Today, March 31, is the birthday of H.D.'s daughter, Perdita Schaffner. Her birthday becomes the flowers o’th’ spring, in the words of Shakespeare’s Perdita, the
daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes
Or Cythera’s breath; pale primroses....
(IV, iv, 118-122)

In the final scene of The Winter’s Tale, those associated with Hermione and her daughter are pronounced “precious winners all” (V, iii, 131), and so are we here today because of the presence of H.D.’s daughter, who is right here in person. Hilda Doolittle left Bryn Mawr sometime during the fall or winter of 1906 and, as far as we know, never set foot on the campus again. If we interpret her daughter’s presence at this conference as a kind of miraculous sign like those in the recognition and reconciliation scenes at the end of Shakespeare’s romance, I am certain H.D. would approve, for this is what she says in her last long poem, “Winter Love”:

Hermione lived her life and lives in history;
Euphorion, Esperance, the infinite bliss,
lives in the hope of something that will be,
the past made perfect;
this is the tangible,
this is reality.
(Hermetic Definition, 112)

Hilda Doolittle’s three semesters at Bryn Mawr College in 1905 and 1906 and the engagement with Ezra Pound were interrelated and inseparable parts of the past that H.D. encapsulated, as a tree creates boundaries around an injury, and initially tried to ignore. Sigmund Freud told her during her analysis in 1933, “We never know what is important or what is unimportant until after .... We must be impartial, see fair play to ourselves.”11 H.D. worked “feverishly”12 to interpret the past fairly, perfectly. Over the years she again and again scrupulously sorted out the

important, and in the last years of her life she at last got to the “real content of my Ezra story” (ET 6). This recovery of the truth or the “reality” of the past brings “the infinite bliss.” In 1958 she reenacted on paper one of the important scenes, Pound’s visit to her hospital room just before Perdita’s birth:

He hurtles himself into the decorous St. Faith’s Nursing Home, in Ealing, near London. Beard, black soft hat, ebony stick—something unbelievably operatic—directoire overcoat, Verdi. He stalked and stamped the length of the room. He coughed, choked or laughed, “You look like old Mrs. Grumpy (or some such) in Wyncote.” Wyncote was where the Pounds had lived, outside Philadelphia. True, I wore a becoming (I thought) black lace cap. Naturally, I looked no sylph. He seemed to beat with the ebony stick like a baton. I can’t remember. Then there is a sense of his pounding, pounding (Pounding) with the stick against the wall. He had banged that way with a stick once before, in a taxi, at a grave crisis in my life. This was a grave crisis in my life. It was happening here. “But,” he said, “my only real criticism is that this is not my child.”

I wondered who had let him in. I did not know he was coming. From me, screams were prohibited, prohibitive. Did I want to scream? I was sorry that my appearance shocked him. The next day at noon, March 31, 1919, the child was born. (ET 7-8)

Layers of history lie behind, beneath, inside this story, which, with so much other Poundiana, had been dormant for years in H.D.’s mind. An incomparable blending of comedy and pathos, the writing in End to Torment is purged of the resentment and bitterness just below the surface of HERmione, an autobiographical novel written thirty one years earlier. H.D. shared the complete manuscript of the memoir with Pound, who would have objected if it were not the truth—he sent back praise (November 11, 1959): “There is a great deal of beauty" (ET xi).

Perdita commented yesterday that the story of the hospital visit the day before her birth gives her rather an odd feeling because if Pound had been her biological father, then of course she would have been a different child. H.D. carefully repeated to her analyst that Pound had said he wanted this child “to be his, to have been his, ‘My only real criticism is that this is not my child’” (ET 8, 30, 33, 41). This was one of those problems to which there is no solution, but it is clear that both the mother and the would-be father wanted her to be, and of course Perdita understands this also. In her description of her own meeting in 1962 with the man who had wished to be her father, Perdita carries on the deep feelings:

I was gazing down on the face I knew from a myriad of photographs. A magnificent face, but weighted, worn, so very, very sad. A presence; tremendous, magnetic. I just had to touch him. I stepped forward, diffidently.

He was lying on the bed, clad in slacks and a tattered red shirt. He gazed
back at me. He didn’t smile. But there was a fond look of recognition, a
lightening in his tragic expression.
Don’t get up, I started to say.
But it was a matter of pride. He had a sense of occasion. He was on his feet, his hands were on my shoulders. He was inspecting me from top to toe and back again, very grave and yet—no doubt about it—glad too.
‘Well, well....well, well....’
I thanked him for his beautiful letter. He nodded sorrowfully at the mention of H.D.³

Pound’s condolence letter when H.D. died in September of 1961: "began with a simple reference to sixty years of devotion; he ended with the line, ‘algae of long past sea currents are moved.’” The invitation to Perdita to visit had come soon afterwards from Mary de Rachewiltz (Pound’s and Olga Rudge’s daughter). The meeting with Pound occurred in a hospital room in Merano, where he was being treated for severe depression; Perdita’s account continues:

We sat down. Total silence. He seemed to have reached the end of his resources. Don’t tire the patient....I feared taxing his strength any further. Should he be left alone, allowed to rest? No, not just yet. Not after all these years, after travelling all this way.

I’d braced myself for irascibility, contentiousness, but not for silence. It threw me off balance. I started babbling of the most inconsequential matters. On and on, off the top of my head, while thinking of "straight as the Greek" and Imagists and Cantos, of Pisa and St. Elizabeths. I’m sure he was too. He remained sunken; far, far away. But he never took his eyes off me. They haunt me still. Then words seemed unnecessary, even intrusive. I held his hand and kissed his shaggy, bristly cheek. And yes... a meeting of minds, subliminal and oblique as it was. Anyway, an approach, a beginning. An encounter. The encounter. There would be another day, other times.

I never saw him again.

“A meeting of minds, subliminal and oblique as it was”—an inheritance of depths of love now acknowledged in person. Pound had last seen H.D. in person in 1938 in London. She had agreed to talk with him the next day and then, still ambivalent, still angry with him, had broken the date.⁴ In 1938 Pound had wanted to call on H.D. in Switzerland, but Bryher had forbidden that meeting.⁵ What a visit from H.D.’s daughter meant to Pound in 1962 is partially indicated by Perdita’s summary of the letter his daughter wrote after the event: “He had been cheered by my visit. Soon afterwards, he got up, right up, out of his room, and took his first walk in the garden.”

