

THE TYGER

TYGER! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Dearest Nell -

January 18

All of our books are so much ¹⁹⁷³ appreciated - so much our favorite things from Anne's fairy tales to, Kate's L.G. Wilder book to Julia's Christmas book and my remarkable book, Seven Anzons. I have just returned from a week away with a photography workshop in Yosemite Valley - and took the book along - it was remarkable to delve into the book thoroughly, all at once - in that cliff-walled valley, once lived in by Indians - now by photographers! my inner landscape certainly struggles up the sheer rock of cliffs - it's struggle for balance so delicately explained in the book.

An extraordinary thing happened in the mountains. I met other seekers, others in the struggle to create - others in the same alone-ness of the artist. I awakened to the fact that I am in that same state - I must create. I have been denying the life-force, masking it with the day to day - going against my self. I have known

That here, but Frederick too is caught
 up in a kind of "ratrace" and
 false pride - all part of a fragmented
 urban life - its subtle demands -
 I met there a person who spoke directly
 to me - who shook me awake by the
 strength of his conviction in the power
 of the music. The rhythm. The edges of
 life. He is a young photographer who
 is a poet. you would know him if
 you met him. He has my book. Now
 I have sent him yours - you prepared
 me and have kept me alive these last
 difficult months. I'm still wandering
 but I think I can believe in myself -
 in my work and words - The point is
 that I don't need to listen to all the
 false voices which get to me here and
 in the world of photographers/publishers
 I am part of a greater current - one
 I first recognized in you.

It came upon me while there
 in that valley that I must put the

THE TYGER

Etching colored by hand. From *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*
 1794, by William Blake. British, 1757-1827

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
 Rogers Fund, 1917

