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EZRA POUND, THOMAS CARTER, AND THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN LITERARY MAGAZINE

In March 1952 a nineteen-year-old sophomore at Washington and Lee University named Tom Carter wrote a letter to Ezra Pound. Pound was then sixty-six years old and in his seventh year at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. That letter, written in order to interest Pound in a magazine, began a correspondence and a friendship between young Tom and the self-styled "grandpaw" of modern letters that lasted almost a decade.

Just the year before, in spring 1951, Tom had been awarded, on the basis of an impressive academic performance his freshman year, the editorship of *Shenandoah,* Washington and Lee's student literary publication. The magazine had been founded by Ashley Brown, Marshall Fishwick, and Brewster Ford, teachers of Tom's, barely a year earlier than that. After its first year of publication its financial status was still shaky, and it had yet to establish for itself any definable biases or directions. When Tom accepted the editorship, he was taking over a magazine with little money and less tradition. This was not, though, the first time he found himself in such a position. Back in Martinsville, Virginia, where he had grown up and gone to high school, he had edited, working out of his own house, a publication called *Spearhead*—another impoverished, traditionless little magazine. He had, then, some sense of what he faced with *Shenandoah.* But no one, certainly, could reasonably have expected that such experience as he had had in Martinsville and his demonstrated academic brightness would have empowered him, at the slender age of nineteen, to accomplish the extraordinary things he did. His editorial appointment, originally for a single year (the editorship of *Shenandoah* was to rotate annually from upper to under classmen), was extended for a second year, through the fall of 1953. By that time Tom had transformed a shaky, insignificant student literary rag into a

flourishing, funded, internationally acclaimed and distributed literary journal among whose contributers were proudly numbered William Faulkner, Wyndham Lewis, Wallace Stevens, e e cummings, William Carlos Williams and Ezra Pound.

He had already edited several issues of the magazine before he wrote his first letter to Pound. His was one, no doubt, of dozens of such letters from the young, asking for advice, help, and sympathy from the "grandpaw" of modern poetry, famous by now for his abundance of such things. It was intercepted before it reached Pound by his wife Dorothy, who politely pointed out that Tom would have to provide a bit more information about himself, especially about his knowledge of Pound's values and ideas, before any of the famous energetic advice and sympathy could reasonably be expected to flow. "If you want to interest E. P. in your magazine you would probably have to start by showing some comprehension of the main meaning and aim of his work" was Dorothy's sound advice.[1] Tom took it to heart, wrote back and by the summer of 1952 the fledgling editor and the grizzled poet were in rapid and extensive correspondence.

Their main subject of course was *Shenandoah.* By the time he wrote to Pound, Tom had put together four issues of the magazine. For these numbers (Summer and Winter 1951, and Spring and Summer 1952) he had been able to get poems by Wallace Stevens, e e cummings, and William Carlos Williams; stories by Ray Bradbury and August Derleth; and reviews and essays by James Branch Cabell, Norman Holmes Pearson and Hugh Kenner. But despite the breadth of interest established for the magazine by these contributors, Tom was actually, over this year, slowly adjusting the attention of *Shenandoah* onto the literature and life of the American South. This interest came sharply into focus in the Summer 1952 issue for which he gathered together the authors of the now famous Southern agrarian manifesto *I'll Take My Stand,* asked them a series of questions about the manifesto, and printed their replies.

This regional focus abruptly shifted when Carter came into personal contact with Pound. The older man's ideological influence was apparent in the very next issue, Autumn 1952, which contained a translation into English of Pound's essay on Joyce, "James Joyce et Pécuchet," that first appeared in the *Mercure de France* in June 1922. The choice of this particular contribution was

Carter's and Ashley Brown's. They drove to Washington with the translation (by Fred Bornhauser) to get Pound's approval. He gave it readily but carefully established here at the very start of his collaboration with Carter a policy that he maintained, to Carter's considerable disappointment, to the very end. His old work might be reprinted with his name attached but any new statements he made would have to appear anonymously, and no new cantos could appear at all. "Is it clear," he pointed out, "that EP will NOT write for Shenandoah/but has no scruples about collaborating with Col. Carter." What matters are "the ideas NOT the personal channel via which they reach Shen." Carter had no trouble finding contributors to expound Poundian values for the reticent master. In the same issue in which he reprinted the Joyce essay, Carter included an essay by Kenner extolling the virtues of Pound's critical remarks on Joyce. Pound himself identified for Carter many of the people who might be capable of saying what he thought needed to be said. Many of these found their way into the new "Notes from Abroad" section of *Shenandoah,* which Carter had established at Pound's instigation, in order to broaden the focus of the magazine as Pound saw fit. He urged, of course, the broadest possible focus, extending beyond the American South, to America at large, and inevitably including Europe. He suggested to Carter the names of possible foreign correspondents who might supply the international artistic news. The hope, he said, was that "enough live wires will collaborate and keep Martinsville alerted to whatever faint gleams of life are visible from them furrin parts." The "Notes from Abroad" first appeared in that same Autumn 1952 *Shenandoah* and included news from D. D. Paige in Rapallo, Jose V. Amaral in Montevideo, Christopher Logue in Paris and Eva Hesse in Munich. Pound sent Carter the names and addresses of dozens of other possible contributors and sympathizers, noted for the young editor the names of other magazines with which *Shenandoah* ought to "eggschange" copies, and all in all ushered him into the busy, international literary world that revolved around the old man in the lounge chair on the lawn outside Chestnut Ward.

