

Ezra Pound Papers
YCAL MSS 43
Box 16, folder 736

Series I. General Correspondence

Fitzgerald, Robert / 1931-55

PARK AVENUE

Between dinner and death the crowds wait upon the renown of steel.
Engines dwell among the races; the tragic phrase
Falls soundless in the tune and tremble of them.
Spun under the sign of the virgin and bloomed with light
The globe leans into spring;
The daughter of the living and the dead returns.
Between the edges of her thighs desire and cruelty
Make their twin temple, whereof the columns sunder
In the reverberation of time past and to come.
For the brass horn has whispered under the walls
In the quick twilight of the ravished mind;
A pestilence among us gives us life.
Sparks shot to the cylinders explode softly
Sheathing speed in sleep.

F1931

1931

15 B Malcolin Street
Cambridge Oct 22

Dear E. P.

Thanks for the card.

If you will be in Rapallo
Christmas time I may be there to see you.
I will be crowded here
reading The Classics. Heyne: Life is
Back Again... et les Anglais aussi
meets que les Poés.

The enclosure may strike you,
if only for its metrics. Col: trappene.

Robt. Fitzgerald.

London, December 19, 1931

Dear Mr. Pound:

I have written to Mrs. Lindsay. She is incidentally a very fine person and I'm damned sorry for her. I hope she doesn't have too tough a time. Vachel was extremely kind to me and I had a great deal of respect for him; I think he was a courageous person.

I am going to see Mr. Eliot on Monday and will leave London Monday night for Montreux, where I expect to spend Christmas. If I can possibly manage it and even if I can't I shall come to ~~Montreux~~ Rapallo soon after New Year's.

Mrs. Scratton has been very nice to me and I am grateful to you for her and for other people in Cambridge I have met through her.

I'm sending you two pieces of verse to show you the sort of thing I am doing, or have been doing this year.

Sincerely,

Robert Fitzgerald

FOR THE OTHERS

They will come to my house, to the street's end
In the tedious season
Naming the dry leaf and the wind at morning
Bearing death.

From the tastefully cut helms, the craftsmen's speech
I shall turn crying
To grip in daylight time's still edge
Finding my body, sight, touch, hearing, strange.

Identity then with what mind in what place
Of all that make the story?

Birds

Sing in the dark trees at the world's end
In the evening of time. The bearded men
Stand there among the horses. The lutes play.

And there are valleys in the mountains
And women cutting the hay, and carrying it
In under the hot rain.

These we know.

O father, father
These many days and many harvests
We have endured, and the grey sea under mists
And the agony of our daughters, and
Old men dying in candle light
At the summer's passage

remembering

Landfalls, delay of autumn, grief among dreams

X
[1932]

15B Malcolm Street
Cambridge
May 8

Dear E. P.

I'll do the best job I'm capable of on the Cavalcanti and send it to you before June first. My affairs as a Trinity scholar and my slowness in achieving illumination make it impossible to do the thing decently in less time. Meanwhile I am sending, as you suggested, a few verses to Orage, whose mag I have not yet seen, whose sentiments seem agreeable.

Mangan is in London and I am going up to see him on Thursday. I thought his article in the New Review very stimulating as a series of kicks in the proper pants, but not by any means satisfactory as definition: i.e. if there have been no good arguments against Art for Art's sake, what is Mangan's argument against Ash Wednesday?

I sent you a money order for 1s 6d: could you return the painful prose sometime; it was the last of several versions and I have no other copy. Thanks very much for your letter about it.

Yrs ever

Richard Fitzgerald

F/1932

There is a copy here of Mourning Becomes Electra, as good theatrical writing as I've seen in this our time: less blatt than in the Interlude and a hallucination of universal incest at the end. It is giving the Theater Guild audiences chills and fever in New York, to the great honor of the American Theatre and the adjectival exhaustion of the metropolitan press. --The plays in London are slight and sloppy, and people pay more for the talkies. I think no one yet has seen the closeness of short story and talky technique, though the opportunity for good short pictures was given long ago by the theatre managers themselves.--The best thing the camera can do is the roving eye stunt of McAlmon : the ultimate art of the movies. --This apropos your own remarks on the subject.

Did I tell you about the Society for the Maintenance of Cultural Relations with the Soviet? Headquarters in London and largely female.

If there's ever anything you want to find out or have done in England, please drop me a card. 15B Malcolm Street.

