

Chapter 1 : Poetry By Heart | In Parenthesis " Part 2, pages

*Remembering - Discussing - Researching the life, art and thinking of the painter-poet, David Jones ()*

From the October issue of Apollo: Two forthcoming exhibitions celebrate the great variety and vitality of his output. Time is ripe for a David Jones revival. The Anglo-Welsh painter and poet, who lived from 1895, is the subject of two simultaneous exhibitions opening in Sussex this autumn. Jones himself drew the comparison between his understanding of Post-Impressionist theory and the sacrament of the Eucharist: *Dancing Bear*, David Jones. Instead, the extraordinary fluidity and variety of his mark-making shine out freshly from his greatest works on paper, carving out shapes in flat, two-dimensional space which produce compositions of graceful rhythm and mysterious, timeless balance. But war interrupted his studies. Jones enlisted enthusiastically in the Royal Welch Fusiliers in January and determinedly remained a private, refusing to move up the ranks. He took a bullet at Mametz Wood during the Battle of the Somme in 1916, and was eventually invalided out of the army in 1917. Although he enjoyed the camaraderie of his Cockney and Welsh fellow-soldiers, and would vividly capture the class registers of their stoical, graceful, obscene wit in *In Parenthesis*, in other ways his wartime experience marked him for life; the rest of his artistic and literary career would have to be achieved in the shadow of nervous illness, punctuated by two severe breakdowns in 1918 and 1927. Yet in most phases of his life, Jones kept up a steady and adventurous output of work in several media. *Capel-y-ffin* "27, David Jones. This makes Jones sound like an unworldly figure, which in many ways he was. Yet it was through mastery of the most practical, hands-on of arts that he developed his distinctive style, making many of his finest works of the 1920s in the medium of wood engraving and copper engraving. Engraving into wood, the lines cut into hardwood appear white, while the negative space of the image prints in black, so that figures seem to have a bright aura around their outlines; a print such as *The Dove*, from the *Deluge* engravings, shows how confidently Jones could ply this testing medium. This careful, highly nuanced touch gives the engravings their peculiar delicacy of tone. He may have had to give it up, but his experience in engraving gave Jones a freedom and confidence to work with a fine, wandering single line which he would carry forward into his paintings. Although he made a small number of oil paintings " notably *The Garden Enclosed*, which celebrates his engagement to Petra while summoning a sense of great mystery and foreboding in its flattened perspectives " his true gift was for watercolours, and in the work he produced at *Capel-y-ffin*, his love for the Welsh landscape combined with his technical developments to produce paintings of a new power. *Elephant*, David Jones. Attending to creaturely modes of being was a way of learning about the being of humans and landforms. For many, this represented a falling away from the freshness of his earlier work. But in the most distinguished of his more complex paintings, symbolism and draughtsmanship work in harmony. *Petra im Rosenhag*, David Jones. A year or two ago I had tea with David Jones while he was engaged on a piece of lettering in the Roman manner. As we talked, he suddenly fell silent. A look of abstraction came into his face. And he set down his teacup and his piece of cake, fiddled about till he got a pencil, and stood up to his easel, and slowly, slowly, very carefully, drew in the letter H. Among many densities of meaning, two dates, written in two different formats, stand out: So while the action of the poem is set in time *ab urbe condita*, the time-scheme of Rome, the writing of it happens in Christian time, the time of Jerusalem. [Click here to buy the latest issue of Apollo](#) Want stories like this in your inbox?

Chapter 2 : David Jones (artist-poet) - Wikipedia

*David Jones () Oliver Fairclough Y Cyfarchiad I Fair, a watercolour of about, set on a Welsh hillside, and linking the Annunciation to the Celtic myth of redemption.*

