

Lowell, Robert

Robert Fitzgerald papers

Call Number: YCAL MSS 222

Other Creator: Fitzgerald, Robert, 1910-1985

Date: 1948-64, n.d.

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Box: 24

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Robert Fitzgerald Papers
YCAL MSS 222
Box 24, folder 883

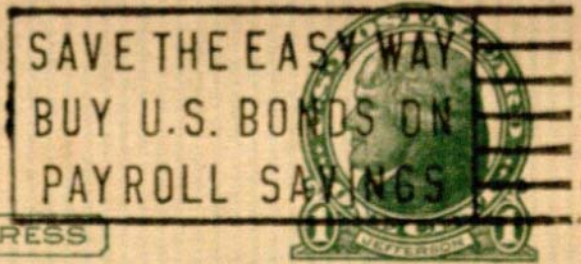
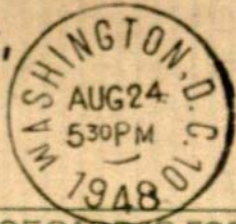
Series I. Correspondence
GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE

Lowell, Robert / 1948-64, n.d.

(no caption)

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LOWELL
LIB. OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON, D. C.



THIS SIDE OF CARDS FOR ADDRESS

MR ROBERT FITZGERALD
1737 YORK AVENUE
N. Y. C.

(no caption)

DEAR ROBERT:

LINDO THE TONE
OF YOUR NATION PIECE - AFTER A
POINT THE BELIEVER AND HIS
OPPONENT ARE TALKING ABOUT
DIFFERENT THINGS AND
ARGUMENT MUST CEASE.

ALSO YOUR
POUND, A MASTERPIECE OF
TACT AND ONE OF THE BEST
REVIEWS I'VE EVER READ.

I'M BACK HERE
REGRETFULLY AFTER MAINE
AND PLAN TO GO TO YABBO
ON THE 20TH. HOPE WE'LL
HAVE SOME MORE LONG TALKS
SOON.

MY BEST TO YOU BOTH,
CAL

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LOWELL
29 W 104TH ST.
N.Y.C.



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

MR. ROBERT ~~W. FITZGERALD~~ FITZGERALD
70 ACNE ROAD
RIDGEBFIELD, CONN.

(no caption)

DEAR ROBERT:

^{MUST}
WE HAVE

DINNER AGAIN SOON; BUT
I'M AFRAID THE 6TH IS
OUT. I'LL BE READING AT
ST. JOHN'S THEN. LET ME
KNOW IF THE NEXT THURS.
OR FRIDAY WILL DO.

^{SPENT}
WE HAD A SMALL

BUT GAY CHRISTMAS ~~FOR~~
WITH THE THOMPSONS, AND
SAW THE BERRYMAN'S
BRIEFING.

THE COUPLOTS

DENIT SOUND VERY USEABLE
FOR OBITUARY, ~~THE~~ DO THEY?

BEST WISHES FROM ~~US~~ US

TWO TO YOU FOR A HAPPY
NEW YEAR,

CAL

P.S. THE IOWA HAS COME THROUGH

LOWELL HOUSE

Dr. Jas. Watson.

Route 133 to Georgetown

" 97 to Topsfield

Filling station on left

Mr + Mrs R. T. S. Lowell

Goodhue House

Grove + Oak Streets

Birch Farm

Center - right - Hawthill Road
Big lake on right
Branch to right - Georgetown
Pass Campion Hill
8 or 7 miles beyond a crossroad
turn right to Baldpate.

LOWELL
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON, D.C.

FEB 10 [1949?]

DEAR ROBERT;

WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE FOR
YOU TO DO A ~~RECORDING~~ READING OF SOME
OF YOUR POEMS FOR THE SERIES OF RECORD-
ALBUMS THAT THE LIBRARY IS PUBLISHING?
IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR US IF YOU COULD
DO IT HERE, SOMETIME BETWEEN NOW AND
SEPTEMBER, BUT IF THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE I
THINK SOMETHING CAN BE ARRANGED THROUGH
ALLEN IN NEW YORK.

YOUR REVIEW EMBARRASSES ME,
BUT I AM FLATTERED BY IT NONETHELESS,
AND GRATEFUL. YOU'VE BEEN MUCH TOO GENEROUS.
I'D HAD YOUR LETTER OF LAST FALL ON MY
MIND, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SHOULD
ANSWER. WE DID TALK ABOUT IT ALL LAST
SPRING, I DO NOW.

MY BEST TO YOU BOTH,

P. S. Hope to see you soon.

LCB
(over)

P. S. AS YOU CAN SEE, THIS SHOULD
HAVE BEEN MAILED SOME TIME AGO, BUT
THE LIBRARY MOVES LIKE A HIBERNATING
SNAIL. IT'S GRAND ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER
IT'S THE FOURTH THAT'S BEEN BORN TO
FRIENDS OF MING IN ~~THE~~ THE LAST 6
MONTHS - A YEAR OF PLENTY. I'M AFRAID
I CAN'T MAKE IT EASTON SUNDAY, BUT
MAYBE A LITTLE LATER. MY LOVE AND
CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU & SALLY,

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Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library

Robert Lowell
2901 Clifton Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Tuesday, March 23rd, 54

Dear Robert:

Glad to get your letter, and glad to have seen # you and Sally and to have been reunited with you. The sea ~~ve~~ voyage back was the life of Riley, and all ~~the~~ the expense ~~on~~ Mother's Estate. I had never travelled second class before. I hope you will see a lot of Robando Anzilloti. He is best Italian friend, like an American friend, even though he belongs to the "local religion."

