In A. D. Hope’s last book of poems, *Orpheus*, Hope wanted to represent, in what he instinctively knew was his last volume of poetry, the themes that preoccupied him for a life time. Amidst those poems in which he explores his mortality, ruminates on whether he will be remembered, celebrates his sense of alienation in a world in which he was destined to be an observer, there is a concentrated emphasis on love: erotic love; love between friends; love as voiced in poetry and that love which is engendered in him for women.

Hope’s love of women, and his poetic tributes to them, was bound to cause problems. There was a period in the late 50s and early 60s when his assault on censorship and his boldness in his representation of sex drew applause from those who fought relentlessly to be released from the puritan society that preached propriety in manners and restraint in sexual expression. Hope had been a hero of the anti-puritan brigade from the 1940s to the mid-1960s, having dared to use explicit sexual references in his poetry. His bawdy, sensual poetry whether satirizing an aspect of life or exploring the enigma of the sexual act itself was celebrated by men and women alike. The advent of women’s liberation in the early 1970s marked a turning point in the way his poems were received. As feminist debates grew in complexity, and defiance of the patriarchal order, male and female readers alike objected to the male gaze that was identified in Hope’s poetry. Radical feminists, in particular, rejected the male symbolic order in the name of difference,
and extolled femininity, demanding of art that it represent this hitherto repressed voice. Of course feminism was confusing for men (and women) of his generation and continued to be so through its many manifestations in the years that followed in both productive and negative ways. Hope though did not concede to such confusion on his part. In matters of sex he believed that men and women did ‘objectify’ each other’s bodies albeit in different ways given what he saw as their inhabiting different metaphysical realms. He was dismissive of any political correctness and feared that the latter might create an inauthentic screen when creating a male voice writing about sex. Sex and love were constants and the act of sex, as his poems illustrate, engage in such objectification whether to represent alienation, lust, fragmentation of self, or sheer psychological fantasy-driven thinking during the act itself. Hope felt that he knew, as a man, how men thought about sex and love and his notebooks testify the extent to which he attempted to understand how women thought as well.

Nevertheless Hope’s subversion of a certain decorum reserved for sexual matters in Australian poetry with the advent of feminism turned him, as if overnight, from hero to villain. Not that this worried him. Hope was always amused at the ways in which the fashions of one era became contemptuously discarded in the next. This view he applied to politics, moralities, social manners as much as it related to matters of sex and love. Knowledge and the behavior it sponsored was necessarily provisional and he often expressed bemusement at the extent to which people forgot the lessons of history and existed with the findings of their world as if philosophical and scientific knowledge of the current times were somehow final and somehow immune to becoming the debris of the next generation. His displaced status, at the time, was of little concern to him as he believed that love and sex, sometimes related, and sometimes not, were constants, and as he did not agree with the kinds of criticisms he was receiving about his treatment of love and sexuality, he remained merely amused in the face of it. This is a more subtle point than it first appears to be. He was not at odds with feminism- its advent, its philosophies or its inevitability as an historical movement; he would argue that his poetry consistently treated both men
and women as ‘objects’ (as well as human subjects) when the scenario he was
dealing with warranted it. It was the frenetic manner in which some feminist
discourse categorized him as ‘sexist’ and how the fashionable aspects of this
discourse, to quote him, “threw too many babies out with the bath water”. This to
him relegated the discourse (rather than the subject matter) to the same place he
assigned all ideological positions, and the attendant methodologies, that failed to
recognize as Nietzsche had argued when presenting the ‘Four Errors of Knowledge”
that man/woman in art and in life has been educated by his errors: ‘First he always
saw himself only incompletely; second he endowed himself with fictitious
attributes; third, he placed himself in a false order of rank in relation to animals and
nature; fourth, he invented ever new tables of goods and always accepted them for a
time as eternal and unconditional: as a result of this, now one and now another
human impulse and state held first place and was ennobled because it was esteemed
so highly”.