He served as a private during the First World War and some twenty years later *In Parenthesis*, his epic poem recalling those experiences, was published. They did, however, support his precocious artistic talents and his desire to enter Camberwell School of Art, which he attended from 1917 to 1919. The Battalion was raised from Welshmen living in London, and native Londoners. During the attack on Mametz Wood on the July he was wounded and was subsequently returned to England to convalesce. In the autumn of 1918 he served as an observer with the 2nd Field Survey Company at Ploegsteert Wood. Suffering from severe trench fever, Jones was evacuated in February and saw out the rest of the war in Ireland. Jones served as a private on the Western Front. He appears to have enjoyed the comradeship and sense of purpose of soldiering. The War inspired his art throughout his life, and he felt keenly the loss of a close friend, Reg Allen, referred to as Pte R. In January 1919 as he was about to report to be de-mobbed in Dublin, his rifle was stolen when he went to a public toilet. He was able to swipe a rifle from a pile of arms already handed-in otherwise he would have suffered some dire punishment. Jones confided this story to a friend in his later life but expected the authorities to call him to account even fifty years later! After the war his reputation as an artist and writer grew. On demobilisation he studied at Westminster School of Art. His work was interrupted by severe breakdowns in 1920 and 1921. After he lived in Harrow. He won many prizes and awards including the Gold Medal of the Royal National Eisteddfod, and received the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature from the University of Wales in 1930. His long notes and his letters such as those written to Colin Hughes about his experiences of the war were annotated usually in red and green. His conversation was full of humour and inventive parody; his sympathy and the range of his interest were extraordinarily wide. The fulcrum of his morality was the decency of the infantrymen of the war. Under stress he would drop his shopping, lose his papers, or find himself smoking two cigarettes, one in each hand. He concentrated on a friend, on a subject of conversation, on a detail of any kind, historical or technical or visual or intellectual, with uncommon intensity. His eyes twinkled and glittered deeply. He is buried with his parents in Ladywell Cemetery in south-east London.

Chapter 3 : David Jones | Tate

*David Jones ( - ) David Jones was born in England on 1st November at Brockley, Kent. Typically for the period, Jones's Welsh father had been encouraged to distance himself from the heritage and language of Wales, as it was perceived as a hindrance to 'getting on' in life.*

I enquired up and down. I have looked for a long while at the textures and contours. I have run a hand over the trivial intersections. I have journeyed among the dead forms causation projects from pillar to pylon. I have tired the eyes of the mind regarding the colours and lights. I have felt for His wounds in nozzles and containers. I have wondered for the automatic devices. I have tested the inane patterns without prejudice. I have been on my guard not to condemn the unfamiliar. For it is easy to miss Him at the turn of a civilisation. I have watched the wheels go round in case I might see the living creatures like the appearance of lamps, in case I might see the Living God projected from the Machine. I have said to the perfected steel, be my sister and for the glassy towers I thought I felt some beginnings of His creature, but A,a,a Domine Deus, my hands found the glazed work unrefined and the terrible crystal a stage-paste â€œEia, Domine Deus. Reproduced with the permission of the trustees of the David Jones Estate. Learn more about the language of this poem in the Oxford English Dictionary: The title makes reference to the prophet Jeremiah, who felt inadequate when called to speak for God. But, try as he might, the poem ends with the poet apparently defeated in his quest. Dropping into prose, he cannot find God behind a shallow world. About David Jones David Jones was a visionary visual artist and poet who served in the trenches as an ordinary soldier from until , was wounded at the Battle of the Somme and spent more time on active service than any of the other First World War poets. Jones grew up in London and studied at Camberwell School of Art. His poetry often draws on this, and on the vernaculars of cockneys and Welsh hill farmers encountered in his regiment.

Chapter 4 : The David Jones Collection | First World War Poetry Digital Archive

*Walter David Jones CH, CBE (known as David Jones, 1 November - 28 October ) was both a painter and one of the first-generation British modernist poets. As a painter he worked chiefly in watercolour, painting portraits and animal, landscape, legendary and religious subjects.*

