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Author: Lee M. Jenkins

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**UNDERWORLDS AND AFTERLIVES:  
D. H. LAWRENCE'S UNCOLLECTED WAR POEMS AND  
IMAGISM**

LEE M. JENKINS

The publication in 2018 of the third and final volume of *The Poems*, edited by Christopher Pollnitz, has given Lawrence's uncollected First-World-War poetry the belated attention it deserves,<sup>1</sup> both within his own oeuvre and in a canon which, a century after the end of the Great War, has expanded to include the verse of non-combatants. Pollnitz had established Lawrence's credentials as a war poet in Volume I of *The Poems* with his bold interpolation of the unpublished First-World-War sequence 'All of Us' between *Rhyming Poems* and *Unrhyming Poems*.<sup>2</sup> In Volume III, Pollnitz recuperates a cluster of war poems, which Lawrence omitted from *Collected Poems* (1928), tracing in his notes their transmission within a transatlantic nexus of little magazines and anthologies associated with Imagism, the poetic school whose pre-war iterations, Helen Carr points out, "marked the beginning of Anglo-American modernism".<sup>3</sup> Drawing on Pollnitz's meticulous textual scholarship, the first part of this article explores the close imbrication of Lawrence's war triad – in what Pollnitz calls a "double triptych" comprising 'Resurrection', 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?', 'Errinyes' and their early versions (3*Poems* cv) – with the transatlantic networks and modernist periodical culture. In its second part, the article considers the reception of Lawrence's war poetry and the repurposing of its chthonic imagery in the writing of his fellow Imagists, Richard Aldington and H. D. – Hilda Aldington, née Doolittle, the Imagist with whom Lawrence felt the closest "poetic kinship".<sup>4</sup>

### Underworlds

Lawrence first met H. D. and Aldington at the Berkeley Hotel in London on 30 July 1914, five days before Britain declared war on Germany: “meeting him ... happened actually almost identically with the breaking out of the war”, as H. D. would recall.<sup>5</sup> The occasion was a dinner party hosted by Amy Lowell, who, having taken over the Imagist movement from Ezra Pound, wanted to recruit Lawrence to its ranks. Lawrence may have “regarded imagism as an advertising scheme” but he would contribute nonetheless to Lowell’s *Some Imagist Poets* series (1915–17).<sup>6</sup> The annual format, if not aesthetic, for Lowell’s anthologies was modelled on Edward Marsh’s popular *Georgian Poetry* anthologies (1912–22); Lawrence’s poems appeared in four of *Georgian Poetry*’s five volumes. If Lawrence’s involvement with both the Imagist and Georgian anthologies implies his loyalty to neither camp, it also proves the point made by Aldington in the preface to the first of Lowell’s anthologies that, although “banded together between one set of covers”, post-Poundian Imagists did not constitute a “clique” or an “exclusive artistic set”.<sup>7</sup>

Aldington, an Imagist and “Amygist” and, later, a biographer of Lawrence, recalls that Lawrence had come hotfoot to Lowell’s dinner party from Marsh, who in his capacity as Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, Winston Churchill, had told Lawrence that “we shall be in the war”.<sup>8</sup> Lawrence’s active association with Imagism was coterminous with the War from the outset, and many of the poems he published on Imagist platforms on both sides of the Atlantic – in little magazines like *Poetry* and *The Egoist*, and in Lowell’s anthologies – were war poems. Lawrence’s relationship to Imagism thus has a different trajectory from that of Aldington and H. D.: where Lawrence’s explicit association with Imagism and his first poems about the War are all but synonymous in his career, the cool and impersonal classicism of Aldington and H. D.’s early Imagist verse would not withstand the traumatic impact of the War on the Western and home fronts, respectively. Stan Smith

has identified the phenomenon of “shell-shocked Georgianism”, but a shell-shocked Imagism, too, is exposed in the signal difference between Aldington’s *Images* (1915), published before he signed up in June 1916, and his *Images of War* (1919) and between H. D.’s *Sea Garden* (1916) and her verse from 1917 – which was, as Carr remarks, “for civilians ... the worst year of the war” – onward.<sup>9</sup>

In her autobiographical novel *Bid Me to Live* (1960), H. D. recalls Lawrence’s first words to her, “that day at the top of the Berkeley, overlooking Green Park”, in 1914: “Don’t you realise that this is poetry?”<sup>10</sup> The reference is to the poems that H. D. has brought with her for inclusion in the first of Lowell’s Imagist anthologies.<sup>11</sup> In her novel, H. D.’s fictional surrogate, “Julia”, tells us that the Lawrence figure, “Rico”, “liked her flower poems” – ‘Sea Lily’, ‘Sea Iris’ and ‘Sea Rose’ appeared in *Some Imagist Poets* (1915) – and so he “called her Persephone”. The corollary, for Julia, is that Rico is “Dis of the underworld, the husband of Persephone”.<sup>12</sup> The coalescence of poetry, war and chthonic myth in H. D.’s account of their meeting would characterise her lifelong literary relationship with Lawrence.

As Susan Stanford Friedman suggests, “The First World War and its subsequent personal and cultural consequences had constituted a kind of death for H. D., a descent to the underworld from which she had to emerge in a process of spiritual rebirth that was decades in the making”.<sup>13</sup> For Lawrence, the London of the war years was likewise an underworld. Writing from Hampstead on 17 October 1917 to the composer and musicologist Cecil Gray, Lawrence complains that:

London is really very bad; gone mad, in fact. It thinks and breathes and lives air-raids, nothing more. People are not people any more: they are factors, really ghastly, like Lemures, evil spirits of the dead. What shall we do, how shall we get out of this Inferno? ‘Pray not to die on the brink of so much horror’, to parody myself. (3L 170)

Lawrence is parodying the penultimate line of the manuscript version of his own ‘Craving for Spring’ – “Ah, do not let me die on the brink

of so much hope!" (3L 170 n.20). This Persephone poem, which concludes his 1917 volume *Look! We Have Come Through!*, may have been seeded by H. D.'s flower poems. Lawrence may also be alluding, in his letter to Gray, to Aldington's poem 'Lemures', in which the restless spirits of the Roman dead, the lemures invoked in Horace's *Epistles* and in Ovid's *Fasti*, are transhistorical travellers, manifesting in "Thebes of Egypt", in "Lesbos and Achaia" and in the "Now" of wartime London.<sup>14</sup> Like H. D.'s flower poems, Aldington's poem had appeared in Lowell's anthology *Some Imagist Poets* in April 1915; in December of that year, Lawrence told Bertrand Russell that he had been reading J. G. Frazer's *Totemism and Exogamy* (2L 470), which includes an account of Madagascan lemur-lore, in which, Frazer notes, the babacoote (a large lemur) is identified as the embodiment of an ancestor-spirit. Lawrence also read Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, the compendium of comparative mythology that posits the belief in the return of the dead as a universal phenomenon, and which was a primary source-book for H. D. and the Imagists, and, in the post-war period, for T. S. Eliot in *The Waste Land*.<sup>15</sup>

