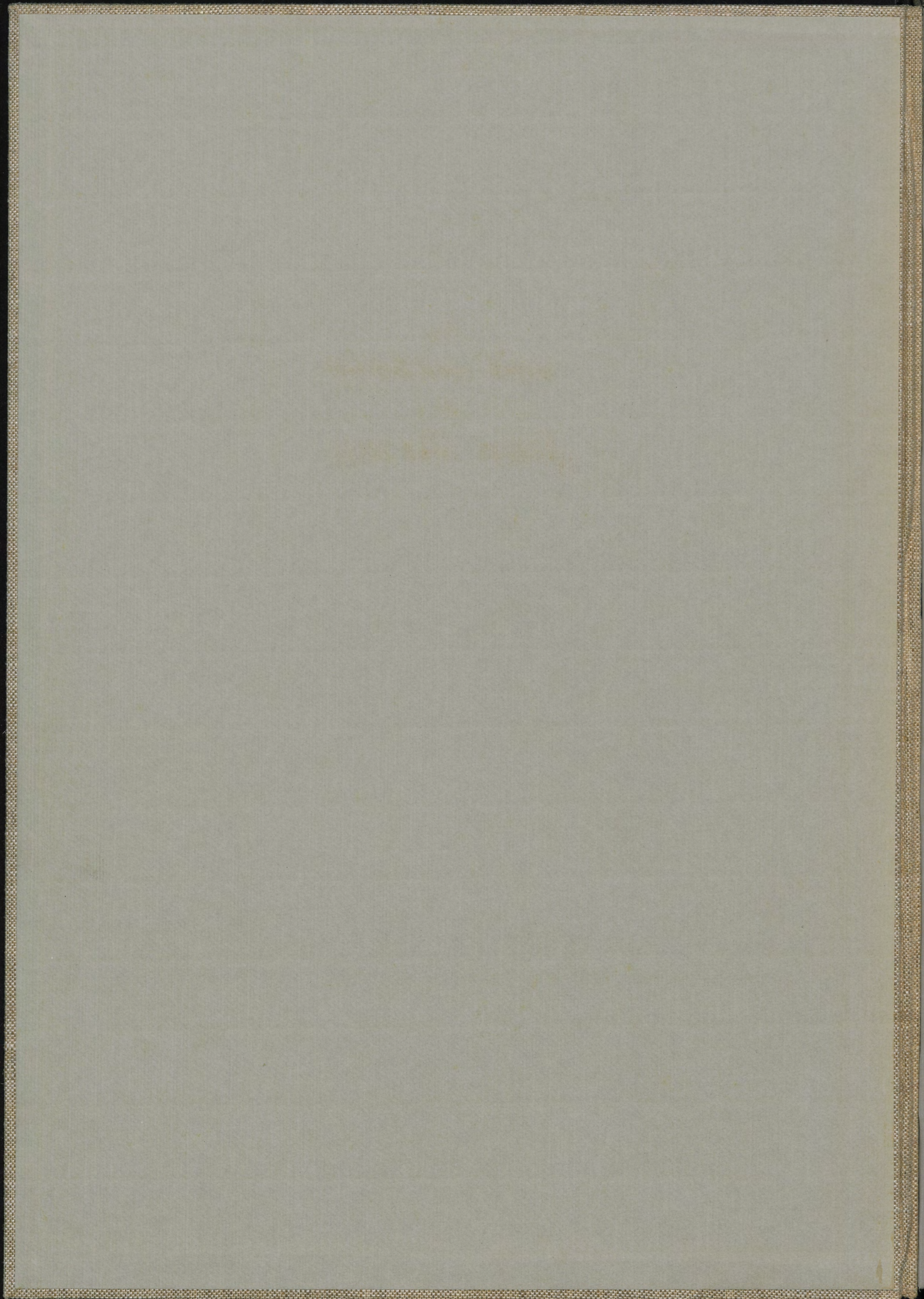
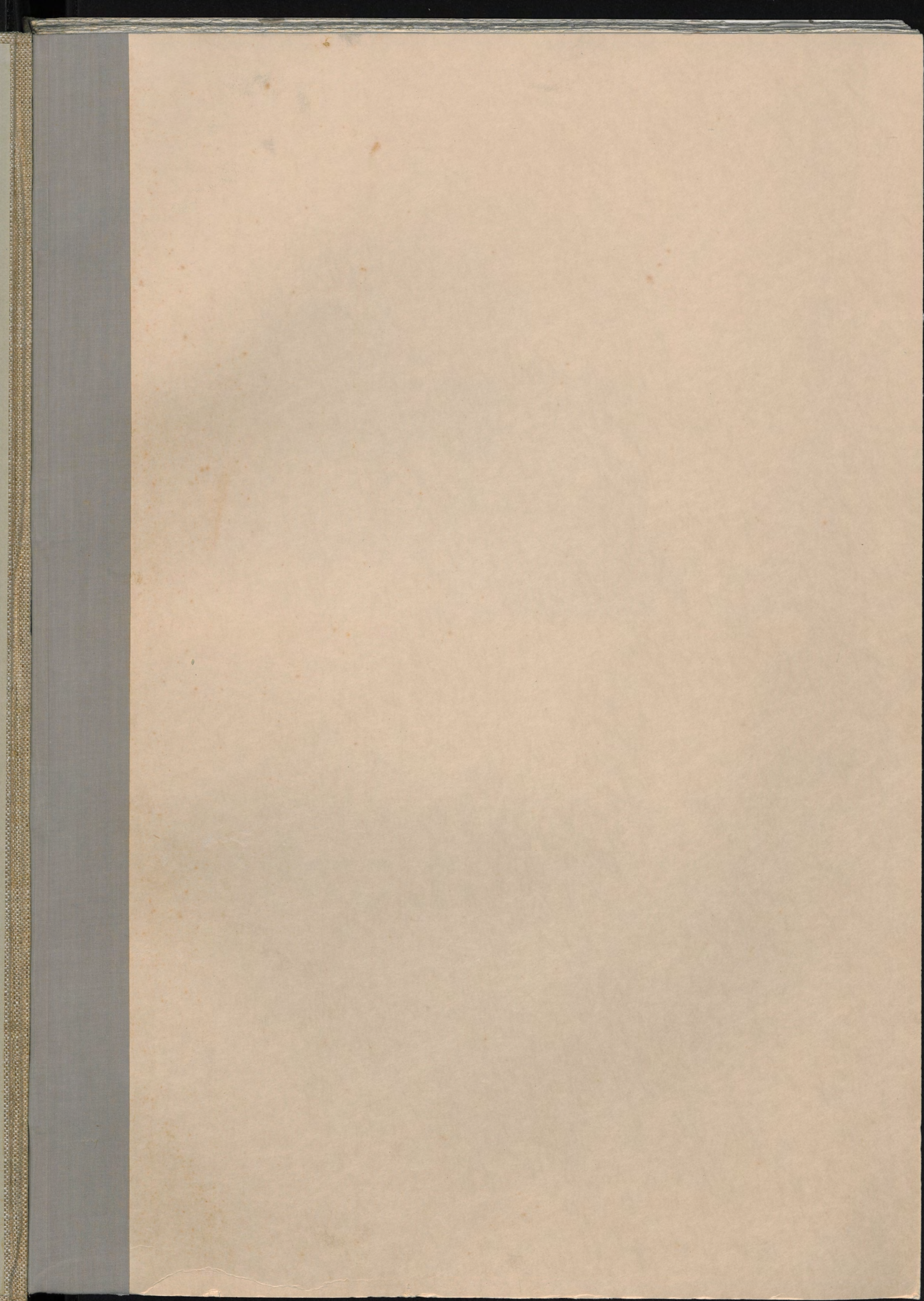
