

E S S A Y

ROBERT PENN WARREN AND ALBERT RUSSELL ERSKINE, JR.: A SIXTY-YEAR FRIENDSHIP

by James A. Grimshaw, Jr.

A seemingly ordinary event occurred in the fall of 1930 at Southwestern College in Memphis (now Rhodes College) when a twenty-five-year-old adjunct faculty member—a tall, red-headed, freckle-faced young man—asked a six-foot-four-inch junior economics major to play chess. Robert Penn Warren, just back from a Rhodes Scholarship and receiving his B.Litt. from Oxford University, and Albert Russell Erskine, Jr., the nineteen-year-old undergraduate, became friends who would also be professionally connected, for sixty years.¹ Their relationship is nowhere better recorded to date than in their letters, which reveal the give-and-take of ideas involving their strong commitment to literature, their travels, their work, and their professional dealings as writer and editor. The letters that follow are selected from the 1930s and '40s as early examples of their extraordinary friendship.

Warren left Southwestern College the following year (1931) and joined the faculty at Vanderbilt University. According to his account in the “Editor’s Note” to *A Robert Penn Warren Reader*, Erskine changed his major to English and began his graduate studies at Vanderbilt with the encouragement of Warren. Erskine completed his M.A. in 1933 under Donald Davidson (Blotner, 142). In 1934 Warren joined his friend Cleanth Brooks, whom he had met at Vanderbilt during his undergraduate days, at Louisiana State University; and together they arranged a graduate assistantship for Erskine in Baton Rouge. Erskine observed that “This made three places where during the thirties I was a student and Red was teaching, yet I never took one of his courses, though I knew many others were profiting from them, but I know I learned more from his conversation than I ever did from formal instruction” (“Editor’s Note,” x).

Warren and Erskine’s first year at LSU proved quite eventful. Southern Methodist University published the *Southwest Review*, edited by John McGinnis and assisted by Henry Nash Smith. Because of financial difficulties, SMU agreed to LSU’s offer of a merger. Brooks, who had joined the LSU faculty two years before Warren, had been named as an editor; and Warren was appointed to the LSU board of editors in 1934. Based on Mark Royden Winchell’s assessment in *Cleanth Brooks and the Rise of Modern Criticism*, Erskine’s review of Stark Young’s novel *So Red the Rose* for the *Southwest Review* exacerbated existing strain between the two editorial camps:

It is doubtful that Robert Penn Warren had an ideological ax to grind when he asked his young Baton Rouge associate Albert Erskine to review *So Red the Rose*. Had Erskine simply praised the novel as literature, his review probably would have passed muster in Dallas. Instead, he endorsed Young’s reactionary social vision and declared the paternalistic slave owners of the Old South morally superior to the capitalist employers of our own time. (This position, which has been articulated by figures as diverse as William Grayson and Eugene Genovese,



was also held by Edmund Wilson.) When he read the review, Smith wrote to Warren that its thesis seemed to be “I know this isn’t a great novel, but I dare any (liberal) white trash to say so.” After Erskine agreed to some minor changes, the Dallas editors grudgingly accepted the review for the spring 1935 issue of their magazine. It would be the last issue published in collaboration with Baton Rouge. LSU had already announced the Southern Literary Conference at which it would launch its own new magazine. (91)

That spring Brooks and Warren, who had been named managing editors of the newly conceived *Southern Review*, asked Erskine to be the business manager.² Erskine’s undergraduate major in economics, his penchant for business, and his love of literature enabled him to be an active participant in the editorial sessions and proved to be beneficial for Warren throughout their friendship. The *Southern Review* fulfilled its objective of being an internationally recognized journal. While Warren traveled on fellowships and pursued his creative writing during the second half of the 1930s, he nonetheless continued to carry his part of the editing load via mail. Clearly, though, both Brooks and Warren relied on Erskine who began doing some preliminary editing and sorting of submissions as well as handling the business end of the journal. For example, Warren wrote Erskine on July 16, 1937³:

By the way, tell Cleanth that in the bundle of manuscripts to be returned he will find [Pier M.] Pasinetti’s story. It is rather long, but not so long as Katherine Anne’s piece, and it probably could be cut a little. Some of the translating needs a little retouching, but that will be an easy matter. I am very anxious to have you read the piece. I have just heard from Pier. He has seen the Houghton Mifflin people; he did not get a contract, but they are very favorably disposed, saying that they wanted to see a little more of the particular novel in question (he showed them about forty pages translated) before settling the matter definitely.

One shock we have received on returning this afternoon to Oakland comes from the fact that checks given here *after* receiving your note (written July 5) have been returned. One of the returned checks was given here on July 7, and so probably didn’t reach Baton Rouge until, say, July 11. Apparently, the money was never deposited. The thing may have been sidetracked into Alumni Hall. Will you take a look there, if the bank has not received the deposit? And if it is not there, will you again, please sir, beard Mrs. Heidelberg? She told me in June that she would definitely attend to the matter of the advance the first of July. I saw her make a note of the matter in her book, and naturally assumed that the thing was all settled. I can think of no explanation, except, as I said, a sidetracking of the check into Alumni Hall.

And if the money has not been deposited, will you please give \$24.48 out of the enclosed check for \$25.00 to Horace G. Porter of the Campus Credit Union. I sent him a monthly payment some days ago, and he writes me that it bounced—as it wouldn’t have done if my salary check had been in. I wired him to cash it again—yesterday, in fact—but that was before I had discovered the fact that the



salary had not been deposited. If my salary is already deposited when you receive this letter, will you simply ask Porter if the check has gone through and tell him that I had a salary check wandering around, for I wrote him yesterday that the salary check had been deposited. This is urgent, and I shall be eternally grateful to you for taking care of this as soon as you receive the letter.

Erskine's involvement with manuscripts was also a harbinger of his career in editing at Doubleday Doran and at Reynal & Hitchcock before moving to Random House in 1947. In 1950 Random House published Warren's fourth novel, *World Enough and Time*, and the relationship between Erskine as editor and Warren as writer was secured.