Lawrence draws from Frazer's comparativist myth-kitty in 'Resurrection', first drafted in October 1915 and revised three times before a fifth version was published in *Poetry* magazine in 1917 (3*Poems* ciii–iv). Scott Freer notes that "Frazer's notion of resurrection symbolism being re-enacted via various myths shaped the mythopoeia of both H. D. and D. H. Lawrence", but Freer also differentiates between H. D.'s "syncretic mythopoeia" and Lawrence's "genealogical method", which "recovers pagan antecedents" from "subsequent Christian deformations".<sup>16</sup> While Freer's distinction is valid for the most part, it does not hold in 'Resurrection', in which Lawrence composites pagan and Judeo-Christian mythologies into the Frazerian archetype of the wounded god. A letter to Cynthia Asquith, written a month later, may be read as a gloss on the poem. Lawrence tells Asquith that "my heart is smashed into a thousand fragments, and I shall never have the energy to collect the bits – like Osiris – or Isis", and he goes on to declare:

I want to begin all all [sic] again. All these Gethsemane Calvary and Sepulchre stages must be over now: there must be a resurrection – resurrection: a resurrection with sound hands and feet and a whole body and a new soul: above all, a new soul: a resurrection. (2L 454)

The letter, which juxtaposes the Isis and Osiris myth with Lawrence's bodily reconfiguration of Christian theology, is written under the same Frazerian rubric as 'Resurrection' (cited below from the version published by Monroe in *Poetry* in 1917, also given in full in the Appendix),<sup>17</sup> the speaker of which is a Christ-cum-Persephone figure, who, even as "The dead [of the First World War] are burning in the funeral wind",

... like a strange light breaking from the ground,  
... venture[s] from the halls of shadowy death –  
A frail white gleam of resurrection.<sup>18</sup>

The poem's speaker asserts that

... like a cyclamen, a crocus flower  
In autumn, like to a messenger come back  
From embassy in death, I issue forth.

If 'Resurrection' anticipates the underworld mythos of Lawrence's *Last Poems*, the poem's imagery – the leaves of the innumerable dead – looks back to its predecessors: to Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind', to Shelley's source in canto III of Dante's *Inferno*, and to Dante's classical sources in the *Aeneid* and the *Iliad*.<sup>19</sup> Where Lawrence writes of "all the lives / That whirl and sweep like anxious leaves away",<sup>20</sup> in Dante the spirits of the dead fall from the banks of Acheron "As in autumn the leaves drop off one after the other till the branch sees all its spoils on the ground". Dante's canto, in which the speaker witnesses "so long a train of people that I should never have believed death had undone so many", would subsequently be

adduced as an intertext in the evocation of London as a “city of the dead” in H. D.’s *Bid Me to Live*, and, of course, in the post-war figuration of the city as an underworld in Eliot’s *The Waste Land*: “A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many, / I had not thought death had undone so many”.<sup>21</sup>

Lawrence is seldom considered in the same allusive terms as Eliot, yet the intertextuality of ‘Resurrection’ is pointed up when the poem is read in the context of its publication in *Poetry* magazine. The June 1917 number opens with Ezra Pound’s ‘Three Cantos’, or *Ur-Cantos*, the first of which invokes Robert Browning and thus enacts Browning’s claim, in *Sordello*, that “poets know the dragnet’s trick / Catching the dead”.<sup>22</sup> The first-person speaker of Lawrence’s ‘Resurrection’ represents himself as the sole survivor of a collective death – “all the lives lost” in the Great War – but the individual speaker is a “messenger” from an underworld peopled not only by the war dead, but also by Shelley, Dante and Virgil, by those that Eliot would call the “dead poets” of the past in his essay ‘Tradition and the Individual Talent’, printed in *The Egoist* in 1919.<sup>23</sup> As Richard Badenhansen has argued, modernist poets “expanded the scope of what it means to collaborate” in that, as Eliot proposes in his essay, “a reciprocity exists between dead writer and practicing artist, a relationship that adjusts past and present texts”.<sup>24</sup>

Contemporary connectivities, too, between ‘Resurrection’ and Imagist networks are exposed in Pollnitz’s careful excavation of the poem’s textual history. Lawrence sent his second version of this poem, ‘Resurrection [2]’ (now included in *3Poems* 1520–1), to Harriet Monroe, “the Editor who invented Imagism”, not for publication in *Poetry* magazine, but for Monroe’s opinion (see *2L* 417).<sup>25</sup> Lawrence subsequently submitted a revised version, ‘Resurrection [3]’, to H. D. for inclusion in *Some Imagist Poets* (1917), but the editorial committee rejected the poem. When a later variant, ‘Resurrection [4]’, was accepted by *Poetry*, Lawrence sent Monroe ‘Resurrection [2]’ again, telling her “use which you like” (*8L* 22). Using what she liked from both versions of ‘Resurrection’ ([2] and [4]), Monroe printed a conflation of the two published as

‘Resurrection’ (a fifth version, which lacked Lawrence’s authorial consent). Monroe’s repunctuated text replaces Lawrence’s commas with dashes and substitutes a semi-colon for his comma in the first line: “Now all the hosts are marching to the grave;”.<sup>26</sup>

In choosing to begin her conflated text with that repunctuated line from ‘Resurrection [2]’ rather than that of ‘Resurrection [4]’ – “Now like a crocus in the autumn time” (3*Poems* 1522) – Monroe prioritises the deadly teleology of war and the march of contemporary history over the seasonal cycle of death and rebirth in nature. Her choice may have been influenced by the timing of the poem’s appearance in *Poetry* in June 1917, the month in which the first US troops were dispatched to Europe. Monroe’s own opinions on the War and on America’s entry into the conflict, articulated in what Mark Whalan describes as “a series of extraordinary editorials”, may also inflect her hybrid ‘Resurrection’.<sup>27</sup> In her editorial in the January 1917 issue of *Poetry* Monroe notes that “men and nations are just about to begin their militant march”, which for so many would be the “march to the grave” of Lawrence’s poem. Monroe, however, also saw positive progress “toward the common goal” of a post-national global federation which, she believed, the War would bring about: “Through the war the spirit of man is to be reborn”, Monroe opines, “the costly red fertilizer, so lavishly poured out, is to enrich the soil of the new era”.<sup>28</sup> *Poetry*’s 1917 editorials advance that “common goal”, at the same time upholding the principle that the magazine will print ... any expression of [the war ...] whatever the poet’s point of view may be”.<sup>29</sup> Monroe therefore supports the “stand of the individual against immensities” and defends the “Puny unit” of the poet who “must hold up his little torch”.<sup>30</sup>

In her conflated ‘Resurrection’ (effectively ‘Resurrection [5]’), Monroe duly shields the poet’s “little torch” from the winds of war, but she does so by altering the sequence of Lawrence’s stanzas, demoting the speaker’s “frail flame of resurrection” from the second stanza of ‘Resurrection [4]’ to the fourth stanza of her text and giving precedence instead to “The dead [who] are burning in the funeral wind” (3*Poems* 1522).<sup>31</sup> Pollnitz recovers Lawrence’s version as



'Resurrection [4]' in Volume III of *The Poems*, restoring Lawrence's stanza sequence and his expressive form – the looping rhythm, interrupted by the repunctuation in the *Poetry* conflation, which is the prosodic echo of the poem's Frazerian allegory of resurrection in the seasonal cycle.

