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## Documents Online

**Title:** Leaving Europe for the United States by Allen Tanner

**Date:** Undated

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upon it" The passage was rough <sup>& stormy</sup> -  
the boat too small - Pavlik more  
violent & agitated than ever before -  
terrified as he always was - by the  
thought of "drowning in the Ocean" -  
(we once went on an excursion to the  
Isle of Porquerolles - a paradise <sup>off Southern</sup>  
with <sup>off</sup> white sand beaches & opalescent <sup>France</sup>  
waters - the whole island <sup>with</sup> forests of  
pines & cedars - in which thousands  
of locusts sang <sup>but</sup> when stranger - was  
agreeable - because of the tempering effect of  
the wind. But: coming home - we unfortunately  
decided to take a larger boat - and were  
soon embroiled in a tempest - on the  
Mediterranean - the likes of which I have  
never since seen. Our fragile little boat  
which was called "an orange-crate" -  
tumbled - cracked - rocked - and would  
suddenly plunge - nose downward - into  
a bottomless black abyssmal pit in  
the sea - at which moment the poor little  
thing would shudder - and split &  
crack - and Pavlik would collapse  
in hysterics upon a hatch-cover - where  
I endeavored to hold him with <sup>sheer</sup> brute  
strength alone - ~~and~~ Genia Berma -  
Charbannier - La Glenne + Bebe Berard  
were all hanging over the sides of the  
boat - vomiting their guts away. <sup>This</sup>  
went on for 4 1/2 hours - and when we  
arrived in <sup>at the rock</sup> <sup>only</sup> - everyone fell down  
kissing the earth out of gratitude for an  
unbelievable <sup>because</sup> <sup>it</sup> had been <sup>so</sup> <sup>fine</sup> <sup>ghostly</sup> - and  
I <sup>was</sup> <sup>also</sup> <sup>terrified</sup> by the thought of America  
which he imagined as hard - ruthless and























I could arrange another date - Pavlik told me he had gone <sup>to Italy</sup> with a friend whom he called Camilla - there he remained - for the good part of the winter. I was a bit mystified - but also <sup>inwardly</sup> disappointed.

The following summer - after we had gone to Guernsey I asked Pavlik to <sup>please</sup> bring him out - for a few days visit with us there - and was pleased when he said "Charles Heim" (for that was his name) had already expressed a desire to come.

I do not know if Pavlik knew of the desperate need for someone ~~to help~~ <sup>to help</sup> in the wall of our life ~~which we must have~~ <sup>which we must have</sup> seen that I was ~~amazed~~ <sup>amazed</sup> - ~~amazed~~ <sup>amazed</sup> - pleased at the prospect of finding ~~such~~ <sup>such</sup> a ~~wise~~ <sup>wise</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> ~~with whom I~~ <sup>with whom I</sup> could ~~rely~~ <sup>rely</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> the good old American ways.

~~Since~~ <sup>Since</sup> I had been so steeped - ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> the ~~Latin~~ <sup>Latin</sup> + Gallic ~~attitudes~~ <sup>attitudes</sup> toward life - and ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~used~~ <sup>used</sup> to what had been our former "national identity" - I had hoped ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~them~~ <sup>them</sup> - but they turned out to be ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> "expatriate" - and too many other things - that I have enumerated in previous notes).

~~But~~ <sup>But</sup> also I was glad that Pavlik who had had a series of sad human deceptions - ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> had shaken his beliefs - and frustrated him ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~search~~ <sup>search</sup> for someone in whom he might ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> interested - and who seemed to esteem him - ~~likewise~~ <sup>likewise</sup> - as well.

