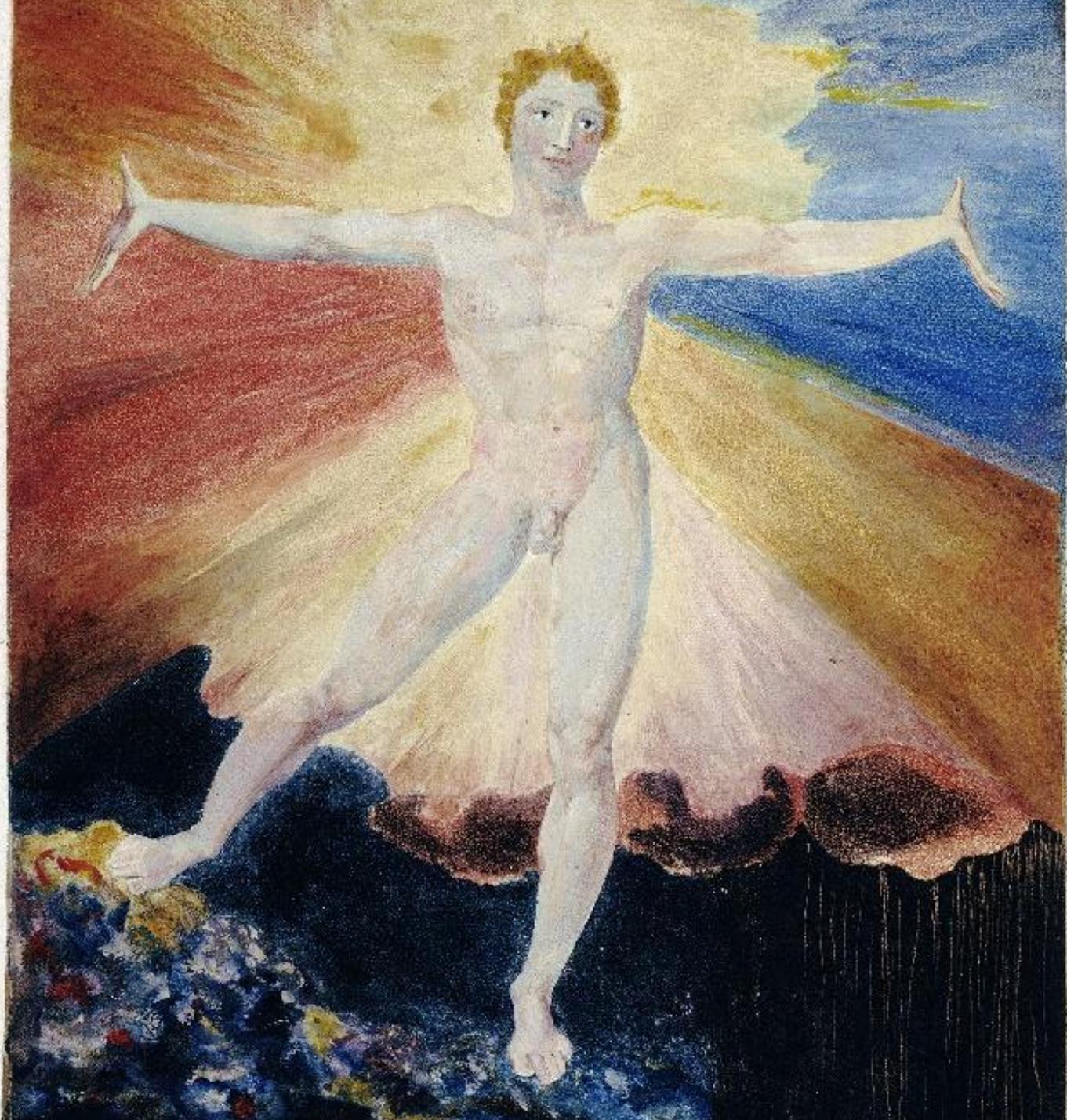




У. БЛЕЙК

Альбион восстал

1780





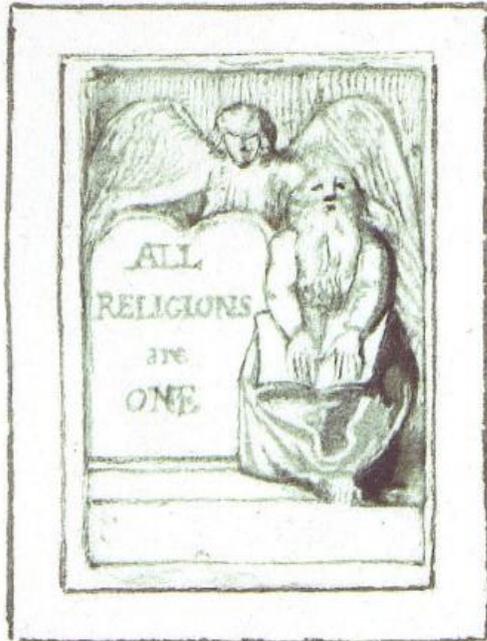
CATHERINE & WILLIAM BLAKE,

*From two Pencil Outlines by Blake, in the M.S. Note-book belonging to Mr. Rossetti.
Drawn by Fred. J. Shields.*

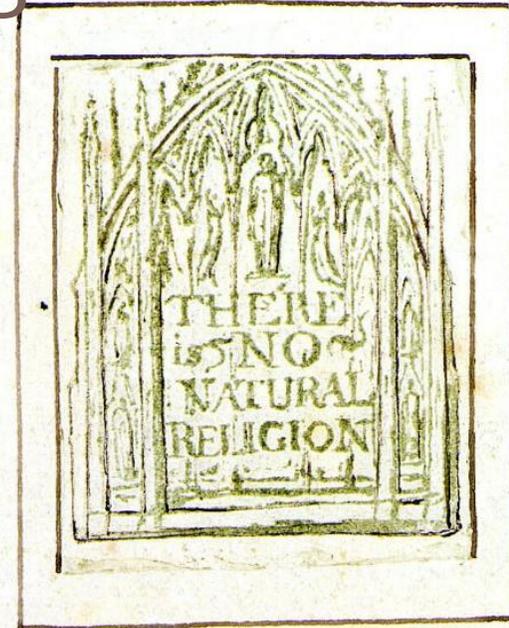
TO MORNING. 1783

O holy virgin! clad in purest white,
Unlock heav'n's golden gates, and issue forth;
Awake the dawn that sleeps in heaven; let light
Rise from the chambers of the east, and bring
The honied dew that cometh on waking day.
O radiant morning, salute the sun,
Rouz'd like a huntsman to the chace; and, with
Thy buskin'd feet, appear upon our hills.

Все религии суть одна
1788



Не существует
Естественной религии
1788



ТИРИЭЛЬ

1789

Так старый Тириэль стоял у врат своих пышных чертогов,

Где с Миратаной, королевой западных владений,
Когда-то правил он. Теперь его ослепли вежды,

И близок королевы смертный час. И глас вознёс он
Так, что услышали сыны у врат своих далёких:

«Проклятый Тириэлев род, сыны мои, придите,
Взгляните на отца, на мать, что родила вас в муках,

На ту, что я принёс к вам в немощных руках своих.
Сюда, проклятые, близка смерть нашей Миратаны!»

Ворота распахнув, сыны на зов его сбежались,
И Тириэля старший сын вознёс могучий голос:

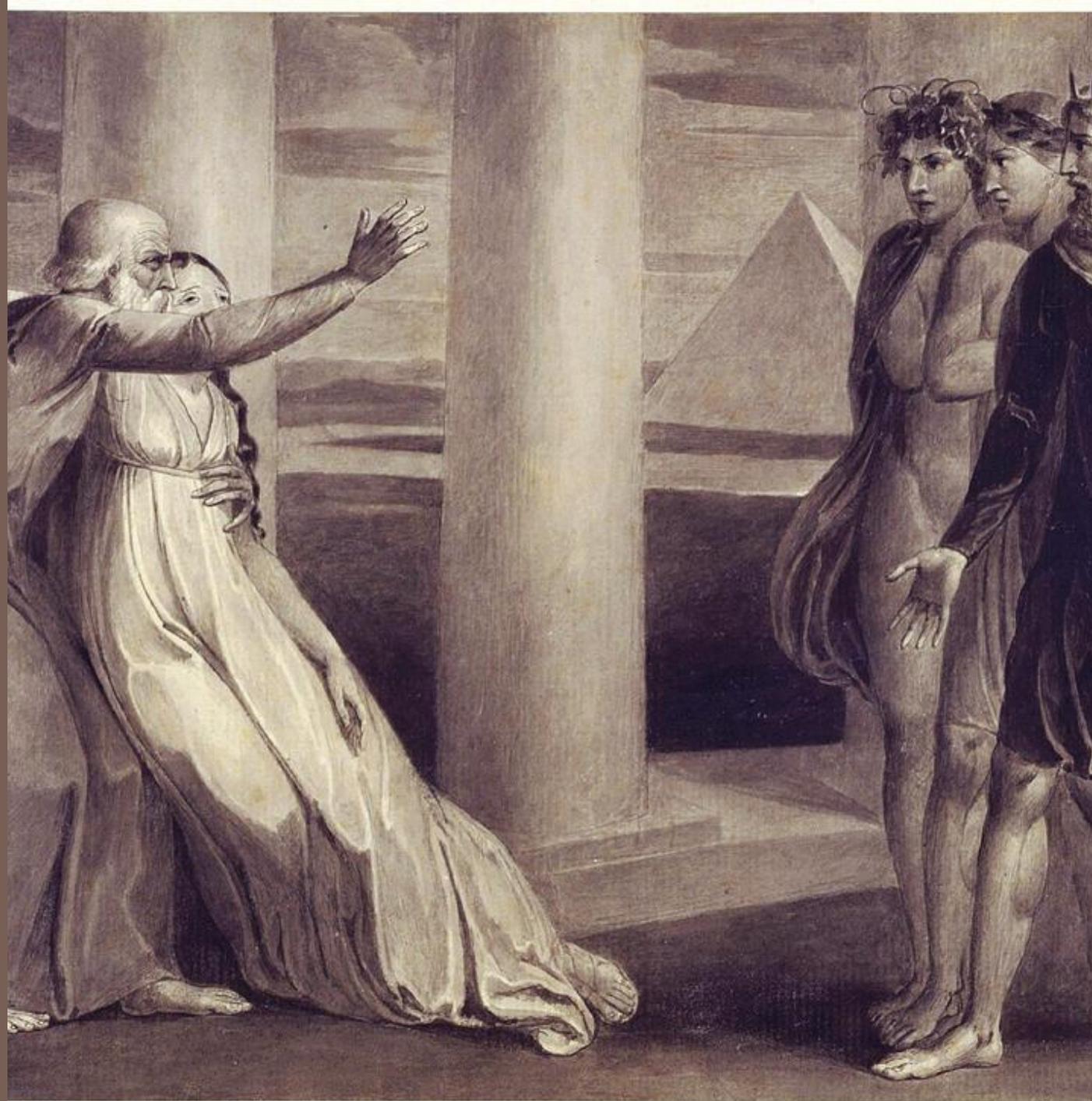
«Старик, ты недостоин быть отцом своих потомков!
Морщина каждая твоя и каждый белый волос

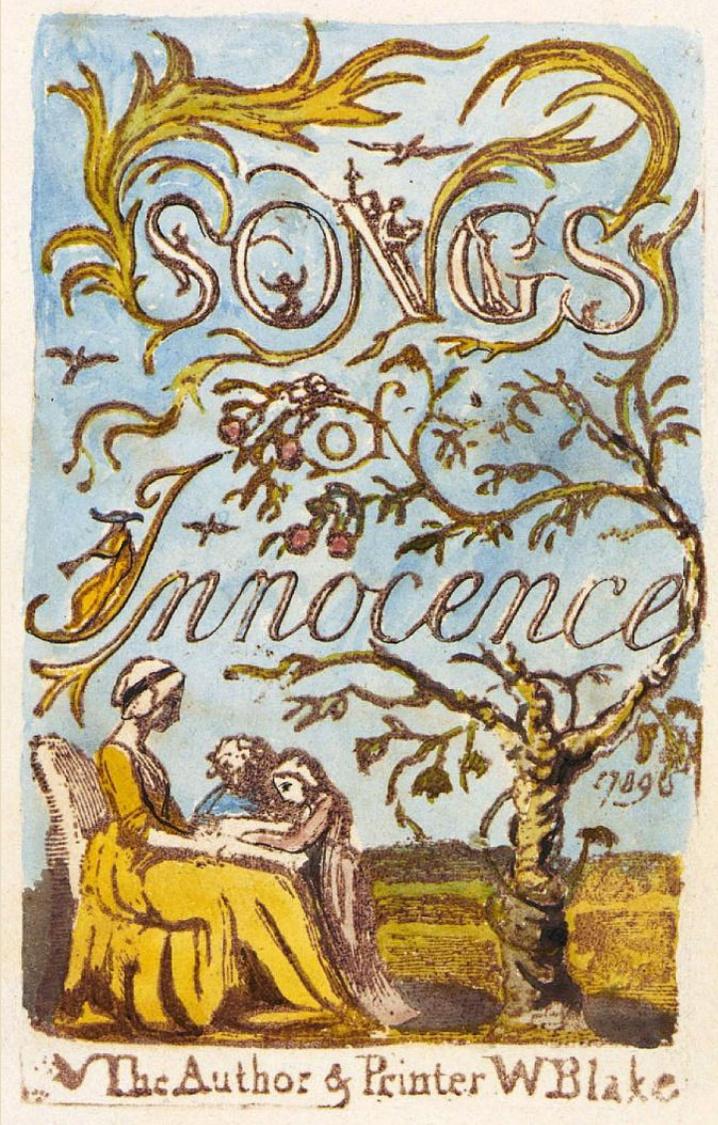
Страшны, как смерть, мучительны, как пламя
преисподней.

Кому теперь какое дело до твоих проклятий?