With the appearance of the Autumn 1952 *Shenandoah* Carter had less than a year and only another three issues left as editor: Spring, Summer and Autumn 1953. Then another precocious student would have to be given his chance. Pound of course was not

one to waste time. He exerted his greatest influence over *Shenandoah* during those remaining months of Carter's editorship. As he realized when he saw a copy of the Autumn 1952 *Shenandoah*, his influence, though apparent, was barely more than incidental, and there was much about the number he did not like. He could praise Kenner's essay and the general disposition of the matter but with the material provided by the foreign correspondents, he was less pleased: " 'notes fr/abroad at least estabs/ that dimension," he said with obvious disappointment. Carter's own contribution to the issue, a book review, was merely "O.K." He was in all much freer with blame than praise. As for the "shortcomings and/or TRYPE" in the magazine, he wrote, "p. 54 list of reading matter slop." A reviewer had applauded an author for considering together in his book the work of Charles Lamb, Balzac, Henry Adams, Freud, Fromm and Keynes. That list should read instead, Pound instructed Carter: "Blackstone/ Del Mar/ Frobenius/ BROOKS Adams, not the weak and piddling Henry." For the remaining issues under Carter's control, he would strive to make his influence go deeper than it obviously had so far.

He succeeded admirably, for the next three numbers of the magazine demonstrate on nearly every page obvious and specific Poundian literary preferences. The first of these forthcoming *Shenandoahs*, the Spring 1953 issue, focused on Ford Madox Ford. It included some "Observations on Technique" that Ford had delivered as part of a lecture at Olivet College in June 1938, and essays on Ford as a teacher and as an art critic. The Poundian biases are deep here: not only is the magazine devoted to a figure whose work he admires but it adopts as well an angle of interest in that work aligning nicely with Pound's own. Ford was discussed in an essay by Robie Macauley not as a novelist, the natural and common angle of interest, but as teacher. Other essays examined him as critic and stylist. Those, of course, are the essential components of Pound's famous, often discussed championship of Ford. The "Observations on Technique" establish not only Ford's own concern with stylistic matters but also a master's interest in showing beginners the ropes. The observations amount to a series of practical do's and don't's directed at young writers. (Use directly quoted conversation only to reveal character, never to advance plot). Pound was especially pleased with Fred Bornhauser's essay "Ford as Art Critic": "the Bornhauser covering wholly neglected field, yaa'ssrr." In all he was much happier with this than with the

previous *Shenandoah,* and his only complaint was that it had not been clearly labeled a Ford number.

Young Tom Carter's finest achievement as an editor, however, as Pound himself insisted, was with his two final numbers of *Shenandoah,* which appeared as a double-issue devoted to another man whose work Pound admired, Wyndham Lewis. Like the Ford number before it, the Lewis double-issue takes its angle of interest on its subject from Pound. Carter wrote to Pound one day asking his opinion of American criticism. "Am not," Pound wrote back, "an authority on american criticism. Interested primarily in writing. Nobody has ever *said* anything INTERESTING about american criticism *to me.*" He repeats for Carter his old formulation from "Date Line": "crit/ of value comes from the performers" and suggests that if Carter is interested in criticism he would do well to look into the creative writings of Lewis (not Lewis' criticism—Pound says he doesn't even know if Lewis ever wrote any of *that*). Lewis' novels and stories are in essence a criticism, he explains, especially when he is "portraying a person or a situation." This Poundian vision of Lewis, as a ferocious critic of Western culture, is the vision that emerges from the *Shenandoah* double-issue. In selecting contributors to the volume, Carter asked Pound about Kenner, who had already contributed several things to *Shenandoah,* and Pound replied that "Knr/ prob/ hep as to values of W. Lewis." Accordingly, the issue features a long essay by Kenner on Lewis entitled "The War with Time." Kenner's contribution to the issue went well beyond this essay, however. He was an important instigator of the project, arguing its timeliness and its value as a way of getting *Shenandoah* better known. He advised Carter about contributors, supplied a reading list of Lewis' work, and even provided the initial design for the cover. As the issue took shape and Carter reported its progress to Pound, Pound was impressed and delighted with his young protégé's work. "Looks like," he wrote, "the W. L. issue wd/ make a mark banZAI." Such approval naturally led Carter to hope that Pound himself might be willing to contribute something. In response to Carter's polite and repeated requests to do so, Pound provided in several different letters various statements that he said Carter might use, but only anonymously. Carter carefully marked these letters for the printer, bracketing out irrelevancies, repunctuating and changing pronouns. Yet none of these statements appeared in the Wyndham

Lewis issue of *Shenandoah.* Instead, Carter printed a page of quotations about Lewis gathered from Pound's previously published work. These quotations expressed at greater length and more forcefully the points made in the letters: Lewis' mastery of design, his originality, his antagonism, his volcanic mind capable of exploding the rotten world around it. Carter did include at the bottom of this page of quotations one very brief statement from a letter, the only statement Pound gave Carter permission to print with his name attached: "Wyndham Lewis, the man who was wrong about everything except the superiority of live mind to dead mind, for which basic verity God bless his holy name." This was the only occasion during the entire time of Carter's editorship of *Shenandoah* on which Pound allowed himself to be identified publicly as Carter's collaborator. It may have been an access of delight with the Lewis issue, as it was shaping up, that prompted this disclosure. With the Lewis issue, and the Ford issue before it, Pound told Carter, *Shenandoah* had arrived, had modernized itself, had cleared up its literary arrears and could move on to the presentation and criticism of current writing.

