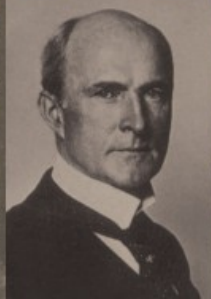


THE
SELECTED
LETTERS
OF
EZRA POUND
TO
JOHN QUINN,
1915-1924

Edited by Timothy Materer



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Ezra Pound to John Quinn,
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Timothy Materer, editor

Duke University Press *Durham and London 1991*

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on acid-free paper ∞
Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication data
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For my children

Nicholas, Andrew, Susan

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Notes on the Editing

Sixty-seven of the approximately two hundred and thirty letters that Ezra Pound wrote to John Quinn are published in this edition. Since many of the selected letters are long, they comprise nearly half the words Pound wrote to Quinn. I have selected the letters to give a representative range of topics, such as magazine editing, the support of talented artists, the activities of mutual friends, and contemporary events. Pound would frequently write numerous letters to Quinn on the same general topic, confirming Wyndham Lewis's description of Pound as a "Rock Drill," hammering away at anything that blocked the development of modern art and culture. Thus I believe that the selection given here represents a full picture of Pound's and Quinn's relationship without the repetitiousness that wearied even Quinn. When a particularly important or interesting comment appears in a letter not included here, I quote it in the introductions or endnotes.

All letters are reproduced in their entirety. The endnotes give brief indications of the importance of an item to Pound. The Selected Bibliography contains full references to the works by and about Ezra Pound mentioned in the notes, with information about current reprints and works by other authors that were used in compiling the annotations. Quinn's letters are quoted when they help to elucidate Pound's.

The letters are either typed, signed letters (indicated by the abbreviation TLS, followed by the number of pages in the original) or autograph letters (ALS). Pound used space as lavishly in his letters as he did in his *Cantos*, even though he was thrifty enough to use the backs of Quinn's letters to draft poems. In a volume of this size, stylistic traits such as half-page indentations and double-spacing between words and between paragraphs can be reproduced only at

the expense of limiting the number of letters selected. Therefore, addresses and complimentary closes, as well as spacing and indentations, are standardized. Underlined passages (whether double or triple) are italicized, and passages typed in red appear in brace marks {thus}. Missing words and letters are bracketed within the text. Descriptions of letterheads and enclosures are given when significant, and supplied places and dates appear in brackets.

Spelling and idiosyncratic orthography are reproduced as in the original without the use of *sic*. However, simple typographical errors, such as transposed letters and missing quotation marks, have been silently corrected. Pound's capitalizations and his inconsistent use of possessives and contractions appear as in the originals. Ellipses are reproduced as in the originals. Double em-dashes have been changed to single. Typed or autograph corrections have been silently incorporated. The correct spellings of names appear in the endnotes and index. Shortened forms of proper names are identified in the index; for example, the index entry of "Old Fen" will cross-reference to "Fenollosa, Ernest."

With one exception, Pound's letters to Quinn are in the John Quinn Archive of the New York Public Library, Rare Books and Manuscripts Division. The exception is Letter 20, which is in the Jeanne Roberts Foster collection of the Houghton Library, Harvard University. Most of Quinn's letters to Pound are in the Collection of American Literature at the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University; and a complete file of Quinn's carbons of his letters to Pound is held by the New York Public Library Manuscripts Division.

Nine of the letters published in this edition have appeared in *The Selected Letters of Ezra Pound*, ed. D. D. Paige. Following in the order they appear in Paige's edition (starting with Letter 63), they correspond to the following letters in the present volume: 63 (1), 85 (13), 115 (25), 122 (29), 146 [misdated 29 January 1918] (49), 149 (44), 153 (45), 154 [misdated 15 November 1918] (41), and 164 (57). The Paige edition contains three letters not included here: 117, 130, and 162. The selection of Pound's letters to Quinn in Harriet Zinnes, ed., *Ezra Pound and the Visual Arts* (pp. 229–246) contains passages that are not included in this edition.

I thank the following for assisting me in using the resources of their libraries: John D. Stinson, Rare Books and Manuscripts Division, the New York Public Library; Christa Sammons, the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University Library; Vicki Denby, Manuscript Department, the Houghton Library, Harvard

University; Kathy Knox, Special Collections, the Robert W. Woodruff Library, Emory University; Robert L. Volz, Chapin Library, Williams College; and Maryellen C. Kaminsky, the University Archives and Records Center, University of Pennsylvania. I am grateful to the many scholars who assisted me with information and encouragement: Judith Zilczer, Thomas L. Scott, James Wilhelm, Archie Henderson, Roger Cole, P. E. Wilkinson, Marjorie Perloff, Donald Davie, Noel Stock, and Daniel Hoffman. I am particularly indebted for the encouragement and help of Omar Pound, A. Walton Litz, and Mary de Rachewiltz. Work on this book was supported by a fellowship (1986–87) from the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. I am also grateful for the support of the Research Council of the Graduate School, University of Missouri-Columbia. I owe special thanks to Marilyn Keil for processing the text, to Ruth Pyle for helping with the research, and to Russ Meyer and my son Nicholas for computer advice. Finally, I thank my wife for helping me to proofread and for noticing that an unidentifiable proper noun was really a verb.

Quotations from the correspondence of John Quinn are used with permission of the John Quinn Memorial Collection, Rare Books and Manuscripts Division, the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations. Publication of letter number 20 from the Jeanne Foster collection is by permission of the Houghton Library, Harvard University. For permission to publish the letters of Ezra Pound, I thank the Ezra Pound Literary Property Trust.

**The Selected Letters of
Ezra Pound to John Quinn,
1915-1924**

Introduction

From Henry James to Ezra Pound:

John Quinn and the Art of Patronage

*And the money was to be all for the
most exquisite things—for all the most exquisite
except creation, which was to be off the
scene altogether.*

—Henry James on the Metropolitan Museum of Art (1907)

Ezra Pound met the lawyer and art patron John Quinn in New York in August 1910 when Pound had returned from England for a brief stay in America. They met at the boarding house of John Butler Yeats, where Quinn liked to join the artists and writers who would gather weekly to enjoy conversation with (as Pound called him) the “father of all the Yeatsssssss.” In inviting Quinn to meet him, Yeats warned that Pound was “young, and being a poet as well as poor is probably discontented and bad company, though he is less so than others of the genus irritable.”¹ As Yeats wrote to his son William Butler, Quinn liked Pound though younger men found him “supercilious and grumpy.”² According to Yeats, Pound said little that evening, but Pound formed a decided opinion of Quinn because he told Margaret Anderson that “Quinn made me mad the first time I saw him (1910).”³ As his first letter to Quinn in 1915 shows, Pound was annoyed that Quinn was spending so much money collecting the manuscripts of a dated writer like William Morris, and Quinn’s generosity in taking a party that included Pound and J. B. Yeats on a Coney Island outing did not change Pound’s view of Quinn.

Pound met Quinn only on these two occasions in America, and further contacts were limited to visiting with him in Paris in 1921 and 1923. Their friendship was developed and sustained through

their correspondence, and possibly this was the only way two such strong-willed personalities could have grown so close. They were both intent on supervising the cultural life of their own milieu, and cities the size of New York and London were needed to satisfy their ambitions. J. B. Yeats called Quinn (half in admiration) a man of "Napoleonic arrogance," which is a judgment many of his contemporaries also made about Pound. But they were also deeply generous as well as ambitious men who were as willing to edit the manuscripts or buy the works of deserving artists as they were to lend them money or introduce them to prospective colleagues. J. B. Yeats feared Quinn's temper, but he considered him "a man of genius—not a touch of the commonplace or any other kind of prose in his whole composition" and a "true patron" since he gave the artist understanding as well as money.⁴

Quinn's relationship with the elder Yeats typifies his generosity. Judith Zilczer speculates that Quinn's sudden loss of many close family members (including the deaths of his mother and two sisters within a period of months) inspired a compensatory care for a large group of Irish artists and writers soon after he came to New York in 1895—a care which soon expanded to other and increasingly talented groups.⁵ He felt so responsible for J. B. Yeats that he virtually took over his friend W. B. Yeats's role as a son. When J. B. Yeats settled in New York, ignoring his family's pleas to return to Dublin, Quinn supported him through commissions for paintings and payments to his boarding house, and he cared for Yeats during his final illness. Both Pound and Quinn have been criticized as domineering men, but behind their love of shaping events to their own will was a respect for the independent artist and a vision of a modern renaissance in the arts. The energy they put into their projects, such as the international journal they hoped to found in the midst of world war, demonstrated how deep their commitment was and justified their impatience.

In 1922 Ezra Pound wrote that artists "set the moulds" for humanity.⁶ As Pound admitted, this idea is romantic and arrogant, but it is true in the particular sense that Pound set an ideal for the patron of art that inspired John Quinn's service to arts and letters. As Quinn's biographer puts it, borrowing a phrase from J. B. Yeats, Ezra Pound "'put style upon' Quinn's half-spoken image of himself."⁷ In his first letter to Quinn, in 1915, Pound wrote that "if a patron buys from an artist who needs money (needs money to buy tools, time and food), the patron then makes himself equal to the artist: he is building art into the world; he creates." By 1920 Quinn had made Pound's

thought his own and wrote to the French dealer Ambroise Vollard: "To me it is more interesting to buy the work of living artists, and besides there is a satisfaction in feeling that in buying the work of living men and in helping them to live and to create one is in a sense a co-creator or a participant in the work of creation."⁸ John Quinn ranks with only a few American collectors, such as Gertrude Whitney, Albert Barnes, or the Steins, as a patron of living art; and no one accomplished more with relatively limited resources, or was more aware, with a perception worthy of his intellectual hero Henry James, of the moral effects of wealth upon art. Aline Saarinen's book on American art collectors, which includes portraits of Isabella Gardner, Pierpont Morgan, and Charles Lang Freer, describes him as "the twentieth century's most important patron of living literature and art"; and Alfred Barr, the founding director of the New York Museum of Modern Art, called him the "greatest American collector of the art of his day."⁹

To Pound, Quinn was a figure of Renaissance proportions. In his portrait of Sigismondo Malatesta in *The Cantos*, Pound juxtaposes his account of the Italian condottiere and patron of Piero della Francesca (Cantos VIII–XI) to an anecdote about John Quinn amusing himself at the expense of straitlaced bankers at a board meeting (Canto XII). Pound's perception of the similarity between a Renaissance and a modern patron is the key to Quinn's character. Malatesta was no doubt a more ruthless man than Quinn, though a financial lawyer may engage in conflicts as ferocious as those between Italian city-states, and some of the settlements Quinn achieved must have been as lucrative as a Malatesta campaign. The crucial terms of comparison between the two patrons, however, are in the following sentences about Malatesta in Pound's *Guide to Kulchur*: "He registered a state of mind, of sensibility, of all-roundedness and awareness. . . . All that a single man could, Malatesta managed *against* the current of power."¹⁰ Malatesta has never been disentangled (Pound did not even try) from the legends that grew up around him. Quinn is not so far removed from us in time, but I believe that his career as a patron has been misunderstood. B. L. Reid's biography of Quinn, *The Man from New York*, is an impressive documentation of Quinn's life, but his claim that Quinn was an "artist *manqué*" is a misinterpretation of a man whose passion for the law exceeded even his passion for art and who had nothing *manqué* about him.¹¹ Nor have Reid or other critics appreciated his final gesture as an art patron when he willed his collection to his remaining family with no provision for keeping it together after his death. That decision has been

generally deplored as (in Reid's words) "unimaginative" and even "crass,"¹² but it was a product of the same intelligence and perception that chose the paintings in the first place and was carefully made. To understand Quinn's conception of the patron, and to see him through Pound's eyes, we need to appreciate what he accomplished "against the current of power."

The Pound/Quinn correspondence began with a debate over a major problem of twentieth-century patronage: the huge sums of money that were flowing into the "art market" rather than the pockets of living artists. Quinn had read Pound's article on Jacob Epstein in *The New Age* of January 1915 in which Pound complained that Epstein's poverty forced him to pawn his great work *Sun God*, and yet "one looks out upon American collectors buying autograph mss. of William Morris, faked Rembrandts and faked Van Dykes."¹³ Quinn was stung by the references to Morris and Epstein because Pound knew that he had been buying manuscripts from Morris's daughter and sculptures from Epstein. In his first letter to Pound of February 25, Quinn told Pound that he was selling his older manuscripts to buy art and indeed owned a half-dozen works by Epstein. He summed up the current stage of his development by listing his purchases of the past few years (since about 1912): a portrait of Madame Cézanne, a self-portrait of Van Gogh, three or four Picassos, important Matisses, and works by Rouault, Dufy, Jacques Villon, and Marcel Duchamp. Quinn was particularly stung by Pound's remark about the buying of "fake art" because one of the triumphs of his legal career occurred in 1913 when he won a fight to allow original works of art to come into America duty free. Quinn's lobbying in Washington not only ended the 15 percent tax that had been levied only on works less than twenty years old, which in effect discriminated against living art, but also discouraged the importation of fake paintings because Quinn's introduction of the word "original" into the law made the authenticity of the works an issue. Quinn's letter was indignant, but he respected Pound and had read all that he could obtain of his works. His letter therefore projects his customary persona of a no-nonsense man of affairs who is eager for frank discussion.

Pound's reply to Quinn is brilliantly tactful in the way it apologizes without groveling and establishes a sense that he and Quinn are fellow intellectuals. In referring to the "fake Rembrandt" issue, he recalls that "I carried twenty 'Rembrandts', 'VanDykes', 'Velasquez' out of Wanamakers private gallery at the time of his fire some eight years ago. . . . My god! What Velasquez!!" (Letter 1). The

burning of the Wanamaker house (which was less than a mile from Pound's home in Wyncote) occurred in 1907, and Ezra and his father helped to rescue the worldly goods of the department store magnate. Pound had recently returned from study in Europe as a graduate student in Romance languages at the University of Pennsylvania. One of the high points of his trip to Spain was his visit to the Prado to admire the Velázquez paintings. His harsh judgment on the fake masterpieces was therefore well grounded, and the general reputation of Wanamaker's collection confirms his opinion. John Wanamaker bought huge quantities of contemporary paintings, especially portraits and pictures with a "message," to exhibit in his Philadelphia and New York department stores in an effort to elevate public taste. He hung his "Old Masters" in his own houses, especially his manor outside Philadelphia; but as one expert observes, among the works by great names such as Canaletto, G. B. Tiepolo, Guardi, Murillo, and Velázquez, "a good many of these cannot be regarded as more than school-pieces."¹⁴

Quinn was right when he said that "there is more bunk and more fraud in art sales than there is in Monte Carlo."¹⁵ Late-nineteenth-century millionaires like Wanamaker tried to acquire a sense of instant dignity and tradition by buying portraits of someone else's ancestors and masterpieces that had once been owned by noble families. They were thus open to manipulation by dealers. The Henry O. Havermeyers, for example, bought works by Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Titian, Veronese, and Donatello during an expedition to Italy in 1901—and none of them were authentic.¹⁶ S. N. Behrman's biography of Joseph Duveen shows how this master art dealer did "a brisk market in immortality" by flattering his clients that they were worthy enough to own old masters and actually made the paintings' astronomical prices part of the attraction since only his exclusive clients could pay them. (When asked why he put a high polish on his old masters, which he often heavily and secretly restored, he replied that his clients only wanted to see themselves reflected.)¹⁷ A remarkable example of a collector with this kind of weakness is Quinn's acquaintance Isabella Stewart Gardner, a friend of Henry James who is mentioned in the letters as a possible patron of T. S. Eliot. She identified herself not only with Mary Stuart but also the Renaissance art patron Isabella d'Este (1474–1539), and Bernard Berenson used this fantasy to convince her to buy a mediocre painting that was a portrait of her "precursor and patron saint."¹⁸ Quinn himself had a low opinion of Duveen and in 1923 represented a rival dealer, George Demotte, when Duveen recklessly challenged

the authenticity of a work Demotte was offering. Duveen's rival, however, was perhaps as shady as Duveen himself and died—or was murdered—in a mysterious hunting accident.¹⁹ Quinn was severely disappointed when the family dropped the law suit because he was sure Duveen was guilty not only of slander but also of criminal libel.

Malatesta's achievement in Rimini "against the current of power" was made in the face of chaotic political conditions and the church's opposition to his pagan sensibility. Quinn's achievement was made under scarcely less difficult conditions, and unfortunately one cannot say of his era, as Pound said of Malatesta's, that it was one "not YET rotted by usury."²⁰ The atmosphere of rapid and costly acquisition in the art world that began in the 1880s was thoroughly rotten and made Quinn's position as a collector with limited means extraordinarily challenging. Henry James analyzed this atmosphere in *The American Scene* through his description of the Metropolitan in the years after J. P. Morgan assumed the presidency in 1904:

. . . Acquisition—acquisition if need be on the highest terms—may, during the years to come, bask here as in a climate it has never before enjoyed. There was money in the air, ever so much money—that was, grossly expressed, the sense of the whole intimation. . . . And the money was to be all for the most exquisite things—for *all* the most exquisite except creation, which was to be off the scene altogether; for art, selection, criticism, for knowledge, piety, taste. The intimation—which was somehow, after all, so pointed—would have been detestable if interests other, and smaller, than these had been in question. . . . They would be invidious, would be cruel, if applied to personal interests.²¹

This last phrase, which anticipates the theme of *The Golden Bowl*, cuts through the cant about "knowledge, piety, taste" that rationalized the huge Metropolitan expenditures during the Morgan era.²² James reveals a truer motive for sheer "acquisition" when, after analyzing the nature of New York society, he writes that "nowhere else does pecuniary power so beat its wings in the void, and so look round it for the charity of some hint as to the possible awkwardness or possible grace of its motion, some sign of whether it be flying, for good taste, too high or too low."²³ Quinn entered this void with the sensibility and the will to build something fine, not merely magnificent, within it.

Quinn's patronage of perhaps a dozen major painters, consisting of financial support and spiritual encouragement, amounted to ap-

proximately a half million dollars. The relative smallness of the sum and the extent of the good it did for the arts overshadows the value of what collectors like Mellon did with millions. When one looks at prices in today's art market, moreover, there is clearly no sane relationship between price and value. The Metropolitan Museum helped initiate the escalation in art prices in 1961 when it outbid the Cleveland Museum to purchase Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* for a record \$2.3 million, a record the museum eclipsed in 1971 when it paid \$5.5 million for Velázquez's *Juan de Pareja*.²⁴ This record was eclipsed in 1989 when Van Gogh's *Irises* was purchased for \$53.9 million in a controversial transaction in which the gallery selling the painting helped to finance the sale, and it fell in turn when \$82.5 million (including a 10 percent buyer's fee) was paid in 1990 for Van Gogh's *Portrait of Dr. Gachet*.²⁵ The benefits to museums and organizations in owning such works comes from the publicity such sales generate, which in the case of the Metropolitan translates into increased attendance and the larger budget requests attendance figures allow. (As we will see, Quinn distrusted the publicity of large public exhibitions.) One of the best contemporary art critics, Harold Rosenberg, has attacked the "bureaucratic corruption" of the museums and dealers:

The texture of collaboration between dealers, collectors, and exhibitors has become increasingly dense, to the point at which the artist is confronted by a solid wall of opinion and fashion forecasts constructed, essentially, out of the data of the art market. The presence of this potent professional establishment has radically affected the relation, once largely regulated by the taste of patrons, of the artist to society and to his own product.²⁶

Quinn avoided the dealers as much as possible and bought from the artists themselves, often by giving them a regular subsidy. He was precisely the kind of patron whom Rosenberg laments the passing of and who is essential, as Pound saw, to a "great age."

Quinn's first major patronage was an annual subsidy of Augustus John which began in 1909, and in 1911 he wrote to John's talented sister Gwen, "I like to be a man of my own day and time," and offered to support her painting as well because he would then feel he was helping it to be born.²⁷ These acts of generosity and artistic faith were made well before Pound "put style upon" Quinn's image of the painter; and his single most important contribution to the battle to recognize modern art also preceded the first letter from Pound in 1915.

In 1911 Walt Kuhn helped to found the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, and by 1912 Arthur B. Davies became its president. They chose the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory for exhibitions of contemporary American art, and informed Quinn's journalist friend Frederick James Gregg ("El Greggo") of their plans. Quinn was brought in to incorporate the society and serve as legal representative. The association of these three men, together with the painter and critic Walter Pach, was what Pound called a "vortex"—a confluence of energy that can have a revolutionary impact. The scope of the first exhibition soon became international, and Kuhn went off to Europe to arrange for entries, where he was soon joined by Davies. Quinn wrote to his contacts in England to learn about the artists in Roger Fry's *Manet and the Post-Impressionists* show of 1910 (which Virginia Woolf said marked a change in human nature) and to arrange loans from the second Post-Impressionist show of 1912. The International Exhibition of Modern Art, now famous as the Armory Show, opened in February 1913 with a speech by Quinn asserting, with no exaggeration, "the epoch making" nature of the event which showed that "American artists—young American artists, that is—do not dread . . . the ideas or the culture of Europe."²⁸ The purpose of the show, as Quinn and his friends saw it, was to do exactly what Pound was trying to do in literature: eradicate provincialism by a comparative study of American and European art. There were vicious attacks on the "pathological" and "hideous" art of the show in the *New York Times* and elsewhere, but Gregg and Quinn enjoyed the controversy; and Quinn even convinced his friend Teddy Roosevelt to be more tolerant of modern art as he showed him through the exhibits of Matisse nudes, cubist figures by Picasso, abstractions by Picabia, Kandinsky, Léger, and Braque, sculptures by Brancusi and Maillol, and the *succès du scandale* of the show, Marcel Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase*.²⁹ Quinn was both the biggest single lender to the show and the biggest buyer, acquiring works by artists such as Raymond Duchamp-Villon (another artist for whom Quinn became a major patron), Derain, Segonzac, Signac, and Redon.³⁰

Until the last years of his life Quinn's passion for literature kept pace with his passion for art. As a precocious high schooler, he was already a collector of first editions of Hardy, Pater, and Meredith. Later he collected the manuscripts of Meredith, Morris, Synge, and Yeats, and had a nearly complete collection of Conrad's manuscripts. His literary taste was as remarkably flexible and open to new influences as his artistic. Quinn received *The Waste Land* manuscript, with Pound's emendations, as a gift from Eliot; but he tried to make

up for it with generous payments for manuscripts of Eliot's earlier poems. Starting in June 1920, he bought the manuscripts of the *Ulysses* episodes as they were written, which was an important source of income for Joyce. When Pound decided to join *The Egoist* to give Eliot, Joyce, and Wyndham Lewis a literary outlet, Quinn guaranteed the journal £150 a year for two years. Not only did his subsidy continue when Pound became foreign editor for the *Little Review*, but he also raised funds from two other backers. The subsidies allowed the review to pay its contributors for the first time and helped it to become the most famous little magazine in modern literary history. Quinn was responsible for having not only Pound's books published in the United States, as the letters will show in detail, but also those of Eliot, Joyce, and Wyndham Lewis. He acted as Pound's go-between in placing *A Portrait of the Artist* with B. W. Huebsch and convinced Alfred Knopf to publish Lewis's brilliant first novel, *Tarr* (1918), and Eliot's *Poems* (1920). (He knew *The Waste Land* and many of the earlier poems by heart and enjoyed reciting them to his friends.) When Knopf declined to publish *The Waste Land*, Quinn negotiated a contract with Liveright for Eliot; and he brought Horace Liveright and the editor of the *Dial* together to work out the conditions under which the *Dial* published the poem first: an announcement of the forthcoming publication (with the famous "notes") by Boni and Liveright and the award of the \$2,000 *Dial* prize to Eliot.

Quinn considered his fellow Irishman Joyce to be as great a writer as Swift and responded patiently to his rather frequent and arrogant requests for cash. Joyce's work gave Quinn his most difficult time as a patron when the New York Society for the Prevention of Vice brought the *Little Review* into court for publishing the "Nausicaa" episode of *Ulysses* in the July-August 1920 number. He had often warned the editors of the danger because the *Little Review* had been suppressed by the U.S. Post Office several times before this incident. Quinn had even defended it in court over a Wyndham Lewis story in 1917, and so by 1920 he had lost patience with the *Review* and its two impractical editors, Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap. He agreed with Pound and the editors that Joyce's *Ulysses* was the finest work they had discovered and published, but he was more concerned with publishing the complete novel and earning some royalties for Joyce than in the campaign for artistic liberty. The danger was that if the episode were judged obscene Quinn would not be able to arrange for a privately printed edition. This is just what happened, and it is distressing to think how much better the first

Ulysses edition might have been if Quinn, whose editing of Pound's *Lustra* demonstrated his passion for accuracy and good design, had helped in its production.

The *Little Review* case marks the decline of the Pound/Quinn collaboration. Quinn was disgusted with the *Little Review* editors for ignoring his advice in publishing the obscene Joyce issues and then failing to cooperate with him in saving Joyce and themselves from prosecution; and his friendship with Pound was put to the test when Pound sent him what he considered inflated and naive attacks on the obscenity law. Strains were no doubt natural in their friendship, since patronage is a failure if it merely encourages dependency. Quinn was beginning to weary of Pound's repeated requests for favors, and his personal worries increased when he underwent an operation for abdominal cancer in 1918. Under the strain of hard work and the fear of a recurrence of cancer, he would occasionally rage at Pound and call him the worst of his trials.³¹ But Pound did not mind what he called a "dose of QUINNine" now and then. They had less in common now that they were not working on a magazine together and as Quinn became less interested in avant-garde art, but their friendship weathered its strains and was fortified during Quinn's visits to Paris in 1921 and 1923.

When Quinn visited Paris in 1921, he was there principally to collect French art, but he saw both Pound and Joyce several times during July and helped Pound with a generous "loan." Despite his experience with the *Little Review*, he met with Pound, Joyce, and Ford Madox Ford in 1923 to discuss the launching of Ford's *transatlantic review*, on which Quinn's companion Jeanne Foster would serve as New York editor. (Ford believed that no American could be a gentleman, but he was willing to admit to Hemingway that Quinn was.)³² But again Quinn was mostly interested in art, and his major interest as a patron was in artists such as Rouault, Braque, Picasso, Brancusi, Segonzac, and Derain—all of whom he visited in their studios. He bought no fewer than four works from his friend Brancusi and played bizarre games of golf with him and Erik Satie—Brancusi in a sombrero-brimmed hat, Satie in bowler carrying a rolled umbrella, and Quinn in shirt sleeves enjoying the fresh air and the company rather than the game. The trip was a success, but Quinn's health was poor during it, and one can see the illness in his face in the photographs of Quinn with Pound, Joyce, and Ford.

The final stage in Quinn's career as a patron guided by the precepts of Ezra occurred in 1922–23 when Pound hatched his *Bel Esprit* scheme to rescue T. S. Eliot from the uncreative drudgery of his

job at Lloyd's bank and support him (as Malatesta pledges to support Piero della Francesca in Canto VIII) free of any conditions. Henry James, who seems to have reflected on every ramification of modern patronage, provided an epigram for this crucial phase of Pound's service to culture when he wrote of a similar plan in his story "The Coxon Fund": "The Endowment is a conception superficially sublime, but fundamentally ridiculous."³³ The sublimity was not only in Pound's wish to help his friend, who was once again ill and overwrought despite a recent leave from his bank, but in his understanding that Eliot had deserved help because he had written a masterpiece of English poetry. In February 1921 he wrote to Jeanne Foster: "Eliot produced a fine poem (19 pages) during his enforced vacation, but has since relapsed. I wish something could be found for him, to get him out of Lloyds Bank."³⁴ By March he was lining up some thirty patrons to give an average of ten pounds per year to support Eliot for a guaranteed five years. His letter to Quinn of 4 and 5 July 1922 shows that Pound had already secured twenty-one pledges for the scheme and reveals the insight he had into Eliot's domestic problems. By that time, however, Pound had shocked Quinn by going public about the plan in a *New Age* article in March 1922. Worse still, Eliot was shocked by this article because it referred to him personally in one of Pound's challenges to the status quo: "It now remains to be seen whether Mr. Eliot's English admirers will subscribe heavily enough to leave him with any feeling that his continued residence in that island is morally or sentimentally incumbent upon him."³⁵ The publicity was deeply embarrassing to Eliot and to his family in America; and Pound made the situation still more difficult by publicizing *Bel Esprit* in his "Paris Letter" in the November 1922 *Dial*. He did not mention Eliot by name, at least, but he did claim that *Bel Esprit* was needed because "the individual patron is nearly extinct."³⁶ The remark did not offend Quinn, who understood that Pound considered him the exception to the rule concerning patronage, but it was an insult to Scofield Thayer, the backer of the *Dial*. Thayer had published *The Waste Land* on generous terms and saw that Eliot received the \$2,000 *Dial* Award in 1922; yet Pound implied that he alone was concerned with encouraging great literature.

The scheme might have worked if the charity had been limited to Eliot, but Pound's mistake was to link the endowment to his developing economic theories (as he did in the *New Age* article) and hope to make it a model for the support of a whole series of artists. In James's "The Coxon Fund," the endowment is also meant to set a pattern for patronage, but its outcome is even less satisfactory than

Bel Esprit's. When the group of naive Americans finally endow their English artist for life, the result is that "the very day he found himself able to publish he wholly ceased to produce."³⁷ One suspects that Eliot was better served by his regular work in a bank and a publishing house than he would have been by leisure.

Even Pound admitted that Bel Esprit had been a "dismal nerve-racking failure for everyone concerned."³⁸ But the failure of the scheme was not merely the result of Pound's tactlessness; it was the result of a fundamental change in Pound's thinking about art that reversed his original conception of patronage to which Quinn, fortunately, remained faithful. During his London years Pound was content for the artist to battle against the entrenched dealers and publishers and win patrons and an audience in an artistic open market. His work for other artists was based on his faith that, once they got a hearing, their genius would guarantee them an audience—even though it might be a small one. In an essay on "The Renaissance" in 1914, for example, Pound saw an advantage in the loose political structure that produced "the numerous vortices of the Italian cities, striving against each other not only in commerce but in the arts as well."³⁹ However, in this essay he is already dreaming about official support for young artists; and by 1919 Pound's articles in the Social Credit journal, *The New Age*, advocate a fundamental reorganization of society which would provide official support for the arts. Bel Esprit was in effect a step toward state patronage, which Pound's experience with the fund convinced him was the only viable kind. Reviewing the development of his conception of the artist and society in Eliot's *Criterion* in 1933, Pound said that "one intelligent millionaire *might* have done a good deal—several people of moderate means have done 'something'; i.e., a poultice or two and bit of plaster hither or yon." But he added that even these minimal efforts are impossible under capitalism because patronage is in the hands of "an enormous and horrible bureaucracy of letters."⁴⁰

His new conception of patronage is full of ironies. In the first place, the artistic movement he and Quinn fought for was in fact successful—as indeed he acknowledged in the 1933 *Criterion* article: "'My' programme in art and letters has gradually been forced through, has, to some extent, grabbed its place in the sun." This was no longer enough for him, however; for now he wants not merely to revolutionize art and poetry but society as well. He wants to proceed at the same impossible pace that Quinn found so alarming when Pound not only wanted to publish Joyce but also change the obscenity laws. The *Criterion* article reveals the sinister direction of

Pound's thought when he praises Mussolini as "the first man in power. . . . since Sigismond Malatesta" to care about quality in "national production," which Pound thinks includes artistic production.⁴¹ The difference between Mussolini and Malatesta, of course, is that there can be no "vortex" of competition under centralized rule; and Mussolini's treatment of intellectuals should have sufficiently unmasked any notion that artists would fare better in a totalitarian society. The saddest irony of all is that when Pound did accept state support, it was as payments for broadcasts on Fascist radio.

Although Pound unfortunately abandoned his pre-Bel Esprit conception of patronage, Quinn was still influenced by Pound's original formulation. His taste in art changed so much, however, that Pound felt Quinn was no longer creative, and he regretted Quinn's loss of interest in Wyndham Lewis and growing passion for French art. Pound used instinctively the Jamesian word when he complained to his father during Quinn's 1921 visit to Paris that Quinn was "daft on acquisition."⁴² Even by 1918, following his operation, Quinn had become far more cautious as a patron and less interested in experimentation. He wrote to Marcel Duchamp about a new resolve to concentrate on the work rather than the artist: "I have come to the time in my modest career of collector when I desire to add only works of first-rate importance and not more sketches or tentative work." He had met a French writer and member of the Gertrude Stein circle, Henri Roche, in New York during the war, and he now asked him to help him find "works of museum rank."⁴³ The resolve alone is remarkable because, as Quinn's frustrating experiences with Metropolitan Museum officials and the art market demonstrated to him, modern works were not generally considered of museum rank. To carry out his plan was particularly difficult because his work and his health prevented frequent travel. As a result, his new policy was not so different from his old. He still bought from his friends—friends like Brancusi and Picasso—and depended on the judgment of Henri Roche (who of course understood Quinn's taste). The artists he knew well in turn guided him to other works; for example, he learned of the availability of his very last purchase, Henri Rousseau's *Sleeping Gypsy*, from Picasso, who knew it was perfect for Quinn.

Quinn was no longer a "patron of the avant-garde."⁴⁴ He broke the Ezraic law laid down in Pound's first letter to him that the patron is no longer creative if he buys from established artists. Quinn's interest was now in the art work as a product or possession rather than as, in Pound's phrase about the *Cantos*, a "record of struggle."⁴⁵

Yet his purchases of great works by Brancusi, Picasso, Cézanne, Matisse, Seurat, and Rousseau from 1918 until his death in 1924 was a major affirmation that certain modern paintings were the equal of any art of the past. The very existence of the Quinn collection, especially the acquisitions of his final five years, helped to establish the prestige or (as Russell Fraser put it) the “social respectability in places few but important” of modern art.⁴⁶ The greatness of the collection naturally led his friends and critics to regret its dispersal when he died of a recurrence of cancer in 1924. Pound, however, may be an exception. He marveled at the complexity of the settling of Quinn’s estate, telling Jeanne Foster that it was like the dissolution of the state of an Italian condottiere.⁴⁷ Foster was attempting to save the collection as a whole rather than have it sold at auction. Pound tried to be sympathetic but wrote to Foster from Rapallo in 1924: “Don’t see anything to be done re/ sale. Bad for artists to have it dumped on market, possibly, but then, half are dead, and I don’t care much for the rest save Lewis—and he hadn’t any Lewis for some time. ETC.”⁴⁸ The personal loyalty to Lewis obviously distorts Pound’s judgment, but the attitude is one that Quinn would have appreciated.

To Pound the “art market” meant an artist who produced the work and a buyer who brought it home and enjoyed it—as Pound enjoyed his small collection of works by Gaudier-Brzeska and Lewis. Talk of preserving the value of a collection or protecting its identity in a museum meant little to him. Although he conceded that “museums and collections have a value,” he thought that Quinn had done far more for art than a J. P. Morgan.⁴⁹ Quinn too was indifferent to art as an investment or as a way of preserving his memory. He had none of the desire to assert his own significance that one would associate with the artist *manqué*. His instructions to his executors show that he knew his “advanced” art would bring poor prices—it would be some twenty years before the immense value of the art he admired would be recognized. Nothing could be more absurd, in view of the liquidation of the collection, than Michael Holroyd’s claim that Quinn was looking for “second-hand immortality.”⁵⁰

Quinn cared nothing for the “immortality” which was so important to collectors like Morgan and Gardner or, in our own time, Joseph Hirshhorn and Norton Simon. If his sister and immediate family had themselves admired his collection, Quinn would no doubt have preferred it kept together for their pleasure. But they did not, and his desire to provide for them after his death outweighed any other consideration. Quinn indirectly justified his reason for

allowing his collection to be sold by citing a passage from Edmond de Goncourt's will that appeared on the cover of the catalog of his book collection, which he personally sold off in 1923:

My wish is that my Drawings, my Prints, my Curiosities, my Books—in a word, these things of art which have been the joy of my life—shall not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum, and subjected to the stupid glance of the careless passer-by; but I require that they shall all be dispersed under the hammer of the Auctioneer, so that the pleasure which the acquiring of each one of them has given me shall be given again, in each case, to some inheritor of my own tastes.⁵¹

Like Pound, Quinn assumed the natural place for art was not in the museum but in people's homes, where it becomes part of their lives. In February of 1924, he reversed his usual policy and refused to lend his art to an exhibition which would tour the West. The bitter tone of his refusal is probably a symptom of his terminal illness, but it does show how his experiences with lending his art to museums and the general incomprehension of his career as a collector influenced his decision to sell: "Peripatetic exhibitions cheapen art. Art, great art, the great art of Matisse and Picasso is never of the mob, the herd, the great PUBLIC."⁵² The tone is disturbing, like the tone of many of Pound's later pronouncements on art and society. Since we live in a time, however, when museums lure the public with brief glimpses of monumental works, and when monolithic buildings like the Hirshhorn and Norton Simon museums are constructed at huge costs, Quinn may be pardoned his outburst. The possibility envisioned by the Goncourt passage was realized when collectors like Lillie Bliss, Walter Arensberg, Albert Barnes, and Marcel Duchamp (who bought the Brancusi sculptures with Roche's help) bought Quinn's paintings for their collection (at extremely low prices). Today, of course, the superb paintings that Quinn brought into America are spread throughout the nation and are particularly notable in the Arensberg Collection in Philadelphia, the Goodyear Collection in the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, the Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts, and New York's Museum of Modern Art.⁵³ That they are enjoyed for themselves and not grouped together in an awesome collection that commemorates Quinn's name is appropriate to his wishes and the fineness of his motives.

John Quinn's achievements as an art collector were that he was among the first to value modern art and that he did more with limited means than any collector in his day. He accomplished so

much because of his gift for sympathetic understanding of the artist, as is so remarkably demonstrated in his friendship with Ezra Pound. Artists admired him because he was so little the artist *manqué*; there was no sense of rivalry or envy in his friendships. They personally liked him because he was so clearly the man of practical affairs who loved art as a complement to his life rather than as a compensation for something missing. Picasso wrote at Quinn's death, "It is rare to find an amateur of painting who really loves pictures. He, he loved them. And what agreeable and natural friendship one could have with him."⁵⁴ Despite Pound's sincere flattery in telling him that he was sharing in the artist's creation, Quinn was content with the aesthetic satisfaction of the observer rather than the creator. In a revealing letter to Lillie Bliss, he praised her for an exhibition she gave of Arthur Davies's work: "Outside of very large rich men, like Rockefeller and Carnegie, who can do great things like founding universities and foundations and institutions for scientific research, it is seldom that people have the vision to conceive and the will to carry out a perfectly rounded thing."⁵⁵ Knowing of Quinn's devotion to Henry James, it is impossible not to see a Jamesian sense of the quest for a "perfectly rounded" vision in Quinn's life. He found this sense in his paintings and expressed it well at the end of his life when he told Gwen John about his purchase of Rousseau's *Sleeping Gypsy*:

It is a night scene, full moonlight, a grave, beautiful scene in the desert . . . a great lion in the middle, sort of sniffing at the arm of the woman, who is facing away from the lion. One does not know whether the lion is going to devour her or go away and leave her alone. But he has a wicked eye. The painting sings, every part of it, and the whole of it is perfect.⁵⁶

Quinn was to live only a few months after he wrote this, and one sees why he suspects that the lion would not pass by. In this passage, Quinn wrote his own epitaph by praising the power of art to compose the experience of life and the knowledge of death into a single vision. He was the ideal patron because he knew the value of such visions and supported the rare artists, like Ezra Pound, who could create them.

Notes

1. William M. Murphy, *Prodigal Father: The Life of John Butler Yeats*, p. 372.
2. J. B. Yeats, *Letters to His Son William Butler Yeats and Others, 1869–1922*, ed. Joseph Hone, p. 133.

3. *Selected Letters of Ezra Pound, 1907–1941*, p. 111.
4. Murphy, pp. 417, 458.
5. Judith Zilczer, "The Noble Buyer": John Quinn, Patron of the Avant-Garde, p. 17.
6. *Selected Letters of Ezra Pound*, p. 180.
7. B. L. Reid, *The Man from New York: John Quinn and His Friends*, p. 200.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 466.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 555.
10. Pound, *Guide to Kulchur*, p. 159.
11. Reid, pp. ix, 67, 125.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 643.
13. Pound, "Affirmations: Jacob Epstein," *New Age* (21 January 1915), in Harriet Zinnes, ed., *Ezra Pound and the Visual Arts*, p. 14.
14. William G. Constable, *Art Collecting in the United States of America*, p. 107.
15. Reid, p. 370.
16. Aline B. Saarinen, *The Proud Possessors*, p. 163.
17. S. N. Behrman, *Duveen*, p. 134.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 151.
19. Reid, pp. 590–91.
20. Pound, *Guide to Kulchur*, p. 159.
21. Henry James, *The American Scene*, p. 192.
22. See Calvin Tompkins, *Merchants and Masterpieces: The Story of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*, p. 100; Edward C. Banfield, *The Democratic Muse: Visual Arts and the Public Interest*, p. 96.
23. James, p. 159.
24. Karl E. Meyer, *The Art Museum*, p. 174.
25. *Newsweek*, 22 January 1990, p. 59; 28 May 1990, p. 75.
26. Harold Rosenberg, "Adding Up: The Reign of the Art Market," in *Art on the Edge: Creators and Situations*, p. 276.
27. Reid, p. 93.
28. *Ibid.*, p. 147.
29. Russell Lynes, *Good Old Modern: An Intimate Portrait of the Museum of Modern Art*, p. 42.
30. *Ibid.*, p. 42; Reid, pp. 148–49.
31. Reid, p. 491.
32. Ernest Hemingway, *A Moveable Feast*, p. 87.
33. *The Complete Tales of Henry James*, ed. Leon Edel, vol. 9, p. 168.
34. Noel Stock, *The Life of Ezra Pound*, pp. 307–8.
35. Pound, "Credit and the Fine Arts," in Zinnes, p. 148.
36. Nicholas Joost, *Scofield Thayer and "The Dial"*, p. 169.
37. James, "The Coxon Fund," p. 183.
38. Stock, p. 309.
39. "The Renaissance," in *Literary Essays of Ezra Pound*, p. 220. Originally published in *Poetry*, 5 (February 1915): 227–33.
40. "Murder by Capital," *Selected Prose of Ezra Pound*, ed. William Cookson, pp. 230, 232. Originally published in *The Criterion*, 12 (July 1933): 585–92.

41. *Selected Prose of Ezra Pound*, pp. 231, 230.
42. Pound to Homer Pound, 30 July 1921, Ezra Pound Archive, Beinecke Library, Yale University.
43. Zilczer, pp. 45, 50.
44. *Ibid.*, p. 7.
45. Pound, *Guide to Kulchur*, p. 135.
46. Lynes, p. 45.
47. Pound to Jeanne Foster, 4 September [1925], Houghton Library, Harvard University.
48. Zinnes, p. 295.
49. *Ibid.*, p. 296.
50. Michael Holroyd, *Augustus John: A Biography*, p. 321.
51. Reid, p. 600.
52. Zilczer, "John Quinn and Modern Art Collectors in America: 1913–1924," *American Art Journal*, 15 (Winter 1982): 69.
53. Zilczer, "The Dispersal of the John Quinn Collection," *Connoisseur*, 202 (September 1979): 27.
54. Reid, p. 234.
55. Zilczer, "John Quinn and Modern Art Collectors," p. 63.
56. Reid, p. 624.

I Artist and Patron, 1915

John Quinn began the correspondence when he read Pound's criticism of him as a patron of art in the January 1915 *New Age* (see Introduction). Quinn's first letter refuted Pound's charges through a factual account of his dealings with Jacob Epstein and other artists and set the tone of their exchanges by assuring Pound, "Please remember I do not resent it one bit. You have a habit of hitting straight from the shoulder and I respect you for it." He also initiated his habit of giving Pound practical advice by telling him that he did Epstein no favor by advertising the sculptor's poverty. Quinn proclaimed his own commitment to the arts as vigorously as Pound himself:

I have done as much, if not more than you have done, to cure people of buying "faked Rembrandts and faked Vandykes". I did more than any other man to break up the practice of importing faked works of art when I drafted the new tariff law. I wrote every line and word of it. I inserted the word "original" in the law so that only *original* works of art come in duty free. . . . Since the new law went into effect, dozens of faked old masters have been rejected by the official examiners.

His claims for his own significance culminated with a challenge: "If there is a 'liver' collector of vital contemporary art in this country, for a man of moderate means, I should like to meet him." For Pound, however, the importance of Quinn's letter was that Quinn wished to obtain some of the Henri Gaudier-Brzeska works mentioned in the *New Age* article and also urged Pound to write for an American magazine. Pound immediately began locating available Gaudier sculptures and sent Quinn a *Dial* piece he wrote on the way American editorial taste was retarding the development of literature in

America. Pound's career as the impressario of modern art and letters was thus fully launched because he now had a patron whose energy and ambition matched his own. The major subjects of their early letters is the acquiring of works by Gaudier-Brzeska and other "Vorticist" artists and the founding of a magazine that would uphold international standards for the arts.

I

TLs-8. Postmark: 9 March 1915. Enclosure: Pound's
"A Blast from London," *Dial*, 63 (16 January 1915): 40-41.

[5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.]

My Dear John Quinn:

Thanks, apologies and congratulations, If there were more like you we should get on with our renaissance.

I particularly congratulate you on having shed your collection of mss. and having "got as far as Derain" (Mind you, I think Lewis has much more power in his elbow but I wouldn't advise a man to buy "a Lewis" simply because it was Lewis. Out of much that I do not care for there are now and again designs or pictures which I greatly admire.). However there are few such reformed characters as yourself and I might have as well said "medals given to John Keats for orthography, first editions of eighteenth century authors" instead of "mss. of Wm. Morris", which allusions would not have dragged you into it and would have left the drive of my sentence about the same. I might have gone on about the way Morgan and a certain old friend of his, whose niece I knew in Paris, used to buy, but Morgan is such a stock phrase (and besides he has done some good to America by bringing in Old Masters). Then there's Ricketts now showing O.M.s collected for Davis, I think it is. There are a lot of heads at the fair.

I have still a very clear recollection of Yeats père on an elephant sailing like Elijah in the beatific vision, and of you plugging away in the shooting gallery. And a very good day it was.

I think it was the first evening I met you that you were in mid-flight on the Morris matter. And !! During that eight months in America I made just £14, my exact fare from Philadelphia back to Paris. Oh I was in a fine mood to appreciate the purchase of old mss. also I was just on the verge of an attack of jaundice. So it is small wonder I had you in my book along with the other examples.

As to fake Rembrandts etc. I carried twenty "Rembrandts", "VanDykes", "Velasquez" out of Wanamakers private gallery at the

time of his fire some eight years ago, I know that they are not the only examples in the U.S., so my sentence was by no means a personal one. My god! What Velasquez!! I also know a process for Rembrandt's one man studies the ghetto and does drawings, one the Rembrandtesque method of light and shade and manner and does the painting, and a third does the "tone of time", however that's a digression, let me go at your letter as it comes.

I haven't seen much of Epstein of late, he and Lewis have some feud or other which I haven't inquired into and as Lewis is my more intimate friend I have not seen much of Jacob though I was by way of playing for a reconciliation. Jacob told me some time ago that the sun god was in hock. He told me just before the war it was still in hock. I heard from W[illiam]. B[utler]. Y[eats], after I had written the article (after it was in print), that you had bought "an Epstein". ("an Epstein" not half a dozen). I had also heard a long tale (not from Epstein) about John's dangling before the simple Jacob the fair hope of "some day being introduced or recommended to Quinn", which tale evidently dates from some earlier period of history. It was a touching tale of faith renewed, remended, and shattered.

By the way, if you are still getting Jacob's "Birds" for God's sake get the two that are stuck together not the pair in which one is standing up on its legs.

However let me apologize for my ignorance and make an end of it.

I congratulate you on the tariff law. Have they, I wonder, done as well by the writers as by the painters. I wrote to the President (for all the jolly sort of good that sort of thing does). I have to pay duty if I am in America and want a copy of one of my own books, printed in England. You can't get a book printed in America unless it conforms to the commercial requirements. Rennert had to pay some huge duty on his *Life of Lope de Vega*, which is a standard and which got him into the Spanish Academy. Only an English firm would risk the publication. The American law as it stands or stood is all for the Jew publisher and the rotten printer and all against the author, and more and more against him just in such proportion as he is before or against his time. If you are near the councils of the powers I would be glad to make out a fuller statement. This detail is one of the causes of American authors coming abroad, and of the punereal nature of all serious American periodicals. The printing is supposed to be so costly that it is impossible to publish in America, especially periodicals which are, as are a few in London and Paris, largely in the control of writers' or in which they have influence.

Henry IV took off the octroi from books coming into Paris, some centuries since, because they made for the increase of learning, and it is high time America followed suite. The absurd tarrif (25% it was) *and* the egregious price the American booksellers stick on a foreign book, unnecessarily, "because of the tarrif" is just enough to prevent sale. (Example I caught a publisher selling my Spirit of Romance at 2½ dollars. No fool would pay that for a six shilling book. Besides that damn swindler had bought the book at 3 shillings by special arrangement so as to be able to sell it at the English price (I being paid as @ 3/) These are merely personal instances, but it is the sort of thing that goes on and keeps books by living authors out of the U.S. and the tarrif, which is iniquitous and stupid in principle, is made an excuse. *All* books ought to be on the free list, but more especially all books of living authors, and of those the non-commercial books, scholarship and belles lettres most certainly.

About GAUDIER-BRZESKA. I naturally think I've got the two best things myself, though I was supposed by his sister to have bought the first one out of charity because no one else would have it. The second one is half paid for by money I lent him to get to France with, he is now in the trenches before Rheims. However, there is, or was, a charming bas relief of a cat chewing its hind foot, and there are "the stags" if you like them. However, money cant be of much use to him now in the trenches. I send him a spare £ when I have it to finish up my payment on the "Boy with a Coney". But when he comes back from the trenches, if he does come, I imagine he will be jolly hard up. In the meantime I will find out exactly what is unsold and let you know about it. Coburn is doing a photo of one of my own things of Brzeska's and I hope it will interest him enough to go on and do a portfolio, in which case you will be able to make your selection from the best possible photographs.

At any rate I will write to Gaudier at once and see what he has, and where it is, and how much he wants for it, and if there is anything that I think fit to recommend I think Coburn will probably photograph it for me. Then there will be no waste in dealer's commissions.

Which brings me back to another hobby, speaking of 30,000 dollars for two pictures, I consider it immoral to pay more than 1000 dollars for any picture (save perhaps a huge Sistine ceiling or something of that sort. Your Puvis' are big pictures so it dont hit you.) but NO artist needs more than 2000 dollars per year, and any artist can do two pictures at least in a year. 30,000 dollars would feed a whole little art world for five years.

My whole drive is that if a patron buys from an artist who needs money (needs money to buy tools, time and food) the patron then makes himself equal to the artist, he is building art into the world. He creates.

If he buys even of living artists who are already famous or already making £12,000 per year, he ceases to create. He sinks back to the rank of a consumer.

A great age of painting, a renaissance in the arts comes when there are a few patrons who back their own flair and who buy from unrecognized men. In every artists life there is, if he be poor and they mostly are, a period when £10 is a fortune and when £100 means a years leisure to work or to travel, or when the knowledge that they can make £100 or £200 a year without worry (without spending two thirds of their time running to dealers—or editors—means a peace of mind that will let them work and not undermine them physically.

BESIDES, if a man has any sense, the sport and even the commercial advantage is so infinitely greater. If you can hammer this into a few more collectors you will bring on another Cinquecento.

(In sculpture I might let the price run over £200, simply because of the time it take to cut stone. Drill work is no damn good. Both Gaudier and Epstein cut direct, and there may be months of sheer cutting in a big bit of sculpture, especially if the stone is very hard.) Gaudier does mostly small things, which is sane for the sculpture of our time, save public sculpture, ought to be such as will go in a modern house.

About the "New Republic", I am afraid it is not much use. It will be another ten years before America will have me at any price. I saw and lunched with Lippmann when he was over here, but he didnt seem disposed to take any of my stuff. A poet, you know!!! bad lot they are. No sense of what the public wants. Even Cournot who isnt exactly a modern met Lippmann and said "You've heard of English stodge, well there's one stodge that's worse. It's American stodge. That's American stodge".

Even the New Age has nipped my series in the middle because I have dared to write an article praising an American writer of vers libre, one Edgar Masters. They [say] it's an insult to their readers to praise vers libre after they have so often condemned it. (God knows most vers libre is bad enough, still Masters has something in him, rough and unfinished, *ma!*) If you told Croly of the New Republic that I was an art critic he might believe you, but he'd think me very bad for his paper. The fat pastures are still afar from me. And I have a persistent and (editorially) inconvenient belief that America has the

chance for a great age if she can be kicked into taking it. (Whereanent some remarks in the Dial, here enclosed.)

sincerely yours

Ezra Pound

best regards to Yeats père, Sloan & his wife & King.

EP.

Lewis: Wyndham Lewis (1882–1957), who became Pound's close friend and ally in the Vorticist movement.

far as Derain: Quinn's phrase in his letter to Pound of 25 February 1915 was that he owned "more than one painting by Derain" (the French artist, André Derain, 1880–1954).

mss. of Wm. Morris: See Introduction.

Morgan and a certain old friend: J. P. Morgan (1837–1913), the American financier, was notorious for the high prices he paid for European art. In a note on a copy of this letter at Emory University, he identified the "niece" as "that old fool Amy Lowell" (1874–1925). Her elder brother, Abbot Lawrence Lowell (1856–1943), the president of Harvard, was acquainted with Morgan.

Ricketts . . . Davis: Charles Ricketts (1866–1931), English painter, designer, and art connoisseur, advised his patron, Sir Edmund Davis [a director of mining companies, d. 1939], on purchases for his art collections.

Yeats père: See Introduction.