Lawrence's first war poem, 'Ecce Homo', had also been a product of *Poetry* insofar as the poem was prompted by Monroe's War Poems Prize Award number, to which Lawrence had declined an invitation to submit. He received his copy on 16 November 1914 and 'Ecce Homo' was written, in angry response, on the same day. In her commentary on 'Poetry and War' in the War Poems issue, *Poetry's* co-editor, Alice Corbin Henderson, defends the anti-war stance then adopted by the magazine:

The American feeling about the war is a genuine revolt against war, and we have believed that POETRY might help to serve the cause of peace by encouraging the expression of this spirit of protest.

Just as the neutrality of the United States is in no sense passive, so the spirit of her poets is one of active antagonism to the barbaric survival of war.<sup>32</sup>

Lawrence's active antagonism was to the War Poems number of *Poetry*, as well as to the War itself. In a letter to Monroe, he calls out what he saw as the "glib irreverence", in the "dreadful" face of the War, of contributions like Lowell's prose-poem 'The Bombardment', in which exploding artillery shells shatter not human bodies but "bohemian glass" (2L 232).<sup>33</sup> Another target is Aldington's 'War Yawp', a Whitmanesque apostrophe to "America!" which immediately precedes Henderson's editorial and, like it, defends the "little citadel" of the arts – and, by implication, the Fortress America of a neutral USA – "Against all the wars of the world".<sup>34</sup> Lawrence encloses his own "war poem" in his letter to Monroe, explaining that he "had" to write it "because it breaks my heart, this war" (2L 232).

‘Ecce Homo’, which, Lawrence told Monroe, was (ironically enough) “typed ... on a typewriter Amy Lowell gave me”, “follow[s] [the War] home to the heart of the individual fighters” in its anatomy of the death-drive of Western civilisation, or what Lawrence calls “the *will* to war” (2*L* 233). The poem is an extreme instance of “the brutalising of English poetry” for which Lawrence (after J. M. Synge) had called in his 1911 review of Jethro Bithell’s anthology of *Contemporary German Poetry* (IR 188). The “disturbed soldier-protagonist” (3*Poems* cv) who is the poem’s speaker and psychological subject enacts a homoerotic version of the Freudian agon between the primal urges of sex and death when he says of the enemy he has killed in single combat that

I knew he wanted it, he wanted it  
Like a fierce magnet he drew my bayonet  
Like a spent shaft it sank to its rest (1515).

The soldier-speaker’s more intimate connection is with “My enemy, my brother”, with the German soldier, not with his band of British brothers in arms, nor with “Woman” or “our Mothers”, who, rejoicing in “our destruction”, are figured as “Harpies, Erynnies” and “Eumenides” (1516). Sarah Cole has made the persuasive point that “the war’s flamboyant all-male theatrics” may “trouble the smooth narrative of (hetero)normativity” yet “do not conform to a structure of gender deviance”.<sup>35</sup> It would be reductive to read into the psycho-sexual drama of ‘Ecce Homo’ Lawrence’s preference for sleeping with the German enemy over sleeping with his German wife. The poem’s exploration of what Paul Delany calls “the perverse eroticism of violence” nonetheless anticipates the ‘Gladiatorial’ chapter of *Women in Love*, “a novel which took its final shape in the midst of the period of war” (WL 485), and in which, Cole suggests, through the Birkin-Crich relationship, Lawrence “transforms the structures of war intimacy” into “moments of supreme male homoeroticism”.<sup>36</sup>

Notwithstanding the postscript in Lawrence’s letter to Monroe, “Take care how you regard my war poem – it is good” (2*L* 233),

'Ecce Homo' would not appear in *Poetry*, although Monroe did solicit more war poems from Lawrence. In 1915, when Aldington invited him to contribute to a special Imagist issue of *The Egoist*, Lawrence revised 'Ecce Homo' (the words, in the Vulgate, with which Pilate presents Jesus to the crowd) as 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?' (the last words of the crucified Christ in Aramaic and Greek, in Mark and Matthew, "My God, my God, why has thou forsaken me?"). The poem appeared in *The Egoist* on 1 June 1915. Cynthia Asquith's diary entry for 21 June of that year offers a contemporaneous insight into Lawrence's – and his poem's – psychopathology of war: "Lawrence and Beb [Herbert Asquith, who had joined up in 1914] had war talk and accused Beb of unconscious 'blood-lust' ... He has an *idée fixe* that 'destruction' is the end, and not the means to an end, in the minds of soldiers".<sup>37</sup> The embodiment of Lawrence's *idée fixe*, the first-person speaker of 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?' is a soldier who, in his bloodlust, identifies himself as the "bridegroom of War, war's paramour":

Like a bride he took my bayonet, wanting it,  
 Like a virgin the blade of my bayonet, wanting it,  
 And it sank to rest from me in him,  
 And I, the lover, am consummate,  
 And he is the bride, I have sown him with the seed  
 And planted and fertilised him. (*3Poems* 1518)

The bayoneted soldier-bride is, metaphorically, feminised, impregnated, whereas literal women are at best camp followers, scavengers who "Feed on our wounds like bread, receive our blood / Like glittering seed" (1519). The "seed", the sacrificial blood of the fighting men that will "expiate ... the unknowable crime", is seedcorn-cum-semen, its bloody harvest a "sheaf of self-gathered wounds". The artillery shells, the speaker says, are "Like screaming birds of Fate / Wheeling to lacerate and rip up this my body" (1517). The Harpy bird-women of 'Ecce Homo' reappear in 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?', as do the Erinyes, the three female Furies who avenge

the crime of matricide in Aeschylus's *Eumenides* and Euripides's *Orestes*, and who will take centre stage in 'Errinyes', the third in this triptych of war poems that Lawrence later omitted from his *Collected Poems* (1928).

'Ecce Homo' and 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?' supply what Lawrence saw as a necessary corrective to the "glib irrelevance" of Amy Lowell's contribution to *Poetry's* War Poems Prize Award number of 1914. But in the following year, when 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?' appeared in the special Imagist number of *The Egoist*, it was Lowell's turn to object, both to the "pure, farfetched indecency" of Lawrence's poem, and to its length: at three pages, 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?' hardly meets the Imagist criterion of compression.<sup>38</sup> An offended Lowell refused to distribute the special issue of *The Egoist* in the United States, and 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?' would remain under the radar until E. W. Tedlock reprinted it as 'A Forgotten War Poem by D. H. Lawrence' in 1952.<sup>39</sup>

Pollnitz's recent retrieval of 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?' in the third volume of *The Poems* points us to the context of the poem's original publication. The Imagist issue of *The Egoist* in which 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?' appeared also includes F. S. Flint's 'The History of Imagism'. The Imagist number of *The Egoist* itself constitutes a new chapter in that history, with Lawrence's place in it marked by his contribution.<sup>40</sup> Fellow contributors nonetheless called Lawrence's Imagist credentials in question, whether implicitly, in Olivia Shakespear's remark in her one-page essay on 'The Poetry of D. H. Lawrence' that "He is simpler, less concerned with technical experiment than most of his contemporaries", or explicitly, in Harold Monroe's review of *Some Imagist Poets* (1915).<sup>41</sup> Monroe "dismiss[es] D. H. Lawrence in a few words" since "Strictly speaking he is not an Imagist ... I cannot think him a natural growth of the movement".<sup>42</sup> Lowell, Monroe implies, has artificially grafted Lawrence onto her stem of Imagism, albeit that 'Green', which had appeared in *Some Imagist Poets* (1915), is, in Mark Kinkade-Weekes's judgement, Lawrence's "most strictly Imagist poem".<sup>43</sup>

