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## Documents Online

**Title:** Life with Tchelitchew by Allen Tanner

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At the appearance  
of a new moon - hastily  
look at it over your left  
shoulder & wave a piece  
of money at it - This  
~~prevents~~ financial  
affluence.

If salt were spilled from  
the shaker - at table -  
<sup>quickly</sup> pick up a pinch & toss  
it over right shoulder  
to avert bad luck.

If a knife were dropped  
on floor - a man  
would soon call upon one  
Fork : woman  
Spoon - child

Get a tie - stick the  
color immediately with a  
pin. Handkerchief - pass  
him immediately a penny -

to avert bad luck

Superstition

E. S. Schwel

I have heard it  
often declared -  
by many people -  
~~with a wife of~~

~~Edith Schwel~~ - have  
~~in Edith Schwel~~  
indeed <sup>not</sup> asked me -  
"about it" - that

Edith Schwel, <sup>undoubtedly</sup> did  
what she did - for  
Tcheltshoff - ~~his~~  
life and work -

"because she was  
in love with him."

And so  
I would hasten to  
~~state~~ <sup>state</sup> - right off - that  
such <sup>an</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>altruistic</sup> ~~altruistic~~  
attitude as I saw  
her maintain - all

during the years between  
1928 - 34 - <sup>and</sup> through

thick + thin - would  
~~be necessary~~ <sup>necessary</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> preclude  
any <sup>conditional</sup> ~~conditional~~ <sup>pass</sup> ~~pass~~ <sup>of an</sup> ~~of an <sup>for</sup> ~~for~~~~

such friendship as  
she unflinchingly  
showed - and gave.

True, there were difficult  
moments - and she

did have her moments

See  
Notes on

Superstitions

"La Boheme"  
(Nannara)

"Temper" and  
"Stomach" - but they  
were ~~gone~~ <sup>gone</sup> - her  
was back at her  
self-appointed job of  
propagandizing - ~~explaining~~  
and of nagging - where  
she found them - <sup>Collette</sup>  
wealthy boys - actual or  
potential - dragging them  
to tea - to Galleries  
to receptions - wherever  
she could deliver her  
pitch for his work &  
his funds - and insist  
that they acquire one or  
several of his pictures.  
Although very "formalistic"  
in her ~~poet~~ <sup>poet</sup> manner of  
writing poetry - that  
she did, that  
she would, she did, that  
have "virtues" were quite  
"romantic"



up + turned over  
all the fertile  
terrain she could  
find in his behalf  
sought out friends  
acquaintances,  
brought them to the  
Gallery walls - and  
never gave them  
any impression other  
than that they were  
not only expected to  
buy his pictures -  
but that they would  
be the alternative  
sort of Puritan  
like the Silver  
trumpets that announced  
the arrival of the  
King in Westminster  
Abbey - her conversation  
was rather declamatory  
in his behalf - and  
throughout all England  
this was said like  
showy rhetoric - but  
it was actual people  
like this - and people  
stopped to listen - to buy  
and consider to buy



Pavlik's

Towels -

Cumbyxa - нуно

Стан

Photos  
+ Xmas Greeting  
to a sweet  
family -

Cumbyxa

photo -

Pavlik's first "painting"  
Byzantine fresco -

Constantinople  
Theatre Poster

Caricature of  
G + A  
by Pavlik

Therefore it is possible  
that she may have been  
"in love with the idea  
of being in love" - but  
I always felt that she  
loved his mind his  
"spirit" and his  
quality of "race" more  
than anything about  
him personal - and  
as the boat carried  
within themselves  
a great sense of their  
nobility of race + birth  
plus a "heroic - dramatic"  
element in their natures.  
It was based more  
upon this kinship  
than anything else, I have  
said that she was  
"romantic" - and she  
was wishful - as well -  
and at times sad -  
even tragic and  
depressed - of mood.  
I do not think she was  
"in love" with him -  
nor that she sought  
it - or even needed it  
People "in love" rarely  
serve and accept  
and tolerate - as she  
did unceasingly - or  
have the idealistic fun  
detachment to turn  
their lives into  
a battle ground

as she did here  
to fight the <sup>difficult</sup> "Cause  
and genius" and it's need  
of ultimate triumph  
\* plan - for they are  
too naturally predisposed  
by the state they are in  
to prey upon the beloved  
one and demand more  
than the <sup>sublimation</sup> pleasure  
of satisfaction  
they are deriving from  
personal contact  
I would say that she  
used herself as the  
noblest thing a woman  
can sometimes be in  
the life of a man -  
serving his genius &  
his life - from pure  
generous instincts and  
as <sup>previous</sup> personal disregard  
for any kind of results  
other than - pure <sup>will</sup> - <sup>will</sup> <sup>will</sup>  
The "satisfaction" <sup>comes</sup>  
from the <sup>other</sup> privilege  
claimed - which was  
to be allowed to be made  
aware of intimate needs  
wishes & <sup>the</sup> <sup>happ</sup> <sup>moments</sup> - as  
well as <sup>the</sup> <sup>happ</sup> <sup>moments</sup>.  
Again I repeat she  
turned up & plowed under  
all the fertile terrain  
she could discover. in

his behalf - seeking  
out friends - acquaintances  
~~enemies~~ - ever - and  
'nailed them' to the  
walls of his Gallery  
never allowing them  
to harbor any other  
impression than that  
they were not men expected  
to but were found to  
acquire one of his great  
works - the alternative  
to which was some  
sort of living artistic  
purgatory. Like the  
Shower trumpet that  
hail the entrance of  
its king in Westminster  
Abbey - her conversation -  
'her Odes' to the beauty  
of his work + its  
quality - name for those  
many years throughout  
England - and people  
paused to listen +  
consider - and  
nearly always - to obey.  
Indeed - she quickly  
made of him -  
a celebrity

when Mrs Ford  
Madrox Ford <sup>complained</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>to me</sup>  
me the two "pleasant  
houses" - 38 kilometers  
outside of Paris -  
we took them <sup>and</sup>  
over - with <sup>great</sup> joy -  
"cheer" he did -  
"literal" - want to  
get closer to Nature -  
which he loved &  
understood <sup>and</sup>  
had <sup>the opportunity</sup> <sup>to</sup>  
himself with <sup>so</sup>  
close & intimate  
as a child - on  
their country estates,  
this would have  
been a country  
estate" a far better  
"modest" - and  
in miniature but  
sufficient <sup>to us</sup> <sup>nevertheless</sup> -  
with Nature there so  
close by - to partake  
of. He threw  
himself into the  
planting of flowers  
seeds and slips -  
and the preparation

of the soil - and  
with the help of  
certain friends - who  
would come out to stay  
with us - we gave  
the whole property  
a thorough going-over  
and prepared  
flown beds - paths -  
walks - with  
boards of stones -  
etc. until we  
did have "formal"  
a rather sweet  
little court  
garden. He would  
walk with us - to  
greenhouse - or to  
the garden if pleased  
scattered around the countryside  
for slips of plants -  
of flowers he had  
noticed & wished to  
have for our own.  
He would love  
work at night -  
in lantern light -  
pursuing plants