Morris matter: Quinn was collecting the manuscripts of the English poet and artist William Morris (1834–1896).

attack of jaundice: During his stay in America in 1910–11, Pound was hospitalized for jaundice early in 1911 and was still recovering when he returned to England in February.

Wanamaker's private gallery: See Introduction.

process for Rembrandts: In *Gaudier-Brzeska: A Memoir* (p. 47), Pound describes how Henri Gaudier-Brzeska worked in a Munich "Rembrandt factory," providing drawings that would be treated to give them the qualities of a "Rembrandt."

Epstein . . . Lewis: Jacob Epstein (1880–1959), an American artist who lived in England, was a pioneer in the use of abstract and primitive forms in sculpture. He introduced Pound to the painting of Wyndham Lewis.

sun god in hock: Pound's *New Age* article reported that Epstein's poverty forced him to pawn "The Sun God" and two other sculptures for approximately £60.

John: Quinn was a patron of the English artist Augustus John (1876–1961).

Jacob's "Birds": Pound refers to Epstein's copulating "Doves III" (1913). See *Ezra Pound and the Visual Arts*, ed. Harriet Zinnes, plate following p. 246.

tariff law: See Introduction.

Rennert: Hugo Albert Rennert (1858–1927), professor of Romance languages at the University of Pennsylvania, published his *Life of Lope de Vega* in 1904. Although he was not a member of the Spanish Academy, the Spanish government awarded him the Order of Isabel the Catholic for his service to Spanish letters.

Henry IV . . . octroi: Even before the reign of Henry IV (1589–1610), books in France were free of the octroi or city duties as well as custom charges.

two best things: In *Gaudier-Brzeska*, Pound says that he bought a “marble group and a torse” from Gaudier-Brzeska soon after meeting him. On p. 128, he lists the “Marble group” as “man and woman, Tahitian (?)” This work appears under the title *Embracers (Samson and Delilah)* on plate 41 of Roger Cole’s *Burning to Speak*, and the torso is reproduced on plate 29. For the bas relief (*Cat*) and *Stags*, see Cole, plates 46 and 52. *Boy with a Cone* (*Boy with a Rabbit*) is reproduced on plate 53.

Coburn: Alvin Langdon Coburn (1882–1966), American photographer of famous artists such as Mark Twain, W. B. Yeats, and Henry James. He collaborated with Pound in producing Cubistic “Vortographs.” See Zinnes, pp. 154–57.

your Puviss: Quinn owned important paintings by the French artist Pierre Puvis de Chavannes (1824–1898).

New Republic: Quinn suggested that Pound write for *The New Republic*, a liberal New York periodical, which was founded in 1914 by Herbert Croly.

Lippmann: Walter Lippmann (1889–1974), American journalist, writer for *The New Republic*.

Cournos: John Cournos (1881–1966), Russian-born American journalist, poet, and novelist who lived in England, 1912–1930; friend and biographer of Henri Gaudier-Brzeska.

New Age . . . Edgar Masters: Pound was writing a series of “Affirmations” (affirming the importance of artists such as Gaudier-Brzeska and Lewis) for the *New Age*, but his “Affirmation: Edgar Lee Masters” appeared in the St. Louis periodical *Reedy’s Mirror*, 24 (21 May 1915): 10–12.

Croly: See note to *New Republic*.

remarks in the Dial: Enclosed in letter; see headnote.

Sloan: John French Sloan (1871–1951), American painter and a close friend of J. B. Yeats.

King: Frederick Allen King (b. 1885), editor of the New York periodical *Literary Digest* and a friend of J. B. Yeats.

2

TLS-3. 18 April 1915.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Dear John Quinn

You will think I have been an age getting your photos. of Brzeska’s stuff but he is, as you know, in the trenches, and Mrs Finch, in whose studio he left most of his stuff, has gone to Norway.

Hence I enclose under sep. cover. photos of *The Dancer*, and the *Stags* (Blast reprod.). I think he asked £30 for the *Dancer*, and £60 (probably would take £50) for the *Stags*.

I have had the dancer here for a month and have grown to like it, especially the heroic feel of the back view, arms slung over shoulder. The front is grotesque, the face a triangle, and the two nipples a circle and ellipse. If you want an extreme work it is a good sample. And you can get a bas relief of a cat or something else that illustrate his other faculty, that of feeling animal life. The Dancer is a fine mass. (red stone, dark)

The stags are in veined alabaster.

You will notice that I send also a portfolio of Lewis's Timon, for you to get used to. I send also my article on him, which you may think extreme. I have thought so myself, but still when I came back to the things after having been away two months in the country I was ready to take oath on it over again. I admit it took me six months before I got them first. But if any man is to bring into western art the power of Chinese painting it will be Lewis. And there is nevertheless an almost solid opposition to him, buyers and editors, even those who admit some or nearly all of the other moderns . . . an opposition due in part to the fact that he suffers fools badly . . . in conversation.

I enclose also a copy of an Etchell's drawing. Etchells has been driven back from the Baleric islands by the war. Lewis has lent him his kitchen to live in and asked me the other day if anybody would give £4 for the original of Etchells drawing, the rest of E's possessions being apparently in the Balerics. and E. supposedly destitute.

I will send more Brzeska photos. as soon as I can break into Mrs Finch'[s] studio. Sorry I cant get a reverse of the Stags. Also that I cant be absolutely sure of prices. He wrote me from the trenches that he had forgotten what price he had set on various things but he wont be unreasonable.

The dancer is 17 inches high, base 9 inches diameter. Stags must be about same height (no a bit lower) and base about 14 by 12, as I remember.

As to Lewis, I think his prices will soar like Matisse's when once they start. Anyhow your collection is not complete until you have a few of his best things.

Yours ever

Ezra Pound

April 18, 1915

Have told the Neutral Nations committee to send you copy of F[ord]. M[adox]. H[ueffer]'s book. which opens entertainingly. haven't had time to read it.

Mrs. Finch: Mme. Renée Finch, portrait painter whose work Gaudier-Brzeska reviewed in *The Egoist*; see Pound's *Gaudier-Brzeska*, p. 35.

Blast reprod: "Stags" was reproduced in the Vorticist journal *Blast*, No. 1 (June 1914). For *Dancer* (*Red Stone Dancer*), see Cole, *Burning to Speak*, plate 43.

Lewis's Timon: *Timon of Athens* (1913). These illustrations for Shakespeare's play were highly praised after six of the sixteen drawings were shown at Roger Fry's Second Post-Impressionist Exhibition, October–December 1912.

my article: "Wyndham Lewis," *Egoist*, 1 (15 June 1914): 233–34.

Etchells: The Vorticist painter Frederick Etchells (1866–1973).

H[ueffer]'s book: *When Blood Is Their Argument: An Analysis of Prussian Culture* (May 1915) by Ford Madox Hueffer (Ford). The book was sponsored by the British propaganda agency for distribution to influential Americans. The Neutral Nations Committee could be a reference to an organization such as the Neutral Conference for Continuous Mediation (1915–17) or an organization of neutral traders.

3

TLS-4. 21 May 1915.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Dear John Quinn

Thank you very much for Master's book. It is good stuff and am very glad to get the whole lot of it bound together, instead of the stray scraps I had seen.

However I am not writing this letter primarily to thank you. I want to know something.

There is the faint chance, the faint nuance of a chance that I may get an ancient weekly to edit. I cant name it even to you until the matter goes further. But IF I get a London weekly to edit (one which I have never been connected with). WHAT sort of support can I count on in New York, providing that I include all the livest New York, the men whom New York wont print?.

What sort of subscription list am I good for there on my own? Who will write for me at low rates until I have either bust the paper or made it a success and able to pay good rates?

Are there any damd female tea parties who will committeeize themselves and try to sell the paper?

I should make it London, Paris, America, and I believe I should give the two continents a chance to converse with each other, which they damn well dont get in any other paper at present.

Even the "New Age", you know, always tries to keep me from

talking about Paris, and from really free expression (not but that they give me a fling now and then).

Of course I dont want or need a popular success, I need say a thousand or two new subscribers. Who is there in New York (with the sole exception of a certain J[ohn]. Q[uin].) who has any guttts?

I want contributors. I should print any propaganda that you personally wanted to write. It would be, within limits, an organ at your disposal. The limits would be simply that each number must pay attention to certain matters which do not concern New York in particular. In so far as say three pages concern New York you could have carte blanche., for so far as I am concerned you and say Mencken and Johns are about all the New York that I know of (apart from the architecture and stage setting, beeeuuutiful harbour etc.)

You could also dictate the American politics of the paper if you care to, I am too far off to have a right to any opinions save about international phases.

Anyhow do let me know what forces there are, and whom I should include.

I take it that New York and Chicago are all the America that one need consider? ?????

I guarantee that the London Paris sectors are of standard aliveness.

I feel the faint chance is too real and too good a thing to let slip without making a grab for it.

"Since Henley had the "National Observer" "!!! (not that I know anything about the Observer, save that it left a tradition.)

Turn yourself loose. If you approve would you mind my showing your letter to the publisher? I mean will you enclose some sort of document that you wouldnt mind my showing or that you would like me to show in case I manage to go further with the matter.

yours ever
Ezra Pound

21/ May 1915

P.S. next sheet

P.S.

You understand that the paper already exists, is "established", publishers have offices both here and in the U.S.,

no details of that sort have to be bothered about. It is simply the waking up of a dormant papers and a more or less sudden inrush of interest and new subscribers and purchasers and advertisers.

Master's book: Spoon River Anthology (1915) by Edgar Lee Masters (1868–1950).

ancient weekly: *The Academy*; see Letter 5.

Mencken and Johns: H. L. Mencken (1880–1956), American journalist and author; Orrick Johns (1887–1946), American poet.

National Observer: Pound seems to be reflecting the view of Ford Madox Ford, who considered W. E. Henley (1839–1903), editor of the *National Observer* (1888–1893), as the leader of a generation of writers which included Rudyard Kipling and Joseph Conrad.

4

TL5-4. Postmark: 13 July 1915. On lined paper.

Letter is preceded by Pound's cable to Quinn:

"BRZESKA DEAD."

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Dear John Quinn

I have just replied to your cable. Brzeska was shot in the head in a charge at Neuville St Vaast on June 5th. News got here about the 28th. died at once. I believe.

I did not write you because there was no certain news as to the proper ownership of his stuff. We don't yet know whether it goes to his father, or whether a very informal will leaving it to a sister is valid, in which last case she may offer some of it to some gallery. Nothing is settled or known, and the man at the French Embassy who was more or less in charge has broken down. etc. etc. etc.

After writing to "the Times" that I thought "even vorticism might be forgiven a man mort pour la patrie, after months of hard fighting and two promotions for gallantry" they put in a civil notice, along with officer casualties, also the editor and Brock wrote me soothing notes, saying they had not rec'd the news. The public is still taken up, one half sentimentalizing over poor Brooke (which is all as it should be)

and the other half slopping over about Mestrovic, who is bull shit, six sorts of archaism, germany, Vienna secession, etc. true expression of Serbia, all right enough but damn poor sculpture. (Political slop, etc.) responsible for the exhibit (W. B. Y. (naturally) impressed) We hope to bring out a well illustrated memoir to Brzeska but god knows, John Lane is a shit, and publishers are timid, etc. etc.

and the work is still locked up in the studio of that god damn woman who has gone off to Norway.

So I hadn't written to you as there was nothing much to say. Besides the man's dead and there's an end of it. There's no one to replace him.

Decent publicity for his work *might* do some good to young sculptors, but je m'enmerde du public, they want shit and they got it, and they smack their dung smeared lips and holler for more. And when a good thing comes they hate it.

I suppose a loan exhibit of Brzeska might be arranged for the Metropolitan Gallery in New York if they will pay the carriage to and fro, and if they make an offer before old Gaudier-Brzeska gets over here from France, or before the stuff is scattered. Maclagan offered to put the matter before the chiefs of the S. Kensington, but says they haven't a suitable room AND that it is almost sure to be vetoed at Whitehall.

The "Tate" can't show it, as that water closet is reserved for "British Art".

Blast is just out, will send you a copy in a day or so as soon as I get a spare one. Printer volunteered for home defence at last moment and most of the line blocks are badly printed in consequence. The next number may contain nothing but Brzeska, but everything is very unsettled. Both by legal and geographical questions,

etc. etc. etc.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

July 15th

[*Written sideways on the page:*] If the *metropolitan* has sense enough to arrange a Brzeska show. They might go the whole hog & do a Vorticist show. The freight would be only a trifle more.

informal will: This two-page document, which gave Sophie Brzeska her claim to Gaudier-Brzeska's works, is now in a private collection.

"the Times" . . . Brock: Pound's complaint about the lack of an obituary for Gaudier-Brzeska was directed to the critic and editor A. Clutton Brock (1868–1924). For Pound's reaction to press comment on Gaudier-Brzeska's death, see "The Death of Vorticism," *Little Review*, 5 (Feb./March, 1919): 45, 48.

poor Brooke: Rupert Brooke (1887–1915), a poet who joined the Royal Naval Division at the outbreak of World War I and died on 23 April 1915 from blood poisoning and heat stroke.

Mestrovic . . . Vienna secession: Ivan Mestrovic (1881–1961), Yugoslavian sculptor whose realistic work was influenced by Rodin. He was a nationalist whom Yeats met in the 1890s through Charles Ricketts. Mestrovic's first major exhibition was in 1909 at the Vienna Secession, which was founded in 1897 to foster modern art and design in Austria. He had a major exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1915.

illustrated memoir: *Gaudier-Brzeska: A Memoir* by Ezra Pound (London: John Lane, 1916).

Maclagan: Sir Eric Maclagan (1879–1951) was at the time Keeper of Architecture and Sculpture at the Victoria and Albert Museum and later director (1924–1945).

Blast: The second issue (July 1915) of the avant-garde journal edited by Wyndham Lewis.

5

TLS-15. Postmark: 11 August 1915.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

To J. Q., Father of His Country.

Dear John Quinn:

The sun having again risen upon this scene of terrestrial endeavour, I again take up this new edition of the encyclopedia Ezraica where I left off in time for last night's post. (Possibly an illusion, I dare say this will go by the same steamer, however)

Thanks for all your offers re/ the magazine. First about the Brzeska memoir, I had been waiting to see about the next *Blast*, the uncollected stuff etc. However I looked in on Lane yesterday. He was away. I talked to the manager. Lane is rather afraid of me, I think. He, with sure instinct, devines that there is no money to be got out of me.

However the mgr. was impressed with news of N.Y. show, and of sales of work. IF you could get the New York house, Lane & co. or whatever it is to write over to J. L[ane]. saying they want the book, it might help me land him. If they dont rise to it, I should be very glad indeed if you could find a New York house that would handle the book, or take half the edition or something of that sort.

B.

Now as to the bloody paper. I forget exactly how much I wrote you. I had the offer of a weekly with a bad name, I.e., the "Academy", it was supposed to pay its printing bill (it very nearly did once), all I should have had to do was to undertake to pay the "office" i.e. the writers for a year, which I could have managed on £500, and I would have had whatever the paper made during that year to go on with.

That particular chance is gone. The paper has been taken by the adulators of Oscar, the proprietors of the grave-cloth (alias "The Gipsy", a bone-phosphate depot full of Gosse, the *lates* Middleton, Condor, Watts-Dunton etc. etc. and the *youngs* nonentity & Co.).

What I have found out by writing letters re/ "the weekly" or a weekly, or a magazine, comes to the following.

I can run a weekly on the cost of printing plus £10 per week.

That allows me £2 per week to live on (plus prospects). I should have to give up practically all other activity, I might get £40 per year more out of my verse, but that would be about the limit.

Whether *any* American writers would contribute at such rates I do not know.

Remy de Gourmont was willing to do so. He was keen on the thing. You need not mention this fact save sotto voce, as the normal American will at once conclude that DeGourmont is a bootblack and not one of the subtlest and most cogent writers in Europe.

W. B. Y. would have let me have his Autobiography as a serial, though he did not really want to print it save in book form. (This offer is, of course, now, withdrawn, as the book comes out this autumn.) Hueffer, who as you may remember started the English Review and made it history for 18 months, before it fell into its present degradation would have been my main stay for general articles.

As I said yesterday, he is now in the army, and I don't suppose he is available for anything much else, He may go on with his gentle appreciations in the Outlook, but I should think that will be about all. (He has been in since I wrote this & verified it.)

WHICH THINGS BEING SO we have now plenty of time to consider everything and make our attack with deliberation. There are various open questions.

1. Is it better to start a new paper, or take on an old one?
2. Is a monthly better than a weekly?

With Hueffer away, I should still be assisted by Goldring who was his assistant on the English Review. Goldring is clever, he knows the publishing ropes, he is competent for all sort of jobs about a paper, he has written good short stories and a few nice poems, *but* he has very little personal force. An article by him would always be good, readable, enlightened, but his signature does not and never would add any weight to it. *With* Hueffer to do the main general stuff he, Goldring, would be the ideal and the indispensable asst-edtr. but I don't know about launching out with him alone.

My own talents, and inclinations are decidedly more suitable for a monthly.

Detachable section below

Let us therefore consider the *Mercure de France*, the ideal FORMAT. It is a fortnightly review, now, on account of the war, published monthly.

The first half of the *Mercure* contains essays, presumably the best in

Europe, on everything, the only consideration being that the matter *must* be interesting.

It contains also prose fiction and poems.

The second half contains the "Review of the fortnight", it is run by a committee of specialists, each man responsible for his own section. we should get a fresher, more alive set of men, as some of the french crowd are getting worn out.

It begins with a few pages by Remy de Gourmont on anything he chooses to write about. He has been the keystone for a number of years.

Then come reviews of french novels, french books of history or criticism, french drama, summary of other french magazines, journals etc. Then come sections on English, German, Russian, Spanish, italian, American, etc etc, books.

A section on art. etc.

Thus you have a two fold magazine, one part creative & one part critical.

It is, I suppose, the soundest property in Europe. I dare say no one reads all of it, but no enlightened man is without it, he reads the sections that deal with the subjects in which he is interested.

IT IS A DISGRACE THAT THERE IS NO ENGLISH OR AMERICAN PUBLICATION THAT CAN BE READ BY AN INTELLIGENT AND WELL INFORMED MAN.

THERE IS NO PERIODICAL WHERE ONE CAN LOOK FOR CURRENT KNOWLEDGE OF *EVERYWHERE*. There are clipping bureaus like "Current Opinion". i.e. quotations of journalism. not inside stuff.

Note for example the sort of stuff one could get in an Americo-English "Mercure",

You could get James Joyce's novels, plays, essays, (presumably the public would want D.H. Lawrence's novels also.)

You could get any contemporary french work, in french, and in english (parallel pages), or in translation only, as the publishers and editors should find advisable.

All Yeats' work.

All Fenellosa's unique revelation of China and japan. (Stuff that I have hitherto had to scatter about in "The Quarterly" (among the dead), in "Poetry", in "Drama" (in both of which it fitted, but which can not possibly give their readers any of it which does not fall within their own highly specialized scope.)

AS TO POETRY, I think the little Chicago magazine can probably hold all the really good poetry now written in English, and am

content with its size on that score, but it can NOT publish any adequate account of international work.

NO ONE MAN can be expected to find all the interesting books even in one language, or weed out the rubbish, or be able to tell what is derivative.

The "Mercure" is probably the only magazine in the world which is not sunk in provincialism.

BLAST IS A HIGHLY DIVERTING but highly specialized magazine, it might suffice for the presentation of Wyndham Lewis' curious genius, but it can not and never intended to become a general source of information or a general presentation of international letters.

It cannot print scholarly work, no matter how interesting.

Nearly all scholarly work at present, save the FRENCH, is dull, BECAUSE it is printed solely in technical reviews, where dullness, stupidity, and the professorial attitude are at a premium and where a clear intelligent style would be abhorred and mistrusted.

Consider the great books, and the fine books of the world, and then try to think of ANY existing magazine that would have printed (a) *any* of them, (b) more than one or two, chiefly on account of their faults.

When some weeks ago, I had the chance, or the hope of getting a weekly paper to carry out a small part of my plans, I wrote to M. Remy de Gourmont, offering him terms that, had they not been concerned with "doing something worth while", and had they not been an indication of lack of power rather than lack of will, would have been, for a writer of his celebrity and distinction, both insulting and ridiculous.

I received in reply

"Je vous servirai autant qu'il sera en mon pouvoir". It may be noted that M. de Gourmont is almost a total stranger to me. I have never met him, and we have only exchanged a few very brief letters at very great intervals. He said that my letter had convinced him of the necessity of such a review as I described. M. de Gourmont is 58, that is to say he is nearer Wm. Dean Howells age than mine, so his reply can be taken as an example of French eagerness and vitality, not as the response of man interested solely in his own decade or generation, or trying to keep back the clock.

My proposition received equal support from Mr Yeats, Mr Hueffer and from my own contemporaries.

The two men I have not approached are Henry James and Anatole France. I think that when men have raised up such works as they have, they deserve to [be] left in peace, at least until one's young projects have been transformed into reality.

I think I am sound in stating that there is not any brilliant and serious writer who would not cooperate, and if the business manager or business committee should decide that it would be to the advantage of the magazine to include work of the better, populace-drawing writers from time to time, this would be a matter of price alone.

E.G. is it worth while occasionally to pay a man like Belloc, for the sake of running up sales?

End of statement

Hueffer has just been in. He says a weekly is cheaper to run than a monthly. I am not in the least sure that he is right.

Postage is more. wear and tear is more.

An International monthly is certainly easier than an international weekly.

However, let us have your opinions.

Hueffer thinks a weekly ought to start in January.

Of course it is simply sickening to think of the New Republic with 200,000 dollars guarantee. Stodge, stodge, it is like the New Statesman in that there is no point where it is possible for the eye to enter the page. And it is twice as silly.

IS Hackett any use, someone wrote me that was the only man on it who isnt a dead head.

Now that the chance at the Academy is gone, it is still possible, perhaps, to get the Saturday Review, that is Hueffer's suggestion. I'm not sure a new start wouldn't be better. Personally I prefer a monthly. One could print 100 pages, instead of the Mercure's 200, using thicker paper to give the same apparent bulk. One could, I think start if one had £1000 to risk on the first year's expenses.

Good god, think of the Yale Review (silence, I am trying to sell them an article,), think of that fat wad printing stuff about "Southey as poet".

Vanity Fair is silliness raised to the xth power of efficiency, or efficiency catering to silliness.

No, what I was going to ask is: Are there *any* writers in America who can write *about* anything in a manner sufficiently interesting to get read *here* save "pour en faire des autres", i.e. by writers here who have to live by doing articles about America. ??????

This part of the note is a deep silence between us two.

Is not the great Huneker very dull in print? (I ask these things for the sake of information only) The good Reedy seems alive, but the english langwidg as it sometimes appears in his lively publication

simply wouldn't do here (where even the writers on The Times have been told to "read Maupassant and Flaubert so as to *get snap*." The only live wires among the U.S.A. writers that have come to my notice are Orrick Johns and Edgar Lee Masters. Then there are some pleasant amateurs.

Then there are these very efficient Vanity Fairists, Saturday Evening Postists etc. etc.

And really the writing of legible prose is fairly easy, the author must know what he wants to say, and then he must say it without trying to wear a frock coat and black gloves in his mouth.

American writers, as the[y] look from this side of the salt, seem to be of three sorts.

- A. the dead
- B. the commercial
- C. The ignorant, young or eager.

Yet you get into touch with live Americans, Mencken's letter[s], for example are much better reading than his magazine. Reedy is more alive in his letters. He is a good chap, I think.

BUT so many of 'em say one thing in print and another thing under cover of private correspondence.

The gentle spirit of

"What I was living then am I dead,
Though Jove outweary his smith"

does not seem to apply.

If they once conceived a paper in which they tried to define their own thought, instead of trying to make it suit their conception of the reader, we should, or might see a change, and find writers where we have heretofore had cerements.

Now about Kennerley. he has got a bad name (,very likely undeservedly,) for not paying his bills. He paid me in two cases, in a third he held up the stuff for two or three years and then paid, so I have no personal grumble, save that he is stuck, dead, in the nineties and that he likes to keep people waiting two hours in his shop for the sake of making himself seem important WHICH HE AINT, NOT IN THE LEAST.

Of course, IF one decided on a monthly, The Forum, would be a perfectly good stump to sprout out of. It could be changed into a live article in a month or two. IF a man *of our own times* were put in charge of it.

They are supposed to sell 8000 I think??????? On 8000 one can run till the crack of doom. A jackass paper like the Atlantic, could be grabbed, the deceased Lippincotts would have done.

I readily understand that none of these are likely to be available, but it might save waste if they were.

The conception of America communicating with the outside world is so new and strange to all of them, I suppose they think it a disease.

To go on with your letter point by point.

Was Crowningshield once director of the American Academy in Rome, if so he knows my friend Edgar Williams, architect.

Re/ your connection with the magazine, I didn't suppose you could spare time to write, I meant precisely what you say you could and would do, i.e. advise the political writers and keep 'em sane and intelligible.

A young chap named Eliot has gone back to America for a bit. I have more or less discovered him. Mrs Gardiner is interested, and he may be able to reach L.s.d.. Anyhow, I wish you'd drop him a post card and tell him where he can see you. I think he is coming back to England soon, and I have every confidence in his discretion.

T.S. Eliot, Eastern Point, Gloucester, Mass.

As to what can be done in Chicago.

Mrs W. P. Henderson 10 East Ohio. St.

or Harriet Monroe, Poetry, 543 Cass St.

are the two people there who care about my interests.

Whether you and they and Mrs Gardner, or you and their male representatives (for your peace and comfort) could hatch a finance committee?

There is also a charming man, one William Wadsworth 2 Wall St. Who is a cousin of my grandmothers. I simply CAN'T ask him for cash *for anything*. He is the soul of generosity, but he has nine poor relations for every square mile of territory in the North American Continent and the blood family are always "letting him in".

I dont think he is particularly rich as Americans go. Still if any sort of committee were formed he might take a place on it, if asked by the committee. I don't know whether he mingles much with the gilded or not. I should say he probably minded his own affairs, which are not literary. At any rate you may as well know of his existence, and that he is full of good will, of a possibly vague sort.

I think young Eliot is the first person I should like to have confer with you. He has more entrails than might appear from his quiet exterior, I think.

As to a monthly @25 cents. \$2.50 per year plus postage.

1000 subscribers and a guarantee of 2500 dollars would do the trick, I suppose.

Poetry, as you may know, gets 100 guarantors to put up \$50 each. and they all went into it for five years. I dont think we need that.

I can get a little money here, but not much, its war. I should rather reserve my few ropes for unexpected incidental expenses. This is interminable. When you have a vacation or a week off you might hire a committee to read you this letter in sections, and a pianola to take down an answer.

I omit certain reflections re/ the tariff on books of a non-commercial character by living authors. If I had any sort of connection with any N.Y. paper I should do it in a public letter.

for the present.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

If the magazine comes off. *who* ought to be *the* chief New York contributor or corresponding editor?

P.S. please keep the "detachable section", it may serve as basis for printed circular re/ the magazine if we get that far.

Also I send 6 new Blasts by this post. The rest follow by express with the 20 copies of *No 1*. when I get them from Lewis.

yrs E.P.

"Academy": *The Academy* (1869–1922) was edited from 1907 to 1910 by Lord Alfred Douglas, a principal figure in the Oscar Wilde libel case in 1895. In 1922, it merged with the *English Review*.

The Gipsy: London quarterly (1915–1916) published by the Pomegranate Press.

bone-phosphate depot: Pound refers to Sir Edmund Gosse (1849–1928), author and Librarian to the House of Lords (1904–1914); the poet Richard Middleton (1881–1913); Charles Condor (1868–1909), a painter who contributed to *The Savoy* in the 1890s; and Theodore Watts-Dunton (1832–1914), critic and novelist who was Swinburne's virtual guardian for thirty years.

Remy de Gourmont: (1858–1915), French author, one of the founders of the *Mercure de France*. Pound quotes Gourmont's letter offering his assistance in his essay, "Remy de Gourmont," in *Literary Essays*, ed. T. S. Eliot, pp. 356–57.

Autobiography: Reveries over Childhood and Youth (Cuala Press, March 1916; Macmillan, April 1916).

Goldring: Douglas Goldring (1887–1960).

Hackett: Francis Hackett (1883–1962), critic, author, and an editor of *The New Republic*.

Saturday Review: After Cyrus Curtis bought the magazine in 1897, it became the most popular magazine for middle-class American readers and reached a circulation of two million by the end of the First World War.

Yale Review . . . "Southey as poet": Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury, "Southey as Poet and Historian," *Yale Review*, 4 (January 1915): 330–51.

Vanity Fair: (1868–1935), a journal known for its "sophistication," edited by Frank Harris 1907–1911.

great Huneker: James Gibbon Huneker (1860–1921), American music and drama critic and one of Quinn's closest friends.

good Reedy: William Marion Reedy (1862–1921), editor of *Reedy's Mirror* (1913–1920), a St. Louis magazine of local and national politics, which also reported on the arts and published poetry.

Mencken . . . *magazine*: H. L. Mencken was co-founder and editor of *The American Mercury*, 1924–1934.

"*What I was living*": From Capaneus's words to Dante in the *Inferno*, Canto XIV. See Pound's *The Spirit of Romance*, p. 132.

Kennerley: Mitchell Kinnerley (1878–1932), managed the New York branch of John Lane, published *The Forum*, 1910–1916.

Atlantic . . . *Lippincotts*: *The Atlantic Monthly* was founded in 1897 and was until the First World War the most influential American intellectual journal. *Lippincott's Magazine* was founded in 1868 and continued under that name until 1885, when it became *McBride's Magazine*; it merged into *Scribner's Magazine* in April 1916.

Crowningshield: Francis Crowningshield (1879–1947), editor of *Vanity Fair* after Frank Harris.

Edgar Williams: The architect brother of William Carlos Williams. In the summer of 1911, Pound toured northern Italy with him and visited the Church of San Zeno in Verona, which is recalled in Canto LXXVIII.

Mrs. Gardiner: Isabella Stewart Gardner (1840–1924), a wealthy art collector who lived in a "Venetian" mansion in Boston, which is now a museum.

L.s.d.: Pounds, shillings, pence.

W. P. Henderson . . . *Harriet Monroe*: Alice Corbin Henderson (1881–1949), co-founder of *Poetry* and associate editor 1912–1916; Harriet Monroe (1860–1936), editor and co-founder of *Poetry*.

William [Baldwin] Wadsworth: (1849–1934), who gave Pound a loan in 1910.

6

TL5-9. 26 August 1915. Enclosure: Prospectus for a magazine.

[5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.]

Aug. 26

Dear John Quinn

Your cable to hand (yesterday). I have been to the French Embassy this a.m. to see if there is anything to be done to accelerate the

settlement of Gaudier's family. And I have written to Fry to keep him from selling the stuff to anyone else.

I enclose the prospectus of a monthly for your approval. If it suits you, you can have it printed and distributed at once. or make such alterations as you see fit.

My impression, from this distance, is that Orrick Johns is the best man in New York for the actual working under your direction.

At least he has some guts and some enthusiasm. BUT he may be a bit flighty or not steady enough, or lacking in critical faculties.

On the whole I would rather have a bit of crudity plus enthusiasm and capability for growth, than to have a man who had already made some success in conventional journalism and got in a rut, or acquired habits of compromise.

This magazine can't compromise. It would be ultimately suicide.

If we get £500 *and* 1000 subscriptions we can live for a year and 2000 subscriptions would run us to kingdom come.

Can *any* of the older or middle aged men in New York write for the audience on this side. I.E. can they write what they think in plain straight language such as you and I use in letters to each other {NOT in a fracas of abstract humbuncomb like the New Statesman and the New Republic. ?????!!!!}

I have written a very short list of probable U.S. contributors, so that you can add to it the men you think worth while.

I dont think we need pad out the list. Some hundreds of our subscribers will hope to write for the magazine and they wont want to think the whole list is cut and dried.

About a name. IF you find the Forum amenable, all right or if we take on any going concern. If we start a new show what do you think of the following titles "The Vortex", "The Hammer", "The Alliance". or do you think we should have something suaver like "The Four Cities Review" (? useless insult to Cinninnati?) or "The Three Nations monthly review" this last possibly the solider??

I have made out this prospectus with an eye on the possible guarantors, not so much for the wide public. We'll get the wide public after a few years possibly.

I think, unless we get an old magazine with some subscription list, we should have 5000 dollars, say 2500 from guarantors and a thousand subscriptions @ 3 dollars a year including postage. 25 cents per copy.

About printing. Goldring has been sent to get estimates. I dont know

the exact state of American tariff or copyright. It might be cheaper to print in New York and import copies for England (as there is no import tax at this end. Tho this would cause some delay. stuff would be 2 or 3 weeks old in London & no newer in n.y. but there are other considerations.

Your friend Gregg may be a much more skilled and practical man than Johns, if so you might start him hunting such details, as he seems interested ??????

You will see that I have included hardly any feminine names. I think active America is getting fed up on gynocracy and that it's time for a male review. I have included the two editresses of Poetry as they have done a lot of disinterested hard work and care for something save their own publicity. Mmme Ciolkowska has also done a certain amount of reading, disinterestedly, and I think Mmme De Lencour (dont judge by any fragments that you may see) is about to do a really good piece of work, of which a scrap is now in my desk.

I have not, as I said before, tackled Henry James or Anatole France, they are both too old to do much, even if they lent their names, and they oughtn't to be bothered until the thing is *fait accompli*.

Is Bliss Carman entirely used up?

Is anything to be got out of professors. Whoever you put on to the job might write to

Felix Shelling, U. of Penn.

Clarence Child, ditto.

H.A.Rennert ditto

W.P. Shepard, and H.C.G.Brandt, Hamilton College, Clinton.N.Y.

They are all men who might turn out a jolly interesting paper about once in two or three years. and they are not gathered into any of the magazine cliques, so far as I know.

Agnes Repplier used to be witty, is she any use? Edith Wharton is I suppose tied to high prices and the old magazines.

George Moore *can* write, I dont know whether you or America much want him?? It would be his work not himself that one would have to meet in the magazine.

I think I have got about enough names down on the perspectus. Hueffer thinks we ought to get under weigh before Jan. 1st. but that seems a bit of a rush. Still. . . .

Orrick Johns' address is

Modern Historical Records Assn.

20 Exchange Place. New York

I know him only by letter, but I think well of him, he'll come to you if you drop him a note.

Eliot has sailed for England so it's too late for you to see him.

Mrs Gardner is, I think, interested in his work, which may net us something.

{FORMAT

I think printer's estimate should be based on 112 pages of 300 words per page, rather the size of "Drama" page.}

Allowing £41 per month for editors and contributors, that would permit us to pay on an average of £1 per 1000 words, which is not extravagant but which is, on the other hand, not scab.

I've got to have, as before said £2 per week, and Goldring should have at least £5 per month if not the same as myself. let us say £5 and pay extra for his stories and extras. He is in more for the excitement than the cash.

W. B. Y was going to give me some selections from his father's letters, it is too late for the *first* batch of his (W. B. Y's) autobiography but I suppose we can have some of the next period. I have not put old J.B's name on the list of contributors, because he might say publicly that he knew nothing about it, but if you see him you might get his definite consent and add the name if it will suit him and you.

I have left off Rebecca West's name, but can add it if you think her an asset. At least I suppose she'd be very glad to come in if asked. I am not hyper-keen on the Wells school.

I could include some more popular names, but the prospectus is for guarantors and idealists, at present, rather than for a public that only wants what it has heard of and seen on the hoardings.

If you miss any names of value, please write about it.

As for America that's your "rincon" ["corner"],

Note: Kreymborg is enthusiastic and full of good will, but I agree with Reedy, that "he dont really know".

There's a lot of diarrhoea among the immitators of the most recent fashions in verse etc. This fact can be recognized *quietly*. We can stir up stray animosities *after* we get underweigh.

Is there any one in your crowd who combines a knowledge of Russian with good common sense.? I want to stiffen that dept.

Spain and Italy are unimportant, (besides I can look after them myself)

Female novelists could or can be added ad lib. if or when wanted.

Lucian Carey, and Colum are in America if wanted.

Have I forgotten anything?

RE/ more Americans. The only people I won't sack in favour of American *when* the Americans can do work up to the mark, are Joyce and Goldring. Eliot is American IF that's any inducement to the local patriot who wants an uplift in American letters.

It may also inspire some of *nos jeunes* to educate themselves up to an international level . . . if they see an opening before them. In the present state of american magazinism WOE unto that man who has heard of anything east of Maine and west of California.

Does Arthur Davies write? or can he?

Is Arthur Farwell completely sunk in oblivion and "musical America?" I don't in the least know of anything he could do, save that he might get out and whoop for the paper. He has done a lot of campaigning and is a straight man.

Also Gilbert Hirsch and his wife "Charlotte Teller" might help (I don't in the least know what his stuff is like, but they are both jolly good sort.) Put them on the list of contributors if they can be found, all I know is that they went into Germany before the war and are supposed to have gone back to America, I dare say a letter in care of the New Republic will reach them, I shall write to him. (They may be pro-german which would be for the present fatal to amalgamation *ma che!*)

Also there must be intelligent men who could write on their special subjects (cotton, copper, etc. politics of commerce etc.). These men are always better than journalists with no real knowledge and no enlightened convictions. God! a man that knows his own job!!!! when once in six years you find him.

When { you print this prospectus or *a* prospectus "Poetry" will send it out with their current number and I dare say "Drama" would also slip it in their current number also.

I think we ought to get at least 60 per cent of the Poetry subscribers and 30% of those of Drama. *ma che!*}

Goldring is investigating publishers here. He thinks Constable would give more weight than Dawson, that's as may be.

Any intelligent publisher ought to [be] damn glad to get the chance of publishing us.

Dont hesitate to change or add to prospectus as you see fit.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

I think we might reproduce *one modern* picture each month. Will America stand a modern cover I think we'll have a design try.

Orrick Johns: (1887–1946), St. Louis poet and journalist who was associated with literary groups in both St. Louis and Chicago.

Gregg: Frederick James Gregg, New York journalist and Quinn's close friend.

Mme Ciolkowska: Madame Muriel Ciolkowska, contributor to *The New Free-woman* and *The Egoist*, including a series of reports from Paris during the war.

Mme De Lencour: Vail de Lencour was the pen name Pound chose for Brigit Patmore (1882–1965), which he used in dedicating *Lustra* to her in 1916.

Bliss Carman: William Bliss Carman (1861–1929), popular Canadian poet.

Felix Shelling [*Schelling*] . . . *Brandt*: Pound's former professors at the University of Pennsylvania and Hamilton College.

Agnes Repplier: (1855–1950), American poet and essayist.

George Moore: (1852–1933), Irish novelist.

father's letters: Pound eventually published *Passages from the Letters of John Butler Yeats* (Churchtown, Dundrum: Cuala Press, 1917).

Rebecca West: (Cicily Isabel Fairfield, 1892–1983), Irish-born English writer and feminist who was associated with Herbert George Wells (1866–1946), English novelist and social critic.

Kreymborg: Alfred Kreymborg (1883–1966), American author and editor of the literary magazine *Others*, 1915–16.

Lucian Carey: Chicago writer.

Colum: Padraic Colum (1881–1972), poet, critic, and playwright, a pioneer in the Irish literary revival.

Davies: Arthur Bowen Davies (1862–1928), American painter and friend of John Quinn.

Arthur Farwell: (1877–1952), American composer and chief critic for *Musical America* (1909–1914).

Gilbert Hirsch: (b. 1886) English political writer.

"*Charlotte Teller*": Charlotte Teller Hirsch (b. 1876), English essayist.

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TL5-16. 8 September 1916. Enclosures: Printing estimates from Pound, Douglas Goldring, and a printing firm.

[*Typed at top of page*:] {N.B. some of thursdays remarks seem to contradict those of wednesday. They were written after receipt of the printer's estimates.}

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Wednesday.

Sept. 8.

Dear John Quinn

I got Lane's signed contract re/ the Brzeska book, this a.m. so I suppose there will be no more worry about that, and that the illustrations will get done O.K.

Also saw Lewis and arranged for his stuff and Sander's "Island".
{re. yesterday's letter about the magazine} I dare say I was a bit

hard on Wright. What I am afraid of with a man of his sort is that he will regard the whole affair as a bit of highbrow craziness, an interlude, that he'd be ready to chuck it at any time for a \$5000 dollar job, corner column on the Tribune, "F. P. A", or any other "practical work".

WHEREAS a younger man who hadn't had the fat in his mouth would work like hell and "make a career" for himself out of the magazine.

Also a younger, newer man would be cheaper and would expect less outlay in conveniences, stenographers, roll top desks etc.

While it may be as easy for your friends to fork up £2000 as £1000, I doubt if one is as certain to make that amount per year out of [a] serious paper.

I DO NOT want to pass the hat again at the end of the year. Ten thousand dollars is better than five *OF COURSE*, if we're not expected to blow it all at once. And with such a fund we ought to be able to become a permanency. Say we cost \$7500 the first year, that's 50% more than I started figuring on.

{re/ Johns}

I'd like some definite evidence before we give him up. When I was in Indiana I was reported to have been found drunk in the gutter etc. etc. various crimes which hadn't happened. It turned out that I cooked my own meals and mocked the gods of that nation.

The man's work (what little there is of it) shows that he has the root of reality in him. That he is not a mere echo or reflection.

Of course if he is *really* undependable he wont do. If he were only jagged once a year his wife might be relied on to get the copy to the printer.

{Then there's Hirsch.}

Both he and his wife (Charlotte Teller) know more than Wright does. They've lived over here. Hate London, have a general sense of values.

Hirsch may be too expensive a man. (5000 dols.) But then the pair of them might be interested in the paper (and therefore take it on for the fun of it. at much less) and I count them among my friends though I haven't kept in touch with them lately. They went from Paris into Germany shortly before the war. I dont have to talk to them with a glossary (as one does to Wright, glossary, notes, explanations. . . .and no effect.) After all, Wright's chief claim to glory as an editor is that he reduced the sales of the Smart Set from 70,000 to 20,000 without making it a serious magazine. He simply dumped in a lot of "strong" stuff and wrote some editorials about night clubs and about being a man begotten in sin and given likewise thereto.

Why this naive interest in the cock? It is a subject like another but then It is not all-engrossing. There is for example the question of the stomach, of delicate foods, and there is even the cerebrum to consider. (I feel sure the french readers would be very much puzzled by his enthusiasm not that they matter. but it would be exhilarating to convince France of the presence of some civilization outside her own borders (if it exists). Either Yeats or DeGourmont, for instance would write of fornication in a manner so much more interesting than W. H. W.

{Seriously}

The american editor needn't be a literary person at all. He can be an executive machine, or he could be a man capable of doing the american current events, politics etc. in a simple, cold, precise manner. Such as "Submarine F 4. sank off the Hawaian islands., such and such a date. . . .

Government has made no statement. Jones is responsible? etc."

etc. simple statements. "Culebra has slid again" The inhabitants of Georgia lynch. etc. etc. The 128 americans drowned on (whatever day it was) are unavenged.)

The five Americans drowned on are not avenged.

The 3000 sacks of mail have not been paid for.

etc. etc.

{_____ THursday ____} Sept. 9.

Goldring sends in the enclosed estimate. I have appended some possibly unintelligible figures, to show that with 2200 direct subscriptions @ 3 dollars per year, I can run a magazine from this flat, without counting on *any* income from advertisements.

I am sending you the dummy, printer's dummy for paper, size and printing, under separate cover.

Mind, I dont say that this is *the* way to run a magazine, it is simply a sort of rock bottom estimate. A certitude.

{*IF* I have 2200 subscriptions I can run a magazine of 128 pages till doomsday.} {contributors as per list submitted}

{It is} not a problematical affair.

The minute you get into office rent, salaries to advertising men etc. I am in terra incognita. I mean terra incognita to me. "BIG" future to me does not so much mean circulation to 70,000 fools, but circulation among 4000 really intelligent men.

All of which ideas will be very strange and foreign to any "magazine" man you are likely to meet in New York.

When you see the dummy you'll probably think it too small, or too thin. . It is 25 cents worth, or would be when it was full of meat. ({the dummy is 112 pages.} 128 would be a shade thicker.—)

You may be dead right about 50 cents.

{But for fifty cents one would have} to make a larger magazine.

People say the "Mercure" has too much in it. If one makes a magazine too large one has to fill up with inferior stuff. It might mean letting in a lot of dead ones or Wells, Bennet and Co.

Whether there is more than 120 pages of stuff written per month that can be read by an intelligent man???????????

It's a question.

{Advertising man or business mgr.}

If you add a business manager, offices, etc. then one must be sure that they will at least pay for themselves. If he wants 2600 dollars, stenographer @ 15 dols per week.

office etc. etc.

it is up to him to make it. (can he make it on a high-brow paper)

If he cant make it then he is not an asset, and

A "business" man will tell you you cant run a magazine without him, because if you did *he* would have no job. That's his basis of disbelief.

I dont want to insist on my point of view, but I think you people should at least look at the matter from all sides.

The influence of a magazine dont depend on the size of its circulation. (Smart Set, for instance hasn't and couldn't possibly have the faintest influence on anything.)

There are only a few hundreds or a very few thousands of people capable of doing anything of *any* sort, or of getting anything done. They are the people we want as subscribers. The rest are sheep.

A magazine ought to be read because its worth reading not because it is advertising or full of advertisements. "New Age" does without 'em (also BLAST!!!) also Chicago "Day Book"

At any rate you can compare Goldring's estimate with American estimates and decide which method of attack suits the American climate.

Poverty with liberty and permanence would suit me better than a wild flash, gilt-plush offices and death at the end of a year.

But I dont want to STOP any influx of coin that you people consider likely. I don't want to tie you up with what you would feel to be a one-horse magazine.

I dare say I mistrust the public, large-public's intelligence as much as you mistrust economy.

[Pound has written "parenthesis on ART" on the left margin of the following two paragraphs.]

Wadsworth has the two drawings Gaudier did [in] the trenches. They are interesting more as a curiosity than as art works but you shall have them if you wish.

I arranged for the two Lewis colour "drawings" this morning. The big one is done in tempora and chalk so it comes nearer to being a painting. They are the two best things in the show, at least best "value". His two big paintings have been done for Mrs Turner so they are not *disponibile*. £20 for the pair 5 "Kermess" 5 Sanders "Island of L[aputa]" Think I put that in Tuesdays letter, but perhaps I only said it was the probable tax

About the magazine, please don't think me pigheaded, I simply point out a possible way of printing a magazine with good stuff in it, a magazine that would need to concede nothing to the general stupidity, and in which we could print what we like.

Any improvements will be welcome. And if you can see the way to a larger format, and a 20,000 circulation and board and keep for half a dozen writers who ought to have it so much the better. (I.E. I should like a magazine that could completely support Joyce, Eliot, Myself, and asst-edtr. Joyce is probably the most significant prose writer of my generation, the *only* one now living who seems to me to be in the class with Hardy and Henry James. He has an intensity which James hasn't. I think his "Portrait of the Artist" is absolutely permanent like the stuff of Flaubert and Turgenev.

(I have just heard that those two shit publishers Secker and Grant Richards have refused it.)

When thinking of "enlargements", you *must* consider the amount, the gross amount of A 1 stuff available.

I know of just four men who can write fiction that interests me

Joyce

Lewis

Lawrence

and, by courtesy, Goldring. I don't "like" Lawrence's stuff, but I know it is good. A powerful writer with no sense. Lewis is erratic and one would never know when he would or would not have a thing ready, or when it would be fitter for Blast than for us.

Beyond that there are translations, and stray stories, stories good enough to print but not worth running a magazine for the sole sake of printing.

Poetry, say two poems a month. The rest ought to go to Chicago.

40 pages of the magazine go to chronicle of international literature for the month. i.e. "rubrics." vide P.S. on next page

It [is] just as well to make the magazine "difficult" to get into. If there's "room for everybody" it wont be much honor to get into it.

There'd be De Gourmonts meditations each month. few pages

{P.S. on the monthly chronicle}

The Mercure's "revue du mois" (The back half of the magazine) starts off with DeGourmont. You may be familiar with the arrangement of subjects., we should use roughly

{De Gourmont of things in general.

French,	prose books,	M. Ciolkowsaka (probably)
" "	poetry	Eliot.
" "	criticism and general information	Vildrac or some of the other frenchmen in L'Effort Libre crowd. (possibly Jouve, if he isnt at the front.)
English,	novels, prose etc.	asst. edtr. Goldring
" "	poetry	E.P. or possibly Monro (or al- ternately month by month)
German books		Wilenski
Russian		(possibly Mrs Garnett, she has translated Turgenev with considerable success, and would bring us into touch with a wide circle here that has considerable influence)}

The above chronicles would appear every month. The following every 2 months, or as often as there was anything worth reporting,

{Italian	Arundel del Re
Czec, Balkan etc.	(man in the offing forget his name)
Spanish	(me (with nom de plume), or someone yet to be found.)

{I know of a crowd in Madrid but mistrust it, not much impor-
tance anyhow.

? re/ Japan. Itow brought in what he swears to be the best modern Japanese dramatist (I should think he was their precious Granville Braker, Takahama Kori, and he swore by the gods that there was NOTHING doing in Tokyo, said the theatres were full of translations of Strindberg, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann etc. etc. all done with the last degree of rottenness.

India fed up with Tagore, . . but it is easy enough to hear if anything happens there.

Sweden, Denmark. Holland etc. possibly once a year there might be something to report.}

Then every month.

American prose stuff

American poetry ? Johns

(he could at least do a rubric even if drunk 29 days per month)

American Politics,

International relations (works on political questions reviewed and analyzed etc. as well as original views.)

Possibly this stuff should be put higher in the list

English "affairs".

{{these last things would be more got at in special articles in the front half of the magazine)

For the front half of the magazine there'd be the fiction already mentioned and . . . }

Hueffer's criticism if he dont get killed.

The essays of Yeats *père et fils*.

American contributions (at your estimate, two articles a month)? covered on pp. 9a & 9b

Fenollosa papers.

Editors yawp.

Then the diversity of contributions from the list of contributors I sent you. French, English (and American (mentioned above).

And I hope nobody who is worth his salt will be left out in the cold.

(Mind, this idea of mine may be wrong, I may be heading for a magazine too specialized, but I dont think so. I think that number of pages would give one plenty of room. I find the "dummy" is just the size of the *Mercure de France*, the dummy being on thicker paper and about ½ the number of pages, it is about ⅔ as thick as the *Mercure*. Printing infinitely better.

The question as to whether your "cultivated jew banker" would be interested in so quiet and unassuming a venture, is up to you to decide. re "managers"

My whole distrust of business men in connection with literature is that they care for the business part and NOT for literature. And as for the business manager of a "good magazine", if he was any good as a manager he'd be constantly hankering for a "better job" and likely to drop one at any moment. ???????

or else fussing, like they fussed with Hueffer when he started

the English Review, fuss, fuss fuss to make it popular. Anyway, these are rocks to be steered round. We may as well look at 'em.

As to my estimate on 2200 direct subscribers, you might object that I would have in reality some direct subs[criptions]. and some sales through the trade. etc. My basis is that we should start with 2000 subscribers or their equivalent, sales through the trade, ads. etc. would be that much on the velvet, to put into raising rates of payment, augmenting magazine, reproducing works of art (DECENTLY) etc.

One should see a clear year ahead, having £1320, or £1000 on hand from subscribers or guarantors one could open fire. If one has £2000 so much the better,

These figures are based on English printing which may not be practicable. —can you get the copyright law amended?

The more absolutely certain we are, the better.

I think the prospectus ought to demand 3000 subscribers as a sine qua non. (perhaps 4000) then if we got 2000 and started we'd be supposed (by the more innocent) to have 4000.

If we got 1500 or even 1000, and a solid guarantee fund out of your friends, we could still fire up for at least a years run. And pray to the gods.

This will do to compare with American estimates, Culebra slides, Kollossal ventures etc. It contrasts, "Contrasts" is the word, with the \$200,000 dollar guarantee for the New Shitublic.

Enough for today.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

go on another p.s.

{NOW IF the magazine has to be printed in New York, and if the American printer's bill COMPLETE is more than the English estimate (i.e. more than 170, dollars per month)

There would definitely have to be someone in New York, to take stuff to printer

make out size of pages, arrange articles to fit 'em etc.

correct proofs,

address the wrappers and take 2000

or 3000 copies of magazine to post office.

All that work is purely mechanical. It is an easier job than "steno-graphy". I mean to say it dont even need a skilled stenographer and typist. Some young chap (or even a woman) ought to be found who'd be damn glad to do it for 15 dollars a week. (I'd have bloody well done it for 10 when I was in N.Y. if anyone had offered it to me.

that means \$520 or \$780 dollars more per year Oh say 300 more subscribers.

(If Johns is steady enough I'd like him to get \$20 per week.)

Hirsch is only possible if one goes in for a much more sumptuous scheme. I should have absolute confidence in him if he wanted to spend \$10,000 a year on the America plant alone.

It would, of course, be sheer madness to entrust such a sum to Johns or any other man who had never handled money at that rate and who wouldn't know how to spend it to advantage.

Increase in American printers bill over English estimate would have to be provided for by increase in number of subscribers. We might almost say, *IF* you get only 2200 subscribers magazine will have to be printed in England,) copyright or no copyright. Infringements at the start might advertise & help us.

If you get more (say 4500 or 5000 (or 3500) ?????? subscribers magazine can be published in N.Y.

I have written to *Hirsch* asking him to see you if possible.

THE END

& its time

E.P.

Wright: W. H. Wright (b. 1888), journalist, art and literary critic; editor, *The Smart Set*, 1912–1914, and *The Forum*, 1915–1916.

"F. P. A.": Franklin Pierce Adams (1881–1960) was known for his column in the *New York Tribune*.

in Indiana: Pound was asked to leave his position as instructor of Romance languages at Wabash College in Crawfordsville, Indiana, after a number of offenses against local standards of propriety.