Yrs. etc.

Robert Fitzgerald

Nom
et adresse
de l'expéditeur

M. FITZGERALD
26 RUE MOLIERE



CORRESPONDANCE

ADRESSE

DEAR E.P. DRAGE "WITH

COMPLIMENTS" FEARED HE
COUDN'T RECOMMEND MY
REVIEW "AS AN INTRODUCTION
TO OUR FRIEND E.P" AND
ELIOT HAD ENGAGED E.
GILSON, SO I'M FOR THE
PRESENT EXCLUDED FROM
THE ENGLISH PRINTS. I
LIKE THIS ~~BETTER~~ THAN
TO BE IN ANY BAG WITH

EZRA POUND
VIA MARSALA 12-5
RAPALLO
ITALIE

P. D. 27 Jan 1932

AN INTRODUCTION ^{CHARMING} TO YOU. THANKS MUCH FOR
THE LETTER REGARDING HULME & RICHARDS -
I MADE BOTH MATTERS CLEAR, AND I
BELIEVE FROM ELIOT'S LETTER THAT HE WOULD
HAVE TAKEN THE PIECE HAD HE NOT
ALREADY ASKED GILSON. — AM IN PARIS
FOR TWO WEEKS BEFORE GOING BACK TO
THE SHAMBLES, WHERE I SHALL BE NEXT
YEAR IN THE SHADOW OF A DEGREE FROM
HARVARD — AMONG OTHER SHADOWS. AFTERWARD
I WILL COME BACK TO EUROPE FOR A WHILE
AT LEAST. MEANWHILE WHENEVER I GET
SOME OF THE MEAL OUT OF MY MOUTH
I'LL PUT DOWN THE GOOD WORDS AND
SEND THEM TO YOU,
YRS. ALWAYS GRATEFULLY
R.S. FITZGERALD.

[1937]

17 West 10th
New York City

Dear Ezra

Many thanks for the kind card. I
would not like to be ignored even though
I've not kept up during these years. Hee sorry
I didn't see you. From all accounts - Laughlin's
and Codman's in particular - your explorations
were well achieved. If it did you as much
good to see the land of the tree again as it
did me to see you and Rapallo in 1931 - etc.

Jay is a great credit to you
and every body else. You used to say the
L. of the F. would support the live press
but there it is. My own scrip has been
obscure even to myself but so far as
journalism goes I think I've boxed for enough
to see a couple of joists go down. An
intrigue business, though, by God.

As ever

Robert Fitzgerald

July 29

December 25

Dear Ezra

Jay Laughlin is somewhere in New Orleans; but I shd soon get Creekmore's address from him if he's got it. Your letter of Nov. 18 will then go to Creekmore.

Florence Codman runs Arrow Editions; I know her, all right. She is in Beverly Hills apparently, at least I just got a pail of walnuts from her from there. She used to talk about starting a quarterly but has desisted lately. She accumulated and even paid for a number of contributions. Her permanent address is 4116 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

I presume you've seen:

The Partisan Review (quarterly of some calibre, in derision of most so-called governments, revolutionist..., a mean editorial prose).

The Southern Review (thoughtful but failing)

The Kenyon Review (John Crowe Ransom's)

Twice a Year (a serious clutter of good documentary material and reprints; not so hot as a setting for poetry if there was any)

Sherry Mangan wrote Paris letters for the Partisan Review, signed Sean Niall. He is now in Paris. He went over a year ago last summer and lived on gruel for six months getting paid by the piece for reports on painting and Art to me. I was then Art Editor of Time the weekly news-magazine. Mangan is now a success: he is Paris representative of Time. He lives at 40 Rue Boissonade.

This country will drift if it can and as fast as it can into American provincialism. i. e. Fuck all these crazy furriners who don't know enough to keep from blowing each others brains out. Fuck these furrin artists who can clean up a hundred thousand dollars on commercial "Surrealism" in New York

Sandburg has published in four vols a 12 year honorable work on Lincoln. The movie of the winter is the Civil War running 4 hours.

The museum of Modern Art is in the hands of the younger Rockefeller (oil) who will use it as a reception room for the president of Venezuela and to sell American Art to the American People. With the best will in the world.

Your magazine ^{if it were} ~~to be~~ really disinterested accurate international and enlightened would be a prodigy I'd willingly spend more than one hour a month on. If it were any less than that I wouldn't spend a nickel or a moment's thought.

