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Article

'Je suis las de vivre au pays natal': At Home and at Sea with Frank O'Hara

Matthew Holman



WRITING TO HIS PARENTS ON CHRISTMAS EVE 1944, WHILST STATIONED ON MANUS ISLAND, PAPUA NEW GUINEA,¹ over eight-and-a-half-thousand miles from his home in Grafton, Massachusetts, the American poet Frank O'Hara is clear, if not a little reluctant to admit it: 'One can't stay at home all his life, I guess.'² It is one in dozens of reflective missives sent to his parents and younger siblings, Philip and Maureen, as the fledgling poet ruminates on how his Navy service (June 1944 - July 1946) has left him 'a different person from the one that left' the sheltered, provincial home on 16 North Street.³ He imagines differences and discrepancies: how will home *be* or *seem* different to him? Has he or has it changed? 'Can one really take inventory of the "differences" that determine one's own experience of return,' asks Susan Winnett, 'or does one's situation within this matrix of differences preclude a clear perspective on them?'⁴ The anticipated homecoming naturally forces the prodigal son to ask grueling questions as to what 'home' means to him, and it is an opportunity to look in the mirror, too. This is particularly apropos for a writer as peripatetic and unpredictable as O'Hara, who would unequivocally announce to Maureen, at the age of twenty-five: 'I'm leaving, and I'm not coming back.'⁵ This article seeks to provide an account of those early poems which address, directly or obliquely, his naval period in what I wish to categorise as his 'seascape' works, as well as gesturing to later compositions which think back to the memory of 'home' and express it with the kind of ambivalence one might expect from a self-proclaimed exile who vowed never to return (and, it must be remembered,

made good on his promise). Such an approach will have consequences for our understanding of O'Hara's wider poetic project, as the burgeoning cosmopolitan outlook of his oeuvre - characteristic of his 'I do this, I do that' period - comes to be understood by a dialectical relation to 'home,' to which he both resists and requires in order to inform his poetic and personal identity.

It would be made easier if O'Hara could collate a working vocabulary for those furtive recollections of his home, or chart a reliable timeline for his personal history. And yet all attempts to definitively circumscribe that strange quality which moved in him during his childhood, and lingered long after, eludes his writing – and not for the want of trying. Indeed, 'there was something, if only I could remember it' he would muse in his 'Autobiographical Fragments,' 'because it made me unhappy all through my childhood in New England, and it wasn't till I got to Key West and the Pacific islands that I realised what had been bothering me.'⁶ Exactly what it was that troubled him during his youth remains somewhat of a mystery: but, like Saint-Exupéry's elucidation of 'nostalgia' which serves as this article's epigraph and theme, it was most certainly 'something.' That just-out-of-touch feeling was strangely familiar, even if it was undesirable. One possibility may well have been the self-aware difference entailed by a love of art in what Marjorie Perloff contextualises as a 'world that distrusts art,' a scenario played out in several dialogue-poems of O'Hara's early period⁷:

"What have you done?" he screamed "I was
not like this when you came!" "Alas,"
they sighed, "you were not like us."⁸

In 'The Clown' we sympathise with a familiar figure, the itinerant performer perceived by O'Hara as the archetypal outsider.⁹ The clown, ostracised by difference, performs part-comedic, part-subversive roles on the fringes of the polis, and the recognition of alterity at the end of the poem persists with a peculiar melancholy. It is important to note that difference is traced both in terms of self-same identity, 'I was | not like this,' as well as the sense of dissimilarity one might feel separates oneself from the philistines who dictate identity-boxes. Just because you are not like them, O'Hara gestures to the reader, does not mean you stay the same. With that in mind, then, it is perhaps not difficult to discern how the foreign unreality of 'Key West and the Pacific islands' experienced in the Navy accelerated those conscious sensations of difference. Admiring the Pacific light that casts the sea as thirties-Hollywood-style 'silver lamé,' enjoying close quarters with black recruits whilst segregation was still some twenty-years away from repeal, or the pulsing bohemia of wartime San Francisco, it is little wonder that O'Hara anticipated such profound changes in himself.¹⁰ Whatever it was, it would be accentuated only further by return – and he knew it.

