

**Imagination, Bodies and Locality:
the Incarnational Thrust of David Jones' Art.
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“To what degree is it possible for the ‘name’ to evoke the ‘local habitation’ long since gone”? David Jones raises this question, so vital to all his work, in the Preface to the “Anathemata,”ⁱ and in raising it he alludes delicately to the great passage in “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” in which Shakespeare describes the workings of the poetic imagination. In this paper I would like to explore the degree to which the key terms in that Shakespearean passage are especially helpful for our understanding of David Jones’ work and, in particular, for some of the pieces in “The Sleeping Lord.”

Let us begin by remembering again the passage to which Jones is here alluding:

“The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.”ⁱⁱ

What is going on here? The first thing to notice, in this very painterly account of poetry, is that the poet starts with observation, but it is active observation, not passive, and it is inclusive of *both* ‘heaven’ and ‘earth’, both visible and invisible. The poet's glance actively takes in both earth and heaven, sees them reciprocally and plays with their relationship. So we have both trajectories, ‘heaven to earth’ and ‘earth to heaven’. Heaven and earth stand for the invisible and the visible worlds, the world we inhabit and seek to comprehend, and the world we can only apprehend imaginatively or by intuition. The poet, indeed any artist, must pay attention to both.

Some art starts with a 'glance to Heaven', an intuition of the numinous in the invisible realm of qualities. And having had that glimpse, it seeks to find in the specifics of the world, its materials and quantities, some way of manifesting that apprehended, invisible quality, and so 'doth glance from heaven to earth'. Other kinds of art start with attention to the particular visible material at hand, the world in front of the artist, the specific physical stuff, the canvass, pigment, clay, or metal with which she makes her art, or the particularities of the poet's topic. This art begins with a glance to earth, but then, if it is to be successful art, the glance moves 'from earth to heaven' as the artist strives to manifest within the earthly material those transfiguring glimpses of form and quality which can at any moment shimmer through the stuff of this world; the blaze of hidden flame that makes a burning bush.

Whichever end of this divine axis between heaven and earth an artist starts from, her only means of seeing and establishing that connection between heaven and earth in her art, is

imagination. Imagination is at the heart of all artistic making, knowing and seeing, whether that art is poetic or visual.

And so having established the field of our art as always *both* heaven *and* earth, Shakespeare goes on to describe how imagination itself is at work:

“And as Imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown the poet’s pen
Turns them to shapes...”

This is astonishing language, especially the juxtaposition of the words 'imagination' and 'bodies' and the use of 'bodies' as a verb!

After the first ‘stage’ of observation or ‘glancing’ where the mind of the artist is receptive, comes stage two: an active imaginative shaping, and giving of form. And that form is expressed as ‘body’, body with all its association of life and growth, of finitude and particularity. The work of imagination is a kind of birthing, a gift of living imaginative form, the making of something that will have its own life and growth and history after the artist has passed on. Because a work of art, in Shakespeare’s view, is a living body. It can, in a phrase he uses later in this scene, “grow to something of great constancy.”ⁱⁱⁱ

And what exactly is ‘bodying forth’? How does it relate to the original artistic challenge, which is the challenge of linking heaven and earth, in the widest senses of those words? Shakespeare answers that question with an image at once of hospitality, particularity and availability:

“...the poet’s pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.”

Here we come to the heart of the matter and to ‘local habitation’ and ‘name,’ the two phrases which particularly struck Jones. For most people the ‘glance’ to heaven is just that, a ‘glance’ and no more, a fleeting glimpse, easy to dismiss and overwrite, ignore and explain away. But the artist, by the magical ‘bodying’ power of imagination is able to make a body and build a home for that fleeting glimpse, that airy nothing that is always escaping us. The artist makes a home in which that glimpse can root and grow, be found again and again, made knowable and available to us. We have that experience constantly, returning to poems and paintings which keep giving ‘more than they have,’ (see below p.??) flowing with new life on each visit because the glimpse which imagination has bodied forth in them has a home in which it can “grow to something of great constancy.”