Although some people close to H.D. disapproved of her writing the memoir of Pound, two friends, Yale professor Norman Holmes Pearson and Swiss psychoanalyst Erich Heydt, urged her to recover as many of her Ezra Pound memories as she possibly could. H.D. wrote to Pearson, “I have been so happy writing the E.P. story—it must not be taken away from me” (ET ix). In her sessions with Heydt, H.D. read to him her notes for the memoir and Heydt asked, “Why are you so ex-

cited when you read these notes to me?” H.D. replied, “I don’t know—I don’t know—it’s the fiery moment but it’s all so long ago” (ET 26). “No,” he says, “it is existentialist, this word) ’eternal’” (ET ix).

In the same letter to Pearson, H.D. affirmed, happily, what she had for a long time ignored: “I did have a life in U.S.” (ET ix). The crucial ten years from 1901 to 1911 when she was being educated by Philadelphia area schools and by Ezra Pound I now propose to examine in somewhat more detail than anyone has yet offered. Although I refer to Marianne Moore’s record for comparison, the account of her matricula
demic work at Bryn Mawr has been published by Patricia Willis.⁶ The matricula
card and transcripts of grades of both poets are published heretofore for the first time. There are of course still gaps in our understanding of this decade of H.D.’s
time, some of which may in the future be filled in by more research. And there are
time always the gaps between the jagged connections of “the gift” to the everyday life swirling around the possession of the gift. This is a persistent subject of H.D.’s
twriting, and I use her words whenever I can in my fragmentary presentation of
these years.

“...it was at the Burd School where we had...the dances and the coating par
ties” (ET 54). The Burd School was an imposing stone building of peaks and gables and arched windows and twin, slender, spired towers rising on either side of the massive entrance doors, a castle-like building in style might be termed Gothic or Gothic Revival or Italian Gothic. It was located at 63rd and Market Streets, just at the city limits of Philadelphia, on thirty-five acres of parklike grounds. The direc
tor of the school and the Rector of St. Stephen’s Protestant Episcopal Church was the Reverend Summerwood E. Snively, M.D., who lived at the school with his wife and four children. The Snively children were named De Forest, Margaret, Ethelyn, and Muriel, and they were best friends of the Doolittle children, Gilbert, Hilda, Harold, and Melvin, who lived two miles down the road in farm country near the little village of Upper Darby.

In 1901 a Halloween fancy dress ball was held at the Burd School. “Forey” (De Forest Snively) and “Jupiter” (Gilbert Doolittle) were both freshmen at the University, and one of them invited a classmate named Ezra Pound. Hilda was barely into her fifteenth year and Ezra was barely out of his fifteenth year, but the precarious Ezra had already determined that he would learn more about poetry in other languages than any other poet had known in order to prepare himself to write the greatest poem ever written. Hilda, although only a year younger, was just beginning, with Margaret Snively, eighth grade at Miss Gordon’s School in West Philadelphia. H.D. remembers this youthful Ezra as “immensely sophisticated, im
mensely superior, immensely rough-and-ready, a product not like any of the brothers and brothers’ friends—and boys we danced with (and he danced badly).
One would dance with him for what he might say” (ET 3). However, at this first meeting he did not say anything to Hilda about his ambitions for she remembers a winter scene that occurred sometime later at the Burd School:

It is whispered among us that he “writes,” but he has not spoken of this to me yet. “Where are you? Come back,” is shouted by the crowd above on the icy toboggan-run. “Shout back,” I say and he gives a parody of a rau-
cous yodel, then "Haie! Haie! Io,\) (you have read this in his poems). He seems instinctively to have snapped back into everyday existence. He drags me out of the shadows. \(ET 4\)

H.D. suggests, somewhat vaguely, that this scene occurred when "He was maybe nineteen, I was a year younger\) \(ET 3\). That might not be 1905, as the editor says, but 1904, and, even so, that date seems too late in that it seems unlikely that Ezra would have spoken of his writing to Hilda for the three or four years from 1901 on. Hilda herself was bold and brave in her own literary aspirations at this time and alert to those of others. Here is one story from her notes of her sessions with Sigmund Freud in 1933-34:

I was publicly reproofed at Miss Gordon's school in West Philadelphia when I was fifteen, because I firmly stated that Edgar Allan Poe was my favorite among American writers. I was told by Miss Pitcher who had otherwise encouraged me, even at that age, in my literary aspirations, that Poe was not a good influence, he was "unwholesome, morbid." \(TF 132\)

The dates of 1904 or 1905 seem too early, however, for the Philadelphia mores of the turn of the century. The coating party is not the main subject of the memory but moonlit kisses in the winter woods below the toboggan-run. One was not supposed to kiss unless engaged (hence many young people went through many and sometimes simultaneous informal engagements), and although the dates given for the Pound/Doolittle engagement are multiple, 1906 is the earliest one. Whatever the date, the moment of these kisses is an important one:

First kisses? In the woods, in the winter—what did one expect? Not this. Electric, magnetic, they do not so much warm, they magnetize, vitalize. \(ET 3\)

Remembering this moment in 1958, H.D. wonders if she is still "frozen" in it:

Some sort of rigor mortis. I am frozen in this moment. Perhaps I held it all my life, it is what they called my "imagery"; even now, they speak of "verse so chiseled as to seem lapidary," and they say, "She crystallizes—that is the right word." They say, "that is the right word." This moment must wait 50 years for the right word. Perhaps he had said it; perhaps in the frost of our mingled breath, the word was written. \(ET 3\)

Kisses and poems she "crystallizes" so they will in their many facets be preserved. The kisses fixed the moment out of which the poems were cut.

A great deal of beauty, as Pound said, shines out of these descriptions. Up in the crow's nest of the big maple tree in the Doolittle garden, Hilda hears the trolley jolt past and tells him he must catch the last trolley home:

"No, Dryad," he says. He snatches me back. We sway with the wind. There is no wind. We sway with the stars. They are not far.

We slide, slip, fly down through the branches, leap together to the ground. "No," I say, breaking from his arms, "No," drawing back from his kisses. \(ET 12\)

The kisses bring the stars close. So does the telescope in her father's observatory, but there is no question of her preference: "Why had I ever come down out of that tree?" \(ET 12\) She is ashamed, humiliated, when her father finds them together:

We were curled up together in an armchair when my father found us. I was "gone." I wasn't there. I disentangled myself. I stood up; Ezra stood beside me. It seems we must have swayed, trembling. But I don't think we did. "Mr. Pound, I don't say there was anything wrong..." Mr. Pound, it was all wrong. You turn into a Satyr, a Lynx, and the girl in your arms (Dryad, you called her), for all her fragile, not yet lost virginity, is Maenad, bassarid. God keep us from Canto LXXIX, one of the Pisan Cantos.