Reflecting during long meditations out onto the Pacific, O'Hara would write that James Joyce's character Stephen Dedalus was 'uncannily like' himself, 'remarkably so in the passage where he goes down to the beach and "finds himself." His way of thinking of his childhood school,' he continues, 'was so similar to my own.'¹¹ The significance of Joyce, the Irish-Catholic renegade, exile and poet, to O'Hara's negotiation of identity has been thought about only in passing. And yet it is clear why Joyce/Dedalus would be a natural literary-hero for the stripling O'Hara given, amongst other things, their shared experience of fire-and-brimstone sermons at parochial Catholic school¹² to which he refers above. The young O'Hara felt the community at St. Mark's to be largely run by phony 'Catholic liars' (à la Dedalus) who suppressed his

musical precocity.¹³ They were the austere kind of 'liars' who would condemn Joyce's contemporary, Stravinsky, and his 'rite of spring' as diabolical rather than angelic, leaving little sacred in his 'lonely childhood.'¹⁴ Or, perhaps, it was Joyce's manipulation of prosody – particularly as it pertained to memory, affect, and association – which first caught the young poet's eye (or ear). Such stylistic tones can be traced, most evidently, to 'Portrait of James Joyce,' an unusual early poem in its derivative stream-of-consciousness style – or even to the string quartet inspired by four passages of *Ulysses* O'Hara drafted on the USS Lurline in 1945. But it is in relation to 'home,' the 'homecoming,' and to the image of the cosmopolitan exile O'Hara owes most to Joyce. Of course, it was Joyce, in his guise as Stephen, who declared the archetypal *non serviam* to 'home, [...] fatherland, or [...] church,' and occasioned an affirmation of life through art which resonated so keenly with him.¹⁵ O'Hara would describe this epiphanic encounter, upon rereading Joyce in the Navy, as no less than a 'second birth.'¹⁶ What I wish to emphasise is that he 'finds himself,' as he calls it, at the threshold of the sea – his favourite space¹⁷ – and it is the seascape, with all its symbolic power as both chasm and infinitude, which enables him to reframe his identity to all those *patria* burdens shrugged off so eloquently by Stephen on Dollymount Strand. Indeed, as he stresses to his uncultivated 'mother and father' in 'Memorial Day 1950,' it is 'the sea,' alongside the 'heroic figures' of international modernism, that should be the true objects of our affection.¹⁸

But it is not just the possibilities of the sea-voyage to an elsewhere fertile to art-making that struck a chord with Shore Patrolman O'Hara. His obsession with *Ulysses*, the retelling of Homer's epic narrative of Odysseus' return home to Ithaca, and the Joycean revivification of the *nostos* narrative allowed O'Hara to depend upon a literary frame of reference to contemplate his own 'homecoming.' The necessity of his return home from sea encouraged a curiosity in literary frames of reference that speak back to, or otherwise illuminate, his own experience. This preoccupation with nautical departures and returns are diffused through his early poetry. The 'seascape' becomes a site of possibility that allows O'Hara to move on to new, unfamiliar, and cosmopolitan spaces, whilst always maintaining a relational proximity to the perceived stasis of home in order to inform and give meaning to his wandering desires.