There hung over all the excitement about the Lewis number, however, the dark fact that with that issue Carter's editorship would come to an end. "I'll be out of a job after the W Lewis issue," he wrote Pound, "everybody here opposed to way I do things, save Ashley [Brown] who is leaving, and I can't do the job myself. Actually everybody else connected will be damned glad to be rid of me. I don't mind bucking 'em, but there won't I'm sure be money enough to really carry on after this year." Pound encouraged Carter to do just as he pleased right to the end, which was of course, to complete the Lewis number precisely as he saw fit. "O.K.," he wrote, "end with a BANG not a goddam whimper/ make as much SPLURGE as pos. . . . if you are about to die, at least LIGHT the funeral pyre/ . . . l'audace, toujours l'audace." He encouraged him as well to look for another job and another magazine, and sent him the addresses of Witter Bynner at the "New Mexl/4ly," Denis Goacher at *The European* and others associated with little magazines. When those efforts to find an editorial post failed, the two collaborators conspired together to find a permanent solution to the problem of Carter's employment. They decided to found a new little magazine, irreverently referred to by Pound as "Carter's Pill."

They schemed together throughout the summer and fall of 1953 in order to get this new literary cure-all on the market. Pound first presented a "PLAN" to Carter in June, even before the Lewis issue of *Shenandoah* appeared. He conceived of "Carter's Pill" as a new *Little Review* and urged Carter to write to Margaret Anderson for advice and support. She might help them in their "attempt at keeping the sperrit of 1917 alive in Baruchistan," which is to say, in the provinces, whether southwestern Virginian backwaters or Mid-eastern deserts. Like the *Little Review*, they would take it as their task to print new work that couldn't find print elsewhere. Pound insisted that the appearance of yet another literary magazine must be justified. "A mag. does not FUNCTION by printing items that WOULD be printed, and paid for at higher rate in some other mag/ that is NOT filling a need [,] it is parasitism." This was a charge that hit home to Carter, for his work on *Shenandoah* had elicited just such criticism. Some time earlier Carter had sent to Christopher Logue at the offices of *Merlin* magazine in Paris, copies of the *Shenandoah* numbers to which Logue had contributed a note from abroad. Logue had agreed to act as foreign correspondent from Paris without ever seeing *Shenandoah*. As soon as he did, he wrote Carter back a letter that mercilessly attacked the magazine for catering to older, established figures and neglecting the new. He accused Carter of using those famous names to sell his journal. Carter passed the harsh words on to Pound, who agreed with Logue that Carter was "living in retrospect." "I agree with Logue," he wrote, "re/ need to treat past NOT as retrospect but as start for prospect." He had supported the enterprises of the Ford and Lewis numbers because he felt that these men had been unappreciated, of course, but also because it would be foolish, as he saw it, to move forward without knowing first where we had been. The Ford and Lewis *Shenandoah*s in that sense located the magazine in the present moment of modern letters, and the job was to move forward from there. Carter's Pill was needed to assure that the catch-up work of Carter's *Shenandoah* did not go for naught. From here on in, "the WORK is to KEEP focus on ideas needed in 1953."

Making available new material that might otherwise remain unknown was not, however, the only function Pound hoped the magazine would serve. It should also, again like the *Little Review* before it, serve as a "means of communication," as a forum for free

discussion of issues. Pound wrote to Carter that there was "no reason to regret Logue not liking Shen/ . . . CONFLICT in printed pages of a mag/ is useful/ five lines from L/ expressing his view PURRlightly wd/ enliven." They agreed that Carter's Pill should have a Notes from Abroad section like *Shenandoah's*. We want, Pound explained, "rubrics, one page each" from abroad, and those pages "shd/ be under absoloot control of the writers."

As Pound became increasingly attached to the *Little Review* as a model, Carter, who was somewhat leery of following Anderson's example too closely, expressed some reservations. "We cannot take exactly the same direction as LR," he wrote, "and I think it unwise to suggest that our aim might be along those lines. The big difficulty is that there are no young Pounds, Eliots, Lewises, and Joyces who cannot reach print." When Pound suggested that Carter's Pill adopt the slogan of the *Little Review* ("no compromise with the public taste") as its own, Carter put his foot down. As there were far fewer good writers being suppressed in 1953 than in 1917, he explained, the need for belligerent defiance was consequently much less. Pound continued, however, despite Carter's protests, to bombard the young man with urgent suggestions and grand ambitions for the magazine. By late June Carter could take it no longer. He wrote to Pound an anxious, impatient letter.