No magazine I contribute my time to is going to be a little red wagon for any sect, group, party, line, panacea, ethic, aesthetic, church or state.

the carelessly, hopefully edited Little Mags are through.

No publication is worth a damn which is read by nobody but the contributors. Correspondence is more satisfactory and cheaper.

The Criterion remains exactly that, in the absence of better.

Good writing takes more than natural endowment, literary pretension or non-literary pretension, rhetoric or good Ideas.

The U. S. A. is not the desert, or not the same quality desert, it was in the days of The Little Review.

There is a great deal more to say by way of qualification. It is certainly true that a monthly magazine of very careful quality plain format good printing and clear ^(pointed) English prose would assuage the aching pain caused by The Atlantic Monthly Happers Scribners and the rest. Something that could be trusted.

Kirstein and Jay Leyda have started a mag called FILMS--a long needed item for technicians and interested parties in that field.

I'll pass your letter along.

I'd like to hear more.

Yours ever -

Robt Ditzgrard

19 West 10
N.Y. City

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EZRA POUND CARE F S BACON

80 MAIDEN LANE

IF YOU HAVE TIME AND WOULD LIKE IT I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU TO LUNCH EITHER THURSDAY OR FRIDAY REPLY TO 19 WEST TENTH SAY WHERE I CAN MEET YOU
ROBERT FITZGERALD.

213P

To Acra Road RFD 4

Ridgefield, Connecticut

September 23 '53

Dear Ezra

(If that address won't suit you) I enclose a letter of introduction and will probably retrieve it if I can.

The subject was translation of the Odyssey; I had done a few lines. Now five of the ten years is gone and I've shaken free enough to go back at it. I'm

forty two and have five children, the eldest five. We

are all going to Italy on October 12th. We are going ^{D.V.}

to stay at the Schloss Brunnentberg next summer with

our daughter Mary whom I met with J. Laughlin.

What I want to know is, can I come to see you

on the morning of October 6th, Tuesday? Or would

the 7th be better?

Yrs faithfully

Robt. Fitzgerald

Via delle Palazzine 10
Firenze 3 January '54

Dear Egra:

This is the only New Year present I can
send. I hope it falls lightly on the ear and
keeps moving, like you said.

We are all stuck and going broke in a
Medici-type villa from which we'll be glad to
break out to Brunnenburg in May.

Mary was going to stop in on her
way to Rome but couldn't make it. I'll be
seeing Dorothea in Rome this month. More
later.

R.F.

[1954]

Via delle Palazzine 10

Firenze February 20

Dear Ezra

Well, yes, but too much dactyl etc. can sure kill anything. The Gk. hexameter was an old shoe, too. This poem has 12,000 lines. You can't do it the way you did Propertius and you sure can't do it the way you did those Trachinians. You got any positiv suggestions?

I'd be obliged if you'd register verbal offences ^{A.)} in margini and B.) send the mss. on to Mr. John Berryman,

Go English Dept. University of Iowa, Iowa City. HE wants

to see it and will pay you back for postage. Cae

lourie has just been here and wd. send you saluti. His

mother died in Rapallo at the Villa Chiara.

Yrs.

R.F.

Brunnenburg

Tirol--Merano

July 7 /54

Dear Ezra

Try this one. What with one damn thing and another, I didn't get around to it till we got up here in May, then after 40 lines had to knock off and work for ^a month on a prose thing, then did the rest in 30 days flat--a record that gives me a glimmer that maybe I'll get through the 24 books before the bell. Here is a mighty fine place to work. The small fry are audible but they can't get in, and the other great thing is to know that they're all well off.

You were right about too much iambic in Bk I, on the other hand I am right in wanting people to feel no strain but to get into Homer easy, straight from whatever they read in school whether it's the Wasteland or the Vision of Sir Launfal. I know the pentameter had to get the heave and I know why; but there isn't any English meter that's permanently unrefreshable if it's what you need and want.

I'd admire to hear anything that strikes you as especially wrong, and I wish you'd send the stuff on, as before, to John Berryman. Just where he is now I don't know, maybe at Harvard, but it would be safe to send it to his old address, 120 Prospect Avenue, Princeton, and Eileen will forward it. He'll ~~reimburse postage.~~

(not that this awaited my sayin)
Mary will have told you about everything here. She is a fine girl and has been very good to us even to the extent of practicing or rather allowing us to practice Italian in her company, which is graciousness itself considering my oxladen tongue. I've just given her back the Unwobbling Pivot and the old Italian version thereof on which I gather she's going to work. I hope yore health & sperrits remain good.

