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### **Heaven or Hell: Representations of Ilford in the Writings of Denise Levertov and Kathleen Raine**

Levertov's poems give the impression of uncertainty about where their author comes from. While 'A Map of the Western Part of the County of Essex in England' (1961) declares she is 'Essex-born', three decades later 'Settling' (1992) insists she is instead 'London-born'. In fact, both assertions are true because Ilford, where Levertov was born

during the late-Victorian/early-Edwardian period began to transform it into the London suburb we know nowadays. Contemporary Ilford is in great part the product of two men, Griggs and Corbett, who built a series of estates to the north of Ilford Station between 1898 and 1907. Their success encouraged other developers to erect less expensive housing south of the railway track. Inevitably, such rapid expansion had a profound impact on Ilford's population. In 1891 just under 11,000 people lived in approximately 2,000 houses. Ten years later there were more than 42,000 residents, occupying almost 8,000 properties. By 1906 the housing stock had risen to 14,000 and by 1911 more than 78,000 people were living within the borough. What kind of suburb did this building boom produce? The properties, as Dane told the Royal Commission on London Government (1921-3), were meant to appeal to 'a better class [of] population', by which he meant clerks, shopkeepers and travelling salesmen, and in order to do so the whole area was planned 'from the parks point of view', thus avoiding 'the awful example of our neighbours between us and London'. As a result, while becoming decidedly urban, Ilford nevertheless, by setting aside land for a large number of parks, retained a strong sense of the countryside.<sup>1</sup>

However, having succeeded in capturing its targeted residents, what amenities – apart from open spaces - did the new suburb provide? Schools, churches, shops and sports clubs were quickly built, although, due to Griggs and Corbett's temperance enthusiasms, pubs and off-licences were conspicuously absent. However, without theatre, gallery or concert hall Ilford, unlike Bedford Park or Hampstead Garden Suburb, lacked any sort of cultural aspiration. Edwardian Ilford was, as a reader of the (3 October 1907) pointed out, 'not a unity, but a duality', 'the line of severance [being] the

railway'. Since 'the difference between the two districts' was almost as marked as between 'Kensington and Notting Hill', it was the 'ambition of every rightminded Ilfordian' to 'migrate as speedily as possible' to the more salubrious side.<sup>2</sup> Levertov spent her childhood at 5 Mansfield Road on one of the more prosperous estates to the north of the railway just a street away from the 117-acre Valentines Park. In contrast, Raine was born at 6 Gordon Road, literally on the "wrong side of the tracks", and although she soon moved to West View in the north of Ilford, which looked across open countryside, circumstances remained, in her estimation, meagre and cramped. These differences clearly go some way to explaining Raine and Levertov's widely contrasting images of their birthplace.

The correspondent concludes his description of Ilford thus: 'The pattern of houses is splendidly uniform; its street vistas are beautifully monotonous; every front garden is a replica of its neighbour....'<sup>3</sup> This proud panegyric, delivered without a trace of irony, describes as positives the very qualities which were used, until quite recently, to construct hostile characterisations of suburbia as a site of impoverished uniformity, both of design and social grouping. Its omnipresent lower-middle-

to being, like Pound's Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, so hopelessly 'out of key with [their] time' that they were forced to leave.

These were the terms with which Modernism dismissed suburbia, privileging instead the metropolis as the site of everything the suburbs lacked: a rich diversity of architecture, class and ethnicity; a freedom of behaviour, holding out the prospect of sexual adventure, such as would interest a flâneur; a strange intermixture of the threatening and the safe, the sordid and the sublime, the unreal and the only too real; subtle networks of intellectuals; newspapers and magazines discussing the latest ideas; the general cultural ferment that would challenge the would-be artist to innovate, while simultaneously preserving the best of tradition. However, new cultural studies and postmodern perspectives have led to a reevaluation. Collections like (1997) and (2000) have argued that the suburbs, far from being peripheral to the project of modernity, engage with its central concerns.<sup>4</sup> Roger Silverstone, for instance, contends that, despite appearances to the contrary, the suburbs possess a paradoxical complexity, analogous to that of the modernist city: found everywhere, yet rarely noticed; longed for, yet detested; neither wholly urban, nor wholly rural; a reliant by-product of the town, yet attempting separation from it; a manifestation of a well-to-do, confident middle class, yet hiding deep insecurities; a place of apparent stability, yet often experienced as flux; a community designed to be homogenous, yet frequently realising itself in terms of hybridity and the integration of the Other; a location that appears to suppress women, but in fact provides them with the means to organise patterns of empowerment.<sup>5</sup>

