

what is fraudulent or so
 petty as to be disgusting,
 Carson gives with far
 more power the genuinely
 pathologic, often literally
 invoking the unsayable, but
 this is ^{always felt} against a background
~~of~~ (often unstated) of the
 genuine, the good - of love
 that is love and not disguised
 or perverted hate. Few if any
 of her characters find
 happiness (which is not a
 crucial point) but always
 one can tell that the losses,
 the soul-butchery, the
 emptiness, is what it is
 because man ^{sometimes} can feel
^{sometimes} the truth, is ^{necessarily} not a sap or
 a simulacrum when he finds
 joy in even the little
 details of experience; and,
 sometimes, can even find
 his own.

HERVEY CLECKLEY

3025 Bransford Road

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA

3.

Some of our acquaintances here seem greatly interested in Mr. T. S. Eliot's Cocktail Party. They, like the book critics - and, apparently, ~~the~~ what is generally regarded as the world of literates - seem to feel that this stuff is pretty potent "philosophy" and also rare and wonderful "poetry." It may be. I can find in it only the most finicky doodling with what is so trivial as to strike me as almost obscene - obscenely pretty. I can't find anyone with even sub-marginal human feelings & aims in the play. As for poetry, I can't conceive of anyone calling these ~~st~~ lines by such a term who's ever felt what even such a relative Beotian as I

can find (with the literal rising of my hair) in efforts, generally considered less learned and esthetic, to convey a personal reaction to what we encounter in living.

If you have time read Mr T.S. Eliot's Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock and read again Matthew Arnold's Dover Beach, Edna St Vincent Millay's Renaissance, Will Henry Thompson's High Tide at Jethysburg. I know Mr Eliot was awarded the Nobel prize. I know that those of limited understanding notoriously fail to appreciate the more subtle and profound things and prefer the mediocre ^{and sometimes} or the ignoble. But I'd still prefer not to be identified with what is regarded as an adequate response to Mr Eliot (as to Mr Waugh). To see what I'm really reacting to, look at Eliot's Wasteland, the one

HERVEY CLECKLEY
3025 Bransford Road
AUGUSTA, GEORGIA

5.
that brought him the Nobel
prize.

But Carson's writing, though
it is apparently regarded highly
~~but~~ by the people who all but
worship what I can react to
only as I might to the twittering
of fashionable old maids,
seems to come from somewhere
within human feelings not so
very far from where The
Shepherd's Lad came - and
Of Human Bondage.

I am enclosing a short
note of introduction to
Dr Sewton. He impressed me
particularly as a person. And
his work in analysis with
a couple of most difficult
patients we sent to him makes
me feel my immediate
reaction has some good
basis.

5.

There are many things I'd like to take up, but I won't try now. I have hope of doing more writing. I'm sending you a copy of the new Mask!

Louise joins me in good wishes that are real indeed.

Sincerely,

Doc