

WARREN AND PASINETTI: A STUDY IN FRIENDSHIP

by *William Bedford Clark*

Without friends no one would choose to live, though he had all other goods; even rich men and those in possession of office and of dominating power are thought to need friends most of all; for what is the use of such prosperity without the opportunity of beneficence, which is exercised chiefly towards friends?

Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*, VIII, i

On December 16, 1939, scarcely three and half months after Hitler's invasion of Poland and the outbreak of the Second World War, Robert Penn Warren wrote his friends Katherine Anne Porter and Albert Erskine from Rome, where he and his wife Cinina were intent upon getting as much as possible out of their European sabbatical before Italy entered the war and they faced the possibility of being stranded for the duration. His tone was light-hearted and chatty, but his language (with an obvious eye toward the possibility of intercepted mail) was circumspect and guarded. One heavily encoded passage stands out:

By the way our friend who is interested in family history, and on whose work we spent some time last spring doing Ms and proof, has applied for a place, any kind of a place, with [Joseph] Brewer [president of Olivet College] and with some other people. His credentials . . . are enormously impressive. If either, or both of you, can find it in your hearts to clarify Brewer's mind on any essential points, it would be a chore done in a very good and almost imperative cause. I leave this to your powers of divination. I wrote to Joe, . . . but it was not possible for me to explain certain matters which are important. (*Selected Letters* II, 248)

Several weeks later, on January 11, 1940, Warren wrote his co-editor at the *Southern Review*, Cleanth Brooks, in a like manner: "you all may be seeing our friend who is interested in family history much sooner than you ever suspected, and for an indefinite period. He is . . . making desperate efforts to change his whole plan of life . . . [out of] motives with which you would have the deepest sympathy." Warren concluded: "I hear that he simply can't take any more of what he has been taking" (*Selected Letters* II, 254).

The mysterious "friend who is interested in family history" was P. M. (Pier Maria) Pasinetti, whose story "Family History" had appeared in the Summer 1939 *Southern Review* and whose anti-German and anti-Fascist sentiments had placed him in a precarious position. In a subsequent letter to Porter (February 20, 1940), Pasinetti's identity is even more deeply encoded. He is now "Amos," and Warren assures Porter that "Amos" is not only free of whatever questionable opinions he might have voiced as a twenty-two-year-old graduate student at Louisiana State University, but that "The change has been complete, violent,

and I am convinced, irrevocable. . . . As for the violence of the change which [I] mention above, I have, at times, found myself in a position of trying to restrain public manifestations" (*Selected Letters* II, 266). Once he and Cinina were safely back in the States, thanks in part to a timely tip from Pasinetti that Mussolini was at last ready to drop the pretense of neutrality and join Hitler in war against the Allies, Warren was free to speak openly, and he did so in a June 8, 1940, letter to Brooks:

Poor Pier Pasinetti had finally managed to wrangle his permit to come to America, after working all winter on the proposition. He is the saddest and bitterest man you ever saw, and if he doesn't learn a little self-control he will shortly end in a concentration camp or with a busted head. He says anything and says it anywhere, in a voice like a fog-horn. The only chance he has for survival is that a lot of other people do the same thing and I don't suppose they can arrest everybody. . . . [A] few days before he was supposed to sail, they revoked his permit. He was planning to come here and take out American citizenship. (*Selected Letters* II, 278)

Pasinetti would eventually return to the United States, where he would go on to earn dual distinction as an academic and a novelist, but only after the war was over – and only after intense and protracted efforts by Robert Penn Warren on his behalf. A look at Warren's relationship with this brilliant young Italian, son of a prominent Venetian family, reveals much about what it meant to be a friend of "Red" and testifies in a dramatic way to the loyalty and responsibility Warren showed toward those in his circle whose promise he recognized and whose talent he admired.