In her autobiographical trilogy – (1973), (1975) and (1977) – Raine articulates a traditional critique of the suburbs, which largely concentrates on stifling constriction. Adopting Wordsworth’s phrase, she repeatedly calls Ilford a ‘prison-house’, perhaps to remind readers of how many forms that incarceration takes.<sup>6</sup> There is, initially, architectural confinement. On returning for vacation from Girton’s Victorian-Gothic spaciousness, she finds her house even ‘smaller...than I had remembered’: ‘between the garden gate and the front door I had to shrink back into those mean dimensions’.<sup>7</sup> Ilford, an ‘environment devoid of all culture’, represses any stirring of the imagination: ‘The mean streets of the Ilfords of the world impose meanness of thought, make ...all but impossible certain kinds of feeling, certain modes of consciousness’.<sup>8</sup> Its emotional range is so tightly restricted that it cannot generate the kinds of passion that sweep social conventions aside. Hence when in 1922 ‘Mrs Thompson and her adolescent sailor lover’ stab the husband to death and are subsequently hanged, their actions appear wholly untypical: ‘in these two,’ Raine concludes, ‘the flame of life burned too brightly for Ilford....’<sup>9</sup> Consequently she considers it symptomatic that her teenage boyfriend never once ‘attempt[ed] to seduce me’: suburban ‘mores...precluded that’.<sup>10</sup> Ilford’s tendency to imprison every aspiration is summed up in its devotion to traditional roles, particularly for women. Her mother expects her to look “‘pretty’”, not to ‘ruin [her] eyesight over books’, to be ‘able to accompany songs on the piano’ and, eventually, ‘to have “a husband and children” as was “natural” for “young girls”’; while her father wants her to become an ‘English mistress in a good girls’ secondary school’ and, after an authentic conversion, a devout Methodist. To the latter end during one summer holiday he encourages her to link up with a group of



who 'lacked...literacy', but when she begins to sense the calls of her poetic 'daimon' this feeling grows, believing as she does, with the Romantics, that poets are exalted beings.<sup>18</sup>

As an elected poet, she is one of 'the happy few, with Coleridge, with Shelley', an aerial spirit, "half angel and half bird" soaring above Ilfordians, for whom poetry brings 'not peace but a sword' because it demands an elevated level of awareness which they spend their lives avoiding: 'Ilford, considered as a spiritual state, is the place of those who do not wish to...be fully conscious'.<sup>19</sup> Raine, in contrast, is a wholly-aware spiritual aristocrat, kin through her mother's Celtic roots with the Sidhe, the 'lordly ones' of Irish mythology and therefore, despite her rough social edges, rightfully admitted into Cambridge's 'aristocracy of learning'.<sup>20</sup>

Levertov's representation of a slightly later Ilford is much more in accord with recent revisionist characterisations of suburbia as a place of teasing paradox, non-conformity, diversity and creative possibility. Whereas Raine sees Ilford in terms of imprisoning restraint, Levertov finds in it a nurturing expansiveness. 'I did grow up,' she declared in 1985, 'in an extraordinarily rich environment'.<sup>21</sup> The fact that she was educated at home meant she was, more or less, free to pursue her own intellectual interests: 'because of my peculiar upbringing...I've always had a lot of liberty'.<sup>22</sup> From an early age she became both voracious reader and precocious poet: 'we had a houseful of books, everybody read...and everybody...did some kind of writing'.<sup>23</sup> In the drawing room she would join an intense cultural enterprise, sketching while her elder sister Olga practised piano or her mother sang lieder or, in the evening, read a classic nineteenth-century novel to the assembled family.<sup>24</sup> She expanded into an atmosphere she sometimes called Victorian, but more accurately European: 'my father was naturalised in