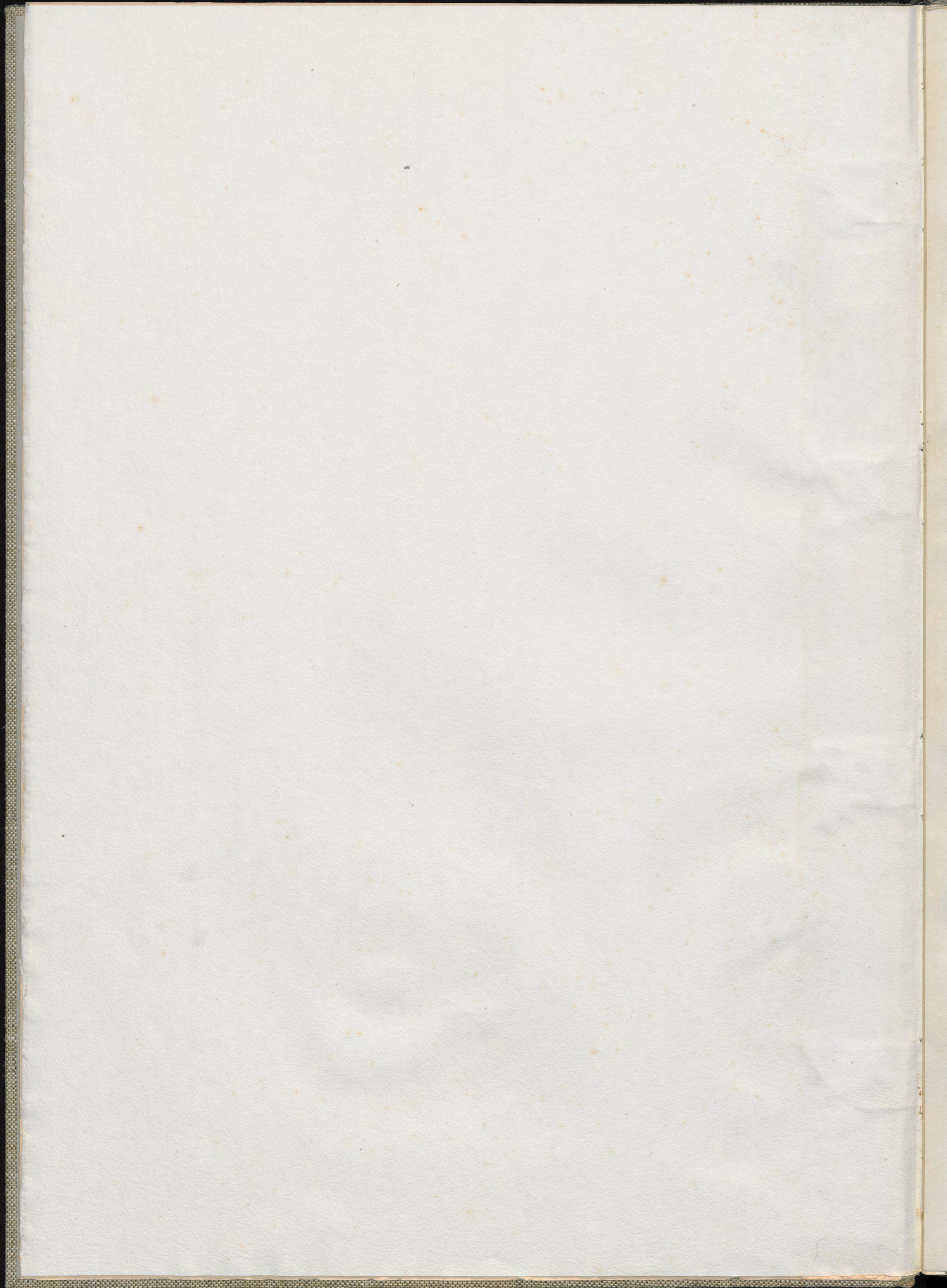
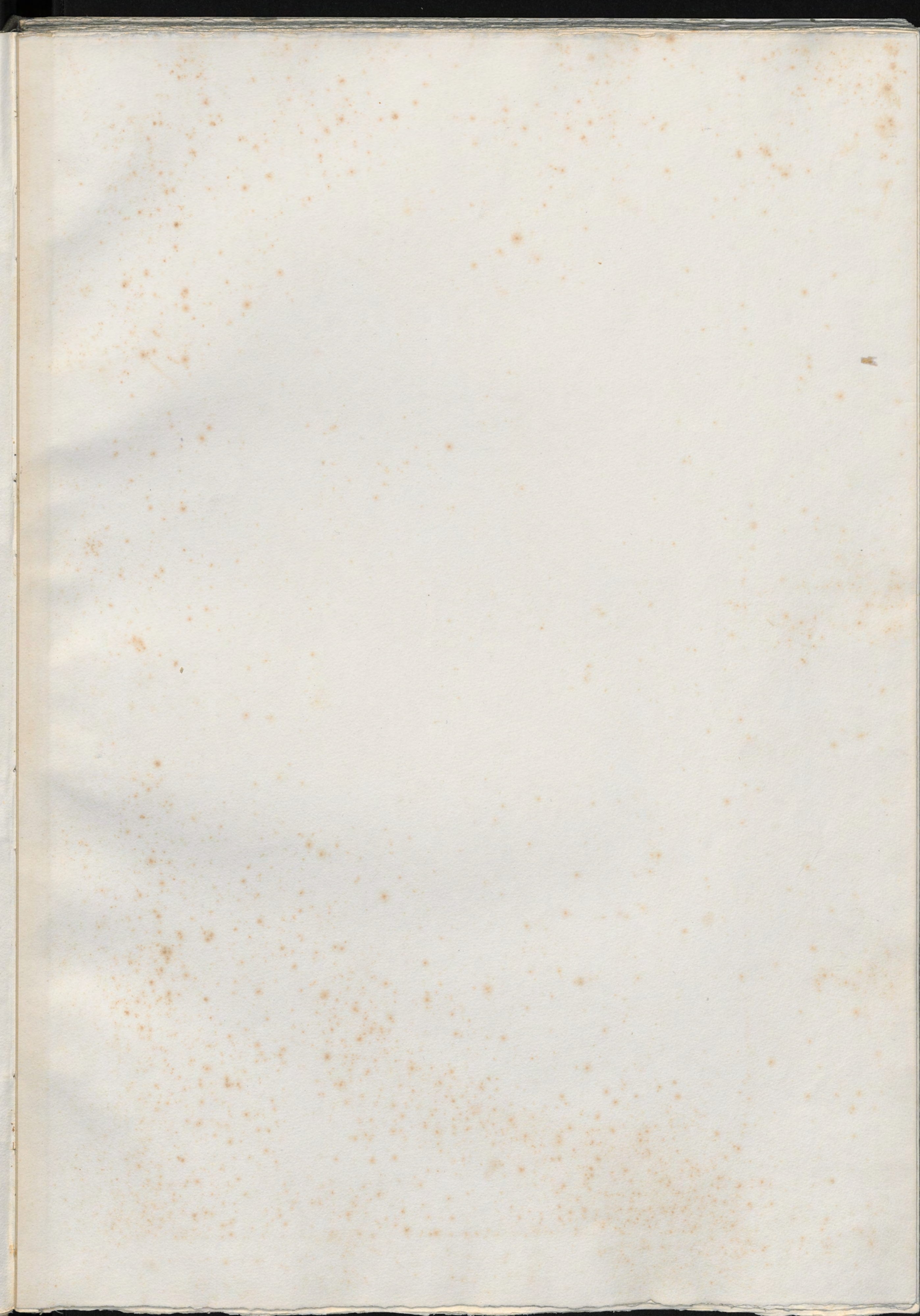