"killing" ships"  
(those snail-  
monsters - about  
which we could  
never decide  
whether they reminded  
us of fountain  
pens or touché  
tubes!!) and  
during rainy seasons  
in which there were  
~~an~~ alarming  
disappointing  
plants - he would  
put on wooden  
sabots (shoes) &  
gloves around in  
the cove & would  
take up plants  
whenever the  
storms & wind  
threatened to tear  
them down & break  
their stems. He  
had preferences for  
certain flowers -  
Zinnias - Dahlias -  
many of the  
wilds -

Roses + many buds  
10 times - we even  
had climbed  
nasturtiums -  
on which he would  
spend hours -  
stringing them up  
so that they would  
climb - in pursuit  
of ~~flowers~~ + over the walls  
He loved the  
various "phases"  
of the seasons -  
"Apple time" -  
"Grape time" -  
"Blackberry time" when  
we would <sup>go</sup> on "pickings"  
expecting  
and the moment when  
several nut trees  
in our <sup>orchard</sup>  
would bear. ~~He~~  
He loved the jams  
& jellies I should  
wonder make  
from the currants  
(red & black) - The  
cherries etc. for which  
he always played  
orders at the berry



In the summer  
in certain <sup>fruits</sup> ~~fruits~~  
to be delivered <sup>to the freshly picked</sup>  
season - in these  
Parisot - the old  
pleasant woman  
who lived next  
door - and who  
had also a <sup>field</sup>  
+ orchard <sup>from which she</sup>  
her wares <sup>^</sup>

Exercise was confined  
<sup>chiefly</sup> to promenades - after  
lunch occasionally -  
but mostly before or  
after tea - when we  
would walk out  
over the countryside  
either just for the  
sake of walking +  
talking or sometimes  
combining the  
purchase of household  
supplies (vegetables  
fruits - butter - milk  
etc. etc.) at various  
little "markets" which  
were mostly private  
ones - in a hamlet  
or village - that had

Stamper

been recommended to us. He loved to exchange "country talk" with the woman - and her family - who were in the business of selling their produce - and always spoke to them <sup>in a</sup> formal style - courteous - but friendly.

His personality and speech - both of which were always so heavily imposed - as if always "in italics" - would sometimes bother them a little (I could see) - the "over-abundance of it all" - but mostly they were <sup>in a return</sup> ~~separately~~ ~~friendly~~

~~friendly~~. (In Paris - during our <sup>beginning</sup> early years - his personality - I am obliged to say - and <sup>our</sup> social intercourse - was very uneasy - and difficult for me - for

his <sup>presence</sup> was in those  
years <sup>curious</sup> <sup>"split"</sup>  
dominating <sup>on one hand</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>at the</sup>  
~~at the~~ <sup>same time</sup> <sup>obviously</sup>  
<sup>unsure</sup> <sup>of himself</sup> <sup>on the other</sup>  
Upon entering into  
a <sup>strut</sup> <sup>of superiority</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>immediacy</sup>  
<sup>of spirit</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>talk</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>every</sup> <sup>one</sup>  
monopolizing the conversation  
and <sup>superimposing</sup>  
~~personality~~ <sup>center-stage</sup> <sup>"occupying"</sup>  
many people resented  
it. This was a ~~great~~  
painfully difficult  
for me - as I was always  
trying to take him  
everywhere <sup>amongst</sup> <sup>all</sup>  
~~about~~ <sup>my</sup> <sup>friends</sup> <sup>and</sup>  
acquaintances - many  
of whom resented <sup>his</sup>  
frankly did not like  
the effect he always  
produced <sup>upon</sup> <sup>our</sup>  
evenings at Braucus's  
in instances <sup>where</sup>  
were spoiled - and  
their pleasure dimmed  
by this - as Leger -  
Tzara - Duchamp -  
and others - would  
be ~~often~~ <sup>often</sup> <sup>uncomfortably</sup>  
hostile and unfriendly



became more "at ease" with people - and of course his great gifts had <sup>since</sup> ~~been made~~ so apparent to every one by they - people accepted him - <sup>rather and in spirit</sup> a "different basis" - same admired him - but still disliked his personality - while others <sup>even</sup> began to like him better - of course - <sup>could not deny</sup> ~~admired~~ his gifts + his work. But ~~that because of all this~~ <sup>repeated</sup> the early years were difficult for me - and I always suffered from the antagonism + hostility he <sup>unintentionally</sup> provoked <sup>also</sup> in ~~after~~ <sup>the</sup> "gaffes" he invariably managed to commit and which I always <sup>had</sup> ~~had~~ to repair <sup>often</sup> - when they were <sup>directed</sup> ~~directed~~ towards Russians - then were <sup>even</sup> verbal battles - and insults were exchanged + this

was <sup>super</sup> painful. The  
older established  
Painters & Musicians  
and Writers did not  
like him <sup>and</sup> often  
the <sup>important</sup> social celebrities -  
(hostesses etc) - as  
well - and <sup>so</sup> things  
were difficult for him  
because of this - and  
it made me sad.  
His personality always  
~~before~~ <sup>initially</sup> started  
people & antagonized  
them with others -  
as viz: some critics  
like Waldemar George -  
Audre Ferns - he  
had what one might  
call an uneasy  
simulated relationships  
that never <sup>really</sup> ran ~~quite~~  
true - and he always  
ended <sup>up</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~demolishing~~  
what <sup>had</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>become</sup>  
pleasant enough -  
with either <sup>plain</sup> insults  
or unpleasant <sup>things</sup>  
innuendos - <sup>spoiling</sup>  
everything <sup>completely</sup>.  
The people in the