> You know perfectly well I am in close agreement with all general sentiments expressed in your letters. All right, I am retrospective. Am perfectly willing to be prospective. But I don't see any boy geniuses hanging on trees, dammit. I don't see all the life we should have. Give me some kind of base, three or four people I can work with, and I think maybe I can do the job you want; I'm not sure: I'm no boy genius either. . . . I'm not saying what I want to say at all; what I mean is, I'll do the best I can.

Like others before him, Carter was feeling at one and the same time unfairly put upon by Pound's great demands and devotedly eager to meet them. At heart just as ambitious as his mentor, he soon came around and affirmed with enthusiasm Pound's vision of their purposes: we will, he wrote, "publish the best new creative work we can find" and "concentrate on creating a paideuma for live thought." They would be the new *Little Review*.

With the two complementary purposes of the magazines agreed upon and Carter's hesitations overcome, Pound set out in

the summer and autumn months of 1953 to assemble the personnel and collect the funds they needed. He explained to his young protégé that "with six guarantors at $50 a year for three years we cd/ guarantee 16 pages quarterly/ I am offering the first 50 bucks." He complained to Carter, though, that he would have to have copies of past *Shenandoahs* edited by Carter if he was going to be able to convince anybody else to back their scheme.

how the

HELL?

does Carter eggspekk me to advertise his editorial ability if I don't get the MATERIAL to exhibit

He needed, he said, "salesman's samples." Carter sent copies off at once and suggested that Pound try them on Lewis and Eliot. "The Colonel," Pound replied, "FAILS to consider that fer 40 years I hv/ been trying to PURRsuade W.L./T.S.E. and others to committ useful acts/ they are fed UP. just Ez trying to rope 'em into a new mag/." It would be better, Pound advised, if Carter approach them himself. "If someone they hv/ never heard of eggspresses interest, they might be pleased." Carter was never able to rope Eliot or Lewis into the scheme, if he ever tried. But they had considerable luck elsewhere. Within weeks Pound was able to report that "Crtr has 2 more guarantors/ they cant afford it but thazzz their look out/ i hv/ writ 2 more evangelical letters/ and am preparing to write a 3rd/." The two new contributors Pound had secured were Henry Swabey and David Gordon. Greatly encouraged by these developments he advised that "T. C. plan three issues/ and START before sundown to collect MATERIAL." He had plenty of suggestions where to begin. First of all, he was told, the three issues should make a crescendo. "If first issue of Carter's pill contained a good [D. D.] Paige story/ and the third rose to the Neame [Alan Neame's translation of Cocteau's *Léoun*] that wd/ be a crescendo/supposing that T. C. 's white-haired [Robie] Macauley cd/ go to bat in interim." If "the PILL got enuff backing" to run to thirty-two rather than sixteen pages, Pound offered his translation of Enrico Pea's novel *Moscardino,* to be serialized in four issues. It was, he said, the "only time I ever translated a novel willingly." The Pea would provide material for the second sixteen pages that would not, in Pound's opinion, "degrade or dilute" the first sixteen.

But before any further, more specific plans about material could profitably be made, the funds had to be secured. On July 10 Pound was able proudly to announce that the crucial six guarantors had been secured: Swabey, Gordon, Louis Dudek, John T. Idlet, and Clark Emery. The last to fall in line was Emery. Only weeks earlier Pound had sent a letter to Carter urging him to send "sample copies of SHEN/ AT ONCE" to Emery, a "Maine yankee in florida" who "sez he dont buy pigs in pokes/ that he dunno Carter and Shen/ but if 'good pigs' believes can find $50 or even $100." With Emery's commitment the sixteen pages were assured and the collaborators were off and running.

It soon became apparent to them that they had material for more than sixteen pages. Carter wrote to Norman Holmes Pearson for further support, hoping to find the funds for thirty-two pages an issue. Pearson had steered funds to *Shenandoah* magazine during the financially difficult days of the magazine at the beginning of Carter's editorship. On that earlier occasion Carter had written to Pearson on the advice of Ashley Brown, who had been a graduate student of Pearson's at Yale. Carter wrote to Pound of his intentions to contact Pearson again and briefly mentioned their earlier dealings. Pound wrote back, "yu dont say whether Pearson dug into his jeans or got it out of a FUND, thus doing violence to the principles of all hithertoheard of FUNDZ. in either case to his credit." When Carter told him that the monies Pearson sent to *Shenandoah* had come from a fund, Pound answered, "NOBLE Pearson/ the best I hv/ heard of him yet." He urged Carter to "write AT ONCE" and advised him how best to approach the Yale professor. He instructed Carter to tell Pearson that Ezra Pound had secured six guarantors to support Carter's continued work as an editor, that Pound was contributing the Pea translation for free (though something might have to go to Pea himself), and that they were thinking in terms of three years. Pearson responded quickly and favorably and his contribution allowed them to plan on issues of thirty-two pages.