As Pollnitz remarks, in the war poems Lawrence omitted from *Collected Poems* (1928) and their early versions “Lawrence’s self-adjusting response to World War One can be traced more fully than in any of his verse collections” (*3Poems* cv). That self-adjustment may be traced, too, in the cross-over of the sexualised bayonet imagery of ‘Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?’ in Lawrence’s unpublished verse collection of 1916, ‘All of Us’. ‘Star Sentinel’ is spoken, the subtitle tells us, by “A young woman [who] muses on her betrothed, who is in Mesopotamia”, and who asks, “Do I see your bayonet twinkle with answering love?” (*1Poems* 139). The sword-phallus, the homoerotic weapon of war in ‘Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?’, is redeemed as the instrument of heterosexual love in ‘All of Us’, a collection in which Lawrence’s “hope for the women” in wartime is articulated in the voices of women themselves.

‘Errinyes’, the third poem in this war triad, was published in *Some Imagist Poets* (1916). Both ‘Errinyes’ and its early version, ‘The Turning Back’, are written in tercets, in what is perhaps a loose approximation of the terza rima of Dante, to whose *Inferno* Lawrence looks back in ‘Resurrection’. (‘Errinyes’ as it appears in Lowell’s Imagist anthology is arranged in sestets, which is likely a “typist or compositor’s error” [*3Poems* 1827]). ‘The Turning Back’ is the first part of a “poem-letter” sent on 2 November 1915 to Cynthia Asquith (1826). A call for peace, and even for surrender – “The foe can take our goods and homes and land”; “We let the weapons slip from our hands” – the poem ends with the plea, “Let us go back, the only way is love” (1525–6). In the letter to Asquith which accompanies his poem, Lawrence says, “about the ‘downing tools’ ... I send you the poem, which might help to convince you” (2*L* 424). “I very much want you to tell me what you think”, Lawrence concludes, “because it is a question for the women of the land now to decide”: “I still have some hope of the women: they should *know* that only love matters now” (425). What Asquith thought about “poor Lawrence’s last extraordinary letter” is recorded in her diary entry for 5 November 1915: “He appears to think that *I* could stop the war, if only I really wanted to”, presumably by appealing on behalf of “the women” to

her father-in-law, Prime Minister Herbert Henry Asquith, who had taken Britain into the War the year before.<sup>44</sup> Lawrence's "hope for the women" and the pacifying power of their "love" had apparently dissipated by 1916, when the speaker of 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?' reverts, with bitter pathos, to the sentiments of 'The Turning Back': "I had dreamed of love, oh love, I had dreamed of love" (*3Poems* 1518).

In reworking 'The Turning Back' as 'Errinyes', Lawrence, as his new title suggests, ups the mythological ante, transfiguring the harmless "homeless ghosts" of dead soldiers into the malevolent Erinyes also invoked in 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?': "Out of blood rise up new ghosts"; "The more we slay and are slain, the more we rouse up new ghosts against us" (*3Poems* 1525, 1527). 'Errinyes', Pollnitz points out, is a debate not only with Cynthia Asquith but also with "the deeply disturbed soldier-protagonist of 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?', who proclaims that the Erinyes will only sink 'Like blood in the earth again' if he or his enemy sheds the blood of the other" (cv). 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?' and 'Resurrection' and their early versions are psycho-dramatic monologues or resurrection-lyrics, spoken in the first-person singular. In 'Errinyes' and 'The Turning Back' Lawrence deploys the first-person plural, a public mode of address which implies that the War, as it is in Lawrence's poem-sequence of that title, is a matter for 'All of Us':

... we are mad with terror, seeing the slain  
Victorious, grey, grisly ghosts in our streets;  
Grey, unappeased ghosts in the music-halls. (1527).

"How shall we now appease whom we have raised up?", 'Errinyes' asks, and the poem's conclusion is that "we shall have new peace in this our life" only when we are "Sure of our dead in the proud halls of death".

### Afterlives

Whether or not Lawrence is defined as an Imagist, the chthonic imagery of the war verse he published on three prominent Imagist platforms – *Poetry*, *The Egoist* and Amy Lowell's anthologies – draws on and would in turn inform the practice of bona fide Imagists like Aldington and H. D.

Aldington's figuration of the war dead as "a legion of Eumenides" in his novel *Death of a Hero* (1929) reprises, from the different perspective of the veteran, the mythos of 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?' and 'Errinyes': "a million murders egged on, lauded, exulted over, will raise a legion of Eumenides about your ears. The survivors will pay bitterly for it, all their lives".<sup>45</sup> In his post-war poem 'Eumenides', Aldington likewise analogises his survivor's guilt – "Loos, that horrible night in Hart's Crater" and "The first night-long gas bombardment – / O the thousand images I see / And struggle with and cannot kill" – to "Eumenides" which "glide about me, / Fearful memories" of "Men, men and the roar of shells". Aldington asks himself, "What is it I agonise for? / The dead? They are quiet". His answer is that

It is myself that is the Eumenides,  
That will not be appeased, about my bed;  
It is the wrong that has been done me  
Which none has atoned for, none repented of,  
Which rises before me, demanding atonement.

Tell me, what answer shall I give my murdered self?<sup>46</sup>

Aldington would pay tribute to Lawrence's definitive account, in 'The Nightmare' chapter of *Kangaroo* (1923), published in the same year as his poem, of the post-traumatic fallout of the War for civilians on the home front.<sup>47</sup> Lawrence, who did not experience the War on the Western front, apparently had little apprehension of its horrors. As Aldington recalls in his biography of Lawrence, "when I sent him

word that I was returning to the front he received the news with serene equanimity”.<sup>48</sup> Lawrence even told Cecil Gray in a letter that he believed Aldington was “glad to go”, since “It is harder to bear the pressure of the vacuum over here than the stress of congestion [sic] over there” (3L 233). The different sonics of the shells that are “Droning over” the soldier-protagonist of ‘Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?’ (3*Poems* 1517) but which “roar” in Aldington’s ‘Eumenides’ indicate the absence, in Lawrence’s war poems, of the “direct experience” which, Samuel Hynes explains, was established as the essential criterion for “war art” during the First World War itself.<sup>49</sup> That criterion would remain in place until recent reframings, like Santanu Das’s, which show that “the scope of First World War poetry is far wider than that of the trench lyric”, albeit that an experiential difference remains between combatant and civilian war verse.<sup>50</sup> Lawrence attempts to channel “direct experience” through the soldier figure of ‘Ecce Homo’, who tells us that “I ran across to the trenches”, but the words of his speaker, “Let me kill myself, in all honor—” (1516), align more closely with Lawrence’s own understanding of the psychopathology of war “as the pure *suicide* of humanity” than with the de facto “suicide” in battle of Aldington’s protagonist in *Death of a Hero*, or Aldington’s furious elegy for his “murdered self” in ‘Eumenides’.<sup>51</sup>