Warren had secretly married Cinina Brescia in Sacramento, California, in 1929 while he was still a student at Oxford; then on September 12, 1930, they were openly married in Marion, Arkansas. Erskine, a true friend to Warren, befriended Cinina, and over the years she would ask him to do favors for her. While she and Red were traveling in 1937, Cinina wrote Albert several times to thank him for attending to her "various annoying errands" regarding the acquisition of some property in Baton Rouge and other personal business. Occasionally she projected an authoritative air in her letters. When Warren became involved in the personal business, the discussion became more pragmatic and sensitive to Albert's feelings, as reflected in this letter from some time in 1938:

You mention the electrical equipment at your house, and ask whether we would want to take it over. That is highly probable. But there is one catch. I don't see how our new place could be ready for occupancy before February, since the final plans will not be made until after we return from California. Then the blueprints have to be sent to Washington for approval. That, apparently, is a formality, but it will take time. This delay would mean that we would be paying monthly installments on the equipment for six months without receiving any return use. Would the savings in price, say on the stove and water heater, warrant those proceedings? Do you know what the original costs are, down payments (if any), and the total balance due on each piece? And there is another matter which we talked about: the housing question. Would you be interested in taking an apartment together until, say, February? I know, of course, that it would be difficult to get a place on a short lease or on a month-to-month arrangement. And I know that you said you probably would not want to come out to our place to live in February because of the car problem. That proposition is still open if you care to consider it. But there is another which might be of more interest to you. I shall outline it briefly. Say we get an apartment for about thirty to forty dollars a month, something like Cleanth's or the Daspir's. We pay all the rent until we leave, and you pay simply a share on light and water and send your laundry out (for Mamie has all of that she can handle, apparently). If you care to have meals with us, we could simply divide the food bill three ways. But we would pay all of Mamie's wages. This arrangement would throw the full rent off on you in February or March, but the fact of no rent for the first four or five months would make that up, probably. If this arrangement suits you, you might ask Heidel to start looking. A location near the campus would probably suit us better on account of

the car savings, but that wouldn't be absolutely essential. If we got an apartment that did not have a stove or water heater, we could simply take your equipment on over, but the unfurnished apartments probably have both of those things. *Now, if such an arrangement does not suit you, please say so without any hesitation.* But since we have to make some positive decision almost immediately, will you let us know your own decision, by air mail, at the earliest possible moment?

Warren's correspondence to Erskine during the 1930s suggested a growing professional relationship as well. In relation to his own writing, Warren wrote to Albert on August 1, 1938: "It has recently occurred to me that I might be able to persuade my colleagues, Mr. Brooks and Mr. Erskine, to glance at a little story called 'How Willie Proudfit Came Home,' with the view of publishing it in the *Southern Review*. I think that I have managed to give it a frame that will enable it to stand alone—but I'm not sure, and I want you all to deal frankly with me. Since the novel publication has been postponed until at least January, that would give, perhaps, enough time in between. But, again, if the local situation seems to you all to be against using the piece, please say so. And Cleanth, will you mention the matter to Pip? That is, unless you all think better not to use the story."⁴

In 1937 Erskine met his first-wife-to-be, Katherine Anne Porter, at Benfolly, Allen Tate and Carolyn Gordon's house in Clarksville, Tennessee. Erskine had read the short stories Porter submitted to the *Southern Review* and was enchanted by her writing. According to Porter's biographer, Joan Givner, "Erskine had been enthusiastic about Porter's work from the time it first came to the review, and when one story was read at an editorial conference he had been so enthralled he read it over and over" (304-305). Porter got along well with Warren and Brooks, who were genuinely interested in her stories for the *Southern Review*; and she visited Baton Rouge, where she and Erskine became better acquainted. Their relationship led to marriage by a notary on April 19, 1938 (the day after his twenty-seventh birthday) in New Orleans, with the Warrens as witnesses; Erskine's bride was forty-six. The marriage, which was a disaster, ended in a separation in 1940 and divorce in 1942, the year Albert married his second wife, Peggy Anthony. The Erskine portrayed in Porter's letters is not the Erskine revealed in the correspondence between Warren and him. Though Warren was sympathetic to Erskine's psychological pain, he remained a friend to both Porter and Erskine; and business at the review went on as normal.

Their growing friendship was often garnished with requests for other favors. While in Italy, Warren wrote the following request on January 22, 1940: "P.S. Albert, will you do me a favor? I am sending a copy of the poem to Charles Pearce at the *New Yorker*, who has asked me for a poem. If he sends it back to you, as I have asked him to do in case of rejection, will you send it to John Berryman, who is managing the poetry for *Nation*, and who has asked me for a poem?⁵ I'd greatly appreciate it, for it would save me a lot of time. Thanks." During this time, Warren was also writing to Katherine Anne Porter without any reference to the marital difficulties Albert and she were having.

With the outbreak of WWII in 1939, transportation across the Atlantic was often delayed and ultimately canceled. The delay in Italy must have been extremely frustrating for the Warrens. Mail was not getting through to them, and a common chorus in Warren's letters to Erskine was "no news." Warren asked constantly about what was happening at LSU; whether Albert had heard from John Crowe Ransom and others about the status of



a poem or another piece he had submitted. When Warren finally returned, he settled in to work with Francis Fergusson, professor of drama at Bennington College, on a play called *Proud Flesh*. On June 12, 1940, then, Warren wrote Albert and Katherine Anne about his experiences abroad:

The last few weeks in Rome we tried to get down to a long full letter in answer to your letters, but the circumstances were not very conducive to long full letters during those last days, and besides, scarcely anything we had to say would have gone out through the Italian censors. We had felt pretty secure because of the information which we had had through Pier and one or two other people, except for a few days—the time when we sent the cable to the office to stop mail, the time when the war settled down to earnest in the West. Before that Pier was working on his permit to leave the country, and through that and through his magazine work was in pretty close contact with some of the big bastards, such as Bottai and Pavolini. They kept promising him a passport but told him that he would have to be back in August, for Italy would move in August, that preparations would not be complete before that time. He intended to come over here and then skip and try to take out American citizenship. In late April they told him he could definitely have the permit to sail on May 14. Meanwhile I had seen the immigration people in Naples and had worked out the procedure from the US end of things; and I had had some talks with the Consul in Rome. It would have worked, all right, it seems, if he could have managed to get out. He was, for a few days, sure that everything was set. He was even getting his stuff together to leave. Then the bombshell broke. They called him in and told him that Italy would go in on June 8. He promptly brought us the news, and said that the time had come to beat it. His news reached us the day before the big outburst of anti-British manifestoes etc., but the next day was Sunday, and we could take no steps about leaving. Monday morning I tried to get my passage moved up from June, but after some telephoning to Genoa learned that all space was taken. Then we decided to go to Genoa and make a personal effort to get passage. We pulled out of Rome on very short notice—we had kept our small affairs in such a condition that we could move quickly—and went to Genoa. There, after some twenty-four hours or so—we got places on the *Washington*. Cots. But after a day or so we had regular beds—at the expense, I imagine, of some refugees. But we had separate cabins, for they were putting women in some cabins and men in others to save space. The boat was crawling with refugees—Norwegians (and, God, they were a sick and bitter lot!), Germans (Jew and Gentile), French, Italians (one of my room-mates was an Italian boy, American citizen, born in Brooklyn, who had managed to escape by the barest; and his brother, an American citizen, had been seized for the army), and Americans from all over Europe. We spent most of our time listening to horror stories, which, on the whole, were pretty horrible, and sometimes funny. For instance, the story of the American woman in Rome who went to Germany to save refugee dogs. A Mrs. Comfort, whose husband runs one of the Quaker refugee organizations, told that tale. Her husband, she said, hadn't been able to get into Germany to save a few human beings, but this wom-

