"SCIENTIFIC LYRISM":

A STUDY OF H.D.'S MODERNIST WRITING.

by

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"SCIENTIFIC LYRISM": A STUDY OF H.D.'s MODERNIST WRITING

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ABSTRACT

This thesis describes the development of H.D.'s writing as it is presented in her first book Sea Garden (1916) and the later Red Roses For Bronze (1931).

Part One--"From Sea Garden to Red Roses For Bronze --proposes that H.D. soon discovered her "Imagisme," here represented by Sea Garden, to be caught up and embedded in the repression and estrangement which she wrote in the hope of resolving, and then goes on to describe the narrational mode of writing evident in Red Roses For Bronze. This narrational writing is modernist in that it takes its own textual operation as content. It works at the interface between H.D. and her (social) environment, and explores the part played by language in determining H.D.'s bearing in relation to others and the world. Here again the reader comes across repression and estrangement, but this time they are within the working range of the text, not all around it.

Part Two--"Incidents near the Frontier of a beleaguered Discourse"--is largely contextual, but it follows closely on Part One which ends by claiming correlation between H.D.'s development of a narrational mode of writing and her desire that writing would "synchronize" what she called "the inner turmoil and the outer." Discussion of this synchronizing writing is extended through a des-

cription of the contextual necessity of H.D.'s threefold reading in contemporary (early twentieth century) classical scholarship, Freud, and occultism.

A Note about the word "Scientific."

"Scientific Lyrism"? The phrase certainly sounds absurd when it is considered in relation to recent empiricist and positivist conceptions of "science." But the etymology of the word "scientific" suggests a different story. "Scientific" comes from the Latin *scientificus*, a compound word deriving from *scienta* (knowledge) and *facere* (to make), and a literal translation of the Greek *epistemonikos*. Like the word "consciousness," "scientific" has a root in the Latin *scire* (to know). Etymologically speaking then, "science" might be described as the *process* (experienced as such, hence the link with "consciousness") of knowing. There is no reconciling the method of, for example, late twentieth century rat-psychology with the etymology of the word "science."

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INTRODUCTION

"Strange times
broke up the rhymes I used to know."
--Pete Brown (The Week Looked Good on Paper, London, circa 1970).

I

To a great extent H.D.'s early "Imagiste" success was part of Ezra Pound's larger work. Certainly H.D. wrote the poems, but Pound was all around them. He had influenced H.D.'s reading when she was still in her teens in Pennsylvania; he had brought her to join him in London in 1911 as his fiancee, and a few years later had officiated as best man at her wedding to Richard Aldington. He had substituted the deliberately mysterious abbreviation "H.D., Imagiste" for her less than poetical name, Hilda Doolittle. And he had secured publication of her first poems.

So that H.D.'s first book Sea Garden (1916), published when she was thirty years old, consolidated a reputation which would eventually work against her. The book is certainly beautiful, but I shall argue that it is also enchanting, and that H.D. had to break away from its aesthetic as her life, and therefore also her involvement with writing, changed.

The change coincided with the First World War, and the subsequent relation between H.D.'s writing and war is close in several rather strange respects. Up until 1916 H.D. and Richard Aldington had been living and writing together. By the end of the war H.D. had suffered a miscarriage which was followed by a near fatal bout of double pneumonia, and the marriage was broken. During this

upheaval H.D. was sought out by Bryher, a wealthy woman who had been much impressed by Sea Garden, and who was to become a lifelong friend and patron. With Bryher H.D. travelled to Greece and Italy, and, while retaining a flat in London throughout the 1920s, joined a group of mostly English expatriates centred in Switzerland. H.D. was adrift,[1] and her rootlessness, together with her misgivings about the neurotically artistic milieu in which she was living, marks her post-war work. It is this work, dating from the 1920s, that I am concerned to describe.

II

There is nothing unusual about the fact that H.D. found her own creative practice in opposition to the social reality of her experience. What is more unusual is the extent to which she found artificial and false the literary genres, or forms, in which she might have presented her writing to the existing reading public. In The Usual Star (written in 1928, published in a private edition of 100 copies in 1934) H.D. writes of Raymonde Ransome (an obsessively self-conscious writer who is H.D. renamed): "she had escaped the tidal wave of stultifying middle-class idea and attitude. Art, what was art?"[2] H.D. distrusted "Art." In her understanding art was only the technology of what really mattered, of what she identified as the "classic."[3]

H.D.'s search for the "classic" (which I shall describe in Part Two of this study) was scarcely reconcileable with the more aristocratic formalities of the Park Lane drawing room in which she sat "on the orange-lacquered low wooden seat . . . specially designed for just that fireside corner" (from "Two Americans," in The Usual Star, p. 94) listening to 'artistic' conversation, and contrasting her own nervous self-consciousness to the integrated and spontaneous ease with which Paul Robeson ("Saul Howard" seated opposite) handled this latter-day Vanity Fair. All of a sudden the mannered London drawing room appears as an exotic reservation filled with strange customs, and the 'primitive' who comes in from outside is evidently at home in the world. H.D.'s writing suggests that such sudden and unsettling subversions of the real were characteristic of her experience: an experience which they disqualified from serving as a ground for good mimesis.

So the formalities, the ideological (if not actually ethnic) niceties, were not confined to the drawing room. As a writer H.D. knew that while she might have escaped "the tidal wave of stultifying middle-class idea and attitude," she had also missed the boat in which she might have ridden that wave. For as she declares in Nights (100 privately printed copies, 1935):

> The tactful novelist can nowadays, there is no question of it, say almost anything he wants.

> He must be careful about it, however, and a little bit false; in other words from time to time he must, for his own sake, for the sake of his public, not to mention his publisher, definitely have his tongue in his cheek. That sort of novel gets across well.[4]

H.D., as she goes on to say, "did not have her tongue in her cheek," and she certainly lacked readers as a result. There is little sense of plot about H.D.'s work.[5] She shunned, at her own cost, the calculation, the "tactful" literary design, through which she might have presented her writing to the already constituted reading public, and instead searched for the "radium ray," the "holy thought" (Nights, pp. 66-7), of a script which would draw the divided aspects of her experience back together: a "classic" script such as she found already traced out in early Greek art, and associated in her mind with Paul Robeson as much as with the hermetic tradition and what she once described as "the fabulous hieroglyph of the Freudian technology" (Nights, p. 28).

Yet H.D. was troubled by her lack of readers. In The Usual Star a friend questions Raymonde Ransome as to the point of all this "blood over countless pages, that no-one (do they?) reads ever" (p. 87). Or again, in Nights which H.D. presents under the pseudonymn John Helforth in order to comment on some texts of her own

(attributed to one Natalie Saunderson, deceased):

> If Nat herself, say, some two years ago or even a year ago had brought me these very pages, I should have had some idea of how to deal with them. I should have looked on Natalie Saunderson as a woman with a gift, an unquestionable tlaent. I would not have questioned her gift, but would have suggested a complete re-casting of her whole theme, to make it, not so much saleable, as merely presentable. (p. 32)

However, the fact that H.D.'s writing is not "presentable" is the inevitable consequence of its purpose and specificity. In The Usual Star H.D. writes:

> People and things make patterns on the mind, independent of the place, the time, the people, the things themselves. What good then is unity, cohesion, is time and place sequence, the brave beginning, the sustained middle, the bold climax and the inevitable end? (p. 79)

H.D. wrote in order to realize these "patterns"--the hieroglyphic patterns of her own 'character'--within her present experience. Her work, therefore, is a work of reintegration, and I shall be suggesting that the "patterns" it would restore to the world appear as the textural patterns of the writing itself. Writing of this kind certainly has its own specificity. Its work is distinct from what it is 'about,' from the signified

'content' with which it designates a field for its textual activity. The contentual field of H.D.'s texts is no more necessarily the reality of her writing than the ideology of the drawing room is the reality of the society frozen by it. I shall have discussed these different levels of the text more fully, and also have shown how H.D.'s experience is taken up increasingly at the deeper level, before I come to the point of likening the only two books of criticism concerned with H.D.'s writing to the work of early dream-readers.[6] These dream-readers, so Freud claimed, naively accepted the spectacle presented as the manifest content of dreams and remained blithely unaware of the fundamental operations of the "dream-work" itself.[7] My method also is crude. For the sake of a description which I have found difficult I have placed a metaphorical arras between the manifest content (the contentual field) of H.D.'s writing and its textual operation. The metaphor is hackneyed, but by virtue of its very dullness I think it helps settle the clouds of allusion which rise from H.D. when she addresses herself to this interface which is also the textual locus of repression.

Returning to what H.D. calls "patterns on the mind": it is important to realize that H.D.'s resolution to trace these patterns out into the world as it is engaged by her writing insists upon a certain relation between writer and written, and, moreover, that this relation is

the literary witness of a special epistemology. As H.D. writes in The Usual Star, "people, things, exist in relation to the mind that sees them" (p. 56). An interest in this relation, a commitment to it, is one of the fundamental terms of H.D.'s writing, and it cannot be reconciled with the authoritative stance taken by the "tactful novelist" who designs a fictional world as if from outside, and then "presents" it to a public. It was for this reason that H.D. mocked the selections of the "tactful novelist" who, given a fictional fruitbowl to fill, becomes what H.D. called a "bananas or grapefruit" novelist (The Usual Star, pp. 53-4). H.D. situated her writing in that relation to the world which was also constitutive of her own being; in her view the "bananas or grapefruit" novelist was a banal trickster who did not.

What then is left to H.D.'s writing? Perhaps the best word of introduction is H.D.'s own. In Nights John Helforth, a dilettante psychoanalyst[8] says of Natalie Saunderson:

> A person like Nat, with no practical idea of values, with no ghost of a shadow of talent for the "false," that is so necessary for presentation has no chance. She becomes merely an 'automatic' recorder of the social life around her, in other words, a sort of superior society gossip, or she becomes the thing that is really irreconcileable,

a sort of scientific lyrist. (p. 35)

Much of H.D.'s prose certainly appears as nothing more than "superior society gossip." In actuality, however, it is nearly always concerned with describing the situation of "scientific lyrism" in H.D.'s social experience. As a consequence I have used the prose contextually in my attempt to describe H.D. the "scientific lyrist."

Are science and the lyric "really irreconcileable"? While I have attempted to show the links between H.D.'s lyricism and what Freud hoped would become a science not of mythology but of the mind, I have not tried to reconcile science and the lyric. My point here is that science and the lyric are only irreconcileable within modern ideology. H.D.'s work interests me exactly to the extent that it conflicts with this ideology which hands out a mechanistic science (or social science) with one hand, and a poetry of solipsism, an angelic gibberish, with the other. One can resolve this banal dualism by recognizing that prior to the divergence which this ideology would realize all thought and desire are mediated through the symbolic material of language. At this level both mechanistic science and solipsistic poetry appear as deluded fictions which cut against the very grain of human understanding. And as for "scientific lyrism," it seems much less of a lost cause. For at this level one might turn to agree with Cassirer who wrote in The Philosophy of Symbolic Forms that "the

highest objective truth that is accessible to the spirit is ultimately the form of its own activity."[9] Admittedly, this passage reveals Cassirer at his most Kantian, but I think that his claim can be brought out of the abstract, and into congruence with the perspectives of my study, if it is considered in relation with the following remark from Roy Schafer, a revisionist Freudian psychoanalyst: "That people are creatures cannot be overemphasized; but it is only human symbol-using intelligence that can take creaturehood into account."[10]

Inevitably I have selected from H.D.'s work. Perhaps I have played down H.D.'s solipsism in order to describe her struggle against it. I have tried to establish that with considerable odds against her, with an "Imagiste" readership which as the years went by turned into a puzzled public and eventually dismissed her as mad, H.D. developed a materialist practice of writing. It must surely be time to prise this word 'materialist' free from the left hand of a mickey-mouse ideology which, in opposing it to 'idealism' (clutched in the right) confuses the two terms with 'objectivity' and 'subjectivity' respectively. While H.D.'s writing demonstrates the materiality of the human subject, it is also specifically opposed to the dichotomizing of 'subjective' and 'objective' experience so prominent in the ideology which, during the same years as H.D. was writing, fostered an unspeakable

caricature with each hand: Hitler and Stalin. H.D.'s materialism is the materialism of a synchrony in which 'subjective' and 'objective' interpenetrate, a synchrony which, as the symbolic condition of language, can only be spoken.[11] Obviously (and despite the contrary insistence of contemporary fashionists), it is not just Jacques Lacan who finds the unconscious as it is articulated in this speech. H.D. does so with, as I shall suggest, the theoretical assistance of Gilbert Murray, Jane Harrison, and Francis Cornford as well as Freud.

It is H.D.'s materialism far more than her mysticism (mysticism markets well) which goes with her lack of readers. If as H.D. says, "people, things exist in relation to the mind that sees them," then the mind also exists in relation to others and the world. Language, as H.D.'s work demonstrates, is the material which mediates the relation between mind, others, and the world. At its most fundamental level, therefore, the text constitutes the writer as much as vice-versa; it determines the writers position in relation to itself as it goes along. The reader who follows the shifting position of the writer through texts of this kind is not sampling usual lyric pleasures. When he finds himself engaged in the unconscious activities which machinate in the intervals between words of the text, then he may well conclude that he is less the consumer and more the consumed. Indeed,

there is madness in H.D.'s work. But whose is it? Who speaks these words? Is it not a madness which is peculiarly specific to the civilised discourses of the English-speaking world? Here again the relation which H.D. proposes between writing and war resounds.

There is, undeniably, a contradiction which fissures H.D.'s work, and which I have not tried to resolve. It is the contradiction between H.D.'s development of a writing which demonstrates the extent to which the human subject is materially constructed in language, and the mysticism which seems to have increasingly overtaken H.D. in the last years of her life. I have tried to reveal the situation of this contradiction in H.D.'s early work by means of a discussion of the 'unitary' and the 'unified' experiences of selfhood: terms which I derive from William James' The Varieties of Religious Experience. The contradiction cannot be thought to follow necessarily from H.D.'s interest in the hermetic tradition. H.D. knew, for example, that Rennaissance occultism, which sought to define macro-microcosmical synchrony between the cosmos and the human, could corroborate her in her own work, and that the language of alchemy, of correspondence, achieved specific accuracies. There is a good case for arguing, as H.D. seems to do in The Mystery,[12] that Paracelsus proposed a more realistic epistemology than Descartes. Paracelsus was a materialist,

or at least so his claim that "the human soul is material" suggests.[13] H.D.'s occultism only becomes problematic when it degenerates into accordance with Adorno's description:

> Occultism is a reflex to the subjectification of all meaning, the complement of reification. If objective reality appears deaf to the living as never before, then they try to lure some meaning out of it by abracadabra. Indiscriminately, meaning is attributed to whatever comes next. The rationality of reality which does not quite make sense any more, is replaced by floating tables glowing behind earthmounds. For the diseased consciousness, the refuse from the world of appearances becomes the mundus intelligibilis. It is almost the speculative truth, as Kafka's Odradek is almost an angel, and yet in a positivism omitting the mediation of thought it is only the barbarically insane: objectivied subjectivity thus misperceiving itself in the object. The more complete the crudeness of what passes as "spirit"--and the enlightened subject would, of course, immediately recognize itself in anything spiritual--the more does the sensed meaning, actually altogether lacking, become the unconscious compulsive projection of the decaying subject, if not clinically, then historically. It wants the world to conform to its own decay; this is why it has to do with props and bad wishes . . .[14]

H.D.'s work conflicted with the ideology of her time, and at moments she couldn't sustain it. In this light

the contradiction between her mysticism and her writing is coherent enough.

III

I think it highly unlikely that H.D.'s work will ever find itself in the enclosure--as mannered, as carefully designed, as any drawing room--which literary criticism reserves for its most sacred cows. Like the century in which it has been written and so largely ignored, it is a work of recurrent crisis rather than developing mastery, and this makes it tiresome. Much of what H.D. wrotes is plain craving and confusion, and her work oscillates erratically in the great distance between deliberate symbolic practice and mysticism in which the symbolic is taken for granted as real. H.D.'s work is exasperating, and to dwell over the later texts especially is to feel the maddening confinement from which she sought release. But who is to judge this exasperation? I take it to be H.D.'s own--as basic to her work as an arm or leg to a body--and then go on to write a study which attempts to show that the work, given room to move, does work. I want to establish that for all her evident confusion, for all her restless fishing around in received symbolism, H.D.'s work is a consistently articulated attempt to overcome a wretched and estranged

state of consciousness.

H.D. wrote in order to realize herself as the vitality which quickens the world when it is taken up into the significance of her texts. She would, as the title of one of her books suggests, barter Red Roses For Bronze. Following Meleager, the Greek Anthologist, H.D. identifies her poems as flowers, and offers them("Red Roses") in exchange for a bindedness in which she and the world are alloyed("Bronze"). The metaphor is quaint enough, but the bindedness, as it happens, is a good deal more resonant than the fragile lyric phrasing necessarily suggests.

In this thesis I set out to account for the difference between H.D.'s writing as it appears in two books: her first, entitled Sea Garden (1916), and the later Red Roses For Bronze (1931). In Part One I am concerned to describe the distance between the two books as a path that H.D. makes, tentatively enough, in order to arrive at a modernist practice of writing which takes her out of estrangement and into confluence with the world. It is as a modernist, as well as a materialist, that H.D. identifies the task of writing as the 'synchronizing' of "the inner turmoil and the outer,"[15] and I close Part One remarking that H.D.'s desire to 'synchronize' is correlative with her development of a narrational mode of writing which takes its own textual operation as content,

and which I exemplify with poems from Red Roses For Bronze.

The title Red Roses For Bronze warns the reader to expect poems which signal beyond the limits of what they themselves can explicitly contain; which operate in a way that is more substantial than their delicate content might suggest. I use Lawrence's phrase to describe the bindedness of H.D.'s "Bronze" as a "subtle inter-relatedness" of thought, desire, and world, and try to show how this "subtle inter-relatedness" is eventually proposed as the textual condition in which H.D. writes: words, after all, manage a synchrony between psychic and world, and this synchrony -- in itself a "subtle inter-relatedness" -- is the collectively understood ground not only of all comprehensible speech but also of all intelligible experience.[16] H.D.'s is a lyric voice which constantly seeks to double back behind itself and to reveal what makes its utterance possible. It is on account of this doubling back that H.D.'s is more than a plaintive voice in an unheeding wilderness. It is in the doubling back that H.D. finds the world articulate and makes it speak.

In the three chapters of Part Two I extend discussion of the 'synchronizing' narrational writing through an endeavour to establish the contextual necessity of H.D.'s reading. I have tried to show how H.D.'s knowledge of contemporary classical scholarship,

of Freud, and of occultism informed her developing work. I am aware that it may only be from within an acquaintance with H.D.'s little read work that the contextual necessity of her reading seems worth establishing. Perhaps a reminder that the interrelations between early twentieth century classical scholarship, anthropology, and psychology are fundamental to the development of English and American modernism in general will lend the reader perseverance.

H.D. wrote in order to unfreeze herself. She wrote without readers not for her desk drawer, but because when she stopped "she was numb" (Nights, p. 12). For her the lyric was a moment of what Victor Turner, following Van Gennep's Rites of Passage (1908), has called "liminality" (from the Latin 'limen,' meaning 'threshold'):

> He [Van Gennep] insisted that in all ritualized movement there was at least a moment when those being moved in accordance with a cultural script were liberated from normative demands, when they were, indeed, betwixt and between successive lodgements in jural political systems. In this gap between ordered worlds almost anything may happen.[17]

It was in the gap occupied by the lyric that H.D. made her admittedly hermetic definitions.[18] The threshold (or limen) first appears as the shoreline which is the central and focussing image of Sea Garden, and later,

following a development which I shall now discuss, it is defined as the process of writing itself.

Notes

[1] As H.D. wrote: "I, like most of the people I knew, in England, in America, and on the Continent of Europe, was drifting. We were drifting. Where? I did not know, but at least I accepted the fact that we _were_ drifting." -- Hilda Doolittle, _Tribute to Freud_ (1956; rpt. Boston: David Godine, 1974), p. 13.

[2] Hilda Doolittle, _The Usual Star_ (Dijon: Imprimerie Darantiere, 1934), p. 88.

[3] See H.D.'s essay "The Cinema and the Classics," serialized as follows in _Close-Up_ I: July 1927, pp. 22-33; August 1927, pp. 30-39; November 1927, pp. 18-31.

[4] Hilda Doolittle, _Nights_ [written under the pseudonymn John Helforth] (Dijon: Imprimerie Darantiere, 1935), p. 33.

[5] Just as the language of love merges with the language of war, the language of fiction merges with the language of intrigue. One speaks of 'plots,' of 'characters' which are always more or less shady, of 'stories' which always unwind in the question of their own reality.

[6] The two books mentioned here are Thomas Burnett Swann, _The Classical World of H.D._ (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1962); and Vincent Quinn, _Hilda Doolittle (H.D.)_ (N.Y.: Twayne, 1968).

[7] See Sigmund Freud, The Interpretation of Dreams [1900], trans. and ed. James Strachey (N.Y.: Avon Discus, 1965), pp. 106-119.

[8] Writing as John Helforth, H.D. remarks: "I had lost much and gained little perhaps, in my explorations into the new doctrines of the unconscious" (Nights, p. 14). It is interesting that H.D. saw her reader as an amateur psychoanalyst. Her word, perhaps, on Norman H. Holland who has recently couched the work on his own theoretical suppositions and, with the light coming out of his own eyes, diagnosed H.D.'s "penis envy" (see his essay "H.D. and the 'Blameless Physician,'" Contemporary Literature, Vol. 10 [Autumn 1969], pp. 474-506.). This is a pointlessly reductive diagnosis. Psychoanalytical reduction may well have its place in therapeutic practice (Géza Roheim, for example, claimed that therapy is reduction), but H.D. is dead, and therefore beyond the reach of therapy. What Holland offers is consequently a reduction without object, an analysis which, while searching to establish the legitimacy of its own method, reveals only that it suffers from its own kind of lack. H.D. knew about the concept "penis envy." She was a connoisseur of loss and lack; she even called her daughter Perdita (Holland claims this fact in support of his diagnosis, but the

naming of Perdita was hardly a slip of the tongue, and it need scarcely be said that the unconscious is not identical with a person's deliberate actions). What does remain, considering that it is writing not an analysand which confronts the reader, is to establish how lack and absence operate at the textual level. This done, it becomes possible to discuss the extent to which H.D.'s writing, far from being merely the symptomatic expression of psychological distress, is, in its own right, a psychoanalytic work. I have only gone so far as to identify unconscious activity in the intervals between words as they occur in the relational play of H.D.'s texts. Like Lacan's Freud, H.D. evidently recognized the unconscious in 'gaps' within speech.

[9] Ernst Cassirer, Language, Vol. I of The Philosophy of Symbolic Forms, trans. Ralph Manheim (1955; rpt. New Haven & London: Yale University Press, 1975), p. 111.

[10] Roy Schafer, A New Language for Psychoanalysis (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1976), p. 8. Schafer is a Freudian psychoanalyst committed to 'action language' -- language which, in its own order, witnesses or demonstrates what it says ("we shall not use nouns and adjectives to refer to psychological processes, events, etc." p.9.) -- and his work certainly stands to illuminate the condition of H.D.'s narrational writing which is similarly demonstrative

of the psychological activities involved within its textual operation.

[11] Considering its ambivalence in current usage, I should further qualify my use of the word "materialism." H.D.'s materialism is not to be confused with the crude materialism of vulgar marxism. Marx clarified the relations between deep and surface structures of social production. But whereas vulgar marxism proposes that deep structure is entirely economic, H.D.'s materialism suggests not only that language is productive of consciousness but also that as discourse language plays a crucial role in determining the deep structure of social production.

[12] Eric W. White & Hilda Doolittle, Images of H.D., & from "The Mystery" by H.D. (London: Enitharmon Press, 1976).

[13] See Eliphas Levi, The Key of All Mysteries, trans. Aleister Crowley (1956; rpt. N.Y.: Samuel Weiser, 1972), p. 155.

[14] Theodor W. Adorno, "Theses Against Occultism," Telos, No. 19 (Spring 1974), p. 8.

[15] Hilda Doolittle, Borderline - A Pool Film with Paul Robeson [published anonymously] (London: Mercury Press, 1930), p.35.

[16] D.H. Lawrence, "Morality and the Novel," in Phoenix (1936; rpt. N.Y.: Viking, 1968), p. 528. Lawrence's remark is as follows:

> The novel is the highest example of subtle inter-relatedness that man has discovered. Everything is true in its own time, place, circumstance, and untrue outside of its own place, time, circumstance. If you try to nail anything down in the novel, either it kills the novel, or the novel gets up and walks away with the nail.

It may be claimed that Lawrence is here talking specifically about the novel, and that I distort his phrase ("subtle inter-relatedness") when I use it to allocate what is not necessarily more than a general textual condition. My point in using the phrase is to keep the reader in mind of a similarity between the works of H.D. and Lawrence: a similarity deriving from the strong interest which both writers show in the irreducible level at which their texts achieve significance. I consider the risk of distortion worth taking.

[17] Victor Turner, Dramas, Fields, and Metaphors (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1974), p. 13.

[18] I refer to the title of H.D.'s Hermetic Definition (N.Y.: New Directions, 1972).

PART ONE

FROM SEA GARDEN TO RED ROSES FOR BRONZE.

> "The first attempt at writing must, it seems, always be a sort of picture drawing; man is an artist before he can become a scribe."--Jane Harrison, Introductory Studies in Greek Art (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1885), p. 37.[1]

I PHENOMENAL RHYME: A READING OF "SEA ROSE."

> ". . . where there is talking, the world
> is like a garden to me." --Nietzsche.[2]

H.D.'s work opens and closes around a rose. It spans from "Sea Rose," the opening poem in Sea Garden (1916), to the final Hermetic Definition (1972) in which "the reddest rose unfolds."[3] But because it reveals that there is more, strictly speaking, to H.D.'s rose than meets the eye, "Sea Rose" also opens her work in a more profound sense than is obvious. For "Sea Rose" shows that H.D.'s rose is only fully constituted in the written approach H.D. takes to it, and that the perspectives of this approach are not, therefore, simple views onto the wild and cultivated roses which are specified within it. Like most of H.D.'s writing "Sea Rose" is the record of its own textual performance, and any attempt to describe it in terms of what it is 'about' will consequently fall short of starting. "Sea Rose" is not written up thought; it is writing in which thought is articulated. Thus it is with the word "rose" that H.D. opens her poem, and she then goes on to show that the word is capable of dismantling configurations of thought even at the same time as it engages them.

The first stanza follows:

> Rose, harsh rose,
> marred and with stint of petals,
> meagre flower, thin,
> sparse of leaf,.[4]

How does the word 'rose' bear upon a flower? As a name it is likely to denature the flower to the extent that it also engages traditional (and traditionally 'poetic') ideas about love and beauty. These associations must be distinguished as such before the word 'rose' will settle down to a flower: "Rose."

But what rose? Probably a cultivated rose, in itself the 'stinted' flowering of a long and intricate history of horticultural constraint which has yielded a diverse multiplicity of roses. Unravelling this history as it goes, 'rose,' leads to the wild rose which is a "meagre flower," a "harsh rose," in relation to those which have been derived from it. The wild rose lacks extravagance: it is "stint of petals," "sparse of leaf," and bears a marked resemblance to the briar. But at one with its lack of extravagance comes the fact that the wild rose exists in a state of nature. While the constraints to which its environment submits this flower may be severe, while they may leave it "marred" and "thin," they also inform its nature. The wild rose can consequently be said to bring the word 'rose' down

to earth.

The rest of the poem follows:

more precious
than a wet rose
single on a stem -
you are caught in the drift.

Stunted, with small leaf,
you are flung on the sand,
you are lifted
in the crisp sand
that drives in the wind.

Can the spice-rose
drip such acrid fragrance
hardened in a leaf?

The second stanza defines this "meagre flower" as "more precious / than a wet rose / single on a stem," and, together with the third, reveals it to be growing near the shoreline: a wild rose at the sea's edge. But what is the "wet rose" of H.D.'s comparison? It has been anticipated in the first stanza where "Rose" is brought to the specific form of a wild flower. The wild rose is articulated in terms of what it lacks, and as it is specified, it therefore also specifies the flower that it is not: a cultivated rose. The coincidence of the two roses is particularly evident in the word "stint" which is a crux. The wild rose

is "stint of petals": constrained by a harsh environment it has few petals. But the artificial constraint with which horticulturists force the flowering of cultivated plants is also known as 'stinting,' and this meaning of the word is certainly not lost to H.D.'s poem.

H.D. declares the wild rose "more precious" than the orderly rose ("single on a stem") against which it is measured. The wild rose is harried by wind, sand, and sea, and its value lies in how perfectly fitted it is to the wild "drift" in which it exists. The less valued rose is constituted by those elements which H.D. shears off her understanding of 'rose' in order to specify the wild rose. It is sheltered from the wild and elemental "drift," and full with the abstract perfection which H.D. has revealed to be lacking in the wild rose. The cultivated rose is a conjectural flower in the sense that it is a descriptive realization of ideas <u>about</u> the rose: ideas which demand such characteristics as corollary symmetry and sweetness of scent. It is therefore appropriate that when H.D. presents a cultivated rose she also demands conjectural activity from her reader. How does the adjective "wet" apply to the cultivated and contrasting rose? One might think of a rose full of sap and grown in moist and

fertile soil. Or, considering a rose that is designed and genetically fixed, one might think of a flower which is saturated with horticultural intent. Or again, taking the two phrases "wet rose" and "spice-rose" in conjunction with each other, and remembering the traditional symbolism of the rose, one might consider H.D. to be operating within a grotesque and dream-like sublimation of sexuality: the vaginal rose and the "hardened" leaf. But although the poem engages such conjectures, they will never completely close the distance between "wet" and "rose." The distance claims reality for itself at another level. It demonstrates the cultural limbo in which the cultivated rose grows. It also refers the reader back to the space which opens between the two words of the title "Sea Rose": a space which cannot be entirely accounted for geographically, and which, as I shall show, is haunted.

The wild rose might, as I have implied, actually be wet. It is caught in the drift of a wind which might cover it with sea-spray. This raises into consideration the very ground of the difference between the two roses. This ground (and I weigh my word against the title of the poem) is the sea: the sea in all its actual force as it surges around the wild rose, and the sea as the elemental source of life, the original moisture, which it appears to be in the light of the

cultivated rose which is sheltered and cut off from it.

The "wet rose" carries over into the "spice-rose" of the final stanza:

> Can the spice-rose
> drip such acrid fragrance
> hardened in a leaf?

In the first stanza "stint" implies cultivation while at the same time describing a wild flower. In the second stanza "wet" evokes the sea in a flower which is a negation of the wild. In the final stanza "drip" continues the work of "wet," and "acrid" declares harshness (previously associated with the wild "harsh rose") to exist where sweetness might be expected in the pungent scent of the "spice-rose." The two roses--the cultivated and the wild--figure a polarity which H.D. discovers within her understanding of the word 'rose.' Thus, as the cultivated rose begins to appear effete and vulgar in its luxuriance, the wild rose is compacted into its resistant "sparse" strength. The idea of fragrance 'dripping' from the "spice-rose" gives an impression of decadence and ennervation. The flower dissipates, giving off its life-energy as a contrived and pungently affective scent. The dissipation of the "spice-rose" points to the wild rose in which life-energy 'hardens'

(effectively) into the resistant leaf of the plant itself.

