers,” *The Nation* 137 (December 20, 1933): 712–713.
2. Morton Dauwen Zabel, “A Prophet in His Wilderness,” *The New Republic* 77 (January 3, 1934): 229–230. At the time this letter was written, the review had not yet been published.
3. *Pasadena Star-News* (December 9, 1933): 5. Side-by-side reviews of *The Avatars* by A. E. and *Give Your Heart to the Hawks* by Jeffers are accompanied by mismatched portraits of the two authors. The caption under the portrait of A. E. says “ROBINSON JEFFERS Whose New Narrative Poem Is Work of Sweeping Power.”
4. “Mr. Robinson Jeffers Emerging from His Tower in Time for the Spring Lists,” a caricature by A. E. Fisher, was published in the “Literary Pictures of the Month” section of *The Bookman* 76 (March 1933): 262.
5. In a letter to Una dated December 13, 1933 (TCC Columbia), Cerf says, “I suppose you have heard by this time

of the victory that we won on *Ulysses*. It occurs to me that you might like to have for your library a copy of our brief in behalf of the book and Judge Woolsey's historic decision removing the ban on it. I am sending copies of both of these documents to you, and will also send you a copy of the book as soon as it comes from the press." When *Ulysses* subsequently appeared in print, Judge Woolsey's ruling was included as a prefatory document; see, in any Random House edition of the text, "The Monumental Decision of the United States District Court Rendered December 6, 1933, by Hon. John M. Woolsey Lifting the Ban on *Ulysses*."

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House. Carmel
December 29. 1933.

Dearest Albert:

We all wish you a happy and prosperous New Year! and we thank you warmly for the beautiful Christmas things you sent us! The beautiful ciag cigarette box & trays and boys' sweets which they have shared liberally with their parents!—The boys have gone away for five days and we are desolate and feel discipline beginning about their college not-to-be-long-deferred now! {They have gone as guests of the Tevis family down to big game at Pasadena Rose-Bowl}

A friend writing from the north of Ireland said she turned on her radio for the first time after some weeks away from home & the first thing she heard was Mais broadcasting and saying he had been down to see the famous Monterey Coast and

couldn't see a bit of it because of the fog but had gone to see the poet Robinson Jeffers etc etc—(He had a letter to us from you!) ♦

I read in the New York paper today of the handsome Chinese lions at Mills College placed through your generosity and effort.

1 I think you must be very proud of the successful outcome of that project.

Did I tell you of the clipping we rec'd from the Pasadena Star-News with reviews of Robins last book & of AE's and the pictures of the two poets—but wrongly labelled so Robin's name was under Russells bearded bespectacled head!—Gave me a start.

Our warm love always dear Albert

Una.

Robin is going to give a page or so of original mss. to that group working to collect money “for Scottsboro boys.”

2 He can't refuse his friends & in a good cause—but we both *resent* (dont you?) the Communists using this celebrated case to collect money for their own ends. I think very little of this goes to Scottsboro boys & most of it to Communist propaganda!

3

ALS. Mills. 2 pages. Postmark: December 29, 1933.

1. See “Heavenly ‘Lions’ from Old China; At Mills College They Have a New Home” by Anna Cox Brinton, *New York*

Times (December 24, 1933): SM 14. The story concerns two Ming dynasty lions donated to Mills by Bender and a group of fellow trustees. The large marble sculptures, also called fu dogs, were placed at the entrance to the Fine Arts Building.

2. Nine African American teenagers from Scottsboro, Alabama who were falsely accused and then convicted of rape in 1931.

3. This paragraph is written at the bottom of the page, perpendicular to the preceding text.

UJ to Noël Sullivan

Tor House. Carmel
December 30. 1933

Dear Noël:

Thanks we shall be glad to be your guests at the concert—at least we feel that way now. I can never be certain quite that Robin won't feel its impossible at the time—especially in a *big(!)* auditorium like the Sunset School, but he is much interested in Roland Hayes

1 and I hope he will be of your party.

Our love and good wishes for the New Year.

2

Faithfully
Una Jeffers.

<over> ♦

Did you see a mile or so out of Taos toward Sante Fe that great house Mabel had built & built for years called *La Posta*—its been finished for years but she could not find a buyer with enough money—& its never been lived in—a strange place. I had a note from her just now she has given it to John & Claire & they've promised to live there—Im not quite certain how that will turn out!

ALS. Berkeley. 2 pages.

1. Roland Hayes (1887–1977), the son of former slaves, was a tenor whose career as a concert singer won international acclaim. His recital in Carmel was scheduled for January 6, 1934.

2. On New Year's Eve, Robinson and Una attended a dinner in the Carmel Highlands. They returned home and were reading and writing by the fire when three unexpected visitors arrived. Una describes the incident in a January 1, 1934 addendum to a December 31, 1933 letter to Timmie and Maud Clapp (ALS Yale), not included in this edition.

Just after I closed my letter to you shortly after midnight a knock at door. We had noticed for several hours a car standing in the tempest at the bottom of our shell walk—we thought they were gazing at the wild landscape—& dashing sea.—They were 2 young men & young woman who *demande*d {very drenched & breathless} to see R. J. said they had driven down from Seattle for that purpose & had stood outside 2 hours arguing whether they dared venture in.—Then for until 2:30 ensued as strange a conversation as *I* ever heard or took part in. Both Harvard men, great friends, one as he explained *all* emotion—the other *all* intellect. (Girl was a

Swedish pianist wife to *all* intellect one.)—They wanted an answer out of Robin at {an} instant solution to Life! The ♦ emotional one very vigorous & lustful—I decreed *discipline* for him. Lusty didnt like it at all but the other had as subtle & metaphysical a mind as I ever came in contact with. In the course of *his* remarks he covered the whole range of comparative religions, philosophy, cabbala & {the} Modern City! going on & on with a {so} shy & disarming a smile I con got quite attached to him before morning.—The first man was a Russian Jew, the other (mety) a Hungarian Jew. At one stage he rose up & said his wife would play the 12th Beethoven Sonata but I to illustrate a point but I dissuaded him for Robins sake. She never spoke. Once he demanded of Robin suddenly whether he could hook up Leviathan from the deep—This staggered me who had done all the answering but Robin responded Biblically, & suitably.

RJ to Edwin Arlington Robinson

Tor House, Carmel, California.
January 1, 1934.

Dear Mr. Robinson:

1

I was sincerely moved by the gift of “Talifer”
2 and the kindness of your letter, and feel ashamed enough of not having thanked you more promptly. It is a moral deformity, that I can never write a letter when I want to. My wife attends to them all, except the very exceptional one that I claim for myself—and then fail to write.

I've read "Talifer" twice through, with enjoyment and admiration. Humor in an atmosphere of cool ironic intelligence is so rare as to be almost unique; and then your characteristic beauty of lines and images, swimming on it like swans on a lake. Thank you very much. My book was sent simply as an oblation that I have long wanted to make; I had no thought of such return for it.

Your letter makes me hope, however faintly, that we may see you here sometime. It would be a great pleasure; and perhaps the coast here might remind you a little of your Tristram's Cornwall. It has been especially lovely the past few days, grand rains and wind, clouds on dark green mountains, our bay white with storm and branded by a long stain from the flooded river.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. New York PL. 1 page.

1. Edwin Arlington Robinson (1869–1935), American poet; author of "Richard Corey," "Miniver Cheevy," and other familiar works. Among his many books, three received the Pulitzer Prize: *Collected Poems* (1921), *The Man Who Died Twice* (1924), and *Tristram* (1927).

2. Edwin Arlington Robinson, *Talifer* (New York: Macmillan, 1933)—a narrative poem that explores the dynamics of a modern love quadrangle. The title character is Samuel Talifer, a businessman.

UJ to Craven Betts

Tor House. Carmel
January 2. 1934

Dear Mr. Betts:

I sent you a copy of my husband's last book today and I hope you will enjoy it. It is nice to think of you on this coast again and I hope enjoying its beauty. The marvel of wind & wave & cloud & foamy sea has kept us at our windows these last days.

My husband enjoyed reading your "Kiss of Death" and spoke of its vividness ♦ and strength and the economy of line. He intends to write you—but as he almost *never* writes a letter even when he firmly resolves to do so, I cannot promise it.

In any case we wish you all health & happiness for this coming year.

Cordially,
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Long Beach. 2 pages.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel California
January 24. 1934

Dear Bennett:

I had your letter about Mr. Powell's request today & have written to him to ask what he is attempting. Our understanding was that he was to *reprint* the thesis on R. J. which he wrote for his Master's {Doctor's} degree at the University of Dijon, France with the addition of a chapter covering his several interviews here a few months ago (he had been working {worked} for three years on his thesis but had never seen R. J. {before,}) and a mention of "Hawks" etc & a few corrections. In view of the fact that he had to distribute about 60 for required libraries {free} & sold he told us, {but} 30 copies—it does not seem unreasonable for him to reprint the thesis over here,—but certainly I thought it was a simple inexpensive venture from Ward Ritchies little private press, and that Rockwell Kent

1 was doing a few tail pieces out of friendship for Ritchie. His thesis as written does not encroach on the Bibliography. I will send you his reply to my letter as soon as I receive it. ♦ R. J. w gave him permission to use a page of comment he made on the thesis.

I am almost certain Powell told us you were to distribute this in the east for him. I have asked him about this also.

He is a rather cheeky young man, but is at present hard-up and I suppose is trying to do what he can for himself. I was not entirely well impressed by him when he came to call but Pres. Remsen Bird of Occidental College came to see us about him (where
2 he had done years of under-graduate work) and spoke with warm enthusiasm about him.

Sincerely
Una Jeffers.

I have just reread your letter

3 and, do you know, I find it rather more truculent than I enjoy and would not explain at such length if the essence of your discourse were not such sense.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. Rockwell Kent (1882–1971), American painter, graphic artist, writer, and social activist; author of *Wilderness: A Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska* (1920), *Salamina* (1935), *This Is My Own* (1940), and other books.

2. An arrow is drawn from “where” to “Occidental College.”

3. Cerf’s letter was not saved. In a follow-up letter dated January 29, 1934 (TCC Columbia), however, Cerf says, “Indeed I did not mean my last letter to you to appear truculent in tone. I thought I made it clear that I had no personal ax to grind when I spoke as I did, but that I had to be emphatic about something I felt so strongly about.” Cerf mentions his ignorance concerning content, leaves the matter of permissions in Una’s hands, and asks if she is aware of the large size of the edition (750 copies). He then closes with, “I am a great deal more concerned with making you realize that my intentions in writing you as I did were the friendliest, than with hearing any more about this book.”

UJ to Bennett Cerf

January 29. 1934

Tor House Carmel California

Dear Bennett:

I have had no direct answer to my letter to Powell. He wired asking whether he should come up to consult with us—I said “no”. He had already sent us your letter to him & his reply. He said in wire they were intending to ask \$4.50 for the book. {(I told him to cut that down if possible.)} He refers to the notice of his book by Rorty in Nation of Dec 20. (he said 24—*wrong*) It is favorable as you see. My opinion of it, is, it is a very creditable performance for a young man. His literary judgement is immature, and often enough I do not agree with his remarks but some chapters are excellent. The one either rewritten or freshly revised on R. J. & the *genius loci* of this coast is *finely done* (I have no copy of the thesis as published {in France}—my copy being lent.) There is much biographical material I am being asked for constantly. I do not think it can do any harm to R. J. or the sale of his books, on the contrary I think it useful. It’s certainly much more intelligent & aware than many of the books written about Lawrence. ♦ You say blithely *we* should not allow its publication. Its already had its first publication more than a year ago & its *his* book,—and if you think Robin is mean enough to refuse a page of comment to a young man who has devoted *years* of his life to this job—you dont know R. J.

1

I have suggested to Mr. Powell that he cut down his requests a good deal & see whether he can meet your make a more proper plea. So then you must deal with him. We are certainly not going to *strongly request* you to give him anything if its against your judgement. Of course you understand we have no more direct *financial* interest in this book than in the *Bibliography*, only the *indirect* interest that we gain by help to his reputation.

Yours sincerely
Una Jeffers.

He had told us months ago of this interview with your office which he refers to in his letter to you.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. Answering for a vacationing Cerf, Donald Klopfer writes in a letter to Una dated February 6, 1934 (TCC Columbia), “I realize that your position in regard to this Powell matter is one of no financial gain, and also one in which you would not be mean enough to not grant permission and thereby cut off all possibility of the book being published. I feel very much the way you feel about this book, yet I feel it would be a mistake to publish it at this time.”

UJ to Ann Winslow

Tor House. Carmel. California.
January 31. 1934

Dear Miss Winslow:

1

That was such a pleasant letter of yours asking Robinson Jeffers to read his poetry to your society that I wish he were able to accept but he cannot. He says he knows that verse is, theoretically, written to be read aloud but he never does read his own or another's to groups of people and would be very unhappy to try. I am sorry because he has a very characteristic way of reading verse, in a low rather colorless voice with distinct attention to metre—and never *never* passionate

elocution! (Dreadful tortures we have undergone from poets and their enthusiastic declamation of their poetry!) He wishes me to thank you sincerely for asking him.

Cordially,
Una Jeffers.

I do not know the scope of your society but it occurs to me it would be worth your while to discover whether you can get hold of victrola records of James Joyce reading any of his *poems*. There is an English record (perhaps American) too) of his reading from Anna Livia Plurabelle the talk of the washerwomen by the Liffey, which was a revelation to ♦ me. His thin, whispering, reedy voice transformed the shapeless syllables and half formed words which had irked me beyond bearing, on the *printed* page, to the very gestures and sounds coming out of those women & out of the rippling water. Perhaps he has read his poems equally well.

ALS. Wyoming. 2 pages.

1. Ann Winslow was the pseudonym of Verna Elizabeth Grubbs (1894–1974), instructor and assistant professor of English at the University of Wyoming from 1936 to 1960. At the time this letter was written, Winslow was a graduate student at the University of California, Berkeley. She had recently founded the College Poetry Society of America, local branches of which were forming on campuses across the country. Winslow served as the Society's secretary and the managing editor of its journal, *College Verse*, from 1931 to 1941. Jeffers was listed on the masthead of the journal as a sponsor of the organization, along with Edna St. Vincent

Millay, Robert Frost, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandburg, and other poets.

RJ to Houston Martin

Houston Martin, U. of Pa.
Feb. 1934

Dear Mr. Martin:

1

A. E. Housman

2 seems to me enviable among modern poets, for many reasons. His work is lyrical without self-implication—he does not give himself away—it is a classic quality, though not found in all classic authors. His fame is not bound up with any fashion or school, therefore exempt from declining with any. The carefully limited range of his work has enabled him to give only his best, and escape the temptations of mediocrity; and has preserved his sensitiveness, so that no one knows more clearly than he what is poetry and what is not. He has never overworked his vein, nor thought of poetry as a profession.

It is nearly impossible to pick favorites among the jewels of the Shropshire Lad and Last Poems. The poems that I think of at the moment are XXXI “On Wenlock Edge”—perhaps deservedly the best known of all, XLII, and the Hardyish XLIII, about “the man of bone,” and XV in Last Poems—“Sprinkle the quarters on the morning town”—but there are many others as fine.

XXXI was especially present to our minds when we were in Shropshire a few years ago, and looked for and found Wenlock Edge and the Wrekin and Uricon.—That is another assurance of Mr. Housman's abiding fame:—that it is anchored in the firm earth, in beautiful tangible country and the names of quiet places.

Thank you for your letter, and the picture. I was much interested.

Sincerely,
R. J.

ALS. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. Franklin Houston Martin (1914–1994) was a freshman at the University of Pennsylvania when this letter was written; he graduated with a degree in English, class of 1937. Martin corresponded with A. E. Housman and received twelve important letters from the poet between 1933 and 1937. He also assembled a Housman collection of rare first editions, criticism, and personal tributes. In addition to Jeffers, Martin solicited letters about Housman from a number of writers, including William Rose Benét, John Drinkwater, George Santayana, Allen

Tate, Louis Untermeyer, and Hugh Walpole. See “The Penn Lad Who Knew a Poet,” *Philadelphia Record* (April 9, 1937): II, 1. Martin worked for the *New York Times* as an advertising account executive from 1945 to 1975.

2. Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936), British poet and professor of Latin and Greek; author of *A Shropshire Lad*

(1896), *Last Poems* (1922), and *The Name and Nature of Poetry* (1933).

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel
Feb 5. 1934

Dear Mr. Powell:

I enclose {(Please return to me)} with this the list Mr. Alberts sent me showing which items he is willing for {to have} you to use and which not. I suppose there must be some sort of ethical custom about material of this kind, the use of it, (as there is between doctors—advising each others patients—a code hard for a layman to follow.). I suppose a certain length of time has to elapse before the material {in a published work} actually belongs to the world and certainly I see the point of Mr. Alberts wanting to keep a grip on the {fresh} material for his critique. So I do not think I can {not} urge him to give you what he doesn't want to. Can you not get along without these passages? You have quantities of fresh material, or have you any material he needs that you could make a trade—in respect to some *particular* item? I have been through your mss. this morning and think you have a very complete ♦ book without that material. If he can not see his way clear to let you have it, you can refer for *further* light on these matters to certain passages in his Bibliography. Perhaps in return for these references he might let go of some item.—I really can not urge him to do anything to his own disadvantage although of course I wish every student had available all the data possible.

I wish you had quoted at length from M. Cestre's article which you translated. It is valuable and it is certainly unavailable over here.

I wish too you had not dismissed the "Tower beyond Tragedy" so lightly. You do not know how important that poem is to very many people. IThat you do not rate it so highly is quite legitimate. I have not tried to influence your opinion in any case but you could make a page of great interest out of the Berkeley production & quotes from the *Argonaut* for instance (an excellent article!). I was present the 2nd night & it was an amazing success and every seat taken both nights.—I say amazing because I went reluctantly {to this} after seeing Margaret Anglin many years ago in ♦ "Antigone" there. Such *longueurs*!

Your book is full & interesting. Your chapter on *Genius Loci* fine, and the book is brimful of information and shows the work you have put upon it.

My advice to you is to try to make a deal with Mr. Alberts along the lines I've suggested—then put out of your head what he wont grant, keep friendly with him. And I will write for you a page on some material you want if *you* will suggest what {and I can manage it.} (but *not* duplicating *his* material, something fresh.)

I cannot go back & glance through these pages of yours again One of my boys is sick today & I am busy—but I think one item you wanted {& were refused} dealt with the theme of *courage* in *Thurso's Landing*. Its legitimate for you in that case to use my remark to you when you were here {speaking with you about} where I had crossed out in your *thesis* what

you had said was the mainspring of the characters in certain of his poems—(I can't quote as the thesis is lent I haven't it at hand) I said you forget he intends th *Thurso's Landing* to stand for *Courage*—◆

Page 34.

Error—*not* in a prose introduction to *Roan Stallion* vol. but notes on back of mss. of other poems, & discovered by Alberts.

Error. {Page 13} Poet's mother died age *61* not 51.

Page 8. Poet's wife 2 yrs. {his} senior not *several*

1

Appendix.title = "*First Book*" (as published in Colophon) *not* Books

There may be other errors. I've had to glance through very hastily.

Sincerely, in haste
Una Jeffers

ALS. Occidental. 4 pages.

1. In truth, Una was three years older than Robinson.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel. California
February 67. 1934

Dear Mr. Alberts:

I enclose a copy of the letter I sent Powell yesterday.

I suppose he will write to you—and you can think over and prepare an answer. Do exactly as you see fit. He has so much material that he ought to be content. He really is earnest and a hard worker and I have given him all the help and encouragement I had time for. It is true we have never seen him except during the few days he was in Carmel some months ago when he called twice and one {another} day was driven down this coast by us for a couple of hours. At the time we were so fully engaged that we could not ask him even to dine or lunch.

He is not a very sensitive young man and perhaps doesn't realize when he is "cheeky" for when I scolded him for coming through our "not at home before 4 PM" sign without leave he was all contrition.

He sent up for my inspection the ms. of his book ♦ which is partly rewritten and several *new* chapters—(also several omitted). It struck me as being about the same length as his old *thesis*, but hard to say exactly as it was so cut up, partly typed & partly leaves cut from printed thesis. The book is {now} better than in its original state, but I do not set much store by on his critical comments. The comments which R. J. gave him finally made about two typewritten pages instead of one, and R. J. allowed him to use them as a foreword, although they do not express any view of the merits of the *thesis*. I told him I considered \$4.50 too much to ask & he got his publisher to put the price down somewhat.

I did not mention to him, as you see, anything about Mr. Whitney's mss. I did not know whether you wished me to.

I cannot remember whether I answered your question in a former letter,—if so I reiterate that I shall always be glad to assist you to new material as your work goes on.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

If you see Mr. Adamic give him friendly messages from us. We are glad of his success.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. A typed and signed copy of the preceding letter to Powell, slightly different in a few places, is enclosed.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel
February 8. 1934.

Dear Bennett:

Thank you very heartily for "Ulysses"

1 which came yesterday. I {too} think your binding and general get-up of the book fine and dignified—a miracle of self-restraint—but then you didnt need any excited blurb to sell "Ulysses." I've seen columns & pages about it everywhere. I'm so glad you were lucky with the censor.

About Powell & his thesis. I have told him he must take Mr. Alberts decision, that we cannot feel it our duty to try to influence him. Powell has enough material anyway. He sent his ms. up to us yesterday. I believe it to be about the length of the original thesis and much improved. Some chapters he has omitted, some rewritten or new. His critical comments are {not} very valuable, but there is considerable information and his chapter on R. J. & this coast scenery is excellent. At my suggestion he induced his publisher to bring the price down to \$3.50.—I truly believe ♦ that it will help rather than hinder any other R. J. books.

Will you ask your office to make sure our statement of royalties is sent to us very soon if it isnt already on the way. Since we have already had the money—it isnt {wouldn't be} of immediate importance except that we *must* have our income statement made out {& filed} by the first week in March.

Robin sends you congratulations about “Ulysses.”

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

In the same express with *Ulysses* another big book *Weymouth Sands* from Powys' publishers.

2 I hope its as interesting as *Glastonbury Romance*.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. James Joyce, *Ulysses* (New York: Random House, 1934).

2. John Cowper Powys, *Weymouth Sands* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1934).

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House Carmel
February 12. 1934

Dear Mr. Alberts:

I had this letter from Powell today so the matter is closed I guess and needn't cause any more bother. I can easily write a few paragraphs about his R. J's attitude to the war. I am amazed that he managed to keep his request down to that.

Hoping that your own work goes well—

Sincerely,
Una Jeffers.

Did I speak in a former letter about in connection with your Vermont studies of that very interesting little privately printed book sent to us by its author "The Old Road Through ♦ Pirate Valley," (Petersham, Mass) by Julie Sherman.

1 Wealth of material there in New England

On Friday of this week the *Pine Cone*, our {only} village newspaper at present is to print a number dedicated to Lincoln Steffens.—I will send it to you. It has a short article in form of letter by R. J.

2—& one by me.

3 I haven't seen any of the other articles but fancy it will be very informal. He has been in frail health for some months &

it was gotten up primarily to honor & *amuse* him. He is much liked & disliked in this village: the latter because of Red activities.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. Julie Sherman Tibbetts (1900–1986) graduated from Abbott Academy and attended Vassar College. She was the author of *The Old Road Through Pirate Valley* (Worcester, Mass.: Commonwealth Press, 1931).

2. See letter that follows.

3. Una Jeffers, “The Man of Family,” *Carmel Pine Cone* (February 16, 1934): 8.

RJ to Lincoln Steffens

[February 16, 1934]

Dear Steff:

I am writing you a letter,

1 because it is a thing unnatural to me, almost impossible, and so a real proof of affection. You are wealthy in that, your friends are very many, not to count the silent affection that innumerable readers of your biography must feel toward you; I am only saying “Me too,” and that it is a particular privilege to be your neighbor.

Your readers know how many pearls you gathered from the muckheaps with that famous rake, and how much wisdom out of a foolish world; but they cannot, for instance, enjoy the

ardors of a conversation between my wife and you. It is thrilling to watch you becoming ever more intellectually radical, and Una more and more instinctively Tory as the controversy develops. I listen with immense enjoyment, thinking how right you both are.

Your readers know your tolerance, the breadth of your sympathies, the activity and acuteness of your mind; but print is limited at best, and they can hardly realize as your neighbors do, how warmly tolerant you are, how universally sympathetic—toward criminals, millionaires, artists, even writers of verse—how rapid as well as active your mind is, and how humane with its keenness.

You are modern American (with all your sojourns in Europe) as much as anyone I know; approver of industry, believer in progress; and it may surprise you to hear that a name from old Athens and another from much older China pop into my mind when I think of yours. Socrates too reasoned fearlessly, and with deliberate inconclusiveness; and gave himself to instructing the young. And Confucius: “If any ruler would submit to me as his director . . . I should accomplish . . .” the perfect commonwealth. But Confucius built as confidently on the past as you on the future. Envidable confidence!

This letter is only to say that I, and my household, and your other neighbors, love as well as admire you.

PL. *Pine Cone*.

1. Printed as “A Letter to Steffens by Robinson Jeffers” in the *Carmel Pine Cone* (February 16, 1934): 5. The front page of the newspaper contains a note that says “This Number is

Dedicated to Lincoln Steffens / A Tribute by His Neighbors,
His Townspeople, His Friends and His Enemies.”

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel
February 19. 1934

Dearest Mabel:

No there wasn't a sign of any night letter from you. Of course I would have answered it at once. If you have any idea of the date we ought to make a regular business of tracing it. I think the telegraph office here is pretty reliable.

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

I think we'd better hold back the *Una & Robin*. When the Clapps were here they read it & said “O *dont* EVER let it be published—!”—I dont feel that way—I think its a fine picture of us—but they were *horrified*—That gave me pause—because they are such old & dear & critical friends.—but I do think we'd better wait a bit.

Mary Young-Hunter nearly died of heart attack ten days ago—is better now & {she is} staying at Kusters She has been mad on the subject of diet for years now & its all starvation the doctors say. She lives on the juice of a corr carrot.—Gay said she was putting some application on her & when he laid her hand on her stomach she could feel her back bone!

We are terribly interested and *indignant* too ♦ at that bad survey that affects Tony's house. I haven't a bit of doubt though but that you'll get it all right in the be end. Its ironic that all his effort should get thus repaid.

Powys' publishers sent Robin his last book "Weymouth Sands." It isnt half as good as "Glastonbury Romance." It doesn't focus somehow. There are no more {more}—not as many really—characters as in the Glastonbury one but that magic quality iof the grail held them together.

Ulysses is here too—and is as boring as ever. The only part I can read with much interest is ta that filthy old robust wanton's soliquy at the end.

Isn't this nice.

1

How right you were in put the parrots into Claire's keeping,—their strange exotic quality to enhance hers.

It is raining today. You ought to see Robin's happy ♦ face. I dread to see Russell today though. He doesn't like rain. They have been away to the desert—went as far as Phoenix but only stayed 10 days instead of 3 weeks as they

intended—they hastened to come back to our golden weather! It has been magnificent weather all winter—(if one likes Sunshine!) Jaime & Nancy came the other evening & brought that photographer friend & *his* boyfriend!—such blatant homos—they cant bother to conceal it but keep somehow drawing attention to their happy state. Jaime looked really handsome again & full of life. He has been planting an orchard down on his ranch. Nancy says they have a helper who gets their supplies & makes life easy but its a drain on their income which must cease when Jaime gets a bit stronger.

Langston says John & Claire & have been down to El Paso—did *you* go too?

What a romantic death for a king—Albert of Belgium’s!
2 just got the paper—

Dearest love from all at Tor House.
Una.

I am mailing with this a copy of the *Pine Cone* issue to Steffie, gotten up by Mrs. Blackman.

3

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. An arrow points to a newspaper clipping pasted on the letter: “Elizabeth Hawes, who designs dresses in New York, recently showed a pink flannel bed jacket, which she called ‘The Alice B. Toklas,’ to be worn with an old fashioned muslin petticoat called ‘The Gertrude Stein.’”

2. Albert I of Belgium, born Albert Léopold Clément Marie Meinrad (1875–1934), won respect and admiration for his courage in defense of Belgium during World War I. He fell to his death in a climbing accident February 17, 1934.

3. Written diagonally in top right margin, page 1.

RJ to Rudolph Gilbert

Tor House, Carmel, California
March, 1934.

Dear Mr. Gilbert:

I beg your pardon with sincere regret for having kept your manuscript so long.

1 I always shrink from reading things written about my verses—especially if they are friendly—when the morning’s writing is finished I want to forget my verses until the next occasion—and such a not perfectly rational shrinking is just the kind that postpones and postpones. I am very sorry.

My wife answers all my letters but has refused to write about this, saying that it is interesting and very good, and I must read and answer myself. She has been rather constant on the subject lately.

I think you are quite right in feeling that most of what has been written about my verses does not go deeper than the surface; but that is almost invariably the case with contemporary criticism. Only after time and opinion have established a work does it seem worth investigating very deeply. Mine has seemed so to you because you trust your

own opinion and are not waiting on time. Assuming for the moment that your opinion is justified—that my poems are worth the trouble you have taken—it seems to me that you have done an extremely good piece of work. ♦

The meanings you find in the poems are not always those that were consciously present to my mind when I was writing—but indeed I am not very conscious of intentions then, of anything but the immediate story—if there are meanings or symbolisms they are the result of long-previous thought, or unconscious thought. And I do not find any of your interpretations to refuse

or deny. No author could ask for a more understanding or more favorable critic than I have in you. And the width of your reading is astonishing—your wealth of quotation and reference from so many diverse authors. The relationships you find for me with other writers would surprise the people who are inclined to blame me for standing so solitary! As to my “philosophy”—Weltanschauung rather—I think you present it very competently. I don’t want to think about it too much, for if it were perfectly conscious and logical {a system} it would cease to be a source of poetry—which seems to me a better thing than philosophy. [But in saying this I don’t mean to suggest an antithesis between *truth* and poetry. They belong together.]

2

I must thank you for your extremely well-done, careful, sympathetic and interesting study of my poems. I am the more remorseful about having kept it so long because you speak of wishing to submit it to a publisher. Of course I should be pleased to if it were published—and I don’t want to be discouraging—your work is well worthy of publication

and would easily find it, if (or when) <over> ♦ its subject becomes better known to more people. In the meantime any publisher may feel that Alberts's "Bibliography" and Powell's "Introduction" are quite all that the public wants on this subject at present. However,—the best of luck to you, and my sincere thanks.

I was much interested in your quotations from E. Merrill Root and Stephen Spender.

3 They have power and beauty.—I must stop if this is to be mailed to-day.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 3 pages.

1. Manuscript copy of Gilbert's *Shine, Perishing Republic: Robinson Jeffers and the Tragic Sense in Modern Poetry* (Boston: B. Humphries, 1936).

2. Jeffers uses brackets here.

3. In the last section of *Shine, Perishing Republic*, "Attitude Toward Poetry, Civilization and Nature," Gilbert discusses similarities between Jeffers and other writers, including Root and Spender; see pages 169–174. E. Merrill Root (1895–1973) was a poet, writer, vociferous anti-communist, and professor of English at Earlham College in Indiana. He was the author of *Lost Eden* (1927), *Collectivism on the Campus* (1955), and other works. For information on Spender, see RJ to Benjamin Miller, March 1937.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel. Mar 5. '34

Dear Mr. Alberts:

You need not return the enclosed.

1 You will be interested to know the highest bid of the evening was for the R. J. ms. It was bought by

Dr. Bernard Strauss

2

999 Sutter Street

San Francisco.

It consisted of 2 or 3 pencil-written pages of an unfinished poem about the Ressurrection of Achilles

3 written about two yrs. ago

Sincerely

Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. Along with a newspaper article titled "Carmel Takes Part in San Francisco Event" published in the *Carmel Pine Cone* (February 23, 1934), Una enclosed a program for an auction planned by Langston Hughes to raise funds for the defense of the Scottsboro Boys. The auction was sponsored by the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, an organization led by Lincoln Steffens. Contributions to the

event, which took place February 28, 1934 at the Women's City Club in San Francisco, included drawings, paintings, photographs, manuscripts, musical scores, and other items donated by Jeffers, Sherwood Anderson, Margaret Bourke-White, Theodore Dreiser, Langston Hughes, Julian Huxley, Marie Laurencin, Anita Loos, Archibald MacLeish, John dos Passos, Ezra Pound, Bertrand Russell, Edward Steichen, Edward Weston, and many others. Actor James Cagney presided as auctioneer.

2. Bernard Strauss (1904–2006), a physician and surgeon, was born in Russia and raised in New York. Prior to moving his practice from San Francisco to Los Angeles in the 1940s, Dr. Strauss established the medical library at Mount Zion Hospital in San Francisco.

3. A fragment eventually published as “The Resurrection of Achilles (An Unfinished Poem)” in *Four Poems and a Fragment* (S. S. Alberts, 1936). For the text of the poem and a discussion of its manuscript history, see “Beginning of an Unfinished Poem About the Resurrection of Achilles,” *Collected Poetry* 4: 512–514 and *Collected Poetry* 5: 1022–1023. See also *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter* 48 (March 1977): 14.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel
March 12. 1934

Dear Bennett:

We would feel honored to have the “Roan Stallion” volume in Modern Library list which is a grand one really.

1 You must use your judgement about putting it in. In case the sales of R. S. regular edition got less from the {sales of the} cheaper volume, I jud should think the added publicity would counterbalance that misfortune. I have a whole shelfful of these Modern Library books and find them altogether admirable—

Contempo was sent us and we read it with interest of course all through about Joyce. Your article on the publishing of it
2—how it came about gave us the *queerest* start—it sounded like a few pages out of Huysman’s *À Rebours*

3—an out-of-the-world atmosphere Even the names of the two rich brokers were so suitable!

4

Talking of names—I dont know when a name has given me such a pleasant gay little thrill as that of Joyce’s wife *Nora Barnacle*!—from Galway! ♦ I am told, though, she is “blond & sleek” which isnt at all the proper Galway type.

Thanks for the *Panorama* which I havent read yet.

I enclose a letter which you might want to do something about.

5 You know probably the critic & aut writer S. P. B Mais who several months ago visited U. S. A & made a hurried trip all over the place for British Broadcasting an important series—once a week—He came to see Robin and spoke of him in his current talk.—

I do {not} know this firm or what they could do for us—but they are in a very *important* situation in London certainly and it might be worthwhile to send them something. I wish we could get a better foothold over there—Leonard & V. Wolf Woolf are fine from a literary standpoint but not very *pushing*! The Royalty Statement came & we were well pleased with it.

Cordially, in haste.
Una J.

We are amazed and delighted at the sales of *Ulysses* & the tons of publicity given it by so many papers.

Maurice Browne told us there was real interest in R. J. over there though. He gave some readings of R. J. at a *Poetry* Bookshop or Lecture Course—

Robin will {let} you {know} in a few days whether he wants to make any changes if you put R. S. into Modern Lib.

6

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. In a March 5, 1934 letter to Una (TCC Columbia), Cerf says, “We are thinking seriously of adding the volume of *Roan Stallion and Tamar* to the Modern Library this Fall. Would this please you both? It would make Robinson Jeffers the first modern American poet to have a volume of his own in the series, and I think will result in some fine publicity for him and for all of his books.”

2. Bennett Cerf, “Publishing Ulysses,” *Contempo* 3 (February 15, 1934): 1–2.

3. Joris-Karl Huysmans, *À rebours* (1884), translated as *Against the Grain* and *Against Nature*—a notorious example of Decadent literature.

4. Irving A. Sartorius (1893–1959) and Robert N. Kastor (1892–1979). Sartorius, a friend of Cerf’s uncle Herbert Wise, was a partner in Sartorius & Co., a stock brokerage firm. Kastor—“said to possess one of the great fortunes of this new era,” according to Cerf—was the brother of Helen (Kastor) Fleischmann Joyce, James Joyce’s daughter-in-law (Helen was married to Joyce’s son George). The two men invited Cerf to their club-like, book-filled office in the Wall Street district, where they asked him if Random House would like to publish *Ulysses* in the United States—and thereby challenge the censorship laws that had kept it out of the country. Cerf said yes, and Kastor made the arrangements a few weeks later when he visited the Joyces in Europe.

5. The letter is missing, but Cerf responds March 19, 1934 (TCC Columbia) and thanks Una for sending him a note from Raymond Savage. “Don’t think that we have let the English market slip our minds,” Cerf says. Savage was a literary agent in London.

6. Added in top right corner of first page, beside address and date.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel
March 14. 1934

Dear Bennett:

Thank you so much for the Stein Saints.

1 I cant honestly say I admire her escapades—when one knows with what kindergarten clarity she *can* write when she wants to actually say anything! (vide Autobiography) but she has ardent admirers!

Cordially
Una.

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

1. Gertrude Stein, libretto for *Four Saints in Three Acts*, an opera by Virgil Thompson (New York: Random House, 1934). In his March 5, 1934 letter (TCC Columbia), Cerf says “I am sending you a review copy of the new Gertrude Stein opera which we published. If you can make head or tail of it, you are a better man than I am.”

UJ to Louis Mertins

Tor House. Carmel
March 16. 1934

Dear Mr. Mertins:

1

Robinson Jeffers thanks you for your letter and is very glad to inscribe those pages.

2 We will be glad to see you at Tor House when you come to Carmel. We are usually home after 4:00 If you would send us a line in advance we would certainly be here. We have a white English bull-dog: we promise you he will be friendly!

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers. <over> ♦

My husband wishes me to say he is honored by the invitation to membership in the Guild but must as he has done on former occasions, {in regard to other societies,} refuse.

3 He just *isn't* a social being and finds it more expedient not to become involved in things!

ALS. W Jewell. 2 pages.

1. Marshall Louis Mertins (1885–1973), American poet, writer, radio commentator, and lecturer. Mertins was the author of *The Wishing Gate and Other War Poems* (1919), *A Voice Crying in the Wilderness* (1923), *Robert Frost: Life and Talks-Walking* (1965), *The Blue God: An Epic of Mesa Verde* (1968), and other books. With his wife Esther (Pedersen) Erickson Mertins (1904–1994), he co-authored *The Intervals of Robert Frost: A Critical Biography* (1947).

2. For Mertins' collection of books, manuscripts, letters, autographs, and signed silhouettes (which he eventually gave to William Jewell College, his alma mater), Una enclosed three

items, each signed by Jeffers: a holograph draft manuscript of "The Cruel Falcon" and type-scripts of "Joy" and "To the Rock that Will Be a Cornerstone of the House."

3. Mertins was a co-founder and early secretary of the California Writers Guild.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

March 24. 1934.

Tor House

Dearest Mabel—

I would have returned this more promptly but Robin {just} got time to read it yesterday.

1 We are both VERY ENTHUSIASTIC about it and hope you will go on soon to the other seasons. No one ever felt a *land* more keenly than you do that country and you have the power of getting it over {to} enchant us. I suppose you realize that by indirection you are getting the Indian stuff done perfectly—which you were despairing of last year in writing a direct narrative of your life there. This is grand!!

Yesterday at Olga's I met a great friend of hers Mr. le Doux (I thought but find an article in Pine Cone I enclose spelled Ladew)

2 He has a house on Long Island & {one} near Baltimore—he is master of a famous hunt pack there.—He wanted very much a note of introduction to you which I shall give him but you needn't bother of course if you don't like him—he is a very great traveller in far countries—but he is in the west ♦ for the first time. He wants advice about getting pack animals etc to make trips in N. M. He knows everybody & has amusing things to tell about T. E. Lawrence et others out in Arabia—he won the letter {of introduction} from me when I mentioned *Gertrude Bell*

3 & found he knew her & he said—“Now you see why I want to meet Mabel—she {also} is one of these rare women in whom I feel a power—” et cetera—I’ve been seeing Mrs. Doubleday wife of publisher,

4 *full* of interesting talk She is coming for tea Tues. also Fish & Ladew

I am returning your letters which came this morning so glad to catch up on the news! I am terribly busy. Edith Greenan is here from the Philippines—out there 4 yrs. She looks *very* dissipated—still lovely though. She was at one time the most alluring creature I ever saw. John

O’Shea says he remembers her that way too. She was Teddie’s wife no 2, you remember. She used to stay with Robin & me weeks at a time between love affairs or marriages. Never knew anyone so emotional—so many violent love affairs. She is involved in one now out in Shanghai.—had to clear out for a while

Dearest love from us all

5

Una.

How could you be so stoney-hearted with that precious York.

6

Hans & Phoebe Barkan coming today.

7

Do you know him? Why is he so cross—is he always? I wrote him quite a nice letter! Well Iwe didn’t answer this—Robin was tickled by it because so many people find my letters

agreeable I get set up! He had sent, unasked, a print of “Earth-Knower”

8

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Manuscript of Mabel’s forthcoming book, *Winter in Taos*.
2. Harvey Smith Ladew II (1887–1976), heir to a family fortune, was an ardent fox hunter and gardener. In 1929 he purchased Pleasant Valley Farm in Monkton, Maryland and, following extensive renovations, transformed the property into a majestic country estate. He opened the Ladew Topiary Gardens to the public in 1971.
3. Gertrude Margaret Lowthian Bell (1868–1926), British adventurer, mountaineer, and Arabist. After working with British Intelligence during World War I, Bell was appointed Oriental secretary to the British High Commission in Iraq. In addition to taking an active role in political affairs, she founded the Baghdad Archaeological Museum and served as Iraq’s director of antiquities. Bell was the author of *The Desert and the Sown* (1907), *Amurath to Amurath* (1911), and other works. She died from an overdose of sleeping pills.
4. Ellen (McCarter) Violet Doubleday (1898–1978), wife of Nelson Doubleday (1889– 1949), president of the publishing empire founded by his father.
5. Closing and signature are written vertically in right margin, second page.

6. Written vertically in left margin, first page. York was Haig's littermate. Mabel purchased him for herself but soon lost interest in him.

7. Written in top right margin, first page.

8. A letter to Robinson from Maynard Dixon, dated March 19, 1934, is enclosed. "My dear Sir," it says, "'My husband wishes me to thank you' etc—The print I sent you does not call for any thanks,—but if you *want* to thank me, why the hell dont you do it yourself? This proxy stuff dont mean anything. Yours Maynard Dixon." Una's note to Mabel is written on Dixon's letter. An arrow after "Do you know him?" points to Dixon's signature.

Lafayette Maynard Dixon (1875–1946), an American illustrator, muralist, and painter, was married to photographer Dorothea Lange (1895–1965) from 1920 to 1935. *Earth-Knower* is the title of a 1931 painting of a Native American male wrapped in a blanket; a mountain range fills the canvas behind him.

RJ to Chard Powers Smith

Tor House, Carmel, California.

March [29], 1934

Dear Mr. Smith:

1

I was very glad to hear from you, and not only as a friend of Jim Rorty's.

I wish I could tell you something about Donald Paquette:
2 it seems to me I should have remembered the name if he had sent me work of his—or my wife would have, who generally opens and answers the letters that go in and out here—neither of us can recall it. But that proves nothing. There was {one} young man in particular sent me some poems from Southern California, one of them very good, about a tractor plow and a field of wild flowers—I kept his name and address and cannot find them now—This might be your man, but the name Paquette seems more rememberable than that.—So I'm sorry not to be able to help. I have no confidential friends in Los Angeles and have not been there for many years.

Your review hasn't reached me yet; of course I'd be glad to see it. If When you see Rorty again, do tell him that I am intending to write to him, whenever I can find an hour. If you give your mornings to writing verses, or trying to, it's incredible how occupied the rest of the day can be, even in this misty seaside place where everyone else seems to be rather idle.—A matter of management, probably.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Yale. 1 page. Postmark: March 29, 1934.

1. Chard Powers Smith (1894–1977), writer, lecturer, attorney, justice of the peace; author of *Along the Wind* (1925), *Annals of the Poets* (1936), *Turn of the Dial* (1943), *Where the Light Falls: A Portrait of Edwin Arlington Robinson* (1965), and other works. Smith discusses technical aspects of Jeffers' work in *Pattern and Variation in Poetry* (New York: C. Scribner's Sons, 1932).

2. Possibly Donald J. Paquette (1899–1969), author of *To a Friend Departed, To Thomas Wolfe, October 1939: A Poem* (1939) and *Detour to Destiny: Poems* (1940).

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

[March 30, 1934]
Tor House Carmel
Friday

Dearest Phoebe:

I was hoping to see you again Sunday but couldn't make it. The cake you brought was delicious. I wish I had cut it while you were here! I've been putting off writing to you hoping I could see my way clear to get {up} to the Menuhin concert, 1 but its impossible. I must just thank you with all my heart and tell you how I would have loved to hear him & be with you and the darling McDuffies. Give them my love please. The thing is, Carmel has been such a crossroads lately,—so many people have made Robin difficult. He can't feel happy here unless I make regular business of keeping him so, and whenever I get him fixed and leave him—I come back to find him moody. Then he says he must leave this place & go make a home in a wilder one, that gives ♦ me a horrible sinking feeling inside. Then these months & months of endless sunshine have made him feel injured. He says we might as well try to live in Southern California or Taos—that we *came* here for fog & rain & we have neither! I do understand him point though—he works so hard all morning he comes downstairs in a daze fairly—then he wants to go out & draw life & renewal from nature & when we find the shore covered with people & the streets parked full of cars—he says “why

TRY to stay here—there are so many wild places left.” Being completely introverted he gazes upon my extraversion as being all-powerful to cope with practical matters & thinks I could make another home with perfect ease anywhere. Many people would think I am pampering him—but if I don’t—there’ll be no more verse! ♦

So that’s my problem—which would be very difficult indeed, *if* it were not that I too love seclusion as well as I do people & gaiety & if I can’t have both, can do very well with either.

You were looking at that new book {on my table—} on Dorothy Wordsworth by Basil de Selincourt—its a grand book—I just finished it—if you can borrow a copy, do read it.
2 There is no woman in life or literature with whom I feel in a thousand ways so close an affinity.

Love from all here to you two. & Button—

I hope if you go up to the mts. you will get a little organ for her—I can’t tell you the happiness I get out of my organ(.s). I am sure those folding ones are to be had although mine came from SCalcutta, India! because not long ago a motion picture being taken at Pt. Lobos—one of the stars kept herself happy & buoyed up by one—she sat aside under a tree—funny sight.

4 octave organ will take care of all those old ballads & much Bach, etc.

3

Love from
Una.

ALS. San Francisco. 3 pages. Postmark: March 30, 1934.

1. Yehudi Menuhin (1916–1999), American-born violinist and conductor. His benefit concert for the San Francisco Symphony was performed Sunday afternoon, April 8, 1934 at the Civic Auditorium.

2. Ernest de Sélincourt, *Dorothy Wordsworth: A Biography* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1933). De Sélincourt (1870–1943), an English literary scholar and critic, was the editor of *The Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth* (1933), *The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth* (1935–1939), and other works. His brother Basil de Sélincourt (1877–1966) was also a writer.

3. This sentence, the closing, and Una's signature are inserted in a blank area between paragraphs in the middle of the last page.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel
April 3. 1934

Dear Bennett—

Robin says he cannot attempt to change or correct any poems in the Roan Stallion volume. He is dissatisfied with so many bits in it—and in every one of his things when he has finished with them that it would be an interminable job. He is willing to have you rearrange the poems if you wish, or he would write a short foreword if you thought best.—or, the {group

of} poems in Harcourt-Brace Miscellany ed. by Untermeyer in 1927 (we have the copyright) might be included. Some of them are very fine. Most of them—Robin thinks all of them have never been included in his regularly published books. (None of them are in)

What a trip you are to have!—*Who* hasn't a deep desire to visit the isles of Greece!—since Byron!—and all the rest. Our best wishes with you.

Cordially
Una.

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel
April 25. 1934

Dear Mr. Powell:

Here are {is} the material you asked for. Use as if from a letter. Arrange to suit yourself in answer to your questions I whether R. J. was disillusioned by the war II Ireland. but please quote exactly if {you quote.}

I am sending you a photograph of us which people like very much. You asked for it. Also the copper block-thing—(I dont know what its called) Ella Winter had made of my photograph for use in the special “Carmelite”—If you dont use these or when you've finished please return.

I wish you to change something in your prospectus (any future printings) or other publicity. R. J. certainly did NOT place at your disposal ALL of his personal material and it is ambiguous to say his *endorsement* That seems to mean that he agrees with your statements. I told you he hadn't read it—and could not possibly agree with some things you said. What he meant to do in giving you the foreword was to acknowledge a sincere & serious effort on your part to write a comprehensive study. It is not the time yet to try a definitive biography. Please alter that statement wherever you can. In fact I think you should quote this paragraph in part as a footnote somewhere. It gives a completely wrong picture of R. J. if you show him working with you on this thesis—his great distaste for discussion of himself and his work is such a noticeable characteristic.

Thank you for the clipping which I return. A house guest has kept me from my letters—but I do sincerely congratulate you on your marriage.

I hope you will be very happy.

Very sincerely,
Una Jeffers. ♦

(I About the war.)

It seemed to him that the war was unavoidable as the world was (and is) arranged. He thought in 1916 that our entrance into the war on one side or the other was unavoidable. (Is not so sure of that now). He disliked the cant of our neutrality, followed by the cant of our belligerency. My husband felt no conscientious scruples against taking part in the war, but did not enlist in the ranks because we had little money and no

immediate expectation of more and our twin boys were infants. After suffering considerable disturbance of mind, he made various attempts unsuccessful applications for training for a commission; he was examined for aviation and rejected for high blood pressure. However he had been provisionally accepted for balloon service and was awaiting instructions when peace was declared.

The conflict of motives on the subject of going to war or not was probably one of several factors that, about this time, made the world and his own mind ♦ much more real and intense to him. Another factor was the building of Tor House. As he helped the masons shift and place the wind and wave-worn granite I think he realized some kinship with it and became aware of strengths in himself unknown before. Thus at the age of thirty-one {there came to him} a kind of awakening such as adolescents and religious converts are said to experience.

2

(II In Ireland)

We lived in a small house belonging to a priest, in the Glens of Antrim within a mile of the sea,—“the gray waters of the Moyle.” From here we motored 5,000 miles up and down the roads of Ireland searching always for these strange and beautiful old Irish Round Towers, whose meaning and history are still uncertain to archeologists. My husband had gone to Ireland for *my* sake; he himself felt very indifferent but one day after we had walked {through the rain} some miles to “Ossian’s grave,” (a dolmen and group of standing stones upon a lonely hill,) and were coming back along a lane all red with tree-high fuchsias and enchanting

with the fragrance of wet briar roses, he confessed he had never been more content, and ♦ often now, he who seems so closely knit with this mountaineous coast lying all ablaze with sunlight, says longingly, “I wish we could have a little house there too, on the high wild foreland near Ballycastle where we could hear the sheep bleating on the hills and watch the rain sweep across that dim heathery moor!”

ALS. Occidental. 5 pages.

1. Powell married Fay Ellen Shoemaker (1911–1990) March 26, 1934.

2. Una based her answer to Powell’s first question on notes written by Jeffers (now located in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities Research Center, Texas). Referring to himself in the third person, Jeffers describes his response to World War I:

It seemed to him that war was unavoidable, as the world was (and is) arranged. He thought in 1916 that our entrance into the war, was on one unavoidable side or the other, was unavoidable. (Is not quite so sure of it now). Disliked the cant of our neutrality, followed by the cant of “our war for democracy”, “war to end war”, etc. our belligerency.

Did not feel conscientious scruples against taking part in the war. Did not enlist in the ranks because we were very poor {seemed to have no financial future,} and had two babies. Suffered considerable disturbance of mind on the subject. Made various unsuccessful applications for training or commission—examined for aviation; rejected on account of high blood pressure.

Disturbance of mind and conflict of motives on the subject of going to war or not was probably one of several factors that {about this time} made the world and his own mind much more real and intense to him. A kind of awakening So that he felt at the age of thirty-one a kind of awakening, such as adolescents and religious converts are said to experience.

RJ to Alfred A. Knopf

Tor House, Carmel, California.
May, 1934.

Dear Mr. Knopf:

1

Of course I am glad to write my name in your friend's books. It is the easiest kind of writing—and probably as useful as most!

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Berkeley. 1 page.

1. Alfred Abraham Knopf (1892–1984), American publisher and author, founded the Alfred A. Knopf publishing company in 1915. The firm was incorporated in 1918 with himself as president and his wife Blanche (Wolf) Knopf (1894–1966) as vice president.

RJ to Marie Bullock

Tor House, Carmel, California.

May 1, 1934.

My dear Mrs. Bullock:

1

Thank you sincerely for your letter about the proposed Academy of American Poets.

2 The idea seems to me extremely commendable in so far as it aims at enabling good poets to devote themselves to their work without having to seek other sources of income. I am more doubtful of the specially “academy” aspect of the plan. It seems questionable whether the Royal Academy has been really helpful to British painting, or the French Academy to French literature.

I feel honored that you would like to add my name to your list of sponsors, but perhaps it would be better for one who writes poetry not to stand sponsor for a movement that will be seeking funds for the reward and support of poets.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. AA Poets. 1 page.

1. Marie Bullock (1911–1986), born Marie Leontine Graves to American parents living in Paris, studied at the Sorbonne, Columbia University, and the Juilliard School of Music. In 1933 she married Hugh Bullock, an investment banker. A year later, at age twenty-three, she perceived a need for an organization that would help poets financially and promote their place in America’s cultural life. Bullock established the

Academy of American Poets to achieve these ends and led the organization as president until 1986.

2. While Bullock's letter to Jeffers is lost, a draft of the document (ALD AA Poets) survives. Dated April 24, 1934, the draft contains a statement of Bullock's plan "to create an A. A. P. whereby fellowships carrying income would be awarded to those poets considered the most worthy." In asking Jeffers for his support, Bullock says, "We should be deeply honored to have your permission to place your name upon our list of sponsors."

UJ to Ward Ritchie

[May 1, 1934]

Tor House. Carmel

May Day

Dear Mr. Ritchie:

Who wrote that leaflet about Mr. Powell's book on R. J.? We object extremely to the statement that R. J. placed all his personal material at Mr. Powell's disposal and endorsed the book. It is entirely untrue and *must* be altered in your publicity for the book.

The truth is as Mr. Powell would tell you—R. J. is not familiar with the contents of his book & in no way commits himself to agreeing with all the statements in it. The biographical material is accurate and as for the rest, he regards Mr. Powell's work as the first prolonged and serious attempt to describe his work books and he has ♦ answered certain questions asked by Mr. Powell from time to time. You

would do well, if you wish this book to *go*—to state the truth that it is a thesis with some additional comment and it will fare better with critics thus than if it has blurb about {being} a definitive biography.

With best regards to you from both of us and really sincere good wishes about the book. We know you are taking great pains to make it a worthy looking volume and wish it to succeed—but on its proper basis.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

UJ to Donald Klopfer

[May 6, 1934]

Dear Mr. Klopfer:

1

I did not send this enclosed letter because it seems better for you to deal with directly.

Cordially
Una Jeffers

Tor House. Carmel. California
May 6. 1934

Liveright Publishing Corporation

N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I was surprised to receive from you today a royalty statement showing that you had during the six months ending Dec. 31, 1933 sold rights to some poem in "Cawdor" for \$30.00 (½ due to author) which you cancel out with the words "applied to purchase a/c". I am surprised,—

1stly because your firm has never had any rights at any time to Robinson Jeffers' books, nor have we purchased {anything from you.}

2ndly the now dead Liveright Inc. firm had had no rights during the six months ending Dec 31, 1933

3rdly the now dead Liveright Inc. firm went out of existence owing Robinson Jeffers more than \$500.00 in excess of {authors} purchases.

Please adjust this promptly with check to us or Random House our present publishers.

Very sincerely

Una Jeffers.

(Mrs Robinson Jeffers)

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

1. This note to Klopfer is written across the top of the Liveright letter that follows. In a response dated May 10, 1934 (TCC Columbia), Klopfer tells Una that he sent a letter

to Liveright demanding the \$30 payment. He also says, "I am sure that you will be interested to know that all the New York critics agree that the Pulitzer prize awarded for poems this year is ridiculous and that there is no question that Robinson Jeffers should have received it. I got a big kick out of it, even though Mr. Jeffers did not get the somewhat shallow glory."

The 1934 Pulitzer Prize for poetry was awarded to Robert Hillyer for *The Collected Verse of Robert Hillyer* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1933). For an example of the critical reaction to this decision, see "The Pulitzer Prize Winners," *Saturday Review of Literature* (May 12, 1934): 688. According to this editorial, Hillyer's work deserves some praise but "few competent critics would assert" that "it belongs in the same category of significance" as the poetry of Jeffers. This sentiment is echoed in the *New York Times* (May 8, 1934): 21, where the decision of the judges is lamented and Jeffers is described as "a more important poet than Mr. Hillyer."

UJ to Sara Bard Field

May 11, 1934
Tor House, Carmel.

Dearest Sara:

I hasten to return the Powys' letters which Robin and I read with utmost interest. He is one of the most interesting living writers to me—(one of the not more than five anyway,) whose every book is awaited & read with eagerness, and never have I put a book of his down without being richer—He provokes thought and speculation in me quite aside from the

pleasure of his his material and descriptions give me. I love Dorset very much and I see and smell it in his books.—Among the people I talk to there are not many *ardent* readers of his—I remember my enthusiasm for “Wolf Solent” was violently opposed by Edna Millay & her husband. I have induced many people, though, to buy the “Philosophy of Solitude”

1 and each one has been grateful for that.—Sara you should be a proud woman to inspire so devoted a friendship and admiration in that man! ♦

How well I know a great deal of that Dorchester {Dorset} country I coached through it with some English friends in 1912 then read and read Hardy through so many years and in 1929 we four spent days and days going over the Hardy places besides finding out many precious bits for ourselves. My first joy in England in 1912 was seeing, the afternoon I landed, the hawthorn and apple blossoms {in Dorset} in a slow journey up to London from Plymouth.

I wonder have you ever heard Powys speak of that old Dorset poet W^m Barnes?

2 One of the *dearest* figures in English literature to me. A statue of him stands in a churchyard in Dorchester where he was vicar. His book “Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset dialect” is so precious {to me} that when I just take it in my hands my heart misses a beat.

You asked about Scripps—I have constantly *fine* reports from there.

3 Both *scholastically* and from the standpoint of environment—My dearest friend in Los Angeles ♦ sent her daughter there and *if* you wish to know any *specific* thing

about the place if you would write her mentioning my name she would be glad to tell you anything. She knows you through our talk of you and besides has a *strong* interest in education (theoretic, for she doesn't *do* anything) Her name: Mrs. James Roy Pinkham, Beverly Hills, Tower Road. P

Cynthia Criley

4 has spent two years there and will be back here in Carmel soon and I would gladly ask her anything you wish.

I picked up my Barnes to read a moment and thinking you might be interested in some notes I had written in it copied them out for you.—Don't think I made a long business of it. It gave me such pleasure to linger over them. One thinks of Erskine together with Barnes and your friends Powys' Dorchester may interest you. Tell ♦ Erskine I could write just as thrilling an account of our visit to "The Cats." (And would have besides other data a *handsome* figure of a man to describe!)

Hardy's *heart* is buried in a churchyard *Stin{s}ford* about 1½ mile from Dorchester, beside a most *exquisitely* carved {tiny} stone church.

Dearest love from all here to you both.

Una.

A card two days ago from Blanche M—from Gallup, N.M. One recently from Russell from Grand Cañon said "*not Ireland*—of course, but still pretty good!"

I think they are going to go over the mountain road in Colorado from Ouray to Silverton which we think *must* be the grandest scenery in the world—I cannot imagine anything finer. Its cut out of solid rock—about 12,000 ft elevation, streams & forest & snow capped mts of RED stone. All shades of red, & amber. ♦

(From a letter of Sir Edmund Gosse to Hamo Thornycroft—Shirehall Lane, Dorchester July 23, 1883.)

5

“Hardy has taken a house in this town, a house of which a townsman said, ‘He have but one window, and she do look into Goal Lane.’ It is indeed a kind of mole, for the entrance is almost invisible & its barrow extends to the back of everything. Dorchester is an enchanting little country town, with several handsome churches, old fortifications turned into elm-avenues and bits of Roman wall and vallum everywhere—as bright and clean as a pin and full of life; a cavalry and an infantry regiment are stationed in it and bugling and marching and loitering give it quite a foreign air. Hardy and I

walked last afternoon through fields of rye, five & even six feet high to the village of Winterbourne-Came of which Mr. Barnes, the poet, is rector. We were ushered up into the choir behind a delicious old carved screen among XVII cent. marble monuments of the Earls of Portarlington. The church is a tiny little affair you could put in your courtyard; the congregation seemed to fill it pretty well although we were only 45 souls in all. Barnes is a wonderful figure. He is in his 83rd year. <over> ♦ He has long thin silky b white hair flowing down and mingling with a full beard & moustache also as white as milk, a grand dome of a forehead over a long

thin pendulous nose, not at all a handsome face but full of intelligence and a beauty of vigor in extreme old age. He undertook the entire service himself & preached a long sermon. Then he stayed behind to hear the school children practice their singing & walked *to* the rectory as he had walked *from* it, rather over a mile. We waited in Came Park & he caught us up. His dress is interesting, black knee breeches & silk stockings without gaiters, and buckled shoes. I hear he is the last person in Dorset to keep to this dress. He was extremely hospitable and seemed untirable. We stayed four hours with him and all that time he was hurrying us from place to place to show us his treasures. His mind seems to run chiefly on British antiquities & philology & it was difficult to induce him to talk much about his poems. I was extremely gratified & interested by my visit.”—

ALS. Huntington. 6 pages.

1. John Cowper Powys, *A Philosophy of Solitude* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1933).
2. William Barnes (1801–1886), British schoolmaster, poet, philologist, and rector; author of *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect* (1844), *A Philological Grammar* (1854), *Poems of Rural Life in Common English* (1868), and many other works.
3. Scripps College, a member of the Claremont Consortium of academic institutions in Claremont, California, was founded in 1926 as a college for women.
4. Cynthia Criley (b. 1915) was the daughter of Theodore and Myrtle Criley.

5. Sir Edmund William Gosse (1849–1928), poet, critic, writer; lecturer at Cambridge University; librarian of the House of Lords; author of *Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe* (1879), *Father and Son* (1907), *Leaves and Fruit* (1927), and other books. Though Una may have found this letter in another text, it appears in *The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse* by Sir Evan Charteris (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1931): 154–155. Una’s transcription differs from the printed version in minor ways throughout.

UJ to Jake Zeitlin

Tor House. Carmel
May 17. 1934

Dear Mr. Zeitlin:

I meant to write you ten days or more ago but have been too busy. We were both indignant and much annoyed by that *blurb* gotten out by the Primavera Press about Mr. Powell’s book on Robinson Jeffers. I spoke to Mr. Powell & to Mr. Ritchie who both disclaim any responsibility. In particular we deny that Mr. Jeffers “*placed at Powell’s disposal all his personal material.*” Mr. Powell has written a good thesis, it is a serious study of my husband’s life and work, but Mr. Powell is not yet of an age or a degree of scholarship to write an *authoritative* interpretation and you injure both writer & subject by trying to put it over as such. If the book were pushed simply as a well-written thesis, it will {would} fulfill its mission.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

UJ to Langston Hughes

[May 1934]

Friday morning

Tor House

Dear Langston:

1

The day we selected for your lunching here turns out to be Memorial Day—a holiday for the boys from school, so we must choose another for we had promised them to go back in the hills for a walk that day.

I suggest Thursday (May 31). If I do not hear from you I shall know you are coming at 1:00.

Sincerely,
Una.

ALS. Yale. 1 page.

1. James Langston Hughes (1902–1967), poet and writer. Hughes, a key figure in the Harlem Renaissance, leaned left politically and wrote about the challenges and joys of being black in America. He came to Carmel as the guest of Noël Sullivan and soon made friends with many other villagers, including Robinson and Una. Among Hughes' many books are *The Weary Blues* (1926), *Not Without Laughter* (1930), *Lament for Dark Peoples* (1944), *Simple Speaks His Mind*

(1950), and *I Wonder as I Wander: An Autobiographical Journey* (1956).

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

Tor House. Carmel
May 27. 1934. Sunday

Dearest Phoebe—

Well, we are going to Taos June 10 or 11th so if you plan any moment at Carmel don't let it be during the five weeks following June 10th.

Life has been going smoothly here.—me sitting on the lid! We have gone off for one whole day by ourselves in the hills every week and walked for two hours late afternoons almost every day & Robin has been content. *No*, there hasn't been any *real* intention of deserting Carmel—its only I have said now and again—"If I can't manage to give Robin an illusion of a wilder, more rural home, we'll have to go elsewhere." Somehow I've managed to give that illusion.

And I'm busier than ever!—Edith Greenan (Teddie K's wife No. 2.) was here for 2 months in Carmel. ♦ She has been living for more than four years in the P. I. & Her husband is a mining engineer. Apparently the life is very fast and irresponsible in Manila. Her marriage was unhappy in spite of three lovely children.

1 She came over a nervous wreck. Got better here & resolved to go back & make a success of it all but, intending to sail on May 18, was met by his father arriving from P. I. on May 14, {with a message from husband} demanding that she go to

Reno & get a divorce & *not* return to the Islands.—She went anyway & I don't know how it will all turn out.—*She* took time. I am fond of her.

Hazel was here for twenty-four hours with Mary Eversole (Dr. Henry Eversole's wife)

2 Anne too. Edith is in England. My friends the Matthiases are considering buying Ha's property at the Highlands. Ha is torn between

wanting the cash & *not* wanting to lose the property she & all of them love better than any they have. ♦

A {Scotch} woman lately gave a concert here playing the viola & viola d'amore.

3 I've heard the viola played much better, but the old viola d'amore was charming, and enchanting to consider, especially when she played the *old* airs written for it when it was an important instrument. Several {ultra} modern things on it were horrid. Miss Tilly was there—ask her. Years ago I heard Dolmetsch

4 play on one when he was over here with virginals, clavichord & lutes! He kept to the proper music for it. It has a great tenderness & depth & a quality unlike any other viol.

I adored hearing the Irish harper!

5 He gave with such simplicity & fervor & authentic emphasis the old Gaelic. He copied a lot from my collection. I went with Ellen O'Sullivan, {&} John O'Shea.—a real Irish core in the hall to play to. ♦

Boys are off for the day riding horseback with the Tevises after a look in at Del Monte dog show. I must go in a moment I promised to go up to the stables to picnic lunch.—Robin & I

heaved many sighs of relief yesterday when they finished some physics projects. Garth had to make a dynamo & Donnan a telegraph instrument. Made us nervous wondering whether they'd work but boys plodded away, *indifferent*, & they went all right!

Tell Hans I wish much that we were to meet in England after his clinics on the continent! Don't ever neglect us because of our groans about *people—you aren't people!* but two of our dearest friends.

Last week we spent the day at the Fishes. We went 8 miles back in the hills to their back ranch. Robin & I, & Sydney Fish & ♦ Count Ledebur rode horseback. The others including Mrs. Pat Campbell up from Hollywood & John McVeagh Weaver

6 the playwright, went in closed car. Mrs. Pat nearly died of terror—the road *is* terrible & made me ride back with her on the rear end of the little provision & luggage truck with our feet hanging down so we could step out any instant. She said she'd rather face her God with me than any the others! She is most witty & amusing & explosive! She is 72 & looks 55. She wore a flame colored crêpe dress & carried a wee rare pure white Pekinese "Moonbeam." Ledebur rides marvellously & is almost too incredibly handsome. Interesting too. His wife Iris Tree had just gone back to London with Alice Astor.

7 He will meet her shortly in Ireland. He is going there to hunt. What fun if we should meet in the Southwest!

Dearest love always from us all to you & yours—

Una

Read “Seven Gothic Tales”.)

8 & “Winter in Moscow” by Malcolm Muggeridge.

9 He is a friend of Percy Peacocks, & on staff of *Manchester Guardian*

10

ALS. San Francisco. 5 pages. Postmark: May 28, 1934.

1. Maeve, James, and Owen Greenan. Edith’s youngest child, Owen Emmons Greenan, was born November 28, 1929.

2. Mary Eversole (1883–1976), wife of Dr. Henry Owen Eversole (1877–1963), a Los Angeles physician and California Institute of Technology researcher who specialized in chest diseases and plant physiology.

3. Alix Young Maruchess (1889–1973), a native of Edinburgh, performed May 19, 1934 at the Denny-Watrous Gallery in Carmel.

Dene Denny (1886–1959) and Hazel Watrous (1888–1954), owners of the Denny-Watrous Gallery, helped shape the cultural life of Carmel. Denny, a concert pianist who pursued a special interest in avant-garde music, and Watrous, an artist, architect, and designer who built more than thirty Carmel homes, moved to Carmel in 1925. Prior to opening their art gallery and recital hall on Dolores Street, the two women produced concerts and plays at Teddie Kuster’s Theatre of the Golden Bough and helped establish the Carmel Music Society. In 1935 they founded the Carmel Bach Festival.

4. Arnold Dolmetsch (1858–1940), French-born musician, scholar, and instrument maker who lived in England.

Dolmetsch played a major role in reviving interest in early music and period instruments. He was the author of *The Interpretation of Music of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries Revealed by Contemporary Evidence* (1915).

5. Charles O'Connor, an Irish tenor and harpist, performed traditional Irish songs in an April 13, 1935 concert at the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

6. John V. A. Weaver. Una must have momentarily forgotten Weaver's middle initials, for she uses them correctly in a May 14, 1934 letter to Mabel Luhan (ALS Yale), not used in this edition. John Van Alstyne Weaver (1893–1938) was a poet, playwright, and writer. His wife Peggy Wood (1892–1978) was a noted stage and screen actress (remembered, for instance, as the abbess in the 1965 film production of *The Sound of Music*). Weaver wrote the screenplay for *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1938). Book publications include *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em* (1926), *Her Knight Comes Riding* (1928), and *In American: The Collected Poems of John V. A. Weaver* (1939).

7. Ava Alice Muriel Astor (1902–1956), daughter of John Jacob Astor IV, prominent American businessman, inventor, writer, and real estate magnate. At the time this letter was written, Alice Astor was married to her second husband, Raimund von Hofmannsthal.

8. Isak Dinesen, *Seven Gothic Tales* (New York: Modern Library, 1934).

9. Malcolm Muggeridge, *Winter in Moscow* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1934). Thomas Malcolm Muggeridge (1903–1990)

was an English author, editor, social critic, and, in his later years, devout Christian apologist. His books include *The Earnest Atheist: A Life of Samuel Butler* (1936), *Affairs of the Heart* (1949), *Jesus Rediscovered* (1969), and *A Twentieth-Century Testimony* (1979).

10. Written in left margin, first page.

RJ to Marie Bullock

Tor House, Carmel, California.
May 30, 1934.

My dear Mrs. Bullock:

Forgive me for not answering more promptly.

1 A poets' Academy still sounds to me a little—Druidical—but I can't refuse to sponsor a movement aimed at enabling good poets to attend to their proper business. If you think my name will help you are welcome to it.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. AA Poets. 1 page.

1. After receiving Jeffers' May 1, 1934 letter, in which Jeffers politely declines to serve as a sponsor for the Academy of American Poets, Bullock responded May 9, 1934 (ALD AA Poets) with a request that he reconsider. Unless prominent poets stand behind the project, she says, the average layman

might wonder about the organization. “One name of the most prominence,” she adds, “is greatly to be desired.”

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

[May 1934]

Dearest Mabel—

1

The boys teachers have agreed to give them their examinations a little ahead & let them off the last week of shool (school ends June 15). They will finish Friday June 8 & we will leave lea early Sunday June 10 for Taos or at the latest {early} Monday June 11, & arrive probably in the forenoon of Thursday, June 14. The boys have just finished making (1) a dynamo (2) a telegraph instrument for their physics projects.—Made the ♦ eyes of their parents stand out.

Lots of news—& dont you forget yours

Love from Una.

Am finishing *Seven Gothic Tales*, an amazing book. Quite *perfection* in finished form—such a strange form for today & now

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. A newspaper clipping, on which Una has written “Apr 15, 1934 London Observer,” is glued to the top right corner of the first page. The clipping refers to Aleister Crowley’s use of

numerology to claim for himself “the Apocalyptic mark of the Beast, the number 666.” Crowley (1875–1947), a notorious British occultist, was the author of *The Book of Lies* (1913), *Diary of a Drug Fiend* (1922), and other books.

UJ to *The Poetry Review*

[May 1934]

1 Five years Robinson Jeffers was building his tower, and so often the hawks flying above came to rest on the great granite boulders that at last we called it HAWK TOWER, and had hawks cut with the unicorns in the keystones over the doors. Only the wall enclosing the courtyard joins it to Tor House, standing firm set against the strong trade winds, which sweep in across the Pacific at certain seasons of the year.

I am writing from my little oaken sitting room on the second floor. At one end an oriel window juts seaward, at the other, beside the open fire is my spinet and a great pile of old Gaelic ballads. If I climb the winding stair two stories higher, I shall stand upon the top of the turret and, looking south beyond the river mouth and Pt. Lobos, watch the wisps of clouds caught in the folds of the gentle Santa Lucian mountains. To the north lie the village and the Del Monte Forest; to the east the fruitful Carmel Valley winds away from the old amber coloured mission where its founder, Father Serra, sleeps.

Hawk Tower arose from our dreams of old Irish towers, but as we have climbed to the turret during the last dozen years with many friends we have seen in their eyes that they also have some symbolic tower, citadel, or belfry, or beacon light, whose image they cherish in their hearts.

PL. *P Review*.

1. This letter appears in *The Poetry Review* 25 (London: The Poetry Society, May–June 1934): 209. It is included in an essay titled “Dynamics of American Poetry: XLVIII” by Alice Hunt Bartlett that features a review of *Give Your Heart to the Hawks*. Bartlett begins her article by referring to a previous letter she received from Una written in response to Bartlett’s favorable review of *Thurso’s Landing* in “Dynamics of American Poetry: XLIV,” *The Poetry Review* 24 (September–October 1933): 397–398. With that letter, Una enclosed a photograph of Yeats’ tower and cottage in Galway. Bartlett responded, she says, with a request that prompted Una’s letter: “In thanking Mrs. Jeffers for the picture of Yeats’ tower, since people who are fortunate enough to have visited the Jeffers in Carmel, California, have told me of their tower, I asked her to give me a line or two about the building of it, which was a romantic affair, and here it is, as she wrote it to me.” A version of Una’s letter, with different wording in several places, is included in Bennett’s *The Stone Mason of Tor House*, page 102.

The September–October 1933 issue of *The Poetry Review* also contains a letter to the editor from Mary Alethea Woodward, author of *Songs of the Soul* (1924 and 1939), which describes Jeffers’ poetry as “an emanation from an impure mind and clouded soul” and denounces Jeffers and others like him for contributing to “the subtle and insidious force that is debasing and degrading our civilization” (pp. 484–485). Woodward wrote in response to an essay titled “A ‘Magnificent Misanthrope’: A Brief Survey of the Poetry of Robinson Jeffers” by Julia Boynton Green, *The Poetry Review* 23 (May–June 1932): 187–194. Green begins her essay by citing the claim that Jeffers’ emergence “is the

outstanding literary event of the decade.” To this she adds, “Of a century, might be more correct.”

RJ to Gorham Munson

Tor House, Carmel, California
June 3, 1934.

Dear Mr. Munson:

1

Your letter is dated May 13, and I should have answered more promptly. I am sorry.

You ask about “Thurso’s Landing”. In a previous book (Cawdor, page 144) there is a short piece of verse called “Bixby’s Landing”, describing the headland of that name, about 25 miles south of here, to which of course I had to give another name when I came to make a story about it. (The canyon was remote and solitary, hung with the old cable of the lime works, when we were first there; now it is spanned by a tremendous rainbow-arched bridge of the new state highway).—So it appears that the scene impressed me first, and the narrative poem grew out of it. The theme of the narrative is human courage—fortitude, rather—I think (without any assurance) that it was suggested by the powerful and rather cruel depth and concentration of the scene,—perhaps too by the falcons that were nesting there when we first visited it.

Reason for writing the poem? I think the same reason that leads me to call my wife out of doors to look at a sunset. You

are excited by something that seems beautiful or significant,—you want to show it to others.

My opinion of “Thurso’s Landing”?—I have none, really. It seems neither the best nor the worst of my long poems. Perhaps it is freer than others of my own ideas and “philosophy”.

And really I cannot tell how long I was writing it. Six months for a guess; but I cannot remember anything to date the beginning or end.

Thank you sincerely. I shall be glad to have the work that you and Professor W. are writing. I hope this letter does not come too late for your purpose, though it seems to me there is nothing of much importance in it.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

TLC. Virginia. 1 page.

1. In Ridgeway’s *Selected Letters*, the recipient of this letter and two others (June 1934 and July 9, 1934) is identified as Gorham Munson. The letters are addressed simply to Mr. Munson, however, and no additional clues survive. Gorham Bert Munson (1896–1969), a writer, editor, and professor, authored *Waldo Frank: A Study* (1923), *Twelve Decisive Battles of the Mind* (1942), *The Writer’s Workshop Companion* (1951), and other books, including the posthumously published *The Awakening Twenties: A Memoir History of a Literary Period* (1985).

UJ to Blanche Matthias

Tuesday June 26. 1934

Dearest Blanche:

Your letter gave me a vivid sense of the days you are spending in Ojai. Not from you only have we heard again and again of the inspiration Krishnamurti

1 is to everyone who comes near him. I hope so *much* that we shall see him with you in Carmel.

We are much busier than other years here. There are so many interesting people coming & going,—constant interesting conversation—We have ridden horseback every day. 6 of us usually Mabel, Myron Brinig

2 the novelist & we four. One day we cantered & jog-trotted twenty-three miles. The country is a riot of wild roses and other native wild flowers. A heavy rain Sunday came down for hours and left snow on the tops of some mountains. ♦

Garth & Donnan had gone for an all day horseback ride {started at 6: am} to the top of a mt. ridge twenty miles away to see a terrific forest fire which had just been gotten under control after burning a fortnight. They nearly froze until they found a shepherd with a bon-fire. Then the rain stopped.

We've been up to Bretts mt ranch & to Frieda Lawrence's several times. I see her charm now beneath & through her robust roughness.

Last night John & Clare gave a dinner party for us. Their place "La Posta" is really a *mansion*! Such spaciousness and

manner in their life! I have a great deal for your private ear about things here when I come! Clare's children are here for the summer. Our boys are off riding with them {now}. A week ago John gave a great party with Indians dancing. I am, you see, having a different life than yours. Perhaps I can bring you something from it as I know you will me from yours. Mabel is younger & gayer & even more vigorous than ever and keeps things in a constant whirl. Tony bought himself a new

air-flow DeSoto yesterday to surprise her! We shall be home about July 15—I will let you know.

Dear love from us four to you.

Una.^

Its *hot* most days

4

I am writing a note to Russell today to tell him something that made us all drink to him last night at John's John's. Ask him. Love!

5

ALS. Yale. 2 pages. Letterhead: Mabel Dodge Luhan.

1. Jiddu Krishnamurti (1895–1986), author and spiritual teacher. As a boy, Krishnamurti was adopted and educated by Annie Besant, leader of the Theosophical Society, and identified as an incarnation of Maitreya, a messianic world leader. Krishnamurti eventually rejected this role, arguing that every individual must find his or her own way to truth. In spreading this message—through writing, teaching, and establishing schools—Krishnamurti inspired millions of

admirers. Among his many books are *The Kingdom of Happiness* (1927), *The First and Last Freedom* (1954), *The Future Is Now* (1968), and *The Wholeness of life* (1978).

2. Myron Brinig (1896–1991), a gay Jewish American writer, was born in Minneapolis and raised in Butte, Montana. A visit to Taos in 1933, which resulted in a friendship with Mabel Luhan, brought Brinig into contact with Cady Wells (with whom he lived for over a year), Spud Johnson, Witter Bynner, and other artists and writers. He remained in Taos for nearly two decades before moving to New York. Brinig was the author of *Singermann* (1929), *Wide Open Town* (1931), *Hour of Nightfall* (1947), *The Looking Glass Heart* (1958), and other books. His 1937 novel, *The Sisters*, was made into a popular 1938 film starring Errol Flynn and Bette Davis.

3. The remainder of this sentence, the closing, and the signature are written vertically in the right margin and across the top.

4. Added vertically in left margin, at the bottom of the first page.

5. Written vertically in top margin, first page.

RJ to Pearl Levison

C/O Mabel Dodge Luhan,
Taos, New Mexico.
June 26, 1934.

Dear Mr. Levison:

1

I am sorry your telegram was not forwarded until we had been notified by mail, which the post-office readdressed, and had sent to claim it. After such a delay it seems better not to burden you with the expense of a reply that could hardly be squeezed into fifty words. For these are not yes-and-no questions.

I think that death extinguishes personal consciousness. That does not mean annihilation exactly, any more than the extinction of a fire means annihilation. The heat and light of the fire remain, or are changed into other forms of energy; the substances that were burnt and incandescent remain though changed into other forms. — — (Possibly some fractional fading remnant of personality survives for a little while—spiritualist researches would seem to suggest that—fading like a puff of smoke from an extinguished fire. I mention the latter hypothesis, not as important, but because it comes into my verses sometimes.)

“Humanity” *means* individual human beings, but all of them. (In another sense it means the condition of being human, but you probably intend the former.) My sympathies are with the individual as opposed to the aggregate; but since the aggregate is composed of individuals, it seems to me the question is more or less verbal rather than real. The only answer would be that one values equally humanity <over> ♦ and human beings.

Surely there are other ways for man to enlarge his own circumference than through pain, or conflict with the elemental. It seems to me that I said so in some verses about King Pentheus,

2 (printed with “Cawdor” I think,)—“contemplation will do it,”—and other suggestions in “Roan Stallion.” Pain, and perhaps “conflict with the elemental,” are frequent in my verses because in making poetry (at least, this kind of poetry) one searches for massive rather than tenuous emotion, and simple rather than complicated action. Pain is more massive than pleasure, though not more universal. It is present in birth and death, and in that sense I spoke of it once as the foundation-stone and coping-stone of the tower, but I don’t know that it is {a} more frequent in my verses than in others like them, from in subject, from Scotch ballads to Greek tragedy. Certainly it is a necessary part of reality.

I don’t know the intention of your questions, and am therefore adding rather like a shot in the dark that the whole reality, of which human life is an all but infinitely little part, seems to me the important thing—not a cheat, as it appears to eastern mysticism, but beautiful, and somehow intensely in earnest. That the {central} value of things is outside us, and outside what we call life. Your question about valuing humanity or – – – made me think of adding this, which is perhaps extraneous to your purpose, but seems to me the ruling motif of most of my verses.—I write hurriedly, in order to get this mailed to-day.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Kavlock. 2 pages. Postmark: June 27, 1934.

1. Though Robinson wrote this letter to Mr. Levison and Una addressed the envelope to Mr. Paul Levison, the recipient was

actually Pearl Levison. For her biographical information, see UJ to Pearl Levison, August 21, 1934.

2. “The Humanist’s Tragedy.”

UJ to Donald Klopfer

June 27. 1934

Dear Donald Klopfer:

I meant to write you from Carmel but lived in such a tumult of hurry I didnt manage it. Answering a question of yours in a letter of May 10, R. J. is working busily.

1 He has finished a longish poem called “Attila’s Wife”

2 but will not have {enough for} a book ready until your spring publication if you want one then.

We had a card from Bennett Cerf from Russia. We are curious about his reaction to everything there. Our friends disagree in their reports to us depending on whether they go over ardent communists or anti-c!

This is an enchanting place and very *foreign*.—Elevation 7500 ft. in a valley ♦ rather a plateau surrounded by mts. 12,000 ft. high—desert & meadow intermingled,—depending on whether the land is reached by any of the intricate little water ditches made & tended by Indians (& Mexicans) for centuries—an amazing arrangement one of the most interesting things in New Mexico. We ride horseback every day hours & walk & are having a glorious holiday—Mabel is certainly the most amusing companion in the world & the most thoughtful hostess. Writers of all degrees are striding

about. Frieda Lawrence we see all the time & Brett & Mar Myron Brinig & John Evans & Claire Spencer.—There are even *more* painters! {and Indians.} We are happy and gay—but *our* sea coast and Ireland are even better.

With cordial good wishes from us both

Una Jeffers.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages. Letterhead: Mabel Dodge Luhan, Taos, New Mexico.

1. Klopfer's May 10, 1934 letter to Una (TCC Columbia) contains the following query: "We have not had any word from Mr. Jeffers in a long time. Is he working on a new book of poems or are his plans a secret?"
2. A preliminary title for "At the Birth of an Age," published in *Solstice and Other Poems* (October 1, 1935).

RJ to Gorham Munson

C/O Mabel Dodge Luhan
Taos, New Mexico
June, 1934.

Dear Mr. Munson:

I mailed an answer to your letter—correctly addressed I am sure, and had a return address back of the envelope—about three days before your first postal card arrived. It is annoying that the thing has been lost—the more so, because I can't

confidently remember what questions were asked. I think they were:

1. What suggested “Thurso’s Landing” to my mind?
2. Reason, if any, for writing it?
3. What is my personal opinion about it?
- 4.—?

1. My answer referred you to some verses called “Bixby’s Landing”, printed with “Cawdor” I think, which describe the headland that I later called “Thurso’s”. “Bixby’s” is the real name, so had to be changed (I know nothing of Mr. Bixby’s history except that he burnt lime up the canyon, and shipped it from this promontory) I think that my story was suggested almost wholly by the beautiful strange landscape of this place, and the vestiges of that dead industry. When we first saw the canyon, in 1914, the cable described in my verses was still hanging across it. I think the mood and theme of the poem, as well as the story, were suggested by the landscape; and that the same thing is true of those narrative poems of mine. The theme of

“Thurso’s Landing” seems to me to be human courage—fortitude, rather—a reflection, I think of the deep glowing gorge and high ocean-beaten headland, and perhaps of the pair of duckhawks that were nesting on the rock when we first came there.

2. I think the poem was written out of the same motive that makes me call my wife out-doors to look at a sunset. You see

something that appears to yourself beautiful or interesting or significant:—you want to show it to others.

3. Really and sincerely, I have no personal opinion about “Thurso’s Landing”. It seems to me neither the best nor the worst of my pieces of verse; but I have not thought very much about it since I read the proof, except to answer your questions.

—It seems to me there was a fourth question, but I cannot remember it. I’ll be glad to answer if you think of anything else to ask. We shall be here about two weeks longer, and then return to Carmel. I am sorry for the trouble the lost letter must have caused you.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

TLC. Virginia. 1 page.

UJ to Jean Kellogg

Taos. New Mexico
Chez Mabel Luhan
July 2. 1934

Dearest Jean:

I liked awfully having you think of us and write from Washington and wished to answer from Carmel but found no time. Now we’ve been here nearly three weeks and have even *less* time. We are staying with Mabel until about July 12. There are so many interesting people drifting through and

always stopping in at Mabel's. We have been riding horseback three hours every afternoon—six of us always, sometimes more (Myron Brinig the novelist & Mabel & we four.) We've seen a lot of Frieda Lawrence. She is staying up at her ranch on the mt. with her Italian friend. Her book of memoirs (“Not I, but the Wind”) is just about to be published privately in Santa Fe.

1 I like her better than I did last year. Her robust laughter and high spirits are very amusing. She looks so different too from anyone else. She is *fat*, but *not* her face which has ♦ pure contour—sharply cut. They are giving a party for us next week at the ranch.—I see lots of painters here and long to tell you some amusing things—too long to write. We see Brett a lot. She went to every concert & most rehearsals of Stowkowsky's last winter and sat behind the scenes. She has done a tremendous series of sketches {of him} & now is painting from them—she intends to arrange them to show in a sort of symphonic poem w movement.—More of them, too, later.

I heard news of your mother lately from Cliff McCarthy

2 who is here on some Indian business for Cutting.

3 With his yesterday was a nice Englishman from the Embassy at Washington name Wiggin

4 I think. Tell your sweet mother to (in a long leisure day) to read Sackville-West's “The Land”

5 if she hasn't. O I do love it—its as eclogue-ish as can be—but no good if you are hurried.

You're are dearest *young* friend Jean, so dont forget us.

{Warm} affection from us both.
Una Jeffers.

This is a lovely land here—but O NEVER so dear as Carmel
6

Friendliest greetings to Peggy & Ned Bruce
7

ALS. Yale S. 2 pages.

1. Frieda Lawrence, *Not I, But the Wind* (Santa Fe, N. Mex.: Rydal Press, 1934). Frieda's book was released July 17, 1934.

2. Clifford McCarthy (1904–1968), a protégé of Senator Bronson Cutting, supervised New Mexico's Indian relief program.

3. Bronson Murray Cutting (1888–1935), a newspaper publisher and United States Senator from New Mexico, was a champion of free speech and an advocate for Hispanic citizens. Cutting's epistolary friendship with Ezra Pound is documented in *Ezra Pound and Senator Bronson Cutting: A Political Correspondence, 1930–1935* (1995). Cutting died in an airplane crash May 6, 1935.

4. Arthur F. H. Wiggin (1892–1935), a British diplomat who had served in Egypt and the United States. In December 1935, while he was counselor of the British embassy in Tokyo, pain from an ear disease drove him to suicide.

5. V. Sackville-West, *The Land* (London: W. Heinemann, 1926).

6. Added vertically in left margin, second page.

7. Added in top right corner, first page.

RJ to James Rorty

July 3, 1934.

Dear Rorty:

My letters to you are forever postponed because of a feeling that I ought to say something reasonable in them, about subjects that interest you and me too, but whenever I feel up to that I begin to think of verses instead. As a matter of fact, you are the only person to whom I ever write, except now and then in response to definite questions.

Thank you very much for sending the book on advertising,¹ and the pamphlet. They have not reached me yet because we are in New Mexico again—guests of Mabel Luhan—and only letters are forwarded, our next neighbor in Carmel is holding all second class material for us. We return within a few days; and though I'd like to see the book at once I don't know how to instruct this neighbor—who is really only an acquaintance—how to choose your book out of the stack.

Before we left home I saw the book {{fairly}} well reviewed in "Time", and with considerable space if not complete sympathy in the N. Y. Times.

² That they pay respectful attention to it is something, and there was a faint note of alarm in the Times review that may have pleased you. You have my best wishes, at any rate.

Robert Cantwell ({whom} you perhaps know) settled in Carmel for a few months' stay just before we left; I saw him a couple of times—not much to look at, but intelligent and interesting.

3 <over> ♦

—This has been broken off for days, first by an outbreak in the corrals here. A big boar broke open the gate of his pen and got among the horses. Our boys heard the noise from a distance; when they reached the place two young mares, one defending her colt, had been horribly torn, and a white gelding (that was altered rather late in life and so has stallion characteristics) was doing battle with the boar, the mares and colts clustered behind him. It was quite bloody and Homeric. The boys and I, and a Mexican gardener, persuaded the boar back to his pen with pitchforks and clubs. (Meanwhile Una got our automatic out of the bottom of the trunk and stood by to defend her offspring!) We spent the rest of the day helping an M.D. and

a horse-doctor sew up horrible wounds in the horses' shoulders and sides,

4 and then had to clean up to go to Frieda Lawrence's ranch for dinner, on a mountainside twenty miles from here,—the ranch that Lawrence described in "St. Mawr" and "Death of a Porcupine."

5 Loud, charming, cordial Frieda lives there with an Italian who loved Lawrence and loves her. She talks continually about Lawrence, and has just written her memoirs of him—"Not I, but the Wind"—the first thousand copies privately printed in Santa Fe and {to be} published by herself. and {She hates publishers.} \$7.50. The books will be ready in a few days, I can't imagine how she hopes to distribute so many. I believe Viking Press will have a trade edition

later.—The ranch is excessively remote; usually it rains when we go there, and the car travels sidewise or backward or in the ditch of the slippery roads. Frieda and Angelino (the Italian) have built a big log house beside the little one that Lawrence lived in. An Italian flag flies—from the little one!—and paintings of Lawrence's totem, the blazing phoenix, are nailed on several pine-trees. Frieda hopes sometime to bring him home from France and bury him on the mountain above this place.—Angelino is an Italian reserve-officer, a captain of bersaglieri.

All this sounds fantastic perhaps, but really everything in New Mexico is more or less fantastic. ♦

Here at Mabel Luhan's strange guests come and go from day to day. We have been riding ten or twenty miles almost every afternoon, we four, Mabel Luhan, and Myron Brinig who is staying here, sometimes a seventh. I try to work in the mornings, but probably have accomplished nothing—too hot, and strange place. We have been here 3½ weeks, and start home three days from now.

There are lovely thunder-storms, but irrigation water scanty, no snow in the mountains last winter. The Indians have first right to the water; Mexicans and others are allowed to fill their ditches "from the hour of pastores"—does that mean shepherds, the hour of folding flocks?—"on Friday evening until the morning star rises on Monday." The Indians watch for the morning star and instantly shut the sluice-gates. I have this from the village paper.

—Thank you for your review of "Give Your Heart——"

6 I thought it It was intelligent, kindly, and quite as sympathetic as possible in the circumstances. Una was a little irritated because you spoke as if I had never known poverty—“economic struggle”—which she knows too well is quite a common-place with us.

7 We get along happily, like a copy-book, by doing everything for ourselves and not even wishing for luxuries. The only income-tax I ever had to pay was for year before last; at the time I paid it my income was eighty dollars a month, except royalties, and Liveright, from whom the royalties came, was bankrupt. We are somewhat better off now; but when I was nineteen I worked in a doctor’s office at five dollars a week, and lived on it. However, it is quite true that I have never *suffered* from poverty. If one of us had been ill, the past two or three years, it might have been a different story.

—It will be a hot drive home. I’ll look for your book as soon as we get there.

Best wishes,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Yale. 3 pages.

1. James Rorty, *Our Master’s Voice: Advertising* (New York: John Day, 1934). In this long indictment of America’s advertisement-driven, consumption-based culture, Rorty cites many authorities, thinkers, and authors—including Jeffers—who share his point of view; see pages 289 and 313–315.

2. “Pseudoculture,” *Time* (May 21, 1934): 77; John Chamberlain, “Books of the Times,” *New York Times* (May 11, 1934): 19.
3. Robert Emmett Cantwell (1908–1978), author, editor, journalist. While working as a staff writer for *Time* magazine, Cantwell published two highly acclaimed novels, *Laugh and Lie Down* (1931) and *Land of Plenty* (1934). Thereafter, he devoted himself mostly to journalism, serving as literary editor and national affairs editor for *Time*, literary editor for *Newsweek*, and senior editor for *Sports Illustrated*. Cantwell published a number of non-fiction books, including *Nathaniel Hawthorne: The American Years* (1948) and *The Hidden Northwest* (1972), and edited volumes by Erskine Caldwell, William Faulkner, Thomas Hardy, and Stendhal.
4. Luhan’s version of this episode, substantially the same though longer, can be found in *Winter in Taos*, pages 38–41.
5. D. H. Lawrence, *St. Mawr* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925) and *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine and Other Essays* (Philadelphia: Centaur Press, 1925).
6. James Rorty, “Robinson Jeffers,” *The Nation* 137 (December 20, 1933): 712–713.
7. Rorty acknowledges Jeffers’ greatness as a poet but criticizes him for writing works that are alienated from life and the needs of his audience. Following a brief biographical sketch drawn from Lawrence Clark Powell’s introduction to Jeffers, Rorty says, “The points to note in this summary are the precocity, the Calvinistic inheritance, the extraordinary range of reading and study, and the exemption from the

economic struggle made possible by a small income.” A few sentences later, in comparing Jeffers to D. H. Lawrence, Rorty amplifies his point: “But Lawrence experienced economic struggle—life as well as literature—and he gave us more, I think, than Jeffers has yet given us.”

RJ to Gorham Munson

Taos, New Mexico
July 9, 1934.

Dear Mr. Munson:

“Thurso’s Landing” was written at home in Carmel, 1930–31, but I have no means of more accurate dating. Probably I was occupied with it about six months, or seven. It was written continuously from the first line to the last, but certainly there were blank days when nothing got written, and I think two or three times several days’ work was discarded and done over again.

But my memories of writing this or any other long poem are curiously vague. The routine of sitting down at a desk every morning seems to act like an opiate.

You are patient and persistent, and will let me know if there is anything else you’d like answered. The address will be Tor House, Carmel, California, for we start homeward three days from now, and shall be three to five days on the way.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

TLC. Virginia. 1 page.

RJ to W. W. Lyman

Taos, New Mexico.
July 11, 1934.

Dear Mr. Lyman:

1

Thank you very much for sending me Claude Ross' 2 essay. His kindness toward my verses makes it hard for me to say what I think of the paper: let me say that if it concerned the work of W. B. Yeats, for instance, whom I much admire, the essay would seem to me an excellently thoughtful, attentive and well-expressed piece of writing.

Now shall I attempt (for the first time) a defense of "Dear Judas," which Mr. Ross, like most other critics, doesn't approve of?—In the first place, the nature of things is both good and evil (from a human point of view) and one who has identified himself with it, however imperfectly and temporarily, as with Barclay and Jesus in my verses are imagined to have done, will express both good and evil. They will not be merely saints.—Second, the poem is not presented as history, but as memories of a 2000-year-old passion reenacted by ghosts in a dream. Some realization of intervening events has come into the dream, so that Jesus understands that his life and crucifixion will make him the captain of the western world for at least twenty future centuries; and also he feels what persecutions, insanities and miseries his church will be responsible for. <over> ♦ He accepts the primacy, and with it the blame. The cross is a

bloody symbol as well as a high one.—Third, if one accepts the story of the gospels as more or less true, and reads it without bias, one finds an evident change in Christ's character at {toward} the end. He becomes less gentle, more insistent on his own greatness, more inclined to exasperation and violence. Expectation of the atrocious end is casting a shadow on his nature. He wields a whip, tells Peter to bring a sword, etc. He falls into bitter despair, at least for a moment, on the cross. Perhaps the accumulated veneration of centuries hides these things from the ordinary reader of the gospels, even when he is not a Christian.—But *I* haven't read them for several years, nor read "Dear Judas" since I saw the proofs,—and had better close this argument.

We have been here in Taos for four weeks, guests of Mabel Luhan, and are starting home to-morrow. We have been riding every day; the country is extraordinarily interesting, though too hot and dry for my complete liking. Several trips up to Frieda Lawrence's ranch, remote on a mountainside twenty miles from here. She is a delightful person, boisterous, cordial and full of life. Her memoirs of D. H. Lawrence, called from a line of one of his poems "Not I, but the Wind," have been printed in Santa Fe and are just about to appear—a limited edition {published by herself—}—she hates all publishers—but probably there will be a trade edition after while.

Please thank Mr. Ross for me, for his kind piece of criticism; and cordial regards from Una and me to Helen Hoyt
3 and yourself.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Berkeley. 2 pages.

1. William Whittingham Lyman, Jr. (1885–1983), a writer and professor known as W. W. Lyman and Jack Lyman. After earning a B.A. and an M.A. in English from the University of California, Berkeley, Lyman pursued advanced studies at Oxford University and Harvard University. He returned to Berkeley in 1911 to teach Celtic studies. In 1922 he accepted a position in the English Department of Los Angeles City College, where he taught for the rest of his career. With Dudley Chadwick Gordon and Vernon Rupert King, he edited *Today's Literature: An Omnibus of Short Stories, Novelettes, Poems, Plays, Profiles, and Essays* (New York: American Book Company, 1935).

In a memoir titled “Robinson Jeffers,” published in the *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter* 34, (February 1973): 19–24, Lyman describes various encounters with Robinson and Una that began in 1924 and continued, intermittently, over the years. In the concluding paragraph, he refers to Jeffers’ July 11, 1934 letter (published in facsimile in the *Newsletter*). The letter from Jeffers, Lyman says, “was written in response to a letter I had written him enclosing a discriminating essay on his poetry composed by one of my students at the Los Angeles City College. In this essay, the author praised most of Jeffers’ poetry with the exception of ‘Dear Judas.’”

2. Claude Gordon Anthony Ross (1917–2006) graduated from high school in 1933 and began taking classes at Los Angeles City College. He eventually transferred to the University of

Southern California, where he earned a B.S. degree, summa cum laude, in 1939. Ross entered the United States Foreign Service in 1940. His long and distinguished career included appointments as ambassador to the Central African Republic, Haiti, and Tanzania.

3. Helen Hoyt, Lyman's wife, wrote the foreword to *California Poets: An Anthology of 244 Contemporaries* (New York: Henry Harrison, 1932). The anthology contains five poems by Jeffers: "The Cycle," "Salmon-Fishing," "To the House," "Vices," and "Suicide's Stone" (pp. 373–375).

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House
July 18 '34

Dearest Mabel—

Home safely and all well. We spent the second night at Williams, 3rd at Tehachipi (on top the ridge of mts. before you get to Bakersfield) We went (at the behest of U. S. gov't agents who stop you & urge you to do it—) to Petrified Forest & Painted Desert. We went along the edge of ~Painted Desert~ up to Grand Cañon, drove the 25 miles along rim & back via Williams.

I can hardly bear not to be with you, & watch & see how everything turns out—Myron's eye & Marina's
1 tooth, & the horses, to say nothing of mental & emotional situations.

Yesterday Liam O'Flaherty the Irish novelist came with Gavin Arthur. Liam is *very* Irish in appearance and amusing but *bitter*—His mind is full of bitterness,—toward wealth & religion & *sham* & he seems to see sham every way he looks—I ♦ really didnt like him very well. {(hard for me to admit of an Irishman)} Somehow Adrian

2 was mentioned & he & Gavin responded with great dislike—they both know him. They spoke of Adrian as someone of importance but intolerable!

Its a grand gray day. Lloyd & Garth have just come back from playing tennis & now Donnan is teaching Gar Lloyd to play chess getting ready for some visitor at Tevis' house Robin is writing away like mad up above—I must rush to straighten the house & dress. Blanche is having a few people to lunch at Peter Pan

3 to honor my return!

How can I thank you for our trip. No one has ever been so kind & generous. I wish I could give you something beside love & loyalty in return—Haig lies here in front of the blazing fire—he looks angelic—he *is* angelic.

Love from all of us.

Una. in a great hurry.

(Check enclosed)

4

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Marina Dasburg; see UJ to Hazel Pinkham, July 30, 1934.

2. Adrian Adolph Greenberg (1903–1959), an American fashion designer known also as Gilbert Adrian, or simply Adrian. As a costume designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer from 1929 to 1952 and as a couturier with his own Beverly Hills salon, Adrian helped create the image of Hollywood glamour. Among his clients were the leading stars of the 1930s and 1940s, such as Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, Katherine Hepburn, and his wife Janet Gaynor.
3. The Peter Pan Lodge was located in the Carmel Highlands.
4. Written in top right margin, first page.

RJ to Charles Keppel

Tor House, Carmel, California.
July 25, 1934.

Dear Mr. Keppel:

We have just lately returned from New Mexico, and found your manuscript and letter delayed here with second class matter. It should have been forwarded; the careless postman judged by the bulk of the package without looking at the stamps, and I am sorry.

I like your poem much, and it is astonishing how well your choices cohere—that is what makes it *your* poem.

1 As far as I am concerned, you are free to use the lines that in another context are mine. It is not quite clear from your letter whether my permission would settle the matter with Random House, or whether you were to get mine before they would consider giving theirs. In either case, you have mine.

I like your preface too: it puts the idea in a most interesting and attractive manner;—so do the two little lines of Latin.

2

I return you the manuscript with this, not at all from lack of interest in it, but because it seems to me you will need a number of copies to show the various authors whose permissions are to be asked for. I have read it through, and thank you for letting me.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Buffalo. 1 page.

1. Keppel's five-part poem, *Souvenirs of Earth: An Exercise in the Art of Tour de Force*, celebrates the beauty of nature in and through the cycle of the seasons. Lines written by Keppel link lines by

favorite authors (Jeffers, Whitman, and dozens of others) to form a seamless whole. He called his method of composition "plagiartism" and justified it by saying, "If another has expressed my thought in such a way that I can use it without violence to my own tone and manner, I accept his words gratefully." A manuscript of the text—which includes a preface, a list of sources, an afterword, and a collection of letters related to the project (including rejection letters from publishers)—is located at the State University of New York at Buffalo. Keppel's works are also housed in the manuscript collections of Columbia University; the University of California, Berkeley; and Huntington Library.

2. “Nemo solus satis sapit” and “Spes sibi quisque,” from *Miles Gloriosus* by Plautus and *The Aeneid* by Virgil: “No one is wise enough alone” and “Let each man’s hope be in himself.”

UJ to Hazel Pinkham

July 30. 1934

Tor House.

Dearest Hazel:

I wrote a letter to Sara Bard Field this morning and am so rushed for time I asked her to send to you which I am sure she will do promptly she is so conscientious. In it I enclosed a London clipping from about Dartington Hall, Totnes

1 which you mentioned. Sara is a dear friend of the Browns.

2 I think I took the kodaks you sent, last year. They look like the ones I took and gave to several people. I don’t know how they got into the magazine. The reason I say “think” is because Eve Young Hunter

3 was taking some at the same time. A dark figure in the rear is John Young Hunter (Gay’s father). Angelo is not Jaime de Angulo but Capt. Angelo Ravagli who lives with Frieda. (Italian) No ’tis bits of sunlight not curl papers on Mabel! I rather soft-pedalled my account of Taos to Sara, for she & Erskine are among those many ♦ friends of ours who think of her as such a dangerous and powerful woman, who might somehow hurt us. Blanche agreed to drop her fears if we {Mable & we} stayed friends for three years. Well its four now. I love her dearly and never had so kind a friend. Kind and thoughtful. The life was very full & gay there this year. Lots of people, the painter DAndrew Dasburg

4 & his new wife Marina Wister
5 of Philadelphia, Cady Wells
6 painter Boston, Myron Brinig the novelist {all in Mabel's houses}, John {Mabel's son} & Claire {Spencer}, Brett & Frieda & Angelino {Count} Ledebur came & stayed & with him a *terribly* nice man from Los Angeles. He is an architect (is doing a house for Barrymore) He is also a champion swimmer on both coasts. His name is La Rue or Laroux—I dont know how to spell—its so pronounced I found him *very charming*. Be sure to say if you know anything about him. Also, amusing enough, the dress designer ♦*Adrian* from Hollywood. He is a friend of Muriel Drapers & came with an introduction from her & Mabel liked him & he stayed ten days. He is gentle & sensitive and boyish.

We rode two or three hours every day.

Do you remember the strange color blue green {Undine (called)} homespun dress you gave me years ago? I have another diagonal weave {knit} dress of just that shade & its so becoming. Mabel gave me a marvellous Lo Paisley shawl that belonged to her mother of exactly that shade. The center is all *plain* with embroidered border. Fania Marinoff
7 who was there said it is a museum piece, that color is so rare. She collects them. Fania is Carl Van Vechton's
8 wife.

Boys are going to Saliana Salinas Junior College for one year. No not to keep them ♦ home (tho' I like that)—but finances will be simpler. I wish now I'd had them go there last year instead of Post-Graduate High School but I expected to go six months to Ireland last year and didnt want to interrupt college

work. They will do very well in Salinas for a year—they get full U. C. credit and as for culture I am not so dull as to think they will get more of that anywhere {at this time} than right at Tor House, with all the people & talk they see and hear here. I had a little sum laid aside ample for that trip {to Ireland} but did not dare to use it in such hard times, as it was partly advance royalty.

I have never answered that letter of Percy's though I often think of him. I will do so & see whether I can get an answer. His friend the actor Laughton & wife Elsa Lancaster were in Carmel while we were gone & wanted to call here. but They were with someone who left his name Rogier or Rogère—I can't place him—do you know

Much love from us all
Una.

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages.

1. Dartington Hall, an ancient country manor located near Totnes, a market town in Devon, England. The estate was purchased by Dorothy and Leonard Elmhirst in 1925 and turned into a center for arts, crafts, and education. The Dartington Hall School, a progressive co-educational boarding school, opened in 1926.

2. Maurice Browne (1881–1955), the theater director who helped Teddie Kuster launch the Theatre of the Golden Bough, created a drama program for the Elmhirsts at Dartington Hall.

3. Eva “Eve” Renz (Schroerer) Young-Hunter (1888–1967), a 1915 graduate of Oberlin College, came to Taos in 1919 to work as Mabel Luhan’s secretary. There she met John Young-Hunter, whom she married in January 1921 (following his divorce from Mary Young-Hunter, Gabrielle Kuster’s mother).

4. Andrew Michael Dasburg (1887–1979) was born in Paris and raised in New York, where he met Mabel Luhan and frequented her Greenwich Village salons. Dasburg first visited New Mexico at Mabel’s invitation in 1918. He eventually settled there and became a leading member of the artists’ community. His work reveals the influence of Paul Cézanne.

5. Mary “Marina” (Wister) Dasburg (1899–1970) was the author of *Helen and Others* (1924), *Night in the Valley* (1930), and *Fantasy and Fugue* (1937). She became Dasburg’s fourth wife in March 1933. Marina’s father, Owen Wister (1860–1938), was the author of *The Virginian: A Horseman of the Plains* (1902) and other works.

6. Cady Wells (1904–1954), American artist.

7. Fania Marinoff (1890–1971), Ukrainian actress whose career in America included leading roles in silent movies and Broadway plays. Her marriage to Carl Van Vechten lasted from 1914 until his death in 1964.

8. Carl Van Vechten (1880–1964), American writer, critic, and photographer.

9. Charles Laughton (1899–1962) and Elsa Lanchester (1902–1986), British actor and actress, were married in 1929. Laughton, who won an Academy Award for his performance in *The Private Life of Henry VIII* (1932), starred in *Mutiny on the Bounty* (1935), *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (1939), and many other films. Lanchester's work in film and television included *The Bride of Frankenstein* (1935).

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House. Carmel.
August 2. 1934.

Dearest Albert:

I am returning these Irish clippings which you will doubtless want to keep yourself. I am so interested in the Augusta Bender room.

1 Sometime I shall

be inspecting it—I am sure of that. I spent hours there on our former trip to Dublin. The cultural value of these collections is very great. When we were there I spent a great deal of time over the ancient gold torques & the old bronze artifacts—and over the Book of Kells & illuminated manuscripts. I don't remember any number of objects of far Eastern art and think your collection must fill a lack.

We are all well settled into our usual routine now and quit quiet after the excitements of Taos. There were more people there this year,—some of them very amusing. Frieda Lawrence is a great rollicking person who keeps things stirred up—she and Mabel! ♦

We came back by the Grand Cañon & Painted Desert and the Petrified Forest and gazed at all these wonders with amazement and pleasure despite the heat.—(122° in Needles!). Robin is busily writing—I, managing things.

I sat opposite a friend of yours at dinner last night Dr. Aurelia Reinhart,
2 on her way to Los Angeles.

When are you coming here? for I never seem to get to Los A S. F. unless Mabel manages it.

All at Tor House send love to *Dr. Bender!*
3

Affectionately
Una.

Robin and I have been married 21 yrs. today! Good record for a family with a poet in it—

ALS. Mills. 2 pages.

1. Bender donated a collection of Chinese, Japanese, and Tibetan art objects to the National Museum of Ireland in Dublin, for display in the Augusta Bender Memorial Room of Far Eastern Art. Augusta Bender, Albert's mother, had lived in Dublin for thirty years, and he was born there. Bender's donation was the first and most important gift to the museum in the early years of Irish independence. A reorganized display of the materials, *A Dubliner's Collection of Asian Art: The Albert Bender Exhibition at the National Museum of Ireland*, opened November 12, 2008.

2. Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt (1877–1948), educator, social activist, and president of Mills College from 1916 to 1943.

3. The University of California, Berkeley awarded Bender an honorary Doctor of Laws degree on commencement day, May 19, 1934. Mills College followed with an honorary Doctor of Literature degree June 11, 1934. Both institutions acknowledged Bender's leadership as a patron of the arts.

UJ to Albert Bender

[August 1934]

Tor House. Carmel

Monday.

Dearest Albert:

All four Jefferses happily celebrated the 21 anniversary occasion with your great box of sweets It also graced the chess party the boys gave unexpectedly one day.—They have gotten very excited about chess again & play with the Tevis children {boys} constantly. The boys ride & boat & play tennis & polo with them & are having a gay holiday.

You were very nice to order {two copies of} Frieda's book & I think you will find it interesting & a good addition to your library. It fills up gaps in the Lawrence legend. There is a very mean letter about Mabel on page 173 written by him to Frieda's mother Baroness von Richtofen,

1 but Frieda & Brett & Mabel are all firm friends now and I have such amusing picture of those three women sitting on Frieda's porch in a row all grinning like Cheshire cats! Frieda is very ♦ mad at publishers in general and says she &

Lawrence were always so bitterly poor & the publishers waxed fat!—Anyways that's why she was making such efforts to market this special edition with her own hands. While we were there one day she Adrian of Hollywood gave her \$7.50 for the book—not yet out, & she dashed about showing the money to everybody & said “This is the first money I ever own earned!” She is so gay & hearty & I hear her voice booming through every page of her writing.

Thank you very very much for your advance orders for Robin's {new} book. A part of it is finished—one long poem called “*Attila's Wife*” & he is working on another. You have always been a wonderful friend & an encouraging one! Practically & spiritually!

I hope very much to see the collection of mss. etc at the City Library.

2 A splendid gift & of increasing interest as time goes on. Some of my most interesting hours at the Bodle Library in Oxford were spent in examining mss. especially Shelley.

Our dearest love,
Una.

ALS. Mills. 2 pages.

1. Frieda Lawrence was the daughter of Baron Friedrich Ernst Emil Ludwig von Richthofen (1844–1916), an engineer in the German army, and Anna Elise Lydia (Marquier) von Richthofen (1852–1930).

2. Bender donated a number of manuscripts to the San Francisco Public Library, including masterpieces of fine

printing from three legendary English firms—the Kelmscott Press, the Doves Press, and the Ashendene Press.

UJ to Hazel Pinkham

Tor House Aug 15 '34

Hazel dearest—

Your letter touched me beyond words Your lovely cordial invitation for the boys to stop with you. It would be wonderful for them but now we are all set & planned for 1 year at Salinas & next year at Berkeley, and so we cant avail ourselves of this.—I know how much the boys would gain with you in social ease and grace—they let me do all the honors here! and I know {they} try a little more when with {in} other people's {houses} to *seem* gracious. They ARE gracious inside and I know that so well I have been a little negligent about their exteriors!

Yesterday I had a lovely letter from Percy one of the most affectionate in years. I had not answered that other but now will try to write today. He did not mention receiving yours. It looks as if ♦ it had never reached him—but do letters go astray ever in England? Maybe int drowned. {I will ask him} He was about to go to the continent for a holiday—Here are quotes “Is there the least liklihood of your coming to England this or next year. . . Since I've had my own office I have not done badly but my god, how I have worked!. There have been the usual difficulties, breakdowns, panics etc incident to {membership in} a large {family} such as mine. Sheila & Emily are well & happy, being sensible & original persons *and* having me behind them! Emily at Tunbridge Wells.

Sheila who has been leading a students life of her own in London for 2 years has finally passed her exes—I think of you continually & am repeatedly saying to myself “I wish I could tell Una this! & wanting to see you. It is really a great misfortune that we are so far apart—one of the greatest, for me! We must meet again & soon.—We shall not live frever forever”—

That letter brought back very vividly our long friendship & memories of our early walks & so on. Thank you Hazel for him—he has ♦ been dearer to me than any other man except Clapp.—outside my own house.

I formed another very warm friendship this summer with a man in Taos from Boston a painter named Cady Wells—a charming person, who writes the most vivid & amusing letters.

I had a wire from Mabel night before last saying Mary Austin had just died. We stopped to call on her as we came through Santa Fe, although the day was too hot for words! She had usually come up to Mabel’s for the weekend {to see Robin} but not this year. We found her up & around but *O* so ill looking. Robin said he feared she would die before we got out of the house. Heart.

Mabel writes she means to motor down {or up} here for a couple of weeks, soon. ♦

We have just been to a venison barbecue given by Dr. MacDougall

1 at the Tevis corral. We all rode first & the boys played polo then ate at long tables by bon-fire—45 people! Lloyd Tevis,

Jr. & Bobby & Horton have enrolled at U. C. They & our 2
{(ours by letter)} are being rushed by ΔKE & ΑΔΦ.—I
suppose whatever they join our two will next year if we can
afford it but how *can* we!

Please return this letter of Cady's. {also Mabel's They are for
your eyes *only*.} I have another even *vivider*! He is a man
with a good income which makes him very much pleasanter
to associate with than *impecunious* painters who are {always}
feverish & mad because the world isn't buying their output!
He rents one of Mabel's houses the lovely one called *St.*
Teresa & Myron Brinig is staying with him. But he isn't {just}
playing with paints—he is working madly hours every day! A
towering ambition.

Love from
Una

Our XV anniversary in this house *also* Teddie's birthday! Our
wedding

2

Our 21st wedding anniversary was Aug 2. John Martin
3 editor of *Time* & Cyril McNear
4 were here at Tor House all day.

5

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages.

1. Daniel Trembly MacDougal (1865–1958), director of
botanical research at the Carnegie Institution in Washington,
D.C. from 1906 to 1933. In 1905 Dr. MacDougal established
the Plant Desert Laboratory in Tucson, and in 1909 he

established the Coastal Botanical Laboratory in Carmel, where he became an authority on Monterey pines. As a field researcher, editor of *Plant World* (later named *Ecology*), and founder of the Ecological Society of America, MacDougal played a major role in the development of ecology as a modern scientific discipline. He was the author of *Elementary Plant Physiology* (1902), *Heredity and the Origin of Species* (1905), *Botanical Features of North American Deserts* (1908), *Growth in Trees* (1921), and other works. He was also an associate editor of Carmel's *Pacific Weekly*. MacDougal and his wife Louise (Fisher) MacDougal (1862–1947) built their first home in Carmel in 1910; in the early 1920s they moved to the Carmel Highlands.

In an August 9, 1934 letter to Mabel Luhan (ALS Yale), not used in this edition, Una mentions an overnight excursion with the scientist: “our wild trip to Pico Blanco. 2 day-trip & climbed the mt. with Dr. MacDougall.”

2. Added in top right corner, first page.

3. John Stuart Martin (1900–1977), a Princeton graduate, was a cousin of Briton Hadden (1898–1929), a co-founder of *Time* magazine. In 1923 Martin joined *Time* as a member of its first writing and editorial staff. He was managing editor of the magazine from 1929 to 1938. Martin's first novel, *General Manpower*, was published in 1939. He also wrote the narration for *The Fighting Lady* (1944), an Academy Award-winning World War II documentary film.

4. Cyril McNear (1898–1939), a Harvard-educated oil broker and businessman from a socially prominent San Francisco family. He was married to Elena Folger (of the Folgers

Coffee family) from 1925 until their divorce in 1936. McNear died at age forty in the first serious automobile accident on the Golden Gate Bridge, which had opened in 1937.

5. Added vertically in left margin, third page.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel
August 21. 1934

Dearest Mabel:

We were not surprised to hear of Mary Austin's death and were grateful to you for the wire. *Did* she die at Taos?—one paper said so. I hated to even write it down at the time when we saw her how death-like she looked and how, when Robin went in first (I thought she might like seeing him alone) and came out soon to take me in, too,—he murmured “I am afraid she will die while we are here!” Her face was set & deadly still and she spoke with no glint of emotion or lightness—just that *fixed* calm. She was like a shell or mask of Mary. One thought she had either definitely taken leave of life or had found that only by almost complete immobility she could escape the struggle with her heart & breathing.

I have been hoping to have a note or wire that you ♦ and Tony were about to arrive here at sea level.

Twohree more of *my* customers have bought Frieda's book Olga Fish & Chrissie Taft

1 {(I know of)}. I am so glad, because I felt she was very generous to *give* us a copy. Be sure to tell me whether she gave some over to Viking to sell.

Isn't Jo Davidson old & wan in this picture! He seemed very devoted to Yvonne

2 & must have depended a good deal on her—so cool and hard & businesslike.

I am sending you an enlarged Kodak of the boys & me on horseback. Blanche had it made. She thought and so do I that Donnan's body has a beautiful quality,—there is such a {n} tenseness and {intensity—yet a} lovely poise in it. Garth is good too & I'm not bad but quite unknowable under my hat.

I went to lunch at Blanche's yesterday to meet a German woman, wife of a Scotchman, who has lived in this country since she was 14 (now 32) but goes back constantly. Her father a scientist ♦ who has been living in Germany again for last five years. She is *wildly enthusiastic* about Hitler. She says that we hear such grossly untrue stories about him over here due to the communist propaganda against him over here. She was very convincing and answered all our questions very clearly.

Also, Hans Barkan is visiting his parents in Berlin. (his mother is German, his father a Hungarian). He says that Germany is {in} infinitely better condition than at any time since the war & very comfortable & pleasant to live in.

Mr. Thayer Hobson

3 just sent us a book "The Cold Journey" by Grace Zaring Stone

4 which he is very enthusiastic about. He wrote “one of the high spots of our whole trip through the west, both for my wife

5 & myself

was meeting you at Taos. I only wish we could have stayed longer so that I could have had an opportunity of seeing more of the Jefferses” I didn’t know he felt as friendly as that. ♦

I am glad you are doing “Summer in Taos,” and eager to see the four seasons complete. I think it will be a *grand* book. I hope (because I liked *Winter* best) you did not think I did not like *Spring* and think it beautifully written. It seemed much more *subjective*,—a personal reading of the Season,—whereas *Winter* in spite of all the little intimately Mabel bits of lib {living} stood up as *Taos Winter*—a live {complete} thing aside from People. Perhaps I have never told you earnestly enough how very much I respect and admire your writing. I take you for granted very much as I do Robin, and don’t feel the need {necessity} of continued exclamations.

Do write about everything & everybody, Marina & Frieda and Andrew & everybody! & Claire & John, & Brett.

Krishnamurti is coming to Matthias’ for a month or more. Bobby Horton walked {drove in} from Wyoming to spend the night. He is now at Berkeley. The Tevis family taking a trip by boat to Ensenada, Mex.

Dearest love from Una & all at Tor House

I don’t think Belloli’s foreword

6 should be included in Frieda’s book. It is so stilted.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Clara “Chrissie” Maxwell Taft (1879–1947) bought a cottage on Monte Verde Street around 1920 and later moved to a home on Carmel Point, near Tor House. Her father, Henry Clay Taft, was a co-founder of the Taft & Pennoyer department store in Oakland. Chrissie was active in a number of social, service, and literary clubs. A collection of her poetry, *Give Me the Stars*, was published in Carmel in 1947.
2. Yvonne (de Kerstrat) Davidson (1884–1934), who married Jo in 1909, was an actress and couturier. She died from the effects of a cerebral hemorrhage May 12, 1934.
3. Francis Thayer Hobson (1897–1967), president of the William Morrow publishing firm.
4. Grace Zaring Stone (1891–1991), American author of *The Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena* (1929), *The Bitter Tea of General Yen* (1930), and other books, including *The Cold Journey* (New York: William Morrow, 1934). Under the pseudonym Ethel Vance, she also wrote *Escape* (1939), *Reprisal* (1942), and *Winter Meeting* (1946). Several of her novels were adapted for film.
5. Laura Zametkin Hobson (1900–1986), a columnist, short story writer, and novelist, was Thayer Hobson’s third wife; they were married from 1930 to 1935. Writing together as “Peter Field,” the couple published *Outlaws Three* (1933) and *Dry Gulch Adams* (1934). On her own, as Laura Z. Hobson, Laura was the author of *The Trespassers* (1943), *The Tenth*

Month (1971), *Consenting Adults* (1979), and other books, including *Gentleman's Agreement* (1947), a best-selling novel that became an Academy Award-winning film.

6. Giorgio Belloli (1907–1971), an Italian artist, furniture maker, and architectural designer, built Casón del Triunfo, a landmark home on Canyon Road in Santa Fe. He later moved to Mexico, where he led major restoration efforts in Marfil and Guanajuato. Belloli contributed a foreword to the Rydal Press edition of *Not I, But the Wind*. When a trade edition of the book was published by Viking Press in October 1934, the foreword was omitted.

7. Written in top right corner, first page.

UJ to Pearl Levison

Tor House, Carmel. California.
August 21. 1934

Dear Miss Levison:

1

Writing for Robinson Jeffers who is stoo involved in work just now for letters, he wishes me to answer your questions in the following way.

“Certainly conflict is good (and has produced better things than the Roman empire.) I am not a pacificist. “Peace” in the verses you speak of means inner peace, the balance that enables one to be quiet when quietness is required, and to act with the whole mind when action is required. (Even within the mind, conflict is good & productive, but there ought to be

a solid core of peace otherwise one is blown around & around like the little souls in hell).

2 As to man's being important: he is important to us because we are human & owe human loyalties; but we have a bad habit of exaggerating this relative importance. From any universal point of view, it is difficult to imagine that he has any importance at all."

Very Sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Kavlock. 1 page. Postmark: August 21, 1934.

1. Pearl Levison (1916–2003), a student at Bennington College and a graduate of Smith College, class of 1937, won first prize for "World of Tomorrow," published as *The Official Poem of the New York World's Fair, 1939* (New York: Academy of American Poets, 1939). She married Ephraim London (1911–1990), an attorney who specialized in constitutional law. He successfully argued nine cases before the United States Supreme Court and wrote *The World of Law*, published in two volumes as *The Law in Literature* and *The Law as Literature* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1960). Pearl London remained active in literary circles. Upon her death in April 2003, the Poetry Society of America paid tribute in the *New York Times* with a notice describing her as an "elegant and energetic proponent of the art of poetry, gifted and inspiring teacher, generous and devoted member of the Board of Governors of the Poetry Society of America."

2. In Dante's *Divine Comedy*, people who commit carnal sins of lust reside in the second circle of hell, where their souls are caught in a fierce and never-ending wind.

RJ to Mr. Dewar

Tor House, Carmel, California.
August 24, 1934.

Dear Mr. Dewar:

I am very glad to copy "Promise of Peace" for you; and shall be happy to receive sometime the brochure of poems you speak of, with their too kind dedication. Thank you.

Cordially yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Busby. 1 page.

RJ to Frederic Prokosch

Tor House, Carmel, California.
August 31, 1934.

Dear Mr. Prokosch:

I was glad to write in your books, and they were mailed back to you the day before yesterday. Thank you for the little poem enclosed with your letter; I liked it much, the lines have a lovely music and strangeness.

My next book will appear next year, no doubt, but I don't know yet what time of the year, nor what it will be called. The long poem that is {(provisionally)} finished is called "Attila's Wife", but I might change the name; and probably the book

will take the name of the other long poem, which is not finished, and is not yet named. This one is contemporary; the other begins in Attila's time but seems to have tried to swallow the whole Christian era!

Cordially,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

UJ to Hazel Pinkham

[September 1934]
Thursday

Dear Ha:

Your trip sounds tempting! We have gotten very much at home in New Mexico although never *never* do I like the desert for a moment as much as the sea. Going we usually stop first night at Needles (our longest run,—over 500 miles) next at Flagstaff & next Santa Fe. go up to Taos {75 miles.} early fourth morning We always stop at Harvey hotels which are first-class & cool! (Mabel sends me a cheque always for expenses) otherwise we would go to the excellent auto camps. Every time we go we try to do some extra sights in spite of heat.

It is beautiful country all around Flagstaff, & *high* You can see cliff dwellings near there,—& turn off to Grand Cañon at Williams near there. Also that *meteor crater* is worth seeing! I think that's just west of Flagstaff—The most interesting Indian ♦ village is ACOMA the one built on a high rock rising

out of the valley. Turn off at Laguna before you get to Albuquerque. We went through the Petrified Forest this year & along Painted Desert over new U. S. Highways. BEST way to Grand Cañon is from Williams {(6 miles east of)}. Last year we went to Mesa Verde north of Taos—It is a wonderful place but the most *spectacular & beautiful* stretch of road we have ever seen in the world is between *Silverton & Ouray* {Colorado} north of

Durango (at the edge of Mesa Verde). That stretch of road through red & yellow {stone, & snow-clad} mts. & green forests & dashing streams & old mining towns is more beautiful than all the rest of the sights added together! I will speak to Mabel of you & you can then call & see the lovely place she has & her! If she is there, she intends to motor here for 2 weeks sometime in ♦ Sept. & come back in winter for 2 months. Frieda also intends to take a house here.

{Both} Boys are taking SFrench, Geology, English, Physical Ed, American Institutions, then Garth is taking, by himself, 4th yr. Spanish & Donnan, Political Science (their hobbies!)

Did I write you about John Martin, Editor of “*Time*” being here with Cyril McNear, then coming back from Oregon again & Hal Roach

I sent up his plane to take him to L. A. & he took us up.—Its the biggest private plane in U. S. we were told. 8 passengers (2 pilots) aluminum-covered. Red Morocco & gray leather inside. We went up 14,000 ft. 210 miles an hour, ice formed on plane 20° temp. We went over Hearts Hearsts place near San Simeon. Very interesting although I think it strips the earth ♦ of grandeur when the mts. get to look merely like

ploughed fields. I'd enjoy driving a plane though more than just sitting & looking. Sea was beautiful color.

Love from Una in a hurry!—

Tell us about your trip {You asked about length of your trip. You ought to plan to take 4½ days driving each way & add extra time for all sightseeing stops.}

Send me some letter of your girls' if they ever describe Dartington Hall at length.

Teddie's child expected in a week or so.

2 Shim is {has been} in L. A. for some months Colin is cunning & spoiled! Very lovable little boy.

Edith Greenan's husband consented for her to stay there {with him} for six months at least until some business of his about mines is settled. He was determined for her to get a divorce at Reno & not go back to P. I. but she borrowed money & went back anyway.

Hans is still abroad. He went to Berlin first. His father is there & says Germany is a nicer place than it has ever been since before the war.

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages.

1. Harold "Hal" Eugene Roach, Sr. (1892–1992), a film and television producer whose studio created the Laurel & Hardy series, the Our Gang series, and other Hollywood classics, including *Topper* (1937), *Of Mice and Men* (1939), and *One Million B.C.* (1940).

2. Marcia Gabrielle Kuster was born October 6, 1934.

RJ to Sara Bard Field

Tor House, Carmel.—September 1, 1934.

Dear Sara:

I would go a long way to hear Barabbas well read, and to see you and Erskine, but this morning it has come to me that this is to be a big party, besides the reading, and Una has just reminded me how I feel and act at big parties, and afterwards. She is probably too thoughtful of me—so are you—I never read anything more thoughtful than the card you sent. So I shall read Barabbas again to myself, and hope to see you and Erskine soon—more quietly—where I can really see you.

Una will make my apologies to our hosts. This is not an apology to you—only a note of sincere affection—and congratulations on your birthday—and renewed congratulations on the beautiful range and power of your poems—and of your life.

Yours,
Robin.

ALS. Huntington. 1 page.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California.
September 11. 1934

Dear Bennett:

We've had a busy summer—at least *I* have. We were gone to New Mexico for over five weeks, and had a wonderful trip. Since our return I've had a full-time job seeing people and pushing them off Robin. John Martin {one of the} editors of "Time," who has always been most friendly to Robin came for a couple of days. He wanted Robin to go up to Oregon with him but thinks *I* wouldn't let him (R—doesn't like travelling with people—) Then he came back and took us all up in Hal Roach's air-plane which had been sent up from Hollywood to fetch him. It is said to be the finest private plane in U. S. I can well believe it. 8 passenger with 2 pilots. We went 210 miles an hour, & up to elevation 14,000 feet. We were in the air for {over} an hour. Our first experience although Robin's {astronomer} brother now has all his licences ♦ he hasn't taken anyone up yet. Do you know Martin? He is very amusing & a dynamo of energy.

We saw a lot of Frieda Lawrence this summer. I like her very much. She is gusty & hearty with a great booming laugh. A big woman with wild gold & gray hair standing out from her head. She and her Italian gave a big dinner for us up at their house on the mountain. Today I had a letter from her about answering mine about her book—among other things she said "I am sure *nobody* understands what I wrote as you do—" She thinks Robin like Lawrence in many ways. Such wild work about her book which came out privately printed in Santa Fe while we were there. She was resolved not to spend a penny on advertizing & to market it herself. (It cost her \$3.00 a vol. & sells at \$7.50). She hates publishers and said she intended to have a proper amount of money out of *that*

book. Well, Viking Press had some sort of hold on her—they are to publish the trade edition

1—& I guess they had a claim on his unpublished letters. She paid no attention to their wires & letters until one day they wired they ♦ would be compelled to get out an injunction against her She shrieked “What do I care—Whats *that*?” We left just then and I dont know what else they did to her but I hear now that she made over several hundred of the copies (1,000 pub.) to them at \$4. a vol.

Mabel is as amusing as ever—the most perfect hostess and I love her dearly.—It was hot but we rode horseback every day. Coming back 123° at Needles. Robin poured water over our English bulldog for six hours one day. Had to keep him wet—he would have died.—

What shall I say about the Modern Library edition of Roan Stallion. It still sells best of any of the older books and I fear to lose that royalty, but you must decide the matter. Do you think {a vol} selected verse would do as well? We’ll leave it to your judgement.

2

I am proud that R. J. appears amongst your authors in this catalogue just here. Its a fine list. I had not realized before that you had taken over from ♦ Liveright the Doughty *Arabia Deserta*. I think that is one of the finest books in the English language & my copy is a cherished *treasure*.

Thank you sincerely for the Saroyan book.

3 I mean to write him about it. H I’ll confess I took it up with hesitation—I feared it was smart and bright! I still feel they are {the stories} have too much virtuosity & that staccato

manner has grown tiring, but there really is breath-taking force, & power of observation in them and sincerity. I think he is a fine acquisition for Random House! I think Robin will write him a line too.

I had your letter from about Powell's book today. He has just been here for tea on his way to San Francisco. I liked him better than the other time I saw him—he seems more mature. He's a queer person with large hiatuses in his understanding but an enthusiast. (Before he went to get his doctor's degree at Dijon he went around the world twice I think on shipboard playing the piano in a jazz orchestra! {Some of the hiatuses came then perhaps.})—Many people & reviewers find that book stimulating they say—so there you are! He wrote to ♦ me within ten days after the book was published that the edition was practically or all sold.

I hope very much that Albert's book will in time sell out. It is a grand book and above reproach for completeness and scholarly attack. Its high price in this depressed time has held back its sale of course, but I know the people who have it around here consider it well worth the money.

Would you put the name of Robin Lampson
4 on your list to send for review anything you have of Robin from now on or any publicity. His address is 2449 Dwight Way Berkeley, California. He is editor of a column in a daily paper "The Courier," a column called "The Poetic Viewpoint" and in season & out of season supports Robin ardently. He also gives an occasional lecture on R. J. He has a keen critical ability.

Dont forget to send us the article of yours on Russia from Publishers Weekly.

5 Did you read Malcolm Muggeridge “Winter in Moscow?” He is a friend ♦ of my dearest friend in England, who speaks of his sincerity. A note from Hobson Thayer whom we met in Taos, speaks of hearing of your exploits in Russia! He sends us “A Cold Journey.”

In your catalogue I must praise the scope of “The Shakespeare Treasury”

6 It sounds a perfect book, one I have imagined. In these days one cannot bother with those lengthy, boring, all-too-often-occurring passages in the plays,—the elaborate loutish punning but one must have ready access to the most beautiful and satisfying passages in all English! which each one contrives to do as I suppose by marking his own books—more or less completely—thats a bother.

Cordially—Good wishes from us both
Una.

ALS. Columbia. 6 pages.

1. The Viking Press edition of Frieda Lawrence’s *Not I, But the Wind* was released in early October 1934. Una reviewed the book in *Controversy*, a news and opinion journal that had just begun publication in Carmel. See Una Jeffers, “Wife of a Genius,” *Controversy* (November 30, 1934): 84.

2. In a letter to Una dated July 27, 1934 (TCC Columbia), Cerf mentions the possibility of publishing a volume of Jeffers’ collected poetry. Cerf’s proposal is embedded in a paragraph containing his reaction to the 1934 Pulitzer Prize

(an issue Una does not address): “The Pulitzer prize business was an absolute farce. I believe, however, that when we finally get around to bringing out a collected one-volume edition of Mr. Jeffers’ poems, the Pulitzer Committee, regardless of deep-set prejudices and inhibitions, simply cannot fail to give your husband his just due.”

3. William Saroyan, *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze and Other Stories* (New York: Random House, 1934).

4. Robin Lampson (1900–1978), poet, teacher, and businessman.

5. Bennett Cerf, “Book Business in Russia,” *Publishers Weekly* 126 (July 28, 1934): 271–273.

6. William Shakespeare, *The Shakespeare Anthology: Poems, Poetical Passages, Lyrics* (London and New York: Nonesuch and Random House, 1935).

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House Carmel
September 15, 1934

Dear Mr. Powell:

We liked the two Slocums

1 very very much. I shall try to get a poem for Scribners for young Mr. S. but I have pigeon-holed here in my desk eight requests for same from important magazines.

I cannot say whether “Tower beyond Tragedy” will be done here. R. J. would very much prefer not to have it done here in Carmel, while he is here but they are reasons why it is hard to refuse Kuster’s request. Even if we consent I do not know whether he can gather a proper cast here. And {if} poorly done, I think there is nothing more tiring than a Greek play.—Even well done it must be only moderately long. I saw Margaret Anglin in “Antigone” in the Greek Theatre {Berkeley} some years ago but although so beautifully done it was very tiring—one longed just to *read* it.

Percy Hutchinson

2 gave an early book of R. J.—his first Liveright one “Roan Stallion” a wildly enthusiastic review—

3 ♦ Since then his reviews have been less enthusiastic. He is disappointed that R. J. does not step forth as a leader or teacher of some doctrine for higher living!—but Hutchison is very far from being a *solid* critic. Last year he gave AE a highly laudatory review listing him as one of the, perhaps *the* greatest living poet. AE is a charming man, and a man who has in *life* had a tremendous influence on his contemporary Irish writers but his is rather a genius of *personality*. He is neither a great poet nor a great painter.

I give on the other sheet a list of plantings in the courtyard and a little bit about outside.

4

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

We are going to have Krisnamurti tonight. ♦

(In the courtyard)

Herbs

lavender

rosemary

thyme

mint

lemon-verbena

bergamot

pennyroyal

Santalina

Wall-flowers

rose geranium

iris

asphodel (bulbs from Greece)

campion (from Tintagel, Cornwall)

marigolds

several yellow rose bushes

lion tail

2 Irish yew trees

Inside courtyard wild grass and a carpet of sweet alyssum everywhere. Then, sweet smelling things like the herbs and the great bushes of rose geranium, {& bed of wall-flowers.} Then in general *yellow* flowers like marigolds, lion-tail & roses & the masses of gray santalina against the gray rocks (it has yellow flowers too). Some wild flowers & weeds left in like yellow grindelia (a sovereign remedy for poison-oak much used by Spanish. old Spaniards still come & ask to gather it in our hollow.) & yellow sweet clover. The asphodels are a pale gray-pink great tall stalks,—they are here because they are evocative! <over> ♦

(Outside Courtyard)

{Back of courtyard the boys have a little pool filled with water lilies}

Most of the thousands of trees on our place are Monterey cypress (same as at Pt. Lobos) next in number are eucalyptus. Then a few pines, one small black walnut (my father brought the nut from Washington's tomb at Mt. Vernon.), 1 *Meterosideros* from New Zealand, a dozen Japanese hakea, several dozen *acacia latifolia*.

For several years after we came here we planted only 13 trees. (cypress just outside the courtyard wall.) at that time we *saw* this place as a bit of Cornwall bare and windswept & rocky. Then the houses began to be built in various directions & we

reconstructed our picture of the place as you see it now. We have never planted any trees *seaward* of our house. When we first came we noticed at night the stiff land breeze from Carmel Valley but we do not feel it now because of our trees. Our hollow (north toward Kusters) is so full of wild flowers for many months of the year that it is like a mille fleur tapestry. At one time last year I made a list of 45 kinds of wild flowers in blossom ♦

I am sending you 7 kodaks.—not knowing what your idea is about them. Also 4 films. I would suggest that you do not use the film {kodak} marked on the back with red Ø. I send it to show the drift of alyssum. If you want this view, print one of the two films of that direction which are quite lovely.—The airplane one has a look of being in a *forest*. It has never been used. (If you dont use this be *sure* not to lose it I had to pay the man 50¢ for the print & have no copy.) In case you want to use either of the old bare 1919 {1918} ones, let me know, & I will have fresh glossy prints made—these have been lying around for years. It occurred to me that it might be interesting to show what the place was like then & now. Please return promptly what you do not use. {& films.}

Sincerely

Una Jeffers <over> ♦

{films}

The courtyard one with millstone is VERY nice, looking toward the stile The millstone is an Indian one we brought from Taos.

ALS. Occidental. 6 pages.

1. John Slocum (see UJ to Alfred Dashiell, October 2, 1934) and probably his uncle Myles Standish Slocum (1887–1956), a noted collector of rare books who lived in Pasadena, California.

2. Percy Adams Hutchison (1875–1952), whose surname sometimes appears in print as Hutchinson, earned an A.B., M.A., and Ph.D. from Harvard University. He was hired by Harvard to teach philosophy and English, but resigned his position in order to become a journalist. Hutchison joined the staff of the *New York Times* in 1920 and worked there for the rest of his life, first in the sports department, where he covered boating and yachting, and then in the book review division. In 1944 he was named poetry editor, a position that included the task of selecting a poem each day for publication on the editorial page.

3. Percy A. Hutchison, “An Elder Poet and a Young One Greet the New Year: Thomas Hardy’s Powers Undiminished—Robinson Jeffers Displays a Remarkable Gift,” *New York Times Book Review* (January 3, 1926): 14, 24.

4. Powell was working on an essay about the gardens and grounds of Tor House.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Thursday Sept 20. 1934
Tor House
Carmel.

Dearest Mabel—

Taos paper just came—full of interesting things—Bears—around *our* house! and is *James Toomer Jean*—and is he married to the Marjorie Content

1 we heard of, and what of his child & what color is it?

Ask Brett whether she ever received the Pine old Carmelite I sent with picture of Robin & 4 mo. old twin babies in his arms—to show her doubting friend.

Who do you think is here at Peter Pan Lodge for 3 weeks or more, Krishnamurti!—He is a friend of Blanche's He has his secretaries with him & friends—a large entourage Has the greatest *personal* charm, adorable—but the one discussion I heard didn't come to much. Questions & answers. I am going to another. Its very vague & evasive with no beginning or end in sight & no regard for any external objective constructive conduct. He definitely broke with Annie Besant & theosophy years ago & denied his Messiahship ♦ He is to go for a walk in the hills with Robin today. He says he feels Robin's tremendous power & nobility!

Here is a copy of John's letter, or parts of it—

. . . “We are in a tiny farmhouse right on the water & simply loving it. I was not able to work in Taos & it was getting me down. Since coming

I have been able to work very well every day in the mornings & it makes me feel better We have a little sailboat & afternoons we sail or swim or walk in the woods. It is simply perfect & we are very happy & contented & ‘together’. We were sorry not to see more of you all in Taos. Things seemed so sort of confused & difficult. . . . not a bit to my liking.

Claire wants me to say she is sorry if she seemed strange to you there at the last; but she felt strange—so—”

Boys going back & forth to Junior College, Salinas is working out grandly & they are studying well. They use my car & 2 days get home by noon. We get up at 6, as they have a class at 7:50. I go to the village just 3 times a week & its fine to escape so much—Mollie was here yesterday & groaned at my not having my car
2all the time & her sister said “O I wish you hadn’t either poor dear. Mollie is *never* free of errands!

We all love you dearly—

3

Una

Is Cady back?

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Jean Toomer’s wife Margery (Latimer) Toomer died August 16, 1932 giving birth to their daughter, also named Margery. Toomer married Marjorie Content (1895–1984), a photographer, September 1, 1934 in Taos.

2. The rest of this paragraph is written vertically in the right margin.

3. The closing, signature, and postscript are written vertically in left margin.

RJ to *New Verse*

[Autumn 1934]

1. Do you intend your poetry to be useful to yourself or to others?

1

Both.

2. Do you think there can now be a use for narrative poetry?

Certainly <over> ♦

3. Do you wait for a spontaneous impulse before writing a poem; if so, is this impulse verbal or visual?

Visual, emotional and/or intellectual; not verbal.

4. Have you been influenced by Freud and how do you regard him?

I think {nearly} all persons of general intelligence have been influenced by Freud; I regard him as an important (but not epoch-making) discoverer.

5. Do you take your stand with any political or politico-economic party or creed?

No.

6. As a poet, what distinguishes you, do you think, from an ordinary man?

Nothing essential; a little specialization.

Robinson Jeffers.
Tor House, Carmel
California, U.S.A.

ALS. Buffalo. 2 pages.

1. Jeffers received a typed questionnaire from Geoffrey Grigson, the editor of *New Verse*, London, England. It included the following explanation: "Will you answer briefly the questions below? Copies of this questionnaire have been sent to leading poets in England, America, France, etc., and answers to it will be published in the August or October number of *New Verse*. Your co-operation will help to complete a survey of present poetic purpose which should be generally interesting and valuable."

Of the forty poets to whom the enquiry was sent, twenty returned their responses in time for publication in the October 1934 number. Responses from Jeffers and Archibald MacLeish arrived too late to be included in the October issue; they appeared in *New Verse* 12 (December 1934): 17–18.

RJ to Sister Mary James Power

Tor House, Carmel, California.
October 1, 1934.

Dear Sister Mary James:

1

Your letter should have been answered sooner, but there have been so many visitors and other events the past fortnight.

As to my “religious attitudes”—you know it is a sort of tradition in this country not to talk about religion for fear of offending—I am still a little subject to the tradition, and rather dislike stating my “attitudes” except in the course of a poem.—However, they are simple. I believe that the universe is one being, all its parts are different expressions of the same energy, and they are all in communication with each other, influencing each other, therefore parts of one organic whole. (This is physics, I believe, as well as religion.) The parts change and pass, or die, people and races and rocks and stars; none of them seems to me important in itself, but only the whole. This whole is in all its parts so beautiful, and is felt by me to be so intensely in earnest, that I am compelled to love it, and to think of it as divine. It seems to me that this whole alone is worthy of the deeper sort of love; and that there is peace, freedom, I might say a kind of salvation, in turning one’s affections outward toward this one God, rather than inward on one’s self, ♦ or on humanity, or on human imaginations and abstractions—the world of spirits.

I think that it is our privilege and felicity to love God for his beauty, without claiming or expecting love from him. We are not important to him, but he to us.

I think that one may contribute (ever so slightly) to the beauty of things by making one’s own life and surroundings environment beautiful, so far as one’s power reaches. This includes moral beauty, one of the qualities of humanity, though it does {seems} not {to} appear elsewhere in the universe. But I would have each person realize that his contribution is not important, its success not really a matter for exultance nor its failure for mourning; the beauty of things is sufficient without him.

(An office of tragic poetry is to show that there is beauty in pain and failure as much as in success and happiness.)

—There is nothing here that has not been more feelingly expressed in my verses; but I thought that a plain question deserves a plain answer.—Of course you are welcome to photostat this at pleasure.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

2

ALS. SS Notre Dame. 2 pages.

1. Sister Mary James Power (1894–1967), A.B., St. John’s University, M.A. and Ph.D., Ford-ham University, entered the congregation of the School Sisters of Notre Dame in 1915. Her career as an educator included positions as a teacher of English and Latin, principal, supervisor of secondary schools, and dean of the College of Notre Dame in Wilton, Connecticut. She was the author of *Poets at Prayer* (New York: Sheed & Ward, 1938) and *In the Name of the Bee: The Significance of Emily Dickinson* (New York: Sheed & Ward, 1943). *Poets at Prayer* was prompted by a desire “to discover the attitude toward religion of some of the generally acknowledged leaders in contemporary English and American poetry.” Chapter Five, “Robinson Jeffers Takes God to Task,” includes a photographic reproduction of Jeffers’ letter, a typed transcription, and Power’s discussion of Jeffers’ worldview; see pages 59–68.

2. The first draft of this letter is located in the Jeffers archives at the University of San Francisco. It is inscribed to Blanche

Matthias with the following message: “Dear Blanche: Of course you can have this first draft if y it interests you—scribbled and incomplete—such answers are necessarily incomplete as long as the mind goes on experiencing. Affectionately, Robin.” A draft in Una’s hand is located in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities Research Center, Texas.

UJ to Alfred Dashiell

R. D. 1 Box 36
Tor House. Carmel. California
October 2. 1934

Alfred Dashill, Esq

1

Dear Sir:

At the request of John Slocum

2 I am sending you some poetry of Robinson Jeffers. Not knowing exactly the length or type of subject you wish, I am sending three poems that you may have a choice and return the others.

3

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers

(Mrs Robinson Jeffers)

ALS. Princeton. 1 page.

1. Alfred Dashiell (1901–1970), journalist and editor. Dashiell joined *Scribner's Magazine* in 1923, eventually serving as managing editor from 1930 to 1936. He moved to *Reader's Digest* in 1936, where he held a variety of editorial posts until he retired in 1967.

2. John Jermain Slocum (1914–1997), a 1936 graduate of Harvard University, was engaged in public relations throughout his life, first as press secretary to Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia in New York and later as an official with the United States Information Agency. Slocum assembled one of the world's most important collections of James Joyce material. He co-authored, with Herbert Cahoon, *A Bibliography of James Joyce, 1882–1941* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1953).

3. “Shine, Republic” and “Rock and Hawk” appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* 97 (January 1935): 9. “Cloudy Day,” subsequently retitled “Gray Weather,” was published in *Scribner's Magazine* 98 (October 1935): 231.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel
Oct. 10. 1934

Dear Mr. Powell:

Its a nice article about the garden & gives a fair idea, I think, of its wild charm.

1 Many people have liked it.—Not long ago Duncan MacDuffie said to a friend after spending the morning looking at some gardens in Pebble Beach—“now lets go &

look at that slope at Tor House. That wild planting pleases me more than any place here!"—*He* has a marvellous ten-acre garden in Piedmont which time & again is ♦ written up in the California papers. Beautiful beyond one's dream! *Yellow*—you asked—yes a favorite color—all shades of yellow & burnt orange. It is gay & spirited. {and full of vitality.} Blue is often sad ion dull days & red too dashing & violent.

Two errors I noted in green ink.

The day I received your letter I had copied down an excerpt from Mary Webb's "Armour wherein he trusted."

2 (Do you know her "*Precious Bane.*"

3 So exquisite & strange—) Here is a bit of ♦ the excerpt "It is our {in} castle close at Polrebec—that little grey garden. It hangs upon the wall like a nest & the wall shelters it. There be grey stones to walk upon & bushes of grey lavender on either hand, with rosemary & thyme & hig-tapers, all grey of leaf. And the small-leaved musky white rose & two or three violets & many May lilils lilies—under the wall & on summer noons the grey garden is sweet & dim in the shadow of the wall—" That haunting wistful gray beauty is like ours.—♦

Amusing but exasperating the article about dinner for Krishnamurti. All wrong.—It was a supper in honor of Noël Sullivan's friend Elsie Arden of Paris.—Krishnamurti's diet is simple & no complications & known long ago—simply leaves out meat & liquor!—

Newspaper articles are queer & surprising!

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 4 pages.

1. Powell sent Robinson and Una a draft of his essay eventually published as “Robinson Jeffers and His Garden,” *Sunset* 74 (May 1935): 11, 66–67.
2. Mary Webb, *Armour Wherein He Trusted: A Novel and Some Stories* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1929): 69.
3. Mary Webb, *Precious Bane* (London: Cape, 1924).

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California
October 16. 1934

Dear Bennett:

Thank you very much for the check (\$501.65)—in payment for Liveright royalty.—We are both very sorry indeed that you have had to make up so large a sum. I cannot understand how the present Liveright firm got away with this affair. I think I told you in my last how Pell told Krishnamurti’s representative who wanted some satisfaction—“We have assumed the assets of the old firm but none of the liabilities.”—Life would be very easy if one could always thus evade any evil & clutch the profit—

I think Donald Klopfer & we agreed simply what you & I have talked over in our letters,—that you are to do as you

think best about *Roan Stallion*, in Modern Library. We think it would be an admirable step—

Thanks again,

Cordially

Una. <over> ♦

Thank you sincerely for the Auden & Spender books.

I think them a very interesting addition to your list & notice {what} extremely good reviews they are getting.—I cannot honestly say we really enjoy their poetry much although we'd like to be awfully gracious & say so about your other poets. It is almost impossible for me to give a dishonest opinion about books—(its

easy as anything about paintings where I am less sure of myself!) Anyway they make a fine contrast with Robin's work & will reach perhaps a wider audience. (My dislike partly is the transitory feel in them & their explosive surprise at the world as it is—they find it so *new*—) ♦

I mentioned in a former letter that Scribners sent a representative to get some poems from R. J. I sent on three for them to choose one & a very cordial letter today from Mr. Dashiell saying he wished to keep all three.—A great many magazines have written from time to time for poems and R. J. has been unwilling to send any. I am making an effort now to get him to send some to two more & hope as the Scribner man declared to thus enlarge his audience.

ALS. Columbia. 3 pages.

1. W. H. Auden, *Poems* (New York: Random House, 1934);
Stephen Spender, *Poems* (New York: Random House, 1934).

RJ to Langston Hughes

Tor House, Carmel.
October 16, 1934

Dear Langston:

Of course you can have my name and best wishes for the Guggenheim application.

1 There's plenty of competition for those scholarships now, but I should think you have an excellent chance.

Una and I are sorry we missed seeing you the other day. I can't remember who was here, but we'd have been glad to have you come in. We look forward to seeing you when you return—and the article about Carmel—Carmel will look prettier after a good rain or two. It is trying so hard to rain to-day, and hasn't managed more than a few drops yet—I feel sorry for it.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Yale. 1 page.

1. Langston Hughes received a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1935.

UJ to Theodore Lilienthal

Tor House Carmel
October 17. 1934

Dear Ted Lilienthal—

Thanks so much for “The Man with the a bull-tongue Plow.”
1 Robin has enjoyed it more than any book of {new} verse that has come into the house in years.—I think its a grand book too—full of the true poetic magic and humanly coarse! Certainly as Benêt says there are pages of material that are boring and dull and unimportant, but good red blood there & strength and how marvellous just in these times to read someone who isnt bawling about his wrongs or his nerves or that he is of the lost generation or who is announcing smartly that the world is so much harder to endure & understand than it ever was before. I’m so fed up with these envious, shouting agitators too lazy to do a day’s work & ♦ trying to corrupt those who are willing to plow a furrow.

Thanks again

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages.

1. Jesse Stuart, *Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1934). Stuart (1907– 1984) was an Appalachian regional writer who attracted national attention with this book, his first; more than fifty volumes of poetry, fiction, non-fiction, and children’s literature followed.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel
October 18. 1934

Dear Bennett:

Yesterday we rec'd a check from Liveright for \$12.⁷⁰ (with memorandum at edge “{½} Royalty permission Houghton-Mifflin \$17.50—\$4.80 purchases”)

The sheet with it said

½ Permission—Houghton-Mifflin (old contract) \$17.50

Purchases 4.80

\$12.70

Figures apply to six months ending June 30 '34

Perhaps I did wrong—but I cashed the check thinking it too extraordinary to get any money out of him,—but *why* is he collecting any money of ours—& what on earth does he mean by purchases—there have been none by us.

This is an affair similar to this 1 one of May 5 '34 which I spoke of to you in my last letter. That time, he kept *all* of the \$630 {\$15. of ours} because of *purchases*. I did nothing about it that time but sent the letter to your office. This time I ♦ have written to T. R. Smith to ask what its all about. He has always been very nice & friendly & I don't mind asking him

on that basis to explain. As soon as he replies I will send you his letter & you can proceed before or after it as you think best. If they are going to keep on collecting bits of “rights” & charging for mythical purchases its too boring.

In my last letter I meant to say I think your Random House ad. page much the handsomest in the anniversary Sat. Review of Lit. We were proud to be in it, & a fine list besides looking so.—As a reader (of many years) of Proust I can’t resist adding my praise to everybodys of Scott Moncrieff’s translation.

1—The finest translation from a foreign language I know.

Cordially

Una.

I have just looked up my old accounts & find that we did owe them \$19.80 for books sent to us *May 10 '33*, so if the law has allowed them to disclaim all debts but collect *all owing to them* even from their creditors, why then that is finished—we have now paid the \$19.80—but *you* are out ½ permissions (or \$15 + \$17.50=\$352.50) & any more they can collect in future.

Tell Donald K. I haven’t forgotten the Kodaks he asked for & will send them on soon.

2

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*, translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff (New York: Random House, 1934).

2. Added in top right corner, first page.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Oct 26. 1934

Tor House. Carmel

Dearest Mabel—

You are sweet to humor my foibles! I love that book on Round Towers which I have often seen quoted & once read in, in an old house in Belfast. There are many interesting bits about the towers in it besides his amusing & almost convincing phallic ideas of them.

Olga was here yesterday to ask us up to meet Dorothy Parker
1 on Saturday.

2 I can't bear her smart, cynical books (but thousands can!—)
Teddie brought over a book of her short stories with great admiration "After such Pleasures"

3—The people I spoke of coming in one day when I was there are connected with your life I think. Francesca Bragiotti

4 (not spelled right)—of Florence,—father taught singing,—mother sang too didnt she & had 13 children—surely they are in your *Memoirs* Olga took singing of them there. This girl has {leads} a ballet in Hollywood. Her husband who looked like a tall oily Jew is no less than John Cabot Lodge

5 of Boston! ♦

Have you read Mrs Winthrop Chanler's {(Memoirs)} *Roman Spring*

6 It sounds interesting, & as if you'd like it. I read three chapters—you must know some of the people.

We've been seeing Krishnamurti—Robin & he are to walk again up in the hills today & we are going to dinner with him at Peter Pan. He & Robin have had several grand walks. They seem not to talk,—just *walk* at lightning speed. I can't begin to write about him. He is a most lovable person & his mind brilliant & trained. I do not find his teaching anything I am needing & indeed it seems so far from any practical living (except for a hermit) that it seems to me a sort of metaphysical exercise for the mind—pleasantly interesting.

Another interesting man came over from London to interview Krishna *Mr Rom Landaeu*

7 a Pole. He wrote books on Pilsudski & on Paderewski—is doing one now on world saviors of our time.

8 He has been staying with ♦ Kaiserling

9 in Germany & his report on conditions in Germany is appalling. He stayed for a time with a friend who owns a castle near Berlin who being

anti-Nazi has to submit to the most exasperating demands in order to hold on at all! (Such as, the local company of Nazi troops needs 250 pairs of shoes this week—he must get them; or they need a local meeting place,—he must allow them a room in the castle, etc.—) Another friend owns a small factory which uses 150 workmaen. He is made to employ 400, who must needs sit about most of the time, & {he} is going bankrupt.—Even these things sound better than communism however! & he {Landeau} does admit the fanatical ideals & power of Hitler.

The Matthiases has told Mrs. Fields they will give up her house Jan 1. Do you wish to write her? I think her house would be cheaper than Dickinsons.

Forgot to say Landeau is writing on Steiner

10 in that book. Landeau had two long interviews with Robin too. ♦

Where are John & Claire now?—I had the tailor cut down Claire's coat for me & it looks stunning,—Thank you!

Every time I wear that blue shawl, I love you for it—& I am keeping it so carefully that if you'd ever demand it back—fifty years from now—it will be intact!

I had dinner at Noël's & went to concert with him & Landeau & Ben Lehman who was down for his birthday. Forgot to say that I've come to like & admire Elsie Arden *very* much. She has a robust sense—along with a very tender appreciation of people & things! & comical beyond words! She went back to New York a fortnight ago & Noël misses her very much. Langston too has gone but may return.

My step-sister & her Scotch husband have just gone {south.}
11 Stayed with us four days—they are just down from 6 months in the most remote part of upper British Columbia working a mining claim. I never heard such wild stories—602 miles to pack *everything* in.

Dearest love—
Una.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Dorothy (Rothschild) Parker (1893–1967), a founder of the Algonquin Round Table in New York, was a member of the editorial staff and a writer for *Vogue*, *Vanity Fair*, *The New*

Yorker, and other magazines. She was the author of *Enough Rope* (1926), *Laments for Living* (1930), *Collected Poems: Not So Deep as a Well* (1936), *Here Lies* (1939), and other books. With her husband Alan Campbell (1904–1963), she collaborated on more than twenty Hollywood screenplays, including *A Star Is Born* (1937)—a film that was nominated for seven Academy Awards. Her leftist political views brought her to the attention of the House Un-American Activities Committee, and she was eventually placed on the repressive Hollywood blacklist.

2. Along with Ernest Hemingway and others, Dorothy Parker belonged to the expatriate community of artists who gathered at Villa America, the French Riviera home of Sara and Gerald Murphy, Olga Fish's sister and brother-in-law.

3. Dorothy Parker, *After Such Pleasures* (New York: Viking Press, 1932).

4. Francesca (Braggiotti) Lodge (1902–1998) was the daughter of Isadore and Lily Braggiotti. Luhan provides an evocative portrait of the Braggiottis and their Florence household in *European Experiences*, pages 307–317. Muriel Draper, whose husband studied voice with Isadore, also describes the family in *Music at Midnight*, pages 5–9. Francesca, a dancer and actress who also dubbed movies in Hollywood—providing the voice of Greta Garbo, for instance, in several films prepared for distribution in Italy—participated in her husband's varied career.

5. John Davis Lodge (1903–1985), grandson of Henry Cabot Lodge, was a Harvard-educated attorney, popular screen actor, United States Navy captain, United States

congressman, governor of Connecticut, and ambassador to Argentina, Spain, and Switzerland.

6. Margaret Terry Chanler, *Roman Spring: A Memoir* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1934).

7. Romuald R. “Rom” Landau (1899–1974), a sculptor, author, and professor of Islamic studies, wrote extensively about Morocco, Islamic art and culture, and the pursuit of meaning.

8. Among Landau’s many books are *Pilsudski* (1929), *Ignace Paderewski: Musician and Statesman* (1934), *The Wing* (1945), *The Beauty of Morocco* (1950), *Islam and the Arabs* (1958), and *The Kasbas of Southern Morocco* (1969). The book he was working on at this time was *God Is My Adventure: A Book on Modern Mystics, Masters, and Teachers* (London: Nicholson & Watson, 1935; New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1936). It contains two chapters on Krishnamurti, the second of which—titled “Krishnamurti in Carmel”—includes an account of a visit to Tor House and a conversation with Jeffers about Krishnamurti.

9. Count Hermann Keyserling (1880–1946), author of *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher* (1925) and other books.

10. Rudolf Steiner (1861–1925), Austrian philosopher, educator, and spiritual teacher; founder of anthroposophy, Waldorf education, eurythmic dancing, biodynamic agriculture, and other movements designed to promote unity with nature, creativity, and well-being; author of *The Philosophy of Freedom* (1894) and other books.

11. Edith (Call) Allan, Una's half-sister, and her husband John Allan.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel
October 26, 1934

Dear Mr. Alberts:

What a charming thing to do—to send us the Hardy book which we had not seen. We both have the most eager interest in his work and in him. I really think R. J. has a more constant admiration for Hardy than for any one who has written writer of all his time. Thank you very much.

A month or so ago Donald Klopfer was here for lunch and spoke with extreme appreciation of your bibliography.

With cordial good wishes from us both.

Una Jeffers.

Did you ever see the *Life of Hardy* by his wife?

1 It is very valuable for the lengthy extracts from his notebooks & diaries.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. Florence Emily Hardy, *The Early Life of Thomas Hardy, 1840–1891* and *The Later Years of Thomas Hardy, 1892–1928* (New York and London: Macmillan, 1928 and 1930).

RJ to Babette Deutsch

Tor House, Carmel, California.
November 7, 1934.

Dear Miss Deutsch:

I am glad to be one of your references in the application for a Guggenheim fellowship, and wish you good fortune,
1 with that and the poem.

I wonder whether you could lend me a copy of “Honey from the Rock,”

2 so that I can answer a little more intelligently when they write to me? Some of it I remember, of course, but it would be better to see it again, and I am afraid there is no copy in the library here. “Epistle to Prometheus” of course I have. If you can send me a copy of the other I will return it carefully.—At your convenience; no doubt it will be some time before the committee writes to me. It is pleasant to hear from you again.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Washington U. 1 page.

1. If Deutsch applied for a Guggenheim award, she did not receive one.

2. Babette Deutsch, *Honey Out of the Rock* (New York: D. Appleton, 1925).

RJ to Jake Zeitlin

Tor House, Carmel, California.
November 27, 1934.

Dear Jake Zeitlin:

It is a real pleasure to hear from Lawrence Powell and other friends how well your business has prospered. I have long known that it deserved to. Let me wish you even greater success in the new place to which you are moving.

1

If you come north in vacation time, do stop in and see us again.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page. Postmark: November 28, 1934.

1. Zeitlin's new bookstore and art gallery, located at 614 West 6th Street in Los Angeles, opened November 15, 1934.

RJ to Frederic I. Carpenter

Tor House, Carmel, California
December, 1934.

Dear Mr. Carpenter:

Thank you for sending me the Contents and last chapter of your "American Idea."¹ I am very much interested; the book

is greatly conceived and planned, and the chapter you sent presents a most interesting and attractive view-point, not in the least invalidated by the fact that I don't share it completely.

Of course I agree with you that {the} European, American and Russian cultures have each its peculiar qualities and values, but I don't think of them as successive but as parts of the same wave, the two latter representing its wash on other shores, which the wave reached later. It seems to be normal for a ripening civilization to pass through the likeness of an increasingly democratic republic, to approximations of socialism combined with dictatorship tending toward empire.—the present {present} phase of the wave—which the more prosperous countries—England, France, America—are able to resist awhile.

But I don't mean to argue, still less to convince you, and am well pleased if verses of mine have helped (as you say) to mature a conception that seems to me original and organic and illuminating. You have certainly not “taken too great liberties” with my images and <over> ♦ thought, but quite rightly selected the ones that appealed to you, and it increases my opinion of them.

Congratulations on the book, and on the lucky title too. I hope it will be printed soon, and shall truly be glad if you will send me a copy.

Cordially yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Berkeley. 2 pages.

1. Carpenter did not publish a book with “American Idea” in the title. He may have sent Jeffers an early draft of a manuscript eventually released as *American Literature and the Dream* (New York: Philosophical Library, 1955).

