

# AN ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY BLAKE

N E W S

## Sotheby's: Copy C of The [First] Book of Urizen

Blake/An Illustrated Quarterly, Volume 4, Issue 3, Winter 1971, pp. 69-70



author, may be obtained from him at Castello 3611 / 30122 Venice / Italy. (Among Mr. Russell's works in preparation is *Paysages Légendaires*, Enitharmon Press, London).

*The Golgonooza Organ #1* by Aethelred Eldridge. R. R. #1, Millfield, Ohio, 1970. 16 pp. + 2 inserts. "Published . . . no fewer than four times during the liminary course that makes of substance by the use of birdlime an adhesive year. . . . Five dollars divested brings, in so many words, The deterged ear out of Golgonooza."

As Mr. Eldridge kindly invites us to quote from the pamphlet, we reproduce below the opening of *Golgonooza Organ*:

#### GOLGONOOZA ORGAN

Drilling, no eye hath prepared this thing; no heart in learning  
Hath drily inclined; no hands hath taken up the measure of  
The doing — and none but new creatures need apply.

Citizenry-citizens of Golgonooza, Spiritual Fourfold London!  
Latchet string espousers round the shaly walls of Blake's  
Betrothal! Bowlahoola surrounds us: the law stercorous. I vie  
Reduced within the time it takes a single archer kneeled to  
Strike through generations along the worm of Merlin. I am the  
Utmost droning phonetic hid by the space of a Fool's uncertain  
Days; and hid in lengthening night's conjecture over mis-read  
Jars. There is no new dust in which sinners may perform. Nor  
Blindly shall the sentry when the tree shall be uprooted fall  
To American heroes.

People obtaining discomfiture from air beneath their hats  
Have pointed me out. You! And yours; by courtesy of bodily  
Sickened eye appalled by one so lustrous small of flesh.  
How in woven jaws of periled, hardening cradle grass the cock  
Holds back the rose of fecund breathing clods; in this, blending  
Attar of brass to rose and patina of place, I anticipate you in  
Whom the wake of presumed men confuses historicity with tarnish  
On the dawn. And, I have gone hovered in resplendents off the  
True circulating men, further, by the flour of northern altering  
Light.

Assyriologue, lard faded thaumaturgist, works his white, exquisite  
Dot everywhere. Gods and dwellings, goddesses, art built unpolished  
Of the noble, life exerting ilk; stamped, as it might appear, by  
Wearied intellect from building downward driven daughters; whose  
Doors are unbolted by sensories recruited, brooded by the best  
Wild-parrot, clanish cog advisement.

Draw near, last mentioned Londoners. First, the voice filled human  
Whirlpool; then, the crack of some immense contrivance falling; then,  
Surrounded features silenced on the Man resuming; then, three lines  
Are lopped, pregnate stem solidities, sub teeming very-molecules.  
Then, tears wiped, delight repeats in limbs that follow out beyond  
The reach within the riven skull.

The bitter thing that loveth thee is dumbness beckoning all blades,  
Straining the capaciousness of the beetle within the blade that  
Wanders as it bends. Mothers are filling with oil; the doing of  
The heart's repose on gentle, silent teeth.

As for the stunt of weakened goddesses, since when has poetry,  
Since once it was revealed, or shone, brought barbed the child's  
Swift diffusion? Or brought evoked upon a quantity of food  
The loudness of the rose mid-drifted, rarefied within the dragon?  
Nor has it been made visible that latitudes of consciousness,  
Inept around the heart spelled forth, are edible.

A warning: No god, of those remains shown on the dagger turning  
Simple wrath within the worm, should be sniffed from the flint.

Funerary table past acquaintance is no cause for parsimony's  
Being held the helpmeet turning hawk in blue and ripening  
Fruit that boundaries the sun. Send miners. Yourself to send,  
Digging in the groin of a moth, is, by solemn, yellowed, nibbled  
Feast of day, needless. To a canary's poppy laboured sleep of  
Wandered field belongs the thick, aurific sag of elephant costiveness.