Capel-y-ffin, a watercolour of , given by David Jones to Eric Gill. Trystan ac Essylt, a highly complex watercolour completed in , showing the doomed lovers of Arthurian legend. David Jones was more profoundly influenced throughout his life by the landscape, language and myths of Wales than any of his contemporaries. An extraordinary and multi-talented man, he occupies a unique place in twentieth-century British art, and is often called the greatest painter-poet since William Blake. It may seem a paradox that David Jones was born a Londoner, visited Wales regularly for just four years between and , and never made his home here. But then until the s almost all Welsh artists were obliged to make their careers largely outside Wales. When the First World War broke out in , he was determined to join a Welsh regiment. He was wounded on the Somme in that Welsh epic, the battle of Mametz Wood. One of its leaders was the sculptor, typographer and engraver Eric Gill, who was to have a pronounced influence on how he thought about art. There Jones found himself as a painter, primarily in watercolour. During these years Jones also spent time with his parents in the London suburb of Brockley, and at the Benedictine monastery on Caldy Island. Late in , when he had nearly completed his intricate, poetic narrative of his experience of the First World War, *In Parenthesis*, he had a nervous breakdown, and found it increasingly difficult to paint. He also turned his back on the modernist art world as it moved closer to abstraction, and spent most of the s holed up in a small hotel in Sidmouth. *In Parenthesis* was published in , and is now regarded as one of the great achievements of British literary modernism, alongside the works of James Joyce, T. More poetry followed, and he was also painting more during the Second World War. His work comprising large watercolours - delicate, highly detailed, scholarly, and representational - which often took months to complete. In he began to work on lettering and to paint inscriptions, drawing on passages from literary works in a mix of Latin, Welsh and Old English. He had another breakdown after the Second World War, and from he lived in a single room in boarding houses in Harrow. His late paintings are uniquely personal, being richly worked and full of allusions to theology, history and legend. His meditation *The Anathemata*, one of the great long poems of the twentieth century, was published in . Two of his last great paintings encapsulate his post-war achievement, *Y Cyfarchiad i Fair* or *The Greeting to Mary* and *Trystan ac Essylt*, both dating from . The first shows the angel Gabriel appearing to the Virgin, who is seated in a garden within a landscape based on that around Capel-y-ffin. Why then was this strange, shy, lonely man one of the greatest and most influential Welsh artists of the twentieth century? It is, I believe, because he identified so passionately with the idea of Wales, and of the importance of its language and culture to the shared experience of Britain over the last two thousand years. His work was seen here, for example in a major touring exhibition organised by the Welsh Arts Council in , and he was awarded a gold medal by the National Eisteddfod in . He shows us how an artist can develop a Welsh voice far beyond mere representation of place.

**Chapter 5 : David Jones - Limited Edition Prints - Martin Tinney Gallery**

*Curated by Prof. Judi Loach, School of History, Archaeology and Religion. Images are reproduced with kind permission of the Trustees of the David Jones Estate. David Jones would become one of the leading figures in Britain's inter-war revival of wood engraving, despite only working in this medium.*

The Art of David Jones. University of Toronto, The Paintings of David Jones. The Painted Inscriptions of David Jones. Fragments of an Attempted Writing. The Sleeping Lord and Other Fragments. David Jones occupies an unusual place in the biography of the 20th century artistic scene. Jones was profoundly moved by the archaeology both of symbols and words and always sought to evoke the various layers of meaning that a single shape or sound could contain. His sense of artistic form, therefore, always hinges on the radical particularity of shapes and sounds, which he uses as vessels to make present the more remote realities of myth, religion and history. His first drawing of a Dancing Bear from at age 7 remained one of his favorite drawings throughout his life. Jones trained with A. Jones intuited a fundamental unity in the creation of all artistic media. In , he therefore also began his attempt to transfer his skills as a painter to the medium of words in order to give a voice to his experience of the First World War. The Dying Gaul and Other Essays, ed. Backgrounds to David Jones: A Study in the Sources and Drafts. University of Wales Press, Making the Past Present: Catholic University of America Press, Although Jones had very little formal education outside of art school, he led an enormously active intellectual life, maintained by his extensive reading and conversations with friends. The thinking of David Jones primarily revolves around one central quandary: In pursuit of this question he meditates on topics as varied as the nature of contemporary artistic form, modern sacred art, the nature of warfare, the origins of British and Western culture, the 20th-century changes to the Roman Catholic Mass, Welsh nationalism, and many others. Jones also found extraordinary inspiration from the French Jesuit theologian, Maurice de la Taille, whose work on the theology of the Catholic Mass emphasises the parallel between art and sacrament.

Chapter 6 : David Jones (1895-1974) | Art UK

*David Jones (1895-1974), The Garden Path, Ditchling, 1940, pencil and watercolor on paper. Jones was better known as a poet and novelist than painter. One of his many admirers was T.S. Eliot.*