H.D. articulates the difference between the two roses carefully, and the extent to which she is able to indicate the value and significance of the wild rose through the cultivated nature of the "spice-rose" might be taken as a measure of the poem's achievement. The "spice-rose" 'stints' the wild rose, forcing it out into the exposed landscape in which it finds its "stunted" form. So that when H.D. asks whether the "spice-rose" can "drip such acrid fragrance / hardened in a leaf" its scent seems to ooze from it (grotesquely), while simultaneously occurs the possibility of beads of sea-spray, of spume, forming on the leaf of the wild rose and dripping to the ground. At this juncture the distance between the wild rose and the sea seems to close, and, as I shall show, H.D.'s seperate understandings of each word of her title "Sea Rose" appear to intertwine.

I have remarked that the sea is the ground of the difference between the cultivated and wild roses of the poem. The 'sea rose' is a third flower which materializes between the wild rose and the "spice-rose." It appears as a fleeting and evanescent apparition actually figured in spume:

you are caught in the drift.

Stunted, with small leaf,
you are flung on the sand,
you are lifted
in the crisp sand
that drives in the wind.

The drifting, flinging, and lifting are the movements to which the wind subjects the wild rose. But the sea also lifts, drifts, and flings itself on the sand, and in the light of the elemental significance that the sheltered "spice-rose" gives to the sea, the 'sea-rose' becomes visible briefly and suddenly as a flowering of the sea's wildness. For that instant when the sea and the windblown wild rose seem caught in each other, when the actuality of the flower and the original significance of the sea meet in an apparition in the foam, the perspectives of the poem change. The 'sea rose' does not appear in the same geographic range as the contrasted wild and cultivated roses. Rather, it sublimates this range, rising suddenly as the sea bursting into H.D.'s relation of roses, and entering **her** vocabulary of flowers in the words "wet" and "drip." The 'sea rose,' therefore, does not enter the poem as a particular flower to be named or described like either the wild or the cultivated roses. It is an apparition engendered in the foam by the relational activity of the poem itself: a materializing of poetic activity. The 'sea rose' is visible as the

flowering of the sea's wildness, but it is actual as the flowering of the poem called "Sea Rose." By bringing the sea to flower within H.D.'s relation of roses "Sea Rose" restores a symbolic understanding of love and divinity (Aphrodite of the sea incorporates the grotesque sexuality of the poem) to the flower which it has just stripped of received symbolic association. This is not to say that H.D. exchanges one symbolism for another. Her concern is to penetrate symbolism in order to explore the experiential ground on which symbolic tradition is perpetuated. In order to describe the linguistic nature of this experiential ground, in order to establish the reality of this haunting apparition of a flower, I find it necessary to go back to H.D.'s evaluation of the two roses, and to approach once again the sudden appearance of the 'sea rose.'

By placing nature and culture in polar relation and revealing her preference for the wildness of nature H.D. introduces what will remain a fundamental characteristic of her work. And yet "Sea Rose" is not merely a poetic rendering of this polarity with reference to two roses. The poem resists any attempt to reduce its activity to a field of reference, to whatever H.D. might be thinking <u>about</u> two roses. It is the sudden appearance of the 'sea rose,' the fact that the sea pours (through the words "wet" and "drip") into H.D.'s relation of roses, thereby closing

the distance between the wild rose and itself, that refuses this reduction. What is the reference of the 'sea rose'? Can its appearance, fleeting as it is, be accounted for within the logic of a prose paraphrase? I answer no. Against this answer it might be claimed that H.D. wrote the poem having seen foam from a breaking wave cast up in the shape of a rose. But this is absurdly literal, and the presentation of the 'sea rose' is not of this kind. It is the relational activity of the poem that brings "sea" and "rose" together and prompts the reader to imagine them actually interfused in the drifting, lifting, and flinging of foam and flower. In this sense the writing of the poem precedes the image which it occasions, and any claim that the poem lies in mimetic relation to a field of reference (located somewhere in H.D.'s previous experience) will consequently be hard put to survive the sudden and poetically engendered appearance of the 'sea rose.'

The fact that the relational activity of the poem's words precedes the image in which sea and rose intermingle has important bearing on the question how H.D. herself is disposed in relation to her writing. For if there is no separable field of reference defining the poem's articulation, then there cannot either be a seperable position of selfhood or self-awareness from which H.D. presides and thinks over the development of her text.

If the relational activity of the text is creative of images in which H.D.'s thought and the world appear intermingled, then H.D.'s selfhood must also be constituted in the text, and her position in relation to the writing be shifted by each word as it is written.

So, unlike many of the "Imagiste" poems written both by H.D. herself and others of that school, "Sea Rose" is not a poem which can be understood solely in terms of an occasioning experience to which the writer makes deliberated reference. Something else is involved, and it draws writing and experience, text and world, so close together that it becomes impossible to tell them apart. The sudden appearance of the 'sea rose' bears witness to the operational nature of language; it insists that to write is to realize far more necessarily than it is to record, and that the relational activity of words in a poem is actually productive of consciousness, of a consciousness which follows from the writing of words and not vice-versa.

I introduced this discussion of "Sea Rose" by remarking that the poem opens H.D.'s work. What it opens is the field of the work: a field within which writing reveals thought and world to be interwoven in a "subtle interrelatedness" which this thesis will attempt to describe. The 'sea rose' flowers in this field, and once the field is understood appears far more substantial than ghostly.

For although it is an apparitional flower as it appears figured in foam, the 'sea rose' is substantiated to the extent that it is informed by H.D.'s knowledge of the word "rosemary."

The herb rosemary, also known as "sea-rosemary" when it grows along the coast, takes its name from the Latin words ros and maris. In a much later poem entitled "Rosemary" H.D. translates "ros maris" as "dew of the sea."[5] Spume might well be considered "dew of the sea," and it is in spume that the 'sea rose' appears. Substantially then, the 'sea rose' is the appearance of a rhyme which moves from English to Latin, from 'rose' to ros, and yet remains within the phenomenology proper to the two English nouns of the title "Sea Rose." The 'sea rose' appears in a field where, as Claudel has said, "the eye listens." That the eye does so signifies, as Lyotard has added to Claudel's remark, that in this field "the visible is readable, audible, intelligible."[6]

The rhyming of 'rose' and ros, the mutuality of the names "Sea Rose" and "Rosemary" (and perhaps also the possibility of eros within the letters of 'rose'), are implicit in the activity of H.D.'s poem. Indeed, they tend to realize this activity which is likely to seem trite, contrived, and whimsical for as long as it

depends upon the reader's willingness to imagine a referent occasion in which H.D. saw a rose outlined in flying spume. But in what reality do they declare the poem participant? What is the reality of this hidden rhyme (rose / ros / eros) which materializes so suddenly? Both questions lead in the direction of Aphrodite, for it is in the cult of Aphrodite, the reality specific to the goddess, that one would expect to find sea and rose together with sexuality. In Meleager, whose poems Richard Aldington (H.D.'s husband) was translating during the same years as H.D. was writing Sea Garden, one reads of both the "sea of Aphrodite" (the ocean, but also, as Meleager's poets leave no doubt, the correspondingly turbulent motions of the lovemaker) and "the amorous rose."[7]

In "Sea Rose," then, H.D. articulates the reality of Aphrodite: a reality in which sexuality, sea, and rose are interwoven; a reality, that is to say, in which thought, desire, and world are "subtly interrelated." Considering that words, and especially nouns (H.D. is, par excellence, a poet of the noun), also articulate an inter-relation of thought, desire, and world, one can recognize an identity between the experience -- worldly as it appears to be -- which H.D. declares as the nature of Aphrodite and the

experience of language as it takes place in a poetic text. Aphrodite is articulated among words, and she shares her condition with them. I will have occasion to consider this link between text and goddess more closely with regard to Artemis.

In "Sea Rose" H.D. shows writing to be an act of realization, of practical consciousness, in which the intelligible, to revert to Lyotard's phrase, becomes visible. As such an act, writing constitutes a thoughtful reality which cannot be understood positivistically, and which defies the 'subjective' / 'objective' distinction fundamental to mechanistic and empiricist thought (in relation to which, not suprisingly, language assumes the character of a 'problem'). It is the fact that she understands writing to be a process in which thought is realized and in which the experience of self is constituted that makes H.D. a modernist writer.[8]

Having recognized this, however, one must go on to recognize that the modernist textuality of "Sea Rose" complicates the relation between nature and culture which H.D. articulates by contrasting the cultivated and wild roses. How can H.D. uphold her stated preference for the wild and at the same time use the relation of roses within which this preference

is declared in order to cultivate the wildness of the sea? Once asked with reference to "Sea Rose," this question reverberates throughout the rest of Sea Garden -- the title of the book suggests that all the writing within it is a cultivation of the sea -- and then settles down at the heart of H.D.'s work. Writing is a cultural activity, and as such it can hardly serve as the medium through which a naive naturalism finds expression. As I intend to show, it is H.D.'s abandonment of naive naturalism which accounts for the difference between her early "Imagisme" and the poems she wrote in the 1920s and collected in Red Roses For Bronze (1931). By the time she wrote these later poems H.D. was describing the unconscious as an ocean, and in due time I shall show that in a radically different sense they too are cultivations of the sea.[9]

II ESTRANGEMENT, MEDIATION, REPRESSION, AND THE SELF.

> " . . . as there is no other conceivable inside than the imaginary one, there can be no other conceivable movement to this inside." --Roy Schafer.[10]

Considered as a whole Sea Garden shows H.D. to be caught in oscillations which can, I think, best be understood as occurring between two incongruous experiences of selfhood. In "Sea Rose" H.D. reveals that writing is capable of realizing thought, of creating consciousness rather than following mimetically from it. By surrendering herself to the multiple and diversifying operations of her text she engenders an experience of selfhood which is not defined as monadic and distinct from the language in which it is articulated. This introduces more than the literary question of authorial stance in relation to text. For in the same way that language is commensurate with the real H.D.'s stance in relation to her text is commensurate with her bearing in relation to the social reality of her experience in the world. "Sea Rose," therefore, points to an understanding in which the self is recognized as being involved, and indeed co-founded with the real. In doing so it signals way beyond much of the book which it opens. For a large part of Sea Garden suggests that a feeling of estrangement from the real dominated H.D.'s life

during the years in which she wrote the book. Within this estrangement H.D. withdraws, like the shell-fish of "The Walls Do Not Fall" ("my shell-jaws snap shut"),[11] into a selfhood which she defends as being monadic and distinct not only from her social environment but also from the words which she spits out in contempt for the world. I shall try to show that H.D.'s estrangement occurs in mutually affirmative relation with certain aspects of her earliest poetic, and thereby to establish that H.D. had to change the perspectives of her work before she could explore the area opened up in "Sea Rose." I shall begin by carrying the two understandings of selfhood which I have just outlined through the defining transformations of a discussion which begins with a passage quoted from "The Gift," one of the longer poems in Sea Garden:

> Life is a scavenger's pit - I escape -
> I only, rejecting it,
> lying here on this couch.[12]

It is hard to think that H.D. did not know the madness of the circle which she tries to draw closed around herself with this outright expression of disgust. But she made the attempt and recorded it in her work. So there she can be seen to lie--"H.D., Imagiste," as Ezra Pound had named her--reduced to an exacerbated state of interiority, giving solipsistic voice to ideas of impossible

rejection and escape: ready, one might think, for the first in a whole series of psychoanalysts she was to consult in later years. One couch leads to another in a succession which hardly bears thinking about.

The passage from "The Gift" shows H.D. caught in a fated and impossible attempt to define herself against life. The "I" she proposes is more like a gnostic spirit -- a fragment of divine light fallen into the intolerably base darkness of earthly matter -- than a psyche in Freud's sense of the word. It is UNITARY, a monadic whole distinct from experience, and as such unlike the Freudian psyche which, throughout the different forms in which Freud projects it, remains a relational ensemble which is UNIFIED within the experience of living.

The difference between the unitary and unified conceptions of self can usefully be correlated with the looser terms of a passage from a book that H.D. is most likely to have read, William James' The Varieties of Religious Experience (1902). In a chapter entitled "The Sick Soul" James writes:

> There are people for whom evil means only a maladjustment with things, a wrong correspondence of one's life with the environment. Such evil as this is curable, in principle at least, upon the natural plane, for merely by modifying either the self or the things, or both at once, the two terms may be made to fit, and all

> go happily as a marriage bell again.
> But there are others for whom evil is no
> mere relation of the subject to particular
> outer things, but something radical and general,
> a wrongness or vice in his essential nature,
> which no alteration of the environment, or
> any superficial rearrangement of the inner
> self can cure, but which requires a super-
> natural remedy.[13]

James names the first type of person "healthy-minded" and describes the second as one afflicted with a "sick soul." The "sick soul" seeks "a life not correlated with death" (which amounts to saying that it seeks a life which is not life: "Life is a scavenger's pit."), and has, therefore, an inevitable tendency towards both solipsism and metaphysics.[14] Although James' distinction is problematic (how, for example, does one derive a theory of psychological types without considering people in their social relations?) it is useful for the light which it sheds on the different tendencies revealed in Sea Garden. The "healthy-minded" self is relational (James speaks of its "pluralism"), and its sickness follows from misalignment in its relationality: misalignment which can --"in principle at least"-- be straightened out here on earth. Being relational the "healthy-minded" self is like the Freudian psyche which is unified in the living, and which could therefore never declare itself

apart from, let alone at war with, life. For the "sick soul," alternatively, evil is not a matter of relation or alignment. It is life itself: life which like language in the diversity of its experience threatens to disintegrate the unitary (James uses this word, also "monism")[15] self, thereby forcing it to interiorize away from experience, and to declare its allegiance with a transcendant - if not necessarily gnostic - alterity.

Even at the furthest extent of its aversion the "sick soul" remains imbedded in the real where it finds its origin, and which it exteriorizes as it turns away into interiorized and distinct unitariness. The sickness of the "sick soul" therefore becomes apparent in the world which dies as life is withdrawn from it. In averting itself, the "sick soul" turns the real into a pregiven arena within which it is confined to a smotheringly constrained life. Considering that freedom from this constraint can only be achieved in death, the "sick soul" barters death against life in order to secure its own distinctness. In due time I shall show that Sea Garden records H.D.'s interest in this barter. Presently, it is sufficient to recognize a correspondence between the idea of the real as a constraining and pre-given arena and the idea of life as a "scavenger's pit."

H.D.'s work in general, and Sea Garden in particular,

records her oscillation between two experiences of selfhood like those which I have just described, and the degree of her estrangement can be measured by the extent to which she turns, like the "sick soul" against experience and towards a compensatory mysticism. Because H.D.'s mysticism generally goes hand in hand with her estrangement I will not discuss it on its own terms. Having said this, however, it is not possible to pass on to an entirely different discussion. There are two reasons for this. The first is that H.D. herself never makes more than an uneasy truce with the "sick soul" and its attendant mysticism. The "sick soul" haunts her work as the spectre which the work struggles to lay. The second reason is that the averted and unitary self experience which James calls "the sick soul" can only be dismissed as simply erroneous from a dangerously abstract intellectual position.

For while it may truthfully be said that the self is neither monadic nor unitary in its construction, there do come times when the <u>experience</u> of selfhood as monadic and distinct must be allowed all the reality it would claim. Otherwise the act of dismissing the "sick soul's" averted unitariness as a solipsistic delusion will necessarily imply a surrender of self to the real which <u>may</u> actually be highly problematic: there <u>may</u> actually be something fundamentally wrong

with it. No doubt the averted unitary self does lie at the heart of voyeurism -- that stylized attempt to uphold a selfish innocence in the midst of what is perceived as a fallen world. But aversion and the experience in which the self is declared as distinct also provide the position from which critical perspectives onto the real may be established, and which is necessary if desire for freedom is to survive untwisted through times in which the real embodies the oppressive sickness of a diseased society and civilisation.[16] Those early years of the First World War through which H.D. lived in London constituted one such time in her experience.

It is important to remember that it is I not H.D. who proposes the unitary and unified conceptions of self as symmetrical alternatives which may help map H.D.'s oscillation. For it is certain that the oscillation in which H.D. is caught, and into which Sea Garden plunges its reader, would be interminable if it took place between symmetrical alternatives. In fact H.D.'s experience combined elements of both, and the combination which eventually stabilizes her is witnessed by the basic condition of the lyric. The lyric writer seeks to articulate a specificity within the collectivity of language. The lyric, therefore is both private and collective, both singular (if not monadic) and plural in its harmonic expression.

More precisely, the lyric articulates the personal within collective understanding, singularity within plurality, thereby suggesting that the writer's selfhood is established at a level which includes the social collectivity of experience before he or she enters the interior experience of singularity. It is when H.D. forgets (or **re**presses the fact) that collectivity is the stuff of which her 'individual' understanding and experience consist that her desire for freedom sours into shrill hatred and contempt, and her words, so quick and resonant in "Sea Rose," fall dead and disowned onto the page, as in the passage from "The Gift."

The difference between the estranged experience of the passage from "The Gift" and the self constituting experience of "Sea Rose" can be carried over into a discussion of consciousness which (like selfhood) Sea Garden proposes be understood in two distinct ways. First, consciousness can be considered a present practice which integrates the psychic and the external, thereby constituting the real and the (unified) self together. (With particular regard to Sea Garden it is useful to note that this understanding is amenable to the idea that there can be immediate consciousness in which the real and the self are experienced as being co-founded -- a consciousness in which

the psychic and the external are integrated within the basically religious terms of what, in my discussion of "Sea Rose," I called 'naive naturalism.') Secondly, consciousness can be thought as (perhaps infernal) mediation between the 'individual' (unitary) and already constituted self and the world experienced as pregiven, as already worked and realized, yet exterior to the self. Here again one cannot presume to choose between the two understandings. For although the second is doubtless the more neurotically inclined consciousness, it is also the only one (within the framework that Sea Garden proposes) which takes account of the fact that much of our consciousness is of a world which is presented as being outside ourselves, and yet already worked. We live, for example, in cities built by the dead (if not in "scavenger's pits") and both within and without them we experience ourselves as being in an already constituted world. The fact that so much of our consciousness is of the pregiven leads to the conclusion that the conditions under which immediate naturalistic consciousness can exist are very much determined prior to the event. Sea Garden witnesses the high degree of H.D.'s concern with this determination.

H.D.'s earliest and most specifically "Imagiste" poems work as they record moments of what is presented as immediate naturalistic consciousness such as I have

been describing. "Sea Violet" and "Storm," for example, work at a confluence H.D. discovers between herself and something exterior in sudden moments of recognition. "Sea Violet" records a nocturnal encounter with a wild violet growing in dunes near the shoreline.[17] H.D. recognizes fire in starlight glistening on the frost covered flower, and in the act of recognition completes an elemental continuum which, we are to suppose, enfolds her and the violet together: she brings fire to the shoreline where the other three (Greek) elements already meet.[18] In "Storm" H.D. watches a leaf caught in the wild turmoil of storm. As can be gathered elsewhere in Sea Garden, H.D. associates the wind (which in Sea Garden always rises from the sea) with a liberating and libidinal divinity which she experienced as being concretized as the ocean. As the leaf falls towards the ground H.D. catches it up in her recognition of a likeness between its falling and the way a stone might sink in water. Caught in the recognition, and thus (as we are to suppose) momentarily continuous with H.D.'s thought, the leaf transforms and "sinks" as a "green stone."[19]

Although these poems are in no sense as wild, immediate, and natural in their occasioning moments as H.D. seems to consider them, they do stand as evanescent

light glimmerings in relation to the murky void of H.D.'s disgust and estrangement. I will have more to say about this in due time when I attempt to show how specifically these poems among others of H.D.'s "Imagiste" lyrics are predicated upon estrangement. Suffice it now to say that the contrasting relation between the deliberate beauty of H.D.'s "Imagiste" poems and the estranged disgust evident elsewhere in Sea Garden is central to her early work, and that it cannot be treated as if it were accidental. Initially, at least, this relation can be understood in the light of my discussion of consciousness.

That activity of consciousness which mediates between the self experienced as distinct and the world experienced as already constituted and pregiven determines the range (once again one might, from an estranged point of view, think of a confining arena -- a "scavenger's pit") in which immediacy can exist. How is this determination evident in H.D.'s "Imagiste" lyrics? It is evident in their evanescent brevity -- their momentariness -- and in the suddenness of the recognitions which they record. The poems have all the abruptness of interruptions, and what they interrupt is the tedious monologue with which a distinctly estranged H.D. tries to distance an already established world which she finds

despicable.

It seems that H.D. considered the immediate naturalistic consciousness which provided the occasions of many of her "Imagiste" lyrics to occur within the bounds of mediate consciousness rather as a wild flowering plant might break through cracks in city concrete. Many of the early "Imagiste" lyrics record encounters with wild flowers, and H.D. opposes them all to her estranged experience of life within pre-war and early wartime London. H.D.'s evident, and rather simplistic, conviction was that the natural stands prior to mediation: the wild flower, according to this view, has a primordial right to the place in which it grows, even though that place has been usurped by the city. In Sea Garden H.D. presents the city as a specific articulation of the pregiven in experience (see "Cities," "The Gift," and "The Wind Sleepers"),[20] the pregiven which declares consciousness mediate and thereby compromises desire.

But even though one of the fundamental terms of Sea Garden is opposition between nature and culture, this opposition does not hold up as the simple polarity between city and country through which H.D. articulates it.[21] What H.D. seeks in the wild outside the city is not primarily sunshine and pastoral beauty. It is freedom, liberation and release that she craves: freedom

which she proposes as being manifest in the instantaneous, immediate, and (to her) libidinal fluidity of the sea; liberation and release from the perpetual mediation of her desires which she identifies as coming with the pregiven nature of city life. In large part, then, the difference between nature and culture is presented as the difference between immediate and mediate consciousness. But while it is easy to understand how the real within the city might be experienced as being so mediated as to estrange the self, what is less clear is how wild nature can be experienced immediately. For it too is already there, already determined, and in this sense also pregiven.

Sea Garden records H.D.'s reluctant realization that the world in its material nature is not translucent onto a divinity identical with her own desire and thought. Meaning is not to be discovered in those rare moments when a tawdry experience seems to quicken, for the very notion of discovery implies a validation of the terrain to be explored: in this case a validation of the ideological way in which reality is socially understood. Considering that H.D. found the collective understanding in which she lived so completely stifling, it is fair to identify the freedom that may, so momentarily, be discovered with the freedom that the prisoner sees

from his cell window (see the poem in Sea Garden entitled "Prisoners").[22] Turning from discovery, H.D. develops a writing of search in which she seeks to create rather than to reveal meaning. No longer content to await moments of experience which might be written up 'poetically' (the "picture drawing" of Jane Harrison's statement quoted on p. 24), H.D. moves into a practice of writing which in itself is creative of experience.

As H.D. develops this writing of search she moves into conflict not only with the ideology of her time but also with what I have been describing as the theoretical basis of her earliest work. First, H.D.'s development implies her recognition that the relation between mediate and immediate consciousness is not correlative with the relation between culture and nature, and that the idea of immediate consciousness may indeed be wholly imaginary. Is not H.D.'s perception of the flower in "Sea Violet" mediated by her desire for continuity, her desire to write a poem, and by her knowledge of the Greek elements? Is not her perception of the falling leaf in "Storm" mediated by her tendency to associate wildness with Aphrodite and the sea? I shall return to these questions later. Secondly, H.D.'s development of a writing of search implies her recognition that the pregiven is not merely a matter of old houses, and that it is certainly

not merely external to the self. Just as the "sick soul," for all its averted interiority, remains embedded in the real (see p. 44), the real itself is culturally understood: it is embedded in the cultural machinery which determines the modality of experience. Considered in relation to H.D.'s yearning for open and wild nature, the fact that this modality stands as pregiven in relation to all the experience which it organizes might be taken to account for H.D.'s aversion and estrangement, and also for the curious way in which wild nature fails to gratify her. I shall explore this possibility now, and take as my starting point Freud's well known assertion that civilisation is founded upon repression.

Only at the risk of discontented aversion can one agree with Freud that all civilisation, that the very possibility of civilisation, is founded on repression. And yet the risk must be taken (and this is another validation of aversion), for H.D. undoubtedly did experience the civilisation in which she lived as being highly repressive. Over and over again in Sea Garden she is to be heard craving the wild and airing her contempt for all forms of cultivation: the city around her, hot-house fruit, genetically stinted flowers etc.

But at the same time as it establishes H.D.'s desire for wildness as opposed to cultivation, Sea Garden shows her to be caught in a paradoxical situation which cannot be resolved within the geographic disposition of the book. Given (a) the repressive nature of the civilisation in which she lived, and (b) the fact that the real is embedded in the civilisation through which it is experienced, how is H.D. to find an experience which does not embody the estranging repressions from which she seeks release? H.D.'s search (as it is represented in Sea Garden) takes her out into wild nature where she certainly does achieve momentary glimpses of what she seeks: brief and 'disestranging' moments in which she recognizes continuity between herself and something external. I have described two such moments as they are articulated in "Sea Violet" and "Storm."

Aside from these momentary revelations, however, wild nature seems only to cast H.D. back into her estranged interiority, and thereby to frustrate the desires which prompt her to search it. There are in Sea Garden, for example, the two poems "Pursuit" and "The Cliff Temple" in which H.D. follows her narrators in their fervent search through landscapes which appear only to occult the object of search (which in both cases is almost certainly Artemis, a goddess whose

very nature is to stay ahead of chase and beyond discovery). The narrators of these poems are confined to searches which in turn are bound to failure. They are caught in paradoxical situations, and their actions can be read as dramatic versions of repression. Certainly, there is a remarkable structural similarity between the apparently inevitable frustration of the two searchers and the psychological functioning of repression according to Freud. For as Andrew Collier has written, in "the strict Freudian sense" repression is the pradoxical management of the relation between unconscious and conscious activities:

> its elements being (1) a wish, (2) the prohibition of that wish, (3) the refusal to both wish and prohibition of admission to consciousness, and (4) the persistence of both wish and the defence against it in the unconscious.[23]

In these terms consciousness (which for the narrators of "Pursuit" and "The Cliff Temple" can be seen as the landscapes engaged in search) is determined by desires and prohibitions which leave a trace even while they themselves are bound to remain occult. H.D. is concerned with such traces in the first stanza of "Pursuit":

What do I care
that the stream is trampled,
the sand on the stream-bank
still holds the print of your foot:
the heel is cut deep.
I see another mark
on the grass ridge of the bank -
it points towards the wood-path.
I have lost the third
in the packed earth.[24]

H.D. cannot resolve repression by walking out of the city, or by abstractly preferring wild nature to the cultivated, and the failure of her attempt to do so results in aversion. She finds woodland nature too still, too fixed, too pastoral (even when the ocean-like surge of spring moves through it, as in "The Helmsman"), and eventually she comes to stand at the shoreline. Looking out at the wild and immediate turmoil of the ocean H.D. thinks of love and divinity together in the originative and releasing figure of Aphrodite. The liberation, the 'disestrangement,' that she seeks is now to be found in the ocean, and in both "Loss" and "The Helmsman" H.D. follows her narrators in glorifying the idea of death by drowning.[25]

Once again H.D. is averted and interiorized, taking the side of death against a life which she finds frustrating and contemptible. We are back at the unitary self which despises life, interiorizes in rejecting it, and aligns itself with death: the "sick soul" (see p. 44). The world, whether wild or cultivated, has become an arena within which H.D., however fast she runs (and in "Pursuit," "Huntress," and "The Cliff Temple" she is running flat out), cannot escape dramatizing her distress. In becoming such an arena the world has become something other than itself, and it remains to establish that the "packed earth" in which H.D. loses the trace of what she seeks is not earth at all.

III CALENTURE AND THE GEOGRAPHIC DISPOSITION OF *SEA GARDEN*.

The geography of *Sea Garden* represents what H.D. takes for granted as the world. At its simplest (and it is simple) the geography is composed of (1) the city and its cultivated gardens, both of which H.D. associates with a smotheringly oppressive and decadent constraint; (2) the wild and usually wooded inland nature which H.D. associates with a freedom which somehow never materializes even when pursued; (3) the wind which rises from, and is presented as corresponding to, the ocean; and (4) the ocean which H.D. associates with origin, libidinal immediacy, and a release which, as it turns out, is confused with death. As a representation this geography derives, obviously enough, from H.D.'s previous experience of the world, and it therefore embodies not only evaluative ideas and associations which H.D. takes for granted in her understanding of the world, but also the repression which is caught up in the experience from which the geography derives.

As a representation which embodies repression the geography of *Sea Garden* might be thought to provide H.D. with a ground on which to explore repression, perhaps even to resolve it. But this does not happen. For somehow the geography of the book gets the better of

H.D. and enthralls her in that deathly contemplation of the ocean which I have just mentioned. The reason for this is that the geography of Sea Garden is nothing less than H.D. lost to herself as she writes. It is, in fact, a massive reification of ideas drawn from H.D.'s previous experience of the world, and it stands as pregiven in relation to the individual poems which the book situates within it. Even though it is only articulated in the poems, the geography of the book is always partially independent of the specific activity of any of the poems considered, as they were written, singly. This is the case because the character of of the geography is articulated repeatedly, with the result that no element of it is dependent upon any single poem alone for its articulation. The wind, for example, is defined as a sea-borne agent of release not because H.D. characterizes it as such once, but because she consistently treats it as such. It follows from this that H.D. as she writes any particular poem is helpless in the face of those ideas which become manifest as the geography of the book, and, moreover, that what appears as the geography is also what determines the range of experience available to H.D. as she writes. The geography can be likened to a circle which H.D. discovers she has drawn around herself.

So the geography of Sea Garden represents certain of H.D.'s preconceptions as real, and can be identified as the naturalistic understanding of the world which provides the range in which H.D.'s early writing takes place.[26] This understanding, this range, appears as the world turned into a confining arena within which H.D. cannot satisfy her desires except as she contemplates death by drowning (in a sea which is more libidinal than salty). H.D. finds the world as it appears in her geographic representation oppressive and confining, but in actuality it is she who has oppressed and confined the world, casting it in the mould of her own frustration and estrangement. So constituted, the geography of Sea Garden is no more of the earth than is the geography of Calenture: a disease which used to afflict mariners in the days of long tropical voyages. The afflicted mariner would perceive the ocean as an entrancing countryside (a 'sea garden' perhaps), step overboard, and, in all likelihood, drown.