Theatrical +  
Ballet world  
liked him better -  
and those he did  
make uneasy - or whom  
annoyed - seemed  
to be able to <sup>tolerate</sup> overlook  
it to the extent of  
maintaining pleasant  
and ~~very~~ friendly  
relationships with  
him - & quarrelled -  
I spoke with  
several of my closest  
friends over this -  
during the years we  
were together - and  
it was a ~~source~~ <sup>difficult and</sup>  
~~of continued uneasiness~~  
but to continue when left  
these permanent <sup>disrupt</sup>  
in Guernauts were  
official + regular -  
we were expected to  
take them whether  
we felt like it or no.  
At nights - in August  
we used to go out  
onto the open roads  
to watch the shooting  
stars - and he would



talk much +  
tell us much about  
the constellations  
+ principal stars.  
He went out into the  
fields + countryside  
when in Guernantes -  
to work (sketch +  
paint) - but I always  
had to go with him  
and sit and read,  
study - or just look  
at the landscape - also  
we would talk a  
little - which he  
often liked to do and  
could do when he was working -

There were often  
quarrels - sometimes  
between ourselves -  
but mostly between  
him + Shoura - and  
while of fairly short  
duration they were  
sometimes quite  
violent - very ugly.  
If it were between  
him + Shoura - I  
always tried to patch  
things up and usually  
succeeded. Shoura  
would do the same for

us if it had been  
a quarrel between  
him & me.  
It took me several  
seasons to finally  
prevail upon him  
to redecorate the houses -  
which were in a  
state of shabbiness  
when we took over -  
As his success &  
business increased -  
and more & more  
important people  
began coming out to  
Guemantles for soad  
or business reasons -  
he finally became  
convinced that Guemantles  
should be "beautiful".  
Thereupon he procured  
lovely colors of paint -  
old cloth, old marble  
paper, a green malachite design  
we found - dated 1870 -  
in the attic of an old  
country house - brought  
out straw matting, <sup>ordinarily used</sup>  
for packing - but which  
was curiously handsome  
enough to use to cover  
the floors - and he  
and Charles Le Vincent

and I - went to  
work and ed. wrote  
charmingly the two  
houses - in a week's  
time. He had brought  
out some lovely  
cocoa-colored burlap  
cloth - for curtains  
& couch covers - for  
my large studio -  
and took great  
interest in making  
the studio quite  
handsome & attractive  
Tchelitcheff loved  
& felt quite  
"Chaplain" in Guernsey  
until he began  
going more & more  
to England where  
his career & business  
called him - & where  
he would spend  
more time.  
Summers chiefly the  
E. James - Peter White  
& Geoffrey Gorer. So  
that the last years -  
1932 (when he came  
out for a short time only  
and 1933, <sup>when he did not come</sup> were seasons

with Charles Ford & Earl Beatty  
Hawelland in Spain - as the was

which - although the  
houses + garden had  
been made lovelier  
than ever - were  
seasons <sup>that</sup> we passed  
without his presence.  
He had also - by then -  
begun to quarrel  
~~much~~ with Shoura -  
and more with me -  
and so with this  
condition of things -  
Guermantes began  
to draw to the  
end of its meaning  
+ its existence -  
He had found much  
to rest him - to interest  
him - to distract  
him + to benefit him -  
and to love + admire -  
in Guermantes -  
Throughout all those  
years - but now  
he was changing - his  
life + work + interests  
were taking another  
direction - and another  
character - a less  
profound + simple

+ real one perhaps -  
for a more superficial  
complex and  
"worldly" one of  
"Social + Commercial  
success" - and as  
I wanted him to  
have success +  
independence above  
all - and from all -  
I did not try to  
stop him - and  
relinquished the  
patterns of our lives  
as they had been  
without too much  
emotional disarray  
and with somewhat  
of a kind of feeling  
~~that of a fatality~~ that  
was changing it all  
as it - no doubt -  
should be.

After we left for  
America - Choura  
and her <sup>new</sup> husband  
went out for the  
summers - but as neither  
was robust - they did  
not keep the place up  
as we had formerly

When war came  
+ the Germans  
came in - through  
our village - I was  
told that they  
looted in our  
houses - + as it  
was a cold winter -  
burned our furniture -  
clothes - books -  
pictures + all we  
had left there - for  
warmth. So in  
a sense Germans  
which had really  
died - was cremated.

Ald

Berlin

examines

to

Poplar

Walrus

"By nature a  
personal person  
and having been  
so through a  
major portion of  
my earlier life -  
I have - however -  
through ready  
thought + experience  
become thoroughly  
aware + convinced  
of the preeminence  
of the impersonal  
attitude + point  
of view, therefore  
I am - ever - always  
in favor of any  
disclosure that will  
shed light and  
understanding upon  
the nature + behavior  
of the human being -  
but this is a very  
private + too personal  
secret - and ~~so~~ we  
really must consult  
Shana before  
using it  
over



lets not bother  
about dinner -  
at first <sup>in the</sup> ~~too~~  
much actual  
work (translating -  
etc etc) to do -  
we can do that  
later - when were  
more "in the groove"  
I will bake a nice  
Bulgarian  
cheese cake & know  
where to get &  
we can have that  
(+ Tea) along with  
work etc.

I'm not surprised  
at Thomas' hardness -  
she is really <sup>over</sup> apt  
there - alone <sup>in the apt</sup>  
~~is~~ lost & confused  
by the <sup>all</sup> persuasive  
evidence <sup>of</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup>  
~~departure~~ absence -  
and I worry about  
her. I know she  
wants ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> cooperate -  
and is very concerned  
& interested <sup>about the Bio</sup> -  
she gets ~~thrown~~ <sup>thrown</sup>

Letting was "a same body" -  
The Father treated her in "a same body" -  
Christina as something  
of a joke - house - things  
that Father's with life  
with a "psychological" -  
with a "psychological" -

off the track  
lastly. I believe  
she will come  
- turn out however  
+ be helpful -  
as for CHT - it is  
probably just good old  
Southern Laguerre -  
+ procrastinate -  
Some Southerners  
are more "Southern"  
than others - you  
know.