Before proceeding, it would be worth briefly defining what is meant by *nostos* and how it pertains to an understanding of O'Hara's early verse. *Nostos* is a concept familiar to Greek literature, which, in its fundamental sense, refers to the heroic return home from sea. It is intimately bound up with anxieties about the failure to return, exacerbated by obstacles, diversions, and temptations, which impede the hero's journey. Disguise and recognition are important motifs, both for the wanderer transformed by the trials and tribulations at sea, and for the way in which home is re-encountered on return. The '*nostos* concept,' Anna Bonifazi theorises, is 'essentially two: one is a centripetal notion, that is, "[...] coming back from"; the other is a centrifugal notion, that is, "[...] reaching a destination".'¹⁹ To put it simply, '*nostos* conveys multi-directionality.'²⁰ It is not merely the return home, then, but a heaving back and forth, equally returning and departing. All homecomings are provisional: all returns revisits. Such a motion sickness is related, anxiously, exhaustingly, in 'Poem (The ivy is trembling in the hammock),' set during O'Hara's Navy service in New Guinea:

[...] *I am coming back or going back,*
as our love dries itself like ink

after this long swim, this heart attack [my italics].²¹

Here, the rhyming couplet binds cause and effect, 'going back' precipitating, one infers, a 'heart attack,' and the poet's relative proximity to his point of departure regularly poses traumatic anatomical reactions: often painful, and sometimes fatal, but always stopping the body short. Where O'Hara is 'coming back' from or 'going back' to is significant insofar as it implies teleology, a purpose to where he belongs. Troubled by the hinge 'or,' the poet, all at sea, struggles to understand his course. In her study of Homeric return in twentieth-century poetry, Leah Flack categorises the rejection of 'the single, static, domestic space' as an 'essential component of [the returning writers'] creativity,'²² and it appears that O'Hara shares the conviction that only in rejecting homely stasis can the drive to create be fulfilled. Indeed, he appears to consciously allude to this in his great long poem 'In Memory of My Feelings' by framing it in the terms of the *nostos* narrative itself:

And the mountainous-minded Greeks could speak
of time as a river and step across it into Persia, leaving the pain
at home to be converted into statuary.
[...]
For we have advanced, France,
together into a new land, like the Greeks, where one feels nostalgic
for mere ideas [...].²³

Traversing past, present, and future is conceived of spatially and in potamic terms, where home - 'converted into statuary' - is a point of inertia and yet the stimulation for great art. *Nostos* forms the etymological dual constituent along with *algia* [longing, loss] to become 'nostalgia' which, I argue, is essential to understanding O'Hara's formative poetics. Not only is he nostalgic for modernist art, playing out fantasies of living in the 'Quai d'Orsay in twenties Paris or in Woolf's Bloomsbury,' but he displays nostalgic longing for places even if the object of that longing is overtly rejected or hitherto unknown.²⁴ Carson McCullers understands this paradoxical condition when she considers that 'we are torn between nostalgia for the familiar and an urge for the foreign and strange. As often as not, we are homesick most for the places we have never known.'²⁵ Such a sense of homesickness for an elsewhere, reversing the expectation that nostalgia and its associative *algia* is always temporally regressive or tinged with regret, is negotiated by O'Hara in several early poems. The impossible return, to the place we do not yet know, 'yields up a nostalgia beyond *nostos*,' writes Jane Gallop, 'beyond the drive to return, a desire constitutively unsatisfied and unsatisfiable because its "object" simply cannot ever be defined.'²⁶ As such, the desire to move, to travel, to be an expatriate, gestures to the paradox that the object of desire - experiential difference, perhaps - cannot be known, and what is nostalgia if not unsatisfied desire, a kind of homesickness which refuses to be satisfied? The seldom-discussed poem 'Oh Pulcinella!' offers an attempt to resolve this dilemma:

The wake is weaving tassels
for your hair and elbows, darling;
the horse and rider thrashing the surf
curry your curls in happiness.
The tilted soup plate in the sky
is spilling love-light on the waves
but I am moving away from you
though you cry aloud on the dock.