The "packed earth" in which H.D. loses trace of the freedom she seeks in "Pursuit" is not earth. It is a spell-binding stuff: the enchantingly familiar and yet apparently strange stuff of H.D. lost to herself as she writes, and appearing as the world in and with reference to which she writes. Wartime London as it was in 1916

provides one context in which H.D.'s dismissal of life as a scavenger's pit can be understood; the geography of Sea Garden provides another

By referring once again to the passage from "The Gift" I bring this discussion back to considering the solipsistic tendencies of H.D.'s earliest work. The geography of Sea Garden is a solipsistic structure in a more intricate sense than I have so far made clear. At its simplest, as I have said, the geography consists of the city, the land, and the sea. If one considers this geography from the perspective H.D. provides as she lies on her couch in the city and rejects life, it appears as a system of encirclements--the city encircled by land encircled by sea--and even gains a centre, a fourth circle, which is H.D. herself. Within this system of encirclements H.D. focusses attention on the interfaces where any two circles meet and interact. The shoreline--the interface between land and sea--is the most obvious focus of the book, and it situates many of the poems: "Shrine," "The Helmsman," "Sea Gods," "The Cliff Temple," and the five sea-flower poems "Sea Rose," "Sea Lily," "Sea Poppies," "Sea Violet," and "Sea Iris" among others. The city of Sea Garden seems pre-suburban even if it is not always walled as it is in "The Wind Sleepers," and the reader's attention is kept on the

interaction between city and country by H.D.'s persistent investigation into the correlative relation between nature and culture in poems which may make no specific reference to the geographic meeting of country and city (e.g. the five sea-flower poems and "Sheltered Garden"). The third interface--that between H.D. and her surroundings--is moveable (and move it H.D. does, through city and land to the sea into which she contemplates plunging), and therefore cannot be represented geographically (except metaphorically as the shoreline, as the city wall). It is the concern of those poems which might be thought to have no specific bearing on the geography of Sea Garden: for ecample, "Mid-day," "Evening," "Night," and "Garden," in all four of which H.D. seeks to articulate the relation between herself and something external under conditions (e.g. heat, light, darkness) which, like language, are common to both.

The differential character of H.D.'s geography --her concern with its boundaries and the interaction of its distinct zones--can be placed in part to the account of her Hellenism. In a book that H.D. had almost certainly read Gilbert Murray wrote:

> Non-Hellenic nations are nearly always spoken of by their tribes or races - 'Ethnê' - Pelasgians,

> Macedonians, Phoenicians; the Greeks are spoken of by their cities, or, what comes to the same thing, by their islands - Milesians, Phocaeans, Eritrians, Athenians. On the mainland it is the Polis or circuit wall that forms the essential boundary of the nation; in the case of the islands, Samos, Naxos, Aegina, it is the equivalent wall of sea. Every Greek community is like a garrison of civilisation amid hordes of barbarians; a picked body of men, of whom each individual has in some sense to live up to a higher standard than can be expected of the common human animal. At this point in Murray's paragraph there is a place for repression. As the shield is the typical weapon of the Greek warrior, so the wall is the typical mark of Greek civilisation.[27]

But beyond the (early twentieth century) Hellenic influence there is significance in the fact that H.D. compiled Sea Garden during the First World War from poems of which most had been written before the outbreak of hostilities. The war undoubtedly brought irreversible changes into H.D.'s life, but H.D. also recognized it to be an entire era's grand finale as fireworks. Thus, for example, in Bid Me To Live (1960), a novel in which H.D. returned, after many years, to write of her life in London during the war, the repeated statement (first uttered by Rafe, who is Richard Aldington) "the war will never be over" insists that there will be no return, no restoration. As a

system of encirclements centred in the city and ending at the circumjacent sea, the geography of Sea Garden has an insular organization which, quite apart from any Hellenic influence, pertains to England -- to the country in which H.D. was living as she wrote and compiled the book -- and participates in the ideological representation of human / cultural / natural relations characteristic of the society which was going to war all around H.D. as she wrote.

H.D. identifies the points of contact between the distinct realms of her geography as being of crucial importance, and she designates this contact in terms of the difference rather than the relationality which it reveals: difference between the psychic and the external, difference between city and country, difference between land and sea. The points of contact, which I have described as interfaces, must not be broken if the disposition of the geography is to survive. It is this differential rather than relational disposition which Sea Garden shares with the understanding characteristic of pre-war western society. The self (remembering that I speak in accordance with the estranged perspective of "The Gift") is declared discrete, distinct from others and the world, and atomistically 'free'; culture is proposed as being identical with the cultivation of the

city; and nature is represented as the country 'outside' and 'beyond' the city. In this understanding nature supports the culture of civilised urbanity for only so long as the city is contained within its limits, and, similarly, civilisation supports the 'individual' for only so long as he or she chooses (and this is the choice that the atomistic self is 'free' to make) to be a worthy citizen. Now some of the interdependencies which this disposition maps are approximately true. Culture, for example, is dependant upon nature, although culture being a composition of the natural it is in no sense true to say that nature exists 'outside' and 'beyond' culture. As for the self, is it an atomistic and discrete entity? Is culture simply coincident with urbanity? Of course there is a history that would support an affirmative answer to both these questions. The self becomes 'free' and 'individual' at the outset of bourgeois culture. It is 'free' to own property, 'free' to work (for a wage) or to appropriate the surplus value of other peoples' labour.[29] Similarly, and as part of the same social change, culture is measured away from nature in terms of the difference between town and country (the word derives from <u>contra</u> -- that which appears <u>against</u> oneself) when it is in the interests of an industrializing society to obscure the simple dependency

of urban culture on labour and resources from the country.[30] That this differential understanding of the relations between the human, the cultural, and the natural was ideological rather than simply true is likely to have become evident in a most spectacular way to H.D. who, during the war, was aware of how mustard gas mingled with wild poppies on the blood-strewn fields of Flanders.

During the early years of this century H.D. saw what was perhaps ordinary irritation at the interfaces (Sea Garden is, as I shall show, focussed on this irritation) break out into uncontrollable irruption. The differential boundaries broke, and H.D. experienced the war as dramatizing the destruction of an entire ideology. The geographic location of difference was gone as irrevocably as the iron railings which, during the Second World War, H.D. was to notice disappearing from the London parks as they were taken into armament factories to be recast as bomb-casings.[31]

The geography of Sea Garden is historically situated before the fall. It is the only consistently articulated appearance in H.D.'s work of an understanding which she had abandoned by the time the reverberations of war died away. Just as "Sea Rose" can be read as H.D.'s endeavour to dismantle a received understanding

of the word in order to gain an experience of 'rose' which is not arbitrary, Sea Garden can be read as her abandonment of a received understanding of life and world, and the opening of her search for another. The geography of Sea Garden portends its own collapse. It teeters on the brink of a radical reconfiguration in which an elemental reaction will sweep it away. All the emphasis is on the stress-points: the shoreline, the city wall, the garden wall, the contact surface between self and world. The geographically disposed measure of difference is threatened by relations which H.D. finds fascinating. The wind, menacing as the Erinyes, cuts across the shoreline and threshes around the walled city mocking its peace and howling for propitiation ("The Wind Sleepers"). It resembles the sea and gives falling leaf to the appearance of sinking stone ("Storm") The sea seeps up through the ground inland -- the helmsman only has to break a branch to find it[32]-- and is recognized in the froth which falls from the mouths of slavering hounds in "Huntress."

What holds H.D.'s attention throughout Sea Garden is a relational order of experience which gives the lie to the differential order in which her geography is disposed. This relational order of experience does

not consist only of analogies (such as those mentioned in the previous paragraph) which H.D. displays against the logical measure of her geography. Neither does it consist only of moments in which H.D. glimpses the wild within a cultivated situation (considering, for example, that to this day the three huge windows of what was H.D.'s room in Mecklenburgh Square, London, overlook a park filled with large trees, it is likely that the "green stone" of a leaf was glimpsed from behind glass). For by far the most important thing about the relational events in Sea Garden is that by raising language into a position of prominence as language they reveal that Sea Garden's geographic disposition of culture and nature can only be chimerical.

As I have already said with reference to "Sea Rose," H.D.'s presentation of the difference between nature and culture is thoroughly compromised by her own realization that language itself is a cultural phenomenom. To use language is both to speak and to be spoken by words which articulate, and thus play a part in creating, the human subject as it is constituted in relation to the world. It is this fundamental character of language which becomes evident in the relational events of Sea Garden. Without knowledge of

the word 'spray,' for example, who would recognize any relation between a sprig ('spray') of myrtle and moisture ('spray') thrown up by the sea? Similarly, without knowledge of the word 'froth,' who would associate drops of slaver fallen from hounds with the ocean? In "The Contest" and "Huntress," respectively, H.D. articulates these relations in such a way as to indicate that they only exist as they follow from the two words in question.[33] So language is shown to participate both in the construction of the human subject (which cannot, therefore, be an atomistic and 'free' individuality) and of the world (which cannot, therefore, be wholly 'objective': it follows from this that the difference between nature and culture cannot adequately be 'objectified' as, for example, a city wall) as the subject experiences it. Language enfolds the psychic and the external, the 'subjective' and the 'objective,' in what, using Lawrence's phrase, can be called a "subtle inter-relatedness." H.D.'s interest in this "subtle inter-relatedness," and in the part played by language in the process of human 'subjection' in the world, is witnessed by the fact that many of the poems in Sea Garden are spoken by narrators with which H.D. finds herself in sympathy, but which are not identical with herself. The distance between H.D.

and her narrators is the distance between selfish and psychological enquiry, and on account of it these poems can be called explorations into the ways in which the human subject is constituted in relation to its experience of the world.

So there is a subversive and expressedly linguistic level at which Sea Garden operates against the geographic disposition in which it is presented. As a result the reader confronts not only H.D.'s estrangement and morbid frustration at the repressive nature of the world caught up as it is in her representation, but also the foreshadowing of a writing which will free her from confinement and enable her to work with repression itself.

Considering that H.D.'s geography participates in the pre-war ideology which I have been describing, there is a recognizable parallel between the way these subversive tendencies lie restively within the geography of Sea Garden, and the way that the similarly subversive thought of Freud and the anthropologically inclined classicists of the "Cambridge School" lay in abrasive touch with the Edwardian/Victorian understanding which it would outlast. Granted this, it need come as no suprise that H.D.'s post-war work bears the unmistakeable impression of her reading in Freud and the classicists of the "Cambridge School."

In a bizarre sense the war was for H.D. a wish

fulfilled. In "Sheltered Garden," a poem in Sea Garden, she expresses her contempt for the suffocatingly effete and decadent character of a highly cultivated place, and concludes:

> O to blot out this garden
> to forget, to find a new beauty
> in some terrible
> wind-tortured place.[34]

The blot came soon enough, although it did not fall where H.D. necessarily expected it. In the same year as Sea Garden was published H.D.'s aesthetic and cultivated room was damaged by a bomb. The windows were shattered, and the wind moved freely through the interior. At approximately the same time H.D. started out in search of "a new beauty." Although I shall be discussing her search in the following pages, a few remarks can be made immediately. H.D. described beauty in an essay which she published under the name of "The Cinema and the Classics" in 1927:

> Beauty was made to endure, in men, in flowers, in hearts, in spirits, in minds. That flame, in spite of the highbrow detractors, exists at the very centre, the very heart of the multitude.[35]

By this account any attempt to realize beauty must necessarily also involve H.D. in realizing her own

place in the multitude. Beauty of this description cannot be reconciled with the aversion which lead H.D. into her solipsistic dismissal of life as "a scavenger's pit." I hope by now to have established that H.D.'s aversion is intricately related to the differential presentation of the relations between the psychological, cultural, and natural which materializes as the repressive geography of Sea Garden. What H.D. needs to find is not a basically bourgeois understanding of which "the wall is the typical mark" (to quote Gilbert Murray's characterisation of Greek civilisation, see p. 64), but one like that which Cornford describes in terms of what he finds in the prehistory of Greek civilisation and calls "the primitive boundaries of Right":

> the primitive boundaries of Right are not the limits of the individual as against society, nor yet those of society as against nature, but radiate in unbroken lines from the centre of society to the circumference of the cosmos.[36]

IV OSCILLATION STABILIZED: THE WRITER IS BORNE AGAIN, BUT MATERIALLY.

I have quoted H.D.'s dismissal of life as "a scavenger's pit" out of context in order to explore its ramifications. But the context is important, for it shows H.D. to be reluctant to admit that it is she who lies stretched out on the couch muttering about rejection and escape. Her reluctance brings us back to what I have described as H.D.'s oscillation between the unitary and the unified experiences of selfhood.

> Do not dream that I speak
> as one defrauded of delight,
> sick, shaken by each heart-beat
> or paralyzed, stretched at length,
> who gasps:
> these ripe pears
> are bitter to the taste,
> this spiced wine, poison, corrupt.
> I cannot walk -
> who would walk?
> Life is a scavenger's pit - I escape -
> I only, rejecting it,
> lying here on this couch.[37]

In the first five lines of this stanza H.D. disowns the solipsistic expression of disgust which follows. But how can a reader accept the disgust as anything but H.D.'s own considering that the remarks H.D. won't admit to are made quite openly elsewhere in Sea Garden? 'Do not dream

it is I,' says H.D., 'who finds ripe pears bitter to the taste.' And yet in "Sheltered Garden" it is she who writes contemptuously of "pears wadded in cloth, / protected from the frost, / melons, almost ripe, / smothered in straw," and continues to ask and conclude:

> Why not let pears cling
> to the empty branch?
> All your coaxing will only make
> a bitter fruit.[38]

Similarly, H.D. claims that it is not she who gasps "I cannot walk - / who would walk?" And yet in "Cities" she reveals why she will not walk:

> Can we believe - by an effort
> comfort our hearts:
> it is not waste all this,
> not placed here in disgust,
> street after street,
> each patterned alike,
> no grace to lighten
> a single house of the hundred
> crowded into one garden-space.

And later on, in a very gnostic passage concerned with the same pregiven streets:

> And in these dark cells,

> packed street after street,
> souls live, hideous yet -
> O disfigured, defaced,
> with no trace of the beauty
> men once held so light.[39]

Who, as H.D. asks (and accepting her description), would attempt to overcome feelings of morbid disgust and estrangement by walking in streets such as these? As for H.D.'s insistence that it is not she who lies stretched out on a couch "shaken by each heart-beat," she contradicts it even within "The Gift." A few stanzas later she writes:

> I reason:
> another life holds what this lacks,
> a sea, unmoving, quiet -
> not forcing our strength
> to rise to it, beat on beat.[40]

The contradictions that I have just cited are so blatant that it must surely be assumed that H.D. knew about them. Granted this assumption, the contradictions appear as points at which H.D. identifies the problematic nature of her own work. H.D.'s disavowal of her own solipsistic rejection of life witnesses her reluctance to follow the rejection through to an aesthetics of the sepulchre.

"The Gift" is an important poem <u>because</u> it is so openly contradictory. H.D. rejects life, but she does so in a poem which takes the side of life against estrangement. As the lines introducing it make clear, "The Gift" is to be understood as 'the gift' of itself -- a gift which is offered in a conciliatory attempt to close the distance between H.D. and an estranged friend:

> Instead of pearls - a wrought clasp -
> a bracelet - will you accept this?
>
> You know the script -
> you will start, wonder:
> what is left, what phrase
> after last night? This:

As it follows these lines the poem develops, at least in part, as H.D.'s enquiry into estrangement: into the circumstances occasioning it, and ways in which it might be countered. H.D. measures her life as a writer against the transcendant practices of "the initiates," and in doing so reveals that she considers writing to be a dis-estranging practice:

> Sleepless nights,
> I remember the initiates,
> their gesture, their calm glance.
> I have heard how in rapt thought,
> in vision, they speak

with another race,
more beautiful, more intense than this.
I could laugh -
more beautiful, more intense?

Perhaps that other life
is contrast always to this.
I reason:
I have lived as they
in their inmost rites -
they endure the tense nerves
through the moment of ritual.
I endure from moment to moment -
days pass all alike,
tortured, intense.

This I forgot last night:
you must not be blamed,
it is not your fault;
as a child, a flower - any flower
tore my breast -
meadow-chicory, a common grass-tip,
a leaf shadow, a flower tint
unexpected on a winter-branch.

Here H.D. stands opposed to the transcendant practices of "the initiates." Where they "endure the tense nerves / through the moment of ritual," she endures merely "from moment to moment." H.D. proposes that revelation is to be found within the experience of this life (on earth),

and declares laughable the idea of another life "more beautiful, more intense than this." But H.D. does more than laugh. She writes of childhood experiences: encounters with flowers, sudden moments in which she recognized continuity between herself and flower or grass-tip. As I have already remarked, immediate moments of recognition such as these underlie many of H.D.'s first (and most famous "Imagiste") poems: encounters with flowers along the coastline (as in the sea-flower poems), the sudden resemblance of sea perceived in a windswept pine forest ("Oread"), and others. However brief they may be, H.D. experiences such moments as sudden and dis-estranging revelations of continuity between herself and something in the world. Like the encounters with flowers that H.D. recalls in "The Gift," these moments are tearings of the breast, and they contrast sharply with the feeling of estrangement which otherwise dominates this poem.[41]

In "The Gift," then, H.D. contrasts the very ground of her early poetic with the rituals of "the initiates," and opposes it to the estrangement which she and they have in common. She will <u>write</u> her way back from the brink (on which she dithers so, disowning her own words) of solipsism. She will write to find continuity between herself, others, and the world, and she will do so without

recoursing to a transcendant alterity. But H.D.'s writing must change if it is to be adequate to this task, for her early poetic is too fragile. The idea of revelatory encounters with flowers can be rationalized as it is in H.D.'s novel Hedylus (1928) at a moment when Hedylus watches a man and concludes that "the man was the earth and the flower sprung from it equally."[42] But when one wonders how such a poetic might be lived and experienced, obvious difficulties propose themselves. As H.D. writes in her review of the film "Expiation" (1928): "All I can know is that I, personally, am attuned to a certain vibration, that there comes a moment when I can "witness" almost fanatically the 'truth.'"[43] What happens between moments? What happens when the vibration dies away? The fanatic falls back into the shadows and mutters:"Life is a scavenger's pit."

I hope by now to have established that the experience reflected in H.D.'s earliest poems is in some respects of a kind with the one William James attributed to the "sick soul." I hope also to have made clear that in order to break the estranging deadlock within which she oscillates during these early years, and to discover a practice of writing which is also a practice of self realization, H.D. must break the bonds by which the real enthralls her writing to itself as pregiven and determining situation. This

bondage takes the form of predication, and I have described it twice over: first, as it fastens particular poems like "Storm" in mimetic relation to the momentary experiences occasioning them; and second, in the geography of Sea Garden which is a structure (of reified ideas as I have claimed) drawn from H.D.'s previous experience, and which stands as pregiven in relation to the poems articulated within it.

In The Varieties of Religious Experience William James remarks that the "sick soul" must be borne twice if it is to survive life. The second birth delivers it into allegiance with a transcendant alterity, and thereby enables it to deal (in the literal sense of the word) with life. In order to resolve the difficulties of her early life and poetic, H.D. takes a route which is comparable even though it involves no transcendant alterity. She is borne out of the sick experience I have been describing into a practice of writing which is markedly different from her earlier "Imagiste" work.

H.D. fictionalizes this birth in her novel Hedylus. Hedylus (a poet of Meleager's with whom H.D. identifies; his name holds her initials) leaves the world of his courtesan mother -- a world full of mirrors which reflect age and decay -- and slides, one moonlight night, down a forested cliff to a ledge overlooking

the sea:

> HEDYLUS noticed each change of temperature, the notch where the old paving joined a patch still older, the slide and slide and slide that meant elbows very close and that final rather perilous smothering in the last, thickest part of the bush-tunnel; this as always preceded tumbling into open.[44]

Presenting his descent as a birth, H.D. has Hedylus pause at the very edge before he jumps down onto the ledge where he keeps his poems (parchment hidden under rocks). In the pause Hedylus sees the ocean glistening beyond the ledge like polished silver, and anticipates leaping too far. He considers the disparity between changing poetic fashion and the fact that "Reality remained. Would always."[45] Feeling that he must overcome this disparity Hedylus recalls telling a friend that he had some "more work." "Work?" Hedylus wonders whether his future writing can synchronize his thought and desire with the 'remaining reality' any more effectively than what he calls the "faked modernity" of his earlier endeavours.

Thinking as he pauses suspended above the ledge, Hedylus thinks for H.D.. That she too was, for a time, suspended at the access to her work is witnessed by the oscillations evident in Sea Garden, and by her resolution to write against estrangement in "The Gift." H.D.'s later

writing also lies close to the sea: after the war H.D. frequently described the unconscious as an ocean. She too was concerned with how "Reality remained." She too turns from her early work --her "Imagisme"--although she never dismisses it as "faked modernity," and becomes more attentive to writing as a process of realizing thought: writing as "work."

So it is not suprising that when Hedylus finally takes the last leap down from the path to the ledge H.D.'s narrative slips into the first person (this only happens once in the book). The correspondence between Hedylus' descent and H.D.'s birth into writing as "work" becomes explicit:

> HEDYLUS closed his eyes lest his prevision of the fall onto polished silver should unnerve him. (I) always took this last jump nervously.[46]

V WRITING AND WAR

> "You will be astonished to find how like art is to war, I mean 'modernist' art."
> -- Wyndham Lewis.[47]

H.D. wrote "The Gift" in London during the early years of the First World War. As I have suggested, there is a good chance that the couch on which she lay writing the poem was situated in the room she shared with her husband Richard Aldington at 44 Mecklenburgh Square. More than once in her work H.D. describes this room as a haven safe from the feverish dereliction which was life in the warring city outside. But it was not bricks and mortar which distinguished the room, so much as it was H.D.'s desire to situate herself, husband, and friends apart from the dereliction. In actuality the room was an interior perched on the brink of ruin, and, although the room survived the falling bombs, the war did draw H.D. and her circle out of their distinctness and disperse them. What was the distinction of this circle? One member, John Cournos who lived in the same house as H.D., suggests that it was the interior and precarious distinction of 'artistic' life (another group of 'initiates'). Recalling his life in London during this time, Cournos writes:

> There were two aspects to this life: life

> among artists, and the great life outside.[48]

In another passage Cournos leaves no doubt that in 1914 H.D. was leading the interior of these two lives happily enough:

> Here were two poets, man and woman, who were happy together and worked together; at this time, at any rate, their relation seemed to me to be an ideal one.[49]

The change that I am concerned to describe in H.D.'s work is coincident with the collapse of the interior 'artistic' life that she was leading prior to the war. And if we follows H.D. down the stairs from the room which she used to signify the erstwhile distinction of her disintegrating circle, we might usefully pause to imagine her hesitating on the last step like Hedylus before his nervous "last jump," for the leap into writing as "work" is also a leap into "the great life outside."

Apart from the interior distinction of her circle of friends, H.D. evidently felt that her threatened room also resembled her own estranged interiority, and she took the war up into her writing on this psychological level as well. Just as the war would break into the enclosure of the room, H.D. in her writing would dis-estrange herself by restoring her distinct and nervous mentality to what in James' phrase might be described

as a "healthy-minded" confluence with the "great life outside." Peculiar and inverse as it is, this relation between war and writing long remained instrumental for H.D.. In the Second World War she left the relative security of Switzerland (and another circle of friends) and returned to London where, in the midst of the blitzes, she wrote the three long poems of Trilogy. Perhaps here the victory was won, for in the first of these poems, "The Walls Do Not Fall," H.D.'s interiority gives way to the "recess" (which is partially open to the outside), and "the angle of incidence" is finally found to equal "the angle of reflection."[50]

It is worth considering some of the ramifications of this relation between writing and war which H.D. discovers within the order of her work. Both war and writing as H.D. presents it are liminal processes. War takes place on the historical threshold between normalized patterns of social relation which precede and follow it. Writing as H.D. describes it is active on the psychological threshold between "numb" (see p. 17) moments of normalized consciousness. Described in terms of liminality this likeness certainly sounds abstract, but there is a link between social and psychological which gives historical substance to the coincidence of writing and war declared by H.D.. For both social and psychological, collective and personal experience, are articulated within discourse.

A discourse--words organized within usage rather than lexically--is necessarily full in its bearing onto the world; it works as a plenum which organizes all experience even though it includes only some of the possibilities implicit in the lexical totality of a language. Within discourse language is limited by discursive organization, and words exist under constraints which necessarily exclude aspects of their nature from consciousness. In a passage of the retrospective Bid Me To Live (1960) H.D. describes the discourse of pre- and early First World War London society in terms which define its suffocatingly confining effect upon herself and her friends:

> They were moved rather than moving, hedged in by comment, by precise and precisely aimed poisonous arrows, by words that meant nothing but that stung across all the surface of life; ambushed, they dodged.[51]

That so many of the English trench poets (including H.D.'s husband Richard Aldington) were incapable of finding words for their appalling experience suggests that in the First World War the cultured English discourse broke under the weight of events which it could neither articulate nor support. Writing within war, H.D. tries to free words, to 'dodge' discourse, and to articulate herself in texts which while exploring other areas of language (for example, the etymological development of words, rhyme, and the names of forgotten angels) also explore psychic activities which

had been excluded from, or repressed by, the discursive organization of experience. H.D.'s work operates against a discursively organized reality principle which periodically culminates in disaster. By identifying writing with war, by moving back to London for the blitzes of the Second World War, H.D. situates her work at the point of culmination. It was as a war poet that H.D. began to write in search of a different future.

H.D. commented on the relation between her writing, her room, and the First World War in a retrospective note written for publication in the Oxford Anthology of American Literature (1938). Her comment makes it possible to identify some of the causes of the estrangement against which H.D. directed her later writing:

> In order to speak adequately of my poetry and its aims, I must, you see, drag in the whole deracinated epoch. Perhaps specifically I might say that the house next door was struck one night. We came home and simply waded through glass, while wind from the now unshuttered windows made the house a barn, an unprotected dug-out. What does that sort of shock do to the mind, the imagination - not solely of myself, but of an epoch? One of the group found some pleasure in the sight of the filled shelves and books tumbled on the floor. He gave a decisive foot-ball kick with his army boot to the fattest volume. It happened actually to be a Browning. He demanded dramatically, "what is the use of

> all this - now?" To me, fortu and the yellow-melon flower answered by existing. They were in another space, another dimension, never so dear as at that moment.[52]

H.D. saw the yellow-melon flower as existing in a "space" or "dimension" which was present in the room, and yet beyond the reach of ruin and destruction. In order to comprehend the materiality of this "space" or "dimension" it is necessary first to understand the destruction through which it is said to endure. It would be easy to conclude that the war caused the destruction of H.D.'s room and the dispersal of her circle of friends, but it will be more useful to go behind the scenes of war, as H.D. undoubtedly did, and to recognize that the destruction was the outcome of historical determination: of time foreclosed into the passage of a predetermined and inevitably ruinous sequence of events. History, historical time and determination, was one of the radical causes of H.D.'s estrangement, and in casting her writing against estrangement she commits herself to an investigation of a "space" or "dimension" which may be said to 'remain' rather as Hedylus claimed "Reality remained" (see p. 82).

But historical determination is by no means the whole story, and H.D. told more of it when she returned to the same incident--the same shattered room--in Bid Me To Live

(1960). In this account it is Rafe (only the name differentiates Rafe from Richard Aldington) who kicks the tumbled books, and he does so to impress his lover Bella (Dorothy Yorke) who is also present.[53] The collapse does not need documenting, and it will suffice to say that the disintegration of the Aldingtons' marriage coincided with the war. What matters for the purposes of this study is that H.D.'s experience in sexuality was among the radical causes of her estrangement, and that it, like history, consequently informs the task of her later writing.

Generally speaking, H.D. presents sexuality as a force which is no more personally directed than war. Sexuality ties everybody alike into the racial continuum, and in this sense its necessity is historical. Like history, sexuality has a determining hold on the present, and it is consequently not suprising that H.D.'s response to it included aversion. Freud described Narcissus as an anguished figure obsessed with the dwindling beauty of the reflection he cast so momentarily on the enveloping streams of the germ plasm.[54] There is something of this Narcissus in H.D.'s search for "chaste Aphrodite," for a sexuality which does not utter death and discontinuity in the same breath as life.[55] But this is not a point I want to harp on. Narcissus is estranged, and the likeness between him and H.D. merely helps to describe the distance which H.D.'s later work struggles to close.

There is certainly a relation between the enigmatic "space" or "dimension" in which H.D. perceives the yellow-melon flower and the aspects of language repressed or occulted as they are excluded (and structured in the "space" or "dimension" of exclusion) from discourse. It follows that as H.D. directs her writing more specifically into the work of dismantling her discursively organized experience, she involves it in the cryptic (and sometimes tiresome) metaphorical and figurative expressions of an attempt to say the unsayable. H.D. would withdraw from the cultured and ideological discourse of her time and yet (unlike Pound in the silence of his last years) continue to speak. The withdrawal that she demands of herself (and which she implies is necessary for the entire society around her) resembles withdrawal from addiction. Just as the addict withdraws from a drug which has established itself in his body chemistry, H.D. would withdraw from the discourse within which her own subjectivity has been constituted. Just as Cocteau found poetry in what he presents as the unutterable experience of opium withdrawal, H.D. finds poetry 'beyond speech' at the interface between discourse and language.

VI H.D., FREUD, AND "THE RETURN OF THE GODS."

As I have said, the couch on which H.D. wrote "The Gift" might easily be seen as the first in a fated series of couches which would eventually lead H.D. through the consulting rooms of Mary Chadwick, Havelock Ellis, Hanns Sachs, and Sigmund Freud. H.D. did pass this way, but she was not unwitting and it would be inadequate to read her writing as if it were merely the symptomatic expression of the disorders leading her from couch to couch. It should be remembered that in "The Gift" H.D. cast her writing against estrangement, and that her work exists in its own right as an attempt to overcome disaffiliation and estrangement. H.D. underwent a brief analysis with Freud, but she also read his work. This latter fact has been underestimated where it has not been simply ignored, and in a later chapter I shall try to map the way this reading might have influenced or corroborated H.D. in her writing. There are certain remarks, however, which can be made immediately.

In 1936 Freud wrote to Ludwig Binswanger remarking:

> You claim that with a change of viewpoint one is able to see an upper storey which houses such distinguished guests as religion, art, etc. You're not the only one who thinks

> that, most cultured specimens of homo natura believe it. In that you are conservative, I revolutionary. If I had another life-time of work before me, I have no doubt that I could find room for these noble guests in my little subterranean house.[56]

Two years after writing this letter to Binswanger, Freud received some gardenias from a florist. The attached card read: "To greet the return of the Gods." The gardenias were an anonymous gift from H.D.. What can have lead H.D. to associate Freud with the return of the Gods when most people would probably have claimed that he had sacked the pantheon? Freud himself drew attention to the apparent inconsistency when, having guessed--rather easily perhaps --that the flowers came from H.D., he wrote to thank her for them. In his note Freud remarked that where she was inclined to talk about Gods, "other people read: Goods."[57] Disputation between Goods and Gods is nearly as old as the hills, and it need not be joined here. What is to the point is that while the gods mark the evident disparity between H.D.'s work and Freud's, they also mark the ground on which the two works intersect.

