

# REVEAL DIGITAL

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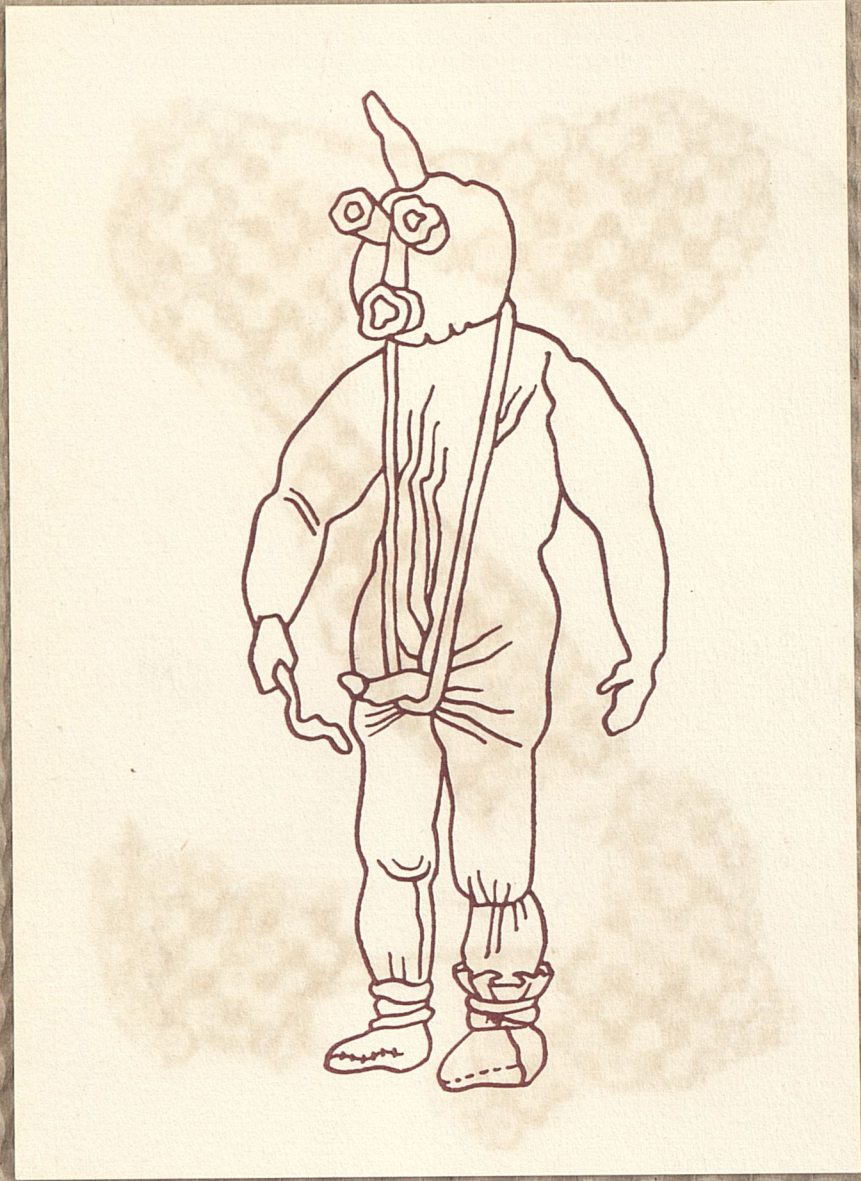
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till they drop from the highest point of the spiral  
or fall from the innermost centre of the ever-narrowing circle