*The
soul and body
of
John Brown*





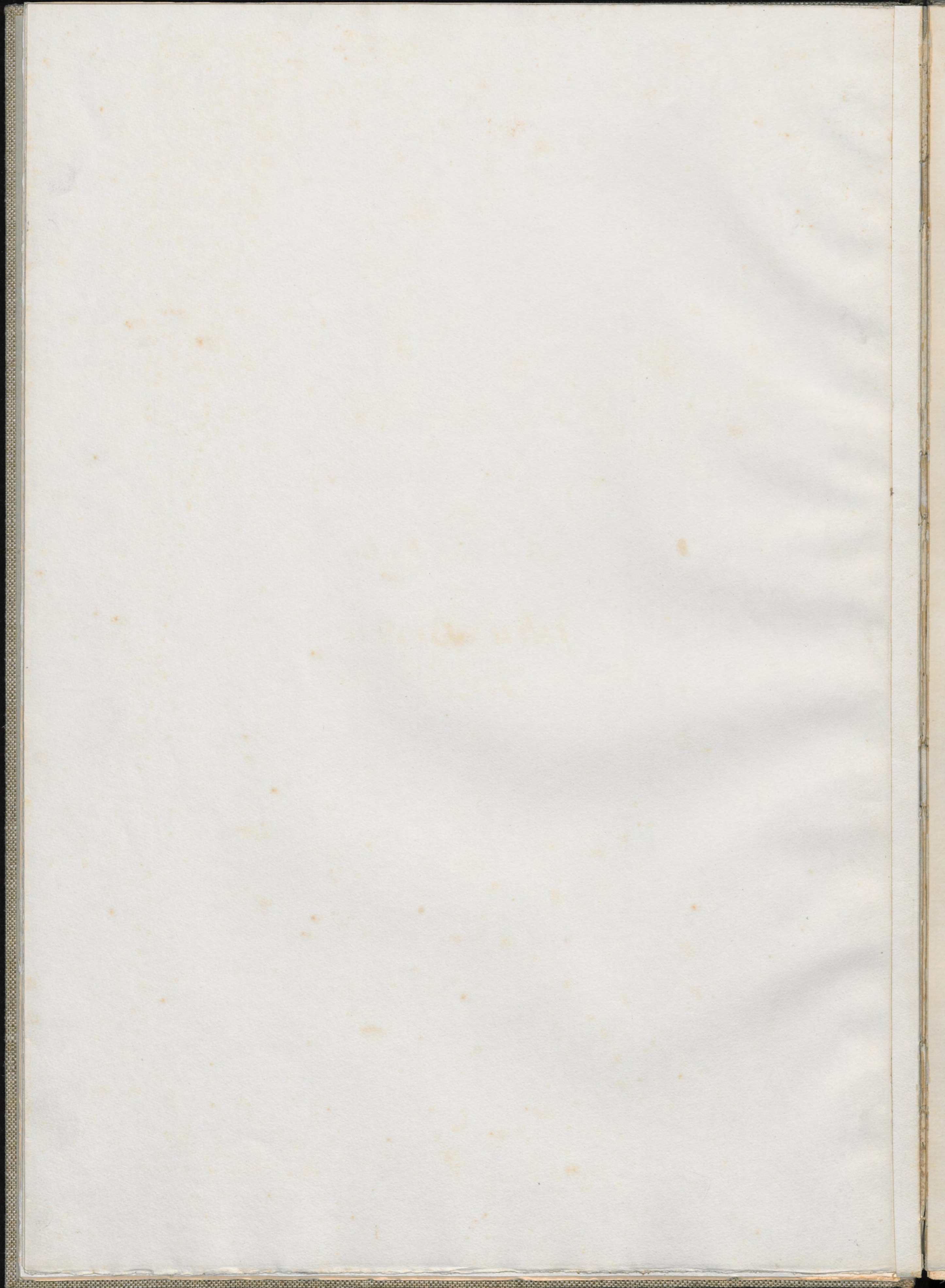




to Eleanor
with all my friendship

Rip

Christmas 1940 and 1941



The
soul and body
of
John Brown

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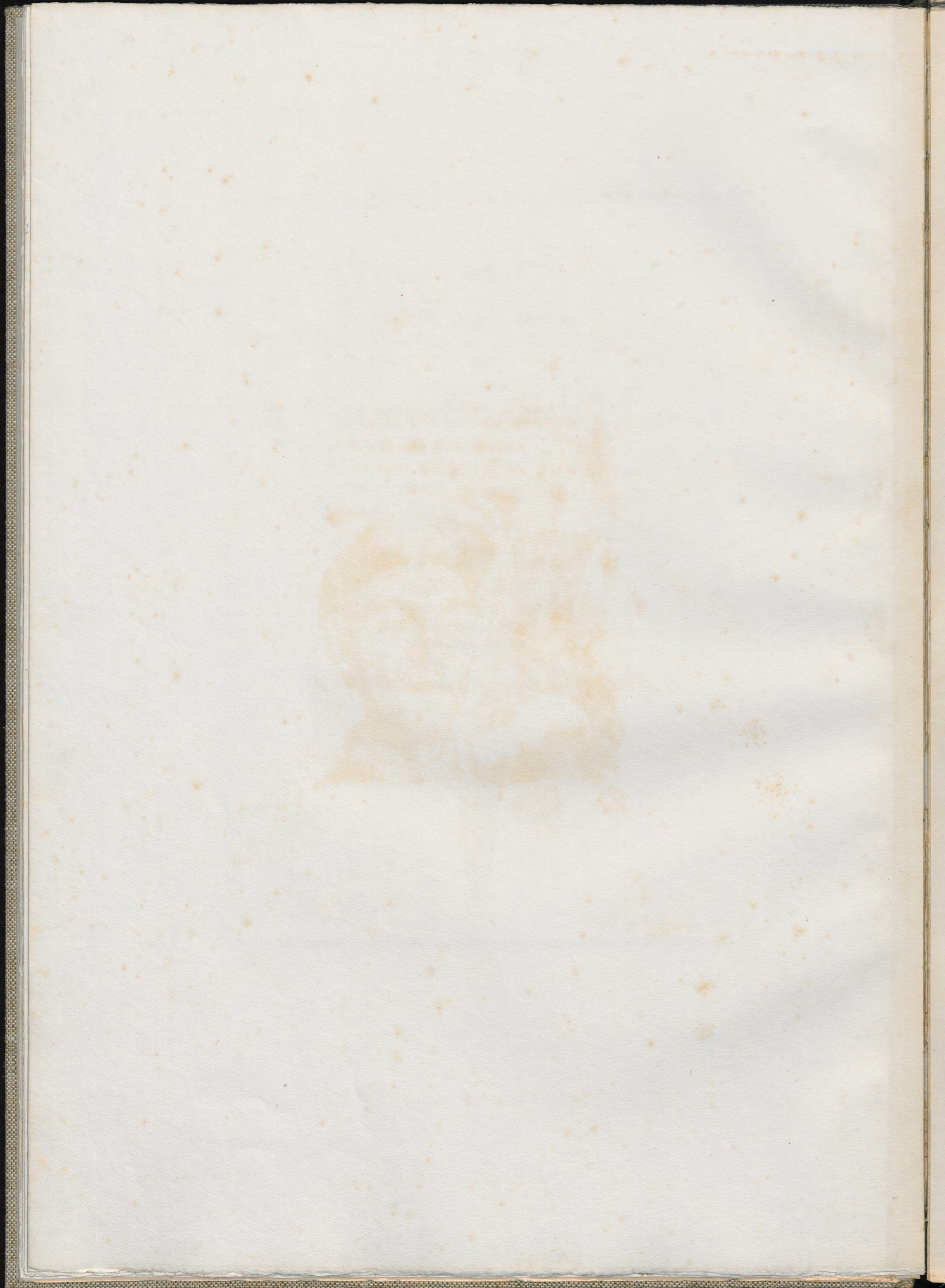
The
soul and body
of
John Brown

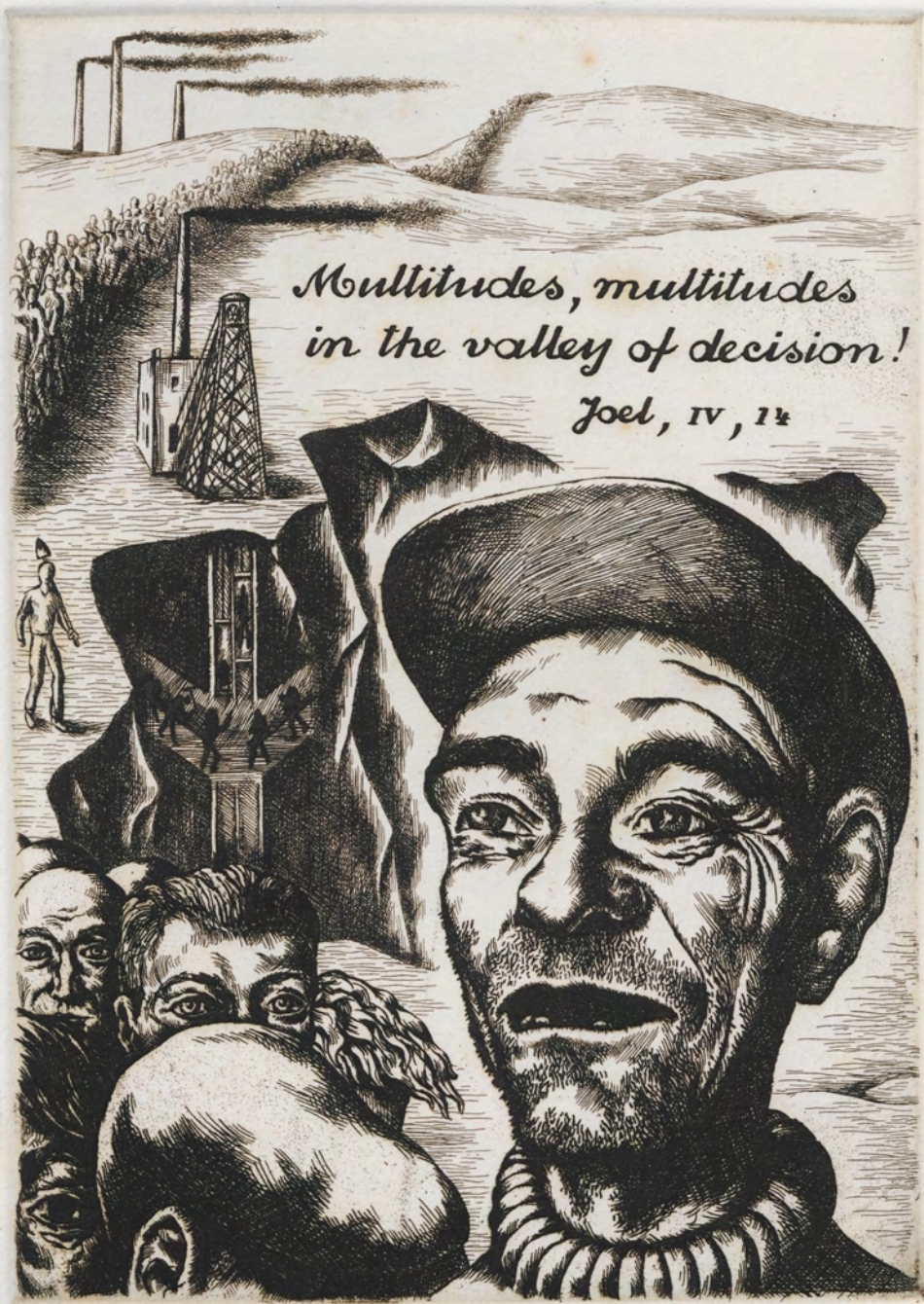
a
poem by
Muriel Rukeyser
and
an old song
on
etchings by
Rudolf C. von Ripper



