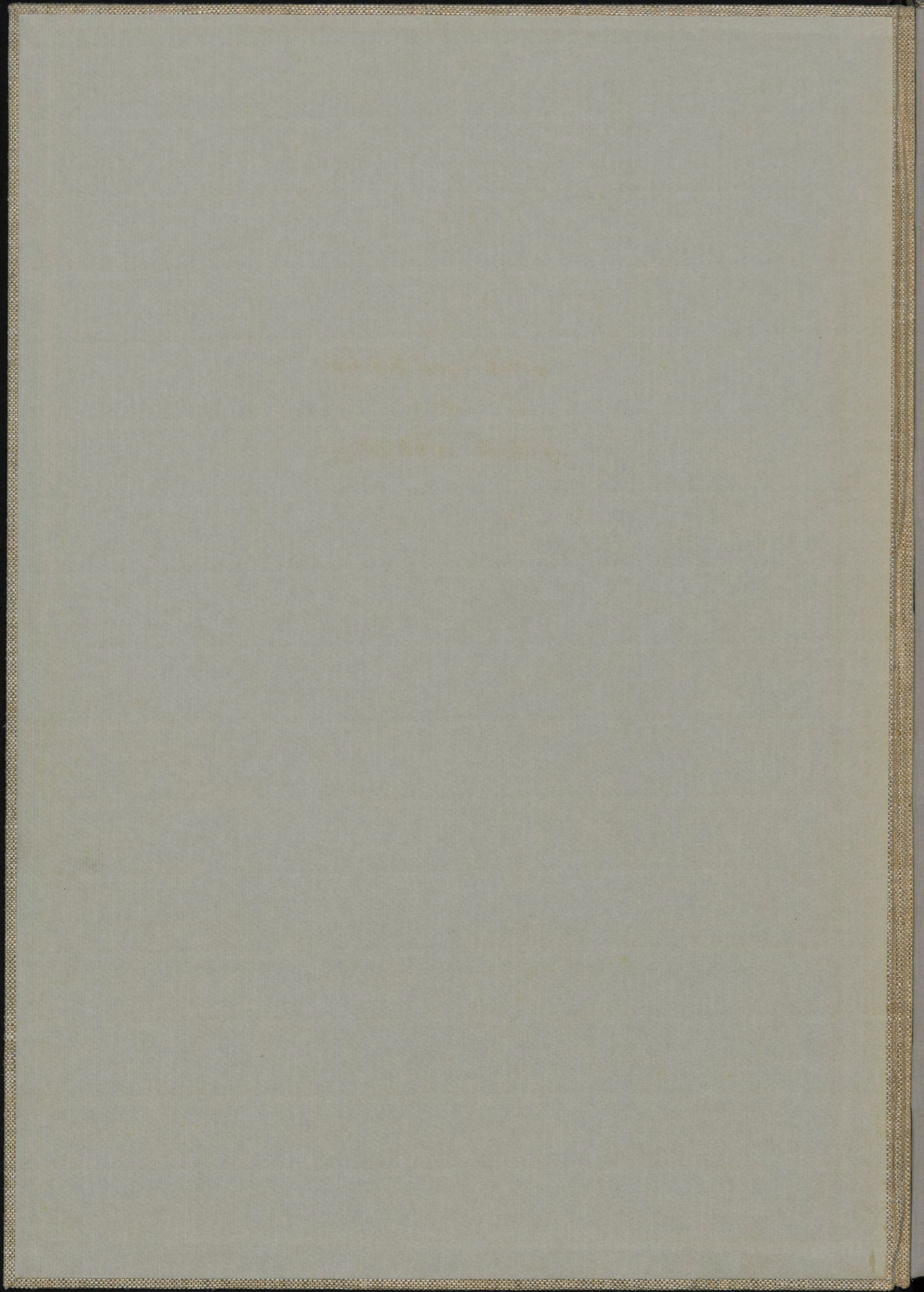
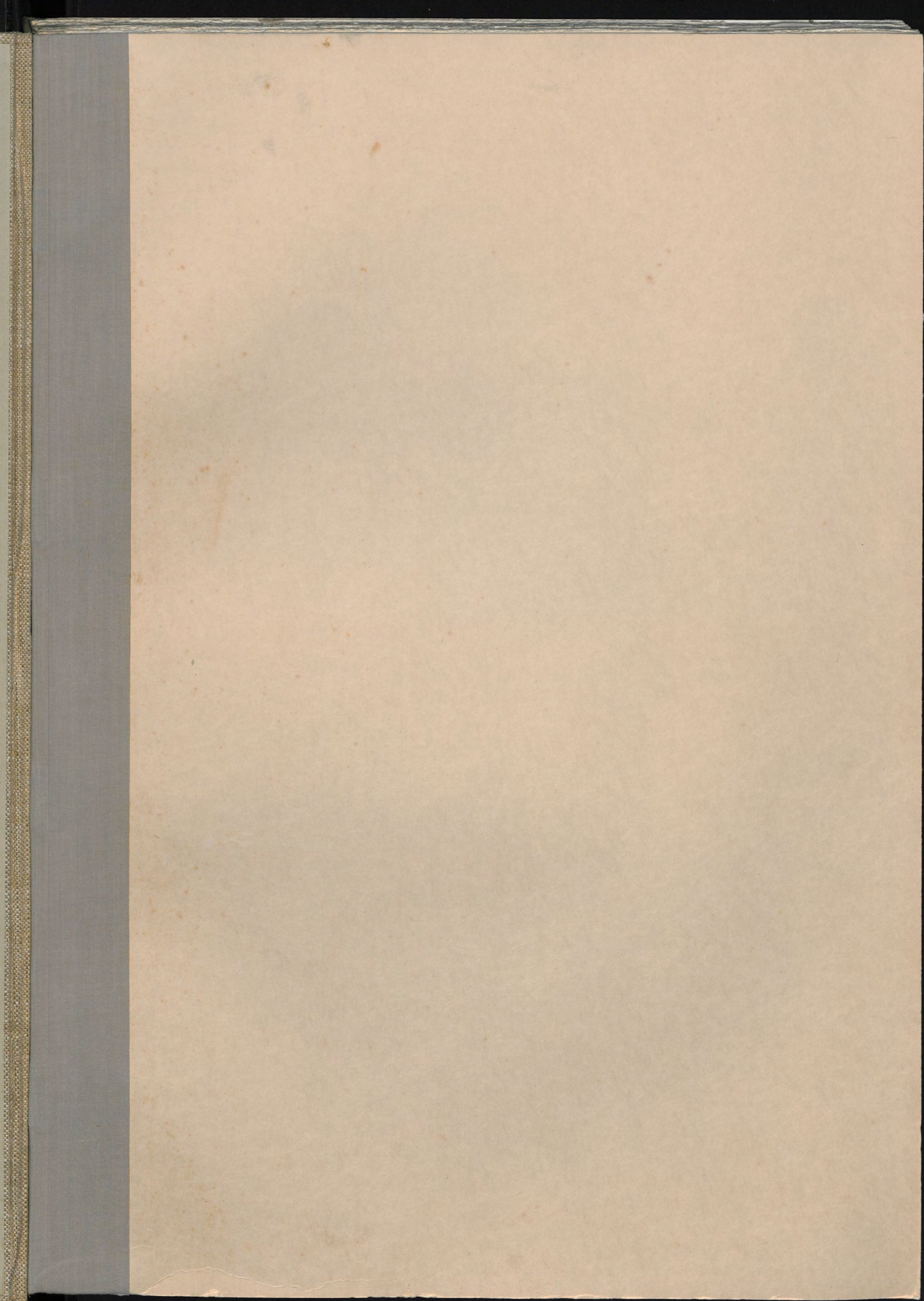
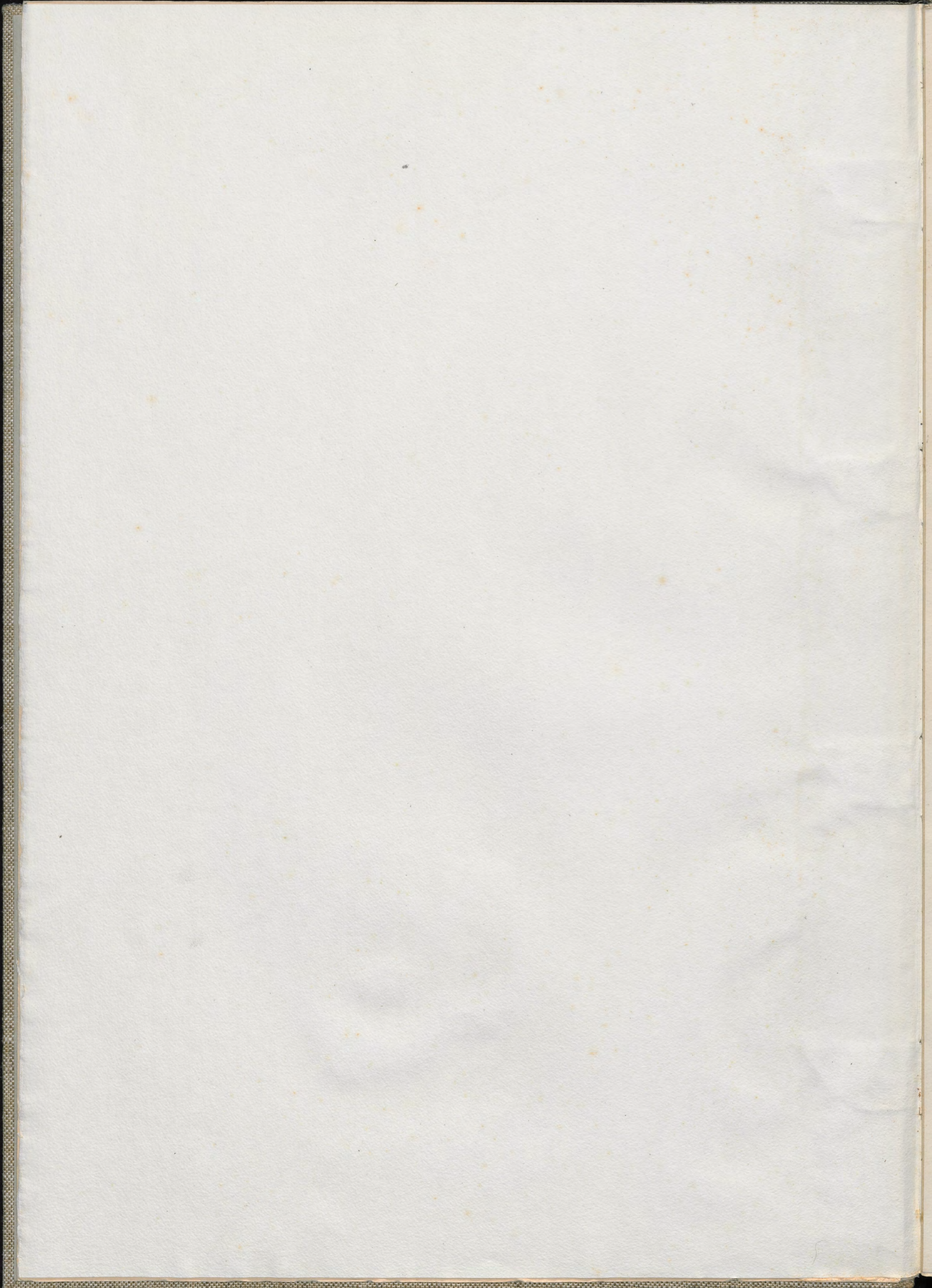
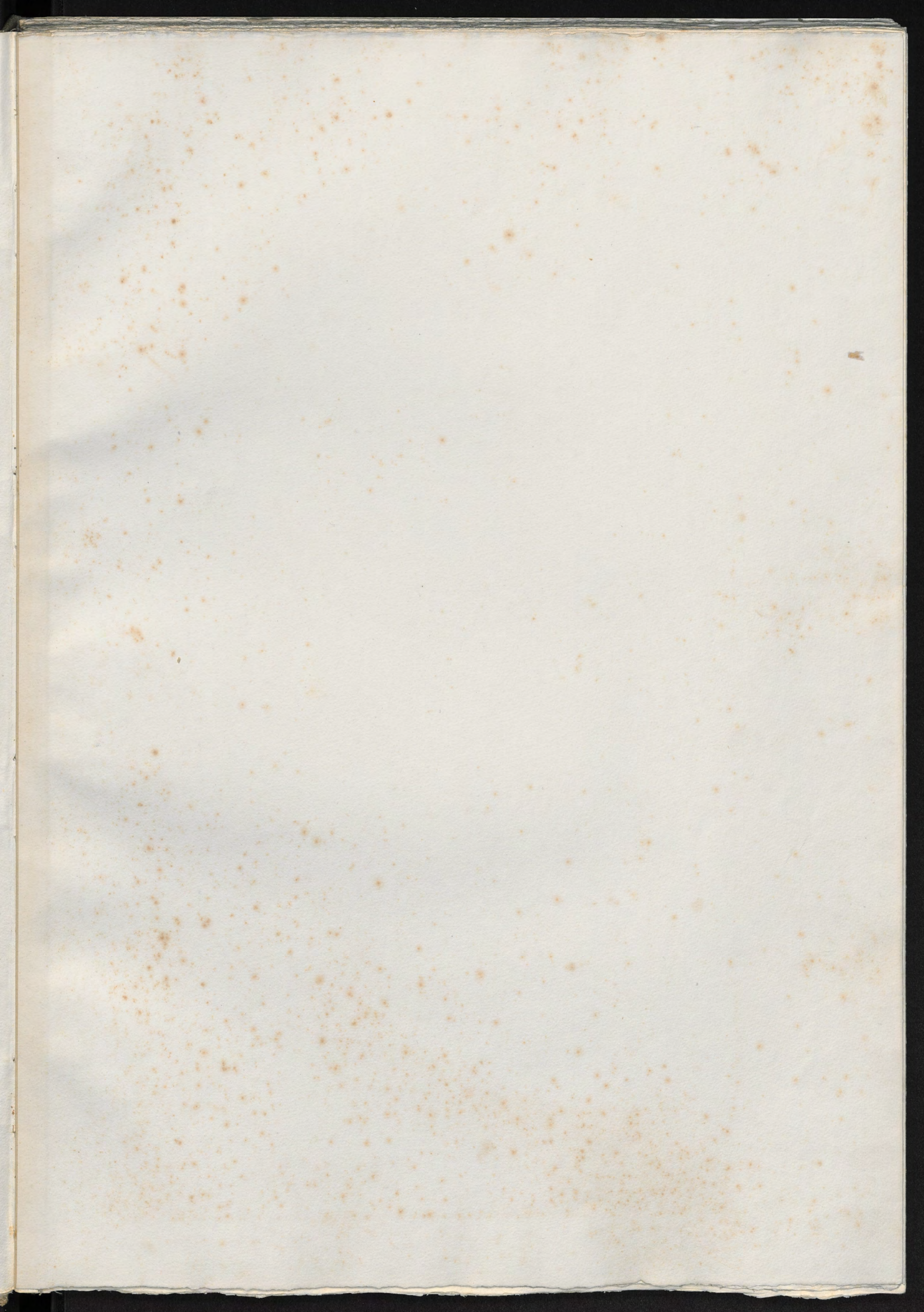