Mr. Pound, with your magic, your "strange spells of old deity," why didn't you complete the metamorphosis? Pad, pad, pad,...come along, my Lynx. Let's get out of here. \(ET 17\)

A final "humiliation" \(ET 55\) is "a public occasion. It must have been the last time I saw him, before he left for Europe" \(ET 54\). This "time" is, characteristically, vague; Pound "left for Europe" in the spring or summer of 1902, 1906, 1908, and February of 1911. Perhaps she means the last time she saw him before the last time he left for Europe; she would have been twenty-four:

It was at the Burd School where we had the dances and the coaxing parties. "Father won't be back," Margaret said, "you and Ezra can stay in his study." There was a couch. There were fiery kisses. There was a tentative knock. Ezra answers the door and turns to the heavy long velvet curtains. "What is the matter?" It was another shock, again "caught in the very act," such as it was. It was enough to draw an audience. The school girls, it was discovered, had assembled on the balcony above—one of them loyally had come across to their private apartment and told Margaret. There must have been a gap in the folds of heavy velvet; anyhow, the girls had had their peep show. I was frozen, then. \(ET 54-55\)

Dr. Heydt asked, "Did you only just remember this last—peep show?" H.D. replied, "I couldn't really have forgotten it, but it only became real when I wrote of it; past, present and future, as you say, came together . . . . This is the sort of remembering that is reality, ecstasy. The act of this remembering is an ecstasy\) \(ET 55\).

"Reality, ecstasy. The act of this remembering is an ecstasy\) H.D. is writing this in the seventh decade of her life. And when Dr. Heydt asks leading questions in relation to Ezra Pound, offering her opportunity to express anger at the broken engagement, jealousy of other women, envy of his early intellectual achievements, she refuses to waste any energy on these bitter emotions. \textit{End to Torment} is not her
final statement to Pound—"Winter Love" was written a year later—but the statement "Reality, ecstasy. The act of this remembering is an ecstasy" is, surely, her response to his "nothing matters but the quality of the affection—in the end—that has carved the trace in the mind/dove sta memoria" (Canto 76). In HERMIONE (written in 1927 and which Pound did not read), H.D. deliberately presents the kissing scenes as lacking in both reality and ecstasy. Instead, as in the passages Susan Friedman read in her paper yesterday, Hermione is described in the kissing scenes as having feelings of awkwardness, confusion, mental and physical discomfort, out-of-focus and blurred perception, and a pervading sense of unreality.

"Narthus," published in 1928 a year after HERMIONE was written, closes with allusion to "reality," "Gareth liked...reality. Standing in the outer doorway of Saint Mark's Cathedral, Raymonde said to Daniel, 'We must go back to Gareth.' " Barbara Guest identifies Daniel and Raymonde as Kenneth McPherson and H.D., and Gareth as Bryher, and thus the ending of the story insists on the awareness of returning to Gareth as a return to "reality," a reality that is not Venice, which Gareth hates. Early in the story Raymonde observes that Daniel, even though Florentine and Athenian in spirit, loves Venice almost as much as she, who loved it even before birth because her mother honeymooned in Venice. Daniel is similar to Ezra Pound in several other striking ways, which is one of the many examples in H.D.'s writing of a character superimposed over a recognizable Ezra Pound character. Another example, in TRIBUTE TO FREUD: Freud "is like D.H. Lawrence, grown old but matured and with astute perception" (116). Then, in a dream, Pound and Lawrence are indistinguishable from one another: "Perhaps it was Ezra or it may possibly have been Lawrence, whose fiery diatribes sometimes reminded me of the early Ezra. In my dream, the Professor [Freud] restores my faith. 'If I had known Ezra, I could have made him all right,' he says" (152). The palimpsest is fascinating and rich, as is H.D.'s victory in recovering, in her last years, a clear image of her first love, and imposing on it not other persons but the passing of time with the image of the winter snow falling on his brilliant red gold hair (ET 3). "The significance of 'first love' can not be overestimated" (ET 19).

The victory is both emotional and artistic—"Love is writing" (HER 149)—"it only became real when I wrote of it" (ET 55). The emphasis, finally, is on Pound. In "Winter Love," "Helen most blest" meditates on "first love and last" (96) and "the first kiss and the last kiss and between...the shifting scene" (104). She asserts that

our hidden lair has sanctified Virgo, the lost, unsatisfied, the broken tryst, the half-attained;
love built on dreams of the forgotten first unsatisfied embrace, is satisfied.¹

If the "hidden lair" is the space in their poems where they address one another in their secret language, in that space their love is, finally, fulfilled.

This passionate "first love" was being enacted against the shifting scene of proper Philadelphia while Hilda was preparing for and then attending Bryn Mawr College. In 1901-02 Hilda and Margaret attended Miss Elizabeth Gordon's School at 4112 Spruce Street, which was a Second Empire brownstone house in a neighborhood of handsome mansions and University faculty houses. Miss Gordon's must have had a good reputation academically or the Doolittle and Snively parents would not have chosen it for their daughters. However, in 1902 both girls transferred to other schools. Hildra enrolled in the school her brother Gilbert had attended, Friends' Central, at 15th and Race Streets, which was much further from home, much larger, and recognized by all the top eastern colleges as a dependable preparatory school.

Although Friends' Central was open to both boys and girls, the sexes were kept strictly separate from one another. Boys and girls seen talking together during school hours were given demerits that affected their final academic grade average.¹² If Hilda's dating of Ezra's kisses seems a little shaky and therefore the dating of the engagement or engagements is rather vague, it is easy to understand why, against this Quakerly strictness in segregating the sexes. And even if talking was encouraged in the more worldly atmosphere of the Burd School parties, kissing was not. William Carlos Williams conveys the decorum of a "wild" party in a letter to his brother Edgar (February 18, 1906):

I went to a little party at the Snively's last night and had a great time. There were only a few people there and it was not full dress so as such party's [sic] always do end it came to a rough house finish....We got as far as throwing pillows around and that ended the fun for Margarets hair came down but nobody cared so it was alright.¹³

Another time after Williams had called on Miss Margaret (two of her siblings were present), he sent the following description to his brother (April 1907):

Now Bo you must understand that while I had always been very grateful to Miss Margarett for the trouble she had taken to make my college days in Phila as interesting as possible I never had much luck in getting through the ice which I personally found rather thick in her vicinity. Imagine my surprise when she received me, figuratively speaking, with open arms. I was so surprised that to tell the truth I never talked better in my life everything I said seemed to be inspired.¹⁴

That Miss Snively, who had been Williams's date for the Ivy Ball at Penn, and who had spent many a Saturday or Sunday afternoon walking or riding (in her pony cart) cross country with him, had never given him even a sisterly kiss may be assumed. That the same proper young lady arranged for Ezra and Hilda to be together in her father's study indicates that she regarded their love affair as both serious and morally right.