fusing Zalman and Jones' seemingly-disparate worship of common objects into a poetry which celebrated humble things with a 'direct' immediacy, a 'hard' objectivity, yet also a sense of their 'mysterious' interiority.<sup>32</sup> Such a fusion is particularly apparent in her poetry's characteristic 'mixture of Christian and Jewish references', sometimes, as in 'A Letter for William Kinter of Muhlenberg' with its allusions to both the Stations of the Cross and Hasidic Zaddikim, within the same poem.<sup>33</sup> This hybrid mode was a fitting tribute to Levertov's Ilford parents: her mother, a devout Welsh Protestant with, according to Israel Zangwill, 'a Jewish soul'; her father, a '

with the local community than Raine ever managed, thereby overcoming both the sense of herself as ‘rootless’, ‘at home everywhere and nowhere’, and the alienating impetus of her home education, which made her ‘among school children a strange exception whom they did not know whether to envy or distrust’.<sup>39</sup>

Next door was a girl three years older than I who was a friend and there was another in the next street. I used to go to [Valentines Park]...[and] pick up...slum kids from the other end of town...we’d fish for sticklebacks and things....<sup>40</sup>

In addition to these playmates, she met in the park a middle-class ‘kindred spirit’, Jean Rankin, with whom she formed ‘a Secret Society...called The Adventure Seekers’ in order to act out fantasy games.<sup>41</sup> It is no wonder she said of her childhood: ‘I never felt lonely’.<sup>42</sup>

Roaming beyond the parks into Depression Ilford, Levertov became her painfully aware that the ‘slum kids’ she played with hailed from an impoverished, largely unemployed working-class community to the south of the station that was altogether less privileged than the conservative, middle-class one in which she lived, thus causing her to expand beyond her family’s liberalism to a naïve, yet sincere radical commitment. Hence the twelve

during the summer of 1931 , the Werfel play which her father had translated and in which Olivier had starred in the West End, subsequently performing it to great acclaim at the Town Hall.<sup>44</sup> Levertov herself made her own connections between domestic cultural activity and the outside world – not with Ilford, however, but the metropolis beyond – when at the age of 12 she started studying ballet, painting and music in London. Although ‘the wholly apolitical world of the ballet school’ rapidly quenched her enthusiasm for selling socialist newspapers in South Ilford, she never felt, as Raine did, that her suburb was inimical to culture – whether it be political or artistic.<sup>45</sup> Her sister had proved the contrary. Similarly, London did not become for her, as for Raine, what Ilford was not, but an extension of it. Travelling on the 25 bus to Oxford Circus or the train to Liverpool Street, she continued reading the books she had read at home, thus advancing her education peripatetically. Wandering around the V. and A. in her free moments and discovering ‘history// as I desired it: magical, specific,/ jumbled, unstinting’ and attending ballet and theatre productions, she gained insights that enriched her life in Ilford, although they ultimately problematised it by making her family's religious emphasis seem ‘embarrassing’.<sup>46</sup> This cultural continuity is symbolised by the violinist Levertov used to follow onto the train at Ilford Station in order to sit next to his performing monkey. Later, while ‘queuing for the ballet or a play’ in the West End, she often heard ‘the busker’s violin’ and saw the monkey, Jinny, collecting money in a hat, and she would feel ‘as proud to know her personally as if she had been one of the great dancers or actors I was queuing to see’.<sup>47</sup> Indeed so enriching was that journey that she makes it an emblem for time’s swift passing and for simultaneity in ‘Evening Train’ (1992). An old ‘peasant’ she shares an Italian carriage with morphs into a child of ‘ten’

and she herself becomes a fourteen-year old ‘girl with braids’, ‘watching the faces I saw each day/ on the train going in to London’. This man’s mysterious dual aspect – both ageing body in an Italian present and ‘invisible boy’ in an English past – earns him, like the poor Jewish ‘broom-vendor’ in ‘From the Roof’, the title of ‘hidden one’, one of those prophets Hasids believed took the form of beggars, the poor or aged. Through this allusion Levertov is linking her life’s end with its beginning, with the Ilford home where her father would come down from translating                      in his study to talk about such figures of popular Jewish mysticism.<sup>48</sup>