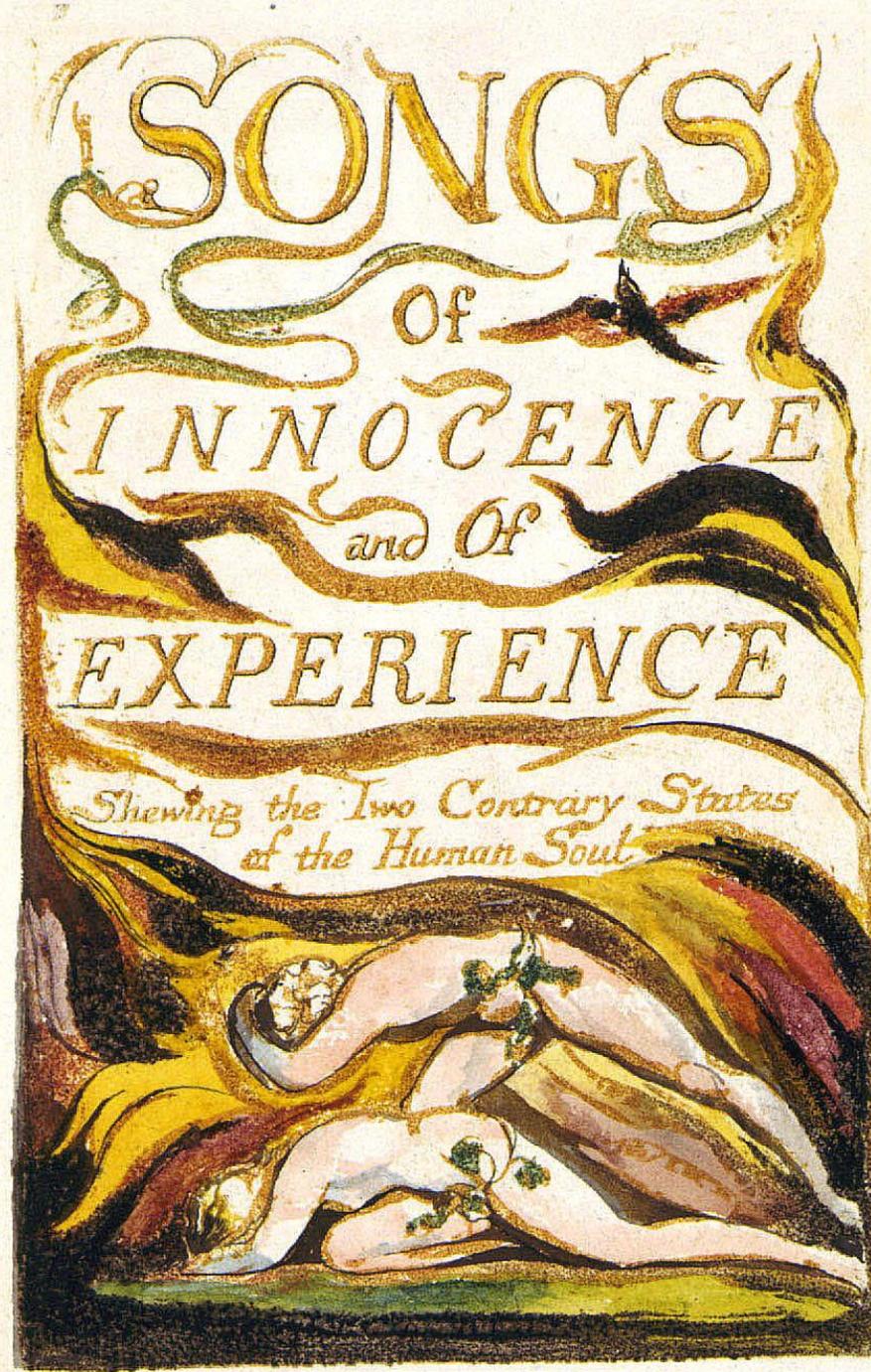
Мы не рабы твои с тех пор, как свергли Тириэля,

Чья милость, как жестокий бич, чей гнев –
благословенье!»

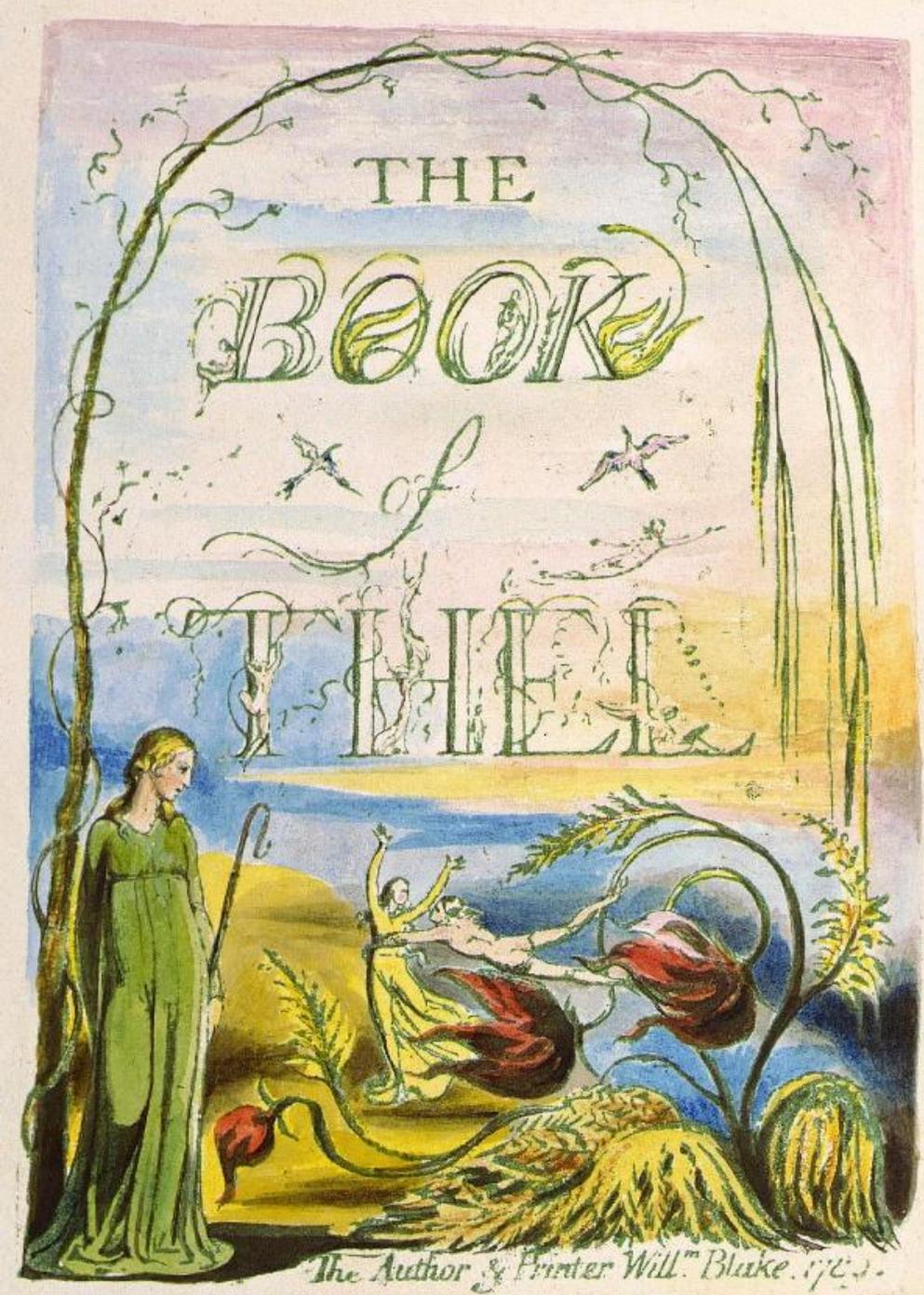




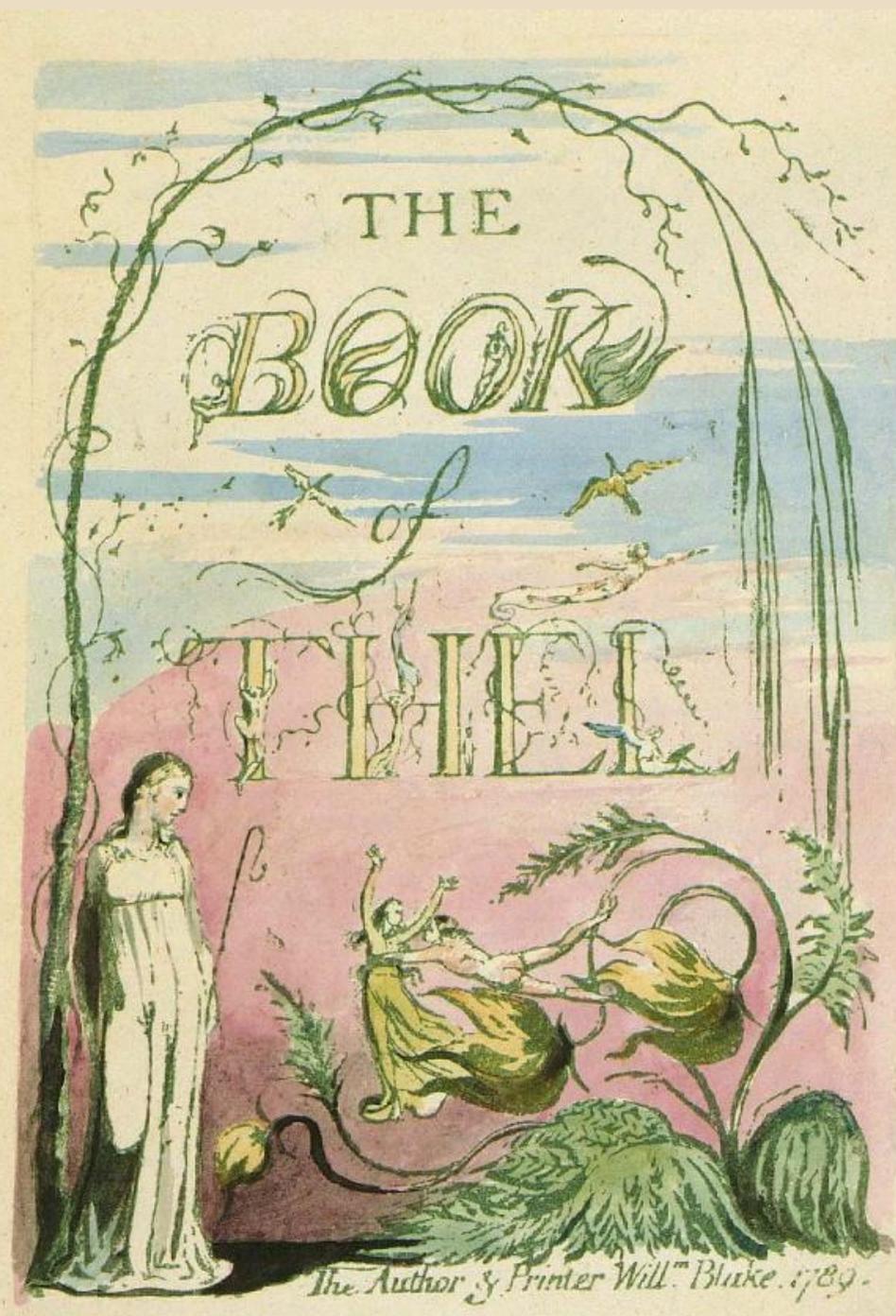
Песни Невинности
1789

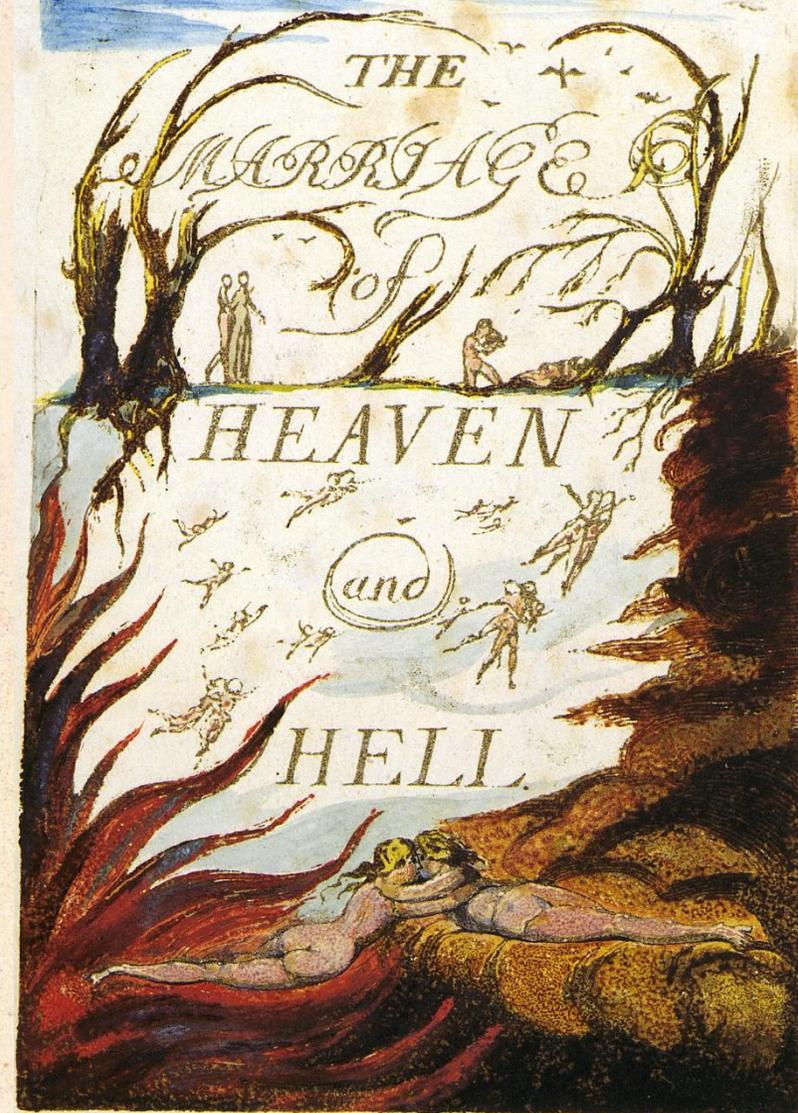
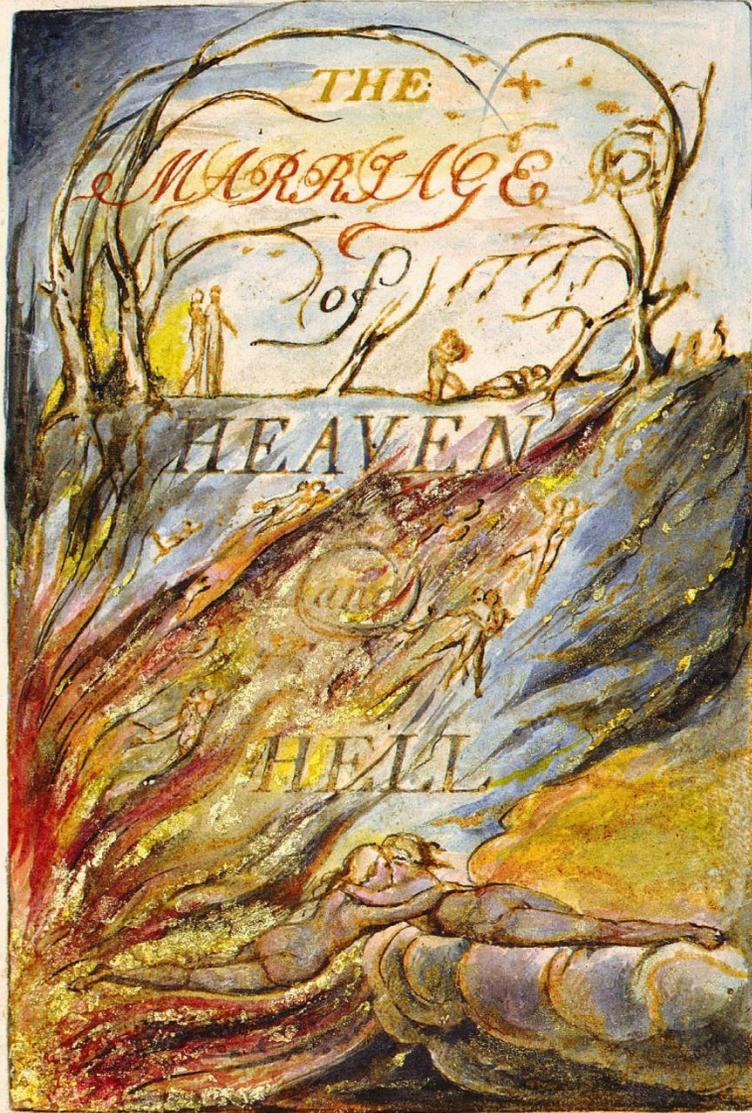