Elsewhere in this same speech Shakespeare pairs the complementary words ‘apprehend’ and ‘comprehend’ alongside the complementary ways of knowing ‘reason’ and ‘imagination.’ He says that imagination ‘apprehends’ more than cool reason ever ‘comprehends’, and again that if imagination “would but comprehend some joy/it

apprehends some bringer of that joy.”^{iv} The artist in her imaginative ‘bodying forth’ is building a bridge between apprehension and comprehension. All great art is a bridge with one foot in the world of comprehension, the visible, the earth, and one in the realm of apprehension, the invisible, heaven.

What might be the key terms from this passage particularly apposite to Jones’ work? In the Preface to “Anathemata” he has already highlighted ‘name’ and ‘local habitation.’ To this, I think, we should add ‘glance’, ‘shapes’ and ‘bodies.’ Jones began his imaginative and artistic life as a visual artist, so let us begin with ‘glance’ and think about the kind of quality of glancing, of looking, which Jones’ art involves.

Shakespeare describes the poet’s glance as constantly crossing or re-crossing the limbus between heaven and earth, invisible and visible, apprehension and comprehension. It includes shapes and renders particular the *visibilia* of earth, but it does not leave us there. Rather it opens for us the possibility of both seeing and seeing through or beyond. To borrow the words of Shakespeare’s younger contemporary, George Herbert: “A man that looks on glass/ on it may stay his eye/ or if he pleaseth, through it pass and then the heavens espy.”^v David Jones’ art offers us this possibility to a supreme degree and – not surprisingly – many of his paintings involve windows, casements, translucent glass and an extraordinary effect of multi-layering in which apparently opaque objects nevertheless acquire a certain transparency or translucency. Since we will be looking at some of his later poetic works in “The Sleeping Lord,” it may be well to focus the qualities of his Shakespearean glance on one of his later visual works. All that is best in that glance seems to me to be in the full Shakespearean sense “bodied forth” in the extraordinary work “Flora in Calix-Light.”

To describe this picture as a drawing with watercolour of three translucent chalices on a table by an open window amidst a plethora of flowers would not even begin to suggest its extraordinary and numinous fullness or the effect it has on the viewer. As Rowan Williams emphasized in his brilliant Chapter on Jones in “Grace and Necessity,”^{vi} for Jones, the Thomistic insight absorbed through the works of Jaques Maritain that “things are more than they are and they give more than they have”^{vii} was essential to his whole way of seeing the world and being an artist. In “Flora in Calix-Light” everything, down to the smallest detail, is abundantly “more than it is” and “gives more than it has.” {*Expand n this? -- KHS}. Even in the naming of the local habitation which is his painting, Jones suggests a multi-layered fecundity. “Flora” evokes the goddess of spring and of flowers, but also – for those familiar with Jones’ other work, Blodeuedd – and both these figures are gathered into Mary. The word “calix” is equally full and brings with it its association not only with the magical and self-renewing chalices of legend, but ultimately with the chalice at the mass. Anne Price-Owen brings out some of these rich evocations:

“... the three crystal glasses reference the crosses on Calvary. Flowers, evoking remembrance, and also the goddess of Spring and season of re-birth, are reminiscent also of Eastertide, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, for Jones identified the BVM as Christianity’s singular embodiment of the multitude of

mythical goddesses of the pre-Christian era. Light, signifier of epiphany, and flowers, tremble and clamour over the whole picture, infiltrating it with divine beneficence. Calyx is the flower's cup (and Eucharistic chalice), but by his title Jones implies that this is from where the light emanates, thus alluding to the fecundity of Spring, and also Mary who bore Christ. Overall, the tenuous lines and brushstrokes suggest, rather than delineate, the insubstantial forms before us; insubstantial because they comprise numerous, mutable particles that are comprehended by light. Jones offers us an insight into an alternative domain wherein all matter is in communion with a numinous spirit. The translucent containers on the table at the 'front' of the picture are hardly more clearly defined than the architectural and organic forms in the background. The colours of the exterior world shine through the table top discrediting the notion that windows function as dividers. On the contrary, they operate as bridges between the internal and external...^{viii}