I wish someone would break the foghorn
before it breaks my heart;
on and on it sobs and remembers
your moaning love by the sea.
Wait for me, wait for me on the dock:
the sea may freeze over in winter
and I'll come skating back
like the great golden bird of paradise.
Oh Bruegel, you alone understand:
I feel like a shell that is broken,
my legs stick out to be stepped on
by a burgher with brain steeped in lust.²⁷

'Oh Pulcinella!' resists the temptation to cohere these first encounters with the foreign to a perceptual or programmatic mode that unequivocally privileges all that denies the 'home' as such. Rather, it embodies Bonifazi's insistence on 'multi-directionality,' where 'coming is also going, returning home is also heading for somewhere other than home, homecoming is also having survived death, and, finally, experiencing is also telling or singing.'²⁸ The telling of the tale is essential to such a narrative of return, and without the construction of one's own 'official account' the desire for the whole affair may be rendered irrelevant. Curiously, the title of the poem appears immaterial to the textual body itself, except for the fact that Pulcinella (to whom Punch in English was derived, the anarchic trickster and cornucopia of identities) was the subject of Stravinsky's two ballet-burlesques in his Parisian period, *Petrushka* (1911-12) and *Pulcinella* (1920). O'Hara rigorously defended Stravinsky on a number of occasions, gushing, for example, in 'A Poem About Russia' that the composer's 'heart was my second | homeland' and the 'beating | dance' to the 'passionate blood'²⁹ of his poetic project. Ihor Junyk rightly recognises Stravinsky's desire to reassemble the latter commedia dell'arte libretto with 'nostalgic' forms of identity, in which Pulcinella 'embodies the vision of personhood' which replaces 'a coherent, well-bounded, and self-identical subjectivity' with a 'carnavalesque identity defined by difference': one which is 'multiple, fragmented, unfinished, and in the process of constantly becoming.'³⁰ It is by performing this carnivalesque 'rococo self' - exile, sailor, exotic passerine, trampled livestock in a busy Bruegel painting - that the poet grapples with his own difference, snatching at appropriate guises and discarding them as he moves from the dock to the sea.³¹

The poem, which anticipates 'To the Harbormaster' in its entrapment on the sea and lyrical address to the absent other, sees the would-be expatriate implore his lover to 'wait [...] on the dock' for his prodigal return, with fanfare, light and with not a little camp self-performance, 'like the golden bird of paradise.' It is then that the provincial boy captivated by the life of the émigré becomes rarefied by his delocalisation from the stable outpost of the dock-shelter-home. The given promise of 'homecoming' - 'I'll come skating back' - is the guarantee of his status as outsider: the 'bird' who flew the nest. Return, then, is more than the demonstration of experiential difference spoken in an 'I told you so' voice - 'you certainly must agree that I'm going places now!' O'Hara would spiritedly write to Philip - as it cuts to the heart of one's desire to leave in the first place.³² To return home the same, unaltered by worldly wandering, is the ultimate fear for the poet. Part of the joy of return, perhaps in many cases the only joy, is the apprehension that those who stayed behind recognise a difference in the traveller in order to validate the journey. The narrative of *nostos* is written as a vindication of departure despite the circumstances, or necessity, of eventual return.³³ The physical return, then, is both with the past

and a re-meeting with oneself: we return in order to chart the course of our own difference. Homecoming is haunted by the reasons for departure, and is often not an end in itself but the only means to gain closure on the experience of travel or exile in order to better understand one's relationship to what was left behind. O'Hara clearly desired to be seen as a different man from the one that departed and, after his discharge from the Navy, he was even disappointed that his family did not know the full extent of that difference, despite the risk of their disapproval: 'I had to return home like a prodigal who has done many evil things,' he would reflect in 1950, 'only to find that his parents didn't even hear about them!'³⁴