Песни Опыта
1794



Книга
Тэль
1789





Бракосочетание Рая и Ада
1790

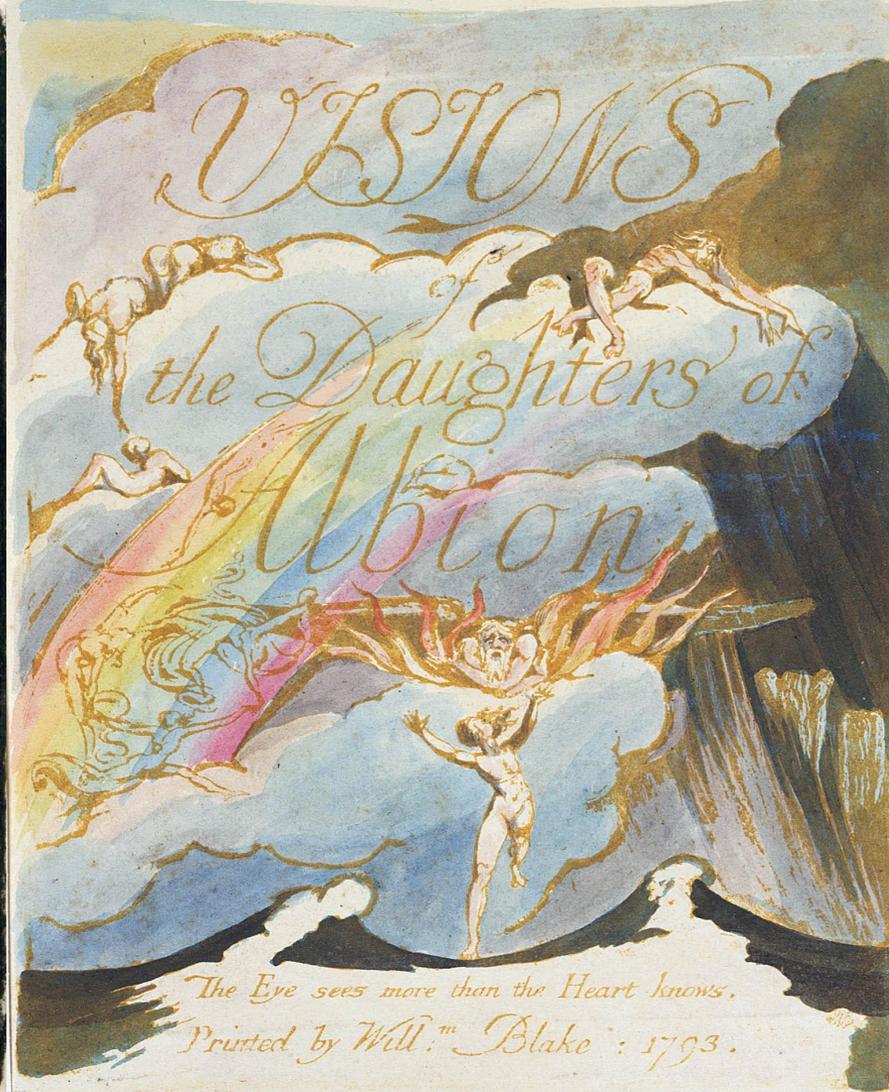
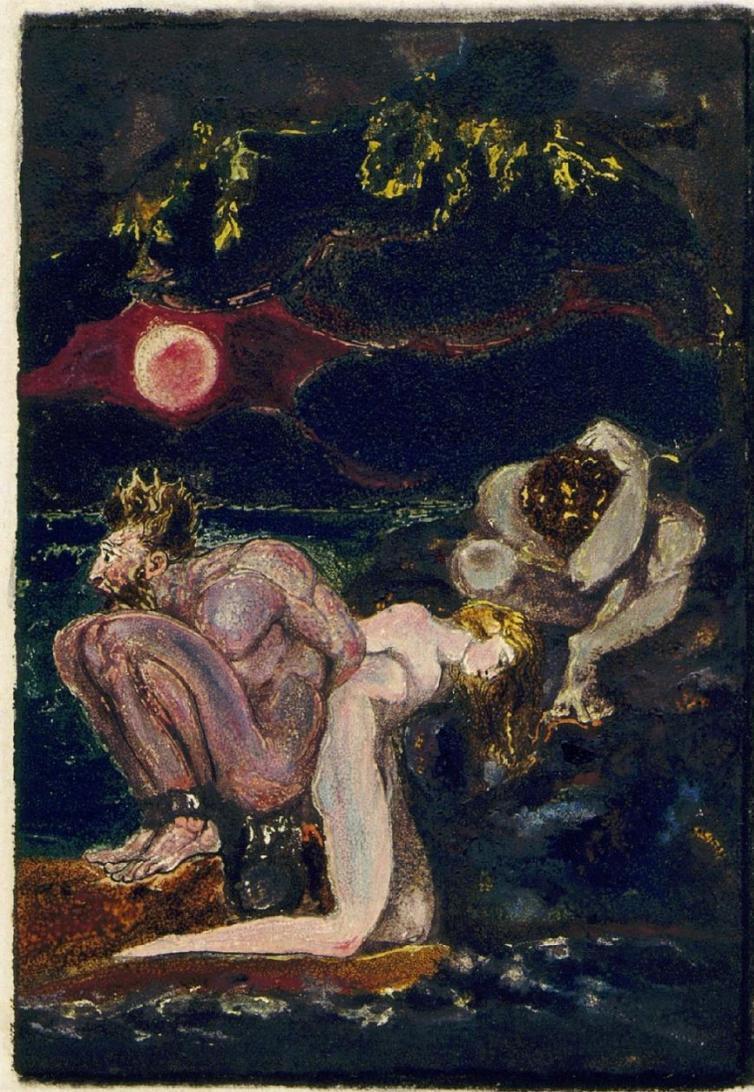
Французская революция

1791

Топот и грохот, фанфары и трубы качнули дворцовые стены.
Бледный и жалкий, Король восседал в окруженье испуганных пэров,
Сердце не билось, и кровь не струилась, и тьма опечатала веки
Черной печатью; предсмертной испариной тело и члены покрылись;
Пэры вокруг громоздились, как мертвые горы, как мертвые чащи,
Или как мертвые реки. Тритоны, и жабы, и змеи возились
Возле державных колен и сквозь пальцы державной ноги подползали,
Ближе к державной гадюке, забравшейся в мантию, дабы оттуда
С каменным взором шипеть, потрясая французские чащи;
настало
Всеотворенье Всемирного Дна и восстанье архангелов спящих;
Встал исполинский мертвец и раздул надо всеми их бледное пламя.

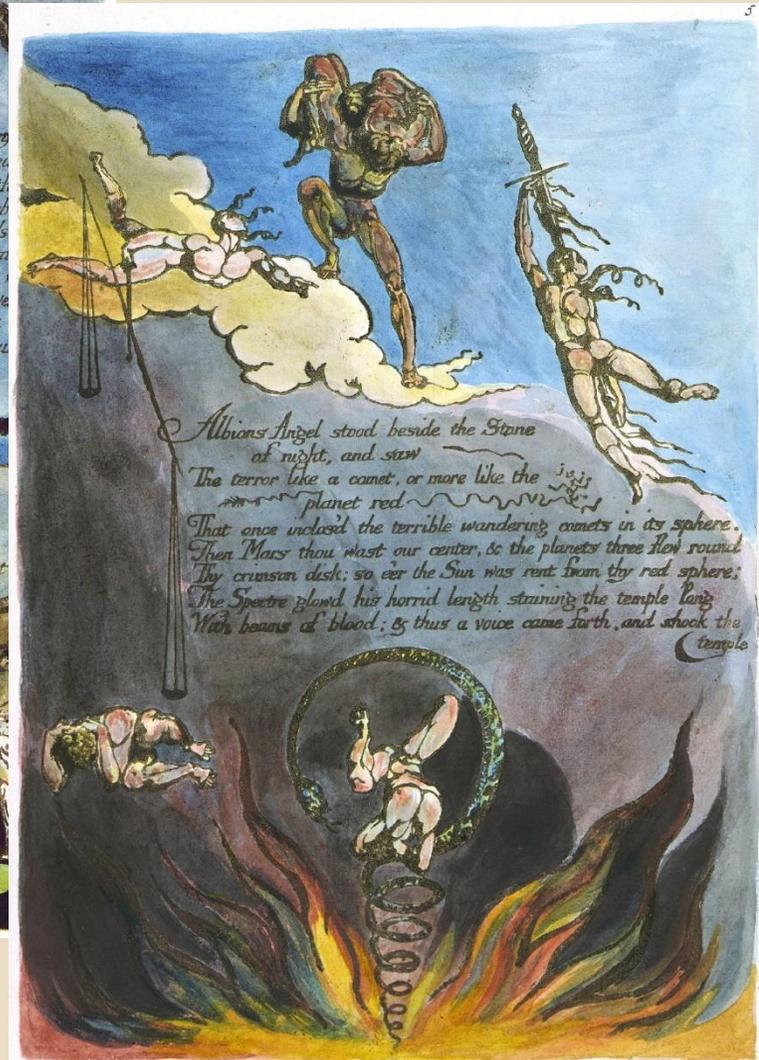
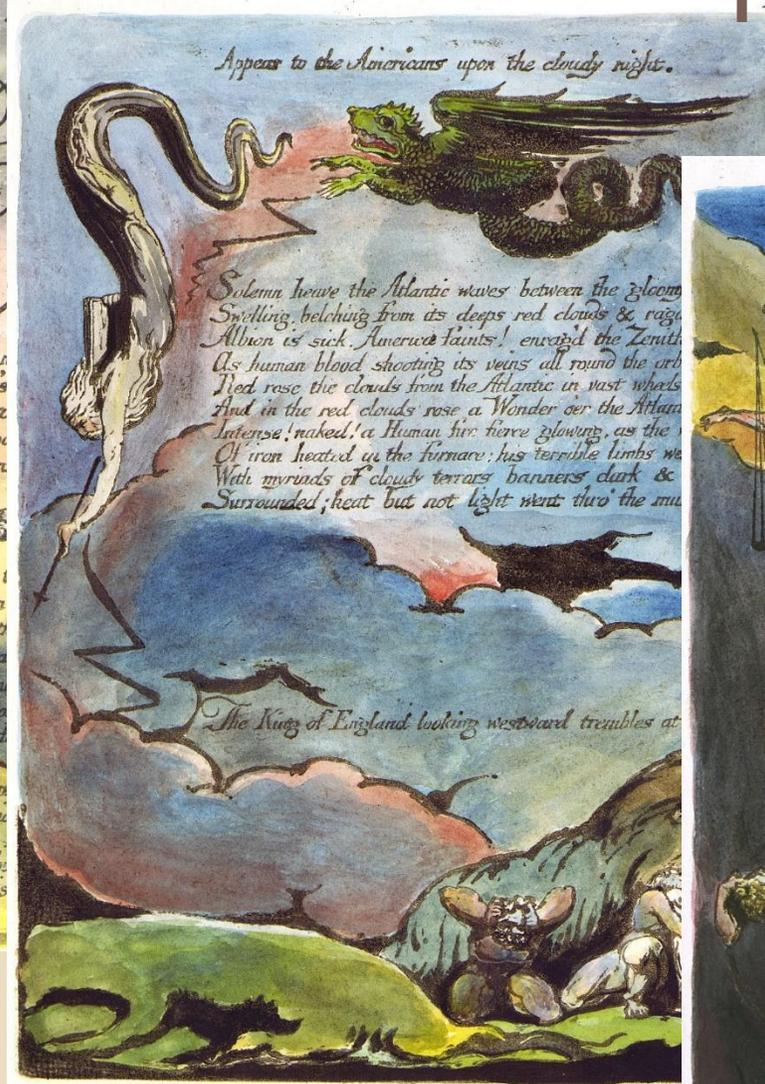
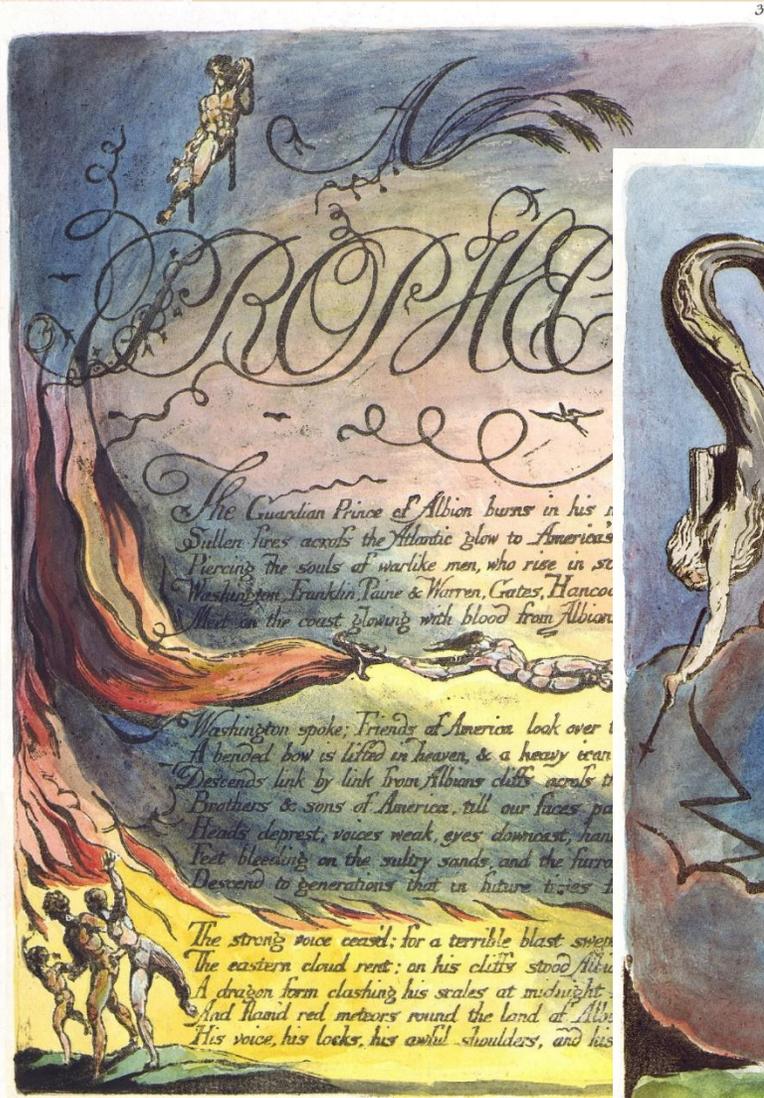
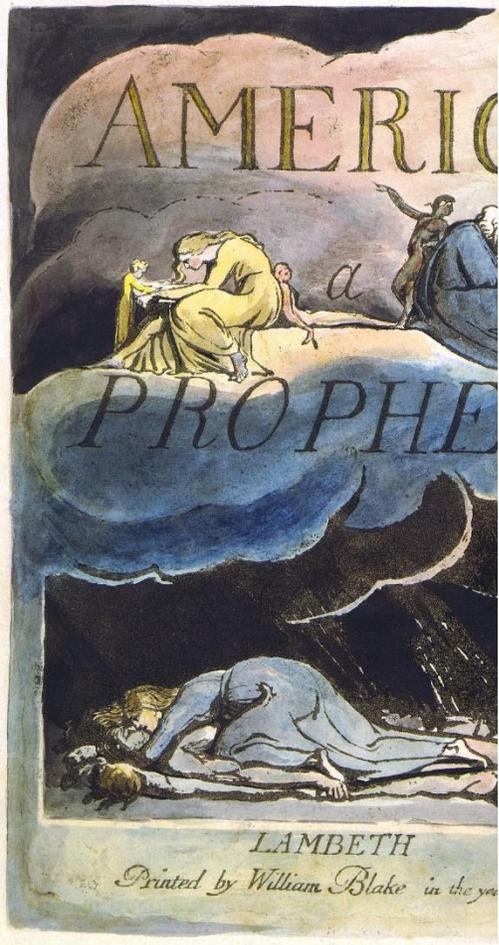
Жар его сжег стены Лувра, растаяла мертвая кровь, заструилась.
В гневе очнулся Король и дремотные пэры, узрев запустенье:
Лувр без единой души, и Париж без солдат и в глубоком