One does not have to read far into H.D.'s work to gather that the two gods she favours most are Artemis and Helios. These two haunt her work from beginning to end, even though H.D. does not name them specifically until

the 1920s. An important characteristic of both Artemis and Helios is that their action is hardly involved in, and certainly not confined to, the immense sexual thematic of Hesiod's Theogony. The theogonic sexuality structures a sequence of events which brings about a present state of life on earth. It would be wrong to conclude that the sexuality of Hesiod's gods is simply historical, for while the Theogony does order five distinct stages chronologically it does not develop internal relation between them. But perhaps this distinction is overfine. For there is no doubt that the sexual thematic of the Theogony is synchronized with a temporal passage of events which holds and determines the present. Considering that, as I have claimed, the difficulties against which H.D. directs her writing can be traced to root in historical and sexual determination, it is unlikely to have been accidence or whim which lead H.D. to Artemis and Helios. It is even less likely to be merely coincidental that H.D. severs the two gods from their relatively slight Hesiodic connections. It is true that Artemis and Apollo have their place in the Theogony: Hesiod mentions their birth as twins to Leto, fathered by Zeus. But Artemis, even in her late Hesiodic form, never gives birth. As for Helios, he is simply not the same as Apollo, the boy god who fathered Asclepius and Aristaeus. I will return to Helios after discussing Artemis.

Artemis is a good deal older than Hesiod. Jane Harrison, whose books H.D. is most likely to have read, leaves no doubt about this. The name of Artemis has been found in the Minoan script 'linear B,' and there is also evidence of Artemis in the fragmentary remains of the Etruscan civilisation. Originally Artemis was associated with the Earth Goddess, and H.D.'s Artemis is laden with this association. Among the surviving pictorial representations of the Earth Goddess (several of which are reproduced in Jane Harrison's Themis, first published in 1912) are several showing her as she offers the fruits of the earth piled up on calathes which she holds out towards human figures. In these representations the goddess interposes the fruits of the earth between herself and humanity in such a way that she appears to be hidden from human view by the very fruits that she offers. The same holds true of the representations depicting the Earth Goddess (or her head) hidden in a mound, covered, once again, with the fruits of the earth. In these representations the Earth Goddess can be seen as a generative principle hidden 'behind' the world in which humanity lives. She is necessary to the world, but her necessity is such that she is hidden from it. Her presence is, paradoxically, an absence.

The world in which humanity lives is the realm of both historical and sexual determination, and Artemis,

to the extent that she is associated with the Earth Goddess, stands prior to, and yet is constitutive of both determinations. It is perhaps in relation to the Earth Goddess that Artemis comes to be associated with birth (an association which is linked with her chastity). Certainly there is some continuity between the two functions, for birth can be considered as the sudden and extraordinary moment when life enters the world and counters the question of its origin with an assertion of presence. Here again one encounters a "space" or "dimension" which, like Artemis, is both present and occult, and which is reminiscent of that attributed to the yellow melon flower.

Artemis is wild. For Homer she was "the lady of the wild." In the words of two modern scholars Artemis is "the lady of free and untamed nature,"[58] and "the goddess of unexplored nature."[59] Exploration will never uncover the unexplored, as H.D. demonstrates in the two poems from Sea Garden which are almost certainly related to Artemis. In both, as I said while discussing repression (p. 56), the searching narrators succeed only in uncovering landscapes which come between themselves and the unnamed object of their search. Caught as they are in a geometry of frustration, the fervency with which the narrators search is directly proportional to the intensity with which they experience failure.

Walter Otto has described Artemis as the goddess of distance.[60] This aspect of Artemis is prominent in H.D.'s play Hippolytus Temporizes (1927), where H.D. presents Artemis as if she were drawn and tied into the world only by Hippolytus' desire for her: a desire which she finds intolerable, but against which she is powerless to recoil. Artemis and Hippolytus are trapped by each other, and locked into a fated attempt to mediate an impossible distance. Artemis is the goddess of wild and unattainable beauty, alluring but cruelly beyond the reach of all but her female attendants. Her domain is among the wild and forested mountains. H.D.'s Artemis is vitally opposed to Aphrodite. This alone could account for H.D.'s special interest in Euripides' Hippolytus. Hippolytus is the only Greek play to dramatize absolute opposition between Artemis and the stronger Aphrodite.

H.D.'s Helios is not identical with Apollo born to Leto as Artemis' twin. In H.D.'s mythology he occupies Apollo's place as the twin and polar opposite of Artemis, but H.D. links Helios with the sun, and, more specifically, with the fire 'behind' the light of the sun. As it was with Artemis, then, it is of the nature of Helios to be hidden from, and yet fundamental

to, the world of humanity. H.D. states explicitly that Helios' sexuality is frustrated because he is unable to enter the world in which human sexuality and history take place. The light of the sun is gone before Helios, the fire, can grasp it. This is to be read in a passage from Palimpsest (1926):

> Ah, but this again was the fate of desperate Helios. Beneath arms of fire, god had felt loosen (vanish, gradually but as irrevocably as a snowdrift in the late spring) the body of his fantasy.[61]

Conditioned as it is by the fact that it is written to illustrate a fictional situation, H.D.'s account of Helios' fate leaves no doubt that Helios, like Artemis, is chaste because he is occulted from the human world.

H.D. might have found her Helios in Pindar's seventh Olympian Ode. Here Pindar relates how Helios arrived too late at the dasmos during which the earth was divided and portioned out amongst the gods, and found that no province remained for himself. Undisturbed by his exclusion, Helios remarked that he could see a new land rising from the depths of the ocean, and that he would happily await its emergence. It is a land like this that H.D. (who, as I have said, describes the unconscious as an ocean) seeks: the land of a reconfigured world in which Helios and Artemis can be

present, and in which history and sexuality can become evident as they are internal to H.D.'s experience. The land of Helios is another articulation of a dimensionality which cannot be thought or experienced within the world as it is presently constituted. Like Artemis, therefore, Helios recalls the yellow melon flower.

The presence of both Artemis and Helios is occult, but it irradiates the world in which they are hidden. Considering that this world is the world of human consciousness, and also that consciousness is borne of interplay between the psychic and the external, it is to be expected that Artemis and Helios will take a certain form within the psychic. H.D. in her estrangement experiences the world of her consciousness as pregiven and other than herself, and finds it to be racked by historical and sexual determination. As gods occulted from this world, Artemis and Helios must owe their chasteness in part to the fact that they are unconscious. I say 'in part' deliberately, for it will not suffice to reduce H.D.'s gods to imaginary figures projected from the unconscious into the exterior world. H.D.'s gods are not anthropomorphic. They are presented as modalities glimpsed and recognized in the real to which they belong. The recognition of a god's outer aspect reveals and brings into sudden synchrony with itself the god's inner psychic equivalent. A sentence from Walter Otto's book

Dionysus will help to make this clear. Otto writes that "the visage of every true god is the visage of a world."[62] A "visage" must be recognized as such before it can be said to exist, and, as I have already remarked in a different context, an act of recognition is dependent upon the continuity that it reveals between subject and object. Like the moments occasioning H.D.'s first poems, like (and related to) the experience of language in texts such as "Sea Rose," the recognition of a god is a tearing of the breast: a sudden revelation of inter-relatedness and synchrony between inner and outer which gives the lie to interiority and estrangement.

Even allowing for the outwardness of her gods, there is sufficient similarity between H.D.'s work and Freud's to account for the fact that H.D. associated Freud with the return of the gods. H.D. once wrote "we are what the gods weld us to."[63] Although there is difference, there is no fundamental discontinuity between this and Freud's insistence that the unconscious lies at the foundations of consciousness. Perhaps Freud had something like this in mind when he told H.D.: "You have discovered for yourself what I discovered for the race."[64]

VII TEXTUALITY, "RADICAL POETRY," AND H.D.'S NARRATIONAL WRITING.

H.D.'s concern with Artemis and Helios is certainly related to her attempt to pick up, as if from 'behind,' the world of which she is consciousness and to carry it into the workshop of her text. Knowing this relation, it is possible to answer some of the questions which rise from my discussion of **Artemis** and Helios. What, for example, is the continuity revealed in the recognition of a god? In what sense is the world possessed of a multiplicity of "visages"? In what space are the gods material and real? There is, of course, the argument that the gods have no reality because they are fictitious. This, however, is plainly inadequate if only because one can ask the same question of fiction --in what space is fiction real?--and move on to the answer: textual space. J-F. Lyotard's recent work on textuality makes it possible to identify the reality of H.D.'s gods: a reality which takes place within what Lyotard calls "figural" space.[65]

Lyotard arrives at the "figural" after an extensive examination of textuality.[66] One of the fundamental facts of all texts is the continuity they reveal between thought and the signified world. Finding that a text cannot be entirely dismantled into the two constituent

realms of linguistic structure (which for Lyotard, an enemy of structuralism who, nevertheless, has read both Levi-Strauss and Lacan carefully, is close to the structure of thought) and signification, Lyotard brings his attention to bear on the inter-relatedness of the two. It is in this inter-relatedness that he locates the "figural." In later sections of his book Lyotard describes the "figural" as practice (still involving textuality) which makes evident unconscious activity within consciousness. The "figural" marks the libidinal intertwining of desire and world within which it is inscribed: it is a practice in which desire (which Lyotard tends to equate with what Freud described as unconscious primary processes) becomes realized. The "figural" is inscribed, this is to say, within a "space" or "dimension" which, like the one H.D. attributes to the yellow-melon flower, is both present and absent.

By considering, even this briefly, H.D.'s gods as articulations of what Lyotard calls the "figural" I identify two areas for future discussion.

(1) The gods participate in H.D.'s endeavour to articulate unconscious activity within, and thereby to change, her consciousness of the world.

(2) The gods are related to textuality. They are related as 'figures,' to a practice of writing. While H.D. might write in relation to the gods, she does not write about them (to do so might easily involve

her in stupefying anthropomorphism). The gods are not contentual. I shall show, with particular reference to Artemis, that the gods can be described precisely as they occur within the textual activity of H.D.'s writing.

Before moving on to a discussion of H.D.'s later narrational writing it will be useful to point out how what I have identified as the key factors in H.D.'s early experience might enter the field of a writing capable of working with them, rather than merely ranting on about them.

Estrangement. The estranged self experiences a disjunction between itself and the world of its experience. As I have already said, the fundamental condition of textuality is a "subtle inter-relatedness" which it reveals between thought and world.

The Unitary and the Unified Experiences of Selfhood. A comparable difference can appear in the relation between writer and text. One writer's mentality might hover over the text as a discrete and controlling cogito (writing what it means to write). Another writer might permit her subjectivity, her thought, to be articulated within the sensual operation of her text. The difference can be said to lie between a writer who operates from an assumed premise of epistemological

certitude, and another who allows the text to work the epistemology out of its own operation.

Repression. Informed by his reading of Lacan, Colin MacCabe has written: "repression can be understood as the fact that for language to operate, that which gives sense to a word (the paradigmatic and syntagmatic chains into which it can enter) cannot be present with the word itself in consciousness, but is still there though absent from consciousness."[67] Here again, one might usefully recall the "space" or "dimension" of the yellow-melon flower and the occult presence of Artemis and Helios.

The Pregiven. The writer works with the pregiven in the form of words (which must stand as pregiven in relation to any occasion in which they may meaningfully be used).

Mediation. Words mediate between the writer's thought and the (bodily) experience of their signification.

History. History can be understood as a chronological order which articulates internal relations between the events constituting it. A text is written/read chronologically, and it is demonstrative of internal relation between the words constituting it.

Sexuality. Like Breton, H.D. evidently associated writing with love. I shall clarify this association later, and presently confine myself to saying that (a)

H.D. in her narrational poems writes to find generative relation among the discrete words of her text, and (b) that as "Sea Rose" suggests H.D.'s writing is articulated within the range of unconscious libidinal activities.

In Discours, figure Lyotard describes Mallarmé as a writer of "radical poetry" (p. 62). By "radical poetry" he means to describe poetry in which the writer deliberately works with textuality. H.D. was reading Mallarmé as early as 1917, and I hope that these last few pages have indicated how readily H.D.'s early experience would lend itself to a "radical" poetic practice.[68] It is now time to establish that it does so.

If H.D.'s writing is to restore her estranged self to confluence with the real, then it must obviously not be predicated upon the estrangement that it would overcome. But how is such predication to be avoided considering that estrangement turns the real into what is experienced as a pregiven arena--a "scavenger's pit"--within which all actions, including writing, are situated.

There are indications that even in her earliest poems H.D. was addressing this question to her own work. I have already mentioned those poems like "Storm" and "Sea Violet" which record moments in which H.D. recognized continuity between herself and a storm-tossed leaf or a wild flower: moments such as those H.D. describes as

tearings of the breast in "The Gift." These poems draw their unquestionable resonance from the suddenness of their occasions. But the suddenness of these occasions is coincident with their scarcity, with the fact that they are only occasional. And while such moments of recognition may be illuminating, their very brilliance implies the lusterless and estranged experience which they interrupt. H.D. did not write many occasional poems like these after the First World War, probably because she realized that their glimmering implied the void.

There are others among the poems of Sea Garden in which H.D. articulates continuity between herself and her surroundings with reference to physical conditions which affect both similarly. In "Mid-day" and the first part of "Garden" the condition is a bright and scorching heat which affects H.D. and the plants around her alike.[69] In "Evening" and "Night" the condition is darkness. Although it is true that in each of these four poems H.D. is able to articulate how she herself and what she sees are taken up together, the revelation of continuity is always displayed against an encompassing feeling of discontinuity. Thus, for example, in the still heat of "Garden" (part I) a rose appears "cut in rock." Its solidity bespeaks the immobility of H.D. who cannot, because of the debilitating heat, move to touch the flower and know it as soft. It is the

disjunction between them that H.D. and the flower have in common. Similarly in "Evening" the fading light affects the landscape H.D. sees before her in the same way as it affects her ability to see. The light is seen to pass "from ridge to ridge," and the landscape to become distinguishable only in terms of lightness and darkness. Light and darkness are the determinants of sight, and when H.D.'s sight finally fails the disappearance of the landscape tells the reader that what H.D. and the landscape had in common is identical with what what now divides them.[70]

The experiences which these poems record are analogous with the way the poems operate as texts. H.D. uses words to arbitrate between herself and what she sees. Arbitration, as she demonstrates, can mediate between distinct realms with great subtlety, but as a process it is predicated upon the the difference which allows it to take place at all. So, in these poems H.D. articulates a continuity which is predicated upon discontinuity. She places her words between herself and the things that she names, thereby filling a gap which is actually disjunctive in the experiences which the words articulate. The words are like the heat of "Garden" (part I). They come between H.D. and the object of her attentions. They are confined to functioning as windows onto the world: windows which while they allow,

for example, a rose to appear, also establish the distance between the ('objective') flower and the ('subjective') person inevitably defined as viewer.

The problem with poems which follow either of the tendencies I have just described is their dependence upon occasioning moments of consciousness. Predicated upon their occasions, mimetically bound to them, the poems imply a negative answer to the question which I asked a few paragraphs back (p. 104). They imply that writing will inevitably be situated within consciousness, and that if consciousness is experienced as a pregiven disposition from which the writer is estranged then writing will inevitably be symptomatic of estrangement. As Hedylus says of one of his early poems: "The thing was a flower lost, without earth, body to grow from"(Hedylus, p. 65). The development of H.D.'s writing suggests that she felt similarly about her own arbitrary lyricism. H.D. speaks for H.D. when he concludes: "The thing's all in my head. It won't get out."

But the concepts 'consciousness' and 'writing' will bear more thought. As the inter-relation of psychic and external, consciousness is the establishment in which the phenomenal world exists. Writing is, in a certain sense, similar. It is a practice in which synchrony --"subtle inter-relatedness"--is established between

the subject engaged in writing and the world as it enters signification. The writer synchronizes her understanding of words with their outward (both bodily and experiential) signification, thereby deriving a consciousness specific to the text she is writing. The writer realizes a textual consciousness within her consciousness of the world.

But taking place 'within' consciousness of the world, is not textual consciousness confined to the interiority I described with reference to "Storm" and "Sea Violet"? In a fundamental sense it is. Writing takes place within the writer's world. No other situation is conceivable (although H.D.'s interest in automatic writing and her tendency to treat the world as a "book of life," of which more in my last chapter, can both be seen as part of an attempt to overcome the priority of worldly consciousness over textual consciousness).

Yet having acknowledged this, one must go on to notice that as H.D.'s writing becomes more narrational, more demonstrative of its own functioning textuality, it also becomes less mimetic, less representative, less literally dependent upon occasioning moments of worldly consciousness. Rather than situating her writing in mimetic relation to her experience of the world, H.D. tends, in her narrational writing, to find the world as

it gathers around the relational activity of words caught in the play of the text she is writing. Many of the poems articulate geographies, for example, but the geographies are occasioned within the poems themselves, and they cannot be confused with external landscapes.

So the narrational writing participates in the world.[71] What is the order of this participation? The question leads us back to considering consciousness of the world. This consciousness establishes a world within which writing takes place. We are not aware of constantly making this world (it makes sense, for example, to speak of waking up into it) which we experience as pregiven, as already accomplished and realized. It follows from this that we know the world at the expense of knowing the psyche except as it is formalized in the construction of the world. We have an understanding of reality which prevents us from knowing how we actually do 'under-stand' reality. The unconscious follows from the fact that we experience ourselves as being in a pregiven world which is already constituted apart from ourselves.

H.D.'s development of a narrational mode of writing is consonant with her desire to work with pregiven consciousness itself. The narrational writing works within pregiven consciousness as a realization of consciousness specific to its own textual activity. Worldly consciousness is experienced as already realized;

textual consciousness is experienced in the process of being realized. The one is accomplished; the other is an act of accomplishment. As it is being realized textual consciousness elicits psychological processes normally occulted from the already realized consciousness of the world. Writing allows the writer to make conscious psychic activities and desires which, like Artemis and Helios, are fundamental to and yet excluded from her consciousness of the world. That H.D. thought of her writing as a snare for Artemis is made clear in Hippolytus Temporizes (1927). Near the beginning of this play H.D. has Artemis exclaim that there exists no craftsman capable of making the snare that will entrap her. Hippolytus replies:

> Nay wild and sweet,
> but song may yet entrap you,
> fire and rhythm
> may yet contain the ecstacy
> and the heat
> cold like white lightning.[72]

H.D. often referred to her writing as "song."

I quote the following passage from the essay H.D. wrote about (her friend) Kenneth Macpherson's film "Borderline" and published in 1930:

> In this modern attempt to synchronize thought and action, the inner turmoil and the outer, the static physical passivity and the acute psychic activity, there is hardly one moment, one dramatic "sentence" that outweighs another. Kenneth Macpherson has indeed achieved a sort of dynamic picture writing.[73]

Although H.D. is describing a film, this passage is, to my knowledge, the fullest description of the task of writing that exists in her work. I think that the passage gives us access to the activity of H.D.'s narrational writing, and I shall be making extensive use of it in the pages that follow.[74]

H. D. seems to have derived her narrational mode of writing while translating passages from the Greek dramatists during and immediately after the First World War. It makes sense, consequently, to start by considering the difference between H.D.'s version of a Chorus passage from "The Bacchae" with that of another translator, G.S. Kirk:

> O Thebes,
> Semele's nurse,
> crown,
> crown yourself,

with pine branch,
with ivy
and the bright fruit
of the flowering smilax;
Thebes,
crown yourself with oak leaf
and dance,
dance,
dance,
ecstatic;
bind white wool
to the deer pelt,
lift high
the sacred narthex,
and dance until the earth dance;
the earth must dance
when Bromios
conducts
his sacred high priests
from hill
to distant hill peak,
(those women whom the distaff
no longer claims
nor spun cloth)
driven mad,
mad,
mad
by Bacchus.
--H.D.[75]

O Thebes, who nurtured Semele,
be crowned with ivy;
abound, abound with evergreen
fair-berried byrony,

and devote yourselves as bacchants with twigs
of oak and fir,
and cloaks of dappled fawnskin
fringe all round with white tresses
of wool; with violent thyrsus-rods
make yourselves holy! Straightway the whole
land shall dance,
whenever Bromios leads his bands
to the mountain, the mountain; where awaits
the female throng,
away from looms and from shuttles
stung to madness by Dionysus.
--G.S. Kirk.[76]

While it is obvious that the same Greek text underlies them, these translations reveal a radical difference between the poetic purpose of each translator. In Bid Me To Live H.D. describes her way of translating as a way of confronting words:

> She was self-effacing in her attack on those Greek words, she was flamboyantly ambitious. The words themselves held inner words she thought. If you look at a word long enough, this peculiar twist, its magic angle, would lead somewhere, like that Phoenician track, trod by old traders. She was a trader in gold, old gold, the myrrh of the dead spirit. She was bargaining with each word.[77]

H.D.'s translation is unlike Kirk's in being demonstrative of its development as a text: hers demonstrates what his

aims only to say. H.D. attempts to dramatize the operational coherence which she finds in the Greek text. She finds pine-branch, ivy, and smilax in the word "crown," ecstacy in "dance," and eventually Bacchus in "mad." H.D. emphasises the way her text performs itself. The words "crown," "dance," and "mad"--crucially important to the development of the text--are singled out as lines and reiterated. They are sounded out (relatively) free from syntactic constraint, and in their reverberation H.D. finds the future development of her text.

There are two points to be made clear immediately. First, that in her narrational poems H.D. is especially attentive to the operational activity of the text itself: to the way words participate in the relational activity discovered amongst them. Secondly, that the way in which the narrational text <u>works</u> as a relational whole is intricately related to the way in which it synchronizes what H.D. called "the inner turmoil and the outer." Both points can be seen as characteristics of a stanza from "All Mountains" which I take as an example of H.D.'s narrational writing. The poem, first published in 1925, takes its title from Callimachus' "Hymn to Artemis":

Marble of islands,
snow of distant points,
threatened with wave of pine,
with wash of alder;
my islands
shift and change,
now here, now there,
dazzling,
white,
granite,
silver
in blue aether;
I swim
who tread the mountain path as air.[78]

"All Mountains" is written in the voice of Artemis, and this stanza articulates the wildness natural to the goddess in the mountains and forests which "shift and change" in her presence. Land sea and air seem to float in the continuously shifting interplay into which the stanza plunges them. Artemis is the interplay: quick, solvent, and essentially opposed to the static measure of discursively organized experience. She is the "subtle inter-relatedness" of thought and sensation in which the Artemisian landscape becomes apparent.

The development of this stanza is open in the sense that no one line "outweighs another," and, here again, there are several lines consisting only of single words. At these moments H.D. evidently stakes the relational

development of her stanza on the way she confronts (finding its "peculiar twist" or "magic angle") and follows the word in question. Occurring as they do in the relational movement of the stanza, the words have the effect of fielding H.D.'s thought, bringing it down into synchrony with the recognizably worldly activity of their signification. This synchronizing is the domain of Artemis. Indeed, Artemis can be said to preside over the working of the text, for it is in her presence that H.D.'s thought appears to constellate a perpetually shifting and yet worldly reality. Artemis shimmers in the thought as the elemental dance from which the mountains, forests, air, and sea cannot desist: the ecstatic dance of perpetual distance.

Considering that consciousness is inter-relatedness of what H.D. called "the inner turmoil and the outer," it can be said that as its words draw H.D.'s thought into touch with the experience of mountain, forest, air and sea, the stanza realizes a consciousness specific to its own relational activity. Considering (a) that this relational activity is associated with Artemis, and (b) that Artemis figures a wildness which is fundamental to but other than consciousness, it appears significant that the consciousness realized in the stanza is both liminal and evanescent. Like Artemis' "islands" it is subject to "shift and change" as the stanza moves it along the

the threshold of becoming what it never quite does become: a settled and worldly state of consciousness which might unfold as a geography to situate the poem, thereby making its activity mimetic. In short, although we never know where we are as we read this stanza, we do have a geographic understanding of what is happening within it.

The liminality of the consciousness realized in the stanza is due to the fact that while the relational activity in which the inner and outer turmoils are synchronized proceeds as it was written in time, consciousness is always present. This fact enables one to ask another question: what is it about the inner and outer turmoils that enables the relational activity of the text to engage them together in time, and to draw them into the "subtle inter-relatedness" of textual consciousness? In a later chapter I shall be suggesting, following Freud, that time originates in the interaction of consciousness and the unconscious. I will also be arguing that H.D.'s concern with how phenomena exist in consciousness is really a concern with their historicity, and that in this sense H.D.'s understanding of phenomena is related to her understanding of the way words exist in textual time: the world becomes a 'book of life.'

But to begin with I shall turn my question inside out. What is it about H.D.'s writing that synchronizes

the inner and outer turmoils and demonstrates continuity between them? In Part Two of this study I shall answer this question by going all the way back to the two fundamental terms of textuality: words and the intervals in which relational activity is established among them. It is exactly this interplay between words and intervals that H.D. emphasizes in her narrational writing. The narrational texts are demonstrative of the way they operate as relational coherences.

The presence of an individual word in a narrational text is remarkably like that which H.D. attributes to the yellow-melon flower in her description of the shattered London room (see p. 89). While the word certainly participates in the relational activity of the text, it also exists in a "space" or "dimension" special to itself. Any attempt to map this space would have to account for the word's signification, its linguistic structure, and the place it holds in H.D.'s understanding. It would have to account for three inter-related strata in the word, realizing that, in H.D.'s terms, the structural--the linguistic--lies between the two which provide access into the inner and the outer turmoils respectively. The narrational writing shows H.D. to have been particularly attentive to the way the relational development of the text is found among the words constituting

it. I have already placed emphasis on the single-word lines in the passage translated from The Bacchae and in the stanza quoted from "All Mountains." It is worth repeating that at these moments H.D. stakes the relational development of her text on the way she confronts, encounters, and follows the single word in question.

The relational activity of the text is continuous, and occurs within the time of the text; it is established as activity among the discrete words. The relational activity weaves throughout, and thereby interlaces, the three strata of the text's words. Thus, for example, the signification of one word may be continuous with H.D.'s understanding of the next word which it therefore ushers into the text. Likewise, the linguistic structure of a word--its sound (H.D.'s narrational writing is full with rhyme)--might be interwoven with H.D.'s understanding of the word which preceded it (as H.D. writes, "For example: / Osiris equates O-Sir-is or O-Sire-is").[80] By interlacing the three strata, the relational activity of the text draws the inner and outer turmoils into a synchrony which is much more complex than any literal statement that the text may also be making. The synchrony, therefore, can be described as the opacity not the transparency of textual operation.

Notes.

[1] I recognize that this statement of Jane Harrison's contradicts Jacques Derrida's recent writing. I quote it not *contra* Derrida but because it pertains to H.D.'s early development as a writer. Only by changing her early "Imagiste" poetic, which is predicated (pictorially) upon occasioning moments of what she presents as discovered truth, could H.D. develop the narrational and searching mode of her later writing. As I read it, there is no contradiction between this narrational writing and Derrida's claim that the experience of "presence" (and therefore also of phenomenological "truth") is constructed in language. As I suggest much later in this study, H.D.'s shift from "Imagisme" to narration demands a shift from sensationalist theories of language. See Derrida's *Of Grammatology*, trans. G.S. Spivak (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins U. P., 1976).

[2] Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, trans. R.J. Hollingdale (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1976), p. 234.

[3] Hilda Doolittle, *Hermetic Definition* (N.Y.: New Directions, 1972), p. 3.

[4] Hilda Doolittle, *Collected Poems of H.D.* (N.Y.: Boni and Liveright, 1925), p. 3.

[5] Hilda Doolittle, *By Avon River* (N.Y.: Macmillan, 1949), p. 12.

[6] Jean-François Lyotard, Discours, figure (Paris: Klincksieck, 1971), p. 9.

[7] Richard Aldington, Medallions in Clay (N.Y.: A.A. Knopf, 1921), p. 24.

[8] In their book Language and Materialism (London: R.K.P., 1977) Rosalind Coward and John Ellis are concerned with what they call

> avant-garde texts [actually their discussion revolves around Julia Kristeva's treatment of early modernist writers like Lautrémont and Mallarmé] which by definition can only be comprehended in their own language. It is virtually impossible to 'translate' because this notion involves a transference of a 'content,' a positionality and a discourse, from one (neutral) system of signifiers to another. To transfer the sliding of signifiers and the disturbance of a positionality [it is the positionality of the writer in relation to text which is referred to here] involves a difficult task, of writing the whole text anew. For our purposes, then, it is impossible to assume prior knowledge of such texts." (p. 153)

I find this definition useful although I think that all poetic texts, not merely those which are avant-garde or modernist, resist translation in the way Coward and Ellis describe. H.D.'s modernism lies not only in the fact that her writing has no seperable content, but also in her deliberate exploration of what this means regarding her

own position in relation to the text.

[9] As one of the readers of an earlier draft wrote in the margin at this point: "the unconscious as an erotic base for content--a base that has form."

[10] Roy Schafer, A New Language for Psychoanalysis (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1976), pp. 10-11.

[11] Hilda Doolittle, "The Walls Do Not Fall" (1944); rpt. in Trilogy (N.Y.: New Directions, 1973), p. 9.

[12] Hilda Doolittle, Collected Poems of H.D. (N.Y.: Boni and Liveright, 1925), p. 21.

[13] William James, The Varieties of Religious Experience (1902; rpt. N.Y.: Mentor, 1958), pp. 116-117.

[14] James, p. 121.

[15] James, p. 115.

[16] This is why Ellis' and Coward's celebration of Jacques Lacan is problematic. They claim (in Language and Materialism--see my note 8 above) that Lacan's version of the human subject provides Marxism with the means to overcome what they present as the bourgeois notions of human essence and individuality. Neither 'human essence' nor 'individuality' can be dismissed as ideological fictions unless they are recognized as standing distinct from the aspects of human experience which they articulate. Certainly, as Lacan among many others (including the classicist Jane Harrison) has shown, the subject is not

a privately constituted and essentially distinct entity, but the 'subjective' experience of distinctness and interiority is bound to survive the theoretical explanation of its error. This experience ('erroneous' as Ellis and Coward insist; "imaginary in its nevertheless existent interiority as Roy Schafer accepts) provided the ground for the ancient gnostic critique which turned Jahweh into a malicious archon whose purpose was to confuse, and thereby to debase, humanity, and which, incidentally, fascinated H.D.. The gnostics, some of whom were great lovers, practised contempt for a dominant ethic and distribution of power on an experiential ground which is, at this point, altogether broader than that of Ellis and Coward who will submit human experience to a parsimonious censorship in order to construct a history which progresses, with admitted theoretical rectitude, along their book-shelves to arrive at Jacques Lacan.

[17] I have mentioned H.D.'s preoccupation with the shoreline. The shoreline in Sea Garden serves as a metaphor to situate H.D.'s concern with the meeting of self and world within the geography of her book. Correlative with the shoreline in this is H.D.'s treatment of the margin between visibility and darkness which in "Sea Violet," "Evening," and "Night" situates her exploration into the same concern.

[18] H.D., Collected Poems, p. 36

[19] ibid., p. 52

[20] ibid., pp. 59-62, 20-23, & 18-19 respectively.

[21] Here one encounters as fundamental to the whole book Sea Garden a difficultly which I have already described with specific reference to "Sea Rose."

[22] H.D., Collected Poems, pp. 48-51,

[23] Andrew Collier, R.D. Laing: the philosophy and politics of psychotherapy (N.Y.: Pantheon, 1977), p. 113.

