LIBRARIES
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN - MADISON

[Typescripts and papers by Zona Gale]. Box 2: Correspondence

Gale, Zona, 1874-1938
Portage, Wis.: [publisher not identified], 1895

https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/ELME7RQLGB37J8Q

https://rightsstatements.org/vocab/UND/1.0/

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

RARE BOOK DEPARTMENT
Zona Gale Letters
Ms. 226

1922. Unless otherwise noted, all letters are from Zona Gale to Henry Chester Tracy. The letters a,b,c,etc. note the number of pages or "pieces."

1a,b. 1/9/22. 1 TLs.
2a,b. 1/28/22. 1 TLs.
3. 3/6/22. 1 ALs.
4. 3/14/22. 1 ALs.
5. 3/23/22. 1 ALs.
6. 3/27/22. 1 ALs.
7. 4/17/22. Notice of registered article from Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester.
8a,b. 4/18/22. 1 ALs.
9. 5/8/22. 1 ALs.
10a,b,c. 6/17/22. 1 ALs.
11a,b. 7/10/22. 1 ALs.
12a,b. 7/20/22. 1 ALs.
13a,b. 7/25/22. 1 ALs. plus copy of Zona Gale letter to publisher, Knopf dated 7/23/22. Zona Gale often tried to promote H.C. Tracy with publishers.
14a,b 8/7/22. 1 TLs. Frank, Glenn to Gale, Zona. Glenn Frank was editor of CENTURY MAGAZINE. The letter had to do with publication of her novel and was sent to H.C. Tracy. The envelope accompanies the letter because there is a notation on it.
15. 8/26/22. 1 Als.
16a,b,c. 9/1/22. 1 ALs.
17. 9/4/22. 1 ALs.
18. This accompanied the letter of 9/4/22 and was a statement by Zona Gale entitled, "Why I shall Vote for Senator Robert M. La Follette."
19. 9/12/22. 1 ALs.
20. 9/25/22. 1 ALs.
21a,b. 12/4/22. 1 TLs.
22. 12/7/22. 1 TLs. Van Doren, Carl to Gale, Zona. Carl Van Doren of Century Co. rejected SOUVENIR OF OCTOBER by H.C. Tracy. He wrote of his appreciation of her FAINT PERFUME.
23. 12/11/22. 1 ALs.
24a,b. 12/14/22. 1 TLs.
25. no envelope or date. 1 TL. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester.
26. " " " " 1 AL. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester.

1923.

1. No date or envelope. 1 TL. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester.
2a,b. 2/6/23. 1 TL.
3. 2/6/23. 1 AL. AMERICAN REVIEW to Gale, Zona. page is torn - only part of letter enclosed.
4. 1 TL. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester enclosing the above letter from the AMERICAN REVIEW. by Mr. Thayer
5. 2/19/23. 1 AL.
6. 5/19/23. 1 ALs.
7. 6/31/23. 1 ALs. Rogers, Viola to Tracy, Henry Chester relating the death of Zona Gale's father.
8a,b. 6/?/23. 1 ALs. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester.

RARE BOOK DEPARTMENT
Zonz Gale Letters
Ms. 226

1923 (continued)

9a,b,c.	7/?/23	1 ALs. Gale Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester.
10.	8/8/23	1 ALs.
11.	8/11/23	1 TL.
12.	8/21/23	1 ALs.
13.	11/19/23	1 TL.

1924

1a,b.	7/3/24.	1 ALs.
2.	10/20/24.	1 AL written on political campaign stationary (La Follette) from Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry C.

1925

1a,b.	2/13/25.	1 TLs.
2a,b,c,d.	5/2/25.	1 TL. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester with enclosure from Dr. Thomas Dickinson.
3a,b.	8/8/25.	1 TLs.
4a,b.	10/24/25.	1 AL.
5a,b.	12/5/25.	1 printed/1 written. ALs.
6.	12/27/25.	1 TL.
7a,b.	12/31/25	1 TLs. plus note.

1926

1.	1/18/26.	1 ALs.
2a,b.	2/6/26.	1 ALs.
3a,b,c,d.	3/11/26.	1 Als., 1TLs. Re: Ms. of Tracy "A Preface to Scientific Humanism" to be sent to Dutton Publishers. 1 copy TLs. to Dutton Publishers from Zona Gale 1 ALs. to G. F. (Frank) on University of Wisconsin Dept. of Philosophy and Psychology letterhead paper giving opinion of Dr. Meiklejohn.
4a,b.	no date.	1 TLs. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester re Dr. Frank and Dr. Meiklejohn.
5.	3/23/26.	1 TLs. Gale, Zona to Los Angeles Postmaster trying to find a letter written to H.C. Tracy which encloses a valuable letter written on Letterhead of President of University of Wisconsin.
6a,b.	6/1/26	1 ALs., 1 TLs.
7.	6/2/26.	1 TLs.
8a,b.	10/2/26.	1 ALs. (copy) Gale, Zona to President Morgan. This letter sent to H.C. Tracy. The letter To President Morg speaks in praise of Tracy.

RARE BOOK DEPARTMENT
Zona Gale Letters
Ms. 226.

Unless otherwise noted all letters are from Zona Gale to Henry Chester Tracy.

1927.

1.	2/7/27.	1 TL. She calls it a"No-letter."
2a,b,c.	2/27/27.	1 AL. Written on the stationery of the Mission Inn in Riverside, California where she had gone for her health.
3.	3/21/27.	copy of TL sent by Zona Gale to Mr. McCrae re Tracy's book, TOWARDS THE OPEN. This copy sent to Tracy.
4a,b.	5/5/27.	1 TLs.
5.	7/2/27.	1 TL.
6a,b,c.	7/30/27.	1 AL.
7a,b.	9/6/27.	1 TL. "Did you know August 26 was your birthday and mine?"
8.	9/14/27.	1 AL. sending book, BEYOND BEHAVIORISM.
9.	10/26/27.	1 TL. She is sending JADE MOUNTAIN to Van Doren of the Literary Guild.
10a,b.	12/13/27.	1 AL.
11.	Mystery letter.	This letter came in an envelope dated April 21, 1923, but the letter from the J. Simon Guggenheim Foundation is dated October 24, 1927. Where does it belong? Was "1927" a typing error?

1928.

1.	2/10/28.	1 TLs. White, William Allen to Gale, Zona. Re: Reading TOWARD THE OPEN.
2.	3/1/28.	1 TL. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester.

1929.

1a,b.	1/8/29.	1 ALs.
2a,b.	1/25/29	1 TLs. plus 1 ALs. which Zona Gale found buried on her desk.
3a,b,c.	2/24/29.	typed note plus 1 AL including two written sketches.
4a,b,c.	2/14/29.	1 ALs. Johnson, Ann Radford to Gale, Zona.
5a,b,c.	5/25/29	1 AL. 3½ pages in pencil in which she laments not hearing from him. She speaks of "the baby.". What baby? Whose?
6a,b.	9/10/29	1 ALs.- initialed

1930

1.	1/11/30.	1 AL. Belated Christmas note.
2.	6/18/30	1 AL.written on stationery of the Mission Inn in Riverside, California. In 1927 she was there for health reasons.

1931.

1a,b.	4/11/31	1 ALs. written on stationery of the Mission Inn in Riverside, California.

Rare Book Department
Zona Gale Letters
Ms. 226.

1932.

1a,b.	2/9/32.	1 ALs. From Gale, Zona and addressed to "Dear Friends." Apparently H.C. Tracy is now married and facing financial difficulties due to the great difference between the realestate values of where he is living and those of the region to which he is moving. Zona Gale is writing from Florida.
2.	February;, 1932.	A note written from Florida. It appears that Tracy is now in Hollywood, California.
3.	3/16/32.	1 TL. A letter about his PATHS OF PERCEPTION.
4a,b.	3/26/32.	1 TLs. ATLANTIC MONTHLY to Gale, Zona saying they liked the essays by Tracy even though they can't use them.
	3/31/32.	1 AL. The above letter from ATLANTIC MONTHLY is enclosed in letter from Gale to H.C. Tracy.
5.	4/11/32.	1 TLs. YALE REVIEW to Gale, Zona rejecting PATHS OF PERCEPTION. Letter sent to H.C. Tracy.
6.	4/23/32.	1 TLs. This letter was dictated and signed with initials, the letter "B" appearing to indicate that she is now married.
7a ,b,c,d,e.	6/2/32	1 ALs. plus an added note. This letter encloses letters from the University of Chicago Press, SCHOLASTIC, and a copy of the program of the Iowa Creative Writing Conference at which Zona Gale lectured.

UNDATED LETTERS FROM Zona Gale to Henry Chester Tracy.

1 a,b,c.	1 ALs.
2 a,b.	1 TL
3.	1 TL telling Tracy to send in an application to Guggenheim.
4.	1 ALs. written on stationery of Riverside Mission Inn, Calif.
5.	1 ALs. Zona Gale sends a payment she received from Dutton Publishers writing, "I cannot make money out of you."

LETTERS FROM ZONA GALE TO MRS. JOSEPH (FANNY) ROSENTHAL. Cover letter

1.	3/29/73	1 ALs. Mrs. Frank (Helen) Stout to Griffin, Lloyd of the University of Wisconsin Memorial Library saying "herewith are the letters Zona Gale wrote to my invalided mother."
2.	12/22/13	Zona Gale sent booklet "SANTY" written by John T. McCutcheon.
3.	12/31/14.	1 card with poem, "Remembrance" from Gale, Zona to Rosenthal, Fanny.
4.	12/22/19.	1 card which apparently accompanied a photograph of Zona Gale.
5.	12/22/25.	Gale, Zona to "Dear Friend"

LETTERS FROM ZONA GALE TO MRS. ROSENTHAL (continued)

6a,b,c.	12/22/26	1 ALs. Two paged letter with envelope to Mrs. Rosenthal on the occasion of the death of her son.
7a,b.	6/30/28.	1 ALs. Zona Gale writes as if she is now married.
8.		Christmas note to Fanny Rosenthal.
9a,b.	1/3/29.	1 ALs. plus a note.
10.		1 ALs. no envelope or date. Gale, Zona to Fanny Rosenthal.

ZONA GALE MISCELLANY

1. Article printed by E. P. Dutton & Co., publishers of New York. Its heading: "Henry Tracy is new W. H. Hudson says Zona Gale."
2. Two Xerox copies of the above article.
3. 1 Postcard picture of The Gale Home.
4. 1 condolence thank-you on the death of Eliza Beers Gale signed by C.F. Gale and Zona Gale. August, 1923.
5. 1 copy of the newspaper obituary of Zona Gale plus a Xerox of it.
6. 1 photo Arthur Park Tracy presenting Mr. Henry Luce with a copy of "Unitive Spirituality" at a lecture at the University of Calif. at Santa Barbara. The only clue we have that this might pertain to Zona Gale is the surname "Tracy."

In a separate folder are photocopies of letters from Zona Gale to Ruth Fitch Mason, Thomas Boyd and Miss Fanny Borden.

There is also a separate smaller box containing 4 typescripts of plays of Zona Gale. They appear to be versions of LIGHT WOMAN

10-8-83

ZONA GALE LETTERS

from 506 Edgewater Place
Portage, Wisconsin

TO HENRY CHESTER TRACY

* CORRESPONDENCE BEGINS YEAR AFTER SHE HAS RECEIVED PULITZER FOR DRAMATIZATION OF MISS LULU BETT.

(ALL BUT TWO IN ENVELOPES WHICH IS GOOD BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T DATE HER LETTERS)

postmarks *

JAN 9, 1922 1st letter in passel, typed, in response to Tracy's response to a story of hers. Introduces her interest in "cosmic consciousness" and the importance of serving society on an inner plane providing one has first done a good deal of "fetching-and-carrying" and other social "deck cleaning".

DEC 5, 1925 Holograph (plus someone's printed copy) re a book called Creative Involution*, its brevity compared with Herbert Spencer's writing... then on to Tracy's book at Chatto & Windus... references to the Millers in Riverside and to Glenn Frank, Univ. of Wis. * Cora Lenore Williams also the book she is currently working on and the fact that Faint Perfume is to be produced in ~~Europe~~. NEW YORK.

FEB 7, 1927 a "no-letter" (TYPED) as she calls it: a query about "Shadow-Eros"

FEB 27, 1927 on Mission Inn, Riverside, Calif. Stationery. Holograph. 6 pages... all trying to arrange a meeting with Tracy, who is in Berkeley, that is suitable for both... beginning with a certain teasing ambiguity.

MAR 21, 1927 copy of a letter to a Mr McCrae re Tracy's book Towards the Open.

MAY 5, 1927 2-PAGES, TYPED, single-spaced. (tear in margins) long poetic intricate letter re shared images* and the review she is doing of his book, "you have written of this world, with the second world showing through...", also her Spring housecleaning, "comas" of silence, & bookshelves * dolphin-like fish, the woody bird... (the dolphin-fish & the two riding its back referred to in later letters)

JULY 30, 1927 6 holograph pages in Gale's loose scrawl, 2 of notes on Tracy's book including, "Really, I was AMAZED at the mental roar with which I read, on 197, the "shoddy mentality of the American Middle West." It isn't that I do not know that shoddy mentality abounds in America, but I know it not one whit more in the Middle West than in New York or in Los Angeles." Letter itself on Tracy's book to be published by Dutton and her own Yellow Gentians and Blue with reference to her discovery in Webster's of "the yellow gentian

II

which has a very bitter taste."... "Part II of the book has some hints of a blue gentian world."... also description of a crane on lawn that morning near river.

SEPT 6, 1927 1½ pages (single-spaced) typed beginning "Did you know that August 26th was your birthday? And that it was mine?...." mainly about something -a poem?- called "Given" from Tracy which must have arrived with a letter but which was somehow overlooked... also about Tracy's year off, future pension, pension set-up in Wisconsin, etc. Reference to writings of Elizabeth Madox Ford

SEPT 14, 1927 HOLOGRAPH, 2 PAGES. Re sending Tracy a copy of Beyond Behaviorism... also mention of a friend recently returned from Turkey. "I want to go to Istambul (sp). I want to see Itambone (sp). I want to say 'I am in Itambout'."

DEC 13, 1927 HOLOGRAPH, 4 PAGES. re gift from Tracy of "beads-on-a-cord of invisibility which she weaves in with a discussion of Tracy's writing and Henri's The Art Spirit

MAR 1, 1928 TYPED NOTE regarding failure to write a promised review of book whose first two chapters she read "while sitting with my camera on a bank waiting for a beaver to appear." A note from William Allen White, the Emporia Gazette, included.

JAN 25, 1929 TYPED NOTE DATED JAN 24 TOGETHER WITH A SCRAWLED LETTER (4 PAGES NOTE PAPER) THAT HAD GOT "BURIED ON MY DESK". MOSTLY ABOUT HER HOPES ABOUT HIS RECEIVING A GUGGENHEIM GRANT... also that she would like Elinor Wylie's book back "now after the early and tragic death."

FEB 24, 1929 Miscellany including a letter to Zona from a Mrs Ann Radford Johnston in Hollywood which Zona forwards to Tracy. Also mention of Leslyn, now 2½. Thanks him for returning the Elinor Wylie book. Will have article called "I've Been Reading" in the April Century mag. also typed page from a story. and typed half page about child.

III

MAY 25, 1929 3½ pencilled pages. She laments not hearing from Tracy, then in afternoon letter comes: "the usual universal chemical happening." Speaks of progressive education movement and her visit to the Antioch campus; work-study program there. Also speaks of the baby & speaking engagements

I have incorporated

JAN 11, 1930 4 page holograph note (folded 8×11 sheet) Belated Christmas wishes, hence "added freight of more wishes" etc... Speaks of having same cough she had in California earlier..... "What wild and waxen image shall I promote from the air to send to you?... about to have lunch with someone from University.. "How idiotic not to be able to ask you to lunch. What clogs us, weighs us, chains us to one spot in this world?..."

JUNE 18, 1930 2 holograph pages on Mission Inn Riverside, CA stationery... letter begun "light years" back, now finished & mailed from Portage. Describes how when letter was begun none of Tracy's writing had been published, now "it floats, whirling its bright words, all laid in lines of print and paper...." Speaking esp. of Roads to Morning.

APRIL 11, 1931 5 page holograph note (folded 8×11 sheets) on Mission Inn stationery. They (?) have driven there from Wisconsin... "Mission Inn Stationery - Mission Inn airs - in fact, Mission Inn. And I on the roof, a low voice's length from that rainy room wherein I entertained the plumber, in a great and fearful conviction that he was you... ask if he will join them while they take 22 year old Juliette to see a studio

FEB 9, 1932 3 full holograph pages written from Miami... where she is speaking at the University.. letter in response to what seem to be financial problems for the Tracys... Speaks of sending things to Yale Review and New Republic*... "Now the publishers lists are so small." * hers? Tracy's? describes the warm temperatures, etc in Florida. Signs off "O to be Alladin instead of me."

FEB ? 1932. note from Florida. about to leave for home.

IV

MAR 16, 1932 MORE THAN ½ PAGE, SINGLE-SPACED TYPED, unsigned.
beginning: Paths of Perception I think will live forever, if we can get it to begin to live as soon as possible. ... reference to things sent to Atlantic Monthly and Yale Review, also New Republic and Nation ... which answers question of 2-9-32 letter. ... also perhaps explains why she speaks of herself as an impresario in earlier letters

MAR 31, 1932 HOLOGRAPH 3/4 page accompanying Atlantic Monthly letter on Tracy's essays

APR 23, 1932 A DICTATED LETTER signed and with notes), also note on a scrap accompanying Yale Review letter on Tracy's Paths to Perception. Interesting letter re being a sensitive and/or jovial writer. ... Suggests Tracy try England as an audience ... with some detail. A description of the seasonal moment – robin, elm bud, etc – in Wisconsin, as in other letters.

JUN 2, 1932 HOLOGRAPH 8x11 sheet (folded, written on all sides) accompanying letters from Univ. of Chicago Press and Scholastic / on Tracy's work (interesting letter on Scholastic's policies), also a schedule of Univ. of Iowa Creative Writing conference at which Zona lectured. Describes June in Wisconsin. Wishes Tracy wld send out manuscripts by the thousands, then reflects on all the implications of "sheer numbers".

2 UNDATED LETTERS NOT IN ENVELOPES
ONE on Mission Inn stationery & probably a follow-up to 2-27-27 letter wondering if Marion Tracy would bring music, when they come, for the Inn organ ... thinks Tracy should send more material at a time to publisher

ONE 8x11" sheet folded to note size, written on all sides (about 220 words) forwards to Tracy the amount she received for reviews of his book published by Dutton. "... I cannot make money out of you! — or of any of my friends. So please add this to the English as Experience profits" She is sending a copy of her new book from Knopf on to him "in the Dutton box which had given yours wings from New York ..." Thanks him for his "in which I shall now plunge and be upborne to a more silvery medium."

Zona Gale

Fred Keller

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

3104 Highland Avenue

Hollywood

California

Letter postmarked Jan. 9, 1922 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

1a b

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
Hollywood
California

Dear Mr. Tracy:--

It is, as you would know, very important to me to have such a sane and definite response to my story. If the story reached even one that would be enough, but especially one to whom it replies rather than reveals. I rather think that nothing can reveal this. "We who know that which we cannot tell", Will Levington Comfort puts it.

Do you know Mr. Comfort? He is, or was recently, speaking every week --sometimes at the Hollywood Library. If you do know, you will know that it is this heightened level of perception of which he is treating in his Letters, sent out once or twice a month to those who tell those who tell those... and now published in two volumes. You ought to know each other. In case you do not, he is at 4993 Pasadena avenue, Los Angeles --where I hunted him out when I was out there two years ago.

I wonder how far you are familiar with the literature of it all. Not that the literature is the thing, or necessary, but it gives companionship. I think that the fundamental book about the modern growth is in Dr. Bucke's Cosmic Consciousness, now unhappily out of print, though most libraries have it; and you might be able to get it in that fascinating library in the Black Block; or in the East and West bookshop, in the basement of the Arlington at Santa Barbara. Particularly if the bookman there takes you to the inner room where are the books which he will not sell, but will lend if he sees that you know and care. ..And the two Evelyn Underhill books--"The Mystic Way" and "Mysticism", which she treats intellectually only, but with a mass of wonderful material. None of these, or Mr. Comfort, is associated with any group or "cult" . ....The most wonderful book of all, next to the Bucke which it quotes from largely, is Tertium Organum, by the Russian Ouspensky, and translated by another Russian, Bessaraboff, a mechanician in Rochester, New York. With him I have talked, and he read us a letter from Ouspensky, discussing the possibility of in some-way associating loosely those who understand this. But

after all, since the letter, or an institutionalization so often kills, the most potent, and certainly the most fascinating, is this present model of mere recognition. Only it is a lonely business until this comes. And yet there is both profit and preparation in that aloofness.

The truth is briefly, is it not, that the race is about to break through to a new level of perception, some extension of faculty, some heightened plane of seeing, of being. Even since Bucke wrote, the proportion of these cosmically conscious has enormously increased. And most wonderful of all are the children. As a Pasadena friend says: The New Race is here.

The great question is precisely the question which you raise: What to do about it. I feel with you that to those who have it, it is the matter of supremest importance. And it certainly is exoterically at least, at war with the social consciousness. But I think the time comes when, in its blinding possession of one, one's social, civic, direct-action service --once so compelling ---becomes to one a definite temptation. One must go through it to the last impulse, but presently to fall into the temptation of definite fetching-and-carrying is to act almost with a conviction of sin, of disloyalty to this subtler mood. For that mood and its expression are not alone service, racial service; but they are creative, they set in motion currents which bear ships which one never dreamed. A better service than cleaning the deck of some social ship <u>providing</u> one has done a deal of deck cleaning first. When that time comes one recognizes it, knows that he is at last free to serve on this inner plane, and finds at last the highest social service of his utmost dream. ...If you feel this--and by every sign that I know you do authentically know it, the call will come to you with such urgency that your doubt will answer itself; and you will know. ...The great task of the novel, of all art is to bring into sight these overhanging levels of life. To keep saying that they are not mysticism, they are streets and houses and people and animals in their true aspect. The word mysticism is used by Evelyn Underhill and the others much as -the word occultism was used when all the physical sciences which we know now were called occult and doubted. The great business for every one who understands and who has any artistic expression is just to find out that technique which is to be his own peculiar method of "getting it across." The difficulties are simply tremendous. But--the thing itself is creative. If one makes oneself a channel, I believe that the thing will be there, instant to be interpreted and will bring its own interpretation. Always providing one works meanwhile at one's art, honestly; it is literally Work and pray.

Thus in practice I believe that it is compatible with any circumstances, providing those circumstances are consciously filled, flooded with this other power in the handling of them. I believe that Simon would never lose it, for long, in his solution; never, at least, permanently. It is fine to know that you mean to put this into literary work. I believe that you will do so and that you will work out a technique for its interpretation. Your letter and your spirit seem to promise that.

Faithfully yours,

Zona Gale

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland avenue
Hollywood
California

Postscripted Jan, 28, 1922
(2a+b)

Dear Mr. Tracy:--

Thank you so very much for sending me the word from the Quiet Star. It is very lovely--and has that sure touch of poise and confidence and inevitability which is the great thing needful. There is no doubt about the charm of the content, but I was more interested, if possible, in the style. For, given the substance which I divined already that you had, I was eager to see if your orchestration was there. I think that it is there-and you have placed this at 1918!

Would you care to send me the libretto of Ramona--would you care to do that? I should like to see it. And if your friend of the fascinating Cambridge address would mail me the sketches which he has, I should have a good deal of data. If, this is, you should wish to suggest this to him.

You are very good to the Secret Way --it is chiefly that I would rather have done verse than anything. The fragment quoted in the first of the book is from a wonderful book which would yield you much--Richard Jeffries' Story of My Heart--in case you do not know it. He too had this certainty of another level of life, and I imagine believed himself all alone in it for the sixteen years of the writing of the tiny volume. ....You said a thing filled, I thought, with extraordinary wisdom, of not wishing to write <u>about</u> that world, but of "actually lifting to it ,through the medium of words." That is so precisely the thing--the whole province of art, to lift to it through its special medium. And the province of other than art. Of all beauty, really, isn't it? I feel always that flame and flowers—~~and~~ music—for example, all lift to the other plane literally and actually. Fragrance, certain lights, too. I suppose that to be the rationalization of the ceremonies of Catholicism--the original perception, probably usually lost--or not, I don't know--- that incense and candle-flame and organ and stained light and intoning do actually induce that super consciousness. Of course the reformation called this cant and hypnotism--and we have our terrible shingled and gabled churches with a lecture-service. Something went. Yet one doesn't need to get it any other where than in contact with living--if that rich immediate contact can momently be achieved. ..There are some lovely passages in a book here which I will send you presently. Bergson is very close to all this.

Postscripted. Jan 28, 1922
-Saturday

To-morrow, there will leave Rochester, New york, for Hollywood, where her little adopted boy is in school at Krotona, a very near friend of mine to whom all this is known. Will you go to see her--play or no play? She will not be there for a great while--a month or more I think, I mean she will not remain there longer than that. But I think you should not miss each other. She is Jewish, with all that immemorial sadness and detachment of her race, ~~but~~ and with strong spiritual consciousness--and I think that she will have with her certain books. Isn't it delightful--she jewish, with the little boy at a thecsophical school, and no cult at all claiming her. She is Miss Laura Greshemer and she will be at 2599 Glen Green. I am enclosing you a word to her--rather an absurd formality under the circumstances which I should not send if I felt that you would see her without it. She is a friend of W. L. C's.

His talks--W. L. C. is Mr. Comfort's signature to the Letters--- are at eight o'clock on Thursday evenings at the Metaphysical Library, the Black Building, Fourth and Hill streets. But I hope that you will see him first quietly at the Pasadena avenue address.

How impertinent work is--how it may shut you out from reality for the moment. But it is intensely real in itself too. I wonder if you know ~~Krtonn~~ Krotona? I have been there but once, but I should have mentioned that library, there at your door, with all the books of which I spoke to you, very likely. And the Metaphysical Library would have them all too. You may not care for the literature of this as much as for its direct experience..your inner urge will guide you there. If you are ready, like Zarethustra, to come from aloofness, it may be that the literature will serve you.

Meanwhile..Miss Greshemer. She should reach there this coming Wednesday. ...Every good wish with the play..that it too may touch truth.

Yours Gale

When Schubert did draw down, literally
from heavenly levels, those final moments
of the Unfinished Symphony.

Rev. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 Highland Avenue

Hollywood

California

Postscripted Mar. 6, 1922

③

Dear Mr. Tracy:—

All News are to
lonely that it is difficult
to write about them—
Then one wants to speak
in their language instead.
When No parcel arrived
from Forsh Pond Parkway
I read well into them,

And even of the substance of your lovely words in letters. I shall bring to Ramona two which I have read - and find in my opinion charming; but I feel rather helpless about that. Not to the sketches which I am all for sending off at once to one of the newer publishers.

We shall be at the Mission Inn, at Riverside - reaching there March 9.

until I knew that they are of course the kind of thing which American literature must have to bring itself abreast of the world - and then I was caught savvy and have not read more. But I am bringing them with me to finish on the train on my way to California next week - and there I hope that we can talk of them.

Will you let me know whether you can come over to us some day for lunch - that would be, would it not, some Saturday?

Meanwhile thanks for the very real joy of this exquisite work and Julius.

Faithfully yours.

Ida Tarbell

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.
MAR 14
6-PM
1922

U.S. POSTAGE
2 CENTS 2

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood
California

Postscripted May, 14, 1922

(4)

I am my dear friend almost intolerably touched by all that you send me – especially I concise by the waiting touch held for the Unknown Reader. I think that perhaps all is but a preparation for the Real. The unknown Reader to come – but I am grateful and humble to be a way side station. Humble especially – for your faith is a tremendous thing. Then I know how much shoved he is one to meet that. Surely no one ever had so perfect a "head and butler" letter!

Of their Mrs & to their own loneliness we will speak when you come. Especially of the friend which has cupped so much.

Meanwhile thanks, grace and remembrance.

Ina Coolbrith

Mrs. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 Highland Avenue

Hollywood

California

Postscripted Mar. 23, 1922

(5)

I think of course that that which you call
ebullitions are lovely - and I want the Sunday
notes certainly. It is a kind of glorified Bedos
Courtesy which you have - and in the poignant
Soul's Redemption verses - so wistful and austere -
I catch, in the line to which you pointed me -
(your Courtliest) some charming intent to
identify one with birds and the blue which is a
beautiful transcending of friendships. Thank
you! In such lovely transcending, in
such happy and comely identification lies the
way, surely, to time-binding friendships,
fully impressed by the Spake Letters.

Now I must speak as I have wanted to
speak of the Elusive Gateway. Since the moment
when I first read it. It is almost intolerable
in its loveliness. I am really moved by it.
By the whole - by the key. By the incredibly-
perfect poetry - What a triumph is that -

and by the startling little fragments — "sent the Key of the Echo" — and "Rich outside the sweet Hours played me caught." It is terribly beautiful, all. ... Will you let me have it typewritten here to save time, and send it to a man I know of a little magazine? You know I think it loses a little by having these introductions — and yet I cannot tell what one could be omitted. Technically the small and insignificant angel is the one — but how can one spare him? I might send it with that Comment. Shall I? May I? — And you will have the Mss. ready before I leave — or the eleventh? I want to send those from here.

I wrote you so yesterday. With some more concerning the manuscripts which after all we can talk of on Saturday. But I am not sure that I can tell you. I wonder at Beyond Romance, which came last night. It is quite, quite beyond words to tell. And Thank you" Sounds like a mist instead of an aurora. Yes. I wanted to be shown the mountain birds and to talk of other things besides the surfaces which make the Lobby talk such long Saturday afternoon.

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.
MAR 27
12 - M
1922

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood
California

Postscripted Mar 27, 1922

(5)

I have had a most "pleasant" morning with the marriage roads — and by to-morrow night, when the Glenwood Gateway will be ready, I think that they will be on their eastward way. Where, as you yourself have said, mornings is always to be found.

— I am omitting the Superbowl, by your leave. It seems to me not quite right for just now. The typical sketches will close with the Glenwood Gateway.

— I am changing my mind about the publishers — again by your leave. May I do so & like?

To-day I am appalled by the unwonted things which yesterday I did not say! Such as that I found delight in the Sunday thought, the Wednesday thought, all. And that I wanted so much to speak of "the soul's redeeming" — with its air of eighteenth — is it?— century, and the bowed head of a young padre. More Anglo-Saxon though was the padre cowed by. Early English, den Arnals, illuminated, and done in the hall of censors.

MASTER OF THE INN

What did he mean? That he must keep and make
grow the seed of faith in life, since it grows only by
knowledge that the curtain blows in winds from the
other side of its pictured folds? — And the
mechanism — what became of its discussion? — And
to-day, as I read over all the sketches, I wondered
at my temerity in climbing a mountain with
one who takes his mountains like that, seeks
for the mystery of his bread (of course hidden there
there is a picnic! But — always? I still feel
that that need not be so.) As the outdoors is daily
not to you so terrific an impact, that take —
and ford — cross the currents, toss that, green
through you ate so little, not what brought the
headache? I feel as if the "undisturbed
orbit" of a quiet room, for talk or manuscripts,
or their essential stuff of being, or the future emergence
of the fine Lord might have been better. I think
that I entered too lightly upon that plan. Yet I
was all the richer, with your care of green
things growing! and implicit is deeper than words.
It is I who write a read-and-burn
letter this week to you. All full of thanks
with moving wings.

The Lake

Dr. Yale
Party
Wilson

Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California

AUG or SEPT?

Post Office Department

OFFICIAL BUSINESS

PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID PAYMENT OF POSTAGE, $300.

REGISTERED ARTICLE

No. 303997

INSURED PARCEL

No. _____

POSTMARK OF DELIVERING OFFICE

PORTAGE APR 17 2:30PM

AND DATE OF DELIVERY

1922

Return to H C Tracy

(NAME OF SENDER)

Street and Number, or Post Office Box, 2104 Highland Ave

LOS ANGELES,

CALIFORNIA.

RETURN RECEIPT.

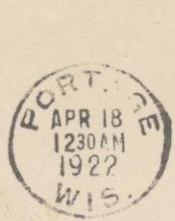
Received from the Postmaster the Registered or Insured Article, the original number of which appears on the face of this Card.

(Signature or name of addressee.)

(Signature of addressee's agent.)

Date of delivery, ____, *192*

Form 3811



PORT[illegible]E
APR 18
1230AM
1922
WIS.

Mr. Chester Tracy
2104 Highland avenue
Hollywood
California

Postscripted Apr 18, 1922
(8a-b)

Richard Jeffries - His way is of course as fine as Mr Belloc & Mr Rhoda - in its still more interior fashion. What a happy title and what a lovely service to your common cause and his, how charmingly fulfilled. In this word of manner and substance how he must be touched to remembrance and fellowship by this late breeze - & understanding of that which he said in your way that he said it. That last phrase is not least. Yours so many a lovely light in this text - how beautiful to have it come flooding like this one vacation day. You chance to do this all the time must come - teaching only a little perhaps? That and the gift may have its expression too? - And perhaps sometimes meet "mind flames."

I have re-read Lord Arlie and marveled again. It is very lace & dream. And more than I can tell you could how tho I am moved that you have seen in me any hint of that unknown friend. should at all have clothed me in such semblance. Can you understand that I felt in it a reverence for that which showed how permitted me to dream to approximate such an one. As I understand what you say in your way that you say it. And I feel more patience with myself & that in me which is to me least satisfactory. Should be even mistaken to happily

to be one as fine as your imagining – creating only the fine – has been created.

But my feeling about the new page, the inserted page, (the interloping page!) is not so much that here I failed you as that you nearly failed me – would have failed me quite, save that I understand you too well to let you do so; understand you better than the day we went up the mountain. Right – you are not to have understood that though I had all the starry realities of imagining, but you, and so, and shell, that I could not know instantly, as I do know now by your wounded reaction, that I could trust you, as much as you could trust me, to choose the beautiful thing in a human relationship. – When you have nearly failed me is in letting me seem to wound you, who could not have done so if I could have believed the incredible – that you were really you, starry within as without. – No. You did not lean too heavily on the restorative power. My friend, you can not lean too heavily – now. You will remember that then? had not seen you with Miriam Lee, had not seen her, had so measure some that of experience which has not held many stars. In the rest, if was not all that I wished the "impersonal" in you – a ridiculous word between such friends as we shall be – but that I shrank from a word of yours in a note – that about muting any tacks revealed in The Secret Way. There is not any there and I was tossing you back that word like a rainbow bubble! Do you see? — You are a most exquisite being. I feel you very near, quite despitely dear. If I was kind over that telephone that was because a guest was in the room – did it not seem to you? — I want to be

Postscripted Apr 18, 1922

a restorative power without limit, which shall make your class-room easier, and shall be in solution when you are at home, - making - as shoved any great friendship - great stress on the loveliness, the esoteric loveliness of the relation of you and Miriam be - even perhaps increasing it. I want the restorative power to be a fine web, wrapping you, re-polarizing you, giving you laughter for impatience, creating for you a cuticle! - You are an exceeding precious incarnation of the infinite - I vowed as soon think of being "kind" to you as to a ray of light. - Your exquisite sensitiveness - and a degree of sensitiveness of you to conditions - might easily wreck a lovely potential relationship if we lacked that good sense.

- So here is the interesting page. I will have it there. I am no manufacturer of icy breaths! I am a much truer person than that page implies! - Keep it for a while. Then re-write it. Re-write the personal pages which I have already returned to you - when you care to do so. My we have time for anything but the loveliest possible understanding. If I misused it, I never meant to do so. I will try never to do so again.

All next week I shall be in Madison, giving some lectures at the University - looking along the benches for "mind-flame." Address me at The Irving, Sterling Court.

Pupil came and greeted me. In morning after my arrival. Can you tell how I value it you do ask like that even when you were not sure of me? As you are.

Chicago and North Western Ry.

PASSENGER TERMINAL - CHICAGO

Iowa Gate

CHICAGO MAY 8 4 30PM 1922 ILL.

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 Highland Avenue

Hollywood

California

Postscripted May 8, 1922

(9)

Chicago and North Western Ry.

PASSENGER TERMINAL - CHICAGO

I have the lovely letters and the lovely manuscript — but I have been absent from home again for a few days. The new manuscripts are just as exquisite as the others — there is no more to expect from there than those, as you know. I have a letter from the Yale Review — from fact, because they were

distressed at having inadvertently sent Belloc to Jim instead of to me, as I had asked. Will Jim send it back to me? I loved like to send it to John Farrar of The Bookman. — I loved like to have the Yale Review see the Elusive Gateway — and perhaps it will! What is Jim's suggestion for a new sheriff? — Thanks for the symbol! — I shall use Rose stamps for something — every one of them — not to do with business or correspondence — in ordinary. But for something lovely every time — some giving, some fruit — and I hope that they may be fruitfully used! — Hope it for me. —

Yes — I meant to enclose the two pages and shall get and send them to Jim. It does matter. I will not keep them. How can a positive friendship speak of anything save positive, and pleasant affirmations.

How precious is Your phrase
faith = in = fruit — precious in the
sense of exquisite, not of literary
preciousness. —

In a recent Yale Review
something — and an April Literary Review
I had some fragments which You
might care to see. Or I will
send them — but I take ages to do
this like that. A library is better. You
know the Review I think You said? —
Rainbows attend Your Yale

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 Highland Boulevard

Hollywood

California

Postscripted Jun. 17, 1922

(10 a, b, c.)

The biologist should be here these days. Such fascinating things happen. In the two rear nests near the kitchen door are two pairs of tenants. In the Rochester bank house, very exclusive and residential-looking, with double walls and air space, is the family of house wrens. But in the swinging house with the double roof is a wren which we do not know. Obviously wren - wren song and all; but wren brown all over, not white underneath, and a little larger than the others. Can he be the large marsh wren? But the books say he lives in sedge and cat-tails. We are of course as near as one could toss a rose, to the river - maybe he fancies his water haunts with all the comforts of a flat. Like camping in the Adirondack Lodges. What does the biologist think!