I will dig up some  
more <sup>to my</sup> letters from  
Fyodor Sergeevich -  
~~Shura has~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>letters</sup>  
undoubtedly <sup>are</sup> in Paris  
I have here <sup>also</sup> a whole  
basketful of Pavlik's  
letters to me - 1940 -  
52.

"Les Laines"

Chemin des Laines  
in a hill north of Aix-en-Provence

Louise Willet

Als ~~gibt~~ in Frankreich.

Became fat + heavy  
dans du ventre  
Fabri de Tole

About privacy for  
I will tell you  
something - which  
I do not give you  
permission to use -  
unless you ask  
Chema's consent.

This is something  
Pawlik told me  
after we first met,  
and mentioned  
many times afterwards  
of some <sup>event</sup> <sup>in</sup>  
"slight happening in"  
the street - had  
"frightened" or irritated  
him particularly.

But when Shari  
mentioned it in his  
presence - he would  
blow up & say it  
was basically true but  
exaggerated in detail.

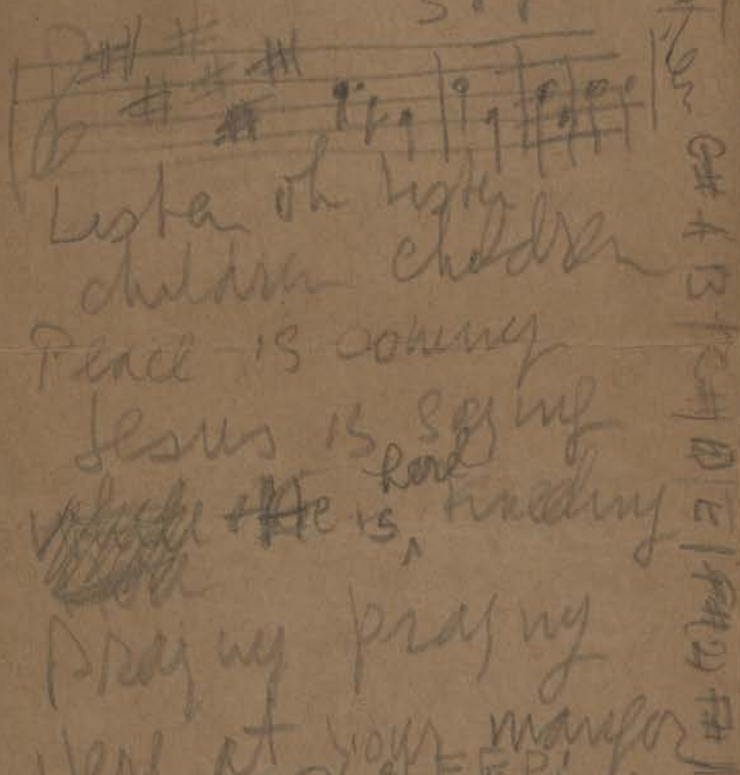
His father used to  
ridicule him for this  
which is as follows:  
You know of course that  
all aristocrats of noble  
Kasnia Families had  
"Nyanyas" (Nurses, Nannies)  
for their children  
who most

After became like  
a member of the  
family - lived & died  
with them and went  
to the children closer to the  
Parents - because they  
had perpetual surveillance over

Then Parlok had  
well Parlok had  
his Nyanya (9 feet  
her name, but Chama  
will remember) -  
who when he went  
downtown with the  
city was delegated to  
follow him at a  
distance of 4 feet,  
(his arrangement. He said  
to avoid the risk of  
as per of it) because he saw  
hallucination a black  
dot who either was  
following him - or  
would be sitting down  
several yards in front  
of him. wanted  
for him.

Means  
Production  
Diaphragms  
Soot - <sup>to</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>used</sup> <sup>with</sup>  
them Markwell's  
Concrete "Tops"

Noel des Enfants  
de 1959  
3 systems



2/4 # # # #

Listen oh little  
children children

Peace is coming

Jesus is saying

which ~~the~~ <sup>word</sup> He is, teaching

Praying praying

Here at your manger  
just as they ~~sleep~~ <sup>SLEEP!</sup> ~~sleep~~ <sup>SLEEP!</sup>

at this our manger

on that night

In ~~the~~ <sup>luminous</sup> light

(1) The Heavenly  
Char of Bethlehem

Hang in the Sky

My God-on High - High

Sleep sleep ~~the~~ For

His world ~~the~~ keep

Atoms and ~~the~~ (stars)

Are <sup>we</sup> you are His  
Sheep

All will be well

His Flock ~~the~~ will  
keep

Truth will prevail  
over <sup>False</sup> Hell <sup>and</sup> Hell

Ah oh Ah

Then sleep my  
~~Baby~~ children  
Sleep Stars + Stars  
Flowers ~~and~~ -

Animals  
Tight <sup>15</sup> ~~and~~ Shining  
Jesus is kneeling  
There in His Father's  
Heaven!!!

Lullaby

F#m

♩





Add -  
shown  
letter

date of  
my portrait  
1926?





like the "monopoles"  
(Levy) drew up  
an agreement.

I would have felt  
in touch with you -  
but <sup>with</sup> this "low" hot  
summer <sup>like the previous</sup> + my work  
I have made me  
unusually tired at  
the moment (you may  
not <sup>have</sup> imagined it but I  
am <sup>only</sup> 68 years old!!!)  
but be not discouraged  
with me - I have + am  
working hard for you -  
and have written +  
revised over 100 pages  
of the paper - so not too  
"bad eh". Also Sharma  
has not yet <sup>given up</sup> + sent  
data which I must  
have before I see you -  
I found in re-reading my first  
notes on Berlin 1923 - that I  
was <sup>too</sup> detailed (perhaps a bit  
too romantic too - would you  
believe or!) - so I cut them  
down considerably  
to a more factual  
size