an had managed to get in to save some dogs. The Norwegians had some pretty tales of treachery, and some good accounts of the bombing of Oslo, which they saw. It seems, to judge by their account, that the report in *Life* had some glaring inaccuracies—the report by Leland Stowe, who said that the Norwegians didn't mind. By the way, it may be of some slight cheer to hear that the British bombing of Oslo was a marvel of accuracy, every bomb on the airports and docks, and not a one on the city itself. And outside the city they got the villa in which the German staff was quartered—got it at night and didn't touch a thing else in the neighborhood. But people here, of course, had a lot of news we hadn't been able to get in the last few days when the Vatican paper was driven off the stands in Rome (that was the only paper which gave any decent news); so we have spent a lot of time recently in trying to catch up on what has happened. Meanwhile it sure looks like we are in for it, sooner or later, and, I imagine, sooner rather than later. The only encouraging thing I know is that there simply aren't any Fascists in Italy. We met two during the entire year, and we must have talked to hundreds of people—everybody. And everybody would talk without encouragement. And everybody was against the war, against Germany, and against the Party; and almost everybody was pro-Ally. The talk was very public, too. We went to a restaurant just before leaving Genoa and heard the owner give hell to a Fascist officer:

Officer: What, you won't fight? Aren't you proud and strong?

Owner: I am no longer proud and I am very weak.

Officer: You wouldn't fight for the Empire?

Owner: What's it done for me? They promised me gold and diamonds, but I haven't seen any.

Officer: What makes you think you ought to have them?

Owner: I don't think so. I don't want them. It wasn't my idea. It was theirs.

Officer: We'll close down your restaurant.

Owner: All right. Close me down. I began working with my hands when I wa fifteen, and I made this restaurant. I can work again. Then, when you are finished, I'll open up again. And remember this, you can't fight without us old ones, and I'm not by myself. I fought in the last war, and we old ones won't fight with you in this one.

Then he called over one of his waiters, a scrawny little fellow, and struck him a backhand, lightly, across the chest. The waiter staggered about five feet.

Owner: There's one of your proud and strong young Fascists for you!

Everybody in the restaurant—and everybody was listening—burst out laughing. Including an officer of aviation.

Owner: And my father-in-law doesn't agree with me either about the war. So the last time he came I told him not to come back till the war was over. And I shut



the door in his face.

That night the officer didn't come to dinner, and we figured he wouldn't come back and would probably close down the restaurant. But he came back the next day for lunch. The owner went over to his table and said: "So I see you came back!"

Everybody says that there will be a revolution if the war lasts any time at all. And from what we heard and saw, we are certainly prepared to believe it. We went to a couple of meetings of the gang Pier belongs to. There's a very definite and organized movement among the young men to get hold of every post possible in the Party and grab the works at the first opportunity. They say there's not a chance to attack from the outside, that the opportunity was missed a long time back. But they say that now the whole organization of the Party is honey-combed (that's the word you are supposed to use in such connections, isn't it?) with people "belonging to us"—even high army people and high people in the Party. One of the gang, secretary of the Fascist organization dealing with universities, told us that not more than thirty percent of the students are now Fascists, but he said you'd have to add a number of pure opportunists to that figure. But everybody says that there will not be an open break at the beginning of the war, that they will "march, but with our own tanks at our backs."

By 1941 Erskine was "connected" with the *Saturday Review* and Warren asked for Katherine Anne's address. Warren was teaching a semester in Iowa City but still conducting *Southern Review* business via mail. He asked Albert to steer some good material to Baton Rouge. The LSU administration was undergoing a shakeup, from which Albert was free and Warren remained distant. After buying a house in Baton Rouge, Red and Cinina traveled to Mexico in the fall. During that time he wrote an essay on Katherine Anne Porter, which John Crowe Ransom subsequently published in the *Kenyon Review*. In his September 1, 1941, letter Warren told Albert about an auto wreck: "The only sizable flaw in our summer was an auto wreck a month ago. One night, coming back from Guadalajara, we met a cow on the road, got into a skid from wet brakes—we'd just forded a stream which had swollen over the road—and turned over two or three times, and wound up in a ditch, the car on its side. The doors, or rather, the upper door, was jammed, but I managed to force it (it never would close again, so it was pretty well jammed) and we got out and stood in the rain for an hour or so. Cinina got a wrenched back which laid her up for a few days, but I, and a friend with us, escaped, unhurt. The body of the car was in a mess, but the motor and running gear were unhurt. Insurance covered everything but what happened, of course, upset. The Mexican insurance, that is; why I didn't have that, I don't know; and the U.S. insurance doesn't apply here. So it cost me a nice figure. But we were damned lucky, and I have no complaint. And the garage here did a beautiful job on body-work; you can't tell a trace now without a microscope."

Erskine, now associated with New Directions, advised Warren on his second volume of poetry, *Eleven Poems on the Same Theme*, which appeared in 1942, and whose title Erskine had suggested in lieu of "Bearded Oaks and Other Poems on the Same Theme." Warren also left the order of the eleven poems up to his friend, though he recommended that it start with "Bearded Oaks." When Warren wrote Albert on January 30, 1942, he

said that a story in *Time* about the LSU president had broken the day before and that he did not know when he and Brooks would be fired as editors of the *Southern Review*. The spring 1942 issue was the last publication of the original series of the magazine.

