SOME LETTERS FROM GERTRUDE STEIN
TO LOUIS BROMFIELD

A Thesis

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for the Degree Master of Arts

by

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Grateful appreciation is extended to the heirs to the estates of Alice B. Toklas and Gertrude Stein, who have given permission for these letters to be used in this thesis.
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INTRODUCTION

Gertrude Stein and Louis Bromfield were friends; she turned to him for advice on an early manuscript; they shared interests in horticulture, citizenship, and literature. This much is known about their friendship, because this information appears in the works of Gertrude Stein. Scholarship, however, has done little to amplify or illuminate this relationship. The many biographies and reminiscences of Stein's life mention Bromfield only to the extent that he appears in her works. For this reason, the letters that Gertrude Stein wrote to Louis Bromfield in the years 1932 to 1946 are important both to scholars of these two authors and to those who are fascinated by the European expatriate scene.
It is to be hoped that an edition of these letters will complement the already existing Stein scholarship. Although the epistles contain little information that is startling and unexpected, they do expand the knowledge that is already available of the Stein-Bromfield relationship. Those letters that touch upon the discovery of the manuscript of Q.E.D. will be of particular interest to scholars who are concerned with Stein’s earliest writings. In general, these letters provide some additional insight into Stein’s personality and hence her literature. They demonstrate her indefatiguable struggle to get her work publicized, reveal her attitudes and opinions on people, literature, and the world at large, and provide clues to what Stein was reading during the years of her correspondence with Bromfield. They emphasize that the content of many of her later works was the stuff of her daily life and consequently the stuff of her letters also. Here in the letters one may see the unique point of view and the thoughtful opinions which are evidence of Stein’s active mind. These characteristics also appear in her autobiographical work, where they are displayed with more subtlety. For example, Stein’s love of companionship and conversation, her slightly malicious and wry condescension towards some persons (note her comments about Mabel Dodge Luhan, Letter 7, Appendix) and her political and historical naiveté are qualities that appear in her later works, which have a tendency to be autobiographical and philosophical in nature. These qualities appear as vigorous and spontaneous facets of her person-
ality in her correspondence. This material will thus join the voluminous amount of biographical material that records Gertrude Stein's unique life-style and attitudes.

Perhaps the most valid justification, however, for an editing of Stein's letters to Bromfield is that they make fascinating reading. They tell of the daily lives of famous people, of the mundane and momentous events of two rather elderly ladies with a summer home and an astonishing menagerie of famous friends. Consequently one can read of dahlias and the ubiquitous rose blooming for the benefit of some of the greatest literary and intellectual minds of the early twentieth century. Nor does it mar the interest of the letters that Gertrude Stein was a woman of determined opinion who seldom kept her thoughts to herself; her pungent comments are always quotable.

In short, the friendship of Stein and Bromfield has been misunderstood and underestimated; it is hoped that these letters will help to explain the extent of that friendship, and will also provide the reader with a glimpse into the life of a self-exalted genius.

The Correspondents

To understand the extent and nature of the relationship between Louis Bromfield and Gertrude Stein, it is helpful to have some familiarity with the major events of their lives.
Louis Bromfield was born December 27, 1896, in Mansfield, Ohio, to Charles and Annette Coulter Bromfield. He enrolled briefly in Cornell University to study agriculture in 1914; two years later he attended Columbia University to study journalism. He left school without a degree and became a driver and interpreter for the U.S. Army Ambulance service in France. When the First World War was over, Bromfield, captivated by France, remained there for a short while.

In 1918 he returned to New York and took up journalism. He performed various tasks as a reporter and editor, specializing in drama and music reviews for *Musical America* and *Bookman* magazines. During this period he married a New England socialite, Mary Appleton Wood; they had three daughters.

Bromfield's first novel, *The Green Bay Tree*, appeared in 1924 and gained instant critical approval. Bromfield soon abandoned journalism to write full-time; in 1925, he took his family to Paris. The following year *Early Autumn* was published, for which Bromfield won the Pulitzer Prize.

The Bromfields leased the Presbytère St. Etienne on the Nonette River in Senlis, north of Paris. The grounds included a crumbling 13th-century chapel and a garden. Here the Bromfield home became the hub of much raucous entertainment and

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1Morrison Brown, *Louis Bromfield and His Books* (London: Cassell, 1956), pp. 1-2. All the following material on Bromfield is taken from this source, unless otherwise noted.
intelligent conversation. His daughter, Ellen, remembers thinking that the parade of wealthy and famous who found their way to the Bromfields' abbey home came there solely to amuse her and her sisters: "Sometimes we repaid them for entertaining us by tossing down water from a pitcher, an act which we always hoped might flatten the hairdo of Madame Robert de Rothschild or douse the startled spine of Alice B. Toklas."\(^2\)

While Bromfield was wining and dining the most famous public personalities of his day, he was also earning a reputation at a more humble sort of undertaking—gardening. Reports Morrison Brown, "Before many years he had gained considerable fame in France for the introduction of American vegetables, the Hubbard squash and the Ponderosa tomato among them, and for his work in hybridizing dahlias."\(^3\) To the more jaded European participant in the social scene, Bromfield must have appeared as a startling combination of nouveau-sophisticate and rustic, as he did to Sir Francis Rose: "I grew very fond of Louis and when I met him he was still a farmer's son who had written The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg and had a genius for arranging flowers. He had the first pair


\(^3\)p. 55.
of blue jeans that I had ever seen and was really a lanky, lounging American with a devoted wife and his first car.\textsuperscript{4}

All these activities did not keep him from his typewriter, however. He produced more novels, including one of his most famous works, \textit{The Farm}, which was published in 1933. During the winter of 1932-3, he made a journey to India, where he visited with the model rulers the Maharaja and Maharani of Baroda. This visit later prompted two more books: \textit{The Rains Came} (1937), which was produced as a motion picture by 20th-Century Fox, and \textit{Night in Bombay} (1940). Bromfield also dabbled unsuccessfully in the drama.

In the fall of 1938, alarmed by Europe’s progress toward war, Bromfield moved his family home to the United States. He returned to Europe for a short time to serve as the president of the Emergency Committee for American Wounded in Spain, then impulsively decided to settle in Ohio. He bought a stretch of land he called "Malsbar Farm" in Richland County, not far from his birthplace. Here he built his "Big House," a rambling structure incorporating the stolidity of midwestern farmhouses with sophisticated tastes acquired in Europe and India.

At this time, the focus of Bromfield’s writing began to change. The quality of his fiction was declining, and he no longer enjoyed a huge popular following. His books \textit{Pleasant}

\footnote{Sir Francis Rose, \textit{Saying Life} (London: Cassell, 1961), pp. 190-1.}
Valley (1945) and Malabar Farm (1948), awakened the flagging interest of his readers, however. Soon books about agriculture, economics, and politics began to outweigh his fiction. Americans looked to Bromfield for his opinions; his ideas were discussed by farmers everywhere. Alice Toklas, herself an avid gardener, remarked of *A New Pattern for a Tired World*: "His is not an inspired vision—but he is nicely practical so that he may have something to say that would make encouraging reading."  

Bromfield threw himself even more ardently into the role of the internationally-known farmer. He gave tours of his farm and lectures on proper agricultural methods. He started other experimental "Malabars" in Texas and Brazil. He endorsed advertisements for farm equipment and supplies. He wrote local newspaper columns and had a weekly radio broadcast. He lived an active life until a sudden attack of jaundice struck him, and died on March 18, 1956, of complications following his illness.

In his sixty years of life, this versatile man won literary acclaim for his fiction, including the Pulitzer Prize and the O. Henry Memorial Award. He was given two awards by France, his adopted land, as gestures of appreciation for aid given in times of distress: the Croix de Guerre for his work in the First World War, and Chevalier Legion d'Honneur for  

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his work in the Second. France also awarded him a diploma from the Workingman's Garden Association, and he won the respect and admiration of those around the world who were concerned with the problems of producing food.

Gertrude Stein was born February 3, 1874. Her childhood was spent in Europe and California. In 1893 she entered Radcliffe. She had not yet formally earned her bachelor's degree before she entered medical school at Johns Hopkins University. Bored, she abandoned medical school and joined her brother Leo in Europe in 1901. After travelling about on the continent for a while, she settled down with Leo in a Paris apartment in the rue de Fleurus. Here she began writing. After she finished her first work, Q.E.D., she went to work on The Making of Americans, a labor unfinished until 1911. She and Leo began to buy modern paintings, particularly Matisse's and Picassos. The two were joined in 1908 by Alice Toklas, Gertrude's secretary and companion. That same year, her first published work, Three Lives, appeared.

In 1913, Gertrude and Leo Stein separated, and she and Alice remained at the rue de Fleurus apartment, sustained by a small private income. She continued to write, although

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6Richard Bridgman, Gertrude Stein in Pieces (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1970), p. 359. All biographical facts are drawn from Bridgman's chronology, pp. 359-64, which is appended to this critical work, unless otherwise noted.

7William H. Rogers, When This You See Remember Me (New York: Rinehart and Company, 1948), p. 27.
she got almost no critical recognition, and she continued to collect works of art. She also began a new hobby—that of collecting famous personalities. The Paris apartment soon became a gathering place for the artists whose works hung on the whitewashed walls, and for the curious who wished to meet them.

In 1917 the two women became involved in volunteer war work; they drove a supply van for the American Fund for French Wounded. They met and were charmed by the American "doughboy" of World War I.

After the war, the ranks of Gertrude Stein's salon were swelled by the most popular writers of the hour: Sherwood Anderson, Hemingway, and Fitzgerald, to name but a few. In 1929 they leased a summer home at Bilignin. *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* appeared in 1933, and it brought Stein widespread publicity, particularly in the United States. Growing recognition paved the way to an acceptance of her other works in America, and prompted a highly successful tour of the United States in the winter of 1934-5.

In 1938 the women were forced to move to new quarters in the rue Christine in Paris after losing their legendary apartment in the rue de Fleurus. During World War II, while France was occupied, they remained at their summer home in Bilignin until they were also evicted from there. They then moved to Culoz, not far away, and awaited the termination of the war under conditions of strict privation; they were in
grave potential danger but miraculously survived the war and were able to welcome American troops with open arms and a special "liberation fruitcake."  

Gertrude Stein did not long enjoy the comforts of peace, however. She fell ill and was admitted to the American Hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine; she died there of cancer on July 27, 1946. Her friend Alice Toklas survived her by nearly twenty years.

The Relationship

It is not known exactly when the paths of Louis Bromfield and Gertrude Stein crossed for the first time. Alice Toklas mentions in passing that they had met Louis Bromfield and his wife. There is no date given, but if Toklas' internal chronology is consistent, the meeting took place in 1928 or 1929. According to The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, however, it was not until later that the acquaintance developed into friendship:

One day Gertrude Stein came home from a walk to the bank and bringing out a card from her pocket said, we are lunching to-morrow with the Bromfields. Way back in the Hemingway days Gertrude Stein had met Bromfield and then from time to time there had been a slight acquaintance, there had even been a slight acquaintance with Bromfield's sister, and now suddenly we

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were lunching with the Bromfields. Why, I asked, because answered Gertrude Stein quite radiant, he knows all about gardens.

We lunched with the Bromfields and he does know all about gardens and all about flowers and all about soils. Gertrude Stein and he first liked each other as gardeners, then they liked each other as americans and then they liked each other as writers. Gertrude Stein says of him that he is as american as Janet Scudder, as american as a doughboy, but not as solemn.10

The correspondence and deep friendship were in all probability launched by Stein's impulsive decision to allow Bromfield to see the early manuscript of Q.E.D.; the first letters were notes inquiring about the possibilities of getting it placed with a publisher. This, however, was merely an opening wedge; it is apparent from Stein's correspondence that the letters touched on many subjects: the books these two authors wrote, the books they read, news from their publishers, news and gossip about mutual friends, and, of course, the current state of the garden.

Unfortunately, these letters themselves will never provide a complete picture of the friendship between Gertrude Stein and Louis Bromfield. At first the letters were notes written from Gertrude's and Alice's summer home in Bilignin; while they were in Paris, they were close enough to the Bromfields to visit them, as Senlis was fairly close. Much of the relationship, then, must have been constructed on long

afternoons of discussion, argument, and entertainment at the apartment in the rue de Fleurus and, occasionally, at Bilignin.

That the relationship was a firmly cemented one is demonstrated by the fact that the correspondence continued until Gertrude Stein's death, years after Bromfield was removed from her circle of intimates. As befitting the correspondence of two friends separated by an ocean, who no longer have in common the events of daily life, the later letters are more philosophical and nostalgic in tone, but they remain warm and friendly.