Risk not in me, teetotum teaspoon pictograph, your toxic body  
Snatch technique; about which dew-knit gripping clothes are bound.  
Excepting Anglicized exempting paraphrasts revolving wax in sound,  
The pathetic human dragon is a pig impersonating loins tripartite.  
And further, is a prodigal of gaggles, and a brooder to a poke of  
Hens— excepting naked beauty on the Angle who solitary synonymic  
Translates rustling into solar second joyous gear.

Hear Ye, Londoners! The groan that voices abscess, death, and the  
Transport of angels as the carriage of germs is a breach of  
Etiquette.

Puissant in the crouch of one demeanor was the word that walked  
In likeness of a Man. Send the sped speed dorsal waters of His  
Word, imbricated safe corrosive, to the raven's tedium tor. Unstruggle  
Mountain maladjustments from the sister epicene retreat. Tedium.  
Tedium, tedium. We praise Thee scattered, O remotely middled God.  
Te Deum. Te Deum grass remembered men re-told. Te fibered Deum  
Cherished victim. Invincible Te levelled laboured Deum.

#### SOTHEBY'S: COPY C OF THE [FIRST] BOOK OF URIZEN

From *Sotheby's Catalogue / of / Valuable Printed Books / and / a Few Manuscripts / from the renowned Library / Formerly at Britwell Court / Burnham, Bucks / The Property of the Trustees of the Late S. R. Christie-Miller, Esq.:*

First Day

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Monday, 29th March, 1971

35 Blake (William) *The First Book of Urizen*, 25 plates on 25 unwatermarked

leaves (of 28--without plates 7, 8 and 16), PRINTED IN BRILLIANT COLOURS with thick opaque pigments and finished in places with watercolour washes, the text printed in sepia (first 2 plates) and green, brown morocco gilt, g.e., by Francis Bedford, the Gaisford copy (sale in our rooms 23 April 1890, lot 191)  
4to (303 mm by 240 mm) Lambeth, printed by Will. Blake, 1794

\*\*Copy C in Keynes & Wolf's census (*William Blake's Illuminated Books*, New York, 1953), where seven copies (and two fragments) are recorded: of these only two are complete, this being the only other copy which contains plate 4 ("Muster around the bleak desarts . . .").

The word "First" appears in the title, Preludium, and in the colophon; the lines "The web is a female in embryo . . ." (plate 25) and "All the seven deadly sins of the soul" (plate 4) are not erased.

Bound in after the title-page is another impression of plate 2 (Preludium), with the words "Preludium to the first book of" painted out, and with a painted border surrounding the figures added by Blake, who has also delicately heightened the figures with pen and brush; this plate is on different paper and is inlaid to size.

[See Colour Plate]

The colour plate referred to is a handsome full-page reproduction of the picture of the crouching Urizen which is plate 4 in the Trianon Press facsimile (of the Rosenwald copy).

Our thanks to Professor James Hart, Director of the Bancroft Library, for bringing this item to our attention.

*PIERRE BOUTANG'S WILLIAM BLAKE*

Professor André Le Vot of the Faculté des Lettres et Sciences Humaines, Université de Paris, sends us two newspaper articles concerning a new French translation and commentary on Blake by Pierre Boutang. We reprint them in full, with thanks to Prof. Lee Johnson of the University of New Mexico for his translations:

[*Le Monde*, 20 November 1970, p. 17]

*Between Holderlin and Nietzsche*

*William Blake, by Pierre Boutang\**

At the same time a commentary, a text, and a translation of the work of William Blake, Pierre Boutang's book will rapidly become an indispensable work with regard to its principal subject, stimulating in its explications, even provoking, because the manner of the author is so incisive and controversial.

Besides his uncommon qualities as a writer, there is the added interest of Boutang's reflection on the diverse philosophical, religious, and literary ideas which