So Charles Heim came - and we met - on the

vertical text on the left margin: "I am not sure if I have mentioned this before" and other faint notes.

vertical text on the right margin: "I am not sure if I have mentioned this before" and other faint notes.







had hoped for - <sup>in my friendships with</sup> ~~with~~ Gertrude + Alice - but  
~~who - with ~~some~~ few exceptions - had long~~  
<sup>sm. / become</sup> ~~so~~ immersed in <sup>the</sup> expatriate point of view.  
Also I was glad that Pavlik - who had had  
several sad human deceptions - while I had  
known him - had found someone to be  
again vitally interested in - and who seemed  
to return this interest - in equal degree.  
So Charles Henry came - and we were  
introduced - on the kitchen steps - leading  
out into our garden. I had expected  
~~him~~ "extreme youth" - but found <sup>what had</sup> a youth <sup>ful</sup> ~~ful~~  
that looked already <sup>somewhat</sup> old. And I had never  
seen such long greenish-blue eyes - so widely  
open - so "dilated" and so translucent - for there  
was a curiously fixed gaze in them - a  
gaze which seemed immobilized - by the  
object upon which it rested - and which -  
for a moment - seemed to indicate some  
interior struggle to adjust - to the impact -  
of what was being seen. A certain apologetic  
something - in his manner - <sup>however</sup> (with even a  
brief suggestion of "hang-dog" - at intervals)  
disturbed me. And I also felt a strange  
lack of continuity in the stream of his attention  
which seemed alternately to disappear into anxious  
empty intermissions. I soon perceived - however -  
that this was a certain kind of shyness -  
<sup>almost</sup> to the point of awkwardness - <sup>but</sup> which contrasted  
surprisingly - nonetheless - with a kind of maiden-like  
seductiveness. All this - I thought - and promptly concluded  
is the conflict between "geography" - and  
personality. He had come from Mississippi -  
where the "geography" - I thought - is no doubt regional + restrictive  
and I noticed that his voice - which was  
rather thin and high in pitch - had the  
requisite drawl - to go with it.  
We took long walks - which gave me the  
opportunity of "scanning" his personality - and this  
I did - eagerly. I observed <sup>the particular</sup> kind of intelligence  
<sup>with pleasure</sup>



insert at ~~(P. 7)~~ (P. 7)

"Conflict between geography + personality"

I had been prepared for his youth - ~~and~~ I also surmised that he would be "post-lost generation" - and that he would have their intellectual toughness and cynicism. - ~~Also~~ that he would practice <sup>The</sup> emotional economy <sup>which</sup> they had <sup>learned</sup> ~~in~~ their literature. <sup>My</sup> conjectures proved to be accurate. ~~But~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>suggested</sup> astuteness I had hoped for - ~~that~~ <sup>indicated</sup> the power of <sup>good</sup> judgement. I felt I could ask his advice - which I intended to do - and that there would be good answers - if he <sup>would</sup> ~~maintain~~ <sup>impose</sup> the discipline of abstraction as ~~stringent~~ <sup>as</sup> upon his mind - as fervent as they <sup>had</sup> turned it upon reality. His sharp intelligence - immediately apparent gave encouragement on this score.

~~(P. 8)~~ <sup>(P. 8)</sup> insert "about this & that"

scanned his personality - I wanted to see how ~~likely~~ he would be to listen to my problem - ~~how~~ <sup>how</sup> ~~carefully~~ <sup>carefully</sup> and ~~perhaps~~ respectfully <sup>perhaps</sup> he would weigh them in his good mind - and ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> carefully ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~answer~~ <sup>answer</sup> them. For the most part I was gratified with his ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~response~~ <sup>response</sup>. ~~and~~ He thought our having taken <sup>Shana</sup> into our circle the principal ~~error~~ <sup>error</sup> - and the ~~crux~~ <sup>crux</sup> of our difficulties. But there ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> also a faint <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~words~~ <sup>words</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~background~~ <sup>background</sup> that our whole set-up was dubious - and he confirmed this when



to Pavlik

he remarked <sup>one day during</sup> <sup>one of</sup> our hikes that "our <sup>and our</sup> <sup>past</sup> <sup>flowers</sup> <sup>flowers</sup> were <sup>so</sup> beautiful than flowers any",

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
M. A. H. M.











and shrewd wisdom, <sup>which</sup> he seemed to have brought to <sup>an</sup> obligation <sup>towards</sup> self-discipline, <sup>and</sup> recognized the solemnity of emotion and sentiment <sup>and</sup> the tough pursuit of clarity - and reason - for the sake of <sup>a</sup> new rectitude - <sup>these</sup> devices constituent in the new credo of <sup>rejection and</sup> regeneration - <sup>the manifest to be the intellectual</sup> the post-lost generation <sup>of</sup> ~~intellectuals~~ <sup>intellectuals</sup>.