American current events: The American submarine F4 sank with the loss of the crew in Honolulu Harbor in April 1915. The "Culebra cut" was a pass through the mountains c. 1913 in the construction of the Panama Canal; "slides" or cave-ins slowed its progress. The lives of 128 Americans were lost when a German submarine sank the *Lusitania*. The reference to the drowning of five Americans could be to the sinking of the English merchant ship *Arabic* in August 1915.

Chicago "Day Book": An experimental tabloid which took no advertisements and had only two short columns per page (1911–1917); its chief reporter was Carl Sandburg.

Mrs. Turner: Mrs. Mary Bordon (Lady Spears, 1886–1968), American heiress and writer, patron of Wyndham Lewis.

Vildrac: Charles Vildrac (pseud. of Charles Messenger, 1882–1971), French critic, poet, and dramatist; pioneer of free verse. *L'Effort Libre* (1912) was a publication of poems by writers such as Vildrac, Georges Duhamel, and Jules Romains which included translations from Walt Whitman.

Jouve: Pierre-Jean Jouve (1887–1917), French poet and novelist.

Monro: Harold Monro (1879–1932), English poet who founded the *Poetry Bookshop*, which published the *Georgian Poetry* anthologies (five volumes between 1912 and 1922) and the *Poetry Review*.

Wilenski: R. H. Wilenski (1887–1975), painter and art historian, later an adviser to Faber and Faber.

Mrs. Garnett: Constance Garnett (1861–1946), translator of such Russian authors as Turgenev, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy.

Arundel del Re: (b. 1892), Professor of Italian literature and in 1912 subeditor of *Poetry Review*. See his account of Pound reciting “The Seafarer” and eating rose petals, in *Paideuma*, 3 (Spring 1974): 85–88.

Ito: Miscio Ito (1893–1961), Japanese artist who danced the part of the hawk in Yeats’s *At the Hawk’s Well*.

Takahama Kori: Torahiko Kori (1890–1924), Japanese dramatist; Harley Granville-Barker (1877–1946), actor, producer, and dramatist.

Tagore: Sir Rabindranath Tagore (1861–1941), Bengali author whom Pound met in London in 1914.

pp. 9a & 9b: The two preceding pages of the letter.

8

ALS-5. 13 October 1915.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Dear John Quinn

After 30 pages on sculpture. Here are a few re/ magazine.

Orrick Johns has gone to St Louis. so he is out of the question— even if he would have done.

I think it quite likely that Goldring would go to New York if there were a definite job there for him.

A man with no “relations”, no ties to any gang of writers might be in some ways more useful than one with local affiliations.

2.

I wonder if it would be possible to make a really bold plunge and hoist the banner

“No woman shall be allowed to write for this magazine”.

—

It would be a risk. It would cause outcry, boycott, etc.

—

It would be most dangerous to mention the thought unless one planned to carry it through to the knife.

BUT

most of the ills of american magazines (the rot of mediaeval literature before them, for that matter) are (or were) due to women.

young women, old women (male & female).—
both those who write & those who are catered for.
sugar-teat optimism etc. etc.

give 'em the vote if you like but.

Mind, there are about six women writers whose work I should regret losing but the ultimate gain . . . in vigour. —in everything—might be worth it. —

Please let me have your own opinion. I don't think there's much use discussing it.

It would be a bold stroke. a few very intelligent people (women & men) would be pleased —/ —but whether there'd be enough of them to support us.

God knows.

We would start with fifty sworn vendettas agains us.

BUT

it might be worth it.

IF THIS DOCUMENT
GETS OUT OF
YOUR HANDS INTO
THOSE OF MINE
ENEMIES I SHALL
STARVE OR BE HUNG
AT ONCE.

yours
Ezra Pound

12 Oct. 1915

30 pages: A reference to his earlier lengthy letters on Gaudier-Brzeska's sculpture.
gone to St. Louis: See note on Johns in Letter 6.

II "Our Renaissance," 1916

"I like to spend money," Quinn wrote to Pound in March 1916. But he qualified this declaration by adding, "when I can afford it." Fortunately, Quinn was at the height of his career as a financial lawyer and spending freely. On his part, Pound earned Quinn's trust by being as businesslike as possible about dispensing Quinn's money on his favorite artists, keeping careful accounts and obtaining receipts when possible, and taking no more than £60 for himself. As he told Quinn on 18 March 1916, "I seem to be a universal committee for all the arts."

Quinn admired Pound for his enthusiasms. In reply to Pound's description of Wyndham Lewis's works (Letter 13), he wrote, "It does one good to get such a letter. I feel I have had almost as much pleasure in the reading of it as you had in the writing of it." But he was never merely following Pound's lead. His enthusiasm for James Joyce, for example, easily matched Pound's; and he understood the limitations of Vorticist art before Pound. Indeed, he frankly told Pound on 1 July 1916, "You and I were both sentimental about Brzeska."

There were many occasions for misunderstandings and disagreements in their correspondence. Sophie Brzeska obstructed Quinn's purchase of Gaudier-Brzeska's sculptures at every turn; the wartime shipping of the Vorticist show to New York became a costly and time-consuming project; and Quinn was disappointed in the quality of the works themselves. On a more personal level, Pound had to apologize for his harsh judgments on the Roger Casement trial when he learned the Irish "traitor" was Quinn's friend. The man who counted W. B. Yeats, Douglas Hyde, and Maud Gonne among his oldest friends, and who had energetically supported the Abbey Theatre and the Gaelic

League, was unlikely to agree with the young American about Irish politics. None of these problems diminished Quinn's admiration for Pound. Quinn generously looked for ways of helping Pound himself by financing a magazine that he would edit and by finding him an American publisher. The letters of 1916 show the development of their transatlantic friendship.

9

TLS-3. 5 January 1916.

Stone Cottage, Colemans Hatch, Sussex

Jan 5th.

address

5 Holland Place Chambers, Kensington, London. W.

Dear John Quinn

Cablegram to hand, re/ magazine. I am ready to spew two weeks' meals into the north Atlantic whenever you think necessary.

As to times and seasons. IF you get the cash I ought to be in London during April and May, *or during May and June*, to talk the thing up, insure social backing etc. if we are to have social backing which is all-important for England, and english sales. & on which I don't preponderantly count.

During July and August, certainly it will be impossible to send up sales of a new magazine, so that actual publication had better start in the autumn. If I came to America in June, this would give me three clear months or even longer.

If I have a few months here AFTER we are sure of the cash, sure of starting, I may be able to leave things in the hands of a deputy, indefinitely. Goldring may be conscripted but Eliot can't be, so that's solid. (Goldring *had* a commission but had to give up on account of financial pressure. He hasn't funk'd.)

Of course I'll come to N.Y. at once if you think desirable.

There would be certain advantages. With the prospect of sailing at once I could insist on seeing certain people here *at once* instead of peacefully waiting the opportune moment.

I think six months between certainty of guarantee and appearance of first number, would be about right. Not to go off half cocked. ????

Yeats has got hold of a new gang of plutocrats, I don't know what they're good for, save talk. He probably wants all the pickings for the OIrish TeeAter, still if you get *almost* the needful I might manage a

touch. . . . Don't feel at all sure. I think they'd be more useful as surplus than vertebrae.

Well. I remain, yours at the end of the cable, ready to pack on receipt of orders. If you get the cash *at once* I should plan to arrive on March 1st. That would, on the whole, be the best plan.

But if there is more delay than that, it would I think be advisable for me to stay here till June.

Thanks for New Year's wishes. Please take my best in return.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

it is probably too late for pro-ally propaganda. The war ought to be decided by autumn. —not over but settled.-----

P.S.

Horace Brodzky asked me for a letter of introduction to you last month. I did not want to saddle you with him, so I evaded, said I had only met you twice in my life and didn't feel free to introduce him. I however said I would send you his address and that you could then see him if you thought fit.

H. Brodzky, 507 West 130th St. N.Y.

He is an amiable bore with some talent. He and Goetler were the best things left in the London Group after the Vorticists and Epstein pulled out. That is to say he is below the best and better than the worst. I believe his life has not been crammed with good fortune. He knew Brzeska, that is perhaps his best claim.

new gang of plutocrats: Lady Maud Emerald Cunard (1872–1948) was a celebrated hostess whose gatherings included statesmen such as A. J. Balfour and H. H. Asquith and influential literary figures such as Edward Marsh and Alfred Austin.

Brodzky: Horace Brodzky (1885–1969), Russian-born American painter and art critic; friend of Henri Gaudier-Brzeska.

Goetler: Mark Gertler (1881–1939), painter associated with Roger Fry and the Bloomsbury group.

London Group: A group of Postimpressionist artists founded in 1913. Lewis and several of the Vorticist group exhibited with them in 1914 and 1915.

IO

TLS-2. After January 19, 1916. Preceded by a cable to Quinn of 19 January 1916 concerning the price of works by Wyndham Lewis.

Stone Cottage Colemans Hatch Sussex
address as usual
5 Holland Place Chambers,
Kensington, London. W.

Dear John Quinn

I have been up to London, and cabled from there on Tuesday.

Kermess £80. . next recommend five drawings @ £110 each, £120 the lot.

The Kermess is a big painting, praised by John, Marinetti (for what that's worth), Sickert etc.

The drawings are I think more important than the next oil painting available. Lewis calls anything not in oil a "drawing".

If you send over either £80 of £120 there will be enough cash on hand to pay advance for packing up the "representative vorticist show". And we will pack it at once and send it on. I think there has been all the delay anyone can put up with.

Shipping is subject to so much irregularity that I don't think you'd better arrange a definite date with Montrose until the stuff has actually arrived.

There is no actual settlement in the Gaudier matter. But I shall send over at least enough of his stuff to make the show "representative". .

Show will be Lewis' "Kermess" and a few oils, forty Lewis drawings. Wadsworth, Etchells, Roberts, Sanders. Your 30 Gaudier drawings. and some of the sculpture.

I mean I am not going to wait for the Gaudier show here. I'll send you some of the sculpture that has been shown here already. And keep enough here to do for a show if the stick-in-the-muds ever settle their bickering.

You will, in that way, have all the Lewis before you and you can choose your own drawings etc. .

It will be much better for you to have the lot in front of you. If the magazine comes off, I shall bring the drawings in my own trunk. But if nothing is fixed re/ the magazine in a month, then the VORTICIST show will be shipped, and you and Montrose can settle dates after it reaches N.Y.

I will try to send you galley proofs of the book on Gaudier in a few days, but I am not sure I shall be allowed to do so. One has to get a permit to send books out of the country unless one is a publisher. Hope you have received the first drawings. I sent i.e. Lewis 1. Etch-ells 1.

yours

Ezra Pound

John, Marinetti . . . Sickert: For Augustus John's and Walter Sickert's praise of Lewis's painting *Kermesse*, see Jeffrey Meyers, *The Enemy: A Biography of Wyndham Lewis*, p. 35. Lewis met F. T. Marinetti (1876–1944) during the Italian Futurist's visit to London in 1913.

II

TLS-5. 26 February 1916. Enclosure: Receipt from Sophie Brzeska to Quinn for purchase of Gaudier-Brzeska's sculptures.

Feb 26 Saturday.

Wilds of Sussex

Dear Quinn

I am snowed up and miles from a station and most of a mile from the post office.

Your cable has reached me with some delay. It is Saturday and March begins on Tuesday. Nevertheless Miss Brzeska and Chenue the packer will get instructions on Feb 28. and if they can arrange it four of Gaudier's things will start at once, insured and in an American ship.

There is no time to get anything save the statues I know Miss B. has in her own room at the moment. plaster pieces must be cast in bronze as plaster wont stand shipment. —bronze cant be exported so those pieces must wait.

I am offering her £180 for *Stags, Dancer, Seated Figure* and *Caritas*. And £55 for the *Singer* if she decides to part with it (she is however I think firm in reserving it for some Paris gallery if the Luxembourg don't want it.)

I shan't cable you till I hear what they have done. My bill for cables is getting beyond what I can manage myself in such lean times, and you will find it, or part of it, jammed into your account some time or other.

I enclose Sophie-Suzanne's receipt for £120, delivered to her by my mother-in-law on Thursday.

The £95 finished up the £150 on drawings.

////////////////////////////////////

I hope you dont mind my having sent Bronner to see you. He says you are "a fine chap". I think he is one of the few men who care about good stuff, and that he is not a man on the make. Also he has been in the ring for some time and might give us a good deal of help with a magazine if we ever get it.

In the interim I have *took up* again with the "Egoist".

They are to revive. At least I have made this bargain (bargain sounds a bit tight, because Miss Weaver was game and willing). any how I have sunk my differences on these terms.

They pay £50 to Joyce and £50 to Lewis, part of which I have got lent to them. And on that condition I send 'em a series of 12 articles free. As a matter of fact I am sending them 12 Dialogues translated from Fontenelle and 12 articles as well. This with Lewis' novel serialized and a wake up of their French correspondent may put some life into them for the coming year.

If I had £120, or so per year guaranteed for a year or so I might make something of the paper. If I gave them any more of my time I simply would have to allow myself £50 or £60 a year, and with £60 more to spend on contributors I think they would let me run all the paper except Dora Marsdens contributions. (I am not keen on her part of the paper, but after all it is her paper and she made it so one can't ask her to retire, besides she gets in a good part of the subscriptions—*why* I don't know.) I should keep on Madame Ciolkowska, and Aldington must I suppose be kept. I think that with the rest of the paper free one might make it readable. Of course I can't make any flat statement until I have seen Miss Weaver but, I think she would risk a larger printers bill if I could bring in some pay for contributors. Also with Lewis novel in the middle of the paper and Eliot, Joyce and myself added regularly to the rest of it, one might even make it solid in a couple of years. and at a price much less than would be necessary for a new and larger venture.

At least one could concentrate a certain amount of force on it, and if it got good enough Yeats and Hueffer would be added I think, at least occasionally.

I am much pleased with Miss Weaver for being about to publish Joyce's novel in volume form, since all the nincompoop publishers have been afraid to touch it. She is a quiet little Quaker, and certainly her mode of living is not luxurious but in the matter of these novels,

and of being ready to start publishing good literature, at her own risk with no chance of profit & a certain steady loss on the paper, she is very spiritedly following the lead of the *Mercure de France*. and also showing the curious vitality of this Island which people always say is on its last legs.

My announcement of Lewis' novel will be in the March number, the April will have nothing but the opening of the novel and Miss M[arsden], May number will start my articles and the dialogues. Even if you still think of swinging the transatlantic vortex monthly it might not be disadvantageous to gather what forces one could about the renewed *Egoist*. It would at least fill in the gap and there would be a reputable place to print anything valuable that turned up in the interval and couldn't be interred in the *Century*, the *Centennial*, & co.

Yeats is brrring in the next room. re-doing a lyric for his new playlet. He is doing an introduction for my versions of a few of Fenollosa's japane[se] plays. and I am highly honoured.

also we are to select the high and mountainous places out of old Pop Yeats' letters. Some of which are quite fine. I still see him on that elephant at Coney Island smiling with apostolic joy of a pre-christian prophet. that little book follows the Jap. plays at the Cuala press.

Also he (W.B.Y.) has a scheme for a Theatre-less stage—very noble & exclusive—his new play and a farce of mine are to be performed before an audience composed exclusively of crowned heads and divorcées in six or eight weeks time.

yrs ever

Ezra Pound

Bronner: Milton Bronner was a journalist on the *Kentucky Post* in 1913 when he began corresponding with Pound about his poetry.

bargain: Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* appeared serially in *The Egoist* from February 1914 to September 1915; Lewis's *Tarr* appeared in *The Egoist* from April 1916 to November 1917; Pound's "Dialogues of Fontenelle" (translations from Bernard Le Bovier de Fontenelle, 1657–1757) appeared from May 1916 to June 1917.

Miss Weaver: Harriet Shaw Weaver (1876–1961) financed and edited *The Egoist* and her *Egoist Ltd.* brought out the first English edition of *A Portrait of the Artist* after Quinn had arranged for B. W. Huebsch to publish it in New York. She later became Joyce's patron and literary executor.

Dora Marsdens contributions: Marsden (1882–1960) was editor of *The Egoist*, January–June 1914, and contributing editor thereafter. *The Egoist* featured her long articles on topics such as the "origin of mind" and "the philosophy of the 'real.'"

Aldington: Richard Aldington (1892–1962), Imagist poet and assistant editor on *The Egoist*.

Joyce's novel: The Egoist Ltd. published *A Portrait* early in 1917.

introduction for my versions: *Certain Noble Plays of Japan*, intro W. B. Yeats (Cuala Press, 1916).

Pop Yeats' letters: *Passages from the Letters of John Butler Yeats* (Cuala Press, 1917).

new play and a farce: Yeats's *At the Hawk's Well* and Pound's skit "The Protagonist," which was modeled on the Japanese *kyogen*, or comic interlude. See Pound's *Plays Modelled on the Noh*.

I 2

TLS-7. 29 February 1916.

Stone Cottage

Colemans Hatch

Sussex Feb. 29.

(returning to 5 H[olland]. P[lace]. C[hambers]. in a few days)

Dear John Quinn

Thanks for letter full of good news.

1.

I have not yet been able to get to the P.O. to telegraph that I can't get the five or eight pieces of Brz[eska]x. to you by March 15th.

2.

However I think Miss Brzx. is more hysterical than anything else and that there is no fear of her ultimately going back on us. She is full of noble ideals. . . . but *trying*. I think it will be possible to buy the stuff, though she may only sell it on condition that it is not to be shipped during the war. Your forceful lines on possession being 99 & 99/100% of the law relieves my own mind in the matter.

3.

On page 2 yours of Feb 14. you say you "wrote fully" about Brzx. and vorticist stuff for Montrose show. That letter must have been sub-marined or held up by censor. I received only a cable.

4.

I will try to settle everything with Miss Brzx. next week in London (I return permanently on the 6th) so that neither of us need have any more bother.

Ditto. with regard to Fry, I think £50 or £60 will clear up all he has left.

6.

I don't think there'll be need to cable much, re/ any of the three things you propose. or that even if I cable there will be any need of

the money being sent by cable. However I will make my wire explicit.

////////////////////////////////////
I am glad you like the Brzx. book. Thanks so much for the notice of errors. I am afraid it is through the press by now with some of them uncorrected. *I am glad* also that you are hitting it off with *Roosevelt*. It always pleases me when I manage to see straight in American affairs from this distance, , and perhaps it is some satisfaction to find that my head isn't absolutely useless when tried on something outside my own particular job.

Thanks for the trouble you are taking with the article. I almost got up my nerve to send a copy to T[heodore]. R[oosevelt]. myself, and then thought it would probably be dropped into his daily basket of letters from cranks, and thought I would wait [for] a proper introduction.

News of Henry James' death this morning. He'd done all *he* could, and his final rebuke to the present American government was I think very spirited for a man of his years.

No, I don't think Kandinsky the last word. He starts out with some few sane propositions, but when it comes to saying "blue = God", "pink = devil", etc. etc. we do *not* follow.

Gaudier's own "Mysticisme nuit à la vrai sensation d'art" is, I think, nearer the mark. Though perhaps it is not more than 3/4 of a truth. It is certainly very apt to bitch the matter. Certainly it (mysticism) succeeds in doing so if it is treated as of a different value from any other impulse or emotion.

//////////

Don't let me depress you with my elegy on lost youth. I don't *think* I said that life ceased to be worth living. I do think the artist loses something both from his life and his art which it takes the whole skill of a lifetime to restore. (or perhaps I should say a certain type of artist.) Landor hardly got control of himself till he was fifty.

It is perhaps only that at the start certain things come of themselves, without will, or half consciously, and that after a certain date they require a definite act or act of volition.

//////////

Yes, Lane published the Brzx book in New York.

I wish to God somebody could be stirred up to print a volume of my other essays on contemporary matters, plus some unwritten blasts. The old slobs of the age of Hen. VanDyke, and the private secretaries and ex-typists who have inherited the plena potentia of Harpers, the Century, etc. and the publishers of that era are all agin it.

I don't know that it will interest you so much, as most of it is on

literature, but still I would reprint my stuff on Lewis and Wadsworth. I should probably call the book

"The Spirit of the Half-Decade" (?? Am. humorists please copy "half-decayed" . . .) perhaps it would be necessary to find some other title. "This Generation" might be better. What you say about the magazine is very sporting and I appreciate it, as you may well know. You will find a few remarks on a stop gap (Egoist) in a letter written a few days ago.

(Damn the faintness of this ribbon . . . am going back to London soon.)

Returning to you[r] letter

I think the £1 50 you have spent on Gaudier drawings quite enough, but I will keep the liberty to extend it up my sleeve in case I need persuasion at any point. I don't anticipate any difficulties now the point re/ title is clear.

Thanks for the Roosevelt book, which you say is coming.

I am not surprised at Reedy's not publishing my article. I suspect him of being rather weak in the back.

In fact I wrote him to sit up or go to hell, only the day before yesterday.

Regards to Davies.

Guess thats all at the moment.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

P.S. I suppose I'd better ship the drawings at once? In an American ship?

Lewis has been old-maiding about his, not on account of submarines but because he wanted to ship them framed with glass (naturally not favoured by post office or anyone else). Last report he had got celluloid cases. Swears fixative will ruin the surface. He may have sent 'em since I last heard.

However I suppose your letter re/ Montrose show will arrive sooner or later & clear up those hesitations.

N.B.

BY THE WAY NEXT TIME YOU ARE EATING TEETHADORUS'S T. ROOSEVELT'S OYSTERS you might note that THE REAL TROUBLE WITH A LOT OF OUR COM-PATRIOTS IS *IGNORANCE* just BONE Abyssinian ignorance. And that two things that would help *slowly* but still help a lot are.

A. abolition of prohibitive tarrif on *books*
all tariff on *all* books.

B. International copyright. Old Putnam began on this last strain in 1830, but it aint been brought off yet.

the lack of these two obvious conveniences does one HELL of a lot to keep America in most of its extent a synonym for Jayville.

Alle samee no rialy-lode (rail-road) *in China*.

Other details re. Brzx. covered in letters of yesterday & days preceding.

Montrose show: A New York Vorticist exhibition was planned for the spring of 1916 at the Montrose Gallery, but the gallery eventually canceled the show.

Fry: Quinn was buying works by Gaudier-Brzeska from Fry's Omega Workshops.

Roosevelt: Theodore Roosevelt, U.S. president 1901–1909, was a friend of John Quinn, who was active in Democratic party politics.

the article: Pound's ten-page argument against America's neutrality in the war, "The Net American Loss," which Quinn was trying to have published. For the text of the essay, see Timothy Materer, "Ezra Pound on America and World War I," *Paideuma*, 18 (Spring and Fall 1989): 205–14.

James' death: Pound considered James's adoption of English citizenship in 1915 a rebuke to America's neutrality in the war.

Kandinsky: The Vorticist artist Edward Wadsworth (1889–1949) reviewed Wassily Kandinsky's "On the Spiritual in Art" (1912), with many excerpts from it in Wadsworth's own translation, in *Blast*, No. 1 (1914): 119–25.

Mysticisme nuit: See Roger Cole, *Burning to Speak* (p. 15), on Gaudier's opinion that mysticism harms aesthetic response.

elegy on lost youth: In *Gaudier-Brzeska*, Pound wrote about his nervousness at meeting a younger artist (the subject also of his poem "Villanelle: The Psychological Hour"): "Any man whose youth has been worth anything, any man who has lived his life at all in the sun, knows that he has seen the best of it when he finds thirty approaching" (pp. 45–46).

VanDyke: Henry Van Dyke (1852–1933), Presbyterian minister and Princeton University professor; he was a popular and sentimental author whom Pound ridiculed in "L'Homme Moyen Sensuel." (See *Personae: Collected Shorter Poems*, p. 239.)

Half-Decade: Pound settled on the title "This Generation," but it was never published.

Roosevelt book: *Fear God and Take Your Own Part* (1916), a collection of articles and speeches.

old Putnam: George Haven Putnam (1844–1930), son of the founder of G. P. Putnam's Sons, publisher.

I3

TL5-3. 10 March 1916. Enclosure: Letter by Pound to the Chenil Gallery concerning shipping Vorticist art works to New York.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Dear Quinn

Lewis has just sent in the first dozen drawings, they are all over the room, and the thing is stupendous. The vitality, the fullness of the man. Nobody knows it. My God, the stuff lies in a pile of dirt on the man's floor. Nobody has seen it, nobody has *any* conception of the volume and energy and the variety.

You won't get all this dozen, for my wife hasn't yet spent her Xmas money, and I think Lewis will give me tick. So New York, will get ten instead of the dozen.

Blake, that W. B. Y. is always going on about!!!! He (Lewis) has got Blake scotched to a finish. He's got so much more *in him* than Gaudier. I know he is seven years older. Ma che Cristo!

I have certainly *GOT* to do a Lewis book to match the Brzeska. Or perhaps a "Vorticists" (being nine tenths Lewis, and reprinting my paper on Wadsworth, with a few notes on the others).

I hope, as the stuff is going to N.Y. and as I don't believe you will let much of it come back, I hope that it will be possible to arrange say with the John Lane Co. in N.Y. to make the reproductions there, and send copies (sheet) to, say, Lane here., simply reversing the arrangements made with the Gaudier book.

This is the first day for I don't know how long that I have envied any man his spending money. It seems to me that Picasso alone, certainly alone among the living artists whom I know of, is in anything like the same class. It is not merely knowledge of technique, or skill, it is *intelligence* and knowledge of life, of the whole of it, beauty, heaven, hell, sarcasm, every kind of whirl-wind of force, and emotion. Vortex. that is the right word, if I did find it myself. Every kind of geyser from jism bursting up white as ivory, to hate or a storm at sea. Spermatozoon, enough to repopulate the island with active and vigorous animals.

Wit, satire, tragedy.

In all this modern froth, that's what it is froth, 291, Piccabia etc. etc. etc. Derain, even. & the french, there isn't, so far as I have had opportunity of knowing, ONE trace of this man's profundity.

Brzeska's "Jojo" sits impassively before me flanked by a pale Mulatto, and something (blue drawing) in spirit like Ulysses in a

storm passing the Sirens. If any man say there is no romance and no emotion in this vorticist art, I say he is a bleeding liar.

Years ago, three I suppose it is, or four, I said to Epstein (not having seen these things of Lewis or indeed more than a few things he had then exhibited.). I said. "The sculpture seems to be so much more interesting. I find it much more interesting than the painting."

Jacob said "But Lewis' drawing has the qualities of sculpture". (He may have said "all the qualities" or "so many of the qualities"., at any rate that set me off looking at Lewis.

(What the later quarrel with Jacob is, I do not know save that Jacob is a bloody fool when he hasn't got a chisel in his hand and a rock before him and Lewis *can* at moments be extremely irritating. (But then damn it all, he is quite apt to be in the right. Oh well, enough of this. You'll soon have the stuff before you.

yours

E.P.

10 March

1916

Blake: William Blake (1757–1827).

paper on Wadsworth: "Edward Wadsworth, Vorticist," *Egoist*, 1 (15 August 1914): 306–7.

291: Alfred Stieglitz's New York gallery (291 Fifth Avenue), which exhibited advanced art works.

Piccabia: Francis Picabia (1879–1953), French painter, a pioneer of the Dada movement; edited the journal *291* with Stieglitz.

blue drawing: "Study in Blue." See *Wyndham Lewis: Paintings and Drawings*, ed. Michel, plate 13. "Jojo" is a small stone carving of a faun by Gaudier-Brzeska.

I4

TLS-3. 13 March 1916. Enclosure: Draft of cable listing prices of Gaudier-Brzeska sculptures and informing Quinn that the cable office refused to transmit the names of the sculptures.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

March 13.

Dear John Quinn

Your cable to hand.

My letter of yesterday will have by now explained to you why my cable of Saturday 5:30 p.m. was so unsatisfactory and elliptic.

I couldn't have got down to the central office then, so no time has been lost.

I have spent this dreary morning convincing the Marconi company that my intentions are honest and have sent the enclosed cable. I don't yet know whether the censor will pass it.

However I took down the proof-sheets of the book and the illustrations of the statues so the Marconi co. at least, know that the names refer to sculpture and not to battle-ships, tonnage, etc. also the presence of my name on the title page, and yours in the list of contents to certify the existence of yourself and myself in connection with the sculpture.

Of course the matter ought to have been settled months ago BUT, owning nothing myself, I simply *could not* make the purchase until you wrote that you were satisfied with Miss B[rzeska].'s title to the stuff. if anything had gone wrong I never could have [made] it good as I don't imagine I shall ever have so large a sum of cash at my disposal.

Your orders were "take all steps necessary to get clear title", after a week's rushing about I found that the title was practically good but that it never could be technically perfect, or at least not till there was a settlement between Gaudier's parents and Miss B. which is difficult as they refuse to answer her letters, or take any notice of anything. etc. etc. etc. I tried through Hulme, and I waited about the halls of the French embassy trying to get an amiable but overworked secretary who had known Henri to arrange things. He said he had written to them. It may have been politeness and nothing more. Any how I finally bored him to death and he took refuge in being "not in".

I have also been more or less involved in the quarrel between Miss B. and Hulme, with whom I *had* been in friendly relations for six years and whose few verses I printed at the back of my "Ripostes".

None of which in the least matters, as my function in life is largely to observe human character, in action when possible, as in action it is more salient and apparent.]. My wife considers that Zofia B. is unique.

At present I have two books in the press, am editing a third. Yeats play has to go on, on April 7. and I have some undefined managerial function which consists partly in watching W. B. rushing about a studio shouting "Now NOW Now Now you really must etc. . etc. I am a *TIGER* when I get to rehearsing".

Enough for this afternoon.

Yours ever
Ezra Pound

"Vanity Fair" has changed its mind & is reproducing sculpture & one drawing of Gaudiers & 4 Lewis drawings not 5

overworked secretary: Possibly Paul Morand (1886–1976), a diplomat whose novels Pound later translated and who knew Gaudier-Brzeska.

Hulme: T. E. Hulme (1883–1917). Pound appended "The Complete Poetical Works of T. E. Hulme" (five poems) to his *Ripostes* in 1912.

books in press: *Gaudier-Brzeska* was published in April 1916 and *Lustra* and *Certain Noble Plays of Japan* in September. Pound was also engaged in editing *Passages from the Letters of John Butler Yeats*.

"Vanity Fair": The editor Francis Crowningshield asked for material for an article but never published it.

I5

TLS-2. 16 March 1916.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

March 16.

1916

Dear Quinn

Your welcome cable to hand (accepting 10 statues for £500). It takes a certain amount of worry off my shoulders. Though I am rather angry with Sophie-B for putting up the prices so stiffly. After all you have done and are doing for the arts I think you should get better terms.

Still the two stag drawings help to bring the balance even. And I suppose the fact that there can be no new Gaudier-Brzeska's will help to bull the value of what you have.

If she weren't so lunatic one might manage better, but she is jealous of Epstein, and therefore furious at the thought that Henri's things shouldn't be as expensive or more so. And then there is the swing of emotion which makes her want to keep things. You remember the parrot at the end of Flaubert's "Coeur Simple".

Also she says "Quinn can only find finished artists. I can go back to Paris and find some poor young artist, as I found Henri." (She may do it God help the poor artist . . . but still.) Any how she takes this ground to prove that it is better she should have the money than you, if there is any question about it.

Knewstub hadn't answered my letter. I phoned him this morning. He said he must write to you first. I told him to cable. He seemed very doubtful about getting anything packed at all. Men gone. Royal Academy wanting its frames. etc.

Eliot will bring at least part of the stuff. . I find it can be insured as baggage O.K. This will get over some difficulties. But he MUST be met at the dock. He sails on April 1st. Will cable exact arrangement. At any rate, there'll be enough in Eliot's trunk to be worth anybody's 25 cents admission. Brzeska, Sanders Roberts Etchells Lewis, drawings *some* colour. quite some colour. Wadsworth ought to charter an ark. Still I dare say it is all right. He wants to sent 5 paintings, 3 large colour drawings. and a set (12) of his wood cuts.

I think he over rates the American desire to spend. but he may know better than I do.

Of course about Knewstub. He is said to be Augustus John's personal property, and I dont know that he will be particularly anxious to promote vorticism. or to catch boats with his packing cases. etc.

yours

E Pound

"Coeur Simple": In Flaubert's tale, his character Félicité develops an extraordinary affection for her parrot, which she has stuffed and continues to cherish after its death.

Knewstub: John Knewstub, of the Chenil Gallery in London; Pound decided not to use the Chenil to ship the Vorticist works to New York.

I6

TLS-4. 8 April 1916. Enclosures: Note from Wyndham Lewis and receipt from Helen Saunders for Quinn's purchase of her "Island of Laputa."

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

April 8.

1916

Dear John Quinn

I.

Zophieah burst in yesterday a.m. Her mission being partly to enquire whether I had more drawings than belonged to me, partly to get stuff to show Marchant. Her intention being, as I make out, to hold her memorial show either at once (if possible) or in the early autumn and then turn over the stuff to the shippers for you.

2.

I enclose Lewis' note, in reply to mine saying that the show was to go to N.Y.; that £70 had arrived; that Welsh, Sibolian, negroid or fibroid, he was not to have it until the stuff was actually shipped. I don't

know whether you or your typist can read his letter, but in any case it IS much pleasanter dealing with artists than with Polish relicts.

3.

I enclose Miss Saunders receipt. In spite of her pride in "its businesslike appearance" she has forgotten to say what it is for.

4.

Re EGOIST, Miss Weaver is all for it right and hearty. Miss Marsden is "deliberating" and wants to consult some phantom directors etc. Miss Weaver is a good sensible female who is doing her bit to keep up the arts, etc. and she is the only person in the concern for whom I have any respect. Miss Marsden is some sort of fool, I haven't found out precisely which sort. The blob of her stuff on the front pages would always prevent the paper from being *really* satisfactory. So I am calling things off. I wanted to do them a good turn because of their behaviour about the two novels. Thanks to you I have been able to do them more than a good turn, but if they haven't sense enough to rise to it with some heartiness, it is not my fault.

I wish however that you could send £10 to Joyce. He was one of my leading reasons for wanting to start something at once. I think I have told you his story. Ten years teaching in Trieste, so as to be able to write as he liked without listening to editors, so as to be independent. Ousted by war, sick, subject to eye-rheumatism or something or other that makes him temporarily blind or at least too blind to keep most jobs. Well, I think his work damn fine. Have done a couple of articles on him, one in "Drama" for Feb. of this year, hope it may do some good. I don't want to say he is more worth while keeping up than Conrad, one can't compare an old man and a young one. Simply Joyce's mind interests me more, and I like his way of writing.

James Joyce, Kreuzstrasse 19. III. Zurich VIII. Switzerland

His brother is interned in Austria so *he* can't help him

Eliot will be a little disappointed about the Egoist, but I am afraid it "ain't good enough". He can wait for the "Male Review". I don't want you to feel a bit less leisurely about this than you would have felt if I had gone on with the Egoist as a stop gap. If you get it, all right, and if you don't get it there's no harm done. It is too late for America to be the slightest damn use in this war, and if she does anything creditable it will be because Mr. Woodhead Cowrow Codfish Wislon wants to be reelected NOT because America gives a damn about international law, civilization, sea-rights etc.

so the immediate incentive to propaganda is removed. Roosevelt can give chapter and verse of Woodie Willie's nobilities.

In the interim I can go on with my books which may do as much good as a series of Egoist articles, at least we'll hope so.

The things on the stays are

THE LEWIS BOOK
THIS GENERATION
POEMS.

Mathews is bringing out a new largist vol. of the latter here, and Small Maynard of Boston, who published my first American selection, ought to bring out a slightly larger one there. It is longer since they printed a volume. They had, and perhaps have a "whore" or "advisor", called Witter Bynner. The opposite force is a negro who writes in the Bawston Transcript

The "Vanity Fair" people seem alive, at least at this end of the wire. I don't know that they are any use save for publicity. They might know who would be the right people to put through the "Lewis".

yours ever

Ezra Pound

Zophieah: Sophie Brzeska.

Marchant: John Marchant, of the Goupil Gallery in London. Sophie Brzeska hoped he would hold a Gaudier-Brzeska memorial show, but it was eventually held in the Leicester Galleries, May-June, 1918.

re EGOIST: Quinn offered to subsidize *The Egoist* if Pound thought he could make it successful.

two novels: *The Egoist* serialized both Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist* and Lewis's *Tarr*.

couple of articles: "Mr. James Joyce and the Modern Stage," *Drama*, 6 (February 1916): 122-32; his next published article on Joyce was a review of *Portrait*, "James Joyce: At Last the Novel Appears," *Egoist*, 4 (February 1917): 21-22.

Conrad: Quinn owned most of the manuscripts of Joseph Conrad's fiction.

Roosevelt: The former president opposed the foreign policy of Woodrow Wilson. In a letter of 1 May 1916, Pound proposed to Quinn that *BLAST* might be revived as an "American Number" with Roosevelt as a contributor: "We could have a 'Do in Wilson!' symposium, and get it out before the election. . . . Perfectly willing to have Teethadorus R. himself write the *BLAST* Wilson, if he thinks his style is modern enough."

THIS GENERATION: Pound was planning a volume of his essays under this title.

Mathews . . . Small Maynard: Elkin Mathews (1851-1921) published an "almost unabridged" *Lustra* in September and an abridged text in October 1916; Small, Maynard and Co. published *Provença: Poems Selected from Personae, Exultations, and Canzoniere* in 1910.

Witter Bynner: (1881-1968), American writer; an editor for Small, Maynard, 1907-1915.

Bawston Transcript: William Stanley Braithwaite (1878–1962), a black reviewer and anthologist, wrote a negative review of Pound's *Provença* (in which he said Pound might have learned from Longfellow) for the *Boston Evening Transcript* in 1910. See *Ezra Pound: The Critical Heritage*, ed. Eric Homberger, pp. 75–76.

I7

TLS-5. 1 June 1916.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Dear Quinn

I certainly agree with you that the "preparedness" is muck. They have let the allies do the work and now that they think it is done and that they are safe they want to indulge the national taste in talking big. The quickness with which they get to it is the only element of surprise in the matter. They will have such a lot of fun *preparing*, after the danger is gone. Preparedness is bound to be popular during the next decade of peace.

Ireland? I suppose it was really Germany's best thrust, though I don't believe they saw how it would work. There is now, I think, no doubt that Germany betrayed the Irish rebels, nor that various under officials lost their heads.

I think there is in England usually a person with common sense *somewhere* in the machine if only one knows where, and that IF one has time one can find the sane person. BUT if you haven't time to get the right man, or if you don't know how, but mostly if you haven't time, you are in danger of anything, *positively anything* from a local magistrate or an "officer commanding" (apparently).

I don't suppose the underlings here are much worse, or very much better than in Germany or in America. There was that oil-militia affair. some years ago. in the U.S.

I think all the sentences save death sentences are temporary and that of course most of the people in jail will be let out soon after peace is declared. (I don't know why I go on writing about it, I'm not a specialist, but still.)

I don't know what is to be done with a person like Madame Markovitch, who has obviously murdered a number of people in an uprising which hadn't the ghost of a show, and had nothing but Germany's promise that Ireland was absolutely cut off from England by submarines, etc. etc., to put back bone into it.

I believe the rebels themselves only rebelled by a majority of one in their own committee. It's all such tragic futility. I am not in the least contradicting anything you've said in your letter.

One is never safe from fools. I suppose Skeffington was a damned irritating crank, and the man who shot him was certainly a damned imbecile.

I had a story from a doctor back from the front, of a thing early in the war. He said it simply depends on the *man*. On what sort of an officer you come up against.

Thus: German officer orders men who have taken trench to shoot the doctor & wounded. Soldiers refuse. Officer then walks up behind doctor who is busy bending over a wounded man. Blows out doctors brains, shoots wounded man, then shoots whole row of wounded. French boy who was helping doctor, rips up german officer's belly with broken bayonet. German soldiers cheer him.

Then the tragedy and irony. French reinforcements burst into trench, capture germans, see that doctor and wounded men have been killed, shoot all but about 30 of the germans (about 128 in all, I think) and send the rest back to tell what has happened, all this done before they find out from the boy what had happened.

There seems to be no doubt that Ireland has been bungled, but damn it all, all the brains in the country are turned onto something else. etc. etc. etc. etc.

You are dead right when you say the struggle is for something bigger than the rights of small nations, and that the self-preservation is more than the sentimental appeal.

In Ireland I think, purely from my own thought, and not from any news I have had, but I think there has been a lot of class feeling, unconscious or half-conscious, behind the stupidity. Damn it all, the government. i.e. the executive must *know*, I mean they must understand *why* things happen if they are to act intelligently. I[n] the case of the Irish outbreak they didn't know. Nobody seems to have known. Yeats certainly didn't know. He thought, as Birrell thought, that it was all fire-works. Though he has said for years that Pearse was half-cracked and that he wouldn't be happy until he was hanged.. He seemed to think Pearse had Emmett mania, same as some other lunatics think they are Napoleon or God.

None of which contradicts what you have said in your letter.

I think the difference between the treatment of Carson (was it so different?) anyway if it was different, it was different because Carson kept the government here informed of his reasons, I don't mean that an insurrection can keep the government informed of its plans, but if there had been enough brains in the Sinn Fein, Clan na Gael, to keep some sort of Benj. Franklin in London, I think the executions could have been stopped.

I don't know. I feel rather out of my depth in the matter, and perhaps should not write at all.

//////////

Blast would I am afraid be rather expensive, and I don't honestly think you ought to contribute at all.

I think it might be a lark, but I don't think there is any actual *need* of another Blast at this moment. When there is no actual *need*, a thing is excessive, superfluous, and therefore probably bad.

Lewis is under arms, Eliot has a small job, I think I am finding sustenance for Joyce and I myself shall, I suppose, rub along some how.

//////

I will take the two little statues down to Sheldon myself, and give them your page of instructions.

////

Thanks again for the bother about the books. I will, I hope, be able to send on the stuff for the vol of poems. shortly.

To get rid of Small Maynard, all you need to do is to demand a greater advance on royalties than they are prepared to give. As soon as they refuse you are free to offer the stuff to MacMillan.

Small Maynards right to have the first look at my mss. applies only to original poems, NOT to prose or translations. (They have merely a right to make the first offer. I don't have to accept their terms.)

It therefore does not apply to the Japanese and Chinese stuff.

////

Again, re/ This Generation. The book may not, after all, suit an old stodgy firm like MacMillan. Marshall may be the only man ready to print it. Of course it would be better to have all the stuff with *MacM.*

yours

E. Pound

1/6/16

"preparedness": Woodrow Wilson campaigned for reelection in 1916 on a platform of "preparedness" for war while his campaign claimed that "He kept us out of War."

Germany betrayed: In the Easter Rising of April 24-29, 1916, the Irish rebels were relying on Germany's military support.

oil-militia affair: A series of scandals culminated in the Supreme Court's dissolution of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) in 1911 for monopolistic practices.

Madame Markovitch: Constance Gore-Booth (1868-1927), who married Count

Casimir Joseph Dunin-Markievicz in 1900, was imprisoned in England for her part in the Easter Rising.

Skeffington: Sheehy Skeffington, a pacifist who was arrested by British troops during the Rising while he was attempting to stop looting, and was executed along with two other noncombatants.

Birrell: Augustine Birrell (1850–1933), chief secretary of Ireland, 1907–1916; English essayist.

Pearse: Patrick Pearse (1879–1916), Irish poet and leader of the Irish Republican Brotherhood who was executed for his part in the Easter Rising.

Emmett: Robert Emmet (1778–1803), Irish leader who was hanged after leading an abortive rebellion.

Carson: Sir Edward Carson (1854–1935), leader of Northern Ireland's resistance to Home Rule for Ireland. In 1914 Germany supplied him with arms for his Ulster Volunteers.

Sinn Fein: Irish nationalistic movement which grew rapidly after the Easter Rising. The Clan na Gael was the American branch of the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

Eliot: He began contributing to the *New Statesman* in June 1916. By 3 September 1916, Pound told Quinn he was less concerned about his favorite artists: "I no longer feel responsible for the welfare or upkeep of Joyce or Lewis, and Eliot seems to be getting on all right (though he is producing very little, practically nothing). . . . And W. B. Y. is getting too flighty, too subject to chimaeras to be much use in a compact fighting sheet."

Sheldon: G. W. Sheldon & Co., the firm that finally shipped the Vorticist works to Quinn.

vol of poems: Quinn was attempting to place Pound's volume but wanted to avoid using the Boston firm of Small, Maynard, which had published *Provença* in 1910.

18

TLS-5. 27 July 1916. Folio-size paper.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

July 27

1916

Dear John Quinn

MacMillain affair very much as I should have expected. I thought you would find a snag as soon as the anonymous blackmailer in their office warned them that I was myself. So we will weep no salty tears.

I think you will find a certain amount of real opposition to me. I don't think it is all my eye. I am even less acceptable than Lewis. And there is sense in the opposition. Business sense. If all your capital is sunk in Leighton and Tadema you don't encourage Cezanne and

Picasso. The minute people begin to realize a few simple facts which my work reveals they cease to swallow a lot of victorian slosh. That cessation will be very bad for certain ancient publishing houses. I quite recognize hatred and terror.

Now let me answer your questions.

Yr. letter July 14. page 2.

1. The volume "Canzoni-Ripostes" is not copyright in U. S. A. but enough of the poems are separately copyright to make it damd uncomfortable for anyone who tries to pirate it.

Part of Canzoni is included in Small Maynard's "Provenca"

2. S[mall]. and M[aynard]. imported sheets of Ripostes. But some of the poems are copyright independently of them.

3. New Arrangement would include the selection from Canzoni and Ripostes marked in copy sent you. I do not propose to have the rest of the book reprinted. I believe that S. and M. have sold off all the copies of Ripostes imported by them. They have no rights over the book.

4. I am quite free re/ "Lustra". Also I have a note from S. and Maynard's manager saying that he will not stand in the way of any arrangement I wish to make.

Re/ publishers, I really don't think I can give you any advice. Brentano WAS once alive. Dutton I believe to be dishonest. He has Dent's american trade. I think most American houses will simply put my stuff in the basement. They want best sellers, Charles Chaplin, Ethel M. Dell etc. They'd all rather be buggered than assist in enlightening the nation. I respect old Geo. H. Putnam. but I dare say they are too conservative to touch me with a ten foot poker. —Their dislike would spring from an honest conviction that I am wrong.

Yes. Some of the Jap plays have been copyright in the U. S. A.

The "Guido Cavalcanti" is all the "translations from the italian". Maynard has it for 20 years beginning 1910 or '11.

Most certainly NOT Kennerley.

I think really Brentano would be as good as anyone, but I simply dont KNOW. A new and young publisher who hadn't a consumptive wife might be as good as anyone and might really try or care. Beyond that I have no real belief that my work will ever be acceptable to more than 20 or 30 people in America until some years after my demise when the worst parts of me will be incarcerated in a green text book for the improvement of students and current-eventers and the rest baudlerized into nonentity.

2.

The books copyright in America are.

"Provenca" (a selection of poems from Personae and Exultations and

Canzoni (i.e. the first part, published before the English edition of Canzoni)

"Guido Cavalcanti".

Beyond that the only protection I have is that the magazines, "Poetry" etc. hold the copyrights of scattered poems for me and could therefore stop a pirated edition.

It would of course be a great advantage IF "Lustra" or a vol including Lustra and the selections from Canz. and Ripostes. could come out in the U.S. simultaneously with the English Lustra. Still "Poetry" is fair protection. AND considering the difficulty of finding a publisher at all I don't think piracy is very likely, in any case, save that some people would rather do a dishonest thing than an honest one.

There ought to be a decent copyright law in the U.S. AND there should be no tariff on books. I don't know whether I have written you *all* the *why*, or whether you have come on any notes of mine on the matter. I won't write the case at length until I know whether you are already convinced of the importance of the matter, or whether you want convincing. old *Putnam* has been fighting for this all his life/ also he must be a distant relation of mine. for what that's worth.

What about Huebsch as publisher. All I know is that he was ready to take up Joyce.

The Yale press seem to be dodderers.

I leave the whole thing to you. It is most kind of you to bother about it. And it is quite certain that whatever you do will be a dam'd sight better than I could have done for myself or than an agent could have done for me. BUT I think you have probably taken on a harder job than you may have suspected and that the hatred and opposition against me from the moribund generation may be stronger and more complex and more active than anyone not used to pseudo-literary cabala would suspect. Publishers' readers (failures in an old fashioned school), people with copyrights and "interest" in demodé stuff, etc. etc. etc. people who only "know how to do it the old way" all these people stuffed into all sorts of parts of the publishing machine. Just as stuffy as picture dealers with old stock. It is their bread and butter to prevent innovation and wider knowledge.

It is all perfectly "rational". If I didn't stir their opposition I wouldn't be worth my salt.

Again, what they don't understand they fear, and turpitude springs out of terror. Here's luck. and I hope for your sake there won't be too much trouble by the way.

I think I have answered the questions in your letter. I hope so.

I am not cabling you the word "Brentano". I doubt if my seeing

him would be the least use. If I can discover his address I shall perhaps go to see him. If I can't discover his address without cabling to N. Y. it will mean that he is embedded in some faction here that don't approve of me, and that he will be much more likely to listen to you than to me. ANY american publisher would be a damd sight more likely to listen to you than to me. I think any publisher anywhere will listen to a third person rather than to the author himself.

Sic. Heineman is stirred up about Joyce (though he don't suspect my hand in it). and Secker has made some sort of proposal to Lewis. Though neither of them would touch me, nor would they have touched Joyce or Lewis if either of those authors had approached them in person. instead of via me.

I don't believe in the "public". Liberty, equality, fraternity, democracy, all very well. I think there ought to be as much of 'em as possible. BUT art exists in spite of them—Any art that matters. Literature is the same as painting or sculpture. "Aristocracy" (a pink candle-shade stretched over cash) or cash erects a barrier around art and defends it long enough for it come into maturity.

This aristocracy, composed of a few artists, a few people who know, a small amount of money, has to subjugate a certain milieu. (snobs, people who want to be thought part of the aristocracy (aristocracy of culture, brains, society etc.). This subjugation is a purely unscrupulous process made possible by both the aspirations and the assininity of the subjected. The rest are a herd of sheep.

However I shall never be thrown into prison without trial as Voltaire was. I shall never be burnt at the stake for heresy as several nice people were in Spain so recently as 1758, so I have no heavy complaint against things in general. Neither shall I get £2000 subscribed for a book of poems, as Voltaire got for his first book of french verses, printed *in french in England*. So perhaps we are neither much worse or much better off than we would have been in the XVIII th. century.

Yours ever.

E Pound

27-7-16.

MacMillain affair: Quinn had been trying to convince George H. Brett of the American branch of Macmillan & Co. to become Pound's American publisher. Pound was already upset by the refusal of the English branch to publish his proposed anthology of world poetry. See Humphrey Carpenter, *A Serious Character: The Life of Ezra Pound*, pp. 308–9.

Leighton: Lord Frederick Leighton (1830–1896), Victorian painter and sculptor whose neoclassical style was admired by Queen Victoria.

Tadema: Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema (1836–1912), who painted scenes of Greek and Roman life.

Charles Chaplin: Humorous books by the film star Charlie Chaplin (1889–1977) were popular.

Ethel M. Dell: (1881–1939), popular English novelist.

consumptive wife: John Marshall planned to publish Pound's *This Generation*, but left publishing and lost Pound's manuscript when his wife became ill. See Donald Gallup, *Ezra Pound: A Bibliography*, E6b.

old Putnam: George Haven Putnam (1844–1930), publisher, author of works on censorship and medieval book production, editor of *The Question of Copyright* (1896).

"*Brentano*": Pound was to cable the word "Brentano" if he wanted Quinn to approach Arthur Brentano about becoming Pound's American publisher.

Heineman . . . Secker: Pound hoped that one of these publishers would bring out Joyce's *A Portrait* or Lewis's *Tarr*, but neither did.

Voltaire: Voltaire was imprisoned in the Bastille in 1717–18 and in 1726; his *La Henriade* (1728) was published by subscription in London. Pound was imprisoned by the U.S. government from 1945 until 1958, when an indictment of treason against him was finally dropped.

19

TLS-2. 15 August 1916. Folio-size paper.

Enclosure: Receipt from Wyndham Lewis for Quinn's purchases of *Kermesse* and other works.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Dear John Quinn

Rec'd £25. for Lewis. completing the £120 arranged for.

I enclose Lewis receipt for the preceding £25 (extracted from Sophie).

Davies seems to be some white man. Have read your brief, and should think you had pretty well smashed up the tax on munition making. Hope so at any rate. . A bill amalgamating Wilson and infantile paralysis might also be in order. Hughes seems almost equally unpleasant. Altogether a gloomy outlook.

Is there ever going to be a chance to go at the tariff on books? I suppose the fact that no "big interest" is concerned with getting it off, will make it eternally slow and difficult.

RE/ Casement. I am afraid I cant sympathize. I was very sorry that MacDonagh shot. Some of the men made a fine end. But Casement was an educated man who had been taking British money all

his life. He ought to have known better. He was responsible for the loss of a lot of life, absolutely innocent men on both sides of the fight.

Neither can I see any relation between his case and Fryatt, who defended his ship against attack, which is exactly what you or I would have done, unless we'd been scared. Any way its all over.

Again for Casement. The policy of calling in the foreigner to settle domestic disputes has been the ruin of Italy for centuries and of every other country that tried it. It is so bloody silly. DAMN! anybody with the least knowledge of history ought to know it is no use. I am glad Lansdowne is getting out of the government. anyhow if he really does get out. Though my opinion is not expert.

Oh well, its over.

I am glad you dont think me a fool re/ the Lewis stuff. The news that you like some of them will cheer him, as he is at present pretty well bored with gun drill.

Have just heard from Wadsworth who is at Mudros. He thinks his work will be interesting. Hueffer is in a field hospital from shell shock, or nerve shock or something due to shell bursting too close for detached and placid literary contemplation of the precise "impression and the mot juste required to render it."