Poet, painter, engraver, calligrapher and a genuine 20th-century visionary, he suffered the indignity on the first internet search engine I ran his name through of coming in second to a member of the Monkees. But Jones has not lacked champions over the years. Significantly, many of the posthumous publications that followed his last book, *The Sleeping Lord and Other Fragments*, have come not from Faber and Faber but smaller presses. There is no denying, however, that Jones did not make it easy for his readers. One obvious reason for his neglect is his almost total avoidance of the short poem and his consequent banishment from most contemporary anthologies. His two masterpieces are book-length epic narratives, *In Parenthesis* and *The Anathemata*, the first an account of his time in the trenches with the Royal Welch Fusiliers, the second an omnivorous excavation of the "matter of Britain" in Anglo-Celtic myth and religion. The vocabulary of *In Parenthesis* or *The Anathemata* glitters with the uncanny surprise of a freshly excavated Iron Age hoard. Taking a lead from *The Waste Land*, Jones felt duty-bound to explain his more arcane references in copious footnotes, which creep up the pages of *The Anathemata* like a rising tide. Life-saving guides to Welsh pronunciation aside, these are often scarcely less arcane than the text they annotate: His intensely religious sensibility is also out of step with contemporary tastes. Readers of Eliot and Pound know all about admiration partnered by ethical indigestion, but it seems unfair that Catholicism and a weakness for Oswald Spengler should be enough to mark Jones down as an undesirable. *Wedding Poems*, a beautifully produced book with a wealth of plates and manuscript facsimiles, collects two previously unknown Jones poems from September. Jones wrote "Prothalamion" and "Epithalamion" as wedding gifts for his friends Harman Grisewood and Margaret Bailey, but unaccountably failed to present them. Piling up images of catastrophe, Jones imagines the city as a modern Troy, besieged and bombed "at the approach of the hateful and evil decision". For Jones, cities are hubs of feminine energy, none more so than London, the city of medieval churches he celebrates in the "Lady of the Pool" section of *The Anathemata*. London may have been under bombardment, but it was still the first world war that haunted his thoughts: So have I heard bird-song beneath the trajectory zone, at Passchendaele, or seen flowers lean toward each other, under the sun that shined to delineate the hate and mutilation of the Forward Area. The sexual theme receives lengthier treatment in "Epithalamion". But then a reference to the "Declining West" takes us back to Spengler and his theories of the "Apollonian-Magian-Faustian" cycles of history. Where medieval brides brought celebratory incense with them to bed, Victorian women bring smelling salts. He saw her large - black accusing white, under yellow gas-arc, and starched class-insignia lean button-holed towards those same delectable hills that hidden stiffenings buttress or gauffered chiffons half-discover. The 20th century is worse still, as "plutocracy" ushers in the age of Wormwood, the death star of the apocalypse. If this were Pound the anti-semitic corollary would not be far behind, but of that Modernist folly Jones is wholly blameless. The colophons to *Wedding Poems* mark them out as inscriptions of a kind, too. Jones had spent much of the 30s in a state of profound depression, forbidden by his doctors to paint. But even as it threatened apocalypse, the Blitz invigorated and stirred Jones to life. Like the figure of his Aphrodite, Jones intended his art to have both a sacrificial and ecstatic function, a synthesis for which only wartime, it seemed, could provide the necessary conditions of intellectual emergency. *Wedding Poems* may be a modest wayside shrine beside the cathedrals of his masterworks, but it serves the same purpose. It is time a larger readership paid him the same compliment.

Chapter 7 : David Jones ( 1895 - ) | The War Poets Association

*The Natural Law. Wood engraving. Cleverdon E8. 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 (sheet 3 1/2 x 4 7/8). A fine impression printed on cream japan paper. A proof aside from the published book edition of Libellus Lapidum by Hilary Pepler.*