Hilda's academic record at Friends' Central School, which she attended from 1902 to 1905, reveals that her lifelong devotion to ancient Greece and to poetry was nurtured by this school.¹⁵ She was allowed to engage in independent study in Greek
history and received credit for it. At the 1905 commencement Hilda Doolittle was the first student speaker on the program; her subject was “The Poet’s Influence.”

Friends’ Central permitted students of outstanding ability to prepare to graduate a year early if they wished. Hilda was in this category. Her Bryn Mawr matriculation card shows that she was scheduled to take an almost complete set of the Bryn Mawr entrance exams in the spring of 1904. Marianne Moore by contrast did not try to take the complete set in 1904.

The entrance examinations at Bryn Mawr were considered the highest test open to young women in America, as the Harvard entrance exams were considered the most difficult test for young men. In the early years of higher education for women, the preparation for these entrance exams was perhaps even more intense than it is today. Many girls hired private tutors and gave the name of their tutor to be listed in the college catalog with other relevant information about themselves. Marianne Moore’s tutor in Carlisle, says Patricia Willis, was Mary Jackson Norcross of the class of 1889; her name, however, is not given in the catalog beside Miss Moore’s.

M. Carey Thomas’ resolve that the Bryn Mawr entrance exams be every bit as challenging as Harvard’s, if not more so, is indicated by her behavior when she was still dean; according to Edith Finch:

In regard to the entrance examinations, the various professors submitted their papers to the president, but both president and dean criticized them. The mathematics papers, in special, caused them both anxiety—for different reasons. “I feel pretty sure,” wrote Dr. Rhoads to Carey Thomas, “that the mathematical papers are too difficult.” And, in the event, they caused an uproar of remonstrance in the schools because they demanded a knowledge of circulating decimals unheard of in most American schools; but the dean worried only lest the professor of mathematics be obliged to lower her standards and wrote at once urging her to hold them high. If Hilda had passed most of the exams, she could have cleared up the remaining problems during the fall exams before registration. The college catalog states:

To secure a certificate of admission to the college a candidate must have attempted all the fifteen sections included in the examination, and must have passed in at least eleven sections. (1904-1905, p. 48)

It must have been a grueling experience to take all the exams at once; and it was also a gamble:

If the candidate pass in fewer than three sections on the first division, the sections in which she has passed are cancelled and the examinations in them must be repeated. (1904-1905, p. 48)

The first bad luck for Hilda was that the morning of the first day the exams in English Grammar and English Composition were cancelled, according to her matriculation card. She did not take the Algebra test that afternoon.

The next day, Saturday, May 28, Hilda sat for the Plane Geometry exam from nine-thirty to noon, then French from two to five. A passing grade was 60. She passed in Geometry with 66. In French Grammar her grade is recorded as 65 = 59 and in French Translation as 56. The three grades in French would average out to a little over 60, but apparently the three were not of equal value, so she failed French. On Monday, May 30, Hilda breezed through the Latin Prose Authors exam of two-and-one-half hours and won her highest grade on all her entrance exams, 85. Marianne Moore, who was taking the same exam in Carlisle, earned the same grade, and it also was her highest. That afternoon Hilda took a two-hour exam in Physical Geography and flunked with 45. (Astrology was not one of the science exams offered. When Hilda was finally enrolled in Bryn Mawr and her father wrote to President Thomas inquiring whether the college would like him to give a series of lectures on astronomy, Miss Thomas replied “until astronomy is adopted as one of the regular subjects of study and allowed to count for the degree we shall be unable to arrange for lectures in this subject.” (November 16, 1905). At Friends’ Central there was a course in astronomy, and excursions were made to the astronomical observatory of Swarthmore College and to the Flower Observatory) (14).

On Tuesday, May 31, Hilda plodded through Latin grammar and prose composition from nine to ten-thirty. Her grade was only 50. From eleven to one she took an Ancient History exam and made an even lower grade, 44. From two-thirty to five-thirty, she worked on the German exam, emerging with only a 42 in German Grammar and a 50 in German Translation. A bad day.

Overall this was a dismal showing and the most discouraging part was that she had earned zero points toward matriculation because she had passed in fewer than three sections. If the English exams had been given and Hilda had passed them (as appears likely), or if the French grades had been averaged out equally, then Hilda would not have lost the credit for the exams in Geometry and Latin Prose Authors, and she would not have had to take those two exams a second and, as it turned out for Geometry, a third time.

In 1904 the tests of the College Entrance Examination Board were given right afterwards in June, and as Bryn Mawr College recognized these exams and had worked out a table of equivalent points, Hilda proceeded to take them. Following the order on Hilda’s matriculation card, we can see she failed the first two and the last one. Taking the Algebra exam for the first time, she made only 42 1/3. Her Plane Geometry grade plummeted from 66 to 37 (the low grade, her worst, might have been questioned as a sign of hidden resistance or unconscious boredom with math, but it was not). Her French Grammar and Translation are acknowledged with one grade of 40 2/3. Latin Grammar and Prose Composition she barely passed with a grade of 62, and Latin Prose Authors with only 72 2/3. The fractions indicate that every misplaced accent and comma, every misspelled word, caused credit to be subtracted. There was no procedure for adding extra points for a superb translation. Total points gained for the second round: 4.

So Hilda returned to Friends’ Central for her Senior Year (eleventh grade), perhaps inwardly chastened, perhaps inwardly cynical about testing, and, certainly, reinforced in what she called (in 1929) “an inordinate inferiority complex.” One of Hilda’s FCS classmates, Jeannette Keim (later Trumper), wrote a eulogy in 1962 about “the tall, lovely, quiet girl who became the famous ‘H.D.’ of poetry”:
In my own thoughts she is the Hilda of Friends' Central days, so friendly to each and all, so ready to help. So modest was she as to her own abilities that I think she was unaware of them. She had no desire for the leadership she could have had and lived in a beautiful world. I sat near her during our senior year and remember her gazing out of the high windows watching the horse chestnut leaves unfurl in the spring. Yet she never kept herself aloof and was always one of us in our group activities, especially in basketball where her height and long reach were a great asset to our team.