H. D.

The Flowering of the Rod

THE MAGAZINE OF FURTHER STUDIES

#5

## 2ND TALE:RETURN

the oldest one and his sister and brother  
were lost and he thought, telling a story  
will keep fear away. so he began

the right path is further to your left  
where the well is. and he looked  
into the water and the water looked  
back. now it is certain that water  
is a magical substance. it will drink  
up all things. and I am told this is  
most like love, who stood  
near the high way, and because it is  
one of the few bare places the world  
has ever known, love asked directions,  
but the high way ran on. now it is  
certain that the high way is a magical  
substance. it will lead inside the  
shape of things. and I am told this  
is most like love, who has an amazing  
ability to surprise travellers. love  
asked the first hitch-hiker to spend  
the night with him at the side of the  
high way, but the hitch-hiker is  
a magical substance which moves along.  
and I am told this is most like love,  
who has an amazing ability to pass on.  
love, then was quite alone the  
next morning, and he stood stock-still  
trying to understand, because in the  
bright sun, the high way appeared to go  
straight on without curves, turn-offs  
or junctions into a kind of watery  
air. the rule is, walk on the left  
side facing traffic if you don't want  
to be killed. this love did  
until after a very long time, he  
entered the watery air, which, I  
remember, is when

they were found

Robin Blaser  
from THE HOLY FOREST

it is a dark cold hard tin forest  
it is without mirth or the hosts and ghostlies  
one wanted, being himself there  
being himself alone, and all gifts  
as bearing inward, the forest for journeying thru

the leaves on any particular tree are this year's leaves  
and the car wrapped round the trunk  
in which he died, she lighting his cigarette  
the dog rammed against the front seat did not die  
bled thru the forest and sat himself down in a stream

the stream is neither blood  
nor blood come to mind  
striped ochre and red-brown  
and clear, the surface rides inches  
from the pebbles on the floor  
sunfish is narrow and tall

"i want to go away to a high grey place," said the dog  
"and watch the light break thru" —

your heart that light on a buoy far out at sea

sea wrack in the night that breaks the heart

"i wanted to be light for men," he said  
"and letting go my heart  
"there was nothing to guide me to shore"

little boat  
on the water  
serve for me  
a human daughter

let your face  
be called the one  
lit the water  
for my son

for i've seen the water boil  
in the darkest place men go  
and i did not know the ships my heart could serve —

it is not dream, she said  
i am a dream that dreams  
and wakes to find flesh palpable  
and dreaming, the splitting of the water on the rock  
you are the water and the rock  
you are all fire

so i went out on the boat on the water  
thinking of fish, and saw the forest below me  
capazone for dinner and sunfish moving in  
    among the trees,  
the birds in the branches shivering, and the nests  
floating away, great skeins of all such gathering  
    floating away

the water took fire, took my body arched backward  
and carried sky down under water in my eyes

and looking up i saw the boat

lady the boat is your size

i name the boat lady for riding  
press my hand to my heart and to my mouth —

sea froth and long strands of seaweed  
    beaten on the rocks  
and to know therein a concentrated power  
    to grow hair, it is no remedy  
against your own effacement  
but if you love you, eat me  
be lovely and wear your hair long  
the men who went down into whatever waters  
arose from whatever was grave, their bodies  
seed my love for living men, they walk a grace  
no longer given to the dead, but are washed up  
out of their graves, the hair and the long curled nails  
nothing can stop emergency, i have seen the ground erupt  
and what was delicately planted rise broken  
the coffin the boat for all fishermen or men who go in leisure  
    out to sea —

Ron Caplan

LETTER, May 15, 1968  
Mike, The Hangup is Her

river revere  
power magics  
hums high away  
flowers out valley V  
o river my girl  
the doll of the valley  
kiss dance  
they drum  
they give out many things  
& another is kissed  
she is given multiple items  
her drum is many  
it pounds out ready  
koot nay eee  
her bum in the air  
tits to the moon  
road runneth ever  
it flows  
pounds giveaways  
very late  
very dark at night  
her kisses are many things  
mysterious steering  
her dance is as her drum is  
many kisses / much river

Fred Wah

La Barranca del Cobre

Leaves falling beneath the moon,  
what can we say to each other  
who we do not know?

Whiteness that falls upon the ground,  
a shadow into night.

We live to see

what comes before us,  
leaves hanging from the cottonwoods,  
a cold wind blowing at my back.

Oh leaves blowing, blowing,  
upon my face, and the road.

All of the limbs that lay upon memory  
wheel above a pavement.