This - of course - indicated <sup>also</sup> the power and honesty of god judgement - and <sup>to me</sup> was gratifying. I felt I could - <sup>and</sup> I wanted to - ask his advice - ~~for~~ <sup>which</sup> - I believed - I might expect god answers. I did not <sup>yet</sup> know <sup>how</sup> willing he would be - to listen to - and to preoccupy himself with such problems - but I felt that in any case - he would surely respect them - and also, <sup>understand</sup> my childishly unhappy <sup>need to</sup> consult someone else - about them - ~~and to discuss~~.

After our <sup>evening</sup> promenade, we would return home - when he would play some of the latest Cole Porter + Gershwin records - which he had brought <sup>with him</sup> for us to hear. He was a jazz enthusiast - and not particularly interested in "classical" music - finding the preponderance of it - in our little record collection - <sup>travels with</sup> on the dull side.

I asked him to stop in my room - on his way to bed - in a room above mine - which I had decorated as charmingly as I could - for his visit - so that we could have an "unadulterated" "Yankee" bedtime "fabfest" - and really get to know each other in a more intimate way. This he graciously did <sup>informal</sup>.



(11)

resolves to do all I can to make you  
 happy - even happier still - and <sup>to show</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>many</sup> weeks  
 also, I am here - in London - for ~~8~~ <sup>many</sup> weeks  
 now - in a small studio - with terrible  
 light - painting the portrait of ~~Stand~~ <sup>Society</sup>  
~~Stand~~ <sup>people</sup> + her children - a very difficult  
 subject for me - since the essential is <sup>always</sup> to  
 paint "resemblance", I am certainly not  
 doing this for my own pleasure - since I  
 really should go off somewhere + rest -  
 as I have not stopped working now for  
 a very long time. London is dreadfully  
 hot - and I cannot go anywhere to the country -  
 I limp also very much - and we eat only  
 what we can prepare here in this studio -  
 with most primitive facilities. This sojourn  
 has cost me quite a sum - as I have not  
 been able to get about + see people - or even  
 put on a show - of Drawings. And Showa's  
 illness has been another moral shock.  
 I beg of you not to take the Studio you  
 said you had in mind. I do not sleep  
 nights - think up of you - knowing that you are  
 miserably sad. I am - and I shall remain -  
 always - your own faithful friend - and in the  
 same way - as always - can I say more?  
 We have been together 11 years - you + I have  
 gone through much together - one does not treat  
 such a relationship lightly - everything holds  
 it together - and I have not changed -  
 of course I read <sup>again</sup> <sup>your</sup> <sup>letter</sup> with great  
 sadness - and I <sup>again</sup> <sup>decided</sup> to do nothing at







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Conclus  
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longer without seeing me. So we made  
our plans - packed - and were seen off  
at the station by a crowd of friends &  
~~Edith~~ Edith wept ~~when~~ <sup>as</sup> she kissed us good  
bye <sup>and</sup> it was <sup>terrible</sup> sad- leaving her. We had  
booked passage on a small boat - in order  
to save as much money as possible - for  
New York.



## Conclusions

already had other plans—and had been looking around for a separate studio—for several weeks before last—as I could not face another winter of scenes and “scandals” with—and over—Shoura. However—he implored me to go saying he could not face NY—an Exhibition—the Critics—Julien Levy—America without my help—so I decided to go—above all since we were to go out to Chicago for his show at the Arts Club there—which would give me the opportunity of seeing my ailing mother again & the rest of my family—whom I hadn’t seen for many years. So—we made our plans & to save as much for NY as possible—we booked passage along with Mrs. Beulah Livingston—Helena Ruvenstein’s secretary—who was a good friend & who had helped greatly in his arrangements with M’me Ruvenstein—about her portrait—on a small German boat of the then well-known “Arnold Bernstein Line”—because it was reputed to be not only modest in price—but thoroughly satisfactory as well in every way—in fact one of the best boats available—at those rates—and with a splendid reputation at that moment. Imagine Mrs. Livingston’s consternation and that of her Jewish family—when the boat arrived in NY harbor—proudly flying the red flag with the Swastika emblazoned