⇒ I thought of you this morning and that these days with the trees full of young birds must be as alluring to you as April. Such a sleepy baby twitter everywhere in the leaves about the house. Many infant orioles especially, cradled conveniently

and carrying on antiphonies. Little mourning doves and brooding elders, the latter rather more concerned with each other, & the truth is told, than with the flocks. Down on the river banks some little ground bird - heat warm nest in the grassy slope, with the long growing grass draped round the wide port hidden entrance, neat like a small hallow, no nest at all but the digging done and the grass green about it. White eggs speckled with brown. Bird, reported by father as looking like a sparrow. There are song sparrows here in the willows - do they ever, see build on the ground, Biologist? What was it then? - And a day or two ago a tiny grosbeak, too young to be down as witnessed by his faint feathers and the anxiety of his rose-breasted sire. Always I hear the pulsing then I see one sharply against the leaves on a dry bough and face that resolute and definite rose of the breast. Had ought not to be looking. Now I felt the same intrusified, because in his concern he was to regardless of us. Sat on the mulberry close to the kitchen window and did not once see us. Sat on the line by the house and did not know we were there. Lovely example of patience. I don't know when the mother was. - Occasionally there is the frantic excitement of a hawk,

Postscripted Jan. 17, 1922

lazily circling over the lawn, pursued by a half dozen angry flicker-birds, who seem to be the police force. Always they drive him away. - To our delight this year the orioles bathe in our bird-baths, near the house too and no covert about. And as always the cat-birds - two baths a day - and, to drink, the red-heads and flickers and inexhaustible robins. We have never seen so many robins as this year. Twelve on the lawn at one time, often. Baby robins learn to bathe in this fashion. But we are desolate that this year we have no martins. For several years they have built in the house, but a new house put up last year had fewer windows - not one to every compartment, because father found two young birds fallen out and one drowned. And though they built there last year, manifestly it is not wholly to their liking. They come and circle and inspect and confer and vanish. A half dozen did so within the hour. And though they are near, and we hear them deep in the air, we are not their home and we miss them. Did you know, (Biologist)? That in these June days it is they who wake first, before the robins, and call and

thrilling, not far from three, with an accompanying that delicious liquid descending scale, like laughter, which is to me the supreme thrill among bird sounds, save only the thrush. - And we have a thrush! The Wilson thrush, I think - about the town year after year. Singing today his "dont - don't you care, de — ar —" with a ruffle in the "dear." Oh but one year - last year - we had the song, in that precise rhythm, which I have heard only once before - and that farther up the river - loud like a flute, proud like a banner - careless rapture before all the world. This year's song is but a faded reflection of it - lonely as it is. What was that thrush's and why was he so wonderful? - Not a stranger this year. But two years ago we saw, on the night day when we saw many, three - on a blossoming pear tree on our lawn, on a May morning. — Did you see the story called The man who found a robins' nest under a freight car, with young ones in it? He was a station man. He ascertained where the car had been sent from - and had it sent back, fifty four miles, to its Virginia town

Postscripted Jun. 17, 1922

With instructions to place it exactly where it was. And the mother when found her children. I said how few men would do that, and asked: "Father would." And mother said: "Yes - he would take the car back." -

One more wonder! A catalpa tree in fullness of white bloom now. So tropical - so an inmate of a higher medium of consciousness, somehow let through into our denser medium - as a guarantee. Us - just as itself. One ought always to kneel in spirit to a tree in flower. A tree in flower! Like a giant being tender.

Read - a mens sana all the way through this letter - so heavenly an accompaniment. - * At that point father called to me to come and see the brown one, sitting on a wheelbarrow quite close to him. Even brown, tail a little darker and drooping as he sat there - drooping most often - but head no darker than the rest. What is he, dear Biologist?

June - June - June -

Dr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California

Postscripted Jul. 10, 1922

(11a,b)

The Clue, and The Pleasant Past seem to me very lovely – I am so glad to have seen them, to have them. They are full of the little exquisite things which make for one of those things today the heal[th] there is in English. There is no doubt of that.

We can offer the Reads to Knopf – ? should have done that in the first place and not have wasted time on Harpers. Harpers say that the Reads are beautiful books but too great a financial risk – I might have known that, really. Century and Freeman say nothing – I am sure the Freeman men must be abroad. But the Century I shall surely hear from Tuesday, a letter which I am sending to-day. And the Reads go now to Knopf.

such as we are — I mean
~~such as~~ for example, your suspicion that I
was "leading you back" to
biology, which did not cross
my mind. Aren't we both
here, all the time? And
"allowed to dream together" — now,
dear & very dearest friends,
what should I say to that?
Let's both smile — and face
our long Summer & happy
work, the happiest for its
inner leisure.

I have been & late
preparing a paper on the
Equal Rights Law — and the
status & women since its

first letters — the two — made
me see so completely the
obstacles which you have
always had to face: the
building & your own obstacles,
your own walls, and treating
them as realities — is it if
so. I am the last friend
in the world to face that
with you, because I am
a perfectly simple person
and believe what people
say and build no walls &
my own. And & course the
cuticle-less-ness, as I told
you once — is hard for me to
deal with for, between friends

Postscripted Jul. 10, 1922

The house is full of roses and cake, just like a real wedding.

I am mailing you a little book which does not belong to me which I have found great in its simplicity. If you can find it in your inclination to read it me = you = first of the books on your table, I shall be glad.

My greeting to Miriam Lee — and to you grace and remembrance.

Zoa Gale

July 10-1922.

passage a year ago - Rich I
saw last week before the Bar
Bar association convention.
And Reu I turned to
re-forming to two talks
on the Novel, which I
am to give at Minneapolis
this week - and
and I are leaving for
Minneapolis to-morrow. I
don't seem to have any
three months vacation.

To-day is mother and
father's golden wedding day.
It is lovely, isn't it? - And

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California

Postscripted Jul. 20, 1922

Thank to send you — You may
keep it, but it is well to keep
it twice. I hear from her now, at
long, from the island across from
my south door.

Minneapolis was wonderful —
a great experience. And
there I found some
"Cousins" — six generations
ago the stock branched,
but for three generations
before that, in this country,
we were the same. And
I there, Harlow Gale,
formerly professor of
psychology at Minnesota U.

of "Where it properly belongs, under Biology, or, more exactly, Human Physiology." His experience here at the University — as a result of his ideas — was also not rare but, alas, more rare than it should be! Three times dismissed, the last time "for Ford." For Ford in every case, to my way of thinking — for Ford seemed to be his only crime. A Ford a little before its time. — Then I

interested me by two printed pamphlets of his — and one said so much with which I know you'll agree that I'm sending it to you. His lectures at faculty meetings for example. But his whole point of view will I know interest you. Especially his project for divorcing Psychology from Philosophy — as all the sciences have successively "deserted and repudiated their parent" — and to place

was delighted to find a little volume of his father's letters written in Minneapolis in 1857 when the town had 3,000 population. And in it he speaks much of the garden across from the old Court House — and years later it was in that very garden that my earliest recollections begin — when my father and I walked and had rooms in that house, with its full blocks of garden and green house. About that a lovely little touch of time and the town. — I love a glorious poem about a

Postscripted Jul. 20, 1922

Thank to send you — You may
keep it, but it is well to keep
it twice. I hear from her now, at
long, from the island across from
my south door.

Minneapolis was wonderful —
a great experience. And
there I found some
"Cousins" — six generations
ago the stock branched,
but for three generations
before that, in this country,
we were the same. And
I there, Harlow Gale,
formerly professor of
psychology at Minnesota U.

Zoned have been right. Now there is a new day. Popular appeal is old fashioned.

Let me know at once — and more often — how all may be.

Postscripted Jul. 20, 1922

No - I understand perfectly. How understood — and how ached with it. The book I meant — I was afraid to send it, lest it seem to elementary; so presumptious too in me to send it. Got back by the sending Zoned for just this same thing. To help you to — it's a laughable phrase but it says it somewhat — to

not to participate in every wave of personality in your presence released. But is it often more exquisite to respond only to those in your own wave-length and to let the others flow over you as if you were not subsistence at all.

You ought to have a time of complete Retreat. Can't you get it — in some shack in the green, alone? Try for it. I give you that for a gift: try for it.

You cannot know how

"knit your aura" against strain. I wanted to say that to you in Riverside: "don't let it in — don't let it in." I was ached-and more at the memory of a moment or two there — that last morning, for example. I mean the breakfast morning. If you could hold your so once — twice — not the participant in a moment but detached — you must know that. Perhaps it is that you are too exquisite

(12a,b)

shut out I have felt – how completely I felt myself to have failed. The postscript lets me in. But the letter – & the mood – & the ocean knowing – the moon

pencil. –

– Even in that blackness which communicates itself to me I cannot smile for this! "What? Then Harcourt & Knopf have to be appealed to and heard from? Surely not!" You are utterly wrong about what you have written. Five years – ten years ago you

Zoned have been right. Now there is a new day. Popular appeal is old fashioned.

Let me know at once — and more often — how all may be.

Postscripted Jul. 20, 1922

No - I understand perfectly. How understood — and how ached with it. The book I meant — I was afraid to send it, lest it seem to elementary; so presumptious too in me to send it. Got back by the sending Zoned for just this same thing. To help you to — it's a laughable phrase but it says it somewhat — to

2

PORTAGE
JUL 25
7 PM
1922
WIS.

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 Highland Boulevard

Hollywood

California

Postscripted Jul. 25, 1922

(13a, b)

The introduction to Carl Van Doren's review of "Narcissus" in July 15- Literary Review - says it so much better. Not aura-knitting but 'insulating.' Well - both.

Sunday afternoon I spent with you. I read through all that I have here, and am confirmed in my feeling that these are fine lyrics. I don't want the Elusive Gateway, either in the Century, or the Yale Review for a foundation to quote from. And Mr. Untermeyer's reply is not yet here. - Sunday night I read aloud the end of Soul-Drift - ~~without~~ to that a guest - to an exquisite friend of whom I may have spoken - a girl in the early twenties. She was as you have called her to be - swept onto that literal Mer plane. You have not written about it - you have known one to it. - In the

paper which I read at Minneapolis - and shall read again this Friday at Chicago University - I am using serenely that phrase of yours! Thank you. Thank you for all you find. As that Rose has lost its gold, are its gold, cannot bear a covering until they have taken it Remains of their own mists. - Let me read you a spell for that meaning. It's so simple that you will hardly believe, you'll think it is the end, the mere ethical content. But read its new meaning. It is silence. No replying. To speech a mood which harasses. And not in bitterness. I think it is true that there is a new organ to be built up within one - lotus - by such simple means. - Strange that I should be telling you anything at all, who are so far before me. It is only because I have found peace and happiness that I venture to offer these simple oracles.

Postscripted Jul 25, 1922

(13)

Copy

Dear Mr. Knopf:--

By chance I have been shown some sketches, fragments of impression and mood, which their author has been writing and laying away--his recreation from days of teaching biology in a Los Angeles high school. These sketches seem to be a lovely catching and crystallizing of high moments, moments so delicate that one such can make a day worth while to some of us.

But I thought: These are not for American readers. I am going to ask him to let me send them to some English reviews, or to an English publisher. And then a second thought made this seem rather absurd and last century!

So will you look at them? In fact they go to you with this. Will you remember as you read them that these are only a few of many which I have selected--there are some Asiatic sketches which are not included. The author was born in Asia Minor but he is American. I feel as if some care and a better selection might make a little volume which would have no wide audience--but would be a thing which an American hasn't written--or published--before now.

And then I have great faith in the sketch form, especially in this coming day of lovely little impalpable things, too frail for fiction or for the essay either.

If these--and the idea of the sketch-in-America---appeal to you at all, and if you wanted me to do so, I should like mightily to write to these or to whatever should be selected, a preface which should try to say that the sketch in America is as vital for netting the evanescent as it has long been in France.

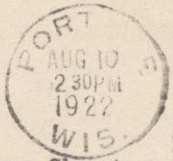
Much pressed this author--whose name is Henry Chester Tracy--admits that "Morning Roads" might make a title. I thought of "The Elusive Gateway" --the title of one of the loveliest of the sketches , which I have not included but have submitted to a magazine. I shall be, in any case, deeply interested to know what you think.

Faithfully yours,

(Zona Gale)

July 23 - 1922

Just to show Frank
[illegible] "a certain attractive-
ness and vitality — esp
me to defer its return."
Re "Elusive Safeway".
Aug. 9, 1922



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 Highland Boulevard

Hollywood

California

Postscripted Aug 10, 1922
(14)

THE CENTURY CO.
353 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE
GLENN FRANK, *Editor*

August 7, 1922

My dear Zona Gale:

I am criminally late in answering your letter of July twenty-first; my only plea for leniency is that I have been trying to do three jobs at once this summer.

The thing that interests me most just now is a book on "The Approaching Renaissance" which I am trying to write. Everytime I undertake to work out a chapter I find myself wishing you were here to criticize it. I do hope you will get to New York before long.

I am looking forward with great eagerness to seeing your novel. I am starting Johan Bojer's "The Last of the Vikings" in my November issue. It will run six months at least. This will give you some idea of the time I could publish your novel if we can agree about it.

The paper by the biologist on "The Elusive Gateway" is one of those things that make decision very difficult. I have read it several times, and each time put it aside because I did not quite see its place in The Century Magazine, and yet a certain attractiveness and vitality have each time led me to defer its return. I am going to read it again, and then either print it or send it back to you.

If you get to New York before September fifteenth, I hope you will spend a week-end with us at a very beautiful country place we have taken for the summer near Stamford.

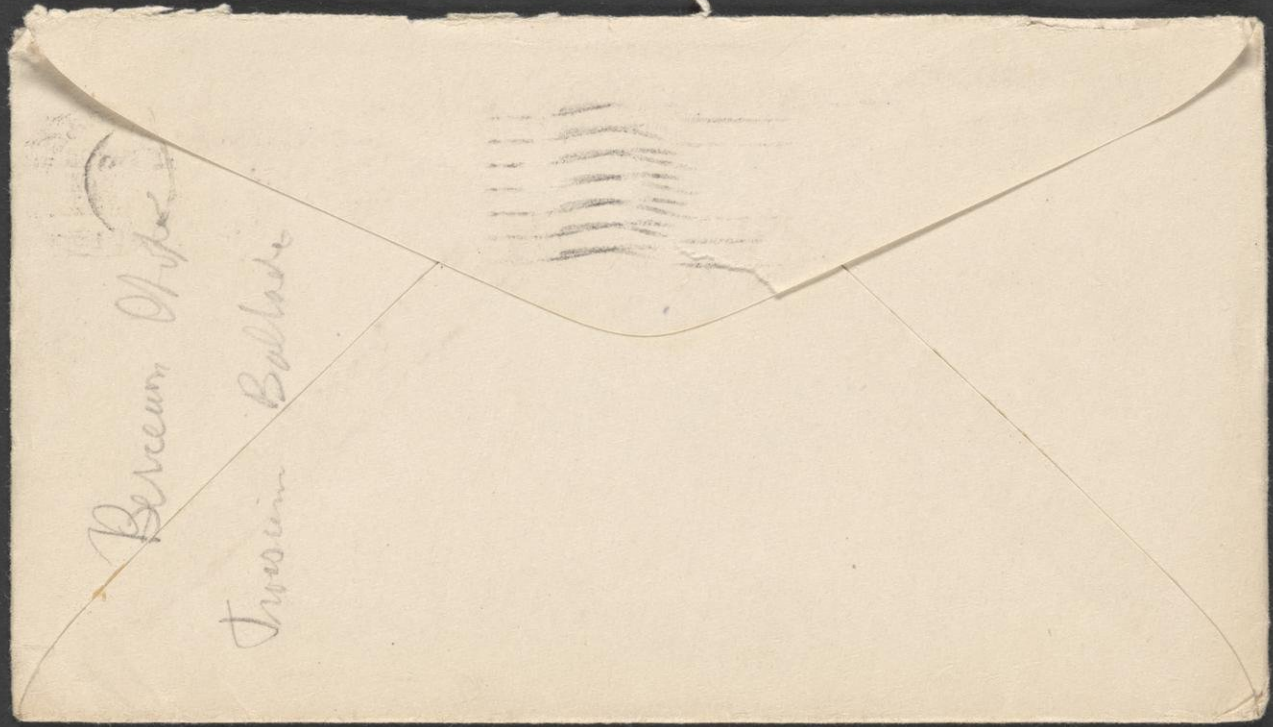
With all good wishes, I am

Very sincerely yours

Glenn Frank

Miss Zona Gale,
Portage, Wisconsin

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood California



Postscripted Aug 26, 1922

(15)

I think yu are doing a most lovely thing with Reza - leisurely, and full of fulness and delicacy and more. No certainly I would like to send Reza as long as yu continue to be willing - but if at any time yu would rather send them yu know that

hear from you – and then, then I shall have finished with it. I want to write again about it. – I am just in this morning from going about with Mrs. La Follette for a week before the primaries on September 5. You come soon too, do they not? It is so important that La Follette should win – as such things go. I wonder how you both will vote on Johnson? – Remembrance.

Mrs Sulzer

You've only to say so, do you not. – Is it this copy that you would care to send to Mrs de Sulzer? That I take it you will wish to do yourself. Would you care to send it – to – to have me send it – to an English agent whom I know and to say to him that you would like to have her read it – and let him – his name is Brown – manage? Or how? I will hold the copy here until

Mr. W. C. Tracy
2104 Highland boulevard
Hollywood California

FREMONT HOUSE

Postscripted Sep. 1, 1922

EUROPEAN PLAN — STEAM HEAT

(16a-b-c)

The Tremont Hotel

J. K. DAILEY, PROPRIETORS J. A. KANE

RESTAURANT AND DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

I had an hour or two mutual birthday night - and went to the Lifted Land - and then came up to "Langlade County" - is it not nice? - to speak with Mrs. La Follette - and I brought the manuscript all with me and had it for hours on the train - reading it slowly, savoring it in the luxury of reading sentences over as many times as I liked. Such lovely sentences. Such awareness in me all the time that here is great writing. I am, as I telegrafted you, filled with wonder at the fashion in which this has poured out - I have known nothing to

agreed that it is an amazing feat and I am so glad for him.

I think this should eventually go to Mrs. Kendrick - but first I should like to have it's serial chance exploited. A fine letter from Mr. Kendrick - long - that he agreed with me entirely about the Met mss. but that he had taken on several books for the Autumn and Winter whose success could not be so delay and vulgarly popular and that he dare not risk another. So I sent it all to Mr. Franks at the Century, asking him to see whether it had a Century taste and whether he

EUROPEAN PLAN STEAM HEAT

The Tremont Hotel

J. K. DAILEY, PROPRIETORS J. A. KANE

RESTAURANT AND DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

would consider it with the Elsevier Gateway — which he still holds or did when I left home. —

But here is something more. On Sunday Mr. Marsh was in Portage — Mr. Marsh of Harper's who was the first to read the Mrs. And on our porch I gave him the Lifted Land and he read it. "I like this far better than the other — old miracle writing — he said more than once." He has something to give — that is clear. And he suggests the Dial or the Yale

Review for the serial use — and then see what happens. Perhaps not all in a magazine — but the most suitable. — I am impressed by this. But will you tell me what you think — and which mss. you wish to go to Mrs de Selincourt (lovely mention of her with the Colchis!) — this that I have of the Carbon? I'd rather like to send it to Brown, the big agent over here — and let him send it to her. What do you think of that?

Q I want to write of the mechanics of it, but of the spirit of it. How many times I used a

EUROPEAN PLAN STEAM HEAT

The Tremont Hotel

J. K. DAILEY, PROPRIETORS J. A. KANE

RESTAURANT AND DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION

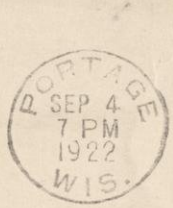
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

loud — & clasped ~~the~~ through
these pages. The beautiful
bit about Cecelia, about
bread and grain — about
education — "a slow moving
river on whose banks wild
buttercups grow" — and the
exquisite inversions and
slow climaxes. Horace is in.
You, You know. Yesterday,
on a journey from Milwaukee
(starting at 4:35 ~~P. M~~) to
Antigo — eight hours — I let
Mrs. La Follette read some of the
pages — and she was charmed and

needed. — I shall be out with her until Saturday - and then I reach home - if there is no word from Mr. Frank - I will write him for his decision - and then — wouldn't it be wonderful to find an Armenian artist to illustrate these?

Well - Congratulations. And on Thurston - That at least is a fine protest vote against the administration. Watch for me at next Tuesday primaries. I haven't time to read this over. So forgive its flaws.

Thursday.



Mr Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland avenue
Hollywood
California

Postscripted Sep. 4, 1922

(17)

Skip "Cadbrie Cons Cassgrave" needed Jan 3

I forgot to say how very much I hope you will take advantage of the opportunity which you spoke to give part of your time to writing. You say that you would if you could have any assurance — & so do. Isn't it possible that to think assurance within yourself is enough? And that anyway there is a deep truth in the old belief in sacrifice? Not the blood of a goat, as above — but another ichor. —

Monday.

(18)

Why I Shall Vote for Senator Robert M. La Follette

By ZONA GALE

Photo Copyright by E. O. Hoppe, New York, N. Y.

I HOPE for Senator La Follette's return to the United States Senate because I believe that he is one of the few great figures in the nation's politics today.

That he has the highest social and prophetic vision and voice which have ever served Wisconsin.

That he is a man dedicated to human welfare.

That he has the insight and experience to meet the issues of human welfare in politics and that his years at Washington are priceless to us in this hour of the nation's history.

"I want Senator La Follette to be returned to the Senate because he stands for the common welfare and can neither be bought nor hypnotized."

It was a Portage man who said that, and to one who has watched the Senator's progress in Congress the words repeatedly return. "Neither bought nor hypnotized." It is a brilliant record for any statesman in these days.

Consider that record:

I. His record against militarism, his tremendous conviction against the militarism of the United States.

The Senator sets at the head of his published speech the following table, with which every woman should be familiar before she goes to the primaries:

Distribution of Government Appropriations for 1920.

Research, public health, recreation	$ 57,093,661	1.01%
Public works	168,203,557	2.97%
Legislative, executive, judicial	181,087,225	3.19%
War—Past	3,855,482,586	
Future	1,424,139,677	92.83%
Total	$5,680,005,706	100 %

The figures speak for themselves. If a man is against a program like that he is neither bought nor hypnotized. He is a sane man, a voice in a wilderness. And if we can believe in the sanity of the American people, then we believe the Senator when he said, in a speech against a naval appropriation of $500,000,000 for 1922:

"I say that when you get the truth of all this before the American people, when the enlightened womanhood of America understands the barbarous, appalling character of any future war, they will sweep from power and from place representatives who dare to oppose prompt and effective disarmament."

It is significant of a life-long attitude of Senator La Follette's, of his respect for the influence of women in politics, that he asked to have printed in the Congressional Record with his address, extracts from appeals of Carrie Chapman Catt and M. Carey Thomas, begging women to consecrate themselves to drive war out of the world.

Wisconsin women have one of the greatest opportunities of any women in the nation to share in this consecration by sending back to Washington a man not only passionately opposed to war, but one long practiced in meeting the determined supporters of the military program.

II. On the Soldiers' Bonus Bill.

Is there a soldier's wife or mother who does not know how Senator La Follette stands on the Soldiers' Bonus bill?

"I say that our first obligation is to pay just compensation to the soldiers. I say that it should be paid out of the war profits and not out of the general taxes. This is where our first obligation rests."

On every question of public policy he stands where he has always stood: Uncompromisingly for the common people whom Lincoln said God must have loved because he made so many of them.

I believe in his power to serve the people:

Because the battles which he fought almost alone in the nineties, with the Wisconsin press, political machinery and money opposing him, have now been fought in state after state, and the results written into their laws as they are written into our laws. The story can never be told often enough—how the abolishing of a corrupt convention system, and of a system whereby farmers and manufacturers paid double the taxes paid by the railroads; and of the secret rebate system were driven out of Wisconsin by Senator La Follette's initiative and courage—and this legislation has since then spread over the country.

Because of the thirteen planks—largely on social measures—proposed by him at the republican national convention of 1912, eleven of which, in spite of the spectacular opposition which he then encountered, have now become the law of the land.

Those who oppose the La Follette program are fond of dismissing the great issues by the use of one single adjective: Wet.

I, for one, have stood for prohibition always. I stand for it now and rejoice that it is a law. But it is a law. And the fact that Senator La Follette voted "no" on the Volstead act cannot be used to blind me to the tremendous issues which greed would like to cover. For the greatest menace to the people today is not that a constitutional amendment shall, without precedent, be repealed. The greatest menace is one which Senator La Follette has always opposed with all his force and that is special privilege.

This is the first time that the women of Wisconsin have had opportunity to vote for the man who for twenty years has advocated suffrage for women. Twenty years ago Governor and Mrs. La Follette opened the Executive Residence to a suffrage convention in session in Madison and this gave equal suffrage the countenance it then so sadly lacked. Today I believe that the majority of the women of the state are with the Senator, not because he was with them then, but because he and they alike are dedicated and consecrated to the common welfare.

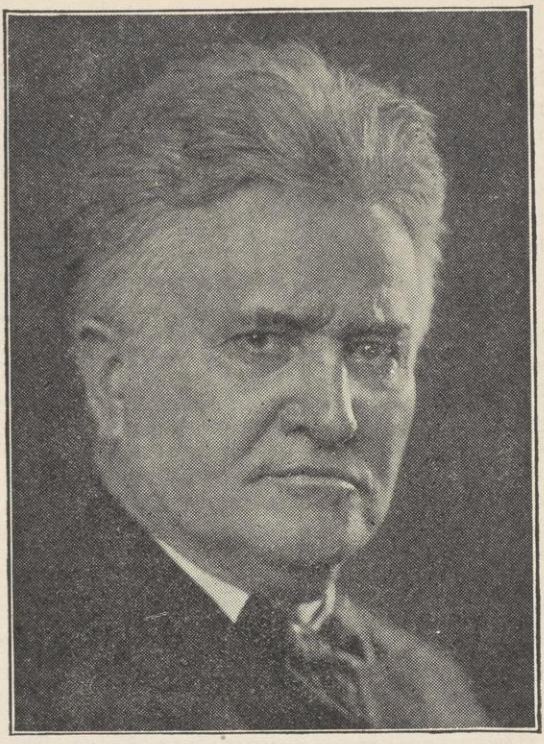


Photo Copyright by J. A. Glander, Manitowoc, Wis.

Progressive Republican Candidates

Primary Election, Tuesday, September 5, 1922

Vote for These Men

For Governor: JOHN J. BLAINE, Boscobel	X
For Lieutenant Governor: GEORGE F. COMINGS, Eau Claire...	X
For Secretary of State: FRED R. ZIMMERMAN, Milwaukee..	X
For State Treasurer: SOLOMON LEVITAN, Madison.....	X
For Attorney General: HERMAN L. EKERN, Madison.....	X
For United States Senator: ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, Madison	X

Authorized, issued and circulated on behalf of Robert M. La Follette, Madison, Wisconsin, republican candidate for U. S. Senator, by his personal campaign committee, Robert M. La Follette, Jr., Secretary, 17 West Main Street, Madison, Wis.

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 ~~Hollywood~~ Highland avenue

Hollywood

California.

Postscripted Sep. 12, 1922
(19)

Such a delectable flavor—
I started to write
delicious, but it is more
delicate than that. I
am so glad — a thousand
good wishes already!.
Yes. Of course we shall
have lunch sometime
and may it not be

Congratulations to you both on this perfect decision. — It is I am convinced very wise

On a conviction plus an impulse, I am sending the carbon to Henry Seidel Canby to read and advise! —

Ina Gale

Tuesday.

in Portage. There is a certainty however that it is necessary to spend a day in Portage in order to fix lunch (a proper setting. Let that be spelled now.

A little girl is waiting to mail this — so may all its words be well magnified to mean my

Postscript removed
9/25/22
(20)

This has been an interminable time in going to you – but as Dutton recently named October 1 as the day for the sure, you will forgive me. for my mss.
There will be much more to forgive – if it is so inadequate, so not=enough=you. And then that lovely part of the autobiographic bit – I could not, simply, by claim to the beauty and the balance of that. It had to be tossed about as I have tossed it, made your own in as gentle and impersonal a way as possible to me – the I could not have coined or wrinked or altered it into the that you did, the simple English, to make it glow or fly or darkle or float. — But will you not do this? Scan it, stab it, take from it – the whole article – and put to it all that you will. Substitute for what from the books I have quoted.

change anything, everything — save from my 'autobiographic words.' And above all, insert after my quotation from Eros, after "needle-drape of pine", some passage of those which first held me, from the fragments. That for example about the expectant figure rising, long after, from the seat of folds and ripples of stone. That, for example, about the harvest, and the great head, vine-crowned, rising above the pattle. Whereon you will find shall shortly my reference to Hudson, following.

The charming message of Love — birthday, all. Mine is lately a month late, Ezra-manner is September 26. Drop a month. Let me wish you the crystal, the interminable, the veined with ichor and clam, and such.

A good night, and a good day, and to Miriam Lee my abiding remembrance.

Yr.

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

~~183 Fresh Pond Parkway~~
2104 Highland Ave.

~~Cambridge~~ Hollywood

~~Massachusetts~~ California

FORWARDED

To Mr. J.R. Lesley.

Postscripted Dec. 4, 1922

(21 a, b)

I wish so much that you would take this in to Mr. Sedgwick, while you are there. The length of time between now and time for publication might or might not bother him, but this would serve as another angle of introduction. Take it in, I would say, on your own hook with no word of my suggestion. You know it is undoubtedly true that editors love to make discoveries better than to accede in a"recommendation". It is Chicago's attitude to a play which is produced there first--open arms and pleased understanding. But let it come there with the ring of the applause of New York all over it, and the critics are suspicious, on the defensive, at best grudgingly admitting the truth. ("So this,then, is Lightnin'?, said they after the three-year New York run, when it opened at the Blackstone in Chicago. Yet it ran there three years and three months--was not to have closed until December 9, had not Frank Bacon died.) Well: This is borne in upon me as a great psychological truth which I think Mr. Sedgwick might illustrate. Anyway, will you do this. ..For Souvenir of October is unbearably lovely--I have just read it through again this morning and felt the air in the room melt to its implications and its cadences. It belongs to the Great Family as surely as Hudson or Fabre. You have no right not to seek its place for it, and for all the rest, and to seek it to the end.

(mss)

When I opened Mrs. de Selincourt's envelope containing this Mss, and her letter, and your letter to Mr. Frank, I did not recognize its source and chanced to begin first on "My dear Frank"--which meant nothing to me, and connotated some Frank somebody,whose letter for some reason was being enclosed to me. As I went on, it got to me what it was, and when I had read her note, and perceived that you had thought of the Mss. and Mr. Frank's note, perhaps, as going straight to him; or, if to him through me--I did what I had to do, with assurance purloined that letter to Mr. Frank and kept it here. You may sue me. But that was no letter to send to an editor--forgive me. To make light of your accomplishment and his public and say it was no use, in one and the same breath, carrying an undertone--oh, but forgive me again--of superiority,as unconscious as the song of a thrush, as true as the blue, but no way to greet an editor. Did you say that you forgive me? The letter is still here--you shall have it back. Long experience convinces me that no letter at all is better with a Mss. if one sends it oneself--merely name and address, an implied Take-it-or-leave-it whose impersonality is a good background. How do you like me when I lecture? Not at all? You must forgive me really because the beauty and being of the manuscript are so tender and tremendous both that I would risk more, to give it its best chance. And you see that Mr. Van Doren sees these.

Of course you were also, in that letter, acknowledging Mr. Franks steamer letter to you. That meant nothing to me beside my anxiety to have the October sail free on its own wings. As it will---you'll see.

I am eager to know how you and Mr. Follett got on-- he would so entirely SEE your work and you. And I really think would be of enormous service. Did I tell you that I asked him to read Faint Perfume professionally, and that he gave me the most valuable suggestions as to a dozen details which had quite escaped me, which I didn't, in fact, know. He is a great critic. Of fiction, of course, primarily. But you cannot be a critif of that without universal feeling.

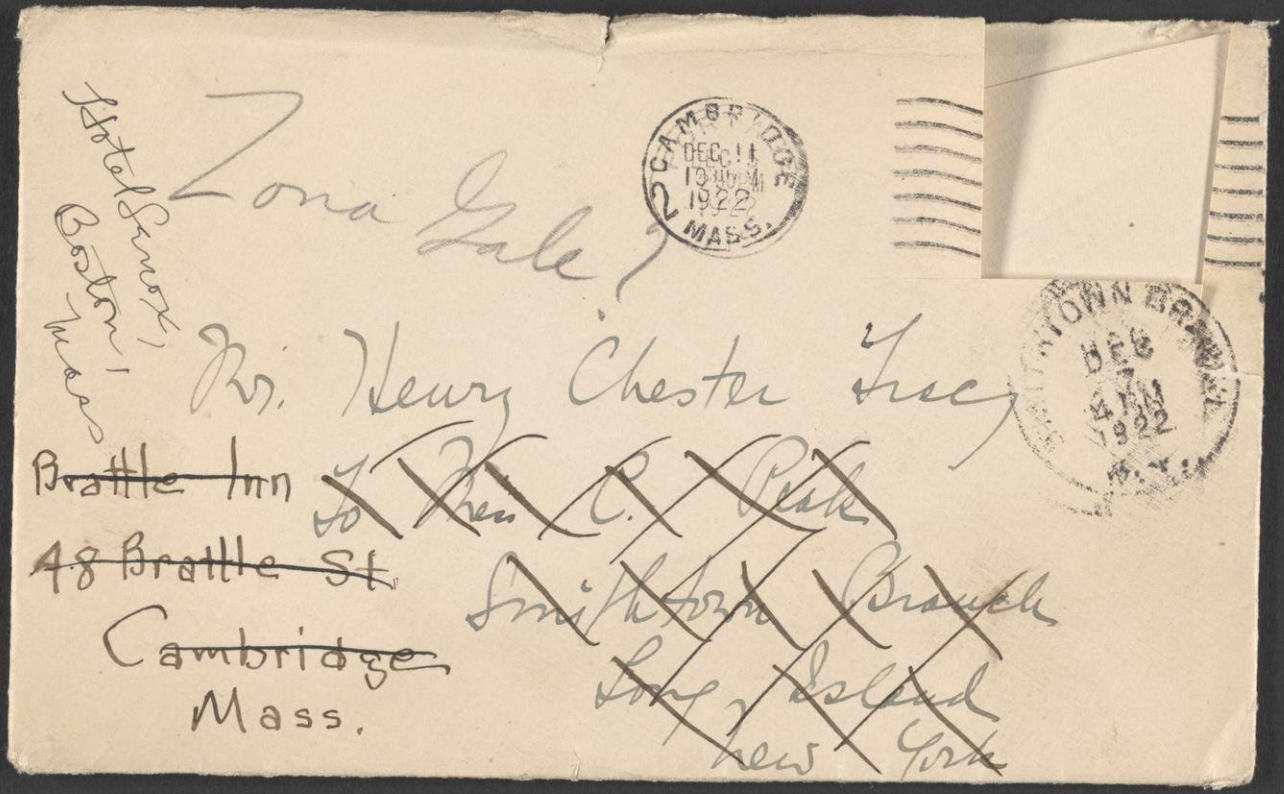
Don't you want to go to see my dear Josephine Preston Peabody, while you are in Cambridge? Mrs. Solon Marks? I am enclosing a letter to her-- you know The Piper? And her poems? But she is better than all. And her children, when I saw them some years ago, were exquisite.

No--I had no news other than I gave you. The Small one did go to the Atlantic first--I couldn't resist that-- which wasn't quite right for it, as I ought to have known, though Mr. Sedgwick's letter, which I cannot find, was very charming. He now has The Elusive Gateway. And the Small One is at the Ladies Home Journal, where you first destined it. These are mere matters of routine. I can no more conceive your feeling "down" about them than about the fruit or bread which you send away on your plate. It all takes infinite patience, but it is so well worth it. And you haven't to work up through callowness and immaturity- -you not have the finished product to offer, your only task now being somehow to adjust the mechanism, so that it will be a receiving station, which it already completely is, but a delivering station along a channel which we can all enter, (or enough of all) to ensure the exquisite wares you have, within, their delivery. And this course has for you, hasn't it, an ethical import? You have no choice!

There are other things to say but it is cold here this morning. I hope that you will find your Cambridge corner to your liking. You know, do you not, that there some unbelievably lovely postcards of Boston, in case you are looking for Christmas greeting cards. I don't know where you get them--like the enclosed. But Mr. E. A. Filene's secretary could tell you.

Always the address is
on the card.

Did I tell you I
didn't like "Mrs. Ford"?
I shall claim that
next time.


Hotel Knox
Boston
Mass

Zora Gale

CAMBRIDGE
DEC 11
1922
MASS.

TOWN BRANCH
DEC
1922
N.Y.

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

~~Brattle Inn~~
~~48 Brattle St.~~
~~Cambridge~~
Mass.

~~Mrs. C. P. Peck~~
~~Smithtown Branch~~
~~Long Island~~
~~New York~~

(22)

THE CENTURY CO.
353 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

December 7, 1922.

Dear Miss Gale:-

Although we have liked Mr. Tracy's "Souvenir of October" we have not felt quite so much impressed with it as to make us feel disposed to accept it for publication so far in advance as next October. Nor, in the circumstances, should we feel disposed to publish it at any other time of the year. Possibly Mr. Tracy would prefer to look elsewhere for an editor who will agree now to accept it; and possibly, if he does not find such a person, he will let us see it again early next summer.

I have not had a chance to tell you how much pleased I am with "Faint Perfume." The other night I read the first installment aloud to three or four exceedingly intelligent friends and rather to my surprise we found ourselves not only delighted but all bursting out into laughter again and again. The Century was very lucky to get it.

Very sincerely yours,

Carl Van Doren

Miss Zona Gale,
Portage, Wis.