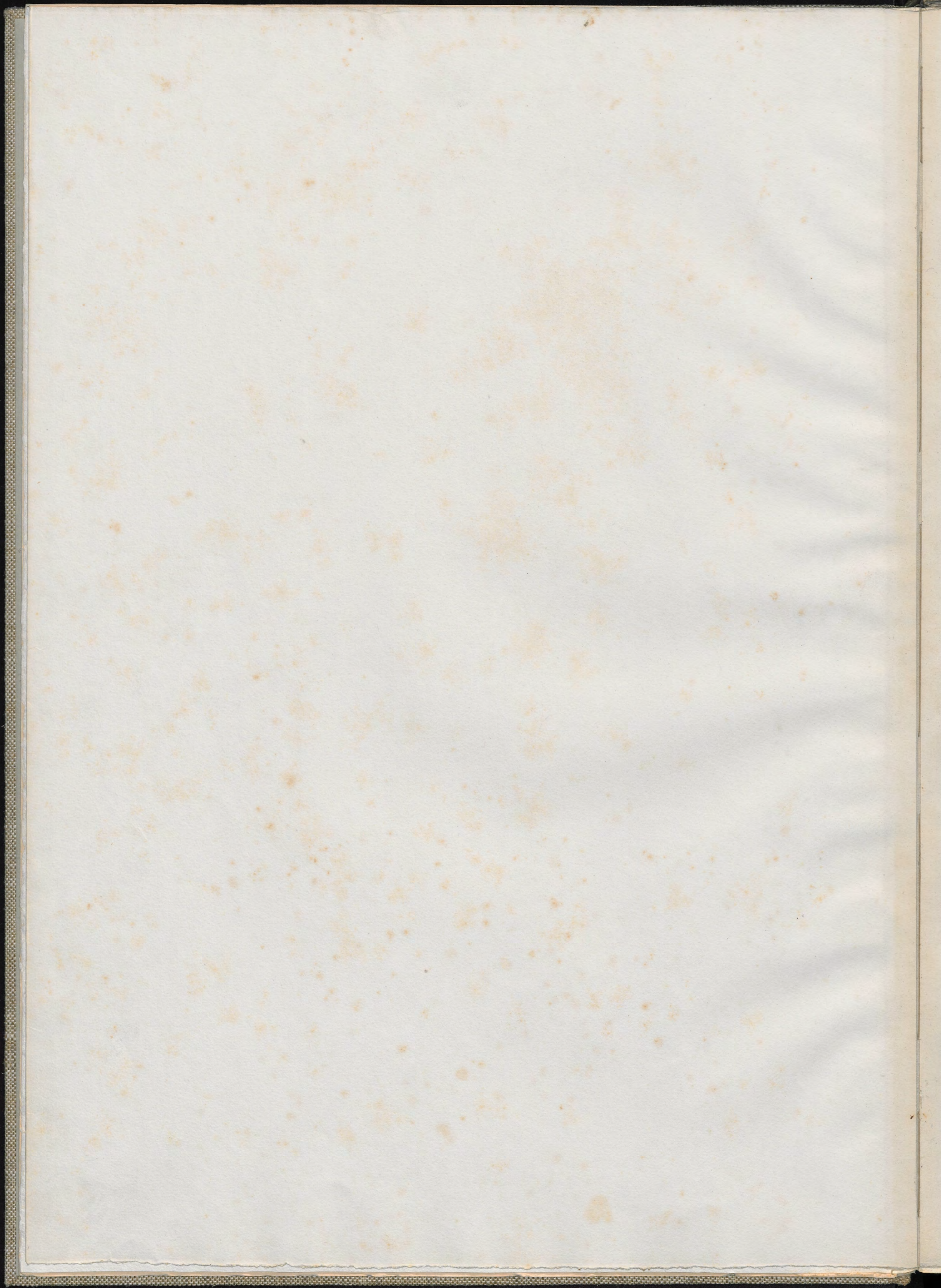
*The*  
*soul and body*  
*of*  
*John Brown*







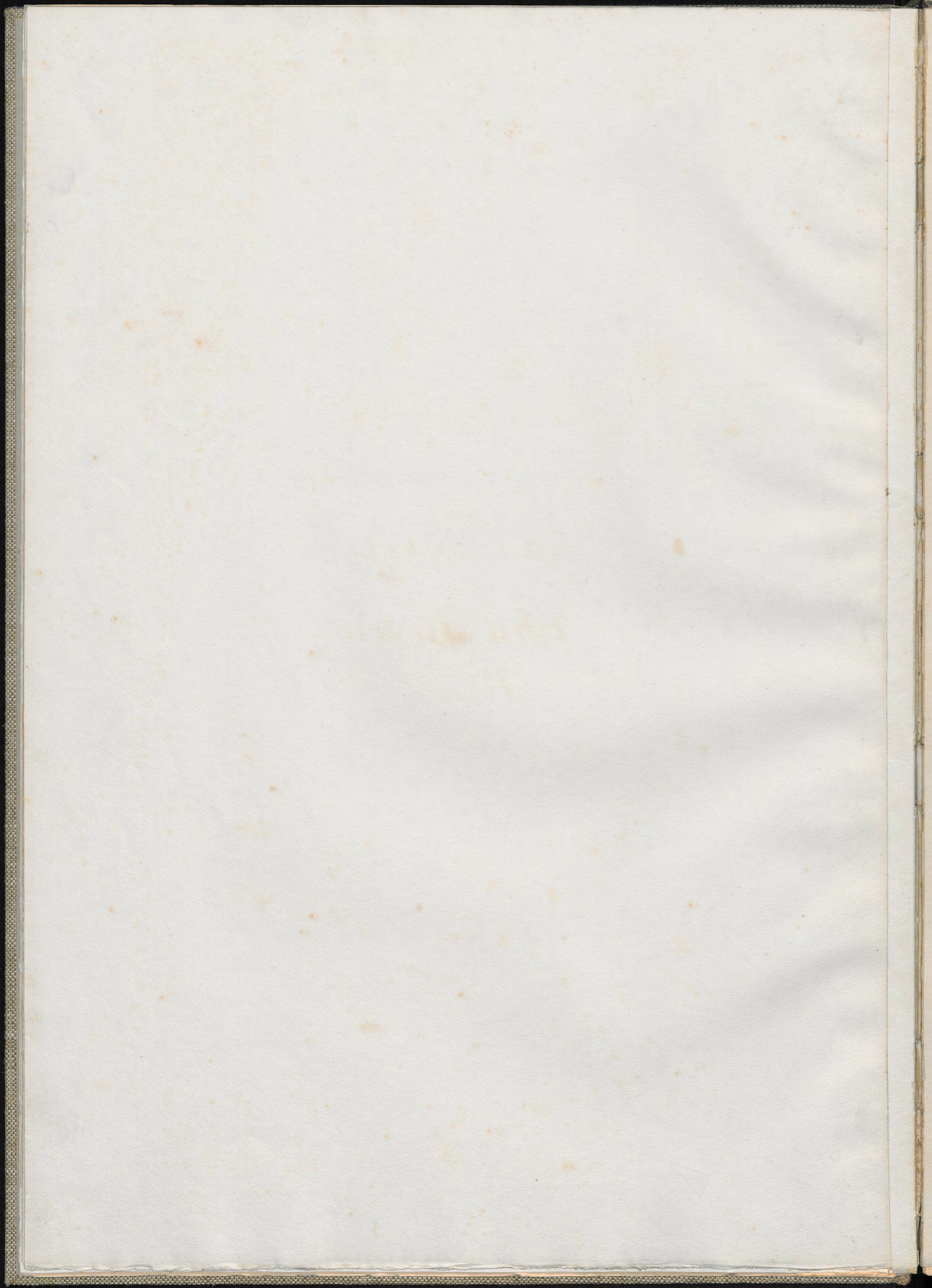




to Eleanor  
with all my friendship

Rip

Christmas 1940 and 1941



*The*  
*soul and body*  
*of*  
*John Brown*

John C. ...

John C. ...

John C. ...

John C. ...