This unbroken link between London and Ilford could, however, teach more unsettling lessons, revealing the destructive currents under the suburb’s seemingly placid surface.<sup>49</sup> When Levertov performed at a pan-London church pageant in the Albert Hall, aged 6, she would travel back on the bus with a fellow participant, Pauline, who used to go on to Seven Kings, ‘a few stops further on than the Ilford Broadway where we got off’. Pauline’s elder brother, who sometimes accompanied them and who may well have ‘acted in [Olga’s Werfel] production’ was later hanged for murdering an elderly couple in the Essex Marshes. In shame the family moved away, changed their name, but sixty years later Levertov was still wondering: ‘If [Pauline]’s still alive...does she recall our long bus rides, eastward on the #25 through the thrilling London evenings...?’<sup>50</sup> A hanging which confirmed to the young Raine Ilford's limitations revealed to Levertov the way it held faith and felony, adventure and infamy in disturbing proximity.

In contrast to Levertov’s revisionist representation, Raine restates the traditional critique of the suburbs, but not in a servile manner. She transforms it by mythologising her early experiences. The Romantics saw the city as a site of oppression. Blake notices



in Hades'.<sup>55</sup> Thus an Ilford family met in Brittany are described as 'underworld people who had followed us up from Hades into the sunlight of France'.<sup>56</sup> The reference to Persephone here is deliberate because Raine cast herself in that role opposite her mother's Demeter, but with the difference that her mother was 'imprisoned in Hades', while she, the daughter, was 'neither willing nor able to rescue her'.<sup>57</sup> Though she would eventually escape the suburbs, Raine was so contaminated by them that when her boyfriend introduced her to his cultured acquaintances, she sensed that they perceived her as 'kore smelling of Hades'.<sup>58</sup> The relationship with Haye certainly allowed her to extend her mythological repertoire: while being escorted home, she became 'Euridice', led through the Stygian 'bye-roads of Ilford' by her 'Orpheus-like' guide.<sup>59</sup> At one point in the autobiography Raine's nerve fails and she wonders whether 'the Ilfords of this world' are too palpably 'a terrible negation' to be accorded 'even the dignity that belongs to the hells of traditional cosmogonies', but she regains her confidence in the mythological rhetoric as soon as she recalls the London station, linked to Ilford by the railway: 'I was ashamed that I must return from Liverpool Street Station, where the world ended and the underworld began'.<sup>60</sup> Liverpool Street Station could take you beyond to the paradise of London's metropolitan culture or out to Cambridge – and 'Cambridge, because it was not Ilford, seemed to me Paradise'.<sup>61</sup>

However, Raine did not regard the Heaven and Hell of her system as a simple binary opposition. Infernal Ilford, when the ideal purity of nature or the arts was for a while allowed to assert itself, could afford glimpses of Paradise and Edenic London and Cambridge, when they were untrue to their radiant selves, glimpses of the underworld. For instance, during those three brief years between the move to West View in 1911 and

the outbreak of the First World War, ‘there was something Paradisal even in Ilford...’: ‘West View was still in Paradise: for with the spring the fields beyond our garden blossomed, and I, Persephone in Ida gathering flowers, astray for hours of golden eternity in the meadows....’<sup>62</sup> Nearby in Valentines Park ‘blackbirds did “so rinse and wring the ear” in rhododendron-dells that the park still seemed the sanctuary it had once been’.<sup>63</sup> However, post-war development saw the felling of the elms outside her house and the building of ‘mean’ shops opposite, which blocked her rural vista. Thereafter faint intimations of Eden were only possible when Ilford evinced uncharacteristically transcendent moments. Thus sitting ‘caged in [a] little suburban back room’, she listens rapt while her boyfriend plays Chopin and ‘the music’ speaks ‘its message of Paradise’.<sup>64</sup> Her ironic description of the relationship with Haye as a ‘suburban idyll’ cannot wholly erase the allusion to Arcadia: ‘my first love was...an epiphany of human love as it was in the first earthly paradise’.<sup>65</sup>

interpretation of early experience. She applies to Ilford both the pastoral myth of childhood as Earthly Paradise and the Wordsworthian myth of the poet's growth, nurtured and educated by Nature, although, being suburban, her Nature is, of course, not wild, but manicured. Moreover, despite its Wordsworthian rhetoric, Levertov's suburban poetry is, in a sense, more a descendent of Jonson, Marvell and Pope, whose pastoral verse extols the man