By October 19, 1942, Warren wrote in sympathy that the *Saturday Review* position did not work out for Albert, and he mentioned Peggy, Erskine's second wife. That fall Erskine went with another publisher (Reynal & Hitchcock) and was busily trying to drum up authors. In support of Albert's decision, Warren responded on December 15, 1942:

It's fine about the new job. It sounds like exactly the sort of thing you wanted, and I know that you will knock the spots off at it. As for undermining my relations with my publishers, maybe they wouldn't mind a bit. I sent in the finished ms of the new novel more than [a] month ago, and didn't hear a word until yesterday, when I got a blank from the promotions department asking for some biographical information for a "forthcoming publication." Well, if they're in trouble, they asked for, and read the damned thing before they made me an offer for it. But it's a hell of a time to publish novels, anyway—and especially a novel like this one. (By the way, speaking of novels, I received a royalty statement the other day on *Night Rider*. I had received about thirty bucks from the previous one, and so opened this one with the most languid interest. Well, a check for several hundred dollars fell out. It seems that a book club in England has bought it, and the check was what I had left of, I presume, the advance, after the British Government and Houghton had taken their cuts. But it was damned lucky, anyway.)

You may say that you are supposed to drum up authors. Well, Peter Taylor is still not signed up. Houghton got cold feet on him at the last, it appears. If you want to get in touch with him, you can do so through his father—Hillsman Taylor, Stonewall Avenue, Memphis. But you probably know that anyway.

Warren moved to Minneapolis to teach at the University of Minnesota. He mentioned several times the prospect of their being drafted into the military, though he felt Albert would not pass the physical because of his "bum leg." Warren, and Brooks for that matter, were both prepared to serve. None of them qualified physically.

Humor occasionally encroached in their day-to-day transactions. On Reynal & Hitchcock letterhead, dated January 3, 1947, Erskine wrote Red:

We were delighted to receive from you a very pretty book, which—judging from its outer wrappings and label—seems to have been intended for us, but which within bears the inscription "To Wallace Fowlie, etc." Now I do not know what Mr. Fowlie received instead of this book, and since I do not know where he is, I don't know how to go about retrieving it—but maybe this will all work itself out in the end.

I was glad to hear that you liked [Malcom Lowry's] *Under the Volcano* well enough at the halfway mark to be interested in the execution of the second part. Since I find the second half even more exciting than the first, I am not filled with fear at your final judgment; but I am still burning with curiosity to get your letter.

Here is the review which will appear in the *Times Book Review* section next



Sunday. It is better by far, in spite of one or two dubious notes, than I would have dared hope for in that journal. You probably saw the *New Yorker* one, which was at least content with your part of the book. I don't suppose we could have hoped for any more space from them, but I wish they hadn't been quite so offhand about it. I will send along any others I see, or, failing that, tell you where they can be found.

By March 1947 Warren gave Albert encouragement about his break with Reynal & Hitchcock. Warren had been helping his friend contact authors and had been reading early manuscripts of prospects. After Erskine, along with Frank Taylor, left R&H, Warren did continue his relation with the firm. In April Warren heard that Albert was joining Bennett Cerf and Donald Klopfer at Random House. Erskine had also been in the running for the directorship of the University of North Carolina Press. Warren's letters reflected his increasing trust in Erskine's critical acumen, as he continued to send him manuscripts and to give him updates on transactions arranged through his agent, Helen Strauss at the William A. Morris Agency. And by 1947, Warren was well aware of the difficulty in his own marriage; however, even to his close friends, Cleanth and Albert, he did not discuss the assorted details in his letters. Cinina's psychological well-being continued to decline, and she became more abusive in words and actions; yet Warren closed his letters to include Cinina, as in his April 15, 1947, letter to Albert: "Do let me know how things go in your new spot. I'm very anxious for word. Cinina joins me in love to you both. As ever, Red."

On the same day, April 15, Erskine wrote Red to explain his silence:

Just a hurried and overdue word: for the past two weeks, Frank and I have been negotiating with Random House, and for the most of that period it has been 99% settled that we should join their editorial department. I wanted, however, to say that it had all been settled, and the papers signed, before I said anything at all. But somehow the news leaked out and has been in the papers here, though no papers are signed yet (we are to have a sort of contract, if things work out); they should be, though, within the next day or two, unless something happens.

I have already taken up with them the business of the scouting, and damn it, they claim they have too many commitments of that kind already, much as they would like, etc. Well, I hope I can break that down in time, but it will surely take time, because if I go there at all it is on the comparatively small-fry basis; and it's a big place. So I can't ask you not to go ahead and make whatever similar arrangement might be offered elsewhere. Needless to say, I regret it, and I hope that maybe in a year I can change it.

Am I in any way gumming up any plans by holding the novelette so long? I in fact read it within a few days of its arrival, but wanted to read it again before attempting to say anything about it (I liked it tremendously, but there were one or two points not quite clear to me and I wanted to investigate them further in what I hoped would be a less distracted state of mind, which unfortunately has not yet arrived ...). It came just about the time that trouble at Reynal & Hitchcock began to come out in the open: i.e., when Reynal began to discuss firing all the staff that Frank and I had collected—an operation which by the middle of February was just about completed. So that for six weeks before leaving there

I spent all my time either discussing or (worse) brooding about what to do. We decided that leaving was best, even though we had not settled on our next step; and now for another six weeks we've been trying to get back to work again. In short, it hasn't, as you can imagine, been smooth and unperplexed.

But maybe it will work out now, and as soon as anything does I'll wire you, so that you'll not be left hanging by these vaguenesses. Meantime, if you need back that copy of the story, please say so; otherwise I want to read it again with what I hope will be a clearer head.

Erskine had a wonderful sense of humor, dry and often subtle, though not so subtle in his May 16, 1947, letter concerning the phenomenal success of Warren's recent novel *All the King's Men*. The last paragraph captured, too, his self-effacing tendency:

Jesus, what a quandary to find oneself in! Shall I spend the summer on the West Coast on account of Hollywood, or must I be near the Atlantic and Broadway? If I were you I would select a nice place in the very center between the two cities (with a private airfield, of course) so that you can take off at need or at will in other directions. All this and Guggenheim too, to say nothing of Pulitzer and Book of the Month Club (I wonder what was wrong with the Academy this year). No doubt you are getting a more intimate feeling about that needle's eye problem that you learned in your youth. I hope that the injury to your wrist is not serious. From the legibility of the handwritten part of your letter, I take it that it must be your right wrist that you hurt, and that you are now writing with your uncorrupted left.