Price-Owen's comment on the calyx as 'eucharistic chalice' is, of course, crucial here. As we will see later, the notion of *anamnesis*, that form of memory in which the past is made present, supremely instanced in the sacrament of communion, is central to Jones' art. The other axis on which the poet's 'glance' is moving back and forth is the axis between past and present, as well as the one between heaven and earth. The *anamnesis* of the Eucharist is the moment at which both past and present, heaven and earth, meet and form a crossing place which is in every sense the *crucis* on which everything turns. The "Anathemata" is the poem in which Jones' Art fuses with the Sacrament that makes that *crucis* present and brings us to the 'axile tree' on which Christ unites the worlds our fall has divided.^{ix}

Price-Owen's comment, therefore, that the windows and translucencies of this picture act not as dividers, but as bridges is also crucial. In my own work on the poetic imagination,^x I have also written about the successful work of art as a bridge between the comprehension of what can be known and seen and the glimmerings of apprehension towards which the comprehended object beckons us. But this bridging between comprehension and apprehension, between the *visibilia* of the painting and the *invisibilia* that glimmer through them is not achieved by the simplification or abstraction of what is represented. On the contrary, the painting is abundant, almost over-abundant, with particular representations, specific and peculiar information passed on to us from Jones' observation and through his pencil. As Rowan Williams says of this picture:

"This is how you paint 'excess': by the delicate superimposing of nets of visual material in a way that teases constantly by simultaneously refusing a third dimension and insisting that there is no way of reading the one surface at once. As in the Byzantine icon, visual depth gives way to the time taken to 'read' a surface...."^{xi}

What we observe here is what Jones as early as 1935 has observed in his own work and identified as a particularly Celtic element in his approach "a certain affection for the intimate creatureliness of things – a care for, and appreciation of the particular genius of

places, men, trees, animals, and yet withal a pervading sense of metamorphosis and mutability.^{”xii} That phrase “appreciation of the particular genius of place” brings us back to Jones’ allusion to Shakespeare’s “local habitation and a name,” with which we opened this essay. Shakespeare says that by bodying forth the form of things unknown and turning them to shapes the poet – or, for that matter, the painter - is able to give “to airy nothingness a local habitation and a name.” But whatever may have been possible for a 16th century playwright, Jones, like his fellow modernists Joyce and Eliot, was acutely aware that – after the massive cultural breaks and shifts at the end of the 19th century - in a modern technocratic society things were not so simple. Where and how is the poet to find that local habitation and that name? In the run up to his question about whether it is possible for the ‘name’ to evoke the ‘local habitation,’ Jones writes:

“Normally we should not have far to seek: the flowers for the muse’s garland would be gathered from the ancestral burial-mound – always and inevitably fecund ground, yielding perennial and familiar blossoms, watered and, maybe, potted, perhaps ‘improved’, by ourselves. It becomes more difficult when the bulldozers have all but obliterated the mounds, when all that is left of the potting-sheds are the disused hypocausts, and when where was this site and were these foci there is *terra informis*.^{”xiii}

It is out of this dilemma that Jones’ art arises. It is precisely in the tension between his loyalty to the ancestral burial mound and his acute awareness of the obliterating bulldozers, in his desire to give form to *terra informis* that he finds, forms and shapes both his painting and his poetry.

The work which most completely embodies this desire to redeem and in turn be redeemed by a local habitation and a name - a habitation always under threat of obliteration - is “The Tutelar of the Place.”^{”xiv} This poem is an evocation of the feminine wombing and birthing power that bodies forth our life as particular and local, so, at one level, it is an evocation of the local goddess of becoming. At another level it is an evocation of the embodying imagination, the muse who gives birth. And, ultimately, at the end of the poem, all these evocations gathered into an invocation of Mary as the “Womb of the Lamb.” For none of these mutually enfolded and numinous presences is named at first and there is great concern with the nature of that naming. What we begin with is a list of what she, the Tutelar of the Place, loves and protects:

“She that loves place, time, demarcation, hearth, kin, enclosure, site, differentiated cult, though she is but one mother of us all: one earth brings us all forth, one womb receives us all, yet to each she is other, named of some name other...^{”xv}