After studying at Oxford and taking his degree from the University of Padua, Pier Maria Pasinetti arrived in Baton Rouge in September 1935 to assume a graduate fellowship awarded by the Italian Foreign Ministry and Institute for International Education.¹ When his bus pulled in, Robert Penn Warren was there to meet it, and—Pasinetti's accommodations at the French House on the Louisiana State University campus being temporarily unavailable—the Warrens proceeded to take him in as a houseguest (Interview). This unanticipated courtesy no doubt had something to do with the fact that Cinina Warren (the former Emma Brescia) was teaching courses in Italian at LSU and had been instrumental in organizing a university event honoring the Italian ambassador during the previous term.² The powers-that-be likely regarded her and her amenable husband as ideal contacts for the newly arrived exchange student, but whatever the case this early intimacy proved fortuitous. One is tempted to say providential. Pasinetti soon became a valued member of the Warrens' social set (they were remarkably gregarious), and among the friendships he struck up was one with the energetic and discerning Albert Erskine, only two years his senior, who, under the modest designation of "business manager," was playing an indispensable role in launching the *Southern Review*.³ Decades later, he would serve as Pasinetti's editor at Random House.⁴

During his year at LSU, Pasinetti produced a quite creditable master's thesis on "The Tragic Elements in Hawthorne's Works" – in retrospect a telling choice of topic given the dynamic awareness of the interplay between past and present and characteristic preoccupation with inter-generational relationships that were to inform much of his fiction.⁵ (The thesis was nominally directed by Earl R. Bradshear, no particular friend of Robert Penn Warren, but Cleanth Brooks was on the examining committee – as was the venerable department head W. A. "Corky" Read.)⁶ Academic credentialing was important, of course, but Pasinetti was already committed to creative writing, and when he left Baton Rouge for further study at the University of California he could boast of an additional feather in his cap. His story "Home-coming" was included in the Spring 1936 issue of the *Review*. Considerably less ambitious than "Family History," the second (and last) of his *Southern Review* pieces, it nonetheless warrants reading as a striking vignette, somewhat cinematic in conception and execution, in which the vacuity and wilful isolation of a powerful, ostensibly successful, man (perhaps a Fascist official) are made woefully evident. For Pasinetti, as for Hawthorne and Warren, the loss of self in a deracinated world would prove a perennial and fruitful subject. (By contrast, the narcissistic and much bedeviled protagonist of "Family History" ultimately *defines* himself out of his private inferno when he intuits and accepts the purgatorial dimension of unrelenting blood ties – shorthand for communal responsibility – and commits himself to the problematic survival of a new generation.)

Once Pasinetti was settled in Berkeley, he wrote the Warrens (who seem to have made him a loan while he awaited a check from his father), and at least two letters from this period have survived.⁷ They not only reveal the degree of intimacy that had come to characterize his relationship with the glamorous and well-connected couple during their relatively brief year together in Baton Rouge, they constitute a running self-portrait of the correspondent himself, an immensely gifted – if at times ingenuous – young man who is commendably earnest about his literary vocation and realistic about the responsibilities and prospects such a commitment entails, even as he indulges a seemingly irrepressible predisposition for satirical commentary, displaying powers of discernment and wit that are by turns genial and combative. It is little wonder that Red and Cinina found the puckish Pier such good company. A letter of September 4, 1936, written shortly after his arrival in California, is wide-ranging and representative. It opens with a comic account of the psychological profiling new students at Berkeley were expected to undergo, proceeds to recreate an amusing evening spent with Cinina's father (the composer Domenico Brescia, whose broad culture reminded Pasinetti of a Renaissance humanist), touches playfully upon Pasinetti's most recent romantic interest (a girl with regrettable tastes in poetry), and concludes with a rather aggressive caricature of a bewildered exchange student from Japan. From the second of the surviving letters from Berkeley (May 5, 1937), we can infer the extent to which Warren was already employing his considerable network of literary connections to Pasinetti's advantage. His stay at the university coming to an end, Pasinetti writes that he has received a letter from an editor at a leading publishing house, Paul Brooks, who read "Home-coming" in the *Southern Review* and would be interested in seeing a book-length manuscript when and if Pasinetti completes one. (Brooks had made a point of dropping Warren's name and was in fact his primary contact at Houghton-Mifflin, the firm that would bring out *Night Rider* in 1939.) Pasinetti asks Warren for advice on how

best to proceed and in closing notes that he has recently spent time with the established West Coast poets Howard Baker and Lincoln Fitzell – close friends of Warren from his own days as a graduate student at Berkeley. Red's interest in promoting Pasinetti's career, even at this early juncture, could not be more manifest.