The moon riding in the south,  
we only give to what does not matter,

a dog crossing the high-way,  
a woman we meet in the night.

Tears are the generations of eyes,  
nothing left within nothing  
turns back upon itself.

"I have died and the other is dead,"  
she sang, she sang in the fields.

"Where will he go, where to find me?"

A cold room that I come to the door to open,  
an old man, a stranger standing in blue —  
Before me, each room is room for a door to open  
closing behind it.  
Our hearts hold inviolate what is not within them,  
the song of a woman singing of woman in a field.

There I waited in a grove of aspen,  
leaves above earth quaking in the wind,  
a dog that runs on the tall grass.  
Aspen leaves and the sea, that I might go further,  
stages, that the earth blows our faces and hands.

The body of the grass bending in the wind,  
when will she come back among the gray barked trees?  
Cool and moving through the east side of the grove,  
above my head and gone.

Thunder trembling in the west,  
clouds passing on the aspen leaves,  
a wind and rain that blows over the grass.

I will go to someone else  
and you will go to someone else —  
Oh god what will become of us?

New wounds in the earth  
scream our names  
and gape in our faces.

Old arms of earth hold us  
and we do not know them,  
and cry as a woman to sleep at night.

What we each say to each other  
that the other within us hears,

a song within us that plays  
a song that we would hear.

Oh man what do you speak —  
Oh woman what do you hear?

Time after time my eyes look into imagining  
a broken field appears, irregular rocks and short grass  
waving in a wind. I can not look at the sun  
for then my eyes turn blind to the east.

A butterfly that flys above a rock,  
the fold of her habit flowing down into a river.

Which earths tonight that come and go,  
that we live on the spirits of universe  
and nothing, and rest beneath the aspen leaves.

The sky becomes gray and begins to rain.

And the time will not come again  
or the words, or the motion of her arms,  
thrown as stones into the water.

Oh watch how the arms of the clock are turning  
and the bees buzzing in the ribs of the roof,  
and the blue sky drifting beyond them.

Oh my heart, oh my heart,  
I can not take, again, your beating longer.  
Oh ease the sound of the cars on the streets

that I may give what you take of me.

Oh ease the sound of the pages turning  
that write me upon my life.

Drummond Hadley

Insulted

I never rewarded, I never cared  
why didn't I  
when they burnt your head,

I saw you beat mother instead  
after you're dead  
suspended

in what you couldn't  
despite one eyed poison  
from the wood-shed

had to look upward  
or under black polished stove  
his dreaded tread,

marks of the rapist,  
fed teacher coal shovel  
flames of hatred

in bed that noon  
heard shredded thread  
of parentage divided.

Not David, was it?  
no it isn't, heavy handed  
she said, derided

what I didn't hear,  
that spring Czecho-  
slovakian spread folded,

bled all over the floor, included  
I fled for the door,  
who needs that old maid,

I didn't care, I wouldn't

John Wieners

Where the Daughter Goes the Mother Must Follow

Pat you remember how your mother  
used to light her cigarettes  
off the stove? She'd run  
out of matches again  
but she'd never leave the house  
or your old-man would always  
have the car — the green one —  
painted Chevrolet — and he'd  
never come home or whenever  
he did he'd head right for  
the refrigerator where he kept  
his fifth of Gugenheimer cold  
so he could swig it right  
from the bottle & your mother  
in her house-coat ironing  
would light another cigarette  
off the front burner *of the stove.*

John Clarke

The quality of goods, the explicitness of all it takes, and Mrs. Cradock — who has for some months been in distress of mind, and despairing, tempted, and assaulted — and last Saturday about one o'clock, who hanged herself with a single strand of a fishing line.

