Reply to Morris Eaves’ Review of The Dick and Jane

Aethelred Eldridge

Blake/An Illustrated Quarterly, Volume 22, Issue 1, Summer 1988, p. 19
DISCUSSION

with intellectual spears & long winged arrows of thought

In response to Morris Eaves’ review of The Dick and Jane by Abby Robinson, in last summer’s issue of Blake.

DEAR SIR,

I love to pray, loving to rehearse the art of editing—nothing specific in return for the face value which this sweat pays to the out.

stuff weird end... don’t ye.

Hyr that? Harken! Didn’t particularly sound over at your references to me? I’m mine—in your last... If Albion’s tomb—etc. enuff? E’en you? What I send is the subcutaneous skin of the toms—albions whitened; sepulchral—led (lead, sung) privity-ward version, verily, verily—unto ye;

P.S. I possess what I am assured—by angelic disposition—of the only stained & painted glass—lead & window executed by Blake—It can be inspected by detector—(who care to appoint them) selves.

2. Listen! Print these (in the namelessily shamed name of ‘fair-play’): No photo can do it justice—have done, at no expense, this reasonable example; fac-simulating Albion’s Have-a-Heave—at-ho—ho vortex for the sake of your limited capacity.

SYN. CORDY

3. P.P.S. I am now painting my fourth over-skimming mural—on—giously entitled, by Blake: “VOLUNTARY FULL VIEW ANNihilation in and out of Golgotha”—null gravity field Alcedama—potters pothierd diaspora—etc. While... aren’t your detest detectors—neccisious—by Dawning to the verification of what you’ve built in Blake’s name—where Albion—ten at Jews X’s name it Albion. Friend of Albion—AWARE.

(Angry)