There are other indications that the relationship between Stein and Bromfield was more than superficial. For example, in Carl Van Vechten's letters to Gertrude Stein he speaks of giving a dinner party for Gertrude and Alice and the Bromfields in New York during Stein's tour of America.\textsuperscript{11} (Bromfield had returned to the United States momentarily for the opening of one of his plays.\textsuperscript{12}) Van Vechten also remarked to Stein after the tour that "I saw Louis Bromfield and he grinned for three minutes as he reflected on your American triumphs."\textsuperscript{13}


\textsuperscript{13}Lowe, p. 215n.
Perhaps the greatest testimony of their fondness for each other, outside of the letters, is the frequency with which they mentioned each other in their writing. Bromfield wrote an article touting *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (see Letters 6 and 9) and spoke sentimentally of her in *Malabar Farm*. It is in Stein's books, however, that the evidence abounds. Of course, she always made a habit of inserting her friendships into her books—Frederick Lowe refers to this as "the 'occasional' nature of Gertrude Stein's writing"—for they played a major part in her life. At first, as in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, this tendency bore with it a quality of "name-dropping," as though Stein were using these famous names in order to call attention to herself. For example, Bromfield is mentioned in conjunction with her early work, her publicity, her power to make Hemingway famous:

This spring just two days before our leaving for the country she was looking for some manuscript of *The Making of Americans* that she wanted to show Bernard Fay and she came across these two carefully written volumes of this completely forgotten novel. She was very bashful and hesitant about it, did not really want to read it. Louis Bromfield was at the house that evening and he handed him the manuscript and said to him, you read it.

It was difficult to get serious reviews. There are many writers who write her letters of admiration but even when they are in a position

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to do so they do not write themselves down in book reviews. In Gertrude Stein's case there have been some notable exceptions, Sherwood Anderson, Edith Sitwell, Bernard Fay and Louis Bromfield.\(^{16}\)

In the meantime McAlmon had printed the three poems and ten stories of Hemingway and William Bird had printed In Our Time and Hemingway was getting to be known. He was coming to know Dos Passos and Fitzgerald and Bromfield and George Antheil and everybody else and Harold Loeb was once more in Paris. Hemingway had become a writer\(^{17}\).

In her later works Stein dropped the tone of self-aggrandizement; now famous in her own right, she used her friends as more of a philosophical reference point in her literature. She could call them to mind to illustrate her own thoughts and feelings, as she did Bromfield in *Everybody's Autobiography*.

Louis Bromfield explained that he had taken the lease of his house for seven years, yes we said but why not for longer, well he said I have no idea where I will be in seven years but I certainly will not be here. I am wondering though if he has not noticed that after all he did stay there.\(^{18}\)

There is Ohio, Louis Bromfield comes from Ohio, they are rich and they are generous and they are innocent and they are prosperous yes they are.\(^{19}\)

Of course after all there was the nineteenth century and there is the twentieth century, that is undeniable and I began then when evolution was still exciting very exciting. I just found

\(^{16}\) *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, p. 300.


on the quays Darwin's Descent of Man and I have just
given it to Louis Bromfield who had never read it.
After all to him Darwin was not so near as he had
been when I began knowing everything. 20

I am always wanting to collaborate with some
one I wanted to collaborate with. . . Louis Brom-
field in a detective story. . . . I suppose I
like the word collaboration and I have a kind of
imagination of how it could take place. 21

Bromfield was also mentioned in Paris France:

Of course sometimes people discovered their
own country as if it were the other, a recent
instance of that is Louis Bromfield discovering
America, there have been a few English like that
too, Kipling for instance discovered England but
in general that other country that you need to
be free in is the country not the country where
you really belong. 22

That Bromfield's name was still surfacing in Stein's
literature as late as 1940 proves that they must have been
fairly close, for by this time the wildness of the expatriate
period had waned and the famous names that appeared in Stein's
writing were those of trusted friends rather than the glitter-
ing personalities who were the transient hangers-on of her
literary and artistic salon.

Several remarks that Gertrude Stein reportedly made to
her friend, W. G. Rogers, would seem to indicate that at times
Gertrude tended to resent or become weary of Bromfield. When
Rogers mentioned how well Bromfield and Hemingway were doing,

21 Ibid., p. 270
22 (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1940), pp. 2-3.
she wrote to him, "The Hem Louis made me sad because they earn so much money, when I think Paris France brought me less than a thousand and the Winner Loses $250 and yet it was read all over the world and Ida which seems much loved only $350, it is sad. . ." 23 Also, Stein claimed that she "never could read Bromfield, not any," and Rogers continues, "Antagonisms of this nature, and they were not rare, were customarily mutual." 24 This does not ring true in Bromfield's case, however, as there is no evidence that he ever quarreled with Gertrude or bore her any ill will; in fact, Sir Francis Rose noted that "he had a deep admiration and affection for Gertrude Stein." 25 Both of these remarks, and the latter one in particular, may be attributed to a momentary pique or an unjust irritation on Stein's part. It is evident from Gertrude Stein's letters that she did read Bromfield, and that she read him closely. If she disliked his work, or found it difficult to read, then in her letters she was avoiding an unpleasant truth. Considering her characteristic frankness, this is highly unlikely.

Within Gertrude Stein's vast network of friends, smaller circles tended to form. The particular ones associated with Bromfield, as the letters point out, were Bernard Fay and Fran-

23 Rogers, pp. 226-7.
24 Ibid., pp. 226-7.
25 Saying Life, p. 191.
cis Rose. The slower pace of Stein's life during the thirties and the acquisition of the summer house at Bilignin encouraged her friends to form more closely knit groups: "The visits were necessarily longer, the crowds necessarily smaller. The result was a pattern of long, leisurely, intimate fellowship in contrast to the jostling—literal and figurative—of the Paris evenings."  

[26] In accord with this easy-going atmosphere, an interesting pattern emerges: all three of these men were acquaintances and were "tested" before they were allowed intimate friendships. Bromfield, as mentioned above, was known for some time before he was allowed to become a trusted friend. Of Rose, Stein said, "Oh yes I am not interested in his work," [27] though she continued to buy it; she resisted an introduction to him, but they eventually became the best of friends. "Bernard Fay was not at all what Gertrude Stein expected and he and she had nothing in particular to say to each other." [28] Later they did not lack for conversation. Thus this triumvirate, for whom she had no affection at first sight, became members of a tightly knit group, of which she was the controlling force. And it is characteristic also of these friendships that they were remarkably even, constant, and loyal, not at all like the stor-

[26] Lowe, p. 211.  
[28] Ibid., p. 292.
my relationships Stein had earlier enjoyed with Picasso and Hemingway.

It might be expected, given that two writers profess a mutual admiration and respect, that the writings of one would show the influence of the other. With Stein and Bromfield, however, this is not the case. In conception and style, Stein's work was innovative and unconventional and Bromfield's was Victorian and conservative, and the twain never did meet. Those who have made critical studies of Bromfield's work agree that he took little from his contemporaries, including Stein. However, there was a sense of sharing rather than influence. Gertrude Stein had remarked that the two shared a common interest in gardening, America, and writing. These latter two subjects provided the basis for much of their friendship. They shared a profound curiosity about the universe that bounded their literary sphere. For both, the desire to comment upon politics, economics, and the American spirit amounted at times to an urgent necessity. Both had a sense of moral obligation as writers and intellectuals to explain and correct the world.

They also shared the problems of their craft. Gertrude Stein was always ready to give advice, criticism, and encouragement—but she demanded much in return. At the beginning of their friendship, Bromfield was enormously popular in the United States, and Stein was not. In her unrelenting quest

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for glory, it was only natural that she should see Bromfield as an avenue to favorable publicity. These letters record her struggle to gain a foothold in Bromfield's influence, badg-ering him about contacts with publishers, movie possibilities, and similar favors. Yet, though Stein's quest for public re-
lations is a pervasive part of these letters, it is not to be assumed that Stein cultivated a friendship with Bromfield merely to exploit him. She was willing to reciprocate with favors, and when the positions were reversed and she became the literary lion, she did not drop him from her circle. In-
deed, Gertrude reserved the positions of advance men in her publicity campaign for her dearest friends, and in this re-
spect Bromfield is in the exalted company of Carl Van Vechten, the "Kiddie" (W. G. Rogers), and Thornton Wilder.

These letters, then, form a partial record of an endur-
ing friendship between two literary minds, a friendship deep enough to span fourteen years, an ocean, and a great World War.

Editing the Letters

There are forty-six letters from Gertrude Stein to Louis Bromfield; also included as part of this collection is one letter from Alice Toklas to Bromfield. All letters are held by the James Thurber Reading Room of the Ohio State University Library. Although there may be other Stein-Brom-
field letters in existence, the letters in the possession of the Ohio State University appear to be the complete extant
correspondence from Stein to Bromfield. The letters from Louis Bromfield to Gertrude Stein are held as part of the Stein collection in the Beinecke Rare Book Room of the Yale University Library. They are not reproduced here except for those letters that have been previously published.

Most of the letters are written on white tissue-like airmail stationery. Others are written on plain light blue paper or on graph paper. In one instance a letter combines two different types of stationery. The size of the paper also varies, from standard typewriter sheets to folded notepaper. Much of the stationery bears one of several types of letterhead: "Bilignin/ Par Belley/ Ain," printed; "Gertrude Stein/ 27 rue de Fleurus/ Paris," printed; a device of a rose encircled by the words "Rose is a Rose is a Rose is a Rose," with the words "27 rue de Fleurus" appearing below, embossed; and "Bilignin par Belley (Ain)," rubber stamp. The letters were written in black ink with a steel-nibbed pen. The handwriting, though large, covers the page, and where Stein did not have enough room she was apt to write up the side of a page or cramp a closing sentence into a corner.

In some instances, the physical artifacts of the letters provided clues necessary to the proper identification and classification of the correspondence. In the cases where sheets of stationery belonging to the same letter had become sepa-

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rated in the file (this occurred with two of the letters), they were matched up by physical appearance as much as by content. The quality of the handwriting, color of ink, size of paper, and even the position of the creases in the paper were helpful in assigning wayward second sheets to their first pages.

In editing letters, one is faced with the problem of transferring the physical artifact of the letter into a form that is more readily accessible to the public. In my efforts to accomplish this, I have worked with three objectives in mind. The first is to preserve the unique flavor of Stein's correspondence as much as possible, to record her idiosyncrasies of style and thought insofar as they are reflected by her autobiographical literature. The second is to maintain important consistencies and to emphasize inconsistencies, especially where they have a bearing upon the letters as a whole. For example, opening and closing sentiments are recorded here, even though they are, for the most part, similar; where they do vary one can find evidence of the growing intimacy of the friendship between Stein and Bromfield. The third goal is to reproduce the physical appearance of the letters as closely as possible; however, some moderation has been necessary. Reading the letters in their original form for the first time is not unlike picking one's way through a swamp. If they were to be reproduced exactly, they would be virtually unreadable for the non-specialist. Therefore, in the interests of scholarship, accuracy has been the first con-
sideration, but where an exact reproduction is so distracting as to mar the interest of the letters, some standardization has been necessary. In this spirit, the following standards have been used in editing these letters.

Handwriting: Stein's handwriting leaves much to be desired; it is sometimes sprawling, sometimes cramped, and, all too often, undecipherable. Many words are intelligible only when they are examined in context. When an interpretation is uncertain I have enclosed the doubtful word or words in brackets. Unintelligible words are also indicated by brackets.

Spelling: The quality of the handwriting often makes the accuracy of the spelling moot. In general, however, Gertrude Stein demonstrates a mastery of spelling, so it is to be assumed that any omission or garbling of letters is due to the quirks of her handwriting. For example, she habitually spells "and" as a slurred "ad"; it is presumed that she knew the correct spelling. Therefore, in general, spelling will be standardized, not out of charity on my part, but out of the conviction that penmanship is responsible for mistakes. There are two exceptions. The first is Stein's tendency, which is more of an idiosyncracy than a misspelling, to drop the "e" from words beginning with "ex." Thus in her letters we see "xactly," "xcited," and "xcept." The other exception is the spelling of proper names. Gertrude Stein was often cavalier in her attitude towards the names of her friends. I have reproduced proper names exactly as writ-
ten. Where they are misleading, they are corrected in a
footnote.