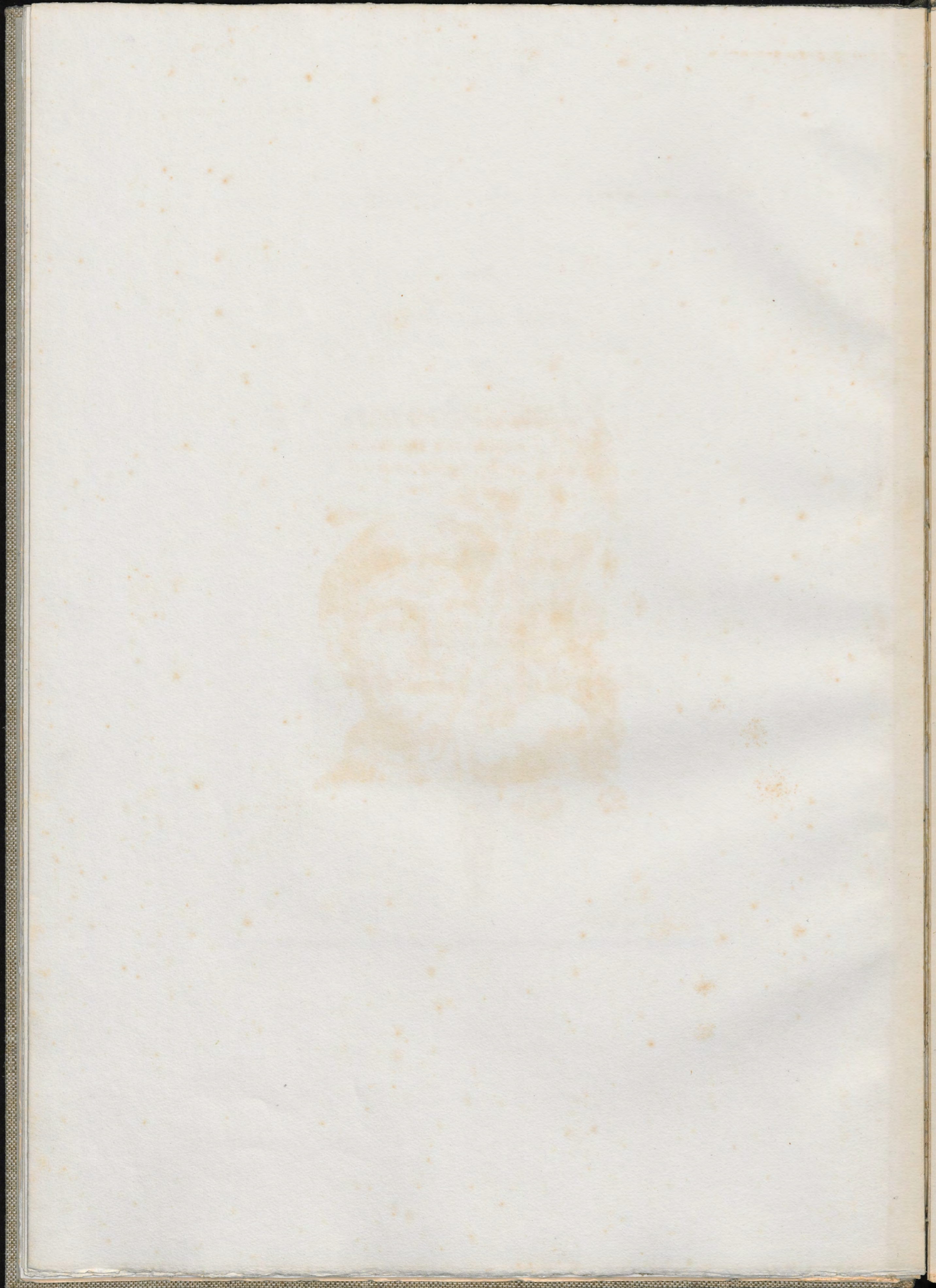
*The*  
*soul and body*  
*of*  
*John Brown*

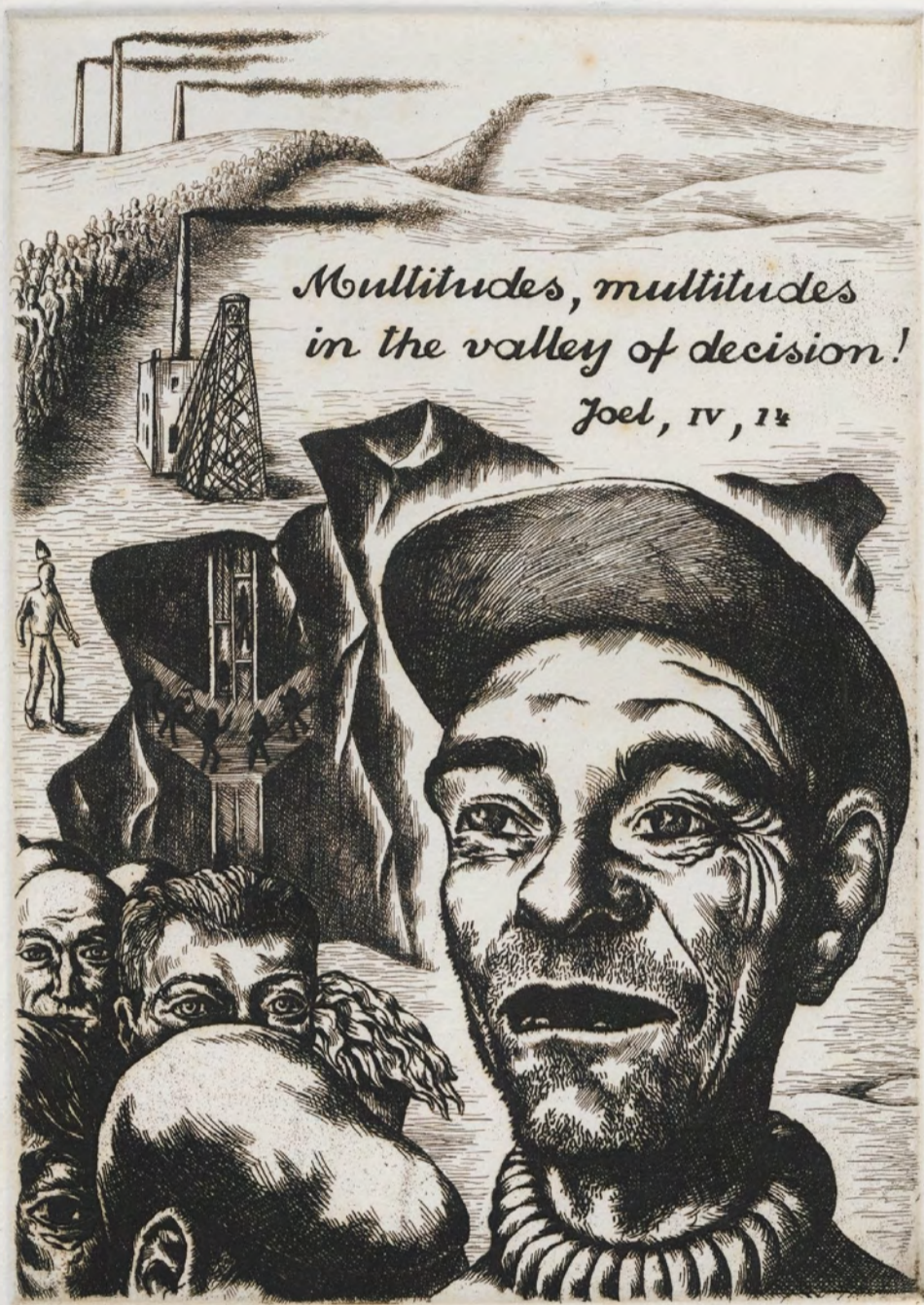
*a*  
*poem by*  
*Muriel Rukeyser*  
*and*  
*an old song*  
*on*  
*etchings by*  
*Rudolf C. von Ripper*

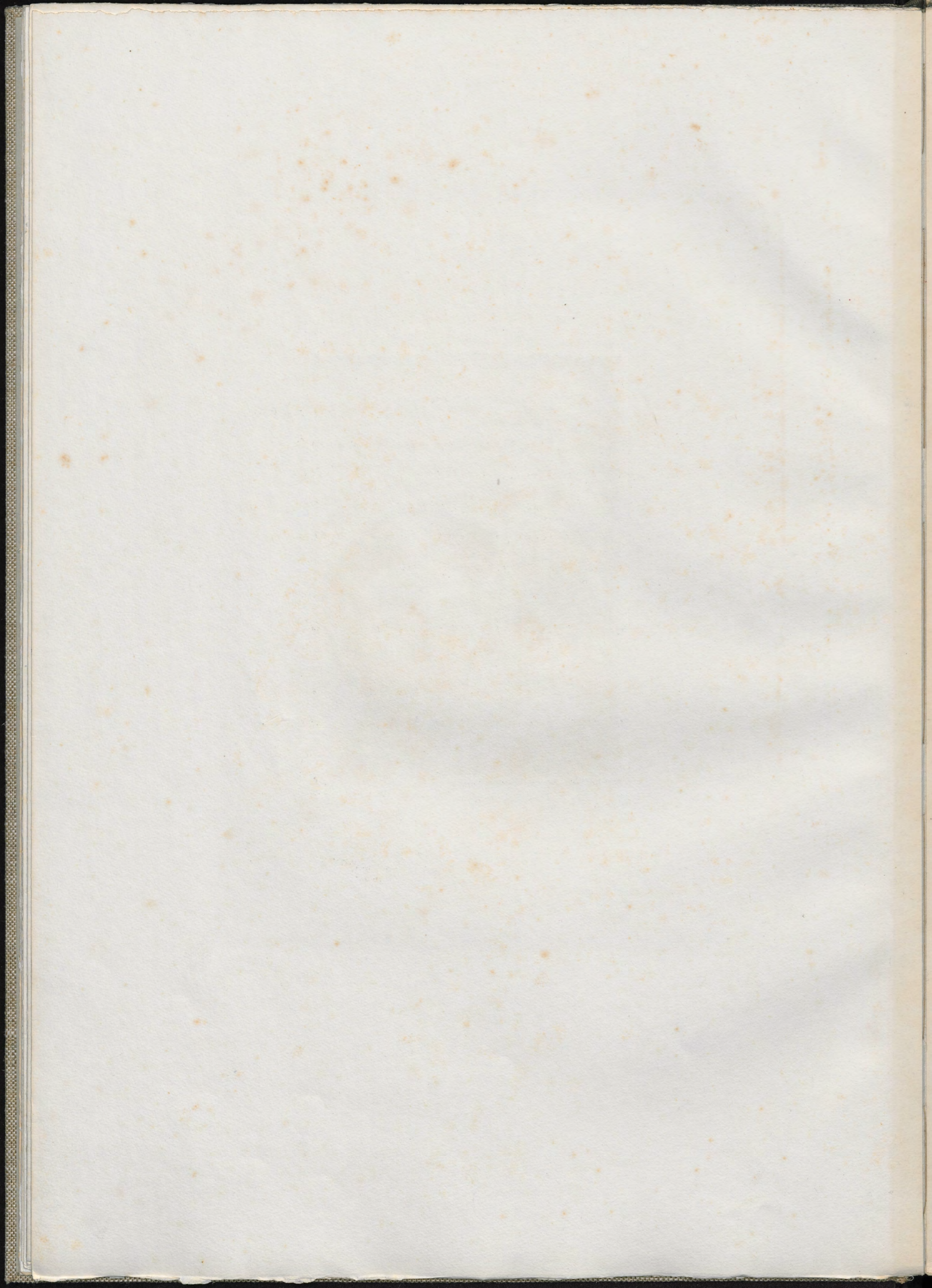


*New York*

*1940*









*His life is in the body of the living  
When they hanged him the first time,  
his image leaped  
into the blackened air. His grave  
was the floating faces  
of the crowd, and he refusing them release  
rose open-eyed in autumn, a fanatic  
beacon of fierceness leaping to meet them there,  
match the white prophets of the storm,  
the streaming meteors of the war.*

*Dreaming Ezekiel, threaten me alive!*

*voices: Why don't you rip up that guitar?  
Or must we listen to those blistering strings?*





The trial of heroes follows their execution.

The striding  
wind of nations with new rain, new lightning,  
destroyed in magnificent noon shining straight down  
the fiery pines. Brown wanted freedom.

Could not himself be free  
until more grace reached a corroded world.

