

HIPPOLYTUS TEMPORIZES
by H.D. ~ Author of Palimnestos





HIPPOLYTUS TEMPORIZES *by* H.D.

MERRILL MOORE



3541

To
MERRILL MOORE

from

H. D.
i

June 1937.

(Another curio to your
shelves: finished
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HIPPOLYTUS TEMPORIZES

A Play in Three Acts

BY
H. D.



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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From:

H. D. Alington

4. D.

4 E. 64th St.

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THE ARGUMENT

THIS is the familiar story of Theseus of Athens. Hippolytus, his son and the child of Hippolyta, inflames a later wife, the Cretan princess, Phædra, in her palace outside Træzen in Attica. Theseus, King of Athens, finds his rival in his own son, the step-son of his foreign queen.

How Hippolytus returns the affection so secretly and tragically bestowed has become a legend, the prototype of unrequited passion for many centuries. Hippolytus is his mother again, frozen lover of the forest which maintains personal form for him in the ever-present vision, yea, even the bodily presence of the goddess Artemis.

Phædra by a trick (as we see in the second act of this play) gains the passion of the youth. The boy, as tradition has always maintained, in a frenzied drive along an infuriated seacoast, is broken and mercilessly battered by the waves. The consequence of his death to two of the Olympians is here set forth in the final act of this tragedy, *Hippolytus Temporizes*.

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log -
Ho - ch. 10

Artemis,
Artemis —
HELIOS. O,
O thou heartless,
O thou passionless maid,
O you should fly
as some insidious plague
the tyrannous green-wood
and its poisonous shade
that works like some still poison
in the blood
until men turn and hate
the city portal
and the city gate,
until they shun as ill
all, all man's wisdom,
all art's subtleties,
and worship and call good
only the haunted shade
of the dark wood.

HIPPOLYTUS. Artemis,
Artemis —

/(Enter ARTEMIS)/

ARTEMIS. Silence then both of you
with your indictments
and your tyrannies,
how can you judge the true,
the upright,
righteous

HIPPOLYTUS. —my flesh, my hands, my feet —
all, all was spirit.

HELIOS. O god and mortal cease.

(Enter Boy, not perceiving the group.)

Boy. There is no town in Greece
ignores his fame,
there is no fane
in island
or the furtherest sands
charts but charts his name,
there is no temple
but red-hyacinth and cyclamen
frame
a crown
on the white altar; no man stands
with comfortless hands;
none pray him but he sends
answer,
none turn away
with empty hands.

ARTEMIS. O destiny —

Boy. There is no star
that may ignore his fire,
no altar burns
but he claims share
of every hecatomb;
he knows the blinding desert
and the strands
pale in the noon-day,

HIPPOLYTUS

TEMPORIZES

H. D.

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