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?*





he 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 dregs of the air,
deprived childhood and thwarted

youth

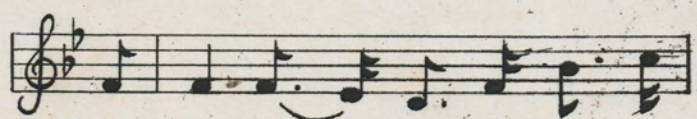


change:

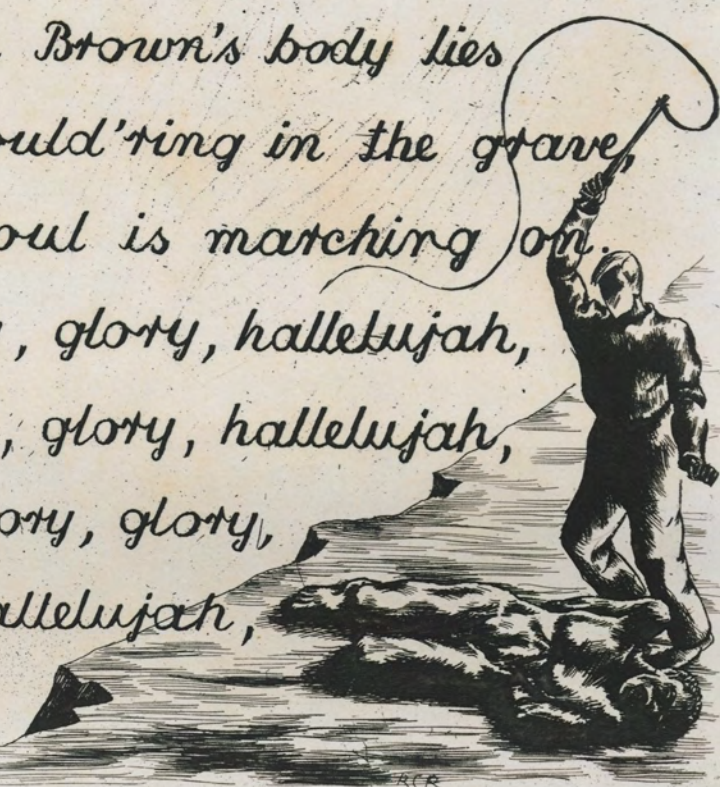
and



*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,





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

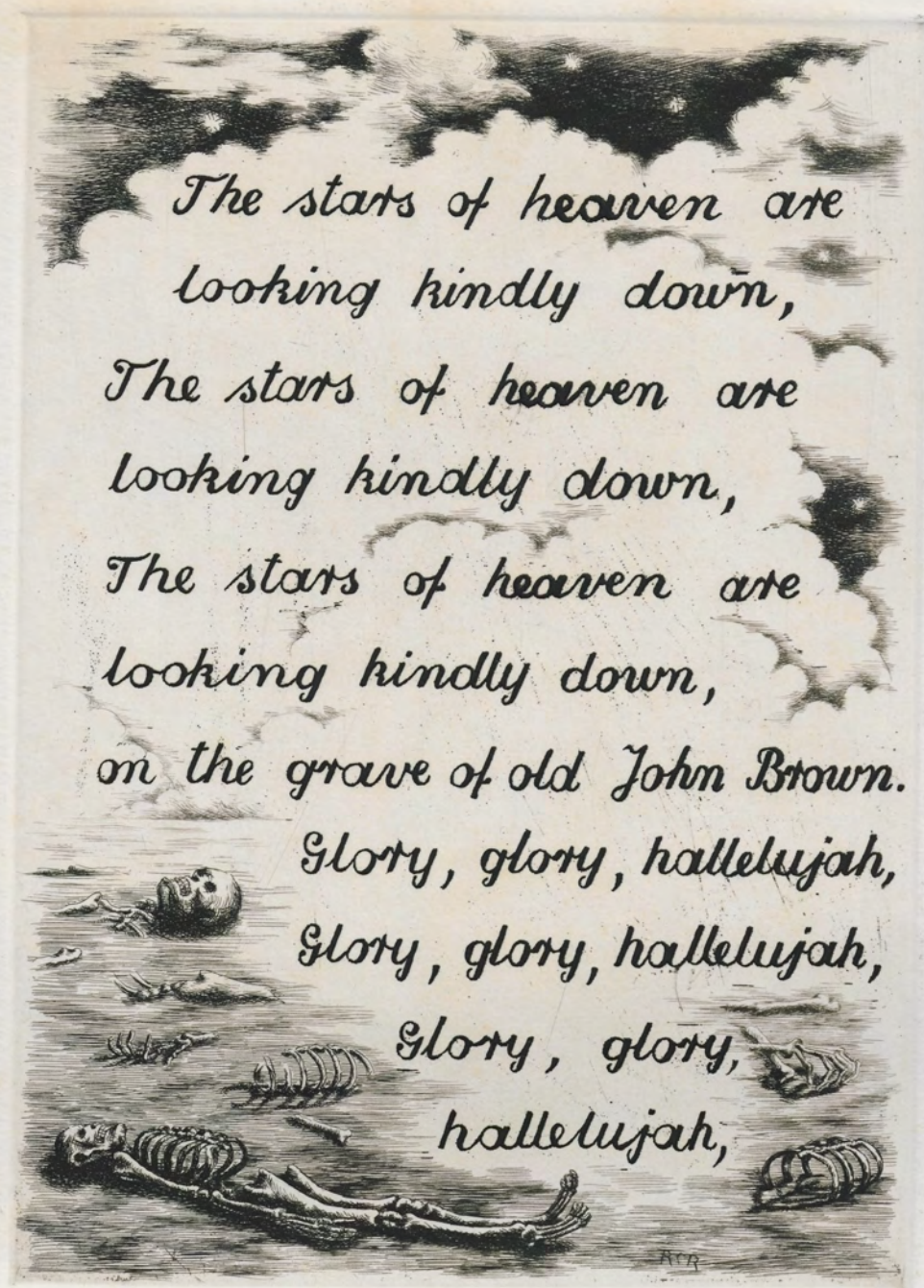
grow in the land to leap these
mountains.

Not mountains, but men and women
sleeping.