His father, James Jones, had been born in Flintshire in north Wales , to a Welsh -speaking family but was discouraged from speaking Welsh by his father, who, in common with many Welsh-speaking parents of the time, believed that habitual use of the language might hold his child back in his career. They had three children: Harold who died at nineteen of tuberculosis , Alice, and David. He wrote that from the age of six he knew that he would devote his life to art. In , at fourteen, he persuaded his parents to allow him to abandon traditional education for art school and entered the Camberwell Art School. There he studied under A. At Camberwell it was mandatory to study English Literature, and in addition to his art studies Jones also developed his knowledge of literature. In he first worked as an illustrator, for *The Game* published by Gill and H. In Jones returned to live full-time with his parents at Brockley, although he continued to move between Capel and Caldey, as well as spending time on the coast at Portslade near Hove. He also joined the Society of Wood Engravers. In he exhibited at the Goupil gallery, including watercolor landscapes of France. From to he was a member of the Seven and Five Society , becoming well acquainted with Ben and Winifred Nicholson , Jim Ede and many of the artists and collectors that were associated with the group. In Faber published, *In Parenthesis*, the epic poem based on his first seven months in the trenches. The following year it won the Hawthornden Prize , at the time the only important British literary award. In an exhibition of his art work toured Britain. In he suffered a second nervous breakdown while staying with Helen Sutherland at Cockley Moor, and he underwent treatment in a nursing home near Harrow. He left the nursing home stronger in body and spirit â€” recovering through therapy in which he was encouraged to paint and draw as part of the healing process. In he published *The Sleeping Lord*, a collection of short and mid-length poems. He had been frail and in ill-health for at least a decade, [11] and he died in Harrow, Middlesex, in His grave can be found in Brockley and Ladywell Cemeteries near Brockley. Art[ edit ] After the war, Jones entered the Westminster School of Art , where he developed an interest in Post-Impressionism and studied under the British artist Walter Sickert , among other influential teachers. He also became increasingly attracted by Roman Catholicism , and in he converted, choosing "Michael" as his confirmation name. Jones joined the guild and learned wood and copper engraving as well as experimenting with wood carving. Jones soon began producing book illustrations for the St. Gill split with the Guild of SS. Joseph and Dominic and moved with his family and some followers to Capel-y-ffin in southern Wales, to pursue a rural way of life. Jones spent much of the years to visiting the Gills and assorted hangers-on in a rambling former monastery there. He produced an important group of copperplate engravings for an edition of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. He also executed commissions for one-off engravings such as his illustration for T. Jones gave up engraving because of eye strain. As a painter, his style changed over time from more free water colour landscapes, still lifes, and portraits to a unique mixture of pencil and water colour resulting in dense and busy works full of symbolism. He is also much admired for a genre that he invented later in life, which he termed "painted inscriptions", and these exert a continuing influence on calligraphers. In *Parenthesis* , which was published by Faber and Faber with an introduction in by T. Eliot, is a mixture of verse and prose-lines but the rich language establishes it as poetry, which is how Jones himself considered it. Yeats , as well as garnering the Hawthornden Prize in the following year. John Perse translated by Eliot to try to make sense of the carnage he witnessed in the trenches. His next book, *The Anathemata*, appeared in again published by Faber. Inspired in part by a visit to Palestine during which he was struck by the historic parallels between the British and Roman occupations of the region, the book draws on materials from early British history and mythology and the history and myths of the Mediterranean region. Until , Jones worked on a long poem, of which *The Anathemata* was intended to form part. Sections of the work were published mainly in the magazine *Agenda* , and in were published as *The Sleeping Lord and Other Fragments* again by Faber. The Poetry is in the pity. Two of these poems "Prothalamion" and " Epithalamion " , amounting to lines had been written while Jones was living in London

during the Blitz , for the marriage of Harman Grisewood to Margaret Bailey. According to their editor publication of these poems brought into print "all the known completed poetry by David Jones". Essays[ edit ] Jones wrote a number of essays on art, literature, religion and history. His essays were published in two collections, *Epoch* and *Artist* Faber, and *The Dying Gaul* – another posthumous volume edited by a close friend and published by Faber in *Reputation*[ edit ] David Jones was a complex artist and his achievements are unusual, if not unique, in that he created admired and generally recognised important works both in the field of poetry and in the visual arts. However, according to the poet and critic Kathleen Raine , despite the supreme quality of his art Auden regarded *The Anathemata* as "one of the most important poems of our time", and called it in , "probably the finest long poem in English" of the twentieth century. In Igor Stravinsky considered Jones "perhaps the greatest living writer in English", and in Herbert Read called him "one of the greatest writers of our time". In he was made a Companion of Honour. Artists who engaged with history and myth were not considered to be in tune with the times, either in poetry or art. Literary references in painting were anathema. The impact of British television documentaries about the War Poets also brought his work to wider attention, [17] in particular *War of Words*: Since Jones reputation has soared and he is again being recognised as one of the most original and important poets and visual artists of the 20th century. Retrieved 22 May Ariane Banks and Paul Hills. *Lund Humphries* , p.