George Butterick

A. Thom, Megalithic Sites in Britain. Oxford University Press. 1967

What is of value is that he doesn't deal with megalithic sites in Britain. He doesn't deal with most of the henges, for example, but mostly with free-standing stone-circles, which are mainly of the Northern reaches of Britain early Bronze-age culture. This is necessitated by pre-requisite conditions of intact survival, and it is perhaps a fortunate chance. It draws us away from the island-centre and that tradesman's clock on Salisbury Plain and all that untrusty worthy parafinalia (middle-class burial mounds) to the highland zones of north Britain. And the quality found there might owe something to the proximity of circum-polar megalithic survivals, so that we catch some glimpse of a pre-neolithic unity, not the time-obsessed enclosures of further south. But whether or not, and while this book can barely scratch at the surface of vision, still certain pointers emerge over and above the calendrical thesis, which could be of use. viz:

—— that they are not true circles but elliptical - a drawing together of the features of the landscape, and not the generally perceived mechanical round but the measured facts of the local condition: drawing the horizon & sky arcs inwards to a shape which proved not to be a circle & is for us a figure of the earth's shape, and its orbit, and a bird's egg.

—— the human figure using this thing: that the position in

which he placed himself was normally

(a) quite outside the ring, on a natural or built eminence, placing the whole structure in front of the man, within the natural arc of sight. The work is not a thing that lies outside the field of sense. That circumscribes it. He is not subject to the structure. He made it. He doesn't spin on his own pivot & look for the route out. There are no windows because there are no walls, and no roof.

(b) or he stands at a "misplaced centre" — a point involved in the geology of the ellipses, perhaps a component in a number theory, and which coincides accurately with the intersection of desired azimuths. That's an interesting formulation of a man's position with regard to the conditions. Neither an entrenchment nor a random (self-centred) stance. Neither or both subjective &/or objective. That we do not stand at the centre; however much we claim it, the weather will always deny us. The sidereal motions cannot so easily be drawn onto the self, inwards (the direct time-machine) and it's no use appealing to the heavens for the success of our machinations on the earth. Standing somewhat to the side, a carefully deliberate position, for harmony with the lie of the land and the sky; perhaps in some deference (a creature of nature, in it) it could almost be modesty, some impersonal variety that cannot restrict a man's potential or his knowing. But in a position of immediate control — of himself with regard to the mountain — (you don't spin a disc by placing yr finger at the centre). What he is king of is the middle ground, his own. And then he moves. He

takes his bearings from the distance-machine he has made, his song too, which is itself extension ( or intention) from landscape & sky. His movements are directed by the gods which are the Names of the Perceived Objects of Nature. It's like Nineveh, built according to the "form . . . delineated from distant ages by the writing of the heaven-of-stars."

A figure of containment : so much more than plain extension of bodily duration & stress outwards into the world, so much more than media or the extension of the eye that it is. In-clusion, in-tent, a mode of conservation, of seeing fixed what is fixed. The electronic consciousness is unlikely to require any radically different formulations from these. Because it never has been a matter of plain extension, & one is not subject to it but using it, adventure as exploration. Not catholic in any sense.

& so we don't know, yet, ever — we can pick up fragments at least. We shan't know what was sung there but we can begin to guess. A trace of hope — that the stone from which the ( ?disguised) old woman's prophesy is made, the narrative of transport — the stone that unites the poet and the subsoil as its flower, — that it might be a part of such an alignment or calendar / it might be the principal stone, King-stone, or the eminence that gives the view over this apparatus for naming the heavenly bodies in accordance with their intentions (& that might be a tumulus — men in the rock — the dead are incorporated into these structures; it is to their land that the azimuth indicators direct us.

The avenue by which the community moves from its home towards the calendar (to the island, to throw in a Shakespearean tit-bit) is the course of summer sunrise at its highest. But even more important will be the straight continuation of this birth-line, through the gates (at Stonehenge) to the winter sun at its lowest setting, when, in this clime, it's most like the moon — death of & further, that's so simple.

But the sun has horns as well as the moon. To be accurate, and especially among hills or islands, you need two lines, near-parallel, or a fan-complex to mark the points of the horns on the god's head — the pillars of the gate to the land of the setting sun, or from sunrise into the world. The catastrophic difference, I still think after having given up any idea of an original condition, at Stonehenge of course is that there the gate has a lintel, is a door into/out of a space enclosed above and on most sides. With the more "primitive" forms there are only two post-stones as at the entrance to a field. The better technical efficiency (if that) of the mechanism was paid for by the enclosure of paradise, a cutting-off of it from the present location.

