Letter from Heinz Henghes to Ezra Pound

15.10.1937

London

From a series of letters to Pound

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15. 10. 31 Dras S. P. - Writing their on a channel boat on my way to hiple the rea str.) I was a monther witzerland- all V can say about it is that its too for me - so Vremembered Lunction , why not Faris & tried that. I've her abou 3 months there off 5 on. Taris was amissing, 1/ any being pretty bad but sverythe I all the Cest shorts It will amure you to that I have met the

Dear E.P. – Writing this on a channel boat on my way to England. (The tremors are due to the wind & the sea etc.) I was 2 months in Switzerland – all I can say about it is that its too swiss for me – so I remembered yr. injunction "Why not Paris?" & I tried that. I've been about 3 months there off & on. Well- Paris was amusing, if anything too much so – the expos. Being pretty bad but everything around it pretty good. Palais de la decouverte – a scientific resume extremely interesting & all the art shows.

It will amuse you to know that I have met the great Manitou in his own

happy hunting pounds, villa Jeusat 18-Henry Miller. V naturaly fouglet with him at once since he inprecisely In intolerable as Vain. He is the most rapacious person I have Ever seen. Speaking to bein you have the impression that you are being sucked out & that robathoes is not knepel to Henry Willer will be thrown a vide - best thoroughly cleaned out. most mormour (both renner of word) created a "the blyrupus of his own ~ villa Veurat. non-adorer strictly Excluded adorers jet a bone. The form a netaplicatical fair, dispense brained soire-eracks, clever vayes s bet up a magnetic field with a radiation to the Dome on one side s the Porte d'Orleans on the other which attracts Elipible candidates Richelieu - Lawrence Durrell Minni Ha-Ha-Cleogratia - Amais Nin then there are courtiers pet white

Happy hunting grounds, villa Seurat 18 – Henry Miller. I naturally fought with him at once since he is precisely as intolerable as I am. He is the most rapacious person I have ever seen. Speaking to him you have the impression that you are being sucked out & that whatever is not useful to Henry Miller will be thrown aside – but thoroughly cleaned out. His is the most enormous (both senses of the word) ego that I hope to find. He has created a little Olympus of his own in Villa Seurat. Non-adorers strictly excluded, adorers get a bone. They form a metaphysical gang, dispensing organised wise-cracks, clever sayings & set up a magnetic field with a radiation to the Dome on one side & the Porte d'Orleans on the other which attracts eligible candidates & floozies. The gang consist of the nucleus of

The Great Manitou – Henry Miller
Richelieu – Lawrence Durrel
Mini Ha-Ha-Cleopatra – Anais Nin
Boswell – Alfred Perles
then there are courtiers – pet while nice etc. (Durrell has talent.)

you know of course how Miller writes – I feel that the whole atmosphere he lives in & expresses is a plane of metaphysical conceit. The enormous ego flaunted in such a way that it becomes something you either swallow or choke on. I knew his wife June Mansfield quite well in N.Y. & I believe she mush have crushed & offended him so much that this howling, perverse, lusty beyourselfism of Miller is a very natural reaction. Good for him – it makes me tired tho. Why should I read how H. Miller likes this and that, let him tell it to his aunt Susie or to the Mariner.

As far as myself is concerned – I am totally deracine at the moment – Ever since I left Italy.

I had hoped to fet on

I had hoped to get on in Switzerland but could not stand being so quite alone among a suspicious people. Perhaps it was an error to go to so small a village. Paris is lovely as ever but it seems that one is muchly excluded from things I unfortunately still need for material reasons, such as exhibiting etc. etc. unless one is willing to identify oneself with communism – as Leger has done & Kandinsky pretends to play with. I also found a sensible disadvantage in being german, Can't say I blame them much. All that would perhaps not have stopped me from staying there if it hadn't been combined with visa trouble which made it problematic if I'd ever get permission to remain

permanently. I waited 3 months for anest riva & was told then to make an intirety new apoplication disnoved to take some of siles their to voke bought some terribly Expensive stone, 14sl. something no italian would have

permanently. I waited 3 months for a permanent visa & was told then to make an entirely new application getting permission to make it from the police first & then they'd consider it. Well- meanwhile I had to go to Switzerland every 30 days to get a new temporary visa. It all sort of got in my hair – so here I am hoping for all kinds of things – the major one being finding a studio quickly & going to work – I don't mean no damn soft French limestone either. I shall be glad of a chance to see Gaudier's things in the flesh.

Have been here 5 days & found a studio address below. Dirty little hole & very expensive, but the best I could do. Meanwhile I am rather glad I came. There seems to be a lot going on. Met Barbara Hepworth, Ben Nicholson & Sandy Calder, also Gabo & saw Adrian Stokes who is on his way to Venice now. The London galleries seem disposed to take some of my things when I make some. Have built a work table & bought some terribly expensive stone. 14sh. For something no Italian would have dreamt of selling, (discarded bldg. material) Am invited to a party at B. Hepworth's & hope

to meet Herbert Kead Here. It's Encourage to feid

to meet Herbert Read there. It's encouraging to find things going on here. The general feeling is that Paris has or is beginning to cede its place to London. It'll be la boheme for me here, for a while, but maybe it'll be fun.

I would like muchly to hear from you. Any tips will be gratefully accepted - & as always I shall be glad to keep you posted on whatever may interest you.

It'll be hard for me here in the beginning – but I feel good about it. A letter from you would be an encouragement.

Saluti, & a presto –

Η

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