**Capitalization:** In her use of capital letters, Gertrude
Stein was not as capricious in her correspondence as she was
in her literature. To the extent that she capitalized the
first words of sentences and most proper nouns, she was
fairly consistent; she followed the French, however, in not
capitalizing the first letter of languages. I have repro-
duced capitalization as written, except that I have consis-
tently capitalized the first word in a sentence, and I have
capitalized the titles of published works according to con-
vention.

**Italics:** Stein did not use underlining in her text to
italicize either literary works or foreign phrases. In the
transcription of her letters, neither do I.

**Punctuation** poses another problem connected with hand-
writing: Stein's commas and periods are distressingly simi-
lar. I have used my own discretion in this matter, taking
clues from the context and from Stein's personal writing style.
I have tried not to break up long sentences simply for the
sake of propriety, for in her letters as well as in her lit-
erature, Stein shows a charming but confusing propensity to
connect clauses in large numbers. However, periods have been
inserted if the following word is capitalized or if there has
been an abrupt change in subject matter. Also, for the sake
of consistency, I have provided commas after every opening
salutation, and after every closing sentence where a period
is not indicated. On both of these counts Stein generally included the commas but occasionally omitted them.

**Indentation:** Because most of the letters are fairly short, I have followed Stein’s paragraphing exactly.

**Grammatical error** occurs rarely. In such cases, her errors seem to be more a matter of deliberate, slangy vernacular than of ignorance; they have been reproduced intact.

**Inadvertent errors** also occur rarely. As they do not seem to be a result of illness, fading attention span, or anything but momentary carelessness, they are omitted. Where words were forgotten and inserted above the sentence with a carat, they are placed where they were intended with no mention of the omission.

**Material crossed out:** This is reproduced and indicated by a line drawn through the material excised. Where such material cannot be deciphered, I have inserted the phrase “word(s) crossed out” in brackets.

**Opening and closing cordialities** are reproduced because they sometimes vary, according to the familiarity of the correspondents and Gertrude Stein’s whim. Thus the letters may be addressed to both Bromfield and his wife, and may be signed “Gtde.” or “Gertrude and Alice.” It must be noted, however, that all the letters were written solely by Gertrude Stein and if others were included in the correspondence, it was merely as a matter of courtesy.

**Letterheads:** As noted above, Gertrude Stein’s stationery usually bore a letterhead. The letterheads are important
in that they identify where the letter originated—summer home or Paris apartment. When this is indicated by a letterhead, this information is placed above the body of the letter in the center of the page. In some instances when plain notepaper was used, Stein would write the address above the body of the letter on the right side; this is indicated in the transcription of the letters. When Stein crossed out the address in the letterhead and penned in her new address, this is also indicated.

In general, the single letter from Toklas is edited on the same guidelines as those from Stein. Alice Toklas had a disconcerting habit of inserting dashes in lieu of punctuation marks; I have omitted some of the dashes or replaced them with other marks in order to make the sense of the letter apparent.

In annotating the letters, the single largest problem was dating them. With few exceptions, Gertrude Stein did not date her letters. Whenever possible, I have dated the letters according to internal evidence and have placed the epistles in probable chronological order. The letters are dated, for the most part, by season. When it is not evident from the contents of the letter precisely in what season it was written, this information is inferred from the source of the letter. If it was written from Bilignin, Stein's summer home, it is assumed to be written from spring to early fall. If the letter was posted from Paris, it is assumed to be written
from mid-fall to the next spring. Adjustments are made, of course, when it is known that Stein and Toklas altered their regular schedule of moving from one residence to another. Occasionally evidence permits a more exact dating, usually by month. In one instance I have taken the liberty of supplying the exact day. The dates I have supplied appear in brackets in the upper right corner above the body of each letter. In two cases Gertrude Stein herself has supplied the month and day, and this information appears outside the brackets. Those letters which contain no clues to their dates appear separately in an appendix.

References to books, places, incidents, and people are annotated, with notes appearing after each letter. Unfortunately, as effusive and open as she usually was, Gertrude Stein displayed a tendency to be cryptic about people and events. Those vague generalities which could not be identified remain as tantalizing mysteries to excite the reader's imagination.

In one letter, Gertrude Stein enclosed a carbon copy of a typescript of a letter that she had sent to a third party. This is reproduced immediately after the letter with which it was mailed. Those letters by Bromfield which have been published appear in footnotes following the letters to which they most closely pertain.

I have occasionally quoted lengthy passages from Stein's published prose to demonstrate how the matter of everyday
life seeped into her literature. It will also be evident
that the purposeful cadence and melody of her prose is present
in her correspondence. The gossipy, good-humored, impassioned,
slyly opinionated personality which lights up *The Autobiog-
raphy of Alice B. Toklas, Everybody's Autobiography*, and other
works similarly illuminates the manuscripts which are repro-
duced here.
My dear Bromfield,

There that address is written in my very clearest hand writing. I have a firm conviction that my hand-writing is not so difficult to read even though quite often I cannot read it myself but I always feel that that is my fault not the writing but the reading and I imagine you are a bit that way yourself and the rain it raineth every day and the other farmers round about are afraid it is going to turn into a raining summer, dear me, but any way come to see us the ground dries very rapidly and it is nice and green and the
hills are lovely and the roses not so bad, I am awfully pleased with all you are doing but you know that and if the Quod Erat¹ could be published to be sure I did not dare read it when I found it they won't lose it because it is the only copy that exists otherwise I am working a lot I am trying to write a long dull poem like the ones of Wordsworth² and it is very interesting to do I was always fond of those long dull poems well anyway make the weather better and come to see us and I hope everything is all well with you all.

Always

Gtde. Stein

¹Q.E.D. (1903) was one of Stein's earliest attempts at writing:

In the meantime her brother had also left London and gone to Paris and there later she joined him. She immediately began to write. She wrote a short novel.

The funny thing about this short novel is that she completely forgot about it for many years. She remembered herself beginning a little later writing the Three Lives but this first piece of writing was completely forgotten, she had never mentioned it to me, even when I first knew her. She must have forgotten about it almost immediately. This spring just two days before our leaving for the country she was looking for some manuscript for The Making of Americans that she wanted to show Bernard Fay and she came across these two carefully written volumes of this completely forgotten first novel. She was very bashful and hesitant about it, did not really want to read it. Louis Bromfield was at the house that evening and she handed him the manuscript and said to him, you read it.

(The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, p. 104.)
It may well have been the nature of the subject matter that made Stein "bashful and hesitant" about rereading it, for though the style was fairly conventional, the content was not. The story deals with a love triangle between three women, and has recently been considered to be a record of Stein's personal experience (see Leon Katz, intro. to *Fernhurst, Q.E.D., and Other Early Writings* by Gertrude Stein [*New York: Liveright, 1971*], pp. iii-ix).

Stein had penned a similar claim to an American poet, Lindley Hubbell, the year before (Elizabeth Sprigge, *Gertrude Stein* [*London: Hamish Hamilton, 1957*], p. 169). It is likely that at this time she was working on *Stanzas In Meditation*.

**Letter 2**

[Summer, 1932]

Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

My dear Bromfield,

I have just finished *The Modern Hero* and it has interested me a lot and I like it, I had a very sure feeling that when we were talking the same language you and Mrs. Bromfield and I and now that I have read your book I learn we were. You can't always tell sometimes you think you are when you are not, but we were. The funny part of it is that the only outside persistent thing is Madame Azaïs the rest America is stronger than they are but she is stronger than
America, and it makes a good book, no matter how many of them there are, well we will have lots more talk, and I am hoping that you both will get down here, before long, there is a very good inn in the little town of Belley and you can sleep there and eat and my English pansies are wonderful and Alice has a million questions to ask you, last time I wrote it was raining but now nothing could be better, well any way best of all to you all,

Always

Gtde. Stein

\footnote{Bromfield replied in part to this letter:}

Dear Gertrude Stein,

    Thanks for your kind note about the book. I'm delighted that you discovered our community of language. I felt the same thing—or rather that the more experienced I grow the nearer I come to speaking your tongue. The book has met with a varied reception. I tried to write a statement, very simple, of a story, leaving the overtones entirely to implication, and I've been abused, as a result, because I'm a simple storyteller. It makes me sick and inclined to take William Rothenstein's assertion that "much criticism is refined gossip" at its face value. . . .

    I have finished the early book you gave me to read and find it vastly interesting not only for itself but for the presence in it of the ideas which later flowered in Lucy Church. Incidentally I sent Lucy Church among the list of recommended books to the N.Y. Daily Tribune (requested). Perhaps that will be an opening wedge. I'm thinking of the possibilities of publishing "Quod etc." There are great difficulties certainly but they might be overcome. . . .

Louis Bromfield
Gallup has dated this letter as being written in the Spring of 1931 and has annotated it as referring to Bromfield's *Twenty-four Hours* (New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1930). This is erroneous; the general consensus is that the manuscript was discovered in 1932.

2Bromfield's novel *A Modern Hero* appeared in 1932. It is the chronicle of an illegitimate son of a circus performer, Pierre Radier, and his ambitious rise and final tragic defeat as an irresponsible industrialist. The story is remarkable only for the fine characterization of the women who figure in Radier's life.

3Madame Azafs is the stage name of Radier's mother. Once a celebrated performer and a desirable woman, she appears in the story as a maimed and romantic figure who wistfully remembers her proud past but who still retains an independent strength and aloofness that allows her to survive her tragic past unembittered.

Letter 3

[Summer 1932]

Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

My dear Bromfield,

Yes the letter came alright but alas we have not had 30 days of good weather we only had ten and the roses are lovely but everything else is only green, green is a nice color and signifies hope but you can have too much even of
something necessary as hope. About the ms. do keep it. I only meant if there was a question of somebody really taking it on we would have it type written but keep it until we get back¹ and I have no prejudice against Harpers² on the contrary they once almost seriously considered doing Making of Americans but at that time I had not prepared the thing to be a reasonable length as I have done for the French edition which is now finally arranged thanks to you all so keep the ms. and contact Harpers or anybody reliable on it, and on a popular edition of The Makings which will be about 350 to 400 pages and makes a very readable book, so anything you do will be a pleasure. Francis Rose³ and Carly Mills⁴ have just been with us, we did not have good weather so Francis did a portrait of me in 3/4 of an hour⁵ it is not [one word illegible], they also brought us a little Mexican dog just 3 months old and Basket⁶ almost died of jealousy but now he plays with it all day long but always in some astonishment at its small size and large ferocity its name is Byron.⁷ Have a good time in Sweden but do come to see us you and Mrs. Bromfield.

Always

Gtde. Stein

¹Although Bromfield did not get the manuscript placed, he declared publicly that Q.E.D. had a "fierce intensity of purpose" ("Gertrude Stein: Experimenter With Words," New York Herald Tribune Books, Sept. 3, 1933, p. 1, col. 4). He returned the manuscript to her, and it can be traced thus:
Gertrude gave the manuscript to Alice and it was "never mentioned again" (Burns, p. 63). In 1947, after Gertrude's death, the manuscript was mailed to Carl Van Vechten, Stein's literary executor (Gallup, "A Note on the Texts," Fernhurst, Q.E.D., and Other Early Writings, n.p.). Although Alice preferred that it not be published during her lifetime (Burns, p. 63), it was brought out in a limited edition by the Banyan Press, Pawlet, Vermont, as Things As They Are, with the names of the characters changed, in 1950. That same year, Van Vechten donated the manuscript to Yale. The novel was again published, in its original version, in 1971 (Gallup, n.p.).

2All of Bromfield's previous books, including A Modern Hero, had been published by Frederick A. Stokes. However, beginning with The Farm (1933), his subsequent works were published by Harper and Brothers (Anderson, p. 183). At the time of this letter, Bromfield probably already had contact with Harpers and may have suggested to Stein that her manuscript could be placed there.

3Sir Francis Rose, a painter of the neo-romantic school, was Stein's "last great love in painting" (John Malcolm Brinnan, The Third Rose [Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1959], p. 294). Stein had only gradually been aware of Rose's work (The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, pp. 283-4) and later of his personality (p. 307), but arrived at an appreciation of both.

4Carley Mills, a young Californian, was a friend of Francis Rose. This however, did not insure him a place
in Gertrude Stein's affection; the following year she had a quarrel with him and he was dropped from her circle (James R. Mellow, Charmed Circle [New York: Praeger, 1974], p. 361).

5"He [Rose] has this summer painted the house. . . .
He has also painted her portrait. He likes it and I like it but she is not sure whether she does, but as she has just said, perhaps she does" (The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, p. 308).