This might have been only a southern mode (as Woodhenge has it too, reinforced by another curtailment, of life, in "sacrifice", that perennial substitute for involvement — here of the life of a child (or of a man's time to the economy, what's the difference? With those Bronze-Age trans-continental traders & royal men. Avebury had the luck to precede any such displacement.

And those beautiful fan-shaped alignments at Mid Clyth, the proof there: that when the landscape required it some completely new form

is used. There's nothing absolute about (what we used to think was) the circle. Trust no shape imposed on the world. The round-dance is the most dangerous image of desire or poetry that has been suggested to us for ages. I mean when it's exclusive, Little Gidding or whatever.

What we can hope Thom shows us here: precision — the necessity for an exact delineation of the borders of the mythic trajectory / so that we can work out what to do next, even, or at least find out where we are. Compared with the vague direction of the head to the West you get in, say, Neanderthal burial, there might be a loss in this late highland culture of the real assurance of a pre-agricultural condition. But there seems to be a concern, not only for the crops, but the Truth. Making the earth intimate to your acts. The laws: physical properties of matter & space & time — a trinity that was probably one, if each can be allowed to exist in some intimacy with spirit, as with each other.

And star azimuths. Starlight is not the index of diurnal and annual variation that settles our vegetative courses. It is the light shining now from the dead, or the death-light shining in the intelligence of the living. Or when the sun becomes a star — a brilliant green flash of expiry that can be pin-pointed on the horizon. Like a sharp rush of breath, the sun's own launching into the Dream.) And the stars' variance is more than annual (animal). Their motion across the sky is more than the sun/earth turn-&-wobble, a much greater consideration: the direction of spirit, that which is not subject to the biochemical pulsation. Not 'astrology'. Taking cognizance of the landscape, to seek out its possibilities as a field which of itself defines the exact course and content of the cosmological procession.

Peter Riley

Charles

T U R B U L E N C E

Gayle(s) !

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. . . Ernst Krause has treated the whole subject exhaustively in his book: Die Trojaburgen Nordeuropas (1893) (with the sub-titles: 'Their connexion with the Indo-Germanic Troy saga of the abducted captive Lady of the Sun, the Troy games, and the sword and labyrinth dances in celebration of the spring liberation'). We can only allude briefly to this interesting piece of research, which amounts to a history of the 'labyrinth idea,' in supplementing Krause's macrocosmical interpretation by Weidner's more recent revelation of the microcosmic significance of the labyrinth.

It should be noted that Krause included the Nordic labyrinths in

his sphere of investigation, thereby giving the problem a universal significance. . . . Certain labyrinthine passages described in Icelandic saga as animal-traps are called Troy towns or Troy castles in England and Scandinavia. 'The name Trojaburg (Scandinavian Trojin, Trojeborg, Tröborg; English Troy-town or Walls of Troy; Welsh, Caer Droida) has been given in northern Europe since ancient times to mazes (labyrinths) whose winding paths are closed with small or large stones or are cut out of the turf.' These antiquities, which are described as prehistoric by most researchers and have often been regarded as children's playgrounds, seem to have served for labyrinth dances similar to those reported from Crete and Delos. This labyrinth dance was called Troa and Troja, like the equestrian display dedicated to the goddess of spring. In the attempt to explain philologically the meaning of the Germanic word Troie, which should be read in extenso, Krause arrives at some extremely suggestive conclusions, of which we adduce here only those bearing on our problem. From the general use of the word 'Troie' for castle, jerkin, and dance, he deduces a root idea of circumvallation, wrapping round, revolving. This is the root meaning that Klausen (Aeneas und die Penaten) also gives to the Latin words: Troja (in ludus Trojae), trua, and trulla (stirring spoon and stirring pan); and even to troia in the sense of 'sow' (Italian troja, French truie), referring in the last case to the animals' circling round and round — that is, writhing in its birth pangs. In Greek the kindred words beginning with 'tro' are still more frequent, as for instance: trochos (circle, race-course, wheel, ring-wall, snake-ring); trochmalos, the stone boundary mark of a field; troullos, the