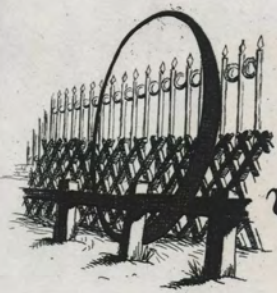


*O my scene! My mother!
America who offers many births.*





his soul is marching on

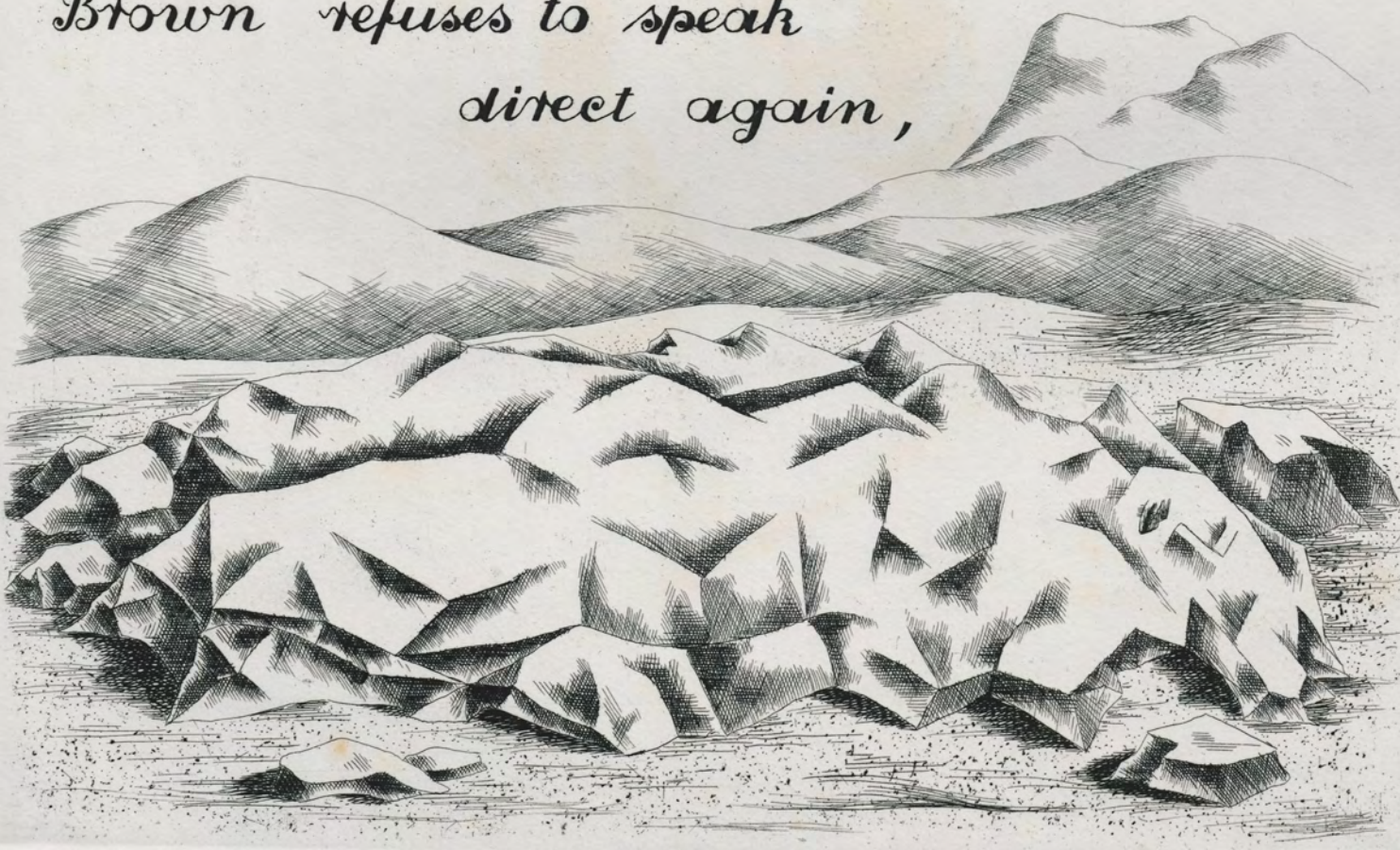


ver the tiers of barriers, compel
the connected steps
past the attacks of sympathy, past
black capitals,
to arrive with horizon sharpness, marching
in quick embrace toward people
faltering among hills among the symptoms
of ice,
small lights of the shifting winter, the
rapid snow-blue stars.

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 emphasise his nakedness
reflected in counties of naked who shiver
at fires,
their backs to the hands that untroll 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,



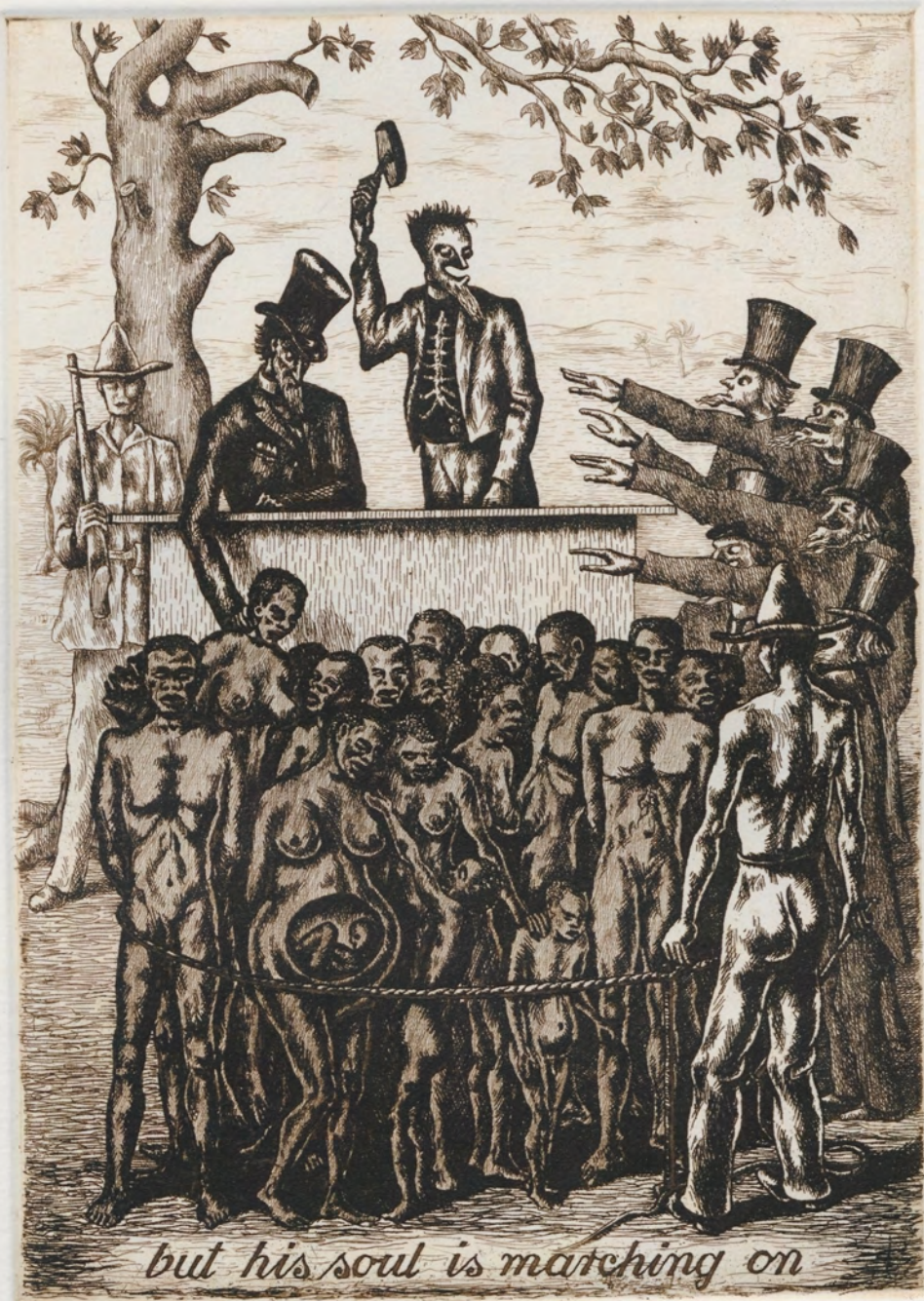


*asking the towers only what beggars dare:
food, fire, water, and air.*

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.