Our guilt his own.  
Under the hooded century drops the trap -  
There in October's fruition-fire three  
tall images of him, Brown as he stood

on the ground,  
Brown as he stood on sudden air, Brown  
standing to our fatal topmost hills  
faded through dying altitudes, and low  
through faces living under the drags of the air,  
deprived childhood and thwarted

youth

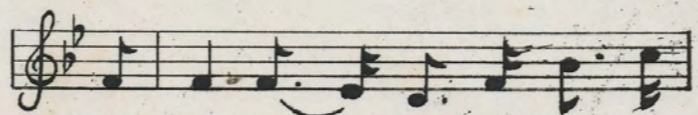


change:

and



*fantastic sweetness gone to rags  
and incorruptible anger blurred by age.*



John Brown's body lies  
a-mould'ring in the grave,

John Brown's body lies  
a-mould'ring in the grave,

John Brown's body lies  
a-mould'ring in the grave,

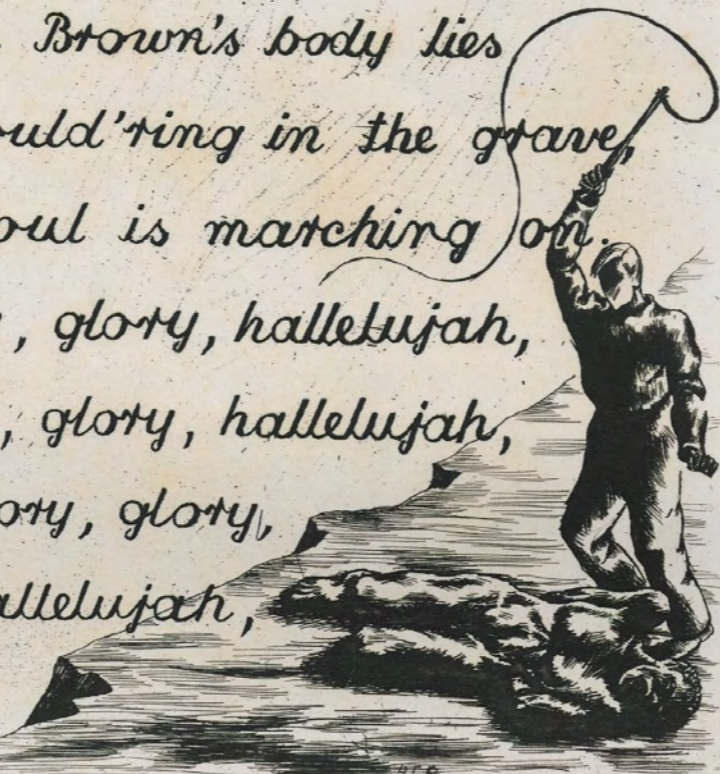
his soul is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,

Glory, glory, hallelujah,

Glory, glory,

hallelujah,





*his soul is marching on*

Compel the steps of lovers, watch them lie silvery  
attractive in naked embrace over the brilliant gorge,  
and open them to love: enlarge their welcome  
to sharp-faced countrysides, vicious

familiar windows  
whose lopped-off worlds say

I AM PROMISE, holding  
stopgap slogans of a thin season's offering,  
false initials, blind address, dummy name -  
enemies who reply in smiles; mild slavets;

moderate whores.

There is another gorge to remember, where soldiers give  
terrible answers to lechery after death.

Brown said at last, with a living look,

"I designed to have done the same  
thing

"again on a larger scale." Brown  
sees his tree

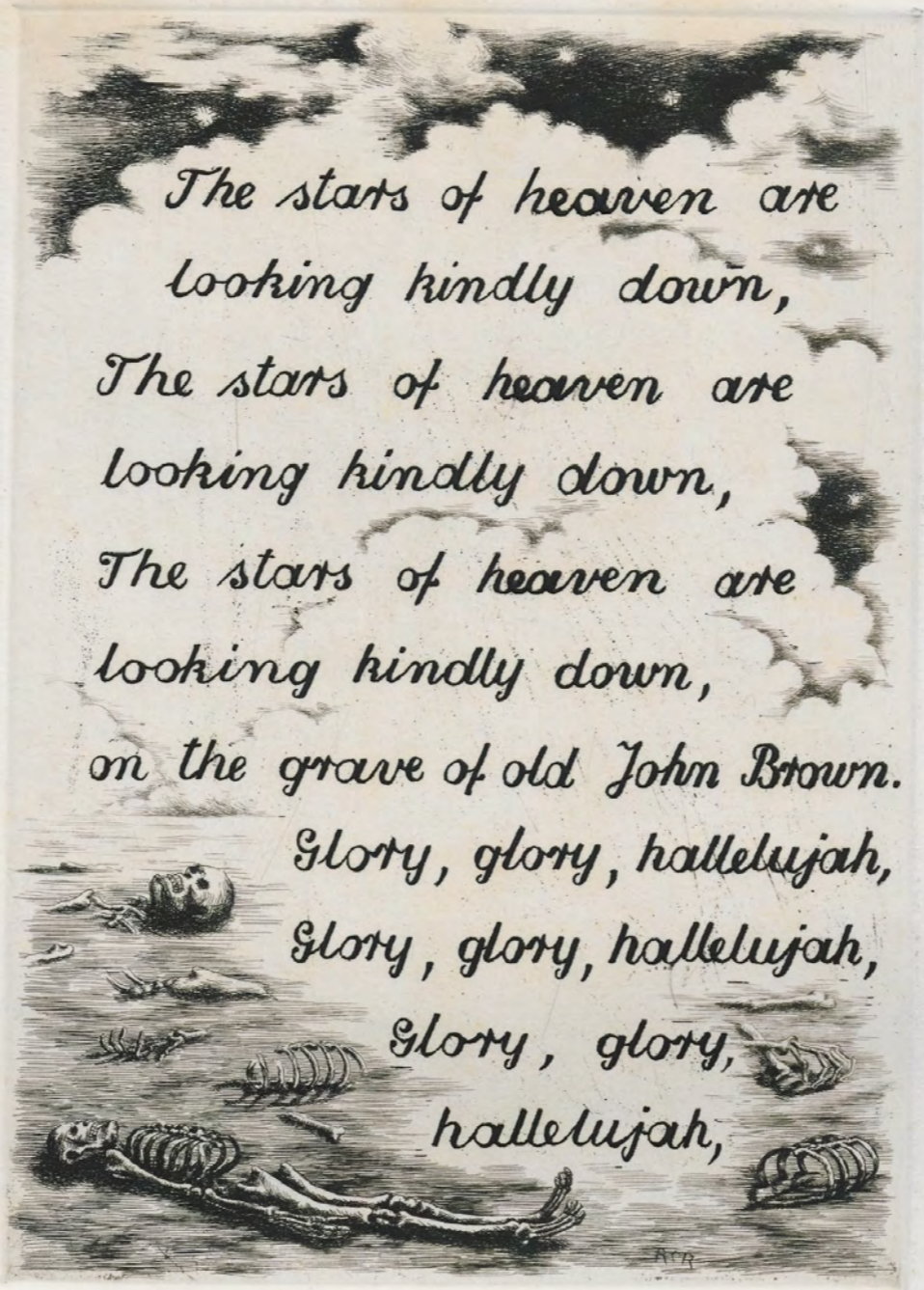
grow in the land to leap these  
mountains.

Not mountains, but men and women  
sleeping.





*O my scene! My mother!  
America who offers many births.*



*The stars of heaven are  
looking kindly down,*

*The stars of heaven are  
looking kindly down,*

*The stars of heaven are  
looking kindly down,*

*on the grave of old John Brown.*

*Glory, glory, hallelujah,*

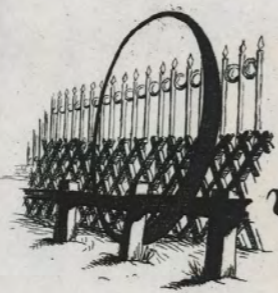
*Glory, glory, hallelujah,*

*Glory, glory,*

*hallelujah,*



*his soul is marching on*



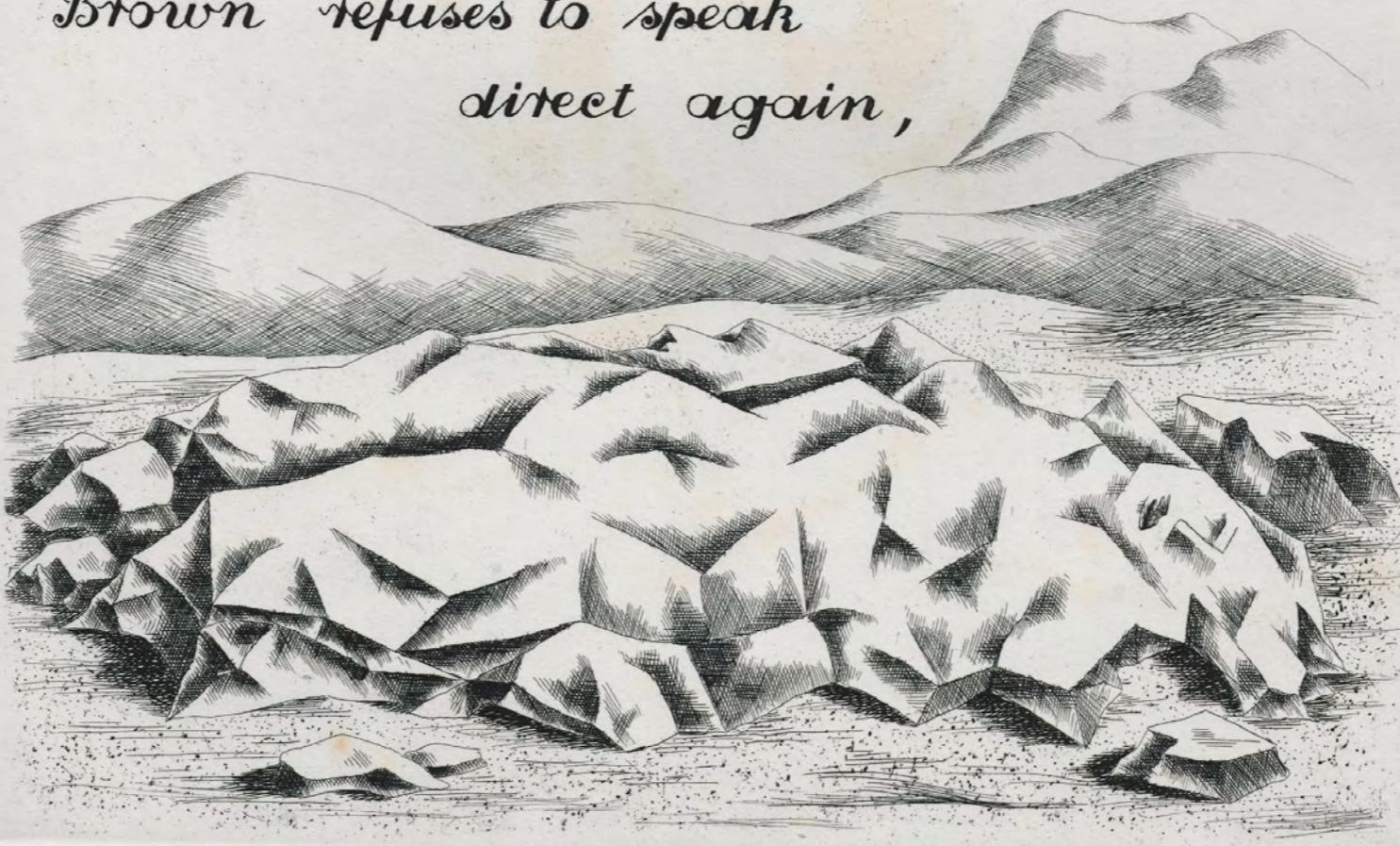
Over the tiers of barriers, compel  
the connected steps  
past the attacks of sympathy, past  
black capitals,  
to arrive with horizon sharpness, marching  
in quick embrace toward people  
falling among hills among the symptoms  
of ice,  
small lights of the shifting winter, the  
rapid snow-blue stars.

This must be done by armies.

Nothing is free.