upon it!! The passage was rough and stormy—the boat too small—Pavlik more violent & agitated than ever before—terrified as he always was—by the thought of “drowning in the ocean”—(we once went on an excursion to the Isle of Porquerolles—a paradise off Southern France with dry white sand beaches & opalescent waters—the whole island nothing but forests of pines & cedars—in which thousands of locusts sang but which strangely—was agreeable—because of the tempering effect of the wind. But: coming home—we unfortunately decided to take a [cater?] boat—and were soon embroiled in a tempest—on the Mediterranean—the likes of which I have never since seen. Our fragile little boat which was called “an orange-crate”—trembled—cracked—rocked—and would suddenly plunge—nose downward—into a bottomless black abysmal pit in the sea—at which moment the poor little thing would shudder—and split & crack—and Pavlik would collapse in hysterics upon a hatch-cover—where I endeavored to hold him with sheer brute strength alone—since Genia Berman—Charbonnier—LaGlenne & Bebe Berard were all hanging over the sides of the boat—vomiting their lives away. This went on for 4 ½ hours—and when we arrived at the dock in Toulon—everyone fell down kissing the earth out of gratitude for an unbelievable miracle—because it had been truly ghastly!)—and he was also terrified by the thought of America & which he imagined as hard—ruthless and



materialistic—to an impossible degree—terrified by his distrust of J. Levy (which afterwards— unfortunately—turned out to be all too true)—terrified by the prospect of his show—but above all of the always present terror of ultimate failure—without which I had never known him to be—and—to make it all more complicated—I fell quite ill with a bad case of bronchitis aboard ship—so there was sickness as well for him to be terrified of. However we did somehow arrive in NY—and settled down also for economy's sake—in rather large rooms—in a small hotel—The Latham—at 28<sup>th</sup> & Fifth Avenue—because we felt it was cheap—decent and “central.” Charles Henri--his sister Ruth & mother—Gertrude—were then living in a small apt in The Village—on Eighth St—and so we had our first Xmas in America with them. I became very fond of Ruth—who was gentle—kind and who had much “good spirit.” Also Gertrude—who enveloped us with kindness—advice & helpfulness. I went out lots with Ruth & this delighted Charles Henri making it possible for him to have Pavlik to himself—and take him around everywhere—showing him the delights of NY—and indoctrinating him with the idea of his settling permanently in there— Things at the Gallery—& The Show—went off as I have described in other notes—not at all satisfactorily. Barbara [Harrison?] loaned him a vacant floor—in the building at 5<sup>th</sup> & 34<sup>th</sup> which

she then owned—and where he set up a kind of studio. But all during these days—he was apprehensive—more nervous and agitated than usual ever—and worse still—began to show definite signs even of mental & emotional unbalance disturbance. He was—I am compelled to say—not too kind towards to me—but I nevertheless did what I could to help. We left for Chicago—end of January—& The Show at the Art Club—somewhat of a “succes d'estime”—was however complete failure—financially—we lived—again for economy—in a small residence hotel—called the Plaza—since it was just off the Drive & near all our social addresses & activities—which were numerous—and we remained a few weeks there. Then suddenly it was time to return to NY and I told him I had decided not to return go back with him—at least for awhile I said—as I needed a change—to rest—to find myself again—and had to help make some arrangements for the care of my mother. Moreover, my family and my friends were very concerned about my “nervous” state—and they all and my friends surrounded me with affection and warmth—encouragement & a belief in myself—to all of which I had grown much too long unaccustomed. He seemed very surprised—and even resentful—saying that I had no right to abandon him—and that he would agree to my passing the winter—perhaps in Chicago—but that in the spring I should return to NY—and go back to Europe with him. I told him “I would see.” The parting—at the station—was



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3?