They began immediately to talk of printer's costs. There were two possibilities, a local printer in Martinsville, or Peter Russell in London. Before Pound would agree to a local printer he insisted on receiving specific price quotations. There were, he admitted, "various reasons in favor of printing in Martinsville or the vicinage/ or by whatever printer TC already knows. BUT want kno PRICE."

He worried also about the quickness of a local printer, and asked, "hv/ yu a printer at reasonable cost and reasonably sure of issuing it on the DOT. gt/ thing with so small a mag/ is REGularity, PUNCTuality." Peter Russell, though far away, could be trusted to do a good job inexpensively and on time. Pound wrote to Russell while awaiting price quotations from Carter. He proposed that Russell "print for one year at bare cost, with agreement he be assured of profit after that." Soon Pound came to think of the far off connection with Russell as more advantage than disadvantage. It would amount to an important foreign connection and some sort of collaboration between Russell's magazine *Nine* and Carter's Pill might be of benefit to both. Simultaneous publication here and abroad of the Pea novel, for instance, and notice of *Nine* by Carter's magazine could be offered to Russell as incentives to take on the project. Pound even thought of proposing to Russell that some sort of combined subscription to *Nine* and Carter's Pill be arranged. They could be designed to come out alternately every six weeks. That would allow the reports of foreign correspondents quicker airing. The magazines could act as checks on one another, working together to define terms and identify values, correcting one another's loosenesses, affirming successes. The scheme caught Pound's imagination and he went on about it enthusiastically and at great length in a letter to Carter in August, concluding, with some embarrassment over his enthusiasm, that at least "T.C. kan mederate on this cx/" and signed himself, "yrz, fussKAT."

This scheme for collaboration, though it never came to fruition, is nevertheless important as an indication of Pound's obsessive concern especially during his later years with communication and timeliness. His later *Cantos* celebrate many men in the act of trying to make connections with something beyond themselves, whether they be extraordinary men like Richard of St. Victor of Canto XC who strove through contemplation to reach his God, or ordinary men like Dino Cozzaglio of Canto CX who built a road out of grain stalks for men to walk on through Gardesena. Editors could be heroic connectors, too, and Pound saw Carter's Pill as one in a vast network of communicating publications (*Nine* and *The European* in London, *Edge* and *Meanjin* in Australia, *Merlin* in Paris, *Delta* in Montreal, the *Hudson Review* in America). He told Carter at one point that the greatest ambition they could have was really the simplest, to

provide "a means of communication between INDIVIDUALS that is all yu can do." In the course of his long friendship with Carter he must have showered over a hundred names and addresses on the young man, urging him to write and scolding him when he had not ("why dont you buzzards EVER communicate with each other").

All their high hopes and the elaborate plans to realize them came crashing down on 6 October 1953 when Carter wrote to Pound, after a very serious attack of ulcers, that his health, always fragile, had so deteriorated that it would simply be impossible for him to take on the editorship of a new journal. He had been in and out of hospitals since Pound knew him and so the news came as no great shock, though it was certainly a great disappointment. Pound's simple reply was "wellll, thaZZZZat." In the letter bearing the bad news, Carter tried to smooth it over by suggesting an alternative scheme to Carter's Pill. He would try to maintain, he promised, some control at the *Shenandoah* offices after his formal resignation and to get into the college magazine those items they had hoped to include in Carter's Pill. "O.K.," wrote Pound, "do what yu can with *Shen.*" Despite his own disappointment, of course, he realized that his young collaborator's was naturally much greater, mixed as it necessarily was with anxieties about his declining health at so young an age. Pound immediately sent along assurance and support. "Yes, COMplimenti on the W. L. Issue. R. Fitzgerald also spoke well of yr/ efforts." "I cant woperate on yr/ ulcer BUT yr/ editing has been approved by several who dont approve much. Advice to keep calm and quiet till yr/ ulcer is cured."

For some months after this Pound wrote only infrequently to Carter, in deference to his need for rest. When the young editor's health showed signs of improving and when, as a consequence of that improvement, his promise of continued influence at *Shenandoah* became a real possibility, Pound renewed their correspondence. In July 1954 he wrote, "the question now arises: Carter's state of health? ready to PARticipate in the mental life of 1954? . . . in short, what's in T.C. head and what physique has he to ACT from?" Carter replied, "I'm healthier than in a long time and, yes, ready to participate in the mental life of 1954." He had just graduated from Washington and Lee earlier that month, had been

awarded a Kenyon Review Fellowship for his criticism[2] and was serving as Editorial Advisor at *Shenandoah.* It was in that capacity that he hoped to continue his influence on the magazine.

During the time of his editorial advisory, from the Summer 1954 to the Autumn 1955 issue, the magazine showed a strong Poundian bent. Writers such as Alan Neame, Hugh Kenner, Marshall McLuhan, John Reid, Eva Hesse, Dennis Goacher, Noel Stock, Omar Pound, S. V. Jankowski, Jose Amaral and Wyndham Lewis all made contributions of one sort or another; some appeared regularly as foreign correspondents. Pound began again to send along to Carter names, addresses, advice and actual manuscripts. "Am asking O.P. to send yu Blake bit," he wrote to Carter, and Omar Pound's list of quotations from William Blake appeared in the Spring 1955 *Shenandoah.* He sent along a piece by Stanislas Jankowski about life in Australia and it appeared in the same Spring 1955 *Shenandoah's* Notes from Abroad, although by that time Jankowski was living in the United States. Pound attached to Jankowski's manuscript a note explaining that the author "has got OUT of Horsetraliarrr so it can be printed without peril of life, limBBB and ossWhipz." Clearly, even as Editorial Advisor Carter had plenty of influence at *Shenandoah.* Pound took fullest advantage of it by putting in almost every letter to Carter "a few facts for T.C. to RAMM into Shen/ without suggesting who suggested 'em IN CASE they havent already occurred to T.C."