I hope that it will turn out that the demands of Broadway are more immediate than those of the West, and that you will indeed be able to spend some time here. In any event, I am glad that you will be here for a few days in June.

I hope that the waggishness of my telegram did not seem to indicate to you that I wasn't happy about the more intangible aspects of the Pulitzer Prize, which henceforth will be something of an honor as well as something of an emolument. Seriously, I am pleased as hell about all of these things. Your cup is indeed running over, and it is fun to sit in the saucer.

Erskine continued to assist Warren by depositing his checks (from Random House, Yale, etc.) when the need seemed immediate. They spent some time in Westport that summer and later that fall, Warren asked for another favor regarding transportation to Europe—destination Italy. Albert's letter on July 20th referred to Peggy's being in New York and something "new and different" as a result. Peggy received a scholarship from the Belgian government to study in her field of art history.

Erskine, eager to bring Warren to Random House, helped coordinate contracts for the transition—possibly "the longest contract on record" he wrote Warren on February 27, 1948—and for RH to acquire rights to *Night Rider*, which they completed successfully. It was reissued in 1948. His concluding line, after requesting that Warren respond to several questions, was not exaggerated: "I look forward to all these 'duties' (related to the reissue of *Night Rider*) with considerable pleasure." In his March 18th reply, Warren expressed his gratitude for Albert's help, especially for sending him, by air, two cartons of



John Alden cigarettes in Taormina, Sicily. Albert was smoking Sano pipe tobacco at the time. (His pipe smoking was partial cause of his cancer about forty years later.) While in Italy, Warren was writing his fourth novel, *World Enough and Time*, which Random House published in 1950. He sent the first two chapters to Erskine on April 12th, 1948, for comment. In his letters to his friend and soon-to-be-editor, he explained what he was attempting to accomplish.

Here is the first of the novel, two chapters, running about 40,000 words, or near it. One scene is missing, as you will see, from Chapter II, but I have written in a note to give the continuity, and toward the end of Chapter II a paragraph is missing as a kind of summary of what Jeremiah reads aloud from Plato. I haven't yet decided which of two passages to use from Plato, and I'll wait till I can get a translation of the proper epoch. Naturally, you are not to take this as a final draft, but I hope that this is close enough to a final draft so that you can get some notion of the drift of things. There are, of course, some lags. For instance, the wife of Colonel Fort should be introduced early and some indication made of his family life. But aside from such mechanical things, I am anxious to get your criticism and suggestion. When you all come to stay with us at Sirmione, or elsewhere, you and I can do some close work on it, and then I hope to have as much more for your inspection. But meanwhile I should be very glad to have some remarks and impressions. I am at the stage when I begin to feel the need of a reaction.

Things are going pretty fast with the writing, as you can see. For one thing, I don't have any other central occupation, and can put in about as many hours a day as the traffic and the backbone will bear. I hope to be able to beat the deadline by quite a bit, and if I get in a good summer, I may be able to give you the manuscript in January 1949. But there are always unexpected difficulties.

If Mr. Cerf is interested at this stage, you have my full permission to show the thing to him. If he does read it, I should of course like to have his comments.

Erskine's response is a measure of their friendship and professionalism. Within two weeks' time, he sent the following "preliminary" critique, dated April 30th:

Though I've not quite finished my second reading of the two chapters, I want to get off a few remarks anyway, already because of a lot of unexpected interruptions I am later with this than I intended to be.

Anyway, it was a delight to read it. What I cannot possibly now have is a feeling of its proportional relation to the whole; nor can I yet weigh the assets and liabilities of the Method (though I think I can recognize a few of each). We had so little conversation about it really that either more or none at all might have been better: I almost wish none, so that I could have tested it as a reader who had no idea whatever of what was coming or what it meant, and could then see how readily one can find his way into the story, whereas now I know just enough to make that impossible and not enough to feel privy to your plans, and

I'll have to perform the pure test on other readers (which I've already done with Peggy and shall next week with Bennett, though I'm of two minds about turning people loose on partial and unfinal manuscripts).

On the day last week that the chapters arrived I happened to learn from Helen of the existence of "The Confessions of Jereboam O. Beauchamp" and to ask her for it; then the ms arrived and I decided not to read the other document, though now I am not sure whether I should or not, whether it will give me knowledge which I will then think is communicated by the ms even if it isn't. (I ran into this a little, I remember, with *Night Rider* and *AKM* [*All the King's Men*] as a result of conversations about what you intended to do and readings of the partial mss; and it got so with *Under the Volcano* that I could hardly tell what was in the book and what I'd gotten from Lowry's letters that other readers wouldn't have access to.) But then I wonder if I'd be of any editorial use whatever (whatever that is) if I waited around until something was finished, and done in absolute secrecy for fear I might get some hint of it, and then read it for the "pure" reaction. Maybe it is better to be fully implicated, so far as that is possible, though I have no grand notions I assure you about the "help" I can be to you.

Well, I'd like to make a few tentative observations on the Method. What I remember from the brief remarks you made about it some time back runs a little like this: that it would be a combination of quotes from "documents" (all of which I understood were to be fictitious so far as their actual words were concerned) and the words of one of our contemporaries, who, given these documents, had set out on the basis of them to reconstruct, interpret, and comment on what had happened. Maybe my memory is faulty, or maybe you have altered your plan, or maybe you haven't; but I don't think I would have been able so to describe the method simply on the basis of reading this much and not having heard anything else about it. Perhaps I would, perhaps it is not too important anyway whether I (or anyone) would or not at this stage. But what I feel is this: that for passages of considerable length I seem to be reading something told from the point of view we call omniscient, so that it almost seems odd to come upon some disclaimer of knowing, some statement regretting that the record is not quite clear or complete at this point (How can we not know *this*? one might ask, when we know the last scene with such multiplicity of detail, complete with dialogue, the way things looked, felt, smelt, sounded, and all? Why don't we know everything?). Of course, I am not at all sure how important the plausibility of the method is, whether it needs to have (and to show that it has) an interior logic all its own that it doesn't violate and that cannot be questioned or doubted. Not too important, I'd guess, if its product works, which God knows in most regards it so far does. But I get interested in the method as method, and hence arise the questions. Maybe the method could stand more insisting on and pointing out: establishing clearly the fullness of the documents as the source of what we do know instead of referring only to the holes that exist in them.