Brown refuses to speak

direct again,





*„If I tell them the truth,  
„ they will say I speak in symbols.”*

He's gone to be a soldier  
in the army of the Lord,  
He's gone to be a soldier  
in the army of the Lord,  
He's gone to be a soldier  
in the army of the Lord,  
his soul is marching on.  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, glory,  
hallelujah,  
Glory, glory,  
hallelujah,



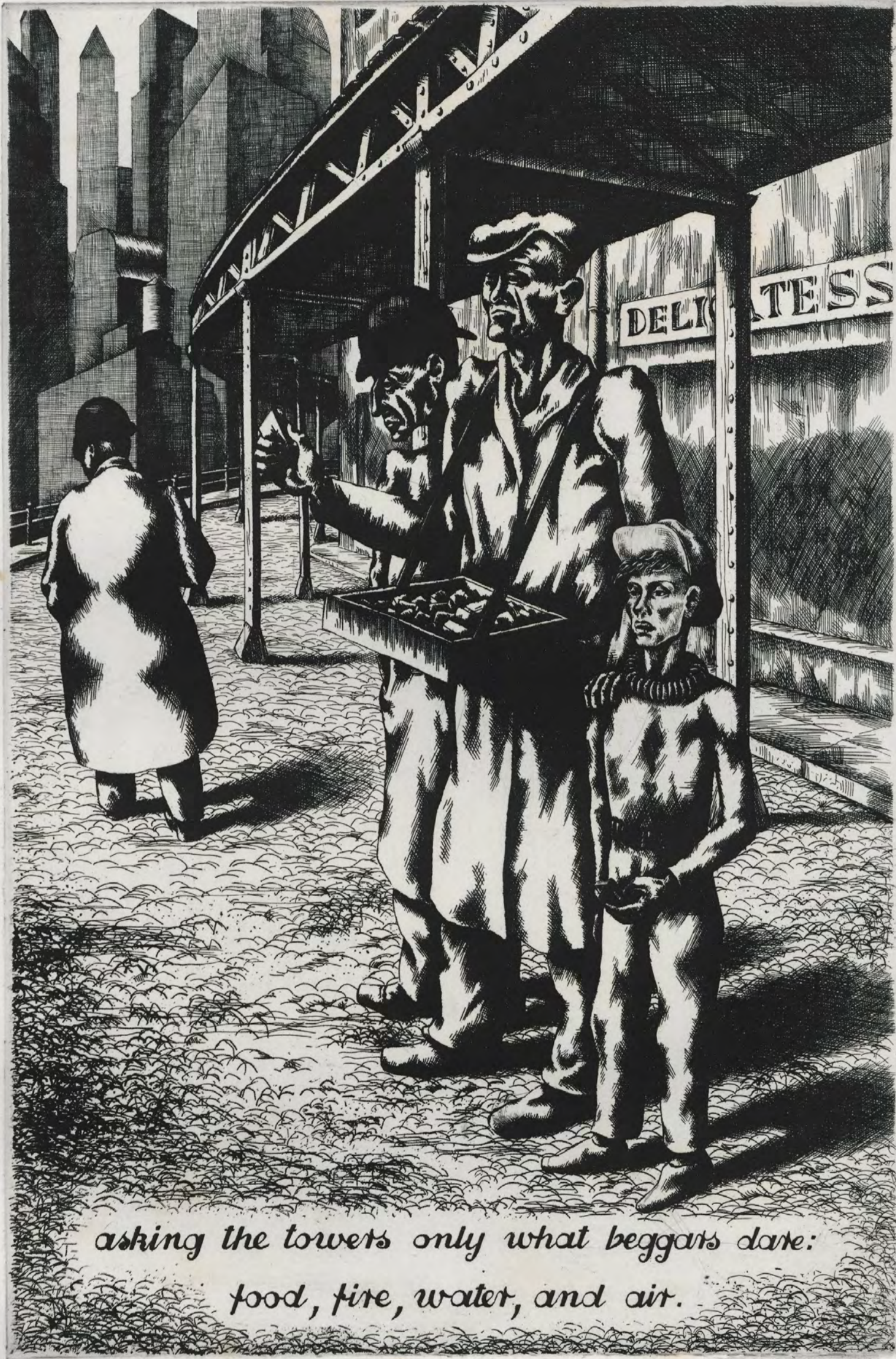


*his soul is marching on*



*White landscapes emphasize his nakedness  
reflected in counties of naked who shiver  
at fires,  
their backs to the hands that unroll worlds  
around them.  
They go down the valleys. They shamble  
in the streets.  
Blind to the sun-storming image in their eyes.  
They dread the surface of their victim life,  
lying helpless and savage in shade parks,*



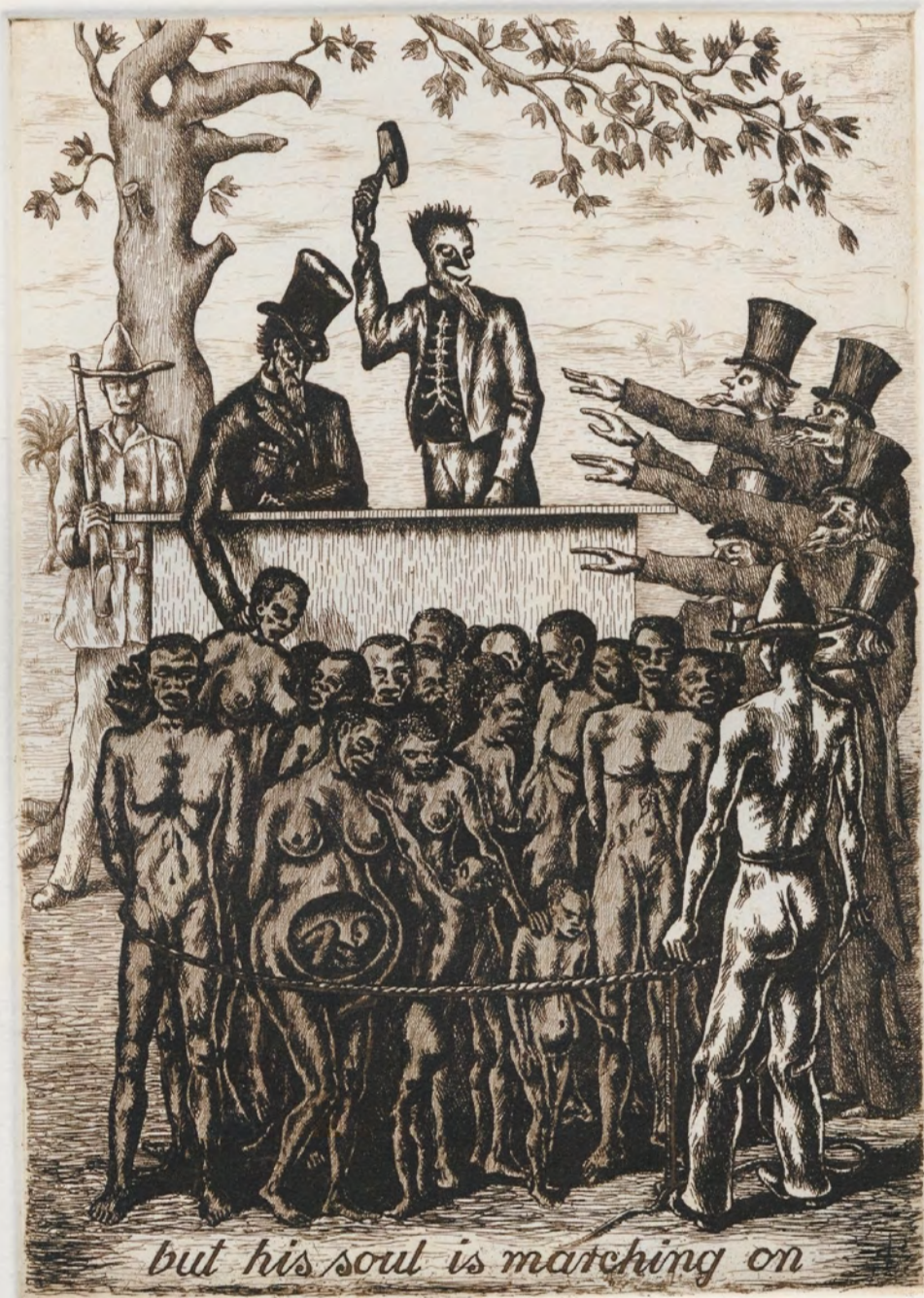


*asking the towers only what beggars dare:  
food, fire, water, and air.*

John Brown died that  
the slave might be free,  
John Brown died that  
the slave might be free,  
John Brown died that  
the slave might be free,  
but his soul is marching on.

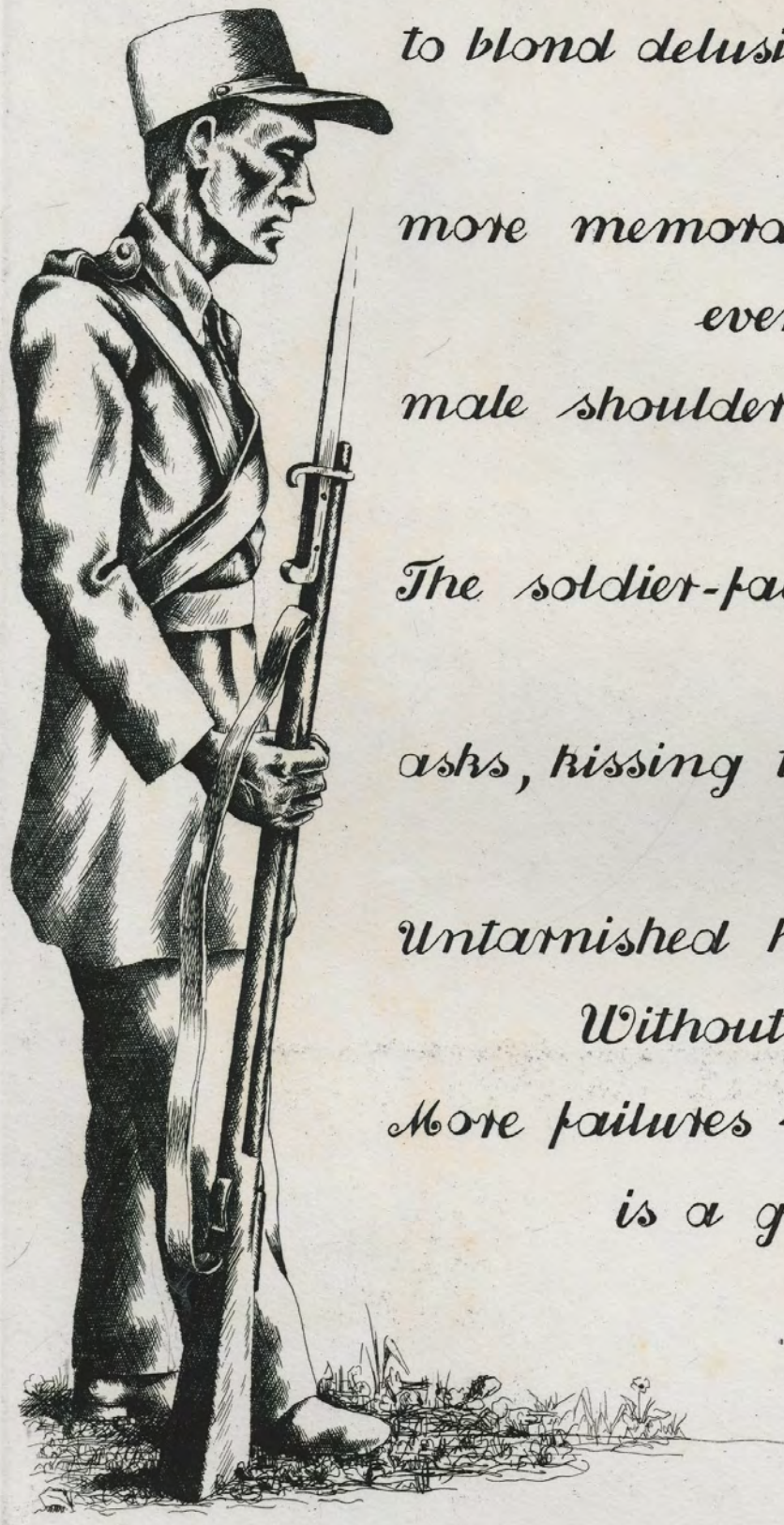


Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, glory,  
hallelujah,  
Glory, glory,  
hallelujah,