dreadfully tragic—for his face ~~took on~~ bore the quiet, ~~tragic~~ withdrawn anguish I had seen only a few times before in our life [together?]~~]~~—of a moment that is ~~really too~~ unbearable—by its very significance of finality & change. He knew—and I knew—that we were parting forever. He said to me—in Russian so that our friends Robin Thomas –Paul Dupont and others who had come with us to the station would not understand—“Go quickly—please—don’t wait—or I will faint.” So I went—as he had asked—(feeling ~~too~~ as if I too would faint) and saying goodbye forever I knew to a great man whom I had deeply loved—more than my own life—with whom I had had a long life—exciting—stimulating—colorful—[edifying?] and dedicated. And to a rare and beautiful spirit who had awakened my spirit to many sublime truths—had taught me high values of which I as a young American from a certain milieu had been unaware & unaccustomed. We had suffered much together—struggled together & conquered truths—and the composition was coming to an end. As Fate had taken me to him now she was taking me away, and I had to acknowledge—meet and accept it. To the best of my ability I did. But somehow everything went on & I returned to the house of P. Dupont who had been kind enough to offer me a lovely enormous room with private bath in his beautiful house on Cedar St.—and who immediately began to write “all Chicago”—artistic and social—to meet me—so that I would be as distracted as possible & might obtain work with my musical abilities. Of course I knew that he would not be alone in NY—Charles Henri & his family were there waiting to take care of him—which they immediately did. I also knew he could never do what he had told me he wanted to do—live alone. When I suggested that going back to NY without me would not be “so grim”—~~that I thought~~ since Charles Henri would be

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there—eagerly awaiting his return. And would he probably would be very agreeable to the idea of living with him again. ~~Which~~ This I said—and thought—~~was~~ would not be a bad idea—at all—from many ~~angles~~ points of view. He wrote—of course—regularly from NY and asked me again that spring if I ~~would~~ were returning with him to Europe. Again I said no—That I ~~intended~~ was obliged to remain—in Chicago—for the time being. In his next letter he advised me that he had decided to take an apt & that Charles Henri would live with him again—and so this was the beginning of a love of association ~~between~~ ~~them~~—[insert symbol] of many years with the excitement—interest—and adventure of the mind that is the great fortune of those who have the gift of imagination couple with lively intellectual curiosity as well. ~~But it can only be said as it must be said in almost all most instances that it was good for them both—in those some ways—but of course bad—in others.~~ Charles Henri’s poetic mind undoubtedly stimulated his and suggested “ideas” to it. Also his sharp intelligence and, a certain hardness of wit, were undoubtedly good for his too sensitive spirit at the proper times—when he needed it. And—generally speaking—it was at best an arrangement that permitted him during those latter years—to again have the kind of “set-up” where he could work, receive—do his business and advance creatively which our first ten years together had so auspiciously been in Paris in



spite of all the interferences—and the hindrances of such multiple sorts various kinds—which always implacably beset those who must struggle.

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(5) \4  
~~accumulated~~ augmented so much so that he frequently ~~fumed~~ flew ~~against~~ at those he loved best—and who loved him best—even Edith—and myself. [Insert symbol—can't determine what should be inserted here] ~~and this was too terribly painful~~. I had pondered—reflected—wondered and worried—already for a long stretch of time on the perplexities of the problem—and the disturbing question—~~of whom~~ and prayed that I might find—or that Fate might perhaps send me someone to whom I could entrust him—if only for a little while—on condition naturally—that they be not less careful—~~less cherishing~~ or less solicitous of his welfare than I—someone to “take charge” of him for me while I went away urgently—somewhere—anywhere—for a period—simply to put myself together again. For he could not be left alone—he was incapable of living alone. Then—one day of autumn 1932—he came home and told me of having met “a newly arrived young American poet”—through his friend Jacques Stettiner—on one of the Montparnasse Café Terraces—and that he liked him very much—thought him intelligent—gifted and ~~full of~~ very understanding. Aha—I thought—perhaps here is the someone so badly needed—the someone who might prove to be so rightly equipped that he might to help me, and he was American!! I asked Pavlik to bring him to our house—for tea—as I ~~would be~~ was extremely pleased and eager to see him & make his acquaintance. But without arranging a definite hour—Pavlik brought him out a day or two later just when I happened to be out—and so I missed receiving him. ~~And~~ Before