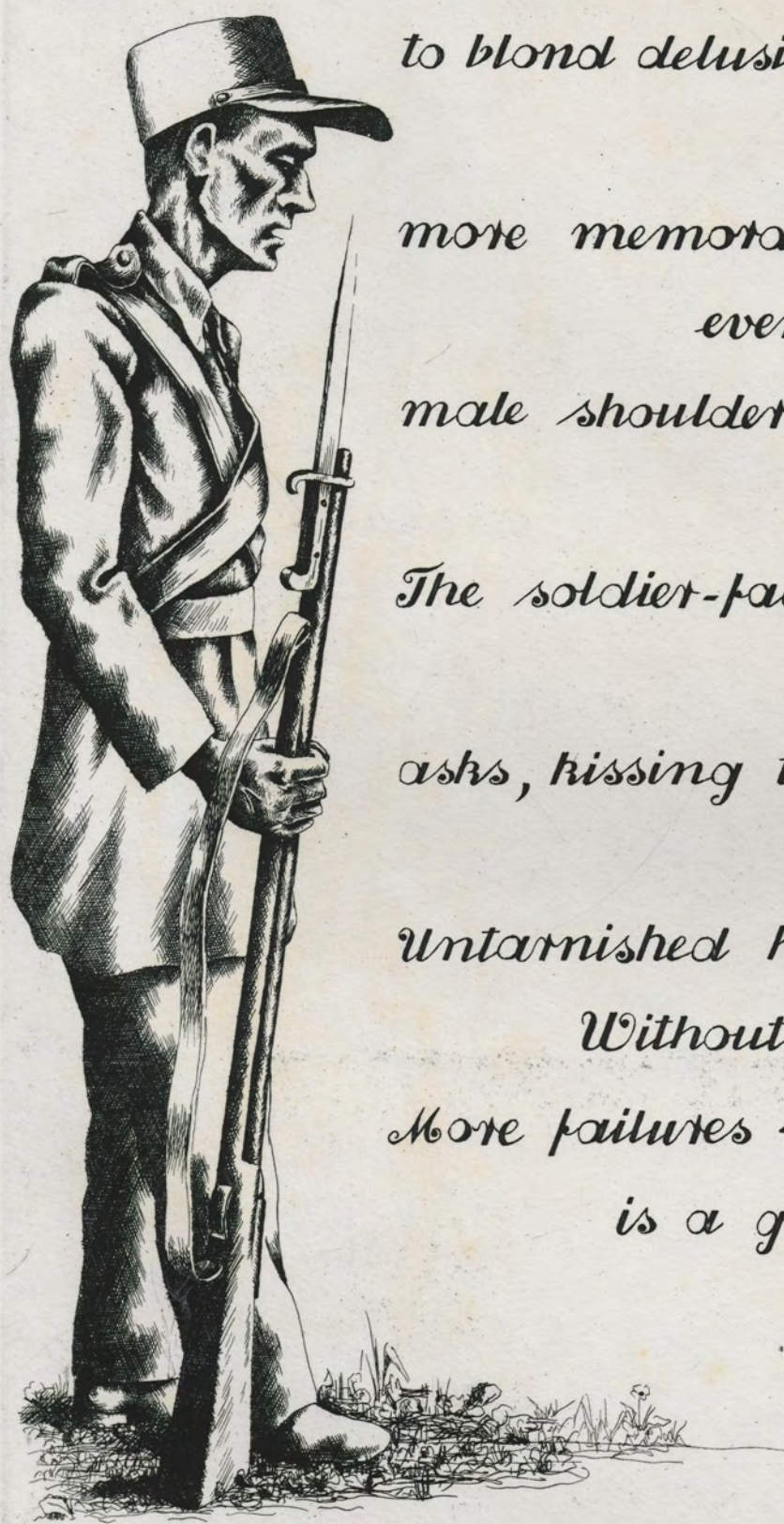


Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory,
hallelujah,
Glory, glory,
hallelujah,



but his soul is marching on

*Spring 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 heroes -
„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,