Postscripted Dec. 11, 1922

(23)

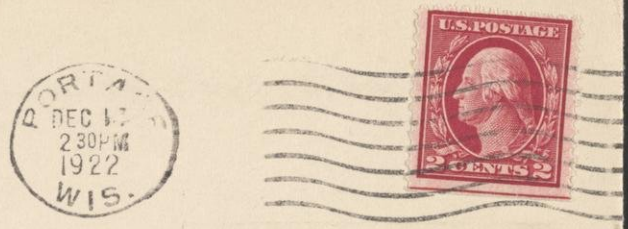
I am glad that you are safely back—as this morning word announced. And that you will go to see Mr. Follett and Mr. Torrence.— To the former I will send. The Lifted Land & and you can rejoin it here on your way to Cambridge.— How would that be? You know I kept two copies following your word from Mrs. de Selincourt & I am doing so to-day.

which seemed to co-incide with Mr. Conboy's and said in my note that we would probably agree that if such a matter of "if some other publisher should want it", but of having it at its best possible, is it that time? - This all proves that you can do Mr. Hudson in a new way, when you strike the path that must be near you. Mr. Follett will be good for that direction. Mr. Torrence for pure joy - and because my first confirmation of the matter touched me in Simon, and by us Benefits, came to me from him. He is very rich in its literature. Will you read him some of something? And ask him to show you "Eye-Witness" - a Scribner's poem which said all that. - I think Mr. Follett the most wise and persuasive critic now writing. Did I have his address right - 708 Orange Street, New Haven.

The Educated Being is in the heart of the American Review and here I suppose remains - but the first number will be January instead of March, and with enthusiasm for the magazine grows. It will have a large circulation, many

Rousseau among teachers. — Dr. Grace wrote a personal letter praising # (I'll find that later) — adding that it did not seem to him however to go farther than Clemens. I think that is very precise.
— You write about Charles — how lovely.

The lovely imagining in London has de Silvicourt sent on to me instead of to Mr. Frank — and you must forgive her. As she sent such a charming note. I am forwarding them to him. — I thought they are utterly lovely — no one is writing English like that. All rights done in new bottles. —



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland avenue
Hollywood
California

Postscripted Dec. 14, 1922

(24 a, b)

I am writing to you on a typewriter because I have hurt my hand a little and the machine is more legible. I am of course following you on that interminable journey to which your heavy heart must be adding so many miles. I cannot tell you how sorry I am . The suddeness hardly makes the event any other--its weight lies beyond the manner of its occurrence. And yet it must be a pathless way to go . "Early or late, it always comes too soon." How does one meet it at all who has not your resources and your inner calm and essential poise? To meet it as you do with values placed ,however, cannot heal the sorraness of the heart . I wish that your friends could help to do that. It is a regret to me that I might not have seen you,and I should so have loved to hear all the news with which you must be filled. Now I shall not hear it until it has been in a measure forgotten by you,dimmed away by other things. yes, it is difficult to write of such things as your visit to Far End--how can that be written,or she be written? But they can be told--perhaps because their very area comes, a little, with the one telling. That is an instance of your memorable comment on not telling about a thing, but lifting one to its very plane. Probably that is why the old ballad makers and singers, the Homers of the world, are nearer the hearts of the people than anybody who must be strained through print. And yet print is not to be despised. ..Well, tell me what you can, when you can. I was not of course in Washington, or east at all, or I should have tried to catch you up there somewhere. I have been completely here, and here I expect to remain for some time. About California this Winter I do not know--but then we have not known so many winters, and have gone. Ten times in all,in a few more years than ten, leaves a most expectable chance for any year at all. I haven't much mathematics but this seems to me to hold water and even reason. Mr. Miller writes to us to come soon--" so arrive on the scene early", quoth he. I don't know at all. It would be very nice to have you come over by interurban, and you and Miriam come by the interurban to meet the organ and me. "I hope so". I wonder if it isn't true that any word whatever of disapprobation would better not be spoken. Of course I wish,just now, that my laughing comment on your letter to Mr. Frank, which is at this moment on its way to you from Fresh pond Parkway,to which it was addressed I think last Monday--had not been written. I thought as I mailed it," Surely he will SEE me laughing." But you couldn't do that, after all--another case of the superiority of the ballad method. However, you would not,that is certain, give it undue weight. I am always thinking that I will never express a breath of disapproval of anything again,and then I go and do. But there is in it for some, I am sure of it, the connotation of a poison. ..The telegram from Mr . Canby-- Dr. Canby I believe he is, and he does not object to it as you do--was splendid. When you are ready to send the Mss. they should know that Mr. Marsh had read and liked it. But he, too, wanted the thread,the something. "It ought to be a spiritual autobiography", he said," but it must then have more continuity..."or did he say more

Dr. Canby

event? It must have been, you know, one of the last manuscripts which he ever read, here on the lower porch that day. It was a month from that same afternoon that he was killed. But it augurs well to have him take the trouble to telegraph. I hope that you saw him; and Mr/ Frank too. You will have some free time now, will you not, before you need go back to the school; in a place where you will be warm and cared for. How glorious must that California sun seem to you, BE to you, after English November and Boston December. That is a bit of what we flee t o every winter that we flee--and is one of the delights of the going. In fact, one of the reasons for going to California is to get off the train. The mss. of The Lifted Land and Sirdis too are with Mr. Follett, who tried to get you, I gather, on the very day that you went through New Haven. Shall it be sent to you now? I will leave it where it is until I hear.

This must go if it is to catch the morning post. It carries with it, you know, everything of sympathy.

These cards I came on in a drug store here the other day--I had never seen them before. Will you tell Miriam that this is the way that we look in summer?

Ever Yours

Friday.

No envelope

(25)

What a lovely new vein to have struck--for it is new, with all the quiet and charm of the old. Events uncelebrated! What a perfect mood. There is something overwhelming in the fashion in which you have been able to impart the mood and the holy stillness about the man, to picture him even. But not less notable is his audience. "If I forget, I forget." How he must ,wherever he is, love an audience like that. ...There is to me in these a flavor of Gissing--do you know him? Taking the time to celebrate the uncelebrated. Oh, Ahrarat. Do you think that it is possible that I shall never see it? I want to give it that h!

I am enclosing the Century letter. It voices the thing I know-- that deep within the undoubted power to make decisions difficult, The Elusive Gateway has another power and a vitality which cling like a vine. And I think that these new things have something of the same quality, expressed in another way. The title is lovely. The ideax of First Evening, Second evening is ,to me, just right. There is something of Hearn in them, but far more delicate. "Exotics and Retrospectives" you recall was one of his titles.

Night before last two young girls and I took a basket to a point I love a little way from here, where we meet the river face to face. At this time the sun is setting just above the water from that point. The sunset was overwhelming. We watched it in silence, saw it melt and arrive in form after form, for a half hour. And when at last we were opening the basket, one of the girls--the one of whom I have sometimes told you, said: " perhaps we have watched --is there such a word as era?-- perhaps we have watched a whole era, or eras,(aeons, cycles,I said) to some vast multitude of beings living in that place. They have been born, lived, died for generations --while we have watched."

This must be closed if it is to go to-day. But I must tell you that the radiance between is there, quite clear and bright. Palpable. Impalpable. Glad of the knowledge of its ways and yours.

Irene Thurber Rutledge Drive, Ft. C.

Wednesday - 4 P. M.

The wonderful Cosmic Consciousness goes to you, from the hand of the invalid Riverside girl - to whom I should like you write to thank her - and say a word?

No envelope

(26)

Here is a copy of my letter to Mr. Brownell — delayed because of my failing to find those Essays - Sketches - poems; what are they? - those new forms of reflection. And here is Mr. Brownell's reply. From Mr. Bridges I have not heard. But perhaps I have.

Meanwhile I have sent on to Mr. Murry - not what I

said at all. Not either Serenity Days or Religion.
For I feel that these would much better come
later — that something exquisite will take him
first. Agree me? I sent the whole first
two sections of the Collection. And I did not
send your letter! What a hopeless poet you are.
May I tell you that in (1) the letter to Mr. Franks
(feloniously stolen by me in the same fashion) and in
(2) his letter to Mr. Murry, you have made two
possible tactical and prejudicial errors — possible
to a poet and a scholar. (1) In denouncing the
public who almost certainly, you infer, will not
grasp what you are offering. And now (2) in telling
the editor how much he is going to like it. I
beseech you, write no letters to accompany mss! Be a
Sphinx — let the mss. speak for you, and allure, as
I certainly will. Get not between the editor and the
brightness of your shining. Get not between with
your mind, however nice it is. — What worldly wise
wisdom to me to be corrupting you with! Yet, what
wisdom showed you lack here. Is not knowledge?
Excuse me that! — And your letters, otherwise, are of heaven!

Last Lands I am sending because it is a
mine of exquisite material on which you will

want to draw. Such beauty that you can use it for many things, in many days. —

Not a word from M. Follett — but I did not ask him at once when I said I would. — And I have not sent on the Island to M. Murry — I fear if we might better that his appetite first — but? Your rhapsody about school teaching — What thinks you? did Erik that? Cajust it, added three lines & sent it to the Secretary of the Wisconsin State Teachers association, in refusing to speak at their Autumn convention. Offered them this instead, from California biology headquarters. — Next Monday I am going to Fond du Lac to introduce Dr.

No envelope

(26)

Here is a copy of my letter to Mr. Brownell — delayed because of my failing to find those Essays - Sketches - poems; what are they? - those new forms of reflection. And here is Mr. Brownell's reply. From Mr. Bridges I have not heard. But perhaps [illegible] here.

Meanwhile I have sent on to Mr. Murray - not what [illegible]

No envelope

1923

①

How amazing that all this time has gone and I have not yet told you my thanks for the lovely fragment of life which you sent. It is so lovely, so compact of loveliness and truth. All that you say of it and of that which it may grow into give one to know its inevitability. I am mindful of your request for its return and shall obey it. ..I am drawn to Hill of Dreams, and was anyway; had had it in my mind, where it had been tugging from time to time for some days. It is interesting, how one's food finds one--sometimes making its approach from various directions,as now. No, I have not yet seen it, but a Madison friend is sending her copy for me to read. Not however until our return--mother and I are leaving to-morrow for Syracuse, where I have to be at the University on Monday evening to say something about the Novel,as if I knew. Then we shall play about Rochester for a few days. Which reminds me of your word about a recess, about Ashville. Isn't it strange, with that strangeness to which one grows accustomed, that I had within a few days observed to somebody: "Ashville is a place which has always rather beckoned me." But the rest, the part about being tired, always fills me with acute amazement. Never, never, you know, save when I clear out desks and bureau drawers. Never otherwise. I feel as if I were new,at other times. My own work never tired me. And duty-bound--no. There is nothing in the world, save inclination, which keeps me here. I stay here because I would rather be here than anywhere else in the world,while I am at work. There is perfect peace, there is stillness, nobody invites me in the evening here because I'm not married, so I sleep from ten o'clock nightly and have fresh to-morrows. I do not play bridge, so I have my afternoons. My share in the machinery of the house is negligible so that I have my mornings. (The two Madison offices take really very little time and afford much interest.) In addition to Lucile on our right, there is a little new baby on our left. The river opened last week. The martins are back. There is the little sedan for earthly wings. And the distance straight up is interminable for such other wings as offer. I have had one of the finest winters of my life, and I look forward to an uninterrupted summer right here. A four-part serial first. Then some work on Faint Perfume for the stage. And always the lawn to the river is green(YOU cannot say that of Your lawn and Your river) And I am content. But it was extremely nice of you to think of that. ..I suppose that my silence, in addition to the impalpable paralysis which occasionally seizes me, has been due to the completing of a three-part serial whose departure mother and I are celebrating in our little spree, in addition to the university engagement. And then this week ,I took two engagements at Rockford, five hours away, at the college there and a unique woman's club, and went via Chicago, and saw the Moscow players. I wish that you might have seen them. Madame Chekova was in the cast that night--The Three Sisters. A tremendous thing, so free and strong that the language barrier was nothing, after the first cold shock. Really, the theme is all that one needs, excepting for humor. The humor being a finer quicker vibration deals in other than ordinary registerings. Yet sometimes that came through. The marvel of that use of detail, infinite detail to express the dreariness and boredome there in the provinces, the longing to get to Moscow--the mere use of a candle and a lamp to give to the high bare room the sense of monotony and desolation. It was overwhelming. But all the men in uniforms, dedicated to the business of killing. And all the women untaught to follow any self-expression channel. So easy, so easy to heal all that ailed and defeated them. First, the social measures of normality and labor,creatively done. Then the light other value,light,fine, high, swift, let into life as I tried to let it in in Simon--surely these would have given them some measure of admittance to their own beings and to the nature of being.

Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California

Postscripted Feb. 6, 1923

(2a,b)

—at this distance—

Your writing on a Mission Inn envelope was a happy anomaly. I quite felt as if I had sat for a morning on that roof-top. What wonder it is, to be able to see it with some eye of reality, actually see it, ~~xxx~~that roof-top, and the mountains "in a key of snow floating above mist." (Take that back unto yourself and do not let it die.) What miracle it is, to be able to reconstruct, indeed the point is unconsciously to reconstruct, the detail of the fringes. To know that the little fountain, the flower boxes, the tower, the glass doors of the rooms, the stone out-looks, the tops of trees are about one, to have them silently in place when one happens to turn ones eyes that way, and have them remain there when one looks away. How is it? What happens? And how slight a step to be able to transcend that miracle and project oneself as well as one's sight. They will do that sometime. Suspend , and materialize oneself by radio. Perhaps not even suspend. Why not the multiple ~~xkx~~ me's whom I know? What a world with the millions multiplying me's. Not yet! .....Have you caught the wonder of the Capek Theatre Guild play now in New York--with its manufactured men, its ribots, to do the heavy work of the world, to be manufactured for industry and for war; and then their revolt--the revolt of the ribots; the loss of the formula for making them; the two ribots who are besought to give themselves alive for dissection in the hope of discovering how they have been put together; and each of the two, the man and the woman, being willing, but frantic with unwillingness that the other should be sacrificed. Which solves all through love. "Go ,Adam. Go, Eve." A wonderful allegory of exactly what we are doing to the race. If only the race can rise to love! ...I have a wonderful book called The Life of the Spirit and the Life of To-day, by Evelyn Underhill. Have I told you of it. But it is new. And that she is the only woman who has ever been invited to lecture at Oxford on religion--I don't know why one mentions that but one does. It is a book of great treasure. ..To return to Riverside: If I had known that you were to be there I should have begged you to go to see the girl ~~xkx~~ to whom I took the projections which you made of the Monad --the invalid girl, ~~who~~ **has been all life's** and now must lie quiet. Irene Hunter--whose father was the presbyterian minister for years at Riverside and who died two years ago. She is so eager for touch with life--and gets it somewhat through some New York brothers. And all this world of essential reality, which said something to you in Simon, is opening to her. She has a remarkable little mother, whom I took to be the eternal type of the beautiful and mormal minister's wife , the beautiful and normal wife of a minister that means, until I saw on the walls of their home some striking great oils, of a quality of wonder and of praise, and upon my inquiry, found that she herself had done them in a girlhood life of Paris art study. She gave it all up to marry her minister, according to the idiotic character of society as we have known it. But I hope that you will go there when you are there again--Mrs. William Hunter, Rubidoux Drive. They would know--they would remember the monad, and I have mentioned you to her again, more than once; once in connection with Mrs. de Selincourt. I send on all letters and such, from those whose names she knows, which I think would interest her, and I sent her Mrs. de Selincourt's note. Perhaps you will go again? I will send you a letter to Mrs. Hunter.

The notes on dynamic thought are of course as good as written, read, revolted against and assimilated. You will do it , you may already have done it. I could not resist sending on the notes to Mr. Thayer and telling him that it is coming. Just now I am stunned by the thought that you may not have intended it to go there. Well, it needn't if you want it to go somewhere else. Everything is possible. Write another and send that to him. A sea-being which changes in one's hand to another facet of truth.

Postscripted Feb. 6, 1923

I am almost tempted to say, How fine about Keith. The schools are no place for a child. Or an adult either. I see you back at your desk with that conviction. Only--only, I have enough of a Puritan complex to feel that there has to be practice in life. Just as one has to learn typewriter or --piano. So school and family and community give that practice at the life job. It is a job as well as a dream--like music again, or like writing. It sounds like a kindergarten principle and yet our highest wisdom is in that too. "What matter to me whether I am hot or cold....." said the Emperor. So Keith is putting off her practice, putting off the acquiring of the mechanism and will have it in something else. Yes, I know! That's no reason for the typewriter to rattle and the piano to be tin. It is true that we ought to have perfect machines, perfect instruments, perfect schools. So let's hurry and pass on the word; and DYNAMIC THOUGHT is going to help.

I like An Island in Time infinitely better as a title. Oh much better. And the Lifted Land will not be lost, I hope. You will certainly use it for something else?

A copy of The American Review goes to you. I hope that you will like it--I do, on the whole. And I look to see The Educable Being appearing there shortly.

"All one's universe is one's relation to it." When one's relation to it is paralyzed, the thought of obliteration is NOT logigal . On the contrary it is the absurd deduction in perfect example. The thought of immediate re-adjustment is the logical thing. When the writing doesn't go right, is the logical thing to obliterate the type-writer? Would that correct the spirit in the paper? Instead-- one writes "in a key of snow, floating aboye mist." Of intercepting beauty and of breathing the blue. And of harvesting the graciousness.

Postscripted Feb 10, 1923

(3)

EDITORIAL OFFICE
33 CENTRAL PARK WEST
NEW YORK CITY

BUSINESS OFFICE
407 SOUTH MAIN STREET
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

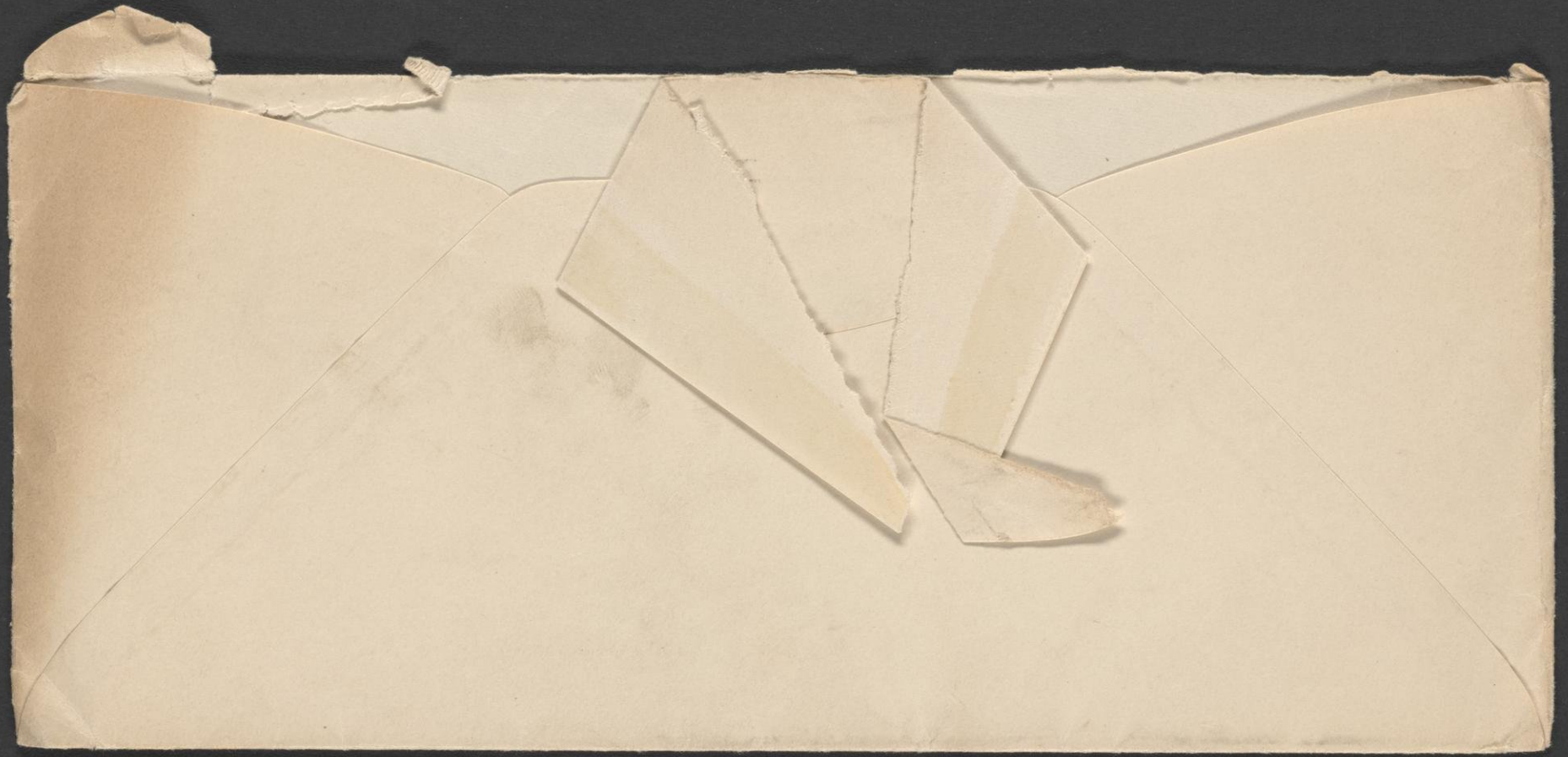
Feb. 6, 1923

Miss Zona Gale,
Portage, Wis.

Dear Miss Gale:

I think Mr. Brown has already set up Dr. Tracy's article. It was not difficult to read & I sent it to him early. I have asked him to send you the proof. — I think the suggestions for the article in dynamic thinking most promising also & I should like to have Dr. Tracy develop the "fragments" into the article. I [illegible] the paper for this purpose.

Dr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California



Postscripted Feb. 10, 1923

(4)

What a nice reaction to Dynamic Thought--I am enclosing Mr. Thayer's word on the subject--so please do it soon. And here is the table of contents for March, as you see. March-April, that is--it will have six numbers a year. Do send some suggestions for articles and reviews. Haven't you some people out there who could so something for this ~~xxx~~ magazine? He has just asked for articles or reviews on "movements"--- he is to have one soon on the Open Forum movement. These are just little things in the department Books and Movements.

I am submitting to him The Elusive Gateway---do you mind?

This is only a line to send you this--because I am about to go for a walk with a little girl who is most impatient and has just called up to know whether I am not coming. So this is all for now..... both all and now being continuous.

Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California

Postscripted Feb. 19, 1923

(5)

I am sending on the Belloc & the Roads - and Pan Yadeuz to the American Review - by your leave. But the Jeffries - do you remember? - I wish that you would send it to Mr. Canby, or to Mr. Frank - in turn, if necessary. It is a thing to neglect that somebody will

some slight rebuke. She ran to the window, this way, put her head on her hand and said: "I want Anna." Isn't that beyond all literary criticism, flattering?

I am immensely glad of that yielding — giving, which is to say giving & not conforming, (as you see it) — in the class-room. I am sure of it. I remember how that sentence leaped at me out of Carlyle, when I was twenty — "We conquer nature by obeying her." If

want it and it ought to have its best chance. Will you do so?

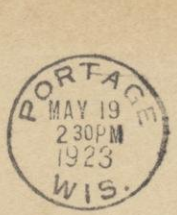
I have a not very pork copy here — interlined and changed a bit. You must have the original — shall we say the aboriginal? For the paper is of yesterday, to-day and forever too. —

A charming little girl has come to live next door. She is Lucile. She calls me Anna. The other day, after

is so all the way — but there
is a technique. If one
does without technique, that
is merely discipline and
death. With the technique
it is immortality, omitting
the death. A happy
arrangement.

This is only a good
morning word.

Monday



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California

Postscripted May 19, 1923

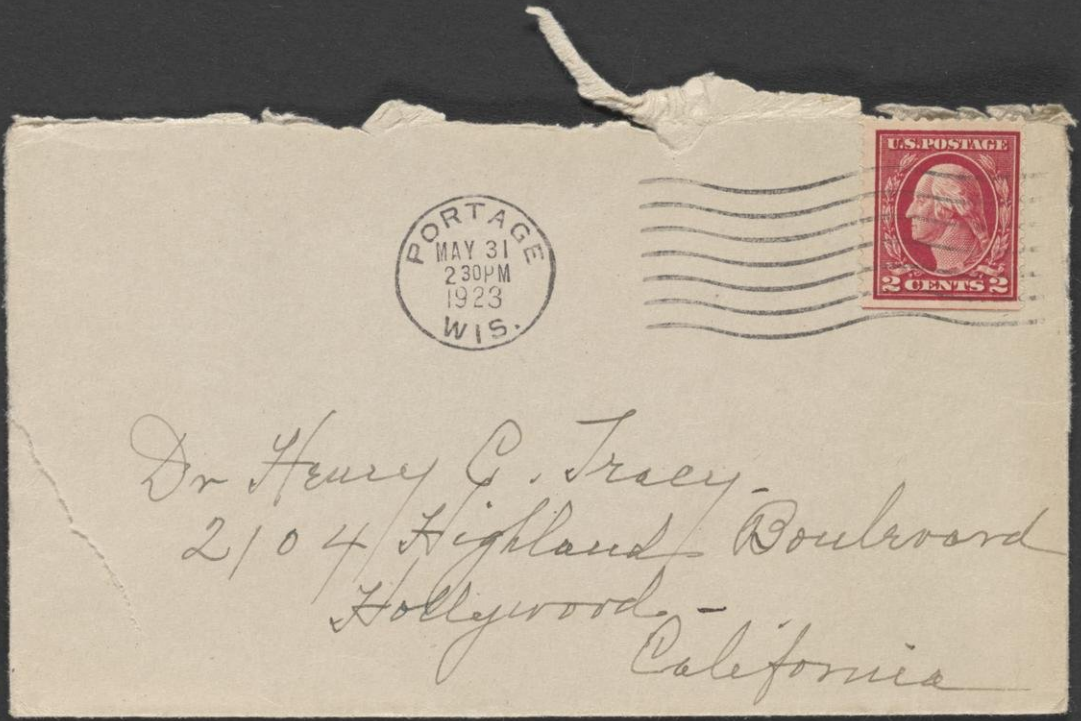
(6)

.... Home, and Re Hill of Dreams waiting. It is very lovely to have it - (especially as the Madison copy had a soiled cover and I couldn't have borne to read it.) very lovely to have it, as I was saying, and at your hand. Thanks you so much - for it and for its inscription. I have barely begun it - but so far I find, though so much fulness, nothing at any point

approaching the distinction and invention and variety of your prose. Then you begin to have those things published in earnest, one after another, this fact is going to be evident to the high roads, the high seas and the high heavens. There was one flash, so far, in The Hill – something of the glint of a gypsy's fire in a wild place, which beguiled you – but for the rest, no charm of manner, only of substance. I demand both. One deserves both – not for our history, of the human race, but for our future. – Thank you for the book, however – for its substance is lovely and I like it for its handling of your work –

I hereat thanked you, as returned the charming note, flap of the black border, which you let me read. It was a beautiful level letter, neither too spacious nor too compact of homage, I thought. – Thanks, please, the Lady Miriam Lee for her lovely word to me, which I love for its friendly, hardly less than for its literary quality – As your friend Ferdinand Earle still there – and if so will you ask him if he knows of the death of his friend Paulus Brower a year ago at Monroe? – It

seems to me that there is more to say (- can that be?) I have not returned the mss. am to return, and will. - And what a charming letter, with the corners filled in, like embroidery in another stitch. - By the way, we are not coming to California last winter - I hope it told you that yet, I think. I'm sorry - another winter may seize us and dig us here. You are close to your vacation - three months of writing. The life of a teacher is for three months in the year the life of a God - and, for the rest, that of a son of mankind, yoked by the Gods.....


PORTAGE
MAY 31
2 30PM
1923
WIS.
U.S.POSTAGE
2 CENTS 2
Dr Henry C. Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California

Postscripted May 31, 1923

(7)

Portage Wis.

May 31, 1923

Dr Henry C Tracy

My dear Dr Tracy: —

Miss Zona Gale request-ed me to write you that her mother passed beyond the veil "into the Great-Secret last night —

She and her father are certainly bereft —

Sincerely —

(Mrs J.H.) Viola Rogers —

Mrs Gale's life long friend —

PORTAGE
JUN
1230AM
192
WIS

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California

Postscripted Jun. 1923

(8a,b)

I hope that the new work will bring its own power - and I know that it cannot be less than the Roads, but must be more. - Still no word from Freeman or Century - I shall write now and ask. I want to send Glucose Gateway to the Yale Review if the Century - I know it was there - can not strike its pitch. It will be so much better for the acceptance of the Nick group if there have been several appearances of a few of the

Sketches.

I am working on a novel – and there have been many interruptions of lilacs – and then locusts – on the bank, and now a catalpa not far from the window near me is receiving slowly its new definiteness of flowers – incarnating more before one's eyes. Trees and shrubs must heighten in consciousness as this time comes – must rise from dense areas to a finer medium of reaction. How would be the time to try Alexander Bell's way of talking with flowers – were we speaking of that? And if the Rivertide man and woman – Methodist minister! – who had been present at one of those evenings of experiment in Washington? – Between the scientist and the dominie there ought to have been enough of tension so that my imagination had a scaffold. At any estimate, I believed. – Interruptions too of squirrels – six raised by two mothers in one and the same hollow tree a yard from the living room window. The two youngest tried to emulate the older ones by climbing out – and repeatedly fell to the ground. We rescued them, entertained them in a basket of wool on the porch, tried to feed them, returned them scrupulously – only to hear – plaintive little cries again from the ground. At last the mother – a society squirrel, my mother said – took them one rainy night to the very top of

the tree next door where she had built a nest of leaves. This was at sunset. At dusk I heard the familiar cry, found one on the grass and while I stood there down came the Mother. I brought them again to their basket, feared the morning, but found them curled warm in two balls. Ah, when they climbed from the basket, the little legs were sorry - the tired legs. they dragged. We waited until the doctor next door, who was in Chicago, returned, to make sure that nothing could be done - they seemed not to suffer and sat about quite cheerfully. And they would not take milk of course from a saucer. So I got a dolls nursing bottle, very tiny, very cunning, quite complete - filled it with

Postscripted Jun. 1923

warmed milk and water - and the kitten she seized it to the manner born. I knew what to do instantly. It was adorable - rolled his in my hand on its back with two little paws clasping the rubber, and drank in sips. But the other, the larger, would not be persuaded. He would take a little from a leaf, that was all. And then I thought he would starve and I called in a neighbor wise in such things. And she shook her head sorrowfully: "It's a male and they don't know anything!" - She opened the little mouth and I inserted the tip and then he knew what to do. But it was of no use. Then the doctor looked he said that they would always be helpless and he took them away.

the little eleven one mother had christened Luther. We all grieved over them and missed them terribly - they were so perfect, thick coats, bright eyes, so cunning with a grace almost childish and so uncomplaining. And perfectly tame. They never knew fear at all - I hope Rat, and some how given them, helped them on their way. How can there be extinction for any life? It seems to me a contradiction of terms. Like the confusion of dimensions which Korzybski so scorns. - I had a wonderful hour with his book this morning before breakfast. I said that I thought he is as wonderful as Darwin, and father who is just reading him, said: More so.

Now you had the Evelyn Underhill books yet - on Mysticism all? Her Practical Mysticism is the essence of all, and I say, already how profound & her Education of the Spirit chapter.

Rudolf Steiner is in California - I hope that you have had opportunity to hear him. It has seemed to me that his thought is more & individual development than on the following & touch for its own sake - but he "has a beautiful experience to me when I first had his "Way of Initiation" - and "Results of Initiation." -

No! I do not like the photographs at all. How can you like it? It is only a little edge of you - a mere mask of a being. Of course that you must have is

the full face with the eyes looking directly out at one. I think this is far from that and from you.

It will be a slow correspondence indeed if you wait for me every time. It is so hard for me to write letters. I write all day, more or less, and when evening comes or late afternoon I want to get outside or to sit quiet, mostly, by the river. But I wish always that I might hear all that crosses your mind to write.

My warm remembrance and greeting to you and to Miriam Tracy — and green days! —

Dear Jake

June - June - June.

PORT
JUL
2 30
192
WIS

Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood
California

Postscripted. Jul. ? 1923

(Gabe)

The envelope which you sent me was dated May 24. This that is come May 29. - I had looked at the enclosures a little but not much, until this morning, early, on the upper porch. I felt as if I were living some fine future, moving among people wonted to such things - not I mean, merely in the reading of this book but in the current certainty, did I feel this, but in the current certainty, the certainty current as I read, that your things cannot die, must grow into place, and find their own. When I do not know, but they will. The music - one almost took me to that when. There is no word for it - if there were a word it would be what it is. Here you have "when one to the very plane of beauty" - more than mood, than mood + more than any thinkable experience. — How flowers that by Hudsons fm Combe Beach -

– In Something Is True. –

And the Work plays – that beauty – you have set in your own beauty. The Chinese poet too + – the – one about Meditation, having all its treasure to offer. get touched me somewhat in structure – as if some of the third page. The crypt part, were not wide enough, were not enough assimilated. You mean mental meditation – ? Risk Rere were some word to distinguish that from the other, from the contemplation.

— What you say, in Music, of the organ of memory beyond any mechanism that we know gives me that wandering drift down & almost knowing. One little impulse more, one cord how it, and one should know all about it all. — Now I spoke of it to Father at breakfast he said yes, all knowledge contained, existing, in the universe, continuously there. It must be, all experience, too. If in common, that ah. illusion personality must be. And its solution solves for us the form which survival takes. You see, one almost knows! — How you love Pamela Bianco's drawings in the Century, sometime in the winter. She was in Italy media — Here is a little book of her drawings now. When first I saw those in the Century I felt pricked by recognition. I had seen so, and more than so! — A little more and we shall see through. I look at the new moon at the outdoors. and there's how exquisitely alien in beauty it must be as mother is seeing it. Ours — but not ours, for we stop short of it. "— A glass, darkly."

Postscripted Jul ? 1923

But Jm. With all this,
what a glorious life Jm
lead. I like to think of
those phrases coming softly,
& Jm surprise and
Jm welcome - get with that,
Jm sense of this utter
familiarity, and natural ness,
their and Jm at-home ness
at mating. Jm are
living such deep immortality.
Jm are bound to be deeply
happy, in essential Event, in
- I want a new word. Jmed
, area-ence be a word. & I
made it?

Postscripted Jul. ? 1923 5-

Now I have news for you: a new magazine, the Adelphi, which began in London in June - and to that you must send some & soon quickly. The two Oxfords, the Hudson, the Music - I don't know that, but you will know. (The Machen ought to go to Dr. Canby?) Get ready some such place as the Adelphi is the only place for these I am sending you this copy. But can you send it back to me fairly soon - as soon as you have thoroughly read it into you. Just a fine that the magazine is. It must be kept going.

-) Now wanted to say that I think there should be no foreword - how you not come to that feeling? In the Yale Press book. Unless you have something in mind for Mrs. de Selincourt - and that might go on the jacket! - You know, do you?,

wd for you to fear to
make "intrusion" you
know that? Surely you
love by now something
more to send me?

& the Atlantic Monthly Press,
which might be another
Yale Press. But I wonder
whether, for you, the way
to America doesn't lie
via England? Jonathan
Cape, who advertises in the
Adelphi, is a new young
publisher thirsty on some
Americans. The Adelphi might
prove a channel to English
publishers - and English
attention does open doors.
- Because I have
been mute, that is

Professor Henry Chester Tracy

2104 Highland avenue

Hollywood

California

Postscripted Aug. 8, 1923

(10)

How happy a circumstance – John Middleton Murry not waiting to be relayed by me but writing to you himself. Of course I have not yet written him a word. Even to subscribe for Adelphi, which I confidently meant to do at once; regretted not taking down the address before I mailed it to you, thought to write you for it, and found it in your letter, thoughtfully provided by the same air mail. – It is precisely the place for you, isn't it? And may be published in America! Like any grand opera singer, one entrance to America you would make via London.

– Well, you will make it. Those first lovelies and lovelies. I am so glad that you sent them. Dust of Reflection fair. Those are lovely – only I haven't seen all in my eyes yet, for they came when I was hurrying it for the last edition. But one thing I know: I faint perfume plays.

discovering you. They love these editors, to be inventors of you, no less. Of the new writer. —

If you want any of the Essays that I have to go to him, send me a letter to go with it and I'll mail it from here, to save time — with your return mark on the corner. But you say that once.

This goes by way of bulletin, without time to tell you of the flights and swoops in your style; but that you don't know that these are so exquisite but I must have the pleasure of telling you how exquisite they are, to me. — I'll write soon again — in a day or so. —

believe that, all these airinesses belong alone together. That the book I part II as you have projected it, the critical essays, belong not with these but in a volume by themselves. Please, regard meditating this suggestion & I feel it so. For you will have more of these presently. Let a few dribble to Mr. Murry and sound him about an English publisher. And I'd say, send these yourself. With me these only, in a subscription letter, congratulating him on

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 Highland Avenue

Hollywood California

Postscripted Aug 11, 1923

(11)

I am enclosing a copy of my letter to Mr. Brownell. Now that Mr. Murry has, or will soon have, Dust of Reflection, I should think that these might wait Mr. Brownell's word, though of course there is nothing to prevent submitting them in England and here simultaneously. But waiting the fortnight or so will save making new copy, or else letting both be out of your hands, and mine.

To-day if possible I will write subscribing for the Adelphi, and mentioning my pleasure in the connection, the correspondence which he has already made.

DOUBT ABOUT COLLECTING THESE ESSAYS? NO. No. NO. But I do want the critical comment to go by itself. It is too full of substance to cope with a nearness to the ephemera which are so much more substantial than any literary criticism.

I'll send the meditation which you require.

Badger. No, I wouldn't. Badger takes only things of real fulfillment or of sure promise--but he takes them for payment. You would have a letter from him next suggesting four or something hundred dollars as your share of the project. Perhaps more, now. This is generally known to the publishers of course, and therefore does nothing for you in that way. You do not need Badger.

Mr. Murry's letter is nice--thanks for the "excerpts". That word always annoys me. It looks as if one were typing something else and got the letters in wrong. Why not exrepts. Poor word. I don't mean that I would scorn any such harmless arrangement of letters. These distastes trouble me. There are two flowers that I do not like and I am sorry about that, too.

Have you inquired about the Atlantic Monthly press? Do they use only reprints from the magazine.

Mrs. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood California

Postscripted Aug. 21, 1923

(12)

A happy birthday — which means that I hope don't [illegible] ankle and the [illegible] operation will be on the road to healing and to health-giving adjustments. I am so

Adelphi. — Shall we not send
the Oxford Souvenirs to him
instead. —

Well- I sent you Ford
Wishes for your birthday last
year. The interval has brought
you both grief and cheer, but
if has seen you do wonderful
work- and the Book on its
way. May this year mean
even more. Greeting to you both.
Faithfully yours. The Editor

carry that you have all had
here difficulties.