Yrs

Roll Fitzgerald

La Mandrella, Sestri Levante

November 28, 1954

Ezra:

I had been thinking you must have taken a fresh grip, but your letter to me has made me think again. I think it is time someone spoke up to you person to person and with precision. Someone who knows the point and beauty of your best work as I do.

I also know what you said on the Rome radio, and everything you said so far as it was recorded. In August I got the transcript and read it through. I seem to be the only one of your friends not too incurious to do this. So it's no use telling me that your refrain from Rome was a reminder of Brooks Adams or of the American tradition. Adams would be ashamed at your use of his name.

The record~~x~~ is open for anyone to see. Come down to earth and look at it. You stayed on the Rome radio fearlessly--and very carelessly--insulting the Americans and British at a time when it looked as though the Americans and British might lose the war. You thought they would, and said so. When they began to win the war, you started to mend your talk. You tried to excuse your gutter style--said you might be a bit out of date when you tried to focus on America--wrote a few coherent paragraphs about Kitson--even changed your tune about Bolshevism "on grounds of program." You ended up bleating about how the war had inter~~x~~fered with your work, and how detached you felt.

Anyone out of childhood would be embarrassed by the whole sequence. I should have thought that after ten years you'd see how by your own standards you'd gone off the beam and been inglorious and sloppy. But here is your inexcusable letter to prove I was wrong. I don't think you should be spared the inferences. It appears that you do your cursing when you think you have nothing to lose by it. It appears that you've been a trimmer, on the record, and that is putting it mildly.

Didn't you lie to me in S. Elizabeth's in September '53 by saying you'd been "having fun with the kikes for forty years"--as if that were all? Now that I know the facts about that and all the rest, do you think you can lie to me with curses? Well, a lie isn't any less a lie for the wind that blows it, and it isn't any less

a lie for being private. Your lies aren't official and it's a good thing they aren't. But it begins to annoy me that you've put them over on anybody.

Can't you see the shadiness and absurdity you let your friends in for? If Scheiwiller had heard or read your broadcasts, do you think he would have written his note to your Lavoro ed Usura? If Montalegre had heard or read your broadcasts, do you think he would have spoken about you as he did on the Vatican Radio? How can you sit there and let decent people be deluded into fighting for you on grounds that are false as hell? While you despise them for it? If that isn't base and cowardly I don't know what is.

Don't talk to me about loyalty to the republic of letters. You've abused that loyalty like every other. You've written well and tried to trade on it to get you out of the trouble you provoked for yourself. You are in S. Elizabeth's because you and your lawyer chose to plead insanity rather than stand up to a trial. If there was something you wanted to fight for aside from yourself you could have fought for it then. If your mind was sick then you belonged in S. Elizabeth's. If it wasn't, then you were craven not to stand trial on your indictment. There wasn't, and isn't, anything Promethean about you. You don't have to stay there, and you know it. You know that if you are sick you can be released in wardship. If you are not sick then you can face a judge, or if you believed your own rot about fighting for the Constitution you could face a trial, as better men have done.

I don't even think you believe it. It's just a line you hang on to hoping to keep the innocent baffled or buffaloed into thinking you have a case. The men who made the American Constitution began with simple honesty, courtesy and reason--qualities you allow yourself to skip. What do you suppose the Nazis, whom you commended for "wiping out bad manners in Germany"--immortal praise--would have done to the Constitution? What do you suppose they would have done to you, if you were charged with treason by their government? But you preferred their propaganda to the New Deal's, and the provable cold fact is that you pitched in and helped it. I can at least say that I wrote none of either. You are in no position to accuse anyone of cowardice, ignorance, or mental squalor.

Yours more candidly still,

Robert Fitzgerald

[1955]

Dear Egan

I sent the 'Alarmed' manifests to
Lattinross at Bryn Mawr and Oates at
Princeton to nail on the library doors
or otherwise propagate. Don't want to
keep this; you may have a use for it
and I can get the stuff from Donner
or O'Rourke.

This is haste: you'll hear from
me later God willing!

Robt Dignand