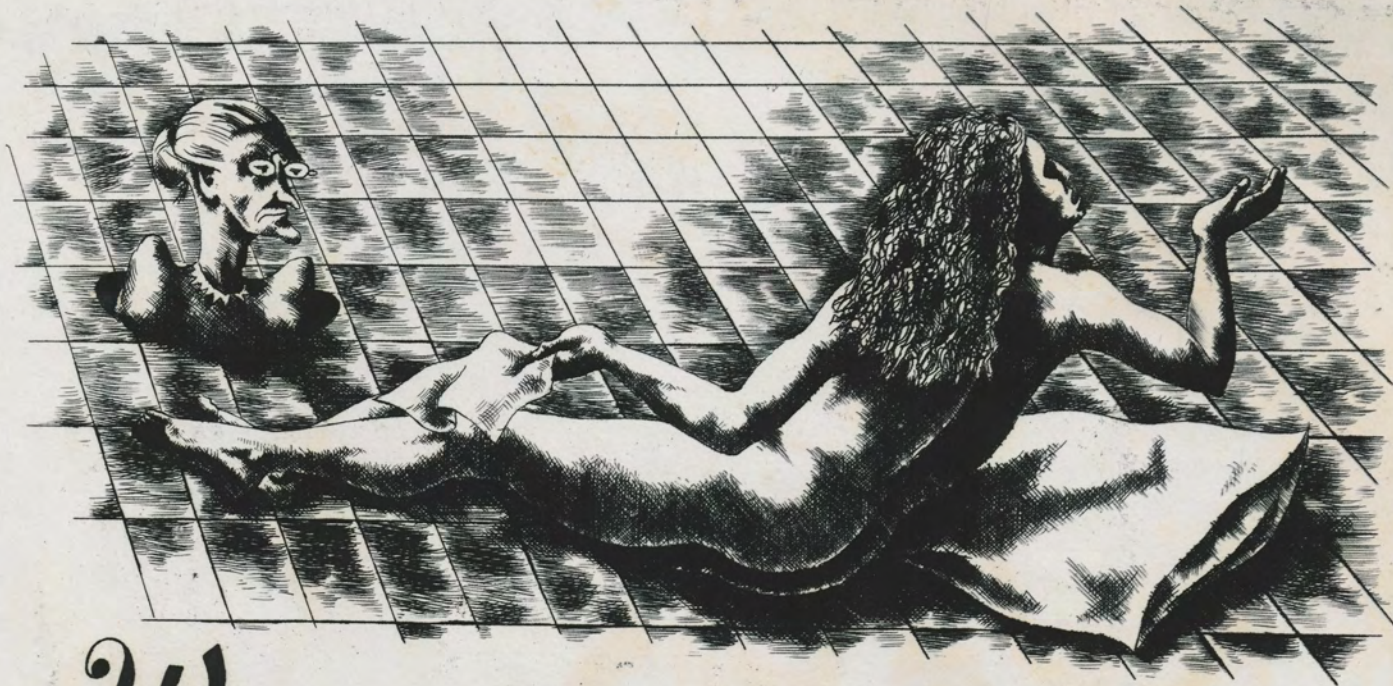
Glory, glory, hallelujah,

Glory, glory,

hallelujah,







*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,

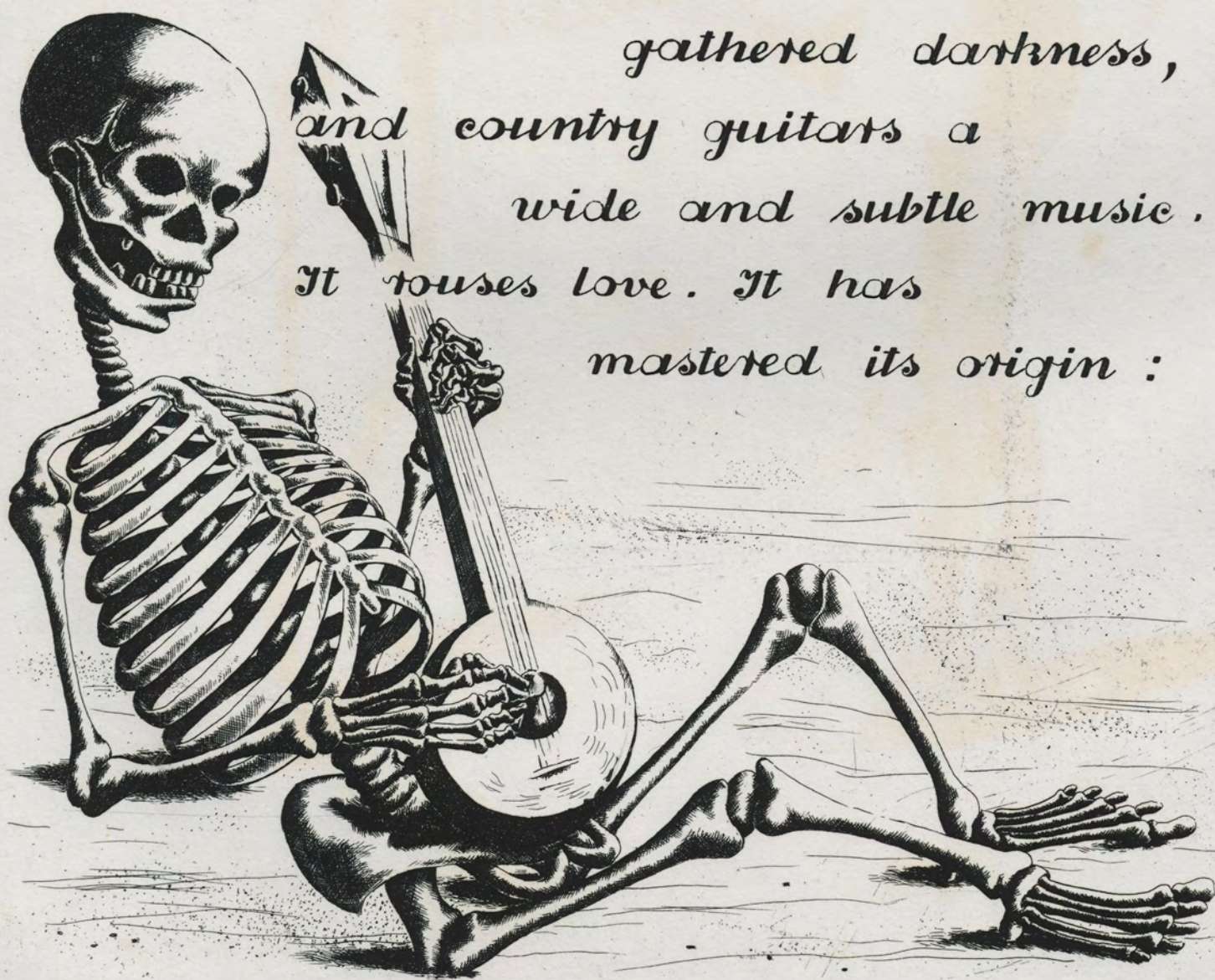
Glory, Glory,

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 :*





His pet lambs will
meet on the way,



His pet lambs will
meet on the way,

His pet lambs will
meet on the way

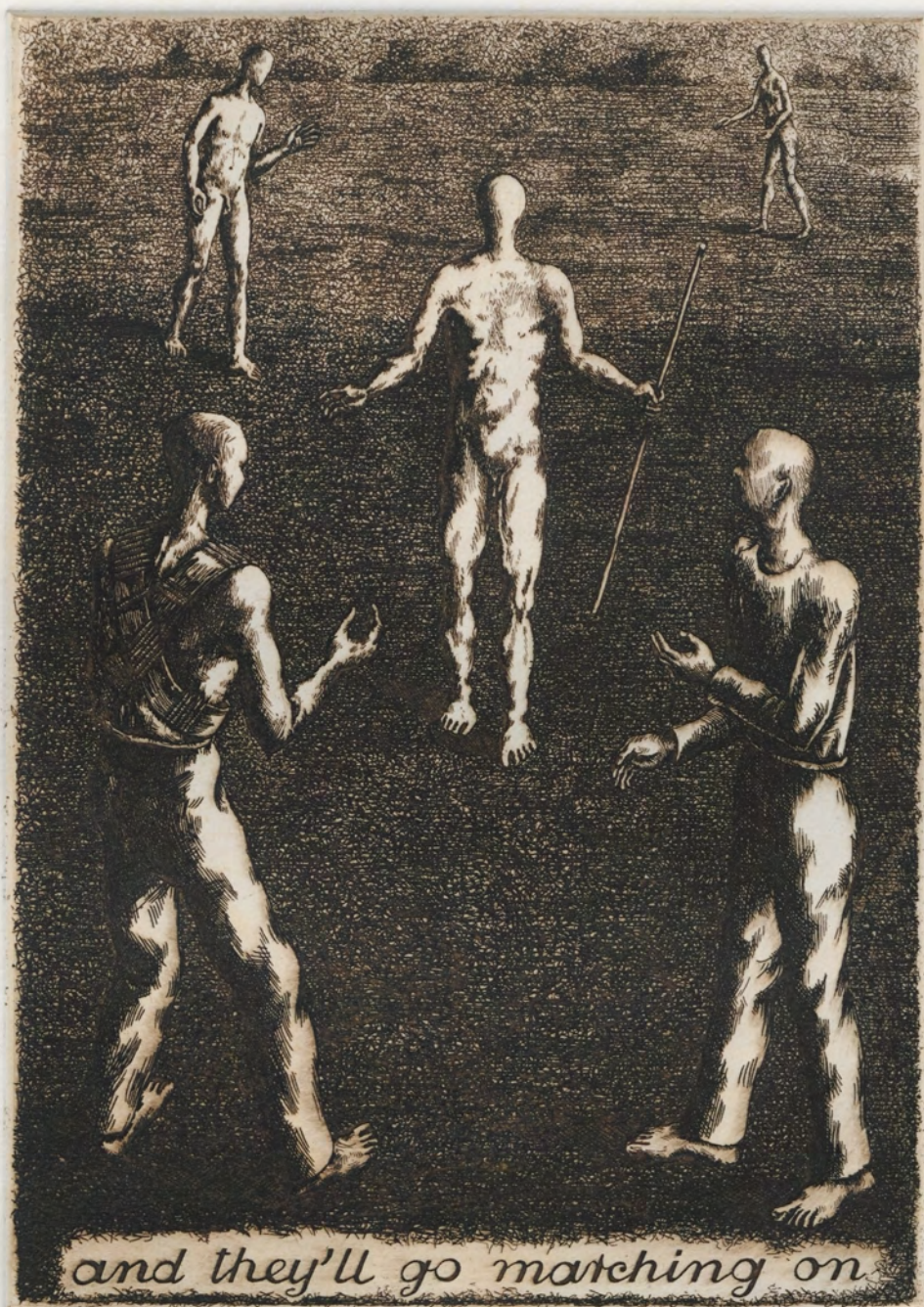
and they'll go marching on.

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-rose
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, deepdrowned
prophet and seablown 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,*