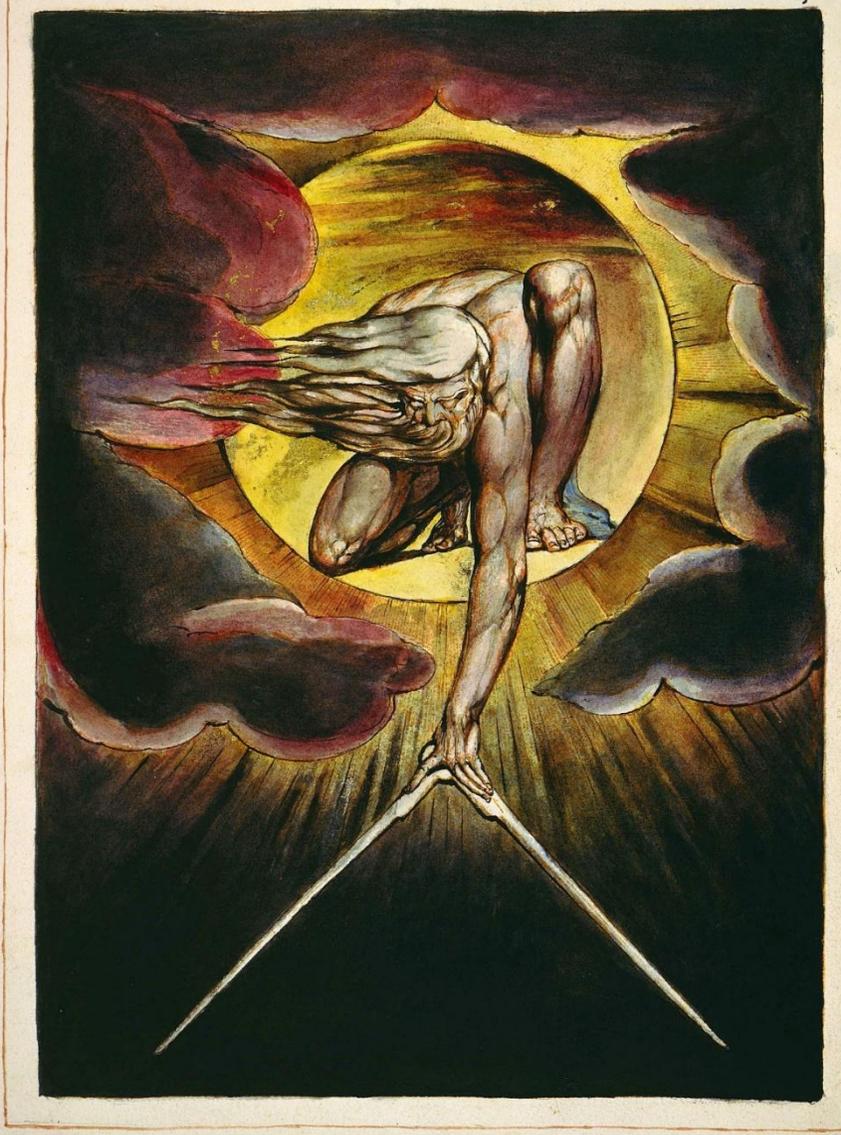
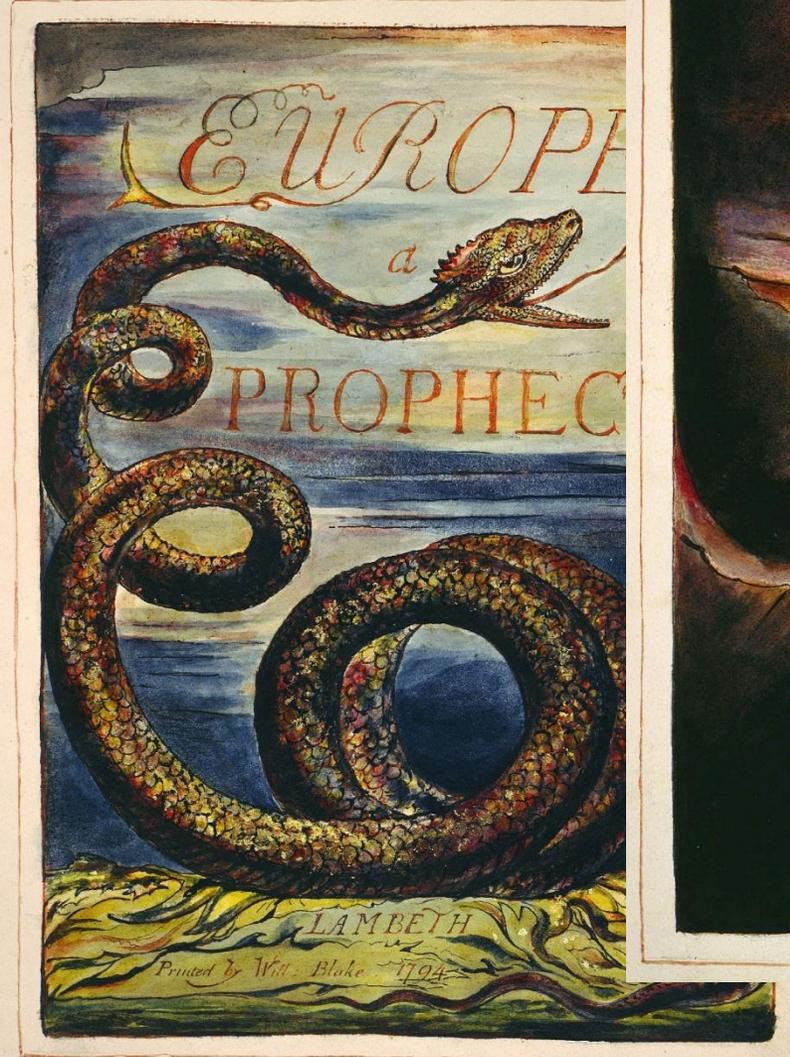
Видения Дщерей Альбиона
1793

Америка. Пророчество

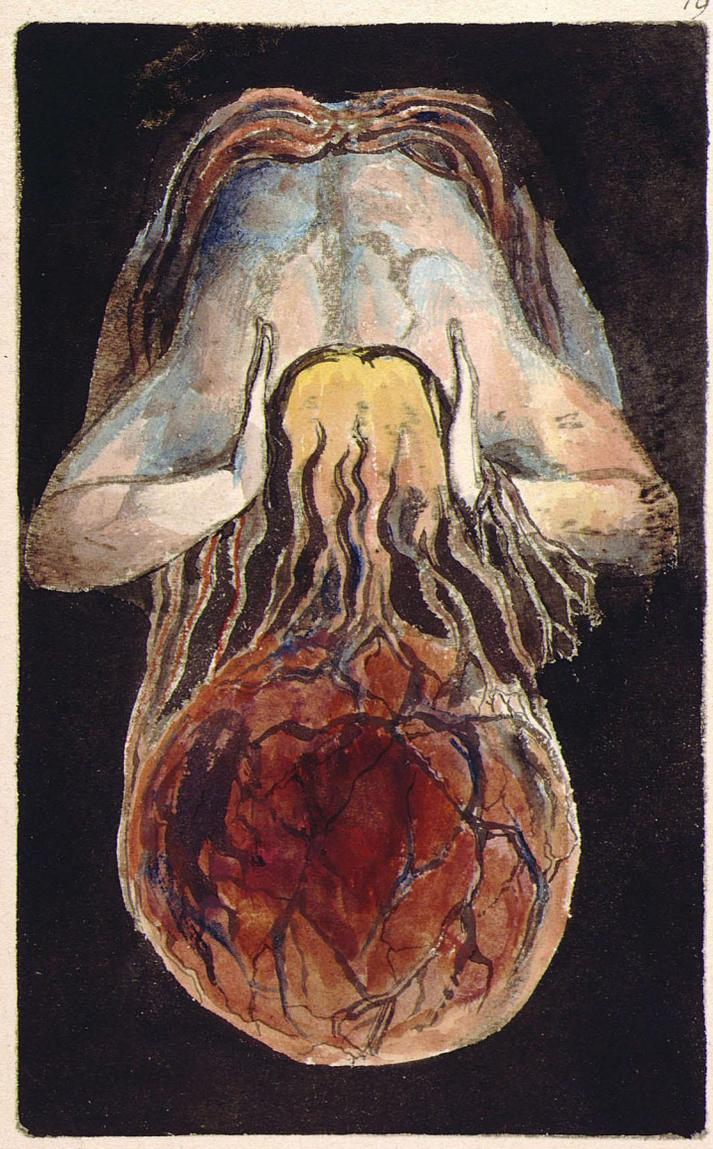
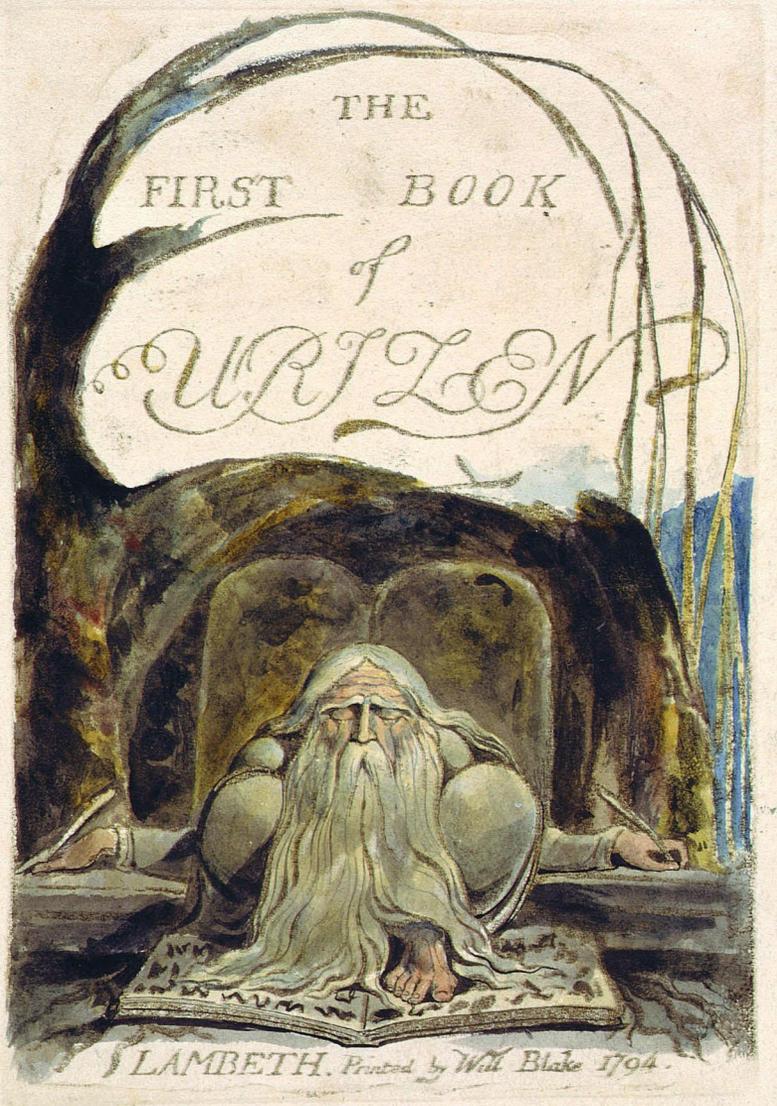