As such, the capricious hero of 'Oh Pulcinella!' requires the radical nowhere of the dock, its liminality confirmed by the permanently 'wintry winds' which encircle it, in order to give meaning to his peripatetic desires. As Daniel Katz says of Joyce and Stravinsky's fellow Parisian exile Gertrude Stein, 'it is imperative not to lose the original sense of belonging, as it must be continually opposed through proximity' to where one leaves for.³⁵ To fasten the idea of belonging even, or especially, when one has nowhere to belong, be that the point of origin or the place of resettlement, is not to deceive oneself but rather to recognise that one should never feel 'at home' where one travels, for fear of losing its desirable appeal, its foreignness. And yet this way of thinking about the 'homecoming' is clearly not without its problems, which O'Hara anticipates in the second half of the poem. The absence or loss of 'home' can be, in times of crisis, not a source of 'romantic' adventure, but an exposed vulnerability that, inversely, *prevents* one from being mobile and peripatetic:

The size of the sea is keeping me here
though wintry winds are blowing,
and if the water froze
I would have to learn how to skate.³⁶

The 'keeping' of the speaker to 'here,' and refusal to state where 'here' actually is, troubles a reading which sees the poet as having already left the dock. By declaring 'I am moving away' in the second stanza, the poem allows another reading which transforms the final line. Importantly, we do not learn what exactly the 'size of the sea,' nor the imminent prospect of it freezing over, is keeping him from. Threatened by submergence and drowning at any moment, to 'skate' and return is at once the ability to be mobile and to be tentatively, dangerously suspended: to be neither here nor there. In this way, the poem moves between an unambiguous desire for the elsewhere 'paradise' and an acute vulnerability where legs, the means to skate, leave, and return, 'stick out to be stepped on' and the 'shell,' the portable home or state of self-introversion, becomes 'broken.' Mobility, then, is never really very far from paralysis. The sea, then, represents the space over which one can travel and gain worldly experience. As such, it is the place-in-between where anxieties of the place-beyond are negotiated: where O'Hara's fears, hesitations, and doubts about his identity to place are accommodated.

With this in mind, I wish to further a point touched upon earlier which traced the proximity of *nostos* and its cognates to the debilitation of the body or, more specifically, to the exhaustion one experiences less from traveling per se than from staying put. 'Je suis las de vivre au pays natal' - 'I am tired of living in the homeland' [my translation] - is one in a number of foreign inflections found in the great mature poem 'Ode to Michael Goldberg ('s Birth and Other Births)' and is lifted from Sergei Yesenin, one of the Russian lyric poets so important to O'Hara's early creativity.³⁷ Expressively declaring distance from where one was

raised and resistant to the expectations of national belonging, the very inclusion in French appears to indicate the poet's cosmopolitan, polyglot ambition as well as a somewhat affected, self-reflexive gesture intended to hammer home that ambition. Andre Gide, whose *The Counterfeiters* also appears in 'Ode to Michael Goldberg' (in which a cheap paperback of the homoerotic novel is exchanged for a pint of whiskey in the Navy), links the homecoming with fatigue in his version of the biblical parable of the prodigal son. 'Nothing is more exhausting,' writes the returnee, 'than to realise one's difference. In the end, this journey has worn me out.'³⁸ Recognising one's difference - to the homeland, or how one has been changed by periods away - is tiring, and O'Hara's poetry expresses this fatigue beside the seascape.

In much the same way as 'a modern nostalgic can be homesick and sick of home, at once'³⁹ so too can one be exhausted by home and yet similarly crippled by lethargy when at home. A fine example of this double-bind is found in 'To Jane; and in Imitation of Coleridge,' O'Hara's rehashing of the 1799 poem 'Love' addressed to the 'slyly thoughtful, smiling Jane' Freilicher.⁴⁰ In it, the poet-sailor is lost and conflicted, 'all at sea, at war,' as he makes overtures to be guided by the attendant 'star' - but quite simply 'cannot heft it.'⁴¹ The weight of knowing which trajectory to take, which battles to fight, and how to move on from the loss of fellow travellers along the way, all principal features of the *nostos* narrative, proves just too much. The poem then goes on to lament once more the trials of childhood, and the desired detours from the adversarial inertness of Massachusetts:

or how in New England where I grew
and tried both to fight and escape,
I thrived without her intimate view
always before me, my seascape⁴²