RJ to Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Tor House, Carmel, California
December, 1934

Dear Erskine:

Did you ever read (in that book written by a lot of Jews in imitation of Heavenly Discourse) about the rich man who took away the poor man’s ewelamb?

1 It seems to me that I could hardly bear to part with Ewena. And besides, I must tell you that most of the letters that she answers so faithfully are not her employer’s but her own, which would certainly follow her up, whatever new attachment she might form. And she has another drawback—she is inseparable from a little white bull-dog, a spoiled child that would be a great nuisance to you, though I can’t help liking him.—So don’t you think you could take the twins instead? They don’t answer letters, but they can ride horseback, if that would be of any use to you?

As to our going down the coast in search of new tales—the story cannot be true, even if you saw it in “Controversy”

2—because Carmel is full of talebearers (is not Los Gatos?) all you have to do is sit at home, smoking a pipe as you suggest. It is true we were down the coast once ♦ or twice, but only for a ride or an honest walk, let the tales hang where they

may. The nicest one I know hangs on Una's white bull-dog. It is very short.

Noel Sullivan delivered four bottles of Burgundy to us, and thank you affectionately. He said you and Sara were coming down to Carmel soon, but now he says not until after New Year's. We look forward to it eagerly. Una and I have thought much and with deep sympathy about your health and Sara's, and how gallantly you bear illnesses, each concerned chiefly about the other:—we do hope things will be better with you now. I was delighted to hear from Noel and others that you are working at Circe, and at those beautiful sonnets, through thick and thin.

3

—About that offer of the twins, in my first paragraph. It was made on impulse—but you won't be sending for them, will you? They have grown so big and clumsy that it is better to keep them here by the seashore. Garth is as tall as I am and more than twenty pounds heavier, and Donnan almost as big, so really I don't think you should bother to send for them—the expense of transportation and all—besides that I'm afraid there would be a little trouble with Ewe-na about it.

But she joins me, and so do they, in love to you and Sara.

Affectionately,
Robin.

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. A reference to the Old Testament and a story told in 2 Samuel 12:4.

2. *Controversy*, a Carmel weekly news and opinion magazine edited by W. K. Bassett, began publication in October 1934 and ceased soon after. Bassett replaced it with *Pacific Weekly*.

The

November 9, 1934 issue of *Controversy* contains the following item, page 4: “Robinson and Una Jeffers and the twins went for a weekend ride over the hills of the back ranch of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Fish, looking for poetry and old tales in the uninhabited trails and canyons of the coast foothills.”

3. Probably a reference to two manuscripts Wood had printed for his own use many years before—*Sonnets Throughout Aye Many Years Begot of Introspective Sense and Love for Kith and Kin* (1918) and *Circe: A Drama with a Prologue* (1919).

UJ to Donald Klopfer

Tor House. Carmel
December 4. 1934

Dear Donald:

I was surprised to see all those Kodaks f etc again. You asked for a number and I meant you to have kept any you thought useful. Tell me if you need any more.

Robin says the book is progressing—not finished & won’t be until early spring. Is it your intention to have a fall publication?

Friendliest greetings from all the Jefferses

Una.

What wonderful reviews & notices of the Random House Proust. I'm wholeheartedly with you in that set.

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

RJ to Orrick Johns

Carmel; December 6. [1934]

Dear Orrick Johns:

Thank you for sending the clipping, and now I have been able to look up the matter in other newspapers. But I am sorry, I simply don't know enough about it to join in a protest. Mob-violence is always disgusting, whether the mob is farmers or communists, but the world is full of it, and I don't know—and have no means of finding out—what provoked this riot. I know that farmers have their troubles too, and are going broke like other people, and have as much right to be class-conscious, and are not ready to be collectivized in this country, I hope. So what can I do but keep my face shut?

Godod luck to you—personally.

YoursSincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

UJ to Ann Winslow

Tor House. Carmel.
Dec 7. '34

Miss Ann Winslow

I think that fac-simile plan *extremely* interesting. It was a brilliant idea.

1

It is extremely unlikely that we could get up to Harriet Monroe's lecture but I wish you would give her our very friendly greetings.

Una Jeffers

APS. Wyoming. Postmark: December 7, 1934.

1. A facsimile of Jeffers' handwritten poem, "The Low Sky," was published in *College Verse* 4 (January 1935): 43. The facsimile format was also used for a eulogy written by Jeffers in honor of Edwin Arlington Robinson (see RJ to *College Verse*, May 1935).

UJ to Charlotte Kellogg

Tor House. Carmel.
December 7. 1934

Dearest Charlotte:

My not answering your letter is so unlike how I felt when I read your sonnet on Dr. Welch.

1 I liked it so much & wanted to speak particularly of several lines—and it disappeared.—I should have written anyway—Yesterday I found it! I had been reading William Cobbett's *Rural Rides*

2 (which I adore!) but seldom have time to look into, when your letter came & I marked the place with the letter—I think that sonnet almost the best poem I have ever seen of yours. It is so tightly wrought & significantly worded & through it a feeling of his life & work written by someone long familiar with laboratoryies & science. I like “quick memory hid in *sinew*” etc. *Bright* solitude is fine & the clockless—unhindered—its all packed with meaning. Please tell me how you rewrote the last four lines. Robin likes this poem very much. (See end of letter) ♦

I see your darling Jean sometimes and I love and admire her so much. I dont know any girl who interests me as much. She came in last Sunday with Mary Jepp

3 of Peter Pan, to talk about a studio concert {(at Green's studio

4 Dec 12)} for that Irish harper that M. J. is inte so fond of. He is hard-up & has only one leg which limits his activities. He gave a concert here last spring & it was *enthraling*, if you care for old Irish music as I do. He plays & sings in the old manner in both Gaelic & English, songs not available to the general public—from old mss. & rare books.—I was happy to consent to be one of the patronesses—it is such an *unusual* pleasure to hear those songs! He has Tillie Polak's house for 3 months ant nominal rent—

The woman who has rented your Highland's place is Mary Cass Canfield a very dear friend of Olga Fish. She brought her here to tea once several years ago. She writes and is

keenly interested in literature & life. She is tall ♦ and dark & beautiful & quiet. I think she & Jean will suit each other admirably when they have intervals of time to play.

Krishnamurti won our hearts. Mind & spirit of the man are fine & true. I think the evenings of questions & answers were not very profitable. The discussions were so vague & scattered. I myself am of such texture that metaphysics are of no real help to me in my daily round. (Here is a *secret*. The thesis I wrote for my Master's degree was in {the} Philosophy Dep't. & was titled "The Enduring Element of Mysticism in Man"! Robin used to tease me by calling me his "*Mystic Bride*.") My intangible helps are of a different kind. I am not very much concerned about how we are reabsorbed into the general universe—but I could follow him in perfect unison in his talks about the importance of awareness each moment & of understanding one's environment. His sincerity and nobilit nobility are uplifting. We did see him often and he & Robin ♦ were in accord but we came to talk mostly of objective things. He has an extreme love of nature & beauty.

There was a morning of terrificly high waves when we all went to Pt. Lobos to see them. He seemed completely fascinated by the power and beauty—He & his friend Rojagopal

5 talked all of one evening about the terrible conditions in India. I will tell you when we have a long talk—I wished you were here when a Pole named Rem Landau came from London & flew here from N. Y. to interview Krishnaji

6 for a book he is writing on saviours like Steiner & Gandhi & Krishnamurti,—& Keyserling. He had just been in Germany & talked expertly & brilliantly about politics. He came to see Robin twice & interviewed him too! He had been staying with Keyserling (I dont think *he* is very important or lasting) also

with a nobleman much harassed in his castle {by the nearest Nazis}

Dorothy Parker came to tea she & her husband were staying at Olga's. She is dark & very quiet & *marvellously* well dressed—sits very demure except for an occasional witty jibe.

Don Ogden Stewart

7 was here that day too. ♦

Well my crazy pet John Cowper Powys has failed me in his *Autobiography*.

8 I am terribly disappointed in it.

Had dinner at Ellen O's with Jean & Duncan & their friends—{Mr & Mrs} Bakewell (?) an arte architect.

9—Duncan didn't look very well, but they were gay & happy. Edna Lyon was here for several days {&} looks very ill. She has that intestinal thing again

Friends of mine in London & New York say that *Men of Aran* 10 is the best film ever produced! There is no sign of its coming west yet. Did you know and love that book of Synge "The Aran Islands"?

A letter from the Clapps. They have had all their beautiful Florentine furnishings sent to them from the warehouse in S. F. where they have been stored fourteen years! They found are finding them an appalling burden & the task of settling them in their apartment gigantic & they are thinking how cheerfully they could at their age forego old tapestries & mirrors & priceless Madonnas. ♦

Soon you will see a poem of Robin's in Scribners. You know how seldom he prints anything in magazines—always preferring to keep his work together but a perfectly charming irresistible young Harvard man named Slocum, on Scribners staff made a special trip here to from Pasadena to win Robin over & he won *me* & I worked it

Keep well—and send me news sometimes. Do you see the nice Bruces.

Robin is more than halfway through his next book which he says will be done in early spring—but perhaps too late for spring publication. {One poem will be called “Attila's Wife”}

Love from all at Tor House
Una.

Your other poem is lovely & *fluid*. I like “drift-net” better than “tardy net etc”—I like “*frees*” spirit better than “calls”—you asked. I *don't* like using the word “motif ” it seems self-conscious & studied {thought out.}—The rest is so easy & flowing

11

They *insisted* on putting Robin's name on board of directors or advisors of that Academy of Poets—

12

ALS. Yale S. 6 pages.

1. Kellogg's poem “The Beloved Doctor (In Memoriam: Dr. William H. Welch),” appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* 155 (April 1935): 447.

2. William Cobbett, *Rural Rides in Surrey, Kent, and Other Counties* (London: J. M. Dent, 1932). This edition of Cobbett's book is located in Una's Tor House library. She may also have owned a previous edition of the work, which was first published in 1830.

3. Mary Jepp (1898–1980), born Mary Williams in Mississippi, was a stage and screen actress.

4. Charles Sumner Greene (1868–1957), an Arts and Crafts architect who established the Greene & Greene architectural firm with his brother Henry Mather Greene (1870–1954). In 1916 Charles moved from Pasadena to Carmel. His village studio, located on Lincoln between 13th Avenue and Santa Lucia, served as a gallery, meeting place, and recital hall.

5. Desikacharya Rajagopalacharya, known as D. Rajagopal or simply Rajagopal (1900–1993), was Krishnamurti's business manager, secretary, literary agent, and editor. In 1932, according to Rajagopal's daughter, Krishnamurti began a long and carefully hidden romantic relationship with her mother, Rosalind, Rajagopal's wife. This was one of the factors that eventually created an irreparable rift between the two men. See Radha Rajagopal Sloss, *Lives in the Shadow with J. Krishnamurti* (Reading, Mass.: Addison-Wesley, 1991).

6. A more familiar form of Krishnamurti's name.

7. Donald Ogden Stewart (1894–1980), American playwright, screenwriter, humorist, and political activist. Early in his career, Stewart was part of the Algonquin circle and thus a close friend of Dorothy Parker. While establishing himself as a writer for *Vanity Fair*, *The New Yorker*, and other journals,

Stewart published a number of books, including *Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind* (1923) and *The Crazy Fool* (1925). A move to Hollywood led to success as a screenwriter. Film credits include *Laughter* (1930), *Prisoner of Zenda* (1938), *The Philadelphia Story* (1940), for which he won an Academy Award, and *Life with Father* (1947). In 1939 Stewart married Ella Winter Steffens. As a result of his political activities and sympathy for communism, Stewart's career ended when he was blacklisted during the McCarthy era. He died in England.

8. John Cowper Powys, *Autobiography* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1934).

9. Probably John Bakewell, Jr. (1873–1963) and Hazel (King) Bakewell (1881–1949). John Bakewell's architectural firm, Bakewell & Brown, designed the San Francisco City Hall, the San Francisco Art Institute, the War Memorial Opera House, and many other notable buildings.

10. *Man of Aran*, a fictional documentary about life on the Aran Islands, was written and directed by Robert J. Flaherty. The highly praised film debuted April 25, 1934.

11. Although this postscript was written by Una, it may have been dictated by Jeffers or copied from notes he provided.

12. Added in open space on the right side of the last page, beside the closing and signature.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Dec 20 [1934]

Dearest Mabel—

Great excitement about Eliot Boke's disappearance.

1 Men searching (a whole CCC

2 camp of men) patrolling. An airplane flying back & forth trying to see her in the water & a patrol boat. She has been gone 50 hours no trace. She is {was} so strange looking it is hardly possible she could have hitch-hiked away. Anyone picking her up would certainly consider her demented & report.

We are going to Christmas dinner at Tevis' ♦ for the fourth or fifth year. Its very gay, last year thirty were at the table. (Robin doesn't enjoy it much as you may guess but he gets out of every other function or {rather} I get him out.) Boys & I are going to a Christmas party for Blanche's departure at the Highlands.—I have an adorable dress {to wear}. Picture dress of black taffeta Blanche gave me. She got it in Paris & wore it but twice. Its too large for her—she is very thin now weighs just 100. I think you'll like it. A book goes to you tomorrow. Best love & holiday good wishes from all of us.

Come soon!

Love

Una.

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Eliot (Boke) Coburn Schaffner and her sister Marian (Boke) Taylor Todd owned Eliot & Marian, a fashionable women's clothing store in Carmel. They closed the store in 1927 after Eliot married Joseph Halle Schaffner (1897–1972),

vice president and treasurer of Hart, Schaffner & Marx, a major clothing manufacturing firm. Leaving her two-year-old daughter in the care of a nurse and household staff, Eliot slipped unnoticed out of her home early Tuesday morning, December 18. A trail led to the water's edge at Cooke's Cove in Carmel Bay, where her shoe was later discovered. Just prior to her disappearance, Eliot had been hospitalized for a nervous condition; she remained despondent after her release and spoke repeatedly of suicide. It was eventually determined that she drowned herself, though her body was never found.

Carmel's legendary chief of police, August "Gus" Englund (1868–1935), who patrolled the village on his black horses, first Billy and later Betsy, died as a result of Boke's action. While searching for her body among the rocks of the coastline, Englund fell and injured his left foot. Twelve days later, his leg had to be amputated because of gangrene. Doctors battled the infection for ten more months but could not stop it. Englund died November 5, 1935.

2. The Civilian Conservation Corps was a work relief program established by President Franklin Roosevelt in 1933. When enrollment peaked in 1935, a half million young men lived in army-like camps set up across the United States. They worked on a variety of forest, infrastructure, community safety, and natural resource projects.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel
December 29, 1934

Dear Alberts—

You've forgotten by now speaking of Conrad

1 in your letter of Nov 27. I've got to confess that I do not enjoy reading Conrad. His people do not interest me enough to carry me through his involved method of unwinding their stories. And he seems moreover to always write English *as* a foreigner.—No I stand for Hardy in spite of the faults you mention. I acknowledge them.—and in spite of my adored George Moore frequent scornful comments on Hardy.—which reminds me—This morning I received from Ireland a photograph of the urn Moore's ashes were buried in & one of the original from which it was copied. This original was found in a prehistoric cist in Co. Meath.

I am mailing to you on Moday Monday—it is already wrapped a *book* of Robin's gotten out by Grabhorn, of S. F. It just *happened*—You know R. J. hates little books ♦ and little choice collectors' items—and has refused scores of times to allow them to be made of his work.—Well, Lilienthal of S. F. (Gelber-Lilienthal bookshop) persuaded Robin to give them a little poem which was, as we understood, to be just a leaflet for Christmas sale.—*Its only 14 lines*—It appears in book form—beautifully done, of course, from Grabhorn.

2 Along with the [illegible] book I am sending the

There were 3 copies also (of which one was given us) EXQUISITELY done on vellum, & bound in vellum (I guess) with a 2 inch strip of orange brown leather at the closed edge & back.

R. J. has promised to send his mss. to Random House early in spring—probably for autumn publication. One of the long poems he calls tentatively “Attila's Wife.” Various short ones are finished & he is in the midst of another long one. We wish

you all success & fortune for this coming year. Will you give our greetings to Adamic when you see him.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

See January Scribners—2 poems by R. J. extracted by such an engaging young man they sent. A Harvard student named Slocum.—extremely intelligent & devoted to literature!

3

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. Joseph Conrad (1857–1924), Polish-born English novelist; author of *Heart of Darkness* (1899), *Lord Jim* (1900), *The Secret Agent* (1907), and other works.

2. Robinson Jeffers, *Return: An Unpublished Poem* (San Francisco: Grabhorn Press for Gelber & Lilienthal, 1934).

3. Added at top of first page.

UJ to Mr. Oliver

Tor House. Carmel. California.
January 5. 1935

Dear Mr. Oliver:

Writing for my husband who is too absorbed in some work for letters just now. He wishes he could make some suggestion of value in reply to your question but cannot. His college work was very irregular. He was in school for many

years in Switzerland & Germany & then after moving about several colleges got his A.B. at Occidental at the age of 18. His father's household was very bookish, he lived among scholars. He cannot remember any inspiration from his English courses except perhaps from Prof. Main Dixon's (of U. S. C.) seminar which he attended as post grad. Dr. Dixon was an enthusiast about old Scotch ballads & read them and other poems extremely well. From my own experience of eight years in college & now watching our two sons & hearing other young students talking, I feel that an actual living enthusiasm ♦ for literature is the greatest thing any teacher can bring to his class. I have seen results from teachers of that kind type, students awakened.—

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages.

UJ to Kate Strauss

[January 1935]
Tor House. Carmel
Sunday.

Dear Miss Strauss:

1

Forgive me for not writing sooner. We've all had flu—not serious but very disagreeable. We would enjoy seeing you again—I suggest next Friday at 3:30—I'm sure all here will be well by then. If you *cannot* come then, send me a line, otherwise I shall expect you.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Virginia. 1 page.

1. Kate Dorothea Strauss (1911–2005), nicknamed “Tinka,” was an exchange student from Germany studying for an M.A. at Mills College when this letter was written. On the advice of a professor in Germany who urged her to explore connections between Jeffers and Oswald Spengler, Strauss wrote a thesis titled “Robinson Jeffers: The Poet of the Decline of the West.” She married Dr. Ulrich V. Solmssen (1909–2002), a research chemist, whose career at Warner-Lambert included positions as scientific director of the international division and president of the chemical division.

Editor’s note: I contacted Tinka Solmssen in 2004 and asked about her visits to Carmel. In a dictated message recorded by her daughter, Mrs. Solmssen said “Robinson Jeffers was very kind to me and we walked a lot on the beach. I remember walking with him very silently. He was a very silent man.”

RJ to Thayer Hobson

Tor House, Carmel, Calif.
January 13, 1935

Dear Mr. Hobson:

1

Thank you very much for sending me Mark Van Doren’s *The Transients*.

2 It is a lovely poem in the form of a novel;—Landor’s Hamadryad

3 magicked from Greece to New England and all the happier. I know nothing more charming of its kind, or more gracefully achieved.

We heard from John Evans lately—working at his novel, fretting that it takes so long, but splendidly confident of the story. Claire’s is finished, and he raves about it. Please remember me to your wife.

4

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers

TL. Columbia. 1 page.

1. Francis Thayer Hobson (1897–1967), a World War I veteran and graduate of Yale University, was a teacher, writer, editor, and publisher. He joined the William Morrow publishing company in 1926, purchased a controlling interest in the firm in 1931, and guided it as president until 1958.

2. Mark Van Doren, *The Transients* (New York: William Morrow, 1935).

3. “The Hamadryad,” a poem by Walter Savage Landor first published in a collection titled *The Hellenics* (1846).

4. Laura (Zametkin) Hobson (1900–1986), author of *Gentleman’s Agreement* (1947) and other books, was married to Hobson from 1930 to 1935. Hobson had previously been married to Janet Camp (later Janet Camp Troxell, a Dante

Gabriel Rossetti scholar), and then to Priscilla Fansler (who subsequently married Alger Hiss). Following his divorce from Laura, Hobson married Isabelle Lavis Garrabrants. His fifth wife was Elizabeth Tonkin Davis, widow of writer H. L. Davis.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Jan. 14. 1935.

Tor House. Carmel

Dearest Mabel—

Oh do give him some other portraits than *Robin & Una*. Our friends say that gives such a wrong impression & would do *such* harm in the east. I dont know *why*—I thought it so interesting & more than kind to me at least & full of lots of truths that most people never would see if they stood about us & watched & watched,—but there it is—not one of the people I showed it to wanted it to go into print. Since they have no axes to grind by its nonappearance there is no reason that I know why they should oppose it except that they didnt like it. So I feel very self-conscious & uncomfortable {about it}. I think it may be I am {we are} not as *fine*, {in nature} or living as beautifully as they wish—or prefer to think we are. ♦

I am looking forward eagerly to Claire's book.

I wonder whether it woul {will} explain her a little.

We had a nice friendly card from Angelino this morning from Savona.

Blanche & Russell are at the Savoy-Plaza for a few months. They also found this film tremendous. They say it is coming west soon. I tried to get a copy of Synge's old "Aran Islands" for you when I couldn't get V. S-W's "The Land" but I had already bought the one & only copy on the coast for Russell! I wanted to prepare him to like this British film. I have a vague memory you read my copy, anyway.—

Hans & Phoebe always stay at *La Playa*

2 & get on all right.—The food at Peter Pan, of course, is the best anywhere (but over-nourishing!)—but I think you would feel awfully tucked away up there & its pretty far from the water.

We all had flu during the holidays. I got it somewhere & expected to lie

down & rest & read & have a nice time my temp. was 103° but I didnt feel very sick but boys got it & Robin who ♦ quickly soared to 104°+ so I had to get up & take care of them. We all {except R.} went to Tevis' last night. Dickie

3 got a motion picture camera for Christmas & has taken some fine pictures. Also he had rented from a motion picture library in S. F. a film "*The Lost World*"—its the first picture the boys ever saw. It is founded on a Conan Doyle story of a plateau in Brazil on which are {is} a big collection of prehistoric animals—Ever seen it?

Flavia Flavin

4 (vastly improved since you saw her by her year in Paris with Phyllis Griffin

5), was here for dinner Sat. night with the Tevis boys. She has been playing polo with the four boys & they all like her. She

flew to N. Y. Sunday to enter a dramatic school. Donnan had a nice letter from Mary Pollard.

6

I talked to Kay Goringe Justice's husband

7 on the street & he says Jaime de A—has stopped his furious mad drinking & acts madder than ever. Keeps Nancy practically a prisoner up there & beats a tom-tom all night. Weird. ♦

Hans Barkan has long tales to tell of Germany which I will tell you when I see you.

What a loss if they cut those trees by Manby's.

8 How is Dr. Martin

9—& how is York.

Love from all of us!

Faithfully—Una

Did you ever eat canned *nectarines* O they are good put up by S & W.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Claire Spencer's *The Island*, a novel about family tensions and romantic entanglements on a small island off the coast of Scotland, was published April 15, 1935 by Harrison Smith & Robert Haas.

2. A historic hotel located on Camino Real at 8th Avenue in Carmel.

3. Richard Lee Tevis (1919–2010), younger brother of Lloyd Tevis, Jr.
4. Flavia Flavin (1915–1996), later Mrs. James Sören Edgren, was the daughter of playwright Martin Flavin and his first wife Daphne (Springer) Flavin.
5. Phyllis (Hayes) Griffin (1894–1956), first wife of Robert Allen Griffin, founder and publisher of the *Monterey Peninsula Herald*. Phyllis' father, Everis Anson Hayes (1855–1942), owned the *San Jose Mercury Herald*. He also served seven terms as a United States congressman.
6. Mary Pollard (1918–2011), later Mrs. Dinsmore Wheeler, was the daughter of Kathleen Pollard Kiker and stepdaughter of Judge Henry A. Kiker of Raton, New Mexico.
7. Ashley C. Justice (1907–1978), first husband of Katherine “Kaye” (Gorringer) Justice (1908–2001). Kaye later married California attorney John Douglas Short (1894–1955), a specialist in corporate law, penology, and criminal psychology. The Kaye Short Wing of the Big Sur Library, where Kaye was the librarian from 1958 to 1992, was dedicated in 2003.
8. Arthur Rochford Manby (1859–1929), an eccentric Englishman who owned a large home in Taos. Mabel rented rooms from him in 1918 when she and Maurice Sterne first arrived in town. Manby grew suspicious of the couple, thinking they might be German spies, and reported them to federal authorities. After spending years trying to secure title to a large land grant, Manby lost his holdings to creditors. In 1929 he was found beheaded in his home. Frank Waters tells

his story in *To Possess the Land: A Biography of Arthur Rochford Manby* (Chicago: Swallow Press, 1973).

9. Dr. Thomas Paul Martin (1864–1935), known affectionately as “Doc Martin,” was Taos’ first physician.

UJ to Theodore Lilienthal

Tor House. Carmel
January 15. 1935

Dear Lilienthal—

Yes I regard the score about the poem as balanced so no more need be said. It is very beautifully done though we both disapprove of *book form* for short poems as I told you when you were here & I was criticizing Knopf for getting out single poems & charging .65[¢] for them. I think they were Borzoi booklets.

1 (MacLeish Sassoon) etc. They were very ♦ eager to have one from Robin which he refused not liking the pompousness of a book for one poem. I had visualized the *Return* as just the sheet you sent unbound.

Certainly I was not embarrassed by your business inquiry. A poet supporting a family mostly by his pen—if he is a *proper* one—is no different *in effect* than a farmer with a field of potatoes to harvest & market. ♦

I had a letter from Random House today & their spring list & was so interested to see they are printin publishing Mar 27, *all* of *Synge’s* works in a single volume at \$3.50. You remember I was trying to get several copies of his *Aran Isles* for

Christmas gifts, spurred on to interest people in this one of my favorite books by the success of the great British film running in N. Y. now ♦

“*Man of Aran*”. C. C. Parker sent me 1 copy apparently the only one anywhere (except the Dublin Maunsel

2 one you located) The Matthiases now in N. Y. sent word its a grand film & just about to start to {ward} California. I hope you can push Synge’s book some by means of that film—just because he is a *lasting* person Im sure—{though dead long years now.}

With cordial greetings,
Una Jeffers.

{Yes} The sherry was well-packed & no breakage.

3

ALS. Occidental. 4 pages.

1. Borzoi was an imprint of the Alfred A. Knopf publishing company.

2. Maunsel & Company was a Dublin publishing firm. Formed in 1905 by Joseph Maunsell Hone and others, the firm specialized in works by writers associated with the Irish Renaissance.

3. Added across top, first page.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Jan 19. Saturday [1935]

Dearest Mabel—

A letter just came here from Italy for Frieda. You haven't said lately whether she is about to arrive or not. I think I'd best put an air mail stamp on & send to Taos.

Thanks so much for letting me see J. C. P. letter. He interests me—I don't altogether agree about {with} his reflections about fictional characters although I believe they would be true for most people. (I'm talking about his conclusions about your Uncle Carlos

1 who *is* memorable & appealing

& *lost*, poor exotic man!)—When I am interested in people I think about them & ask & watch until I give them LIVING the cubic completeness that he seems to feel possible only in fiction. So do you I believe. Im sorry he likes Dickens—soppy ill-bred person. I liked him speaking of Hardy's heart.—We, too, went & stood beside its burial place in the yard by the exquisitely carved stone Stinsford Church. Beside his heart is his first wife's grave—with her name “*Emma—etc. wife of Thomas Hardy*” “*This for remembrance*” ♦

Well, in a tumult of rain three nights ago, a knock & here Jaime & Nancy

& their child—The present state of Jaime is this—*THIN*, emaciated, long grizzled beard, long thick grizzled hair (some gray in both) wildly coming down & meeting beard. His face is sad & humble & *broken-spirited*, quiet. He only once showed ANY spirit or emotion. The child is fat & tubby & strange. Nancy looked pretty & quiet {& cheerful too} in spite of the way they live—for now they have no car—get to

town at 6 months intervals & {are} entirely shut off on that hill & provisions brought to the foot of the trail by bus. They are hard up.—A friend of Nancy's said she was so low in her mind that she had stopped loving Roger Sturdevant

2—long loved—Well she seemed in fair enough condition, better than the other two.—Of course when we see Jaime next time he may be utterly different again. I couldn't resist telling Jaime he looked like a holy man & he assented.

3

AL. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Carlos M. de Heredia (1863–1917), born in Cuba of Spanish and French ancestry, was married to Mabel's aunt Georgie (Cook) de Heredia (1865–1946). Mabel writes about him in *Intimate Memories: Background*, pages 138–148: “he would take me into his arms and kiss me with a very gentle light sweetness, a perfumed kiss from his black brilliantined beard that left a fragrance on my face. And he would whisper, ‘*Chérie, Chérie, tu es si douce,*’ and he had a name for me—Mésange. It is a small brown bird in France. My first kisses in this world were from Uncle Carlos's perfumed Latin lips, and no other man of my own race has ever in any way shown me this kind of love.”

2. Probably Roger Sturtevant (1903–1982), an award-winning portrait and architectural photographer who was born in Alameda, California and worked throughout the San Francisco Bay Area. In the late 1920s, Sturtevant lived in Carmel.

3. There may have been more to this unsigned letter; if so, the rest is missing.

UJ to Ellen O'Sullivan

[January 22, 1935]

Tues.

Tor House.

Dearest Ellen—

I've got to go into the hospital (this Community Hospital in Carmel) for a slight operation. Going Wed. night. operate 9. AM Thursday. It isn't serious, some *repair* work. I *must* stay a minimum of ten days, better two weeks—I hate leaving my family for even one night So—think of me and come see me when its allowed—! I have told scarcely anyone just Gay K. & Mr. OConnor who was wanting to bring his harp & Emily C—
I who was asking ♦ me to lunch—It was hard to confess such an intention to a Christian Scientist.

I've been trying to rest in bed some hours each day—thats why you haven't seen me—there have been lots of people coming & going too—

I'm writing this on a tablet in bed.

Fortunately boys have semester-end holiday from Thurs. to Tu. next so during that time they will have no difficulty managing but after that, how they are going to get themselves off to college ♦ at 7 every morning I cant think without me here to howl at them

When this is all over do tell Alice & Susan & Chris & Violet

2 to come see me if they are ever up that way with a moment to spare

Dearest love from Una.

I think people's criticisms of books so odd. I've heard people say *Elizabeth's* "Jasmine Farm"

3 was enchanting Byrd Whitehead

4 brought it to me. It is the most profoundly cynical & thoroughly disillusioned book I've read in years. & so boringly facetious in spots like the endless gooseberry thing

ALS. HRC Texas. 3 pages.

1. Probably Emilie Coote. See Una's February 26, 1935 letter to Blanche Matthias, note 8.

2. Most likely Alice Williams, Susan Porter, Chrissie Taft, and Violet Whitney. Isabelle Violet Whitney (1866–1954), daughter of George E. Whitney, a California state senator, was a close friend of Chrissie Taft; the two lived for a time at the same address in San Francisco. Violet had a home in Carmel on Santa Lucia Avenue between Monte Verde and Casanova Streets.

3. Elizabeth, *The Jasmine Farm* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, Doran, 1934). Elizabeth von Arnim (1866–1941), born Mary Annette Beauchamp in New Zealand, used "Elizabeth" as a pen name. She was raised in England and was married in the course of her life to two noblemen: Count Henning von Arnim and John Francis Stanley Russell, 2nd Earl Russell (Bertrand Russell's older brother). Her popular first book, *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* (1898), was

followed by *The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen* (1904), *The Enchanted April* (1922), and other works.

4. Jane Byrd Whitehead.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

[January 22, 1935]

Tues. Tor House

Dearest Mabel—

Resting in bed for a few hours every day writing on a tablet with your pen.

—Just had your long letter I see that you are the one who is going to have to write the book on Homo—The subject is beating around in your head & is taking shape. You've thought to good purpose since you wrote anything about it to me last.—Then you were vaguely debating—*could* it be a step in advance. because it see Then I meant to ♦ answer you that on the contrary it was a prolonging of *adolescence* {when I think homos—is fairly *normal*}.—Your idea today is better though. It does imply a deep fatigue of living & an evasive attitude toward normal responsibility—Noël is a strange person you must probe his mind. It is a strange mind both unusually unconfined & knowing, with unexpected lacks & gaps. We have come to like him tremendously. He likes analyzing & he has considered. One could find out a lot from him. ♦

We went to Olga's to supper Sunday night. Present were Mr & Mrs

1 Irwin Cobb & their daughter just the *wisest* young woman you could meet but something really sweet & amusing & kind about her. Her name I think is Mrs. Steve Brodie (didn't his ancestor jump off Brooklyn bridge!) I think daughter is a journalist

2

Also present Dr Alanson Weeks & wife of S. F.

3 He is a great surgeon. He is ♦ the man who did Olga's big operation. Charming magnetic & *strong*

Sidney Fish had drunk too much but he is at heart very sympathetic & loveable toward a few people—and I'm one! I always have a nice time with him. He is shy & is sad I don't quite know why. He is tremendously fond of Olga I think & she seems fond of him *She is a real person* beneath her flippancies—and *gallant*.

Now I must get up & ♦ do something about James Rorty. A wire says he's arriving from N. Y. to spend the night Lord I'm sorry I just want to lie here & count my blessings & hate my woe of going to hospital. I wish for the moment I were bored & reckless then I wouldn't mind—

Dearest love from
Una

ALS. Yale. 5 pages.

1. Laura Spencer (Baker) Cobb (1876–1967), a native of Savannah, Georgia. She and Irvin married in 1900.

2. Elisabeth Cobb (1902–1959), also known as Elisabeth Cobb Chapman, was a writer and editor. Books include *Falling Seeds* (1927), *Minstrels in Satin* (1929), *She Was a Lady* (1934), and *My Wayward Parent: A Book about Irvin S. Cobb* (1945). At the time this letter was written, Cobb was married to her second husband Alton A. Brody, a New York real estate broker.

Steve Brodie (1863–1901) gained fame in 1886 for supposedly jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge. The story of the stunt survived in popular imagination and speech; for many years, to “pull a Steve Brodie” meant doing something outlandish and dangerous. *The Bowery*, a film about Brodie and his friends starring Wallace Beery and George Raft, came out in 1933.

3. Alanson Weeks (1877–1947) and Belle (Harmes) Weeks (1885–1943). Dr. Weeks, clinical professor of surgery at the University of California Medical School and chief of surgery at St. Luke’s Hospital, was a noted San Francisco physician. Early in his career, he won a Distinguished Service Medal for his work during World War I. As the leader of a medical unit in France, he followed American forces through the battles of Château-Thierry, Belleau Wood, St. Mihiel, the Argonne, and Verdun. Gertrude Atherton dedicated *The Sisters-in-Law* (1921) to him.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

[January 28, 1935]

Monday night

Carmel Community Hospital

Dearest best Mabel—

Its just after supper 6:30 & I was lying here alone when all your lovely flowers came in. The nurse brought the box before unpacking they looked so enchanting—now they are in bowls—a riot of bloom {spring} stocks & daffodils & fresas & syringa & lots of violets.

I expected to f write you a long letter before this but my hand trembled so I couldnt I dont know why because ♦ I feel very well although I cant sit up am writing lying down (stic stitches seem to be better laid on than sat on.) I'll tell you all about the operation when I see you. It took an hour & Robin & boys had rather a dreary wait. They have a wonderful anaethetist here new methods etc. I had not one instant of nausea. This place was the

Deere-Velie Clinic up on the hill ♦ at edge of Carmel Metabolic you know under {Dr.} Kocher—but the endowment depressed with other stock{s} and it couldnt go Then Olga got mad at the atrocities of the Monterey Hospital she had financed & is now one of the directors of *this* which is {now run & organized as} a general hospital open to all the peninsula doctors.

1 *Lovely* nurses here & lord! such marvellous food. I hope I dont just roll out of here as fat as a butter ball ♦

Ellen O'Sullivan went to the city one this week & arranged for my three men to dine at her house all the time, arranged everything before she left, wasn't that kind! Olga had them all up there all day Sat. & she came to see me while they helped Sydney & his cowboy drive cattle over the hills.

Last night {Yesterday P.M} Noël came to see me & said Max Eastman & his wife

2 were at his house to supper & we got Robin to go. He said Eastman was interesting in talk ♦ about Sa trip he & his wife took in Spain & got into jail suspect communists. They were not propaganding then as it happened.—Robin said they spoke {in} very friendly fashion of *you*. They are all {rather} at outs with Ella Winter. Their paths communistically have divided, it seems I'll tell you when you come hope you live near us so I shall see you often & often. Doctor says I shall be able ♦ to righ ride as soon as I feel the impulse. My stitches et cetera will be all right.

That catalogue Harcourt Brace notice of your book is *good*—also I like the sound of that—I cant remember *Abbey of Evolayne*

3 & the Scotch one by *Neil Gunn*

4

Neil

5 brought me a book you must read if you havent Thomas Mann's "Death of in Venice"—about your last letters subject

Here is Robin to mail this

I love you

Una

Using your pen

6

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. Grace Deere (Velie) Harper Harris (1872–1929), granddaughter of John Deere and one of four heirs to the Moline, Illinois farm implement company bearing his name, endowed the Grace Deere Velie Metabolic Clinic in Carmel. She died just before it opened, however, and the clinic’s trust fund lost much of its value in the 1929 stock market crash. Consequently, the clinic was forced to close. Dr. Rudolph A. Kocher (1883–1983), a local physician and the clinic’s medical director, then launched a successful fund-raising effort that led to the clinic’s reopening as the Monterey Peninsula Community Hospital in October 1934.
2. Eliena Vassilyenva (Krylenko) Eastman (1895–1956), an artist and dancer, was a graduate of the Leningrad University law school; she once served as Maxim Litvinov’s private secretary. Her brother, Nikolai Krylenko, was a leading Soviet official prior to his execution in the Great Purge of 1938. Eliena and Max married in 1924.
3. Paule Régnier, *The Abbey of Evolayne*, translated by Samuel Sloan (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1935).
4. Neil M. Gunn, *Highland Night* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1935).
5. Una probably meant to write “Noël” (Noël Sullivan) here.
6. Added in top right corner, first page.

UJ to Blanche Matthias

Tuesday
Jan 29. [1935]

{Flat on back}

Carmel Community Hospital

Dearest Blanche—

How is that for an address for me?

1—I came here last Wed. night & was operated on Thurs. morn. A minor operation (some repair work—(vaginal & perineum tears not properly repaired after Garth & Donnan)—not an *emergency* thing but really important for my health & efficiency. I have to stay on my ♦ back until stitches are taken out—on 10th day I think it will be. He wishes me to stay here a fortnight altogether.

Ellen O’Sullivan was going to town & she arranged for my 3 men to go to her house for dinner every night. Wasn’t that a kind thought. Olga has been very thoughtful too & lots of other people. Noël had Robin with Max Eastman ♦ & his wife—the other night We had met Max E only once before, he is a devoted friend of Mabel’s.

Boys had 5 days vacation (*term end*)—& that was helpful. They had fine marks in their work (good hard exes too—) Donnan got *A* in his Political Science. The man professor said he had never given an *A* before! Thats

Donnans line with ♦ History certainly. They got mostly *As*, & *A+* in English—In their French so funny Monsieur Erris

2 their professor said “I am giving you both the same mark but it represents with Mr Garth the top edge & Mr. D—the bottom edge in the range of this letter but I wish to say that it is giving me the greatest of pleasures to work with such fine clean young men!” with a courtly bow. ♦ They were

convulsed. He is the one Donnan comes home & *acts* for us so often. Very *French* & foreign.

I wish you could see my room there are 12 jars of flowers just riots of spring roses & violets & daffodils & stock & iris & freesia & narcissus & sweet peas & hyacinths & snow drops! And the fragrance!! ♦

This is the Community Hospital you know {was} the Grace Veelie Deere Clinic up on hill at edge of town. The service is fine—first class nurses, grand food (God grant I dont roll out of here round as a butter ball) beautyrest mattresses all very nice. There is a fine anaesthetist here who uses very modern methods & although <over> ♦ I was on the table over an hour I wasnt a bit nauseated—

Now for a bit of scandal. What do you guess I've got on? One of R. J. M.'s

3 discarded nightshirts. When I took them home Garth & Donnan fought like tigers to possess them. Donnan because he believes (I think) that conservative English aristocrats wear them. Garth I guess because he fancied his great bulk would be impressive thus clad (he weighs stripped 185). Well I did have the decency to pick off the embroidered M thus leaving my lawful spouse's initials on the pocket. Not until today ♦ was I allowed out of these surgical nightgowns. Now I am arrayed in fine linen aforesaid.

Donnan will write you soon. All has been confusion at our house & they have all helped me. If I needed to learn of Robin's love all I'd have to do is lie down & quit for a while—He is tender & thoughtful & (lost!)

James Rorty came & spent the night & day at Tor House just before we left & Bobby Horton & many another coming & going. We were all at dinner at Olga's before I came here. Mr & Mrs Irvin Cob Cobb & daughter Mrs Steve Brodie. Tell you all about sometime. Mabel says now she is coming Feb 15 & Brett with her. I got her to come then instead of Feb 1.

Dr. says

I can ride horseback as soon as I wish but land! I am so trussed up at the present

4moment I think—can I ever straddle a horse?

^Dearest love to you from Una.^ ♦

Those 3 prs. of handsome shoes fitted Donnan *exactly* & he keeps them so polishes & set out in such order that they look like a dozen pairs!

ALS. Yale. 9 pages.

1. An arrow points to “Carmel Community Hospital.”
2. Louis Eris (1898–1959), a native of the Basque region of France, immigrated to the United States in 1912. After graduating from the University of California, Berkeley in 1925, he began his career as an educator. From 1929 to 1959 Eris was an instructor at Salinas Junior College (renamed Hartnell College), where he taught courses in French, Spanish, and psychology.
3. Russell James Matthias.

4. The remainder of this sentence and the closing and signature are written vertically along the right margin and across the top of page 8.

RJ to Albert Bender

Tor House, Carmel.

January 31, 1935.

Dear Albert:

Thank you—and the Book Club—very much for all those copies of the George Sterling folder.

1 It is marvelously done, with the typography and the reproduction of the letter—a beautiful thing, that the Book Club must be proud of. Una and I were so much interested in the mining-town series that came out last year.

2 ♦

Una is at present in the Carmel Community Hospital, the eighth day after a little operation, really a minor one, and not dangerous, but she was under the anesthetic for an hour and a half. She is getting along splendidly, and will feel even more energetic than usual when she gets out of bed three or four days from now.

3 She sends you her love; I am writing this by her bedside. She wants to tell you how very much she enjoys the two books you sent, of Irish poetry and Irish place-names. They are both on the little table by her bed. ♦

I have been kept quite busy running back and forth to the hospital,

visiting Una and seeing that our boys get their lessons and their meals, besides continuing work on my latest piece of verse,—otherwise I should have answered you more promptly. Our boys are going to Salinas Junior College for their freshman year; they have to get up at 6 AM and drive to Salinas every morning, and I have to see that they do so. They enjoy it, however. Next year they will go up to Berkeley, I think.

Affectionately,
Robin.

ALS. Occidental. 3 pages. Postmark: February 1, 1935.

1. See following letter, RJ to Book Club of California.
2. Oscar Lewis, *California Mining Towns*—a series of twelve keepsake folders about the towns and camps of the Gold Rush. The series was published in monthly installments by the Book Club of California (November 1933 to November 1934).
3. Una left the hospital and returned to Tor House February 5.

RJ to Book Club of California

[January 1935]

1We ask of our poets, at least the lyric poets, that they be persons as well as writers. The novelist may be somebody or anybody and generally it matters little; his persons are in his novels; but a lyric poet, besides having talent and some degree of originality, is expected to represent for us specific

qualities—and weaknesses also, for humanity's sake—as Burns and Catullus do, or a distinctive way of life and feeling, as Wordsworth does. The person as well as the work ought to have quality, or else we feel cheated, as when one thinks of Coleridge and wonders who wrote *Kubla Khan*—perhaps the laudanum?

George Sterling was my friend, and no one who knew him will forget the special qualities of his nature. Generosity was chief among them; the word means more than loose-handedness, it carries the sense of well-born too, joining nobility with liberality. He was always poor and never complained, and what he had he gave freely.

His generosity is somewhat instanced in the letter reproduced in this

folder. Granted that it would be no sacrifice to some of us to forego writing an exposition ode, whatever the reward; but one must remember that San Francisco meant much to Sterling, and even the Exposition meant something. His mind was the richer for having facets that mine, for example, lacks. But I think of innumerable other instances of his generosity; of his kindness to unknown authors; of his continual thoughtfulness in friendship; of the time he apologized for not having kept a book or two that I had given him: a friend was in need, and having no money at the moment, George had sold all his books. The act was so natural to him that he hardly considered it, except as it might concern some third party.

Looking at the handwriting of this letter, I am reminded of the first that I received from him, some ten years later than the date of this one. When I took it from the box in the dark

Carmel post-office of that time, an old friend of Sterling's, standing thirty twilight feet away, instantly recognized the handwriting on the envelope. "Ah: you have a letter from George."

I think it is quite so with Sterling's poetry. Like his penmanship it is too near to copperplate for the fashion of the time (fashion!) and perhaps he used too conscientiously the "sieve for noble words" that Dante speaks of, banishing surprise and the vernacular; perhaps his metronomic ear too constantly preferred rhythmical faultlessness to expression: nevertheless his work is individual as well as beautiful, you recognize the best of it instantly, for his own and no other person's, all the way across the dusty post-office of authorship.

—Robinson Jeffers

PD. BC California.

1. This essay, published here as a letter, was included in a keepsake folder titled *George Sterling: With Comment by Robinson Jeffers* (San Francisco: Book Club of California, 1935). The folder, printed by the Grabhorn Press, was the first in a twelve-item series titled *The Letters of Western Authors*. It contains a facsimile of a November 24, 1914 letter from George Sterling to Albert Bender concerning who should write an ode for the 1915 San Francisco Exposition. Sterling withdraws his name from consideration so that his friend and mentor Ina Coolbrith (1841–1928) could have the honor. Jeffers' essay is titled "Qualities."

UJ to Granville Hicks

Tor House. Carmel
Feb. 5 [1935]

Mr. Granville Hicks

1

I have sent on your note to Mabel Dodge. As I remember her ms. the part about J. R.

2 is very personal & not very much about his,—as I believe, now *over*-emphasized communism.—If you can convince her by pertinent questions that you need her knowledge, I daresay she will oblige you by information.

3 She is a very reasonable woman.

Sincerely—in haste
Una Jeffers—

APS. Syracuse. Postmark: February 5, 1935.

1. Granville Hicks (1901–1982), American writer, critic, editor, and educator who taught at Smith College, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Syracuse University, and other institutions. During the 1930s, Hicks was one of America's most prominent Marxist literary critics; in 1939, however, he resigned from the Communist Party and began to speak out about the dangers of communism. Hicks was an editor of *New Masses* and the author of a number of books, including *The Great Tradition: An Interpretation of American Literature since the Civil War* (1933), *Small Town* (1946), and *Part of the Truth* (1965). With Ella Winter, he edited *The Letters of Lincoln Steffens* (1938).

2. John Reed (1887–1920), American poet, journalist, and social revolutionary whose eyewitness account of the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia was published as *Ten Days That Shook the World* (1919). From 1913 to 1915, while Mabel Dodge Luhan was still married to Edwin Dodge but no longer living with him, she and Reed were involved in an intense romantic relationship. For Mabel’s account of the affair, see chapters titled “Reed,” “Reed Again,” and “The End of Reed” in *Movers and Shakers*, volume 3 of her *Intimate Memories* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1936).

3. Hicks was gathering information for a book he was writing with John Stuart—*John Reed: The Making of a Revolutionary* (New York: Macmillan, 1936).

UJ to Kate Strauss

[February 1935]

Dear Tinka—

I write from bed where I have to stay for a few days—R. J. thinks he was less influenced by Whitman than by any other poet of power that he read.

1 He is not able to find any trace of Whitman in his work.

Yrs—

Una Jeffers.

ALS. Virginia. 1 page.

1. In an undated letter to Una (AL Virginia), Strauss writes, “But I would like to know what Mr. Jeffers thinks of

Whitman? I had an argument with my Professor, I don't believe Mr. Jeffers is much influenced by him, at least not consciously and my Professor is of different opinion."

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel
Feb 18. 1935

Dear Mr. Alberts:

Thanks for Niven Busch

1 address. He asked me for some material that was {is} in your Bibliography & I referred him to that. He says he had intended to write an article on R. J. for Vanity Fair {The New Yorker} a biographical piece he calls it but V. F. {the N. Y.} thought it too literary & he says the editors of Saturday Review hearing of his notes on R. J. asked him to do an article for them.

2 He was in Carmel two years ago.

I have just now looked into your book for a moment & it opened at p. 26, a facsimile letter of R. J. to you. I wonder whether I ever told you the German-Jewish actress who recited the Scotch ballads so magnificently here was Hedwiga Richer. She & her father & brother were well known in N. Y.—Next page but one I see a page of *Roan Stallion* ms. I suppose I did tell you in other days that R. J. gave the *Roan Stallion* ms. to Donald Friede. I see it is listed in John Hay Whitney's possession. I don't know whether it was sold directly to him or how—♦

I wonder whether I told you that when the recent *Smart Set* anthology was published the editors wrote two, & I think three very urgent entreating letters to be allowed to use “Mirrors” Answer was “No”

Mr. Powell writes that Georges Connes
3 tells him that “through the influence of Monsieur Cestre, “Thursos Landing” is on the required reading list for examination list for Master’s degree in all French State Universities.” I wonder whether he means Masters degree in {Eng.} Lit.—I will ask him.

When I came home from the hospital where I had to stay for two weeks for a minor operation, I found such a confusion of letters and so on, on my desk that I answered & dashed through the pile in a daze—and so I cannot tell whether, when I enclosed the little “Hawk & Rock”

4 with the *Sterling letter* to you, I explained. It says printed *for* the author which means *printed as a present to the author* & NOT *at the order of the author*. It is dated Xmas 1934. The poem was taken from Scribner’s, January 1935. It was done by a young Yale man Frederic Prokosch whose father
5 I believe is a professor there. He says, “I need hardly say that my only motive in printing them was the delight I myself obtained in printing & binding them—The poem I love particularly.—” ♦

Yes you may borrow the holograph manuscript of the preface to *Roan Stallion* & the typescript & corrected proof, if we can get Random House to attend to the latter 2. I will ask them.

I will see about the ms to “Return”. The proof they sent us was a sheet exactly as it appeared in the book {no, a very

handsome handmade paper}—it had two errors in prin “*that*” left out in 3rd line from end, “*Blanca*” for Blanco in last line I will send it with the other if I can find it. We thought that one sheet was the finished product & were amazed at the elaborate *book*.

The man who wrote me from the dramatic agency is Fleet Munson

6 743 Fifth Ave. N. Y. I cannot without going through a lot of unfiled letters tell you what the agency is named. I dont think his name is in the firm name.

I haven't met Robin Lampson but admire his tremendous enthusiasm for *Poetry* & his earnest labors in its behalf. Several of his poems are excellent and his comments in his Poetry Column

7 are sometimes very penetrating.

James Rorty spent a day & night at Tor House a few weeks ago. ♦ Greetings from us both

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

I think you said you already had a copy of the Sterling letter & comment I thought you could perhaps trade the extra one for some item you want sometime

ALS. Occidental. 4 pages.

1. Niven Busch, Jr. (1903–1991), an American novelist and screenwriter, began his career as an associate editor of *Time* magazine and as chief story editor for Samuel Goldwyn. He is best known for his novel *Duel in the Sun* (1944), which

became a film in 1946, and for his screenplay (written with Harry Ruskin) for *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, another film released in 1946.

2. Niven Busch, Jr., “Duel on a Headland: A Portrait of Robinson Jeffers,” *Saturday Review of Literature* 11 (March 9, 1935): 533.

3. Georges Connes (1890–1974), one of Lawrence Clark Powell’s professors at the University of Dijon, specialized in British and American literature. He was the author of *A Dictionary of the Characters and Scenes in the Novels, Romances and Short Stories of H. G. Wells* (1925) and other books, including the posthumously published *A POW’s Memoir of the First World War: The Other Ordeal* (2004).

4. As an expression of his interest in fine printing, Frederic Prokosch prepared limited editions of one or two poems for W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, T. S. Eliot, W. B. Yeats, and other writers, including Jeffers. He gave the editions to the poets as gifts, keeping a small number of special and proof copies for himself. “Rock and Hawk” was printed and bound by Prokosch in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania in 1934. These Butterfly Books, as they were called by collectors, became increasingly valuable over time. A scandal occurred in 1972 when, following an auction at Sotheby’s in London, it was discovered that Prokosch was manufacturing new copies of the books and selling them as vintage originals. See *The Butterfly Books: An Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Twentieth Century Pamphlets* by Nicolas Barker (London: Bertram Rota, 1987).

5. Eduard Prokosch (1876–1938), a linguist who taught at a number of universities before assuming the position of Sterling Professor of Germanic Languages at Yale University. He was the author of *A Comparative Germanic Grammar* (1939) and other works.

6. Probably Clifford “Fleet” Munson (1906–1975), an aspiring writer, playreader for the Federal Theater Project, and drama agent. In *Notebooks* (2006), edited by Margaret Bradham Thornton, Tennessee Williams refers to Munson as an intimate friend.

7. Lampson contributed a column titled “The Poetic Viewpoint” to *The Courier*, a weekly review published in Berkeley, California.

UJ to Remsen Du Bois Bird

Tor House. Carmel
February 23. 1935

Dear Remsen:

Yes I was in hospital for two weeks but I am all right now. I hope you'll stop in at Tor House as you suggest. Send a line when you are coming, if convenient, & we will surely be home—but anyway you will probably find us here except on a Saturday or Sunday when we often go into the country for the day.

I shall be happy to assist in every way I can about the exhibit of Jeffersana.

1 I really don't think there is any chance of our being there. Gatherings of any kind are a torment to Robin. If you'd like I am sure he would write some sort of letter for the occasion.

2—Along with any material you want me to lend I wonder whether his Occidental diploma would be a nice addition. I think I can find it. You say when you are here.

You may be intered interested to hear that Modern Library ♦ is to publish *Roan Stallion* in May. This is the first modern {contemporary} poet in that fine series. It is to have a preface by the author & also the series of poems published in an anthology *A Miscellany of American Poetry {1927}* (edited by Louis Untermeyer.) pub. by Harcourt Brace & out of print.

He is just at the moment finishing typing his book for early fall publication which he expects to call "*Solstice*" (titles are never certain until in print!)

Hoping to see you soon

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. With preparations underway for Occidental College's Founders' Day exercises scheduled for April 11, President Bird was gathering materials for a special exhibit of Jeffers books and memorabilia. The event would mark the forty-eighth anniversary of the college's founding and the thirtieth anniversary of Jeffers' graduation.

2. See Jeffers' Spring 1935 letter to Occidental College (placed after his April 4, 1935 letter to Bennett Cerf).

UJ to Kate Strauss

[February 25, 1935]
Tor House Monday
Carmel

Dear Tinka—

My husband was thinking particularly that day of “The Revolutions of Civilisations” by Flinders Petrie,
1 which he had just been rereading.

You should see Carmel now—or during the ♦ next two months when it grows lovelier each day. Yesterday we rode with friends horseback into the hills back eight miles where they have a ranch. Such beauty of hills & mts. & distant sparkling sea & deep redwood cañons with streams & bare chalk hills. Their cowboy had just shot a wild boar, very picturesque (not native here but imported by a rancher up there, from Russia to hunt with Russian wolfhounds—)

2

Yrs.
Una J.

ALS. Virginia. 2 pages.

1. Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie, *The Revolutions of Civilisation* (London and New York: Harper & Brothers, 1911).

2. Prior to World War I, George Gordon Moore acquired game rights to a large parcel of land in Graham County, North Carolina, in the heart of the Smoky Mountains. He began importing animals, including twelve wild boar from the Ural Mountains of Russia, for a fenced-in hunting preserve. The fences did not hold and the boar soon ranged through the forests, reproducing rapidly and acclimating themselves to the new terrain. When Moore purchased Rancho San Carlos in the early 1920s, he had trappers in North Carolina capture twelve boar and ship them to Carmel. His second attempt at an enclosed hunting preserve also failed, for the animals soon escaped into the Big Sur wilderness. For Moore's own account of these events, see "The Origin of Wild Boar in Monterey County," a letter from Moore to Stuyvesant Fish dated February 12, 1963 on file at the Monterey County Historical Society. See also Chapter 6, "Where Pigs Run Wild," in *The Alien Animals* by George Laycock (Garden City, N.Y.: American Museum of Natural History, 1966).

UJ to Blanche Matthias

Tor House. Carmel
February 26. 1935

Dearest Blanche:

I'm all well. {Day before} Yesterday, Sunday, we went horseback with Olga & Sidney to their back ranch 15 miles all told. I had gone the day before to my doctor to be discharged & find out if all was well. He said "*you're all right*"—It was a grand day flashing sun & high light clouds in beautiful shapes & *such* grass & flowers springing & little

new green shoots on the trees. I didnt get tired so now alas, I mustnt be babied & waited on (with any conscience)

Did I tell you I stayed at Ellen's several days on the way home. I was in hospital twelve days. Phoebe Barkan came down to stay with us there the first night {at Ellen O'S}. I had not suffered pain at the hospital (just discomfort with stitches) & had eaten such food! delicious—so I was amazed to find when I got up that I had lost 5½ lbs & felt weak as a baby. Even shed a tear or two. (Alas again instantly almost I've regained the 5½ & an extra pound, so ♦ I gaze today with suffering on a tall pagoda shaped box of chocolates—*five pounds in tiers!* filled with rum & nuts—from Bender *today by mail!* Boys have it on a bench between them—this is one of their early home days. Its 11:30. I sit in windowseat happy as a lark—always looking *seaward*, incredibly blue waves in brilliant sunshine each with a dancing white cap on it. Robin is typing He didnt light his fire upstairs this morning as he expected to have to go to see Jo Davidson—so he is here in the room too, typing his last pages for his book which comes out in early autumn. He intends to call it *Solstice*. Titles are never certain until in print. Haig tries to lie asleep in two places at once, on the hearth—which gets too hot, & in a patch of sunshine which isnt quite hot enough.

Alice Williams came yesterday to tell me she has bought a house on the point,—the charming one overlooking the water meadow—its next to the one (at south end) very plain & prim {wooden house} with a little picket fence.—Alice's has those heavy hand hewn shakes on ♦ the roof—its white plaster. There are {is a bunch of} brilliant colored gourds on the porch. Remember?

1 I am so glad. She is very happy about it.

Do you see Carmel papers? Cynthia Criley is married to Dr. Russell Williams
2 cousin of Susan,
3 now at interne in N. Y.

John & Mollie O'Shea have gone to Mexico, {starting} today.

John & Claire have been in La Jolla for some time having had more than enough of Mexico. Claire is recovering from a very severe operation just after mine. Hers was appendectomy,—also she had an infected tube, several cysts on each ovary, torn uterus & a fibroid in it. She went to Scripps hospital. Liked the surgeons very much.

Frieda Lawrence is desperately ill with double pneumonia in Albuquerque Hospital where she had been taken, sick with flu & a kidney ailment ♦

Mabel & Tony expect to arrive here about Mar. 20. They have been delayed by rites & ceremonies which Tony has been undergoing, incidental to the big event that he has been fully restored to the tribe by them. & other complete {to complete his} restoration to the tribe. You know there have been certain religious ceremonies & conferences from which he has been excluded ever since he married Mabel. They are very happy & I think its a grand thing. I have noticed a growing strain & darkness in Tony which I believe came entirely from the feeling that he didn't completely *belong* anywhere. (& *didnt want* to belong to the white race.) He probably won't be away any more than usual. Mabel has gdone a great deal for the pueblo helping with money & supplies in hard years & helping them get favors from government.

Mabel's book "Winter in Taos" is announced for very immediate publication by Harcourt-Brace.

4

Naomi Mitchison English writer—you know "Cloud Cuckoo Land"

5 &—"Corn King & Spring Queen" has been at Mabel's ♦

Robin's publishers Random House, own the *Modern Library* series (you know them {it}), & announce *Roan Stallion* for the May publication. It is the first contemporary poet included. There will be a *short* preface by Robin & also included those poems from "Miscellany 1927," Harcourt Brace, ed. by Untermeyer, which Robin never saw any place for in his later books. Some of them have been much liked "Apology for Bad Dreams" for instance. They think this cheaper edition will not injure the sale of the regular edition which I believe is in 13th edition now.

We were told lately by a professor from Dijon that "Thurso's Landing" is one the required reading list for Master's Degree in Lit. in all French colleges now.

Sara & Erskine stayed some days at Noëls just after I came home. We were there twice for dinner & saw them various times. Very jolly & amazingly well for the moment. Erskine is just past 83. ♦

I forgot to tell you—boys remind me—one of the events of our Sunday ride. Just as we galloped up ten of us very gaily {to the back ranch of the Fishes}—one of the cowboys had shot a big wild boar (over 300 lbs) & they were bringing it in on a huge sled drawn by a plough horse. They skinned &

drew & quartered it & hung up to smoke (great interest to boys)—It is was a descendant of those wild boars which George M Gordon Moore imported from Russia years ago to hunt with his {Irish} wolfhounds. They roam on to neighboring ranches, very dangerous to anyone on foot, besides they root up a pasture deeper than a ploughshare could do, & kill young forest trees. I saw one in a pen at Moore's once that he thought weighed 700 lbs. with huge tusks—*young* are very good eating.

Send me another grand long letter telling all your news & come back soon. Dearest love to you & Russell. I miss you. Now I am going to get lunch—& crown it with that just-arrived-from-you Fromage des frères Trappistes. Well do I remember how the other cheese from there tasted!

Yrs. always

Una.

Later. Blanche—will you pretend this is a round-robin & send it to Timmie & Maud. It contains all the simple chronicles! of Tor House. I had expected to write them this afternoon & am interrupted by people

6

Jean & Duncan have been staying at the new & sweet & cheap Inn in the Forest

7

The Cootes

8 go to China in June. Did you know the brother-in-law

9 here New Years died

10

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. On the left side of the page, Una draws a diagram of Carmel Point; it shows the location of Alice Williams' house in relation to Tor House and the home Blanche and Russell had recently rented.

2. Russell Dudley Williams (1908–1999), a graduate of Harvard University and Johns Hopkins Medical School, practiced internal medicine in Monterey, California from 1940 to 1974. He and Cynthia had five children; they divorced in 1966.

3. Russell Williams and Susan (Williams) Porter were second cousins. Susan's first cousin was Dr. Allen H. Williams, Russell's father.

4. Mabel Luhan's book, *Winter in Taos*, was published March 28, 1935.

5. Naomi Mitchison, *Cloud Cuckoo Land* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1926).

6. Written in top right corner, page 1.

7. Written vertically in left margin, page 5.

8. Major Sir Ralph Algernon Coote (1874–1941) and his much younger second wife Emilie (Holbrook) Coote (1898–1989) had a home in Carmel. Sir Coote, an Irish baronet and companion-at-arms of Winston Churchill during the Boer War, had previously lived in Ballyfin House (near Portlaoise, in the Sleive Bloom Mountains), an ancestral

estate and one of the finest examples of neoclassical architecture in Ireland.

9. John Henry Goldsmith, the husband of Sir Coote's sister Mary, was a British civil servant once stationed in Sudan. Goldsmith was born in India in 1892; he died January 27, 1935 at his home in Lakefield, Ontario, Canada.

10. Written in top margin, page 6.

UJ to Kate Strauss

Tor House. Carmel

Feb 28. 1935

Dear Tinka:

Will you kindly return this as soon as you've read it? I want to keep it in my copy of Powell's book on R. J. I think it is a very penetrating criticism of Powell's talk on R. J.'s technique—which may interest you.

His {My husband's} new book to be called *Solstice* is scheduled for early fall publication.

Roan Stallion is to be published in the Modern Library {owned by his regular publisher, Random House} series in May. It is the first contemporary poet in that series. You probably know it—an excellent list pub. at .95 a vol. It will reach a wide public of people who do not care to buy a more expensive edition. It will have a short preface by R. J. & also

include ♦ the group of poems pub. in *Miscellany 1927* by Harcourt-Brace edited by Louis Untermeyer. These poems have never been included in his regular volumes.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Virginia. 2 pages.

UJ to Albert Bender

[March 1935]
Tor House. Carmel
Tuesday

Dearest Albert!

A box of candy nearly as high as the Eiffel Tower & all *grand* to eat from you & an amusing *Laughing Journey*
1 all unacknowledged but *not* unappreciated you may be sure.

I am coming up March 28 & stay over night with {Duncan &} Jean McDuffie & see Irish player. I hope to talk to you over the phone, at least.

Mabel & Brett & Tony are here & I am VERY BUSY!

Robins *mss* is off to his publisher & will have early fall publication. He expects to call the book "*Solstice*." His publisher puts out *Roan Stallion* in Modern Library series fin May. The first contemporary poet in the series. He thinks that it will not interfere with the sale of the more ♦ expensive regular edition but help it, & get a bigger audience.

I like Joyce Mayhew's book so much, *Storme Haven*.

2 Very genuine & quick-moving & interesting.

Our dearest love—

Una.

ALS. Stanford. 2 pages.

1. Thomas Lennon, *The Laughing Journey* (New York: John Day, 1934).

2. Joyce Mayhew, *Storme Haven* (London: A. Barker, 1934).

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

[March 12, 1935]

Tuesday. Tor House. Carmel

Precious Phoebe:

I should have answered your letter instantly but with Mabel here & my firm resolve to rest myself a little everyday,—I am very hurried—.

Already before your letter came I had accepted an invitation to stay with Jean McDuffie & go to Irish players. Ellen & I go up together Mar 28—& motor back with Jean & Duncan next day.—I am going to propose when the time comes, if I go up, that I spend a night with you when the *Man of Aran* film comes or when Gertrude Stein is there. If she doesn't get time to come down here, Mabel is going up there to see her & renew old Florentine memories.

1 Mrs Denman has asked us for dinner for that time. I feel a *great* antipathy toward Stein but am very curious about her too. ♦

Mabel & Tony & Brett are here & we are *busy!* ~Mabel~ & we went horseback with the Fishes to their back ranch all day Sunday. *Magnificent* day. Tony & Brett spent the weekend in Santa Barbara with the Stowkowskys.

Tell Hans we love him dearly & Robin valued his little note from him. I am enclosing an *item* for your {Hans'} collection, just to make it complete.—A young Yale man, son of Yale Professor Prokosch, did 20 of these on his private press & sent to Robin for a surprise. (*Robin loathes booklets!*) Its one of the {R. J.} poems published in Scribner's, January.

All our love & hopes to see you before long—Maybe you'll come this way?

I am feeling fine.

Yours
Una.

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. Postmark: March 12, 1935.

1. Once close friends, Mabel Luhan and Gertrude Stein (1874–1946) had long since lost contact with each other, mainly as a result of Stein's desire to remain apart. Luhan hoped they could be reconciled, but Stein did not want to see Luhan in San Francisco, and Luhan left when Stein visited Carmel. The rift between them was never repaired. For a discussion of Stein's visit to California, see *A History of*

Having a Great Many Times Not Continued to Be Friends: The Correspondence Between Mabel Dodge & Gertrude Stein, 1911–1934, edited by Patricia R. Everett (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1996): 260–262. See also Emily Wortis Leider, *California's Daughter: Gertrude Atherton and Her Times* (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1991): 333–337. Some of Stein's activities in Carmel are recounted in "Gertrude Stein Visits Old Friends in Carmel; Honor Guest at Sunday Dinner," *Carmel Pine Cone* (April 12, 1935): 4.

RJ to Jake Zeitlin

Tor House, Carmel, California
March 22, 1935.

Dear Jake Zeitlin:

Thank you very much for the poem "To R. J."

1 It is beautifully done, and expresses what I suppose is a main tendency in my verses. Sometimes I wish they were not occupied quite so much with it, for though the feeling is true it is less than the whole truth of nature. When I think, I know that pleasure and pain counterbalance each other pretty accurately on the average, but when I write verses I am just the opposite apparently of that delightful fellow Ford Madox Ford

2 writes about, who "had tried so hard to be a philosopher, but cheerfulness *would* come creeping in."

3—However, our ends are usually {tend to be} rather sad, and we bawl at birth; I suppose my verses are thinking of the ends of life, and with what sort of hard faces to meet them, rather

than the way-stations.—At which I wish you and me many pleasant pauses.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. UCLA Clark. 1 page.

1. Zeitlin's poem, "To Robinson Jeffers," and this letter from Jeffers to Zeitlin, were printed on facing pages in *Robinson Jeffers: 1905–1935*, a descriptive catalog prepared for "An exhibition commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of his graduation from Occidental College, at the Occidental Student Union, Los Angeles, California April 11 to 18." Two hundred copies, illustrated by Paul Landacre, were printed by Ward Ritchie.

2. Ford Madox Ford (1873–1939), English editor of the *English Review* and the *Transatlantic Review* and author of *The Good Soldier* (1915) and many other works.

3. This often repeated quotation originally appeared in the April 17, 1778 entry of James Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*, where Oliver Edwards says to Dr. Johnson, "I have tried too in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in."

UJ to Hazel Pinkham

[March 23, 1935]

Dearest Hazel—

I am sorry I could not see you again. Our time was all filled {for us} before we even saw Adrian. I called you up Thurs. P.M. to have a chat but you were out. One of the boys answered I think but the connection was so bad I didnt try to converse. Adrian had a small dinner party for us Wed. ♦ night & a big one Thurs. night. We left at dawn {Friday} (8: AM I guess really) & came to Santa Barbara & spent the day with the Stowkowskys. Went to {Mrs Bliss}

1 Thurs. P.M. we went with Bobby Jones

2 to his studio—he had finished Becky Sharpe in colors the day before & we had a pre-view. Its stunning

Adrian's house is way out on edge of North Hollywood & it has an orchard all abloom back of it. Its ♦ very charming. The house is done entirely 18 cent. old French manor house style. very entrancing though I had not before thought that my period. I tried to see it through George Moore's eyes—at lunch with Sonia Llevine

3 sat next to Mrs John Balderson

4—great friends of Moores heard a lot of gossip about him. Met O—dear cant for the moment think of her name {Hellman}

5 the author of "Children's Hour" we were discussing at your house. She was in Liverights office long ago she said when they first began to publish Robin, & she has been early & late an enthusiastic admirer of R. J.

Dorothy Parker & her husband Allan Campbell

6 were at Adrians—We were friends already having met often at Olga Fish & at Tor House. She *is* ♦ amusing. A strong-mind{ed} woman named Edith Hughes

7 was there—& Lly Llynn Riggs

8 & Rosamund Pinchot

Wish I had seen more of you & your garden. I ought not to have gone off with Remsen Bird. Got no talk at all with you. You must come here. Mabel left a library book & ♦ some pet gloves at either Treanors
10 or in Bird car—could you round them up.

Thanks for everything—

Love from Una

in a hurry.

Feel a pig to have taken your suit—want to change your mind?

ALS. HRC Texas. 5 pages. Letterhead: Lark, Southern Pacific. Postmark: March 23, 1935.

1. Most likely Ethel Cecily (Paterson) Mahoney Bliss (1881–1968) of Montecito, California. Mrs. Bliss was the second wife and widow of Francis Edward Bliss (1847–1930), a businessman and art collector who was the father of composer Sir Arthur Bliss (1891–1975) and cellist Howard Bliss (1894–1977).

2. Robert “Bobby” Edmond Jones (1887–1954), Harvard-educated theater designer, producer, and director. Jones belonged to Mabel’s group of friends when she lived in Greenwich Village; he was facing financial difficulties at the time and Mabel helped him as a benefactor. Jones went on to become one of America’s preeminent stage set designers. He

worked briefly in Hollywood—as, for instance, the color designer for *Becky Sharp* (1935), a film adaptation of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* with Miriam Hopkins in the title role. His book publications include *Drawings for the Theatre* (1925) and *The Dramatic Imagination* (1941).

3. Sonya Levien; see next letter.

4. Probably Marion (Rubicam) Balderston (1891–1976), American author of *Here Is England* (1927) and other books. Marion was the wife of John Balderston, sometimes spelled Balderson (1889–1954), a journalist, editor, and screenwriter. John Balderston's screenplays, written on his own or in collaboration with others, include *Frankenstein* (1931), *The Mummy* (1932), *Bride of Frankenstein* (1935), *The Last of the Mohicans* (1936), and *The Prisoner of Zenda* (1937).

5. Lillian Hellman (1905–1984), playwright and memoirist; author of *The Children's Hour* (1934), *The Little Foxes* (1939), *An Unfinished Woman* (1969), and other works.

6. Alan Campbell (1904–1963), an actor and screenwriter, met Parker in the spring of 1933 and married her in June of the following year. The two worked together on a number of films—including *Three Married Men* (1936), *A Star Is Born* (1937), and *The Little Foxes* (1941)—but their relationship was often stormy. They divorced in 1947 and remarried in 1950. In the interval, Campbell shared an apartment with Thomas Heggen (1919–1949), the author of the hit Broadway play *Mr. Roberts*. Heggen died from an overdose of sleeping pills May 19, 1949. Campbell also died from a drug overdose June 14, 1963.

7. Most likely Edith (Wakeman) Hughes (1876–1957), a philanthropist, social leader, and patron of the arts.
8. Lynn Riggs (1899–1954), poet and playwright; author of *Green Grow the Lilacs* (1931), the basis for Rodgers and Hammerstein’s *Oklahoma!* (1943).
9. Rosamond Pinchot (1904–1938), daughter of Amos Pinchot (1873–1944), a leftist thinker who helped establish *The Masses*, and niece of Gifford Pinchot (1865–1946), a former governor of Pennsylvania. Rosamond was an actress who performed in Max Reinhardt’s *The Miracle* and other plays. An unhappy marriage contributed to her decision to kill herself by carbon monoxide asphyxiation; she left two young sons.
10. Probably John Treanor (1883–1935) and Catherine Elizabeth (Coghill) Treanor (1887–1976). Mr. Treanor was a Los Angeles financier, philanthropist, and civic leader. In October 1935, while trimming tree limbs, he slipped from the roof of a barn on his ranch and fell to his death.

UJ to Sonya Levien

[March 26, 1935]

Sonia!

1

It was “The Loving Shepherdess” in the *Dear Judas* Vol. that Mabel wanted you to note.—I sent it to your husband
2 today. It was jolly meeting you. Come to Tor House!

Una J.

APS. Huntington. Postmark: March 26, 1935.

1. Sonya Levien (1888–1960) was born in Russia. She came to America as a child, earned a law degree from New York University, and joined the staff of *Metropolitan* magazine. In 1917 she married writer Carl Hovey (1875–1956) but continued to use her maiden name professionally. From 1919 on, Levien worked as a screenwriter in Hollywood, where she acquired a reputation for her skill in adding depth and complexity to female roles. Solo and collaboration credits include *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* (1932), *State Fair* (1933), *Anna Karenina* (1935), *Drums Along the Mohawk* (1939), *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (1939) *Cass Timberlane* (1947), *Quo Vadis* (1951), and *Oklahoma!* (1955). Levien won an Academy Award for *Interrupted Melody* (1955).

2. See RJ to Carl Hovey, April 23, 1935

RJ to Edna St. Vincent Millay

Tor House, Carmel, California.
March [28], 1935.

Dear Miss Millay:

I am so grateful to you for sending me “Wine from These Grapes.”

I I’d read it some time ago, of course, and intended to write to you then—but perfectly helpless about correspondence, never able to volunteer a letter because there are twenty crying for

answers—that most of them never get—under my hand. Besides that we'd heard you were gone to Europe—newspaperman's mistake for the West Indies, no doubt.

I believe truly that some of your finest work is in this book, and that means some of the finest work in America and Modern England. I love the soaring impatience of "On Thought in Harness," the wood-~~wood~~ magic of "The Fawn," the Elizabethan aliveness of "Lines for a Gravestone," "Epitaph on the Race of Man" is the greatest of all, I think, and especially the final sonnet.

2 I was very thankful for the poetry before you sent me the book.

We haven't gone to Ireland yet, nor farther east than New Mexico, because it seemed a little crazy to spend money on travelling, as things were, being contented here. Now the boys are in college; but I expect we'll go next spring (not this one) starting in May and staying seven or eight months, letting the children ditch an autumn semester. We hope very much to see you then.

Whenever I have a new book I'll send it to you; but it won't be a fair exchange. Please remember us to Eugen: that was a lovely day you were here.

Yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. L Congress. 1 page. Postmark: March 28, 1935.

1. Edna St. Vincent Millay, *Wine from These Grapes* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1934).
2. “Epitaph for the Race of Man,” section V of the book, contains eighteen sonnets on a Jeffersian theme: the ultimate extinction of humankind. See pages 57–91.

RJ to Edgar Lee Masters

Tor House, Carmel, California
March, 1935.

Dear Masters:

Forgive me for not writing sooner: it would be almost tragic if it weren't so funny, my pitiful inability to write a letter. Thank you very much for sending me “Richmond.”

1 It is a fine poem, it has splendid and memorable lines; somehow I wish it longer, less stripped to lyric and the dialogue of events; more characterization; for it seems to me that the deep and passionate feeling is less in the persons than in what they symbolize; and that they are not realized enough to incarnate a city burning and a great cause lost, and all the future determined for the worse. I am talking presumptuously; and indeed I enjoyed the play and am grateful for it.

The Catullus is a noble poem; thank you very much for sending it.

I wish you could come back and visit here again. The trees have grown—yours and George's among them—the twin sons have grown, and a stone

dining-room has grown onto the house; otherwise you would find little change.—We are going to New Mexico again this summer for a couple of months; next summer I think to Ireland and England for seven or eight, if the world holds together. If not, we'll stay here—and mount a machine-gun on the tower.

Una greets you with affection—so do I.

Yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. Edgar Lee Masters, *Richmond: A Dramatic Poem* (New York: Samuel French, 1934). The play is set “in front of a Southern mansion about ten miles from Richmond,” the date is April 3, 1865, and the action concerns a domestic tragedy involving adultery, miscegenation, and murder that unfolds as the city is vanquished by the Union army.

RJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House, Carmel, California.
April 4, 1935.

Dear Bennett Cerf:

I hope it isn't too late to make a couple of changes in the manuscript: can you have them attended to for me?

First. Delete the seventh and eighth lines on the first page of SOLSTICE

1 (page 76—“Then we wash off” to “I call to mind”) and insert instead this one line:

We even can face our lives, to bear them or change them. I call to mind

Second. Take out of the text and index the verses called IN TIME OF CHANGE, pages 106 and 107 of the manuscript. The more I remember them the less I like them. Substitute in the index and text the enclosed verses called REARMAMENT.

I hope these changes are less troublesome to make now than they would be when the proof comes.

Yours,
Robinson Jeffers

TLS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. This and the other two titles in this letter are typed in upper case.

RJ to Occidental College

[April 1935]

1 I have just looked at my friend Lawrence Clark Powell’s article about me in the Occidental Alumnus,

2 as an owl might look at a peacock, wishing he were worthy to wear half those fine feathers. Well, if my verses reflect any honor, as Powell’s well written enthusiasm would almost

persuade one to believe, I am cordially glad that Occidental should share it.

But Occidental has many more solid reasons to be proud of herself. President Bird has lately been telling me something of her achievements; and I have been looking with pleasure and admiration at photographs of the campus and buildings.

In my time the college was in Highland Park, housed in a single old crackle-plastered building, neither beautiful nor convenient; a new brick one was under construction near by, and the whole college was to move into it; leaving the old one for Occidental Academy, the preparatory school that then existed. Now look at what you have!

And as for numbers, there were eleven—each one of whom I remember vividly and with affection—in my class of '05; three, I believe, had graduated in '04; we were growing rapidly. I was proud of my college then, and have more reason to be now; and to congratulate her, and be grateful that she remembers me.

Robinson Jeffers

PL. Occidental.

1. This letter from Jeffers to the Occidental College community was included in *Robinson Jeffers: 1905–1935*, the descriptive catalog printed in conjunction with the April 11–18 exhibition that commemorated the thirtieth anniversary of Jeffers' graduation. Jeffers sent the original text of the letter (TLS Occidental) to Lawrence Clark Powell. The envelope is postmarked March 16, 1935.

2. Lawrence Clark Powell, "Robinson Jeffers, '05,"
Occidental Alumnus (March 1935): 5, 12.

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

[April 13, 1935]

Saturday—

Dearest Phoebe—

Be an angel again & do some thing for Mabel & me! I cant remember the name of that big china & hardware {store} we first stopped at. Would you go in there & order 2 bowls for me. They expected them in a shipment soon. I want them for {salad} one for me one for Mabel. They are not round but oval

1 shaped. They had one on hand but it had been fixed *black* (burnt wood effect) I want plain *unfinished* chopping bowl look. We got the idea at Adrians. I *dont* want the fork & spoon with them. The manager quoted bowls alone at \$2.50 each I think. ♦ They can be sent to me C.O.D. *Mrs. Robinson Jeffers R.D. 1. Box 36*. Stores are so lax about things it would be grand if you could prod them about the time the shipment comes

Mabel & Tony just left—they are to spend the night at Stowkowskys, Santa Barbara—

We are just about to start to Tevis Ranch near Gilroy for lunch

Thanks for taking us about the other day—Please write me a description of the cocktail party

Mrs. Atherton & daughter

2 came to see us at the hotel. Very amusing talk

Hastily with love

Una

A poem of Robins in Sat Review of Lit a lovely one I think
Apr 6. ('35)

3

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. Postmark: April 13, 1935.

1. A one-inch drawing of an oval dish is inserted here.

2. Gertrude (Horn) Atherton (1857–1948), a prolific, controversial, and sometimes bestselling writer, was born in San Francisco. She was the author of *Patience Sparhawk and Her Times* (1897), *Heart of Hyacinth* (1903), *California: An Intimate History* (1914), *Black Oxen* (1923), *Golden Peacock* (1936), and many other works—most of which deal with the challenges faced by women as they struggle for meaningful lives. Gertrude married George Atherton, the son of a wealthy San Francisco businessman, in 1876; he died in 1887. The couple had a son, George, who died in childhood, and a daughter, Muriel (Atherton) Russell (1879–1962).

3. Added in top right margin, first page. The reference is to “Love the Wild Swan,” *Saturday Review of Literature* 11 (April 6, 1935): 596.

RJ to Carl Hovey

Tor House, Carmel, California
April 23, 1935.

Dear Mr. Hovey:

1

Thanks for your lovely letter.

2 I wish you and Sonya had come in, the day you stood in front of the house here. Perhaps you'll be here again sometime; I hope so.

Mabel Luhan's idea of making pictures of the "Shepherdess" is as kind as she always is toward us, but I confess it seems as wild to me as it could to the most conservative director. The girl and the sheep and the scenery might be lovely, but the story, such as there is, how could that be explained? However, it is very kind of her to suggest it, and of you and Sonya to think about it.

You speak of bad handwriting, and it almost makes me weep to compare yours with mine, and to think what pains you must have taken—if yours is really supposed to be difficult—to have made it as clear as print.

Una wants to be remembered most warmly to you and Sonya, and we both hope you'll come in here sometime.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Huntington. 1 page.

1. Carl Hovey (1875–1956), a writer and editor, graduated from Harvard University. Early in his career, Hovey was the editor of *Metropolitan* and *Hearst International* magazines. He later worked as story editor for the Cecil B. DeMille

Studio in Hollywood. Publications include *Stonewall Jackson* (1900) and *The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan* (1911); he also wrote the screenplay for *Orient Express* (1934).

2. As noted in her March 26, 1935 postcard to Sonya Levien, Una sent a copy of *Dear Judas* to Sonya's husband Carl Hovey. In a letter to Jeffers dated April 9, 1935 (TLC Huntington), Hovey expresses his admiration for *The Loving Shepherdess* and says he understands why Mabel Luhan would like to see it adapted for the screen. He graciously adds, however, that such a project would doubtless receive little support from Hollywood studios.

UJ to Hazel Pinkham

Tor House. Carmel
April 24 [1935]

Dearest Hazel:

Well I was sorry your lunch party was disjointed—I always resolve that I'll go with Mabel just to her friends,—not mine. Hers are used to her walking out on them, and used to forgiving her.—I must say she is a marvellous conservor of energy & I begin to think she is taking the right course to live to a grand old age! After we left your house & got to Adrians she suddenly said to me “I'm afraid its going to be hours to talk before dinner” and went to bed with a highball & I sat & talked to Adrian & Ronnie

1 (—for hours as she said!) By next day she had gotten into the spirit of the place and didnt mind endless talking—

When we were spending the day at Stowkowskys in Santa Barbara {Montecito}, suddenly she said to Evangeline Stow 2—at about 5: P.M. “Well I guess you’d better take us to the hotel now—” “*What* hotel?” ♦ “O, the best whatever it is.” E. Stow said “But I thought your train didnt go until 11:30. Why dont you stay with us for dinner?” Mabel said “I feel like being in an impersonal hotel room & looking straight ahead!”—So we went & had a grand dinner by ourselves and a chance to recover ourselves & gossip! She and the Stowkow—are intimate friends so I washed my hands of responsibility there. She *is* a lark to be with, though.—Last winter she was in New York & a big dinner—(literary—) was given for her. She got tired of it and sprang up near the end & said she was terribly sorry she had to go,—she had promised a friend in New Mexico to go to hear Major Douglass 3 & report on his speech! (This came into her head because she had seen a sign announcing his lecture as she went into the restaurant.) So she sped away & left them all completely amazed. She doesnt do it to be queer—its just she is always looking out not to get TIRED—♦

How do you like *Winter in Taos*? I’ll enclose my review if I can find it.

4

We went up to see the Irish players in “The Whiteheaded Boy” & “Shadow of the Glen.”

5 VERY good.

Saw Phoebe in the city. Button is like another child since her appendix

is out. She has grown inches & looks so hearty and strong. The Barkans are darlings. (I guess I owe them to you—)

Otto's wife

6 came up to our {Mable & my} table at the St. Francis looking very stunning. The Otto B—s have bought a grand house in San Mateo & entertain a lot.

Boys had a week's holiday last week, & spent most of it at Willie Tevis' ranch four miles back in the hills near Gilroy playing polo & having long rides. The Lloyd Tevises were staying there. Robin and I went up for two days.

We are going to Taos about June 10 this year—Mabel told the boys to bring young Lloyd too which is nice. ♦

Teddie had some dreadful news from Ruth Kuster. She is almost blind, cataract in both eyes. One was operated on badly & is ruined. The other is not ready for operating yet. She is in Honolulu. Her mother {also.}

Did I tell you my stepsister & her Scotch husband have sold their ranch near Fontana & gone to northern Canada to live where he lived formerly. They love it up there—spent 8 months there last year, way up in a forest on the Quesnal River—

My mother has regained her sight a little—she was almost totally blind for a year after a motor accident.

The Matthiases have finally bought some property here above the O'Sheas, with 2 houses on it which they intend to move off. Not half so nice a place as yours. Dont worry, thats a grand piece to hold—The M—are not building for a while They have leased for 2 yrs the big new house just east of

Teddies & us I feel very sad about Fan's household—I admire her so tremendously!

7

Ever so much love from Una

ALS. Occidental. 4 pages.

1. Ronnie Elliott and Gilbert Adrian lived together prior to Adrian's marriage to Janet Gaynor in 1939.
2. Evangeline (Johnson) Stokowski (1897–1990), daughter of Robert Wood Johnson, a cofounder of the Johnson & Johnson company, married Leopold Stokowski in 1926.
3. Major Clifford Hugh Douglas (1879–1952), Scottish engineer and economist, proponent of the Social Credit theory of economic development, and author of *Social Credit* (1924), *The Use of Money* (1935), as well as other books.
4. Una Jeffers, "Mabel Luhan Recaptures Time," *Pacific Weekly* (April 19, 1935): 191.
5. The Abbey Theatre Players from Dublin performed in repertory at the Curran Theatre in San Francisco, March 18 to April 6, 1935. *The Shadow of the Glen* by J. M. Synge and *The White-headed Boy* by Lennox Robinson were presented together Thursday evening, March 28.
6. Otto Barkan's wife, Margit (Park) Barkan (1890–1967), was born in Stockholm, Sweden.

7. Fannie and Harry Young's marriage was falling apart at this time. Fannie returned to California in December 1934 for an extended visit, while Harry and their children remained in England.

UJ to Remsen Du Bois Bird

April 24. 1935
Tor House. Carmel

Dear Remson:

This enclosure explains itself.

1 Robin & I agree with Alberts that it would be best to prevent anyone copying those poems until they are protected by the copyright of another edition of the *Bibliography*. People torment Robin constantly for permission to reprint & so on, & these poems mentioned he cannot at present control. Perhaps you would be willing to give the librarian instruction about this. I thought they were safe enough on Founders Day!

Thank you so much for all your thought and interest in the exhibit of Robin's books.

2 I thought the Ritchie leaflet very handsome. My mother back in Michigan sent me two clipping speaking of this exhibit & all about it—

Thanks for Mabel's gloves & book.

We hope you are having a grand trip.

Warm good wishes from both of us.
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. Fragment of a letter from Sydney Alberts in which he identifies three early poems—"The North Pole," "The Moon's Girls," and "Pan in the West"—and urges Una not to allow them to be exhibited at Occidental's Founders' Day celebration. He also suggests, for copyright protection, that they be included in the next edition of his bibliography. Under Alberts' signature, Una adds the following: "(Author of the Bibliography of R. J) U. J."

2. According to a newspaper account of the all-day event, "Robinson Jeffers, of the class of 1905 and nationally known narrative poet, was honored, though absent. The poet's works, hung in the College Union on the thirtieth anniversary of his graduation, were a feature of the Occidental Founders' Day celebration. Dr. Lawrence Clark Powell, biographer, described Jeffers's life at a convocation service." See *Los Angeles Times* (April 12, 1935): II, 2.

UJ to Craven Betts

April 25. 1935

Dear Mr. Betts:

I am still serving my husband as letter-writer, you see. We were glad to hear from you and to know you were busily at work. The death of Robinson

I must have been a great personal grief to you. He is a great loss to American letters. Both as a ♦ writer and a man he exerted a fine influence.

My husband would be extremely interested to read your poem but do not expect any *detailed* criticism he is averse to that doing that. When he is through struggling with his own things he wants to read just for pleasure or instruction.

With cordial good wishes from us both,

Una Jeffers.

ALS. Long Beach. 2 pages. Letterhead: Lark, Southern Pacific.

1. Edward Arlington Robinson, Betts' friend, died April 6, 1935.

RJ to Marie Bullock

Tor House, Carmel, California.

April 27, 1935.

My dear Mrs. Bullock:

I hope the enclosed will serve your purpose;

1 it is too long, but there seems to be so much to say. I am delighted to hear that your enterprise is progressing so well. My mind still stammers on the word "academy"—such a supreme-court sound—but I hope the project will redeem the word. It has my best wishes.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers. ♦

I'll be glad to say something about the value of poetry, but with the stipulation that any verses myself may have authored are kept out of mind; I do not intend to cry my own wares, now or another time.

Like the other arts, poetry is a source of high and lasting pleasure, but more than most of the others it is capable of affecting {life} directly; it sharpens the perceptions and emotions, and it can reconcile man to his environment or inspire him to change it. And poetry enriches life, adding overtones of significance and nobility to common things, as for instance wine, honey, horses, gold, bread, are more valuable for the sake of their (even half-forgotten) poetic associations. England is inestimably more beautiful because Chaucer and Shakespeare and Wordsworth wrote; it is almost humorously obvious that Scotland is dearer to her people because Burns made songs.

Poetry stands between prose and music; it is capable of saying things that neither of these can say, and of discovering things that neither can discover. For all the arts—but I think poetry more than others—are instruments of discovery, like a telescope, as well as instruments of expression, like a violin.

And poetry is a test of reality, of emotional and social values, even of conduct. “Is it accepted of song?” But a rather savage test; most of our lives and institutions, as well as our ideals and utopias, ring pretty hollow under it. That is one of the reasons why poetry is sometimes more pleasing to posterity than to its contemporaries.

Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. AA Poets. 2 pages.

1. In a letter dated April 15, 1935 (TLC AA Poets), Bullock tells Jeffers that the Academy of American Poets seeks “to create a demand for, and interest in fine poetry throughout the United States.” She then asks, “I do hope you will help us in this by sparing a moment of your precious time to jot down a few lines on your opinion of the ‘Value of Poetry’, allowing us to quote your words?”

2. Jeffers’ brief essay is typed on a separate sheet. A handwritten draft of the manuscript, titled “The Value of Poetry,” is located in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities Research Center, Texas.

UJ to Dorothy Brett

Tor House. Carmel. California.
April 30. 1935.

Dear Brett—

We all thought of you so much staggering along in that bashed-in car and hoped at least you’d keep out of sandstorms. For once all of Pooche’s

1 worst misgivings came true—I’ll bet she shuddered & shook.

We spent this weekend—the third weekend in a row up at Willie Tevis’ ranch about 56 miles from here toward San Francisco. You turn off the highway just this side of Gilroy and drive along a narrow road four miles back into the hills to a lovely ranch house very simple & comfortable. Willie Tevis

lives in S. F. but keeps this ranch going too. He raises blooded race horses, saddle horses & polo ponies. There is a big polo field & a landing field for his plane. Lee says it is terrifying to come in his plane with him because he has to fly at last down a cañon between the hills & you feel as if a gust of wind would smash you against the hillside—The Saturday we arrived ♦ he had a party up there—a man & his wife from Singapore who bought two saddle horses to take back with them! The horses have Arab blood {mixed with American strains}—We all rode, (except Robin & big Lloyd) a tremendous way on Sunday on over country as beautiful as I ever saw rolling hills with trees scattered over them and *such* wild flowers. I never saw lovelier! Robin & Lloyd went a long walk. The Tevises are staying there a whole month & Lee is feeling much better & rides every day. The major is at his most charming, very adorable. We are invited for next weekend, too, but have promised Olga to go back to their ranch. They all asked about y you and send greetings. A man was here the other day who made a great fuss about your *Fish in the Wave* & wants to see more of your things. Perhaps he will—he talks of going to Taos with Noël sometime—he is Mario Ramiriz
2 from the Argentine.

Your plan about the school sounds very interesting. Evangeline must be fine to work with—she is so energetic & ♦ full of enthusiastic plans. But about your new haircut. I'm not so sure. I did like very much your haircut when you came—the Victorian air, a bit wistful.

Write us a line & tell us of Frieda and so on. How long can Angelino stay & why doesn't he try to get on the quota?

Dont forget to get your own papers straight this qu.

How is the plaza going to look

Donnan & Mary Pollard write now & again & she told about the tremendous funeral Dr. Martin had—people & flowers.

3

We saw, way back in the hills {in a very lonely place} the other day, an iron fence, high & decorated, with ornate wrought iron gate—typically cemetery,—inside a lot of cattle were milling around {(used now as corral)}. I found by asking a number of people—at last—that it *was* an old cemetery belonging to the once gigantic Miller & Lux ranch.

4 In it were buried the vaqueros who died on the ranch & old head boards long-vanished used to say “Ramon Cortez killed when his horse fell on him”—etc Wonder wheth{er} they can sense the cattle tramping above them? ♦ It was very picturesque & somehow not shocking

We all send our love and expect to see you before many weeks are gone.

Lovingly

Una.

The other day I was at the meat counter at Espindolas buying beef steaks & kidneys intending to make an English beefsteak & k. pie. Up came Ritchel & Nora most cheerful & more untidy than I can describe. They said “whatever do you make of that?” & never had heard of such a pie. They asked & asked the recipe which I repeated at length four times. They said they would make some for a supper party that night Lord

I guess it would be a mess! They hadn't the remotest idea how to do it after all my efforts. Nora was all excitement & wild glee because she is {doing} sculpture. She said she got up that previous night at 3:00 & began work. They, also, sent greetings to you.

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages.

1. Pooch was an old black dog that lived at Los Gallos.
2. Mario Ramirez Calderon (1894–1939), an actor and director originally from Buenos Aires.
3. Dr. Thomas Martin died suddenly April 11, 1935 as a result of a stroke.
4. Henry Miller (1827–1916), born Heinrich Kreiser in Germany, and Charles Lux (1823–1887), also born in Germany, created a cattle empire that covered millions of acres of land in California, Nevada, and Oregon. In Monterey County, Miller and Lux owned the entire Peachtree Valley, located north of the Salinas River and extending east to west for more than twenty miles.

RJ to College Verse

[May 1935]

I cannot speak of E. A. Robinson's admirable work on such short notice; it is delicate, firm, profound, exactly sincere; better critics than I have praised its qualities, and will again. Let me notice instead the debt that we owe him for the qualities of his life; for the dignity with which he wore his

fame, for the example of his reticence and steady concentration, for the single-mindedness with which he followed his own sense of direction, unbewildered and undiverted. He had something of the quality that he felt in Lincoln: "The calm, the smouldering, and the flame of patience." We are grateful that he was not what they call "a good showman," but gave himself to his work, not his audience, and would have preferred complete failure to any success with the least taint of charlatany in it.

Robinson Jeffers.

1

ALS. Wyoming. 1 page.

1. A facsimile of this handwritten eulogy, treated here as a letter, appears in *College Verse* 4 (May 1935): 155.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel. California
May Day 1935.

Dear Mr. Alberts:

Thank you for the laurel from Robinson's wreath. Both as man and poet he is worthy of great honor. I saw some letters from him last summer which made me feel a bit more acquainted with him. They were to his old friend Mabel Luhan. She had sent him some pages about himself from her yet unpublished ms. His comments were both quizzical & dignified & revealed his really great dislike of being in the public eye.—

Yes *Roan Stallion* is just about to be published in *Modern Lib*. The unbound sheets came to us several days ago. I had not forgotten that we had agreed to let you inspect the mss & proof sheets, but the proof was never sent us for some reason—. I think the little introduction is well done—& I think the

type & spacing of the poems excellent. You noticed the Miscellany poems were included? ♦ I scarcely know what to say about the sketch. Part of it is extremely well done—but part of it is so unlike R. J that I do not think it should be made permanent on stone for the lithographs. The poise of the head is perfect. The {head & hair & forehead &} upper part of face to tip of nose VERY good—the high cheek bones well indicated—but the mouth is entirely wrong in shape & expression & below the cheek bone the cheek is wrong—also the light underneath that side below the chin makes seems to indicate either sagging tissue—whereas R. J's neck is thin & taut.—Below that the neck is excellent & the breast also. The shirt would need to be different.—He never has a neat severe line of shirt collar, *it rolls*—(like Shelley's!) and always plain, never any figure or check (he usually wears white shirts, sometimes buff but always plain color. I make them all!) Perhaps your brother got the lined idea from scotch plaid lining of a leather coat in a Weston picture. I wish your brother could see him for half an hour. I am sure he could alter as necessary

1

Cordially—
Una Jeffers.

2

I am told there was much interest in the Occidental exhibit. I sent you a leaflet—R. J. has read *Grandsons*

3 & will write Adamic soon I've been too busy with Mabel Luhan

4

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. The sketch of Jeffers was done by Sydney's brother Julien Alberts (1916–1986). Julien studied at the Art Students League in New York before beginning his career as a painter and graphic artist. He is known primarily for his lithographs and woodcuts. In style and subject matter, his work reveals the influence of Surrealism, German Expressionism, and artists like George Grosz.

2. Closing and signature are written vertically in right margin.

3. Louis Adamic, *Grandsons: A Story of American Lives* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1935).

4. Added at top of first page.

RJ to Cyril Clemens

Tor House, Carmel, California.
May 1, 1935.

Cyril Clemens, Esq.

President, International Mark Twain Society.

Webster Groves, Missouri.

Dear Mr. Clemens:

1

I am glad to join in paying tribute to Mark Twain on the observance of his centenary. He was a man of genius, an author who gave lasting pleasure to hundreds of thousands, and for better and worse the most representatively American of all our authors and public men, I should not except Walt Whitman or Lincoln. It seems to me that the United States, the central and vital mass of it, can see itself in his writings and live as in a mirror.

Let me thank the Mark Twain Society most cordially for offering me honorary membership. I should have answered more promptly, but your letter was mislaid and has just been found. It is an honor that I should be glad to accept.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

TLS. Berkeley. 1 page. Postmark: May 2, 1935.

1. Cyril Coniston Clemens (1902–1999) was born and educated in St. Louis, Missouri. As the founder of the International Mark Twain Society and publisher of the *Mark Twain Journal*, he devoted his life to keeping the memory of Twain alive. He was the author of *My Cousin Mark Twain* (1939), *The Man from Missouri: A Biography of Harry S. Truman* (1945) and other works.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel. California
May 8. 1935

Dear Miss Bennett:

Mrs. Melissa Nash died some years ago.—at least five, perhaps longer ago. We cannot remember having seen her since 1914.—or hearing from her directly. No,—“foster-mother” had no significance. She was merely a kind and motherly soul who liked having R. J. room with her, & board too sometimes. She was much too indulgent with his irregular hours & untidy ways {(endless litters & scraps of paper!!)}. (Once, for instance, he locked his airedale in his room & stayed away some hours when she was away too, & the room was completely wrecked beginning with his own typewriter. Of course he replaced everything, but she had the most admirable patience through it all—) However they did not know each other intimately and he never confided his problems to her, if that is what you were wondering about. He thinks he spoke or wrote of {or to} her once as “foster-mother” in a moment of general exuberance on the eve of our marriage & a prospect of a fair road ahead. My husband does not know of anyone ♦ to refer you to in Manhattan or Hermosa. He knows no one there

His own mother was very beautiful, highly bred, widely travelled She spoke French & German, sang & played both pipe organ & piano. She was very *gay* naturally but had cultivated a quiet {very dignified} demeanor to suit that of her husband. He was twenty-three years older than she. She was 52 {52} years old when I first met her (in {Jan.} 1913 I think,) and looked much younger except that her hair was

very gray & had been for years. Her eyebrows were dark and her eyes hazel. She laughed often and had extremely

beautiful teeth. (The gray hair had shown up again in her son Hamilton who although he is seven years younger than R. J. has had white hair for several years. He has eagle like, black eyes—interesting)—She was slender and about 5ft 7, I imagine. There was between the four members of that family the most extreme & formal courtesy that I have ever seen in a family group. Several times between 1913 & 1916 I was an inmate of their house for weeks

at a time and ♦ never heard one ill-natured word. They were all very reticent and treated each other's lives with respect,—never encroaching. Even today even {if} you could see my husband and his brother Dr. Hamilton Jeffers together in a room & listen to their conversation you would not imagine for a moment that there was any blood tie between them. No R. J. never felt any lack of love between his mother & himself.

The mother was very religious, & liked {also} the *form & ritual* of religion. She had a charm of manner that neither of her sons has. All

of the family except the father were very reluctant to exert influence on other people, I think except in the general way of setting an example of gentleness and fineness. She influenced R. J. very little after he began going to school. It was the mother who set the tasks and imposed punishment & direction. Considering how conventional her family & connections had always been, I think it was marvellous for her to receive me with such an immediate warm affection because my divorce

had been considerably noted in the newspapers of the day. Divorces were fairly rare in 1912. ♦

1About the sea—I dont know. I am more passionately devoted to it than he. When first we came here in 1914 he used to laugh because {on} our daily walks I turned always & directly to the sea. He loves the mountains almost as well as the sea—but I dont! & we both are averse to desert & heat for more than a week at a time. We both love forests & rain. I know the symbol of the sea you spoke of. I do not connect it here however.

I hope these comments will help you a little

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

No his mother never said not to use the symbol {or theme} of incest. She died before *Tamar* was published.—Perhaps you saw me quoted in an article by Benj. de Casseres I think saying “better use some other theme”—my feeling being that few people {today} are well enough read in Greek tragedy, or in Shelley or in Byron {or . . . } to read of incest without surprise. or know the life on lonely shut-in farms as for instance Edgar Lee Masters knows it I discovered in later talks with him. As a matter of <over> ♦ fact R. J. uses the theme only in *Tamar & Pt. Sur* It is refused in *The Tower beyond Tragedy*.—He used it very poetically in his early “Californians”—in one poem.

ALS. HRC Texas. 5 pages.

1. Bennett had just begun to collect material for *Robinson Jeffers and the Sea* (San Francisco: Gelber & Lilienthal, 1936). This paragraph, except for the last two sentences, appears on page xii of her book.

RJ to Louis Adamic

Tor House, Carmel, California
May 17, 1935.

Dear Adamic:

1

I am ashamed not to have written sooner. I read “Grandsons” soon after it came, with pleasure and deep interest—I that am almost as incapable of reading a novel as of writing a letter. It seems to me an excellent diagnosis of the recent American state of mind. Of course, as you know and say, this rootlessness, aimlessness and unrest are present in Europe too. I think they are necessary results of the present stage of civilization—not necessary in any particular person, but in people in general. The individual can conquer them, can make roots and find aims for himself; but I do not think society can, except by letting itself be worked into a quasi-religious intoxication, like Nazism or communism, in which the pleasure of persecution plays a great part, and which I think {is} areworse than that aimless unrest; and a {they are} temporary passages to permanent Caesarism. (It seems to me that Russia has made the passage already.) I like none of these, though I believe we are to taste them if we live long enough.

It seems to me that in a degenerating society the individual has got to isolate himself morally to a certain extent or else degenerate too. He *can* keep his own morals; he cannot save society's, not even though he himself should happen to be Caesar, like Marcus Aurelius. (Who did all his civic duty and more, but ♦ remained isolated in his philosophy, apart from decaying Rome.)

It is no use our turning to the factory-workers, as Tolstoy did to the peasant and Rousseau to the primitive, for what the factory-workers want is exactly what the "bourgeois" middle-classes want, and if they got it they would have all the middle-class fatuities; only more so, because they would have less incentive and more security. They might be self-satisfied Peter Gales,
2 instead of searching tormented ones.

Thank you very much for "Grandsons"; it is a fine intelligent illuminating book. What I said above is not criticism, only opinion.—And belated congratulations on "Native's Return"
3—it was splendid.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages. Postmark: May 17, 1935.

1. Louis Adamic (1899–1951) was born in the region of Slovenia, in what was then Austria-Hungary and later called Yugoslavia. He left his native home in 1913 and became a United States citizen in 1918. His emotional attachment to Yugoslavia, his experience as an immigrant, and his concern

for the oppressed shaped his ensuing career as a political activist and writer. His chapbook, *Robinson Jeffers: A Portrait*, was published in 1929. Subsequent publications include *Dynamite: The Story of Class Violence in America* (1931), *My America: 1928–1938* (1938), *From Many Lands* (1940), and *A Nation of Nations* (1945). In September 1951 neighbors saw smoke coming from Adamic’s rural home in New Jersey. They rushed to the scene and found the house on fire, with Adamic in an upstairs room—dead of a gunshot wound. A rifle lay across his lap. Adamic’s death was eventually ruled a suicide, but some clues pointed to murder: Adamic did not leave a suicide note, there were no fingerprints on the rifle, he had received several death threats, and he had recently been beaten. Speculation centered on Adamic’s support of Marshall Tito in Yugoslavia, which reportedly angered communists loyal to Stalin and might have led to Adamic’s assassination.

2. Peter Gale, the troubled protagonist of *Grandsons*.

3. Louis Adamic, *The Native’s Return: An American Immigrant Visits Yugoslavia and Discovers His Old Country* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1934).

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

[May 1935]

Dearest Mabel,

The Golden Bough burnt to the ground on Sunday.

1 We are all very unhappy for Teddie.—

We (R & I) were away on Sunday at Marie Welch Wests near Los Gatos—then went to see Sara. She was in a chaise longue in the garden very VERY weak but recovering.

Myron was here Sun. We didn't see him but heard his publisher had accepted his book with ♦ enthusiasm!

2 Isn't that good.

O Mabel the taxi man! You are eternally young and innocent about impending boredoms but you *do* extricate yourself with great speed.

We are off & away for the day to the old Mission of {San Antonio} Jolon, 25 miles to west of King City.

Are going for weekend to Olga's ranch with them. They were here yesterday & Mrs. Smith—Sue Smith—

3 She *is* funny

Our dearest love

Una

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. The Golden Bough was completely destroyed by fire on Sunday morning, May 19, 1935. A story in the May 24 edition of the *Carmel Pine Cone* provides the following account: "Where famous artists and Carmel's finest thespians have trod the boards since 1924, desolation reigns today, as only stoutly-standing outside walls and a charred and blackened interior remain of the beauty which was Edward Kuster's Theater of the Golden Bough. The most disastrous fire of Carmel's history, discovered about 8:30 Sunday

morning, swept through the building's interior from its basement lair, was checked by heroic and finely organized action of Carmel's volunteer fire brigade from sweeping through the shops of the Golden Bough Court, and from becoming a serious menace to the entire business district."

An editorial in the same issue assesses the impact of the tragedy: "A pall of sadness hangs over Carmel this week, with the burning of the beautiful little Theater of the Golden Bough. It has brought a sense of bereavement, as would the death of a loved and distinguished citizen. Seldom united, Carmel has found this tragedy, the loss of a beautiful building, about which so many pleasant memories and traditions cluster, a unifying experience." The editorial ends with a call for action: "To many visitors, as to Carmelites, it is unthinkable that this congenial meeting-place should cease to be. The Theatre of the Golden Bough must be rebuilt." In this way, the author says, "Carmel can make tangible and lasting its respect for Edward Kuster and the renown he has brought to the village as the producer of some of its finest plays, the builder of its most beautiful building."

2. Myron Brinig, *The Sun Sets in the West* (New York: Farrar & Rinehart, 1935).

3. Susan (Nicol) Smith (1886–1959), a San Francisco hostess and newspaper columnist, was the wife of Robert Hays Smith (1877–1962), a business executive. The couple regularly entertained socialites, movie stars, and visiting celebrities at their Hillsborough estate. An account of Smith's visit to Carmel, published in her column titled "Susan Smith Says," refers to Jeffers as the "foremost poet of America today" and Una as "his charming, attractive wife."

UJ to H. Arthur Klein

[May 23, 1935]

Carmel

Tor House Wed.

Dear Mr. Klein—

We had set June 5 to leave for our usual month or six weeks in Taos with Mabel Luhan. If you can call anytime before on June 5 we will leave early June 6. It would be interesting to see you. Please send us a line to say whether you can. It would be too bad to miss you by so small a margin.

Sincerely

Una Jeffers.

APS. Occidental. Postmark: May 23, 1935.

RJ to *Carmel Pine Cone*

[May 24, 1935]

1Only three houses could be seen from the Carmel beach when we first walked there; a chimney of one, a gable-end of another, but the third stood out distinctly. It was small, steep-roofed, pleasant to look at, but its extraordinary quality was in its changeful aliveness. Windows would appear where there was none before, and then vanish again; the color of the paint would change overnight; the shape of the roof would change, then a dormer would blossom through it; and all this was the more mysterious because we never saw anyone at

work. I suppose the owner's time for carpentering did not tally with ours for walking.

We knew nobody in Carmel, and it was long before we learned that Perry Newberry
2 was the life-force of the mysterious cottage, its builder, owner, tenant and transformer.

We had never before lived in a place where people could make their own houses with their own hands; it was a delightful new idea; later we were able to put it into practice on our own account. But while I was building one little tower, Newberry produced half a dozen houses—of wood, chalk rock, granite, Highlands diorite—no sooner was one completed than someone wanted it; the owner would sell and make another.

Meanwhile, he was engaged in authorship, in politics, in the endless excitements of the local theatre; then as editor of *The Pine Cone*. And he was doing more than any other man to keep Carmel tolerably simple, quiet and tree-protected, in spite of "progress." Let me thank him for this especially, and congratulate him on all the rest.

PL. *Pine Cone*.

1. This letter to the editor of the *Carmel Pine Cone* was written for the May 24, 1935 special edition dedicated to Perry Newberry. Jeffers' contribution, printed on page 3, was titled "Mystery House."

2. Perry Newberry (1870–1938), a San Francisco journalist, came to California from the midwest. Like his friend George Sterling, Newberry belonged to the original group of artists and intellectuals who settled in Carmel. As president of the Forest Theater, designer and builder of homes, owner and outspoken editor of the *Carmel Pine Cone*, and mayor, Newberry had a significant impact on virtually every aspect of village life. He opposed unbridled development and worked hard to preserve Carmel’s natural beauty and unique charm. He was the author or co-author of several books, including *Castaway Island* (1920), *The Mystery Woman* (1924), *The Seventh Passenger* (1927), and *The House-Boat Mystery* (1935).

RJ to Mr. Wechsler

Tor House, Carmel, California.

May 29, 1935.

Dear Mr. Wechsler:

1

Thank you for your letter and your expressions about my verses. I can of course neither accept them nor object to them, but only thank you sincerely. It is right to speak in superlatives when one is young; it means there will {still} be fire in the engine later. But as to “pessimist”: that should mean believing in the worst—that things are as bad as possible. I can imagine them a great deal worse. Things are as they are; and the world is full of wretchedness yet very beautiful. And not all wretched.

I was interested and pleased in reading your sonnets. They are good, and you will do better still. Splendid lines come frequently, and the final line is almost always strong and conclusive. It seems to me that perhaps “Drear as with pain”, and “How murmurs deep” are the best, but there are others almost equally good. If I were to suggest anything for your future development, it would be a closer approach to the tangible and visible—that you should include in your meditation the grass or weeds in that cemetery, the texture of the stones; and the faces of buildings or mountains, the color of a girl’s skin, the colors and shapes and motions of things,—to give the poem body as well as soul.—But find your way, and don’t take advice.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Virginia. 1 page.

1. Possibly James A. Wechsler (1915–1983), a 1935 graduate of Columbia University. While a student at Columbia, Wechsler edited *The Spectator*, the campus newspaper. An assistant editorship at *The Nation* was followed by a nearly forty-year career as a columnist and editor at the *New York Post*. Books include *Revolt on the Campus* (1935), *The Age of Suspicion* (1953), and *Reflections of an Angry Middle-Aged Editor* (1960).

UJ to Saxe Commins

Tor House. Carmel. California
June 3. 1935

Dear Mr. Commins:

1

Thank you for typescript of *Introduction* to “Roan Stallion” & the Miscellany Poems. We are very much pleased with the Modern Library Edition. Such clear good printing with plenty of space & the feel of the book in one’s hand is satisfying. Grander volumes are nice too—but to have books one is already fond of in this handy size is very comfortable for one who like myself carries books & books about in every pbag she travels with.

Thank you for your enthusiasm!

Sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

1. Saxe Commins (1892–1958), born Israel Cominsky, was raised in Rochester, New York. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1913 and moved to New York City, where he lived for a time with his aunt Emma Goldman (1869–1940) and helped edit her influential anarchist journal, *Mother Earth*. He then began a successful career as a dentist. In 1927 Commins married Dorothy Berliner (1891–1991), a concert pianist and author. Two years later he abandoned dentistry and, at the urging of his friend Eugene O’Neill, entered the field of publishing. His first position was with the firm of Horace Liveright. Commins joined Bennett Cerf and Donald Klopfer at Random House in 1933. As editor in chief and director of the Modern Library series, he helped shape the

course of modern literature. In addition to Jeffers, Commins edited the work of Sherwood Anderson, William Faulkner, Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, Gertrude Stein, and many other writers.

UJ to Blanche Matthias

c/o Mabel Luhan
Taos. New Mexico
June 12. 1935

Dearest Blanche:

Thanks for letters & clippings. *Please* send me more from time to time.

Yes I was ghastly tired before I left. Such a tangle of things just at the last moment. People unexpectedly piling in I couldnt keep abreast. For instance that last day Olga & Sidney arranged to bring Philip Barry the playwright & his wife

I—and I didnt even get home to see them. They were about to set out to Ireland.—Who could have foreseen Hamilton arriving at the last moment to shop for land or Herbert Klein who has written us for years (& wrote his thesis on Robin—) He came for the first time—

It is very beautiful here—the lilacs are still gorgeous & tamarisks & lilacs irises. There is a great pleasure in having a welcome such as Mabel & Tony give us and to feel so many friends about & beautiful familiar spots. This seems very odd to me to be so content here for all my deepest nature is interwoven with sea & gray granite! ♦ Many people come &

go for dinner & lunch etc but we are the only guests staying with Mabel. Andrew Dasburg is just back from Philadelphia. He is a very great friend of {Mabels}. Bretts's here—down for dinner last night. She is staying on her ranch. Jean Toomer & his wife stalked with us yesterday at a filling station. He is heavy and looks well—I should not have recognized him—he is changed. Acted very cheery and friendly but Mabel snubbed him very much—She said she had liked him years ago but no more & could not feel interested in his wife.

Last night for dinner Baron von Maltzahn & his wife Hannae {both about 28 aetat.}

2 Mabel has talked of them so much & they are all she said. Extremely cultured & charming. She is a granddaughter of Queen Draga—(the Serbian assassinated one)

3—and has also Norwegian blood I believe. She is an archeologist wrote her masters or doctors thesis in a Univ. in Germany on Spanish carved sculptured crosses & stones etc. She knew Kingsley Porter & his wife and I was thankful to be able to tell her of all the dramatic & tragic ♦ circumstances of his death on that island off Donegal. also to be able to talk intelligently about Irish crosses which interests her.—She made a pilgrimage to Ireland to study them. She doesn't know much about round towers has not studied them—or any *architectural* archeology much.

The baron is related to all kinds of interesting English families—his mother

4 is English. (ASir Anthony Eden

5 is his kin) They have travelled all over the world in a sort of caravan truck they have & go next to South America. They have bought a little place here. Awfully intelligent people.

All kinds of thrilling trips are planned.—for us here

The boys play tennis every day.

The boys went off all day Monday with José the stableman
6 to bring down more saddle horses from ta ranch of Tony's
at Tienditas. Garth is to be allowed to break a fresh colt. They
are swimming at Hot Springs today & I am going to start
doing so tomorrow, & riding too. I feel completely rested now
& really look quite nice, instead of ghastly.

Just read of Oscar Sutro's sudden death {in Virginia} no
details—

7

The Dougherty dinner sounds interesting.—

O Blanche how often I have thought of that exquisite portrait
♦ of you in the plaid dress—I agree with Russell that it lacks
the *fire* & verve & mischief that so often shines in your
face—but there is a lovely quality of yours in it—and the
pose is so characteristic of you in a thoughtful or pensive
mood.

I hope you are happy in your house. It really looked charming
the other day & will more so when you've been there
longer.—I think the house is extremely interesting in *interior*
plan (except the room where the piano is—seemed puzzling)

Tell Russell when I am travelling—there is not a single
person living that I think of as often as I do *him*—There are
so many things I see that I know *he'd* like to see & I would
enjoy his alert keen look at them.

All of us love you both!

Devotedly

Una.

Such writing I bent my own pen—

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Philip Barry (1896–1949), author of *The Philadelphia Story* (1939) and other plays, and his wife Ellen (Semple) Barry (1898–1995), a portrait painter.
2. Baron Edward “Teddy” or “Teddie” Rudolf von Maltzahn (1900–1978) and his second wife Baroness Johanna “Hanni” (Eichholz) von Maltzahn (1903–1982). Though the couple traveled widely, they purchased a small ranch near Taos with the hope of making it their home.
3. Draga (Lunjevica) Mašin (1867–1903), a widow and lady-in-waiting in the Serbian court, married King Alexander I Obrenović (1876–1903) in August 1900. Political unrest, widespread disapproval of the marriage, and fears concerning succession led to the assassination of the childless couple in 1903. In Una’s June 16, 1938 letter to Remsen Du Bois Bird, Hanni is identified as a niece, rather than a granddaughter, of Queen Draga.
4. Millicent (Jekyll) von Maltzahn (1872–1962).
5. Sir Anthony Eden (1897–1977), British politician and government official; following Sir Winston Churchill, Eden

served as prime minister of the United Kingdom from 1955 to 1957.

6. José Trujillo.

7. Oscar Sutro (1874–1935), San Francisco attorney, businessman, and civic leader. Sutro was the vice president and counsel of the Standard Oil Company of California. He died June 9, 1935 as the result of a heart attack while on a business trip to Fredericksburg, Virginia. He was married to Mary (O’Sullivan) Sutro, Ellen O’Sullivan’s sister.

RJ and UJ to Louis Untermeyer

c/o Mabel Luhan,
Taos, New Mexico.
June 17, 1935.

Dear Untermeyer:

I am delighted to hear of the new “Modern American Poetry.”

1 You are free to use the poems you mention, so far as I am concerned, and I am sure Random House will be easy to deal with. (“Love the Wild Swan” is included in my new book “Solstice”, which is being printed for publication this fall.)

As to suggesting two or three more poems—I haven’t got my books here, but perhaps can find copies on Mrs. Luhan’s shelves this evening—if so, I will add {suggest} two or three titles at the foot of this letter; but I’m not sure that I’m a good chooser. For the same reason I can’t speak about the bio-bibliographic note, but I don’t remember any error in it, in the copy that you were kind enough to send me a few years

ago, which is safe at home. I'll look when we return to Carmel, August first or a few days earlier.

It is delightful to think we may see you in Carmel this December. We'll have the cup of tea for you, or the Californian equivalent if you prefer.—I'm glad you like the Modern Library "Roan Stallion," etc.—I'll offer something to the Mercury as soon as I have something appropriate—just at present all my verses are gathered into the new book.—This Taos valley is a lovely place:—probably you have been here, or have read Mabel Luhan's "Winter in Taos", which describes it beautifully.

Cordially,
Robinson Jeffers. <over> ♦

June 25.

Dear Mr. Untermeyer—

All of Robin's books are lent out by Mabel Luhan—*all*—to a German Baron von Maltzahn and his wife (Austrian)—They read slowly and I don't want to ask for the books & hurry them. We will be back in Carmel about July 17 & if that is not too late will then look up some further poems for you—

If that *is* too late you must choose some yourself—

Sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Indiana. 2 pages.

1. Louis Untermeyer, *Modern American Poetry: A Critical Anthology*, 5th revised edition (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1936).

RJ to Jane Grabhorn

c/o Mabel Luhan
Taos, New Mexico
June 21, 1935.

Miss Jane Grabhorn,

The Grabhorn Press, San Francisco.

Dear Miss Grabhorn:

1

The proofs

2 were forwarded to me here, and I am returning them at once, and regret the delay. We shall be back in Carmel by the middle of July, I think; certainly before August.

It is a beautiful printing.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Stanford. 1 page.

1. Jane Bissell Grabhorn (1911–1973), writer, typographer, printer, and wife of Robert Grabhorn. In addition to her affiliation with the Grabhorn Press, Jane had two imprints of her own—the Jumbo Press and the Colt Press.

2. Proofs for *Solstice and Other Poems* (New York: Random House, 1935). As stated in a colophon, the book was “printed from type set by the Grabhorn Press of San Francisco in July 1935 / Devices by Mallette Dean / Initials by Joseph Sinel.”

UJ to Remsen Du Bois Bird

c/o Mabel Luhan
Taos. New Mexico
June 22. 1935

Dear Remsen—

Some weeks ago—I believe in your absence I wrote to ask that the poems {of Robin} in the Occidental publications which have been found & not included in Mr. Alberts *Bibliography* be kept from the public inspection until another edition of the Bibliography when they would be included {(& recopied)} with full credit to Oxy.

I had an answer from your office that my request would be granted. I am therefore amazed to hear that they have been given to Lawrence Powell & that he announces {in a letter to Alberts} that Ward Ritchie is {probably} to print them in a limited edition. This we will oppose by every means in our power & may I ask you to exert your influence at once upon Powell or anyone else to whom your librarian has given these poems. Of course our copyright has expired on them & until they are tucked away in the Bibliography & recopied—we are in a somewhat insecure position about them. In the Bibliography only scholars will study them & that is legitimate enough as a step in ♦ his growth. Both Robin & I have a horror of these little collectors items—*any* little collectors items & the fact {if} these {poems} are {were}

printed in any such limited way they would attract his readers & fetch absurd prices & assume absurd importance. I really believe that a reputation of importance is being built up by R. J. and I wish all these bothersome details could be avoided. They seem trivial enough but they need not arise at all if his people who are dealing with his work cared more for his literary place in literature & less about making a few dollars in this kind of way.

I feel extremely disappointed in Mr. Powell & I feel amazed that he would announce such a thing without even asking our permission. The things must have slipped by your librarian through misunderstanding. Did she confuse the Bibliography (which I consider one of the best *ever* published in America from the standpoint of scholarly attack)—did she confuse it with Powell's book?—It is for the *Bibliography* alone that we give permission & I have stated why. {Powell's book has a more *popular* appeal & I we do not wish the early poems studied except by real enthusiasts.}

Will you help out? Sorry. I suppose you'd like a bit of holiday from details.

Best wishes from Robin & me.
Una.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. See UJ to Remsen Du Bois Bird, April 24, 1935.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor Taos. New Mexico c/o Mabel Luhan
June 22. 1935

Dear Mr. Alberts:

I cannot tell you how indignant I am at the contents of your letter (re Powell.) We had heard nothing about Ritchies proposed publication. I have had several reasons for not feeling complete trust in some of that coterie (Please keep this within your own breast!) I would be more detailed if we were talking together.—I received your letter an hour ago & have already written to Powell, I enclose copy) & to Dr. Bird. Occidental is very friendly to Robin of course, & seemed to grant our request freely. I think there is something queer about Powell's having them & I have written to ask. {I feel sure it is a misunderstanding in their office.} I will send you Dr. Bird's reply. You little guess how Robin & I both detest & deplore little collector's items. I think I explained about *The Return*—how that happened & how we expected *not* a simulacrum of a book but *one single sheet*—& permission for that was only because *Klopper* in an expansive moment at lunch has encouraged Gelber & Lilienthal to expect our permission.

Thank you for your advice & I hope you will always give us bits when you think they are needed. I truly believe you ♦ are interested in R. J.'s literary reputation & ever since the beginning of our relation to you, you have been uniformly generous and straightforward. (albeit with scholarly insistence!)

I again confirm my previous permission for you to use these poems in the Bibliography. We do not want them anywhere

else & only *there* because it would safeguard them from {the} general public. I think only *genuine* enthusiasts read Bibliographies.

I have written again to Grabhorn & mail at the same time with this as per your request.—Grabhorns have the reputation of being a bit eccentric & unbusiness like.

Yes, keep the photographs.

We expect to be home about July 15.

R. J. wishes me to ask whether a letter he sent to Adamic via yourself arrived & went on its way.

Just now I reread Powell's letter—what does he mean "*I have secured in response to your letter to Una, the missing poems from Oxy library*"—How did he get the letter? Has he access to letters & files at Occidental? & I fear he calls me *Una* not as one does someone whose name has happened to be in print—but to lend an air of intimacy.

Now I have no time to tell you of our wonderful days here—

We four Jefferses & Lloyd Tevis a friend of theirs {our boys}—here at Mabel's for five weeks—

We send our best greetings
Una Jeffers.

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

c/o Mabel Luhan
Taos. New Mexico
June 22. 1935

Dear Mr. Powell—

We are utterly amazed at your statement {in a letter to Mr. Alberts} that you have the {Oxy} poems, up to now omitted in the Bibliography, and which I was promised by the Presidents Office would not be shown without our permission. I am writing to them today to find out why they broke their promise. We are dumbfounded at your statement that they are to be printed in a limited edition by Ward Ritchie. We will oppose this by every means in our power & I shall hold you responsible for any difficulty or bother we are put to. I consider this an extremely unfriendly and unethical action. {to propose such a publication.} I think you must have not given it sufficient consideration.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

We would infinitely prefer that all juvenilia perish out of sight, but failing that prefer the Bibliography for their hiding place (& recopyrighting) since it is probable that only scholars or genuine enthusiasts read Bibliographies. <over> ♦ Mr. Alberts was rightly amazed to hear anyone had them after I had promised them for the Bibliography & had the aforesaid promise from Occidental

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Taos. New Mexico.
Chez Mabel Luhan
Mond Friday [June 28, 1935]

Dear Mr. Powell:

Your letter indicates you read neither my letter nor Alberts with any care—there are so many inaccuracies & misunderstandings. You sound both innocent & injured. The whole thing is a bore to me. What we desire seems extremely simple. Let me repeat.

Kindly let the juvenilia alone & unnoticed until they are reprinted & recopyrighted tucked away in the Bibliography.

1 And the reason is *precisely* because they are completely unimportant (as you note in your letter).

Why anyone has time for juvenilia amazes me when the mature work of a man is there to study—but some people queerly enough *do* fuss with that type of thing. We are fed up with little editions & little items which assume importance because of their rarity & not their merit.

I am in a great hurry we are just leaving for a three day trip ♦ to the mts {14,000 ft. elev.} & the sacred Blue Lake of the Indians, with Tony Luhan & five Indians—

Sincerely,
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. Una adds a line above and below this sentence for emphasis.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Taos New Mexico.

June July 1. 1935

Dear Mrs Bennett—

Albert Bender is a grand person & always helpful & kind. We are very fond of him. Yes you may use his fac-simile {of *Ocean*} as far as we are concerned, and the Irish letter & excerpts of Bender letters if he is willing. Perhaps I can help you with snaps & pictures. I will try—when you are ready I will let you look over some & decide. I can not remember what sea picture exactly Albert has—oh perhaps it is the long window in dining room—with reflections in it—that was nice.

We have spoken of getting the old Genthe picture of me copied {(rephotographed)}—we have only one & both boys like it. If we do {reph} certainly I'll be glad to let you have a print for your book.

IWe do not remember our conversation with you exactly but it is impossible as matters stand to allow quotations from the unpublished poems of R. J.'s boyhood. I am sorry {to refuse you} but we do not feel inclined to have them quoted and did ♦ not intend you should do so.

We have just been having a boring time—even during our holiday—about those {early} published ones (in Oxy.

papers.)—We are intending to hold them back for recopyright hidden away in the Bibliography if possible,—but we *have* complete control of the unpublished {ones} & those we will not consent to {be} quoted. I haven't time to go into the above further at this moment

Yes Tinka Strauss is a dear.—

Every moment here is brimful with excitement. Mabel is determined for us to stay longer than our month & perhaps we will stay a few days longer—We will probably be home asometime about July 15.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

Another sweetheart

1 of R. J's youth now steps forward with duplicates of some of those early poems

2 & says they were *hers*.

3—Alas—I fear all young poets are alike!

This letter looks a mess—I wish you knew amid *what distractions* I write

4

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. Mary Leonora (Montgomery) Martz Swift (1887–1967) was the daughter of Dr. H. B. Montgomery and Mary (Harmon) Montgomery of Hermosa Beach, California. Leonora, as she was called, studied piano at the New York Conservatory of Music. Her brother Plummer Montgomery

(1885–1963) was one of Jeffers’ fraternity brothers at the University of Southern California. According to a May 24, 1913 article in the *Los Angeles Times* announcing her elopement with her childhood friend August Martz, Leonora was the organist at Christ Episcopal Church and “a popular young woman in local social circles.” When her marriage to Martz ended in divorce, Leonora married Dr. Richard H. Swift, a Los Angeles physician.

2. An inventory prepared by Melba Berry Bennett titled “Reference Materials for Robinson Jeffers’ Biography” is located in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities Research Center, Texas. The inventory includes a list of poems in Leonora Swift’s possession: “Revelation,” “The Call” (three stanzas), “Interlude,” “An Evening Ad Incognitum,” and “XIII.” Robert Kafka adds “On the Lake” to this list in *The Collected Early Verse of Robinson Jeffers, 1903–April 1904*, a special issue of *Jeffers Studies* (Summer 1997): 97–98.

3. Four letters from Leonora Swift to Melba Bennett, written between July and November 1935, are located in the Jeffers archives at the University of San Francisco. In these letters Leonora speaks of items she had treasured through the years: a sheaf of early poems written by Jeffers (whom she called “Bob”), letters he wrote to her, and a fraternity pin. Leonora also recounts the progress of recent events: how friends convinced her that she was the “Helen” Jeffers praises in *Flacons and Apples*, his first book; how she shared her memorabilia with Melba and writer John G. Moore; and how Melba and Moore planned to expand Leonora’s story and reinterpret it in print. “Poor little me,” Leonora writes to Melba, “getting into books and magazines! What a fate!”

Leonora's keepsakes were lost when her stepson loaned them to a European scholar who later disappeared.

4. Written in top right corner, first page.

RJ to Arthur Davison Ficke

c/o Mabel Luhan,
Taos, New Mexico.
July 2, 1935.

Dear Ficke:

I had your card just as we were leaving Carmel, and was so glad to hear from you. There was no time to look for the two letters I have from E. A. Robinson; I feel sure they were preserved but I don't know where they are.

1 At any rate they are only short kindly little notes, and couldn't be important toward his biography.

We have been here three weeks and I have all the while been intending to write to you. We came this time by Yuma and Tombstone and Las Cruces, and shall probably go back through Colorado toward Oregon perhaps and south by the northern California coast. I expect we'll start home next week. We have the two boys with us, of course, and a school-friend of theirs also—five in the Ford, besides the bull-dog. For the dog I have to take along a bottle of water and keep him wet and evaporating, or he'd die of the heat in the desert stretches. Wet, he gets along very well; though there was one day of our journey here when both he and Una had to wear ice-packs on their heads. The rest of us don't

mind—though the Carmel sea-fog will be pleasant to return to. ♦

Here we have been riding, walking and conversing; camping up in the snow at Blue Lake, swimming a little at the Hot Springs, and the boys playing tennis. Frieda Lawrence was here for lunch to-day, and her daughter Barbara, and the daughter's young Scottish husband.

2 The Indians come and go, quietly, you know how. It is very delightful. One can hardly even pretend to work in this warm golden sunshine—I don't see how Mabel Luhan manages to write so much so well—I suppose in winter: that must be different.

Our boys enter Berkeley this year, as sophomores. It is going to make a change in our lives, their being away from home.

I hope very much that it will be possible for us to see you next summer, if we should go another time to Ireland, as we rather indefinitely expect to. We should probably pass your way early in June. But a year ahead is of course a doubtful quantity, in these rapid times.

Una sends her best to you and Gladys, and so do I.

Yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Two letters from Edwin Arlington Robinson to Jeffers—dated October 3, 1924 and November 22, 1933—are

held in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities Research Center, Texas.

2. Barbara Joy “Barby” (Weekley) Barr (1904–1998), Frieda’s daughter from her first marriage to Ernest Weekley. Barbara, an artist, married John Stuart Barr (1897–1986), a journalist and politician, May 17, 1934.

UJ to Blanche Matthias

July 4, 1935
Taos, N. M.

Dearest Blanche:

The days have gone even faster than usual & I never have a moment to write letters. We have been on a 3 day trip up to Blue Lake with 3 Indian guides. Wildly exciting & beautiful & cold & tiring. The snow was drifted five feet deep in spots & as we went along for 2 miles on a knife edge divide in a tumult of icy wind it was really difficult. The snow had drifted across it in spots & one had to get off & lead one’s horse—at least everyone but me. I got off, since the horse could hardly keep his feet, but to lead him was impossible I couldn’t keep out of his way—the (just under} 14,000) ft altitude made it impossible for me to do more than step along by myself. I threw the reins over his neck & let him manage for himself. We almost lost a packhorse ♦ which fell & slid down the slope for a short distance before the rope held—then what a scramble—

The Indians caught lots of trout, *delicious!*

Blue—incredibly blue lake—had one side slope all snow rising up from the water straight up hundreds of feet & pine trees growing up through snow—the inreflecion of snow in blue water marvellous.

Today boys & Tony & some young friends have gone to Cimarron—65 miles away to celled celebrate 4th—Robin, Mabel, Andrew Dasburg & I are going up to Frieda's & Bretts for tea & supper—Mabel & I have been swimming today while Robin worked.—I am afraid Ill miss my favorite thing of all—horseback ride today—(in *your* jodhpurs or jodphur—how spell?) They went on me to Blue Lake. We are staying a few days longer than I promised namely unt until July 11.—I think we will be home July 15 or 16—cant tell—we are going {home} by a northern route up to Oregon maybe—

Our dearest love—
Una.

A blue columbine growing under aspens

1

This letter of Olga's speaks of a friend of yours if I remember rightly

Love—to you & Russell

2

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Written in left top corner, first page.

2. Written in right top corner, first page.

UJ to Ellen O'Sullivan

Taos. New Mexico.
July 5. 1935

Dearest Ellen:

I have thought of you every day many times & thought you must be very busy helping your dear ones in S. F. Everyone says Mollie

I has been wonderful—but at what a cost to her own strength I have no doubt.

We expect to leave here July 11, & get home July 15 or 16. We are going by a long way home—northerly almost to Portland & down the coast. We have had the nicest time here yet in all of years of coming. The heat has been less than usual only a few times I have really suffered.—One day we went to Santa Fe & its terribly hot down there. I will tell you all our experiences when I come home—they were MANY! As usual it has worked out perfectly having Lloyd. The three boys have had a marvellous time, tennis, table tennis, riding & swimming & trips Yesterday they went off to Cimarron with some young friends here {& Tony}. 65 miles away & spent the whole day celebrating at a rodeo. Robin Mabel, Andrew Dasburg & I went up to Bretts for supper & Frieda's for tea.—Much to tell you about Lawrence's tomb etc. etc. Her daughter Barby is visiting her, with her nice Scotch husband. Brett is doing several small *impressions* of her friends Paintings about 20 in

x 10. She has finished a really ♦ extraordinary one of Ella Young & of Stowkowsky. She intends to do Robin—

Here is a very interesting letter from Julie. Please keep for me as I havent answered it yet.

You can well imagine how eagerly & hungrily I have enjoyed these days with my boys—. I cant keep from remembering how soon they will be away at Berkeley!! IThey have rec'd full sophomore standing.

Dearest love Ellen as always from your devoted
Una

in awful haste

We had a terrific & interesting trip to Blue Lake through snow drifts—nearly 14000 ft. elev.

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. Mary “Mollie” (O’Sullivan) Sutro.

RJ to Cale Young Rice

Taos, New Mexico
July, 1935.

Dear Cale Young Rice:

1

Thank you very much for your letter, which was forwarded from Carmel and reached me here yesterday. We have been

here a month and are starting home in two days. It has become a habit with us, the past few years, to come to this highland and mountains for a month in summer time. We all miss the ocean, but this country too is beautiful. This time we came the southern

most way, by Yuma and Tombstone, and expect to drive back by Colorado, Idaho, Oregon, and down the California Coast: thus we've managed to see a good deal of the continent between home and here. But the coast mountains are still home.

I wish I had seen "Yolanda of Cyprus" when it was produced in Carmel.

2 We were south that summer; it was the year our twin sons were born. Now each is bigger than I am, and they are entering Univ. of California this fall as sophomores. It will be their first parting from us, except for a day or two, and will make a big difference to us—not to *them*, they take everything in stride.

It was good to hear from you. I wish you might stop in and see us if you ever travel in the west. I have known your work for a long time.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. W Kentucky. 1 page.

1. Cale Young Rice (1872–1943), poet, writer, and professor of English at Cumberland University in Lebanon, Tennessee. Rice was married to Alice Hegan Rice (1870–1942), popular author of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. As the one-year

anniversary of her death approached, Rice shot himself in the heart and died. He was the author of *Song-surf* (1901), *Nirvana Days* (1909), *At the World's Heart* (1914), *Youth's Way* (1923), *High Perils* (1933), *A New Approach to Philosophy* (1943), and many other books.

2. *Yolanda of Cyprus* (New York: McClure Company, 1908), a verse drama written by Rice, was performed in late summer 1916 at the Forest Theater in Carmel. An account of the production, which Rice and his wife attended, can be found in Rice's autobiography, *Bridging the Years* (New York: D. Appleton-Century, 1939): 140–141. In the same book Rice states his convictions concerning poetry and, in doing so, criticizes Jeffers: “For Whitman, as we have said, everything was good, infinitely good. For Jeffers, his modern follower, everything is infinitely sinister if not bad. There is no Mind striving to organize the universe with its mysterious Power. Rather the forces of matter are hostile and disturbing.” See pages 252–254.

RJ to John G. Moore

1

copy of letter from R. J. to Mr. Moore

2

July 18, 1935

Tor House

I have just received your letter of July 11. We have been away six weeks. You will understand of course that I do not intend to answer questions about this or any other romance of my youth. I suppose all normal young persons have loves of more or less importance before the decisive one; when they

grow older and are happily married they do not want to forget the past—there is nothing in it, good or bad, that one wants to forget—but they do not intend to discuss all of it even in a private letter. If I were both famous and dead it might be worth some biographer's while to dig up names and dates, but I am neither the one or the other. And surely you are not naïf enough to think that the development of a man's mind is likely to be much influenced by a love-affair of his youth unless it were very final or very tragic. If a man lives with a woman a long time and feels the impress of her character, and has children by her, that may of course affect and change him, but that is a different affair entirely.

As for the manuscript verses, I am afraid they are of no value except perhaps from a purely personal point of view. Nothing I wrote at that time or for years after has any publishable value. And you understand of course that manuscripts cannot be published without the writer's consent—even for the sake of a variorum edition.

As to "optimism" and "pessimism"—there is little likeness between Walt Whitman and me but surely neither of us would consider life to be perfectly good or perfectly bad. He would have laughed at such an idea as cordially as I reject it. He wrote lyrical and hortatory verses and I write mainly tragic narrative; that makes an apparent difference in our attitudes. But the real difference comes from the fact that he lived at a time when it was less clear than it is now that all the contradictory things he loved—as for instance "en masse" democracy and individual freedom, or city civilization and pioneering, or independence and industrialism—all these oppositions could not possibly survive together, even in so big a country as this is. He took for

granted that they could all survive and it is clear now that the hope may have been meritorious but was certainly mistaken. And he lived at a time when people believed in indefinite “progress”; nobody in this country at least—understood clearly that what goes up has to come down. Now times have changed. I think a writer’s attitude unless he is merely subjective, is more affected by the spirit of his time than by any event of his life.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers

TLC. San Francisco. 1 page.

1. John Gae Moore (1896–1977), a freelance writer, was born in Kentucky and moved to California in 1928. Publications, all with Marathon Press, a small publisher in Pasadena with which he was affiliated, include a chapbook titled *The Latitude and Longitude of Henry Miller* (1962), a brief preface to a pamphlet by Bern Porter titled *What Henry Miller Said and Why It Is Important* (1964), and *Selected Poems: 1930–1965* (1966).

2. Jeffers’ letter to Moore is missing. This typed copy was prepared by Una. At the bottom of the page, Una adds by hand “Excuse errors—no time to check.” For the sake of readability, obvious typing mistakes have been corrected.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

July 19. 1935
Tor House Carmel

Dear Mrs Bennett—

Please reread my last letter from Taos. I tried to make it plain there—and see that I must here repeat. We do not give permission to use ANY of the juvenilia which is unprinted, and did not mean you to use it. There must have been a misunderstanding. {The poems Mrs. Swift has are juvenilia.} In any case, further bother with the unprinted Occidental stuff & several letters from a Mr. Moore {about Mrs Swift's} has made my husband refuse absolutely to have any quotations from the Swift mss. I am very sorry to disappoint you but it cannot be helped. Please do not ask it.

R. J. was so fed up with it all, that he actually wrote a letter to Mr. Moore himself yesterday, which is so unusual that I copied it for my files. I enclose the copy which you will be kind enough to return. (I mean *unusual* because I do all the letters!) {This Mr. Moore seems to have given a talk about R. J.'s pessimism versus Walt W's optimism.}

I would enjoy seeing your book after you you have fixed the above. I will be glad to note any errors if there are any—of fact I mean. Your critical opinions of course are your own.

We returned night before last from Taos.—came back by way of ♦ Utah, Idaho, Oregon & down the California coast road (*not* the redwood highway.)—Very lovely trip but *hot* until we got home.

Best wishes from both of us

Cordially—in haste.
Una Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

RJ to Louis Untermeyer

Tor House, Carmel, California
July 20, 1935.

Dear Untermeyer:

We drove through Colorado, Utah, Idaho, and Oregon, in a heat-wave that made the Pacific fog thrice-blessed when we reached it, and down the California coast, and came home day before yesterday. I have just listed some pieces of verse for you to choose from, three or four times as many as you can use, and only suggestions, to save your time; you might find more appropriate ones without my help.

From *Roan Stallion, etc.*

Night—page 83 (in the Liveright edition)

To His Father—p. 225

Natural Music—232

Wise Men in Their Bad Hours—page 251

From *Cawdor*:

Hurt Hawks—page 153

Meditation on Saviors—155 [This is six pages long, and you would use it—if at all—instead of the whole flock of little ones.]

1

From *Dear Judas*:

Evening Ebb—p. 127

Hooded Night—129

From *Give Your Heart to the Hawks*:

Intellectuals—p. 113

Shane O’Neill’s Cairn—119

Inscription for a Gravestone page 145. ♦

That is the list I made this evening, but I hope you will use your own taste and judgment.

We look forward hopefully to seeing you this fall. You’ll find us somewhat bereft, for our boys are leaving us next month for the first time, going up to Berkeley as sophomores. I expect you’ll lecture there: I’ll tell them to be in the audience if possible. Thanks so much for promising to have the new edition sent to me when it appears; I’m eager to see it.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Indiana. 2 pages.

1. Jeffers uses square brackets here.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House.

July 22. 1935

Dearest Mabel:

I wish I had written more cards to you on the way home. I sent only one but kept thinking of you camping away at Twining & hardly a night did we stop anywhere there were cards! We had a very interesting trip of *seven* days—I am very glad we did it but it was tiring. The heat became very severe as soon as we came down from Ouray and each state seemed hotter than the others. We stayed nights almost without exception at dirty little inns because that's where nights overtook us. I think the boys wrote you of our journey & the most startling things we saw.—I assure you I felt exactly like Rip Van Winkle when I spent over an hour in Glen Ellen not finding ONE single

even ancient soul who remembered the Queen family

1 with whom I stayed 25 yrs. ago At last we did find the beautiful old graystone house in an old garden—its now owned by someone who has it in grand order. The gardener we talked to said t {the house} was 77 yrs. old. ♦

We had looked forward to calling on the Praegers who are staying near Boise, Idaho with their son

2 & we thought what fun to drop in for a moment but it was so hot there even at 5 pm we couldn't do it. It got cold as soon as we reached the coast.

Well, we got home Wed. night {P.M} & the five nights we have been home—I have been *out* every night.—The first night Noël came & begged us to come to dinner. Sara & Erskine were staying with him.—The next four nights I have been to the *Bach Festival* and it was magnificent!!

3 (I had been scornful in advance.). 3 nights in Sunset school auditorium & last night in old Mission. A great chorus & instruments. Lots of professionals from around San Fran. & people like Jascha Jacobinoff

4 concertmeister with the Philadelphia Symphony fiddling away,—and Dr. Leo Eloesser

5 the great (abdominal) surgeon fiddling and a girl named Thomas

6 from S. F. playing a flute with the most exquisite *windblown* quality of grace—& the as exquisite a tone as Ive ever heard.



Noël is leaving tomorrow for Los Angeles with Myron & Langston. He leaves Langston in S. F. L. A. & takes Myron to Alcalde to stay a month or so. Noël meets Elsie at Sylvia Muldavens.

7

My house is a riot of confusion—we left in such haste after boy's college year was over. I've done two huge washings & am still ironing—(20 shirts is one item)—Hamilton Jeffers came for the day yesterday. Garth & Donnan went up to Tevis ranch. We are going *{there}* Wed. night.

Sara & Erskine are staying with Blanche. Noël's houses are full. I must do something for them today or tomorrow. Tonight Jascha Jacobinoff is to play a Brahms concerto for Sara & I am to go at Greene Studio

Gabrielle was here just now inviting us for dinner. They are not going to Taos—and fortunately she ♦ is reconciled to not going because Teddie has been asked to direct a play at the Forest Theatre as a benefit performance for Golden Bough.

I'll be glad to get things in running order & {let} quiet settle down. My desk is feet deep in letters to answer.

This time was the very loveliest we have ever spent at Taos. We enjoyed every moment & said farewell to it all very sadly. Our *deepest* thanks to you for EVERYTHING! I have with you that deep comfortable sympathetic understanding that I have with only one other person (—Robin—). I love you dearly.

I shall write faithfully after this & am sorry I didnt have enough foresight to take along a lot of postcards to send back from time to time. The heat dulls my mind & all my energy was concentrated on seeing the sights as we went along.

Tell me about camping, the posts in living room—Frieda—and everything. Love to Tony & Brett & Sally & the von Maltzahns—&—Flint—What a sensitive tender letter from Hanni.

Devotedly
Una.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Probably the family of Frederick Quien (1844–1917), born in France, and his wife Elizabeth (Irvine) Quien (1850–1931), born in Scotland. The Quiens were farmers in Sonoma County; they had five sons and one daughter. An album in the

Kuster family archives contains photographs of Una and Teddie in Glen Ellen in August 1902. Una may be referring to that visit or a later one.

2. Henry Lloyd Praeger (1904–1991), son of Robinson and Una’s neighbors Harry and Bessie Praeger.

3. This marks the beginning of the Carmel Bach Festival, an annual summer event founded by Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous. Ernst Bacon (1898–1990) was the guest conductor for the four-day event, which featured lectures, open rehearsals, and evening performances.

4. Sascha Jacobinoff (1896–1960), born Sascha Jacobson in Philadelphia, was a violinist who debuted on the American concert stage in January 1917. He used the Russian spelling of his surname to avoid being confused with another violinist named Sascha Jacobson who began his career at the same time. Jacobinoff performed with the Philadelphia Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic, and other orchestras in the United States and Europe. He also taught at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia.

5. Leo D. Eloesser (1881–1976), clinical professor of surgery at Stanford University’s School of Medicine and chief of service at San Francisco County Hospital, was the nephew of Julie Heyneman; his mother Molly (Heyneman) Eloesser (1862–1931) and Julie were sisters. Eloesser’s distinguished medical practice in California was augmented by work around the world during times of crisis, including Germany during World War I, Spain during the Spanish Civil War, and China after the Chinese Revolution. At the time of his death, Eloesser was developing rural health care programs in central

Mexico. He and Hans Barkan were close friends from childhood. Artist Frida Kahlo (1907–1954) was also a friend, and a patient; her painting *The Broken Column* (1944) is dedicated to Eloesser.

6. Grace Thomas, once a student at the University of California, Berkeley, performed with several Bay Area ensembles during the 1930s. She participated in the Carmel Bach Festival from 1935 to 1938.

7. Sylvia (Silverblatt) Muldavin (1902–1972) was the former wife of Albert Muldavin (1894–1967), president of sugar and molasses firms and author of *The Red Fog Lifts* (1931), an account of living conditions in the Soviet Union. The couple divorced in 1934. Sylvia was a world traveler and conservationist who owned a historic ranch near Pecos in central New Mexico.

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House Carmel.
July 24. [1935]

Dearest Albert:

We came home some days later than we intended. Our trip this year was the best we have had to Taos. While there it was {cooler} than usual, & Mabel was in great form. Robin & all of us returned in good {shape}. We came back a very long detour north through Colo. Utah, Idaho & Oregon & down the coast road, seeing much beautiful scenery & historical points like Fort Ross. {Lloyd Tevis, Jr. went with us.} When we got home—we found the numerous & grand pk'g from you. ♦ All

of the Irish books are put with my own cherished possessions.—I love Carmel as you know & have accepted Taos now—but never has any place the *core of my heart* except Ireland!

The Taos book by Ansel & Mary Austin is very handsome
1—we thank you for all!

Sometime I want to tell you of our last sight of Mary last summer.

You were fortunate to get a letter from Yeats in his own hand. I was told by Barby Barr (Frieda's daughter who just arrived with her Scotch husband) that Yeats is very old & feeble. She saw him just before she left London. ♦

Our two lads enter Berkeley as Sophomores JAug 22. I have arranged for them to live the first semester at any rate at International House. Robin & I intend to go up occasionally to see them & will sometimes accept your invitation of long standing to stop a night with you. I want Robin to see some of your lovely books & oriental things.

Oscar Sutro's death must be a great loss to you.

Robin's book "Solstice" is to be out in early fall. Grabhorn is printing {it for Random House} slowly but steadily ♦ I bear in mind that I have your check for copies.

Sara & Erskine are staying at Noël's. They were several days with Blanche Matthias. We all went to the Bach festival 4 concerts. They were fine! I had been sceptical about what

could be done but thoroughly enjoyed the whole thing. We motored them to Big Sur yesterday.

Keep well. We shall see you soon. If I have a *great desire* to see that film “Man of Aran” & hope to go up to S. F. when it comes there

My love—
Una.

ALS. Mills. 4 pages.

1. Ansel Adams and Mary Austin, *Taos Pueblo* (San Francisco: Grabhorn Press, 1930).

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel
July 26, 1935

Dear Mrs Bennett—

It would be nice to see you here again & any day after Wednesday of next week would suit me. It seems to me it would {would} be more satisfactory if I were to have your ms.s. to read first—I could talk more intelligently about it. {or} Perhaps you would prefer to talk over some of it with me—then leave it with me for a day or so. I find it difficult to attend to everything in a ms. in the presence of its author. Robin will enjoy seeing you again too—but does not wish to discuss his work unless I feel it is necessary.

I truly hate to be disagreeable about those early poems but we are compelled to be obdurate & if your hope is to get a consent for them your coming will be unsuccessful. I will talk to you about them and give you a little more reason for our refusal. I will also tell what I ♦ have no time for here,—a boring misunderstanding & altercation we {have just} had with Powell about the unpublished {unrepubliched} Occidental poems which are not yet covered with recopyright.

When we were in Taos a friend of Mabel Luhan's {came one evening} who is an astrologist & keeps her posted about her chart year by year with events often foretold in a very remarkable way, (as it seems to R. J. & me who do not feel much interested in that kind of thing)—Well, this friend laid out R. J.'s & mine. What I wish to say to you is that the planet Neptune was constantly & importantly present in R. J.'s chart & he {(the astrologist)} pointed out to me a paragraph about Neptune & his influence on people in an old book on astrology which so fitted in with your thesis of its importance to R. J. that I meant to copy it for you.—If you think it would make an amusing or interesting footnote {or aside} to some page of your book I will write to this man & get the reference.—

I have at last had those old Genthe photographs rephotographed & if you want one of them you may have it.

Cordially
Una Jeffers. in great haste—

<over> ♦

I think I told you how I had been the one who *insisted* on living close to the sea—& that in our early life here in Carmel my constant desire to be always near it on our walks made R. J. often ref call me Seaward “Sea-ward” after a character in Arthur Symons’ “Spiritual Adventures.”

1 Well—the astrologer pointed out in *my* chart the constant menace of death by water throughout my life—(which didnt prevent my heart soaring like a bird when I caught sight of the sea on our return from New Mexico!)

I have here the first & last chapters of Tinka Strauss’ thesis on Robin in which she says—after quoting from *Flagons & Apples* “This is Jeffers & yet unlike him for the strength is missing. The two early volumes are yworks of youth & not worth mentioning. He had not yet found himself.—” That is the opinion of one young but very earnest student.

I do not see why you would not find everything in *Flagons & Apples* {necessary} for indication of learly love of the sea.

2Have you ever driven down coast from Crescent City? Do you know anything about the strange & beautiful tiny cemetery some miles north of Ft. Ross, on the cliff—burial place from 1835 of the Ruoff family

3

ALS. HRC Texas. 3 pages.

1. The title character of “Seaward Lackland,” a story by Arthur Symons in *Spiritual Adventures* (London: A. Constable, 1905). On the day Seaward was born, his fisherman father was on the ocean when a fierce storm arose.

His mother, lying in bed, lifted herself repeatedly toward a seaward window, praying for her husband's safe return.

2. This paragraph, added as a postscript, is written in the top right corner of the first page.

3. The walled cemetery, which contains graves belonging to the Ruoff and Thomas families, overlooks the ocean near Timber Cove (about 75 miles north of San Francisco).

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel
August 3. 1935

Dear Melba:

We had dinner—unexpectedly at Sara & Erskine's (Wood) last night—Mrs Matthias too. It was very nice and all in honor of our happy day. Was your dinner fun?

We enjoyed your day with us and I am glad you have made so interesting a book!

While we were at Sara's, Ella Winters came in & during the conversation mentioned with much amusement that someone (I couldn't make out whether Cook {Moore} or Swift) had written to the *Pacific Weekly* here of which she is assistant editor asking what he (or she) had best do about these important early love poems of R. J.! She made it sound very comical—the attitude of pious duty combined with other motives not quite so proper.—Perhaps if you were ever

writing to Mrs. Swift again (I dont know about her—but *he* doesn't sound ♦ in his letters as if it would be worthwhile to try to impart an idea)—you might say you learned from us that we think there is no need to keep the poems in a safety deposit box since several other people have or had {have} had manuscript copies of those poems in their possession since early days, imagining rightly or wrongly that the poems were written for them. That you have R. J's word that "On the Cliff" was written to me after a day at {on} Palos Verdes hills—and the "flowering of young trees" one—also to me—to mention only two definitely.—In any case, the law prevents the publication of other peoples' manuscripts and—so on. It may have a calming effect on her,—but dont bother too much about it. Better perhaps to let it all go—Sometime, if convenient, too, you might mention our friendship & admiration for Hedwiga {Richer.}

We are just leaving for the Tevis ranch.—Will Josselyn
1 send my picture back to me?—You perhaps arranged.

With cordial good wishes
Una Jeffers.

I just got a paper & see you missed the lynching—the second man is still lurking.

2 ♦

Just this moment unwrapped your wine Amontillado, our *very* favorite sherry—thanks again!

ALS. HRC Texas. 3 pages.

1. Lewis Josselyn (1883–1964), an early resident of Carmel, was a portrait, landscape, and community photographer.

2. A lynching occurred in the northern California town of Yreka August 3, 1935, not far from where Melba had been working in isolation on *Robinson Jeffers and the Sea*. Clyde L. Johnson, a suspect in the slaying of a police officer, was dragged from the county jail and hanged by a mob of fifty masked citizens. At the time of the hanging, authorities were still searching for Johnson's accomplice, Robert Miller.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel
August 9. 1935

Dear Melba:

I intended when you were here to show you the upstairs {attic}—its an amusing place with its sloping roof and niches for beds, & Franklin fireplace, & Robin's desk, & {his} old chair made sixty years ago from a plank infrom the *then* ruined mission,—but most of all I intended to let you see the few lines of an unpublished—*unfinished* poem he wrote up {on the wall} by my bed in 1919 when we first came—describing this place. You may use the line about the sea if you wish

...

“The Earth's old hard strength

The keen Air's messenger powers,

The coiled Sea's moving length"

1

I am sending you a ms. by Edith Wherry Muckleston
2 whom (see "Who's Who" old vol. XI 1920-21) I havent
seen for myany years. She wrote several books, best known
was "Red Lantern" a story laid in China where she lived
many years as a girl. Perhaps she was born there. I admired
her tremendously ♦ when I saw her in my girlhood—she
seemed so *sophisticated* and her French was so perfect, and
her remote mediaeval aspect fascinated me! Genthe had taken
a whole series of pictures of her because of her unsu unusual
beauty. and she wrote good verse.

I was amazed when I read this article she wrote on me.

3 {She sent it several years ago.} It hasn't her mature—rather
Walter Paterish

4 style—its a bit sophomoric & it is so enthusiastic about me
that it seems great vanity to show it—*but* you can discount it
and it gives a certain aspect of my life you may be interested
in for although there is not an item in it of immediate use in
your book—{perhaps} it is still helpful to color the picture
you have in your mind. {If Robin saw me with anything like
her partiality perhaps I won't need to seem to be a consoler or
to win him!} Will you kindly return it when you've finished.

Another thing—do not give any aspect of poverty or even
difficult

living to my life at the time I met Robin—or at least to the
time we grew to love each other. By that time Teddie & I
were living quite luxuriously ♦ We had been very poor when
first married. Teddies very rich family had hated so early a

marriage {to a girl with no money} for the only grandson. (—he was 23—I, 17

5) when we eloped tofrom Berkeley & were married. (& kept it secret.)—I went home to Michigan & 11 months later we were remarried. His family were very nice to us but stopped his allowance & said we'd have to earn our right to ease {ease}—et cetera—We were remarried in 1903—

Well by 1908—& on we were quite affluent & steadily more so. He had worked hard &, starting with the biggest {Graves O'Melveny & Shankland} corporation lawyers in L. A. had steadily climbed—so there were then no more home-made frocks & the like, but many automobiles {(one at a time!)} {powerful roadsters} & trips, and a cook & so on by the time I was doing my two years master's degree work.—

This too seems of no immediate use to you, but I remember following with great interest a discussion & long articles in Sat. Review of Literature about two years ago with ♦ articles by many Englishmen on the writing of *Memoirs & Biography* (&by such people as Harold Nicholson, husband of V. Sackville-West).—In talking about some material released {by the Lovelace family} a few years ago about Byron, he was asked if he knew about it when he wrote his book on Byron, & he said he *did*—& while he could not *use* it at that time he felt it his duty to *color* his interpretation of Byron to such a degree that when the information became public later, his book would still seem *right*. I have thought of that often since and realized that secret or extraneous matter can subtly color one's writing & interpretation—

I am wondering whether to let you see an article on “*Una & Robin*” by Mabel Luhan. Harcourt Brace wanted to publish it

as a little book, {(plead to do so!)}—and Cosmopolitan wanted it for a good round sum. (thats why I got a start when you spoke of Moore aiming aiming at Cosmopolitan.) I felt it ought not to be done ♦ at this time for several reasons. About a dozen people have read it,—several almost with tears for its beauty—Steffens was one of these—several with *greatest dislike* as not being spiritual enough & reserved enough—not idealistic enough—I must say that in *many ways* {I think} it is startlingly photographic. Would you care to see it? & would you return it safely and lastly would you keep it from other eyes. I must confess I would like to hear *your* reaction—I wish I had let you read it while here—& talk of it.

I hope you understood when I talked with you that I have no belief that I was R. J's. first or only love—(I hope to be the last!)—women were kind to him & I know it. I would have left the tenuous boyish affair of {with} Mrs. Swifts alone gladly if she had not gotten so exaggerated an idea of it. But when I read your account & told R. J. he said it ♦ could not be allowed to stand—the story was absurd.

I have evaded to the last whether I would write something for your book. I am so hurried just now—but boys will be gone to college by Aug. 23. Then *alas!* I won't be so hurried. Yes I will write a few paragraphs, perhaps in the form of a letter, which informality suits my style best. And I would be honored to have it dedicated to me.

The Amontillado was opened on a day when Noël Sullivan & some friends came & was of the finest flavors & bouquet!

Faithfully,
Una Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 6 pages.

1. For more information about these lines, see UJ to Melba Bennett, August 26, 1935.
2. Edith Margaret (Wherry) Muckleston (1876–1961), the daughter of missionary parents, spent her girlhood in China. Following studies at Wellesley College, the Sorbonne, and the University of California, Berkeley, she taught French at Mills College from 1909 to 1911. Edith married Los Angeles physician Harold S. Muckleston (1878–1965) in 1911, the same year she published her first novel, *The Red Lantern: Being the Story of the Goddess of the Red Lantern Light*. Writing as Edith Wherry, additional books include *The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills* (1917), *Jade Mountain* (1926), and *The Lamp Still Burns* (1955). Edith and Una's friendship began in Berkeley and continued in Los Angeles, when Una was married to Teddie Kuster.
3. The manuscript itself and letters between Una and Edith are missing, but a few pages of typed excerpts are located among the papers of Melba Berry Bennett at the Humanities Research Center, Texas.
4. Walter Pater (1839–1894), an English writer and critic whose special interests included the classical tradition, the Renaissance, art, philosophy, poetry, and aesthetics.
5. According to Teddie and Una's May 31, 1902 marriage license, Una's age was 18.

UJ to Cortlandt Schoonover

Tor House. Carmel. California
August 11. 1935.

Dear Mr. Schoonover:

1

I will see that a copy of "Solstice" is autographed & sent to you on publication which will be early fall. The proofs of the last pages have just been sent back to the printer.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

(Mrs. Robinson Jeffers)

ALS. Virginia. 1 page. Postmark: August 12, 1935.

1. Cortlandt Schoonover (1914–1976), a graduate of Wesleyan University, taught English at St. Andrew's School in Middleton, Delaware. He was the son of Frank Schoonover (1877–1972), a leading American artist and illustrator. Cortlandt published a book about his father titled *Frank Schoonover: Illustrator of the North American Frontier* (New York: Watson-Guptill, 1976).

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House.
Friday Aug. 16.

Dear Melba:

You did not mention receiving the first letter I wrote after you left—about Moore peddling the “story” & the ms. copies of poems in Swift possession to Pacific Weekly here Ella Winter told us. Did you receive it.

I send with this Mabel’s sketch. Some of it is good, some bad, I think. Most of the facts—not all, are fairly accurate. She aims more at *her* impression than real history.—about Teddies beacon light for instance, *she* thinks it is She has known Gabrielle Kuster since G. was a child & so that particularly interests her. Gabrielle is the daughter of the {Scotch} portrait painter of Taos & N. Y. {John Young Hunter}

My thought when I gave you Edith Wherry’s article was that if you are aiming at truth I must not seem an idle or unhappy {young} woman eager to console some sad young poet!—I never even then liked YOUNG men very

well. I was busy & had many occupations—many friends I loved. & {found amusing} Life was opening out more richly before me every day. I was not emotionally satisfied but that was a vague thing in the background not analyzed. I lived in an incessant whirl of activity ♦*He* on the other hand had not the faintest wish to marry anyone. He caroused around with much

interest tinged with an enjoyable poetic melancholy. He knew he was coming into a legacy in Jan 1912 that would free him financially for some years & had a plan to go exploring with a party he had heard was going to South America.—So without the wish of either of us it our love was one of those *fatal attractions* that happen unplanned or {and} undesired. IWe both hated for our families the unwelcome publicity of

divorce—& I too hated {too} to lose the respect & affection I had won with some difficulty from Teddies difficult family—to say nothing of Teddie who was & is most dear to me.

A note from Hazel yesterday date Aug 1. just going to London next day from Holland. Motored from Normandy to South Bavaria Having marvellous time. Expects to arrive home about Sept 10

Faithfully
Una Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House. Carmel
Friday August 16. 1935

Dearest Albert—

Thank you very much for the AE articles. He is a great loss
1 to letters & to society for I think the personality of the man was his greatest claim to fame. As a poet I rank him *far* beneath Yeats and his painting is not great work. But certainly no other Irishman of his time has been so loved & trusted by such a variety of men.