Hilda looked back with happy thoughts to those days, as we learned from the letters received from her at the time of our fiftieth reunion.15

At the time of the fortieth reunion, one of the moments Hilda delightedly remembered was when the Latin teacher "said 'carry me out on a shutter' when I made some stab at translating. O the times, O the customs!"16

In June of 1905 Hilda sat for the entrance examinations for Bryn Mawr for the third time. On Friday, June 2, she took the Algebra exam of three-and-one-half hours. Her grade was 54, a bad beginning, but all her other tests were satisfactory.

On Saturday morning, she reconquered Plane Geometry with a 65, only one point lower than the first time she took it. That afternoon she at last passed the French exam with 68 in Grammar and 62 in Translation.

On Monday morning the Latin Poets gave her a grade of 70. In the afternoon she took the Botany exam for her science requirement and passed with 57.

On Tuesday the sixth of June, Hilda took the German exam from two thirty to five thirty and passed with a 75 in Grammar and a 67 in Translation. It is probable that this was the spring when she was translating Heine: "My first real serious (and I think, in a way, successful) verses were some translations I did of Heine (before I was seriously dubbed 'Imagist'). I think they were probably very lyrical in their small way, but of course I destroyed everything."17

After the Bryn Mawr entrance examinations, Hilda returned to Friends' Central to take their final examinations and to polish her commencement talk on "The Poet's Influence," which she delivered on June 16.

In the fall of 1905 Hilda took the Algebra exam a third time, on the afternoon of Monday, September 25, passed with a 68, and, therefore, matriculated on October 2, as did Marianne Moore, with a "Clear" record.

As can be seen on the Bryn Mawr College transcripts, Marianne and Hilda in their freshman year, 1905-1906, both studied Latin (Horace, Livy, Cicero, Private Reading, Composition) and English (Literature, Elocution, and Composition). Marianne took Biology for the science requirement, making an 85 the first semester, her highest grade freshman year. Hilda took Chemistry (70, 75, 72). Marianne passed all her courses and, except for Elocution and Biology, improved her grades in the second semester.

Hilda barely passed Latin Prose Composition the first term and flunked it the second term with a 50. In this subject, according to the catalog, "a detailed knowledge of the more abstruse Latin constructions" was required, as well as "some facility in turning simple English narrative into Latin." Hilda entered the sopho-
more year with the "Condition" in Latin Composition unchanged. One explanation would be that Hilda Doolittle was not suited to be a classicist; another would be that genius does not waste time. In 1930 she casually admitted, as if it didn't really matter: "I did a little verse-translation of the lyric Latin poets at Bryn Mawr, vaguely, but nothing came of it. I do not think I even submitted them to the college paper" (Hughes, 110). The task of "turning simple English narrative into Latin" she should, of course, have forced herself to do, but it would have seemed like busywork to a fledgling poet burning to turn Latin lyrics into her own poems. To prefer the poems of Catullus to a fungible "simple English narrative" would be deserving of praise if the goal were not uniformity but a knowledge of what is most alive and beautiful in Latin literature. In addition, according to Williams, "H.D. was studying Greek by herself when I first met her. She was a freshman at Bryn Mawr, in the same class as Marianne Moore, but I don't think they knew each other more than casually and were not aware that each wanted to be a poet." Williams is right about the latter but wrong about the former because Hilda was still at Friends' Central when he first met her at a dinner party hosted by Ezra Pound in April, 1905. Hilda's study of Greek may have begun even earlier in 1902 or 1903 when Ezra was teaching himself enough Greek to perform in the Chorus of captive Greek maidens of Iphigienia among the Taurians. Whatever the date when she began to learn Greek, it is a pity that Hilda was too shy to tell an academic advisor at Bryn Mawr or that one of them did not discover it by questioning her and promptly enroll her in baby Greek or Matriculation Greek (as it was called in the catalog). How Hilda would have loved the new courses in History of Classical Art and Archaeology, which the Greek (but not the Latin) students were required to take. Hilda's Bryn Mawr classmate and lifelong friend Mary Herr majored in English and Greek. Hilda would not have been permitted to major in English at Bryn Mawr, as will be seen, but the "Group" of Latin and Greek would have been ideal for her, if her father would have allowed her to drop Mathematics.

A Pass/Fail grade was given for the Private Reading for the Latin courses based on an examination taken at one of two specified times during the semester. For the First Year and Second Year English Literature courses, there was also Private Reading, an extraordinary amount of it, but P.R. is not listed on the transcript because the examination was integrated with the examination on the lectures by Miss Lucy Donnelly. Marianne's initialled list of the books required for English literature has been published, and a glance at it will confirm that this course was a tremendous challenge in the breadth and depth of the material to be mastered.

The Private Reading for the first semester began with five histories of the English language and people, Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship, A. Lang's Myth, Ritual and Religion, and Taylor's Anthropology, and then came to the heart of the subject, starting with the Younger Edda and the Elder Edda and ending with all the masterpieces of Old English literature, with, en route, a side journey to some of Matthew Arnold's poems and criticism concerning this early time.

The Private Reading for the second semester of freshman year began with Chanson de Roland, Aucassin and Nicolette (Williams recalls the bliss of reading that Old French romance with Hilda, but H.D. has Hermione read the book with George Lowndes, the Pound character), much of Malory's Morte d'Arthur,
Dante's *The New Life* and poems in Rossetti's translation, a great deal of Chaucer, Sidney, and Spenser, some ballads, some other poets, and the pages on Mediaeval Love in Vernon Lee's *Euphonia*.

The Private Reading for the second year began with Sophocles the first semester and ended with Keats the second semester and included twenty-four of Shakespeare's plays and all the sonnets, much of Milton and Pope, and many poems and plays by contemporaries of the four English poets just named, as well as some pre-Shakespearean plays, Bacon's essays, and a lot of eighteenth-century prose.