Poetry, she implies, can arrive in life's sacred groves where forces beyond the material present overwhelm the ego with their beauty and power, as Raine, who founded the journal *Temenos* in 1980 and the Temenos Academy in 1990, also believed. By introducing Levertov to a similar conjunction of natural beauty and immensity in their own back-garden, her mother assumes the role of Muse making the infant neophyte aware of the terms of her poetic vocation:

(It was she  
 who taught me to look;  
 to name the flowers when I was still close to the ground,  
 my face level with theirs;  
 or to watch the sublime metamorphoses  
 unfold and unfold  
 over the walled back gardens of our street...)  
 (The 90th Year)<sup>71</sup>

Such training made sure Levertov would produce poetry of exact, intensely scrutinized natural objects, but one not discouraged by the implied objection of Wordsworthians: how can the sublime be experienced among Essex's flatness? True, Essex has no Snowden and no Alps, but it shares with East Anglia the huge skies that Constable celebrated. Thus Levertov is in no way presumptuous in viewing magnificent cloud formations above her infant head as intimating a sublime infinity by unfolding so far beyond her limited back lot.

Iford lacked mountains, but it did have a Public Library, which first showed Levertov how mountains such as the ones she had seen in her mother's native Wales could be transformed into art when she borrowed Mack's *Mont Ste. Victoire* at the age of 13. However, unlike Cezanne's Mont Ste. Victoire with its 'aloof...massive geometry of rock', the Welsh mountains of Levertov's youth and Mount Ranier of her last years are

mysterious, sublime, epiphanic sites.<sup>72</sup> Hence while mother and daughter are mushroom-picking in Snowdonia, ‘clouds about [their] knees’, ‘suddenly’:

the lifting of it, the mist rolls  
quickly away, and far, far –

‘Look!’ she grips me, ‘It is  
Eryri!’

(The Instant)<sup>73</sup>

By using the Welsh name for Snowdon, Levertov is demonstrating her engagement not just with the ‘here-and-now’, but also ‘the world of Welsh legend’ – of Merlin and the Mabinogion.<sup>74</sup> This experience of mountainous sublimity did not negate suburban sublimity, but was continuous with it. Nature could operate in the prescribed Wordsworthian manner in both locations. For instance, Valentines Park and the River Roding could summon the young Levertov, listen to her secrets and protect her from danger:

Cranbrook Wash called me into its dark tunnel,  
the little streams of Valentines heard my resolves,  
Roding held my head above water when I thought it was  
drowning me....

(A Map of the Western Part of the County of Essex in England)<sup>75</sup>

Unsurprisingly, Levertov called the memoir, in which she finally threw off the false god of ballet and dedicated herself wholly to poetry ‘My Prelude’.<sup>76</sup> However, although that epic continued to inspire her throughout her life, she did diverge from Wordsworth in applying to nature a patina of classical myth.<sup>77</sup> In ‘The Well’, for instance, while dreaming of a woman in a ‘dark habit’ scooping spring water into a ‘pitcher’, then setting off in a ‘barge’ across the ‘dark lake’ of a ‘baroque park’, Levertov is transported back to

'Valentines, a place of origin' in order to gain neo-

Old Day the gardener seemed  
 Death himself, or Time, scythe in hand

by the sundial and freshly-dug  
 grave in my book of parables.  
 (A Figure of Time)<sup>81</sup>

‘Clothed in colors of ash and earth’, he became for her ‘a capricious demigod...  
 bring[ing] life and blossom, death and burial to the rectangular sanctums closed off from  
 each other by walls of brick....’<sup>82</sup> Old Day, as it were, presided over Olga’s tragically  
 early death. Her nine-years-older sister had first shown Levertov Ilford’s magical  
 possibilities:

In Valentines  
 a root protrudes from the greensward several yards from its tree  
  
 we might raise like a trapdoor’s handle, you said,  
 and descend long steps to another country....  
 (Olga Poems)<sup>83</sup>

She had also demonstrated to Levertov how determined walking could convert Ilford into  
 Essex countryside, giving her the confidence that no matter how far they roamed, they  
 would always return safely:

We were benighted but not lost, and I trusted  
 utterly that at last,  
 however late, we’d get home.  
 No owl, no lights, the dun ridges  
  