*but his soul is marching on*

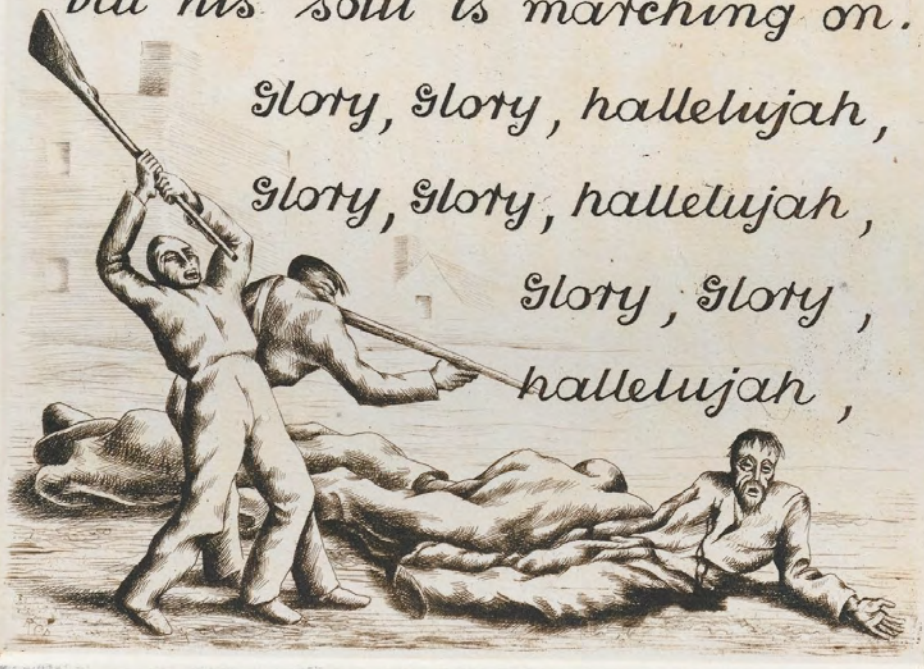
*S*pring the great hieroglyph: the mighty, whose  
first hour  
collects the winter invalids, whose cloudless  
pastures train swarms of mutable apple trees  
to blond delusions of light, the  
touch of whiter  
more memorable breasts each  
evening, the resistant  
male shoulders riding under  
sold terrible eyes.  
The soldier-face persists,  
the victorious head  
asks, kissing those breasts,  
more miracles -  
Untarnished hair! Set them free!  
Without the snap of a gun -  
More failures - but the season  
is a garden after sickness;





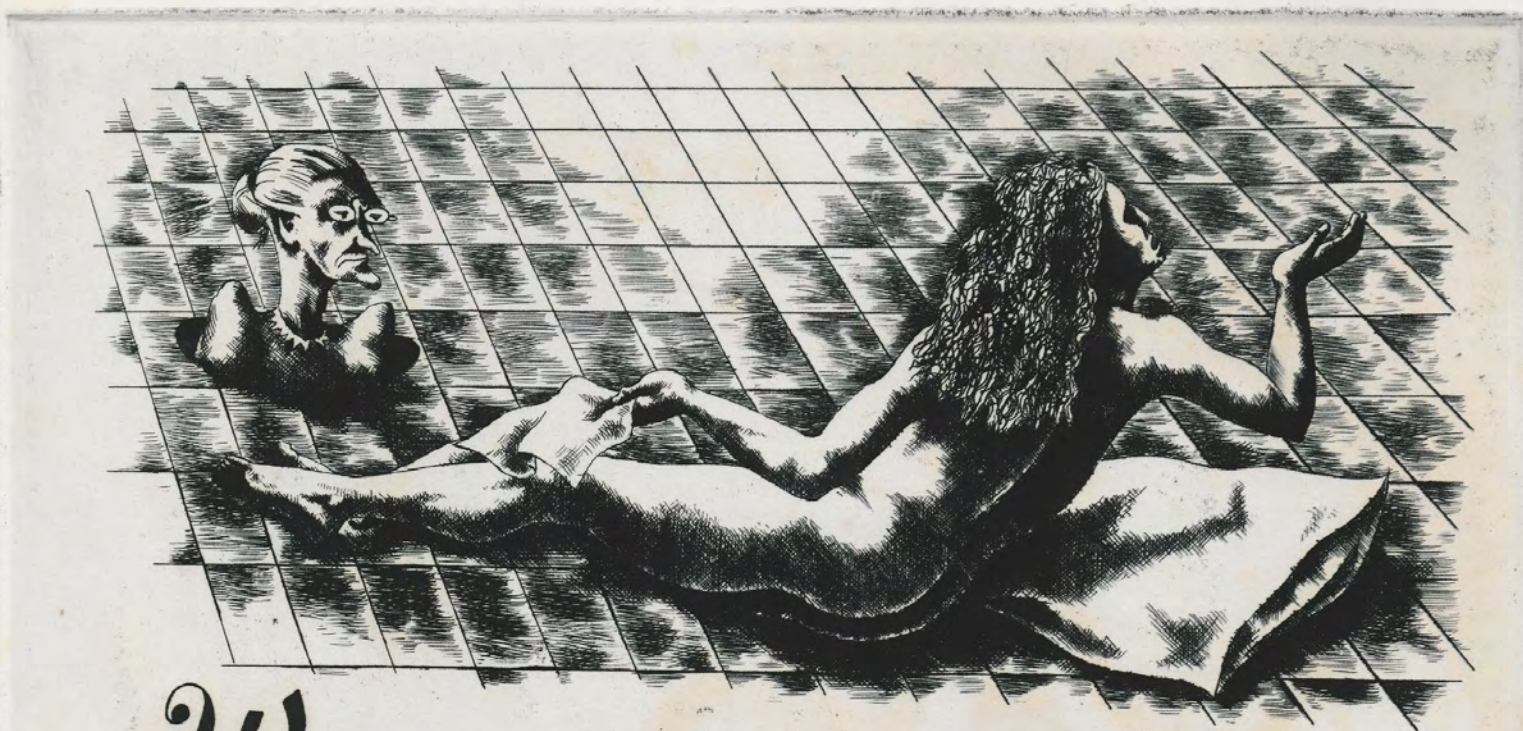
*Then the song begins,  
„The clearing of the sky  
„brings fullness to herbes -  
„Call death out of the city  
„and ring the summer in.”*

He captured Harper's Ferry   
with his nineteen men so true,  
And he frightened old Virginia till  
she trembled through and through.  
They hung him as a traitor  
themselves the traitors crew,  
but his soul is marching on.  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, glory,  
hallelujah,





*but his soul is marching on*



*Whether they sleep alone. Whether  
they understand darkness  
of mine or tunnel or store. Whether  
they lay branches  
with skill to entice their visions  
out of fire.  
Whether she lie awake, whether  
he walk in guilt  
down padded corridors, leaving  
no fingerprints.  
Whether he weaken searching  
for power in papers,  
or shut out every fantasy but  
the fragile eyelid to*



*commemorate delight ....  
they believe in their dreams.*

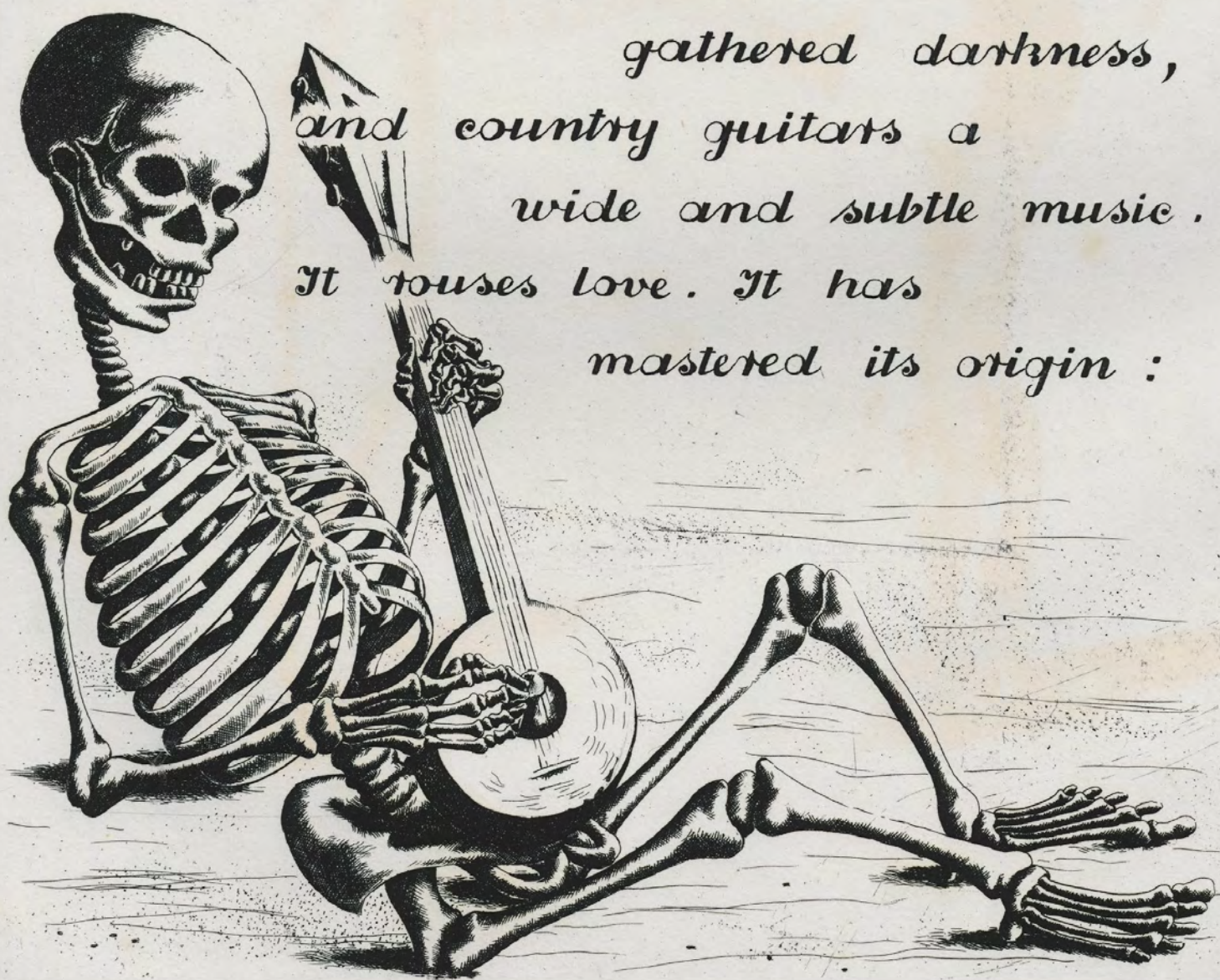


John Brown's knapsack  
is strapped on his back,  
John Brown's knapsack  
is strapped on his back,  
John Brown's knapsack  
is strapped on his back,  
his soul is marching on.  
Glory, Glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, Glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, Glory,  
hallelujah,





*They more and more, secretly,  
tell their dreams.  
They listen oftener for certain words,  
look deeper  
in faces for features of one  
remembered image.  
They almost forget the face.  
They cannot miss the look.  
It waits until faces have  
gathered darkness,  
and country guitars a  
wide and subtle music.  
It rouses love. It has  
mastered its origin :*





*Death was its method . It will surpass its  
furious birth when it is known again.*