Another problem in connection with the method is that of tone-of-voice. Don't we have almost the problem of a narrator (the "I" of the first sentence, which becomes thereafter, for obvious reasons of clarity, "we") and therefore the

problem of consistency of tone and attitude of all portions of the writing which appear outside the quotation marks, as well as the consistency of those that appear within—and almost an attitude of the former toward the latter, which would make clear at any point why the former chooses the quoted passage in preference to his own words. I should have begun this paragraph by saying that all this is a condition that for the most part exists, rather than throwing it out as something to be attained. I don't know how important as principle this is, but it seems enough so to make it worth while watching for violations of it. Jeremiah's style is nearly all of a piece, or so it seems to me; but my doubts are raised by such quotations as "he would whip me till I bellowed like a scrub bull in a canebrake in cocklebur season" (I-14)—where I not only doubt if his father ever said it on any such occasion, but more strongly that Jeremiah would remember it if he had or choose to quote it if he did remember, and on the same page the similar metaphor about the extent of beating prompts the same dubiety. Because one of J's outstanding qualities (thus far) seems to be his absolutely total lack not only of humor but awareness of its existence, so that I feel he would be incapable of making such a remark (the second is his own) or remembering someone else's. Now maybe you have included these to show that J did not indeed lack humor (or perhaps there are other instances that have slipped my mind, or there are others coming in what follows), in which case there would need to be more evidence of it to prove it. But I also suspect by now that one of the important clues to his character is his humorlessness.

One fine thing about this device for telling, as you are doubtless thoroughly aware, is that you can use Jeremiah's kind of rhetoric for all it is worth (and it is worth a lot) without seeming to be directly responsible for it yourself, and also that you can judiciously limit the amount of it to doses one can swallow. I can see now why you couldn't let *him* tell the whole thing: there would be a ringing in the reader's ears from about page ten on. The contrasts between the two voices make a pleasing counterpoint—though occasionally there are places where the contrast is not enough marked. (Maybe I am making up too elaborate motives for the Method, maybe I misunderstand it and need more before I get it. I'm only trying at this stage to explain what I think it is and how I like it. I like it.)

It is possible that the first chapter would gain if you could save the background of Cassius Fort and either impose it by degrees, passim, or in a lump later on. There are of necessity so many backgrounds in this chapter that it tends toward sluggishness a little, especially near the end; and it seems strategically important for the first chapter to move forward into the story as much as possible instead of backward out of it. And it doesn't seem to me necessary for the reader to know all this about him even before J himself does. (Naturally, not knowing what is coming I can be only tentative in this observation. I wouldn't want to see him moved into chapter II, bodily; but I wonder if he is not important enough that his nature can emerge by degrees rather than as a preliminary summary.)

(It is now, I regret to say, Tuesday, May 4, instead of Friday—when I started this. But we had to go away for the weekend, and I was too sleepy Friday night to continue. But meantime I have finished my second reading.) I don't think there

is any point taking up here any of the other small points that I'd like to bring up when I see you. I think it is going beautifully, despite the fact that what I've written above seems to stress questions and doubts (it would be pointless just now to write you a glowing account of the parts I like best and why, etc., even though they are the most of it.) ...

To go back to my original subject for a moment: I think it makes more sense for me to go ahead and read "The Confession of Jereboam." (For one thing I want to know what happens, and for another I think more and more it is silly for me to think I can arrange things so that I can read it in the manner—by *it* I mean the final product—of some outside reader who never heard a word about it.)

I've re-read *Night Rider* in the past two weeks, and it was wonderful to see how it held up after nearly ten years. I was constantly amazed both by things I did remember and by those I didn't, and also those I didn't remember until I got just on the opening of the scenes, when suddenly I would remember what was coming (e.g., I wouldn't have been able to say that Willy Proudfit had a nephew, he'd gone entirely, but as soon as I saw his name I even remembered what he would do). The Random House edition of *Night Rider* is planned for August. I don't see any reason to bother about that last paragraph, now that I've looked at it again (though I notice one of the reviews also mentioned suicide in connection with Mr. Munn's end). I found one typographical error and noted it for correction (though I won't guarantee I didn't miss any, I'm pretty sure there are no bad ones). I'm suggesting that a complete list of "Books by RPW" go in the front. Don't you think this is OK, even in an earlier book than five on the list[?] After all, this is technically different from a "third printing" by the original publisher. I think they should all be listed and I've asked Saxe [Commins], who handles such matters here, and he thinks so too.

Returned from Italy and writing from Santa Monica, California, Warren wrote on April 18, 1949:

According to Frank, who tells me that he talked with you on the phone the other night, there is some misunderstanding between us. Or perhaps I forgot to say to you that I was planning, hoping, and praying to push the novel through by early June? At least, I hope to have a draft then which you can work over. What will remain to be done after you see the draft, God knows. Anyway, since my arrival here I have been driving along at a fair pace. I had this section well developed in notes before coming, and I am now on page 85 of the eighth chapter. I shall finish within a week. This is, I say, chapter VIII. But it will really be VIII and IX in the final round-up, for I have to go back and divide it. It neatly falls into two sections about page 42. There will remain two more chapters, X and XI, by the new calculation. In God's grace, they will run about fifty pages each, about two month's work—if work goes well. But this chapter (VIII and IX) set out to be about fifty or sixty pages. You never can tell. I am a little disturbed about the scale the thing is developing. But we'll have to work on that when it is all done.

Erskine's tone in a May 6, 1949, letter came about as short as he would let show in his correspondence: "When the first draft is finished, I hope that I shall be able to have access to the original script instead of the various carbons which I have read piece-meal in the past. Sometimes the physical difficulties of reading these have been a barrier to a clear picture. Then, as you say, it may be advisable for us to get together, but at the moment I don't know whether this will be possible or not. I hope that it will be, because I am sure that we can accomplish a great deal more in much less time than we could possibly do through the mail."

Warren was willing to accommodate Albert's request for a cleaner manuscript and promised in a May 11th letter to "have the fresh copy made for you by middle or late July." Wanting to avoid unnecessary delays and to clarify his criticism, Albert responded on May 17th: "Just an extension of remarks about what I mean by a 'better manuscript.' I should say, off hand, that a complete retyping at this stage would be unnecessary, because it is not so much the interlinear corrections (though, naturally, they do slow one down) but the quality of the carbons that I have had access to. It is just that those two (or at the most, three) sheets of carbon paper that you have been using for the last year or so are beginning to get a little dim. The combination of lack of color and onion skin paper produces fatigue rather quickly. I wonder, therefore, if you had a better carbon; or failing that, if I could have the original instead of the carbon. I would especially not like to lose a month of retyping; I would even rather deal with the carbons that are in Helen's office at the moment."