1793

Европа. Пророчество



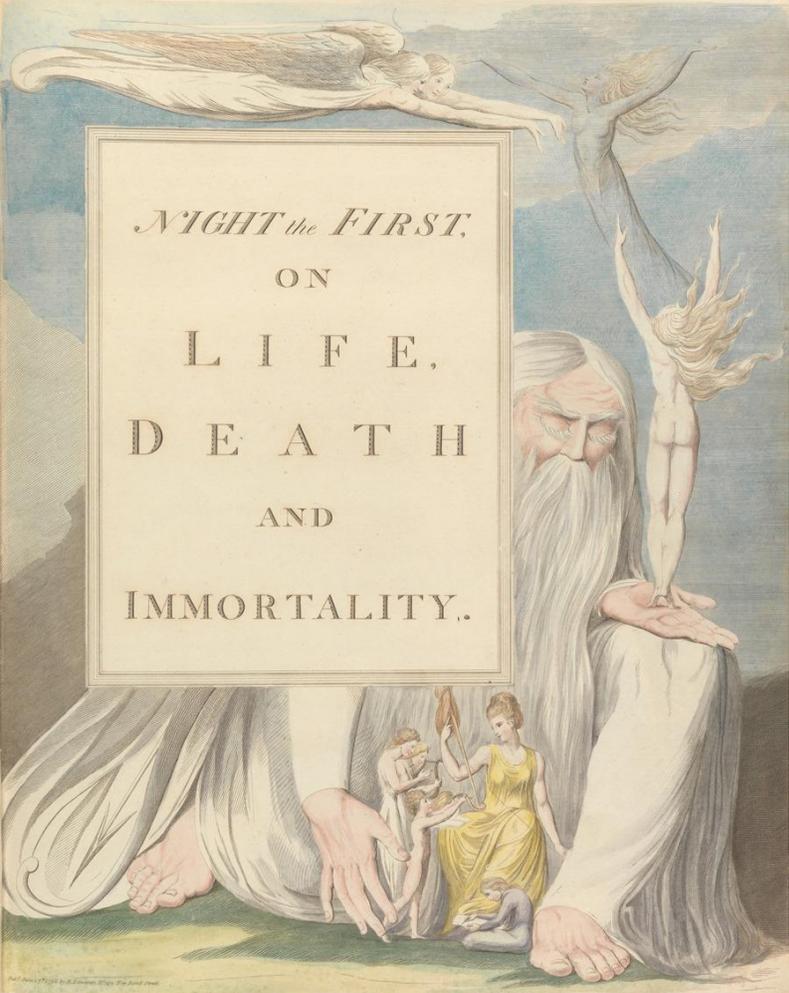
1794



Книга Уризена 1794

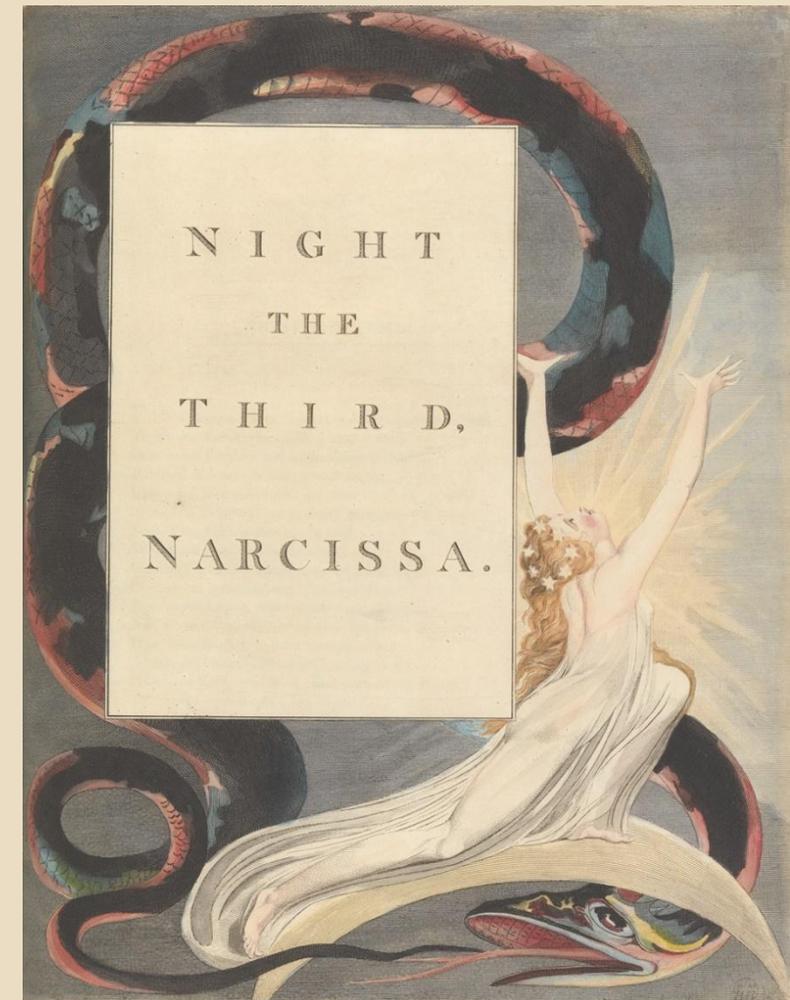
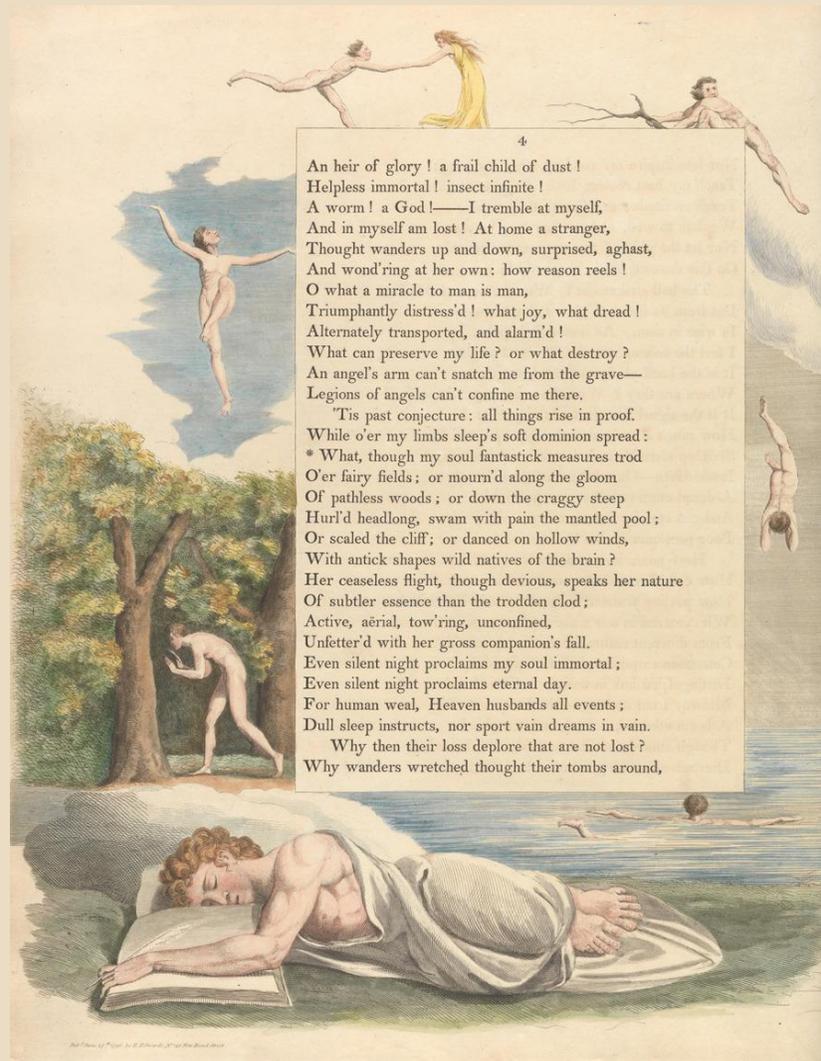
НЬЮТОН 1795

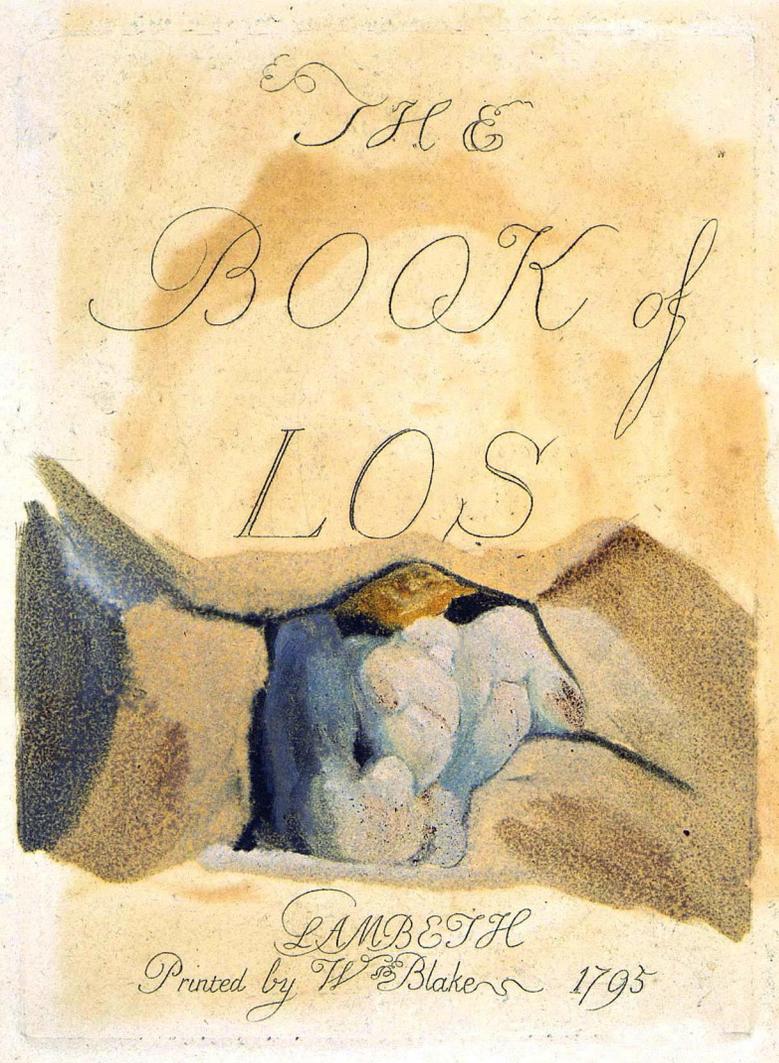




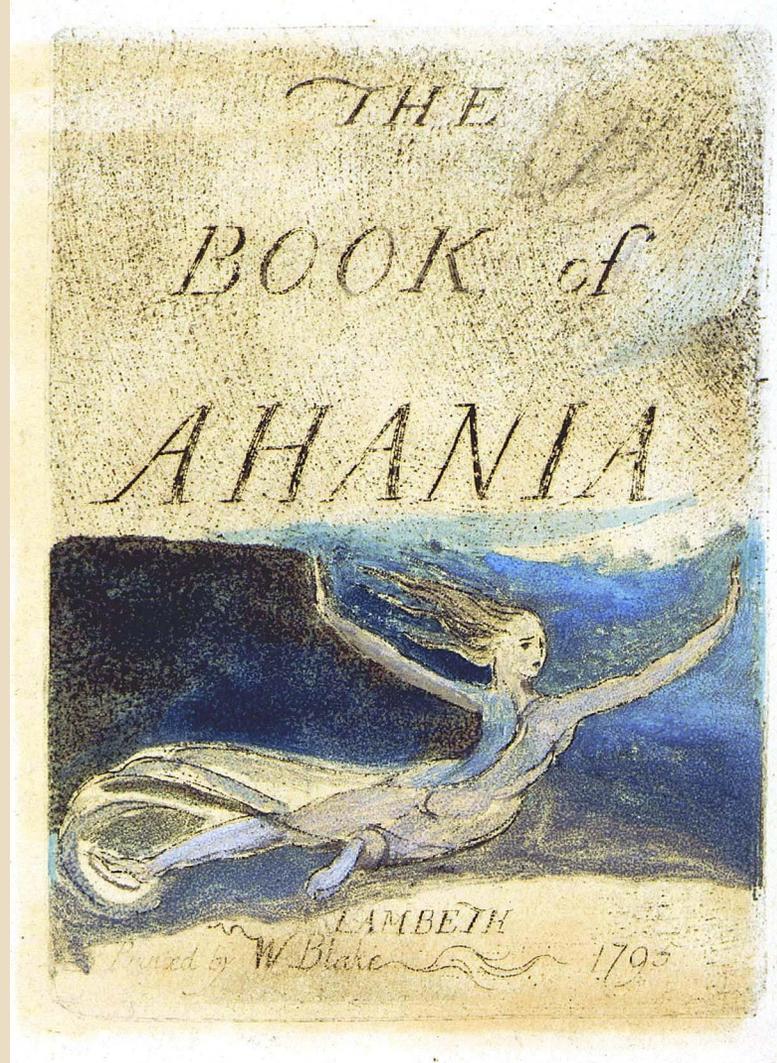
Иллюстрации к «Ночным мыслям» Э. Янга

1795-1797 гг.