*His pet lambs will  
meet on the way,*



*His pet lambs will  
meet on the way,*

*His pet lambs will  
meet on the way*

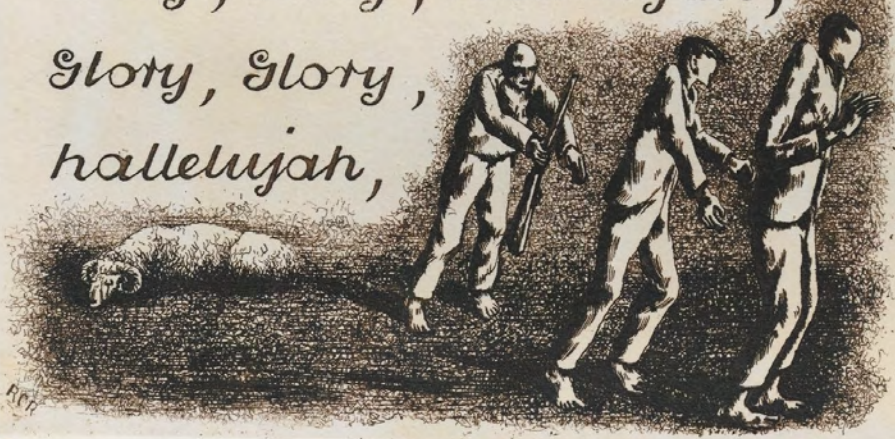
*and they'll go marching on.*

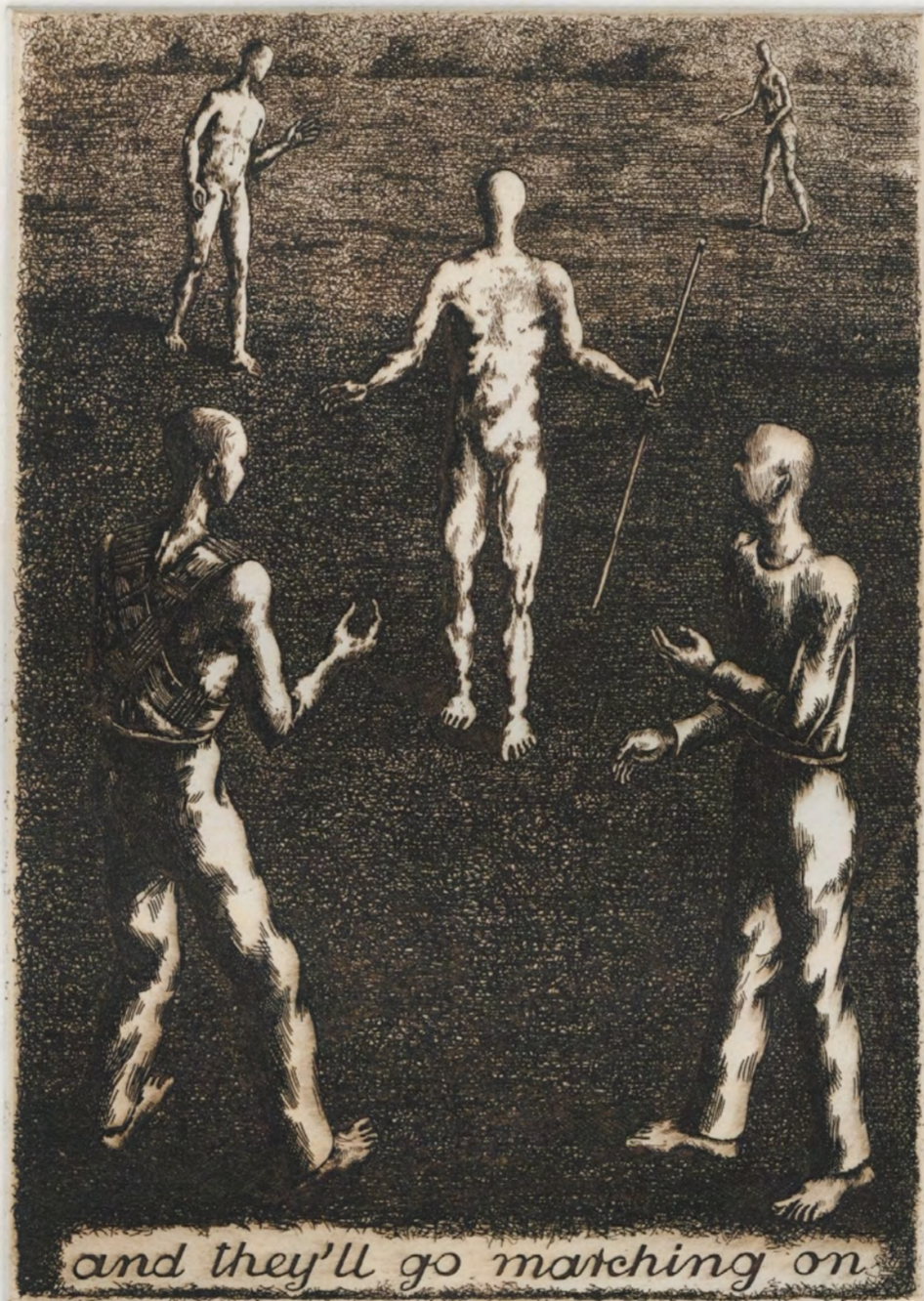
*Glory, Glory, hallelujah,*

*Glory, Glory, hallelujah,*

*Glory, Glory,*

*hallelujah,*





*and they'll go marching on.*

*Dreaming Ezekiel, threaten me alive!*



*Greengrown with sun on it. All the  
living summer.*

*They tell their dreams on the cool hill  
reclining*

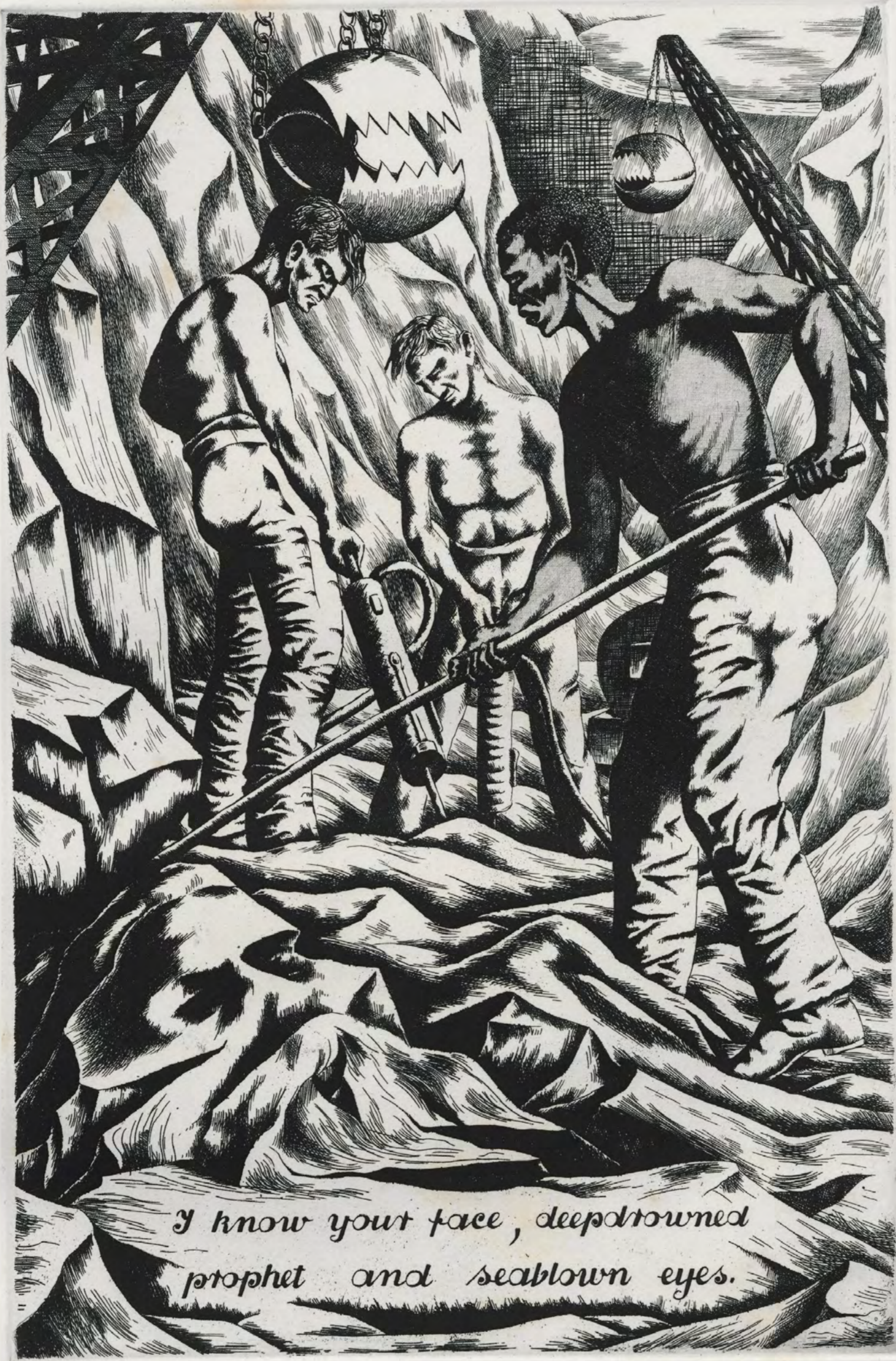
*after a twilight daytime painting  
machines on the sky*

*the spite of tractors and the  
toothless cannon.*

*Slaves under factories deal out identical  
gestures of reaching - cathedral-color-tose  
resumes the bricks as the brick walls lean  
away from the windows, blank*

*in bellwaving air,  
a slave's mechanical cat's-claw reaping sky.  
The cities of horror are down.*

*These are called born,  
and Hungry Hill is a farm again.*



*I know your face, deep-trowned  
prophet and sea-blown eyes.*



They'll hang Jeff Davis  
on a sour-apple tree,  
They'll hang Jeff Davis  
on a sour-apple tree,  
They'll hang Jeff Davis  
on a sour-apple tree,  
as they go marching on.



Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, glory,  
hallelujah,





*Darkflowing peoples. A tall tree,  
prophet, fallen,  
your arms in their flesh laid  
on the mountains, all  
your branches in the scattered  
valleys down.*

*Your boughs lie broken in channels  
of the land,  
dim anniversaries written on  
many clouds.*

*There is no partial help. Lost in  
the face of a child,  
lost in the factory repetitions, lost  
on the steel plateaus, in a ghost  
distorted.*

*Calling More Life. In all the harm  
calling.*

*Pointing disaster of death and  
lifting up the bone,  
heroic drug and the intoxication  
gone.*



*I see your mouth calling  
before the words arrive.*

Now has come  
the glorious jubilee,  
Now has come  
the glorious jubilee,  
Now has come  
the glorious jubilee,  
when all mankind are free.



Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
glory, glory,  
hallelujah,



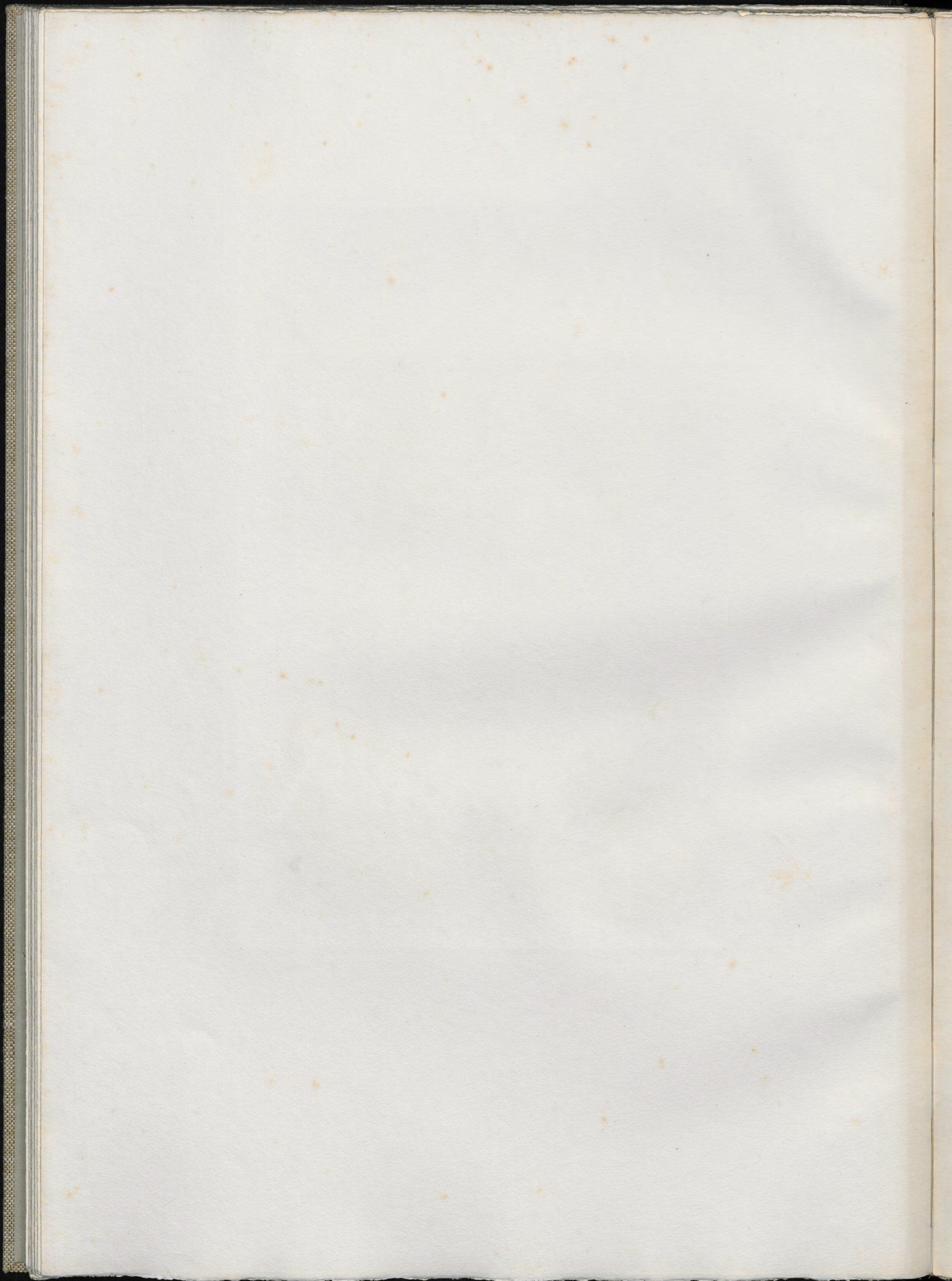


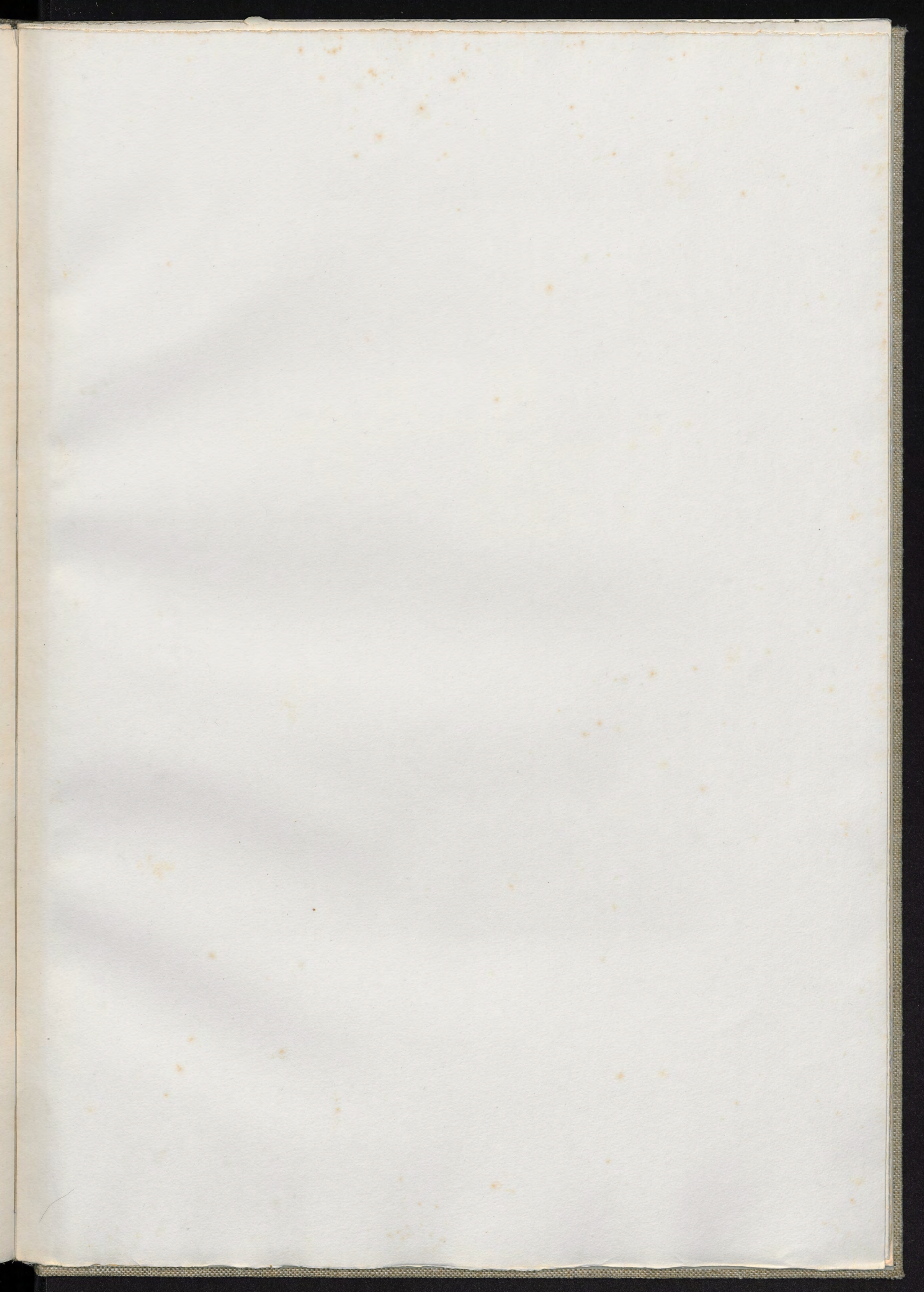


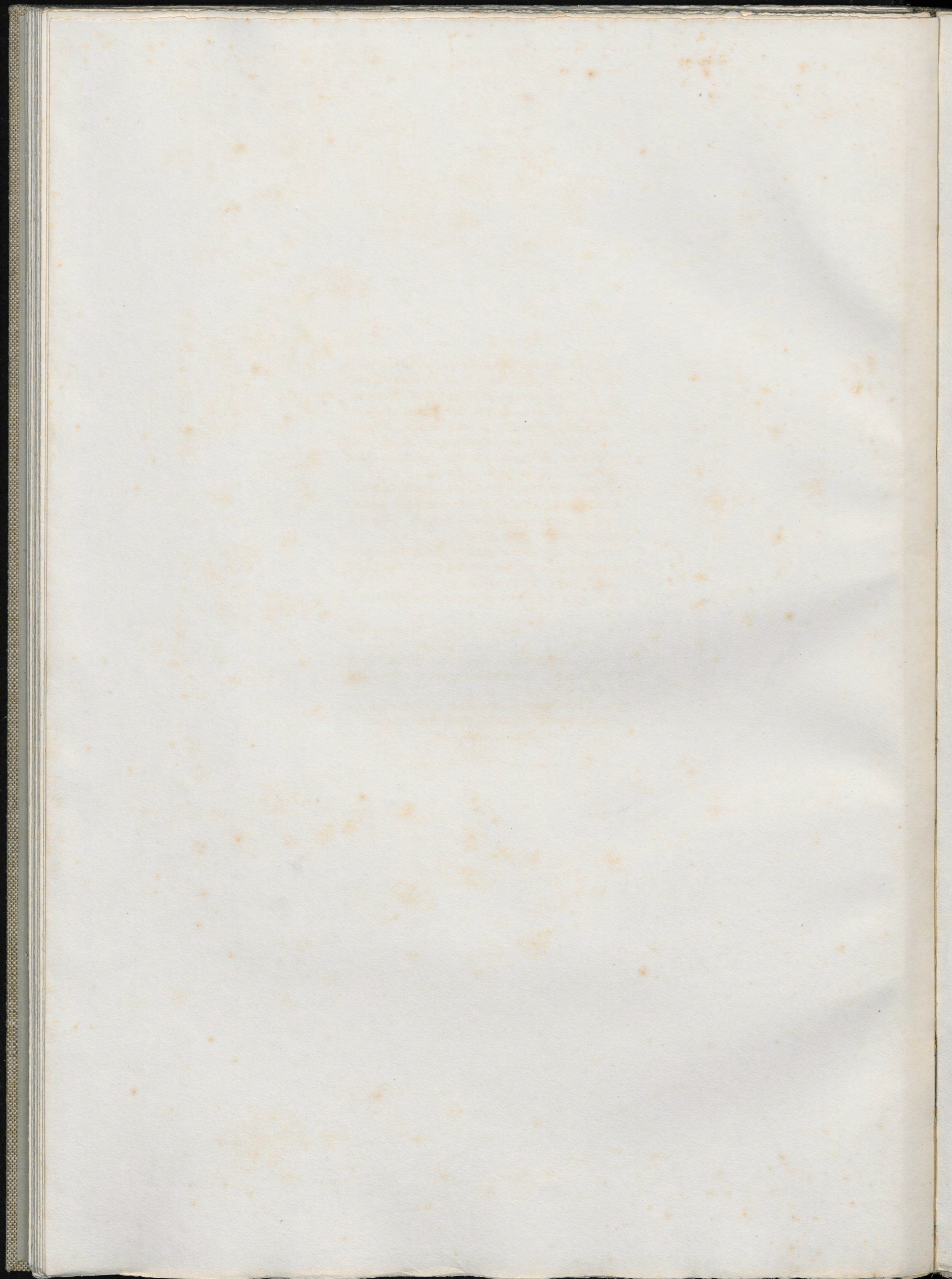
*Buzz of guitars repeat it in streamy  
summermoon song, the whitelight of  
the meaning  
changed to demand. Note life, challenging  
this hatred, this Hallelloo - risk it  
upon yourselves.  
Free all the dangers of promise,  
clear the image  
of freedom for the body of the world.*

*After the tree is fallen and has  
become the land ,  
when the hand in the earth declined  
rises and touches and  
after the walls go down and all  
the faces turn ,  
the diamond shoals of eyes demanding  
life  
deep in the prophet eyes , a wish  
to be again  
threatened alive , in agonies of decision  
part of our nation of our fanatic sun .*









*This book has been published  
by Lee A. Ault and R.C. von Ripper  
and was presented at the Bignou  
Gallery in New York, in January 1941.*

*It was printed by Charles S. White  
and bound by Kathryn and  
Gerhard Gerlach, both in New York.*

*The edition consists of :*

*2 copies on "Rives" paper, with the suite  
of the etchings on "Hollande Van Gelder"  
and 5 original sketches for the plates,  
numbered I and II.*

*3 copies on "Rives" paper, with the suite  
of the etchings on "velin de Normandie",  
numbered III, IV and V.*

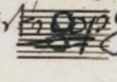
*20 copies on "Rives" paper, numbered  
1 to 20.*

*35 copies on "Sevit" paper, numbered  
21 to 55.*

*7 copies, of which 5 are on "Rives" and  
2 on "Sevit" - hors commerce - marked  
"artist's copy".*

*Each copy is numbered by hand and  
signed by the author and the artist.*

*This is copy No.:*

*Linné Rubeisen <sup>artist</sup>  Rudolf C. von Ripper*