Good to have Allen's photograph: he looks like an actor with a hangover posing as the earl of Tweed. Good to have Benedict too, though all babies look just alike to me--just like flowers.

By the way I am giving my public lecture on old Ezra today. I now know so much too much. I saw Olga again for an evening at my Mother's doctor--so lovely, so in love with the old rabbit, so nutty! O but now I know, as I should have, that my old friend is just like us under his masks--poor Ezra! He ought to have thought out something less intricate and possible. I think he has something on iambics. They are my one meter, but I am trying variation (see a poem on Ford Madox Ford coming out in the April Encounter) Not Eliot's Westermans, but something that's perhaps a combination of my verse and ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ Randall's.

I've been reading big gulps of Vergil, the most Italian of poets, unless it is Dante. I have a theory. I'm sure he didn't read his lines like a German-American Professor of classics, with every quantity sounded like a metronome. But more like Italian--all elisions pronounced, the quantities running counterpoint with the accents (This is about what Bridges said) I don't pronounce Latin like Italian (except for the mediaeval) I can't bear C Ch in my classics, nor Ae Ay etc. However, I like V as V, not W.

I think Ezra's Odyssey is Tennysonian, but glorious, the best we have; but what test is a short intense passage that leaves out all the marvels of the narrative.

Now for my news. Elizabeth and I are separating. She is in New York now looking for an apartment. There's no bitterness, believe me or not. She needs more independence for her singular--and certainly her vocation--career. I need a rest too. No ISm not coming back into the Church, so lets not go through all that again, my dear friend.

Now for the moment, arrivaderci,
(and love to Sally and Benedict
whose features I can now remember)

CAC

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~~Burlington~~

Robert Lowell
Burlington Apts.
Burlington St.
Iowa City, Iowa

April 29th

Dear Robert:

I'm an uncombed black dog for not having written sooner. However, through John, Bob Giroux, Allen, the Fiedlers and letters from Ran- all whom I'm seeing next week, and Francis Ferguson(?) I feel we've been intimately in touch. I feel you and Sally are real heroes, lifting the population, taking care of all your good and needy friends and doing hundreds of small hard man-of-letters ill-paid jobs. I was afraid for a moment that all my Yaddo mad-conversion business might have left a very bad taste in your mouths. I see that that was nonsense.

I think Flanery's Kenyon story is a perfect thing, and am much worried about her health. Everyone says something different--however, she writes gaily enough for her. I haven't seen John's poem, but he was top of the world when we saw him in New York, and left us speechless. I had the feeling that he has come to the surface, and that almost ten year stretch of burying himself and following his instincts is now going to pay off in a big way. We've seen a lot of Allen who seems more alive and human than ever in his life. He's having a hard, blinding time, I think, and when he's not dazed and dog-tired, has more life and kindness in him than anyone.

We're going to be hoofing from college to college till next June and envy you your Italian trip. You might like a house near Florence. You could have privacy and the glories of the world at your feet. But I suspect somewhere on the Riviera or below Naples would work better--you're so young and so many.

We've had a pretty good time here, and have done a decent amount of writing. It intertwines with one's life curdously, each seems to wait on the other. One grows smaller in the hand of God, and perhaps more honest.

I hope we'll see you before you sail on the Atlantic and Homer. Our love to Sally, Benedict...but I'll let Benedict stand as he no doubt still amply can for all the other names, Fitzgeralds.

CAL

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Robert Lowell
Castine, Maine

July 24, 1964

Dear Robert:

Kazan forwarded your very kind note to me. Many thanks. I feel uneasy seeming to compete with you, and indeed I cannot with my shoddy Greek. What I am doing is so cut and simplified that I can't claim it's a translation, but a kind of libretto that should act. The more I read Lattimore the more I admire his version, and don't see how anything could be much better in the ^tlial line, no doubt the best line, but not what I am trying to do. I look forward very much to seeing a lot of you at Harvard, and hope I can get some advice.

Our love to you all and your family,

C9C

P. S. We've had three sunny days this month and would gladly borrow some of your Indiana swelter.

[c. Dec 1949]

DEAR ROBERT:

AFTER TWO READINGS OF
THE OEDIPUS: LIKE IT ALL, THE VERSE
VARIED AND SUSTAINED ENOUGH TO
HOLD TOGETHER STATIONARY PASSAGES
LIKE THE OPENING SPEECHES AND
THE FLATNESS OF THE STICHOMATHY
AND CHORON - I READ IT ALL IN A
TONE OF QUIET DECCAMATION, THE
CHORUS RISING TO A CHANT. LIKE
PARTICULARLY THE PROLOGUE, PAROCHOS
AND ODE IV.