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(6)

[an arrow pointing downward from top right hand corner to bottom left hand corner goes across entire page]

I could arrange another date—Pavlik told me he had gone off to Italy—with a friend whom he lovingly called “Carmita.” There he remained—for the goodly part of the winter. I was a bit mystified—but also genuinely disappointed. The following summer—after we had gone to Guermantes I ~~told~~ asked Pavlik to please bring him out—for a few days’ visit with us there—and was pleased when he said “Charles Henri” (for that was his name)—had already expressed a keen desire to come. I do not ~~think~~ know if Pavlik knew of the desperate need I felt for someone a third force perhaps to help us buttress the ~~hopeless~~ yawning gap in the wall of our life—which we ourselves were to blame for having allowed our domestic pattern to become too collective to—but he must have seen anyway that I was pleased at the prospect of finding ~~such a nice new~~ compatriot with whom I could again have recourse to the good old American ways ~~again—for~~ since I had been so steeped for so long—in the Germanic, Slavic & Gallic attitudes towards life—~~that I had~~ I longed for a glimpse—again—at what had once been my former “national identity”—I had hoped to find with this Gertrude & Alice—but they turned out to be



much too “expatriate”—and too many other things—that I have enumerated in previous notes. Also I was glad that Pavlik—who had had a series of sad human deceptions—that ~~which~~ had shaped his beliefs—and had frustrated him deeply—had found someone in whom he might again be totally interested—and who seemed to esteem him—likewise—as well. So Charles Henri came and we met on the

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4.5

He said he would—but without formally arranging it for a definite day—and hour—he brought him out—a few days later—“on the spur of the moment”—when I happened to have gone out—and so I missed seeing him. Before I could arrange another date—Pavlik told me he had gone off to Italy with a friend whom he “rather lovingly called ‘Carmita’”—where he remained the goodly part of the winter. The following summer—after we had settled in Guermentes—I said to Pavlik I thought it would be nice if Charles Henri (for that was his name) came out to visit us for a week or two—and was pleased when he replied that he had already expressed great eagerness to come. I do not know if Pavlik was fully aware of the desperate need I had felt for a sort of “guardian angel” to “appear” suddenly in our life—but he saw that I was pleased & indeed eager to get to know him. So he also seemed gratified—and pleased. He too—of course—was deeply disturbed by the urgency of our predicament. And he had always believed that and said the wise counsel—of another human being of quality—in a difficult situation—might be the “antidote.” From another angle—I was also pleased—at the prospect of finding a “new compatriot” with whom I could again indulge myself in the “good old American” reactions. I had been steeped—so long—in the Russo-Gallic-Germanic attitudes—towards everything—that I longed for a glimpse—again—at what I had formerly considered to be my “national identity”—a possibility I

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had hoped for in my friendship with Gertrude & Alice—but who—with few exceptions—had long since become too immersed in the expatriate point of view. Also I was glad that Pavlik—who had had several sad human deceptions—while I had known him—had found someone to be again vitally interested in—and who seemed to return this interest—in equal degree. So Charles Henri came—and we were introduced—on the kitchen steps—leading out into our garden. I had expected “extreme youth”—but found instead—a youthfulness that looked already somewhat old. And I had never seen such long greenish-blue eyes—so widely open, so “dilated” and so translucent—for there was a curiously fixed gaze in them—a gaze which seemed immobilized by the object upon which interested—and which—for a moment—seemed to indicate some interior struggle to adjust to the impact of what was being seen. A certain apologetic something in his manner however—(with even a brief suggestion of “hang-dog” at intervals) disturbed me. And I also felt a strange lack of continuity in the stream of his attention which seemed alternately to disappear into curiously empty intermittences. I soon perceived however that this was a certain kind of shyness—almost to the point of awkwardness but which contrasted surprisingly nonetheless with a kind of maiden-like seductiveness. All



this—I thought—and promptly concluded—is the conflict between “geography” and personality. He had come from Mississippi—where the “geography”—I thought—is no doubt regional & restrictive and I noticed that his voice—which was rather thin and high in pitch—had the requisite drawl—to go with it. We took long walks—which gave me the opportunity of “scanning” his personality—and this I did eagerly. I observed with pleasure the particular kind of intelligence