Though she may have many names, Jones asserts that she is only rightly named in the particular language of her ‘local habitation’ as he says: “she’s a rare one for locality.”^{”xvi} As the poem gathers in detail and intensity from its first play on the nursery rhyming of Jack and Jill to its wide inclusion of every home and hearthstone, we become aware that

this is no mere poetic invocation for its own sake, but is a prayer of desperation, a prayer for protection in the midst of war. It is a prayer asking the Tutelar of the Place to protect us, a prayer for all places in their particularity, to save that very particularity from the assaults of an undifferentiated globalizing culture, whose aim is “to liquidate the holy diversities.” So the poet, echoing a litany for Mary, prays:

“Queen of the differentiated sites, administratrix of the demarcations, let our cry come unto you.

In all times of imperium save us when the
mercatores come save us
from the guile of the *negotiatores*”^{xvii}

This passage is very prescient, if not prophetic of the way in which the driving force of undifferentiating globalism comes from the *mercatores* and the *negotiatores*, the merchant and the market. Jones’ litany of the “rootless uniformities” is contrasted with the Tutelar’s protection of “particular perfections.”

“When they proscribe the diverse uses and impose the rootless uniformities, pray for us.

When they sit in *Consilium*
to liquidate the holy diversities
mother of particular perfections
queen of otherness
mistress of asymmetry
patroness of things counter, parti, pied, several
protectress of things known and handled
help of things familiar and small
wardress of the secret crevices
of things wrapped and hidden
mediatrix of all the deposits
margravine of the troia
empress of the labyrinth
receive our prayers.”^{xviii}

But how is the Tutelar of the Place, now clearly emerging as Mary, to answer these prayers and to protect the goodness of “particular perfections,” “things counter, parti, pied, several...” “things known and handled ..” “things familiar and small...”^{xix}

Answering that question brings us to the heart of Jones’ work and also to the deepest root of the Shakespearean passage to which he was alluding and that answer is: incarnation. As Jones beautifully puts it towards the end of the Tutelar, where he asks Mary:

“In the December of our culture, ward somewhere the secret seed under the mountain, under and between, between the grids of the Ram’s survey when he squares the world-circle.

Sweet Mair devise a mazy-guard
in and out and round about
double-dance defences
countermure and echelon meanders round
the holy mound
fence within the fence”^{xx}

Here the womb in which the Word is made flesh also becomes the particular and protecting hearth enclosure in which the seed of a renewing art and culture can be preserved and germinate, so Jones ends this poem with the words, echoing the words of Nichodemus in John;

“Open unto us, let us
enter a second time within your stola/folds in those days – ventricle and refuge
both, *hendref* for the world/winter, asylum from world/storm. Womb of the Lamb
the Spoiler of the Ram.^{xxi}

In this poem the consonance and congruence between the poet’s calling to incarnate meaning into the local and particular and Mary’s vocation to be the one through whom the Word is made flesh, is made explicit but it was always implicit in Shakespeare’s great description of how the poetic imagination works.

Here everything turns on the word ‘bodies’: “Imagination bodies forth the form of things unknown.” As we observed earlier, Shakespeare’s extraordinary juxtaposition of the words ‘imagination’ and ‘bodies’ is made even more extraordinary by his use of the word ‘bodies’ as a verb in the present continuous. Here the fleeting disembodied half-apprehended intuitions of the imagination are made actual and particular, bodied forth. But we can read the same words as a description of incarnation, or what it means to say “the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us” and Shakespeare seems to be alluding to that corollary of the bodying forth of the Word, his dwelling among us, when he uses those terms that Jones so loved and needed: “a local habitation and a name.” Indeed, one could go further and suggest that it is God’s prime and eternal act of bodying in Christ that undergirds and ultimately validates our human efforts as artists to incarnate meaning.

That Jones is well aware of this continuity and congruence between incarnation and art is made abundantly clear in his seminal essay “Art and Sacrament,” published in “Epoch and Artist,”^{xxiii} because for Jones the sacraments of the Church draw from and are in continuity with the incarnation of the Word. And Christ’s own institution of the sacrament of communion is effected not only by his divinity, but by his humanity, his “anthropic sign-making,” his belonging to the genus of man, the sign-maker. This is why both of Jones’ great works “In Parenthesis” and “Anathemata” are throughout shaped and informed by that most incarnational of moments, the sacring of the mass.

