

*Open Letter*

# HIDDEN LEAVES

A Publication of the Ilan-Lael Foundation



From the earth, a youth leapt forth to cry, "This day is mine  
gave sighs to stars and dreamed a trumpet  
a steed with nostrils wide  
descending

The sigh arose, the poet's  
dream unfurled the wings,  
sunlight in fractured  
gems wrapped  
around the earth —  
Rubies, sapphires, violet, green  
plumes and foaming sea  
Burst in a many-rainbowed  
crystallized song. J.H.

Pegasus, the winged Horse  
messenger of the 9 Muses, goddesses of  
the 9 arts . . .

In times past, his great wings lifted  
the Poets to view the fields of Gods. In  
our times, he has suffered as a beast of  
Burden, put behind the plow of selling  
dogmas, dressed in cocktail dress, and  
trivia.

He stands in our time an object of  
curiosity, perched on a pedestal,  
protected by plate glass, poked at by art  
magazines and critics, made ridiculous  
by fads.

Are there those in our world that  
would give Pegasus back his wings, put  
art back again in the service of  
inspiration, and at the call of the Gods?

Volume One  
Number Four  
Winter, 1985

Dan Dickey  
San Diego Artist 1910-1961



*For Belle Baranceanu*  
**THE ARTIST**

However far  
the tangent of her line travels  
to delineate concept of  
man, beast or  
abstracted belief,

being true  
it follows an inherent  
curve which—  
ever,

returns it home.

*Ettlie Wallace, 1984*