A recent article in the Age gave a comprehensive over-view of how women have
emerged across the ages. An illustration representing the changes included 1. cave
woman; 2. Medieval woman in constricted clothing; 3. Nineteenth century ferocious
looking suffragette; 4. Mini-skirted woman in sixties dispensing with her bra; 5.
Eighties /nineties woman dressed in a power-suit with brief-case with a baby slung
under her arm and finally 6. Contemporary woman represented as scantily attired
and pole dancing. The satirical nature of the piece was questioning whether
contemporary women had given up on feminism. This was fiercely argued against
by a number of young women. What was evident, however, that what was a cause
for anger by women in the past has changed radically. Contemporary women
include those who desire to present their sexual selves with, it seems, little regard
for the ‘male gaze’. Feminism continues to develop but it is refracted through the
fashions of each age; the arguments that evolve for each era testify to ‘fashion’ as
much as they honour the prevailing view for women to have a voice, albeit having
different forms that at first glance suggest contradiction.
Hope’s poetry on the subject of love and sex was satiric, erotic, wonderful; funny; tedious; playful; lustful, tender; binding, wrathful, alienating and tragic and the response from women across time will vary. Its expression defined the world in which it emerged certainly, but there was a commonality across time and place that made it for him the kernel of being, both personally, and aesthetically, in his art.

One of Hope’s most contentious claims may be his view that women were excluded from writing the ‘greatest’ of poetry. A Woman poet, he espoused, could not attain, or had not yet attained, the status of a ‘genius’. Of course he was being provocative and deliberately so and it is also the case that there were many female poets he wrote about with admiration. Nevertheless, Hope enjoyed proclaiming ‘heresies’ ‘of the age but then again, his point was also a serious one given that he believed that women were trapped in a male language and that it would take decades before they found their own. On the other hand one could easily dispense with his arguments by merely rejecting the concept of ‘genius’ which, with the onset of popular culture and post-modernist scrutiny of ‘absences’, was not to be taken seriously. Furthermore there was the awareness that productivity by female poets was not fully represented and those that were accounted for were primarily selected by male editors dictated by patriarchal concerns.

It would be doing Hope a disservice not to see his views on women in the larger context which he provides. One of these contexts is the relationship between Hope’s poems and the period in which he lived his life, the intellectual background to his poetics, the social world that dominated at the time of writing and the theoretical positions that he was moved to criticize. We are, Hope told me often, the result not only of the choices we made but also the result of those we did not choose:

‘We are shaped by our choices, even those that
We did not make
Or which were made for us, sometimes against
Our will.
Where pathways diverge, the ones that we did
not take
Mostly forgotten, serve to determine us still

Although I suspect that Hope here is largely referring to his life personally, whether in relation to choice of love partners or career choices, it is also the case, that the source of his poems dealing with love, sex and the way in which he represented women were also determined by the cultural and intellectual environment in which he lived his life.

In identifying persistent themes in Alec's work, gleaned from the reading of his poems and his note-books, it becomes evident that Hope in Orpheus had created a collection of poems that brought to final form an over-view of his life’s work. Over-riding his work is his fascination with mythology (Nordic, Greek and Roman) and biblical stories which he draws from consistently in his poems. Hope is unashamedly a male poet; his obsession with Odysseus, Faust and Orpheus, determines a male view of love and 'truth'.

In 'Orpheus', when Hope tells his version of the Orpheus myth, it is the male poet that Hope has in mind in his final stanza: Orpheus is the creator, the maker of song who in losing his loved one has been destined to tell of his suffering in voice and music. And thus when torn apart by the women of Thrace:

Madden, not even knowing what they has done.
It was too late! Even after his eclipse
His severed head still sang ‘Eurydice’
And ever since that fatal song goes on
Sure sign that the heart's burden reached his lips
And poets renew its deathless harmony
Rather than such exemplars of a male view in poetic form being merely a source of contention, it is also imperative for a feminist view of the world which seeks to understand a history of western thought so much based on a male rendition. Hope’s representation of women is instructive. His erotic poems, his response to the meaning of love for man deals with, if not Hope’s sexuality, his passionate interest in women as muses, as writers, and as subjects of his poetry. Central to his vision is his belief that women are the means of accessing a distinctively unique metaphysical view of life.

His ideas on this are explicit; his attempt to understand female sexuality is recorded throughout his writings, as is his awareness of his exclusion from understanding. He felt that an understanding of the differences between men and women was the key to constructing a new metaphysical world view. Hope maintains that as long as our knowledge of these differences is left untapped, our metaphysical view of the human condition will remain limited. The excerpts Hope has chosen from the Kinsey Report in his notebooks are important in regards to Hope’s interest in itemizing perceived differences between the sexes. To a large extent they confirm Hope’s views that men and women are organized differently and possess unique perceptions and separate aims but simplistically so and not in ways that Hope will come to understand. Hope believes that man has done his best “to minimize, if not to destroy, the only independent source of knowledge existing, that between men and women”4 Hope’s view that men and women are organized differently is not predicated on mere biologism and essentialism. The argument is more subtle and rests on his view on the provisional nature of knowledge, of human beings enacting a ‘becoming’ rather than embodying ‘being’ and in his admiration of some of his contemporary female poets. Hope’s plea for the metaphysical basis of possible new knowledge from the sexes is made on the basis that the metaphysical categories set up by the patriarchy are limited and destructive.