6"Basket was the first of Miss Stein's and Miss Toklas' two celebrated white poodles:

He was a little puppy in a little neighborhood dog-show and he had blue eyes, a pink nose and white hair and he jumped up into Gertrude Stein's arms. . . . Basket although now he is a large unwieldy poodle, still will get up on Gertrude Stein's lap and stay there. She says that listening to the rhythm of his water drinking made her recognize the difference between sentences and paragraphs, that paragraphs are emotional and that sentences are not.

(The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, pp. 304-5.)

"We named him Basket because I had said he should carry a basket of flowers in his mouth. Which he never did" (Toklas, What Is Remembered, p. 124).

7There seems to be some confusion as to who actually donated Byron to Miss Stein. Within the context of this letter, it would appear that Byron was a gift of Francis Rose. However, in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, Stein indicates that Francis Picabia, another painter, was the donor (p. 305). This is borne out by an item in Bridg-
man's chronology, in which he cites an unpublished letter to Ellen Daniel written in June, 1932. Alice Toklas also testifies that the dog was a gift of Picabia (What Is Remembered, p. 124). In Everybody's Autobiography Stein wrote, "We called him Byron because he was to have as a wife his sister or his mother and so we called him Byron. Poor little Byron his name gave him a strange and feverish nature, he was very fierce and tender and he danced strange little war dances and frightened Basket" (p. 49). Byron soon died, and he was succeeded by Peps, another Mexican chihuahua that was also a gift from Picabia and was named after him (Everybody's Autobiography, p. 49).

Letter 4

[September, 1932]
Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

My dear Bromfield,

Sorry you did not pass our way it would have been so nice to see you both. We have just had a lively and pleasant fortnight with Bernard Fay and Francis Rose et al, we enjoyed it immensely and Bernard Fay read us the first couple hundred pages of the translation of The Making of Americans and it's wonderful I am still under its happy spell, he has made it French and all it, I am awfully content about it. Francis did various landscapes of our home so you will see them if you don't see the home but it would
be nice if you did. Here are a few of our [one word illegible], tell us what you think of them and will you use them where they will do the most good, we are going South for a week around the nineteenth but the rest of the time until November we will be here and if you could push your Ford so far it would be a pleasure to see you both and have you see the garden. The roses have been lovely and now we have tuberoses and many [strange] vegetables.  

1Bernard Fay was a young professor at the University of Clermont-Ferrand whom Gertrude Stein had met earlier (The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, p. 292). He was a student of American culture, especially that of the eighteenth century, and was one of the leading French scholars in his field (Lowe, p. 218). He was an important member of the circle of literary and artistic personalities which included Bromfield, and of the group enjoyed the most intimate relationship with Stein, intellectually as well as personally: "Gertrude Stein and he talked out in the garden about everything, about life, and America, and themselves and friendship. They then cemented the friendship that is one of the four permanent friendships of Gertrude Stein's life. He even tolerated Basket for Gertrude Stein's sake" (The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, p. 305). However, Fay's tolerance may not have been completely magnanimous. As Frederick Lowe suggests, Fay too may have been caught up in Stein's need for publicity, and he was more than willing to reap the benefits of reciprocity: "Ber-
nard Fay's prestige was enhanced by his association with Ger-
trude Stein who had more recognition in France than in the
United States. In return he was able to publicize her name
and work. . ." (Lowe, pp. 218-9).

2The impetus for Fay's translation of excerpts from
The Making of Americans was provided by Elizabeth de Gramont,
Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnere (see Letter 1, Appendix). She
had heard and approved of his translation of some of Stein's
earlier work and had broached the subject to her thus:

One day not long after she asked to come to
the house as she wished to talk to Gertrude Stein.
She came and she said, the time has now come
when you must be made known to a larger public.
I myself believe in a larger public. Gertrude
Stein too believes in a larger public but the way
has always been barred. No, said Madame Cler-
mont-Tonnere, the way can be opened. Let us
think.

She said it must come from the translation
of a big book, an important book. Gertrude Stein
suggested the Making of Americans and told her
how it had been prepared for an American pub-
lisher to make about four hundred pages. That
will do exactly, she said. And went away.

Finally and not after much delay, Monsieur
Boutelleau of Stock saw Gertrude Stein and he
decided to publish the book. There was some
difficulty about finding a translator, but
finally that was arranged. Bernard Fay aided
by the Baronne Seilliere undertook the transla-
tion, and it is this translation which is to
appear this spring, and that this summer made
Gertrude Stein say, I knew it was a wonderful
book in english, but it is even, well, I can-
not say almost really more wonderful but just
as wonderful in french.

(The Autobiography of Alice B.
Toklas, pp. 307-8)

Apparently Bernard Fay concurred with Stein's opinion of the
translation; in a letter written to her dated August 31,
1932, he speaks with great emotion of his reading of it:
I have spent in Bilignin ten days of such a great and deep happiness that it is not easy to thank you. . . . The Making of Americans is a very great book, and, sincerely, when I started the translation, I was a little afraid that the translation would be hopelessly inferior to the English text. Reading it aloud to you has made me feel that the French version will after all give a fair idea of the great richness and beauty of the English book.

(The Flowers of Friendship, p. 258.)

3"He [Rose] has this summer [1932] painted the house from across the valley where we first saw it and the waterfall celebrated in Lucy Church Amiably" (The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, p. 308).

4The handwriting covers the page and there is no room on the sheet for closing sentiments or a signature.

Letter 5

[October, 1932]

Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

My dear Bromfield,

Did you ever get Operas and Plays¹ and how are you all and how much longer are you staying in Senlis. We won't be back I imagine for another month yet. There does seem such an awful lot of things to do in the country, but anyway I am working a lot and enjoying it. I learn in the Herald that Mrs. Bromfield could not hold in any longer.

Love to you both,

Gtde. Stein
1Operas and Plays, a collection of previously unpublished works written from 1913 to 1930, included Four Saints in Three Acts (Sprigge, p. 267). It was published in the Plain Edition, 1932, a private concern managed by Alice Toklas (Brinnnan, p. 296).

Letter 6

[Summer, 1933]

Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

My dear Louis,

I hope you have gotten the autobiography1 in time, we got home too late to send it off the day of the first telegram but sent it off the first thing the next morning, it is the an advance copy of the English edition, I have not yet had any copy of the American edition, I am awfully happy about your doing the article2 and I would be awfully pleased if we could see you and Mary this summer, I was just reading Blood on the [one word illegible] it reminded me of the American crimes you and I love, let's do one together, not the crime but about the crime,3 it would be fun, anyway let's see you and more than anyway thanks and thanks again and love to you both and to all yours,

Gtde.
The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, published in 1933, was brought out simultaneously by Harcourt, Brace and Company in New York, and John Lane the Bodley Head in London (Sprigge, p. 267).

2Bromfield was planning to write a review of the Autobiography (see Letter 9).

3Bromfield and Stein shared a taste for detective novels, and toyed with the idea of co-authoring a murder mystery. The much-discussed project never materialized, and Stein later commented in Everybody's Autobiography:

I am always wanting to collaborate with some one I wanted to collaborate with Sherwood Anderson in a history of Grant I wanted to collaborate with Louis Bromfield in a detective story and now I want to collaborate with Lloyd Lewis in a history of Grant. They are all very polite and enthusiastic about it but the collaboration does never take place. I suppose I like the word collaboration and I have a kind of imagination of how it could take place. Well anyway. (p. 270)

Letter 7

[Summer, 1933]

Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

My dear friends,

We are counting on you coming the 29 or 30 of August, and looking forward a lot to your staying with us it is really serious my idea of doing a detective story together, something rather peculiar happened here¹ and I made a note
of it, and it kind of struck me as something we could in
a funny kind of way perhaps explode together. Well anyway
let us know where to meet you as soon as you know.

Always

Gtde.

1Gertrude Stein remarked in retrospect that "that sum-
mer that first summer after the Autobiography was not a
natural summer." The most peculiar event of the season
was the mysterious death of Madame Pernollet, who with her
husband had managed a hotel not far from the summer home.
"Then one day, it was that summer she was found early in
the morning on the cement where she had fallen, and they
picked her up and took her to the hospital. . . and then
she was dead. . ." (Everybody's Autobiography, pp. 51, 54).
Stein, without Bromfield's assistance, later wrote her de-
tective story (see Letter 11, below).

Letter 8

[Bilignin, 1933]

par Belley
Ain

My dear friends,

I am awfully pleased about everything, and we will
talk it all over, yes the 29 or 30 suits us perfectly and
you don't have to come by Lyons, you know you can take a
train in the South to Culoz and I could meet you there or
if you want to come by Lyons, we could meet at Priay perhaps
the best restaurant in France in a tiny village and then
bring you home from there, either plan suits us perfectly,
I am curious looking forward to your article and our books
coming out together is awfully nice,

Lots of love

Gtde.

Alice is in tears because her garden won’t be just right for
Louis, but then perhaps it will.

Letter 9  

[Summer, 1933]

Bilignin
par Belley

Ain

My dear friends,

I am awfully pleased with the article\textsuperscript{1} really and truly
as pleased as can be, and you know Louis, what I find is a
very delicate quality of balance. I mean considered as writing,
it is like values in painting, a very rare quality in writing
and one that pleases me deeply and it is that that kind of
makes me think that we can pull off our shilling shocker, I
want out of between us to get the essence of crime as america
lives it, not so much does it as lives it, and I don’t know
I am not sure that we can’t do it, anyway we will talk it
over with lots of lots of pleasure. Our telephone number is
168 Belley, and meeting you at Priay would be very nice and
then we would bring you home, we will wait your date either
the 29 or 30 whichever suits you. We are having lovely weather and even if it does dry up the garden I can't help hoping it will last so you see I at heart am only 1/3 gardener, anyway lots of love to you both and I am so pleased with what you have done and all the way you have done it.

Always

Gtde.

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1 The much-anticipated review of *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* by Louis Bromfield filled the front page of the September 3, 1933, issue of the *New York Herald Tribune Books* under the title "Gertrude Stein: Experimenter With Words," the subtitle announcing "Louis Bromfield Hails Her 'Autobiography' as a Literary Event." The byline stated "Reviewed by Louis Bromfield, Author of 'The Farm,' 'The Green Bay Tree,' and Other Novels of Distinction." The review itself is an enthusiastic endorsement of a difficult and esoteric author by a popular one who wishes to persuade America that Gertrude Stein is, after all, writing for the common man:

Her sincerity is impregnable. At times in the depths of her experiments she has been a "writer's writer" and her struggles have puzzled and confused and perhaps amused many readers of the more obscure works, but in this latest book she has emerged triumphantly. She has achieved brilliantly her desire of direct emotional transference and actuality. More than any other book I ever read, I lived this book, page by page, sentence by sentence, through twenty-five years. I think that this will be the experience of nearly every reader.

(col. 4)
Letter 10

[Summer, 1933]

My dear friends,

Bernard Fay is with us and he says that The Farm\(^1\) is very much interesting the people he met in Chicago, he heard a great deal about it there. I am awfully pleased, we are having a good time and talked about you a lot. As for me I am really [encumbered] with clippings and letters and I certainly was excited to be and I like it and I like it a lot, thanks for the [ad], that I had not seen and lots of love,

Gtds.

\(^1\)The Farm (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1934) traces the development of a family that settled in the Western Reserve (the area of Bromfield's native Ohio region). The book is dedicated to his descendants, and it is strongly autobiographical (Brown, pp. 70-1).

Letter 11

[Summer, 1933]

I have written to Knellen and she will write to you and my letter will let you know soon perhaps he has already?

My dears,

Thanks for many things, but first The Farm, I am spending the day reading it. And so far this is what I think. In the first place speaking technically, you have gone a long way in unmuddling yourself that is to say there is now direct
contact between the balance of your sentences and your inner
thought, not, as often, in the Modern Hero a fogging of it by
your outer thought, but that though of interest is not the
important thing, the important thing is that you have done
something entirely new and I do not yet know how it is done,
it is done very gently. Up to now everybody has known what a
pioneer is, for several generations now anybody in and out of
America has known what a pioneer is, and one almost begins to
think that the pioneers themselves knew what a pioneer was
which as a general thing is not possible, but it has been
so definitely everybody's point of view to know what a pio-
neer is, Fenimore Cooper or Hamlin Garland two who should
not have known what a pioneer is in the way everybody knows
what a pioneer is, could not help it, they too knew exactly
what a pioneer was. Now you in some miraculous way have es-
caped that knowledge, and so you are the first to make wander-
ing Americans. It is very strange Louis, but it is true, and
the funny fact is one almost has a suspicion that you too
thought you knew what pioneers were what the West was just
like everybody knew it and yet when you came to do it in some
subtly and gentle way you did not learn it and so you have
something, you have made Americans, they are just not pioneers.