Aldington would tell the American critic Gorham Munson that he had “kept a rough concept of the Euripidean tragedy in mind” in writing *Death of a Hero*.<sup>52</sup> Published in 1929, “Eleven years after the fall of Troy”, its poem-epilogue positing the Trojan War as the archetype for the 1914–18 War, Aldington’s novel is “an atonement, a desperate effort to wipe off the blood-guiltiness”.<sup>53</sup> *Death of a Hero* repurposes the theme of blood-guiltiness in the *Orestes*, Euripides’s sequel to his *Electra* and *Helen*. The *Orestes* is Euripides’s response to the *Eumenides*, the final play of Aeschylus’s *Oresteia* trilogy. Isabelle Torrance notes that, in contrast to the *Eumenides*, “The *Orestes* dramatizes the psychological effect of the murder” (of Clytemnestra, at the hands of her son, Orestes), and, as Victoria Wohl suggests, the indictment of a corrupt Athenian polis makes



Euripides's tragedy "a field report from troubled times".<sup>54</sup> The greater appeal, to Aldington and to Lawrence, of Euripides's treatment of blood-guiltiness in time of war and in its aftermath is evident, and it may be that Aldington kept in mind, too, the treatment of that theme in Lawrence's triad of war poems in writing his own three-part war novel, *Death of a Hero*.

Like Aldington, and Lawrence, H. D. drew on Attic tragedy in the troubled times of the First World War, recognising that "Euripides lived through almost a modern great-war period".<sup>55</sup> As Eileen Gregory notes, H. D. "chose alternative versions of war given through the plays of Euripides", for example in her translations from *Iphigenia in Aulis* for the Poets' Translation Series in November 1915.<sup>56</sup> Lawrence had read John Burnet's *Early Greek Philosophy* in July 1915, and Helen Carr suggests that when he met up again with H. D. in the autumn of that year, in Hampstead, Lawrence's "keen interest in the Greeks" may "have played a part in their growing friendship".<sup>57</sup> The two exchanged manuscripts during Lawrence's subsequent sojourn in Cornwall, Lawrence sending H. D. the poems published as *Look! We Have Come Through!* in the autumn of 1917, and H. D. sending Lawrence the draft of a diptych, one part of which, 'Eurydice', appeared in *Some Imagist Poets* (1917) in April of that year and was reprinted in *The Egoist* in May.

*Look! We Have Come Through!* concludes with a trio of poems which closely comport, in their seasonal imagery of death and resurrection, with Lawrence's triad of uncollected war poems. Holly A. Laird reads the first poem in *Look!*'s seasonal triplet, 'Autumn Rain', as the "Lawrencean complement" to Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind', the Shelleyan analogue connecting 'Autumn Rain' to the earlier 'Resurrection'.<sup>58</sup> 'Autumn Rain' was probably among the poems Lawrence sent to H. D. for inclusion in *Some Imagist Poets* (1917) but it would be printed instead in *The Egoist* in February 1917, during H. D.'s tenure as assistant editor of the journal (see *2Poems* 974; *2L* 664). Composed in tercets made up of uncharacteristically short lines, the poem is the most Imagistic of the trio, with its opening stanza, "The plane leaves / fall black and wet /

on the lawn” (*IPoems* 221), a working model of Pound’s precept that “the natural object is always the *adequate* symbol”.<sup>59</sup> But if ‘Autumn Rain’ rephrases Pound’s pre-war iteration of Imagist poetics (the “petals on a wet, black bough” of ‘In a Station of the Metro’, published in *Poetry* in 1913) the poem’s images – of “the sheaves of dead / men that are slain” – also pick up on the imagery of Lawrence’s war poems, like ‘Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?’, which were also published on Imagist platforms.<sup>60</sup>

‘Craving for Spring’, the final poem in Lawrence’s attenuated seasonal poem-cycle, was probably written in February 1917, and so, Pollnitz speculates, it may not have been included in the manuscript of *Look! We Have Come Through!* which Lawrence sent to H. D. and other readers in that month (see *2Poems* 975). In contrast to the Imagistic compaction of ‘Autumn Rain’, the poem recovers the Whitmanian expansiveness of the love poems of *Look! We Have Come Through!*, poems which, H. D. had told Lawrence, “won’t do at all: they are not *eternal*, not sublimated: too much body and emotions” (3*L* 102). ‘Craving for Spring’ is a Persephone-poem, a plea for release from the “winter of the world” at war in which Lawrence restates the thesis of his 1915 poem-letter to Cynthia Asquith, that “War” is a “disintegrating autumnal process” whereas “Love is the great creative process, like Spring” (*IPoems* 225; 2*L* 424). ‘Craving for Spring’ may draw on H. D.’s flower poems but it also repudiates what Lawrence, in a letter to H. D., written in the spring of 1917, called her “lily of virtue” which “nods perilously near the pit” (8*L* 24), in what may be a veiled reference to H. D.’s abjuration of sex following the stillbirth of the Aldingtons’ baby daughter in 1915. Lawrence’s first-person speaker calls on “life” to “thaw” the “cool portentousness” of the “flowers of the penumbra”; “it gives me pleasure”, he says, “to destroy the chill Lent lilies”:

Enough of the virgins and lilies, of passionate, suffocating  
 perfume of corruption,  
 no more narcissus perfume, lily harlots, the blades of sensation  
 piercing the flesh to blossom of death. (*IPoems* 225)

Lawrence weaponises the chaste lily with the phallic sex and death symbolism of his war poem triptych: H. D.'s "lily of virtue", like Christian symbol of the Easter lily, is the "blossom of death", like the "tomb-plants", the "rank grave-yard growths" which Lawrence would subsequently discover in the poems of the Whitman – himself a war poet, in the Civil War sequence *Drum Taps* – whom Lawrence deemed the "great poet, of death, not of life" (SCAL 150, 428).

Whether or not H. D. had read 'Craving for Spring' prior to its publication in *Look! We Have Come Through!*, Mark Kinkead-Weekes hears an "inverted echo" of 'Resurrection' in her 'Eurydice', which was written for Lawrence.<sup>61</sup> Here, H. D., the Persephone-poet, deploys another chthonic myth of a lost girl. Consigned to hell through the "arrogance" and "ruthlessness" of Orpheus, H. D.'s Eurydice has "lost the earth, / And the flowers of the earth". Yet, in defiance of the unfaithful Aldington – who shares the mask of Orpheus, the archetype of the male poet, with Lawrence – H. D.'s Eurydice celebrates "the flowers of myself", her own underworld, flower poems.<sup>62</sup> Lawrence responded to the manuscript version of her poem, an Orpheus-and-Eurydice diptych, in a letter of March 1917, in which he tells H. D. that

Your frozen altars mean something, but I don't like the second half of the Orpheus sequence as well as the first. Stick to the woman speaking. How can you know what Orpheus feels? It's your part to be woman, the woman vibration. Eurydice should be enough. You can't deal with both. (8L 23)