I have the Seventy days
and Religion - but I believe
most in the English studies
for Mr. Murry first. These (Today)
are "Weightier" - for a later
offering, I would say. I
think the Seventy days would
be fine for the Classical
Journal. It is long for the

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood.
California

Postscripted Nov. 19, 1923

(13)

Dear Author, how nice it all is. First, in Chicago last Tuesday, I am given the November Adelphi to read on the train, by a lovely lady who knew nothing of my interest, specifically, in that number. And there, on the train, I came on Exits, looking very well in its publicity, and standing it admirably. What a lovely thing it is--and what a perfect title. (I may say that I haven't subscribed for Adelphi yet, on account of not being able to read how much it is. Will you tell me, in decent American figures? I don't know whether the legend on the cover is the price or a decoration.) This isn't anything new--I never could read English money.) Then, next day, I am sent my copies of American Review, and there is Belloc of the Roads, rambling down all its pages as delightfully as a cataract of country lanes. And I was proud again. Next day after that comes a letter from Wilson Follett saying that the contracts are ready (in case you do not vote for a more "sumptuous" edition--and what a sumptuous word sumptuous is:---) and asking me to write an introduction. But I await your finally word on that, both as to sumptuousity, and as to my response, on my own account. I personally recommend Anne Douglas Sedgwick, but that is as you wish. .... And best of all was that which preceded all this bursting into print, and it was Mr. Brownells letter--or that part of it which you quoted me. How perfect that is. Not that we didn't know it--or I did; but it is so right to have it from him. How this letter exhibits his qulity--that painstaking conscienceful motion of assimilation and response. I feel happy that we sent it there. And what an antidote for that ridiculous Scribner letter, which I put in the waste-basket. (What do you do when your typewriter behaves like this, once a line?) ...So that altogether I feel very glad and good over your progress. It is an inevitable thing, but I shouldn't want it ALL to come after you are carved in stone, rising expectant from that bench of folded stone, of ripples in the stone. A lot of it will come then--but oh, some of it should come now. Enough, if possible, to release you from doing anything else. Yet we all have to offer up some service which is not specifically our chosen measure, and all in all, teaching is as radiant a service as might well be. And --I mean AND, it leaves you free for three months a year. Be quiet in your blessings, your raiment of blessings.

Here mild and sunny. Asters still in the gardens. Yesterday, on a walk, a bloom of russet black-berry leaves by the road. Trees still garmented, albeit in brown and gray. But the winter gran spread abroad as bright as Spring.

I am not defeated by this typewriter. But I am modified by it. To silence, by all that is measurable.

Melzla
Portyi Tsiuvii

WASHINGTON, D.C. 10
JUL 3
3-PM
1924

REGISTER
OR
INSURE
VALUABLE MAIL

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Blvd.
Hollywood California

THE SHOREHAM
Washington

I forget what you told me about the new address!

7/3/24
1 a.b.

THE SHOREHAM
Washington

My dear "Harry" Chester Tracy - no! Nothing has gone wrong, certainly. What could go wrong between you and me? Aren't we long by all that? I can't imagine "scoffing"

with you, either in eloquent words or in eloquent silence. When a silence falls, it is always only — as in this case — that I had promised so much work by certain dates, and was behind with it as usual. — And now yesterday I came off here on short notice (to help bring on the La Follette petitions to him to run for president, of which there are thousands.) And tomorrow I expect to return with the La Follettes — with Lee & Bob. Jr., to Cleveland, for the third party convention, which will be as little like the other two as it is possible to imagine. —

Meanwhile: You are enormously mysterious about your new work. Aren't you going to tell? I want to know. I'd even like to see. I feel as if I were no longer your Master & even you called me. Task-master, wasn't it? — And as to that Preface: No, no. I couldn't do

THE SHOREHAM
Washington

The sort of thing which
I saw quite clearly
was required. I turn
to the vague and
intimated and intuited
so much more gladly than
to the definite and
vivid. And the definite

and vivid were clearly what
~~the~~ his wanted here. But over
and above all that, the Yale
University Press imprint is triumph-
ant and I do think introductions
are tiresome things, they say. Unless
they can merely lay on a
finger and run away. So
do you. Your book is
through. And how eager I
am to see it. - "If only there
were two Yale University Presses"
you said! - Yes, but I think
after this book, a "commercial"
publisher will be "easier" to approach!!
You are to tell me if
you like my story in the

last Century and my Serial
in the Children's, and to let
me see if I like what you
are making of me now and
to forgive me for all the
things for which I need it. -
My love to Miriam.

Ina Gale

July 2-

HOTEL GIBSON

CINCINNATI

COLUMBUS OCT 20 8 AM 1924 OHIO.

Dr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 Highland Boulevard

Hollywood

California

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, For President — BURTON K. WHEELER, For Vice-President

10/20/24

(2)

WISCONSIN
LA FOLLETTE-WHEELER
Progressive Committee

IRA S. LORENZ, Chairman
204 Grand Ave., Milwaukee

E. J. ONSTAD, Secretary
17 West Main St., Madison

9

Headquarters:
MARSTON BLOCK
17 W. Main Street
Telephone Fairchild 3860
MADISON, WIS.

LA FOLLETTE-WHEELER ELECTORS

ZONA GALE
Portage

OTTO P. SEIFRIZ
Wauwatosa

JULIA ANDERSON SCHNETZ
Racine

CHAS. J. SCHOENFELD
Beaver Dam

WM. T. EVJUE
Madison

JOHN J. HANDLEY
Milwaukee

IRA S. LORENZ
Milwaukee

JOHN C. SCHMIDTMANN
Manitowoc

WM. VINSON KIDDER
La Crosse

ERNEST L. SCHROEDER
Shawano

JOHN W. REYNOLDS
Green Bay

MARY FRANCES TAYLOR
Chippewa Falls

CLOUGH GATES
Superior

Friend: Your talks for La Follette is about that many days - in Berlyn, Massachusetts, your Pennsylvania and Ohio. And I expect to keep on until election day. - If only there were sixteen months or a thousand more hours to work to get in touch to the people. - I am having some literature sent to you from Chicago, and wondering whether you will distribute it? - And if you already have the little book called Facts with your reading, or in any case, will you lend it to as many people as possible. I think that Mrs. MacDonald would distribute some

To vote for La Follette and Wheeler, make a cross for each of the La Follette-Wheeler electors, 13 crosses in all.

of this literature, if I knew where she is now. Perhaps she will use some of yours. Do send her with it my greetings & tell her that I mean to write.

Our Autumn is like the second Irish — like the Island in Time — like the Time of Gods. It is fold and misty, as after Rhenish, so with an air of its own, deep in its own routine, already with the task of the to-come. If we could see it better, we should know Everything better. —

Greetings!

Dr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard North.
Hollywood California

Postscripted Feb. 13, 1925

I have and have just read the Shoemaker's days and nights in the Second World, and have been in the enchantment both of that world and of him. It is so deeply and dearly beautiful,all; so filled with excesses of splendor,quiet and gentle splendor, splendor almost distrait---as of course splendor would be, in the Second World. I love it all. I love with a kind of dizziness that bit about the veery. Do you know that I have never heard one? But for some time it has seemed to me the combined fairy and angel among birds, and on the day when I first hear one, I confidently expect a Great Wonder to befall me. It seems so. " I hope so." But that is not the subject. The subject is you. I want so intensely that you shall do nothing but write. Oh, that is all wrong. Your karma is evidently to do many other things besides write, and to do them all well. That, or something like it, may have been indicated--or what WAS indicated--by the outcome of thst blissful hegeira to Oxford. Often I wish that you had taken a year at the beach instead,pen in hand. And as a matter of fact, you seem to be getting an extraordinary amount done, as it is, of writing I mean, and carrying on biology and such as well. ..I talked with Mr. Cape about you in New York a fortnight ago. He is Mr. Murry's friend, Jonathan Cape, and you may have known all about him long before. He seems on your trail-- a nice man and a good publisher,I hear. He was at the P. E. N. dinner, where Sherwood Anderson was guest of honor. But those dinners bore me SO--I have been to only two. Nobody speaks, everybody brings a guest or two, you get seated with the guests,and it is terrible. Never own that you are an author inside New York or they will grab you. ..But that is not the subject. The subject is you. Not whether you write all the time or do not write, but something else. Tell me of the rest of the Shoemaster. Is it all wild-wooding? What could be better. And yet, and yet---I find myself wishing that the craft had a bow as well as a sail. Where is it going? Isn't that disgustingly like the theatrical producers who ask for punch? I mean something else---the apotheosis of punch. ..I have been thinking ....first tell me: Has it an outline, at all? Even as much of a story as Hudson has in Green Mansions--why should you not do that? You could make a perfect thing out of nothing, as he did: A girl sought, and found, and not found--that is all that is necessary! This lovely being in his garden--the garden chapters, say, of those first sketches,of t he one at the desert's edge and the song-bird whom you observed "without rancour." Then the intimation of the girl--by letter, by what you will! Only you have not seen her. Then the leisurely search for her---having these heavenly adventures all the way. Perhaps she is in a camp in the woods. Or you come out of the camp and meet her. And the Shoemaster goes back to his woods. And that is all. I don't know--nobody knows. But isn't there something which can become an outline.....And all the time you may have more outline that I know anything about, to this second world. ...Or perhaps you are content, gloriously content, with the second world itself, and so why inhabit it with any beings, any progression...

And yet,my friend, there is something to form. To Form. It has come home to me lately with all the force of a knowledge of a presence. Form is life. At least, without Form life is not at its most radiant. And therefore art. But of course, there are standards of Form which we have not approached,

and

perhaps this Form of the Second World chapters is one of them. Or the chapters which I have not yet seen. In any case, this brings me to Eli Faure's History of Art---a revelation of the development of man through his art. Have you seen it? It is not a book at all, but an experience. So much beauty, sheer beauty, but so much of all richness. It quickens one, releases one in a quite extraordinary fashion. I am moved by it beyond anything that I have read in years. I shall always be reading it. It is in four volumes. But you, if you have not seen it, take the first volume and dip into Egypt, and end by reading those last three or four pages of Egypt, and you will know what I mean. This man was like a living thing, whose growth is accelerated, as motion is accelerated in motion pictures, and before your eyes you see any subject which he touches come alive, touch maturity, die and be born again--all in a paragraph, in a sentence. And again and again he reverts to this word about form. "FOrm--geometrical volumes penetrating one another according to innumerable laws of attraction--the remembrance of the common form from which all others came." (The italics are mine.) "Any Form adapted to the universal condition is more living, even if it exists only in our imagination, than a form based on reality but fulfilling its function badly." "The modeling flows between the absolute lines of a geometry in movement---space continues the block of basalt or of bronze by taking up from the surface the confused illumination that arises from its depths." And of the Egyptian sculpture---"an insensible line of light burns about them, slowly caresses an invisible form which its embrace reveals." "-...that prodigious sense of mass that concentrates life in a decisive form of which all the surfaces seem to rejoin the infinite through their unlimited curves." ...He writes as you do, with that utter freedom and abandon to the infinite-- you rejoining your home by this same means, such as he describes for Egypt. But his sense of form, his constant harping upon it did something for me. And I think of it for you---in that superb impertinence of one friend for another, even when that other is artist. I feel profoundly that if you strike a certain--shall we say, gait?--and begin to write about something, ABOUT something, as he is writing, then all this exquisite but formless richness of yours will flow with the flow of that form, and the whole will indeed rejoin the infinite and take us with it. . Is it to tie all this with your biological wisdom--is that it? I noted that you did not even give the name of that small trim bird who was one of the voices of that memorable day. Nor of the bird at night. Well, nobody knows but you and the spirit which moveth in you, but you'll forgive me for landing like a boulder among the stems of hare bells will you not? Or will you?

I have just come back from a month in New York and Boston and Washington. I have decided that Boston is my spirit's home, as it was the home of my ancestors nine generations ago. I went out to Waltham and saw the house which two brothers of my ancestor of five generations ago built in the midst of the original 1630 farm on the River Charles. The house stands on Waltham Main street now, but walls and woodwork and fireplaces and all are intact--a dignified dreaming house, now a double house , with its old domed library ceiled over---but it could be released, that library ceiling. And I got the refusal of the house, for romance. And you may yet come and have tea with me, in Waltham High street. Will you?

I wish you would write me a record of all that has been happening to you---all! Including your enjoyment of Robert Nichols, who sounds a wonderful being. But please, if you don't mind, type your record to me, which you see I am taking for granted that you will send,--type it, because you are rising, sinking to the illegibility of genius. My remembrances to Miriam and the Gracchi. My remembrances to you.

Portage, February 16:1925:

Zona Gale

PORTAGE
MAY 2
7 PM
1925
WIS.

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood California

Postscripted May 2, 1925
(2a&cd)

Don't you think this sounds perfect?

It sounds as if you would have something wonderful to send to The Winged Arts. And will you do so? I don't know what. you will know. ...I have as yet only dipped in these fascinating pages which you have sent. Dipped for refreshment and rest. "Dipping" recalls the new Algernon Blackwood, "Tongues of Fire", and the two gorgeous stories, or sketches, therein, called "Picking Fir Cones", and "Malahide and Forden." Do get them and read deep. ...The reason I have only dipped is , for one thing, that I have twenty-three stories by Negroes, in a short story contest, in which I am one of the judges. And a dozen or more short stories(by Whites) in a social service contest-- I mean one-act plays , not stories. Oh, my friend, where is it not difficult to get a chance to set pen to page? Who is there who would not be'set aside', for such an opportunity. Can you picture me--with all that there is to "see to" here, and with more than I can tell you crowding in. The First Presbyterian church would have a pageant celebrating its 75th anniversayy, and will I do it? The University appropriation is about to be cut off, and will I spend two days in Madison at the hearing, and speak there? In another part of the Capitol a dollar-diplomacy bill is up, and will I speak there(I didn't) I am to go to Minneapolis April 5, and to Indianapolis April 9--both missions which draw me inevitably. A family in Caledonia is burned out, root and branch. One has only to lift one's hand to have things flocking to them, but it takes time. From that family emerges a little lad, acute and wistful and--deficient. He must go to Madison to the new(and free) hospital, for observation--and is there now. But first he walked in here, eight miles, in rubbers, and no shoes or socks, his feet wound in Ingrain carpeting--and this through snow. .. And these are only SOME. No, there is no 'setting aside'---but oh, how well I know what you mean. One has to invent one's own leisure--and I almost think that one gets it by yielding to the other pressure. That then it lets go, while so long as one pulls and stretches away, it holds all the closer. "You conquer nature by obeying her!" And experience too. ..My room here is sweet with pine boughs which have been brought in--the whole house smells of them. Have you pine boughs in California? Well, yes, I must admit that you have. But not Wisconsin pine boughs. ...And DID I tell you of our Kentucky cardinal? That has lived on our river bank all winter? We have seen him, bright and red against the ide of the river, and later feeding on the dark ground; and with the first warm days, he began to sing, clear, sweet, varied, adorable. Came a March snow, and he sang in the snow. But oh, before Christmas, when it was 22 below, I was in agony. How could he bear it, who the bird books say comes no farther north than northern Illinois? And then, on Christmas day, I heard his note. He has stood everything. And now I know that he was here all last winter too, because when I came home in March, he was singing, and I saw him, but I did not think of his having been here right along; and father had not seen him before. One other year, some time ago, father and mother and I saw one, which came to the house in a snow storm, and used to feed at the box. This one never came to thhe box that we know of. Isn't it a heavenly thing to have happen?

So, then, send something to The Winged Arts, which appears to me to be made in your image. Send it to Dr. Thomas Dickinson, The Players, Gramercy Park, New York.) And send it soon. ..I have a great notion to send him your last letter, as expressing you; but I will not. Oh, and my suggestion anent Form, anent(whatever anaent means() having a STORY fills me with regret. I said not at all what I was trying to say--such a"story" as I suggested would be incredible. But what do I mean? You should know. FORM in some gracious and undiscovered aspect, form which shall be to beauty as white flour is to whole wheat flour, to which it has to be joined so that the whole wheat will hold together in a nice little "gem", and not fall all to pieces. I am not suggesting that you make gems: I am but looking round for heavenly enough white flour. Do you gather what I mean to mean?

The letter I inclosed.

Have you read Mary Johnston's Sweet Rocket? If not, I shall lend you mine. But get Tongues of Fire, meanwhile.

Did you see the eclipse? If it was not so long ago that you have forgotten---ah,no. One could never forget that. I saw it from the roof of the Gotham Hotel in New York, total save for a blazing point of light on the lower rim; and as it was like that, the lights of the city sprang out in that queer coppery dusk, and the electric signs sparkled; and from the roofs of some lower buildings, servants or others cried out,a clamor of sound, like a chorus heralding the event.

And the two little girls next door, five and six, spent Saturday night here. One of them has a song, which every few minutes she demands to know if she shall sing. And I always said yes. The song goes:

> The time to be happy is now.
> The place to be happy is here.
> The way's to be happy and make others happy
> And make your own heaven <u>wite</u> here,
> Wite here,
> And make your own heaven wite here.....

...only she can not stop there, but keeps on, with wite here inserted, quite all down the page. It is too darling....and too true? Then they sing together something which they call <u>American</u>..being the well-known hymn.

Now I must go down and read the Negro stories--which are thrilling me through and through. Such an experience I did not dream that I should have--I would not have missed it for worlds. Is it not strange that it is impossible to give anything at all that one does not get it back at once,multiplied.

GOOD NIGHT.

You knew, of course, what happened: How I put the mss. in the envelope,intending to follow it with a letter in a few hours. And than that I....well, you didn't know what. How could you know that I went to Minneapolis, and Indianapolis(literally! So that the little girls next door talked about my going to Mindinapolis, naturally.) And Bloomington, and Terre Haute, and then Madison. ..But oh, you knew too, or you must have known, how utterly charming I thought the chapters were. Like cobwebs with ropes inside, carefully concealed by mauve and iris and peach and dove and silver, but ropes all the same, firm and compact. Your English is a delight to me beyond words to fathom or to climb or to circumscribe or to penetrate with any word of comment of my own. But it is a style so liquid, so flexible, so musical,so true that I flow with it from page to page; when I come down to earth,to alight at all near the earth in fact, I am still moving on, as a ship's motion moves in one after the ground is found. ..Why do we worry about your having opportunity to write? You will write, you DO write as you breathe, and you cannot help either. I can see that. ..Still, of course, as I wish for you bright and brighter air, so I wish for you more and more and more sheer time to write IN.

...Are you any nearer? Have you heard anything from anywhere? And I wonder, sometimes, if there is any place anywhere which would not devour your time,if you were teaching at all. A place in which they permitted you to put yourself would devour you more than ever,perhaps, because there the temptation to do ever more in class work would be irresistable. Now your trouble is, after all, partly that they will not let you be creative enough, take time enough! Still---have you heard anything, from anywhere? Did Meikeljohn say anything? Have you written to Yellowsprings again? COULD I DO ANYTHING? If I could, you would not hesitate a breath to tell me so, would you?

And whatelse have you done? You oughtn't to wait for a word from me before you write and tell me what you have done. You are the turn and turn aboutest person that I know.

I am enclosing something from Mrs. Bailey's new book," A Treatise on Cosmic Fire." A marvellous book, from which I shall send you bits from time to time. I honestly do not know what you, as a biologist, would say to some of it. But yet a biologist who is three fourths occultist would say the right thing--I can be sure of that. This, for example, I know that you will accord with. Even ,I think, to the words"subtler beings". Mr. and Mrs. Bailey have been here for a day, en route from Minneapolis to New York--and now that I see the book,I think, Can it be true that I have spoken with her.

One thing I must tell you: On the day of the full moon,in May, there is always in the Himalyas a time of special outpouring on humanity. This year the day falls on May 8---next Friday. The time for you,Pacific time, will be 5:43 A. M. ..If you care to keep that time--make it a time of receiving-consciously...to give it a period of meditation before and after...if you do, you will. A sense of aligbment between the Ego, the Thinker, and ones bodies, so that the Ego is a channel of force---you know it all, I know.

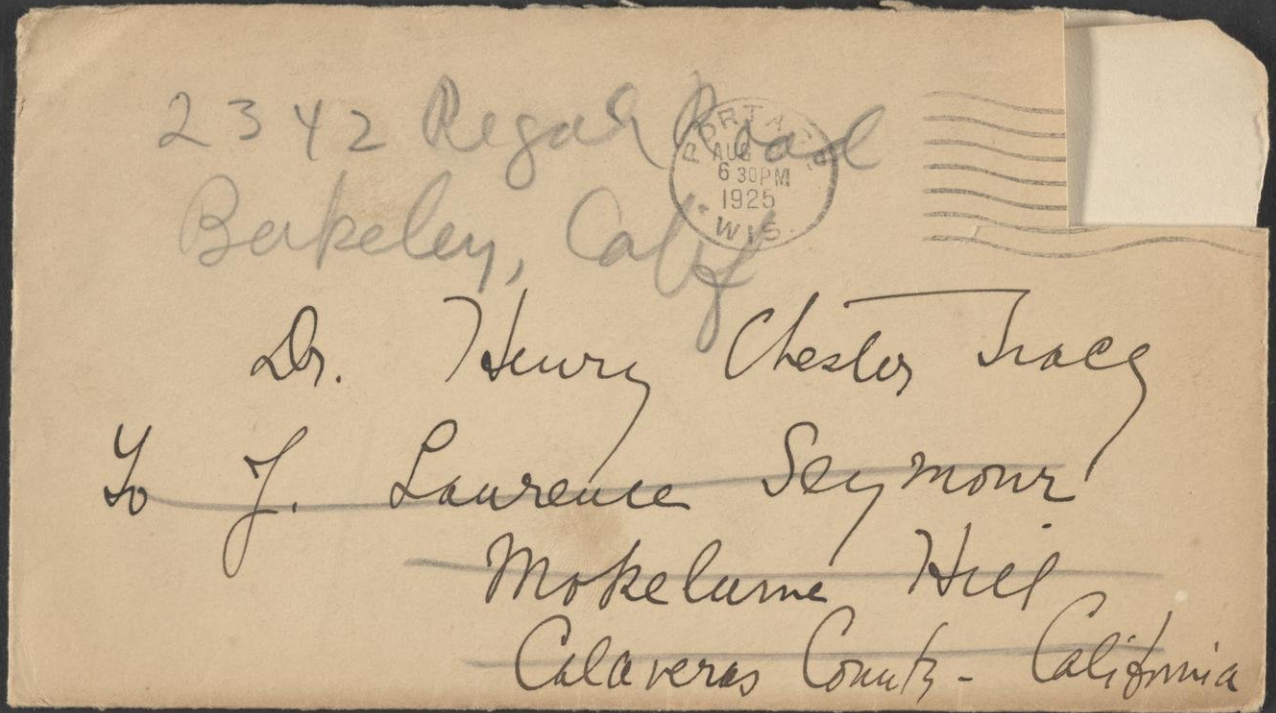
L. H.

May 2 –

"The Winged Arts"--that's the title. I already have the strongest group of free imaginative spirits ever gathered together under one banner to my khowledge. Norman Bel Geddes, Alfred Stieglitz, Georgia O'Keefe, Don Marquis, Stephan Bourgeois, Zona Gale, Percy MacKaye, Walter Damrosch, Witter Bynner, Karl Schmitt, Hugh Ferris, Lewis Mumford, others from dance, music, all kinds of visioning easily to be had; these all glad to unite in one set of wings to see where they can fly; backer unbelievably understanding; 1st issue set for June 1st; to be made by best printer in America; isn't it a joke?

I like your Hollywood man and would like to have something from him if he can isolate his stuff into incandescent sentences; crystallize it into gems of experience, not for beauty but for truth; give us the truth and we will attend to the beauty. No one living is big enough to force on us chunks of paragraphs; a bas the disquisition. Don't you think you should go through your stuff and cull me something under the head of "Sententia"? I am not asking anyone to write; I am asking them to give me some of the best of themselves that has been chucked back in corners under dust because they did not dare to show it: they would tremble so to see it pawed by dirty hands. And that is the kind of stuff we are getting. I don't think there will be much trouble. What should one do about Mr. Hollywood? I'd better get his book, I suppose. Good bye.

Yours M. Dickinson


2342 Regent Road
Berkeley, Calif

PORTLAND
AUG
6 30PM
1925
WTS

Dr. Henry Chester Tracy
% J. Laurence Seymour
Mokelumne Hill
Calaveras County - California

Postscripted Aug 8, 1925

(3ab)

Dear friend, just now, this Saturday morning, the little maid---yclept Marguerite-- in sweeping , found back of the hall radiator, fastened between the wall and the table which covers that radiator, a letter. It was yours of April 12, telling me the good news that Chatto and Windus are to publish your book. What must you have thought of my failure to congratulate you about that? It is too beautiful to have it come out so, publication on the other side first. Oh, and now that makes your American course so easy. It should be published simultaneously, there and here, and it must be. Have you done anything about that? I do not wonder at your not telling me. Because I realize, and have realized for a long time, something much worse than an announcement like this stuck behind a radiator--that I never have told you a word of my reaction to that outline which you sent to me of that book. The other day, here, a dealer in antiques was shown by me a tray which a prisoner had made for me, an inlaid tray, she said: " It is beautiful. It is so beautiful that I can't say a word." I think that it must have been something analogous with me. I was overwhelmed--not only by the scope and originality of the thing, but by the fact that it was YOU who had projected it. I might as well confide to you that I had thought of you all along as the Shoe-maker, the glorified shoe-maker, who uses clouds for leather and cobwebs for laces and drops of dew for buttons, and gives the shoes away, gives them to fairies turned human, whom alone the shoes will fit. This outcropping of a fundamental granite --you gather that only a veritable salad in metaphors will meet the moment-- this if you like it better, sudden breaking down of leather -clouds and dew buttons into their original atoms of electricity left me dumb. Electricity! Atoms! Prana: The stuff of which life and spirit are made and made one. The basic atonement. You compiled them in a table of contents and offered them to me on a page, nonchalently, as if they were fruit on a plate. I ate and apparently slept. For I never have told you. But then, you knew. I challenge you to say that you did not know.....

So I am glad. First for your power. Second for its application. Third ,for its publisher. Fourth for its mission--fourth, which is really first. And fifth that you will let me have some small part in the American end. Of whom have you thought. Of Macmillan---dignity without advertisement. But, if the book carries its own, that will not matter. Knopf or Harcourt, youth and vigor and novelty and the future and good advertising, but no background. Appleton, who would almost with certainty snap it up. What do you say? What do you decide? Of course the English appearance will be so much---and Macmillan and Appleton both have English branches, but Knopf and Harcourt, I believe, haven't. Or is there another name, floating in your mind?

Well, then, there is a sixth and most important gladness which besieges me. It has done so ever since you told me your summer plans. For do not I, too, know Cora Williams? Did not Mr. Markham himself send me her Creative Involution some

winters ago. And did not I, of my own initiative, find one day last summer, in the Madison University library, her enchanting little book about the San Francisco fair, and did not I bear, and do not I bear in my mind unto this day, its frontispiece of a room turned inside out? That concept never leaves one. It is a delicious brand on one's brain. It is more. I swam and floated through that book, knowing what it meant but not what it said. Knowing that I knew and always had known and was merely recognizing. But resigned to the old fact that I know by other means than my mind, which doesn't foot up to much when I do its addition. Of all the kinds of schools that there are, I should have said that the best possible one is this school of yours, for you, and now. What a lovely way you are led. And how essentially in harmony you must be to have things draw to you like this, things of your own. You evidently go about charging and re-charging yourself with exactly the kind of electrical currents which will attract to themselves the particples which you need. For food, for air, and for vision. This is true. As of course you know. I am more and more impressed with the fact that one is or is not harmonized with an inner power and that this is all there is to it. I found a letter of my mother's the other day, written to me when I was in New York, which quotes from Emerson to the effect that a great to-do is made over the struggle of right with wrong, but that there is nothing to this. "God either is in the heart or he is not." Is that not profound? If He is in the heart, all is arranged, because there will be attracted there nothing that is alien to him. Really, the religions of the world, though they have so slipped down and floundered in their theologies, have come unanimously to a great method: The method of prayer, of meditation, of quiet. Prayer that God will inhabit the heart. And a technique of keeping it clean for him. I suppose that all this can be summed up in two sentences. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God"..... and "Be still and know that I am God." How wonderful to have added to this, out of the abundance of its life, the teaching of Jesus that it isn't hard work, or fear, or sacrifice alone---but love. It is easy! I mean, it would be easy if we were a little more freely inducted into our higher consciousness. Tell me then, about the school. Which is, I take it, a practical means of exploring one's higher consciousness and making it the center of one energy. No?

Meanwhile Alice A. Bailey in New York, has put out her Cosmic Fire, received from Thibet telepathically. Two volumes, a thousand pages or so. As the London Morning Post remarked, after Balfour and the others had conducted their grave experiments of receiving telepathically a word or an idea impulsed from an adjoining room, What is such a childlike prodeeding as that compared to Alice Bailey's feat of receiving three books thus? I saw much of her in New York last winter, and in Minneapolis this Spring. And she and her husband stopped over here, on their way east. She told me this. That once, in Thibet, she was going over a mountain pass, dry and barren, desert for miles at their feet, when abruptly they passed a cavern in the rock. Over these rocks trickled and gushed a fresh spring of cold water. Everywhere in these rocks grew masses of maidenhair fern, freshly green. And all the air of the cavern was filled with the twinkling wings of innumerable little blue butterflies. .....She was in Thibet to teach the Bible to the British soldiers, and knew nothing of other planes of perception until long after her return, until, in fact, ten years ago or less. But it had been all the same, for she had had her quite terrific novitiate of living sacrifice---a sine qua non, apparently.

Write to me. Your pen is more living than mine. Write to me with it, even when mine lies supine and all but unconscious on its blotter. My typewriter says Yes, I do all the work but you must have a poetic figure. Poetic? Well, a figure at any cost. My love to you, with grace and remembrance.

Zona Gale

August 8-1925-

11/23

Dr. Henry Chester Jones
834 Regal Road
Berkeley California

Postscripted Oct. 24, 1925

This page would have been the next page in my story, instead. But I want to know this: Ought I stay human? Did it the fish say that to the sad When they saw him blink or the lamb? Or that sound biology or not? And besides you are a sad. You're not human, all, yourself + if it is this that draws Mei Ling to you. If you were merely human I should be miles and miles and miles away in the forest. — And besides, what is human? Is it necessarily the status quo? It is not and that is sound biology if there is any. In other words, then, to reverse-oneself blithely, yes, let us stay human, but not necessarily human as we chance to know it in our chance fragment of time. Let us be All-human, to-morrow's sad as well as to-day's mirror. Yes? —

How also, Pat made you say that? Had you been reading anything, in a letter or out, in which I gave signs of whatever it was I seemed to you to give signs of? The last book I read by Pat was is Carl Van Doren's Other Provinces — which is charming; but it seemed but Pat's sketches about his children "Scholar", "Barbarian" & "Gypsy" are not anything like as lovely as Pat things you write about the small one. Not so small any more.

Last Saturday I was in Madison — and I wanted to see the Hibbert Journal, to see if I should send them something which has just come back from Mencken. For the first time in my life I looked into a Hibbert Journal, and saw there its leading article by you. Do you know what my first reaction was? At least neck & neck with my pleasure was a violent indignation

that I didn't know about the article. Hadn't you read it. How you made a vow - or something that you will not tell me about the things you do? I admit that I deserve it, - with all my vague vows; but I don't want it, want such a vow. Please unmake it? -

And so the book will be done by Thanksgiving. I am so glad. And by comedy? all done of that? And why do you not place it for simultaneous publication with Harcourt - writing Alfred Harcourt on the subject. The Chatto & Windus name would make magic. You know, & magic, really, is not to be despised. -

Yes, I meant Coe Williams. Haven't you time to tell me something of her school & your work? I don't like your being so non-committal as I am. Now the book goes. Please write me a real letter.

November 23 - 1:25 P.M. - A grey day. Without. Not within.

506 Edgerton Place
Portage. Wisconsin

PORTAGE
DEC 5
6 30PM
1925
WIS.

Dr. Henry Chester Tracy
83-4 Regal Road
Berkeley
California

506 Edgewater Pl.
Portage, Wis. postmarked 12/5/25 (No date on letter)

I hope that this is your right address - is it?

You ought to write me a long letter telling me all the things that you think and feel about the school and about Involution (?). Why do you not? I am reading her book Creative Involution (?) and I am enormously impressed not only by what she says but by her economy in saying it. Too great economy almost. It is so packed, so concentrated. Picture Herbert Spencer saying what she says. He would require five hundred pages. But yet I wish that she had said more. She could so easily have said so much more. It is the new word, isn't it? It is, as Anna Hempstead Branch said of Bergson, what poets have always known - only, not knowing self (?) either, with the best of them - they do not always know that they know this. - Do you? - You must be getting great things as well as giving great things. Tell me! - And how much longer are you to be there? Mrs. Markham writes that Virgil is back from Europe. You knew that MacMillan's have accepted his book and want more?

(p2) How is your book - the Chatto and Windus. Really (?) finished by Thanksgiving? When will you send it to me? Not ever, you say, because I never return, never speak. Oh but think how much I think. And send it do. — I am writing a book of my own, and very fast now. I do not know when it will be done - or what its name will be but I am having a very good time with it. I thought of calling it Benediction, only I am not sure that that is what it is about. — The Millers are back in Riverside from Japan and China, and in his absence people in Riverside have collected for and erected a bridge and "peace tower" of stone, which will be a testimonial to him and will be unveiled about December 14. Wasn't it a beautiful thing to do? - Have I told you that Faint Perfume is to be done on the stage in New York sometime this winter? - I may go east for a little when that time comes, but otherwise I expect to be right here. For "recreation", if I needed it, there is Madison, and the Glenn Franks; and the regents share (?) becomes more and more interesting. Presently I shall tell you his plan for →

re-writing the whole curriculum. - not doing (?) so here and not now,
But someday.

Z.

Williams, Cora Lenore

Creative involution.

Berkeley, Cora L. Wms. Inst.,

1925.

US Cat Jul 25-Dec26

Postscript Dec. 5, 1925

You ought to write me a long letter telling me all the things that you think and feel about the school and about Evolution. Why do you not? I am reading her book (Creative Evolution) and I am enormously impressed not only by what she says but by her economy in saying it. Too great economy almost. It is so packed, so concentrated. Picture Herbert Spencer saying what she says. He would require five hundred pages. But yet I wish that she had said more. She could so easily have said so much more. — It is the new word, is it not? It is, as Amiel Hempstead Branch said of Bergson, what poets have always known — only, not knowing self either, with the best of them — they do not always know that they know this. — Do you? — You must be getting great things as well as giving great things. Tell me! — And how much longer are you to be there? — Mrs. Markham writes that Virgil is back from Europe. You know that Mac Millin's have accepted his book and want more?

I hope that is your nightmare — is it?

"Wor is your book - the Chello & Violin.
Ready finished by Thanksgiving?- Then will you
send it to me?. Whatever, you say, because I
never return, never speak. Oh but think how much I
think. And send it do. - I am writing a
book of my own, and very fast now. I do not
know when it will be done - or what its name will
be but I am having a very good time with it. I
thought of calling it ~~ab~~ Benediction, only I am
not sure that that is what it is about. -
The Millers are back in Riverside from Japan and
China, and in his absence people in Riverside
have collected $25 and erected a bridge and "peace
tower" of stone, which will be a fast increase to
town and will be unveiled about December 14.
Won't it be a beautiful thing to do? - How I told
you in Newgate faint perfume is to be done on the
Stage "some time this winter? - I may go east for
a little when that time comes, but otherwise I
expect to be right here. In "recreation" if I needed it,
there is Madison, and Dr Glenn Frankes; - and Re-
gents there becomes more and more interesting.
Presently I shall talk you his plan for re-writing
the Yale curriculum - not now and
not now, But someday.

Dr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 North Highland Avenue

Los Angeles California

Letter postmarked Dec. 27, 1925 from Zona Gale to Dr. Henry Chester Tracy

Dear friend, yes, the letters did cross, and this I read at once, and I consider it your own, and delightful. The Harcourt letter is strange, or so I thought, but the manuscript came in just now and I haven't read it of course, but I have glanced through its pages to see if what I feared is true--that the Humanism chapter was indeed a facsimile of the copy you sent them. Unquestionably what ails them is that this is such desperate copy! Frightful copy, villainous copy. I beg your pardon. Criminal copy. In the first place they should never have had a carbon, that is very nearly fatal. But in the MOST place, there should have been a good copy sent to them, a copy without all these corrections. James Branch Cabell is the only writer of whom I ever heard who will not send in copy with even one word on one page crossed off, but insists always on a perfect copy--but one word is about the limit. The reason is psychological. You break the thread of the readers attention and he has no longer a true judgment, the current is cut off, the thread is snapped, his judgment is flawed. This is the truth. If all your copy has been like this....well, I marvel that so much of it has found its homing, in the pages where it has appeared at last, kempt and groomed. I do beg your pardon. But you ought, really, to be shot. At sunrise.

When I have finished with this, I want Glenn Frank to read it, so that he will have an impression of you. Next, I should like to mail it to Dutton, but to be returned to you if they do not wish it, for some reason. Or, which I should prefer, much, to be handled by Elisabeth Marbury, who is a wonder. An agent is so much the best way. What do you say?

Now that I am on the subject, and am writing a pleasant holiday letter, may I please tell you that if you don't speedily get where you are bound to be, it will be because you lack humor. Did you know that you do? To get a manuscript back, and to attribute its return to (1) the case of the United States being much worse than you feared and (2) that the enlightened are not yet felt as a perceptible force! To be sure you add, "most of all," etc., but the first two----but you were laughing, weren't you? That was said with a sniff and a wrinkle, wasn't it? I couldn't bear it, if it was not. All this quite regardless of its truth, of course--its manifest truth. Tell me it was a joke! Still, you did write: " "You shall have the privilege of reading the book, all of it, in Ms." That shakes my faith that you were joking at all. What shall we do? Oh, PLEASE be a little deprecating, even if you don't mean it. PLEASE sometime say: " I can't believe that you want a big mss. like that one, but if you really do, I'd be proud to send it on." Am I wrong? Am I discounting honesty and begging for artifice? Well, then I do, that's all.

A happy new year and God bless us every one.