as they go marching on



*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,



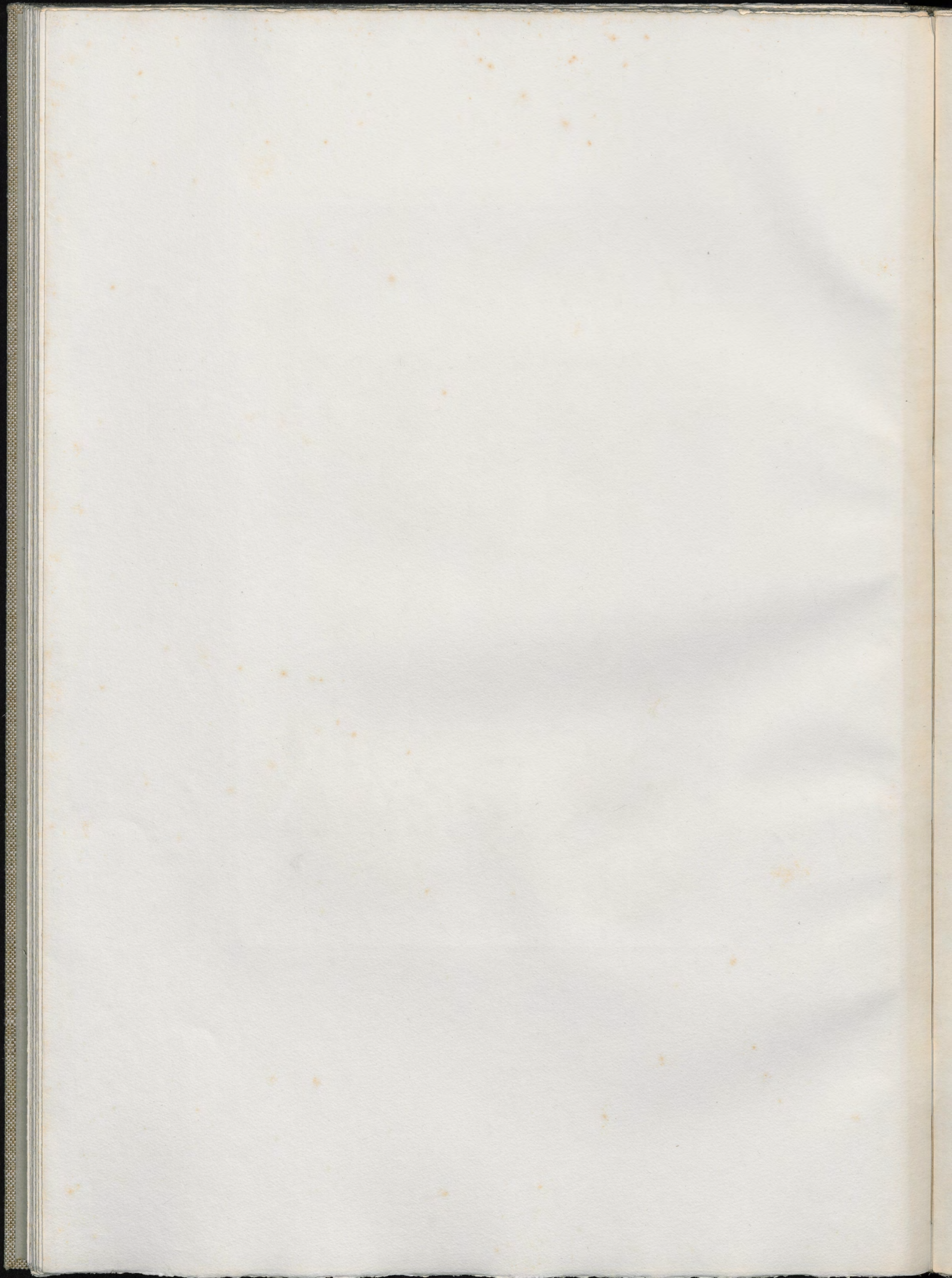


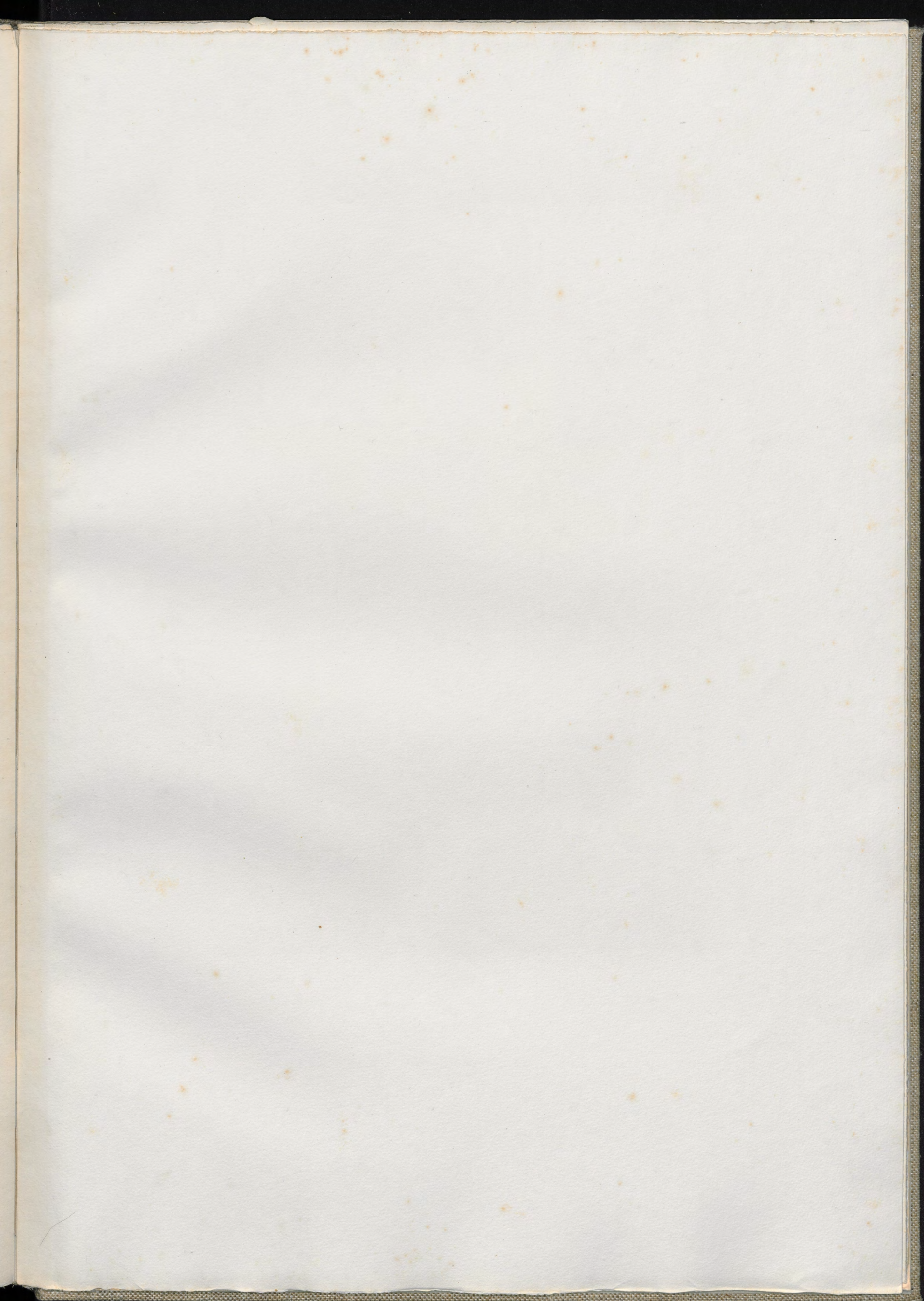


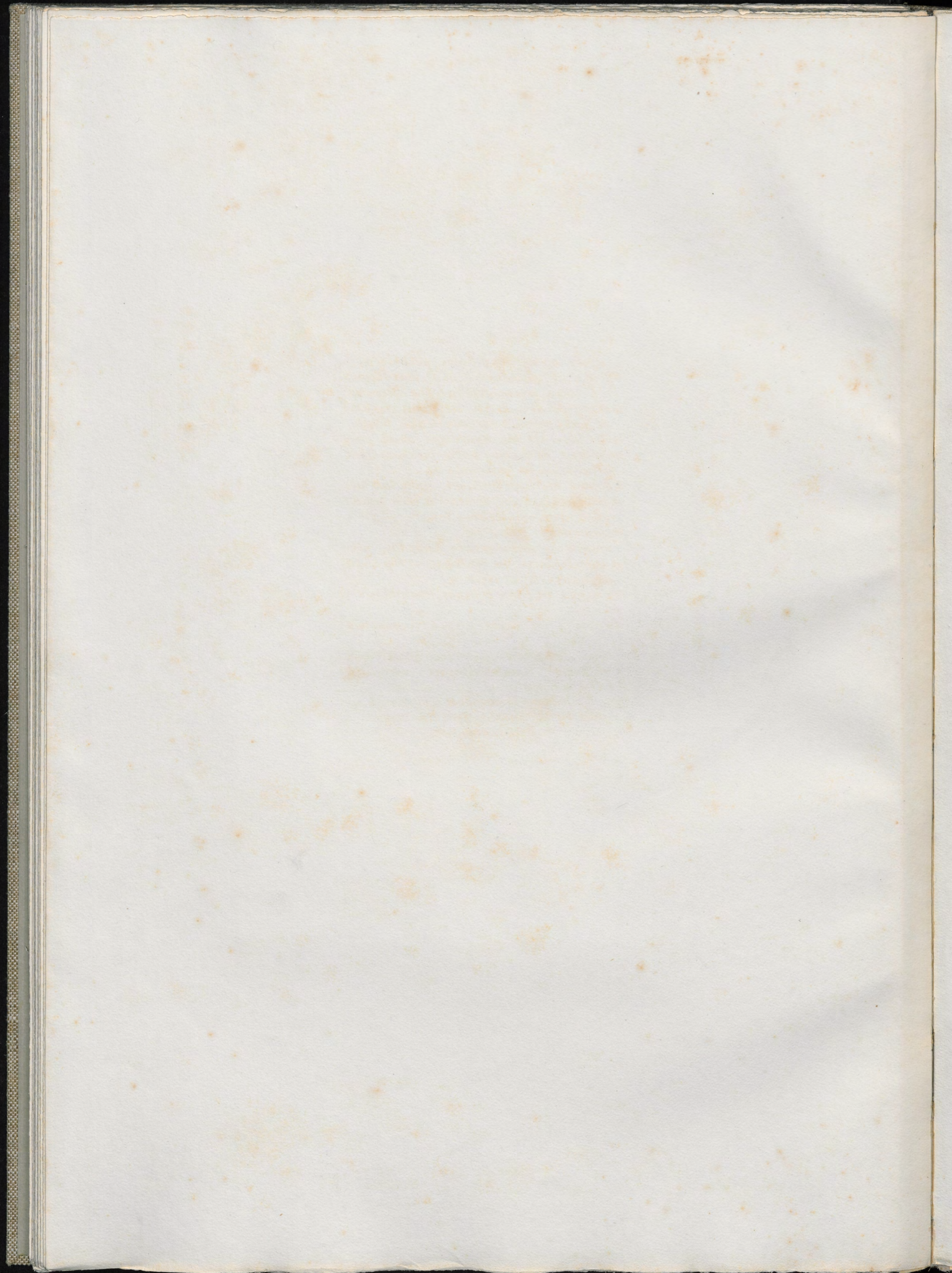
*Buzz of guitars repeat it in streamy
summermoon song, the whitelight of
the meaning
changed to demand. Note life, challenging
this hatred, this Hallelloo - risk it
upon yourselves.
Free all the dangers of promise,
clear the image
of freedom for the body of the world.*

*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 Rippert
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.*

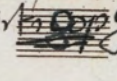
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1 to 20.*

*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.:

—Ludwig Ruckert artist——Rudolf C. von Rippert