In *Bid Me to Live*, H. D. reconstructs Lawrence's letter and her fictional surrogate, Julia's, reaction to it: "if he could enter, so diabolically, into the feelings of women, why should not she enter into the feelings of men?"<sup>63</sup> H. D. would "deal with both" in the third part of her poem-sequence *Trilogy*, 'The Flowering of the Rod' (1946), in which, Freer notes, her "syncretic mythopoeia" recovers "from the theme of resurrection the unifying symbol of human love and male/female equality".<sup>64</sup> In 1917, however, in revising her

Orpheus and Eurydice manuscript, H. D. took Lawrence's advice, to "Stick to the woman speaking". 'Eurydice' is thereby caught in a binary: as a feminist riposte, the poem is an early example of what Rachel Blau DuPlessis describes as H. D.'s "alternative mythopoesis", but the poem is also a product of what DuPlessis elsewhere identifies as H. D.'s "female thralldom" to her male initiators.<sup>65</sup> Cecil Gray blamed Lawrence, however, for keeping his "women", H. D. among them, in thrall by "allowing himself to become the object of a kind of esoteric female cult, an Adonis, Atthis, Dionysos religion of which he was the central figure, a Jesus Christ to a regiment of Mary Magdalenes".<sup>66</sup> Replying to Gray in a letter written on 7 November 1917 in H. D.'s London rooms, Lawrence refutes his allegations, insisting that

Jesus himself was frightened of the knowledge which subsisted between the Magdalen and him, a knowledge deeper than the knowledge of Christianity and "good", deeper than love, anyhow ... It seems to me there is a whole world of knowledge to forsake, a new, deeper, lower one to *entamer* ... And my "women", Esther Andrews, Hilda Aldington etc [sic], represent, in an impure and unproud, subservient, cringing, bad fashion, I admit – but represent none the less the threshold of a new world, or underworld, of knowledge and being. (3L 180)

Gray, an inveterate womaniser, who, in his autobiography, asserts the natural superiority of "the male", emerges from this spat as an unlikely forerunner of second-wave feminists like Simone de Beauvoir, who says of Lawrence's "woman" that "worshipping man as in a mystical cult, she loses and finds herself in his glory".<sup>67</sup> A woman-is-to-nature-as-man-is-to-culture equation underpins the quite literal subordination of woman in Lawrence's version of the Orpheus and Eurydice myth in 'Medlars and Sorb-apples', first published in the *New Republic* in 1921 and included in the 1923 volume *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*. Here, Lawrence is the Orpheus whose backward glance consigns Eurydice to the earthy

“underworld” with which, as per his letter to Gray, woman is synonymous:

So, in the strange retorts of medlars and sorb-apples  
The distilled essence of hell.  
The exquisite odour of leave-taking.  
*Jamque vale!*  
Orpheus, and the winding, leaf-clogged, silent lanes of hell.  
(*IPoems* 236)<sup>68</sup>

In ‘Medlars and Sorb-apples’, Lawrence looks back, too, to H. D.’s ‘Eurydice’, restoring the gender status quo to which her poem offers a feminist challenge.

As Pollnitz suggests, the “unfusing into twain” between Orpheus and Eurydice in ‘Medlars and Sorb-apples’ marks the parting of the ways between Lawrence and H. D. (*IPoems* 236).<sup>69</sup> The friendship between Lawrence and H. D., which developed during and in response to the War, ended, like the War and as a home-front casualty of it, in 1918. The bond between the two was broken in early 1918, when H. D. left the adulterous Aldington to live with Cecil Gray in Cornwall, where she became pregnant with his child; Lawrence had introduced Gray to H. D. when, following their eviction from Cornwall under the provisions of the Defence of the Realm Act in the autumn of 1917, Lawrence and Frieda had found temporary sanctuary in H. D.’s rooms at 44 Mecklenburgh Square in Bloomsbury.

Textual reciprocities between H. D. and Lawrence would nonetheless survive the biographical rift between the two, complicating gendered readings of the work of both. As Aldington insists, “anyone can see from his *Collected Poems* [that] even Lawrence was for a time influenced by H. D.”<sup>70</sup> H. D.’s flower poems offered Lawrence an object lesson in how to construct an underworld mythopoesis out of acts of close botanical attention.<sup>71</sup> His post-war volume *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* opens with a Persephone poem, ‘Pomegranate’, and in ‘Bavarian Gentians’, from

*The Last Poems Notebook*, the dying Lawrence “guide[s]” himself “with the blue, forked torch of a flower” “down the way Persephone goes” into “the halls of Dis” (*IPoems* 611). In turn, Lawrence’s heterodox interpretation of Imagist do’s and don’ts in his triad of war poems spurred H. D.’s transition, in the latter years of the First World War, from the compaction of her early Imagism toward the capacious forms of her later work. In her compulsive return to the First World War in her post-war poetry and prose, H. D. also returns to the Frazerian tropes of death and resurrection which connect her mythopoeitics to Lawrence’s. The Lawrence to whom H. D. returns is very often the Lawrence of the war poems, a writer fascinated by the underworld and the pattern of death and resurrection.

Like H. D.’s Second-World-War poem-sequence *Trilogy*, Lawrence’s First-World-War triad circumvents the battle lines that for too long were drawn between the scholarship of modernist and war poetry.<sup>72</sup> Pollnitz’s recuperation in Volume III of the war verse Lawrence left uncollected strengthens the case made in Volume I for Lawrence’s inclusion in the canon of First-World-War poetry, and his transmission notes gauge the frequency of Lawrence’s input into the print and periodical networks of Imagism, proving that, in terms of its material culture, Lawrence was more than merely an outlier in the formative movement of poetic modernism.

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<sup>1</sup> Pollnitz’s volume III thus supersedes the previous publication of Lawrence’s ‘Uncollected Poems’ in *D. H. Lawrence: Complete Poems*, eds Vivian de Sola Pinto and F. Warren Roberts (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1993), 729–846.

<sup>2</sup> ‘All of Us’ – from which a sequence of twelve poems had been published previously in the After-the-War number of *Poetry* (July 1919) under the title ‘War Films’ – has been greeted by critics as non-combatant war poetry alongside his collection *Bay* (1920). For recent scholarly work on Lawrence’s ‘All of Us’, see Kate McLoughlin, “‘All of Us’: D. H. Lawrence’s War Poems for the People”, *Journal of D. H. Lawrence Studies*, 4.1 (2015), 45–66 and Lee M. Jenkins, “‘A propos of the war’: D. H.

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Lawrence's "All of Us", *Journal of D. H. Lawrence Studies*, 4.2 (2016), 24–46.

<sup>3</sup> Helen Carr, *The Verse Revolutionaries: Ezra Pound, H. D. and the Imagists* (London: Jonathan Cape, 2009), 1.

<sup>4</sup> Richard Aldington, quoted in *ibid.*, 792.

<sup>5</sup> H. D., *Bid Me to Live* (London: Virago, 1984), 141.

<sup>6</sup> Carr, *The Verse Revolutionaries*, 689. The 30 July dinner took place two weeks after another dinner party, also hosted by Lowell at the Berkeley, to celebrate the publication of Pound's 1914 anthology, *Des Imagistes*.

<sup>7</sup> Richard Aldington, 'Preface' to *Some Imagist Poets: An Anthology*, ed. Amy Lowell (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1915), v–viii, vi, viii.