The touch of ambiguity - is Jane, the muse, at once the 'intimate view' and the 'seascape'? - is somewhat supplemental as the poet wonders how he could have possibly matured without his painterly muse. He stresses that it was the permanent fixture of the 'seascape,' the sublime image of a nautical elsewhere in the mind's eye, which sustained him in the doldrums of his youth. The desire to deny the staid domesticity of home in favour of the diversity and difference of the foreign elsewhere is perhaps to put too fine a point on it, however, and in proposing such a dialectical imagination we may miss or undermine the truly ambivalent motion which characterises the direction of the early poems. But what we can be certain of is that O'Hara's restlessness, his refusal to fix on coordinates which disallow subsequent forays into new places, new continents, lead him to attempt to affirm the geographical possibilities which underpin cosmopolitanism. As he would say in a notebook from 1949:

'I know that I shall always be alone, always wandering over the earth,
searching for my self in every face, pausing for instants of ecstatic recognition,
then moving on ...'⁴³

Notes

- 1 A number of poems, mostly those lyrical memoirs O'Hara submitted for the Hopwood Prize at the University of Michigan, address the richness and exoticism of New Guinea, sometimes through comparison to the light and landscape of New England: 'The stars are tighter | in New Hampshire | though they are deeper | in New Guinea.' Frank O'Hara, 'Poem', in *The Collected Poems of Frank O'Hara*, ed. by Donald Allen (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1971), p. 43.
- 2 Letter from O'Hara to family, 24/12/44.
See Brad Gooch, *City Poet: The Life and Times of Frank O'Hara* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2014), p. 477.
- 3 Letter from O'Hara to family, 16/3/45. See Gooch, *City Poet*, p. 478.
- 4 Susan Winnett, *Writing Back: American Expatriates' Narratives of Return* (Baltimore: John Hopkins UP, 2012), p. 3.
- 5 Frank O'Hara, recollected by Maureen O'Hara in conversation with Brad Gooch, 18/1/88. See Gooch, *City Poet*, p. 13.
- 6 Frank O'Hara, 'Autobiographical Fragments', in *Standing Still and Walking in New York* (Berkeley: Grey Fox Press, 1975), p. 29.
- 7 Marjorie Perloff, *Poet Among Painters* (London: University of Chicago Press, 1998), p. 51.
- 8 O'Hara, 'The Clown', p. 27.
- 9 It was a view of the vagabond, harlequin, or vagrant he shared with his axe-wielding painter-hero of Memorial Day 1950, 'Picasso, who made the adolescent O'Hara 'tough and quick.' It is worth stating that a print of Picasso's *Harlequin* adorned his room in Grafton, perhaps suggesting the affinity he believed he shared with this figure.
- 10 Letter from O'Hara to family, 24/10/44. See Gooch, *City Poet*, p. 476.
- 11 Letter from O'Hara to family, 23/12/44. See Gooch, *City Poet*, p. 477.
- 12 O'Hara attended St. Mark's Xaverian High School in Grafton between 1932 and 1940.
- 13 O'Hara, 'Autobiographical Fragments,' p. 30.
- 14 O'Hara, 'A Poem About Russia,' *Collected*, p. 51-52; 51.
Stravinsky is a significant figure in the childhood reflection, 'Ode to Michael Goldberg ('s Birth and Other Births),' as in: 'the wind sounded exactly like | Stravinsky | I first recognised art | as wildness, and it seemed right, | I meant rite, to me.' See O'Hara, 'Ode to Michael Goldberg,' *Collected*, p. 292.
- 15 James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (Hertfordshire: Wordsworth Classics, 1992), p. 191.
- 16 Frank O'Hara, 'Lament and Chastisement', in *Early Writing*, ed. Donald Allen (Bolinas: Grey Fox Press, 1977), pp. 112-131, p. 123.
It would be but one in a series of reflections on new births, reincarnations, and experimental identities while aboard the USS Lurline. Writing on the movement of dolphins, he would observe that they 'seem to feel the same delight in swimming that I do. They glide as if they enjoyed the feeling of the water, the constant movement, and the immensity and cleanness, as much as I do. If I were a Hindu I would believe that my soul was in the body of a porpoise in my last life. As it is they make me think I'm in the water with them.' Letter from O'Hara to family, 19/7/44. See Gooch, *City Poet*, p. 476.
- 17 O'Hara would write: 'The other night up on deck in the moonlight, with the stars unbelievably bright, and clouds incredibly low, and the boom of the waves and rustle of the foam, very lovely, I thought as usual of you all. It was very pleasant - I felt so very serene and calm and detached. I love the sea now more than I ever did. I hope it doesn't get to wearing off or become boring.' Letter from O'Hara to family, 21/02/45. See *Ibid*, p. 478.
- 18 O'Hara, 'Memorial Day 1950,' *Collected*, p. 17.
- 19 Anna Bonifazi, 'Inquiring into Nostos and Its Cognates,' *American Journal of Philology*, 13, No. 4 (Winter, 2009), 481-510; p. 497.
- 20 Bonifazi, p. 506.
- 21 O'Hara, 'Poem (The ivy is trembling in the hammock),' *Collected*, p. 43.
- 22 Leah Culligan Flack, *Modernism and Homer: The Odysseys of H.D., James Joyce, Osip Mandelstam, and Ezra Pound* (Cambridge: CUP, 2015), p. 200.
- 23 O'Hara, 'In Memory of My Feelings,' *Collected*, p. 254.
- 24 See Gooch, *City Poet*, p. 113.