As he makes clear at the end of “The Tutelar of the Place,” the incarnation, ‘the Lamb in the Womb,’^{xxiii} is set over against an abstracting and discarnating culture which Jones so

succinctly calls “The Ram’s Book of Death” It is in this context that Jones is particularly preoccupied with the *hidden* aspect of incarnation, or rather with incarnation as a form of hiding or as something hidden. God is incarnate in Christ, but amidst the dislocations of modern life, the artist must always be asking the question: ‘where’ is the incarnate Christ? Where is he hidden? And that question is, of course, the subject of the poem with which Jones chooses to open “The Sleeping Lord” : “A, a, a, Domine Deus.” As Jones says in that poem

“It is easy to miss Him
at the turn of a civilization.”^{xxiv}

Although it seems, from this poem, that Jones cannot find Him “amidst the trivial intersections” and the “dead forms” of our culture, that does not mean he stops looking or stops inviting us to look. Perhaps this opening poem is in part an invitation to us to seek our incarnate Lord hidden in this poem itself and in the poems and images that follow in this collection.^{xxv} If I am right about the huge importance for Jones of “local habitation and place” the particularities of the land itself, in understanding the incarnate personhood of Christ, then we should look particularly to those figures in Jones’ work in which person and place are so fused or intermingled as almost to become one and this is exactly what we find in “The Hunt,” the poem which immediately follows “The Tutelar of the Place.”

This fragment, which describes Arthur and the men of Britain hunting the wild boar, begins with a great chant of ingathering. If it is a gathering of the tribes of Britain, it is a truly inclusive and, to use a modern term, non judgmental gathering

“...if there were riders from the Faithful Fetter-locked War-Band
there were riders also from the Three Faithless War-Bands”^{xxvi}

This is a gathering of the high and the low, the virtuous and the fallen, “the free and the bond,”^{xxvii} but in the midst of the gathering Jones brings our focus on to the figure of Arthur, “the lord of the conspicuous scars,” “whose face is furrowed with the weight of the enterprise”^{xxviii}

From the outset Jones’ poetry invites us into a multi-layered, indeed, triple vision, in which we see Arthur, then we see Arthur in terms of landscape, and then within both Arthur and the land we discern the hidden presence of the Incarnate One. So, Jones writes of the figure of Arthur:

“...if his forehead is radiant
Like the smooth hill in the lateral light
It is corrugated
Like the defences of the hill
because of his care for the land
And for the men of the land.”^{xxix}

This is the first fusion with the land and is followed immediately by the evocation of the Christ-like tears of compassion.

“If his eyes are narrowed for the stress of the hunt and because of the hog they are moist for the ruin and for love of the recumbent bodies that strew the ruin.”^{xxx}

As if to emphasize the multi-layering of the imagery in his text, Jones gives us the layered image of Arthur’s “embroidered habit,” but through its tears the gleam of the bruised and wounded limbs beneath, wounds which are themselves given by the land he loves.

“If his embroidered habit is clearly from a palace wardrobe it is mired and rent and his bruised limbs gleam from between the rents, by reason of the excessive fury of his riding when he rode the close thicket as though it were an open launde”^{xxxi}

What follows is a deeply incarnational reading of Christ’s Passion in which Christ/Arthur almost becomes, in pain and love, the landscape through which he rides, as though Person were becoming Place, local habitation and name.^{xxxii} And indeed in all that follows we should note the powerful, almost incantatory quality of the poetry, full of lovingly observed particulars. We hear, named and noticed, all the particularity and variety which Mary, the Tutelar of the Place, has saved from the namelessness and the placelessness of the Ram.