Furthermore, Hope came to recognize that the “Kinsey investigators were swayed [in their conclusions] by the nature of the male response”.5 He concluded that contrary to the findings of the report that “The imagination of women seems to me
as powerful as that of men in sexual matters but its images are different and they arouse sexual responses of surprising force and urgency by means that to a male would arouse interest or admiration but not desire.\textsuperscript{6} Whether Hope’s insights are correct or not is not the point here. Instead the fact that this is his view is of interest as it is one that when brought to his erotic poetry assists in the reading of them.

Sexuality, which for Hope is often interchangeable with love, is the basis of much of his poetry. When his poems are specifically erotic, written in the male voice, and seemingly reduce women to mere objects of desire, however detestable they may be to an audience, it is done for satiric purposes and as commentaries on other more established works of art (or even a comment on male desire). ‘On A Fine Day in Summe’r is such an example when his ‘Big tits and little wits/Do often go together,/But who would want/A talking cunt/In such fine fucking weather/’ was of course confronting. Is it less so because the context of it is a response to Rosamond Tuve’s book on Elizabethan and metaphysical imagery?\textsuperscript{7} It seems to be a problem because it ‘objectifies women’. His use of slang terminology for parts of female anatomy is objected to- and so we read in

‘Intimations of Mortality, III’

\begin{verbatim}
Mathew, Mark, Luke and John
Bless the bed that I lie on,
Two to watch and two to pray
To keep the wicked whores away.
\end{verbatim}

\begin{verbatim}
Mathew, Mark, Luke and Jack
Hold it lads, I take it back.
Don’t watch too hard and wink an eye;
I’d like some snatch before I die.\textsuperscript{8}
\end{verbatim}
Is the voice Hope’s? Certainly more so in *Orpheus* than in early collections though Hope’s life long view that the narrative is not that of the poet is a difficult one to jettison merely because in this book he seems to be referring to his, rather than someone else’s, death. Well – yes- but no, as well. Hope really would not care what ‘Mathew, Mark, Luke and Jack [John] thought. He was not a believer in the Christian code. What he did know though was that western consciousness still had its connections with Christian codes and his poem is simply funnier in his inclusion of the apostles. Hope’s satire relies on the Christian frame as much as because he saw it as foolish as he knew of its universal application. The biblical frame is one of his comfort zones for his satire, for what he terms, the ‘discursive mode’. And so in ‘Gloss to Mathew V 27-28”, he satirizes the indisputable ‘law’ that merely by looking at a woman and feeling desire for her, that there has been ‘Adultery in the Heart’; Hope draws on an ancient story (gospel) to communicate man’s need of love that emanates from desire. ‘Woman’ is the object of love; her supposed ‘objectification’ is another matter.

How does one assess poetry that takes as its starting point a ‘discursive mode”? At what point is satire to be rejected when it offends? Do we reject the work, for example, of Patrick Süskind who, in his novel *Perfume*, tells a tale of a Psychotic killer who ravages and kills numerous virgins in order to exact from their bodies erotic perfumes for his trade. Women are most definitely objectified in this novel and yet I have seen no response to this novel that attacks its subject matter. The critical over-view, instead, focuses on Süskind’s use of the Orpheus myth and on his satirical treatment of enlightenment thought. Similarly when Hope draws from an ancient or biblical myth, his intentions are to use that story to reflect on something else, and usually he has a satirical point to make. Just like Süskind’s personal philosophy is not to be confused with those he assigns to his protagonist, nor should Hope’s narratives in his poems be seen as his personal point of view. Sometimes it is difficult to know for certain which way to read Hope, because he is tricky, and it is
the case that he often utilises a satirical mode via a character he invents to make a serious and even heart-felt point.