cupola; Trophonios, master of the circular buildings. Krause seems to assume 'that (as has been shown to be probable in Kuhn's Journal, Vol. VII) all these expressions (including Scandinavian tro, English true, German treu, Old Prussian druwis, German Glaube, Lithuanian drutas, German stark, and others) go back to an ancient Sanskrit word still in existence: dhruwa (from dhar, to hold), which means firm, reliable, trustworthy, and generally something permanent.' Now, as the root tro, troi, tru has taken on the meaning of turning, dallying, revolving, dancing, in Germanic, Celtic, Latin, and Greek, and Troi and Troyer also mean 'dance' in Old Germanic, it is easy to imagine, in view of the ground-plan and use of the Troy-towns, that the English-Scandinavian expression Troy castle and Tröjeborg, might be translated as round castle or dance-castle, even perhaps as crazy castle, since the conception of turning (Old German drajan, Gothic traian, Celtic troian, Middle English throwen – cf. modern English three, German kreisen) melts easily into that of distorting, entangling, leading astray, and even bewitching. Then, too, the Roman priests of Mars (the Salii) seem to have called the labyrinthine sword-dance which they executed in spring (March) Troa or Troja after the old folk-songs to which they were sung. This forms an interesting parallel to the Geranos dance in Crete and Delos which commemorated the obscure windings of the labyrinth – and does not Homer tell of the dancing-place made by Daedalus and the choral dance of Knossos?

Otto Rank  
from Art & Artist

PROPHETIC HIROGLYPHS : WORLD FORECASTS  
a Wealth of Other Information for Everyday Use

A Practical Guide to Qabalistic Symbolism, Vol. II — "On the Paths and The Tarot," by Gareth Knight. Helios Books. 1965.

The Secret Oral Teachings in Tibetan Buddhist Sects, by Alexandra David-Neel and Lama Jongden. City Lights Books. 1967.

Yoga and Health (part 2): "Practical Hatha Yoga," by Selvarajan Yesudian and Elizabeth Haich. Harper & Row. 1953.

The Three Pillars of Zen: Teaching, Practice, Enlightenment, edited and compiled by Philip Kapleau. Beacon Press. 1967.

"Thus is the heaven a vortex pass'd already, and the earth  
A vortex not yet pass'd by the traveller thro' Eternity."

Practice, is the point, of entry. And my own experience, during the last year, is that these four texts by centering precisely on the practical and applied rather than the theoretical eliminate a double danger which threatens the present State of the nation:

- 1) desire for Experience of heaven
- &
- 2) Power generated by secrecy only

That is, each one of these texts relocates earth as the place and object of transformation by providing all information necessary to institute daily practice.

From a hill above the Pamet River I watched the water flow in its form like a meander trailing myself out behind its forward motion. The golden thread each one of us, a tracery, is text to carry into earth vortex. The trip isn't interesting. White pebbles someone dropped on the way, from a certain height each trail is a serpent of wise-being.

Albert Glover

MAGIC RITE

(in three parts)

I.

a. stamping of feet

b. ahhhhhhhhhhh

c. according to the purpose of the work so shall it be

d. up! up! up! incense of Abramelin!

e. burn ye cakes of light!

f. Osiris, Pan and Sustugriel be ye the guardians of  
this ceremony that no demon may possess it

g. by these rites august and holy as Demeter by the fire

h. I exorcize the circle in the name of the Divine Toe

i. I slurp up the demon with the lighted coal

j. I make the gruel of magic fibres

k. that no demon may possess us

l. ahhhhh!

m. we shall have ended the war  
we shall have banished the gaunt cluster of fiends  
and the napalm drool-creeps

arise! arise! arise! Eye of Horus, arise toe freaks  
arise! Sir Francis Dashwood arise! Tyrone Power  
arise! arise! spirits of heaven arise William Blake!

be ye our guardians!

we have been purified  
we have felt the dream word god-cries!