[24] H.D., Collected Poems, p. 12.

[25] H.D., Collected Poems, pp. 29-31 & 4-5 respectively.

[26] Significantly, the geography of Sea Garden almost certainly stands as unconscious in relation to whatever H.D. may have been thinking as she wrote the separate poems. Certainly there is much to suggest that H.D. herself only recognized and deliberated over the geography as she compiled Sea Garden from poems written previously. The compilation was selective. There are several poems which H.D. had published in periodicals before 1916 (when Sea Garden appeared) but which she did not collect into books until later. That one of her most famous and immediately favoured poems, "Oread," is among these suggests that Sea Garden was compiled according to

formal principles which over-rode considerations of 'poetic' merit. What are these formal principles? The question returns one to Meleager's Anthology, the influence of which is nowhere more evident in H.D.'s early work than in the geographic form of Sea Garden. Meleager knew that the word 'Anthology' derives from the Greek words meaning 'flower' and 'gathering' or 'collection,' and he presents his anthology as a gathering of poetic flowers, a garland, sacred to Aphrodite. H.D. (whose logos is, in fact, an 'antho-logos' of "all flowering things together"--Trilogy, p. 172) gathered Sea Garden from poems written to date, and formed a geography where Meleager formed a garland. The poems participate in creating the geography, but they are also defined as they occur within it.

[27] Gilbert Murray, The Rise of the Greek Epic (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1907), p. 11.

Hilda Doolittle, Bid Me To Live (N.Y.: Grove Press, 1960), p. 12.

[29] See Anthony Wilden's "Epistemology and Ecology," in System and Structure; essays in communication and exchange (London: Tavistock, 1972), pp. 202-229.

[30] See Raymond Williams, The Country and the City (London: Chatto & Windus, 1973).

[31] H.D., Trilogy, p. 3.

[32] "The Helmsman" concerns a band of people who quit the sea in order to take up a more pastoral life inland. They found inland nature lacking, and were moved only by traces of ocean which they found within it: the seasonal surge of spring, the tufts of longer grass in meadows which moved like waves in the wind, and the moisture ('original' moisture) glistening in the cut of a torn branch. The helmsman and his companions eventually went back to the sea.

[33] "The Contest" is concerned with an athlete whose beauty and strength are so great as to be 'contested' by the world in reference to which H.D. articulates the figure. The figure participates in a perfection which H.D. associates with Aphrodite and the sea. The task of the poem, therefore, is to 'land' the sea in its articulation of the athlete. The word "spray" plays its part in this landing. The figure becomes an inland ocean: "a sea treads upon the hill-slopes" (Collected Poems, p. 16).

[34] H.D., Collected Poems, p. 27.

[35] H.D., "The Cinema and the Classics," Close-Up, I (July 1927), p. 27.

[36] F.M. Cornford, From Religion to Philosophy; a study in the origins of western speculation (1912; rpt.

N.Y.: Harper, 1957), p. 60.

[37] H.D., Collected Poems, p. 21.

[38] ibid., p. 26

[39] ibid., pp. 60-61.

[40] ibid., p. 23.

[41] The flowers which tear H.D.'s breast may be more literary than actual. They recall the "flowers to cut the heart" of Pound's translation from Rihaku: "Poem by the Bridge at Ten-Shin" (first published in Cathay, 1915; rpt. Translations London: Faber, 1970 p. 193).

[42] H.D., Hedylus (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1928), p. 88.

[43] H.D. "Expiation," Close-Up, II (May 1928), p. 43.

[44] H.D., Hedylus, p. 56.

[45] ibid., p. 55.

[46] ibid., p. 55.

[47] Wyndham Lewis, Blasting and Bombardiering (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1937), p. 4.

[48] John Cournos, Autobiography (N.Y.: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1935), p. 269.

[49] John Cournos, Autobiography, p. 269.

[50] H.D., Trilogy, p. 45.

[51] H.D., Bid Me To Live, p. 11.

[52] H.D., "A Note on Poetry," in The Oxford Anthology of American Literature, ed. William Rose Benét and Norman

Holmes Pearson (N.Y.: Oxford University Press, 1938), Vol. II, p. 1287.

[53] H.D., Bid Me To Live, p. 48.

[54] See Sigmund Freud, "On Narcissism: an Introduction," in Vol. IV of Collected Papers (N.Y.: Basic Books, 1959), pp. 30-59.

[55] See H.D.'s poem "The Dancer," Life and Letters Today, XIII (Sept. 1935), 84-93.

[56] Quoted by Jacob Needleman in "A Critical Introduction to Ludwig Binswanger's Existential Psychoanalysis," in Ludwig Binswanger, Being-in-the-World (N.Y.: Harper, 1968), p. 4.

[57] H.D., Tribute To Freud (Boston: Godine, 1974), p. 11.

[58] Marija A. Gimbutas, The Gods and Goddesses of Old Europe: 7000 to 3500 BC myths, legends and cult images (London: Thames & Hudson, 1974), p. 198.

[59] Vincent Vycinas, Earth and Gods; an introduction to the philosophy of Martin Heidegger (The Hague: Nijhoff, 1961), p. 83.

[60] Walter Otto, The Homeric Gods; the spiritual significance of Greek religion, trans. Moses Hadas (London: Thames & Hudson, 1954), p. 86.

[61] H.D., Palimpsest (1926; rpt. Carbondale & Edwardsville: Southern Illinois University Press, 1968), p. 29.

[62] Walter Otto, Dionysus, myth and cult, trans. R.B. Palmer (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1965), p. 136.

[63] H.D., Palimpsest, p. 47.

[64] H.D., Tribute to Freud, p. 18.

[65] See Jean-François Lyotard, Discours, figure (Paris: Klincksieck, 1971).

[66] Lyotard describes the text as follows:

> A text is what does not allow itself to move. The intervals which separate and punctuate the elements of the text--letters, words, phrases --are the projection onto the sensible support --page, stone--of the intervals which separate the distinctive and significative terms of the table of language. However, language is also possessed of depth. It is capable of objectifying the operations of fiction. And the proof--which can be found in the same work of establishing the language--is that the linguist, even as he establishes the place of terms in the depthless grid of structure, makes use of a process--commutation--which nevertheless requires depth. But there are other evidences that a text cannot be read entirely according to signification . . . Fiction, which is what makes the Figure with the text, consists entirely in a play on intervals. The Figure is a deformation which imposes another form on the linguistic units. It cannot be reduced to the constraints of structure (Discours, figure, pp. 60-61).

It should be noticed that for Lyotard a text is composed equally of language and the intervals which he elsewhere describes as the constraining "other" of language, of words, this is to say, and the spaces between them. I shall remark that in her later narration writing H.D. makes extensive play on the intervals between her words (her use of the semi-colon in spacing the poems of Red Roses For Bronze is worth particular attention), and that the intervals are of crucial importance in her endeavour to mobilize the unconscious in her writing. The "figural" is not Lyotard's possession. It is one of a kind with the "subtle inter-relatedness" of thought, language and sensation which Lawrence describes as the irreducible condition of the novel. The "figural" space, this "subtle inter-relatedness," provides the textual continuity which, for H.D., is the realm of the gods.

[67] Colin MacCabe, "Presentation of 'The Imaginary Signifier,'" Screen, Vol. 16, No. 2 (Summer 1975), p. 70.

[68] H.D. mentions Mallarmé in a letter to F.S. Flint dated August 30, 1917. See "Selected Letters From H.D. to F.S. Flint: a commentary on the Imagist period," ed. C.N. Pondrom, Contemporary Literature, Vol. 10 (Autumn 1969), p. 584.

[69] H.D., Collected Poems, pp. 10 & 34 respectively.

[70] ibid., p. 24.

[71] The difference between H.D.'s narrational writing and her earlier arbitrary lyricism is remarkably like the difference Jane Harrison describes between methektic and mimetic ceremony: "The ceremonies are still intensely sympathetic and cooperative; they are, as the Greeks would say, rather methektic than mimetic, the expression, the utterance of a common nature participated in, rather than the imitation of alien characteristics" (Themis, 1912, p. 125).

[72] H.D., Hippolytus Temporizes (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1927), p. 8.

[73] H.D., Borderline-- A Pool Film With Paul Robeson (London: Mercury Press, 1930), p. 35.

[74] The passage also provides me with an occasion to summarize the development which has brought my discussion to this point. I started by considering those occasional moments of recognition (encounters with flowers--tearings of the breast as H.D. calls them in "The Gift") which situate many of H.D.'s early poems in her experience, to the gods which are similar in the sense that they also involve the recognition of continuity between inner and outer. From the gods I moved through a discussion of textuality to arrive at this passage in which H.D. describes writing as a synchronizing of "the inner turmoil and the outer."

The internal coherence of this development is an important characteristic of H.D.'s early work.

[75] H.D., Red Roses For Bronze (London: Chatto and Windus, 1931), pp. 22-23.

[76] Euripides, The Bacchae, trans, G.S. Kirk (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1970), pp. 38-39.

[77] H.D., Bid Me To Live, p. 162.

[78] H.D., Red Roses For Bronze, p.123.

[79] My distinction between the discrete and continuous aspects of textuality is, to some extent, informed by Anthony Wilden's discussion of analog communication (which is characteristically continuous) and digital communication (which is characteristically discrete in its medium). I say 'to some extent' because it would be grossly inaccurate to identify the aspects of textuality which I attempt to describe with the modes of communication Wilden outlines. There are certain inter-relations, but they are not the concern of this study. See Wilden's "Analog and Digital Communication," System and Structure, pp. 202-229.

[80] H.D., Trilogy, p. 40.

PART TWO

INCIDENTS NEAR THE FRONTIER OF A BELEAGUERED DISCOURSE; H.D.'S 'SYNCHRONIZING' WRITING DISCUSSED IN THE CONTEXT OF HER READING.

> "They were moved rather than moving, hedged in by comment, by precise and precisely aimed poisonous arrows, by words that meant nothing but that stung across all the surface of life; ambushed, they dodged." --H.D., Bid Me To Live, p. 11.

I MODERNIST ANTIQUITY; A CHAPTER IN THE PREHISTORY OF SEMIOTICS.

> "Language rather creates thought than thought language." --Jane Harrison, 1885.[1]

> "Language tells us what we have already learned from ritual, that the 'soul' of primitive man is 'congregationalized,' the collective daimon is before the individual ghost, and still more he is before the Olympian god." --Jane Harrison, 1912.[2]

As H.D. turns from the arbitrary lyricism of her early "Imagisme" she begins to treat the act of writing as if it were significant in itself. Her pen becomes a "stylus" which is dipped in various extraordinary inks. In a poem called "Chance Meeting" H.D. tells whoever it is that she meets to "dip stylus in the beauty of the translatable things you know."[3] And later, in The Walls Do Not Fall, the stylus is to be dipped in "corrosive sublimate" which, as the phrase suggests we are to assume, will burn down to a level where the script formed is primary.[4] It is as composing factors in this 'writing' that what I have identified as the fundamental terms of textuality--words and intervals, discrete words and the continuous relational activity discovered among them--find their significance in H.D.'s work.

There is always the danger that a writing aware of

itself as 'writing' will, rather than being "radical" in Lyotard's sense of the word (see p. 105), become a tiresome exercise in auto-referentiality. There are times when H.D.'s work seems to do this, but there is no justification, finally, for treating it as the work of a 'last poet' to match Nietzsche's "last philosopher" who, as Erich Heller writes,

> having lost faith in a communicable world . . . is imprisoned within his own self-consciousness. Nothing speaks to him any more--except his own speech; and deprived of any authority from a divinely ordered universe, it is only about his speech that his speech can speak with a measure of philosophic assurance.[5]

H.D. passes through this dense thicket and reinvests what she evidently understood as the sacred in a clearing which she finds beyond it. The reinvestment sometimes fails, and then the reader is left with empty ceremony and indecipherable scratches in the sand: scratches which are blown away as dust if only for lack of the moisture which H.D. always associated with divinity. These are bad poems, and in them scratch is noticeable only as scratch. Perhaps they are also auto-referential. At other times, however, H.D.'s writing seems to cut enduring lines into the sweep of things. These are the poems that 'take,' and in them the inner and outer turmoils are synchronized. The stark

outline of the relational configurations realized in these poems recalls the "wirey bounding line" which Blake claimed was so vitally necessary to the painter who would represent the original line with which God drew cosmos out of chaos.[6] These are the poems which "witness," to use H.D.'s word (quoted on p. 80), and in them the sacred is no intricate and complicated theological point. Rather it is proposed as being as clear as day, or, in Blake's phrase, as clear as the difference between horse and ox. Indeed, for H.D. as well as Blake, it is the difference between horse and ox. If the sacred can be understood as formative difference in the world, then, considering that language is what constitutes understanding of the world, it can be said to carry over into the text where it appears as formative difference between words.

While the previous two paragraphs bring us close to the heart of H.D.'s writing, they also bring us to a point beyond which the operation of the writing becomes occult. At least, this is what H.D. proposes when she attempts to defend her work from a criticism of which she was all too well aware. In The Walls Do Not Fall she quotes the view that her writing is "'non-utilitarian'" and "'pathetic,'" and then takes steps to refute it. Characteristically, however, when she comes to the defence

of her own work she becomes cryptic and mysterious. She suggests that the value of her work lies in "the secret wisdom," and asks

> but if you do not even understand what words say
>
> how can you expect to pass judgement
> on what words conceal?[7]

These are strange rebuttals by any account, and it is hard to imagine them having much effect upon a critic like Edward Shanks who had written that Palimpsest left him with "a faint impression that the author has failed to convey something not worth conveying."[8] What, after all, do words "say"? What do they "conceal"? H.D. defends her work by riddling at the margins of a tautologous claim that writing is writing. A strange defence indeed, and there have been readers enough willing to dismiss such questions as the evasive posturings of a vapid poet called to account for the vacuity of her own work. But H.D. knew this dismissive criticism too, and a few pages later she runs her poem--The Walls Do Not Fall--right through its midst:

> jottings on a margin
> indecipherable palimpsest scribbled over
>
> with too many contradictory emotions,
> search for finite definition

of the infinite, stumbling toward
vague cosmic expression,

obvious sentiment,
folder round a spiritual bank-account

with credit-loss too starkly indicated,
a riot of unpruned imagination.[9]

These are views taken from the critical perspective, and the poem passes through them undeterred. The fact that the poem goes on where it might be expected to succumb to its poisonous content is sufficient to cast a counter-perspective on the critical perspective which evidently gives no access to the fundamental activity of the text. Viewed from the counter-perspective the critical perspective can be seen to provide a view which affirms the critic (and his epistemology) by negating the text. As the poem courses through the criticism scrawled all over its surface, the critical perspective appears to be circumscribed and boxed into its own limits. The critic partakes in a peep-show, and his account of what he sees--an account which is centred by the critic's own lurid conceptions of 'content' and 'authorial intention' --is written in a script which the poem erases as it turns 'content' (which for the poem is the criticism) into textual relation, and 'authorial intention'(which for the poem is the critical intention) into textual intensity.

There is a reversal in which the palimpsest--originally a figure of speech in the critical account--becomes the operative principle whereby the poem effaces the critic and negates his negation. This is considerably better than talk about "the secret wisdom."

But H.D.'s demonstration of the inadequacy of the critical perspective does not change her own apparent inability to describe the fundamental activity of her writing. This inability can usefully be considered in relation to what I established in the first part of this study. There I attempted to show that as H.D.'s writing synchronizes the inner and outer turmoils it overcomes the disjunction between the two and exhibits them in the "subtle inter-relatedness" of a third realm special to the operational nature of the text. That is what the writing <u>does</u>, and what writing does need neither be the same as what is <u>says</u>, nor as what may subsequently be said about it. In order to account for her writing H.D. would have to detach herself from the very inter-relatedness she would describe. Once again, the difference lies between two scripts, and H.D. knew that one could not be reduced to the other. The impossibility of such reduction is implicit in the lines H.D. wrote about the colour of a jewel which is distilled from sacred words and which lies at the base of a crucible in <u>Tribute to Angels</u>(1945):

I do not want to name it,
I want to watch its faint

heart-beat, pulse-beat
as it quivers, I do not want

to talk about it,
I want to minimize thought,

concentrate on it
till I shrink,

dematerialize
and am drawn into it.[10]

At this point it is worth reiterating that as her work develops it becomes increasingly evident that the relational activity of the text is what interests H.D.. It is this relational activity which enables The Walls Do Not Fall to move through, and to deconstruct, the critical and alien content of the passage quoted two pages back. And what constitutes this activity is the interplay which I have already described as occurring between words and the intervals between them, between discrete words and the relational continuity discovered amongst them.

But how can one do more than to point to this relational activity given that every attempt to describe it seems bound to translate it into a foreign script? Not only has H.D. dismissed the critical perspective as wholly inadequate to the task, but she has also revealed

herself reduced to a silence in her attempt to describe the functioning of her work. She speaks of scents, of colours, of something that is given off: metaphors by which she seems to suggest that while the visible play of the text is going on something unutterable is taking place behind the arras.

There is a way through this curtain, through these deliberately cryptic metaphors, and by taking it I hope to be able to describe the operational nature of H.D.'s writing clearly enough to make the endeavour worthwhile. It lies in the way H.D.'s writing is contextually related to her extensive and diverse reading in then contemporary theory: classical scholarship, Freud, and (less contemporary) the occult. As context this theory makes it possible to identify the working of H.D.'s writing more closely than could otherwise be done. It enables one to see how H.D. inhabited her work. For the remainder of this study I shall be arguing largely in context. My purpose in doing so is twofold: first, I want to describe the operational nature of H.D.'s narrational writing as closely as possible; second, I intend to show that H.D.'s interest in this operational nature can be seen to unify a range of reading which might otherwise appear desultory. The two folds of my argument are coterminous, and I have consequently not treated them as if they were distinct.

H.D. developed her narrational mode of writing under the influence of classical scholars who, during approximately the same years, were proposing a new understanding of myth and designing a new Ancient Greece. Frazer's The Golden Bough was the originative work, and H.D. makes extensive use of its information in her early writing. Following Frazer (and more immediately contemporary with H.D.) came the so-called "Cambridge School" of classicists: Gilbert Murray (actually employed at Oxford), Jane Harrison, F.M. Cornford, and A.B. Cook. These four scholars extended the work of Frazer by opening discussion of his material far beyond the limited theoretical range of his own enquiry. They derived a theoretical ground from Durkheim, Bergson, Levy-Bruhl, and Freud among others, and shared in a common endeavour to establish that myth derived directly from ritual. This endeavour was controversial at the time and, in classical circles at least, has since fallen into disrepute. But the question whether or not these scholars were right in this regard falls outside the scope of my study. What is important is that they played a large part in defining the Ancient Greece which never ceased to hold H.D.'s interest. More particularly, in asserting that myth derived from ritual, they placed considerable emphasis on the demonstrative and operational nature of language.

It takes no great leap of the imagination to understand how this is likely to have interested H.D..

The classicists of "The Cambridge School" started with meditation upon potsherds and texts, and eventually came to propose an inter-relation between the Greek language and the phenomenology and social organization which they took to be characteristic of early Greek civilisation. The emphasis on language is crucial; towards the end of her life Jane Harrison took a glance behind her and remarked:

> If I could have my life over again I would devote it not to art and literature but to language . . . Language reflects and interprets and makes tolerable life; only it is a wider because more sub-conscious life.[11]

As for Cornford, I shall show that his theory of early Greek social development is identical with his theory of language.

But which books did H.D. read? There is scarcely any documentation to support an answer to this question. During the later 1920s H.D. reviewed books on Greece and Rome for a periodical called The Adelphi. Among these was a review of Gilbert Murray's The Four Stages of Greek Religion.[12] But even though there is, to my knowledge, no other explicit documentation of H.D.'s reading, there is plenty of textual evidence to suggest that H.D. had

read at least large parts of The Golden Bough. Similarly, H.D.'s evident conception of the inter-relations between Artemis, Athene, and Aphrodite is highly suggestive of Jane Harrison's Prolegomena: a large part of which is an attempt to establish that one feminine chthonian deity underlies the three later Olympian goddesses. Because of the dearth of evidence I cast my discussion as more of a speculation than I feel it to be. All the books of Greek scholarship that I refer to were current at the time when H.D. was writing her early narrational poems, and as I use them I shall not be suppressing the implication that they were of direct influence upon H.D.. Considering the extent of H.D.'s interest in Greece it would be extraordinary had she not read what were at the time major books in the field.

For H.D. the sacred was natural. Aphrodite, for example, is the sea. But the relation between the sacred and the natural goes further than this, and not least because the two orders--(1) the discrete order of words, and (2) the continuous order of relational activity discovered amongst them--which I have identified as being fundamental to the operation of her narrational writing seems almost certainly to be informed by H.D.'s understanding of the 'Nature' which Harrison and Cornford

were describing as the experiential basis of early Greek civilisation. At this point I shall stake my argument on the claim that there is an operative relation between the two fundamental textual orders of H.D.'s narrational writing and Physis and Moira: two terms which Harrison and Cornford find to be constitutive of early Greek 'Nature.' I shall argue for the relation I claim by using F.M. Cornford's book From Religion to Philosophy (1912).

Cornford deduces a pre-historic state of consciousness from the historical development of early Greek religion and philosophy. This is the radical fact of his book. He rejects the "presupposition that the first objects of speculation, the material upon which it sets to work, are the inner and outer experiences of the individual standing in the presence of Nature,"[13] and suggests that original consciousness was not divided between inner and outer because it was not individualized. Cornford hesitates to conclude that the original society was totemic, but he does claim that Greek religion and philosophy derive from the tissue, so to speak, of a sympathetic continuum, and that this continuum embodied kinship structures:

> Primitive beliefs about the nature of the world were sacred (religious or moral) beliefs, and the structure of the world was itself a moral or sacred order, because, in certain early phases of social development, the structure and behaviour

> of the world were held to be continuous with --a mere extension or projection of--the structure and behaviour of human society. The human group and the departments of Nature surrounding it were unified in one solid fabric of moirai--one comprehensive system of custom and taboo. The divisions of Nature were limited by moral boundaries, because they were actually the same as the divisions of society.
>
> (From Religion to Philosophy, p. 55)

Later in his book Cornford describes the primitive religious fact as

> a social group (moira), defined by its collective functions (nomoi); the functions constitute its nature (physis), considered as a vital force proper to that group. Religion begins with the first representation of this fact. (p. 87.)

Moira, Physis, and Nomos form a triad which persists, Cornford claims, throughout the different configurations --all of them "representations" in Cornford's sense--composing the history of early Greek religion and philosophy. As Cornford describes it, this is the history of the individual mind's emergence from the collective sympathetic continuum, and it tells of "the evolution of the visible world." The persistence of Moira, Physis, and Nomos ensures that even as the religious or philosophically inclined mind wonders or speculates about

things that are now recognizably distinct and other than itself, the mode in which the wonder or speculation occurs implies the old continuity.

Nomos is eventually taken up into Moira and I am not otherwise concerned with it. Moira and Physis can be defined in Cornford's terms. Generally speaking they are the static and dynamic aspects of the sympathetically conceived totality called 'Nature.' Cornford defines Moira in the three passages quoted below:

> Moira simply means 'part,' 'allotted portion'; from that primary meaning it is agreed that the meaning 'destiny' is derived. . . Each God has his own allotted portion or province--a certain department of nature or field of activity. . . Within his own domain his supremacy is not to be challenged; but he must not transgress its frontiers, and he will feel resentment (nemesis) at any encroachment by another.
>
> (From Religion to Philosophy, p. 16.)

> The original conception of Moira. . . turns out to be spatial, rather than temporal. We are to think of a system of provinces, co-existing side by side, with clearly marked boundaries. (pp. 16-17.)

> Moira is the blind automatic force which leaves their [Gods and humans] subordinate purposes and wills free play within their own legitimate spheres, but recoils in certain vengeance upon them the moment that they cross her boundaries . . .

> She stands for the provincial ordering of the world. (pp. 20-21)

Before coming to measure the domains of the gods, and eventually becoming deified as the goddess 'Destiny,' Moira (Cornford claims) is the spatially conceived and original disposition of the sympathetic continuum. It It embodies kinship structures and interfuses them with the order of things experienced. Despite its subsequent adaptation, Moira has and retains all the rigidity of taboo. Both gods and humans are defined as they are constrained by it. In H.D.'s play Hippolytus Temporizes it is Moira that recoils on Hippolytus who has transgressed in his attempt to love Artemis, and at the same time leaves Artemis unable to intervene between him and his fate:

> Artemis. Gods may not
> cut athwart
> a mortal's fate.
> Hippolytus. Then are the gods
> no greater than mere men?
> Artemis. Sometimes less great.[14]

It is Moira, not as destiny, but as the original disposition of 'Nature,' that I liken to the enduring and formative disposition presented by words in the nature of the narrational text: a disposition which can also be conceived spatially, and which is similarly beyond transgression. Moira is the measure of discrete domains. I

have already remarked how important the discreteness of words is to H.D.'s narrational writing.

Physis, to the limited extent that it can be translated, means 'nature.' But it is not the totality of things so much as

> the nature of things . . . the one ultimate stuff, from which, as they the Greeks held, the world of things we see has arisen and into which it perishes. (From Religion to Philosophy, p. 7.)

Physis is, according to Cornford, the growing "stuff of the world." Cornford claims that it is closely related to the unity of the original sympathetic continuum, and that it is consequently alive. The sympathetic continuum "can only be represented as a fluid which takes the shape of the compartments it fills" (p. 86.). In this metaphor Physis is the fluid, and Moira the compartments. Physis is conceived to be a subtle and flowing stuff which is the presence of the world in time. But this 'time' is not to be understood by means of spatial metaphor (both Cornford and Harrison were too familiar with Bergson to make this mistake). It is as a process which is constantly coming, becoming, and going that Physis is dynamic. Considering that, according to Cornford, Physis derives from the original sympathetic continuum, it stands to reason that the time in which it

manifests is related to the rhythms of consciousness itself. Given that Moira is like the textual disposition presented by words, Physis is like the second and relational order which establishes meaning within time amongst them. Like the relationality of a text, Physis is continuous.

According to Cornford, then, Physis and Moira derive from a sympathetic continuum in which mind and world (the inner turmoil and the outer) are confluent with the structure of society. During this stage nature is thoughtful, and thought 'physical.' Later, as thought becomes individual and learns to distinguish between self and a nature conceived as external, religion and philosophy come into their own. Moira and Physis remain the fundamental terms of these two modes of thought. Thus, for example, Moira exists before the emergence of the gods as the original disposition of 'Nature.' In support of this claim, Cornford points out that in Hesiod's Theogony the primary divisions between land, sea, and air are established before the gods rise from the divided elements. He considers Pindar's description of the dasmos in the seventh Olympian Ode. The dasmos (which I have already mentioned as the moment when Helios is excluded from the world as is--p. 98.) is the oath-taking in which the gods are bound to the domains allocated to them. Cornford suggests that the

dasmos redeclares Moira as if it only followed from the existence of the gods. What was first a disposition is re-presented as a dispensation which is then proposed to be the original or 'natural' order of things. Cornford supports this conclusion by remarking that horkos, the Greek word for 'oath,' is essentially the same word as herkos, meaning 'fence.' It is in the establishing of the Olympian gods that Nomos is amalgamated with Moira:

> If we are right in thinking that Moira ultimately meant the division of the universe into distinct provinces, it is clear that this division, as soon as it comes to be the work of a personal God, can be conceived as a nomosthesia--a laying down or fixing of nomoi; and that this process is simply a redistribution to Gods and men of their domains, privileges and honours.
>
> (From Religion to Philosophy, p. 28.)

At this point it is worth noticing that just as the Olympian gods are said to appropriate the disposition which originally gives rise to them, and to declare it as their own, the mind of many a writer comes back at words declaring them subordinate to itself, and usurping their original place as the occasion and vehicle of thought--the disclosure of mind in a collectively experienced world.

Assuming (for the sake of an argument which must establish its legitimacy gradually) that there is a likeness between the Physis and Moira of Cornford's Greek 'Nature' and the continuous and discrete orders which I have described as being fundamental to the textual nature of H.D.'s narrational writing, then Cornford's book becomes useful in the light which it casts on H.D.'s developing work. It is remarkable that the factors orientating Cornford's history of Physis and Moira correlate with those determining H.D.'s development of a narrational mode of writing. Certainly, it is easy to see how H.D. was liable to be interested in a sympathetic continuum said to take a place corresponding to the one occupied by the disjunctions that H.D. felt dividing herself from others and the world. But the parallel between H.D.'s work and the history with which Cornford is concerned goes further than this. In Cornford's book a precedent can be found for what H.D. identifies as the central activity of her work (see p. 112.). It is clear that if the continuous and discrete constituents of textuality are, as they are interplayed, to enable H.D. to overcome her estrangement, then they must somehow be true to both thought and world, to both "the inner turmoil and the outer." According to Cornford Physis and Moira remain fundamental even after the original sympathetic continuum has broken

and the mind become knowingly individual and distinct from the world. Eventually, of course, they fragment: Physis, for example, disintegrating into the atoms which Democritus interposed as a model between himself and the world. But there was, Cornford suggests, a stage-- and it is likely to have seemed especially remarkable to H.D.--when Physis and Moira were evidently present on both sides of the widening divide between cultured and individualized human experience and the environing world. It is at this stage (before the establishment of natural science on the one hand and classical psychology on the other), that Cornford finds language becoming the site of a reunion between mind and world. The reunion is possible because Physis and Moira are as essential to the structure and behaviour of language as they are to that of both mind and the world experienced as environment. As the site of such a reunion language can provide the revelation of a great love--'Love' in the Empedoclean sense of a coming back together, a regathering which is opposed to the separative power of 'Strife.' So, within the terms of its theory of language, Cornford's book provides the reader of H.D.'s writing with a way of understanding how the relational activity of the text can be thought to raise "the inner turmoil and the outer" into synchrony.

Perhaps it is excessive to propose that two paragraphs

in a book can constitute a theory of language, but the two to be found in Cornford's book are so important that I am inclined to do so all the same. Indeed, it is only given his understanding of language that Cornford could propose the history that he does. His understanding of language is Heraclitean, and the original sympathetic continuum that he places at the root of 'Nature' is certainly informed by his conception of Heraclitus' Logos. The two paragraphs on language follow below:

> To form a representation of the structure of Nature is to have control over it. To classify things is to name them, and the name of a thing, or a group of things, is its soul; to know their names is to have power over their souls. Language, that stupendous product of the collective mind, is a duplicate, a shadow-soul of the whole structure of reality; it is the most effective and comprehensive tool of human power, for nothing, whether human or superhuman is beyond its reach. Speech is the Logos which stands to the universe in the same relation as the myth to the ritual action; it is a descriptive chart of the whole surface of the real. (From Religion to Philosophy, p. 141.)