Yeats is still in France. "feeding young rabbits with a spoon" according to last reports.

Jap play book has gone to MacMillan here, and they say it is to go at once to printer.

Cuala book should be ready soon. also Lustra only Mathews is so bloody slow.

Old Yeats' letters are I think quite alive and interesting. I enjoyed making the selection. Hope he will be pleased with the parts I have taken.

yours

E Pound

15/8/16

Davies: Arthur Davies was helping to arrange the Vorticist exhibition.

your brief: Senate of the United States, Committee on Finance, *In the Matter of the Protest of Munition Makers against the 8 Per Cent Excess Profit Tax* (1917).

Hughes: Charles Evans Hughes (1862-1948), Republican candidate who ran against Wilson for the presidency.

Casement: Sir Roger Casement (1864-1916), who was being tried for treason for attempting to arrange German support for the Easter Rebellion.

MacDonagh: Thomas MacDonagh (1878–1916), Irish writer who was executed for his part in the Easter Rising.

Fryatt: Captain Charles Fryatt, the skipper of a commercial ship, was executed by the Germans for attempting to ram a submarine. Strangely, Quinn thought that Fryatt's case resembled Casement's.

Lansdowne: Lord Lansdowne (1845–1927) was a Conservative member of Asquith's coalition government of 1915–1916.

fool re/ the Lewis: Although he liked the Lewis works at first, Quinn was disappointed in most of the Vorticist works that Pound had shipped to him. In a letter of 13 July 1916, however, Pound was already defending Lewis against Quinn's natural taste for bold colors: "I think however that Lewis with his fundamental realism, has been trying to show the beauty of the colour one actually sees in a modern brick, iron, sooty, rail-road yarded smoked modern city." In a letter of July 19, he told Quinn that the Vorticists were concerned with "form" rather than "colour-sense." See *Ezra Pound and the Visual Arts*, ed. Harriet Zinnes, pp. 238–39.

Hueffer: In July 1916 Ford was attached to an infantry brigade that fought in the battle of the Somme. See Arthur Mizener, *The Saddest Story*, pp. 291–94.

Yeats . . . in France: Yeats was staying with Maud Gonne and her family at Les Mouettes, where Maud's daughter Iseult introduced him to the works of Charles Péguy, Francis Jammes, and Paul Claudel. Pound wrote to Quinn on 3 September 1916 that Yeats "has been staying in bigoted circles in France and has got a new mania: French catholic dramatists. Gosh!" Quinn was an old friend of Maud Gonne's and was eager for news about her. On 20 September 1917, Pound wrote to him: "Yeats is back from Paris, bringing Maude Gonne, 10 canary birds, 1 parrot, 1 monkey, 1 cat, two members of M. G's family, and the hope that she will lead a tranquil life. She seemed very much pleased with a copy of 'Noh' that you had sent her, and I must thank you for this modus of introduction."

Jap play book: 'Noh' or *Accomplishment* (1917).

Cuala book: *Certain Noble Plays of Japan* (1916).

20

TL5-4. 19 August 1916. Folio-size paper; this letter is in the Jeanne Foster Collection at Harvard University.

[5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington, W.]

Aug 19. 1916

Dear John Quinn

Your[s] with the three cheques received. (£35, £16, £12). I think there will be no question about Etchells. He was praying for the boat to go down as he professed to think sales impossible and insurance very desirable.

I haven't any idea what Robert's address is. He is I believe somewhere in France. I will find out in time. . He wasn't here when

the show was shipped and I valued his stuff at a guess. I havent any idea what he expects. He is a wierd little animal.

I think your getting the guts of the collection all right.

Re/ Books.

Small-Maynard have *nothing to do* with *any* book of mine in *prose*. NOR with *the poems* I have sent you. i. e. "Lustra" and the poems marked in the vol. Canzoni-Ripostes.

They have 20 years right. to a set of poems called "Provença" & same to "Cavalcanti"—Translations. . beginning 1910.). Shouldnt worry new publishers to take these over. unless he very much wants to.

If I want to make a fuller collection I have a letter from their manager saying he will not stand in my way.

I think the vol. of selections from "Canz.-Ripostes" plus "Lustra", is the most advisable to propose now to an American publisher

Re/ the Jap book. I have my contract with the MacMillans here. They take the book for England and America, so that I have no dealings with the american house.

If Putnam took all my books for America the Eng. MacM's would no doubt be very glad to sell them the american rights of the Jap book, instead of letting them go to the U. S. MacM.

Kreymborg writes that he can get no answer out of Marshall. I have told him to go steal the mss. before the owners of Marshall's premises seize the whole stock and security for rent.

"This Generation" was however written on order and designed for a new revolutionary house, like Marshall, and I think it will raise the hair on the aged heads of any older firm.

I suppose Brentano has gone to sleep on Shaw-Ibsen and the year 1890. Kreymborg recommends Knopf. But Kreymborg is not wise in the affairs of this world and I shouldn't much trust to his recommendation. Knopf is probably the only publisher he knows.

I hope something will turn up for Joyce. Marshall was to have sent him an advance, which naturally never arrived.

///////

I can't see the Casement business from your angle. I wish they could have pardoned MacDonough. If they could have put Pearse in a lunatic assylum two years ago, it might have helped. But Casement ? I don't see. Not so long a[s] treason is a capital crime. I don't see how England could have presented his pardon to her allies, or on what ground it could have been based.

He was an educated man. The Germans presumably led him on with flattery, plus a mixture of ambition and sentiment. They certainly never intended Ireland to be free. They would have liked a naval base, very naturally. I suppose they did arrest him and ship him off to his death after they had got all they could out of him. It is exactly what they would do.

As for his "knowing too much". If he had known anything he certainly had plenty of time to tell it at his trial.

As for the senate's acting, I don't think anyone in America realizes to what an extent Wilson has effaced the U. S. A. from the map of the world. The American senate means about as much in Europe at present as does the state legislature of Iowa. Wilson has assed along. America has renominated him. They have put up a stuffed shirt against him. They are presumably preparing for the supreme ignominy of reëlecting him.

The nomination of Teddy might have brought America into the focus for a little. A few people might have thought there was a seriously active element somewhere. Hughes is of no interest. etc. I don't believe America can recover in a hurry. The capture of the Danish West Indies isn't tremendously impressive but it may satisfy the national lust for expansion and draw a graceful veil over the status of Mexico.

On this side there is the edifying spectacle of Lord Landsdowne. I find in Fenollosa's notes this tale of China.

In the early days the emperor asked the sage Wun to take charge of the Empire. Wun said he did not wish to hear of so filthy a matter as politics, he set off for the mountains, and washed his ear at the first stream he came to. As he was washing his ear another sage came down to the stream to water his cow. Wun told him what had occurred. He thereat drove his cow further up stream, considering that even the water which had washed out Wun's ear was, under these circumstances, polluted.

The Chinese have treasured this tale for something like 3000 years.

//////////

I have given Itow a letter of introduction. He [*corner of page missing*] good engagement with the Morosco Co. so he went [*corner missing*]. If you can understand his English. I like him better than Coomaraswami. In fact I like him a good deal, though I don't know that he has much conversation unless one can start him about Japanese plays etc. .

BLUE RURAL SCENE, found, O. K. My fault. I confuse[d] it with a beautiful blue thing called "The Forest" or "In the Forest".

yours

E Pound

19-8-'16

question about Etchells: Etchells was pleased that Quinn was interested in buying his work.

Robert's address: William Roberts (1895–1980), a Vorticist painter, was serving with a gunnery unit in France.

Casement . . . MacDonough . . . Pearse: See Letters 17 and 19.

senate's acting: Quinn hoped that the United States Senate would ask England to spare Casement's life.

Teddy: Pound agreed with Theodore Roosevelt's criticism of President Wilson's policy of neutrality (1914–1917).

Danish West Indies: During World War I, the Danish islands of St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix became strategically important, especially to guard the passage to the Panama Canal. Yielding to U.S. pressure, Denmark in 1917 sold the islands to America for \$25,000,000; they then became part of the U.S. Virgin Islands.

Lansdowne: See Letter 19; Lord Lansdowne's proposals for a negotiated peace were widely criticized.

Itow: See Letter 7.

Coomaraswami: Ananda Coomaraswamy (1877–1947), Indian author, scholar, and art collector.

BLUE RURAL SCENE: A drawing by Wyndham Lewis, which Pound mistakenly believed he had included with the shipment of Vorticist works.

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TLS-3. 31 August 1916. Enclosure: Receipt from Edward Wadsworth for Quinn's purchase of his woodcuts.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Aug. 31

1916

Dear John Quinn

Yrs Aug. 19. recd. . enclosure £40.

re/ Lewis.

I have just written to him.

Etchells accepts the £45 with pleasure (£35, plus £10) have just sent him the money this A.M., £10 by money order and the rest placed to

his account, as he is somewhere in the wilds, making them air-planes.)

I enclose Wadsworth's receipt, or rather his wife's.

I think the offer for Lewis is all fine and level. He will be a little disappointed about the "Kermes[se]" I think, but the exchange of it for drawings (at equal valuation) is rather in his favour *cashicly* and that ought to bandage the cicatrice.

Your "Times" article hasn't yet come, but your letter has just this instant got here, so that it is probably or possibly only the difference between letter and newspaper post.

Have not yet been able to trace Roberts.

RE. BOOKS.

I have written to Marshall, but if he has really done a bunk, it is no use. And I can't do the book over again if the mss. has disappeared. The alternative of waiting is to propose.

A. The Poems.

B. The American rights of the larger Japanese Play book being done here by MacMillan (.It has 15 plays in place of the 4 in the Cuala book, vide circular enclosed.) This would have to be negotiated with the English MacMillans. I would assist negotiations.

Better to have it with pubs. doing all my stuff. than smothered by the U.S. MacMs.

C. "Wyndham Lewis". you have most of the illustrations or at least half of them. (style of "Gaudier-Brzeska". shorter text.)

D. If they wanted more there is "Chinese Poetry" by Fenollosa and me, now under weigh. It is presumably to follow on here with Macmillan. And would contain "Cathay", in the Eng. edition, anyhow, and presumably in the American one if the same house did it. "Cathay", new Chinese translations, Fenollosa's profound essay on the Chinese written character as a medium for poetry, essays by me on chief chinese poets before "Sung" period.

E. I propose also to back up the Gaudier book, by a monograph on Greek sculpture before Phideas, H. Watt, the agent, has the profuse illustrations now in hand and is hunting an Eng. publisher. Text would be very brief. Tracing the development of forms (vorticisticly) in early Pisistratan stuff and before then. The "Moscophoras" is good. Greece had one really fine sculptor & has carefully forgotten his name. Encyclopaedia Britanica on g/= . sculpture is the "aunt sally"-----[By the way Flinders Petrie has just brought out a book on Egyptian sculpture that you will want. I haven't yet read it but he must *know* or he couldn't have chosen his illustrations so well.]

NOTE: That the inclusion of "Cathay" both in my collected poems and in the "Chinese Poetry" book offers a chance for fuss if the publisher don't understand it. The two books won't clash with each others sale. One is mostly prose with the poems as illustration. The other is my own poems with the Chinese translations included. I have no trouble about it here, as Mathews merely has "leave to print" so many copies of the poems.

Have just had a wire from W. B. Y., and expect him in this evening.

Perhaps "This Generation" will have been delivered by the time this reaches you. I can but hope so. Dont bother with the alternate suggestions unless you think it worth while. Kreymborg ought to burgle the dam place to get the mss—

Regards to Yeats Senior.

yours ever
E Pound

3/8/'16

Your "Times" article: "Roger Casement: Martyr," *New York Times*, 13 August 1916, sec. 5, pp. 1-4.

Marshall: John Marshall had left New York with his tubercular wife and apparently lost the manuscript of Pound's essays (*This Generation*).

"*Moscophoras*": The "Moschophorus," or calf-bearer, an Attic sculpture from the Acropolis.

"*aunt sally*": A puppet head set up, as at a fair, to be knocked down with sticks or balls; i.e., Pound proposed to attack the "Greek Art" entry in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. In a letter to Quinn of 3 September 1916, Pound wrote: "I should like to see China replace Greece as the bogy of antiquity, and egyptian sculpture (roughly) put in place of the Farnese bull [Graeco-Roman sculpture, Museo Nazionale, Naples] in the academic curriculum."

Petrie: Sir William Matthew Flinders Petrie (1853-1942), distinguished Egyptologist and archaeologist; professor at University College, London.

22

TLs-1. 13 October 1916. Enclosures: Receipts from Frederick Etchells, Helen Saunders, and William Roberts for purchases of their works by Quinn.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.
13/10/16

Dear John Quinn

I enclose various documents, re/ Etchells, Saunders, Roberts. All, as you see, very much pleased. Miss Dismorr is working in a hospital in France, I have not yet had any answer from her, but it can only be an acceptance.

I have been sweating through a libretto, which will "save the state". Dont know that there is much to report save that Coburn and I have invented the vortoscope, a simple device which frees the camera from reality and lets one take Picassos direct from nature. Coburn has got a few beautiful things already, and we'll have a show sometime or other.

I think so far as design and composition are concerned we'll be able to [do] pretty much what we like. Select the unit of design, cut out everything we dont want, and build the result. First apparatus clumsy, second one rather lighter,. Coburn dont want much talk about it until he has had his first show.

One should see the results first, and then have explanations. At any rate its a dam'd sight more interesting than photography. It would be perfectly possible to pretend that we'd discovered a new painter, only one's not in that line.

Am correcting proof's of J. B. Yeats' letters. His female descendents seem to think my selection a bit too virile.

yours

E Pound

libretto: Massenet's "Cendrillon," commissioned by Sir Thomas Beecham through Lady Cunard. See Gallup, *Ezra Pound: A Bibliography*, E6c.

vortoscope: Alvin Langdon Coburn and Pound held an exhibition of their cubist photographs in February 1917 at the Camera Club.

female descendents: J. B. Yeats's daughters, Elizabeth and Susan, Elizabeth published the letters at the Cuala Press.

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TL-1 [Unsigned]. Postmark: 31 October 1916.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Dear John Quinn

Lewis' next cheque is due. I hope to gawd it has been started toward this side of the atlantic. If it hasn't I shall be subjected to increasingly frequent metaphysical conversations re/ the time boats take to cross the atlantic, re/ whether Quinn will forget, whether, whether, etc, Theoretical knowledge on which matters is of no avail to me.

I shall have many points submitted to me, delicate matters, whether it would be courteous to "remind Q." etc.

The last time he was in, it took him about two hours to decide that one shouldn't "remind Q.". However I can stand the strain no longer.

There is no great news. Lewis has at last been delivered from the ranks and sent to Exeter to be trained as an Officer. He had a few days in London and finished up a few drawings.

I have had a chance to damn wilson through one column of the Times Lit. Sup.

Yeats goes back to Ireland this week. He is buying the remains of a castle.

"Lustra" has reached the press and the attacks will soon begin. The Quarterly Review has just heard of modernity and damns the lot indiscriminate, which is as it should be.

damn wilson: "An American on America" (review of William Morton Fullerton, *The American Crisis and the War*), *London Times Literary Supplement*, 19 October 1916, p. 494. For the text of this review, see Timothy Materer, "Ezra Pound on America and World War I," *Paideuma*, 18 (Spring and Fall 1989): 205-14.

remains of a castle: Thoor Ballylee in Galway, which Yeats bought as a summer residence.

Quarterly Review: Arthur Waugh, "The New Poetry," *Quarterly Review* (October 1916); see *T. S. Eliot: The Critical Heritage*, ed. Michael Grant, vol. 1, pp. 67-69.

24

TLS-2. 31 December 1916.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Sunday

Dec. 31

Dear John Quinn

Cable rec'd Friday night and cheque (£100) arrived by the last post yesterday.

Lewis duly pleased and relieved. It gives him good time to make his preparations.

I dont know that there is much news since my wail of a few days since. Roberts is still at the front. Hueffer in hospital. Young Al-dington went out with the Xmas draft, I believe.

W. B. Y. still at it, re/ the Lane pictures.

Please give my regards to Yeats Sr. if you see him, and tell him again that I enjoyed editing his letters, which should be in print and published fairly soon now.

Am at work on a long poem. Which last two words have an awful sound when they appear close together.

Naturally we are all anxious to hear about the Vorticist show, but there is no rush.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

Lane pictures: Hugh Lane (1875–1915), a nephew of Lady Gregory, owned a collection of French Impressionist pictures which he intended to leave to Ireland if a gallery would be built for them. When the Dublin corporation refused to build the gallery, Lane lent them to England's National Gallery. When he died on the *Lusitania*, a controversy over which nation should own the pictures resulted until an agreement was worked out to share the pictures between the two countries.

long poem: Early drafts of *The Cantos*.

III War and Civilization, 1917

The letters of 1917 record the most active and fertile year in the Pound-Quinn friendship. After two years of planning a renaissance together, they write more freely and intimately to each other; and Pound's letters, which are unusually personal and anecdotal, are some of the finest he ever wrote.

Quinn's support of Pound in 1917 was crucial to the poet both financially and spiritually. His offer to subsidize any magazine Pound took an interest in helped further the reputations of Eliot, Joyce, and Wyndham Lewis through publication in *The Egoist*. The long-delayed Vorticist show was held in January; and even though it was neither a financial nor artistic success, Quinn bought generously from the Vorticist artists. Quinn's support was most generous and effective when the *Little Review*, the journal that focused the modernist movement in English, became Pound's "official organ" with its May 1917 issue. Quinn also helped to publish some of the great modern works, such as *Poems by T. S. Eliot*, Wyndham Lewis's *Tarr*, and Joyce's *Portrait*. But Pound was Quinn's chief enthusiasm. After failing to convince the American firm of Macmillan to publish Pound, he carefully surveyed the New York publishers and recommended a "kid" named Alfred Knopf whom he was sure was "in the business to stay." Supported by Quinn's subsidies, Knopf published '*Noh*' or *Accomplishment* and *Lustra* in 1917 and was preparing *Pavannes and Divisions*—the first books by Pound published in America since the 1910 *Provença*.

Quinn lavished his attention on *Lustra*, telling Knopf that seeing it through the press reminded him of the times when he had helped prepare the works of his friends W. B. Yeats and John Synge. He commissioned T. S. Eliot to write *Ezra Pound: His Metric and*

Poetry so that Knopf could use it to publicize *Lustra*. His attention as a proofreader extended to details such as punctuation and type sizes, and he even convinced Knopf to drop the ill-drawn (as it then was) wolfhound from the title page. Most essential to Pound, however, was Quinn's belief in the importance of his poetry. Quinn had become Pound's ideal reader, the elite audience his art assumed. As Pound wrote to Quinn on 24 January 1917, his approval of *Lustra* meant so much because "I have always wanted to write 'poetry' that a grown man could read without groans of ennui, or without having to have it cooed into his ear by a flapper." When Quinn saw the early Canto I in the June 1917 *Poetry*, he wrote Pound that he read it aloud to his friends and was recommending that Knopf include it in *Lustra*. (He perceptively singled out the line "Give up th' intaglio method" for special praise.) The publishing of his Cantos in *Lustra* inspired Pound to revise them again, and Quinn cabled his reaction to the new drafts in a single word, "Stunning."

Since censorship problems became increasingly serious from 1917 on, Quinn's knowledge of the law was in demand if not always respected. Although he could indeed be prudish, he agreed with Pound that the artist should have complete liberty of speech (though not necessarily in a magazine). The English edition of *Lustra* had been heavily censored, and Quinn saw to it that the American edition included all but one of the original *Lustra* poems. Moreover, the one poem that even Pound agreed should be eliminated ("The Temperaments") was published in Quinn's privately printed edition. Thus the public could finally read Pound's account of Bastidides, the cuckold "who both talks and writes of nothing save copulation," and the "quiet and reserved" Florialis, who is in fact guilty of "Nine adulteries, 12 liaisons, 64 fornications and something approaching a rape."

The year ends with a censorship case serious enough to threaten the *Little Review's* existence. The October 1917 issue was suppressed by the New York Post Office because of the supposed indecency of Wyndham Lewis's "Cantleman's Spring-Mate," a story of a soldier who seduces a woman while waiting to be sent to the front. As in the suppression of D. H. Lawrence's *The Rainbow*, the war-time atmosphere contributed to the censorship. Indeed, Lewis's story could truly be considered subversive of the war effort because it reduced the battle not only between men and women but also between nations to an animalistic, evolutionary struggle. The reputation of the editor M. C. Anderson as a political radical also made the journal suspect to official eyes. What most disturbed Pound and

Quinn, however, was that Lewis's story might not have been noticed if Pound had not sent to the review, under the pseudonym Abel Sanders, a fake German document (see Letter 39). Although this ironic account of a plan to increase the German population was anti-German, it brought the issue to the Post Office's notice. The incident was annoying to both Pound and Quinn, but they both knew that the real battle over censorship would come in the following year over Joyce's *Ulysses*. They nevertheless persisted, communicating across an ocean in spite of censors and submarines, in building a culture that a world at war could not appreciate.

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TLS-3. 10 January 1917.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Dear John Quinn

The Dec. number of "Seven Arts" has just arrived. I don't know whether I owe it to you or to the editor.

I have just sealed up Fenollosa's essay on the Chinese Written Character, to send to them. It is one of the most important essays of our time. But they will probably reject it on the ground of its being exotic.

Fenollosa saw and anticipated a good deal of what has happened in art (painting and poetry) during the last ten years, and his essay is basic for all aesthetics, but I doubt if that will cut much ice.

Seven Arts looks to me as if it was riding for a fall. A fall between two stools or two hay stacks, or whatever it is things fall between.

All this desire for a compromise. Great Arts is NEVER popular to start with. They (Seven Arts) want to be popular and good all at once, . ????? !!!!!!!

The stuff they complain of is precisely the stuff (American or otherwise) that tries to please the "better" public.

Their facts are flimsy. The "cultured" man doesn't much read Jean Christophe (he can't), nor yet Wells. He does read Henry James, but he reads him with rigorous selection.

Nothing but ignorance can refer to the "troubadours" as having produced popular art. If ever an art was made for a few highly cultivated people it was the troubadour poetry of Provence.

The Greek populace was PAID to attend the great Greek tragedies, and it damn well wouldn't have gone otherwise, or if there had been a cinema.

Shakespeare was "Lord' somebody's players", and the Elizabethan drama, as distinguished from the long defunct religious plays, was a court affair.

Greek art is about as fine an example of UNINTERRUPTED decadence as one could want, and its decay keeps pace with the advance of popular power.

Seven A[rts]. dont seem to me much better than the Egoist, though you needn't say so publicly, as I want the Fenollosa essay published.

(Naturally I could use it in the Egoist, but I want to [be] paid for it. It's damn well worth it.) China is fundamental, Japan is not, Japan is a special interest, like Provence or 12-13 century Italy (apart from Dante). I dont mean to say there arent interesting things in Fenollosa's Jap stuff. (Or fine things, like the end of Kagekiyo, which is, I think, "Homeric".) But China is solid. One cant go back to the Exile's Letter, or the Song of the Bowmen, or the North Gate.

Yeats still hustling about the Lane picture bequest.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

10-1-'17

Fenollosa's essay: "The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry" by Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound was published in four installments in the *Little Review*, September-December, 1919.

Seven Arts: A little magazine edited by James Oppenheim which published Robert Frost, Waldo Frank, and Van Wyck Brooks. It began publishing in November 1916 as "An Expression of Artists for the Community." Pound is referring to the editorial in the January 1917 issue (pp. 152-56).

Jean Christophe: Novel by Romain Rolland (1866-1944) in ten volumes about the life of a musical genius (1906-1910). Rolland received the Nobel Prize in 1916. His essay "America and the Arts" appeared in the November 1916 issue of *Seven Arts*.

somebody's players: The Lord Chamberlain's Company.

Kagekiyo: A play in Pound's *'Noh' or Accomplishment* (1917).

Lane picture bequest: See Letter 24.

editorial discrimination, *but* it has enthusiasm, which does no harm if there is discrimination somewhere in the concern.

I hadn't thought of them before, because I supposed they were rather hostile to me, but it seems they ain't. Their format is more attractive than that of the Egoist. Also I think they are capable of receiving ideas, which Miss Marsden is NOT.

If they don't accept, perhaps I had better take up with the Egoist, unless your promised letter on Magazine contains some better proposition.

I like the tone of the letters from the L. R. At any rate it would be a regular stand, and wouldn't, couldn't waste a great deal of money. One would have the satisfaction of knowing whatever was spent went to authors and not to printers and landlords.

////

I hope my cable is lucid and not too short. I have not included Macmillan's request to "cable" request that Knopf send formal order and instructions as to shipping. He naturally will do that, I suppose. Anyhow you'll have got my letter, and Knopf should have got a letter from Macmillan, by the time the cable reaches you.

///

I refrain from reflections of the public situation as I don't want this held up in the censor's office.

The only way America can do *any* good is by cooperation, DAMN QUICK cooperation with the allies. I have naturally offered my services at the, or through the embassy here.

I don't think that need interfere with the magazine scheme, as I have about four numbers either in my head or on paper.

Thanks for your trouble about Macmillan. I hope today's cable, or at least this letter will clear up the last remaining doubts.

////

I sent three long letters in reply to yours of Jan 12 and have sent one or two brief notes since. Also some minute details re/ printing of "Lustra", to Knopf.

It will be a great comfort to have my American publication settled and regular.

///

Another advantage of the Little Rev. is that it is unknown among the people I meet here, and one would have a free field to begin in, unclouded by past sins and associations.

What subscribers I could get, would be new subscribers, addable to the existing 2500.

The editors say they pay the present cost publishing and occasion-

ally feed and clothe themselves. I should aim at making the magazine progress to paying its contributors without outside aid from subsidy. God knows how long it would take. If I get excited on receiving their answer to my long letter, I may burst into a cable to that effect.

Regards to Davies, Kuhn, and "J. B." the elder.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

8-2-'17

Sheets two shillings: Knopf published 'Noh' or *Accomplishment* in June 1917 with sheets imported from Macmillan.

columns on "Noh": A review of the Macmillan 'Noh': "Japanese Mysteries," *London Times Literary Supplement*, 25 January 1917, p. 41.

half a number blank: The September 1916 issue was blank from pp. 1-13, with the first page announcing that "*The Little Review* hopes to become a magazine of Art. The September issue is offered as a Want Ad."

my long letter: See Letter 4 (26 January 1917) of *Pound/The Little Review*, ed. Thomas L. Scott.

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TLS-3. 26 March 1917. Enclosure: Contents page for May 1917 *Little Review*. This is the second of two letters to Quinn dated March 26, 1917.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.
March 26.

Dear John Quinn

Here are my story and Lewis' imaginary letters, and Eliot's mss for your perusal if you've time, and to be passed on to Miss Anderson for the May Number. If you approve the magazine scheme.

I have sent her my opening editorial direct, also a translation or rather adaptation from a poem by Jules Laforgue (as I wanted one poem at least in the first number).

I wonder if Father Yeats would like, or would permit, me to make some further excerpts from his letters to W. B. Y. and print them now and again. NOT perhaps as "extracts from his letters to W. B. Y.," but as "paragraphs chosen from inedited writings by J. B. Yeats" or some such title, if he felt that magazine publication of his letters would be rather a violation of his privacy.

I think there is still some good stuff in the letters, though I think I have put the real sperm of them into the Cuala book.

//////////

As you can see, there are three installments of Lewis in this batch. I've an imaginary conversation between Rabelais and an American student for my own contribution to the June, hypothetical, number, mss. needs a few finishing touches only.

I should do a "Noh" play for July.

Miss Anderson's address, in case you haven't my other letter at your elbow, is "Little Review"

31 West 14th St.

////

Father has written me re/ "A Lume Spento". He will probably send you my letter. I don't want him to give up his only copy. He cares more about my stuff than any one else possibly can. If the idea of wanting it was anything more than a kindly thought on your part designed to put some cash in my pocket, I will try to find a copy somewhere or other, but I don't know that I can. I have sent Dad the names of a few people who may have copies.

////

Sunday April 1.

Elliot has brought in his installment, and I have had to turn to and type it. He gave up his teaching at Xmas to be free to write, he has now had to stick himself into a bank to recoup, so that he has had very little time to get through this opening chapter. (Also he still gives a weekly lecture, to some sort of University extension affair.). However I think he has created his instrument, in this chapter, His two queer chaps are quite real, and I think they will be an excellent pair of pincers wherewith to pick up and display certain present day types and characters. They remind me a little of Bouvard and Pecuchet, but it happens that he has never read that book, and anyhow they are quite different.

There is a suggestion of a repetition between his first and Lewis third article, but they will appear two months apart.

I hope you are going to approve the scheme, as the prospect of it alone, has already been creative, and this stuff of Eliot's and Lewis would not have done at all but for the chance of starting.

Also my dialogues. I did part of the second one this A.M., Poggio in a sixteenth century bath house. I hope it will divert you.

I shall tackle W. B. Y. for some poems.

/// Note revised order of contents, enclosed. This is the one to be followed, and supercedes the one I sent to Miss Anderson. ///

yours ever

Ezra Pound

imaginary letters: The *Little Review* published a series of Lewis's "Imaginary Letters" (May 1917–April 1918) in which Lewis's persona William Bland Burn discourses on such topics as sex, revolution, and Russian literature.

Eliot's mss: "Eeldrop and Appleplex, I," in which the characters are in part modeled on Pound and Eliot: *Little Review*, 4 (May 1917): 7–11.

Laforgue: Pound's "Pierrots: Scene Courte mais Typique (After the 'Pierrots' of Jules Laforgue)," *Little Review*, 4 (May 1917): 11–12.

Cuala book: *Passages from the Letters of John Butler Yeats*.

imaginary conversation: "An Anachronism at Chinon," *Little Review*, 4 (June 1917): 14–21.

"*A Lume Spento*": Pound's first book of poetry, published in Venice in 1908 at his own expense. Quinn wished to acquire what was already a very rare book. In a letter of 17 April 1917, Pound wrote that Quinn should have the copy if it was an extra and not his father's only copy: "I have had my fun out of the book. I sat over the one man press on which it was printed, in Venice, and hunted for the paper with the owner of the press, Antonelli. The printer taught the boys printing in some sort of an industrial school. It was very different to the machine-like process of sending one's stuff via a publisher and seeing nothing until the proofs arrive."

bank to recoup: Eliot resigned his teaching position at Highgate School at the end of 1916 and took one at Lloyds Bank in March 1917 while continuing Monday evening tutorial classes.

Bouvard and Pecuchet: The characters in Gustave Flaubert's prose satire *Bouvard et Pécuchet* (1881).

Lewis third article: One of Lewis's "Imaginary Letters."

Poggio: Pound's imaginary dialogue of a student with Gian Francesco Poggio Bracciolini (1380–1459), Italian humanist: "Aux étuves de Weisbaden [sic], A.D. 1451," *Little Review*, 4 (July 1917): 12–16.

28

TLS-3. 3 April 1917.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

April 3

1917

Dear Quinn

Yeats' has promised me *eight* poems for the June number.

That ought to help with the "cultured" reader.

The mss. for the May number started for you yesterday. We hope you'll approve 'em and the scheme generally.

So much for the magazine.

//////////

2.

WAR. Has my native land got a job for me. The prospect of reaching

Verdun, two years after the cessation of hostilities, via Missouri and the Mexican border, does not appeal to me.

Neither does it seem sensible, at a time when *all* possible cabin- and hold- space is wanted for transport, that I should return to America in order to reach the kontinong of Urup.

I sent my name etc. to the Lambassador, and received a note of thanks. Meaning, I judge, that the receipt of my letter would be duly recorded and forgotten.

Is Roosevelt coming to France? If so can I get "took on" as interpreter, liason-officer, correspondent or *anything*.

I have french, italian, spanish, and some german. I suppose Americans who have lived in Paris for ten years speak french, *some* of 'em better. Still I have walked through the country. . . . not, I admit, the precise parts where things are going on, but still I have seen some rural france off the railway lines, and got on extremely well with the people I rubbed up against.

I know also a small chunk of the Italian front. At least the Verona, Lago de Garda country, having lived about there.

I have also some mathematics, which might help me to learn artillery if there were any liklihood of the war going on long enough for America sufficiently to train new officers for technical work, which looks to me extremely unlikely.

I think the real use she can be will be in transport. In organizing some system of *direct supply*. I.E. straight from the factory to the particular section of the front where stuff is wanted. Schenectady to Salonika, Bethlehem to Judea, Pittsburg to Bordeaux for the Belfort Verdun line, etc. etc.

That sort of service should start at once. There are of course plenty of shipping experts etc. who would be more use than I should, still my knowledge of the languages should be useful, and I certainly could help at this sort of work. Which looks to me more like real participation in the war *at its present phase* than the part likely to be played by any American troops save those of the standing army, supposing that they are sent over at once.

.

Perhaps affairs in Ireland have put you off the whole business???? . At any rate let me hear from you on the subject. And if you are lunching with T. R. you might mention the matter.

////

It wont mean my breaking off the magazine, at least not from present indications. The first four numbers are pretty clearly arranged,

///

For what it's worth, I have always been told that T. R. and my grandfather were on the same side of the fight in the party convention of '84. . . . I don't know whether he is susceptible to this sort of sentimental contraption. It was, to say the least, a long time ago. hastily [done?]

yours ever

Ezra Pound

3-4-'17

eight poems: The following Yeats poems appeared in the *Little Review*, 4 (June 1917): "The Wild Swans at Coole," "Presences," "Men Improve with the Years," "A Deep-Sworn Vow," "The Collar Bone of a Hare," "Broken Dreams," and "In Memory"; the seven poems that make up "Upon a Dying Lady" appeared in the August 1917 issue.

WAR: America officially declared war on Germany on April 6, 1917.

grandfather: Congressman Thaddeus C. Pound of Wisconsin (1832–1914).

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TL5-5. 18 April 1917. Enclosures: Letter and note from James Joyce; Pound's own bibliography of his works to be included in T. S. Eliot's *Ezra Pound: His Metric and Poetry*.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W. 8.
April 18.

Continuing yesterday's letter just posted to you.

Dear Quinn

"The New Republic" has come. the title "Green Sickness" and the paragraph on "mortal sin" seem to me the two back-handers in the thing. Perhaps in less degree the phrasing "never even thought of plot or importance of consulting the reader". This latter paragraph and the one on Wells give Hackett away. and should not harm Joyce. The title is a dig. Some of the other things you have marked don't seem to me vicious. His saying that the novel is "unpleasant" is balanced by the next pp. which says it has beauty and intensity. (Which is more than most constipated reviewers would do. especially if they were disappointed novelists instead of being disappointed in other walks of litterchure.)

I don't much like the opening sentences. However the tribe of Gosse all think the public has to be apologized to for the existence of genius *in any form*.

I hope you aren't going to be offended by my remarks on artists and patrons in the editorial I sent direct to Miss Anderson. I was wroth with the editorial in Poetry on the same topic. H. Monroe seems to think that if her Chicago widows and spinsters will only shell out she can turn her gang of one-ball'd freeversers into geniuses all of a onceness. Hence my remarks on the inability of patrons to create artists. I may have phrased it a bit crudely. But I think what I said is so, and that if the words are examined closely the meaning holds good.

////

I am rereading your article on Joyce. Do send copies to official circles. ?? possibly to the English Ambassador in Washington. It ought to do more good than anything else I have seen on Joyce. Good also to me, the Egoist, Picasso, etc.

Re/ what you say of the books being most intelligible to Irish Catholics. / did I write you that a female married to a Belgian, said the whole thing was just as true of Belgium as of Ireland :: with of course necessary substitutions in the matter of Parnell etc.

I am neither Irish nor Catholic, but I have had more mediaeval contact than most. —through Dante and my Provencal. I have read a 12th century Provencal sermon about hell, same model as the one in "The Portrait", same old hoax.

I dont put myself up as a sample of how the book will strike most people.

But I do think Joyce has done his job so well and so thoroughly that he conveys the milieu of the book, and that an Irish Catholic with local knowledge has very little advantage over the outsider with good grounding in literature when it comes to understanding "The Portrait".

(That sentence is written nearly as badly as some of Hacketts)

This may not be so. My uncle-in-law couldn't understand parts of the conversation, or at least found them difficult. And he is extremely well read. It may be my having read Dante and (a few paragraphs of) Richards St Victor, and Guido Cavalcanti, that make me so much readier to take in the novel, than some other people seem to be.

I wonder if he *has* read Balzac many times. I read about a dozen books of Balzac's ten years ago, but I can't read him now.

I also wonder if he has read Flaubert and the DeGoncours, or if his hardness isn't a direct development from the love of hardness bred by reading Dante, or, possibly in his case, Aquinas. (I have not read Aquinas, but I have looked through a good book of scholastic logic, by something-Agricola)

His hardness is more like "La Fille Elisa" than like anything of Balzac's, I think.

I enclose bibliography. I have put in the dates of a few critical articles "pure matter of literary history".

I have taken damn small part in the current diarrhoea of muck concerning "vers libre" (*ver* meaning worm and *slibre* meaning oozy and slippery . . . à la Alice in Wonderland). I don't think an unessential matter of that sort would have been raised to the pitch of a Martin Luther—John Calvin church-schism, but for the crass ignorance of magazine editors, critics and publishers at the time I began writing. Ignorant opposition caused a stoppage, and now follows an inundation. I think the simple table of dates may tell the story in a quiet way, if anyone wants to hear it. It is better than writing diatribes against the unstable.

////

Later. I have compiled the bibliography. It is in a beastly mess, but let Knopf straighten it out or retype it.

///

I enclose another note from Joyce which has just come.

I didn't tell him the magazine was settled but only that there was good hope, and asked him to send me a note on chance. Please have Miss Anderson print either his brief note, or a notice saying he (Joyce) has written to say that he will collaborate at the earliest opportunity.

I think with Yeats poems, Lewis, Joyce, Eliot, and the chance of a few "young", the Little Review is worth going on with. I have added J. B. Y's letters to the bibliography, may as well note it, though my introduction is only a page. Still it may sell a few copies for Cuala. Perhaps you'll be good enough to forward Joyce's question about his eyes to Gould, with the other data I sent you. That is if Gould is still alive. Vide the end of Joyce's long letter enclosed.

More later.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

Hope you like J. J's limeric p. 2 of his illegible letter.

18/4/17

"Green Sickness": François Hackett's review of *A Portrait* in the *New Republic*, 10 (3 March 1917): 138–39.

artists and patrons: In his "Editorial" for the *Little Review*, 4 (May 1917): 3–6, Pound asserted that genius cannot be created and that therefore "the patron is absolutely at the mercy of the artist." He seems to be answering a number of Harriet Monroe's editorials, especially "The Future of the Magazine," *Poetry*, 9 (October 1916): 33–35.

article on Joyce: Quinn's "James Joyce: A New Irish Novelist," *Vanity Fair*, 8 (1917): 49, 128.

Parnell: Charles Stewart Parnell (1846–1891), Irish statesman whose fall from power helped to convince Joyce and Yeats of the political folly of the Irish.

uncle-in-law: Henry Tudor Tucker (1866–1943), Dorothy Pound's uncle.

St Victor: Richard of St. Victor (late twelfth century), Scholastic philosopher influenced by Neoplatonism and praised by Dante.

Agricola: possibly Rodolphus Frisius Agricola (Huysman), 1444–1485, who wrote *De inventione dialectica*.

"La Fille Elisa": Edmond de Goncourt's naturalistic novel (1877) about a young woman who becomes a prostitute.

Gould: Dr. George Milbry Gould (1848–1960), Pound's ophthalmologist; writer on medical subjects, biographer, and poet, whom Quinn considered a crank. On 13 April 1917, Quinn disparaged Pound's notion that he could give "long-distance medical advice."

J's limeric: On the subject of Stephen Dedalus of *A Portrait*; see *Pound/Joyce*, ed. Forrest Reid, p. 106.

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TLS-8. 19 April 1917.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.
April 19

Dear Quinn

Rec'd carbon copies (mailed March 24) of your letters of March 15. Re Vorticist Painting. and of March 24. re contract.

I had rec'd the originals O.K. and have been replying to them and the other letters. Which replies I hope you will have by the time this reaches you.

/////

On again going through your correspondence re/ Hackett. I think it can go to Joyce. WITH your cable, saying you had received "good letter from him".

My impression on first reading it was that several of the allusions might offend him, but I think with the cable and a note from me, the thing is all right.

I was also afraid, from one reading of the letters, that Joyce might get some quixotic idea into his head, that Hackett had some right to a commission, and that he might try to return £10 or £8 to him.

I shall introduce your pile of letters with a simple statement to the effect that: "Hackett, having no mortal right to the mss. tried to collect commission at the outrageous rate of 50%, and that you have flayed him (Hackett) "as per enclosed".

I think that will cover the ground.

I sent your article and F. Hackett's, yesterday. The bank takes till tomorrow to cash the £20 draft, so I will have to wait till then to send it. They have seen those drafts before and often enough to know that they are *good*. However my balance consisting of £7/15 belonging to Roberts, £6 belonging to the committee on the production of Japani-Celtic-mask-dancing-Ainley-Itow-Hawkswel drama, £1/17/6 personal, is probably becoming too complicated for their taste.

////

About Hackett's original share in getting Huebsch to take the Portrait. I have completely forgotten. Certainly the Yale Press did write to me re/ NOH, and I wrote and then they wanted to see "full mss". and put it before a committee, and said they were hard up, etc.

As I had not submitted full mss. of Spirit of Romance to Dent, nor of "Brzeska" to Lane. As in fact I had not submitted a line of either book, I was on the point of telling them to go to hell.

Then Macmillan took the book, so I didn't write at all.

I cant remember, but I think I recommended the Yale press to take Joyce. Then what happened between Miss Weaver and Hackett, I dont know.

But, didn't Huebsch write to Miss Weaver, and then didn't Hackett simply pass on the mss.

I really dont know. I was under the impression that he did at least say a good word for it.

Value £10. according to Mr. B. Hacketts estimate. Talk about GOLDEN silence.

1 page mss. £20

1 jaw by Hackett £10

Balance due J. Joyce £10 £10

mathematically punctilious.

Lincoln-like, Wilson-like as usual. O patria mia.

I think that does finish answering all your letters up to and including that mailed on April 3.

The Vanity Fair article ought to do J[oyce]. a lot of good.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

19 april

1917

P.S.

Grosvenor Gallery private view Royal Portrait Painters yesterday. London in much gayer mood than since the beginning of war. The advance has cheered everyone.

Epstein, Yakobb, exhibits a *painting*, a portrait, a *merditious*, excrementitious, Matisse and shitsmearish portrait.

I shall be writing about Derwent Wood as the SCULPTOR, if this sort of thing continues. At any rate his meticulous head of somebody rather like Henry James did look as if it was made of stone.

To think that I should have lived to see another Boldini hung upon a wall, a pink-shaving-lather-and-safety-razor Boldini. And works of Augustus, and Yakobb therewith hanging in consort and company. And a real if dilapidated duchess just leaving, and a full length smear of Lady D. and seated in profile Lady M. both by the rising smearer McEvoy., one yellow, and light, the other red and dark with large earrings.

The same that I tried to write of.

The stalls.

Her face was almost Italian

But her voice Covent-Garden-Spanish

"Oh, my *dearh*, have you ever observed such ear-rings?"

"NO, my dearh" I have never observed such ear-rings."

And a red (i.e. polish red chalk) line, pseudo-Raphael-at-his-best-period-demi-Kricher-in-the-"Sketch", line portrait of the same Lady D. with a tragic, or at any rate concentrated expression of countenance.

Oscar himself would have been satisfied, and Villon (however inebriated) could not have enquired the road to the snow-drifts of last winter.

E. P.

As you know, I am reported to have abandoned rhyme. and my attempts are exceeding unskillful. I however tread the disused path as follows:

The ex-Irlandais that hight Hackett

Attempted to purloin Joyce's jacket

But the Godly J. Quinn

Forestalled him in sin

And purloined Hackett's hindpart to smack it.

I do not use these classic forms with Joyce's ease and felicity. Aliter, try again:

In a life so lacking in condiment

I confess I am smitten with wonderment

At the curious neatness,

At the "lightness and sweetness"

With which Q. has smacked Hackett's fundament.

That is ENOUGH for the present.

The rhymes on "commission, decision, perdition, elision",, are too numerous to lend might to a limerick,

penitently yours

E. P.

you made a jolly good selection of one poem from J's poems in your article. Better than I did in my first little anthology

4/19/17

Post, post, post, post scriptum the nineteenth.

Along with all my other thanks, thanks again for your offer to send copies of my books to friends. Most of mine cant afford 'em. I think however that they are capable of appreciating what is sent. I would suggest the following intelligent indigent.

Fred Vance, Vance Studios, Crawfordsville, Indiana.

(He is a poor devil of a painter, possibly not a bad painter. Ten years in Paris, and then a return to Ind. where he and his father do "decoration". I have mentioned him in my long poem. Not by name.

Miss G. Baxter, 561 W. 180 st. New York.

mentioned before.

Joyce (naturally) Seefeldstrasse 73, III. Zurich VII.

(It occurs to me that he may have asked to have that money sent via, me, because he wasn't sure of keeping the same address, and didn't want the money sent to a place he might have left. He could notify me of change much more quickly than he could you.

Prof. W. P. Shepard, Hamilton College. Clinton, N.Y.

(might buy copies, but he cant make a hell of [*sic*] at his job. He gave me a private course in Provencal during my senior year, from sheer interest in the subject, plus kindness, as I couldn't have possibly paid for his time.

C. T. Chester Lebanon, Pa.

(Printed my first article, during his "great year", i.e. when having failed as a parson, he got a job as editor, for one year. He is

now raising chickens. He did about three years work for Wanamaker in that one year, then having made the machine, (i.e. the "Booklovers" which is Wanamaker's catalogue,) they decided that their vulgar little bitch of a high school graduate could make it more popular. They sucked him dry and then chucked him

///

M. Bronner 310 Windsor Place, Brooklyn, should get
REVIEW COPY FROM PUBLISHER

///

Mrs W. P. Henderson (Alice Corbin) will always buy my books but I dont believe she can afford it.

Sun Mount, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Dr Clarence G. Child, Dept. of English

Univ. of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia

is about the only other person who has any excuse for not buying them if he wants them. I should always like him to see anything I did. As for Weygandt he can damn well pay for what he gets.

Child was always "sympathetic" and tolerant. I dont mean "pity-ing" I mean sympathetic, ready to grant I had a trace of intelligence. Weygant afraid I should think I might do something. Schelling is a rather late convert. He was generous in his praise of "Cathay".

At any rate all the people in this list are "white folks", and they wont chuck the books on the dump heap.

I'll attend to Joyce myself after the war. Just now it is hard to send printed matter to him. Save through the original publisher. This applies also to american press notices. I dont know that what I sent off yesterday will reach him. My permit is properly for mss. to America, and for publication. Thanks again for your offer.

E. P.

Hackett: When B. W. Huebsch published Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist* in America, he worked from *Egoist* sheets which contained corrections by Joyce. Quinn wanted these sheets for his collection of Joyce's manuscripts. E. Byrne Hackett, who had been at Clongowes school with Joyce, conveyed the corrected sheets to Huebsch. (He was the brother of the Francis Hackett mentioned in Letter 29.) Hackett, who owned a New Haven bookstore, kept the sheets, and Quinn complained that they were Joyce's property. A bitter argument between Quinn and Hackett ensued until the insulted Hackett returned the sheets to Huebsch, who in turn gave them to Quinn once Joyce had accepted payment for them. The correspondence over this incident is reprinted as Appendix B of *Pound/Joyce*, ed. Read.

Ainley-Itow-Hawkswel: In the performance of Yeats's *At the Hawk's Well*, Henry Ainley played Cuchulain and Michio Ito the guardian of the Well.

Royal Portrait Painters: The private view of the National Portrait Society on 19 April 1917.

Derwent Wood: Francis Derwent Wood (1871–1926), English sculptor whose "Henry James" was purchased for the Tate Gallery in 1914.

Boldini: Giovanni Boldini (1845–1931), Italian society portrait painter, who exhibited a portrait, "Mrs. Leeds," at the Grosvenor show.

McEvoy: Ambrose McEvoy (1878–1927), English artist who painted portraits of Lady Diana Cooper ("Lady D."); "Lady M." is Lady Maud Cunard.

Kricher: Ernst Ludwig Kirchner (1880–1938), German expressionist painter.

one poem from J: In "James Joyce, a New Irish Novelist," Quinn quoted poem xviii from *Chamber Music*; Pound had chosen "I Hear an Army Charging" for his anthology *Des Imagistes* (1916).

Vance: Fred Vance, a friend of Pound's during his time at Wabash College in Crawfordsville, was a painter who had worked in Paris and Rome. See James Wilhelm, *The American Roots of Ezra Pound*, pp. 176–78.

Baxter: In a letter to Quinn of 9 February 1917, Pound asked Quinn to meet a sculptor named Gwen Baxter, who would profit from meeting Quinn and painters such as Davies and Kuhn. She was a sister of Pound's friend Viola Baxter.

Shepard: William Pierce Shepard, professor of Romance languages at Hamilton College and Pound's teacher and friend.

Chester: The Reverend Carlos Tracy Chester was the pastor of Pound's family church and his close childhood friend. The article he refers to seems to be "Raphaelite Latin," *Book News Monthly*, 1 (September 1906): 31–34. See Gallup, *Ezra Pound: A Bibliography*, C2.

Bronner: See Letter 11.

Henderson: Alice Coburn Henderson (1881–1949), associate editor of *Poetry* (1919–1916) and its co-founder.

Child: Clarence Child, one of Pound's teachers at the University of Pennsylvania.

Weygant: Cornelius Weygant, an independently wealthy professor at Pennsylvania who annoyed Pound by asking him for a free copy of one of his books. See *Selected Letters of Ezra Pound*, ed. D. D. Paige, p. 99.

Schelling: See Letter 6.

31

TLS-1. 30 April 1917.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.
Monday April. 30

Dear Quinn

The last account in the papers, is that Roosevelt is to bring over something or other.

As I have before indicated, my slop knowledge of French, Italian, Spanish, with a smear of German, and once a faint reading knowledge of Portugee, ought to be of some use, plus having walked about in France outside of the city limits of Paris, and ditto. North Italy. God knows where anyone will be sent.

I should like you to speak to Theodore if you find it convenient.

The sensible thing would be to have him request that I be sent to France *now* to pick up what I can, attached to some division, I suppose,

The same bright idea re/ training seems to have occurred to Joffre. vide this mornings papers.

They asked me at the embassy if I knew French slang. I dont think anybody knows the new war vocabulary unless they've been actually in France. Ditto. the technical vocabulary, which is not to be got from DeMaupassant.

My profession will not be against me, with the French, nor even my appearance.

yours

Ezra Pound

Roosevelt: In February of 1917, Theodore Roosevelt asked the Wilson administration for permission to recruit a division similar to the Rough Riders to fight in France, but his plan was rejected.

Joffre: On 29 April 1917, Marshal Joffre stated that it would be better for America to send a single American unit to France immediately rather than wait until an entire army could be transported.

TLS-5. 15 May 1917.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W. 8.

15 May

1917

[*Written in left margin and at top of letter:*] Birrel said
 "After all its only the old story of Tom Moore & Rogers."
 unfortunately one cant quote publicly the kind remarks of
 elderly statesmen, amiably made in private.

Dear John Quinn

I wrote gently to Knopf yesterday as I thought the omission of a dozen poems from the galley proofs was due to your having *not* given him the unabridged proof-sheets which I sent for the basis of negotiations.

HOWEVER I have since remembered that he wrote to you saying he had compared his "Lustra" with your numbered edition, and that his had all the poems in it. SO HE HAS ONLY GOT HIMSELF TO BLAME. The poems *must all* go in. The chief joy in having an American edtn. is to get them all done. Mathews be blowed.

I can make one exception in the case of "The Temperaments", but I don't believe it would have been noticed *if* the unscarred proofs had gone to Knopf. It is only when underlined that it raises question.

I am strongly suggesting that Knopf print 150 copies with it in. The numbered "Lustra" (English ed.) is already up to £1/1, so Knopf would more than get his cash back, on pulling 150 copies with that poem in.

As for the omissions *which are his fault*, fortunately only two of the poems are more than a few lines long, SO IT ISNT A NATIONAL CALAMITY, especially as he expects to insert several more poems in the galleys anyhow.

I also strongly recommend the inclusion of

IN DURENCE (from "Personae")

and PIERE VIDAL OLD (From "Exultations")

These weren't included in the Small Maynard selection (Provença), They will supply the *note* of the early work, and make the Knopf volume, complete in feeling, even if a dozen or so other early things are left out.

Just keep a firm hand on our friend, and see that *they get in*. Father will supply text, if he hasn't done so already.

the inclusion of "THREE CANTOS", the last stuff I have done, will

make the book a good deal stronger than the inclusion of the early work would have done. And bring it up to date, and also put into it "hitherto uncollected" matter.

There are also the "Impressions of F. M. Arouet" to go at the end of the Lustra section. They must be in. He (Knopf) can call the next section either "Earlier Poems, published before 1912". *I think this preferable.* (Or "Canzoni", 1911) which is less exact, seeing that I have omitted most of the volume called "Canzoni" and all the poems which are properly called *canzoni*, i.e. the copies of old Provençal and Italian forms.)

And thanks again for your trouble.

////

Have sent off this a.m. what I think is some fairly live stuff for July number of magazine.

And am now blind-drunk with correcting the Lustra proof sheets.

///

Have definitely nailed some more Yeats poems for Aug. or Sept. number of Little Review. SOME quality of the space *is* limited.

///

Have a story, and also the best piece of theoretical prose Lewis has ever done, now in reserve for Sept. and Oct. Cracking outburst that he intended for a preface to a collection of his short stories. Publisher went to front and got killed. Hence availability of mss. for us. It has been lost in the office of dead publisher's ex-landlord for nearly two years. so we are lucky to get it.

Egoist seems to want Eliot, so there'll be a buttress for L. Review, there.