During the fall of 1949, their correspondence was frequent with exchanges on the finished manuscript of *World Enough and Time*. Erskine sent detailed queries and suggestions, to which Warren responded in an October 12th letter: "I have worked through every one of your million suggestions and queries and in almost every instance have followed your ideas. I did not do so in regard to the scene between the lawyers and Jeremiah after the reading of Marlowe's letter. I prayed over it, but just didn't see it your way. I felt that I needed the distortion to point up the importance of the episode, etc. I may come to your view later. I didn't get as much reduction in Crotinethian McClardy as you no doubt wanted, but I got some. And as far as Antiope and Hippolyta are concerned, I think you will find that here there is a difference in names with reference to the same episode in the life of Theseus—and Hippolyta perhaps is more common—at least it is to me. In general I have made substantial reductions, especially in Chapter V and Chapter VIII, and I hope that I have improved the pact throughout. I have checked the chronology carefully and the dating. That ought to be straight now: I worked out a schedule from the text. The quotations have been checked for accuracy. One French idiom remains to be checked."

On October 24th, Erskine replied:

I'd hoped to get a letter off to you by Friday, but it was not until late Friday afternoon that I finished "collating" the carbon and the original; the two MSS are now, I believe, identical with the cuts and additions all made in the carbon, and the name changed in both (changing Hawkins to Crawford is a more extensive job than one might think, and I hope I caught them all: I wish I'd thought of the name Crawley at the time we made this decision, though that might have been too much, and anyway I've now gotten used to Crawford). Other readers have now begun to read both copies, but it is too early for a report on reactions.

Very little remains to be done now, I think. When I look at what you have

done, I marvel at how quickly you were able to do it. The cutting is masterful, making the pace (to me at least) just about perfect—though I shall be in a better position to judge that when I read it in galleys without all the marks, as I intend to do, to be sure there are no holes. You have cut more than I would have thought possible, much less asked; and yet I don't think you've done any harm. There are only two places of which I am doubtful, of which more below, and they are not very important.

Here, as I see it, is what remains:

We need a name for Simpson County.

I-21 I can't make out one word in a written-in passage: "clambering rock or _____ soft-foot by the cane." Top of page

II-13 I changed R's birthday from 1797 to 1798. Since month is not given, this seemed necessary to agree with statement that she is 3 yrs older than J (1801).

II-53 I enclose copy of one of your inserts, where cutting seems to have bollixed up a sentence: I don't get the "resting at last in ... and rests there..." Please mark and return.

V-47ff. Rachel and the key. I liked this much better on rereading last time and wonder if it should be kept—though pace gains by its elimination. I'm on the fence.

X-12 I've consistently admired the little paragraph about the autumn leaves, and I'd like to see it back in. It was only last week that I noticed that this duplicates a shorter treatment of the same thing in I-47 (McClardy section), but I'd rather cut it here and keep it in X, if that is OK with you.

X-62 I altered two remaining references along here to One-eye's visit to the jail, since that scene is gone. He now refers to "Crawford's visit."

I'm still not convinced that Crawford should mention Lilburn when he visits J in IX (I'm still using old chapter numbers, by the way). This ties Lilburn not only with Bumps and Jessup and the reward money, but with the missing handbill; and I think the fact that L comes in under Wilkie's auspices would then rather make J suspect Wilkie (since he has God's plenty of reasons already) than make him accept L. But it is credible that he should accept him if he does not know he has anything to do with the handbill or with Bumps and Jessup, etc. That is why I'm pleading that Crawford only mention the fact that One-eye claims to have the handbill, without reference to others involved or to circumstances, which he in fact doesn't even need to know about, and which J and the reader not only do not need at this point but shouldn't have—or so it seems to me.

Almost by return mail, Warren wrote on October 27th:

On your queries of October 24.

1. Why not let Simpson County stand? It is a real County, and the others are fictional, but nothing happens in Simpson and so, let it stand.

2. II [sic]-21. The word is "bogueing."



3. II-13. Okay about Raccée's [?] birthday.

4. V-47. All right, restore the Rache-key episode, and we'll face a final decision in proof. I'm on the fence, too, and the final decision will probably have to be yours.

5. X-12. Okay, keep the autumn leaves here, and cut that in I-47. The duplication was intentional, but then I got worried about it as being too artificial.

6. I'm still not sure about the failure to mention Lilburn in the jail visit of Crawford. Let's talk about this when I come to NY and we have the text before us.

With the promising news that the Random House partners were enthusiastic about *World Enough and Time*, Erskine wrote Warren the good news and a proposed publication date of March 3rd. Erskine went on to say in his November 17th letter:

The jacket. Nothing settled yet. McKnight Kauffer has submitted one sketch, which has been rejected. The most that could be said for it (even by me, one of his admirers) was that it was "striking"—but too starkly forbiddingly moderne. It was felt by the saleswise that it would only frighten away prospective customers. He is working on another idea, but at the same time another expert, who specializes in representational illustration, is working on still another. Not a single big illustration, but a series of little ones to extend around the jacket from the front to the back of the book, but only in the lower fifth of the space, leaving most of the area for big type. The idea behind all this is that the jacket ought to convey immediately more about the period, color, etc., of the book than can be accomplished by simply the title and abstract design. This other fellow did the jackets for several Robert Graves books that Random did some years back.

As you know, this kind of approach is contrary to both my theory and approach in the days I did jackets (*my* approach having been based partly on conviction but partly, I suspect, on the fact that I don't know how to draw). I still don't like illustration, for my own contemplation and enjoyment, that is; but I am no longer sure as I used to be that all sales managers are wrong and that the public doesn't like illustrations. What I believe now is that the public doesn't give a damn what it's wrapped in, once they've heard of a book; but that the booksellers, who have to buy it first, are so sold on illustrated jackets that they tend to resist the others. Or so I gather from things I hear.

In any event it is not yet settled. I don't want anything to be done that will be distasteful to you, but on the other hand I think it possible that the kind of typographic simplicity that we both like *would* hamper distribution. And I don't think that the quality of the book can be in any way affected by what it is wrapped in, and am therefore more or less willing to let the promoters do what they think they can do best with. But if what is submitted is too monstrous, I'll oppose it and seek your aid. And if you're definitely opposed to pictures of any size or kind, shout now and I'll take a stand.