My story was perhaps  
a sad one - ~~but~~ - and  
~~nevertheless not too~~  
~~perhaps~~ <sup>a</sup> psychologically  
<sup>rather</sup> complicated one - but  
in retrospect it can be  
simplified + summed up  
into ~~the~~ <sup>a few</sup> facts <sup>such as</sup>: after  
years of struggling with  
and for - <sup>the</sup> Party - <sup>years</sup>  
daily <sup>and weekly</sup> social + artistic  
activities - ~~day + night~~ -  
with him - <sup>and all this</sup> in an atmosphere  
and under <sup>the</sup> <sup>years</sup> of deep tensions  
between him + his sister -  
between him and me -  
+ consequently between us -  
all three. <sup>at the</sup> <sup>advent</sup> <sup>of</sup>  
the 30's ~~rather~~ I found  
myself terribly +  
completely exhausted <sup>(morally</sup>  
mentally + physically) -  
and no longer able to  
keep up the pace which by  
then had ever increased.  
Tchelitkin activities +  
had become more <sup>intense</sup>  
+ more removed from  
Paris - he was obliged to  
spend longer periods <sup>in</sup> other  
European countries - and  
was also spending long  
vacations away from  
Guernicats. He was <sup>more</sup>  
also involved with groups  
of people I did not get to  
know for all these

reasons + gradually  
our team-like  
alliance - for 30 many  
years - was disrupted  
and became a thing  
no longer so necessary -  
Furthermore  
He had no patience  
with the "lack of  
resistance" which my  
fatigue had induced  
and I knew of course  
that what he needed was  
"new blood" - that is -  
a younger personality -  
with young vitality +  
a new fresh ~~her~~ <sup>supply</sup> ~~of~~ ~~equipment~~  
of equipment, for his  
future battles - in  
America - to which we  
sailed in 1934. Arriving  
in N.Y. - I found this to  
be alarmingly true - and when  
So we left for Chicago - I -  
found us in the absolute  
desperate need of me - had  
to make the decision all the  
more with. He had friends  
whom I knew were pushing  
I urged him to break with  
me - and I detected a bit  
of acquiescence already, selling in  
on his part I decided to  
end our relationship + told  
him of my decision. He  
stayed in Chicago after and to do it - to  
+ return to Europe with  
him the following spring.  
There was a terribly painful  
+ tragic Goodbye at the RR  
station - but after

he returned to N.Y. -  
other influences  
prevailed & I saw he  
gradually became  
accustomed to getting  
along without me.  
So I wrote that I would  
not return to Europe -  
sent back my ~~return~~  
ticket which he cashed -  
& very sweetly sent me  
the money for - and that  
was it. The anguish &  
awareness of severance -  
was ~~the~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~difficult~~ <sup>difficult</sup> for me  
~~at~~ for a year or two -  
in Chicago - only supported  
by Hayes in connection  
with my mother & my family's  
behavior - but I gradually  
made an adjustment  
and we continued as  
friends - he proving  
himself to be a very  
faithful & concerned -  
up until I returned to  
N.Y. - in 1946 - chiefly  
because I had been  
warned & advised that  
he had become very  
ill & unbalanced. I  
did find him so - and  
our ~~relationship~~ <sup>relationship</sup>  
on - while ~~standing~~ <sup>standing</sup> for them  
was difficult - he was  
so nervous, tired, irritated,  
exasperated to ever have

a fairly peaceful  
reunion with - and  
besides he seemed <sup>very</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>incapable</sup> of making  
the effort - I lived  
in his Penthouse for two  
summers when he +  
Charles were away -  
then he came back -  
moved to Westport -  
then Europe + for  
some strange reason  
~~never~~ write to me only  
once or twice during the  
summer two years  
before his death.





[Life with Tchelitchew by Allen Tanner]

[Page 1]

Evil eye

“[Kookesh?]”

I did cooking when Shoura was not there.

Salt spilled—throw over left shoulder with right hand

Knife dropped = man will appear

Fork = woman “

Spoon = child “

[crossed out:] Our [Swedish?] excursions which we did faithfully

His subsequent love of ocean bathing during our life together

[written on side of page:] The Swan & rainy season—at Guermantes

[Page 2]

At the appearance of a new moon—hastily look at it over your left shoulder & wave a piece of money at it—this brought financial affluence.

If salt were spilled from the shaker—at table—quickly pick up a pinch & toss it over right shoulder to avert bad luck.

If a knife were dropped on floor—a man would soon call upon one.

Fork: woman

Spoon—child

Gift of tie—stick the [illegible] immediately with a pin. Handkerchief—[illegible] him immediately a [penny?]—otherwise bad luck.

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Superstitions

[Page 4]

E. Sitwell

I have heard it often declared—& many people—have often asked me—incredulously if it was not true—that Edith Sitwell undoubtedly did what she did for Tchelitsheff—his life and work—“because she was in love with him.” And so I would hasten to state—right off—that such a purely & patiently altruistic attitude as I saw her maintain—all during the years between 1928-34—and through thick & thin—would necessarily preclude any conditional basis for such friendship as she [unflinchingly?] showed—and gave. True, there were different moments—and she did have her moments

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See notes on Superstitions

“La Boheme” (Namara)

Of “tempers” and [illegible]—but they were soon over and she was back at her self-appointed job of propagandizing—and of [nabbing?]-wherever she found them—collectors wealthy buyers—actual or potential—dragging them to tea—to Galleries to receptions—wherever she could deliver her pitch for his work & his genius—and insist that they acquire one or several of his pictures. Although very “[formalities?” in her manner of [illegible] poetry—emotionally she did have “overtures” that were quite “romantic.”

[Page 6] [entire page crossed out]

Edith Sitwell

She turned her whole life into a crusade and battleground to fight the cause of Tchlitcheff’s genius—its needs—and its welfare and the ultimate triumph of his work & career & its glory.

1959

900

1059

She made herself into the noblest thing a woman can be—in the life of a man—serving his genius—neither expecting or claiming anything more than just to be aware of his needs—his worries his tragedies—and—his triumphs she plowed

[Page 7] [entire page crossed out]

up & turned over all the fertile terrain she could find on his behalf—sought out friends acquaintances, enemies even—and brought them to him—or nailed them to the Gallery walls—and never gave them any impression other than that they were not only expected to but that they would buy his pictures—the alternative to which was some sort of Purgatory. Like the [silver?] trumpets that announce the arrival of the King in Westminster Abby—her conversation nay rather [declaration?] on his behalf—rang throughout all England. This may sound like showy rhetoric—but it was actually like this—and people stopped to listen—to consider and to buy—in the wake of such dignified intelligent & determined attack. Indeed she made him a celebrity.