<sup>8</sup> Ezra Pound coined the derogatory term "Amygist", quoted in John J. Espey, *Ezra Pound's Mauberley: A Study in Composition* (Berkeley: U of California P, 1955), 25; Richard Aldington, *Life for Life's Sake* (London: Cassell, 1968), 128.

<sup>9</sup> Stan Smith, *Inviolable Voice: History and Twentieth-Century Poetry* (Dublin: Gill and Macmillan, 1982), 189; Carr, *The Verse Revolutionaries*, 850.

<sup>10</sup> H. D. *Bid Me to Live*, 140.

<sup>11</sup> Lawrence's high estimation of H. D.'s poetry is confirmed in his letters: see 2L 203, 3L 61.

<sup>12</sup> H. D., *Bid Me to Live*, 141.

<sup>13</sup> Susan Stanford Friedman, *Psyche Reborn: The Emergence of H. D.* (Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1981), 9.

<sup>14</sup> Richard Aldington, *The Complete Poems of Richard Aldington* (London: Allan Wingate, 1948), 29.

<sup>15</sup> See J. G. Frazer, *Totemism and Exogamy: A Treatise on Certain Early Forms of Superstition and Society* (Hamburg: Verlag, 2011), 85. Only in Carl Linnaeus's back-formation in the eighteenth century would "lemur[e]" become a classification for a primate (from the Latin word "lemures", denoting the Roman spirits of the dead).

<sup>16</sup> Scott Freer, *Modernist Mythopoeia: The Twilight of the Gods* (London: Palgrave, 2015), 13, 108.

<sup>17</sup> For publication in *Poetry*, Monroe conflated 'Resurrection [2]' with 'Resurrection [4]' in a version not compiled in *Poems* since it diverges from any of Lawrence's own final intentions.

<sup>18</sup> D. H. Lawrence, 'Resurrection', *Poetry* 10.3 (1917), 139–41, 139.

<sup>19</sup> See Harold Bloom, *A Map of Misreading* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1975), 125–43.

<sup>20</sup> Lawrence, ‘Resurrection’, *Poetry* 10.3 (1917), 139.

<sup>21</sup> Dante Alighieri, *The Divine Comedy*, trans. John D. Sinclair (New York: Oxford UP, 1939), 53, 49; H. D., *Bid Me to Live*, 109; T. S. Eliot, *The Complete Poems and Plays* (London: Faber and Faber, 1969), 62.

<sup>22</sup> Robert Browning, *The Poems*, 2 vols, eds John Pettigrew and Thomas J. Collins (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1981), vol. 1, 151. Pound’s poem is an early version of what would become canto II in *A Draft of XVI Cantos* and subsequent editions of his epic.

<sup>23</sup> T. S. Eliot, ‘Tradition and the Individual Talent’ (1919), in *Selected Prose of T. S. Eliot*, ed. Frank Kermode (London: Faber and Faber, 1975), 37–44, 38. Lee Oser notes that, although “not an imagist himself”, Eliot was attracted by the “correlation of sacramentalism and poetry” posited by May Sinclair in her ‘Two Notes’ (‘I. On H. D.’, ‘II. On Imagism’) which had appeared in *The Egoist*, 2.6 (1915), 89. Lee Oser, *T. S. Eliot and American Poetry* (Columbia: U of Missouri P, 1998), 68.

<sup>24</sup> Richard Badenhause, *T. S. Eliot and the Art of Collaboration* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2004), 8. Eliot became assistant editor of *The Egoist* in 1917, taking over the role from Aldington (1914–17) and H. D. (1916–17).

<sup>25</sup> John Gould Fletcher, ‘Chicago’, *The Egoist*, 5.2 (1915), 74.

<sup>26</sup> D. H. Lawrence, ‘Resurrection’, *Poetry*, 10.3 (1917), 139.

<sup>27</sup> Mark Whalan, *World War One, American Literature, and the Federal State* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2018), 48.

<sup>28</sup> Harriet Monroe, “The New Era”, *Poetry*, 9.4 (1917), 195–7, 195.

<sup>29</sup> Harriet Monroe, ‘Will Art Happen?’ *Poetry*, 10.4 (1917), 203–5, 205.

<sup>30</sup> Harriet Monroe, ‘The War and the Artist’, *Poetry*, 11.6 (1918), 320–2, 322.

<sup>31</sup> Lawrence, ‘Resurrection’, *Poetry* 10.3 (1917), 139.

<sup>32</sup> Alice Corbin Henderson, ‘Poetry and War’, *Poetry*, 5.2 (1914), 82–4, 83.

<sup>33</sup> Amy Lowell, ‘The Bombardment’, *Poetry*, 5.2 (1914), 60–2, 60.

<sup>34</sup> Richard Aldington, ‘War Yawp’, *Poetry*, 5.2 (1914), 78–81, 81.

<sup>35</sup> Sarah Cole, *Modernism, Male Friendship, and the First World War* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2003), 140.



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<sup>36</sup> Paul Delany, *D. H. Lawrence's Nightmare: The Writer and His Circle in the Years of the Great War* (Hassocks: Harvester P, 1979), 29; Cole, *Modernism, Male Friendship, and the First World War*, 234.

<sup>37</sup> Cynthia Asquith, *The Diaries of Lady Cynthia Asquith, 1915–1918* (London: Century Hutchinson, 1968), 46.

<sup>38</sup> Samuel Foster Damon, *Amy Lowell: A Chronicle, with Extracts from her Correspondence* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1935), 307–8.

<sup>39</sup> See E. W. Tedlock, 'A Forgotten War Poem by D. H. Lawrence', *Modern Language Notes* xvii (1952), 410–13.

<sup>40</sup> The special Imagist number of *The Egoist* includes articles on Pound, H. D., F. S. Flint, John Gould Fletcher, Aldington, Lawrence and Lowell, the majority of these written by fellow Imagists. As Carr notes, this prompted accusations that Imagism was "a self-promoting coterie". Nonetheless, the special issue would give Imagism a prominence in the British avant-garde comparable to and complementing the prominence accorded to the school in the USA in 1912 and 1913 in *Poetry*: Carr, *The Verse Revolutionaries*, 743.

<sup>41</sup> Olivia Shakespeare, 'The Poetry of D. H. Lawrence', *The Egoist*, 2.5 (1915), 81.

<sup>42</sup> Harold Monroe, 'The Imagists Discussed', *The Egoist*, 2.5 (1915), 77–80, 80.

<sup>43</sup> Mark Kinkead-Weekes, *D. H. Lawrence: Triumph to Exile* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1996), 789 n.62.

<sup>44</sup> Asquith, *Diaries*, 95.

<sup>45</sup> Richard Aldington, *Death of a Hero* (London: Hogarth P, 1984), 245.

<sup>46</sup> Richard Aldington, 'Eumenides', in *An Imagist at War: The Complete War Poems of Richard Aldington*, ed. Michael Copp (Madison and Teaneck: Fairleigh Dickinson UP, 2002), 122–4, 123–4.

<sup>47</sup> See Aldington, *Death of a Hero*, 224.