There was, of course, a limit to what Carter could do with someone else's magazine. Many of Pound's suggestions were not acted upon. He insisted in vain for several months, for instance, that John Randolph's Charlotte Court House Resolutions be reprinted in *Shenandoah.* If such failures as this to act upon his suggestions discouraged him, there is no sign of it in his letters to Carter. This is due at least in part to the fact that his purpose in writing to Carter was changing somewhat in this later stage of their friendship. His foremost interest was no longer to see the ideas he considered important put into print. Another purpose, one present from the start but obscured until now, took over at this time. He had decided to undertake the education of Tom Carter, as he had so often in the past undertaken to educate young writers, and the suggestions and advice in his letters are meant first of all for Carter himself. The urgency of putting a magazine together

had previously hidden this underlying concern. During these months he recommended to Carter Lewis' recently published *Self Condemned,* "a novel by an adult. Containing some of the best writing in english or probably any other damn langwitch. Attacking a major problem namely the INFAMY (and dont soften that word) of the blackout and falsification of history in the universities." He considered the seventh chapter of the book tantamount to a dissertation on history that should be read as supplementary to the vision of history in *The Cantos.* In November he recommended that Carter take a look at John Brown's *Panorama de la littérature contemporaine aux États Unis.* "GallimeRDE of the Spewvelle revue frogcaise has at least admitted the existence of murkn licherchoor." Brown's book had, he noted further, a "nize photo of grampaw" but "it needs cleaning." He offered to send Carter a copy of William Gaddis' *Recognitions,* which had been recommended to him. He alerted Carter to the *Journal of Aesthetics,* particularly to its September 1954 issue devoted to Wyndham Lewis.

He continued to put Carter into contact with other young men; it was one more way of furthering his education. He worried about the local Virginia boy caught in the provinces. "Does TC get ANY conversation locally?" he asked at one point. By the fall of 1954 Carter had returned to his home in Martinsville, and began teaching in the local high school. Pound wrote urging Carter to try to find Stanislas Jankowski a teaching job "in Martinsville or NEAR, it wd/ mean CIVILIZED contact and CONversation fer T.C. . . . I shd/ prefer both in Wash/ BUTTT." He offered to send down to Martinsville his copies of *Rivarol,* a French paper he was receiving at the time. He did everything he could think of to assure that his young charge did not wither and dry up in the cultural "deSART" of southwestern Virginia. ("NO ONE has HEARD of Martinsville.")

All this time, however, Pound did not neglect his interest in *Shenandoah.* Inevitably, he wanted to know more from Carter about the editor with whom Carter was working as Editorial Advisor. This man, Edward Hood, had earlier agreed to allot Carter twenty pages in every issue and put fifty dollars at his disposal, all of which, Carter pointed out to Pound, gave them "the equivalent of the magazine you and I planned." This was an act designed to recommend Hood to Pound, had Carter not said

anything in Hood's favor, but he said, in fact, a good deal. "Hood does have sense (as well as a red beret) plus ambition and will learn. I've tried to tell him the little I know. . . . I'll get him to read Benton." (The red beret may have seemed, to the man who had worn a beret and an earring for a time in his own green years, a luminous detail signalling a kindred spirit worth cultivating.) Together Carter and Pound took on the education of Edward Hood. Soon Carter could report, "he is an apt pupil, and has learned from me much of what I learned from you." Hood had an inclination, much like Carter's back in the days before he knew Pound, to focus his magazine on American, Southern, and even Virginian figures and issues. It was a tendency that Carter labelled, with some intolerance, "riding the South jag." Carter asked Pound if Hood ought not to be discouraged in this tendency but, surprisingly, Pound defended the impulse and wrote a long letter to Carter outlining in detail a "South jag" issue of *Shenandoah* that might really make a mark. Even the prize student still had something to learn.

Inevitably with a man of great energies, Pound's involvement with *Shenandoah* became again this second time around greater and greater. He sent Carter plans for whole issues of the magazine, and all sorts of schemes were set swirling again in his instigator's brain. One of these was an effort to see some illustrations appear in Carter's "twenty pages" of the magazine. He recommended the work of Michael Lekakis, in particular Lekakis' drawing of Greece ("a large b&w drawing of that klassik country"), the work of Sheri Martinelli, and others, protesting all along the high prices of half-tones and full-color reproductions. But the grandest scheme he concocted during this second period of involvement with *Shenandoah* was the initiation of an interim issue of the magazine to appear chronologically between the regular numbers, "a FOUR PAGE manifesto 3 times a year, i.e. 2 months befo and ar'tr each issue, an editorial and notes/ that wd/ keep people from forgetting eggzistnz of Shen." It might be an opportunity "to get narsty, even poisonil," he thought, allowing himself as he sometimes did to take his polemicism one step further than the courts and custom permit.