We are most busy getting the boys ready for college. They & their friend Lloyd Tevis have rooms at International House for next semester. They enter next week. I think they will enjoy the life there. Dr. Rhinehardt asked

me, as per your suggestion, most cordially to go up for the Yeats' exhibit opening & ♦ I think I shall do so.

Much love from all of us.

Una.

^Sincere thanks for Robin Lampson's book

2 He is doing fine work^ ♦

Albert—Here is a note I copied out for you from an old edition of Scott with notes. Compare with the poem in "*Poems*" called "The Dead Men's Child."—The "high water jars"—are actually there & connected with actual tragic circumstances in the desert It is interesting to perceive the genesis of a poem—the varied sources.—

"There is bot two myles from Inverloghie the church of Kilmalee in Loghyeld. In ancient tymes there was ane church builded upon ane hill which was above this church which doeth now stand in this toune; and ancient men doeth say that there was a battell foughten on ane little hill not the tenth part of a mile from this church be certain men which they did not know what they were. And long tyme thereafter, certaine herds of that toune of {and} of the next toune called Unnatt both wenches and youthes did on a tyme conveen with others on that Hill; and the day being somewhat cold did gather the bones of the dead men that were slayne longtime before in that place and did make a fire to warm them. At last they did all remove from the fire, except one maid or wench which was verie cold, and she did remain there for a space. She being quyetlie her alone without anie other companie, took up her cloaths above her knees, or thereby, to warm her; a wind

did come and caste the ashes upon her and she was conceived of ane man-chylde. Severall tymes thereafter she was verie sick and at last she was knowne to be with chyld. And then her perents did ask at her the matter hieroff which the wench could not weel answer which way to satisfie them. At last she resolved them with ane answer. As fortune fell upon her concerning this marvellous miracle, the chyld being borne, his name was called *Gilli-Doir-Maghrevollich*, that is to say, the *Black Child, Son to the Bones*. So called he was his grandfather sent him to school and so he was a good schollar and goalie. He did build this church which doeth now stand in Lochyeld, called Kilmalee.”

From the geographical collections made by the Laird of Macfarlane. II 188.

ALS. Mills. 3 pages. Letterhead (crossed out): Mabel Dodge Luhan.

1. A. E. (George William Russell) died July 17, 1935.
2. Robin Lampson, *Terza-Rima Sonnets* (Berkeley, Calif.: Archetype Press, 1935). Lampson's book, designed and printed on a hand press by Wilder Bentley, is dedicated to Albert Bender.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel
August 26. 1935

Dear Melba:

It was charming of you to send me this paper.

1 I like it very much. It is dignified & such nice texture to write on. And the books came! I'm enjoying them tremendously & have gotten Teddie Kuster to promise to open his little theatre here with "Man of Aran."—Until He has arranged his small theatre for pictures now & will have foreign & second run pictures since he cannot have the first run.

2 The {movie} people to whom he had leased the "Golden Bough" are building one of their own.

The boys are at International House, Berkeley. I miss them *dreadfully*. We went up & settled them in on registration day. I don't lack a thousand interesting things to keep me busy but there is always a sinking feeling inside! Once you arrange your life to include four people in every single endeavor—its hard to shrink back to two. Perhaps other people ♦ enjoy bringing up their children as much as I but I think few of them are as continuously aware of their joy as I have been.

I en send you a leaf from my commonplace book {you may keep.}, which I've had in my desk for twenty years.

3 {& copy things in from time to time} The lines written up by my bed are the five short lines. This page is a fragment never finished—it was to have been included in a longer {(projected)} poem. It is probably the first thing he wrote in Tor House. {(Came here Aug 15, 1919.} Neither of us can recall any circumstance connected with it. You may use it all.

4

Why, if you want that other picture of me, keep it & sometime I'll have one done for Lilienthal too if you think he cares. He has done many nice things for me.

Remsen Byrd & his wife were here for tea Saturday.

Thank you about the ranch. When we go to Taos next time it would be lovely for us to spend a night with you.

Don't trouble much about Swift & Moore.

Fraser, Ocean Park awakens memories. Alexander Fraser owned Ocean Park & made it.

5 His daughter Edna was a great friend, perhaps fiancée of Teddie Kuster & she gave a big party for me when I first arrived in Los Angeles.—She died suddenly abroad after her marriage.

6—I hadn't thought of her {in years until I saw your address.}

Faithfully

Una Jeffers. ♦

A barren foreland, without a fountain, without a tree,

Bulks of monument granite push up from the brow of the hill,

Monstrous blocks break through for a broad-beaked prow in the sea,

Winds blow over, the waters below never are still . . .

There are only simple things here,

Three great people my dear,

The earth's old hard strength,—

The air's masterless powers, keen air's messenger powers,

The coiled sea's moving length,

Immense neighbors of ours.

I will build a stone house for young life and rock walls for the
seedlings of love,

Ribs of rock round a hot soft heart, crannies in granite for the
roots of flowers;

Waves wrestling below, winds ranging above,

Braggarts, go by, the old earth is our friend, touch nothing of
ours.

7

ALS. HRC Texas. 3 pages. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson
Jeffers.

1. Light blue stationery with dark blue letterhead printed in
one line across the top: "Mrs. Robinson Jeffers—Tor
House—Carmel, California."

2. Teddie Kuster leased the Carmel Playhouse to Central
California Theaters, a motion picture concern, and changed its
name to Filmarte. He retained the option to use the theater for
plays, concerts, and special events; he also arranged to show
foreign films two nights a week.

3. The sheet from Una's commonplace book, included here as
the third page of her letter, contains lines of poetry typed and

hand-corrected by Jeffers. Beneath the lines, Una adds the following note: “Fragment (Probably written in autumn 1919 at Tor House).”

4. The fragment appears in Bennett’s *Robinson Jeffers and the Sea*, page ix. A heading identifies it as an “Original Poem,” a subheading adds “Fragment,” and a descriptive note says “These lines are on a page from Una’s scrap book, and were never, as Jeffers intended, included in a poem.” As Una tells Melba in her letter, five lines (there are actually six), beginning with “There are only simple things here,” were inscribed near Robinson and Una’s bed, in the west loft of Tor House.

5. Alexander R. Fraser (1856–1923), a real estate investor, developed Ocean Park (now a neighborhood in Santa Monica) and Venice, California.

6. Edna Fraser (1880–1910) married Richard Heimann (1880–1960) in November 1902. In May 1910 she traveled to Germany for medical treatments at a sanatorium. She died there five months later.

7. The reverse side of this page contains the following quotations written by Una; a large “X” crosses through them all.

In his old age Renan said of his life that it had been “cette charmantes promenade à travers la réalité.”

—“For sailors say that in coming home from round Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope, the North Star is the first land you make.” (Dana in “Two Years before the Mast”).

“Fight on, my men, says Sir Andrew Barton

I am hurt but I am not slaine;

I'll lie me down and bleed awhile

And then I'll rise and fight againe.”

(old Scotch ballad)

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

August 26. 1935.

Dearest Mabel:

We drove up with boys on Thurs. & left them at International House. I had been so busy getting them ready—washing, mending sewing, shopping & planning their courses that I had only given way a little at night (two nights they called out from their beds with just a tinge of delight in their affectionate interest “Is Mother still sniffing?”) Well, we started at 7: AM & soon after we got underway I felt sick—pain & nausea & had to get out of the car & be sick. For two & half hours on the way up I sat in a horrid misery. Then I tried with all my might to concentrate on some more work still to be done on planning their courses. I had promised to work half an hour on this on the way up & I began to feel that I was going to fail the boys at the last but, glory be! I came out of my disabled ♦ state & finished their *courses* information. We caught up with the Tevises on the way to take Lloyd up & so had a regular day of it up there. The boys & I went to get their clothes which we

had ordered a week before & needed some alterations. They look stunning in their dinner jackets & they have some *stunning* topcoats & some new sweaters & each an ordinary suit

International House is very luxurious—but no more expensive than other good college boarding houses—if you can get in—Its a Rockefeller foundation you know. Lloyd has a room directly above the boys. All of them seem happy.—You can't think with what difficulty I manoeuvred Lloyd into college but 'tis done! The registering took more than two hours so much red tape & so many people to see & appointments—While they were at that Robin & Haig plodded around by-ways around the campus & I got a pass to their ♦ room and unpacked & settled them in. Donnan on the left in closet, left dresser, left bed, left desk etc. Garth right. Their room has a magnificent {western} view out over the bay & Golden Gate. Just as I finished—alarm clock ticking on the dresser—a basket of nuts & fruit sitting very handsomely & a little picture of Tor House on the wall, they arrived—It was by then 4:30 so we said farewell—me very calm by then—I was tired out. Tevis family insisted on our stopping all night at the ranch at Gilroy. Major Morgan along too. We left about 9:30 next morn. I had an engagement to lunch at Peter Pan.

I am still busy straightening up & washing etc. I get along all right all day. Its when we come home from our walk in P.M & its time to get dinner I feel utterly *lost*. ♦

I haven't yet rec'd from you the book by Miriam.

1

Yes you are right. The Tannenbaum part
2 will interest lots of people.—Its the part of your life that I cannot share, at all—having eagerly participated in Buffalo—because, though not luxurious, my life was like yours—and in the Florence part because its the life I *lived in my thoughts* for many years—and in your Taos life because I understand & appreciate, it is a shock to come up against a perfectly blank wall—thats the N. Y. stuff.—but many won't share my prejudice there.

We had dinner with Elsie & Noël tonight. She leaves tomorrow. They have been in Tahoe.

I heard a tale of Scudder Middleton yesterday. He said of Claire—he had not conquered her & was asked “Sexually?” “Oh no—I did that. I conquered her SEXUALLY OF COURSE, *but not emotionally*—”

But when ones emotions are unstable who *can* control them?

Dearest love from
Una.

A present do you like it?

3

ALS. Yale. 4 pages. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

1. Possibly Miriam Hapgood Dewitt (1906–1990), the daughter of Mabel's friends Hutchins Hapgood and Neith Boyce. Miriam arrived in Taos in the summer of 1929 and stayed for the next twelve years. She describes her experience

in *Taos: A Memory* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1992).

2. Frank Tannenbaum (1893–1969), a young labor leader, was sentenced to a year in prison in March 1914 for storming a New York City church and demanding food and shelter for his band of unemployed workers. Mabel tells his story in chapter 5 of *Movers and Shakers*, “The Case of Frank Tannenbaum.” In later years, Tannenbaum was a professor at Columbia University and the author of *Darker Phases of the South* (1924), *Slave and Citizen: The Negro in the Americas* (1947), and other works.

3. Added at top of first page, with an arrow pointing to the letterhead. Una is referring to the stationery given to her by Melba Bennett.

RJ to Chard Powers Smith

Tor House, Carmel, California.
August 26, 1935.

Dear Chard Smith:

You are certainly welcome to print my name on the list of subscribers to “Prelude to Man”,

1 if you think it worth while. I wish I could be honest about it and promise to pay my entrance-fee, but we have to be {even} more than usually frugal now, having just entered our twin sons in Univ. of California, and it will take more than our income the next few years to keep them there, and us here.

And I don't want you to send me an unpaid-for copy. But you will be keeping one at least for yourself: I should be glad to see it as a loan, and will read and return. It is a splendid difficult De-rerum-natura kind of subject, and I am sure you have managed it well, if Robinson liked it, and Mark Van Doren does. Let me wish you luck—a useless wish, no doubt, but a harmless one—and I do sincerely. But as to “crowns” and “leading American poets”—the former doesn't exist, and there are at least a dozen of the latter.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Yale. 1 page. Postmark: August 27, 1935.

1. Chard Powers Smith, *Prelude to Man* (Mount Vernon, N.Y.: Peter Pauper Press, 1936). Smith's long narrative poem about human origins was published in a limited edition. Promotional materials included Jeffers' name on a list of subscribers.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel
September 11. 1935

Dear Melba—

In rearranging boxes, trunks and so on in the trunk room last week our other copy of *Flagons & Apples* came to light again. This is the copy R. J. sent me {(to Berkeley)} on publication & I will copy for you the inscription he wrote in it. It is brief & very youthful but it has some bearing on the af point we

were discussing. I will show it to you when you are here next time if you remind me.

To little Una, my dearest,
who is very responsible for
this book but not to blame
for it. R. J.

That must have been Nov. {Dec.} 1912. I arrived home from Europe in Nov. 1912 & went directly to the St. Francis Hotel in S. F. Teddie Kuster was there to meet me & stayed two days during which we finally settled our affairs. With my consent he had gotten a divorce from me Aug 1, 1912 uncontested, an interlocutory decrees {decree} which, as you probably know, does not become final until a year has elapsed & one has appeared in court to have it made complete. Up to that completion {the} two parties to the divorce may b ♦ resume marital relations & by that resumption destroy the effect of the interlocutory decree. Our idea was that *if* we came together again—no harm done. If we wished to marry other people, time would be saved.—

R. J. came the next day after Teddie left, & within a few hours we were *engaged*—an amusing thought to us. At first I thought I would go {back} to University at Berkeley & begin work for my Doctorate in Philosophy—to put in the time until we could marry. I engaged rooms at a lovely place {high up} on Virginia Street. (Didn't want to cause any embarrassment at my frat house, harboring a divorcée).—I actually moved over to Berkeley for several weeks & Robin went back south but we soon felt we were wasting time & decided to get away where we wouldn't bother anyone so we hit upon {a} Seattle {suburb—Madison Park}—on the edge of the lake {in trees.}

So I went down to Los Angeles & visited Hazel & Robin's family for a few days then we took boat to Seattle.

That is why I was in Berkeley when his book was published & it was sent to me there. {We arranged to marry Aug 2—to give Teddie a day to get formalities of divorce complete on Aug 1.} <over> ♦

My mind is rather hazy about some copyright matters, so just to make everything clear for any future emergency I wish you would state in your next letter that of course our giving you the right to print the hither-to unprinted fragment (on the wall)—does not interfere with our collecting it in some future book of R. J. if we wish. This is unlikely, really, as R. J. never cares about old fragments.

Perhaps we would have the right anyway—but just on the remote chance you might state as above—

Also I would like if there is a chance in a footnote or letter or someplace to have you state what I have said & written to you before,—that I read your ms. with the wish to correct any false statements of fact but no wish or *attempt* to alter any critical opinion or analysis of yours. Say that any way you {wish}. ♦

We are begining {beginning} to get a way of life without the boys. They have been down two week-ends with a friend of theirs from Wyoming.—I was really ill at first having them gone but got going (with some intense effort!) feeling ashamed not to accept the normal & happy progress of events—but the second week Robin really looked ghastly &

confessed he had never realized how TERRIBLY he would miss them. So I had to lift him too. Now we are managing better & returning to an earlier epoch. Having stretched one's love & every activity to encompass four people all the time—its difficult to contract at once to *two*. I explain all this to tell you why I haven't written the paragraph or two for your prospectus. I will do so at once & send in a couple of days. Shall I send to Ocean Park? {Are you there even now?} If you see Hazel before you go, tell me about her. She returns Sept 15, I believe.

I would like to see your rewritten chapter on R. J. I expect to be up there sometime in late Sept. having promised Dr. Rh Rhinehardt to be present at opening of Yeats' exhibit at Mills.
♦ I could then go over to S. F. perhaps.

Did you tell me R. J's mother gave Mrs. Swift a copy of "Flagons"—? R. J. doubts this. He does not think his mother ever knew her. He does not know where her copy came from.

I forget—did you tell me the complete title of your book? I suppose it was on the first page of the ms. of course but I plunged right into the body of the work, & the title has gone from my mind.

Here is a sea reference you probably missed. We give you permission to use it {the lines you need.} It was first printed in *Palms* a little poetry magazine now out of print. {written 1918}

The Cloud

"Here where the river through his broken bar

Pours, emulous emulous of the omnipotent sea,
Proud pulsed in spring;; and where the lean gulls are
Veering awind forever;——”

(no more *sea* reference in it—

Cordially
Una Jeffers

ALS. HRC Texas. 5 pages.

UJ and RJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel
September 11. 1935.

Dear Mr. Alberts:

We were genuinely touched by the care you have taken with
this little book

1 & feel a little conscience-stricken about the time you must
have spent on it.

I have no suggestion for improving it except—would it not be
well to give the approximate dates of the poems? Otherwise it
seems queer to have the juvenilia reprinted {now}? You
could take the dates of publication for years of writing &
1930 is date for the Fragment. {Just a date or circa date below
each?} {Do as you think best about this—don’t hold it up to
write back.}

Last night I asked R. J. to make some notes I could use in writing you today. I see they are legible so it occurs to me you might like to have them {in his hand}. I enclose with this.—

The communists he speaks of who begged for the ms. were Ella Winter, Rhys & Lucita Williams

2 & Langston Hughes. Langston is a dear person & I made Robin hunt through his desk for something. He {Langston} is ardent in striving to help his race but the least bitter of humans. Warm hearted & affectionate and very amusing. But he has had horrid experiences! ♦

About Melba Bennett—thats a long story too.—but she did submit the ms. to us & I alone read it. However she had a whole chapter of his life in Southern California *so* mixed up & wrong I had to read it to him & have him discuss it with her a little. She eagerly agreed to alter it but I haven't seen it yet, as rewritten. Her book is valuable at any rate for the research

she has done about his {the influence of the} *Sea* in his work—and perhaps for some biographical material. I was at first rather prejudiced against her. She has been writing questions for several years—{not always very sensitive ones}—but now I have seen her twice I have gotten to like her & her earnest devotion to her theme deserves the couple of paragraphs I intend to write for her. I do not undertake any responsibility about her critical opinions but hope that I corrected wrong statements of fact. I have your book wrapped & will send by express today.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

It is truly a lovely bit of work—the book—and I think that fragment well worth preserving. *The Cloud* too is good.

People have all sorts of vocations & avocations! Melba B. owns & operates a very swagger and expensive *dude ranch* at Palm Springs (very efficiently too), where many of our friends stop. She is a dear friend of Ted Lilienthal, S. F. (Gelber & Lilienthal Bookshop—)

R. J. says *The Cloud* was written late 1918.

3 ♦

4 Questions about “when written,” “why written,” etc.

Twenty-odd years ago I began {and scrapped} a little dramatic poem (with chorus) about the resurrection of Achilles. In 1930 After “Descent to the Dead” was written the theme returned to my mind and I began this narrative, {in 1930,} but soon tired of Greek Gods. The story went over into the two poems at the end of “Heart to Hawks”—“Resurrection” and “At the Fall of an Age.”

—I would have thrown away this unfinished poem, but the communists here were pleading for a piece of manuscript to sell at auction to raise money for the Scottsboro trial, and I found this on my desk and gave it to them.

R. J.

ALS. San Francisco. 3 pages. Postmark: September 11, 1935.

1. Robinson Jeffers, *Four Poems and a Fragment* (Sydney S. Alberts, 1936). A note by Jeffers in Una’s copy of this

volume explains its purpose: “Verses printed in a college paper, when the author was seventeen or eighteen years old. Reprinted by our friend Sydney Alberts to acquire copyright and prevent unauthorized publication.—But ‘A Fragment’ is the stump of an unfinished poem written much later.” Contents: “The Cloud,” “Pan in the West,” “The North Pole,” “The Moon’s Girls,” and “The Resurrection of Achilles (An Unfinished Poem).” The volume was published January 7, 1936.

2. Lucita (Squier) Williams (1889–1980), a scriptwriter who worked on *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* (1917), *Penrod* (1922), *Tons of Money* (1924), and other films, lived and worked in Russia for several years. In 1932 she and her husband Albert Rhys Williams (1883–1962) moved to Carmel. She later edited his notes for a posthumously published book, *Journey into Revolution: Petrograd, 1917–1918* (1969).

3. Added vertically in top left margin, first page.

4. Among the unidentified papers in the Jeffers archives at the University of San Francisco, there are notes that are most likely the ones Una refers to in the third paragraph. Jeffers wrote them on the back of a September 3, 1935 letter to Una from David Magee, a San Francisco bookseller. The top half of the sheet contains Jeffers’ answers to questions concerning punctuation of the poem:

1. Between “heaven” and “she saw” I put merely a comma nothing more final than a comma in order to express because {in order to suggest} her gaze flowing without pause from

one thing to the other. However, the logic of the punctuation certainly requires a semi-colon, and I don't object.

2. Yes. Conscious of.

3. I prefer the commas, so that "too careful-nostrilled" may refer equally to the phrases that precede and follow it.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel
September 12. 1935

Dearest Mabel:

I've been going through quite a severe time—but things are on the up grade now. Once I had pulled myself up by my bootstraps Robin gave way & looked just *GHASTLY* & confessed he had never imagined how *terribly* he was going to miss the boys. So I just devoted myself to him & never went *anywhere* without him. We were both ashamed—I was anyway, to be so sad about such a normal & happy march of events as the boys growing up!

Bobby Horton came down & brought them two week-ends which was a joy & gave us a chance to really hear all their news. {Did I tell you his brother's young wife (a N. Y. society girl) was killed instantly by fall from her horse the day after he left the ranch.}

1

Now I am going to write something INDECENT *really* so if you happen to be reading this aloud, *dont!*—Its about Jaime

de Angulo. You remember I told you Noël said all that went on that Sunday when Myron & Langston was along surpassed any of his worst experiences.—Jaime was drunk from the time they arrived & kept on getting worse & drumming on a big drum all the time. Finally he said to Myron. “Im a Jew too I can prove it” & began to yank at his trousers ♦ the only garment he had on—they suspected his purpose & diverted his mind—but while they were at lunch table he thought of his it again & suddenly got out his circumcized member & propped it up on the table to prove his Jewry.—Now *what* would you have done in that emergency? There were other events as bad. I dont believe I’ll go up there, ever. I would *hate* to throw red pepper on it but thats a proper method for such creatures as my father once demonstrated in old pioneer days. It cures exhibitionists! Easier than psycho-analyzing them.

Some months ago we {Robin} got a letter from a ranch in Northern California—a man asked him to criticize some verses & he would in return send him some *farm produce*! Something about the letter made me get Robin’s thought about the verses & jot it down & send it back, but I said it wasn’t done thoroughly enough for recompense. In due course 3 crates arrived, 2 of grand celery, 1 of asparagus! The other day the man & his wife were going through here & asked to call.—They were simple, naive, but I saw ♦ very successful ranchers—He suddenly said he had *some* relation with *writers*—he was a cousin of an Englishman who was quite well known in England. He came here from Dorset.—*He was a cousin of Thomas Hardy!* & looked exactly like him only much heavier! It was *so odd*, & he was *so* delighted that I knew of Hardy! & told us some things about him——

I think Wolfe sounds boring,—not my {the} kind {I like} at all. I couldn't read his book any more than I could his "Look Homeward Angel"

2 such a long book has to be about people I'm interested in. It seemed turgid. Nice to have so much vitality if it isn't just rank growth. He sounds spoiled & bombastic & conceited. and you know how contemptible I find drunken people.

Gay & Teddie have been in L. A.—saw Jack & Eve in Hollywood. He has had that wen removed from his head & a severe operation for *stomach-ulcer* Gabrielle vaguely called it. They {Eve & Jack} were just starting home. She said Eve was very nice to her. Don't speak of the operation if it isn't known. Perhaps its secret, Gay didn't say. ♦

Mollie & John are back. Molly looks ill. John is thin & seems much older but *nice*. He got a lot of sketches done. I haven't seen yet. They said your John had sold his Tasxco house.

Noël brought "Lucy Gayhart."

3 The reviews have been too unfavorable. It *is* slight but very sensitive & more natural & easy-flowing, {less burdened with worked up local color} less mannered & labored on sense than {most of} her others. I think it distinctly good.

I think Harcourt will write differently than I did about *Makers & Shakers* New Yorkers adore all that goes on there & will find all that material interesting that I discounted.

Anyway I love the Florentine one. & I love *you*!

Una

Langston is nice. Wish you'd seen him.

The Trinidad picture is grand! It has caught that fiery demoniac essence that is in Trinidad dancing.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Mary Jean "Sis" (Warren) Hewitt Horton (1909–1935) was the wife of Bobby Horton's older brother, William S. Horton (1910–1977). She was killed August 26 when a horse she was riding suddenly bolted. She jumped to the ground but the animal turned and kicked her in the head, crushing her skull.

2. Thomas Wolfe (1900–1938), American novelist. His *Of Time and the River: A Legend of Man's Hunger in His Youth* (1935) was written as a sequel to *Look Homeward, Angel: A Story of the Buried Life* (1929). He also wrote *You Can't Go Home Again* (1940), published posthumously, and other books.

3. Willa Cather, *Lucy Gayheart* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1935).

UJ to Theodore Lilienthal

Tor House
September 14. 1935

Dear Ted—

You were sweet to send me Yeats *Shadowy Waters*.

I I am devoted to him & it happens that *that* is the first poem of his I ever read—brought to me by a friend I loved in

1907—It was the beginning for me of the Irish Renaissance.—My first George Moore was the early Heineman edition of *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, in 1908—

If I go up to the Yeats exhibit in late Sept. to Mills as I promised Dr. Aurelia R. I will come to see Melba's corrected ms.

Cordially
Una.—

ALS. Occidental. 1 page. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.
Postmark: September 14, 1935.

1. *The Shadowy Waters*, a poetic drama by W. B. Yeats, was first published in 1900; it was reprinted several times thereafter.

RJ to Robin Lampson

Tor House, Carmel, California.
September 27, 1935.

Dear Robin Lampson:

1

Even at this late date, will you let me thank you for the Terza Rima sSonnets? My ridiculous inability to write a letter, at least until the occasion for it is long past!

They are lovely poems, and the form is most interesting. It seems to me the usual sonnet is like a wave, rising through eight lines to fall through six, (just as alcaïcs, or the Omar

Khayyam stanza, rise, pause and fall), whereas these sonnets jet straight up like a fountain, to spread out in the final couplet; so that the shape and movement are entirely different. They are beautiful skillful things, and many-mooded. I think I like best the Invocation and III of Prayer for a Song; but there are several—e.g. Lest Days in Embryo—that pleased me almost as much.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Shebl. 1 page.

1. Robin Lampson, born Myrle Robbins Lampson (1900–1978), was a poet and educator. Lampson studied English and Russian at Stanford University before working in the Soviet Union with the American Relief Association from 1922 to 1924. When he returned to America, he worked in a variety of jobs while completing his education at the University of California, Berkeley. Thereafter, he supported himself and his second wife, Margaret (Fraser) Lampson (1901–1986), with adjunct teaching positions, radio scriptwriting, and income from a stamp shop. In addition to *Terza-Rima Sonnets* (1935), Lampson published *Laughter Out of the Ground* (1935) and *Death Loses a Pair of Wings: The Epic of William Gorgas and the Conquest of Yellow Fever* (1939).

UJ to Hazel Pinkham

Oct 1. 1935.
Carmel Tor House

Dearest Ha.—

How could you *bear* not to send me postcards from my adored England & Scotland (& Ireland?) I sent you lots.

Did you see Percy & Emily & Sheila & is Percy going to marry the young woman

1 he has fallen in love with?

Did you see Harry Young?

~Did you see~ Bert Gearing?

Send me a line & tell about things.

Tell Ann I talked with Peggy (Madge) Saunders

2 the other day just over from Dartington Hall. in Fresh. year at Berkeley. She loved the place but it sounds like a plague spot to me.

Can you believe it—I gave a talk on Yeats at Mills College last Sunday which was very much liked I believe. Expected to be scared but wasn't. Lot of professors from U. C. there & literaries from around the bay. Hans & Phoebe were there.—Occasion was opening Yeats exhibit there—collection of mss, letters, photographs & 1st editions. I opened it!

3

Robins book *Solstice* is to be published today. ♦

Mabel's book *European Experiences* is out.

4 Read it! Mostly about the Florence Clapp used to tell me about 1906–1912.

Robin stayed with the boys at International House all night while I stayed with the Duncan McDuffies after my talk. O what an exquisite house & garden & she is almost the most beautiful woman I know.

The boys are loving it there & look alert & gay. Garth's best course is Anthropology & Donnan's History Donnan is liking {*very much*} a course with *my* old Greek prof. Dr. Allen.

5 Donnan is taking a course (in Eng.) on {the} Homeric Age. It sounds thrilling. I had 4 Greek courses with him. He gives a couple or more lectures on Robins "Tower beyond Tragedy" in the second semester.

Do sit down & dash off a page.

Lovingly
Una.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. Probably Barbara Burnham; see UJ to Bennett Cerf, November 6, 1936.

2. Madge "Peggy" Neugass Saunders (1918–1998), a 1939 graduate of the University of California, Berkeley, was the daughter of Kenneth James Saunders and Babette (Heller) Neugass Saunders. Kenneth Saunders, Peggy's adoptive father, was a professor at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley and the author of *Buddhism* (1930), *The Heritage of*

Asia (1932), *The Ideals of East and West* (1934), and other books.

3. Una's lecture on the life, work, and enduring influence of W. B. Yeats opened an exhibit of Yeats' books, manuscripts, letters, and memorabilia collected by Albert Bender. The event, which also included a presentation by Ella Young, took place at Mills College on Sunday afternoon, September 29.

4. Mabel Dodge Luhan, *European Experiences*, volume 2 of *Intimate Memories* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1935).

5. James Turney Allen (1873–1948), professor of Greek and classical archaeology at the University of California, Berkeley from 1898 to 1943. Allen specialized in the history of Greek drama. Books include *The First Year of Greek* (1917), *The Greek Theatre of the Fifth Century B.C.* (1920), and *Stage Antiquities of the Greeks and Romans and Their Influence* (1927).

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel

Oct 1. 1935

Dearest Mabel—

I hope you are well & gone back home from the hospital. I've sent you several letters since the one you mentioned,—about the Thomas Hardy cousin, & telling you I had to *lecture* & Robin's book went too & also I thanked you for yours. Did you finally get these letters? I shall write a review of yours tomorrow.

1 Lilienthal says your book is selling well, & much enthusiasm about it there.

My lecture was a great success. I cant remember whether I told you how it happened—Albert Bender & Dr Reinhard Pres. of President of Mills {College} asked me to open the Yeats exhibit—mss. letters, photographs, 1st editions. I said I would then found {when I rec'd the program} I had to speak—Thought I couldn't at first but gathered myself together & {did it &} people liked it. About 250 people filled the hall & Dr. R asked me to come back & give it again for the students alone. I may.—I stayed the night at Jean McDuffies & slept again in ♦ that lovely {Spanish} bed blue (like your mother's shawl) & gold—Robin stayed all night at International House with the boys. For \$1.00 the boys can occasionally have a cot put in their room for a visitor to spend the night. They & Robin had a grand time. I was all envy {envy}. The boys look so well & happy & alive & Lloyd is most improved of all. Garth is loving his Anthropology & Donnan his history. Its fine for them—but we do miss them *frightfully* EVERY DAY!

Now listen to a tale of horror. You know the fishing fleet (of Italians mostly) go out from Monterey bay every night. Robin has long wished to go with them once for material for his verses. We met a man named Townsend at Noël's who has a pull {pull} & he said he'd take Noël & Robin that {one} night as guests of a Capt. he knew. Came for Robin at 4. P.M. By that time Robin had backed out not wanting to leave me alone but as Townsend said they would be back by midnight or 1: AM at the latest I urged him to go. They departed. Townsend said it was ♦ {arranged on} the "*Western Maid*" they were to go on.—I read till late then went to bed Haig

guarding so well he kept me awake he was so alert.—Morning came—no Robin. At 10: AM I drove over to Noëls to see whether he had got home & there he {Noël} was—he hadn't gotten back from S.{an} F.{rancisco} until 4:30 & then when he rushed over to the pier he couldn't locate them. He said he couldn't make the fishermen understand & he couldn't understand them,—so I went to an Italian barber here & he told me where to go to find out. I spent an hour running around the piers & the canneries & the fishermen's union—found the fishing boats were all in, had gotten in at midnight, found moreover that the *Western Maid* hadn't even gone out because her day before's catch hadn't been unloaded yet! When I first went there one man said that two passengers had gone out on the big purse seiner *Ambassador* but that boat is not of the regular fishing fleet & sometimes goes way to San Francisco before it gstarts back so I thought that couldn't have anything to do with me. Then when I ♦ later in desperation went back to find this man & ask about the two passengers I couldn't locate him.—Well they had gone out on the purse seiner. Robin was not told it would take so long, & they did get back about 3: P.M. finally. You can imagine my anxiety. It was a wonderful experience though & you must get Robin to tell you all about it sometime. The seine brought up 70 tons of fish—sardines—all phosphorescent & gleaming in the night. The technique is very complicated—They had gone way up to Half Moon Bay.

2

I forgot to tell you I have a lovely new black velvet gown I wore for my speech! Its a copy of that one of Blanche's—did you ever see it? Gathered full skirt—tight waist shirred down

middle front, V shaped neck & long tight sleeves. I think it is becoming.

I think I mentioned in my last how much I enjoyed Ann Lindbergh's *North to the Orient*—so sensitive.

3 I am longing to read Raswans "Black Tents in Arabia".

4 I read a few chapters in a friend's house. Grand book. Have you read {it}? ♦

Good lord! your letter has come about the *devils*—Do tell me *everything* about it & them! I'd risk fainting or burning for the pleasure of beholding the horns & eyes. How are Eve & John aside from devils nearby? Did she say anything about seeing Gay & family?

Are Barby & Stewart still on the ranch? Ask Marina Das. whether she knows Mrs Edward W. Clark III, of {Villa Primavera Chestnut Hill Philadelphia} She was here today & her husband came in later.

5 She came because of devotion to Robin's verse. A *nice* person! She is an official of the Phila. Symphony Board. Knows Stowky very well of course. She has invited us to stay with her.—

What about John & Clare. Any news?

I am heartbroken to seem to slight York, but our life is so complicated with just Haig that I can't face it. I can't own a dog without loving it so much that its on my mind all the time. One circumstance of many will show you the difficulty. Often the boys will be brought down Fri. nights to Gilroy to Tevis Ranch & we will meet them there & spend ♦ the night.

Willie Tevis doesn't like dogs in the house, so Haig always has to sleep in the car. If York were in it too they'd tear out the inside before morning. I feel very sorry but don't see how I can manage it. That's just a sample {of present emergencies}.

I just had a note from Frieda saying the ceremony had taken place & was impressive though so simple. Also a reference to the proposed theft of the ashes & her feelings very hurt by all of that.

6 And that Angi's position about having to go back to Italy for war uncertain. I shall answer that that plan {about ashes} sounds very wild to me & must have been just wild talk with little real intention. And I shall say to her (as I really feel) that {I would} regret any permanent break between you all in spite of *character clashes* because if she were in real trouble I am certain you would all rush to help her—and feel people who have lived through interesting days together never are entirely free of each other.

Yours devotedly,
Una

I went & looked at a big collection of Maurice Sterne's things at Art Gallery in S. F. If I were to own one I would choose one of the Bali ones although I have *no* interest in South Seas. There is great variety of medium & technique—some of the later *heads* are quite fine. But these paintings of his do not move me really.

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. ““Up At a Villa,”” Una’s review of Mabel’s *European Experiences* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1935) appeared in *Pacific Weekly* (October 21, 1935): 191.
2. For Jeffers’ poem about this experience, see “The Purse-Seine,” *Collected Poetry* 2: 517–518.
3. Anne Morrow Lindbergh, *North to the Orient* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1935).
4. Carl Reinhard Raswan, *Black Tents of Arabia: My Life Among the Bedouins* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1935). Una’s review of the book, titled “Travel Book with Zest,” was published in *Pacific Weekly* (January 27, 1936): 48.
5. Hazel Mills (Dolph) Clark (1885–1940) was an alumna and trustee of Mills College. Her husband Edward Winslow Clark III (1885–1939) was a director of several corporations and a partner in E. W. Clark & Company, a Philadelphia investment bank established in 1837.
6. Having decided that D. H. Lawrence’s final resting place should be his ranch in New Mexico, Frieda Lawrence sent Angelo Ravagli to France, where Lawrence was buried, in order to disinter the body and have it cremated. Ravagli did so and then returned to Taos with the ashes (or someone’s ashes—stories are told about the actual ashes being lost or discarded in transit). Frieda planned to place them in an urn and bury them in a memorial chapel she had already built on their property. While dealing with an outbreak of hostility between her daughter Barby and Ravagli, Frieda discovered that Dorothy Brett and Mabel planned to steal the ashes and spread them over the countryside. To thwart this plan, Frieda

mixed the ashes in mortar and built them into an altar she raised inside the memorial. The site was consecrated in a private ceremony September 15, 1935.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

October 4. 1935.

Tor House. Carmel.

Dear Mr. Alberts:

We went up to Berkeley on Sunday. R. J. stayed with our boys at International House one night. I gave a talk, as I told you, perhaps, I intended to do, at Mills College on Yeats. I opened an exhibit of his mss. pictures photographs, 1st editions & miscellanea. (fine one too) The talk was liked—I had dreaded it until the moment arrived.—& have been asked to repeat it.

On Monday we went over to the city to Grabhorns workshop, & Ed Grabhorn who was there *swore* to send you the things you wanted. I found him very delightful, an artist & temperamental of course but charming & considerate if you are on the spot. The workshop is a beautiful place. It is in the warehouse district of S. F.—an enormous room you go into with walls of rough brick whitewashed. Around the room old furniture—old

bookcases with fine old books ♦ a handsome old wooden printing press of cherry—old prints & samples of fine book printing on the walls. At the end of the place a little stair—above is the workroom. Fine work at all stages lying about. I asked him *why* he didn't answer letters—he answered just sheer lack of time. They have had a hard time weathering

the depression & are very short handed. Whatever letters have gone out from there have been written by his brothers wife on time stolen from her household.—Sounded plausible, & easy for me to understand, knowing Robin. He is a bit insane on the subject I do believe. No letter ever seems to him important enough for him to overcome his hatred of answering it—unless I make a terrible scene.

Cordially,
Una Jeffers.

I saw Robin Lampson for the first time—at my talk—I think he has talent, and discrimination & a tremendous love of poetry.

We are expecting Bennett Cerf & bride Sylvia Sidney
1 in a few days. His letters sound ecstatic!

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. Postmark: October 4, 1935.

1. Sylvia Sidney, born Sophia Kosow (1910–1999), and Cerf were married October 1, 1935. Sidney's long career as a film and television actress included a nomination for an Academy Award for her performance in *Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams* (1973).

RJ to H. Arthur Klein

Tor House, Carmel.
October 5, 1935.

Dear Herbert Klein:

Thank you very much for the life of Dimitrov

1 and for the pamphlets. I read with interest and admiration. It still seems to me amazing that he and his friends were acquitted and set free.

2 The Germans, and especially the Nazis, are not usually so sensitive to foreign opinion; and I can't think what other factor in so staged a trial—unless there was really some feeling for justice, and only a few blunderers like Göring

3 were in the plot. I think it was

not only communist morals that upheld Dimitrov—that was a factor,—but also Bulgarian toughness, and a power in the man himself.

I'm afraid the organized hates of the world-war will seem rather trivial compared to what is coming to Europe, possibly even in our time,—there are such wells of accumulated bitterness, and such helpless populations, incapable of self-support if organization breaks down anywhere.

Yes, I read McLeish's "Panic",

4 and think highly of it, though the end seemed a little weak and vague. His note on metrics was interesting, but it did occur to me that it was not particularly novel.

Do come and see us again if you pass this way.

Sincerely,

Robinson Jeffers

ALS. Occidental. 1 page. Postmark: October 7, 1935.

1. Probably *Dimitrov: A Biography* by Stella D. Blagoyeva (New York: International Publishers, 1934).

2. In March 1933, three Bulgarian communists—Georgi Dimitrov, Vasil Tanev, and Blagoi Popov—were accused of setting fire to the Reichstag building in Berlin. Though the three were eventually acquitted as a result of Dimitrov’s own convincing defense, Hitler defined the Reichstag fire as a communist plot and used it in his campaign to take control of the German government. Dimitrov (1882–1949), a Stalinist, was the secretary general of Comintern, an association of communist parties of the world, from 1934 to 1943; he was also the premier of Bulgaria from 1946 to 1949.

3. Hermann Wilhelm Göring (1893–1946), a military leader and politician, was a close associate of Adolf Hitler and prominent member of the Nazi Party. Göring was elected to the Reichstag in 1928 and served as president from 1932 to 1945.

4. Archibald MacLeish, *Panic: A Play in Verse* (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1935).

UJ to Mr. Wechsler

Tor House. Carmel
October 9. 1935

Dear Mr. Wechsler:

Robinson Jeffers wishes he could suggest some solution for your difficulties but can not. He has had no practical experience with publishers. Almost anyone could tell you more about them. You know perhaps his early

book *Tamar* was first published at his own expense and he was fortunate from then on in having publishers seek him. He is sorry that he cannot help you.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Virginia. 1 page.

RJ to Edgar Lee Masters

Tor House, Carmel, California.
October 25, 1935.

Dear Masters:

Thank you very much for *Invisible Landscapes*,
1 and for the inscription, which makes me proud. It is a great book; it makes me happy to know that such deep and passionate thought, whole-minded, contemporary, and in bitter earnest, can still be put into poetry. The courage and pathos of that that illusion-renouncing earnestness distinguish you among poets, of the past as well as of this little present. "I Smell the Blood of a Christian Man" has moved me more than any poem in many years; and for profundity and strangeness I choose "Beethoven and the King Cobra."

2 There are others even more beautiful perhaps—*Invisible Landscapes*—*Sandridge*—*The Sirens*—come to my mind, and not only these. Una and I were glad to find "The Lost Orchard" here again. Do you remember giving it to us, a slightly different version, ten years ago I think?

Both of us think of you with deep affection, and wish you might come to our door again. Or else we may knock on yours sometime, if we can arrange to go travelling again, next year or the year after. Our boys are sophomores in Berkeley and that complicates our plans; it would be no fun to go travelling without them.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 1 page. Postmark: October 26, 1935.

1. Edgar Lee Masters, *Invisible Landscapes* (New York: Macmillan, 1935).
2. The full title of this poem is “Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony and the King Cobra.”

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

October 28. 1935
Tor House. Carmel

Dear Melba:

Since we owe this man directly to you, I send you this card. Since we burned his letter when you were here & didnt pay any attention to it we have not heard from him directly but the *Pacific Weekly* heard several times & they thought him a bit cracked. He sounds to me just vulgar or blackmailish. It is not likely that you could do anything with him {directly}—he sor would think you were jealous that he had snatched your material & got even more from its source!—However we

wonder whether you went as you intended to poor Mrs S. & told her that you had Robin's word for it that she either deceived herself at the time or her memory h memory has tricked her later. This man hardly sounds as if he had an extra shirt, & {he} would enjoy having someone notice him even with a libel suit but Mrs. S. might feel differently about one. I consider it humiliating & undignified that we must even notice this kind of

1{thing but Robin has many unfriendly critics amongst extreme radicals who will eat up this comedy, about a man hitherto invulnerable. No one has started lies before as far as we know.}

The Yeats lecture {which I repeated here}

2 was so great a success that I was overcome. Of course the whole fifty or sixty people were friends ♦ but to feel all of their affection & warmth at once was startling.

I would gladly send you the lecture if I had it but I did not write it out. I made a sort of outline on paper in order to give it some sort of pattern & compression but if I have any success in talking it is from a spontaneous enthusiasm which {I could} never achieve with a *set piece*.

With best wishes, {hastily,}
Una Jeffers.

Robin says you would best return the card since he may have to deal with this gutter-snipe.

3

No Robin didn't say guttersnipe that's my fervid discourse he said "object."

On way to Post office I find the thing has already been printed
in a small Santa Barb reference {paper}

4 O Melba how could you do this?

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. A line with arrows is drawn across the page, from the right margin to the left; it points to the remainder of this sentence, which is written vertically in the left margin.

2. Una offered an amplified version of the lecture she gave at Mills to a gathering of friends at the home of Blanche and Russell Matthias in the Carmel Highlands, October 23, 1935. According to a newspaper account of the event, “Not the least part of the fine value of the hour in the Matthias studio was the unconsciously pictorial quality of the speaker herself, standing in a simple black velvet gown against a wall lit by the rays of the setting sun. After the talk the guests drank tea on the terrace opening to the western sky and sea.” See *Carmel Pine Cone* (October 25, 1935): 3.

3. This and the following two postscripts are written vertically at the bottom of the page, beneath Una’s signature.

4. “The Beginnings of Jeffers” by John G. Moore appeared in *Apéritif* (October 1935): 6, 13. “I met the woman recently,” says Moore, “who claims to have been the original disappointment for Jeffers—and the inspirer of his first poems, and the model for ‘Helen’. She gave me some grounds to believe, too, that probably the poet’s pessimism might be due to buried emotional things, that may never have been rightly understood and dissipated. This woman told me Jeffers made love to her for nearly four years, wrote all his

early poems to her—many not published,—and when she finally made up her mind, to obey her parents’ wishes, and marry a ‘practical’ man, gave him a shock she doesn’t seem to believe he recovered from,—very soon.” Moore’s essay is reprinted in the *Robinson Jeffers Newsletter* 80 (October 1991): 10–12.

RJ to John G. Moore

Tor House, Carmel, California.
October 28, 1935.

Mr. J. G. Moore,
1721 N. Berendo street,
Hollywood.

Dear Sir:

As I told you in my former letter, the story that has been told to you is simply not true, in its implications and some of its details. I don’t mean that your informant is consciously telling falsehoods, but only that her imagination has worked up the facts of twenty-odd years ago into something wholly different from what they were originally—as often happens to imaginative people—and has added a lot of emotional moonshine.

Like other young men I had a number of love-affairs before I was twenty-five, and several of them were more important to me than this one. None of them contemplated marriage as an object.

I knew the girl who is now my wife before I met your friend who is now Mrs. S. After I had ceased all communication

with the latter I formed an intimate and affectionate connection with a third girl, and I broke this off instantly when it became possible for me to live with the one whom I really wanted, and who finally was able to marry me, twenty-two years ago.

There you have a plain statement. Tell your editor that I have no objection to ordinary falsehoods about myself, but for my wife's sake I must protest against this particular story, as I have it from you and from Mrs. Melba Bennett (who now understands the truth of the matter), and I'll take any action that may seem appropriate to prevent or correct such foolishness.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

¹This letter was not mailed because on the way to the P. O. I was told of the printed article.

U. J.

TLS. Columbia. 1 page.

1. This handwritten note by Una is added at the bottom of the page. The letter itself must have been given to Lincoln Steffens or Ella Winter; it is located in the Steffens archives at Columbia University.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

October 29. 1935
Tor House. Carmel

Dear Melba:

Yesterday as I was on my way to the Post office I met Ella Winter & said “Well, we had another letter {today} from that man Moore who sounds like

a victim of paresis. He is still talking about writing an article on material given him by his {gentle} sob-sister,” & Ella just shouted with laughter & said “Hasn’t anyone shown it to you?—it was published in {Oct.} “Apéritif” a fortnight ago!” Well we scurried around until we found a copy. I never had heard of that sheet before. It was fake as could be, & even more vulgar—, an article that is beneath notice. Ella & Mr Bassett

1 said no reputable paper would touch that kind of a thing.—So of course I didnt send the letter to him which Robin had written (& I sent you a copy of).

2 Neither of us are used to dealing with that class of person & hardly know what to do. But it is possible that {R. J.} he will answer {write} very curtly today. I will send you a copy if he does. & I enclose the card of Moore

3 which I wish returned. It {The article} was kept out of the libelous class by careful ♦ “she claims”—etc. which may be due to careful editing by the {paper staff.} Whether to take any notice of the man—thats the question. If he gets away with this, she may have other fairy-tales tfor him, but one hates to write a line to him, or to her.

When I said at the end of my letter “How *could* you?” I meant you who seem so practical & used to dealing with people, how could you fail to see in her a victim of hysteria? I suppose

4

Now I must dash away. I will leave this open until I go to town. Perhaps we will decide to answer—perhaps not—

she has harmlessly read these mss. poems & told her fantasies for years to her little circle, but to you who “uncovered” her she owes her courage to get into touch with this person {to} whom she presented herself at the lecture as—as—well you know what, {“the fateful Helen.”} Its slime, his article, & scurrilous—did she send you a copy?

Robin gives to Bassett this statement for his paper

“Dear Bassett:—You ask with a smile about the twenty-five years old hooey in the Santa Barbara paper. I have nothing to say except that the lady’s fantasies are her privilege, but the verses were bad imitations of Arthur Symons and the article is garbage”—Sincerely R. J.

Yours,

Una

5

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. Willard K. Bassett (1887–1954), a journalist, advertising associate, and, later in life, an administrative assistant to the mayor of Honolulu. In December 1934 he founded a progressive journal in Carmel titled *Pacific Weekly: A Western Journal of Fact and Opinion*. Lincoln Steffens and Ella Winter were regular contributors and members of the editorial staff. Bassett was married at the time to Dorothea Castelhun (1889–1950), co-author, with Daisy Bostick, of *Carmel—At Work and Play* (1925).

2. See previous letter—RJ to John G. Moore, October 28, 1935. The handwritten copy Una sent to Melba is different in a few places, but the differences are irrelevant.

3. A copy of the card, transcribed by Melba, is included with this letter. Dated October 27, 1935, it is addressed “Dear Friend” and contains the following message: “Since you did not say you would not like to have L. M.’s story told; and since an Editor asked for it; and since it seemed of value, from an impersonal point of view, to offer this (to me) important point for the contemplation of others interested: I therefore wrote a short synopsis of the facts given, which I hope can will serve a useful purpose to *all* concerned. Coping with the problem of Truth, and being Artistic and Scientific at the same time, is a very difficult problem at times; and possibly you may appreciate that.”

4. Una stopped writing at this point—in order, as she says in the following paragraph, to complete errands in town. When she returned to the letter, she drew a connecting arrow from “I suppose” to “she has harmlessly . . .” and resumed writing.

5. The closing and signature are written vertically in the left margin.

RJ to John G. Moore

October 29th 1935
Tor House, Carmel.

Dear Sir:

1

As my only other letter to you seems to have left some doubt in your mind, here is a plain statement.

1. I never at any time contemplated matrimony with your friend Lenora M.

2. I knew the woman who is now my wife before I met your friend and we were married as soon as she was free to have me twenty-two years ago.

3. The verses in *Flagons and Apples* were written mostly for the woman who is now my wife. A few were inspired by other girls; several of them were more important to me than L. M. *Helen* is a name I have used again and again in my verses with the thought of various women, real and fictitious, in my mind.

4. The MSS poems you refer to in the possession of your friend were copies of verses which I handed about rather indiscriminately to girls of that period.

5. I ask you to write no more on this subject.

Sincerely
(sgd) Robinson Jeffers.

copy of letter sent.

2

TLC. Columbia. 1 page.

1. A copy of this letter, in Una's hand, is included in Una's October 29, 1935 letter to Melba Berry Bennett.

2. Added at top of page, above date.

RJ to Editor, *Apéritif*

Tor House, Carmel, California,
October, 1935.

Dear Sir:

1

A number of my friends and enemies have been amused by the article called "The Beginnings of Jeffers" in your October issue; but in justice to my wife, whose little finger has always been more important to me than the Lenore M. referred to ever was, I must ask you to print this correction of a few errors in the article.

1. I never contemplated marrying L. M., and I never knew that her family wanted her to marry the "practical man" referred to in this article. I never heard of this marriage until after divorce had ended it.

2. I knew and loved the woman who is now my wife before I met L. M., and I married her as soon as she was free to have me, twenty-two years ago. That was two years after I had ceased all communication with L. M.

3. The verses in "Flagons and Apples" were mostly written to the woman who is now my wife. A few were written to

various other girls. (They are bad imitative verses, and do no credit to anyone.)

4. The manuscripts in the possession of L. M. are copies of verses which I handed about rather indiscriminately to a number of friends before I was twenty-five.

5. "Helen" is a name which I have used often in my verses, for various women, real and fictitious.

6. This much in justice to my wife. On my own account, do let me add that I am not a "pessimist."

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

PL. *Apéritif*.

1. This letter was printed in the letters to the editor column, "You must have been reading our mail," *Apéritif* (November 1935): 2.

UJ to Ann Winslow

November 1, 1935
Tor House. Carmel

Dear Miss Winslow:

I am sorry my husband hasn't written anything for your advertizing prospectus {for College Verse}—and I don't think he is going to so don't hold any space open for him. He

is very busy & is tired after his work & every added paragraph harasses him, just now.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Wyoming. 1 page.

RJ to Robin Lampson

Tor House, Carmel.
November, 1935.

1

Dear Robin Lampson:

Thank you very much for “Laughter under the Ground,”
2 and congratulations. It is interesting and clearly visualized all the way through, an exciting and inclusive picture of the gold-migration. That is your theme, rather than the adventures of Sam Gibson, therefore you have done rightly to make him representative rather than too complex or too individual, but he is strongly alive.

The versification is managed excellently. It must have been difficult to overcome the sing-song tendency of such highly anapestic verse, and the hexameter’s tendency monotony and tendency to break in the middle; but you have succeeded.

I wish you all good luck, and am delighted that verses of mine suggested (as you say) any passage in the poem.

3 Your achievement is your own, and it is a big achievement.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Shebl. 1 page.

1. A note in the top left corner, probably added by Lampson, says "Rcd. 11/8/35."
2. Robin Lampson, *Laughter Out of the Ground: A Novel in Cadence* (New York: C. Scribner's Sons, 1935).
3. Typed copies of this letter, not made by Jeffers and with minor differences, are located in the Jeffers archives at Occidental College and SUNY Buffalo. They contain an added memo at the bottom: "(Note: The passage mentioned above refers to the Prolog to Part Five of 'Laughter Out of the Ground,' the title poem on page 175, which was written after reading Jeffers' poem, 'Shakespeare's Grave.'—R. L.)".

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House
November 7. 1935

Dear Melba:

I have been so rushed that I cant remember what I have done or not done. If I have already sent you this clipping will you either return it or perhaps send it to anyone who is interested.—

We have all, Robin Haig & I been guests of Noël Sullivan in San Francisco. I went with him to *Die Walküre*—magnificent!

1 Garth & Donnan came to dine & they stayed with their father for the evening. I was invited to go ♦ to *Siegfried* last night but did not dare to overstay Robin's endurance of towns. He did fairly well for 24 hours.

I saw Ted Lilienthal & we had a groan together over Moore & the scandal sheet.

Well this is how it stands. Robin wrote a letter {to Apertif} short & to the point & denied the woman's story in many or most of its aspects & implications. Also Mr & Mrs Sidney Fish (who are very important socially as you know here & in New York) wrote a very sharp letter to the Baroness R

2 ♦ That may help to make her do some decent apology for I hear she is very ambitious socially. We had a wire from Apertif office saying they regret having caused us annoyance etc. Their next issue comes out Nov. 10. If it seems Unless they go on & say something more disagreeable,—if in short they either apologize or publish Robin's letter in a dignified way will you cut out the article & date it & send it to Mrs. Swift or give me her address that I may do so. I'd rather not bother with her ♦ in any way but she must have this article & be shamed into keeping quiet even if she still hugs her delusion. I said to send it in a letter for first class mail is so much safer than third & I don't intend to give them the joy of hsending their paper around in toto. Tell me if you do this.

You must be in terrific hurry & labor getting going with guests already.

I saw Max Morgenstern

3 in S. F. at the opera. He wants to come back to Carmel. He didnt look so well—but was charming.

Yrs in a hurry.

Una

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages.

1. The thirteenth season of the San Francisco Opera opened with Richard Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. *Das Rheingold* was performed November 1, followed by *Die Walküre* November 4, *Siegfried* November 6, and *Götterdämmerung* November 9.

2. Emily, Baroness von Romberg (1908–1987) was the editor of *Apéritif*. Born Emily Purdon Hall in Butte, Montana, Emily married Baron Maximilian von Romberg in 1928 when she was twenty and he was eighteen. The couple built Brunninghausen, an estate in Montecito, California. From 1934 to 1936 Emily published *Apéritif*, a monthly journal of society and the arts edged with a tone of mockery and wit. After the baron—a danger-seeking adventurer—died in an airplane accident in 1938, Emily married Adolph Spreckels, heir to a sugar fortune. Following their divorce, Emily married industrialist Burton G. Tremaine in 1945. During the next forty years, the Tremaines rose to prominence as major collectors of modern art. See *Emily Hall Tremaine: Collector on the Cusp* (Meriden, Conn.: Emily Hall Tremaine Foundation, 2001).

3. Max Morgenstern (1888–1938), a German foreign exchange expert, received a Ph.D. in Economics from the

University of Freiberg and taught at the University of Petrograd before immigrating to the United States. He joined Hallgarten & Co. in 1911 and remained with the New York brokerage firm for the rest of his career.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Monday

November 11. 1935

Tor House. Carmel

Dearest Mabel—

We must take the boys back to college today. They had their 19th birthday Saturday & a long weekend (Armistice Day today) We all went to Ellen's for birthday dinner roast turkey etc. Blanche & Russell are {in S. F.} for a fortnight for opera & her maid baked a great birthday cake, & ice cream for boys. Blanche offered to pay their way (& ours too—for she was sending them to a grand hotel—{& I could have stretched it) to Yosemite for a birthday present but they thought it too much a ♦ treat just to stay home *here*—We had {have} adored having them & Haig is beside himself!

The opera was magnificent! Flagstad

1 as Brunnhilde—I cannot tell you the purity & grandeur of her voice & the clear thrilling quality of her Valkyrie cry!—But to tell the truth I HATE OPERA—the fake form of it all, & the start of Walküre is intolerable for fifteen minutes or more at first I die a thousand deaths of—boredom.—I went with ♦ two such handsome men! Noël & Mario Ramirez who was also visiting Noël. He is a dear! Robin & Haig stayed at

Noëls while we went to opera. Garth & Donnan were there for dinner & evening.

The opera was gayer than any since the war—such clothes & such jewels & tiaras! Olga was there very beautiful in white & a diamond tiara. We walked up & down between acts & saw everybody. Mrs. Denman came up very excited to see Mario ♦ She has gained weight & looks less nervous.

After the opera we went back to get Robin & go to gsupper party with Matthias at Mark Hopkins. Found Haig & Robin had passed an interesting evening listening to Greta the police dog in her bathroom having 7 puppies. Haig felt very involved—whenever he heard a whimper.

Hans & Phoebe were there for supper. Phoebe has taken to having the most beautiful exquisite clothes suddenly! ♦ I wore the opera coat you gave me & a new black velvet dress, & looked nice too.

I spoke of a lunatic. Its such a long story I can't tell you until I have more time. But a man named Moore wrote an article in a scandal sheet about Robin—not a *scandalous* one but **VULGAR** about a love affair he is supposed to have had 25 & more yrs. ago—which because the girl refused him made him into a pessimist! ♦ This woman claims to be the original of all his early poems to Helen & so on & so on. All rubbish—except Robin did have a flirtation with her in 1909!!—The whole thing was so distatesful distasteful & vulgar & impossible—the man seems a blackmailer. I guess the woman is just hysterical. The sheet is published by a Baroness von Romberg who is “crazy & lousy” Olga said. She & Sidney wrote a very sharp letter to the wom Baroness whom they ♦ do not know but as she is a climber she wont

like their letter. Anyway after much thought & talk too with Stef who knows how that sort of thing goes on, Robin wrote an itemized denial of it all. {& it will be published in next issue. They wired apologies too} Wasnt it maddening! to have to dignify it by notice. but the woman had already found Melba Bennett & told her tale & Melba had made a whole chapter in her book {about Robin & the Sea} about it. Fortunately she brought it to show us & had a spasm when Robin landed on her!

2 ♦ The paper published in Santa Barbara has almost no circulation (but there are clipping bureaus!)—Its “*Apéritif*” Noël went around S. F. & bought up all the copies he could find.

Noël has been having a very similiar experience which is comical too. I will tell you sometime—His woman has a series of fancied anniversaries with him & always sends a proper flower for each with long letters & she told Noëls confessor that they were to be married shortly!

3

Our lamppost & lamp are stunning!

4 I told some pictures of boys by it on their birthday & will send you some when finished

Dearest love

Una.

I will return Europa

5 tomorrow interesting but BADLY written.

6

ALS. Yale. 8 pages.

1. Kirsten Målfrid Flagstad (1895–1962), Norwegian soprano, regarded as one of the greatest opera singers of all time. Flagstad’s performance in San Francisco occurred in the same year she achieved international stardom, following her debut in *Die Walküre* at the Metropolitan Opera February 2, 1935.

2. A draft copy of the chapter, typed and extensively hand-corrected, is located in the Jeffers archives at the University of San Francisco. The six-page manuscript is identified as “Chapter II” and titled “Helen.”

3. Members of Noël Sullivan’s family recall stories of an unbalanced woman who pursued Noël for a time, once visiting him dressed in a negligée.

4. Mabel sent Robinson and Una a lamppost with a kerosene lamp similar to one at Los Gallos. The lamppost, carved by Manuel Reyna from a single piece of wood, had a braid design; it was installed in the courtyard of Tor House.

5. Probably Robert Briffault, *Europa: The Days of Ignorance* (New York: C. Scribner’s Sons, 1935).

6. This postscript is inserted in a blank space between sentences, page 6.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel
November 12. 1935

Dear Melba:

I think that was a wonderful chance to ease your mind on that advertizing man from Apértif. How often when I have stored up a burning anger, some vi victim comes to hand who is simply amazed at the spurt & energy of my vituperation!—Well we haven't received the November Apértif yet We will see what they say. We had a telegram from them saying they were “regret mistakes & ♦ assure you no intention of on our part of embarssment to you.” We shall see what their idea is of an honorable amend.

Our boys had their 19th birthday Nov. 9. & we drove up for them Nov. 8. P.M. & took them back Nov 11. P.M. We had such a happy week-end. and so did they.

Your friends Ted & Fran

1 Lilienthal came in to see us twice during the week-end. They certainly feel a great devotion to you. Thank God for friends. ♦

Answering your questions. We do not know Dr. Mosher or the Burroughs.

I have read *North to the Orient* & I think its a *grand* book—so unpretentious & so eager to disclaim any scientific knowledge or observation but so *full* of the most sensitive reaction to everything & vivid in her description, & so *English* in her understatement of everything. (I extol this quality even while I pursue, for myself, a line of a *just exaggeration!*) I think there is a real poetic quality in her writing. ♦

How *can* you find time to attend to all the details of your own place & yet aid & abet the Philharmonic concert—Well! if one works twenty-four hours a day.

I think I shall get Mabel Luhan to choose your place to stay if she goes to Palm Springs again as she intended. It would be fun for both of you.

One more word about Moore & his article. Ted Lilienthal said he {Robin} shouldn't have answered it—or written a letter to Apértif,—but when I ♦ put it to him that after all—this woman had taken you in,—& had pursued Moore with her story, & now she has gotten underway may keep on with further publicity, I think he felt differently.

I would consider it {a} very friendly deed if you would send Robin's printed letter in Apértif if it comes out property properly—to such people as *you* yourself talked to about Mrs. Swift's pretensions—Hazel? Remsen Bird?—or whomever.—*cut it out* & not oblige Apertif by sending it all {the whole paper} & just annotate that you find you ♦ were misled about the tale. Will you let me know if you do this. Aside from any slight wound that I might feel about the *Helen things* if she were speaking truth. (I say slight because after the intense, almost 23 years Robin & I have passed together it would be difficult for me to visualize anything back in the dark ages before we were together, & if I could—& *if* I believed it, my sense of balance would present to my mind my husband & my lovers of that day! So vague they are now!) ♦

After discussion with Lincoln Steffens we did not publish the few lines in Pacific Weekly about garbage. The plan is to wait

& see what *Apertif* does—{next issue} then act accordingly. either put in nothing hoping it will all drop, or something very plain & unequivocal. Stef says that clipping bureaus will circulate that yarn & Robin should do something. Its *so* degrading to notice it even.

AL. HRC Texas. 7 pages.

1. Frances (Baruch) Lilienthal (1901–1964), Ted Lilienthal's wife.

UJ to Blanche Matthias

[November 1935]
Tor House. Carmel
Wednesday morning.

Dearest Blanche:

I expected to have another talk with you over the phone before we left but was occupied every moment. I long to see you & tell you about the lunch we had with Noël's old friend Mrs. Harvey

1 & Gertrude Atherton. A regular tale for you & Russell some day when you get back. And my dear what food!—I wished you too were with us.

Speaking about food—your supper was perfection—I wish I could have it all again.—Indeed I did eat all my own & part of Hans'. (He had to operate at 8. next morn & didnt eat much or drink—) I loved it all so gay & friendly & Robin very content.

Yesterday we left Noël's about 4:15 & went over across the bay & had dinner at International House with Ellen, & boys. She came down with us. It was a lovely drive home in cold clear moonlight. It reminded me as we ♦ sped along through the keen air so clear & hard—of the nights in early winter when we went ice skating. Then it seemed as if we were moving at terrific speed & dark objects hurtled by in the moonlight queer & exciting.

We {you & I} didn't speak of the Valkyrie's horses flashing by so fast.

Ellen thought the machine was out of order—but I thought we were meant to get the most fleeting amazing impression—What do you think?

Well I did hate to part with boys—but they are certainly in a happy state. My heart is in a continual state of bursting with love. Will it ever be tame & quiet! {I don't want it to be!}

Dearest love to you both & our thanks for everything!

Una.

A cheerful wave to the Ingals.

2

Cock Robin & his Maewestlady! Russell will tell you how congenial it was to me when the judge & jury chorused—“we don't know who killed cock robin—let's hang them *all!*”

3,

4

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Sophie (Cutter) Harvey (1863–1943), a San Francisco society hostess, was the wife of financier J. Downey Harvey (1860–1947). For more information, see Una’s November 13, 1935 letter to Mabel Dodge Luhan.
2. Frederick A. Ingalls (1855–1938) and Margaret (Donnan) Ingalls (1880–1955) had a home in Pebble Beach. The couple was originally from the Chicago area, where Mr. Ingalls was a steel manufacturer and industrialist. The Ingalls Memorial Hospital in Harvey, Illinois was built by Ingalls in 1923 and named in memory of his first wife, Jeannette (Hess) Ingalls, who died in 1922.
3. *Who Killed Cock Robin?* (1935), a Walt Disney cartoon nominated for an Academy Award. As the story unfolds, Robin is shot with an arrow while singing to the Mae West-like Jenny Wren. A trial is held, convened by Judge Owl, and several birds are brought to the stand, all of whom deny knowledge of the crime. The judge decides to hang all the witnesses but is kept from doing so when Cupid appears and confesses to shooting but not killing Cock Robin, who is revived by Jenny Wren.
4. Written in top right corner, first page.

UJ to Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Tor House. Carmel
Frida November 13. 1935

Dearest Sara & Erskine:

—Erskine’s question first of all. I answer equally happily to *Yew-na* or *Oona*. I came by my name not through my Irish family who say *Oona* naturally but by way of Spenser’s *Una* (Yew-na) in “Fairie Queen.” I was named after my Father’s first wife, a lovely creature who died young. Her name was Una Lamb. Her father was an old & scholarly doctor—English—who loved to read Spenser.

That was a beautiful & thoughtful review {of Robin’s “Solstice”} Sara but of course I disagreed in spots!

1

I deny altogether that he is Reactionary, or that he cries “backward” instead of “forward”.

2 Where do you find that? I deny that he considers famine noble except in comparison to even more ignoble things (mass-life—this horrible entwining of people {libidiously} listening to *crooners*, etc.) He is trying to express his disgust at certain things & says even war is nobler, even famine has more dignity—as one might say even the devil is decent compared to so-and-so. He does not say that war and ♦ famine are good or even tolerable. He does think that we perhaps & certainly our descendants are destined to witness a good deal of both & had better view them with a certain amount of historical perspective. We cannot prevent them; the way to postpone them would be to join the League of Nations & make it strong enough to crush nationalism and especially radicalism, which is probably going to cause more turmoil than the others. But he will not advocate that. He likes freedom too well.

3He thinks the Russians are naturally a submissive and good-natured people, but see how much bloodshed & famine & atrocities this revolution cost them! It would cost much more before it could be successful in other countries, and it could not succeed in most of them. He thinks it would only result in empire—what you call fascism—just as the radical movements in Rome & Greece did. And he thinks that Russia itself, as it is at present, is a good example of the same result. It has restored class-distinction & privilege & has less freedom than Germany has, with a few iron-handed strong men at the top, an inevitable result.—♦ In Rome Marius represented the proletariat & became dictator; Sulla represented the upper classes & followed him; Caesar represented the proletariat at first & compromised & took contributions from the wealthy just as Mussolini & Hitler did, and Augustus consolidated the compromise. These dictatorships Russian, Italian & German & so forth indicate the autumn of an age like yellow leaves on a tree. Dont be misled by words; watch what they do, not what they say, nor what you think, or wish they think and you will see the resemblance between Russia & Germany, Stalin & Hitler. I don't He doesnt {doesn't} like either but they are “on the side of history” as the socialists say.

Europe of course cannot properly be compared to Rome, but to Greece in its decline when the proletarian & upper-class tyrannies alternated; because Europe is many states, not one like Rome & must wear itself out with nationalist wars as well as with revolutions.—and won't be much of a prize either by the time its Caesar comes.

If sometimes you think his verses melancholy “unrelieved ♦ pessimism”—remember this is but a faint hint of the historical survey & data which underlies his considered opinion that people dont change much. Get him going on the various Utopias & their outcomes! His desire & inclination for freedom & equality is as keen as Erskines, but these facts rise up in his mind about the past when he scrutinizes the future. In these paragraphs I have reported to you as accurately as I can shreds of conversation & comments of his while reading of contemporary political & economic movements. You know how he hates to discuss his writing but next time we meet you have some questions ready—not directly intent on his verses—& see what he says.—As for me I cannot tell you how cold it leaves me when these crusaders for leisure point with pride to electrical dish-washers & communal nurseries! Not for that would I crusade. I

I feel an extreme aversion to the reviewers of today on the left who feel the need of Propaganda in Literature. It makes a temporary pamphlet of out of ♦ what might be a permanent contribution to Literature. Do you recall the Liberal Leigh Hunt

4 & how he groaned & gnashed his teeth at Wordsworth?—who wasn’t devoting his genius as a writer to Causes?—Who cares now in all those marvellous bits of Wordsworth that will live as long as English,—about {his omitting} the Causes of that hour? What if Frances Willard

5 or some cultivated {W. C. T. U.} person of her faith reviewed a book of yours or Erskines and wrote “Alas & alas! such tender hearts & sensitive minds damned beyond hope by their praise of the Vintage!”

That's how I feel when {I read} certain of your passages about Robin!

Literature with the pleader of a special cause as critic. When all's said & done, though, yours is the lovingest criticism we will ever find in a radical paper. And I love you for being always the sincere and eager advocate you are!

Thanks for calling to my attention the Powys' article 6 which I had missed. I rushed to the Library & got it at once. ♦ He is one of the important writers {of today} for me. I wonder what you think of his paragraph—"Nothing can be poetic until it has gathered about it the accumulative magic of the life of the generations,—lends itself to the ways, customs, habits, folklore, mythology from our ancestors. It is the consecration of these universal overtones of human life that Time in its long pilgrimage, has winnowed of the vulgarities & crudities of the passing hour"—and what of the "tendency of the English to put 'Being' higher than 'Becoming'—what you *are* in your static, instinctive, & integral self above what you can do or know or create"

Fun to discuss all that with you.

And oh *no*—one more thing heRobin doesn't "depreciate the intellect"—not all the time!

7 I suppose you refer to "Return"—It's a temporary need there to evade thought for the time & let this Being

8 be refreshed & enriched, this reservoir of Being, refilled by Natural Beauty.

Dearest love from us both.

Una. <over> ♦

But your title was a great source of pleasure to Donnan. He said “Thats grand. I’d begun lately to fear father was getting Pinko!”

9

Another thought: In your letter to me about your review you condemned the English for exporting rice from India during famine time. What do you say of the Soviet Russians {leaders} exporting wheat during famine *there* and the world—{led by} Nansen

10 tr trying to collect funds to carry food into Russia for the starving?

Sara human nature doesnt vary much race by race politics by politics. Its fine & uplifting to think the mass is noble—it sounds sublime but its dangerous to act on such a belief too throughly.

I shall have lots of second thoughts on the above.—one is I don’t mean of course to divorce Poetry from thought & opinion but I believe it can reflect contemporary action without *advocating* a line.

Bassett asked if I’d like to write any reply to your article. If you are willing to send this back to Peter I would let them publish it as a *letter*—& *informal*. I havent time to think it out in better shape

ALS. Huntington. 7 pages.

1. Sara Bard Field, “Beauty Dedicated to Reaction,” *Pacific Weekly* (November 11, 1935): 226–227.

2. Field's review of *Solstice and Other Poems* is generally positive, but she takes Jeffers to task for excesses and omissions throughout. Her use of the word "Reaction" in her title is particularly damning, especially in the political climate of the 1930s when certain words (capitalist, communist, socialist, fascist, liberal, radical, revolutionary) were highly charged; indeed, people were willing to die or kill for them. In the midst of ideological struggles that were transforming the world, "reactionary" was a pejorative term for a person opposed to social and political change, a person who reacted against any course of action and thus blocked the march of progress.

Field's concluding paragraph summarizes her critique of Jeffers: "One suffers that so much beauty is dedicated to reaction, mass violence and unnecessary mass suffering. This poet who is akin to Milton in his strength, to Shelley in his passion is akin to neither in their identification of self with the revolutionary movements of their time. He has a blind spot where the relation of human development to economic change is concerned. He is unable to see that the manifestations of civilization which he so abhors are the products of feudalism in its last stages of decay. The masses headed for destruction are beautiful to him. Those headed for reconstruction are merely the exponents of a dying Christian ethic in a declining age. He confuses the character-building value of capable pain always incident to life—sickness, disillusionment, death and separation with that of avoidable degenerating suffering due to man-made conditions. He cries 'backward' not 'forward' and all unconsciously throws the strength of his song to those enemies of the very liberty he calls upon the republic to protect. Nevertheless the dark, disturbing song is sung with

sustained grandeur. The impassioned prejudices, the unrelieved pessimism are built into peaks of obsidian.”

3. For the next two paragraphs and part of the one that follows, Una depends on material provided by Jeffers himself, whose handwritten notes are located in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities Research Center, Texas.

4. James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784–1859), English poet, journalist, and political radical who belonged to the Byron, Shelley, Keats circle. Books include *The Story of Rimini* (1816), *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries* (1828), and *Autobiography* (1850).

5. Frances Willard (1839–1898), a devout Methodist, educator, and social activist, was president of Evanston College for Ladies and dean of women at Northwestern University. Willard left academia in order to dedicate herself to Prohibition work. She served as president of both the national and world divisions of the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union.

6. John Cowper Powys, “England Revisited,” *Scribner’s Magazine* 98 (September 1935): 141–146. For the quotations cited by Una, see page 143. Powys’ essay is related to another published previously—“Farewell to America,” *Scribner’s Magazine* 97 (April 1935): 201–207.

7. In the second paragraph of her review, Field says, “Despite Jeffers’ deprecation of the intellect, he is one of the most intellectual poets of English literature.”

8. An arrow is drawn from here to Powys' statement concerning "Being" a few lines above.

9. "Pinko": a derogatory term for a person sympathetic to communism.

10. Fridtjof Nansen (1861–1930), winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1922, was a Norwegian scientist, explorer, diplomat, and administrator. In 1921 and 1922 he led the Red Cross effort to save millions of people from death by starvation in Russia.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel
November 13. 1935

Dearest Mabel:

The tray is lovely. Thank you so much. No wonder you couldn't rest easy with it with all those motifs of my life in it sea & ship, hill & tower & tree & cloud & pigeons! besides being a blue I am particularly fond of.

I forgot to add yesterday to my letter I think, that we went to lunch in town with Noël to Mrs. Downey Harvey's—a very notable person in San Francisco. An amazing amusing figure a great grandmother—but ♦ full of energy,—racy, salty, with {a taste for} *marvellous* food! She was an *intimate* (& I guess *I mean intimate*) friend of old Senator Phelan, (Noël's uncle). He gave her this gorgeous top apartment—a whole floor with a sun porch all around the building such a view! She & her daughter went around the world with Phelan & Noël. She is

the wife of Downey Harvey who is son of Mrs Eleanor Martin

1 who was for 75 yrs.—*the* Mrs. Astor

2 of S. F. She died about 5 yrs ago at age of 100!—The other guests were Gertrude Atherton, younger than ever & writing a novel about Horace

3 ♦ and Mrs Downey Harveys daughter Mrs. Barron

4 who is about 50 I guess & very strange & interesting. Much lined in face & a husky voice. I found out later she has to make frequent stays in insane asylum.

Then we went over to International House for dinner with boys, & rode home in brilliant cold moonlight. Ellen O'Sullivan rode with us.

I think that Claire & John wish very much to be friendly, & miss you. It ought to be possible with occasional visiting back & forth!

“What if a day or a month or a year,

Crown thy delights with a thousand sweet contentings

Fortune, honour, beauty you youth

Are but blossoms flying,

Wanton pleasures, doting love

Are but *shadows flying*,

All our joys are but toys

Idle thoughts deceiving

None hath power of an hour

Of his life's bereaving"

5

Thomas Campion, 1600.

John spoke of

6

Love from Una.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Eleanor (Downey) Harvey Martin (1826–1928) arrived in California in 1857. Her brother John G. Downey, an early governor of California and real estate investor, left her a substantial fortune when he died. Mrs. Martin's wealth increased with the deaths of two husbands—Maj. Walter Harvey and Edward Martin, a banker. She lived in a mansion in the Pacific Heights neighborhood of San Francisco. As a philanthropist, founder of the Cotillion Club, and hostess, Eleanor was the *grande dame* of San Francisco society for several decades.

2. Caroline (Schermerhorn) Astor (1830–1908), wife of William Backhouse Astor, Jr. (1829–1892), was for many years the presiding matron of New York society. Conflict within the extended family concerning who should be called "Mrs. Astor" prompted the press to refer to her as "*the* Mrs. Astor."

3. Gertrude Atherton, *Golden Peacock* (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1936)—a novel of intrigue set in ancient Rome.
4. Genevieve (Harvey) Barron (1884–1952), wife of Edward F. Barron (1883–1938), heir to a real estate and wholesale meat fortune. Genevieve’s husband died as a result of injuries suffered in a hotel fire; he was smoking in bed, and the mattress ignited.
5. From “What If a Day, Or a Month, Or a Yeare,” a song by Thomas Campion (1567–1620), inaccurately transcribed in some places. John Evans used the song as an epigraph for his novel *Shadows Flying*, published by Alfred A. Knopf in April 1936. The novel—about homosexuality, incest, and a tormented family living on the central California coast—contains the following dedication: “*FOR YOU AND ROBIN, UNA!*”
6. An arrow added here points to Thomas Campion above.

RJ to Donald Klopfer

Tor House, Carmel, California
November 13, 1935.

Dear Donald:

It was extraordinarily kind and thoughtful of you to buy in those letters and offer them to me. But I am sorry if you did it solely on my account, for I simply can’t afford to pay \$283—or five, for that matter—for bits of paper to make a bonfire with. There is nothing in them that I desire to keep secret, and I should sooner have let them be peddled all over

the country, disgusting though that is. Thank you for preventing it. All I can add is that you are of course free to re-sell or trade the wretched things if you want to, and can find opportunity.

They were addressed to Friede, so I suppose he had a legal claim to them, though morally they belonged to the firm. One of them no doubt records that he begged for the manuscript of "Tamar", and that I couldn't give it to him because I had burned it, and gave him another manuscript instead—which he sold a few years later without informing me.) A fine fellow, but we'll suppose he was hard up.

No doubt Bennett has told you about his too brief visit here. It was a great pleasure to Una and me, and I think he enjoyed it too. We remember yours, and hope you'll have occasion to repeat it sometime.

Yours,
Robin.

ALS. Williams. 1 page.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

[November 18, 1935]
Monday {auptown}

Card from Moore today

Nov 16. '35

“Dear Sir—would you not object to my quoting the letters you have written me & the one Mrs. J. wrote? Another publisher seems interested in the story.”

John G. Moore

I have just wired Apértif to know when their Nov. issue will be on stands with Robins denial. It was supposed to be out ♦ Nov 10, but isnt here yet. Once the denial is in print it ought to rob him {Moore} of further pecuniary profit—but I dont know.

Robin has to consult a lawyer this P.M. about it.—but since the stuff isnt scandalous just vulgar {& “she claims”} I dont know what can be done. I suspect no legal redress ♦ Robin has written him just 2 letters but {of which} you have copies.—My letter is negligible It was written in answer to one I rec’d from him in Taos, about Whitman. Since he brought the sob-sister in I never wrote him

To keep your records straight,—the few ♦ lines Robin intended to print in Pacific Weekly (“garbage” etc) he took back from Bassett. It was decided to wait until Nov. Apertif came out & see what they said & then print more if necessary.

This is the most hateful thing we have ever had to come in contact with.

Una.

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Nov. 18. '35

Melba—

See this morning's letter first. Robin is at this moment writing to his attorney Dan S. Hammack Los Angeles to take Moore in hand. Will you at once, since Apertif is so slow. (I wired them this P.M. A.M. to sask when their sheet will be on stands. No answer. Their address is only a post box. No street number so they may not have it yet.)

Will you typewrite the answer R. *sent* to Moore. (I believe I sent you the one I was about to mail when I met Ella,—& the one I DID mail next day.) *Typewrite* it & send to Swift & say ♦ that as he continues to annoy Robin, heRobin has put the matter in the hands of his attorney in L. A. (you need not *tell her* who {he is}.)

What is her address?

This will be a direct indication to her of what Robin thinks & that he will *not* mess around with it except through his lawyer.

Mr. Hammack may write you, as we told him you knew her address, if he needs it which is not likely

Yrs.

Una.

We are convinced Moore is a complete fool, knave or blackmailer but she is the first only, I guess, & sick perhaps in her head.

in haste! as Morganstern is about to arrive for tea.

1

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. Added in an open space beside third paragraph, page 2.

RJ to Cortlandt Schoonover

Tor House, Carmel, California.
November 18, 1935.

Dear Mr. Schoonover:

Thank you most cordially for "With Cortes the Conqueror", and your father for inscribing it.

1 I have already looked through the text with pleasure, and particularly enjoyed the romantic beauty of your father's illustrations. Nothing could possibly be too romantic for this most amazing episode of history, and the design and color are delightful.

It was no trouble but a pleasure to inscribe that book of mine for you.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Virginia. 1 page.

1. Virginia Cruse Watson, *With Cortes the Conqueror*, illustrations and decorations by Frank E. Schoonover (Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company, 1917).

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel. California.
November 18. 1935.

Dear Mr. Powell:

I write to ask you to tell us whether you know John G. Moore? Is he a malicious fool, a crank or a blackmailer? Perhaps you have seen an article he wrote & sold to a little scandal sheet in Santa Barbara? Only the article was not scandalous, just vulgar. He is still annoying us with crazy postcards & today R. J. has placed the matter in the hands of his attorney in Los Angeles.

Since you have been so connected with R. J's history I will give you the facts of the matter. He wrote first in June or July to ask something about R. J's. feeling about Whitman, to which I replied rather curtly I believe—the letter was so queerly written. He said he was about to deliver a lecture on Whitman in Hollywood. A few weeks afterwards he wrote he had given the talk & at its end a woman presented herself who claimed to be R. J's first love & a lot of other nonsense. R. J wrote him politely in denial. Then the article came out with a lot of "she claims" etc. I imagine he peddled the article around a good deal before anyone took it for he pestered the ♦ Pacific Weekly a go several times. They just laughed at him. {They did not believe anyone would take it, they told us.} R. J. wrote him once again a very curt denial which I will copy

for you here below. Now any further thing he writes will be referred directly to R. J's lawyer for answer.

This woman also told her story to Melba Bennett before Moore {came on the scene} but Mrs. Bennett brought it to R. J. & discovered the truth and let the story drop.

I write you all this quite fully because I fancy you must have heard of some of it or perhaps read the article. I ask you in return to tell us whether you know anything about him. I never saw the woman but R. J says she was nice enough as a girl {He has not seen her for more than 26 yrs.} but an unhappy life has apparently thrown her upon her dreams or hopes. I doubt if she is malicious. *He* seems to be, or wants money to shut up. It is an undignified thing to have to notice such a person & we hoped he would leave off.

Cordially,
Una Jeffers.

The tabloid wa sheet is Apértif. Their Nov. issue is to carry a denial from R. J. in practically the same words as his letter to Moore. The editor has wired us a sort of apology already.
<over> ♦

(Copy of letter to Moore)

1

ALS. Occidental. 3 pages.

1. Una's handwritten copy of Robinson's October 29, 1935 to John G. Moore is enclosed.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel
November 19. 1935

Dear Mr. Powell:

I sent you a letter this morning which you mostly answered in one I rec'd from you just now, about Moore. This morning the Nov. Apertif came & has as honorable an amend as they can make I guess with Robins letter to them.—an itemized denial of all the tripe, Moore provided.

1 If you dont see a copy of this let me know & I'll lend you mine. I don't know what Bassett showed you.—♦ If it was the few lines R. J. wrote about the article being *garbage*—he decided not to allow that to be printed for it appeared not to be direct enough to deal with that crank. Anyway I hope he will be quiet now or that our lawyer will be able to deal with him. It maddens me to have a person with the honesty & dignity & kindness that fills R. J.—have to know such creatures walk the earth. I imagine the woman is ♦ suffering with the illusions that afflict her sex sometimes at menopause.

The review is fine!

2 Thank you. It says the right things.

I often have arguments with people about Literature & Propaganda. So many ardent Left-ists confuse the two. I believe permanent literature is can *reflect* the age it lives in but except in rare impassioned moments is not controversial about ♦ movements & I wish to call your attention to a very interesting article by Mary Colum in Sat.

Review of Lit. of O Nov. 2.—the leading article which discusses this very question much better than I can.

3 You will notice the review of *Solstice* in *The Nation* was a bitter lament because Robin does not cudgel for the Cause. I cant remember the writers name. I did not know him.

4

There is a grand new book by ♦ Babette Deutsch “*This Modern Poetry*”

5 Have you seen it? Ella Winter wishes me to review it but I think I can not, for she discusses with such calmness calmness & discrimination many poets whom I *cannot* read & therefor cannot properly judge her estimate of them. She devotes pages to Robin—and *many* to my adored Yeats!

Cordially

Una Jeffers.

You saw Deutsch review of “Solstice” in “Books,” Oct 27.? Called “In Love with the Universe.”

6

Frieda Lawrence expects to come here soon.

7

ALS. Occidental. 5 pages.

1. Jeffers’ October 1935 letter to the editor of *Apéritif* appears in the November issue, page 2. It is printed inside a box for added emphasis and accompanied by the following response: “The editor apologizes to Mr. and Mrs. Jeffers for any misstatements in the story ‘Beginnings of Jeffers’ run in our October issue. Apologies also to a number of friends of the

Jeffers' who took us to task. Humble thanks to several California poets who gleefully urged us on. We do point out rather fearfully that we printed rather than wrote the article. There's a difference."

The letter written to *Apéritif* by Sidney and Olga Fish (mentioned in Una's November 7, 1935 letter to Melba Bennett) is printed on the same page.

2. Lawrence Clark Powell, "Violence and Compassion," a review of *Solstice and Other Poems*, *Los Angeles Times* (October 13, 1935): A6.

3. Mary M. Colum, "Literature and the Social Left," *Saturday Review of Literature* (November 2, 1935): 3–4, 18. The same issue of the *Saturday Review* contains William Rose Benét's review of *Solstice and Other Poems*, page 20. Benét offers tempered praise for the book and says, "I am glad to hear that the first trade edition of 2500 copies was sold out before publication on October first and that the special edition of three hundred copies was oversubscribed."

4. Philip Blair Rice, "Jeffers and the Tragic Sense," *The Nation* (October 23, 1935): 480–482. Rice (1904–1956) was a professor of philosophy at Kenyon College and associate editor of the *Kenyon Review* from its inception in 1939 until his death in 1956. He died as a result of injuries suffered when the car he was driving plunged off a highway and crashed on a riverbank below. Rice was the author of *On the Knowledge of Good and Evil* (1955).

5. Babette Deutsch, *This Modern Poetry* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1935).

6. Babette Deutsch, "In Love with the Universe," *New York Herald Tribune Books* (October 27, 1935): 8.

7. Written at top of first page.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Nov. 19. 1935

Tor House. Carmel

Dear Mr. Alberts:

I would not tell you what I am going to—some bother we have had with a crank, if I didn't fear your all-seeing eye had already picked up {some of} the story.

In July a man {named Moore} wrote me a confused letter from Hollywood about a lecture he was giving on Walt man {Whitman}, & he wanted to know whether Robin had been influenced at all by him. I replied briefly. Shortly after we had another letter. He said at the end of the lecture a woman had come to him to say she was R. J's first and only love! & that ♦ his *pessimism* dated from her rejection of him. Also that when he was denouncing Rob R. J's evil pessimism a woman named Hedwiga Reicher got up & defended R. J. & that she was evidently another of R.'s—women!)- (This woman {H. R.} is a friend of ours whom we haven't seen for a long time.—The great tragic actress for whom there are no longer *that* kind of parts & size. Hedwiga O you know about her.)

His letters were so vulgar & *crazy* that we didn't know what to do with him. Finally he wrote an intolerable article vulgar

beyond ♦ describing—but not *scandalous* & not exactly libellous for he always wrote “*she* claims,” & peddled it around California as we heard from Pacific Weekly editor—finally a miserable little sheet in Santa Barbara published it. {in Oct.}—I send you the Nov. issue which contains a letter from Robin in answer & as honorable an amend as they can make I guess.—

Even yesterday we rec’d another crazy card from him & R. J. put the whole thing in the hands of his Los Angeles attorney ♦ & I hope to hear no more. It is maddening that a man all kindness & dignity & honesty like R. J. should be in any way in contact with such garbage. The woman was a nice enough girl R. J. says. I never saw her & he hasn’t for 27 years—he was counting up yesterday. She perhaps is afflicted with the psychopathic illusions that sometimes afflict women at forty-five or so. She somehow got in touch with Melba Bennett & Melba wrote her into her book but fortunately came ♦ to R. J. for confirmation & took Her her out again!

Please return these clippings about *me* if I sent them to you before. I live in a whirl of things done & undone & forget—

But keep the Apértif.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

I liked Mary Colum’s leading article in Nov 2, Sat. Review of Lit.—It is on a subject I am often called upon to discuss with *Leftist* friends & enemies!

Bennett Cerf was here for lunch a month ago.

ALS. San Francisco. 5 pages.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel
November 26. 1935

Dear Melba:

Another long rambling letter from Moore today which I am sending on to our lawyer who writes that he {Moore} is just a crazy irresponsible fool with no standing, financial or otherwise & any notice we take of him enraptures him, as his own idea is publicity at whatever cost.

This letter tells us he has seen your letter to Mrs. Swift. She apparently is the main one urging him on to publish this stuff. Is *she* psychopathic?

Did you send her Apéritif? & one to Hazel & Byird?

What is her address?

We had a long & exceeding nice letter from Powell about all this above. He said months ago he told Moore to get out of his shop & stay out with his silly lies. Moore was begging to have access to our correspondence with Powell.

Please return this letter I enclose which may interest you for several reasons. It is from Teddie Kuster's aunt who was my best friend in his family. She is the only one of the clan who ever saw Robin. She came on us by chance swimming one day at Bimini about a year before Teddie and I separated. It is

a contemporary glimpse which may help to round out your own idea of us at that time.

1 She is a friend of Hazel's, too.

I have this moment returned from delivering my Yeats talk before a teachers' institute of 4 counties.

2 (I got a fee of \$50. for one hours talk. The first money I ever earned! Queer feeling!)

Affectionately

Una Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. An undated letter from Carrie Eshman to Una, located in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities Research Center, Texas, contains the following paragraph: "Your kind friend sent me Robins letter {in Apéritif} and it brought {back to} me my first glimpse of Robin at Bimini Baths and his complete absorption in you. And your swimming under water and his beauty and yours too."

2. Una's presentation on Yeats took place Tuesday morning, November 26, at Monterey High School. The institute was sponsored by the California Teachers Association, central coast section (Monterey, San Benito, San Luis Obispo, and Santa Cruz counties).

UJ to Ella Winter

[November 1935]
Tor House Carmel
Friday

Dear Peter:

Robin prefers not to have me discuss in print the subject of my letter to Sara, so I cant let you use it at all.

1 He reminds me of the excessively boring thing that went on in New Republic a while ago about Macleish—was he as fascist or not, or merely an unconscious one?

2 It *was* tiresome, so—do not use the letter.

Its all so futile {to argue it} anyway. though fun, between friends. If one takes their stand with Sara & believes with old William Godwin

3 in the *Perfectibility of Man* there is no chance of getting together with one (thats me!) who believes it can't be done & that history {shows man} isn just ups & downs & never ascending really for any permanent time.

I will let you see my reply to Sara if you are interested.

4 I think there are several things in her letter I could easily disprove & many things in it I agree with. One awful error though I cant let pass. Shelley was NOT immortalizing the French Revolution when he wrote that final chorus in “Hellas”—“The worlds great age begins anew”—This was written in 1821 when he & all the ardent Liberalists were in deep discouragement with the horrid excesses that followed the French Revolution This chorus follows several whose gist

was “Victorious wrong with vulture scream, Salutes the risen sun”—etc. To these discouraged choruses he put NO footnotes but to the visionary one “The worlds great age”—he *does* put one & says “The final chorus is indistinct & obscure as the event of the living drama whose arrival it fortells. Prophecies of wars & rumor of wars etc may easily SAFELY be made by poet or prophet in any age; but to anticipate, however darkly a period of regeneration & happiness is a more hazardous exercise of the faculty which bards possess or feign” (—he then quotes Isaiah & Virgil—when the lamb {lion} shall lie down with the lamb etc, & “Let these great names be my authority & excuse.”

Love from Una

I will give you my English Hours review Monday P.M.

5

Robin says “O no you wont be able to turn off your radio to escape the crooners—not in a communal room!”

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. At the close of her November 13, 1935 letter to Sara Bard Field and C. E. S. Wood, Una directs them to forward the document to Willard K. Bassett, editor and publisher of *Pacific Weekly*—for use as an informal reply to Field’s review of *Solstice*.

2. In a review of *Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller’s City* (1933) by Archibald MacLeish, Michael Gold condemned MacLeish for expressing fascist ideas, deliberately or unconsciously. See Michael Gold “Out of the Fascist Unconscious,” *The New*

Republic 75 (July 26, 1933): 295–296. Carl Sandburg defended MacLeish in a letter to the editor titled “Is MacLeish Hitlerish?”, *The New Republic* 76 (August 23, 1933): 50. The charge adhered to MacLeish and was reiterated elsewhere; see, for instance, “Archibald MacLeish,” a disparaging essay by Rolfe Humphries, *Modern Monthly* 8 (June 1935): 264–270, 274.

3. William Godwin (1756–1836), a freethinking English political philosopher, was the author of *An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice, and Its Influence on General Virtue and Happiness* (1793) and other works. He was the father of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, later Mary Shelley.

4. See next letter.

5. Una’s review of *English Years* by James Whitall (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1935), titled “Tranquil Recollections,” appeared in *Pacific Weekly* (December 9, 1935): 278–279. Whitall (1888–1954), an American writer, was known primarily as a translator of books in French by Maurois, Daudet, Peyre, Collette, and others.

UJ to Sara Bard Field

Tor House. Carmel
December 3. 1935

Dearest Sara:

I felt miserably guilty when you wrote out that long answer to me with a headache headache and other ills upon you.

1 Don’t bother to be courteous to *us* when you’re sick!

I did not let Peter publish my letter.

2 Robin said once I began to try to answer his critics I'd have no time for anything else!

Many things in your letter I agreed with perfectly, some I think I could disprove—perhaps we can talk of of these sometime. But you, Sara, seem to stand with our old W^m Godwin & his disciples who believed in the *Perfectibility of Man*. This thought is impossible for my mind to grasp. Humanity seems to me to go up & down but never to be *very* essentially worse or better permanently. That's how I read history. So we talk across an abyss to each other.

3

One error in your letter which I must call to your attention since it touches our beloved Shelley. Shelley wrote his ♦ *Hellas* in 1821.—long after the French Revolution, at a time indeed when all that enthusiastic young group had been appalled by the excesses that followed it & had hated the returned monarchy.—The choruses near the end of “*Hellas*” have for theme mostly “Victorious wrong with vulture scream, salutes the risen sun”. . . These choruses have no {explaining} footnotes by the author—but on the contrary the last chorus of all (you quote) “The world's great age begins anew” has a deprecatory footnote by Shelley in which he says “The final chorus is *indistinct & obscure* as the event of the living drama whose arrival it foretells. Prophecies of wars & rumor of wars, may safely be made by poet or prophet in any age; but to anticipate, however darkly, a period of regeneration & happiness, is a more hazardous exercise of the faculty which poets bards possess or feign. I will remind you the reader ‘*magno nec proximus intervallo*’ of Isaiah & Virgil

whose ardent spirits overleaping the actual reign of evil which we endure & bewail, already saw the possible & approaching state of society “lion shall lie down with the lamb” etc. Let these two great names be my authority & excuse”—

Isaiah & Virgil!—! That is a dark & disillusioned footnote Sara.

4 ♦

I have just read the new book “Romantic Rebels” (Byron Shelley Keats) by Frances Winwar.

5 Very interesting. I dont think I learned any new thing but refreshed my mind. At one period the lives of that group were so intimately a part of Robin & my daily talk & interest {22 yrs ago!} that we both felt in rereading their circumstances—that we were reliving some years of our own life together!

These choruses we spoke of in *Hellas* were quoted by Thomas Hardy in his diaries during some reflections he was making on Greek tragedy to exemply the a theme in *Trachiniae* “Mark the vast injustice of the Gods!”

I would enjoy giving the Yeats lecture up there during Jan. sometime if it is wanted & can come about without too much trouble on your part, & we would gladly sleep at “The Cats”.—

Our dearest love to you & Erskine.

Ella Young has been at O’Sheas & we’ve seen her several times. She is well & in great form. Lots of magic talk.

6

Yrs always

Una. ♦

Certainly good literature may often be unconscious propaganda, & at rare intervals a pamphlet of propaganda may rise on by its passion to literature. What I object to is the Left attitude of the day that contemporary literature *must be judged* by its lack or inclusion of propaganda for the Left.

7

{Sara} Do you read all these excellent books by people of unquestioned standing *against* Russia as well as *for*? Steffy does not. Do not your hopes instead of facts sustain you in your approval.

ALS. Huntington. 4 pages.

1. In response to Una's letter of November 13, 1935, Field wrote a long rejoinder, the first page of which is missing. The remainder (TCC Huntington) is a four-page, single-spaced, typewritten defense of her position, which ends with the following comment: "I have written this letter under the disadvantage of a raging headache which is not conducive to clear thinking so I must place myself at your disposal for any clarification of muddy paragraphs and of course for any reply you are moved to make."

2. Una did not publish her response to Field's review of *Solstice* in *Pacific Weekly*, but Field used her letter to Una (the one discussed here) as the basis for an essay titled "Lessons I Have Learned About Social Evolution," *Pacific Weekly* (January 27, 1936): 41–42. A prefatory editorial comment explains its origin: "Some time ago we promised

our readers that the Associate Editors of *Pacific Weekly* would give their personal credos in the magazine. A few did. Now we have received from Sara Bard Field, in the form of a letter answering criticisms of her review of Robinson Jeffers' "Solstice", a statement of her economic, social and political beliefs and how she came to them. It is the story of a fine and liberal mind up against the realities of the world to-day." As if answering Una (though Una is not named and readers would not know Field is, in effect, addressing her), Field begins with a mildly apologetic explanation: "The things I said in connection with my criticism of *Solstice* (very humbly given) were not said from hasty or inconsidered conclusions." She then proceeds to explain her political convictions.

3. "I believe with Sir James Jeans," Field says, summarizing her hopes for (and willingness to work toward) a better world, "that in the unthinkable long time man has on this planet before the dying sun carries him to death, we can make a 'world fit for humanity to live in.'"

4. In defending her belief that poets should be actively involved in the struggles of their day, Field says, "The English Revolution was bloody yet it called Milton to its passionate support. The Revolution in Greece was bloody, yet it was sung into immortality by Shelley's 'The World's great age begins anew'. Why? Poets by their very nature abhor bloodshed. Yet Milton and Shelley and Byron in Greece felt that there was justification for the spilling of human blood because of the greater human liberty at stake."

5. Frances Winwar, *The Romantic Rebels* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1935).

6. Una published an essay about Ella in the December 20, 1935 issue of the *Carmel Pine Cone*, page 9. She begins by saying, “Ella Young was like a Druidess that first time I saw her, in flowing gown against the lovely blue-green curtain of the Golden Bough stage, a wisp of veil about her head, gray eyes shining and hands weaving magic as she named the old Irish gods and heroes and told the deeds they wrought.”

7. Field’s letter to Una contains several paragraphs that do not appear in the essay published in *Pacific Weekly*. Some paragraphs deal with the issue of propaganda; others pointedly address different aspects of Field’s discomfort with Jeffers (not just in *Solstice* but overall). In referring to “The Trap,” for instance, Field says, “The whole sense of that poem is to me reactionary. The ‘new abundance’ is primarily aimed at giving starving people enough to eat, giving work-worn people a little leisure, making as equitable a distribution of necessities as you would make in a family. The things Robin hates—the radios, motor cars (which can be employed for serious blessing, too) are again incidental in ‘the new abundance’. His failure to see the gravity of his comparison and to feel through the incidental involvements he happens to personally loathe, the immensity of the Ideal at stake is what lays him open to the charge of unconsciously being on ‘the side of the enemy’. By nature he is a recluse and it seems to me that all the affronts to his privacy, all the terrors he has of invasion build themselves into a wall that prevents his understanding the spirit of his own time.”

UJ to Hans Barkan

[December 9, 1935]

Monday morn.

Tor House. Carmel

Dear Hans:

As soon as I got your note Sat. morn I dashed to the phone & told Ella Winter that since she had not gotten York as she promised, Robin & I thought it would be best to get a sure place {at once} for him with you. (It had been agreed that she could try him a month & if he made Stef nervous he was to go to you.) She reluctantly said "all right" & so I went to the telegraph office & wrote out the enclosed wire

1 & when I handed it to the man he said "O Mrs. Steffens called up & wants to speak to you before you send any wire."

—Well she said she could not give him up! So now we will see. She hadn't been at all firm about it until she found someone else would like him—O dear; Robin was quite unhappy about it because once they had a dog years ago & Pete was unkind to it {(Its name was *Tamar*)} and York is as grand a dog as Haig—*can more be said!* She agreed she would call Dr. Kron

2 up Sat. ♦

We love you—all the Hans family & it was so nice to see you—and I hope the boys all keep that friendly feeling for each other always

Yours—

Una.

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. Postmark: December 9, 1935.

1. The handwritten draft of a telegram to Hans, dated December 7, 1935, contains the following message: “If York is still there, he is yours. Get him. Love, Una.”

2. Oscar J. Kron (1884–1952), a San Francisco veterinarian.

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

[December 11, 1935]

Wed Morn. in a great hurry

Dearest Phoebe—

I think I can do the little talk if you really want it on Jan 15.—I have all the material for it & must shape it—You haven’t any date in Feb. have you open? I would really like that better since Jan 15 is during boys holiday—but I can do it 1 if necessary Are you in touch with O’Connor. I would like to talk with him before I prepare my talk.

I asked his friend Mary Jepp last night for his address. His tel. is Fillmore 0307 & his address is either 2317 or 2373 Washington. Some people were talking & I couldn’t hear.—If you can verify the address I will send a note to him in a day or so in your care—& you redirect it?

Have you any of those Nov. Apéritifs—you were *an angel* to do us that service—.—If you have any left ♦ please cut out the whole page of {not whole paper.} & send it {in} a plain

unmarked envelope to Mrs. Sw (Mrs. L. Swift, 946 So. Norton. Los Angeles.) This is the one with Robin's protest.

I said unmarked {*anonymous*} as I don't want any correspondence about it. {or have it known who sent it.}

& send *me* an extra page too—if you have any more. I wanted another but can't bear to send for one. They had the decency at l to send us 10 copies.

We have to come up for Donnan on Tues. & I shall try to see you if you are home. I will write you tomorrow or Fri about it. We may have to meet Garth Fri. night in San Jose, so I haven't made any plans yet.

I was so mad about York.

I wanted to have some talk with you about Mabel but we will do that next time I see you.

Love
Una.

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. Postmark: December 11, 1935.

1. An arrow is inserted here that points to "Jan. 15" in line above.

RJ to Marie Bullock

Tor House, Carmel, California.
December 16, 1935.

My dear Mrs. Bullock:

I am sorry, but it seems better to withdraw my name as sponsor for the “Academy of American Poets.” I don’t mean to ask that it be scratched off letter-heads, etc., only that it be dropped when new ones are printed, and not used in connection with any new enterprise.

I don’t ask this in any spirit of criticism, but simply because I live so far from New York that I can’t properly undertake responsibility for anything that is done there. For instance, I received a couple of letters about a “Poetry Ball,” which the writers seemed not to approve of, and all I could answer was that I had never heard of it, knew nothing about it. I still know nothing about it.

1

Then again, as was freely admitted in my first letter to you, I don’t feel sympathetic toward academies in general. I have nothing whatever against this one, but since I cannot keep au courant of its activities it seems better to withdraw my name—but not in any sense as a protest.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

TLS. AA Poets. 1 page.

1. As a fund-raising event for the Academy of American Poets, a high society grand ball was held at the Waldorf-Astoria November 20, 1935. Women were asked to wear gowns of white, silver, or pale blue to match the ballroom, where decorations evoked a starry twilight heaven.

A pageant that began at midnight, on a stage bearing a golden lyre and a silver branch of laurel leaves, included musical numbers and three tableaux depicting famous couples immortalized in poetry—Dante and Beatrice, Orpheus and Eurydice, and Romeo and Juliet. For the first tableau, Dante and Beatrice arrived in paradise accompanied by angels clad in pastel robes; dances, choral songs, solo performances, and poetry recitations told their story of enduring love.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. December 30. 1935
Carmel. California

Dear Mr. Alberts:

(1) No, R. J. never wrote any introduction for or ever heard of the *Sidney Lanier in Texas* pamphlet.

(2) R. J. does not like the method (3)III you speak of in your letter. So much publicity about the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* book which is after all—if not as important as some think—is an a weighty book. This sheaf of R. J poems he feels doesn't deserve this treatment. Suppose you used the method you spoke of inas 1 or 2 2, & let some intimate friend of ours—say Albert Bender or Dr. Hans Barkan buy the lot & keep one & give us {or you} the others to destroy.

(3) Certainly you may examine the {R. J} letters Donald Friede Klopfer bought. I think Friede is disgusting. I don't think those letters even belonged to him properly but to the

firm & if regarded as matter to traffic in should have gone into bankruptcy coffers

(4) I will speak {have written today} to Grabhorn again. He promised me so faithfully to send {the material to you} within a week after I saw him that time! ♦

We both like these poems of yours so much. R. J. says they are clear & original & distinctly your own & much in advance of any former ones you have sent.

All good things for the New Year to you!

Una Jeffers

Hastily

What possessed Stephens to make this statement?

3 He denies it now but he *did* make it to three friends of mine here at dinner & they not being as enthusiastic as I about Moore believed him—

James Whitall author of “English Years” writes me “How could Stephens have expected to get away with such an absurd statement? Actually I often saw the ms. of “Story Tellers Holiday” & it was in Moore’s usual triple spaced dictation on bluish paper. Also I heard many of the stories therein, told by him in the well-known Moore way.”

“Epitaph on Geo Moore” by Charles Morgan is *grand* critical writing!

4

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. Postmark: December 30, 1935.

1. John S. Mayfield, *Sidney Lanier in Texas* (Dallas: Boyd Press, 1932).

2. T. E. Lawrence, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom: A Triumph* (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran, 1935; originally published 1926).

3. James Stephens (1882–1950), Irish author of *The Crock of Gold* (1912), *The Demi-Gods* (1914), *Deirdre* (1923), *Etched in Moonlight* (1928), and many other books. In late November 1935, Stephens passed through Carmel on his way to speaking engagements in the San Francisco area. Following his visit, Ella Winter published a note in her column in *Pacific Weekly* (December 9, 1935): 281. “We are about to disclose,” she says, “a major literary sensation! George Moore did *not* write ‘A Story Teller’s Holiday’. We have it from the man best qualified to know, James Stephens. Stephens knows because he wrote it himself, so he said, and Moore paid him a hundred pounds (\$500) for it. Great discussions raged over this revelation in Carmel over the weekend. Una Jeffers, an ardent Moore fan, would not believe it.”

4. Charles Morgan, *Epitaph on George Moore* (New York: Macmillan, 1935). Una’s review of the book, titled “Beautifully Wrought,” was published in *Pacific Weekly* (February 24, 1936): 95.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

[December 1935]

1The first gift Robin ever brought me was this etching here by my desk, a little stone house clinging to a rocky shore, with a wind-riven thorn tree behind it, and during our years together one thing has been constant in our plans, a house by the sea,—some sea, California or Cornish, Irish or Aegean. Between us and the ocean here, there falls no shadow of a twig from the forest of trees he has planted.

In this sea-window our twin sons grew up. Here they ate their meals, played their games, and did their lessons with me. We could hear their father pacing back and forth above us as we watched the sea-birds rise from the breaking waves, or the drifting rain and storm clouds darken the passing ships. Sometimes we all went off on day-long “pilgrimages.” Returning down the winding Carmel Valley, when we topped a certain rise we used to shout as loudly as Xenophon and his men delivered out of Persia—*thalatta*

2 was the first Greek word Garth and Donnan ever heard. Other days we wandered far back in the canyons and over the hills. When we came upon little farmhouses and tried in our talk to share the life within them, my thoughts would falter from the lonely succession of days hidden away there in a fold of the hills, but we never came on any hut by the sea so gaunt or remote that I could not imagine our rising each day in it with fresh delight.

As a child I lived beside the lakes and streams in Michigan with little heed for them. It was when my grandfather

3 talked of the tumultuous ebb and flow of the Irish Sea in Strangford Lough that I felt the pulse of sea-tides in my blood. Years later Robin and I were delighted with George Moore’s story of Yeats evoking by means of a symbol a rush



of waters to relieve a certain aridity of the soul. I said, “If one hasn’t that magic, one mustn’t venture inland,” and he said, “Perhaps lake water would do.” I trembled, for lake water cannot freshen my spirit. I think this dread prompted my first answer to your questions about my husband’s preoccupation with the sea, for sometimes I have feared that the mountains and forests of the north would claim us. But the mass and intensity of his references to the sea, of which you have made the first collection, convinces me that he has been hearing quite cheerfully all these years my ever-recurring refrain: “What a horrid fate if one couldn’t always be looking out over the sea!”

Una Jeffers.

TLS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. This typed and signed manuscript bears a title: “Excerpt From a Letter.” It appears verbatim as the foreword to Bennett’s *Robinson Jeffers and the Sea*, pages vii–viii.

2. *Thalatta*: Greek for “the sea.” As Xenophon tells the story in his *Anabasis*, Greek mercenaries shouted “Thalatta! Thalatta!” when from the top of a mountain they beheld the Black Sea. They were returning home through enemy territory in 401 BCE, having failed to seize the throne of Persia for Cyrus the Younger, and knew they had finally reached the safety of Greek settlements on the nearby coast.

3. John Lindsay (1815–1895), Una’s Irish grandfather. He ended his life by drawing a knife across his throat.

RJ and UJ to Unknown

[1935]

1

The tendency of mystical thought from Hindooism to Shopenhauer & Mrs Eddy

2 is to find its reality within the human mind, to regard external world as a projection of the mind as Yeats says

“Whatever flames upon the dark {night}

Man’s own resinous heart has fed.”

3

Jeffers is just the other way of it taking the unhuman outer world for his reality, of which human spirit {is} a phantasmal & transient by-product.

The people in his verses have to act & suffer as intensely as possible in order to show at all against the magnificence he feels in the world outside them. He thinks the human spirit can find its peace by realizing its unimportance, & its value by realizing the beauty of the outer world.

(Notes copied from letter of R. J. answering questions)

ALD. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. Una made this draft copy of a letter sent to an inquiring reader. Both the recipient and the date of composition are unknown. In this instance, 1935 stands for the 1930s as a whole, the decade in which the letter was most likely written.

2. Mary Baker Eddy (1821–1910), founder of the Christian Science movement.

3. From “Two Songs from a Play” by W. B. Yeats.

RJ to Blanche Matthias

[1935]

1

Dear Blanche:

Una woke up this morning with a violent headache, etc., and is perfectly out of the running. *Chicago*?! I do hope you are not much inconvenienced. She hasn't been able to do anything except move from one bed to another. Nothing serious, it happens once a year maybe and will be over soon. Could she put off her appointment for a day or two?

Yours,
Robin.

ANS. San Francisco. 1 page.

1. The actual date of this note is unknown. Robinson or one of the twins delivered it to Blanche when she was staying at La Ribera, a hotel in Carmel that opened in 1929. Since the Matthiases did not visit Carmel in 1929 or 1930, the note had to have been written after that. Here, as in the previous letter, 1935 stands for the 1930s as a whole, the decade in which the note was most likely written.



13. Steep cliffs, Big Sur, California, 1935
Photograph by Julian P. Graham



14. Big Sur coast, ca. 1935
Photograph by Julian P. Graham



15. Donnan, Robinson, Una, Garth, and dog Haig Taos, 1934



16. Langston Hughes and Una, 1934 542



17. Garth, Una, and Donnan Taos, 1936



18. Robinson, Frederick Mortimer Clapp, and Haig Tor House courtyard, 1936



19. Tor House, 1935
Photograph by Theodore Lilienthal





22. Donnan Jeffers, 1937
Photograph by Johan Hagemeyer



23. Garth Jeffers, 1937
Photograph by Johan Hagemeyer



24. Sheep in field, Big Sur, 1935
Photograph by Julian P. Graham



25. Bixby Bridge, Big Sur, 1937
Photograph by Julian P. Graham

UJ to Bennett Cerf

January 2, 1936
Tor House. Carmel

Dear Bennett—

Thank you very much for the fine *Anthology*

1 which I've eagerly awaited. It is going to fill a need for me. I *cannot* read a Shakespeare play straight through any more—the punnings and long plays on words bore me too much but it is a tremendous loss not to have my favorite passages where I can get at them {quickly} anytime—this will do it I think.

Did you hear of James Stephens unhappy stop here?—At dilunch one day he told two {three} of our friends that ♦ he wrote Moore's "Story Teller's Holiday" for £100. in all sincerity apparently for they believed him & told us. I was so indignant I nearly burst! Ella Winter heard the talk {amongst us} & put it in her column—I wish I could send you a copy {but no were to be had} it was amusing My indignation is portrayed & Ella Young (the Irish folklorists) rambling discourse. She hated Moore & said *she* thought it likely—etc etc.—Well the New York papers talked about ♦ it

2 & Stephens was interviewed at the gangplank—& denied {denied} *ever* saying it either as a joke or in earnest! Well I guess he was drunk or crazy at the time but no matter how drunk he is in future I think he'll remember not to say that again—(not a doubt he said it—to John O'Shea the Irish painter & his wife & George Gordon Moore that omnipotent & mysterious person—I can't begin to tell you in one letter about *him*.)

3) ♦

Have you read {Chas.} Morgan's Epitaph on George Moore. Its a *grand* essay best critical writing I've seen lately. A *distillation* as he says of 4 yrs. labor.

O I forgot to say that I had a nice letter from James Whitall whose “English Hours” I reviewed.

4 If you’ve read it you know he saw Moore almost daily for ten years 1914–24. Whitall says he saw Moore’s mss. of “S. T’s Holiday” many times.

Our love & hope for your happy year
Una.

ALS. Columbia. 4 pages.

1. *The Shakespeare Anthology: Poems, Poetical Passages, Lyrics* (New York: Random House, 1935).

2. See, for instance, “Irish Poet is Annoyed; James Stephens Before Sailing Denies Ghost-Writing Book,” *New York Times* (December 15, 1935): 43.

3. Una draws an arrow from “him” to “George Gordon Moore” above.

4. Una was contributing regularly to the *Pacific Weekly* at this time. In addition to book reviews mentioned in letters, such as her December 9, 1935 review of Whitall’s book, Una also wrote “Wife of a Genius,” about *Joseph Conrad and His Circle* by Jessie Conrad, *Pacific Weekly* (December 30, 1935): 314–315; “Devotedly Presented,” concerning *The Battle Book of the O’Donnells* by Douglas Chrétien, *Pacific Weekly* (March 23, 1936): 159; and “D. H. Lawrence’s Epitaph,” a review of *D. H. Lawrence: A Personal Record* by E. T. (Jessie Chambers), *Pacific Weekly* (October 5, 1936): 222.

UJ to Hazel Pinkham

Tor House. Carmel
January 9. 1935 [1936]

1

Dearest Ha:

Perhaps these two letters of Percy's will interest you. The longer one is much fuller of news than usual. *Please return*. I havent answered them yet.

Perhaps I told you about getting involved with talks. I've given 3 on Yeats & another one promised & one to be given on Irish music at Century Club

2 in S. F. Jan 22. (\$50 for 20 min. {talk.} isn't bad!) I suppose I've told you all about how they started—opening Yeats' exhibit at Mills.—Same for two Yeats talks of 1 hr.)

How does Edith like Deep Well? How is Melba's concussion? You know the "boyhood sweetheart" of Robin that she got so excited about last year. She wrote a chapter in her book about it he was supposed to be a pessimist because this girl had turned him down!—but Robin told Melba it was all false so she scrapped the chapter—then this woman who apparently is psychopathic or very hysterical emboldened by the credence Melba had given her tale, approached (by great ♦ ill luck) a crank named Moore who was lecturing in Hollywood on "Optimism of Walt Whitman vs Pessimism of Robin"—& told him her tale. He began to pester us with letters—& threaten to write an article which he tried to get in the Pacific Weekly, Carmel to publish. They told us but thought no one would touch it it was

so vulgar & ridiculous—then *Apéritif*, scandal sheet in Santa B—, published it! Well Robin put it all in the hands of his lawyer in Los Angeles—But *he* wrote us that the man hasn't a bean—*so* can't be touched for damages no matter what he says, & that he delights in publicity!—So we can only *hope* he will keep quiet but Lincoln Steffens advised R. strongly to publish a denial mainly for future accuracy in biography—Please return this clipping. All the clippings in fact.

Robin is 49 today.

3—My birthday {Jan 6} was a riot! Big lunch for me at Peter Pan—a bigger cocktail party by Noël Sullivan & dinner after. Olga gave me a marvellous dinner dress. We've just come down from two days at Tevis ranch—Willie gave each boy a new English polo mallet. They are transported. O its fun to have

4them home.

—More soon Una.

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. Una mistakenly dates this letter 1935.
2. The Century Club of California, founded in 1888, was a private women's club in San Francisco. Members built an elegant clubhouse at 1355 Franklin Street in 1905, with rooms designed by Julia Morgan. For her lecture there, Una was joined by singer and harpist Charles O'Connor.
3. Jeffers was born January 10; Una must have set the letter aside for a day before finishing it.

4. The remainder of the sentence and the closing and signature are written vertically in the right margin.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel. Jan 20. 1936

Dear Melba

I am very sorry that we had to refuse Ted Lilienthal's suggestion about signing the books—but Robin has consistently refused like suggestions—for various reasons. In particular I think he doesn't think it becoming to sign books *about* himself.

We leave at 7. AM tomorrow to take boys to Berkeley—They've had 5 weeks holiday—We have lived in bliss all four of us No holiday at Easter though—

We stay 2 nights at Barkans. Albert has us for dinner one night. I lecture on Ancient Irish music at Century Club {in S. F.} on Wed.

I had a 4 page letter from Charles Morgan (author of "The Fountain"—& "Epitaph on Geo Moore"—I'll show you when you come. very interesting

Doebler is a are queerish—but enthusiastic about R. J.

No more John Moore—but he may bob up again—In a former letter you spoke of Swift & R. J's frat pin. He doesnt think she ever had it but

I do. He thinks he lent it to another girl,—his medical frat ΝΝΝ.—I remember early in our married life my beautiful sorority pin all rubies & pearls went away to the laundry, & as I had already lost R.'s ΣΧ pin I wailed that that was the end of all frat pins in our family. (I had been particularly attached to Teddie Kuster's emerald & diamond ΔΥ & had bestowed it on his next wife!)—At that time we discussed his medical pin & I'm sure he'd lent it to Swift—Well its long since I've felt any frat pin emotions!

T I hear that {Mrs. Rudy} Caroline Liebig
1 was at Deep Well. *She* is Teddie K's cousin & the daughter of Aunt Carrie who wrote about seeing us at Bimini. She Caroline *is* an interesting person.

John & Claire Evans have a son, born yesterday.

2

Be sure to stop here if you drive up—

I'm in awful haste!

Una.

The apricot brandy is *precious*! Thanks—

3

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. Caroline (Eshman) Liebig (1901–1994), wife of Rudolph Steuart Liebig (1894–1968). Caroline was a benefactor of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. She founded the museum's Junior Art Council (forerunner to the Art Museum

Council) and helped establish the Costume Council, Graphics Council, and Service Council. She was a museum trustee from 1947 to 1973.

2. Spencer “Sandy” Evans was born January 19, 1936.

3. Written in top margin, first page.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

January 29. 1936

Dear Bennett—

Thanks for writing us about your history! We have been much disturbed by the thought of this painful affair which seemed of such a short mysterious duration.

1 I must say I understand how hard it is for a lovely creature like Sylvia to in any way curtail a successful career. I see many people from Hollywood at Olga Fishes & their lives & thoughts revolve around their roles & their chances—and it *must* be fascinating to feel adulation from a large public directed at you!

I believe that a *complete* marriage & offspring & a life together through a course of years is exciting enough for anyone—I wouldn’t exchange it for any other—but Im not sure I would have felt so sure at the outset of my marriage especially if I had been neglecting a career! ♦ I do believe you are wise enough to write this down under experience & actually find some *enrichment*—and of course those months of *happiness* are worth much! You had them!

I had long & most interesting letters from Charles Morgan,
2 Joseph Hone
3 & Oliver Gogarty about the James Stephens' *claim* (on Moore) Gogarty enclosed one fr from John Eglinton.
4 All of them very derisive about Stephens statement.

Love from both of us
Una.

I communicated your story to Ella, Stef, & Sara.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

1. Cerf's October 1, 1935 marriage to actress Sylvia Sidney failed quickly. For personal and professional reasons the two were incompatible, and they separated January 2, 1936. Sidney filed for divorce soon thereafter. Cerf did not contest the suit, and a divorce was granted April 9, 1936.

2. Charles Langbridge Morgan (1894–1958), British novelist, playwright, and drama critic. In addition to his previously mentioned *Epitaph on George Moore* (1935), Morgan's books include *Portrait in a Mirror* (1929), *The River Line* (1949), and *The Burning Glass* (1953).

3. Joseph Maunsell Hone (1882–1959), Irish writer and editor; author of *William Butler Yeats: The Poet in Contemporary Ireland* (1916), *Ireland Since 1922* (1932), and other works.

4. John Eglinton, pseudonym of William Kirkpatrick Magee (1868–1961), editor of *Dana: An Irish Magazine of*

Independent Thought and author of *Irish Literary Portraits* (1935).

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

[January, 1936]

Melba—

This may amuse you as contemporary impression of us as college youth.

1 Her time sequence is a bit incorrect. see other side. ♦

When R. J. came to U. S. C. (in 1905 after graduating from Occidental) & ran the two-mile, I was a sophomore. By the time I was doing post-graduate work (1908–1910) R. J. had been away in the Univ. of Zürich & was back in U. S. C. Medical but this did not bring him to U. S. C. Liberal Arts campus. I was invariably from 1905–1910 in Dr. Hoose's
2 philosophy classes though.

My A.B. in 1908

My M.A. in 1910.

We met in 1905 in Miss Borthwicks *Faust* class.

AL. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. Una's note is written on a January 25, 1936 letter to Robinson from Laura E. Burmeister (1889–1973), head cataloger at the University of Southern California library. "Often," she says, "my word has been doubted when I say

that once upon a time you were a student at the University of Southern California. So I am writing to inquire if my memory of you is correct.” She continues with the following observations.

Isn't it true that the person whom I remember as a tall, slender handsome youth, who wore very stylish loose coat and very up-to-date “peg-top” trousers, named J. Robinson Jeffers, is the same Robinson Jeffers who now omits that initial J. That J. Robinson Jeffers was also training as a runner, and he often looked less dapper on the track, after circling the field a time or two. But the very young ladies of the preparatory school did not fail to admire him even when he did not look his best. I believe he never knew how these same very young ladies were thrilled when he looked their way. And how romantic it was to learn that he actually had written a poem to one not so very much older than ourselves, already a graduate student in Doctor Hoose's classes. We eyed her from a distance, and admired her beautiful hair which she sometimes wore in a heavy braid down her back.

If you are really “J.” Robinson Jeffers, you no doubt remember her even better than I do.

2. James Harmon Hoose (1835–1915), dean of the College of Liberal Arts, was the founding chairman of the Department of Philosophy at the University of Southern California. He also established the Pedagogy Department and taught courses that led to the formation of the Departments of Economics, History, Psychology, and Sociology. The James Harmon Hoose Library of Philosophy in Seeley Wintersmith Mudd Hall is named in his honor.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel. California
February 6. 19356.

Dear Mr. Alberts:

Forgive me for not replying instantly & thanking you for all your kindness & work about “Four Poems & a Fragment.” The copyright card came yesterday. Mabel Luhan has been with us for a flying visit (left this morning) & every moment has been hurried & full. The book looks very nice indeed—you have now added an art to your accomplishments—it appalls me all your trouble & time on this.

I have written to Mr. Grabhorn & here is the word for your friend. I hope he will get the material at last.

Thanks again. I will write you again if I can clear off my desk. I have been exceedingly busy lately. I had a lot of interesting letters about that James Stephens claim he had written Moore’s “Story Teller’s Holiday” for £100 for Moore! Derisive hoots from James Whittall, Oliver Gogarty (enclosing ♦ one from John Eglinton), Joseph Hone whose life of Moore will be published within a few months & Charles Morgan.

Have you read Morgans “Epitaph on George Moore” Best critical essay I’ve seen in a long time on a contemporary writer.

What do you think of Random House—Hass & Smith merger.

1

A short poem of R. J. in Sat. Review Jan. 4. '36

2

Good wishes from us both.

Una Jeffers

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. Postmark: February 6, 1936.

1. Random House merged with the publishing firm of Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. The new firm, Random House, Inc., commenced operations April 1, 1936 with Bennett Cerf as president. As a result of the merger, Random House added William Faulkner, André Malraux, Robert Graves, Isak Dinesen, and other distinguished authors to their list.

2. "Air-Raid Rehearsals," *Saturday Review of Literature* (January 4, 1936): 4.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel

February 18 1936

Dear Melba:

The prospectus looks very handsome! In the quotation from my letter are several errors, so when the time comes I would like a chance to read proof. In the case of Solstice *Solstice* they sent the proof in small batches because of their limited supply of type so you'll probably get it that way.

(Errors=) (should read)

line 4 —StrangFORD

line 5 —I felt the {pulse of} *salt tides* in my blood

~line~ 15 —references

If you have the letter from the U. S. C. Librarian still will you tell me her name in your next letter. I seem to remember it Laura Burmeister (?) I answered (page 2—next not over yet!)
I ♦ her letter to Robin & she wrote again telling me the latter end of Prof Miss Borthwick, Dr Hoose & Dr Dixon & also enclosed a lovely little picture of old Dr. Hoose used as bookplate for a large philosophical collection he left the library. I want to thank her for the picture but fear I threw away her letter. I cant find it. Dr H. was a grand old boy! Dr. Dixon also was extraordinary. He was a tiny little Scotsman from Univ. of Edinburgh. He had been head or high up in the Univ. of Tokio for 20 yrs. before coming to U. S. C. & on gala days wore a decoration (a ruby the size of a penny almost!) given him by the Emperor of Japan. His especial thing was old Scotch ballads & early XIXth cent. poets. I believe he was the reason {Robin} came to U. S. C—for a seminar with him in old Eng. Yes Robin & I met in Miss Borthwick's advanced German class conducted mostly in German. It was a quick reading of *Faust* in German & comments on it. A small class & he <over> ♦ caught my attention at once because he was better than I—(before his arrival for he entered a few days late, I had been noticeably

good! Another very interesting prof. we had was old Baron von Fingerlin.

2 Advanced French & more German.

Terrific rains here make life exciting. We can scarcely leave the windows

the clouds & waves are magnificent We went up to Berkeley in a downpour on Fri. & got the boys—took them back on Sunday. They were *sweet*

Mabel & Tony were here & stayed just a few days. Tony had to be back in Taos on tribal business on Feb 15. They bought a Trailer {in L. A.} to go {take} to Indian dances in the desert—Mabel's idea—that trailer is a whole Saga. Tony hated it & his De Soto wouldn't pull it, the weight brought down the springs so—then they had to buy a high old Buick to pull the Land Yacht then hire a mechanic to drive it—all the time Tony very black & gloomy he hates fussing with that kind of thing So do I! I loathe camping. ♦

If Cady Wells doesn't get around here soon I must answer his card. If I send it via you *please* forward for me.

I am glad you are pushing Robin's books—I know how surprising it is to find so few appreciative readers of one's pets I find it with George Moore (please do read the *Epitaph* on G. M. by Charles Morgan. I forget whether you have. Its grand critical writing) & *Yeats*—I am appalled when people praise *The Wind Among the Reeds* & so on to the exclusion of his later things. Beautiful & lyrical

3 but lacking the power & passion & conciseness of his later work. He is a man who has gotten finer & finer!—There is a chance that Frederick Mortimer Clapp & his wife may be here

shortly—my great adoration you know—I hope if they come you will meet them. There is a fine critical mind that is always sensitive—the most discriminating—Maud Clapp wrote to find out whether we would be here or in Ireland before they decided to come west or go to Europe. ♦

Perhaps I can add something to your Jeffers collection Have you the English Hogarth Press edition of *Roan Stallion* I have an extra copy I could give you—& did I give you the little copy of *Hawk & Rock*—20 copies only printed on a hand press by Frederick Prokosch Christmas 1934 as a surprise for R. J. & the confusion about it—because as the poem had come out only in a magazine & not in vol. yet it muddled the first edition thing—a Alberts had a spasm—(I think there were 8 different kinds of covers & bindings—in the 20 copies) Did I give you one? Frederick Prokosch is the son of a Yale prof. of Languages. We hadn't heard of him then but now he

4

has published that amazing book “The Asiatics.”

5 Robin & I just now read it straight through two nights running. Its queer & vivid & alive.

Alberts has sent the copy of *4 Poems & a Fragment* which he got copyrighted.

Poems are

1 The Cloud —date 1918

2 Pan in the West 1911

- 3 The North Pole 1907
- 4 The Moon's Girls 1907
- 5 The Resurrection of Achilles (fragment) 1930

I think I sent you *The Cloud* (came out in *Palms*)

5 is a beautiful fragment. It is the ms. bought by that Dr. in S. F. (is it *Strauss*? I forget unless I consult my files.)—Robin gave it to Langston Hughes to sell for *Scottsboro* defense fund, & it fetched the highest price of any mss. sold. A Powys & {D. H.} Lawrence items {were} there too!

There is a reference to sea in (2) not important & several lines in (5). Want them?

Affectionately

Una. ♦

When you finish Robin & the Sea you'll have to do Haig. He is bewitched by it. Sits & looks out at the waves as much as he can keep awake for—And when we walk, its his endless joy.

6

ALS. HRC Texas. 6 pages.

1. Here Una begins writing on a second sheet of paper instead of using the reverse side of the first sheet. Page 4 of the letter is on the back of page 1.

2. Edgar Maximilian von Fingerlin (1846–1919), an Austrian nobleman, was born in a château on Lake Constance in Switzerland and educated in Italy. He arrived at the University of Southern California in 1906 to chair the Department of Modern Languages and to teach French, German, and Italian.

3. An arrow points to *The Wind Among the Reeds*.

4. An arrow points to “Frederick Prokosch” on the line above.

5. Frederic Prokosch, *The Asiatics* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1935).

6. Written in top margin, first page.

UJ to Remsen Du Bois Bird

Tor House. Carmel
February 21. 1936

Dear Remson:

We havent seen you in so many months. Have you given up buying a lot here? Robin’s brother has been shopping for lots here for a week-end place to come to from Lick Observatory & for the first time in many years I have stood on lots & built houses. If I had to live anywhere except on this very spot I prefer to all others I would get one of several lots upon the mesa above the Mission. The view is superb.—A view is the first essential for us.

But this letter was to say that Sydney Alberts got printed on a hand press & copyrighted those poems of Robins that were unprotected by copyright in Occidental College papers (and two other poems as well) so you need not bother further to keep them back or in reserve. Thank-you very much for your trouble. We were given just one copy or I would send you one for the library. ♦

Larry Powell sent me several reviews he has written & I have been extremely interested to see how his style is *improving* & his mind deepening.—

Our boys continue to enjoy their college work. They come home very frequently as friends are constantly rushing back & forth from S. F. They are very content at International House.

More Sundays than not we go with the Sidney Fishes back to their ranch on Palo Corona—eight miles on horseback. So if you are here over weekends try us on Saturdays!

We had more & more bother with that creature Moore after we saw you bombarding us with letters & threats of articles. Robin put it all in Dan Hammack's hands who says the man hasn't a penny's worth of financial responsibility & is mad for publicity—so he is a problem. We think he has turned his attention elsewhere. Did Melba Bennett send you a copy of Robin's answer to that "Apéritif" article? Horrors such a bore. Here is a copy I *laid aside* in my desk {for you *last November*.}

Best wishes to you & your wife
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

UJ to Sara Bard Field

[February 22, 1936]

Sara dearest—

I wrote a long & *appreciative*, I hope, letter to Llewelyn Powys, today about “Dorset Essays.”

1 So many of them I have reread several times. Robin too. *Thank you* again.

You will be interested to read someday when you are here the *Allegra*

2—a tiny book & *perfect*. Why do QUEER little things touch one so sometimes There is a photograph of a letter of Allegras to Byron written in a big painstaking hand “caro il mio Pappa”

3 etc & dinly dimly underneath you can see showing through what must have been very thin paper—a letter in the nun’s fine Italian hand & also an endorsement (for filing) in Byron’s writing. (This reverse side is shown in another picture.) Hard to say why that old letter clutches at ones heart.



Perhaps this article on Lord Alfred Douglas will interest you.

4—See the marked place.—Please send the clipping marked I. on to Ella.—Will you notice the marked place about Shelley’s Introduction to Prometheus, & how he says his ideals are no reasoned system for human living,———He his writings are “to familiarize the *highly refined* imagination of the *more*

select classes of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence.——”

With all that I can sympathize to the utmost but when someone expects that system to work I have to take exception. An extremely dispassionate & able lecture by *Tatiana Tchernavin* (author of *Escape from Soviets & her husband* wrote “I speak for the Silent”) last night.

5 A lot of our local ♦ Communists were there presumably to heckle as they have done to some others but not one {Communist} opened lips although she begged for any questions. She had up to the moment most devastating statistics at her fingertips—she would have broken any of them to bits. She was the more convincing in that she was cool & unimpassioned altho the horrors of prison & starvation & es suffering in her book were awful. She says that Czarism was intolerable & she worked for the Revolution but the n form the Communist gov’t took is too awful, with those completely selfish ignorant thieves over the Intellectuals, ♦ in so many of the dep’ts.

She spoke of course of her own line particularly that is Universities & Museums.

I suppose I wouldn’t feel half so cross at Soviet gov’t if so many crackpots hadn’t tried to show us how beautifully things were planned—at different moments they’ve been there—& when presently we’ve heard how the *institutions* our crack-pots praised have had to be scrapped & a new plan made. She analyzed easy divorce last night—which NOW the Soviets frown upon. 90% of the children of those easy unions were abandoned (in the detailed report) to a state who hasn’t been able to care for them. Well, God save us all!

I wrote Erskine for his birthday, & here are blessings for you all & dear little Sally & her parents—

6

Love from Una.

ALS. Huntington. 4 pages. Postmark: February 22, 1936.

1. Llewelyn Powys, *Dorset Essays* (London: John Lane, 1935).
2. Iris Origo, *Allegra* (London: Hogarth Press, 1936). A review of *Allegra*, from the January 12, 1936 issue of the *Observer*, accompanies Una's letter. The book tells the story of Lord Byron's daughter. Born in 1817 from a liaison with Claire Clairmont, a total stranger who wrote Byron demanding to be seduced, Allegra was raised in an Italian convent and died at age five.
3. *Caro il mio Pappa*: Italian for "My dear Pappa."
4. From the same January 12, 1936 issue of the *Observer*, Una also encloses a review of two books by Lord Alfred Douglas, *Lyrics* and *Sonnets*, both published in 1935. Lord Douglas (1870–1945), or Bosie as he was called, was once the intimate companion of Oscar Wilde.
5. Tatiana Tchernavin (1888–1971), an assistant curator at the Hermitage Museum, and her husband Vladimir Tchernavin (1887–1949), a research biologist, were victims of Stalin's first Five Year Plan to transform the social structure of the Soviet Union. After Tatiana was imprisoned and released, she visited her husband at his labor camp north of the Arctic

Circle. A daring escape with their young son and an arduous journey through wilderness led to safety in Finland. Tatiana told the story of their ordeal in *Escape from the Soviets* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1934); Vladimir described life in the Gulags in *I Speak for the Silent Prisoners of the Soviets* (New York: Hale, Cushman & Flint, 1935). As authoritative accounts of life in the Soviet Union, both books were highly praised in America, except by ardent leftists and pro-communists. In a derisive review of Tatiana's book titled "There's Mud in Them Steppes," Ella Winter says "If she had forgotten she was writing a propaganda book, and had not stopped her little story of one family to drag in stupid and ignorant remarks about the Soviets in general, her book would have been better literature." See the July 25, 1934 issue of *The New Republic*, pages 298–299.

6. Sara's granddaughter Sara "Sally" Field Caldwell, born February 1, 1932, and Sally's parents Katherine and James Caldwell.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel. March 2. 1936

Dear Melba,

I have copied 10 of the 34 long lines of that poem for you—you can find the reference to the Sea in it. & may use it if you can get it in.—The {ms. of} poem belongs to Dr. Straus (or Strauss) in S. F. I don't remember his initials & havent time to look up his letters. He once gave me a ms. letter of Yeats' I value very much. He is not Lawrence Strauss the singer, but a medical doctor.

You didn't reply about my proofreading my bit. I prefer to do so.

We would love to get a glimpse of your Deep Well Ranch. Its unusual for {R. & me.} us to go anywhere without the incentive of *boys'* love of travel.—They have only from Thurs. to Mon. holiday at Easter but we shall be going to N. M. about May 15 Are you off & away by then?

No there is no copy of *Resurrection of A*—in Occidental.

Alberts sent us just the one copy of the copyrighted little book. ♦

We have had the boys {last} three weekends. Last week we all spent back at the Tevis Ranch near Gilroy & heavens how it rained! Robin & I went in Saturday {late P.M.}, & the adobe road was a sea of mud. We were the first car that day to get in on our own power. (& we ruined one tire doing so.—Chains.)

Thurs. we Robin & I went up to S. F. guests of Noël Sullivan I to see Nazimova my old idol in "Ghosts" She was MARVELLOUS. 25 years ago she was doing Ibsen better than anyone. I saw her in *Master Builder*, *Hedda G—*, *Dolls House*, & *Little Eyolf* some of them several times. Then she did *Bella Donna* & *Contesse Coquette*—

1 After the war she did grew melodramatic—& was then in pictures.—But she is triumphant now. Her first night in N. Y. in "Ghosts," 25 *curtain calls!*

We brought boys home with us Fri. & took them back yesterday.

Affectionately

Una. ♦

The Resurrection of Achilles

(an unfinished poem by Robinson Jeffers) {date} 1930.

“Idly on the liliated edge of heaven Aphrodite reclining

Looked down at the flushed marble of her own thigh, and
mourned, because there was neither God nor man

After Adonis many, but none loved. Her gaze
lengthened, going on at random beyond the luminous

Promontory of her bent knee, and followed down the azure
air, terrace below terrace, the enormous

Cliff-heads of heaven; she saw in the gulf and twilight under
the foot of the last rampart the earth

Glimmer like a coin dropped in a well, slowly revolving its
delicate tracteries of land and water.

The snow-head peaks of Caucasus came up the starlight; and
at the tide line of dawn

Reddened like roses; then the Euxine Sea westward caught
color and was roughed with wind; then the desolated

Plain of the Troad between the two seas came to clear day,
and Priam’s city was a broken wall

Closing black earth, for the years from its fall were few. . . .
.”

(The first 10 of 34 lines. I ought to have indicated 2nd stanza begins with line 7) Ms. belongs to Dr. Strauss in S. F.

2

ALS. HRC Texas. 3 pages.

1. *Bella Donna* (1912), a melodrama by James Bernard Fagan, and *Comtesse Coquette* (1907), a comedy by Roberto Bracco. The other plays listed by Una were written by Henrik Ibsen.

2. Added above the title, top left corner of third page.

UJ to Witter Bynner

Tor House. Carmel. California
March 7. 1936

Dear Bynner:

Robin says of course you may use any of his letter that you think might be helpful.

We are distressed to hear that Arthur Ficke is ill again. We remember him with affection & admiration—few people have such compelling charm & responsiveness as he! It would be fun to meet again in Sante Fe. Now we are able to reply intelligently for our side when you all say, “Yes the coast is very nice—but wait until you know that New Mexican Country.”

Well well, how news gets about. Robin did write a very comical sonnet—which for a brief moment he considered writing in the back of Mabel’s copy of your “Guest Book”

1—a sort of guests’ Devoirs

2 to a kindly host. I think you would have been amused & shocked perhaps. I’m almost sorry he burned it. Best wishes from us both,

Faithfully,
Una Jeffers

Please keep a copy of your Guest Book & we’ll get it this summer going through S. F.

3

ALS. Harvard. 1 page.

1. Witter Bynner, *Guest Book* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1935). The dust jacket describes *Guest Book* as “a series of portraits in verse of practically every kind of personality you’re likely to meet in your social adventures.”

2. *Dewir*: French for “an act or expression of courtesy.” As a loan word in English, the term is often pluralized—as in “to pay one’s devoirs.”

3. Added at top of page, right corner.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel
Feb March 7. 1936

Dearest Mabel:

Just now those three photographs (1912–15) of you came and I love having them.—There are two pictures of you (I think of that period) which I have always thought particularly lovely. I wish you would use them in your new book. I don't know whether I can describe them so you'll recognize them but I could find them quickly enough. {They are in one of those vols of pictures in Tony's house.} You are wearing a hat with a plume & *standing* in one of them at least, & your face is very clear. Do you know the ones I mean?

This is a heavenly day warm & brilliant sunshine & fragrant for the flowers are all abloom. The acacia trees over our wall are brimming with flowers. I wish you could see it. You are always here in the least lovely moment of the year.

I told you in my last that I'd been flying around seeing Olga's guests & Blanches at various moments, Besides ♦ Krishnamurti & party have been at Peter Pan. The night before they left Rosalind (Mrs) Rajagopal

1 gave a dinner for us. 14 at table. Their party & Blanche & Russell & a couple who gave me much food for thought. They were Major Graham-Pole & wife.

2 He is a member of Parliament from Edinburgh. He is a *young* 60 & she an old & frail 75! They have just been around the world. She is stone deaf. Even with her machine no one could make her hear a word except himself. What is so curious he is absolutely *devoted* to her & calls her "*Lamb*" Rosalind went out to India 15 yrs ago on the same boat with them. They were just married then & she was already stone deaf so it is no new affliction. It was a well-known love story. She had a husband & eight children & infinite number of

grandchildren. They had been in love for years & married as soon as her husband died. I sat between Krishnaji & Maj. G-Pole at table & listened (& prodded) them into a thrilling discussion of ♦ English politics & Indian abuses and world wars! As long as Krishnaji is not talking metaphysics he is keen & expressive & compelling. Afterwards a circle was formed & a discussion started on Being & *Choice* (is there such a thing? & so

on) Rajahgopal held it in hand & is as skilled in Dialectics as anyone I ever heard but K—was aloof & lost & blank & as you say profoundly refusing & evasive. He seems sometimes in a dream & at others in fear of crystallizing, even for an instant, his thought in words. In spite of all this—and you know how exasperating I find completely abstract speculation—in spite of this I admire him & feel a real affection & respect for him. Certainly there is a very curious quality about him, that sets him apart from anyone I ever knew. {One of} Mrs G-Pole's daughters is the wife of Routledge

3 who for the second time is in command of the party attempting Mt Everest ♦

—This is Sat. & in a few minutes we are leaving to spend tonight—with the Clapps who have just arrived from N. Y. & are {have} been lent a beautiful country house belonging to Mrs Gregory

4 of N. Y. & S. F. The house is 10 miles north of Santa Cruz & is quite famous for its *perfection*. I will tell you about it after. I have heard about it for years. Noël is going up too.

Molly & John are in a whirl about moving out of their house which is leased with option to buy. But *what* do you think.

They are moving into a house twice as big as their own & ten times as difficult.—its the Achilles house

5 you & I went over once.—the stone house near the James house

6 on the cliff built by the Crileys. (*not* the big square one with smaller house in garden below Mollies That was the Hill House.).

I must dash—got to iron Robins riding trousers—& pack.

Love always

Devotedly Una.

I sent you 2 books of yours—I still have one which I want to copy unicorn extracts from before returning, “Womans Mysteries”

7

Can the trailer be repaired?

8

Saw film “Midsummer Night’s Dream”

9 Most horrible *bunk*—unbelievable.

10

“Saunders of the River” with Paul Robeson is *fine*

11

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Rosalind (Williams) Rajagopal (1903–1996), an early associate and friend of Krishnamurti, married his business manager Desikacharya Rajagopal in 1927. Soon after, she and

Krishnamurti began a secret romantic relationship that lasted more than two decades. With Annie Besant, Guido Ferrando, Aldous Huxley, and Krishnamurti, Rosalind founded the Happy Valley School (now the Besant Hill School) in Ojai, California and guided it as director for over twenty years.

2. David Graham-Pole (1877–1952) and Jessie Hair (Pagan) Elder Graham-Pole (1864–1958). Maj. Graham-Pole, sometimes referred to as Maj. Pole, was a solicitor in Scotland prior to embarking upon a military and political career. In addition to serving as the vice chairman and chairman of the British Commission on Indian and Burma Affairs, he was a member of the British Parliament and close friend of George Lansbury, leader of the Labour Party. Graham-Pole was also an official with the Theosophical Society and thus a friend and associate of Annie Besant (1847–1933), the organization’s president. It was Besant (following C. W. Leadbeater) who identified Krishnamurti as the incarnation of a cosmic world teacher and raised him from childhood to fulfill that role.

3. Dorothy Jessie Hair (Elder) Ruttledge (1891–1976) was the wife of Hugh Ruttledge (1884–1961), a British commissioner in India. Dorothy shared her husband’s interest in mountaineering and accompanied him on many of his treks in the Himalayas. Ruttledge led the 1933 and 1936 British expeditions to climb Mt. Everest, neither of which succeeded.

4. Sarah “Sadie” (Hardy) Gregory (1870–1959), widow of attorney Warren Gregory (1864–1927). The highly acclaimed Gregory farmhouse, located in Scotts Valley, was designed by William Wurster (1895–1973), an architect who was sensitive

to environmental factors and committed to simple, classic forms.

5. The home of Theodore Carter Achilles (1905–1986), who lived for a time in the Carmel Highlands. Achilles was a member of the United States Foreign Service. He held important posts in American embassies throughout Europe, participated in negotiations that led to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and served as the ambassador to Peru from 1956 to 1960.

6. The summer residence of Daniel Lewis James (1880–1944), a Kansas City, Missouri chinaware merchant, and Lillie Hyatt (Snider) James (1883–1968). Their Carmel Highlands home was designed by Charles Sumner Greene. Construction lasted from 1918 to 1922 and resulted in Seaward, one of Greene's masterpieces.

7. M. Esther Harding, *Woman's Mysteries, Ancient and Modern: A Psychological Interpretation of the Feminine Principle as Portrayed in Myth, Story, and Dreams* (London and New York: Longmans, Green, 1935).

8. Written in top left margin, first page.

9. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, a film adaptation of Shakespeare's play, featured Olivia de Havilland, James Cagney, and Dick Powell in major roles; it premiered October 30, 1935.

10. This postscript and the one following are both written in the top right margin, first page.

11. *Sanders of the River*, a film starring Paul Robeson and Leslie Banks, opened June 26, 1935.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California
March 17. 1936.

Dear Bennett—

That lovely place in Jamaica.! Of course you loved it & of course it had a healing quality. Now you are back in New York and busy every moment,—you are all right we know. We've been thinking of all the confusion of joining offices and wonder whether the elevator strike
1 has added a lot of extra entanglements.

We like your Anthology of Short Stories.

2 Our boys have been down for the weekend from the University & one or the other had it in their hands constantly. There are some grand stories there—the task of selecting & deciding must have been difficult. I find many old favorites such as “A Jury of her Peers”

3 Thats perfect. I should think this book ought to be called to the attention of University classes in *Short Story Writing*. A fine comprehensive survey survey. ♦ I've never seen a collection I like as well. I have sent a copy to some friends who are living in the depths of Northern British Columbia forests & think they will get endless pleasure out of it.

I enclose a letter from a man who first wrote to Olga Fish through Mr. Emory to try to get an introduction to Robin. I had her answer that of course he could call but Robin would

not discuss any project about his poem being dramatized because he knew nothing about that kind of thing & felt disturbed by fuss.—The man then wrote the enclosed letter.

4—O I had her say also that he'd best write you.—I dont know a thing about him—you must answer properly if he writes. Of ♦ course it would be grand to make some money out of it but this man may be a dreamer.

We are going out to Taos as usual to stay {a month or so} with Mabel—going I think about May 17.—What fun if you really could drop in while we are there. You'd like each other.

All success to your new firm & love, & happiness to you from us both.

Una.

A note from Mr. Healy
5 says he will call shortly.

ALS. Columbia. 3 pages.

1. A strike by members of the Building Service Employees International Union, which lasted from March 1 to March 14, crippled New York City. More than 2,500 buildings and 15,000 workers were involved.

2. *The Bedside Book of Famous American Stories*, edited by Angus Burrell and Bennett Cerf (New York: Random House, 1936).

3. "A Jury of Her Peers" by Susan Glaspell, pages 862–880.

4. The letter is missing; in a March 27 response, however, Cerf says “thanks for letting me see Mr. Freulich’s letter” and in a May 13 letter to Una, Cerf further identifies him as Mr. Roman Freulich. Freulich (1898–1974) was an award-winning still photographer for Universal Pictures and other Hollywood movie studios. He also tried his hand at writing and directing, and in 1936 he produced a short film titled *The Broken Earth*. Given the nature of the exchanges between Una and Cerf, Freulich must have approached Jeffers with a proposal for a movie project.

5. Raymond J. Healy (ca. 1907–1969), western representative of Random House. With J. Francis McComas, Healy edited *Adventures in Time and Space: An Anthology of Modern Science-Fiction Stories* (1946). This highly regarded book was followed by additional collections he edited alone, such as *New Tales of Space and Time* (1951) and *Nine Tales of Space and Time* (1954).

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel.
April 15, 1936

Dearest Mabel:

Well certainly Claire & Alice are not meant to meet often. I am glad things went off as well as they did though. One could get to know what Alice would do but I still think Claire a strange & fey person. I like to know her & to observe her but I should hesitate many times about {close} relation with her. A man was here yesterday from New York who knew her

intimately. He thinks her fascinating & cruel & mad for power & completely fey.

I've never been so rushed for time. Everyone has been here this spring & no matter how I struggle for leisure—it isn't there!

Our dear Clapps are still at Peter Pan & I love seeing them & so does Robin—The Barkans were here yesterday. She just came from Deep Well Ranch Palm Springs kept by Melba Bennett who is {has} writngten the book about Robin & the Sea! Everyone says its a ♦ grand place to stay. You must try it some time. Her book published at \$7.50 is already oversubscribed I believe. only 300 copies.

Tell Brett to read “All the World & Co.”

1 Horrid title! Its by Gretchen Green who tells a *lot* about Tantine both in India & England & about Dorothy Eustis & Dorothy Elmhirst & Kenneth Saunders & Tagore—

2—& a thousand others Brett must know.

A few mornings ago Evangeline Stowkowsky called about 9:00 & left a card in the gate when she saw our sign saying she wouldnt come in at a zero hour. Parkhurst

3 with her. Stowkowsky gives 4 {3} concerts May 1–4 in S. F. Noël has asked me to go up for one or more

Ask Brett whether she ever knew an English sculptor & woodcarver named Alec Miller.

4 He came for tea with wife

5 & son. The son Alastair

6 ♦ was so adorable. He is 22 just out of Oxford & a poet & *sweet*. He looks {exactly} like young Robin & that {Sargent}

charcoal drawing of Yeats all mixed up, & he has just translated a long mediaeval French treatise on *Unicorns*—which until *me* he never could interest anyone in! I wish he were a triplet with Donnan & Garth. Those dear boys were down five days over Easter & we were happy! They were writing their term papers in Anthropology & as we had some very rare old books {on their topics} they worked here & the room was littered with open books & papers & ink & boys & things to eat & I felt as if I would burst with joy! Donnans paper is “Stonehenge & Avebury” & Garth’s “Irish Megaliths”

Mario Ramirez was here & I like him! Also Julie Heyneman from London & Mrs Denis O’Sullivan.

I’m reading “The Last Puritan.”

7 Good but too long & repetitious! ♦

Wish you were here to talk with the Clapps about Florence. They’ve just read your book with *great interest* but disagreed violently with some of your descriptions of people. Fun to talk over these days with them.

A great adventurer Maj. Furlong

8 came to call. I couldn’t make him out entirely & plunged at “Whos Who” when he was gone & found he had about the longest space of anyone in it. *Extraordinary* career I’ll tell you, ranging from bringing Stanley relics out of African jungles, soldiering with Lawrence in Arabia to being champion *bull rider* at Pendleton Oregon rodeo! A quiet unassuming man.

Olga brought Roland Young.

9 (played the Earl in *Ruggles of Red Gap*) He's a fine person
Liked him *so* much.

We are talking very hard about getting a new Ford before we
go to Taos. Perhaps we shall drive up to your door in state!
Tony will be glad to see us in a new car.

All my love
Una.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Gretchen Green, *The Whole World & Company* (New
York: Reynal & Hitchcock, 1936).

2. Green's book is a breezy account of her travels around the
world, with extended references to such friends as Tantine
(born Josephine MacLeod), a devotee of Vivekenanda;
Dorothy Eustis, breeder of German shepherd dogs and
founder of The Seeing Eye training school; Dorothy Elmhirst,
founder of the Dartington Hall School; Kenneth Saunders, a
professor of comparative religion; and Rabindranath Tagore,
Bengali poet, philosopher, musician, and Nobel laureate.

3. Probably Helen Parkhurst (1887–1973), founder and
headmistress of the Dalton School in New York City.
Parkhurst was a friend, neighbor, and business partner of the
Stokowskis. Her books include *Education on the Dalton Plan*
(1922), *Beauty: An Interpretation of Art and the Imaginative
Life* (1930), and *Cathedral: A Gothic Pilgrimage* (1936).

4. Alec Miller (1879–1961), born in Scotland, was a sculptor
and master woodcarver who worked for many years in

Chipping Campden, England before establishing a studio in Santa Barbara, California. He was the author of *Stone and Marble Carving* (1948) and *Tradition in Sculpture* (1949).

5. Eleanor Rowsell (Bishop) Miller (1886–1979).

6. Alastair William Rowsell Miller (1912–1974), a writer and teacher, read medieval French at Christ Church college, Oxford University, but he did not complete a degree.

7. George Santayana, *The Last Puritan: A Memoir in the Form of a Novel* (New York: C. Scribner's Sons, 1936).

8. Charles Wellington Furlong (1874–1967), artist, educator, explorer, author, and military officer. After studying art at the École des Beaux Arts and the Académie Julian in Paris, Furlong taught art at Cornell University and other institutions. He then began a life of adventure that included expeditions (often as the first American ever to attempt them) in Tripoli, Tierra del Fuego, Patagonia, Guiana, Bolivia, Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, and many other places. Along the way, he lectured for the National Geographic Society, won a bull-riding championship, became an officer in the United States Army, served as a delegate to the 1919 Peace Conference in Paris, hunted for treasure, painted, lived with Pygmies, climbed Jungfrau and Mont Blanc, and won a number of military medals and diplomatic awards. Furlong was also the author of *The Gateway to the Sahara* (1909), *Through the Heart of the Surinam Jungle* (1914), *Let 'er Buck: A Story of the Passing of the Old West* (1921), and other books.

9. Roland Young (1887–1953), an English actor and popular Hollywood movie star.

UJ to Sara Bard Field

Tor House April 16. 1936

Dearest Sara—

Robin & I loved your long full letter—I intended to write you at length before this but do not see any chance We have been much occupied with {*many* people & particularly} our very dear friends, the Clapps, who are spending a month here. (You have his “Pontormo”). He has just finished the long & exhausting job of getting the Frick collection arranged in N. Y. (4 yrs. work)

1 He is the advising director. This great marble {Frick} house has been made into a gallery—\$50,000,000 collection & \$15,000,000 endowment to carry on with. Kay would enjoy him—he is a *great* art critic.

Blanche & Russell have been in L. A. for a fortnight & more.

Sara *do* write your memoirs. We both urge you to it. Your life has been interesting & full ♦ and your reactions vivid & full of integrity Moreover you are articulate about them & analytical. Of *course* write them. Here are two eager readers!

A N. Y. man now in Hollywood has just been here

2 came up to see Noël with Mario Ramirez. He used to be a reader in {Harrison} Smith’s office. He thinks Random House & Harrison Smith joined are {makes} the most powerful {publishing} firm in N. Y. U. S.

Yes the Allegra book is by Iris Origo—the Clapps know her & gave me another book of hers to read—a life of the Italian poet Leopardi.

3 Byron's Don Juan & all the long ones bore me,—& clever satire surfeits me very soon—I know he was a master at it but I think it isn't *too* hard to imitate. I think Leonard Bacon does pretty well aping Byron.

4 Byron was a cad, no doubt of it, but fascinating & a poetic personality! But I wouldn't reread any of the long ones for less than ten dollars an hour fee. Yes I know Kurtz book on Shelley. Hans Barkan gave it to me Kurtz was here & talked with us about it when he was writing it

Hug darling Erskine for us as hard as you can.

Love from Una

Robin says Please Erskine no more camel caravans. He hates the desert anyway—

5

ALS. Huntington. 2 pages.

1. The Frick Collection opened to the public December 16, 1935.

2. In an April 14, 1936 letter to Bennett Cerf (ALS Columbia), not used in this edition, Una identifies the visitor as Ben Wasson. Benjamin Franklin Wasson, Jr. (1899–1982) was a writer, literary agent, and, from the late 1940s until his death, the arts editor of the *Delta Democrat-Times* in Greenville, Mississippi. His close friendship with William

Faulkner, which began when they were classmates at the University of Mississippi, is recalled in *Count No 'Count: Flashbacks to Faulkner* (1983).

3. Iris Origo, *Leopardi: A Biography* (London: Oxford University Press, 1935).

4. Leonard Bacon (1887–1954), a poet, translator, professor, and literary critic, was the author of *The Furioso* (1932), an ironic narrative inspired by Byron's *Don Juan*. Bacon won the 1941 Pulitzer Prize for *Sunderland Capture, and Other Poems* (1940).

5. This postscript is added at the end of the first paragraph, boxed off from the rest of the text.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel. April 17. 1936.

Dear Melba—

Read enclosed letter & wire first.

1 This woman came yesterday with the young man. I had some guests for tea for the Clapps—and we were going to dinner afterwards—so I talked with her only five or ten minutes as she was departing (Robin had seen them in the dining room.) No sooner had she left (to return to L. A. last night—they drove up just for hour with Robin—enthusiasts!) than I realized that I ought to have made some violent readjustment of my plans in order to question her.—I don't know where else one could get access to her vivid picture of the Jeffers family in that long-ago time

in Germany. I suppose you've noticed at what inopportune moments, opportunities present themselves. She is a short plump woman of 62, very alert ♦ and energetic & voluble. Voluble about her own life which she has found strange & intricate, & voluble about the Jeffers. {es.} She gave me a vivid impression of young Belle-Mère with her husband already beyond middle age, cold, severe, reserved with a great erudition & great mind & completely aloof. She kept saying "he {Dr. J.} never found release as Robinson has done—his wife was too young & in awe of him—he was always shut in—he had too much power & honor from everyone"—Robin was young & shy {&} always under the severe regime of his father etc etc also spoke of Belle-Mères charm & gaiety—& of her great beauty when she saw her in the east shortly after Dr. Jeffers died in 1914.

This woman told me she has very limited means but somehow does what she wants to most.—She is living at present in Tucson & has been taking care ♦ of him {the young poet,} & herself taking courses in Spanish at the University of Arizona She appeared with three copies of Solstice—(& smiled a little & said "we'll eat bread & cheese for lunch tomorrow!"—)—

Now your connection with this. It occurred to me that I would write her this morning & if she hasn't already left L. A. for Tucson tell her to call on you on the way. If you care to ask them to lunch or for a night (& (-have time!!) you might get some material {unobtainable elsewhere} you could use in future or even in a future edition of your present book. Have your questions well in mind & hold her to it. The thing is the make-up, looks, characteristics characteristics of that long ago period of Robin & parents. She also knew & knows the rich Robinson connections of Belle-Mère in Pittsburgh & spoke of

the one who was Belle-Mères guardian & his being severe too, & frowning upon Belle-Mère's younger beaux. ♦ In case she has already returned to Tucson perhaps if you wrote & offered a copy of your book in exchange, she would write answers to anything you ask—she is eager about Robin.—I hope this will prove of some value—

In haste,
Affectionately
Una.

It was in Stuttgart, Germany she knew them, & Robin can't remember her or Stuttgart well. He remembers going to school & details of Leipsig but that was years later when he was 11 or 12

Alas, I see I have burnt her Tucson envelope with address on but probably the Hollywood would forward a letter if she is gone.

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages.

1. The letter is missing but the wire survives. The April 12, 1936 telegram sent by Maia Crane Tener from the Crest Hotel in Hollywood asks, "Will it be possible for you to see Mr. Gordon and me for a short while Thursday evening or Friday morning." The telegram bears a note in Una's hand recording her response: "Could {Glad to} see you five to six Thurs. p.m Sorry other time is engaged R. J".

Maia Alden (Crane) Tener (b. 1873) was the widow of Wallis J. Tener (1861–1927), an insurance broker, real estate

investor, and civic leader. Wallis' brother John K. Tener was the governor of Pennsylvania from 1911 to 1915. Maia grew up in Sewickley, Pennsylvania where her father Edward P. Crane was a minister.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California
April 23. 1936

Dear Bennett:

Thanks so much for the Irwin Shaw play. Its the best anti-war propaganda I've seen. Its a stunning play—a *terrible* play.

1 Congratulations on having him in the fold. Robin agrees with above

2!

Here is a letter—the second from Mr. Ober. I dont know what to do about this. Robin says it would distract him to bother with it. If it could be done successfully, I wish it were possible—I'm going to tell him to consult you.

3

Hope all goes well with you & the Firm.

Love from Tor House
Una

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

1. Irwin Shaw, *Bury the Dead* (New York: Random House, 1936).

2. A small arrow inserted directly after “above” points to Una’s comments concerning *Bury the Dead*.

3. Ober’s letter is missing. In a letter to Una dated April 28, 1936 (TCC Columbia), Cerf says, “I have spoken with Harold Ober about Lawrence Schwab’s proposal to make a play of *Thurso’s Landing*. I told him that Robin would not want to have anything to do with the actual fashioning of the play, but that he would certainly insist upon the finished job being submitted for his O. K. before anything can be done with it in the way of actual production.”

Harold Ober (1881–1959), president of Harold Ober Associates, was a literary agent. Clients included F. Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner, Pearl Buck, and other writers. Laurence Schwab (1892–1951) was a writer and producer who specialized in musical comedies.

UJ to Edward Weston

Tor House. Carmel
April 25. 1936

Dear Weston—

Will you please finish me six small ones (I guess you call them contact prints) of this picture of Robin (taken 1929 {not sure}) & one large one. Do not mount the large one on a big cardboard. It is to be framed & its a bother to ship so large. Just enclose this little picture with the others—will you & I can replace it in an article I cut it from.

I shall be here until the 13th or so of May before we go on our
♦ usual trip to Taos & I'd be glad if you could send them
before—if you have time.

I hope all goes well with you we miss you in Carmel.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Tor House. 2 pages. Postmark: April 25, 1936.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

[April 25, 1936]
Tor House. Carmel
Saturday

Darling Maud & Timmie:

We have missed you sadly. I am outraged that time slipped by
& left unsaid so many things. Such fun to tell ones heart to
you two. Now say truly—isn't it rare although I {one} knows
so many thrilling people, isnt it very rare that you find any
that you can sit down {with,} knee to knee, & talk anything &
everything—every prodigious thing—and see a sane
understanding in their faces. We do delight in you & we're
proud of you!

Is it beautiful where you are? Every day has been perfect
here. This is the moment when the long waving wild oats all
about us is heavy & full. The movement and the swishing
murmur as the wind wanders through it leave me almost faint
with joy. I await this time each spring.—That brings me to

one of the many subjects I wished to talk over with you—Do you—as I do—feel a need to have actual *duration of time* to savr {savor} things? I seem to ♦ have to be *constantly*, CONSCIOUSLY arranging my life that it won't dash by me in a sort of exuberant participation in of the thousand amusing things that happen every day. I have to drag it back—Robin laughs at my pleasure in that {sentence from an} “Old Play” that Scott quotes at the head of a chapter

“While here at home upon our very threshold ten thousand objects HURTLE into view of Int'rest wonderful——”

1

They do hurtle & I do leap to catch them, but then at night when I go to bed I feel diminsed diminished—and need a whole day just to look at the sea & hold my copy of W^m Barnes “{Rural} Poems in Dorset dialect” & dust my chessmen. Yesterday I found a marvellous old bit of music by the lutanist Dowland

2 which had somehow escaped my eye {about a swan}—It so enchanted me I was still playing it over at 1: AM & had Robin fair hypnotized—That angel is refreshed when I am. Isn't he funny?

