

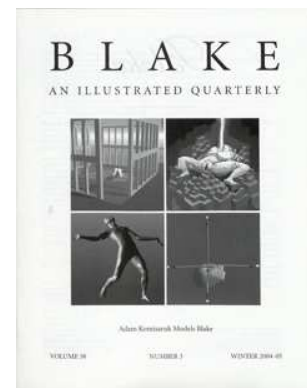
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P O E M

Nobodaddy Wakes from His Slumber

David Shaddock

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All art historians, not only Blake scholars, will want to pay a visit to Room 8 (where Blake at Work is on view) as soon as possible, since it is not clear whether this is intended to be a new permanent display. People interested in book illustration and the technique of early color prints will probably learn a lot, since nothing can replace the immediate, synoptic confrontation between the most informative captions and the works themselves (though the necessarily dim light sometimes makes the operation painful for those whose eyesight is declining). The general educated public will find an exemplary (and uncommonly comprehensive) introduction into the technical choices and experiments, with their long-term hazards from the point of view of durability and conservation, which the greatest artists had to make, within the limits of the materials then available to them.

It would therefore be a pity, for those who have occasion to be in London this summer [2004], to miss Blake at Work in case it is removed without prior notice to make room for some other exhibition.

## N E W S L E T T E R

Go to <<http://www.blakequarterly.org>> for:

- An online version of "Introducing The Blake Model"
- G. E. Bentley, Jr., "Blake and the Xenoglots"
- A report by Susanne Sklar on a recent reading of *Jerusalem*

### Nobodaddy Wakes from His Slumber (After Blake 12)

BY DAVID SHADDOCK

*Why darkness & obscurity  
In all thy words and laws*

To Nobodaddy

He slept on his bed of shredded printouts more than fifteen years  
After the Great Bear was slain. His triumph brief, he found himself  
Shunted aside as liberals gloated and fornicated in the Holy Temple,  
Where he alone had presided, where the sacred codes and secret pulses  
From his vast network were downloaded, life-sustaining they were to him,  
And without them he took to his bed and dreamed incessantly of Return,  
While Dodd and his ilk grew emboldened and wove chains of regulation  
Round his comatose-seeming torso. Beneath this deceptive slumber  
Abstract Reason wove fantastic gambits in his brain, and when the Towers'  
Crashing (foretold it was in a dream) woke him he had ready  
New Orders, alive with power he drew from the Vault,  
Constant Strife there would be, and crushing Control of the Imagination,  
And Ashcroft his henchman rose like a statue on the hydraulic dais to proclaim them.