Also, as I wrote, we have got about double the amount of space at our disposal, i.e. double what we should have had if I had taken the Egoist offer last year. or L. Review without having Egoist offer on the shelf.

Egoist for controversy. L. Review for creation. Both necessary to the complete culture and education of etc. . . . suffering humanity.

////

If Davies or Kuhn want to do some small line blocks for L. R. to introduce themselves to the elite of the London cognoscenti. Turn 'em on. It is not a very flattering proposition for them, perhaps, but I want 'em to [word missing] we are "at home" to 'em.

I take 'em on your recommend. I can fill my pages from this side, without any assistance, and am, as you are, suspicious of Washington Sq.

You seem at times a bit more than suspicious. Bloodydamn-

downright certain you seem sometimes about N.Y.'s bo-hemian talent.

////

Met the mad Cole at 11 other evening. He lifted me in to see his pictures. Good lot of Innes. Innes rather interesting, I think, for his school.

A lot of people seem to have cribbed from him. First time I had seen his stuff. Perhaps a little too suited to ALL the Mayfair drawing rooms.

//////

Hope Knopf will use GOOD PLAIN caps. at the beginning of poems. I don't want any wreathes and cabbages.

Having read my collected words from cover to cover, or galley to galley proof this day. I am about ready to shut up.

yours ever.

Ezra Pound

15/5/1917

Birrel: See Letter 17.

old story: The Irish poet Thomas M. Moore (1779–1852) and the English poet Samuel R. Rogers (1763–1855) were both victims of literary censorship, as Pound was with *Lustra*. See Canto LXXXII.

omission of a dozen poems: Knopf's edition of *Lustra* added the poems that had been censored in the English edition as well as additional poems such as the "Three Cantos."

Mathews: See Letter 16.

"*The Temperaments*": This was the only *Lustra* poem left out of the Knopf edition, but it was included in the private edition of sixty copies that Quinn had printed for his friends.

story . . . theoretical prose: "Candleman's Spring-Mate" was published in the *Little Review*, 4 (October 1917); "Inferior Religions," a statement of Lewis's theory of comedy, was published in the *Little Review*, 4 (September 1917).

Kuhn: Walt Kuhn (1877–1949), New York painter and a friend of Quinn and Arthur Davies.

Washington Sq.: Quinn disliked the literary and artistic bohemian atmosphere associated with this part of New York City.

mad Cole: Horace de Vere Cole, wealthy friend of Adrian Stephen at Cambridge who with Virginia Stephen (Woolf) impersonated Abyssinian royalty and successfully hoaxed the English navy.

Innes: James Dickson Innes (1887–1914), Welsh landscape painter. Quinn had a number of his works.

TLS-II. 17 May 1917.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

May 17th.

1917

Dear Quinn

Copy of letter of Apr. 13. re/ Joyce. rec'd

Original already rec'd and answered.

Letter of Apr. 29. and in same envelope, two of May 3. Also second letter of May 3d. rec'd. together with cuttings (full pages) from N. Y. World. And copy of Vanity Fair with Joyce article.

I feel repentent for the number of letters I have contributed to the flood which is drowning you. AND I have sent you such a lot during the past week. About one a day it seems.

However there's not much to answer in 'em.

At any rate don't bother to answer. I think the only matter is now to see that Knopf gets all the poems into the book, as per. ninety letters already despatched.

///

I got back the Fenollosa big essay from Seven Arts long ago. It has been accepted by the English Editor of the Monist, but I have not heard whether it has passed the Chicago editor.

The Seven Arts wanted it *cut*, made light and airy, I suppose. I haven't answered them.

///

I don't mind their having my old poems, let Knopf collect whatever he can from them.

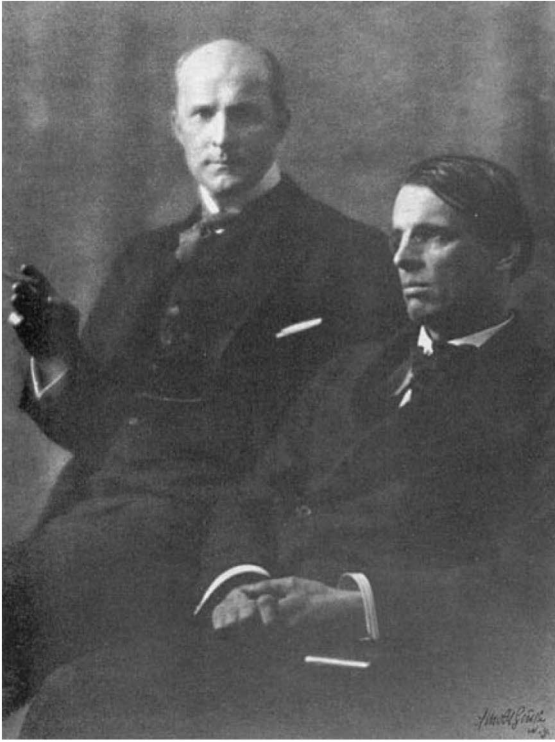
I want the Little Rev. to make things grow. I mean I don't want to print stuff already done, but to call up stuff that wouldn't get done unless the L. R. was ready for it.

The Chinese Essay is too long to use in it. It would block everything else for three months at least. I shall only use it in the L. R. if compelled to do so. IT, the Chinese essay, MUST of course be printed, somewhere.

I shall hold off the "Noh" play also, so long as there is original stuff to go in. Eliot thinks my July dialogue better than my other two things. I have not published your connection with the affair. I thought you might want it kept dark. Thinking you might be too busy I wrote, about three weeks after my first letters to Miss Anderson, telling her if she had not heard from the guarantor, you would be able to get the mss. from him for her for the May number.



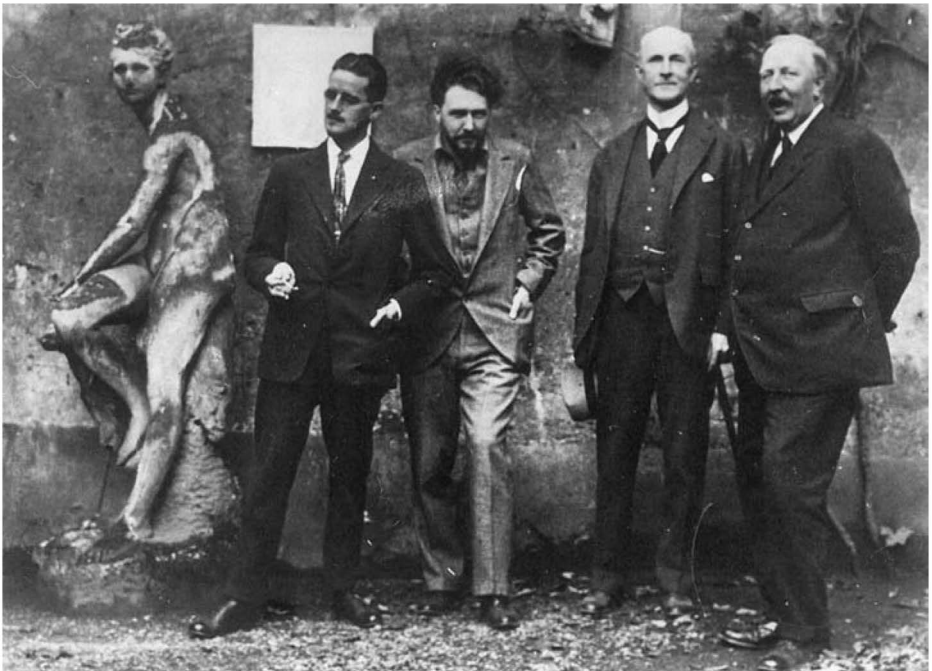
**1. Photograph
of John Quinn.
The John Quinn
Memorial Collection,
New York Public
Library.**

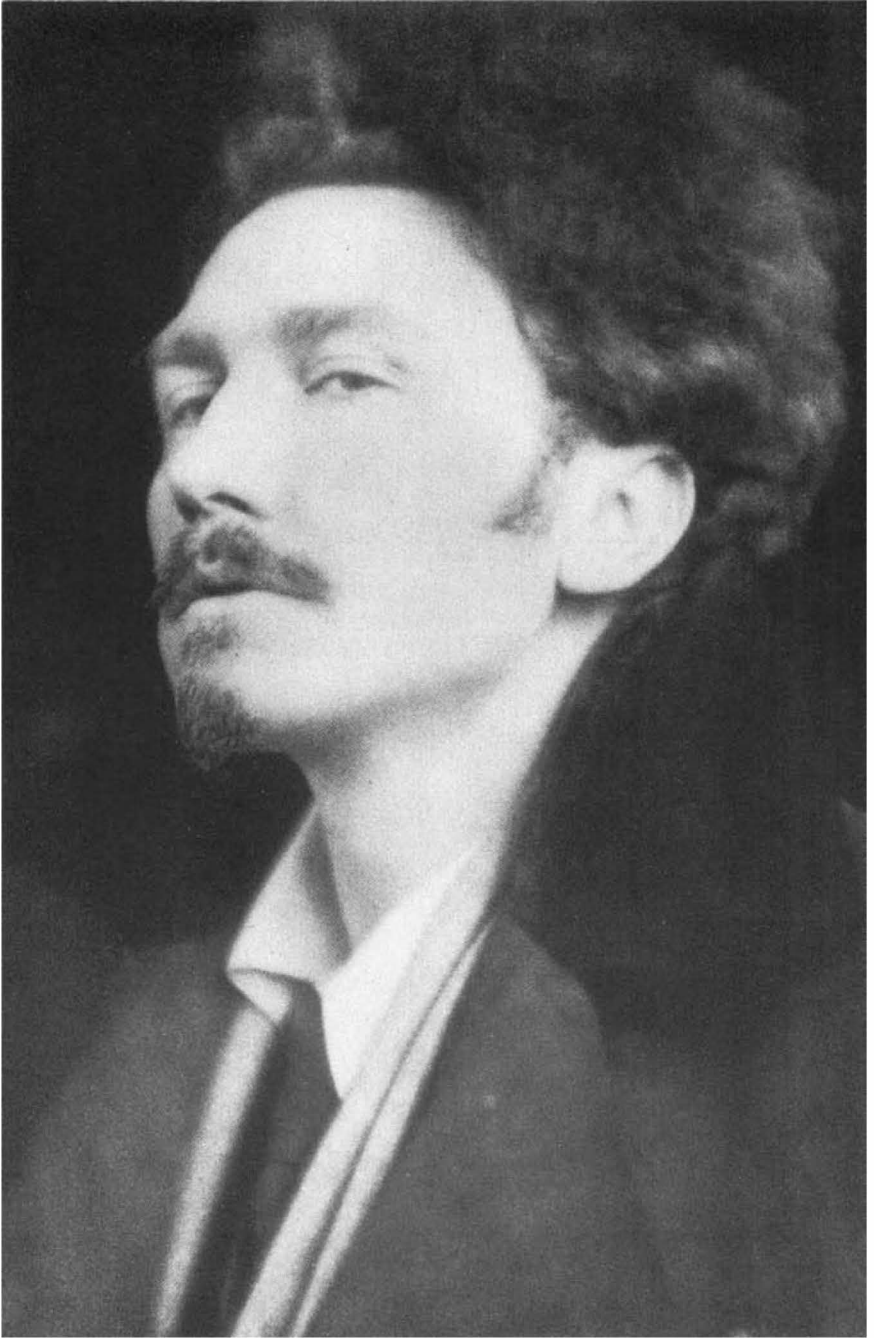


**2. Photograph of John Quinn and
W. B. Yeats by Arnold Genthe
(1914).**

**3. Photograph of John Quinn with
James Joyce, Ezra Pound, and Ford
Madox Ford (next to a statue of
Diana in Pound's courtyard, 1923).**

**The John Quinn Memorial Collection,
New York Public Library.**





4. Photograph of Ezra Pound by

E. E. Hoppé (1918).



5. Portrait of Ezra

Pound by Wyndham

Lewis (1919).

Courtesy of the

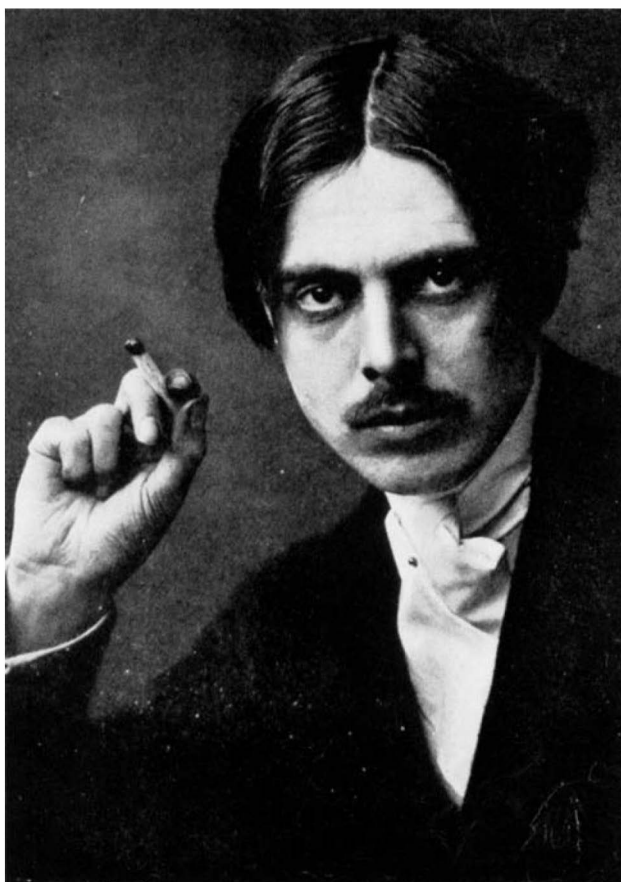
Estate of Mrs. G. A.

Wyndham Lewis.

6. Photograph of

Wyndham Lewis

(c. 1914).





**7. Composition from
Wyndham Lewis, *Timon
of Athens* (1912).**

**Courtesy of the Estate
of Mrs. G. A. Wyndham
Lewis.**

**8. T. S. Eliot by
Wyndham Lewis
(c.1930). Courtesy
of the Estate of Mrs.
G. A. Wyndham Lewis.**





9. Henri Gaudier-

Brzeska sculpting

the *Hieratic Head*

of *Ezra Pound*.

Photograph by

Walter Benington

(c. 1914).

10. Henri Gaudier-

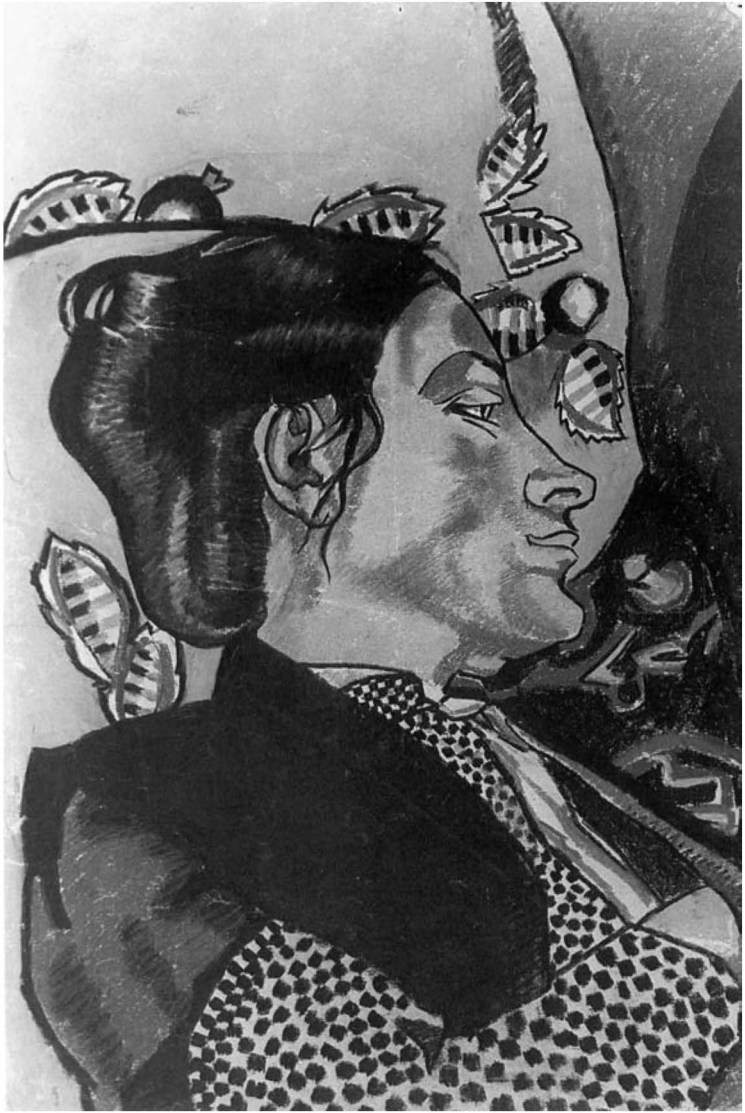
Brzeska. *Red Stone*

***Dancer* (1914).**

Tate Gallery,

London.





11. Henri

Gaudier-Brzeska.

Portrait of

Sophie Brzeska

(1913). Tate

Gallery, London.

I think that was the phrasing. However you have told her to keep mum. Father is the only other person in America I have told of the "source".

Here the knowledge of it is confined to the "staff". Who will keep it quiet.

As for Huneker. You, sir, have no power to accept articles from anyone. I'm not saying we should refuse any reasonable (or unreasonable) request you might make.

But if anyone suspects you and tries the "con", you can say that I am a man with a vile temper, and the only terms I consent to work on are that there shall be ABSOLOOTLY no INTERFURRENCE.

I don't think there will be many American contributors in my part of the magazine, save Eliot and myself.

I am very glad of your help with Kuhn and Davies. Hope they will fill up a good part of the "American" section with their art stuff.

Yeats' senior needs careful selection. His mind (and his son's also) are or is apt to be a bit woolly at the edges. I think W. B. showed his intelligence in getting me to edit his father's letters. If he had done it himself, there would have been nebulae in the book. But the old man has stuff in him. And I think my admiration for W. B. is well enough known for me to make definite critical remarks in private.

///

The little, 55 year old old maid who keeps the cake shop round the corner, has subscribed and put up a placard. She looked at the placard:

"But Mr Yeats, and Mr Lewis don't go together, *do they?*"

I said, no, only in that they are each of them the best of their kind.

"I *quite* agree with you." she says,. Would that half the "intellectuals" knew as much. She has read the "Gaudier" and used it as Christmas presents to her friends. I think she objects to selling food to anyone who isn't "doing something". i.e. in one art or another.

////

Let me keep at least to *some* of the points.

I am damn glad you approve of Miss Anderson. Having fussed about and kept on waiting for five years, perhaps the *right* thing has come off.

I don't think she will be "controlled" by any one, but I think she will take suggestions and be very glad of Kuhn and Davies, and any other really good stuff that comes along.

I think also that she will see the difference between Yeats,

Lewis, Eliot, E. P. on the one hand, and "The Weedy", "The Seedy", the New Statesman, New Republic, Seven Fahrts, on the other. (pardon the last phrase, it is perhaps a little dryer in "Texture" than the slightly damp effect of Oppenheim's publication.)

Thanks again for the cash and the energy and time. And for putting the £30 into the Jenkintown Trust Co.

It will save me sending over to Miss A[nderson]. the money I take here on subscriptions, even if there are no other American recipients, save old Father Yeats.

There's a pile of his letters at W. B's., I shall probably start him in Sept, or Oct. there seems no room before.

////

Re/ Egoist. I think Eliot will be taken on. I shall do them one page a month, controversial, and stuff I dont want for the L. R., also some reprints of Elizabethan stuff, which I want to get through for a book of literary essays.

And Keep the L. R. for more active matter.

Eliot is doing a June Egoist on "What the fools have said of Joyce",. I dont know that that is the title, but its the subject.

He'll have later articles on J. B. Y's letters, and on "Noh" etc.

It wont "take anything out of" i.e. in any [way] debilitate our work for the L. R.

An English and an American periodical both saying the same thing, will help in France, and the French echoes "assist" with the second hand U.S.A. echoes.

At least that's the intention.

Thanks for cable, thanks for speaking to J. B. Y. re letters. I dare say Wm. will write to him about it. His pay comes out of the £150.

Thanks also for the "A Lume Spento" matter. And for the paragraph re/ Roosevelt. I am not burning to [be] rooted up at this moment. But I dont want to shirk my job either. I think the only use, or at least the only advantageous way of using me would be for interpreting; or for artillery, if the war is to last forever. It is not every grocer who can manage the necessary mathematics for the latter service.

I am sorry you split up you[r] arm-bone. Hope it is rejoining itself commodiously and firmly by now.

I hear vaguely that Aldington is in a "fighting" regiment. Hueffer is back in Wales. I hear from other sources that his German name was against him, that he had very little control over his men, but that in the actual fighting he conducted himself very well . . . he was not in very much, and was in hospital a good deal, but he went "over the top" in proper style.

Of course he hasn't the physique. He has had various severe attacks of nervous prostration during the past dozen years, and is over age. Still it has done him a world of good. He is much fitter, at least much fitter looking, and younger looking than he was eight years ago or at any time in the interim.

As I have written. I want Joyce's next novel. and Hueffer's best book, now lying unfinished, to come out in the L. R. in 1918, after I have succeeded in enlarging the paper. (That may be nerve, but still one may as well expect to "enlarge".)

////

As for wives. I'm afraid I can't help you. Mine covers most of the specifications of your of 29th ult., save possibly the "concentration". & has been three years in present situation. at least I cant guarantee sustained concentration. Besides I need her myself. She wouldn't do any how. You have omitted "vitality". Three days in an office like yours would end her. ABSOLOOTLY.

You want all you say, but you want it coupled to a traction engine, or rather a ten cylinder racing car with all parts reinforced.

///

Thanks re contract with Knopf.

Have chosen a burning orange for book cover, from three colours he sent me. ONE of them puke-stinkadoro-sufferagette-pale-mauve like Washington Sq. only more so.

The orange will do, I think.

////

Yes I know Giles on Chinese poetry. He will interpolate such striking and metrical phrases as

"His bird has flown"

and he will treat serious chinese as persiflage.

Young Waley (now Binyon's assistant at the Brit. Museum) is much better. He has a fine eye for the good poem in Chinese. Unfortunately he hasn't yet any sense of English. He knows that "Cathay" is right, but when he tries to translate in the same manner. He don't. It makes it a bit difficult for me. I spent an agonizing evening criticizing his first privately printed book.

It was "Cathay" brought him to me. It is very difficult to tell him he isn't as good. He is a wierd damp mixture of modesty and brillancy, plus blind spots and, possibly, conceit.

If I can get a lot of his stuff to choose from, I shall have some for the L. R.

Or get the serpentine Eliot to negotiate the matter.

Waley is a mine of erudition. Ross, head of the oriental school, says he has learned more in three years than anyone else in ten.

He and DeBosschère are hinterland on which I hope to draw later for the Review.

I dont know what has become of Mrs Fenollosa. She was to have sent me a lot more Chinese stuff at Xmas. and I have heard nothing, utterly nothing, not even a post card, since then. She may have departed this life for all I know.

She has given me an absolutely free hand with old Fen's stuff. Which I think rather remarkable as she writes herself (successful novels, I believe, under a nom-de-plume, and *verses also*. Which latter she does *not* send me.)

All she said was, after she had known me about three weeks, "You are the only person who can finish this stuff and [as] Ernest would have wanted it done. He cared about the poetry not about the philology."

She said I was to have all I could make out of it. And she got £40 out of someone so that I might have a little spare time to get started.

There *are* some white folks in the world.

///

Thanks also re/ Gwen Baxter. I dont think she will be a trouble to anyone. About all that could be done would be to let her meet the right artists, *if* she has brains enough to profit thereby.

She might also help with details on magazine, if she had time.

I ought to have someone in N. Y. to run errands for me, and not to keep putting them all on to you.

Father is all right, but wrong geographically. Bill Williams stuck in a suburb and in his medical practice. No one else whom I can trust to buy a two cent postage stamp. (Save Alice Henderson, stuck in a consumptive hospital in New Mexico.)

///

I think it is by now settled. That Knopf is to use the Gaudier drawing of me, as sent, for frontispiece of "Lustra".

He said that was all the illustration he wanted, so I have not sent the others.

Best leave it at that. He'll have enough of the printer by the time [he] has got in the omitted poems and the long poem.

///

Pisistratan sculpture is still at my agents. Had nearly forgotten it.

One makes a number of shots, and some hit the target.

///

I didn't send "The Sketch" reproduction of two vortographs, because

they were bad ones. Will send my preface to show. Coburn's added remarks are piffle.

We had a fair evening at the Camera club, G. B. Shaw, Coburn and myself commending abstract art. (rotten bad word "abstract" in this connection.) Arbuthnot, another photographer also said some intelligent things. (Even if he is a sinister character, he said a few intelligent things.)

I was surprised to see how many of the aged had got to the point of "admitting" the non-representational.

Coburn is not going to America, after all.

///

Met StJ. Ervine at Yeats once or twice. Didn't make much of him.

Dont want him for L. R., and shan't need to call on Johns, James, Louis etc.

James Stephens is probably the first "outsider" I should take up with. Supposing it were possible to bridge the gulph.

Of course I should like something by Colum, whom I have always liked, and whose best stuff I admire. Only he seems to do little now.

The lunatic anti-Joyce Boyd, might be some use IF we were a weekly with unlimited space. I wish Rodker weren't such a Goddddammm fool.

I will lure Miss A[nderson]. to "consult with you", if I can manage it. Guess that's flood enough for today.

There is nothing to answer in this letter, anyhow. even if it is endless.

yrs

Ezra Pound

17-5-'17

repentent for the number of letters: Apologizing for the same offense in a letter of 30 June 1917, Pound wrote: "Bourienne records that Napoleon on the first Italian campaign forbade him to open *any* letter until three weeks after its arrival, and adds they mostly answered themselves, and the rest were nearly always answerable with the phrase 'This matter has come to my attention too late to do anything about it.'"

Editor of the Monist: Paul Carus (1852-1919), German-born philosopher and editor of the Chicago journal *The Monist: A Quarterly Magazine Devoted to the Philosophy of Science*, accepted Pound's and Ernest Fenollosa's "The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry" but to Pound's distress never published it.

July dialogue: "Aux étuves de Weisbaden [sic], A.D. 1451," *Little Review*, 4 (July 1917): 12-16.

Huneker: See Letter 5.

approve of Miss Anderson: Quinn had met Margaret Anderson to discuss financing the review and commented to Pound on her energy and attractive appearance.

Elizabethan stuff: "Elizabethan Classicists," in five *Egoist* installments from September 1917 to January 1918.

"*What the fools have said*": Eliot, "James Joyce and His Critics," *Egoist*, 4 (June 1917): 74.

"*A Lume Spento*" matter: See Letter 27.

arm-bone: In April Quinn fell from his horse while riding in Central Park.

Hueffer's best book: Hueffer's (Ford's) *Women and Men*.

As for wives: Quinn told Pound he would marry if he could find a woman who could stand the strain of being his wife.

Giles: Herbert Allen Giles (1845–1935), professor of Chinese studies at Cambridge University and prolific author of works on Chinese art, civilization, and language.

Waley . . . Binyon: Both Arthur Waley and Robert Laurence Binyon (1869–1943, poet and art critic) were British Museum officials.

Ross: Sir Edwin Denison Ross (1871–1940), head of the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London.

DeBosschère: Jean de Bosschère (1878–1953), Belgian poet, painter, and novelist.

Mrs. Fenollosa: Mary (McNeil) Fenollosa wrote novels under the name Sidney McCall.

Gwen Baxter: See Letter 30.

Alice Henderson: She had resigned from *Poetry* because of her health.

Pisistratan sculpture: A proposed book on Greek art; see Letter 21.

Camera club: Alvin Langdon Coburn and Pound held an exhibition of their cubistic photographs (made with a "vortoscope") in February 1917 at the Camera Club. See Letter 22.

Arbuthnot: Malcolm Arbuthnot (1874–1967), photographer and signer of the *Vorticist Manifesto*.

Stj. Ervine: When St. John Ervine (Irish dramatist, 1883–1971) was dismissed as manager of the Abbey Theatre in May 1916, Yeats had suggested Pound as his replacement; but Quinn had warned him not to accept such a difficult assignment.

Johns, James, Louis: Orrick Johns, James Huneker, and possibly Louis Untermeyer.

James Stephens: (1882–1950), Irish writer.

Colum: Padraic Colum, Irish poet; see Letter 6.

Boyd: Ernest Boyd (1887–1946), Irish writer, served in the British Consular Service until 1919 and then settled in New York.

Rodker: John Rodker (1894–1955), English writer.

TLS-5. 18 June 1917.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W. 8

JUNE 18th

1917

Dear John Quinn:

Thanks for your cablegram:

Three cantos rec'd seasonably etc. . . . hold two acts Joyce pending receipt letter next boat addition to letters mailed last week.

signed

John Quinn

I am very glad you like the three cantos.

The first number of the [Little] Review has come. Miss A[nderson]. has with great forbearance kept out all but one American contributor .i.e. resident American.

I don't suppose that will continue, but it shows an amiable spirit on her part.

I think the prospects for the contents are good. There are Yeats poems in June, which you will have seen by the time this reaches you. The second lot of Yeats for Aug.

Lady Gregory has sent in a play, which Yeats calls one of her best. I plan to use it in Nov. . It is delightful reading, will certainly act splendidly, is, I think a little weak at the end as a "read play". I mean the finish would be effective on the stage, but is not particularly effective as one reads it. However we are lucky to get it, and it should do us a lot of good and parts—in fact nearly all of it delightful reading.

Hueffer has just been in, on leave for a few hours, he says I may have his "Women and Men". It is the best thing he has ever done. That is to say the parts he has written . . . for it has been lying unfinished for the past six years . . . but I think he really comes into his own in the sections or portraits he has finished; they give a chance for all his skill in writing, and do not let in the factious element which has always ruined his novels. I think if it once starts appearing in print he will be able to finish the series. He has just been medically examined again and they say he isn't fit to go back to France, so, may be, it will get done. At any rate the finished sections are complete in themselves and are a scoop for us.

It is going to be SOME magazine despite the apparent smallness of its present exterior.

I dare say by the time we work through "Women and Men", Joyce will have finished his next novel, at least there's a chance of it, so there is a possibility of maintaining an A. 1. standard for a reasonable period.

I hope to beat the Egoist record at once, by printing as much good stuff in a year or so as they have in five.

There remains Hueffer's own record with the English Review during the year and a half he had it. Before it had to sell out to the jews.

He had Hardy, Henry James, Swinburne, Anatole France, Wells (a good Wells) and all the young men who have since come off, Lewis (this in 1910) Lawrence, myself, (Canon, for what that's worth), Walpole (I think, *ditto*).

He started with a splash, big start, and then a debacle into the present shilling affair run by Austin Harrison.

///

I think as far as quality goes, the first year is O.K. As to names. Kipling is obviously now a name and not much else. And Anatole France is too old, he must be 138 or thereabouts. De Gourmont would have helped, and not bothered much about payment, only he is dead I think, I wrote you before of his last letter to me.

I don't think Robert Bridges would help much. I don't imagine his name is worth a damn in America ??????? And he is unquestionably dull.

Hardy is another story, only I can't approach him until I can offer his price.

Can you find out what Shaw is worth. I have met him once or twice and found him friendly. I don't in the least care (personally) whether I have him or not, but I'd like to get some idea of what an article or play by him would be worth to the magazine. How much one would be justified in offering, in view of the possible increase in sales.

I shall of course go to Paris after the war, if there is an After the war for any of us, I have met Duhamel and Vildrac and Romain, and been in correspondence with a few other of the men who seem intelligent.

Miss A. seems awake to the value of internationality (Which Harriet M[onroe]. of "Poetry" never was, and *WON'T* be)

At any rate if people want a good thing, an American "Mercure de France", or "English Review" *as it originally was*, I think they are going to have a chance to get it.

I think the promised increase to 48 pages, then the proposed

increase to 64 are the first steps. Then should come 16 more pages for chronicles or "rubrics", the part corresponding to the back part of the "Mercure", brief reports of books published everywhere. Each country with its own section, some appearing monthly some every two, three or four months. There is no call for this now, as the continent has little time save for war publication, which is reported in the press more fully than we could compete with.

I believe I can get a better staff than the *Mercure* has at present, or has had (with the exception of DeGourmont) for some time. Unless everyone is killed off.

I think, also, that Miss A. has sense enough to want the *best* as soon as she knows we can get it. She is already objecting to a couple of contributions which I accepted before I knew Yeats was coming in, and which I shouldn't have taken if I had expected him and Lady Gregory. This is I think a good sign.

I am getting a pile of J.B.Y's letters from W. B. Y this evening, to see what there is in them.

///

Thanks again for letting me know mss. Three Cantos rec'd. I suppose that finishes off "Lustra", so far as I am concerned, for the present. Awaiting the letters mentioned in your cable.

yours ever.

Ezra Pound

Notes from both Lewis and Roberts, last week. Both well at time writing.

three cantos: Pound had sent "Three Cantos of a Poem of Some Length" so that Quinn could add them to the American edition of *Lustra*. The cable also refers to Joyce's play *Exiles*, which Quinn was placing with a publisher.

first number: The first number of the *Little Review* with Pound as foreign editor and with his "Editorial," 4 (May 1917): 3-6. The American contribution was Morris Ward's "Prose Coronales."

Lady Gregory: "Hanrahan's Oath," *Little Review*, 4 (November 1917): 6-38.

English Review: While editor from December 1908 through July 1910, Ford Madox Heuffer (Ford) published such writers as Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett, Wyndham Lewis, and Pound. But as a financial manager, Ford was a failure, and the heavily indebted review was bought in 1910 by Sir Alfred Mond.

Canon: Gilbert Cannan (1884-1955), English novelist and playwright.

Walpole: Sir Hugh Walpole (1884-1941), English novelist.

Harrison: Austin Harrison (1873-1928) took over the editing of the *English Review* in 1910.

Duhamel and Vildrac and Romaines: All members of the Unanimist movement

(1908–1911). For Vildrac, see note to Letter 7; Georges Duhamel (1884–1966); Jules Romains (1885–1972). See Pound's "A Study in French Poets," *Little Review*, 4 (February 1918): 3–61.

value of internationality: Pound stated his belief in internationalism in a letter to Quinn of 3 September 1916: "The sort of internationalism that I have always held is simply the belief that distant or foreign people are bound to be hostile through conflicting interests: war, commerce etc, it is only through the arts that they can meet in friendship or at least with a sort of mutual curiosity and desire to learn from each other rather than a bull-headed wish to annihilate the dissimilar."

35

TLS-I. 4 July 1917.

[5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.]

4. July 1917

Dear John Quinn:

Your bundle of letters of June 18th. with copies of letters to H. L. Pound, and Lewis, to hand, and contents will be attended to.

Thanks very much for your trouble with "Three Cantos". It is more than kind of you to have had it copied and gone over it. *ALL the punctuation suggestions are improvements.*

"*Maelids*" is correct. They (the *nymphs of the apple-trees*) are my one bit of personal property in greek mythology. The professed and professional Hellenists have, I believe, let them alone. I scored with them on even the assiduous Aldington, who had translated the greek as "apple-trees".

I dont think there is anything else to answer in your letter. Thanks again for all the arrangements of detail and for your help with *Lustra*, and Knopf, and the Review. I am very glad you like the long poem

yours ever.

Ezra Pound

Dont know what Joyce was at with his type-copy of play, business. There ARE several type copies, AND it wont do him much good IF he does get it played or printed. But after his troubles with *Dubliners* and *Portrait*, I dont suppose anything will convince him that endless refusals of a mss. mean anything. I will see what Egoist can do. Dont think anyone else will try it.

bundle of letters: Quinn would often write a separate letter on each subject; the letters would be mailed together, and the carbons filed individually. Homer Pound was helping with the proofs of *Lustra*.

"*Maelids*": Now in the present Canto III, "Panisks, and from the oak, dryas, / And from the apple, maelid. . ."

Joyce: One of Joyce's letters implied that he wanted a copy of *Exiles* typed by Quinn's office, which Quinn said "filled me with terror."

36

TLS-5. 4 September 1917.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Sept. 4 / 1917

Dear John Quinn:

Yours of Aug. 14, 16, 18, in one envelope, recd.

Rec'd £25. for Wadsworth. which I will deposit to his credit with his spouse, such being his instruction for procedure in former case, and no further suggestion having been rec'd from him, for alteration of process in present deal.

////

Re/ Lustra. It is amazingly painstaking of you to go through it with such care, and I am very grateful, BUTT Dios Christos, JHEEZUS-potamus!!! If an author went into these details, unless he was a "seller" like Bennet or Kipling, I doubt if he would ever print twice with the same publisher. At least a poet has always enough causes of strife with his publisher.

Also If such corrections run over the allowance it comes to terms of weeks' rent, and one cant afford it. Also the publisher of "pomes" has very little margin.

Now to detail. I agree, naturally, with practically all your suggestions. I don't remember whether the big caps were in my proof (galleys) or not. They certainly overbalance the very short poems. I dont know that they harm the poems of over a page. Anyhow, I am, I suppose, hardened and "past" seeing anything of this sort. IF I can get a type I can read and a moderately correct version of my work, I rest content. . I dont much remember caps. or no caps. in my proof, and I've only the proofs of Three Cantos, which havent any caps in. I shall sleep quiet in either case.

I.

Personae and Exultations are 1909 (not 1913, as in your letter)

2.

"N. Y." was my title.

3.

P. 47. I was much pleased that K[nopf]. left in my note about "balderdash". reflecting on how Mathews would have fussed. The poem is

damn bad except for its rhythm. One of these things that happen the first time a man's sap rises high enough to hit his verbosity. It rises just as high later, but he isn't so excited about it.

I had rather intended to print the poem here for the last time, and drop it in later editions. The rhythm is interesting and I don't suppose I shall ever get it again.

Anent which there is Ed. Williams tale of the old italian peasant, who was complaining about his age. Williams said "Youre all right, I reckon your old root is still hard enough"

Peasant: "Siete e me(t)z'. Siete e me(t)z'. MA un giovinoz(t)zo sta sempre a mezzogiorno."

(7.30, 7.30, a young buck is always at noon)

///

P. 18 The printer made a special appeal about not having any large font greek type, so I passed the small.

//

p. 16. Coitus, is the real title. But the printer here!!!! So I changed. Pervigilium is the all night Venus festival. presumably including several brace of Coiti. It was "introduced from the east", the Roman out-of-doors cabaret, April 28th, I think, degenerated into May day, with its gaudy-beribboned phallic pole. However the modest word pervigilium seemed to suit Mr Clowes, and when Knopf got it from Mathews public edition, it didn't seem worth while changing back to the simpler, and more exact original title.

///

I rather meant Three Cantos to go at the end of the book, and to have the end of that poem marked "End of Third Canto". There could be a separate "END" for the book.

3.

I didn't want it thought that the cantos are presented as a whole poem.

////

HOWEVER *by now* these things must have been settled and the book in print.

All the rest of your suggestions are excellent, only I hope they wont have run up K's bill past endurance. And they are the sort of thing which I mostly should have endured in silence, or hoped to correct in an hypothetical second edition, and then forgotten before such an edition arrived.

Oh yes, about your cable. of Aug. 14, I have written about Exiles, I stupidly thought the question of "cabling alternative reading" referred to Joyce's play, and couldn't answer.

Even now, as I haven't any proofs of Knopf's *Lustra*, save galleys of three cantos, I don't know where page 162 comes. I suppose it is "In *Durance*". However it MUST be too late to change anything now. It goes as an early and very faulty poem.

"often" is certainly better than "oft" unless there are overwhelming metrical reasons against it.

I don't object to "thrice". It is a lost word that ought never to have been lost.

If it is in the *Odyssey* fragment in Three Cantos I think it can stay in. I can't remember using it anywhere else. Nothing else will fit the movement at the end of the Third canto, and the whole is full of archaism, inversions etc. so I don't find "thrice" out of key. I shouldn't use it in treating a modern subject, save possibly in irony with imaginary quotation marks about it.

///

re/ what you call p. 162. Mathews edition. There ain't no such animal. nor even a p. 62. save possibly in "Canzoni" whereof my last copy is lent. anyhow "often" ought to be better.

///

Re LITTLE Review.

////

Certainly approve your suggestion re/ Sumner.

///

I didn't tell Miss A. about Mabel Beardsley. as I thought Yeats wouldn't want a foot-note about the matter. . And thought if I sent the history, and said "Don't print a footnote". Miss A. might be insulted at my having suspected her capable of a foot-note, etc. etc.

//

Took some copies of L. R. to Davray of the "*Mercure de France*" yesterday. He was most affable. Said he would write to Valette (the director) to get me permission to quote any of their books I liked, etc. for my proposed French number, etc. etc.

He is very busy on government work, I don't know whether he will really get about to do anything.

I better not crow till something happens.

Enough for this morning. And thanks again for going all through *Lustra*. The tone of my first pages of this note is poor, because I am only filing exceptions. However pardon it. I have been pouring out vocabulary on this machine so steadily for the past month that I don't feel up to a re-cast. Certainly nobody else would have bothered about the shape of a fellow's pages or the immemorial habits of printers

devised by Satan for the torture of indigent authors. But it is an awful campaign for a man to set out on.

Yours ever

Ezra Pound

Regards to J. B. Y. & thanks for his long letter to which I will reply when I get a breathing space.

"N. Y." was my title: The poem was entitled "New York" rather than "N. Y." in Knopf's *Lustra*.

note about "balderdash": Pound added to his tribute to Swinburne, "Salve O Pontifex," the note: "Balderdash but let it stay for the rhythm. E. P." See *Collected Early Poems of Ezra Pound*, ed. Michael King, pp. 40-43, and the note on p. 297.

Clowes: William Clowes and Sons, Ltd., was the London printing firm that objected to some of the poems in *Lustra*.

object to "thrice": "Salve O Pontifex" contained the line "the wonder of the thrice encinctured mystery."

suggestion re Sumner: John Sumner, a New York attorney, was the secretary of the New York Society for the Prevention of Vice. Quinn wrote to urge caution concerning the September issue.

Mabel Beardsley: Sister of the artist Aubrey Beardsley and the subject of Yeats's "Upon a Dying Lady."

Davray: Henry Davray (1873-1944), French translator of Yeats, Wilde, and Wells and regular contributor to the *Mercure*. See Pound's "The Anglo-French Society and M. Davray," *Egoist*, V (May 1918): 72.

37

TLS-3. 9 September 1917. Enclosure: Proofs of T. S. Eliot's
Ezra Pound: His Metric and Poetry.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Sept. 9.

Re/ Pamphlet on E. P.

Dear John Quinn:

Here at last is Eliot's essay. A long time in coming, but he has made an excellent job of it, as I knew he would. No gush. He has been rather clever in the way he sets the critics at each other's throats. It seems almost a waste that it shouldn't be used in some magazine first.

It is certainly the most careful study that has been made, and in a way the first one by a competent critic, for DeBosschére is a

foreigner and there are lots of things in English that he don't know. And Sandburg though vigorous and hearty is not a careful student.

I have deleted one passage, because it is one which Fenollosa had nearly finished himself. Two other passages I mark for deletion by drawing a line round them. I think the Quotation from the Goodly Fere is just as effective if cut shorter. And the first details about Lume Spento are unnecessary. (I am afraid the whole thing is too long as it stands, but these are about the only cuts that seem to me advisable. The quotes from reviews and the quotes from poems can be put in very small type, so as to get it into the 16 pages, and the bibliography I sent you some months ago can, if necessary, be omitted. I want the Gaudier drawing of me used, however.

Again I must thank you for having the booklet done. I think the close arguing of Eliot's essay ought to "do a good deal of good", and at least choke off the imbeciles.

There are one or two minute details I disagree with, and one or two things which I had not discovered, and a couple of places where I don't quite understand him. (I dont mean that he is obscure, but that I dont quite see the application of his statements.) But these are better left as they are.

I can contradict them if I am accused of having written the essay myself. Which the anonymity of the booklet may lay me open to.

I agree fully with you and Knopf, that it should NOT be signed by Eliot, just now when I am booming his work. Also he has written it as an unsigned thing. So there can be no question about that now.

I think a good title would be
Ezra Pound, His Metric and Poetry.,
published by A. K. Knopf
that takes off the edge of the anonymity.

I think the hard technical tone is better, and better for the present purpose, than DeBosshere's metaphysics, or talk about my "soul".

Eliot makes some fairly stiff statements, but most of it is simply solid information: stuff the reviewer and public dont know, and wouldn't take the trouble to find out.

I think there might be a footnote to the criticism of RIPOSTES in this essay, saying that it and certain parts of Canzoni are included in Knopf's edition of Lustra.

Otherwise I have no suggestions. save the two deletions enclosed in ink-lines.

He has been so systematic and chronological that I don't think the bibliography is essential. Though of course it would be a good thing

to print it. (perhaps in very small type on back of cover or back of last sheet, if it wont go elsewhere.

The thing will have to be printed rather closely. But I really think it had better not be cut.

I think also it might be marked "price 25 cents". (or six pence) people can get it free, but they will think they are getting something for nothing, and pay more attention to the contents. Also Mathews or someone might take a few copies here for sale. The Gaudier drawing is worth something, especially as it wont appear in the public edition of *Lustra*.

(this is merely as suggestion)

I will send Knopf a list of people here and in America to whom it might be worth while sending copies.

Thanks again for "inspiring" the publication.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

9-9-'17

DeBosschére . . . *Sandburg*: Both Jean de Bosschère and Carl Sandburg had written favorably on Pound and were considered as potential authors of the pamphlet on Pound that Eliot finally wrote.

38

TLS-3. 4 October 1917.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Nothing to answer

October 4th. 1917

Dear John Quinn:

Your letters of Sept 21, to hand. Poor Knopf!!! He IS so devoted to that running dog. (And I am afraid he has the best tradition of printing (technically) on his side (not that you need tell him so, since he dont appear to have got up his jurisprudence on the subject.) Aldus, Stephanus, Elzevir all had their marks. Of course the mark ought to be engraved. (K's dog looks rather as if it were only a lead block). Also the printer's block should fill in a rather full title page and be modeled and proportioned to it, a different size in different formats. With the minute running dog, it can't go anywhere save at the bottom. Also the proper printers mark usually has lettering of some sort as part of it. Though the French "Typis Regiis" for 1556 hasn't. At least it has only name underneath. And Aldus simply puts AL on one side of his anchor and DUS on the other.

I imagine that printers marks got so damn bad by the middle of the 18th. century, that some presses began to drop them, by the beginning of the XIXth.

However I dont suppose Knopf has the dog from traditional reasons. I believe from his announcement, that it is his own dog, printed for sentimental reasons, or perhaps as a mascot.

He ought IF he is going to have photographs of it on his catalogue, to get a better photo.

The running hound would not be out of harmony with Piere Vidal poem, or one other poem in early work. Still IF Knopf does ever find out he has a right to print a dog, I am not sure he hadn't better sit the dog up, solid, more or less heraldic and reposeful. Enough of this dog matter.

My thanks again for all the work you have put into getting "Lustra" printed without frills and furbelows. "New York" for "N. Y." is all one to me.

The "Salve Pontifex" poem is SO bad that I dont think a "thrice" more or less would save it. Simply, I got hold of a rhythm, which is interesting, or at least which I think is interesting. I shall probably never get that rhythm again.

The "full oft" in the Seafarer, is I think the only possible form. It runs "full oft the eagle screamed with spray on his pinion". "often", then "pinion" would bitch the line even if the first part of it could take an extra syllable. As you have observed.

The other (Salve Pontifex) bloody poem, I have labeled "balderdash", you are quite right about the "thrice", I would damn also "encinctured", plus the "hasts" etc. etc. In short it is a case of reform it altogether.

That ass Maurice Hewlett thought it the best poem in "Ri-postes". At least he said so, "thought" is perhaps the wrong verb. Poor Hewlett, he is a good chap, with a sense of narrative. . . . but Oh well, the matter is now over. Your letter to Knopf containing all the minute emendations, shall remain as a monument.

TARR contracts I am forwarding to Lewis .

LETTER TO "NEW AGE" goes by this post.

RE JOYCE. I don't quite know what to cable you. All that Mrs J. writes is that "Jim" is getting better, that there are no complications. And that it was well the operation was performed when it was, as it would have been impossible later. And that the eye kept on bleeding for a long time.

yrs

E Pound

continued in next letter

running dog: Pound and Quinn objected to Knopf's Borzoi colophon, the model for which was Knopf's own wolfhound. Aldus, Stephanus, and Elzevir were famous Renaissance printers.

Maurice Hewlett: (1861–1923), English writer of historical novels.

39

TLS-8. 29 and 30 December 1917.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W. 8. London

Dec. 29. 1917

Second letter. (re CASE)

First letter concerned "Pavannes", Lewis etc.

Dear Quinn:

I have gone thru your argument and the documents etc.

I am frightfully sorry all this bother has been put upon you. The action of jh. at the post office was certainly the *comble* of silliness. I am sorry about the document. on page 39. I don't however think it the least ungerman or improbable. There is a good deal of serious talk about polygamy after the war. If it is a fake I think the author has shown some cleverness in getting a teuton tone. However the damn thing is a bagatelle. AND I thought dangerous stuff was to be submitted to you by M. C. A. before publication.

However, as you say, I will put on the brake here. The Joyce is worth being suppressed for. I don't think it or anything else is worth taking up such swathes of your time defending.

Of course the "document" is just the sort of thing that gets into the variety pages at the end of the *Mercure*. I sent it in irony, and because it looked to me a harmless enough bagatelle, calculated to amuse for a moment and perhaps stir up some fool. (Later effect seems to have carried. miscarried on Lamar. AFTER he had run amok with Cantelman.

#

Having disposed of the non-essentials. The rest leaves me flabbergasted. I am beyond being moved by the assinities of officials. Your argument is clear as a bell. And obviously if the law stands as you state it, the suppression of "Cantleman" is outrageously unjust.

I think the statute which lumps literature and instruments for abortion into one clause is so fine a piece of propoganda for the Germans that it would be disloyal to publish it here till after the war.

A law in those words would stir up any intelligent citizen of an hostile nation to fight to the last gasp. It is incredible.

The Judge is reasonable in some paragraphs, and one sees why

he is a judge, BUT gawdamity, the rest of his remarks. HELL! I give it up!

AND the Symons' play seems to me so much "worse". Its hot anti-con. Suppose the point doesn't dawn on the postal mind. I dont mean that it is lascivious or whatever the legal term is. BUT if they are going to suppress literature WHY they pitch on Cattleman and not Symons stumps me. etc. etc.

The "document" is a damnd nuisance, and my fault. BUT how the devil, and why the devil, any one no I give it up.

Suppression, or leverage on that score certainly never entered my head. Nor apparently that of M. C. A, NOR that of the postal authorities until pressed. That is just a *damd* annoyance.

Cattleman is serious.

JHEEZUS BACCHUS. IF that sort of thing is supposed to be incitative or whatever it is. WHAT about Robt. Chambers. etc. etc. I give it up.

I will get me to a nunnery. In hopes that the mother superior prove graceful, gracious and attractive.

If it weren't for the war, I should probably print some account of the matter in the Egoist. I don't know that it is worth doing *now*. The text of the law re/ instruments, literature and the products of M. le Docteur Condom, etc. is really too compromising to the nation to print during Armageddon.

Of course If it is M. C. A's lamentable past that is really responsible, it is an annoyance. To be swallowed, and forgot.

IF however the case and the judges statements are flat, and the decision on Cattleman is flat and square, then I can not burst into a tirade, or take the matter lightly, even tho' M. C. A. can.

On your statement of the law, the thing is so flagrantly unjust, that one can not hope for anything in the future. I had perhaps better leave off thinking of America at all, and confine my thought solely to this side of the ocean. The moment I touch America I tend to get drawn into controversy; which is the death of all good writing.

On the other hand all the papers of the case are highly instructive, and give one subject matter. that is it will be subject matter when one has got sufficiently far off from it, when it is part of legend. I dont know what's to be done. As a writer one CANT take into account such mentalities as those revealed by the papers of the case. It would be the end to all accurate literary statement.

The writer must ergo have some intermediate "editor" . . . it apparently can't be himself and that is why periodicals are all damned. It is the slow labour of the coral insect. The DeGoncourt's prefaces have not cleared away any appreciable space, save in France.

Has your argument had any effect on the head of the Judge. I see the old wig recognized, at least verbally, the existence of something called literature. Is this a beginning of anything??????

The damn annoyances are the irrelevancies. i.e. M. C. A.'s past, and the squib on the Hun. Chivalry to the gorgeous foe. To be suppressed for jesting about German morals.

Jesus lover of my soul,
let me to thy B-oooo-ZZZUM fly.

I can't see anything ahead, except the Joyce, that any decon can be worried by. The Joyce is emphatically NOT lewd. Is there a law about crucifixion, or a statute re/ ducking witches, or blasphemy. (Religious freedom is supposed to be guaranteed us somewhere in some thing or other I had in some special and extended U. S. history courses in college. Or does my memory dodder, or is there a new statute prescribing adherence to Trans-substantiation as one of the ingredients in loyal citizenship.

Also is urination lascivious. I know Geo. Moore is said to have extricated or says that he extricated himself from an embarrassing predicament by having resort to it. (Of course it may have been the natural physical effect of sudden terror on his globulous organaism).

Joyce distinctly mentions urine, under the softened and refined term "water".

Still I dont think this would lead to copulation by the reader, or accelerate such action on his part. (or her part) I don't see how the hell one is to know what they'll hit on. They may pass the Joyce. At any rate we've got to print it. We cease to be any use or have any meaning if we dont. If we're suppressed it becomes a matter of history.

I dont see that there need be a case over it. I'll damn well make the case here after the war, when there can be no question of national issues getting mixed in it.