Our most devoted love to you.
Una.

We are going with Sidney & Olga horseback to back ranch for Sunday, & next week Fri. May 1, we shall be at Noëls in S. F. over night for Stowkowsky. Possibly we will take Garth & Donnan to Inverness

3 for Sat & Sun if they are free. Dont you come here while we are gone

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. While Sir Walter Scott may have used this quotation in one of his books, a more likely source is *Walks in London* (1878) by Augustus J. C. Hare, where the quotation appears as an epigraph beside the title page. Robinson and Una had a copy of Hare's two-volume book in their library. As printed, the complete quotation is a few lines longer than Una's version:

'I'll see these things!—They're rare and passing curious—

But thus 'tis ever; what's within our ken,

Owl-like, we blink at, and direct our search

To farthest Inde in quest of novelties;

Whilst here, at home, upon our very thresholds,

Ten thousand objects hurtle into view,

Of Int'rest wonderful.'—*Old Play*

2. John Dowland (1563–1626), English composer and musician.

3. Inverness is a picturesque community on Tomales Bay, north of San Francisco.

4. Added in top margin, first page.

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House. Carmel
May 9, 1936

Dearest Albert:

How do you remember to do all these nice things for everyone? We were delighted to receive the pamphlets & archeological material about Ireland Robin has spent two whole evenings reading the book (Prehistoric Man in Ireland).
1 He & the boys have discussed shapes & types of skull & their conclusions for as long as I can remember!

Perhaps I told you already that {for} Donnan's term paper in Anthropology he chose to write on "Irish Megaliths" (Garth wrote on Stonehenge and Avebury)

The boys finish their exams on May 13 & we leave for Taos on May 18. We expect to have a grand time but its hard to leave this blessed place.

My time in S. F. was very busy.—The fine music ♦ and in the morning the Van Gogh exhibit.

2 Leslie Roos

3 took me out to the exhibit, & then I bought some wash dresses to wear in New Mexico.

Well the boys year from home is gone faster than I could have imagined—but we are not weaned from them yet. Robin & I grasp every holiday!

We expect to be gone from home about five weeks—dont make your Carmel trip then!

Keep well.

Warmest love from
Una & Robin.

Some hot day I'll write you from Taos—retiring into a dim cool room in Mabel's house & leaving the hot blaze *outside*.

ALS. Stanford. 2 pages.

1.Cecil P. Martin, *Prehistoric Man in Ireland* (London and New York: Macmillan, 1935).

2.A major exhibition of drawings and paintings by Vincent van Gogh was shown at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor from April 28 to May 29.

3.Elizabeth Leslie (Meyerfeld) Roos (1887–1977) was the wife of Leon Roos, a San Francisco financier.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House Carmel
May 11. 1936.

Dearest Mabel:

The concerts Stowkowsky played in S. F. were a tremendous success. We went up & stayed at Noëls. Robin didnt go to the concert. The evening I went was entirely Bach & Wagner

(Götterdämmerung) I want to talk all about him when I come—

We brought the boys home with us for two days {in} which they were free before holidays {examinations} began. I went to the Van Gogh art exhibit &, fearful as I am when there is so much *blurb* about anything,—was tremendously interested & found a few of them of intense beauty—the clearness & purity of his color is a joy—then to see those painted when he was deranged—they are almost all done with *swirling* outlines What added a great deal of *point*—wasere excerpts from his letters to his brother painted written simultaneously with the pictures—analyzing his plans & intent ♦ These were pasted on the wall beside each picture.

This letter looks queer because somehow I've rubbed {rubbed} honey & almond cream on the paper & the pen won't take hold. The Clapps invited us to go as their guests up the redwood highway & to Ben Bow Hotel

1 for a couple of days. We couldnt spare the time, but I shall always regret those hours I missed. With no reservation at all I could commend them to you. She is so amusing & clever & thoroughly nice & him I shall love until I die. Fortunately Robin agrees with me. I had a letter from Timmie this morning which said “Being near you two & seeing you made our vacation—there are none (except H. D.) with whom the contact of seeing & being with yields so steady a current of sympathy & clarity”—& I would say the same {back} to him & put (*Mabel*) in parenthesis. ({His H. D. is *Dwight* author of “Stamboul Nights”

2 & in diplomatic service} ♦

What do you think—every morning I dash down to our cove & dip in the sea water! Robin {& Haig} thinks me a heroic figure (I like that!) It is cold & grand. I wish I'd done it every day we've lived here {in Tor House}—17 yrs!

I add daily to my shell walk.

Yesterday we went back to the Corona with Fishes & afterwards Sidney & Robin & I rode on farther through a dense thicket for miles & along the bed of a stream. Had an exciting ride many wild flowers We got back to {their} hilltop house for tea & Olga was having a grand time reading your article on Adrian

3 & lent us the magazine which we read with interest Its a good article & gives a distinct impression of him.—I wonder whether I told you when he was here he was delighted because I had read ♦ “The Asiatics” by Prokosch which I recommended to you. He was carrying it around under his arm & few of his friends had read it. He had illustrated it with some *very*

clever drawings—(pen & ink with a little color washed in). He had made a picture & {at} the top & end of each chapter. The drawings were good really! They were exotic & some rather decadent but then so are the people & deeds in the book.

Prince Vassili & Natasha

4 are leaving this week to be King Edward's

5 guests. Vassili's mother

6 has been lent Frogmore House

7 by the King. The Vassili is going to write a series of articles (if allowed) covering the correspondence of his grandmother

(the late Czar's mother) & her sister Queen Alexandra (King Edward's grandmother.)

8 They wrote to each other every day all their lives & lived to be around 80 both of them. They were Danish you remember. He needs the money & his mother has the letters for him to examine.

Warm Love from Una.

Boys finish their college this week. We expect to start to Taos a week from today. We are all eager to be there. It seems a real home.

9

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. The Benbow Hotel, situated on the Eel River in Humboldt County near Garberville, California.

2. Harrison Griswold Dwight, *Stamboul Nights* (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1916).

3. Mabel Dodge Luhan, "Mabel Dodge Luhan Describes the Man Behind 'Gowns by Adrian,'" *Town & Country* (May 1936): 70–71, 114–116, 119.

4. Prince Vasili Alexandrovich, also known as Vasili Romanov (1907–1989), and Princess Natalia (Galitzine), also known as Natasha Romanov (1907–1989). Prince Vasili was the nephew of Czar Nicholas II of Russia. Natasha, the daughter of a physician who fled Russia after the Bolshevik Revolution, was an actress.

5. Edward VIII (1894–1972), king of the United Kingdom from January 20, 1936 until his December 11, 1936⁶ abdication.

6. Grand Duchess Xenia Alexandrovna (1875–1960), sister of Czar Nicholas II (1868–1918).

7. Frogmore House, a seventeenth-century country estate located in the Home Park of Windsor Castle, Berkshire County, England.

8. Prince Vasili's grandmother was Empress Maria Feodorovna, born Princess Dagmar of Denmark (1847–1928). His great-aunt was Princess Alexandra of Denmark (1844–1925), Queen Consort of Edward VII. Her husband, heir apparent to the throne during the reign of Queen Victoria, served as king of the United Kingdom from 1901 to 1910.

9. Written in top right margin, first page.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Midnight

Tor House. Carmel

May 12. 1936

Darling Clapps:

You wouldnt dream how disappointed I was not to meet you at Benbow. I didnt tell Maud all the reasons for our inability over the phone. It is true that we find it difficult to leave for more than one night on account of the chickens & pigeons & quail (when we go for weeks there are elaborate

arrangements)—but somehow I would have managed only we had a notice to appear that day before the Federal Income Tax officer in Monterey & bring all accounts pertaining to year 1934.—Well we spent several hours collecting the papers which indicate the sums & deductions of our meagre finances & poor Robin went over his statement painfully to see what was wrong—. We went at 10 am as ordered & waited in a throng for two hours—when our turn came the man consulted orders from San Francisco & then ♦ said to Robin—“Are you separated from your wife?” R said—“Far from it!”—The man said “Well there is some queer mistake then. Our agents in S. F. reported you were separated & it would be necessary for you & Mrs. J. to make separate returns—” I left & Robin made some indignant comments—My God—was anything ever more infuriating?

Tomorrow morning we are dashing up to S. F. Berkeley to get the boys. Their year is over. I almost have them in my arms. We plan to start to Taos next Monday morning May 18. I wish you'd write us there—c/o Mabel & tell us all your news. In particular say whether you found Boulder Dam
1 worth the effort. We might {do it returning if it isn't 125° .}

O I meant to say we felt *one* ray of comfort in failing to keep our tryst with you at Benbow. {Last year} we found it tiring driving along that twisty road among tree trunks—and thought “well if Timmie feels a bout with ♦ headache coming on—& they are alone he can drive in at the nearest inn & fight it off but if he knows we are up there waiting he will push on regardless”—

Maud I wish you could see my new dresses! 56 new cool thin dresses for



Taos, two of them cunning little dimity dotted Swiss muslin. One yellow, one blue, 2 knit (string) one sand color one yellow—an angel figured brown & cream uncr *unwrinkle-able* linen & one amber China brocade silk dinner dress—They are sweet & I look nice in them—but *will I* in Taos? The heat makes me feel apoplectic, & I dont look very nice *tanned!*

Sunday we rode horseback to the Palo Corona back ranch atof the Fishes—Afterwards Sidney & Robin & I pushed on several miles up the San José Creek through a dense thicket of ♦ young tree growth, vines & wild rose treebushes. It was very beautiful & we came on an abandoned house way off there with a bunch of cala lilies by the doorstep & ragged red roses by the well!—O these lost little places in the hills—they make me tremble. Dont you think of distracted mothers and feverish babies—or broken bones—how did they manage—& no roads—everything packed in on horses over bad trails.

Tomorrow night Noël is having a good-bye dinner for us—just Olga & Sidney, & his house guest Richard Haliburton—

2 I used to feel he was an intolerable young man whose *travel* books were exciting even if he was so cheeky. Noël says he is really nice—we'll see.

Coming back from {Palo} Corona I noticed suddenly how threadbare my riding suit is. Its a homespun I bought in Edinburgh. *If* that Donegal material is available *that's* the way Ill use it!

Now it's 1 AM & just time to say we love you very much & long for many & lengthy chances to tell our souls.

Devotedly
Una

I finished “Sparkenbroke”

3 tonight. I enjoyed it—Robin didnt much.

4 Tell us how Dwight managed & tell us all about yourselves.
Sweet everlasting growing wild in our place.

5

ALS. Yale. 4 pages. Postmark: May 13, 1936.

1. Boulder Dam, later renamed Hoover Dam, is located about thirty miles southeast of Las Vegas, Nevada. When it was completed in 1936, it was the largest concrete structure in the world.

2. Richard Halliburton (1900–1939), an American writer and adventurer. His many feats, such as swimming the length of the Panama Canal and flying around the world in an open cockpit biplane, were recorded in such books as *The Royal Road to Romance* (1925), *The Glorious Adventure* (1927), *New Worlds to Conquer* (1929), and *The Flying Carpet* (1932). In March 1939 Halliburton attempted to sail a Chinese junk from Hong Kong to San Francisco, but the craft sank during a typhoon and he was lost at sea.

3. Charles Morgan, *Sparkenbroke* (New York: Macmillan, 1936).

4. This and the following postscript are written in the top right corner, first page.

5. Written vertically in left margin, first page.

UJ to Blanche Matthias

[May 17, 1936]

Sunday

Dearest Blanche—

Thanks for this letter.

1 She is always vivid. Of course her summing up of Timmie amuses me—His knowledge of world politics is profound & his range of history prevents any extraordinary surprise {on his part} when history repeats itself as its doing today. I *too*—with *her*—find every moment tremendously interesting & exciting but I cant get staccato & believe for a second its more important {today or any more thrilling} than 100 yrs ago today in a remote—any remote—rural corner of England. I should have swooned then as I do now at the swirl of clouds & sea—& have listened to W^m Cobbett (In his “Rural Rides”) extort the public on abuses & try reforms (just like today) as he stamped up & down & sayw rich people with luxuries & poor ones hungry. Its always been so & always will—I suppose as long as the race lasts. You remember in the play of Sophocles {the “Trachinae”} “Behold the vast injustice of the Gods”—

2 We are born beautiful & talented—or crippled & dull—It happens so ♦ & its a vastly emancipating release when one seeks {ceases} to think such a silly word as *justice* or equal scales possible.—I would {not} deny the fine fanatical zest & *feeling* of righteous virtue though, one feels {experiences} in *demanding* “Pure air for all!”

I told John you would be enchanted to have the powder horn he speaks of in this letter.

3 You need not return it. I have answered it—

Such a day. The boys home with two trunks full of clothes in various states of needing cleaning, mending or pressing. Today I ironed 12 shirts & 5 pairs of duckss & blue jeans. I'm tired but must confess I dont feel at all *put upon*. The dining room is a riot of trunks & bags & tennis racksets & shoes which I must get into some disciplined state. I wished for Russell tonight—Ive been deep in maps trying to find things to do different & so exciting that any extra hours in the heat wont matter. I am happy & wrought up & tired out & always will be & always was all those 13 yrs. we stayed at home & never had a holiday. Send us a line to Taos

Dearest love from

Una

He served several years in the Air Dept in the war & he doesnt pine for a Bonus. Why should he go to a Legion meeting?

4

Clarence, a Tevis gardener feeds our chickens & waters the courtyard. Dr. Odell

5 has our key—

6

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. The letter is missing.

2. Hyllus speaks these words at the close of *The Trachiniae* (or *The Women of Trachis*), a play by Sophocles about the death of Heracles.

3. The letter is missing.

4. Written vertically in left margin, first page. The reference is to Timmie Clapp's service as a lieutenant in the 17th Aero Squadron during World War I.

5. Henry Edward Odell (1871–1954), a retired officer and physician in the United States Navy, lived near Robinson and Una on Inspiration Avenue at the corner of Hilltop Place.

6. Written vertically in left margin, second page.

UJ to Albert Bender

Taos New Mexico c/o Mabel Luhan.
May 27. 1936

Dearest Albert—

Your two books & your letter came two days ago. Thank you for everything. These "*In Search of—*" books by Morton are splendid.

1 I have the Scotland one.

How well you know my feeling for Ireland—It tugs at my heartstrings always. I wish we could live there part of the time!!

All is fine here. Mabel in top form, with a hundred irons in the fire at ♦ once. She & I went off on a little private spree to Santa Fe Monday & spent the night. She is as you say a remarkable woman and one can't have a dull moment near her. Brett too is here in Taos—not having gone up to her ranch yet. We are earlier than usual & in the midst of a riotous blooming of lilac, iris, chokecherry & wild plum. A heavy rain yesterday p.m. & marvellous storm clouds against the mts. We are riding horseback every day which is my favorite past time. This is a beautiful country & I love it even if it is alien to me—for my home is always by the Sea. Yes you did right to allow Melba B. to use the letter.

Keep well & know we love you!

Yours,
Una.

Robin is working on a new book, a group of idyls.

2

ALS. Mills. 2 pages. Letterhead (crossed out): El Garges, Needles, California.

1. Henry Canova Vollam Morton (1892–1979), known as H. V. Morton, was an English journalist and travel writer. His *In Search of England* (1927) was followed by similarly titled books on Scotland, Ireland, Wales, South Africa, and the Holy Land.

2. Added at top of page, above letterhead.

RJ to Benjamin De Casseres

[June 1936]
c/o Mabel Dodge Luhan,
Taos, New Mexico.

Dear De Casseres:

Thank you very much for the pamphlets and book. I read them all with interest and enjoyment, and wish so much that I could have thanked you sooner. But at home it is practically impossible for me to write a letter, there are so many things to do and experience, and a pleasant hypnotic routine that is perfectly letter-proof.

I like *The Individual against Moloch* best for its thought and substance and *The Muse of Lies* for its poetic value, but all these publications have poetry and truth, beauty and surprise in them. It is fine that you are publishing them at last.

1

We are visiting here for about a month, as in several previous summers. We ride and watch the thunder-storms and swim in the hot springs; our boys practise their Spanish on the Mexicans and Indians. The country is beautiful and strange, 7000 feet high, going up to 13000, but I would not live permanently except by the ocean.

Congratulations and best wishes on the books you are publishing, full of ideas as the sea is of fish.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. In addition to *The Individual Against Moloch* (New York: De Casseres and Blackstone Publishers, 1936) and *The Muse of Lies* (Newark, N. J.: Rose Printers, 1936), De Casseres published over a dozen more books and pamphlets in 1936. Titles include *Black Suns*, *The Elect and the Damned*, *Jules de Gaultier and La Rochefoucauld*, *The Adventures of an Exile*, *I Dance with Nietzsche*, *Broken Images*, and *The Eternal Return*.

UJ to Edward Weston

‰ Mabel Luhan
Taos. New Mexico
June 3. 1936

Dear Weston—

This check has no relation at all to the value of your work—but as a matter of fact I couldn't afford to order any if you did charge me in full!

Mabel is in top spirits & the spring is lovely beyond words & cooler than usual a riot of flowers—and {the} terrific thunderclouds you got—range around the mountains. We are riding & its fun to have our boys with us—

Affectionate greetings from all of us & Mabel.

Una <over> ♦

We are going up to Frieda's tomorrow to see all of Lawrence's paintings They are building a room on to house them Doesn't it seem *queer* to think of them up there.

ALS. Tor House. 2 pages. Letterhead (crossed out): El Navajo, Gallup, New Mexico. Postmark: June 1936.

UJ to Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott Wood

‰ Mabel Luhan
Taos. New Mexico
June 5. 1936

Dearest Sara & Erskine:

I had word from Blanche of Sara's attack and that she was recovering nicely—so now I hope that all is well with you both!

We had a cooler trip than usual down. When we arrived hundreds of lilac bushes in Mabel's yard {were covered with bloom}—now the wild roses are thick along every lane with a fragrance sweeter than any other. There {are} irises, wild & cultivated, everywhere. This morning I rode through a great meadow where they were growing thick as grass. We have been riding horseback swimming, tennis, walking & motor trips back into the mts. Mabel is in gay spirits. and so are we.

We have been attending court here an hour or so a day this week. There hasn't been a session for eighteen months {(lack of funds!)} so the calendar is FULL. Erskine would be interested to watch proceedings. Practically every person in court is foreign,—mostly Mexican, some ♦ Indians—just a few Anglos. The judge is Anglo (a noSoutherner—who adds his accent to the general confusion.) Every man on the jury is Mexican. Every word spoken in court is translated into both English & Spanish. {fine practice for Garth, listening} Such

types! Yesterday a murder case, the day before a theft. (which the well-educated, (apparently), *Italian* sub. d prosecuting attorney always referred to as a stealth!); a theft of boots, leather coat & one sock {and a can with some “coffee, más o menos” in it.} from a sheep herder’s tent back in the mts. You can imagine the queer warped solitaires

who were dragged down to testify.—Its the queerest place {here} really! here! Catholic ceremonies too ion Memorial Day were queer with everyone carrying wreaths of bright colored {paper} flowers for the graves. We were riding horseback & in distant back country lanes came on small processions of women & children in their best clothes going toward the nearest little huddle of worn wooden crosses with {gay} paper streamers & flowers. ♦ Then of course all the Penitente

1 strain—there is a morada

2 on the desert back of Mabel’s house, windowless—& with what blood rites & flagellations going on inside! & a Calvary $\frac{3}{4}$ mile up the path {on the sun-baked desert.} where their painful rites go on.—Then the art colony & the tourists, to say nothing of the Indians & Pueblo—and Mabel’s great place like an enchanted castle—{walled off} cool, quiet, luxurious with noiseless servants gliding through the shadowy rooms—the most exquisitely run,—frictionless establishment! In the great courtyards always the cooing of pigeons, the murmur of the encircling acéquia

3 & the wind through the fragrant wild olives. Alien to us ALL this but dear & familiar now.

How *could* Stef write so lovingly of Cowell in the Pacific Weekly?

4 Would he feel so cheery if it Pete had been tamp tampered with & paid off with a stick of candy? & how comical of him

then to say this man's filthy conduct was caused by our economic {educational} system! Has Stef never heard of Greece? When abnormal people stay with their own aged friends—thats their own ♦ affair & pleasure—when they manipulate the young of either sex—then its *our* affair to hide them away {in asylums or prisons} or draw & quarter them at once. I suppose Stef recalls the fact that a few of Oscar Wilde's {friends} were noble enough {not} to desert him. I havent any interest in Wilde & very little in his smart sophomoric plays & decadent verse but—certainly his was a completely different case He was not rendering neurotic & sterile the lives of mere children. His playmates were grown men.

We are going up to Friedas {Lawrences} again in a few days, & she is going to show us Lawrence's paintings—I don't expect to like them much but I'm curious to see. Frieda & Mabel & Brett are not friends just now.

Much love from all of us, and firm hugs.

Written so hastily that I daren't read it over—

Devotedly
Una.

ALS. Huntington. 4 pages.

1. Los Hermanos de la Fraternidad Piadosa de Nuestro Padre Jesús Nazareno (The Brothers of the Pious Fraternity of Our Father Jesus the Nazarene), also referred to as Los Hermanos, Los Penitentes, and the Penitente Brotherhood, is a religious fraternity of Roman Catholic men based in New Mexico and

Colorado. The brotherhood is known for its secrecy, ascetic practices (such as self-flagellation), tradition of hymn singing, and intense devotion.

2. *Morada*: Spanish for “home, chapel, or meeting place.”

3. *Acequia*: Spanish for “irrigation channel.”

4. Following a May 1936 arrest on a morals charge involving a seventeen-year-old boy, Henry Cowell was convicted and sentenced to one to fifteen years in San Quentin Penitentiary. While incarcerated, he wrote, composed, and conducted the prison band. Paroled after four years and pardoned in 1942, Cowell married and resumed his career. He taught at the New School for Social Research, Columbia University, and the Peabody Conservatory; composed in a wide variety of musical forms, often employing influences from native and foreign cultures; performed occasionally; co-authored *Charles Ives and His Music* (1955); and secured his reputation as a vital, prophetic force in the history of modern and postmodern music.

Steffens’ vague but sympathetic comment on Cowell’s arrest appears in “Lincoln Steffens Speaking,” *Pacific Weekly* (June 1, 1936): 309.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

c/o Mabel Luhan
Taos, New Mexico
June 6, 1936

Darling Clapps—

The days are fleet—we have been from home three weeks and I cant remember an idle hour. We came in 2½ days this time (1275 miles as we drove it.) Needles, Gallup, Taos. We found everything lovely here—Hundreds of great lilac bushes at Mabels all covered with bloom because the spring was late here. {and chokecherry & wild plum in every direction growing wild.} It hasn't been too hot yet. I've ridden every day & the others nearly as often,—and tennis, swimming, walking &—motoring to queer far away mt. villages, remote and asleep and as foreign as any places beyond the seas. One place 60 miles away, Mora, was Mexican and French and Robin bargained at great length in French for certain curious objects the others in our car wanted to buy—and there was a great enormous old lady bloodhound named *Louisiana* ambling about staring with dull unbelieving eyes at Haig. ♦

The grand brush came, Maud, and I loved your remembering: it was exactly my desire! * A kiss for you!

We have been up at Frieda's once and are going again in a few days, to see Lawrence's paintings. They are all away up there inon the mt. and Frieda & Angelino are having a room built on to house them. Isn't it a queer thought? Frieda is well again & abounding in vitality & exuberant talk & gestures. She & Mabel & Brett are not friends now.

Garth & I rode alone this morning up to the foot of a mt, across miles of desert covered with sage then back home by a roundabout trail until we suddenly came to cultivated meadows & running little streams & across meadows so thick with irises—so thick that our horses hooves crushed them at each step—such sudden changes in scene. There is a great

barren trackless mesa we ride on very often a few miles from here. It is high above the country around here, thousands of acres of arid soil, only sage & scrub plants grown there and a strange soul-less wind rustles ♦ the dry stems continually. When we come to the edges we look down into meadows threaded with streams, and {see} sheep grazing—ewes with tiny, tiny lambs, and wild thin dark men with watchful dogs look up at us with no greeting. There is at one end a cañon we call Black cañon—it is walled with black lava—great blocks of it and bent trees grow in fissures of it with cactus beside them. We rode perilously down into it one day and {along a} winded winding trail until it opened out a little and there was a flat area with a long, low sun-baked adobe house, two plane trees and a corral built of slabs of black lava standing on end {and a few goats grazing}—We began to feel it was a dream—this cañon for no one had seen it and one year we couldn't find it at all—but its here this year.

You never could guess what Garth is doing at this moment. Helping José the stableman who is a Penitente, & has worked for Mabel 18 yrs & doesnt know one word of English—helping him geld a colt Garth is {has been} breaking {to ride.} <over> ♦

Everything is different each year.—We watched the Mexican women decorate graves on Memorial Day with streamers & lovely bright wreaths of paper flowers, & we have been in the very thick of great intrigue all the time—for dissatisfied Indians of all the Pueblos are turned against Collier & have gotten Ickes

1 to send out special investigators—such interviews & clues and bitterness!

Then for a week court has been in session (first time in 18 mo. no funds.) We go an hour or so each day. I wouldn't have missed it. Mostly Mexicans, a few Indians & a few Anglos in court. The judge is Anglo but being a southerner his accent aids in {adds to} the confusion. Every word spoken in court is translated into Spanish—or into English. There is the constant undertone of unending interpreting. Fine practice for boys—hearing this. The jury is all Mexican & look like a gang of cut-throats. There has been a trial for larceny of coat, 2 pairs of shoes, 1 sock & some coffee más o menos, in a can from a sheep herder's hut far back in the mts. ♦ twisted, thin, tattered men on the witness stand, mumbling in husky voices. {Now a murder trial goes on.} This court house is low adobe & inside {are} great murals (paid for {by} the gov't!) done as nerl nearly as possible in Rivera's manner & carefully labelled in Spanish & English.

Mabel is in gay spirits and we are on our way all day.—one way & another. The weather has been so much cooler this year that Robin has been able to write more.

Tonight Mabel is giving a big party—she always gives *one* each year while we are here. Mexican dance music

Robin, Myron Brinig & I spent one interesting day & night at Cady Wells' ranch at Jacona near Santa Fe, an adorable house and amazing view of wild bright rocks. Its near Abiquiú where Georgia O'Keefe paints so often.

Donnan and Garth are just off to play tennis & will mail this.

Devotedly,
Una.
and love from the other three, too.

I *eagerly* await the article on Irish art. <over> ♦

A sample case here. {This week} Mabel hired a lawyer to be defend an Indian from the Picuris pueblo who was charged with shooting a Mexican in a quarrel. Mabel assured me “Indians never do that way!”—The night before the trial, this Indian took a stone in his hand & bashed in the skull of the war governor of his pueblo. Complete amazement registered by Mabel!

For the two killings he got 15 years.

Adrian & his companion Ronnie Eliot were here when we came. Adrian brought Mabel from N. Y. a darling very old writing desk of black walnut (to hold in your lap) As soon as he'd left she gave it to me said it made her nervous to hold it. My luck.

Did you read Mabel's article on Adrian in *May Town & Country*

{I enclose} CCostmary—that old old herb that grew in my Irish grandmother's garden.—She called it *Sweetmary*—bruise it & smell!

It was used for strewing & for flavoring.

We went to call on a woman here & a TINY baby burro came into the drawing room & sat down beside the dog on the hearth rug & wagged its ears shyly. Adorable creature!

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. Harold LeClair Ickes (1874–1952) was the secretary of the interior and director of the Public Works Administration under President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

RJ to Louis Untermeyer

Taos, New Mexico; June [20], 1936.

Dear Louis Untermeyer:

I am so sorry not to have written sooner, at least in acknowledgment of your splendid “Modern American Poetry.” It is like a narcotic addiction, this inability to write letters. Your anthology is a *noble* work, in scope and variety, in the excellence of its choices and the sanity and good humor of its comment.—Also I owe thanks for your kind and intelligent review of my verses in the Mercury. At least I think it was yours; you said you had written one, so we looked it out.

1

We were disappointed not to see you last fall, when that wretched accident of the lost manuscripts deferred your journey west. Mayn't we hope that you'll make it yet—this fall perhaps?

We are again visiting in Taos, whence I wrote you last year—beautiful place, though less dear than home. We've been here a month and are en-motoring for home to-morrow morning—two and a half days' journey—and we shall sizzle on the deserts.

Yours cordially,
Robinson Jeffers.

Tor House, Carmel, California.

ALS. Indiana. 1 page.

1. Untermeyer was the poetry editor of the *American Mercury*. According to an unsigned review that appeared in the January 1936 issue of the journal (p. 126), *Solstice and Other Poems* is “the best book of poems” Jeffers had yet published: “Never has Jeffers' loosely powerful line been so forceful and so flexible; never have his phrases had so easy an effect of finality; never before has his verse accomplished so successfully his characteristic combination—the paradox of Olympian detachment and outraged human passion.”

UJ to Maud Clapp

Tor House. Carmel. California.
July 19. 1936

Dearest Maud:

Please dont think Ive gotten like Yeats old man “*giddy with his hundredth year*”

1—when I tell you I can't remember whether I've written you since we got home or not. There were so many things to do at once that I wrote letters in a daze.—*If* I've written you you'll do well to omit the next few *items*!

We left Taos on Sunday June 201 and came home in 2 days! We drove on Sunday to Flagstaff Arizona over 500 miles. Next day home 770 miles. We didn't do this for a stunt—it was too unpleasant to stop. We had a very disagreeable experience near Winslow ran it into a dust storm. Now its over it is very interesting to think about. Spectacular. It was rather late in the afternoon we saw off to our right near the horizon a big cloud like a thundercloud—but *peculiar* looking, very luminous. It approached us ♦ rapidly, and then suddenly spread out like a great curtain across the whole horizon & then around us coming very faster & faster, the wind veering constantly. We discovered it was *dust* in time to close all the windows—soon, although we put lights on, we couldn't see ahead, & Garth who was driving drove right off the road; fortunately we were able to climb out of the ditch & on—not venturing to draw up & wait because the storms last *days* sometimes The engine was soon so hot the red {heat-}indicator went up out of sight, & stayed there! (Next day {morning} we found the radiator practically empty, {it had boiled so long,} although usually we need water about once in a fortnight!) This storm lasted, or we drove through & away from it, in about two hours All of those millions of papers & cartons which {nowadays} adhere to nearly every thorn & sage bush across the desert were swirling around to a height of 50 ft above us—frightening even if just paper. After we got away from the dust we could see away across the desert ♦ now red with sunset, little sheets of dust whip up & join other sheets & race away together. Later we drove an

hour through thunderstorms—bursts of heavy rain with much jagged lightning{ning} which I love—all of us do! It was heavenly to come to the elevation & clear air at Flagstaff.

Various experiences next day—rescuing a {damaged} car with 2 passengers in the desert. We pushed it for miles,—& having a blowout ourselves near Needles where it was 116° in shade. Robin had been keeping Haig {soaking} wet for hours—when the car was moving he was cool from evaporation, but when Robin & the boys were changing the tire even though I did my best he threw himself on to the floor of the car & *yelled*. I dont know *what* the temp. was in the sun. One day at Taos very hot I found the thermometer 98 93° in the shade of the porch. When I thrust it out into the sun it went to the top 120° in just a few moments I don't know how much farther up it would have ♦ been willing to go. The sight of that 120° nearly gave me heart failure for I had just come in from a walk of three miles in the sun all the way & I regard sunlight as fatal to *me*.

Since we've been home we've been busy as bees. We went to a lovely outdoor supper party at Charles Erskine Scott Woods at Los Gatos.—served under the grape vines in their patio. Their place is *beautiful*—ItThe party was for William Rose Benét—poetry ed. of Saturday Review of Lit, you know—& writer of some good verse himself He is nice. William Saroyan 2 was there & unexpectedly loveable not jerky & excitable in talking as his “Man on the Flying Trapeze.”

I wonder whether Timmie will scorn me. I am starting a Linguaphone course in Ga Irish—correspondence included with discs etc. I've been toying with the idea for a long time

& when Albert Bender sent me a check for \$50 in Taos for the particular purpose of buying a present in the Great Southwest ♦ (but I've seen too many pieces of Navajo jewelry et cetera)—so {I said} that sum is exactly the cost of my long desired Irish. Its not with the idea of speaking it of course,—but for inscriptions—& for pronunciation of names without choking.

The four Jefferses went in two directions instead of one last week for 48 hrs! Robin & Garth & Lloyd Tevis went with packs on back back into the mt. region east of Big Sur to climb a difficult mt. Donnan & I went up to S. F. & stayed at Noëls (Mario Ramirez too—did you meet that charming man from the Argentine?) & went to first night *St. Joan* Katharine Cornell.

3 I liked it tremendously & thought her not a bit too earthy—(some did) Splendid company. How overcome *I* was when the curtain for one great doorway was a copy of one of the Cluny *Dame à la Licorne* tapestries!

4 Well, I was ♦ grateful indeed when next evening at 6:30 Donnan & I drove to the rendezvous near the Trail Club cabin (you know near Bruce Porters

5) & found our three there a minute before us, tired, scratched & dirty but cheerful.

I forget was Blanche having trouble with her hand when you were here? She fell at a Krishnamurti lecture in Santa Barbara. She has just got the bandage off now. Infection. Russell is at Bohemian Grove. The Club invited Robin to be their guest—but he felt disinclined.

Now adieu with all my love.

Una.

Of course I can gladly cope with customs duties on Donegal tweed!

Jean Kellogg & mother here yesterday. Charlotte is looking much stronger than for a long time.

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. From “The Three Hermits” by W. B. Yeats in *Responsibilities and Other Poems* (1916).

2. William Saroyan (1908–1981), an American of Armenian descent, was a short story writer, novelist, and playwright. Works include *The Time of Your Life* (1939), *My Name Is Aram* (1940), *The Human Comedy* (1943), and *One Day in the Afternoon of the World* (1964).

3. Katharine Cornell (1898–1974), a German-born American actress who brought grace, power, and psychological insight to her dramatic roles, was often called the First Lady of the American stage. Cornell starred in a Broadway production of George Bernard Shaw’s *Saint Joan* from March to May 1936. She then toured cross-country with the play, performing in San Francisco at the Curran Theatre July 6.

4. The Cluny Museum in Paris (known officially as the National Museum of the Middle Ages) contains a suite of six tapestries titled *La Dame à la Licorne* (*The Lady and the Unicorn*). The five familiar senses are depicted in the tapestries, along with the more mysterious sixth sense. For an interpretive discussion of the tapestries, see the introduction to *Of Una Jeffers* by Edith Greenan, edited by James Karman (Ashland, Ore.: Story Line Press, 1998).

5. Bruce Porter (1865–1953), an artist, writer, and landscape designer born in San Francisco, lived for a time in the Big Sur. In addition to writing art criticism and co-publishing a literary journal titled *The Lark*, Porter painted murals and designed stained-glass windows for several churches and public buildings in the San Francisco area. He also planned the gardens at Filoli (the Bourn estate in Woodside, California) and at New Place (the Crocker estate in Hillsborough). In October 1917, Porter married Margaret “Peggy” James (1887–1950), the daughter of psychologist and philosopher William James, and the niece of novelist Henry James.

RJ to Barbara Chevalier

August, 1936

Dear Miss Chevalier:

1

It is doubly hard to refuse an invitation forwarded by Sara Bard Field, but I cannot serve as sponsor of this Congress of Western Writers.

2 It seems to me quite useless, for writers cannot be organized—except newspaper or film writers—and ought to associate with any or all classes in the community rather than with each other; and if they wish to express opinions they can write them. And I do not think that culture can be maintained or handed down through conventions and committees. I am sorry to write what you must disagree with, but it seems better to speak plainly.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers

PL. Ridgeway.

1. Barbara (Lansburgh) Chevalier (1907–2003), an interior designer, European antiques dealer, and businesswoman. From 1931 to 1950 she was the wife of Haakon Chevalier (1901–1985), a professor of French at the University of California, Berkeley. Prof. Chevalier, an avowed leftist, was allegedly a member of a closed unit of the Communist Party in Berkeley that may have included Robert J. Oppenheimer, the scientific director of the Manhattan Project and putative father of the atomic bomb. When Oppenheimer's political activities were investigated by the federal government in the 1940s, Oppenheimer testified that Chevalier approached him with a plan to pass secret research information to the Soviets. Though Chevalier was never convicted of a crime, he was questioned by the House Un-American Activities Committee and forced to resign his teaching position. As a translator, Chevalier published works by Louis Aragon, Salvador Dali, André Malraux, and others. His own books include *For Us the Living* (1949), *The Man Who Would Be God* (1959) and *Oppenheimer: The Story of a Friendship* (1965).

2. As secretary for the Western Writers' Congress, Barbara Chevalier helped her husband organize the November 13–15, 1936 San Francisco event. Haakon was a member of the original planning committee. The conference, which drew over 250 participants, was modeled after the First International Congress of Writers for the Defense of Culture (Paris, June 1935) and the First American Writers' Congress (New York, April 1936), both of which espoused a

communist agenda. Speakers addressed a number of issues, including the rising threat of fascism, the need to defend free speech, the importance of cooperation among artists, and support for the rights of labor. Upton Sinclair delivered a keynote address at the congress; Sherwood Anderson, André Malraux, and Thomas Mann sent words of greeting.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel
August 10. 1936

Dearest Mabel:

Stef died last night about 5:30. He had been feeling ill all day—complained of head hurting & lack of air & so on but died quietly at the end—heart gave out. He had just finished the first draft of the introduction to his new book.

1 I went around this morning early. Peter is completely broken-up & said all kinds of incoherent regrets—but really I think she has been very kind to him & helped him very much those last two years. He stayed in bed almost all the time. Pete is down at Hollister Ranch in Santa Barbara, coming home today. I saw Stef two days ago

& he seemed no feebler than he has for a long time. I would have wired you but thought you might be at Adrians.—I suppose now I shall never catch up on all our news.—Yesterday P.M. we (Robin & I) were at Edgar Walters.

2 He is a sculptor <over> ♦ Maurice Brown Sterne & wife,

3 Dr. & Mrs Heil

4 (curator of Museum in S. F) & Mr & Mrs. Agha Aglu (?)

5 Turkish prof. of Islamics in Univ. of Mich also the Doughertys. Maurice is convinced that at last he is doing a *masterpiece*—the twelve murals for the Washington. D. C.—I believe the Library of Supreme Court {*traditional sins*}.—

6 He said that when his mind has been on painting *objects* he {has} thought a good deal of his technique, now at last when his mind is on *ideas*—the technique takes care of itself.—Now he is reaping the harvest of hard years of work.

Robin & Garth & Lloyd went out again to try to climb that inaccessible mt. Stayed 3 days, & 2 nights. packed their food & blankets on backs. Donnan & I {and Haig} went to S. F. Stayed with Noël & saw Tallulah Bankhead in *Reflected Glory*.

7 I was interested in seeing her but its a poor play—didnt give her any chance really. Mario was with us & Richard Haliburton & Noël. Next day we went to a very solemn, ♦ & grand wedding in old Saint Mary's Church with high mass & communion.—I had never seen a Catholic wedding before, very impressive & beautiful music. We were also at the wedding breakfast at the house, but Donnan & I stayed long enough only to drink some champagne. It was already two o'clock & we had to meet Robin & Garth {& Lloyd} down below Big Sur at 6:30. We had a wild ride home it was a crowded *Sat.* P.M. {on the road.} I had such a crowd of men attendants Donnan, Henri Deering,

8 Ben Lehman, Mario Ramiriz & Dick Haliburton. {& we sat with Noël's family.} Phoebe lent me a stunning little silver fox jacket & Dick H. brought me a great corsage of gardenias & so I looked nice. Noël gave the bride

9 away—8 bridesmaids etc—

I was awfully glad to see my two again—they were just two minutes late & have given up the mt. from this side. The last 2000 ft are sheer rock—rotten so it breaks at touch & you'd fall hundreds of feet. ♦

Have you seen Melbas Bennetts book on Robin & the Sea? I hoped she would give us an extra copy & I'd send it to you, but only one has come to us. Its \$7.50 but beautifully printed & interesting enough. Sincere.

One reason I have been so awfully busy—the Bach Festival. Everyone here. Lasted a week. Five evenings of music. The last one in the Mission. Noël sang beautifully. The best evening was all *piano* 1 piano, two pianos & last 3 pianos Olga Steeb

10 playing each time & two men *helping!* The 3 piano Bach concerto in C major is seldom given. It was glorious. Sara & Erskine were at Noël's & at Blanches. Russell was at Bohemian Grove a week & Garth & Donnan earned \$25 driving her when she needed them.

Do you remember the Reggie Johnson

11 house 6 miles up the valley on left side high above road. Noël has bought it & 19 acres. Thats a secret until the papers are signed.

Marie Short

12 is recovering now. She has discharged the last of the three nurses.

Tomorrow I meant to tell you, there is to be a short service at the Steffens house—just the people he knew best. Several are

to talk a little. I may if I can. Peter asked me. Then he is to be buried after a service {up there} in San Francisco.

One of the visitors at Blanche's was her dear Walt Kuhn
13 I see in the {his} *Who's Who* notice he is supposed to have been the main promoter! of the Armory Show in N. Y. 1913.

Noël had at lunch {& they came here} Mr & Mrs Ralph
Bellamy

14 (movie actor) & Ral {Mr} Lachman, once a well known painter in France now a director, *and* his wife

15 a *Chinese* woman, made up to exaggerate her racial beauty—{wide} kohl around {eyes} & way to side, *long long* nails never saw so long except in pictures a *coolie* shaped hat—very nice though.

Did you sell Placita. how is Sally Bok,
16 Von Maltzahn & Brett, & Myron, & Aberle,
17 & Alice & children.

We smoked a mary marijuana with no results.

I went to a Renoir exhibit in S. F. & a some Monet, Morisot, Degas—also an enormous boring exhibit of *abstractions*

Donnan & I stopped for lunch at *The Cats*. Heat *terrible*—95° in shade on north side at 4. PM. It was like being in an oven.

Sidney had an accident. Knocked off an air mattress raft unconscious—in breakers.—Did something to nerves in his hands—bad.

Dr. Rado has been very sick say Sternes.—Sternes asked us very particularly to come see them. He will take us to the his studio to see pictures.

Love to you & Tony
Devotedly Una.

O O O Alas! vacation almost over. Feel all queer inside when I think of it. Aug 2 we had our 23rd anniversary

18

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. Lincoln Steffens, *Lincoln Steffens Speaking* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1936)—a book of previously published essays and sketches written between 1927 and 1936. The title derives from a weekly column Steffens wrote for *The Carmelite*, *Controversy*, and *Pacific Weekly*. For references to Robinson and Una, see the portrait titled “Jeffers the Neighbor,” pages 76–83, and anecdotes on pages 123–124, 270, and 280.

2. Edgar Melville Walter (1877–1938), a San Francisco-born teacher and sculptor who studied with Rodin in Paris. Important commissions include decorative details for the War Memorial Opera House in San Francisco and the Seligman Fountain (also called the Bear and Faun Fountain) in Manhattan’s Morningside Park.

3. After Maurice Sterne and Mabel divorced in 1922, Sterne married Vera Diana Segal (1899–1963), a dancer.

4. Walter Heil (1890–1973) and Katherine (Buttrick) Heil (1907–1966). Dr. Heil, an art historian born in Germany, was the curator of European art at the Detroit Institute of Art from 1926 until 1933, when he was appointed director of both the California Palace of the Legion of Honor and the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco. He held the latter position from 1933 to 1961.

5. Mehmet Aga-Oglu (1896–1949) and Kamer Aga-Oglu (1903–1984). Mehmet was a cultural historian who established the Department of Near Eastern Art at the Detroit Institute of Art; from 1933 to 1938 he was a professor of Islamic art at the University of Michigan. His wife Kamer, a specialist in Far Eastern art history, was the curator of the Division of the Orient at the University of Michigan's Museum of Anthropology from 1941 to 1974. Mehmet curated a major exhibit of Islamic art shown at the M. H. de Young Museum from February 24 to March 22, 1937.

6. Called *The Struggle for Justice* or *The Search for Truth*, Sterne's murals in the Main Library of the Department of Justice Building depict such impediments to justice as "Brute Force," "Intolerance," "Superstition," and "False Witness." The murals were installed in 1941.

7. Tallulah Bankhead (1902–1968), American stage and screen actress, starred in *Reflected Glory*, a play by George Kelly performed at the Curran Theatre in San Francisco from July 20 to August 8, 1936.

8. Henri Deering (1894–1973), a concert pianist, debuted at Carnegie Hall in 1925.

9.Noël Sullivan's niece Florence Murphy (1913–2006) married Daniel Ryan (1903–1985), a San Francisco attorney. Florence was the daughter of Alyce, pronounced al-ees', (Sullivan) Murphy (1884–1942) and Frederic L. Murphy (1883–1960).

10.Olga Steeb (1890–1941), a native of Los Angeles, was a concert pianist and teacher.

11.Reginald Davis Johnson (1882–1952), an architect based in Pasadena, California, designed private residences, churches, and public buildings. In the mid-1930s he quit his practice in order to concentrate on urban rehabilitation and the housing needs of the poor.

12.Marie (Hathaway) Short (1894–1965), a San Francisco native active in the arts, was the first wife of attorney John Douglas Short. Marie, pronounced mah'ree, moved to Carmel in 1936.

13.Walt Kuhn (1877–1949), an American artist and illustrator, was a founder of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors and a key planner of the 1913 International Exhibition of Modern Art, also called the Armory Show. For an article about his visit to Carmel, see "Walt Kuhn, Celebrated Modernist Painter, Visitor at Matthias Home," *Carmel Pine Cone* (August 7, 1936): 5.

14. Ralph Bellamy (1904–1991), a film and stage actor, and his third wife Catherine Willard (1898–1954), an actress.

15.Harry Lachman (1886–1975) and Jue Quon Tai (1901–1991). Prior to working in the American and European

film industries as a set designer and director, Lachman was a magazine illustrator and painter. He resumed his career as a painter later in life. Jue Quon Tai (also known as Rose Eleanor Jue) was a Chinese American singer with an operatic voice who performed in vaudeville for several years, posing as a runaway Chinese princess and “flower girl” (or courtesan).

16. Probably Sally Boke.

17. Sophie D. Aberle (1896–1996) received a Ph.D. from Stanford University in 1927 and an M.D. from Yale University in 1930. As an anthropologist, physician, and government administrator, she devoted herself to the health and welfare of Native Americans. Aberle served as the superintendent of the United Pueblos Agency in New Mexico from 1935 to 1944 and was the author of *The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico: Their Land, Economy and Civil Organization* (1948) and other studies.

18. Written in top right margin, first page.

UJ to Theodore Lilienthal

August 10 [1936]
Tor House Carmel

Dear Ted:

I am mailing back to you this morning the book from your shop (with Melba’s card). Its a book written, says on the jacket for children 8–10 but I suppose someone told her I was

interested in the book whose sequel it is (The Turf-Cutter's Donkey)

1 {which Ellen O'S sent me} My sole interest in that was Jack Yeats' drawings {and there are none of his in this book} (There is really nothing I *hate* as much as Irish wise women & Lepracauns!)—I want to *like* any book I have from Melba—so *please* let me choose some other when I am in town someday *Don't* tell her of this mistake which I fancy isn't hers after all! I hoped to see her at Benders office last Saturday after I telephoned Fran from Hans Barkans but she & Albert had left when I got there & I couldn't go on to your office as Noël's driver was waiting to take us to his niece's wedding. We are grieved over Steffy's death last night.

Yrs.

Una.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page. Postmark: August 10, 1936.

1. Una returned *The Donkey Goes Visiting* (1936) by Patricia Lynch, a sequel to *The Turf-Cutter's Donkey: An Irish Story of Mystery and Adventure*, illustrated by Jack B. Yeats (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1935).

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California

August 25. 1936

Dear Bennett:

Your friend & lawyer Manges

1 was here a fortnight ago. He came in one morning for a few moments with his wife & child. I liked him very much but he came at a very bad moment for us to be very entertaining. We had just gotten home five minutes before from a service for Stef, and were not cheerful. Stef died quietly enough. I had been in to see him just two days before and he was feeling as well as he had for the last year. He spent a great deal of time in bed but people were coming in to see him every day. I always had fun with him, disagreeing mostly.

Erskine Wood & Sara had been here for a fortnight. Sara very excited & happy about her book coming out.

2

We had an exciting summer at Mabel's—five weeks of it. Frieda & she & Brett are not friendly at present but Robin & I went to see Frieda several times. Once she took us into the tomb & unrolled Lawrence's paintings for us to {see.} ♦ The paintings are going to be hung in a special room being added to the house right now. Two baby lambs that Frieda was raising on a bottle went into the tomb with us. It was all strange—

Our boys went back to college two days ago & left Robin & me feeling all hollow. We had a busy vacation—they were dashing about parties & swimming & tennis & whatnot—a violent pace, lots of pretty girls in the picture. I am glad you met Walter Peacock. We have been great friends for a long time.

Miss Frohnknect came to see us a week ago.

3 Her mother has taken a charming little house near us. Miss F—is working on the Pacific Weekly I believe. She is bright & gay & keen. For the sake of her dimples I forgave her being so determinedly up to the minute! She said Mike Gold is arriving.

4 She came again with Saroyan but we were away. We met Saroyan at a lovely supper party the Woods gave for Bill Benet & liked him!

Robin sends his love with mine. He is writing but ♦ cant promise anything for a definite time.

My news is I am learning Gaelic via the Linguaphone. Also I take a dip in the sea every morning having resolved to do so until I am well over eighty as Trelawney did. Robin hates me as I stride down on cold windy days.

Thanks so much for Gale Wilhelms book.

5 I can see it is awfully well done & ought to have a great sale, awfully well done in a manner that does not please me much really—that tense, repressed resolutely low key is not what I care for.

Packs on back carrying everything Garth & Robin went off on two mt. climbs of two & three days. Very rough. They liked it. Donnan & I went to S. F. with Noël Sullivan & saw some pictures & theatres, & dined & cocktailed—We liked that. We four seldom go such separate paths. Saw Cornell in St. Joan. I hear *you* had fun with Shaw—

Love from Una.

ALS. Columbia. 3 pages.

1. Horace S. Manges (1898–1986), a founding partner of Weil, Gotshal, and Manges, a New York law firm, represented authors and publishers—including Random House—in censorship and copyright cases. He and Cerf were fraternity brothers when they were students at Columbia University, and they remained lifelong friends. Manges and his wife Nathalie (Bloch) Manges (1901–1983) had two sons—James, born in 1927, and Gerard, born in 1934.

2. Sara Bard Field, *Darkling Plain* (New York: Random House, 1936).

3. In a letter of introduction dated July 27, 1936 (TCC Columbia), Cerf tells Una that Miss Margaret Frohnknecht, a youthful employee (or possibly an intern) at Random House, would be arriving in Carmel for a visit. Margaret (1913–1951) was the daughter of Otto and Constance Frohnknecht of New York. She married humorist and author Arthur Kober in 1941.

4. Michael or Mike Gold (1893–1967), born Itzok Granich in the Lower East Side of New York City, was a left-wing political activist, writer, editor of *New Masses*, and author of *Jews Without Money* (1930).

5. Gale Wilhelm, *No Letters for the Dead* (New York: Random House, 1936). In addition to this novel, Wilhelm (1908–1991) also wrote *We Too Are Drifting* (1935), *Torchlight to Valhalla* (1938), *Bring Home the Bride* (1940), and other books.

UJ to Cyril Clemens

Tor House. Carmel. California
May {August} 25. 1936.

Dear Mr. Clemens:

Writing for my husband, he regrets not being able to contribute anything {just now} worthy to your symposium on Housman, being much involved in some writing. He hopes to send you something before too late since he has very deep admiration for both the man and his poetry.

Answering your other questions, he is not engaged on a life of George Sterling, and *Californians* was published by Macmillan. It is out of print.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers

ALS. Stanford. 1 page.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Tor House. Carmel. California
August 26. 1936

Darling Clapps:

I am very happy to have the unicorns, every one beautiful—and thanks for the notes placing them. I am amazed that so many important {ones} have escaped me so long. The only one I have—or have even *seen* before—is the

St Justina by Moretto da Brescia. You two sent me a postcard of this from Vienna in June 1927.

1 O dear I wish I could give you so much pleasure—somehow.

Robin and I have had a ghastly hollow feeling these last days. We took the boys up to college on Saturday. They have the same big beautiful room in International House overlooking the bay and straight out is the bridge over the Gate.

2 You'd be surprised unless you saw it from some such angle yourselves how far from disfiguring it is. It seems like a tiny fragile cobweb in comparison to the rest of the *scenery* and gives me a jab of surprise & actual pleasure when I consider it—its strength & possibilities. I settled the ♦ boys in while they went off & registered and Robin & Haig tramped busily around the campus. Then Robin & I came home very sad & clinging pathetically to each other.

I am trying now to clear up the house a bit & to rest a little. I dont feel a bit tired really but Blanche says I look *very* much so and I HATE that. We had the busiest summer ever I lived through. Not only were there so many people {some} that we cared about & others that we couldn't avoid but the boys were in full tide of social gaiety. They have about fifteen friends spending holiday here & every moment they were having a picnic or party of some kind. Our car scarcely entered the garage day in-day out.

The nicest day we had all four of us was a trip straight down the coast past San Simeon to Morro Bay & over to San Luis Obispo & so home by regular highway. Do you realize, Timmie, this is over that road which has been in process of being built for the last twenty years? ♦ It isnt done yet nor

won't be for two years, and will be impassible as soon as wet weather brings down the slides—which are incessant even now. Also one very large bridge isnt even started. We drove down through the stream bed. I spent the greater part of one day trying to get a permit to make this trip going to one official after another. Finally the man really in charge said “all right go ahead at your own risk. We cant give you a real pass because we dont want to assume responsibility but no one will stop you.” We had to wait several times for the workmen to steam-shovel the debris of slides off the road & other times for dynamite crews to finish but no particular danger if one drives carefully—and we deserved to see this country. Very few care so much. It is beautiful & wild but no more so than along the route just south of the Trail Club. Down at San Simeon it looks like So. California, bare brown hills & the trees around Hearst's Castle are mostly palms. On the coast below Hearst's is a fine old lighthouse ♦ *Piedras Blancas* (the country folk have always called this “Peter's Blankets.”) I never pass a lighthouse if I can help it without seeing inside and by great luck it was open-day. Climbed it 100 ft. high & a gorgeous view! We were home by 10 P.M. & hadn't left Tor House until 11. am. so you see it wasn't a hard trip (300 miles)

Perhaps I told you Robin & Garth & Lloyd Tevis went on a 2 day walk, packs on back while Donnan & I stayed in town with Noël & were very gay. They went off again for three days & we went with Noël again. The last time we saw Tallulah Bankhead in *Reflected Glory* {pretty poor} also an *Impressionist* Exhibit. There were many Renoirs but none of those {his} I like best. Next day we went to a tremendously fashionable wedding in old St. Marys, (Noël's niece) & sat with the family. I had six beaux {escorting me} counting

Donnan {all staying at Noël's}. Richard Haliburton was one. Henri Deering (the pianist, friend of Mrs. Gregory, lives in N. Y.) Ben Lehman & the beautiful & really *charming* Argentine friend of Noël's, Mario Ramiriz. Well I looked nice because Phoebe Barkan lent me a silver fox jacket & I was smothered with {gardenias.} ♦

What Robin & Garth & Lloyd were trying to do was to climb Double Ventana Cone from the sea side. Even getting to its foot is almost impossible. No trails & thick underbrush then at last it rises a thousand feet of rock, which is *rotten* & gives way at a touch. When they were within 200 ft. of the top Robin made them stop. A fall & certain death seemed certain. Later when we were down coast near San Simeon we stopped at a gov't station to get some maps. It happened the man in charge was the very person who had surveyed Ventana region & he assured us that it is impossible of access from the sea side. He surveyed it from the other side & when he got to the top & looked over the edge he made sure it couldn't be done. Robin is still a great walker & loved this journey. Garth is as strong as an ox. So they had fun. Donnan is a good walker too but not equal to the others. While Russell Matthias was at Bohemian grove, Garth & Donnan drove for Blanche & loved it. Donnan & she had a weird time up Palo Colorado cañon in search of a man—& they stopped by ♦ chance at a cabin where a queer person lived who insisted that Blanche allow him to remove the “wart” from her eyelid by some sort of astrological system. He studied his almanac for some time & announced that if his charm didnt work, he would do better in a few weeks when his powers would be at their height. Then told them long tales of queer cures he had accomplished. Delighted Donnan.

Do you know an art connoisseur Harold Parsons.

3 Boston. I've met him at dinner at the Jameses. Blanche's friend Walt Kuhn was here. Very modern, indeed.

Now Robin comes downstairs for lunch. It is a cold grey day outside—cormorants & pelicans on the rocks. Inside a pie & a delicious fragrance! (Mixture of sandalwood apple sauce & Boston Baked Beans. They've been in the oven all morning.) Now if the boys were here to eat it {them} too—

That white homespun is beautiful—why dont you get yourself a dress—you'd love it forever.

We await Timmie's book.

4—Did you make any *essential* changes at the Frick during the closed time?

Devoted love from us—
Una.

Mabel is at Adrian's for a week. Dont expect her up here. Stowkowsky is going home with her.

ALS. Yale. 6 pages. Postmark: August 26, 1936.

1. Il Moretto da Brescia (1498–1554), born Alessandro Bonvicino, worked primarily in Brescia and Venice. In his painting of St. Justina (ca. 1550), a unicorn kneels on one side of the standing saint, and a man kneels on the other. The painting is located in the Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.

2. The Golden Gate Bridge, which spans the bay between San Francisco and Marin County, was under construction at this time. Building began in 1933 and was completed in 1937.

3. Harold Woodbury Parsons (1883–1967) was an art adviser and buyer for the William Rockhill Nelson Trust in Kansas City, the Cleveland Museum, the Omaha Museum, and other institutions. In the early 1960s he proved that three terra cotta statues, exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum as Etruscan pieces from the fourth century BCE, were modern forgeries.

4. Frederick Mortimer Clapp, *New Poems* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1936).

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House. Carmel
August 26. 1936

Dearest Albert:

This is an empty house with our boys gone. We took them up to Berkeley last Saturday. I am resting a little now—or will when I get the house cleared up a bit. 'Twas a hectic summer but *fun!*

Thanks so much for Elizabeth Yeats'

1 note on my review. Yeats is a great man in my life!

As for Robin's next book—it isn't done nor can he {be sure of} finish{ing} it by spring. He never promises because he often scraps a great portion & does it over. Thanks for asking, because we are always sure of your interest & support.

But the other thing we spoke of several times—you wanted a poem for a private little thing to be done by Grabhorn—is that right? Robin says you may have one. He has some which would answer your purpose. When you are ready let us know.

Our dear love and best wishes.
Una.

The letter of Robins to you in Melba's book is *interesting*. I am glad to see it preserved.

2

ALS. Mills. 1 page.

1.Elizabeth Corbet Yeats (1868–1940), one of W. B. Yeats' younger sisters, was an artist and printer.

2.Jeffers' August 31, 1929 letter to Bender appears in Melba Berry Bennett's *Robinson Jeffers and the Sea*, pages 111–114. Bennett also mentions other letters from Jeffers to Bender on pages 44 and 78.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California
September 9. 1936

1

Dear Bennett:

T. Del Vecchio sent me a copy of his letter of Sept. 3 to you. In it he says "Mrs. Jeffers wrote back saying that he may use

her husbands work”—I did say something to that effect with the rest of the sentence—*if he consults Random House.*”

2—For of course you are the one who has the final arrangement of these things.

I can't remember all my letter on that occasion. It was more friendly possibly than {it would} otherwise have been because I had written a {firm} letter to Mr. Harrison from Taos & he had replied with a very heart-felt (apparently) apology for a misstatement he had been making about Robin. A friend had sent me a printed form Harrison was sending out trying to get people to finance their own books I believe I can't remember exactly—but he stated that R. J. had sent *Tamar* to seven publishers who turned it down etc—before he published it himself. As a matter of fact *Tamar* was never submitted to even *one* publisher {& rejected.—} ♦ so I said to Harrison “Why not use some truthful statement for your advertizing?” and he was most apologetic.

3

That's all of that.

I think the matter of anthologies is very trying. I myself almost *never* read one, but I suppose they must have a public there are so many published.—I remember as long ago as {1925, or} 1926 when Edgar Lee Masters was here over the weekend with Sterling, {he delivered} an excellent angry diatribe he delivered against the vampires (anthology editors) It seems certain to me that it would be worth yo while to donate, if necessary, poems for textbooks. Though of course textbooks are money producers and can pay!

Donnan (one of our twins) just wrote that he had been having an interview with his English professor at the University of Calif. who said “It is nice to have you in the class as we shall devote a great deal of time to your father’s work.” Donnan looked sad & said he hadn’t read much of it & the Prof said “It will give me the greatest pleasure to make you acquainted with this great work.” ♦ He had ducked out of a Greek {conducted in Eng.} class last year at the end of the semester because the next semester was to be devoted largely to “Tower beyond Tragedy”—our handsome noble sons don’t care much for Poetry! One of the textbooks in this course (the *not* the Greek one) is Modern Library giant Symonds “Renaissance in Italy.”

4

Yes use the kodak if you like of Robin & Frieda. I dont think she would mind, do you? She is fond of Robin. I will send you a kodak soon of Robin taken by Lester Donahue that is very good.

Miss Frohnknecht left hurriedly without one really getting to know her—our fault too, we were so burdened with people this summer we couldnt emerge. She came in to say goodbye & had an hour or so with Robin. I was away and came home {as she was leaving} with a desperate headache which prevented me from acting human. I remember scolding a little about the Reds. Robin said she was very amusing and gay. Intelligent too.

Robin’s astronomer brother has just returned from a trip all over the U.S. in his own plane. He flew himself without even a mechanic. I’ve just been going over his maps with him—Its fascinating

Love from Una.

Do you know Timmie Clapp?—One of our DEAREST friends for 30 yrs. He is advising head of Frick collection—on four yrs. leave from Headship of Fine Arts U. of Pittsburg. Here's a kodak

5

Grand fall list

6

ALS. Columbia. 3 pages.

1. Una also wrote to Mabel Dodge Luhan on September 9. The letter (ALS Yale), not included in this edition, mentions “a long visit from Lorna Lindsley just back from the South Seas” that occurred the day before. Margaret “Lorna” (Stimson) Lindsley (1889–1956), an American writer, adventurer, and champion of the oppressed, belonged to the expatriate

community in Paris during the 1920s and beyond. In *War is People* (1943), Lindsley recounts her wartime experiences in Spain, Palestine, and France.

2. Thomas Del Vecchio, a New York newspaper reporter, poet, and playwright, was the author of *Singing Flesh* (1936) and other books. The correspondence referred to here probably concerned *Contemporary American Men Poets: An Anthology of Verse by 459 Living Poets* (1937), edited by Del Vecchio for the Henry Harrison company. Two poems by Jeffers were included in the anthology: “Gray Weather” (titled “Cloudy Day”) and “Sinverguenza,” both on page 116.

3. Henry H. Harrison (1903–1983), a New York poet and editor, owned the Henry Harrison company, a firm that specialized in publishing poetry—mostly at the poet’s expense. In the fall of 1936, Harrison distributed *Ten Years of Poetry Publishing*, a marketing brochure. A section of the brochure titled “Should Poets Pay?” contains a reference to Jeffers. “When such men as Robinson Jeffers and Edwin Arlington Robinson had to finance the publication of their first books,” Harrison asks, “what chance has a gifted, unknown beginner with the large commercial publishers?”

4. John Addington Symonds, *Renaissance in Italy*, 2 vols. (New York: Modern Library, 1935).

5. Added first page, above address and date.

6. Added top left margin, first page.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel. California
September 18. 1936

Dear Sydney:

You are quite right. It shall be Sydney and Una if you will. I ought to have written you with my picture. Melba Bennett wrote me after seeing you that you liked it. Just then several of my friends were determined to have the photograph. So I had a little man here in the village do copy—or rephotograph the Genthe original. (I think he did very well.) and sent you one of the copies. Do you ever see *The Garden Quarterly* pub. 580 Market St. San Francisco. This month it has in it an

article on our place & wild flowers & some pictures, a fine airplane one.

1—Also, when you are near a library which has a file of Travel Magazines look at Dec. 1935 an article “Seventy Miles of Yesterday,”

2 with photographs of this coast road south of us. It has now been 18 yrs. building at a cost of 8 millions—Its the road below Big Sur to San Simeon (Hearsts {Hearsts} place). One of the pictures is of

a rare old wax {Spanish} Madonna with glass eyes—a private shrine—that picture is really taken in ♦ my room in the Hawk Tower. A shrine in the oriel window The Madonna is authentic. I believe she really came from this old Mission here when it was in ruins. I have her history covering the last 80 yrs. {not for sale of course.}

3

For years Albert Bender has been asking Robin for a poem to be published {printed} *for* him by Grabhorn. When we saw him a few weeks ago he looked so frail we decided we ought to do this to please him although you know how we both **HATE** little *Items!* little rare ones.—Anyway I sent it up a few days ago. It will of course be in R. J’s next book. I will ask Albert to send you a copy. I daresay it won’t be out for months. You need not return his letter.

4 It is to be ca {Poem is} entitled “The Beaks of Eagles.”

5

No poems have been published in periodicals although I have here on {my desks} requests from at least six of the best.—R. J. is writing steadily often scrapping a great deal. {He cannot promise to have his book finished before next fall.} I never trouble him about his writing—but when Albert he was

considering some poems for Albert Bender he copied {typed} several for me to read & I choose from & I assure you he is not deteriorating

Did I tell you I am studying Gaelic with a Linguaphone equipment. (See back of Albert B's letter).

6

Sincerely,
Una Jeffers. ♦

I got diverted from my story about the coast road. It isn't open yet or anywhere near done, but a few weeks ago I got a kind of permit for us to go over it—disclaiming any responsibility of the road commissioner for our safety There is dynamiting going on—slides, & all kinds of Horrors. We made the trip safely & had a very happy day. (R. J. our boys & I) Spectacular! We went up the Piedras Blancas Lighthouse a grand old light & on down to Morro Bay then inland & back home by regular highway. Our boys are in their junior year at Univ. of Calif. If I sent you this kodak of them before please return one. {can't find it} {No. We have written nothing about Steffens. I spoke *briefly* at the house service.}

Melba Bennett was here a few days ago. First time I've seen her since she {was east.}

Yes we had a grand time in Taos five weeks. There are few people I have as much fun with as Mabel, & Taos & her house seem like a second home to us—{even} antipathetic as Desert is to us!

We just rec'd Adamic's book—

7 Haven't read it yet. See your name as *thanked* in it. Vanka
8 was here a year ago. I met him.—I heard afterwards *his*
story is the nucleus of Adamic's book.?

9

ALS. San Francisco. 3 pages. Postmark: September 18, 1936.

1. Martha Stewart, "Poets, Painters and Primroses," *Garden Quarterly* (September to December, 1936): 22–23, 51–52.

2. Evelyn Gail Gardiner, "Seventy Miles of Yesterday," *Travel* (December 1935): 14–17, 47. The three-part subtitle summarizes the content of the article: "Opening up a Forgotten Corner of California—The Pioneers of the Santa Lucia Mountains—A Magnificent New Highway on the Pacific."

3. Una's Madonna—a small, youthful-looking doll with black hair and red lips—is clothed in a black dress, lace shoulder shawl, and red cape. Jeffers built a special niche in the south wall of Una's room in Hawk Tower to hold the figure. A tile from an ancient Babylonian temple, inscribed with a cuneiform prayer to the goddess Ishtar, forms the back of the niche. Painted above the niche are the words "B. V. de la torre," standing for "Blessed Virgin of the Tower." Imbedded in the wall opposite the shrine is a carved stone head of an *apsara* (a celestial maiden) from the Angkor Wat temple complex in Cambodia. Wyllys A. Silliman, the owner of a curio shop in Pacific Grove, gave Una the Madonna as a gift.

4. A typewritten letter from Bender to Una is enclosed. Dated September 16, 1936, it discusses the Grabhorn project. Also enclosed is a copy of Lawrence Clark Powell's review of

Melba Bennett's *Robinson Jeffers and the Sea*, on which Una writes "I think Powell's style is improving. U. J."

5. Robinson Jeffers, *The Beaks of Eagles: An Unpublished Poem*, illustrated by Dorothy Grover (San Francisco: privately printed for A. M. Bender by E. Grabhorn, 1936).

6. The first three paragraphs following Una's signature are written on the reverse side of Bender's letter.

7. Louis Adamic, *The Cradle of Life* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1936).

8. Maximilian "Maxo" Vanka (1889–1963), a Croatian artist who immigrated to the United States. His most important work is a suite of murals painted for the St. Nicholas Croatian Catholic Church in Millvale, Pennsylvania.

9. Last paragraph added as a postscript in top right margin, first page.

UJ to Marie Bullock

Tor House. Carmel. California
September 18, 1936

Dear Mrs. Bullock,

Writing for Robinson Jeffers,—he wishes me to say it would be difficult, even impossible to name his favorite poem. One of the {his} many favorites is "Lycidas"

1 and if you asked him why, he would say that poem for its images and {the} organ music of its lines.

Sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. AA Poets. 1 page.

1. "Lycidas," a poem composed in 1637 by John Milton, commemorates a friend who drowned in the Irish Sea.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel
Sept 19. 1936

Dearest Mabel—

I am simply astounded at that article from Adrian.

1 WHAT happened? You must have some inkling. Did you try to arrange anything about Ronnie, for instance? Certainly Adrian seems profoundly wounded. You haven't answered me yet Is Ronnie's real name *Howard Cook*. If so I'll tell you some queer things about that.—No—not to make it complicated. I heard he was the same & had been a great pal of Mercedes,

2 before he went to live at Adrians. {One of the oddest things is Adrian sending a copy. After the first was in the mail I should have thought he would have repented.}

If Myron comes here not expecting to pay rent I think he is going to be surprised. The house Marie thinks & says he is taking is one near here where Rollo Peters lived, & Marie couldn't afford to pay the rent. She is hard up herself. I wonder if he can control his tongue here.

Jack Young-Hunter was excited when I disclosed my great love of the Cluny tapestries “La Dame à la Licorne”. He made a small copy of one once. Its in N. Y. & he promised to bring it to Taos. Tell him I am EAGER to see it. Its the one with the lady playing a wee organ {unicorn sitting by.}

No time to write today but wanted to get this document back to you

3

AL. Yale. 1 page.

1. Adrian sent Una a copy of an unflattering essay titled “A Bird’s Eye View of Mabel,” in which he describes Mabel’s habitual abuse of the confidences of friendship. For a discussion of the document, see Lois Palken Rudnick, *Mabel Dodge Luhan: New Woman, New World* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1984): 304 and 360n5.

2. Mercedes de Acosta (1893–1968), American poet, playwright, and scriptwriter. Though Acosta was married to artist Abram Poole (1882–1961) for a number of years, the principal loves of her life were women. Tallulah Bankhead, Katharine Cornell, Marlene Dietrich, Isadora Duncan, Greta Garbo, Eva Le Gallienne, and Alla Nazimova are among the famous women linked to her. De Acosta was also an intense spiritual seeker, drawn particularly to the wisdom of India. She tells her story in a circumspect autobiography, *Here Lies the Heart* (New York: Reynal & Company, 1960), dedicated to Bhagavan Ramana Maharshi. “One day to comfort myself,” she writes, referring to a difficult time in her life, she “decided to go up the coast to Carmel and see Robinson

Jeffers, whom I had met some time before.” For an account of the visit, see pages 248–249.

In *That Furious Lesbian: The Story of Mercedes de Acosta* (Carbondale, Ill.: Southern Illinois University Press, 2003), page 144, Robert A. Schanke refers to an essay written by de Acosta about Jeffers. Titled “Robinson Jeffers: A Poet in the Classic Tradition” and accompanied by a portrait photograph by Edward Weston, the essay appeared in *Victory*, a bimonthly publication of the United States Office of War Information and Crowell-Collier Publishing Company of New York (undated, but ca. 1943), pages 48–49. The author of the essay is unidentified, but a copy among de Acosta’s papers at the Rosenbach Museum and Library in Philadelphia is signed by her, with the words “by Mercedes de Acosta” added beneath the title.

Howard Willard Cook, editor at Moffat, Yard & Company, launched de Acosta’s writing career with the publication of *Moods: Prose Poems* in 1919 and *Wind Chaff* in 1920. He and Ronnie Elliot were not the same person.

3. Written in top right margin. The document is missing.

RJ to Benjamin De Casseres

Tor House, Carmel, California.
October, 1936.

Dear Ben:

Of course you are free to use the quotation. I have enjoyed every one of the little books and hope that others have, and

will. Thank you again very much for sending them.—Probably a new book of mine will be ready for publication next fall; it is very far from written yet.

I am glad Bio is better; please remember us to her most affectionately. Sorry about your lumbago, and hope it doesn't happen often. It seems to be epidemic: almost all our friends, young and old, are having that, or sacroiliac, or arthritis, etc.

Una and I are very well, however. Our boys are juniors this year at the Univ. of California; they are very handsome fellows and intelligent enough to get by. One is on the wrestling team, and both seem to be having a better time than anybody ought to have.

Yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

RJ to Oscar Cushing and R. D. McElroy

October 13, 1936

Dear Mr. Cushing and Mr. McElroy:

1

Thank you for your letter of October 6, asking me to serve as a member of the committee of award for the Phelan Fellowships.

2

I shall be glad to serve, if the business of the committee is only to read and judge a number of books or manuscripts, and can be conducted by correspondence. But if it requires meetings—at least more than one—or to interview candidates, I must regretfully decline, owing to pressure of time and circumstances.

I am sorry to make a conditional answer, but really cannot do otherwise.

Yours sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers

PL. Ridgeway.

1. Oscar K. Cushing (1865–1948), an attorney, and Robert D. McElroy (1860–1943), a real estate broker and manager of the Phelan Building in San Francisco.

2. The Phelan Awards for distinguished achievement in literature and the arts were established by James Duval Phelan. The annual fellowship program provided stipends of \$1,000 each to two native Californians aged twenty to thirty-five.

UJ to Sara Bard Field

October 21. 1936
Tor House. Carmel.

Darling Sara:

Your sweet letter today.—First about Blanche & Russell. They are at the Palmer House, Chicago. Russell's pain got worse & worse. It seemed to come from arthritis in his back—in the spine—but there was neuritis present too in the leg—a large inflamed area was apparent. He consulted specialists in S. F. & in L. A. Some of them suggested a cast & 3 months in bed—but not *promising* help from that, so he decided before undertaking such a radical treatment to consult his own doctor in Chicago—I do not know the result yet. If you write her, please don't say that I had {have} told you all these *details*. It makes Russell nervous to have people speculating. Her pain in hand was better. It was decided finally that the pain came from a nerve cut through either in the accident or in probing. They had paid their rent to Nov. 1, when their lease was up ♦ but left about Oct 1.

Our boys spent the last weekend with us—happy and gay. The house is full to bursting with life when they are home. Three weeks before that we went up to S. F. on a Friday & spent our first night under Albert Bender's roof. He did everything hospitable & kind. We went to see Maurice Sterne in the evening. This is about our fourth visit of some hours with him. He is very interesting. It seems very odd coming to know him face to face after

knowing him so intimately through the eyes & emotions of Mabel—& reading such quantities of his old letters when she was preparing her new book. It's well nigh impossible to make these two views of him fit together.—On Sat. then we went over & got our boys & went up to Jenner—do you know the tiny hamlet at the mouth of the Russian river? We had to stay in an auto camp {cottage} {court}—the only accomodation, but there was a marvellous little restaurant specializing in seafood from fresh oysters & clams to trout & salmon. ♦ such

marvellously cooked Sea Food! In the morning we rowed about the lagoon. The scenery is wild & beautiful there—even *spectacular* at the river mouth. Then back to Berkeley—and home. On Sat. we had diverged from our course to Inverness and then 20 miles farther to Pt. Reyes Lighthouse the most lonely & wild ones we've seen. (I specialize in them!) The reason we went on this journey was to fill in the only gap in the coast road we hadn't done from San Diego to Eugene, Oregon. Two years ago we went from Taos up through Colo. Utah, Idaho over McKenzie Pass to Eugene, then over to the *cliff road* (not Redwood High) and south along it. Its narrow & unpaved mostly but safe, & such scenery! It takes time though—so winding.

A few weeks ago Helen Hoyt & husband & son

1 called. She seems more subdued than formerly. She has almost finished a new book she has worked on for 4 yrs. Poems with the constant theme of *Fire* of one ♦ kind or another.

2 Mr. Lyman teaches in a Junior College near L. A. He surprised me by knowing more than any American I've met about Irish Lit. & music. He gives a course in Celtic Culture & sent me a syllabus {about it.} He went to Ireland years ago & learned Gaelic.

O Erskine you make us gasp! After all that *tiring* political exertion—to come home & still have enough energy to feel like telling those Poe people what we all think of that kind of thing. & O Sara! your last paragraph & the Arnold poem—set me to thinking again about you & other friends I strongly love & admire and realizing a certain *poetical* {*enhancing*} quality in my love & appreciation of them & theirs for me.—This is in line with Erskine's & my private talk in your garden—that

certain loves we observe today may have *strength* indeed but lack a poetic quality that *seemingly* is on the verge of extinction. I feel like putting it smore strongly than “seemingly” as I listen to the history of contemporyporary loves & friendships from the lips of my sons & their friends. If they have made some compensatory gain it is hidden from my understanding.

I saw Ella two days ago. She is busy & tremendously interested in going over Stef’s letters. She is eager too about the special edition of the Pacific Weekly to come out soon.

Mabel has given “La Posta,” the big house & grounds (which she gave to John Evans & Claire & they deeded back to her in a fit of temper) to be a community hospital run by Catholic sisters.

3 Her letter winds up today “I do hope my book will sell I want to buy a plow & team of mules for Tony & an X-ray machine.” Isnt she comical?

Our devoted love
Una.

All this written in the morning in my nightgown Now I got for my daily dip in the sea.

Quotation on Inscription on a photograph Galsworthy gave to Hardy “The optimist appears to be one who cannot bear the world as it is, & is forced by his nature to picture it as it ought to be; & the pessimist one who cannot only bear the world as it is, but loves it well enough to draw it faithfully.”

4

ALS. Huntington. 5 pages. Postmark: October 21, 1936.

1. Amis Lyman, born in 1923.

2. Hoyt published several poems about fire in periodicals and anthologies, and she continued to write about fire intermittently, but her work did not result in a book in her lifetime. A posthumous collection titled *Fire Poems*, which contains a preface by her husband W. W. Lyman, was published by Blue Oak Press in 1979.

3. When town and county officials told Mabel Luhan they could not afford to turn the home into a hospital, a group of concerned citizens sought help from the Archbishop of Santa Fe. Through his efforts, the Sisters of the Holy Family of Nazareth (an order of nuns based in Chicago) accepted the property, renamed it Holy Cross Hospital, and opened it to the community in 1937.

4. The inscription comes from "Some Platitudes Concerning Drama," an essay by John Galsworthy published in his *The Inn of Tranquillity* (1912).

RJ to Cyril Clemens

Tor House, Carmel, California.
November, 1936.

Dear Mr. Clemens:

Forgive me for not writing sooner. If the offer of an Honorary Membership in the Mark Twain Society, to succeed my friend

Lincoln Steffens, is still open, I feel myself doubly honored in accepting it, and thank you sincerely.

For the tribute to A. E. Housman, perhaps you could use the following paragraph as “from a letter.” I am not a critic, and would rather not offer anything more formal:

Let me say that I too keenly enjoy A. E. Housman’s poems, “A Shropshire Lad” and many of the later ones. They are clear and grim little worlds, and remain as fresh to the mind as if they were made yesterday. They bear witness how lovely life and the earth are in themselves, without false adornment, without mysticism, without hope of heaven or much hope of any kind.—Not, of course, without selection.

Your card asks about the progress of my autobiography. There is some mistake here; I am not writing an autobiography and I never expect to; my life has been much too simple to write about.

Cordially yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

TLS. Berkeley. 1 page.

UJ to Zena Holman

Tor House. Carmel
November 6. 1936

Dear Mrs. Holman:

1

Forgive my delay in replying to your note. I do all my husband's letters and I've been in town for the opera. You are right "Flagons & Apples," (Grafton Press 1912.) Next "Californians" 1916 (Macmillan Pub.) The next, *Tamar* was published by Peter Boyle & republished by {Liveright}. Then Liveright

published several. Random House, N. Y. has been his publisher beginning with "Give your Heart to the Hawks." I do not know whether Gelber-Lilienthal, {Booksellers.} 336 Sutter St. San Francisco have any of the earlier firsts or not. They are enthusiastic on the subject of Jeffers. I wish I could supply you with the firsts you lack but have only the ones I have kept for ourselves. I refer {you for further details} to a "Bibliography of the Works of Robinson Jeffers" by Sydney S. Alberts, pub. by Random House which is very complete & is in fact an outstanding example of *Bibliography* There is a copy in Carmel Library.

Very sincerely,
Una Jeffers. <over> ♦

I discover that I have an extra copy of "Give your Heart to the Hawks" and an extra copy of the special autographed edition of "Women at Pt. Sur" which you could have, if you do not get them elsewhere, in exchange for credit at your store. The first was published at \$2.50 the special at \$10.

Every book since beginning with *Roan Stallion* has as you probably know had a specially printed special edition published simultaneously with the trade edition.

Hastily
U. J.

ALS. Tor House. 2 pages. Postmark: November 7, 1936.

1. Zena Georgina (Patrick) Holman (1891–1980), a civic leader, art collector, and bibliophile, was the wife of Wilford R. Holman (1884–1981), proprietor of Holman’s Department Store in Pacific Grove. As a buyer, executive vice president, and secretary of the board of directors, Mrs. Holman helped manage the store, which served the Monterey Peninsula as a major retail institution.

UJ to Dan Burne Jones

Tor House. Carmel. California
November 6. 1936

Dear Mr. Jones:

1

Writing for Robinson Jeffers. He is returning your lovely bookplates because he has none to offer in exchange. {He does not own a bookplate.}

Bookplates are fascinating. We have for many years bought quantities of books from old bookshops in Belfast & London and more often than not find an old, often very interesting bookplate. One of our sons is extremely enthusiastic about heraldry so that too has brought interesting designs before our eyes.

O dear that’s a sad story your C in English—but you never can tell what will infuriate a teacher! Apparently a great many classes in universities are studying Jeffers, to judge by the number of letters I answer in request for particular material. Our own son (one of the twins) who goes in for wrestling

rather than poetry appreciation! almost left a class at the University when the professor announced ♦ that much time would be devoted to the study of his father. He truthfully answered a question, that he hadn't read many pages of Jeffers & the professor said "It will give me great pleasure to introduce you to this poetry!" {"great poetry" he said actually.}

Best of luck with your book,

2

Very sincerely

Una Jeffers.

Mrs. Robinson Jeffers

As I direct your envelope I wonder whether you connect with the English Burne-Jones.

3 It occurs to me to call your attention to a design which Macmillan used in front of & back inside covers of a series of Yeats' books.—I have for instance here on my desk the Yeats "Essays" 1924. This design is the bookplate I would choose for myself of all others—with personally loved symbols (unicorn, hawk, fountain, stars) I don't know who designed it but it has great evocative implications.—

ALS. Balcom. 2 pages. Postmark: November 7, 1936.

1. Dan Burne Jones (1908–1995) was an art teacher, designer, businessman, and author who lived near Chicago, Illinois. A close friendship with the artist Rockwell Kent led to his publication of *The Prints of Rockwell Kent: A Catalogue*

Raisonné (1975), *Rockwell Kent: A Checklist of His Bookplates* (1978), and other books.

2. Possibly Dan Burne Jones, *The Least of These: Mickey, Beloved Itinerant, and An Eerie Incident: A True Tale of Innocence* (Black Cat Press, 1938).

3. Edward Burne-Jones (1833–1898), English artist and designer affiliated with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and the Arts and Crafts movement.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California
November 6. 1936

Dear Bennett:

We have been in San Francisco to hear the opera—or rather Robin & Haig (bulldog) stayed with Albert Bender while I went with a party, Noël Sullivan’s pre-arranged party—he is in Paris.

1 It was Tristan, with Flagstad & Melchior, magnificently sung.

2

Great excitement here in the region of *Pacific Weekly*—their {3 fold} special edition in honor of Stef, Autumn Books and Congress of Western Writers.

3 Robin gave them a few line poem.

4 I have in it a Review of Frederick Mortimer Clapps “New Poems” (Harpers.)

5 Its corking! {The book I mean.} I had promised to do Joe Hone's "Life of Geo. Moore"

6 but its delayed over here though out in London some weeks. The London Observer gave it a whole page review. So many books late—

A funny letter from Mabel Luhan. She says she does hope her new book will sell because she must ♦ "buy a team of mules & a plough & an Xray machine" The first two for Tony, the Xray for the hospital she is trying to get started there. She gave them her estate "La Posta" (the one she gave to Claire & John which they returned to her!) but it must be equipped

I wonder—when you met my friend Walter Peacock in London—did you meet the girl he has just married? Barbara Burnham.

7 Tell me about her.—She sent me a play about Byron she wrote with Gerald Gould "Falling Angel".

8 I believe she helped arrange "Murder in the Cathedral" for stage.

Did you see Melba Bennetts vol. "Robinson Jeffers & the Sea."

Robin is writing. He'll have something I hope {for you} by spring.

Affection from both of us—

Una

Moscow Skies is fascinating

9 I'd be happy if you'd send me Absalom.

10

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. In Sullivan's absence, Benjamin Lehman hosted the event. A postcard to him from Una, dated October 30, 1936 (APS Berkeley), accepts an invitation for dinner at a restaurant. "Robin," she says, "thinks he wont risk such gaiety, but thanks you. I'm looking forward to the evening."

2. Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, featuring Lauritz Melchior and Kirsten Flagstad, was performed by the San Francisco Opera Company under the direction of Fritz Reiner Monday, November 2.

3. As described in an editorial note for the November 9, 1936 issue of the *Pacific Weekly*, the special edition "combines the three features of Fall Book Number, pre-convention issue for the Western Writers' Congress, the first such gathering ever held in the West, and a memorial number to Lincoln Steffens, who contributed a regular column to the magazine from its beginning and was for a brief period (June to August 1936) its editor."

4. Jeffers' poem, "Sinverguenza" (Spanish for "without shame"), is included in a section titled "Seven California Poets," page 292.

5. Una Jeffers, "Time's Palimpsest and the Mind," *Pacific Weekly* (November 9, 1936): 315.

6. Joseph M. Hone, *The Life of George Moore*, with contributions by Desmond Shawe-Taylor and Clara Warville (London: V. Gollancz, 1936; New York: Macmillan, 1936).

7. Barbara (Burnham) Peacock (1898–1974), an English writer, director, and radio and television producer, adapted novels and plays for broadcast by the British Broadcasting Corporation. She retained her maiden name professionally. Publications include *Girls in Uniform* with Christa Winsloe (1933), *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* with James Hilton (1938), and *Actors—Let's Talk Shop* (1945).

8. Gerald Gould and Barbara Burnham, *Falling Angel: A Play in Three Acts* (London: V. Gollancz, 1936). Gerald Gould (1885–1936) was an English writer, critic, and poet. He was the author of *The Coming Revolution in Great Britain* (1920), *Beauty the Pilgrim* (1927), *Refuge from Nightmare* (1933), and other books.

9. Maurice Gerschon Hindus, *Moscow Skies* (New York: Random House, 1936).

10. William Faulkner, *Absalom, Absalom!* (New York: Random House, 1936).

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House. Carmel.
November 7. 1936

Dearest Albert:

Thanks for everything! Robin and Haig and I all say so. You were kind & warm hearted as you always and ever have been.

We bought some sandwiches and picked up our lads at International House and went aside & had a quiet family

lunch party. Arrived home at 65:30 and voted—We might as well have tarried along the way.

I wonder, Albert, whether I asked you what if you knew Ernie O'Malley

1 that violent young man of the Irish Revolutionary Party who was here in Calif. about five years ago (walking around with 7 bullets inside him.) Ella Young knew him.—He was in Taos too & lived with Brett for some months. (innocently I am sure!) He had written his life, and one evening {at Mabel's} read some chapters which seemed a bit dull.—I see now extended notices of it in your "Ireland Today," and long excerpts. It is becoming a great success. Called "On Another Man's Wound" from ♦ the Ulster saying {proverb} "Its easy to sleep on another man's wound." We all thought he was nice & interesting but too frail looking to have endured all he said,—that he was, in short, drawing a pretty long bow—but evidently his tale was all true, and much acclaimed by the present party in Dublin. When he {we} knew him he was slithering around uneasily, not having any permit to stay in this country & unable to {not allowed back} in Ireland. If you knew him, these items will bring his saga up to date with you except that I forgot to say that somehow he managed to meet & wed {wed wed} two years ago a member of one of the colossally rich American families I believe a Rockefeller.—

2 He did have nerve. The last time I saw him he was planning to start a tramp across the desert in the Navajo country without a canteen, & hatless in midsummer for practice!

Our love and thanks,
Una.

ALS. Mills. 2 pages.

1. Ernie O'Malley (1897–1957), an officer in the Irish Republican Army, was deeply involved in the War of Independence and the Civil War that consumed Ireland from 1919 to 1923. Accounts of his experiences are contained in *On Another Man's Wound* (1936), *Army Without Banners* (1937), and other books.

2. O'Malley married Helen Huntington Hooker (1905–1993), the daughter of Elon Huntington Hooker, founder of the Hooker Electrochemical Company, and Blanche (Ferry) Hooker of New York. Helen was a painter, sculptor, interior designer, and art collector. Her sister Blanchette Ferry Hooker (1909–1992) married John D. Rockefeller III in 1932.

RJ to Sara Bard Field

Tor House, Carmel.
November 24, 1936.

Dear Sara:

It is becoming more than ever impossible for me to write letters, else I should long since have answered your notes about the Writers' Conference and Fischer's articles in the Nation. As to the first, I thought perhaps Mrs. Chevalier might show you the line I wrote to her, saying that writers ought to associate with anybody in the world rather than with each other.

I didn't fully understand at that time that the whole purpose of this convention was anti-fascist. As to that, I would say that there is probably going to be a war in Europe within a year or two, and I hope we can keep out of it. There is no danger of our going in on the fascist side, and I see no

advantage in agitations designed to take us in on the other. Fascism learned its organization and methods, brutalities and prison-camps and spy-systems, from Communism, and I think it would be very nice if they could fight out their quarrel without involving the rest of the world.—But anyhow, let me congratulate you and Erskine on the wonderful speeches you made. We have heard of them from many witnesses. <over, please>◆

As to Louis Fischer's articles, I have read them all.

2 Our neighbor here has been lending us his Nations for many months. I have also been reading the less biassed and the oppositely biassed accounts. Do you know that Unamuno,

3 whom you admire, is on the side of the insurgents? And Madariaga

4 tries to be neutral—for morality's sake—though he knows that such an attitude must isolate him. I read a very interesting long article of his in an English paper. My own sympathies are mostly for Spain. It seems unfair that poor little old Spain has to be the victim—like a little old lady possessed by devils.

Una and I have been reading Darkling Plain again, and want to congratulate you. A beautiful book. How proud Noël will be of the dedication—proud and humble too—we know his nature.

Best wishes for the book from both of us, and love to you and Erskine.

Yours,
Robin.

ALS. Huntington. 2 pages. Postmark: November 25, 1936.

1. Barbara Chevalier evidently shared Jeffers' August 1936 letter with friends and conference officials, many of whom were upset with Jeffers for his decision not to attend. Elsa Gidlow, for instance, used a quotation from the letter to disparage Jeffers in an article about the conference published in *Poetry*. See UJ to Elsa Gidlow, March 7, 1937. Jeffers was also criticized *in absentia* at the congress. See UJ to Charles Erskine Scott Wood and Sara Bard Field, January 27, 1937, where Una mentions hostility toward Jeffers in the poetry section. See also an article in the *San Francisco Chronicle* (November 16, 1936): 17, which reports on a speaker who described Jeffers, Ernest Hemingway, and William Faulkner as "sentimental writers" who commit the sin "of failing to write about things as they are."

2. Louis Fischer (1896–1970), an American journalist who wrote for *The Nation* and other journals, lived in Moscow for several years. His early studies, such as *The Soviets in World Affairs* (1930), *Machines and Men in Russia* (1932), and *Soviet Journey* (1935), offered sympathetic portraits of the Soviet regime. Of all the articles Fischer had recently written for *The Nation*, two in particular may have attracted Jeffers' attention: "The New Soviet Constitution" (June 17, 1936) and "Soviet Democracy: Second View" (August 22, 1936). Both praised Soviet accomplishments and heralded Stalin's plan for a new age of freedom and civil rights.

3. Miguel de Unamuno y Jugo (1864–1936), Spanish poet, playwright, and philosopher; author of *Del Sentimiento Trágico de la Vida* (1913), translated as *The Tragic Sense of Life* (1921), and numerous other works.

4. Salvador de Madariaga y Rojo (1886–1978), Spanish diplomat, government administrator, professor, writer, and pacifist.

RJ to Rudolph Gilbert

Tor House, Carmel, California.

November 29, 1936.

Dear Rudolph Gilbert:

I am sorry to be late in thanking you for “Shine Perishing Republic.” It is hard for me to persuade myself to read anything written about my own verses, whether praise or blame or interpretation. I have almost never read reviews. It is an instinct, and I think a reasonable instinct, to avoid being influenced in future work by other people’s opinions, and to avoid self-consciousness. But I could not intelligently thank you for the book without looking through it at least, and it took me some days to overcome the reluctance.

This evening I have read it rapidly through, and can say that I am sincerely grateful. I don’t know, and don’t wish to consider, whether my verses deserve this studious attention; but I’m glad to believe they have had some value if they have been an influence in stimulating your mind toward the activity and very wide reading that your work evidences. The book is excellently thought and written: let me congratulate you on it. It seems very well manufactured too. There are some errors in the verse-quotations, one or two curious ♦ ones, but that is not surprising; I have done much worse now and then with my own proof-sheets.

1Your feeling about the meaning or direction of the poems does not always {exactly} coincide with mine, but it seems to me in almost all cases both intelligent and probable. You do not perfectly comprehend “At the Birth of an Age”, and I think no one else does, though the verses are clear enough. All the prevalent religions think of God as blessed, {blessed,} or happy, or at least at peace; even the pantheist mystic finds peace in God; therefore this conception of God as in pain is hardly admitted by the reader’s mind. For this reason I built it up through the wall-painting of Prometheus, the self-hanging of Odin in Norse mythology, the personality of Gudrun, and the phantom of Christ, to make it poetically credible. It is a conception that runs through my verses, from “Heautontimoroumenos” (the selftormenter) in “Women at Point Sur” (page 174) down to this latest. If God is the universe, {all,} he must be suffering, since an unreckoned part of the universe is always suffering. But his suffering must be self-inflicted, for he is all; there is no one outside him to inflict it.—I suppose the idea carries psychological as well as cosmic or religious implications. Man as well as God must suffer in order to discover; and it is often voluntary—self-inflicted—suffering.

—I have been too prolix.—Thank you warmly for your book.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. A scribbled draft of this paragraph is located in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities Research Center, Texas.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel
November 30. 1936

Dear Larry:

(Alberts & I have suddenly arrived at using first names after many years of correspondence. You and I may as well start, too, if you like.)

We think the Jeffers exhibit a fine idea, and I am glad you are to have a hand in it.

1 With Albert Bender's help it should be very interesting. If you need anything I can supply, let me know.

We drive up to get our sons at International House sometimes & I will send you a card next trip. If you have an idle hour, perhaps you could meet us at I House for a little chat. I hope your little family thrive.

2 A book has just been published by Bruce Humphries, Inc. {Boston.} "Shine, Perishing Republic: Robinson Jeffers & the Tragic Sense in Modern Poetry," by Rudolph Gilbert. Its well done.

Cordially,
Una Jeffers.

Very beautiful fragment in the D. H. Lawrence book "Phoenix" "The Flying Fish"

3 Have you seen it?

4

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. In honor of Jeffers' fiftieth birthday (January 10, 1937), Powell arranged for a display of photographs, books, and manuscripts at the library of the University of California, Berkeley. The special exhibit, titled "Robinson Jeffers: Poet of the Pacific," was scheduled for January and February, 1937.

2. Lawrence and Fay Powell and their son Wilkie Haines Powell, born October 7, 1935.

3. "The Flying Fish," an unfinished story by D. H. Lawrence, was published in *Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence*, edited by Edward D. McDonald (New York: Viking Press, 1936): 780–798.

4. Written diagonally in top right corner of page.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel. California.
November 30. 1936

Dear Sydney:

I sent you by insured parcel post today two Genthe pictures. We have no other copies so I hope you will not keep them too long. The front view one has hung for many years by R. J's desk.—I don't know why really—just because it happened to be framed I guess, for when Melba asked to have one in her book—or to be exact she asked to reproduce still another *view* she had seen in the home of a friend of mine in Beverly Hills,

R. J. spoke up & said he was fondest of the one ultimately reproduced in Melba's book. I cannot get the negative of the reproduction without *difficulty*—The man who did it—Lewis Josselyn—(French family living here in Carmel)

1 is a bit eccentric and would think I didn't like his work and so on or wonder whether I wanted to have his negative criticized.

Weston is not in Carmel now. I would have had him reproduce the Genthe if he had been.—The other good one here is Johan Hagemeyer—but he is very queer & jealous of his dignity & would hate to reproduce {a} Genthe picture.♦

Robin says go ahead & god speed if you can get a play out of *Cawdor*. I wish you could & would. I feel it has tremendous dramatic possibilities. It is one of my favorites—I realize of course the difficulties too.

Have you seen “Shine, Perishing Republic: Robinson Jeffers & the Tragic Sense in Modern Poetry” by Rudolph Gilbert, pub. by Rudolph Gilbert Bruce Humphries, Inc. Boston. Its interesting.

There is a page of quotations from R. J. in “Enjoyment of Laughter” by Max Eastman.

2 (Simon & Schuster).

I sent you a copy of Pacific Weekly of Nov. 9. with a few line poem by R. J. and a review by U. J. of Frederick Mortimer Clapp's “New Poems,” which I like very much. {So does R. J.} He is a VERY dear friend of ours.—(of mine since 1904.) He is head of the Fine Arts Dept of Univ. of Pittsburgh, on leave for 4 yrs. to be advising director of Frick Collection in

N. Y. C. If you are interested in such things & ever go there—use our name if you wish to get into his office.—He & Mrs Clapp are in Carmel just now for a month or so. Timmie Clapp has one of the finest, certainly the most *cultivated* mind I know well.

The Gaelic has got me down—Its monstrously hard by this method.♦

Arnold Genthe has just published his autobiography.

3 He is still talked of in San Francisco & *here* too he had a house in Carmel I mean. He always made love to his {woman sitters and put on a very good show!}

I am reading with extreme interest Josep Joseph Hone's *Life of George Moore*.

4

Have you amongst your connections a kindly etymologist? I have just been looking through my Irish diary for a reference & came on a note of a tombstone which was within a mile of our house in Knocknacarry {Co. Antrim} & again we are puzzling over the final word in an {the} inscription. on this stone was a carving of a ship side view—with an anchor down at each end. Nearby is a *goat*.— All the words were {The words are all} *printed* as I printed the last word to make it clear. What can that word mean? *fuldiew*.

5—taking into account that it may be misspelled. Today I showed it to Timmie Clapp. He was visiting the archeologist Kingsley Porter in Ireland when the latter was writing his “Irish Crosses” & went about with him photographing & deciphering. Timmie has a suggestion for its meaning which seems plausible to me but not to Robin. What do you say?

Charles Mc

Alister's Burying Place:

Here lies the boddy (sic!)

of John his son

died 11th

March 1803

aged 18 years

({goat.} Ship carved)

Your Ship

love is mor- (sic)

ed head and

starn for a (sic)

fuldiew

<over> ♦

Dec 1.

The Grabhorn book came today—I shall send you one in case when I can get it autographed & wrapped. If Albert {Bender} also sends you a copy perhaps you can hand one of them on to someone interested in R. J.

I spoke of wanting you to have a copy but don't know whether he means one of those he sent us for you. I don't want to ask because he would then certainly give one of his & he may have them allotted already

In describing the tombstone {(with fuldiew)} I meant to say that in the midst of many beautifully carved (armorial bearings) etc.) stones this one is rudely incised.

I enclosed a note I copied from one of R. J's increasingly rarer & rarer letters. I MADE him write last night to thank Gilbert H.

6 for his study.—R. J. thanks him & says he doesn't know whether his verses merit so much work on them. Says the study is interesting & that there are some errors in printing etc. Then writes the paragraph I copied. Please return to me.

7

Best wishes from us both.

8

Una Jeffers

ALS. San Francisco. 4 pages. Postmark: December 2, 1936.

1. Lewis Josselyn was born in California; his wife Augustine Eugenie (Richard) Josselyn (1896–1987) was born in France.

2. Max Eastman, *Enjoyment of Laughter* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1936). In a discussion of metaphors and similes, Eastman uses passages from Jeffers' poetry to illustrate his points; see pages 83–84.

3. Arnold Genthe, *As I Remember* (New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, 1936).

4. Two copies of this book remain in the Tor House Library, one of which is inscribed “Dearest Una from Robin—At last you and I have found the wedding anniversary present for you, only three or four months late. Here it is with all my love, and with proper jealousy of this great rival in your affections. November 22, 1936. For August 2, 1936.” See Maureen Girard, *The Last Word*, pages 55–59.

5. A “fuldiew” is the payment due a sailor at the end of a voyage. See UJ to Percy Peacock, August 3, 1929.

6. Rudolph Gilbert, not Gilbert H.

7. Alberts must have returned the note to Una; it is not with the letter.

8. Closing and signature are written vertically in the left margin, page 2.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel
December 2. 1936

Dear Bennett—

I wont let my hopes dwell on that prize too much—but it would be very cheering indeed if it came to Solstice!

1—With two boys in college money is more welcome than ever!

Thank you for *Absalom*. I am in the midst of it now. I have a conviction of Faulkner's worth—but wish he didn't write with so many needless involvements. It reads too slowly for its value to one—, but anything he writes leaves an indelible impression on me. Robin says Liddell Hart's *War in Outline* is wonderfully done in the way of compressing so much in so short a book and it is clearly & calmly told.

2

I shall mail you today or tomorrow {2 copies 1 inscribed to you.} a poem of Robin's which at long last {Albert} Bender got from him. Grabhorn printed it. It is a personal whim of Benders—not for sale of course. There is a horrid Japanese print kind of picture of Robin ♦ in the front 3—but the printing is beautiful. And its a good poem!

Your idea of a book of poems gathered from Robin's published books is fine for some year in the near future when he hasn't a book coming out. I prefer very much *Selected Poems*. *Collected* seems too final (& Yeats' collected poems will have to be revised again & again) You are a darling to be so interested in our success quite apart I feel from your publisher's interest.

I am reading Joe Hone's *Life of George Moore*. Its amazingly well done, very objective but detailed & enough letters & so on to enable the reader to form an estimate of the man. I wish it were your publication. Its a notable book, but probably will have a very limited sale.

A letter from Mableel today—just leaving for Mexico for a few weeks to rest her heart from the altitude!

Best love from us both
Una.

A book—(rather interesting study) about R. J. just published by Bruce Humphries, Inc. Boston. “Shine, Perishing Republic: Robinson Jeffers & the Tragic Sense in Modern Poetry,” by Rudolph Gilbert

4

The University of California Library gives 2 exhibitions of books each semester. Next semester is (1) Kipling (2) Jeffers

5

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. In a letter to Una dated November 24, 1936 (TCC Columbia), Cerf writes, “I hope that you and Robin will be pleased to note that *Solstice* is listed in the enclosed Book-of-the-Month Club circular as a candidate for the special new Fellowship prize. The object of the prize is to reward authors of fine books which, by their nature, could never possibly get into a best-seller status.” Cerf also says, “we have been doing some quiet campaigning along Pulitzer Prize lines too, although from the reactions I have got, I am afraid that Robin’s themes are much too strong and bold to suit the moth-eaten tastes of the doddering old gents who award the Pulitzer Prizes.”

2. Basil Liddell Hart, *The War in Outline: 1914–1918* (New York: Random House, 1936). Capt. Sir Basil Henry Liddell Hart (1895–1970) was a British soldier, military historian, tactician, and prolific author.

3. Jeffers' portrait in *The Beaks of Eagles* was done by Dorothy (Reno) Grover (1908–1975), a graduate of Mills College and the University of California, Berkeley.

4. Written across the top of first page, above the address and date.

5. Added vertically in left margin, first page.

UJ to Theodore Lilienthal

Tor House. Carmel
December 12 1936

Dear Ted:

Did Albert give you one of the "Beaks of Eagles." Robins poem—he had printed by Grabhorn. Let me know and if he did not, I will give you one if you will stop at Tor House when you are in Carmel. I make sure first because there aren't so many!—

Please place my order for the last de la Mare book I forget the title, is it "The Wind blows over"—short stories.

1 Have them send it right away. Keep in mind my "Going down Sackville St."—

2

O what fun the Boswell "Journal" is.

3 I've always adored it & its more delightful than ever!

We want very much to accept Melba's invitation to Palm Springs but dont see our way clear yet.

Hope to see you & Fran soon

Cordially

Una.

Only envelope I have left—Sorry.

4

ALS. Occidental. 1 page. Postmark: December 14, 1936.

1. Walter de la Mare, *The Wind Blows Over* (London: Faber & Faber, 1936).

2. Oliver St. John Gogarty, *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street* (New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, 1937).

3. James Boswell, *Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* (New York: Viking Press, 1936). For Una's review of the book, see "Boswell's Intrepidity of Talk," *Pacific Weekly* (December 14, 1936): 366.

4. Written diagonally in top right corner of page. Una used an envelope from the La Playa Hotel, Carmel.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

December 14, 1936

Tor House. Carmel.

My dear Melba:

One would say we were not worthy of your thoughtfulness & your charming invitation to Palm Springs. Believe me when I tell you that just a tangle of things has kept us enmeshed.—Our days are so full and each hour seems hooked onto the next and nothing is simple! There have been three things *mostly* in the way of our getting there. (1) The Clapps who are resting & although they too have been talking eagerly of Death Valley—need quiet at the moment & this is too rare a moment for Robin to get to know Timmie well,

to lose. We see them constantly. (2) Our finances are a bother. Our regular income from a trust fund has fallen so much (trouble with mortgages) that Robin & his brother are thinking of transferring the trust from the Security-First National in Los Angeles to some northern company who will perhaps be a little more eager & helpful. {It has been in the L A Bank for 22 yrs.} If they decide to do this—a trip to L. A. ♦ will be necessary & it would be most convenient to do the business on our way to the desert. One trip. (3) Our boys. We have never taken a real trip without them since they were born. It {would} seems somehow part wasted if we do it. Their vacation lasts into Jan. & I hoped perhaps to do the trip then. In any case, Melba, don't worry about Robin's quiet. If we come it will be just for two nights with you. Arriving one p.m. devoting one complete day to jaunting busily around Palm Springs then the next day away to the Valley.—If in that busy day—you wanted anyone in for cocktails {as you said}—certainly we would like it.—Now I have explained our delay—so don't bother your head about it at all & if & when we can dash down, you are too full or busy you can say so readily.—In any case of course it won't be the week between New Years & Christmas.

It is sprinkling this morning & Robin is happy. We have all been rather alarmed by the prolonged drought. A wild dark cloud is over the sea. We have been riding horseback a good deal lately with the Fishes.

All good wishes for the Holidays.

Love from Una.

This Have you read Gib Gilberts book about R. J.?—I am not even attempting to talk about the overturn in England.

1 Wasn't it amazing. No, R. J. didnt go to Writers Congress. Have you read Joseph Hones "Life of George Moore"

2

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. Edward VIII, king of the United Kingdom, signed an "Instrument of Abdication" December 10, 1936. He renounced the throne in order to marry Wallis Simpson, an American. Edward's younger brother Albert was named King George VI the following day.

2. Written in top margin, first page.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California
December 14. 1936

Dear Bennett:

I was unhappy after I mailed your letter a week ago that I hadn't said a word about O'Neill & the Pulitzer Nobel prize.

1 You must be terribly proud—and HE DESERVES THE HONOR! Its grand.

Thanks so much for the books. I am just getting into the Pushkin

2—after not reading a word of his for years—it so happens that the man you {who} long ago read with me & lead me through Russian lit.—is on the spot—here in Carmel.

Frederick Mortimer Clapp—& he is extremely interested in this new edition.

All good things for the New Year, dear Bennett, we send our love.

Una.

And of course a Merry Christmas. I think of you gay & happy. I mailed two copies of Robin's "Beaks of Eagles" to you one inscribed. (The Bender poem printed by Grabhorn)—

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

1.The Nobel Prize in Literature was awarded to Eugene O'Neill November 12, 1936. The Nobel banquet and ceremony, which O'Neill did not attend, was held in Stockholm December 10, 1936.

2.Cerf's firm published two editions of the same book in 1936, both edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky—*The Works of Alexander Pushkin: Lyrics, Narrative Poems, Folk Tales, Plays, Prose* (Random House) and *The Poems, Prose and Plays of Alexander Pushkin* (Modern Library).

UJ to Sara Bard Field

Tor House. Carmel.
December 14. 1936 (near midnight)

Dearest Sara:

Just a few lines—its late and we must be up & away by 8:00 to get our boys from Berkeley. (for a three weeks vacation—thank God.) We are so happy to have the lovely edition of *Darkling Plain—beautifully done*—and your poems a fresh delight each time I read them—so sensitive to beauty & to all of life, its dark & light, & so full of *heart*, a heart quivering with sympathy and understanding.—and dignity too—

O dear! when I have time to stop & think I am amazed how I go lunging & shouldering my way so unconcernedly amongst all these poets who are saying things so subtly—I say all—I had in mind just then you two & Robin & our dear Timmie Clapp—All of you amaze me with your work—no I wont stop & ponder but just dash on loving you all & cheerfully taking you for granted! ♦ Your lines to me have caught the quality of grayness & dampness & salt tides that I love.—I wish you could have seen me a really romantic figure this morning (& no one to see but Haig & Robin) running down my shell path to the sea for my dip with rain pouring down & waves running high. Just a wee small dip but beautiful in different ways each morning—different birds, different shells & waves & sand curves—and often a wee dark fishing boat just off the rocks & often seals peering at me!

Have you seen Powys' new book Maiden Castle?

1 I havent yet. There is a new book about Robin “Shine, Perishing Republic: {Robinson Jeffers &} The Tragic Sense in Modern Poetry” by Rudolph Gilbert. Bruce Humphries, Inc. Boston, Pub.—just a study but interesting. Last news

I heard Noël was to arrive tomorrow. I had a wee letter from him & his companions & Bess O’Sullivan & Bidy from Oxfordshire. ({from} Bidy’s house we rented for 3 months.)

I mailed to you & Erskine a copy of the poem Bender had done, beautifully done, by Grabhorn. If Albert had already given you a copy would you pass one on to Jim & Kay please.

Our love to you both—our *dear* love—and our joy in you—even my joy in that unreformed old rebel!

Devotedly

Una.

Blanche is back in New York at the Savoy-Plaza. Wisely she didnt come up here. This morn. I rec’d two books—for remembrance, from her mother’s library (sent by her cousin) Blanche is a rare person. I am proud to be her friend. Dr. Wolfson

2 went down & saw them in L. A. & said after the first sharp grief Blanche bore up very well

3 Russell is better too.

4

Tell us *what shark’s oil?* We all want to be just like Erskine. Please.

5

ALS. Huntington. 2 pages.

1. John Cowper Powys, *Maiden Castle* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1936).

2. Mast Wolfson (1893–1987), a San Francisco native who received his medical degree from Harvard University, opened his internal medicine practice in Monterey in 1930. Dr. Wolfson was highly revered both as a physician and a community organizer. He was a director of the Carmel Music Society and the Carmel Bach Festival.

3. Victoria Coates, Blanche Matthias' mother, died November 22, 1936.

4. Added across top of first page.

5. Written vertically in left margin, first page.

UJ to Charles Abbott

Tor House. Carmel. California
December 21. 1936

Dear Mr. Abbott,

1

Replying to your letter of December 7. Robinson Jeffers is sorry he has no suitable mss. for you at present. He will keep your request in mind in case he can forward you something {later}. Your plan for the collection is very interesting and I should think very valuable for students.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Buffalo. 1 page.

1. Charles D. Abbott (1900–1961), professor of English and director of University Libraries at the State University of New York at Buffalo. In 1936 Abbott launched an ambitious acquisition program that focused on twentieth-century poetry written or published in English. His efforts resulted in an extensive archive of manuscripts, first editions, little magazines, broadsides, and anthologies.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

December 31. 1936

Tor House. Carmel

Dearest Mabel:

I didnt have a single card or word from you from Mexico until the one mailed in Loreda Dec 22.—thats why there was no Christmas letter for you. {I didn't know where you'd be} However I sent you the day before Christmas a copy of the new edition of Pushkin & the privately printed "Beaks of Eagles," which Robin gave to Bender at long last.—It will of course be included in the next vol. of his verses.

Your book

1 came in due time—and I am not sure whether it was before my last letter to you. *Thanks* from Robin & me then & now! The book has been getting lengthy reviews & even the unfavorable ones were of such a nature that they would induce sales I think. It forms a valuable link in the chain of your series & because of the range of your friends in it will sell more widely than the first 2 vol. but it is as Ive said

before ♦ the years of your life less {least} congenial to me. I am eagerly awaiting “Edge of the Desert”—

2 It ought to be the fulfilling & culminating one of them all.

I had a card from Ronny but none from Adrian this year. I can't understand about Hanni & Teddie—had you any quarrel? It doesn't seem like them as I knew them to cut off a friendship without frankly discussing the trouble. Brett wrote me that Hanni was sick

Sally & Dick have been visiting his mother for several weeks. I've just seen them three times & the baby—a dear I've meant to have them here before now. I like them both, but the holidays have been passed in a regular tumult of activities. The Clapps are still here (until the middle of Jan.). All very gay at Olga's

I'm going tomorrow to a cocktail party at Paul Dougherty's

3 in honor of his daughter Mrs. Geddes.

4 ♦ Paul has been married four times & this is his only child (by his first marriage)

Sally Bok's expression is entirely changed. Why?

Noël arrived Dec 26. very thin but having had a WONDERFUL time. He brought me two darling dresses one is a full gathered red plaid wool with black band trimming from Vienna. (its Tyrolean) The other a Fortuny

5—a delicious dreamy gray blue. Neither of them had to be altered a bit (except to *shorten* the Fortuny). He had come back from Detroit, by chance, on the same train with George Moore who was of course full of talk about the abdication. He also thinks there was a lot more to it than Mrs. Simpson

6 who was used as a good excuse to put Edward out. Moore knows ♦ her & likes her. Says in spite of her gaiety & lightness she has lots of dignity. Did you hear Edward's speech after abdicating? It *was* moving.

The Matthiases are in New York. They are sailing to England for the coronation, April 21.

Garth & Donnan are home for 3½ weeks holiday. Robin & I are light-headed with joy. We fall so quickly into the happy rhythm of being together & doing things together that its going to be a nasty wrench (for R & me) when term begins at Berkeley. Boys insisted on getting their long-talked of room started this holiday. So the foundations are dug & if the rain stops, Robin & Donnan will start it this P.M.

7 Garth has a few days' job in the wood yard. Donnan has been doing some carpentering for me—altering a cupboard in the dining room.

8 ♦

Melba Bennett has invited us all down to Deep Well Ranch, Palm Springs. I am trying to get us down there about Jan 10 for a few days, but dont know whether it will come to pass. Robin is so involved & interested in what he is writing that it may be unwise to cause a hiatus.

I still go into the sea every day.

Mexico sounds thrilling. I'd like it. Seems to charm everyone. Meta Curtis leaves for Mexico City today. She ♦ and her husband have been living in Pebble Beach for some months.

Why are John & Claire in Bermuda? They said they intended to stay in their own place. They got the furnace in. Tell me news of them, and the baby. Have you any snaps of them? I would return them.

Dearest love

Devotedly—

Una. {in a hurry}

Hope you haven't a horrid germ!

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. Mabel Dodge Luhan, *Movers and Shakers*, volume 3 of *Intimate Memories* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1936), published November 19, 1936.

2. Mabel Dodge Luhan, *Edge of Taos Desert: An Escape to Reality*, volume 4 of *Intimate Memories* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1937), published September 16, 1937.

3. Paul Dougherty (1877–1947) graduated from New York Law School and passed the Bar exam but never pursued a career as an attorney. Instead, he devoted himself to painting. Widely acclaimed as a marine painter, Dougherty was inducted into the National Institute of Arts and Letters in 1908. Dougherty's first wife Antje Lund died of appendicitis soon after their daughter was born. Marriages to Marthe Wisner, a concert pianist, and Marian Clark, a socialite, ended in divorce. He and his fourth wife Paula Gates Dougherty, an actress, purchased a home in the Carmel Highlands in 1932.

4. Anne Elizabeth “Lisa” (Dougherty) Geddes (1903–1989), a cartographer and landscape architect, was the wife of architect James P. Geddes II (1904–1990); the couple married in 1930. In 1945 Lisa married Carleton S. Coon (1904–1981). Dr. Coon, a social anthropologist who taught at Harvard University and the University of Pennsylvania, was the author of *The Races of Europe* (1939), *The Story of Man* (1954), *The Origin of Races* (1962), and other books.

5. Mariano Fortuny y Madrazo (1871–1949), a Spanish fashion designer whose studio was located in Venice. The classic Fortuny gown was thin, flowing, tightly pleated, and Grecian in style.

6. Wallis Simpson, born Bessie Wallis Warfield (1896–1986), was a twice-married and twice-divorced American socialite. King Edward VIII’s desire to marry her led to his decision to abdicate. Following their June 3, 1937 wedding, Wallis became the Duchess of Windsor.

7. Robinson conceived Garth and Donnan’s recreational room as a separate building with a bathroom and attached garage. As construction continued intermittently over the next twenty years, however, it grew to become a two-story structure with a sitting room, study, and garage on the ground floor and three bedrooms and a bath above. The addition was eventually called the East Wing.

8. A diagram showing the location of the new room follows this sentence.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Evening

Jan 5. 1937

Tor House. Carmel

Dear Larry—

I have wrapped up to mail you tomorrow

1. Peter Boyle “Tamar”
2. Special (12 copies {only}) “Roan Stallion”
3. “Apology for Bad Dreams” Paris ed
4. “An Artist”
5. “Four Poems & a Fragment.”
6. Rock & Hawk—vellum
7. Special vellum “Return” (Perhaps you had this?)
8. Youth’s Companion.

Sorry I didn’t get these off before. I’ve been dreadfully rushed. It might be of interest to label *somehow* the Rock & Hawk as printed by Frederic Prokosch author of “The Asiatics” & “The Assassins.”

Have you plenty of pictures of R. J. & of the Tower etc.

If I can help further let me know.♦

I enclose an excerpt from a letter of R. J. to Gilbert which you may be interested to read. Please return R. J. thinks he first read the Flinders Petrie about 8 yrs ago.

I do not know of any thesis being done on R. J. at the moment but dozens of times during the past year have been asked for material by college students doing papers on him—I imagine theme papers.

R. J. has only a vague remembrance about that questionnaire. He says New Verse he thinks is an Eng. magazine.

A happy & successful year to you & yours!

Una Jeffers.

This copy & one in Alberts possession is are the only ones of *Four Poems* besides the Congressional Library & oh what a let down was Canby's review of that \$250,000 (or whatever) T E Lawrence book in the Congressional Lib. Did you see it? What a scoop!

1

The dreadful John G. Moore has been trying to blackmail Ella Winter or plain torment her she says.

I put "Rock & Hawk" inside some other book I think the "*Return*"

2

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. When T. E. Lawrence died in 1935, he left behind an unpublished manuscript titled *The Mint*. According to the terms of his will, *The Mint* was not to be released before 1950. In order to safeguard the book's contents, Doubleday, Doran copyrighted it in 1936, printed twelve copies, and offered ten for sale at the prohibitive price of \$500,000 each. Henry Seidel Canby studied Doubleday's plan closely and realized that two copies would have to be filed with the Library of Congress, so he traveled to Washington, D.C. and read the book on site. His exposé review, "Lawrence After Arabia," was published in the *Saturday Review of Literature* (November 21, 1936): 5–7.

2. Added in top right corner, first page.

RJ to Elmer Adler

Tor House, Carmel, Calif.
January 11, 1937

Dear Mr. Adler:

Thank you for your letter *re* "Getting Into Print." I am sorry not to have answered more promptly, and hope this is not too late for your purpose.

1

My book-manuscript is written in pencil and typed by myself; no one else could read it. Almost all changes and revisions are made in the pencil draft, very few in the process of typing, none later. I usually see one set of proofs and hate it.

Enclosed is a quite characteristic page from the unfinished manuscript of my next book.

2 I'm afraid it is too dim and queer for reproduction, but that is in the nature of my handwriting.

Cordially yours,
Robinson Jeffers

PL. Adler.

1. Adler included this letter in his *Breaking into Print: Being a Compilation of Papers Wherein a Select Group of Authors Tell of the Difficulties of Authorship & How Such Trials Are Met* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1937): 85. Following the letter is a reprint of "First Book," an essay by Jeffers published in the May 1932 edition of *The Colophon*.

2. Along with the letter and essay, *Breaking into Print* also contains a facsimile of the first seven lines of a handwritten draft of Jeffers' poem "The Beaks of Eagles," published in *Such Counsels You Gave to Me* (1937).

RJ to Henry Seidel Canby

Tor House, Carmel, California.
January 13, 1937.

Dear Mr. Canby:

Thank you very much for your letter informing me of my election to the National Institute of Art and Letters.

1 I am sorry that it will not be possible for me to be present at the annual dinner and meeting a week from to-day. May I convey through this letter my thanks to the members of the Institute, and my sense of the honor done me? I am proud to be enrolled in this distinguished fellowship, and with so notable a list of entering members.

2

Faithfully yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

Mr. Henry S. Canby,

Secretary,

National Institute of Art and Letters.

ALS. A Academy. 1 page.

1. The National Institute of Arts and Letters was established in 1898 to honor and promote distinguished achievement in literature and the fine arts. At its inception, membership was limited to 150 elected luminaries. In 1904 the number was increased to 250. In the same year, a smaller, even more elite organization was formed within the institute—the American Academy of Arts and Letters—which, by special election, elevated 50 institute members to special status. The two-tier structure was dissolved in 1992. The combined institution, still limited to 250 elected members, is now known as the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

2. Members elected to the Department of Literature, 1937: Sherwood Anderson, Charles McLean Andrews, Claude G.

Bowers, James Branch Cabell, John Dos Passos, Douglas South-all Freeman, DuBose Heyward, Robinson Jeffers, Joseph Wood Krutch, Robert E. Sherwood, and Thomas Wolfe. For a discussion of strains faced by the institute in the 1920s and 1930s, as old-guard members sought to exclude modernist authors, including Jeffers, see chapters by Cynthia Ozick, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and John Updike in *A Century of Arts & Letters* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1998).

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Jan 25. 1937

Tor House Carmel

Dear Bennett:

Just sent you a wire. Robin intends to have his book ready for your fall list. He hates to definitely name it until its done but has been calling it to himself "Such Counsels You Gave to Me"—(the last line of the old Scotch ballad "Edward," you know,—“Sic counseils ye gave to me, O”)

Of course I am wishing very hard for that award—but Robin says "Wise men never hope." Anyway you are very sweet to have our welfare so close to your heart.

I ought to have written you long ago—(& perhaps I did) to thank you for the Puskk Pushkin. I was happy to have it at thatis time when Timmie Clapp was here for he first introduced me to Puskin many ♦ many years ago. He has been spending several months here—you know the organizing director of the Frick collection. Robin has come to know him well now & says he *never* met a man he liked & admired

more. If you are ever around the Frick do try to meet him
Send our name in with yours—He just published a *corking*
vol. of verse—Harpers.

Our boys were home 3 weeks holiday & such joy &
confusion at Tor House.

And besides Noël Sullivan brought me a Fortuny dress from
Paris & a darling Tyrolean one, & I look nice.

Arnold Genthe dropped in yesterday wanted to snap
Robin.—He was surprised & interested to see some pictures
he had done of me—(I was} named otherwise in those days)

Gershwin here for tea—with an armful of Robins books. I
went up to his concert in S. F. with symphony.

1 Great enthusiasm. He spoke affectionately of you.

Best love from Una & Robin.

2

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. George Gershwin (1898–1937), pianist and composer.
Major works include *Rhapsody in Blue* (1924), *Piano
Concerto in F* (1925), *An American in Paris* (1928), and
Porgy and Bess (1935). He also wrote hundreds of popular
songs, many with lyrics by his brother Ira (1896–1983).
Gershwin appeared with the San Francisco Symphony Friday
afternoon and Saturday evening, January 15 and 16. He
performed his *Piano Concerto* and conducted the suite from
Porgy and Bess.

2. Closing and signature are written vertically in the right margin.

UJ to Charles Erskine Scott Wood and Sara Bard Field

[January 27, 1937]
Tor House. Carmel
Wednesday.

My dearest Erskine & Sara:

We are awfully sorry to hear the bad news of Llewelyn Powys, and are casting about in our minds how we can help. If you want me to tell the truth I doubt the *selling* quality of his books but I am *certain* of their value, and I shall stress that in his my letter to Bennett. It is only a few days ago that I offered "Dorset Essays" to the Clapps who are ALMOST the best critics I know & they both said they didn't like any of the Powys Bros. (Mrs. C. is English, too.) They seem to me to all of them to have genius.—Well I'll do my best. I read every word all three of them write. I should think John Cowper could pull strings.

Dearest two—I ought long ago to have sent you the warm thanks we felt when we rec'd your heart-warming gift of wine & brandy—and the beautiful poem of Erskine's—but our holidays were a ♦ confused whirl of people & work & gay parties. Our boys were home for more than three weeks & that meant joy & work.—We expected to stop & see you on our way back home from taking them back to college but were too late in the day as we came into your zone.

After the Convention of Western Writers in S. F. someone (I guess Rhys Williams) told us how Robin was berated in the Poetry section I guess it was—Robin grinned amiably. He hasn't any time to enjoy Praise or resent Blame. {but I have time—} Today "Poetry" sent us a copy in which one Elsa Gidlow goes out of her way to be disagreeable because Robin is of that turn of mind that doesn't find nourishment in discussing what rhyme he thought of last. Since I try most times to act (before Robin!) as disinterested as he is, I have not called his attention to this article ♦ & so he is certain not to see it!—But I am going to ask you—why do almost all Radicals except Erskine & Sara feel so mean & cross? The very sound of a person going quietly about his own business & *enjoying* WORK & not yelling with anguish because Mr. Rockefeller has more stuffing in his turkey than they have {he has}, turns their blood to gall. Why do they want everyone {poor person} to squirm with envy? I notice that scientists & health crusaders and so on who are laboring to rectify the mistakes of *Nature* do not have this mean feeling inside. If they see someone who is not actively fighting a battle against syphilis and mosquitoes & infantile paralysis, they don't get abusive. If Robin saw the above he would be very disappointed that I noticed their bile, & now that I have called it to your attention I feel in fact very cheerful & quit of the unhealthy mess. I put it upon you. Perhaps you know the answer.♦

On Sunday we had a visit from Arnold Genthe. He came to see the house he built in Carmel in 1902. He wanted to get some pictures of Robin. We had some interesting talk of Sterling etc. He was interested to see the pictures of me he had taken in 1910 (you have a reproduction) or 1911 & remembered my visit to his Clay St. studio. Of course he had

not connected me with Robin before he came here. It was really {indirectly} through Genthe that *we* came to Carmel. He had got Clapp to come here in 1906 or 1907 & Timmie told me about the place which I had never heard of.

Isn't it nice to have Noël back again. We spent the night at Hyde Street after I had been to luncheon at Mrs. Armstrong Taylors

1 & her matinée—Gershwin—who had been here a few days before at Tor House. There's a hard working young man—keen & alive & cheerful.—He is likeable—whether you are fond of lots of percussion or not.

Dearest love from Una.

ALS. Huntington. 4 pages.

1. Mabelle (Whitlock) Armstrong Taylor (1891–1953), a leading San Francisco society matron, was the wife of David Armstrong Taylor (1870–1945), a physician and surgeon. Her sister Laura Corrigan was a legendary hostess in London. Following her husband's death, Taylor married Donald McLeod Lewis, a writer and real estate developer. The couple lived in La Dolphine, a landmark Hillsborough estate modeled after the Petit Trianon in France.

UJ and RJ to Bennett Cerf

CARMEL CALIF
1937 JAN 29

BENNETT CERF

20 EAST 57 ST NYK—

VERY VERY HAPPY BLESS YOU KNOW YOU
WORKED HARD LOVE—

UNA AND ROBIN.

1

Tlg. Columbia.

1. On behalf of Book-of-the-Month Club, a committee of thirty writers (including, as representative examples, Pearl Buck, Ellen Glasgow, Sinclair Lewis, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and George Jean Nathan) awarded Jeffers a \$2,500 fellowship for *Solstice*—one of four books deemed worthy of more attention from the general public. Other winners were Katherine Anne Porter for *Flowering Judas*, James T. Farrell for *Studs Lonigan*, and Paul Sears for *Deserts on the March*.

RJ to Marie Bullock

Tor House, Carmel, California.
January, 1937.

My dear Mrs. Bullock:

Congratulations to you and the Academy on this excellent beginning. And let me add that I respect deeply,—as many another must—your splendid enthusiasm and persistence.

With best wishes,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. AA Poets. 1 page.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Tor House. Carmel.

California. Candlemas Day [February 2]. 1937

Dearest Clapps:

What do you think of the nice plum that fell in our laps? The \$2,500.00 award from the Book-of-the-Month Club? Now we are thinking maybe we can go to Ireland this year after all without being too wildly extravagant. I am going to investigate dates & so on, soon. We want to avoid the coronation crowd but we must go before the high summer rates come on,—or *after* {they cease.} Lots of things have to be considered. Robin has to finish his book which he has definitely promised for the fall list. It seems to be well on the way to completion but of course if he feels an early *set* date all the poetic flow will cease instantly! I'll just get things arranged in my mind & then wait see! I seem to be a person of great energy but I always feel the most awful *reluctance & weariness* making a plan unless I ♦ feel very certain of using it!—I always view with amazement the easeease and imagination of my friends,—of you, Maud, & Jean & Hazel Pinkham & others who plan houses & lives in a dozen places with no *real* intention of using the plans. I guess I am very serious-minded & economical about expending my fancy. Lucky too, because the least suggestion of planning upsets Robin terribly!

We are going up this Friday & capture our two darlings & bring them home for the weekend. Desperate we are to see them.

There is an article in New Republic, {by Hildegarde Flanner}, Jan 27, “Jeffers & Millay.”

1 Its interesting enough but not very penetrating & very inexact. To say that Robin wants war—! some miserable little communist who was crusading in the “anti-war & Fascism {Drive}” said that in the “Pacific Weekly”—but had only hit the high spots of Robin’s poem {which} said very clearly that I in “The Trap”

“I honestly believe (but really am alien here, trust me not)—

Blind wa Blind war, compared to this kind of life

Has nobility, famine has dignity” ♦

See he says “*compared* to this kind of life”

Have you read & please do—Max Eastman’s “End of Socialism in Russia” in Feb. Harpers.

2 Noël brought it to me.

A very queer thing happened. Your vol. of poems, Timmie, disappeared almost or quite simultaneously with yourself. It was on the table here—I am almost certain the day you were here for lunch when we ate in the living room. I moved the books over to the window seat. Two days later Robin & I were talking of one of your poems & I reached for the book. non erat.

3

We searched everywhere in the house but *it is not gohere!* Did I, by any chance, give it to you with other books in the last scurry of returning books? If so, do send it to me. I have ordered another from S. F. but if the original one comes back I will add the second copy to the shelf of books I've given International House. We cant think of any poetry-lover visiting us at that time & getting away with it.♦

Saturday night I went to Alice Williams to hear a lute-singer. (Dont know why he didn't use that nice old word lutanist). His name Dyer-Bennett.

4 The grandson of {late} Edward Bull Clapp

5 who was so long head of the Greek Dept ofat U. C. He has caught I fancy somewhat the feeling of the old troubadours, though he was afflictingly effeminate in a few of the songs. One of the loveliest things I ever heard in my life was his singing "Westron Wind"—you know those old old lines "Westron wynde when wyll thou blow, the smalle rain down doth rain." I play the old music on the organ,—but with the lute the whispering dying away {on the strings} of the simple plaintive strain was tender & beautiful beyond describing. He used a very beautiful Swedish lute with the usual 12 strings The body is slightly different, {from old English ones}—not so pear-shaped. I wished you could hear it.

We went & stood on the lot near the Stedman place

6 It is very beautiful, & the State is about to *make* the ct citizen move the septic tank! ♦

Feb. 3.

I didnt get this mailed. Now its Wed. evening. Today we walked about five miles—left home at 4:00. It was a queer

afternoon—not cold enough to be exhilarating to struggle against. The sun shone but I felt a queer withdrawn, un {lack of} vitality in the landscape—one would have been depressed if ill or lonely. However away we went the length of the beach & strode along at a grand pace. We went to Stillwater Cove below Pebble Beach Lodge & up over the cliffs. Didnt meet a soul. There was a gorgeous sunset The sun drew itself to a grand blaze at the end & 22 little fishing boats, one by one rounded Cypress Point & gradually disappeared toward Pt. Sur. A stiff breeze blew then and the sea got very rough. Again I realized how much more than {on} any other thing I am dependent on natural objects for my happiness. Maud will understand my dearest natural object is the Sea!♦

Darlings—come back & stay. We can have such nice times. I've been reading in that Shakespeare anthology tonight & wished you were here to read aloud by turn.

You did a thousand kind thoughtful things for us when you were here—Thanks again for all!

Almost wept today to see my tin unicorn! That was such a nice dinner party.

We love you. Write at an odd moment and tell all your news.

Devotedly,

Una.

from Robin too.

ALS. Yale. 6 pages. Postmark: February 4, 1937.

1. Hildegard Flanner, "Two Poets: Jeffers and Millay," *The New Republic* (January 27, 1937): 379–382. The essay was reprinted with minor changes in *After the Genteel Tradition: American Writers Since 1910*, edited by Malcolm Cowley (Gloucester, Mass.: Peter Smith, 1959): 155–167. Flanner offers qualified praise for both poets, but says Jeffers "has recommended war, the cruelest of man's manias, as a way of cleansing civilization and leading life back to reality."

2. Max Eastman, "The End of Socialism in Russia," *Harper's Magazine* (February 1937): 302–314. After twenty-five years as a Marxian socialist, Eastman reflects ruefully on Stalin's bloody rise to tyranny over the Soviet Union.

3. *Non erat*: Latin for "it was not (there)."

4. Richard Dyer-Bennet (1913–1991), a British-born American singer and instrumentalist whose performances, compositions, and recordings contributed to a revival of interest in folk music.

5. Edward Bull Clapp (1856–1919), a professor of Greek language and culture at the University of California, Berkeley from 1894 to 1917. His daughter Miriam married Major Richard Stewart Dyer-Bennet in England. The first of the couple's five children was Richard Dyer-Bennet, the musician.

6. The home of Arthur Stedman (1867–1956), a retired manufacturer who was born in England, and Fanny Marcia (Hunt) Stedman (1865–1956), an artist. Their property was located at the end of Scenic Road.

RJ to Edna St. Vincent Millay

Tor House, Carmel, California.
February 2, 1937.

Dear Miss Millay:

Thank you most devotedly for your news and your kindness. I wrote a wire in answer and then did not send it, because we have only your country address and you were in the city. As a matter of fact I was too surprised to know what to do. Bennett Cerf had written us about the awards and said that he thought I would receive one, but I did not believe it and dropped the matter out of my mind, not to interfere with more likely thoughts, and did not notice when the awards were to be made, nor much else about them. So you can picture our surprise when your wire and Bennett's came.

Well, I think we'll use it for another visit to Ireland, Scotland and so forth (meaning England and the Hebrides), but not until the coronation crowd has gone home. On the way we'll call on you, as we have promised ourselves so long. Your visit here is a lovely memory.

Someone brought us a New Republic the other day, and the title of the article pleased me <over, please> ♦ by linking your name and mine, but without reading attentively I discovered that I had "recommended war"—which is quite a whopper—and that your forms are "traditional" or some such foolishness. People really ought to learn a little Greek, if only to discover that Hero and Leander (5th century A.D.) was written in young and living hexameters no less than the Idyls seven centuries earlier, and the prehistoric Iliad.

1 The Greek hexameter had so much more vitality than the Greek states and the Roman empire. So has—for instance—the sonnet in English, when the once-a-century poet appears who can manage it as you can.

—With affectionate wishes from Una and me to you and your husband.

Yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. L Congress. 2 pages. Postmark: February 3, 1937.

1. “Hero and Leander,” a miniature epic, was composed ca. 500 CE by Musaeus Grammaticus; the idyls (or idylls) of Theocritus were written in Alexandria ca. 270 BCE; Homer’s *Iliad* dates from around 750 BCE.

RJ to Margery Evernden

February 3, 1937

Dear Miss Evernden:

1

There are so many kinds of writing—and newspaper writing, fiction, poetry, writing on scientific or economic or political subjects, and a thousand more. Naturally the student should adapt his education to the kind of writing he wants to do. But the writer, perhaps more than other people, ought to know a good deal in a good many directions, so as to have a fairly complete picture of the world. Gaps and blank spaces in the

picture are always a nuisance and often worse.—I speak from experience, alas!

Propagandist literature may occasionally be good as literature, but usually it is not. St. Paul was a great propagandist and sometimes a great writer; so is Trotsky;

2 but these are distinguished exceptions. I don't know of any good propagandist poetry. There is good poetry that has streaks of propaganda in it, but the two are not fused; they alternate. There is good poetry that expresses hatred of injustice, love of freedom, and so forth, but it is personal love and hatred, not propagandist.

Now you offer two questions that I can't answer. Whom do I consider the greatest living American poet? I don't consider at all on the subject; it sounds too much like statistics. Nor can I guess whether Americans are writing the best poetry of today. I would have to know all foreign literature like a native to answer that one.

Finally, toward which schools do I think American poetry of the future will go? I wish it would avoid schools; that is another word for derivative writing, imitation. I am sure it will soon be avoiding all the schools of the present time. Its future direction cannot be predicted, since it will depend on the genius of writers unknown or unborn yet, and many other incalculable elements.

It has been a pleasure to consider your questions, and even to attempt answers to them.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers

PL. Ridgeway.

1. Margery Evernden (b. 1916), a junior at the University of California, Berkeley. After she graduated in 1938, Evernden married Earl A. Gulbransen, a research chemist. She later taught English at the University of Pittsburgh and authored a number of children's books, including *Secret of the Porcelain Fish* (1947), *Wilderness Boy* (1955) and *The Dream Keeper* (1985).

2. Leon Trotsky (1879–1940), born Lev Davidovich Bronshtein, was a leading Russian communist who rose to the pinnacle of power under Lenin before Stalin out-maneuvered him and sent him into exile. Trotsky was the author of *The Defense of Terrorism* (1921), *The History of the Russian Revolution* (1932), and other works. He was assassinated in Mexico City by Ramón Mercader, a Spanish communist, who struck him in the head with an ice axe.

RJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House, Carmel, California.

February 3, 1937.

Dear Bennett:

Thank you so much for your news and interest, and no doubt endeavors,

1 about the Book-of-the-Month Club award. I was skeptical when you wrote that you thought one was coming to me, and warned Una not to be disappointed, even when she was opening your telegram. Shortly afterwards came another, and I said "See, it was a mistake," but it was a very kind message

from Miss Millay, who has always been a good friend to my verses, no doubt you know. Next morning came the wire from the Club, and then the letter, which I have just answered. You have been very kind.

I am working hard at the new book, and hope you will like it. Can't be sure of a title yet. "Such Counsels You Gave To Me", or—"Offerings to Night", but I may think of a better one.

Affectionately,
Robin.

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

1. In a letter to Una dated January 30, 1937 (TCC Columbia), Cerf says, "The papers are full of the Book-of-the-Month Club awards this morning and on Monday we are running large ads in the New York papers listing all of Robin's poetry. The ad will also appear in the Saturday Review of Literature next week. We have also just written to all of our salesmen the country over giving them full details of the award and urging them to put on a special drive on Robin's books for the next month." For an example of the advertisement, see the *Saturday Review of Literature* (February 6, 1937): 14.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Tor House. Carmel. February 4. 1937

Darlings:

I sent off a letter to you this morning & then yours came. Robin was very moved by your beginning your New York struggle by taking time to write your cheerful reactions to his award. The work Timmy does and the problems he has to meet *stagger* Robin (and then that Timmy should top it off with such poetry!) The other evening we were talking about Poetry (we seldom TALK of the actual process of writing. I have found there is such subtle, unforeseen entanglements and reactions between the conscious & subconscious powers used in his writing that it is best to skip references to work in progress. {Thoughts & images forming down deep somewhere lose urgency if dragged out before their time.} The only way I can help is very indirectly by making his environment as favorable as I can) Well I started to say that he remarked about Timmys verse in passing “I would rather have written his than my own.” Which, over modest as Robin is; is a tribute, for {even} over-modest as he is, I feel that he does not view his work lightly.

I wish you could look out my windows here as I write. ♦ A wild south {wind} has been blowing for hours and such a welter of waves & foam & running tide, with scudding spindrift. The tide is low so the black seaweed on the rocks emerges constantly.—a flurry of white gulls beating against the wind or floating at lightning speed, steering north, holds me enchanted. O when you build here have many many a sea-window—its treasure laid up. (All this weather foretells a wild ride tomorrow to Berkeley.

I an have copied on another sheet several of the telegrams we received about the award. They explain themselves.

I am glad you like *Winter in Taos*. I hadn't realized that you had not read that. That is a very real side of Mabel.

Noël has kindly offered to keep Haig if we go to Ireland. O Maud one of his {2} infinitesimal front teeth is gone. Did *you* pull it? You kept urging action. *How could you!* Away it went & disappeared with Timmy's book

Perhaps Blanche would be interested to see the page of wires. She sent me a sweet note. Tell us all about her & Russell.

Devotedly
Una.♦

From Random House

"You have just won Book of Month Club fellowship. It means \$2,500.00 cash and some fine publicity all of which your publishers feel you richly deserve. Congratulations and love.

Bennett Cerf"

I hope I am the first to tell you that the Book of Month Club committee has awarded you a \$2500 fellowship. I was there to fight for you, but there was no need so many were for you. Please say nothing until this is officill officially announced.

Edna St. Vincent Millay"

Now this one was queer. *Who is he*. Is his mind away or is he a friend of Gertrude Steins?

“Wardman Park Hotel.
Washington. D.C.

To you and Mrs. Jeffers felicitations on lucrative in inversity from your self-appointed publicist of the early often negro houred years when the world gestated Christ walked the coast range less than the world range. Solstice shone in the muzzle of California’s rifle and Cassandra was a name to Isthmus end and b beginning.

Murray Hickey Ley

1♦

“Delighted to inform you at meeting yesterday of jJury of authors & critics voted you one of our \$2500 fellowships awards. Letter with detail follows.

Book-of-Month Club.”

ALS. Yale. 4 pages. Postmark: February 5, 1937.

1. Murray Hickey Ley (1908–1976) was born in Davenport, Iowa and graduated from the University of Notre Dame in 1930. The library of Notre Dame contains a collection of Ley’s papers, among which is an item titled “Robinson Jeffers: An Interpretation.” Ley worked as a journalist and book reviewer prior to becoming an executive with Hickey Brothers, Inc., a cigar store company.

RJ to Van Wyck Brooks

Tor House, Carmel, California.
February, 1937.

Dear Mr. Brooks:

1

I would sign this {statement }

2 letter if it protested the atrocities committed on both sides, although I feel that these horrors are inevitable in class war, and will come in time to other countries, as they have to Russia and Spain. But I am not willing to go on record in favor of either side. The rebellion, as you know, was not unprovoked; legal democracy was breaking down before it began; in its later development it is a clash of forces which cannot avoid clashing; and whichever side wins, dictatorship will win. Personally I detest dictatorship, right, left, or center; but history favors it, at present and for a time to come. It is impossible for me to sympathize morally with either side.

With best wishes—for I remember the pleasure of meeting you once here—

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Pennsylvania. 1 page.

1. Van Wyck Brooks (1886–1963), a writer, editor, and translator, graduated from Harvard University. His *The Flowering of New England* (1936) won the Pulitzer Prize for History and a National Book Award in 1937. Other works include *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* (1920), *On Literature Today* (1941), and *The Dream of Arcadia: American Writers and Artists in Italy, 1760–1915* (1958). Prior to teaching at Stanford University in 1911, Brooks lived for several months in Carmel, where he and his wife Eleanor were befriended by

George Sterling and others. He writes about the experience, his return visits to Carmel, and his later association with Jeffers in *An Autobiography* (1965), a compilation of previously published memoirs, pages 193–201 and 488–489.

2. Ninety-eight American writers signed a joint statement saying, in part, “We cannot keep silent when war becomes a slaughter of the unarmed, the innocent and the helpless. Specifically we condemn the murder of women, children and other unarmed non-combatants by the military faction which with its foreign allies is making war on the legally and democratically elected republican government of Spain.” For the complete statement and a list of signatories, see “98 Writers Score Spanish, Rebels,” *New York Times* (March 1, 1937): 7.

UJ to Fred B. Millett

Tor House. Carmel. California
March 2. 1937.

Dear Mr. Millett:

1

Replying to your inquiry of Feb. 25: Robinson Jeffers never writes letters. I do them for him. If you will ask direct questions about him—I will endeavor to answer them and in case its a theory involved, *extract* an answer from him and write it down for you. I am sorry he has this disability about letters but have to face it. (and have had to all these years!) {and so must anyone who wishes a letter from him!} May I refer you (1) to the extremely scholarly Bibliography of his work by Sydney S. Alberts pub. {in 1935} by Random

House. I am not fond of Bibliographies but this is the most comprehensive {& readable one} I know of, published in America during recent years. It contains in footnotes and, included in text, much biographical material.

(2) “Robinson Jeffers, The Man & his work” by Lawrence Clark Powell first pub. as thesis for Docta’s degree, Dijon, France. Then republished 1934 by Primavera Press, Los Angeles. ♦

(3) “Robinson Jeffers & the Sea” by Melba Bennett. {pub by} Gelber-Lilienthal, 1936 San Francisco

(4) A “Robinson Jeffers a Portrait” by Louis Adamic in University of Washington Chapbook series, No. 27. (1929.)

(5) A slight book—about him by George Sterling just before his death in 1926. Pub. by Liveright—called “R. J—The Man and the Artist.” You asked me about portraits.

(1) A full length oil by Rem Remsoen in 1925 or ’26 (Remsen the artist & author son of Dr. Remsoen Pres. Emeritus of John Hopkins. Rem Remson was a suicide about 1928)

(2) An oil, & also {(heads.)} a pastel {in 1919} by Hamilton Wolfe

2 now in Art Dept. U. C. Berkeley

(3) Two (oil & pastel {in 1928}) by Mrs. Blakeney Ward Pres. of English Women’s Aris Water Color Society—London

There is an extremely good bronze bust by Jo Davidson done in 1929.

This was done for himself by J. D. & exhibited abroad, afterwards bought by friends for us. John O'Shea has asked to paint his portrait this year.♦

If you will look in the *Modern Library* edition of "Roan Stallion" you will find an introduction by R. J. with brief but illuminating notes about his beginnings in verse.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

(Mrs. Robinson Jeffers)

ALS. Yale. 3 pages. Postmark: March 3, 1937.

1. Fred Benjamin Millett (1890–1976), a professor of English at the University of Chicago, Wesleyan University, and other institutions, was the author or co-author of *Contemporary British Literature* (1935), *The College Survey of English Literature* (1942), *The Rebirth of Liberal Education* (1945), *Reading Poetry* (1968), and other books. At the time this letter was written, Millett was working on *Contemporary American Authors: A Critical Survey and 219 Bio-Bibliographies* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1940). See Una and Robinson's July 31, 1937 letter to Millett for more information.

2. Hamilton Achille Wolf (1883–1967) taught art at the University of California, Berkeley and other institutions prior to 1928, when he joined the faculty at the California College of Arts and Crafts. His 1919 portrait of Jeffers remains in the collection at Tor House.

UJ to Libby Holman Reynolds

Tor House. Carmel
March 3. 1937

My dear Mrs. Reynolds—

1

The picture went off to you today.

We enjoyed having you here—come again if you are ever in our neighborhood! It would be great fun to show you some of the marvellous back country here—scenery and stories, equally wild, all entangled.

My remembrances to Mrs. Durant.

2

Faithfully
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Boston. 1 page. Postmark: March 4, 1937.

1. Libby Holman, born Elizabeth Holzman (1906–1971), a popular torch singer who gained fame with “Body and Soul,” “Moanin’ Low,” “Something to Remember You By,” and other songs, came to Tor House February 26, 1937. She was the widow of Zachary Smith Reynolds, heir to a tobacco fortune, who died of a gunshot wound in July 1932, eight months after the couple was married. Police initially thought Reynolds committed suicide, but a closer examination of evidence led to Libby’s indictment for murder. Charges against her were later dropped. The couple’s son Christopher

Smith Reynolds was awarded several million dollars from his father's estate, all of which reverted to Holman after he died in a mountain climbing accident at age seventeen. Holman gave most of her fortune away to charities, principally those concerned with civil rights. She killed herself in 1971.

2. Emilie "Mimi" (Bushnell) Durant (1905–1974), an interior designer and patron of the arts, was the wife of financier John Durant. Mrs. Durant was previously married to John Martin, managing editor of *Time* magazine. She later married Charles Pleasants Lineaweaver II, a member of the Royal Navy of Canada. Holman and Durant visited Tor House with their friend Alex Tiers.

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

Tor House. Carmel

March 3. 1937

Dearest Phoebe:

If you and Hans want to make any engagement for Friday evening—don't avoid doing so for our sake. It looks as if Robin would have to work all p.m. & I also in evening reading the 27(!) novel length narratives of which he is one of 3 judges to award 2 {Phelan} prizes of \$1000 each at on Sat. morning.

1 He must meet the others at 9. {am} on Saturday

Will you please tell your servants to expect & receipt for a package from Phelan Bldg. somewhere around noon on Friday. (The mss.).

Looking forward to seeing you & hearing the music. Noël likes Miss Anderson
2 so much & says her voice is gorgeous.

Devotedly
Una.

ALS. San Francisco. 1 page.

1. The Phelan Awards in literature were announced March 24, 1937. The two winners were Howard Edminster and Sidney L. Meller. Margo Ringnalda McKelvey was named alternate. Judges for the 1937 competition were Robinson Jeffers, Stanford University professor Hardin Craig, and San Francisco writer Miriam Mickelson.

2. Marian Anderson (1897–1993), an African American contralto, performed with the San Francisco Symphony Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, March 5 and 6. In 1939 Anderson made history when she sang from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. on Easter Sunday. President and Mrs. Roosevelt arranged the concert after the Daughters of the American Revolution refused to allow Anderson to sing at Constitution Hall. Over 75,000 people attended the event, with millions listening on radio.

UJ to Elsa Gidlow

Tor House. Carmel
March 7. 1937

Dear Miss Gidlow:

1

You must have misunderstood Sara, or perhaps I did not make my objection clear to her. You were, in fact quite right to quote Robinson Jeffers' own words of refusal to attend the Writers' Congress, but I was surprised to read the first lines of your article, sent me by a friend,—the first line, really, about "Ivory Towers."

2 It would be very disagreeable to me to think that *precious* connotation applied to our rude granite! I don't know where my sense of humor was the day I wrote Sara.—The thought of Robin's great boots pacing around in an ivory tower is comic! I believe towers are not a complete obstacle between their inmates and political gatherings, vide Yeats issuing forth regularly from his lonely one in Galway, for the fray. I will ask R. J. about the pamphlet and let you know if he has any available material.—I have ♦ asked him—just now—and he says you would have to get consent from Random House according to the contract he is under with them. If anything transpires that is suitable, he will communicate with you.

Don't give another thought to my being cross,—its over,—gone. Robin never reads articles about himself and *I* have to digest them—good and bad, with the help of friends. Perhaps I would do better to omit reading them too.

The young insurgents you mention might be amazed if they knew how sensitive a fingertip R. J. has upon the pulse of this uneasy world—a fingertip upon all the sick alike, not upon {those} with just one type of malady. Occasionally to his delight he finds one beating regularly.

With best wishes,
Una Jeffers.

I have been too busy to do any book reviews lately—perhaps it needed prodding by Ella Winter to make me do any, *ever*.

ALS. GL Historical. 2 pages.

1. Elsa Gidlow (1898–1986), a poet and writer, was born in England and lived in Canada before moving to the United States. Her *On a Grey Thread* (1923) was perhaps the first volume of lesbian love poetry published in America. As an advocate of New Age spirituality, Eastern wisdom, and oneness with nature, Gidlow established Druid Heights, a rural garden and retreat center in Marin County, California. She also co-founded the Society of Comparative Philosophy with Alan and Jano Watts. Gidlow’s autobiography, *Elsa: I Come with My Songs* (1986), contains a chapter on her friendship with Ella Young and brief references to Robinson and Una.

2. Elsa Gidlow, “The Western Writers’ Congress,” *Poetry* (February 1937): 293–294. Gidlow begins her essay with a reference to the rebellion “against ivory (or Carmel stone) towers” that brought writers together in San Francisco. She goes on to say, paraphrasing Jeffers’ August 1936 letter to Barbara Chevalier, that “Robinson Jeffers stayed at home because he does not believe ‘that culture can be kept alive by committees and organizations.’”

UJ to Katherine Garrison Chapin

Tor House. Carmel California
Mar. 18. 1937

Dear Mrs. Chapin:

1

I am *horrified* to see that I have not replied to your note about broadcasting my husband's verse.

2 He never writes letters and I am responsible. I am a busy person but do not usually neglect things. Added to my {always} very full days I have been preparing a lecture on George Moore which I gave yesterday

3—and the fatal illness of a dear friend has preoccupied me.

Yes, certainly, you may have permission to read from Give "Your Heart to the Hawks" & "Solstice". I hope you will have good luck with them. I am

happy you intend to use them. Sometimes appalling poems come out of the air—sentimental things read by drawling soft voices that one would willingly strangle in their throats! If you see Charlotte K. our love to her.

Very sincerely

Una Jeffers

ALS. Georgetown. 1 page.

1.Katherine Garrison Chapin (1890–1977), poet, critic, civil rights activist, and art patron. Chapin was married to Francis Biddle (1886–1968), United States attorney general under Franklin D. Roosevelt and primary American judge at the Nuremberg trials. Chapin was a frequent guest at schools, colleges, and clubs, where she lectured on contemporary poetry. She also published widely in *Harper's Magazine*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, and other journals. Her books include *Outside of the World*

(1930), *Plain Chant for America* (1942), and *The Other Journey* (1959).

2. Chapin's radio talks on poetry, which featured readings of contemporary poems, were broadcast via WFIL (Philadelphia), WGMS (Washington, D.C.), and Voice of America.

3. Una spoke on the life and work of George Moore at a meeting of the book section of the Carmel Woman's Club. The event took place Wednesday morning, March 17, at the Pine Inn.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California
March 21. 1937

Dear Bennett:

Are you back from your trip—was it fun? This note is to ask you to send a set of Robin's books—one each to {Librarian} Frank P. Crasto, Jr

1 to 633 West 155 St. N.Y.C. (National Institute of Arts & Letters) and a copy of Alberts Bibliography too if you can give me author's discount on that too—Their bulletin asks its members to do this and I think its a good idea.

You told me I might ask you for a book now and again. I'd like Audens new book.

2 Sounds *much* more interesting than earlier ones, more organized. Every review is favorable I've seen—not left ones only.

Robin's book progresses steadily. I think he must be in sight of the end, but I don't ask questions.

Often see friends of yours.—Some people saying nice things the other day—who—perhaps Libby Holman Reynolds or Mimi Durant.

Genthe was here a few weeks ago. Took some pictures ♦ of Robin—perhaps I told you before. He hadn't his own camera & light was very poor but he may have gotten something. Ask him if you happen to see him.

Had lunch a week ago today with Maurice Sterne. O but he is cross at Mabel! Have you read her "Makers {Movers} & Shakers."

Love from
Una & Robin.

Lunch with Maurice was at Ted Lilienthal's new little house up the valley. Sam Lewisohn {of N.Y.C.} & wife were there. 3 very nice. & Jo Davidson here at our house when we got home.

4,
5

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. Frank P. Crasto, Jr. (1881–1945), a newspaper reporter, editor, and publisher, served from 1922 to 1941 as the librarian for the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

2. W. H. Auden, *On This Island* (New York: Random House, 1937). Wystan Hugh Auden (1907–1973), a prolific English poet and writer, became an American citizen in 1946. His influential book *The Age of Anxiety: A Baroque Eclogue* won the 1948 Pulitzer Prize for Poetry.

3. Sam A. Lewisohn (1884–1951), a financier, philanthropist, and art collector, was the author of *Painters and Personality: A Collector's View of Modern Art* (1937), *Human Leadership in Industry: The Challenge of Tomorrow* (1945), and other works. His wife Margaret (Seligman) Lewisohn (1895–1954) was a nationally known leader in education. The couple bequeathed major works of art to the Metropolitan Museum and other institutions, including such masterpieces as *An Afternoon on the Island of the Grande Jatte* by Georges Seurat, *The Repast of the Lion* by Henri Rousseau, *Ia Orana Maria* by Paul Gauguin, and *St. Francis and the Skull* by El Greco. Mrs. Lewisohn died from injuries received when her limousine was struck by an oncoming automobile; the accident happened moments after she delivered Adlai Stevenson to the home of a friend following his commencement address at Vassar College, where Mrs. Lewisohn was a trustee.

4. In a March 21, 1937 letter to Frederick and Maud Clapp (ALS Yale), not included in this edition, Una says the Lewisohns joined Davidson at Tor House. Haakon and Barbara Chevalier also came for a late afternoon visit.

5. Enclosed with this letter is an article about Una's presentation on George Moore—"Una Jeffers Speaking," *Carmel Pine Cone* (March 19, 1937): 16. Una adds a

comment along the left side of the clipping: “not too accurately reported but sufficiently enthusiastic.”

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

Tor House. Carmel
March 30th 1937

Dearest Phoebe:

Well the days have been very crowded. Frieda came up for a day from Hollywood—bigger & more vivacious and laughing than ever—with her was {Capt.} Ravagli (the Italian) and Mr & Mrs Dudley Nichols. (he, scenario writer & producer.—did “The Informer” etc.)—My joy in them was a little dashed all day by the thought that Mabel might arrive any instant.—They {she & Tony} left Taos a week ago today—not here yet but letters are awaiting her. She & Frieda are not speaking. Brett is in Hollywood & is coming up for a visit. She is with her sister Sylvia (Her Highness the Raneef of Sarawak

1—you know *that* history. The English Brooks who are rajahs of Sarawak. See Brittanica Encyclopedia. ♦

Sylvia is to help with the filming of “The White Rajah” then go on to London for coronation. Brett writes “Sylvia dresses entirely in Malay Costume now. Fancy tinkling around Hollywood like that.” You remember Brett’s own odd clothes!

Did I write you about Maurice Sterne being here & his wife. We all had lunch at Ted Lilienthal’s up the valley. He *is* mad & hurt at Mabel. She has just completed mss. of another book

“Edge of the Desert.” Jo Davidson was here too & Sam Lewisohn of New York. great art collector. & such a nice wife.

My Moore talk was very enthusiastically received which made me happy. I put a lot of thought on it to organize my material. Ask Leslie Roos. She was there.—O & she gave me an angel Tyrolean hat to go with my dress from Noël.♦

Saw Trudi Schoop

2—comic & tragic.—Did you see “The Blond Marie ”

3—very tragic mask in that.

I see your name in the paper often—President of this—or going there! I’m not sorry to see you are rushing hither & yon as fast as myself.

Donnan was here for four days of Easter but Garth went to Utah with the varsity wrestling team.

If you ever arrive at a stage of wishing to part with \$75.00 you can half have the mint copy of I have of *Roan Stallion*. (one of 12, you know). That leaves me my inscribed copy. That seems an absurd price but the only copy we’ve known of sold was sold for \$150.00. Ruder, Bookseller of N. Y. told us so & got Robin to write in it for the purchaser.—Of the 12 copies we were ♦ given 4. Two of them I have, one I gave to Teddie (he says he won’t part with it yet. I asked him the other day.) {& one to Sterling.} If you should get it don’t tell *Albert* where.—but I am not urging you to buy it. As I say its an absurd price.

Now I must run off. We are going to George {Gordon} Moore's to lunch. Noël & Lee Crowe

4 & Mabel if she gets here doubtful—its almost time to go—

Bless you Phoebe—you and Hans gave us a happy time in town. So thoughtful & dear the two of you!

I am going to try to locate the Sterling one.

5

Warm love from us both

Devotedly,

Una.

Will you be kind enough to send this clipping to Dr. Lawrence Clark Powell 2726 Derby St. Berkeley—

The doctors can do no more for my dear Olga, except some *relief* measures

6

ALS. San Francisco. 4 pages. Postmark: March 30, 1937.

1. Sylvia, Lady Brooke, Ranee of Sarawak, born Sylvia Leonora Brett (1885–1971), was Dorothy Brett's younger sister. In 1911 she married Charles Vyner de Windt Brooke (1874–1963) whose family ruled Sarawak, a sizeable state on the island of Borneo (now part of Malaysia). Her husband, known as Vyner, Rajah of Sarawak, was the last of the White Rajahs to hold power. Sylvia was the author of *Sylvia of Sarawak: An Autobiography* (1936) and other books.

2. Trudi Schoop (1903–1999), born Trudi Schoop-Wickihalder in Switzerland, was a dancer, choreographer, and dance troupe leader. She performed in Carmel March 27. Schoop was often compared to Charlie Chaplin because of her ability to express joy and sorrow through gesture and bodily movement. Schoop retired from the stage around 1950 and began a second career as a pioneering dance therapist. Working at the Camarillo State Mental Hospital and other institutions, she used an innovative “body-ego technique” to help schizophrenic patients overcome feelings of isolation. She wrote a book on the subject with Peggy Mitchell titled *Won't You Join the Dance? A Dancer's Essay into the Treatment of Psychosis* (1974).

3. *Blonde Marie*, a dance pantomime in two acts, tells the story of a servant girl who climbs the social ladder only to find unforeseen challenges at the top.

4. Leander “Lee” James Crowe (1905–1989), an actor born in Nova Scotia, performed on Broadway before moving to Hollywood. Studio executives at Universal Pictures changed his name to Clark Williams in 1934 and assigned him roles in *Secret of the Chateau* (1934), *Werewolf of London* (1935), *Next Time We Love* (1936), and other films.

5. A long arrow is drawn from the end of this sentence to the reference to Sterling above.

6. Added vertically in right margin, last page.

RJ to Benjamin Miller

Tor House, Carmel, California.
March, 1937.

Dear Mr. Miller:

1

I like these poems, but they seem to me a little vague and pale, wistful, rather than vigorous in thought or passionate in feeling. Spender

2 has not the power nor originality of Auden, I think.

The first you mention—"I think continually"

3—has that characteristic young-England sentimentality which one finds in so many of their novels.—"The Spirit—delight of the blood—demand for love"—all in the same sigh. But there is a fine imaginative lift at the end.

"After they have tired"

4 is interesting, and good poetry, but suffers intellectually from the bright Shelleyan vagueness of its concept of revolution. I think that even poets ought to read the newspapers. And to consider that history—though it rarely repeats the detail—has always repeated the pattern; and Utopia was never included in it. That is what Shelley came at last to recognize, in the final chorus of his *Hellas*.

—A dissertation on the philosophy of my poetry!

5 Do you remember that seven-times-told story of Ford Madox Ford's, about the man who had tried so hard to be a philosopher, "but cheerfulness *would* come creeping in?"

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. Benjamin Miller (1914–1983) received a B.A. from Occidental College in 1935 and an M.A. from the Pacific School of Religion in 1938. His subsequent career alternated between academic appointments in religion and philosophy and clerical positions as an ordained Episcopalian priest.

2. Stephen Spender (1909–1995), English poet, novelist, critic, and editor; author of *The Still Centre* (1939), *World Within World* (1951), *The Thirties and After* (1978), and many other works.

3. “I think continually of those who were truly great” was published in Spender’s *Poems* (1933) pages 37–38.

4. “After they have tired” was also published in Spender’s *Poems*, pages 39–40.

5. Prior to enrolling in the Pacific School of Religion, Miller attended Yale University Divinity School (1935–1936). For one of his courses at Yale, he wrote an essay titled “A Comparative Study of Ecclesiastes and the Works of Robinson Jeffers.” Miller sent a copy of the essay to Jeffers.

UJ to Benjamin Miller

Tor House. Carmel
April 2. 1937.

Dear Mr. Miller:

Thank you so much for allowing us to read this mss. We both found it extremely interesting. My husband prefers not to comment at length on articles about himself.—in fact he never writes letters. I do them all and you owed yours to my having cut my finger! He has what amounts to a mania—in his aversion to letters.

I do not know whether you are too busy to care to submit a paper to this *University Review* spoken of in the enclosed letter.

1 It occurred to me that your comparative study would be a very interesting contribution—(I daresay it would need to be compressed).

2 Alas, they seem not to be paying for articles, but the copy they sent us had some scholarly and valuable material.

I would like to see your article in print.

You spoke of reading Lawrence Clark Powell's book. If you cared to meet him—you could use our name. ♦ He is doing some special work at the university. His address is 2726 Derby St.