Now I am going on reading and then I'll tell you some
more.

Now I have finished it, and I'll tell you some more.
Later on if it gets a little muddled by the fact that you
have not been able to keep Johnny\(^1\) either in or out, and yet
you must, they are all there, and Johnny sometimes is and sometimes isn't which is a little a bother, the marvellous thing that you have done is that they are all there. And sometimes Johnny is there but not always. Some day when you come down we will talk a lot about audience in connection with characters and with the writer, it is awfully [one word illegible] and The Farm [three words illegible] and [two words illegible]. In short you see, I am very deeply interested in you as a writer, I think you have [tracked] an entirely new way of making Americans, it is very subtle it is very gentle and though very American and it must never be pushed, it must stay there and move, and it does and it will. Listen you must come down again, there is so much to talk over, dear Mary, thanks a thousand times for being such a sweet wife of a genius and letting me have your book. I once did that and I know how difficult it is for wives of geniuses to be sweet about it, but I take it for granted you have been and thanks awfully, I was most anxious to read it, and it has meant so much to me. So listen, you will come down again soon. I will let you know Bernard Fay's date which is to be very soon and perhaps you could come down the end of his stay and then stay on, that would be nice, and you could see some of the farming people of the country and we could talk about the detective story which we did not do. I have written a little one² that I want you to see and I think there is something to do there, I feel so more than ever, you succeeded in not
learning about pioneers more, so perhaps we may succeed in not learning what crime is and so do something, I am awfully happy that Louis has done so good a book, happier than I can ever say. Thanks for the Nation, it is a very interesting article, do you hear anything about who did it. And Louis if anything I say about The Farm could be of any use to your publishers as publicity, please say so, of course it is yours and I am terribly interested in your London talk, you will tell me when you come down what you said and also you left a book here that I am sending you back, a very serious book, and we did enjoy you and we are all of us most awfully looking forward to enjoying you again as much and more,

Always
Gtde.

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1 Johnny is the character who represents the life of the youthful Bromfield. The novel begins with Johnny's faint childhood recollections, than backtracks to trace the family history for several generations before his birth; for several chapters the focus of the novel is unclear, and Johnny "sometimes is and sometimes isn't there."

2 The story which Stein wrote about the Ferncllet tragedy was entitled Blood on the Dining-Room Floor. She later concluded that it was not exactly a success, for "on the whole a detective story has to have if it has not a detective it has to have an ending and my detective story did not have any" ("Why I Like Detective Stories," in How Writing is Writ-
ten, Vol. II of The Previously Uncollected Writings of Ger-
trude Stein, ed. Robert Bartlett Haas [Los Angeles: Black 
Sparrow Press, 1974], p. 149).

Letter 12

[Fall, 1933]

Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

My dear friends,

We were surprised I was surprised to find you leave us so soon,¹ and I am sorry, it would have been so nice if you could have come down and we could of drunk to all our books, I am sending you this, we are both best selling just the two of us and I rather like it. I wrote to my cousin to write you to Senlis but since you are leaving so almost at once I am writing again to tell her to write you care of Harpers so that you can get into conversation at once, her address is

Mrs. Julian Stein
Rose Hill
Pikesville
Md.

you will all like each other I am sure and they will do everything they can for you. This is the children's first sight of America isn't it, I wonder how they will like it. Do keep us aware of your movements by an occasional card and it will be nice having you back.

Lots of love to you both and a good trip and give them my very best reports over there.

Always

Gtie.
1The Bromfields had just returned from a tour in India, and planned to spend the winter in America. Bromfield had cast a nostalgic look backwards in his writing of The Farm, and was anxious to regain some lost memories of his homeland (Brown, p. 74).

Letter 13

[Fall, 1933]

Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

My dears,

So you didn't settle in Baltimore, 1 but we all settle somewhere at least we settle where we are which is what we need. But here don't you be sure too much of [two words illegible] because I would not like you handicapped or killed in automobiles not at all at all. We are still here although we ought not to be we ought to be in Paris, and we are leaving Monday, but we just did not seem to be able to get away, have lots of stories of crime here for you when you get back, we must contrive push and [shove] our crime I think. I think that would be rather nice, sort of going on together, because we want murdered mystery and this one here is. I adore our being best sellers together, there is lots of news but now you will be back before long. Thanks a thousand times for everything you are doing for me, and lots and lots of love to you all,

Gtde.
Evidently while in America the Bromfields had visited Miss Stein's cousin. The countryside there must have been appealing; for a while during his winter in the States, Bromfield had considered buying a farm in that area (Brown, p. 74).

Letter 14

[Winter, 1933]

My dear Louis,

Merry Christmas and happy new year to all the family and many returns of the same. This article which I am enclosing you is something I wrote to Bernard Fay and we thought it would make a nice thing to print and as you are in it too, do you like it. Little Brown has it and Bernard and I would like it if you would like it you could consult with them as to the best place to place it, and as soon as you can. Paris is very nice and quiet these days and I am liking it, it just is that nice and quiet, everybody is peaceful, and those who are not too awfully bad are unworried, which is after all a nice Paris, but we do miss you and you miss us but soon you will be back. Since I read the [one word illegible] murder, I was very excited about it. We will do our detective story some day. You know we will make a dual one. I think it might be rather nice we telling each
other how we feel about each one we remember but anyway we will be glad to see each other and lots of love to the family, Gtde.

Enclosed Typescript (carbon copy)

TWO LETTERS

THESE ARE THE TWO LETTERS I WROTE TO BERNARD PAY ABOUT HIS TWO BOOKS.

GERTRUDE STEIN

My dear Bernard,

I have just got it and have just finished it, Roosevelt and His America, and I have been immensely interested in it. The single finest portrait in the book is Coolidge, you really got the soul of Coolidge without exaggeration without any emphasis, and something in it very profound, and very American New England. I am very touched by it. The whole book holds together.

I do a little feel that you do not quite get the soul of the Republican party between Lincoln and McKinley when they really had presidential timber, you have seen it only since the timber has turned into dead wood, but that we will talk about in December.

Yes, it is this, you have known America since this war, you have known America before and just after the revolutionary war. Those are not my times. My America is from Daniel Webster through the Spanish war. That is the part of America that is inside me and all through me and so between us we do have the whole of America which is very sweet and nice for
us, but it does make it difficult for you to understand the Republican party.

When I was at college I too had my democratic moment, a moment when I was not true to my America of the Republican party. I believed in Cleveland and when we, that is America, were all through with Cleveland we wanted Cleveland again and really there was nothing to it. Then I fell again when it came to Wilson's second term; the Democratic party seduces one, and that is because they only elect a president when by some chance they have a very exceptional man to elect, and a very exceptional man is seductive, you can't help being seduced by an exceptional man. But the Democratic party, well there is a great deal to be said about the Democratic party. The Republican party is not seductive because they do not have to have an exceptional man with which to seduce you. All they need is presidential timber and alas, that has a little falled them but perhaps new wood is growing.

Roosevelt, Teddy Roosevelt, might almost have been a Democratic party president, but the reason he was not was that he was not seductive, and his cousin, well his cousin was elected because he was just a little seductive, he is seductive, more so, but not enough so; he like Smith sounds more seductive than he is. There, after all I have told you what I feel about the Democratic party.

The whole part in the book about the difference between America and France is beautifully done. You know Cook, my old friend, used always to say about his French wife as com-
pared to his American mother and sister, my mother and sister rise wonderfully to an occasion, but Jeanne sees to it that the occasion does not rise.

I am delighted about the book because it does and that for the first time, make the French realise the relation in their difference between the real France and the real America and it will have a big success because of that, because they really do want, it has taken a long time but they at last do really want to know what the real America is and what its contrast is to the real France. And you are getting to be the only person anybody French believes about America. I tease you a lot about your and my America but I guess they are pretty right, you are the only one that has an idea of what there is that America is.

I judge they feel this from the way all kind of people tell me here, and this is the country, the real French country, and what they feel here is important and I guess they are right. You are the only one who knows anything about it and you know a lot about it and you tell it, and what is even more important, you know there is a lot more to know about it, and you tell that. And you know that I am so pleased that it is you that know it.

My dear Bernard,

Benny Bache
t came and it rained all day and I spent it with it and I am very content. It is a sweet book an awfully sweet book, sad and sweet and at the same time very lively
and exciting and alive. I am full of things I want to say to you about it. In the first place I think the thing that is very remarkable is the way you make the French trained boy liked and hated by his Americans when he gets back to America, and just the shade of it is marvellous and as true to-day as it was then. I have known several cases of it, and you do it with absolutely the right touch and no matter how long he stays there it is always there. Sometimes, you know, it is all so real that it is unreal and one wonders if the whole thing is not your invention. I know it isn't of course, did we not see the place he went to school, but you know what I mean. I always liked Geneva for Gibbon and now I like it because you have made it full of Benny.

About the whole book there is a singular air of actuality, not made actuality but real actuality, that as I say leaves one suspended between the real and the unreal in a strange and as far as I know a perfectly new way. I am immensely interested in this.

One of the minor things I like the best in the book is the part about Hamilton and Jefferson.

How much I have had to say and how much I always do say to you, and it is funny but all last winter I spent the whole winter too in saying it to Louis Bromfield, that Hamilton is nothing, he was just an Englishman. He was just an Englishman in America. He thought he was forming the Federal
party but he was not, it was the Americans who were the Federal party and he was only a boss, nothing but a boss.

What I think is so wonderful in your book, Bernard, is that you see the truth in spite of yourself and that is the reason that I am so much delighted in the chapter about Hamilton and Jefferson. You say that Hamilton is important and made the Federal party but really in spite of your saying so you show by the way that Jefferson used him and forgot him that Hamilton was nothing but a boss and had no political meaning.

Louis Bromfield and I disputed about that all winter, I said he, a good American, ought to be ashamed of himself that he was defending Jeffersonian democracy against Hamilton, against the American people if he liked but not against Hamilton. We got quite violent and Mary Bromfield on my side and Louis, I am sure, convinced but stubborn, with the stubbornness of the Jeffersonian democrat, who wanted an excuse for the failure. But failure does not need an excuse. It is an end in itself as every Jeffersonian democrat ought to know.

I giggled a good deal in reading the book, and I was very excited, because you so wonderfully show what really is the Democratic party in America. I had the feeling but I had not the reason and so while you were telling about them, while you were feeling that you were believing in them, really you made yourself not believe and you gave me
the real reason for the feeling that I told you about in my letter to you about your Roosevelt.

Politically I feel that you have justified my feeling about the Democratic party, it is a party of the two Franklins and the riff-raff and the riff-raff is all Irish or if it isn't Irish it is in the hands of the Irish, and so it never has had and never will have a policy, in which it is so unlike the radicals anywhere else. The Republicans have always had the perfectly straight forward policy of the full dinner pail. Except for that small moment when the Democrats were upholding slavery, and when Bryan, who having a policy could never get elected, the Democrats, even to your own Franklin Roosevelt have never had a policy, a programme or a point of view; and it is all so clear in your book, you have absolutely explained it, Benny and Tammany and that is the Democratic party to this day. You have made me realise a lot about America. It's funny but thinking about the Republican party and the Democratic party, makes me wonder about immigration. You say a lot about immigration. Do we make a mistake in closing the gate too much.

When the American soldier was over he never could see why the French always built such high walls around their houses. What are they afraid of, they used to say, what's the matter with them, are they doing anything they do not want anybody to see. Now about immigration, if you cut it
off too much, don't all the foreigners who are already inside keep too foreign. As long as foreigners keep coming in those inside have to become American. Perhaps America will become less American if they cut so many foreigners off from coming in.

But anyway we have so much to say and we will say it all when you come back again.

As I have said you have made me realise so much about America that I am full of it.

I was awfully happy about the book and I am very interested too about the way you have gone to work at coming in contact with your characters. At first I was not so sure but as I went on I was very sure and I am sure that you have seen history in an entirely new way. You know how terribly interested I am in the relation the inevitable double relation of a writer, triple one might call it, of a writer and his audience, and we have a lot to talk about about that, and I am awfully happy that you have taken a big step in the solving of your problem. I lived with the book very intimately and one can live with it.