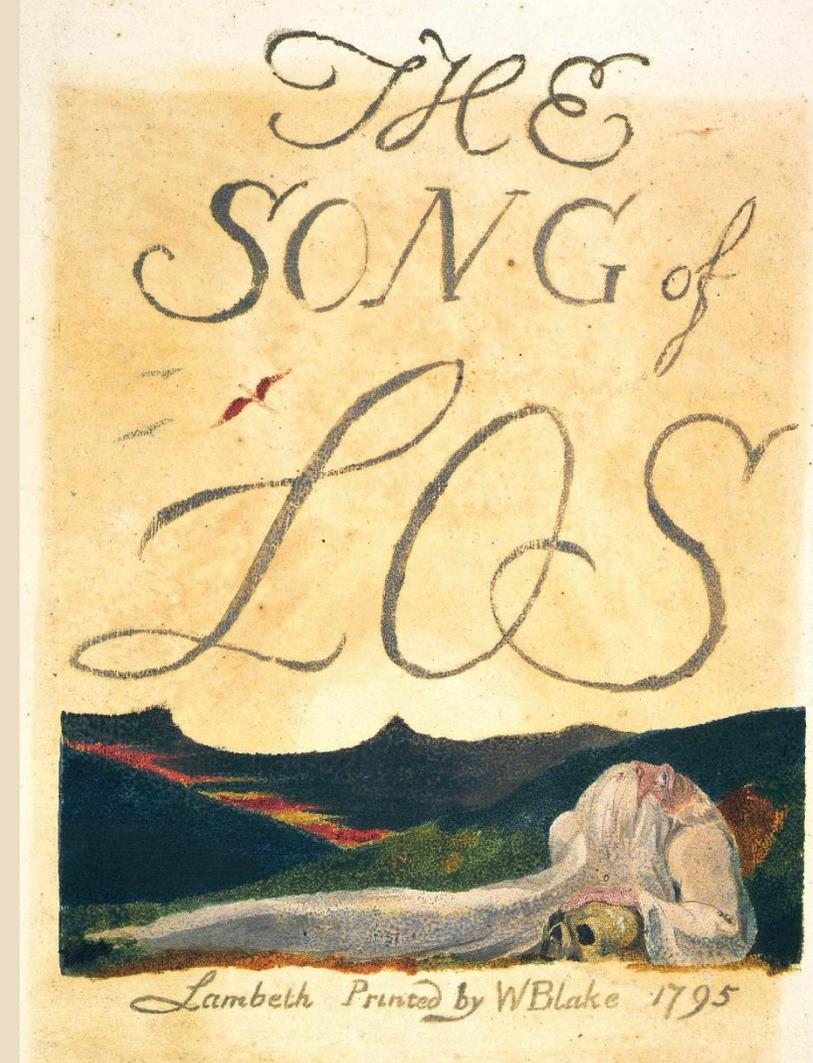




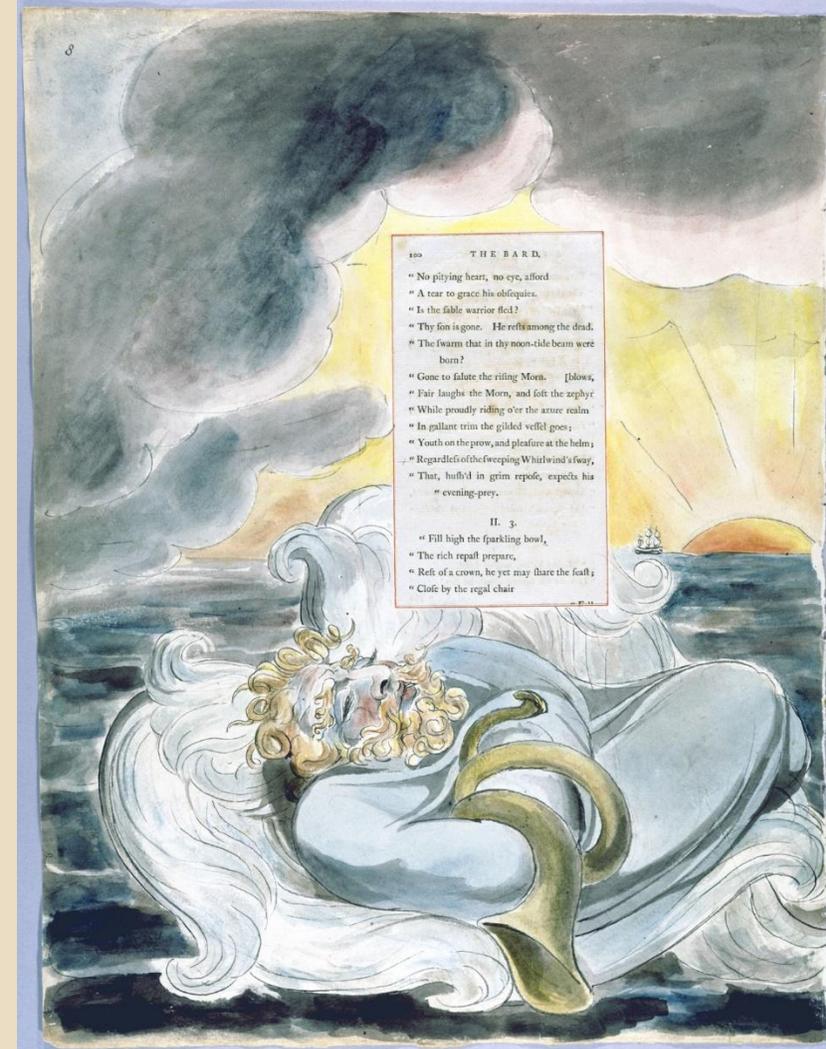
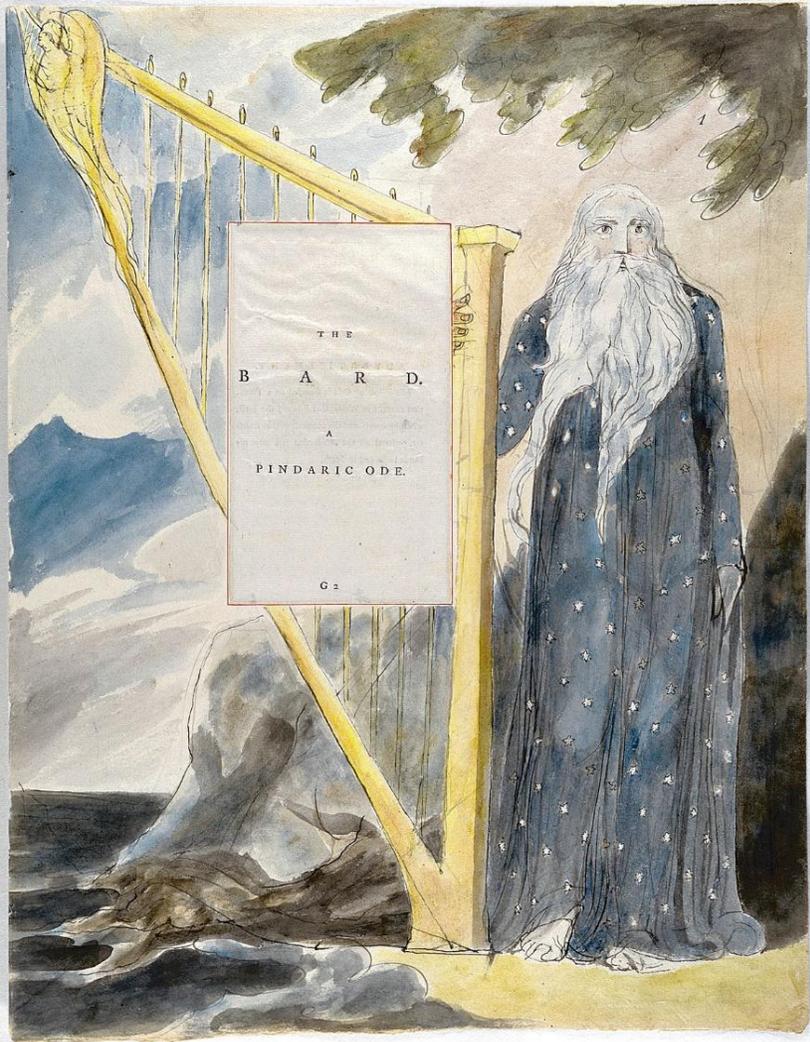
Книга Лоса
1795



Книга Ахании
1795



Песнь Лоса
1795



Иллюстрации к стихам Томаса Грея
1797-1978



Навуходоносор
1795-1805

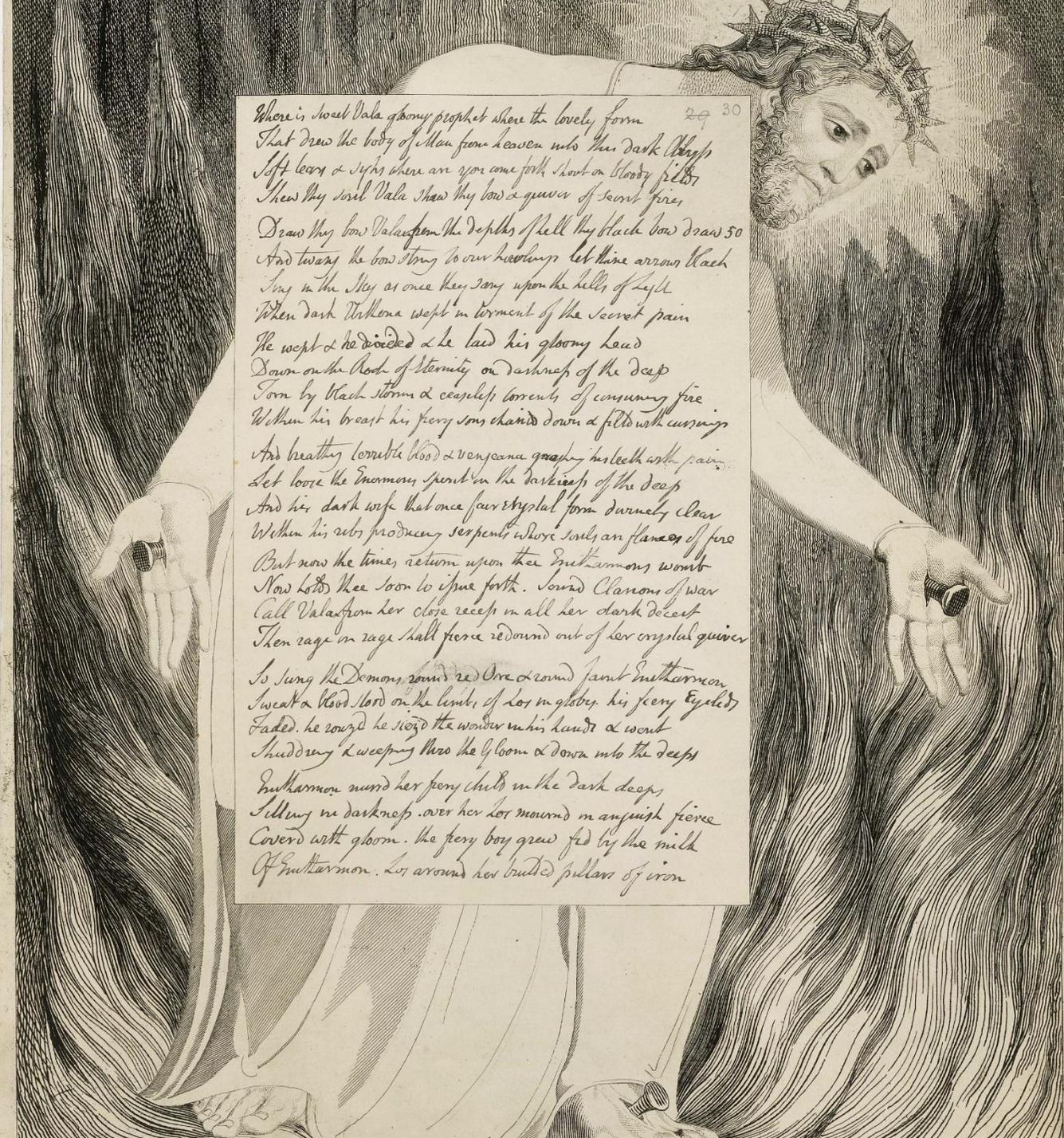
Вала или Четыре Зоа

1796-1807

Уселся Лос у наковальни, а они у горна,
Лос, пот смахнув с пылающего лба, речь обратил
К струящим свет, неуловимым женским очертаниям:

«Я призрачный Пророк шесть тысяч лет тому назад
Свой пост оставивший в глубинах Вечности. Делил я
Себя на множества — создания они Заботы и Труда!
О Рахаб, знай, и я тебе подобен был. Дитя
Гордыни, как и ты, пронзал я в гордом гневе Агнца Божьего.
Внемли ж тому, что Отпрыскам своим твержу: придёшь ты к
покаянью!