Pasinetti returned to Europe when his year in California was up. The illness of his father back in Venice (it would ultimately prove fatal) seems to have been a major factor (Interview), but whatever the case Pasinetti was in a position to welcome the Warrens when they made a hurried trip to Italy over the summer of 1938, and he reciprocated their many kindnesses by hosting their stay in Venice, to their immense “satisfaction” (Blotner 168-170). Little wonder. Venice was Pasinetti's city in every sense, not only his native place but the future hub of his fictive universe. It would be difficult to imagine a more informative or entertaining guide to the storied metropolis, rich in art, intrigue, and literary associations. As Blotner suggests, Warren may have made his first trip to Italy in deference to Cinina's ethnic sensibilities and at her insistence, but the journey – not least his time with Pier – marked the start of a lifelong fascination with all things Italian,⁸ and Warren was eager to return on a Guggenheim fellowship in the fall of 1939. The Pier Pasinetti the Warrens met on this second occasion in Italy was a changed man. He had undergone what he would later describe as a “decisive experience,” one that turned him into a vocal critic of totalitarianism and (to recall Warren's words) a likely candidate for “a concentration camp” or “busted head.”

In the fall of 1938, Pasinetti was in Berlin, studying and teaching, and there he witnessed the shocking aftermath of *Kristallnacht*, the “night of shattered glass,” in which synagogues and Jewish places of business, marked with the Star of David, were subjected to brutal vandalism and arson at the instigation of the Nazi regime.¹⁰ This coordinated act of violence throughout the Reich was clearly no spontaneous pogrom, but a foretaste of the coming Holocaust, and Pasinetti would later recreate his disgust and outrage in his first novel, *Venetian Red* (1960), through the medium of Giorgio Partibon, a character modeled in part on the author. Viewing the devastation in the early morning light, Giorgio and his friends find that their “image of the world was changing that morning, was widening, like a tumor, revealing malignancy as it grew. From now on, there would be a new shadow over everything for them, the suspicion that every form of life always had the possibility of suddenly revealing itself to be coincident with death.” They sense “a fracture in the world and in communal life, a declaration of anarchy, to which nothing now would ever put an end,” and they watch in horror as a Jewish merchant is carried out of his shop by the mob:

His head thrown backward, supine above that yelling crowd that had lifted him, the man's face showed such extreme pallor that it appeared absurd; a corpse would have given a plainer impression of death, but he seemed now to be even beyond death. He would occasionally move his eyes, emptied of any expression, or his hands, in a weak, useless, automatically defensive gesture, or his lips, uttering a lament that was no longer even of terror. (*Venetian Red* 334-335)

The victim's name is Gerecht (the “righteous one”), and the Christic parallels – and Pasinetti's point – are unmistakable. *Kristallnacht* represented a crucifixion of decency itself.

The year 1940 found Warren back in the United States and Pasinetti, his visa revoked, facing an increasingly problematic future as the war widened on every front. Warren's concern for his friend remained correspondingly acute, and the possibility of somehow bringing Pasinetti to America was never far from his thoughts. In a lengthy letter of August 23, 1940, filled with news, gossip, and talk of food and drink, Warren took pains to reassure the young Italian: "We talk of you often, and think of you more often, and look forward to a reunion. Which, we trust, may not be too far off" (*Selected Letters*, II, 289).¹¹ As Warren himself must have suspected, his "trust" was more rhetorical than realistic, and the path toward reunion took a disarming detour in 1941, when Pasinetti was "sent to the University of Göttingen as Italian lecturer, where because of his transparent moral and political views his situation was not without danger" (*World Authors* 584).

On April 16, 1941, Warren wrote Pasinetti with good news. The late Edward J. O'Brien had selected "Family History" for inclusion in his *Best Short Stories, 1940*, and a copy of that popular anthology had been set aside for him in the *Southern Review* offices at LSU. Warren, on a visiting appointment at the University of Iowa, offered Pasinetti his impressions of the painter Grant Wood, the neo-humanist Norman Foerster ("brooding over the abyss"), and the emerging critic Austin Warren (a friend of Pasinetti's onetime mentor Mario Praz), and he concluded with already familiar sentiments: "We talk of you constantly, and would give a great deal to see you. I shan't undertake to tell you how much we look forward to our next meeting" (*Selected Letters* II, 31). On May 16, Pasinetti replied, hinting in a covert way that the Italians and Germans regarded America's entry into the war as a matter of not if, but when. That would make communication, even by mail, unlikely. The good times he and the Warrens had once shared now seemed to belong to some prehistoric epoch. Pasinetti was working as best he could at his own writing. The times were decidedly inauspicious, but he insisted that the writerly vocation was all the more important in light of that fact – a view Warren would have emphatically seconded.