 Of ploughland fading. No matter.  
 I trusted you.  
 (To Olga)<sup>84</sup>

Thus whenever she went alone to Wanstead Park, whose ‘interior was the one place  
 considered out-of-

the wraiths and shifts of time-sense Wanstead Park held suspended,  
without remembering your eyes.  
(Olga Poems)<sup>85</sup>

However, this Ilford of youthful fantasy and liberation took on more constricting overtones as Levertov began to hear in America tales of Olga's increasing paranoia, manipulation and genius for hurting anyone who tried to help and although her sister



sciences at Cambridge, Raine does not relish for its intricate particularity the natural beauty that survives precariously in the Ilford garden of her youth or London garden of her old age and vigorously in Northumbria and the Scottish Highlands. Instead she simplifies it into symbols of an ideal beauty existing beyond the world of appearances. The earth's thick specificity is reduced to a 'thin.../veil stretched over apparent time and space', a 'curtain...drawn' to reveal 'reality behind...seeming'. Only by being given a spurious equivalence with natural objects – 'the high unchanging country beyond time', 'the bright mountain behind the mountain' and so on – are these insubstantial neo-Platonic forms lent any sort of solidity. It is not until the end of her life that Raine learns to appreciate the cluttered thinginess of things: 'This inexhaustible, untidy world - / I would not have it otherwise'.<sup>93</sup> She could have curbed her abstract tendencies by adopting Imagism, which, along with Metaphysical poetry, 'set a fashion' in the Cambridge of the twenties, but she rejected it for being, like Russell and Wittgenstein's logical positivism, atheistic Bloomsbury, the Cavendish laboratory and Empson's de-idealising poetry, an expression of the rationalistic materialism of the age: Imagist poets were merely behaviourists, who believed that 'nothing is in the mind which was not first in the senses', and therefore they only succeeded in producing 'haiku...without the Zen metaphysics'.<sup>94</sup>

Levertov did adopt Imagism – largely in the form of its Objectivist offshoot – but only after she had emigrated to America. There Pound taught her the importance of 'taking responsibility for the precision of what you say' and avoiding 'self-indulgent sentimentalism', while William Carlos Williams, who became both correspondent and friend, had more fundamental lessons to impart:







## Notes

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- <sup>1</sup> Alan A. Jackson, (London: Allen and Unwin, 1973), 59-70.
- <sup>2</sup> Ibid., 64.
- <sup>3</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>4</sup> Roger Silverstone, ed., (London: Routledge, 1997); Roger Webster, ed., (New York: Berghahn Books, 2000).
- <sup>5</sup> Silverstone, 1-25.
- <sup>6</sup> Kathleen Raine, (Ipswich: Golgonooza Press, 2000), 106; (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1973), 88, 115, 116, 157, 158.
- <sup>7</sup> Kathleen Raine, (London: Hamish Hamilton), 54.
- <sup>8</sup> Raine, , 133; , 15.
- <sup>9</sup> Raine, ,103.
- <sup>10</sup> Ibid., 136.
- <sup>11</sup> Ibid., 129, 166.
- <sup>12</sup> Ibid., Note 7, 57.
- <sup>13</sup> Raine, , 114, 116.
- <sup>14</sup> Ibid., 138.
- <sup>15</sup> Ibid., 164.
- <sup>16</sup> Ibid., 109, 167.
- <sup>17</sup> Ibid., 102, 106, 111.
- <sup>18</sup> Ibid., 113.
- <sup>19</sup> Ibid., 169-172.
- <sup>20</sup> Raine, , 102, 115; , 13-14.
- <sup>21</sup> Jeni Couzyn, ed., (Newcastle upon Tyne: Bloodaxe Books, 1985), 77.
- <sup>22</sup> Jewel Spears Brooker, ed., (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1998), 111.
- <sup>23</sup> Ibid., 52, 87, 109.
- <sup>24</sup> Denise Levertov, (Newcastle upon Tyne: Bloodaxe Books, 1997), 43-44.
- <sup>25</sup> Christopher MacGowan, ed., (New York: New Directions, 1998), 100.
- <sup>26</sup> Ibid., Note 22, 125.
- <sup>27</sup> Ibid., Note 21, 75.
- <sup>28</sup> Ibid., note 24, 114-115.
- <sup>29</sup> Ibid., Note 21, 75.
- <sup>30</sup> Denise Levertov, (New York: New Directions, 1973), 70; , 125.
- <sup>31</sup> Levertov, , 70.
- <sup>32</sup> Denise Levertov, (New York: New Directions, 1979), 77-78.
- <sup>33</sup> Ibid., 60-67; , 75-77.
- <sup>34</sup> Denise Levertov, (Newcastle upon Tyne: Bloodaxe Books, 1986), 33; Tesserae, 11, 142; Jorge Quinonez, 'Paul Phillip Levertoff: Pioneering Hebrew-Christian Scholar and Leader', 37 (2002), 21.
- <sup>35</sup>