One would bury oneself in French. I thought of it in 1912 when it seemed hopeless to ever expect to see myself printed in English. I translated my poems of the then new sort into French.

But damn it that language simply is NOT as good as english. To use it is to throw away not only ones natal speech, and one's fifteen years of technique, only part of which could possibly follow one into a different language, BUT it is [to] take an inferior language.

I am absolutely convinced that everything that can be done in french can be done in English, every valuable effect. There are only certain qualities of sound peculiarly french, and they are not the best ones, or not the ones that interest me (at any rate).

Perhaps one might build a French in a long life time. Corbière does

fairly well. and one might make something out of Brantôme and Villon, a new robust, NOT mediaeval gothic romantique french, not false mediaeval. Still the English has another ply to its rope. (And half of it is forgotten.)

Sunday:

Morning paper recalls Abel Sander's faux pas. What I think the "document" may well be is a german joke. the finding on a prisoner is quite likely. The existence of a similar order probable. The parody is not in spirit unlike the Pumpernick, or whatever his name was, tailor who having the commandants uniform left at his shop, found it fitted beautifully, put it on, called out the garrison etc. etc. turned Heilbronn or some such place upside down, and has recently emerged from his three years term. Abel Sanders is a spoof person, and I intended him for parody of puritan ass whom such matters excite. The Mercure five years ago had a very diverting account of a German nude colony.

The matter is all very annoying as it distracts from the main point re/ official attitude toward "Cattleman", and permits the courts to "sidestep".

The judges excuse for permitting the classics to pass through the mails, because they are read only by a few people, IS TOO RICH AND FRUITY not to be made use of.

I really shall have to do a small essay on that phrase (which I shall of course send to *you*. It can go in L. R. if you approve.) I dare say the time is not ripe for any other sort of protest. .

The statement that the Sanders letter was printed in good faith as to the authenticity of the "document" seems to me overdone.

Unpardonable frivolity. Chiefly on my part, BUT, *can* that document incite to lust?????

However it is too late for tears. Lamar, as you say, is an old ass. That probably sums up the matter. The stupid must have a victim.

I am afraid this is all very incoherent and addled. Common sense should teach us that to use irony on an ass can result only in bruises for the ironist, IF carried too far.

Mr Sanders statement that the document shows the nature of the Hun, seems to be correct. Passons. Passons.

I am exceedingly sorry you have had so bloody much bother, and that an irrelevant idiocy like the hun squib should have entered into the matter. That is certainly on my head and not on Miss A's.

You must be bloody well sick of the matter.

yrs

Ezra Pound

30/12/17

Second letter. (re CASE): Quinn complained on April 29 of the number and complexity of the letters Pound was sending him. He asked that Pound write separate letters on separate topics so that he could file and keep better track of them.

jh. at post office: Quinn disapproved of Jane Heap's defiant attitude in court concerning the Post Office's suppression of the *Little Review* (October 1917) for publishing Lewis's "Cantleman's Spring-Mate." In a letter to Pound of 16 October 1920, Quinn told Pound that Jane Heap had seriously compromised their claim that they had published nothing obscene when she asked the Post Office to apply the money they had been paid for the mailing of the suppressed October issue to the cost of mailing the next issue. Her action seemed to concede the legitimacy of the Post Office's action. Quinn tried to convince Pound to drop the censorship issue. Referring to two anti-vice crusaders, Quinn wrote on 2 December 1917: "To hell with Comstock and Sumner! They are mere parish politics! Art and poetry concern themselves not with them. They are rubbish! Let the janitors and servants of literature clean them away; not the masters, of whom you are one!"

document. on page 39: Under the name of Abel Sanders, Pound sent in a translation of an alleged secret German document, titled "Committee for the increase of population," which describes a plan for capable German men who are not on active service to father as many children as possible.

Lamar: William Harmon Lamar (1859–1928), assistant attorney general and solicitor of the United States Post Office, 1913–1921. He rejected Quinn's appeal of Judge Augustus N. Hand's decision in the "Cantleman" case.

Symons' play: "Barbara Roscorla's Child: A Play in One Act," *Little Review*, 4 (October 1917): 25–36, which concerns a father's decision to let his wife rather than his child die in childbirth.

Robt. Chambers: (1865–1933), popular American novelist.

Condom: According to legend, the word derives from the earl of Condom, personal physician to King Charles II.

M. C. A.'s lamentable past: Margaret Anderson was an outspoken supporter of the anarchist Emma Goldman, which helped to draw official suspicion to the *Little Review*.

DeGoncourt's prefaces: In which Edmond and Jules de Goncourt defended their literary realism.

Corbière . . . Brantôme and Villon: The French writers Tristan Corbière (1845–1875); Pierre de Bourdeille, Seigneur de Brantôme (c. 1534–1614); and François Villon (1431–1463?).

Pumpernick: The incident which inspired Carl Zuckmayer's play *The Captain of Köpenick* (1931), in which an ex-convict in pre-World War I Prussia impersonated an army captain and held for ransom the mayor of Köpenick.

IV The End of an Era, 1918

By 1918 the essential achievements of the Pound-Quinn collaboration were completed. Most of the finest Gaudier-Brzeska sculptures were in America, an experimental group of English painters had been sustained through the wartime period, Pound's works were at last appearing in America, and the *Little Review* was regularly publishing works by Pound, Eliot, and Wyndham Lewis. As the climax to this support of innovative art, the *Little Review* began publishing Joyce's *Ulysses* in April 1918, continuing to the final suppression of the episodes in 1920.

Strains developed in the collaboration but never affected the friendship. By 1917 the flood of often repetitive and indeed compulsive letters from Pound were more than Quinn could handle—even though he once bragged to Pound that he could keep four stenographers busy simultaneously on four different letters. In April 1917 he asked Pound to write one letter per topic for ease of filing. The poet tried to comply, but asked Quinn to file a November letter under: "Ezra Pound, MESS!" By June 1917 Quinn tactfully told him that he had a "tremendous admiration for you and your work, for your enthusiasm and warm-heartedness and constant helpfulness to your friends." But he also reminded him that he was not as young as Pound and asked if he would "wait a little while before writing . . . try to avoid repetitions, [and] we can simplify things."

Quinn constantly described himself as "driven," and the strain began to show in late 1917 as he developed serious intestinal problems. In February 1918 he had an operation to remove a bleeding ulcer from which he took months to recover. It was at this time of failing health that censorship problems began for the *Little Review*. In November 1918 Pound was still apologizing to Quinn for the

trouble the review was giving him, and explained that he could not imagine him as being ill because his early image of Quinn as a vigorous man firing away at targets at Coney Island was still so vivid. They both knew that there would be more serious censorship problems to come with the publication of the *Ulysses* episodes. Quinn warned that the first chapter, with epithets like "scrotumtightening sea" and its "Ballad of Joking Jesus," might evade the censor if taken alone. But he feared that, together with other sexually outspoken writings by Ford Madox Ford, Wyndham Lewis, and Pound himself, the review and Pound would be stereotyped: "You have got too much genius to be catalogued in the newspaper biographies of this country as a man chiefly interested in sex literature" (2 March 1918). Although there was an element of prudery in Quinn's nature, his major worry (entirely justified as events showed) was that *Ulysses* would not be published in America if journal publication caused a scandal. Answering one of Pound's objections (Letter 44), he wrote: "Joyce does not disgust me. I roared over his first chapter and all of it. I would stand for anything in a book. But in a monthly magazine I do not think there is quite the same room for freedom as in a book. I think there is something in that distinction."

In addition to the censorship problem, there was a larger one of Pound being increasingly drawn to controversy. Pound's attack on Judge Hand for suppressing the "Cattleman's Spring-Mate" issue was published in March 1918 against Quinn's objections in the review itself and seemed to Quinn evidence of the poet's political naiveté. He considered Pound's notion that the copyright laws or Section 211 of the U.S. Criminal Code (see Letter 42) could or should be changed in wartime absurdly unrealistic. In letters of March 1918, he warned Pound that he was "too far away from the scene of action to conduct a long-distance fight" and that "you are the kind of man that excites opposition." He told Pound not to be like the writers whom Henry James scorned, "devoting themselves to their town politics . . . and neglecting their real work."

Throughout Quinn's many scolding letters to Pound, his concern for the poet's welfare and respect for his genius is never in doubt. But in 1918 their collaboration in establishing a modern renaissance begins to lose its sense of common purpose.

TLS-1. 10 January 1918.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

London Office: —5, Holland Place Chambers. W. 8.

10 Jan. 1918

Dear Quinn

This is only an interim letter, to ask: "IF the L. R. goes bust, or even if it dont; is there any American newspaper, not necessarily a New York one, that could handle a weekly letter from London, on current publications." I have by now done a certain amount of practical writing, and know the difference between a steady weekly survey, and sporadic manifestoes on behalf of one or two really good writers. Work of this sort can be perfectly honest, without letting off all of one's broadside.

I am not writing a full letter because I want really to finish my Arnaut Daniel, but after five weeks of that "idealism" I am having a "practical" reaction. i.e. re/ this question of "work" in the down town sense of the word.

I have also sent off a new batch of poems to "Poetry" I don't believe I should let a regular job interfere with my real stuff. Only, with a capacity for the more practical thing, there are times (perhaps increasingly frequent) when it seems idiotic not to put it in harness. (Of course I *ought* to be London editor of, "The Century". Passons!!!)

Hartford? Schenectady? or East Orange?

Dont for God's sake bother about this, you may as well know I would consider it, if you hear of a vacant column.

yrs

Ezra Pound

Arnaut Daniel: A book entitled "The Canzoni of Arnaut Daniel, trans. by Ezra Pound, with original music by Walter Morse Rummel (1912-1918)," written in 1913 and revised in December 1917-January 1918 and sent to a Cleveland publisher.

4I

TLs-2. 29 January 1918. Enclosure: Seven-page carbon of Pound's letter to Judge Lamar concerning the suppression of the October issue of the *Little Review*.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W. 8

29 Jan

1918

Dear John Quinn:

Will you accept the dedication of "Pavannes and Divisions"? I had intended to wait until I had some more important book to bear this dedication, but delays are not much in the nature of either of us, and moreover you are more intimately connected and associated in the making of *Lustra* and this book than you will be in future books, after Knopf is trained, or after American publication of my stuff becomes more or less routine.

If you accept the dedication, just have

To

John Quinn

put on the page after the subtitle, or title page.

and add beneath if the fancy takes you:

Americanus non moribus.

Unless you think the *Americanus* ought to be in the dative case. It is very hard to tell in case of mixing two languages whether to keep the latin uninflected. On the whole *Americano* is probably better.

wrong. Have looked up Dante's epistle to Can Grande. it should be

Americano natione non moribus.

Have been misquoting it for eight years.

I enclose the rough draft of my letter to Lamar. It's no use, I haven't a typist, and can't do everything. I send you the draft merely for the sake of one or two points for your own consideration.

Orage is going to have a look at the papers of the case today.

Thanks for booming me to him.

//

Re/ copying the Lamar letter. I have finished my *Arnaut*, and now *Raymonde Collignon* is really going to sing the old music, the reconstructions Rummel and I made six years ago. It means a new start on the whole thing (Provencal XII century music), and probably the resurrection of as much of it as is worth while. We've been held up for lack of a singer WITH the right equipment, intelligence etc.

Anyhow it is more important than trying to save America from itself.

Fortunately I've the reprods. of the Milan mss. and some copies we made of various mss. in Paris, so we'll be able to go ahead despite the Bibliotheque National being closed. Only inconvenience being that Rummel is in Paris, so some of the work will have to be by letter. Re/ the rough draft for Lamar. I am glad it was not written to me. Knopf wrote on Jan 4. and on Jan. 7. before and AFTER Quinn. Contrast extremely amusing.

yrs

Ezra

Ezra Pound. 29-1-1918

Dante's epistle: In *Epistola X*, Dante addresses Can Grande della Scala as "Florentinus natione non moribus," which is translated as "a Florentine by birth, not by disposition." Quinn wrote on 20 May 1918 that he struck out the citation on the proofs because "it might be regarded as tactless to be complimented, at the expense of all the rest of my countrymen, by another American living abroad."

Orage: A. R. Orage (1873-1934), editor of the *New Age*.

Lamar: See Letter 39.

Raymonde Collignon: (b. 1894), French soprano who was famous in London for her singing of French folks songs. She gave a concert in London of the Pound/Rummel Troubadour songs on 27 April 1918.

Rummel: Walter Morse Rummel (1887-1953), who worked with Pound in 1910-1913 on setting to music Provençal poems and some of Pound's original poems.

Knopf: A reference to Quinn's negotiations over the publication of *Pavannes and Divisions*.

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TLS-2. 18 February 1918.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

18 Feb

1918

Dear Quinn:

Sorry you had the fag. of my "Law and Order" article while in hospital.

I think you mistake my whole attitude. I don't care a curse who sells or who don't sell "inventions". I object to having literature lumped in with chemicals for the purpose of

And I still think and I think any man of letters would think Hand's paragraphs on the classics an immortal *jem*.

Also shops for the sale of, are prevalent in London and the window displays are a marvel. I still wonder at them.

BUT the products are NOT confused with literature, which can really only be stopped by the Home Office, though officious magistrates sometimes override their powers. The printers here are the curse.

HOWEVER MY ARTICLE WAS SENT *sub judice tuo*, at least my recollection is that I said it was to be submitted to you before anything was done with it. And as you've chucked it out, that ends the matter. I naturally didn't know it would fall on you in hospital.

ONLY for god's sake get my POINT which is that I object to a campaign for free literature being mixed up with a campaign for Mrs Sanger, birth control, etc.

And I object to a law which doesn't keep the two issues distinct. AND a country which can't distinguish between the two is in a bloody rotten state of barbarism.

However I am now on my 5th. thousand for the special Henry James number. And I have started negotiations for a Spanish number, won't be so much of it as of the French number, and the poems will be accompanied by translations. So I am presumably out of mischief.

BUT any law which mixes tweezers, bitter-apple, etc. with The Classics which are permitted only because they are not widely read IS grotesque, barbarous, ridiculous, risible, Gargantuan, idiotic, wilsonian, american, Concordia Emersonian, VanDykian, Hamilton-Mabieian, pissian, pharrtian, monstrous, abotred, aborted, contorted, distorted, merdicious, stinkiferous, pestilent and marasmic. However, I agree that I am too far off to do anything about it; let the buggers stew in their own juice and be almightily damned to 'em.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

"Law and Order" article: Pound sent Quinn a draft of an article on Judge Augustus N. Hand's decision to allow the postmaster to deny use of the mails to the October 1917 issue of the *Little Review*, which contained Lewis's "Cantleman's Spring-Mate." The article eventually appeared as "The Classics 'Escape,'" *Little Review*, 4 (March 1918): 32-34. Quinn was in the hospital for five weeks after abdominal surgery, and it was another month before he could return to his office even on a limited basis. Pound wrote on 17 February 1918: "I am very sorry to hear of your illness, and glad to get . . . the assurance that the operation was successful. I will not be the ninety-fifth person to tell you you 'do too much.' About all I can do is NOT to answer your last letter (that of Jan. 17th), at any length."

literature lumped in with chemicals: Pound refers to Section 211 of the U.S. Criminal Code: "Every obscene, lewd, or lascivious, and every filthy book, pamphlet, picture, letter, writing, print, or other publication of an indecent character and every article or thing designed, adapted or intended for preventing conception

or producing abortion, or for any indecent or immoral use . . . shall not be conveyed in the mails or delivered from any post-office or by any letter carrier." See *Pound/The Little Review*, ed. Thomas L. Scott, p. 175. To Pound's mind, the juxtaposition of literature with contraceptives was a national scandal. But Quinn thought that the juxtaposition in no way affected the intent of the law and that objecting to the mere juxtaposition revealed Pound's naiveté.

Hand's paragraphs: In his *Little Review* article, Pound cites a paragraph of Judge Hand's decision which begins: "I have little doubt that numerous really great writings would come under the ban if tests that are frequently current were applied, and these approved publications doubtless at times escape only because they come within the term 'classics' . . . and usually appeal to a comparatively limited number of readers" (p. 34).

Mrs Sanger: Margaret Sanger (1883–1966), American leader of the birth-control movement.

Henry James number: *Little Review*, 4 (August 1918).

Spanish number: The Spanish number was never published.

VanDykian: A reference to the sentimental American author Henry Van Dyke. See Letter 12.

HamiltonMabieian: Hamilton Wright Mabie (1846–1916), popular American essayist and literary critic; associate editor of the *Outlook*, 1884–1916.

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TLS-4. 22 February 1918.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W. 8.
22 Feb 1918.

Dear John Quinn:

As your legal advisor, court physician, *poeta laureatus*, and general supernumerary attendant, let me state that on 13th. inst you were supposed to be in hospital, and that by all decent computation you are this day Feb. 22, supposed to be still there, *still*, there, still in the sense of quiet.

I am however very glad to get your cable re/ Eliot, as it indicates that you are at least in shape to hear news.

I am cabling very briefly

1. Because the last I heard of Eliot he was in the Thames valley, valetudinarianizing. AND I dont know where to lay hold of him this p.m..

[*crossout*: 2. Because the cheapest cable rate is now 1/ per word.]

3. Because if that shister Boni tries to pirate "Prufrock" I think he will get damn well stuck. Practically the whole book has appeared in "Poetry". All I think except "The Portrait of a Lady" (published in

"Others" by Kreyborg, who is bound [to] protect it, I should think. The last address I had was 32 Jane St. N. Y., I believe he has since gone to Chicago, but is in touch with Knopf.)

The other poems which did *not* appear in "Poetry" are the "Preludes" and "Rhapsody on Windy Night", which appeared in "Blast".

I think *all* the rest appeared in "Poetry", I am not sure about "Morning at the Window", but there were two batches, besides the poem "Prufrock".

That is enough to hold up Boni's little game, I believe.

This should reach you before they can publish

/// ///

Yes. I will send brief wire, as follows

"Eliot Eight Poetry."

Pound.

//////////

Jan. number. Little Review here. I am considerably cheered by its arrival, along with news of the big guarantee fund. Feel I must pull myself together and "edit" it a bit more.

Suppression, plus trying to get on without L. R. cash etc. plus general feeling of hopelessness of doing anything with or in U. S. A. so far as literature is concerned, plus uncertainty as to L. R.'s continuance, had more or less "faded me" in regard to it.

Have got a topping story by a new chap named Windeler, sent off two days ago.

Had been depressed in face of Hueffer's petering out. Joyce's inferior second chapter. (Third picks up again). Also Eliot's exhaustion, and Lewis' desoeuvrement. Also feeling of doubt re/ possibility of further purchase of mss. or payment in full of Joyce and Hueffer in case of stoppage.

However, THAT's all right.

Also the newest variation of "flu" on top of French number and "Arnaut Daniel" in rapid succession, had not left me very brisk.

HOWEVER, must have another heave to. And prepare something for May and June.

WHERE T' 'ELL ARE THE AMURRIKUN KONtributors. i.e. literary contributors??????

I have written my good friend Bill Williams, praying him to fergawdssake try and be, or at least verge upon being, lucid.

Have dealt with the number (January) and incidental correspondence, and sent out various appeals for live mss. this day.

Ben Hecht ought to be made to write. i.e. literature. He has something in him, but thinks he must crack jokes, be funny SUIT editors.

If he would read Maupassant AND learn therefrom NOT TO exaggerate in his stories, he should do some good stuff.

///

Both Mencken and H. W. Wack of Newark have written me amiably saying they'll try to get me a weekly "London Letter on Books". somewhere or other.

////

Effects of Brochure already apparent in notice from Phila. "Ledger" rec'd today. I owe you a great deal for the thought and the execution of that move. It may just turn the tide

The Ledger notice reproducing the Gaudier drawing ought to convince Knopf he was an ASS ASS ASS to *think of* omitting it. ANY cut like that draws the eye to a newspaper article, which same eye wouldn't be drawn by three cols. of print. Mustn't weigh you [down] with longer epistle. Also must take my family (of ONE. Christ yes, One.) to dinner.

Good luck and get well.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

22 Feb

cable re/ Eliot: Quinn had heard a mistaken rumor that Albert Boni of Boni and Liveright was planning a pirated edition of Eliot's poems. Eight of the poems were protected by an American copyright because they were published in *Poetry*, which was the message of Pound's cable to Quinn. Pound was concerned that Quinn was too active and wrote on 19 February 1918: "You will certainly die with your cheque-book in your hand, paying the debts of some irrelevant artist, and may that day be long hence."

big guarantee fund: Quinn wrote on 2 February 1918 that he had lined up Max Pam, Mrs. James Byrne, and Otto Kahn as backers for the *Little Review*.

Windeler: B. Cyril Windeler, "Elimus," *Little Review*, 4 (April 1918): 12-26. In a letter to Quinn of 2 December 1918, Pound said that Windeler was going to help finance a London quarterly and described him as a "dealer in Australian wool, got his majority and has been acting colonel in naval air force."

Hueffer's petering out: Pound hoped that serializing Ford Madox Ford's "Women and Men" would encourage him to finish the work, but Ford completed only two chapters.

inferior second chapter: The "Nestor" episode appeared in the April issue.

French number: *Little Review*, 4 (February 1918), which contains Pound's "A Study in French Poets."

Bill Williams: Pound refers to Williams's "Improvisations" (January 1918): 3-9. Concerning these poems, Pound wrote Margaret Anderson that Williams was "the most bloody inarticulate animal that ever gargled." For this and other com-

ments on the January issue, see *Pound/The Little Review*, ed. Thomas L. Scott, pp. 190–92.

Ben Hecht: Stories by the American novelist and playwright (1894–1964) appeared in the May and June 1918 issues.

H. W. Wack: Henry Wellington Wack, editor of the *Newarker*, who published *The Newark Anniversary Poems* (1917), which included Pound's poem "To a City Sending Him Advertisements." Pound published an article on Henry James in the *Newark Sunday Call* in April 1918. He was interested in finding a newspaper section or supplement as a regular outlet rather than a literary magazine.

Gaudier drawing: The drawing was included in Quinn's private edition of *Lustra* and in Eliot's brochure, *Ezra Pound: His Metric and Poetry*, but not in Knopf's trade edition of *Lustra*.

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TLS-8. Enclosure: Receipts for *Little Review* payments.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

3 April

1918

Dear John Quinn:

Thanks for yours of March 14th. and the enclosure (£3 1/8/10). It is awfully good of you to go on talking of getting more guarantors when you have so many causes to be displeased.

To the best of my recollection, my instructions were that my article was to be submitted to you.

I agree that the number is too much on one note. The fault lies in Lewis delay. The Joyce and Hueffer with something less pungent between them would have gone very well. Lewis imaginary letters should have come out months ago.

I had forgotten, or rather sending the mss over so long ago, I had not been able to plan the numbers very much. Any other chapter of Hueffer would have balanced with the Joyce or Lewis.

Miss A. was trying to get the Lewis out of the way, to make room for my Imaginary Letter, which couldn't precede Lewis final one.

Also with the change in size, which I couldn't calculate, either as to time, or as to the effect on consuming mss. . Plus Miss A's elimination of all American contributions (possibly in deference to Kahn's remarks?). Plus the uncertainty of Lewis' times and seasons. I have had to leave the order and grouping to Miss A.

I can't agree with you about Joyce's first chapter. I don't think the passages about his mother's death and the sea would come with such force if they weren't imbedded in squalor and disgusts.

I may say that I rec'd the fourth chapter some days ago, and deleted about twenty lines before sending it off to N. Y., and also wrote Joyce my reasons for thinking the said lines excessive.

He does not disgust me as Wells does.

I am appending a list of L. R. disbursements. I don't know that I shall be able to find the receipts, either all or some of them. Shall put that account on separate page.

I imagine the American Express Co. lied to Knopf, rather as usual. The brochure has got to Liverpool, but the Exp. Co. has returned me the invoices, saying I must get a permit from the paper commission before I can have them; and they are now on the dock at owner's risk with charges etc. at owners risk. I doubt if the commission will issue permit. Lane has had sheets lying at Liverpool for some years.

I have of course applied for the permit.

Hueffer's stuff was done five years ago. I think it was time somebody wiped up Weiniger. Tho' I have never been interested enough in him to read him, I am glad to see him cleaned off, and marked, "*Not Necessary*". Neither have I read Havelock Ellis. The "subject" as you say, does not particularly interest me.

My whole position is simply "permettre à ceux qui en valent la peine, franchement d'écrire leur pensee".

Jules Romain's is [an] ideologue, and undoubtedly mars his work by riding an idea to death. If he didn't he probably wouldn't give himself the opportunity of getting out the really good part of his stuff.

He seems to me about the only "younger" man in France whose head works at all. There are interesting things in him. I don't think I have ever claimed more than that.

If Griffin and Merrill hadn't been half American I don't think I should have mentioned them at all. Lord! How many *divergences* I am putting down in a lump. However here goes. I don't think Yeats *Silentia Lunae* hangs together, at least I don't think it in the same street with his *Memoirs*, as writing. And I find "Noh" unsatisfactory. I dare say its all that could be done with the material. I don't believe anyone else will come along a[nd] do a better book on "Noh", save for encyclopedizing the subject. And I admit there are beautiful bits in it. But its all too damn soft.

Like Pater, Fionna MacLeod, James Mathew Barrie, not good enough.

I think I am justified in having spent the time I did on it; but not much more than that.

In going thru James again, I find him at sea for years, between the first good stuff, and the final achievement. Certainly the "*American Scene*" is of the best. The opening of "*Small Boy and Others*" is disgusting. I think if one picked up James first with the beginning of that book, one would be pardoned for never returning to him. It picks up at about page 30.

Hueffer on James spatters on for 45 pages of unnecessary writing before he gets started. I think there are good things in his book. I should like to put Dr. P. Carus under a steam-roller. He is a bloody nuisance.

The notice of Joyce on the back of the Feb. number says it is the continuation of Stephen Daedalus. But it could just as well have been repeated in the March number in an editorial note. I didn't think of it.

I mustn't get to scribbling about Henry James here.

I don't believe it will do any good to overlook his limitations. Nor that ones praise will be effective if one don't recognize the defects, or the great stretch between his best and his worst.

Meredith is to me chiefly a stink. I should never write on him, as I detest him too much ever to trust myself as critic of him. The one phase of James that one wants to *pass over* is to me James as contemporary of Meredith.

When he isn't being a great and magnificent author, he certainly can be a very fussy and tiresome one. I think the main function of my essay is to get the really good stuff disentangled from the inferior (If one ever can do that for an author.)

He certainly has put America on the map. Given her a local habitation and a name.

///

Getting back to Joyce. It still seems to me that America will never look *anything*, animal, mineral, vegetable, political, social, international, religious, philosophical or ANYTHING else, in the face until she gets used to perfectly bald statement.

That's propaganda if you like, but it seems to me something larger than the question of whether Joyce writes with a certain odeur-de-Muskkrat.

The present international situation seems to me in no small measure due to the English and American habit of keeping their ostrich heads carefully down their little silk-lined sand holes. I wrote an article on the "situation" a couple of months ago, I am told it is intelligent but unprintable. Orage, simply said "You mingle with people who are far too interesting, you should go to the National

Liberal Club and learn how ONE intelligent remark can blast a man's whole career."

Oh well, one can't go back over all that. I don't care a hang for one matter more than another, It is the whole habit of verbally avoiding the issue that seems to me injurious. However I musn't get fanatical over it.

//

The kind of thing that drives one into this state is precisely the condition of other American publications. In my Swinburne article in Poetry I recounted Watts Dunton's conduct at the funeral. And his preventing an officious vicar from saying the burial service. Harriet deletes these six lines. The American public must not hear that the burial service is not universally respected.

After years of this sort of puling imbecility one gets hot under the collar, and is perhaps carried to an extreme. Even so Harriet is much less an old maid than most American editors,

///

Other point, re centralization of power. Certainly for execution of war measures, power ought to be centralized and you know that I am as much opposed as anyone can be to any impediments to that. But this question of having the whole of a nation's reading held up by one man, has NOTHING whatever to do with winning the war. It is a permanent state, for peace as much as for war. I don't think your argument holds.

I agree with you, on the other hand, that the March number was too "preoccupied."

On the other hand (the suppositious and possible third hand) who is there apart from the group of writers we are printing, who is writing or can write??

///

Thanks again for the cheque rec'd. and for going on getting guarantors after you had made up your mind against it.

I am more than sorry the annoyances have come during the very time of your illness.

Hope by the time you get this that you will be again feeling fit.

Pardon the appalling length of this epistle.

Also forgive its general gloom and cantankerousness. After all it is something to get Joyce, Hueffer and Lewis into one number of one magazine, even if they are all, with a vengeance, remembering the psalmist's injunction to "remember thy genitals in the days of thy youth."

(Usual Y. M. C. A. mistranslation of that psalm is a prime

instance of the Xtn love of truth. Restore the real meaning and the damn thing hangs together.

Had a long letter from the father of all the Yeatsssssss a few weeks ago. Will answer him when I get time to breathe.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

my article: "The Classics 'Escape.'" See Letter 42.

Lewis delay: Quinn complained not only about Pound's essay but also about the Joyce, Hueffer, and Lewis contributions, which demonstrated the March issue's "obsession of sex."

my Imaginary Letter: Lewis's series of "Imaginary Letters" on topics such as Russian literature were continued by Pound in the *Little Review* for September, October, and November 1917, and May and November 1918. Lewis's final "Imaginary Letter" was published in March 1918.

Kahn's remarks: Otto Kahn told Quinn he reduced his subsidy to the *Little Review* from \$600 to \$400 because he disliked the American contributors.

Joyce's first chapter: The "Telemachus" episode in the May 1918 issue of the *Little Review*.

fourth chapter: The "Hades" episode in the June 1918 issue of the *Little Review*. Pound told Joyce that the contrast between Bloom's "interior poetry and outward surroundings is excellent, but it will come up without such detailed treatment of the dripping feces." See *Pound/Joyce*, ed. Read, p. 131; the lines Pound deleted are identified in Appendix C.

Hueffer's stuff . . . Weiniger: "Women and Men" by Ford Madox Ford (Hueffer) appeared in the *Little Review* in the January, March, April, May, July, and September 1918 issues and discussed Weininger's *Sex and Character*. Otto Weininger (1880–1903) was a Viennese philosopher and author of the pseudoscientific *Sex and Character* (1903).

Havelock Ellis: (1859–1939), author of *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* (1897–1928).

whole position: Pound is referring to the encouraging letter he received from De Gourmont about founding a journal; see Letter 5.

Griffin and Merrill: Francis Vielé-Griffin (1864–1937) and Stuart Merrill (1863–1915), American-born French Symbolist poets.

Silentia Lunae: Per Amica Silentia Lunae (1918), an essay which expresses Yeats's interest in the occult.

Pater, Fionna MacLeod, James Mathew Barrie: English author Walter Pater (1839–1894); the Scottish author William Sharp (1855–1905), who wrote mystical prose and verse as Fionna Macleod; and James Matthew Barrie (1860–1937), the author of *Peter Pan* (1904).

Hueffer on James: Ford Madox Ford's book *Henry James: A Critical Study* (1913), which was published in America in 1915 and 1916.

Dr. P. Carus: See Letter 33.

Meredith: George Meredith (1828–1909), English novelist.

National Liberal Club: The social center of the Liberal party, Whitehall Place, London.

Swinburne article: "Swinburne versus Biographers," *Poetry*, 11 (March 1918): 322–29, a review of Edmund Gosse's *The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne*.

psalmist's injunction: Pound seems to be referring, not to the *Psalms*, but to *Ecclesiastes* 12.1: "Remember also your Creator in the days of your youth." According to the *Interpreter's Bible*, ed. George Buttrick, some exegetes say that the Hebrew word does not signify "Creator" but instead "cistern" or "well," which are terms often used for "wife." Could Pound have been told that "cistern" translates as "genitals"? In a letter to Quinn of 19 July 1916, Pound refers to the "beloved disciple" under the impression that the term denotes Judas rather than St. John.

45

TLS-4. 4 June 1918. On *Little Review* stationery listing Margaret Anderson as editor and Pound as foreign editor. Enclosures: Notice from Post Office that Pound's cable to Quinn was held up by the U.S. censor, who requested that it be put in "plain English"; letter from English censor's office to explain that British and American censors are suspicious of one-word cables and that the word "Tergenda" is not an English word like "Agenda" or "Addenda."

THE LITTLE REVIEW

London Office: —5, Holland Place Chambers, W. 8.

4 June 1918

Dear Quinn:

More thanks for going through the proofs of Pavannes. You have got all the points I noted in the page-galleys, so I was right in not cabling about them. I enclose further documents re/ my attempted acceptance of your cabled suggestion. I.E. my attempt to cable you to call the appendices "Tergenda", if that happened to please you.

Jules Romains writes his thanks for "ouvrir si largement votre revue. Je ne demande mieux que d'être "french editor" comme vous me le proposez. Mais j'aimerais que vous me disiez en quoi au juste consisterait cette fonction, et de quoi j'aurais a m'occuper."

(All of which ought to settle Orage's idiocies in this weeks New Age.)

I think I gave him a bad minute over his bluff. He hasn't been in Paris for years, and I dont know what poet he found scoffing at even Flint or Bithell.

However his readers will swallow it. And as for the rest of his article it is his old game. Zarathustra was intended to appear in an edition of 100 copies. afterwards countermanded to 40, and finally the author kept all but 8.

R.H.C. is not in literature what his papa and corporeal or actual self is in Notes of the Week.

Romains (whatever one thinks of his "Mort de Quelqu'un") is I think the livest of the current French writers. He suffers less from mental paralysis. he couldn't have written "Tarr" & he hasn't Eliots discrimination but he is not a matoid. At any rate I have seen him in the flesh, and I have not heard any suggestions of any better possible collaboration, now that DeGourmont is dead. Vildrac is too naive to "edit".

Also I think Romains will gather more people, more writers. Certainly he will do more than Vildrac. I tried to get Vildrac to send me french mss. for Poetry some years ago. Of course there wasn't much stimulus and Harriet wouldn't print anything without years of delay and only a page or so, but still Vildrac didn't show much hustle.

Tailhade is over sixty, I dare say over 65. Anatole (beyond reach, and 90 or 120). Tailhade wouldn't have done *anyhow*, though I'd like some of his stuff. I came on a volume which G. C. Cros sent me five years ago. Not enough mental activity *there*.

Spire is excellent in spots, BUT there is an AWFUL lot of rubbish in his books. DeBosschere is too queer, too utterly out of touch with everything, besides I can see his stuff here, what there is of it, and he'd be no use in getting a nucleus of French writers. (Besides he is not utterly French.) Duhamel, Chenneviere, Arcos, all less than Romains, and if they did anything good he would know it.

I don't believe in Rolland. Possibly prejudiced by Cannan, but still I dont believe in anybody Cannan would take up with.

Poor Joyce is down again with his eyes. Lewis nearly dying of the attempt to paint something bad enough *in the right way*,

Eliot has emitted a few new and diverting verses. Sending 'em for Sept.

Thanks agin for correcting Pavannes.

yours ever
Ezra Pound

continue. 4-6-'18

I wish Romains was someone you believed in, but still. I can't see any way round that particular corner. I am not infatuated, I simply think him the best of the lot over there. One of the few who would be

with us, rather than with the Poetry Book Shop and the Georgian Anthologies, Abercrombie Eddie Marsh etc.

There is *something* in his work. It is not the hebetude of an lignified cerebrum. And I think I did mention limitations in my note on the "Hard and Soft. in Fr. Poetry."

I think also he is possibly an organizer. The other organizers in Paris are either pure wind like Mercereau and Parmentier, or else lunatics like Barzun, (Lowells and Lindsays.)

Romains has done at least as much creative work, as talk about it. Which is more than one can say of most of his confreres. etc. etc. At any rate it is the best that can be done. Hope Kahn wont think I am lying down on the job.

Romains: Jules Romains was the "French Editor" of the *Little Review* from the September 1918 until the Autumn 1921 issue. Quinn disliked his novel *Mort de quelqu'un* (1918). Pound was ultimately disappointed with Romains as both editor and writer.

Orage's idiocies: In a "Notes of the Week" column, "The Avant-garde: 'Making no compromise with the public taste,'" A. R. Orage (who signed himself "R. H. C.") criticized "the cult of French verse by an English critic" and claimed that "I have sat with French writers in Paris, in fact, and heard them politely patronizing the efforts of well-known English Gallophils to criticize French verse." *The New Age*, 23 (6 June 1918): 89.

Flint or Bithell: Frank Stewart Flint (1885–1960), Imagist poet and translator, Jethro Bithell (1878–1962) translated W. B. Yeats into French.

Zarathustra: Friedrich Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra* (1884–1891).

R.H.C.: A. R. Orage; see note above.

Tailhade: Laurent Tailhade (1854–1919), whom Pound discussed in his "Approach to Paris" articles in *The New Age*, 13 (2 October 1913): 662–64.

G. C. Cros: Guy-Charles Cross (1879–1956), French poet.

Spire: Pound discusses the French poet André Spire (1868–1966) in "The Approach to Paris . . . VII," *New Age*, 13 (16 October 1913): 726–28.

Duhamel, Chenneviere, Arcos: For Duhamel, see Letter 35; Georges Chennevière (1884–1929), associated particularly with Romains; René Arcos (1881–1951?), *unanimiste* poet—characterized by social concern and faith in mankind's progress.

Rolland: See Letter 25.

Cannan: See Letter 34.

Lewis nearly dying: Lewis spent 1918 as an artist for the Canadian War Records project and was now trying to finish his official pictures, which had to be painted in a relatively conventional style.

Eliot: Eliot's "Sweeny among the Nightingales," "Whispers of Immortality,"

"Dans le Restaurant," and "Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service," *Little Review*, V (September 1918): 10–14.

Poetry Book Shop . . . *Eddie Marsh*: Marsh's Poetry Book Shop published the *Georgian Poetry* anthologies (see Letter 7); Lascelles Abercrombie (1881–1938), English poet, critic, and professor.

"*Hard and Soft*": In *Poetry*, 11 (February 1918): 264–71.

Mercereau and Parmentier: Alexandre Mercereau and Florian Parmentier, late nineteenth century French writers.

Barzun (Lowells and Lindsays): Pound discusses the French poet Henri-Martin Barzun (b. 1881) in "The Approach to Paris . . . VII," *New Age*, 13 (16 October 1913): 726–28. Lowell is Amy Lowell and Lindsay is Vachel Lindsay.

Kahn: Pound's banker friend Otto Kahn was also supporting the *Little Review*.

46

TLS-3. 5 July 1918.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

5th July.

Dear Quinn:

Yours of June 10, (post mark June 18) to hand.

For god's sake dont bother about the Spanish mss. NOW, or about Carus, OR BUBB, OR about magazines past present or future.

I will write to Knopf re/ Longer Essays. Lewis is getting on with his official picture. Yeats is still in Ireland,

(Joyce's address, last I had, was Universitätstrasse 38. I. Zurich) He is, as I have written down with his eyes again, and his wife writes that the iritis has got to his other eye. I suppose he is *still* laid up as the sixth installment of *Ulysses* does not arrive.

Your health and his are the only two things that anyone need worry about. Apart from Ireland, Europe, Asia and Africa. Thanks for sending book on French Poets. (not yet arrived). June L. Review not yet here either. But seeing the last sentence in May threatening an "American Number" I was and am prepared for the worst.

Turbyfill I believe to be an excellent Old English name, perhaps a little corrupted, but the spellings Turbeyville or Turberuile will be found in my essay on Eliz. Classicists.

Damon (Pythias and Co. very old firm, probably now directed by Solstein and Isacacsohn, as you suggest)

Djuna, suggests Indiana longing "fer" art via Grennwich Village.

Heteroclite -borgs, -burgs, MaxMichelsons etc, *claim* Swedish and *ALSATIAN* great uncles. Magnanimi Remi nepotes !!!!!

We're going to reprint the Song of Songs which is Solomon's at the printer's earliest convenience.

Wot price Pan-Anglia at Trinity Church corner? Szucle- or Zche- kal- or Shekelski is also unknown to me either by name or by canvas

////

Thanks for sending Am. edtn. "Exiles". (also not arrived yet.) And for God's sake dont bother about my affairs NOW. You've got me on a fairly steady keel I ought to be able to proceed.

I dare say a raise in the age limit will solve further personal questions. At any rate meticulous plans for the year of grace 1919 look like a waste of energy.

Sufficient unto the day is the bosche thereof. I have at any rate had an excellent dinner at the Cavour, where I have been meaning to dine for four years, and eight years ago I learned that man is happy when fed, and unhappy when not fed. It is a great simplification of life to know that fact, and has saved me from many vapours and feminine fidgets since then.

I hope you get your country place, and without the bothers you had in your other attempts two years ago.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

Have nine new poems from W. B. Y.—some of them good. The best is about a beggar trying to sleep on a tombstone & bothered by kingly ghosts in W. B's best vein.

Spanish mss.: Pound owned some autograph letters of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain, which his father was holding. If Quinn could sell them for more than a thousand dollars, Pound planned to give half the money to the *Little Review*. He told Quinn that he obtained the letters "in Las Americas, the old bazar in Madrid, from a chap who didn't know what they were" (27 August 1917).

Carus, OR BUBB: For Carus, see Letter 33. Pound had sent his book on Arnaut Daniel to Reverend Charles C. Bubb (1876–1936), whose Clerk's Press (Cleveland) published limited editions of fine books. Pound was worried that the manuscript had not arrived. He suspected that the censors had held it up, but it was in fact lost in the mails. See Donald Gallup, *Bibliography*, E6a.

Longer Essays: Instigations, which Knopf decided not to publish because of the poor sales of *Pavannes*. Quinn managed to place the book with Boni and Liveright (1920).

sixth installment: "Lestrygonians."

book on French poets: Quinn told Pound he was sending him a volume called "Poets of Modern France" by a "Jewish ass."

Turbyfill: Quinn disliked the "American Number" (June 1918) of the *Little Review*, referring to it as a "Jewish Number," and ridiculed the "American" names of

the contributors, such as Mark Turbyfill, Djuna Barnes, and Max Michelson. Turbyfill is listed in the notes on contributors as a Chicagoan and a "very young poet."

Eli. Classicists: See "Notes on Elizabethan Classicists," in *Literary Essays*, ed. Eliot, pp. 227-48.

Damon: S. Foster Damon (1893-1971), Blake scholar and poet, contributed a "Sonnet from 'Le Parnasse Satyrique,' (1622)."

Djuna: Djuna Barnes (1892-1982), American fiction writer and artist who contributed a short prose piece entitled "Finale" to the issue.

Magnanimi Remi nepotes !!!!!: See Catullus, LVIII, with its ironic reference to the noble descendants of Remus.

Trinity Church: The historic Episcopal church which stands at the head of the Wall Street district in New York.

Shekelski: Stanislaw Szukalski is described in the notes on contributors as a Chicago sculptor born in Warta, Poland, 1895; he contributed a series of grotesque portraits to the issue.

"Exiles": Joyce's play was published by B. W. Huebsch in 1918.

Cavour: A restaurant with theater and cabaret in Leicester Square.

beggar trying to sleep: "Under the Round Tower," which appeared with six other Yeats poems in the *Little Review*, 5 (October 1918).

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TLS-9. 10 & 11 August 1918. Enclosure: Notice on the periodical "The Bookman."

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

10th. Aug

1918

Dear Quinn

Thank you, or "thank Gawd", that Fennollosa mss. has reached the L. R.

I have had great satisfaction in writing several letters to Carus, more recently, including one to his wife, encouraging her, if she exists, to avert severe domestic tragedy IF I should ever see Paul.

Also the voice of the stalwart Michelson on the long-distance-phone, no further off than Chicago is from La Salle, may have given him the terrors of the approaching physical arm, let alone the legal and spiritual.

I have forgotten the exact text of my notes, but it would be libel to repeat ANY part of them to you.

Thanks immensely for getting the mss. in. Thanks for Pa-

vannes,, your "some share" was SOME share all right, consisting in getting the book into existence and getting it to America at all.

Did I thank you for "Tarr". Perhaps not, my life for the past seven days has been stratified.

A week ago it seemed that Eliot was likely to be took fer the Army. (His father "hopes some member etc.).

I went to the Embassy to point out that if it was a war for civilization (not merely for democracy) it was folly to shoot, or have shot one of the six or seven Americans capable of contributing to civilization or understanding the word.

I was passed on [to] the propoganda dept. (I.E. my services being at their disposal as a sop.) They graciously gave me permission to get paid for any article I could place with papers they couldn't get their stuff into.

I carried a few bushels of their pamphlets around London: pamphlets written in Oshkosh for the denizens of Spokane, and unlikely to stir the stalwart islanders, *mais passons*.

Orage is looking at 'em. I am writing a statement of why Europe ought to see the great West.

I feel sure that when (if) I get the brief formulated I shall have a great jurisprudential career, you will cable for me to come over and take on your more difficult cases. etc.

PASSONS!

Being embarked on that I get a note from the Embassy the next morning. Will I go to Persia by Wednesday (That being Friday, Bank Holiday on Monday, Sat. half day.) Like Nathan Hale I have but one life for my country.

They will write to the head of the commission and will probably have an answer by Tuesday a.m.

They haven't, but I meet Mr Judson (charming, Henry Pratt Judson). He will consult with his colleagues. The good salary, turns out to be eeeeeleemosinary money It is not a govt. job. it is a commission to feed the starving Persian; any increase in pay starves that much more suffering Perse.

He will let me know by telegraph in the morning, he is not getting off till the end of the week.

He dont. He wires will I call him up at Claridges. I do, leaving my breakfast to get cold. He is out. (Having wired at 9.45. his [sic] is out by 10.30. He has not got to the Embassy. I phone at 1. he has left a message "Will I call at six".

I, having blown £12/12 or so on stray bits of wardrobe, for expedition to Persia finished up the Hellenist series for the Egoist so

that it can be made into a brochure in my absence. arranged most of "Instigations" so that my wife MIGHT put it together somehow. Marked out two or three months work for a copyist. Attempted to do a bit of propaganda (talked with Davray, looked up the French dept. recommended a FEW decent fr. authors to join the fr. journalists investigation of U. S. A. committee, also to get ahead with N. Age regular stuff so as not to leave Orage in the lurch for his Aug. "Art and Music".,

wire at 4.30 that I am unavoidably detained, and unlikely to go to Persia.

(Had also rec'd deputation to complain that civilization would fall and BLOOMSBURY rise on its ashes IF I departed. If I forsook my post or helm or what ever the helm it is.

So I am here. but have since recd the Yeats family suddenly from Ireland on urgent personal matters, of a complication and convolutivity which I will not attempt to unravel on this machine (which fell this morning and twisted a key (no repairs under two weeks) which I have since pacified.

HENCE, wherefore, whatever, whereby, notwithstanding. IF I neglected to thank you for "Tarr" please take this for apology. I would have been a bloody fool to go to Persia, but I had written a bad poem three days before complaining that I hadn't had the stink of a continental railway in my nose forever and forever and forever.

Neither, of course, would I have ever the sense to remember that I am no longer twenty two (I have only just got over noting signs of "LAD WANTED" in windows, and wondering if it is an opening.)

To stow my gab and answer your letter.

I am afraid the second year subsidy (authors, not printer) is already mortgaged, with Joyce, and the Hueffer lap-over. Romaine, DeBoschére, Yeats etc.. Besides the stuff has been sent off to carry to Dec. and the DeGourmont begun for Feb.

AND I'm having the fun of it. (YOU who never tried to get stuff printed via H. Monroe of "Poetry" can not imagine what a comfort those two plagues of your life have been to me. MERELY because they DON'T answer letters wrangling for six months over the question of whether a good thing shall be printed. (SIX months to get Eliot into Poetry. Balk, balk, balk, EVERY time anything good went over (save Yeats and Tagore with reputation to carry 'em.). OH GOD, oh god, o God. How I do love my country for its sterling breed of editors male and female.).

IS the enclosed (re Bookman) any good. ????????

I have writ. Saxton to see if he wants a London end to his paper OR if

he only wants the American rights to the monthly speil in "The FUTURE", have sent him some past Futures to look at.

IS he any good? What is the Bookman?? Why do I plague you???

Does he only want to look at a mss. in private so as to attack me in public ON the contents of the mss. he has seen in private, and returned to me. like that sucker Slossen whom I met through a bastard I met at Pettipas', last time I wuz in N. Y.

(By the way, Have never seen Huneker in my life. Doubt if he has seen me. I should surely have been sensible of the honour.)

Rays of light falling slowly from Huneker, pervading the a'mmo-sphere, givin' awl things grace. (Also there is my first name to be found in the sacred writings of the hebrews.). Couldn't have missed knowing Huneker was in the midst of a gaze.

I wonder WOULD the Bookman wake up; does it really want to be the American Mercure (the French one is going to pot, or rather has went.) Billing trial etc.

///

The second year L. R. will serve to get "Instigations" into shape. I can always revise better from type (badly as I correct proof.)

Also it will prove that good stuff can be printed.

Nobody else would have done Ulysses. Its worth going on with for that alone.

Haven't yet got July. number.

IF the Bookman is a better stand, I can move over.

I suppose the brief note from Saxton is due to Pavannes. and so to you.

However I think if I go on with the L. R. till next spring, I will then be able to get some sort of paid job, NOT paid out of friends; and that the push will be ultimately worth having [been] made.

Am getting paid a little now from Egoist, and Orage would, I think, raise if he had it.

Thanks for cheque on Tamura royalties. MOST amazing. Last thing I ever expected to be paid for.

Have asked Bookman to send on a few copies to look at and see whether there is any hope for him.

Thanks for all copies of letters, etc. in your last.

Was writing Knopf, before Pavannes came, in answer to a letter of his. Interruptions as in opening of this letter. Will continue my note to him. I am delighted with the get up of the book, and that is another piece of thanks to you. I ONCE saw an unbridled Borzoi book with which you had nothing to do. (Low down houn' dawg it was, not a leppin Checko-Slovak counter movementing animal).

I think the photo- rather amusing, but it dont come to much in half tone. Still it adds, and it is quite different from the Coburn (bore-some).

The Gaudier is the only good thing. Silly of Knopf not to put it in ALL the edition[s] of Lustra.

Don't remember ever being taken for a Jew in real life; but ever since a member of the tribe of Ephraim painted my portrait in Paris, putting in most of his own face, my photos have raised the enquiry: "Il est Semite?"

I think "Instigations" ought to be considerably better.

There was a prize bit in the Univ. of Penn. Alumni Register re Lustra. It is the only Americ. press notice I have seen. Said I used to respect, or go in for, or something the refined and "elevated" deplored the lapse into Lustra, and said I wasn't Walt Whitman (This latter is of course the claim I have always made, I have always insisted that I was Walt, no doubt about our identity, epluribusunum, Walt and I are, were, etc. . . .

Walt always was that elevated!!!!

Also complained of lack of metric recognition of Armageddon. Instantaneous from the field of carnage, straight from cannon to publisher. (Felix Shelling Prof. of Eng. at U.P. is doing it (in Phila, not at the cannon's mouth.)

Gawd save thy people.

The troops are doing the job, but the professors will continue the urge to victory long after the triumphal march has slugged down the Siegesalle.

Certainly prefer the Northcliffe press to the arty treatment of the subject.

I think Gaudier has been nearly the only man both good soldier and good artist. Hulme did well as a fighter, neither of 'em maudled into the rubbish of "war-art".

Lewis is having a hell of a time trying to paint something official.

y basta.

yours ever

Ezra

E Pound

11/8/1918

Fenollosa mss.: Thanks in part to Quinn's persistence, Paul Carus of *The Monist* finally returned the manuscript of Fenollosa's *The Chinese Written Character* to the *Little Review* office.

Michelson: Max Michelson, Chicago poet.

"Tarr": Quinn placed Lewis's novel *Tarr* for publication with Knopf and, as usual, reserved numerous copies for himself as gifts for friends.

Nathan Hale: (1755–1776), American revolutionary, hanged by the British as a spy.

Henry Pratt Judson: (1849–1927), director, American Relief Commission in Persia, 1918.

Hellenist Series: Pound published three essays under this general title in *The Egoist* for November/December 1918, January/February 1919, and March/April 1919. It was a continuation of an earlier *Egoist* series entitled "Early Translators of Homer."

"Instigations": Pound's volume of essays was published by Boni and Liveright (1920).

Davray: See Letter 36.

N. Age regular stuff: Pound wrote a fortnightly music column for *The New Age* from 1917 to 1920.

BLOOMSBURY: A group of English writers that gathered around Virginia Woolf (originally in the Bloomsbury district of London), which included the art critic Roger Fry and the economist John Maynard Keynes and of whom Pound strongly disapproved.

second year subsidy: Quinn was urging Pound to drop the *Little Review* and take up some other journal, such as *The Bookman*; but Pound had already lined up many authors for the second year. Pound also wanted to continue publishing *Ulysses* in the review. On 15 September 1918, Quinn replied, "I agree with you that it is worth going on with the L. R. for another year for the sake of 'Ulysses' alone."

Bookman: *Bookman: A Review of Books and Life* (New York, 1895–1933).

Yeats family: Pound actually refers to the family of Maud Gonne. See Letters 49 and 50.

Saxton: Eugene F. Saxton, Joseph Conrad's editor at Doubleday and editor of *The Bookman*.

"The FUTURE": Official organ of the English Language Union (1916–1919), which Pound was writing regularly for in 1918.

Slossen: Possibly Harrison T. Slossen (b. 1867), New York lawyer and writer on legal and historical subjects.

Pettipas': J. B. Yeats's New York boarding house.

Tamura royalties: One of Pound's translations from *Noh* was performed by the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, and Quinn arranged for Pound to be paid royalties on each performance.

Borzoi book: A Knopf book with the Borzoi hound colophon; Quinn convinced Knopf not to use his usual colophon for *Lustra*.

photo: Quinn thought that Pound seemed alarmingly thin in the photograph by E. O. Hoppé for the frontispiece of *Pavannes*.

portrait in Paris: The portrait that Eugene Paul Ullman made of Pound in Paris in 1911. See *Ezra Pound and Margaret Cravens*, ed. Omar Pound and Robert Spoo, illustration 6.