Marianne Moore passed both years of English Literature with final grades of 62, 70, 65, and 65. However, although 60 was a passing grade, 70 or over was required for credit toward the sixty hours needed for graduation, so Marianne received no credit for the three grades below 70. Hilda failed the first semester with a final grade of 55. She removed the "Condition" by passing an exam in April, 1906, and she barely passed the second semester with a 60. As there could be no possibility, with this record, of her concentrating in English, her Second Year English Literature was postponed. H.D.'s comment in 1930 about her failure reaches out for the positive element in what had to be a very painful experience:

I do recall... how somewhat shocked I was at Bryn Mawr to be flunked quite frankly in English. I don't know how or why this shocked me. I really did love the things even when they were rather depleted of their beauty, *Beowulf* and such like. I suppose that was one of the spurs toward a determination to self-expression. I do know that in some way I was rather stunned at the time. (Hughes, 110)

The first semester at Bryn Mawr must in fact have been dreadful for Hilda. The other course she failed was Elocution, in which she received her lowest grade (54), she who had been voted at Friends' Central to have the second "sweetest voice" in the class. The next semester in Elocution she achieved her highest grade at Bryn Mawr, an 84—when she put her mind to it, she was a brilliant mimic and actress. The credit, alas, was only one half hour.

In the third part of the English requirement, the composition and rhetoric course, Miss Doolittle and Miss Moore did fairly well in view of the reputation of the course. The first semester the assignments included "five short papers each week on subjects drawn from the student's personal experience, and one longer paper each fortnight on authors discussed in the history of the English language and literature," and at the end of the semester a written examination. An unspecified number of exams was also part of the lectures in literature, and credit was given for "the style and structure" of the exam papers. As it was customary to fail the first composition papers of most of the students, tears were common at first, but the girls did not,

Bryn Mawr College Transcript of Grades, Hilda Doolittle, 1905-06 and 1906-07 (on facing page).

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generally, protest because there was, always, another paper due in which one might be more successful; and the care with which the papers were corrected, first in writing and then in discussion in private conference, made the criticisms seem helpful and fair. Marianne's grades for the four semesters of composition were 70, 77, 66, and 70; Hilda's for the two semesters were 65 and 70. Hilda's spelling was isolated as a particular problem, and she was never able to remove the condition in spelling because she failed the exam in April and again in November of 1906. For the rest of her life, H.D. had to struggle when writing letters not to be distracted from her real subject by apologizing for her spelling, as in this 1952 letter to Marianne Moore in which she gets carried away, albeit most urbanely (and with only one misspelled word):

...especially after the sturm und drang about Bollingen Prize and the poor Ezra controversy [sic]. (That word looks wrong and I can not find it in my dictionary. I still have a sort of Puritan complex, I must spell correctly—so many mistakes, and I sometimes excuse myself by saying that it is due to the French. I read so much, so much French but my speech is meagre and I am still tongue-tied in any foreign language, except for shops and the nice Swiss attendants here, who anyway, are half the time themselves, German or Italian speaking. Is this a relic or relique of Bryn Mawr? I think I never got as far as passing that spelling test. Do you remember?) Now, speaking of parentheses of French, when do we see your fables?  

In some ways the English course, which was required of every student, could be called world class, and this, certainly, was the intent of the chairman of the department, M. Carey Thomas. The list for Private Reading with its unusually heavy emphasis on poetry still looks wonderful—everything on it is still a winner. Miss Donnelly's lectures, which presented English literature in the context of European literature, were regarded as elegant, authoritative, and inspiring. The constant practice in writing made each student, eventually, if all went well, into a disciplined and articulate writer. The trouble was that the tradition, the Great Tradition, so beautifully preserved and presented, was not encouraged to stoop down to notice the live individual talent or even to unbend enough to proffer ordinary courtesy to the enthusiastic reader. Marianne Moore was told at the end of her sophomore year that she might not graduate if she tried to concentrate in English. Hilda Doolittle was advised to postpone even the requirement and, therefore, would not have been able to enroll in any elective English course. Was the grading system too severe? Were the standards too rigid? Or were the reading and writing more than could be mastered in the allotted time by these two fledgling poets, who were sensitive to nuances, we now know, that the others did not notice?

Bryn Mawr College Transcript of Grades, Marianne Moore, 1905-06 and 1906-07 (on facing page). This and the other transcripts are reduced in size from the original nominal size of 5 by 12% inches, and, in order to fit it on the page, the two year transcript is cut in half by year.
Hilda ended freshman year with twenty-and-one-half hours of credit, and Marianne with twenty-seven-and-one-half hours. To graduate a student must have earned sixty hours by the end of the first semester of the senior year, so, theoretically, nine hours of credit a semester (out of the possible fifteen hours) were sufficient, and Marianne and Hilda had achieved a margin of safety. However, the first semester of the sophomore year, Marianne earned only five-and-one-half hours of credit, and the second semester, only seven-and-one-half hours. Hilda entered her sophomore year burdened with the "Conditions" in Spelling and Latin Prose Composition, and a failure (49) in a trigonometry exam that she took just before classes began in order to fulfill the requirement for the mathematics course in which she had already been enrolled.

Hilda’s courses for 1906-1907 are listed as Major Latin, Minor Math, and Minor Chemistry. A special definition of Major and Minor is given in the catalog: "In all departments as yet fully organized there is a course of five hours a week for two years, called a Major Course. Whenever one year of this course is of such a nature that it may be taken separately, it is marked as a Minor Course" (1904-1905, p. 55). Two of her subjects, Latin and Mathematics, had been chosen as her “Group” (or major in the present-day meaning of the word). But since Hilda had not passed the trig exam, she was not ready to take the math course, according to the catalog: “A knowledge of elementary trigonometry is necessary for students entering the minor course in mathematics. . . . and those who do not elect the course [of trigonometry] must pass the examination for advanced standing before admission” (1905-1906, p. 134). Hilda’s failure in the trigonometry examination was a message that, evidently, no one heeded because she was not removed from the mathematics course. The subject of the first semester’s study was “Analytical Conics and Theory of Equations,” and, according to HERmione, conic sections was the final test she failed in”:

Conic sections would whirl forever round her for she had grappled with the biological definition, transferred to mathematics, found the whole thing untenable. She had found the theorem tenable until she came to conic sections and then Dr. Barton-Furness had failed her, failed her...they had all failed her. Science, as Bertram Gart knew it, failed her...and she was good for nothing. (6-7)

Hermione decides that “with words I will prove conic sections a falsity....mythopoetic mind (mine) will disprove science and biological-mathematical definition” (76).