I FOUND MYSELF WONDERING
AT TIMES WHAT COULD BE DONE
WITH STRICTER VERSE, STRAIGHT BLANK
OR RUN ON COUPLETS AT THE SAME TIME
MAKING THE PHRASING AND RHOTIC
A LITTLE LESS CLASSIC - PROBABLY
IT WOULD MAKE IT CLOTTED, UNACTABLE
AND CHOP. AS SOON AS ONE HEARS
A VOICE, ALL THE LOOSENINGS OF THE

2) RHYTHM SEEM JUST RIGHT, ISN'T THE
GREEN, THOUGH, A LITTLE LESS RHYTHMIC
LESS LOFTY - SOMEHOW MORE PROSE IN
TONE AND MORE FORMAL IN ITS
METRICS? ANYWAY, IT'S A GRACIOUS
AND BEAUTIFUL TRANSCATION.

A STRANGE PATHOS TO THE
PAINCE - SONNY I DIDN'T TAKE DOWN
THE MAGAZINE'S NAME AND SAVE
YOU THE TRAINING - THE JEWELLED
HOMOCY VIRGIN AND SCONES, SO PERFECT,
SO ORDERED THAT THEIR VERY PERFECTION
IS THEIR DISTANCE BOTH FROM US
AS WE ARE, AND, FROM GOD WHOSE
QUALITY REDUCES THEM TO DOGS -
ART ABLE TO APPROACH, ^{BUT ONLY BY HIS CRAFT} THE ARTIST
ABLE TO APPROACH, AND SO FOR THE
MOMENT ANALOGOUS TO THE VIRGIN -
WHERE NEITHER WE NOR THE ARTIST
CAN SETTLE - PATHOS AND SOMETHING BETWEEN
ACCEPTANCE AND RESIGNATION - ALL DONE
BY THE SLOW DELICATE RHYTHM, THE
IMAGES AND THE LITTLE, SPORADIC PHRASES
OF REFLECTION AND THEOLOGY.

3) WE SPENT ABOUT AN HOUR AND A
HALF IN THE STATION WITH FLANNERY-
MORE ON LOSS ON TIP-TOE BECAUSE
HER TRAIN WAS "REPORTED" AN HOUR
LATE, WHICH MEANT IT MIGHT LEAVE
ANY MINUTE.

I'M HOPEFUL ABOUT THE
IOWA TEACHING, BUT WON'T KNOW FOR
A WEEK.

THE S^{IS} ~~S~~ SCRATCHED OUT WITH A
SHORT PENCIL AND MAY BE ALMOST
ILLEGIBLE. BUT NOW CLEARLY:
A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU
AND SALLY AND HUGH AND
BENEDICT, FROM US BOTH.

CAL

P.S. LETS GET TOGETHER SOON
AFTER CHRISTMAS.

DEAR SALLY & ROBERT:
1-18

BEEN MEANING TO WRITE
YOU FOR AGES, BUT I'M
SENDING THIS BEAR INSTEAD,
HOPE TO SEE YOU,
CAC

A HALL-MARK CARD
SX104-1

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GREETINGS



Think I'd forget-cha
at Christmas time?
NEVER!

(no caption)



(no caption)

LOWELL
UPPER ROB HOOK
N. Y.

ms-
[1949?]

W.C.B.

DEAR ROBERT;

WE HAVE RENTED FRED DUPEE'S
HOUSE NEAR BARD COLLEGE AND HAVE
SETTLED DOWN TO COUNTRY LIVING. WE ARE
VERY CLUMSY, BUT WE LIKE IT.

~~COMING OUT~~ I THINK OF YOUR
ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST PART OF MY
BREAK-DOWN IN A STATE OF CONFUSION,
EMBARRASSMENT AND GRATITUDE. I AM STILL
FAR FROM HAVING DIGESTED IT ALL, BUT I
REALIZE THAT MY EXPERIENCES WERE LIKE THOSE
THAT MIGHT HAVE RESULTED FROM A NARCOTIC-
TRAGIC LIFE'S AND, INSIGHTS, POUCHINES IN OF
NEW ENERGY, BUT NO WORK ON MY PART, ONLY
MORE AND MORE SELF-INDULGENCE, LACK OF
OBJECTIVITY; AND SO, INTO UTOPIAN MADNESS
(I HAD TO BE LOCATED UP AND WENT THROUGH
ALL THE USUAL CLINICAL ANTICS. COMING-TO,
AFTER THE SHOCK TREATMENTS, WAS PROPORTIONATELY
DISMAL.

I'M NOT IN THE CHURCH
NOW - NOT DO I KNOW, EXCEPT GROPINGLY,
WHAT I BELIEVE. HOWEVER, "THE WORLD IS
ALL BEFORE US" BEFORE US ALL AND LIFE
AND HAPPINESS.

WE ARE SO DELIGHTED THAT YOU
HAVE YOUR NEW HOUSE, AND HOPE TO SEE
YOU IN THE FALL.

LOVE TO YOU AND SALLY,
CAL