Univ. of Penn. Alumni Register: In the 1917 *Register* (pp. 602–4), J. E. Schelling reviewed the Knopf *Lustra*: “Imagine Walt Whitman putting forth a volume of verse in this day in which re-echoes no throb of war-suffering humanity. . . . No, Mr. Pound, you are only remotely related to the great Walt, howsoever you have thrown away—you a lover of the Provençal—the dantier beauties of poetic form” (p. 604). Julia E. Schelling was the sister of Pound’s professor at the University of Pennsylvania, Felix Schelling, who published *Thor, and Some Other War Rhymes* (Philadelphia, 1918).

Siegessalle: The Siegesaule is a victory column in Berlin commemorating the wars of 1864–1870.

Northcliffe press: Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, Viscount Northcliffe (1865–1922) and proprietor of the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*.

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TL5-6. 4 November 1918. Enclosure: New York Metropolitan Museum of Art bulletin.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington, W.

4th Nov.

1918

Dear Quinn

It is not in the least satisfactory that Yeats’ play should go to the North American Review. these people, ALL the old gang American magazines have shit on me, and they have shit on Yeats too whenever they bloody well got the chance, and I don’t see why I should do them a favour.

My capital as editor is precisely that I can keep good stuff together, that I can concentrate all the current stuff of any literary merit in one place.

I have placed a lot of W. B. Y’s stuff and saved him a certain amount of trouble during the past years. I counted on giving him £20 for the play and poems, with the convenience of holding down his copyrights etc. and no bother.

I dont want to play the hog over the matter. But who in hell reads the N. Am. Review. The Little Review is certainly better than anything else published in America, even if it does let in half baked stuff. It *has* printed some matter of interest, and I[’m] damn’d if the N. Am. Rev. has for the last god knows how long.

I am also not sure whether Yeats arrangements with his agent

wouldn't be complicated by sending it somewhere else. That is a minor matter. But my conscience is fairly clear toward Yeats. The matter isn't wholly one of cash.

And I['m] DAMND if I see why I should do a favor to the North Am. Review. or any of the others. They'd shit on me immediately after. They won't thank me for releasing the mss. of Yeats.

YAH!!

W. B. Y. appearing here in the Sketch with R. Nicholls on opposite page. WHAT a condition of things. Damn it all his work does at least appear with people of his own sort in the L. R. It is some comfort not to be mixed with the fusty— I know the callow are not pleasing but

IF the buggers will pay him 200 or 250 dollars, or something like Hen. VanDyke's Scribner prices, I'll release the play. But not for \$100, no. It's not good enough.

Hang it all the two years of the L. R. has got to stand as the record of how much good stuff I could get together in two years with £300 to spend. I do not see why I should cough up W. B. Y's play, unless there is some sort of stake worth while, and an extra £10 to him isn't enough.

Would the fahrts publish Joyce, would they do a single bloody thing for literature. NOT a damn. I don't see why I should do all the work and then draw out for an old Belly like Harvey or what ever she hen has succeeded him.

M[aud]. G[onne]. has been sent to a nursing home. Arrangement temporary, and further developments hung up as both doctor and solicitor have since come down with flu.

//

Re tariff. I didn't explode all alone. I went, as I think I wrote, to propaganda dept. (recommend from Gunter at embassy). Young Russel said "weeklies wont touch us". He wanted America's higher ideals etc. put about. I said I could do New Age. Did so. Returned to prop. office. They handed me some culture-stuff. Robt. Herrick using ten words where one would have done, also some newspaper chap on American art "unknown in Europe". Opening sentence "Europe has never tried to understand etc."

Entauthen exelaunai, to Whistler, Sergeant, Mary Cassatt (all unknown in Europe, and revered in Oshkosh), NO mention of Davies or Kuhn. Also some puff about literature on same lines.

I said "If you want to convince the U-Ropeen high-brow that America takes any bloody interest in literature you'll have to knock off tarrif on books. Which is quite true, as all English authors are

sore on the subject, and that soreness disseminates thru orders of pressmen.

However, I dare say that's all the good it will do.

Young Michelson writes that he is coming over here to learn how to write, as soon as he can get here. I have written commending his decision. Hope you'll inspect him in transit. He has shown a tendency toward qualitative criticism, but has not made much headway against the Chicago current.

I of course agree that I shouldn't mix up in matters of copyright etc. . . But the idea that one could do something with America dies hard.

Yeats is still subject to hallucination of similar sort about Ireland.

Hope to concentrate my attention on London after the war. Want to keep the L. R. plump and in condition till the last page of the April number. Then I will follow your advice and quit pushing at it. Shall use it, as said before, to hold down American copyrights, and for general convenience.

Hope to start something here. Probably quarterly, as I have the N. Age, Egoist, and Future for incidental stuff, and the stuff that matters does not depend on whether it appears in May or June, or even spring or autumn. Besides a quarterly here will act just as promptly as a monthly with the ocean between me and it.

Shall keep format small, but make it rather more solid than L. R., more of the sort of stuff, Fenollosa Chinese essay, etc. balanced by Lewis notes on art, altogether more authoritative than a thing can be which lets in Marsden Hartley's gas.

Saw a very amiable letter from old Birrel the other day, largely quotation from H. James number Little Review (my notes)

Lewis has a scheme for a "let 'em all in and be popular" magazine, but he admitted a knut guardsman to his councils, and next we heard was that Arnold Bennet was going to "buy a magazine and give it to les jeunes" with the knutt guardsman for editor. However there has been what is called "a hitch".

W[yndham]. L[ewis]. is now converted to a periodical limited to good stuff.

A quarterly couldn't run serials. BUT the Egoist is always good for £50 on a Joyce novel. One would probably have to go on with the L. R. to hold American copyright, as there is no other American magazine yet ready.

New chapter on Joyce in this a.m. Suppose he'll be trecking back to Trieste, now that Austria is bust. News may be regarded as distinctly pleasing.

Thanks for copy of *Metrop. Museum Bulletin*. Museum in its extensions, etc. might of course go beyond the cinque cento. Education etc. might consider spherical form of planet. or even Picasso and modern thought. However You have probably told 'em that at frequent Intervals during the past five years.

Regards to J. B. Y.

yours ever

E Pound

4 Nov. 1918

North American Review: Quinn wanted to send Yeats's play to this established review because he thought a play by Yeats deserved a better place and more money than the *Little Review* could provide. He told Pound to cable the word "satisfactory" if he approved. "The Dreaming of the Bones" eventually appeared in the *Little Review*, V (January 1919), with a note on the play by John Quinn.

capital as editor: Pound wrote to Quinn on 21 June 1918: "It would have spoiled the spirit of the thing if I had taken more than £60 out of the first year's subsidy. If I couldn't have said to each author 'I am getting so much, so you can't expect more'. . . . The contents of a review shows simply the editor's ability to hold a certain group or vortex of people together. (Lewis and Gaudier some years ago. Lewis and Yeats now, with Hueffer (for what his remains are worth) and Romaines approaching, Joyce, Eliot. etc."

R. Nicholls: Robert Malise Bowyer Nichols (1893–1944), whose 1917 volume of poetry *Ardours and Endurances* was highly praised.

Harvey: Colonel George Harvey (1864–1928), influential editor and politician; president of Harper and Brothers, 1900–1915, and editor and owner of the *North American Review* (1899–1926).

Re tariff: Pound published an article on "Tariff and Copyright" in the *Little Review*, V (November 1918), in which he quoted George Russel of the United States Department of Public Information: "If we don't get to know these people' (i.e. English, French, Italian, our allies) 'better, this war is a *failure*.'" Quinn thought that Pound's notion that changing the copyright and tariff laws would demonstrate America's support for England in the war was ridiculous and told him that there was as much chance of changing the mining laws in wartime as changing the tariff laws.

Robt. Herrick: (1868–1938), American novelist who wrote about the war in books like *The World Decision* (1916).

Entauthen exelaunai: In Xenophon's *Anabasis*, the phrase "then he proceeds" is used whenever Cyrus leaves an encampment on his march through Asia Minor.

Whistler, Sergeant, Mary Cassatt: James Abbott McNeill Whistler (1834–1903), John Singer Sargent (1856–1925), Mary Cassatt (1845–1926) were all American painters whose reputations were made in Europe.

Marsden Hartley: (1877–1943), American painter and writer, contributor to the *Little Review*.

old Birrel: See Letter 17.

knut guardsman: Lewis was planning a journal of arts and letters, but he did not publish it until 1921 (*The Tyro*), with the financial backing of Sidney Schiff rather than a "knut" (Canadian) guardsman.

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TLS-6. 15 November 1918.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

15. Nov. 1918

Dear Quinn

If my last cable has reached you it should answer your last two or three.

Maud Gonne was sent to a nursing home, which she left, apparently without opposition, at the end of about five days.

Home Office wrote me that the arrangement had been made for a week.

At any rate she is now apparently free, living at Woburn Blds. and agitating for return to Ireland.

That country, so far as I know, has never been considered a health-resort for consumptives. As soon as she got to the nursing home she was interviewed for some Irish paper. Lansbury has since turned loose in the Herald. And M. G. is I think, writing to other papers. I give it up.

She talks about there being no "German plot". Now to the best of my knowledge she was not accused of any complicity in German plots. Most of the arrests were I believe "preventive", the official position being that trouble was likely, and that it was better to lock up a certain number of people than to have a lot more shot, and a few more in danger of hanging.

M. G. (statement from herself) did hold a meeting in Dublin to express sympathy with the Russian Bolsheviks. IF there had been another rising I fail to see how she would have kept out of it. etc. etc.

She has no anti-german feelings. etc. She was released almost immediately (a day or two or at most I think three, after the medical report was made.) The fact that she could not go to Ireland until the British had shot MacBride has of course not entered her calculations.

Undoubtedly Ireland tried to stab the allies in the back, and was ready for another try during the Spring offensive.

AND (I was ready to think Carson ought to be hung at the beginning of the war). But I'm hang'd if I see how Ireland can demand self-determination for herself at the same time she utterly refuses all thought of self-determination for Ulster.

etc. etc. Or why being more or less of the party of the vanquished she expects the allies to feel toward her as they do toward their carefully constructed assistants in Czechoslovakia, Poland etc. Thank God I don't have to settle it. Am afraid this letter does not arrange its statements into very coherent order.

However, there aren't any "details" to be cabled, more than I sent in my last.

M. G. was under "preventive arrest"; she was released on grounds of ill health, not on grounds that she was a safe person to be at large or in Ireland.

Personally I don't think the release was obtained by a policy of worrying officials. I think the health report did it on its merits, plus a little amiable influence.

The wholesale preventive arrests surely prevented another rising, and nothing else would have prevented it. Even now M. G. won't give any assurance of good behaviour IF permitted to return to Dublin.

Similar preventive arrests would have prevented the Easter rising.

I give it up. M. G. seems as able to ignore facts in politics as W. B. Y. does when it comes to evidence of psychic phenomena.

I certainly should not write her permit to return if I were responsible for order in Dublin. Though public order after a war is a very much less important thing than public order during a great campaign.

Seajan was quite intelligent when she brought him from France, but the months in Ireland have ruined his mind, and left him, as might be expected at his age, doomed to political futilities. He is a walking give-away of the real state of feeling there.

South Ireland certainly ought to be expelled from the Empire, but it is such an infernally inconvenient naval base that !!!!!!!!!!! So far as I can make out M. G.'s only constructive political idea is that Ireland and the rest of the world should be free to be one large Donnegal fair.

She now favours a "republic", but she was Boulangerist in France, and I think they were once royalistic.

Have *all* the Irish a monomania? M. G. is "reasonable" to a point, just as Yeats is on psychism, but then there comes the I suppose "glamour".

I believe the Zulus or oceanic tribes make war by marching out in companies and hurling invectives at each other by the hour.

///

As for "revolution" we have had one here during the war; quite

orderly, in the extension of franchise. Nobody much minds there being several more. But there remains the temperament that wants revolution *with violence*; no special aim or objective, but just pure and platonic love of a row.

Pacifists with lead-headed canes. etc.

//

The other point M. G. omits from her case is that she went to Ireland without permit and in disguise, in the first place, during war time.

"Conservatrice des traditions Milesiennes" as DeGourmont calls them, there are people who have no sense of the value of "civilization" or public order.

She is still full of admiration for Lenin. (I on the other hand have talked with Russians)

The sum of it being that I am glad she is out of gaol and that I hope no one will be ass enough to let her go to Ireland.

Thank god the war is mostly over. Am suffering from cold contracted on Monday, wandering about for hours mostly in drizzle to observe effect of armistice on the populace.

The allies will have to sit on the head of each individual german for the next eighty years and take their indemnity a pfennig at a time.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

I think the term "fanatic" in my cable was the just one. M. does not seem lunatic, but I notice with Yeats, he will be quite sensible till some question of ghosts or occultism comes up, then he is subject to a curious excitement, twists everything to his theory, usual quality of mind goes.

So with M. G., for example she twists the burning of the posters on the Nelson column into an anti-monarchic demonstration. Says they were King's fund posters. Now I happened to see the kids tearing off strips of that canvas for the fun of burning something when their fire works ran out. Same way they burnt gun carriages a few nights later.

M. wholly neglects the crowds cheering in front of Buckingham palace, or the general enthusiasms for George on his drive through the drizzle in an open carriage with no escort save a couple of cops.

Poor devil was looking happy, I should think for the first time in his life. I happened to be in Piccadilly about two feet from the carriage.

It is a great pity, with all her charm, that the mind twists everything that goes into it, on this particular subject. (Just like Yeats on his ghosts).

Heaven knows I may have a touch of it myself re/ Xtianity, but I try to control it, and it is really a development on the belief that most of the tyrannies in modern life, or at least a lot of stupidities are based on Xtn taboos, and can't really be got rid of radically until Xtianity is taken lightly and sceptically, until, that is, it drifts back into the realm of fairy-lore and picturesque superstition. (Mostly unpicturesque at present.)

//

I think the Theatre, Yeats, Synge, and co. had developed a wide sympathy for Ireland, which the revolutionaries have wiped utterly away.

yrs

E.P.

last cable . . . Maud Gonne: Pound's news about Maud Gonne's arrest and sickness prompted Quinn to send many cables to influential friends in an attempt to help Gonne and learn more about her condition. When the governor general of Ireland claimed that there was danger from German plots in order to justify mass arrests of dissidents, she was arrested on May 17, deported to England, and imprisoned until she was released into a nursing home because of a recurrence of pulmonary tuberculosis. She left the home after five days to be reunited with her son and daughter, Seagan and Iseult, at Yeats's London residence, Woburn Buildings.

Lansbury: George Lansbury (1859–1940), labor leader and politician who helped to found the labor movement's first daily paper, *Daily Herald*, which he edited during World War I as the *Weekly Herald*.

shot MacBride: Maud Gonne's estranged husband, Major John MacBride, was executed for his part in the Easter Rising of 1916; Maud Gonne was in France at the time of the rising.

Carson: See Letter 17.

Seajan: Sean (Seagan) McBride (1904–1988) became chief of staff of the Irish Republican Army at the age of twenty-four, but later renounced violent action and became a lawyer for IRA members. He was chairman of Amnesty International from 1961 to 1975, and in 1974 he won the Nobel Peace Prize for his human rights efforts.

Boulangérist: Georges Boulanger (1837–1891) was a French general who led an authoritarian movement that threatened to overthrow the Third Republic in the 1880s. Maud Gonne was involved with the movement through her lover, Lucien Millevoive. Pound was similarly dismissive of Yeats's politics, writing to Quinn on 1 May 1916: "Now I am going out to chaff Yeats about the Dublin republic. He don't like republics (he likes queens preferably dead ones)."

As for "revolution": Englishwomen above the age of thirty were given the vote in 1918.

"Conservatrice": Pound's adaptation of a phrase from Remy de Gourmont about "Woman, the conservator"; see *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*, XI.

King's fund: For officers and men disabled in the war.

George: King George V. Pound remembers this scene in Canto CV.

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TLS-2. 28 December 1918.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

28 Dec

1918

Dear Quinn:

Yours Dec 5-11 recd.

My later notes will have explained, more or less, M[aud]. G[onne]'s "peals"; it was melodramatic and forced; her little joke of having appealed to compassion of authorities and being about to give them the slip, and damn anybody who had helped her. She certainly was worn to a "skeleton" and ill, and somewhat scared at the risk she was about to take, etc.

Old Yeats talks of the "pure and disinterested love of mischief" or of a row. etc. Any how she is now in Dublin, and licenced to stay there. W. B. Y. has fled. His last note to me ended

"Even you would prefer a mountain to this city."

The only argument for Ulster is the Sinn Feinn temperament and mentality as I had had it rubbed into me at close range. Especially the effect of the plunge on young MacBride into Ireland. He arrived from France with some intelligence and a sort of charm. Of course a special case, but very illuminating. I conclude Ulster is nearer the scene and has had more "examples".

For "twenty years" or certainly from childhood I had been "irish" in sympathy. Ulster seems unpoetic; but I think South Ireland bitches the "poetry" of her position when she insists on not having her Home Rule, or "freedom" unless she can get money out of Ulster. Agree with all you say re. Carson.

ANYHOW, thank God it is not my job. Yeats gave me the family of his ancient friends to look after. Hence my entoilment.

I hope to God I have in my "Propertius" escaped from all matters of politics, public instruction, uplift of America etc. etc. etc. I think the Nov. L. Review bad: all fine cut, no creative work in it. All short notes of mine intended to go at the back of the magazine. Wish they had had sense to print Chinese essay, especially as they are going to *devote* Dec. to the home product. They can't be trusted to construct even a single issue.

The translation from Voltaire is entertaining in spots, but they have NOT corrected the proofs AT ALL.

"JH" [Jane Heap] was most entertaining (to me) when she talked about my way of "asking for alms".

This must refer to my declining to work perpetually for nothing. However. Weemen, weemen. !!!!!

Hecht also seems worried. More copula complex. "Sir," said the Cambridge doctor, (not to me) "you have placed the most sensitive part of your body where I would not stick an umbrella!"

They should both be answered by an elementary manual of hygiene.

I wonder IF they, being unable to understand that Fenollosa mss., contemplate hiding it, a la Carus. All things are possible.

Just as well the liaison is terminating.

yours ever

E. Pound

M[aud]. G[onne]'s "peals": Pound had given Maud Gonne advice from Quinn that Ireland's climate would be bad for her health, and Quinn was angered at Pound's report that Maud had ridiculed his advice.

re. Carson: Quinn was critical of Carson's opposition to Home Rule and thought that a plebiscite in Northern Ireland on the issue would undermine Carson's position.

Voltaire: Pound's translation of a section from Voltaire's *Dictionnaire Philosophique*: "Genesis, or, The First Book in the Bible," *Little Review*, 7 (November 1918): 50-64.

Fenollosa mss.: The Pound/Fenollosa "The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry" was published in four installments in the *Little Review* for September, October, November, and December 1919.

liaison: Quinn was urging Pound to drop the *Little Review*.

v Bel Esprit, 1919–1924

The term for Pound's scheme to subsidize T. S. Eliot's art, "Bel Esprit," might also characterize the cultural achievement of the entire Pound-Quinn collaboration. For the final years of their correspondence, however, it is the failure of the Bel Esprit plan that seems characteristic. Their friendship remained strong, sustained by two trips that Quinn made to Paris in 1921 and 1923. But in their dealings over the *Little Review* as well as "Bel Esprit" Quinn could no longer share Pound's enthusiasms.

Quinn considered Pound's protests against the suppressions of the *Little Review* for printing *Ulysses* (three times before the final one) unrealistic and useless. There was no question that some of Joyce's prose was obscene by any contemporary standard. In reply to a cable from Pound which recommended a citation from Thomas Jefferson in defending *Ulysses*, Quinn complained that there was no use arguing the constitutionality of the law in a magistrate's court. To Quinn, Pound's cable was another example of his being out of touch with "American affairs." But on one issue they agreed: the publication of *Ulysses* in book form was essential. Pound joined Quinn in urging Joyce to stop publishing *Ulysses* in the *Little Review*, or at least the legally obscene sections, for fear of making book publication impossible. Quinn had been urging Joyce to follow the lead of George Moore and D. H. Lawrence by publishing a private edition of his book, which Quinn was encouraging B. W. Huebsch to issue. But the public trial over the suppression of the "Nausicaa" episode scared off Huebsch and all prospective American publishers. Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap were both charged with mailing obscene material, and Quinn agreed to defend them only to protect Joyce's interests. In February 1921, he lost the case when he argued

on the narrow grounds that *Ulysses* was too unintelligible to be obscene. Although he managed to limit the editors' penalty to a small fine, they refused to cooperate with his line of defense, complained that they did *not* go to jail, and scorned him for not defending *Ulysses* as great literature. Remarkably, during his protracted arguments with the editors he kept subsidizing the magazine.

The difficulties over Joyce overlapped those with Bel Esprit. Quinn was doubtful of the scheme, and in a letter of 12 December 1920 he struck at one of Pound's basic premises: "You refer to 'building a civilization'. It takes a hell of a long time to do that, several centuries." Pound's rhetoric no longer swayed him. When Pound published a description of Bel Esprit in *The New Age* (see Introduction), he wrote on 28 April 1922: "You took my breath with the article in *The New Age*. I was afraid that would hurt Eliot's feelings." It did in fact deeply embarrass Eliot and seal the failure of the scheme. In reaction to the publicity for Bel Esprit, which was full of phrases such as "regenerate Europe" and "must restart civilization," Quinn compared it to political propaganda: "For God's sake, don't talk about Eliot 'wanting literature to exist'. Let that kind of exageneration be monopolized by Lloyd George and Harding and Hughes and Root" (22 April 1922).

Yet the most personal letter Quinn ever wrote to Pound was motivated by the same kind of obsessions that drove the poet. In Letter 59, Pound asked whether he should return to America. Quinn replied that a return would "end in neurasthenia or an explosion of some kind":

You would find no Wyndham Lewises, no T. S. Eliots, no James Joyces, no W. B. Yeatses here, no art that would interest you except imported art. No first rate man of letters. No pleasant coterie. You would find much in the country to irritate and annoy you and you would have plenty of copy that an irritated and annoyed man of your temperament would be tempted to give out, but you are too fine an artist, too much of an artist to come over here to do the work that a swashbuckler like Mencken does better than you could do. . . . That's not the work of a poet. And you are a poet. (21 October 1920)

It is typical of Quinn's rhetoric that this passage is an imitation of Henry James's description of the plight of the nineteenth century novelist in his *Hawthorne*. Quinn's racism is Jamesian also, recalling the distaste for the swarms of immigrants in New York that James expressed in *The American Scene*, which Quinn cites in his

letter. But Quinn's way of expressing his contempt is vitriolic in Pound's manner rather than urbane in James's:

Today there are conglomerations of different nationalities . . . victims of telephones, votaries of automobiles, worshipers at moving pictures, purchasers of the banalities of Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters and the damned Jew spewing-up of the Untermyers, the Oppenheims, the Waldo Franks, the H. L. Menckens, the George Jean Nathans and the other parasites and pimps in poetry, literature generally, painting, the theater (I won't call it the drama) and sculpture.

Pound's calm reply (Letter 62) to this impassioned outburst annoyed Quinn because he thought Pound was facing a genuine crisis. Unreasonably, he complained that the urgency of Pound's earlier letter made him waste two hours, between 11:00 and 1:00 at night (he specified), after an already exhausting day. Quinn was beginning to feel, as T. S. Eliot once joked, that a secretary was necessary just to keep up with Pound's letters. After another such complaint on 12 December 1920, Quinn admitted that his reaction to Pound's letters was a sign of "neurasthenia." But he quite sincerely requested, "Please don't answer this letter."

Quinn's basically generous nature would always reassert itself. He pledged at least \$300 a year to support Eliot, arranged for Pound to become foreign editor for *The Dial*, subsidized Ford Madox Ford's *transatlantic review*, and after visiting Pound in 1921 sent him a gift of \$250. Quinn's health was failing in these years, and Pound was now the one giving advice, telling him to relax at least part of the year and join him in Italy or France. He corresponded as well with the companion of Quinn's last years, Jeanne Foster, an actress, poet, and professional editor. It was she who sent Quinn's last words to Pound, dictated about a week before he died:

Tell Ezra that when I get well, you and I will come over in early winter or late autumn and we will all . . . go on a trip somewhere. I want Pound to make me really see Italy. . . . And tell him I want to know about his health, about the appendicitis and what he is writing. I don't think he ought to stay in Paris. He is too kind-hearted. Vagrant Americans impose on his kindness. (23 August 1924)

Like Pound, Quinn knew all about people who imposed on one's kindness. Yet they both gave freely, often regretting their generosity, but always eager to support another new venture.

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ALS-6. 6 July 1919.

Montrejeau,
Hte Garonne.

Mail address

London

6 July 1919

Dear Quinn:

It is *typical* that they shd. have hit on Joyce's best & most intellectual chapter; typical of the way America spews when given any real food for the intellect; also typical that the L. R.'s case shd. be queered by their having published some asininity by ?? Szukalski in the same number. Suppose it is Szukalski, as I haven't seen the issue in question.

Your letter to Lamar is the best apologia for J. that has been written; It shd. be printed. I am sending it to Eliot with instructions to publish in *Egoist* when he receives your permission.

Will try to get Shakespeare chapter, printed in *Egoist* as soon as possible, and notice in L. R. saying where it can be had.

If Lamar wants to justify his existence it is up to him to say he suppressed L. R. on account not of Joyce but of other matters in same number. (I mean *The Egoist* won't be misrepresenting the case by printing your first letter without succeeding correspondence. They needn't know of it.)

Lamar, who of course won't answer or show any sign of intellectual consciousness which he hasn't, will still have the opportunity of displaying any that he might receive.

Matter does Joyce no good. —i.e., he has gone rather far in one or two other places. I have tried to restrain him. —but if he gets suppressed on the Shakespeare chapter, it merely nullifies all my advice. and shows officials merely incalculable, or rather cranky in just the proportion that the work shows intellectual energy.

Might listen to my wife who has assured me that the *energy* in Joyce, W[yndham]. L[ewis]. & myself is what upsets people. That indecency has nothing to do with it.

2. Glad the Lewis matter is settled—presumably to the satisfaction of both parties.

3. Thankful W. B. Y. hasn't made a positive ass of himself during the war. I dont think it was *his* opportunity for star play— Weakness of nationalist, any small nation, separatist position philosophically— Then IF he hadn't been daft about Ireland for the last 35 years he couldnt have done his particular work; and hating England, being ignorant of Germany; and knowing nothing about France etc. etc.

In short, I am relieved that the war is over without his having done anything worse than be "pernickety".

4. Thanks for activities re. Instigations

5. Think if Boni tries to get you to subsidize the Eliot book; *first move* is to get Eliot's new stuff as well as *mss.* in hand and try to make him take *improved* volume without subsidy. —

Joyce will perhaps have to be printed by the Ovid press, Thank God the press can at least publish the suppressed parts— It will mean a huge job for Rodker if he has to hand print the whole novel, and make it very costly, but at any rate one doesnt face a complete smotheration.

Best wishes for your first real holidays; I am feeling twice the guts I had when I left London. Hope you get the same results. Also that the neice [~~crossout~~: misspelling of *niece*] (nothing but French for three months—spelling gone & uncertain) and heir is imbibing the traditions of the collection— Hope to see her president of the U.S.A. in another forty years and immortalized for repeal of the booze amendment and all other effect of present generation.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

Want to repeat that yr. letter to Lamar is one of the finest defenses not only of J. J. but of realist literature. & Hope you will permit publication.

Please send the permission to print, the Joyce defense to *Eliot*— that will save time; save it following me to Perigeux or elsewhere. E. P.

P.S. Will write to "Future"—Can probably complete your file from spare copies. (i.e. for last year. I haven't the early numbers).

P. S. I *told* Lewis that there was no need to caution you against Nevinson (& Nicholls) —that you weren't such an ass as not to see through Nev.—and that with Davies, Kuhn, etc. in N.Y. even America wd. nt. swallow Nev. whole.

in short that it wasn't a case calling for our (W. L's or my) intervention.

"May I add that your report on the matter is entirely satisfactory"

E. P.

Joyce's best . . . chapter: The "Scylla and Charybdis" episode appeared in the May 1919 issue of the *Little Review*, which was seized at the U.S. Post Office.

Szukalski: The illustrations in the May issue were not Szukalski's (see "Shekelski," Letter 46) but James Light's "Four Drawings" of nude figures. The U.S. Post Office solicitor, Judge Lamar (see Letter 39), based his decision to uphold the suppression on the general contents of the issue, including the Light drawings.

letter to Lamar: After his experience with the censorship of Lewis's "Cattleman's Spring-Mate," Quinn did not challenge in court the banning of the Joyce chapter from the mails but instead sent a brief to Judge Lamar.

Shakespeare chapter: Stephen Dedalus explains his theories of Shakespeare's plays in the "Scylla and Charybdis" chapter.

Lewis matter: Quinn loyally bought a group of Lewis's war drawings.

Eliot book: Quinn was negotiating with Knopf to publish Eliot's *Poems*, eventually published in February 1920.

Ovid press: John Rodker had issued works of both T. S. Eliot and Wyndham Lewis from his private press.

the niece: Quinn wrote of his concern over the illness of his twelve-year-old niece and said that he preferred to vacation with her and her mother rather than travel to Europe.

booze amendment: The eighteenth amendment to the U.S. Constitution, adopted in 1919, enforced prohibition from 1920 to 1933.

permit publication: For Eliot's request to publish the brief in *The Egoist*, see *The Letters of T. S. Eliot*, ed. Valerie Eliot, vol. I, pp. 312–15. Quinn refused on the grounds that it was hastily written, but he was not eager to appear as a defender of obscene literature.

Nevinson: Lewis feared that Quinn would like the art of the English Futurist painter C. R. W. Nevinson (1889–1946).

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TLS-3. 24 November 1919. Enclosure: £30 installment for *Little Review* guaranty.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W. 8.

24 Nov. 1919

My Dear Quinn:

Thanks for your letter of Nov. 9., and for the heavy enclosure. As the females have answered none of my letters for a year, and as they have now begun to print the Fenollosa chinese essay, and do not send

me copies of the paper; I think despite the fact that I owe them all the £30/- I shd. be justified in deducting a certain amount in payment for the Chinese essay. At any rate you will probably be glad to think that some of the cash is being set to "nobler uses" than theirs.

I think the Legion d'Honneur must be a very solid satisfaction. It is given too freely *in France*, and subject to much wire pulling, but this does not apply to it when it is given to foreigners.

Lewis was considerably relieved by receipt of your cheque; and some of the manna has descended on me also, in shape of "return" (£5) and three more to follow such being his lowly extremity. Your suspicion re/ Joyce is correct. . . I had an exhortation from him to cable to you and find out if, etc. you etc. had etc. recd. his cable.

I declined to do so, as you were then in the midst of too many other affairs. It seems he is back in Trieste, found roof off his house and furniture dispersed. etc. and no money in view until January.

Do you know anything about his windfall? He says he gets first lot of interest in January, but is broke until then.

Re. Office.

////

I wonder if my cousin wd. be ANY use to you. He is a New York lawyer, must be about 38 by now. I like him very much; wd. swear to his honesty, and that he would not play you low tricks or desert in face of the enemy.

I know nothing of his ability, but dont suppose he is more of a worse godd damn fool than the next man. His name is Wm. Wadsworth, and he is the nephew of old Wm. Wadsworth of 2. Wall St.

I haven't young Will's address at hand. He is in partnership with another man of, I think, about his own age. My impression, for what it is worth, is that he would faithfully carry out anything he was told to do; dont know about initiative.

I have finished canto VI. ; W. L. much distressed by my preoccupation of the XIIth. century; which is I admit very unfortunate from point of view of immediate impact on general public. W. L. does not however offer a better alternative. I cant knock off a super Madame Bovary in pentameter in a fortnight. Art is not only long but bloody bloody slow.

Proofs not here YET, but that is BoniLiveright's affair not mine. Fleishman writes that they want my next U.S.A. vol. of poems. It will be same as Q[ui]a. P[au]per. A[m]avi. with new cantos for old. They also show interest in W. L. short stories and Rodker's novel.

Y Basta. With thanks again for your letter, and final termination

of terminations with Little Review. Hope you *will* take some months off, and on this side of the wet.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

Legion d'Honneur: Quinn was awarded the Legion of Honor in September 1919 for his services to French culture during the war.

suspicion re/ Joyce: Joyce sent Quinn a poorly worded cable which Quinn suspected was a request for a payment for the *Ulysses* manuscripts.

Trieste: Joyce had left Zurich in October 1919 to return to Trieste, where his old flat had been requisitioned because of the housing shortage.

windfall: Harriet Shaw Weaver began subsidizing Joyce in 1917.

my cousin: William Wadsworth; see Letter 55.

proofs: Of *Instigations*. Leon Fleishman was a vice-president of Boni and Liveright; the next American volume was *Poems 1918–21: Including Three Portraits and Four Cantos*.

short stories and Rodker's novel: An early collection of Lewis stories which eventually became *The Wild Body* (1927) and John Rodker's *Adolphe* 1920 (1929).

take some months off: Pound frequently urged Quinn to take a European vacation and relax. He wrote to Quinn on 27 October 1919 that his life needed variety: "Hell, you've been leading one life for at least ten years, probably for twenty. You've got vitality enough to have two or three others if you vary the bowling. J.Q. loafer; J.Q. critic; various J.Q.s perfectly capable of emerging from J.Q. barrhister and councillorrrrr at lar, and owner of three museums. J.Q. with no possessions save a small cheque-book and a toothbrush. This probably isn't such drivvelling idiocy as it looks."

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TLS-3. Postmark: 13 December 1919.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Dear John Quinn:

I had hell's own time about passports last spring, was saved here because Paul Perry of the propaganda dept. stuck up for me, and said I represented American magazines here etc. etc. etc. no need to bother you with long tale of woe. Pie faced Y. M. C. A. clerk threatening to stop passport unless I went home and "took up duties of citizenship". etc. etc.

Same story in Paris, when regular passport hadn't come in twice the time they had told me here it would come. Only the fact that Ambassador had known father in '85 helped me out.

Then I met an excontroller of citizenship who said the dept. was

full of fools; that "we want our representatives over here". i.e. ME, that I could stay and that the piefaced couldn't interfere with my citizenship.

Wilson of course trying to tie all serfs to the soil.

The technical point is NOW that I dont "represent" either Poetry or the Little Review. I shall want to go abroad again in the spring, if war dont break out again etc. etc.

Can you appoint me your "representative", official buyer, or whatever you like; ANYTHING to have a piece of autographed letter head stationery from some reputable person.

Will it bother you too much when you have time to send a letter asking me to look for art bargains on the continent, "especially France and Italy" and to "keep you informed, as usual" of what is for sale here.

I am sorry to be a damned bore, but the idiocy of some of these clerks is

The "ex-controller" told me all about the idiocy of them; and I had found it out before hand AALLL right, all right.

//

I have corrected about 300 mistakes in "Instigations", suppose there are still some left, but 300 will help. Proofs have gone back.

///

You will be glad to hear that Yeats has finally decided against Japan. Bit queer in his head about "moon"; whole new metaphysics about "moon", very very very bug-house.

///

Lewis "imperial picture" has had excellent press, also portrait of me; imperial picture probably best in show, but not really right. I am sorry to bother you about this damn passport technicality, but I cant afford a trip to the U.S.A. just to please Woodrow.

Liveright seems disposed to bring out vol. of poems. Same as Quia Pauper Amavi, with cantos 4 to 7 in place of the first three and the Propertius at the front of the book.

Roberts has done some good drawings, about the best stuff in the "Imperial" show. that's about the extent of the news.

I suspect my "Cantos" are getting too too too abstruse and obscure for human consumption, and I cant follow Yeats into the hopes of a Tuatha Daanaan audience, but am bearing up, last summers rest helping me.

Hope you'll come over some time.

yours

Ezra Pound

official buyer: Quinn replied with a commission for Pound to be his art agent in Europe and told him that he would not complain so much about passport officials if he knew how miserably they were paid.

Yeats . . . Japan: Yeats had been invited to lecture in Japan, but Quinn thought that conditions there would be too primitive for him and Mrs. Yeats.

"imperial picture" . . . portrait": Lewis's large oil painting *A Battery Shelled* was shown at the Goupil Gallery in November 1919 and purchased by the Imperial War Museum, London; his over life-size portrait of Pound (now lost) was also exhibited.

vol. of poems: Poems 1918–21: Including Three Portraits and Four Cantos.

Roberts: William Roberts (1895–1980), Vorticist painter, who exhibited with Lewis at a show entitled "The Nation's War Paintings and Other Records, Imperial War Museum." For Pound's review of the show, see *Ezra Pound and the Visual Arts*, ed. Zinnes, pp. 129–31.

Tuatha Daanaan: The Tuatha de Danaan were the gods of ancient Ireland.

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TLS-3. 6 February 1920.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

Dear Quinn:

If your cable had arrived a few hours sooner I shd. be [sic] able to reply at once. Have just come from Epstein show at Leicester. Damn hard hit by three things the 1. Christ. 3. Peggy Ep[stein]. 4. Gabrielle Saonne.

Best he has done outside the abstract work. Christ magnificent, absolute wipe off of Rodin and Mestrovic. American soldier good, as Fisher was good. But the 1, 3, and 4 quite as good as any sculpture that has ever been.

Pardon digression, but am in mood to whoop. Could have got information re/ Matisse out of Brown while exuding my enthusiasm for Jacob.

My *impression* is that all Matisse stuff sold @ £300 to £600, but this may be very wide of the mark. I think it all sold. BUT will inquire. Must, as I have just been in to Leicester Gal., wait a few days if my visit is not to appear odd, and arouse suspicions as to some extraneous reason.

Jacob wants £2000 for Christ, and £300 for bronzes (limited to 3 of each) of 3. and 4. . I think the Gabrielle a corker.

(All of bloody which, is not answer to your cable. Brown and Phillips (this sotto voce,) have been whining to me about your not

paying up for past purchases. Say they "dont mind long credit but . . . etc. . . ."

I naturally told them it was no bloomin' affair of mine and that you wd. doubtless pay when you got ready. Naturally you wont mention that *I* have told you this. s. v. p.

£ will go to \$2.75 and that will be about the right moment.

///

May say that [I] have not seen Jacob for months, and not to talk to since last spring. It is the sculpture not Jacob's personality that has operated.

///

There was a fine more or less Renoiresque Gauguin at the Leicester a while back, at what I thought reasonable number of hundred £. forget how many.

Vanderpyl writes that a friend of his wants a Lewis, John, Gaudier show plus three other English artists, for Paris. no details as yet.

My collected early stuff has at last got to the printer, hope to see it out before I go to the Continent in spring. Have done some new stuff, and Joyce writes that he has finished another chapter. Lewis very active.

Salutations to you and family Yeats. Will send more exact information re/ Matisse as soon as I can get it without arousing too much suspicion. Possibly Monday, but will depend whether Brown happens to be in when I go to "confirm" my impression of Jacob.

yrs

E.P.

your cable: Quinn asked Pound to check on the prices of Matisse paintings at the Leicester Galleries.

Epstein show: For Pound's comments on this exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, see *Ezra Pound and the Visual Arts*, ed. Zinnes, pp. 140-43.

Brown: Oliver Brown, partner with Cecil L. Phillips in the Leicester Galleries.

Vanderpyl: Fritz Vanderpyl (b. 1876), Belgian poet and novelist; art critic for the *Petit Parisien*.

collected early stuff: *Umbra: The Early Poems of Ezra Pound* (1920).

TLS-4. 21 February 1920.

[5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.]

Dear Quinn:

Met Brown in National Gallery yesterday (Monday) where I had gone to see the new El Greco. He said he had no good Matisses left. Sale prices has been from £600 to £300 with £150 for some unimportant things.

The big "Three Sisters" had been priced £700 but not sold. Had been returned to its owner, some Frenchman, who according to B[rown]. had "run the price up" when he heard the show was going well.

This information hardly seems worth a cable. Brown said he had had a "good Matisse" after the show and sold it at once. That's that.

Am writing this at Dulac's where I have brought my typewriter in hope of finishing an article before tomorrow a.m., ergo without your letter.

Sorry to have sent you name of farmer instead of lawyer, but these little inaccuracies will occur after so many years of absence.

Fool Dulac is playing the pianola upstairs in inane belief that it can't be heard down here. As a matter of fact it wd. prevent my thinking out article if I weren't making more noise with Corona on unpadded dining table. ANYHOW combination of harmonies makes consecutive thought impossible.

Don't think there was much else to answer in your letter.

If I get to Italy, let me know your dates of sailing IF you come over and I will get back in time to meet you in Paris if not here.

If I get to Venice I shall, naturally, try to get up to Trieste to see Joyce. Unless the serbo-slovocroats are firing broadsides.

International finance already playing up anglo-american bad feeling in hope of reaping percentage of £. s. d. on next crop of murders!!!!

Shd. be glad if you will send on commission to look out for art bargains in France and Italy, some time in March, shall, unless something untoward turns up, be racing about for visées in April. Still seems rather improbable that one should see the Lago di Garda again; but H. D. has sailed for Greece, so I suppose this sort of thing can be done.

FEB. 21

Dear J.Q.

I must be going gaga. Wrote the above over a week, perhaps two

weeks ago, and forgot I hadn't sent it. Apologies. Might have remembered to send it, IF there had been anything re/ Matisse to communicate.

Am sending you a copy of Douglas book. Blessed relief from fabianism and "nationalization".

I have arranged two amusing meetings in course of past week, one between Douglas and Steed, edtr. of The Times (and intelligent), second between D. and Keynes, who is an ass. Latter reason probably why his book is so much advertised, can't possibly do any damage to high finance. Keynes style appalling, picture of Woodrow merely what I cd. have told him five or six years ago.

England as a last act of hostility is sending Auk. Geddes to Washington. It is what Woodrow deserves. Those two shd. make a pair. A real pair.

///

Joyce has sent on another chapter, excellent start but think he gets a bit too too too at the end of it. Have suggested slight alterations, but see perfectly well that if *every* possible physical secretion is to be affiché in course of the work, even this calamity must happen to Mr. Bloom.

Perhaps *everything* ought to be said ONCE in the English language At least J. seems bent on saying it. . Who am I to tamper with a work of genius. For bigod genius it is in parts.

////

Met the Irish republic when it was over here. Must say I like the personnel. Hope, (rather vainly, I am afraid,) that govt. will bring in a decent bill and that these rather pleasant people wont feel obliged to get jailed in resisting it.

Dont know that there is much more new. After Monroe's three month delay "Umbra" (early poems), has at last got to press and sample page been passed.

Am waiting for "Instigations" and letter from Liver'n-guts about american edtn. Propertius, which he says he wants. All of which things come with the drift of time.

My regards to the Yeats family (Mrs. Y. approves of you, but of very little else save the architecture.)

yours ever

E.P.

21/2/1920

new El Greco: The Agony in the Garden by El Greco was purchased by the National Gallery in 1919.

"*Three Sisters*": For Pound's comments on this painting, see *Ezra Pound and the Visual Arts*, ed. Zinnes, p. 124.

name of farmer: Pound had recommended his cousin, William Wadsworth (b. 1882), for employment in Quinn's law office, but he discovered that Pound's cousin was semi-retired as a gentleman farmer.

serbo-slovocroats: Joyce was in Trieste, which was suffering from postwar political turmoil. The city was now Italian rather than Austrian territory, but Slovenes and Croats comprised a major part of Trieste's population.

H. D.: The poet Hilda Doolittle (1886–1961).

Douglas book: *Economic Democracy*, which Pound reviewed in the *Little Review*, 6 (April 1920). Major Clifford Hugh Douglas (1879–1952) was the originator of the theory of social credit.

Douglas and Steed . . . Keynes: Wickham Steed, who lived near Pound in London; John Maynard Keynes (1883–1946). Keynes is the "Mr. Bukos" of Canto XXII, which may refer to the meeting Pound arranged.

Auk. Geddes: Auckland Campbell Geddes (1879–1954), England's ambassador to Washington, D.C., 1920–1924.

Joyce . . . another chapter: The "Nausickaa" episode.

Irish republic: An Irish Republic was declared by the Dáil Éireann in January 1919; see Letter 63 concerning Pound's acquaintance with Irish statesmen.

Yeats family: Yeats and his wife were in America on a lecture tour that Quinn helped to arrange.

56

ALS-5. 1 June 1920.

Postal address

LONDON	1st. June	Sirmione
	1920	Lago di Garda

Pauvre Mon Ami:

In the end I believe you may have to try my old friend Woodward—

I wonder if he still has the suppleness requisite. He is or was over here on some affair, but his letter took 12 days to get from Naples here and I may have missed meeting him.

The stars that "govern" your house of partnership must damn well resemble other governments.

Joyce was to have come here to spend a week with me, but telegram came this a.m. saying he was held up by strike. Your letter of April 23 is just here.

Vacation value of this particular spot *absolutelee* guaranteed,

but must admit the transit is more wearing than from N.Y to Labrador.

Said vol. somewhat damaged for *me* by my having let Orage entice me into some premature reminiscences. He has stood by me so long that I hate to let him down when he wants copy, but I was perhaps a fool to get started on what cant help but be a constant temptation. i.e. the beginnings of an endless maundering opus when a dozen skits would have carried over until the autumn criticisms. The bloody thing cd. take in the whole history of the American peepul with animadiversions on the Kawsmoss and it is too much for an Italian summer.

I have you to thank for the Dial which has just sent 2050 lire. (alias \$100) in the utterly inconvenient but charmingly & thoughtfully intended form of a draft on Genoa. With no postal service and a bank clerks strike. & my plans made to get to Paris the week after next, and nobody wanting Italian money out of Italy & a prohibition on exporting it.

All of which is merely comedy— . Post office here nearly wept on its knees to implore me *not* to ask it to cable to America. Assured me that even in Italian the message wd. be sure to arrive garbled and misleading; also they wd. have to telegraph Verona to ascertain cost.

As Thayer has probably sent the next installment already, I gave it up & have written him to use London *after* he gets my letter.

Thank god it isnt 200000000 krone Or eight billion roubles Romanoff.— Of course *if* I can cash it without eight hrs ride to Genoa I may make a double profit.

At any rate it fits the decor & the family feud of the Craccos now again about to break out in the piazza.— one needs a cinema & phonograph. Portly priest stalking deserted piazza greets baboon-shaped Cracco Antonio & gets "Sporca Madonna!!" etc. I have nearly plumbed the contortions of the family including 2 cafés, cocher, exchambermaid, tobacco shop, grocery & the preceding generations. etc. I am slowly collecting the variants from the relatives. etc.

To return to muttons, the somewhat cold and woolly Dial mutton. The tone of their letters to me is improving. It will of course be months before one can read the damn thing or get the dead matter out of it. Necrology is all very well. A graceful wreath to Mrs Meynell. etc. But the paralytics & locomotorataxics of their gallery *are* so numerous.) However it isn't absolutely hopeless, and IF it can be galvanized into a semblance of life it wd. be worth doing. Something, either your enquiry, or M. Sinclair in Eng Rev. & Noth Am. Rev. or

the N. Y. Eve. Telegram on Instigations or further press of Instig. seems to have put the fear of god into them.

Whether one can make a decent woman of it or not it is a convenient way of getting one's rent, & I am much obliged for your negotiation of it.

Wish you were here. This lake is one of the really good things on the planet. Wd. have kept the great Jimmy guessing & I reckon your friend Walt [Kuhn] cd. pick up a few hints on colour.

It does everything from Tangiers to what I have heard of the Fjiords. from deep sea lobster black green to lavender and old lace.

— Poor W. B. Y. perhaps he'll now settle down & lead an honest life — Am sorry for his ill fortune but can't feel he's wholly spotless, he that went forth to gall the ignorant & batten on the land's devastation — *I shall reap the full profit in G's account of the migration.* Seleh. Not of course that I am wholly unfeeling — Besides he'll have made enough to buy a few shingles for his phallic symbol on the Bogs. Bally phallus or whatever he calls it with the river on the first floor.

And *I* of all people ought to be grateful to him, considering how Excideuil tempted me last summer. (With of course the distinction that Excideuil had Madame Pujol in the village & that the french do know how to cook.

Here Montessor, however, has built me this hotel. I say advisedly "built me". He founded it in the year I was begotten, and no one else ever appears to make use of it. (Absit omen)

The present rates are 20 lire or one bone (\$) yankee per diem, . & I overeat myself twice in the course of each. — With hot springs the other side of the moat to keep off apoplexy. But its all up — I suppose, if the Italian exchange ever rights itself.

Youll shoot if I dont stop this illegible scribble. Best wishes for your vacation & prayers for your next partnership.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

Woodward: Possibly John Butler Woodward (1861–1925), who attended the University of Pennsylvania Law School and was a director of a Philadelphia area bank. Quinn met Woodward but did not hire him.

house of partnership: Quinn was famous in New York legal circles for having fired five lawyers in a single year. He fired his senior lawyer in 1919.

Joyce to spend a week: Joyce's meeting with Pound was delayed by a railway strike. See Letter 57.

premature reminiscences: Pound's "Indiscretions," which ran in twelve installments in *The New Age* from May to August 1920.

Thayer: Scofield Thayer, editor of *The Dial* (1919–1925).

Mrs Meynell: Alice Meynell (1847–1922), English poet and essayist.

M. Sinclair: May Sinclair praised Pound's career in "The Reputation of Ezra Pound," *North American Review*, 211 (May 1920). Reprinted in *Ezra Pound: The Critical Heritage*, ed. Eric Homberger, pp. 177–85.

Jimmy: James Joyce.

Poor W. B. Y.: Quinn had told Pound about the problems Yeats was having with his American lecture tour. "G's account of the migration," or American lecture tour, may be that of Yeats's wife, George. "Bally phallus" is Yeats's tower, Thoor Ballyee, which was subject to flooding from the nearby stream.

Excideuil: The Pounds stayed in the Hotel Poujol in Excideuil during their 1919 tour of the south of France; see Canto LXXIV.

57

ALS-5. 19 June 1920.

3 rue de Beaume. Paris
address London

Dear John Quinn:

I came out of Italy on a tram-car & reckon the next man will come out in a cab.

Joyce finally got to Sirmione; dont yet know whether he has got back to Trieste, strike started half an hour after I got to Milan, & many trains stopped where they were at the stroke of 12.

Joyce pleasing; after the first shell of cantankerous Irishman, I got the impression that the real man is the author of Chamber Music. The sensitive: the rest is the genius; the registration of realities on the temperament. The delicate temperament of the early poems.

A concentration & absorption passing Yeats'; Yeats has never taken on anything requiring the condensation of Ulysses.

— Also gt. exhaustion but more constitution than I had expected, & apparently good recovery from eye operation.

He is coming up here later; long reasons but justified in taking a rest from Trieste.

He is of course as stubborn as a mule or an Irishman, but I failed to find him at all *unreasonable*: Thank god he has been stubborn enough to know his job & stick to it.

Re. his personal arrangements etc. all seems clear in light of conversation.

He is also dead right in refusing to interrupt his stuff by writing stray articles for cash. Better in the end, even from practical point of view. Also justified in sticking it out in Trieste; at least for the present. Both climate & other considerations. ———

In the stories of his early eccentricities in Dublin I have always thought people neglected the poignant feature: i.e. that his "outrageous" remarks were usually so.

His next work will go to the Dial—but he shd. rest after Ulysses.

2.

Woodward is in Europe on family affairs, & has just lunched with me. Have known him 14 years, & seldom met a man with less personal charm. Perhaps after yr. last office trouble that exquisite quality *isn't* for particular purpose the 1st. requisite.

Woodward seems more alive than when I last met him. (he hadn't then wholly recovered from typhoid.). He says he has *at last* got onto big corporation work & wants to get to New York. I thought it cdnt. do any harm for you to meet him, & have told him to call on you on his way through N. Y. to give you a personal report of me & my meeting with Joyce.

In general a meeting on neutral ground, where you cd. examine him at leisure & without any direct approach to question of his possible utility.

Christ knows *I* don't want to be even indirectly responsible for your next official tribulation.

He is a raspish instrument, the voice is not that of the London drawing room, or the Temple d'Amitie, where I saw old Gourmont's portrait yesterday. But I take it your office wants not so much social grace, as something to withstand Guggenbergs and Picklesteins, & Western Senators. He must be about 40.

at any rate it can't do any harm for you to meet. It wd. be a damn good thing for him, I shd. think, to get into yr. office. Of the rest I must leave it for you to judge. But I believe him to be industrious.

Linati translation of Synge, & Joyce, is to send Italian notes to Dial & beat up contributors.

He seems sensible. Don't expect very much from Italy
Or from Spain. Have just written to Unamuno.

Here I suspect the war is still effective. Impression the people are being affable to each other (in literary circles) in hope of maintaining the illusion that Paris is still the hub of the universe.

However, have only been here 3 days & may yet dig up something of mild interest.

After Gaudier, Lewis, Joyce, one wants something a bit meaty to excite one.

Yours ever
Ezra Pound

19/6/1920.

Sirmione: Joyce visited Pound at Sirmione in June 1920.

Woodward: See Letter 56.

Temple d'Amitie: A small Doric gazebo in the garden of Natalie Barney's town house in Paris, which was the emblem of the "Bel Esprit" fund which she and Pound were trying to establish.

Linati translation: The Italian critic Carlo Linati (1878–1949) contributed an "Italian Letter" to *The Dial*, 69 (October 1920).

Unamuno: Miguel de Unamuno y Jugo (1864–1936), Spanish philosopher.

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ALS-4. Postmark 24 June 1920. Quinn refers to it as a letter of June 28.

3 rue de Beaume.
Paris.