The plans for the interim *Shenandoah,* for illustrations and for the printing of other Poundian materials in the magazine, like so many of his plans with Carter, again collapsed about them. This

time, though, the catalyst was not Carter's poor health, but young Edward Hood's resistance. The young editor, it seems, had a mind of his own (*that's* what the red beret meant). Bit by bit he was taking back from Carter the control he had generously extended at the beginning of his editorship. As early as November 1954, in fact, Carter wrote to Pound, "I may be losing control of *Shenandoah*, I can't tell." Hood soon after this began "showing signs of independence." Whenever during these winter days of 1954-1955 Carter's confidence in his collaboration with Pound in Hood's *Shenandoah* faltered at repeated rejections of his proposals, Pound's enthusiasm revived him. "Needless to say," he wrote in January 1955, "you've revived my sagging enthusiasm—as you must always do. I was about ready to quit, but have decided to persist indefinitely; as long as usefulness continues. Hood is getting out of hand, but I will try to handle him." Part of Carter's frustration during these months, though, had nothing to do with Hood, but rather in fact with Pound. For over a year he had been quietly asking for the honor of printing some new poetry by Pound, and had been politely but firmly refused. It was a source of some tension between them. Pound, of course, had from the start made it clear that his contributions to *Shenandoah* would all be anonymous, and that no new cantos could appear there. Quite naturally, though, Carter came to feel that as their friendship deepened, and as he proved his mettle as an editor, Pound might change his stand on the matter. In January 1955, the young man wrote to Pound, "I renew my pleas that SHEN is due for a chunk of new poetry by Ez. whom even TIME admits is our greatest living poet!! Damn it, I work harder than Morgan [Frederick Morgan, editor of the *Hudson Review* where new cantos were at that time appearing]. Also, if you let me have some, I could darn well be certain of no misprints. End of pleas. . . . PS/ Don't misunderstand plea for Ezratic poetry. You realize that your response will not affect one way or another my regard for you, etc., and that we shall continue."

Eventually Pound's hard stand did soften under such earnest pleading and he offered to *Shenandoah* Canto 88, the first part of which retells an incident in the life of John Randolph. Carter was elated but not for long because Hood refused to print the canto. With that embarrassing fiasco, Carter had had it and resolved to have nothing more to do with Hood or *Shenandoah*. "I was a fool to

mess in SHEN again," he wrote. Pound, too, naturally felt some bitterness. "Definitely a waste of time," he wrote back, "for T.C. to bother with 'em as nobody else ever putt any brains into SHEN/ the energy T.C. has used could have built something free." With that their last collaboration on a magazine came to an end.

As before when Carter was out of an editing job, Pound sent him the names and addresses of other journals and editors who might put the young man's energies and skills to good use. He continued, too, his program of educating Carter but, inevitably, with the prospects of having a journal at their disposal so bleak, their correspondence became thinner and thinner. Now and then during these later years of their friendship, one or the other of them would propose with enthusiasm a scheme for collaboration, and the correspondence would pick up with that new focus for their energies. Carter, for instance, conceived of the idea of putting together an anthology from his edited volumes of *Shenandoah*. Margaret Anderson's recently published anthology from her *Little Review* had shown how valuable and successful such a venture could be. Carter elaborated, though, on Anderson's model. Rather than presenting simply an anthology, he hoped to produce an instructional book that he would call *A Primer for Editors*. It would include, of course, selections from his *Shenandoahs* but would feature as well an introduction expounding "what EP, Ashley [Brown], and Hugh [Kenner] have taught me about editing, backed up by an appendix telling why certain items were printed." That projected primer for editors was never realized. In another form, though, it already existed. In his letters to Carter, Pound coupled almost every piece of practical advice he gave with some general Poundian principle about editing, about the reading public, about the intellectual life he thought to be in the keeping of the little magazines and their editors. There are few men more qualified than Pound to make such pronouncements. No one, certainly, has made more momentous use of little magazines. He used them to effect, almost single-handedly, the revolution in literary taste that dominates the literary history of this century. As impresario to a generation of writers, he established literary modernism in the pages of little magazines. His letters to Carter constitute a thorough reconsideration of his ideas about the nature and function of such publications, an extended final statement on the matter illustrated with the many details of his work with Carter on *Shenandoah*.