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4.5

[insert symbol] insert at p.7

“conflict between geography and personality”

~~I had been prepared for his youth—~~

and I also surmised that he would be “post-lost generation”—and that he would have their intellectual toughness and cynicism. Also that he would practice the emotional economy which they had ~~warned~~ served notice of in their literature. My conjectures proved to be accurate. But there was the astuteness I had hoped for ~~that indicated~~ which suggested the power of good judgment. I felt I could ask his advice—which I intended to do—and that there would be good answers—if he would ~~maintain~~ impose the discipline of abstraction ~~as austerely as~~ upon his mind—as severely as they had turned it upon reality. His sharp intelligence—immediately apparent gave encouragement on this score.

[insert symbol] p.8 insert “about this & that”

scanned his personality—I wanted to see how willing he would be to listen to my problems—~~how carefully and perhaps~~ how respectfully perhaps he would weigh them in his good mind—and how carefully & honestly he would answer them. For the most part I was gratified with his attitude and his response; ~~and~~ He thought our having taken Shoura into our circle the principal error—and the crux of our difficulties. But there was also a faint suggestion ~~in his words~~ in the background of his words that our whole set-up was dubious—and he confirmed this when

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he remarked to Pavlik one day during one of our hikes that “our life and our passion for flowers were too bourgeois”—since vegetables “were more beautiful than flowers anyway”.

[upside down, lower down the page]

insertions



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[big X across the page]

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kitchen steps ~~which led out~~ leading into our little garden. I had been prepared for his youth—but I thought I had never seen such wide greenish-blue eyes—“dilated” ~~might be~~ is perhaps the word—for there was a curiously tired gaze in them—a gaze which seemed to be completely immobilized by the object upon which it rested and which—for a brief spell ~~a minute~~ seemed to indicate an interior struggle to adjust to the full impact of what was being seen. I was ~~not like~~ disturbed by a certain “apologetic” something in his manner—even almost “hang dog”—at times—and I felt a lack of smooth flow in his ~~capacity for real~~ degree of attention which seemed to have a strange kind of dry intermittence. I soon found—however—that this was a certain ~~kind~~ form of shyness—of an almost maiden like quaintness and suspected that it was probably the result of the conflict between geography and personality. [Insert symbol—likely referring to the insertion under “conflict between geography and personality” on the 11<sup>th</sup> page of this document.] But I saw immediately and with gratification that he did have a sharp intelligence—and the ~~contemporaneous~~ untamed sensitivity of the “new generation of the 20’s” and better still—that he could be appealed to for good judgment—which he would probably render capably & astutely. ~~We took long walks, swam in the Marne,~~ played the latest Cole Porter & Gershwin records which he had brought for us to hear and I asked him to stop in

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my room—on his way to bed (I had put him in a room over mine which I had fixed up & decorated expressly for him) so that we could have a real “Yankee” bedtime chat—without the Slavic agitations—and really get acquainted. This he graciously did—and he sat at the foot of the bed as we smoked a pre-bedtime cigarette—and discussed & gossiped a bit about this and that. [Insert symbol—can’t determine what should be inserted here.] I had ~~begun to like~~ become fond of him—but Shoura disliked him on sight—as did Shoura the Cousin (who was with us also at that moment) and this created an undercurrent in the ~~background~~ atmosphere that became frequently very awkward. But Pavlik had grown very fond of him—and we had to do all we could to make his stay as pleasant as possible. [Insert symbol—likely referring to the insertion under “scanned his personality” on the 11<sup>th</sup> page of this document.] I had carefully scanned his The following winter Charles Henri moved into a little hotel in our quarter—not far from us—and came to our house regularly. We three often went out together—and he was invited regularly to meals with us—which of course did not please the Shouras too much. Edith disapproved of him greatly—and this caused considerable friction between her and Pavlik. Edward James had planned to have Pavlik come to West Dear for the summer—to work there—and rest—and to finish a portrait which had been begun. It was arranged that Charles Henri should go too. But this sojourn turned out very badly and it



was not long before they departed—in a huff—and went to London where they took a studio—and where Pavlik despite a strange and not clearly explained accident to his toe—painted