25 Carson Smith McCullers, 'Look Homeward, Americans,' *Vogue*, 1 December, 1940, p. 74.

26 Jane Gallop, *Reading Lacan* (New York: Cornell UP, 1985), p. 151.
27 O'Hara, 'Oh Pulcinella!', *Early Writings*, p. 29.
28 Bonifazi, p. 506.
29 O'Hara, 'A Poem to Russia', *Collected*, p. 52.
30 Ihor Junyk, *Foreign Modernism: Cosmopolitanism, Identity, and Style in Paris* (Toronto: Toronto UP, 2013), p. 84.
31 O'Hara, 'To a Poet,' *Collected*, p. 185.
32 Letter from O'Hara to family, 25/9/44. See Gooch, *City Poet*, p. 476.
33 See Winnett, *Writing Back*, 19-21.
34 Letter from O'Hara to Larry Osgood, 23/6/50. See Gooch, *City Poet*, p. 479.
35 Daniel Katz, *American Modernism's Expatriate Scene: The Labour of Translation* (Edinburgh: EUP, 2007), p. 96.
36 O'Hara, 'Oh Pulcinella,' *Early Writing*, p. 29.
37 O'Hara, 'Ode to Michael Goldberg('s Birth and Other Births),' *Collected*, p. 292.
38 Andre Gide, *Le Retour de l'enfant prodigue* (Paris: Gallimard, 1948), p. 194.
Translation by Susan Winnett, *Writing Back*, p. 21.
39 Svetlana Boym, *The Future of Nostalgia* (New York: Perseus Books, 2001), p. 50.
40 O'Hara, 'To Jane; and in Imitation of Coleridge,' *Collected*, p. 183.
41 O'Hara, 'To Jane; and in Imitation of Coleridge,' p. 183.
42 O'Hara, 'To Jane; and in Imitation of Coleridge,' p. 184.
43 Frank O'Hara, "A Journal: October-November 1948 & January 1949 [1/21/49]", in *Frank O'Hara: Early Writings* (Berkeley: Grey Fox Press, 1977), p. 108.

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