<sup>48</sup> Richard Aldington, *Portrait of a Genius, But ...: The Life of D. H. Lawrence, 1885–1930* (London: Heinemann, 1950), 202.

<sup>49</sup> Samuel Hynes, *A War Imagined* (London: Pimlico, 1992), 159.

<sup>50</sup> See Santanu Das, 'Reframing First World War Poetry', in *The Cambridge Companion to the Poetry of the First World War*, ed. Santanu Das (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2013), 3–34, 4.

<sup>51</sup> Asquith, *Diaries*, 89; Aldington, *Death of a Hero*, 23; Aldington, 'Eumenides', 124.

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<sup>52</sup> Richard Aldington, quoted in Vivienne Whelpton, *Richard Aldington: Poet, Soldier and Lover, 1911–1929* (Cambridge: Lutterworth P, 2014), 331.

<sup>53</sup> Aldington, *Death of a Hero*, 375, 36.

<sup>54</sup> Isabelle C. Torrance, *Metapoetry in Euripides* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 2013), 34; Victoria Wohl, *Euripides and the Politics of Form* (Princeton: Princeton UP, 2015), 119.

<sup>55</sup> H. D., quoted in Eileen Gregory, *H. D. and Hellenism: Classic Lines* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1997), 25.

<sup>56</sup> Ibid.

<sup>57</sup> Carr, *The Verse Revolutionaries*, 793.

<sup>58</sup> Holly A. Laird, *Self and Sequence: The Poetry of D. H. Lawrence* (Charlottesville, VA: U of Virginia P, 1988), 4.

<sup>59</sup> Ezra Pound, ‘A Few Don’ts by an Imagiste’, *Poetry*, 1.6 (1913), 200–6, 201.

<sup>60</sup> Ezra Pound, ‘In a Station of the Metro’, *Poetry*, 2.1 (1913), 6.

<sup>61</sup> Kinkead-Weekes, *D. H. Lawrence: Triumph to Exile*, 416.

<sup>62</sup> H. D., *Collected Poems 1912–1944*, ed. Louis L. Martz (New York: New Directions, 1986), 51, 55.

<sup>63</sup> H. D., *Bid Me to Live*, 51, 62.

<sup>64</sup> Freer, *Modernist Mythopoeia*, 17.

<sup>65</sup> Rachel Blau DuPlessis, ‘H. D. and revisionary myth-making’, in *The Cambridge Companion to Modernist Poetry*, eds Alex Davis and Lee M. Jenkins (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2015), 114–125, 117; DuPlessis, ‘Romantic Thralldom in H. D.’, *Contemporary Literature*, 20.2 (1979), 178–203, 179.

<sup>66</sup> Cecil Gray, *Musical Chairs* (London: Hogarth P, 1985), 133.

<sup>67</sup> Ibid., 61; Simone de Beauvoir, *The Second Sex* (1949), trans. H. M. Parshley (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1972), 629. Gray’s view was that “In marriage there can be no equality; one or the other must dominate, and Nature has decreed that it should be the male”: Gray, *Musical Chairs*, 61.

<sup>68</sup> Eurydice’s words in ‘Medlars and Sorb-apples’, “*Jamque vale!*” (and now farewell), are those spoken by Virgil’s Eurydice in book IV of the *Georgics*, and by the ghost of Aeneas’s dead wife, Creusa, in book II of the *Aeneid*, in which Aeneas recalls the sack of Troy (*IPoems* 236).

<sup>69</sup> Christopher Pollnitz, ‘Raptus Virginis: The Dark God in the Poetry of D. H. Lawrence’, *D. H. Lawrence: Centenary Essays*, ed. Mara Kalnins (Bristol: Classical P, 1986), 111–38, 127.

<sup>70</sup> Aldington, *Life for Life's Sake*, 127.

<sup>71</sup> H. D., *Bid Me to Live*, 80.

<sup>72</sup> Paul Fussell's *The Great War and Modern Memory* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1975) argued for the incommensurability of First World War poetry with experimental modernism. More recent revaluations of the relationship between these poetries include Vincent Sherry's *The Great War and the Language of Modernism* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 2003).

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**APPENDIX: ‘RESURRECTION’, BY D. H. LAWRENCE,  
VERSION PUBLISHED IN *POETRY*, 10.3 (1917)**

NOW all the hosts are marching to the grave;  
The hosts are leaping from the edge of life  
In a cascade of souls to sorrowful death.

And I am just awakened from the tomb,  
And whither they are going, I have been 5  
In timelessness laid by, in noiseless death.

Now, like a crocus in the autumn time,  
My soul comes lambent from the endless night  
Of death—a cyclamen, a crocus flower  
Of windy autumn when the winds all sweep 10  
The hosts away to death, where heap on heap  
The dead are burning in the funeral wind.

Now, like a strange light breaking from the ground,  
I venture from the halls of shadowy death—  
A frail white gleam of resurrection. 15

I know where they are going, all the lives  
That whirl and sweep like anxious leaves away  
To have no rest save in the utter night  
Of noiseless death; I know it well—  
The death they will attain to, where they go, 20  
I, who have been, and now am risen again.

Now like a cyclamen, a crocus flower  
In autumn, like to a messenger come back  
From embassy in death, I issue forth  
Amid the autumn rushing red about 25  
The bitter world, amid the smoke  
From burning fires of many smouldering lives  
All bitter and corroding to the grave.

If they would listen, I could tell them now  
The secret of the noiseless, utter grave, 30  
The secret in the blind mouth of the worm.  
But on they go, like leaves within a wind,  
Scarlet and crimson and a rust of blood,  
Into the utter dark: they cannot hear.

So like a cyclamen, a crocus flower 35  
I lift my inextinguishable flame  
Of immortality into the world,  
Of resurrection from the endless grave,  
Of sweet returning from the sleep of death.

And still against the dark and violent wind, 40  
Against the scarlet and against the red  
And blood-brown flux of lives that sweep their way  
In hosts towards the everlasting night,  
I lift my little pure and lambent flame,  
Unquenchable of wind or hosts of death 45  
Or storms of tears, or rage, or blackening rain  
Of full despair—I lift my tender flame  
Of pure and lambent hostage from the dead,  
Ambassador from halls of noiseless death,  
He who returns again from out the tomb 50  
Dressed in the grace of immortality,  
A fragile stranger in the flux of lives  
That pour cascade-like down the blackening wind  
Of sheer oblivion.

Now like a cyclamen, a crocus flower 55  
In putrid autumn issuing through the fall  
Of lives, I speak to all who cannot hear,  
I turn towards the bitter, blackening wind,  
I speak aloud to fleeting hosts of red

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And crimson and the blood-brown heaps of slain, Just as a cyclamen or crocus flower Calls to the autumn, <i>Resurrection!</i> I speak with a vain mouth.	60
Yet is uplifted in me the pure beam Of immortality to kindle up Another spring of yet another year, Folded as yet: and all the fallen leaves Sweep on to bitter, to corrosive death Against me, yet they cannot make extinct The perfect lambent flame which still goes up, A tender gleam of immortality, To start the glory of another year, Another epoch in another year, Another triumph on the face of earth, Another race, another speech among The multitudinous people unfused, Unborn and unproduced, yet to be born.	65       70       75