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1Little, Brown and Company were the publishers of Fay's Roosevelt and His America.
2(Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1933).
3Fay's work about Benjamin Franklin Bache, a grandson of Benjamin Franklin. Bache followed in his grandfather's
footsteps and was a light of the Democratic party in the final years of the eighteenth century.

Letter 15

[March, 1934]
27 rue de Fleurus

My dear friends,

Thanks so much for the cable it meant a lot to us to know that you felt that the opera\(^1\) really had gotten over and I know that I can rely on your having felt it if you said it, you don't say anything about coming back, are you, and what is your news, and how much we will have to tell each other, there is hardly any one in [one word illegible]. It's nice for you having been over there but in a way it would have been nice to have had you here. The Paris cards have been interesting and almost strange but all that when we meet. Do give us news of yourselves and let us know when we will see you and again thanks and pleasure [one word illegible]. I am so very fond of you both,

Always

Gtd.

\(^1\)Four Saints in Three Acts. An Opera to be Sung, written in 1927 (Bridgman, p. 376), published as part of Operas and Plays in the Plain Edition, Paris, 1932 (Sprigge, p. 167), had a libretto by Virgil Thompson, who had set earlier Stein works to music (The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, p. 279):
Virgil Thompson had asked Gertrude Stein to write an opera for him. Among the saints there were two saints whom she had always liked better than any others, Saint Theresa of Avila and Ignatius Loyola, and she said she would write him an opera about these two saints. She began this and worked very hard at it all that spring and finally finished Four Saints and gave it to Virgil Thompson to put to music. He did. And it is a completely interesting opera both as to words and music.

(p. 281)
Thompson chose a black cast and arranged an elaborate production with fantastic settings by Florine Stettheimer (Sprigge, pp. 154, 157). The play opened February 8, 1934, at the Wadsworth Athanaeum in Hartford, Connecticut, and again in New York on February 20, 1934 (Brinnan, pp. 322, 325). Bromfield, wintering in the United States, probably saw the play in New York.

Letter 16

[Spring, 1934]

Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

My dear friends,

I am sending you this¹ in case you should have missed it. Alice has just found it and it is too too lovely. Nobody could have invented anything half so fine. Delegate from China to the International Pen Club Conference in Edinburgh to be held in June.² If you see later do tell us all about it. Do you need rain for the garden, we do, everything else is as it should be.

Lots and lots of love

Gtie.
1It would seem that a newspaper clipping or photograph accompanied this cryptic letter. Unfortunately whatever was enclosed with this note has been lost or destroyed.

2The P.E.N. Club (the letters stand for poets, playwrights, editors, essayists and novelists) is an international literary organization. It convened in Edinburgh in 1934, with president Robert Frost presiding. It is not known who the delegates from China were (Marchette Chute, P.E.N. American Center [New York: P.E.N. American Center, 1972], p. 109.

Letter 17

[Summer, 1934]

Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

Next week we have a telephone, the whole village is excited and so are we.

My dear friends,

How are you both and how are babies books and gardens. We have no particular news, we are enjoying the country enjoying it a lot and looking forward to enjoying it with you. There are lots of things it will be nice to talk over when we meet. Alice says it at least once a day and if I would listen she would say it 15 times a day that the gardening book is a large book and a wonderful book, I am almost hoping too much but I am still after Paris sleeping.

Best to you always

Gtde.
Letter 18

[Summer, 1934]

Bilingual
par Belley
Ain

My dear friends,

Did you get the books back alright, I enjoyed them, and we have just been reading [one word illegible], and that is almost a crime story. And what has become of the little girl, she must be about 17 now, what has become of her, that too is a mystery. It's a funny book, Alice who is just finishing xplodes, and will we see you this summer, I do wish we would, nothing would please us more—and, and this is perhaps true we may be going to US this fall¹ and it would be so nice seeing you and getting advice, we need so much advice and you and Mary could both tell us so much, and are we going, this we do not know but it looks like it, and as I say we do need advice for our daily life over there and we need it bad. And what else is happening to you and where have you been since, but if you would come here we would call for you anywhere, say Geneva you might go to Geneva, well anyway come here and lots of love,

Gtde.

¹The proposed lecture tour did indeed take place, though not without some doubts and hesitation; when the arrangements were made, Stein quarreled with her agent, W. H. Bradley (Everybody's Autobiography, pp. 128-9), scrapped his plans and even-
tually made her own arrangements. For an entertaining and
detailed account of Stein's American tour, see W. G. Rogers'
When This You See Remember Me, pp. 113-152.

Letter 19

[Spring, 1935]

27 rue de Fleurus

My dear Louis,

Willet¹ turned up and right just as I we, got home and
we had a [one word illegible] talk. He thinks he can pull
off doing a popular edition of Three Lives² in England like
the Modern Library's American one. There is such an edition
chez Heineman,³ he is practically sure of doing this and at
the same time taking over the sheets of The Making of Ameri-
cans, and then if there ever should be a-really-perfect-one
another autobiography of course they would have it.⁴ If
they do the Three Lives they want an introduction he and I
were at one about this and of course the introducer is to be
you, we are at one about this too I hope you will [one word
illegible], but you will won't you. By the way don't any of
the cinema people want to buy the characters out of Melanotha⁵
or either of the other two⁶ of the Three Lives stories, they
being so popular now. I wish they would, with the dollar
where it is if they would it would be a blessing. But I hope
you like the idea of introducing the Three Lives to the Eng-
lish audience as much as I like the idea of your doing it.
I have a rotten cold and the dogs are sad and Alice is busy,
but we have just closed up home and opened another and so I am consoling myself by writing to you and working.

Always and always to you both.

Gtde.

1B. W. Willett was director of John Lane the Bodley Head Ltd., a publishing house which had previously brought out several of Stein's works (Gallup, *Flowers of Friendship*, pp. 203-4; Sprigge, pp. 266-7).

2*Three Lives*, written in 1904-5, was originally published by the Grafton Press, New York, in 1909. Of the many editions that followed, one is by the Modern Library of New York (1933). John Lane the Bodley Head and John Lane Company had published editions of *Three Lives* in 1915 and 1920, respectively, but this later "popular edition" never came about (Sprigge, p. 266).


4John Lane the Bodley Head had published the first English edition of *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*. Later in 1935 they did bring out another, as one of their Week End Library editions (Sprigge, p. 267).

5"Melanotha," a story of the American Negro subculture of the early twentieth century, was the most popular of the *Three Lives* (Bridgman, p. 52).

6"The Good Anna" and "The Gentle Lena."
Letter 20

[Spring, 1935]

Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

My dear friends,

Here we are and we are gardening, even the China boy is gardening but he likes finding things that are not there. That introduction was for the English editions but Willett never became the publisher he was to which not infrequently happens. The puppies are well, and it will be nice if you come to see us, otherwise nothing very exciting but we like it and I hope this finds you the same, lots and lots of love to you all,

Gtde.

Letter 21

[February, 1937]

27 rue de Fleurus

My dear friends,

We are so sorry but we cannot come next Sunday, I inadvertently was put in a committee to select pictures for the Petit Palais for the exhibition and I have as yet committed the [minimum] but it would appear that I must next Sunday well anyway, it is a pleasure deferred, as well as missed and why is there this conspiracy of silence concerning our mutual friend, why, well, the Sunday after and so much love,

Gtde.
1The Exposition Mondiale was to be held in Paris that year, and its directors requested that Gertrude Stein be a juror for the show at the Petit Palais (Brinnan, p. 355).

Letter 22

[Fall, 1937]

Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

My dear friends,

How are you, we are helas sur le [one word illegible], back to Paris, I have her clipping dahlias and it's hot and we kind of hate to quit the country only a little while ago it was awfully cold, but how are you and we will be seeing you. I've gotten a few books this summer that may amuse you and then there is Everybody's Autobiography1 which I hope you will like when I bring it to you, otherwise a pleasant but not a very working summer, and we are looking forward to seeing you somebody sent some nice photos of us together in Senlis, lots of love to you all,

Gtde.

1"Alice B. Toklas did hers and now anybody will do theirs. . . . Anyway autobiography is easy like it or not autobiography is easy for any one and so this is to be everybody's autobiography" (Everybody's Autobiography, pp. 3, 6). This book was a sequel to The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas.
It lacked the gossipy drama of the earlier book and did not sell as well (Bridgman, p. 269); however, it does provide the reader with a sense of Stein's inner growth as she grapples with the problems of wealth, writing, and the future.

Letter 23

27 rue de Fleurus

[January, 1938]

My dear people,

The development in attendu is that we are leaving the rue de Fleurus for the rue Christine¹ and we are as happy as happy can be, now would you believe it and we want to tell you all about it and we can't wait till you get back and the Everybody's Autobiography is here a copy for you and lots of love,

Gtde.

¹Alice and Gertrude quit the apartment in the rue de Fleurus unreluctantly. In a letter to Sherwood Anderson, she wrote, "I guess 27 got so historical it just could not hold us any longer and so the landlord wanted to put his son in and we might have made a fuss but we were kind of pleased and now we are very pleased" (Sprigge, p. 223). Miss Toklas had every reason to be pleased: the new flat was equipped with modern plumbing ([Mellow], pp. 443-4). The two had planned to make the move around the first of the
year (1938) but delays postponed the move to about the first of February of that year (Bridgman, p. 364).

Letter 24

[February, 1938]

27-rue-de-Fleurus

5 rue Christine
Dantin 6506

My dears,

How are you all we are moved and it was a struggle but we are awfully pleased with ourselves and we want you to come and be so too, are you back are you here, so much to tell but all that when we meet and lots of love,

Gtde.

\[1\] Miss Stein had crossed out the letterhead and penned her new address and telephone beneath it.

Letter 25

[February, 1938]

27-rue-de-Fleurus

5 rue Christine

My dears,

Everything is peaceful so we are xpecting you Thursday at half past seven and of course George\[1\] will come too, we need you all to see how nice we look, lots of love,

Gtde.
George Hawkins, Bromfield's business manager and secretary, had been his companion and an inseparable part of his family since 1929, when Bromfield was writing in Hollywood for Goldwyn. Hawkins was dispatched to Bromfield's hotel room to help him with "paper work," and by the time Bromfield resigned from Goldwyn's employ the following year, Hawkins had become firmly attached as a member of the household (Geld, pp. 7-9).

Letter 26

[Summer, 1938]

Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

My dear Louis,

Here we are gardening but our gardening is not like yours you put things in but we take things out rocks and trees and hay, but we like it, it is sad that the atlanties are over and the fourth page of the Herald no longer is lively, we did enjoy it so much, and Francis Rose's show\(^1\) sounds as if it was going to be a serious hit are you there and did you see Fairbanks\(^2\) and is there any hope of my working with him, the second act of Faust\(^3\) is finished and the third conceived, it feels quite dramatic and operatic, and we do miss you all but we are glad to be here lots of love,

Gtde.
1Francis Rose was preparing for a large retrospective exhibition in London (Rose, p. 368).

2Possibly this refers to Douglas Fairbanks, who was a friend of Bromfield's and who was an occasional visitor at his home in Senlis (Ishbel Ross, The Expatriates [New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1970], p. 266.

3Dr. Faustus Lights the Lights was an opera for which Gerald Berners was to write the music. However, he could not complete the project, and the opera was not performed until after Stein's death, with incidental music by an American composer, Richard Banks (Sprigge, p. 225). The opera was published posthumously with other dramatic works in a volume entitled Last Operas and Plays (New York: Rinehart and Company, 1949).

Letter 27

[Summer, 1938]

My dear Louis,

I am glad the big picture\(^1\) received well do tell me how the show looked. I am most anxious to hear but of course Francis is too excited to tell, the opera is finished and when Alice has a minute from gardening and [one word illegible] helping she will tap\(^2\) it and I will send it. I did not want that you should make any special effort about Fairbanks but if you did see him and had an opportunity I would like to sound him out about my notion of the [one
word illegible) [ancient and modern], it would be rather fun, he said something about being at Aix, we might all gather together that would be fun, I had a wonderous theological discussion with the Fathers at Hautecombe about my Faust, tell you all about it some day, we miss you Sundays as much as they miss us and that's saying a lot isn't it lots of love to you all,

Gtde.

---

1 Apparently this refers to a large canvas of life-size portraits that Rose painted especially for his exhibition. Among those in the group portrait were Gertrude Stein, Alice Toklas, Christian Bérard, Pavel Tchelitchev, Jean Cocteau, Jean Marais, Serge Lifar, Diane Vare, Huilan Wellington Koo, Natalie Barney, Professor Russell Hitchcock, Virgil Thompson, Louis Bromfield, and Francis Picabia (Rose, p. 353).