This can be seen in the erotic language in which we are invited to experience a sexual climax between the farmer’s wife and the farm-hand in ‘Teaser Rams’:

The context is that of a farm-hand who comes to the farm house in order to see his boss. He finds instead the wife who is sexually frustrated. Her husband – ‘the old teaser ram’ has managed to energise her sexual needs but not fulfil them. The farm-hand is ‘seduced’ and:

There’s a gasp and a cry and she’s coming already,
But she soon quietens down, though she writhes and she moans;
Then she flings her legs around my back, just as I’m ready
And I feels all the marrow drain out of my bones.

Then she gives a great shriek as we both come together,
And she clutches me down and I know she can’t stop:
Great shuddering climaxes one on the other
Till it ends with me lying stupid on top

The writing is erotic and titillating and yet the humour is sustained as we recognise that the farm-hand is happily bemused: ‘Was I hit on me head or just land on me bum?’ The sexual pleasure received by both parties is evident and yet underlying the humour and the erotica is an attempt to understand what it might mean for a woman who is not receiving from her man the sexual passion she warrants and
needs. The male narrator, the recipient of unexpected sexual pleasure, presents that double view;

Joe hands me a mug, but I'm not set for drinking;
I should feel real mean; but I don't give a damn,
Just lays there all night with the smell of her, thinking
Of that poor bloody girl with her old teaser ram

In a an important way it is the male participants in the narrative who is seen to be alienated Hope more often than not, focuses not so much on the physical unity of love, on its lust, or on objectifying the parts of woman. Instead what is more apparent is his fascination and even fear for the alienation that this 'union' brings.

*Imperial Adam* is another example of a poem in which the act of sex is presented in a glowing and celebrated way but has at its core an ultimate alienation- when love begets murder. This poem on one level is merely the re-telling of the biblical tale of Adam and Eve: Eve’s submission to the temptation of the devil; her persuasion of Adam to partake in the forbidden apple and their act of love after being driven from the garden which results in the birth of Cain, who as the story goes, becomes the first murderer in the Christian story. Hope was accused of blaming women for the Fall which I think was stretching a point given his plot was borrowed and hardly one that is unknown. Eve in the Christian story is presented as responsible. Is woman objectified in this poem? I would say not. Instead she is the focus, the protagonist of the tale, the one who not only brings the action into being but also in the story itself she makes decisions; she makes herself responsible for her fate
The male narrator creates in Eve a truly seductive and desirous creature:

The pawpaw drooped its golden breasts above
Less generous than the honey of her flesh;
The innocent sunlight showed the place of love;
The dew on its dark hairs winked crisp and fresh

And it is specifically a male observer who witnesses the great moment of birth-watching but apart, and one suspects equally separated at the moment of conception:

Then from the spurt of seed within her broke
Her terrible and triumphant cry,
Split upward by sexual lightning stroke.
It was the beasts now who stood watching by

The moment of sexual climax and the moment that follows, Hope has documented often in his poetry and it does not exclude an alienation for man. Nor does he think that females are less alienated. This he comments on in his Notebooks under the title:

**Face to Face**

Man must be almost the only animal race that mates with the male and female face to face and able to look into each others eyes. Seals, I believe also mate in this way but the bull seal is so much larger than the female that he must quite over-lie her.

Alas for romantic notions which might see in this another specifically 'human' trait like laughter, another distinction between human love and
animal appetite! The partners in this congress, if they keep their powers of observation, observe not the tender or loving face of the other, but as the climax approaches, a strange and even a terrifying mask, an emptying of the person and the emergence of an unknown, impersonal spirit. The pupils dilate (a curious remote stare in the woman, a ferocious glare in the man), the lines of beauty, character and personality disappear and the muscles of the face change and generalize the human mask, and often the mouth is strained to a strange grimace or frenzied rictus.

To the romantic this must be disappointing, but to those who see it aright this is right and profoundly moving too. For in that moment the great forces, greater than ourselves, take over and we put on their anonymity and this is actually a visible change---we can see it happen and have assurance that it is not merely an imagined communion or an intellectual fancy.10