Dear Quinn

Got here 15 days ago, found that Cros had done nothing but prove his charming lyrical temperament —no *Dial* work done. — But then, they hadn't in April given me enough powers so that a delegate cd. be much stimulated.

15 days work yields as follows.

Remy de Gourmont: *Dial* monopoly on trans. of unpub. work, to run simultaneously with french in *Mercure*.

Proust, promises pages from book to appear in Oct.

Julien Benda, best mind here, trans. rights on "Belphegor" & reg. contrib. after we run that.

Paul Valery Paris gt. poet since all the others are dead. trans of excellent prose sketch.

Paul Morand., excellent verse & prose. (met him in London. he's alive & sensible.).

Jean Giraudoux, sample of prevailing fashion & favour.

Mockel, promises reminiscences of Mallarme.

Spire, Cros, poems.

Vanderpyl (novelist, poet, art-crit. on Petit Parisien) amusin' cuss.)—
medallions of Vlaminck, & co. Derain, Segonzac. etc.

Andre Salmon promises story. (seems intelligent.)

E. Jalonx " chronique (am sceptical of his value.

R. de Lanux. promises studies of Valéry & new

other very young in the offing.

Suppose *Dial* ought to have Mrs. Wharton.

Can you keep 'em up to this pitching.

No clique, all parties represented save the utter imbeciles. — the
dead, the accepted the young.

any more orders. ?

Joyce supposed to get here on Tuesday. Lugne Poe has promised me
to read *Exiles*. He put on Ibsen & Synge.

yours ever

E. P.

P.S.

Emphasize importance of printing entire trans. of "Belphegor" if you
meet Thayer.

& oblige,

votre bien devouée.

I have been writing 'em daily — am not sure my tab. summary here
given wd.n't be a good ad. page for 'em.

Cros: Guy-Charles Cros, whom Pound had asked to line up contributors, published only once in *The Dial*: "Poems," 69 (September 1920): 277-78.

Proust: Marcel Proust contributed "Saint-Loup: A Portrait," *The Dial*, 69 (October 1920): 347-350, in a translation which Donald Gallup says may be Pound's.

Benda: Julien Benda (1867-1956), whose *Belphegor: Essay on the Aesthetic of Contemporary French Society* appeared in *The Dial* from September to December 1920.

Paul Valéry: Contributed six pieces to *The Dial* between February 1922 and April 1929.

Paul Morand: Wrote the "Paris Letter" for *The Dial* from July 1925 to April 1929.

Jean Giraudoux: His story "Wreck" appeared in *The Dial*, 71 (July 1921): 35-42.

Mockel: Albert Mockel (1866-1945), Belgian Symbolist poet and critic; he did not appear in *The Dial*.

Spire: Albert Spire published two poems in *The Dial*, 70 (March 1921): 321-22.

Vanderpyl: Fritz Vanderpyl's "Maurice Vlaminck" appeared in *The Dial*, 69 (December 1920): 590–91.

Andre Salmon: (1881–1969) French poet, art critic and novelist.

E. Jalonx: Edmond Jalonx (1878–1949), French novelist and critic.

R. de Lanux: Eyre De Lanux contributed an illustration, "A Portrait," in *The Dial*, 72 (January 1922), following p. 28.

Mrs. Wharton: Edith Wharton, who did not appear in *The Dial*.

any more orders: Quinn replied on 24 September 1920: "You have made good, my boy, abundantly, triumphantly good."

Lugne Poe: Aurélien François Lugné-Poë (1869–1940), actor and producer, director of the Théâtre d'Art, 1893–1923. He scheduled Joyce's *Exiles* but never produced it.

59

TLS-3. 24 September 1920.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

24 Sept.

1920

Dear John Quinn:

Has the time come, or is it coming, when I can return to America?

I think I have had nearly enough Britain. Paris is an alternative, and a pleasant one, but it means being surrounded by a foreign language, and literature is not paint, and one can't live forever on cake-icing.

And Gourmont is dead and H[enry]. J[ames]. is dead, and Anatole [France] is too old; and I am past the 'prentice state anyhow;

I cd. bring all the Europe that interests me to N. Y. in a half dozen second class cabins.

I have been here for twelve years and a bit, with an eight months interruption (1910–11).

I suppose I cd. continue most of my work on the *Dial*; the N. Y. Post new Lit. Sup. has written to me; I suppose the Freeman wd. have me if I insisted. Also I wd. be perfectly willing to professize in Columbia or the College of the City of N. Y. (where the hebraic element wd. pardon my lack of Xtn. faith).

One cdnt. live out of New York.

I shd. like three rooms, a bath and a gas stove; though I suppose two rooms, if large enough, wd. serve.

At any rate I must have convenient means of getting plenty of hot

water (which might bar the cheaper and more dilapidated rooms in Greenwich village)

This DONT mean that I want you to find me a lodging. — I merely want some idea of the H. C. L. [High Cost of Living]

Re Columbia or the C. C. N. Y. [City College of New York], I can, of course give regular college lectures (I mean solid informative stuff, such as W. B. Y. could not.)

On the other hand a dozen fancy lectures at 100 dollars each, per year, wd. do me. If I had some sort of surety for 1200 or 1500 dollars I wd. pack and come. I mean on lectures. A regular college job wd. probably demand too much time, and I shd. rather have half a job. at least a regular sub-prof. ship. wd. depend on number of hours per week it demanded.

///

What it comes to is that I have "run" what intellectual life there is here, for the past six years, and now that les maitres, les vieux, are gone I dont see the point in ramming art against the dead mentality of England; if one has the activity in ones own hands, one might conceivably get better results from a more alive, if less sophisticated, milieu.

///

Any how, I seem to have a vague sort of developing hunch that I'm coming, and that I may drag some of "Europe" after me.

yours

E.P.

return to America: For Quinn's reply to this letter, see the introduction to Part V.
Freeman: A New York journal (1920–1924) published by B. W. Huebsch which advocated economic and social reform; Van Wyck Brooks was the literary editor.

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TLS-5. 9 October 1920.

THE DIAL 9th Oct

Agency—5, Holland Place Chambers, London, W. 8.

Dear Quinn:

My usual rosary of thanks.

A. For good offices again re/ Dial

1. letter to them

2. offer of Lewis and Gaudier drawings and art advice.

B. Re/ Eliot.

note. my grandiose scheme is off, as the first thing I got in England

on return was news of N. Age reduction of format (grateful for chance to kill B. H. Dias), and the second the *chuck* from the Athenaeum; so the jew I had hoped to dare to double or treble my unnamed sum for T. S. E. can't be dared, and I am, apparently destined to live on £200 per year, in *comparative* idleness for the rest of my life, or until I fall into a still lower financial rating.

I wanted to lure T. S. E. out of his bank, I shall call on you for the considerate £50 only if I see a way into inducing him to take up a longer and more serious work in preference to scraps for weeklies.

I wonder if Dial wd. guarantee him a three years editorial post in N. Y. in place perhaps of Seldes or extra. I have no [rancour?] against Seldes. I can't suggest this in letter to Dial, as all my letters seem to be opened by whomever is in the office.

Joyce like a damn fool has returned me £14; so he must have recd. some sort of "income" on quarter day.

I don't know whether or not to "regret" your disbursement to Little Review. 2000 dollars wd. we agree have gone better to Eliot;

YET the L. R. may still be useful to print stuff the Dial won't. I am "contented to contentish" with the Dial.

But they have just returned a poem of Hueffer's which I wish they hadn't returned, which I wish very much indeed they had not returned.

///

W. B. Y. has just sent in a bundle of the worst rubbish he has ever written, entytuled "Were I four and twenty", by which he means twenty-four, but has exceeded the real mystical number by one.

///

C. re Liveright. I have sent the rest of copy for
"Three Portraits"

It contains the Imperium Romanum (Propertius)

The Middle Ages (Provence)

Mauberley (today)

and cantos IV-VII,

It is all I have done since 1916, and my most important book, I at any rate think canto VII the best thing I have done;

If America won't have it, then Tant Pisssss as the French say. I have my answer, and it means twenty more years of Europe, perhaps permanent stay here.

Thayer tells me the A. Lowell poems are more use than a mss. by Bennett, and that they are what America wants. Patria mia (I hardly conclude.)

At any rate the three portraits, falling into a Trois Contes scheme,

plus the Cantos, which come out of the middle of me and are not a mask, are what I have to say, and the first formed book of poem[s] I have made. Lustra being, I admit, simpler and more understandable. —

....

14th Oct.

The preceding having been written apparently with the gruffness of haste; my apologies. Was trying, erroneously, to be brief. October Dial knocks me rather on the head. Sept. had been, I thought, very hopeful. But Oct. with the W. Frank; the burble of A. Lowell; the talk about it and ABOUT even supposing they are loaded up with old copy.

Not even a note to say that the Proust appears in Dial *before* the french text has appeared. And then only four pages, hacked out . . . Tendency (funeste) to give not Proust but Aldington on Proust. After an extremely difficult scoop to get Proust's proof sheets and let the U.S. have a good slice of the new book before the French edition appears. . . .

The number ALL discussion and practically no *phenomenes*. Surely people like Lovett and Van W. Brooks CANT fall for the Lowell burble""?????

All right to boost Joyce, but a fifteen page pompous female essay in a number that has nothing, practically but essays. . . .!!!!

Essay wd. have gone (OK— to O.K-ish) in a number that had some live stories in it. But one long essay like the chunk of Belphegor is enough for one number.

This is not a "grouse"; only I am damn well bewildered.

The Little Rev. may have been crazy, but it had a definite and calculable madness.

All of this for your private ear. Am merely wondering . . . mmm

The editors are very nice people to deal with; they answer letters; they take suggestions; then they print Amy's "profound labours" Her "Is this the etcs.?"

And les desseins de M. Corley!!!!

Chac-Mool is all right, and Sprinchorn has been enlightened enough to inspect the work of votre ami Pascin.

I looked at some other Americ. periods. last week and they were bloody awful.

This letter is a bundle of rubbish. Even Aldington with his Times Lit. Sup. overflow manages to be more readable than some of the stuff in Oct.

Dont for Christ's sake think I am lying down on it. I realize the N.Y.

office is stuffed full of copy they've accepted during the last year, before they knew there was any hot stuff coming. . . .

Croce's mss. has at last started from Italy direct.

Cheerio, and ere's 'oapon'.

yours ever.

and thanks

E. P.

grandiose scheme . . . *Athenaeum*: The scheme was Pound's Bel Esprit subsidy for Eliot. When Pound returned from Paris to London he learned that John Middleton Murry had dismissed him as the drama critic for the *Athenaeum*, which he began writing for in March 1920. His final article under the pseudonym B. H. Dias appeared in *The New Age* in April 1920.

Seldes: Gilbert Seldes (1893–1970) was managing editor of *The Dial* and contributed many book reviews.

poem of Hueffer's: Ford Madox Ford's "A House"; see *Pound/Ford*, ed. Brita Lindberg-Seyersted, pp. 45–49.

worst rubbish: Yeats's essay "If I Were Four-and-Twenty," which was published in *The Irish Statesman* in 1919.

"*Three Portraits*": *Poems 1918–21: Including Three Portraits and Four Cantos* (Boni and Liveright, 1921).

Trois Contes: Flaubert's volume of tales: "Un Coeur Simple," "La Légende de Saint Julien l'Hospitalier," and "Hérodiade" (1877).

October Dial: Pound refers to Waldo Frank's story, *Under the Dome*; Amy Lowell's review, *Georgian Poetry: 1918–19*; Marcel Proust's "Saint-Loup: A Portrait"; and Richard Aldington's "The Approach to M. Marcel Proust."

Lovett and Van W. Brooks: The American literary critics Robert Morse Lovett (1870–1956) and Van Wyck Brooks (1886–1963) wrote for *The Dial*.

M. Corley . . . *Pascin*: Three designs by Donald Corley appeared in the *October Dial* (following p. 350) and one drawing by Carl Sprinchorn (following p. 400). "Chac-Mool" is the title of a reproduction of a statue of a Toltec rain-god in the collection of the American Museum of Natural History (facing p. 329). Quinn was a friend of the American painter of Bulgarian origin Jules Pascin (Julius Pincas, 1885–1930).

Croce: The Italian philosopher and critic Benedetto Croce (1886–1952) contributed six pieces to *The Dial*.

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TLS-7. 31 October 1920.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

31 Oct. 1920.

Caro Mio:

A. I deceased, descended, departed, excerpted and otherwise wholly severed official connection with The Little Review a year and a half ago. . . . Largely at your suggestion, and incidentally because I was fed up.

B. I myself made one or two deletions in the offending chapter of Joyce.

I read through most of it simply as a spectator, being neither author nor editor and having no right to interfere. However toward the end I thought common sense might have a claim against a technical position, and as far as I can remember Mr Bloom does not so obviously and to the reader's knowledge go off in his pants at the sight of "Nausika's" leg as in original version—at least I think I modified or spaced it out.

On my writing suggestion to Joyce that this change should be made (I did not, naturally, say I had made it.) I received a thoroughly insulting and abusive letter; and considering the various strains he was under, attributed the letter to overwrought nerves, and dropped the matter.

Leaving what cuts I had made in the mss; or rather I had (I think) made the cuts and forwarded the stuff to N. Y. (They may have erased my black pencil.)

That was last March, I think, or April. If I said it "ought" to appear unexpurgated, it was NOT an "ought" without a context. I used, I think it wd. be found, some such phrase ought "to appear IF conditions were . . . etc." They are possibly quoting me about some other part. or about the *whole* of the Ulysses.

C. On receipt of news from Rodker, in view of your earlier letter re/ plans for private edition, and a week before receipt last night of your long letter on the case, I wrote to Little Review, making same suggestion that you now make; namely that the rest of Ulysses shd. NOT appear in Little Rev., but shd. be reserved for the publication in the book.

That suggestion I will now forward to Joyce, with copy of your letter. He is not a particularly reasonable person (there are plenty of excuses for him, but the fact remains that he is not a particularly

reasonable person) and I take no responsibility whatever for his decision in the matter.

///

D. I still think section 211 of the U. S. penal code a damnable formulation, and an insult to literature, and unconstitutional, from the Jeffersonian angle.

BUT I *thoroughly* agree with you that a fight against it should be DISSOCIATED from the aroma of Washington Square, and the general imbecilities of people who as you put it "want to spit in the eye" of existing executives.

I was thoroughly surprised to hear you had given them more money. I certainly wd. have tried to stop you, had I been present at the interview, at least I think I wd. have; though your money is your own, and I might equally have abstained from interference, on that ground.

At any rate my feeling when I read that you had given the \$200 was: "DAMN, I cd. have told him some better way than THAT of getting rid of it." I then relapsed into philosophic attitude that after all etc. "and anyhow it really wasn't my business".

///

Au fond I think Joyce has the same mania for martyrdom that Pierce had, that MacSwiney had, it is the christian attitude; they want to drive an idea into people by getting crucified.

I dislike the religion; not because I think it an inefficient way of advertising an idea, but because it is a violence and sets up a current which ultimately distorts the idea; "Christ triumphs" i.e. you get a Christian church which has been the curse of the world for centuries, and is the reversal of everything admirable in Christ's suggestion that good will toward others was a fairly desirable thing.

(Dare say this clumsy expression.)

However, I think Joyce has got this quirk for being the noble victim. Primitive instinct; cases I suppose cited in Fraser's Golden Bough etc.

///

The only justification of the parts of Ulysses is the whole of Ulysses; and this argument (I agree) can not be made to hold in justification of publication of parts of Ulysses separately.

That's that. At the same time I cant tell whether stringing it out in L. R. hasn't got Joyce better known than a private publication in book form wd. have.

On the other hand Hecht said Ulysses had stopped sales of "Portrait of the Artist"

On the third hand or first leg. Publication in L. R. may have helped Joyce to get on with writing the book.

In any case I accepted it in 1917 on the strength of the Portrait, and for the sake of getting him £50 then.

////

There ought to be some publication for experimental work, not yet ripe enough for Dial, but perhaps the country should be able to provide a new "organ" for this. At any rate it is not my job, nor very possibly yours.

My function on the Dial seems to be that of sitting round begging them not to go too far.

Thought the L. R. might be some use to Rodker, he arranged the Hudson number; but has long complained that he "can do nothing with them". I still think the L. R. has been of some use. Shaping up stuff for Instigations, etc. also trial run for Dial, etc.

but I don't see that it can be much use now, save to some new raw lot who need a place to experiment. . . .

In any case a new group wd. probably want a new paper. and in . . . oh well, this is speculative.

My last letter to them was amiable, and contained the suggestion, which I now find in your letter, i.e that no more Ulysses shd. appear in L. R.

Will now desist and correspond with that Sacre du Printemps Mr. James Joyce, 5 rue de l Annonciation fait à Marie, or the Assumption of the demi-virgin or whatever it is.

For myself, I ask only that my belief that the press ought to be free, and literature free from suppression by unqualified persons be not extended to mean that I "believe" people of no tact should be allowed to behave foolishly, or that young reviews under particular editorship etc. etc. of almost or wholly equally unqualified persons. Laws to be administered require people with common sense; it also requires common sense to break a law advantageously.; and this rather disqualifies the young (?) ladies in question.

Sending "unsolicited copy" to unsolicitous person, certainly bitches any possible defence of publishing given fragment separately.

It is not the lawbreaker but the idiot that is the nuisance.

Continual waste of energy.

Yours in "sympathy & affection"

Ezra Pound

P.S.

Book publication of Ulysses, wd. certainly have wider sale if there were in it final chapters which had NOT been previously published.

That argument ought to get through M[argaret]. A[nderson]. and JH's [Jane Heap's] heads. At any rate I inserted it into my letter to them last week, and will also put it in my note to Joyce.

///

Hope you are enjoying "Belphegor". Morand has just sent in a great thing on present state of Constantinople Story, but got the place and the debacle in it.

E. P.

official connection: In spring 1919 Pound resigned as foreign editor of the *Little Review* and was replaced by John Rodker.

offending chapter: "Nausicaa." See Letter 62: "I did myself dry Bloom's shirt."

forward to Joyce: Pound was forwarding Quinn's letter on the case to Joyce. See *Pound/Joyce*, ed. Read, pp. 184–85.

Pierce: Patrick Pearse, Irish poet and military commandant who was executed by the British in 1916. See Pound's comments on Pearse in Letter 20.

MacSwiney: Terence MacSwiney (1879–1920), lord mayor of Cork, died in an English prison after seventy-four days of a hunger strike.

Hudson number: *Little Review*, 7 (May/June 1920).

last letter: See *Pound/The Little Review*, ed. Scott, p. 260.

Annonciation: Joyce's Paris address was rue de l'Assomption, 5, which Pound conflates with the title of Paul Claudel's play *L'Annonce faite à Marie* (1910).

"unsolicited copy": The incident which led to the prosecution of the *Little Review* was that the daughter of a New York lawyer received an unsolicited copy of the review. She was in fact shocked, and when she showed it to her father, he complained to the district attorney of New York County, who then turned the matter over to the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

Morand: Paul Morand, "Turkish Night," trans. Ezra Pound, *Dial*, 71 (September 1921): 281–91.

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TLS-6. 8 November 1920.

5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington. W.

8 November 1920.

Dear and Long-Suffering Quinn:

Am typing this [in] bed (fog, throat etc.) pardon brevity. Expect to be out in a day or two.

Thanks infinitely for your long letter on the horror of New York. I have indeed no private reason for leaving London. Personally I have, I think, considerable bait spread before me, both here and in Paris.

Only question of whether living in hot house smelling orchids so exclusively, hearing only one's own divisions on the clavicord, etc. . . IS best for one's work.

So long as America really excludes me, so long as I am to all intents exiled my position has some reality.

At most a few months visit to U.S. should suffice for reestablishing ones sense of its values.

I don't want to go soft, or get to producing merely "objets d'art" instead of "oeuvres."

///

Re/ the Joyce. I sent my idiotic cable *before* getting your letter. Was not Jos. Daniels but Jefferson that I referred to. Extremely interesting writer.

I had in mind, naturally, only the former case before Hand; and thought, (first reaction, after Rodker's visit), that some of the Jefferson stuff might be amunition against that sort of thing.

I perfectly take your point about magistrates court NOT being place to go into constitutionality and general principles.

Also (ancient history): I did myself dry Bloom's shirt.

BUT I had no standing in the matter, being neither author nor editor.

Joyce has written a long letter to me. Am writing him a third time to cable you to do as you see best. He points out that Anderson already has another chapter of Ulysses in hand.

You'd have to get that away from her before you cd. guarantee its not appearing in L. R.

I suggested to Joyce last summer that he remove the rest of Ulysses from L. R. and let Dial pay him for as much as they thought wd. pass the post office. Only he rose on his elevated horse and refused.

As the "Circe" episode is still to come, and as therein Mr Bloom, I take it, drops into one of those resorts of carnal pleasure, brothel, house of ill fame, or 'ore 'ouse; and as Joyce himself in candid moment admitted that no country outside Africa wd. permit its publication

!!!!!! I am ALL for a private edition.

I have never been in a Dublin 'ore 'ouse; but I dare say illustrations by Pascin will give some idea of the decor and the limit of the fecund English language will be the other boundary.

Then there are also various advs. etc. found in Bloom's drawer (not drawers) at the end.

////

Joyce, I must say, justified Bloom's going off in his pants by the following chapter.

I take it the book is to be a complete circuit of man's activity.

"Toutes mes hontes bués"

All the human humiliations must fall upon le cher Leopold.

That being so J. J. is artistically right for whole book. BUT has no case for serial publication.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

Dear Quinn:

As P.S. to my bedridden epistle.

I think it wd. be inadvisable to even breathe to Thayer suggestion that I shd. edit. Dial during his absence. He probably thinks I am taking far *too much interest*. in that publication

I think he wd. interpret such a suggestion as a grab for the imperial power. Apart from fact that I probably do NOT know America well enough to edit ANYTHING in America. Might result in loss of my present job. If he don't in any case assume it when he comes over.

Also IF to live in N. Y. costs three or four times as much as it does here it wd. be madness to put myself under necessity of earning that amount in order to have leisure to work.

////

The suggestion that you and several others should subsidize me is very noble, and I appreciate your spirit in making the tentative suggestion; but I think Eliot is the first man to be taken off the wreckage. After all I am a free man; not incarcerated for the greater part of the day, all day and every day.

Going to Harvard wd. be no more bracing than going to Oxford.

I had in mind a descent into the inferno. IF it cd. be managed. Don't feel that sein' HAAvud wd. be sein' America. Though of course a set of special lectures there wd. be a good thing.

I haven't H[enry]. J[ames].s Americophobia or his dazzlement with the Mrs Ward atmosphere.

It is not, either, that Europe isn't pleasant. It was the feeling that anything one did here was like massaging a corpse, or offering opiates to a dying patient. Rather than building a civilization.

ONLY one can't put the top stories onto a civilization if it hasn't at least got a skeleton of a middle structure.

There is a point at which self-inflicted discomfort becomes mere sadism.

Consular Service? NO.

In fact, any arrangement which wd. not permit me to give in America as much time to creative work as I can give here, puts my coming very nearly out of the question.

There remains the question of a tour of inspection; but that is not important enough to bother you about. I can see you when you get over here, if you ever do get to taking that vacation.

November Dial is something like a magazine. Bar the sob stuff over Whitman "inestimable loss that we don't know whether the gt. bard at age of 14 had pimples on his neck" etc (Back wash of Ste Beuve.)

(Must confess that the most pleasing compatriots I have met (personally) for some time are Messieurs Roland Hayes and Lawrence B. Brown. M. Cosmoi is trying to prove that jews are a black race, but I don't feel that the "celebrated negro tenor" and his accompanist have had any infusion of hebrew blood.

I write this for your private ear, as it wd. do me no good in the great-hearted South.

At any rate Hayes is grateful for being told what to sing; I think it wd. have "done yoh haart gud" to see those sons of Ham taking to the songs of the Hebrides.

Am not sure the concert platform isn't about to follow the prize ring. England, at least, seems unlikely to provide the white hope. Again my thanks for your long thoughtful letter re/ my descensus averni

yours ever
Ezra Pound

idiotic cable: In a letter to Margaret Anderson, Pound said that when he learned from John Rodker about the suppression of the July-August 1920 *Little Review*, he cabled Quinn a quotation which showed that Jefferson would have considered the obscenity law unconstitutional. See *Pound/The Little Review*, ed. Scott, p. 260.

Bloom's drawer: In the "Ithaca" episode, the contents of Bloom's locked drawer include condoms and pornographic postcards.

"*Toutes mes hontes bués*": A reference to the second line of François Villon's "Le Testament": "En l'an de mon trentiesme aage, / Que toutes mes hontes j'eus beues. . . ."

Mrs Ward: Mary Augusta Ward (Mrs. Humphry Ward, 1851–1920), novelist who treated social and religious themes; a friend of Henry James.

sob stuff over Whitman: In "Walt Whitman's Love Affairs," Emory Holloway wrote that "It is a matter of immeasurable bad fortune that we know so little of Whitman's friendships before the age of twenty." *Dial*, 69 (November 1920): 473–83.

Roland Hayes: (1887–1977), Black American tenor, known for his interpretation of German Lieder and Negro spirituals, whom Pound reviewed for *The New Age*. See *Ezra Pound and Music*, ed. Schafer, pp. 237–38.

M. Cosmoi: M. M. Cosmoi was the pseudonym of Dimitri Mitrinović (1884–1948?), a Serbian who wrote for *The New Age*.

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TLS-4. Postmark: 21 February 1922. Enclosure: Clipping from Paris edition of Paris *Chicago Tribune*.

70 bis, rue Notre Dame des Champs
Paris VI

Cher Ami:

I am sorry you have been ill; has anyone suggested that you work too much. Most men stop when buried, but I see you pushing up the lid of the cercueil, or having a telephone fixed inside the damn thing ante mortem, so that you can dictate to the office, post same.

Mrs Foster's poem is the best thing of hers I have seen.

Joyce told me yesterday that his english patron had come across with another £1000, so that his income, "unearned" (or damn well earned) is now about £450 per year. So that's that. I dont think Miss Bitch (as the name is pronounced by parisians) was writing at his instigation. (One never knows, of course; but for peace's sake, let us assume that she was, with excellent motives, misguidedly going off her own bat.)

She has been very sporting over Ulysses, but she is bone ignorant and lacking in tact. (I mean, in my own case, that she insults me every other time I go into the shop, in *perfect*, oh, I am convinced, in perfect unconsciousness of the fact. She has nothing to gain by insulting me.

That I think is a fair definition of tactlessness: to insult when you dont mean to.

As to Joyce's family, it is not my affair; thank god I don't have to decide on the upbringing of the son of J. J. etc.; plenty of ablebodied males of Giorgio's age have been known to shift for themselves; but I have been such a damn bad shifter myself that I am loath to comment. Still I never refused a job, on any grounds whatever.

I am worried about Eliot; and if you start chucking money about, I shd. certainly make out a case for him, now, before anyone else. Liveright has grasped the fact that *I* ought to be kept alive; remains to be seen whether he can *function*. That's that.

Eliot came back from his Lausanne specialist looking O.K.; and

with a damn good poem (19 pages) in his suit case, same finished up here; and shd. be out in Dial soon, if Thayer isn't utterly nutty. Wadsworth in yesterday on way to Marseilles reported that Eliot was again ill.

About enough, Eliot's poem, to make the rest of us shut up shop. I haven't done so; have in fact knocked out another Canto (not in the least *à la Eliot*, or connected with "modern life"), that also *may* appear in the Dial.

I sent Thayer a list of suggestions re Dial contents, last week, remains to be seen if he rises to any of 'em.

Liveright made a good impression here; offered to bring out Ulysses in the U. S. and hand over 1000 bones to J. J. why the hell J. J. didn't nail it AT once I don't know. The terms were o. k. 1000 dollars for first edition. etc. However Joyce is off my hands; free white, 21 years or more, of age etc. . .

Eliot ought to be private secretary to some rich imbecile. failing that you might send over someone to elope, kidnap, or otherwise eliminate Mrs E.

Eliot has beautiful manners, wd. adorn any yacht club, etc. If he wuz English he wd. be stuck into some govt. sinecure; however, damn, I see it announced that Harding is the best dressed president America has had (since when . . . date unspecified.)

Ulysses is a great work. Am trying to emit adequate ejaculations in my French Letter. Enc. notice from Paris ed. Chicago Tribune. (also smack for that frog's mouth Wells)

Will Sumner suppress the Dial, if I take to calling my Paris Letter a French one???

It might be worth trying. The cuntry must be kept pure. Fr. Lets. are supposed to be sterilized and sterilizing; what more can the suppressors want.

Hell, mon cher, will you retire sensibly now? Or will you insist [on] being useful to other people until it is too late.

I dont know a damn thing about it. I suppose, for some reason, with your kind of practice you cant cut down the work; take only what you yourself can do during 8 months of the year. Cut the office to two rooms. Act only as consulting specialist . . what the hell do I know about it save that as soon as a man refuses to do work, he is able to double his prices for what he does do.

Am reading Descharmes new book on Bouvard and Pécuchet, solid, meritorious, rather too meticulous to recommend to you. Shall use brief summary of it [in] Dial. Will order the new Morand sent you when it come[s] out. . Nothing indespensible has appeared.

Had pleasant dinner with Desmond Fitzgerald and some of the other Provisional lights. Desmond is a fine chap. I think I told you he was one of our original cenacle in London back in 1909.

W. B. Y. arrived for Irish conference not quite knowing why, and left leaving others in, I think, same state of uncertainty. Affable, but no impact. Still, the Abbey, and putting Synge across [to] the public, is about all the propagande one can ask of a man, especially if he is a damn good lyric poet.

Met Douglas Hyde at the dinner, liked him,. I did not mention you. Other than to refrain from denying that you had been in Paris.

My "poele Godin" heats this studio excellently, and so far it has been a winter without colds in the head. Hope to get some Italian sun in April. Have bought lire with that intent, as their value on the exchange seems to be drifting up.

yours ever

Ezra Pound

Mrs Foster's poem: Quinn had sent Jeanne Foster's poem on the death of J. B. Yeats (3 February 1922), which had appeared in the *New York Times*. Quinn met Jeanne Robert Foster (1884–1970), a widow, through J. B. Yeats. While married, she had avoided meeting Quinn because of his reputation with women; but she became his companion from 1918 until his death.

english patron: Harriet Shaw Weaver was providing Joyce with a regular income.

Miss Bitch: Sylvia Beach had asked Quinn for money for Joyce. When Pound told Quinn that Beach was exaggerating Joyce's financial difficulties, Quinn refused her request.

damn good poem: *The Waste Land*. Quinn eventually arranged with Gilbert Seldes that Eliot would get the *Dial* award of \$2,000 as well as publish the poem in the October 1922 issue.

another Canto: Canto VIII was published in *The Dial*, 72 (May 1922).

Joyce is off my hands: Similarly, Pound wrote to Quinn on 21 May 1921: "I haven't broken with Lewis and Eliot, save in the sense that I can't go on valeting for Lewis as I was ready to do while he was under stress of Military necessity AND that I can not support him in a bid for the British picture market, any more than I can be expected to enthuse over Eliot's becoming a Times reviewer."

French Letter: Pound's "Paris Letters" appeared in *The Dial* from October 1921 to March 1923, and the one on Joyce in 72 (June 1922): 623–39. The term "French Letter" is slang for a condom.

Sumner: Charles S. Sumner (1860–1949), secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, who lodged the official complaint against the printing of Joyce's work in the *Little Review* in September 1920.

Descharmes: René Descharmes (1881–1925); for Pound's comments on Descharmes's *Autour de Bouvard et Pécuchet: Etudes Documentaires et Critiques* (1921), see "Paris Letter," *Dial*, 73 (September 1922): 332–37.

Desmond Fitzgerald: (1890–1947), who served Ireland as both minister for external affairs and for defense and who was a member of the “School of Images” group with Pound and T. E. Hulme.

W. B. Y. arrived: Pound wrote to Quinn on 21 May 1921: “Yeats (W. B.) is at the Walnuts and Wine stage, there has been no break with him; only I doubt if he understands as much of what I am doing as even old Thomas Hardy, who, much to my surprise, has apparently got through my last two volumes (i.e. verse, *Quia Pauper*, and *Mauberley*).”

Irish conference: In January 1922, the Irish Race Convention was held in Paris. Yeats lectured on the Abbey Theater, and the Irish author Douglas Hyde (1860–1949) on the Gaelic League.

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ALS-1. 12 April 1922. Written on graph paper.

Siena

12 apr.

Dear J. Q.

If you hear a rumour of my death, don't be disturbed but *fer* Gawd's sake DONT

CONTRADICT IT.

I shall be dead to the world—and as you say “misstatement to some one entitled to know the facts. . . .”

Say if you are called up to say anything that you are still waiting for details.—

Let me know what you think of suggestion in my last letter. A habeas corpus will still be servable somewhere in Italy.

yrs

Ezra Pound

rumour of my death: On April 12, 1922, Pound wrote to his father not to contradict any news of his death so that he could enjoy some “repose,” and wrote again in May to remind his father that he was still supposed to be dead. He sent similar letters to friends such as Jeanne Foster and William Carlos Williams.

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TLS-9. 4 and 5 July 1922.

70 bis rue Notre Dame des Champs

Paris VI.

July 4.-5th 1922

M.le Chevalier: et Mon Cher J. Q.

Had D[orothy]. send you copy of my *Mercure de France* Joyce article yesterday. Usual flurry of things typists etc. have NOT done during one's absence. HOWEVER. Eliot copy goes to printer today. Will forward slips as soon as possible. Enclose carbon of text. Trust you will find it without highfalutin phrases or LLOYDgeorgisms. The N. Age article was done in rush before I went to Italy. Usual problem for me to get duplicate copies. I wrote all my letters that week in triplicate, but wanted more than I cd. do.

I have often used *Egoist* and sometimes N. A. simply to get duplicate copies of notes.

I agree profoundly that private appeal is best; BUT do remember that YOU were extremely busy and in a hell of general mess at that time, and that I wanted to do all I could on my own without bothering you.

(Parenthesis. I hear Eliot has written you re/ contract with Liveright. I only heard of this after the event. I had not written to Eliot since getting yr. letter, and he did not know you were doing anything re/ the *Bel Esprit* subsidy. If he had I don't think he wd. have bothered you in the contract.)

Note we have now 21 out of the thirty subscriptions. Some of 'em however rather shaky. I enclose full list with comments. (p. 5.)

///

Now to points in yr. letter. I agree that it will be MUCH easier to get pledges for a limited time. Also that ELIOT OUGHT to be self supporting in five years time BUT in all probability he *won't* be. I remember Yeats at the age of 47 going to bank for his last £5/ which he had got from Mrs. Campbell for a play he didn't write till five years later.

I have never had £300/ in any one year, and I am more prolific and have more general outpour-ability than Eliot. Its all bloody well saying *ought*. The sons of bitches of editors and publishers OUGHT to spot up, but they *don't* and *won't*, and even the by-you-so-scorned Liveright is among the best of 'em. He is still young enough to think an author ought to be paid a living wage. NO elderly publisher ever does think that.

Ergo. Get whatever you can, five years, better ten years; or at least look forward to probable necessity of some new push at the end of the five years.

Re/ publisher's office. *NO*. None of these chaps who have become sub-editors or gone into publisher's offices has ever done a *damn thing*. The people who do things are outlaws like Yeats, Synge, Joyce and myself.

Eliot tried journalism five years ago. Got shit on, as the jacks-in office always shit from their upper windows on any intelligent writer. They shit from terror. Well known effect of terror, young boys shit in the trenches, *la fouie*, on chie de peur.

Now consider the figures. Yeats got a pension, (£150 from the royal britanic and arsewiping govt. at the age of 48 or 49, *after which* his royalties went up to about £200 per annum.

With £300 provided Eliot will still have to scabble about as hard as I do now.

He is getting £600 in the bank. He will be all right physically after he has been out for six months. But his wife probably *won't*.

Note that his predicament don't indicate that he has been any more of a fool than I have been.

I married thinking D. had £50 a year (so she has, but her family spot up an allowance of £150 more, so she can just pay her own expenses. Eliot's wife quite honestly expected to get something when she married, but they didn't get it fixed up ' went off an married in haste, and then her old Member of the Brit. Academy father pled poverty, and hard times due to war. Has never done a damn thing so far as I know

Eliot has always been very reserved about his domestic situation, so much so that I thought Mrs. E. had syph; and marveled that they didn't get a dose of 606. Last time I saw him I got down to brass tacks. and find that the girl really has a long complication of things, tuberculosis in infancy, *supposed* to have been cured. Symptoms, so far as I now see, point to pituitary trouble, Berman, author of that gland book, turned up here on Sunday, is on his way to medical conference in Edinburgh. I am sending him to Eliot, and hope he will get best gland specialists onto the job. . Of course if the woman has a cramped cella turcica, the job is nearly hopeless. only one wd. at least KNOW what one was fighting.

I find that she has all along behaved very finely [~~crossout~~: wanted separate establishment, so she shouldn't get on T's nerves, and prevent his working], is ready to live by herself if it will help T. to write

etc. And in general ready to do anything she can to help his work. he can't simply chuck her in the Thames. , even if he were so disposed, which he aint.

So altogether, IF he gets the £300 he will be about where I now am, financially; and you know how damn near a squeak I have had more than once, and even so recently as last winter.

All of which comes to this. Something may turn up during the next five years, that wd. make him independent. But then again it moughtn't. in which latter case, having dragged him out of the bank, we shd. be in some degree responsible for his upkeep.

Note, that he has [been] considerably cheered at the thought of getting out of bank. Five years of life is five years. He has lost his feel of caution, and is about ready to leap.

The list of subscribers is as follows, pledge is "for life or for as long as Eliot needs it, except where the contrary is stated." Numbers refer to number of £10 or £50 shares

- Aldington 1.---- (plus more when he has it to spare)
- May Sinclair 2.
- Miss Barney 1
- Mrs Brooks 1
- Richmond 1 (pledge for three or five years)
- Mrs Richmond 2 (—)
- Mc Almon 2 (but he is temperamental)
- Schiff 1
- E.P. 1
- Mrs Fairbairn 1 (she means it, but heaven knows with a gentle and wafty nature)

X. (another pledge reported by Aldington without giving name of donor)

J.Q. 6. (or 7 on condition Liveright be excluded)

Total 21

Plus which Carlos Williams has sent in 30 dollars, I take it he means this as payment on his first half year on general subscription, but he is probably coming over to Paris, he hasn't written a clear letter. And I haven't yet insisted on formalization. Am sure I can get the stuff out of him

Dorothy stands ready to pay up £10/ in any year as substitute for any one of the above members who defaults. am keeping this as a sort of insurance on the less reliable offers.

Plus which there is on hand a reserve fund of £50. & Manning has *said* he wants to give something but he is very nearly a D. T. case, and cant be counted on as a regular

If Kahn would match your subscription, and if the Lewisohns do one share each, that wd. settle the matter. . From meeting Irene Lewisohn once in London, I feel that if I saw her in person, I could count on the sub. . . . (observation for what it is worth. You can say I remember meeting her, with pleasure, or what ever phrase you think suitable, IF it wd. serve any use.)

The Richmond mentioned is the editor of the Times Lit. Sup. he is ready to give Eliot a certain amount of work on the paper, probably wd. increase, so as to make those three shares unnecessary at the end of three years.

////

I haven't said anything about other points in your letter, because I wanted to get these details down clearly, before I am interrupted.

I am damn glad you have got through the mare's nest, and sorry you had to have a breakdown to disengage you from it, but Any how ANNYHOW its, thank gawd, over.

Damn Beach-Bitch etc., dead issue, she has been useful to Joyce, let that stand on her tomb stone all I meant to indicate was that J. J. needn't of necessity be held responsible for her further actions. He ought perhaps to as the late LawnTennyson said of the bitch Victoria "Keep his/her flunkies in order." He dont manage it very well. Passons, Pissons, merdons, let us unhook ourselves from this context. Ulysses is out, Joyce has a inkum, I am shed of the matter, save perhaps for a little further critical scrapping.

I meant to take up the apologia Liverightis, but can't be bothered, and dont feel sure (not by a long way) that my argument in his defence wd. entertain you. Passons, pissons etc. If ANY reviews, quarterlies, weeklies, weaklies, yearlies, mensualities or otherwhatsoeverbedamnedormeritorious printibles appeal to you on the ground that I am a contributing editor, or on anyotherwhatsoeverbedamnedormeritoriousormerditorious grounds, sediments, lees, gees or other-whatsovers, please pay no attention to the matter.

I have given one man some good advice. BUT that don't implicate assistance in any other form.

IF he runs his magazine on the lines I have indicated it may be readable, voila tout. But *I* will tell you when it is time to subscribe to it, and I shall only "so advise you"

after I feel sure you'll get your money's worth. I am not offering him copy for nothing.

The only other topic, can't remember whether I've ever asked you about it, is: do you know Chas. Demuth's work. He is not a friend of mine but of Williams, some of the illustrations of his stuff interest me. (He dont need help, so far as I know.) He has spent a good deal of time in Europe. I saw some of his stuff in 1909 or 10 before I was interested in mod. art.; I didn't then make much of it, but now think it must have been good. I should like to know what you think of his work before I very strongly suggest him very strongly as consulting art editor.

He is not a GOD DAMN fool.

Thanks for the cuttings. I shd. like the New Republic venom if you still have it. One dont expect ambergris and rare inlays from a shithouse like the N. Repub. but bonefertilizers are an article of export.

As an anthropologist these things come within the scope of my researches. Wasserman test.

Paris quite cold after Italy. My time is still at your disposal after the fifteenth of this month; though I dare say you'll find the Catskills more handy. Still, having got the Morand translations off my hands (Morand comes in tomorrow for a last shot, and then 'Ouvert la Nuit', last pages go to publisher). And having got five cantos blocked out, I am about ready for the vacation I did not take in Italy. Am feeling damn fit.

Will see Bloch soon and have the Morand books sent you. Interested in your pages on Hyde and the Gael. league.

////

I can't come back too STRONGLY to the point that I do NOT consider this Eliot subsidy a pension. I am puke sick of the idea of pensions, taking care of old crocks.

For me my £10 a year on Eliot is an investment. His past work is past. I put this money into him, as I wd. put it into a shoe factory if I wanted shoes. Better simile, into a shipping company, of say small pearl-fishing ships, some scheme where there was a great deal of risk but a chance of infinite profit.

The Quantity of his output dont matter balls. Fitzgerald's "translation" of Omar Kyham is worth all the bales of Barry Cornwall, and Lewis Morris, and Bowring. [*In large letters in ink*: BOWRING.]

I think Eliot, as I have said in the B[el].E[sprit]. circular, as good as Keats, Shelley or Browning. What wouldn't one give if one could have Kept Keats alive a year or two more; . . . he was just getting his

technique . . . or Laforgue, or Corbiere. If one cd. have kept 'em alive and writing.

Hell, all the poetry one wants to *keep* could be put on this writing table, without straining the legs.

yours T[ill]. H[ell]. F[reezes]. O[ver].

Ezra

Joyce article: "James Joyce et Pécuchet," *Mercure de France*, 156 (1 June 1922): 307–20.

Eliot copy: For the Bel Esprit pledges. The text of the leaflet that John Rodker printed to explain Bel Esprit is reproduced in Pound's *Selected Letters*, ed. D. D. Paige, pp. 174–75.

N. Age article: Pound's "Credit and the Fine Arts . . . A Practical Application," *New Age*, 30 (30 March 1922): 284–85.

Mrs. Campbell: Mrs. Patrick Campbell (1865–1940), famous English actress who acted in Yeats's *Deidre* and who owned the dramatic rights to the play for five years.

scorned Liveright: Quinn wrote Pound on 8 April 1922 that the publisher should not be part of the Bel Esprit scheme because "He is vulgarity personified. He would advertise it all over the place." Quinn said he would rather add to his own guaranty rather than have Liveright pledge any money.

606: *arsphenamine*, a compound for treating syphilis.

Berman: Louis Berman, author of *The Glands Regulating Personality* (1922), which Pound reviewed in "The New Therapy," *New Age*, 30 (16 March 1922): 259–60.

cella turcica: The *sella turcica*, the hollow on the upper surface of the sphenoid bone (at the center of the base of the skull), which encloses the pituitary gland.

Mrs Brooks . . . Mrs Fairbairn: Romaine Goddard Brooks, American painter and a friend of Natalie Barney; Nancy Cunard was at this time married to Sydney Fairbairn.

Carlos Williams: See Pound's letter to Williams in *Selected Letters*, ed. Paige, pp. 172–74.

Lewisohns: Ludwig Lewisohn (1882–1955), American Jewish critic and novelist and his wife Irene (d. 1944).

Chas. Demuth: American painter (1883–1935).

the cuttings: Quinn sent Pound a number of cuttings concerning exhibitions and book reviews in a separate mailing. Quinn referred to a "venomous" review of Pound's *Poems 1918–1921*: Edmund Wilson, Jr., "Mr. Pound's Patchwork," *New Republic*, 30 (19 April 1922): 232–33.

Wasserman test: Wassermann test for syphilis.

Morand translations: Pound's translations of Paul Morand's *Ouvert la Nuit* and *Tendres Stocks* were commissioned and paid for by Chapman and Dodd (London), but they were never published.

Hyde and Gael. league: Quinn wrote to Pound about his successful efforts in 1902 to raise money for Douglas Hyde and the Gaelic League to have Gaelic taught in Irish schools.

Fitzgerald's "translation": Edward Fitzgerald's *The Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām* (1859).

Cornwall: Barry Cornwall, pseud. Brian Waller Proctor (1787–1874), writer of popular songs and lyrics.

Morris: Sir Lewis Morris (1833–1907), Welsh poet, imitator of Tennyson.

Bowring: Sir John Bowring (1792–1872), English linguist, editor (*Westminster Review*), translator, poet, and ambassador.

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TLS-6. 10 August 1922.

10th Aug.

1922

NO AGENDA SAVE THE ONE
MARKED IN RED ON THIS PAGE

Dear Jawn:

I'm damned if I use your last name until I hear that you *have actually been* on a vacation.

Thanks for long letter of July 26, plus copies of letters to Eliot, Weaver, Liveright, of July 28th. with ps., remembrances etc.

[Red lines used in margin of this paragraph and for underscored passage.] There is no comment, save that if you reprint *Bel Esprit* private circular, *please omit name of LLOYD'S bank*. Eliot gets dither and nervousness in proportion as he is further from period of rest, and is now worried by thinking someone in the bank might see the reference, and start a fuss.

Lady Rothermere knocked 10,000 *francs* capital donation out of one chap while she was here, and another friend of hers said he was in on life sub., but he hasn't signed yet.

When I said "ought to be self supporting in five years", do remember that I added a clause saying it was *unlikely* that he wd. be.

I shan't be earning £600 a year in five years from now; the "ought" implies a reformed and perfect society.

Unless we get a SURE (abs:o-luuooottt-ly sure) thing for five years, and a DAMN likely thing for ten, I don't think Eliot will make the jump, and I think I could still, if not exactly approve, at least concede that he was reasonable in not making it.

Brancusi dined here last night; he is getting on with his temple model. He asked after you, as always, and is full of cordiality. I had just opened yr. letter as he came in, but had to say it referred to literature only. He is off to Rumania at the end of this month, unless he changes his plans a few more times.

Dorothy is in England with her family

Fifty-six people in here last week, possibly more, as I am the one fixed point, the only resident of Paris, apparently. Most of them entertaining, especially one chap Sullivan who has written a lot on Einstein, and is doing a book on him. He gave me a lucid explanation of something he says is Einstein, which is more than anyone else had tried on me.

Berman has at least the virtue of having got Joyce's head X-rayed; he found three dental abscesses under the diseased eye. Joyce refused to consider the x-ray "negative" wanted to wait for the "positive"; then decided to wait over the 14th of July. He is, I believe, still waiting.

There are states of the cosmos I decline to investigate. I have only seen him once since then, that was in the street. He was gentle and conciliatory; said it "would be ridiculous if he didn't intend to do something", but he wanted "two months complete rest first".

Some people like pekinese dogs, some prefer internal pets. I had a note from him yesterday saying he was better.

I told Berman in the beginning nothing wd. happen. Berman said "but wont the fear of going blind make him get his teeth fixed????!!!!".

As you know I [am] a Confucian, I consider that it is J. J's head, and that if he likes abscesses, that is his own affair. I don't see Beach & co. Lewis was in yesterday, seems more settled and ballasted; even seems to have some balanced idea of means of getting out of England for at least part of the year. I had opened way for an exhibit of his stuff in Milan, but he has reasons for not wanting it, at least not yet.

I have seen something of Leger, and like him. I am sending you a photo of his last thing, which dont show how good it is. Am not sending it as an incentive to action. i.e. action on your part.

I am glad Mrs Foster is well again. Herewith my salutations. Her friend Bishop turned up here, last week. He seems well disposed. A friend of Hemingways may start a press here, small books, to be run rather as Cuala, only for modern stuff. I shd. edit. it. More satisfactory to have something under ones eye, than to bother with new magazines.

Also shd. pay, not much, but something. The Cuala brings in small sums, and dont interfere with later publication.

Hemingway is a good chap. Was with Italian Arditi, buried alive, or rather dead for five days, with no special reason for coming to. Nonsense knocked out of him, if there ever was any in him.

Am reading up historic background for Canto IX. don't know that it will in any way improve the draft of the canto as it stands; shall probably only get more bewildered; but may avoid a few historic idiocies, or impossibilities.

Authorities differ as to whether Sigismund Malatesta raped a german girl in Verona, with such vigour that she "passed on", or whether it was an italian in Pesaro; and the pope says he killed her first and raped her afterwards; also some authorities say it was Farnese and not Malatesta who raped the bishop of Fano, and in fact all the *minor* points that might aid one in forming an historic rather than a fanciful idea of his character seem "shrouded in mystery" or rather lies.

I suppose one has to "select". If I find he was TOO bloody quiet and orderly it will ruin the canto. Which needs a certain boisterousness and disorder to contrast with his constructive work.

Francesco Sforza, whom I had first cast for the villain seems also to have had good reason for etc. etc.

At any rate I have had some interesting hours of research or at least reading; which are probably of no practical use. I come out rather like Ole Man Comley, who used to shoot his gob, and take a new chaw off the plug, saying "Boys, NEVER chew terbacca!". No, Mr. Quinn, don't you never try to write a epict, it is too bloody complicated."

Note from Yeats last week, shut in by battles, tragi-comedy, no mail, etc. seems contented and busy.

Note from Desmond Fitzgerald, saying "no one interested in anything save fighting, and that I don't know how lucky I am to be in Paris."

There's one spot re/ Malatesta that you may like. He was in Rome toward the end, whole existence of his state depending on negotiations, and he had about made up his mind to murder the pope (Paul II, who however was sly enough not to receive him in private, but surrounded by a gang of *cardinals whom he cd. trust.*) Malatesta spent most of his time in the papal library, and when they asked the librarian, Platina, what they talked about he said

"We talked about books, and fighting, and unusual intelligence, both in the ancients, and in men of our own time, in short the things one wd. naturally talk about."

Hang it all its a bloody good period, . a town the size of Rimini, with

Pier Francesca, Pisanello, Mino da Fiesoli, and Alberti as architect.
The pick of the bunch, all working there are one time or another
yours ever
Ezra Pound

reprint Bel Esprit: Although earlier Quinn said he would do no more than contribute, he was now willing to solicit other contributions.

Lady Rothermere: Mary Lilian Harmsworth (d. 1937), wife of Harold Sidney Harmsworth, first Viscount Rothermere, who financed the founding of T. S. Eliot's *Criterion*.

temple model: The Rumanian-born Parisian sculptor Constantin Brancusi (1876–1957) was proposing to build a "Temple of Love."

Sullivan: John William Navin Sullivan (1886–1937), author of *Three Men Discuss Relativity* (1925).

Berman: See Letter 65. Berman examined Joyce in July 1922 and recommended that his teeth be extracted.

exhibit in Milan: See *Pound/Lewis*, ed. Materer, pp. 131–35.

Leger: Ferdinand Léger (1881–1955), French painter.

friend of Hemingways: William Bird (1888–1963), who founded the Three Mountains Press in Paris.

Italian Arditi: Although he was wounded in World War I, Hemingway did not in fact serve with the Italian shock troops known as the Arditi.

Sigismund Malatesta: Pound is commenting on the writing of Cantos VIII–XI.

Ole Man Comley: Pound cites this anecdote about his Jekintown neighbor in Canto XXVIII.

Pier Francesca . . . Alberti: Piero della Francesca (1416–1492), painter; Antonio Pisano (1397–1455), painter and medalist; Mino da Fiesole (1429–1484), sculptor; Leon Battista Alberti (1404–1472), architect of the Tempio Malatestiano.

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TLS-I. 16 July 1924.

16 july.

address 70 bis, rue. Notre Dame des Champs.

Vle,

presumably till 15th, October.

Dear Quinn:

Telegram received. Will follow instructions; was not aware of person's presence in Paris. Probably shall not meet her. At least I don't know through whom I wd, be likely to do so. But will in any case remain on guard.

Damn sorry you are so ill.

Glad you have good hope of recovery within reasonable time.

I Cut this short to save you bother of reading. Dont answer.

Yours ever

E. P.

person's presence: Dorothy Coates, who was contacting Quinn's friends in her effort to prove her intimacy with Quinn. After his death, she unsuccessfully tried to prove that she was in fact his wife.

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Pound, Ezra, 1885-1972.

[Correspondence. Selections]

The selected letters of Ezra Pound to John Quinn, 1915-1924 /

Timothy Materer.

Includes bibliographical references and index.

ISBN 0-8223-1132-1

1. Pound, Ezra, 1885-1972—Correspondence. 2. Quinn, John, 1870-1924—Correspondence. 3. Poets, American—20th century—Correspondence. I. Materer, Timothy, 1940- . II. Title.

PS3531.Z4986 1991

811'.52—dc20

[B] 90-23613 CIP

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Duke University Press

ISBN 0-8223-1132-1



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