As the seat of a great university, Göttingen was no doubt relatively idyllic compared to the Berlin Pasinetti had known earlier, but Germany was still the belly of the Beast, and Pasinetti's dream of coming to America must have seemed all but unattainable as he concentrated on his duties as *Lektor* and worked at finding time for fiction. Then things took a dramatic and positive turn in 1942. Pasinetti was offered and accepted an appointment at the University of Stockholm, which made it possible for him to assume refuge in a neutral country. A literary analogue suggests itself: In the *Commedia*, Dante had to pass through the Inferno before he could begin the long climb up Mount Purgatory. Pasinetti was delivered out of the Third Reich, but his final goal of a new life in the United States was by no means assured. Sweden's neutrality was a complicated matter, dependent upon highly nuanced diplomacy, tough-minded pragmatism, and sheer luck. At the quotidian level, Pasinetti's financial status was strained, and his chances of waiting out the war in Sweden were far from certain (PMP to RPW, 6/4/43; YCAL). Not surprisingly, he began to suffer from stress-related complications (PMP to RPW, 10/16/43; YCAL).

Warren was able to allay Pasinetti's financial worries somewhat (PMP to RPW, 8/20/43; YCAL), and he was clearly intent upon lifting his friend's spirits as best he could. His letters from Minneapolis (he was now at the University of Minnesota) are replete with comic caricature and anecdote. One example should suffice. Cinina was frequently ill, and Warrens had hired a servant:

She has the habit of reaching out and pinching me on the ribs to emphasize some point and then cackling like a hen that's laid a rectangular egg. I went out to a dinner recently leaving her with Cinina. When I came home about eleven-thirty, I found her piled on the bed with her head on my pillow, cozy as could be. But at last I've discovered the source of her high spirits. I keep my liquor in a cabinet in the kitchen, and the horrible suspicion finally dawned upon me. She's a dram-snatcher. . . . So now I've moved the temptation into my study and have put it under lock and key. (*Selected Letters* III, 37)

(In an earlier letter [April 28, 1943], Warren, having turned thirty-eight, had shared his recipe for "a peculiarly insidious" birthday punch: "1 quart sauterne; 1 quart gin; 1 pint rum; 1 half-pint sherry; 1 pint grapefruit juice; enough pineapple juice to sweeten to taste; 1 large cake of ice." He added, "[I]t is superfluous for me to point out that it is not for the women and children" [*Selected Letters* III, 22-23]).

Given the delay and probable miscarriage of mail between the United States and Sweden, Warren took to mailing his letters to Pasinetti in duplicate – sending a carbon-copy under separate cover. As they monitored the vicissitudes of war from opposite sides of the Atlantic, the two devised a code for referring to Hitler and Mussolini ("Llewellyn" and "Jones" respectively),¹³ and there was constant talk of "the voyage" and their much-anticipated – but still problematic – reunion. "We'll be on the dock [when you arrive]," Warren promised (May 31, 1943 [*Selected Letters* III, 31]). Meanwhile, Pasinetti did what he could to maintain his equilibrium and optimism by going about his daily routine, viewing Hollywood films, and culling through back issues of the *New Yorker* (PMP to RPW, 6/4/43; YCAL), and Warren whetted his friend's appetite for "the voyage" with high-spirited accounts of American people and places. Pasinetti sought Warren's help in placing an article on current affairs in an American magazine (PMP to RPW, 8/20/43; YCAL), and at his request Warren would go to considerable pains to assist an impoverished Italian sculptor adrift in Stockholm (see his October 29, 1943, letter to Passinetti [*Selected Letters* III, 48-51]). The friends often engaged in serious (and fairly technical) literary digressions, with Warren describing his various works-in-progress (such as "The Ballad of Billie Potts") and Pasinetti detailing some of the formal challenges he was facing in his own fiction. He felt free to affirm the insights set forth in Warren's new essay "Pure and Impure Poetry" in a wholly unaffected and collegial way (PMP to RPW, 1/14/43; YCAL) – which is in itself significant. Pasinetti may have been his junior by some eight years and a former student, but there is never a note of condescension in Warren's letters to him, nor does Pasinetti, for all his obvious distress, ever surrender his self-respect – or lose his saving sense of humor. This was clearly a friendship grounded on mutual admiration, a common devotion to the writer's calling, and a shared vision, not merely recollected *bonhomie*.