So conflicted was Hilda’s life during the Bryn Mawr years that indeed the whole thing was “untenable.” In 1958, H.D. said to Erich Heydt of these years: “I was

Bryn Mawr College Transcript of Grades, Marianne Moore, 1907-08 and 1908-09 (on facing page).

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clothed with confusion. I had been forced into the wrong groove” (ET 12). Hilda desperately needed an adult protector or mentor—“Nike, Athene gave her nothing” (HER, 11). Marianne Moore had the enormous comfort of being able, constantly, to share with her mother the triumphs and failures and of receiving in return praise and sympathy and advice. Hilda’s mother was much too occupied with her large household, protecting her husband from interruptions to his work, and being fair to everyone in the family, to give her shy and gentle daughter the undivided attention she needed at this time. Williams remembered that “Mrs. Doolittle led an harassed life and showed it.” Freud concluded during H.D.’s analysis that she was still in search of her mother, and he told H.D. that “it was not sufficiently understood that the girl did not invariably transfer her emotions to her father” (TF 175). Professor Doolittle “wanted eventually (he even said so),” H.D. wrote to Pearson, “to make a mathematician of me, a research worker or scientist like (he even said so) Madame Curie” (TF xii). This explains why Hilda’s “Group” chosen at the beginning of her sophomore year or earlier, was “Latin and Mathematics.”

The college catalog offers sensible advice about choosing a group: cautioning: “There are obvious advantages for the student deferring as long as possible the choice of her free electives and her group, inasmuch as the required studies, by customizing her to the methods of laboratory work, and to the study of languages, literature, and history, afford her every opportunity of ascertaining her true tastes and abilities” (1904-1905, p. 59). Marianne deferred her choice until the end of her junior year. At the end of her sophomore year she was advised to consider Biology. She did, but elected the group of “History and Economics and Politics.” When Bryher in 1921 asked Marianne Moore her opinion of Bryn Mawr, she replied:

The net result of my experience at Bryn Mawr to make me feel that intellectual wealth can’t be superimposed, that it is to be appropriated; my experience there gave me security in my determination to have what I want. I can’t very well illustrate, it would take too long, the more since you and Hilda and I are at the antipodes from each other in our notions of education. In an article on the advantage to a musician of university training, a journalist quotes a friend of mine who is a musician as saying that her college experience gave her “a sense of repose and conscious strength” and “developed good taste and the power to think problems through,” “breath of style and a more strongly defined color sense.” At Bryn Mawr the students are allowed to develop with as little interference as is compatible with any kind of academic order and the more I see of other women’s colleges, the more I feel that Bryn Mawr was peculiarly adapted to my special requirements. (August 31, 1921) 28

The opinion of a student who had flunked out would necessarily be rather different. In HERmione, H.D. makes several criticisms of Bryn Mawr that might be called “sour grapes”: mostly Hermione heaps blame on herself as a failure. The narrator is kinder, observing at the beginning that “Hermione Gart could not then know that her precise reflection, her entire failure to conform to expectations was perhaps some subtle form of courage” (4).

Hilda Doolittle’s main problem at Bryn Mawr College was not her health, although Dr. Williams confirms that this was a real consideration:

...Miss Hilda Doolittle. She poor girl is not very well. She has had to leave college on account of some weakness of the back and in addition has a nasty cough. (April 1907) 29

Nor was the main difficulty Hilda’s being deprived of the many advantages of life as an English gentleman (HER 231), such as no domestic chores whatever and elegant dining. The fun and laughter of dormitory life would have been a tonic to Hilda, and the sharing of notes and books and gossip about classes and exams would have improved her grades. Also, her peers could have given her a sense of herself as a witty and intelligent and beautiful young woman in ways her family could not. But commuting to Upper Darby was probably not the decisive factor in her failure.

Nor was Ezra Pound the problem. He seems in retrospect to have been the essential part of the solution, since no other adult is known to have tried to help Hilda. The main problem was the fact that she was being forced into a career she did not care about. “I must choose, because my life depends upon it, between the artist and the scientist. I manage in the second year of college to have a slight breakdown and I manage to get engaged to Ezra Pound” (TF xii). This would be the first engagement. “This is—1906? 1907? You must come away with me, Dryad” “(ET 15). “I was the first”—” (ET 30). The engagement to the artist was broken by Hilda’s Papa, the scientist.

No longer a student at Bryn Mawr, Hilda studied on her own. In the fall of 1907 Pound went to Indiana to teach and became “engaged” to Mary Moore of Trenton. Both job and engagement failed, and Pound returned to Philadelphia. Hilda wrote to Billy Williams [February 12, 1908]:

...perhaps I am not altogether without use in devoting my life and love to one, who has been, beyond all others, torn & lonely—and ready to crucify himself yet more for the sake of helping all—I mean that I have promised to marry Ezra—29

Less than a month later, she again wrote to Williams [March 7, 1908]:

I can’t go into any long explanation—I could hardly make it nor you understand it if I could, but Ezra & I are not going to marry each other—And I am happy now as I was before—and I know that God is good—29

Ezra went to Venice, then London. Hilda enrolled in the College Course for Teachers at the University of Pennsylvania, 1908-1909. Her transcript has not been found and it is not known if she completed the course. 30 When Ezra returned in the summer of 1910, there was still talk of an engagement (ET 18), although Ezra was courting Dorothy Shakespeare and Hilda was interested in Frances Gregg, a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Even after 1911 when Hilda was
living in London, Ezra (H.D. remembers) said, "'Let's be engaged—don't tell..." well, whoever it was, not just then Dorothy" (ET 30). The "equivocal" (ET 47) engagement seems to have been, in some sense, always "on," never definitively ended because there was no proof and could be no proof that their marriage would have been a mistake. Even Hermione says, "George Lowndes, 'I ought to have thought sooner...I might have been quite happy'" (HER 186). George says to Hermione, "You're the only female I could ever dance with" (HER 188). The narrative line of the Doolittle/Pound engagement is similar to the one H.D. gives to Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet: "Romeo returns too soon or too late. Juliet wakes too soon or too late."