Вот Лоса с Энитармон Сыновья — тут Ринтра, Паламаброн,
Теотормон и Бромиион, Антамон, Анантон, Озот, Охана,
Сота, Мидон, Эллайол, Нато, Гон, Хархат и Сатана,
Хар, Охим, Иджим и Адам, Рубен, Симон и Левий, и Иуда, Дан
и Нафтали,
Гад, Ашер, Иссахар, Зебулун, Йосиф, Веньямин, Давид и
Соломон,
И Павел с Константином, Карл и Лютер, Мильтон;
А вот и дочери: Окалитрон, Элиниттрия и Утуна, Левта,
Элителия, Энанто, Манату, Ворцион, Этинтус, Моаб, Мидиан,
Адах и Циля, Каина, Наамах, Тамар и Рахаб, Тирза и Мария,
И — множество других Сынов и Дочерей. И наша к ним
любовь,



Where is sweet Vala gloomy prophet where the lovely form 29 30
That drew the body of Man from heaven into this dark Abyss
Soft tears & sighs where an you come forth, look on bloody fields
Shew thy soul Vala shew thy bow & quiver of secret fires
Draw thy bow Vala from the depths of Hell thy black bow draw so
And twang the bow string to our bowstrings let thine arrows black
Lay in the Sky as once they sang upon the hills of height
When dark Vithena wept in torment of the secret pain
He wept & he divided & he laid his gloomy head
Down on the Rock of eternity on darkness of the deep
Torn by black storm & ceaseless currents of consuming fire
Within his breast his fiery sons chained down & filled with cunning
And breathing terrible blood & vengeance gnawing insidiously with pain
Let loose the enormous spirit in the darkness of the deep
And his dark wife that once fair crystal form dunnely clear
Within his ribs producing serpents whose souls are flames of fire
But now the times return upon thee Enitharmion womb
Now hold thee soon to issue forth. sound Clamors of war
Call Vala from her close recess in all her dark descent
Then rage in rage shall fierce redound out of her crystal quiver
To slay the Demon, round red Ore & round faint Enitharmion
Sweat & blood shed on the limbs of Los in glory his fiery Eyed
Faded, he sought he seized the wonder in his hands & went
Shuddering & weeping thro the gloom & down into the deeps
Enitharmion nursed her fiery child in the dark deeps
Sitting in darkness over her Los moulded in anguish fierce
Coverd with gloom. the fiery boy grew fed by the milk
Of Enitharmion. Los around her bruted pillars of iron

1805







Daughters of Beulah! Muses who inspire the Poets Sa
Record the journey of immortal Milton thro' your Realm
Of terror & mild moony lustre, in soft sexual delusion
Of varied beauty, to delight the wanderer and repose.
His burning thirst & freezing hunger! Come into my ha
By your wild power; descending down the Nerves of my right
From out the Portals of my Brain, where by your ministry
The Eternal Great Humanity Divine, planted his Paradise.
And in it caus'd the Spectres of the Dead to take sweet
In likeness of himself. Tell also of the False Tongue, vegeta
Beneath your land of shadows; of its sacrifices, and
Its offerings; even till Jesus, the image of the Invisible G
Became its prey; a curse, an offering, and an atonement
For Death Eternal, in the heavens of Albion, & before the G
Of Jerusalem his Emanation, in the heavens beneath Be

Say first! what mov'd Milton, who walk'd about in Eternu
One hundred years, pondring the intricate mazes of Prom
Unhappy tho' in heav'n, he obey'd, he murmur'd not, he was sile
Viewing his Sixfold Emanation scatter'd thro' the deep
In torment! To go into the deep her to redeem & himself per
What cause at length mov'd Milton to this unexampled de
A Bards prophetic Song! for sitting at eternal tables
Terrific among the Sons of Albion in chorus solemn & l
A Bard broke forth! all sat attentive to the awful ma

Mark well my words! they are of your eternal salvati

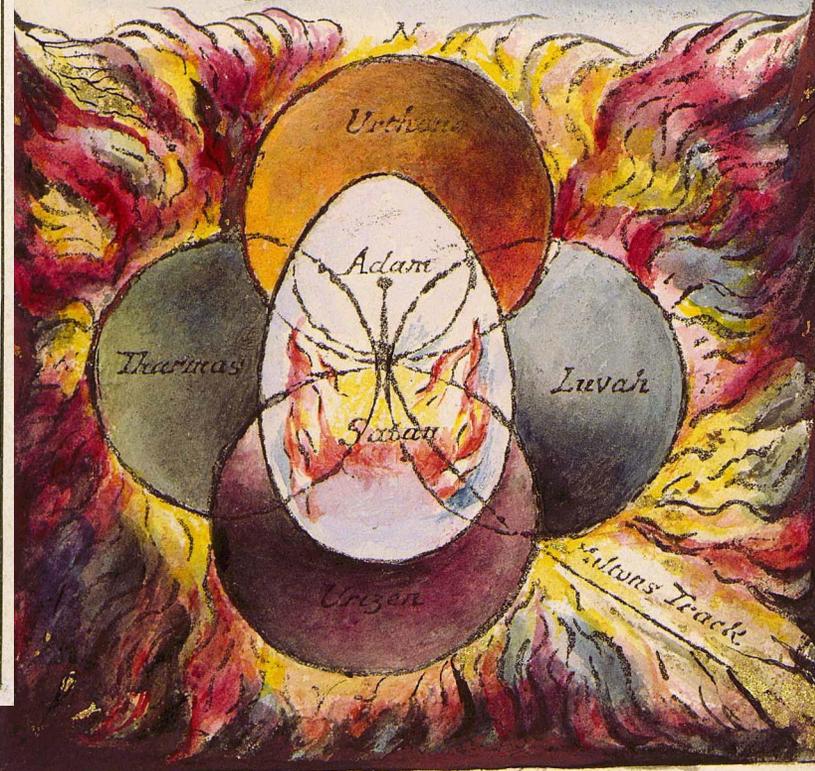
Three Classes are Created by the Hammer of Los, & Wit



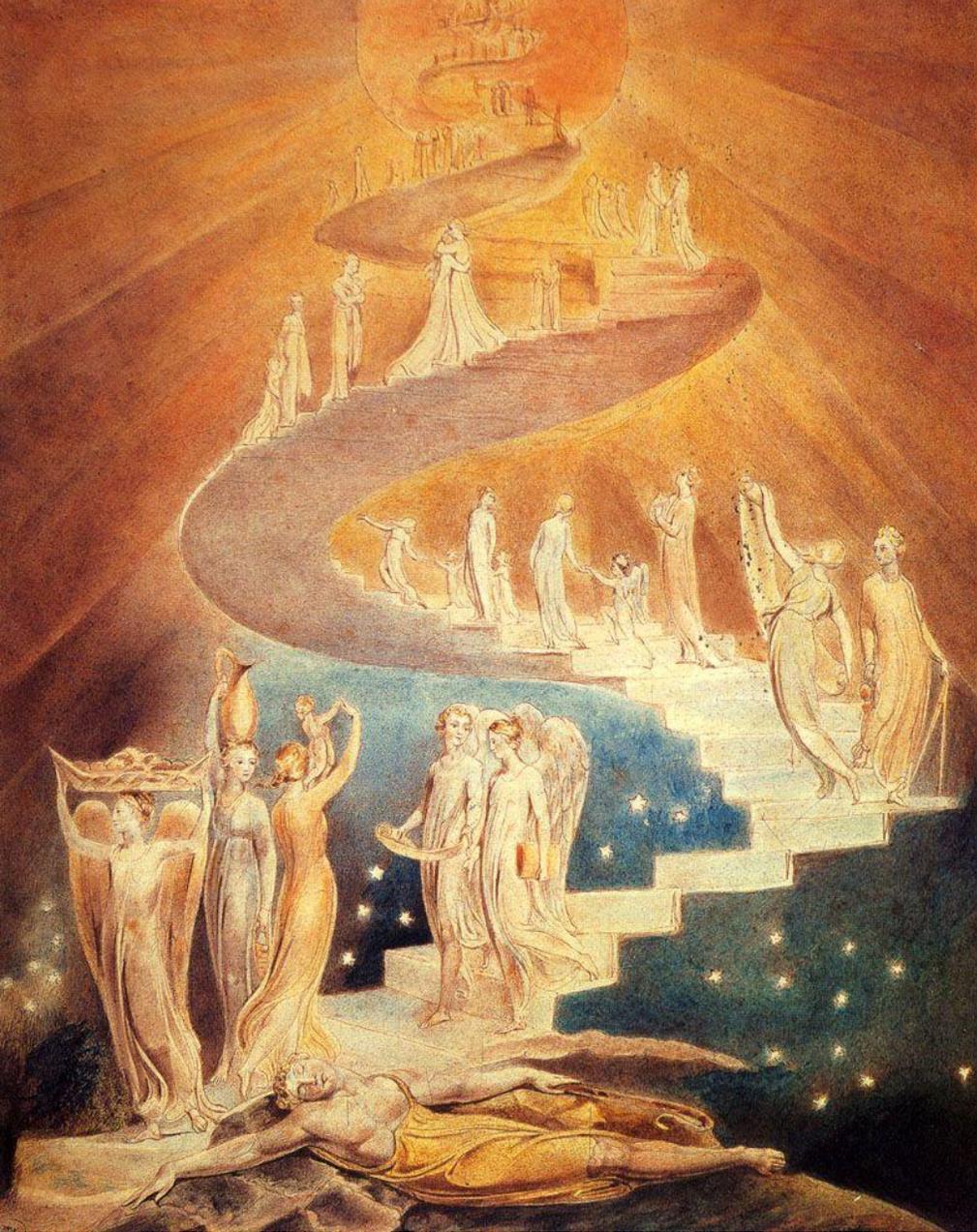
And the Divine Voice was heard in the Songs of Beulah Say

When I first Married you, I gave you all my whole Soul
I thought, that you would love my loves & joy in my delights
Feeling for pleasures in my pleasures O Daughter of Babylon
Then thou wast lovely, mild & gentle, now thou art terrible
In jealousy & unlovely in my sight, because thou hast cruelly
Cut off my loves in fury till I have no love left for thee
Thy love depends on him thou lovest & on his dear loves
Depend thy pleasures which thou hast cut off by jealousy
Therefore I shew my Jealousy & set before you Death
Behold Milton descended to Redeem the Female, Stride
From Death Eternal; such your lot, to be continually Redeem'd
By death & misery of those you love & by Annihilation
When the Sixfold Female perceives that Milton annihilates
Himself; that seeing all his loves by her cut off; he leaves
Her also; intirely abstracting himself from Female loves
She shall relent in fear of death; She shall begin to give
Her maidens to her husband; delighting in his delight
And then & then alone begins the happy Female joy
As it is done in Beulah, & thou O Virgin Babylon Mother of who
Shalt bring Jerusalem in thine arms in the night watches; and
No longer turning her a wandering Harlot in the streets
Shalt give her into the arms of God your Lord & Husband.

Such are the Songs of Beulah in the Lamentations of Ololon



Мильтон
1804-1811



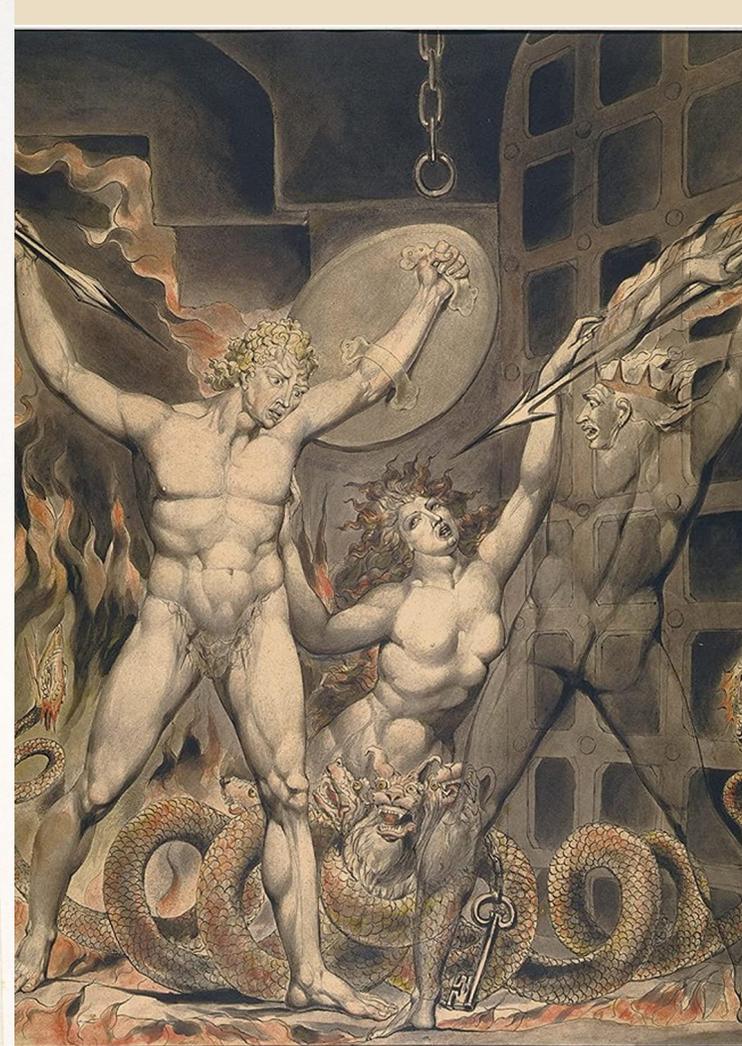
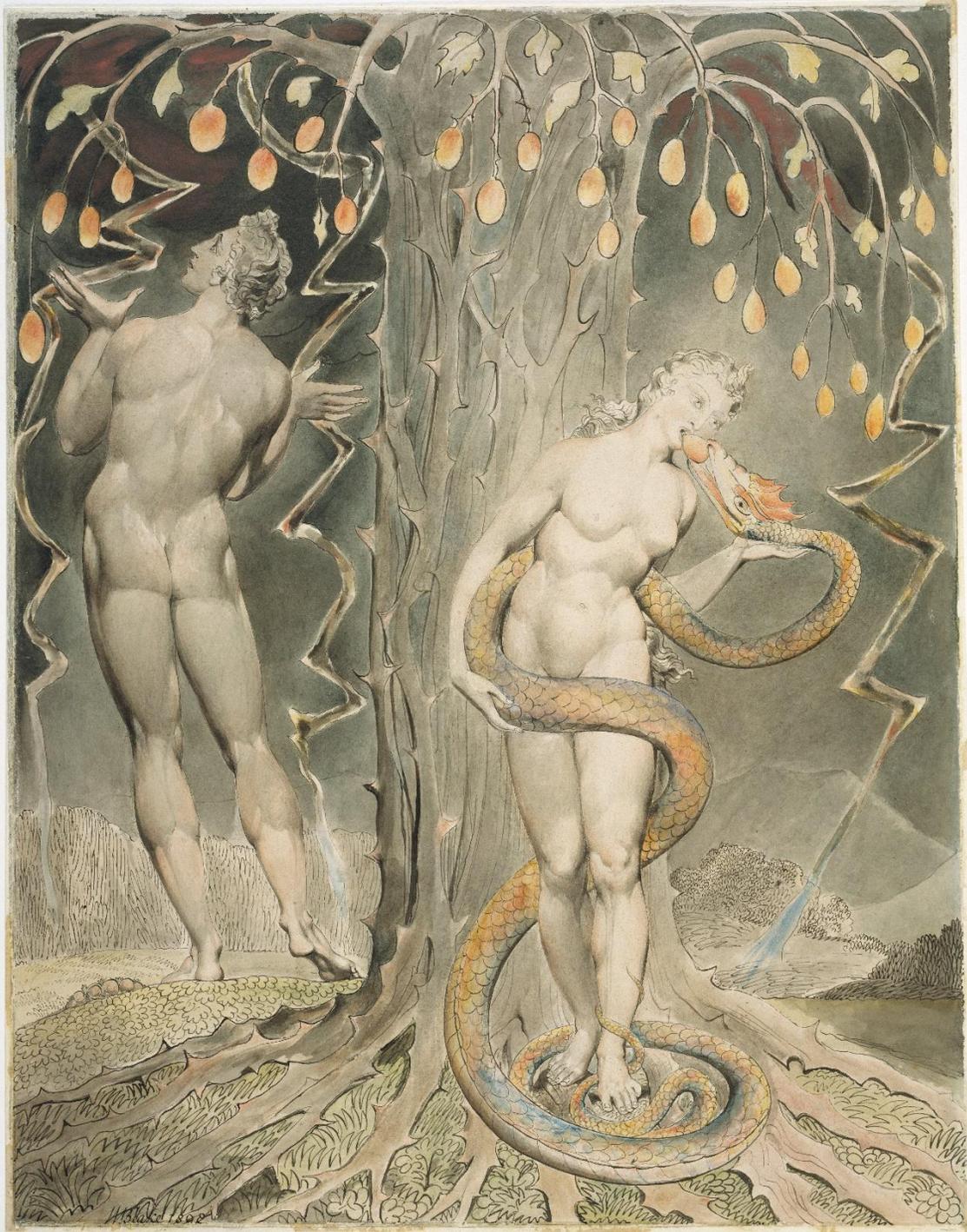
Лестница Иакова
1805