Hope’s poems as already mentioned emerge in a particular era and this is most evident in his ironic treatment of Judith Wright’s response to his essay on the discursive mode.11 It alerts us to relevant points when looking at Hope’s treatment of women either in his poems or personally and directly as evident in their exchange in his book Answers.12 Firstly it expresses his view that poets have the right to choose their way and their subject matter, and secondly it reminds us that his work deals primarily with analogies and that as a poet he was always entering as an actor asking the question ‘what if’ and thirdly, perhaps in his response to Wright, his manner although conciliatory and expansive in his praise of her work, it was not without a certain condescension towards the female sex, seeing them, perhaps naively, as open to flattery. In retrospect these exchanges of the 1960s indicate the extent to which Wright was indeed prophetic about the state of the natural world whereas he was caught in an intellectual space where nature and its destruction was best acknowledged as a mere metaphor for what he saw of the destruction of poetry itself.
Hope as a philosopher was adamant that the provisional status of knowledge is a haunting idea that western thinkers find difficult to embrace. The fact of our capacity to re-invent theory is perhaps comforting to those that see life as ‘becoming’ rather than about ‘being’ but only if we are wise enough to recognize its products, even when we ascribe to them, have temporary status from one age to the next. Hope did not at any point consider questions about the destruction of the ecological world which is interesting in itself considering the depth of and breadth of his knowledge; in some ways for me this makes his exchange with Wright more interesting. Both poets, within a modernist context, exchanged poems concerning environmental ethics within an environmental literary frame. Of course for Judith Wright environmental issues, or conservation, as it was more commonly termed during the sixties, were of paramount significance; for Hope, they were the metaphorical source for a literary essay: ‘The Discursive Mode, Reflections on the ecology of poetry’. In this essay Hope argues that the forms of poetry are related to one another, in fact, form an ecology comparable to that exhibited by the world of plants, and that just as indiscriminate felling of forests may lead to erosion and a desert ecology, so the disappearance of the great forms of poetry, such as the epic, in the last two hundred years has led to a desert ecology of poetry in which only small stunted forms like the personal ejaculation or, that – to quote him “monstrosity of our time, the free-verse lyric survive”. His essay ended with the suggestion that to restore the eroded landscape, a revival of hardy and courageous verse satire might be a good starting point. As is typical of Hope he has drawn on analogy in order to present an argument and yet how inappropriate this appears now with his choice of conservation, as if the environmental issues are less important in themselves than how they serve him as a poet. Judith Wright’s response deals simultaneously with the conservation issue and Hope’s argument that we needed to return to old forms of poetry. In both cases she implies the importation of the old, whether trees or poetic forms, are disastrous for Australia. In her first stanza of her poem ‘To A.D. Hope’ she writes:

Poetry’s forests are all felled,
Its trees can sink no roots, you say.
By neither root nor fallow held
The heart’s earth dries and blows away.
Its sand and rock and clay lie bare

Wright undermines Hope’s argument that we must return to old verse forms and that doing so would further wreck our ecology. She argues:

No: let’s consult authorities
before importing any pest.
They’ve worked on problems such as these
And know what suits our climate best.
To ask them would be wise and fair.

The workers answer from the field:
“Use willing small low-growing things-
the evening-primrose seeding wild,
The faithful grass that spreads and springs
And drinks the dew and needs no care.”

Hope’s response: ‘To Judith Wright’ begins:

    Judith, my treasure, my wonder, my delight,
    What prompted you to give me such a nip?

[Hope has taken up the opportunity to reply and challenge her- but he exclaims:]

    On the great roof of Michelangelo
    The prophets and the sybils do not fight.
    They speak with different voices for their age;
    And poets, I trust, are of that fellowship.
How should I answer you? you, who swept the rain
Over the arid landscape of our verse
-Six inches at Ayers Rock or the Barcoo-
And, overnight the lyric everywhere
Covered the ground with blossom, filled the air
With scatter and chatter of bright wings again;
You, who give grain and vines where once there grew
Saltbush and spinifex and Paterson’s curse.

And set, with a sybil’s smile, your watershoot
Of song here in my valley of dry bones?
Plant on, but let me plant in my own way:
Tamborine Mountain is grand for a green thumb;
On Sinai, in the dry years when they come,
Nothing but thorn and cactus can take root;
But they survive where tenderer bud and spray
Shrivel to dust among the burning stones.