Thank you again for sending us the ms. and stop in at Tor House if you are in this vicinity.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

You need not return the enclosed letter.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. Clarence R. Decker, editor of the *University Review* published by the University of Kansas City (Missouri), wrote Jeffers a letter dated March 17, 1937 (TLS Occidental) in which he praises Jeffers, invites him to contribute poetry for publication, and asks if he knows someone who could write a “sympathetically critical” essay about his work. Decker (1904–1969) was the chairman of the English Department at the University of Kansas City from 1934 to 1938, vice president of the institution in 1938, and president from 1938 to 1953.

2. Miller followed Una’s suggestion and contacted Decker. The essay he eventually published, however, was different from the comparative study Una had in mind. See Benjamin Miller, “The Religious Philosophy of Robinson Jeffers,” *University Review* 4 (Winter 1937): 129–132.

UJ to Grace Vanamee

Tor House, Carmel, California
April 2, 1937

Dear Mrs. Vanamee:

1

Responding to a suggestion I saw in the Bulletin of the Institute I asked my husband’s publisher, Random House to send to your library a copy of each of his books.

2 I send today with this also a photograph of him since he does not expect to be in New York within reach of your photographer.

Sincerely
Una Jeffers.

Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. A Academy. 1 page. Letterhead (printed): Tor House.

1. Grace (Davis) Vanamee (1876–1946), a writer, lecturer, and former women’s suffrage leader, was an administrative official for the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Letters from 1915 to 1940. She served as the assistant to the president and the assistant secretary-treasurer of the two institutions for most of those years.

2. A letter dated March 30, 1937 (TCC A Academy) to Robinson from Frank P. Crasto, Jr. acknowledges receipt of *Dear Judas*, *Thurso’s Landing*, *Give Your Heart to the Hawks*, *Roan Stallion*, *Cawdor*, *A Bibliography of the Works of Robinson Jeffers*, *The Women at Point Sur*, and *Solstice*.

Frank Crasto and Grace Vanamee, who worked together at the academy, were foster siblings.

UJ to Ann Winslow

Tor House. Carmel. California
April 5. 1937

My dear Miss Winslow:

My husband is sorry that he cannot help you out with the judging in the poetry awards.

1 He has just judged the mss. for the two Phelan awards in San Francisco—this year two \$1,000.00 {awards} for prose or verse narratives (either fiction, history or biography)—There were twenty-seven mss. of novel length.—He cannot spare the time and attention needed, at this time, for your poems. Another year if you still wish to ask him I think it will be possible for him to consent. He is in the throes of finishing a long poem—always a tiring business!

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

We dined with Marie Welch West {and Geo West.} three nights ago—do you know her—otherwise than as a donor.?—
2 She is expecting a child very soon and is very well and extremely happy.

ALS. Wyoming. 1 page.

1. The College Poetry Society of America sponsored a number of annual awards for poems published in its journal, *College Verse*.

2. Welch was a patron of the College Poetry Society. She also sponsored one of the annual awards, the Marie de L. Welch Award, for “the best poems concerning modern social problems or events.”

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel.
Tues. Apr 20. '37

Dearest Mabel:

Olga died at 11 p.m. Sat. You left Fri. night you remember, and Sat. morn. I went up to Olga's at 11. inand stayed for two hours with Sidney. Mrs von Rath

1 was there part of the time. She left to go to S. F. to meet Sara,

2 arriving Sun. morning at Oakland airport. The doctor had been there for two hours that {Sat.} morning. They could not get her to sleep even with hypodermics—& by mouth & rectal doses of smorphine. She had willed not to sleep and was WILD with nervousness & discomfort.—It was 8 that evening before she said she felt easier & went to sleep for an hour or so. Meantime during the night Friday, the chauffer had gone down to Santa Barbara for Stuyvie.

3 So after her sleep she talked quietly with him & said “Well goodnight boy, I'll see you in the morning.”—She dozed a little & talked ♦ a little. At 11. Grace

4 came in to see if the night nurse needed any help. Olga sat up & shrugged her shoulders & died without a struggle or word!

They sent me word Sun. morn. & I went up.—There she lay quietly in her room filled with sunshine & morning breeze—Pretty as a child & as young. *Impossible* to believe you were seeing a dead person. She looked happy & well, with the pink {satin &} lace coverlet over her—{as I had seen it dozens of times.} The mirrors catching the gay reflections and one great blue jar of lilies by her side—that gay, frivolous charming room Not an object in that whole house that doesnt cry out “Olga”! & no one else. Of course Sara didnt arrive until about noon. She stood the shock pretty well, for her

husband was telephoning, frantic with anxiety, from N. Y. He flew out & arrived Mon. noon {morn.}

5 Meantime at the back Palo Corona ranch {Doud,} that queer silent man of theirs who lived there (& made my salad bowl out of redwood burl!) was hammering away ♦ at a redwood board coffin as she had ordered. The funeral was yesterday {Monday} morn at 11. About 75 people were there—mos her best friends from Los Angeles, Santa Barbara & Burlingame. The coffin was not opened. There must have been a million gardenias in the room, a dozen wreaths of them as big as barrel

hoops—besides crosses &etc. her favorite flower. It was a brilliant morning. Noël went up with Robin & me.—Afterwards Sidney & Grace & Josephine (the her French maid) went with one or two others to Salinas—the coffin in the Palo Corona station wagon She was cremated & the ashes brought back to be buried on the round hill between the house & the Carmelite nunnery. She told me four years ago she planned to be buried there.

I had more than an hour's talk with Josephine on ♦ Sunday. She knew Olga better than any soul I think. She is so dramatic & had so identified herself with Olga that as she told me the terrible days & more awful nights they had gone through since I last saw Olga (with you on Monday) I seemed to see the whole nightmare & to hear Olga's piteous wails "But I *feel* so dreadfully, Jo—Dont you intend to do anything for me? You always have!"—Josephine was the only one consulted who held out against the doctor telling her {the truth} about her condition a month ago. It is queer that Grace had approved the telling.

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

Gay says Tony & Shim left at 9:30

We miss you.

Devotedly

Una.

Just finished *The Years*

6 So well-written but the people *so dull*

7

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Cecelia (May) vom Rath (1889–1982) was the wife of Wilhelm H. vom Rath (1888– 1971), a director of the General Aniline and Film Corporation of New York. Vom Rath's company, a major manufacturer of dyes and chemicals, was seized as enemy-owned property by the United States government in 1942 when officials learned it was a subsidiary of the I. G. Farben conglomerate in Germany.

2. Sara (Wiborg) Murphy (1883–1975), Olga Fish's sister and the wife of Gerald Murphy (see note 5). With homes in Manhattan, the East Hamptons, and the French Riviera, the handsome and adventurous couple entertained an extensive array of friends, including John Dos

Passos, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, Fernand Léger, Dorothy Parker, Pablo Picasso, Cole Porter, and Igor Stravinsky. Their home in France, called Villa America, was an important gathering place for European artists and American expatriates. F. Baath Wiborg, the eldest of the Murphys' three children, died at age fifteen in 1935. Their second son Patrick died at sixteen in January 1937. Three months later, Olga died just hours before Sara had a chance to see her.

Information about the Murphys' charmed but grief-stricken life, along with collateral information about Olga, can be found in a number of publications, such as *Living Well Is the Best Revenge* (1971) by Calvin Tomkins; *Sara & Gerald: Villa America and After* (1982) by Honoria Murphy Donnelly; *Everybody Was So Young: Gerald and Sara Murphy, A Lost Generation Love Story* (1998) by Amanda Vaill; and *Making It New: The Art and Style of Sara & Gerald Murphy* (2007) by Deborah Rothschild.

3. Sidney Stuyvesant "Stuyvie" Fish (1921–1988), Olga and Sidney's only child. At the time of Olga's death, Stuyvie was a student at Cate School, a college-preparatory boarding school in Carpinteria, California (near Santa Barbara). He later graduated from Harvard University, served as a navy lieutenant during World War II, pursued mining interests in Nevada, and managed his family's Palo Corona Ranch.

4. Grace (Morales) Raibourn (1904–1943), Olga and Sidney's household manager, was the wife of ranch foreman Tex Raibourn.

5. Gerald Cleary Murphy (1888–1964), a graduate of Yale University, returned to his family's business, the Mark Cross Company, following the death of his father in 1931. He became president of the firm, which specialized in leather goods and other luxury items, in 1934—abandoning a promising career as an artist at about that time. His paintings can be seen at the Whitney Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, and other institutions.

6. Virginia Woolf, *The Years* (London: Hogarth Press, 1937).

7. Added in space between the last two paragraphs of letter, set off by lines that form a box.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California
April 20. 1937

Dear Bennett:

Enclosure marked I, I dont know anything about.

1 Certainly never gave him permission to use anything. He wrote & asked Robin to write a note on Poe which R. didnt do.

Marked II.

2 I have written to refuse anything of R. J. for pamphlet publication, so if they write you please give them no hope. The Writer's Congress {business} is pure propaganda & their discussions in the Poetry

Group which were reported to us by several present were devoid of {the} dignity & even mind which would make a

writer not actually involved in the “Work” be enticed into their circle. Besides which—and this is *my* {the} reason I gave Elsa Gidlow—Robin hates pamphlets & “little items” & has nothing available anyway. ♦

I am glad to tell you Robin has finished his poem,—the long one and will type it soon. Typing is rather {very} slow with him—he must do it himself since he makes corrections as he goes along.—He expects to do at least one more short poem—(page long). I see him at it.

I’ve been very busy. My dearest friend here—Olga Fish {(Mrs. Sidney Fish She was Olga Wiborg)} died two days ago. {after long illness—} I have been up there almost every day for a little, for weeks. I wonder whether you knew her—gay & sparkling & generous & pretty! I shall miss her terribly. They have a gorgeous ranch here—over 4,000 acres stretching back from this hill over Pt. Lobos back into redwood cañons More Sundays than not we have ridden horseback back there with them to a little farmhouse they have, set far away in a little orchard, beautiful & quiet.

Then Mabel has been here for two weeks ♦ and demanded every possible moment. She and I went away on a two day lark to S. F. & by talking every moment of the time caught up in our chronicles. She is great fun & in grand form. She left two days ago to go home & defend herself in a \$50,000 *slander* suit! brought by the village doctor in Taos!

3

Frieda Lawrence was here for a day with her Italian friend and Mr. & Mrs. Dudley Nichols (you must know him?)

4—Frieda was a riot, bursting with health & fun. They have spent the winter in Hollywood.

I haven't read *Angels in Undress* yet.

5 Mabel kept it all the time she was here. She was {is} most enthusiastic and ordered a lot of copies to send around—Thanks too for the Auden poems.

6 We like them—and for the New Yorker. Whenever I see Arno's drawings

7 I understand why Communism {Communism} flourishes in N.Y.—◆

Did I tell you that Robin is to have an honorary degree of Doctor of Lit. conferred by Occidental College June 7. He was reluctant to accept but I made him & got the Pres. to stipulate he hadn't to make a speech or reply!

This clipping

8 with such a remote basis of fact tickled all our friends & was copied everywhere! Cant you imagine Robin urging Mabel & Frieda to Tor House.

Love from us both.

Una

Maurice Sterne is the *painter*—Mabel's 3rd husband. He was here—when I told you with the Sam Lewisohns of N.Y. & Ted Lilienthal.

ALS. Columbia. 4 pages.

1. The enclosure is missing. In a response to Una dated April 26, 1937 (TCC Columbia), Cerf refers to a permission request

from an under-financed anthology project initiated by Carlyle Stroud.

2. This enclosure is also missing. In Cerf's April 26 letter he informs Una that he has written the Writers' Congress people, telling them "there is no chance of their having the pamphlet of Robin's poetry."

3. Dr. Charles Kantor accused Mabel of saying that he might not have a license to practice medicine. The alleged remarks were made at a September 1936 dinner party.

4. An arrow is drawn from the close of the parentheses to "Dudley Nichols."

5. Mark Benney, *Angels in Undress* (New York: Random House, 1937)—a best-selling book about life in London's underworld.

6. Probably W. H. Auden, *On This Island* (1937).

7. Peter Arno (1904–1968), born Curtis Arnoux Peters, Jr., was an American cartoonist and illustrator. His work was featured in *The New Yorker* from 1925 to 1968.

8. Una enclosed a newspaper article titled "Poet Jeffers Invites Two Guests" and subtitled "And Carmel Folk Wait Flare of Old Feud." The two guests were Mabel Dodge Luhan and Frieda Lawrence, believed by the author to be enemies of each other. The fabricated story written in an exaggerated style was published in the April 1, 1937 issue of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, page 3.

UJ to Julie Heyneman

Tor House. Carmel California
April 26. 1937

My dear Julie:

I read all the carbons I can get hold of from you & Bess with great delight. How fascinating your trip to the near East! I am trying now to find out costs and whether climate is at all agreeable when we expect to be over in Europe. We hope to go over in July for six months—all {4} of us. Perhaps we can do some sort of Greek trip—but my hopes always run to several places farther whose names have been full of evocation for me since my youth—Baalbec—Palmyra, Lebanon—

We are bringing our car with us this time—driving to & fro across this continent.

Robin and I have been talking some long walks lately—back into the coast cañons.

1 After the rainiest {rain-iest} winter we have ever had here (to our delight who hate dryness) the wild flowers are riotous. Certainly, {it would be impossible for} one who is not familiar ♦ with California to imagine the wild blaze of color, up mts. and across valleys.

Ellen went down to Death Valley with Chrissie Taft & several others and saw incredible beauty of flowers & stark background.

Frieda Lawrence big & buxom came up from Hollywood & spent the day at Tor House with a party of friends.

Mabel Luhan & Tony have been here for a few weeks in very good form. She has just finished a new book {of memoirs} “Edge of the Desert” which sounds rather in the vein of “Winter in Taos” which everybody liked.

I have been anxious & unhappy for several months over the fatal illness of my dearest woman friend here (after Ellen) Olga Fish. She died a week ago & that great beautiful place is sad & empty. I dont quite know what her husband & son Stuyvesant (age 16) will do without her. She was so vivid & beautiful & full of plans for her own circle & the community, drama, hospitals, charitable enterprises—& her house always full of interesting people & celebrities from all over the world!

2She is buried on their place—on the knoll above Noël’s Carmelite Nunnery.

3♦

I have just finished Virginia Woolf ’s new novel, {“The Years”} & still place her above other contemporary women writers—but as often before she is *disappointing*! How much more interesting to read—& of course incredibly harder to write & therefore more worthy of her skill—if she had chosen vivid moments of a vivid family—instead of the dullest episodes of a very dull family—to show how imperceptibly & how fast time flies by. *Of course* the passage of days are imperceptible when there is never a ripple of real emotion except the languid distaste {with which} most of the Pargiters view each other! The only person she seems to bother to depict at length is a tiresome unbalanced crippled

{woman} living squalidly, who gets tipsy on a mouthful of wine.

Noël's farmhouse up the valley 4 miles is just about ready for him to move into. It was built 10 yrs. ago by Reggie Johnson (son of Bishop Johnson you perhaps know

4) ♦ Reggie J. is a well known Southern Calif. architect & the house {is} simple & in excellent good taste. There are 19 acres of hills & fields about it. Noël calls it "Hollow Hills Farm" after the lines in "The Immortal Hour" (—"How beautiful they are the Lordly ones who dwell in the hills, the *hollow hills!*" A song Noël sings beautifully

5 {Noël *adores* his farm & is very happy there.}

Months ago in Dec. I cut out an article on the now dimly remembered (by the press) Simpson business. It was by John Gunther whose book on dictators "Inside Europe" had a tremendous sale here, & in England, too, according to "The Observer".

6 I thought it an interesting article & send it—the envelope has long lain addressed to you in my desk. Far from delighting in all that débâcle most people {here} I know were heavy hearted. I think the lasting thought—the residue was the astonishment of how much {more} easierly & quickerly one can oust a nau recalcitrant king {from his inheritance} than one could a naughty President from his elected chair.

Meant to tell you funny stories Brett has sent us. Her sister the Raneé of Sarawak stopped in Hollywood to advise on setting of "The White Rajah," she is on her way to the Coronation. Brett visited her in Hollywood. They hadn't met for 12 yrs. & found each other

7—very quaint! Brett in her wild west outfit &—ear trumpet. The Rancee in Malay ^costume & dripping with pearls & rubies!^

“The Beaks of Eagles” are a present! Thank you always & warmly for *Observer*

8

Robin sends his love with mine.

Una

Hans Barkan family all well & prosperous we stayed the night with them recently.

9

ALS. Berkeley. 4 pages.

1. In an April 22, 1937 letter to Frederick and Maud Clapp (ALS Yale), not included in this edition, Una says, “Yesterday Robin & I went on an all day pilgrimage up Palo Colorado Cañon. The wild flowers are beautiful beyond my telling this year after such a wet winter. On Sunday we went to the top ♦ of Toro Mt. off the Corral de Tierra road. Hours of riding about seeing *no one*.”

2. This sentence is written vertically in the left margin, alongside the paragraph about Olga.

3. The permanent home of the Carmelite Monastery of Our Lady and St. Thérèse, a Romanesque sanctuary located in a scenic coastal setting south of Carmel, was built with funds provided by Noël Sullivan’s family. Noël’s sister, Mother

Agnes of Jesus, a Carmelite nun, was the principal benefactor. She used her portion of the family inheritance to build the Carmel monastery and to endow others in San Diego and elsewhere. In 1931, the same year the Carmel monastery was dedicated, another of Noël's sisters, Gladys (Sullivan) Doyle (1889–1933), funded the construction of an on-site replica of the church of Mission Santa Cruz. The original structure, built in 1791, had long since fallen victim to earthquakes and other disasters. Noël's grandparents, John and Catherine Sullivan, donated the land on which Old St. Mary's Cathedral was built in San Francisco. The Sullivan family also built the Carmel of the Infant Jesus, the monastery in Santa Clara where Mother Agnes resided (and where Noël is buried). And Noël purchased the Doak mansion in Oakville, California and restored it for use by the Carmelite Order.

4. Rt. Rev. Joseph Horsfall Johnson (1847–1928), bishop of the Episcopal Church in the diocese of Los Angeles from 1896 to 1928.

5. The song is from *The Immortal Hour*, an opera by English composer Rutland Boughton (1878–1960) based on a play by Fiona Macleod, pseudonym of William Sharp (1855–1905). Both works create a dreamy, mystical atmosphere inspired by Celtic fairy-lore. The “Lordly ones” are the Hidden People, the immortals, who dwell in a netherworld in the hollow hills: “There is no age there / nor any sorrow.”

6. John Gunther, “Notes on the Simpson Crisis,” *The Nation* (December 19, 1936): 724–725. Gunther (1901–1970), an American journalist and author, wrote a number of *Inside* books in addition to *Inside Europe* (1936), such as *Inside Asia* (1939), and *Inside Latin America* (1941). Other publications

include *Bright Nemesis* (1932), *Death Be Not Proud* (1949), and *Alexander the Great* (1953).

7. The rest of this paragraph is written vertically in the right margin and across the top.

8. This paragraph, the closing, and signature are written vertically in the left margin, first page.

9. Added in top right corner, first page.

UJ to Remsen Du Bois Bird

Tor House. Carmel
April 27. 1937

Dear Remsen:

My husband wishes me to thank, through you, the Board of Trustees of Occidental College for the honor they propose to confer upon him. He will be present in Orr gardens at the time specified to receive the honorary degree. (The measurements you ask. His height is 6 ft. His hat size 7½.—for gown & mortar board)

With kindest regards from us both,
Una Jeffers.

Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

Robin had his fiftieth anniversary a few months ago so nearly the age of Occidental

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

UJ to Alfred Kreymborg

Tor House. Carmel. California
April 27. 1937.

Dear Mr. Kreymborg:

My husband wishes me to say he is very much interested in the Radio Project in connection with the series of Poetry readings. There is little possibility of his being in N. Y. for discussion at your office, but would be glad to communicate with you by letter if he can be of service or if his own poetry should be suitable.

He sends his greetings to you!

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers

(Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.)

ALS. Virginia. 1 page.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

April 28. 1937
Tor House. Carmel

Dear Larry:

Thanks for telling us about the exhibit at the State Library. I am happy it looks so well, & is being liked.

1

I hope you will get a position soon. If R. J. can help you by any sort of recommendation, let us know. I wish we had some direct influence over some job! A young woman {(I can't recall her name)} came to call two weeks ago Sunday with a friend of my sister, & she said you were the star of her library course class at U. C. so if there *are* jobs you should get a good look-in I think.

I suppose you have heard that honorary degree of Doctor of Lit. will be conferred on Robin at Occidental Ma June 7. If you are south, do be on hand! The procession starts from Orr gardens at 6:30.

We hope to go to Ireland in July. Its not not settled yet.

Robin's book is done but not typed—a long job with revisions.

Faithfully

2

Una.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. After two months on display at the University of California, Berkeley, the Jeffers exhibit arranged by Powell moved to the California State Library in Sacramento, where it remained for another two months.

2. Closing and signature added vertically in right margin.

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

Tor House. Carmel
May 11. 1937

Dearest Phoebe:

I am so sorry to have missed seeing you: things piled up terribly for a few days.

I am glad to tell you that the State Library has returned my copy of (limited to 12) “Roan Stallion” so now your copy *is* yours with no strings attached and Robin will inscribe it for you at the first opportunity. Either bring it down when you come or if we are up there he will do it.

Do come down before we leave—it won’t be until the middle of June anyway. Robin just started to type his book this morning. He corrects {& alters} as he goes along, so he figured it would take 20 days to type. I will know in a few days just what accomodations we can get. Boys end exams on May 13.

On top of every other activity a friend of mine ♦ Esther Boardman Busby (for many years my most intimate friend dating from 19045)—arrived. We see each other seldom, but at least once in six years she dashes out to see me & catch up with news. She is the widow of Leonard Busby a very important man in Chicago—Pres. of the Traction lines etc who died several years ago. During the past two years she has

been written up {twice} at length in “Time” with photographs—once about six weeks ago for fighting through court after court a case involving more than a million dollars of her husband’s estate against the Chicago Trust company. She has won it so far but it still can be going to one more court, the Supreme Court.

1—She is the most brilliant & exciting woman. She was here at Tor House two nights & we talked until 4:30 AM each night. I am pretty tired. She left Sunday for N. Y. ♦

Best love to you & yours.

Hope to see you soon!

Faithfully,
Una.

I miss Olga very much. It is bitterly hard to watch the dying of someone you love. She fought up to the last day. She gave up Christian Science about four days before the end but so that the Doctors were able to ease her suffering somewhat from then on but found it very difficult to get her under an opiate She so resisted unconsciousness fearing never to awake.

What a mean article about Mabel! Clever too but amazing to see how much hatred she has aroused.

Lovingly
U. J.

Sorry this writing looks so! I sprained my right thumb a little

2

ALS. San Francisco. 3 pages. Postmark: May 11, 1937.

1. When Esther's husband, Leonard Asbury Busby, died in 1930, he left an estate of \$1,598,000—with nearly \$1,000,000 in liabilities. The balance, held in securities, was placed in a trust managed by the First National Bank of Chicago. Rather than selling the securities, as Esther suggested, bank president Melvin Alvah Traylor (Leonard Busby's friend) held on to them, even as their value declined to nothing. Esther sued to recover her assets but lost at trial. An appeal to the Cook County Circuit Court also failed. Refusing to give up, Esther carried her case to the State Appellate Court, where the previous decisions were overturned. Deciding against an appeal to the Illinois Supreme Court, the bank offered Esther a \$40,000 settlement. The final court-ordered judgment totaled \$320,190 (in a year when per capita income in the United States was \$540). For information on the case, see "Mel & Esther," *Time* (November 20, 1933): 53–54; "Busby Victory," *Time* (February 22, 1937): 70–71; and local coverage in the *Chicago Tribune*.

2. Added in top right corner, first page.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

May 11. 1937

Tor House. Carmel.

Dear Sydney:

I am sorry you have had sinus trouble. I shall be glad to see your brothers lithograph.

I will let you know our sailing time. It won't be until last of June or early July. We would like to meet you.

Robin is typing his ms. now. It will probably be called "The {Such} Counsels you gave me." from the last line of an old ballad. There will be some short poems as well as one long—(perhaps two long). I haven't read it yet, I never do until typed. He does not like discussing them while in progress.

I will ask Bennett Cerf for the things you want, & enclose note here that you asked for.

1

Mabel Luhan has been here with Tony, also Frieda came before with Dudley Nichols.—I believe that the quotation asked for by Occidental dean are being used in a *book* not a brochure as I thought, a history of Occidental. I'll get the programs for you. ♦

About the poems Mrs. Swift has, we do not wish to do anything about them. We have copies of them—most of them I {we} think. They were handed around by R. J. during that youthful time. Robin's lawyer went after the "Aperitif" man, (named Moore) but reported to us that he is a penniless person & no matter *what* he said couldn't be scared by a suit for damages since he has no money at all—also he is just *wild* for publicity & would be enchanted to have notice taken of {him.} I think he is off our trail now. Ella Winter had trouble with him after ours.—but Moore & Mrs. Swift seem somewhat similar {& are friends} & we don't want any dealings with either of them. Robin remembers her as a nice person twenty seven years ago but

we dont know what her life has been, not having seen or heard of her until last year. Her What Melba B. reports of her intelligence & position in life are not reassuring. Yes, send on your books for autographing & your poems & we'll do our best. Send them soon.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

Curt sounding! Ive a sprained thumb. Not very bad but clumsy.

2

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. Postmark: May 11, 1937.

1. A note dated May 11, 1937 from Una to Bennett Cerf is enclosed. In it, Una asks Cerf to give Alberts the “typescript, {all} corrected proofs, one set of each {state of} proofs sent to R. J. and one set of unbound sheets of each edition trade & limited.” See also next letter.

2. Added in top right corner, first page.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California.
May 11. 1937

Dear Bennett:

Thanks from the two of us for the handsome “Plato” a set any library would be proud to own.

1 I am glad to have the Random House imprint on these. R. J. is having a fine time with them.

A letter from Alberts requests a lot of items of the new book coming out in the fall. Here is what he wants & if you can manage it, I hope you'll give them to him. Bibliographers are an insistent tribe but we can say of him he is a remarkably able one. Here is a cutting from his letter. See both sides.

2 !!

A friend of mine—has been visiting me from New York. Esther Busby—(widow of Leonard Busby of Chicago) ♦ an extremely interesting woman, for many many years, from 1905 on, my most intimate friend. She spoke of knowing you—but I forgot to ask her how well—we were interrupted. I believe she spoke of your being present at an exhibition of her daughter Janet's

3 drawings.

I hear Robin tap-tapping away on his typewriter upstairs.

I think we are going to British Isles early in July.

Love from the two of us.

Una.

I have a slightly sprained thumb—hard to hold pen.

John Evans & Claire {Spenser Evans} are coming to Carmel in Sept. for some months. Claire is having another baby in Nov. This will make their separate & combined off-spring number 7.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. *The Dialogues of Plato*, translated by Benjamin Jowett (New York: Random House, 1937).

2. The cutting is from a letter Alberts sent to Una in which he lists the publication material he hoped to obtain from Random House concerning *Such Counsels You Gave to Me*. In a response dated May 18, 1937 (TCC Columbia), Cerf says, “We will do our best to take care of Alberts on the new book, but he certainly is a confounded nuisance.”

3. Janet (Busby) Walsh (1913–1992) was the wife of Philip Walsh of Philadelphia. Esther and Leonard also had a son, Jack Kemp Busby (b. 1917), who graduated from Princeton University in 1938 and Yale University Law School in 1941. Jack Busby joined the Pennsylvania Power and Light Company as general counsel in 1951; he eventually led the utility as president and chief executive officer.

UJ to Remsen Du Bois Bird

Tor House. Carmel

May 25. 1937

Dear Remsen:

I have suggested to Hamilton Jeffers that he fly down to Occidental—he may do so—if only to tease Robin by seeing him in a crowd. Hamilton told me he was glad that Occidental is doing Robin this honor.—He {flew}

came down last Sunday and took us all up, one by one, in his plane—. Its wild work I think in an open cockpit! I hadn't—none of us had,—flown that way before.

Thank you—it is our intention to arrive Sunday eve at Hazels, and depart Tues morn. We are sailing N. Y. to Cobh—on July 10, and as I must stop in Mich. & Taos—we have to leave here about June 20.—we are motoring across the continent and taking our car with us {to Ireland}. We shall be away for four—perhaps six months. I suppose I am ♦ terribly excited to be going—but I haven't had a moment to enjoy the thought yet. Life is a wild kaleidoscope and turns faster every moment. & the six months' quarantine of dogs prevents us getting Haig into Ireland—devastating Noël is keeping him for us. Noël just had Haig's portrait painted as a surprise for me.

1 The painter came two days & did him while I was at Noël's in town shopping.

You asked,—Robins hat size is 7½. height 6 ft+.

I sent several items to the Jeffers collection in your library & got Melba Bennett & Ted Lilienthal to contribute.

Please keep EVERY person off Robin you can—he is so courteous he is defenceless—but we all pay for it after. One way {man} I would like to meet if convenient without a lot of fuss, *David Donnan*.

2—(an alumnus trustee?) My great grandfather was David Donnan, Killinchy, Co. Down Ireland. Its an unusual name. One other person for me if available—my old suitor—Clinton Judy—Cal. Teck.—

Warm affection to you & Helen.
Una.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. The painting by Canadian artist Jean Ramsay, dated May 21, 1937, hangs in the guest bedroom at Tor House.
2. Rev. David J. Donnan (1890–1969), an alumnus trustee of Occidental College and a trustee of San Francisco Seminary, was the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Santa Monica, California from 1931 to 1956. Occidental awarded him a Doctor of Divinity degree in June 1936.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel
May 27. 1937

Dear Bennett:

I hope to mail the ms. to you tomorrow. Robin has just two more pages to type & a few details to attend to about it.

We are sailing on the Georgic July 10, N.Y to Cobh (going third class—will it be dreadful?—& save enough that way to take our car with us.) {Our boys are going with us.} We have to deliver the car at pier July 9 and thought we would be just 24 or 48 hrs. in N. Y. I suppose it will be hideously hot.

Edna Millay asked us to come up into the country to visit her—and several others have invited us I don't know whether it wouldn't be better to see them in late fall when we return. If

you are in town we must see you—& our dear friends Frederick Mortimer Clapp & wife (Frick collection head—) ♦ It will be nice to see you if you are in town—but don't stay there for us.

If any proof is ready when we come perhaps Robin would correct it then?

(CONFIDENTIALLY)—we{'d} rather not have Grabhorn do it—was there any question of him? Lilienthal asked us & we made no comment. Grabhorn made a fatal error breaking up Robin's lines as he did in "Solstice". I told Robin I thought it wasn't right when we saw the first batch of proof—but my conviction wasn't strong enough to make me pit myself against such a renowned printer. However, many of Robin's readers have complained—& in particular so devoted a friend & flawless critic! as Timmie Clapp—that it injured the verse—even though the page *looked* so handsome.

Love from both of us

Una.

1

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. Una's letter contains two enclosures. The first is a May 18, 1937 letter to Una from Clarence Decker. Una writes "Dont Return" at the top of Decker's letter, adds large parentheses around the last paragraph in which Decker offers to write an article about Jeffers' next book for the *Kansas City Star*, and appends a note at the bottom of the page: "This man, editor of a very good University Review—contained a long article on R. J. recently & propose another. I suggested Mr. Miller's

Master's Thesis at Yale on 'a comparison of R. J. & the book of Ecclesiastes.' I liked it."

The second enclosure is a May 28, 1937 letter to Robinson from Allen Griffin, publisher of the *Monterey Peninsula Herald*. Griffin notes the opening of the Carmel-San Simeon Coast Highway and requests permission to use excerpts from Jeffers' poems for a feature article on the occasion. Across the top of Griffin's letter Una writes "Don't return these" and "The opening of this great coast-road a tremendous occasion here!" For more information about the opening of the Coast Highway, see Una's August 24, 1937 letter to her sister Daisy Bartley, note 1.

RJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House, Carmel, California.

June 2, 1937.

Dear Bennett:

I have been thinking about the manuscript we sent you three or four days ago. It is as good in its way as anything I've written, but it is considerably shorter than my other books—I didn't realize that until I had typed it. It would be a pity to spread it out in big print as was done with "Solstice," to make it fit the series; and I'm quite willing to postpone publication for a year, if you'd rather, and add more material.

1

Also, I have revised the two last chapters of "Such Counsels" since sending it off. The next to last, in the manuscript that you have, (Chapter VII I think) is sentimentalized and not

true. I'll send the revision at once, in case you let me know you want to publish the thing this year.

If you'd rather bring out Selected Poems (if there's still time to) I expect Una and I could help you choose the titles before we go travelling. That wouldn't take long.

We look forward eagerly to seeing you a few weeks from now; but don't dream of staying in New York on our account, if the summer gets too thick or too thin there.

Yours,
Robin.

TLS. Columbia. 1 page.

1. In a letter to Jeffers dated June 9, 1937 (TCC Columbia), Cerf says, "I think it is extremely important that there be a new book by you this Fall, as it will be a full two years since *Solstice* appeared. I am so anxious to have some proofs ready for you when you come to New York that, without even opening the manuscript, I turned it over to one of the best printers in New York fifteen minutes after it was received here to have him start planning the book."

UJ to Edna St. Vincent Millay

Tor House & Hawk Tower
Carmel. June 1937

1

Dear Edna Millay:

We are sailing for Ireland from N. Y. on July 10—and expect to find it so wretchedly hot that we are not lingering anywhere. If you happen to be in N. Y. on business you would find us with Bennett Cerf July 8 & 9. Robin and I hope to see you both then or when we come back in pleasanter autumn weather

Una Jeffers

APPS. L Congress.

1. The location and date are written beneath a photograph of the Jeffers home. Una's note is written on the reverse.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Tor House. Carmel
June 3. 1937

Darling Clapps:

We are sailing on the Georgic July 10 N. Y.—Cobh {arrive N. Y. July 8}.—We are going third class—and save enough thereby to take our car over with us! We are driving across the continent and I am sure the heat will be appalling. It isn't my choice to travel at this time of year across the country but so our affairs arranged themselves & we can stand it. I don't know that we shall look very nice when we arrive. If you are in town—we want to see you more than anybody—but if you are planning to be away don't stay there for us. Bennett Cerf Random House said he would keep everyone off Robin if he wished & we said we did wish—except you.

Edna Millay asked us to visit her {in Austerlitz} but I am doubtful of our doing so—at least {not} until we come back ♦ in late autumn. I hope we can spend some time in a rapid survey of the Frick Collection with the hope of a good look look when we return.

I've been living in a horrid & interesting turmoil for weeks—& am just now contending with travel preparations put off day by day by pressing things of the instant. We see a lot of Noël. His farm is enchanting & he fairly beams with happiness about it all. I will tell you all about it and him when we come. He is to take care of Haig which relieves me of some anxiety. I love that creature so!—and alas—he loves me as well and I cant explain its a temporary separation. While I was in town with Noël two days last week, he ordered Haig's portrait painted by a young Canadian painter who had done his dogs. My three men kept it a secret. The girl was here with Haig two days.—its a wonderful likeness, and a grand surprise for me. ♦

Yesterday, Sidney Fish being away up at his mine, I went to sit a few moments by Olga's quiet dust.—I wished everyone who loved her—or had felt her charm & warmth could sit there a moment. An entrancing view and a very lonely {lonely} one—especially as it was yesterday—the sort of situation & conclusion that one must face with whatever grace one can—a lovely creature possessing such beauty & generosity of spirt, such ardor & spirit {verve} and talent, & a fierce determination to live—with every imaginable asset of wealth & devotion to help her, spun around & thrown off just anytime alone {alone} at the last, one *fancies* companionship while breath lasts. Yesterday I went there at 5 in the

afternoon—drifting fog and low bird calls. The boulder over her lies on the top of the knoll above the Carmelite nunnery, facing toward Pt. Lobos. The fog drifted in & out from the sea and to the left on their land the hay had been cut in the lower field & lay in cocks—with an unexpected expanse of sunshine over it. Such color. I picked a little bunch of ♦ wild flowers which are like a mille fleur pattern over all the hills there.—some very fragrant ones. wild briars & sweet everlasting & yerba buena and small pale blue striped irises with their faint astringent scent.

Sidney & Stuyvie are going to Brittany this summer & not open their Long Island House.

1 A few days ago Sidney sent down to me by a friend a magnificent brooch of Olga's—(a huge emerald in center {(The whole design of jewels is inside of a crystal ring which catches a thousand shafts of color} with two dozen {58} small diamonds & {11} square cut emeralds! in a kind of *anchor* design—with an invisible platinum back—)—I can't describe it. I felt very much touched by his card *with love from Sidney & Olga!* but I never was associated with the *jewel* side of her—& only once g saw her rigged out in her high diamond tiara at the opera.

I think we shall stop only two days at Taos. We have promised though to spend a month on our return. Mabel has been sick—I doubt this. ♦ I mean I believe it psychological—tell you more later—She left here looking years younger than when we met seven yrs. ago, & within ten days was in bed & has stayed so with some inexplicable glandular malaise—its a whole tale by itself. Well, I love her too & she has been a grand adventure—& is! (& dozens of letters detailing all the symptoms)

Now about someone who doesn't like Mabel (or Mabel *her*)—Elsie Arden. She is fun. I am glad you know her. Common sense & humor & a rare analytical se power—analytical of character & situation, & a human sympathy for frailty that would lead her to any extremity of kindness. Noël is very fond of her. If you see her tell her my great desire in New York is to have her sing to us & you about the sinking of the *Titanic*. Four times during the last ten yrs. I've heard her {sing that} & each time every long hair of mine has stood on end. ♦

The boys have been working the last fortnight at odds & ends. Garth has been heaving lumber around & piling it, just off a boat. Hard labor. He came to me tonight with several dollars in hand to pay for some tennis balls etc I had bought for him (when I thought they were not needed). He said “maybe I ought to pay you board now I am earning money—Blamer 2 pays his parents board.” I said “Well no I guess not. Father & I are silly enough to love having you home even if you do eat like ten men.—But what about your *fine* 3—Timmie helped you out—what about the rest?” He looked so big & sweet & guileless & said “Well I thought you had set that down to *general upkeep*” I must say that bit of hard luck made him grow up more than two years at college.

Now darlings—send us air mail your telephone {number.} We expect to leave here around June 20, & stop in Mich. to see my Mother.

Devotedly
Una.

Darn!—I didn't complete your address before letter was mailed.

4

Here is the letter 9 days old. We are staying with Bennett Cerf of Random House.

Longing to see you.

5

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. The Fishes maintained a summer home in East Hampton, Long Island.

2. DeWitt Blamer, Jr. (1916–1992), a friend and classmate of Garth and Donnan, was the son of Capt. DeWitt Blamer (1872–1944) and Emily (Mitchell) Blamer (1887–1954). Capt. Blamer was awarded the Navy Distinguished Service Medal following World War I; he later served as chief of staff of the Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island. The Blamers had recently become neighbors of the Jefferses, having built a home on Scenic Road between 15th and 16th Avenues.

3. Garth had recently been arrested for driving while intoxicated. DeWitt Blamer, Jr. and Donnan were with him at the time. He was charged with recklessness and fined \$50.00.

4. This and the following postscript are written in the top right corner, first page.

5. Written vertically in top left corner, first page.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel California
June 10. 1937

Dear Bennett—

Here is the *ms.*—the alteration he wants in “Such Counsels You——.” He paged them A, B etc because he wasn’t certain of numbers on *ms.* already sent. The poem “New Year’s Eve” he wishes included & placed between page 76 & page 77 (in between, to make certain, “The Answer” and “Hope is Not for the Wise”).

Thanks, you & Donald are dears to offer to put us up & we accept with alacrity.

1 We expect to arrive in N. Y. July 8. & sail July 10. on *Georgic*. We shall not get away from here until June 22 at least.

There are several people we wish to see & I will write you all about that later. We stop in Mason, Ingham Co. Michigan (c/o Mrs. Isabel Call) for several days en route so we can be reached there almost until we get to N. Y. ♦

We got back last night from Los Angeles. Robin duly received his degree of Doctor of Lit. {from Occidental College} & was as unhappy as he expected during the ceremony.

2

We are looking forward to seeing you & Donald.

Love from us both
Una.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. In a letter to Una dated June 3, 1937 (TCC Columbia), Cerf says "I cannot tell you how delighted I am that you will be in New York for at least 24 or 48 hours before you sail. I beg you to let Donald and me put you all up for the night or two that you will be here. There will be plenty of room for Robin and you with one of us, and for the two boys with the other. Not a soul need know that you are in town except the people that you want to notify yourself. This arrangement should save you considerable money. I hope I don't have to tell you that you don't have to feel obligated in any way, because it will really be a delight for us to be of this small service to you."

2. Occidental awarded Jeffers an honorary Doctor of Literature degree at its forty-fifth commencement, June 7, 1937.

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

Tor House. Carmel
June 13. 1937.

Dearest Phoebe:

We found your notes here when we returned from L. A.—with the gracious present enclosed and thank you heartily! We shall use it, I think, to take some *side trip* that we might have, to otherwise, {to} forego. You are much too

kind to me—as so many of my friends are & I seem to be able to do so little for any of them.—except *love* them.

We spent just one day & two nights at Hazels. Drove down from here on Mon. got the degree at 6:30–8:00 that night & supper at Pres. Birds. Next morn I went to a Holly Hollywood haberdashery with boys & Anne, to lunch then with Aunt Carrie Eshman (Teddie's aunt) at Belle-air. Quiet dinner at Hazel's (Roy was in the San Joaquin Valley). Home next day.

Phoebe, a desperate ♦ thing. The operation Ha had just after Edith's wedding

I was removal of breast & all the dissections along lymph glands that that entails {for malignant growth}—and severe X ray treatments ever since. She is very game & cheerful about it all & says she thinks they got it all but I have so lately been through so many years of torment with Olga that I found it hard to conceal my anxiety. By the way, if you happen to see Ha, don't mention Olga's disease I deceived her about what killed Olga.

Sidney gave me a priceless brooch of Olga's—a strange design—it's a huge {Cabuchon shape} emerald set in the middle of a sort of *anchor* design—set round with 58 diamonds & eleven small square cut emeralds! all arranged on a circle of crystal with reflects the colors.

Today Noel is giving a huge cocktail party for me going {a}way! Up at Hollow Hills Farm. We leave here probably June 22. Stop & visit my mother in Michigan & sail from N. Y. July 10 on Georgic.

Our address until further notice is c/o Thomas Cook & Son,
188 Grafton St. Dublin.

2

3Boys are working. Garth has already earned \$45.50 which means the expenditure of much energy—He is unloading & piling lumber cargoes. Donnan less, he is whitewashing Ellen's fence & doing odd jobs

Embrace your family & here is love from your devoted

Una

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. Postmark: June 14, 1937.

1. Hazel and Roy's daughter Edith Pinkham married Harvard graduate Benyaurd Bourne Wygant, Jr. February 20, 1937.

2. Added vertically in left margin, second page.

3. Remainder of letter is written at the top of the first page, above and alongside the address and date.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel
June 24. 1937

Dear Bennett—

Please write us c/o Mrs. Isabel Call, Mason, Ingham Co. Michigan & say whether you think when we arrive in New York July 8, we would do well to proceed at once to the

Cunard pier & leave our car. (we are commanded to have it there July 9—the day before sailing). We could leave it & taxi to your place—where is it? {your place?} We feel no nervousness about driving in N. Y. unless we are *hurried*—but it might be more bother than worth for one day.

Our friends the Clapps say to come for dinner to them both nights if we will & bring our host or hosts. They are at 1136 Fifth Fifth Ave. (He is at Frick Collection, 1, E 70th daytimes). Could you phone them & arrange, any way will suit us.

I would like to have Robin see Dr. Byron Stookey the great neurologist. He was Robin's only intimate friend during his R. J's 3 yrs. at medical school.—See Who's Who—for address—etc. Robin is so queer he won't ♦ make any effort unless I *push* but I know he would enjoy the meeting

R is fond of {Edgar Lee} Masters, & of Edna Millay. (I dont suppose she is in N. Y. She wired us a month ago to come visit her at Austerlitz)

Fun to see John Martin if he is around—& {Louis} Adamic

Perhaps sometime {Sydney} Alberts & also (Rudolph Gilbert 309 E 55th St.) should have a chance at Robin—& de Casseres who has been an extravagantly loyal admirer for years. Gilbert wrote an interesting book about Robin last year.

Is it true, have you a Sabine farm?

1

We leave San Francisco June 26 in P.M. after a lunch party at Noël Sullivans,—will arrive in Mason July 2 or 3.

Martin Flavin left here two days ago. He & sails same day as we do—but not on same boat. He wants to see us in N.Y. Says he stays in same building as your apt.

Affectionately
Una.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. A country retreat. The original Sabine farm, near Tivoli in Italy, belonged to the poet Horace. His friend and patron Maecenas gave it to him around 34 BCE, as a quiet place to live and write.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

June 24. 1937
Tor House. Carmel.

Dearest Mabel—

Such a daze of work & discomfort for past 2½ weeks. I dont know what Ive written you.—whether I told you two weeks ago last Sat. on June 5 I was stricken at at 7. AM with a horrible excruciating pain all along my sciatic nerve (biggest one in body—from base of spine the length of your leg to heel!) I could neither sit nor lie nor stand. I was for several hours half doubled over a chair leaning on my arms close to blazing fire. Dr. came & gave me hypodermic. We were supposed to go to L. A. next day. Robin to get his {doctor of

Lit.} degree on day after. I couldn't go until day after—& that hurried ride of 365 miles each way wasn't any help—I have had no return of the bad pain but the nerve is still somewhat inflamed & you can ♦ imagine how many thousand times I've just felt I couldn't get us ready or on our way & wished we could afford just to throw away our tickets! Well we expect to be off day after tomorrow morn. I expect to be all right. I got the thing one day after I had been doing a big washing & then on the way in from hanging out clothes—got {to} weeding the garden & a sharp wind blowing! All my own fault but I thought I was impervious I realized my back felt lame afterwards but it wasn't until next morning the blow fell. God pain is *queer*—

I've had a lot of diathermy treatments.

I told you that Sidney & Stuyvie have just left for Brittany with a friend of Sidneys & *his* son. I told you too (?) I can't remember—that I was horrified to find Hazel Pinkham had had one breast off & ♦ all that goes with it for cancerous growth! I felt miserable in Beverly Hills about that. Aunt Carrie Eshman gave lunch for us at Bel Air

We go Sat. by way of S. F. & take Haig to Noël's town house. I've wept a bucket of tears about that! leaving him. He is sweeter every day.

I've thought a lot about you as I've reclined upon my hot water bottle. Do send me word ^{c/o} my mother or of Bennett Cerf how you are whether you must take insulin & how you are. Aunt Carrie Eshman has been diabetic now for some years but manages very well—one adjusts to anything if one has will power & sense.

Direct c/o Mrs. Isabel Call, Mason, Ingham Co. Michigan. We
leave there July 6.

c/o Bennett Cerf, 20, E 57th St. N. Y. We stay with ({We sail
July 10 from

N. Y. }

c/o Thomas Cook & Son 118 Grafton St. Dublin Irish Free
State until further notice ♦

I am sending under separate cover—three pictures of Tor
House. Ill write ever so much—

Best love from all of us,
Una

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

UJ to Noël Sullivan

Driving along through Nebraska.
Tues. June 29—[1937]

Dearest Noël:

I do think when anyone loves his own friends & his own dog
& his own place as passionately as I do, he'd better stay home
& look at them!—thats what I thought when I left Hyde Street
Sat. & left your dear eyes & staunch Betty

1 standing there & Eula

2 leaning out the window & darling Haig—who hasn't been
out of my consciousness for years.—Very sad I felt even

though being shut away snug in the little room of the car with my three Jeffers men is near to perfect bliss <over> ♦

Such a nice lunch it was at Hyde St.—& how did you know I'd always wanted a garnet string! & did you know I have a *lovely* garnet cross & never

the proper way to wear it before & did you ever read Watts-Dunton "Alwyn"

3 & do you remember the garnet cross & the {Cymric}

4 magic about it & the tomb split open, by the seashore

We crossed the Golden Gate Bridge & beginning at San Raphael ran into *blasting* heat which lasted {to} well east of Lake Tahoe.—Nice & cool at Truckee & never too hot since then. First night Reno, 2nd night Salt Lake City 3rd night Cheyenne. ♦

Reno appeared to my casual inspection the most appalling place, horrifying in its vacuous, thin, scratching on the surface of life. Crowds of people with the most self-conscious expressions milling around. I did not observe one keen face. I prefer Cheyenne really, horrifying as it is—its as crowded & neon-lit {as Reno} but the inhabitants seem to have enough vitality to be vicious rather than piddling marionettes.

Just now a funny incident, an old man in khaki got off a motorcycle ahead of us & picked up something & waved us to stop—He came running to us wild with ♦ excitement he had picked up a valuable looking platinum ring with a big diamond in it (woman's)—he was just chattering & made us look at it & even scratched one of our windows! to prove its diamond-quality.—Said if we heard of anyone losing it—he was manager of H D Bar Ranch—

Thanks dearest Noël for a thousand kind & beautiful things you've done for us.

Lovingly
Una.

ALS. Berkeley. 4 pages. Letterhead: Temple Square Hotel, Salt Lake City.

1. Elizabeth “Betty” (Waddell) Alexander (1893–1966), Noël’s friend, was a concert pianist who often accompanied him in voice recitals.

2. Eulah (Black) Pharr (1896–1989) was Noël’s housekeeper. Her husband Edward “Eddie” Pharr (1902–1938) was Noël’s butler.

3. Theodore Watts-Dunton, *Aylwin* (London: Hurst and Blackett, 1898). Watts-Dunton (1832–1914), Algernon Charles Swinburne’s friend and benefactor, was an English poet, novelist, and critic.

4. Cymric: a Welsh word for the people (and language) of Wales.

UJ to Ellen O’Sullivan

Between Cedar Rapids Iowa & Dubuque
Wed June 30 [1937]

Dearest Ellen:

After we left you Fri. night {we} went home & finished packing. After all the confusion there in the dining room which seemed inextricable—everything fell into place like the bits of a {puzzle} picture. Everything got into the car with ease. Your canvas thing is wrapped {around} the top coats {& steamer rug}.—Next morn we were up & on the way by 7:15. (only 15 min. late.) Got into town {S. F.} & picked up tickets, visas, automobile papers etc. at Cunard place. Lunch then at Noël's, your nice family there Barbara

1 very very pretty & *always* intelligent. As for Mollie

2 I never saw her ♦ looking better—carefree & sweet & interested in our plans. There were besides Betty Alexander, Bender, Leslie Roos, Marie Short Very sad parting with darling Haig. Eula presented him with a nice dish of liver (his favorite food) to divert his mind as we left Noël gave me a lovely string of garnet beads. Out over Golden {Gate bridge shortly after 3. PM} Like a furnace from San Raphael to Truckee {Reno, first night}—The interior this country isn't too thrilling for me—but *Wisconsin* is {(now its July 1.)} beautiful—for the boys thought of a wonderful plan—to go from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, up through Wisconsin—we stayed <over> ♦ at Beaver Dam all night, on to Fond du Lac & north along {east} side of Lake Winnebago up along Green Bay north into Upper Peninsula of Michigan We are still riding along the Lake, a2 hundred miles & more—we shall stay tonight at Mackinaw or Cheboyan This is {by} far our most beautiful day—such beauty of this land of forest & lake & river—such a tangle of wild roses everywhere {yellow & white water lilies in the streams} & maple & white birch & other hardwood. Will you tell Susan for me that I have thought of her many times today—♦ as having lived in this region—Do I dream it—or did you visit them up near Mackinaw once?

3 We cross from Upper Peninsula, land at Mackinaw {stay all night tonight there} (our old summer place was at Petoskey)—{then} drive down east side of Lake Mich & over to my mother's near Lansing. A grand trip. It is cool & sweet &

fragrant here—JUST right. In fact we were lucky enough to strike no hot weather after leaving Lake Tahoe, but Mich. *is* wonderful in summer. These scraps of paper have been kicking around the car with the maps now getting very tattered.

4 My sciatic nerve is ♦ so much better {that} I hope to keep any knowledge of it from Mamma who has never seen me ill in any way since I was a baby. It hurts when I first get up in the morning a little & Robin puts my shoe on! & again a little at the end of our days run mostly 500 miles & a little over.

We miss you & we *thank* you for so many sweet & generous things you have done for us for years!

Love from all of us.

Devotedly

Una

Written as we bowl along at 60 m.p.h.

Is your Mary's name McMichael? I want to send her a card from {Westport}

5

Please give this map to Noël. I want to him to know our trip address us ^{c/o} Thomas Cook & Son 118 Grafton St. Dublin

ALS. HRC Texas. 5 pages.

1. Barbara Sutro (1907–1999), an artist and photographer, was the daughter of Oscar Sutro and Mary (O’Sullivan) Sutro, and thus Ellen’s niece. In 1946 she married James E. Ziegler, Jr., a physician educated at Stanford University.
2. Mary “Mollie” (O’Sullivan) Sutro, Ellen’s sister.
3. Susan (Williams) Porter and Valentine Porter were married September 21, 1907 on Mackinac (pronounced Mackinaw) Island.
4. Scraps of stationery from the Overland Hotel in Reno, Nevada and the Capitol Hotel in Cheyenne, Wyoming.
5. Mary Agnes McNicholas (1896–1979), Ellen’s housekeeper, was born in Kilkelly, County Mayo, Ireland. The village of Kilkelly is about thirty miles east of Westport.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

[July 8, 1937]

Thursday, P.M.

Dearest Mabel—

We arrived here today & are Bennett Cerf’s guests at his apartment here. Such a trip—eight days of actual driving & {we} went 500 miles out of our way. We went north the whole length of Wisconsin then across Upper Peninsula of Mich, then across Straits of ♦ Macinac & down the length of Mich. to my mother near Lansing Spent 3 d 4 days there. She

is nearly blind & very exigent so I never had a moment for writing. It was cool all across the continent until the day we left Mich. Its TERRIBLY HOT today but not up in these rooms. We are in Bennett's hands & he is going to give us a whirl beginning at 5: when he thinks ♦ the air will begin to cool.—Tomorrow night a dinner (no literary tea by request!) & I chose the guests.

Clapps, Edna Millay, Louis Adamic, Masters, Martin Flavin (who sails tomorrow too but not with us!), Donald Klopfer (Random House, vice pres) & Dr Byron Stookey {& wife} He is N.Y.s greatest nerve-specialist & was the only *intimate* friend Robin ever had *before me*. They havent met for 20 yrs. Last time was as Robin came out of the maternity hospital just after our boys were born. I havent seen him for 25 yrs.

Lunch at Clapps tomorrow & Frick collection

Now how are *you*? If you are not up to going to the trial—if it happens—they can take your deposition right at home. Is Shim still there? I will write you often.—My heart is aching for Haig. I miss him night & day

Dear love from all of us.

Una.

PLEASE send your book the instant a copy is available I'm so eager to see it.

1

Our address until further notice ^{c/o} T. Cook & Son, 118 Grafton St. Dublin *Irish Free State* 5[¢] postage

2

Taos Post office were wrong last yr. about postage

3

ALS. Yale. 3 pages. Letterhead: The Navarro, New York.

1. Written vertically in left margin, third page.
2. Written across top margin, first page.
3. Written vertically in right margin, first page.

RJ to Benjamin De Casseres

[July 1937]

Dear Ben De Casseres—

We were in New York July 9th, and I telephoned your address twice, early and late in the afternoon, but neither you nor Bio answered. So sorry. I hope to see you when we come back, in November probably. We also tried in vain to reach Edna St V. Millay and Edgar Lee Masters. It was horribly hot weather—I hope you were all out of town.

Bennett Cerf, my publisher, lodged and entertained us. He was extraordinarily kind, and kept our ♦ presence a secret from everyone. We came aboard ship the morning of the tenth, and sailed at noon, and have now got into lovely gray seas beyond reach of the heat wave.

Thank you most cordially, Ben, for dedicating “Chiron the Centaur” to me.

1 It seems to me one of the loveliest of your poems, and I feel the honor. I read with so much pleasure all your gay wisdom as it is published.

We are going to Ireland and Great Britain again for four or five months—Una and I and our two sons—we drove across the continent and shipped the car and are taking it with us. Una has a real need of visiting the British Isles every eight years or so; and the rest of us are glad to go along.

I hope very much to see you when we return.

Yours,
Robinson Jeffers

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages. Letterhead: Cunard White Star *Georgic*.

1. Benjamin De Casseres, *Chiron the Centaur: With Essays on Ouspensky, Shakespeare, and Brand / Two Short Stories and a Codpiece* (New York: De Casseres and Blackstone Publishers, 1937). The sixty-page pamphlet, “Book No. 16” in a series, is dedicated “To Robinson Jeffers / The Tragic Centaur.”

UJ to *Time*

[July 12, 1937]

1

Sirs:

. . . Along the road

2 are the mouths of many lonely and inaccessible cañons which creep away up into the Santa Lucia Mountains. Five miles up one cañon is a large lime kiln deserted for more than 30 years. No wagon road ever went to it. The lime was brought down from the mountain to ships at the shore by a mile-long steel cable. The trail over which I suppose burros could travel is obliterated most of the way. We first explored this cañon a dozen years ago—the kilns and a score of houses are deserted and overgrown with poison oak and empty save for bats and snakes and a few broken tables and benches. (A considerable enterprise—over 300 men were employed there.) No one goes there now. We were startled the first time to find standing on a floor in a dim corner, the portrait of an old lady in a massive frame in an otherwise empty cabin—a sensitive old face just come from some secure New England village!

Just now again we have been there and went at once to seek our old lady, pensive and enduring as ever, we found her, even more shut in and solitary. Outside her cabin are the only garden flowers (everywhere a riot of wild flowers—even wild rhododendrons), against her house a clump of calla lilies and a fragrant pink cabbage rose. We took her into the sun and photographed her.

3 Who can name her?

4

Una Jeffers
Carmel-By-the-Sea, Calif.

PL. *Time*.

1. While the actual date of this letter to the editor is unknown, it was published under the heading “Santa Lucia Lady” in *Time* (July 12, 1937): 10.
2. The editor of *Time* magazine inserted the following note here: “[Carmel-San Simeon highway, opened late last month—*Time*, July 5].”
3. A photograph of the painting accompanies Una’s letter.
4. The August 2, 1937 issue of *Time* contains a letter from Margaret Jeannette Shields of Columbus, Ohio identifying the subject of the portrait as her mother, Elizabeth Duncan Shields (1821–1883). The portrait was left behind by Margaret’s brother and a nephew who once operated the lime kiln near Bixby Creek. The same issue of *Time* includes a letter from Elizabeth Shields of Oakland, California, Elizabeth Duncan Shields’ great-granddaughter. Both letters share information about early days in the Big Sur. See pages 6–7.

RJ to Frederic I. Carpenter

July 14, 1937.

Dear Mr. Carpenter:

I suppose it must be nearly a year since you sent me “Puritans Preferred Blondes,”

1 and I always meant to thank you for it, and was sorry to have failed. Here in the long leisures of an Atlantic crossing there is no excuse for not writing.

Your essay is most interesting, acute and convincing. You speak of the creative impulse failing in Hawthorne and Melville after they turn back toward the ideal of “purity:”—the observation sent my thoughts off on a tangent that cannot be developed in a letter, hardly in a book, but I’ll try to sketch it,—though probably ♦ the thoughts will not be new to you. First it occurred to me that power is with the radicals—the destroyers—in thought and literature, ever since the movement that preceded the French Revolution. The memorable names are mostly the names of men who broke down some {set of} conventions or “ideals”—Voltaire, Rousseau, Byron—{Nietzsche} etc. {—}away down to D. H. Lawrence. Conventions of monarchy, warlike patriotism, {Christian dogma}, “purity,” {down to} reticence even. Many of these radicals were builders {of ideals} too, or aspired to be; but what they built was temporary and without much influence; what they threw down stays down. Much of their power derives from this catalysis; as an animal’s power from breaking down starch and protein. Men like Dante or Thomas Aquinas are more like the plants that preceded the animals and built up the complex molecules that are food for them. (The plants live by power from the sun, the animals by power from the plants.) Perhaps this shift of power, from the builders to the destroyers, is another sign that our culture-age has culminated and turned down again, in a creative sense?—that {now} its “ideals” and ideas need to be broken up and lie fallow awhile, in preparation for a later age?

Then I thought of—Wordsworth, for instance,—realizing that much of his tendency had been destructive:—he had almost reduced Christianity to nature-worship and pantheism:—so he repented; and lost his creative power and significance, just as you feel that Hawthorne and Melville did when they

turned back toward “purity.” One could multiply instances, even down to T. S. Eliot, but I’ll not go on. ♦

—I haven’t answered your letter, only talked thoughts suggested by your pamphlet. I cannot remember what Tamar meant by “We pure have power”—I never thought about it; only it seemed to me that she would say that.—I think you are right in suggesting the ambivalency of the incest symbol.

I think you are wrong in seeing nothing in “At the Birth of an Age” but an old tale of revenge. Revenge was then a moral obligation: the point is that Gudrun’s pre-Christian morality broke down; she did *not* take revenge, but was lost between past and future just as the present world is—or your Hawthorne and Melville—but found a vision at the end.

Finally—in spite of this exception!—let me say that you have qualities as a philosophical critic that ought to be very widely recognized, and I hope {think} will be.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

I forgot to say that we are en route to Ireland and Great Britain, to return probably in November. No address abroad yet. Letters, if any, will be forwarded from California.

2

ALS. Berkeley. 3 pages. Letterhead: Cunard White Star *Georgic*. Postmark: July 29, 1937.

1. Frederic I. Carpenter, "Puritans Preferred Blondes: The Heroines of Melville and Hawthorne," *New England Quarterly* (June 1936): 253–272.

2. Added top margin, first page.

RJ to Unknown

[1937]

1

{Answering a query "what means 'I have swallowed the whole snake' and the lynx?"}

2

Toward The last act of the poem is highly symbolized, in order to express the dreamlike unreality of Gudrun's existence after death, and in order to universalize the meaning.

—Symbolic imagery is capable of expressing many things at the same time.—The serpent is repulsive, treacherous, and beautiful. It is also—as phallic in appearance—a well-known symbol of life and renewal. And the serpent (That was probably the meaning of the brazen serpent that the Israelites worshipped in the wilderness.) And the serpent eating its tail

—"I am willing to eat the whole serpent again" means "I am willing to accept existence again, even on the same terms of pain and disgust, sorrow and self-hatred, etc.,—because I have seen how beautiful the universe is, and that my existence was part of it, and pain is a necessary part of it."

—The lynx lying dead with the wolves around it, was at first Gudrun’s dim vision or memory of herself lying dead with the warriors around her. Later this symbol too is widened to represent the body in general, and once or twice the sexual aspect of the body, contrasted with the universal vision of the hanged God.

ALD. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. The date and intended recipient of this draft response to a query are unknown. In *The Stone Mason of Tor House*, pages 157–158, Melba Bennett refers to it in connection with Jeffers’ July 14, 1937 letter to Frederic I. Carpenter.

2. This sentence is added by Una at the top of the page.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Wed. July 14 [1937]

Dear Bennett:

You gave us a grand time in New York. We thank you for everything. I wouldn’t have believed I could be so happy in that awful heat. And {it was satisfactory} seeing all those we most immediately wanted to see!

The heat stayed with us for a day and half—part of the time in so dense a fog that the whistle blew every few moments.—Since then just right—I think I told you we were travelling 3rd class in order to afford to take our car,—& were dubious about our comfort. {Now I can report} Everything is excellent ♦ food & service,—and spotlessly clean. Plenty of

sunny deck space, & deck games for the boys. Lots of teachers etc passengers. Our only discomfort is not having a very airy cabin—its an outside one but porthole mostly closed—but there *are* many beautifully airy ones in this class which one could get by making an early reservation.

We expect to be settled in Donegal within two weeks & I will write you where. We are going to the Aran Is. (from Galway) on our way up from Cork & several other places we've been wanting to go. Its a delightful thing to have for once ♦ no fixed dates or engagements.

On board we found many telegrams—and the one we wanted most, from *Noël* saying Haig is all right—our bulldog Haig for love of whom we almost gave up the trip!

When will Robin's book be published—early or late fall?

1 I want to arrange for several copies to be sent us over in British Isles—somewhere—and others to be sent to certain people. Author's copies and others I shall order.

Dont forget Albert Bender's order—20 trade 2 extra. He is, 311 California St. San Francisco—

Robin liked so much seeing Byron Stookey again, although it never would have occurred to him to *foresee* & plan the meeting! At one time they were inseparable—25 yrs ago!—It is amusing to see them together now.

How shocking to hear of George Gershwin's death.

2 I have a wonderful photograph of him at Sidney Fish's house {about three months ago.} he at the piano, as he was

playing the songs for the new play he was writing for Fred Astaire—(with brother Ira’s songs {which he sang with his thread of a voice})—

3 By his side stood Olga Fish. She was dead in two months & he so soon after.

4 Thanks again & our greetings to Donald, your father

5 & uncle

6—

Affectionately

Una.

ALS. Columbia. 3 pages. Letterhead: Cunard White Star, *Georgic*.

1. In a response dated July 27, 1937 (TCC Columbia), Cerf tells Una *Such Counsels You Gave to Me* would be released September 27, 1937.

2. Gershwin died July 11, 1937 following surgery for a brain tumor; he was thirty-eight years old.

3. *A Damsel in Distress*, a film starring Fred Astaire (1899–1987) and Joan Fontaine (b. 1917), premiered in November 1937. It included such songs as “I Can’t Be Bothered Now,” “Things Are Looking Up,” and “A Foggy Day (in London Town).”

4. This sentence, the closing, and signature are written vertically in the right margin.

5. Gustave Cerf (1868–1941), a lithographer who specialized in advertising layouts, helped Bennett get his start in publishing. He later served as an officer of Random House.

6. Probably Herbert Wise.

RJ to John Varney

July 15, 1937.

Dear John Varney:

It must be nearly a year since you wrote to me, enclosing the three poems, and I am very sorry not to have answered sooner. I don't feel qualified to speak particularly about the poems, because they are so far from my own field, both in subject and technique. My feeling is that the language of verse should be like the language of normal speech, often heightened, by passion, made figurative by passionate imagination, or changed for the expression of some special feeling,—but not wilfully divergent. I don't say that poetic diction is wrong, whether it be traditional or arbitrary, only that it is not in my line. ♦

And the subject of the poems is not in my line either. I am not much prejudiced for or against Soviet Russia, electrification, tractors; they are natural phenomena, and are in the logic of our civilization, but they stir me less than many other natural phenomena. They do not make echoes in the depth of my mind. Their influence on humanity is doubtful; my guess is that it will be good and bad in about equal proportions; just as it has been up to the present—for the world as a whole—{for

Russia it has probably been rather good, for the rest of the world rather bad. }

Your "First Wounds" interested and pleased me, in spite of what seemed to me artificial in the expression, because it was original, expressing your personal feeling as influenced by the impact of travel and events. It was not primarily propagandist but, as you say, descriptive, concerned with reality rather than persuasion or dogma, and I liked it very much.

—We are on our way to Ireland and Great Britain for four or five months. I brought your letter and manuscripts along, knowing that there would be a chance to answer them in the leisures of an Atlantic crossing. I was much interested to hear from you, and have always intended to answer.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. New York PL. 2 pages. Letterhead: Cunard White Star, *Georgic*.

UJ and RJ to Fred B. Millett

Dunfanaghy. Co. Donegal
Ireland. July 31. 1937.

This letter of yours

1 followed us to Ireland—I asked my husband to make some notes to guide me in my reply. They are so clear I am sending them as he jotted them down.—See over.

Sincerely
Una Jeffers ♦

I (preferences) He has reached the age when one reads mostly for information or amusement. The authors he turns back to in (more in thought than in fact)—Homer, Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, bits of Yeats. In art his taste is averse from “modernism.”

II (Politics) Ideally, a aristocratic {and} republican:—freedom for the responsible elements of society, and contentment for the less responsible. This ideal being impractical for the present and {the} conjecturable future, he is interested in politics but not inclined toward any any party, and votes in the sense of a choice of evils.

III He thinks that American and Western European writing *of the present* are products of the same urban {urban} culture; there is little fundamental difference between them. American writing is probably more vigorous {vigorous} 2 at present.

IV He {He is inarticulate about his} purposes and methods of writing; has tried intentionally to avoid formulation and preserve a certain degree of unconsciousness on these subjects.

ALS. Yale. 2 pages. Postmark: July 31, 1937.

1. After writing to Jeffers in early spring (see Una’s March 2, 1937 response), Millett wrote to Una July 6, 1937 with a request for information “on some or all of the following points: his personal preferences in literature and the other

arts; his political sympathies or affiliations; his estimation of American literature in general, or American writers in particular (in contrast, perhaps, to British or Continental literature); and his purposes and methods of writing.” Jeffers inserted a roman numeral beside each question and drafted responses on the reverse of Millett’s letter, referring to himself in the third person. Una wrote her note on the bottom of Millett’s letter and returned it to him.

Millett includes Jeffers in his *Contemporary American Authors: A Critical Survey and 219 Bio-Bibliographies* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1940): 141, 149–150, and 406–409. “Jeffers’ technical powers are impressive,” he says. “No other American poet of our time is his equal in imaginative magnitude or emotional violence. But most of the time Jeffers’ poetry is overviolent; the coloring is barbaric, and figures that would share the giantism of Michelangelo’s are discovered to be façades of hollow plaster and not of perdurable marble.”

2. The words “urban” and “vigorous” in this paragraph are rewritten by Una for legibility.

RJ to Isabelle Call and Family

Lac-na-Lore House, Ballymore, Donegal, Ireland.
August 1, 1937.

Dear Mamma Call, and all at Mason:

We have just been swimming, and I came home ahead of the others to write to you. It was lovely clear water, much warmer than our Pacific, and we went in at a gorge in the rocks,

where the water is about twelve feet deep, and so clear and smooth that you can see every shell and bit of seaweed on the white sand at the bottom. Garth swam away out in the bay, and I got dressed as soon as he came back to the rocks.

Life has been very rapid since we landed in Ireland two weeks ago. We arrived without any plan of procedure, and have been darting back and forth in the rain on the little narrow roads, looking at churchyards and mountains and moorlands, visiting round towers and islands, hardly ever stopping two nights in the same place. But now we are settled for three or four weeks. This is a lovely centuries-old farmhouse, on a hillside with little stone-walled fields of potatoes and oats around it, a quarter mile from a big woodland and

half a mile from the sea. The people are pleasant and intelligent, the food much better than in most hotels. We have breakfast at nine, dinner at half-past one (“half-one”, they call it here), “meat-tea” at six, “supper” at ten or so, and shall all be plump and pompous. The name Lac-na-Lore means the “book-stone”—the old name of the place—from a flat rock that lies on the hill above the house and looks like a huge book.

Near here is the Bloody Foreland, the northwesternmost point of Ireland—we drove around there yesterday, a wild rocky solitary place, with {some} sheep bleating in the sea-wind. Nearer is Horn Head, a still wilder promontory, where we walked and rode a few days ago, above 800-foot precipices, with many sea-birds screaming far down below. The bay we are on is called Sheephaven, and has many long ♦ branches and inlets, in which the boys were canoeing day-before-yesterday. They tipped the canoe over in a river

and came home streaming wet and got a good scolding from their mother. The canoe belongs to the son of the people here, a boy of nineteen who seems older than our boys, though considerably smaller, and makes a nice companion for them. He has two sisters, a little older than he; their mother is English, from London; the father's family has owned this place for hundreds of years.

1 There are some other guests, six or eight besides ourselves, but more over this week-end. Donnan has been over the guest-book, which dates back for several years, and found no Americans except ourselves; all North-Irish or English, a few from the British colonies.

The other day we went in an {eighteen-foot} motor-boat to Tory Island, a dozen miles off the coast here, where there is a fishing-village of 200 people or so, very wild and dirty, an old {ancient} round tower, and a lighthouse. We walked around the island and were shown over the lighthouse. The passage was quite smooth on the way out, but two or three people were seasick. We were not. On the way back the waves were against us, they flew over the boat and soaked us all to the skin, but but nobody was sick. When we were in Galway a week {some days} ago we went out to the Aran Islands in a small steamer. That was really a rough passage; the boat nearly stood on her head. All the passengers were sick except ourselves and two American girls. {(Una has the ink. This is her mark. I blotted it with my thumb.)}

2 There were a few Aran-islanders on board, and they were sick too. When we landed we got in a jaunting-car

3 and drove six miles at a hard trot over amazing little roads to Dun Aengus, a great prehistoric fortress on a high sea-cliff. Awe-inspiring place, protected on one side by the

three-hundred foot cliff, and from the land by three crescents of high thick stone walls, one beyond the other, the inner one about twenty feet high and twenty feet thick, enclosing about an acre {or two} of land. Nobody has any idea who built the place, or why. It couldn't stand a siege, for there is no water; and it would take twice as many people as can live on ♦ the island now to defend the smallest of those three walls. The islands are all bare and wind-swept, wild rock, hardly any soil. The people make soil by rotting sea-weed, dig a few small potato-patches, and go fishing in their little black canvas skiffs. Some of them can talk English, but never anything but Irish {(Gaelic)} among themselves. Everywhere in the Irish Free State we hear Irish spoken, much more than we heard eight years ago. The road-signs, and signs over shops are in Irish; sometimes with little English translations underneath. All the school-children have to learn Irish, if they don't know it already, and arithmetic, geography, etc. are taught exclusively in Irish. This was almost a dead language twenty years ago, except in the extreme west. The road-signs and shop-signs look very odd, because even the Irish alphabet is different from ours, more like Russian or Greek.

While we were in County Mayo, ten days ago, we climbed up Croagh Patrick—St. Patrick's mountain—one of the highest in Ireland. There is a little {locked-up} church at the top; St. Patrick is supposed to have prayed and fasted there, and blessed all Ireland from the summit. It was a stiff climb over broken rolling stones, very steep the second half of the way, about 2400 feet high, the summit covered with cloud, but great views of land and water on the way up. Once a year there is a great pilgrimage of Irish Catholics to the summit; it happened just a week ago, three days after we were up there. Una talked to a woman in a shop who said she was going; she

would start at four in the morning and hear Mass at the church on top. She had been up seven times, once barefoot. Lots of them go up barefoot, and a few go part of the way on their knees. {They all go up fasting, I believe—that is, without breakfast.} The woman said “Oh, I dread it.” Una said we were up there the day before, and the woman was very pleased and said “May it be a benefit to you.” Next day we drove by the foot of the mountain and saw thousands of people coming down, thousands of others still going up, like a long trail of ants. ♦ The newspapers said that 30,000 people from all over Ireland went up that day. When we were up we picked up several pebbles on the summit to give to our Catholic friends in California.

Just after this we went back to Moore Hall, where Una’s literary idol, George Moore the novelist, was born. We had been there a few days before, with a letter from his brother Colonel Maurice Moore, and the people there had promised to have a row-boat ready, to take us to the little island in the lake, where George Moore’s ashes are buried. It was a weird journey, under the gray clouds on that lonely lake, the stiff reeds hissing and scraping as the boat forced its way through. The caretaker of the place, and one of our boys, rowed the boat. The caretaker is a thoughtful intelligent man with a sense of humor, and Una had a wonderful time gossiping with him about George Moore and his friends. The grave is a hollowed rock on the shore with the ashes in an urn inside it, cemented over, and a great cairn of stones on top. There is also a little stone cross, and a short inscription. We each added a big stone to the cairn, and Una and {the rest of us} thought and talked about George Moore. Then we pushed through trees and ivy to visit the ruined castle on the island, which is so old that nothing is known about it, except that it

was already a ruin more than a thousand years ago. Then we got in the boat and went back through the shallow green water.

To-morrow we are invited for the afternoon and dinner to Glenveagh Castle, which belongs to a friend of our dear friends the Clapps. The people at the house here were quite excited when they heard we were going there, because Glenveagh is the great show-place of this corner of Ireland, and the public used to be allowed to visit it, but not at present.

4

Una and I are going for a walk now. We all send dearest love to all of you. We'll never forget what a pleasant time you gave us in Mason; and we'll be eager to see you all again.

I've only been able to tell you a few incidents of our first two weeks in Ireland; when we see you again you must make Una read you her diary.

Yours lovingly,
Robin.

Send to Edith

5

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages.

1. Lac-na-Lore House was owned by David Algeo and his wife Fanny (Shott) Algeo. The couple had two sons, David Bertram "Bertie" and David George, and two daughters, Ena and Muriel.

2. A box is drawn around this sentence and a one-inch smear of ink in the lower left quarter of the page.
3. An open, two-wheeled, one-horse carriage with seats for passengers set lengthwise, back to back or face to face.
4. Glenveagh Castle, situated on Lough Veagh in County Donegal amidst a wilderness preserve covering sixty square miles, was built in the mid-1800s by an American businessman. Arthur Kingsley Porter and his wife Lucy acquired the property in 1929. Following the death of her husband in 1933, Lucy leased the castle for a few months each year to Henry P. McIlhenny (1910–1986), chairman of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. McIlhenny bought the property from Lucy near the end of 1937. He later sold the land and donated the castle and gardens to the Republic of Ireland. The estate is now called Glenveagh National Park.
5. Added by Una in top right corner, first page.

UJ to Noël Sullivan and Frederick and Maud Clapp

Jul August 1. 1937.

“Lac-na-Lore”. Ballymore via Lifford

Co. Donegal. Ireland

(A. E. stayed next door)

Dearest Noël—

When did I write you? I can't remember just at what moment.—Anyway after dashing back & forth across the southern part of Ireland in search of certain Round Towers I'd missed before & seeing everything possible on the way &

having so many queer & interesting experiences—we dashed into Dublin for a couple of hours for maps & letters & to leave a picture John O'Shea sent by us to his friend Kathleen O'Brennan

1 & a letter

to her from Mollie. (She is the person who introduced Mollie & John). She wasn't at home but has since written us to come to her when <over> ♦ we go back to Dublin & she will have a lot of Dublin characters in for us to see!—Alas, she has written a mean review of Gogarty so we must see him first, or afterwards—he is mad at her she says. Then to Galway,—after stopping at Yeats' old tower, Castle Ballylee near Gort. He hasn't been there now for six years. A caretaker took us all over the tower & to the top whence we could see across the fields as he tells in a poem the track to Coole Park Lady Gregory's place & to Tillyra Castle Edward Martyn's old home now owned by his nephew Lord Headford

2 (who so kindly showed us about there and told us things in 1929)—We stayed several days in Galway *such* an interesting old sea-port with much trace of Spanish blood in ♦ old carved stone buildings,—& in the dark eyes & skin of the natives. Then to Aran Islands with the boat standing first on one end & then on the other, & on the island a mad run in a jaunting car for 12 miles (6 each way!) to see Dun Aengus—all through wind & rain & the horse racing along over stones so we had to cling stoutly to the iron hand-rail to keep our seats at all—otherwise you fall 7 ft on your face on the stones!—

And in Mayo—near Westport, we climbed Croagh Patrick 2 days before the annual Pilgrimage a stiff bad climb it is over rolling stones & the last mile straight up! I am bringing you <over> ♦ a stone from the top. Wild country of mist & rock &

bog & sheep bleating amongst the heathery mt topssides all ravines & trickles of water.

—Two days back & forth through wild Connemara—then to Moore Hall where with the help of Col. Maurice Moore, complicated arrangements were made with the present owner 3 & the ex-caretaker & we were taken out to Moore Hall {Castle Is. in the} lake where Moore’s ashes lie under a cairn. This caretaker

4 is a character—witty, droll, keen, slow of speech, a sensible man successful in a small way, his speech very racy {with the Westport *drawl*}. He knew Moore very well for many years. He was Geo. Moore’s business man on the estate. His keen analysis of Moore; his tid-bits of scandal, his ultimate *reverence* for the real quality of Moore & belief in his genius was good listening to. ♦ We had an extraordinary time with him. He has read all of Moore & every book about him & called by name {Lady Gregory,} Martyn, Eglinton, Gogarty, A E, Yeats, Hone & everyone connected with Moore—and told them off, too. He hadn’t read Yeats’ “*Dramatis Personae*”

5 which I promised to send him.—I tried in Sligo the *home-town* of Yeats’ & his ancestors, & I tried every store & they hadn’t it & they didn’t carry ANY book of Yeats whatever—*not a line* & looked askance at me for insisting. Carmel treats its poet better than that.

I forgot to say we were at the entrance to trail leading up Croagh Patrick on the day ♦ of the pilgrimage & the *miles* of trail were covered with pilgrims thousands of them. Strange to see the wild place so populated.

After searching madly for a little house in Donegal & not finding anything at all possible we came on, by great good luck, this farmhouse (which isn't listed or advertized anywhere)—& have arranged to stay three weeks at least. Its an old stone farmhouse fixed over a bit to take guests. Been in the family for hundreds of years *Clean* (O how rare) It has the character of the country—all preserved—but no arty-ness. Such breads & cakes & jams all homemade Poultry eggs, milk cream butter all from the place. {Peat fires} Flowers all about, & a fine view—Of *course* there are draw-backs. No running water, *dim* lamps & candles, nice but nice intelligent ♦ people who know the country & how to make it their *asset*. And cheap for this country. £2/10 apiece a week. My good luck led us here when we were about to abandon the idea of staying in Donegal. After settling I wrote to Mrs. Porter 6 at Glenveagh Castle. She had asked us (through the Clapps) to stay a week if we could set our time a long way in advance. {Heaps of guests} We couldn't, so I waited to get settled so she wouldn't feel implicated. I just had a wire from her to come for the day tomorrow. She would send a car & return us—(unnecessary tho')

This is the wildest country in Ireland ♦ Terrific rock precipices (Horn Head near us 800 ft from top straight down to sea), dark threatening glens, several high finely shaped mts covered {covered} with veils of mist, the sea stretching away from this lovely Sheephaven Bay. {All been swimming today. A warm current flows by here.} In the winding valleys lovely little farms rich & fertile.—very few houses {if *any*} to be seen. The Bloody Foreland a terrific place of rocks—a few miles away. {& the Poison Glen—dark!} Innumerable excursions {& walks.} Several sunny days—as fair as I have ever known snatched

me back to the ecstasy of my childhood when spring & early summer almost broke my heart for thrilling joy too deep to bear. I have not for years {before}—so filled with other things—recaptured that joy.

Did you see in “Time” our old lady? I had a fine letter from her *daughter* in Ohio. Will keep to show you. Embrace Haig & Eula for me. I pray he isn’t too much of a pest. Perhaps he has won a little love. I find him irresistible & also a burden!

All of us send devoted love.
Una.

Darling Clapps—do you *hate* Round Robins.—Please send this to Noël, *P.O. Box 630, Monterey, Calif. (not Carmel)* I will write you after I have been to see your Lucy at Glenveagh. We are near Dunfanaghy

7

Wild flowers in the lane—wild yellow meadowsweet, *fragrant!*) white meadowsweet, foxgloves, pink & yellow fuchsias {honeysuckle} tree-high fuchsias, fairy flax—& a thousand others.

8

We are all well. Boys tipped over in a curragh—got well soused. Sea is warm here warm current goes by

9

Dim Irish ink like the landscape in the rain.

10 ♦

11 O dear O dear This letter just came back to me. The address was defaced by rain & it has been nearly 2 months kicking around. I'll send it on & you may even be with Noel when you get it & give to him. Time sequence doesn't matter much from a distance & you'll see I was thinking of you.—We are in the car going from Glasgow to Edinburgh having stayed a week with a connection of my family in Uplaymoor ♦ old signs read “Ouplaymuir” just south of Glasgow. At last I gave Robin a genuine start of excitement & pleasure in the Stones of Steniss near Stromness on Orkney. Much more thrilling than Stonehenge & Avebury—so remote & huge & solitary The Shetlands too were most interesting. I never expect to feel so far away again

We arrive at Bess O'S in London Oct 2 for 2 weeks. Boys go on their own to Paris for a few days.

Sail for home Oct 30. May stop at ^Mabels^

12

Bog-myrtle crush & smell

13

After 2 months it has darkened

14

ALS. Berkeley. 10 pages. Letterhead (crossed out): Imperial Hotel, Ballina.

1. Kathleen O'Brennan (1886–1948), an Irish journalist, critic, and playwright, was the Dublin correspondent for the *London Times*. She also contributed regularly to the *Irish Times*. During the revolutionary period she lectured widely in

the United States in support of the Irish Republican cause. Her two sisters, Lily O'Brennan (1878–1948) and Áine b. É. Ceannt (1880–1954), shared her commitment to writing and political activism.

2. The person who gave the Jefferses a tour of Tillyra Castle in 1929, according to Una's diary entries written at the time, was Martyn Charles Andrew Hemphill, 4th Baron Hemphill (1901–1957).

3. John O'Haire, a timber merchant.

4. James Reilly. For another description of Reilly and of the Jefferses' visit to Moore Hall, see *Visits to Ireland: Travel-Diaries of Una Jeffers*, foreword by Robinson Jeffers (Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press, 1954): 54–55.

5. Una's review of *Dramatis Personae*, titled "A Poet Remembers," was published in *Pacific Weekly* (July 20, 1936): 44.

6. Lucy Bryant (Wallace) Porter (1876–1962), a photographer, worked closely with her husband, Harvard professor Arthur Kingsley Porter, on his archaeological expeditions. Following his probable suicide on the island of Inishbofin, Lucy advanced her husband's legacy by continuing to photograph sites relevant to his interests, by publishing *The Writings of A. Kingsley Porter, 1883–1933* (1934) and *AE's Letters to Mínanlábáin* (1937), and by contributing to the two-volume *Medieval Studies in Memory of A. Kingsley Porter* (1939). In order to promote a greater understanding of the psychological issues he faced, she also funded research for the scientific study of homosexuality.

7. Written above and alongside the letterhead, page 1. As this postscript indicates, Una sent this letter to Frederick and Maud Clapp with instructions to forward it to Noël Sullivan (to whom it is addressed).
8. Written across top of page 3.
9. Written across top of page 5.
10. Written across top of page 7.
11. Una completed this letter in late September and mailed it to the Clapps.
12. Written in right and top margins, page 10.
13. Written in left margin, page 10.
14. Added to note about “Dim Irish ink” on page 7.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

August 3. 1937

Lac-na-Nore

Ballymore via Lifford, Co. Donegal Ireland.

Darlings:

We had a happy day at Glenveagh. Walks, rides on lake, climbing over the castle looking at things, and out at ravishing views. Tea & dinner there. (The dinner table a dream of beauty in pale blue {& yellow) cloth & six bowls of

the vividest blue pansies down center—& nectarines & peaches from the hot house & red & yellow currants.)—

Mrs. P's sisters

1 there & a nice Englishman, Clapham,

2 who is somehow in charge of Ancient Monuments. For tea an intelligent priest, Irish speaker. Lucy & I went a long walk, up Kingsleys path & back by road along lake. In the ravine the moss was foot deep & so green it lit the place up. We found ourselves most sympathetic & told our hearts. You two seemed to have got her all in the frame of mind to like me. (and all of us) & she followed your desires nobly! She uttered many a pany {panegyric} upon ♦ the two of you, & I lifted up my voice too. She has let the Castle for August & Sept (I think) for the shooting. Her sisters are going to Scotland, then N. Y. She is going {tomorrow} to France & Italy on some sort of archeology clue she is working up on her own. She was full of energy & plans & activity, & all kindness. She has arranged for the boys to spend Thursday there & be taken deer-stalking (not shooting) by one of the stalkers—all over the mts. After dinner we had fun looking at old books & maps & discussing Round Towers, & old ancient things Mr. Clapham knew about. The peacocks—one pure white—were beautiful sitting on the battlements above the courtyard—and coming for crumbs to the sill during dinner. There were five beautiful soft Persian cats purring & being cozy. Its an enchanted place—and you were sweet to send us there. Lucy was most reproachful that we hadn't come straight there—but I was alarmed to do so (4 is a regular crowd to burst in) and she might not have liked us. She offered to give us letters to anyone we wished—& pressed four upon us to the nicest houses and people around here

We love you dearly—
Una.

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Lucy Porter's sisters Eleanor Bryant Wallace (1869–1952) and Ruth M. Wallace (1874– 1967). Lucy, Eleanor, and Ruth were the daughters of Thomas and Ellen (Bryant) Wallace. Their father was a founder of Wallace & Co., a leading manufacturer of brass and copper wire.

2. Sir Alfred William Clapham (1883–1950), an architectural historian and archaeologist, was an official with the Royal Commission of Historical Monuments (England) from 1912 to 1948. He also served as a trustee of the British Museum and president of the Society of Antiquaries of London, the Council for British Archaeology, and the Architectural Institute. Publications include *English Romanesque Architecture before the Conquest* (1930), *English Romanesque Architecture after the Conquest* (1934), and *Romanesque Architecture of Western Europe* (1936).

UJ to Carl Van Vechten

[August 5, 1937]

Lac-na-Lore House. Ballymore {via Lifford}
Co. Donegal.

Carl Van Vechten

1

Settled here for a month in an old farmhouse in the most *fascinating* county in Ireland. We are happy to hear the pictures of R. are good

2 & hope to see you & Fania when we return. We are happy here! Lots of rain doesn't bother us. It was fun to see you! Mabel is all right again—

Yrs.

Una J.

APPS, "Poison Glen, Co. Donegal." Yale. Postmark: August 5, 1937.

1. Carl Van Vechten (1880–1964) was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He graduated from the University of Chicago in 1903 and moved to New York shortly thereafter. Writing for the *New York Times* and other publications, he established himself as an astute music critic. Book publications in this field include *Music After the Great War* (1915), *The Music of Spain* (1918), and *Red: Papers on Musical Subjects* (1925). Van Vechten also pursued a career as a novelist, writing *Peter Whiffle* (1922), *The Tattooed-Countess* (1924), *Spider Boy* (1928), and other works. *Nigger Heaven* (1926), a best-selling book with a controversial title, reflected his deep and abiding interest in the cultural life of Harlem. A third area of interest was portrait photography. Van Vechten was a close friend of Langston Hughes, Mabel Luhan, and Gertrude Stein (who named him her literary executor).

2. Four photographs of Jeffers, dated July 1937, are available online. See the Carl Van Vechten Collection, American Memory home page, Library of Congress website.

RJ to Edgar Lee Masters

Lac-na-lore House,
Ballymore (via Lifford)
County Donegal, Irish Free State.
August 5, 1937.

Dear Masters:

We were in New York July 8–10, and tried to communicate with you. You were not to be found, and I congratulate you on being out of the city, the hot weather we had. I hope we can see you when we come back, in November probably. Here is lovely country, gray and green and blue-black, mountains and heather and little stone-walled fields, all spun through with sea-inlets and little lakes. We travelled rapidly in all directions for two weeks after landing, and have come to rest for a month in the extreme northwest corner of the island, in a farmhouse half a mile from the sea. Later we shall go over to Scotland and England. We came third class on the ship (and found it very clean and comfortable) in order to save money enough to bring our car over, which is a great convenience. Our boys are with us, and do almost all the driving. But to-day they are stalking deer in the mountains, ten or fifteen miles from here.

This seems quite the happiest part of Ireland. The scenery is magnificent, the people well-nourished and cheerful; there is little history, few antiquities, no industry, except weaving in some of the cottages. In fact the place is so completely pastoral that the only meat to be had is {excellent} mutton. The name of the bay is Sheephaven. Sweet-smelling peat from the bogs is the only fuel. The name of this house

(Lac-na-lore) means the book-stone, the old name of the farm, from a flat rock on the hill above, that looks more or less like a huge petrified book.

We went out to the Aran Islands (off Galway) in a little steamer through waves that made every passenger sick except ourselves and two American girls. I wish you might see the vast prehistoric fortification on Aranmore, on a three-hundred foot sea-cliff, the great walls and gateways as fresh and erect as if they'd been built yesterday—the greatest prehistoric work (they say) in Europe—on a little rock island that cannot now support three or four hundred inhabitants, and lies thirty miles off shore. We went out (off this coast) to Tory Island in a motor-boat, and got ♦ well soaked by the waves coming aboard. We rowed out to the little island in Lough Carra where the ashes of George Moore the novelist (Una's special idol) are buried under a pagan cairn, opposite the ruins of Moore Hall where he was born. We climbed Croagh Patrick (St. Patrick's mountain) two or three days before the great {annual} Catholic pilgrimage, when thousands go up there, some of them barefoot, and it's a stiff two-hour climb over sharp stones. We climbed Errigal, the most spectacular mountain in the vicinity. We go sea-bathing nearly every day here. Et cetera.

It's astonishing how the use of Gaelic has increased since we were in Ireland eight years ago. It is really the language of the country now. A sort of silly idea, to revive an almost dead language in a world that has too many living ones already; but they have done it most successfully, and I think permanently.

Affectionately,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

RJ to Mark Van Doren

Lac-na-lore House, Ballymore (via Lifford),
County Donegal, Irish Free State.
August 6, 1937.

Dear Mark Van Doren:

We have just had a letter from our friend Albert Bender, enclosing your kind little acknowledgment of some verses he sent you. I don't know how he happened to send them, but am glad of the occasion to write to you. At home I can't write letters; here it is a pleasure, on a rainy day like this one.

I think you might love this northwest corner of Ireland; it seems to us the happiest part of the island. The scenery is magnificent, fine mountains and heather and little stone-walled fields, all spun through with lakes and arms of the sea; the people are well-nourished and look you in the eye; there is little history, few antiquities, no industry at all, except weaving in some of the cottages. Thoroughly pastoral place: the name of the bay is Sheephaven, the only meat to be procured is excellent mutton. (With fish for tea, chicken o' Sundays.) There are eight-hundred-foot cliffs at Horn Head, clouded by vast flocks of gulls and sea-parrots, and caverned underneath by the sea. The Bloody Foreland and the beautiful Poisoned Glen are near by; such grand names, with nothing but the faintest little cobweb of legend to explain either of them. And Errigal peak, and Muckish mountain.

Before pitching here for a month we motored intensively for two weeks, avoiding all the places that we visited eight years ago. (Coming third class across the Atlantic—it proved entirely clean and comfortable—we were able to save enough money to bring the car along.) The one great change in Ireland, since we were here before, is the spread of the Irish language. It seems to be really the language of the country now. Amazing, in eight years' time. We have to look for old people now, when we ask directions in the little country lanes, so many of the children cannot speak English at all.

We were out to the Aran Islands off Galway, and Tory Island off the coast here, and visited {rowed out to} the little lake island where George Moore's ashes lie under a pagan cairn of stones, opposite the ruins of Moore Hall where he was born. This was specially my wife's pious pilgrimage, but we all—our two boys are with us—added stones to the cairn.

In six weeks or so we shall go over to Scotland. I'd like very much to see you when we return by New York, probably in November.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Columbia. 1 page. Postmark: August 9, 1937.

UJ to Albert Bender

Lac-na-Lore-House. Ballymore via Lifford
Co. Donegal Ireland.
August 36. 1937.

Dearest Albert:

We are settled here in a charming old farmhouse in what I do believe the most beautiful & thrilling section of Ireland. Not only is the scenery wild & spectacular—with terrific jagged coastlines & many lakes & little rivers & bare precipitous mts.—but scattered here & there amid the dark glens are smiling little valleys of {filled with} the most fertile little farms—all divided by stone walls & hedges of hawthorn. { We are next door to the place AE lived in when he was not at Glenveagh Castle} The *natives* are Irish speakers & often understand no English. Few houses, and all of them interesting additions to the landscape. We walk & swim & sightsee & talk. Yesterday the boys went out all day deer stalking (not shooting) with the chief stalker at Glenveagh Castle. Our friend Lucy Porter (Mrs. Kingsley P.) lives there in a domain of 30,000 acres shut away by a high fen wall & locked gate in the most romantic of castles in the remotest place you can imagine by {on the edge of} a dark lake from which mts. rise up steeply. {by the side of the Poisoned Glen.} (Lucy P. is the widow of Kingsley Porter. you remember the head of the archeology Dept at Harvard who was drowned off Inishbofin 4 yrs. ago.) We are the first {Americans} ever to stay in this house which takes just a few guests, & never advertizes ♦ {The other guests are an Eng. Colonel, 3 boys & wife, a Doctor from Belfast & an old clergyman & his wife} Nice natural country folk own it & are very amusing to talk with. Eggs, butter, milk, cream, poultry vegetables, jam all from the place.—(also! no running water {& dim lamps & candles}) Before we found this place—just by chance & good luck—we had rushed around at top speed gazing hard in every direction. Went out to Aran Islands, Tory Island.—Climbed all over Yeats' tower, Castle Ballylee

with a caretaker, spent a day at Moore Hall & by means {the help} of Col. Maurice Moore made complicated arrangements & were rowed out to the island in the lake where G. Moore's ashes rest under a cairn.—Pursued about 20 Round Towers (& caught all but one). The first week rain fell every day but then a week of surpassing sunshine. We climbed Holy Croagh Patrick & O what a climb! & Mt Errigal, the highest in Donegal.

I have conveyed your generous order to Random House. A letter from Bennett {Cerf} says the book will be published Sept 27. A letter from Carl Van Vechten says the photographs he took of R. are “magnificent, perhaps the best I ever {took.”}

We look forward to a few days in Dublin about a month from now, and shall see all the things you spoke of. We were there only two hours once since we landed—to pick up letters, maps, etc. & deliver a picture John O'Shea sent to Kathleen O'B & a letter from Mollie—she was not at home but has since written us a charming letter promising to amuse us when we come back.—This morning it is raining hard. R & I are sitting in our bed-sitting room with the coziest peat fire I am writing this in the window seat. Boys are asleep. They were out until 3 AM at a party. We are going sightseeing this P.M. St. Columbs birthplace! & an old stone cross.

Dearest love from us all.

1

Una.

Please send this to Mollie & John. & O John if you once brought your canvas & paints here you would settle down

here for ever! Such colors & such arrangements of *objects!* & clouds! Donegal is *fascinating*.

2

Our address for the next 3. weeks & after that T. Cook. Dublin again 118 Grafton St.

3

ALS. Mills. 2 pages.

1. The closing and signature are written vertically in right margin.
2. Written across top margin, first page.
3. Added beside address and date, first page.

RJ and UJ to Unknown

Lac-na-lore. Ballymore via Lifford
Donegal.
Aug 10. 37.

I have ideas on the on the subject of poetry but really no theory—{to develop the ideas would require a big book} Milton's specifications for good poetry "simple, sensuous impassioned" are the best statement on the subject so far as they go, with exceptions (Milton's own for example is not exactly simple;) and poetic prose can fulfil all these specifications yet not be poetry; therefore something should be added about metrical or at least rhythmical, lines & pauses; for poetry is poetic expression in verse And something should be added about beauty of sound,—assonance alliteration etc.

and something {all the more} subtle music that distinguishes poetic verse from verse that is metrical but not poetic—

There would be other things to explain. Poetry is ♦ in fact a complex of many efforts & qualities and can only be described in detail not through any general statement. And it is known & valued by quasi-instinctive recognition, not conscious analysis, though this way may be helpful in developing appreciation.

R J.

ALF. HRC Texas. 2 pages. Letterhead (crossed out): Terminal Hotel, Easton, Pennsylvania.

1. This statement by Jeffers, in draft form, is written out and signed by Una. She may have copied it from a letter or taken it as dictation for a letter; the letter itself is missing.

RJ to Joseph W. Roberts

Lac-na-lore House,
Ballymore, via Lifford, County Donegal,
Irish Free State.
August 12, 1937.

Dear Mr. Roberts:

1

Your note about “Women at Point Sur” has just reached me here. It is the most copious of my books hitherto, and the one written at highest

tension; also I think the least read and the most disliked. It has more of the materials of poetry in it, but perhaps imperfectly organized.

—A little like this northwest corner of Ireland, where sea and mountains are so intermingled that is hard to find one's way about. But here at least the landscapes are magnificent, whatever they are in that book of mine.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page. Letterhead (crossed out): Cunard White Star *Georgic*.

1. The envelope for this letter survives, but the postmark is illegible. The address for Roberts is the New York Public Library, where Roberts worked from 1928 to 1943. At the time this letter was written, he was a reading room assistant in the American History division.

RJ to Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Lac-na-lore House,
Ballymore, via Lifford,
County Donegal, Irish Free State.
August 15, 1937.

Dearest Sara and Erskine:

We were so glad to hear of you as well and happy, in a note from Albert Bender a couple of days ago. Our own recent history is too long to write, except glimpses, but Una is

keeping a diary that she must show you when we get home. At present we are in a farmhouse in the northwest corner of Ireland, which for pure landscape is surely the most beautiful part of the island, splendid with mountains and rocks and heather, all run through with lakes and arms of the sea, and with sweet fertile valleys, little stonewalled fields of oats and potatoes. There are marvellous walks and climbs in all directions, and swimming off a dozen shores within the mile, boating and fishing and lobster-pots, so that even Garth is satisfied. This morning is Sunday, and Garth has just gone to church, {(Presbyterian)} for the first time in his life. He is mildly interested in a daughter of the house here, because she is a fine mountain-climber and a bold though unskillful swimmer, and talks such an appealing North-Irish dialect. Donnan loves it here too, but is anxious to go on to England. Then it will probably be his turn to go to church.

There is a tremendous Atlantic promontory here called Horn Head, where the sheep cry to each other above sea-cliffs 800 feet high, and clouds of gulls and sea-parrots nest in the caves below. We are going to walk there again this afternoon. Yesterday Una and I climbed Muckish, the most imposing mountain on this horizon. From the top you can see all the northern coast of Ireland, and even Scotland if the weather were super-clear. We saw Scotland the other day from Malin Head, Ireland's extreme north point. Ten days ago Una and I and the boys, and the son and daughter of the house here, were up to the top of Errigal, which is slightly higher and more spectacular than Muckish, but a farther drive from here, and its head was in a cloud that day. (Muckish means Pig's back; Errigal means White Peak. Lac-na-lore, the ♦ name of the old farmhouse we are in, means the Book-stone, so-called

from a flat rock above the house, that looks like a huge petrified book.) This is the most pastoral place we have ever lived in; there is no industry except spinning and weaving (wool) in some of the cottages; there is absolutely no meat except excellent mutton every day; and the name of the bay is Sheephaven.

Before settling here we travel motored wildly in all directions for two weeks and saw a lot more than I can remember, but it is all in Una's diary. We are staying here a month, and shall then motor wildly in all directions for ten days or so, before going on to Scotland to continue the process. One of { Una's } our specialties this year is off-shore islands. We went out to the Aran Islands, off Galway, through such tossing seas that every passenger on the little steamer was sick, except ourselves and two American girls. We went out in a motor-skiff to Tory Island off the coast here, and Inishbofin, fantastically remote places, bleak and strange in gray seas. Two sharks followed the boat, and a seal came up to watch us under the cliffs of Horn Head, but the extraordinary thing was flying-fish. I thought they were semi-tropical. As soon as we get to Scotland I think Una intends to duplicate Dr. Johnson's tour of the Hebrides—with a few Orkneys and Shetlands thrown in. Even I shall probably have enough gray seas and wild weather to satisfy me at last.

Erskine, with his famous love for birds of prey, will be glad to hear that I have seen two hawks in Ireland, though they are almost extinct here,—one on Horn Head, and one—a peregrine falcon—on the top of Muckish. If we should see an eagle somewhere in Scotland I'll send him a cablegram.

Best love and wishes to you and yours from the four of us.

Robin.

ALS. Huntington. 2 pages. Postmark: August 16, 1937.

RJ to Lester Roberts

Lac-na-lore House
Ballymore via Lifford,
County Donegal, Irish Free State.
August 1937.

Dear Mr. Roberts:

1

Your letter arrived just before we left home, so that I could not answer at once; and then while we were traveling I'm afraid it was forgotten for awhile. Thank you very much for the friendly words, and I'm sorry that I have no photograph with me, nor likeness of any kind.

This northwest corner of Ireland seems to us the happiest part of the island, and it is certainly one of the most beautiful. Wild mountains and lonely moors, little stone-walled fields in some of the valleys, tremendous sea-cliffs, and a thousand lakes and inlets of the sea. We have been six weeks in Ireland and spent four of them here; but now we are going over to Scotland in a week or two.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. San Francisco. 1 page.

1. Lester Roberts was an independent bookseller and a salesman for Hockwald Chemical Company. He lived in San Francisco.

UJ to Daisy Bartley

Ballymore near Dunfanaghy. Co. Donegal.

August 24. 1937.

My dear Daisy:

A letter from Carrie this morning & one from Mamma several days ago. I never received any of the Monterey papers. So they are lost. Perhaps Bennett Cerf gave them to people not thinking we wanted them. So will you please keep th yours for us. I can't get hold of a copy. The edition was exhausted.

1

If you have not rec'd the gold box will you write to and ask why. I had a letter from the hotel saying they'd found it & I sent them some money & said to send to you. Address {Manager} Temple Square Hotel, Salt Lake City, Utah.

We leave here tomorrow to go in leisurely fashion to Dublin (about 5 days sightseeing on the way. We have a lot of amusing invitations for that place from literary people but I do not know whether Robin will feel like doing any of them. I have a definite engagement with Col. Maurice Moore (84 yr. old brother of Geo. M.) He it was who arranged with {for} us to go ♦ to Moore Hall, Co Mayo, & be rowed out into to the little island in the lake, (Lough Carra bordering the estate) where Moore's ashes rest under a cairn.

Then we go up to Northern Ireland & stay some days. We shall revisit Killinchy and if those old ladies are alive I shall talk to them again. They are about 4th cousins of ours. You know Mrs Hewitt & her sister Jane Wilson. They were very infirm in 19289 & living in Belfast. A relative of theirs (not on our side) was living in the old home "The Craigs" {at Killinchy}, her name was Robinson. She invited us all in to lunch & told me about Hewitt & Wilson. I did not call {on them.}, one thing & another prevented. I hope it isnt too late now. They must be very old, but in any case I expect to see Mrs Robinson again & she will know.—You remember when I was there in 1912 I had tea at "The Craigs" with Hewitt & Wilson. They were very nice

We are then going to Scotland & tour the Hebrides. I suppose that will be a rough trip by middle of Sept. We sail to them from Oban. We had a nice letter from Chrissie asking us to stay ♦ with her. We expect to spend a night with her & leave some of our luggage there while we go north.

Address us to reach us until Sept 18 to her care

Beechbrae, Uplawmoor, Renfrewshire Scotland.

Afterwards, c/o T. Cook & Son Ludgate Circus London E. C.
4 England

This has been a lovely place. Infinite variety of walks, climbs (we've climbed three mts) swims, & drives through lonely lonely

2 & spectacular & remote scenery. The boys have had a wonderful time. A fine bunch of young people here jolly & athletic (not too weighed down with brains—but nice)

We are the only Americans who have ever stayed at this house. We've got the very essence of *Irishry* here.

Such walks over hills & through little shady lanes—wee white washed cottages & gardens, tree-high wild fuchsias & hawthorn along the lanes, briar roses, tall foxgloves, bluebells, meadowsweet, loosestrife—a riot of wild flowers & fragrances. ♦

Very spectacular cliffs here rising 600—even 1000 ft straight up from the sea.—Garth & Donnan have had fun boating—& going out to help men fix the lobster pots (“lift them” they call it) & swimming every day.

Hope you are all well—

People are waiting for me

Love—in haste
Una.

I sent clippings to *Violet* I *guess* maybe Carrie about Time

ALS. Tor House. 4 pages.

1. Much of the June 26, 1937 issue of the *Monterey Peninsula Herald* was devoted to stories about the opening of the Pacific Coast Highway, also known as the Carmel–San Simeon Highway and the Roosevelt Highway (in honor of Theodore Roosevelt). The dedication ceremony took place June 27, 1937. Along with stories and photo displays such as “Ribbon of Romance—A Dream Come True,” “Old Settlers Not Too Happy About Highway,” and “The Monterey Coast’s

Matchless Scenic Grandeur,” the issue contains an essay by Lynda Sargent titled “Jeffers Verse Infused With Rugged Spirit and Wild Beauty of Santa Lucia Mountain Country.” Sargent’s essay includes several excerpts from Jeffers’ work and is accompanied by a portrait photograph; see pages 9 and 11.

2. The first attempt to write “lonely” looked like “lovely,” so Una crossed it out and printed it in block letters.

UJ to Noël Sullivan

Derg Hotel. Mt. Shannon
Co. Clare. Aug 28 [1937]

One of the loveliest spots in the world! We have spent the morning rowing on the lake & out to the Holy Island. All enchanted. Sweet morning! Address T Cook & Son. Ludgate Circus London EC. 4.

Love from Una

APPS, “Church Ruins, Holy Island, Lough Derg, Mountshannon, Co. Clare.” Berkeley.

RJ to Robert Lowell

August 31, 1937.

Dear Mr. Lowell:

1

Merrill Moore

2 wrote August 6th that you thought of visiting Carmel, but his letter had to wait in Dublin after being forwarded from California, so that it only reached me this afternoon. I am sorry to have missed the chance of meeting you, though I fear you would find me a rather inarticulate companion, especially on the subject of poetry, which I read and think about but really never discuss. ♦

We have been nearly two months in Ireland, much of the time in a farmhouse in Donegal, amid exaggeratedly beautiful scenery, and are going over to Scotland in a week or two. I expect we'll be home in December.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages. Letterhead: Vaughan's Hotel, Dublin. Postmark: September 1, 1937.

1. Robert Traill Spence Lowell IV (1917–1977) had transferred from Harvard University to Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio at the time this letter was written. Jeffers sent the letter in care of John Crowe Ransom, Lowell's mentor at Kenyon. Lowell went on to become one of the most honored and influential poets of his generation, winning Pulitzer Prizes for *Lord Weary's Castle* (1946) and *The Dolphin* (1973), the National Book Award for *Life Studies* (1959), and the National Book Critics Circle Award for *Day by Day* (1977). Lowell was also a noted translator and dramatist.

2. Merrill Moore (1903–1957), poet and physician. Along with John Crowe Ransom, Robert Penn Warren, and others, Moore was affiliated with a literary group called the Fugitives

when he was a student at Vanderbilt University. As his writing career unfolded—resulting in *The Noise That Time Makes* (1929), *Clinical Sonnets* (1949), *The Dance of Death in the Twentieth Century* (1957), and other books—Moore taught psychiatry at Harvard Medical School, held appointments at Boston City Hospital and Massachusetts General Hospital, and engaged in private practice.

RJ to Albert Bender

September 4, 1937.

Dear Albert:

Please forgive the pencil. Una has the pen and ink, and I am luckier with a pencil anyway.

We left Dublin yesterday morning, spent last night in Belfast, and tonight are stopping here. We don't usually travel such long hops, but yesterday after wandering hither and yon, and then crossing the border into Northern Ireland, we found no tolerable hotels in any of the places we had thought of stopping—or the hotel was full—so we were forced on, finally to Belfast, driving after dark for the first time since we landed in Ireland. To-day we just drove along ♦ the coast from Belfast, looking at scenery, and revisiting the cottage and people near Cushendun, where we lived eight years ago. They remembered us and were very friendly. Then we drifted on to Derry, and this evening the boys have gone out to call on some girls here, whom they met in Donegal. To-morrow we shall wander back again through Northern Ireland, stopping in some pleasant place, and in three or four days we expect to go over to Scotland.

We spent several interesting days in Dublin, seeing your friend Kathleen O'Brennan and others, but avoiding parties. We saw your beautiful case of finely printed books in Trinity College Library

1—not far from the Book of Kells!—and the Augusta Bender room in the National Museum; both were excellently displayed, and we enjoyed them much. Una and Garth visited the gallery of modern art, and saw your contribution of O'Shea ♦ painting there,—very fine they said.

So now our stay in Ireland is coming to an end; in a week or two we shall be in the Hebrides probably, and then the Orkneys. Una has had a very fruitful time here—you must see her diary when we get home!—and the boys have had a very pleasant time, and I a very lazy one—pleasant too, of course. Especially Donegal was beautiful, with its mountains and seas. Two or three times I thought angrily that it was more beautiful than our own coast mountains, though not so strong, nor so much in earnest. But Fair Head, which we revisited to-day, is the most impressive promontory of them all. It is a pity that no people—not even the Irish!—is equal to its landscape. Except in Homer's Iliad and two or three other poems.

With love from all four of us,

Affectionately,
Robin.

ALS. Occidental. 3 pages. Letterhead: Melville Hotel, Londonderry. Postmark: September 6, 1937.

1. Bender began donating limited-edition books and manuscripts to the Trinity College Library in 1932. The collection, established in honor of Bender's father, eventually reached nearly 500 items, mostly from private presses in California.

UJ to Edith Allan

[September 5, 1937]

1 wish Donnan would write a more legible hand! When we leave for Scotland we shall have covered more than 5,000 miles in Ireland. We like Co. Donegal the best of any. It is wild & thrillingly beautiful and primitive—but such friendly gay people. About the crypts—so strange to see whole families in coffins piled high—coffins of different centuries. It seemed so queer to have the guide point to one & say—“This contains the body of the murdered Earl of Antrim {Leitrim}”—when a few days before we had been standing {a few days before} at the very spot (a wild & lonely path near the water) far away in Donegal & someone said “at this spot 105 yrs ago the Earl of Leitrim was murdered by—so & so—”—”)

2 We expect to make a ten day tour of the Hebrides from Scotland. Chrissie is kind & hospitable & asks us to stay with her. Bess O'Sullivan has asked us to stay with her two weeks in London. We have had a very amusing & interesting trip & I love having my 3 men with me.

AN. Tor House. 1 page. Letterhead: Londonderry Hotel, Carnlough.

1. This note is added to the last page of a letter written by Donnan to his Aunt Edith.

2. William Sydney Clements, 3rd Earl of Leitrim (1806–1878), a notoriously cruel landowner, was murdered by angry tenants in April 1878 at Cratlagh Wood, near Milford, in Donegal. His body was interred in the family vault at St. Michan’s Church, Dublin.

UJ to Lynda Sargent

On board “Lochearn” roving the Hebrides like Dr. Johnson and his Boswell
Sept. 11, 1937

Dear Lynda:

1

2 Thank you for the *Cymbal* with your vivid article on our old lady.

3 I am glad you brought her down from that lonely spot. I think she had meditated there long enough and will now be happy watching life in our village—perhaps give a bit of advice now and again. If you ever go travelling you can leave her at Tor House.

We came over from Ireland a few days ago having motored about five thousand miles up and down—that makes about ten thousand for us there counting last time. We have decided that Donegal is altogether the most beautiful and thrilling county in Ireland. Our month there was all too short. The country is very wild even forbidding with its terrific cliffs and lofty headlands jutting into the sea—bare rocky mountains

and deep dark ravines, the only color the black of peat and faint purple of heather. Ah, but there is the dashing red of the high two-wheeled peat carts and the women's skirts and *my* dress for I bought a scarlet knit dress to light up the dark days.

The people were gay and active and there were a thousand possibilities for every hour. Walking, climbing mountains, gazing at antiquities and reading epitaphs. (My boys jibe at me for finding a graveyard the most stimulating place in the world for imagination. Why not? In each poor little space a completed life story—and there all the loves and hates and enmities quiet

and companionable whether they wished it or not! I shall adore epitaphs always and do hope somebody will write a fine stimulating one for me.)

There were fertile little farms between the bare mountains and on one of these stood the rambling old gray stone house where we found such a cheerful welcome. There was much swimming—the water is warmed by some current much warmer than our Carmel ocean. Our meal hours were quaint—breakfast at 9:00, dinner 1:30, high tea 5:00, supper at 10:30. Even supper by daylight, so far north were we. And it wasn't a hardship to get soaking wet every day when there were fragrant peat fires going in every room.

Now my great dream about the Hebrides is coming true. We hope to go to the Orkneys and Shetlands next week but the boats are uncertain now the season's late. Storms are now holding many ships bound in the Orkneys.

These remote and frightening rocky islands! The sight of the gaunt grey stone houses braced against the wind stirs one

profoundly. I wish you could have been with us yesterday when we stopped at Barra. It was seven in the evening, wild black clouds across a red sunset. Close to shore the old ruined Castle of the McNeils, very beautiful in shape and color. A few people disembarked. One was a girl carrying a tiny five-weeks old baby, a wee waxen shrivelled creature whose mother had died bearing it—herself only a girl of 18 and only ten months a wife. She had gone to a Glasgow hospital to have her baby. Now her sister was bringing it back to rear on a tiny island beyond Barra. The woman and baby were met by an old and a young man in a sailboat. (The father and grandfather?) We watched the boat with its dark henna sail, as it sped away into the storm around the further rocks of Barra. That tiny baby motherless in such bitter cold and storm—I shall never forget its homecoming.

4

You'd have been interested in a flock of sheep left at one island. They are so helpless—if the pitching of the boat knocked one down it just lay there until a sailor noticed it and raised it. One wasn't seen in time and smothered beneath the others.

Perhaps you see I am not bored.

Our friendliest greetings.

—Una Jeffers

5(Note: as we opened this charming and welcome letter, a bit of green flew out. At the end of the letter are these words: Bog myrtle—crush—smell. The bog myrtle was already pretty well crushed, but about it a faint odor of herbs still clings, evoking the earth smells of Ireland.)

PL. *Cymbal*.

1. Lynda (Sargent) Simpson Tuttle (1897–1990), a columnist for the *Carmel Cymbal*, reclaimed her maiden name and moved to Carmel in 1935 following her divorce from Sidney Post Simpson (1898–1949), an attorney and professor of law at Harvard University and New York University. Sargent eventually rented a cabin in the Big Sur and joined the community of artists and free spirits who settled there. With her second husband, Fred Tuttle (1896–1974), Sargent worked as a fire lookout on Pinyon Peak and Chews Ridge in the Ventana Wilderness. Her novel *Judith Duchesne* was published by Crown in 1979.

2. This letter was published in the *Carmel Cymbal* (October 1, 1937): 5.

3. Lynda Sargent, “‘Lady of Santa Lucias’ Begs Lynda to Rescue Her—and Lynda Does,” *Carmel Cymbal* (August 20, 1937): 10.

4. For Jeffers’ account of this experience, see “Now Returned Home,” *Collected Poetry 2*: 606–607.

5. Parenthetical postscript added by Sargent.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

PFort William. Scotland
Sept 11. 1937

Dearest Mabel—

After our month in Donegal we dashed around Ireland for ten days. We spent an afternoon with Col. Moore (G. M's brother) in Dublin. He is a charming old man We had a most delightful time. He had really wanted us to come & had written 3 times urging us while we were in Donegal. He told us much about G. M. & when we return I will tell you. You'd be interested I think—and {in} his wife

1 too a ♦ strange bitter thwarted woman. We called on Mollie & John's friend Kathleen O'Brennan who invited a lot of interesting people for an evening (Jack Yeats Seumas O'Sullivan, editor of Dublin Quarterly

2 & so on) but Robin as usual fled from the thought of conversation. So we went on to Northern Island & there in one last

frantic search for Round Towers we went out to Ram's Island in Lough Neagh in terrible weather & squall & the little boat pitched & wallowed & ♦ and ploughed under waves We were completely soaked & the dark brown water was menacing. Then we came over to Scotland. We've been for a few days at Uplawmoor near Paisley (Claire Sp—'s home) at the house of my step-sister's sister-in-law! She has Cauldwell Tower which Claire says she remembers. Now we've been roving among the Hebrides like Dr. Johnson & his Boswell. We've been among the inner Hebrides (a present from Phoebe B. She gave me some money to buy a grand piece of luggage & I saved it for a side trip)—Now we go to Skye & the outer Hebrides, Skye then Harris & Lewis—Then perhaps the Orkneys & Shetland Is.—so far away. Tonight we've been to Museum to see that famous *Secret Portrait of Prince Charlie*.

3 Ever hear of it. It's a flat board with dabs of paint on it—if you set a certain cylindrical ♦ mirror in a certain place on the board the reflection in it is a beautiful picture of the bonnie Prince—His loyal subjects indulged themselves with this

hidden portrait when {possessing} a plain one would have brought death to them. Today we went through the Pass of Glencoe—the scene of that horrible massacre—

4 dire dark forbidding place

We go soon to London—O not soon but by Oct 1. We are invited to stay a fortnight with ♦ Bess O’Sullivan (Mrs Denis) our address there =

7 Lansdowne Road

Holland Park

London W. 11.

Our tickets are spoken for for sailing on Britannic on Oct 30.—from Southampton

Shall we come by Taos for 2 days or longer and *heavens* do have the crazy woman under control Such an affair—I cant believe that it will end except with something very tragic or at least unpleasant. It has ♦ been going so long now—

5 How are *you*, well & eager—and how soon am I to have a book of yours Couldnt it come to Bess O’S?

I told Bennett to send you one of Robin’s It is announced for Sept 27.

O—Stow—has *he* been to Taos—and where is Evangaline.—

Of course—if Donnan could have a good chance at success why *not*

Hollywood. We must see I confess I've been puzzling what to push him toward.

I wonder did John & Claire go to Carmel—

We are all—the boys particularly enjoying this trip. They made such friends with the Irish young there at Ballymore & they were *nice*. Very energetic, outdoorsey, jolly & husky. Hardly a day without 15 miles or more of walking besides swimming, tennis mt. climbing as well.

Our dearest love

Devotedly Una.

Crush & smell bog myrtle leaves. The moors are fragrant with it.

6

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. Evelyn (Handcock) Moore (d. 1939).
2. James Sullivan Starkey (1879–1958), known as Seumas O'Sullivan, was a bibliophile, poet, and editor who contributed to Ireland's literary revival. In 1923 he founded the *Dublin Magazine*, a leading journal, which ran as a quarterly from 1926 to 1958.
3. An anamorphic painting of Prince Charles Edward Stuart (1720–1788)—a featured exhibit in the West Highland Museum in Fort William. The painting was used by supporters of Prince Charles (Bonnie Prince Charlie) who

sought to restore him, and thus the House of Stuart, to the British throne.

4. Glencoe, located in the Scottish Highlands, was the site of a massacre of the MacDonald clan in February 1692. The MacDonalds swore allegiance to William II and Mary II, as they and their fellow Highlanders were ordered to do, but not on the exact day stipulated. To make an example of them, soldiers were sent to slaughter as many as possible. Nearly eighty men, women, and children died during the attack or as a result of exposure after their houses were burned.

5. Although, at a given time, Mabel's relations with any number of people were strained, Una may be referring to an issue involving Alexandra (Belkovitch) Fechin (1892–1983), former wife of painter Nicolai Fechin (1881–1955). Mabel's archive at Yale's Beinecke Library contains a copy of a letter written by Alexandra to Mabel dated August 6, 1937. In the letter (which contains spelling or transcription errors corrected here), Alexandra berates Mabel for the way she slanders, ridicules, and upsets people. She describes Mabel as a "horrid monstress" who, despite her attempt to hide her "ugliness under a fancy veiling," cannot conceal her "appalling crookedness." Alexandra speaks further of a threat to herself and to Spud Johnson. If any harm should come to either of them, she warns Mabel, if, indeed, she herself should die, authorities will know whom to blame. "Later or sooner," she says, by the laws of men or those of a higher power, "you will pay the full price for all your nasty deeds."

6. Written vertically in left margin, first page.

UJ to Call Family

Sunday, Sept 12 [1937]

—not in Ireland but far north in Scotland, at *Glenelg*—just a hotel & several houses on the loch—arm of the sea here with the misty isle of Skye a bare half-mile away Tomorrow at 9 we get on to a little ferry & are taken across to Skye—filled with the romantic history of Bonnie Prince Charlie & the gallant Flora McDonald

1 We have already made a tour of the inner Hebrides {wild weather too. on ship 2 nights} & within a few days go to Stornoway—far in the outer Hebrides. It is very cold here—fine & bracing air—its like wine. I enjoy the tang. The leaves are beginning to turn. We stopped over night at Chrissies & left most of our luggage at her house, going back in ten days or so. She was very cordial & ♦ hospitable. She has bought considerable land since we {were} there & is very happy with it. a glen of perhaps 215 acres back of her, deep ravine & stream with little waterfall & beautiful old trees mostly beech.—She has acquired also a little at the side in front of her house. It makes a very nice property. Isn't it queer that Chrissie & Jack have a sister named Mrs *Walls* also. We didn't know just when we'd arrive so we didn't let her know ahead exactly. We did arrive at 6 & went to the Golf Club at Uplawmoor for supper before we appeared at Beechbrae.—as we drove up she was just coming from train & gave us a warm welcome. We had a good walk through the glen & to a farm outside the village where she had an errand. We had quantities of mail awaiting us. Spent a nice cozy evening by fire. Tea & scones & jam at 11:00 Her nice sheep dog {Peter} is still living, 14 yrs old. The boys had such fun with him 8

yrs ago. Next morning she rode ♦ into Glasgow with us, & boys & I shopped a little {Robin bought newspapers & read in car.} Both had to have new trousers for the car. (got gray flannel slacks) Donnan needed brown shoes. I some galoshes. Also I had to get money from my letter of credit & arrange for Hebrides tours.—Then we went to { Chrissie's place & got her & went to a tea-}shop with Chrissie & had *delicious* coffee & bannocks etc.—You don't know how RARE good coffee is over here. It almost doesn't exist, and this was a great treat. Chrissie says {this shop is} noted for its coffee. Then Chrissie went with us as far as Callander on our way to spend the night

at Fort William,—near Aberfoyle. Chrissie & Donnan got out & picked some bog myrtle. I enclose some leaves. Crush & smell Send some on with this letter to Edith & Jack. Jack will know where it came from—on the mt road above Aberfoyle. The moors were fragrant with it & all ♦ beautifully colored with heather. Near Callander we left Chrissie standing in the road—to take a bus back to Glasgow. It was a lovely ride—the country here magnificent, many fine lakes & waterfalls & broad moors & high rugged mts. Chrissie has a great love of scenery & is a fine traveller. We went through the dark, menacing Pass of Glencoe where long ago a terrible massacre of the McDonalds took place in depth of winter.

We went to Killinchy before we left Ireland. A sweet place—wooded little hills & dales by the water. Called at *The Craigs* & found Mrs. Robinson still there. Mamma's cousins Mrs Hewitt & Jane Wilson sold it to her 10 yrs ago. Mary Hewitt died about 6 yrs ago. Jane Wilson is still living in Belfast, well over ninety She is blind. She is very frail & I did not try to go to see her. I thought it would tire her trying to understand who I was. Anyway I did not like her as well as

Mrs Hewitt who was very alert & well-informed ♦ & well up on family history.—We went again to Florida Manor, nearby, which belongs to Mrs Robinson's nephew. {now}. He & his family live in a small wing { in rear.} The manor house is much dilapidated. It was a *magnificent* place. Perfectly *enormous* The main part has 54 rooms & besides there are numerous wings—Inside such beautiful panelling etc & fixtures (all the door handles of fine wood with a little center inlay of mother of pearl!) and such magnificent stained glass in hall with the Gordon coat of arms in center & the most beautiful carved marble mantles everywhere—& all falling into ruin. (Did I tell you once at a dinner party when I was sitting next to Geo Gordon Moore,—he is that mysterious multi-millionaire {about} whom I was speaking to Daisy—He put through that old ♦ electric road through Mason. He is the grandson of the Earl of Drogheda. Someone was talking of an old {ruined} house & I said across the table to Robin “That reminds me of Florida Manor.” Like a flash he {Moore} turned to me & said “What do you know of Florida Manor? I have never seen the place. It belonged to my mother's family. She was a Gordon.” Wasn't that queer?

Mrs. Robinson said one last Gordon is still alive in these parts. “He lives at another manor called Dellamont.” That struck a chord in my mind. I remembered an old old ♦ letter of Mary Hewitt to Max. She said “Florida is going to ruin, Mr. Gordon never comes there, he stays at *Dellamont*”

Answering questions (1) I have not had any of my kodaks developed yet (2) For Edith yes—I know about the old Santa Lucia lady now. I hope Carrie sent on the clippings, the letters in answer printed in *Time* & the *Cymbal* where Lynda Sargent brought her down to Carmel. I rec'd letters from people from

Maine to San Diego *many* of them who were interested in my old lady. / Finished in bed Chrissie looks well.

Best love
Una

We are invited to spend 2 weeks with Bess O'Sullivan
address us 7 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park London, W. 11.
2

ALS. Tor House. 7 pages. Letterhead (crossed out): Queen's Hotel, Belfast.

1. Flora MacDonald (1722–1790) played an important role in the Jacobite Rebellion (the campaign to restore the House of Stuart to the British throne) by helping Bonnie Prince Charlie elude capture after his defeat in the Battle of Culloden. She was arrested for her actions and imprisoned for a short time in the Tower of London.

2. Added at top of first page, above letterhead.

UJ to Sara Bard Field

Sept 24. 1937

Dearest Sara:

I enclose to you some clippings for Ella Young, whose address I am not certain of Will you please forward? She told us long ago of this {first} instance of second sight by an Achill woman and I am sure she will be interested in this second instance which curiously completes her vision.—

1

Now of all Ireland (& we have again motored 5000 miles there) I choose ♦ Donegal as the most enchanting spot our month there was sheer delight and I think Garth & Donnan never had such fun with a group of young people.—After our time there in which we really got *into* the country life, we made a quick two weeks jaunt around the whole of Ireland dashing & darting here & there to loved spots & searching some new ones.—IWe had a wild trip in a motor boat on Lough Neagh to Ram's Island to see a round Tower. I never was out in a small boat inon such awful waves. We were drenched ♦ to the skin all of us. We had spent two hours searching before we found a boatman willing to take us. {in suc such stormy weather.} We went again to the Glens of Antrim & found our old friends & neighbors of last time & we took a look long look at Slemish Mt for the sake of Ella Young & St. Patrick In Dublin Bender's & the O'Sheas friend Kathleen O'Brennan was very pleasant & desirous to show us Dublin characters—but you know Robin—he said we must be getting ♦ along on our way. I regretted missing anything but got along because, after all, he had gone {with me} to spend the afternoon with Colonel Moore (Geo Moore's brother) who had written four times asking me to come & turned out to be a perfect DARLING (and he lives in Trollop's {Trollope's} house in Dublin suburbs)

2

Well, then Scotland & we went around the inner & the outer Hebrides & away to Orkney & further still to the Shetlands and these remote islands really stimulated & refreshed Robin. There ♦ is upon Orkney the Stones of Stenness—a circle of enormous standing stones in many ways more amazing &

overpowering than either Avebury or Stonehenge away at the end of the world, seen first against black storm clouds in a bare solitary region betwixt sea & lochs, the impact upon one is terrific, perfectly impossible to imagine men of any mould we know raising up these monoliths—or even *dreaming* such a dream. ♦

Then a clim down the west coast of Scotland from Cape Wrath down (stopping to climb Ben Nevis (& seeing a Highland gentleman in my old {own} Lindsay plaid) running fast down the mt. side kilt & shawl streaming behind—Here now at Uplawmoor (on the old sifinger posts still Ouplaymuir) staying a week with a connection of my family, ({Ouplaymoor} Renfrewshire). In two days on to Edinburgh & then London by the east coast of England through the *fen* country which I've never seen (& if I dont work in a few cathedrals York, Durham & Lincoln—it wont be for lack of trying. I've almost worn my ♦ men out with Cathedrals & have of late pretended to forget them.

We shall stay with Bess O'S in London & boys are going over to Paris on their own for a weekend.

Thousands of times since we started I've felt I couldn't *endure* being away from Tor House & people I love & Haig but still—I've had—(& I think all of us have) *wonderful* experiences) Only some time I'm going on a journey with someone who will take {make} ♦ all the plans, set everything in motion, do all the negotiating—& do all the *guilty* feeling when hotels are awful, the weather worse and any of the nine wonders turns out a dreary show!

Anyway we all send our *devoted love*

Faithfully,
Una.

If you should send this whole letter to Ella,—tell her Col Moore had a *very* nice Justice {Gavin} Duffy
3 {he was Sir Roger Casements' attorney
4} & wife
5 to meet us—He is an ardent Nationalist & may be a friend of Ella's

Sail for U. S. A. on Oct 30. May stop in Taos on way home.
6

ALS. Huntington. 8 pages. Letterhead: St. Ola Hotel, Kirkwall, Orkney. Postmark: September 26, 1937.

1. An article in the *Daily Mail* (September 20, 1937) titled "5,000 Pay Homage to Fire Victims—Woman's Prophecy and Fulfilment" tells the story of ten Irish potato harvesters killed in a farm fire. The train carrying their bodies to Achill Island was on its last run. This fact, according to the article, fulfilled "a prophecy made by an Irish woman more than 40 years ago, when the first train on this railway carried the bodies of 36 potato harvesters drowned when a ship sank in a storm in Clew Bay. The woman then predicted that the last train to Achill would also carry the remains of potato pickers."

2. Col. Moore lived at 5 Seaview Terrace in Donnybrook, a suburb of Dublin. English novelist Anthony Trollope (1815–1882) lived at the same address from 1855 to 1859.

3. George Gavan Duffy (1882–1951), judge of Ireland’s High Court from 1936 to 1951 and president of the High Court from 1946 to 1951, participated in many of the events that shaped the modern state of Ireland.
4. In 1916 Duffy defended Sir Roger Casement (1864–1916), an Irish revolutionary and humanitarian, when Britain charged him with treason. Duffy lost at trial, and Casement was hanged.
5. Duffy married Margaret Sullivan (1876–1967) in 1907.
6. Added vertically in left margin, page 1.

UJ to Remsen Du Bois Bird

[October 1937]
7 Lansdowne Road
Holland Park London W11

Dear Remsen:

O I dont know. I feel awfully far away from California & too self indulgent at this moment to talk even on Irish music. Certainly I couldnt do it in December. We will just arrive home then. Perhaps in March. When do they need to print their programmes? If they haven’t filled up their space by the time we get home I think I would like to do it in March, but if I must TODAY make the promise, I can’t. My whole force is directed toward absorbing London. I must say I did enjoy the talk I gave with O’Connor at the Century Club, S. F. We sail for home Oct 30. Our boys are going over to Paris for a few days first but Robin and I stay in England. The <over> ♦

thought of London in Paris makes Robin shudder. We hear its
a riot of noise and hurry now, Exposition

1

We've been up to the Orkneys & Shetlands—they're *remote*
& thrilling. We roamed the Hebrides, inner & outer then came
south along the west coast of Scotland from Cape Wrath.

Just about ready to sit down in Tor House and think a bit. But
London enchants me & this melancholy autumn weather &
falling leaves just *right!*

Affectionate greetings to you both
Una

Do I hear of books from your *pen*—are they printed or in
process—just got a rumor.

(Please turn over page)

2 ♦

Your note just came

The creature J. G. Moore whose note you sent me is such an
enemy of Robin's we can had to engage a lawyer to get after
him ({Dan} Hammack.) Dan thinks after interviewing him
that he is cracked, {& so} publicityy-mad that he'd welcome
a lawsuit for slander. {Apparently uneducated altho' he
attempts to lecture on Walt Whitman!} He wrote that filthy
article in the Santa Barbara scandal sheet "Aperitif" about
Robin 2 yrs ago. We never saw
{saw} him & do not answer his barage of letters. He really is
crazy or a blackmailer.

I enclose a typed copy of an article by a man who wrote an extremely interesting paper on Robin for his doctor's {(or M.A.)} degree in Lit at Yale I believe. It was a comparison between Robin views & those put forward by Ecclesiasticus. If you like to ask him I daresay he has a copy he could deposit with Jeffers material at Occidental. Robin found his views ve insight penetrating. Please send this paper article of his to Melba Bennett, Palm Springs
3California Deep Well Ranch.

ALS. Occidental. 3 pages. Letterhead (crossed out): King's Head Hotel, Melton Mowbray.

1. L'Exposition Internationale des Arts et Techniques dans la Vie Moderne (The International Exposition of Art and Technology in Modern Life) opened in Paris on May 25, 1937 and continued through November 25. With monumental pavilions erected by Germany and the Soviet Union facing each other and with Picasso's *Guernica* showcased by Spain, political tensions were evident at the world fair, which drew over 30,000,000 visitors.

2. Added at top of first page.

3. The rest of the sentence is written vertically in the right margin.

UJ to Benjamin Miller

Oct 1 1937

Dear Mr. Miller:

Your two letters were forwarded to us in Scotland. I do not know where you can get a copy of Lawrence Powell's book. I have one extra copy I will lend to you when we get home (before Christmas) or will sell to you if you are wishing to add it to your collection. Did you try Lilienthal?

If you are in a hurry for the book ask Melba Bennett, Deep Well Ranch Palm Springs to lend you her copy. She wrote a year ago the "*Robinson ♦ Jeffers & The Sea*"—study; very interesting. If you do so—you can say I vouch for you & if you damage her copy I will bring forward my extra copy.

You can send her this letter as token—if you need the loan.

My husband believes you have an extremely clear idea of his work & what he is aiming at. He thanks you for the very penetrating article in the *Christian Century*.

1

I still hope to see you at Tor House when we return. We have been over here since early July,—living in Donegal & since then motoring all about the British Isles. We also toured the Hebrides, Orkneys & Shetland.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages. Letterhead: Old Waverly Hotel, Edinburgh.

1. The August 25, 1937 issue of *The Christian Century* contains an essay by E. Merrill Root titled "Aesthetic Puritans," pages 1043–1045, wherein a number of modern

authors—principally Mencken, Hemingway, Faulkner, and Jeffers—are castigated for their dourness and reductionistic negativity. Miller's response to Root, in which he explains and defends Jeffers' vision, appeared as a letter to the editor of *The Christian Century* (September 8, 1937): 1111.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

7 Lansdowne Road. Holland Park
London W11.
Oct 3. 1937

Dear Bennett—

We arrived here yesterday after successful journeys over Scotland, Inner & Outer Hebrides, Orkneys, Shetlands (*the remotest* islands!) & down the west coast of Scotland from Cape Wrath, dreadful roads, magnificent scenery.

And so we came here & found you had faithfully sent our four copies of R.'s new book

I here & we are delighted with their get-up. Extremely clear type & well balanced on page. As I get older—perhaps its a question of eyesight—I become more & more impatient ♦ with illegible hand-writing & involved font and this is a real delight. (I wonder whether you noticed the type in the new edition (with added material) of Boswells *Journal of a Tour to Hebrides with Dr. J.* printed during the last year. *That* was such a delight, too.

I just had a letter from Mabel who says she is going to N. Y. soon to have Dr. Brill

2 straighten out another kink. (Just between ourselves, this—I dont know whether she has announced this or not but she seldom keeps her ways secret.) *If* she goes there you must meet her & I am certain youll have fun together. ♦ I love Mabel.

Hard to tell how much or little R. J. has gotten out of our trip he is a miserable traveller—but a few things have stirred him tremendously—most of all the Stones of Stenness, a great circle of *enormous* standing stones away in the Orkneys, overpowering in their remote & gigantic character—uplifted by some sort of man hard to visualize. After a fortnight here, some quiet retreat in Devon or Cornwall. Sail Oct 30, & of course are longing for Tor House.

Love & thanks

Una. ♦

I hate to be such a pest but must ask you to please have a list made of those to whom I asked you to send R. J. books—dont bother to copy addresses just names—I burnt by mistake my original list in my frantic desire to destroy accumulating letters & papers! & as I wish later to send some other copies I wish to be certain of *who* List can be sent to me here at No. 7. It {will reach me} I wish one more copy sent now to Sidney Fish, Carmel. Calif. Palo Corona {Corona}
3 Ranch Please.

ALS. Columbia. 4 pages. Letterhead (crossed out): Lord Nelson Hotel, Brigg.

1. *Such Counsels You Gave to Me.*

2. Abraham Arden Brill (1874–1948), psychiatrist and psychoanalyst. As an early and persuasive advocate in America for the theories of Sigmund Freud, Brill founded the New York Psychoanalytic Society in 1911 and the New York Psychoanalytic Institute in 1931. He also translated many of Freud's books into English, including *Three Contributions to the Theory of Sex* (1910), *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1913), *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* (1914), and *Totem and Taboo* (1918). Among his own publications are *Psychoanalysis: Its Theory and Practical Application* (1912) and *Fundamental Conceptions of Psychoanalysis* (1921). Brill participated in Mabel's Greenwich Village salons and remained her friend and analyst thereafter.

3. The word "Corona" is written twice—first in longhand, then in block letters.

UJ to Noël Sullivan

No 7. Lansdowne London

October 7. 1937

Dearest Noël:

We are here with Bess for ten days and finding London as fascinating as ever. The days are not long enough and Bess is all warmth & hospitality. She is sailing over to America in Dec. I believe, going by way of Terence. I have found some old friends here and loved seeing them again—and made some new ones.—Through Mabel—the Mary Oliver who lives in charming old Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park—

1 She is a whole story by herself for ♦ you to relish when we can sit down together for a chat.—

We are going down to Wiltshire & later Cornwall next week. Garth & Donnan are going to Paris for a few days 'bat all by themselves. We sail on the Britannic Oct 30 from Southampton We will be home in a fortnight after we land unless we stop at Taos which we may not do if Mabel goes to consult Brill as she is trying to work up to. (a tangle she is in about her writing I'll tell you later.)

O I forgot, we also promised to stop a few days at Deep Well Ranch Palm Springs ♦

Days of mellow sunshine & now gray melancholy falling leaves. Wish I had time to feel melancholy & write a verse.

I am wild to see Haig—and others I love. We are going to a big dog show today. Garth went yesterday & says I am going to get very silly & sentimental when I see the bulldogs He was there yesterday when they were being judged & says they were very comical ambling around the ring, as indifferent as babies about making an impression, breathing heavily & wrinkling their faces. He lost his heart to a grand bull mastiff & is going back today to see it We saw in Edinburgh a magnificent *white* Alsatian. Ever see one? ♦

Unfortunate in not finding Cristina & Jack Hastings. She had promised to show me some very special things in London—We went around to their place yesterday & found they were away in the country until early November.

The Hobhouses

2 have asked us for a long weekend down near Bath.

I never told you how thoroughly we've enjoyed the Lawrence book {you gave me} a wonderful book in its *varied* reactions to him by so many important & diverse personalities. It is a *long* book & excellent to carry about We've read & read in it & discussed it.

Barby (Frieda's daughter was at Mary Olivers.

I love you—all of us send love.

Una.

ALS. Berkeley. 4 pages. Letterhead (crossed out): Lord Nelson Hotel, Brigg. Postmark: October 7, 1937.

1. Mary Elizabeth (Crouch) Oliver (1906–1967) was the daughter of Mabel Carver Crouch, a liberal political activist and New York friend of Mabel Luhan. Mary lived with her husband John Scott “Jock” Oliver (1901–1938) at Pembroke Lodge, an elegant Georgian mansion in London. During the Victorian era, Pembroke Lodge was the home of Lord John Russell, the prime minister of England. Lord Russell's grandson, philosopher Bertrand Russell, was raised there. The Olivers occupied the estate from 1929, when they married, to December 1938, when Jock Oliver died after falling from the step of an open bus and cracking his skull on the pavement.

2. Sir Arthur Lawrence Hobhouse (1886–1965) and Lady Konradin Huth (Jackson) Hobhouse (1899–1965). The Hobhouses lived at Hadspen House, a seventeenth-century garden estate in the county of Somerset, where Sir Arthur was a community leader in the areas of public health,

housing, and education. While chairman of the National Parks Commission, Hobhouse devised a comprehensive wilderness protection plan for England and Wales.

UJ and RJ to Isabelle Call

[October, 1937]

Dictated by Una

1

Dear Mamma:

We have been at Bess O'Sullivan's, Lansdowne Road, London, for the past ten days, and life is busier and more complicated than ever. We have been doing all the things in London; I have been seeing a lot of old friends, like Harry and Percy, and some new ones. One day we went down and stayed the day with Biddy O'Sullivan, at Kerry Vor where we lived awhile before, near Oxford. It was a beautiful autumn day; there are many beech forests down that way, which were all turning, and hips and haws were red along the hedges. The color of the houses is very beautiful down there; mellow yellowish-red brick mingled with mother o' pearl—and tawny-colored flint. Biddy, who is very fond of horses and has always kept a few, besides dogs and cats and ducks, now has a new pet—a white pig named Roberta. She found it when it was just a few hours old, lying in a furrow in a plowed field she was riding across. She took it home and raised it on a bottle. It now weighs two hundred pounds, clean and pink and white as a ♦ baby, is devoted to Biddy and follows her everywhere—very responsive. Biddy took us to see her horses a mile away; Roberta and the

big police-dog went along, frolicking together,—funniest walk I ever had. Several times Roberta wandered off in a field, but the moment she found herself alone would gallop after us, screaming with anxiety.

One day I spent here in London dashing around various places with Lady Hastings—Viscount Hastings' wife—who used to visit at Olga's.

The boys are expecting to go to Paris this week-end, but we have not yet got the details arranged; it is very hard to get rooms there, Paris is so awfully crowded with the Exposition. I had tea with Harry Young yesterday at his Club in Pall Mall. He and his wife Fanny Rowan separated a year or so ago, and their children all chose to stay with Harry in England. When I was here in 1912 I saw a great deal of Harry, and in the latter part of that time his engagement to Fanny was announced. There seemed every prospect of success for the marriage. He was cross at me then because Teddie and I had separated. Queer how the wheel turns over.

—We are leaving here in a couple of days, going to Wiltshire or Cornwall. Time will pass very quickly to our ship sailing, Oct. 30.

Love,
Una.

AL. Tor House. 2 pages. Letterhead: King's Head Hotel, Melton Mowbray.

1. This letter is written entirely in Robinson's hand.

UJ to Isabelle Call and Family

October 15, 1937

Dear Mamma & all—

I thought you might be amused to have a letter from me from this address—the very hotel I stayed at in 1912. (for {five months nearly.}) We are here just for a night & came here in order to complete the picture for Garth & Donnan & Robin of young Una abroad & perfectly thrilled with it for the first time in 1912. twenty five years ago. We have been the guests for ♦ 2 weeks of Bess O’Sullivan in her lovely old house in Lansdowne Road. Then we went down to Sevenoaks Kent for a short stay & now here for the night. Gar{th} & Donnan are going to Paris in the morning for four days all by themselves just for a lark. (Give {Gives} me a queer feeling to let them go off alone!)

Robin and I are starting a round of country houses We go to stay this weekend with Lady Curzon-Herrick

1 ♦ at Fairlawn, Seal, Kent. She is a sister of Lord Hastings, the son & heir of the Earl of Huntington. He & Cristina his wife we got to know very well in California. They were friends of Olga’s. Next we go to Lord Farringtons

2 at Farrington, Herts, then next weekend to the Hobhouses near Bath. (Their address is comic! The name of their ♦ place is Lamyatt, Evercreech, Bath!) {Mr. Hobhouse visited us in Carmel as a friend of Julie Heyneman. We are told it is a magnificent place.} The Curzon Herricks are fr relatives of the Sackville-Wests who own Knole Park. That house is the biggest private house in England (365 rooms, 52 staircases 12 courtyards, 7 acres of roof!) You know all about that place if

you have read “Orlando” {by Virginia Woolf} which describes it. Vita Sack-ville West

3 visited us in Carmel. She *is the Orlando* of the novel. Donnan was so unhappy to miss that place that he & I went down there secretly & (by paying 4/each) were shown through the state apartments today which are open to the public one day a week. Sunday I am to go {there} as a guest {with V. Sack-ville West} & also to Ightham Moat & Penshurst which 3 houses have been a dream of mine for years. We have been very busy in London seeing all kinds of places. Christina Hastings gave us a whirl. Percy Peacock & ♦ Harry Young & others whom you dont know. Did I tell you Harry & his wife have separated. He married Fannie Rowan a very rich *American*—friend of ours in L.A. They married in 19123, had 3 children

4 & now a year ago separated. I felt very sad at this because they are both such dear friends { of mine} & such dear people. Harry brought his daughter to tea with me the other day. I got a start—she {(a girl of 20)}

5 was the exact *image* of her mother {at that age}. She & I were alone a moment & I said “I saw your mother at lunch in Los Angeles a few days before I left” & she froze up instantly & turned the subject. Gave me a turn! I’d hate to have my boys look like that when they heard my name. Off to dinner now.

Love—
Una.

ALS. Tor House. 5 pages. Letterhead: White Hall, London. Postmark: October 15, 1937.

1. Lady Maud Kathleen Cairnes Plantagenet (Hastings) Curzon-Herrick (1893–1965) was the wife of William Montagu Curzon-Herrick (1891–1945) of Beaumanor Hall in Leicestershire. Writing as Maud Cairnes, Lady Curzon-Herrick published *Strange Journey*, a novel, in 1935.

2. Alexander Gavin Henderson, 2nd Baron Faringdon (1902–1977) belonged to the Bright Young People generation described in the novels of Evelyn Waugh and others. In later years he was a Labour peer, a London government official, and a vice president of the Fabian Society.

3. Victoria Mary “Vita” Sackville-West (1892–1962), English author, poet, and gardener whose books include *The Land* (1927), *The Edwardians* (1930), and *All Passion Spent* (1931). With her husband Sir Harold Nicholson (1886–1968), author and politician, Sackville-West purchased Sissinghurst Castle, Kent, in 1930. In restoring the property, the couple created a noteworthy garden, widely praised as one of the most beautiful in England.

4. Harry and Fannie Young actually had five children—Henry, Mary, Angela, Robert, and Doddridge.

5. Mary A. Young was born in 1917.

UJ to Noël Sullivan

October 17, 1937

Dearest Noël—

You were a darling to send the cable about Haig. It is a comfort to know he is flourishing—but if he loves Eulah best when I get home, how can I bear it.

Garth and Donnan are over in Paris for a few days—they started away gay as larks practicing their French phrases with especial attention to those ghastly rolling R-R-Rs. Garth lapsing into fluent *Mexican*-Spanish when his French broke down. They've been having a thrilling time in London making expeditions into every odd corner and going night wandering. I've been happy too seeing many old friends & ♦ making new ones. Robin not too sad either. We stayed nearly two weeks in London with Bess who did a million nice things for us and made us feel really at home. Ernestine and her sister

1 came in to tea one day. Ernestine looked very handsome and dashing in a darling black dress with some gold on it—and a little high black hat & wisp of veil. I wonder whether you knew Clifford Wight

sculptor a disciple of Rivera's? He & his wife came that day

2 He is an *ardent* communist & puts forward his views with much clarity & *firmness*. All of them working might & main for Spain.

3 We are spending a weekend in this lovely place—a great house shared this year by the Curzon-Herricks & the Marquis of Tweedale

4 & families. Lady Kathleen C-H. is a <over> ♦ sister of Jack Hastings,—thats how we came to know them—Well here we are at a big party of eighteen

5—every one of them except Hon. John Churchill (cousin of Winston)

6 upheld by a title but if they feel any different for it, they don't show it. They are charming & gay & witty & very

sweet to us. Lots of funny things have happened. Its funny the way our clothes are worked over & adjusted & readjusted,—its funny to see Robins frugal comb, toothbrush, & hairbrush (for thats *all* his necessities) lying on an *enormous* mirrored dressing table. Fun to see him sleepily trailing to his bed in the ♦ dawn to make a dent in it before the man comes to do things to him. My great canopied bed is as huge as the bed of Ware.

7 He has to stay the night, I am lost in it.

My lovely Fortuny makes me quite as nice as the other ladies. There are several important, much-talked of people here—I shall describe them to you one day.

Tues. we go for the night to Buscot Park,

8 Lord Farrington's place. He is here tonight.

We went all over Knole Park today both public & private rooms. Lord Sackville

9 took us. You remember V. Sackville-West (the "Orlando" of Virginia Wolfe's book lived there & the place is beautifully described. Some beautiful tapestries there & old glass. ♦

I can't remember whether you knew the Hastings. Cristina is a lark. Very dark & dashing & (just now) excited about the Spanish "*loyalists*." She is helping ge get medical supplies. Jack is painting extremely interesting things both murals & portraits. He has made the most extraordinary advance since he was in California. I shall p bring some prints of his things.

We sail from Southhampton Oct 30. Home in Carmel by Dec.

1. We've a week's engagements in N. Y. but shall away in

two days. Mabel writes she is going to have a months analysis with Brill in N. Y. We shall see her.

Keep well until we come. Love from us all.

Devotedly

Una.

O the twin lambs! Do keep them little until I see them.

10

ALS. Berkeley. 5 pages. Letterhead: Fairlawne, Tonbridge.

1. Ernestine (Wollenberg) Black (1878–1970) and Bertine (Wollenberg) Wilcox (1884– 1968). Ernestine was the widow of Orlow “Orin” Black (1868–1921), a highly regarded San Francisco newspaperman and editor of the *Overland Monthly*. Ernestine was also a San Francisco journalist.

2. Clifford Wight (ca. 1900–1960), an English artist, and his wife Jean (Abbott) Wight, later Whiteman (1906–1995). Clifford was one of Diego Rivera’s assistants on several projects, including the infamous Rockefeller fresco in New York that was destroyed in 1933 because it contained a portrait of Lenin. The following year Wight created his own scandal when he added a hammer and sickle, the words “United Workers of the World,” and other symbols of communism to a mural he painted for Coit Tower in San Francisco. The controversy helped delay the opening of the monument, which occurred only after the offending images and words were removed.

3. Among the people Robinson and Una met during this portion of their travels, Lord Faringdon was especially concerned with the Spanish Civil War. As a pacifist and ardent supporter of the Republican cause, he flew the Republican flag, sheltered exiled Spanish writers on his estate, and provided a home for refugee Basque children.

4. William George Montagu Hay, 11th Marquess of Tweeddale (1884–1967) and his wife Marguerite Christine (Ralli) Hay, Marchioness of Tweeddale (1882–1944).

5. Another guest at the party, mentioned in a January 25, 1938 letter from Una to Mabel Luhan (ALS Yale), not included in this edition, was Viscountess Massereene, born Jean Barbara Ainsworth (1883–1937). Una tells Mabel that the popular London hostess and authority on the folklore of ghosts died suddenly December 11, 1937.

6. Most likely John “Johnny” George Spencer Churchill (1909–1992), a painter, sculptor, and muralist who had recently returned from Spain. While Una identifies him as the cousin of Winston Churchill in this letter, she describes him as the cousin of the Duke of Marlborough in an October 21 letter to her mother and family. Johnny was actually Winston Churchill’s nephew and the second cousin of John Albert William Spencer-Churchill, the 10th Duke of Marlborough. He was also a relative of Kathleen Curzon-Herrick and a close friend of the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale.

7. The Great Bed of Ware, measuring 11 feet wide by 10 feet long and 9 feet high, was made for an inn in Ware, Hertfordshire, around 1590. The Victoria and Albert Museum

in London acquired the elaborately carved oak four-poster in 1931.

8. Buscot Park, an eighteenth-century neoclassical country house located near Faringdon in Oxfordshire, was acquired by Alexander Henderson, 1st Baron Faringdon, in the late 1800s. Alexander and his grandson Gavin, 2nd Baron Faringdon, filled the home with English and continental art, including major works by Rembrandt, Rubens, Gainsborough, van Dyck, Reynolds, and many others. The extensive collection of Pre-Raphaelite art at Buscot Park features an important installation by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who covered the walls of a room with four large paintings and ten connecting scenes in his Briar Rose series.

9. Charles Sackville-West, 4th Baron Sackville (1870–1962), Vita Sackville-West’s uncle, was a decorated British Army general, military attaché, and lieutenant governor of Guernsey.

10. Added vertically in right margin.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

October 21. 1937

Dearest Melba:

This *is* a find,—the most thrilling place in England—in Devon near the Cornish coast—its an old stone farmhouse (with some new wings added for space) on a flat rock just a few feet above high tide. High jutting cliffs behind & around it, broken jagged rocks in front a wild sea foaming over them

& dashing spray against the windows—old, worn gray without, inside—warm colors, shining brass, open fires everywhere & *fine* cooking! O what Devonshire clotted cream & raspberry jam—R's & my bedroom just above the sea which roars & boils amongst the rocks. I adore it! ♦

Garth & Donnan went over to Paris by themselves for four days. Robin & I went to a grand {weekend} house party given by Lady {Kathleen} Curzon Herrick & Marchioness of Tweedale Then another night to Lord Farringdon's beautiful place Buscot Park near Farringdon. This weekend we all go to "Lamyatt" near Bath to visit the Hobhouses. We've had fun two weeks in London seeing lots of ol old friends & meeting new ones & swirling around everywhere. I think I wrote you we went around the Inner & outer Hebrides, north way to the Shetlands & Orkneys then back along the west coast f{.}

Motored from Cape Wrath down to Glasgow. Wild & beautiful. We sail for USA Oct 30 from Southampton. We have a week's engagements in N. Y. but hope to get away in two days. Then three days in Mich. (c/o Mrs. Isabel Call, Mason, Ingham Co. Michigan).—Mabel is in N. Y. being analyzed by Brill *again*. So we shall not stop at Taos. We *may* go by Carlsbad cCaverns. I hope so.—So we shall

I arrive at Deep Well about Nov 19 or 20. If not convenient for you—write me at Mason. I wish Ha would meet us there for a day! Hope Fran is better.

Love from Una

Although he is certainly the world's worst traveller, Robin has survived to this point & I hope to get him home intact.

2 ♦

P. S.

We had an interesting time in the Bod.

3 No others visitors and the curator very friendly and full of information. I had an interesting time about a Shelley manuscript In 1922 the year of the Shelley centenary, Sara Bard Field was there at the Bod. and (she was writing a Shelley article at the time) asked to see a mss. of Shelleys which in some queer way she had heard was had been there for some years unopened but to be opened centenary year. The whole Bod. force was turned upside down by this. Most of them denied the existence of it. At last ♦ one man knew about it but said it was being {privately} *edited* in London, by whom or how he knew not. Eleanor Wylie

4 also at another time went and make a great commotion {but no results, no information.} So I brought up the matter. Magical results! My nice curator rushed away with great velocity and brought a special man to talk to me This man has that mss. in charge and talked at length about it. It is a set of personal correspondence. He says there are no new disclosures or information in it but it is still not open to the public eye.—There is something *queer* about it all. Anyway it made some interesting conversation!

5A full length portrait of present Pope

6 in the Bodleian. Curator said Pope was once a Reader there & when he was made Pope, the Readers sent him an illuminated address & he responded with his—portrait

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages. Letterhead: Quay Hotel, Hartland, N. Devon.

1. The remainder of this paragraph, the closing, and the signature are written vertically in left margin and across the top of first page.
2. Written in top margin, first page.
3. The Bodleian Library on the campus of Oxford University.
4. Elinor (Hoyt) Wylie (1885–1928), poet and novelist, was the the second wife of William Rose Benét. Her books include *Nets to Catch the Wind* (1921), *Jennifer Lorn: A Sedate Extravaganza* (1923), and *Angels and Earthly Creatures* (1928).
5. Written vertically in left margin, across top, and down right margin of fourth page.
6. Pope Pius XI (1857–1939), born Ambrogio Damiano Achille Ratti, assumed the papal throne in February 1922.

UJ to Isabelle Call and Family

October 21. [1937]
Hartland Quay Hotel. Devon.

Dear ones at Mason.

1We are tonight at a wonderful hotel in Devon—near to Cornwall A *marvellous* place. An old stone farmhouse enlarged. Its on a flat place on the rocks close to sea with high jagged cliffs rising above it behind & at the sides. Sea splashing over {against} the windows. Gray & wild outside—but inside warm open fires & shining brass {warm

curtains} & grand food I think it the most thrilling place we've seen in England.

Boys had several grand days in Paris & saw a great deal. R & I went to 2 house parties. Lady Curzon Herricks & Lord Farrington. (See his coronet on {envelope} ♦ All of our experiences at these grand parties we will tell you when we arrive.—All 18 at first party & everyone but one {(& ourselves!)} titled! (Except { He was} Hon. John Churchill cousin of Duke of Marlborough). Well they ex acted exactly like very nice people anywhere & were charming & gay & witty & we had a lovely time.

We went through Knole Park with Lord Sackville. a beautiful place.—all about this when we come.

Dearest love to you all.

Una.

Boys will be 21 in N.Y.! ♦

Private

Oct 21

Daisy how AWFUL that Violet must lose her house! I got your letter last night & couldn't sleep for thinking about it. I wish I could prevent it but

don't see how I can. Supposing I could arrange a temporary loan—enough to tide over—what then? There seems no immediate prospect or even hope of Neil getting a job & how can they hope to finance it? ♦ Even so I would buy it for her if I could, though certainly, pressed as she is for money all the

time, she'd certainly be forced soon to mortgage it. But when I think of her love for it & the work she has put into it & how sweet & homelike she made it, it makes me sick. Cannot Noel {Neil} get some training that will start him afresh. Its a shame O dear why are we all so *poor*. ♦

From Melba Bennett who wrote "Robinson Jeffers & the Sea." We are to stay a few days with her.

How dreadfully sorry I am to hear about Carrie's wrist. I do hope she wont be bothered with it very long but it surely won't be possible to work with for some weeks.

We are sailing for home from South Hampton Oct 30. Shall stay in N.Y for several days then on to Mason about Nov 12. Will wire you but I think it will be best for us to stop at a hotel. We can come out & see you all the time but cause no ♦ bother about meals or cleaning up after us. Carrie will be in no condition for extra work & you've had your hands full. So I'm sure thats the best solution.

ALS. Tor House. 6 pages.

1. Three two-page sections comprise this letter. The first two pages are written on the opposite sides of a letter Una received from Noël Sullivan, dated October 4, 1937. Across the top of Noël's letter Una writes "Send to Edith." The next two pages, marked "Private," are written on separate sheets. The last two pages are written on the opposite sides of a letter Una received from Melba Bennett, dated September 20, 1937.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

In deck chair
Nov 6. 1937

Dear Larry,

We land tomorrow after an uneventful passage.—(2 very rough days) I am sorry I could not see Margaret H.

1 When I got to London I showed a friend her address & was told it could only be Tavistock so I sent a note to her there {(setting a time for her to come)} which was forwarded to Taviton but she rec'd it too late & I could not afterwards arrange any time. Every moment was filled ten times over. I have many friends in London, & English people have such a cordial way of passing you on ♦ from friend to friend that we were very much involved. R & I went to two big country houses to stay while the boys were in Paris & afterwards we four went to another for a long week-end I could scarcely bear to turn my back on England. It suits me perfectly! I had a note from M. H. down in Devon trying to arrange a date but we did not return again to London. I wrote to her that I would, if she wished, mark a copy *The Tower beyond Tragedy* for her indicating the cuts that Duerr made & how he used the lines—It might be suggestive to her ♦

I do not quite know when we shall be at Tor House. We have several inescapable engagements in N. Y. & then my mother in Mich, a few days at Palm Springs & possibly some time in Taos depending on whether Mabel is in N. Y. or there. Robin is eager to be home again.

Our car has behaved splendidly & been a tremendous comfort & shelter in bad weather! We drove, over here, just under

10,000 miles. We walked a good deal & took many little boat trips this time.

I am so in love with Donegal that it will henceforth be the first place I rush to in Ireland.

I hope I wrote you cards from the Hebrides—Orkneys and Shetlands? & {on} our trip down the wild western coast of Scotland from Cape Wrath south? Strange visit to {T. E.} Lawrence's grave & house at Clouds Hill, another one to Stinsford Church where Hardy's heart is,

2—that day the grave was heaped high with flowers Mrs H, his second wife, just buried a few days before.

3 & to Bournemouth where Mary Shelley is buried & old W^m Godwin & Mary Wollstonecraft & Shelley's heart & PSir Percy Shelley

4—and an afternoon at Newstead Abbey!—

5

I hope you got the post you wanted. I wrote to Virginia J. at once.

Una J.

ALS. Occidental. 3 pages. Letterhead: Cunard White Star *Brittanic*.

1. Margaret (Carey) Powell Hargreaves (1898–1987) was the former wife of Harold Clark Powell, Lawrence Clark Powell's brother. She lived at 20A Taviton Street in London. Information contained in letters located in the Jeffers archives at Occidental College Library, not used in this edition, indicates that Hargreaves was interested in *The Tower Beyond*

Tragedy—perhaps with the goal of producing the play in England. She was affiliated with Ashley Dukes (1885–1959), an English playwright and theater manager.

2. After Thomas Hardy died in 1928, his heart was buried in his first wife’s grave at St. Michael’s Church in Stinsford, Dorset. The rest of his cremated body was interred in the Poet’s Corner of Westminster Abbey in London.

3. Florence (Dugdale) Hardy died October 17, 1937.

4. A family sepulcher in the graveyard of St. Peter’s Church in Bournemouth holds the remains of Mary Shelley (1797–1851), her parents, her son, and her daughter-in-law. Mary’s husband, Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822), drowned in Italy. When his body was recovered, it was immediately cremated on a beach near Viareggio. According to accounts of this event, one of Shelley’s companions, Edward Trelawney, plucked Shelley’s unburned heart from the pyre and gave it to Mary, who kept it for the rest of her life.

5. Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire, was the ancestral home of Lord Byron.

UJ to Blanche Matthias

November 11. 1937.

Dearest Blanche—

You are a comfort—always the untiring loving friend wherever & whenever,—beautiful & sweet, and underneath

the soft femininity, firm & wise! Well, I could say equally admiring things about Russell but you know them already!

We had an extremely interesting time at Edna Millay's—a lovely old square white farmhouse set on a hill—big rather empty comfortable rooms {(with 2 Steinway grands!) } well heated, with wide views out over the wooded hills & oh very far away & lonely. It is beautiful country & familiar to me as my own hand but ♦ I do not love it. I have It has awakened old memories in me. There is something in those pinched frame houses and graceless streets that my soul rejected long ago.—I know how beautiful the place might be {look} when leaves are thick & green—but the meagre skeleton {meagre but how unbending inflexible} is there hidden away even then.

We had dinner at Arthur Ficke's at his farm even remoter, 15 miles from Millay.—Edna was charming & loving & most interesting to look at, pale green eyes & trailing silk gown same color—Lots of talk of Poetry etc.—We went today to Byrdcliffe {near Woodstock.} Byrd & Peter Whitehead
I had left a week ago. It looked very desolate & run down.

Thanks for everything—I liked your friends so much. I left so many nice things undone in N. Y. Wish I could have stopped a week at least. We found a long telegram from Noël {on boys' birthday,} at Millays, forwarded I suppose by Bennett. He sent his love to you two, & so do we.

Devotedly
Una.

We had a very amusing hour at Masters.

Gladys Ficke told me Erskine had been very ill—heart attack—a very bad one but now better.

ALS. Yale. 2 pages. Letterhead: Hotel Rathbun, Elmira, New York.