> He [Heraclitus] and his followers, as we may see from Plato's Kratylus, constantly appealed to words as embodying the nature of things [Cornford has previously defined Physis as the "nature of things."], because he saw in language an expression of that common wisdom which is in all

> men, and thought that, as a collective product, it might be free from, or at least only partly obscured by, the false private opinions of individuals. The Logos reflects the structure of the world; more, it is an embodiment or representation of it. The Logos is contained and immanent within it, as one meaning may be contained in many outwardly different symbols. When Heraclitus says that the Wise, which is One only, 'is willing and unwilling to be called by the name Zen (Zeus, Life),' we are to understand that it is willing to be so called, because the name reveals some of the truth about it; unwilling, because it is only some of the truth that is revealed, and more is concealed. Language, like the visible world, is a manifold, and so half unreal and false; yet for those who have ears, the one truth lives through all its varied forms. (p.192)

Cornford's description of language is certainly problematic. If the terms of his description are interrogated (terms such as "representation," "soul," "collective mind," "tool," etc.) they declare themselves as clichés by means of which a theory of language as animistic ("for those who have ears, the one truth lives through all its varied forms") discourse ("a descriptive chart of the whole surface of the real") is established. But despite the fact that his confusion of language with discourse leads Cornford to imply acquiescence to the discursive

organization of reality and thus to predicate meaning upon a process of discovery rather than search, despite the fact that his is less a theory of signs than a theory of soulful names, Cornford's description will serve to illuminate H.D.'s development of a narrational mode of writing. In his terms the importance of language lies not in its transparency but in its opacity. In H.D.'s terms this is to say that its importance lies not in what is "says" but in what it "conceals." As "a shadow-soul of the whole structure of reality," "a descriptive chart of the whole surface of the real," Cornford's language embodies Physis and Moira. Although Cornford does not explicitly detail the presence they find in language, it is at this point that his argument meets the speculation with which I began this study of his book. Physis is the relational activity within which meaning is established in writing or speech. And Moira? What is the provincial ordering of language? What are its inviolable limits? If, as Cornford suggests, Moira can be conceived as the compartments which shape the live and flowing stuff Physis, then in language, the divisions of Moira are evident as the discreteness of words.

So, without being submitted to undue constraint,

the primary terms of Cornford's argument enter speech where they find a presence like that of the two related orders fundamental to H.D.'s narrational writing. But the likeness between H.D.'s work and Cornford's book goes further than this. For there is a parallel between the way H.D. identifies the operational nature of the narrational text and then becomes cryptic about what its operation involves, and the way Cornford brings his two fundamental terms (Physis and Moira) into a consideration of language and then starts, cryptically and mysteriously, to discuss the Logos and the "ears" with which it might be heard. It is hard to tell how Cornford understands the Logos. He remarks that speech is the Logos which stands in the same relation to the world as myth to the ritual action, but this merely passes the question on to the most contentious aspect of Cornford's argument: namely his contention that myth derived directly from ritual action. Curious as it seems, Cornford's claim that one must have "ears" to hear the Logos in speech will be more useful to us. What does Cornford mean to say by these "ears"? I described a similar allusiveness when considering H.D.'s remarks about "the secret wisdom" and the colour of the enigmatic jewel in Tribute to Angels. This reversion to metaphor at the point where

one expects discussion of the relation between language and experience to call 'reality' into question probably does reflect the reluctance of both H.D. and Cornford to think beyond the point where 'reality' is revealed to be constructed within discourse; beyond, this is to say, the point at which an understanding of the way 'reality' is historically constructed begins to threaten the idea of phenomenological presence and truth. But, nevertheless, I shall try to substantiate Cornford's "ears" in order to show that with them one can hear the 'silent' activity of H.D.'s text as it courses through the alien and critical content of the passage quoted from The Walls Do Not Fall (see p. 138-9).

It is noticeable that H.D.'s work is never so full of occult presences as when she is attempting to cast some light upon the way her writing works, and to comment upon what it demonstrates or 'does.' I have already suggested that what it 'does' is to synchronize the inner and outer turmoils by revealing them in the "subtle inter-relatedness" of a confluence which submits to no terms other than its own, and which H.D. would, therefore, have to break in order to describe. As Cornford defines them Physis and Moira are similarly irreducible. They are fundamental to the structure and behaviour of the world perceived as natural, to the thought which becomes aware of this natural world

as its environment, and also to language. In their actuality Physis and Moira are inconceivable because they are integral to the act of conception itself. They cannot be thought except as thought thinking. Likewise they cannot be described beyond the point at which Cornford becomes metaphorical because they are implicit in the act of description. Physis and Moira are all-pervasive, and thus lie beyond extrapolation. The Logos, which Cornford elsewhere derives from Physis become soul-stuff, is to be 'heard' in speech. It is caught, Cornford suggests, as an enigmatically dark and acoustic gleam in the unfolding of words. As I suggest a way in which this 'hearing'--these rather ridiculous "ears"--can be understood, I shall also be describing the necessity of H.D.'s abandonment of arbitrary lyricism in favour of a narrational mode of writing in which she can attend to the way words unfold.

Esoteric Writing in Early Twentieth Century Ancient Greece.

In The Four Stages of Greek Religion (1912) Gilbert Murray writes as follows about the inaudibility of the Music of the Spheres:

> It is beautiful beyond all earthly music,

> this Music of the Spheres, beyond all human dreams of what music might be. The only pity is that--except for a few individuals in trances --nobody has ever heard it. Circumstances seem always to be unfavourable. It may be that we are too far off, though, considering the vastness of the orchestra, this seems improbable. More likely we are merely deaf to it because it never stops and we have been in the middle of it since we first drew breath.[15]

In suggesting, quaintly enough, that the Music of the Spheres is inaudible because it is the sound in which the ear distinguishes silence, Gilbert Murray proposes a concealedness like that which holds Cornford's Logos, the actuality of his Physis and Moira, and H.D.'s enigmatic scents, jewels, and yellow-melon flower beyond ken. What is this concealedness, and what is its bearing on H.D.'s work? It is posited as an unspeakable mystery by writers who find it at the limits of their own speech. Hindsight suggests that these are the limits of early twentieth century bourgeois discourse, and that the mystery is an early anticipation of the field of semiotics which would later penetrate the ageing veil behind which the mechanisms of discourse were hidden. I hope to show that the Greek scholarship available to H.D. can be read as proposing a psychology of textual operation which is far from being entirely vague.

Later in The Four Stages of Greek Religion Murray writes that Heraclitus

> deliberately expressed himself in a language which should not be understood of the vulgar, and which bore a hidden meaning to his disciples. Pythagoras did the same. The prophets and religious writers must have done so to an even greater extent. And we know enough of the history of ritual to be sure that a great deal of it is definitely allegorical.
> (The Four Stages of Greek Religion, p. 148.)

The fact that certain communications cannot be anything but oblique is not to be confused with a strategic wish to be obscure. It is, in fact, only Murray's opinion that Heraclitus and Pythagoras "expressed" themselves in terms that were deliberately obscure. Even a cursory knowledge of the fragments of Heraclitus and the traditional reputation of Pythagoras suggests that these two thinkers did not "express" themselves at all. Both were particularly concerned with tracing out correspondences between their own thought and what they considered to be an original thought constellating the world. Their meaning was esoteric precisely because it was not available to simple expression. With regard to Heraclitus, for example, a later scholar, Thorlief Boman, has asserted that the Greek language was simply inadequate to his orientally

influenced thought. Boman suggests that Plato was aware of this, and quotes the following passage from the Theaetetus in support of his suggestion:

> The maintainers of the doctrine have as yet no words in which to express themselves, and must get a new language. I know of no word that will suit them. . . [16]

In 1911 D.S. Margoliouth published an edition of Aristotle's Poetics which is likely to have been the standard edition during the years in which H.D. was writing her early narrational texts. In his Introduction Margoliouth attempts to describe the esoteric mode of writing. He claims that the Poetics is an esoteric text, and that if finds its full meaning only as it is situated within what he claims is the deliberatedly whole structure of Aristotle's entire work. The meaning of the Poetics is dependant upon an understanding of certain crucial words--'Catharsis' is among those that Margoliouth cites as examples--whose meaning is not wholly intrinsic to the text in question. These words declare their full meaning only to one who knows all the other occasions in which Aristotle used them. By carefully repeating these crucial words Aristotle is supposed to have constructed what amounts to a meta-text which operates over and above, as well as throughout,

the literal surfaces of the many singular texts. Margoliouth's suggestion is that the meaning of each crucial word is like a thread in the seamless fabric of Aristotle's complete work: a fabric of delicate and intricate design which has come down to posterity as rags and tatters. Certainly, this 'complete work' of Aristotle's may only exist to the extent that it bodies forth the fantasy of a classicist frustrated in his endeavour to establish the 'full' meaning of the Poetics, but even so Margoliouth, as he argues his case, distinguishes textuality from literal meaning, and in this he is useful.

In his attempt to describe the esoteric activity of Aristotle's writing Margoliouth turns his attention to the way in which ancient texts were memorized:

> From the Nicomachaean Ethics we learn that the practice of getting philosophical treatises by heart and afterwards becoming acquainted with their meaning was familiar to the Greeks; this, we are told, was done in the case of the poems of Empedocles. Epicurus also required his followers to commit his writings to memory. A medieval Aristotelian, Avicenna, tells us similarly that he committed the Metaphysics to memory, without understanding the sense; presently he came across the treatise of Al-Farabi, which explained it to him.[17]

The idea of memorizing a text before troubling to understand what it says is extraordinary, and all the more so considering that the ready-to-hand explanation will not account for it. Doubtless texts were memorized because before the invention of paper and printing, memory was a convenient retrieval system. But this is almost beside the point. What Margoliouth suggests is that the understanding of esoteric texts is somehow dependant upon their being memorized. In the memory the text performs itself, and only in the performance will its meaning become apparent.

Margoliouth goes on to claim, through the Poetics, that tragedy itself is of an esoteric textuality:

> Tragedy is what tragedy does; and a tragedy can be read no less than a Romance, and will perform its work in the same way. Hence the two extra eide, Exhibition and Music, merely intensify the pleasure. . . (Poetics, p. 74.)

Both Margoliouth's claim that "Tragedy is what Tragedy does" and the emphasis he places on the way a text "performs" its work command attention here. If the meaning of a text involves its performance--involves the way it articulates itself--then it is not merely a matter of what the text literally 'says.' So Margoliouth returns us to the consideration which prompted this

discussion of the classical scholarship contemporary with H.D.'s writing in the first place: the operational nature of the text. In terms of the mnemonic that Margoliouth relates to the meaning of esoteric writings the remembering mind becomes a theatre in which the text performs and displays itself. How does the text perform itself? How does the mind operate as a theatre? The questions may modulate those which lead me into considering Physis and Moira, but they are not fundamentally different. After all, they return our attention to the way in which the text works, and thus to the two constitutive orders which must determine its performance: discrete words, and the relational continuity found in the intervals between them.

Whether or not its activity is being thought within a theatrical metaphor, it remains true that a text can only become apparent as it unfolds its relational coherence among the words in which it is written. Margoliouth suggests that esoteric meaning and understanding derive from, and are implicit in, the way words construct the theatre, draw up the props, and form the text's performance of itself. To say this is to suggest that words have loci in the mind of the person whose memory is staging the text, and that by means of these loci the words gather the psycho-mnemonic structure in

which the text breaks into the light of its own performance.

It is no subtle point that we know the words of a text before we read it, and that otherwise we would not be in a position to understand it. Margoliouth's theatre is an 'under-standing' of the words constituting the performing text. Each time, for example, the word Catharsis occurred in the performance of the Poetics it would reverberate all its moments in Aristotle (whose entire work, according to this view, must be accessible to the memory), thereby taking part in the construction of a theatre of contextual and inter-textual relations. Having participated in the construction, the word then enters the performance of the text wherein it serves rather as does a character in a play: its part being the formative display of the psycho-mnemonic continuity which is specific to Aristotle's understanding of the word. Margoliouth's argument may be an unnecessarily complicated justification for finding Aristotle's Poetics no longer fully comprehensible, but his insistence that there are two different levels of textual operation, his insistence that words dispose the mind in a way that makes it accessible to their text's dispensation of meaning, is significant.[18] Like H.D., Margoliouth finds words to be operative on both sides of the arras.

Memory and Love in H.D.'s Writing.

It is impossible to establish how much H.D. knew about the ancient mnemonic with which Margoliouth is concerned. This mnemonic was originated in Ancient Greece, persisted through the Roman civilisation (in which it was closely associated with the technique of rhetoric), and reappeared, modulated once again, in the quasi-occult thought of Rennaissance thinkers like Camillo, Bruno, Lull, and Fludd. There was no book on the subject (in English at least) until after H.D.'s death when Frances Yates published The Art of Memory (1966). Yet there can be no doubt that H.D. was familiar with some of the material which concerned Frances Yates in The Art of Memory and, more particularly in her later books Theatre of the World and The Rosicrucian Enlightenment. There is evidence of this familiarity in H.D.'s essay on the English Rennaissance, "The Guest" (in By Avon River), and especially in her partially published novel, The Mystery. In the scholarship available to her H.D. could only have come across scattered references to the mnemonic. But the classical texts from which modern knowledge of the mnemonic derives were available, and it is conceivable that H.D. had read Cicero's De Oratore or the Ad Herennium from which Frances Yates summarizes and quotes in the following

passage:

> The art of memory is like an inner writing. Those who know the letters of the alphabet can write down what is dictated to them and read out what they have written. Likewise those who have learned mnemonics can set in places what they have heard and deliver it from memory. 'For the places are very much like the letters, the arrangement and disposition of the images like the script, and the delivery is the reading.[19]

I began this chapter by remarking that H.D. evidently felt that the act of writing was of a significance special to itself. Subsequently I have remarked that--in terms of Cornford's argument--Physis and Moira are the operative principles enabling language to provide the revelation of a love: a regathering love which restores thought and world to confluence with one another. H.D. also associated writing with love: a love which in turn is related to memory.

In a poem called "Nossis" (first published in 1924) H.D. translates a passage from one of the Greek poems gathered in Meleager's Anthology. The passage tells how Love melted the wax on Nossis' writing tablet. It is, in fact, Richard Aldington's translation which tells of 'melting.'[20] H.D. quickens the process and has Love 'burning' the wax. But for H.D. the relation

between love and writing was not simply that love compelled the poet to compose. She suggests that the very act of writing participates in a love which is the revealed condition of textuality.[21] The power of the love that H.D. associated with her writing enabled it to return discrete words to the continuity of relational interaction. This love is a gathering, a comprising, which brings, in H.D.'s phrase (a translation of the Greek word 'anthology' which derives from words meaning 'flower' and 'gathering'), "all flowering things together."[22] It is an Empedoclean love revealed in the comprising movement of the text which gathers and opens the psyche of the writer around its own activities.

But this textual gathering of the psyche cannot be described unless the memorial nature of H.D.'s writing is also taken into account. Whether or not she had read the Ad Herennium, whether or not she was aware of the classical mnemonic with its memory theatre and 'inner' script, there can be no doubt that H.D. linked writing and memory in her own mind. In "A Note On Poetry" H.D. describes her early poems as "the poems of memory - suppressed memory maybe," and then goes on to name the various geographies which underlie her early naturalism: the coasts of Pennsylvania and Maine, the Greek Islands, Italy, and England. She also suggests a literary (if

not especially textual) relation between memory and Atlantis: "The lost world of the classics and the neo-classics is the world of childhood."[23] The link between writing and memory is most evident in Bid Me To Live which H.D. wrote just after the Second World War ("I was in a villa near Vevey when suddenly everything came back to me"), and which treats her life during the First World War in a manner which is directly auto-biographical: "it is just that, word for word . . . It is a roman à clef, and the keys are easy enough to find."[24]

Love in the text returns discrete words to the continuity of meaningful interaction, and in H.D.'s extraordinarily 'writerly' experience of life something like it can do the same for estranged and therefore 'atomistic' and 'discrete' people. Thus in Bid Me To Live textual love (which is here correlative with the collectivity established in the world by language which, because it can only be meaningful given a shared understanding, declares people inter-related) and H.D.'s memory of her early life in wartime London combine in a writing which realizes what H.D. calls the "gloire". The "gloire" consists of illuminated traceries of relation which H.D. discovers between herself and the people she associates with her room in Mecklenburgh Square. Writing Bid Me To Live was an act of remembrance, and it enabled H.D.

to transform, without falsifying or glossing, the tortured and estranging relations between herself, her husband, and her friends into a pattern which she can accept as fitting. H.D. subtitled Bid Me To Live "a madrigal," and wrote of life during these years as if it were a lyric, and each person a sung word. The "gloire" is proposed as the harmony, the relational order which appears in what had at the time seemed unrelated and desultory. Indeed, it is an order which includes the unrelated and the desultory; the order of a text which appears in the world of an experience re-membered.

The activity of love and memory which H.D. evidently associated with writing is revealed in the movement of the text: a relational movement which is dependant upon the interplay of the continuous and the discrete. In his discussion of esoteric meaning and its relation to the classical mnemonic, Margoliouth directs his reader into a consideration of the way in which the text performs itself. In doing so he emphasizes the interplay between words and the relationality which it is my concern to describe in H.D.'s work. But Margoliouth goes further than this, for in his attempt to describe esoteric meaning he implies that this interplay is actually constitutive of the psyche, that it literally informs the

psyche. How can the words of a text assemble a theatre in the mind of one who has memorized it? This question can be rephrased and addressed to H.D.'s narrational writing: how is it that the words of a text in the process of being written will so dispose H.D.'s mind as to draw the future development of the text from it.

While it may not be specifically helpful to think of the words of a text by H.D. as if their work was to constitute a psychological theatre in which the text performs itself, something of the sort is the case. In her narrational writing H.D. deliberately exploits the fact that words are known--each as the articulation (the 'presentation' perhaps) of an understanding derived from past experience--before they can be meaningfully used. As a word is written it opens into the play of the text those memories and associations with which it is linked. It will be useful to describe how this works with reference to one word, and as an example I take "islands" from the stanza of "All Mountains" which I have already discussed (see p. 116.). In the immediate terms of the stanza "islands" are snow-covered peaks which thrust up above the dark forest which resembles the sea when the wind sweeps across it. H.D. writes "Marble of islands," presumably thinking of Pentelicus, a mountain just outside Athens which the ancients quarried for the white marble favoured

by their sculptors. But H.D.'s understanding of "islands" is of much greater extent than this. It can be gathered from her early work that she associated "islands" with a lost unity (Atlantis), and with a beauty which was set apart from life and consequently both dangerous and alluring (the Sirens). Together with associations such as these, the word stirred H.D.'s memories of specific islands which had figured in her past. The first, from childhood, was Calypso's Island in the Lehigh River, Pennsylvania. Then there were the Casco Bay Islands off the coast of Maine, Corfu, Capri, the Aegean Islands, and, finally, England.[25] Together with numerous associations that one cannot hope to tabulate, H.D.'s memories of these actual islands were engaged by the word "islands." If one had access to all the memories and associations which the word "islands" comprised for H.D., it would be possible to map the discrete psycho-mnemonic "space" or "dimension" which was, in her experience, specific to the word. Although no such access is available, we do have sufficient information about H.D.'s understanding of "islands" to recognize what it is that words in their discreteness bring into the play of the text. In effect they bring the "inner turmoil" out into the signified presence of the text, but they do so without necessarily reifying it: the words are caught, themselves like "islands,"

in perpetual "shift and change" (see p. 116.).

The word is the murex-fisher so dear to H.D..[26] It plunges down into the depths of what H.D. frequently describes as the inner ocean and re-surfaces with the shells from which is made the sea-blue dye which tinctures the fabric of the text. Considering how important the "space" of the word is for H.D., it is not suprising that she has a name for it. In her essay "The Cinema and the Classics" she writes of the "word-reaction."[27]

In "A Note On Poetry" H.D. writes: "'What are the islands to me?' They are, I suppose, an inner region of defence, escape."[28] Considering that H.D.'s work is an endeavour to escape and to propitiate the maddening surge of the "inner turmoil," we might think of the discrete words of a poem as if they were the islands of an archipelago breaking, modulating, and redirecting the currents of the inner ocean. A veritable Galapagos in fact: each island with its own distinct (psycho-mnemonic) fauna, each fauna intricately related to the others, and meaning to be found in the relation between them--the evolution of the text.

But if the words of a text resemble the islands of an archipelago, what is the relational activity discovered in the intervals between them. What is the continuous order of the text, the order that I likened to Physis? In H.D.'s own terms it is the inner ocean:

the sea which threshes around and shapes the islands as it breaks against them. It is the sea from which love and divinity were borne as Aphrodite; the sea of which Artemis is, in H.D.'s words, "Mistress of the tide-line."[29] Perhaps H.D. actually was thinking of the words of her text when she wrote the stanza of "All Mountains" which tells of Artemis' "islands":"islands" which "shift and change" as the surface of the stanza ebbs and flows. Edward Sapir noticed this ebbing and flowing, and in his review of The Collected Poems of H.D. he compared the "psychological cadence" of "The Helmsman" and "The Shrine" with that of "Holy Satyr" and concluded:

> There it was the full rush and impact of the wave - breaker and spray; here it is the same wave on the recoil: smoothed and foaming.[30]

This inner ocean is the unconscious as it is engaged in the action of writing. It is the sea imprisoned in the "song" of which Hyperides and Hippolytus speak in Hippolytus Temporizes:

> Hyperides. You cannot catch the sea
> within a song.
> Hippolytus. What is song for,
> what use is song at all
> if it cannot imprison all the sea,

if it cannot beat down
in avalanche of fervour even
the wind,
if it cannot drown out
our human terror?[31]

It is also the sea of Aphrodite: the relational meaning in which, as the Surrealists also said, words make love.

I have given an inevitably partial description of the psycho-mnemonic complex which was, for H.D., the "space" of the word "islands." We can assume, I think, that H.D. experienced every word with a concrete signification as being the articulation, the 'presentation,' of a similar "space." The unconscious stirs in the intervals between these "spaces." It is engaged as the relationality discovered among words, and, remaining as it were 'between' words, and therefore outside the phenomenology of the text, it remains beneath the threshold of the consciousness realized by writing. Considering the complexity of each word's "space" one must expect this relationality to be an extremely intricate network of continuous traceries which run from "space" to "space" and involve psychological activities which are not caught and contained in either. These traceries are always on the seaward side of Artemis' "tide-line" (a "tide-line" which replaces the shoreline of Sea Garden

and becomes the focus of the narrational writing). They are defined as the "spaces" intersect in H.D.'s awareness of writing, and while they are never translated into the conscious terms of the text, they are, nevertheless, integral to its development. Thus, for example, if H.D. has written two words the intersectional activity between them is likely to propose a third to follow them. But even as the third is written the the traceries remain outside the conscious realm of its "word-reaction." For the moment the word is written the intersections change. Here again, one might think of Artemis as the ecstatic dance of perpetual distance.

II UNDERWRITING; TEXTUALITY IN FREUD.

> "I can't blow everybodies' noses for 'em
> Have felt yr
> vile Freud all bunk" (Ezra Pound to H.D.
> in a letter from St. Elizabeth's, 1954).[32]
>
> "It is in the dimension of a synchrony that
> you must situate the unconscious" (Jacques Lacan).[33]
>
> "Reality and desire are borne together
> at the entrance into language" (J-F. Lyotard).[34]

In 1938 H.D. described her earliest poems as automatic writing:

> I let my pencil run wild in those early days of my apprenticeship, in an old-fashioned school copy-book--when I could get one. Then I would select from many pages of automatic or pseudo-automatic writing the few lines that satisfied me . . . I cannot give actual dates to these early finished fragments, but they would be just pre-war and at latest early-war period. Finished fragments? Yes I suppose they are that--stylistic lashings, definitely self-conscious, though as I say impelled by some inner conflict.[35]

Considering the delicate and carefully contrived nature of many of the early poems, this description is likely to suprise. But in actuality Sea Garden does corroborate the

description. What, for example, provides the coherence of "The Gift," or "Sheltered Garden"? Both poems appear to have been 'anthologized' in the sense that some of their stanzas bear no sign of deliberated relation with each other. It seems likely that at least some of these stanzas were written apart from one another, and subsequently gathered together only when H.D. noticed that they tended towards one another, or, in the case of "The Gift," when she found an occasion in which to join them as if they were pearls and she herself threading a necklace. The same lack of deliberation characterizes the geography of Sea Garden which I have already described as a structure which rises out of the individual poems which it comprises and situates within itself. There is good reason to think that H.D. only discovered and formalized this geography as she was compiling the book.

In the preceding parts of this study I have tried to establish that H.D.'s narrational writing is demonstrative of the way in which it works, and to show that this fact is clearly related to another: namely that the writing functions within H.D.'s endeavour to break the bounds of a wretched consciousness. Considering these points together I think it is justified to assert that H.D.'s later narrational writing is also 'automatic.' Certainly it functions partially outside or 'beyond' the consciousness of authorial control, and it does so in

order to fish up what H.D. identified as the murex from those fundamental psychic activities which are necessarily occulted from consciousness. But how can H.D.'s writing be called 'automatic' when it so obviously reveals the conscious purpose directing it (even if it is directing it into a range of psychic activity where all directions change)? H.D. herself allows for this apparent inconsistency when she modifies her claim: the writing is automatic, "or pseudo-automatic," and "definitely self-conscious." But the question remains, and it will allow me to discuss the relation between conscious and unconscious processes that H.D.'s writing proposes.

As I have tried to show, H.D. exploits the fact that words will declare their own intentionality and affinities, and that in so doing they will engage psychic functions which could never be assembled into a purposeful consciousness presiding over the development of the text, and which could never be simply expressed. We can derive from this that in composing her narrational writing H.D. balances authority with obeisance. She consciously directs her writing into the operational activity which enables it to penetrate beyond consciousness, and at the moment of penetration she becomes attentive to what is fed-back into the conscious play of the text. H.D. speaks in her writing, but she also listens. And it is the operational--the 'automatic'

--nature of her writing that enables her to do both. In this respect automatism provides the pulse of the text.

In her essay "The Cinema and the Classics" H.D. wrote: "we must work self-consciously and at the same time leave vast areas of the mind and spirit free, open to idea, to illumination."[36] H.D. knew that writing will inevitably remain a conscious activity, and worked to find a textuality which would take her through the consciousness of writing into more fundamental psychic activities. When H.D. writes (again in "The Cinema and the Classics") that "it is preconceived ideas that destroy all approach to real illumination,"[37] she suggests that consciousness only becomes problematic when it becomes distinct and isolate--a single-spaced interiority encircling itself in preconception. Working against preconception, H.D.'s narrational writing galvanizes the various functional levels of the psyche, and gathers them (once again like "all flowering things together") into the relational coherence of the text in which they also encounter the signified experience of world, and are thus realized. While this writing can be understood to be automatic, the understanding must include the recognition that "automatism is a feature of the maturity not the infancy of a rule governed practice."[38] Writing, obviously enough, is a rule governed practice. Words are discrete, and the rules governing writing are

largely the measure of this discreteness. H.D., as I hope to establish, was particularly attentive to these rules.

While it was known before in association with both occult and artistic imaginative practice, automatic writing has, since the beginning of the twentieth century, been most closely associated with psychoanalysis. In The Interpretation of Dreams Freud quotes a letter in which Schiller claims that the imaginative writer must diminish rational control over the pen.[39] Later, in 1920, Freud remarks that automatic writing holds a significant place in the prehistory of psychoanalysis.[40] That H.D. calls her writing 'automatic' reflects her interest in Freud.

Textuality in Freud.

A poem like "Sea Rose" with its evident participation in a displaced sexuality (see p. 27) works like a Freudian dream. This is not to say that H.D.'s writing can be reduced to the expression of unconscious sexuality, for just as Freud's case studies in hysteria work like short stories, his dreams operate like modernist texts. There is two-way traffic on this road.

Freud's The Interpretation of Dreams served H.D. as

a source. The palimpsest--H.D.'s most important structural metaphor--plays a significant part in Freud's book where it serves to describe the different layers of inscription and reinscription that Freud believed to compose the psyche. Similarly, H.D. makes her own use of Galton's composite photographs which Freud refers to quite frequently.[41] It is to The Interpretation of Dreams that H.D.'s poem The Flowering of the Rod owes its textual instance. Indeed, unless it is understood how Freud ties pre-existing symbolizations into the mnemic (and therefore textual) character of the dream-work in his interpretation of a dream called "the language of flowers"[42] The Flowering of the Rod is unlikely to appear as anything more than a brittle exercise in iconology.

I have proposed that the significance of H.D.'s narrational writing lies in its textual operation. This has lead me to pay little attention to the manifest content of particular texts. In this I have taken my cue from H.D. herself, and particularly from that passage of The Walls Do Not Fall in which H.D.'s poem mocks and effaces its critical content. The significance of H.D.'s writing lies in what it does, and this is not the same as whatever it might say. The terms in which this situation can be understood belong to Freud as much as to the classicists--to the Freud who insisted that the manifest content of a dream is merely a distorted trans-

cript of the dream-thought, and therefore not a ground sufficient to bear the weight of analysis and interpretation.[43] The dream and the narrational poem are both demonstrative of psychic activities which could never be brought into line with a presiding consciousness with a meaning to express, and Freud's discussion of the dream-work is highly suggestive of the interpretative method which H.D.'s narrational texts demand of their reader.

Freud remarks as follows about the dream-thought:

> It must not be forgotten, however, that we are dealing with an unconscious process of thought, which may easily be different from what we perceive during purposive reflection accompanied by consciousness (Interpretation of Dreams, p. 315).

He later remarks that the dream-thought may not even be represented in the dream-content, and goes on to show how it may be traced out in an interpretation which considers how various parts or elements (Freud likens these parts to the words of a sentence - the relation with H.D.'s work is obvious) of the dream intersect in the psyche. It is of fundamental importance to realize that the dream-work "does not think, calculate or judge in any way at all, it restricts itself to giving things a new form" (P. 543). As Freud describes it, the dream-work involves a wide range of intelligent activity which

is unconscious, and which is purposive only in the sense that it is functional and therefore specific. It condenses the dream thought, displaces it, represents it in such a way that each word-like part of the dream may be determined in different ways by the dream-thought (over-determination). Freud describes the dream-work as a process involving both transcription and translation. He talks in terms of two different languages (p. 311). There are even occasions where he likens the formation of a dream to the formation of a poem (p. 375). Freud proposes that words are integral to the structure of the psyche revealed in dreams. Words are "the nodal points of numerous ideas" (p. 367), and the over-determined elements of the dream behave like words in a text:

> Dreams carry this method of representation down to details. Whenever they show us two elements close together, this guarantees that there is some specially intimate connection between what corresponds to them among the dream thoughts. In the same way, in our system of writing, '<u>ab</u>' means that the two letters are to be pronounced in a single syllable. If a gap is left between the '<u>a</u>' and the '<u>b</u>', it means that the '<u>a</u>' is the last letter of one word and the '<u>b</u>' is the first of the next one. So too, collocations in dreams do not consist of any chance, disconnected portions of the dream-material, but of portions which are fairly closely connected in the dream-

thoughts as well (p. 349).

Simultaneity and proximity, therefore, are never without significance. They replace logical conjunctions (Freud's examples are 'if,' 'because,' 'just as,' etc. p. 347) which fall beyond the dream-work's power to represent.