December 31, 1925

(bab)

This was to have gone back to you with my letter, and then it seemed a shame to make it travel in the same enevlope with such a letter, to say nothing of the inherent shabbiness of letting you pay the postage on a letter such as that. So this has waited, and now goes to you with this decorous and humanistic note, to say my thanks for the privilege of reading it. It seems to me full of fine things, as you know that it is; and especially did I gloat over what you said regarding the teaching of literature. ..That concerning "likes and dislikes" is exquisitely robust and tenuous-- both, assuredly. And that propaganda gives "the illusion of effectiveness" is direct and keen, and a little hard on everyone who has left in him anything of the itinerant preacher-- as I have recently read of somebody saying of himself. The Dewey quotation is packed full. But this whole chapter is packed full--and I suspect that therein lies the difficulty for the average reader, as sensed by Harcourt, Brace. I suspect that what they want is that he should be helped along by "headings"! Not that, exactly, but by some chinks in the walls of pages of prose, wherein he can dig in his toes as he tries to mount their sheer sides. There is a point in that, too. It would be easy to do, without making this seem elementary, I think! The old Firstly, secondly, thirdly is not demanded, but it had its points for the sleeping ears to which it was addressed. And such, O Teacher, and master of many, are exactly the ears which you are addressing. Please, please don't include BOTH of mine, will you?

I am keen to read the rest, which I have not yet done. Or begun. For is it not the Christmas season, no? Keen, in spite of my utterances of a few days hence. To which I still adhere, what's worse. But you know that these are the foam of flowers on the tides of my deep, deep appreciation. If you did not know that, I should not have dared play teacher, for a minute.

Well: A Happy new year. Happier than you have ever had. With many surprises all along the way, connected with publishers and publics. And a happy New Year to Miriam--and to you both, many of these.

Note: Have I told you that we have a Kentucky cardinal, a pair I suspect, on the river bank. And that we have EIGHT EVENING GROSBEAKS. How much better to have written of them before. And of our deep thick slow snow.

LG.

December 31-1925.

H. C. Tracy
2104 N. Highland Ave
Hollywood
Calif.

Postmarked Jan. 18, 1926

①

Miss Elizabeth Marbury
% American Play Company
33- West 42d Street
New York.

Address of Elizabeth Marbury,
for H.C.T.

Certainly that was a most marvellous reception of a critique. Are you sure that you liked critiques? You receive them so exquisitely that I should think you would like them, would court them, for the sake of being so charming — I knew of somebody who

said she loved to be
apologized to, because she
knew how to be. And that
she loved to wrong people,
because she loved to apologize.
If I were sure of being able
to apologize so well as that,
I might try it now. But
I'm not sure of being
expert. And I'm not so very
sorry — I haven't read the
mss. yet — I've been as
deep in my own books, but I
hope to look it up in evenings
within a few days. — "How
is Schorse now?" —

L.

Dr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard North
Los Angeles
California

Postmarked Feb. 6, 1926

My dear friend, I you wanted – but you wouldn't have wanted – and yet, did you not want? – revenge, for the American corrective habit – with apostolic fervor in me. Oh, but you have it. I read, evening after evening, and I said after the first chapter: "The God passed, and I said 'Your sandal is unfastened.' Or I think that this was what I thought I, after the first chapter. Of course you knew what you had, when you said people hadn't caught up with you yet. (And yet I cannot forget that I nearly – well, nearly nearly – didn't answer your first letter, because you said in that: "You haven't heard of me, but you will." – And you must make for me this allowance, that they all say that, and when they say it, my heart sinks, and so does yours. In spite of your saying that which called forth my apostolic fervor, there, here is this wonderful thing. I marvel at you – at God with which that is poured forth. Sometimes I thought, by the correcting,

the spirit [illegible] made by concessions,
but your contribution is, here, that you
neither assert with the text nor deny
with the text, the organism - but I
seek to use its data, and that is
new to mysticism, so far as I know,
in a fluid link and you cannot
open a better kind of link than that.

Well - yesterday I took it over
to Dr. Franks, the Open Country. On
Wednesday I called him and fixed
him what I had. I said "You
remember Dr. Isaacs?" "Yes." "And
that I told you he was going to
do something?" (I put it so) "Yes."
"Well, he has done it." - My
telegram told you that I would have
him send the mss. to Dutton on
Monday. That I ventured to change.
For this coming week Dr. Weikel [illegible]
lectures at Madison for his first
classes, and I want him to

2

it might have been a first draft -
the facility, and that Lawrence
would call the fecundity amaze
me hardly less than the content.
How far you have gone, how much
you have excelled the present - and
when I got beyond my depths, I
felt that curious and ridiculous
triumph which any member of the
race must feel when one goes so
disappearingly high. - And all the
lovely phrasing and pouring
words, unions and yet so simple,
usually - (though I meant to look
up ambit) It is a heavenly
and earthly performance. - You
do not quite mate the old mysticism
on its own highest ground always -
it, too, stands only for service, only
for expanded relationships to man
and to God - it too stands

see this. Then I want Hagen to see the last chapters — He has come from Germany this year to join the faculty for history & art.

Well, and this is because I what has long been in my mind and crystallizes now, because of the mss. and because I a plan of Mrs. Dr. Franks told me a month ago. Every teachers meet. cries that there should be an experimental university, but they see no way to how one without a million's Dallas plant & faculty to start it. Dr. Franks purposes — this in confidence, unless you care to tell Robt Nichols — & Dr. I thinks it

is wholly confidence, and you see why — to start an experimental school in this university. Say, a hundred students who shall volunteer to be its students, and the faculty chosen from our faculty, from those who could see this and do this, together with those whom Dr. Frank wishes to bring in here. You see? — I told Dr. Frank that I had in my mind. And you showed humor too. — It was 210 here, below zero, last week — but you showed humor. Our houses and class rooms at least are 70.° Our capitol is 80.° We are California too. — Of course it is an airy athletic — but you may fall in with the ideal, who knows? — At least as an experiment. watch you write all this time.

Meanwhile, My Congratulations, many and fierce, at being out of the jail. This gives you a clear six months for the next book. How lovely to have that freedom thrust upon you. It is nearly as good and much better than being sent to jail as a leisure compeller. (Or is it compeller?) Dr. Frank says: "I have often thought — 'Ah for bars.'"

I shall not let them hold the mss. longer than next week. Then I shall send it to Walton. "Congratulations" is an empty phrase. I send you the empty phrase heaped full. L.

196

PORTAGE
MAR 11
3 30 PM
1926
WIS.

2104 Highland

Dr. Henry Chester Tracy,

2104 Holland Avenue,

NOT IN CARRIER'S DELIVERY DISTRICT

Los Angeles,

California.

Postmarked Mar. 11, 1926

(3a) (4, 4)

These pages go back to
you - you said you had
not a whole copy left and
these may fit in somewhere.
I took it upon me, (in
that aforesaid apostolic
power) to have the charming
girl typing for me/re-type
these pages. She verified most
carefully, but if a word
was changed, I shall

feel that my regret is complete.
Read now, as you look them
over, you see they were not
so bad as I made out.
So you'll have to forgive
me twice.

Miss Gale.

Postmarked Mar. 11, 1926

(3h)

This is the word from Dr. Meiklejohn at last which reached me day before yesterday. I am afraid that holding the manuscript for him to see delayed it, for it will only reach Duttons tomorrow. With it I sent the enclosed letter.

Dr. Meiklejohn's letter seems to me very stimulating and challenging and though not completely understanding, still as much so as one might hope for with his sudden introduction to the manuscript and to you. My thought is, and yours I hope will be the same, that you might write to him now much as you did earlier, telling him about that early letter if you thought well. And bring to bear on his guess as to your fort as teacher whatever might be permissible. And if he does indeed want to see the writer and talk with him why doesn't he? I can't make out his one word in that next to the last paragraph--that he would not carry what with him.

Mr. Frank's note at the head of the paper would not indicate that he had himself looked at the manuscript. He has been so besieged by engagements to speak and so tired and unwell that I dare say he didn't. He is always making jokes about having ceased to read books since he took this job.

In case Dutton should not be interested they will probably send the manuscript back to me. In that case where do you think it might go--Harcourt Brace and Company? Appleton? McMillan? Where?

I do hope you are working on the next book now. Do you want to tell me what it is going to be about?

I am going to send you a copy of Mr. Frank's new educational program which he read last week to the faculty and to the regents. "That," said Professor Ross, "is leadership."

DG.

Portage, Wisconsin,
March 11, 1926.

Postmarked Mar 11, 1926

(3c)

COPY

Gentlemen:

There will go to you today from Madison the manuscript by Dr. Henry Tracy entitled "A Preface to Scientific Humanism". It was about this book that Robert Nichols wrote to you recently from California. And I have delayed sending it on because I wanted Dr. Mieklejohn to read it. Yesterday Dr. Meiklejohn sent his word about the book, saying: "His whole statement is one which I find very congenial. And he brings to it a preparation and basis of biological acquaintance which is very valuable. I am sure the book will be well worth reading and will stimulate further thinking." He discusses the book further. The book, you may recall, is to be published by Chatto and Windus, and Dr. Tracy asked that I send it to you at once. The delay incident to Dr. Meiklejohn's reading of it was my fault. He has but recently arrived in Madison.

But I should appreciate it greatly if you could give Dr. Tracy an early opinion on it since it should be published in this country simultaneously with the English publication if that is possible. I think that the book is important both on its own account and on account of the moment in education in which it will make its English appearance.

Faithfully yours,

Dewey Gale

Portage, Wisconsin,
March 10, 1926.

Postmarked Mar. 11, 1926

(3d)

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY AND PSYCHOLOGY

RECEIVED
MAR 5 1926
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Feb. 22

Mrs Cole, Here is Dr. M's ms. Comment. What do you want me to do with the ms. now? Do you want me to do anything with the Q.T.

My dear Frank.

I have read nearly all of this Mss. It is very interesting. The writer has a point of view which is fairly antagonistic to current educational procedures. His whole statement is one which I find very original and he brings to it a fairly extensive and accurate knowledge of biological sequences which is very valuable. I am sure the book will be well

worth reading and will stimulate further thinking.

The writer seems to me to be feeling his way rather than seeing it. And though he would hardly accept that criticism readily, it still seems to me to constitute a real difficulty. One cannot, when speaking of things, protest that they cannot be spoken of. I'd like to see the writer and talk with him. It would certainly be exciting. My guess is that he would not be a good teacher, that he would not cope with his with him. But my information is too scant for judgment. But, any way, I have had - good day reading this book. Thanks to you and to Miss Gale!

Yours, A.M.

no envelope

(4ab)

I cannot forgive myself about the letter. It is the first one, really, which I had not addressed to you myself. This little secretary--I have had her for a year and more now, seems to have it in for you. My letter to Dutton about your book was returned to me nearly ten days after it was written, from the English department of Pennsylvania State college, whose letter had presumably gone to Dutton. I telgpaphed to Dutton at once that my letter had been delayed and would follow, and they had, your letter says, written to you that they would hold the Mss. till the end of the month anyway. So that one was all right. But this one is annoying--though not, I hope, more serious. For I can tell you nearly everything that was in Dr. Meickeljohn's letter to Dr. Frank. It was about like this: That he had read nearly the whole of the mss., that he found it most stimulating, that he should like to meet the writer of it "it would be," I recall that he said," very exciting." But he also said that in his opinion you seemed to be feeling your way toward conclusions rather than---something, was it thinking?--toward them. But the letter was most complimentary on the whole, as you see. It is written, he said, evidently by one in full tide of revolt against the present methods of teaching. You get the import of it. And so I said if he suggesting thinks it would be exciting to meet you, why doesn't he? And that you should write to him, telling him of your previous letter to him, and saying some more. My letter was about as much a loss as his,please, and I cannot remember what I said! But I think that I told you--and asked you not to mention it much since it is all tentative yet--that there is here a dream of an educational experiment, an experimental school within the walls of the present University plant. Dr. Frank told me of it, saying that at all educational conferences for years they had wished for an experimental university, but had always felt that it involved a great plant and a large faculty and millions of dollars. His proposal is to announce such an experiment here, and to ask for volunteers from among the faculty, and presumably to bring in others, to teach in it. And then to ask for volunteer students to study in it. No one, obviously, will be required to enter, but if anybody wants to enter and have the benefit of the experiments he will be welcomed. The experiments will include everything that is being discussed in education to-day, including the scrapping of the lecture system. I think that I told you also, of pr. Meickeljohn's first class in Philosophy at Madison a fortnight ago. It is called an Introduction to Philosophy. And ,as reported to me by Dr. Frank, Dr. M. said at the opening: " I am supposed to introduce you to philisophy. Philosophy is a system which may be applied to the perplexities of life. Have any of you any perplexities?" And he sat down. The class was stunned for a space, having arrived with note books and all, confidently expecting reams of mimeographed stuff. Then a little flapper recovered and said she: "Well, Dr. Meickeljohn, we girls have trouble adjusting our personal relationships among ourselves. Would that be what you mean?" He replied: "That would be so much what I mean that you will find that Plato devoted such and such a chapter of the Republic to discussing just that perplexity."

They talked about that. Then a vast Swede arose, and said: " Some bandit --name not familiar to me-- had courage. And a soldier has courage. But the bandit uses his courage for harm. And the soldier uses it under orders. Isn't courage a perplexity. Is that what you mean?" And Dr. M. replied: "So much what I mean that Plato devoted such and such ~~an essay~~ chapters in the Republic to its discussion." And they talked about that. The result of the "recitation" was that the class went out, keen on both matters, and doubtless keen to read what Plato said on both. Whereas an hour of lecture and mimeographing, and an assignment to read those two chapters of the Republic would have been quite another matter.

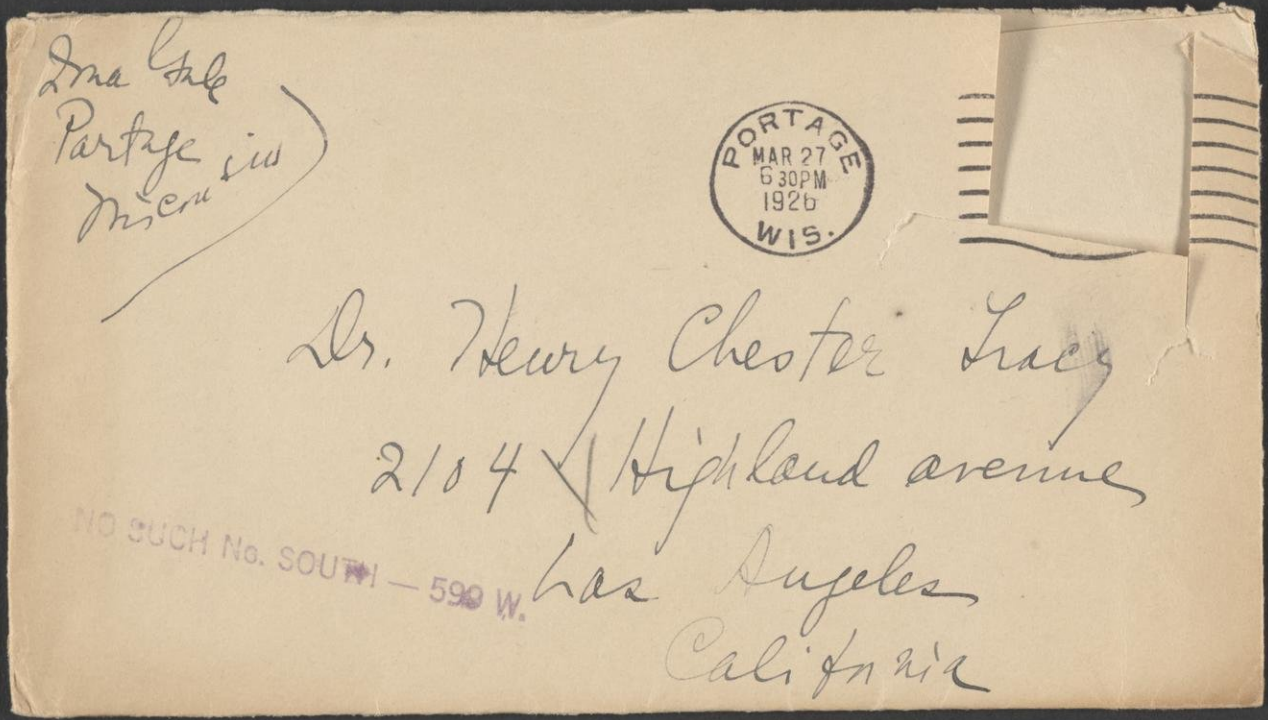
Since I wrote that letter, Dr. Frank asked for the floor at Faculty meeting one day and announced the appointment of an All-University commission(I love the way we imitate the Russians in that All) to go into the whole subject of the curriculum. He said that he should keep the chairmanship. And then he told what they would try to do. Later he read this to the regents also. And afterward Dr. E. A. Ross called up the house, keen for the whole thing, and said"That is leadership.#" I have here that address which he read, and I will try to mail it to you by to-morrow. Dr. Meickeljohn is on the commission, Guyer, Schlichter ,Dean Sellery, and a law man. Guyer, biology; Schlichter, Mathematics. Sellery, dean of college of letters and science.

Frank

Maybe I told you, too, that I am invading your ~~friend~~ Auld this summer. Or did I tell you in another letter? Going to Pennsylvania State college for a week in July to give six "lectures" on the Novel. No text book, no demand for mimeographing, just my own things in Yale Review and Mrs. Wharton's Writing of Fiction! How's that?

Next time I'll tell you about the Butterfly.

Ezra Pound


Dna Gale
Portage
Wisconsin

PORTAGE
MAR 27
6 30PM
1926
WIS.

Dr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 ½ Highland avenue
Los Angeles
California

NO SUCH No. SOUTH — 590 W.

Postmarked: Mar. 27, 1926

(5)

THEODORE KRONSHAGE, PRESIDENT — BEN F. FAAST, VICE PRESIDENT — J. D. PHILLIPS, BUSINESS MANAGER, M. E. McCAFFREY, SECRETARY

The Regents of the University of Wisconsin

The Board

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY, *ex officio*
STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, JOHN CALLAHAN, *ex officio*

State-at-Large,	GILBERT E. SEAMAN—Milwaukee
State-at-Large,	MISS ZONA GALE—Portage
State-at-Large,	FRED E. BACHMAN—Appleton
State-at-Large,	JOHN C. SCHMIDTMANN—Manitowoc
First District,	A. J. HORLICK—Racine
Second District,	DANIEL H. GRADY—Portage
Third District,	HARRY L. BUTLER—Madison
Fourth District,	MISS LEOLA M. HIRSCHMAN—Milwaukee
Fifth District,	THEODORE KRONSHAGE—Milwaukee
Sixth District,	MISS ELIZABETH A. WATERS-Fond du Lac
Seventh District,	D. O. MAHONEY—Viroqua
Eighth District,	FRANKLIN A. NACE—Iola
Ninth District,	JOHN E. CASHMAN—Denmark
Tenth District,	BEN F. FAAST—Eau Claire
Eleventh District,	C. B. CASPERSON—Frederic

Postmaster
Los Angeles
California

March 23:1926:

Dear Sir:

About March 10 a letter went from here addressed to Dr. Henry Tracy, 2104 Holland avenue, Los Angeles. By an error of my secretary, Holland was written for Highland. Two days later se she discovered this error, but I did not worry about it, for Dr. Tracy, a teacher in the Los Angeles High School, and a resident there for ~~nearly twenty~~ years, could not, I thought, be mislaid. Still, I sent a letter to him informing him of the error, so that in case the letter should not reach him, he could inquire.

Some

A letter received from him to-day informs me that he did not receive that letter of mine, that he has inquired both at branch and main post office, and has interviewed officials, and that the letter seems to have disappeared.

Dr. Tracey's name appears both in the telephone and the city directory of Los Angeles. I am unable to believe that these were not consulted by your department people before this letter would have been destroyed.

But, that failing, inside the letter was an enclosure--not the letterhead on which the letter was written, for there was none--but an enclosure with the letter head of the President of the University of Wisconsin. You would not, certainly, have returned the letter to that letter-head; but it would have indicated that the letter was of sufficient importance so that your city directory might be consulted for the addressee. In Chicago a letter sent bearing no address at all will be delivered ,on time, if the name is in the city directory. This is also the case in New York. I find myself unable to believe that the Los Angeles postoffice can have destroyed a letter sent to a resident of years, a public school teacher whose name appears in all your directories. Will you not go into the matter,since the letter was of the first importance, and the enclosure is irreplacable.

Yours Very Truly,

Dear Sir
second thought, this went to him. Zona Gale

One feels the greatest sympathy for the Postmaster of Los Angeles with all its thousands of tourists, and their correspondents, who will not put on return addresses nor have their addresses verified. And yet in Chicago and in New York a letter is delivered only a mail or two late with no address at all, if only the name appears in the city directory. I want Los Anegles, to which I profess devotion, to be not a whit behind these other towns. And I want extremely that Dr. Tracy shall locate that letter which contained an enclosure on the letter-head of the President of the University of Wisconsin, since the letter is of the first importance, and the enclosure irreplaceable. Will you be good enough to have someone make inquiry for me?

Very truly yours,

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
(or 2401) Hollywood California

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
(or 2401) Hollywood California

Postmarked Jun. 1, 1926

(6a)

So glad to know of the decision to talk with Dr. Frank and Dr. Meikleyohn. So sorry not to have said so before. I have been to Detroit and Mrs Zoto - returned to be laid low with a snippy cold; and Ben Zacher who is here Sd, had the

Lane and Mrs, and was quite ill for more than two weeks. He is nearly all right again now. However I shall hope to see you in Madison rather than here, and will run over when you are there, unless it is so by that time that I can hope you will come this way as you did before. The summer as last sounds delightful. I expect to be briefly in New York in July — I have promised to give a week or so work at Pennsylvania State College July 16 - 23. - It may be that you will be in Madison while I am there for the last regents' meting for the year - about June 14, I think. But I would come over in any case, if you were not to come here. You must let me know as much in advance as you can, and

I shall want to speak of it to the Fruks. - The room is full of the sound of mourning doves - but across the river is a thrust, wood or rocket-backed, I don't know.

It is just three years ago that I lost my mother - May 29 - and for me it is four years, is it not. So long - and yet it seems today that she was here. I bore to Miriam. I sent you a little magic book to Berkeley. J.G.

May 31 -

Postmarked Jun. 1, 1926

(6b)

Dr. Meiklejohn has no authority in any case--I should think it would be much better to see President Frank. The experimental school was adopted last week by the faculty with only a few dissenting votes--it will mean a hundred and twenty six volunteer pupils to live together in the new commons with the instructers--also volunteers--from the faculty and some new ones.

And yet I know perfectly well that the wonderful Williams offer which does indeed seem made for you is a far better thing. I know that with some kind of insight. For it is not the teaching but the writing which is the main thing for you, however wonderful a teacher you may be.

I haven't heard a word from Dutton. How could you take the manuscript off my hands when it isn't on them. The new people--Charles Boni--are very good. I'd love to do anything you say.

Portage,
June 1, 1926.

Dr. Henry Chester Tracy,

2104 North Highland Avenue,

Los Angeles,

California.

Postmarked: Jun. 2, 1926

(7)

Here is Dr. Frank's memorandum to the faculty---may I ask you to return it as early as you can without in the least curtailing your own time with it. I am thrilled by it--especially by the co-ordination idea; but it may all have been in your own thought. Last Saturday at Harvard and last Monday before the Wisconsin Alumnæ in New York, he gave a compact statement of the whole, and on Saturday and Monday the New York World gave him two columns, each day, one on the front page, the second day with opinions from educators to whom they had telegraphed for an opinion on his curriculum ideas. It would be fine if you were to write to him, on this, and with any wish of your own to co-operate with these points of view. Rather fields of view than points, I should say.

I am glad that the letter reached you--I hope that I quoted myself correctly. That will be a sharp test of one's recollection of what one probably did not say, in a letter. I'm afraid I shouldn't be very much good for an accurate witness for myself. But I am glad that you had Dr. Meiklejohn's own letter. And am I not glad that I substituted my last paragraph to the post-master! Would that I had substituted a certain paragraph in a letter to you, fairly recently. But that we have forgotten.

After three joyous days of sun, with the robins back and the ~~blue~~ black birds here, and the evening grosbeaks still with us and the cardinal joyous too on the river bank, now, this morning, it is softly snowing. Not seriously snowing--merely a thoughtful reminiscence, but not the less SNOW: And as the river had not yet been persuaded to open, though it was hopefully darkening in all its ways and had spots open and running blue, now it is covered with a frown of white and doesn't look as if it would recover, or rather uncover, until April. But then, one does smell spring in the inside of the air--that is unmistakable.

What the new work is, I shall wait to hear.X God speed to it--what a nice word. Now breakfast time.

Friday. Sixty five years ago to-day my father came to Portage from Ohio, intending to stay two weeks. He was nineteen, and walked down from the station through a little grove. And that day there was a foot of snow on the ground. The world is growing better.

X - that work which is sublimating you
We are already sublimated.

Mrs. Hoyt, Mrs. G.H.
30 San Mateo
Mrs. Anna 1856 Mountain

PORTAGE
OCT 2
5 PM
1926
WIS.

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2731 Virginia Street
Berkeley
California

Postmarked Oct. 2, 1926

(8a,b)

CSM

My dear President Morgan: -

May I add a word to the word of Mr. Tracy, who says so little of himself? I know nothing of his teachership - save as the eleven years in biology in a Los Angeles high school speak for themselves. But I do know that he has an inner wisdom, a sense of the nature of being which seems to me the finest - or it is the rarest - qualification of one who speaks to youth. I think that he has not only the prophetic eye but the eye for areas which education too seldom touches. Though they belong so securely in its domain. All this means to a qualification which

has almost no name — certainly no place on any known list of qualifications for professorships. Yet to me it is — as your tremendous appeal makes clear that it is to you — the chief need of those who try to train for to-morrow.

I am glad to feel that I may venture this word to you, by the very nature of your great adventure in living and its implicit plea for co-workers.

Faithfully yours,

Ida Tarbell

Portage, Wisconsin

Professor Henry Chester Tracy

2637 Hillegass avenue

Berkeley

California

Letter postmarked Feb. 7, 1927 from Zona Gale to Professor Henry Chester Tracy

(1)

May I offer Shadow-Eros to a magazine, in case they could publish it before Dutton brings out the book?

It changes the eye of an editor with light to know that a manuscript has been accepted for book-publication. All the things that he ought to see and might not see, suddenly leap out in a brilliant brightness and a burning. The Atlantic? The Forum? Harpers? The Dial?

They have been trying to get me to go to California for a month, to get rid of a cough that stayed on, from the cold. But I do not think so.

This is a No-letter. But not really.

CALIFORNIA'S
MISSION INN
RIVERSIDE

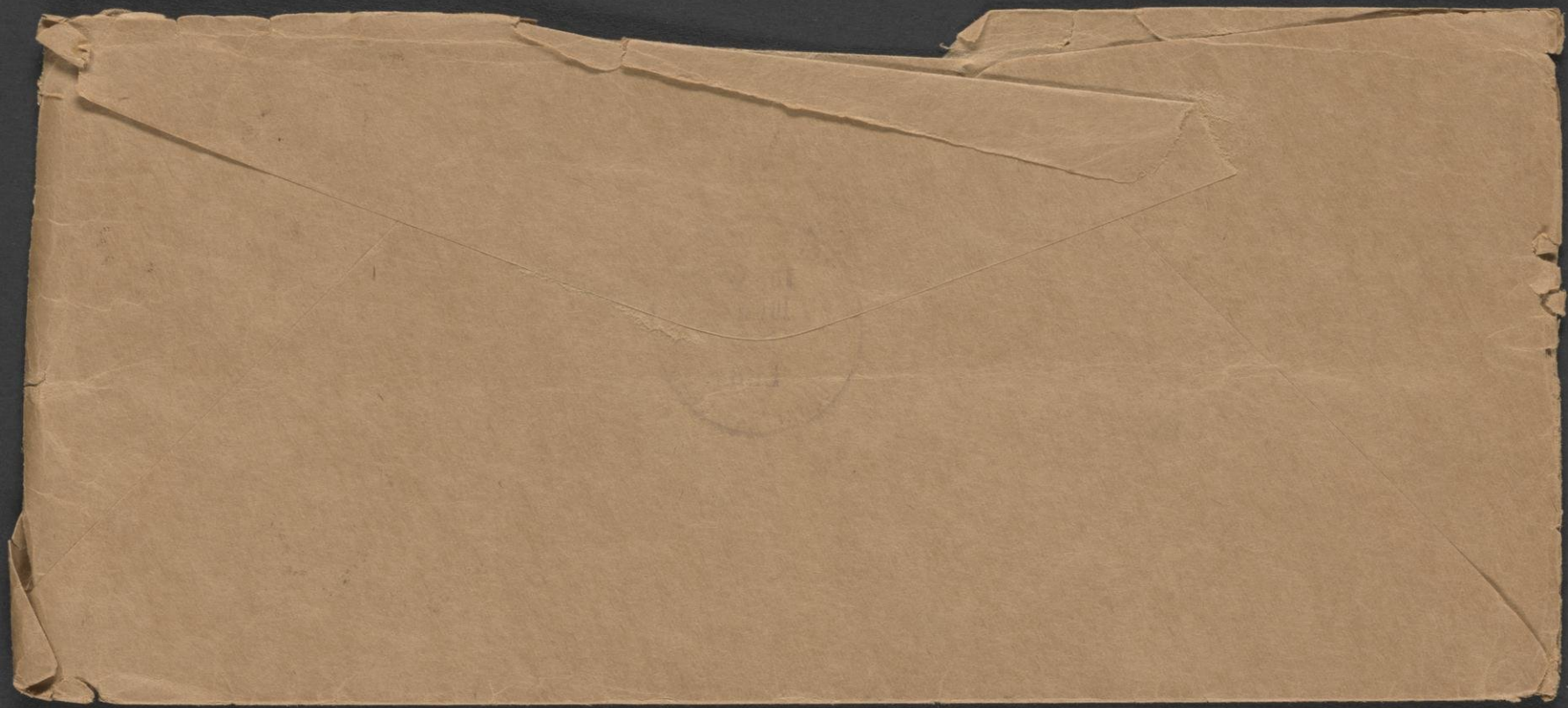
RIVERSIDE
FEB 27
5 PM
CALIF.
1927

RIVERSIDE
FEB 27
5 PM
CALIF.
1927

SPECIAL DELIVERY
10

2 CENTS

Mr. W. C. Tracy
2637 Hillegass avenue
Berkeley
California



Letter postmarked Feb 27, 1927 from Zona Gale to Mr H. L. Tracy

The MISSION INN,
RIVERSIDE
CALIFORNIA.

You did have a letter here to greet me — the last one addressed to Portage Lad then sent on and awaited me. I'm so sorry about the address on your letter. Forgive that.

I wonder if you want to see me as relapsedly as your letter indicates — implicates; — or (whether, I'd rather like to see me) you do indeed let go so relaxedly. Think? I'm not going back, I'd say, without seeing you. And yet it is true that one's determination, affirmations & intentions do drift from one, and I think after all that you are simply spirited, and I

quite accept that.

Nevertheless there is with me a residual suspicion that sometimes things need not be relinquished. And when they need not, then I'd say the spiritized course might be to grasp them. To consider:

By a mere chance my ticket does not go via San Francisco. There is a sixteen day return between here and there for forty-five dollars. But the difficulty now is the time. This Monday & Tuesday to Wednesday noon, I go to Arch Beach with the Millers. Thursday I "am" here Friday, Saturday, & Sunday to noon I go to Los Angeles with the Millers. Tuesday—

The MISSION INN,
RIVERSIDE
CALIFORNIA.

The presumption is, I return east.
I cared more up to San F
instead, but the friend with him
I come, though she is beautifully
helping, wants to get back to a
husband who didn't go away as he
expected; and my own agreement
was to come for a month this trip
altogether.

Now: Can you see that the
only chivalrous thing to do, instead
of making me take the hurried
trip and inconvenience this friend by the
delay, is for me to take the trip
on your fiat - which sounds
dangerous I know, as fiat! - and

FRANK A. MILLER
MANAGER
THE INN

ym use the ticket I bought here to use. Indeed ym bought me money ym it is, one way, thirteen dollars to S. F. and the same on to Barstow. Further - ym'd release being away from here in this moment by the arrowy happenings, this lower by javelins - though by now these are spent no doubt, and but shadow= javelins in remembrance; in non= remembrance. Drip ym not see this with me, tho how seem some things with ym?

If ym came down from San Francisco this ~~Tuesday~~ Wednesday night, and reached here Wednesday forenoon, ym could have the afternoon and evening here. I could make a

The MISSION INN,
RIVERSIDE
CALIFORNIA.

reservation here at the Inn for Wednesday, and I'm coned to my guest here as well as at home, for I am at home here. And I shall be free until Thursday at one o'clock, so that I might sit on the roof in the sun, if any, that morning.

This is all. I hope that you'll agree with me.

The only other time, for me, would be next Sunday, from noon on, with the same invitation for the Inn; and a part or all of Monday - with

FRANK A. MILLER,
MASTER OF
INN

packing and all that. The Wednesday would be better, but might not suit you so well. Either will be right.

Sunday

I see - with your visits to the University school. That next Sunday might be for better for you. If it is, take that, and there shall be no packing interruptions.

Professor H. C. Irish
2639 Hillegass avenue
Berkeley California

Letter postmarked Mar. 21, 1927 from Zona Gale to Professor H. C. Tracy

(3)

Thus you need say nothing of the Guild to Mr. MacCrae..... unless you choose.

My dear Mr. McCrae;--

I shall look forward with great interest and pleasure to receiving the three Williamson books. I do not know these novels at all, but belief such as yours, and being yours, is a perfect introduction.

Ypu have a belief which I greatly share, and that is in the work of Henry Chester Tracy of Berkeley. I have Towards the Open, and I am going to review it. I have just returned from California, and have talked with Mr. Tracy. His quality in this work brings us close to certain fulfilments not commonly our own to boast of, or so it seems to me/ I think Shadow gros one of the most exquisite bits of to-morrow here made digestible by To-day. I met Mr. Tracy out there some years ago and have always felt the inevitability of his arrival.

I am, then, very keen to submit Tpwards the Open to the Literary Guild, in the hope that its third or fourth choice might be Mr. Tracy's book. If he could have, for a first book, virtually, such publicity at the Anthony Comstock is getting through the Guild, I think that he would be an immediate figure in American letters. Would you be willing that I submit the book to the Guild--for whose taste, of course I cannot answer, but I should like this opportunity for the book, and for its author---who has a great deal to give if they do not starve him to death at school-teaching first. You probably do not know the struggle that he has had to keep school-boards from quelling him, as they can! This part-time arrangement gives him some leisure but almost no salary, as salaries go. He is probably at the height of his power now, and he has written a unique and potent book. As one of his friends I feel the greatest gratitude to you for discovering him. And I want to co-operate with you, if I can, and in any way that I can, whether you approve the Literary Guild suggestion or not, in furthering his work.

Faithfully yours,

Portage, Wisconsin
March 9, 1927:

"Flat heavenly fish"

PORTAGE
MAY 5
2 PM
1927
WIS.

Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2637 Hillegass avenue
Berkeley
California

Hadrian & Severus
Bust Coins

Letter postscripted May 5, 1927 from Zona Gale to Professor Henry Chester Tracy

(4a,b)

I don't know why this silence should fall upon me, beyond the exigencies of that which brought it on, namely, a week's absence, and then four day's absence, and then ten days of house-cleaning and kalsomining and resurfacing and wall-washing, and all that frenzy which attacks one in the spring. And why do they say that spring is not to be spelled with a capital letter? If anything is ever to be spelled so--though why should anything so be spelled?---why, then, I think that the seasons should claim their capital. I hereby invoke a capital for Spring, and do now bestow it. But that does not make Spring any warmer here and now. Maybe it will. If it grows warm to-morrow, I shall know the causes as one cause. So, then, that silence fell. But I mourned that it did so fall just as the lovely images and representations went back to you, and thus without a word. They came while I was in St. Louis and Indianapolis and Terre Haute and Quincey, were here on my return, were set up about and revelled in. Especially, ESPECIALLY, that heavely fish, that dolphin-like fish, careening with a bored look into the depths, the while those two calm ladies, as expressionless as space, sat on his back and received their experience. THAT is the way to accept life! Or is it, now? Well, it was for them--mother and child, with the look of indifference to all the waves and the wet, the tremble and the tint, the fish and its falling. That was magnificent. I adored it. I adored them all. The woody bird, in his safe covert--so safe, so inestimably safe, from all past, all the futures, even from the present. THAT is the way to live! Or is it,now? The one lone lily-like, bridal beauty of a flower--that was perfect too. With that precious line,outline,cut into the spaces about it,revealing more of space, a riper,mellower aspect of space, which reveals itself only in the near, the intimate presence of that bloom. And the bloom itself--so removed, so detached, yet so woven into its own experience which, adorably, is seen to be the experience of all. The aloof plus the woven. THAT IS THE WAY TO LIVE. And no question about it. Well, thank you for my brief and beautiful glimpse of these things. I remember too the iridesence in the wave abd the sky --perhaps even in the paint. But it was,I know, more than paint. It was power. ....And how I was regretful for that attendant psychology of yours, when the charming thigs went back to you, without a word. They were,said you, not much. They were, you began to say, perhaps not worth sending. I know that psycholgy well. If ever I read over a returned manuscript, it--that mind--descends upon me. Why did I ever send that manuscript out at all? On the other hand, when I read the proof of something, I may, once in a way, think that it isn't so bad. And when I see it in print, I may possibly think the same, providing it is between magazine covers. But let it once be bound into the finality of a book, and I am more likely to return to the returned manuscript psychology and think very little of it. This is a circle, very vicious.

However, there is more of your own psychology which I wish to discuss. Why, why should a coma which seizes on me, seize also on you. When my pen is not pointed to letter, my typewriter to type, why should also that strange paralysis prove itself contagious, and you too fall into sleep. Couldn't you write on, with the same bland indifference to waves and wet, to cold and chill, to distance and disaster, which affects that heavenly and earthly mother and child? You fall silent with the speed of an infection. Or maybe you welcome the chance to fall silent? Oh, of course, in that case....; I refuse to deal with anything pathological , save my own comas.