The most pressing common concern was, of course, making "the voyage" a reality. Pasinetti gained the ear of the American writer Frederic Prokosch, on assignment at the American legation in Stockholm, and it became clear that chances for a visa to the United States would be much enhanced if the applicant were in effect invited into the country (PMP to RPW, 11/14/43 & 2/24/44; YCAL). Warren, busy as he was with teaching and writing, went into full gear. Pasinetti was, after all, the citizen of a belligerent country,

but that presented in itself no legal barriers, though bureaucratic procedures were another matter. Warren made inquiries in Washington and consulted with the head of the Guggenheim Foundation in New York, “who was very helpful and took a lot of trouble to track down the one person in the world who knew all about the problem, play by play,” and he lobbied Lewis Webster Jones, president of Bennington College, to make Pasinetti an offer (RPW to PMP, 4/8/44; *Selected Letters* III, 68).

When it became clear that Pasinetti could not be in-country in time for Bennington’s fall term, the project was temporarily derailed, but Warren, not to be discouraged, promoted Pasinetti’s cause among his colleagues at Minnesota (unsuccessfully) and managed for a time to generate serious interest at the neighboring College of St. Thomas (RPW to PMP, 7/14/44; *Selected Letters* III, 80-82). Meanwhile, the writer Allan Seager, whom Pasinetti had known at Oxford (Interview), joined Warren in co-sponsoring Pasinetti’s reentry.¹⁴ By January 22, 1945, Warren (now Consultant in Poetry at the Library of Congress) could report that Bennington was definitely prepared to hire Pasinetti (*Selected Letters* III, 120-122), and to sweeten his friend’s prospects he took it upon himself to negotiate a contract with the publishing firm of Reynal & Hitchcock for a novel Pasinetti had yet to write (see RPW to PMP, 5/30/45; *Selected Letters* III, 140-142). It was hardly a coincidence that Albert Erskine, having left New Directions, was at this time a power-player at R&H, and Pasinetti was grateful for this act of kindness – and expression of confidence – on the part of his old friend from the halcyon days in Baton Rouge (PMP to RPW, 7/25/45; YCAL).

Warren had fulfilled all the requirements, but the bureaucratic “red-tape” and inefficiency that had presented impediments from the beginning would frustrate the process repeatedly, and Pier was subjected to an emotional roller-coaster over the subsequent months – as a flurry of letters and cables from Stockholm attest (YCAL). It was early 1946 before the way was finally cleared and Pasinetti could book passage from Jöteborg to Philadelphia. The crossing took seventeen days – “the voyage” turned out to be a voyage indeed – but by February he was able to report at Bennington (*World Authors* 585). It is unclear if the Warrens had managed to meet his boat, but on August 12, 1946, Red wrote Edward Davison from Gambier, Ohio, where he and Cinina were guests of the John Crowe Ransoms: “Pier Pasinetti . . . is with us now.” It must have given him particular satisfaction to add, “He has taken out his citizenship papers, thus fulfilling a project begun in 1937” (*Selected Letters* III, 203).



To trace the subsequent course of the Pasinetti-Warren friendship in an adequate way would require an essay of at least twice the present length. Indeed, an annotated edition reprinting both sides of the surviving correspondence (which extended at least into the 1970s) would be welcome.¹⁵ After a year of teaching at Bennington, Pasinetti entered the new doctoral program in Comparative Literature at Yale, where he wrote a prize-winning dissertation under Warren’s old Iowa acquaintance, the legendary René Wellek (Interview). Warren then managed to arrange for a job offer from Robert B. Heilman at the University of Washington,¹⁶ but Pier elected to go to the University of California-Los Angeles, where he was to have a long and distinguished career as teacher, scholar, editor,

and critic – with occasional ventures into film. As of this writing, Pasinetti, quite vigorous at ninety-two years of age, has published twelve novels, four of which are available in English: *Venetian Red* (1960); *The Smile on the Face of the Lion* (1965); *From the Academy Bridge* (1970); and *Suddenly Tomorrow* (1972). Clearly, Warren's faith in his friend's considerable gifts and future promise was justified many times over, and his wartime investment in time, treasure, and trouble continues to pay substantial dividends.