H.D.'s narrational poems work like the dreams of Freud's description. Crucial words are 'overdetermined' in the sense that they obviously engage psychic activities --within what H.D. called the "word reaction"--altogether more complex than their literal meanings necessarily imply. It is noticeable that as H.D. sounds out the nouns, verbs, adverbs, and adjectives of her narrational poems she tends to free them from logical relation, and to emphasize instead the psychological response engendered by their 'free' interaction. She uses conjunctions and shifters not so much to subordinate words to a logical organization as to direct them into a psychological interaction which takes her beyond the conscious terms of any purpose she may have started with. Because the activity of thought engaged in the narrational poems is inevitably of greater complexity than the literal surface of the poem necessarily entails, the poems themselves may be called condensations.

The similarity between H.D.'s narrational poems and Freud's dream-process can be laid to the account of the fact that both engage and bear witness to psychic activities

which are not simply conscious. According to Freud the dream is a process of remembrance and transcription which demonstrates that "nothing which we have once mentally possessed can ever be entirely lost" (p. 54). But because memory and consciousness are mutually exclusive (in Beyond the Pleasure Principle Freud will suggest that consciousness arises instead of memory), to consider the relation between them is to confront the unconscious. In the last chapter of The Interpretation of Dreams Freud attempts to derive a working model of the psyche from the information revealed in his investigation of dreams. He returns to the idea of "facilitation (Bahnung)" which he had first proposed in his earlier manuscript Project For a Scientific Psychology,[44] this time making it quite clear that the facilitation is to be conceived as a groove impressed in the substantial texture of the mind, a memory trace:

> A trace is left in our psychical apparatus of the perceptions which impinge upon it. This we may describe as a memory-trace; and to the function relating to it we give the name of memory (p. 567).

A trace cannot be erased; it can be repressed--indeed it always is; because memory and consciousness are mutually exclusive the trace is bound to remain unconscious (p.528). A person's 'character' comprises all the traces. It is

written, like an hieroglyphic character built up over a period of time:

> What we describe as our 'characters' is based on the memory-traces of our impressions; and, moreover, the impressions which have had the greatest effect on us--those of our earliest youth--are precisely the ones which scarcely ever become conscious (p. 578).

As Freud's work develops, the relation between memory and 'writing' or language becomes increasingly central to his thinking. In The Ego and the Id Freud writes:

> The question 'How does a thing become conscious?' would thus be advantageously stated: 'How does a thing become pre-conscious?' And the answer would be: 'Through becoming connected with the word-presentation corresponding to it.'[45]

He goes on to remark that "these word presentations are residues of memories," and that "in essence a word is after all the mnemic residue of a word which has been heard" The Ego and the Id, pp. 20 & 21). But the word-presentation is not identical with the memory-traces because it is conscious and they unconscious. Freud says as much in the following passage from his essay "The Unconscious":

> We now seem to know all at once what the

> difference is between a conscious and an unconscious presentation. The two are not, as we supposed, different registrations of the same content in different psychical localities, nor yet differenct functional states of cathexis in the same locality; but the conscious presentation of the word belonging to it, while the unconscious presentation is the presentation of the thing alone.[46]

Freud's description of the relation between Conscious and Unconscious in these last two passages is precisely consonant with the textual activity of H.D.'s narrational writing. For H.D.'s narrational writing evidences her interest in the way a word will make conscious the memories comprised in what H.D. called its "word-reaction." Freud's suggestion that the comparable "word-presentation" works as the conscious presentation of the unconscious "thing-presentations" relating to it provides a contextual understanding of the activity of H.D.'s narrational texts. This is especially true considering that for Freud "word-presentations" are confined to a <u>conscious</u> mode of psychic activity which in itself is formed by the <u>discreteness</u> of these presentations, whereas the "thing-presentations" constitute <u>unconscious</u> activity which is more <u>continuous</u>. This proposal of Freud's accords with H.D.'s evident conviction that the unconscious stirs in the intervals

between words.

Freud's work makes it possible to conceive of the act of writing as a conscious reiteration of unconscious traces: an act which spells out the present in a character derived from the past, and which thereby opens the unconscious within what may be called a consciousness of itself. So conceived, writing is an act which evades the repressive and censorious borderguard stationed between Conscious and Unconscious, and brings the goods through. This corroborates H.D. who considered that writing, as an act of remembrance, could restore a tawdry present experience to the vividity of the remembered past, and that by writing she could break up the ideology with which a repressive and discursively organized reality principle tamed her experience and muted the world.

Whether or not H.D.'s early years were idyllic, whether or not they were periodically quickened by moments of immediate and immanent experience (moments such as those underlying many of her earliest poems), it was as such that memory delivered them into the troubled experience of her later life. But they returned as might a founding member return to a household after many years away to find that in the absence the household had submitted to ennervating codification

and constraint; to find that although life went on it was vitally diminished, and that there was no part to play except that of the guest perpetually adjacent to the present living, perpetually desiring to restore that diminished living to the plenitude of remembered days, and yet respectful, and thus bound by the propriety due of the guest to silence. As adjacent guest the remembered past is either politely mute or a subversive menace, and while H.D. is certainly prepared to break the silencing propriety she remains scared of subversion. There is a passage in Palimpsest (1926) in which H.D. reveals how the remembered past will invade present consciousness and reduce it to an interlacing mess of memorial bric-à-brac:

> Memory in her thought was all about her. The very placques of the floor marble she had trod on (a slight foot curling under at its sudden impact) were square upon square of beautifully placed flowering. Memory would serve to plant square on square of exact proportion and colour on the floor she had last stepped on, wandering in her wraith-like and disembodied ecstacy (some hours since?) towards a silver flood that had threatened to shut down on her, to prison her, tomb-like in some Egyptian coffin. Memory would paint over apprehension, lotus vision, with actual image (p. 39).

Contrary to H.D., I suggest that as it turns marble

into garden and brings colour to the colourless, "memory in her thought" leads to the lotus vision from which there is no return. It disrupts the present--time is at stake in this passage, "(some hours since?)"--and disturbs the real (marble is not garden; the colourless has no colour). The remembrance which leads to "actual image" is altogether different, and it is this remembrance that H.D. explores in her narrational poems. It is, as these poems suggest, in the act of writing that H.D. finds the remembered past a voice true to the present: a voice which is neither nostalgic nor merely acquiescent to and affirmative of the present. In this voice she bids the adjacent guest to re-enter the present life of the household. The readmittance, however, is strictly governed by the rule of the word. In order to illustrate this governance I take as an example the word "marble" (which is to be found in the passage from Palimpsest, the stanza from "All Mountains," and a poem called "Trance" which I shall be discussing in my final chapter).

The word "marble" brings the remembrance of marble into the present play of the text in which it is written, but it will not so engage the remembrance of "garden." This is an important distinction, for it is only when the activity of remembrance is formally obedient to the discreteness of words that it has the power to restore H.D.'s experience to the vividity which in her later

years she felt it had lost. In this regard 'remembrance through the word' stands distinctly apart from what H.D. calls "memory in her thought." "Memory in her thought" abstracts H.D. from the marble floor and ushers her into geometrical consideration of the floor's shape--"square on square"-- and it is in this geometrical range that marble and garden become confused.

But while H.D. formalizes memory by working it within the discrete order of words, she is also attentive to inter-relations which memory establishes between distinct "word reactions." It is in these inter-relations that the gods find their textual identity. The line "Marble of islands" from the stanza of "All Mountains," for example, centres on an inter-relation of H.D.'s understanding of the three words, "marble," "mountain," and "snow." This inter-relation derives from H.D.'s knowledge that the Greeks used to Quarry the white marble ("snow") favoured by their sculptors from Mount Pentelicus just outside Athens. The inter-relation becomes Artemis at least partly because Euripides' Hippolytus, and thence H.D.'s own Hippolytus Temporizes, situates Artemis in the wild and forested mountains outside and above Athene's city. The inter-relation of "marble," "mountain," and "snow" is not of the same kind as the abrasive and unreal collage which follows from the mediation of "marble" and "garden" by the

unacknowledged mediator "square" in the passage just quoted from Palimpsest. It differs in being a subtle inter-relatedness which reveals the pattern of H.D.'s 'character' within her experience of the world. As such, Artemis is part of the synchrony that H.D. struggled to achieve.

When the remembered past speaks through the word the diminished present is illuminated by the light of which it tells. As the agent of this illumination remembrance is vital to the task which H.D. set her writing: a task which I have identified as the re-opening of experience to that which H.D. finds enduring within it: the the "Reality" which Hedylus says 'remains' within it (see p. 82). In the re-opening, which is also a synchronizing of "the inner turmoil and the outer," H.D.'s writing becomes "classic" in the sense which she gives to that word, and which I discuss in my next chapter.

Beforehand, however, I want to discuss the way Freud locates time in his functional model of the psyche, and to suggest that H.D.'s narrational writing is, in being demonstrative of its own textual operation, attentive to the way time serves as the vehicle of consciousness. According to Freud the difference between conscious and unconscious processes can be expressed in terms

of the difference between the temporal and the timeless:

> The processes of the system Ucs. are timeless; i.e. they are not ordered temporally, are not altered by the passage of time; they have no reference to time at all. Reference to time is bound up, once again, with the work of the system Cs.[47]

From this realization Freud moves to suggest that time is, in actuality, a necessary mode of thought which originates in the interaction of consciousness and unconscious processes. In Beyond the Pleasure Principle Freud writes:

> As a result of certain psycho-analytical discoveries, we are today in a position to embark on a discussion of the Kantian theorem that time and space are "necessary forms of thought." We have learnt that unconscious mental processes are in themselves 'timeless.' This means in the first place that they are not ordered temporally, that time does not change them in any way, and that the idea of time cannot be applied to them. These are negative characteristics which can only be clearly understood if a comparison is made with conscious mental processes. On the other hand, our abstract idea of time seems to be wholly derived from the method of working of the system Pcpt.-Cs. and to correspond to a perception on its own part of that method of working. This mode of functioning may perhaps

> constitute another way of providing a shield against stimuli. I know that these remarks must sound very obscure, but I must limit myself to these hints.[48]

Later (1925), in "A Note on the Mystic Writing Pad" Freud returns to this idea and gives it slightly fuller expression:

> On the Mystic Pad the writing vanishes every time the close contact is broken between the paper which receives the stimulus and the wax slab which preserves the impression. [Freud has likened the wax slab to the trace-retaining Ucs. and the layer which receives the stimulus--the writing-- and which can be separated from the wax to Pcpt.-Cs.] This agrees with a notion which I have always had about the method by which the perceptual apparatus of our mind functions, but which I have hitherto kept to myself. My theory was that cathectic innervations are sent out and withdrawn at rapid intervals from within into the completely pervious system Pcpt.-Cs. So long as that system is cathected in this manner, it receives perpeptions (which are accompanied by consciousness) and passes the excitation on to the unconscious mnemic systems; but as the cathexis is withdrawn consciousness is extinguished and the functioning of the system comes to a standstill. It is as though the unconscious stretches out feelers, through the medium of the system Pcpt.-Cs., towards the external world and hastily withdraws them as soon as they have

> sampled the excitations coming from it. Thus the interruptions, which in the case of the Mystic Pad have an external origin, were attributed by my hypothesis to the discontinuity in the current of innervation; and the actual breaking contact which occurs in the Mystic Pad was replaced in my theory by the periodic non-excitability of the perceptual system. I further had a suspicion that this discontinuous method of functioning of the system Pcpt.-Cs. lies at the bottom of the origin of the concept of time.[49]

In these two passages Freud suggests, very tentatively, that the concept of time might derive from the rhythmical pattern established by innervations passing from the Unconscious to consciousness and ceasing the moment contact is made. Accordingly, and in this regard very much like repression, time is understood to derive from the flow of cathectic energy as it is punctuated by necessary periodic moments of discontinuity.

If one considers this description of time in conjunction with Freud's attempt to differentiate conscious and unconscious processes in terms of "word-presentations" and "thing-presentations," then it sheds light on the operational nature of H.D.'s narrational texts. I have stated that these writings work as they realize a consciousness specific to the textual activity which they establish among words. In her narrational writing

H.D. is especially attentive to the way her text develops in time. The narrational poems (especially those in Red Roses For Bronze) are intensely rhythmical, and their rhythm is implicit in H.D.'s discovery of the relational coherence in which interlacing continuous and partially unconscious activity finds conscious articulation in discrete words. In these narrational poems, then, one finds consciousness being realized in direct relation to the temporal sequence which serves as its vehicle. The poems derive consciousness by deriving the time of their own occurrence. According to Freud discrete "word-presentations" are the conscious presentations of necessarily unconscious "thing-presentations," and time derives from the interaction of the two. It would be reductive and mechanistic to insist that H.D.'s poems use words as discrete "presentations" of continuous and inter-related "thing-presentations," but nevertheless, and under this censorship, I allow the thought to stand in the gap which it occupies between H.D. and Freud. Likewise, the similarity between time and repression evident in the passage quoted from "A Note on the Mystic Writing Pad" suggests a way in which H.D.'s especially rhythmical narrational poems might be considered to work with repression. Here again, however, there can be no precise connection.

III WRITING IN THE WORLD.

> "The fragments of letters left nothing but gaps. The documentation was poor; many messages had disappeared." --Per Wästberg.[50]

In the previous two chapters I have tried to show the extent to which H.D.'s reading is likely to have corroborated her work as a writer, and at the same time to propose a psychology of textual operation. But a psychology is not enough. H.D. set her writing the task of synchronizing the "inner turmoil and the outer," and this, as I have already suggested, means that she must find a textual operation which will not measure "the limits of the individual as against society, nor yet of society as against nature," but which, like what Cornford calls "the primitive boundaries of Right" will "radiate in unbroken lines from the centre of society to the circumference of the cosmos" (see passage quoted on p. 72).

So, having suggested how textual operation disposes the mind towards synchrony, I now intend to show how it functions in regard to the "outer turmoil." This chapter is not going to reach out to "the circumference of the cosmos," but in showing how H.D. could understand textual operation to be capable of picking up the historical world, of bringing it to mind, it should

also indicate how H.D. might have considered such a reach to be within her grasp.

I shall begin with a discussion of a poem called "Trance," first published in Red Roses For Bronze (1931):

The floor
of the temple
is bright
with the rain,
the porch and lintel,
each pillar,
plain
in its silver sheet of metal;
silver,
silver flows
from the laughing Griffins;
the snows of Pentelicus
show dross beside
the King of Enydicus
and his bride,
Lycidoe,
outlined in the torch's flare;
beware, I say,
the loverless,
the sad,
the lost,
the comfortless;
I care
only for happier things,
the bare, bare open court,
(geometric,
with circumspect wing)
the naked plinth,
the statue's rare,

intolerant grace;
I am each of these,
I stare
till my eyes are a statue's eyes,
set in,
my eye-balls are glass,
my limbs marble,
my face fixed
in its marble mask;
only the wind
now fresh from the sea,
flutters a fold,
then lets fall a fold
on my knee.[51]

"Trance" follows H.D.'s passage through a Greek temple which is "plain," "bare," and "naked," and which features nothing which is not integral to the exhibition of its consequently perfect proportion and space. The poem shows H.D. hardening into a self-definition which the temple makes available to her. Eventually she merges with the temple, and becomes stone. How does this final transformation come to be more than a turn of phrase?

The rain is crucial to the work of the poem. It runs over the stone, forming a layer of mercurial fluid which flows at the contact surface between H.D. and the temple. It covers the temple, but does nothing to obscure it. It takes the shape of the temple, following contours of stone and statuary, and gives it a certain

appearance of fluidity and 'brightness.' The rain brings the temple into H.D.'s perception of it. It binds her to the stone, and brings the temple to life. As the poem progresses, the brightness of the rain-water draws H.D.'s thinking into synchrony with the substance of the temple itself. Thus H.D. sees the water shining on the floor and glistening as it runs down pillar and statue. It resembles, and by resembling becomes, a "sheet of metal" covering the pillars: a metal which is quick and gleaming, therefore "silver" which "flows" from the sculpted griffins. H.D. thinks the rain through these transformations, and in doing so she thinks the temple itself.

So that when the rain gives rise to "silver" flowing from the statuary, we hear that "the snows of Pentelicus / show dross beside / the King of Enydicus / and his bride, / Lycidoe." As I have already stated, Pentelicus is a mountain outside Athens from which the Greeks quarried the white marble used by their sculptors. The King of Enydicus and Lycidoe are figures carved in the statuary. As the rain gives rise to "silver" flowing from the statuary it becomes evaluative of Pentelicus which appears "dross" in relation to the "silver." This evaluation arises deep within H.D.'s experience of the temple, and it involves much more than the fact that "the snows of Pentelicus" look lusterless in relation to the "silver" which flows

from the "laughing Griffins." It is important to penetrate through this appearance and consider the relation between "silver" and "dross" in its own terms. The metallurgist precipitates silver out from a compound ore, and dross iw what remains of that ore after the silver has been extracted. The activity of the sculptor corresponds to that of the metallurgist. The sculptor removes rock from mountain and reveals the form--the temple--which is merely latent in raw rock. Thus the evaluation of Pentelicus is implicit in the texture of the temple itself, and the reader is lead to think that the temple is made of white marble ("snow") from Pentelicus.

As the film in which H.D.'s thinking and the temple become confluent, the rain enables H.D. to experience and recreate in her poem the original action from which the temple derives. If the word is duly weighed, the poem might be called 'reactionary.' It is H.D.'s re-enactment of an ancient temple.

The King of Enydicus and Lycidoe are figures sculpted in the statuary. But what about the torch outlining Lycidoe? Is it carved in the rock, or is it placed within the temple illuminating the sculpture as H.D. looks at it? The poem rejects this question as inadequate. The question depends upon a distinction which the poem works to overcome as it synchronizes and interfuses H.D.'s experience with the temple itself. The torch is exclusively

neither here in the viewing nor there in the statuary. Its flare sublimates the different terms as it fuses H.D. and the temple into what the poem presents as an integration of life and stone. In the light of this sublimation H.D. remembers "the loverless, / the sad, / the lost, / the comfortless": forlorn and graceless figures of estranged and dislocated experience which H.D. musters within herself (perhaps recoursing to the experience which I described in relation to "The Gift"), and which are harshly judged by the "intolerant grace" of the statuary before which they pass. Finally H.D. raises what the text has achieved in its operation up to the literal surface of the poem. She holds the integration --the "subtle inter-relatedness"--of herself and the temple, of the vital and the inert, within the uneasy transformation with which the poem concludes. This transformation can be seen as the work of the temple god. And considering that the poem brings the transformation about by playing on the inter-relations between "snow," "marble," and the implied "mountain," this god may be identified as Artemis. However, a remark from the essay "The Cinema and the Classics" should also be taken into account. Towards the end of this essay H.D. writes "Understanding was the deity of Athens."[52] In "Trance" the temple comes to 'understand'--in the sense of standing under--H.D.'s response

to it. It forms her response in stone, finding its realization in her rather as a metallurgist finds silver among dross, rather as the original sculptors realized the temple slumbering in raw rock.

It is easy enough to situate "Trance" within the context of H.D.'s desire that her writing will work to synchronize "the inner turmoil and the outer," and thereby to overcome her estrangement. But it is important to notice also that the temple is hardly an outer "turmoil." It is, rather, a place of "grace" which has already been worked. The temple is an enduring integration of mind and rock, of "the inner turmoil and the outer." It is a place in which H.D. can surrender herself to the outside without the risk of being 'mis-understood.' Such acquiescence is clearly not possible in many circumstances. Had H.D. surrendered to her surroundings in London 1916, for example, she would have become the toy of grotesque circumstances.

Is one then to conclude that H.D. only felt at home in the world when she was within the already worked environs of a Greek temple, or, for that matter, a museum, an anthology of early Greek lyrics, a book of contemporary theory, a circle of 'artistic,' well-educated, and perhaps wealthy friends? As a way of giving a negative answer to this question I shall argue

that H.D.'s development of a narrational mode of writing provided her with a way of working in the world. It may well be that her writing considered as "work" compensated H.D. for a life lived largely without the efficacy of what H.D. considered to be "work," but it opens a range which is of more interest than any such biographical lack which it might be seen to fill.

When H.D. calls her writing "automatic" she suggests a relation between her work and the Surrealist endeavour. The Surrealists publicized and practiced automatic writing during the 1920s, and H.D. who was living in Switzerland for much of this decade, and who could read both French and German, was certainly familiar with their work.[53] Both Breton (who I take as a representative Surrealist) and H.D. conjoined interest in Freud and occultism with the automatic writing which they practiced in order to discover grounds on which consciousness and experience might be re-constituted after the deracination of the First World War. Breton wrote: "we reduce art to its simplest expression, which is love."[54] The love revealed in automatic writing is a "mad love" (Breton's term)[55]--"mad" because opposed to the sickly sanity of a diseased reality principle and discourse--which appears in the text as irreducible, incalculable, and multivalent relational activity discovered among words wildly conjoined.

It is this "love," this relationality, which draws what Breton called "the actual functioning of thought" into the signified experience of the text.

Like H.D., Breton used words as murex-fishers. In his automatic writing he plunged into the unconscious realm of the dream in search of figurations recessed sufficiently far back into the psyche to have escaped the contemporary deracination. But once he had gained access into the unconscious activities which interested him Breton faced the same difficulty as H.D.: how was he to bring what he engaged out into the conscious world of his experience. No more than H.D. was Breton interested in splicing (arbitrarily, and perhaps lyrically) the psychic and phenomenal aspects of his experience together. However, there is no need to construct an impasse here where neither Breton nor H.D. found one. It is, as both knew, of the very nature of imaginative, and especially of automatic, writing to suggest that the relation already exists, and that thought and phenomenal experience are co-founded, and therefore inherent in one another. Breton, as his work makes clear, felt that the further he penetrated into the unconscious the further he simultaneously penetrated into the fundamental structure of the real which he experienced around him. It was this simultaneity and what comes with it--an implied preconscious synchrony of "the inner turmoil and the

outer"--which is fundamental to both Breton's and H.D.'s interest in the occult.

There is a passage in Eliphas Levi's The Key of All Mysteries which will assist my discussion as it moves towards describing the grip which H.D.'s narrational texts take on the world. Levi's books were of significant influence on Rimbaud, subsequently on Breton, and were probably read by H.D.[56] The passage, which I shall quote shortly, follows Levi's discussion of the esoteric nature of the writings of Paracelsus, Robert Fludd, and others of that ilk. Like Gilbert Murray, Levi claims that esoteric writing is a deliberately veiled expression of a truth which the 'initiated' reader alone can hope to grasp. Like Murray, Levi denies esoteric writing any meaning or significance specific to its own textual activity, and implies that it must be deciphered (in fact he himself reciphers Paracelsus, translating him back into discursive expositive language) before it will make sense. I have already suggested that in the light of H.D.'s work this understanding of the esoteric 'style' must be deconstructed. Occult writing tends towards the demonstrative rather than the expressive, and as I have argued with reference to Margoliouth, it does so because what it would demonstrate underlies the very act of expression. Like many occultists, Levi claims

to have "deciphered" Paracelsus, and then goes on to describe what he found:

> Now here is what Paracelsus reserved for initiates alone, and what we have understood through deciphering the qabalistic characters, and the allegories of which he makes use in his work.
>
> The human soul is material; the divine mens is offered to it to immortalize it and to make it live spiritually and individually, but its natural substance is fluidic and collective.
>
> There are, then, in man two lives: the individual or reasonable life, and the common or instinctive life. It is by the latter that one can live in the bodies of others, since the universal soul, of which each nervous organism has a separate consciousness, is the same for all.
>
> We live in a common and universal life in the embryonic state, in ecstacy, and in sleep. In sleep, in fact, reason does not act, and logic, when it mingles with our dreams, only does so by chance, in accordance with the accidents of purely physical reminiscences.
>
> In dreams, we have the consciousness of the universal life; we mingle ourselves with water, fire, air, and earth; we fly like birds; we are intoxicated with astral light; we plunge into the common reservoir, as happens in a more complete manner in death.[57]

According to this passage (which is a fine example of the late 19th century mystification that Freud had to fight his way through) the psyche, like everything else ("water, fire, air, and earth"), participates, most evidently in dreams, in "the universal life." Esoteric writing, as Levi (the "initiate" who as "decipherer" is prepared to spill the beans--a common stance for 19th century occultists) claims, demonstrates the "individual" life as it occurs in common with "the universal life." There is a correspondence between this mystifying description of esoteric writing and what I have described as the fundamental condition of the lyric; namely that it seeks to articulate a specificity (often personal) within the collectivity of language (see pp. 46-47). Certainly, an insistence fundamental to most occultism is that what H.D. called "the inner turmoil and the outer" already <u>are</u> synchronized, and that there is no final disjunction between person and manifold experience: no necessary qualitative difference between the patterns of thought and desire, societal patterns, and the patterns of nature. Occultism, in its most rigorous (which is to say 17th century) form proposes figurations which persist throughout the psychic, social, and natural realms. It was in search of figurations such as these (figurations like Cornford's

"primitive boundaries of Right," see p. 73) that H.D. turned to "automatic" writing. With regard to H.D.'s work the macro-microcosmical relations insisted upon by Rennaissance occultists appear as a fundamental refusal of the distinction I have already described in terms of arbitrary lyricism (see p. 107). The esoteric writings of Rennaissance occult texts suggest that early occult writers (who, let there be no mistake, are not to be confused with the more contemporary likes of Blavatsky, Levi, Zozistro etc.) knew that it is words which establish multivalent relation rather than difference between mind and phenomena, between 'subjective' and 'objective,' and between people.

In a late and rather desperate poem called "The Revelation" (1957) H.D. describes how occult figurations merge with the real and disclose a world which is thoughtful:

> The alchemy and mystery is this,
> no cross to kiss,
> but a cross pointing on a compass-face,
> east, west, south, north.
>
> the secret of the ages is revealed,
> the book unsealed,
> the fisherman entangled in his nets
> felled where he waded
> for the evening catch,
> the house-door

swinging on the broken latch,
the woman with her basket on the quay,
shading her eyes to see,
if the last boat
really is the last,
the house-dog lost,
the little hen escaped,
the precious hay-rick scattered,
and the empty cage
the book of life is open,
turn and read:

the linnet picking at the wasted seed,
is holy ghost,
the weed,
broken by iron axle,
is the flower
magicians bartered for.[58]

While this poem suggests that what H.D. values is the world as it comes to mind, and, moreover, that the world takes on significance as it comes to mind, it is, nevertheless, a message sent from a threshold that I do not care to define (the poem is prefaced by the phrase: "Death violent and near"). "The Revelation" merely says what earlier poems demonstrate, and one must look elsewhere in order to understand <u>how</u> the world can be brought to mind.

Neither the figurations of occultism nor the primitive boundaries of Cornford's "Right" (see p. 73) are actually instrumental to H.D.'s work of bringing

the world to mind. Both might be considered to have interested her because they paralleled what she discovered to be the operation of narrational writing. For it is, in actuality, the narrational patterns of textuality (patterns deriving from the interplay of discrete words and the continuous relational activity discovered amongst them) which bring the world to H.D.'s mind, thereby synchronizing the inner turmoil and the outer. The question that remains to be answered is: how does the narrational text work in the world? It is to H.D.'s writings on the cinema that I now turn in order to answer this question.

Dating from the late 1920s and the early 1930s, these writings (of which the most extensive are the essays "The Cinema and the Classics" and Borderline) can be read as H.D.'s attempt to define what she understands by the "classic" in art. As H.D. defines it the "classic" is the perfect and fit state of art, and the artist who would achieve it must "sweep away the extraneous" and seek out a realization in which beauty and good coalesce as truth.[59] Initially this terminology rings hollow, but it begins to resonate as H.D. goes on to leave no doubt that the coalescence is integrally related to the "synchronizing" activity which she attributes to writing in the passage previously quoted from Borderline (see p. 112).

H.D. considered G.W. Pabst's film "Joyless Street" to be "classic" for reasons akin to those which lead others to praise its social realism. David Robinson, for example, writes that "Joyless Street" "showed the reality of inflation Germany in hard, documentary terms, with its misery, prostitution, and bread-queues."[60] "Joyless Street" initiated a new school of film, the Neue Sachlichheit (New Objectivity) school. H.D. describes it as follows:

> No appeal to pity, to beauty, the distinguished mind that conceived this opening said simply, this is it, this is us, no glory, no pathos, no glamour. Just a long Freudian tunnel-like, dark street. Nothing within sight, nothing to dream of or ponder on but . . . the butcher's shop with its attendant, terrible, waiting line of frenzied women. Life is getting something to eat said the presenter of the "Petite Rue Sans Joie."[61]

This description cannot be reconciled with Walter Benjamin's harsh words on the subject of "New Objectivity." Benjamin condemned Pabst as one of those who "turn the gaping void into a feast," and declared that the "New Objectivity" turned "the struggle against misery into an object of consumption."[62] But I must beg important questions rising from Benjamin's remarks for as long as it takes to establish the terms of H.D.'s work. In H.D.'s understanding form and content met on the "Petite Rue Sans Joie," and it

was this meeting which held her interest in the film. She admired Pabst for choosing to portray people stripped of "the extraneous," and 'classically' situated in the desperately simple actions which life takes on the brink of survival. She also admired Pabst for presenting this content in a form which she considered to be correspondingly stark and simple. Form and content witness one another in an art which is "classic." And the "classic," as H.D. makes clear, is a form of "realism."[63] In H.D.'s view, then, Pabst traced out the eternal script of what is genetically human in the historical world. This script can be identified with what Hedylus described as the "Reality" that "remained" (see p. 82).

Fortunately, though, the "classic" is not identical with desperate reduction ("Life is getting something to eat"), and in "The Cinema and the Classics" H.D. describes it differently. Opposing the structure of the world to the crass and noisy opulence of early Hollywood scenic design, H.D. suggests that the "classic" resides in the way

> A bare square room is today what it was in Pompeii, what it more or less was in Athens, in Syracuse. A garden remains a garden, a rose-bush a rosebush. Laurel trees still exist outside suburbia.[64]

Suggesting that the historical world is morphological, H.D. identifies "bare square room," "garden," and "rose-bush" as primal forms of a genetic earth which persist through the passage of time and are revealed as the virtuality in which particular rooms, gardens, and rose-bushes are specified. It is a virtuality of this kind which gives the yellow melon flower a "space" or "dimension" beyond the ruinous and deracinating reach of war (see p. 89). An art which reveals this virtuality in the world without abstracting from concrete historical presence is, in H.D.'s understanding, "classic." In a world which is otherwise merely an 'outer turmoil,' "classic" art traces out the fundamental and original script of what Hedylus called the 'remaining reality.'