2 sets  
of  
voices  
speaking  
antiphonally

Choral

the reign of creephood has come to an end  
we are the lords of the earth  
we are the peace we are the freedom  
we have escaped the crone drivell

antiphonal

but

single voices

universus sum et nihil universi a me alienum puto  
beatific vision of the Universal Joke  
donkey scrotum in saran wrap  
the grope goddess slurps to sperma

Sanders

Khepri the Scarabaeus shall triumph over  
the mystery of the Skush

drone

unison

chanting

n. o apopis  
king of the Galactic Fiend-slobber  
we shall rip aside the mask of the real  
to see thee writhing in the universal skush-coils  
  
we see the sceptre of Thoth above the  
cruel freak-spew of the quasars  
  
we see the gobble trolls and goat boys  
singing in the boats of death  
in the triumph of Ra  
  
we see the burning of the poisoned robes  
we see the hieratic secrets split so all may know  
we see the naked bodies fucking on the cobble stones  
  
we see wine and strange drugs and the 5 leaves of cannabis  
  
o fiend of darkness, take thy tentacle of skush  
to the realm of darkness and from the  
burnt-out peninsulas.

shift to  
lower key

and for the generals and war lords we assign  
them to be scarfed up by Worm Mouth himself, the  
Shimmering Galactic Drool-Coils.

Part II      Frenzy section

(wild stamping of feet during this section,  
groans, beast-shrieks, heavy rhythm,  
and random squeaks)

these words and phrases are to be moaned or screamed  
during the frenzy section. Section begins with huge  
moan. (words can be spoken in any order)

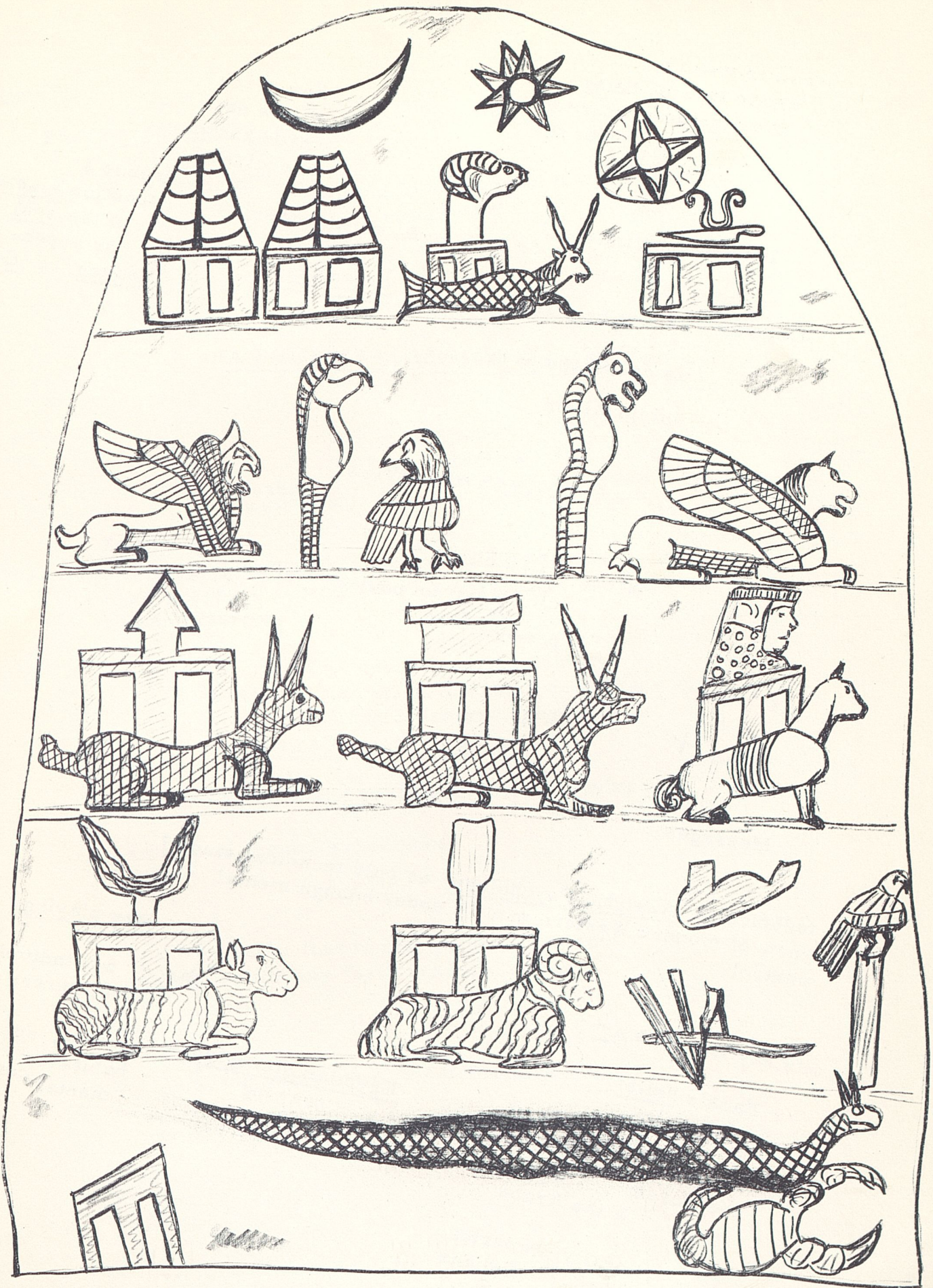
1. be consumed be consumed!
2. out fiend!
3. astral visions!
4. lewd prophets!
5. skush! skush! skush!
6. Universal Joke!
7. tetragrammaton!
8. monster ticks in bubble baths!
9. potato salad!
10. aardvark puke soaked in spanish shawls.
11. wine and strange drugs
12. Jayne Mansfield!
13. universus sum
14. purification! purification!
15. grope for peace!
16. end the war!
17. we shall never abandon the vision
18. interfused linear continuum!