1. Geoffrey “Peter” Whitehead (1901–1975), Ralph and Jane Byrd Whitehead’s younger son.

2. This and the following postscript are written across the top of the first page.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Mason. Michigan.

Nov. 14. 1937

Dear Bennett—

Here we are safely on our way west. We had an interesting visit at Edna Millay’s & had dinner with Arthur & Gladys Ficke—all put away on remote farms.—We also called for a moment on Edgar Lee Masters { at The Chelsea } whom we are both fond of. Otherwise we saw none of Robin’s friends & literary confrères—he couldnt get out of New York fast enough so I couldn’t swing it anything: except lunch at the Algonquin with some friends of mine & Leon Kroll.

1—I found here a letter from Dr. William Van Wyck, 1360 Jones Street San Francisco. He wants a review copy of “Such Counsels”—to review over the air ♦ Please send one & charge to our

account if it doesn't come in their ordinary scope of review copies. Van Wyck is one of Robin's most enthusiastic supporters in season & out & has already talked of R. J. at least half dozen times in his regular broadcasts.

2

We never rec'd any mid year account from Random House—was it sent?

It is snowing here today—a new experience for us.

It was very nice seeing you & Donald & Haas

3 & I was most interested to get a look at your handsome offices!—I'm proud already that we are in your book lists.

Love from

Una.

We won't get back to Carmel before Dec 10. what with Taos—and Palm Springs.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

1. Abraham Leon Kroll (1884–1974), an American artist who worked in the realist tradition, was an influential teacher at the National Academy of Design, the Art Students League, and other institutions.

2. William van Wyck (1883–1956) was a writer, translator, and educator based in Berkeley, California. In a book titled *How to Enjoy Poetry* (Sacramento, Calif.: Barent Barentse, 1956), van Wyck describes Jeffers as “the most controversial poet” of recent years. “He may well be the ranking poet of the

English speaking world of this century,” he adds. “If he seems to preach a gospel of despair, he does so, and in such terms as to place him among the greatest poets of all time” (p. 124).

3. Robert K. Haas (1890–1974), president of the Book-of-the-Month Club from 1926 to 1931, co-founded the publishing firm of Harrison Smith & Robert Haas before merging it with Random House in 1936. He was a vice president of Random House until his retirement in 1956 and a director thereafter.

RJ to William Berkowitz

[November 1937]

Dear William Berkowitz:

I received a letter from yYour father {wrote to me} suggesting that you would like to receive a letter from me, and I am delighted to send one. The days no doubt seem long which you have to stay in bed, {though} though you probably have more amusing amusing things to occupy your time during the long days in bed. One of my sons had to sta One of my sons had to stay in bed for awhile after measles and a throat infection, and I used to read to him. This was ten years ago; now he is just twenty-one years old now {when he was a little boy; he is just a big one now, {[illegible]} and a member of the Univ. of Calif. wrestling team.

I am writing from Michigan; we have been travelling in Great Britain and Ireland, and we are on our way home to California. We visited Orkney and Shetland, the little islands north of Scotland, interested me as much as anything. In the

Orkney Islands we sailed through Scapa Flow, where the Germans sank the great fleet which they had surrendered to the British at the end of the war. While we were there a German warship was being brought up from the bottom, to be used {floated south and broken up} for scrap iron. In Shetland we saw a man from Iceland, who had sailed from there all alone in a little motor-skiff, and was going on to Norway. He was a middle-aged man, and wanted {decided} {wanted} to see the world a little before he grew too old. They are stormy {dark and dangerous} seas, and he had no charts {at all} and no navigating [illegible] except a compass; but somehow had found his way and expected to go back again. He was a man about fifty years old, a fisherman, who ha who had been had sailed from Iceland {the year bef} before and been beaten back by storms, but this time he had got through.

It is interesting too to see the North Star almost straight overhead, {for} I had never been so far north before. {At home in California it is quite low in the sky, and {and} as you go north it rises higher.} These islands used to belong to Norway, and the people are mostly of Norwegian race race {like the Icelanders,} but—they talk English. They are happy intelligent people, good farmers and fishermen [illegible] be so little small and strong in the northern ocean [illegible] The old [illegible] {Viking [illegible]} of Orkney [illegible] were relatives of William the Conquerer.

I hope I have given you one or two interesting thoughts.

Sincerely yours,

ALD. HRC Texas. 1 page.

RJ to Dorothy Norman

As from

Tor House, Carmel,
California.

November 15, 1937.

Dear Miss Norman:

1

I'd be glad to offer you something for your *American Quarterly*,

2 but at present there is nothing. We are on our way home from traveling in Europe, and I haven't written a line in six months. It was very pleasant. When I get home the mill will start up again; perhaps there will be something suitable for you. Best wishes for the new magazine.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Yale. 1 page. Letterhead (crossed out): Hotel Rathbun, Elmira, New York.

1. Dorothy (Stecker) Norman (1905–1997), a writer, editor, photographer, and social activist, became romantically involved with Alfred Stieglitz when she was in her early twenties and he was in his mid-sixties. Both were married—she to Edward A. Norman, heir to a department store fortune, he to Georgia O'Keeffe. With Norman's help, Stieglitz opened his legendary New York gallery, *An American Place*, in 1929. Norman wrote a weekly column for the *New York Post* from 1942 to 1949 and published a

number of books, including *Alfred Stieglitz: Introduction to an American Seer* (1960), *Nehru: The First Sixty Years* (1965), and *Encounters: A Memoir* (1987).

2. Norman changed the title of her journal from *American Quarterly* to *Twice a Year: A Semi-Annual Journal of Literature, the Arts, and Civil Liberties*. The first issue appeared in 1938, the last in 1948.

RJ to Hyatt Howe Waggoner

As from Tor House, Carmel, California.

November 21, 1937.

Dear Mr. Waggoner:

1

I will try to answer the questions in your letter of Nov. 10.

First, as to the importance of science for the artist and for the thinker. It seems to me that for the thinker (in the wider sense of the word) a scientific basis is an essential condition. We cannot take any philosophy seriously if it ignores or garbles the facts {knowledge} and view-points that determine the intellectual life of our time. (These data and view-points are not final, of course. A thinker might attack some of them successfully; but he must not be ignorant of them.)

For the contemporary artist science is important but not {at all} essential. He might have no more modern science than Catullus yet be as great an artist. But his range and significance would be limited accordingly.

Your other questions refer to my own intellectual development. I cannot remember what were the first scientific books that made an impression on me. My father was a clergyman but also intelligent, and he brought me up to timely ideas about origin of species, descent of man, astronomy, geology, etc., so that progress was gradual, none of the view-points of modern science came as a revelation. Studies in university and medical school gave me more room to move in, more points of support, but never, that I remember, any sudden readjustment.—And so with later reading.

In my writing I have tried to avoid the special vocabularies of science (which would seem pedantic in verse) while accepting its influence.

You are welcome to quote anything in this letter, though I fear it is not particularly interesting.

2

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

3

ALS. Brown. 1 page.

1. Hyatt Howe Waggoner (1913–1988), a professor of English at the University of Kansas City from 1942 to 1956 and at Brown University from 1956 to 1980, was the author of a number of works on Nathaniel Hawthorne. He also published *The Heel of Elohim: Science and Values in Modern American Poetry* (1950), *American Poets from the Puritans to*

the Present (1968), *American Visionary Poetry* (1982), and other books.

2. Waggoner wrote Jeffers with questions for an essay he was working on—"Science and the Poetry of Robinson Jeffers," *American Literature* (November 1938): 275–288. Jeffers' response (all but the first and last paragraphs of this letter) was included in the essay, page 287.

3. A handwritten draft of this letter is located in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities Research Center, Texas.

RJ to Clinton Judy

Taos, New Mexico.
November 27, 1937.

Dear Clinton Judy:

Thank you very much for your letter about my verses.

1 I had qualms about having the book sent to you, lest the sending might seem to require such a letter; yet it is pleasant to know that you found good in it. I agree with your feeling that the young man was not big enough to be a tragic victim; there ought to be at least a bull for that imaginary bull-baiting, not a mouse nor a mongrel. In life it usually *is* a mouse, for bulls are rare and demi-gods fabulous; in poetry there should be selection—only, if the issues are real enough, then even a mouse might serve, cracking his teeth against the cage-wire; from a certain point of view there is little to choose between mouse and Heracles.

We have had interesting months abroad since we saw you,—interesting even to me, who went reluctantly, and Una says am the world's worst traveller.—Not quite so bad as that: but I didn't particularly want anything from Europe. Yet the Orkneys alone were worth the voyage:—their sombre northern sea-solitude; the great stone-circle and hollow mound, so old that the runes scratched on the stones by Viking visitors seem almost of our own time; the memories of the Armada, the memories of Scapa Flow, where they are still resurrecting German warships for scrap-iron, for new weapons—but these vulture-views of history are not the attraction, really; or would not be except as they illustrate their tender and savage background.—As do the sweet watery names of the islands—Stroma, Swona, Flotta, and so forth.

Una may enclose a note with this, or in any case will write soon. We are visiting here in Taos, beautiful with frost and snow at present, but shall be home within ten days I hope.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. California IT. 1 page.

1. In a letter dated October 26, 1937 (TLS HRC Texas), Judy thanks Jeffers for sending him a copy of his most recent book. "*Such Counsels You Gave to Me* is a beautiful poem," he says, "but its tragedy is so purely one of pity and terror that I am left after reading it in an emotional confusion: energized, yes, but discouraged too and resentful. The young man carrying a battered straw suitcase is so hopeless a cripple. And though one knows that life holds such people one feels a dull anger at the sight of them." He adds, "I am not silly

enough to be complaining that you do not radiate optimism (your *Self-Criticism* is interesting, and the *in February* is an excellent touch) but am only saying that you ask your reader to go under the knife without an anaesthetic.”

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Taos. New Mexico
November 29. 1937

Darling Clapps:

We are wild with impatience to get back to Carmel.—to Tor House & all our friends & Sea & Haig. We promised to stay at least two weeks here & that will be until Sat. Dec 4.—As we do not intend to come to Taos on our usual summer jaunt we must not cut this any shorter. Our plan has been to go home by way of Carlsbad Caverns {we cant go to in summer, too hot. Would kill Haig.} which means several extra days; also we promised to stop at Deep Well Ranch, Palm Springs No possibility of arriving in Carmel before Dec 12 & probably a day or so later. Once there I won't be leaving again very soon! The weather is clear & cold here. Zero at night but up to 60° in the sun in daytime The acéquia is frozen over & two days the {whole} place was covered with snow. It is now in patches. I am glad to have seen this region in winter. The clear air & bare branches, brilliant sunshine & stark purple & rose of the mts. (O the purple shadows on the snowy peaks!) are all strange & lovely ♦ but I do not feel much interest in winter. Sixteen severe winters in Michigan in my youth has completely satisfied my curiosity & interest in snow. I cant help but say however that I feel awfully well & energetic in this cold!

We had a wild trip across Kansas coming from Michigan. Cold snow & sleet—thin ice & for two hundred miles we drove over roads coated two inches deep in ice. We saw at least thirty cars off the road, four of them upside down. Cars skidding completely around directly in front of us & we waltzing from side to side. Boys would say “Now, Una, Relax!” but the instant I did sink back we would cavort & shy to edge of the ditch! Felt much more comfortable after we left that region. We went up state in New York to Edna Millay {at her} farm at Austerlitz,—then crossed the Hudson River at *Hudson*—& across the state to Erie. I’d rather die at once than live in any place I saw across that whole state. We had lunch with Frieda a few days ago. She is in bouncing health & spirits. The Aldous Huxley’s

1 have been with her all summer. Maria Huxley & Frieda may come to Carmel this winter. Cady Wells & Myron Brynig are coming to lunch tomorrow. Krishnamurti has been visiting Frieda!

All our love.

Una.

Do stay until the last possible instant in Carmel. There is so much to tell & ask! Mabel is still expecting to go to consult Brill in N. Y. She is in topping spirits.

2

ALS. Yale. 2 pages. Postmark: November 30, 1937.

1. Aldous Huxley (1894–1963), British author of *Brave New World* (1932) and other works, and his Belgian wife Maria (Nys) Huxley (1898–1955). The Huxleys moved from Europe to Los Angeles in 1937.

2. Written in top right corner, first page.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

‰ Mabel Luhan
Taos. New Mexico
Dec 1. 1937

Dear Bennett:

We expect to leave here Dec 4 after two weeks here with Mabel. This country is now very different from its summer aspect which we've always seen before. Zero weather at night & clear cold days with brilliant sunshine. Snow some days. Mabel is in bouncing spirits & there is much rushing to & fro.—We expect to be home by Dec 12 but it may be a little later. We stop two days with Melba Bennett at Deep Well Ranch, Palm Springs & may go down to Carlsbad Caverns about 275 mi. south of here before we go home.

We had lunch on the mt. with Frieda one day. The Aldous Huxleys have left after spending the summer with her. Maria H. & Frieda may come to Carmel for part of the winter. ♦

We had a wildish trip across the continent from Michigan. So cold & 2 in. of ice on the Kansas roads. We saw one day over thirty cars skidded off the road—some of them upside down. Couldn't relax for a moment as we lunged & staggered from side to side

Please order sent to me 8 copies of "*Such Counsels*"—& 2 copies Modern Lib. Ed. of "*Roan Stallion*"—I mean sent to Tor House & charge authors account.

Robin has begun to write at something & I suspect he doesn't realize himself yet how refreshed he is by this interval.—I see him very eager to work—

Much love from us
Una.

ALS. Columbia. 2 pages.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel
December 15. 1937

Dearest Melba—

I renew my Irish memories with this sheet of { from } the *most perfect* small {small} hotel in Ireland. It is long past midnight but I mustn't let one more hour go by without sending you my grateful thanks for our perfect days with you. Such beautiful views & such really *luxurious* arrangements combined somehow with a feeling of simplicity & friendly hospitality. I think you have worked a wonder there! And my dear, such food! It was all perfect & will you thank your nice husband too. He is a great dear & precisely the kind of person I like, completely natural. I hope we shall see more of him.—The dates arrived today along with a box of French pastry from Albert. Alas my figure! but *thanks*, I adore dates & when they are all gone Ill diet like mad. I've got to lose 7

pounds.—We arrived home in a wild storm & oh how beautiful it was here.—We came into this ♦ dark house & began to sort ourselves out & unpack enough to go to bed with & to cook our supper & build fires—it was as if we had been gone ten minutes! How a house takes possession of one—one stretches out a hand in the dark—there exactly are the matches, a quarter turn—the stove & one doesn't even need a candle! At 10:30 Noël arrived {in wild storm} with a snow white angel Haig & I *wept!*—Well, since then, wild gyrations, our darling Clapps left this morning,—Noël—John & Claire Evans, Ellen O'Sullivan, Sidney Fish, the O'Sheas, Kusters, and all the stark tragedy of the Flavins
1—our time so over full.

Stacks of mail & errands & a dusty, spider-webby house. Noël wired to ask for key to have it cleaned & ready for us but who can attend to this wee crowded house but *me!* And dust dusty & confused as it was—as I *left* it in our mad frenzy of departure what do you suppose gave me the greatest stab of pleasure—the *smell* of it. Shut up all these months—it smelt like a flower. Well, the odor of sanctity for us! This place is so beautiful—our trees *so* grown—the sea more magnificent & menacing.—I love several places but this one most of all. Everyone says Robin looks so well. He does.

Our thanks & love.

Una. in-a-hurry.

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages. Letterhead: Derg Hotel, Mountshannon, County Clare.

1. On the morning of December 6, 1937, Martin Flavin and his wife Sarah “Sally” Keese (Arnold) Flavin (1885–1937), an artist and teacher, were at Spindrift, their seacoast estate in the Carmel Highlands. Martin was in his writing studio, and Sally had set up a camera and tripod at the edge of a nearby cliff in order to photograph the ocean. Later in the day, Martin realized Sally was missing. Authorities were eventually notified, and the discovery of her shoe and sock in the surf below Yankee Point led to the presumption that Sally had fallen from the cliff and drowned. The search for her body was halted December 10 due to high winds and waves; her remains washed ashore at Point Lobos a month later, January 6, 1938.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Dec 15. 1937.

Tor House. Carmel

Dearest Mabel:

I haven't seen Bonnie Leslie

1 yet—they were away when we called but John brought Sandy in to see us one morning & he is a DARLING child. Husky & goodlooking & nice expression. The Clapps left this morning early. We had to give most of our time to them because they waited here for us.—I can't remember what stage the Flavin tragedy was in when I wrote you—but besides the shoe & sock—her belt washed in. {afterwards} This was not spoken of in the papers. Mollie {Mollie} gave us to understand last night that it was in a shocking state—I couldn't quite understand how—but evidently gruesome & decomposed.

2 John {O'S.} said she was wearing a seven thousand dollar diamond when she was drowned.

Horrors! I've had a lot of work to do the last few days just to get us going nicely. Beginning to see my way clear now.

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

I suppose the von Maltzahn deposition happened today & I do hope you get time to write about it—what they really said when under oath, & are they leaving there

3 & did they said anything about Tony? I don't see how they could bring in extraneous talk like that into the case. O I forgot to say Martin didn't send you the wire. Mollie did that on her own.

Did I tell you Esther Moore Roark is suing him {her husband} for divorce.

4 Perhaps she & Sidney will join their fates—

I am sorry we happened to coincide with Mrs. Blakemore's sleepless nights with her sick husband & wore her down completely. I ought to have cooked our meals myself. I am so used to doing it that I wouldn't have minded. Four of us is a regular army. This is nasty paper & blots but I've sent for better. Our place looks as beautiful as a dream & the trees have grown tremendously. The boys are both working outdoors, clearing up. Donnan is trimming trees & his maze. Garth moving the stone pile. Haig is

happy as a lark going around his familiar spots. The night we arrived home a dreadful rain & wind was raging. R{obin} went out about 2:30 in the night to put on the south shutters. It was like some wild tragic happening to see him through the window struggling ♦ with the shutters like big live birds they were flapping in his arms. The rain *beating* down. wind howling.

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

Noël is very darling. We are fonder & fonder of him.

I shall write more of John & Claire as soon as I can. They seemed, the time I saw them together, content & settled.

John & Lee Crowe play tennis & the boys intend to play with them too.

Phoebe Barkan drove down to see me this morning Hans is just recovered from a prostate gland operation.

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

Roland Morgan has gone back to his wife
5 in Bakersfield after all these years.

We love you & thank you!

Devotedly
Una.

I return your letters & send clippings about Sally in another envelope not air-mail. C. Hovey sounds so *nice* & natural
6

ALS. Yale. 3 pages.

1. John and Claire Evans' daughter, Bonnie Leslie Evans, was born October 30, 1937.
2. Una is referring to Sally Flavin's belt; her body had not yet been found.
3. Dr. Charles Kantor's libel lawsuit—in which Mabel was accused of raising doubts about his having a license to practice medicine—was based upon statements made by Teddy von Maltzahn, whose official deposition was recorded at this time. In late October 1937, Teddy and Hanni sold their Taos ranch to Frieda Lawrence. They returned to Europe the following spring, where they purchased and restored Schloss Hohenstein, a sixteenth-century castle located in the Carinthian village of Liebenfels, Austria.
4. Following her divorce from George Gordon Moore in 1933, Esther married Aiden/Aidan Roark (1905–1984), an Irish-born polo star and film studio executive, in January 1934. In her divorce complaint, Esther charged Roark with cruelty, saying, for instance, that he once drove her from Carmel to Los Angeles during a heavy rainstorm; they were in an open-top automobile, and he ignored her protests.

5. Roland Morgan married Roberta Holtby (1886–1979) of Bakersfield in 1911 and lived with her periodically in the Holtby family home on Oleander Avenue.

6. Written vertically in left margin, first page.

RJ to Carl Van Vechten

Tor House, Carmel, California.
December [20], 1937.

Dear Mr. Van Vechten:

Thank you cordially for the photographs, which are splendid as photography and please me very much. One or two of them tell all too honestly that the subject was tired, harassed by New York, and suffering viler weather than he had known for thirty years—but that is not *their* fault.

I note what you say about reproduction rights reserved, and disliking newspaper reproduction.—Of course, and quite right.

We are all so sorry not to have seen you on our return. It was just impossible to stop more than a day or so in New York, and there was no time.—I hope you got home safely with Bennett Cerf's china cat,
1 from that delightful dinner-party.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Yale. 1 page. Postmark: December 20, 1937.

1. Van Vechten was especially fond of cats. His compendium of cat lore, *The Tiger in the House* (1920), is regarded as a classic in its field. See also his collection of stories about cats, *Lords of the Housetops* (1921).

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

December 26. 1937

Tor House. Carmel

Dear Larry:

We like the Lawrence catalogue so much.

1 Its a fine example of that type of book, & beautifully printed. We had already examined Frieda's copy. She admired it tremendously.

Robin wrote only a few lines over in the British Isles but I think is much refreshed by his travels. I hope he will proceed on his way now—

Our boys go back to college Jan 12. I hate to spare them. I'm quite spoiled by having my three so long.

Yes of course he will be glad to autograph Schoonover's things & ♦ forward them.

Christmas here has been saddened by the tragic death—of Sally Flavin

I hope your holidays are happy & your family well.

Cordially,—in haste.
Una Jeffers

Dr. Bird is here & we had tea with them—they have a darling house.

Thanks again for the Lawrence item.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. Lawrence Clark Powell, *The Manuscripts of D. H. Lawrence: A Descriptive Catalogue*, foreword by Aldous Huxley (Los Angeles: Los Angeles Public Library, 1937). An edition of 750 copies was printed by the Ward Ritchie Press.

UJ to Blanche Matthias

Tor House. Carmel.
December 30. 1937

Darling Blanche:

Not even yet has life begun to settle into an orderly pattern—& I cannot tell when or whether I've written you since N. Y. but I must have, you have been in my mind so often. Perhaps I've told you of our visit to Millay & to {Arthur} Ficke's in their lonely {lonely not lovely}

1 farmhouses. (Horrors

how dreary beyond words the N. Y. country landscape in Nov.!) At Millays the wire you so kindly forwarded—then to the desolation of Byrdcliffe the estate Ralph Whitehead loved so, then my family in Mich. & a cold ride across country to Taos. Kansas 200 miles of icy perilous road, one day saw

over thirty cars off the road in snow—some of them upside down & so we waltzed & staggered along. Two weeks with Mabel in the bare austere clear winter air (zero at night, 60° by day) Snow. Carlsbad Caverns fantastic & tiring. Deep Well Ranch at Palm Springs with Melba Bennett ♦ most luxurious. SUCH FOOD! Frisky horses to ride. {A cowboy dance} {a desert ride to breakfast party} Cañons walked up, & there she gave me a little square silver box, Navajo-made, which I liked so much I bought one for you. There we rec'd the wire of Sally's death. Home in awful downpour all day. At night at 10:30 Noël appeared in terrific gale with Haig. (Noël had telephoned to me night before at Deep Well from San Fran.) Haig in grand shape. I wept when I got him in my arms.

2

In morning to see Martin, who wants to talk by HOURS about Sally. He is in great sorrow, & keeps very dramatic. Dramatizes it all as his nature is. (Queer contrast he & Sidney who *cant* talk.) Only her shoe & sock & belt have ever come in—the seas were awful. Have seen him many times—They go out constantly. Phyllis Griffin has stayed there. Flavia has proved a fine help & *grew* up suddenly Sally left word in will that all her clothes that her sister couldnt use should be burned so I hear ♦ of a dramatic {bon-}fire on the seashore. Sister

3 is a complete invalid & could use few clothes. Had you realized Sally was 54? Martin says she was just 18 mo. younger than he.

Christmas {night} dinner at Tevises as always. At noon a dinner at Noël's (just we) Noël's birthday. Night a party with dancing at Mollie O'Shea's after we left Tevis {es} es.

Last year after Christmas eve dinner with Clapps we went on to Sally's & then Olga's. Both gone now!

Harrison Smith & son spent Christmas at John's & Claire's

Just a few harried days here before darling Clapps left—& little chance to talk. I love them.

John & Claire happy in Masten house.

4 They were 5 mo. in Stewart house

beyond us but too expensive. Claire is heavy (165 lbs or more) & *much more beautiful*. Face serene & lovely as a Madonna. Nice baby—& their 2½ yr old boy one of the most attractive children I ever saw. ♦

The Stowkowskys—lately divorced

5—spent Christmas week at Mabel's together with their children! Very progressive as Mabel remarks.

Jean Kellogg was here yesterday. Long talk. Such an attractive girl. Always with new ideas—Told me much about her father's death.

6 Also of Paul Dougherty's rty's collapse & return of arthritis & Paula's stomach trouble & dogs sick & all in great confusion starting away {to Arizona} the day Sally was lost. (She was doing her first sea pictures—an assignment from the camera club she had just go joined. Irony.)

Sorry I didn't have a chance to choose a picture for you. The ticket wasn't lucky.

To the last I've left my thanks for the truly *perfect* sandalwood scent. You know how I love it & you for

remembering And Robin is enjoying his tobacco pouch—He has gotten that British.

In horrid haste

With devoted love.

Una.

The happiest New Year for you & Russell! ♦

Forgot to tell you.—Perhaps you'll laugh as I did. Lloyd & Lee Tevis here today. Lloyd said they were at a party at Martin Flavin's lately Lloyd noticed a horrible picture {painting} in a dark corner. Said it looked like a dreadful anthropoid ape. He was a bit elevated & hunted up John O'Shea & pointed it out to him & expressed his distaste eloquently to John, who looked at it intently & said "Do you think it ought to have a bit more light at that side?" Lloyd said "God forbid. I can see more than I want to now!" {& more in the same strain.} John walked off thoughtfully, so Lloyd went & got Lee to come see. Lee said "My God that is the portrait John painted of Martin." Lloyd & Lee think & hope that John thinks Lloyd knew it & was pulling his leg. I talked to Gabrielle about it tonight & she said that the picture is as bad as Lloyd said & that Sally saw it before completion & said it *must* be suppressed.

I have looked out our sea window. It is midnight. The sky is mostly covered with black clouds. A few pale stars in the rifts. The moon, very yellow even through its veil, is an hour from setting & its path is broad & yellow & broken & flashing from our shore to the horizon. The water pounds

against our cliffs. There will be another storm before morning.

ALS. Yale. 5 pages.

1. “Lonely” and “lovely” are spelled out in block letters.
2. In a December 1937 letter to Mabel Dodge Luhan (ALS Yale), not included in this edition, Una describes her reunion with Haig in similar words and then adds, “York died a few weeks ago.” York’s sad history is recounted in other letters to Mabel, also omitted. After Mabel abandoned him, he was adopted by the Steffens family and renamed Mr. Chips. York suffered, however, because Ella traveled frequently, her son Pete was not interested in him, and he was neglected by his caretaker. When Una heard York had been taken to the pound after an officer found him eating coal for food, she paid for his release and placed him in a private kennel. Noël Sullivan assumed responsibility for his ongoing care. Una eventually found a home for York at Bowles Hall, a dormitory at the University of California, Berkeley, but he died a few months later.
3. Sally Flavin’s sister Zella Bilderback Arnold (1890–1963), a resident of San Jose, California, suffered from a psychiatric disorder.
4. Probably a home belonging to Richard L. Masten (1892–1941) and Hildreth (Taylor) Masten, later Hare (1906–1984). Richard was a writer, editor, and publisher affiliated with the *Carmel Pine Cone*, the *Carmel Cymbal*, and *Masten’s Gazette*. His novel, *Saint Udo: How, By a*

Mortal Sin, He Balked a Duke, Pleased a Prince, and Saved a Lady's Life, was published by Houghton Mifflin in 1930.

5. Evangeline Stokowski's suit for divorce was granted in Las Vegas, Nevada December 2, 1937.

6. Vernon Kellogg died in Hartford, Connecticut August 8, 1937.

UJ to Cady Wells

Tor House. Carmel
December 30. 1937.

Dearest Cady—

1

You are a lamb. The pictures are grand and Mabel *does* look shadowy & sinister as she glides through the gateway.

We came home from Palm Springs in one day in a day-long *downpour*. Left Palm S. at quarter before ten & got home at a quarter to seven. Drove through Riverside, Ontario, Alhambra, Glendale (avoiding Los Angeles) Ventura, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Salinas, Monterey, Carmel, about 465 miles. We all want to see you & John & Claire speak of you with great affection. You will enjoy Noël & his lovely farm. John's boy Sandy is one of the most attractive children I *ever* saw. You'll be glad to see how happy John & Claire keep together.

We had a very happy 2½ days at Palm Springs ♦ Melba & her husband all kindness & hospitality & gave us a house remote

from activities overlooking desert. We had spirited horses & good food—O such food! Its hard to picture us fitting in to such a picture—boys loved it. I'm glad you liked Donnan. Alone without my burbling voice they talk more. Neither of them are really shy but *are* indifferent to putting {their} best feet forward! They are really interesting

Donnan & I loved our day at your house, a dream of a house that is!

2

I have a little mystery I want to talk over with you when you come—you may have heard some repercussions. Happening of several years ago. Unimportant but queer. Curious?

Best love—come soon. Happy happy New Year for you!

Una.

Cady—please enclose the Moore's cairn one to Myron sometime.—

ALS. Smithsonian. 2 pages.

1. Henry Cady Wells (1904–1954), a painter and patron of the arts, came from a wealthy Massachusetts family. Studies with Andrew Dasburg in Santa Fe provided the foundation for his noteworthy career. For an account of his life and work, see *Cady Wells and Southwestern Modernism* by Lois Rudnick and others (Santa Fe: Museum of New Mexico Press, 2009).

2. With his brother Mason Bacheller Wells (1906–1984), Cady purchased an adobe in Jacona, New Mexico (about

twenty miles north of Santa Fe) and renovated it under the direction of John Gaw Meem (1894–1983), the leading proponent of the Pueblo Revival style. The fifteen-acre estate included a main house, a swimming pool, two guest houses, and a garage/studio.

RJ to Unknown

[1937]

1

The poems are clear, pleasing, {metrically correct,} sufficiently musical; they express distinctly a definite personality.

They are not impassioned; they have no striking splendors of diction or imagery. They seem to me to lack strangeness and fire; they are perhaps too rational, too civilized. The poet Poetry is a wild Poetry is a wild thing; or else The poetry of Poetry is generally a wild thing. The poetry of Horace or Pope is civilized and rational,

2 but then it has special qualities, {extraordinary} technical skill, music {or} wit, to compensate for any coolness of passion or imagination.

I think your work is best when it is rhymed and compressed, as in the Shakespearean sonnet. There is more tension than in the blank verse poems.

ALD. San Francisco. 1 page.

1. This undated draft fragment of a letter to an unknown poet is written on a half sheet of scrap paper. The reverse side

contains a partial list of printed instructions for shipping an automobile to Great Britain or Ireland from America or Canada. Since Robinson and Una shipped their own car to Europe in 1937, this note was most likely written after the instructions were no longer needed—sometime in the latter half of the year.

2. Jeffers adds transposing marks around “civilized and rational,” changing the word order to “rational and civilized.”

RJ to National Institute of Arts and Letters

[January 1938]

1Book of poems, “Such Counsels You Gave to Me,” completed in June; published (Random House, N. Y.) in October {Sept.}

Received \$2500 award from Book-of-the-Month Club for book of poems, “Solstice,” as one of the three best books of the previous year that had not been sufficiently recognized by the public.

Received honorary Litt. D. from Occidental College, Los Angeles, from which I graduated in 1905.

Travelled with family in Ireland and Great Britain, July to December.

Am working (as usual) on another book of poems, which will perhaps be completed in 1939.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

TLS. A Academy. 1 page.

1. These notes are typed on a form sent to Jeffers by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. For a news bulletin to be released February 1, 1938⁸, Jeffers was asked to provide “information regarding any work done in 1937 or contemplated for 1938, and also any personal item which may be of interest to members.”

UJ to Maud and Frederick Clapp

Tor House. Carmel.
January 2. 1938

Dearest Maud & Timmie:

Here is the first letter I've written with the new year's date!—We thought of you many times during these holidays & remembered your charming dinner party last Christmas Eve at Peter Pan. Many changes during this year—we went to Sally Flavin's & Olga's after your dinner & now they are both gone. We felt we have had many many bounties from you—not only the magazine which seems much more adequate on the subject of foreign affairs than other American magazines—but also the big load of wood & nice bits that the boys brought home when you closed your little house. This morning I sat for two hours in my tower room & my fi fire blazed away with great spirit—your pitch pine knots! I wish we could ever find the proper moment to sit up there when you are here—its a sweet, remote spot ♦ and when the wind

blows & rain beats against the windows as it did today, enchanting & romantic.

1

Today we had more than a dozen visitors & the one I liked best was your friend Collins-Baker a *dear* man I'd like very well to see him often. Mrs. C-B is nice too but lacks his quality.

2

Christmas dinner twice this year—at noon at Noëls his birthday—at night at Tevises as usual—then later to Molly O'Shea's for dancing—this was partly John & Claire Evans' party.

3 Her ex-husband, Harrison Smith, & their son Nappy

4 now a Harvard freshman flew out & spent the holidays with them.

Mabel reports that the Stow Stowkowskys ten day visit went off with admirable gaiety—in spite of the late acrimony displayed in the Reno divorce court. At the present moment Mabel is planning to come here for a month or so while Tony goes to Mexico but thisthis is not certain because Tony has had two infected teeth & may not be able to go yet. ♦

Garth & Donnan still have a week's holiday—then away they go & I shall need to learn all over again how to endure their absence.

Garth's homespun arrived at last & a Monterey tailor is working on it. You know the faithless dealer in Carrigart (near Dunfanaghy) who promised to have it at the boat for us in bond, failed to do so & caused us & the Cunard people so

much bother {trying to locate it}. The boys were rather amazed at the flood of letters & cards they received from their Irish friends at Christmas, dear feckless easy-going lovable creatures those Irish.

I've been having fun working on the fair copy of my diary—its hard to get any time for it

Jean Kellogg came in for a long talk I am eager to see what her work is like now. She feels as if the last year & half had changed her ideas completely. A charming girl—but o how art is long! ♦

Have you seen Roger Fry's translation of Mallarmé just now posthumously published?

5 Robin & I thought it remarkably good when we first opened the volume but not so certain now. However his notes along with each poem are very interesting & the French is there as well as the English.

Boys are just coming in from the cinema—

Did you read "Pepita"

6—what a *dreadful* old woman!

Send us a line often to say you long for Carmel sometimes. We miss you dreadfully. I'm not a bit reconciled to your leaving instantly we appear.

Best love my darlings
from your devoted Una.

Imagine—Sally Flavin’s clothes—even to stockings & lingerie all burnt on the seashore at the edge of high tide {near the spot her camera was found}—Dramatic—*melodramatic*—but so she decreed in her will. All the clothes her sister couldnt use to be burnt—& her sister is a complete invalid & could use few.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages. Postmark: January 3, 1938.

1. Tor House and Hawk Tower still offered isolation and a feeling of sanctuary to Robinson and Una, but the surrounding area was rapidly changing. On June 25, 1937, just as the Jeffers family was leaving for their trip abroad, the author of the “They Tell Me” column in the *Pine Cone* (p. 8) described the situation Robinson and Una encountered when they returned home: “As everyone knows, building activities in Carmel are at an all-time high. Carmel Point is particularly growing up, with literally dozens of new houses constructed in the past year. Not to step on any toes, but remarks might be well made on the appearance of these buildings. Apparently some people have no conception of what is appropriate for a coast or beach home. Not that I am any authority, but you can’t tell me that these fancy Balboa Beach cottages, or those variously colored stucco box-houses are any compliment to the Pacific coast.”

2. Charles Henry Collins Baker (1880–1959), an art historian, was keeper and secretary of the National Gallery in London from 1914 to 1932, during which time he also held an appointment as Surveyor of the King’s Pictures. From 1932 to 1949, he held a research position at the Huntington Art Gallery in San Marino, California. Publications include *Lely*

and the Stuart Portrait Painters (1912), *Dutch Paintings of the Seventeenth Century* (1926), and *Catalogue of British Paintings in the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery* (1936). *The Life and Circumstances of James Brydges* (1949) was co-authored with his wife Muriel Isabella (Alexander) Collins Baker (1874–1956).

3. Among Mabel Dodge Luhan’s papers in the Bienecke Library at Yale University is a three-part study of the Jefferses written by Luhan over a span of nearly twenty years (1930 to 1948). Mark Schorer published an edited version of the first part of the manuscript, titled *Una and Robin*, in 1976. The second and third parts, *Una and Robin in Taos: 1938* and *Hildegarde: Eight Years After*, are unpublished. In *Una and Robin in Taos: 1938*, Mabel recounts a story Una supposedly told her. It concerns a brutal fight Una and Robinson had on the way home from the Christmas party mentioned here. The following transcription, printed with permission of Yale University, retains Luhan’s format and punctuation.

“Well! It happened in the Christmas holidays. Robin and I had been to a dinner in the Highlands. John Evans and Claire were there, too. On the way home, I don’t remember what I said—how it started—but I said *something* to which Robin answered:

“Let’s end this *now*.”

He was driving and he stopped the car beside the road in one of those empty lonely stretches and my immediate thought was: “He’s going to kill me!” And I looked around wildly for something to defend myself with. There was nothing. I thought, “If only I could get hold of the wrench and hit him

first! but I couldn't. he got out and I followed him and the only thing that occurred to me was that [if] I could reach his jugular vein and bite

through it before he touched me I could save myself. I knew I could reach it . . . just, and I knew I was quicker than he, so I sprang and sank my teeth in his throat. The blood spurted all over him and all over me, too! He grabbed me by the hair and tried to pull me off but I hung on. So did he hang on until he had pulled a whole fistful of hair off my head!"

. . . "Well he pulled me loose finally but I went on fighting him. I clawed his face and tore his clothes off him, then I scratched him down his arms and bit through where I could get at him. He was fighting me as hard as he could, just defending himself. I suppose he could have knocked me out but he didn't. I don't know why. I couldn't stop once I'd got started and we went on like that for two hours, at least until I was worn out. Then he said, you know in that gentle way of his: "Shall we go home now, darling?" I looked at him then and you never *saw* such a wreck of a man. He was a *ruin*! He was bleeding all over—and his remaining clothes were covered with blood—wounds *everywhere*—gashes, streaks, bites! We drove home in a complete silence. When we got to the house I washed him up as best I could but of course his evening clothes were ruined!"

"In the morning when the boys came into the kitchen I said: "Boys, don't pay any attention to Father when he appears. We had a little trouble last night. Just take no notice. . . . Finally Robin came down stairs, covered with scars, long wounds and scratches on his face and hands!"

4. Harrison Venture Smith (1921–1996), nicknamed Nappy, graduated from Yale University in 1941. Following his marriage to Marlis de Greve (1923–2009) in 1941 and his service as a lieutenant in the air force during World War II, he began a career as a senior executive at Morgan Guaranty Trust Company.

5. Stéphane Mallarmé, *Poems*, translated by Roger Eliot Fry, with commentaries by Charles Mauron (New York: Oxford University Press, 1937).

6. V. Sackville-West, *Pepita* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, Doran, 1937). The book tells the story of Sackville-West's grandmother Josepha "Pepita" Durán y Ortega (1830–1871) and her mother Victoria Josepha Sackville-West (1862–1936), both of whom followed unlikely paths to the center of British aristocracy.

RJ to William van Wyck

Tor House, Carmel, California.
January 3, 1938.

Dear Van Wyck:

1

I read "That Which Hath Wings" with intense interest, and have read it again, but was prevented from writing by a lot of distractions over the holidays, and the intervals blanked by absorption in my own attempts to work. Your book is strange and passionate, strikingly original in form, interesting psychologically as well as poetically. Yet the ordinary reader will not understand it, he will not feel any

justification for the lyrical wrath and despair. Indeed I do not myself feel that they are justified, but I somewhat understand them. Thank you very much for letting me see the book, and I am glad it is going to be published.

My own attempts don't amount to much at present—trifling things, and unlucky beginnings. I'd like to be buried for six years under deep forest by a waterside, not think, not remember, know nothing, see nothing but darkness, hear nothing but the river running for six years and the long roots growing, and then be resurrected. How fresh things would look.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. USC. 1 page.

1. William van Wyck (1883–1956), a writer, translator, radio broadcaster, and professor who lived abroad for many years, taught courses through the Extension Division at the University of California, Berkeley. His edition of *The Canterbury Tales of Geoffrey Chaucer*, with the original text and his modern adaptation in parallel columns, was published by Covici-Friede in 1930. Other publications include *Florentines* (1923), *Savonarola* (1926), *The Sinister Shepherd* by Girolamo Fracastoro (1934), *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *Chanticleer* by Edmond Rostand (1947), and *How to Enjoy Poetry* (1956). Van Wyck also published a small book on Jeffers; see UJ to Ward Ritchie, August 12, 1938.

UJ to Cortlandt Schoonover

Tor House. Carmel. California

January 11. 1937 [1938]

1

Dear Mr. Schoonover:

At long last I get to the answering {of} your letter & discover that while I have the letter in my desk, I have filed away your article & can't get at it tonight without too much trouble. I do not know whether you state definitely which of the small items of Jeffers' you wish to get.—First let me say that we are both of us much opposed to small items. Each one of them has been forced out of us—or come by surprise. (For instance the *Rock & Hawk* ♦

was done by Frederick Prokosch before we ever heard of him for his own writing) he printed the poem from its first appearance in Scribner's I believe, on his little hand press & sent us all the copies but two I think for a surprise) and so on. . . . But we believe that it puts an unfair burden on the average reader & enthusiast to have so many little items to pursue.—If you have no copy of *Stars*, or if you have none of the article on Sterling which was printed with the Sterling *Letter* by San Francisco Book Club, I will give ♦ you a copy of each gladly if you let me know. A friend here has a soiled copy of "An Artist" she would part with for \$2.—It is the copy used in that special *Carmelite* of circa 1928 devoted to R. J. & edited by Ella Winter & Lincoln Steffins, {& it got dirty in the press room.}—I have a copy of that {Carmelite} I will give you also if you {lack it.}

If you name other things you want I may be able to direct you to some of them from time to time.

We arrived home Dec 12. having stopped in ♦ Michigan, & two weeks with Mabel Luhan in Taos & again in Palm Springs.—I see that it is a month tomorrow & it has been a whirlwind of activity only now subsiding a little.

My husband thanks you for your enthusiastic support.

Sincerely

Una Jeffers. ♦

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 & is doing marvellous 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 & 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. If this book is published I will let you know.

2

Thank you for your Christmas greeting!

This coast has never been properly photographed before.

ALS. Virginia. 6 pages. Postmark: January 12, 1938.

1. Una accidently dates this letter 1937 instead of 1938.
2. Horace Lyon's plan for a book that combined his photographs of the Big Sur with excerpts from Jeffers' poetry

did not materialize at this time. More than thirty years passed before a book based on Lyon's original conception was published. See *Jeffers Country: The Seed Plots of Robinson Jeffers' Poetry* (San Francisco: Scrimshaw Press, 1971).

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House—Carmel
January 11. 1938

Dear Bennett:

I ought to have written you before this but life has been very whirlwindish since we came home. We arrived Dec. 12.—a month tomorrow, having stayed two weeks with Mabel in Taos & several days with Melba Bennett in Palm Springs.—Our arrival here was much clouded by the drowning of an intimate friend of ours Sally Flavin (Mrs Martin F.) The Flavins live in a big gray granite house on a spit of land in the wildest & most dramatic situation five miles south of us.—(Her body washed up a few days ago just a month to a day from the time she disappeared. It came ashore this side Pt. Lobos.)—Well of course there was a terrible lot of work to do about our house & then seeing people & all. I'm tired!—

Now thanks *very much* for the two Christmas {books} ♦ I've just finished the Iceland book

1 tonight & *O but its clever!* & its packed full of information too I never expected to like Auden as well as I do this very moment! As for the New Yorker

2—I must confess I stand alone *almost* in not being {its} enthusiastic reader. It is *funny*—but so all alike & always

taking people down is so *easy* & in the end so humiliating to every human. & bathtubs & fat ladies bulging out of their lacey lingerie, & over-fed dogs & betrayed & betraying businessmen husbands are tiring to keep one's mind on.

But I *suspect* that I make myself disliked by carping at the New Yorker.

Famine

3 is finely done & Liam O'Flaherty is justifying our earlier faith in him.

Harrison Smith has been here. He & his son flew out to spend Christmas with Claire & John Evans.—I believe H. S. then dashed off to ♦ a rendezvous with some new & fancy love {in Texas or Idaho or somewhere}. Claire & John are happy & handsome & calmer than of old & have two fine children {all told they have seven variously.}

Donald Friede called with two ladies from Hollywood He seemed nice enough I never saw him before. I think that my icy glances when he arrived perhaps reminded him that he {we} knew he sold the *mss* of *Roan Stallion* he begged off Robin, to Jaock Whitney & the letters R wrote the Liveright firm, at public auction. Well. I suppose he thinks poets are so poor they dont mind being more so.

Now tear off below my farewell & hand to your shipping clerk. I assure you I haven't time to address one more envelope even. &

Here's our warm love!

Yrs.

Una.

ALS. Berkeley. 3 pages.

1. W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice, *Letters from Iceland* (New York: Random House, 1937).

2. *The 1937 New Yorker Album* (New York: Random House, 1937).

3. Liam O'Flaherty, *Famine* (New York: Random House, 1937).

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Tor House. Carmel.

January 25. 1938

Darlings:

I think Maud's & my last letters crossed en route—, and now is the torment of the cold over & are you seeing things & having fun? We've been busy—whom have I seen you know? Mrs Ingalls gave a very lovely lunch for me
1—and {we are} at Noëls very often. He had sixteen at dinner the other night for Ben Lehman just back from his 8 months' honeymoon. He left his wife Judith Anderson playing Lady Macbeth in London. He seems still deliriously in love & in a rather more optimistic mood {than at first} about some permanence to the union—I believe he senses that his pride in her successes will compensate for rather irregular & sketchy family life!

2

He was very amusing as usual with all kinds of vivid experiences, on his ♦ journeys. Natasha & Vasili Romanoff were at Noëls, came with Sidney & They have returned from 14 months in England. He got what he went after, the correspondence of his grandmother, the Dowager Empress of Russia & Queen Alexandra. Zoë Aikins

3 is going to help him arrange it or do some sort of thing with it. {He needs money of course & this is very saleable.} You met them didnt you *here*? They used to be at Olga's so much. She is *beautiful*. Garth & Donnan are settled in the pleasantest boarding house we could find (*ghastly dreary* I thought it!) International House was full. They are at 2416 College Ave. Berkeley—maybe you will send them an interesting card from somewhere.—It leaves a sad blank in our life—or would if we were not trying to crowd 48 hrs. into every 24. But they are the *best* of our life: TheIts tightly woven texture of our life has four strands & to have half of them out of the pattern is very thinning. Of course all this ♦ separateness & union is terribly interesting {(to me!)} to think about They are so intact & aloof & very invulnerable, but feel to me like my own hand for familiarity (and, like it, dont obey my wishes very well!) butso I find it incredible hearing, when parents say their children are grown & *gone* from them. Much as I loathe the tropics I feel sure my nerves & blood will go throbbing along with Garth's joyous treks through hideous jungles & thick lush growths I abhor! Certainly with pleasure I shall sniff the English air & shiver in damp old country houses with Donnan. And always I shall have the charming years that are gone, the sum of them better than a single part.

Such golden days here. Robin already worrying that there won't be enough rain. I delight to remind him of days in

Ireland when he cried enough! We are to start a new series of walks made possible by the new coast road. Robin & Garth & young Lloyd Tevis went away at dawn ♦ one day & up a cañon (Alder Creek) about 50 miles down—On top the ridge they found some old gold mines, a few of them being reworked Garth & Lloyd poked about & declared it a murdering sort of place & kept an eye open for attack. What was their surprise {& satisfaction} to see {in} the Monterey paper two days later the murder trial {beginning} of a man who had murdered {a} trespassers at that very spot! They felt they had very keen psychic powers!

Do you see Lucy Porter (our love to her!) & did she sell Glenveagh as I mentioned hearing in my last letter. I have never liked Auden but his *Letters from Iceland* are amusing & full of information too. Take a glimpse at it if you are near a copy. No chance yet to do a thing with my diary but I hope to do something soon. It would give me more pleasure than anyone else, but I think a few people might like it. One real writer (or artist of any kind) I think is ample supply for any one family so I must just await bits of odd days.—Robin is writing steadily again after a long hiatus. We love you so much!

Devotedly
Una.

Misery! that letter of mine up for sale.—When I reflect upon the million—*literally*—hasty, blotted letters I have sent!

4

Please will you tell me did I send you kodaks of our trip? & what? Several might amuse you. All developed since home

ALS. Yale. 4 pages. Postmark: January 26, 1938.

1. Una and Jessie Belle Rittenhouse were guests of honor at a luncheon for twelve hosted by Margaret Ingalls. Rittenhouse (1869–1948), an editor and poet who helped create the Poetry Society of America, was the widow of poet Clinton Scollard (1860–1932). Her publications include *The Little Book of American Poets* (1915), *The Little Book of Modern British Verse* (1924), *My House of Life* (1934), and other books.

2. University of California, Berkeley professor Benjamin Lehman attracted attention from the press when he divorced his first wife Gladys (Collins) Lehman (1892–1993) in 1928. Gladys was a successful Hollywood screenwriter whose work on *Two Girls and a Sailor* earned an Academy Award nomination in 1945. Their marriage failed, Lehman explained in the divorce proceedings, because they lived in different parts of the state and pursued independent careers. His second marriage, to actress Judith Anderson (1897–1992), took place in Kingman, Arizona May 18, 1937. According to newspaper accounts, the justice of the peace had to briefly suspend the ceremony so that Judith could collect herself following a bout of hysteria. When the proceedings concluded, Judith repeatedly kissed both her husband and the presiding magistrate.

3. Zoë Akins (1886–1958), American poet, playwright, screenwriter, and novelist. Her many works and publications include *The Old Maid*, which won the Pulitzer Prize for Drama in 1935.

4. This and the following postscript are written across the top of the first page.

RJ to Frederic I. Carpenter

Tor House, Carmel, California.
January [28], 1938.

Dear Carpenter:

I am returning the book

1 under separate cover {by express}

2. I read it through with constant interest, and of course reservations of agreement. My own belief, as you know already, is that the United States remains culturally a part of Europe, as much as it is (its leadership at least) racially. You yourself are willing to call your subject the “modern” or “industrial” idea, instead of “American.” “Industrial”, I think, indicates the most recent, and one of the unique, qualities of the culture-age we live in. Not the beginning of a new age, but one of the qualities of this age. “Modern” of course means merely recent and contemporary.

I do believe that America may produce a new culture—or new cultures—but far away in the future. Possibly the obscure seeds are being sown at present, as the seeds of this age were sown in the time of Augustus and Tiberius. But meanwhile our culture is Christian (or at least ex-Christian) and European—more free to develop in some directions, less free in others—and has the same autumn and winter to endure.

(My disagreement is nothing against your argument: I am sure {think} that majority opinion would be on your side.)

The book is uneven, as you know already. Some chapters are excellent—fine interpretation of Tess of the d’U.s,

3 for instance—others not so good. “American Idea in Economics” is the least thoughtful of all.

Now—(not for this book especially, but for all books that are general in scope and suggest social ideals, or ideas of progress)—it seems to me that some prefatory definition of values ♦ would be useful. What does the author think would be best for men? What is he working toward?

Human happiness?—If a harmless drug were invented, under the influence of which all people could be intensely and harmoniously happy, only working enough to provide each other with sustenance and the drug,—would that be a good goal for men? That would be maximum happiness, minimum pain.

Goodness?—The modern view—and I think it is yours—makes goodness a purely human and relative term. Good conduct is the conduct that conduces to general human happiness.—But then happiness is primary.

Discovery, experience, development of all powers?—But then experience of sorrow and pain is included. And all hopes of general harmony and coöperation ought to be cancelled. For man is not only a coöperative animal, but also a fiercely pugnacious and competitive animal. Unless he annihilates a whole hemisphere of himself, universal coöperation is not possible. Do we really want to annihilate {half of half of} the powers that have carried us so far? Would a world of happy saints not be rather ignoble, if it were possible? And would it not lead straight toward degeneration?

—I am not answering these questions, {—at present—} but I think they are worth considering.

Meanwhile I enjoyed the book very much, and hope you will develop it further and ultimately publish. Perhaps you will finally narrow its scope somewhat. It might be more firmly convincing if you left Russia and India out of the count—they are rather doubtful topics, especially their futures!—and stuck more closely to America, particularly American literature—in which you are strongest.

I was very glad to see you the other day, and hope you'll find a way to return to this coast, and visit here again.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Berkeley. 2 pages. Postmark: January 28, 1938.

1. Probably a draft of “The American Idea,” a book Carpenter had been working on for several years. See RJ to Frederic I. Carpenter, March 31, 1932.

2. Una added “by express.”

3. *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (1891) by Thomas Hardy.

RJ to Hyatt Howe Waggoner

Tor House, Carmel, California.
February 1, 1938.

Dear Mr. Waggoner:

To save time and words I have marked the questions in your letter with (1), (2), etc., and return it for reference with my answers

1—which of course make no claim to authority. I am neither mathematician nor scientist nor philosopher.

(1) Yes, but I do not agree with some of the philosophic corollaries drawn from it. Such, for example, as that famous jump from the *apparently* capricious behavior of electrons to the theological idea of free will.

(2) General advance of factual knowledge, in some cases extraordinarily rapid, but precisely in those cases too scattering as yet to furnish a sound foundation for theory.—When I spoke of “science fallen into confusion” I probably had in mind those essays in cosmic mathematics that burgeoned a few years ago, based on the ideas of curved space, an expanding universe, and so forth. They were so many and contradictory.

(3) I have never read “The Modern Temper.”

2 I do not think that tragedy is impossible because man has lost his feeling of importance in the universe. Importance is a relative term; the tragic victim must seem important among other people, but he may be demi-god in Greek tragedy, prince or ex-king in Shakespeare, or only distinguished by personal strength or dignity, or the weight or strangeness of his sufferings. Big-city civilization is certainly hostile to tragedy, but science I think is neutral.

(4) Well . . . I have never been psychoanalyzed, nor performed a psychoanalysis; only read some books.

(5) I cannot pronounce as to naturalism, nor whether my writing belongs in that category.

I certainly do not agree with your third criterion—"alien universe." What other order of existence could man belong to, or have come from? "Indifferent" might be said, but not "alien."

Nor with the fourth. The belief that traditional values are divinely ordained seems to me an illusion. But to prefer—for instance—courage to cowardice or mercy to cruelty cannot be called an illusion. Traditional values may be thought of as habits or conventions, some useful, others foolish, all subject to change; but not as illusions.

Forgive the typewriter! My sons have taken my good one to college with them.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

TLS. Brown. 1 page.

1. In a letter to Jeffers dated January 10, 1938 (TLS Brown), Waggoner asks the following questions (numbered by Jeffers) for his essay "Science and the Poetry of Robinson Jeffers." See also Jeffers' November 21, 1937 letter to Waggoner.

1. Do you agree with Whitehead, Eddington, Jeans, Weyl, et al, in their belief that the "revolution" in physics, which has led to the displacement of the old kinetic-atomic materialism in that science, has important consequences for philosophy?

2. Somewhere in your poetry you say that science has fallen into confusion in its business of understanding the world. Can you see any unity, any general trend, in the tendencies within the many sciences today?

3. It is my belief that your poetry was in part a source of and is an apt illustration of the doctrines set forth in Mr. Krutch's *The Modern Temper*. (There are, of course, limitations beyond which the comparison may not be pushed: Krutch writes of the impossibility of tragedy now that man has come to see himself as closer to the rat in the psychologist's maze than to the noble creature, first cousin to God, which he once believed himself to be; and yet, many of your poems strike me as being tragic in the very sense which Mr. Krutch says is now impossible.) Such comparison seems to me certainly illuminating, if it is just. Is it?

4. Louis Adamic says in his little book about you that your knowledge of Freud and Jung is second hand. Is that correct?

5. The question of the meaning and origin of *The Modern Temper* is too vast, involving as it does the whole issue of the decay of Nineteenth Century liberal Christianity, under the impact of science and social disillusion to be treated in the brief study I am now attempting, but I am forced to postulate, without attempting to prove them, four criteria of naturalism. Briefly put, they are: (1) the "debunking" of man; (2) determinism; (3) the idea that man is in an alien universe; (4) the belief that traditional values are illusions. Your poetry seems to me to illustrate all four of these attitudes and beliefs. Such are my conclusions about the effect of science on your philosophy as seen in your poetry. They seem to me to be obvious. I hope they seem to you fair and accurate.

2. Joseph Wood Krutch, *The Modern Temper: A Study and a Confession* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1929). Krutch (1893–1970), a writer, professor, and conservationist, also wrote *Henry David Thoreau* (1948), *The Voice of the Desert* (1954), *The Great Chain of Life* (1956), and other books.

UJ to Maud Clapp

[February 2, 1938]

Candlemas Day

Tor House. Carmel

Dearest Maud:

Again our letters crossed & I hasten to write you—so you'll really be owing *me* a letter—To lunch at Noël's, the violinist Blockovitch (?) was there with his wife.

1 They are friends of Lucy Porter's—had been with her recently at Cambridge & confirm the news of the sale of Glenveagh Castle—certainly the most sensible thing to do but she must have felt a real anguish in parting with it.

Mabel has gone to be with Dr. Brill in N. Y. for a time (15 W 70th St.) I think she didnt want to take a house here while John & Claire were here (thats between *us*!) She had rented a house in Albuquerque for a month {Tony had to see dentist every day} but left a few days after they moved in. bored I guess. Peter Pan says Blanche has engaged rooms there at the same time as Shan-KaKhar & party. Blanche wrote me that before leaving N. Y. Russell engaged passage on the Queen Mary May 25 ♦

We've had summer weather for so many weeks that Robin began to worry but now for 3 days a whacking storm with such tremendous waves & mighty wind that Haig is up & down all night attending to noises. The beauty & terrible strength I saw in the sea this morning early at 6. AM! Inky sky & inky sea *covered* with foam & tossing waves. Half of my life would be lost to me without my view of the sea—there always waiting me!

Yes I have most {read much} of {Rainer} Maria Rilke. We first came to read him in 1933 {books} given us by Baron & Baroness von Maltzahn who were in Taos. They adored him. I had never heard of him curiously enough. I have here on my desk (1) *Das Stunden-Buch* & (2) *Requiem* (some difficult lines

in this German text. I mean in *Requiem*). I like best his “Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge.”—(In it marvellous pages of description about the Licorne tapestries in the Cluny) & “Tod des Cornets Christoph Rilke” but the air is close in them & there is a decadence & frail sensibility that dates.

2—What do you think? Got a blow yesterday. A talk I promised to give at Occidental on ancient Irish Music is slated for next week. Horrors! I thought it a month away. Will wear the darling black dressdress Noël gave

3me for my birthday! Can't think why I promised to do it. I mean talk.

4Sidney has gone to Mexico to hunt jaguars.

What do people in N. Y. say of Evangeline Stowkowsky's marriage.

5

Write to your always devoted

Una

We expect Bennett Cerf in about 10 days.

6

Hope Elsie Arden will have with you for dinner darling Mario Ramiriz—I adore him.

7

ALS. Yale. 2 pages. Postmark: February 3^r 1938.

1. Vlatko Baloković (1895–1965), a native of Zagreb in the state once known as Yugoslavia, was an internationally acclaimed violinist and owner of an important collection of Guarnerius and Stradivarius instruments. He was also a tireless advocate for his homeland. Baloković was married to Joyce (Borden) Baloković (1897–1971), an author, singer, yachtswoman, and shareholder of the Borden dairy fortune.

2. Of many books written by poet Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926), Una mentions *Das Stund-Buch* (*The Book of Hours*, 1905), *Requiem* (1909), *Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge* (*The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*, 1910), and *Die Weise von Liebe und Tod des Cornets Christoph Rilke* (*The Lay of the Love and Death of Cornet Christoph Rilke*, 1906).

3. The rest of this paragraph is written vertically in right margin.

4. This one-line paragraph, the two that follow, and the signature are written in the top right corner of the first page.

5. Evangeline Stokowski married Prince Alexis Zalstem-Zalesky (1898–1965), once a member of the Russian nobility, in Phoenix, Arizona January 27, 1938.

6. Written vertically in left margin, first page.

7. Added in the space between the first and second paragraphs, first page.

RJ to Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Tor House, Carmel.
February 3, 1938.

Dear Erskine:

I was so pleased to have the letter from you this morning—we both were, for Una shares it. And we were sad to hear of Sara's exhaustion. No wonder she is tired. We were going to stop and call on you when we came home from Berkeley, after taking the boys to college; then we thought you were just recovering from illness, and so many people visit you—we thought it was really the part of kindness only to send our affection from a distance. Soon, however, we must see you. I hope Sara will be better soon.

Anthologies are a great nuisance, and generally a parasitic growth, though some few—at least some of the school anthologies—have reason for existence. Certainly they ought to pay their poets. We refer them—Una does—to my

publisher, and he makes the terms. Only once or twice we have relented, in answer to pleas of merit, poverty, and purely local circulation. Lately we were cheated, too. This anthologist displayed real original research,—he dug out a piece of verse from a local paper, which I did not think worth printing in a book, so it was unprotected.

Edgar Lee Masters for a long time has refused permission to all anthologists. He told me—as you do—that they always reprinted pieces from earlier anthologies, so he got bored with them.

We are very glad to be home, but a little lonely with the boys away in Berkeley, after having had them with us so long.

Dear love from us both to you and Sara.

Affectionately,
Robin.

ALS. Huntington. 1 page.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel
Feb 43. 1938

YDearest Mabel—

Your letter & John's came this morning & interested us very much naturally. There isnt any time tonight to answer it properly but I thought I'd best get these letters back to you in case you wish to refer to them. What can I say about it all?

First that I love you better than any of other woman & *part* of that love is born of admiration of certain strong points in your nature, & one of the strengths is the way you have carried the Indian thing & fitted it together with your needs. You will understand me,—♦ (knowing beforehand that most men are less than shadows or straw men to me since I got Robin)—but {when I say} Robin is in many ways a weight to carry, & I cannot expect to receive many obvious *supports* from him that gentle feminine creatures like Blanche receive every moment of the day,—cannot even expect the comfort & luxury that women receive married to men whose whole being isnt worth a hair of Robin's head—well I say this to explain the fact that I have consciously {& so incessantly} made such a number of adjustments that in order to make our union function because it seems to ♦ me so worthwhile that when I have watched you in your adjusting I have been vastly entertained & admiring. {I dont mean entertained lightly—shall I say *interested—absorbed—*}

—In a certain way I understand John's point of view and I think you are wrong not to consider his age.—Would you have understood at his age the psychic rapport & satisfaction & reliance {you know of} in contradistinction to that deep need of *body* as he calls it & body's loyalty?—I wonder whether you have ever noticed that I seldom audibly analyze my deepest motives & arrangements with life? Perhaps that is why you call me discreet. Well its not because I'm not interested in them or milling around in my mind everything every minute—its because everything is so liquid & changing & the instant you announce some rock bed foundation the waters begin to beat against its base, & the people looking on see the menace of the tide but dont know the enduring rib of

granite down beneath that you yourself are counting on!—And the end of that paragraph is don't let John's letter bother you I really mean it—contrive to let it entertain you for certainly he can't see what you are ♦ leaning on—depending on. Just let it be an interesting discussion. I give you my word I'd be happy to get as {would-be} disrupting a letter as that from Garth & Donnan!

The calm & “well what of it, just another gyration” way they listen to my most murderous talk. Its like living with a couple of Llama lamas or Buddhas. I'd relish having them howl, as John did. Something human & scared or mad. (You *may* catch this yet. Ive told you Sandy has their look in his eyes.—Ive only seen him a few times tho') ♦ So look back at yourself & think how many an experience{s} you digested before you arrived at your present viewpoint. Dont for a minute let any ruction develop be glad he wants to help & dont resent his differing. I hope Brill fixes you so you can write again if you wish! Another really nice thing about you that I like tremendously. You are yearning to write *for your own sake!* Heavens what a relief. I'm certain no work of art is indispensable except to its maker. There is much too much of everything already,—& no one needs to suffer & strive, if he is honest, just for his own hearts sake! ♦

John's boredom {as told in his letters} here surprises me! Its true that we see them very seldom & he often speaks of his love for his Maine farm,

1 but they both seem to have a wonderful time at Noëls & lots of fun with Lee Crowe. John & Claire, John particularly, are very nice & friendly to us but we all seem busy & pushed. They *look* well & calm. I dont think Claire *really* likes me much though.

Dearest love from
Una.

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. In 1935 John and Claire Evans purchased Bagaduce Farm, an eighty-five acre property on the Bagaduce River near West Brooksville, Maine.

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House. Carmel
Feb 7. 1938

Dearest Albert:

We are not communicating very often are we but I hope you keep us in mind as we do *you!*—I had a sort of plan last weekend to come go up to Berkeley & take a look at the boys & then ask you to put us up for the night but couldn't manage it.—Now this weekend Pres. Bird asked me (in fact wrote to me in Ireland about it) to come to Occidental & talk about *Ancient Irish Music* before Chas. O'Connor's concert. I found it very hard to manage Robin is writing—there is housework et al, et al but I am doing it! We go down Thurs. concert Fri. return Sat. Then next weekend after this, (Feb 18, 19)—boys come down here there is Shan-Kar
1 & so on. Anyway you'll be hunting a quiet spot after *your*
M Feb No it isn't your Mar 17!

—The thing is,—as soon as we can we mean to seek you out (& the Woods too. We haven't been near the Cats yet). I hope to sit down quietly & talk with you about Ireland. I really

would like to tell you our impressions ♦ & some of the things we did over there & saw.—California is our country of course—but the pull & tug of Ireland at me is terrific.

And how you will laugh & delight & choke up a bit at the principal thing we brought back from Ireland—a *little tombstone* (no letters {on it} but a faint cross on it) {& thrown out of a graveyard in Donegal.} I see it constantly out our window here—& it turns my bones to water when I see it! It spells Ireland. I think our trip was a great success although of course I used to get panic-y sometimes it seemed so extravagant a thing for us to do, but I had deep down a knowledge of a need of replenishment & since Robin wouldn't suggest anything I chose the things that intensify *me* (& through me, *him*). I must shof show you sometime a letter six pages I had today from a daughter of the household
2 where we stayed five weeks in Donegal. We got into their hearts. They all *cried* when we drove away—and so did we! I hope we'll see you soon all quietly & cozily.

Love from Una.

When we come up I will bring our Kodaks & you can choose some of Ireland

3

Wait until we tell you our adventures with the tombstone with customs, ships & so forth!

4

ALS. Mills. 2 pages.

1. Uday Shan-Kar was scheduled to perform with his dance troupe and orchestra Saturday evening, February 19, 1938, at Carmel's Sunset Auditorium.
2. The Algeo family; see August 1, 1937 letter, RJ to Isabelle Call and Family, note 1.
3. Added in top right corner, first page.
4. Added vertically in left margin, second page.

UJ to National Institute of Arts and Letters

Tor House {Carmel} California
February 8, 1938

To National Institute of Arts and Letters

Robinson Jeffers regrets the distance which prevents his being present at the dinner meeting of the Institute on March 7.

1

Una Jeffers.

APS. A Academy.

1. Academy archives contain seven additional cards or notes and one telegram expressing similar regrets. Most of these, dating from 1938 to 1941, are pre-printed; they simply required Jeffers (or Una, responding on his behalf) to check "I shall" or "I shall not attend the Dinner Meeting."

UJ to Maud Clapp

Tor House. Carmel. Feb 15. 1938

Dearest Maud:

Your letters just here in mail but this isn't to answer them.—Here is a letter from Mabel. (please return) I send it so you may see her exact words & if you feel like it I would be so happy to have you see her. (*Don't*—unless you wish. I mean *dont* for my sake.) She knows how fond I am of you & I think is really curious to see what man I place next to Robin in my affections

She admires Robin so much, really does with no nonsense. I love *her* too & maybe you'll see why if you come to know her. She & Hal Bynner

I are not friends She does not trust him {I daresay he feels the same about her} so dont combine them!

My talk went off very well. We had a tremendous drive down through one cloudburst after another Went from here to L. A. tho' in just over 8 hrs. I drove most of the way because my {driving} doesnt make R. nervous & his does me! Then coming ♦ back, many washouts & two twenty mile detours bridges out, & Rain! Rain! Exciting & Exhilarating.

Must dash away now. R suddenly announced yesterday that he isn't going out any more.—had to cancel a dinner at Noëls last night—but hopes *I* will go alone as I used to & amuse him by recounting when I get home!

I was cross but I believe he is right. It does distract him more than it nourishes him to go out. I know it, although our few engagements are what remain after much distillation on my part {part}.

O my sweet new dresses—shall I hang them away haven't decided I find it nice to stay home too.

Saw Blanche in L. A. She may come up this weekend for Shan-Kar. She was to have a lunch yesterday for
2—him to meet Krishnamurti

Devotedest love.

Una.

3

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Witter Bynner's full name was Harold Witter Bynner; his nickname was Hal.

2. The rest of this sentence is written vertically in right margin.

3. The closing and signature are written vertically in left margin.

UJ to Julie Heyneman

Tor House. Carmel. California

February 16. 1938

My dear Julie:

We speak of you often & often but I fear the very expectation we have of seeing you shortly has made me slow about writing though God knows

its unbelievable that I can get any letters off with all the scurry I live in. {Returning} we stopped briefly in New York & then went up state to see Edna Millay then some days with my mother in Michigan, two weeks in Taos with Mabel Luhan (after a terrific drive in bitter weather across the continent. One icy day in Kansas we saw thirty-five cars skidded off into ditches into snow ♦ many feet deep.) Then we went to the marvelous Carlsbad Caverns in New {New Mexico} & feel we've gazed upon the biggest stalactites & stalagmites in the world! They are fantastic, not very cheerful! Another brief stay at a very luxurious dude ranch in Palm Springs with a friend. Wild gallops across the desert & cañon walks. This is a beautiful spot if one cares for desert country—which we dont!

Home at last & much to do about the place. Garth & Donnan are ♦ back at college working hard I think, & Robin too is slaving away at his writing. We see Noël often. His farm is really delightful & *so* many animals goats, sheep, pheasants, hens, cows, horses, dogs, cats! even two tiny shetland ponies someone gave him for decoration!

Bess hasn't arrived yet. Barbara Sutro is down in Los Angeles to meet her at San Pedro when she comes. Ellen is up with Mollie this week. Perhaps you've seen some account in the papers of terrific rain & wind in California for nineteen days. Of course much flooding & wind damage. Robin & I dashed down to Los Angeles a few days ago to I had promised to give a talk at Occidental College on *Ancient Irish Music*. We drove through one cloudburst after another & returning had twice to make twenty-mile detours because bridges were out.

A fortnight ago I sent two of Robin's books to Hadspen House. one for you & one for those nice ♦ Hobhouses. How delightful our days with them were.

Today there is brilliant sunshine & the bluest sea. I've been working a bit in the garden. Three asphodels are in bloom and the wild flowers in the hollow are beginning to blossom. Tomorrow night I go to see Shan-Kar. For several years now all my friends have fallen into trances of ecstasy at the thought of him. I've never seen him but hope to be equally moved. Hindoo things do not interest me much. ♦

I wonder whether you saw Auden & McNeice's book on Iceland. Very amusing in spots & quite curiously packed with information. I've never been very fond of Auden before.

I had a letter from Donnan this morning & he says he thinks of England all the time.—I hope we can put him over at Oxford for a year. He really blossoms over there!

Julie when you come we'll take you a drive down the new {new} coast road, the spectacular Carmel-San Simeon ♦ road along the cliff edge. It has been 20 years abuilding.

Ben Lehman has been back from Paris since the first of the year—now his wife Judith Anderson has arrived. He left her doing Lady Macbeth in London. Did you see her? And of course we are all still wondering whether this will be a successful combination. They are coming to Noël's this weekend & for Shan-Kar party there.

Priestley spoke over the radio a few weeks ago & says he got all his ideas about time from that book by Dunne "Experiment

with Time”—He has three plays running now with time theme.

1 When I read that book it seems ten years ago at least no one cared much about it—now suddenly it pops up in all kinds of ways.

Murder in the Cathedral

2 failed in Boston although several powerful people were pushing it.

Our love & hopes to see you soon.

Una.

ALS. Berkeley. 6 pages.

1. John Boynton (J. B.) Priestley (1894–1984), a prolific English author and playwright, wrote several dramas that explored the human experience of time, including *Dangerous Corner* (1932), *I Have Been Here Before* (1937), and *Time and the Conways* (1937). His thoughts on the subject were influenced by J. W. Dunne, P. D. Ouspensky, and other writers.

2. *Murder in the Cathedral*, T. S. Eliot’s verse drama about the assassination of Archbishop Thomas Becket, was first performed in England in 1935.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel Feb 18. 1938

Dearest Mabel—

We dashed down to Los Angeles {on Thurs.} & I gave my talk at Occidental College—all very satisfactory. We spent Thurs. night at Hazel Pinkhams, Beverly Hills & Friday at President Birds, home in another downpour on Sat. with two 20 mile detours—near King City & Salinas, bridges out. It was a sort of adventure & rather fun but home is more fun.

We havent seen the boys since we left them there J. at Berkeley Jan 15. & begin to feel pretty desperate.

1 We intend to get them a week from today. Ellen had them for dinner a week ago tonight in San Fran. ♦ Says they are looking just fine. Donnan is playing badminton for his exercise & Garth wrestling. He is wrestling tonight. Makes me nervous, (a big bout) but I dont tell him.

Robin has suddenly decided not to go out any more. Says it distracts his mind, that its pleasant enough but not nourishing, etc. & I guess he's right. Also that I am to go as much as I like & come home & tell him—& that all those years when he didnt go & I did was much better for his work—easier for him. O dear I wish things could be easy & simple but they cant. Well I'll go sometimes but home is *fun* & never enough of it. ♦

Sidney Fish arrives back {tomorrow} from his jaguar hunt in Mexico, so yesterday Robin & I walked up to Olga's grave, not to make him sad, as he gets at thought of her—It was magnificent up there a wild stormy evening black clouds with bits of sunset rose in patches. Several enormous trees split iopen by the gale were near the little picket-enclosed space. Its on {the side ofnear the top of} that high rounded knoll by the Carmelite Nunnery, overlooking the cove where Sallie's poor remnants washed in.

Tomorrow night Shan Kar. Everyone faints in ecstatic delight at the thought of him. I suppose I'll be enchanted but I ♦ think the pictures of him most unpleasant. I saw Blanche in Los Angeles. She was about to have him & Krishnamurti to lunch together. They were eager to meet. Krishna {ji} has been in retreat for six months. Ben Lehman & his wife Judith Anderson are to speak {spend} this weekend at Noëls. He left her in London playing Lady Macbeth & making a great hit {She has just arrived home} They are madly in love & both very temperamental. Hard to {shake down}

A letter from Erskine Wood—he will be 86 on Sunday.

I went (without R) to Johns {Evans'} to dinner night before last. They had a young man from Bermuda named Reed—(here for two days)

Tomorrow night I shall have for night Bess O'Sullivan. We stayed with her in London. She is on the way back from South America going to London. What of Brett. Wish I could hear you & Brill

Devotedly,
Una.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Una mentions feelings of loneliness to other friends as well. With Garth and Donnan away from home, she tells Charles Erskine Scott Wood and Sara Bard Field in a February 18, 1938 letter (ALS Huntington), not used in this edition, “we are like a tree with the branches lopped off.”

UJ to Editor, *Carmel Pine Cone*

[February 18, 1938]

Editor, *The Pine Cone*:

1

As an owner of a much-loved dog I must express my amazement at the resentment shown in your columns about the present dog quarantine which appears very reasonable to me. Some years ago in Los Angeles I lost a bull dog from rabies. This dog was absent from home only a few hours but that was long enough for him to encounter a rabid dog or cat and receive a slight gash over his eye. At the time there was no "mad dog scare" in that city and the odds against such an infection seemed very high. After that I heard from a witness the details of a friend's death from hydrophobia. I would prefer to sit down in a Chinese city under the bombs.

I wish any citizen who dislikes to keep his dog in bounds would take a few minutes to read the carefully written article in the Encyclopaedia

Brittanica on Hydrophobia (Rabies) and note what steps the British government took to stamp the disease out in England and Wales. They succeeded. And they are not relaxing their vigilance. Any foreign dog entering the British Isles today must remain in a government quarantine station for six months at owners' expense. Last June before we left for Ireland I received from the consul of the Irish Free State in San Francisco, Mr. Murphy,

2 a sheaf of papers about dog quarantine over there and a note from him advising against taking a dog in unless a long stay

was contemplated, as the six months quarantine was of the utmost strictness.

And are our dogs so unhappy under this mild quarantine they are enduring? My observation is that disciplined dogs with rights and duties have much more self-assurance and look of well-being than wanderers. I'm thankful we are not required to put muzzles on them as was required in England. Once I had to buy a muzzle for a bulldog to take on a coastwise ship and the muzzle isn't made that fits a bulldog face.

Una Jeffers.

PL. *Pine Cone*.

1. This letter was printed in the "Reactions of Readers" column of the *Carmel Pine Cone* (February 18, 1938): 6. A similar letter by Una was published in the *Carmel Cymbal* (February 18, 1938): 10.

2. Matthew Murphy (b. 1881), consul of the Irish Free State in San Francisco from 1933 to 1947.

RJ to Students of Our Lady of the Lake College

Tor House, Carmel, California.
February {23}, 1938.

To the Students of Our Lady of the Lake College,

San Antonio, Texas.

It is a pleasure to send you a note of greeting, in answer to Sister M. Erasma's letter.

1 She suggests that I send also "a bit of advice, or what you will," but what comes into my mind is a poem

2 by the famous Irish writer William Butler Yeats. I hope you know his poems; some of them are very fine. This is not one of the best, but it is interesting. He tells of visiting a school, I suppose when he was a senator of the Irish Free State, and he goes about questioning, smiling, approving, but what he is really thinking about is the time when he was young and the woman he loved then, and he wonders whether any of the girls here looks as she did when she was a little girl. Meanwhile the school-children

"In a momentary wonder stare upon

A sixty-year-old-smiling public man."

Of course you are not children, and I am not sixty yet, and far from being a public man, but I feel the same amused embarrassment. Perhaps you will let me off the bit of advice, and take instead my very best wishes for your present and future happiness.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Our Lady. 1 page.

1. Sister Mary Erasma (1893–1980) was born in Knocklawrence, Ireland. She taught English at Our Lady of the Lake from 1932 to 1946.

2. "Among School Children," composed by W. B. Yeats in 1926.

RJ to League of American Writers

[February 1938]

1 You ask what I am for and what against in Spain. I would give my right hand, of course, to prevent the agony; I would not give a flick of my little finger to help either side win.

The legality of the government does not interest me. It did not restrain its supporters from violence and assassination before the insurrection began. It did not represent a majority of the Spanish people, therefore should have moved softly, rather than attempt changes that could only be enforced by violence.

Great changes were overdue in Spain, and the government's supporters are justified in fighting for them. But Franco's
2 people are justified in fighting for the older Spain they are more or less loyal to, the religion they believe in, and the rights they think are theirs, including the rights to life and liberty. I am not disposed to damn either side for accepting whatever help it can get.

As to the interventionists: I have no tolerance for Italy's intervention and none for Russia's, which began before Italy's and is less intensive because Russia is more cautious and farther away.

As to Fascism: I would fight it in this country, but if the Italians want it that is their affair. The same goes for Nazism.

The same for communism, from which the others learned their methods.

You are free to print this note, if you will print it without change or omission. As neutral, I shall be in a minority of one, among the writers who choose to answer your questions, but that's all right.

3

PL. *Writers.*

1. This letter appears in *Writers Take Sides: Letters About the War in Spain from 418 American Authors* (New York: League of American Writers, 1938), 73–74. It was written in response to a February 1, 1938 form letter from Donald Ogden Stewart, president of the league, which bewails the appearance of fascism around the world. Fearing that people might not fully understand the consequences of this threat, Stewart says, “We urge you to dispel the least shadow of doubt. This is the question we would have you answer: ‘Are you for, or are you against Franco and fascism? Are you for, or are you against the legal government and the people of Republican Spain?’ We wish the whole country to know what is felt by the most sensitive instruments of the national life, you American writers. Your verdict has world importance.” Four hundred ten writers said they were for the Loyalist, anti-Franco government; one writer, Gertrude Atherton, said she was against it; and seven writers, including Jeffers, were placed in a category labeled “Neutral?”

2. Francisco Franco (1892–1975), leader of the Nationalists in the Spanish Civil War (1936– 1939), fought against the Republicans for control of Spain. The Nationalists, on the

conservative side of the political spectrum, represented Roman Catholics, much of the military establishment, landowners, and businessmen; the Republicans, on the liberal side, represented agricultural and urban workers, portions of the middle class, and the leftist intelligentsia.

3. A typed draft and a handwritten draft of this letter, both with minor differences from the printed copy, are included in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities Research Center, Texas. In the typed draft, following “The legality of the government does not interest me,” Jeffers adds, “The legality of the government is only a talking point.” In the handwritten version, a sentence in the last paragraph is deleted: “You are free to print this note, if you will print it without change or omission. But really I think the writers of America have something better to do than to shout from the sidelines about a distant war. As neutral I shall be in a minority of one {among the writers that choose to answer your questions,} but that’s all right.”

UJ to Benjamin Miller

[February 1938]

1Robinson Jeffers is not familiar enough with Santayana or Whitehead to comment on their points of view He has never read Santayana

He owes no debt to D. H. Lawrence to whose writings I introduced him. Some of his ideas which ♦ coincide somewhat with D. H. L’s were developed before Lawrence’s or & some independently before he read any of him.

Mabel Dodge Luhan commented on this & was arranging to bring the two writers together at the time of L's death.

Hastily
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. On the reverse side of the sheet used for the handwritten draft of his letter to the League of American Writers (see preceding letter), Jeffers jotted down some thoughts that Una used in this note to Miller: "1. That I know nothing about Santayana's philosophy (and nothing about Whitehead's), so that I cannot judge {speak of} the thesis as a whole. 2. I don't understand {am not conscious of} the 'debt to D. H. Lawrence'. Can't remember reading any of his work before 1930; but no doubt I read *about* it, or heard talk about it. 3. I am much interested in the thesis. Miller is one of the few people who have taken the bother to understand what I am writing (except to praise or dispraise it as poetry) and the only one {(that I know of)} who has indicated an understanding of 'At the Birth of an Age.'" Jeffers wrote his own letter to Miller around the same time; see following.

RJ to Benjamin Miller

Tor House, Carmel, California.
February, 1938.

Dear Mr. Miller:

Thank you for sending the paper: I found it interesting and very well thought and expressed; though the distinction

between theism and pantheism—“community of processes which support all of reality”—seems to me unessential.

Now in answer to your questions:—

I did not in my verses intend a distinction between aesthetic experience and what you call sensual mysticism. The intention of in poetry is not primarily analytical; in my experience the two feelings were wound together and so I expressed them. I think there *is* a distinction, and that the beauty of things may be felt without any mystical recognition. But in that case it seems to me to be felt incompletely, however keenly. It seems to me that the mystical experience grows out of the aesthetic experience, naturally, almost logically.

I've never attempted a definition of beauty, and the interpretation you quote from Santayana

1 doesn't satisfy me. There is beauty in tragedy, in an ice-berg, a tiger, a disastrous battle-scene,—things into which it is hard to impute any idea of pleasure;—except of course aesthetic pleasure; but that brings us back to where we started from.

When I wrote “beauty is thy human name”

2 I was trying to express the feeling, which still remains with me, that this human and in itself subjective sense of beauty is occasioned by some corresponding quality or temper or arrangement in the object. Why else should a quite neutral thing—a wave of the sea or a hill against the sky—be somehow lovely and lovable, and become more so the more it is realized by contemplation? My intelligence (such as it is) does not work here; and it is hard to express in prose

even my feeling. The feeling of deep earnestness and nobility in natural objects and in the universe:—these are human qualities, not mineral or vegetable, but it seems to me I would not impute them into the objects unless there were something in not-man that corresponds to these qualities in man. This may be called delusion, or it may be called mystical certainty, there is no {external} proof either way; and it is probably not essential to the religious attitude we are discussing, though with me it is part of it.

—You call your questions obscure: what of my answers? But I have done as well as I could.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. George Santayana (1863–1952), Spanish philosopher, poet, and Harvard University professor, was the author of *The Sense of Beauty* (1896), *The Life of Reason* (5 volumes, 1905–1906), *Realms of Being* (4 volumes, 1927–1940), and many other works.

2. From the seventh stanza of “Ode on Human Destinies,” a poem published by Jeffers in *Californians*. See *Collected Poetry* 4: 216.

UJ to Blanche Matthias

Tor House. Carmel.
March 1. 1938.

Darling Blanche:

I was so sad not to see you again—not even to try—I was tied hand & foot, & at least a thousand things to talk over with you,—such fun to discuss things with you—I find humor, sensitiveness & good judgement in you & I like the combination! & Imagination!—I wanted to speak of Shan-Kar's little talk {at Noël's}—I liked him very much as he stood there so earnest & sincere & simple. I thought to tell you afterwards that if I acted less than *very* enthusiastic about him that I meant only that everything Hindoo is essentially *alien* to me—even as Chinese—& everything Oriental. These things are not to be explained. Why for instance I feel an extreme interest in Arabia but not in Persia?—And yet I feel congenial & reverent of Krishnaji—Well, examine your own mind. It isn't likely the marrow of your bones quakes as mine does at the mention of ancient Irish Round Towers, ♦ and many rituals I don't need to understand to throb with admiration—When I see a Greek frieze I don't *care* what the motions mean I just swoon with delight whether there are fifty or no meanings to every gesture. {I liked the Indra dance best. & I liked the music very much.}

Today a weird party. Its wild & stormy, wind & rain it is Sally's birthday & so the Flavins gave a big party! Last year—a year ago we were drinking cocktails {there} & planning our trips abroad & Sally was trying to shush Martin down as he yelled & shouted at me about going to Ireland “Why? & why?” & so he argued from his arm-chair for he had twisted his ankle trying to ski. Well there we all were {today} about fifty I guess & heaps to eat &

outside the sea & rain & wind raging & I felt as if I'd choke. Its crazy & needlessly dramatic to carry on like this. *I resent it all!*

O what a weekend this. We fetched Garth & Donnan down on Friday {(first visit this semester.)} & arrived home to find a wire from Sara Bennett Cerf asking us to ♦ fetch him from the *Cats* on Sat. to spend the night. We did, & stayed for lunch. Erskine is very frail but in good spirits & Sara looked amazingly well. That night Bennett went with us to a small dinner party at the Toulmin's. Charlie Chaplin

1 was there most amusing & friendly. {a whole story about him & his excruciatingly funny imitations of speeches—by Hitler & Mussolini}

2 Alice Toulmin

3 made a nice *mot*. As the ladies retired to the drawing room she said “Well, I never expected to look like David Garrick!

4—Did you see me sitting there between the tragic & comic muses?” (Robin & C. C.)

Next day we took Cerf (& a lunch) down the coast but didn't get to San Simeon—slides from these colossal rains. (Picture Robin's happiness—at this moment the rain is *beating* the west windows & all the shutters are up on the south side & the wind is creaking the roof) Then I took him to Fishes (Sidney just back from a month in Sinaloa Mexico & he'd killed a jaguar!)—In evening to Noël's for dinner & then in blinding rain took Bennett to Salinas for 11.PM train ♦ Mon. morning up at 5. in the dark & away with boys to Berkeley to arrive for 9.AM classes, & the rain apouring

Now today Bess O'Sullivan arrives from London & comes for dinner tomorrow night. Fri. we go to town. Robin has to

be one of three judges for \$1000 award {Phelan for literature}.

5 We are staying at Noëls town house. Last year it meant 24 hrs. *hard* work up there. We stay until Sunday.

Unfortunately Claire has had her hair cut {in a new fashion!}
No longer distinguished but pretty & trivial

Did I tell you the tale of the Macks. {(near Del Monte you know!)} & the Reformation of Joe McEnerney? After the Highlands gave up? There is many a tale here to be discussed & many a repercussion. Are you coming? Send me a line. Spent an evening with Max Eastman & his wife. Wish you could hear this erstwhile Communist on Russia!!!

Warm love from Una.—for you two.

It is 12:45. AM. I meant to write the Clapps. I'm sleepy {sleepy}. Will you please send them these broken lines! {lines!}

Besides John E. was in an awful state that night & distracted me & that terrificly rich & neer-do-well young man takes dope.

6

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Charles Spencer Chaplin (1889–1977), English comedic actor, film director, and cofounder of the United Artists film studio.

2. Having examined the challenges of everyday life in *Modern Times* (1936), Chaplin turned his attention to political issues in *The Great Dictator* (1940), a film in which he ridiculed Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini.

3. Alice Sistare (Larkin) Toulmin (1879–1963) was the granddaughter of Thomas Oliver Larkin (1802–1858), a pioneer merchant, financier, and real estate developer in northern California, and, from 1844 to 1848, United States consul to Mexico. The two-story adobe home Larkin built in Monterey around 1835 was a prime example of Monterey colonial architecture. The home was sold soon after Larkin's death, but Alice Toulmin bought it back for the family in 1922. She lived there for nearly forty years, carefully restoring the property and filling it with period antiques. In 1957 she gave the Larkin House to the state of California; three years later, it was designated a national historic landmark.

4. David Garrick (1717–1779), an English actor famous for his portrayals of Shakespeare's tragic heroes, was also a playwright and theater manager.

5. Judges for the 1938 Phelan Award were Jeffers, Hardin Craig of Stanford University's English Department, and Joseph Henry Jackson, San Francisco literary critic.

6. Written vertically in left margin, first page.

UJ to Ann Winslow

Tor House. March 1. 1938
Carmel.

Yes, dear Miss Winslow my husband will judge for the award for best narrative verse, (Lawrence Tibbett Award)—but I have no file of the “College Verse.”

1 If you could send one with the list to be considered I would return it to you safely. We were in the British Isles for six months & various people have our copies of magazines.

Sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Wyoming. 1 page.

1. Jeffers was the sole judge for the Lawrence Tibbett Award for narrative poetry published in *College Verse* during the 1937–1938 competition year. His decision, as follows, was published in *College Verse* 7 (May 1938): 149–150.

Basing the award solely on poetic quality I give first place for narrative verse to Elizabeth Schroeder’s “House in Jerusalem.” This, and her “Star of the Night,” though called lyrics, are clearly also narrative; and their tender simplicity leaves me no other choice. But it must be noticed that Miss Schroeder’s subject is inherently poetic. It is more difficult to make or find the poetry of contemporary life.

For second place, I should like to split the award between “Homily in August,” by Jetta Carleton, and Samuel French Morse’s “Fragments from ‘The Seasonal Man.’” The former is a clear and interesting portrait. The latter has variety and vigor, but there is no evidence that the long poem which these fragments indicate has been achieved, or will ever be. There is no evidence of unifying thought or emotion, nor of realized characters. I state these objections because the “Fragments”

impress me; they suggest much latent ability, and are more ambitious in scope and more strictly narrative than the other poems I have named. If forced to choose I should put them ahead of Miss Carleton's, but reluctantly. Her "Death-Watch" is even better than "Homily in August," but distinctly lyrical. "The Song of the Saxon Wars," by Martin J. Maloney, interested me also; and I looked wistfully at "Trumpets at Dawn: Variations," by Kenneth Lewis, but decided that this poem cannot by any stretch of license be called narrative.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel. California
March 3. 1938

Dear Sydney:

(1) I would be very happy to have—if you can spare them two complete copies of the Herald & 1 clipped article of Lynda Sargents article. Too long to relate now but I have never seen the paper yet. The edition here is exhausted. A copy reached a household near Cork just before we did & was used to make a fire & so on.—It was kind of you to get them.

(2) Yes, {J. G.} Moore bobs up now & then. We've never seen him. He bothered {Pres.} Bird {of Occidental} about Jeffersiana all summer until he quenched him. Then someone heard him give an awfully dull & witless talk on Robin in Beverly Hills.

1 His chief thesis seemed to be that Robin's father was an had Indian blood! (I suppose he heard somewhere that R. has high cheek bones!). No we still have no wish to get into communication with Mrs. Swift. I suppose we have the

poems in her possession if Robin could remember which they are—or {have} some of them. He passed them around very freely & I had them but did not preserve them. carefully <over> ♦ I might look through an old bundle & see whether there is anything we care to put in if you kindly undertake to copyright the U. S. C. ones for us. It would be most kind of you. (For your own information it may interest you Robin says he completed “At the Birth of an Age” at least 18 months before he gave it to the publisher)

(3) Don't be silly! You are our one & only bibliographer. I see now that my hasty comment at the top of Prof. Wann's letter is ambiguous.

2 I meant it to be sarcastic. As a matter of fact I wrote Mr. Wann a very scorching letter & asked him why he felt it necessary to drag out a {grown} man's bib & teething ring . . . whether it mattered which foot one learned to walk with first . . . whether if he could, would he think it worthwhile to make Victrola records of Kreisler's first assaults on his violin violin, whether time wasn't all too short anyway to push a man's mature work & so on for several pages in the same vein. &—certainly not! no little edition! Well when we were in Los A—Feb 11 ♦ (I had promised {long ago} to give a talk at Occidental College—on *Ancient Irish Music* & we were there for that purpose) he came to see us at Pres. Birds. He turned out to be quite reasonable, & I do not expect any trouble with him. {very earnest!} Now how shall I go about to get those poems for you—I think I shall just write straight to him & ask him to copy them for me. Of course the an unsigned ones are not R. J.'s. He never published any ~unsigned ones~ Of the five Prof. Wann mentions R. J. remembers very vaguely the titles (2) & (3), has no even dim recollection of other three.

(4) Ted Lilienthal & his wife printed on their little hand press {called Quercus} “Hope is not for the wise” just a few copies not for sale.

3 I think he sent you one—tell me—perhaps we spoke of it when in N. Y. but the heat there almost knocked me unconscious. He also printed “Oct week-end”

4—I think after the book came out—while we were gone. Tell me whether you have this? I will send you one if you havent.

Rereading your letter I see you have asked Prof. W. ♦ to send you the text of the poems. Has he done so?

Lawrence Powell knew beforehand that we would certainly not give permission for any little edition of early poems. I did not see him down south so I had no chance to ask him why he encouraged Prof. Wann. However I’m not going to start any controversy about that with him.

I return Wann’s letter. You can keep it.

We motored 5000 miles in Ireland—all over—mostly one night stands. Stayed nearly 6 weeks at Ballymore close to Dunfanaghy & the Bloody Foreland in Donegal which we lcame to love dearly. We stayed in an ancient farmhouse where Scotch & Eng. gentlefolk come. We were the first Americans. VERY simple, & plain good food & darling friendly people. A E. used to live in next house. Glenveagh Castle most romantic & wild was 15 miles away. We visited Mrs. Kingsley Porter there.—Climbed Errigal & Muckish in Donegal & the holy mt. Croagh Patrick in Co. Mayo. Went to Aran Is. Tory Is & Inisbofin Is. (& Iniscaltra {Is.}, Scattery {Is.} for round towers—also Ram Is in Lough Neagh). Visited about ♦ 35 round towers—25 of them new to me.

Have seen now about 60 of a possible 80—(80 counting mere stumps)

Went to Scotland, to inner and outer Hebrides & from Scrabster (by Thurso) to Orkneys & Shetlands. Motored along north coast to Cape Wrath & south to Glasgow. We went over to Inverness & east coast & finished all we didn't do there in 1929. Edinburgh again. Stayed with a connection of mine in Renfrewshire, Oban {for 2 weeks}.

Then to London. stayed with a friend for two weeks in Holland Park. Visited country houses, stayed weekends (in large house parties) with {at} Marchioness of Tweedale & Lady Curzon-Herrick, Lord Farrington, & Viscount Hastings. Saw a cross section of English high society & politics—another long weekend with a liberal M. P. delightful {Arthur} Hobhouse (relative of Byron's John Cam Hobhouse 5) in Somerset; motored another 5,000 miles in Eng. & Scotland This makes 20,000 miles in British Isles in 1929 & 1937 Motored all around Devon etc. Sailed from Southampton. We saw only a few literary people. Kathleen O'Brennan ♦ asked us to a party to “meet all the Dublin Characters” but R. J. wouldnt. However we spent a whole afternoon at Col. Maurice Moore's (in Trollope's old house at Donnybrook Dublin). He is George Moore's brother old man over 80. A perfect darling! He had Lord Justice Gavin Duffy to meet us. He was the man who defended Roger Casement before Parliament. Saw Joseph Hone several evenings in London. (He wrote Life of G. Moore) Very witty letters from Oliver Gogarty—but missed him. Spent a whole day at ruined Moore Hall in Co Mayo rowed out to Castle Is. in Lough Carra to Moore's Cairn.

Went to Newstead Abbey & saw ALL the Byron things! Pilgrimaged to Hardy's heart's grave at Stinsford. Found it piled high with flowers. (His second wife just dead.) I love Hardy. Had a WEIRD time seeing T. E. Lawrence's grave & the *ugly* lonely house Clouds Hill—no wonder he dashed away on his motor-cycle.

Went to Mary Shelley's grave at Bournemouth. Her son & her mother & father—(Godwins) buried there—Shelley's heart is buried in his son's grave—I went to see if it said so on the grave—it didn't. ♦ Searched out Allegra Byron's grave at Harrow Its unmarked but had it pointed out by a curate who had access to church records & so on.—{We did ten thousand more things.} I adore travelling—(also staying at home!) Robin is a rebellious & a wretched traveller but he came back completely refreshed. The thing he liked best in our whole trip was the tremendous overwhelming stone circle in the Orkneys!

Saw old German battleship being raised in Scapa Flow.

Saw the Cerne Abbas prehistoric giant.

6 My word! Let {L.} Powys describe this emblem of fertility.

7

Tell me whether I sent you any kodaks, & which—There are several you might like—

Bennett Cerf has just spent a weekend with us. We didn't stop in N. Y.—{(only 24 hrs)} We saw no one we did as we left except Cerf.—We had hoped to see ♦ you and had several engagements. Also hoped to stop at Adamics in Penn. but R couldn't endure N. Y & we hurried away. Did go up to

Austerlitz to see Edna Millay—& so east through Elmira etc
Stopped in Mich. & 2 weeks with Mabel Luhan in Taos. & 2
days with Melba Bennett.

Our boys are back in college doing Senior yr.

R. J. has to go up to S. F. tomorrow to help judge mss. for
\$1000 Phelan award. He did it last year. It's considerable
work.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

Your air mail written Feb 22 reached me March 2 A tip: If I
were you I would be nice & courteous to Prof W. I think he
will present no difficulties if you act thus—but he is sh shy &
none too assured really & I would really, after meeting him,
regret to hurt his feelings

^Dear Sidney Heavens! I see my comments at the head of
the^

ALS. San Francisco. 8 pages. Postmark: March 4, 1938.

1. John G. Moore spoke about Jeffers at a January 4, 1938
meeting of the Beverly Hills Women's Club.

2. Louis Wann (1885–1956), a professor of English language
and literature at the University of Southern California from
1919 to 1951, was the author of *Effective English: A
Handbook of Composition* (1932), *The Rise of Realism:
American Literature from 1860 to 1888* (1933), and other
books. An interest in Jeffers prompted a search in his

university's archives for manuscripts of early poems—a search that resulted in the discovery of five poems definitely attributable to Jeffers and a few more poems that might have been written by him. In a letter to Una dated January 29, 1938 (TLS San Francisco), Wann mentions his discoveries and asks for permission to write about them in an essay he hoped to publish in an academic journal. Una hastily wrote the following message in the top right corner of Wann's letter and forwarded it to Alberts: "Dear Sydney—Where are you & doing what? What do you think of this?—Cordially U. J."

3. Robinson Jeffers, *Hope Is Not for the Wise* (San Mateo, Calif.: Quercus Press, 1937). Twenty-four copies of the poem, intended for private distribution, were printed by the Lilienthals July 12, 1937.

The Quercus Press was established in 1937 by Fran Lilienthal and a neighbor, Edith (Chesebrough) van Antwerp (1881–1949). Interested in printing as a hobby, the two women bought a Vandercook proof press and learned how to use it. Ted Lilienthal soon became involved and helped the pair find better equipment, such as an Albion hand press once operated by William Morris at his Kelmscott Press in England. Quercus Press was named for a grove of oak trees surrounding the Lilienthals' San Mateo home; Quercus means "oak" in Latin. For additional information, see Ward Ritchie, *Theodore Lilienthal, Robinson Jeffers and the Quercus Press* (Los Angeles: Occidental College, 1974).

4. Robinson Jeffers, *October Week-End* (San Mateo, Calif.: Quercus Press, 1937). The Lilienthals printed ten copies of this poem.

5. John Cam Hobhouse, 1st Baron Broughton (1786–1869), a British politician and author, met Lord Byron at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1809 the two embarked on a journey that took them to Portugal, Spain, Greece, Turkey, and points beyond. The fourth canto of Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* was dedicated to Hobhouse.

6. The Cerne Abbas giant is an enormous figure of a naked, sexually aroused, club-wielding man cut into a hillside near the village of Cerne Abbas, England.

7. See "Cerne Abbas" in *Dorset Essays* by Llewelyn Powys, pages 69–74.

UJ to Margaret Peter

Tor House. Carmel. California.
March 7. 1938

Dear Mr. Peter:

1

Answering your letter of February 23. Robinson Jeffers father was a Presbyterian clergyman, professor in a theological seminary, & for a time the pastor of an important church in Cleveland, Ohio—(Euclid Ave. Presby. Church). A man of liberal views which progressively relaxed in creed & dogma. (At the time R. J. & I were married {in 1913} his father, then 75 years of age, went each Sunday to a church of different denomination rotating attendance at about eight churches.) He was very scholarly & had travelled widely. He died Dec. 1914 There were family prayers in R. J's youth, readings from the Bible, & the Shorter Catechism to learn by heart on Sundays

{but all this lapsed & fell into desuetude after some years.} R. J. is extremely well versed in the Bible. Seldom reads it now, but can quickly locate any reference. His language has been influenced by much Bible reading. His mother was religious & up to her death in 1921 had a great part in church music. She was fond of society & very gay. His father was a recluse. ♦ R. J. is not conscious of any definite time or any particular feeling of rebellion against religion when he began to feel the unimportance of loving humanity in toto.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Swarthmore. 2 pages.

1. Margaret Peter was born in 1916 in Shanghai, China, where her parents, Dr. William Wesley Peter and Dr. Eleanor (Whipple) Peter, were medical missionaries. Her father, who was a surgeon and public health specialist, also served as medical director of the Navajo Reservation in the Four Corners region of the American southwest, and as a health administrator for the United States State Department. Margaret married Samuel F. Ashelman in 1938, the same year she graduated from Swarthmore College. Her senior thesis, titled "The Ethical Fibre of Robinson Jeffers' Poetry," includes a facsimile of Una's letter (mistakenly addressed to "Mr." Peter).

UJ to Maud Clapp

Tuesday March 8. '38
Tor House Carmel

Dearest Maud:

How did you like Mabel? I long to hear.

1 We've been in S. F. Robin helped judge mss. for Phelan \$1000.00 award. *Work*. There were 34 long ones!

2 I sent you a letter via Blanche a week & more ago. at least I asked her to send hers on to you as I wanted you to know about things in it, Charlie Chaplin as dinner partner—& Shan-Kar, whom I enjoyed but not soul-shakingly. {But all mails quit down there for a few days of flood. So it may not reach you.}

3

Saw Gershwin's *Porgy & Bess* in S. F.

4 Very thrilling & a thrilling set!

Boys & we were at Mollie Sutros for dinner & Peggy & Bruce Kingsley Porter. They were charming & handsome. Bess O'Sullivan was there (Mrs Denis O'S, London.) She & Bruce were great friends when young & they reminisced very comically {about} all the young art world in S. F. long ago.

I wonder whether Timmie knew Edgar Walter sculptor in S. F. He died suddenly last week in S. F. ♦

All my love darlings & a letter soon.

Una

ALS. Yale. 2 pages. Postmark: March 8, 1938.

1. Una had already heard from Mabel Luhan about the meeting. In a March 8, 1938 letter to Mabel (ALS Yale), not used in this edition, Una says, "I was awfully interested in

your conception of the Clapps although it made them sound like the fin de siècle people in Max Nordau's "Degeneration"—and Mallarmé's "The flesh is sad, alas, & all the books are read." There's more than that. They can be real fun, too, & know just about everything although they reject almost all!"

2. The winner of the 1938 Phelan Award in literature was Ann Stanford, a Stanford University student. Leslie A. Squire of San Francisco was named alternate.

3. This inserted sentence is written vertically in left margin.

4. George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* opened February 14, 1938 at the Curran Theatre in San Francisco and closed March 5. The production, on tour from New York, was directed by Rouben Mamoulian; Todd Duncan, Anne Brown, and Ruby Eley performed the leading roles.

UJ to Edgar Lee Masters

Tor House. Carmel. California
March 12. 1938

Dear Masters,

Robin and I speak of you often—alas, its impossible to get time for letters of friendship, but this is to call to your attention an article about you we liked so very much—which you perhaps did not see—by John Cowper Powys in *The University Review* University of Kansas City, Winter 1937.

1

O and we wish we could have shown you—(and told you a tale—) our wooden image of the amazing Cerne giant, cut on the hillside near Cerne Abbas, Dorset. He is described in one of Llewellyn Powys' recent "Dorset Sketches."

A poem of yours often on our lips is *Invisible Landscapes*.

2 Living here now for twenty four years, and vividly watching the turn of years & events we have in our memories "layers like fallen leaves"—which we poke and sift and try to refresh.

Warm affection from us both
Una.

ALS. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. John Cowper Powys, "Edgar Lee Masters' Recent Poetry," *University Review* 4 (Winter 1937): 88–94.

2. Near the conclusion of "Invisible Landscapes," the title poem of his 1935 book, Masters says "invisible landscapes rest / In layers like fallen leaves"—with reference to the residue of lived experience that remains on earth as generations thrive for a time and then fade away.

UJ to Nelly Mendham

Tor House. Carmel. California.
March 19. 1938

Dear Miss Mendham:

1

Robinson Jeffers is glad to give you permission to use any of his poems you wish in your Verse Speaking Festival.

2 He wished *me* to suggest several. May I call your attention to *The Answer, Hope is not for the wise*, in “Such Counsels you gave to me,” his last book. And for dramatic utterance, passages in *The Tower beyond Tragedy* in “Roan Stallion” vol. or from *At the Birth of an Age* in “Solstice” vol. I must call your attention to the short poem *The Low Sky* in “Give your tHeart to the Hawks” vol.—it almost speaks itself.

I wish we could be present at your festival. We have been away in the British Isles during the past year & my husband’s work has piled up so high that he isn’t writing any letters.

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. Nelly Mendham (1884–1977) taught elocution, oratory, and expression at public and private schools before accepting a position in the Drama Department at Idaho Southern University in Pocatello, Idaho.

2. The fifth annual poetry recitation festival, a competitive event for high school and college students directed by Mendham, was scheduled for April 23, 1938 in Pocatello.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Tor House. Carmel. California
March 29. 1938

Darling Clapps:

Timmie's book

1 came last night & Robin & I had some exciting moments with it although we have had time only to dip into it here & there. Robin said—"O I am glad they are as good as the last book & perhaps a wider range"—More later. One must *think* about these poems.

Busy busy & more busy & when I am thoroughly wound up & helpless Robin is sure to get one of his spells of needing to retire completely from the world! and already I had hand-picked several times over every person he'd seen! I am not bemoaning my fate at all, I like my own better than others mostly. I sup sometimes find steering difficult, because if he ever feels dull & unstimulated he says its my fault! {because I know what he needs—but he can't find out think himself.}

2

Tony interrupted me here—& I must stop this for I've promised to take him to the train in an hour. ♦ He has been here in Carmel for five days staying here & at John Evans.—(sleeping at Johns.) He came on the train because he'd heard so much about floods. He is going to Berkeley hoping to see Garth wrestle.

The boys write that Timmie's friend Dr. Ryder

3 (or Rider—I haven't time to look up the letter) died very suddenly during a class he was teaching in Sanscrit. The boys know a boy at International House who was in another {Sanscrit} class & had received much extra instruction & help from him. This boy is overcome with grief. They said

say Dr. Ryder cannot be replaced. Perhaps you had already heard this.

Best love dears & I hope to write again soon. An awful pile of letters stare me in the face—duty ones I mean.

Devotedly
Una.

ALS. Yale. 2 pages. Postmark: March 29, 1938.

1. Frederick Mortimer Clapp, *Said Before Sunset* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1938).

2. This insertion is written vertically in right margin.

3. Arthur William Ryder (1877–1938), a graduate of Harvard University and the University of Leipzig, began his career as a teacher of German and Latin. His appointment as a professor of Sanskrit at the University of California, Berkeley commenced in 1906 and continued until his death from a heart attack March 21, 1938. His publications include *Kalidasa: Translations of Shakuntala, and Other Works* (1912), *The Panchatantra* (1925), and *The Bhagavad-Gita* (1929).

UJ to Remsen Du Bois Bird

April 4, 1938
Tor House. Carmel.

Dear Remsen:

I hope you will be here long enough for us to see you Easter time We are to go to Death Valley if its *flying* weather, on Apr. 14. returning Apr. 17. Robin to fly down with his brother & the boys & I to bo motor. I hope, too, that the Huxley visit will transpire when we can see them. We spend a month with Mabel, but are usually home by ♦ the last week in June. Various people tell us they are charming companions.

We had cocktails a few days ago with the Hubbles

1 at the Baldwins.

2 I liked them so very much. You must know them.

I am happy to hear of Albert Bender's generous gift to Occidental

3 He is the most ardent enthusiast about these collections of his.

O but this is a beautiful spot with all the flowers a-burgeoning Only Donegal is its rival in my love.—

Our love to you & Helen.

Una.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. Edwin Powell Hubble (1889–1953), America's leading astronomer, and his wife Grace (Burke) Hubble (1889–1980). Hubble's discovery of an expanding universe and of galaxies outside the Milky Way marked a major advance in scientific knowledge. Publications include *Red-Shifts in the Spectra of Nebulae* (1934), *The Realm of the Nebulae* (1936), and *The Observational Approach to Cosmology* (1937).

2. Grace Hubble's diary, located in the Hubble archives at the Huntington Library, contains an entry for Sunday, March 27, 1938 that describes a gathering at the home of Garry and Betty Baldwin. Robinson and Una brought Tony Luhan; John and Mollie O'Shea and others arrived later.

Franklin Mosher "Garry" Baldwin (1895–1963) was an attorney, oilman, and rancher. He and his wife Elizabeth (Goodhue) Baldwin (1898–1977) had a home on Woodstock Road in San Marino, where they were neighbors of the Hubbles and Clinton Judy. They also owned the Old Whaling Station in Monterey—a landmark adobe home built around 1850.

3. Bender gave Occidental College a complete set of signed, first-edition books by Jeffers, along with handwritten manuscripts and other items.

UJ to Ellen O'Sullivan

[April 6, 1938]
Tor House Carmel
Wednesday night.

Dearest Ellen:

I went around to your house on Monday at 1:00 but you had gone. I found only Mary in a dither of happy excitement about her trip to Denver.—I had taken you a play—the miracle one, "Shadow & Substance,"

1 but you can borrow it when you come down. We had much discussion about it at Noël's the other night. Mario & Lee both saw it in New York & ♦ didn't like it, thought it dull. But it is

having a very successful run. Blanche saw it & *loved* it. Our publisher Random House published it & Cerf told me he thought it a *grand* play. Noël is reading it now.—

I liked the Meiklejohns very much. We had such a nice evening. O, will you look up their address & direct & mail this card, please.

Yesterday lunch with Mrs Stebbins {Blanche} & Alice W. with Mrs. Stebbins

2 & Miss S.

3 at Peter Pan. Did ♦ you know Mr. Ingalls has been very sick in Pasadena Hospital is getting better. Also did you know the Dickinsons

4 smashed their car to bits on a slippery road in New Mexico & *she* is in Monterey Hospital in a cast.

Please give my love to my nice Mollie & say I am *mad* that I missed a regular “tell” with her.

Robin has written a *stunning* {4 pages!!} foreword for the book of H. Lyon’s photographs. Edna & Horace are so pleased with it. It IS good <over> ♦

Harriet McLaughlin

5 (the tall one you saw at church with Lester D.) has arranged for a mass to be said for Olga at the mission the morning of Apr 18 at 7:30. I hope to be back here for it & wish it had happened while you were here. It is a year on Easter since she died—but she doesn’t *seem* to be gone. I suppose that is one of the pleasantest things about being *loved*. You live on here in this plea beautiful world as long as your friends are in it. Write sometimes.

Devotedly
Una.

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages. Postmark: April 7, 1938.

1. Paul Vincent Carroll, *Shadow and Substance* (New York: Random House, 1937)—a play set in a small town in County Louth, Ireland.

2. Marian Long Stebbins (1881–1956), an actress and teacher, was the chair of the Department of Speech and Dramatic Arts at Mills College and the dean of the college's School of Fine Arts. When Aurelia Reinhardt was absent from campus, Stebbins served as acting president. Marian was married to Elwyn W. Stebbins (1870–1950), a mining engineer.

3. Either Margaret Stebbins (1905–1970) or Edith Stebbins (1908–1992). Margaret, a graduate of Stanford University, was a gardening expert who co-owned the Page Mill Nursery near Palo Alto, California. Edith, a graduate of Mills College, was an actress and community theater director; in 1946 she married John Jennings, a dramatic arts professor and director of the San Francisco Theater Association.

4. Henry and Edith Dickinson.

5. Harriet McLaughlin (1898–1966), an ardent Roman Catholic, was the director of the women's division of the Red Cross war fund during World War II. Her father, George D. McLaughlin (1864–1931), was president of the Manor House Coffee company.

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House. Carmel
April 6. 1938

Dearest Albert:

We havent been back to San Francisco since we saw you at Mollie Sutro's. I had hoped very much to get up there for some Irish plays but could not manage.—Now I hear you have been in hospital but out again. Robin & I are very sorry to hear of your illness. I wish I had written to you & whiled away a moment for you there. I wonder whether you saw the Irish woman Mrs. Skeffington?

1 She came here for tea the other day {on her way to Oceano & Ella Young}. She is an *ardent* de De Valera-ite

2 & talked much of Irish politics. She felt that the north would s combine with *Eire* as soon as Craigavon

3 dies—but remembering the bitter talk we heard up there—we are forced to doubt! Now today I have a letter from Remsen Bird & one from the librarian

4 filled with enthusiasm about your gift of Jeffers' collection to Occidental. They feel grateful & proud to possess this. You are a generous giver. I ♦ am happy to think of those noble cabinets there to preserve &

display the things. I think I told you that when we were down there to give my talk on *Ancient Irish Music* we saw the indirect {concealed} & very efficient lighting that had been installed.

We expect, if its flying weather, to go to Death Valley at Easter. Robin would fly down with his brother, & I would motor with Garth & Donnan. going down Thurs. Apr 14. & back Sun. 17. (thats all the vacation the boys get at U. C.) We

have never been there. Hamilton Jeffers flies down very often.

Albert, my warm thanks for the Archeological Journal—that is as my boys say inelegantly “*right down my alley.*”

our dear love to you always

Una

ALS. Mills. 2 pages.

1. Johanna Mary (Sheehy) Skeffington, known as Hanna Sheehy-Skeffington (1877–1946), was an Irish suffragist and political activist whose husband Francis Skeffington, a journalist, was murdered by a British officer during the Easter Rising of 1916. Following his death, she continued her outspoken support of women’s rights and Irish independence through her work as an editor of the *Irish Citizen*, *An Phoblacht*, and *Republican File*, and as the director of organization for Sinn Féin. Publications include *British Militarism as I Have Known It* (1917).
2. Eamon De Valera (1882–1975), a key figure in the battle for Irish independence and head of the Irish state.
3. James Craig, 1st Viscount Craigavon (1871–1940), first prime minister of Northern Ireland.
4. Elizabeth J. McCloy (1889–1967), Occidental College librarian from 1928 to 1957.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Tor House. Carmel
April 8. 1938

Darling Clapps:

A day of thrilling beauty—the air is warm full full of life—dazzling sunlight over incredibly blue sea. In my golden & green courtyard piog all the pigeons strut & coo & when one flies up to the eaves the sunlight flashes from its wings into the house as if {some} one were moving mirrors to reflect the gleams. Wild flowers a-riot in our hollow.

Well, I have read *Said before Sunset* straight through six times,—partly because I like it so very much & partly because I fear to miss some meaning hidden away behind those images that no one but Timmie could have fashioned—but so congenial to my mind that once I've perceived them, they are mine too. I think the arresting strangeness of this verse lies in the vision one gets of a mind functioning at top-speed toward some unascertained objective. And its motive power simply its own need for velocity through unending reaches of impervious space! It isnt exactly ♦ the verse to lend to one's frail friends—those souls who need a reward dangled just ahead of their day's work.

You know if I had not such a silly resilience, though, I'd been in a far-worse case than {than} Timmie & Robin, for I sense in Timmie the consolations of the East—the venerable Arahats.

I and Robin has a definite feeling of a Meaning in all this—he will not venture to explain what while I have nothing. but blessedly my mind contentedly beholds the Natural Scene.

How insensitive my mind {to the Universal Futility} is betrayed by my answer to a question proposed by the Meiklejohns at dinner the other night—one they had heard discussed by a group in New York “Suppose we were to have tonight the assurance of some one thing of great importance to the world. What would you choose?” (Curiously the majority of New Yorkers chose *Immortality*.) Someone {of us} said “Cessation of Violence.” What do you suppose Noël said, & *meant* “I would like best to hear that today the sun would go out forever.” Well, I said “*Health*”—(Even if it is “the mere cosmetic of cellular desire” Timmie! ♦ The poems I like best in the vol., at present, are *These Days*, *Thought*, *Advent of Light*, *Built-up Potentials Portrait*, *The Dead*, *Time’s Apex*.

We expect tomorrow, for the day, S. K. Ratcliffe
2—do you know English journalist?

A letter from Mabel yesterday said she was very happy & doing a lot of interviews & intended unless needed by Tony to stay through April. She ends up “Best love & more than ever yours,” & “I like the Clapps *so* much.” This objective life is so utterly different that {from} her stance of last summer.

Can Does Timmie know the *Elegies of Maximian*.

3 Tell him not to bother to answer my comments on his book. Give Maud a message—the letters you he must have to get attended to every day make me shudder!

The book reviews of Mabel’s *Edge of T. Desert* were in general, most unfriendly but she told me the sales ♦ are very

good. I agree with you. I dont like the ending line at all. O to have heard the preciousness of Alice Meynaell

4 discussed! A strange woman, too, & her household a hu a hub-bub of disorder, I am told, & her children adoring & reverencing her—& then, didnt George Meredith conceive a great passion for her?—or, mercy, was it that *Angel in the House* man—Patmore? To say nothing of Francis Thompson.

5

Russell & Blanche are at Peter Pan. They sail for England {early in} May He is toying now with the idea of Ireland. They are well & enjoying their “Ranch” & the wild flowers.

Maud, how awful to change your apartment! *Do* consider the burden of moving. Much better a little grime

All my love
Devotedly Una

I had the prospectus about your nephew’s
6 lectures & am thinking of possibilities. I am almost certain he would be given a date at Mills College,—you know near Oakland. They give the most excellent programs with a view especially to Music & Art.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages. Postmark: April 8, 1938.

1. In the Buddhist tradition, an arhat is a fully enlightened human being. Una may also have had in mind a critical essay by Timmie, one that evinces a thorough understanding of Buddhist art, literature, and religious history; see Frederick Mortimer Clapp, “Arhats in Art,” *Art Studies: Medieval, Renaissance, and Modern* 3 (1925): 95–130.

2. Samuel Kerkham Ratcliffe (1868–1958), a British journalist and member of the Fabian Society, edited the *Calcutta Statesman* and contributed regularly to the *Manchester Guardian*, the *New Statesman*, the *Observer*, and other publications. He also lectured frequently in Canada and the United States.

3. Maximian, or Maximianus, a poet who wrote in Latin, is believed to have lived in the sixth century CE. Little is known about him. His collection of elegiac poetry mourns the loss of youthful vigor that comes with the advance of age, especially in regard to love-making.

4. Alice (Thompson) Meynell (1847–1922), English poet, journalist, and editor whose happy marriage to Wilfred John Meynell (1852–1948), also a journalist, produced seven children.

She was the author of *Preludes* (1875), *The Rhythm of Life* (1893), *The Spirit of Place* (1898), and other works.

5. All three British authors—George Meredith (1828–1909), Coventry Patmore (1823–1896), and Francis Thompson (1859–1907)—fell in love with Alice.

6. Harold Stanley Ede (1895–1990), known as H. S. Ede and Jim Ede, was a British art historian, curator, and collector, and the son of Maud Clapp's brother Edward. He resigned from his position at the Tate Gallery in 1936 to pursue an independent career as a lecturer. He and his wife Helen lived in Morocco and France for a number of years before purchasing four seventeenth-century cottages in Cambridge, England and combining them to form a single home and gallery called Kettle's Yard. The house and contents were

eventually given to Cambridge University for use as a study center and museum. Ede's book, *A Life of Gaudier-Brzeska* (1930), was reprinted as *Savage Messiah* (1931) and used as the basis for a 1972 film by Ken Russell. Other publications include *Florentine Drawings of the Quattrocento* (1926) and *A Way of Life: Kettle's Yard* (1983).

RJ to Una

[April 1938]

1

Dear Una:

On account of a dream I had in London,—for nobody knows what previsions the human mind is capable of—and a “hunch” I have here, it seems to me possible that we may crash on the way to Death Valley, in spite of Hamilton's flying experience. Therefore this note, and the enclosed holograph last will and testament. But a premonition {“hunch”} is not an assurance; I wouldn't bet money on a premonition {“hunch”}, and it would be just cowardly to refuse an air-plane ride for that reason one. I say this to avoid misunderstanding—because I have no desire to die before writing another poem or two, and I should love to know you and the boys for hundreds of years to come. And the beauty of things.

Aside from these two considerations I have no prejudice against dying at any time—no desire to, but also no shrinking from it. So you are not to mourn me if it should happen, but remember that I loved you dearly and wanted you and the boys to be happy, not sorrowful.

I wish to be cremated as cheaply as possible

Remember also that it is vulgar for poor people to spend money on funerals. I wish to be cremated as cheaply, {quickly, and} quietly as possible; no speech nor meeting nor music; no more coffin than may be necessary; {no embalming!} no flowers. {A funeral} is only a sanitary measure. Put the ashes a few inches deep in the courtyard, near our {little} daughter's ashes. Certainly no grave-stone nor tablet.

I ought to add—(since my brother will be my pilot)—that I hardly think he has much {more} prejudice against dying than I have, nor any more desire for a showy funeral. I have much affection for him, and, unless there are reasons against it, should wish our ashes to be buried in the same hole or at least near by each other.

As to the proposed “Selected—” or—in case what I am imagining should happen—“*Collected Poems*”—go ahead with them.

2 I trust your judgment more than I do my own. I will try to get the preface done, more or less; and to copy legibly the two or three bits of recent verse that might be added. I really think the poems are valuable and memorable but how should I know?

3—Don't forget the dedication to U. J.—I will copy it out legibly.

Finally—my dearest love to you and our boys. More than I have ever been able to express.

Robin.

ANS. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. Robinson's crumpled note is accompanied by a transcription by Una that bears the following note: "Fair copy of memorandum made by R. J. before our trip to Death Valley Easter, 1938."

2. *The Selected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers* was published by Random House in November 1938.

3. The rest of this paragraph is written vertically in the right margin.

RJ to Una

[1938]

My forthcoming book of "Selected Poems" is to be dedicated to *Una Jeffers*, and the contents chosen by her.

Love, dearest,
from Robin.

1

ANS. HRC Texas.

1. At some point in its history, this undated note was placed in the envelope containing billets-doux from 1913–1914 (see *Collected Letters* 1: 384n1). It is no doubt the dedication mentioned near the close of the previous note.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

April 20. 1938

Dear Larry:

I think you are right that your book on Robin would have a steady sale & will speak to Cerf about it. I dont know whether he will be interested however. A man {Horace Lyon} is about to bring out a book of magnificent photographs {a limited de Luxe ed. pub by Grabhorn.} of this coast with captions from R.'s poetry & call it "Jeffers' Country." There is a foreword by Robin. {& a fine one too!} Lyon had great hopes of interesting Cerf in doing a trade ed. {at reasonable cost} but has had no success as yet.

We spent Easter in Death Valley. Robin flew down with his brother in his plane. Boys & I motored down & boys *flew* back. It is wild & terrible country. I dont want to see it again! The flowers are not very fine this year. Rains didn't come right. ♦

I will let you know what Cerf replies.

Cordially

Una

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages. Letterhead (printed): Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

RJ to Frederick Mortimer Clapp

Tor House, Carmel.

April 24, 1938.

Dear Timmie:

It is not for lack of appreciation that I am so late in writing you about “Said Before Sunset.” The book delights and holds me as “New Poems” did. It is more various; I think some of the poems are better than any in “New Poems.” A few are obscure to me {probably just ignorance}; a few seem to me keenly observed but less than poetic, but perhaps that is my fault—allergy—they are the urban satiric ones, like “Synchronesh.” But “White” is of the same group, and its sudden turn and irony—“Ah Liberation”—is highly poetic.

If someone asked me what poem in the book most clearly expresses your special distinction I should probably choose “These Days,” not as best but as most typical; deep, sharp and mature thought in each word, plus compression, plus the imaginative intensity that forms a picture as if from inside experiencing it, not from outside observing it. “Shuffling discarded plans / in the dark chart-room—” It is wonderfully done, and you are more than ever my favorite author.

I’ll name others that have taken my mind. The two on “Mathematics,” the great ending of the first, the image of reality in the second, “The Dead,” the splendid “Advice to Poets,” the truth perhaps more than the fantasy of “Explosive Mixtures”—There are so many others; and those suddenly terrifying last lines—“eyeless sockets have to be met”—“The senseless benedictions that the sea keeps for its dead.” It is great work.

And of course the Coast-range Death-dance,

1 which is very beautiful poetry besides the friendship. "Press their eyes against the windows of men's minds" is so fine that I wish you'd been speaking of Shakespeare.

Yours,
Robin.

—I don't suppose your publishers would think it worthwhile to quote me a second time, but if they should wish to I'd be proud to subscribe to any phrase or fragment of this letter; or to write them another one. Congratulations, and best wishes,
Timmie.

2

ALS. Yale. 1 page.

1. "Figures in a Coast Range Dance of Death," page 54, is inscribed "*For R. J.*"

2. A handwritten draft of portions of this letter is located in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities Research Center, Texas.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

1938 APR 24 PM 10 48
CARMEL CALIF

BENNETT CERF
20 EAST 57 ST NYK

OBJECT VERY MUCH TO PUBLICATION MABEL
ARTICLE

UNA.

Tlg. Berkeley.

1. The article referred to here is Mabel Luhan's portrait of Robinson and Una first offered to Alfred Harcourt (see Una's June 12, 1933 letter to Harcourt and Mabel). Una sent this telegram to Cerf immediately upon receipt of a letter from him (TCC Berkeley) dated April 21, 1938 that begins with the following paragraph.

I had a most amusing lunch with Mabel Dodge Luhan and, as a sequel thereto, she brought over the piece that she wrote some years ago about you, Robin and the twins. I am enclosing herewith a carbon copy of the note I have just written to her about this article. I believe that it was her idea that I might use what pressure I could exert to persuade you and the Clapps to authorize the publication of this article. I emphatically feel, however, that this would be a rank presumption on my part. I can only say that if such an article were written about me, I would be perfectly furious to have it published openly. Why should anyone have the veil torn away from his innermost life and have his heart and soul exposed to a public gaze at so much a word? I wish that you would write and tell me how you and Robin feel about all this yourselves. Of course I am vitally interested in your reactions. I must say, before leaving the subject, that Miss Luhan's piece did make all of you seem very dear and close to her for, despite all her lack of reticence, there is something deeply inspiring about her description of all of you.

UJ to Albert Bender

April 26. 1938
Tor House. Carmel

Dearest Albert—

Do you know a man named Fletcher {Jackson} Barber?

1 He wrote us some weeks ago that he was writing a life of George Sterling would we give him material. I wrote “Yes” but I couldn't attempt to write it all—he would probably have to come here to get George's {Carmel} setting & could then come by appointment for material & a talk. Two weeks ago he wrote he would be in Carmel Apr. 20–May 2. so I wrote & set Tues. Apr 26. 4:30 P.M. for interview I spent several hours yesterday getting together all the material I had about George. Today an hour before the time set a very queer telegram came from him from San Francisco. It said “Please delay indefinitely my visit. Casseres sending Sterling letters to you. Hope you understand and forgive.” Jackson Barber.

We would probably think this just an awkward locution except for two letters we had during the past week (1) from Alberts in N. Y. who said between 20 & 30 letters had been offered him for sale written by Robin to Sterling & to De Casseres. also one of the rare presentation “Roan Stallions” (only 12 copies ♦ were published). You remember our talk of this book several years ago. I thought of our 4 copies I had given you one but afterwards recollected that we didn't know you then. It was to Sterling we gave it. Probably this is the Sterling copy.

(2) We had a letter from Ben De Casseres. He said “What do you know of one Jackson Barber? He says he is writing a life of Sterling & wants material Naturally I won’t give it to him unknown—”

It is puzzling. Can you fit any of these pieces together? Or are they not the *same* puzzle? Why are any of De Casseres’ letters *from* R. for sale?

Did you see your country woman Mrs. Skeffington? She came here for tea. She is an ardent De Valera fan.

Warm love from Una

Heavens, Albert if you are *still* sick dont worry your head about the above!

ALS. Mills. 2 pages.

1. Jackson Barber, a poet and writer who lived in San Francisco, planned to write a biography of George Sterling, but abandoned the project soon after he began gathering information.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel
May 3. 1938

Dear Larry:

I am sorry that Bennett Cerf feels it is not a good thing to publish your book but we are entirely in his hands & cannot

go behind his judgement. Yes, I told him you did not regard it as an *item* but he seems to feel that if any other than its original publisher does it, it *will* be an item. He is hard-boiled & I suppose a publisher has to be firmly convinced of his own good judgement but he has been so uniformly kind considerate & generous to us that I feel sure he *thinks* he is doing the best thing for Robin to try to keep this year free for Robin's own book.—But if you do not expect to profit much financially from this & know it involves a lot of work—why not put it off for this year as he suggests? You will have more material after the preface. Perhaps Zeitlin will be in better shape later. This is the third proposition I've seen him {Cerf} sit down on hard within a short time, involving ♦ Robin.—One of them is was the book “Jeffers Country”—the proposed book {pub.} by Grabhorn—who very much wanted Robin to sign {autograph} the foreword. Cerf did not approve. This book is held up temporarily by some trouble in reproducing {pictures.} I wish I could see the *David*.

1 What is the date? I believe it was produced in Lond England once. Have you details of this?

I cannot advise you {what to do} about the book. I have been sitting here thinking about it. My feeling about critiques & memoirs is that they stand by themselves if interesting & {but} sell *mostly*, though, to the *readers* of the man concerned—& dont *make* readers. I speak as one who spends much time reading critical essays—almost my favorite reading but I seldom seek out or bother to acquire such a book unless led to it by the writings discussed. Thinking about it thus I can see why Cerf thinks he has the upper hand. {Its *his* author you are writing about!} In a late letter to me when Robin was wishing to get out of writing the preface Cerf said “Lets once hear Robin himself on the subject of his verse.” &

thats not saying I dont like your book. I've recommended it dozens of times.

Cordially.

2

Una.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. *David: A Play* by D. H. Lawrence was performed at the Hillside Theater of Occidental College May 12, 1938. Frieda Lawrence and Aldous Huxley attended the event.

2. Closing and signature are written vertically in right margin.

UJ to Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Tor House. Carmel.

May 3. 1938

Dearest Erskine:

I enclose a note I just received from Blanche which gives you her address in N. Y. & a glimpse of her activities in Los Angeles. Russell asked me to make out some itineraries for him for Ireland & I'm having fun doing it. Wish I could follow him, unseen, & watch his expression as he gaze he gazes at my darling mouldy old carved crosses, & Druid stones & Round Towers & the rain a-beating down on him. He hates rain. I hear that Hans & Phoebe Barkan, too, are thinking of Ireland.

Yes, indeed, we'll be coming up for a little chat one day soon.—I always see you in my mind simply surrounded by crowds of ♦ devoted friends and much as I'd like to be amongst them I sigh at the fatigue it must bring you.

Random House is to bring out a volume of *Selected Poems* by Robin this fall and want him to write a preface. He is groaning over that now. Of course it comes just at a moment when he has inspiration for a Poem! The book is to be a big one with most of his poems included.

Bennett says he sails on a business trip to England May 21, & hates to go, he is having so much fun at his desk in N. Y.

Garth has won his letter (on sweater) & trophy for wrestling. Hope his brain—when he has time to work it out—proves as strong as his muscles. Well that Death Valley trip is a saga all by itself which I will relate in part one of these happy days we meet.

Dearest love to you both from us.
Una.

ALS. Huntington. 2 pages. Letterhead (upside down): Derg Hotel, Mountshannon, County Clare. Postmark: May 3, 1938.

UJ to Blanche Matthias

[May 1938]

Blanche darling!

Will you give this message to Russell (I was wrong about the deposit on our car. I looked at my papers after you left, & find that in 19121929 I deposited £43 when I took my car from Northern Ireland into the Free State. This was returned by the R. A. C.

1 when we finally got through going back & forth over the border. This time I deposited \$50 with the Cunard on leaving America & got it back in San Francisco on my return.)

Do you remember I have a coffee machine of yours ♦ safely tucked away in my attic. Do you wish it returned in case your house is used?

We are to see you at Noëls Sat. evening. Will you bring the letters all to me then if you have finished with them.

I am going to make a short page of notations about Ireland for Russell. Of course there are plenty of guide books—my notations will be my idea of what you'd both like best on a first visit.

You are a precious friend Blanche
Una. ♦

Take your map in hand

Irish Notes for Russell.

In general Ireland is most interesting near the coast & for a first visit I wouldn't bother much inland.

The shortest crossing (less than 2 hrs.) is from Stranraer in Scotland to Larne (north of Belfast). Suppose you land at

Larne. go north along the *famous* coast road

Glenarm

Cushendall (the Glens of Antrim along here) We had a cottage at Knocknacarry in 1929

Ballycastle

Giants Causeway

Londonderry (with its fine old walls intact.)

Letterkenny

Rosapenna (a first class hotel here, could explore County Donegal from here as base. Donegal is my FAVORITE county)

Dunfanaghy (we stayed at Lac-na-Lore farmhouse by Ballymore. P You'd find it too primitive unless you were staying weeks & getting the tang of it all. Bloody Foreland from here, & the Poisoned Glen & Glenveigh Castle)

Falcarragh

Ardara—(for homespuns)

Donegal (town) see Donegal Castle

Sligo (Yeats' family the Pollexfens
[2](#) here. ♦

Ballina

Mallaranny (far Achill Is. has been very primitive until lately. Good hotels here, alongside ~primitive~ Gaelic) Achill Is. is connected with mainland with a bridge

Westport (Now you are entering the famous Connemara region—famous for its scenery & its fishing and wild loneliness

Renvyle (a famous hotel here owned by Dr. Oliver Gogarty also along here beautiful *Kylemore Castle* once owned by Duke of Manchester, now a guesthouse kept by nuns.

Galway (town)—From here to Aran Islands. Galway is an interesting old town.

Gort (near here 4 miles is one of my favorite round towers *Kilmacduagh*—leaning—& Castle Ballylee, Yeats' old tower, is about 3 miles in another direction. Lady Gregory's Coole Park at Kiltartan close by. Now its a gov't forestry station. See the yew trees. Tillyra Castle is near Kiltartan.

Cliffs of Moher—*Stupendous!!!*

Limerick—a fine old town. Treaty stone ♦

Killarney—the most famous touristy place of in Ireland but so *beautiful*.—Its soft though after the north & west.

The drive Kenmare, {Parknasilla etc} Glengariff etc famous & BEAUTIFUL

Bantry Bay (if you go through Bandon think of Mollie Sutro born here.

Blarney Castle (*see* it—the beauty & dignity!

Cork.—I dont care much for Cork

Youghal (Sir Walter Raleigh! (pronounce Yowl

Ardmore (a *darling* round tower

Clonmel (if you go north from here 15 mi. you come to Cashel—one of the most notable antiquities in Ireland. Round tower & all. {on a hill—} Timmie Clapps mother's family came from here. If you go southeast about 22 mi.—Waterford. an interesting old town—John O'Shea's home.

Kilkenny (*fine* Cathedral—& Round Tower

Carlow

Glendalough (You *must* see. In it a combination of wild scenery, old churches, 2 round towers & EXCELLENT hotels.

Dublin—*full* of thrilling things. Dont neglect the crypt of St. Michan {the museum}

3 pure gold prehistoric necklaces {etc.}

Drogheda—(pronounce Droy-da see city gates ♦

Now you come to the Boyne Valley & surroundings. You MUST see Newgrange PLEASE, & there are the hill of Tara & Monaisterboice (a round tower & the most famous carved crosses in Ireland,) & various other antiquities here.

Ardee—Blanchie look see

Newry

Downpatrick (go alongside Strangford Lough, famous, the Viking invasion etc. My mothers family Donnans came from Killinchy. Drive around the Ards Peninsula. Tender, fertile, rural Look toward the Mourne Mountains

Belfast

Carrickfergus—a grand old castle

& you are back then soon at Larne.

We have visited 63 round towers {& motored more than 10,000 miles here}, so you may see how I have restrained myself!! I have tried to think of you two there for the first time & wanting you to like it. I let myself go with you to see what {you} would be interested in easily & without reserve.—I made this outline without a map at first just remembering—then I verified it. You will have maps & guidebooks & everything but if you had nothing but this outline & a roadmap you would come away with a pretty fair idea of Ireland.

And I fairly faint with longing to go, too, again to this darling, dirty thrilling country! ♦

Other good crossings I've done—

Fishguard—Rosslare

Holyhead—Dublin

ALS. Yale. 7 pages.

1. Royal Automobile Club.
2. W. B. Yeats' mother, Susan Mary (Pollexfen) Yeats (1841–1900), belonged to a wealthy family from County Sligo.
3. The letter “x” is repeated five times after “museum,” probably to indicate the importance of this site. The only other site so marked, but with only one “x,” is Giant's Causeway.

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

[May 3, 1938]

Phoebe darling:

Is it true. are you going to Ireland & when? I must give you a few notes about places as I am the Matthias.

1 O dear—if I could go!—Maybe you won't love it as I do—are you coming down here first? Imagine Hans peering at all my mouldy old stones!

Love—
Una.

APPC, untitled photo of cottage in Ireland. San Francisco.
Postmark: May 3, 1938.

1. Una followed this note with an itinerary (AL San Francisco) similar to the one she prepared for Blanche and Russell Matthias but written in a more narrative style. Along with the itinerary, she also enclosed a hand-drawn map that identified key cities in Ireland and a suggested route.

UJ to Benjamin De Casseres

Tor House. Carmel
May 9. 1938

Dear Ben—

We haven't heard anything further from Barber. His letters sound decent enough.—Well, you do as you like about sending yours on {to us} If you do we will see that he doesn't get away with them,—& {will} return them to you. It seems curious he hasn't been down here 'ere this. Carmel was such an influence in George's life & dear to him to the end.

It may be—probably am entirely wrong about how those letters of Robin to S. got onto the N. Y. market. I am waiting to hear from Alberts. It is just possible that Alberts *meant* to say “Between 20 & 30 letters from Robin to Sterling, & De Casseres to Sterling a have been offered me.” I will let you know when I hear. Some mystery *somewhere*. I remember Brett.

1

Bender says he doesn't know anything about Barber but had a letter from him. Bender had once before given considerable time to someone who proposed to do a life of George & ♦ and nothing came of it & he is not eager to do it again.—

Best to you both,
Una.

Robin & one of our boys go day after tomorrow for a two day tramp across the mts. 33 miles of hard trail packs on back.

U. J.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. Probably George Sterling's friend Brett Page who killed himself in 1926.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

[May 11, 1938]

Dearest Mabel:

Well I *want* us to go to Taos & no! the Marie thing didn't matter. I very much hope you will always keep on being frank about everything that concerns our friendship!

Now—we've been in trouble about Donnan. 2 things 1. He thinks he has fallen in love madly—with a just divorced young woman.

1 2. He has been suspended for 6 mo. from college because he & she went up to call on a friend in the men's side of Int. House & that is not allowed. It is possible we could get this fixed up & get him back but he himself wishes to try something else for 6 mo. I asked *what* & he said Hollywood.

Several people

have talked to him—& suggested he might do it well.—He wanted to start right in to try to get a test. So I had to tell him of your & my plan for him to meet your friends.—Can you

tell when ♦ they will be there? And if they do shouldn't be coming after all what other strings could we pull

This is all very boring. I mean this college escapade but if he has talent for Hollywood & wants to work hard at it all right. I do believe he could do it!

One way & another I've had a very nerve wracking year

Donnan & I took John, Garth & Robin to Tassajara this morn. & left them starting away with heavy packs on their backs.

2 Very gay for a 2 day walk. They must be sleeping by their bon-fires now its 10:30 PM.

Random House is bringing out a *Selected Edition* of Robin in 1 vol. (big) as they did with Eugene O'Neil & he has had to do a preface. He hated to do it but now he has gotten going at it isn't minding so much. It will be about 5 pages long but wants careful doing.

Dont forget anything about New York.

Lots to talk over.

Devotedly

Una.

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Dorothy/Dorothee Emily Rubel (1916–1976), later Dorothee Bergs, was the daughter of Edward and Nellie Rubel of Santa Maria, California. Her father owned the Rubel

Motor Company, one of the first automobile dealerships in Santa Maria.

2. In an undated letter fragment (ALF Yale), not included in this edition, Una tells Mabel the hike was planned for May 11, which corresponds to “day after tomorrow” in the May 9 letter from Una to Benjamin De Casseres—hence the date for this letter. Una also refers to John Evans, Mabel’s son, as the third person in the party.

RJ to Benjamin Miller

[May 1938]

1

No, I don’t feel human consciousness alien to the rest. The animals are aware of external things and inner sensation; no doubt all life is, in some degree; and as life shades down into chemical and physical processes, so it seems to me that consciousness shades down into something not alien to it.

This is often indicated in my verses—as in “consciousness drifting home from the cell to the molecule”—after the young man has died, in “Margrave” in the Thurso volume. I don’t remember the words exactly.

2

R. J.

ANS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. This note is written on the back of an announcement for a May 14, 1938 concert in Carmel.

2. The correct wording is “then consciousness wandered home from the cell to the molecule.” See *Margrave* in *Collected Poetry* 2: 171.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel. California
May 19. 1938

Dear Sydney:

I am extremely puzzled by your silence. I wrote—it must be a fortnight ago asking you to send, by wire collect or air-mail, some information about the Jeffers’ articles for sale. If you are ill, will you kindly have someone send me the dealer’s name. Albert Bender has written to me again & again about this and I know he thinks I am very heedless about the collection he is building up of Jeffers’ material at Mills Occidental.

De Casseres writes that he has never parted with any of Robin’s letters to him so perhaps they are faked.

Please send us some information!

Sincerely,
Una Jeffers

ALS. San Francisco. 1 page. Postmark: May 19, 1938.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

[May 1938]

I've just been walking across our hollow,—if you could see it today! You tread on flowers, a thousand lovely colors & oh so fragrant. The sun is bright and the wind swishes through the ripe grasses. Beyond the sea,—deep blue with white foam spots. The sun flashes on my pigeons circling the tower & on the sea gulls winging over. There are bees & hummingbirds. This must be the loveliest spot in the world, today. I see wisps of fog trailing out of the cañon back of Sidney Fishes above the hill. Tomorrow we will be up there for we are riding to his back ranch—an all day trip. ♦

Claire & John left Sunday for Maine. Claire & children by train, John & 4 dogs by station wagon. He expects to do it in a week. I don't envy him—I suppose his four dogs are not as sensitive as my one, though.

Dearest love—
Una.

Lee Crowe is driving east, left Monday. also Susan Porter & Alice Williams left Monday. We are going to try dry ice to cool the car going to Taos.

ALFS. Yale. 2 pages.

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House. Carmel
May 24. 1938

Dearest Albert:

I am ashamed to say that most of the delay in Alberts' reply was because I had misdirected my letter to him. He says

1

The *Roan Stallion* is not Sterling's copy; to whom it was originally given I cannot at the moment recollect. I am trying to get it for myself. If I find I cannot, I'll be very glad to do what I can to get it for the Occidental collection, if Mr. Bender still wants it. I'm very sorry to learn that Mr. Bender has been ill. I hope he recovers completely and quickly.

He means he isn't sure yet whether he can afford it. The letters of Robins to Sterling were sold immediately & the ones he {Alberts} had offered him some time ago from R. to De Casseres were withdrawn. I suppose De C—must have offered them when temporarily very hard up. So the question still remains where did the copy we gave to Sterling go to? Its queer for it to disappear utterly.

We haven't heard anything more from Jackson Barber. I suppose we shall. I suppose he is all right—I don't *know* a thing about him. He is the man who is working on a Sterling life.

Horace Lyon is returning from S. F. today & I intend to talk to him about the photographs you suggested & report to you.

Did you know my friends the Matthiases who go abroad tomorrow are intending to go to Ireland, & so are the Hans ♦ Barkans. I am deserving of a commission from the Irish Tourist associations—both north & south! I know I am the instigator of these trips. Phoebe is coming to see me tomorrow. I wonder whether I have told you Random House

is going to bring out a 1 vol edition of selected works {poems} of Robin this fall. (about 750 pages, & cost about \$3.50). This is not *collected* but *selected*. Cerf says they did the same thing with O'Neill & found it very profitable in every way.

We are going to Taos about June 12. I think. Garth is enjoying his farm labors. It has stepped-up our day. We arise at the stroke of 6. & one of us takes him 7 miles up the valley to Hollow Hills Farm. He works 10 hrs. until 5:30. 7 to 5 with ½ hr more for lunch.

2 Donnan is very thin & we are encouraging him to eat & sleep {a lot} & work about four hours a day clearing out a thicket of young trees.

Alfred Sutro

3 through Ellen O'S. was kind enough to send me some interesting photographs relating to Keats.

That is a fine *set* the Book Club is bringing out of old California towns.

4 *most* interesting!

Love from all of us.

Una

ALS. Mills. 2 pages.

1. An arrow after "He says" points to the excerpt, which was clipped from Sydney Alberts' typewritten letter and pasted onto the page.

2. Garth was unaware that a young girl was nearby, watching intently as he chopped eucalyptus wood and handled other chores. His admirer was Brenda Doyle, Noël Sullivan's thirteen-year-old niece. Nearly fifty years later, after both had been widowed, Garth and Brenda met at a Tor House Foundation festival. They married August 12, 1987.

3. Alfred Sutro (1869–1945) was a San Francisco attorney and director of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Pacific Lighting Corporation, and other firms. He led the Book Club of California as president from 1925 to 1945. His connection to Ellen O'Sullivan was through his brother Oscar's wife Mollie (O'Sullivan) Sutro.

4. *Coast and Valley Towns of Early California* (San Francisco: Book Club of California, 1938)—a set of twelve lithographs, each designed by a different printer and sent one at a time in the course of a year to members of the Book Club of California.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel
May 24. 1938

Dear Sydney:

How stupid of me to misdirect your letter. Thanks for information. \$350 an absurd price {for letters} & I must say I think a person needs to be AWFULLY hard up before selling personal letters can be justified! Let me know {soon} or

Bender whether you buy the *Roan Stallion*, & price if Bender is to bid.

The poems came from Wann the other day.—Yes, one of the unsigned poems is Robin's *The City*. He says it was a remembrance of his youth near Pittsburgh. It will be most kind of you to attend to the copyright of these!

1

Robin wrote of a *fine*, several page, {prose} foreword for the book of photographs of this region. It was to be printed by Grabhorn who was *terribly eager* to do it & foresaw a fine book Lilienthal was to attend to the publishing etc.—Now the latter is very DOWN—I am not sure whether it is financial or family trouble. His health is bad too. I havent seen him lately.—The man who took the photographs *Horace Lyon* has done all the talking with him, so I don't know ♦ Lilienthal wants to hang on to the material & I dont know how it will turn out. Lyon is to see him soon. Lyon you understand has never been a professional photographer. He retired from business & this was a hobby until just lately.

2{(He is from near Boston, is of the *Lions Tooth Paste & Soap* family!)} {The use of} Some of these pictures to be used are {is} sold to "Life" & {they} are to appear, I think, June 27. You watch for them. I believe they are to have captions from R's poems.

3

Lyon told me the other day he was thinking of himself making up a few copies of this material—Binding in the *actual photographs* {which he will print} into a loose leaf leather cover & writing in, or typing in the captions

{& preface}—just for a few friends who are eager to have these.—(There are about 35 photographs.) He thought such a copy would cost about \$8.5 \$8.50. I will let you know.

I suppose you mean by astronomer Jeffers,—Dr. Hamilton Moore Jeffers is R J's brother & at Lick Observatory (the University of California's observatory). We do not know the others you mention.

We have not yet seen the Adamic book.

4

Faithfully,
Una Jeffers

We go to Taos about June 15

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. Postmark: May 24, 1938.

1. Alberts did not produce a copyrighted edition of these early poems. William White (1910–1995), in later years a leading Whitman scholar, published “The Game,” “The Forsaken Cabin,” and “The City” in “Uncollected Poems of Robinson Jeffers,” *American Notes & Queries* (January 1942): 149–151. White had previously discussed these and three other poems (crediting Louis Wann for finding them) in a bibliographical note on Jeffers in the *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 34 (1940): 362–363. For a full account of Jeffers' early work, see Robert Kafka, “The Collected Early Verse of Robinson Jeffers, 1903–April 1914,” *Jeffers Studies* 1, no. 3 (Summer 1997): 3–124, and “The Collected Early Verse of Robinson Jeffers: A

Supplement,” *Jeffers Studies* 12, nos. 1 & 2 (Spring & Fall 2008): 43–55

2. An arrow after “lately” points to this sentence inserted by Una at the end of the paragraph.

3. As it turned out, *Life* did not use Lyon’s photographs.

4. Louis Adamic, *My America: 1928–1938* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1938). Adamic’s memoir was released May 26, 1938. The seventh section of the book, titled “Random Portraits and Snapshots,” contains an essay on Jeffers (pp. 463–476) that includes a copy of Jeffers’ May 17, 1935 letter to Adamic.

UJ to Bennett Cerf or Donald Klopfer

Tor House. Carmel
May 29. 1938

Dear Bennett—(or Donald——Has Bennett sailed?)

Robin thinks Mr. Gassner

1 has done excellently well with his arrangement of *The Tower beyond Tragedy* and hopes that it will be produced as I wired you.

I sent back the play by air-mail yesterday. Also the dramatic production contract by regular mail. Many people have spoken to us about {producing} that poem. You know it *was* produced at the Little Theatre at the University of California several years ago Very thrilling—although by amateurs.

Thank you very much for the Freud.

2 Its very well assembled. All the important things in it—Such interesting reading even though one is familiar with most of it now.

We expect to go {start} to Taos {about June 12} for a month with Mabel. She says she has many exciting adventures to talk over.

Faithfully,
Una.

ALS. Berkeley. 1 page.

1. John Waldhorn Gassner (1903–1967), author, critic, and teacher, was a leading figure in the world of American theater. From 1931 to 1944 he was affiliated with the Theatre Guild in New York as play editor and chairman of the play department. Academic positions at the New School for Social Research, Columbia University, and other institutions were followed by his appointment as Sterling Professor of Playwriting and Dramatic Literature at Yale University, a post he held from 1956 to 1967. Among Gassner's publications are *Masters of the Drama* (1940), *Twenty-Five Best Plays of the Modern American Theatre* (1949), and *Theatre at the Crossroads* (1960). His adaptation of Jeffers' *The Tower Beyond Tragedy* was done at the request of Judith Anderson, who had temporarily retired from the stage and hoped to return with a performance of the play.

2. Sigmund Freud, *The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud*, translated and edited by A. A. Brill (New York: Modern Library, 1938).

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

May 31. 1938

Dearest Melba—

The adorable silver box! You were *sweet* to send it. Did you examine the design carefully? The little bird cage with the bird in it & the lovers looking at it?

We are leaving for Taos about June 12 to stay a month. I am will write you more from there. If you are still at your northern place we might dash up after that for a weekend—we'd love it. We can't before because Garth has a job until we go! He works ten hours a day as one of the farm hands ♦ on Noël Sullivan's place up the valley. Laying pipes, scything, feeding animals, mowing etc. He looks as if he'd been rolling in a ploughed field every night when he comes home he is so dirty.

I was disappointed that "Jeffers' Country" didn't get going Those photographs were {are} magnificent. Phoebe Barkan said the other day she felt like doing a book on R. J's references & implications of pathological symptoms, & sentences which could only be written from {out of} a knowledge of medicine. She said she could get as big a book as yours. Two months ♦ ago there was a little article on this {R. J.} in a "The Medical Record"

1

The Matthiases sailed for Eng. May 25 on Queen Mary. They are going on a Una-tour of Ireland. The Barkans go to Germany next {in a} fortnight & they also—to Ireland.

Makes me lonely to think of Donegal! My heart is twisted between there & Tor House.

I fear Ted Lilienthal is having a hard time. ♦ Did you read the fine foreword R. wrote for the proposed Jeffers Country.

I'm so sorry we didn't see you—If you come down to S. F. before we go try to come on here.

Warm love from
Una.

Have you any idea of the *size* of the leather divided skirt you loaned me to wear at your house? I may order one from Bullocks there & what was the name of it
2 was it called “Deep Well.”

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages. Letterhead: Kirkwall Hotel, Kirkwall, Orkney.

1. “The Two ‘Answerers’—Poetry, Science,” *Medical Record* 147 (March 16, 1938): 228. The unidentified author of the editorial, citing Jeffers’ solid grasp of medical subject matter, praises Jeffers for possessing two important traits not often seen in combination: the “priceless gift of the scientist’s craving for truth and the poet’s art and vision.”

2. The remainder of this sentence is written vertically in the right margin.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel.
May 31. 1938

Dearest Mabel:

Of course we will come, Hoveys or not. I hope we can somehow get an introduction from them for Donnan or suggestions how he shall proceed. Perhaps I shall have a note from you this morning about whether the dayte I suggested will suit you. So many things to talk over. What was it about Myron—well I shall hear when I come. Did you receive the kodaks Garth sent in his letter of Sandy etc I hear that Claire hardly got off that Sun {day.} I went to say goodbye in the morning. She left in a taxi for San Francisco at 2:30. expecting to rest at hotel an hour or so before taking Oakland train at 8:30.—Didn't arrive in Oakland (slowed up by Sunday traffic—for we make it always in less than 3 hrs) until 7:30 & then discovered her train left at 8 & not 8:30. Also she went off without her hat! Wonder how John managed with his load of dogs.

I enclose clipping about your embroidery woman. I cant imagine her lifting herself out of that dark melancholy lifeless studio to marriage & adventures in another land, can you? ♦

Sidney just gave Robin & me to read a little memoir of George Milburn

- 1 {one of his dearest friends} brother of Devereaux
- 2 of Buffalo—you must know them friends of Seward Cary.
- 3 Talk to you of that too—but the most curious item sentence Sidney wrote on the fly-leaf sounds like Gertrude Stein. “The man his soul & deeds are in part part of me don't

in part commit murder” signed S. F. A playboy par excellence.

I hope Willa Cather will see Yehudi M’s new wife
4 & describe her. Everyone thinks his playing has gone off so much the last year, perhaps now it will be all the better. I am eager to talk over John & Claire with you. A bit puzzling.

Write & tell me whether you would like to have the new giant in the Modern Library series “The Basic Writing of Sigmund Freud with the introduction by Brill” just out. You know it mostly I suppose but its a handy
compression of a great deal. Its about 1000 pages long. Random House sent me 2 copies & I won want to give one of them to someone who would like having it. Also have you read the “Out of Africa” by Gothic Tales woman.

5 John Evans borrowed my copy & was so crazy about it he read & read it till he wore it out & bought me a new copy Tell me & I’ll bring it for Robin to read aloud *if* you haven’t read it yet. I haven’t yet. Garth dipped into it & said it reminded him somewhat of you.

Devotedly

Una.

6

I can afford to finance one way—so wait with check until we return.—Any of the houses will be fine You decide which is most convenient

7

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Anson Conger Goodyear, *John George Milburn, Jr.* (New York: Privately Printed, 1938). Milburn (1880–1932) grew up in Buffalo, New York, Mabel’s hometown. He was an attorney affiliated with Carter, Ledyard & Milburn, a law firm established by his father in New York City. John George Milburn, Sr. (1851–1930) was a president of the New York State Bar Association, a director of the American Express Company and other financial institutions, and a trustee of Barnard College, Columbia University, and the New York Public Library.

2. Devereux Milburn (1881–1942), a graduate of Oxford University and Harvard University, was an attorney with Carter, Ledyard & Milburn. He was also a legendary polo player, regarded by many as one of the greatest of all time. Milburn was a member of the Big Four, the first American team to defeat England. Following that victory in 1909, he competed internationally until 1927.

3. Seward Cary (1862–1948), a member of a prominent family in Buffalo and a devoted polo player, taught Mabel how to handle horses when she was in her late teens. Mabel describes her intense but unconsummated relationship with Cary, who was married and had two daughters, in *European Experiences*, pages 3–21.

4. Yehudi Menuhin was twenty-one when he married nineteen-year-old Nola Ruby Nicholas on May 26, 1938. Nola was the daughter of an Australian pharmaceutical manufacturer.

5. Isak Dinesen, *Out of Africa* (New York: Random House, 1938). Isak Dinesen was the pen name of Danish writer

Baroness Karen Christenze (Dinesen) von Blixen-Finecke
(1885–1962).

6. Closing and signature are written vertically in right margin.

7. Written across top, first page.

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House. Carmel
June 2. 1938

Dearest Albert:

Of course we will help Jackson Barber with the Sterling book & gladly if he is in earnest. I have all our material together & can produce it at call. My true feeling about George's worth is as a *Personality* & a *Force* for Poetry rather than as a great Poet (this is between ourselves) He wrote too *facilely* & too *formally* to produce really great things but he served the Muse with all his being, how many times I have seen him poring over mss. sent him for criticism & helping with suggestions, never sparing time & thought & his suggestions must have helped many a young writer.—Should you see Barber kindly say we are leaving for Taos June 12 & will be away a month, so not to plan to be in Carmel during that time. Also say it is important for him to communicate with Mrs. Maud Hogle,
1 Carmel who was a co-protégée of Ambrose Bierce along with George & would be full of information about that period. Probably he knows ♦ that Jimmie Hopper is the one living person most closely connected with Jimmie George's Carmel days as we knew him only the last few years of his life. Frederick Bechdolt also is here of his old Carmel days &

must be seen but he & George were not friends for a dozen years before George died & will not give so favorable a picture probably. Jimmie has an office in S. F. head or one of the heads of writers' {project}

Albert—about the photographs. Lyon has some *corking* pictures of our place {inside & out} & Robin doing masonry etc. already taken & he is going to make up a bundle & send to you for inspection naming the price each & for a lot. & will you look them over & say if you don't think they are fine for the Occidental collection. If you like them he will make them all {finish those you select in} one size—they are now in several sizes. He will make them *very cheaply* as we are in cahoots!—I ought to tell you about him & our connection.—He is the husband of Duncan MacDuffie's sister Edna & retired from business in Boston. Photography a hobby. He says back east they are always asking “What is Robinson Jeffers like—is the country dramatic as he makes it—etc?” He presently found that he had a remarkable set of photographs ♦ of this coast. They surpass beyond measure anything ever done of this coast. He began to want to do a book of them & call it *Jeffers Country* with a caption under each picture. At first hearing Robin was indifferent about this but once he got looking he got so enthusiastic he chose the captions himself.—Lilienthal & Grabhorn wanted to do the book before we left for Ireland but Robin could not get the foreword done & the captions chosen as he was at work on his last book until the time of {our} departure. Now he has written a *grand* foreword (4 pages) but Lilienthal is apparently hard up & doesn't know whether he can bring it off—Lyon doesn't care much because he fears they wanted to make it into too expensive a book anyway, so the matter is just riding along for the present.

All this has nothing to do with you—but I wanted to explain our connection with Lyon. He is devoted to Robin. Bennett Cerf has bought one picture & will use it as the wrapper on *Selected Poems*.—Watch “Life.” They have bought a number of these pictures & will print them with Robin’s captions about Sept 27. June 27. ♦ A fine publicity for Robin. If the book is not published Lyon is going to print some sets of the pictures & type the foreword & bind into loose leaf leather binders

I will contribute some picture to the set {ones you choose} for Occidental some I have.

If you feel like spending any more on it I would like very much to add 2 pictures from Hagemeyer. one he took of Robin’s hands. & one of me.

Lots of love
Una.

ALS. Mills. 4 pages. Letterhead (upside down): Derg Hotel, Mountshannon, County Clare.

1. Maude Isabel (Lyons) Hogle (1876–1948), a friend of Ambrose Bierce, George Sterling, and other artists and writers, lived in Carmel and worked in real estate sales. At the time this letter was written, she was divorced from her husband Calvin C. Hogle (1878–1946), a Carmel businessman and real estate broker.

RJ to Benjamin Miller

Tor House, Carmel.—June 10, 1938.

Dear Mr. Miller:

Thank you for your letter of June third. My son returned the thesis, and I meant to have written before this; and to congratulate you on your graduation.

1

I am much interested in your revision of the thesis. It is quite true that religion and ethics are different things, but they are associated almost universally; and religious experience causes some change in the manner of living.

The sentence you quote from Vlastos
2 is typical, as you say. “Middle-class”—because the word is used by his teachers; not because aristocrats—or ditch-diggers either—are immune to “nostalgic solitariness.” “Aloof from the struggle”—not because he wants the middle-class to take their own part in it—quite the reverse. And so forth: a typical example of echo-thinking.

We are leaving early to-morrow for a four {or} of five weeks visit with a friend in Taos, New Mexico. I would rather stay here; I think all of us would. But our friend is insistent, and it will be a good change for our boys.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. Miller obtained an M.A. from the Pacific School of Religion (Berkeley, California) in 1938. His thesis, titled

“Aesthetic Naturalism and Religion,” examined the work of Bernard Meland, George Santayana, and Robinson Jeffers.

2. According to a typed note accompanying this letter, presumably appended by Miller, Jeffers’ reference is to a comment made by Gregory Vlastos in “Modern Criticisms of the Christian Evangel,” *Anglican Theological Review* 20 (April 1938), page 129: “We live in a society torn by conflict. There is a fatal temptation for middle-class people—and the majority of professing Christians are in that category—to seek aloofness from the struggle. Then religious experience strikes a note of nostalgic solitariness, and they reach out in romantic loyalty to the ‘universe.’”

UJ to Remsen Du Bois Bird

“Los Gallos.” Taos. New Mexico c/o Mabel Luhan
June 16. 1938.

Dear Remsen—

We arrived here June 13 having hurried hither at Mabel’s behest to be present at the trial against her for \$50,000 by a doctor here for slander.

1 It was very exciting & queer for two days The jury were all queer looking (some murderous looking!) Mexicans from remote rural districts not speaking a word of English—so there was a constant murmur of interpreters.—A great galaxy of lawyers on Mabels side, an imported Judge

2 very important looking to take place of the regular circuit judge

3 here disqualified by reason of friendship with Mabel. *He*, the latter, stood on sidelines & watched very saturnine. He is

a tall youngish white haired Kentuckian with a drawl.—A terrific thunderstorm & hail which came through the adobe {American} legion of ♦ hall where trial was.—(Local courthouse built in 1935 by gov't project having tumbled down) Great bewilderment amongst jury {men} who were being constantly sent out for half hours at a time to permit lawyers to fence & brawl. They couldn't have understood a word even if they'd be been let stay.—All the witnesses (Mabel had 50) were sworn in a bunch—the other side had only three {the Dr & his wife & a friend}—their chief witness, the rascally instigator of the suit having fled {retired} to Germany, leaving an unconvincing deposition behind him—(he used such big words that I know the jury hadn't an idea of its contents—the interpreter missing out constantly.) The man who fled was Baron von Maltzahn once a friend of Mabel's. A very interesting man, too, an anthropologist, & his wife the niece of Queen Draga, Serb, assassinated O dear, such a traitor. I liked him once, & the Baroness ♦ had given Mabel (who gave it to me) a priceless museum piece of lace once the Queen's! Well I still have the lace

Anyway at the end of the first day after Dr. Kantor the plaintiff had heard the deposition read out & heard the Baron (—after repeating a conversation heard at Mabel's dinner party {during} which Mabel denounced the Dr.—) talk in dreadful way about the Dr.—not being fit for the position of *friend* etc. {that he was a mere acquaintance & a bore}—then viewing the

crowd of 50 ex-patients in a huddle taking oath, each one with some tale of malpractice to relate, & seeing a box brought in which contained a piece of fence wire which people present were prepared to swear the Dr had used as a catheter on an old Mexican & killed him—well then the Dr. went home &

had a heart attack. Court recess of one day for him to come to—then next morning court took up again, plaintiff couldn't appear. Much to-do amongst lawyers for dismissal vs post- ♦ ponement.—It is postponed for a month,—& if the plaintiff doesn't deposit {within a week} pretty big court costs up to present moment,—thrown out of court.

Much excitement about all this.

I hope the Aldous Huxleys will not come to Carmel until we return—which will be about July 16 or a few days later.

I intended to write Noël about this trial {so please be kind enough to give this to Noël} but see I haven't time as Dr. Brill & wife

4 are arriving in a half hour.—you know the psychoanalyst. I've just been hurriedly finishing his introduction to the just published Freud compendium to find out how big a part he played in the intro early days of Psychoanalysis in this country. It was the biggest. Mabel is devoted to him. Says he is terrifically wise in {human relationships.}

We liked seeing the commencement program—you ought to be proud of the interesting list of events.