“(indeed, was it he riding the forest-ride
or was the tangled forest riding?)
for the thorns and flowers of the forest and the bright elm-
shoots and the twisted tanglewood of stamen and stem clung and
meshed him and starred him with variety
and the green tendrils gartered him and briary loops galloon
him with splinter/spike and broken blossom twining his royal
needlework
and ruby petal points counter
the countless points of his wounds...”^{xxxiii}

This “twisted tanglewood stem” “starred” with “variety,” with “green tendrils and briary loops”, could itself be a description of what Jones showed us in “Flora in Calix-Light” the painting with which we began this essay. And it makes us realize that that painting too is about both the incarnation and the Passion. We look again at the three chalices, at the thorns and briars, and see the Passion transfigured in the new light and life that it has brought. Indeed the term ‘flora’ is used in the beautiful description of Christ/Arthur in “The Hunt:”

“He was caparisoned in the flora of the woodlands of Britain... who rode for the healing of the woods.”^{xxxiv}

In this beautiful inter-layering of the memories of particularity and place, Christ has found a new local habitation and a name as

“...the speckled Lord of Prydain
in his twice-embroidered coat
the bleeding man in the green
and if through the trellis of green
and between the rents of the needlework
the whiteness of his body shone
so did his dark wounds glisten.”^{xxxv}

So let us return, in conclusion, to Jones’ original question, posed in the Preface to “Anathemata”:

“To what degree is it possible for the ‘name’ to evoke the ‘local habitation’ long since gone?”

In light of the achievement of Jones’ writing and art we must answer ‘to an extraordinary degree, but only by means of an extraordinary art.’ As we hinted in our brief comment above on “Anathemata” and Sacrament (see above, p. ?,) Jones achieves this extraordinary art not only by moving us on the horizontal axis of place or the vertical axis of transcendence, movement from ‘earth’ to ‘heaven and from ‘heaven’ to ‘earth,’ but also by movement on a third axis, which is time itself. If T.S. Eliot was quick to notice and applaud Jones as a writer of ‘genius’ (see Eliot’s Introduction to “In Parenthesis”) then Jones in turn saw in Eliot a modernist master who had successfully addressed the problem of how we evoke what is ‘long since gone’ without escaping from or being unfaithful to our own time and place, to the epoch in which we have been called to exercise our art. Eliot addresses that problem in his seminal essay “Tradition and the Individual Talent,” published in 1919, an essay whose terms anticipate and go right to the heart of Jones’ own approach to the problems of time and place, past and present. At the core of that essay is Eliot’s assertion that “the historical sense involves a perception not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence.”^{xxxvi}

For Eliot, as for Jones, ‘the whole literature of Europe,’ (indeed, for Jones, the whole of human culture)

“...has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order. This historical sense, which is a sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the timeless and of the temporal together, is what makes a writer traditional. And it is at the same time what makes a writer most acutely conscious of his place in time, of his own contemporaneity.

No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone.”^{xxxvii}

Eliot sums up all he has to say and all he passes on to Jones in an extraordinarily telling phrase: “And he (the poet) is not likely to know what is to be done unless he lives in what is not merely the present, but the present moment of the past, unless he is conscious, not of what is dead, but of what is already living.”^{xxxviii} The phrase “the present moment of the past” itself has extraordinary weight and moment. The word ‘moment’ might at first simply suggest ‘instant,’ ‘a moment in time,’ that moment in the present when, for a second or two, the past seems living and present. But this is not all the word is doing. In the context of Eliot’s work it carries both its other senses: the sense of moment meaning ‘importance,’ ‘significance,’ ‘something of great moment,’ but also and perhaps most vitally, the sense of ‘moment,’ ‘momentum,’ ‘weight,’ ‘push,’ it is the moment, the push of a re-discovered or re-actualised past which carries the weight or moment to resist or push back against the vicissitudes of the present. Jones’ work is full of these “present moments of the past” in all three senses. In “Anathemata” and in the fragments from “The Sleeping Lord” which we have been discussing, he not only evokes those moments when the immemorial presence, the Tutelar of the Place, the name evoked, the long memory of landscape itself, are suddenly made present in the contemporary form of the poem, but also he piles these moments together, he *shapes* them with a peculiar and particular force, so that as we read, they begin to acquire sufficient ‘moment’ to push back against the “obliterating bulldozers,” to give form to *terra informis* and re-establish the ramparts of a numinous enclosure for the Tutelar of the Place.