and other suitable outcries.

Part III      Peace

frenzy section suddenly fades,  
then singers, in unison, sing "peace"  
holding the vowel for many seconds, sing  
word "peace" several times  
  
magic rite ends with gong struck eleven times  
  
(the number of Venus)

Ed Sanders



how to live as a  
single natural being  
the dogmatic nature of  
(order of)  
experience

how many?  
& how each  
made known,  
exercised,

as

Ismaeli muslimism

&, all together,  
create  
organism

organs &  
function - activity  
of the soul  
or psyche or  
Heaven or God

Alchemy - rather by plates

[as connected to dreams]  
pictorialism

as in Earth, "View"

& perspective

/cf. Weyl on ocular  
power

Vision

+

Messages

technically, Analytic Psychology, as only technical study I  
know of modern Western man & under enough mental  
control

jazz playing

dance as individual  
body-power

equally say Homer's art

Bach's belief

/cf. Novalis'  
"subjects"

Egyptian hieroglyphs - (gesture, speech  
- drawing habits  
mental condition

the Norse  
& the Arabs

-locally, American  
Indians

matter

Phenomenological

Sensation and Attention  
- / training in exhaustion & completion

A Plan for a Curriculum of the Soul

	(Intuition & Feeling	one's own
<u>the Mushroom</u>	<u>dream</u> <u>woman</u>	<u>mind</u> <u>language</u>
		^

Earth as a  
geology ^ comprehension like archeology  
geography - equally, though here maps & experience of  
human history } walking

{ in this connection, as habitat  
inhabitation of, rather than as politics say  
or national. Instead, physical, &  
vertically incremental

man as animal / praxis of - as Earth as a physical  
emotional mental experience

Poets as such, that is disciplined lives not  
history or for any "art" reasons example,

Blake } the same, say, medicine men

& like theologians: example, Dante - Giotto

Charles Olson

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