Love to Helen & Betty.

Affectionately
Una.

ALS. Berkeley. 4 pages.

1. Charges had been filed against Mabel by Dr. Charles Kantor more than a year before, but the trial was just getting underway. Spud Johnson's flippant description of the proceedings includes this report: "The Honourable Dorothy Brett (one of the witnesses who had just sworn to tell the whole truth and nothing but) decided that her huge Stetson hat was too large for a witness-box, and without more ado, she threw it across the room to a friend. The enormous sombrero sailed over all of Mabel's lawyers and landed on top of Robinson Jeffers, California poet, who had just that moment arrived with his family from Carmel." See the *New Mexico Sentinel* (June 19, 1938): 1–2.

2. Thomas J. Mabry (1884–1962), a judge in New Mexico's Second Judicial District from 1937 to 1939, was the chief justice of the New Mexico Supreme Court from 1939 to 1946 and the governor of New Mexico from 1947 to 1951.

3. Livingston Nelson Taylor (1885–1949) was born in Brownsville, Tennessee and educated at Vanderbilt University. He opened a law office in Clayton, New Mexico in 1918 and was appointed judge of New Mexico's Eighth Judicial District in 1933.

4. Dr. Kitty Rose (Owen) Brill (1877–1963) graduated from the Women's Medical College of Baltimore, having previously received a degree in pharmacy. She practiced for a number of years at the Central Islip State Hospital (also known as the Manhattan State Hospital for the Insane and the Central Islip Psychiatric Center) on Long Island.

UJ to Noël Sullivan

Taos. New Mexico. c/o Mabel Dodge Luhan
June 16. 1938

Dearest Noël:

We had a strangely cool ride down here—really very pleasant with the exception of a two-hour dust storm near Winslow. We left Carmel Sat. 8. AM & went down via San Simeon to Needles, Friday we drove to Santa Fe & would have gone on to Taos but the cañon road is torn up & bumpy enough {even} in daylight. Arrived Taos just after court convened Monday morn. *That* was exciting. I've written Remsen Bird about it & asked him to give to you—more details later with added & other amusing & exciting events.

Just now in a few minutes Dr. Brill & wife are arriving. After all I've heard about him from Mabel & all he actually has done for her I'm eager to see him. Mabel is happy & gay as a lark & we are having Fun! ♦

Today Garth is riding 30 miles horseback with José Trujillo the stableman here to bring down some more horses from Tony's ranch so we can all ride at once. It takes them all day & is a job coming back with horses loose. José doesn't speak a word of English although he has been on Mabel's place over 20 yrs. so Garth has practice. Little Ernesta here the chambermaid says Garth speaks well.—With some of the proceeds of his farm labor he bought a Palm Beach suit in which he looks most handsome size 44 also three very loud shirts plaid & checked for sauntering around the Plaza, {worn} with blue jeans!

Donnan is off driving Mabel—she is giving a big dance Sat night Indians & all for Brills & us, & they are arranging details. Things are reversed here this year. We ♦ are living in the Big House & Mabel & Tony in the Tony House which we have had four different times (sometimes we have the St. Teresa) Their breakfast is served over there but they come for other meals over here—just as we did. Its amusing. I have {Mabel's bedroom} the great room over the living room which Mabel says she thinks is the most beautiful room she ever saw—& maybe it is.—its lovely & strange & huge with marvellous views. Robin has Tony's adjoining. The boys have John's big room. Haig is well & happy, & has just lain down to sleep by my side. He saw me washing his night dress in the bathroom (that famous orange sweat shirt of his) & got all wrought up trying to find out what I was doing to it.

It is so beautiful here—the spring has been ♦ late—the wild roses still bloom everywhere & the air is filled with that sweet elusive evocative wild olive—. The pigeons are fluttering & cooing in the courtyard & at night mockingbirds sing in the orchard—& always the gentle gurgling acéquia madre

The Clapps were in Carmel.—just now I have a card from them on way to Colorado. They may stop here. They expect to return to Carmel—

Dearest Noël please miss us a little—we speak of you many times

Devotedly
Una

^Tor house. Carmel^

ALS. Berkeley. 4 pages. Postmark: June 17, 1938.

UJ to Albert Bender

Taos. New Mexico. c/o Mabel Dodge Luhan
June 21. 1938

Dearest Albert:

Here are the copies of poems you asked for for Occidental. How sad Robin & I were not to be able to get to your birthday party at Mrs. Sternes.

1 I We wanted to honor you & to have the pleasure of seeing her beautiful place. She was kind enough to ask us to stay the night. Wish I could hear all about it. {I tried to send you a wire the evening of June 18 but found the telegraph office closed as often the case here.}

We had a pleasanter time than usual driving down here. I did not have to buy any dry ice which I intended to try out this time because oddly enough the weather was *cool*.

We have had some fascinating days here with Dr. Brill the great psychiatrist. I never have heard more absorbing discussions. We plied him with questions & the talks ranged over a wide area touching on both normal & abnormal psychology.

2 He & his wife left yesterday for New York. I have ♦ often felt very skeptical about psycho-analysis. The analysts have so often seemed to carry it too far. But I have a much greater respect for it after these days with Brill. He is a man of great learning in many fields & very wise in human relationships. And he is a very *jolly* companion, as well. He admires

Robin's work extremely & read with interest{ing}
{comments} the preface R had just typed to send off to
Random House for the *Selected Poems*.

I believe the *Jeffers Country* Photos. are to be in June 27, *Life*
I wonder if you would have the kindness to get me a couple
of copies if you see them & send down here. There are no
extra copies here & I cannot order ahead not being *sure* of
date.

This place is heavenly now & the air filled with the scent of
wild olive & briar roses.

Send us a line soon & keep well.

Love from us all
Una.

ALS. Mills. 2 pages.

1. Rosalie (Meyer) Stern (1869–1956), a San Francisco
philanthropist.

2. A more detailed description of Brill's comments is found in
Mabel Luhan's unpublished memoir *Una and Robin in Taos:
1938* (see UJ to Maud and Frederick Clapp, January 2, 1938,
note 3). Brill's primary topic of conversation, Luhan writes
therein, was human sexuality. For men, Brill told his fellow
guests, fulfilment lies in the sexual act itself, but for women
fulfilment comes from motherhood. For both, he argued,
sexual freedom is healthy and natural. "Look in your
barnyard," he explained, "—you will see the same thing."

In notes that follow, excerpts from Luhan's memoir are identified by her initials, MDL. Luhan's account of Robinson and Una's momentous 1938 visit to her home is filled with vivid details and important information, but the degree to which it contains unbiased truth is open to question. Luhan completed the manuscript in December 1938. By that time, any love she once felt for Una had been replaced by rancor and disdain, and any desire for Robinson had turned cold. Her memoir, therefore, is animated by an urge to attack—even destroy—her friends. Excerpts from *Una and Robin in Taos: 1938* are printed with permission of Yale University.

UJ to Ellen O'Sullivan

c/o Mabel Luhan
Taos. New Mexico
June. 29. 1938

Dearest Ellen:

Many thoughts I've sent to you but never have we been so busy here. Perhaps I told you we were to be in the Big House this year. Mabel & Tony are in the other {Tony} house but come over here for meals. I have Mabel's lovely room at the top of the house. Its 39 × 35 ft long! Ceiling held up by 5 carved posts {ceiling 7½ ft high} (like my lamp post) all creamy waxed pine. A great bed & 15 ft table also have this twisted rope design. There is a great carved Italian chest 8 ft long—. There is a couch & chairs from the {Villa} Curonia. Long mirrors, Spanish trunks of leather etc etc 12 windows looking {over desert & mts. & garden}—cherry silk curtains, & everywhere else in cushions & hangings & rugs & bedspreads colors of pale green & yellow. Wasn't it lucky I

brought along—instead of my *well-known* blue lined with red dressingown I brought the lovely pale green lined with yellow Albert B.—gave me—did you see it? & a yellow nightgown that fits right in with the tone of the room. Robin has ♦ Tony's room adjoining.

I've ridden horseback nearly every day I love it. We go swimming at the Hot Springs. It has been cooler most of the time than usual. Rained several days. Terrific clouds over the mts. right now.

So much excitement one way & another. Dr. Brill & his wife were here from New York. He is the great psychiatrist you know, & one of the most interesting talkers I ever heard. We talked over a wide range of abnormal & normal psychology & he always illustrates with case-histories. He is very comical & very tolerant & very wise.

Now Hildegard Donaldson

1 is staying (wife of manager of the Yale Press)

2 She plays the violin beautifully. She talked of the interest they all took when Kingsley-Porter's *Irish Crosses* was being printed by them.

Went with Brett to film, *Victoria the Great*,

3 last night. You know her father Viscount Esher was master of the household (or some such) at Windsor & she {lived at the castle &} knew all the ins & outs of the family & saw them all constantly. She considered the depiction of Victoria very poor. ♦ Arn't you surprised? She thought Albert was like she had heard described. He died before her day. As Brett was at least 18 when V. R. died she must remember.

Mabel gave a big party for Brills & us about 150 people here at the Big House. First {8} Indians did their dances & then we others to a Mexican orchestra.

Ellen, if the John Reeds

4 arrive tell them where we are & that I shall hope to see them soon. She wrote me such a nice letter.—I wonder if she & Julie wouldn't get on nicely—& help amuse each other.
England & Painting.

I've had a number of cards from Blanche—from Wiltshire & Cornwall etc. I get homesick for England at once—I love it—(Still Carmel better!

Sorry to miss my friends from China—the Julian Arnolds—consular service there over 30 yrs. Their card found under my door was sent me.

Brill was tremendously interested in Robin's preface to his *Selected Poems*. He finished it here. ♦

O how fragrant the wild olive trees against the windows in the rain. The air is filled with their subtle unforgettable scent.

I have been out to Holy Cross Hospital a lot, & have made great friends with Mother Grace

5 & Sister Ancilla,

6 the two heads. I'll tell you more about them when I return.

Will you send this letter to Timmie & Maud Gen'l Delivery, Santa Barbara. Put a return to your address on to see whether they get it. I am going to write them tonight & will ask them to send theirs to you. Its practically impossible to get letters

written here. All well & happy. There are lots of girls here for the boys!

All send love

Devotedly
Una.

Mabel sends her greetings too.

Do save any cards you get from Blanche to show me.

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages.

1. Hildegarde Beardsley (Nash) Donaldson (1895–1946) was born in Watertown, Massachusetts. She was the daughter of Henry W. Nash (1871–1904), a salt merchant, and Mabel Nash (1875–1914). Much of Hildegarde’s early life was spent in Brussels, Belgium, where she graduated from the Royal Conservatory of Music in 1912, having studied violin under Alfred Marchot. Advanced studies with Leopold Auer and Charles Martin Loeffler led to an international concert career.

Hildegarde came to Taos alone, still suffering from a recently ended love affair. MDL:

Hildegarde arrived soon after the Brills departed. I had been looking forward to her visit for she was stimulating and interesting, this young woman from New Haven. There was an allure about her that came from a blend of hardy fortitude and the way she carried her head up with the strong chin thrust out above a sorrowful droop of the mouth and a wistful femininity in her bearing that persisted through her somewhat

stoical expression. Hildegarde had recently passed through the universal experience of paying for her pleasure and she had not liked it. It had marked her, imprinting upon her a soft romantic shadow that added a charm to what must have been, before she suffered loss, perhaps a rather hard and ruthless personality. . . . I told Una something of her story before she came. . . . I told her how Hildegarde had gone through a difficult year. In her mid-thirties with a nice husband who had perhaps outlived, for her, his early attentiveness, with two children growing up to remind her she was nearing the shelf stage . . . she had . . . defied time by smiling upon one of her husband's students in such a way that he was snared, and instantly, without hesitation. . . . Their passion had the vigor of his youth and of her desperation and it lasted for six years. For him it was an initiation and a preparation for love, for her it was the tragic exercise of her will to live, to hold onto the touch of life. From the beginning it was a losing game for her, she must have known that.

. . . And now life was ready to bestow a reward of merit upon her as it occasionally does when one weathers its storms, for the first time Robin and she met at the dinner table, the very first evening, they looked across the shining board and plunged in one flash deep into each other's stream. It was an odd accident that Una, usually so watchful and alert to all comers, missed the occasion when the lightning struck, but her eyes were on her plate for once.

2. Norman Vaux Donaldson (1891–1964) graduated from Yale University in 1915 and married Hildegarde Nash in 1917. From 1919 until his retirement in 1959, Donaldson was affiliated

with Yale University Press. He held several leadership positions at the press over the years, including treasurer, director, chairman, and president.

3. *Victoria the Great* (1937), a British film directed by Herbert Wilcox, featured Anna Neagle as Queen Victoria and Anton Walbrook as Prince Albert.

4. John and Mary Reed. As the young widow of Seymour Chapin Davison, Mary (Williams) Davison Chambers Reed (1869–1961), an artist, worked as an illustrator for a San Francisco newspaper before moving to New York with her second husband, Harrie Kellett Chambers, and continuing her career with the New York *World*. Henceforth known professionally as Kate Carew, Mary was billed as “The Only Woman Caricaturist,” and her interviews and drawings of celebrities soon became popular worldwide. After a divorce and a move to London, she contributed illustrations to *The Patrician* and *The Tatler* and married Englishman John Alphonsus Reed (1863–1941), a journalist and financial agent. From 1916 to 1920, Carew and Reed lived on the Monterey Peninsula, but they returned to England for nearly twenty years before deciding to retire in Carmel. Several articles about Carew appeared in local newspapers during the summer of 1938. See, for instance, “Kate Carew Comes Back” by Ida Newberry, *Carmel Pine Cone* (August 19, 1938): 8. For an assessment of her career, see “Celebrity’s Midwife: The Lost Work of Kate Carew” by Christopher Silvester, *The New Yorker* 73 (February 9, 1998): 56–59.

5. Sister Mary Grace of the Divine Spouse (1894–1975), born Ellen Young, received her training as a nurse at St. Mary of Nazareth Hospital in Chicago and took holy vows in 1916.

Her life thereafter was devoted to service as a nurse, operating room supervisor, and hospital administrator in Illinois, Texas, and New Mexico.

6. Sister Ancilia of the Blessed Sacrament (1902–1977), born Emma Andrzejewska, entered religious life in 1918. Assignments as an elementary schoolteacher were followed by advanced studies in medical social work and positions in patient care and hospital administration.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Taos. New Mexico c/o Mabel Dodge Luhan
July 1. 1938

Darlings:

I hope Ellen sent you the letter I wrote her to inform you of our affairs.—Busy & gay we have been. I was so disappointed to know you were not coming on here. About the time I expected you to get here I was hostess (for Mabel) at a dinner party of 12 at Sagebrush Inn where I had encouraged you to stay & felt so sure you *would* be there, we arranged to include you.—That *is* a good inn by the way if you ever want to stay there. T

Our stay here started off with Mabel's trial,—you know the suit for libel brought against her by that Dr. I will send you the clippings.—That has been postponed until July 18 & the belief, here, is that it will never come up again. It was most exciting It was very nice to have the Brills staying—I ♦ liked him so much & enjoyed our long talks.—We all sat about prodding him & he is a convincing *talker* {answerer}.

Reading books on psychoanalysis I disagree violently so often but found it hard to do so *whearing*. Perhaps he chose to speak only of its most reasonable aspects.

I have always been tremendously interested in surgery & have watched three operations at the hospital Mabel gave Taos. An appendectomy, an intricate bone operation & last night at 11, an emergency removal of stones from gall bladder (32 of them)! Wish I could have studied surgery—amongst other things! There is a very fine surgeon here He has taken pains with me—gone over the X rays beforehand & explained them, shown me the instruments he intended to use & discussed beforehand alternatives he might use at the moment ♦ During the actual operations too he explained procedure & I learned a good deal. I am to help next time with instruments & needles if there is time for me to be scrubbed. Heretofore I've been swathed in white aprons & masks & kept on the spectator side! The hospital is in the hands of a Catholic order lovely women. Mother Grace has been so generous about having me there & says she would love to have me as a probationer! The hospital is beautifully equipped & provides for 20 patients.

Do you know Norman Donaldson of the Yale Press? His wife Hildegard is staying, & is a fine violinist.

I told in Ellen's letter about our being in the Big House and about the beautiful fragrance of wild olive in waves through the rooms.

I ride horseback every morning, so does Mabel & various of the others go with us day by day.

1 Garth is breaking two colts for Tony—the one he broke last year is ♦ a fine horse, gentle & good gaits.

We swim often in a *special* (radium!! {Mabel says}) hot springs. {One gets breathless swimming—thin air & thin water} You feel like silk when you come out. Haig is having fun here but many makes of dogs {on the place} require manoeuvring to keep them separate & composed. 1 Irish wolfhound, 1 great Dane, 1 cocker spaniel, 2 Boston bull terriers, 3 2 old English sheepdogs, 1 pointer puppy besides *A White English Bull Dog* {The puppy thinks Haig is both its father & mother & embarrasses Haig.} {& the stableman has 3 mongrels!}

Much excitement about the two boys lost on the Sandia Mts. The McCormack boy's body has just been found.

2

A queer circumstance. *Eliseo*, the finest most enterprising of the younger Indians (long John Evans companion in youth) ran a nail through his eye & will lose it.

3 He is a carpenter & was in a basement when a beam with nail fell—curious his brother has lost an eye, his mother both eyes, his grandfather lost an eye.

4 Brill of course had much to say psychologically about {the same} *fatalities* innocuring in a family. Mabel is determined for us to stay two months this time but we wont stay that long.

5

Robin completed his preface to *Selected Poems* for fall, & Random House is much pleased with it. Mabel sends her greetings

Dearest love from your devoted Una

Not so warm this time & many thunderstorms! Tell us your plans.

6 Please send this letter & clippings to Ellen

7

ALS. Yale. 4 pages. Postmark: July 4, 1938.

1. In addition to horseback riding and other activities, the Jefferses enjoyed spending time with nearby friends. On one occasion, they visited Frieda Lawrence and Angelo Ravagli at Frieda's Kiowa Ranch near Taos. The party also included Hildegarde Donaldson and Thomas Matthews Pearce (1902–1986), a professor of English at the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque. Pearce edited the *New Mexico Quarterly* from 1931 to 1939 and authored *Christopher Marlowe: Figure of the Renaissance* (1934), *Democracy in Progress: An American Testament in Four Centuries of Literature* (1943), *Mary Hunter Austin* (1965), and other books.

2. Medill McCormick, age twenty-one, and Richard Whitmer, age twenty, died in a mountain climbing accident June 23, 1938. Whitmer's body was discovered the following day, but McCormick's body was not found until June 30. McCormick's family owned the *Chicago Tribune*. His father, Senator Joseph Medill McCormick, killed himself in 1925; his mother, Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms, lived on a ranch near Albuquerque.

3. According to Mabel's account, Eliseo's accident occurred the same day Robinson and Hildegarde first saw each other at

dinner. Following that meal, Mabel, Hildegarde, and Una went to visit Eliseo. With Mabel driving and Hildegarde sitting beside her in the front seat, Una leaned forward from the back and told the story of the violent fight she and Robinson had on the way home from a Christmas party in the Carmel Highlands. See Una's January 2, 1938 letter to Maud and Frederick Clapp, note 3.

A few days passed in regular vacation routine, but a chance encounter soon changed everything. MDL:

. . . Hildegarde confided to me something that took my breath away. She looked beautiful when she told me quietly triumphant.

"I met Robin out on the mountain behind the house early this morning," she said.

"What?" I exclaimed in amazement.

"I couldn't sleep. Dawn was just coming in that eastern sky and it was so wonderful and calm and fresh I got up and walked over the desert to watch the sun rise over the hill. And Robin did the same. It just happened so. We met there. He loves me, you know."

"Hildegarde!"

"Yes. Mabel, he is so unhappy. He can't stand his life like this."

"Did Una know he went out?"

“No. She was asleep when he went.”

“What did he say?”

“Oh. He talked and talked! When we walked back he said: ‘I haven’t talked to anyone for twenty-five years!’”

“Yes, but what did he tell you?”

“He told me that he must get away if only for a short time—that he is afraid something will happen if he doesn’t. He has no life. Nothing.”

I remembered that Una had told me the year before that Robin had begun saying in these last years that he wanted to get away to the high sierras—build a small house and get away from all the people . . . but, she said: “I told him I just couldn’t face starting all over again building up another life in a new place.” I said now to Hildegarde.

“Doesn’t he have his work? All those books. . . .”

“He says he hates it . . . that he cannot write another line. He says it is so strange—he feels as though he had been under a spell of some kind all these years—as though hypnotized.”

“Don’t you suppose Una saw you come back together? Heavens! You’d better be careful!”

“No. We separated before we got to the house and he circled around by the morada.”

“Oh, Hildegarde!” I cried. “I am *afraid!*”

“I wish I could help him,” she answered. “He needs help.”

“Who doesn’t?” I murmured ruefully.

4. On the day Eliseo was released from the hospital, Mabel decided to pay him a visit. MDL:

That night after dinner . . . I announced that I had to go out and see Eliseo who had gone back to his own house that day. He expected me—depended on me. I looked around to see who would offer to go and Una spoke up at once and said: “Alright. I’d like to go along.” We both looked at Brett and Hildegarde and Robin but none of them offered to join us so we left them peacefully together before the small summer fire that always burns in the fireplace practically every evening of the year.

We must have been back in an hour and a half. Robin and Brett were as we left them, both reading.

“Where is Hildegarde?” Una asked instantly for she always keeps tabs on people.

“I think she went to bed,” he said, getting up and knocking out his pipe on the chimney place, “she said she was sleepy.”

“*Sleepy?*” said Una sarcastically. There was a new sound of antagonism in her voice.

I went looking for Hildegarde in her room, early the next morning. “You’d better look out,” I told her. “Una is beginning to feel sort of disgruntled.”

“It’s too late,” she told me quietly.

“What do you mean?” I asked her, mystified.

“We had each other.”

“What? When?”

“Last night. In my room. The instant you and Una left I went out the front door to my room and he went through the back room and came. It happened without a word. Happened.”

“And *Brett*?” I asked.

“Oh, she sat there reading. She didn’t notice us!”

(“Oh didn’t she!” I thought to myself.)

“Then he went back. It was very simple.”

“Simple!” I shrieked silently. “Well, I don’t know! This is terrific,” I went on aloud.

“Mabel, he needs me. I love him and he loves me. I think Una ought to be *glad* if I can do anything for him.”

I was speechless and could think of nothing to say.

5. In the days following their rendezvous, according to Mabel, Una became increasingly fretful and suspicious. Robinson and Hildegard sought ways to spend more time together, without much success. Hildegard had already stayed longer than she had originally planned, and the moment of her

departure was nearing. During this time, Mabel says, Robinson and Hildegarde continued to discuss his need to get away from home, and from Una's stifling influence. Robinson told Hildegarde that she had given him his life back, that he felt reborn. He had resolved to never return to the prison he had been in, but, with no clear idea of what to do next, he expressed concern about his future. Meanwhile, a nervous dread affected everyone. MDL:

A week had passed and they only had a few days more. But now, Una's instinct smouldering before, was somehow thoroughly aroused. She began to watch like a crouching tigress. She sat for hours at a time, concealed in the swing on the platform over the Acequia Madre that encircles the place. Behind the screen of the willow branches that hang to the ground she could see every move Robin made in the upstairs room, for if he paced back and forth he cast a shadow over the window, or if he came downstairs with Haig and took him for the usual walk around the house she knew it, for he had to pass the window on the stairs, and the window opened upon the portal in front of her eyes, so if he went out the back door she would see him before he turned that way.

Hildegarde could be observed too. Her door opened onto the portal, or if she tried to go out the other way she was obliged to pass through the long row of rooms whose doors always stood open and thus Una could not miss a movement either of them made.

It was sometime before they realized she was stationed there for she did not reveal her hiding place nor answer if anyone called. A strange tension filled the air and at our meals

together there was an unpleasant attentiveness in all of us towards each other.

6. Written in top margin, first page.

7. Written beside date, first page.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Taos. New Mexico

July 9. 1938

1

We shall be home by July 30—perhaps before if it gets any hotter. We are staying longer than usual

Yrs.

U. J.

2

APS. Occidental. Postmark: July 11, 1938.

1. The night before this note was written, according to Mabel's account, Una's seething hostility toward Hildegarde boiled over. MDL:

We had had cocktails and were just about to go in to dinner when suddenly Una lost her self-control. There was a little Italian ebony and silver box lying on a table beside her. About five inches long and shaped like a coffin, it had a skull and cross-bones and the words "memento mori" inlaid in the cover. It was for a token of revenge and dated back to the days when outraged lovers, husbands and wives could

appease their anger by killing or castration. An ear or an offending organ would readily fit into it, to be sent in vengeance to anyone deserving punishment. As we started for the dining room Una grabbed it up and shook it in Hildegarde's face.

“Do you see *that?*” she cried, “I wouldn't *hesitate* to use it. Not for a moment.”

2. On the day this note was written, the day before Hildegarde was scheduled to leave, another incident occurred. After lunch, Robinson drove Hildegarde into the village for an errand—“Their last moments together!” Mabel says. Later in the afternoon, everyone went to a neighbor's home for mint juleps. Mabel had driven there with Hildegarde and two other newly-arrived guests, Michael and Adrienne Myerberg. Robinson and Una went to the party with Garth and Donnan, who soon left with the family car, so the Jefferses needed a ride back to Mabel's. MDL:

Since Adrienne and Michael reached [the car] first and hopped voluntarily into the front seat together I let it go—but it was a great mistake. The instant Hildegarde joined Una and Robin on the short path to the automobile her proximity set Una off and I saw her make a sort of clutch at Hildegarde I drove off at top speed. Anything to empty that back seat as soon as possible! For no sooner did we start than I heard Una's voice, low and formidable, grinding out horrible words and I wanted to avoid a bad scene for the sake of the unsuspecting and carefree young couple beside me who could have no idea of what it all meant, nor need ever know, once this evening was ended. As we whirled up the road I turned my head slightly to take a look out of the corner of my eye,

and there was Una sitting between the other two with a face white as milk and her eyes turned black and crazy, and she had Hildegarde's bare arm in her two hands and she was twisting it with a mad strength. Hildegarde was reared backwards, a look of horror and pain on her face and Robin was strangely inert and passive, doing nothing. Una was gibbering broken phrases I couldn't catch but I heard: "Harlot . . . whore . . . I'll teach you . . ."

Praying the Meyerbergs, if they could, would continue to believe it was just fun, and also hoping they did not understand French, I exclaimed gaily: "Mesdames! Un peu de tenue, s'il vous plait!"

But to no avail. When I looked again Una was drawing her nails down Hildegarde's arm leaving bloody scratches like narrow ribbons. She continued her mad rigamarole

RJ to Hildegarde Donaldson

[July 10, 1938]

1

Dear Hildegarde:

Una is going to be all right, I am almost sure.

2 Do not imagine that any of this is your fault, for it is not. I hope you have not suffered too much from the shock of last night

3—I have hardly heard news about you.

4

And it's not Una's fault—nor anyone's.

I was up all night watching her, and am just going back to the hospital.

Robin.

ALS. New Mexico. 1 page.

1. Hildegarde left Taos early Sunday morning, July 10.
2. As Mabel tells the story, the altercation that occurred on the way home from mint juleps disturbed Una for the rest of the evening. She did not eat or speak at dinner. Before long, Mabel and Tony left everyone in the Big House, went to the Tony House where they were staying, and prepared for sleep. MDL:

“Una is acting terribly,” I told Tony as we went upstairs to our room. “I am glad poor Hildegarde is going in the morning.”

“What’s the matter with her anyway?” he asked.

“Jealous,” I said.

“She no good. I always told you. Selfish. Only thinks of herself,” he observed.

We were both ready for bed and I was opening all the front windows when I heard an unfamiliar noise across the field. It was like an engine, maybe a low flying plane, and it came nearer . . . “Listen,” I exclaimed. Nearer, until it stopped and

Robin's voice with a terrible urgency panted: "Mabel! Mabel!" "Yes, Robin—what . . ."

"Una's shot herself . . . come . . . come . . ." then he turned and the horrible raucous breathless gasping began and disappeared as he rushed back.

"You get on your dressing down and go over in your car. I'll telephone Dr. Pond and come over in mine," I told Tony who got going at once. For some reason I felt nothing at all. No alarm, no interest. It was only an added straw—something more to cope with.

It was but half past nine so Dr. Pond was up and said he'd come. "Is it bad?" he asked.

"I don't know. I'm at the little house—just going over," I told him. I began to feel cold and annoyed for I realized it might result in a horrid complication of sensational publicity. It seemed an inconsiderate thing for Una to have done to all of us, Robin, the boys and ourselves. Certainly guests should think of their hosts, it seemed to me, but of course Una had to think of herself, herself as a woman in a Scotch ballad, I remembered angrily.

3. When Mabel reached the foot of the stairs that led to the bedroom above, she found Hil-degarde lying face down on the floor with her skirt twisted around her; whether dead or unconscious, she did not know. Tony told her not to touch her, so she rushed on up the stairs. MDL:

There was Una in the little bathroom at the head of the stairs. She was sitting bolt upright in the bathtub holding her

nightgown up above her body and there was a large round dark hole through her left side. Her face was like that of a maenad. When she saw me she ground out: "Did she smash her head? Is she dead? I hope so. I'm dying but I'll meet her in hell."

"Una! Una!" said Robin.

"I've killed myself," Una went on, dabbing at the wound with a wet towel. Blood was flowing about her, and all the time she continued to try to save her little nightgown from a stain.

"Is the doctor coming? Robin begged me, his voice shaking.

"Yes, right away, I answered frigidly and went back downstairs and met him coming in the door.

"Those damned women have been fighting," I told him angrily. Maybe you'd better look at this one first." They had become just too much trouble to me, not people at all any more. Without a word he knelt down and turned Hildegarde over. She was unconscious and looked as though asleep. He felt her all over carefully and said: "I guess we'd better lift her up and put her on the bed in there."

Tony quickly took her shoulders and Dr. Pond her feet and they carried her into the first bedroom. Then she opened her eyes and moaned and said in a babyish complaining tone: "Is Robin dead?"

"No. He isn't," I answered unsympathetically.

“She’s alright. Where is the other one?” asked the young doctor.

I motioned to the stairs and turned to the next problem, saying to Tony as he left: “You’d better give her some water.”

When he saw Una sitting in the bathtub babbling he said to Robin: “Let’s get her out of there onto this bed.” So they lifted her out.

“She swallowed a whole bottle of sleeping tablets before she did *this*,” Robin told him.

“Well, I guess you’d better call the ambulance and we’ll go over to the hospital,” Dr. Pond told me. “We’ll have to use the stomach pump on her anyway. If we can,” he added in a lower tone.

“Well, is it *bad* ?” I asked him in an undertone, certain Robin couldn’t hear me, Una was babbling so loud.

“I guess it’s pretty serious,” he replied.

4. After Una was taken to the hospital, Mabel and Tony offered tea to the Myerbergs and Hildegarde, who was still in a state of shock. MDL:

“What happened to you, Hildegarde,” I pressed her for I was anxious to clear it up in my mind.

With difficulty, for her teeth were chattering, she told us that when we had gone off in the motor Robin and Una had disappeared upstairs immediately and she had sat trying to

read until the Meyerbergs came back. “Then, you know . . . you two sat here a few moments and then went to your room and I waited to finish my cigarette. . . . I heard walking upstairs, then I heard a shot and Robin’s voice—terrible—shouted “Help!” I ran to the stairs—I thought she had shot *him*, then I heard him say: “Una! You *fool!*”—I started up and all of a sudden—I don’t know what happened . . .”

“I suppose you hit your head on that low crossbeam,” I told her.

5. Just after Una’s attempted suicide, as Robinson was leaving for the hospital, he saw Mabel. MDL:

I was sitting on a lower step of the stairs waiting, waiting for them all to be gone, and suddenly Robin reappeared from outside and came up to me, but spiritually almost all of him left out there with Una. He said:

“Mabel, Una wants you to know she doesn’t blame you for any of this.”

I stared at him as he turned and plunged away. I could have slapped his face for that.

Mabel washed the blood out the bathtub, rinsed the towels, and then returned with Tony to their other home. MDL:

When we got back to our peaceful room it was only half past ten but it seemed as though years had passed.

“That little *old thing!*” Tony said in a low voice, with unusual condemnation. “We cannot ever invite her here again. She spoil our nice house. I don’t want to go upstairs to our rooms there again.”

“Maybe she will die,” I answered.

“No, I guess not. She too smart,” he said strangely. She would certainly have to be smart to shoot herself under her left breast and miss her heart, I thought.

But she was smart. Very. In an hour I called the hospital and found from the sister who answered that they had operated upon her, made a long incision, explored her interior and found the bullet had glanced off a rib just missing her heart. They had then pumped her stomach out, given her horse serum for possible tetanus, and were sewing her up again.

RJ to Hildegarde Donaldson

[July 13, 1938]

1

Dearest Hildegarde:

The sagebrush land was white with loneliness to-night. I was walking there just now with Haig, after returning from the hospital; it is nearly midnight; the whole country was like a sponge full of moonlight and sudden memories.

Tony arrived home this noon; happy after an epic of misadventures with the car, but part of the time he had been somewhere near Cimarron, seeing a man about a deerskin.

Una is still in great pain of body and mind, but recovering rapidly. She tried in earnest to die; twenty sleeping-tablets besides the bullet; which went straight inward but was miraculously deflected by a rib-cartilage, ran under the ribs and came out of her side. Its whole course had to be cut into and explored, and the powder-burned tissue cut away. She is not changed at all in mind, but she will have to change; our life is going to be changed.

2

I love her (I have reason to) and spend the days with her, but I could not blame you if you hated her—and me too. What she did to you was far more insane and monstrous than what she did to herself. I am terribly sorry for all that happened.—No, dearest: not all. I will write again soon. You are lovely, Hildegarde.

Robin.

ALS. New Mexico. 1 page. Postmark: July [13], 1938.

1. Jeffers sent this letter to Hildegarde's home in New Haven, Connecticut. The postmark on the envelope is blurred. The month and the year are readable, as is the first number of the day. Three for the second number is a best guess.

2. While Una was in the hospital, Robinson and Mabel discussed his situation. MDL:

After breakfast I went to the hospital and Robin came downstairs and we went and sat outside on the bank of the stream under the trees and had the first talk we'd ever had.

He looked wan and tired now that the worst anxiety was over and there seemed little risk left if nothing new happened to complicate recovery, but not in the least as I would have expected him to look—like a fish out of water—stranded—or ill at ease. He looked rather comfortable, in fact!

“Robin, hasn’t she been different lately?” I asked him and he said:

“Yes, the strain seems to have been greater the last two years. Of course these attacks of frenzy have been going on always, since the first months together,” he added, and looked down at his pipe.

“You see it’s impossible, don’t you, for the boys to ‘bring home their brides’ to those rooms Una has been making you add to the house?” I asked him, plunging into the sudden intimacy. He took to it as though it were an old habit.

“I’m afraid so,” he agreed. . . .

“What are you going to do, Robin?” I asked him.

“Why, I can’t imagine. . . .

“Can you get away? Have a change?”

“I must, I guess. I promised Hildegarde I would let her know. . . . I can write her though of course she cannot write to me.” He was looking pretty bleak now.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

(Private) Wed. July 13. [1938]
Holy Cross Hospital

Darling Clapps:

Well here I am an inmate instead of a spectator—all my own carelessness bullet through me just missed heart, broke a rib a long wound—they had to lay it all open 4 nights & 4 days I've been here & the thing is healing well. {Today} I got the doctors to say I may {be able to} stagger up to Mabel's trial next week. I am so afraid I am going to miss you in Carmel. I've learned considerable about pain—& it isn't pleasant to think of all the people lying about on battlefields *full* of bullet holes. My idea now would be to take hogsheads of hypodermics around & shoot it into them. I think I am of pretty tough fibre & I love {life} but my own wish was to get enough hypo to pass out completely. & for good. Perhaps the majority feels that way.

Dont tell people of this unless they know already. I daresay though it will be rumored in New York as one of the hazards of living at Mabel's!

Maybe wle'll be able to get to Carmel before you leave.

This hospital is very pleasant but I'm wild at having Robin have to sit with me hours a day & yet I haven't enough unselfishness to forbid him. Very hot part of the time—just now a little rain & much thunder raging around. Robin & boys gone back to Mabel's for lunch.

There is a possibility of a career opening up for Donnan—via Hollywood. More later.

Saw a favorable review of Timmie in *Nation*

1

Dearest love

Una

The dress is sweet! I dont want to exchange it.

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. The unsigned review of *Said Before Sunset* was published in "Shorter Notices," *The Nation* 147 (July 9, 1938): 52.

RJ to Hildegarde Donaldson

[July 20, 1938]

Dearest:

Thank you for your dear message. Now you must laugh a little, when I tell you what sparkles of good luck it carried with it. Our hostess received it and handed it to me (and had read it I think—who cares?) within the hour after winning the law-suit that had been hanging over her so ominously for a year or two. I walked on the sage-brush land to read it and as I opened the envelope I saw the first hawk flying—my totem-bird, you know—that I have seen since we came here. (We have plenty at home—I have an almost religious feeling about hawks.) Finally, this evening, while I had the note in my pocket, Una told me that she thought perhaps she could be happy again.—Until then her mind had been crying for death, while the flesh healed.

{{(A rain-drop, my dear, nothing more serious)}}

1

This last, certainly, is not for laughter. I want her to be happy, and I want to be with her in her happiness, but the terms are still to make. It is not going to be the false and brittle happiness of former years, but something more generous, more free, and on my side more truthful.

I love you, Hildegarde, and I love Una. I will not let her soul die—nor mine—nor fail to meet you again.

I brought her from the hospital day-before-yesterday, and the stitches were taken out of her wound to-day. We shall travel homeward within the next week. Your friend Thornton Wilder and his sister

2 will be here before we go. If you see him, ask him about Una; for she is lovely when she is not jealous, and I want you to carry good thoughts about her.

Love,
Robin.

ALS. New Mexico. 1 page. Postmark: July 20, 1938.

1. This insertion is written vertically in the left margin. Next to it is an arrow that points to an ink smear.

2. Isabel Wilder (1900–1995), novelist and writer; author of *Mother and Four* (1933), *Heart Be Still* (1934), and *Let Winter Go* (1937).

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Taos. July 22. [1938]

Dearest Bennett:

We are leaving here July 24, after many exciting events.

I I will write you from home & you might tell Commins we shall be home to receive proofs.

Glad you had a happy holiday. Thornton Wilder & sister arrived today *Such* nice people. He is very simpatico.

Yrs.

Una J.

APS. Berkeley. Postmark: July 23, 1938.

1. In a letter dated July 24, 1938 (ALS New Mexico) from Mabel Luhan to Hildegard's husband Norman Donaldson, Mabel does not mention the recent upheavals in her home. Her tone is jocular, and she expresses enthusiasm about the fun one can have in Taos. "You were awfully good to send me the books," she writes. "I will be reading them soon now since we have thinned down in guests & will have time to turn around & breathe. Only Thornton & Isabel are here. They both wish to work, & so do I, so soon we will have an industrious humming atmosphere which is the kind I like best! Next time *you* must come to Taos. Everyone seems to like it, I must say! And there is something fresh & undomesticated about it that is irresistible."

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

[July 22, 1938]

Taos. Friday

Dearest Clapps—

We shall be home by {next} Thurs. perhaps before. I am feeling all right. My wound is healed except one place & Im strapped up Not very energetic yet.

I had a nice letter from Noël today with all the news. Please tell Noël how sorry I was to hear of Eddie's death.

1

Thornton Wilder & his sister arrived today—very very nice. He—particularly *very* likeable. They are to stay for three weeks.

2 Mabel & Garth went to Santa Fe {to fetch them}

The wind bl blows all the time time but I like it. It howls around all the crannies & corners. The trees sound like the sea with the wind in them. We are just about to drive a little to pay some calls {of thanks & PPC!}. Everyone has been very darling to me & such quantities of fruits & flowers & books!

Perhaps you will like to see this letter of Blanche's & of Percy Peacock,

(one of my dearest friends) You ♦ need not return.—You might hand them to Ellen. She is always interested in our friends' careers in the British Isles.

I've lost 8 pounds but Robin lost only 5 during this little affair of mine. You see he isnt perfectly sympathetic.

Donnan is very eager to get home—(most particularly to see his girl) but Garth hates to leave his not-quite-broken colts. We may leave Garth in Bakersfield for a few days to go with

Lloyd Tevis to try to photograph the 2-or 3 remaining condors in some wild fastness.

Andrew Dasburg is staying. His wife Marina had to go to Philadelphia—her father Owen Wister died. He is a character!
3 Robin & Donnan had a wild trip driving Marina to Raton (97 mi) to catch a 11:30 PM train in a cloudburst. Slippery adobe Not back until 3:15 AM Its over a mt. from here

We shall see you soon

Devotedly

Una

Kindly tell Ellen of my accident. Say I am almost all over it. Give her my love.

4

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Eddie Pharr, Noël Sullivan's butler, died July 12 from the effects of anesthesia administered during an appendectomy.

2. In an undated letter to A. A. Brill (ALS New Mexico), Mabel Luhan describes Thornton and Isabel's unhappy visit. "Certainly there is something peculiar about this place," Mabel begins. After the Jeffers left and the Wilders arrived, "everything seemed as though we could relax & have a nice time." Thornton, however, was afflicted with a "peculiar feverishness" that caused him to behave oddly. One day he walked eight miles in the sun without a hat; another day he stayed out in the rain without a coat. "His voice disappeared," Mabel says, "& from being over conversational & brilliant, he

became silent.” Thornton began to brood; he paced up and down the road; he suffered from sleeplessness; he “turned a peculiar green color.” Finally, after a little more than a week, he and his sister abruptly left. “What on earth gets into people here?” Mabel asks Brill. “I am so tired of all their performances. Thought I’d best give you an outline. Do you suppose it is *my* fault?”

3. An arrow added here points to “Andrew Dasburg.”

4. Written in top margin, first page.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

[July 27, 1938]

Dearest Clapps:

Thanks so much but I am going to stay in bed today. The hot motor trip was too strenuous for me. Garth has gone to Bakersfield with Lloyd Tevis (Jr. & Sr.) today & Donnan has gone to Berkeley to see his girl & so we two others can eat quietly enough.

I *hope* you will drop in for a chat today & let me hear your news

We love you!

Una.

I send this with Donnan on way to 7:40 bus in Monterey

Haig felt the heat too & lay all night across the foot of my bed without turning over!

There were wonderful thunderstorms over Mojave but Bakersfield was 100° at 7: PM. We drove 608 mi. Monday.

ALS. Yale. 1 page.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

[July 1938]

Bennett—

Will you send him

1 a copy & charge to our account if your review copies won't cover it. Two long & interesting articles have been written published about R. J. during the last year in this magazine 2 which somehow manages to be the *extremely* interesting & worthwhile—{far} excelling most university publications. Lately one of the best articles I ever read about Masters was in it written by John Cowper Powys.

You need not return this. Would you drop him a card saying a copy will be sent, & agree to Haydon

3 if you think proper—please.

AN. Berkeley. 1 page.

1. This note is written on a July 25, 1938 letter to Una from Alexander Cappon, editor of the *University Review* (University of Kansas City). Mr. Cappon requests a copy of the *Selected*

Poetry and suggests Benjamin Miller or A. E. Haydon as possible reviewers. He also asks for a poem by Jeffers for publication in his journal.

2. Joy Talbert, “Do the Hawks Win?” *University Review* 3 (Spring 1937): 194–198; Benjamin Miller, “The Religious Philosophy of Robinson Jeffers,” *University Review* 4 (Winter 1937): 129–132.

3. Albert Eustace Haydon (1880–1975), professor and chair of the Department of Comparative Religion at the University of Chicago Divinity School. In 1933, with John Dewey and others, he signed the influential “Humanist Manifesto.” Books include *The Quest of the Ages* (1929), *Man’s Search for the Good Life: An Inquiry into the Nature of Religions* (1937), and *Biography of the Gods* (1941).

UJ to Albert Bender

[July 31, 1938]

Dearest Albert—

Thanks so much for all your friendly messages & the GRAND! archeological books.

Home & almost all right—I feel weak, but will soon be in regular form. Very glad to be home! Hope to see you soon

Love from all of us
Una

APPS: Eagle Nest Dam and Lake Cimarron Canyon near Taos, New Mexico. Mills. Postmark: July 31, 1938.

RJ to Hildegarde Donaldson

[August 1, 1938]

1

Dearest,

This place was beautiful to come home to,—lichened stones under the sea-fog, dark trees, dark ocean. We are doing well enough, and shall do better soon. Once I had to run down the cliff and drag her out of deep water, but most of the time she is sane and loving, and fairly tolerant. We shall reach an understanding; but even if we could not I would not let her die nor be wretched.

Aren't these odd love-letters, all about the third person? This *is* a love-letter, you know.

I hope you can come here next summer; we must arrange to see each other often and long. And forget that crazy threat which I overheard about defaming you; it was only the insanity of anger and meant nothing whatever.

Garth loves the book that you got for him; I don't know whether he has dared to write and thank you for it.

2

I am lonely for you. Dearest love to you.

—Robin.

ALS. Yale S. 1 page. Postmark: August [1], 1938.

1. The postmark on the envelope containing this letter is not perfectly clear. "Aug 1" is discernible. If there is another numeral in the date, it cannot be seen, given the design and placement of the stamp. In any case, August 1 is a likely date of composition.

2. In a letter dated July 24, 1938 (ALS Yale S), Garth thanks Hildegarde for a book on anthropoid apes, a topic that held special interest for him as a result of college research projects. The book, he says, "has become one of my most treasured possessions." He adds, in closing, "I am sorry you departed so early in the morning. I hoped to say good bye to you but when I woke up it was late and you had gone."

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel
August 3. 1938

Dear Mabel:

We have been home a week today & Robin & I have been alone practically every moment, for Donnan went off to Berkeley at once & has sent blissful letters about *Her*—he arrives home today. I wish you could have seen his sparkling happy beautiful face as he set forth. Garth went at once to Bakersfield with Lloyd Tevis, Jr & Sr. to rescue a crazy servant & then a day later {he} went off on a six day trip with Lloyd Jr. to photograph condors.

1 I had hoped that Robin would go on this jaunt but he didn't want to spend more than three days at it.

Thanks for the nice things you did for us. Much of our stay was very pleasant & would have all been so if that mischievous person hadn't been

there tip-toeing around talking through her {nose} ♦ To Garth goes the credit of smelling her out the first day as he did with von Maltzahn. Her continual boast of her selfishness & cold indifference to her children

2 did not endear her to me nor her squirming itch to get Robin aside to detail her adultery. It was only the last day I found out what had been going on all the time although I sensed her malice before. Did you know that she was trying to pry Robin & me apart with her sympathy—eloquently expressed—for him for his great unhappiness {in} being *managed* by me! She told him he was being ruined & so on, & pressed him to come & stay wit at her house in New Haven to escape my attentions!

3 Really when I heard from him that he had *listened* to her I felt so desperate a wound & unhappiness that I could not think—(everything for the last 25½ years considered!) that I cared to make one more gesture ♦ toward living. It happened that she caught Robin at an accessible moment for he has had difficulty the last year with his writing & as he had always given me the credit for inspiring & spurring him on up until now, so when he had a slump I got the blame for *it*. I have felt as unhappy as he for his trouble—(which we have spent days now in analyzing & which we think we are going to circumvent)

We That strumpet who had so long made a cuckoo out of her husband was attempting a little more than she could handle when she tried to separate us. Three nights before she made her proposition for him to go to New Haven (at the Indian dance)—if she could have heard upstairs she would have

heard these words from Robin to me “I love you so & I *admire* you so!” & I said “Why *admire*?”—& Robin said “For one thing that you have made such a *success of our marriage!*” ♦ One of the impertinent things she said that last day to me was that she & R. could have had wonderful talks if I hadn’t been around & if I didn’t take care what I did she’d stay another week, (with the inference of further getting his ear)

It was very kind of you to suggest psycho-analysis which would be very interesting anytime if one could afford it but I didn’t need Dr. Brill to tell me why I was so unhappy & indignant. Robin says if I needed psycho-a-, he needed it worse.

Well I hope things are going to go smoothly now Certainly I’ve never felt Robin’s love more deeply than now—he has proved it.

4 If I can be more selfish & self-indulgent, & less loving & thoughtful toward him, I shall fare better.

I shall get pictures of Donnan soon & also send the one you wanted of Robin.

Yours,
Una.

Greetings to the Wilders

5 I liked them so much.

6

I enclose review of Lawrence book my English friends praise so highly

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Garth and Lloyd hiked and searched for condors in the Sisquoc area of the Los Padres National Forest, near Santa Barbara, California.

2. Hildegarde and Norman Donaldson had two children: Virginia Louise “Midge” Donaldson (1918–1997) and Harry Nash “Sonny” Donaldson (1920–1999).

3. Mabel was aware of this plan. MDL:

Hildegarde came over to my house to talk to me after breakfast. She was both happy and unhappy. She told me that Robin had reiterated his terrible need to get away. “I am finished if I don’t go,” he had said, “if only for a while.” An idea occurred to her. She was on her way home after giving some concerts in the west and when she got there she and her husband would leave in a couple of days for a month in Bermuda where he would take his vacation. Why wouldn’t Robin go and stay in their house? Her daughter, who was acting as secretary for someone, would be away all day but the maid would be there to look after him. He would be alone, but in a new place where he could relax and think things out—get away from that eternal vigilance, from Una’s perpetual drag upon him.

4. Robinson and Una commemorated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary by inscribing a book together. On the overleaf of *Enshrined Hearts of Warriors and Illustrious People* (1871) by Emily Sophia Hartshorne, a book in the Tor House library, Una wrote “And in his heart, my heart is locked / And in his life, my life. / Una—Robin / August 2,

1938—twenty-five years!” Beneath Una’s inscription, Robinson added “No, dearest, mine in yours.—Forever, Robin.” See Maureen Girard, *The Last Word*, page 53.

5. The Wilders were aware of recent events, as Mabel tells Hildegard in an August 1, 1938 letter (ALS New Mexico): “I gave Thornton & Isabel an abridged account of the late drama; telling them that you & Robin took to each other at once, & that it was wonderful for him to have those few conversations with you—& wonderful for you to feel you helped someone like him to be able to *talk* at least. That you had an accidental encounter walking in the morning & one or two other chances to talk—& just that small amount of relationship in sympathy & understanding did wonders for him after being closed up & shut off all these years.”

6. This and the following postscript are written in the top right corner of the first page.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel. California
August 7. 1938

Dear Larry—

I am all right—a bit weak yet. It went straight through me only missing my heart because the strong rib broke (but diverted it.)—I was out of the hospital in six days. Frieda was kind & affectionate—a real dear!

We have no typescript of the preface & only notes in ms. I have written to Saxe C—to send you the typescript or the

corrected proof, if convenient, by air mail. I think he will. If you wish to ask questions to help your book (or are you coming through here & can talk to us?) cant you definitely question & I will jot down answers

R. says he will write you some comments on *At the Birth of an Age*, very soon.

Thanks the "Masses" has just come—havent read yet.

Cordially,
Una.

Sunday & no stamps. Excuse envelopes.

1

ALS. Occidental. 1 page.

1. Added in top right corner of page.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Aug. 7. 1938
Tor House Carmel

Darlings:

Sometimes I repent having shifted some of my burden on you, but mostly I am happy thinking of the strong, immediate impact of your love & generosity & tenderness. I know there is no more loathsome a sight than a matryr exhibiting his sores so I won't go any further that road but I shall relate a few developments

from time to time. I have not told Noël or anyone else—things are so definitely looking up! Please do not comment on this when you answer as Robin often wishes to read your letters & he does not know I collapsed on your shoulders! He has not been drinking anymore but has been an angel of patience and needed to be! I've been very difficult. There have been {I have had} days of dark melancholy, for my nerves are still a bit unstable: other days we have talked very quietly & sensibly about his difficulty writing ♦ and I think we had {have} hit upon a few plans to ease that up. There have been of days when I was such a whirlwind of anger & resentment that I have almost blown the roof off & us through it! And other times of such tempestuous love-making—as if this menace to our life together forced us to express to its extreme bounds the passion which we have always felt for each other. Not a very restful period.

My problem is—my self-confidence is shattered for the moment. Until I mend this condition my plans { for us} lack the necessary optimism to carry them out. (Oft I hear a small voice inside recalling Timmies quiet reminder about dignity coming from within—that is true—but dignity can be very aloof & solitary & I must mix in! My love & care hasve undone me) {His not drinking} may seem to you *all* to the good but not quite for he will not go out to Noël's or anywhere—“too boring without stimulants” & that ♦ throws him back on me entirely for outer life & thats bad again. Reasonable drinking is helpful. It loosens those bands that bind him so tightly. If he will again let me regulate the home consumption all will be {fairly} well—but he must let—more than *let* he must *wish*. I will NOT again endure the piled-up resentment of years.

So—I think the total curve on our recovery chart will be upward & an occasional {downward} jog in the graph ought not to bother me too much.

Donnan came home after a week with his adored—loving her more than ever! Garth & Lloyd were gone six days—so Robin didn't go he thought three would be {enough!}. The boys were much very enthusiastic about their trip, although they had one fearful experience. ♦ They left their car & started to walk through the mts. & cañon their 5 day pack heavy on their backs. They knew a spring was 2 miles along so the idiots emptied their water canteens to ease the load. It was 105° in the shade & at least 123° in the sun (& it was mostly sun) When they got to the spring they couldnt get any water. It was in possession of the small herd of wild cattle which the ranger had told them to avoid at *all costs*—very *ugly* cattle—so they staggered on 13 miles {11 miles further} before they came to water. Garth had all a day a violent case of ptomaine from some bad meat Maj. Morgan had prepared. He had diarrhea & vomiting & cramps & a high fever. Lloyd hadn't eaten any but finally collapsed under a bush from the heat & Garth went on to the water but *it* made him vomit too by that time. O Dear. Anyway they are home now. They saw one condor only & no picture of it

Love from Una.

Monday.

Little dress with red embroidery being fixed today. Its *sweet*. We or I go to Noëls tomorrow—meet Saidie Gregory & Marie Welch West.

1

Blanche is having trouble with her ear.

2 ♦

I forgot to tell an important thing. Garth & Lloyd discovered & entered a cave in a wild unexplored terrain & discovered feet deep guano {of pack-rats & bats}. A tiny second cave they climbed into high up in the wall of the first cave. Here they uncovered a huge finely-woven basket about 30 in. in diameter across the top. Some holes in it & the bottom had dropped out but was there intact. A dignified design of black (geometric shape) in it. Also an unnamed & broken affair of woven twigs,—perhaps to carry things in like a knapsack. Later the ranger said that the Indians in that region are supposed to have begun to die off in 1770 & vanished soon after. N. B. Is *guano* the particular ♦ possession of *sea* birds—not bats & rats! Garth killed another rattlesnake

Hildegarde Donaldson (Mrs Norman D.) is the name of the strumpet who for malice or envy or wish to have {capture} a sort-of celebrity for a hanger-on went to such lengths of flattery & pity & lies to disaffect Robin with his wife. I do not think it was love for she told R. too of her 5 yrs.' adultery lately ended because her lover had deserted her & married. I find

{now} her campaign started almost from the first of her 3 weeks' visit but I didnt suspect it, & included her in everything I could because Mabel paid no attention to her. She had been invited to stay a few days but kept asking to stay on. Mabel knew her because she is a neighbor of Wilder's & childhood friend in New Haven. Her husband is connected with Yale Press. She plays the violin. You may meet her sometime. She hopes to go on tour.

One of Mabel's little jokes: when I was lying at the worst moment that night my boys came home from a pic-nic supper & she persuaded them to go as they had planned before to a tough roadhouse Mike Cuneco's

3 across from the hospital She told them I'd taken & overdose of sleeping potion & had to have stomach pumped out {—but all right}

4

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. Written in top right margin, first page.
2. Written vertically in left margin, fourth page.
3. Mike's Nite Club, a popular Taos tavern, dance hall, and gambling casino operated by Mike Cunico, a former cowboy and rodeo champion.
4. Garth and Donnan were not at Mabel's when Una shot herself. They returned home later in the evening. As they were changing their clothes to go out again, Mabel came to their room. MDL:

I heard the boys coming back to their log cabin at the end of the portal. The picnic was over. Now they had to be coped with! I went down and knocked and there they were changing their sweaters for shirts.

“Boys,” I began, trying to spare them a shock, “your mother took a little too much sleeping medicine tonight and we thought she should go to the hospital and get rid of it.”

I need not have worried about them, however. They looked at me unemotionally, only showing a faint amusement.

“Jealousy, I suppose,” remarked Garth with rising inflection.

“These repeated scenes grow a little tiresome,” Donnan contributed.

“We were changing to go to a dance. Should we discontinue?” queried Garth, his blue trousers dangling from one hand.

“Oh, I guess it’s alright for you to go,” I said wearily. Maybe their mother was dead already, I thought, but I did not want them sitting around with us. So they went cheerfully off to “Mike’s Nite Club.”

UJ to Blanche Matthias

Tor House. Carmel. California.

Aug 8. 1938

Blanche darling:

You’ve been such a faithful dear! Cards from so many of the places whose very names bring an excitement & warmth to my heart. I long now to know what you did after John O’Groats whether you went down that wild broken west coast of Scotland with its many fjord-like arms of the sea penetrating the land—& whether you went on to Scotland. Ireland.

We were seven weeks in Taos. {Went to} Many interesting places & there were many interesting visitors, the most exciting was Dr. Brill, & though I still feel sceptical about the therapeutic value of psychoanalysis but Brill is so enthralling a talker & so wise in human relationships that I admire tremendously this chief expounder of Freud in the U. S. A. He is a bald, round bellied, bespectacled little Jew with an accent which would seem to come from living uninterruptedly in the ghetto—yet how balanced & convincing in his discourse. ♦ Thornton Wilder & his nice sister Isabel arrived two or three days before we left. I liked them tremendously. He is a wonderful talker,—so outgoing & so responsive. We enjoyed them. He is coming here for a few days very soon.

Buis Business

1 Would you mind (if it should be found advisable—) if Robin inhabited { a room of} your *guest* house { at the bottom of the garden} at the Highlands a few hours a day {for a time}? He is working at something which needs a new set-up (maybe) After all he has worked at the same table now for twenty years. He sometimes feels that a change of position might be useful & visualized a bare room with nothing in it but a table & chair & bare walls, where he could be quiet {& hidden} & unseen. We can't afford more than \$15 a mo. for this luxury but that would more than pay your water bill! Of course this request is dependent on whether he finds he needs the change, & whether it isn't rented to some real tenants. We could take in the chair & table. Please answer soon. ♦

Alice Williams flew back from the East. It was too hot for pleasure this year even in Maine. Abby Lou & Laidlaw are about to have a baby.

2 *It should*

be a giant. John & Molly are settled in the old house they unearthed in The Highlands {Pebble Beach} We havent been over yet. Joe McEnerney is still on the water wagon & looking grand & scornful I hear. Charlie Chaplin is getting to be a constant visitor at Noëls.

Elsie {Arden} is still there but leaves in a few days. We dined there inlast night. Lee {Crowe} arrived a day ahead of time from the East, looking very fit & slender & beautifully dressed & brought Noël some old very lovely Wedgewood soup bowls which we used last night. He brought me an angel old wooden {collar-} box oval, a dear. Mario is there for a month.

Our adored Timmie & Maud left a week ago today—still the darlinest people one can find. ♦

Claire Spencer has been very ill—(back in Maine) miscarriage & now in bed with aen anaemia.

Garth & Lloyd—tell Russell—went into a wild terrain between Taft & Santa Maria, for 5 days, to {try to} photograph {from afar} the only remaining condors in U.S. They *saw* one. They had one awful day 105° in shade 123° in sun when they staggered 13 miles (50 lb packs on backs) *without* water, & Garth all day had ptomaine poisoning—vomiting, diarrhea, cramps fever & *no* water. (Came from spiced meat fixed by Maj. Morgan. Lloyd hadn't eaten any yet but he collapsed of heat.) They discovered an unexplored cave high up in the wall of which was a tiny cave {in} which they found after cutting away feet of bat & rat excrement a huge finely-woven Indian basket, 30 in. diameter across top, 15 in. at bottom & a broken loosely woven affair

of twigs which might have been a kind of carry-all. These may be quite important discoveries. Garth killed another rattler

Send us news of yourself. I have just heard that you have some trouble with that ear. O Blanche dear!

Love
from Una.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. A circle is drawn around "Business" for emphasis.

2. Abbie Lou (Bosworth) Williams (1906–1983), a Carmel artist, married Laidlaw Williams (1904–1976), an ornithologist, July 31, 1937. Their first child was born in October 1938 but did not survive.

UJ to Saxe Commins

Aug 10. [1938]
Tor House Carmel.

Your letter of Aug 8 today. We will get the proofs off to you within twenty-four hours after receiving them if a Sunday doesn't intervene.

Sorry for the delay.—

Una Jeffers.

APS. Berkeley.

UJ to Albert Bender

[August 10, 1938]

Dearest Albert:

Thanks so much for all the books!—Most of all for the Journals of the Antiquarian Society. Those are very *hard* to get & they are absorbingly interesting to me. I am almost myself now & enjoying work again after taking it easy. Hope to see you soon.

Love from Una.

APS. Mills. Postmark: August 10, 1938.

UJ to Ward Ritchie

Tor House. Carmel.

Aug 12 [1938]

Dear Ritchie—

We send you warm thanks in the beautifully printed book on R. J. by W^m van Wyck.

1

I like very much the font you are using so clear & straightforward & dignified.

Best wishes from us both.

Cordially
Una J.

APS. UCLA Clark.

1. William van Wyck, *Robinson Jeffers* (Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press, 1938). The seventeen-page booklet, with decorations by Alvin Lustig, was printed in a hardbound edition of 250 copies. In his praise for the poet, van Wyck says, "along comes Robinson Jeffers to tear the veil from our eyes and to force us to see clearly for a few moments and to give us his findings in words worthy of Homer, of Shakespeare, of Milton, and thus to become a pinnacle writer in a day of writing that amounts to little more than a twiddling of thumbs" (pp. 5–6).

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California
August 24. 1938

Dear Bennett—

We have been home several weeks now and I ought to have written you y long ago but found so many tasks (& fun) awaiting me I've been busy every moment. Our darling Clapps were still here for a week after our return. Anyway we were prompt as anyone could be about getting the corrected proofs back to you. Then Garth had to be gotten ready for college. He graduates in another six {four} months. So would Donnan but he is staying away from college for a term or longer to try something else. He has fallen madly in love. {(Much too young! but it seems to make him

ambitious)}—Not to be mysterious—its something at Hollywood & Michael Meyerberg

1 is to help him. Do you know ~Michael Meyerberg~? (Stowkowsky's manager). I hope for success! ♦ Life is humming along excitedly.—

We liked the set up so much of the *Selected Poems*. We have had many inquiries about it. I see you have all taken thought about it. I have had very pleasant dealings with Saxe C—

Did you see a little poem of R. J. in N. Y. Times Sun. Aug. 14.—*Shiva*

2 (*one* of the four new ones to be in *Selected Poems*) Miss Walker, poetry Ed. of Times was urgent for a poem & wants more.

We are going just now to dine at Noëls—Sara & Erskine have just arrived for a week's visit. They've actually been up to Portland for a greatgrandchild's wedding! That grand old boy!

Love from us both & write us sometime—

Yours,
Una.

We never had any account for Jan–June 1938 or check, if any, was it sent?

Thanks *so much* for *Tides of St. Michel*.

3 Its very arresting. St Michaels Mount off Cornwall is very strange too. Evocative surrounding one—submerging & cutting one away from the world.

ALS. Berkeley. 2 pages.

1. Michael Myerberg (1906–1974), a manager of Leopold Stokowski, the Philadelphia Ballet, and other artists and institutions, was a theater and film producer and director. He also owned the Brooks Atkinson Theatre in New York for several years. Major Broadway productions include Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth* (1942–1943) and Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* (1956).

2. Jeffers' poem "Shiva" was published in the August 14, 1938 issue of the *New York Times*, page E8.

3. Roger Vercel, *Tides of Mont St.-Michel*, translated by Warren Bradley Wells (New York: Random House, 1938).

4. Written across top margin, first page.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel
August 25. 1938

Dear Mabel:

I had a nice letter from Adrienne

1 about Donnan. I am having Hagemeyer pictures finished & Donnan is looking forward hopefully to his venture. He intends to succeed if trying will do it. He has just come back last night from visiting his sweetheart in Santa Maria, her

hometown. Before that she was here for a week. We like her very much. (Tho' he is *still* too young!)

Life is quaint. Listen to the history of Scott Pyle a fragment of it. He lived in Santa Maria from his youth up. He was an undertaker. (not even

a dentist!) He was shady ca in his dealings, so Donnan was told, & got the upper hand of Wagner whom he induced to go into the business of a *Funeral Home* with him. Donnan saw the half-blotted out sign still there. He heard they were known for irregularities in selling oil wells but Pyle the {worst.} ♦ Pyle used to preach too & carried a Bible under his arm while {attempting sales.} Santa Maria is a small town about 50 miles north of Santa Barbara.

I am glad your eyes are all right again.

Dickie Tevis has a sailboat & keeps us all scared.

The weather is wonderful here & all the fruits ripe at once. Such peaches & plums—the fruit stalls more beautiful than the flower stalls almost, with the color & texture of bloom on fruit.

Grace Raiburn is going to have a baby—her second,—after 15 years! She is very happy

Sidney & Stuyvie return from Easthampton in a fortnight—

I'm feeling gay & bursting with energy after my rest. I need to, there is so much going on. I've been hearing a good deal of music, & work never ends.

We all lunched at Noëls yesterday—his swimming pool is very beautiful now—bordered with sand, {& shells} & gay parasols {about,} & the enclosed walled garden beyond. Its always sunny at his farm—not that *that* is a recommendation to me! but some folks pine for the sun.

Yrs

Una.

Did you receive the photograph of Robin you asked for the theatre. I sent it & clippings & kodaks of Taos.

2

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Adrienne (Matzenauer) Myerberg (1914–2010), an actress, was the daughter of Margaret Matzenauer (1881–1963), a featured contralto with the Metropolitan Opera Company from 1911 to 1930, and Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana (1878–1936), a leading tenor. Following her divorce from Michael Myerberg in 1958, with whom she had two sons, Adrienne married Robert Henoch.

2. Written in top right corner, first page.

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House Carmel

Aug 30 '38

Dearest Albert—

{Thanks} That's a good novel though a bit immature, *Death is so Fair*,

1 but vivid—the two chief people vivid—the priests struggle between his consecrated vocation & his ardent participation in the rebellion *excellently* done.

Here is a tip—don't be betrayed into buying a Yeats' Autobiography.

2 Its just his three old bits published under one cover ({1} Reveries, {2} Trembling of Veil, & {3} Dramatis Personae). His publishers do wrong not to announce this plainly. There seems to be no new material, even no new notes.

R. & I are going this P.M. to a small tea (& cocktail) party at the James' for Charlie Chaplin & Aldous Huxley.

3 We've met C. C. but not Huxley to whom we bear many messages ♦ from Frieda Lawrence. Huxley is a great friend of Remsen Bird, & we had expected to meet him at Birds.

Everyone who has seen the Preface in {to} Robin's *Selected Poems* is very enthusiastic about it.

We sent back the proofs just recently. A long tough job—proof-reading—though the mistakes were rather few. Runs to about 750 pages I think.

Erskine & Sara have are at Noëls & we are very happy to see their trip to Oregon was surmounted safely. He looks more himself than he has for years we think.

A woman (General Schuyler's widow)

4 called me aside the other day & said she saw an item in the paper announcing the marriage of Albert Bender. Did I know the details. I denied fiercely that it was my Albert Bender.

Dearest love from all of us
Una.

I am feeling all right now.

5

ALS. Mills. 2 pages.

1. Louis D'Alton, *Death Is So Fair* (New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1938).

2. W. B. Yeats, *The Autobiography of William Butler Yeats* (New York: Macmillan, 1938).

3. A letter dated "le 4 septembre 1938" (TLS Huntington) from Maria Huxley to Grace Hubble contains a brief description of this gathering. "And we saw the Jeffers at Carmel,"

Maria writes. "Charlie took us to a party and there they were; he silent and handsome except not as handsome as silent and boring. She untidy and voluble (?) and heavily whiskiyed. So she poured out about her soul and called me Maria and told me Mable was after Jeffers. Told us everything except the important one! that she was jealous and tried to shoot herself to blackmail him. But he listened to it all in distant, I thought, disdain. I foresee many more Hildegardes, blonder and juicier and she talks of going to Ireland alone. But I was sorry for the woman. It is only possible to laugh at people until one knows them. That is why I always do it quickly. Once one knows

them and guesses the miseries and tragedies and suffering one has to shut up and even be sorry.—”

4. Elizabeth (Stanton) Schuyler (1885–1941) was the widow of Brig. Gen. William S. Schuyler (1849–1932), an 1870 graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point. Gen. Schuyler fought in Indian wars throughout the western states and in the Spanish-American War. He was also the first commander of the Military District of Hawaii, an adviser to the Russian army in Manchuria, and a professor of military science at Cornell University. Following his retirement in 1910, he was the president and general manager of the Sierra-Alaska Mining Company of California. In 1913 he moved to Carmel, and in 1921 he married Elizabeth. The couple’s home was on Camino Real between 4th and Ocean.

5. Added in top margin, first page.

UJ to Theodore Lilienthal

Tor House. Carmel.
August 30. 1938

Dear Ted:

I am sending back under separate cover the Yeats autobiography rec’d from you this morning. I am surprised to see it is merely a reprint of *Reveries over etc*, *Trembling of the Veil & Dramatis Personae*. I have two copies of each of these. It appears to me that Macmillan ought not to announce this book without specifically stating that it is just a reprint. I want every new thing Yeats writes but this his publishers

have obscured the facts here I think. { One nice picture is omitted from Reveries. Jack Yeats' *Memory Harbour*}

I hoped to see you before you went East but see I shall not be in town as I intended. Hope you'll not desert this region even if you don't own the valley.

I am sorry not to see Melba either.♦

I am entirely well of my accident in Taos. We had fun down there except for that. Lots of interesting people {staying at Mabel's}. Freud

1 & Thornton Wilder particularly. Your friend Greenbaum—such a nice family but very transient there.

Disappointed not to have the Lyon pictures appear.

Best from all of us, Faithfully—

Una Jeffers.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

1. Una meant to refer to A. A. Brill.

RJ to Robert H. Elias

1

[1938]

2

Yes "Shiva" is

A sonnet has

A “Shakespearian” sonnet has four quatrains and a couplet, so {and} so I suppose “Shiva” is an irregular (or degenerate) sonnet; {in form}. And also {And it is a sonnet} I in the unity shape {and unity}

3 of its content. it is a sonnet.

It is the latest I think

4 of a series of such sonnets {fourteen-line poems} that began in 1918 or ea in 1918 or earlier—(See “*The Truce and the Peace*,” and others in my “Roan Stallion” volume)—and were then quite regular, but have been increasingly neglectful of {averse to but} {careless of of} metrical and rhyming regularity. I don’t know why. It seems to me that we {have} grown to distrust regularity. In the poetry of classical times we value it; but {I don’t know why} why does {in our own time} it seem {it should seem appears} either dull or meretricious in our own time.

ALD. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. Robert Henry Elias (1914–2008) received degrees from Williams College, Columbia University, and the University of Pennsylvania prior to beginning a distinguished career as a professor of English and American Studies at Cornell University. He is the author of *Theodore Dreiser: Apostle of Nature* (1949), “*Entangling Alliances with None*”: *An Essay on the Individual in the American Twenties* (1973), and other works.

2. Jeffers probably prepared this undated draft of a letter to Elias following the publication of “Shiva” in the August 14, 1938 issue of the *New York Times*.

3. A proofreading mark in the text indicates a wish to transpose the word order from “shape and unity” to “unity and shape.”

4. Crossed out dashes appear before and after “I think.”

RJ to Hildegarde Donaldson

[September 19, 1938]

Dearest Hildegarde:

Yesterday morning a girl with a handkerchief over her head walked along the sea-road; she had a flowered kind of cloth {dress} on her {like yours in Taos,} and I knew perfectly that she was not you, couldn't be,—{ you are in Bermuda I think—}

1 but her shape and the handkerchief were a little yours, and I was so lonely for you, I wen {went} down to the road to meet—not her—you—and I watched her go by. She had a nice profile and ankles.

Dearest I was tired and sick in Taos, or we'd would have used those gullies across the desert for a better purpose than that elegy in the vague morning. What a fool I was, and what a slave. I was a fool and a slave. But now Una has ceased to contemplate attempting suicide, and I have ceased to be a fool. If you can come here next spring or next summer we shall have a different meeting {and} a better friendship. There

are canyons here that are more convenient and more secret than any gully in the Taos desert, {—and {far} more beautiful—} and I can get the key to a vacant cabin—if you prefer civilization! Come Come, dear.

And meanwhile write to me—R. J., Tor House, Carmel—tell me that you are well and not more unhappy than other women—or men—I have had Una's promise to-night to respect my mail—I'll pay for it by having to answer or ignore all the stupid letters—and am writing this in the gold-misted dawn.—I intended to copy it {this letter} in ink, but why should I? You can read the scrawl. Write to me, dearest—

Robin.

ALS. Yale S. 1 page. Postmark: September 19, 1938.

1. Hildegarde and her husband returned home August 13 from a vacation in Bermuda. She then left again for a residency at the Yaddo artists' community in Saratoga Springs, New York, where she performed with the Yaddo Chamber Orchestra September 4, 10, and 11.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

September 19. 1938

Tor House. Carmel

Last paragraph first perhaps

Darling Clapps:

I ought to have written you a fortnight ago but only received Maud's letter with your new address lately—before that I had

a vague intention of sending it ^c/_o of Timmie's office but reluctant to bother there with personal letters.—The days fly by Donnan awaits a summons from Myerberg any day now. {A letter today. He goes Oct 3.} I am *so* anxious for him to succeed in this venture but feel that in any case the experience will do him a world of good. His *love* has visited us several times for a few days each time & he has been down to her house in Santa Maria. She is a nice person, jolly & fits into our household very well. I am amazed to see how happy I feel to see Donnan's pleasure in her. She is fair & goo pretty, very blue eyes. Garth has been down two {long} weekends (Admission Day & Labor Day) & the buzz & noise & radio & guitar ♦ and young things coming & going filled the house with the activity & family life I crave. I told you of Garth's trip with Lloyd—now I send you a letter of several weeks ago which tells about the identity & fate of the basket—he gave it to the museum. Do you mind sending the letter back sometime.

We had lunch a few days with a nice N. Y. woman & her daughter at Charlotte Kellogg's.—Mrs. Murry Crane

1 (Mabel Boardman's

2 sister) such a pleasant forth-coming woman alert & intelligent & evidencing great executive skill. Her daughter

3 had visited Lucy Porter at Glenveigh Castle last year just a few days before we were there. Mrs. Crane begged me to give a talk on anything I like—literary—at her house on a {to her} Wednesday Literary Club—Mrs. August Belmont Belmont

4 & so on—She says I may bring you!

so be prepared! Mrs Crane ghad a letter to us from Mrs McKay

5 a great friend of Olga's & daughter of Fairfield Osborne

6 the zoologist. ♦ She has offered several times to help Garth when he is ready. Her father started Roy Chapman Andrews & others off.—

Charlie Chaplin was here for tea the other day & {just} Robin, Donnan & I—& Jean Kellogg happened in He was very entertaining—enacted a *Surrealist* film which a Spaniard showed privately at his house. He enacted it from the standpoint of his Jap houseboy who worked the projector. His {The Jap's} comments & complete amazement when, for instance, a razor blade appeared from somewhere & slit the eyeball of a beautiful lady & a carrot appeared in its stead—excruciatingly funny.

8 He also expounded his theory {& gave long passages} of the way Hamlet should be acted—much less neurasthenic than he is done {usually} & he says Elizabethans were not neurotic.—Well I dont pamper & follow C. C. about as millions do but he can be nice & simple & very agreeable. ♦

Went the other day to a cocktail party at the James house for him & Aldous Huxley & wife. They stayed six months at Frieda's last year & are old friends of Bretts. *She* {Maria Huxley} is foreign—a Belgian I guess—they are nice. I talked mostly with him & he seemed so *fresh* & *undisillusioned* & eager & pacifist. I really don't find his books too important, do you?—but rather stimulating. Frieda said Lawrence found him encyclopaedic in knowledge. He is doing the scenario for the Madam Curie film.

9

A fortnight ago Sara Bard Field & I took our lunch with us & sat on *your* lot for several hours & talked. It was a dazzlingly

beautiful day—at first all color & sun & sparkle. Then fog drifted in & out.

We lately went a day's pilgrimage down to Jolon & the San Antonio Mission then 29 miles to the west over a narrow new road over the mt. to the sea, then south past San Simeon to Paso Robles & back north by the inland road. Lovely day. ♦

Teddie has gone to Hollywood to be an assistant to Reinhardt in his school of the theatre.

10 I fancy he feels a few misgivings now about Reinhardt's {usual} decor but the affair will bring him valuable connections I hope.

I had a card yesterday from Hans Barkan just getting to Ireland. He said "Affairs in Germany & Austria are incredible. Will tell you all in Oct. when we return" & I'll tell *you*.

Read Clemence Dane's novel "The Moon is feminine"

11 if it happens to come your way. Its queer

I met your friends the Yousts at dinner—liked them tremendously—they had with them the Mexican painter Covarrubias & Mr & Mrs—(I think *Austrian*?) Very tall man, *handsome*—expert on North American Indian things. He also is working on the Exposition thing in S. F.

12 Covarrubias told such an amusing & typical story about Tony Luhan, down ♦ in Mexico at the ruins being excavated (at Monte Alban I guess). A pillar stone with curious writing on it has been studied by numerous scholars who haven't been able to make it out. Tony glanced at it in passing—a stander-by in jest asked him if he knew its meaning "Yes,

sure.” “What *does* it mean?” “Secret. Indians can know—but white folks not know!” If I had tried to make up the most *certain* episode possible for him to figure in it couldnt have been {more} real.

Donnan’s engagement was not ready to be announced but Dickie Tevis staged it for a lark at a dance!

13—In any case it {the marriage} wont happen for some time and the great good is that he now has *ambition* to succeed & not wait until some vague distant future to to make a beginning

Bennett Cerf has gone to London for two weeks lots of book business then “on to {the heart of loyalist} Spain. I must see, if I can, the true state of affairs.” ♦

Donnan went up to Burlingame two days ago to a great ball—the coming out party of the daughter

14 of Comte & Comtesse de Limur (She was Ethel Crocker)

15 The {He had dinner at a} Tevis household up there—& left

the ball at 7 the next morning. (Garth couldn’t go—his big muscles have outgrown his evening clothes & he says he won’t need any very often for awhile) Most people think this is the last *great* ball here in the old manner—things have changed so The ball was at New Place—the great Crocker place—

16 Donnan thought it fun & a gorgeous spectacle.

Now I wish you could see your lovely dress on me.—Here is the story. When I got around to getting out the one sent to Taos & attending to the

alterations—it was too long etc—I went with it to ♦ the Viennese shop & Stella

17 said I ought to take instead (since I was no longer in hot Taos) a jersey one you had almost taken for me only you thought it too warm for Taos. Do you remember? pale green & aquamarine a lovely adorable thing which happens to be most becoming to me! So now I have that & long to wear it with you. I enclose a sample to remind you.

Darlings I love you. Write to me.

Devotedly,
Una

What of our household—halcyon days of happiness & calm, sometimes ten days at a time, even two weeks. Then a twenty four hours of *incredible* horror. At last just now after one of these spells, certain developments—& understandings seem to point to peace & rene {renewals.} It is hard for me to keep on being bored & angry—I think I shall soon be as gay as a lark {if calm reigns}. I wish he were as resilient. At least I feel now the intensity of his love as well as the {the extent} his brutality. He has seemed like Heathcliffe in *Wuthering Heights*—remember? Savage.

ALS. Yale. 8 pages.

1. Josephine Porter (Boardman) Crane (1873–1972), a founder of New York’s Museum of Modern Art, was a philanthropist and socialite. Her husband Winthrop Murry Crane (1853–1920) was a governor of Massachusetts, a United States senator, and an owner of the Crane paper manufacturing company.

2. Mabel Thorp Boardman (1860–1946) helped reorganize the American Red Cross after the Spanish-American War and served as its leader through World War I. Following a brief hiatus, she returned to work with the organization. Appointed director of Volunteer Special Services in 1923, she formed the Nurses Aide Corps, Motor Corps, Gray Ladies, and other specialized Red Cross units.

3. Louise Crane (1913–1997), a philanthropist and patron of the arts. Louise traveled to Ireland and other European countries in 1937 with her Vassar classmate and lover, poet Elizabeth Bishop (1911–1979).

4. Eleanor (Robson) Belmont (1879–1979), an English actress popular on Broadway, inspired George Bernard Shaw to write *Major Barbara*. She retired from the stage in 1910 to marry August Belmont, Jr. (1853–1924), president of the August Belmont & Co. international banking firm, founder of New York City's subway system, and an owner of the Belmont Park horse racing facility. Mrs. Belmont devoted herself to a variety of social welfare and cultural causes, assuming leadership positions with the American Red Cross, the Metropolitan Opera, and other organizations.

5. Virginia Osborn McKay (1882–1955) was the wife of Robert Gordon McKay, an investment banker and military intelligence officer. During World War I, Mrs. McKay built Sanger Hall at Orly Field near Paris—a club and entertainment center for American flyers. The club was named for her first husband, Capt. Ralph Sanger, a pilot who was killed on duty.

6. Henry Fairfield Osborn (1857–1935), one of the leading paleontologists of his time, was a professor at Princeton University and Columbia University, president of the American Museum of Natural History from 1908 to 1933, and author of *The Origin and Evolution of Life* (1916) and other books. He was also a founder of the New York Zoological Park (the Bronx Zoo). Henry Fairfield Osborn, Jr. (1887–1969), a business executive and investment banker, managed the zoo as president from 1940 to 1968. He was the author of two influential books on conservation and human over population, *Our Plundered Planet* (1948) and *The Limits of the Earth* (1953).

7. Roy Chapman Andrews (1884–1960), a naturalist and field scientist affiliated with the American Museum of Natural History, led research expeditions around the world. His adventures and important discoveries were recounted in a number of popular books, including *On the Trail of Ancient Man* (1926), *Under a Lucky Star* (1943), and *In the Days of the Dinosaur* (1959). Andrews died in Carmel, having retired there in 1942.

8. This famous scene opens *Un Chien Andalou* (1929), a sixteen-minute film created by Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dalí.

9. Although Huxley's contributions were uncredited, he helped write *Madame Curie*, a 1943 film starring Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon.

10. Max Reinhardt, born Maximilian Goldmann (1873–1943), an Austrian actor, director, impresario, and educator, was one of Europe's most influential theater personalities in the first

decades of the twentieth century. With Richard Strauss, Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, and others, he founded the Salzburg Festival. He also owned the Deutsche Theater and other theaters in Berlin before immigrating to America in 1935. In 1938 he established Max Reinhardt's Workshop in Los Angeles, a theater and film school.

11. Clemence Dane, *The Moon Is Feminine* (Doubleday, Doran, 1938).

12. Preparations were underway for the Golden Gate International Exposition that opened in San Francisco in February 1939 with "Pageant of the Pacific" for a theme. Miguel Covarrubias painted six murals for the fair.

13. According to an August 19, 1938 story in the *Carmel Pine Cone*, page 2, the announcement was made at an August 12 party in the Flavin home when "youthful Sean Flavin stepped out of a doorway on to the little balcony at the head of the living room and spread wide his arms to command attention. Al Knight's orchestra blared and all eyes were drawn to young Flavin"—who, changing to a falsetto voice, said "I have the pleasure to announce the engagement of Donnan Jeffers and Miss Rubel of Berkeley."

14. Helen-Marie de Limur (1920–1997).

15. Count André de Limur (1890–1971), a military officer and diplomat, and Countess Ethel Mary (Crocker) de Limur (1891–1964), a member of the Crocker railroad and banking family. Following the fall of France in World War II, Count de Limur resigned from the French embassy in Washington, became a United States citizen (surrendering his title in the

process), and joined the American army. He landed in France on D-Day and served as a liaison between General Patton and the Free French forces.

16. New Place, the Crocker estate in Hillsborough, California.

17. Stella “Shari” (Korn) Herron (1902–1997) owned the Viennese Shop with her husband Jack C. Herron (1889–1976). The boutique, located in Seven Arts Court on Ocean Avenue in Carmel, featured Stella’s hand-embroidered original creations.

RJ to Hildegarde Donaldson

Tor House, Carmel, California.

1

September [20, 1938]

Dear Hildegarde:

I wrote to you yesterday by regular mail, telling my companion beforehand, and understanding from her that my correspondence would be respected. Now she threatens to do you a great injury by writing a letter to your companion; and in other ways. To prevent this I have had to promise to give her your answering letter unopened. If none is forthcoming she will think that I have hidden it from her. Therefore it is necessary for you to write, but briefly, coolly and naturally,—the way in which I have assured her that I wrote to you. Speak <over> ♦ of your visit to Bermuda perhaps—any natural three or four sentences will do.—I have also had to promise not to communicate with you again. Good-bye, dear. It is the only way to keep you safe.

Please burn this note at once. I could not bear that any record of this business should remain on earth.

Robin.

One of our boys perhaps will have to air-mail this for me.

14 Briar Lane

2

New Haven, Connecticut.

Mrs. Hildegarde Donaldson

ALS. Yale S. 2 pages. Postmark: September 20, 1938.

1. The location and date are written on the left side of the second page, below Jeffers' signature.

2. Hildegarde's address and full name are written in the top right corner, first page.

UJ to Hazel Pinkham

[September 29, 1938]

Thursday

Dearest Ha:

Robin & I expect to come down to Los Angeles on Monday night next & would love to spend the night with you if convenient for you.—If you don't want us when we get there will just go on. We would arrive by 6:30

Love
Una.

ALS. Occidental. 1 page. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.
Postmark: September 29, 1938.

UJ to Frederick Mortimer Clapp

October 10. 1938

Dearest Timmie—

The book you want is “The Shakespeare Anthology” (Poems, Poetical Passages, Lyrics) London: The Nonesuch Press.—in America New York, Random House. pub 1935 \$3.50

Please ask Maud whether she rec'd my long letter of two weeks ago enclosing one from Garth. got to her.

We are well & busy just now on Donnan's Hollywood business & queer complications in his love affair The girl is so neurotic—its difficult!

Miraculously a tool was put into my hands three weeks ago—(by Robin himself.) with which I can work wonders! We are going ahead nicely.

Devoted love to you both.
Una.

ALS. Yale. 1 page. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.
Postmark: October 10, 1938.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel.
October 10. 1938.

Dear Larry:

Upon receipt of your letter I at once sent a postcard to Alberts begging him to reply to your questions. I fancy he is ill—although he does not speak of it in his rare letters. When he does write, his letters are as keen & detailed as ever.

We enjoyed your brief visit here—it pleased Robin & me to see how happily & efficiently you two are developing together. I hope the rose geranium prospered.

Let me hear how your book is coming on.

1 If you drop out any pictures—why not the right hand {Robin} kodak of the two on {opposite} page 25 in the old edition. I dislike it very much It is foreshortened or something. {& the shadows on the face bad.}—ignoble rather.

I have in my garden some asphodels. A dozen years ago my dear old English friend Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead gave them to me. He had brought them from Greece.—Your wife seems so keen a gardener I mean to dig up a few bulbs & send her. Their blossoms are so subtle & ghostly they make little show in a garden—but the name {is} so evocative. ♦

If you wish a late picture of me—would you like the one I enclose kodak of. If so I will get one for you. Its by Hagemeyer. If so would a *glossy* print be best? It occurred to

me afterwards that the letter you are using from some old U. S. C. student made me out rather eccentric. I, in fact, never in my life owned a sunbonnet & always went bareheaded to college at USC when before other people had left off hats. However I had no connection with social life there as I had a part to play that kept me busy amongst Teddie Kuster's friends & family who were the old & important families of Los A.—I don't care much except it does put a false picture of us in print. If you are keen to use the {letter} you might make {add as} a footnote of the paragraph about me in Robins preface, about to be published.

2 Did you keep a copy of it? You see the *real* picture then was It doesn't matter really. But did I once let you read (along with a typewritten article by Mabel

Luhan) another typewritten ♦ sketch about me by Edith Wherry. (author of "Red Lantern" & "On a Thousand Hills" (about China)) It is precise about {my appearance at} this very date of the sunbonnet letter—& gives as very exaggerated account of my elegance & beauty! But so I looked to this cosmopolite! An average between the two might be fair.

I am told that Helen Haight & Deetjen have secured a licence to marry.

3

Thank you very much—that is exactly the information I wanted about Frazer's book & couldn't get hold of.

I just rec'd this morn a very beautiful suede riding skirt from Melba Bennett. Do you ever see her? We may have to go down to L. A. in a fortnight—if we stay as usual with friends

on Tower Road Beverly Hills we shall be near you—what hours are you at U. C. L. A

Cordially
Una Jeffers

ALS. Occidental. 3 pages.

1. Powell was still gathering material for and making changes to *Robinson Jeffers: The Man and His Work*, with the hope of publishing a revised edition.

2. In describing his evolution as a poet, Jeffers refers to “certain accidents” that changed and directed his life. “The first of these accidents,” he says, “was my meeting with the woman to whom this book is dedicated, and her influence, constant since that time. My nature is cold and indiscriminating; she excited and focused it, gave it eyes and nerves and sympathies. She never saw any of my poems until they were finished and typed, yet by her presence and conversation she has co-authored every one of them. Sometimes I think there must be some value in them, if only for that reason. She is more like a woman in a Scotch ballad, passionate, untamed and rather heroic—or like a falcon—than like any ordinary person.” See the foreword to *Selected Poetry*, page xv.

3. Helen Haight (1887–1962) and Helmuth Deetjen (1890–1972) both lived in Carmel prior to purchasing property in the Castro Canyon area of the Big Sur, marrying, and building the Big Sur Inn. For an account of their lives and hostelry, see Anita Alan, *Big Sur Inn: The Deetjen Legacy* (Salt Lake City, Utah: Gibbs Smith, 2006).

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel
October 10. 1938

Dear Mr. Gross,

Dear Mabel—

I enclose Donnan's letter & telegram & will ask him to write you more fully about developments. Please return these to me. We took him down & left him at the Myerbergs for several days then he went over to stay with Hazel at Beverly Hills. The Myerbergs live about twenty-five or thirty miles from Hollywood way up in La Cañada in the foothills. In my day this was a barren mt. side, now it is a forest of {trees,} *deodars* mostly—you perhaps remember the magnificent avenue of them in Altadena. As these trees have long heavy branches from the ground up, they form a seem{ing}ly impenetrable forest—all the houses are seen only by tiny fragmentary glimpses—mst difficult to find one's ♦ way about in the short winding roads. Adrienne & Michael were most cordial, such nice natural acting folks. He looks *much* healthier than when we saw him in Taos. She is even more decorative. Most curious impression one has of their house—it is practically unfurnished. I gathered that money is scarce with them. Its a big house set in spacious grounds rented by them a year ago—In the dining room isthere is absolutely nothing except chairs & table & in the big drawing room only a piano, one chair & a sofa. The bare flowe floors, & walls & uncurtained windows make your voice resound! They have an adorable baby, big & blonde & healthy & most admirably cared for.

1

Yrs. Una.

Your friends?

2

Winchell, Oct 7 in S. F. Call

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Edward Anthony Myerberg was born November 6, 1937.

2. This postscript is written beside a newspaper clipping glued to the lower left corner of page 2: “The Tex McCrarys (Sarah Brisbane) holding hands in a secluded nook of a Broadway rendezvous—making a broadcaster look sillier.” Una found the clipping, as she indicates in the second postscript, in Walter Winchell’s syndicated column, *San Francisco Call-Bulletin Green Flash* (October 7, 1938): 1.

Sarah Brisbane (1913–1977), a granddaughter of Seward Cary and daughter of Arthur Brisbane, an investor and newspaperman affiliated with William Randolph Hearst, married John “Tex” Reagan McCrary, Jr. (1910–2003), a journalist, May 24, 1935. The couple divorced four years later.

UJ to Robert Gros

Tor House. Carmel
October 10. 1938

Dear Mr. Gros:

1

Here are two scraps of work-in-progress ms. which may serve your purpose.

2,

3 The completed mss of published work is being kept together so I cannot do better for you than this. I think the best photograph of R. J. is one by Weston which is to be used as frontispiece in the vol. of his "*Selected Poems*" to be published by Random House, Nov. 15th. It is front face. I do not know whether Weston is finishing any prints now. I do not believe so as he is committed to a series of landscapes under his second year of Guggenheim scholarships. If the reproduction is good for {in} the book that would serve you. I have no copy myself at present. I am sending you an old picture of R. J. that I am fond of.

Very sincerely

Una Jeffers.

ALS. Stanford. 1 page.

1. Robert Richart Gros (1914–1997) received a B.A. from Stanford University in 1935. He pursued graduate studies at Stanford the following year and then joined the advertising and publicity department at Pacific Gas and Electric Company, retiring forty years later as vice president of public relations. Gros augmented his career in business with work as a government adviser and service as the national director of the Navy League of the United States. He also interviewed world leaders and traveled widely as an award-winning public speaker on current affairs.

2.Una sent Gros two sheets of scrap manuscript material. The first sheet, with handwriting by Jeffers on both sides, contains an extensively revised draft of an unpublished poem; see *Collected Poetry* 4: 560–561. While it is impossible to account for all of Jeffers’ changes and corrections, the text can be transcribed as follows:

Late in September nineteen-thirty-eight, while marching war jammed the highways of western Europe and the air

Hummed with death, every frontier yearned like a thunder-head . . . yet sullenly kept peace: in those same days

Hurricane and flood raked New England, here a light earthquake

Slightly reminded us that life has edges: meanwhile a singular drama here in the coast-range played itself

Toward the fifth act.

The historian will speak of nations, happier the scientist

Of storm and earthquake; the unlucky poet his region is rank human passions; he can only express

Through that hot murky air and the torture-enraptured senses

Whatever clarity he soars to when he sees far higher

Than science or history. He sees for instance that all those events and violences, human, inhuman,

Storm, earthquake, tragedy, averted war, are symptoms of one disturbance. And he sees that not one of them all

Stands higher than another under the stars' eyes.

3. The second piece of scrap paper (an envelope addressed to Jeffers from the Authors' League of America and dated September 27, 1938) also contains lines for an unpublished poem. These, like the lines in note 2, acquire additional significance when read in the context of Jeffers' personal turmoil.

Delusion, {hypoc} Deception, self-deception, hypocrisy and dreams.

—proved by the actions of man or nations whenever {they are cornered} and desire or pain or pride humiliation makes them act in earnest.

UJ to Blanche Matthias

October 12. 1938

Darling Blanche—

Now are you back? I am bursting with longing to see you & hear about everything. I expect from Russell the most particularized & detailed account of conditions in Europe. We didnt leave our radio for several days. One of the most singular aspects of our day—this instant survey of a great turmoil from the standpoint of the leaders in every country.

You precious creature—what a darling note from you about the use of the little garden house at your ranch, but as things have turned out Robin hasnt needed to use it. He got his change by writing in our ♦ dining room—which gives a completely feel different {feel &} outlook from that upstairs.

Are you coming west & how *dare* you face me after avoiding Ireland?

I enjoyed the Singers. Grand folks.

O I just had a letter from the Barkans who were proceedingly rapidly & happily around Ireland with my itinerary for them in one hand (& raincoats & umbrellas in the other!). Tel

Embrace our darling Clapps for me, & send me a line soon.

Garth is back at college & Donnan is trying Hollywood at the suggestion of Michael Myerberg Stokowsky's manager, who thinks Donnan might make a grand success down there. I dont believe much in it. His unvarying belief that showing emotion is the last vulgarity is hardly a good preparation for mirroring every shade of it!

Devoted love from Una.

ALS. Yale. 2 pages. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

UJ to Leslie Roos

Tor House. Carmel
Saturday [October 15, 1938]

Dearest Leslie:

1

We expect to arrive at your house sometime in the afternoon of Oct 19.—don't stay in for us as we have errands of uncertain duration on the way up. If your table at dinner isn't full could Garth dine at your house and give me a glimpse of him. If so, you might send him a card at 2416 College Ave. Berkeley.

Faithfully,
Una J.

ALS. Miles. 1 page. Postmark: October 15, 1938.

1. Elizabeth Leslie (Meyerfeld) Roos (1887–1977) was the daughter of Morris Meyerfeld, Jr. (sometimes spelled Meyerfield), president of the Orpheum Theatre circuit from 1897 to 1920, and Nannie (Friedman) Meyerfeld. Leslie's husband Leon Lazare Roos (1877–1956) was the son of Adolph Roos, a founder of Roos Bros. clothing and department store in San Francisco, and Ernestine (Mahler) Roos. Leon was a vice president of the retail firm until 1927, when he resigned his position to establish a private investment business. Leon and Leslie lived in a landmark home at 3500 Jackson Street in Presidio Heights, San Francisco. The half-timbered, Tudor-style structure—a wedding gift to the couple from Leslie's father—was designed by master architect Bernard Maybeck.

UJ to Alexander Cappon

Tor House. Carmel. California
October 18. 1938

Dear Mr. Cappon:

1

I had thought that your letter to me was answered long ago but now I am in doubt as I find it in my unanswered file. I wrote to Random House to send you, if possible, a review copy of my husband's "Selected Poems" to be published Nov. 15, & asked them if their supply for that purpose did not allow, then to send a copy at our expense. Perhaps if this is not done you will be kind enough to remind them. Either Prof. Haydon or Benj. Miller would write an interesting review I should think. Miller is now, by the way, connected with the *Department of Religion* {Pomona College} Claremont, California.

I hope I have thanked you properly for the ♦ several numbers of Univ. Review. We are always extremely interested in the contents. One of the articles we particularly liked was by John Powys on Masters—a really fine understanding of the best of Masters work.

I hope sometime I can send you a short poem by Jeffers for your magazine. He hasn't an unpublished one on hand at present.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Ray. 2 pages.

1. Alexander Patterson Cappon (1900–1997), a professor of English at the University of Kansas City, was the associate editor of the *University Review* in 1937 and from 1942 to 1952, and the editor from 1938 to 1942 and 1953 to 1970. He had previously worked for the *New Humanist* as literary editor. Cappon was the author of *About Wordsworth and Whitehead: A Prelude to Philosophy* (1982) and other works.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

October 24. 1938

Dearest Melba:

When I was in Los Angeles a fortnight ago I ventured to make use of the order you so generously gave me several months ago. I went to Bullocks Wilshire & bought the beautiful leather skirt & got exactly the proper fit—O Melba I do thank you & always shall when I go riding along so handsome.

Well now so many months have gone by & how shall we ever catch up with whats happened to all of us.

1 My accident at Taos is almost forgotten those though I have a startling scar on my torso! While we were there {Mr & Mrs} Michael Myerberg, (he Stokowsky's manager came through on their ♦ way to New York & he suggested that Donnan come to him in Hollywood & try films. D—has only four months to do at U. C. before getting his degree but he hasd fallen in love & wanted to start his career (whatever it is) at once so he has been down there & there is a *fair* prospect for him with {after} some preliminary work.—I think he may go to U. C. L. A. next semester (while doing

dramatic work) & get his degree. Myerberg thinks D. has an extraordinary *something*—if it can be put over. Well all this is very confusing.

As for Garth he is doing his last term at U. C. & aside from his major in Anthropology he & his real proficiency in Spanish, now he wants to go on to the Bell Ranch

2 in New Mex. near Texas border wishing to learn ranch management & then be transferred ♦ to their ranch in the Argentine.

Robin is writing again after a considerable hiatus. His *Selected Poems* are supposed to appear Nov. 15. Cerf writes that there has been much interest shown already about them.

We were the guests of the Leon Rooses two nights in town last week. I went with her to hear *Pelléas et Mélisande*, with varying emotions. I had longed to hear it for so many years.—The Maeterlinck play was a part of my life {at} one time & at {simultaneously} the Debussy “Après-Midi d’un Faune” all woven into the texture of those old days

I felt a weariness in San Fran. during the opera. Granting that it must be dreamy & attentiated {attenuated}—& dimlylightingly {lit}, one feels ♦ the need of such {a} *haunting* strangeness & romantic beauty & wistful, evocative dreamy *far-away-ness* that didnt appear in the S. F. production, & I hated the sets! How can one dare to set this opera in a {stark} stylized way,—a bare rectangular pillar for the crumbling stones of the {steps up that} old tower? Better no steps at all. The music was adequately given but no *nuances*.—

We went the second night to Ben Lehman's birthday—for dinner—{his wife} Judith Anderson is all excited about the prospect of playing Clytemnestra in *The Tower beyond Tragedy* if the Theatre Guild put it on as they hope to do in N. Y. C.

3

I saw Lilienthal & Gelber for a few moments. They acted cheerful & Ted looked in better health than for a long time.

We took Albert Bender with us to Ben Lehman's. He was jolly & felt *fine*.

Our Hans & Phoebe Barkan are just home from months in Germany & other places there. They spent ten days, at last, in Ireland with the itinerary I had worked out for them in one hand & a raincoat in the other. Sometime I must tell you in *detail* of their two days at Renyle House in far {wild} Connemara—the big hotel owned by Oliver Gogarty (listed in my guide book as “the most expensive hotel in Ireland”) & their misery there with the cold & the awful food—& in spite of that they were *thrilled* with Ireland. They went up into Donegal to the Bloody Foreland where we were.—I can hardly bear to think how long it will probably be before I tread those roads again.

Hamilton Jeffers likewise is just home from Europe—in N. Y. He has been to an astronomical conference in Stockholm.

4 The Matthiases too—they had wild times in Paris when war impended.

Yesterday Hedwiga Reicher {German tragic actress} came—I hadn't seen her in 15 yrs. She is stunning to look at a goddess

in stature & mein {mien}. (She it was who started Robin's mind working along the direction which produced "The Tower beyond T") {He molded Cassandra after her you know} She *amazed* me by her excited reminiscences about Tor House & us in 1923—or so. She said it was the most *thrilling* experience to come here & recalled p talks & talks we had had verbatim etc etc. It occurred to me if you are still collecting material about J. family it you would find her a very valuable source for that time—she is so articulate. She is in S. F. part of the time & rest in Hollywood.

5

You see I have started to bridge our silence. Now you begin.

Much love always

Una

ALS. HRC Texas. 6 pages. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

1. In an October 26, 1938 letter (ALS Huntington) to Sara Bard Field, not included in this edition, Una writes with greater candor and more detail about her household: "Life goes on well here & I think bids fair to be richer & better than ever after a trying ordeal. Suddenly all in a moment six weeks ago a change was wrought.—I can't go into it but after a *shocking* circumstance one morning my dearest returned to his old self.—I in my mind liken it to the physical shocks that doctors use nowadays to change the course of illnesses sometimes. Never for a moment since has that black cloud enveloped him. Now I think our {complete} recovery lies with me alone. My nerves are a bit unsteady but will be better soon. ♦ He is busy writing & all will be well, I do believe."

2. The Bell Ranch, a cattle raising enterprise, originated from an 1824 land grant covering more than a thousand square miles in San Miguel County, New Mexico. It was named for a bell-shaped mountain on the property. For information about the historic property, see *Bell Ranch: Cattle Ranching in the Southwest, 1824–1947* by David Remley (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1993).

3. As plans for a production of *The Tower Beyond Tragedy* progressed, several actresses were considered for leading roles. According to documents in the archives of Yale's Bienecke Library, John Gassner and Lawrence Langner (founder of the Theatre Guild) were thinking of Judith Anderson and Helen Menken for Clytemnestra; Judith Anderson, Lillian Gish, Margaret Mullen, and Linda Watkins for Cassandra; and Ruth Gordon, Katharine Hepburn, Margaret Rawlings, and Jessica Tandy for Electra.

4. See UJ to Bennett Cerf, November 9, 1938⁸; note 5.

5. Hedwiga Reicher, once one of Max Reinhardt's leading actresses in Berlin and Vienna, obtained small roles in a number of Hollywood films during the 1930s. She can be seen, for instance, in *Sporting Chance* (1931), *The House of a Thousand Candles* (1936), *I Married a Doctor* (1936), and *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* (1939).

RJ to George R. Stewart

Tor House, Carmel.
October 24, 1938.

Dear Mr. Stewart:

1

Thank you very much for “East of the Giants.”

2 It is spacious, rich, and continuously interesting, and free of the sentimentality that infects so much writing about early California. It presents full pictures of two periods of California history, and the transition between them. And your heroine is a great person.

I am sorry not to have written more promptly, it was really impossible. If anything in this letter can still be of service to your publishers they are free to quote from it.

What you say about Sewickley and the nearness of our families there interests me much.

3 I remember very well that engraving of American authors, at which I used to stare when I was a child, and am glad you retrieved it.

Sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Berkeley. 1 page.

1. George Rippey Stewart (1895–1980) received a Ph.D. from Columbia University in 1922 and taught in the Department of English at the University of California, Berkeley from 1923 to 1980. His wide-ranging interests led to the publication of more than forty fiction and nonfiction books, including *Bret Harte* (1931), *Storm* (1941), *Fire* (1948), *The Year of the Oath: The Fight for Academic Freedom at the University of California* (1950), and *American Ways of Life* (1954).

2. George Rippey Stewart, *East of the Giants* (New York: Henry Holt, 1938).

3. Stewart was born in Sewickley, Pennsylvania. In the mid-1890s, his family and the Jeffers family lived in neighboring homes on Thorn Street.

UJ to Albert Bender

October 27, 1938

Dearest Albert:

I am sending you the copy of *Flagons & Apples* today by insured post. You will see it is an *association* item. Thanks for check.

I was sorry to miss the good lunch with you. Perhaps we can have it next time! We had to do something for Garth over in Berkeley & suddenly realized {also} that that was the night set for John O'Shea's stag party & we must step lively, to get home.

There were ten old friends of John's at the dinner & there was all the usual—even more—of Molly's luxuriant providing & lots of fun! Robin

arrived home at a quarter to three. While I was there in S. F. I walked across the Golden Gate bridge & back. Such beauty! Robin, impeded by Haig, got half-way.

Dearest love from
Una.

ALS. Mills. 1 page. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel. California
November 9. 1938

Dearest Melba:

I wonder whether a letter of yours to me was lost? The only one I've had from you, before this recent one in answer to mine, was one written two days before you went east with your son.

1 I expected to have word from you when you got back, but didn't. What kind of a trip did you have?

Your question. Hedwiga Reicher Zam address
6731 Leland Way. Hollywood.

her husband's studio Maurice Zam
2
6606 Sunset Blv'd. Hollywood

She is half Jewish & is about to bring three of her family over to California from Germany & so has decided to take pupils again to help pay their expenses since it seems a heavy burden for her husband to assume. She said she must stay part of the time in San Fran. {for her pupils} & while there was at the Granada Hotel. I don't know its address. She is a great friend of ♦ Erskine & Sara & they are always in touch with her. You would enjoy meeting her, I know, aside from the

vividness of her memories of Tor House around 1923 she is a great tragic artist in the *old* manner, and a most interesting woman as well!

Thanks—but I think this is not the Alphonzo Bell Ranch
3 Garth is hoping to get on to. It is the Bell Ranch in New Mexico near the Texas border. I don't know yet what will come of it. Apparently there are lots of eastern stockholders in this ranch who like to send young men out. Just at this moment there is, or has been, much turmoil in N. M. over politics & the *manager* of that ranch (Mitchell)
4 has just been defeated for Gov. now maybe he will get time to settle Garth's affairs! Garth got the idea of this place through Judge Kiker,
5 a grand person we know down in N. M. who has taken an interest in our boys. {—and has some influence with Mitchell}

Donnan is home until Christmas. Rufus Le Maire
6 of RKO is tremendously interested in him, but they insist ♦ on his putting on weight, 15 lbs.—He is trying to do that now & is taking diction etc from Edwin Duerr director of the Little Theatre at U. C. down here f on leave for a few months. (He did the *Tower beyond T* several years ago there.) I am hoping Donnan can do his last semester of college at U. C. L. A. beginning at Christmas & get into a {college} play or two, & be ready for exploitation at the end of the term!

Still much excitement about the possibility of {the Guild} producing *The Tower* in N. Y. C. Judith Anderson consented to do Clytemnestra & is most eager to get going. I enclose a note I got from her today (—please return it) You can figure out the situation somewhat.

Advance copies of Robin's book just came. Really a *handsome* & practical book. Excellent type, good flexible feel to binding of leaves. I think a *good* selection, & INTERESTING introduction. I like the Weston photograph—one of the few with *direct* glance from the eyes, & Horace Lyon's picture on cover is very good. *Landscape*. ♦

I dont know just when we can get down to visit you You are sweet to ask us & all of us thought our stay at Deep Well one of the nicest things that ever happened to us!! When it there is a chance of it I will write you ever so long in advance so you can tuck us in—but don't hold any of your much-needed Christmas space for us because everything is so complicated just now I can't plan ahead.

Heaven's above *when* do you get time & energy to write You are a wonderful manager & I do like your enthusiasm It will be fun to have you around for a Carmel month. You must plan to spend a part of it at Tor House.

Now I must stop—

I meant to add a note to my last letter—& perhaps I did—that Larry Powell's book is to be republished in the spring—(a little rewritten but not much because he hadn't the time)—by University Press. Berkeley

7 Did you know he has a job in U. C. L. A. library. He is a hard worker.

Dearest love,
from Una.

ALS. HRC Texas. 4 pages.

1. Clarence Jesse “Peter” Bennett (b. 1922). Melba and Frank Bennett also had a daughter, Ethel Deborah “Deedee” Bennett (b. 1927).

2. Maurice Zam (1905–2001), a concert pianist and educator, was a lecturer in music history and appreciation for the Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestra, a director of the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music and Arts, and the proprietor of the Maurice Zam Piano Institute. Zam also toured extensively, often performing at high schools, where he sought to interest young people in both classical music and jazz. He married Hedwiga Reicher February 2, 1934.

3. Alphonzo Edward Bell, Sr. (1875–1947), a graduate of Occidental College, was an oil man, real estate developer, and champion tennis player. Bell Station Ranch in Los Angeles County—the site of the city of Bell—was founded by his father. Alphonzo created Bel Air and other California communities.

4. Albert K. Mitchell (1894–1980) studied at Occidental College for two years before completing his degree in animal husbandry at Cornell University. He and his father owned the Tequesquite Ranch in New Mexico. Mitchell was politically active as a Republican at local, state, and national levels, and held leadership positions in several cattle and horse breeding associations. He managed the Bell Ranch from 1933 to 1947.

5. Henry Alexander Kiker (1881–1958), an attorney and judge, began his practice in Raton, New Mexico, and later had offices in Las Vegas and Santa Fe. He served as the New Mexico Eighth Judicial District Judge from 1928 to 1934 and as a New Mexico Supreme Court Justice from 1954 to 1958.

6. Rufus Le Maire (1895–1950), a film and theater producer, was the casting director at MGM and other film companies before becoming a top production official at Universal Studios.

7. This project never materialized. In 1940, however, a revised edition of *Robinson Jeffers: The Man and His Work* was released by San Pasqual Press, Pasadena.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

November 9. 1938

Dear Bennett:

What is this I hear—have you taken a wife, and are you going to prevent us from having fun thinking of your happiness? If its true, we do wish you the deepest joy. I hope she is a darling because I think you'd be an adorable husband—

1 Yesterday I met Lincoln Kirstein at lunch {at Noëls} and he said it was true. I liked him. Years ago—I guess 1926, he & I wrote many letters back and forth about the “Tower beyond Tragedy.” He made a lot of little figures & put them through the play—taking many Kodaks.—They were tiny but gave the effect of being on a distant stage. He was in college. His arrangement was very clever & oh but he was prodigiously energetic & eager. ♦

Well, the *Selected Poems* have arrived—at least Bender's copies have come to be signed. Its a grand volume! I can't tell you how much we appreciate the fine job you've made of it. Its at once very dignified, & practical for study at the same time,—fin such clear print & Robin's photograph beautifully

done, & the jacket very handsome. I hope you feel proud of it.
We do!

Sorry about blots. Nasty fountain pen ink with a stub pen
2 slithers off.

I had a note from Judith Anderson today. She was about to fly
to N. Y. yesterday. She wanted me to speak a word to Morris
Agency

3 to give her preference for an option to the *Tower* if the
Guild dont {doesn't} do it. She is most eager about it & feels
that ♦ she could get another management to do it Robin & I
had dinner with her & Ben in Berkeley a fortnight ago. She
had a great sheaf of telegrams & letters from the Guild about
it.

I am enclosing a list of people {in England} to whom I want
Selected Poems sent. Please let me be informed that these
have gone & charge to author's account. (These are in
addition to the order I sent in some days ago which is to be
sent here. 10 copies beside authors copies) I hope they'll
come soon too.

Where were you when the late European crisis was at its
worst moment?

4 Robin's brother was in London,

5 the Matthiases in Paris & Hans Barkan in Germany &
Switzerland so ♦ we have had vivid accounts from here &
there.

Send us a line.

Our warm love & good wishes to you!

Una.

Nov 10.

Some of my copies arrived this morn

Another thing I like very much about the books—the way it OPENS— strong flexible binding

ALS. Berkeley. 4 pages. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

1. Writing to Una November 15, 1938 (TCC Berkeley), Cerf says “The stories about my marriage are a gross exaggeration, I fear. Be assured that if ever I take such a step, you will be one of the first to hear about it.”

2. A one-inch ink blot mars the page here.

3. The William Morris Agency was a talent brokerage firm founded in 1898 by William Morris (1873–1932), born Zelman Moses, a New York theater impresario originally from Germany. The firm managed the careers of individuals engaged in the performing arts.

4. When Germany annexed Austria in March 1938, Hitler took an important step toward fulfilling his dream of an Aryan Empire. The German army mobilized in the summer of 1938, while Hitler turned his attention to Czechoslovakia. He soon announced his intention to annex the Sudetenland, that portion of Czechoslovakia where ethnic Germans lived, and the Allied powers were forced to confront Hitler’s aggression. Deciding to follow a plan of appeasement, Britain, France, and Italy stepped aside. After a September 30, 1938 meeting

with Hitler, British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain declared a new covenant with Germany, one that would assure “peace in our time.”

As these events were unfolding, Hitler displayed increasing hostility toward Jews—with the imposition of restrictions, expulsions, and other forms of attack. On the very days this letter was written, November 9 and 10, 1938, anti-Semitic fury exploded in *Kristallnacht*, the “Night of Broken Glass,” when the German populace rampaged through the country, murdering Jews, destroying synagogues, and ransacking thousands of businesses and homes. In the wake of the pogrom, over 30,000 Jews were arrested and sent to concentration camps.

5. Hamilton Jeffers arrived in England August 2 and left October 8. His travels in Europe during this time included attendance at the Sixth General Assembly of the International Astronomical Union that took place in Stockholm, Sweden August 3–10, 1938. As a delegate of the National Research Council from the United States, he participated in the deliberations of Commissions 8 (Meridian Astronomy) and 18 (Longitudes).

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Tor House. Carmel. California
November 21. 1938

Darling Clapps:

I sent you Robin’s *Selected Poems* a few days ago. Isn’t it a noble-looking book. I am well pleased with it. There is every

likelihood that his *Tower beyond Tragedy* will be produced by the guild Theatre in New York by the first of the year. Judith Anderson {(& instantly caught an atrocious cold!)} as Clytemnestra. She flew to New York last week. "It would be wonderful to actually make a tidy sum of money" thats Robin's reaction. And what he wants it for is for taxes (our county ones on this place this year are \$8040.00) & sewer assessments which are about to run into several thousand dollars! We pay well for our clinging to this most lovely of all places. I am happy that Robin feels that its worth it too. O such weather! Mellow & golden & autumn colors ♦ shimmering in the haze We went up to Noëls for lunch yesterday & looking down on the yellow & red & copper fruit trees gave us utter joy.

I went to the Mission for mass yesterday morn. special music. Noël manages the choir & plays the organ. His voice is perfectly adjusted to that music & to the building. Ellen & I wandered about the old garden afterwards. I believe she still looks hopefully forward to my admission among the elect.

I wonder whether I told you of meeting the Bruce Porters again at dinner at Ellens! I saved a precious story for you about him. I hope you havent heard it.—It started by my detailing our driving over to Berkeley to dine with Ben Lehman & his wife Judith Anderson, on Tamalpais Road. Robin & I were staying in town for the opera (*I* went).—We had Albert Bender along ♦ & had a terrific struggle to find the house & it was all funny enough involving Albert—but the Porters were funnier—They were driving in the same block on Tamalpais Road one night & utterly lost. Bruce went to into a yard finally & up to the door of a house to ask the way.

He rang the bell, no answer at first so he lit a match to try to find the house number. Instantly the dry leaves of a vine on a wire trellis encircling the doorway were aflame & at the same instant the householder opened his door—there was Bruce in a halo of fire,—he “always on guard against the abrupt indiscretion of events.”

1 Can you see it?

Its useless to talk of European politics—what can I say.—or anyone. I do think one of the most amazing things is the blind determination of the Germans to destroy the Jews just at the moment when the opinion of the world was still unsettled about Chamberlin’s olive ♦ branch. Wouldn’t you have thought they could have stayed their hands a little—who in all the world can stand with the Germans now—Its a bitter pill to swallow for us to be drawn into European things again.

Thanks so much Maud for the tapestry notes (on the floral emblems). I’ve added them to my store.

And oh if I could hear some of the Chamber Musics at the Frick.—oh all of them. Most desired—the Ancient Music {& Instruments}—Dec 4, Jan 29, Feb 26—

I am *so* happy Jean K’s show went so well, & thanks for the clipping.

2 Jean is a grand girl! Garth is coming down for Thanksgiving. Donnan is taking diction etc with a fine coach & is in the {a} play to be produced here next weekend. Most important he has put on 6½ lbs. Hollywood says he must put on 15! Well-a-day. So many different things. I love you dearly.

Una.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. In "Walter Pater," a chapter in Arthur Symons' *Studies in Two Literatures* (1897), Symons says that Pater "did not permit life to come to him without a certain ceremony; he was on his guard against the abrupt indiscretion of events" (p. 185).

2. An exhibit of Jean Kellogg's paintings opened October 24, 1938 at the Ferargil Galleries, New York. "Fellow Californians at Art Exhibit Here Yesterday," an article about the show, included a photograph of former President Herbert Hoover standing with Jean before one of her works. See the *New York Times* (October 25, 1938): 5.

RJ to Henry W. Wells

Tor House, Carmel, California.

November 30, 1938.

Dear Mr. Wells:

1

"Envoy" and the sonnet are beautiful and moving poems; I admire the sonnet especially; thank you very much for sending them. And thank you for dedicating "Pursuit of Beauty" to me. Let me wish the book good fortune, I believe it deserves it.

Here is the piece of verse you asked for,

2 all copied out in my cramp handwriting, with best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. Henry Willis Wells (1895–1978), a translator and literary scholar, taught English and comparative literature at Columbia University from 1924 to 1965. He was the author of *The Realm of Literature* (1927), *Elizabethan and Jacobean Playwrights* (1939), *New Poets from Old: A Study of Literary Genetics* (1940), *The American Way of Poetry* (1943), *Ancient Poetry from China, Japan, and India* (1968), and other books.

2. A copy of “To a Young Artist” is handwritten on a separate sheet.

UJ to Blanche Matthias

Tor House. Carmel.
November 30. 1938

Dearest Blanche—

I’ve been sending you many a loving thought & THINKING of letters. Last night I dreamed of you coming through the gate at Tor House & you looked so dear & I felt so happy to see you that I do not mean to go to bed tonight without writing. You can imagine I’ve been busy getting books off & several businesses connected with the new *Selected Poems*. I sent your copy the same day that I sent Maud’s. Did it reach you all right. I think it is a noble book.

Today I received an invitation to lunch at Margaret I—on Dec. 5. I have been intending for days to get over to her & ask a dozen questions about you & Russell.

As for my wound—its all right. It makes a thrilling scar. & gives me no trouble. but wasn't that an awkward thing to happen. Now at night I have at my bedside that murderous grappling hook which ♦ usually hangs on a peg in the kitchen. I seem for the moment to have lost my confidence in guns. An innocent unsuspecting burglar met with that hook wouldn't like staying.

You know I suppose that Teddie is instructing at Rheinhardt's School of Acting. He likes it. (I hope he doesn't admire R—too much) & is having a very interesting time there. I don't believe Carmel was ever the place for T. He *loves* cities though for some reason he has always fancied himself as a {fitted} for the life of a country gentleman! Gabrielle has rented her house for three months & taken the guest house on the Hill property seaward from John O'Shea's old place,—to save money. I think after three months if her tenant wishes to stay on she will move to Hollywood for a time. Edith Kuster Greenan is living in the Beckwith House next to Teddie's. She ♦ is building building a big house on the mesa above the Tevis place. Her husband is away at the mines most of the time. She is writing (with the help of a ghost writer

1) a book about me!

2 It covers a period before you & I met. She says I have been a great influence in her life—I hope for good!—

Mary Jepp is back looking much rested. She has strange stories to tell about the people living in the back country in Arkansas where she visited her sister.

3 Poor whites—queer, unambitious, dirty, poor, yet somehow touching to me in their fatalistic acceptance of work, & bad or good crops as the Lord sends them.

Paula has been in bed several weeks with a bad heart Had a violent seizure one night at 10:00 scared Paul terribly. She is recovering all right. I seldom see the Highlands crowd. Went to a big cocktail party at Paula's just before she got sick ♦

We see Noël constantly, and like him better every day. He is happy & well & is taking a vast deal of trouble with the Mission choir. I have gone several times to special music there. That electrical organ is now in fine shape. You recall it bellowed unexpected moments when first installed. It amen{-}s softly.

We've been seeing Sidney often. Sunday we rode horseback with him for the day to the back ranch. Esther Roark was along. (She was Mrs. George Gordon Moore you remember) It is said that she & Sidney will marry. It seems very possible to Robin & me & they are charming together. Both very quiet but contented seeming. Sidney has bought 250 more adjoining acres—he has many thousands,—a really marvellous ranch—riding the eight miles from front to back one goes through such varied scenery over bare chalk downs & down into deep dark redwood cañons, along mt sides & with beautiful glimpses of ♦ the sea now & again. Several times we pass tumbledown old houses—& cross little streams. His ranch house {house} back there is plain {square white} & very comfortable set in a peach & apricot orchard. Sunday in the mellow autumn sunshine the bright red & yellow & copper leaves { of the fruit trees} hung motionless. Very quiet & remote.

Garth was down last weekend & brought me another wrestling medal. He expects to graduate at Christmas

Two,—particularly *one* director at Hollywood were or {was} much interested in Donnan—but told him he had to put on weight, 15 lbs. & meantime to get some Little Theatre experience & diction. He is having the latter with Edwin Duerr {on vacation here} director of the little theatre at Berkeley (you remember he directed *The Tower beyond T—*) & is acting with the Carmel players a little. He has reluctantly gained seven pounds. We are happy to have him home. ♦ We are thinking of having him finish his college work at U. C. L. A. {after Christmas} which you remember is at the edge of Hollywood. He could perhaps combine a few things. He & his girl consider themselves engaged but we are hoping that it will gradually be forgotten unless it is deep enough to be forward-looking & wait for a proper start {of} careering for him— She came down with Garth & spent Thanksgiving weekend here. She gives me no trouble, is a real help instead around the house, is light hearted & the three of them have fun together. Their engagement was announced by Dickie Tevis {(for a lark!)} at a dance Flavia gave.

We are happy in the rain which came on today & wild plunging seas. We walked in the rain. Robin has not needed yet to use your little house at Highlands.

Do you remember—in regard to a friend of mine you distrusted you said if I liked her at the end of four years you would relent. At the end of that time you said “wait a little longer”. . . . Dont bother to change your mind. She is less than loyal, I must confess it.

Write us soon.

4

Ever your devoted Una.

It is likely that Robin's *Tower beyond Tragedy* will be produced by the Guild Theater in N. Y. C. before the first of the year.

5

Are you coming west this winter? Do you mind passing this letter on to Maud to keep us in frequent touch touch. I may not get to a letter to her for some days.

6

U. J.

I enjoyed your letter about the crisis in France. The Barkans were in Ireland at the time & Hamilton in London. We heard all angles.

7

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. See UJ to Maud Clapp, February 25, 1939.

2. Edith Greenan had begun work on *Of Una Jeffers*, a memoir published in June 1939.

3. Monie (Franks) Sinclair (1888–1971), Mary Jepp's stepsister.

4. This sentence, the closing, and the signature are written vertically in left margin, page 6.

5. Written in top right corner, page 1.

6. This postscript, initialed by Una, is written vertically in left margin, page 1.

7. Written in top margin, page 3.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel

Dec 2. 1938

Dear Larry:

I talked with Robin a little about this article. He does not agree. You know how {almost} impossible it is to get him to discuss any theory about poetry, especially if his own is involved. He stands by his line, long though it may be, & seems to feel it has an {rhythmic} importance of its own, made up—well, he used to me the example of the *sea*. It has a movement made up of which combines that of all the water and the separate breaking or rising of each wave (phrase—) I wish he had elaborated this but he was already bored with thinking of it.

I found this an interesting article although long lines with lots of pauses seem natural enough to me. The Latin *caesura* comes easily to one doesn't it?—We both felt that his *Solstice* vol. suffered very ♦ much from the way it was scrambled into

broken lines by the Grabhorn Press printing & were careful to see it re} arranged properly in the *Selected Poems*

Hastily
Una.

ALS. Occidental. 2 pages.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

[December 4, 1938]
Sunday night

Dear Melba:

I wonder whether you have heard of the death of Max Morgenstern?

1 A telegby Helen Waddelrlam from Blanche Matthias from N. Y. C. asked us to tell his friends here. I do not know any details.

I hope you have gotten the *Selected Poems* & feel that it is a noble book. I do.—I think I must send you the letter Robin rec'd from Timmie Clapp about it. THERE IS NO PERSON IN AMERICA whose opinion is—to either of us, so important.—Will you return it please.

Edith (Kuster) Greenan is about to publish a book about me—O I guess I told you this before. ♦

A week ago today Robin & I rode back to his back ranch with Sidney Fish & Esther Moore for the day. My beautiful leather

skirt was the object of excessive admiration! So do take some of the praise & pleasure of it.

Melba—do have you read anything by Helen Waddell?

2 I have just reread & now own her “Wandering Scholars” & “Mediaeval Latin Lyrics” {& “Peter Abelard”*} & if I could today be *any* woman writer in English, I would choose to be Helen W. Perhaps I have never told you of my madness for Latin. Its shape is so congenial to me—I rest upon it, & exult in it.

Send us a line now & again.

Love from
Una.

*In spite of Ben Lehman I still think Geo. Moore’s “Héloïse & Abelard” best!

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

1. According to newspaper accounts, Morgenstern returned with a young man to his room in the Beaux-Arts Apartment Hotel in New York around 3:00 AM, Friday, December 2, 1938. He was found unconscious later in the morning, having been struck once at the base of his skull. There were no signs of struggle, and robbery did not appear to be the motive. He died the following day. While leads in the case were scarce, police were looking for a man with a German accent who had a long straight nose and a protruding chin, possibly in possession of a suitcase bearing the initials “M. M.” See articles in the *New York Times* (December 3, 4, 5): 3, 5⁸, 24.

2.Helen Jane Waddell (1889–1965), an Irish writer, translator, and editor, was born to missionary parents in Japan. Studies at Victoria College, Queen’s University of Belfast, and Oxford University led Wadell to a career as an independent scholar. Her studies and translations of medieval Latin literature and her fictional evocations of medieval life were published in a number of influential books, including *The Wandering Scholars* (1927), *Medieval Latin Lyrics* (1929), *Peter Abelard* (1933), and *The Desert Fathers* (1936).

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel.
December 8. 1938

Dear Mabel:

You spoke of writing to Donnan in your letter to me. Did you send it? It did not come. If you had any other suggestions for him, please repeat. He is taking diction three hou times a week with a good man, & he has had a small part in a play. Last night he had a small part in a radio play broadcast from KDON, Monterey & we were extremely pleased with the way his voice came over. Very good timbre for that & every word distinct. Several people—I believe Michael for one, have thought his radio voice might be good. Best of all he has gained eight pounds!

How fine if Garbo
I got interested in the *Shepherdess*!

Were you here {the winter} when Dr. Max Morgenstern had a house here? I just had a letter from Blanche saying he ♦ had

been *murdered* { in N. Y. C. }!—The murderer not known yet. I guess that's the first person I ever *knew* who was murdered.

I had a lot of people here for tea today when Chester Arthur walked in. I hadn't seen him for over a year. He looks more & more like a statesman! He bore a book from Ella Young—her new one—poems.

2 He & Esther

3 are coming tomorrow & going on to S. F. afterwards. Robin & I are going down the coast for all day but have promised to be home at 4:30

Edith Kuster Greenan is living in the Beckwith house.

I saw Nancy dDe Angulo yesterday. She says she feels like Jaime's grandmother—he has gotten so young & spry! The judge suspended his jail sentence of a year when he pleaded that he was a real claustrophobe & would die or go mad confined.

4 I believe he would.

Wasn't it abominable hot down there? The papers said so.

Ever,
Una.

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Greta Garbo (1905–1990), born Greta Gustafsson, was a Hollywood screen actress from Stockholm, Sweden.

2. Ella Young, *Marzilian, and Other Poems* (Oceano, Calif.: Harbison & Harbison, 1938).

3. Esther (Murphy) Strachey (1898–1962), sister of Gerald Murphy, married Gavin Chester Arthur April 20, 1935. Esther's first husband, to whom she was married from 1929 until her divorce in 1933, was Evelyn John St. Loe Strachey (1901–1963), British Labour politician, government official, and author of *The Coming Struggle for Power* (1932), *What Are We to Do?* (1938), and other books. Esther's marriage to Arthur also ended in divorce.

4. In late September 1938, de Angulo and two of his employees were arraigned and bound over to the Monterey County Superior Court on charges of cattle rustling. The case resulted from an investigation launched by J. A. Baronda, de Angulo's neighbor in the Big Sur, concerning missing cows. De Angulo pleaded guilty to the charge after admitting that he ordered his employees to kill and butcher cows that trespassed on his property. Acknowledging that imprisonment would not benefit de Angulo and accepting his expressions of contrition, the court sentenced him to probation. For information about the case, see stories in the September 23, September 30, and October 28 issues of the *Carmel Pine Cone*, pages 3, 3, and 4.

UJ to Jean Kellogg

Tor House. Carmel. California
December 21. 1938

Dearest Jean:

Robin and I were *delighted* with the success of your show in New York & should have said so before. We read every bit of news about it with eagerness. Blanche & Maud both sent us

clippings. The picture of you & Hoover *so* nice. Such a young, dignified Jean! Your letters to us both appreciated too!

Well, so now you must have found it sweet to have the things liked—I imagine already dozens of new ones are flitting before your mind's eye. Dont stay away too long or be too gay in Washington.

That place must be thrilling in winter. I dont believe I could endure much more political excitement than comes to me over the radio daily.

Both boys are home for the holidays. Garth has graduated this semester. Donnan has gained nearly nine of the fifteen pounds his *promoter* said he must put on. He is planning to finish his college at U. C. L. A. & keep in touch with the Hollywood business. ♦ Roland Young

1 has been staying at Sidney Fishes. We saw a lot of him. He is fun. Terribly nice. He feels that Donnan has *distinct* possibilities & thinks he can help.

A letter from Blanche today speaks of the death of Mrs Logan.

2 You remember Krishnamurtis friend? Perry Newberry, Frederick Ingalls, Mr. Reamer & Sam Trotter all old timers here have died within the fortnight.

3

We've been having a storm for two days. I've seldom heard louder smashes than the waves made all last night—& some of the enormous rocks of our cliffs are moved about. I wish you could look out my sea window—gray sky tumbling

clouds & great waves,—foam covered rocks, & streaming past—great flocks of sea gulls

Yes *isnt* Robin's book fine! I am proud of it.

So much love to you & your dear mother from us both & so many good wishes for the holidays & all the year.

Yours
Una.

ALS. Yale S. 2 pages.

1.Young was nominated for an Academy Award in 1938 for his performance as Cosmo Topper in *Topper*, a film about a businessman haunted by friendly ghosts (played by Cary Grant and Constance Bennett).

2.Sara (Wetherill) Logan (1874–1938) died December 3 at Sarobia, her 175-acre estate in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. She and her husband Robert Restalrig Logan (1874–1956), a poet, attorney, and president of the American Anti-Vivisection Society, built thirteen guest cabins on their estate, converted a barn to a theater, and established an experimental art colony. When Mr. Logan died, the property was donated to the state of Pennsylvania; it now comprises a major portion of Neshaminy State Park.

3.Perry Newberry, a former mayor of Carmel, died December 6, 1938; Pebble Beach resident Frederick Ingalls died December 12; George Reamer, whose home on Carmel Point was built before Tor House, died November 20; and Sam Trotter, Big Sur lumberman and builder, died December 8.

Another long time resident, Francis McComas (1875–1938), an artist who came to Carmel in 1912, died December 27.

UJ to Blanche Matthias

Tor House. Carmel. California
December 21. 1938

Dearest Blanche:

I suppose I can tell you no news about Margaret. You will have heard that she went east directly the funeral was over (with Mrs. Curtis I believe). {I went to the funeral but sat in an outer room & did not see who was there.} We all feel very sad to lose this dear friend Frederick. I had a last merry conversation with him about ten days before he died. It was at at concert by Povla PFrijsh

1 & he was surrounded by loving friends in the foyer. A few days later I went to a charming luncheon at their house but it was all women & he did not appear.—He was making all his usual happy Christmas arrangements with pots of flowers——A happy full life he had! I wonder whether Margaret will stay on here. I imagine she will live in the east & go often & often to her beloved England.

I had a letter from New York this morning about ♦ The “Tower beyond T—” The Guild does not wish to release their hold on it. Someone in Hollywood—has been negotiating for it. I do hope it will be adequately done somehow but am not letting my mind dwell on it. Robin hasn’t taken the least interest in its production (he does say gently that it would be very cheering to make some money out of it!) I answer all the letters about it & had some

talks with Judith Anderson about the *Clytemnestra* & then I don't think of it anymore. I am of such an eager & impatient nature that sitting back waiting for anything is horrible!—so my days go by in much activity of other kinds & I put aside the “Tower”

Robin was much amused at my delight in an old poem I found which described Christmas holidays in some old household—where {there was} much bustling about & “activity of youth & activity of age”

2 I seemed to see my whole career in these words! ♦

Both boys are home. Garth has finished & *graduated*,—we suppose! He expects his diploma any day now. Those who graduate at Christmas don't have to endure all the June ceremonies. He had a letter today from the manager of that great ranch on the border of Texas & New Mexico where Garth applied to learn ranch management. These people have holdings in the Argentine & he hopes to transfer ultimately. He is to meet {early in Feb} the man who arrives in S. F. for a Livestock Meeting—& have a talk & perhaps go back with him. Garth, perhaps I told you, passed top of his class in his two comprehensive exams in Anthropology & has, by no means, lost interest in that. His Spanish is fluent, too.

Donnan—this, too, I may have said in my last letter expects to finish his college work at Univ. of Calif. at { Los Angeles. (U. C.L.A.)} ♦ This is right at the edge of Hollywood & he wishes to work in there gradually. Meyerberg told him he must put on 15 lbs. He has got nine of them! He has been in a radio play lately broadcast by KDON & his voice is *excellent* over the radio & every syllable distinct. Also he did well with a tiny part in a play here. It is unfortunate that the Little

Theatre here is languishing again { so he has had no further chance}. Last year it went full tilt with an *excellent* director, Chick McCarthy.

3 Such a queer end. McCarthy, who certainly should have known better, put on a play by Moss Hart

4 without arranging the royalty basis or getting any permission. The Little Theatre was fined \$500.00 (& had only \$150. in their {its} treasury.) Bert Heron told us about it the other day. Mr. Watson

5 wrote Moss Hart a passionate & sorrowful apology & told the {tale of} bitter ups & downs of this theatre group & sent the \$150 on account. Much to everybody's surprise, ♦ Moss Hart wrote a kindly letter back & forgave them the rest of the debt. So Heron came to us with a copy of Robin's book to get his autograph & a nice inscription for Hart, as a thankful gesture from Carmel!

We see a lot of Noël & love him more all the time. Roland Young, the English actor, has been staying with Sidney Fish. SLester Donahue was there too & we have all been back & forth continuously. He (R. Y.) is an adorable person! Very intelligent & most amusing. Very British. He became very interested in Donnan & arranged to have him come to him directly in Hollywood so there may be another chance. He thinks Donnan has rare possibilities if he can get the right start. Young has a horror of the *glamour boys* (like Tyrone Power

6) & says it must be better than that! It would be pleasant to be glamorous & powerful too! Donnan's girl has been here for five days, left yesterday ♦ I wouldn't have *ever* thought of choosing her for my son but I have gotten fond of her. She is both reckless & neurotic which seems unsettling—but the three of them have riotously good times together.—Well, I

am interested in finding how pleasant it is to see them all carrying on.—& try not to worry about any outcome. More & more, though, Robin & I say the boys really *have* “hearts of horn”!

I am sitting in my Tower room writing this. A wild day of wind & rain & tumbling clouds with streams {thousands} of sea gulls flying overhead close to the house & windows. I say sometimes that these flights of gulls & their long, strange, wild, ritualistic dance (before storm) are the most thrilling things in my life here—then waver as I watch the crashing {waves throwing their} foam on the rocks high & higher, & the cloudy veils over these dark Santa Lucia hills. Robin has just been up to visit me & an airplane went by, buffeted by the wind. Lee Crowe & I were to ride horseback at 3. this P.M. but I think it will be too stormy & slippery. I like riding in the rain.

7Dearest, again, will you hand *this* letter on to the Clapps. I am very rushed. Expect to write them tomorrow but will find other news.

& so our love & Holiday greetings & all wishes for a happy New Year.

Devotedly,
Una.

Address Walter Peacock, 7 Hampstead Hill Mansion,
Downshire Hill. London N.W.3.

8

A box from you today! Not opened yet.

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. Danish soprano Povla Frijsh (1881–1960) performed in Carmel Saturday evening, December 3, 1938. She was accompanied by pianist Celius Dougherty (1902–1986).

2. This line is found at the beginning of some versions of the English Mummers' Play, where the Presenter says, "Room, room, brave gallants all, / Pray give us room to rhyme; / We're come to show activity, / This merry Christmas time; / Activity of youth, / Activity of age, / The like was never seen / Upon a common stage." See E. K. Chambers, *The English Folk-Play* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1933): 6.

3. Charles "Chick" McCarthy, an actor and director originally from Pittsburgh, was a member of the St. James Repertory Company, a theater ensemble that performed in Carmel in the summer of 1937. He returned later in the year to help found Carmel Players, a local drama organization.

4. Moss Hart (1904–1961), playwright, director, and screenwriter. With George S. Kaufman (1889–1961), Hart co-authored *Once in a Lifetime* (1930), *You Can't Take It with You* (1936), *The Man Who Came to Dinner* (1939), and other works.

5. Eugene A. H. Watson (1889–1968), president of Carmel Press, Inc. and member of the board of directors of Carmel Players.

6. Tyrone Power (1914–1958), Hollywood screen idol famous for his performances in swashbuckler and romantic roles.

7. This and the following paragraph, along with the closing and the signature, are written across the top of the first page.

8. Written vertically in left margin, first page.

9. Written in top margin, second page.

UJ to Albert Bender

December 23. 1938.

Dearest Albert:

Here are the loving good wishes {of all the Jefferses} for your holidays & the New Year. I have a package from you—but have not opened it yet.—About that later, when Christmas gives me leave.

Garth is home. He graduated. We were very happy that he got top of his class in his three years comprehensive exam. in his major, *anthropology*. He got an A-

Everybody here was very excited about the art gallery project. I am told you won six. Its a handsome addition & much needed.

The Birds are here for the holidays & often talk of you. Much love, & good things for 1939.

Una.

See second page for business.

1 ♦

It has lately come to my knowledge that Donnan borrowed some money from you. He does not know that *I* know & I can not ask him. I've been hoping he would tell me. Now I wish you to tell me the amount & let me settle it. & It is most humiliating to have him bother you. I can only suppose that he either got into some scrape at college—or that his girl did—Some expense that he knew I would not think necessary.

2 It isn't like Donnan to do that kind of thing. He is very careful of expenses I may tell you that I tried the experiment of letting the boys check on my little account all their time at Berkeley & they never went beyond proper amounts. I *hope* that he borrowed it before he went down to ♦ Hollywood because I am sure he thought {then} that in a few months he would be earning a good salary {& could repay you.} Michael Myerberg his *promoter* (& also Stowkowsky's!) gave him every hope of quick success. As it turned out he was sent back home to put on at least 15 lbs. & to work with a dramatic coach. He has gained 9, & has been coaching with Duerr here on vacation (he is the producer at the Little Theatre, { U. C. } Berkeley) The plan now is for him to go to U. C. L. A. after Christmas & get his degree down there while keeping in touch with Hollywood. Roland Young the film star has been staying with Sidney Fish & he feels Donnan has very *distinct* possibilities & hopes to help him. Donnan is working alth but of course he was disappointed not to get in at once.—Anyway let me know the amount & I will settle it—

ALS. Mills. 3 pages. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.
Postmark: December 23, 1938.

1.Added in top right corner, first page.

2.According to Garth Jeffers, the money was needed to pay for an abortion.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

December 123. 1938

Dearest Bennett:

We all send you love & good wishes for the holidays & the New Year!

I hope you are hearing many pleasant things about Robin's book. We are.

I am afraid that I haven't thanked you for Laura Riding's book.

I I've been hoping to send you some helpful comment for y {from Robin} but havent got it out of him yet. Her writing has never been congenial to either of us but I find the later work more interesting. Some of it like *The Dry Heart exceeding* so. I have been put off her {heretofore} by her laborious mannerisms & the creaking obvious framework—She seems to erect a framework & *then* cover it with phrases & not entirely cover it at that.

We are swept up with many nice holiday things. Christmas is not only Christmas but Noël Sullivan's birthday—

Roland Young has been staying with Sidney Fish He is a great dear—do you know him?

Garth has just finished his college & got his degree. with honor. { in his major anthropology} which delighted us for he talked of nothing but wrestling! He has brought home many a medal for that.

Disappointing that the “Tower” is put off or given up. Judith Anderson went east all ablaze to do the Clytemnestra part.

Do write us Bennett.—Are you coming west at any near time?

Love from
Una.

ALS. Berkeley. 2 pages. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

1. Laura Riding, *Collected Poems* (New York: Random House, 1938). Laura (Reichenthal) Gottschalk Jackson (1901–1991), a poet and writer, changed her name to Laura Riding a few years after her 1925 divorce from her first husband, Louis Gottschalk. When she married Schuyler B. Jackson in 1941, she became Laura Riding Jackson. In the years between marriages, Riding lived abroad with poet Robert Graves. Publications include *The Close Chaplet* (1926), *A Trojan Ending* (1937), and *The Telling* (1972).

RJ to Dorothy Thompson

[December 1938]

Dear Dorothy Thompson:

You wrote to me nearly two months ago, and I was very much impressed by your letter, and wished I could have to answeredwer it; but I cannot.

1

Two or three {Several} times I have begun to write you the reasons why I cannot; and they always develop into a volume—which I don't want to inflict on you, even if we both had time for it [illegible]

First, I am so a typical an American that I could not successfully {with success} nor even with self-respect, formulate any creed that Americans {at present} could subscribe to- and I think that would be true of most poets vis-à- vis their countrymen.

In the first place, a poet—if I may be called so—is too a-typical an American to be able to formulate with success or even self-respect

My ideas are true for for

The ideals that we call American developed and seemed probable and were viable under certain conditions, which have changed completely. Conditions of fairly homogeneous population—plenty of land—democracy was a practicable [illegible] no preponderance of big cities—every man his own rifle, etc.—simple desires—.

America is a part of Europe, and destined to deteriorate with Europe.♦

Lincoln's words at Gettysburg, and as you say the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount.

I was very much impressed by your letter, and I wish I could have answered it.

Dear Dorothy Thompson:

You wrote to me nearly two months ago, and from day to day I have meant to answer, {when} I could think of anything helpful to say, about your current affair- but But as for writing an American creed—no. Any such movement can only be a rearguard action; or else aimed at some culture five centuries ahead.

You are a {highly successful} publicist, and I admire you for it; but myself I cannot think in a crowd, nor *for* a crowd. You speak of the {current} isolation and spiritual despair of the individual; and I must confess that I value the isolation, and don't feel the despair.

My own belief is that our civilization has reached its peak and must *necessarily* deteriorate. Rational conservatism can delay its deterioration; keeping aloof from Europe's {disasters} can delay its deterioration in America; but I don't expect that we shall be *rationally* rationally conservative, and I don't expect we shall keep out of Europe.

I am not a fatalist about any individual,—except in a philosophic sense—but I am about the mass.

Germany has poetry on its side—race, blood, soil, courage, {the sword,} sacrifice, vengeance,—are powerfully moving poetic conceptions (once the civilized resistance is broken down or evaded) even if they are false in fact or vicious in effect. They are psychologic realities. Whereas democracy, fraternity, equality, civilization, humanitarianism,

I have a {deep} irrational feeling of patriotic [illegible] American Justice is a fighting word and so is freedom

Imagination—conversion—religion—are dangerous things. Christianity did not save the Roman empire {civilization} but presided watched and [illegible] presided over its destruction

ALD. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. This draft of a letter (a finished version has not been located) was written in response to an October 10, 1938 letter (TLS HRC Texas) to Jeffers from journalist Dorothy Thompson. In her letter, Thompson refers to the breakdown of American society and the nightmare of life in the modern world. Believing that dark times require the bright light of imagination, she called on Jeffers to formulate a “creed to express affirmatively the nobility, generosity, and love which are being corroded by competition and hatred. A creed in whose faith we can re-discover the national will and around which we can gather an elite of the conscious, the good, and the strong.” In closing, Thompson says, “I appeal to you because you are, I have always thought, the most prophetic voice on this continent.”



26. Blanche Matthias, Robinson, and Una, ca. 1936



27. Una, ca. 1936



28. Lac-na-Lore

Ballymore, County Donegal, Ireland, 1937



29. Glenveagh Castle County Donegal, Ireland (postcard)



30. Robinson, Una, Donnan, and Garth
Beechbrae, Uplawmoor, Scotland, 1937



31. Robinson, Garth, and Donnan
Kishmul Castle, Barra, Outer Hebrides, Scotland, 1937
(opposite, in Una's handwriting: "Where we thought of
Charles O'Connor's singing of 'Kishmul's Galley'")



32. Robinson, Garth, Una, and Donnan Taos, 1938
Photograph by A. A. Brill



33. Garth, Hildegard Donaldson, Robinson, Una, Frieda Lawrence, Angelo Ravagli, child in hammock, friend of Thomas Matthews Pearce, and Pearce
Kiowa Ranch, San Cristobal, New Mexico, 1938
(opposite, in Una's handwriting, instead of Hildegard's name: "a snake")



34. Robinson, Dorothy Brett, Hildegard Donaldson, and Haig Brett's Tower Beyond Tragedy, Taos, 1938



35. West end of living room
Tor House, 1938
Photograph by
Horace D. Lyon



36. Una's alcove with window facing courtyard, east end of living room Tor House, 1938
Photograph by
Horace D. Lyon



37. Dining room and north window Tor House, 1938

Photograph by Horace D. Lyon

(opposite, in Una's handwriting: "The bronze bust of Robinson Jeffers was done in 1929 by Jo Davidson. Above it on the wall is a very old santo from New Mexico.")



38. Dining room and south door Tor House, 1938

Photograph by Horace D. Lyon



39. Sea view from west end of living room Tor House, 1938

Photograph by Horace D. Lyon



40. Haig of Bemersyde Tor House, 1938
Photograph by Horace D. Lyon



41. Una, Robinson, and Haig
Tor House courtyard, 1938
Photograph by Horace D. Lyon



42. Tor House and Hawk Tower, 1938
Photograph by Horace D. Lyon

UJ to National Institute of Arts and Letters

[January 1939]

1 Publication by Random House in Sept. 1938 of *The Selected Poems {Poetry}* byof Robinson Jeffers. a vol of 650 pages including representative work, both long narrative poems & the best of his shorter lyrical writings chosen by the poet & his wife Una Jeffers. There is in addition a foreword with discussing his attitude toward his work, and several {hitherto} unpublished short poems.

Does it come within the scope of this annual to mention Robinson Jeffers & his family spent six months of 1938 motoring about the British Isles & living on a farm in Donegal. They spent some time amongst *Islands*. The Arans & Tory off Ireland, and later the inner & outer Hebrides, & the Shetland & Orkney Islands off Scotland.

Robinson Jeffers

2 Tor {Tor} House. Carmel. California

(By Una Jeffers)

ALS. A Academy. 1 page.

1. This information is provided by Una on a request form sent to Jeffers by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. For a news bulletin to be released February 1, 1939, Jeffers was asked to furnish “information regarding any work done in 1938 or contemplated for 1939, and also any personal item which may be of interest to members.” Una mistakenly says the trip to the British Isles occurred in 1938 instead of 1937.

2. Una signs Robinson's name, but identifies herself as the respondent in a postscript.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Tor House. Carmel.

January 9. 1939.

Darling Clapps:

Now all the holidays { are past} even Twelfth Night my birthday! and I am happy. Nice exciting things happened but all very disrupting to routine & work. Did I tell you that we were with Noël Christmas Eve {New Years Eve} with several house guests—Leon Roos brought a case of champagne which bubbled & shone & we were gay. Some of us danced.

Mario Ramiriz

was there & showed us some Argentine tango variations. Langston Hughes also with talk of Spain etc. {& of the tiny negro theatre he is interested in, in N. Y. C.}

1 There were dozens of other people coming & going all week—Yesterday we lunched with Noël to meet a Britisher—named Col. Roddy (or Rodie)

2 a lecturer “European Mosaic {Mosaic}” who claims to be closely connected with everybody important in Politics & Army.—He for one is extremely optimistic about the ♦ possibility of war very soon. He says “ no ”—Nice to hear someone feel that way. {say that}—He has been in Spain with free access to both sides. He says he doesn't care *which* side wins there, if only it ends. He stressed the wonderful discipline he saw on both sides & says he thinks whichever wins will be surprisingly lenient—oh well just one man's opinion!

The boys & friends are talking in my car.

Maud the gloves are beautiful! Worthy that I should, {hands so encased,} be again going down the gangplank into my dear England! Robin wishes me to say how much he has enjoyed the *Living Age*. He says—again & again that he intends to write to thanks Timmie for his letter.—Whether he ever will I cannot say. His insanity about letter writing does not abate. But I can tell you there is no one in the world whose literary taste & judgement Robin values as highly so as he does Timmie's. ♦

So many books flood into the house. I read & read & never tire. Here in progress is—for instance a book just published which for some reason I have not seen reviewed which is an important book on {late} XVIII {& early XIX} cent. England, if you are interested. It is not one of my chief interests but a lesser—& This book, utterly lacking in style, manages to capture the time *so perfectly*—its a life of Fannie Burney “Be Loved No More” by Arthur Bernon Tourtellat.

3 Have you *even* heard of it? A lot in int about Dr. Johnston. (The new Col. Isham material about him & the Hebrides 2 yrs. ago got me off to them last year)—

4

Here also two more books on my perennial Arabia & thereabouts Sir Ronald Storrs Memoirs

5 & The Syrian Desert by C. P. Grant.

6

O & the *awful* book “Grandma Calls it Carnal”

7 a nasty book an abominable old woman. ♦

I think of your Sunday concerts at the Frick with LONGING.
Pretend sometimes that I am there with you listening!

Donnan has just departed for Noëls to spend an hour listening
to Gielgud's Shakespeare records (Hamlet & sonnets.)

8 Beautifully spoken.—Elsie Arden sent these to Noël. A
cocktail party there for my birthday & Noël gave me two
sweet dresses!—a heather one & a blue silk with bit of gold
on it.

Robin & I walked the length of the beach yesterday. For the
first time in years *all* the ribs of rock were showing from cliff
to sea—sand washed out. A strange fierce look. Again the
moonstone beach at the end yielded pretty clear stones. Ellen
made me go to *Snow White*

9 last night. I have never liked Disney. He bores me. I went
with reluctance & had to confess I saw much beauty in parts
of it. The animals are captivating (like Haig. enchanted
creatures somewhat like their kinds but *exaggerated* as he is)
I liked the magic

10 mirror & the wishing well & the furniture in the dwarves'
{dwarfs'} house! but oh I wish not to have those inflated balls
on their noses.

No I haven't any vetiver! I never heard of it—my dictionary
says its fragrant grass?—

11

Dearest love from your devoted Una Alas for the gay
romantic sweet pink gloves!

12

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. The Harlem Suitcase Theatre, founded by Hughes in 1938 following his return from six months in Spain, was conceived as a medium for African American self-expression and radical social ideas. With support from the International Workers Order, the first production opened in April 1938. Titled *Don't You Want to Be Free?*, it featured dramatic readings of Hughes' poems about racial issues in America and performances of blues music and spirituals.

2. Lt. Col. William Stewart Roddie, also Stewart-Roddie (1878–1961), was a British military officer, diplomatic agent, public speaker, and author of *Peace Patrol* (1932). Following World War I, Roddie was a member of the Inter-Allied Disarmament Commission in Berlin. He was recalled to special service during World War II.

3. Arthur Bernon Tourtellot, *Be Loved No More: The Life and Environment of Fanny Burney* (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1938).

4. Ralph Heyward Isham (1890–1955), an American who served in the British army, was a book and manuscript collector responsible for finding the papers of James Boswell in the attics and storerooms of Malahide Castle in Ireland and Fettercain House in Scotland. His discoveries led to the publication of *Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* (1936) and other books.

5. Sir Ronald Storrs, *The Memoirs of Sir Ronald Storrs* (New York: Putnam, 1937).

6. Christina Phelps Grant, *The Syrian Desert: Caravans, Travel and Exploration* (New York: Macmillan, 1938).

7. Bertha Clark Damon, *Grandma Called It Carnal* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1938).

8. The Linguaphone Language Institute (London) released a set of five educational recordings around 1930 that featured passages by William Shakespeare spoken by actor John Gielgud (1904–2000). The intent of the recordings was to provide models of English diction.

9. *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, an animated film produced by Walt Disney, was released February 4, 1938.

10. The remainder of the sentence is written vertically in the left margin.

11. This paragraph, the closing, and the signature are written vertically in the left margin, first page.

12. Written in top right corner, first page.

UJ to Blanche Matthias

Tor House. Carmel.

January 10. 1939

Darling Blanche:

A thousand thanks for everything. The *beautiful* handkerchief-shawl with Zodiac—& even a lovely unicorn careening around the edge. Robin & I are reading the *Grands Cimetières Sous La Lune*—what a title—what evocations, but a queer book—the long soliloquy with himself!

1 And the cunning jacket. The boys take an interest in my clothes now & when I came in the other day Garth began at once—“*who* sent mother the little apple-green jacket?” He said he’d tried to try it on but couldn’t get even his forearm into the sleeve! Great big darling baby that he is, frightening me to death one moment by “tough” talk & making me want to cuddle him the next.

Are you away to Sicily soon? Have you ever been there ♦ or in Corsica—& the Greek Isles. I had them all arranged in my mind for last year if only R. would have cared to go. I shall go there yet {I mean Greek Isles}.

I dont know whether I have written you how eagerly everyone has watched Sidney Fish & *chosen* wives {wives} for him! We’ve seen him often & watched it all—much I could tell you.—Today his marriage is announced to take place in two days to Esther Moore Roark. She was the wife of George Gordon Moore you know & then of Aidan Roark. She was a very dear friend of Olga’s. She is tiny &

very blonde & quiet—They seem gently happy & content. I think it will be a success. You know the Moore & Fish gr ranches—*great* domains march side by side back into the mts. here. Not long ago R & I & those two rode to Sidney's back ranch for the day. He had recently added several hundred {acres} of Moore's ranch to his own—& ♦ as we were rode over a high chalk ridge—he said we might try to get through the trail over his new land & so he got out a key & unlocked a rusty padlock & rode through the gate & everything did seem *queer*,—to see those two riding quietly & with no apparent feeling of strangeness over property once Geo. Moore's & looking down over territory which must have been packed with queer terrible memories of one kind or another for her. Here she had spent years with that powerful, clever wicked man, here her children spent their childhood. We could see the {plane} landing field from which where Dr. Barkan landed in the middle of the night to attend to a terrible eye injury of her boy

2—only to find it necessary to take him to a hospital—& away they all *dashed* {madly} to S. F. Esther in her nightdress. Here too her wild love affair with the Irish polo ace,—Aidan Roark went on before she ♦ left George Moore. She married Aidan, much younger than herself, a sulky good looking brute who treated her very badly. This Sunday as we rode, in my mind were very vivid memories of Olga { too} for Esther was riding a spotted horse which I hadn't seen since the day Edward VIII radioed his parting speech. We were at Olgas for lunch. At 10 p.m. London time he began to talk (2: pm. here). That speech *was* affecting, no matter what!!—And Olga got out a letter she'd had from Ed. VIII yrs before—bread & butter letter—then Sidney said to cheer her up—(she was already rather frail)—“Ive a surprise” & his stable man led the horse *into* the drawing room. It is a short

pretty beast with a lovely neck. Olga at once named it “Wally”—I think she was able to ride her only once—

I enclose *storm* clipping.—Beautiful beyond words. The high tides were result of 100 mi. an hr. gale at sea.

3 We have a regular seismograph! On outside bathroom window hangs a 1½ 1½ in. long hook to hold the window a *little* open if we wish. When great waves are out in the sea, hours before they show up here the hook gently & continuously wavers & squeaks

Still I am pressed for time & would you be so kind as to give this to Maud. She will be interested in Sidney & Esther.

4

My devoted love.

Una

5

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Georges Bernanos, *Les Grand Cimetières Sous la Lune* (Paris: Plon, 1938).

2. David Sturtevant Moore was born December 4, 1924. The Moores also had a daughter, Sheilah Moore, born August 7, 1923.

3. On Monday, January 2, 1939, a young fisherman drowned after being swept off the rocks at Point Lobos by strong winds and high waves. Heavy seas continued through the week, washing the sand from Carmel Beach and flooding Scenic Drive below Tor House. A similar phenomenon occurred a

few months before. A storm that hit the coast September 21, 1938 brought fierce waves that covered Carmel Beach and flooded the lagoon of the Carmel River.

4. This paragraph, the closing, and the signature are written in the top right corner of the first page.

5. In a letter (ALS HRC Texas) to Hazel Pinkham, also written on January 10 but not included in this edition, Una refers to Robinson's birthday and mentions a personal milestone: "I am deep in shirt making. I am evening out my number—This will make 100. shirts for Robin. I have averaged four a year!"

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Carmel, California
January 10. 1939

Dear Bennett—

Robin & I both send you our thanks for the Hollywood Book.
1 Everybody who comes in dashes for it.

Are you a bit relieved when the holidays are over. We've been rushed to death with all kinds of amusing affairs—but Robin does resent too many festivities & each one is a problem for me. Very disappointing that the Guild didn't put on the *Tower*. I hope it will later. Did you meet Judith Anderson? I am eager to hear her report of what actually happened about the Tower.

We've had a very exciting time with high tides & mountainous waves during the past week. The highest except once since we've lived here.

Are you coming to California this spring? ♦ You've seemed very far away since you went to Spain.—Have seen Langston Hughes several times lately & heard his talk about Spain.

Well, you won't need our praise of Laura Riding after "Time's" proletarian reporter gives her such a puff! & bangs Robin so crossly!

2 The psychology of that reporter {reviewer} whoever he is & his type is clear.

3 Having for years shown spite toward Robin & any other writer who didn't infuse his work with propaganda—at long last {since} it is clear to everyone that literature & propaganda are don't mix well, so the man swings a full arc to the {verse} most unrelated-to-life,—*actual* life, {or to the most *obscure*}—he can find & sing his paean to that. Riding & Rilke. Rilke is a *poet* I admit that. I've had a book{s} or two {both in Eng. & German} of his actually in hand every month since June 1934, when a German baron gave me my first ones, but "Time" reporter gave no indication in his review of any actual knowledge of Rilke's

4 work & chose him for his *obscure* writing. He is very difficult to understand often, & without both translation & German & *copious* notes his "Sonnets to Orpheus" which I am now reading would *never* yield up their meaning.

Love from Una.

ALS. Berkeley. 2 pages. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

1. Possibly an advance copy of *Camera Over Hollywood*, a collection of photographs by John Swope published by Random House in early February 1939.

2. “Nine and Two,” *Time* (December 26, 1938): 41–44. The books of eleven poets are reviewed in this essay—Laura Riding, Robinson Jeffers, William Carlos Williams, Rainer Maria Rilke, Frederic Prokosch, Joseph Auslander, Kay Boyle, Merrill Moore, Genevieve Taggard, Donald Davidson, and Kenneth Fearing. Riding and Rilke are praised, but the others are dismissed or roundly condemned. “Because his words are impersonally grandiose instead of grand,” says the reviewer, “Robinson Jeffers, who in another place and another time might have been a prophet, is here & now a vasty poetaster.”

3. Cerf responded to this comment in a letter to Una (TCC Berkeley) dated January 16, 1939: “There is a story, of course, behind that long enthusiastic review of Laura Riding’s Poetry in *Time*. It was written by T. S. Matthews, who has been a little ga-ga on the subject of Miss Riding’s poetry for many years. He has written personal letters on the book to at least 100 of his friends in addition to his review. All this, however, has produced practically no results as far as actual sales are concerned. Confidentially, we don’t expect to sell 200 copies of the book. We imported sheets from England as a personal favor to Robert Graves. If it hadn’t been for his influence in the matter, we wouldn’t have touched this book with a ten-foot pole.”

T. S. Matthews (1891–1991), an editor and author, joined *Time* magazine in 1929 and rose through the ranks from

books editor (1929 to 1937) to editor (1949 to 1953). He was the author of *O My America* (1962), *Great Tom: Notes Toward a Definition of T. S. Eliot* (1974), and other works.

4. At this point, Una runs out of room at the bottom of the sheet. The rest of the letter is written vertically in the left, top, and right margins of page 2.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel.
D Jan. 20. 1939

Dear Larry:

I sent your "Ghost"

1 back a couple of days ago. Sorry we kept it so long, but we've been very hurried. It *is* a remarkable poem!—(I still am in the dark what the *title* means?)—Robin says if you should wish to quote him about it you could say {for him} "It is a remarkable poem & travels a wide orbit. It has exceptional qualities of imagination & irony, & distinguished expression"—*Privately* he wishes to say that to you that it is a kind of poetry very difficult for him to estimate. Each single page interests him but a series of pages is confusing. Reading along he thinks what a *fine* line—what a striking passage, but a certain formlessness makes it difficult to properly recall it next day. He says he respects the writer's very obvious power & your judgement so much he is sorry not to give the poem unreserved praise.

2

I myself was interested in the exceedingly keen & ♦ constant awareness of the writer—his constant analysis {analytical} attitude toward his own mind & sensations in the midst of unending changes. My own feeling would be to *shorten* it {the poem} The very length will frighten readers in v considering the close attention needed by the {enforced on the} reader. {Would you consider that? It is so packed with allusions & one doesnt want to miss any implications}

3 (The radio is going on at such a pace I cannot phrase—but I think its clear what I mean to say.) Donnan *must* have this program!

Robin & Garth & a friend of Garths have gone on a two day tramp back into the hills. Sleeping out tonight—& its cold! They are climbing a mt.—a difficult one. They started at 5 this morning—seemed like the middle of the night. Donnan & I drove them 35 miles up a cañon on their way. Lord what a road & in the dark! I guess I told you Garth graduated. He intends

to go on a big ranch for a year to learn ranch management. At the end of that time he will go on with it or go back to college for graduate work in anthropology.

AL. UCLA Young. 2 pages.

1. Alfred Young Fisher, *The Ghost in the Underblows*, edited and introduced by Lawrence Clark Powell, illustrated by Alvin Lustig (Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press, 1940). Ritchie discusses the publication of this book in his *Years Touched with Memories*, pages 117–124.

Soon after Alfred Young Fisher (1902–1970) married Mary Frances Kennedy (1908–1992) in September 1929, the couple left for the University of Dijon, where Alfred began graduate studies in literature. Lawrence Clark Powell and Ward Ritchie, their friends from California, joined them in France. By the time the Fishers divorced in 1938, Alfred was a professor at Smith College (where he remained until he retired in 1967 and where Sylvia Plath was one of his students) and M. F. K. Fisher had begun her career as an epicure and best-selling author.

2. For an advertising prospectus that includes an endorsement by Jeffers, Ritchie and Powell selectively edited his comments: “*The Ghost in the Underblows* is a remarkable poem and travels a wide orbit. It has exceptional qualities of imagination and irony, and distinguished expression. It is a difficult poem to estimate because of its apparent formlessness and confusion, but of the writer’s power there can be no doubt.”

3. The prospectus includes a statement by Una as well, also drawn from this letter: “In reading *The Ghost*, I was interested in the exceedingly keen and constant awareness of the writer—his constantly analytical attitude toward his own mind and sensations, tirelessly analytical of their varying implications in the midst of unending changes. It *is* a remarkable poem.”

UJ to Maud Clapp

January 24, 1939

Maud darling:

Thanks for sending me word that Blanche's operation was over. I was worried about the anaesthetic—her heart isn't strong. Now I hope soon to hear from you again that everything continues to go well! What a relief to get that done & safely—the dear person she is.