Eliot calls for the poet to make present the “present moment of the past.” Jones does this not simply by the evocation of local habitation and name, but supremely by an act of forming or shaping, as Shakespeare had said “the poet’s pen turns them to shapes.” The question arises, given the ‘break,’ the radical discontinuities between the terrifyingly mechanized twentieth century and all the centuries which preceded it, what form is adequate? What form can both evoke and contain the things to be found on the ‘ancestral burial mound’ and yet be honest about the time and place in which it is written? The answer to that question is perhaps to be found in the subtitle of “The Sleeping Lord” – “The Sleeping Lord and other fragments.” All the beautifully wrought shapes and forms of this last collection of Jones’ are presented as fragments, evoking perhaps Eliot’s own line in “The Wasteland,” “these fragments I have shored against my ruins.”^{xxxix} It may be part of the truth which Jones has to tell that in our fragmented culture the fragment itself is the best form for truth-telling, certainly in Jones’ hands the fragment is at once a witness to the brokenness and also the continuity which is the subject of his art.

ⁱ Jones, D, “Anathemata,” first published 1952, Faber paperback edition 1955, p. 25.

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- ii “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” Act V, Scene 1, lines 12-17, in Shakespeare, W., “The Complete Works,” edited, with an introduction and glossary by Peter Alexander, Collins, London, 1957.
- iii Ibid., Act V, Scene 1, line 26.
- iv Ibid., Act V, Scene 1, line 19.
- v “The Elixir” in Herbert, G., *The Complete English Works*, edited and introduced by Ann Pasternak Slater, Everyman, 1955, London, p. 180.
- vi Continuum, London, 2005.
- vii Ibid., p. 60, p. 61.
- viii <http://www.flashpointmag.com/priceowen.htm>].
- ix “Anathemata” p. 243.
- x Guite, Malcolm, “Faith, Hope and Poetry,” Ashgate, 2010.
- xi Williams, R., “Grace and Necessity,” Continuum, London, 2005, p. 69.
- xii As cited in Williams, R., “Grace and Necessity,” p. 63, citing Hills, P. *Essay on David Jones in the 1981 Tate Gallery Catalogue*, pp. 19-71.
- xiii Jones, D., *Preface to Anathemata*, first published 1952, Faber paperback edition 1972, London, p. 25.
- xiv Jones, D. “The Sleeping Lord and other fragments,” first published 1974, Faber paperback edition 1995, London, p. 59.
- xv Ibid., p. 59.
- xvi Ibid., p. 59.
- xvii Ibid., p. 62.
- xviii Ibid., p. 62.
- xix Ibid., p. 62.
- xx Ibid., p. 64.
- xxi Ibid., p. 64.
- xxii First published in 1959, Faber paperback edition 1973 pp 143-179.
- xxiii Jones, D. “The Sleeping Lord and other fragments,” first published 1974, Faber paperback edition 1995, London, p. 64.
- xxiv Ibid. p.63.
- xxv I am indebted to Elizabeth Powell in unpublished thesis work for Cambridge University, for this approach to “A, a, a Domine Deus.”
- xxvi Ibid., p. 65.
- xxvii Ibid., p. 66.
- xxviii Ibid. p. 67.
- xxix Ibid. p. 67.
- xxx Ibid. p. 67.
- xxxi Ibid. p. 67.
- xxxii This fusion of Person and Place is, of course, even more thoroughly invoked and explored in “The Sleeping Lord,” the fragment from which the whole collection takes its title. But to begin to open out that piece would require another chapter all to itself.
- xxxiii Ibid., p. 67.
- xxxiv Ibid., p. 68.
- xxxv Ibid., p. 68.

^{xxxvi} “Tradition and the Individual Talent” in Kermode, F. (ed.) *Selected Prose of T.S. Eliot*, Faber, London, 1984, p. 38.

^{xxxvii} *Ibid.*, p. 38.

^{xxxviii} *Ibid.*, p. 44.

^{xxxix} Eliot, T.S., “The Wasteland and other poems,” first published 1922, Faber paperback 1999, London, Section V, line 430, p. 39.]