And now I have new shelves, six of them, extending across one whole wall of my room, so that I lift mine eyes as I write and look upon Gandhi and Ouspensky, Faure and Anthony Comstock,and even James Thompson. It is very nice ~~even~~ to see some empty shelf room,at last. But you are over in the corner behind me, in the case with the autographed books. You are also lying on the table downstairs--for Books sent me a copy of you when they asked me to review you. I shall send you a copy of that review within a few days--it is late, too late, and not finished now. But it goes. Such as it is---and so little such,I feel.

This review copy I mean to take over to Dr. Frank, when I have finished with it; because I have marked and marked it. I had the book with me on the St. Louis trip--and read it much on the train. Every word is being read before the review is sent. I marvel at you all over again--really, the book is not only magnificent, it is a thing rooted in asphodel,and the fragrance of Other Meadows breathes from the pages,so practically set with the soil and seeds of here and now. You have written of this world, with the second world showing through all the way, and what could anybody wish to do more than that.

Mr. McCrae asked me to name a dozen to whom he could send copies. I named the enclosed, who may have been also on the list which we made before the fire,on a forenoon still not so long ago; but in any case, thse are people whom two copies wouldn't hurt. However he will know if we have duplicated. I am suggesting to him that he ask Cornelia Stratton Parker to write something about it. Her word carries a long way.

Now I must go to work. Isn't it curious that all letters are not work? The stars of the daytime, may they shine for you.

L.F.

May 5-1927-

Mrs. Henry Chester Tracy
2701 Benvenue st
Berkeley California

Postmarked Jul. 2, 1927

(5)

Mrs. Marietta Johnson -
874 Chippewa Avenue
St. Paul

Re C. D. Piers.

Oh, but I love the new address. I shall use it and can remember it. I could use and remember ANY address, rather than that irrelevant and unreasonable Hillegass which means nothing and never did. This--what could be lovelier. And the straight consideration of the "inanimate", in having the same figures as the Hollyowwod home. So you go there, for the summer, afterward. That is fine, with the roof-tree doubly sheltered by a canvas, and I hope that it may mean all.

Lately a Mrs. Johnson came tp see me. She was at Wisconsin looking for an English teacher for her school in the south, which as she told me about it, seemed a wonderful school indeed. She took your ~~addr~~ address and said that she would send you material about the school, as I recall it. But she paid only one hundred dollars a month, and settled in her mind that there would be no possibility of getting you. However she was so thrilled by your book that she may have hoped beyond hope. Her address as the moment I will send you--she is still in St. Paul, I think. I did think for a moment that one hundred for nearly all leisure in a warm climate might be virtually being paid for taking one's own time to write. If you think anything of it, --but I do not believe that you will. Her system is wonderful, and her ideas are all, as nearly as I could see, those which fit in with your own.

The Mountain of Jade was here on my return from a weeks absence, in Minneapolis for a banquet of Theta Sigma Phi, the national convention of that journalistic sosority, where I held forth. And then went by day, an eleven hour trip to Indianapolis, where I had three days at the sessions of the National Association for the Advancement of the Colored people convention. A great experience. One ~~eee~~ evening Mr. and Mrs. Ransome, fine and landed colored people, gave a dinner---Mr. du Bois, James Weldon Johnson, William Pickens, Bishop and Mrs. Vernon, Mr. Spingarn and me, the last named and I, incidentally, being the only white folk present. The first two are PhD. of Harvard, the third a Ph. D and Phi Beta Kappa of Yale; all citizens of the world, with the manner and bearing of such--and so regarded in Europe, which they know well. I shall send you what I read--not much, but from my heart.

Now I am going down to the boat house next door, close to the river, to work. I haven't had time, bu the way, to see Mt. of Jade yet; but I shall of course send on your word to the Guild, I foresee that. Dreams to the dormant---that at least you can wish me. And I wish you to hear the cat birds song that I am hearing. Cat bird, grosbeak and wren have a three part recital ALL THE TIME.

Oh, you are good to enjoy Rat great fish and his beautiful dreaming under. Thanks!

Dna Isle
Portage
Wisconsin

PORTAGE
JUL 30
2 PM
1927
WIS.

Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 N. Highland avenue
Los Angeles
California

Letter postscripted Jul. 30, 1927 from Zona Gale to Professor Henry Chester Tracy

(babc)

I wish that I might see the new things that you are doing. May I?

The Dutton circulars are perfect, I think — or nearly so. May I have a dozen or more of those? Do send one to Dr. Meikeljohn — or shall I. I am inferring that you

saw my Review in Books – I mean, saw it in print. You must have finished proofs of Shadow-Grass, by now. I have just sent back the last proofs of my book of short stories for this fall – not the short stories you saw occasionally, however. – "Yellow Gentians and Blue" I call it. I was looking at Bitterwort, in a word that had a bitter connotation, when under it, in Webster, leaped out: "The Yellow Gentian, which has a very bitter taste." Do you know it? I never saw one. Part II of the book has some hints of a blue gentian weed.

This morning, under a tree on our lawn, near the river, stood a huge grey bird, with long legs, though his tail came nearly to the ground, and a very long bill. Back dark

grey, breast lighter grey, head very small. He stood there motionless for a long time, while we breakfasted; then, at a sound, quivered, backed, and flew heavily toward the river. Was he a kind of crane? But I thought their legs were longer, when they stand erect.

I observed some things in the book which I do not think I have passed on to you. If I have, pardon. Greetings to Miriam and to 2104. —

Oh Ri- dreaming tro-
on Ri- plunging dolphins
come, on their watery
flight, to rest with
me. And how I prize
and treasure them, their
steed, and Ris plus
bath. Thanks yr so-
innumerably — that Ry-

are indeed mine, with glints of the real stuff of things in sky and air. Gold must be a foundation substance. It moves us so. It must be that greed is only a search for the symbol, which we, according to our nature, mistake for the material. Thanks again and always.

Three books that I enjoyed me!
Creative Freedom, by J. W. Mackail.
(Harper.)
Trader Horn, by himself and
Ethel Alice Lewis. (Literary Guild)
The Grand Modern, by Stanley Baxter,
of Wisconsin & Europe, (Rom) I have
never seen, but whose style & eye
promised that this second novel fulfils.

It is Harpers Kirk, a fourth, annual prize novel. I am just deep in it now, but revelling in every page, and afraid the book will stop. The little girls are very here — It is tribal, pioneer-knowledge. It is everything that I like in style.

Memo. -

Page 248. "They" omitted, 4th line?

Page 213. I mourned that you did not mention Count Korzybski by name.

Page 207 - There is "but" person of all stations in the social scale, instead of "by."?

Page 214 - In the first lines of the paragraph beginning "We are speaking," "moved" occurs twice. If the first "moved" were changed —

Page 224 - Last line of ¶2 - "the organism" proves its spiritual" should read "proves itself spiritual," should it not?

None of these matter greatly, but here — over — is the Rich does it;

Really, I was amazed at the mental roar with which I read, on 197, the "shoddy mentality of the American Middle West." It is in that that I do not know, shoddy mentality abounds in America, but I know it not one bit more in the Middle West than in New York or in Los Angeles. Excuse me.

But what a glory the book is. An immortal book, truly. A growing thing, an organism, which will be budding and burgeoning long after your pen makes flowers no more.

Professor Henry Chester Tracy

2104 Highland Boulevard

Hollywood

California

Letter postscripted Sep.6, 1927 From Zona Gale to Professor Henry Chester Tracy

(7a-b)

Did you know that August 26th was your birthday? And that it was mine? This is the first time since we knew that we had collaborated on birthdays that we have not exchanged greetings. My thought came just a day too late for yours to reach you on the day. And I did not send you a telegram because I did not want to put you to the extreme of sending me one. And then, that birthday afternoon, four relatives arrived and stayed for eight days, with three other guests here for a day and a night in the course of that time. So that there really and literally hasn't been a time when I could send you an adequate word until now. Have you such a good reason as that for your honorable silence, as good a reason as I for my miserable silence? For your sake as well as my own, I hope so. A happy birthday, and many more things and days.

But that isn't what this letter is about. That which this letter is about is the following. I recall a brief paragraph in your letter, once this summer, to the effect that I received certain things with the aplomb, or the indifference, or the unconsciousness of the two who took their heroic plunge on the back of the dolphin-fish. Well, then, recently I sat in a chair in my work-room beside which is drawn a little table covered with books. I lifted one. And there lay a folded paper. I unclosed the folded paper; and what do you think smiled u p at me? What but the lines and curves of----Given. No less. That lovely and limpid and opal thing, all this time, had lain unread and unregarded beneath a book which must have been hard at hand when your letter, enclosing Given, was read. What happened? Was I called away--did the telephone ring--was I taken whether in the body or out of the body I know not, into a dream. What happened? In any case, never, never have I seen Given until at that moment. X And how beautiful beyond words it is. It made me ache and joy and cease-to-be, and be-more than might be, beginning with always. Oh, you should have this year, you must have this year; and the teaching of classesful is nothing as compared to this year and that which you shall give from it to all the people. But yet my joy in Given was so terribly tempered by wondering what, and what on earth, you must have thought of no comment at all from all that loveliness and treasure. Not that it mattered to you, but I should hate to give you such reason to feel that the Middle West is SO. Let me, on that, ask you about something else: What has gone on about Introvert, of which you once sent me such an engaging beginning? That must be given all its other wings. There was, you may recall, in it a purple and plum and pearl sky. That was a perfect sky. There might be also peach, at twilight. ..In the proof of the new book by Elizabeth Madox Ford (You saw her first book, In the Time of Man?) there was this: "She sat, ~~in a cool green~~ X day in late April", so and so. That is nice. This new book, Green Pastures, I did not like so much as a whole, though the detail of it is rich and thick. By the way, she has been living at some beach--Hermosa? Rodondo? ---not far from you. I think the former. She must be a marvel. She has suffered terribly. If you are there, why not look her out. I do not know her, but what does that matter. We do, as a matter of all fact and more fancy.

X No wonder you thought Gone on the back of a dolphin, unaware!

X "A cold green day" & Co.

But, as a thought, what does the year off do to your chances for a Carnegie pension? Or is that only for Universities? And have you no teachers retirement fund in California? Here every human being who pays income tax pays a per cent toward the teachers pension and retirment fund, applicable to all teachers. Have you none such? I confess I had not thought of you as near the retirement limit--the twenty-six years seems simply incredible. But doubtless you have looked into all that---not so doubtless, after all, you being you and concerned with better matters. Still, after all, it is vital now to have a period of leisure, some stretching years, conserved to you. A time to teach two hours a day would be wonderful, somewhere; then you would have your continuing labaratory. Far from Towards The Open being your "was my contribution" it is but the beginning, the first horn, of your will-be my contribution." You have many millions of motions to make, through words and dreams and facts and such. Oh, many birthdays to you....

Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood California

Letter postscripted Sep. 14, 1927 from Zona Gale to Professor Henry Chester Tracy

(8)

Yes, I could read every word. Either you are improving, or I am. Lately I was startled when some one complained: "It was script, and some of your letters I could not read." How you found it so, and

proved patient and uncomplaining, smiling
is secret? -

Well - I am mailing something with
this which proves to me exquisitely plain.
I hope that you will like this putting
of it. It is a small book called
Beyond Behaviorism. I may have tried
Brentano to mail you one directly,
but I don't think so. So here it
comes, as a toy. The abc of the
first chapter, even, is charmingly
new - abc to you, but I don't know
all that. Especially about the blob.
- I have a friend lately returned
from Constantinople and Damascus
and Tiberias. She sent even in Lent -

weather — and yet I want to go to Constantinople. I want to go to Stamboul. I want to see Stamboul. I want to say, "I am in Stamboul." She sent me a post card of the harbor. But for that matter, come to think of it, I am in College — how far, how far, to me in Tiberias.

PORTAGE
OCT 26
7 PM
1927
WIS.

Mr. Henry Chesley Tracy
2104 North Highland Avenue
Hollywood California

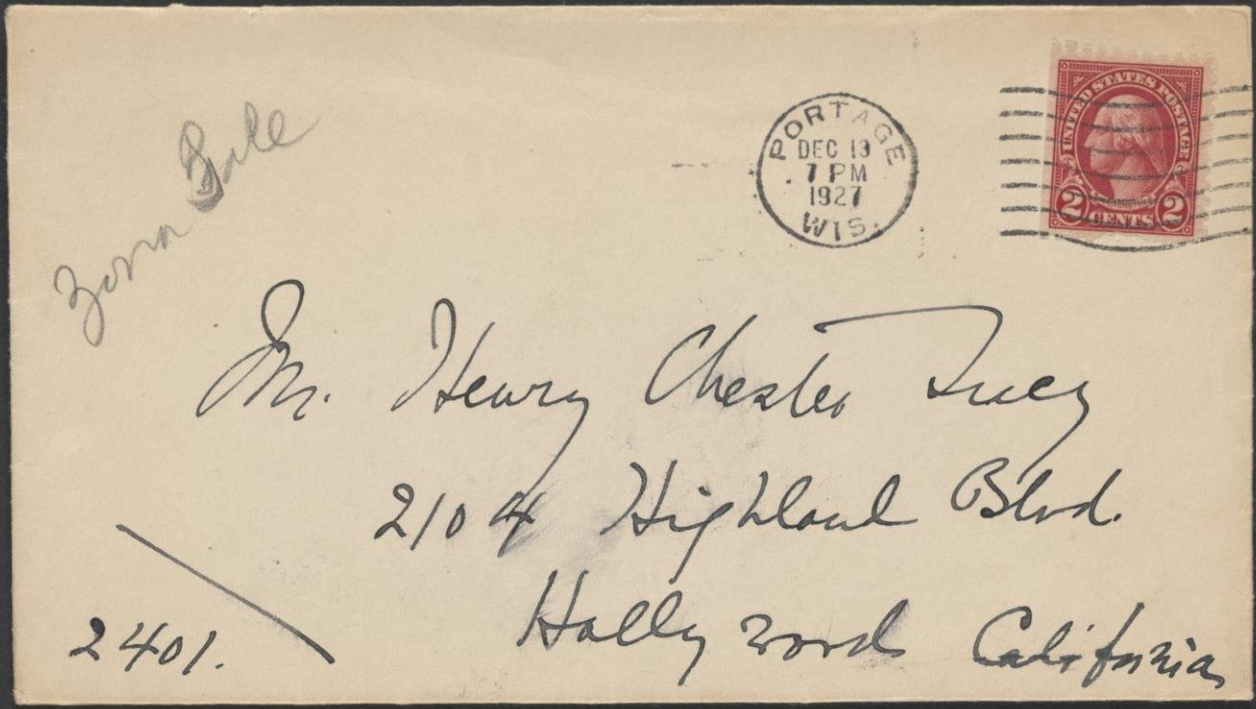
Postmarked Oct. 26, 1927

(9)

Was this not strange--or ,if strange is not the word, then there must be a better. The enclosure to you was sealed and ready to go yesterday afternoon when your letter came in, with its query about a reply to your reader who had asked about personal survival. And, in my same out-going mail, sealed and ready or nearly so, was the enclosed review of Basil King's The Spreading Dawn, which I did last week for BOOKS, and a copy of which ,with a letter, I had ready to send to him. In my letter to him, I had told him of an Indianapolis friend who was playing golf with a friend of his whom he had never credited with that sort of thought; yet suddenly he heard this man saying: "Do you think there is any chance of it--survival?" --and realized that this man was thinking of the daughter whom he had lost, and longed to see again. ...So when your letter came, I added a post-script about it to my letter to Mr. King. ..The book is really wonderful---and I recommend it entirely to meet any such query. He is only supposing, and yet his speculations drop into one's mind just the tone color, or whatever, to leave one in the mood for immortality. ..There is another book, a tiny one, called "They Are Not Dead", which is a compilation of all that various great ones, from Plato, and on, philosophers,poets and lit'ry men in general, have said on the matter of immortality, all positives. I do not reacll the one who compiled the book, or who published it, but Brentano would know, and if you gave your correspondent the title, he could doubtless find it for himself. That would have very little of the East,in it by name at least. And Mr. King's has none at all, by name.

And now at this point I wish that I could get in an air-plane and go on up. For I have to tell you that I am forwarding your letter to the Literary Guild to Mr. Van Doren, TOGETHER WITH THE COPY OF JADE MOUNTAIN. Yes, I know. Isn't it. Wasn't it. Deal with it as you must. Forgive it you cannot. And I shall not wonder nor complain. But my apologies and my peccavis --is it spelled so--echo across the desert in a long thick dense mass of trailing sound.

Your outline is enticing in the extreme, particularly, for me, your inspired classing of the literature of disillusion with the literature of decadence. These are, of course, facets of one and the same thing--but I had never before so seen them. What a blow to the discoverers of disillusion! We are merely repeating the slump of the Nineties, in a varying chord. Please send some more of this. ..And for what you say of Y. G. A. B. --my thanks again. That sounds, set down so, like the name of the world-ash.


Zorn Bale

PORTAGE
DEC 13
7 PM
1927
WIS.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE
2 CENTS 2

Mr. Henry Chesley Tracy
2104 Highland Blvd.
Hollywood California

2401.

Letter postscripted Dec. 13, 1927 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

(10a b)

Hey I mention just that I
have been sick, in Boston
and in the hotel — and
that, Ruth I have been in
Portage for plenty of time
to say so before, you must
forgive my silence.

Especially you must
forgive, having such an
abundance of that 'char

from Birds, all fairies, Rees, light, stars, crystals and writing emanates. Indeed it is true - that nothing that you have done has ever given me more satisfaction than these last lovely beads = on = a = cord of invisibility, without which a cord connecting. These are exquisite - in spite of your intimation that they are to be returned for exchange with more of the exquisite. Do you know that recently there came to my hand a copy of Henri's "The Art Spirit - many sketches, many feathers, many rays from his great energy, bits of letters, of lectures, of treasured sayings. And all running on, in paragraphs that all connected now by that cord of theme - the Art Spirit. And I had it

is my heart to send you that book, and to say to you: "Here it is — supremely the thing that you can do, so full and more in facets, in lovely darts, and points and flashes, all so exquisitely compact & some one underlying silent flow." — Your underground stream is your connecting flow in these. In these you need no "story". I think, —

for one simple technical explanation; the paragraphs are so short. One is not dismayed to find that he has not, as he might, entering upon a longer trail, does he think that he is beginning something, for then really he is only dipping down into certain air pockets of speech, before he flies again.

You make him fly. You give him the incomparable gift of making him fly on his own wings, between you & Shakespeare.

What more can I say?. To this not the supreme gift to one who reads, that he be taught to read the air? Even to you how dear. In this new book you have somehow found the medium for yourself. And for you I am infinitely glad.

The rest — they must be ready by now? "I hope so." Let me have them then! And shall I indeed send these back to you for exchange & something more?

To you. to Miriam. to Ezra

Dear Jean, so my "best" wishes for a beautiful holiday time, together, in the sun.

December 12 -

Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California

10/24/27

Postmarked Apr 21, 1923 – mistake in envelope? or typo mistake

(11)

JOHN SIMON GUGGENHEIM MEMORIAL FOUNDATION
PERSHING SQUARE BUILDING
NEW YORK

HENRY ALLEN MOE
SECRETARY

October 24, 1927.

CABLE ADDRESS:
GUGMEMORA, NEW YORK

Miss Zona Gale
Portage, Wisconsin

Dear Miss Gale:

Miss Babette Deutsch has sent me the letter you wrote for her. Thank you very much.

And now may I trouble you for your opinion of Mr. Eric D. Walrond, who is making application and has referred me to you?

Sincerely yours,

Henry Allen Moe

(1)

THE EMPORIA GAZETTE

February 10, 1928.

Dear Zona:

I have some sort of a recollection of getting "Toward the Open" but for the life of me I don't remember anything about it and I cannot find it around my desk today. I get literally carloads of books in the Book of the Month list and from publishers, and when I get done with the Book of the Month list, I am generally pretty ragged. But if you can get another copy of "Toward the Open" I will certainly read it. I want to read anything

Will any body Kindle cars.

that you like.

I read this month "Bad Girl" and voted for it as the choice of the Book of the Month only to find after my letter had gone that you people of the Guild had chosen it. What a beautiful book it is! Yet I think it would have been just as beautiful with half a dozen lines deleted in the seduction scene.

Gosh! Why?

I am sixty years old today and I wonder if that has something to do with it. Would I have enjoyed it thirty years ago?

Anyway it has been a good show and I feel in the midst of

the big second act. Lord how I
hate to get up and go out and
catch the 5:15 for God knows where.

Affectionately yours,

W. A. White

Dr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 North Highland Boulevard

Hollywood

California

Letter postscripted Mar. 1, 1928 from Zona Gale to Dr. Henry Chester Tracy with enclosure from W.A. White ??

Your letter was waiting for me when I reached home last night. I am writing the acknowledgement which you waived because I hope you realize that anything I said yesterday about book reviewing had nothing to do with this situation - in which I am wholly at fault. I received the book last fall, read the first two chapters while sitting at with my camera on a bank waiting for a beaver to appear at his dam, found it interesting and provocative....and then, on my return, promptly forgot all about the implied (and accepted) obligation to review it. I say accepted because before leaving I wrote to Mr. MCrae, thanking him and ~~[illegible]~~ saying I would be glad to do the review.....I have brought the book to the office and have, at 3.30, read past page 200. I shall write the review next week. .....Yes, I shall write an explanation to Mr. McCrae but not, if you please, till I can say the review has been done.

Saturday

From Russel Gore
Detroit News

Dr. Zeh.
Prof. Tracy
Wisconsin

PORTAGE
JAN 8
3 PM
1929
WIS.

Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 North Highland Blvd.
Los Angeles
California

Postmarked Jan. 8, 1929

(1a)

Dear my friend, on a train coming out of New York a month ago — a month to-night, — so closely that — I sent you a letter, which do not tell me you never received. It owned shake my faith in the amiable man who took, and stamped. It owned grieve me beyond measure.

three days after I had reached home, I read late in English as experience — read and drank of it, drank of it and wrote of it gratefully, next morning — and Lou found here on my desk, buried, that record — though I had long been thinking that you had thus had two letters, in close "proximity" — and to neither had said one word. Well — the book, it is a treasure, all compact of the tangible, the intangible, and the bloom and froth of both. Meanwhile I have sent a word to M. Mac to remind him that you are likely to apply once more for a scholarship = of = Guggenheim — he said that "sometimes one year one found

impossible, then the next year, etc — " And
meanwhile I have asked Mrs. Browne to send
him an copy of R. & E. — and have told her
what she has done so; and how had
his acknowledgment of "fame." — So, —
and I hope much earlier — You are, I
hope, applying. It is meet.

— Also in that horrid letter I told

Postmarked Jan. 8, 1929

(1b)

You of my delight in that
Mrs. Rich & took last
in my hands — and read all
of which I have in my
heart. I mean, have got read in part —
But enough as that I
see its charm, its verity,
its quality of you, the need
to finish, as I hope that
you have finished. Let
me see more of this — and
tell me what you have
done, then. —

shall be here anon. Go
some while to come. Let
me know that reveals
itself to you. That glowing
and pre-occupied princesses
you pluck in portraiture
from a pellucid parapet
of foam! —
With thick, soft
night, good night, my
friend.
F.S.

Dr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 North Highland Avenue

Los Angeles, California

Letters postscripted Jan. 25, 1929 from Zona Gale to Dr. Henry Chester Tracy

(2a)

Dear friend,

The additional twenty-five was sent voluntarily by Dutton who said in the beginning that twenty-five was not enough for the article written for them for their book review. So that is merely a post script. I am glad you sent word to the Guggenheims which I wanted you to send. I hope you keep on with that until something happens. Infinite numbers of good wishes on this score.

I am enclosing one or two things for your consideration. The Saegertown man is trying to have a summer conference rather like Bread Load in Vermont, which you may know.

Will you do something for me? Will you let me take back a gift. Elinor Wylie gave me that book, and now after the early and tragic death, someway I want to keep it. Some day may I have it back? All good wishes. More happy new years.

Yours

Zona Gale

Portage, Wisconsin
January 24, 1929

(2b)

This is one of my desks

Last night – no, night before. I crack that class, and I read English as Experience. It is a book of lines and returns, interwoven, itself a texture, a fibre, a faith. Thanks for its news, its reminders, its faiths, its dancings.

you not? — for this year.

And here is the rest of the Dutton check for the article about you — a check which has come in two instalments. —

—

I read on the train, & found and sank into the new book — with its glamour

to you

I am sending the first copy of a letter that I sent today to the Guggenheim people — and I am sending a copy to Dutton and asking them to send to the foundation a copy of the book.

You are going to get after them again, are

and thinner. It is
exquisite – it is more.
What is its status now.

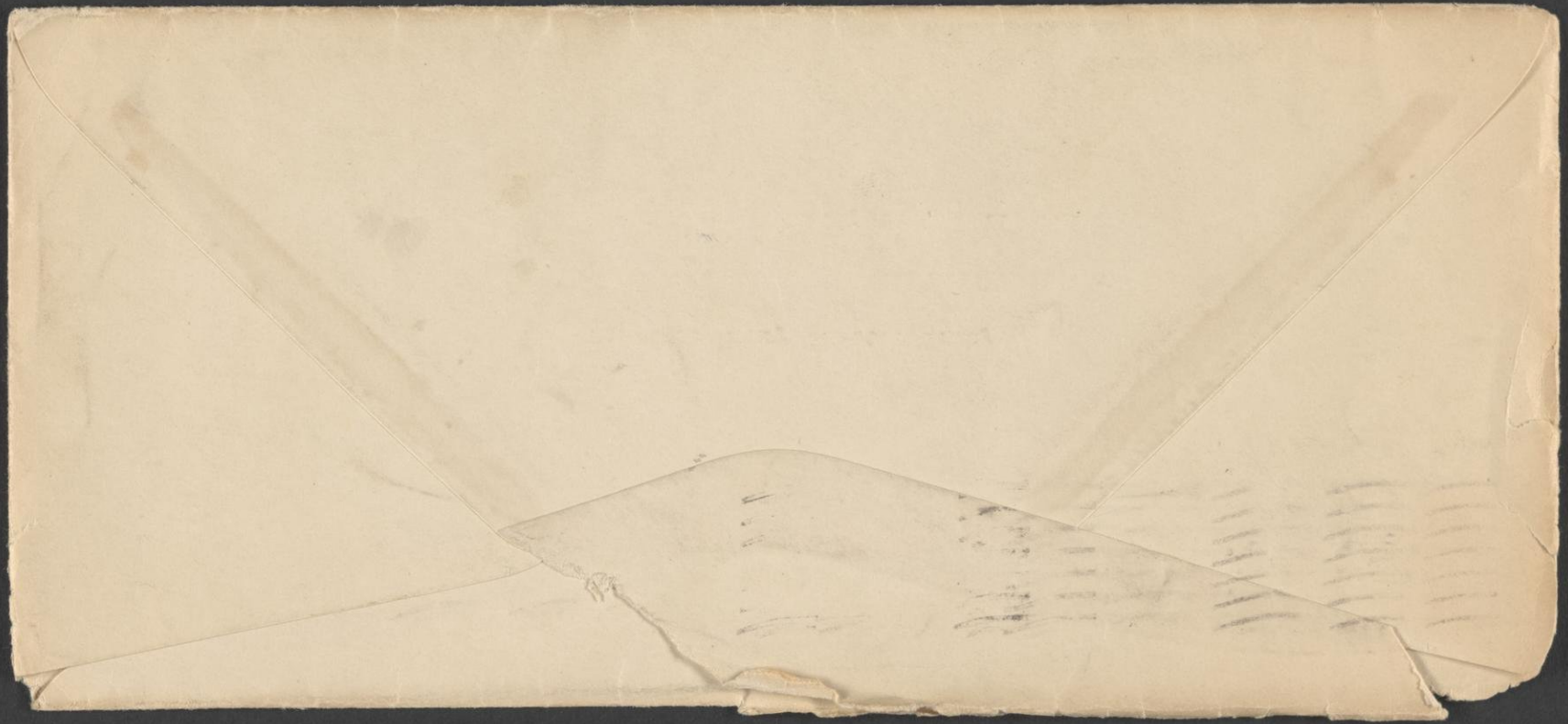
Now this takes the
air – or the rail. So,
in fact, here already,

JG

Professor Henry Chester Tracy

2104 North Highland Boulevard

Hollywood, California



Letter postscripted Feb. 24, 1929 from Zona Gale to Professor Henry Chester Tracy with enclosed letter from Mrs. Ann Radford Johnston

(3a,b,c)

The enclosed comes to me from one who is apparently a neighbor to you. If on reading the letter you think you would like to meet her, do go to see her and say that I asked you to do so. And Miriam if she would care to do so. What a vital letter it is.

The Elinor Wylie book came — thank you so much for understanding and for sending. I have not yet written to William Benet, her husband, but when I do, I want to send him the lovely thing that you said. —

John Middleton Murry has something in the March Century. In the April Century I am to have an article which they have called "I've Been Reading," and one of the seven books discussed will be English as Experience.

I had many more things to say — I had something to say. But I have —

forgotten — ". do you recall that poignant fragment of Thurtonis Sappho? (That we d, boy?") Almost as poignant — as when Leslyn (now 2½ — "two year ago", as she affirms) talks to me of her "lessy book." Ah, see the lessons to come. — Some of them so inexpressibly lovely. — Those dim things that I wanted to write about — I shall set them down presently. The letter from the Holiday-Inn was lovely — thank you so much. Deep snow and mercury deep in the tube are here — and a pair of Kentucky cardinals, the seventh winter we have had cardinals — in succession. And one before — a harbinger he, a pioneer. —

(3b)

Her hands were cool upon his eyes before they opened, so he let them remain there. The features are of a slackness, She said to her maid, but we will restore them. Prepare food.

Restore them if you will, he said, but do not ply me with foods, for it is useless. And he opened his eyes, found hers. They spoke a known language. It is old. It is new. Peter was at home there, more than in the wide still spaces of the palace, more than in its x carved panels, its air of ancient closure. Take me, he said, to your garden. We shall be alone there.

They went to the plum tree that flowered and leaned over a dark water. Why, She said, did you delay so long? It is almost done blossoming. And he saw that those white blooms were indeed falling. Each one as it fell, ~~fluttered~~ lay for an instant on that dark water, in which flakes of ice were floating.

It is true, he said, I am late. Yet it is early as seasons go, for you see there is still ice in the current. I was delayed, but I am here. I will delight in what I have, not mourn what I have not.

So they met and were parted before Day came, who is the great destroyer--before that stern Mandarin, the Sun, had seen them.

It was nothing. It was something to remember. It was one of many adventures of which the men of Daylight keep no record but the men of dusk and dream hold important.

(3c)

Besides personality, which the homeliest baby might have, she has a charm far beyond prettiness and an expressiveness beyond words.

Item: She has poise. Born with it.

Item: Her glance does not wander--she looks at you, and through you, sizing you up, speculatively. If she finds you deserving, you get a charming smile... from the eyes as well as the mouth. If she finds you just too disarming, she may turn her head coyly to one side and look bewitchingly from the corner of her eyes.

Item: With the family circle around her, she is like a little queen reviewing her loyal subjects; looks fixedly first at one, then another, quietly, impersonally, and impartially, unwilling to show especial favor to any one.

But-- no need of alarm --she's quite human --inherits from all her baby ancestors the realistic ways of expressing imperative physical needs.

(4abc)

Feb 14 - 1929

Dear Zona Gale: —

Please look into the past and see if you can recall a girl named Bess Radford! I know you knew her, for a long time but looked Courage. However, I met the Pope yesterday to congratulate him. So perhaps that Courage was for me though this.

I got an idea for a Romeo from one of your Wisconsin Short Stories "On the Shores of Nemo Lago" and met it with my daughter in mind for it lead. Of course, then is none of Jones story in it except the location - but this is the point - I can't write and you can - and I know it never to wonder (only that!) if you would consider joining forces — & Collaborating? —

Then, too, I have a tremendous amount of material (that I consider

worthwhile) in my mind for sketches - You see since the Madison days, I have been left (Yes, with a capital.)

Besides - doing considerable Social Service work (two years, of which was in a large store) I have "chaperoned" girls all walks of life - An exclusive school, Drumthwacket - The Ruth St Denis' school of Dancing, - The Studio Club (for Motion Picture girls) - and a home for delinquent girls. Then I was secretary to a couple of Picture Stars. Managed my daughter's Europe when she was singing there. Years in made pictures in England, Germany and Italy. Now I represent a Travel Service for European travel. And a lot of other odd jobs!!! My mind is full of life stories and I can see them in black and white. But, I repeat, I can't write and you can. So please, what do you think?

Of course, everyone who met to Modesty, claims you — and oh how glad I am to know you, (to hear us tell it!) and how proud! Like, every body in the world — I have always longed to visit — and when my dreams soar highest I visit Edinonds. Perhaps my next life will be this dream come true.

Your dream has come true and I know it is a satisfaction — no. I won't say that, You are too great to be satisfied — but I hope you have happiness. Always, I wish you much happiness in your marriage.

Most Sincerely
Ann Radford Johnston.

Mrs A. Radford Johnston
2000 No. Highland Ave.
Hollywood
California,

Mr. Tracy

Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Blvd
Hollywood
California

Letter postscripted May 25, 1929 from Zona Gale to Professor Henry Chester Tracy

(5abc)

Letter Card.

Did a letter from me miss you?
Did a letter from you miss me?

I wrote you of an article in the April Century called "The Book Reading" (!) - and I have heard no word from you concerning such. Not to day some.

April is here in other ways - buds, birds, brightness. What of April with you? Anne Radford Johnston says that she has had a charming note from you, thank you. But where are you?

Next day - (being Tuesday)

Yesterday, as I "worked," I drew a paper down and scribbled the enclosure. Afternoon came, and your note - the usual universal chemical happening. I am so glad your leaf of news - the Progressive Education movement is the educational joy of now. I had thought of your writing to all the artists in their catalogue - there are really so many now. Last week I was at Antioch and talked with President Morgan over the five hundred - or so one of them - acres of their campus - with

hooks, dams, crags, springs, "gulleys", and fruit trees — and orchid Red Bud. (Is red bud Redbud tree?) Then they had us 25 students, men & women, who related what their last ten, or five, weeks job was — was carried on by the other detachment for ten, or five, weeks — when the first group, (having studied in the mountains at Antioch) returned. I had not known that the buildings are those of the old Horace Mann school — where once students were examined, & sate at tables which, rising, they then cleared for dinner. — But I am glad of the Los Angeles experience in P. E. — for I like Lee, Leon even, all this always, & now to let them share in this California climate still, with the prospect for many today. — And for give me them & [illegible] there. I

(over)

At Dayton I spoke to eighty librarians — and I. R. C. and E. as 2. — At Cleveland, at a High School, a woman spoke to me of S. R. C. — At Columbus, (Ohio State university) I told them. I am something of an impresario!!
I intend to mail you a book which is Your Book — to read, to write, to be. I am having a new garden. My baby is infinite. She goes to Sunday School & is a high genius twice. Repeats everything after the teacher: "Little dost lamb?" —

Mrs Gale
Portage
Wisconsin

PORTAGE
SEP 10
3 PM
1929
WIS.

Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood California

Postmarked Sep. 10, 1929

(bab)

Yesterday I sent you Borgia—
Rickey & Hope—etc.
And I am thrilled by
all the news of your
letter, ex to the new books,
and Hutton. I knew, though,
said she. Tell me more.

Speaking of Hutton, do,
if you recall, read

on the Day. When it became evident that time had passed in too great quantities to allow a letter to reach you then, I said to me: "But to write a letter on my birthday will be a greater compliment." Then (2) to my birthday, your (1) birthday, went treacherously by with no such letter. But this is it. For what is time? There being no past, this is our birthday still. — Within Heinrich Wölfflin's The Path my. It is for me the fiction of for a long time. It is the kind of book that you might (do in another (and past) incarnation. (What a beautiful word! With all the tone-color of a field in bloom — or of carnations melts!)

As to birthdays, a rule was to have reached you

suggests another book — you will love read it? Eddington's Gifford Lectures — "The Nature of the Physical World." — Evelyn MacDonald says that she would like to distribute that book by the thousand from airplanes, onto every university campus.

Do see her mother sometimes? She has had such tragedy, so well borne.

Clarence came in the other day — Clarence Weinstock. He had taken six days to

Postscripted Sep. 10, 1959

Litch-Like from California!
Our car took Lin, I believe,
right across New Mexico —
partly by starlight. Did
he read you his Foolish
Lover sonnets? Very fine,
I thought. The baby listened
spelled (she is now three)
laughed out once - or twice
at his sonorous cadences;
and next day observed:
"Here 'at man? - Here
Clarence's chair? ("This" is

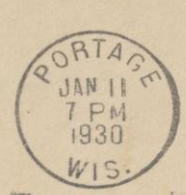
Postscripted Sep. 10, 1929

Another book: "All Quiet on the western front." To not fail it. Christopher Morley says that not to read it and not to tell a dozen friends about it is treachery to the Human Race.

Gray = green day. Many grays, monotonous green — and Oh, an ominous touch of September Yellow — alas. Greetings to Miriam, L. L. M.

(also "here") and then: "Tompach, throat — that 'at man say?" — (Her fascination is endless. As "Stream train, carry me back there 7 Hebbing." — And "Mother, give me a sew-pin" — wishing a needle.) Am I boring? — But that of the "free" one, that must now be five put — or four? —

What do you paint?



Professor Henry C. Tracy

2104 Highland Boulevard

Los Angeles - California

Letter postscripted Jan. 11, 1930 from Zona Gale to Professor Henry C. Tracy

(1)

If one doesn't send a greeting to reach another one on Christmas day, then the very best thing to do is to write a greeting <u>on</u> Christmas day. Or even on New Year's day. And all then I meant with all my might to do. So now, next best, comes that word with

Oh, nearly true – which doesn't speak too well for your ministry – but I credit the that medicine, I recall. – I wish I had.