Sunday morning I went early { 9:00 AM } to a service at the Carmelite Nunnery—a nun took her final vows. Strange & unreal—a very long ceremony (2 hours {hours}) All the nuns were beyond the grilled doors at either side of the altar—one could see the {dark} veiled figures moving about with candles—only one with white on—the bride of Christ—& later she was shrouded in the dark veils too. They sang in high, thin, sweet voices unaccompanied ♦ remote & disembodied. There was much other music, organ & voices—Noël sang—many priests & the Bishop in a gorgeous gold vestment & bonnet!—Outside at last the day was cold & grey with a rough sea in front—& behind, the dark dark cañon. I couldn't arrange any ordinary tasks afterwards all day.

Last night such a wonderful thing. Many stars and a tiny moon—which sank, & then ships lights began to appear from the north around Pt. Cypress—gradually spread at equal intervals until the first one passed Pt. Lobos.—They were across the whole horizon. I counted 25.—There were more for they kept on coming {slowly} & the first ones {slowly} disappearing—We do not know whether they were gov't boats on way to manoeuvre somewhere or a fleet of purse seiners. We watched for long & long. ♦

1The lone house in your tract at the Highlands is now occupied for the first time, & an addition added to it. It looks very charming with lights lit & smoke curling

My dearest love.
Una.

ALS. Yale. 2 pages. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

1. This paragraph and the closing and signature are written across the top of the first page.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Jan 25. 1939

Dear Bennett:

Yes we do indeed like the *Tamar* dramatization by Atlas.

1 Go ahead with him, contracts—I will write him in a day or two—but if you are in touch with him—you tell him we like it.—

G A friend of ours, {living in Washington D. C.} the widow of Vernon Kellogg, top notch zoölogist & right-hand man {of Hoover} in Belgium in wartime,—has written some poetry she is going to submit to you. She has appeared often & often in Atlantic Scribner etc. Also the author of *Jadwiga Queen of Poland*.

2 The verse is sensitive—(not *great*)—but some of it *very good*.

Love from us both
Una.

ALS. Berkeley. 1 page. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

1.Cerf's January 16, 1939 letter to Una (TCC Berkeley) contains the following postscript: "Ten minutes after I finished dictating this letter, a young playwright named Leopold Atlas (he has already had two plays produced on Broadway) came in with a script of a play that he had fashioned out of *Tamar*. Maybe you will remember that he wrote to you about this a couple of years ago. I am rushing the play out to you to read at once. Please let me know if you and Robin like it well enough for me to go ahead and draw a contract with him on exactly the same basis as the one we made with Gassner for *The Tower Beyond Tragedy*. I told Mr. Atlas I would communicate further as soon as I had heard word from you on the subject."

Leopold Atlas (1907–1954), a playwright and screenwriter, was the author of two Broadway productions, *Wednesday's Child* (1934) and *But for the Grace of God* (1937). His screenwriting credits include *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (1935); *Tomorrow, the World!* (1944); *The Story of G. I. Joe* (1945); *Raw Deal* (1948); and *My Forbidden Past* (1951). *The Story of G. I. Joe*, written with Guy Endore and Philip Stevenson, was nominated for four Academy Awards in 1946, including Best Screenplay.

2.Charlotte Hoffman Kellogg, *Jadwiga, Poland's Great Queen*, with a preface by Ignaz Jan Paderewski and an introduction by Frank H. Simonds (New York: Macmillan,

1932); also published as *Jadwiga, Queen of Poland* (Washington, D.C.: Anderson House, 1936).

UJ to Bennett Cerf

{Jeffers}

1

Feb 18. 1939.

Dearest Bennett—

The billing, “Tamar,” dramatized by Leopold Atlas from the dramatic poem by Robinson Jeffers is satisfactory to us.

We are here at Albert Bender’s overnight—it is, alas, the day of the opening of the Fair.

2 We had to come as Garth is meeting the manager of the big Bell Ranch border Texas & New Mexico. Hopes to get a chance there for a year learning ranch management later to be transferred to Argentine—

Last week we took Donnan down to Beverly Hills & put him at U. C. L. A. he will finish & be near his opportunity at Hollywood Lots of flying about for us. We went down to Malibu with the Hoveys & spent a charming night with (Carl Hovey & Sonia Levine) Brett has been visiting them for two months

Thanks so very much for {*Wild*} *Palms*.

3 I am in the midst of it We both are very much interested in it. I swear he {Faulkner} is the most interesting fiction writer in U. S.—& I swear, too, his indirections often infuriate me. They don’t Robin.

I've always meant to tell you how glad I was that you put *Precious Bane* in Modern Lib.

4 I hope it sells a million copies! Its one of those darling *enchanted* books.

Love from us both
Una

ALS. Berkeley. 2 pages. Letterhead (crossed out): Albert M. Bender.

1. This letter is written on Albert Bender's personal stationery. His name in the letterhead is crossed out and "Jeffers" is added.

2. The Golden Gate International Exposition opened February 18, 1939 on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay.

3. William Faulkner, *The Wild Palms* (New York: Random House, 1939).

4. The Modern Library edition of *Precious Bane* by Mary Webb was released in September 1938.

UJ to Maud Clapp

Tor House Carmel
Feb 25 [1939]

Darling Maud—

I've been so rushed & pushed about that I don't know when I've written you—or whether the things I've told you now &

again have been *written* down or just thought. We made a pilgrimage to Los Ang. to put Donnan in college & get him settled at U. C. L. A. All of us agreed again on the terror of the thought of living in L. A. Robin said \$1000 a week bonus wouldn't be enough to keep him there & Garth & I said more than that if he'd pushed around { in Desmonds} with us trying to get a shirt to fit G's 17½+ in neck. There are no dozens of students boarding houses as at Berkeley {none at all except *one* quickly crowded co-op dormitory} At the dean's office they gave me a typewritten list—5 pages bewildering—private homes with taking students—where to begin to look?—Well, he's nicely fixed—

Up to S. F. on *of all days!* the day of the opening ♦ of the Fair to meet Garth's ranch manager from Texas-New Mex border. Garth has the job—much coveted. Will be off in a few weeks.

Marcella Burke has been here beside us, Edith Greenan's guest for a month & taking lots of my time She is most amusing!—She is ghosting that book about me for *by Edith*. Edith paid a man named Harvey Taylor

1 more than \$800.00 to do it & it he made a boring affair of it It is simple from-the-heart material—*us* {us} from 1912 to 1922 mainly, & should be natural.—Well, Melba Bennett {Deep Well Ranch Palm s—} has also been, & so on

I wrote to Blanche about going to the Elsa Maxwell party
2 with the Barkans. I I hope she showed you the letter if you happened to come by for *their* situation so different *from usual* status ♦

Phoebe had a very serious hysterectomy etc operation 10 weeks ago. She came down to rest at Del Monte & Hans

came for weekend. (Hans usually at such high tension—the brilliant eye-surgeon—tempermental artist, {with} super charged Hungarian charm—with Phoebe managing-arranging smoothing over) now Hans all quiet, alert for her, hair gray—handsomer than ever. Phoebe *insisted* on taking a table & taking Garth & me—Maxwell party. She looked abls *beautiful* rose petaled skin, big blue eyes & the loveliest gown { Molyneaux

3 Paris Dec '38} in the 600 party—& so important leaning on a stick & detached looking over everyone's head—I wish I could tell all but must catch the last Sat. mail—To end quickly I was alarmed at her condition & lack of co-ordination. When we went up to S F a few days later found s her in hospital again ♦ didn't see her but Hans revealed she had been taking so much dope for pain she had *cut* off all emotional response—he said 3 weeks was the quickest time they could hope for to get it out of her bloodstream—more later

Noëls Eulah has just been & insisted on our lurching up there—some literary-stage {celebrities—} I must leap & run & get some favorite pants of Donnans from cleaners & mail to him

No, no Taos for us this year—probably never again. Robin never did like it—& but much as I hate deserts Taos has a certain corner in my heart.—I dont *love* it but a *familiar*

Must dash away

Devoted love to my two dearests

Una

Send these clippings to Mamma—she will like to hear I am gay & happy

4

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. William Harvey Taylor (1907–1979), a book scout and literary agent of sorts, dizzied Charmian London with flattering attention in 1930 and managed to advertise himself as “Literary Manager of the Jack London Estate” before Charmian discovered his untrustworthiness. Accounts of his dealings can be found in *Jack London’s Women* by Clarice Stasz (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2001): 274–277, and “Harvey Taylor and Jack London’s Purchase of Sinclair Lewis’s Plots: A Posthumous Saga” by Jacqueline Tavernier-Courbin, *The Sinclair Lewis Society Newsletter* 3 (Spring 1995). Taylor contributed a faulty bibliography to *Sinclair Lewis: A Biographical Sketch* (1935) by Carl Van Doren and was involved in other publications. In later life he married Marguerite Eyer Wilbur (1889–1982), a widow nearly twenty years his senior and a noted author, biographer, and translator. Wilbur owned a château in France, an estate in Montecito, California, a home in Pasadena, and beach property in Carpinteria.

2. Elsa Maxwell (1883–1963), an entertainer, writer, and professional hostess, achieved fame for her lavish soirées. A typical party would bring high society and entertainment personalities together for an evening of lighthearted fun. The party Una and Garth attended Sunday, February 12 at the Del Monte Lodge in Monterey was open to the public. Advertised as “Elsa Maxwell’s Surprise Party,” the evening included dinner, dancing, and a presentation by Maxwell.

3. Edward Molyneux (1891–1974), a British fashion designer with studios in Paris and elsewhere. Molyneux’s gowns were noted for their simplicity and graceful elegance.

In a February 19, 1939 letter to Blanche Matthias (ALS Yale), not included in this edition, Una describes Phoebe Barkan’s Molyneux creation: “Gown—{cut} very low, tiny black {taffeta} bodice *very* bouffant skirt of white taffeta with black figured design on it. A little short jacket of black velvet lined with ermine, off & on.”

4. Written in top right corner, first page.

UJ to Jean Kellogg

Tor House. Carmel. California
February 26. 1939

Dearest Jean—

Tibet has always been one of my great loves too so I am enclosing a hastily written old book review of mine

1 so you may read a description very reminiscent of the one you copied for me. Its *Arabia* not Tibet—but much similarity in smell & color. If you haven’t read this book—DO. Don’t return clipping

Last night we looked for three hours at Weston photographs. He is within a month of the end of his second year of Guggenheim fellowships. Some amazing pictures. He has motored 35,000 miles doing them mostly in Caf {Calif}. *1400* prints to show. Practically all landscapes A few are done in New Mex & Ariz. I think he uses the sharpest clearest lens in

America. ♦ He now does *landscape*, really! not a tiny segment of bark or a grain of sand—. SThere was a moment when one felt reduced to seeing just scraps of things—marvellous indeed but like a man glued to a microscope—no wide arc. He’s left all that & somehow contrives to give his pictures the sharp—layer by layer perspective that one got through the double vision of the stereoscope—are you old enough to have looked through one?

We went up to S. F. on the day of the opening of the Fair—of all days! Had to, Garth was to interview the manager of that great ranch on ♦ Texas-New Mex border. He got the job. Ranch{es} covers a775,000 775,000 acres. Donnan is finishing at U. C. L. A. & near to his chance at Hollywood They sent him home to put on 20 lbs. I actually did put 17 on him! We didn’t look at the Fair but shall soon as Robin must go up to serve again on Phelan awards for Literature.

2

I am going up to San Jose Tues. with Noël to hear Marian Anderson. I heard her once before—not at her zenith—with S. F. Symphony. ♦

Forgive paper. Garth has emptied my desk—

Garth & Robin & Lee Crowe went up Ventana Double Cone at last. I took them up Cachagua beyond Flavins. Left them packs on backs—They slept out in the rain—Met them there end of second day.

Tell your mother I am surprised she doesn’t like the photograph in Poems. It is a great favorite of mine. The only one {ever taken} that shows the quality of his eyes—his

extraordinary feature. True his upper lip looks long enough for a stage Irishman—but that *direct* gaze! How did *you* feel about it?

Dearest love to you two.
Una.

Several yrs. ago Weston said he was completely through with Pt. Lobos Well he has just now completed a {series of it} The largest collection of any *one* locality he shows shows.

3

ALS. San Francisco. 4 pages.

1. Probably Una's review of *Black Tents of Arabia* by Carl R. Raswan. See UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan, October 1, 1935, note 4.

2. The panel of judges for the 1939 Phelan Award in literature included Jeffers, Joseph Henry Jackson, and writer Stewart Edward White.

3. This paragraph is written in a space between paragraphs on page 3. It is separated from the rest of the text by lines that form a box.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

[February 27, 1939] Monday morn.

Dearest Mabel:

Thanks for your letter. Cannot answer for few days—work piled up & Garth & I are going to San José tomorrow with Noël to hear Marian Anderson.

All is very well with us, better *than ever* now!

Garth got his job. {he} mailed a letter{s} to you & Judge K yesterday about it—*not* air mail

Hastily—Una.

1

ALS. Yale. 1 page.

1. The closing and signature are written vertically in the right margin.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel. California
March 7. 1939

Dearest Mabel:

Its 9: am. & I've been up since 3 am. when Robin went to bed—keeping an even temp. through a very cold night {for Haig}. He has, or is threatened with pneumonia,—a “canine flu” going around here—starts like poisoning,—gastric congestion before it attacks lungs. He had a serum injection yesterday & two stimulant injections into muscles. Dr. thought I'd better try to take care of him at home—he mourns so without me & gets so discouraged.

Of course I was very glad to have your letter & have you seem again like the person I've enjoyed knowing so much—one who needn't approve of my conduct but would understand. Your "anger" amazed me. I thought if *you* had come to such a crisis in *my* house, I would, true enough, have felt sorry for Tony's loss & disliked the untidiness of Death so near, but my deep emotion {would} have been pity & devastating tenderness that a beloved friend, so avid of Life, should seek its end.

1 ♦ I am sorry that I gave my good serviceable body such a beating,—that's my great regret. I ought to have turned at once & gone to Ireland but I couldn't afford it, or thought I oughtn't to allow myself such extravagance. On the surface the cause seemed very flimsy but a blow was aimed at the very fibre & structure of our life: nothing as ephemeral as sexual attraction was involved. If there had been, certainly I'd have been *jealous* but not *UNDONE*, but that Robin should listen to that meddling woman & apparently agree to her criticism that I had a strangle hold on his life & work made me feel that I had failed essentially in {a} twenty-five years' labor & I felt such a self-deceiving a fool that any fresh start I'd plan would be of doubtful nature. Also I felt in Robin a denseness & a selfishness never before suspected, & if he were a paltry, easily-accessible man I wanted no more of him. I believe him to be the greatest poet writing in English now that Yeats is dead,

2 but if he were not more than that a decent *man*, I'd say farewell quickly to fame & a place ♦ in history rather than stay with him. I happen not to place art anywhere near as high as life. *But* out of the welter three nice things as a residuum.

(1)*Robin*. I think for the first time he had to assess the beauty & fullness & excellence of our past. I think that it {he} had never realized {*really*} that one of us was planning & working on this progression every waking hour & never went off to sleep without a busy inquiry of herself whether given such & such—a certain amount of strength, very meagre supply of money, intelligence & temper so & so, inquiring whether more could be accomplished or attempted. He was laboring { a} way mightily on the lives he was creating & recording. I used sometimes to gibe at him and say, “you never turn your imagination on *us* & make a plan!”

(2)*Garth & Donnan*. They’ve been wonderful! Hitherto they’ve accepted me as easily & thoughtlessly as the sun & air & *hail*, & rewarded me only with their health & splendid equilibrium of nerves. Sometimes I wished they would exhibit toward me the love & attention that I saw selfish & charming mothers receive. I’ve had that now a hundredfold.

Our friends. The few intimate ones who, knowing little & inquiring less about this escapade, but sensing some hurt, have encompassed us with such glowing love & protection as made my heart sing like a bird. I’m proud to have evoked such allegiance when I’ve failed almost utterly ever to finish my “homework” in time to show *them* my love.

You have seen me as a strong-willed executive sort of woman & have sometimes teased me with “Don’t look so *grim!*” and I would feel a start of dismay & realize I felt grim inside from working at such concentrated speed—I had not wasted time on cloaking my drive with subtly {subtlety} & charm. That dominating will isn’t attractive I know. You have known me only lately, but ask Hazel,—the Clapps, Teddie whether I was

not formerly yielding, gentle & feminine. In the sorority house they bid for me as a roommate, & when Teddie & I stood aghast at our separation we demanded of each other, how, if we were so sharply divided in reality, could we have lived in such close companionship for ten years, with not a single harsh controversy to remember. <over> ♦ That speaks for his flexibility—but not for his alone.

You asked about H. She is, of course, completely out of our lives. We do not need such an envious, second-rate person. She was only a *Voice* that came at a moment when Robin had been for months bewildered by trouble with his writing & was searching, prodding everywhere to find the root of his trouble. Voices had spoken before {in various strains of malice or mischief,} but he was too busy & in easy command of his work to listen. Now he has listened & heard & concluded that he isnt ready to allow my part in his life to be vitiated.—or *tampered* with!

2 days later—Haig is definitely on the mend

I just took Robin over to Monterey. 3 artists are painting him. One—a Scotch girl

3 is doing a stunning picture. One is Kate Carew—she is married to an Englishman John Reed. She is a cousin of Leslie Denman I didn't see hers—

Love from Una

ALS. Yale. 5 pages.

1. Mabel's response to Una's attempted suicide, at the time it happened and after, was entirely unsympathetic. Indeed, as

Una indicates here, Mabel was angry that Una had created a disturbance in her home. Mabel reveals as much in her memoir, which is saturated with antagonism throughout. In one specific passage, Mabel describes how she treated Una when Una returned to Los Gallos to recuperate. MDL:

In all the time she stayed, I never referred to what had occurred, nor to Hildegarde, nor allowed her to discuss any of it with me. There seemed to be nothing to say between us as I thought of her as an inconsiderate guest, and she never saw herself in that light. Robin told me something that made me think she suspected how I felt.

“Una said this morning, ‘Mabel can’t blame me. *She* tried to kill herself twice,’” he said, smiling as at a child’s whimsies.

“You do things in your twenties you don’t do in your fifties,” I flashed back at him. (“Or in other people’s houses,” I wanted to say but refrained.)

2.W. B. Yeats died January 28, 1939.

3.Probably Gale Lee Guthrie (1908–1971), an artist and art historian. Guthrie graduated from Smith College and obtained an M.A. from New York University’s Institute of Fine Arts. She married Thomas F. Callahan, Jr. and taught at Packer Collegiate Institute in Brooklyn before moving to Scottsdale, Arizona.

UJ to Albert Bender

March 17. 1939

Dearest Albert:

Can't let St. Patrick's Day go by without a word of greeting to you. I wonder whether your birthday party is under-way tonight. We were in San Francisco for twenty four hours early in the week but I didn't even call you since Robin was working every moment on judging mss. and I went with Ellen O'Sullivan to the Fair. Spent nearly seven hours there—and just *began* to see things!

Last night was the first night of "Moor-Born" the Bronte play.

1 It was *splendidly* done! in that little "first theatre in Calif."

2 in Monterey. Noël takes the part of old Patrick Bronte. Sara & Erskine were there—came down with Ingerson & Denison.

3 Were dashing back to S. F. today—Erskine to go to a West Point dinner—the oldest graduate on the coast. Erskine looked darling with a Scotch tam 'o shanter on.

Robin had a letter from Gogarty the other day. One sentence may interest you "I have been reading your stupendous poetry for the whole month . . . You are the greatest & most terrific tragic poet of this century!

My friend AE had the greatest admiration for you—. I am mourning as I ever will mourn my friend Yeats, of lyricists the archpoet."

Had an alarming letter from {Donnan} { to} day—no, not alarming—I am grateful nothing worse occurred {occurred}. He went out at 11:15 pm to mail letters one block from his boarding house. He felt something hard against his back & a voice said "Don't look around!" He thought it was a {some} college pal playing a trick & turned around to receive a crashing blow on the chin which knocked him out. He thinks

he was *out* for five or ten minutes—came to, to find his wallet on sidewalk, all of his papers—driver’s license etc lying around—his money gone—about \$8.00! He bled profusely from a cut—the man either had {on} brass knuckles or a ring. All night & next day policemen were bringing in suspects to his boarding house. He got one good look at the man & 4thinks he could identify him. Dangerous place Los Angeles.

5

Dearest love from Una.

6

ALS. Mills. 2 pages. Letterhead: Mrs. Robinson Jeffers.

1. Dan Totheroh, *Moor Born* (New York and Los Angeles: S. French, 1934).

2. Monterey’s First Theater was built in 1845–1846 as a private home, tavern, and lodging place for sailors. Starting in 1850, the adobe structure was also used as a makeshift theater.

3. Charles Frank Ingerson (1879–1968) and George Austin Dennison (1873–1966), affectionately called “the boys” by those who knew them, lived near Los Gatos on a wooded studio/estate named Cathedral Oaks (which they later gave to Yehudi Menuhin, their neighbor). The two met in San Francisco around 1907 and spent the rest of their lives together. As skilled artistic craftsmen, they worked in a variety of fields: interior design, horticulture, sculpture, painting, cabinet making, gold and silver smithing, enameling, leatherwork, ceramics, weaving, and costume design. In 1926 they created a noteworthy Ark of the

Covenant in sculpted, enameled, and gold-covered bronze for Temple Emanu-El in San Francisco.

4. The rest of this paragraph is written vertically in the right margin.

5. In an April 2, 1939 letter (ALS HRC Texas) to Melba Bennett, not used in this edition, Una tells Donnan's story and adds that a "Russian dancer student girl" had recently been killed in his neighborhood. Anya Sosoyeva was budgeoned to death Friday evening, February 24, 1939, after leaving her apartment at 802 N. Vermont Avenue on her way to Los Angeles City College.

6. The closing and signature are added vertically in the left margin, page 2.

UJ to Edith Greenan

Tor House. Carmel. California

St. Patrick's Day. California [March 17, 1939]

Dearest Edith:

I have just finished reading your ms. and a flood of memories sweeps over me. I had been saving these treasures for a later, quieter time. You've made me pause and look at some of them now, my "invisible landscapes" as Edgar Lee Masters calls them. He describes a place lived in year after year: the seasons revolve, sunshine and darkness cover it in turn, snow and rain fall upon the ever-changing human figures, until, at last, on that one field landscapes lie in layers like heaped-up leaves. We have that here at Tor House, that rich accretion,

but if the wind blows through the leaves, if Edith thrusts in her hand and shifts them, or if, as happened yesterday, I chance upon an old snapshot, how fresh and inviolate some scene, long-hidden emerges. Here is the picture I found. You see that the day is gray, and the wind flaps my old Paisley shawl as Robin and I say goodbye to a group of people at the gate. Across the courtyard two little boys are running, legs flying, bodies bent forward—♦ the arrested movement of a split-second. My heart near burst as I looked at it—ah, the million darling, darling games Garth & Donnan are playing out there in our invisible landscapes!

You thank us for much happiness in those early days but you do not speak of the pleasure we felt in your eager delight and wish to participate in our daily life, and in your beauty which was growing year by year. You stepped into your place by my side so naturally, for you were precisely the age of my twin-sisters. It was I who had taught them to read and had been handing on to them ever after, books, names, stars! Oh, I hope, my dear, I never arrived at the point of shaking you, did I?—as I shook Violet. I had come to suspect that girl's easy acceptance of the shapes that I pointed out in the constellations, however intricate or improbable they seemed. Suddenly one night I said, "Diagram that one!" and what she drew had no form—it was just a tangled *mess* of stars—I couldn't bear it!

I like your feeling about Tor House, have you been ♦ reading *Remembrance of Things Past*? for you are using Tor House as Proust did his grandmother, "the single constant value which makes the rest of the system possible," giving reality and significance to the general incoherent flux of events. I hope Tor House will always be

that symbol of stability to you no matter how scenes and moods change and whirl about you.

Dearest Edith, still after twenty-six years,

always faithfully,

Una.

(to be used as postscript to “Of Una Jeffers”

1

ALS. Occidental. 3 pages.

1. Added in top margin, first page. This letter appears in Edith Greenan, *Of Una Jeffers* (Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press, 1939): 61–62; see also Edith Greenan, *Of Una Jeffers: A Memoir*, edited by James Karman (Ashland, Ore.: Story Line Press, 1998): 65–66.

UJ to Ward Ritchie

Tor House. Carmel
March 25. 1939

Dear Ritchie—

Here is my letter to put at the end of Edith's book,
1 just before the last poem by Robin. I think those unpublished poems of R. J. will help to sell the book.?

2 {Robin's little foreword will be sent soon.}

3

Here are two {three} corrections. (1) Please cut out *Donnan & Garth* on page 34 eleven lines from the bottom, & (2) on page 41 at the end of first paragraph it *should* read “. . . . about that stone long ago, and perhaps lifted there at certain times their *Rosy Cross*, the ancient symbol of this order.” (3) page 26. 4 lines below the {verses “*late*” instead of “*early*” twilight}

I think two of these photographs included should be accredited. The early one of me by Arnold Genthe, the late one ($\frac{3}{4}$ face) to Johan Hagemeyer, since they are so well-known. There will perhaps be one of us in living room too if it turns out well. Edith wished to have it.

I hope you will send up page proofs for us to verify & a dem {indications} of general set-up. I am helping Edith in Marcella's absence. Marcella spoke of using a unicorn on title page. I have a kodak of my one cut in keystone over tower-room but it will probably be superfluous if you use that page from Yeats' book with hawk & unicorn on & my words.

I will send you a list of people & addresses to send ad {slips} to about the book if you intend to send some out.

Cordially

Una Jeffers

ALS. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. See preceding letter, UJ to Edith Greenan.

2. When *Of Una Jeffers* was released, it contained three previously unpublished poems by Jeffers: “To U. J.” (pp. 14–16), “The Excesses of God” (p. 45), and “The Mountain Village” (pp. 63–67).

3. The text of Jeffers’ foreword, as printed:

This little book characterizes two unusual women and is a memoir of their friendship, but the origin and duration and circumstances of this friendship make it unique I think in literature, and perhaps in life. It began twenty-six years ago; thirty years ago it would hardly have been possible; fifty years ago, hardly conceivable. Even at the present time it would seem an unlikely friendship, yet it has always been natural and unstrained.

However, this is not what interested me when I read the book, for it was already familiar to me; but the recaptured beauty and simplicity of many incidents and yesterdays moved me rather deeply. There are persons who can savor life fully in its passing moments, as Una Jeffers does, and gather it and savor it again in remembrance. There are others, like myself, to whom things come slowly, and are never quite realized when they happen, but only afterwards, sometimes long afterwards. This little book has made me realize again more fully many lovely memories; and especially the undeserved good fortune that has followed me like a hound, ever since I knew the woman whom Edith Greenan too seems to use for pole-star.

UJ and RJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel. California
March 25, 1939

Dear Mabel:

Oh dear I guess the letter I wrote you must have been very tactless or ill-expressed if you got any idea that that business of last summer wasn't all digested & cast off.

¹ I can't remember all I said but know I didn't say anything about our friends "rallying" around me (& therefore feeling *set-up* as

you fear) I said they surrounded *us* with love, & if they suspect {suspect} that the gun didn't go off by itself, or dream that a woman was trying to meddle with us, they haven't mentioned it. Robin says I was a regular loon to carry on so without even a shadow to menace me. Guess I was. Anyhow there was "somehow good" about it as in De Morgan's story,

² for it startled us into looking at each other with fresh eyes and reappraising our love. I have to tell you that I can't remember {that} even in our ♦ earliest days together, {had} the passion and intensity of our love today. And as for Robin lacking anything, don't worry for him,—its only easy for him to give up what he doesn't want or need. I've noticed that about genius.

I would have answered days ago but have been awfully busy with added things—"Moor Born" the Bronte play, for instance. I was urged to attend rehearsals being a Bronte fan of longstanding and having freshly made the trip to Haworth Parsonage {in Yorkshire}. The play was *marvellously* done, over in the First Theatre {Monterey}. I can't remember whether you've been there. The stage is raised only a few feet above the regular floor & the stage space almost exactly like the Bronte parlor. I went to two of the four performances. Robin made one of his rare appearances at the {a} theatre!
Connie Bell

³ was a wonderful Emily, Noël was {grand as} old Rev. Patrick B—. Flavia Flavin a perfect Anne. —The author Dan Totheroh came & Helen Gehagen

⁴ who created the *Emily* in N. Y Then suddenly the morning of the last day, Mario Ramirez died {after a very slight operation.}

⁵ ♦ He had been staying at Noël's for seven weeks, directing the play, making the set, painting the portrait of the sisters. Did you know him,—that adorable Argentinian? We all loved him. I stayed up at Noël's as much as I could until the funeral. Noël was devoted to him. Noël had him brought back to Hollow Hills Farm. He lay there in front of that great gold altar he had given Noël from his own home in Argentina. A tall candle at head & feet—the most beautiful image image any of us ever saw.

Besides, Edith Greenan has been writing {with Marcella's help} a little memoir of our early days here in 1913, & wanted me to revise & correct etc—all took time. Marcella was here with Edith a month & half—in great form. all very gay. Edith is building a huge house on the mesa,

⁶ above the Tevises.

They've come into another fortune (the Tevises I mean)

Then there have been several concerts—Noël gave me two season tickets—busy, busy, busy!—Then there was the getting Robin back & forth {seven times} to these three ♦ doing his portrait. One of them is awfully well done—the one by the Scotch girl, Miss Guthrie. Besides I am trying to weed my shell path—its got the start of me. And Haig's illness (now he is fine) and Donnans excitements of various kinds—I write him continually. And we went up to the Fair {for two days}—at least Garth & I did while Robin judged the mss. for

Phelan awards of \$1000.00 the third year. Some fine Italian pictures—Botticelli “Venus rising”—Titians etc. and the series of tiny rooms examples of old Eng. & French rooms the most enchanting things I’ve *ever* seen!

Now I must run.

Love from Una.

Lots of lunches at George Moore’s lately. Venison and wild boar. He has leased the ranch {but lives there with a lot of darkies and guests,} & seems in funds again!

Dear Mabel—

Yes, we are doing at least as happily as Una says. Besides that I am writing something of a new sort, and the days aren’t long enough.

—Robin.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Mabel responded to Una’s March 7 letter with a long letter of her own, dated March 15, 1939 (TLS Yale). Her comments, which have the style and tone of a lecture or clinical diagnosis, raise questions about Una’s character and Robinson’s manhood. Her main theme concerns fidelity to the “life movement.” If, in coming to terms with what happened in Taos, Una forced Robinson to deny the validity of his own individual needs, then, Mabel argues, something is wrong with both of them.

I don't need to know anything about *what* happened between Robin and H. to know that something happened to arouse you to terrific action. That something, minute or revolutionizing, whatever it was, deserves its own lonely cessation or continuance. In no case whatever does it deserve betrayal, either through coercion or through treachery to the life movement.

And feeling as I do, a certain nobility in Robin, I cannot see him fail as you make him fail in the picture you give. I can see you infinitely restored and reassured about your relationship

only if he was true to the life movement, but not if you joined together to turn and kick the accidental agent of the life movement after it was removed from the path you are both on.

What you say about the lovely and loving solicitude of all your friends is all right for you and I can see what it must have meant to you. But what did it mean to Robin? Was he, too, heartened and encouraged by their rallying? That would mean, would it not, that this Lilith who appeared on the path was fought like a dragon, overcome, and denied, and the rejoicing by the neighbors was as for one who successfully overcame the dark forces?

Oh, I don't know—something is wrong somewhere and I am outside and cannot judge it. All I can know is that I am devoted to you all and want things to go right. Perhaps you will be angry at this letter and feel I am unfair. I hope I am unfair. I have no particular feeling for H. —I have known her so little I do not feel her side. I only feel the problem of how you can adjust yourself to the movement and change life

brings and remain pliable and expand more and more. Not tighten up, restrict, and coerce for when you do that it is your own nature you distort and impede.

2. William Frend De Morgan (1839–1917), an English ceramicist and author, was a leading figure in the Arts and Crafts movement. He began writing novels late in life and enjoyed success with such titles as *Joseph Vance* (1906), *An Affair of Dishonor* (1910), and *When Ghost Meets Ghost* (1914).

3. Cornelia “Connie” (Clampett) Shuman Bell (1897–1992), an actress with roots in San Francisco and Carmel, was the wife of actor and director Galt Bell.

4. Helen Gahagan (1900–1980), actress and wife of actor Melvyn Douglas (1901–1981), performed the role of Emily Brontë in the April–May 1934 production of *Moor Born* on Broadway. As Helen Gahagan Douglas she entered politics as a California Democrat in the 1940s and served three terms in the United States House of Representatives. She was defeated in the 1950 Senate race by Richard M. Nixon (1913–1994).

5. Ramirez died Sunday, March 19, 1939. A brief illness followed by a minor operation led to heart failure.

6. The Greenan home was under construction on the east side of Ladera Drive in Carmel. The site provided a panoramic view of the lower Carmel Valley, the Carmel Mission, Point Lobos, and beyond.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

[March 26, 1939]

Mabel:

Meant to say in my letter yesterday that I did not doubt your friend Scott P—was dead. Seems likely to me that this other one may be a cousin. Cousins are often named after a common ancestor,—but the conjunction of {another} Scott Pyle & {& another} Wagner *is* curious! Donnan saw the sign over the funeral home himself {This S. P. was run out of town for necrophilia.}

We are just reading the Danes'

¹ book about Lawrence "TA Poet & Two Painters."

² It helps to fill in gaps. One pictures their first winter on the mt. now more easily. In many ways though they make Taos too arty to be borne.

Yeats' death was a blow to me—although it now leaves Robin at the top. —There is an exceptionally good article on him in Sat. Review Feb 25. by Mary M. Colum

³ Listen to his the queer epitaph for his tombstone written by himself

"Cast a cold eye

On life, on death,

Horseman pass by."

Do you know the lines your pet Matthew Arnold wrote on Emily Bronte—or dont you feel terrifically interested in her?

I discovered them & they had an influence in the recent production in interpreting one situation.

“ , and she

whose soul knew no fellow for m

. . . . whose soul

knew no fellow, for might

Passion, vehemence, grief

Daring, since Byron died.”

4

Una.

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Knud Merrild (1894–1954) and Kai Gøtzsche (1886–1963) were painters born in Denmark. During the time of their friendship with D. H. Lawrence (Taos, 1922–1923), they were called the Danes.

2. Knud Merrild, *A Poet and Two Painters: A Memoir of D. H. Lawrence* (London: G. Routledge, 1938; New York: Viking Press, 1939).

3. Mary M. Colum, “Memories of Yeats,” *Saturday Review of Literature* 19 (February 25, 1939): 3–4, 14.

4. From “Haworth Churchyard” by Matthew Arnold.

UJ to Teresa Moore

Tor House. Carmel
March 29. 1939

My dear Mrs. Moore:

1

Robinson Jeffers wishes me to say that your daughter's
2 work was among the four or five last considered after all the
rest, both prose and verse, had been winnowed out by a
process of elimination. It was the best of all the verse
submitted except one other's to whom the award was given,
rightly he believes.

3

Both the narrative poem, and the dramatic poem about
Meleager and the boar, interested him very much; and it is not
at all true that they lack distinction. He is not able to
understand the letter that you say she received. It must have
been a mistake. There is an incredible mass of detail in
connection with the administration of these awards & perhaps
a wrong comment was sent to your daughter. Please tell Miss
Moore for him that her work is good, and will perhaps be
better but poetry is its own reward—she will need to harden
her heart against disappointment and unjust or mistaken
criticism.

Very sincerely,
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Oregon. 1 page.

1. Teresa Moore (1882–1968) of Oakland, California was the mother of Rosalie Moore, a contestant for the Phelan Award in literature.

2. Rosalie Moore (1910–2001), born Gertrude Elizabeth Moore, was a poet, writer, and teacher. Moore entered and won other literary contests prior to this one, but her work was largely unnoticed until W. H. Auden selected her book *The Grasshopper's Man and Other Poems* for the Yale Series of Younger Poets in 1949. Two Guggenheims and a Pulitzer Prize nomination followed. Moore taught in the Communications Department at the College of Marin in Kentfield, California. She was married to William L. Brown, also a writer, with whom she collaborated (as Rosalie Brown) on a number of children's books. Other books of her own include *Year of the Children* (1977), *Of Singles and Doubles: Collected Poems, 1952–1978* (1979), and *Gutenberg in Strasbourg* (1995).

3. The winner of the 1939 Phelan Award was John E. Berry, a student at the University of California, Los Angeles. William Irvin of Stanford University was awarded alternate honors.

UJ to Alexander Cappon

Tor House. Carmel. California
March 29. 1939

Dear Mr. Cappon:

We shall be very much interested to see the article by Professor A. E. Haydon. —I think we prefer to wait until it is in print.

¹ We must be away from home for several days at a time, several times in the near future & I would hate to have the article lie here unread & unreturned.

My husband has no unpublished poems to send you as he has worked steadily on a long one for some time. However a little book is about to be published about *me* “Of Una Jeffers”—mostly about our life here when we first came to Carmel 1914. The author—an intimate friend of ours—begged for a poem of that date to include. We gave her one dated 1915,—hitherto unpublished.

² It has not the greatness of his later work but is nevertheless a lovely {lyrical} quality—full of the spring of life. It is about 60 lines long. It *might* be interesting as a contrast not an illustration {to your article.} This may not fit in at all with the scheme of your issue—don’t hesitate to say if you feel you’d rather have something of recent date—at some future ♦(uncertain) time. The little book is also to contain a hither-to unpublished {short} poem of 14 lines dated 1918.

³ It foreshadows the themes of his later poems but is scarcely {not} as beautiful as the earlier one. —Several of his very early college ones were unearthed from a college paper last year. They were pretty awful! but & we refused permission to let them be published but students & English professor evinced so much excitement over their discovery (as an aid to tracing growth etc) that it occurred to me the suggestion I’ve made above might be interesting.

“Of Una Jeffers” is to be privately published by Ward Ritchie Primavera Press, Los Angeles. He says the book will be out in a month. There might be thus some question of *first* publication your dates are so close. It might be listed as

appearing contemporaneously (or some technical phrase—I dont know—). We have full control of the poems so there is no other bother.

Very sincerely,
Una Jeffers

(Writing back & forth takes time. I will, therefore, send you tomorrow, a copy of these verses. You can decide better then.)

ALS. Ray. 2 pages.

1. A. Eustace Haydon, "Robinson Jeffers: Poet and Philosopher," *University Review* 5 (Summer 1939): 235–238.
2. "To U. J."
3. "The Excesses of God."

UJ to Alexander Cappon

Tor House. Carmel. California
April 1, 1939

Dear Mr. Cappon:

I enclose the poems I spoke of {in my letter} yesterday dated 1915, 1918. On the reverse of this sheet is the text of that {part of} book in which they are to be included,—at least the text relating to the longer poem. If you should use these, be certain, please, that they are dated, & explained. You could

use any of the text you wish. If this throws your article out of balance in any way dont include, of course.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.♦

“Una liked the big enclosed garden around the Jeffers’ home in Pasadena. It was filled with flowers and every kind of fruit. ‘We are leading a Theocritan life here,’ she wrote me, ‘sitting under the grape arbor through the hot shimmering afternoons, the air is heavy with fragrance {the scent} of peaches and roses. Later the nice man who lives next door will come along that marigold path to bring me a yellow bowl of brimming with goat’s milk.’ . . . Una has given me permission to print this hitherto unpublished poem of Robin’s. It is one of the many morning songs he wrote to her. Each day when she opened her eyes, there beside her was a poem or a little freshly-gathered nosegay. This poem was written in Pasadena in 1915. They slept there on a balcony which overhung the garden, yellow & white Banksia roses cascaded over it, mockingbirds sang in the pepper trees nearby and little wandering winds carried up to them the fragrance of dew-drenched flowers,—all a part of that Theocritan idyl.”

(Poem follows) To U. J.

From “Of Una Jeffers” by Edith Greenan about to be published by Ward Ritchie Primavera Press, Los Angeles.

ALS. Ray. 2 pages.

1. Una's excerpt from *Of Una Jeffers* (pp. 12–14) is close to but not in all ways exactly like the version that was published. The text of "To U. J." is missing from the letter, as is the text of the second poem, "The Excesses of God." Both poems appeared in the *University Review* 5 (Summer 1939): 233–234, 238. Though the excerpt Una provided was not published with the poems, the origin of the poems is briefly described in the entry for Jeffers in the "Contributors to This Issue" section, page 297. The essay by A. Eustace Haydon referred to in Una's March 29, 1939 letter to Cappon also appeared in this issue.

UJ to Sydney Alberts

Tor House. Carmel. California
April 2. 1939

Dear Sydney Alberts:

Will your notes or memory give any account of the ms. of "Give Your Heart to the Hawks." Did we sell that to Whitney? I have several mss. with other Jeffers things in a cupboard. A big envelope which I've often handled over and thought of as containing the above mentioned ms. I discovered today in tidying up the shelves contains only "*Notes for Give Your Heart etc.*" R. J. also would have sworn that the ms. was there. It simply isn't, or anywhere in the house as far as we know. My papers are usually very orderly & easily located—so I {could} more easily believe it went to Whitney & we forgot than that it is mislaid.

I hope you are well—do you like "*Selected Poetry of R J*"

Cordially
Una Jeffers.

ALS. San Francisco. 1 page. Postmark: April 3, 1939.

UJ to Robert Gros

Tor House. Carmel
April 4, 1939

Dear Mr. Gros—

I am sending you as I promised a sheet of ms. This {sheet}
¹ is of very especial importance. If you have access to the fine
Bibliography of Robinson Jeffers, by Sydney Alberts (pub. by
Random House) you will see that four

or five complete (book/mss of my husband are owned by Jock
Whitney of N. Y. (we financed an Irish trip thereby!). He was
very eager to obtain the ms of “Tamar” but my husband had
cleared his desk & burnt it, after publication. The other day in
sorting some papers I came upon this sheet which is either
first—or at any rate a very early draft of one of the poems in
Tamar. If there are {extant} any other sheets of poems in this
vol. I haven’t found them. The typed & corrected poem on the
other side was published in the vol of poems by R. J. issued
by the Book Club of San Fran. {1928}. Its title there was
Open Country. —I have seen mss. of this kind framed with
glass over either side—if you frame it. — The bibliography is
worth looking at if you are in a library sometime. —It is
considered by some experts to be the finest specimen of its
kind issued over here. How anyone ♦ has patience to make
any bibliography, I can’t imagine!

Thanks for your invitation to lunch. Just now I see no immediate indication of a trip in that direction.

Cordial good wishes,
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Stanford. 2 pages.

1. See next letter.

RJ to Robert Gros

Tor House, Carmel.
April, 1939.

1

Dear Robert Gros:

My wife found this among some old papers. It is perhaps the first draft, and certainly the only surviving draft, of the poem called "Suicide's Stone," on page 250 of "Roan Stallion, Tamar and other poems." It was written probably in 1920.

Cordially,
Robinson Jeffers.

P. S. — I have just noticed that at least eight of these lines are different from the lines in the printed version. —R. J.

2

Peace is the heir of dead desire,

Whether abundance killed the cormorant In a happy hour, or
sleep or death

Drowned him deep in dreamy waters,

Peace is the ashes of that fire,

The heir of that king, the inn of that journey.

This last and best and goal: our dead

Hold it so tight we grow envious of them

And fear, under sunk lids, contempt.

Death-day greetings are the sweetest.

Let trumpets roar when a man dies

And rockets fly up, he has found his fortune.

Howbeit long hungering pitiably

That way, one shall not reach a finger

To pluck it unripe and mongrel-proved

Creep to cover; it needs more whipstocks Than life has
wasted on us yet

To make us denounce the covenant of courage.♦

3

4 BEAUTIFUL CHARM OF GOD

Beautiful charm of God, grave sanctity,
Wild quiet feet go wandering where you will.
There in the country plain you came to me.;;
A farmhouse glimmered under the far hill
All in the dying of the evening light.;;
The sea was miles away, his voice was heard,;
The west glowed red, the farmhouse glimmered white,
Down the hushed air darted a homing bird.
There were no trees, the cattle were all gone
Up the far hill to nibble the new grass,; No moving life was
there, I was alone,
In the west fire, in the west the waves' voice was,
In the east night. Beautiful smile of God
We meet on many a solitary road.
I have often met you {We are always meeting} on some
lonely road.

The above was published in "Poems by R. J." by the Book
Club of

California, 1928, under the title “Open Country.” It has not been republished in any of my other books.

—R. J.

5

ANS. Stanford. 2 pages.

1. The address and date for this note follow Jeffers’ signature, aligned left. The note itself is written at the bottom of the page, below Jeffers’ handwritten draft of the poem.

2. The postscript is written vertically on the lower left side of the page. A freestanding line is added in the top right corner: “The lily that grows in graves.”

3. For the final version of “Suicide’s Stone,” see *Collected Poetry* 4: 306. Manuscript issues are discussed in *Collected Poetry* 5: 292.

4. This typed poem appears on the reverse side of “Suicide’s Stone.” The corrections are added by hand. The poem is published as “Open Country” in *Collected Poetry* 4: 287 and discussed in *Collected Poetry* 5: 264.

5. Jeffers’ explanatory note and initials are handwritten.

UJ to Elizabeth Bauer

Tor House, Carmel, Calif
April 7, 1939

Dear Mrs. Bauer,

¹ Writing for Robinson Jeffers, he says *Barclay* began but did not finish—he turned away from humanity and then turned back to it. The reason for his madness is more or less explained in “The Theory of Truth”—the last poem in “Selected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers.”

Certainly *Helen* killed her husband out of mercy—she loved him. She was bewildered and did not find herself until the accident made him helpless and threw responsibility on her. Before ♦ that *Reeve* had been the strong and responsible one. After that she was true to her nature. I shall quote from his (Jeffers’ notes) now.

“If I have a message” (Mrs. Bauer asked if he had, in his poetry) it is expressed, perhaps, most clearly in the dialogue between Orestes and Electra at the end of “The Tower Beyond Tragedy,” beginning “Here is the last labor” . . . ending, “no time but spherical eternity.” Pages 80–82 in “Roan Stallion”; and 138–139 in “Selected Poetry.” Or it is best expressed in the last line of “Theory of Truth” referred to above.

But poetry does not necessarily have a “*message*,” except “How beautiful things are,” or “how sad—or how horrible” or even “how exciting.” These are the only messages that Homer or Shakespeare for instance have for us.

“I have never read (I think this is quoting Mr. Jeffers) a page of Schopenhauer, but of course ♦ I have read much that derives from his thought, as well as some of the ancient literature—Hindu, Greek, Chinese, Christian—that his thought derives from or is parallel to.”

Sincerely,
Una Jeffers.

ALC. Mears. 3 pages.

1. Una's original letter to Mrs. Bauer is lost. This transcription appears on the front papers of a first edition of *The Selected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers*. The identity of the person who transcribed the letter is unknown.

The existence of the transcription can possibly be explained by information contained in a letter fragment located in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities Research Center, Texas. The fragment, which consists of pages 2 and 3 of a three-page letter to Jeffers from Elizabeth Bauer, refers to an upcoming meeting of a reading group. Having previously selected Jeffers' poetry as a topic for discussion, Bauer was preparing for her role as moderator by writing Jeffers with questions about his work. Jeffers used Bauer's letter as scrap paper on which to draft a response. Una copied his comments and mailed them to Bauer under her name. It seems likely that Bauer then shared Una's letter with her reading group, and someone in attendance copied it into his or her book.

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House. Carmel
April 13. 1939

Dearest Albert—

Thanks for St. Patrick's day poems! I enclose a letter

¹—one paragraph may interest you as showing appreciation of your generous project down there. The writer has for years been an ardent Jeffers fan. He got his master's degree in English at Harvard with his thesis on Robin, & later went to School of Theology out here & wrote another on Robin. He is young but {of} *extremely metaphysical* turn of mind & erudite in his own line—his papers are always so closely reasoned & thought-out that I find them *hard* but very provocative reading. So far as I know he is the only one writing on Robin at length {and continuously} in connection with Religion. I have learned much from his papers. In March “Christian Century” pub. in Chicago, he has another article on Robin—“The Poetry of Permanence.”

²

I have just gotten for the {Occidental} collection Edith Greenan's ms. “Of Una Jeffers.” It contains much Jeffers material & pages {of notes} by Robin & me—

We hope to come to S. F. soon—for one thing to pick up the old Roman statue (little!) Julie Heyneman brought over for us. I think Sargent gave it to her.

³ & shall see you for a ♦ moment at least.

We are very downhearted today. (1) Our adored bulldog has been terribly ill with a “canine flu” going around here & is still in desperate condition at hospital. (2) Garth departs tonight for his post on the great Bell ranch Texas-New Mexico border. Its a fine thing for him—but oh my god how intolerable to let him go—to speed him on his way as *we do & ought to do*. Love makes one very vulnerable Albert! Next life I shall arrange to be coldhearted—& certainly *not* Irish!

Dearest love from Una.

Thank the dear Lord Donnan has seen the foolishness of his ways & his engagement is broken & *i* came out whole! for I had today a charming letter from his ex-fiancée who said I had been so motherly to her that when she hears that word—its my face that rises before her eyes! Isn't that nice! Donnan's prospects look *grand*. Perhaps not instantly but later he can magnificently finance our *Old Age*!

Edith Greenan I suppose you know is Teddie Kuster's second wife—that's the catch! Ward Ritchie is publishing her book.

4

ALS. Mills. 2 pages. Postmark: April 13, 1939.

1. A typed letter, dated April 9, 1939, from Benjamin Miller to Una is enclosed. In the second paragraph, Miller praises the Jeffers collection Bender donated to Occidental College.

2. Benjamin Miller, "The Poetry of Permanence," *Christian Century* 56 (March 1, 1939): 288–289.

3. A marble statue of a boy riding a dophin, found by John Singer Sargent in Rome, stood in the garden of his studio on Tite Street in London. Heyneman, a friend and former student of Sargent, acquired the statue upon his death.

4. Added in top right corner, first page.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel California
April 13. 1939

Dearest Mabel:

Thanks so much for wanting us to come to Taos. I have gotten so much to look upon it as a second home & should miss it very much. If we came this year it must be late—autumn, for that summer passage of the desert is hell, no less. We are very downhearted at the moment (1) *Haig*. He got a severe *canine flu* going round here. He seemed to recover but after a fortnight relapsed & is now in a desperate condition. There is an extraordinarily fine vet. in Salinas attending him. He advised us until yesterday to care for him ourselves—but yesterday said he must stay at hospital. He has ulcers under his tongue & must be fed with a tube etc. I am sunk & so is Robin & we look at each other in amazement & say how in God's name could we quarrel this summer about inconsequential things while *real* things might happen like harm to the boys or Tor House or Haig. What idiocies! We hope we've grown up! We never had quarrels until ♦ we were idle & vacant & thoughtless

(2) Garth goes tonight. What a darling he is & how lovely to have been home these months. I think this is a grand berth for him at Bell Ranch & if he finds at length he doesn't want to *ranch*—still the experience is fine but oh the loss to us,—his absence {absence!!} We had intended to drive him down to L. A. & see Donnan but Haig's illness has interfered.

Sonya has been fine to Donnan—all kinds of possibilities open up—nothing definite but very hopeful. Sonya writes “he is so attractive & so sturdily on his own.”

The Clapps have arrived to spend 4 mo. in Calif. Just for the moment they are in Death Valley.

Matthiases have cancelled all their European trip & will be here within a fortnight. I have the most amusing letters from Marcella from New York. She is at a million parties & seeing everybody & exploding all over the place. People seem to all meet every P.M. in N. Y. C. She was here for 2 mo ghosting Edith Greenan’s “Of Una Jeffers”

Dearest love & send this letter of Dorthy’s to Mamma

Yours.

Una. —

ALS. Yale. 2 pages.

RJ to William K. Hubbell

[April 1939]

Dear Mr. Hubbell:

¹

² I cannot tell you what is my favorite work of fiction; it depends on what I read at the moment. If For mere greatness it would probably be “The

Karamazov Brothers,” or {Tolstoy’s} “War and Peace.”. If fFor pleasure and aesthetic enjoyment it would probably be one of Thomas Hardy’s—“The Woodlanders—or “Far from the Madding Crowd.”

And my favorite chapter {of fiction} would come from one of these latter books—some description of Gabriel Oak or Giles Winterbourne and their activities.

ALD. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. William K. Hubbell (1915–2004), a writer and editor, was the director of continuity at the radio studios of the University of Kentucky, Lexington. He later became an Episcopal priest.

2. In a March 30, 1939 letter to Jeffers, Hubbell refers to “Chapters That Live,” a series of radio broadcasts then in production at the University of Kentucky. “Knowing that everyone has his or her favorite work of classic or modern fiction,” Hubbell writes, “we wish to know your favorite book, and especially, if possible, the favorite chapter in that book.” Jeffers’ draft of a response to Hubbell is written across the bottom of Hubbell’s letter.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

[April 17, 1939]

Dearest Mabel

Haig died. We are undone. Robin is as torn asunder as I am. —Don’t in the kindness of your heart get me another dog. I’ve told Noël that I’ll let him know as soon as I can endure

it—he wants to give me one but just now *any* dog would be an interloper we loved him so. Never any dog so comical & full of character—Garth went to New Mex. yesterday arrived. We took him to L. A. & had 38 hrs with Donnan. —Oh the empty Tor House—Now we starting from scratch with love & torn hearts.

Love
U. J.

APS. Yale. Postmark: April 17, 1939.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel. California
April 21. 1939

Dearest Mabel—

You can imagine how utterly lonely Robin & I felt coming back home last Sunday—no Garth & Donnan,—no darling Haig. We miss him every moment. I dont know how much I told you on my card—(I got your wire today). Wednesday the doctor said I must leave him at the hospital (in Salinas). He agreed to telegraph me if he got worse. Garth was to start to L. A. on bus at 10:30 {P.M} from Monterey or 11:00 from Salinas {Thursday}. We decided to take Garth to Salinas & if Haig was about the same to drive to L. A. with him that night, but if worse, we would not go. We got there around 10 at the hospital & he was dead!—just slipped away in his sleep. We turned around & brought him back to Tor House & buried him wrapped in his travelling rug—then set out for L. A. in a very daze of

sorrow—drove all night & got to Donnan's about 7:40 am. Spent that day & night & until Sat. pm at 3:30 with him. Garth started ♦ from L. A. on bus at 3:30 got to Tumcari next pm at 10:30 I had a letter from him written Mon. Apr 17. He was just leaving Tucumcari for the ranch with the foreman on a truck. It was snowing! I imagine he will have plenty of hard work but he wont mind that if he is in the open. I hope he will work into something good there. {He weighed 207 lbs & looked so handsome & dear!}

Shim is a very sick boy. In fact Gay said the doctors have all given him up, except one who was to make a further gland test last Monday. He was home from the Santa Barbara Sanitorium for a few days. He looks *awful*—just like a little ghost & is pathetic, so patient & weak. They have had the best specialists in Calif. & one from Chicago & none of them has found out what ails him. The enlarged heart condition has been rectified with care but he is no better his blood pressure is 200 (should be 114) & he has had hemorrhages in various places from the weakened capillary walls—some behind his eyes which have left him half blind—he cannot read at all. Teddies rich aunt Lou

¹ has financed all the doctor & other bills for Shim. He is having the best of care. {Gay is not very well either—back strained in car accident. Has to sleep on a board.} ♦ Gay & Teddie & their two children are living in a sweet little house up Benedict Cañon—10 minutes beyond my friend Hazel Pinkham's house on Tower Road. I would die there I think, though, its so shut in—you can't see more than a few rods in any direction. Horrors! Anyway I hate Los A—

Of Una Jeffers is a very simple & affectionate little book about me & us here at Tor House—mostly little memories of

twenty or more years ago. Yes, its {by} Teddie's second wife. When we came back from Taos last summer she confessed she was doing it—dictating her memories to a young man named Harvey Taylor who claimed to have helped Elinor Wylie's sister

Nancy do the one of Elinor.

²—The ms. dragged along—he was kind of a bum & got a lot of money out of Edith, for she has plenty. —Finally Marcella Burke came up & stayed & whipped it into shape. It will be published very shortly by Ward Ritchie Press Los Ang.

I havent heard a word from John Evans since they were leaving the farm when he sent me some charming kodaks of the children (I showed them to his Aunt Margaret

³ when ♦ she called here.) How sure they were that they would never tire of living on the farm!

Yes, we've read Krishnamurti's books—some of them for Blanche always got all the pamphlets. We admire him tremendously & respect him—{He e is so disinterested—wants nothing} But I cannot say we his ideas fit our needs—or that we perhaps really *understand* his ideas. They seemed always so indefinite &, in general, he would not explain clearly—fearing to chrystallize {crystalize} & hinder themtheir {expanding} if stated {definitely} His friend & sec. Rogagopal stated them more clearly than Krishnaji did. He is always present at the talks & often by questions would lead K on to explaining a little.

I do not expect war—but plenty of people do! Russell Matthias felt enough anxiety to cancel their trip. My friend Percy Peacock writes from England that he does not but says people are *depressed* there {&business bad.}

We had tea yesterday at Fishes. They are truly sweet & contented together. Grace & Tex Raiburn up there are separated & Grace has left the ranch.

Lots of love from
Una

Yes I am glad D. broke off with Doots
⁴ but I fear his heart is still pretty sore about it. —She is so erratic & neurotic & undirected & disorganizing that she was the poorest kind of influence. He arrived at his decision by himself.

⁵

Jack Hastings fined big sum for alienating affections of Edgar Wallace's son's wife.

⁶ Wonder what Cristina did.

⁷ Once years ago she cut a woman with a pair of shears in a London drawing-room for tampering with her husband!

⁸?

Was called backstage to see a man dancer in a recital here lately. Could not imagine who 'twass at first. Found it was Jose Limon.

⁹ Remember?

¹⁰

Shim seemed much disappointed that he had not seen Brett.

¹¹ I enclose a poem by Robin.

¹²

The Dog's Grave—Haig's Grave

¹³

I've changed my ways a little: I cannot now
Run with you in the evenings along the shore,
Except in a kind of dream: and you, if you dream a moment,
You see me there.
So leave awhile the paw-marks on the front door
Where I used to scratch to go out or in,
And you'd soon open; leave on the kitchen floor,
The marks of my drinking pan.
I cannot lie by your fire as I used to do
On the warm stone;
Nor at the foot of your bed: no, all the nights through
I lie alone.
But your kind thought has laid me less than six feet
Outside your window where firelight so often plays,
And where you sit to read—and I fear often grieving for
me—
Every night your lamplight lies on my place.
You, man and woman, live so long it is hard

To think of you ever dying:

A little dog would get tired living so long.

I hope that when you are lying

Under the ground like me your lives will appear

As good and joyful as mine. <over> ♦

No, dears, that's too much hope: you are not as well cared for

As I have been.

You never have felt the passionate individual {undivided}

Fidelities that I knew.

Your minds are perhaps too active, too many-sided

But to me you were true.

You were never masters but friends. I was your friend.

I loved you deeply and was loved. Deep love endures

To the end and far past the end. If this is my end,

I am not lonely. I am not afraid. I am still yours.

ALS. Yale. 6 pages.

1. Louise (Eshman) Kerckhoff (1859–1946), Teddie Kuster's maternal aunt. Following the death of her husband William

Kerckhoff in 1929, Louise assumed responsibility for the couple's philanthropic activities. Among her initial projects was the endowment of a building in her husband's honor at UCLA. Kerckhoff Hall, the first student union, was dedicated in January 1931. Major bequests to UCLA, other research institutions, and charities continued through the years.

2. Nancy Hoyt, *Elinor Wylie: The Portrait of an Unknown Lady* (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1935).

3. Margaret Carolyn (Erskine) Evans (1871–ca. 1950) was the wife of James Carey Evans (1862–1931), president of Great Lakes Transit Corporation in Buffalo, New York. James Evans was the brother of Karl Evans, John's father.

4. Dorothy Rubel.

5. Written in top margin, page 1.

6. Bryan Edgar Wallace (1904–1971), a writer, was the son of prolific British author Edgar Wallace (1875–1932). Bryan and his wife Margaret Winifred (Lane) Wallace (1907–1994) divorced in 1939 as a result of her romantic relationship with Jack Hastings. Jack divorced his wife Cristina in 1943 and married Margaret the following year. As Margaret Lane, the Countess of Huntingdon was the author of a number of influential books, including *The Tale of Beatrix Potter: A Biography* (1946), *The Brontë Story* (1953), and *Samuel Johnson and His World* (1975).

7. Cristina Hastings married Wogan Philipps, 2nd Baron Milford (1902–1993) in January 1944. Philipps was an artist, farmer, and outspoken communist.

8. Written in top margin, page 3.
9. José Arcadio Limón (1908–1972), a dancer and choreographer born in Mexico, was the founder of the José Limón Dance Company in New York. Una met Limón in June 1938 at a party hosted by Mabel in Taos.
10. Added in space between paragraphs, middle of page 3.
11. Added in space between paragraphs, near top of page 4.
12. Added after Una’s signature, page 4.
13. The idea for this poem by Jeffers may have come from a poem by Thomas Hardy.
See “Dead ‘Wessex’ the Dog to the Household,” *Winter Words* (New York: Macmillan, 1928):

159–160.

UJ to Hyatt Howe Waggoner

Tor House. Carmel. California
April 27. 1939

Dear Mr. Waggoner:

I ought long ago to have thanked you for your interesting article on Robinson Jeffers. He has long made it a rule not to comment on articles on his work, partly because he seldom writes a letter—partly the length of time involved in long discussions. I may say he has what seems to me a curious indifference about *putting over* his own point of view. He

says he states things as clearly as he is able in his poetry and has to let it go at that.

Your article interested me very much—although I do not agree with some of your opinions. I happen to know for instance that he has never been interested in behaviorism & although he has been tremendously interested in psychoanalysis is very sceptical about the accuracy of diagnosis & almost entirely so about any therapeutic value in it. He does not believe with Mr. Krutch that love has been taken away by scientific analysis—nor does he ♦ affirm nihilistic pessimism.—

But I am not going to *attempt* to outline his beliefs.

Do come in to see us if you are ever near—and everyone does come to California. You can ask him yourself, and in any case look out at some magnificent scenery.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Brown. 2 pages.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel
April 27. 1939

Dearest Melba:

I am afraid we cannot get down to you before you leave May 10, but if your invitation holds good we may be able to in the

early fall. Garth has gone to (*address* Bell Ranch, New Mexico). He says he was told by people he met on the bus & in Tucumcari that any cowboy would “give his jaw teeth to work on the Bell Ranch.”—Well we have told Mabel we can’t go to Taos at our usual time & as she has suggested autumn then, we *may* go then & get a glimpse of Garth if he can spare the time!

It sounds interesting about the book.

¹ I think Robin will answer any direct questions you ask. He says he remembers though so little about his childhood—it is very much a blank. Isn't it queer he was not happy. He had to study all the ♦ time. His father just *drove* him—He remembers much headache etc. However he is able to talk more about his Switzerland & Leipsig days. {In spite of feeling he was unfairly *pushed* by his father he is devoted to him.} Hamilton will be able to tal answer anything you ask if he can but I fancy he didn't notice Robin's childhood much. I'll ask him to turn a favorable eye on you!

We have had a great sorrow since I saw you our darling Haig died of flu. We miss him terribly. Noël wishes to give me another bulldog when I can bear it. Just now any dog would seem an interloper. He shared everything with us & scarcely ever was away from our side night or day.

I have a tiny diary of Robin's mother about his babyhood & other diaries show her life abroad somewhat. The boys were usually in school while she lived en pension. Of course I have lots of old photographs of interest. I can give you an address or two to get in touch with people helpful about former days.—An old friend named ♦ George Evans who is a prof. of Eng.

in Ohio is articulate and devoted to R. —Also there is living in North East, Penn. a relative

² of his great Aunt Mary, that *remarkable* woman who lived with the Jeffers off & on years at a time & went abroad with them. She lived about until 1926 or so & I knew her well.

I was cross the other day that I hadn't found in time for your book on R & the Sea, a little poem of his in ms. called *Ninth Anniversary*. —it was written nine years after moving into Tor House & is all about his love of the Sea here! He never revised or published it.

You *are* an enthusiast! Your little poetry class! I wonder if the children know the Sea. —would the first two stanzas of the Purse-Seiners interest them? It is I think wonderfully vivid about the night fishing, or *Fire on the Hills*?

Edith Greenan's "Of Una Jeffers" will be out soon. Do you want a copy?—around \$4. I think. I think Ward Ritchie will send you an announcement. It is very unpretentious but affectionate & people who've read it say very interesting. Marcella Burke came up & did it at the last as the man who was ghosting it never finally whipped it into shape.

AL. HRC Texas. 3 pages.

1. With the idea in mind of writing a biography, Melba was gathering information about Jeffers' early years.

2. Harriet Hampson (1881–1967), a public School teacher who was Mary McCord's niece by marriage. Mary's husband Andrew McCord and Harriet's mother Anna (McCord) Hampson were brother and sister.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California
April 27. 1939

Dear Bennett—

I don't believe I ever gave anyone a letter to you—but I have done that—to Marcella Burke. I know such things are a bother in a place as busy as N. Y. She has been there a month now and if she hasn't presented it, maybe *won't*. Please forgive me—but she is worth seeing!

¹ S he is from Hollywood—did the scenario of “Mad about Music” etc.

² She is one of the most amusing companions in the world. —gay & charming.

—Our friends the Clapps have lately arrived in California for four months stay. Our son Garth having graduated in anthropology at Berkeley now has got a post on a half million acre cattle ranch. Texas-New Mexico border. He wants to learn ranch management. Donnan is senior at Univ. of Calif. at Los Angeles.♦

We are very sad—our darling darling English bulldog died of flu. He was with us night & day & we miss him constantly!

Yes we read George Stewart's *East of the Giants*. It was *good!*

³

We are going up to S. F. tomorrow to a dinner Noël Sullivan & his co-trustees of the Phelan Estate are giving {at the Bohemian Club} for the judges of the Phelan awards in Art & Letters. Robin has served for three or four years on the Poetry award committee. He is sulky about going to the dinner—but will enjoy it, once there. I want to go to the Fine Arts Bldg again at the Fair some grand paintings. —and also to *Our Town*.

4

Erskine & Sara were down here about a month ago to see Moor-B “Moor-Born” a grand performance of it—(You know Brontes—) Erskine was sweet coming in all rosy from his drive down—in a Glengarry bonnet. He was dashing back to town {S. F.} next morn to a luncheon for West Point graduates. He is {87} the oldest grad on the coast.

Please ask that our royalty check be sent pronto when due May 1. We’ve got a whopping sewer assessment to meet.

5

Warm love from us both.

6

Una.

ALS. Berkeley. 2 pages.

1. In a May 4, 1939 letter to Una (TCC Berkeley), Cerf says “I will be delighted to see Marcella Burke when she comes in.” “Incidentally,” he adds, “I had real hopes that Robin was going to get the Pulitzer Prize this year, but alas, dodoes remain dodoes, and there just doesn’t seem to be anything anybody can do about it!”

2. Burke, along with Frederick Kohner, was nominated for an Academy Award in 1939 (Best Writing, Original Story) for *Mad About Music* (1938) starring Deanna Durbin.

3. In a letter to Una dated April 11, 1939 (TCC Berkeley), Cerf says, “Incidentally, we have added another California author to the Random House. George Stewart’s books will be published under our imprint from now on. Do you know him or his work?”

4. Thornton Wilder’s *Our Town*, winner of the 1938 Pulitzer Prize for Drama, was performed at the Curran Theatre in San Francisco from April 24 to May 6.

5. A new sewage disposal plant, located a half-mile west of the Carmel River bridge, was due for completion in September 1939. Robinson, Una, and their attorney Argyll Campbell (1882–1943) appeared at a Sanitary Board meeting in July 1939 to request taxation relief, but their plea was unsuccessful. See “People Talked About,” *Carmel Pine Cone* (July 14, 1939): 7.

6. The closing and signature are written vertically in left margin.

UJ to Julie Heyneman

Tor House. Carmel
May Day 1939

Dear Julie:

The garden marble is here safe & stands in the courtyard to south of the gate by the group of cypresses near the tower. I will take a snapshot of it soon & send you. Hans was here yesterday & thought it looked charming in our place. I forget if you if ever told me what you knew of its history. Tell Ellen sometime if it tires you to write & let her tell me. You were very sweet to bring it to us. Donnan is coming home for this next weekend & will be overjoyed to find it here.

It was so nice to see you settled amongst your own things in that sunny convenient flat. I hope you will soon be making pictures out the window as you did of the Carmel shore.

We are enjoying the English papers so much. There was a review of Wordsworth later letters (Dorothy & Wm) by Malcolm Muggeridge which suited me better than ♦ anything I ever read about the {appraisment of the} later Wordsworth.

¹ I think Mug—used to be on the Manchester Guardian.

Sorry I forgot to ask you about the hob Hobhouses.

Thanks again, Julie

Love from Una.

Perhaps the Hobhouses might like to have this Kodak.

²

ALS. Berkeley. 2 pages.

1. Malcolm Muggeridge, “Men and Books,” *Time & Tide* 20 (February 18, 1939): 208–210, a review of *The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: The Later Years*, 3

volumes, edited by Ernest de Selincourt (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1939).

2. Added in top right corner, first page.

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

Tor House. Carmel. California

May 1. 1939

Dearest Phoebe:

When we got home I found here some lovely photographs of Haig. Horace Lyon (Duncan McDuffie's brother-in-law) had made them "for Haig's friends." And I send a copy of Robin's poem.

I have long intended to give you a scrap of ms. of Robin's but never got around to it. His books {mss.} have been kept intact, each by each, so that covered most everything. Yesterday I, at long last, got around to going through a ms. & letter trunk, & found something for you. I think it will be a poem with typewritten variorum readings with lines of {hand}-written changes & interpolations—I haven't finished the investigation yet.

You asked me twice about book mss. for a friend of yours who might wish to buy. —Don't take any trouble about it but if you ever see him by chance you can say there is a first (& discarded) version, incomplete, of *Cawdor*. It consists of 76 sheets of typewriter paper written ♦ in pencil in Robin's minute hand. About ten pages are written on the back—notes & lines to be used in the poem. If you will look on {opposite}

page 50 in the Alberts' Bibliography of R. J. you will see a sample page of *Cawdor* from the first complete draft which is owned by John Hay Whitney. {The incomplete draft looks similar.} You will see {it says that} the complete draft consisted of 137 pages.

This & a typewritten sheet of an unpublished {& unrevised} poem the gist of which is the second paragraph on page 51 {of the Bibliography} beginning "The soil I dig up here," can be had for \$450.00—Don't, I reiterate take any trouble about this. The mss will keep— & so many people have felt the pinch of the times that such items are pure luxury, nowadays.

We have also the complete book mss of *Solstice & Such Counsels you gave to me*.

We had such a nice little visit with Hans yesterday. Wish I had had today's letter from Garth to read to him. He is busy & gay, roping & branding (& butchering!) & carting hay & killing two coupling rattlesnakes (he is always killing rattlers {here}!) & going on an expedition with some university profs to photograph & explore pictograph caves which will soon be hidden by waters of a dam! He sounds happy & plenty of work!

Best love from
Una

It was grand to see such a pretty well, gay Phoebe!

1

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. Postmark: May 2, 1939.

1. Added in top right corner, first page.

RJ to Phoebe Barkan

[May 1939]

Dear Phoebe:

The typed verses are in Roan Stallion. The pencilled verses were written immediately afterwards and never published, but we have given them to Edith Greenan for her “Of Una Jeffers.” This is the first draft, and hasn’t been changed, except perhaps a word.

1

—Robin.

DIVINELY SUPERFLUOUS BEAUTY

The storm-dances of gulls, the barking of seals,

Over and under the ocean . . .

Divinely superfluous beauty

Rules the games, presides over destinies, makes trees grow

And hills stand and {tower,} and waves fall.

The incredible beauty of joy

Stars with fire the joining of lips, O let our loves too

Be joined, there is not a maiden

Burns and thirsts for life

More than my blood for you, by the shore of seals while the wings

Weave like a web in the air

Divinely superfluous beauty.

² Is it not by his high superfluosness we know

Our God? For to equal a need

Is natural, animal, mineral; but to fling

Rainbows over the rain,

And beauty above the moon, and secret rainbows

On the domes of deep sea-shells;

To make the necessary [illegible]embrace of breeding

Beautiful also as fire,

Not even the weeds to multiply without blossom

Nor the birds without music;

Here is the greatgiant humaneness at heart of things,

The extravagant kindness, the fountain

Humanity understands, and would flow likewise

If power and desire were perch mates.

ANS. San Francisco. 1 page.

1. This note to Phoebe is written in the lower right corner of the page, beneath the typescript of “Divinely Superfluous Beauty.”

2. On the left side of the page, also beneath the typed poem, is Jeffers’ handwritten draft of “The Excesses of God.” For a detailed discussion of textual issues for both poems, see *Collected Poetry* 5: 314–316. The poems themselves appear in *Collected Poetry* 1: 4.

RJ to Phoebe Barkan

[May 1939]

Dear Phoebe:

This is an early draft of “Promise of Peace,” which is printed page 281 of the Modern Library “Roan Stallion.”

—Robin.

The Heads of Strong Old Age

The heads of strong old age are beautiful

Beyond all grace of youth. They have strange quiet,

Integrity, health, soundness, to the full

They've dealt with life and been attempered by it.

A young man must not sleep, his years are war

Civil and foreign but the former's worse,

But t The old can breathe in safety, now they are

Forgetting what youth means, the being perverse

Running the foolish {fool's} gauntlet, being {and getting} cut

By the whips of the five senses. As for me

If I should wish to live long it were but

To trade this youth {these fevers} for gray tranquility

I think {For sure} there's quiet under an earthly tent, the
earth-earth

flap {the earth-flap tent}

But how can {when do} dead men taste their deep content?◆

Here is another draft of "Promise of Peace."

2

—Love from Robin

YOUTH PASSES
{Promise of Peace}

The Heads of strong Old Age

The heads of strong old age are beautiful

Beyond all grace of youth. They have strange quiet,

Integrity, health, soundness, to the full

They've dealt with life and been attempered by it.

A young man must not sleep, his years are war

Civil and foreign but the former's worse,

While {But} The old can breathe in safety now {that} they
are

Forgetting what youth means, the being perverse,

Running the fool's gauntlet and getting cut

By the whips of the five senses. As for me

If I should wish to live long it were but

To trade these fevers for tranquility,

Indeed there's quiet under the earth flap tent

But when do dead men taste their deep content

{No doubt but there's tranquility in the grave}

{But how shall dead men taste the jewel they have}

{How shall the dead taste the great treasure they have}

{Thinking, tho though that's entire and sweet in the grave,
How shall the dead taste the great treasure they have?}

ANS.sann Francisco. 3 pages.

1. Two drafts of "Promise of Peace" were probably sent to Phoebe at the time Jeffers sent copies of "Divinely Superfluous Beauty" and "The Excesses of God" (See RJ to Phoebe, just preceding). Jeffers' note to Phoebe on the first draft is added beneath the typed poem; the corrections are handwritten. The manuscript page also contains titles for a collection of poems. While most of the titles are crossed out—including "A Woman Down the Coast," "Youth's a Fool," "Youth Will Pass," "Youth Is an Evil," "Youth Passes," and "On the Way"—one title is left alone: "God's Peace in November and Other Poems by R.J." The reverse side contains additional ideas for a collection of poems and miscellaneous notes.

2. This note is added beneath the second draft. The poem is typed; corrections are handwritten. For the final version of the poem, see *Collected Poetry* 4:289. Textual issues are discussed in *Collected Poetry* 5:267 and 1055–1056.

RJ to Justine Lynn

[May, 1939]1

Dear Miss Lynn:

1

² I have read a number of books by Freud and Jung and their disciples, but this was mostly 20 years ago, and I do not remember the titles of the books, nor which most impressed me.

I have not read Beatrice Hinkle's book,
³ and therefore speak more or less in the dark; but my first reaction to the paragraph you quote—"necessity of self-creation"—is to think that no man can {man cannot} re-create himself, any more than by taking thought he can add a cubit to his stature.

No man can make an invention or a poem by willing it. They come, or they do not come. We can only prepare the way a little—sweep out distractions. And I think no man can make himself a new man by willing or desiring it.

—As for the present being a critical time for humanity—yes. But no more critical than {a} dozen former times, before in history and pre-history. {most of them prehistoric.}

Sincerely,

ALD. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. Justine Lynn (1909–1995) was an elementary schoolteacher in Morganfield, Kentucky when this letter was written. She was also completing studies for an M.A. in English at the University of Kentucky. For her thesis, titled "The Study of the Jeffers Symbol for Introversion" (August 1939), Lynn wrote Jeffers with questions about his interest in or familiarity with psychoanalysis.

2. Jeffers' response to Lynn exists in three forms: the handwritten draft presented here, a typed transcription of the handwritten draft, and a version prepared by Una. The first two are located in the Jeffers archives at the Humanities ReSearch Center, Texas. Una's version, substantially the same except for a different opening paragraph and changed pronouns throughout, is the one Lynn actually received. A typed transcript of Una's letter, dated May 3, 1939, is included in Lynn's thesis.

3. Beatrice Hinkle (1874–1953), a physician and psychoanalyst, was one of the first women to study with Freud and Jung. She is the translator of Jung's *Psychology of the Unconscious* (1916) and author of *The Re-Creating of the Individual: A Study of Psychological Types and Their Relation to Psychoanalysis* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1923).

UJ to Lawrence Lee

Tor House. Carmel. California
May 3. 1939.

Dear Mr. Lee:

1

I have been hoping that Robinson Jeffers would have a poem to send you for your Virginia Quarterly Review which we enjoy reading so much. But he has been working steadily for some time on a long poem. I shall keep your request in mind.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Virginia. 1 page.

1. Lawrence Lee (1903–1978), editor of the *Virginia Quarterly Review* from 1938 to 1940.

UJ to Alexander Cappon

Tor House. Carmel. California
May 4. 1939

Dear Mr. Cappon:

Here I have for you a very recent poem by Robinson Jeffers. You may use it in the University Review as you wished.

¹ May I have several copies of the Review?

You may use the two old poems I sent you as I said in my previous letter with proper dates on them & reference to the book *Of Una Jeffers* by Edith Greenan. Will you make sure that the publisher's name is correct—I am afraid I gave you the old name of his press. —It used to be called Primavera Press but is now known by its owner's name *The Ward Ritchie Press*, Los Angeles. He is a young & very good printer whose work will be well known I think.

We look forward to seeing the Review.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers.

ALS. Ray. 1 page.

1. “Watch the Lights Fade” was published with “To U. J.” and “The Excesses of God” in the *University Review* 5 (Summer 1939): 239. A note about Jeffers in the “Contributors to This Issue” section, page 297, concludes with the following observation: “‘The Excesses of God’ (written in 1918) is indicative of the sombre mood that was developing in his work. ‘Watch the Lights Fade,’ a very recent work, represents the even darker spirit of Jeffers’ later period.”

UJ to George Dillon

Tor House. Carmel. California
May 5, 1939

Dear Mr. Dillon—
1

You wrote to my husband several months ago suggesting he send a poem or group of poems to *Poetry*. He is working on a long poem and few short ones transpire. I enclose one which *Poetry* may publish if it suits your needs.
2

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers

(Mrs. Robinson Jeffers)

ALS. Chicago. 1 page.

1. George Hill Dillon (1906–1968), a poet and translator, joined the staff of *Poetry* in 1925 and held the position of

editor from 1937 to 1949. His first book, *Boy in the Wind* (1927), was followed by *The Flowering Stone* (1931), which won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1932. Dillon's long association with Edna St. Vincent Millay, as paramour and friend, resulted in their joint translation of Baudelaire's *Flowers of Evil* (1936).

2. "Come, Little Birds" was published in *Poetry* 55 (October 1939): 1–6.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel. California
May 9. 1939

Dearest Mabel:

Donnan came home for the weekend and made us happy—also {he} clipped the trees in the driveway & he is the only one I can get to do that properly. Robin would let us live in a jungle & Garth thinks the job too pernicky. I am getting a lot of clearing out & cleaning up of cupboards done now that we are alas! alone. Robin worked three afternoons last week on the boys' room. It will be ever so long before it is done—or needed! but there is no hurry & the expense of finishing it (roof etc) will be something—so I let him dawdle along with it. We have been taking some long walks lately. We've rather neglected long walks for some time because we hated to leave Haig alone & he got too tired after a few miles. The time

has arrived when we fear we must at last put up some of our land for sale. It We are to be stuck with a terrific sewer tax. There are ♦ 36 lots you know & an entirely new sewer system

is being put in—a reduction plant over *beyond* the artichoke fields on the way to Fish ranch. The horrid ruin of that thing south of us by the river mouth will be taken away.

Donnan says he saw Gabrielle in Beverly Hills. She told him they had moved from the cañon house where we called. I am glad. It seemed most impractical & inconvenient to me & so shut-in which makes me breathless. Donnan said Gabrielle told me {him} that Shim had *not* gone back to the sanitorium which surprises me for the other children almost reduce him to tears with nervousness, they are so noisy. I don't know what is being done for him at present. Donnan promised to ask Gabrielle tonight when he is going to a play produced by Uncle Teddie at the school. He said Gabrielle acted serene & cheerful.

Garth writes such amusing letters about his experiences at the ranch. He is into all the roping & dehorning & butchering (for ranch use) ♦ and spraying for against grasshoppers. He tells us that the doctors give Mitchell's young son no more than two months to live.

¹ He has a white blood corpusule disease & has just come home from hospital in Amarillo. There seem to be *flocks* of rattlesnakes there, very big ones.

²

It is sweet heavenly weather now—with sun & flowers arioting & blue sparkling sea. I am glad because the Clapps are here & they need the sun. They are in great form. I've never in all these years seen him look so well. I love him as much as ever. {35 years now!}

We went up to a very grand dinner Noël gave at the Bohemian Club—stayed with Leon & Leslie Roos. I've gotten extremely fond of her whom I thought at first when I met her five years ago, so cold. She is rather a great lady—in her poise & dignity & unflinching courtesy. I was amazed at her bearing when Mario died—they were such intimate friends. She & Ernestine were motoring down to see him & to go to Moor-Born when he died. She had just talked with him over the phone before starting. ♦

Yes I've met the Hubbels several times & like them tremendously. He is not only a friend of Hamilton's but they are both devoted to my old time lover Dr. Clinton Judy,
³ who is head of the English Dep't at Cal. Teck. (where the son
⁴ of Sonia Levine goes).

Awful! I hope Miriam's boy is all right.
⁵ He might easily have broken his neck. I was surprised to hear of Dr. Light
⁶ functioning as usual. Someone had told me that she was unbalanced & in a sanatorium in Ariz. or Palm Springs.

I wonder what you will think of Edith's book. Its so very objective about me that one can check its accuracy—mostly conversations & our early life here in Carmel. It does not pretend to analyze or appraise me except as I affected her & my house-hold. You will perhaps think there is too little of Robin in it, or, at least, of his genius. He is just the husband in it & friend {to Edith} & *at the start*, according to some of my friends a liability! The poems in it are fresh & lyrical & were some of the morning-songs he used to write me, along with

the little nosegays he picked for me in Belle-Mère's garden. They are charming, never before published, full of the freshness of youth & early morning.

I've got to dash now, collect Robin from the stoves & take us down to vote on school bonds.

Love from Una

7

Pitiful letter from the old lady—! & why do these fans get the idea that writers are sitting {sitting} longing to receive & write letters.

8

Rhys Williams is here just back from Spain. Very jittery. He & Lucita live in Canada

9

Did you hear Duke of Windsor broadcast from Verdun yesterday

10

11'

Cape is about to publish a *History of Moore Hall* by Joseph Hone. He is using some of my journal & snapshots

12

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Albert Mitchell's seven-year-old son, Thomas Edward Mitchell, died July 22, 1939.

2. On the day that Thomas died, Mitchell's nine-year-old daughter Linda was bitten by a rattlesnake on ranch property and rushed to a hospital in Raton for medical attention. Mitchell also had a five-year-old son, Albert, whose birth was followed by the death of Mitchell's wife, Julia (Sundt) Mitchell (1898–1934), three days later.
3. Clinton Judy and Edwin Hubble once roomed together. Later in life, they were neighbors on Woodstock Road in San Marino, California.
4. Serge Hovey (1920–1989), a student at the California Institute of Technology when this letter was written, became a noted composer and musicologist. His credits include *The Songs of Robert Burns*, which he researched and arranged. The recordings, in a seven-album set, were performed by Jean Redpath.
5. Probably Miriam Hapgood Dewitt, who was married to Edward Bright at this time and had two sons—Edward “Ned” Bright (b. 1934) and Timothy Bright (b. 1937).
6. Gertrude W. Light (1872–1960) earned her medical degree at Johns Hopkins University. As a physician in New York active in social welfare causes, Light belonged to the coterie of artists and intellectuals who attended Mabel's Greenwich Village salons. She moved to Taos around 1925 and established a practice devoted primarily to the care of women and children.
7. The closing and signature are written vertically in the right margin, page 4.

8. Written in top right corner, page 1.
9. Written vertically in left margin, page 1.
10. Written vertically in left margin, page 1.
11. In his first public broadcast since his abdication in 1936, the Duke of Windsor addressed the world from the World War I battlefield of Verdun. England and some other countries blocked the May 8 speech, but it was heard across the United States. “The world has not yet recovered from the effects of the last carnage, which in each and every country decimated my generation,” said the Duke in his plea for peace. “The greatest success that any government could achieve for its own national policy would be nothing in comparison with the triumph of having contributed to save humanity from the terrible fate that threatens it today.”
12. Written vertically in left margin, page 3. *The Moores of Moore Hall* by Joseph Hone (London: Jonathan Cape, 1939) concludes with several pages of excerpts from Una’s 1937 travel diaries, in which she describes her visit to Moore Hall with Robinson and the twins. See pages 277–282.

RJ to G. Wilson Knight

Tor House, Carmel, California.
May 13, 1939.

Dear Mr. Knight:

1

It was thoroughly ungrateful of me not to have thanked you for the book and the pamphlet at the proper time. I read them four months ago, with interest and pleasure. I can only plead that it is habitually impossible for me to write a letter. My wife writes them for me, almost always; she leaves to my care only the exceptional or important ones—which consequently never get written, or half a year too late.

To-night I have looked again at “Atlantic Crossing,” and again read “Myth and Miracle,” every word.

² (They have been lying all this while on our living-room table, where books come and go like waves of the sea, but these have kept their place, and not neglected.) “Atlantic Crossing” has charm, wide horizons and wisdom, but a little too playful—I should say *smiling*—for my damned serious nature. The Shakespearean essay seems to me to have discovery in it—I mean of Shakespeare’s mind and vision—not necessarily of the spiritual world, but perhaps of that too, in a sense. It interests me deeply. Thank you very much, for both books.

Perhaps you will be in California some time—almost everyone seems to arrive here sooner or later. We’d be very happy to see you.

I have this moment found and re-read your letter, and it makes me the more ashamed of not having answered in decent time.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Columbia. 1 page.

1. George Wilson Knight (1897–1985), English literary critic and Shakespeare scholar.

2. In addition to *Atlantic Crossing: An Autobiographical Design* (London: J. M. Dent, 1936) and *Myth and Miracle: An Essay on the Mystic Symbolism of Shakespeare* (London: Burrow, 1929), Knight published many other books, including *The Wheel of Fire* (1930), *The Shakespearan Tempest* (1932), *The Starlit Dome: Studies in the Poetry of Vision* (1941), *Christ and Nietzsche: An Essay in Poetic Wisdom* (1948), and *The Golden Labyrinth: A Study of British Drama* (1962).

UJ and RJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel.
May 1939.

Melba—

I found this among old mss. —exactly what I should have given you for your “Robinson Jeffers & the Sea.”

Una Jeffers

1♦

NINTH ANNIVERSARY

Only a fortnight out of nine years has found me afield

From the ocean-cliff where I perched my house,

And long before that I lived in hearing of the long voice

And thunder of the shore: yet to this hour

I never look west but shaken with a joyful shock of
astonishment,

By dark nor by day: there the most glorious

Creature on earth shines in the nights or glitters in the suns,

Or feels of its stone in the blind fog,

Or shakes its hair in the storms: I never wake in my bed

But surprised with pleasure to hear it speaking.

An east wind brings me the smell of the river, all the others
carry

The sea-fragrances, the salt and the sea-wings.

—What, did my blood before me live inland always?

—Admire

One's next neighbor after nine years?

Robinson Jeffers.

Tor House, Carmel.

August 15, 1928

—Dug up from old manuscripts by Una, and typed by Robin,
May 18, 1939, for Melba Bennett. —Una wishes She'd found
it for Melba's book.

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. This note is written in the top right corner of a page of paper containing a draft of "Ninth Anniversary," handwritten and extensively revised by Jeffers. The location and date of the note are added beneath Una's signature. The reverse side of the page contains a portion of a narrative poem, also handwritten by Jeffers in draft form.

Two typewritten copies of "Ninth Anniversary" accompany the holograph. On one, Jeffers has written "Tor House, Carmel. August 15, 1928." The other has the same information typed. The second version, provided here, is signed by Jeffers and includes his note to Melba. The only significant difference between the two typed versions of the poem is in the eleventh line, where Jeffers makes a handwritten correction: "An east wind brings me the smell of young trees, {the river,} all the others carry."

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

[May 1939]

QUESTIONS FOR ROBIN TO ANSWER

1

1887

What was the house (on Ridge Ave.) like?

Ridge Ave house dark looking house 3 storied brick smokey looking.

One of {the} three he thinks {that} belonged to Seminary used to house professors.

How long did you live there?

Left before 1 year old

When did Minnie

² come to live in your home? Before or after your birth?

Do you remember anything your parents may have said of her?

No. cant recall.

Do you remember if the place in North East where you spent the summer was a rented house, or rooms in someone's home that first summer?

Always at Aunt Mary's when he remembers being there in North East.

1888

What was house in Sewickley like? Same house at North East for summer?

Sewickley house 2½ or three stories, half-timbered effect lawn in front & a back yard

Charnley's lived next door. remembers going into their yard to play crawling into chicken coop & running a long nail into his head (bumped it) cut a gash very bloody

Is Cousin Mary and Aunt Mary the same person?

Who said “Cousin Mary”? —Can’t think

Did the Robinsons

³ live next door to you?

{Robinsons} No not next door probably ¼ mile away.

Do you remember Quaker Valley or any incidents there? Did you continue to go there after you were an older child?

Quaker valley was west end of Sewickley down the river

Edgeworth where Twin Hollows was—about a mile down river from

Sewickley

Suppose Quaker Valley refers to Robinson’s house went there often

pleasant big lawns & trees

Quaker Valley = name railroad station nearest Robinsons

1889

Where living?

Summer?

Sewickley

When does William, the driver, enter picture?

{W^m Hicks} At Twin Hollows

What was William like?

Tall goodlooking, beard light brown was gardener also, wife Mary cooked, his brother was a conductor on railroad. another man helped about the place also. W^m the driver feared horses!

1890

Where living?

Summer?

1891

where living?

(first summer abroad) Do you remember kindergarten in Zurich?

Zürich kindergarten R—used to gather snails on the way to school & let them loose on the walls {of School} (20 or more at a time) horror of slugs, loved snails—

1892

where living?

Twin Hollows

Do you remember kindergarten in Lucerne?

Cant remember Lucerne kindergarten

1893

When did you enter “Park Institute” & Pittsburgh Academy”?

Park Institute Allegheny about 9

Pittsburgh Academy about 10

{one yr in each}

1894

Do you remember first swimming lessons?

Robin taught self to swim in Lake Chataqua {(lectures etc. summer resort. Methodist. lovely lake. —} Father told him to swim like a frog but he couldn't, so he swam “like a dog.”

Do you remember when your father gave you first lessons?
What did he teach you? Your reactions?

{Age} 7 or 8 first lessons *Latin* liked it at first but got bored soon. —Dr. made him study his homework from school. Wasn't allowed to play with neighbor boys.

1895–1902

pretty blank. *Please* remember something. Did you live abroad or return to America at all during this time? Try to

recall schools, and any teachers you may have liked or disliked.

When was your interest in nature aroused? What country?

World's Fair 1893—

⁴ can't remember anything

In Europe three times before he went there to school

In 1898 or 1899

1899 Villa La Tour {Vevey} school 1 yr beautiful vineyards

1900 Chateau de Vidy, Lausanne school 1 yr

kept by same people {name} Christen small school.

Then big school in Geneva 1 yr big well organized {school}
Pensionnat International Thudichum

lots of South Americans, Greeks & Turks, 2 or 2 British boys
& 1 other American

Greek professor here {pronounced} classical Greek in
modern manner ruined {R accent}

Belle-Mère with Robin at Chateau de Vidy & Hamilton

Then Zürich, Villa Erika 1 yr. Not good as Geneva & more
demoralized than any school yet Lots of South Americans
Hamilton there too {later} at Chateau de Vidy either boarding
(not student) Belle-Mère there. Saw snow mt. across lake,

{mt.} La Dent d'Oche. ferry across early morning. Expected reach it by noon, climb up & come back. Far. Hurried. Came to little hamlet 5 houses province Savoie, France—wonderful lunch, bottle wine at inn, ate fast, ft of mt in P.M. Climbed. back to Evion-les-Bains {(to take ferry)} evening {too late} spent cold night in st. no coat, no money for inn wired mother delay. supper was a roll & bar chocolate. Back on ferry early morning with hundreds of market people going to sell their goods in Lausanne. Ticket was not good (day ticket) but not noticed in the crowd. It was springtime

Never had a teacher that inspired him anywhere

Dr. Stookey, perhaps,—interested him.

{at} Chataqua. Belonged to boys club pre-Boy Scout. edifying. organized water sports etc. Robin won a swimming race.

Before Villa La Tour Vevey he went 6 mo. to Leipszig. Day School like a *Real Schule* Stiff course, didn't like Germans very well. Teachers stern good to R. but slapped the other boys a lot. Up at 6 *hot milk*—to school at 7. The German boys there were []

⁵ told tales etc.

[] American boys at Swiss schools [] raved <over>

He remembers trailing arbutus in the woods & wild briar roses in a corner of a wall in Switzerland

⁶

Has forgotten the swimming incident with vegetarian in Switzerland When he was 5 or 6, was in Paris with parents.

The first day he was there, they bought him a little military cape, blue on outside red inside. As they walked out of the store he stumbled at the curb & fell into a gutter running full—much sewage in it apparently for the cape smelled horribly & had to be thrown away. He got well scolded for his awkwardness & remembers how he hated to give up the handsome cape. {I guess this is one of the few garments he has thought of twice.}

Clarence and Elinita wrote a letter to Robin while he was in Europe (about 6 years old) and he wrote back to them—or rather dictated a letter to his mother. Were they just casual friends or did he know them later as playmates?

Clarence & Elinita Allis.

⁷ Thinks they were older than himself—doesn't know whether they were related. Can't remember details.

Una remembers hearing Belle-Mère *speaking* of Elinita many times & got the impression Elinita was abroad once when they were. {(See other side page. Robin says he somehow connects the Allises with Chile or So. America They must have lived there sometime.

⁸

Aunt Hettie?

Aunt Hettie Bosworth,

⁹ aunt of Belle-Mère Doesn't know *what* aunt.

Lottie McA.?

Doesnt know

Harry McClelland?

Robert McClelland?

Doesn't know

When did Robin enter Medical School at USC. How long there?

1907 3 yrs

Entered University Zürich (student in philosophy) April 27, 1906 left U. S. C. Mar. 30 1906

left Zürich university Sept 1906 (He was there for the sommersemester (summer semester))

lived at Pension Tiefenau (TIEFENAU)

Studies: Einleitung in die Philosophie

Altere Englische Literaturgeschichte

Histoire de la littérature française de 1840 à 1900

Dantes Leben und Werke

Spanische Romanzenpoesie

Geschichte der römischen Kaiserzeit

10

{R J} came back to U. S. alone from Rotterdam on a Dutch boat. He stopped briefly to visit in North East, Penn. He went to work in the

office of Dr. Leadsworth

¹¹ in L. A. Dr. L—was Belle-Mère's doctor. Also he {Dr. L.} had been in Zürich when the Jeffers were there for some course. He knew little German & it was arranged then that R. should work in his office in L. A. for six months before starting medical. Robin was to translate a quantity of medical papers & journals for Leadsworth while in his office.

R. lived in a room in L. A. for a time then went to Hermosa & commuted daily to Leadsworth's office. Entered medical Sept 1907. — to June 1910. (3 yrs)

(Una decides that her remembrance of cards from R. J. in Zürich as 1907 was wrong. must have been 1906) On his way back from Zürich he stopped in Northeast. Remembers *only* grapes being picked. Can't remember whom he visited.

He “won highest grade in Physiology in his first year at USC medical & thereby became assistant in this dep't for two years. It gives me pleasure to speak of Mr. Jeffers' ability, willingness & personality.” (signed by Lyman Stookey, Sept 17, 1910)

R. J. taught physiology in USC Dental College for a few months also. Then late in Sept 1910 went to Univ. of Wash. Seattle

AL. HRC Texas. 10 pages.

1. Melba sent Una a one-page typed list of questions concerning incidents, memories, and people in Jeffers' life during the years 1887 to 1902. Una provides perfunctory answers to some of the questions on the list itself and furnishes additional information on the reverse side of the list and on eight more pages of scrap paper. Because Melba's questions and Una's answers are intermixed throughout, page break symbols have been omitted. A date on the reverse side of one of the sheets indicates that Una responded to Melba after May 20, 1939.

2. Mary "Minnie" Tuttle, Annie Jeffers' sister.

3. John and Philena Robinson.

4. The World's Columbian Exposition, also called the Chicago World's Fair, ran from May to October 1893.

5. The lower left corner of the sheet is torn away here, so words are missing in this and the following line.

6. This line is written on a used envelope on which Una has drawn a map showing the location of Jeffers' home in Sewickley. Landmarks include a red brick paved road ("nice for bicycle") that turned into a dirt and macadam road leading to Twin Hollows in Edgeworth. The location of the Robinson house and the Pratt house ("a connection of Robinsons") is identified, along with a skating pond, a river, bluff, and Quaker Valley Station.

The Pratt house—next to the home of Annie Jeffers' foster parents John and Philena Robinson, where Annie lived before her marriage—belonged to Catherine Robinson, the widow of

John Robinson's brother Alexander. Catherine's niece, Mary "Minnie" Pratt, who was the same age as Annie, lived with Catherine. Minnie later became a schoolteacher.

7. Clarence Livingston Allis (1883–1950) and Elinita Mather Allis (1885–1951) were the son and daughter of John Mather Allis, a Presbyterian minister, and Laura (Livingston) Allis.

8. John Allis was the president of the Presbyterian Mission in Santiago, Chile from 1883 to 1899. Clarence was born in Valparaiso, Elinita in Santiago.

9. Hettie (Sherwood) Bosworth (1842–1919), sister of Mary (Sherwood) Tuttle, Annie Jeffers' mother.

10. Introduction to Philosophy, Old English Literature, French Literature from 1840 to 1900, Dante's Life and Work, Spanish Romance Poetry, and History of the Roman Empire.

11. John Russell Leadsworth, M.D. (1865–1944), an Adventist who advocated healthful living, was affiliated with Loma Linda Sanitarium (later Loma Linda University and Medical Center) as a staff physician and trustee.

RJ to Frederic I. Carpenter

Tor House, Carmel, California.
June 6, 1939.

Dear Carpenter:

I read your study attentively and with interest, and of course should be pleased if you decide to print it.

¹ It is excellently done, only you are too kind to me, and perhaps evangelize me a little.

Reading “Letters of Lincoln Steffens”

² yesterday I came on his report of a conversation with me (which I had forgotten, but now remember) concerning an article that a Univ. of Calif. man had written about my verses.

³ —Did I like it? —“Yes.” —Didn’t I think that he had superimposed some of his own ideas on my poems? —“Yes—but everybody does that.” —And I should have added that that is one of the reasons for writing a poem—to give the reader a chance to superimpose his own ideas on it. It seems to me that if it is a good poem—good enough to stand on its own feet—then the author’s own understanding of it has no more authority than any other competent person’s.

But in general your study does not diverge from my own thought, except sometimes in emphasis and selection. Certainly I find nothing to repudiate; and am well pleased to have been the occasion of such intelligent writing.

—As to my letters, you are welcome to use them as you think best.

Your guess about my ancestry is not so good. My father was a Presbyterian minister, and professor in a theological seminary, but *his* father

⁴ (Scotch-Irish immigrant of about 130 years ago) was a frontier schoolmaster and farmer in Ohio, and apparently ♦ left no records of his ancestry in the old country. (We saw the name Jeffers over a garage in Ireland, near the place of his origin, but did not stop to inquire.) On my father’s mother’s

⁵ side the line goes back beyond the Revolution; but no clergy. On *my* mother's side the line goes back farther; and I think they were mostly very religious; but no clergy.

We saw Jim and Kay Caldwell the other evening and they spoke fondly of you. He is very much liked in the English department at U. of C.; she has been lecturing in the Fine Arts building at the S. F. Exposition.

Forgive me for not having told you how much I enjoyed reading your

pamphlet on E. A. R.'s Tristram.

⁶ It is a beautiful poem, and you do it justice.

Cordially yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Berkeley. 2 pages.

1. Carpenter probably sent Jeffers a copy of "The Values of Robinson Jeffers," an essay he published in *American Literature* 11 (January 1940): 353–366.

2. The Letters of Lincoln Steffens, *Volume 1: 1889–1919* and *Volume 2: 1920–1936*, edited by Ella Winter and Granville Hicks (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1938).

3. Jeffers' conversation with Steffens about an essay written by Benjamin Lehman is recounted in the second volume of Steffens' letters, pages 907–908.

4. Joseph Jeffers (1784–1861), Jeffers’ paternal grandfather, was born in County Monaghan in the Ulster region of Ireland.
5. Barbara (Moore) Jeffers (1802–1870), Jeffers’ paternal grandmother.
6. “Tristram the Transcendent,” Carpenter’s study of *Tristram* (1927) by Edward Arlington Robinson, was published in the *New England Quarterly* 11 (September 1938): 501–523.

UJ to Lawrence Lee

Tor House. Carmel. California
June 14. 1939

Dear Mr. Lee—

Forgive my delay in writing—we have been away for nearly a week in Los Angeles. The Univ. of Southern California bestowed an honorary D.H.L on my husband & a **ΦBK**-key.
1

The long poem is still Work in Progress & unavailable. You may use this hitherto unpublished poem if you wish.
2

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers

ALS. Virginia. 1 page.

1. During the June 10, 1939 commencement ceremonies at the University of Southern California, conducted by President

Rufus B. von KleinSmid, Jeffers was awarded a Doctor of Humane Letters for “distinguished service in the field of letters.” He was also elected to membership in Phi Beta Kappa, but formal initiation did not take place until the following year.

2. “Prescription of Painful Ends” was published in the *Virginia Quarterly Review* 16 (Winter 1940): 45–46.

UJ to Frances Lilienthal

Tor House. Carmel

June 16. 1939

Dear Fran—

1

The new proof is grand. Timmie Clapp highly approves—He thinks this type much finer than Centaur. I believe he chose it for some publication he was responsible for. The only thing possible to criticize adversely was is perhaps the dot of the i which seems a bit faint or minute Timmie thought it perhaps was tilted a little so the · didnt get the force applied to rest of it in the press. {I dont know how to express the above technically} —But thats a very minute matter & perhaps is intended to be as {as} it is.

Of these pictures I like best for {weight & color} this the one marked ⊗ on back, for I dont think it should have any margin though, & perhaps should be matt instead of semi-matt. Will you tell exactly what you think & return {these}, with comments. I will take them to him & explain. He would charge \$5.00 for a dozen.

He is soon going away for his vacation so you should send ♦ back soon. I think the paper {of picture} should be thin as possible—don't you?

I will send you a line to put over picture in a day or so

Love from
Una.

A messy page! Writing in a great haste
2

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages. Postmark: June 16, 1939.

1. Frances (Baruch) Lilienthal (1901–1964) was born in San Francisco and graduated from Mills College. Her marriage to Theodore Lilienthal in 1923 united two prominent San Francisco Jewish families. Fran's father was Frederick Baruch, a merchant and coffee importer with ties to San Salvador. Ted's father was Jesse W. Lilienthal, an attorney and president of United Railroads. Much of Fran's life was devoted to social service activities in San Mateo County, where she organized the Visiting Nurse Association and worked as a leader of the Red Cross. Later in life she and her husband established the San Mateo Foundation, a charitable institution that addressed health, welfare, education, and cultural needs in the local community.

2. Added top right corner, first page.

RJ to Ralph Tyler Flewelling

Tor House, Carmel. —June 16, 1939.

Dr. Ralph Tyler Flewelling,
School of Philosophy,
University of Southern California.

Dear Dr. Flewelling:

1

I too was sorry that our conversation was broken off, and I look forward to renewing it at our next meeting.

The note from the secretary of Phi Beta Kappa has not yet reached me, but let me thank you personally for the honor of election; and I shall of course be delighted to accept honorary membership.

As to the poem—God help me! The writing no doubt can be managed, when I learn how many lines would be expected, and what sort of subject; but the reading is a different matter. I have never in my life read my own verses aloud (except to myself alone, composing them)—not even to my wife, but shyly handed her a typescript. Perhaps my spirit and face may toughen, before the time comes.

Thank you very much for sending me the two *Personalists*, with your article

2 and Dr. Wann's.

3 They have just arrived, and I have not yet had a moment to look at either, but shall do so as soon as possible; and certainly shall not expect your conclusions to coincide with mine.

I was much impressed by the mass and pageantry of the commencement exercises, and highly appreciate the honor of the doctorate.

With kindest regards.

Yours sincerely,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Virginia. 1 page.

1. Ralph Tyler Flewelling (1871–1960), a professor of philosophy at the University of Southern California from 1917 to 1945, was an exponent of Personalism, a school of philosophy that emphasized human subjectivity. Flewelling founded and edited *The Personalist*, a review of philosophy, religion, and literature; he also authored *Bergson and Personal Realism* (1920), *Creative Personality: A Study in Philosophical Reconciliation* (1926), *The Person* (1952), and other books.

2. Ralph Tyler Flewelling, “Tragic Drama—Modern Style,” *The Personalist* 20 (July 1939): 229–241. In his essay, Flewelling compares Jeffers and *The Tower Beyond Tragedy* to Aeschylus and the *Oresteia*, arguing that “Jeffers offers the truer psychology of human emotions and the profounder solution.”

3. Louis Wann, “Robinson Jeffers—Counterpart of Walt Whitman,” *The Personalist* 19 (July 1938): 297–308.

UJ to Mabel Dodge Luhan

Tor House. Carmel. California
June 21. 1939

Dearest Mabel—

You are probably up & doing now. I tried to find out about sage tea without much success as it would be necessary to know the exact species to get an opinion from an expert. Our only connection with such a person is through young Lloyd Tevis & the U. C. Botany Dept. Young Lloyd is away camping. In our botany book all of the sages are edible & can be used as *meal*. It seems likely to Robin & me that you were using, however, either California Sage Brush or Desert Sage Brush both of which are used medicinally by the Indians, the former for bronchial troubles. It has some of the characteristics of wormwood. The later is used for treating diarrhea & also for poultices for bruises. Both these do not belong to any family connected with *Salvia* but to *Artemisia*.

Did I tell you that we went down to Los Angeles last week. {Another} Honorary degree upon Robin. By University of Southern California this time. —*Doctor of Humane Letters*. also **ΦBK** key. We stayed with Frank & Melba ♦ who have a house in West Los Angeles for the summer. They gave a great cocktail party for us—lots of fun. I had a perfectly stunning new dress from Magnin's plain black crêpe—beautifully cut, square neck, short length with a little heavy chiffon *tucked* rose {color} jacket edged with black crêpe. Melba gave me a gorgeous little hat from a N. Y. shop. Black with a bit of rose. I looked so nice I felt in terrifically high spirits!

Michael & Adrienne came to call & we talked over Donnan {(his term at U. C. L. A. is just over)}—whether to try to send him to Rinehardt for a few {months} or, as Roland Young begs, to Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London. I think he is going to London in late August. Imagine my envy!

We all went to a fine & *rowdy* production of the *Taming of the Shrew* with Galt Bell.

Teddie & Gabrielle came for cocktails. We went to see them. They are in a nicer house now—not so closed into a cañon. Shim is no better & is in a pathetic state. They have a special children's nurse who reads to him ♦ a lot since he cannot see to read or cannot even strain his eyes to do any hand work. It is heart-breaking to see him. I feel unhappy every time I think of what they are going through.

Alex Tiers Tiers

¹ (who first came to call on us several years ago with Libby Holman & Mimi Durant) is here now & may rent Teddie's house next us. He went down to Santa Fe for 20 hrs—then dashed back. Had dinner with Cady Wells. Said Myron had been there but had left, I suppose for Taos.

We've been at George Moore's several times lately. He was {is} in great form these days. Once we had Timmie Clapp with us who served in a British Aero Squadron & he drew Moore out about a lot of those mysterious doings of his in London during the war.

² Last Sunday there was a woman there—Countess of Glasgow's

³ niece

⁴ & we {we three} & he was quite amazingly interesting. At end he pressed upon me two late books of English memoirs one by Haldane

⁵ & one by Valentine Williams

⁶ that tell a lot about Moore.

Did you ever hear of the mysterious super human ♦ people who are said to live on the slopes of Mt. Shasta?

⁷ A long folk-lore has grown up about them. Melba Bennett's people own a great ranch at the foot of the mt. & Edith Greenan was born there at Sisson. Noël & Susan Porter also have been collecting data for years. We had a symposium here at Tor House one day. Really thrilling tales—a regular Saga. We have promised—we & the Clapps to visit Melba up there next year & climb—all that can—Mt. Shasta.

Give our love to Myron if he is there.

Love from

Una.

Fran Lilienthal (Ted's wife) has acquired a fine old hand press. She is printing a few copies of Robin's poem about Haig's grave for a gift to me. I shall send you a copy. Beautifully done. Letitia font.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Alexander Harvey Tiers (1906–1986), a socialite with friends in the film and entertainment industry, lived in Santa Barbara, California. Originally from Morristown, New Jersey, Tiers and his sister Esther (Tiers) Brown inherited a family

fortune made in sulphur mining, real estate, and finance. Both of Tiers' parents were dead by the time he was twenty-two.

2. George Gordon Moore was a central figure in the social life of London prior to and during World War I. In 1915 he was implicated in a scandal involving Sir John French, the commander of the British Expeditionary Force, when newspapers reported that Moore, an American, was on the front line with French, living in the château used for British headquarters. A festive atmosphere was said to prevail there, complete with “ladies of high degree, and some not so high.” For these alleged offenses and for military reasons, including conflicts with Field Marshal Kitchener, French was reassigned elsewhere. The *Manchester Evening Guardian* accused Moore of using his friendship with French to pass British military secrets to the Germans, but a libel suit initiated by Moore forced the newspaper to withdraw the charge in March 1916 and apologize.

3. Hyacinthe Mary (Bell) Boyle, Countess of Glasgow (1881–1977), was born in Colorado. Her father, Dr. William Abraham Bell (1841–1920), a British physician, photographer, and explorer, was the author of *New Tracks in North America: A Journal of Travel and Adventure Whilst Engaged in the Survey for a Southern Railroad to the Pacific Ocean During 1867–1868* (1870) and other works. In 1906 Hyacinthe married Captain Patrick James Boyle (1874–1963), an officer of the Royal Navy who succeeded to the title of 8th Earl of Glasgow in 1915.

4. Hyacinthe had two sisters and a brother, each of whom had a daughter. Angela Rowena Elizabeth (Pearce) Chapman (1907–1994) is the niece who most likely visited California,

but Cara Elizabeth Montagu-Pollock (1913–1945) is also a possibility.

5. Probably *Haldane, 1915–1928: The Life of Viscount Haldane of Cloan, K.T., O.M.* by Sir Frederick Maurice (London: Faber & Faber, 1939). Richard Burdon Haldane (1856–1928) was an author, barrister, university chancellor, and public official who served as Britain’s secretary of state for war from 1905 to 1912 and as lord high chancellor from 1912 to 1915 and 1924. The first chapter of Maurice’s biography, which contains extensive quotations from Haldane himself, features an account of Haldane’s 1915 visit to British headquarters at St. Omer on the front line in France. Although Moore is not mentioned, the controversy concerning Sir John French is discussed at length.

6. Valentine Williams, *World of Action: The Autobiography of Valentine Williams* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1938). Valentine Williams, born George Valentine Williams (1883–1946), was a British actor, journalist, author of popular mystery novels, and secret agent. For references to George Gordon Moore, Sir John French, and conditions at St. Omer, see *World of Action*, pages 244–251.

7. The Lemurians, fabled survivors of a lost continent, supposedly lived within Mount Shasta in northern California. Occasionally, according to reports, they could be seen in the vicinity walking about in white robes. See, for instance, “A People of Mystery: Are They Remnants of a Lost Race? Do They Possess a Fabulous Gold Treasure?” by Edward Lanser, *Los Angeles Times Sunday Magazine* (May 22, 1932): 4, 16.

RJ to Richard J. Schoeck

Tor House, Carmel, California.

July 12, 1939.

Dear Mr. Schoeck:

1

Thank you very much for the kindness of your letter, and for “Compensation.” It is a lovely poem, and the allusions were immediately clear to me. I am sorry I could not answer more promptly.

As to “solitude”—it is a rather scanty commodity here in the summers, in recent years—but we can make it in our minds, and the cool gray Pacific fog is a great help. I hope you never see more people than just enough, in your beautifully named “Falling Waters.”

2

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Princeton. 1 page.

1. Richard J. Schoeck (1920–2008), a student at McGill University prior to military service during World War II, earned an M.A. and Ph.D. in English at Princeton University. Schoeck taught at a number of universities, including Cornell, Notre Dame, Toronto, Maryland, and Colorado. He also held positions at the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies and the Folger Shakespeare Library. Publications, as editor or author, include *Chaucer Criticism* (1961), *Legends of the Saints* (1961), *Thomas More’s Confutation of Tyndale* (1974),

The Achievement of Thomas More (1976), *Erasmus of Europe* (1990), and *My Hiroshima: A Personal Epic* (1997).

2. Schoeck's family home was in an area called Falling Waters, located south of Buffalo near the town of Hamburg, New York.

UJ to Phoebe Barkan

Tor House. Carmel
July 15, 1939

Phoebe darling:

Before answering your questions I want to say how much happiness Hans' note gave us—the one he wrote after reading Garth's letter. I felt all proud & happy that he appreciated Garth's endeavors! Garth continues to write once a week telling all his affairs—very terse & plain-spoken! In his last letter he had been helping take out a barbed wire fence which would be engulfed by the dam. —said he had been rolling up barbed wire under water for some hours, swimming & rolling it! (—I hate to tackle barbed wire standing on firm ground!) He said the temp. had been 107°+ all day so being in the water was pleasant.

Donnan is going in Sept. to London—student in Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. Roland Young urged him into this & signed his application. Financing this seems a bit stiff—but not as expensive as attending ♦ Rinehardts School in Hollywood counting in expense of passage & all. Rufus Le Mare RKO, said Donnan could take a test down there anytime,

but D—felt, & rightly, that he hadn't enough experience to back up his (probably) good photographic tests. So he is working hard with voice & gesture with Madame Veazie¹—2 lessons a week. The experts say the texture of his voice is extremely good, his pronunciation also—but his phrasing & expression needs working on, *hard*.

So I don't know whether we shall be able to dash up to you for a night or so as we had hoped to do. In a week or so we will know whether D. has to continue his lessons right through Aug. or not. We might be able to make it if he doesn't. We have half-promised Mabel to go to Taos later in the summer {after or when D. goes. He sails Sept. 8.} & thus get a chance to see Garth who is about 200 miles from Taos.

Did you know Robin got another Doctor's degree—honorary. This time at U. S. C. We stayed a few days with Melba & Frank Bennett who have a house near Westwood Village for the summer. They invited a lot of our friends ♦ in for cocktails one day. Roy & Hazel, Teddie & Gabrielle, Leslie Roos & her hostess Beth Wendall,

² Elmer Harris,

³ Larry Powell—you probably know & lots of others, & Ward Ritchie who is printing & publishing Edith Greenan's "Of Una J—" Did you order one?—Gelber-Lilienthal will have some copies. A note from Ritchie says it will be out any day now, & he thinks will sell out on publication. Robin also got an honorary ΦBK. down there.

Will you please forward this poem to Mabel, as from me.

⁴

Keep your eyes open if you go to the Yellowstone—you may see our darling Clapps up there—they are motoring leisurely about up there after two months in Carmel. If you go near Sheridan or Buffalo, better try a stop at H. F. Bar Guest Ranch—{owned by} our friends the Hortons. Grand ranch.

We long to see you & exchange news & gossip & hugs. Are you feeling well & able to tramp about in your usual fashion?

Leslie & Leon R—are at Tahoe. My thoughts turn to Ireland a lot now with Donnan's preparations for the British Isles.

AL. San Francisco. 3 pages. Postmark: July 17, 1939.

1. Carol (Eberts) Veazie (1895–1984), a speech teacher, drama coach, and actress, directed the speech department at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York for several years. She also

taught extension courses at the University of California, Berkeley and Mills College. In later life, she performed regularly as a character actress in television shows.

2. Betty “Beth” (Elich) Wendel (1901–1996), a writer and Hollywood script doctor. Wendel worked with her friend Aldous Huxley on a stage adaptation of his novel *The Genius and the Goddess* (1955). The Broadway production closed in December 1957 after four performances.

3. Probably Elmer Blaney Harris (1878–1966), a playwright, Hollywood scriptwriter, and story editor. Harris graduated from the University of California, Berkeley in 1901 and worked as a journalist in San Francisco. With George Sterling and others, he lived in Carmel for a few years following the

1906 San Francisco earthquake. Harris' extensive bibliography and filmography includes *Johnny Belinda*, a 1940 Broadway play that became a highly acclaimed 1948 movie.

4. The enclosure is missing, but Una probably sent Phoebe a clipping of "Watch the Lights Fade," a poem by Jeffers printed in the *Carmel Pine Cone* (June 30, 1939): 6.

UJ to Lawrence Clark Powell

Tor House. Carmel.
Aug 1. 1939

Dear Larry—

Robin & I are both enthusiastic about Everson's
¹ poems—they are truly unusually arresting! I think he will
go far. Thanks so much. The book
² is beautifully printed! Hope you like your new house.

Cordially
U. J.

APS. Occidental. Postmark: August 1, 1939.

1. William Oliver Everson (1912–1994), a poet, critic, editor, and master printer affiliated with the San Francisco Beat movement, lived as a Dominican monk from 1951 to 1969, during which time he was known as Brother Antoninus. Both his artistic career and spiritual life were shaped by his encounter with Jeffers' poetry. His many publications as a poet include *The Residual Years* (1948); *The Hazards of*

Holiness: Poems, 1957–1960 (1962); and *The Masks of Drought* (1980). As a Jeffers scholar, Everson edited several volumes of Jeffers' poetry and published two studies, *Robinson Jeffers: Fragments of an Older Fury* (1968) and *The Excesses of God: Robinson Jeffers as a Religious Figure* (1988). His friendship with Lawrence Clark Powell is documented in *Take Hold Upon the Future: Letters on Writers and Writing, 1938–1946* (1994).

2. William Everson, *San Joaquin* (Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press, 1939).

UJ to Cady Wells

Tor House. Carmel. California
August 3. 1939

Dearest Cady:

I am so glad you brought Eleanor Murchie
¹ & me together. We had real fun talking & she says she hopes to come back some time. She had a house not far from us, —toward the old Mission. Do tell me something about her. I felt curious when she said she had a husband
² very much younger than herself who is a ♦ genius, she thinks & *hopes!* What kind? & where is he? Her son
³ was with her, big handsome nice man. She told a very amusing tale of your taking her & her eccentric old aunt up to see Frieda. (I heard from another source that Angelino might be put out of U. S. A. for “moral turpitude.” Is that true?) Eleanor M. spoke most enthusiastically of your painting. Have you any photographs —how I'd love to have several—& one at least of your late work. ♦

Do you ever hear from John & Claire? Lee Crowe is just back from the East but didnt go to see them as he expected as he had a very severe illness (heart) & was invalidish all his trip. He came back by train & looks pretty well now. He saw *close up* & was very rapturous about the *Queen* whom he says is all grace & beauty. The poor King was wan & weak from a poisoned lobster of the day before! Their train made an unscheduled stop at Truro, Nova Scotia, Lee's home.

4

We hope to see Garth in the fall, either meet him at Taos or Deep Well Ranch, Palm Springs. Garth seems to be leading a tough life—branding, roping, gelding, poisoning grasshoppers, stringing wire fences. He seems content & writes quite thrilling letters. Rattlesnakes seem to be {writhe} all over the place.

Donnan sails for his adored London, Sept 8 to attend for a term or more the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, (Roland Young got him at it).

Did you like “Of Una Jeffers”? Do you see Myron? The Lockwoods called here on way to teach at Berkeley, nice people

Write. Greetings to Beatrice!

5

Love from Una.

Some news of you from Alex Tiers.

6

ALS. Smithsonian. 3 pages.

1. Eleanor Forrester (Parker) Cushman Murchie (1880–1960) was the daughter of Maj. Gen. James Parker (1854–1934), a Medal of Honor recipient, and Charlotte (Condit) Parker (1855–1933). Eleanor married Lt. Guy Cushman in 1906, but the marriage ended in divorce ten years later.

2. In 1932, having reclaimed her maiden name, Eleanor Parker married Guy Murchie, Jr. (1907–1997), a 1929 graduate of Harvard University. Murchie’s varied career included positions as a feature writer and war correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*, and work as a professional navigator and navigation instructor. He also authored and illustrated a number of books, including *Men on the Horizon* (1932); *Song of the Sky* (1954); *Music of the Spheres: The Material Universe from Atom to Quasar, Simply Explained* (1961); and *The Seven Mysteries of Life: An Exploration in Science and Philosophy* (1978). Eleanor’s marriage to Murchie failed. Years later, however, after he married four more times, Murchie wrote an appreciative dedication for *The Seven Mysteries of Life*: “To my first wife, Eleanor Forrester Parker 1880–1960 who rode the horse, played the violin, wrote poetry and loved life—for what she taught me long ago.”

3. Allerton Richardson Cushman (1907–2006), a member of the 1928 United States Olympic rowing team, or James Parker Cushman (1909–1968).

4. King George VI (1895–1952) and Queen Elizabeth (1900–2002) set sail from England May 6, 1939 for an official visit to Canada and the United States. They returned home June 15.

5. Beatrice Johnson (1901–1994), Cady’s cook and house manager. Beatrice had previously worked for Mabel Luhan.

6. Added vertically in left margin, third page.

UJ to Frances Lilienthal

Tor House. Carmel
August 11. 1939

Dear Fran:

We are not going up tomorrow—the séance is off! We shall go up early in the week & I will leave the books at 336 Sutter but can’t plan at present about stopping in San Mateo.

Fran, the books are *beautiful!*

¹ Everyone who sees them says so! These books are one of the very nicest things anyone ever did for us. We love you for that thought!

Yrs.

Una <see over> ♦.

Our list so you don’t duplicate Tor House 2

Noël

Mabel Luhan

Lloyd Tevis

Blanche Matthias

Erskine & Sara

Occidental

Edith Greenan

Mother

Albert Bender

Ellen O'Sullivan

Teddie Kuster

Frederick Mortimer Clapp

Horace Lyon

ALS. San Francisco. 2 pages.

1. Robinson Jeffers, *The House-Dog's Grave: Haig's Grave* (San Mateo, Calif.: Quercus Press, 1939). As a gift for Robinson and Una, Fran and Ted Lilienthal printed and bound thirty copies of Jeffers' poem.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Tor House. Carmel. California
Aug 26. 1939

Darling Clapps:

You can imagine the state of our minds & indecision about Donnan. We have at least {least} cut out his stop at Mason—that will give two or more days here for eventualities.

¹ If things were otherwise with him we would say, “let it all go for now!” but his last year & half have been so broken up & agitated that we can’t bear having this eagerly-wished for opportunity slip unless necessary. {Unless he can go on his Sept 8 boat he misses his beginning term.} He may not be in N. Y. C., if he goes, long enough to go to a hotel, so if he does get in touch with you it would be through telegram or phone to Frick. Could the operator there be allowed to give him your house phone no? I’ll ask Blanche, she may have it noted down. May be no time to do {anything in N. Y. C.}

About the “Of Una Jeffers” book—I can get you one if you let me know soon. Edith put ♦ several away with the idea of filling orders from the Philippines where she has many friends, but she never got around to the point of sending out the notices about the book, to the Islands. The book was sold out on publication but there will not be a second edition for some time (if ever) because of this first one being limited & rather expensive for {a} small book, so a second cheaper wouldn’t be put out too soon.

Our pigeons came to number over 90 & so we gave thirty odd (& hope to give more) to an old Tevis gardener now with Muriel Vanderbilt ranch

² {for breeding}. Four men came on a starlit night & took them with nets. It was like a Rilke poem “. . . die Nacht warf eine Handvoll von taumelnden Tauben ins Licht”

³

More soon as plans evolve. Can't bend my thoughts to anything here except Donnan's plans—to arrange, to undo to realign. Even Charlotte K thinks Danzig should go to Germany but fears what that might lead to further.

How awful—Sidney Howard's death.

⁴ Jean Mc.

⁵ has gone East

⁶

All my love

Una.

ALS. Yale. 2 pages. Postmark: August 26, 1939.

1. The August 23, 1939 treaty between Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union was followed by an August 25 treaty between England and Poland. This set the stage for the beginning of World War II when Germany invaded Poland on September 1.

2. Muriel (Vanderbilt) Church Phelps Adams (1902–1982), a descendant of Cornelius Vanderbilt and thus a member of one of America's wealthiest and most prominent families, owned a thoroughbred horse ranch in Carmel Valley.

3. From *Sonnets to Orpheus* II, 11, “—und, aus den Höhlen, die Nacht warf eine Handvoll von bleichen / taumelnden Tauben ins Licht.” In the German/English edition owned by Robinson and Una, this line is translated as “and night would cast from the caves a pitiful handful of broken- / flighted doves to the light.” See Rainer Maria Rilke, *Sonnets to*

Orpheus, translated by J. B. Leishman (London: Hogarth Press, 1936): 110–111.

4. Playwright Sidney Coe Howard was killed on his Tyringham, Massachusetts country estate August 23, 1939. Having spent the morning writing in his studio, he decided to do some field work. When he attempted to start a tractor with a hand crank, the machine lurched forward and crushed him against a barn wall. The tractor had been left in high gear by a worker who used it the day before. Howard was working on several projects at the time and was awaiting the December 15, 1939 premiere of *Gone With the Wind*, for which he won a posthumous Academy Award for Best Screenplay.

5. Jean (Howard) McDuffie was Sidney Howard's older sister.

6. This sentence, the closing, and the signature are written vertically in left margin.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel.
August 31. [1939]

Dearest Bennett:

No I am sorry there is no prospect of Robin being able to accept any lecture proposal. He has had many of them & wishes with all his heart he could do them & earn some hard cash that way—Its impossible.

1

You didn't say whether you like "Of Una J."

We have been in a complete tail spin about war prospects. Donnan had his passage to sail N. Y—London Sept 8. to study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. {at the insistence of Roland Young.} It has involved so much planning & work for every possible expense had to be cut & so on. He has letters to Ambassador Kenny {edy}

² & Lord Eustace Percy

³ & Noël Coward

⁴ & heaps of other people powerful, useful or interesting from various friends of ours, & now this mixup. This sailing date is the latest possible one for him to go & be able to enter.

I will write you soon again & say whether he gets away if it seems possible.

Love from Una.

Shubert has bought Marcella's play.

⁵

ALS. Berkeley. 1 page.

1. In a letter to Una dated August 17, 1939 (TCC Berkeley), Cerf writes, "The lecture agency of W. Colston Leigh, one of the biggest in the country, approached us the other day to ask whether there was the slightest possibility of persuading Robin to give a series of lectures this Fall. I said that the odds were 100 to 1 against Robin's being interested in anything of this sort, but promised that I would at least write to you about the matter."

2. Joseph P. Kennedy (1888–1969), patriarch of America’s Kennedy clan and father of President John F. Kennedy (1917–1963), served as the United States ambassador to Great Britain from 1938 to 1940.

3. Eustace Percy, 1st Baron Percy of Newcastle (1887–1958), a British diplomat and politician, was the president of England’s Board of Education from 1924 to 1929 and vice-chancellor and warden of the University of Durham from 1937 to 1952.

4. Noël Coward (1899–1973), English playwright, director, composer, and performer; author of *Fallen Angels* (1925), *Private Lives* (1930), *Design for Living* (1933), and many other works.

5. Added in top right corner. Levi “Lee” Shubert (1871–1953), a member of the Shubert family of theater owners and producers, was involved in the production of *You Can’t Eat Goldfish*, a play co-written by Marcella Burke and Gladys Ungar that featured Ruth Chatterton in a leading role. After summer performances in Rhode Island, the title of the play was changed to *Tonight We Dance* and then to *Winner Take All*. The play was performed on tour in Chicago and other cities, but it did not make it to Broadway in New York.

RJ to Louis Adamic

Tor House, Carmel, California
August, 1939.

Dear Adamic:

Thank you very much for letting me see the manuscript. You have a great subject, and are better fitted to deal with it—by experience, talent, attitude—than anyone I can think of. It will be a valuable book, and may have great influence.

1

Of course the problem will solve itself eventually in any case, just as it did in Rome, where the “old-stock” Romans became a mixed and unnoticeable minority, while Roman culture, sentiment, prestige and language continued for a long time but gradually. Only the Christian ferment made a great change, and that was a contribution of immigrants.

I am sure you will use discretion in discussing the negro and Jewish elements. These are special cases, likely to steal the show unless carefully handled.

It might be worth your while to analyze the term “Anglo-Saxon” = Germanic and Scandinavian + Celtic + the numerous dark-skinned previous inhabitants, whose language was probably non-Aryan. —Besides all the mixed bloods of immigration since Roman Times.

I remember dimly a satirical poem by Defoe, entitled, I think, “The True-born Englishman,” describing how the sweepings of all Europe combined to produce him.

2

—I wish I had more pertinent suggestions for you, but I am too ignorant.

Sincerely yours,
Robinson Jeffers.

I am keeping your “Plymouth Rock—Ellis Island” to show or give.
3

Good luck to you. —R. J.

ALS. Princeton. 1 page.

1. Louis Adamic, *From Many Lands* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1940), a study of immigration to America.

2. In his preface to “The True-Born Englishman: A Satyr” (1701), Daniel Defoe expresses a conviction similar to one held by Adamic. Englishmen should not despise foreigners, Defoe says, speaking for his countrymen, since “we are really all Foreigners our selves.”

3. “Plymouth Rock and Ellis Island” was the working title Adamic gave to a project that engaged him for many years: collecting information about and telling the story of immigration to America, with the hope of creating an integrated, multicultural American identity. More specifically, “Plymouth Rock and Ellis Island” was the title of a lecture Adamic delivered across the country in the 1930s, a printed copy of which was shared with Jeffers. See *From Many Lands*, pages 291–301.

UJ to Melba Berry Bennett

Tor House. Carmel
Sept 15. 1939

Dearest Melba:

So awfully sorry to hear of you in hospital. I hope you are well on the way to strength. Remember “quiet, please!” Take things easily.

We suddenly had to dash to Tucumcari New Mex. to see Garth. His horse ran into a bull while he was cutting out yearlings from the herd, csomersaulted over the bull’s back & fell on top of Garth. He got a concussion & I couldn’t rest until I saw him {He is all right}. He came home with us for a few days, leaves Monday again. We ran into terrific floods both way{s} in Ariz. & around Needles, made one detour of 380 miles. Drove 740 miles one day. Went up around by Boulder Dam. Stayed two days with Mabel. Brett was staying with her, much upset by the war.

Donnan cancelled his ticket on the day he w Germany invaded Poland—with oh such reluctance! Again after 25 yrs. war changes our lives. You remember ♦ Robin and I were just about to go to Europe in 1914. —R Donnan had letters to Ambassador Kennedy, the Duke of Northumberland¹ & many other of his adored old families—everybody came forward with letters—to Noël Coward etc. How he would have flowered!

Lyon says O.K. he understands about the photographs. Included in {with} them was the ms. of that manuscript of Robins I meant to give you—wished I had found it for your book. I didn’t give you a copy while you were here did I? I meant to & seem to have! but I am sure there were not two mss.

John G. Moore came & finally got into Tor House after many manouv manoeuvres!

² Relate Relate all when I see you. Had a letter from him yesterday desiring to do a “definitive biography” of R. J. My God. I shall tell him it is being done—and won’t say by whom. That will stop him maybe from further bother. If I said by whom he wouldn’t give you much peace! More soon

Best love—
Una.

Sorry so messy,—in such haste Going to farewell dinner of Blanche {Matthias} (& Sara & Erskine, Ben Lehman Noël)
³

ALS. HRC Texas. 2 pages.

1. In her August 31, 1939 letter to Bennett Cerf, Una mentions a letter of introduction to Lord Eustace Percy. She may have had him in mind here, since Lord Percy’s father was the 7th Duke of Northumberland. Another possibility is Percy’s nephew, Henry George Alan Percy, 9th Duke of Northumberland (1912–1940). When he succeeded his father in 1930, Henry Percy inherited some of England’s most important estates—including Alnwick Castle, Syon House, and Albury Park. He was twenty-seven when he fought as a member of the Grenadier Guards at the Battle of Dunkirk. His death was reported June 3, 1940.

2. A gift copy of *Life Is My Song: The Autobiography of John Gould Fletcher*, inscribed for Jeffers by John Moore and dated August 12, 1939, is located in the Tor House library. See Maureen Girard, *The Last Word*, page 36.

3. Written in top right margin, first page.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Tor House. Carmel. California

September 20. 1939.

Darling Clapps:

Our boys certainly have been putting us over the jumps. I enclose Garth's letter which explains his accident but doesn't detail *our* anxiety, for during the days following his concussion he was very vague & let slip several slight references to it (hadn't meant to tell us). Then when I began to write frantically & to wire he always answered he was all right, what was I talking about.! We finally dashed to New Mexico to see him & get him for his 2 weeks holiday. Here is the location.

1

We had a wild trip. There were floods at Needles & when we arose after a night's sleep there, we were told that the roads were closed in every direction & railroads also. Late in P.M. the road back west was opened {briefly.} We decided to go back to Barstow then up northeast to Boulder Dam then south to main highway beyond {east} of Needles at Kingman. (nearly 400 miles detour) We ♦ had almost arrived at Kingman when a bridge went out ahead of us & we had to spend the night. —When we got through Robin counted 135 cars waiting on the other side—You can imagine our exasperation, — with Garth awaiting our arrivals in a hotel at Tucumcari 70 miles from his ranch! Found him there at last thinner & looking tired (first time I ever saw him look tired)

but in good spirits. We dashed up to Mabel's 200 miles & more from Tucumcari. Got there SFri. night & stayed until Mon. morn. Very pleasant. so Brett was staying there very upset about the war. I went to a big party with Myron Brinig Sat. night & saw all my old Taos friends. Garth & I took a horseback ride Sunday. I rode a horse {colt} he broke there last

summer very nice horse h ride—Looked wild but wasn't as it always gave much notice of when it was going to *shy* by pricking up ears etc. Started home Mon. morn. got to Williams first night & drove 740 miles home the second day in spite of hours' delay with floods again. Exciting too. Just before we got to Needles ♦ we saw a long line of cars standing ahead of us We edged along more than a mile to near the front of the procession. Some of the cars had been standing there six hours & all were apathetic & tired & hungry. After two hours men decided to go out into the stream & plot a possible ford. It varied from 4½ to 2 feet deep. First there was ¼ mile of slime & mud then 800 ft. rushing torrent. Three cars dashed through, many men standing nearly waist deep, some more, to push—the four {th} car slipped into a hole & we, the fifth, managed to edge by as it rapidly filled with silt & water. One more car followed us, then the highway patrol forbade any more to attempt it under pain of arrest. Two of the three ahead of us we left stuck in dry sand—on the other side of the stream where a hundred more cars were waiting to cross in the other direction. Not one loaf of bread was to be had in Needles, {no trains in or out} no train had been through for a week. There was flour though, perhaps the inhabitants will learn to *bake* bread! ♦

Everyone was eager to see Garth. Donnan came home for the weekend & it was like heaven to be all four together at Tor

House. Garth left two days ago to go {back} to his ranch. We wish he had a safer post. Sounds more dangerous than {war.} He has been bronced off or his horse has fallen or got caught in quick sand (with Garth's leg under him) 12 times before the 13th accident. Also been kicked several times. He has ten horses {all half broken!} to use up on his rounds (the most experienced have 15) I see in his letter he doesnt speak of the fact that his somersaulting horse came down on his thigh, a miracle it wasn't broken but the concussion was *bad*. The hotel man at Tucumcari told me it was a {miracle} he wasn't killed. We took him to Fresno & put him on Sante Fe. It was bitter to see him go. Donnan is at Berkeley. Taking some extra work until we can decide what to do. He may go ahead & take his Hollywood tests after term end. His coach Madam Veazy says he has done wonders—

Blanche & Russell start East today. It was about 110° in Fresno, a furnace the hottest weather in 56 yrs here & in Los Angeles 112° in the streets there yesterday. Thunderstorms & faint earthquake here. Charlotte Kellogg's work was all pictured in local papers when she left. What will she do if there is *no* Poland.

² Jean is

³ coming today with news.

Devotedly

Una. ♦

Kindly send this & Garth letter as soon as read to Mrs. Isabel Call Mason, Michigan, Ingham Co.

⁴

I am so rushed

5

⁶ Just now a nice letter from Alice James with a photograph of her dog so like Haig.

Clapps:

I havent attempted to speak of the war which is constantly in our minds. I can see no proper solution. It is not possible anymore for England to bolster up, one after another of the European small states. I believe that firmly.

Write to us

U. J.

I approve of Lindberghs speech,

⁷ with all my heart. Let Europe keep on its age old struggle if it must, much as I love Eng. I wish not to have our best blood drained in a hopeless & endless struggle.

Donnan would like to enlist for his beloved Eng. Empire!

ALS. Yale. 5 pages.

1. Una draws a small map here, showing the location of the Bell Ranch in relation to Taos, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, and Tucumcari.

2. As September drew to a close, the Germans and Soviets were completing their invasion of Poland. With thousands of Polish refugees fleeing the country, the Polish government-in-exile issued an emergency appeal for help. In response, former president Herbert Hoover and others

established the Commission for Polish Relief, Inc. Charlotte was a member of the board of directors and a tireless fundraiser.

3. The rest of this sentence, the closing, and the signature are written vertically in the right margin.

4. Added in top right corner, page 1.

5. Added in top left corner, page 1.

6. Una finishes her letter on a September 1, 1939 letter from Garth, in which he describes his accident. “Keep for UnaReturn to Una” is written in the top right corner of the first page.

7. Charles Lindbergh, a leader in the non-interventionist movement in America, delivered a radio speech September 15, 1939 titled “America and European Wars.” “In times of great emergency,” he said, “men of the same belief must gather together for mutual counsel and action. If they fail to do this, all that they stand for will be lost. I speak tonight to those people in the Untied States of America who feel that the destiny of this country does not call for our involvement in European wars. We must band together to prevent the loss of more American lives in these internal struggles of Europe. We must keep foreign propaganda from pushing our country blindly into another war. Modern war with all its consequences is too tragic and too devastating to be approached from anything but a purely American standpoint. We should never enter a war unless it is absolutely essential to the future welfare of our nation.”

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House. Carmel. California
September 27. 1939

Dearest Albert:

I have just this morning had time to finish reading & examining the Irish Antiquity treatise by Dr. Mahr,
¹ received from you several weeks ago. It is excellent! Don't you find it exciting to realize how in the last fifty years scientists have had to so completely revise their view of the place Ireland held in civilization in those early centuries? Near us in Donegal there was a wild & lonely windswept dune obviously a rich mine for future archeologists & anthropologists. The woman of the farm nearby showed us her collection of objects she had found there during the last twenty years, —found simply by going out & looking about the dune after an exceptionally heavy wind. Objects of bone, stone, metal & beads had been uncovered from time to time. Our boys found a bone needle.

Did I write you of our wild dash to New Mexico Garth's herding horse ran full tilt into a bull, somersaulted onto {over} its back & fell on Garth. He ♦ got a severe concussion. We couldn't be content until we saw him. We got caught in floods around Needles—(made one detour of nearly 400 miles!)—He had a short holiday so we met him at Tucumcari & went up to Mabel's for two days & three nights—then he came home with us. {for 5 days.} Again we were caught in floods near Needles, roads out & no trains running. We got across one torrent where over a hundred cars were held up on each side of the stream. Six cars got across &

then the highway patrol said they'd arrest any more who ventured. All very exciting (& tiring!).

We hear you have been ill in hospital. I hope you are much much better. We will certainly communicate with you whenever we get to S. F.

We were told of your illness by Werboff
² who has been here, did two very interesting sketches of Robin—He wanted to do an oil but R. didn't want to spare time for so many sittings

Warm love from us.
Una.

ALS. Mills. 2 pages.

1. Adolf Mahr (1887–1951), an Austrian archaeologist, was the director of the National Museum of Ireland from 1934 to 1939. Bender may have sent Una a copy of *New Aspects and Problems in Irish Prehistory* (Mahr's 1938 presidential address for the Prehistoric Society), a collection of Mahr's papers titled *Ancient Irish Handicraft* (1939), or some other publication. A friendly correspondence between Bender and Mahr originated with Bender's wish to donate Asian artworks to the museum. Mahr's position in Ireland became untenable when authorities realized the full extent of and the dangers posed by his leadership of Ireland's Nazi Party. Gerry Mullins tells Mahr's story in *Dublin Nazi No. 1: The Life of Adolf Mahr* (Dublin: Liberties Press, 2007)—a book that is dedicated “To the spirit of Albert Bender” and contains an account of Bender's association with the National Museum.

2. Michael Werboff (1896–1996), born Mikhail Alexandrovich Werboff, immigrated to France from the Soviet Union in 1924 and then to the United States in 1933. Educated in the realist tradition of Ilya Repin, Werboff achieved fame (especially in Russia, late in his life) as a portraitist whose subjects included royalty, political leaders, artists, and writers.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

[October 1939]

You asked *entre nous* about Mabel. Mabel is older definitely & a wee bit pathetic. She wears a long bob curled at ends, —not becoming to her type! We never mentioned last year.{'s} performance. I have no grudge against her for it—not a bit—only I can't *love* her anymore & I really did! You see she was staunchly at my side {8 years} until I showed a weakness & her nature is such she can't help taking advantage of a weakness in a woman! The woman who showed such malice toward me—Mabel did not invite to Taos nor was there any reason for her to be able to foresee such havoc. SMabel had seen her just once in New Haven & I saw the letter she wrote asking to stop over a weekend at Taos {with Mabel}—& was also present when on two different occasions she begged to be allowed to stay a few days more. Then sShe began {almost at once} a course of ♦ lying propaganda {about me} with R. {which I did not suspect until the end.} Fortunately Garth was able later to show up one of these lies.

No more of that though. It makes me so angry to review it & that poisons me all through.

Anyway talking of propaganda brings me back to War. I havent mentioned it before. —It rides one day & night unless one is careful. I sometimes think Robin's antennae told him two years & more ago what was coming on & raised the ferment in his soul that now goes throughout our world.

Harry Toulmin just back from Scotland takes a most dismal view of the evacuees. What afterwards? It will overturn everything, & perhaps rightfully. The village where he was, rec'd children from Glasgow slums, dreadful pale little creatures, bloodless, dirty. Esther Fish's sister¹ had 12 put on her. Albert Bender told us of a pair of two old relatives well over 70 whom he is supporting whose life is completely undone by their two.

ALF. Yale. 2 pages.

1. Helen (Foss) Hobbs Forester (1894–1977), Esther's twin sister. Helen was the wife of Capt. Henry William Forester (1899–1994), an English aristocrat and polo player.

RJ to James Rorty

Tor House, Carmel, California
October 2, 1939

Dear Rorty:

Of course I'll be glad to have you name me as reference—and I wish you luck in the new hideout.

We have been a wild drive to New Mexico and back. Our boy Garth is

on a vast cattle-ranch there (learning ranch-management, he hopes) and his horse charged into a bull, somersaulted over its back, and came down on top of Garth. Concussion—he was *out* two or three days and pretty foggy for a week—didn't intend to tell us, but a queer misspelled letter from him made us think something was wrong. So we drove down there and brought him home for a week's vacation—through extraordinary floods in the desert, both coming and going. He's all right now, and we've just shipped him back. He enjoys being a cow-boy, but would be safer I think in the Maginot Line.

¹ I'd He hopes to manage a ranch in South America ultimately.

Best of luck to you—
Robinson Jeffers.

ALS. Oregon. 1 page.

1. Named for André Maginot (1877–1932), a French minister of defense who pushed for its construction, the Maginot Line was a system of forts, gunnery outposts, tank obstacles, surveillance stations, and other installations constructed along France's eastern border. Extending from Belgium to Switzerland, the line of defense was designed to block a German invasion. When put to the test in 1940, however, the network failed; the Germans avoided the eastern border and attacked from the north.

UJ to John Wilson Townsend

Tor House. Carmel. California
October 12. 1939.

Dear Mr. Townsend:

1

Answering your letter of Oct 1. Yes, Robinson Jeffers had relatives in Kentucky, probably still has {distant ones, —} on his mother's side the connection came. His great, great, great grandfather George R. Robinson (born 1727 died 1814) went from Penn. to Kentucky in 1797 & settled near Lexington. He was elder in Bethel Pres. Church, Scott Co. was buried there beside the church—his tombstone said “Sacred to the memory of George Robinson who departed this life Mar 6. 1814 in his 87 year.

Of softest manners, unaffected mind

Lover of peace & friend of human kind

Go! Live, for Heaven's eternal rest is thine.

Go! And exalt this mortal to divine.”

In 1899 his remains were exhumed & buried in Lexington Ky. by his great grandson Thomas H. Robinson (a cousin of Robinson Jeffers' mother).

When the above George R. Robinson moved from Penn. to Ky. eight of his ten grown children settled there also. My husband Robinson Jeffers is descended from his son Thomas who stayed in North East, Penn & married Mary McCord. ♦

James F. Robinson a governor of Kentucky was a grandson of Geo Robinson.

Jonathan Robinson an influential citizen was a son of Geo. R—also. He owned a big farm in Scott Co. {(was a Capt. in Revolutionary war}

Sarah Robinson a daughter married James Fergus, Lawyer & member of Ky. Legislature.

Esther Robinson, another daughter married James Logan.

Martha ~Robinson, another daughter~ married John Crawford, a judge.

John McCracken Robinson son of above Jonathan & Jean Black R. {was a} U. S. Senator & Judge of U. S. District Court. He and many others of this family graduated from Transylvania Univ. His brother {James} Fisher R. graduated from there—was a gov. of Ky. His residence was “Cardome,” near Georgetown. Ky.

2

We are completely out of touch with any relatives in Ky. I daresay there are many descendants of the above mentioned Robinsons in the state. It is nice to register some association with the state of Kentucky. We have never had the pleasure of being there. My husband will be glad to autograph a book for you & try to include a photograph as you desire.

Very sincerely
Una Jeffers

(Mrs. Robinson Jeffers)

ALS. Virginia. 2 pages. Postmark: October 14, 1939.

1. John Wilson Townsend (1885–1968), a teacher, librarian, writer, and historian, owned the Graceland Book Shop and the Blue Grass Book Shop in Lexington, Kentucky. He was the author of *Kentuckians in History and Literature* (1907), *Kentucky: Mother of Governors* (1910), *Kentucky in American Letters: 1784–1912* (1913), and other works.

2. The descendants of George Robinson mentioned in Una’s letter are Thomas Hastings Robinson (1828–1906), Thomas Robinson (1773–1830), James Fisher Robinson (1800–1882), Jonathan Robinson (1752–1834), Sarah Robinson (1756–1801), Esther Robinson (b. ca. 1760), Martha Robinson (b. ca. 1768), and John McCracken Robinson (1794–1843).

RJ to Una

[1939]
I

Una,

I CAN’T WRITE. I feel completely half-witted (not to diagnose the case) and “writing”—during the past 30 years—has become one of the conditions of life for me.

You see how morbid!

I believe I’ll have a new birth in course of time—not willing yet to grow old at fifty like Wordsworth {[illegible]}, and survive myself—something will happen—and *life through*

this hell come home to me—something will change, something will happen.

It is a little like my extravagances in 1917 to '19, except that I was uncritical then, and able to keep myself fairly quiet by writing a lot of foolishness. (Now I know too much.) After that we began to make Tor House—*and that was worth while*,—quite aside from the accidental new birth of my own mind.

Something like that will happen again.

You were insensitive in Taos.

² —You thought too much about yourself, —as I am doing now.

AN. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. The exact date of this note is unknown. Jeffers wrote it on the back of a *Life* magazine subscription notice dated October 21, 1939, so it was written sometime after that.

2. Probably a reference to Robinson and Una's brief visit to Taos in September 1939.

UJ to Blanche Matthias

Tor House. Carmel. California
November 27. 1939.

Darling Blanche:

I was so happy to have your letter & to know Russell was again going about as energetic as I always picture him. Of

course my life story will never be quite complete until I go off with him on a *trip*—a real one with maps & proper impedimenta & convenient gadgets & every practical detail for gazing at everything. I haven't the faintest idea how I am going to be able to accomplish the above!

I've just had the second letter from Garth in two days & very happy to hear his joy in all the complicated business of completing the winter arrangements. He has been off on the range for weeks—sleeping out in a wee {sheep} camp {sheep}herder's tent. Each cowboy has one. My last letter before these two was dated Oct 28. & I was getting pretty frantic to hear. {Zero there in the night!}

Donnan was down over Thanksgiving. Wasn't it sweet of Margaret to ask us three to Thanksgiving ♦ dinner. Meta & Brian were there in good spirits although I believe Brian's back has been troubling him a little off & on. A marvellous dinner, & a grand wine & a bottle of Fredericks fine old brandy. Margaret looked adorable in that shell-pink Fortuny gown of hers.

“The Doll's House” has just been put on over at the old “First Theatre” in Monterey. Connie Bell was really a *wonderful* Nora. —*EXACTLY* the part for her. Noël was Dr. Rank—I scarcely know how to say what I thought of him for he seemed so *real*—acted admirably but seemed to dwarf the rest of the people *as* people. A certain *largeness*—over-powerful aura, if you'll let me use the word, made him seem out of the bounds of the stage & group. {Roland Young was here the other day & said he played Krogstad with Nazimova in *Doll's House* a long time. Did you see him?}

The Polish relief thing netted \$350.00. I believe it is the first thing of its kind from a small town. Stokowsky gave a concert in L. A. for it (net \$6500.00) ♦ I was on the committee though I did not do very much work. Jean & Wendy carried the burden. If you see Charlotte Kellogg say that Jean looked very lovely that night—a pale flame colored crepe gown & eager face!

Donnan is undecided about after Christmas. If you have any further suggestions do tell us.

Ben Lehman was at Noëls this weekend. He is more like his old self now.

² Can even joke about the Theatre!

Louis Adamic lectured here lately. I introduced him & gracious I was well rewarded for Stella Adamic

³ (wife)—sent me a box with ½ doz. wonderful jars of homemade jelly from their farm in N. J. The blackberry tasted as if just off the bush!!!

I also gave a talk Nov 21. at {Four} Coast {Counties'} Teacher's Institute & earned fifty dollars! Robin thought it the best I ever did & they seemed to like it, on Ireland (Literary, Antiquarian associations) also observations on islands ♦ particularly Aran, Hebrides, Orkneys, Shetlands The last two sets which seemed so remote are now on every front page every day—so they at least were of immediate interest. It is work to get the talk thought out & flowing but rather fun to do.

I still go into the water every day. Several mornings this week it was wild work, waves tremendous—but I am right close to the shore. Its romantic feeling & every morning different colors & things to see.

Did I tell you we helped Mrs. Todd

⁴ throw the ashes of Edward Hope

⁵—that grand old Englishman—off the rocks I thought it would be eerie but it wasn't Mrs T. & I sat above & Robin went with Humphrey Todd

⁶ to a low rock jutting out into the Sea & threw them out. They made a white arc toward the South. (north wind was blowing—R had spied that out before!) They seemed to dissolve & vanish in the brilliant sunshine & never reach the water. Gave {Made} a kind of Blake drawing strange & symbolic looking.

Devotedly Una

I'd adore another long talk with you—no *many* of them as we used to talk in the old days. We will again.

Seems stingy of my time but will you please send this to Maud C—I want to keep close to them—& am so pushed for time {just} now.

⁷

Loved your Nov 9. telegram—! Any more news of John Evans?

⁸

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Roland Young and Alla Nazimova performed together in a Broadway production of Henrik Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, April–May 1918.
2. Probably a reference to the fact that Lehman was no longer married to Judith Anderson. The couple divorced August 23, 1939.
3. Stella (Sanders) Adamic (1909–1961), a graduate of Hunter College, married Louis Adamic in 1931 and traveled with him to Yugoslavia in 1932. Louis describes this journey in his best-selling book, *The Native's Return* (1934). In the years after Louis died, Stella earned an M.A. in library science at Columbia University and worked as a high school librarian. As Stella Sanders, she published a children's book titled *Flying Horseshoe Ranch* (1955).
4. Jane Charlton (Burns) Todd (1864–1952) belonged to a family with roots in the Monterey Peninsula. She owned a ranch in Corral de Tierra, a pastoral valley located between Monterey and Salinas.
5. Edward A. Hope (1859–1939), listed as a boarder in one federal census and an uncle in another, lived with Jane Todd and her family.
6. Humphrey Todd (1891–1944), one of Jane Todd's five children, was born in Argentina and came to the United States in 1913. He was a stockbroker in Monterey and a manager of the family ranch in Corral de Tierra.
7. Written in top right margin, first page.

8. Written vertically in left margin, first page.

UJ to Frederick and Maud Clapp

Tor House. Carmel
November 29. 1939

Darlings:

Just came home this moment from a nice lunch at Emily Coote's in honor of Susan's birthday,—

¹ a dozen there of Susan's oldest friends here—I am off again for another engagement in a few moments but shall write to you first, late or not. Several days ago I sent a letter to Blanche bringing our news fairly up to date & asked her to pass it on to you—I hate having weeks go by without signalling.

² It is mellow autumn sunlight outdoors, Robin is making mortar, little cocks, quail & bantam saunter in & out the courtyard.

I finished reading Havelock Ellis' autobiography

³—I fear he was a sanctimonious old boy. Must {not} forget to be thankful that long long ago he told me what was what & got that done—but I do detect a pious joy in his own tolerance, & what a complete mess his own sex life was dating back to Olive Shreiner

⁴ whom he loved so ardently but found too violently sexed for himself to tackle. ♦

My lecture went off very well. Robin said best I'd done Antiquarian & literary things I care about in Ireland & islands off the British Isles Orkney & Shetlands particularly as of

immediate moment—but I guess I spoke of this in Blanche’s letter. —Have you or she seen any more of John & Claire Evans?

O I wish I were able to step in for your concerts—and the lectures (particularly the first & last on your list) Italian 14–17 *cent* & Christian Art in Ireland.

I see exciting reviews in Eng. papers of Joseph Hone’s “Moore’s of Moore Hall.” I await my copy with eagerness. He is sending me one & using some pages of my diary in his book.

I have many letters from England—grim & with no expectation of any quick victory. It makes me very very sad. England is one of the most precious spots in the world to me. It is so hard to imagine how peace will come without terrific upheavals & changes Yesterday a letter from my great friend Walter Peacock ♦ He was making a great deal of money when we were there in London—theatrical agent—perhaps that’s not the correct term—bought & sold plays & actors! He writes he has for the moment retired to a little house they have down in Wilts, his business completely collapsed of course, & they are taking care of some penniless penniless friends & relatives down there—

And now the Finns.

⁵ I confess they are closer to my heart than the Poles. —Oh I forgot to ask Blanche what she thought of Vincent Sheean’s

⁶ right-about-face. He is completely disgusted & disillusioned about Russia—I seem to remember Blanche was using his former beliefs to reassure herself about Russia. Sheean was here at Tor House the other day, a very likeable

person big tall fellow with boyish high colored face sandyish hair & easy friendly manner. Won by my heart by flying at all the organs by turn & trying their tones.

This morning George Gordon Moore arrived with a big ♦ mss. he wants me to inspect & edit. —Its not his own {a friend of his}, —its autobiographical & supposedly exciting If I do it I will tell you in proper time—it would be for money & plenty of it but I haven't had a moment yet to get even a remote idea of it or whether I could {manage it.}

Away I must go. I'll do better next time if things stop whirling around me.

Always I love you with all my heart
Una.

ALS. Yale. 4 pages.

1. Susan Porter turned sixty-two November 29, 1939.
2. Prior to this letter, the last time Una wrote to the Clapps was October 25, 1939 (ALS Yale). That letter, not included in this edition, contains an account of recent events at Tor House, such as a visit by Donald Culross Peattie (1898–1964), the botanist, naturalist, and prize-winning author of *Trees You Want to Know* (1934), *Flowering Earth* (1939), *American Heartwood* (1949), and other books.
3. Havelock Ellis, *My Life* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1939).

4. Olive Schreiner (1855–1920), a self-educated writer, was born in South Africa and lived there for most of her life. In such works as *Story of an African Farm* (published under the name Ralph Iron, 1883), *Dreams* (1890), and *Woman and Labor* (1911), Schreiner examined a wide variety of social issues, including women’s rights, British imperialism, and racism. Her friendship with Havelock Ellis, formed during the 1880s when Schreiner resided in England, is recounted in *“My Other Self”: The Letters of Olive Schreiner and Havelock Ellis, 1884–1920* (1992).

5. As the Soviet Union extended its reach during the fall of 1939—invading Poland and establishing military bases in Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania—it turned toward Finland, demanding a change in the border between the two countries, the cession of islands in the Gulf of Finland, and other rights. When Finland refused to comply, the Soviets attacked. A border incident on November 26, 1939 triggered the invasion, later called the Winter War, but the full onslaught did not begin until November 30.

6. Vincent Sheean (1899–1975), born James Vincent Sheean in Illinois, was a best-selling political journalist who traveled widely and reported on key events as they unfolded. He was also a successful novelist. His many books include *Personal History* (1935); *Not Peace but a Sword* (1939); *Lead, Kindly Light* (1949); and *The Indigo Bunting: A Memoir of Edna St. Vincent Millay* (1951).

UJ to Albert Bender

Tor House. Carmel.
December 8. 1939.

Dearest Albert:

Robin is interested in your proposition about his writing a foreword to the Lawrence poems.

¹ If he can get a look at them he will write you directly whether he will do it. Thinks it possible.

Both of us send our love.

Una.

ALS. Mills. 1 page.

1. Jeffers accepted the commission. See D. H. Lawrence, *Fire and Other Poems*, foreword by Robinson Jeffers (San Francisco: Book Club of California, 1940).

UJ to Dorothy Brett

Tor House. Carmel. California
December 9. 1939

Dearest Brett:

I heard your sister Sylvia lecture in San Francisco last Monday & went to a lunch in her honor afterwards. Her lecture was tremendously interesting (which I didn't expect for I haven't any interest at all in Malays, & I went for your sake! because I wanted to see a sister of yours.) She was very natural & clear in all she said & made an extremely vivid picture of her life there & the native customs, rites & so on, several rites connected with the Dead were most picturesque & one or two things very poetical (like leaving a few trees

atop a mountain when they clear the wood off, for the spirits to roost in! —well, not really *roost*, —they become identified with the tree.) Afterwards I sat at her right at lunch with the wife of the British consul general on her other side., Mrs Butler,

1 a very nice woman ♦ so we had a nice talk. Your sister answered dozens & dozens of questions after her talk—it was a sort of *Forum*. She did them all very amiably although it must have {been} tiring after talking so long already. She looked very handsome in cloth of gold & so on—stunning gold necklace & bracelets. Told harrowing details about burnt-out lepers, her pet charity.

You may like to hear about Shim although its not good news. You know the sight of one eyes is gone from hemorrhages & {in} the other eye the vision is oblique. I talked to Hans {Barkan} (you know the fine eye specialist) & he told me he would, if the condition was as I described, be able to fit him with a certain kind of telescopic lens which would enable him to use that oblique vision better {straighten it out}, & would do it free for me that I might make this sort of present to Shim. Before the time came to take him up to S. F. to Hans, Hans was south & took the trouble to interview the doctors in charge of Shim's case & then wrote me we'd better leave it alone. These specialists told him they had *never* known a case of hyper-tension like his that lived {to be} over twenty—& any excitement any moment might kill him {him}. Even an eye-test bring on more hemorrhages, so I told ♦

Gabrielle that we'd better not have the test until he gets stronger. I'm not sure whether or not she knows the full truth about his condition but Teddie does.

² Shim stays on a ranch seven miles up Carmel Valley.

Robin & I are just starting off on an all afternoon walk up Black Rock Cañon beyond George Moore's ranch.

³ The autumn colors are fine even here where {most} leaves don't turn as they do in colder places. The finest colors here are golden sycamore leaves & scarlet poison oak!

I hope we will see you sometime this winter.

Love from Una.

I passed on your *Beacon* to Mrs Young-Hunter. You might show this about Shim to Mabel—I forgot to tell her.

ALS. HRC Texas. 3 pages.

1. Helen Maxima (Scranton) Butler (1893–1972) was the daughter of Dr. William B. Scranton and Louie Scranton. Her father was an American medical missionary in Korea, where Helen was born. Helen's husband, Sir Paul Dalrymple Butler (1886–1955), entered Britain's Foreign Service in 1908 and held posts in consulate offices throughout the Far East, including Korea. He left Manchuria in 1938 for San Francisco, where he served as British consul general until 1941.

2. Shim Kuster's physical condition continued to deteriorate. He died of heart failure at age fifteen September 9, 1940.

3. A few weeks after this letter was written, Moore's 21,000-acre ranch was foreclosed by creditors. See "George Gordon Moore Loses San Carlos Ranch," *Carmel Pine Cone* (February 2, 1940): 1.

UJ to Bennett Cerf

Tor House. Carmel. California
December 13. 1939.

Dear Bennett—

Mrs. Halperin

¹ did not consult me about sending her ms. to you.

² If she had, I would have discouraged her. She has left Carmel with her husband

³ who is on the faculty in University of Chicago. I saw them a half-dozen times & cannot even venture an opinion about the worth of her book—which, when she first spoke of it to me, I imagined would be magazine article size. Robin seems, like D H. Lawrence, to somehow excite a wish in various people to write about him. I don't suppose it makes much difference eventually one way or another. About half of the dozen books I've read about Lawrence were worthless but I don't know that they influenced anyone. I thought her book if published at all might have readers amongst college students. Never a week elapses that I haven't to answer at least one request {for material} from students doing theses on him.

We are busy & happy—that is as happy as one may be during such confusion everywhere. How low & quiet now sing those smart critics who {have} wished Poetry to ♦ {be one} propagandic Paeon about Communism & Kind Russia. Robin has had some letters of apology from various of our red friends—the truthful ones.

He hopes very much to have a book by {for} next Fall, but he won't promise.

⁴ I do think he is quieter in his mind than for some time past—it seems to me his private antennae announced {to him} this chao chaos some time back.

Garth still goes on at the ranch in New Mexico. Likes it. Sounds to us like a terribly hard life. Until a week ago he had been weeks on the range sleeping on the ground at night (zero at night) Donnan is temporarily doing some {further} work at the Univ. of California.

⁵ I feel sad today—have just heard of the death of Llewelyn Powys.

⁶ He wrote several fine—*poignant* books Have you seen Joseph Hone's "The Moores of Moore Hall" {(Geo Moore's family)}? pub. by Cape I haven't but hear its interesting, & also that some pages from my diary are quoted

Love from Una.

ALS. Berkeley. 2 pages.

1. Elaine (Philipsborn) Halperin (1909–1991), an editor and prize-winning translator of books from French to English. Among her many publications are *The Long Holiday* by Francis Ambrière (1948), *The Other Side of the Mountain* by Michel Bernanos (1968), and *The Maquis: A History of the French Resistance Movement* by Claude Chambard (1976).

2. In a letter to Una dated December 4, 1939 (TCC Berkeley), Cerf writes, "We have received a letter from Mrs. S. William Halperin telling us that she is at work on a book about Robin. I had to tell her that we were not interested in seeing this manuscript. I hope you will agree with me that there have been enough books about Robin in the past few years to

satisfy all demands, and I really do not see much point in another one at this time.”

3. S. William Halperin (1905–1979), editor of the *Journal of Modern History*, taught European politics and culture at the University of Chicago. He was the author of *The Separation of Church and State in Italian Thought from Cavour to Mussolini* (1937), *Germany Tried Democracy: A Political History of the Reich from 1918 to 1933* (1946), *Mussolini and Italian Fascism* (1964), and other books.

4. Cerf ’s December 28, 1939 letter to Una (TCC Berkeley) contains the following response: “It is fine to know that Robin may have a new book for the Fall. I think the fact stands out more and more clearly that Robin is today the greatest poet in America. The selected volume sells steadily and I think will continue to do so for many years to come. There isn’t a book on the Random House list of which I am more proud.”

5. Donnan did not complete his bachelor’s degree.

6. Llewelyn Powys died December 2, 1939 in Clavadel, Switzerland. The cause was a burst duodenal ulcer.

UJ to Frederic I. Carpenter

Tor House. Carmel. Calif.
Dec. 14. 1939

We shall be most interested to see your Am. Lit. article We did not see the Waggoner one. —R. J. still has form of insanity—(inability to write letters.)

Perhaps you do not know you have the longest collection of R. J. letters in existence.

Sincerely,
Una Jeffers.

APS. Berkeley. Postmark: December 14, 1939.

RJ to Una

[1939]
|

Either person of a pair of lovers ought to think of the other. . .
.

(Do you understand?—Our love is something different from the love of people that live in apartments. You might have thought about our own peace here—)

AN. HRC Texas. 1 page.

1. This undated note is written on a piece of scrap paper that has no distinguishing marks. At some time, the note was placed in the envelope that held Robinson's billets-doux from 1913–1914 and other years (see *Collected Letters* 1: 384, note 1). Given its tone, the note could have been written toward the end of 1939, but earlier or later dates are also possible.

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