

**Chapter 1 : Scarecrow Facts for Kids**

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A number of these poems have already appeared: Permission to reprint has in each case been granted by the publishers and editors concerned, to whom my thanks are due. These garments and decorum ; I am thy brother, Thy lover of aforetime crying to thee, And thou hearest me not. I have whispered thee in thy solitudes Of our loves in Phrygia, The far ecstasy of burning noons When the fragile pipes Ceased in the cypress shade. And the brown fingers of the shepherd Moved over slim shoulders ; And only the cicada sang. I have told thee of the hills And the lip of reeds And the sun upon thy breasts, And thou hearest me not. Thou hearest me not. I drifted along the river Until I moored my boat By these crossed trunks. Here the mist moves Over fragile leaves and rushes, Colourless waters and brown fading hills. She has come from beneath the trees, Moving within the mist, A floating leaf. O blue flower of the evening, You have touched my face With your leaves of silver. Love me, for I must depart. And the pale yellow grasses Among them. The soft notes Feed upon the wounds. Where wert thou born O thou woe That consumest my life? Toothed wind of the seas, No man knows thy beginning. As a bird with strong claws Thou woundest me, O beautiful sorrow. You have hidden your hands Beneath the poplar leaves. You have given them to the white waters. Swallow-fleet, Sea-child cold from waves, Slight reed that sang so blithely in the wind. White cloud the white sun kissed into the air ; Pan mourns for you. White limbs, white song. Pan mourns for you. Straight and slim art thou As a marble phallus ; Thy face is the face of Isis Carven As she is carven in basalt. And my heart stops with awe At the presence of the gods, There beside thee on the stall of images Is the head of Osiris Thy lord. Cold lips that sing no more, and withered wreaths. Regretful eyes, and drooping breasts and wings “ Symbols of ancient songs Mournfully passing Down to the great white surges. Watched of none Save the frail sea-birds And the lithe pale girls. And the songs pass From the green land Which lies upon the waves as a leaf On the flowers of hyacinth ; And they pass from the waters, The manifold winds and the dim moon. And they come, Silently winging through soft Kimmerian dusk. To the quiet level lands That she keeps for us all. And we turn from the fiery day, And the lips that were over sweet ; For silently Brushing the fields with red-shod feet. With purple robe Searing the flowers as with a sudden flame. Death, Thou hast come upon us. And of all the ancient songs Passing to the swallow blue halls By the dark streams of Persephone, This only remains: That we turn to thee. Death, That we turn to thee, singing One last song. O Death, Thou art an healing wind That blowest over white flowers A-tremble with dew ; ir Thou art a wind flowing Over dark leagues of lonely sea ; Thou art the dusk and the fragrance ; Thou art the lips of love mournfully smiling ; Thou art the pale peace of one Satiated with old desires ; Thou art the silence of beauty, And we look no more for the morning, We yearn no more for the sun. Since with thy white hands, Death, Thou crownest us with the pallid chaplets, The slim colourless poppies Which in thy garden alone Softly thou gatherest. And with slow feet approaching. And with bowed head and unlit eyes, We kneel before thee: And thou, leaning towards us, Caressingly layest upon us Flowers from thy thin cold hands. And, smiling as a chaste woman Knowing love in her heart. Thou seelest our eyes And the illimitable quietude Comes gently upon us. Like a gondola of green scented fruits Drifting along the dark canals at Venice, You, O exquisite one. Have entered my desolate city. The blue smoke leaps Like swirling clouds of birds vanishing. So my love leaps forth towards you Vanishes and is renewed. A rose-yellow moon in a pale sky When the sunset is faint vermilion On the mist among the tree-boughs Are you to me. As a young beech-tree on the edge of a forest Stands still in the evening, Then shudders through all its leaves in the light air And seems to fear the stars “ So are you still and so tremble. The red deer are high on the mountain, They are beyond the last pine-trees. And my desires have run with them. The flower which the wind has shaken Is soon filled again with rain ; So does my heart fill slowly with tears Until you return. You were the notes Of cold fantastic grief Some few found beautiful. At your kiss my lips Become like the autumn beech-leaves. Zeus, Are the halls of heaven broken up That you flake down upon me Feather-strips of marble?