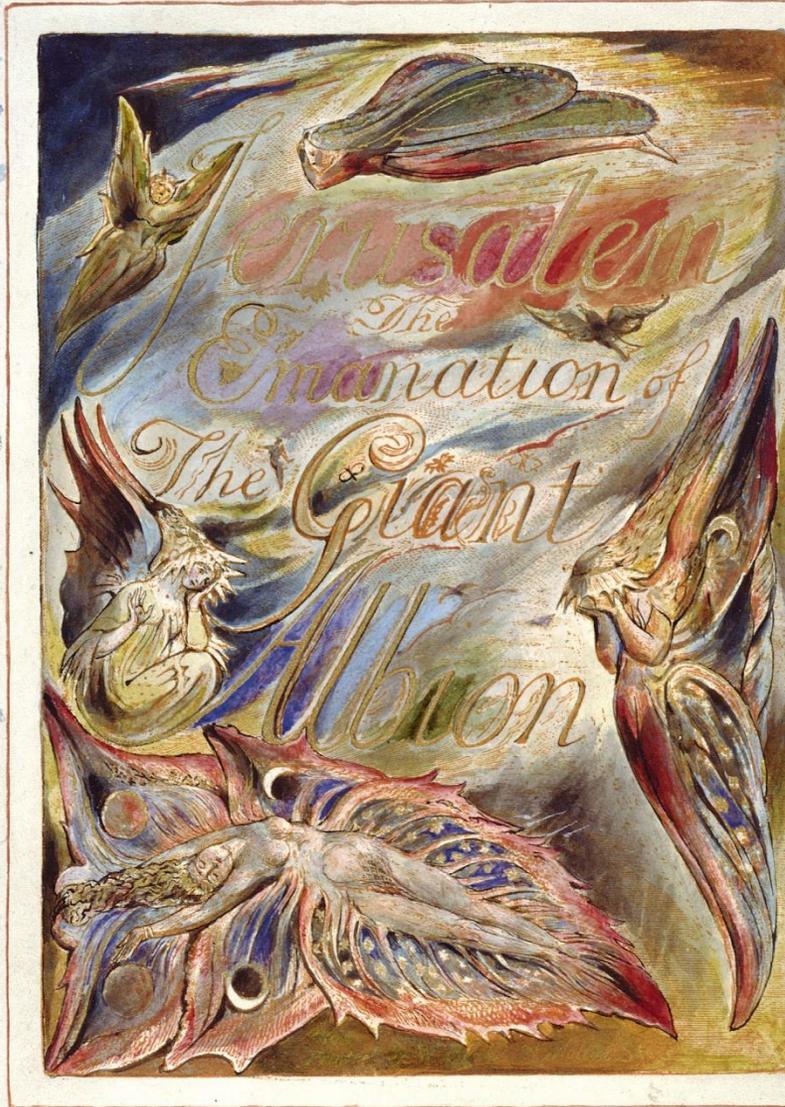
Видение Страшного
Суда



1808



Иллюстрации к
«Потерянному Раю» Дж.
Мильтона

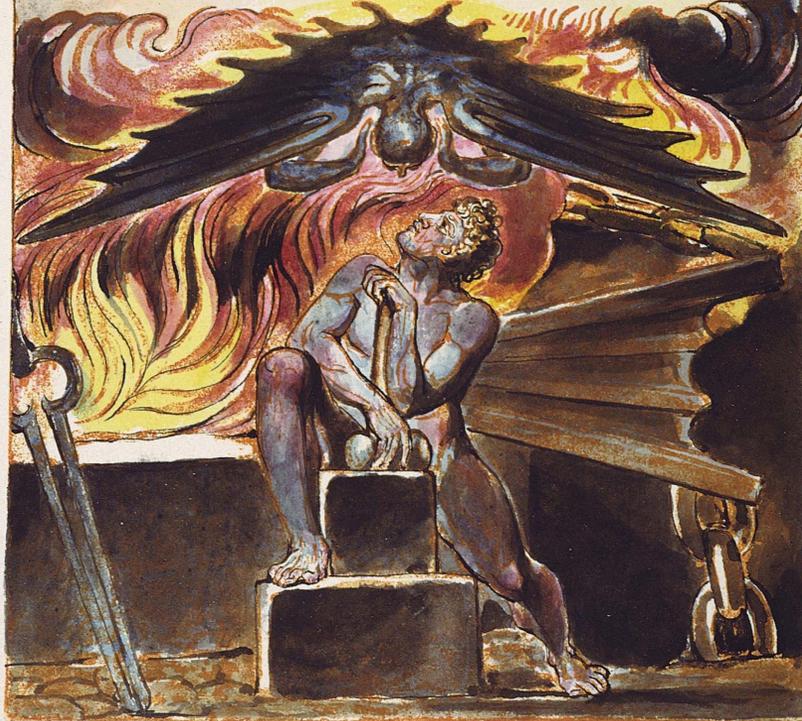


6
 His Spectre drivn by the Starry Wheels of Albions sons, black and
 Opake divided from his back; he labours and he mourns;

For as his Emanation divided, his Spectre also divided
 In terror of those starry wheels; and the Spectre stood over Los
 Howling in pain; a blackning Shadow, blackning dark & opake
 Cursing the terrible Los; bitterly cursing him for his friendship
 To Albion, suggesting murderous thoughts against Albion.

Los ragid and stamp'd the earth in his might & terrible wrath!
 He stood and stamp'd the earth; then he threw down his hammer in rage &
 In fury; then he sat down and wept, terrified! Then arose
 And chanted his song, labouring with the tongue and hammer;
 But still the Spectre divided, and still his pain increas'd!

In pain the Spectre divided; in pain of hunger and thirst;
 To devour Los's Human Perfection, but when he saw that Los



To labours mighty, with vast strength, with his mighty chains,
 In pulsations of time, & extensions of space, like Urns of Beulah
 With great labour upon his anvils, & in his ladles the Ore
 He lab'd, pouring it into the clay ground prepar'd with art;
 Spriving with Systems to deliver Individuals from those Systems;
 That whenever any Spectre began to devour the Dead
 He might feel the pain as if a man guard his own tender nerves.

Then Erin came forth from the Furnaces, & all the Daughters of Beulah
 Came from the Furnaces, by Los's mighty power for Jerusalem's
 Sake; walking up and down among the Spaces of Erin;
 And the Sons and Daughters of Los, came forth in perfection lovely;
 And the Spaces of Erin rewid from the starry height, to the starry depth.

Los wept with exceeding joy & all wept with joy together;
 They fear'd they never more should see their Father, who
 Was built in from Eternity, in the Cities of Albion.

But when the joy of meeting was exhausted in loving embrace;
 Again they lament, O what shall we do for lovely Jerusalem,
 To protect the Emanations of Albions mighty ones from cruelty?
 Sabrina & Ignose began to sharpen their beavy spears
 Of light and love; their little children stand with arrows of Gold;
 Raghla is wholly cruel, Scelfield is bound in iron armour!
 He is like a mandrake in the earth before Reubens gate;
 He shoots beneath Jerusalem's walls to undermine her foundations;
 Vala is but thy Shadow, O thou loveliest among women!
 A shadow animated by thy tears O mournful Jerusalem!



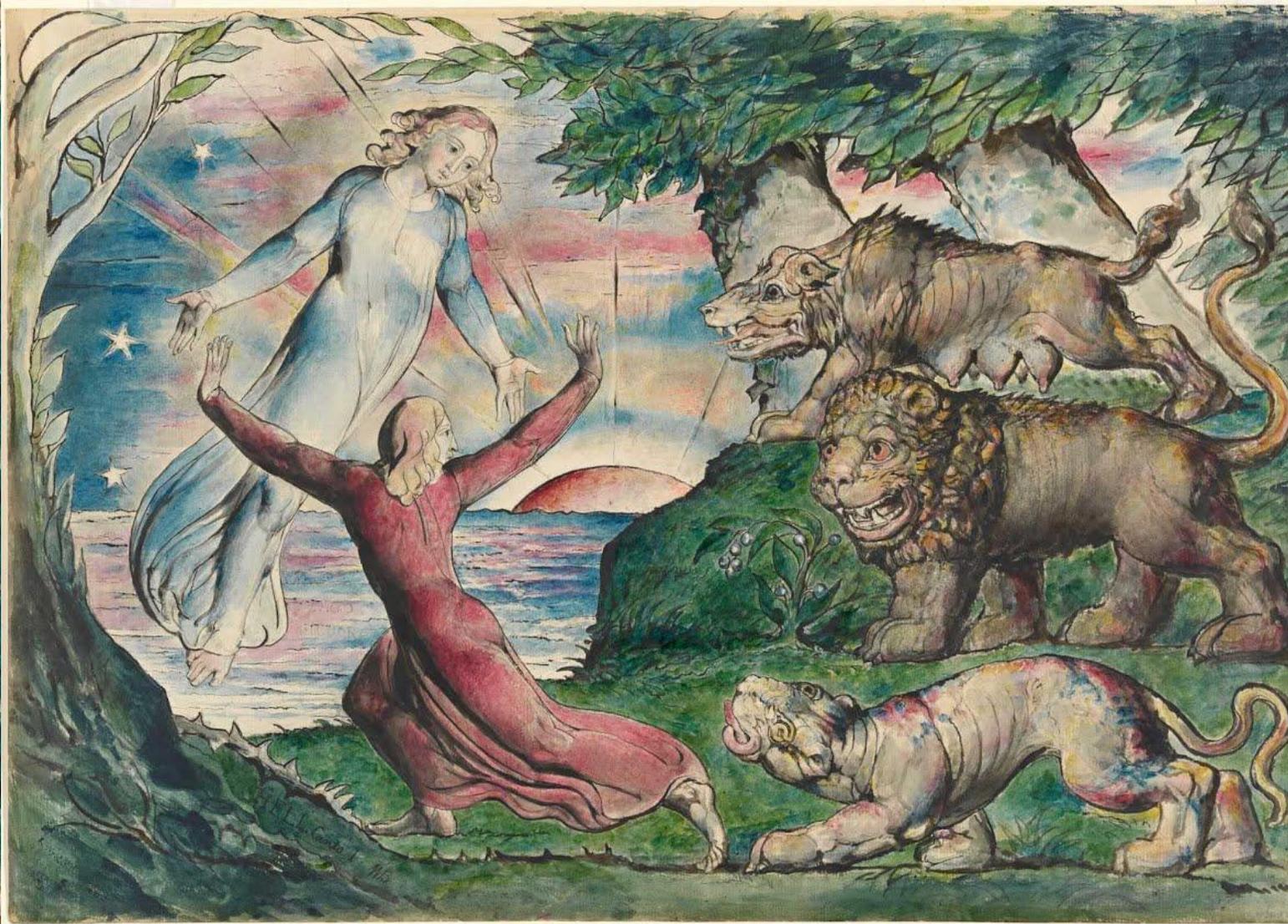
Иерусалим. Эманация Гиганта Альбиона
 1804-1820



< Призрак Блохи
1819-1820

Море Времени и Пространства
1821
V





Иллюстрации к «Божественной Комедии»
Данте
1827