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Pavlik’s Towels—

Cumbyxa • [nucmo?] [illegible]—““—

Photos and Xmas greeting to a sweet family

Cumbyxa photo—Pavlik’s first “painting”—Byzantine fresco

Constantinople Theatre poster

Caricature of G & A by Pavlik

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Therefore it is possible that she may have been “in love with the idea of being in love”—but I always felt that she loved his mind his “spirit” and his quality of “race” more than anything about him personally—and as they both carried within themselves a great

sense of their nobility of race & birth plus a “heroic-dramatic” [illegible] in their natures—their relationship was based more upon this kinship than anything else, I have said that she was “romantic”—and she was wistful—as well—and—at times sad—even tragic and depressed—of mood. I do not think she was “in love” with him—nor that she sought it—or even needed it. People “in love” rarely serve and accept and tolerate—as she did [unceasingly?]-or have the idealistic attachment to turn their lives into a battleground

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as she did hers to fight the difficult “cause of genius” and its need and its ultimate triumph & glory—for they are too naturally predisposed by the state they are in to prey upon the beloved one and demand more than give—in the pleasure of whatever satisfaction they are deriving from personal contact. I would say that she used herself as the noblest thing a woman can sometimes be in the life of a man—serving his genius & his life—from purely generous instincts and as generous a personal disregard for any kind of results other than—purely—his well being. The “satisfaction” coming from the only privilege claimed—which was to be allowed to be made aware of intimate needs—worries—tragedies—as well as the happy moments. Again I repeat she turned up and plowed under all the fertile terrain she could discover on

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his behalf—seeking out friends—acquaintances—enemies even—and “nailed them” to the walls of his Galleries never allowing them to harbor any other impression than that they were not only expected to but were going to acquire one of his great works—the alternative to which was some sort of living artistic purgatory. Like the silvery trumpets that hail the entrance of the king in Westminster Abbey—her conversation—rather her “odes” to the beauty of his work & its quality—rang for those many years throughout England—and people paused to listen & consider—and nearly always to obey. Indeed—she quickly made of him—a celebrity.

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When Mrs. Ford Madox Ford offered me the two completely furnished “peasant houses”—38 kilometers outside of Paris—we took them over—with alacrity and great joy—for Tchelitcheff did—literally—want to get “closer to nature”—which he loved and understood and had had the opportunity to identify himself with so closely & intimately as a child—on their country estates. This would then be “a country estate” again—be it even so modest—and in miniature—but sufficient to us nevertheless—with nature there so close by—to partake of. He threw himself into the planting of flowers seeds and slips—and into the preparation

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of the soil and with the help of certain friends who would come out to stay with us—we gave the whole property a thorough going-over and prepared flower beds—paths—

walks—with borders of stones etc, until we did have—“formally”—a rather sweet little country garden. He would walk [illegible] to greenhouses—or to the gardens of peasants scattered around the countryside—try slips of plants or flowers he had noticed & wished to have for our own. He would even work at night—by lantern light—pruning plants

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killing “slugs” (those snail-monsters—about which we could never decide whether they reminded us of fountain pens or douchebag tubes!!) and during rainy seasons of which there were an alarming & disappointing plenty—he would put on wooden Sabots (shoes) & slosh around in the ooze & [wind?] tying up plants whenever the storms & wind threatened to tear them down & break their stems. He had preferences for certain flowers—Zinnias—Dahlias—Marigolds—Lilies of the valley—

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Roses & many kinds of vines—we even had climbing nasturtiums—on which he would spend hours—stringing them up so that they would climb in quaint designs & over the walls. He loved the various “phases” of the seasons—“apple time”—“grape time”—“blackberry time”—when we would go on “picking expeditions”—and the moment when several nut trees in our own orchard would bear. He loved the jams & the jellies Shoura would make from the currants (red & black)—the cherries etc for which he always placed orders at the beginning

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of the summer—for certain quantities of the freshly picked berries to be delivered in season—by [Mere Pargot?]-the old peasant woman who lived next door—and who had also a garden & orchard from which she sold her wares.

Exercise was confined [illegible] to promenades—after lunch occasionally—but mostly before or after tea—when we would walk out over the countryside either just for the sake of walking & talking or sometimes combining the purchase of household supplies (vegetables—fruits—butter—milk, etc. etc.) at various little “markets” which were mostly private ones—in a hamlet or village. That had

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Guermantes

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been recommended to us. He loved to exchange “country talk” with the woman—and her family—who were in the business of selling their produce—and always spoke to them in a formal style—greatly courteous—but friendly. His personality—and speech—both of which were always so heavily imposed—as if always “in italics”—would sometimes bother them a little (I could see)—the “over-abundance” of it all—but mostly they were in return very courteous & friendly. (In Paris—during our beginning early years—his

personality—I am obliged to say—and consequently our social intercourse—was very uneasy—and difficult for me—for

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his personality was in those years curiously “split” domineering on one hand—and at the same time—obviously insecure—on the other. Upon entering into a social group he immediately began to expand his personality & presence and smother everything & everyone monopolizing the conversation and a kind of superimposition—(“occupying center stage”) and many people resented it. This was a of painfully difficult for me—as I was always trying to take him everywhere—amongst all my many friends and acquaintances—many of them resented his great hold over me & frankly did not like the effect he always produced upon a gathering. Often our evenings at [illegible] for instance were spoiled—and their pleasure dimmed by this—as Leger—Tzara—Duchamp—and others—would be uncomfortably hostile and unfriendly

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towards him. This item made me unhappy and frustrated—and constrained—for I so wanted all my friends to like him. They would make it clearly & unmistakably known to me that they didn’t—or that they thought him “hysterical” and too concerned with effect. But I would not desist often and quarreled with friends who wanted me at social gatherings etc—but who made it known that they would rather not have him. Whereupon I would react to this by imposing him all the more upon them—and this—more than often—had a negative result when real & tangible success began to come to him—later on—he

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became more “at ease” with people—and of course since his great gifts had become so apparent to everyone by then—people accepted him—but on a rather ambiguous different basis—some admired him but still disliked his personality—while others even began to like him better—&—of course—could [illegible] his gifts & his work. But the early years were difficult—for me—and I always suffered, from the antagonism & hostility he unwittingly provoked—also from the “gaffes” he invariably managed to commit and which I always had to repair. Often—when the detractors were Russians—there were even verbal [battles?]-and insults were exchanged & [this?]