When I stamp my hoof The frozen-cloud-specks jam into the cleft So that I reel upon two slippery, points.  
Fool, to stand here cursing When I might be running! In Thebes of Egypt In the dusk They chanted of them to  
the dead. But in the dusk Ere the white sun comes " A gay child that bears a white candle- I am afraid of  
their rustling, Of their terrible silence, The menace of their secrecy. We will come down to you from the hills,  
From the scented lemon groves, From the hot sun. For these women have laid out a purple cloth. And they  
have builded you an altar Of white shells for the honey. O Artemis, Girdle the gold about you, Set the silver  
upon your hair And remember us " We, who have grown weary even of music. We who would scream  
behind the wild dogs of Scythia. Bear us upon thy winged flight Down the dark blue ways unto Orcus ; Make  
us stable With thy imperishable hands. For our feet stumble, and age Loosens our knees ; Our wearied eyes  
Yearn for the heavy bowed gold blossoms Beneath the very grey sky Of Persephone. A thousand crimson  
foxgloves, Tall bloody pikes. Stand motionless in a gravel quarry ; The wind runs over them. A rose film over  
a pale sky Fantastically cut by dark chimneys ; Candles winking in the windows Across an old city garden. At  
the third noon A wind rippled, A sea silently breaking ; A thin veil of rain-drops Hid the sun and the hard blue.  
A grey garment of rain. Cold as hoar-frost in April Enwrapped us. A row of advertisements, A row of  
windows, Set in brown woodwork pitted with brass nails, A row of hard faces, Immobile, In the swaying train.  
Immobile, Gaze, stare at one point. Antagonism, Disgust, Immediate antipathy. Cut my brain, as a sharp dry  
reed Cuts a finger. I surprise the same thought In the brasslike eyes: Millions of human vermin Swarm  
sweating Along the night-arched cavernous roads. Happily rapid chemical processes Will disintegrate them  
all. Here they come dancing, White girls, lithe girls, In linked dance From Attica. Gay girls dancing in the  
frozen street. Hair streaming, and white raiment Flying, Red lips that first were Red in Ephesus. Red-nose,  
piping by the Red-Lion, You! Did you bring them! Here, take my pennies, Mon semblable, mon here. Dark  
clouds, torn into gaps of livid sky. Pierced through By a swift searchlight, long and white like a dagger. The  
black murmuring crowd flows, eddies, stops, flows on Between the lights And the banks of noisy booths. O  
pitiful dead, There is not one of those who pass by To remember you. But the trees do not forget ; Their  
severed tresses Are laid sadly above you. The hot days with the cows coming down to the water, The flowers.  
I looked at the world as God did When first He made it. I saw that it was good. And now at nights, Now that  
everything has gone right somehow, And I have friends and books And no more bitterness, I sit here, shading  
my eyes. Peeping at you, watching you, Thinking. The water drips musically in the large zinc tank ; the little  
watch beside me ticks away the seconds of my life ; and at long intervals the bell of St. The water drips slower  
and more musically ; the watch ticks more gently ; the window curtain rustles a little in the wind and a faint  
confused glow of moonlight slips into the room. I rise and draw the curtain.

**Chapter 2 : Formats and Editions of Images (). [www.nxgvision.com]**

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Oriental Opulence[ edit ] Evening gown, designed about by Lucile " During the early years of the s the fashionable silhouette became much more lithe, fluid and soft than in the s. The couturier Paul Poiret was one of the first designers to translate this vogue into the fashion world. The Art Deco movement began to emerge at this time and its influence was evident in the designs of many couturiers of the time. Simple felt hats, turbans, and clouds of tulle replaced the styles of headgear popular in the s decade. It is also notable that the first real fashion shows were organized during this period in time, by the first female couturier, Jeanne Paquin , who was also the second Parisian couturier to open foreign branches in London, Buenos Aires, and Madrid. Two of the most influential fashion designers of the time were Jacques Doucet and Mariano Fortuny. The French designer Jacques Doucet excelled in superimposing pastel colors and his elaborate gossamery dresses suggested the Impressionist shimmers of reflected light. His distinguished customers never lost a taste for his fluid lines and flimsy, diaphanous materials. The Venice -based designer Mariano Fortuny y Madrazo was a curious figure, with very few parallels in any age. For his dress designs he conceived a special pleating process and new dyeing techniques. He patented his process in Paris on 4 November He gave the name Delphos to his long clinging sheath dresses that undulated with color. The name Delphos came from the bronze statue of the Charioteer at Delphi. Each garment was made of a single piece of the finest silk , its unique color acquired by repeated immersions in dyes whose shades were suggestive of moonlight or of the watery reflections of the Venetian lagoon. Breton straw, Mexican cochineal , and indigo from the Far East were among the ingredients that Fortuny used. Tunics and hobble skirts[ edit ] The extravagances of the Parisian couturiers came in a variety of shapes, but the most popular silhouette throughout the decade was the tunic over a long underskirt. Early in the period, waistlines were high just below the bust , echoing the Empire or Directoire styles of the early 19th century. Full, hip length "lampshade" tunics were worn over narrow, draped skirts. By , skirts were widest at the hips and very narrow at the ankle. These hobble skirts made long strides impossible. They gradually dropped to near the natural waist by mid-decade, where they were to remain through the war years. Tunics became longer and underskirts fuller and shorter. By women were wearing calf-length dresses. When the Paris fashion houses reopened after the war, styles for showed a lowered and even more undefined waist. Jackets followed the lines of tunics, with raised, lightly defined waists. Fashionable women of means wore striking hats and fur stole or scarves with their tailleurs, and carried huge matching muffs. Most coats were cocoon or kimono shaped, wide through the shoulders and narrower at the hem. Fur coats were popular. As more and more women entered the workforce, they demanded clothes that were better suited to their new activities; these derived from the shirtwaists and tailored suits. Social events were postponed in favor of more pressing engagements and the need to mourn the increasing numbers of dead, visits to the wounded, and the general gravity of the time meant that darker colors and simpler cuts became the norm. Women dropped the cumbersome underskirts from their tunic-and-skirt ensembles, simplifying dress and shortening skirts in one step. These were called the "war crinoline" by the fashion press, who promoted the style as "patriotic" and "practical". Louis Post-Dispatch in April Furthermore, people were dressing less extravagantly due to funds being put toward the war effort. According to Eileen Collard, Coco Chanel took notice of this and introduced costume jewelry. She replaced expensive necklaces with glass or crystal beads. Shorter skirts put an emphasis on stockings , and gaiters were worn with streetwear in winter. Bobbed or short hair was introduced to Paris fashion in and spread to avant-garde circles in England during the war. In response corset manufacturers marketed the dance corset, which was less constricting, lighter, and more flexible. This shift made it a necessity to own more corsets because they served different functions. At the same time women now had more agency to decide their own shapes with the variety of corsets available.

