

Recent publications in Britain of interest to Blake scholars include a splendidly illustrated and documented catalogue of the Tate Gallery collection of Blake drawings, paintings, and associated items. The Tate Gallery catalogue, substantially revised by Martin Butlin, together with the Fitzwilliam Museum catalogue of their Blake collection place at the disposal of Blake scholars accurate and detailed reference to two of the major Blake collections in Great Britain. A review of the Fitzwilliam Blake Exhibition and Catalogue will appear in the *Newsletter*.

TEACHING BLAKE AT BUCKNELL

From Professor Michael Payne, Bucknell University:

Bucknell is now offering a student-initiated course on Blake. Last fall two students decided they wanted to study Blake's poetry more systematically than they had been able to do on their own. They approached ten other students and seven faculty members--four in the English Department, two in the History Department, and one in the Philosophy Department--all of whom agreed to participate in a semester-length seminar. The students, who are receiving credit for an Independent Projects course in the English Department, have handled the administration and organization of the course. The faculty members, who are receiving no teaching credit for the course, are learning to appreciate, among other things, the ironies of the first of the Proverbs of Hell: "In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy."

BLAKE UNDER THE HOUSE

According to a recent issue of *The Book-of-the-Month Club News*, Blake is the pivot on which the plot turns in *Crawlspace*, a novel by Herbert Lieberman:

Albert and Alice Graves, a retired, childless couple, live in a quaint 18th-century farmhouse in New England. One fall day they are visited by a personable young man from the fuel oil company, whom they ask to stay for dinner and who, before leaving, is allowed to borrow a rare edition of William Blake. A few weeks later, the young man, Atlee, returns without the Blake, but is allowed to borrow more books. Not long after that, Mr. Graves discovers that someone is living in a crude nest in the crawlspace under the house. He also finds some well-gnawed animal bones and the missing Blake. A call to the oil company reveals that Atlee has not worked there for months. . . . It all ends with the Gravesses living in terror of both Atlee and a marauding band of neighborhood toughs. There is murder, vandalism and finally a blood thirsty manhunt. Here, then, is a chilling story--a thoughtfully chilling story--in the tradition of *Night Must Fall* or even *The Collector*. Not at all recommended for retired couples who live on remote farms. [David W. McCullough]