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was truly painful. The older established painters & musicians and writers did not like him—and often the important social celebrities (hostesses etc) as well—and so things were really difficult for him because of this—and it made me sad. His personality always initially startled people & antagonized them. With others—as [illegible]: some critics like Waldeman George—André [illegible]—he had what one might call an uneasy simulated relationship that never really rang true—and he always ended up [illegible] demolishing

what might have become pleasant enough—with either plain insults or unpleasant innuendos—thereby spoiling everything completely. The people in the

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theatrical & ballet world liked him better—and those he did make uneasy—or whom he annoyed—seemed to be able to tolerate it to the extent of maintaining [pleasanter?] relationships with him. I quarreled & broke with several of my closest friends over this—during the years we were together—and it was a source of continued difficulty and uneasiness. But to continue where I left off [discussing?] these promenades in Guermantes were official & regular—we were expected to take them whether we felt like it or no. At nights—in August we used to go out onto the open roads to watch the shooting stars—and he would

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talk much & tell us much about the constellations & principal stars. He went out into the fields & countryside when in Guermantes—to work (sketch & paint)—but I always had to go with him and sit—and read, study—or just look at the landscape—also we would talk a little—which he often liked to do and could do when he was working—there were often quarrels—sometimes between ourselves—but mostly between him & Shoura—and while of fairly short duration—they were sometimes quite violent—even ugly. If it were between him & Shoura—I always tried to patch things up and usually succeeded Shoura would do the same for

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us if it had been a quarrel between him & me.

It took me several seasons to finally prevail upon him to redecorate the houses—which were rather in a state of shabbiness when we took over. As his success & business increased—and more & more important people began coming out to Guermantes for social or business reasons—he finally became convinced that Guermantes should be “beautified.” Thereupon he procured lovely colors of paint—oil cloth—old “marble paper” of a green malachite design we found—dated 1870—in the attic of an old country house—brought out straw matting ordinarily used for matting—but which was curiously handsome enough to use to cover the floors—and he and Charles Le Vincent

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and I—went to work and redecorated charmingly the two houses—in a week’s time. He had brought out some lovely cocoa-colored burlap cloth for curtains & couch covers for my large studio—and took great interest in making the studio quite handsome & attractive. Tchelitcheff loved & felt quite “[chatelain?]” in Guermantes until he began going more & more to England to where his career & business called him & where he would spend more time in the summers—chiefly with E. James—Peter [Watson?] & Geoffrey Goren. So that the last years—1932 (when he came out for a short time only

and 1933 (when he did not come at all—as he was traveling in Spain with Charles Ford & [Ceal Beaker?]) were seasons

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which—although the houses & garden had been made lovelier than ever—were seasons that we passed without his presence. He had also—by then—begun to quarrel much with Shoura—and more with me—and so with this condition of things—Guermantes began to draw to the end of its meaning & its existence—He had found much to rest him—to interest him—to distract him & to benefit him and to love & admire—in Guermantes throughout all those years—but now he was changing his life & work [illegible] were taking another direction—and another character—a less profound & simple

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& real one perhaps—for a more superficial complex and worldly one of “social & commercial success”—and as I wanted him to have success & independence above all—and from all—I did not try to stop him—and relinquished the patterns of our lives as they had been without too much emotional disarray and with somewhat of a kind of feeling of a fatality that was changing it all as it—no doubt—should be. After we left for America—Shoura and her new husband went out for the summers—but as neither was robust—they did not keep the place up as we had formerly.

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When war came & the Germans came in—through our village—I was told that they billeted in our houses—& as it was a cold winter—burned our furniture—clothes—books—pictures & all we had left there—for warmth. So in a sense Guermantes which had really died—was cremated.

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Add Berlin Excursions to Potsdam Walensee [a suburb of Berlin]

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By nature a “personal person” and having been so [through?] a major portion of my earlier life—I have—however—[illegible] reading thought & experience became thoroughly aware & convinced of the preeminence of the impersonal attitude & point of view, therefore I am—now—always in favor of any disclosure that will shed light and understanding upon the nature & behavior of the human being—now this is a very private & too personal secret—and we really must consult Shoura before using it [over?]

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Let’s not bother about dinner at first—for there is too much actual work (translating etc etc) to do—we can do that later—when we’re more “in the groove.” I will bring a nice



Bulgarian cheesecake. I know where to get & we can have that (& tea) along with work etc.

I'm not surprised at Choura's tardiness—she is really over there alone in that apt lost & confused by the all pervading evidence & finality of his absence--& I worry about her. I know she wants—& means to cooperate--& is very concerned & interested about the bio but she gets thrown

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off the track easily. I believe she will come through however & be helpful—as for CHF—it is probably just good old Southern laziness—& [illegible]—some Southerners are more “Southern” than others you know!

I will dig up some more of my letters from Fyodor [Sergeyevitch?]-His letters to Pavlik undoubtedly are in Paris. I have here a whole basketful of Pavlik's letters to me—1940-52.

[written upside down at the top of the page]

The father treated him in childhood as something of a joke—hence—I believe that Pavlik's whole life was a psychological struggle to “show his father”—that he was “a somebody”

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“Les Lauves”

Chemin des Lauves on a hill north of Aix en Provence

Louise Weber—Alsatian laundress became fat & heavy dans de ventre  
Forie [?] de Tole

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About pivotal [fear?] I will tell you something—which I do not give you permission to use—unless you ask Choura's consent. This is something Pavlik told me after we first met—and mentioned many times afterwards especially if some life event or “slight happening on the street had “frightened” or [animated?] him particularly. But when Shoura mentioned it in his presence—he would blow up—get angry & saw it was basically true but exaggerated in detail” His father used to ridicule him for this which is as follows: you know of course that all aristocratic or noble Russian families had “Nyanyas” (Nurses-Nannas) for their children who most

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often became like a grafted-on member of the family—lived & died with them and [drew?] and became closer to the children [even?] than the parents—because they had perpetual surveillance over them—

Well Pavlik had his Nyanya (I forget her name but Choura will remember)—who when he went downtown into the city was delegated to follow him at a distance of 4 feet (his arrangement he said to avoid the ridiculous aspect of it) because he saw in

hallucinations a black dog who either was following him—or would be sitting down several yards in front of him waiting for him.

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Uncanny prediction Diaghileff's death because [theme?] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]  
[concerto?] "Taps"

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Noel des Enfants de 1959

3 [illegible]

[bar of music]

Listen oh Listen

children children

Peace is coming

Jesus is saying

He is here [illegible]

Pray my pray my

Here at your manger

Sleep Sleep!