2 Gertrude Stein occasionally substituted the word "tap" for the word "type."

3 Hautecombe was a Benedictine monastery on the Lac du Bouget; Bernard Fay often went there on retreats (Rose, p. 184).

Letter 28

[Summer, 1938]

My dear Louis,

I do not have the [Berners] address but Francis might as they asked him to go and see them just after we left and I believe he did, it is a hotel address that I know very
well but neither Alice nor I can remember which one. I am
delighted that the show came off so well and that he is
doing your garden, it would be wonderful if you could lance
him as a garden portraitist it might lead to a very lucra-
tive and pleasant life both very desirable things. It was
nice that we saw your garden more as it is than we ever have
done before, but not in all its glory and there must be more
glory, lots of love,

Gtde.

1Lord Gerald Berners, musician, composer, and "member
not very active of the House of Lords" (Everybody's Auto-
biography, p. 186) had composed the score for a ballet
based upon the script of Stein's play They Must. Be Wedded.
To Their Wife. Later Berners arranged to do the music for
Dr. Faustus, but begged off because his emotional involve-
ment with World War II stifled his creative ability (see let-

Letter 29

[October, 1938]

My dears,

Here we are still and just when we get back we do not
know, the late unpleasantness rather lost us a little time
and we kind of feel that we could get it back again by
staying on, but perhaps all the same we will get back before you are gone.\(^1\) We will miss you a lot, we like the Sundays at Senlis in November and December almost the best, we are kind of more all together, Miss Hockaday\(^2\) spent a day or two with us here and we visited her in Geneva and she wanted to hear all about you but I said you were moved to England, and just then of course you are not, well anyway if we get back before you sail we will let you know at once. Gerald Berners said he was to see you in London, come down here too it would be nice lots of love to you all the top there and the rest down here,

Gtde.

---

\(^1\)In the fall of 1938, Bromfield took his wife and three daughters to America, fearing that a European war was imminent and that they would not be safe in France (Brown, pp. 88-9).

\(^2\)Miss Ela Hockaday had made the acquaintance of Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas while they were touring the United States. She managed the Hockaday school for girls, a junior college in Dallas, Texas (Mellow, p. 405); Gertrude Stein had lectured there and was impressed by the understanding the girls displayed of her work (Everybody's Autobiography, p. 272).
Letter 30

27-rue-de-Fleury
5 rue Christine

My dears,

Here we are of a Sunday and you all not here, you must be enjoying yourselves a lot to make up for all we are missing you. For the first time in a long life in Paris we were in the Ritz bar, Francis did that to us, we had to ask a policeman where it was so little did we know the night life of Paris well anyway there we met Mr. & Mrs. Ceasar, and we all left together, no Bromfields no Senlis no George, helas and alas, are you enjoying yourselves and are you coming back sooner than you expected,¹ we do hope so, lots of love to you all lots and lots of it always.

Gtde.

¹Bromfield had originally intended to merely deposit his family in the United States until the dangers of war were past. He was to return to France in the spring of 1939, but with the purchase of Malabar Farm he changed his mind and decided to remain in America (Brown, p. 89).
Letter 31

[Winter, 1938]

27-rue-de-Fleurs
5 rue Christine

My dears,

It is a bright white Sunday, the kind that was always so lovely and is only there are no Bromfields in Senlis, alas, two weeks ago Gerald Berners was here and we Gerald, Francis, Alice and I went out to Chantilly and then Gerald said he wanted to see your home and we went there and we went in and we and the maid and the cook wept together, it looked so deserted, don't tell me Oberlin and a farm\(^1\) is better cause it is not, and don't be so bitter about poor old Eur-o-pe,\(^2\) it has its little ways but it does give us and has given us awfully pleasant days, come back Bromfields come back to us all, so many xiles must pray on as usual. Francis is to have an English show\(^3\) and there is a great deal of preparation, and there are so many stories to tell each other in Senlis on Sunday, come back Bromfields come back but any-way here or there we all love you, Basket died and we cried dreadfully, but you heard all about that lots of love,

Ccde.

---

\(^1\)Upon Bromfield's return to the United States he enrolled his children in school in Oberlin, Ohio, and considered buy-ing a farm either near that town or in Mansfield, Ohio (Asso-ciated Press bulletin, Nov. 11, 1938). He finally settled on the latter site.
2Bromfield, unlike Stein, had been perceptive in assessing the turmoil in Europe as a drift toward war. In 1936 he had written an article entitled "A Very Strange Flirtation" in which he questioned Britain's unsuspicious attitude towards Germany. It was printed in the London Daily Herald (Aug. 25, 1936, p. 8). After he had removed his family from the scene of potential conflict, he remained in Europe for a while, kept busy by his duties as president of the Emergency Committee for American Wounded of the Spanish Civil War (Brown, pp. 88-9).

3Francis Rose’s "English show" was an exhibition of his paintings at the Mayor gallery in London in 1939. Gertrude Stein wrote the Catalogue for the exhibition (Bridgman, p. 383).

Letter 32

[Fall, 1939]

27 rue de Fleurus¹

My dear Louis,

We have a baby Basket² an adorable Baby Basket, lovely eyes beautiful nose and a smart character and we feel immensely cheered, and want to tell you about it right away, we went to Bordeaux to get him a beautiful trip and coming home very [one word illegible], and landing in Paris in a fog lots of adventures and here we are, how we wish you were at Senlis to receive us and our visit, and Louis I did giggle the only two you mention in your pamphlet³ that is quote in a lauditory spirit are two good republicans Lincoln⁴ and
I, and Louis, cheer up, the Chamberlain oligarchy will make Europe livable without destroying it, livable to us all, give it time, and you will come back and we will all go to Senlis, and the children will enjoy something new all children do, and love to you all now and always and always,

Gtde.

Francis is doing a ballet this spring Sadler Wells with Gerald Cupid and Psyche.

---

1 Although the letterhead gives the old address, this letter was probably written from the rue Christine apartment.

2 Gertrude Stein mourned so over the passing of Basket I that a friend, Henry Daniel-Rops, advised her to get another dog, exactly the same as the first. Picasso, however, disagreed: he thought she should get another, but a different kind, so that she would not be reminded of her former dog.

So we tried to have the same and not to have the same and there was a very large white poodle offered to us who looked like a young calf with black spots and other very unpleasant puppies with little pink eyes and then at last we found another Basket, and we got him and we called him Basket and he is very gay and I cannot say that the confusion between the old and the new has yet taken place but certainly le roi est morte vive le roi, is a normal attitude of mind. (Paris France, pp. 69-70)

3 Bromfield’s pamphlet, England, A Dying Oligarchy, was published by Harpers. The content of the broadside reflects his long-standing anxiety about the current political situation in western Europe. The pamphlet is largely a casti-
gation of Chamberlain and his appeasement politics and it contains an attack upon the English national character, which Bromfield describes as a shopkeeper mentality which is too willing to knuckle under to Hitler and his "gangsters."

"The pamphlet has as its epigram Abraham Lincoln's much-quoted proverb: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but not all of the people all of the time."

Bromfield's mention:

To understand the English Oligarchy, it is necessary to understand among many other things, two important elements--first the caste system of England, and secondly what all nations refer to as English hypocrisy. I have used the term "English" deliberately because neither of these elements is Irish, Scottish, or Welsh. It is pure English and consequently pure Saxon, and as Gertrude Stein once said with considerable penetration, "The trouble with Europe is the Saxon element. Eliminate that and half the difficulties are solved."

(p. 4)

*Cupid and Psyche* was Lord Berners' new ballet, for which Frederick Aston did the choreography. Francis Rose designed the costumes and scenery (Rose, p. 356).

**Letter 33**

[Summer, 1940]

Bilignin
par Belley
Aln

My dear friends,

Some one sent us the interview with Louis in which he beautifully talks about chickens and eggs and beef and
butter, not to mention turkeys and we, however we do [two words illegible] with ecrevisses and trout, there being no tourists we got the biggest ecrevisses I have ever eaten, and done a la Ali Baba with everything not in the garden left out, they are delicious. I can't say that our enforced slimming has up to date done us any harm, it does make you healthy, and walkful. I can walk miles, and a garden in which you have to live is really a garden, and has a beauty of necessity which is very different from anything else, Louis will be pleased that the bishop of Belley especially recommended his India book¹ for the parochial library of Belley, he did not hear that he was going to have the especial blessing of the church. Mary write to us another nice long letter, we want it and perhaps you will come over after all before too long, lots of love to you all lots and lots always,

Gtde.

¹This could be either The Rains Came (Harper and Brothers, 1937) or Night in Bombay (Harper and Brothers, 1940), both of which were set in India.

Letter 34

[Bilignin par Belley (Ain)]

My dear friends,

Not a word from any of you all these days but perhaps your words were there and are now lost, not that anything
in the way of letters does get lost, they get put away somewhere sometimes for months but they all turn up, but any way Louis' [one word illegible], for the [one word illegible] turned up and lots of thanks. What is happening to you, we get no public journals except local ones and so we do not know what happens to everybody the way we used to do when we all had our dear Paris Herald, and so what is it Louis broke in politics or both, and how is Mary and how are the young ladies, and how is George and how is everything. We are settling down to another country winter, I am completely pleased to be in the country and except for very cold days so is Alice. Had a letter from Cecil¹ and indirectly heard from Francis, I suppose you hear direct, do tell us anybody's and everybody's news, we can do with any amount of news, news about anybody, all gratefully received, even Janette Flanner² does not write, where is she, I wrote her a long letter, and as I had no address I sent it care of the New York Herald but she never answered and where is Noel³ enfin write all of you some of you any of you and after you have written write again, everything is exciting we like where we are and it all is passionately interesting but write do write, and if at first you don't succeed write write again to your friends always,

Gertrude and Alice

¹Cecil Beaton, an English photographer.
2 Janet Flanner was the Paris reporter for the New Yorker under the pseudonym of Gênet.

3 Perhaps this refers to Noël Coward, who was a friend of Bromfield's (Brown, p. 41).

Letter 35

[November 27, 1941]

Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

My dears,

This is leaving here Thanksgiving day and may be getting to you for Christmas and if it does may it find you all well and happy and merry, we are starting winter again with [one word illegible] and things as they are but we did have a real thanksgiving dinner including turkey mince pie cranberry sauce and ice cream.¹ There is this to be said about a period of restriction that a feast is a feast an automobile ride something most exciting, on the other hand, one does exercise a lot, not by sport but by necessity and I cannot say that it is not in a way good for the health, we have lots of neighbors, I cannot get over the number of virtues one has, a fairly constant stream in spite of the difficulties of moving ahead, of course hospitality is limited but Belley is better off than most as it produces a good deal and on the other hand not enough to make it worth while sending away since we are not on a railway, one of our neighbors the one that gave us the turkey is a young French-
man, a Lyon silk manufacturer who has written a very interesting book called the Riches Reelles and who has just written another Mon livre de Pourquoi, and I think I will send you the ms. it is the state of mind of a young frenchman, a bourgeois who has really not suffered who is rich and important still and I think the picture of his state of mind is interesting. If you think that is if it interests you if you think that it might interest any American editor do let me know, Paris France is in french and everybody seems to like it we added a last chapter the Atlantic article, they the french are so much taken with the things that I write and that they do not and that astonish me and do not astonish them, the village is all excited about it, they all love to see themselves in print and all with their paper names. Our same enterprising neighbors are giving a Christmas party for all the village's habitants we are to feed and amuse fifty children, but why not if not why not, and what is Louis doing in the way of books, do send us some, in these long winter evenings we would be mighty glad to have some, and everything is read with attention and pleasure, so send us your latest, it would be wonderful to meet again and tell each other all about it, it has been a wonderful experience here, but sometimes I do get a nostalgia for the group of Paris and for roast chicken, those two ideas do float in front of us from time to time, but the days pass gently, there is so much to do and even the winter evenings pass gently, it all is astonishing, and Mary write a long letter please do like
the last telling us all about everything, please do, lots of
love to you all,

Always

Gertrude and Alice

1 Gertrude Stein also wrote to W. G. Rogers of the Thanksgiv-
giving feast and added this note: "... and Alice cooked it
wonderfully and the frenchman [Genin, see note below] said it
was not Alice in Wonderland but Wonderland chez Alice, as I
say when you live on restrictions a big blow out once in a
while digests as sweetly as possible" (Rogers, p. 202).