- <sup>37</sup> Ibid., Note 22, 90.
- <sup>38</sup> Ibid., Note 21, 77.
- <sup>39</sup> Brooker, 103; MacGowan, 100; Couzyn, 76.
- <sup>40</sup> Ibid., Note 22, 111.
- <sup>41</sup> Ibid., Note 24, 59.
- <sup>42</sup> Ibid., Note 22, 111.
- <sup>43</sup> Couzyn, 78; Levertov, , 66-70.
- <sup>44</sup> , 15 April 1934; Levertov, , 48-49, 139-140.
- <sup>45</sup> Ibid., Note 24, 70.
- <sup>46</sup> Denise Levertov, (New York: New Directions, 2001), 221; Brooker, 144.
- <sup>47</sup> Ibid., Note 24, 72-73.
- <sup>48</sup> Denise Levertov, and (Newcastle upon Tyne: Bloodaxe Books, 1993), 164; (New York: New Directions, 1983), 51; , 76-77.
- <sup>49</sup> Webster, 1-13.
- <sup>50</sup> Ibid., Note 24, 144-146.
- <sup>51</sup> Blake, 'London'; Coleridge, 'Frost at Midnight'; Wordsworth, 'Ode: Intimations of Immortality'.
- <sup>52</sup> Julian Wolfreys, (London: Palgrave, 1998), 95-39.
- <sup>53</sup> Kathleen Raine, (Ipswich: Golgonooza Press, 1988), 150, 152; , 317.
- <sup>54</sup> Raine, , 78-79; 124, 147.
- <sup>55</sup> Ibid., 99, 168.
- <sup>56</sup> Ibid., 168.
- <sup>57</sup> Ibid., Note 7, 53-54; , 107-108.
- <sup>58</sup> Raine, , 157.
- <sup>59</sup> Ibid., 142.
- <sup>60</sup> Ibid., 115.
- <sup>61</sup> Ibid., Note 7, 13.
- <sup>62</sup> Raine, , 81, 85.
- <sup>63</sup> Ibid., 85.
- <sup>64</sup> Ibid., 134.
- <sup>65</sup> Ibid., 124, 155.
- <sup>66</sup> Raine, , 145-146.
- <sup>67</sup> Ibid., Note 7, 70, 144, 149.
- <sup>68</sup> Raine, , 165, 179-214.
- <sup>69</sup> Ibid., Note 21, 75-76.
- <sup>70</sup> Ibid., Note 24, 53-56.
- <sup>71</sup> Levertov, , 97-98.
- <sup>72</sup> Ibid., Note 24, 103-107.
- <sup>73</sup> Ibid., Note 32, 65-66.
- <sup>74</sup> Levertov, , 69, 72.
- <sup>75</sup> Levertov, , 21-22.
- <sup>76</sup> Denise Levertov, (New York: New Directions, 1981), 244-253.
- <sup>77</sup> Ibid., Note 36, 39-40, 369.
- <sup>78</sup> Levertov, , 40-41.
- <sup>79</sup> Ibid., 22; 'The Stricken Children', (New York: New Directions, 1987), 33.
- <sup>80</sup> Denise Levertov, (New York: New Directions, 1996), 63.
- <sup>81</sup> Levertov, , 101.
- <sup>82</sup> Ibid., Note 24, 49-51.
- <sup>83</sup> Levertov, , 207-208.
- <sup>84</sup> Levertov, , 25.
- <sup>85</sup> Ibid., Note 24, 60; , 209.
- <sup>86</sup> Levertov, , 203-210, 238-239.
- <sup>87</sup> Raine, , 84-85, 90, 172.
- <sup>88</sup> Raine, , 325-326.