Just as they knelt

at this our manger

On that night

In the [limpid?] light

(of the) Heavenly

star of Bethlehem

[Hung?] in the sky

By God—on High—High

Sleep oh Sleep For

His World He'll keep

Atoms and (stars)

Are we you are His Sheep

All will be well

His Flock He will keep

[going down right margin:] G# A B |C#|D|E|G#(2) F#|

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Truth will prevail

Over False Hood Hell Hell

Ah oh ah

Then sleep my

children

Sleep stars & atoms

Flowers—

Animals

Light is shining  
Jesus is kneeling  
There in his Father's Heaven!!!

Lullaby  
F# mi  
[bars of music]

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Add Shoura letter  
Date of my portrait 1926?

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[Grimper-Armorste?] Did that very thing while vociferously accusing others of it.  
Salons—some intellectual or strictly social—

Polignac—S.I

Missia Sert SI

Marie Louies Bousquet

Max Jacob Mantan [?] Cingria Valery, Maurois names etc

Then tell thing in letter how they behaved

This procedure of fighting the battle for artistic success & even supremacy—undoubtedly had its beginnings with the Cubists whose art by its very nature—astounded—& created violent controversy so that the human personality through curiosity & sensationalism was [brought?] into the art world more [illegible] and directly. It was developed as social—artistic policy more & more intensively—by such men as Picasso, Cocteau, Satre, Strawinsky, Les Six—under the influence of Diaghleff—whose [illegible] involved the [illegible] [illegible] and who needed the salons, society & the titles and their stamp of approval to launch his every [illegible] No [illegible] [illegible] that I ever

[running down left side of page:] Anyone who showed particularly brilliant mechanical wit in the social salons [illegible] became quickly “a la mode.”

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Saw in [Group?]-I hear was so little real intellectual interchange or identification of ideas. Genia had intellect & erudition to quite a degree—also Pavlik—Berard my little & he actually disdained it—[Tamy?] a very temporary member of Group—quickly seceded as he had no lyrical or romantic inclination & was stubbornly [illegible] his work in a very personal multiple-compositional style. “[Leonide?]” actually could not be classified as a bona fide member his beginnings & his [peregrinations?] over the years never led to anything very definite—[Charbarney?] (who [showed?] with them at G. Drouet in 1925—fell by the wayside very early—so who can be classified officially as the Group of N.R.'s?? I certainly never saw or heard of any manifesto—signed by them perhaps some enterprising Dealer [lumped?] them all together after 1934 & for business reasons [illegible]

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Like the “unscrupulous” J Levy) drew up an agreement.

I would have gotten in touch with you—but with this “long hot summer” (like the movie) & my work have made me unusually tired at the moment (you may not have imagined it but I am now [62?] years old!!) but be not [disconcerted?] with me—I have and am working hard for you—and have written & rewritten over 100 pages of notes on legal paper—so not too bad eh? Also Shoura has not yet been able to find & send data which I must have before I see you—I found in rereading my first notes on Berlin 1923 that I was being too detailed & (perhaps a bit too “romantic” too—would you believe it!) so I cut them down considerably to a more [illegible] size

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My story was perhaps a sad one—and a psychologically rather complicated one—but in retrospect it can be simplified & [summarized?] into a few facts such as: often years of struggling—with and for—Pavlik—after years of the daily and nightly obligations of social & artistic activity—with him—and all this in an atmosphere and in the compression of years deep tensions between him & his sister—between him and me--& consequently between us—all three—at the advent of the 30’s I found myself terribly & completely exhausted, and morally and mentally & physically—and no longer able to keep up the pace—which by then had ever increased. Tchelitchev activities & interests had become more & more removed from Paris—he was obliged to spend longer periods in other countries—and was also spending long vacations away from Guermentes. He was moreover also involved with groups of people & did not get to know for all these

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reasons & gradually our team-like alliance of so many years was disrupted and became a thing no longer so necessary—Furthermore he had no patience with the “lack of resistance” which my fatigue had induced and I knew of course that what he needed was “new blood”—that is—a younger personality—with young vitality & a fresher supply of equipment to contribute for his future battles in America—for which we sailed in 1934. Arriving in NY I found this to be alarmingly true—and when so we left for Chicago—I—finding my mother also in desperate need of me—had to make the decision all the more [illegible]; He had friends whom I knew were pushing & urging him to break with me—and as I detected a bit of acquiescence already [settling?] in on his part I decided to end our relationship & told him of my decision. He asked me not to do it—to stay in Chicago a bit and to return to Europe with him the following spring. There was a terribly painful & tragic goodbye at the RR station—but after

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he returned to NY—other influences prevailed & I saw he gradually became accustomed to getting along without me. So I wrote that I would not return to Europe—sent back my return ticket which he cashed—& very sweetly sent me the money for—and that was it.

The anguish & loneliness of severance—was terrible & difficult for me for a year or two in Chicago—and only augmented by tragedies in connection with my mother & my family's bad behavior—but I gradually made an adjustment and we continued as friends—by proving himself to be very faithful & concerned—up until I returned to NY in 1946—chiefly because I had been warned & advised that he had been very ill & unbalanced. I did find him so—and our relationship from there on—while still a [continuing?] thing was difficult—he was too nervous, tired, irritated, exasperated to even have

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a fairly peaceful reunion with—and besides he seemed more & more incapable of making the effort—I lived in his Penthouse for two summers when he & Charles were away—then he came back—moved to Westpoint—Then Europe & for some strange reason wrote to me only once or twice during the ensuing two years before his death.

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It could be any number of things those already successfully arrived destruction of colleagues desperately struggling to arrive (and by the same means [illegible]) or the latest sensation in personalities & their work—for in the Paris of the 20's [battles?] were fought as much in Salons as Galleries or Concert Halls. It was also a form of neutral narcissism—or [illegible] advanced [Exhibitionism?] it was Sadism (and masochism to where the attacked as sometimes happened beyond being attacked) but it could be also a matter of fact & hard boiled commercial attitude—that of [illegible] supremacy in competition they fought as [you on your?] better—  
“Self-doubt”

But—and this you will agree is [illegible] significant—it had much too often as its basis a strange gnawing sense of insecurity even “inferiority” or perhaps rather—the fear of not [being?] as much as they were trying to be—which I have often found to be quite prevalent in many great artists.