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To Harry de Forest Smith - October 1, 1893

Edwin Arlington Robinson

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TO HARRY DE FOREST SMITH

Gardiner, October 1, 1893.

My dear Smith,

You are probably getting a little impatient by this time, but I have made a "big brace" at last and am going to write you a letter, or something that will take the place of one. My room is too cold for a free flow of thought, and I may get discouraged at the end of the first page; but my inclinations are all right, and with a little effort of imagination you will be able to fill in as many more pages as you like.

I have nothing in particular to say except that it is rather lonesome here without you, and on dark, dull Sundays like this I find it have [hard] to be cheerful and optimistic, and everything else that a useful man should be in order to fill his place in nature to the satisfaction of himself and his dear friends who feel so much for his welfare. I am half af d afraid that my "dear friends" here in Gardiner will be disappointed in me if I do not do something before long, but somehow I don't care half as much about the matter as I ought. One of my greatest misfortunes is the total inability to admire the soxecalled successful men who are pointed out to poor devils like me as examples for me to follow and

^a These quotations marks are written in black ink.

^b This comma is written in black ink.

^c WA omits this mistake. In the holograph, the "a" was typed directly over the "h".

^d WA omits this mistake. In the holograph the "f" was typed directly over the "a", and there is a diagonal line struck through the pair.

^e This "x" is written in black ink, over an illegible deleted letter.

revere. If Merchant A and Barrister B are put here as "ensamples to mortals," I am afraid that that {sic} I shall always stand in the shadow as one of Omar's broken pots. I suspect that I am pretty much what I am, and that I am pretty much a damned fool in many ways; but I further suspect 2...g that I am not altogether an ass, whatever my neighbors may say. I may live to see this egotistic idea exploded, but until that time comes I am to hug my own particular phantoms and think as I like. If I turn out a failure after all, and go hopelessly to the devil, I shall have Aldrich's lines to console myself with:

"Then if at last thine airy structure fall Dissolve, and vanish, take thyself no blame:

They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

For I am going to strive, and strive hard this winter. My eyes are are {sic} a little better, and I am pretty well conviced that I shall be able to work three or four hours a day without injuring them any. I know from experience that five hours of the kind of work^j I mena^k {=mean} is all, if not more than I can stand. I can work ten houra [=hours] with my arms and legs if¹

the occasion requires it, but not with my fancy- I will not yet presume to give it the title of imagination. Fancy and imagination brings to my mind the "hell" sonnet that you wanted me to copy. I will enclose it

^f The closing quotation mark is written in black ink.

^g This and all page numbers in this letter, as well as the elipses, are reproduced from the holograph.

^h The "s" is written in black ink.

ⁱ The comma is written in black ink. WA omits it.

^j The "r" is written in black ink.

^k EAR drew an arc in black ink between the "e" and the "a" by way of correction.

¹These are the last two words of the previous line.

with this letter if I do not forget it. My fancy gets a little lively in ‡^m those fourteen lines, I have never been quite able to know what to make of them. They may be nothing but rot - they surely are if the reader can make nothing of them- but I have always cherished the idea that there is a thought mixed up in them that is worth the trouble of the thinking.

Saben's over-friendly statement that the thing is a "great poem" doesn't affect my opinions much, as his enthusiasm is liable to run away with him when it has a chance - especially in matters where his friends are conr{-}ⁿ cerned. He is a magnificent fellow with all his peculiarities, but not just the one I should go to for an impartial criticism. I do not think it d possible for a friend to criticise another's work, without being influence 3...

in his favor to^p some extent. I hate self-praise, or much of it, but it really seems to me that I have brought out the idea of the occasional realization of the questionable supremacy of ourselves over those we mostldespise in a moderately new way. If there is a little poetry in it, then all th{e}^q better. There is poetry in all types of humanity - even in lawyers and horse-jockeys - if we are willing to search it out; and I have tried to find a little for the poor fellows in my hell, which is an exceedingly worldly and transitory one, before they soar above me in myig-

^m WA omits this mistake.

ⁿ The "o" and "n" are typed over letters that I am unable to make out with certainty. The "r" may be a faded "n".

[°] The "o" is typed over an "e" by way of correction.

^p The "t" appears to have been typed over an "e".

^q WA has "the".

^r The "e" is written in black ink.

norance^t of what is, to sing in the sun - not in triumph over me, but in the^u glad truth that destiny has worked out for them. I will state here that the verses in question must be taken as rather vague generalities: they will not bear, and I never intended them to bear, any definite analysis.

To me they suggest a single and quite clear thought; if they do as much to you and to any other^v person who has seen then [=them], I am satisfied.

Excuse this flourish of trumpets.w and let me have a smoke. I wish you were to have it with me; but as you are not, I shall try to make the best of it as it is. You may smell the tobacco from where you are: it is bad, but it burns.x

Yours truly,

E.A.R.y

I called at your house some time ago—about a week. Your father and mother were hardly reconciled to your absence and the place seemed strange. When you come home again we will have sessions^z

R.

^s The comma is written in black ink.

^t WA separates these two words.

^u The "e" is written in black ink.

^v The "t" here is typed directly over an aborted "h", and EAR has written a black ink "t" above the pair, by way of indicating his intended reading.

w WA omits this mark, which seems to be a period by is faded in the holograph.

^{*} EAR typed an "r" directly over a first "n", and also wrote an "r" above the line in black ink.

^y The signature and postscript are written in black ink. WA omits the underline.

^z WA has a period here.

[Enclosure]

SUPREMACY.aa

There is a drear and lonely tract of hell
From all the common gloom removed afar:bb
A flat sad land where only shadows are,
Whose lorn estate no word of mine can tell.
I walked among the shades, and knew them well Men I had scorned upon life's little star
For churls and sluggards, - and I knew the scar
Upon their brows of woe ineffable.

But, as I moved triumphant on my way,
Into the dark they vanished, one by one;
Then came an awful light – a blinding ray As if a new creation were begun:
And with a swift importunate dismay
I heard the dead men singing in the sun.⁴
E.A. Robinson^{cc}

HCL *US,* 107-109. {Typewritten.}

- 1. See quote from Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam in the letter to Smith from March 10, 1891. (SL)
- $2.^{\rm dd}$ An echo of Bryant's "Thanatopsis": "and each one as before will chase / His favorite phantom."
- 3. From Thomas Bailey Aldrich's sonnet "Enamoured Architect of Airy Rhyme," slightly misquoted. See EAR's letter to Gledhill, March 21, 1893.
- 4. First published in *The Harvard Advocate*, LIII, No. 8 (June 16, 1892), 122. Included, with considerable modification, in TNB.

^{aa} WA omits the period.

bb The "r" is typed over a semicolon.

^{cc} The signature is written in black ink.

^{dd} This and the next two notes are WA's notes 1, 2 and 3, respectively.