Plant what we will, we do not plant in vain.
Be prodigal then: God’s plenty is our share;
Be Ceres, careless at her golden store;
Be my desert, what you have always been:
*Mons Visionis* towards Gilead’s distant green,
My bow of promise through drought-breaking rain,
My pillars of cloud and fire sent on before,
My cornucopia, my chrysostom, my despair. 13

Hope’s response to her poem recognizes that each speaks a different voice for their age; he begs, a little, for the right to plant his way. The tone is magnanimous, the attitude is one of flirtation, the manner is one in which he, if not *expecting*
submission, would like it; I doubt that he thought he would get it. Of course in this exchange one notes the flirtatious treatment of a fellow poet; he persuades and he imagines he may soften the aggravation his views have caused to a committed conservationist who has become less interested in ideas, even poetic ones, for the sake of themselves. Hope of course has a cause and his cause is one that he felt he was losing towards the end of his life. His rigorous fight for verse poetry, for its music and for its connection with a long history of art was as close to an obsession that he came. And in ‘The Mermaid in the Zodiac’ he acclaims

I will have no truck with the scribblers of my time
Who try to pass off chopped-up prose as verse
To be numbered with those who repudiate metre and rhyme,
Could anything be worse?¹⁴

Perhaps, though, there was something that was worse and that was his other near obsession connected to his joy in sexual love: his (or man’s) alienation both in it and from it. Allow me to continue with the analogy he makes with the world of ecology and plants. In ‘Western Elegies, IV: The Loves of Plants’¹⁵, Hope in Variation II alludes to a link between the ‘love-life’ of the sacred bo-tree, the *Gingko biloba*, and human love in that

Unlike all higher plant species, it has motile spermatoza,
Which swim through a duct, like ours, to fulfil what love
Had intended

Further to this he develops the theme in the:
Third variation: (and let us make this enough for the moment)

The Lowliest plants of all, although like us they are mobile,
Sometimes unite with each other, though why they merge is
A riddle.
Love, for all this order of life, is a process of binary fission,
And, when its lightning strikes, they divide one half from
The other
And each goes its solitary way unaware they were ever
United.

In ‘Post Coitum’ the male perspective is again seen to enact the joy and torture of love – the sense that somehow the man is alienated from his own body and the woman who provides his pleasure and his dejection:

‘The midnight constellations
Shine coldly on my grief;
Keeping their constant stations,
They mock a joy so brief.

‘But they, the sole rejoicers,
the woman and the cock,
Raise their triumphant voices
And me as well they mock’16
The two obsessions, Hope’s hatred of ‘free verse’, and his view of sexual love as equally joyous and alienating, find in a poem, a moment of preference for love expressed over a higher form of poetic expression. Of course the thrust is satiric but nevertheless truly felt. It is in ‘The Language of Love’ and finds its source in Aubery’s Brief Lives, Sir Walter Raleigh. The poem expresses the words of a woman at the moment of climax, which she cries in ecstasy: ‘Swisser, swatter, swisser Swatter.’

Love needs no language: the rhythms of heaven
In the mouths of great poets cannot compare
With that eloquent, ecstatic ‘Swisser, swisser swatter!’
As it marked and matched that stroke so swift and even.
Poets may pen gems sitting easy in a chair;
What they babble in bed can be quite another matter

Some in exultant union may be able to utter
A whole world of vision, a new universe
In words that express and enchant and compel:
‘Darling, darling, darling!’ is all that we mutter.
It has the rhythm of love; it has the beat of verse;
It tells all and, after all, what else is there to tell.

Hope employs the language of erotica when writing poems about love. In many poetic instances, love and erotica, in his poems, are interchangeable. His rules for what makes great poetry are harsh and exacting unless of course his poetry is questioning whether erotic love can indeed be anything but experienced and must, due to its unknowability, fall short of actual poetic expression. In so much as one can
ever glean a philosophy of love in Hope’s work, it is clear that from his poems, love was finally, in the end, enigmatic and alienating, and yet must necessarily be sought relentlessly both in life and in art.

5 Hope, Book xv, 1974, p. 12.
6 Ibid.
8 Hope, ‘Intimations of Mortality’ in Orpheus, p. 15-16.
12 A. D. Hope, A Book of Answers (Sydney: Angus and Robertson Publisher, 1978),
15 A. D. Hope, ‘Western Elegies’ in Orpheus, pp.8-10.
17 See excerpt Hope provides as a preface to his poem ‘The Language of Love’: ‘He loved a wench well; and one time getting up one of the Mayds of Honour up against a tree in a Wood (‘twas his first lady) who seemed at first boarding to be something fearfull of her honour, and modest, she cryed, Sweet Sir Walter, what doe you me ask? Will you undo me? Nay, sweet Sir Walter! Sweet Sir Walter! Sir Walter. At last as
the danger and the pleasure at the time grew higher, she cried in extasey, Swisser, Swatter, Swisser Swatter. ’ (AUBREY: BRIEF LIVES, SIR WALTER RALEIGH)