Because his advice to Carter about what must be done in 195[illegible] was always given in light of what had been done in 1915, his letter[illegible] are consistently nostalgic. Despite his stated interest only in tha[illegible] which could be expected to shape the future and his many personal efforts to do so (his education and support of Carter is just such an effort), and despite his repeated demand that Carter himself also look only forward, he was unable to resist glancing back over his shoulder. His efforts to establish Carter and Carter's Pill, whatever their public, utilitarian motives, are the efforts of an old and isolated man trying to enjoy again the thrilling sense of involvement, influence and revolution that accompanied his collaborations with Harriet Monroe at *Poetry* and Margaret Anderson at *The Little Review*. He clung hard to the memory of those momentous decades. As Carter tried to tell him, the *Little Review* might be the model of what *he* wanted but it was, as a model, ill-suited to these later times. The great rush in which he offered advice and help to Carter may stem in part from a creeping awareness that the era of his far-reaching influence on literary matters was past. That he urged his friends so strongly and relentlessly to keep in touch with one another may betray an underlying fear that he could no longer, as he had in the past, hold together a literary world around the axis of himself. He once described his predicament at St. Elizabeth's to Charles Olson as "amid the ruins the most beautiful memory." In the hospital as in the camp at Pisa, his past was a refuge for him from his troubled present.

He took full advantage of the opportunity his correspondence with Carter afforded him to escape the burden of who he had become. His letters were not, he told Carter again and again, the public pronouncements of the poet Ezra Pound. He wrote as the Odyssean "no man." He often closed his letters with such phrases as "this note STRICTLY anon," and at the end of one particularly tempestuous letter wrote, "you have not heard from E.P." As "no man" he enjoyed what he agreed with Flaubert was the only joy of a writer, "franchement écrire ce qu'on pense." Carter's removal from Poundian circles, past or present, helped make this freedom possible. When one wrote for the practically anonymous young man in Baruchistan one wrote not for the great world, not even for the young man, but ultimately for oneself. One could please oneself by saying what one pleased, without fear of censure or

expectation of praise. So, mixed in with all the advice about editing are Pound's frank opinions of the books he is reading, the people who visit him, the news he hears on the radio or watches on the television ("you cant live OR write IN the 1950s while ignoring the air/ the atom/ and television, yes EVEN T.V."). The correspondence is a record of his life during this period, and an especially valuable one, first, because it is of his own making and second, because in it he allows himself so little posturing.

Pound was often at his most forthright and open as a letter writer when he was writing to the young and the obscure but the Carter correspondence is unique among such correspondence because of its length. It lasted a decade and was for that reason especially beneficial not only to Carter but to Pound as well. The master's tendency toward frankness with the young had time to become a habit. He began to see himself through his correspondent's eyes, with, that is, a certain objective distance. He achieved eventually an awareness of himself as a "case" and with a wit and percipience reminiscent of *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* and *Homage to Sextus Propertius*—which demonstrate the same sort of self-awareness—he looked at himself freshly. It is easy, in light of the many things Pound did for Carter, to overlook what the young editor gave in return. He provided the older man important opportunities: to supervise an education, to run a literary magazine from behind the scenes, to indulge a renewed hope in his ability to influence a culture as he had once before, and perhaps most important of all, to take a look with cleared eyes at himself.

Pound continued to take advantage of those opportunities, or of what was left of them, even after he left St. Elizabeth's. But the letters to and from Italy are few. There were no new schemes to animate the former collaborators, only loose ends, a missing manuscript or a forgotten name or address, that needed their attention. In the early Sixties, at the very end of the correspondence a new, selfish note enters Pound's letters. Anxious over his increasing inability to concentrate enough to write, and therefore finish his epic poem, he sank slowly into depression and finally silence. His letters to Carter begrudge his young friend the time and energy he had given so freely and abundantly only a short time before. "And DAMN it, I get nothing but requests to help someone else. Questions of my resilience, plus attrition of 13 years seldom or approximately never arises."

Carter was acutely sensitive to the strain on his mentor during these years, and to its detrimental effect on their friendship. He strove in many of his letters to ease the pressures on Pound, and to protect their relationship. In one letter he sent to Italy about this time he asked Pound to write a introduction for a book on William Carlos Williams that he was just finishing. Pound wrote the brief note and upon receiving it Carter replied that he would "print it proudly as an eye-opener at the front" of his book. But apparently the request, though happily honored, had slightly irked the aged poet. Carter wrote, "I hope you didn't think—I don't really believe you did—that I was trying to use you. I never meant that. But I was thoughtless. We did sort of work together on Shenandoah in the old days, but we had a common purpose and I think we did some good."

The book on Williams, like so many of their collaborations, never came to be, though Carter did complete an essay on the subject. Soon after that, though, he became increasingly ill. In November 1963, at age thirty, he died at his home in Martinsville, the Chatterton of editors. His collaborator lived on in his famous silence nine more years.

All quotations in the essay are from the unpublished letters of Pound to Carter at Patrick Henry Community College, Martinsville, Virginia or from Carter's letters to Pound in the Pound Archive at the Beinecke Library, New Haven. I want to thank Mr. David May of the Patrick Henry Community College Library and Mr. Donald Gallup of the Beinecke Library for generously allowing me to see these letters. Ms. Betty Kondayan kindly made available to me the Carter materials at the Washington and Lee University Library. Mr. Ashley Brown read an early draft of the essay and helped to set me straight on a few facts. I would like to thank them both. [*The entire Pound/Carter correspondence edited by the present author, will be available in book form in December 1981, to be published by Black Swan Books*]

[2]Carter's criticism is collected in *Essays and Reviews by Thomas H. Carter*, ed. James Boatwright (privately printed, 1968).