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and shrewd wisdom which he seemed to have brought—to an obligation towards self-discipline, and I recognized the sobriety of emotion and sentiment and the tough pursuit of clarity—and reason—for the sake of a new rectitude. These devices constituent in in the new credo of rejection and regeneration—the manifesto of the intelligentsia of the post “lost-generation.” This—of course—indicated also the power and honesty of good judgment—and to me was gratifying. I felt I could—and urgently wanted to—ask his advice—for which—I believed—I might expect good answers. I did not yet know actually how willing he would be—to listen to—and to preoccupy himself with such problems—but I felt that in any case—he would surely respect them—and also understand my childishly unhappy need to consult someone else about them. After our evening promenades we would return home —when he would play some of the latest Cole Porter & Gershwin records—which he had brought with him for us to hear. He was a jazz enthusiast—and not particularly interested in “classical” music—finding the preponderance of it in our little record collection—frankly a bit on the dull side. I asked him to stop in my room—on his way to bed—in a room above mine—which I had decorated as charmingly as I could for his visit—so that we could have an unadulterated “Yankee” bedtime “gabfest”—and really get to know each other in a more intimate informal way. This he graciously did.

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resolves to do all I can to make you happy—ever happier still—and for Shoura also. I am here—in London—for many weeks now—in a small studio—with terrible light—painting the portrait of society people & her children—a very difficult subject for me since the essential is always to paint “resemblance.” I am certainly not doing this for my own pleasure—since I really should go off somewhere & rest—as I have not stopped working now for a very long time. London is dreadfully hot and I cannot go anywhere to the country. I limp also very much—and we eat only what we can prepare here in this studio—with most primitive facilities. This sojourn has cost me quite a sum—as I have not been able to get about & see people—or even put on a show—of drawings. And Shoura’s illness has been another moral shock. I beg of you not to take the studio you said you had in mind. I do not sleep nights—thinking of you—knowing that you are miserably sad. I am and I shall remain—always—your own faithful friend—and in the same way as always. Can I say more? We have been together 11 years—you & I have gone through much together—one does not treat such a relationship lightly—everything holds it together—and I have not changed”—of course I read this letter with great sadness—and I again weakly decided to do nothing at



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all—about anything—and for the time being to let everything ride. Edith on her way to Italy was passing through Paris and we dined together. She begged me “not to abandon Pavlik.” Pavlik and Charles Henri had in the meantime gone on a “mad voyage” to Spain—with Cecil Beaton for whom it all proved too much—and far too “inelegant”—so he withdrew to London again. Before returning from Spain Pavlik had written me that he “had formed certain conclusions—and he had acquired certain reservations” about Charles Henri—and that upon his return he was going to let him return to America—alone—(which he eventually did do—on a slow cargo boat—which I believe took 12 or 13 days) He never explained to me what he had meant—and of course I never asked him—so I cannot say what they were. After his return—he told me he had decided it was time to leave Paris—and tackle America. Julien Levy had made proposals for a show in New York—and cross-country—and wanted to be his agent for America. He did not have too much faith in this man (which—unfortunately—turned out eventually to be only too well founded!!) but he decided nevertheless to take the gamble. He said—I—of course—must come with him—as he could not face NY—America—Levy—and the Critics without me. We were to go to Chicago where he was to have a show at the Arts Club. This would give me the possibility also of seeing my mother who was ailing—lonely & who had written me that she could not go on much

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longer without seeing me. So we made our plans—packed—and were seen off at the station by a crowd of friends & Edith wept ~~when~~ as she kissed us goodbye and it was terribly sad—leaving her. We had booked passage on a small boat—in order to save as much money as possible for New York.