So far I've been too uncertain in my own mind to take any kind of position. For this reason: While the book is certainly a modern book, in one sense of the word, and perhaps the most important sense, I can't help feeling that it would

look funny in too modern dress. Not funny, but somehow wrong. On the other hand, most attempts at “period style” in typography and symbol end up by feeling slightly nostalgic, faintly amused, almost deprecatory. Which is why I’m willing to admit that the pictorial approach might be feasible.

Warren was reading galleys and still making minor revisions as late as the end of November 1949; Erskine was actually suggesting some of those revisions that dealt with very small points of consistency, e.g., whether Jessup has a mustache. *World Enough and Time* was finally published June 20, 1950; and through Albert’s planning, came out with a pamphlet, *World Enough and Time: Background of a Novel*; in a special limited edition (numbered but not signed) for presentation to the Booksellers of America; in a Kentucky Edition of 1,000 copies signed by the author; and as a Literary Guild Selection for July 1950. The first British edition was published in 1951 by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

The Warren-Erskine relationship settled into a relatively standard but by no means boring one as they planned meeting up in Italy, continued to write and edit, and to comfort and shore up one another in times of crisis. Red and Cinina’s divorce was final on June 28, 1951; Albert and Peggy also had divorced. In a May 27, 1951, letter just thirty-two days before his own divorce, Warren wrote to Albert: “I think that the situation has some tragic elements in it, for along the way it looked so natural and perfect, the relation between you and Peggy. No, until recently I had not become aware of the mounting tension, or in so far as I had been aware of it I had misread it and set it aside. In general, as the fruit of a bitter experience, I have come to the conclusion, for which I claim no great originality, that when a relation gets charged with a certain kind of ambiguity and distress it is just destruction and self-destruction to try to persist in it. But, as we all well know, what one ‘wants’ is never quite simple—though it can be, with luck and will, a lot simpler than some people are inclined to believe. As you said, this doesn’t get anybody any forwarder. I do want you to know, however, that from the bottom of my heart I wish you both well.”⁶

Warren was often a sounding board for Albert as well. Albert had shown him previously the Malcolm Lowry manuscript *Under the Volcano*, Karl Shapiro’s essays, and Pier Pasinetti’s manuscript of a novel. In a note dated April 7, 1952, Warren shared his impression of another author’s work: “I have finished Ralph Ellison’s *Invisible Man* and am grateful to you for the opportunity of reading it. He has a powerful narrative sense, he can write up to his big scenes—and some of them are really impressive—and he has a subject that is important. I don’t see how the book can fail to make some kind of stir. For the moment waiving the matter of his literary abilities (which are all to the good, it seems to me), the mere fact that this book is written by a Negro gives it a special force and significance. To me it was more enlightening about one important aspect of the Negro’s relation to our society than anything else I’ve ever read. And the treatment of the Brotherhood—which I take to be the CP—ought to be enough to put this book in the news beyond the literary news.” Warren’s responses were frequently accompanied by his rationale or assessment in light of current literary activity.

Erskine and Warren edited two Dell Books collections, which have remained in print continuously since their appearance: *Short Story Masterpieces* (1954) and *Six Centuries of Great Poetry* (1955). The anthologies reflect the breadth of reading they did and their keen eye for enduring literature.

The give-and-take exchange of ideas and critiques of literature continued into the

1980s, more via telephone and somewhat less via the postal system because of declining health. In 1987 Albert was diagnosed with cancer. In a handwritten, undated letter to Albert's third wife, Marisa, Warren wrote: "I have had miraculous luck in friends all my life. I don't know what would have happened without them. Luck in various basic ways. And I have had Albert as a *friend*—and I do *not* use the word loosely—since I was 25 years old. In more than one way he has been truly essential for my good fortunes. This is not a recent discovery to me. Nor is it a recent discovery that you and Sylvia [*sic*] are part of [it]." Other handwritten letters of encouragement followed. Albert continued to work and brought out *A Robert Penn Warren Reader* (1988) and *New and Selected Essays* (1989) before his friend died on September 15, 1989. Albert passed away on May 15, 1993. It was an extraordinary union of two minds in a life-long commitment to literature.

Notes

1. Robert Penn Warren (April 24, 1905-September 15, 1989) is more widely known than is Albert Russell Erskine, Jr., (April 18, 1911-May 15, 1993), who became a highly respected senior vice-president at Random House and editor of Ralph Ellison, William Faulkner, Malcolm Lowry, Cormac McCarthy, James A. Michener, John O'Hara, Jean Stafford, William Styron, and Eudora Welty, as well as Warren and others.
2. For much more detail about the founding of the *Southern Review*, see Thomas W. Cutrer, *Parnassus on the Mississippi: The Southern Review and the Baton Rouge Literary Community, 1935-1942* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State UP, 1984).
3. Robert Penn Warren letters, in Albert Russell Erskine, Jr., Papers (Private Collection); Albert Russell Erskine, Jr., letters, in Robert Penn Warren Papers, Yale Collection of American Literature (MSS 51), Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University, New Haven, CT. Use of the letters in this essay are with the kind permission of Mrs. Albert R. Erskine and Ms. Silvia Erskine, and the estate of Robert Penn Warren. See also *Selected Letters of Robert Penn Warren: Triumph and Transition, 1943-1952*, ed. Randy Hendricks and James A. Perkins, vol. 3 (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State UP, 2005), which was published after this article was written and submitted, but is here acknowledged as a source for its content of other letters from Warren to Erskine.
4. Warren's short story appeared in the *Southern Review* 4 (Autumn 1938): 299-321. It was included in the Edward J. O'Brien Best Short Story Collection for 1939. It is an excerpt from Warren's first novel, *Night Rider* (1939). Pip is Charles W. Pipkin, graduate dean at LSU, and one of the founding editors of the *Southern Review*.
5. The poem was "Crime," which appeared in *Nation* May 25, 1940: 655; and subsequently, in *Eleven Poems on the Same Theme* (Norfolk, CT: New Directions, 1942) [12-13].
6. However, "All's well that ends well": On December 7, 1952, Warren married Eleanor Clark, by whom he had two children, Rosanna and Gabriel. Albert was Red's best man, and Katherine Anne Porter was the matron of honor. And on September 24, 1959, Erskine married Marisa Bisi, by whom he had a daughter, Silvia.

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