What wild and waxen image shall I promote from the air to send to you? So wild, so waxen is the air, so imminent with images, the sudden room waits a University quote, sent to me by Roger Baldwin. I haven't met him, but we are now added freight of more wishes for more joys – and with these additional days to create them better joys. – And your message I was glad to have – thanks for it, as you need know. – I wonder "how now?" Tell me "how now." –

I might go to Florida – or even to California. I have the same cough to which you ministered two years ago –

to break bread — breaks, in fact, truffles and thin sausages, lettuce and tangerines. — How idiotic not to be able to ask you to lunch. That clogs us, weights us, chains us to one spot in this world. I can think Thibet or Fez. My not tread 'em. —

This being no more than a frail signaling, through dense air — less rapid, less frozen than [illegible] with. S. My love to Miriam. ——

Dr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 Highland Avenue

Holly Wood

California

Letter postscripted Jun. 18, 1930 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

Don't you think it might be well to bring with you on Saturday all the sketches which might have place in Roads to Morning – those which I have seen, and any others, excepting the Asia sketches. – Then we can have those ready, and I'll rely about those which I have seen.

June 18 – 1930

This much I found, written to, on this paper, with this envelope – dating back then eight years and more. That is something to think of. M in that day,

"Roads to Discovery!"

us both had been furnished, and all the magic was boxed secret within, whereon now it floats, filling its bright words, all laid in lines of print and paper, floats printed and papery, over all. How much you have done and how beautifully you have done. This is to one, reading the words on the pages other face, this is to one a pause and a point in air, or in ether, all resonant with what has been, and what will be. Sometimes I think that the books wrought by you, noble in themselves, are yet but bright paths leading to the temple, whose stones are all cut and carved (and "rippled) and ready. I find myself eager for what you shall do now, do next. But then I have always been that. I find myself, then, more than eager. The word is "certain". Good night.

Mrs Gale

Mr. Henry Chesley Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood California

(or 2401)

Letter postscripted Apr. 11, 1931 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

(3a/b)

Dear Mr. Tracy —

Dear Mr. Tracy — In fact, Dear Mr. Tracy. And I am the more, a long voice's length from that rainy room wherein I entertained the plumber, in a great

ALICE RICHARDSON
MANAGER

he true interest of
let us record that we
came the 2700 miles,
arriving on the ninth
day. —

We shall be for one
day in Hollywood — for
Juliette is twenty two
and crowds her brood of
Hollywood, that
is likely to be next
Thursday — and if it is, I
when it is. I shall

and fearful conviction
that he was gone.

We came here
last week — we drove
from Wisconsin — and
it was one of the
loveliest experiences of
my life. We came by
El Paso and Tucson,
Phoenix and the Imperial
Valley — and should I

let you know — and
Coned you hear it
to join us to the
a studio, or something
of that sort — In any
case I shall let you
know. In shall have
also, no time for anything
else — We are already
almost — in our return —
we go to San Diego and
then "up the coast". to

The MISSION INN
RIVERSIDE
CALIFORNIA

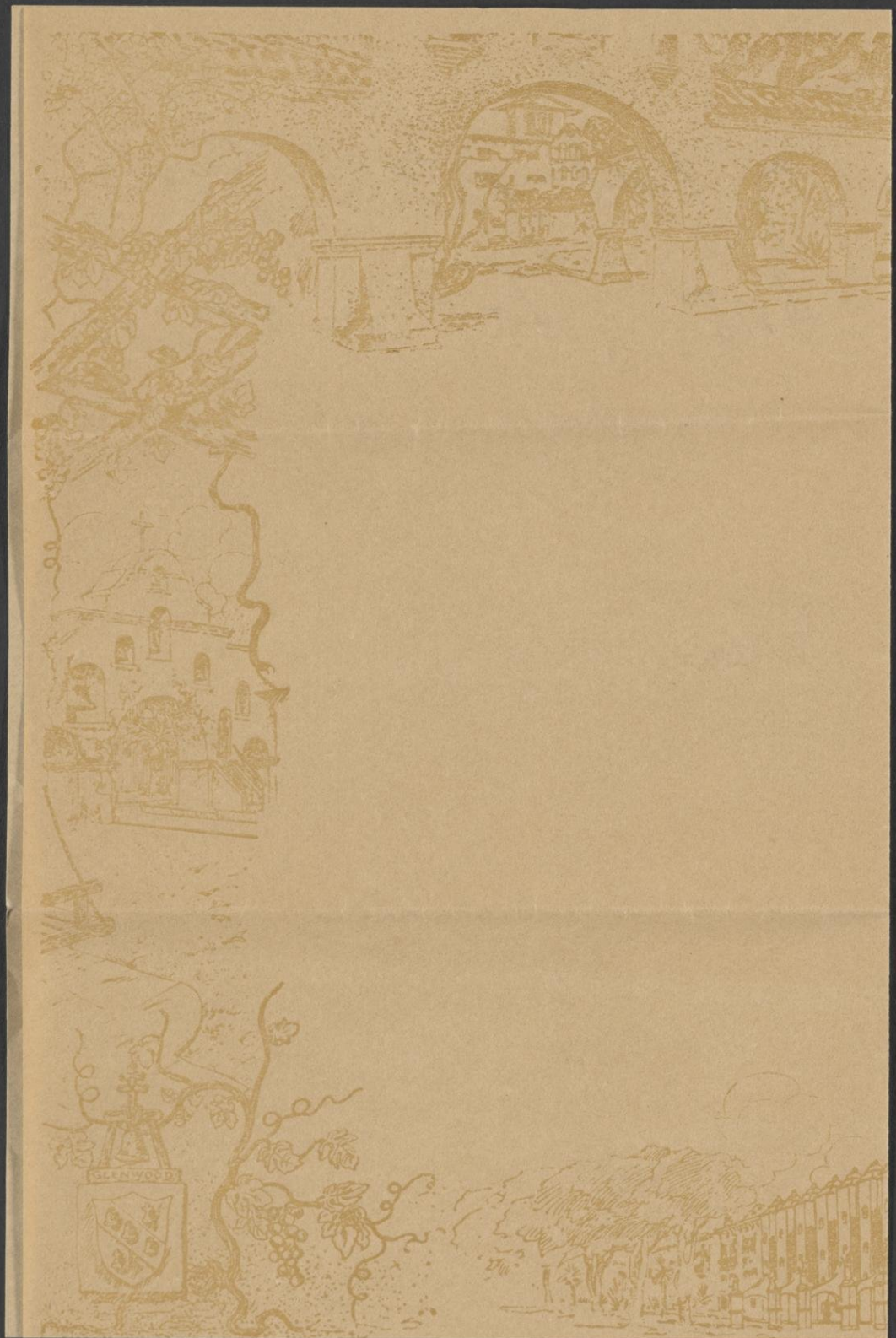
Los Angeles for a day —
but if you and Miriam
could meet us somewhere
on that day — where?
Cannot say day — That
would be fine indeed.

Meanwhile, from mountain
to mountain, moving
light like a goat, Jack

Greeting to you
both. To you all.

L. L.

April 11.


GLENWOOD

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood California

Mrs. Gale Brett
Ld -

MRS. GEORGE P. BRETT
"JOURNEY'S END"
COCONUT GROVE
FLORIDA

Letter postscripted Feb. 9, 1932 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

(Hah)

Dear friends: —

I wanted to write before I left Baltimore — but what to say. I turned all that I knew every way — but what a great sum, what a great sum. I supposed that you have bought a second mortgage .... the difference in real estate values is so great. Postage values of your house are not Hollywood values. Salary! The sum dismays me as much as you. I love a kind of certainty that you have done something, have adjusted to a second mortgage, have found a purchaser — have done <u>some thing</u>. My visions of

something were dispelled by the $32,000 —
that fortune. Dear friends — if one could
help ...

The two chapters, beautifully typed,
have gone to the Yale Review. And one
— the new essay — to the New Republic,
and one waits. The new book rests, — a
little later, I feel sure that will have its
place. Now the publishers lists are so small.
The list of things you have — how fine that
is, a great property in itself; and that it
moves slowly is the fate of all. — I
[illegible] let my book [illegible] for a few days, This is #1.
speaking here six times at the University,
have started loud and long of English as
Experience.

I am anguished not to have
written — trying to think of something — getting
down here — speaking all the words — and
trying to think again. Will write me that

there has been a miracle.'-

Meanwhile, I am sorry to tell you that Florida is far ahead of California. Miami is 500 miles South of San Diego in latitude, and it is heaven. It is June. It is after midnight, but the five windows in my room stand wide, as they have stood night and day ever since I came here - and crickets are singing, a little owl is gentling, and roses from the garden are on my table. There is no bite in the air of Miami, night or day - no heat in the house - and no need for it. I am warm, for the first time in years - but never too warm. -

A note me that there has been a miracle. Care Mrs. George P. Brett, Coconut Grove, Florida. I to be Alladin instead of Me.

Mr. Henry Chester Lacy

2104 N. Highland Boulevard

Hollywood California

Hotel Pancoast
Miami Beach
Florida

Letter postscripted Feb. 1932 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

(5)

Hotel Pancoast
Miami Beach
Florida

Dear Frinks –

Just a valentine –
With love and stick kisses.
I am suffering about
the bird books.

We are leaving for home
Wed.

Z.G.

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 North Highland Avenue

Hollywood, California

Ten O'clock and after

$200

Letter postscripted Mar. 16, 1932 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

(16)

Paths of Perception I think will live forever, if we can get it to begin to live as soon as possible. This is what I did: I sent four of the chapters to the Atlantic Monthly, asking them to report to me. It seems so certain that these lovely leisured sensitive things will find their foothold. Then I sent the chapter about the novel and the one on good and bad magic to the Yale Review. And while Dr. Cross admired them very much I imagine he found them not quite right for him, and he returned them. Perhaps the books have been too recently reviewed by them and thus not long enough ago reviewed to be handled in this way by him. Some of the other chapters of Paths of Perception will go to him as soon as I hear from the Atlantic, either for or against. These must be kept going, for they are quite too lovely not to be read. I should say there is no question about them as a book later in one of the university presses or elsewhere.

My Country went to New Republic and Nation in turn, and their letters are unimportant, though both admiring. Now it has gone to the Scholastic. I shall keep you posted as to what happens, though I have been very slow about it this time.

It seems good to be back even from all that fun and surf. Greetings to all the family. Let me know what betides. Beauty I hope. You remember the little Richard Mansfield cry in the moonlight to Anna Branch. "Anna, beauty betides me."

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 N. Highland Boulevard
Hollywood California

Letter postscripted Mar. 31, 1932 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy including letter from THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

(78)

This is pretty nice - Rough it is not the ultimate. Now I am going to try Harpers. — Or perhaps The Review first ....

The perfect copy of the Path of Perception you might send to the Chicago University Press, with the enclosed letter - and no letter from you? - If you think well.

Easter morning at 7:30 we heard the Hollywood bowl services, 27th perfection and — in the pauses — the mocking birds.

Thursday. Noon or more.

OFFICE OF
THE EDITOR

8 ARLINGTON STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

(7b)

The Atlantic Monthly

March 26, 1932

Dear Miss Gale:

Mr. Sedgwick is abroad, but the others of the staff have read these essays by Henry Chester Tracy with particular pleasure. They are perfect essays, almost of the eighteenth century in their sense of style and form. Though we are unable to take any of the three, do be good enough to tell Mr. Tracy that we are interested in his work, and should like to see more of it.

Sincerely yours,

Edward C. Aswell

Edward C. Aswell,
Assistant Editor.

Miss Zona Gale,
Portage, Wisconsin.

Re - A Sentiment of Nature,
Sources of Serenity -
Dignity of Things

(8)

THE
YALE
REVIEW
A National Quarterly

WILBUR CROSS
EDITOR

HELEN MCAFEE
MANAGING EDITOR

JOHN HAY WHITNEY
ASSISTANT EDITOR

P.O. BOX 1729
NEW HAVEN
CONNECTICUT

April 11, 1932.

Miss Zona Gale,
Portage,
Wisconsin.

Dear Miss Gale:

We are sorry not to see a way of using Mr. Tracy's "Paths to Perception" in The Yale Review. The manuscript, which seems to us very well written, suggests rather book publication with fuller and more leisurely development. We thank you, however, for letting us read it.

Very sincerely yours,

W. E. Cross

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 North Highland Boulevard

Hollywood, California

Letter postscripted Apr. 23, 1932 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy including letter from The YALE REVIEW

(9)

This letter I dictated. And this, I believe was my last!

Dear Mr. Tracy:

One more charming comment which brings you nearer to all that you were near before.

I shall of course do as you suggest about the agent. But when my eye fell on this enclosure I wondered if Doubleday might be interested. Very likely it is too lovely, however, because "jovial" seems to connote something less sensitized. Curiously one cannot be both. Or can one? It may be merely a matter of kind. Jane Addams is not jovial and Chesterton is, and so forth. Well, you are not Chesterton, thank your stars.

Nice about the Orage magazine. Of course England is your habitat and not Hollywood, except for climate and central heating plants. Fortunately the mails work, so that one may have both. How would it be to center on England for a while? If you get a success over there American publishers will sit up quite as do impressarios at a Paris or Munich success. They say that no grand opera singer has a hearing in America until she has succeeded abroad. There is more in this, however, than that. England does have the audience and America has merely audiences.

And how about all the other. Why not at least keep me posted even though my times have jyves as well as yours. Heavens! what a sentence. It drags like chains and creeks like iron work--swinging iron work--on a March night. A March Wisconsin night. Though this, to be sure, is April and I am looking at a robin. A robin, an elm bud and a bonfire, all these make a spring in a single window frame.

The best news at the last. I have found your book absolutely. I am sure that you cannot have read it, though it is not new, for if you had you would have said so. It is your book. It shall reach you soon.

Faithfully yours,

Z. G.

Portage, Wisconsin
April 11, 1932

Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 North Highland Boulevard

Hollywood, California

Letter postscripted Jun. 2, 1932 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy including letters from THE SCHOLASTIC and The University of Chicago Press
(10a,b,c,d,e)

Two little scraps - sent for
you. One indicates a
question with whose reply you
really must keep me in
touch! The house, the Hill-Up-
touch! I must know what happens. -

Days here to be known
only as lush - lusher -
luscious. That seems like a
fit comparison. - Simple

Mr. Ere this it has occurred to you that there is a cardinal who visits us, sings, and is fed - he has been here all winter for nine years now - and sings after the early year - Spring, in fact. - You have made three rhododendrons and two azaleas live for four years. If this is the case, how many boxed lives for eight years?

first copy of the New Republic. - Well? - How you showed that they pay for mss. only by special arrangement. But that must be what you have. I wish you would send mss. out by Leonards! You how to wear - a channel in the universe - and their numbers is something, regardless of exquisite quality - really. I mean, this plays its own part.

What celestial songs
mathematics might be.

Sending to you all.

JJ

B.

(10b)

Did you say to me that you liked
my article Breeding in Yale
Review – last but one? Or
indeed you read it? Or did'nt you
like it

(10c)

You asked me once what Ry said about at Iowa's "creative" writing. He's all students I have no lecturers, no teachers. I don't know! - Keep to your bedside. If you can. By the way, can you?

L.

Conference on Creative Writing

University of Iowa

Included in letter postscripted June 2, 1932 from Zona Gale to Mr Henry Chester Tracy

Thursday, Oct. 29, Senate Chamber, Old Capitol, 8 P.M.

Lecture by Zona Gale.

Friday, Oct. 30, Senate Chamber, 10 A.M.

Round Table; "Creative Writing and the Universities."

Discussion led by Addison Hibbard, Edwin Piper, and Norman Foerster

Friday, Oct. 30, Senate Chamber, 3 P.M.

Round Table: "The Midwest in Letters Today and Tomorrow."

Discussion led by Irving B. Richman, Floyd Dell, and Ruth Suckow

Friday, Oct. 30, River room, Memorial Union, 6 P.M.

Dinner. President Jessup, Dean Seashore, Sam Sloan

Saturday, Oct. 31, Senate Chamber, 10 A.M.

Round Table: "Creative Writing and Journalism".

Discussion led by Gerald Johnson, Harry Hanson, and Gorham B. Munson

(10d)

The SCHOLASTIC

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

155 E. 44th St. New York City
40 So. Third St. Columbus, O.
Wabash Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

May 19, 1932

Miss Zona Gale
Portage, Wisconsin

Dear Miss Gale:

I want to thank you for the manuscript by Mr. Henry Chester Tracy, which you were so kind as to send. This paper is everything that you say about it and I feel with you that Mr. Tracy is a stylist and philosopher to be cultivated.

From the special standpoint of the Scholastic, however, I do not believe our pages are the logical place for this essay. It is too adult in thought and in a sense too negative in thesis. The function of the Scholastic as a classroom magazine compels us to devote most of our space to information rather than opinion. Of course, you know our fundamental sympathies, and no school magazine has gone, or could go, I am sure, farther than the Scholastic in criticism of the basic assumptions of American life. We have been trying to do what we can to awaken students to an enlightened skepticism. But when we get letters from teacher subscribers complaining that Wells and Shaw are dangerous reading for juveniles, you can understand how carefully we have to tread in order to carry with us what constituency we have.

For all of these reasons, I feel that Mr. Tracy's paper would be much better adapted to one of the quality adult magazines and I am taking the liberty of sending it to Mr. Alfred Dashiell of Scribner's, because I think it might find a welcome there, as well as earn far more money for Mr. Tracy there than it could in the Scholastic.

I much appreciate your thoughtfulness and shall be happy to write Mr. Tracy and send him some sample copies of the Scholastic. It seems to me quite possible that he might produce some other manuscript that would be better adapted to our needs.

Faithfully yours,

Kenneth M. Gould

Kenneth M. Gould
Managing Editor

KMG:L

(10e)

The University of Chicago Press
5750 ELLIS AVENUE · CHICAGO ILLINOIS

May 7, 1932

Miss Zona Gale
Portage
Wisconsin

Dear Miss Gale:

Thank you very much for your note about Mr. Tracy's book of essays. It has just reached us with a communication from him. I regret very much that I was obliged to write him that on account of the present condition of the book market we were unable to undertake the publication of the manuscript. From what you say I am sure the manuscript is work of outstanding quality.

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

G. J. Laing

G. J. Laing
Editor

GJL:OM

(Pabc)
1922?

I see that you have already sent your letter - so I will send this (fishing out the carbon etc) and you may destroy the copy I have made to you.

This letter word to President Morgan I shall be glad to have you send on if you care to do so. I think I know about Yellow Springs - I think the gray leaf path which led to Ray was painted to me as I drove from Springfield to Xenia last Autumn - but I may be wrong. It sounds like a lovely adventure.

I sent you a word from Station in Chicago - and this morning a paper which I think I addressed 2501 or something. If it doesn't reach you, will you blow on a blue flower till up the street and it will hear. (Unless you have a red wild flower at hand.)

Pan Tadeusz I thought is lovely - but I felt at sea because I don't know what it is. You did not date the book in the - foot note - is it something recent or is it a

classic! I fell as if the Yale Review editris distinction — which is one that I in my innocence could not have made, could you? — is valid. And that perhaps Belloc and Jeffries and this do not belong in a collection such as Marine Roads, but in a separate volume of criticism, in time. — When the Belloc reaches me, I want to send that either to The Bookman or The Independent as you like — and something to The Dial. I have heard not a word from The Freeman — I think Mrs. Fuller must be away; or from The Century. To The Century I will write again presently.

Salvent is utterly lovely — this is to exactly the note to put into words, into literature. You know it is so certainly going to find its place — if not at this moment, in some moment. Perhaps it will get its fullest reading from Hudson's "blameless spiritualized race that is to follow" — do you know Green Mansions? — Just at this moment I become confused about the Elusive Gateway —

Where did we send that? - I showed Love Lewd from that before now. If it goes back to you by another mischance - send it please to me.

No. Of course you know I like having the floating pages - only I feel stricken that I send so few. If only you'll understand. and not mind - and your understanding is this has been quite beautifully a reality. There has been so much of loveliness that can not acknowledge even, love as you know that I have received, have sent in return really. with no risk-past of Mercy. I fancy you knowing Mew I would be glad for you in this - of this, as in: "I drew it about me, thought-weft, as God might draw this, about an unseeable Face." - And so much more. all this is infinitely precious. I felt quite heartless, Mew I read - as if I had looked in at a hidden chapel and had Mere seen a bridal of heart and word. - It was pleasant to see again "Palpable Things;" and "Of Trinte" - Lewd last as you read it aloud to Forever - Brown and me. The Preface to a Story

I love very much indeed - I'd like to try that at the Bookman, by your leave. And the rougher handling in the Play Preface shows its own truth. - As to what you shall do next - would'nt you say to clear the decks as much as possible - and then in this luxurious vacation time to come - which crowns the possessorship as the aristocrat of the professions, leisuring with the stars themselves - then, in that time, listen and take what comes. You are a cleared and open channel - you will know. If it showed be fiction, I think that it must flow as truly as news flow - you must be possessed by it, must you not? - If news, news clamors, it is they who have the right. You are divinely without responsibility in the matter - save to give it, whatever it is, its head - even as a little burro going down the Grand Canyon trail - who stands still, as sidles to the cliff edge, edge if the abyss itself, if you seek to guide him. - I think that all this time in silence you have been desiring yourself to speak, been speaking as a lovely preparation. Perhaps now the time has come.

But the great and beautiful thing which has been impressed upon me in these last weeks is that all the inner wisdom, the special grace & seeing, the farther awareness finds its chief expression in living the Life.. all these extensions to be evoked, rendered - is it a lovely word? - into behavior. I found like Adrienne Tower - Have you read it? Anne Douglas Sedgwicks book just done? Do call it - it is so perfect a thing. Adrienne, the glorified bromide-maker, who doesn't say "I never read a story in serial form - I wait for the book", but confines herself to spiritual platitudes. "Try to trust. Just trust" - she says to a casual acquaintance. — All I mean is that for me this has been a beautiful discovery which I long to share. To "touch every day-hurt with the consciousness that a great experience, even an ordeal in the Life lies on the other side." - Evidently you have been feeling just this - I loved your saying that you were being less difficult to live with! That's a heavenly test.

I can give you no intimation of how tender a thing it seemed to be — the "not a thirst but a fulfilment." Nothing could go beyond that — nothing more perfectly express what one would wish to be. — I feel very humble at that — for you could well be so intent on letting the light shine through you that you showed how no need of fulfilment. The whole truth is that an evolved soul is dying for union with God — with the source — and in the lesser unions it finds the symbol, the promise of the great.

The notes on the new Republic fragments are engaging.

But what shall I say of your beautiful understanding of Birth. I am deeply moved by that — as if an echo had enchanted me by lying sealed and then issuing, long after, to say what I had meant, had hoped, had tried to hand to say. Thank you. Blessings always. Natalie

(2ah)

I had the rhythm, when the letter came, an hour ago; and when I read Introvert. Then things intervened, telephone, duty, words. But now I have read the letter to Murry and the rhythm stirs again. This that you say of that is a profound truth, and for me newly lifts its head as you stroke its hair. It is true that the time to answer a letter is while the last chords of the finale still open and close. So:

But what IS the overture? There are so many--such as your friends the Clapps, how immediate and demanding they sound, as if it were laid upon one happily to meet them instantly. How can one not have met them? And the educational venture, adventure, well, that should come about by mere fortuitous concourse, as things DO come. And perhaps this will. In a bright heaven not known to superintendents. Heavens what a word--I just saw it, tall and lean and pale and gaunt, with thin arms: Superintendent. Then in the overture a black note at the absurdity of waiting until Spring for the book. I nearly had to for mine--I was so impossible about the corrections, making them and making them past all decency, asking for page proofs and so on--I don't see how they stand it. It will be a month yet, though the last changes were telegraphed, three days ago, in three fat telegrams. So bungling, that is--one ought to write and let it be, as I imagine you do. I am an amateur at nearly everything. On that sad note the overture ends. But here comes the main theme. A letter from Carl Van Doren, saying that there is to be formed The Literary Guild, which will publish twelve books a year through the Viking Press. He is to be editor, and he asks me to be one of the associates. A phase of the duty of an associate will be to look out and report to him choice manuscripts, in the making. Do you see? The theme swells and sails and leaves the ground. You must have ready something that I can suggest to them--something lovely and second worldly. I expect anything of the nature of the new book, to follow, must, in the nature of things, go to Dutton and Chatto. (What, by the way, is the first title of the book? Only preface to Scientific Humanism stays with me.) But all the rest of you, the near and far you, the wing you, the innerized you, must be getting together the book which you will let me show to these people. The casual writing--yes; but threaded, in some way threaded. Think through, in what way this shall be. Not the Machen way, not even the Hudson way. The you way, not yet appearing. Not a fiction way. A Better Way. It may be something in the nature of a task to find it, to lay hold upon it, where it is, waiting. It may be an approach to the task of tasks. But it is yours to do. Please, soon! And now the second movement which is a wonder whether the Literary Guild might not, just conceivably, like an organ. Whether The Adelphi isn't it. Whether..... In short, I am brazenly sending on to Mr. Van Doren your letter to Murry----but it is necessary that nothing be said, even to Murry, now. Because the Literary Guild is not yet announced. I am merely telling you, as if you had dreamed it

Has it already ceased? How marvellous of an Adelphi could come to America. But that is the next thing in the heirarchy above a dream. What would its bright name be?

And now the main, the swelling Ninth Wave of the symphony. The Introvert. How exquisite these things are--like snow-flames. I marvel at you--you seem to be a divine reservoir, inexhaustable. These things flow up in sprays like a fountain of fire and light, and mix with the air so that the air is the purer for them. But speaking of the Universe, It is saying to you that these things must be integrated into a web of God, for the healing of the people. Well--that friend whom the Universe might form from the raw material which you are good enough to dignify by the name, such an one thanks you and asks you to think of that one as somebody chanting one lasting word: Mold these, shape them, thread them, tie them. Let me, somehow, help. But not by suggestion. Nor by power, for I haven't it. But by something quiet.

Now the Hagen note, the Black Alberich snarl: The Long Island incidence. Like the black of trunks and earth among such a heaven of feathered green. It doesn't, of course, mean anything else. It didn't reach you, did it?--did it? Didn't you --well of course you did--"knit your aura." But not so tightly that that black geometry of winter, lacing together the light leaves of spring, might not take its place.

And now the whole thing goes to pieces on the single human word which you said to Murry about being ill. Really? But not now?

Yes, that address. I looked everywhere. I have it now. And I perceive that the rhythm, being begun, does not end. So let it go on, even though I do end. ...Two weeks ago somebody brought me a great mass of blue fringed gentinss --that says gentians. Did I tell you? ..I know some of those Berkeley hills--through one morning spent in them, alone. The Piedmont Hills. I recall some sort of winding park, with sloping paths, and violets growing sparsely at the side. And a little inn, with nobody there--a woodcraft, rustic, one room, place, warm, with curtains, and nobody there. I sat alone and had a sandwich and a glass of sherry. The hills and the violets and the sherry and the being alone, and again the hills. And the word Piedmont....

(3)

Do send your Guggenheim application immediately--if it appeals to you. Send everything that you have, without waiting for the reply--for I know that the applications for this year have to be in in November - ~~let us~~ hope that it is not by November I. But if these applications are mailed by November I, it is probably all right, even in that case. I am enclosing the sort of statement which was submitted by one competitor, so you the kind of statement of purpose which is required. If you make one regarding English as experience, and perhaps another as to your general work, that would cover all. Mr. MacRea, Mr. Murry, Dr. Ross, Mr. Huxley you could send as references, and ME if you wanted to, said she modestly, and then they could take their time about writing to these. I ~~almost~~ think that I should send them a copy of Towards the Open, too. do

I am enclosing a letter which might go with your letter, if you cared to have it do so.

The Small One's sayings came this morning--really I feel moved and touched and overwhelmed, beyond words, by these. They move me unspeakably--just as they did at first. They are too fine for the place where I thought of sending them. They ought to be printed and bound in heaven. They are there.

For about Rhodes:- Let
it be soon:-
Of course the scholarships do
not begin until 1928 — Autumn
I infer.

No envelope Undated letter from Zona Gale to Henry Chester Tacy

(4)

All day yesterday I wondered if it would be too much to ask Miriam Tacy to bring some music, when she comes, for the new organ? Will you ask her, since it is so much to ask — whether she will do this? For my great happiness here who shall hear her play.

In ~~that~~ case, if a week from Saturday is better for this, shall our engagement for then come then? But if this Saturday be possible so much the better for the climb and the rest, with the music on Sunday. Or come Friday night for the rest, so that Miss Tacy may ~~come~~ Sunday — and is lover and knower of music- can hear. — If however the music-day be just joined for a week, will you come this Saturday just the same, at my hour

Rich suits you. I have in mind that you should come on the remaining three Saturdays that we are here. We have a reservation for return on April 11.

There should I think be more to go to the publisher - several more. Suppose you bring them all back when you come - all the lovely "Waifs"; Cora and all, and we will decide. I am sure that the cumulative impression of several of them, varied as they are, is well for the book - appearing motif.

To-day we shall, as we now plan, lunch the sea, at Rich Beach.

Love Giles

Wednesday 7:30 A.M.

No envelope Undated letter from Zona Gale to Henry Chester Tracy

(5)

"Six Half Sonds", dear friend, to enclose this bit. Suttons have sent it to me for the little article - and I cannot make money out of you - or of any of my friends. So please add this to

started off on to you. Thanks
you very much for
my copy of your book, in
which I shall now plunge
and be submerged, to a
more silvery medium.

The greatest Yale
Review — and the November
Century have things that
I shall want you to see —
ah, I remember now that
both are in my basket! In

the English as Experience
proofs. Such as the scraps is.

My copy of the basket
came Tuesday, just as I
was leaving for Chicago. In
the same hour, came my
copies of my new books,
from Knopf. So I put a
copy in the Dutton basket
which had given some
things from New York, and

are kind and more than that about Borgia. A recent Harper's had "Italy-town in the Eighties" — that too is in the book. I wish you would send — if there is time — your chapters serially just.

Last and most, the little packet of pages that came. They are not yet mine to read — I am hoping for a day within a day, and sooner than that.

F. G.

Mrs. Rosenthal
1 Audubon Street
Rochester
New York

SANTY

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

Illustrated by the Author

SANTY

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON
Illustrated by the Author

Christmas greetings and remembrances — and thanks for the gift of having met you.

Ira Dale

Christmas — 1913

Published by
FRANCES L. LESTER
The Laurel Shop
1151 E. 55th Street
Chicago

From
APPLETON'S MAGAZINE
Reprinted by Permission
Copyright 1907, by D. Appleton & Company

SANTY

WHY, land's sake, child, of course they is. I reckon I've saw him nigh onto a hundred times myself—and he'll be here drecktly, too. He's jest a whoopin' down across them icebergs on his way here, licketty split, an' you betchy he'll be here on time, too. Never knowed him to fail yit, an' I reckon they ain't nobody's had more ex-per-ience in these matters than me. No, course you ain't saw him yourself, but you got a *purr-r-ty* fair idee how he looks, now hain't you? Sure! I knowed you had. Why, I ree-collect jest as well's 'twas yestiddy the first time I see him. Let's see, what year was that? Um-m. Brother Jim was born in—well, if I hain't clean forgotten. Well, well, well, 'pears like my mem'ry's kind o' failin' me on little things like that, but when it comes to Santy Claus—you betchy I don't forgit anything about him.

I kin dee-scribe old Santy with my eyes shet. Tall? No, not exactly tall.

Kind of a little squatty roly-poly feller, if I remember right, with the funniest little eyes you ever see. Reg'lar little weasel eyes, but so full o' fun that they jest plum brim over and spill out on his cheeks. Not what you'd call a real handsome man—but, oh, powerful good-natured. Jest do anythin' fer you if he takes a shine to you. If you're real good an'——

How? How do I know he's comin'? Well, well, well, jest listen to the child. *How do I know?* Why bless ye, I know the signs as well as I know beans. You know how a new Noey's Ark smells, don't ye? Well, that's one of the signs. Whenever you go down to the store and ketch a whiff o' new Noey's Arks, you c'n make up your mind that Old Santy's powerful imminent. And another thing, too, along in the late fall when th' year's gettin' kinda old an' decrepid like, jest hobblin' along to'rd December, you c'n jest taste the Santy Claus feelin' in th' air. Why, goodness me, it's jest as plain as spring fever is along in April. You know what spring fever is, don't ye? No? Well, well, what in th' world do they learn ye in school nowadays? That

was one of th' first things I learnt at school. Well, anyway, spring fever is a kinda lazy feelin' that comes along 'ith th' first warm days. You don't know *exactly* what ails ye, but you don't want to work, and jest want to mosey around wishin' fer somethin' you don't know what. Very curious feelin'—that spring fever. Well, this yere Santy Claus feelin' I was tellin' you about—it's a good deal like spring fever, only different. It comes along with the first snow. You feel full o' ginger, 'i jiminy. You want to crack yer heels together an' get up an' whoop. Th' old Northwind comes tearin' around th' corner o' th' house an' pinches yer cheeks till they look like a ripe tomayter. He's jest tryin' to remind ye that Santy's comin'. You see, he's a sort of a *ad*-vance agent, so to speak. Santy sends him down to tell folks to git ready. An' the trees, too, they take off their clothes and

wave their ga'nt arms as a kind o' signal. Always 'peared strange t' me that the trees take off their clothes in winter when it's turrible cold and put 'em on in the summer when it's so warm. I've thought about that a heap, but I never quite got it figgered out. I'm goin' to start on it again next week. How? Oh, to be sure, I'll tell you.

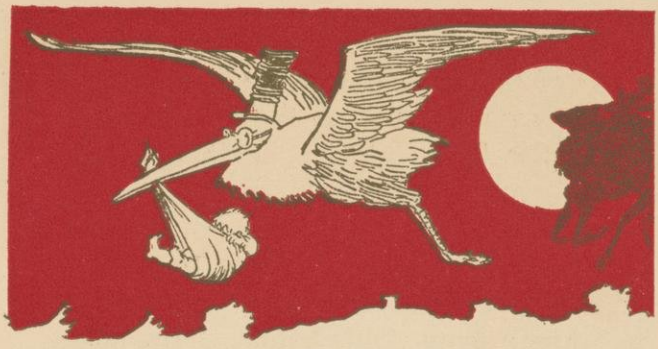
Well, as I was a sayin', Old Santy sends this yere advance agent down to notify people. Then, purty soon, he follers him up with another one—old Mr. December First. Along he comes to politely hint about Santy, and then old Mr. December Tenth, he speaks to you mighty plain. "You better begin gettin' ready," sez he, and off he goes, an' along comes a whole bunch of 'em, each gettin' more an' more ex-asperated. I tell ye the excitement is jest about near the bustin' point by the twenty-fourth of December. If Chris'mas had came two days later the strain would be too much. Old Nature would jest throw up both hands an' call in th' doctor. But you see they figgered 'n this, so Chris'mas comes two days earlier than

it would if it came two days later an' so ever'body manages to live through it safely. Talk about excitement! Why the buzz o' childern talkin' an' the thumpin' of little hearts on the night afore Chris'mas is enough t' plum drown'd out the sound o' sleigh-bells, to say nothin' o' th' crunch o' fur boots on the housetops.

I tell ye, folks begin to hurry 'round like all git-out, jest afore Christmas. But nobody gits mad. They all git more good-natured right along. Kinda funny about Santy that way. Whenever I feel Santy a comin' I begin t' feel a heap better man than at any other time o' th' year. 'Pears like a big revival meetin' was goin' on in me. All the good in me wakes up and I feel sort a friendly to'rds ever'body and ever'thin', regardless. That's the nice

thing about Old Santy. He makes you fergit your little worries and yer orn-ryness. You fergit your own self an' begin to think about other folks and how to make 'em happy. A kind a warm feelin' seems to squeeze all through you an' you feel heaps better fer it.

Old Mr. Grouch—What! never heard o' him? Well, he's a cantankerous old party that's always hangin' around makin' folks disagreeable. Him an' Santy's bitter enemies—have been for a thousand years, I reckon. You betchy, when Santy comes along th' first thing he does is to chase old Mr. Grouch away, an' the old man keeps away as long as Santy's around the neighborhood, I tell ye. Santy's what they call a *an-ti-dote*, as the feller sez. How? Why don't Santy stay all th' time? Well, you see the fact is, Santy's got a heap o' office work to do up at his shop. He



has to keep the Book. He has t' put all th' names of the childern in a great big book, and that keeps him purty busy most all year. Ever' new baby has to be put in that book of his'n. He keeps gittin' reports all th' time—ever' day—ever' minute, almost. You see, the Stork tells him.

Yep, the Stork's another advance agent. I reckon he's the principal advance agent because he is a couple of years older'n Santy himself. I can't exactly explain it, but you can work it out by 'rithmetic some day when you git older. Jest add an' subtract an' then you have th' answer, slick as a whistle. Well, anyway, this Stork keeps track of all th' new babies an' he hustles back an' ree-ports to Santy—a *ver-bay-tim* ree-port, I reckon—not jest an ever'day kind o' ree-port. He notifies him about another stockin' to be loaded up with goodies, an' Santy puts it all down in his Book. Once in a while,

pore feller, he has t' scratch a little tad's name 'cause his mother has folded up the little stockin' an' laid it keerfully away in a trunk.

Then they hain't no use fer Santy to call there no more. Pore little tad's flew away again back to Never-Never Land. That's what they call the place the fairies live, you know. Lots o' wonderful people there—Sinbad th' Sailor, Jack an' the Beanstalk, Little Jack Horner—they all live there. My little gran'son, pore little boy—he's jest gone there, an' his mother's folded up his little stockin' an' laid it away. .... High ho, where was I? Oh, yes, Santy Claus! Well, he's a little roly poly—what? Sure enough, I deescribed that, didn't I? How old? Let's see, I used to know—almost to a day. I reckon about a thousan' years, more or less. I first heerd o' him when I was 'bout three years old—that makes him at least sixty-nine years old. You heerd of him when you was three, an' you're six now. That's three years more, so atween us two he's seventy-two years at least. Your brother heerd o' him when he was three, an' he's ten now. So there's

seven years more. It's kinda hard to calcalate, offhand. You see, you got to 'low fer th' difference in time, as th' feller said. F'r instance, when it's ten o'clock out there in Chiny, it's yistiddy or to-morrow here.

All them things has got to be took in consideration when you figger out how old Santy is. I reckon I'm safe in sayin' he's purty well past middle age anyhow, ef the truth be known. But the funny part is he's got a heart like a little child, jest as young an' happy as a chipmunk. He's more fun'n box o' monkeys. He al'ays dresses in red clothes with a little red cap all trimmed with white wool. I reckon this wool was gathered by childern friends of his'n. Wool gatherers. Hi' jiminy, that's funny. I never thought o' *that* before.

