## BLAKE

P O E M

Sermon by Mr. Blake

Laurence Goldstein

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The man I am trying to describe here is, to borrow a term from Coleridge, myriad-minded, and as such certainly one of America's most remarkable men of letters. A few of us know him this way; most know him essentially and only as the prominent Blake scholar that he is; and many who should know him do not know him at all.

Malcolm Cowley, a long-time friend of S. Foster Damon, perfectly described this situation when, in a recent letter to me, he referred to what he called Damon's "genius for concealing his genius from the public." That seems to get at both some of the most endearing features of Damon's charm and also the vexing situation of his relative obscurity. It is gratifying, therefore, that the present number of the Blake Newsletter, dedicated to S. Foster Damon, at last allows some of us who have known him well to celebrate this very admirable and distinguished man and perhaps win for him something of the larger audience that he deserves and should have had all along. some istropote and 38% thebolent of tem ashir

## Essays, which will SALE . RM YE NOWNES on the Supervising Committee,

must be sent before LOCI and To Lastiano and .com of for S. Foster Damon distance in session. They must be no longer than 6000 words, typed louble-

maced, and soccepanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, or, if No man can keep the rose from death; by breathing back the borrowed sun it makes infirmity of god- and vasque and biroda head rooted in the hoary earth; the power lies in what consumes, not what is eaten up. Who lives in fire praises energy; he feels no spider crawl beneath to be dead and the fallen leaf, his eyes intense mor moderate with coming next refuse the sunlight as a yellow unguent effacing flame. He dwells inside a city out of space, a source immune from ever stepping back in a make (the burning bush before the gate returns the timid to a lifetime of tormenting flies); beside of activecon ? the fiery fountains what is wrought can never die; enslavement to A .A assault the cycles of the sun becomes and to have a dream upon awakening. We give its colors to the rose; all beauty we adore is what we conjure up and sprinkle and attitued on the grasping soil. Who would lose by lack of crossing over all creation at its origin? The fire, gentlemen, the fire! askind on There is nothing in the world had been seen but what is hammered out of flame. of boomt od o

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and of Laurence Goldstein

subsequently cought by William Bearford the nevelial, who assembled the first important Blake collection, and then by Quartich, the British booksellers, who used it for a

a Princeton book