**Chapter 8 : David Jones | Art Auction Results**

*Walter David Jones CH, CBE (known as David Jones, 1 November - 28 October ) was both a painter and one of the first-generation British modernist theinnatdunvilla.com a painter he worked chiefly in watercolour, painting portraits and animal, landscape, legendary and religious subjects.*

Images are reproduced with kind permission of the Trustees of the David Jones Estate. Born in South London; Welsh father, working for printers Camberwell School of Art Private in Royal Welch Fusiliers; served on Western front Westminster School of Art Received into the Roman Catholic Church Jones now lived partly at home with parents in London, partly at Capel-y-ffin and partly with the Benedictine monks on Caldey Island. Petra Gill broke off their engagement; Jones moved back to London, where he lived with his parents and was accepted into the Society of Wood Engravers. Eyestrain forced Jones to abandon wood engraving soon afterwards. He focused instead on watercolour, bringing to it a certain complexity and ambiguity that he had developed through his wood engraving. They therefore used wood, rather than copper, engraving, thus enabling illustrations to be printed simultaneously with text copper engraving required printing on a separate press. Jones joined soon after his own conversion to Catholicism, and began working in wood, simultaneously trying his hand at carpentry, sculpture and wood engraving. Illustrations by David Jones and Desmond Chute. Jones, as yet unsure of his own style, betrays the influence that various contemporaries made on him. Both contrast with the approach of his wood engraving teacher Desmond Chute e. Pepler, Pertinent and Impertinent. Woellwarth, Songs to our Lady of Silence. Handwritten annotation by Pepler on flyleaf: The cover shows Jones with his schoolboy haircut , clinging on behind Pepler while also hanging onto his engraving tools, metaphorically his knightly weapons. Jones experimented with Vorticism Sadler and primitivism Shaw. David Jones, Sir Michael Sadler. In the same period Jones was producing work for the secular, and more fashionable, Golden Cockerel Press, where he displays a tendency to be influenced by its milieu, e. Coventry, History of Pompey the Little. The Way of the Cross Horae Beatae Virginis This is inspired by mediaeval breviaries, with most of the woodcuts taking the place of illuminated initials, but without bearing initials! Common Carol Book Common carol book, illustrated by Eric Gill. The book of Jonah Golden Cockerel, The book of Jonah, illustrated by David Jones. Although this was probably his finest set of wood engravings, they were printed rather faintly, which upset Jones. His loving portrayals of various animals, each with their own characters, draws on his sketches at London Zoo. Chester Play of the Deluge, illustrated by David Jones. Printed and bound by their Gregynog Press, this is a particularly rare book, as only 25 copies were printed. Apart from the full-page maps, Jones uses small wood blocks inserted into the running text. He was upset when his publisher commissioned art students to hand-colour many of his images, probably in part because this rendered their meaning immediately apparent.

Chapter 9 : Poetry By Heart | A, a, a, Domine Deus

*Discover artworks, explore venues and meet artists. Art UK is the online home for every public collection in the UK. Featuring over , oil paintings by some 38, artists.*

He had moved from North Wales to London to practice his trade as a printer; here he met Alice Ann Bradshaw, daughter of a Rotherhithe mast-maker, whom he married in 1897. In this genealogy, much of the matter of David Jones' poesis was fixed: Of equal importance was the religious conflict that often surfaced in the household. The young David Jones demonstrated a remarkable precocity towards the visual arts; such precocity, in fact, that he was enrolled at the Camberwell School of Art in south London at the age of only 15. Though exhibiting great promise, Jones was, in the summer of 1914, struggling to find a direction for both his young life and his art; a predicament that was solved for him, as it was for so many of his generation, by the coming of war. Jones joined the newly formed London Welsh Battalion of the Royal Welch Fusiliers in January 1915 and, after a prolonged period of training, much hampered by a lack of equipment, finally embarked for France the following December. After a period in and out of the Line in the La Bassée sector, Jones marched south for the Somme in the summer of 1916. On his eventual return to the Line, his unit had been moved to the Ypres salient. He never saw action again. Suffering from trench fever, Jones was evacuated and saw out the rest of the war in Ireland. He was released from the army in the January of 1919, aged 24. David Jones "poet, essayist, painter, engraver" died in 1974, having lived a long and prolific life. His masterpiece of the war, *In Parenthesis* was finally published in 1966. Jones equalled his prolific textual output with that of his painting and engraving. *In Parenthesis* is a page poem of seven parts. It is a poem of allusive, syntactic and semantic complexity. As such, critics and anthologists often struggle to locate this work within the established canon of First World War poetry: He stood alone on the stones, his mess-tin spilled at his feet. The universal world, breath held, one half second, a bludgeoned stillness. Then the pent violence released a consummation of all burstings out; all sudden up-rendings and rivings-through "all taking out of vents" all barrier breaking "all unmaking. *In Parenthesis*, part 2: *The Sleeping Lord* and other fragments.