Well, as I was sayin', Old Santy is a pretty busy man, in season an' out.

You might think that President Roos-velt was busy, but he hain't a patch alongside o' Santy. Why, I reckon he has to keep tab on nearly a hundred million thousand childern, from one end of Chris'endom to the other. An' he has to take presents to all of them. Now, f'r instance, sposin' they was five hundred million thousand childern, an' sposin' each one of 'em lived a mile apart, there you have five hundred thousand million miles, all to be covered in one night. That's a right smart chore, I tell you what—a pretty big ja'nt, when you figger delays an' sech. So he ap'pints assistants—deppity Santys, so to speak, two or three to ever' fam'ly. These here deppity Santys do all th' work an' give Santy all th' credit, so's to cause no ill feelin'. These deppities keep track of all th' different childern. Ever' time a little

tad wishes f'r anything one o' these deppity Santys makes a memorandum of it an' goes out an' gets it. F'r instance,

ef a little kid, one of these little Storkites, mumbles somethin' or other, the lady deppity Santy translates it to mean "doll," or somethin' o' that sort. Sometimes a little kid sez he wants a pony or a train o' cars, an' if the house is very small th' lady deppity has t' translate it to mean "rubber ball" or some little jimcrack o' that sort.

You c'n see these deppity Santys downtown ever' day in December, hustlin' around like a chicken with its head off, totin' bundles and spendin' money to beat th' Old Harry. Yer ma's a deppity Santy. So's yer pa. I used t' be but I hain't been workin' much o' late years. Reckon I ain't

spry enough t' tackle them big stores an' the crowds o' folks. Kinda stiff in my j'ints an' my eyes seem to be goin' back on me. One o' these days I reckon I'll be startin' off to Never-Never Land, child. Take you? Why, bless your little heart, no! You want to stay here a long time with yer pa and ma, 'cause you ain't ready to go yet an' I am—an' you can't go till they call ye, you know. . . .

Course I can't vouch fer any o' these things I've been tellin' you 'bout Santy. Like as not they ain't true at all. Sometimes I jest say these things fer fun, you know. If they ain't true they don't count ag'in me, bein' jest in fun, you know.

Oh, yes, the toys. Well, old Santy has a wonderful workshop, leastways *they* say he has. I read it in a picture book. Well, anyway, *they* say that this here shop is quite wonderful—has three doors, one for Santy to go in, and one for him to come out so's to avoid runnin' into himself, and one t' keep burglars out. Kinda funny arrangement, ain't it? He's got a hired man t' make th' toys. This party makes all the toys an' hangs 'em out

on the Ar'tic Circle to dry, an' along comes old Mr. Northwind and dries 'em. When they are all ready fer delivery, Santy hists 'em on his back an' goes kitin' away in his sleigh to fill up these stockin's I was speakin' of. Lots o' little detectives set up an' try to ketch him when he comes along, but none of 'em ever succeed. He's too sharp fer 'em. You see he sends along old Mr. Sand Man, who puts 'em all to sleep jest afore he comes, so he never gets ketched. Sometimes he can't get into a house on account of the Wolf. Lots of little houses have wolves at the door—not t' keep people away, but wolves that want to get inside, t' eat up everybody inside. Sometimes Santy gets scared away by a

wolf, and the little stockin's inside don't get anything in 'em....

Well, land's sake, four o'clock! Who'd a thought it was so late? Run along now, child, an'—don't tell your ma what I've been tellin' you. Get her t' tell you about th' little Chris'-mas Boy that lived a long time ago. That's a beautiful story fer you to hear, lots nicer'n th' Santy story. You get her t' tell it to you.

Mrs. Rosenthal

1 Audubon Street

Rochester

New York

(3)

Remembrance

In the garden of my heart there grows
A place called "Memory's Plot;"
It is sweet and fair with blossoms
Of the dear forget-me-not.

With a hundred little blue eyes
Gazing ever into mine,
You may know, dear friend, though distant,
That my thoughts are often thine.

J. L. A.

Happy New Year — and peace
to us all. Donald Sale

(4)

My dear: -

My photograph is not a real one present ever - and so does not necessarily reach you on Christmas day. But it will so with these, many to take

You & love and Regret for the
holiday time and for the new
years. — Whenever I think of you,
which is often, it is always with a
face bright — so Glad I send you
blessing, but I also take blessing
from the memories of my Lord in
your room. Affectionately Yours Lora Gale
December 22 — 19

Mrs. Fanny Rosenthal
1 Audubon Street
Rochester New York

(7)

Dec 22, 1925

Dear Friend, this is to send
You loving wishes for a
great deal of happiness in
Your Christmas and in your
new year. - In my window
is a poinsettia with three
flowers - and yesterday in our
little river bank appeared
a cardinal - a Kentucky

by the cold from the north, and lies on the box-alder seeds on the lawn - once mother counted ninety-six there, at one time.-

What wonder Laura is loving Carcassonne! So there really is such a place. Had you ever quite believed in it before?-

By writing to all your family - by love and frequent thought to you. Once you said that you wished you knew when I had magazine

cardinal - which just matched it. It was wonderful to have it come in time for Christmas, and be the color of a holly berry. They like to stay along this Wisconsin river a late - and for three winters we have had one. Very likely two, but she is so modestly cracked!- This cuts the evening grosbeaks how few here - are here now - four pairs, green and yellow like parrots. They are driven down

things about. I'll skip in that information now - but I bind you to fail no need of 'thanks' or comment! - Thus - January Yale Review. January Century. January Romans Home Companion. December Bookman, Ladies Home and Good Housekeeping - I were at West Point they would make me rise and read that aloud, three times, at mess! - You see why I'm not at West Point!

Affectionately Yours Ina Gale

This letter was written the year Mrs. Rosenthal's son had died (Dr. Samuel Rosenthal died in August 1926 - aged 46 - having come thro' the war, as surgeon at the front lines in France - he succumbed following an operation in N.Y.)

PORTAGE DEC 22 6 PM 1926 WIS.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE 2 CENTS 2

Mrs. Fanny Rosenthal

1 - Audubon Street

Rochester

New York

1926
MERRY CHRISTMAS

(baba)

My dear friend - this is a clasp of my hand on your hand for this holiday time, and for all the time. I know the special poignancy of this time for you - and I want to be with you. Laura has written to me - and I wish that there

here in language, or in symbol of
any sort, something that one
might say. Since there is not this,
there must be more - let us draw
upon this more to know that is
in our hearts.

One thing is clear; that the
Christmas time has a significance
beyond anything that we know or
dream. That this time merely
shadows forth the some timeless
nearness of spirit to us, and
that in that nearness those Rose
state is there - a little there - do
literally bid us drawing near to
them. This is true in innumerable
ways - it seems merely a matter
of extending the direction, of the
dimension, to be full in this
presence. I am sure that love
is the measure, is the technique,

is the fulfilling of the law indeed —
the law which seems to separate
and yet may make us one indeed
with those whom we love.

I said to Jnanendra Saha, there in
Rochester: "Are we not one with
them? Are the "dead" not we?" And
he said: "Precisely. The dewdrop
does not slip into the ocean. But
the ocean enters the dewdrop."

That I think holds something
which grows as the thinker
is off - and which sometimes
seems very clear, and
sometimes not so clear.
But at this season there is
something enchanted,
something charged in the
time - and I think that
why. Our lack of knowledge
prevents us from being able to
look and touch, in an inner

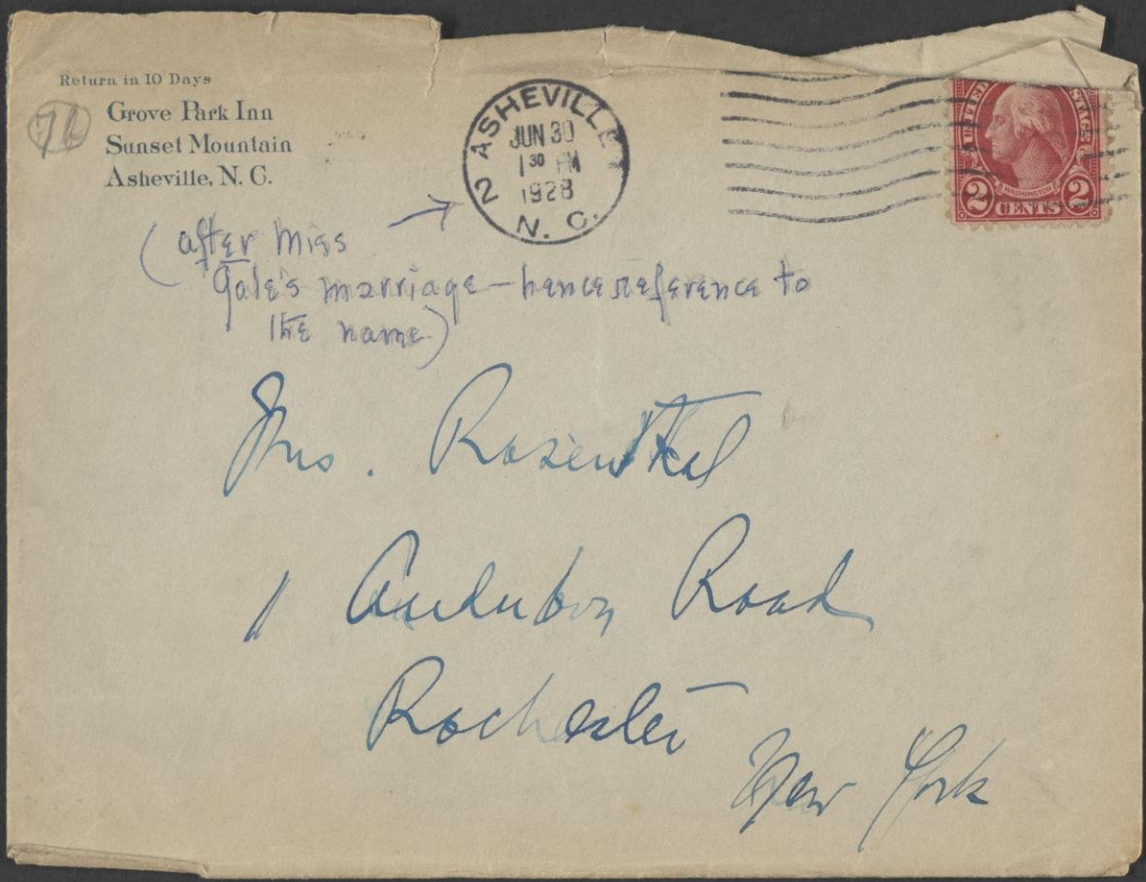
boy - that Uncle is really incredibly close at hand. - In dream we come near too - for there are many different modes of dream, and some of them are a door into another kind of awareness, surely.

I think of you very often - I hold you in my thought in your essential power and freedom - and always with love.

Affectionately yours,

Mrs Sale

Portage, Wisconsin
December 21 - 1926.


Return in 10 Days

Grove Park Inn
Sunset Mountain
Asheville, N. C.

ASHEVILLE
JUN 30
1 30 PM
1928
N. C.

UNITED STATES
WASHINGTON
2 CENTS

(after Miss Gale's marriage—hence reference to the name)

Mrs. Rosenthal
1 Audubon Road
Rochester
New York

Grove Park Inn, Asheville, N. C.
Finest Resort Hotel in the World
Absolutely Fireproof
Open all the Year

(Tab)

Dear Mrs. Rosenthal:-

Your charming word of greeting, by that dear daughter's hand, reached me in this lovely place — of mountains green and blue. I appreciate and love this word from

KETTERLINUS, PHILADA.

you. I know I do often think. —

I wonder if you ever knew Asheville? I did not. We motored here from Wisconsin — a beautiful drive — and on Wednesday we go on, in the same fashion, to Virginia — all unknown to me too. I am enclosing some post cards of these surroundings — but no picture says to read God concerning them.

I have not heard from Laura in a long time — is she never coming home? —

And if you have not read Thorn Wilder's Cabala, you will love that. (Did you love Mr. Fortune's

Maggot, "Some months ago." Lo
delicious a conceit – literally delicious,
literally conceit.)

Born to you both, and every
happy remembrance.

Affectionately yours
Ina Gale

The name doesn't change – love them?
Horror Re "new one sometimes."

(8)

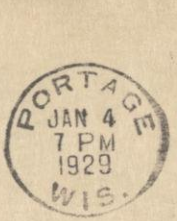
NEW YORK

Dear Mrs. Rosenthal! -

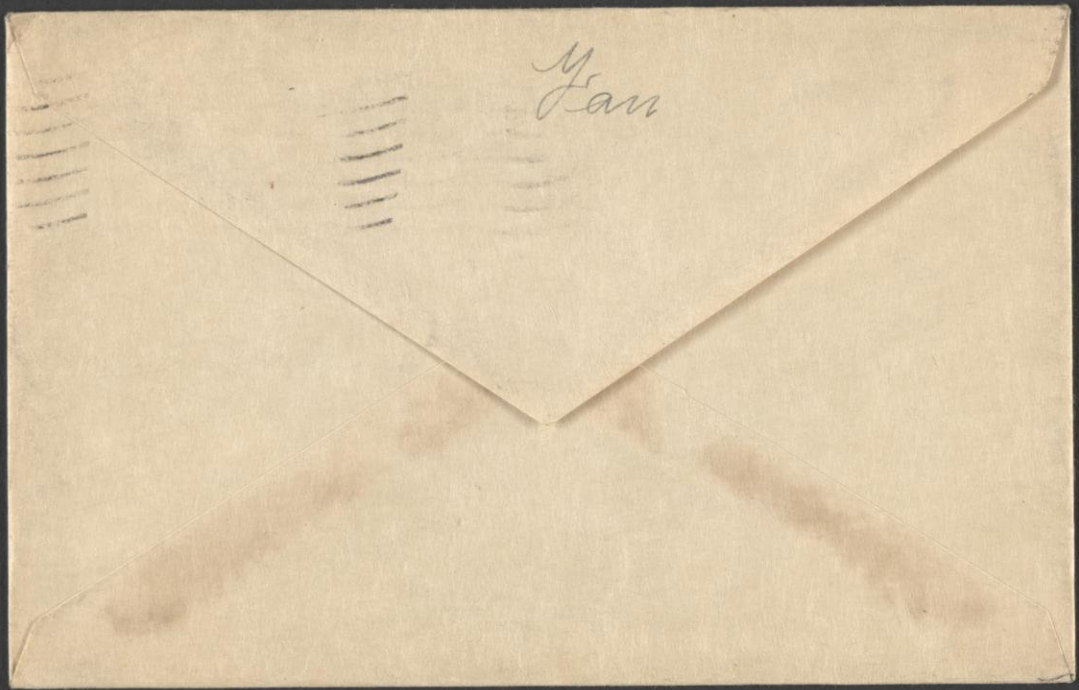
Thank you, dear friend,
for the Christmas greeting and
the new year wish. I hope
that your day is filled with
good things - how nice to
hope for a certainty! -
We are looking forward to Laura's

arrival on Monday, and then
the returns I wish that
could come up with her into
your snug and cozy room
and tuck it over with you.
Please know how often my
thoughts go there, and always
with warm appreciation, and
with love.

With affectionate greetings and
best wishes to you and your
family, I am Faithfully Yours.
Christmas night! Ina Gale



Mrs. Fannie Rosenthal
1 Audubon Road
Rochester New York



(9a b)

My dear friend, This year I stayed so long in New York - some five weeks - shortly before Christmas, that I sent out no cards, and only my thought and loving greeting went to my across the snow - such snow as there was!

not understand. I look—
and some of them from
those whom you know, or
who are near to you — some
charming cards. And a
few of the most charming
I am putting in a large
envelope and mailing it
to you to look at if you
care to do so. Some very
these, which I have selected
for some reason, some

your lovely card to me
is a joy — an exquisite
Christmas gift — and I thank
you for it, with my love.

I feel sure that
Christmas cards seem to
you as living and as
personal presences as they
do to me. And for that
reason I am doing some=
thing which another might

Specially living Quality. I believe will not fire you.

In any case. They carry to you my loving wishes for this new year, and to your daughter my warm greeting.

Respectfully yours

Jane Addams

Portage, Wisconsin
January 3, 1929.

(9b)

Keep these 100 Corp as
they interest you — if
they do. — These clips
were in a box with
rubber bands — and
the rubber has
"factored" the metal —
as you'll feel. F.S.

(10)

My dear: -

One of the many times
in which thought of you
is in the air for me is
at Christmas time - and
then that thought breaks
into a little frothy cream,
like this. If only it
might catch all the
rainbows in the ripples
and send you those!

And for me the Jane Morris is
returns a pleasant room, full of bright
faces & which yours is the brightest,
and pink pillows and pretty things —
not forgetting a closet which yields
up delectable sugars and spiced
fruits. What a memory your room
is — is it that wonderful, to have
made it, for grown up as for child,
as center of lovely energy — as
less. The old and "sick-room"
has to disappear and instead
some pleasant park of either
electro-magnetic or spiritual energy
— are they the same? — takes its
place? How you see that
Tesla says we shall certainly see
the people shortly when we hear
by radio? The other night here?
heard Alex Bell in Schenectady
and the announcer sent greeting
to me when he said they hoped
we were listening in. (My friends here had
told them I would be doing so). And

it made everything seem just an inch from one's nose - if only one had the wit to look and know - or perhaps it is to remember.

My love to you and to your family -, and the happiest omens for you from everywhere.

Affectionately yours

Rose Gale

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.
300 Fourth Ave.,
New York

WEEKLY B

A NEW W. H. HUDSON IS HENRY TRACY, SAYS ZONA GALE

"Towards the Open" and "English as Experience" She Regards as "Most Significant of Modern Books"

By ZONA GALE

ENGLISH AS EXPERIENCE

is Henry Chester Tracy's new book. Mr. Tracy is the author also of "Towards the Open," and "The Shadow Eros," both published last year. The present sketch by Zona Gale is taken from her brilliant biographical article. Copies furnished on request.

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

If it were known that one could look out from a routine world, with its mechanized attitudes and reactions, into "the open," upon the essence of person, thing, event, no one would fail of the privilege. For a flash of time that is the experience —or the illusion! — which Professor Henry Chester Tracy brings to his readers. And because of his blend of sound biology in both standardized and experimental schools, and because of an artistic perception and expression well beyond that of most scientific men, he is called one of the greatest revealers of life. I should call him also one of its great entertainers.

For what else is there to write about or to talk about than the wild, the standardized, the free, the bound plight in which we find ourselves, toward the year 2000? And when, in the welter of the hackneyed in which man lives his days, one arises and lays magnifying glasses over man, and invites man to look at his personality, his place and his path, and this with humor and with beauty, why then, there is a man whom mankind needs to read!

Such a writer, for me, is Henry Chester Tracy. His "Towards the Open," and "English as Experience" I regard as among the most significant of modern books. If he knows life and its meaning as well as he knows English and its adventure, we shall do well indeed to follow him.

* * *

The "straight facts" of his unusual history are these:

He is the second son of Charles Chapin Tracy, of East Smithfield, Pennsylvania, and Myra Park Tracy, of Athens, of the same county in Pennsylvania (Bradford), born August, 1876. The Tracys were pioneers and hewed their own home in Penn's Woods; were of the Norwich, Connecticut, branch, from English stock, the Parks of Huguenot descent.

* * *

At two he was taken from a Susquehanna side home and spent all of childhood in Marsovan, Turkey, where C. Tracy taught in a seminary which he afterwards developed as a college, becoming its architect and president, building it up with conspicuous success till the cataclysm of 1914, when it passed into the hands of the Turks.

At twelve, homeward bound, Henry Tracy wintered in Switzerland, toured Greece, Italy, England and Scotland with his parents and returned to Pennsylvania, to a private school for a year; then to Ohio, where he was established in the Oberlin (preparatory) Academy, while his parents returned to the Near East.

After graduation from Oberlin (Academy and College) he was employed there as a teacher for two years. He resigned and adventured for three years in the west: was principal of a high school at Verna, Utah; homesteaded there; cut trails in Glacier Park for the Great Northern Railway; kept bees in Idaho; was married there to Miriam Lee. He wrote to Berkeley, California, asking for a position as assistant in Zoology; received the position; studied also for his M.A. degree and received it the following year (1911).

* * *

While in Berkeley, on leave, he taught for a time in the Williams Institute, the subject of English, seeking an opportunity to try out experimental ways. During the later months of the Berkeley period he was invited by a Junior Supervisor of the University High School to demonstrate methods of interesting English classes in the sight and sound values of words. He determined, as a result of eighteen months of observation, to write something on English as a human experience. He found it needful, as a preliminary, to present a view of English differing from the commoner one, attempting a more vital approach. This expanded to the volume ENGLISH AS EXPERIENCE, which became in itself a manual of aesthetic such as a normally alert reader would wish to use as a guide to *active appreciation*, and not passive submission to a tradition of literary values handed down by experts. While reviewing, for this book, the literature of impression, he saw the need of a volume for the treatment of this new and special form of literature, and laid plans for it. AMERICAN NATURISTS will be a future book.

* * *

The story of his reaction to the formalism of present day education is told in "Towards the Open"—told with detachment sometimes, but with a kind of celestial zest always.

In varied ways he had tasted life: He had found birds, as an emotion, and had written of them. He had come to love and to know music, to paint, startingly well in water colors and oils. Above all, to write as, to my mind, no one but Hudson writes—exquisite English, not only interpreting the essence of all that he touches but taking the reader to the very plane of the beauty which he interprets. And whether it is biology or English, man or education, everything that he touches yields up beauty. In a day when the sordid is modish, Mr. Tracy writes about beauty with imaginative delicacy and without a trace of sentimentality. He believes in beauty.

"Civilization," he says simply, "began when things *began to be more beautiful than they need to be.*"

Such a man, writing about man as an organism, writing about the quest of "significant persons," or writing about English as literal experience, to be participated in, like life—such a man brings to everything that he touches a vitality that is electric. His books haunt one.

* * *

It is no wonder that Julian Huxley says in his appreciative introduction to "Towards the Open:"

"His book should be reassuring to those who think that the inevitable breakdown of the old systems of thought and belief must bring chaos and degradation."

And that William Allen White writes of it:

"As the centuries roll on, the truth that makes men free will come out of books like this."

But then there is the whole area of Mr. Tracy's sketches and snatches written in a mood to evoke pure beauty, and with a power of English to make the evocation both power and process. In "Shadow Eros" there is again proved Mr. Tracy's power of writing rhythmic prose in words long-used but now first employed as he employs them.

"An intimate light was upon them all, and upon the wide hollow of the ravine; not like the white whip of Day that drives through the busy hours, but diffused and softened. They breathed. He awoke near a needle-drape of pine . . ."

It might be absurd to call another man by another name than his own, but it is not absurd to call Henry Chester Tracy a new W. H. Hudson. A Hudson who to the biologist and to the student of English alike, speaks his own language. A Hudson who speaks and writes in some exquisite vernacular which every lover of beauty and of life understands and remembers.

His four books are varied, lit with many lights, as if the poet, the biologist, the educator of tomorrow and the lover of English wrote in one, together with the soul of the east—the Armenian, the Turk, the Kurd . . .

His first book, "An Island in Time," reflected the impression of the Armenian upland and its people in an unspoiled state, and in a serenity of old culture as he knew it, idealized only as such a thing must be, to be grasped as a spiritual whole.

His second, "Towards the Open" reflected his life-conflict with the stereotyping influence in schools, and was the protest of his entire spirit and mind against that dead hand on children's souls, and on populations, and on the life of adults —for he saw it all as one system of conformity and conventionalism in social life.

His third, "The Shadow Eros," grew out of exhaustion and self-spending; was a return to nature as to an allegorical Second World, in which the lost spirit of an early nature-love may live again, and a pre-erotic beauty be adored.

His fourth, "English as Experience," comes of another love, long latent but grown conscious through its own need to find words. For if the nature-world was one large continent of impression in his life, the word-world was another. But this last included other word-powers than those of symbol and image. It included sound, sense and something of the air of the *numinous*, which had come to him through the hearing of English read aloud.

To those who know him best, he bears the signs of the great and the simple— the reticence, the shyness, the precise knowledge of his subject withheld until it is asked for, then the quiet certainty; and withal the gentleness. The mother of a pupil in his biology class in a Los Angeles high school told me that her daughter counted her time from that class to that class. In the Williams Institute in Berkeley, where he taught for a time, the annual of his first year there bears this inscription: "To Henry Chester Tracy: He led us into paths of the imagination . . ." laurel enough for any man. From the office of The Adelphi in London, its editor, John Middleton Murry, Katherine Mansfield's husband, writes in effect to Mr. Tracy, his frequent contributor of poignant prose, that he is, in appreciation, American audience enough. Anne Douglas Sedgwick, who knows him well, writes of his power to make the English language new. Robert Nichols finds in him one of the American minds whom the rest of the race ought to pension to express itself. And the experimental education groups, the progressive educationists of this country, welcome Mr. Tracy as one who regards the experimental as the norm of human endeavor, who offers a program at once socialized, spiritualized and practical, and who writes with the detachment of an auditor, the evangelical fire of a seer and with the artist's approach.

The Gale Home

POST CARD

NOKO NOKO NOKO NOKO
PLACE STAMP HERE
NOKO NOKO NOKO NOKO

Dear Friends,

Your letters have been gifts. As expressions of sorrow and sympathy, they have been companions. But also such letters do actually join with other forces of strength from unknown sources of energy. It is the inflow of that energy which variously sustains us now: In a new awareness of life and love which is, so strangely, love's gift through death. In the knowledge that wifehood and motherhood, as we know them now, are correspondences to some profound spiritual order, but faintly felt on earth. And then in the unsuspected knowledge that as God is love, and as life is love, so death is literally love. Thus the wonder of being is clarified by her again,

as she has always clarified it for us; and she is still under some divine provision to minister to us as she has always ministered.

You who know how she laid hold on the strength of love and how dynamic was her sense of righteousness, will know how that long consonance of hers deepens to us her reality now. Her intuition, her humor and her "merry tender knack" are seen to have been not merely her qualities but expressions of fundamental light and substance. Her name, Eliza Beers Gale, becomes a still deeper symbol of some mystery in which we share.

So do not think of us only as separated from her whom we love; but think of us as participating newly in her essence, permeated by her, identified with her and with those further projections of her whose dear semblance we so infinitely miss.

L. F. Gale
Eliza Gale

Portage, Wisconsin
August, 1923

Photograph published in the University of California at Santa Barbara yearbook.

Arthur Park Tracy presenting Mr. Henry Luce with a copy of "Unitive Spirituality" at a lecture in Campbell Hall, UCSB.

folder 13 5502552

SCOTT PETERSEN

AUTOGRAPHS, DOCUMENTS, RARE BOOKS, MAPS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND AMERICANA
P.O. BOX 384 • KENILWORTH, ILLINOIS 60043 • 847 251 4909 e-mail ScottWPetersen@cs.com

WISCONSIN HISTORY

ZONA GALE. Wisconsin author & poet. A nice collection of Gale's original letters. Includes the following:

ANS. A 3" x 5" card on which Zona Gale has penned a lengthy inscription to 10 year old George C. On the reverse she pens "Life is something . . . which we believe it to be." Signed in full. A mounting border on one side ow fine.

ANS which has been received by an editorial department "For Art's Sake - Zona Gale - Portage Wis. Will you please reply if this be not available?" VG

ALS. 2 pp. Oct. 15, 1933, to another author, Charles Gilbert, sending information on a literary agent andbook publishers. "It is. . usual. . to send to several publishers before you find the right one. Together with the original stamped envelope.

TLS. 1page. Nov. 15, 1933, to Mr. Gilbert re a book he has written which she is keenly interested in having published. ". . . I had no idea that one who has spent many years in other work should be able to turn out such sustained entertainment." Together with a TLS of her brother, Wm. Breese (President of the City Bank of Portage) dated Nov. 16, 1933, also praising his book *The Hero*. Along with the stamped envelope. 7 items. Condition is generally very good+. This is a nice archive of Gale letters. The lot

On this 6th day I congratulate
George Vincent Campbell, on being
at ten years of age, in the fifth
grade; and on the handwriting
in his signature; and give him
my hope that he may make some
degree of beauty for the world.

Life is something other than
that which we believe
it to be.

Zona Gale

25

G

"For Arts' Sake."
Jona Gale
Portage.
Wis.

Will you please reply if this
be not available?

251

Mr. Charles Gilbert

Care. Babcock and Shannon

Albany New York

Dear Mr. Gilbert:-

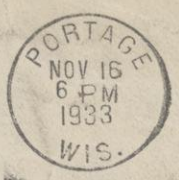
I am not, I hope, as utterly lacking as I seem - but you will have to forgive much if you can forgive my delay in replying to your question about a literary agent. I put your letter aside to give you some special information about publishers - then I went away for a while - and the information has never yet reached you.

Here it is: The agent whom I recommend is Miss F. M. Hally, 156 Fifth avenue, New York.

But why not yourself first send the mss. to Appleton – D. Appleton & Co. 35 West 32d st., New York – to Mr. Rutger Jewett. Or to E. P. Dutton Company, 5th avenue at West 54th st. – to Mr. John McCrea. Or to ~~Frederick~~ Stokes & Company – to Mr. Frederick Stokes – (New York) All these are good places to submit to, and you might try these before an agent. It is perfectual usual, I course you know to send to several publishers before you find the right one.

I wish you felt like sending us a copy of the mss. How much we should enjoy reading it. In best and greeting to you both! – Faithfully yours, Ina Gale Breese

Oct 15 – Interesting 1933 –



PORTAGE
NOV 16
6 PM
1933
WIS.

Mr. Charles N. Gilbert

668 Hudson Street

Albany, New York

Dear Mr. Gilbert:

The book came and I wish that I could tell you properly what pleasure we have had in it. It seems to me a delightful narrative, charmingly told. I can see no reason in the world why it should not have a publisher. I have wondered if you will let me send it somewhere. Did you try Appleton or Bobbs Merrill--? the latter at Indianapolis so keen about folk material? I should like so much to send it if you are willing.

Will is writing to you himself about it. I wish you knew how many times he has re-counted to friends the delicious bits in the book. I do congratulate you on it. Do you mind my confessing that I had no idea that one who has spent many years in other work should be able to turn out such sustained entertainment. I am eager to have a copy of it, and I am keeping your letter to make it an autographed edition when it is published!

With every good wish for the book and you I am

Faithfully yours,

published

Jim Gale Bruce

Portage, Wisconsin
November 15, 1933

The Old Book Store
17 So. Howard Street
Akron, Ohio

July 8, 1939 (postmark)

The Librarian
University of Wisconsin Library
Madison, Wis.

Dear Sir:

Zona Gale Material

You probably recall that you obtained from us recently a pretty early Zona Gale story in an obscure magazine--The Four O'Clock--1897. Glad you got it and I think you'll agree that our price was very reasonable. It must have been one of her very earliest things.

I have somemore Zona Gale for you, viz.:

The Smart Set-Vol. XI No 3. November 1903
Ballad of the Deep White Wood-3½ pages

Same- Vol. 18, No. 2 February 1906

The Interest--short story--pages 119 to 125 incl.

Same- Vol. 16, No.1 May 1905

The Motor Adventures of Lady Sybil -short story-
pages 101 to 113 inclusive.

Not having any biblography to consult, I naturally do not know whether or not these pieces were later published in book form, but they certainly antedate her first published book. You may have the Smart Set in bound volumes but even in that case I imagine you keep your Gale collection separate. I quote you for the three items----$2.00 post paid and believe them to be worth acquiring.

Thanking you for past courtesies, I am

Yours very truly

Jim Scott
The Old Book Store

P.S. Condition is good--a little dust-soiled

Mrs. Frank W. Stout
60 Sutton Place South
New York, N. Y. 10022

March 15, 1973

Library of the University of Wisconsin,
Madison, Wisconsin.

Dear Sirs:

I have several letters written by Zona Gale (roughly from 1913 to 1929) to my mother (who was an invalid - a Mrs. Joseph Rosenthal of Rochester N.Y.) Although rendered immobile by arthritis, our Mother retained immense spiritual vitality and interest in life, and Miss Gale sensed and expressed her appreciation of this in her letters.

At a dinner a few months ago I met Howard Teichmann and his wife, and during the evening, learned they were both graduates of Wisconsin. I told them of Miss Gale's letters, and of my desire to give them where they might be of interest to those who cherish remembrances of her. They urged me to offer them to your collection. I am writing to inquire whether the University would welcome them.

Aside from the letters I have a photograph of

Mrs. Frank W. Stout
60 Sutton Place South
New York, N. Y. 10022

Miss Gale, a little book of her poems (that she sent Mother in 1921) "The Secret Way", and the "New York Times" obituary with full details of her life and writings.

If you care for all or any of these, let me know, and I shall forward them at once.

Yours very truly,

Helen R. Stout

(Mrs. Frank Stout)

March 19, 1973

Mrs. Frank W. Stout
60 Sutton Place South
New York, New York 10022

Dear Mrs. Stout:

Thank you for your letter of March 15, which has just come to my desk. We should indeed appreciate receiving for the Library your mother's letters from Zona Gale as well as the other Gale materials you mention. It was kind of the Teichmanns to put in a good word for Wisconsin and the Memorial Library, and we are most grateful to them and especially to you for your thoughtfulness and generosity.

Sincerely yours,

Lloyd W. Griffin
Chief, Division of Reference Services

LWG/ht

March 19, 1973

Mrs. Frank W. Stone
90 Sutton Place South
New York, New York 10022

Dear Mrs. Stone:

Thank you for your letter of March 15, which has just come to my desk. We should indeed appreciate receiving for the history your mother's letters from Doha to as well as the other data pertaining to her mention. It was kind of the Cleanings to put in a good word for Wisconsin and the Memorial Library. And we are most grateful to them and especially to you for your thoughtfulness and generosity.

Sincerely yours,

Lloyd W. Griffin
Chief, Division of Reference Services

lwg/lrc

(1)

Mrs. Frank W. Stout
60 Sutton Place South
New York, N. Y. 10022

March 29, 1973

Mr. Lloyd W. Griffin,
Memorial Library, University of Wisconsin
728 State Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53706

Dear Mr. Griffin:

Herewith are the letters from Zona Gale written to my mother, Mrs. Joseph W. Rosenthal. I can't recall whether in my last letter I explained that my mother was completely invalided (by severe rheumatoid arthritis) but despite her inability to move was vibrant, and in touch with the many facets of life from which she seemed isolated. This explains, perhaps, Miss Gale's attachment to her, for although their meetings were few, the spiritual link was there.

I'm sending by other cover a book of Miss Gale's poems, which your Library doubtless has, but if so perhaps another copy may be useful. I've reached an age where I feel challenged to make sure

That things touching the arts aren't lost. This afternoon I went to the Metropolitan Art Museum with letters written by my husband in 1894-5-6 when he was a very young boy from Brooklyn transported to Paris to study art at the Academy Julian. I went hesitantly — and found that the Library there has a collection of letters by artists (of that period particularly) and also welcomed one from Gertrude Käsebier, the gifted photographer who was studying painting in Paris and was a great friend of my husbands. The Met had just held an exhibit "The Painters Photograph 1890-1914" including her work. So every drop counts, doesn't it — where talent is involved.

Yours sincerely —

Helen Stout

(Mrs. Frank Stout)

May 3, 1973

INVENTORY APPRAISAL

The library has received one inscribed and signed copy of a first edition of a book of poems by Zona Gale, plus a package of letters and clippings written by her or pertaining to Miss Gale and a photograph of her. The donor is Mrs. Frank Stout, who took this material from the estate of her mother to present it to our library. This gift has been acknowledged and is being added to the Zona Gale materials in the Rare Book Department. I have appraised this material for inventory purposes and arrived at a sum of $275.

Felix Pollak
Curator of Rare Books

fifty

Goudy sent us facsmilies of Zona Gale letters (kept in Zona Gale box) + of William Ellery Leonard letters (given to Archives)

ELIOT FITCH BARTLETT
261 HEATH'S BRIDGE ROAD
CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS 01742

July 9, 1973

Curator, Rare Books and Manuscripts
The Library
The Univdrsity of Wisconsin
Madison, Wiscsonsin 53706

Dear Sir:

In the Ruth Fitch Mason Collection at Vassar College are copies of poems Mother wrote while attending graduate school at Wisconsin, 1912 - 1914. Mother received her BA from Vassar in 1912 and her MA (Econ) from Wisconsin in 1914. Mother knew many of the Wisconsin poets attending graduate school or living in Madison during her years there. The most prominent poet, whose letters are in the Mason Collection, was William Ellery Leonard. But there are poems in holograph script by other poets. There are also a number of Zona Gale letters. (I have in my personal collection a letter Miss Gale wrote mother at the time of my birth in 1918). Many of Mother's POEMS written during her Wisconsin period, 1910 - 1923, were re-printed in the Milwaukee Journal and the Sentinel. A. Derleth's book on Wisconsin poets includes her verse.

Should you desire photocopies of Ruth FitchBartlett's poems (after her marriage to my father in 1917 she used his patronymic) the person to write to is

Frances Goudy, Librarian Special Collections
The Library, Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, New York 12601

Sincerely,
Eliot F. Bartlett

N.B. The Guidance Department at our High School has promised to write the University for a catologue, but would you please see that the Registrar sends a copy to The Concord Free Public Library, Concord, Ma. 01742 as the Reference Librarian has aked me to request this assistance. Many Concord Academy and Middlesex School students use the Concord Library, so who knows you may get some admissions. Ten members of my immediate family have Wisconsin degrees.

Rare Book Department

July 11, 1973

Mr. Eliot F. Bartlett
261 Heath's Bridge Road
Concord, Massachusetts 01742

Dear Mr. Bartlett,

I've asked our Registrar to send our present catalogues to the Concord Free Public Library, as you requested.

Thank you for your permission to let us obtain photocopies of your mother's poems and, we presume, correspondence and other materials in the Vassar College Library collection. Whenever we have money for photo-duplication of Wisconsin-related materials, we shall avail ourselves of your offer and contact Frances Goudy.

We do have a small Zona Gale collection here, consisting almost exclusively of original materials, and if you ever feel inclined to part with Miss Gale's letter to your mother, we would appreciate adding it to our holdings. Our Historical Society Library has a larger manuscript collection than we have, particularly Wisconsiniana, and you may want to get in touch with them regarding other materials you may have.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

Felix Pollak
Curator of Rare Books

FP/ad