Notes

1. For these details, I am relying on the biographical sketch appended to Pasinetti's 1936 M.A. thesis (63).
2. For an indication of Cinina's role in welcoming the ambassador to LSU, see her letter of March 21, 1935, to the Agrarian historian Frank Lawrence Owsley, who had accepted a place on the program (*Selected Letters*, II, 28-29).
3. A good brief account of the founding of the *Review* and Erskine's role can be found in the Introduction to Brooks and Warren's anthology *Stories from the Southern Review* (xi-xvi). Pasinetti's "Family History" was one of the stories they chose to reprint, an indication that their enthusiasm for it had not waned.
4. See Pasinetti's moving and informative tribute to Erskine in the *Dictionary of Literary Biography Yearbook: 1993* (277-279).
5. Apart from scattered reviews, there has been little written about Pasinetti in the United States. A notable exception is Cristina Della Coletta's perceptive entry in the *Dictionary of Literary Biography: Italian Novelists Since World War II* (247-255). Professor Coletta's treatment is rich in biographical detail and critical insight, and my sense of Pasinetti the man and artist and my reading of his work owe much to her. I wish to acknowledge a general debt here.
6. Bradshear was among those senior colleagues on the "reactionary right" who opposed the Brooks and Warren faction in the departmental wars at LSU (Cutrer 175, 232). Pasinetti has indicated that Bradshear's influence on his thesis amounted to "zero" (Interview). W.A. Read was an amputee, thus the irreverent nickname. (I owe this detail to conversations with Cleanth Brooks.)
7. The letters of Pasinetti to Warren I draw upon in this essay are located among the Robert Penn Warren Papers in the Yale Collection of American Literature at the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, New Haven, Connecticut (hereafter YCAL). I am indebted to my collaborator on the Warren Correspondence Project, James A. Perkins, for bringing them to my attention and to Stephen C. Jones at the Beinecke for his invaluable assistance.
8. A thorough and systematic study of the influence of Italian literature, history, and culture in shaping Warren's fiction and poetry is long overdue, but this is hardly surprising. Few students of American literature (the present critic included) have the necessary equipment to take on such a subject.
9. The words are Pasinetti's. See the (third-person) autobiographical statement he provided for his entry in *World Authors, 1975-1980* (585-586).
10. In a November 21, 1938, letter to Warren and Cinina (written in Italian), Pasinetti recorded his reaction to the enormity of *Kristallnacht* (YCAL). He would never be able to forget the things he had seen, and the memory made him physically ill. (I wish to thank my colleague Giovanna del Negro for her translation.) Pasinetti was filled with foreboding and immediately grasped the signal importance of *Kristallnacht* as a malignant turning point in modern history, a view confirmed by another foreign observer, the correspondent (and later chronicler) William L. Shirer, whose book on the Nazi regime, though dated, has retained its status as a minor classic. See *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* (450-455).
11. Pier Pasinetti is a remarkably gracious man, and I am profoundly grateful to him for sharing his letters from Warren with me and making them available to the Robert Penn Warren Correspondence Project. Warren's letters to Pasinetti during this period are typically long and detailed, filled with entertaining anecdotes and asides. They occasionally resemble well-wrought set-pieces and suggest a conscious effort on Warren's part to alleviate his friend's anxiety through humor and high-spirits.
12. For an account of how Sweden managed to escape the fate of its neighbors Norway and Denmark and hang on to a tenuous neutrality under a constant German threat, see W. M. Carlgren, *Swedish Foreign Policy during the Second World War* (1977).
13. With the collapse of the Italian war effort, the political confusion and reprisals that followed in its wake,

and the Germans on the defensive, Pasinetti became more detailed and candid in sharing reports from his homeland. Three letters in particular stand out (PMP to RPW, 8/20 & 10/16/43 & 9/14/44; YCAL). In a remarkable letter of October 16, 1943, his virulent contempt for the Nazis is palpable (YCAL).

14. The Pasinetti file (YCAL) contains an undated note to Warren from Seager, dictated and in his wife's hand (he was suffering from lumbago), which makes it clear he was anxious to do whatever it took to bring Pasinetti to America. Natalie Davison, wife of the writer Edward Davison and mother of the future-poet Peter Davison, was also instrumental in promoting Pasinetti's cause (Blotner 21).
15. I have in mind a volume along the lines of *Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren: A Literary Correspondence* or *Cleanth Brooks and Allen Tate: Collected Letters*, edited by James A. Grimshaw and Alphonse Vinh respectively. Pasinetti's letters, like Warren's, are more often than not *written* in the best and fullest sense of the word.
16. See Warren's glowing recommendation of Pasinetti in a letter of January 19, 1949, to Heilman, a very close friend and former colleague at LSU (*Selected Letters* III, 324-326).

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