2 This young man was to prove an indispensable friend to
Stein and Toklas during the war:

... and one day a young man his name is Paul
Genin and we had come to know him because they had
bought a house in the neighborhood, he was a silk
manufacturer from Lyon and he was interested in
literature one day said to me are you having trouble
about money, I said not yet I still have a supply
it is beginning to run pretty low and he said can
I help you and I said what can you do, well he said
write out a cheque in dollars and I will see what
I can do, and then a little while after he said
I have been looking into the matter and I think
I had rather not have you do it, I could have it
done but I would rather not so here is your cheque
tear it up and let me be your banker, but I said,
Oh he said, why not, how much do you spend a month,
I told him, he said all right I will give you that
much a month and I said what do you want me to
give you in the way of a paper, oh nothing he said,
I think it is better not, but said I if I died or
anything you have no evidence of anything, oh he
said let us risk it, and he did, and every month
for six months he gave me what I needed to live on
for the month and at the end of six months I sold
a picture I had with me quite quietly to someone
who came to see me and so I thanked Paul Genin and
paid him back and he said if you ever need me just tell me, and that was that.

(Stein, Wars I Have Seen [London, B. T. Batsford, 1945], p. 73)

3Paris France, which is a statement of Stein’s affection for her adopted country, was published in 1940 by Charles Scribner’s Sons, New York.

4Paris France was translated into French by the Baroness d’Aiguy, who was a friend of Stein’s at Bilignin (Bridgman, p. 299n).

5“The Winner Loses, A Picture of Occupied France,” which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly 166 (November 1940), deals with Gertrude Stein’s and Alice Toklas’ reaction to the early events of the war in France. This article also appeared in the Appendix of Stein’s journal of the years of conflict, Wars I Have Seen.

Letter 36

March 13, [1946]

5 rue Christine

My dears,

I am sending this letter by a nice lieutenant, who says he will go over and see you and tell you all about us, as he lives in Dayton Ohio, as he says, where the Wrights come from, my dears, is there any truth in the rumor that you are over here, somewhere, well anyway, I have been telling everybody about the Pleasant Valley,¹ yesterday I was interviewed by the wife of a man who was doing an article on you
for the Nouvelles Littéraires and this all took place at [Gitraniers], I think the book should be translated into all languages, I think it is something not alone for us but for everybody in this 20 century, I am doing my best you do the rest, bless you all, it rains so we hope this time to have more crops, not that as yet we individually have suffered, but it will be nicer if there are good crops, bless you all, let's hear from you,

Always

Gtde. and Alice

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1Pleasant Valley, published in 1945, was Bromfield's explanation of how he had come into possession of Malabar Farm and why the Ohio land held such a deep fascination for him. The book might best be described as an essay journal; in its chapters Bromfield covers such subjects as local folk legends, sensitivity to the soil, and animals he had known in Europe and America. Pleasant Valley marks the point at which Bromfield became increasingly concerned with publishing agricultural works rather than novels.

2The article, by Pierre-François Caillé, appeared on the front page of Les Nouvelles Littéraires, in the March 21, 1946 issue, with the headline "Bromfield et la France." It is a biographical sketch of Bromfield and his love affair with that country; it cites his World War I effort, his home at Senlis, his removal to Ohio, and his current defense of Jeffersonian philosophy. Evidently Gertrude Stein had indeed
been "telling everybody" of her friend's new book, for the article states "Et si sa grande amie Gertrude Stein a reçu en France un de ses derniers ouvrages, Pleasant Valley, c'est qu'il y expose tout au long ses idées les plus chères" (p. 1).

Letter 37

26 June, [1946]

5 rue Christine

My dear Louis,¹

Alice and I are both enthusiastic about your book.² You know it is kind of like that book by [two words illegible] about agriculture in France and because of the state of agriculture predicting the French Revolution, why I was so terrifically interested is that I have been very worried about my fellow countrymen, it's very strange Louis but I came to the same conclusion by contact with the GIs that you came to by contact with the soil. I was awfully worried about the lack of vitality in the men, and funnily enough the French peasants all said to me after their first contact with them, what's the matter with them, they are not the kind of Americans we expected, what's the matter with them are they poor and when I tried to explain by homesickness etc., they said yes but they are young young men should not be like that. It has been the great disappointment of all the Europeans, Europe was starved but not devitalized, I think you will find all, everywhere suspect it. I want very much indeed that your book should be translated into French, has there been any
arrangement made, I am sure the French would be enormously interested in it. I wanted most awfully that they should send you over as the cultural attache for the embassy, I talked to everybody about it, aside from the very great pleasure for us in having you and seeing you and Mary, and all because we do get homesick for you I think you could have done a lot.

About us, you hear pretty well, otherwise we are as we were, I have tried in the new book\(^3\) that is coming out this spring to do in another way what you did in your way.

So much love to you all always and always,

Gtde. and Alice

---

\(^1\)Bromfield had written in part to her and Alice:

I'm glad you liked "Pleasant Valley" so much. It goes on selling and selling here and has even penetrated in the English version into most countries in Europe. It is also being translated everywhere. I have sent you a copy of the new book "A Few Brass Tacks", . . . which deals with economics, agriculture, philosophy, politics, etc. I think you may like some of the ideas. . . .

I long to see old friends in Europe but rather dread seeing Europe itself. I might come over any time on some sort of mission but have no plans. I may fly to China and India for the Department of Agriculture in the late summer. . . .

(Gallup, *The Flowers of Friendship*, pp. 399-400)

\(^2\)A Few Brass Tacks (Harper and Brothers, 1946).

\(^3\)In her new book, *Brewsie and Willie* (New York: Random House, 1946), Gertrude Stein did explore the problem of the growing listlessness of the American people. She blamed industrialism for the waning energy of the young; in this
she shared ideas with Bromfield, who also campaigned against the evils of industrialism. Her book is in the form of a dialogue between a group of G. I.'s who mull over the personal strain of the war effort, the problems facing them upon their return home, and the character of their countrymen:

... you know, said Peter another thing is funny and that is fluffy food, not chow, you dont mean, said Willie, I see no fluff in chow. Yeah, I do, said Peter. We love sweets like babies, we dont love no lumps of cheese, and tough bread, no we just like to eat soft stuff, soft bread, soft ice-cream, soft chocolate, soft mush, soft potatoes, soft jam, and peanut butter, we dont except at a little meat we dont really chew. Well and if we dont, said Jo. Soft eats make soft men, said Peter. We soft, are we said Willie. Well aint we, said Peter. Well perhaps we are, said Willie.

(pp. 77-8)

A LETTER FROM ALICE B. TOKLAS

5 rue Christine--Paris VI
20-VIII-46

Dear dear friends,

Thank you for thinking of me--your message touched me deeply. Gertrude had had such happy times with you all and we just always talked of you and of [one word illegible].

And Gertrude always was the happiest person that ever was--and just before the end she had the first copies of her new book and the news that her play was going on in New York--and now she is gone and I'm alone here where I stay on. But what I want you to know dear Louis is Gertrude's complete satisfaction in your new book. Brass Tacks came the day be-
fore we left for our vacation just six weeks ago and Ger-
trude sat right down and read it. The flat was all upset and
in disaster--packing and closing up--at supper she said it
was completely successful, the book she was expecting from
you--matter and manner, written with authority, but free--
your thought and your style in accord. She was so pleased--
she'd planned to write to you from the country--it was Ber-
nard's home in the Parthe--the book was in her bag for her to
read again and for me--but in two weeks she was gone. For-
give me if I stop now. I send you all my love,

Alice

\[1\text{Yes Is For a Very Young Man.}\]
APPENDIX:
SOME UNDATED LETTERS

Letter 1

27 rue de Fleurus
Paris

My dear friends,

Madame Clermont Tonnerre[^1] and Madame [Gay] want to come next Sunday and so of course do we, but we always do, it's exciting too because every Sunday they think something will happen and we won't get back this time it was comfortably beautiful no dog-fights no police nothing but a smooth road,

Always
Ctde.

[^1]: I am very fond [sic] of Madame de Clermont Tonnerre, she has what always charms us in the mixture of Peasant and
duchess" (Everybody's Autobiography, p. 63). Elizabeth de Gramont, Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, was one of Gertrude Stein's closest friends in the upper caste of French royal society, and was a frequent visitor to Bilignin (Lowe, pp. 175-6). The Duchesse was no stranger to Bromfield, either; he had written an introduction to a translation by Brian W. Downs of her book Pomp and Circumstance in 1929, before his friendship with Miss Stein had been cemented (Derrenbacher, "Louis Bromfield: A Bibliography," in Bulletin of Bibliography, Vol. 17, No. 7 [January-April, 1942], p. 145).

Letter 2

Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

My dears,

Here we are and it is really very lovely and the puppies are cheerful and the nightingales in full activity and I have begun to work and how are you, do drop us a line to tell us how you are and where you are going to be and where you are, we are going to be just here. That will do for awhile, and lots of love to you both,

Always

Letter 3

27 rue de Fleurus

My dearest friends,

So sorry but moving is getting nearer and nearer so we just can't make Senlis Sunday with tears we say it but we
are seeing you Sunday evening and so looking forward to Louis' tract, and everything and I enjoyed immensely the Ohio book. There is a power about the Indian fight that is magnificent and the pictures are too lovely and the Indian princess I had no idea there were so many of them and are where they painted, shall I bring it to Daisy's or would you rather I brought it against your return, tell me which, I'll bring it anyway to Daisy's in care of.

Gtde.

1Daisy [Honorable Mrs. Reginald] Fellowes wrote several books, mostly in French (McAlmon and the Lost Generation, ed. Robert E. Knoll [Lincoln: Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1962], pp. 372-3) and was a longtime member of Gertrude Stein's set.

Letter 4

Bilignin
par Belley
Ain

My dear friends,

All hail in merry England, and are the coasts of Cornwall what the youngest but one thought they were spring like. We were talking about you last evening because Daisy Fellowes was spending the evening with us and we were talking very nicely about you. It looks it does very much look it looks very completely as if we were privy to America, and when we meet in Senlis or perhaps here, don't you think we would be very nice after the coasts of Cornwall there are so many ques-
tions to ask, of you both, well anyway there is one over there, and after 25 years it is a bit frightening, is it as hot where you are as where we are, not to-day to-day it is a little cooler, Pepe either has worms or heat we are trying to find out which, but his ears are up so it is not too bad.

Lots of love
Gtde.

Letter 5
My dear friends,

Alas, we will not be here next Sunday, we leave tomorrow for Bilignin and sorry to miss seeing you but glad to go, our garden is not like that but we go to see what we can do, it won't be like that, but we are going to plant morning glories, we are going to plant everything, I am so sorry we are not seeing you and the garden, we did have such a good time with you all this winter,

Lots of love
Gtde.

Letter 6
My dear friends,

We are so sorry you are not coming back but perhaps you will anyway, and may I have my murder book Mary, it has to go back, I don't know what its name was because I had not read it yet, and did your Swedish book get back to you alright. The clippings are coming in quarterly, and they are my evening reading, it's a funny recreation, to have them
like that. Pepe alas went and got the mange where or how we do not know, at first Basket missed him terribly but now he is happy again, Pepper comes back very soon, his hair will be motley but we will love him just the same,

Lots of love
Gtde.

Letter 7
My dears,

We will come with [two words illegible] if it does not snow not if it does snow, the other day a fellow was here and I thought of Louis he was not like Louis he did not look like him or act like him or have any [one word illegible] like him and so I asked him where he came from and he said 20 miles from Columbus Ohio and there it was the soft pleasant splendor that is Louis and Ohio and makes it the mother of French arts,

Lots of love
Gtde.

Letter 8

Sunday
27 rue de Fleurus

My dear friends,

So sorry we are not there but Pepe and Basket are both that way, and so here we had to stay, the [one word illegible] have you seen, I finished Mabel and her neglected work,¹ she is content that way, but what I like best is Grover Cleveland,
after all he makes Mabel actual, he is authentic Buffalo, it is funny they were brought up under the same influences in the same time 20 or 30 years apart, but there it is it is Buffalo, we did not get there I wish we had, are you there next Sunday, we do miss seeing you all,

Lots of love

Gtde.

---

1Mabel Dodge [Luhan], who wrote a four-volume set of memoirs entitled Intimate Memories. The first volume, Background, covers her childhood in Buffalo.

Letter 9

27 rue de Fleurus

My dear Louis,

Are you back we go to-morrow, it would be nice if you were there, and will you send or give to Bernard Fay the Grant Memoirs, and the Gladstone book, I think, he wants them for a thing he is doing, we have been very busy naturally enough but we do hope to see you before we leave,

Always

Gtde.
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