These primal forms are not to be laid to the account of a conventional Platonism in H.D.'s understanding. They are elements of an understanding which is closer to the Hebraic than the Greek: closer to the 'remaining earth' of the Book of Genesis than to Platonic Ideas.[65] H.D.'s primal forms are not, after all, enduring and permanent because they stand outside the passage of time, and are identifiably other than history. For it is only by virtue (from this virtue derives the virtuality which pervades H.D.'s later work) of what does not change that one can recognize historical continuity in change. It will be useful to consider H.D.'s version of the "classic"

in the light of its resemblance to the experience Georg Lukacs attributes to "integrated civilisations" in his early book, The Theory of the Novel (first version published in 1920):

> Happy are those ages when the starry sky is the map of all possible paths--ages whose paths are illuminated by the light of the stars. Everything in such ages is new and yet familiar, full of adventure and yet their own. The world is wide and yet it is like a home, for the fire that burns in the soul is of the same essential nature as the stars; the world and the self, the light and the fire, are sharply distinct, yet they never become permanent strangers to one another, for the fire is the soul of all light and all fire clothes itself in light. Thus each action of the soul becomes meaningful and rounded in its duality: complete in meaning--in sense--and complete for the senses; rounded because the soul rests within itself even while it acts; rounded because its action separates itself from it and, having become itself, finds a centre of its own and draws a closed circumference round itself.[66]

Considering Lukacs goes on to suggest that the translucent world experienced within "integrated civilisation" is created in the modern age when Ancient Greek texts are read as old worlds rather than old texts, it is remarkable that as H.D. describes these primal forms of hers she proposes an operative relation between the permanent

(or 'timeless') and the transient (or 'temporal') which, although taking place as the historical world, is strikingly similar both to that which Freud describes in terms of unconscious "thing-presentations" and conscious "word-presentations," and to that which I have claimed occurs in the remembering mind engaged in narrational writing. "Bare square room," "garden," and "rosebush" persist in and inform the historical world just as words persist in and inform what Freud suggests is the written 'character' of the writer. I have described this latter persistence already, and summarize it again for the sake of the paragraphs to follow.

The word "garden," for example, does not in itself change. It is permanent in relation to the changing experience which it organizes. The "word reaction" which it articulates in the subject's consciousness becomes increasingly complex as it accumulates through time. The "word reaction" is a gathering, a remembrance, a comprising of permanent (and thus, according to Freud, unconscious) memories. When a word is written its "word reaction" is opened into the presence of the text. I have tried to explain how the writing of words can be understood to restore the vividity of the remembered past to a fallen and lusterless present consciousness. It seems that in H.D.'s experience this

restoration was not, finally, a merely psychological process. She considered that the synchrony she had struggled to achieve in her writing became "classic" (and doubtless also 'swept away the extraneous') only as it closed the distance between words which, in their discreteness and permanence, engage and organize the "inner turmoil," and the similarly permanent primal forms of whatever these words may signify in the "outer turmoil": between, for example, the word "garden," engaging as it does the psycho-mnemonic "word reaction" specific to itself, and the primal form "garden," associated as it is with the particular gardens known in relation to itself. The synchrony is a third realm (specific to the narrational text in which it is derived: the layers "word reaction" / word / primal form synchronize inner and outer rather as Galton's composite photograph creates one image out of many) in which inner and outer become confluent, and with regard to which psychic time, textual time, and historical time are considered to correspond with one another. It is within this textual synchrony, wherein the psycho-mnemonic 'script' of her own growing 'character' appears to corroborate the genetic script of the historical world, that H.D. establishes "the book of life" mentioned in "The Revelation" (quoted on pp. 212-3).

But at what cost does one "turn and read" as H.D. suggests? In what sense is there writing in the world?

Is the temporal movement of the historical world actually the time of a text attributable to a quasi-cosmic unconscious which may occasionally (the lyric moment as revelation) be glimpsed, or, to use H.D.'s word, "witnessed" (see p. 80), in the 'gaps' or intervals between discrete and word-like primal forms?

First, and to avoid confusion, it should be said that whatever else it may be, H.D.'s "classic" synchrony is not empiricist even though it is proposed as an essential "reality" accessible within reality. It is not empiricist because pre-conscious synchrony between 'subjective' and 'objective' is necessary before the "reality" within reality can enter the subject's consciousness. Far from being 'out there' to be understood from a distinct and autonomous 'subjective' position, the "reality" within reality is actually reality <u>as</u> it is understood: it is both a product and a producer of consciousness. The primal forms--elements of the "reality" within reality--are related to the words which they resemble, and they derive their apparent timelessness, their 'remaining' quality, from the way words endure through the temporal growth of the subject which they both constitute and articulate. The primal forms are not simply out there to be known: as discrete elements they are related to the discrete words which provide the symbolic field of both expression and knowledge. Anyone who attempted to derive empirical status for H.D.'s "reality"

within reality would have to deny the constitutive role that this "reality" plays in the production of his own consciousness. He would end up speaking like the aphasiac who declared: "with me it's all in bits. I have to jump like a man who jumps from one thing to the next; I can see them but I can't express."[67]

H.D.'s work does not tend in this direction. That H.D. associated her "classic" "reality" within reality with the process of understanding is evident in the way she offers it up to Freud in Tribute to Freud. Here she writes Goethe's poem "Mignon" into her thinking about Freud. "Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen bluhn" (Do you know the land where the orange-tree blossoms?) she writes in her tribute to the man who had enabled her to understand how words constitute and articulate the subject.[68] The "space" or "dimension" of the yellow-melon flower, the psycho-mnemonic "space" of the discretely measured "word reaction," the synchronizing "space" of the narrational texts in which H.D. was able to discover enduring virtuality within the process of her worldly experience: all three of these related "spaces" are cast in the form of this land where Goethe's orange-tree blossoms. The primal forms of H.D.'s "reality" within reality are, as they are related to words, comprehensible versions of the primal, and therefore intelligible, plant that Goethe was so eager to find: the enigmatic Urpflanze in which

mind and matter, idea and sensation, would coincide.[69]

But to include Goethe at this point is not to provide answers to the questions that I asked two paragraphs back (pp. 221-2). As a way of answering these questions I want to suggest that in bringing her reader to the point where language starts to pass itself off as world, where the symbolic text starts to propose itself as a luminous and yet transparent earthly substance (for at this point words are windows onto nothing other than themselves), H.D. brings her reader to the limits of discourse. This is not the first time that I have described discourse as it denies itself and assumes the worldly aspect of experience. For the Greek "'Nature'" of Cornford's From Religion to Philosophy, measured as it is in terms of continuous Physis and discrete Moira is organized like language in a text. Cornford's book, as I have said, depends fundamentally upon the theory of language articulated within it: a theory that confuses language and discourse, and the 'fullness' (see p. 87) of discourse with what it claims is the plenitude of "'natural'" experience. Both Cornford with his Greek "'Nature'" and H.D. with her "book of life" confuse discourse and world. But in H.D.'s case I suggest that the confusion is both necessary and useful.

For when H.D. declares the word to be an amuletic --perhaps even 'picturesque'--moment of synchrony between inner and outer she involves her work in a confusion which

was also the stumbling block of early twentieth century sensationalist theories of language. Cassirer describes the sensationalist notion of language as follows: "The old metaphor of the tabula rasa reappears: Henschen, for example, in explaining how we learn to read, declares that certain letters or engrams are stamped on our brain cells, 'very much as the form of the seal ring is imprinted on the wax.'"[70] While this engram concept may have a (perhaps incriminating) place in the prehistory of Freud's memory-trace, it does not survive the recognition that "there is no road leading from sensationalism to the centre of the symbolic problem."[71] The metaphorical tendency of Cornford, Margoliouth (who speak of "ears" and memory theatres), and to some extent H.D. (coloured jewels and "the secret wisdom") can be understood as an attempt (with roots in Romanticism) to close the distance between sensationalism and "the symbolic problem" by investing received symbolism within language of a sensationalist framework. As for H.D., to the extent that her work pushes discourse to the point where it declares itself as discourse (even as it threatens to engulf the worldly aspect of experience in the process, discourse merely reveals that experience already is engulfed in a discursive organization) it also demands reformulation outside the terms of sensationalist theory.

Once discourse is recognized as such it becomes possible to understand, and thereby to demystify, (1) the

unconscious which H.D. appears to discover in the movement of the historical world, and (2) the way in which the narrational text denies itself as text, and proposes itself instead as writing in the world. On the first point one can turn to Lacan's statement: "It is in the dimension of a synchrony that you must situate the unconscious" (quoted on p. 179). Considering that Freud, both within and without the Lacanian reformulation, proposes the unconscious as it is articulated within speech, and considering that the subject's speech synchronizes psyche and experience, it is to be expected that unconscious activities will be evident in the world as it is experienced in time. This, of course, does not mean that unconscious activities experienced in the world are attributable to godhead. On the second point I quote a long passage from Colin MacCabe's essay "Theory and Film: Principles of Realism and Pleasure":

> The cinema constantly poses me as the constant point of a fixed triangle and it constantly obscures and effaces the complicated progress of the shots, the impossible movements of that point by the logic of events on the screen. To analyse this process we need the concepts elaborated by Benveniste (Problems of General Linguistics, Coral Gables, Florida 1971, Part V) to distinguish between the sujet de l'énonciation and the sujet de l'énoncé. Benveniste suggests that to arrive at a logical understanding

of tenses and to understand fully the importance of language for subjectivity, the speaker as the producer of the discursive chain, le sujet de l'énonciation, must be distinguished from the grammatical subject, le sujet de l'énoncé, the 'I,' judge of the correspondence between world and language, and the psychoanalytic subject, the sujet de l'énonciation, the 'it,' unable to distinguish between word and world and constantly threatening and unmasking the stability of the 'I.' Applied to film this is the distinction between the spectator as viewer, the comforting 'I,' the fixed point, and the spectator as he or she is caught up in the play of events on the screen, as he or she 'utters,' 'enounces,' the film. Hollywood cinema is largely concerned to make these two coincide so that we can ignore what is at risk. But this coincidence can never be perfect because it is exactly in the divorce between the two that the film's existence is possible. This bringing into play of the process of the text's production takes us out of the classical field of semiotics, the field of the énoncé in which the text is treated as the assertion of a set of disjunctions permuted to produce actions, and into the question of the production of these very disjunctions. The subject is neither the full presence of traditional 'auteur' criticism nor the effect of the structure in traditional structuralism: it is divided in the movement between the two. The contradiction between énonciation and énoncé is always the contradiction between narrative and discourse. Narrative is always propelled by both a heterogeneity and a surplus

> --a heterogeneity which must be both overcome and prolonged. The narrative begins with an incoherence but already promises the resolution of that incoherence. The story is the passage from ignorance to knowledge, but this passage is denied as process--the knowledge is always already there as the comforting resolution of the broken coherence (every narrative is always a suspense story). Narrative must deny the time of its own telling--it must refuse its status as discourse (articulation), in favour of its self-presentation as simple identity, complete knowledge.[72]

MacCabe's statement makes it possible to bring the two writerly stances evident in H.D.'s early work into a consideration of textual performance which makes use of a more precise theoretical ground than was available to H.D.. What MacCabe describes as "narrative" resembles the "false" writing of H.D.'s "bananas or grapefruit" novelist (see p. 8.), whereas his "discourse" (which can be related to, although it is not identical with, what I have described as the cultured and shared discourse of pre-World War 1 society [see p. 87]) resembles the narrational texts in which H.D. is particularly attentive to her text as articulation. Futhermore, what MacCabe calls the "comforting 'I,'" Benveniste's sujet de l'énonciation, can be related to the distinct and atomistic self which I described with reference to the

estranged passage from "The Gift" and William James' description of "the sick soul" (see Part One, II), while what he calls the grammatical "'it,'" the sujet de l'énoncé, can be related to the shifting subjectivity of "discourse"-like poems such as "Sea Rose" and "All Mountains." "The book of life" results when the "comforting 'I'" holds itself away from the text and observes the grammatical sujet de l'énoncé as it appears in the articulations of the text. If it is to maintain its own distinction at this point, the "comforting 'I'" must read ("turn and read" as H.D. writes in "The Revelation") the sujet de l'énoncé as if it were other than itself, and consequently the syntactic operations of this grammatical subject are attributed to the world in relation to which the text achieves significance. Like MacCabe's "narrative," the text disappears into the world, and the unconscious goes off in search of a home between words become 'primal forms' of a genetic earth.

So the question of writing in the world, of "the book of life," brings us back to the ambivalence of H.D.'s early work: an ambivalence which is evident in H.D.'s oscillation between 'subjects' (between the unified sujet de l'énoncé and the unitary sujet de l'énonciation), and also in the related difference between the resonant language of poems ("discourses")

in which H.D., like Hedylus in the birth passage discussed on p. 83, lets herself down into the operations of her text, and the less inhabited language of poems ("narratives") like "The Gift" and "The Revelation" in which H.D. speaks from a reserved distance, saying what she means to say. Returning to Lacan, whose work plays an important part in MacCabe's essay, it is possible to identify these two 'subjective' stances in relation to writing with the orders that Lacan has formulated as the imaginary and the symbolic. MacCabe summarizes Lacan as follows:

> For Lacan, vision offers a peculiarly privileged basis to an imaginary relation of the individual to the world. The imaginary relationship is characterised by the plenitude it confers on both subject and object, caught as they are outside any definition in terms of difference--given in a full substantial unity. The imaginary is central to the operations of the human psyche and is constituted as such in early infancy. Somewhere between the sixth and eighteenth month, the small human infant discovers its reflection in the mirror; an apprehension of unity all the more suprising in that it normally occurs before motor control has ensured that unity in practice. The specular relation thus established in this, the mirror phase, provides the basis for primary narcissism, and is then transferred onto the rest of the human world where the other is simply seen as another version of the same--of the 'I' which is the centre of the world. It is only with the

apprehension of genital difference that the child leaves the comfortable world of the imaginary to enter into the world of the symbolic. The symbolic is understood by Lacan (after Lévi-Strauss) not as a set of one-to-one relationships but as a tissue of differences which articulate the crucial elements within the child's world. It is the acceptance of a potential lack (castration) which marks the child's access to the symbolic and to language. Language in the realm of the imaginary is understood in terms of some full relation between word and thing; a mysterious unity of sign and referent. In the symbolic, language is understood in terms of lack and absence --the sign finds its definition diacritically through the absent syntagmatic and paradigmatic chains it enters into. As speaking subjects we constantly oscillate between the symbolic and the imaginary--constantly imagining ourselves granting some full meaning to the words we speak, and constantly being suprised to find them determined by relations outside our control. But if it is the phallus which is the determining factor for the entry into difference, difference has already troubled the full world of the infant. The imaginary unity has already been disrupted by the cruel separation from those objects originally understood as part of the subject--the breast and the faeces. The phallus becomes the dominating metaphor for all these previous lacks. Lacan defines the centrality of the phallus for the entry into the symbolic and language when he describes the phallus as 'the signifier destined to designate the effects, taken as a set, of signified, in so far as the signifier conditions

> these effects by its presence as signifier'(Ecrits, Paris 1966, p 690). The signified here is exactly the imaginary full meaning constantly contaminated by the signifier's organization along constituting and absent chains.[73]

MacCabe himself correlates "narrative" and the sujet de l'énonciation with the imaginary, and "discourse" and the sujet de l'énoncé with the symbolic. The contradictions between H.D.'s mysticism and her materialism, between the two 'subjectivities' evident in her work, between the supposedly transparent language of "The Revelation" and the resonant and opaque language of texts such as "All Mountains," can be read as versions of the the inevitable contradiction between the imaginary and the symbolic. Indeed, at a more particular level, H.D.'s Hedylus can be read as a text which works at the intersection of the imaginary and the symbolic. In the passage discussed on pp. 82-3., Hedylus is borne from the specular and mirror-bound world of his mother, Hedyle (his own feeling is one of displacement), and enters the shifting experience of a subjectivity which seeks to find itself as it is articulated within a poetic "discourse" (in MacCabe's sense) associated, if not explicitly with the phallus, then in at least two different ways with the father. Firstly, H.D., whose Hedylus is closely informed by the fragmentary remains

of Euripides' Phaethon, identifies Hedylus with Phaethon. Phaethon was the son of Helios, and the first poem that Hedylus reads on the ledge above the sea is concerned with Helios. Secondly, after burning the manuscript poems which he has just read as insufficient to his needs, Hedylus is approached by an attendant of Douris' who has overheard his reading. Douris, who was Hedyle's lover at the time of Hedylus' conception, represents the question of fatherhood for Hedylus, and when the attendant brings him to meet Douris, this father-figure encourages him to leave the island world of his mother, and to set out on travels which, as H.D. presents them, are certainly related to Phaethon's journey to the house of the sun (Helios). Effectively then, language (the manuscript poems) brings Hedylus into a mobile subjectivity --the experience of voyage--which, like the symbolic, is constituted by lack. H.D.'s book closes as Hedylus sails off into the blue. Considering the relation between Hedylus and Phaethon, however, one can gather that Hedylus' travels had better not end. There was only deadly resolution for Phaethon who journeyed in order to merge with his father, and thus to fill the 'gap' or 'lack' occasioning his movement. Holding reluctant Helios to the letter of a previous oath, Phaethon is permitted to ride the sun chariot round the earth. Too weak, he loses control of the chariot, scorches

the earth, and brings about his own disintegration. Woven into H.D.'s Hedylus, the story of Phaethon and Helios can be read as a mythical account of an attempt to resolve the necessary (because fundamentally human) contradiction between the imaginary and the symbolic.

H.D. specifies her own work in the unstable and liminal place--"somewhere"--of a late poem entitled "Sigil" (first published in 1952):

> Now let the cycle sweep us here and there,
> we will not struggle;
> somewhere,
> under a forest-ledge,
> a wild white-pear
> will blossom;
>
> somewhere,
> under an edge of rock,
> a sea will open;
> slice of the tide-shelf
> will show in coral, yourself,
> in conch-shell,
> myself;
>
> somewhere,
> over a field-hedge,
> a wild bird
> will lift up wild, wild throat,
> and that song heard,
> will stifle out this note.[74]

The word has become a "sigil," a "classic" moment of synchrony, an amuletic moment of 'full' phenomenological presence. But because the crucial amuletic word "somewhere" is specifically unspecific this 'fullness'--the discoverable fullness through which H.D. justifies the acquiescence advocated in the first two lines--breaks into the contradictory and moving sense of search and absence which pervades the rest of the poem. The poem joins presence with absence, discovery with search, the subjective tendency to speak from a reserved distance (saying what is meant, as in the first two lines) with the subjective tendency to descend into the self constituting and diverse articulations of the text; it conjoins emphasis on the apparent transparency of the 'full' word with emphasis on the way words inevitably arc into each other, thereby establishing continuous chains of movement (which, as H.D.'s poem suggests, only end when they are broken off, discontinued), and shredding the 'fullness' which as discrete entities they also imply. In suggesting that "Sigil," as described above, brings the imaginary and the symbolic into concrescence with one another I do not mean to reduce the poem to the terms of Lacan's analysis (which is problematic to the extent that it is articulated through the idea of castration), but instead to indicate the general consistency of the particular concerns which it draws together.

The liminal "somewhere" in which H.D.'s work is situated can only in part be defined as the space which the writing opens between "numb" moments of normalized consciousness (see p. 17.). For it is also the threshold between H.D. and the world which is raised into the writing as the phenomenology (imaginary) within which the texts set about their work (symbolic). Thus, by the time of Hermetic Definition (published posthumously, 1972) H.D.'s angels, having flown from their function as figures through which H.D. sought to articulate the symbolic nature of her writing, are presented as co-ordinates of a systematization of experience which is both teleological and eschatological. The shift is easy enough to understand. Having worked so hard to comprehend and accomodate the unconscious activity evident in the intervals between words at what I have discussed as a psychological level, H.D. moves outward--via (1) the recognition that it is words which make realities of things and (2) an imaginary identification of textual time with historical time--and proposes that an organized and guiding unconsciousness exists in the intervals between things and events in the historical world. Instead of recognizing this unconsciousness as her own appearing in the world as a result of the synchrony which she had struggled to bring about in her writing, instead of recognizing it as a condition of the (shared) discourse in which history and experience are

collectively understood, she attributes it to a godhead, to the author of a "classic" world in which substance and mind are synchronized by their mutual participation in divinity. The conjurings of Hermetic Definition recall Adorno's description of occultist abracadabra (see p. 13), but they are more suggestive of what Lukács says happens to the world when the lyrical "relationship between soul and nature" is extended beyond its proper domain in the moment:

> At the lyrical moment the purest interiority of the soul, set apart from duration without choice, lifted above the obscurely-determined multiplicity of things, solidifies into substance; whilst alien, unknowable nature is driven from within, to agglomerate into a symbol that is illuminated throughout. Yet this relationship between soul and nature can be produced only at lyrical moments. Otherwise, nature is transformed--because of its lack of meaning--into a kind of picturesque lumber-room of sensuous symbols for literature; it seems to be fixed in its bewitching mobility and can only be reduced to meaningfully animated calm by the magic word of lyricism. Such moments are constitutive and form-determining only for lyric poetry; only in lyric poetry do these direct sudden flashes of the substance become like lost original manuscripts suddenly made legible; only in lyric poetry is the subject, the vehicle of such experiences, transformed

> into the sole carrier of meaning, the only true reality.[75]

If H.D.'s late reversion to mysticism is connected, as I take it to be, with her endeavour to break the dependency of her writing on the "lyrical moment" of naive (because apparently unmediated) consciousness--encounters with flowers etc.--then it is also related to her endeavour to understand how human 'subjectivity' and experience are constituted as they are organized within discourse. Only when this constitutive function of symbolic discourse is understood will it be possible to find a place for the imaginary vocabulary of "souls," "interiority," and 'full subjectivity' which Lukács associates with the lyric and shares with H.D.; only then will it be possible to know "unknowable nature" (a concept), to understand "the obscurely-determined multiplicity of things," and to reconcile the idea of tracing out "lost original manuscripts" with the material conditions of human life on earth.

Notes.

[1] Jane Harrison, Introductory Studies in Greek Art (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1885), p. 233.

[2] Jane Harrison, Themis (1912; rpt. N.Y.: University Books, 1962), p. 475.

[3] Hilda Doolittle, Red Roses For Bronze (London: Chatto and Windus, 1931), p. 34.

[4] Hilda Doolittle, Trilogy (N.Y.: New Directions, 1973), p. 6.

[5] Erich Heller, The Disinherited Mind (Cambridge: Bowes and Bowes, 1952), p. 162.

[6] William Blake, "A Descriptive Catalogue. . .," The Poetry and Prose of William Blake, ed. David Erdman (N.Y.: Doubleday, 1970), p. 540.

[7] H.D., Trilogy, p. 14.

[8] Quoted in Jackson R. Bryer, "H.D.: a note on her critical reputation," Contemporary Literature, Vol. 10, No. 4 (Autumn 1969), p. 628.

[9] H.D., Trilogy, p. 42.

[10] ibid., p. 77.

[11] quoted in J.G. Stewart, Jane Ellen Harrison; a portrait from letters (London: Merlin Press, 1959), p. 171.

[12] See Adelphi, III (October 1925), p. 378.

[13] F.M. Cornford, From Religion to Philosophy, a

study in the origins of western speculation (1912; rpt. Harper Torchbooks, 1957), p. 60. Further references to this book are cited within the text.

[14] Hilda Doolittle, Hippolytus Temporizes (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1927), p. 21.

[15] Gilbert Murray, The Four Stages of Greek Religion (N.Y.: Columbia University Press, 1912), p. 122.

[16] Thorlief Boman, Hebrew Thought compared with Greek, trans. J.L. Moreau (London: S.C.M. Press, 1965), p. 52.

[17] D.S. Margoliouth, Aristotle's Poetics (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1911), p. 22.

[18] There is a relation between the way words (considered in relation to Margoliouth's argument) dispose the mind thereby making it receptive to their subsequent dispensation of meaning, and the way the dasmos of Cornford's description (see p. 152) establishes the gods as dispensers of the original disposition from which they arose. This relation supports my claim that Cornford's Greek "'Nature'" is discourse taken for granted as real.

[19] Frances A. Yates, The Art of Memory (Harmondsworth: Peregrine Books, 1969), p. 22.

[20] Richard Aldington, The Poems of Meleager of Gadara (London: Egoist Press, 1920), p. 5.

[21] H.D. "Nossis," first published 1924; rpt. Collected Poems of H.D. (N.Y.: Liveright, 1925), p. 230.

[22] Hilda Doolittle, The Flowering of the Rod, 1946; rpt. Trilogy, p. 172.

[23] Hilda Doolittle, "A Note on Poetry," The Oxford Anthology of American Literature, ed. W.R. Benét and N.H. Pearson (N.Y.: Oxford University Press, 1938), Vol. ii, p. 1288.

[24] See Eric W. White and Hilda Doolittle, Images of H.D., and from "The Mystery" by H.D. (London: Enitharmon Press, 1976), p. 25.

[25] H.D., "A Note on Poetry," p. 1288.

[26] The development of H.D.'s work being methodological rather than contentual, nearly all its themes are evident in the first book, Sea Garden. The murex-fisher is first mentioned in "Sea Iris": "Do the murex-fishers / drench you as they pass? / Do your roots drag up colour / from the sand" (Collected Poems, p. 53)? H.D. first uses the murex-fisher to describe the psychological reach of her text in that sea of words entitled Palimpsest (1926). It is possible that H.D. found the murex-fisher in Jane Harrison's Introductory Studies in Greek Art (1885). Harrison repeatedly mentions the Phoenician murex-fishers who used to work off the Cycladic Islands.

[27] H.D., "The Cinema and the Classics," Close-Up I (July 1927), p. 23.

[28] H.D., "A Note on Poetry," p. 1288.

[29] H.D., Hippolytus Temporizes, p. 3.

[30] Edward Sapir, "An American Poet," The Nation, CXXI (August 19th, 1925), pp. 211-2.

[31] H.D., Hippolytus Temporizes, pp. 36-7.

[32] see Norman Holmes Pearson's "Foreword" to H.D.'s Tribute to Freud (Boston: Godine, 1974), p. xiv.

[33] Jacques Lacan, The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psychoanalysis (London: Hogarth Press, 1977), p. 26.

[34] Jean-François Lyotard, Discours, figure (Paris: Klincksieck, 1971), p. 125.

[35] H.D., "A Note on Poetry," p. 1288.

[36] H.D., "The Cinema and the Classics," Close-Up I (August 1927), p. 39.

[37] ibid., p. 37.

[38] Anthony Quinton, The Nature of Things (London: R.K.P., 1973), pp. 328-9.

[39] Sigmund Freud, The Interpretation of Dreams 1900 , trans. J. Strachey (N.Y.: Avon, I976), p. 138.

[40] Sigmund Freud, "A Note on the Prehistory of the technique of Analysis" 1920 , The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud trans. J. Strachey (London: Hogarth, 1967), Vol. XVIII, pp. 263-5.

[41] Hilda Doolittle, Palimpsest (1926; rpt. Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern Illinois Unuversity Press, 1968), p. 29.

[42] Sigmund Freud, The Interpretation of Dreams, p. 383. Further references to this book are cited within the text.

[43] T.B. Swann and V. Quinn, the two critics who have published books on H.D., are concerned only with the thematic content of the work. Considering (a) that the thematic content of H.D.'s writing is no more its reality that the "manifest content" is the reality of Freud's dreams, and (b) the relation which I claim between textuality and Freud's "dream-work," Swann and Quinn can be thought to resemble the early dream readers who pitched their diagnosis on the deceptive "manifest content," and against whom Freud wrote The Interpretation of Dreams.

[44] Sigmund Freud, "Project for a Scientific Psychology" [1895], Standard Edition, Vol. I, pp. 281-389.

[45] Sigmund Freud, The Ego and the Id [1923], Standard Edition, Vol. XIX, p. 20.

[46] Sigmund Freud, "The Unconscious" [1915], Standard Edition, Vol. XIV, p. 201.

[47] ibid., p. 187.

[48] Sigmund Freud, Beyond the Pleasure Principle [1920], Standard Edition, Vol. XVIII, p. 18.

[49] Sigmund Freud, "A Note on the Mystic Writing Pad" [1924], Standard Edition, Vol. XIX, p. 231.

[50] Per Wästberg, Love's Gravity, trans. A. Henning (London: Souvenir Press, 1977), p. 76.

[51] H.D., Red Roses For Bronze, pp. 52-3.

[52] H.D., "The Cinema and the Classics," Close-Up I (Nov. 1927), p. 27.

[53] H.D. wrote for her friend Kenneth Macpherson's film magazine Close-Up at a time when it was also publishing articles in French by the Surrealist René Crevel.

[54] André Breton quoted in F. Alquié, The Philosophy of Surrealism, trans. B. Waldrop (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1969), p. 7.

[55] I translate the phrase "mad love" from the title of Breton's L'Amour Fou (Paris: Gallimard, 1937).

[56] According to one who knew her towards the end of her life, H.D. was an "avid reader in esoterica" (See Gustave Davidson, A Dictionary of Angels N.Y.: The Free Press, 1967). Douglas Goldring has pointed out that Levi's History of Transcendental Magic was fashionable reading in the literary circles of the 1920s (see his South Lodge [London: Constable, 1943], p. 153).

[57] Eliphas Levi, The Key of All Mysteries, trans. Aleister Crowley (1956; rpt. N.Y.: Samuel Weiser, 1972), p. 155. 1856?

[58] H.D., "The Revelation," The Nation CLXXXV (August 31st, 1957), p. 94.

[59] H.D., "The Cinema and the Classics," Close-Up

I (August 1927), p. 30.

[60] David Robinson, The History of World Cinema (N.Y.: Stein and Day, 1974), pp. 97-8.

[61] H.D., "The Cinema and the Classics," Close-Up I (July 1927), pp 30-1.

[62] Walter Benjamin, Understanding Brecht, trans. A. Bostock (London: New Left Books, 1913), pp. 96 & 70 respectively.

[63] H.D., "The Cinema and the Classics," Close-Up I (July 1927), p. 30.

[64] H.D., "The Cinema and the Classics," Close-Up I (August 1927), p. 32.

[65] Genesis, viii, 22.: "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night shall not cease."

[66] Georg Lukács, The Theory of the Novel, trans. Anna Bostock (London: Merlin Press, 1971), p. 29.

[67] Ernst Cassirer, The Phenomenology of Knowledge, Vol III of The Philosophy of Symbolic Forms, trans. R. Mannheim (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1957), p. 241.

[68] H.D., Tribute to Freud, p. 109.

[69] For a useful discussion of Goethe's anti-empiricist Urpflanze (primal plant) see "Goethe and the Idea of Scientific Truth," chapter 1 of Erich Heller's The Disinherited Mind (pp. 1-26).

[70] Ernst Cassirer, The Phenomenology of Knowledge, p. 216.

[71] ibid., p. 215.

[72] Colin MacCabe, "Theory and Film: Principles of Realism and Pleasure," Screen, Vol. 17, No. 3 (Autumn 1976), pp. 16-17.

[73] ibid., pp. 13-4.

[74] H.D., "Sigil," first published in 1952; rpt. Selected Poems of H.D. (N.Y.: Grove Press, 1957), p. 127.

[75] Georg Lukáks, Theory of the Novel, p. 63.

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I have discovered nothing to suggest that this bibliography is incomplete. I am only aware of two new (as opposed to reprinted) items by H.D. which have been published since 1969. The first is a notebook printed as "Advent" in Godine's edition of Tribute to Freud (listed in primary sources). The second is the section from "The Mystery" (similarly listed).