The relationship, though, was more complex than the Romeo and Juliet story, and it was not a tragedy. The first meeting may have been Dante seeing Beatrice for the first time, but this Beatrice then decided (or had already decided) to become a poet, too. And Ezra responded by giving Hilda confidence and by restoring the confidence damaged by the college English course. He "gave extravagantly" (ET 49). He brought her "armfuls of books to read." He read to her himself. He made a book of poems for her alone—Hilda's Book— it is called and it is bound in vellum by his hand. He criticized her writing, "and later he was beautiful about [her] first authentic verses." "Perhaps, there was always," H.D. confesses, "a challenge in his creative power" (ET 41). Without that challenge H.D. could not have had such a rare vision of Athene:

...her guarded eyes.
To Helios alone could she open wide her splendour.
He hated her because she stood unconquerable: he loved her as an equal.

In Athens in 1920 H.D. "sees" the image of Athene Parthanos, the sculpture forty feet high that Phidias made for the Parthenon. Athene is holding an eight foot tall image of Nike, the winged Victory:

The Love of Athene is symbolized by the arch of wings, for Demeter by the cavern or grot in the earth, and for Phoebus by the very essential male power. Love for Athene is surrender to neither, the merging and welding of both, the conquering in herself of each element, so that the two merge in the softness and tenderness of the mother and the creative power and passion of the male. In her hand is the symbol of this double conquest and double power, the winged Nike.
The winged Nike, the white sea-gull, the imper turbable soft Owl, the owl whose great eyes search the night, the mind, the dark places of ignorance.
Athene, the maiden, Parthanos, is doubly passionate.

Pound in The Cantos makes Pallas Athene guardian of the visionary city of paradiso terrestrc (Canto XVII). In H.D.'s vision, Athene Parthanos is the guardian of the inner life of the mind where female and male powers can merge without sur-rendering, either one, their essential identity. The Love of Wisdom requires both, and it is a sign of the strength of H.D.'s mind that she insists on the "softness and tenderness of the mother," and that "the owl whose great eyes search the night, the mind, the dark places of ignorance," is the "im perturbable soft Owl." In H.D.'s vision, the Nike merges with the sea-gull and the owl—soul, heart, mind.

H.D. did not fail the spirit of Bryn Mawr. Her mythopoeic mind registered perfectly the symbols of the place and extended the fullness of their meaning into a double power. This poet "dreams unto the soul of things." The great eyes shine, glare, like two lanterns, doubly passionate.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Notes
This article could not have been completed without the assistance of Lucy West, Curator of the Bryn Mawr College Archives. My grateful thanks for invaluable help also to Mary K. Woodworth, Professor Emeritus of English at Bryn Mawr, who made suggestions before and after reading a draft of this article; to Margaret Holley, Assistant to the President of Bryn Mawr; to Leo Dolemski, Curator of the Bryn Mawr College Photographic Archives; and to Patricia C. Willis, Curator of Literature, Rosenbach Museum & Library.

2H.D., End to Torment, A Memoir of Ezra Pound, ed. Norman Holmes Pearson and Michael King (New York: New Directions, 1979, p. 6; hereafter abbreviated in the text as ET.
6Richly endowed by Eliza Howard (Mrs. Edward Shippen) Burd in 1856, the Burd Orphan Asylum of St. Stephen's Church offered shelter and education to a very select group of twenty to thirty young girls a year. They were not, strictly speaking, orphans, but single parent children, the daughters of deceased Episcopal clergy men or men of similar goodness and social standing.
7The Historical Society of Pennsylvania has pamphlets, clippings, and other documents relating to the Burd Orphan Asylum and a drawing of the building by C.P. Tholey (Lithograph by Brown & Co.). I am indebted to Maxine Brennan and Ann Marie Schaff for help in locating these materials.
10Information based on drawings and photographs in the Philadelphia Historical Commission. I am indebted to Shoureen Jaber for locating this material. The building is still in use.
Clayton L. Farraday, Retired Assistant Headmaster and Principal of the Upper School, has kindly shared with me the material about Hilda Doolittle in the school archives. Mr. Farraday is the author of a history of the school, *Friends' Central School 1845-1964*.

Unpublished letter to Edgar I. Williams, Poetry/Rare Books Collection, State University of New York at Buffalo. This and other letters from William Carlos Williams are quoted by permission of Robert J. Bertholf, Curator, and New Directions Publishing Corporation, Agent for William Eric Williams and Paul Herman Williams.

In an essay prepared for the 1986 H.D. issue of *Contemporary Literature*, guest edited by Susan Stanford Friedman and Rachel Blau DuPlessis, I offer more information about Hilda Doolittle’s academic record at Friends’ Central School.


Carbon copy of unpublished letter, Bryn Mawr College Archives, quoted by permission. Information about Astronomy at Friends’ Central School is from the school catalog, 1904-1905, p. 28.


Jeanette K. Trumper, “I Went to School with Hilda,” *Friends’ Central Alumni News* (Fall 1961). The fiftieth reunion letters from H.D. have not been found.

Unpublished letter to Jeanette K. Trumper, December 2, 1944. Quoted by permission of Friends’ Central School and New Directions, Agent for Perdita Schaffner.


Unpublished letter to Marianne Moore, January 19, [1952], The Rosenbach Museum & Library, quoted by permission of the Rosenbach and of New Directions, Agent for Perdita Schaffner.

Carey Thomas’s letter of June 1, 1882, to her Uncle Allen discusses “the great difference between knowing a subject and being able to impart one’s knowledge” or the difference between scholarship and “literary sense” and unbiased thinking and real ability.” The awareness of “literary sense” would seem to have been one reason the English course was exciting even if one was failing it. Literature remained a pleasure at Bryn Mawr, albeit a forbidden pleasure to those who were discouraged from further study for college credit. Thomas’s letter is published in *The Making of a Feminist, Early Journals and Letters of M. Carey Thomas*, ed. Marjorie Housepian Dobkin (Kent State University Press, 1979), p. 254.

My source for this statement is Patricia Willis.


Group, Latin and Mathematics, 1905-1907” is first given with Hilda Doolittle’s name in the 1907-1908 catalog. “Group, History and Economics and Politics, 1905-1909” is first given with Marianne Moore’s name in the May 1909 catalog.

Unpublished letter from Marianne Moore to Bryher, August 31, 1921, The Rosenbach Museum and Library, quoted by permission of Clive E. Driver, Literary Executor of the Estate of Marianne C. Moore. All rights reserved.

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Glenn Hughes, pp. 110-111.

“Hilda’s Book” by Ezra Pound, written between 1901 and 1910, is printed, with an introductory note by Michael King, in *H.D., End to Torment*, pp. 67-84.

Glenn Hughes, p. 111.


Ezra Pound, “Rendez-vous,” the last poem in “Hilda’s Book.”