### Chapter 3 : Photo:Edward S. Smith,toolbox?, | eBay

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Early life[ edit ] Aldington was born in Portsmouth , the son of a solicitor, and educated at Dover College , and for a year at the University of London. He met the poet Hilda Doolittle H. Ezra Pound had in fact coined the term imagistes for H. In , Aldington and H. Their relationship became strained by external romantic interests and the stillborn birth of their child. Between and he was literary editor of *The Egoist*, and columnist there. By this time, however, she was involved with the wealthy writer Bryher ; H. They remained friends for the rest of their lives. Eliot[ edit ] He helped T. Eliot in a practical way, by persuading Harriet Shaw Weaver to appoint Eliot as his successor at *The Egoist* helped by Pound , and later in with an introduction to the editor Bruce Richmond of *The Times Literary Supplement* , for which he reviewed French literature. He was being published at the time, for example in *The Chapbook*, but clearly took on too much hack work just to live. He suffered some sort of breakdown in *Death of a Hero* , published in , was his literary response to the war, commended by Lawrence Durrell as "the best war novel of the epoch". It was written while he was living on the island of Port-Cros in Provence as a development of a manuscript from a decade before. Opening with a letter to the playwright Halcott Glover, the book takes a variable but generally satirical, cynical and critical posture, and belabours Victorian and Edwardian cant. In , he published a bawdy translation of *The Decameron*. In , his novel titled *All Men are Enemies* appeared; it was a romance, as the author chose to term it, and a brighter book than *Death of a Hero*, even though Aldington took an anti-war stance again. In , having relocated to the United States with his new wife Netta Patmore, he began to write biographies. The first was one of Wellington *The Duke*: It was followed by works on D. Lawrence *Portrait of a Genius*, But Lawrence *Lawrence of Arabia: A Biographical Inquiry*, Lawrence caused a scandal on its publication, and an immediate backlash. Lawrence lived a celibate life, and the claim was contested by some of his close friends of whom several were homosexual. Aldington lived in *Sury-en-Vaux* , Cher, France, from He did not approve of the Communist "party line", though, and the Russians did not succeed in making him endorse it. He is buried in the local cemetery in *Sury*. The Poetry is in the pity. He accused the Georgian poets of being "regional in their outlook and in love with littleness. They took a little trip for a little weekend to a little cottage where they wrote a little poem on a little theme. Lawrence, Pound in particular , the friendship not always surviving. His obituary in *The Times* in described him as "an angry young man of the generation before they became fashionable", and who "remained something of an angry old man to the end".

### Chapter 4 : Category:Germany in the s - Wikimedia Commons

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### Chapter 5 : ~»Fashion & Design & | The Time Travel Collective

*Among the more interesting stories in this study is one that may be pieced together from a letter Aldington wrote to Miner (see 14) that touches on poems in this collection.*

### Chapter 6 : Early American Automobiles

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

### Chapter 7 : Richard Aldington - Wikipedia

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### Chapter 8 : Early American Automobiles

*In the years to change was afoot in bustling New York with automobiles starting to dominate the streets. Incredible retro photos show the old transport and pastimes in the city.*

### Chapter 9 : Full text of "Images ()"

*Autochromes required longer exposure times than traditional black-and-white photos, resulting in images with a hazy, blurred atmosphere filled with pointillist dots of color. "Margate beach."*