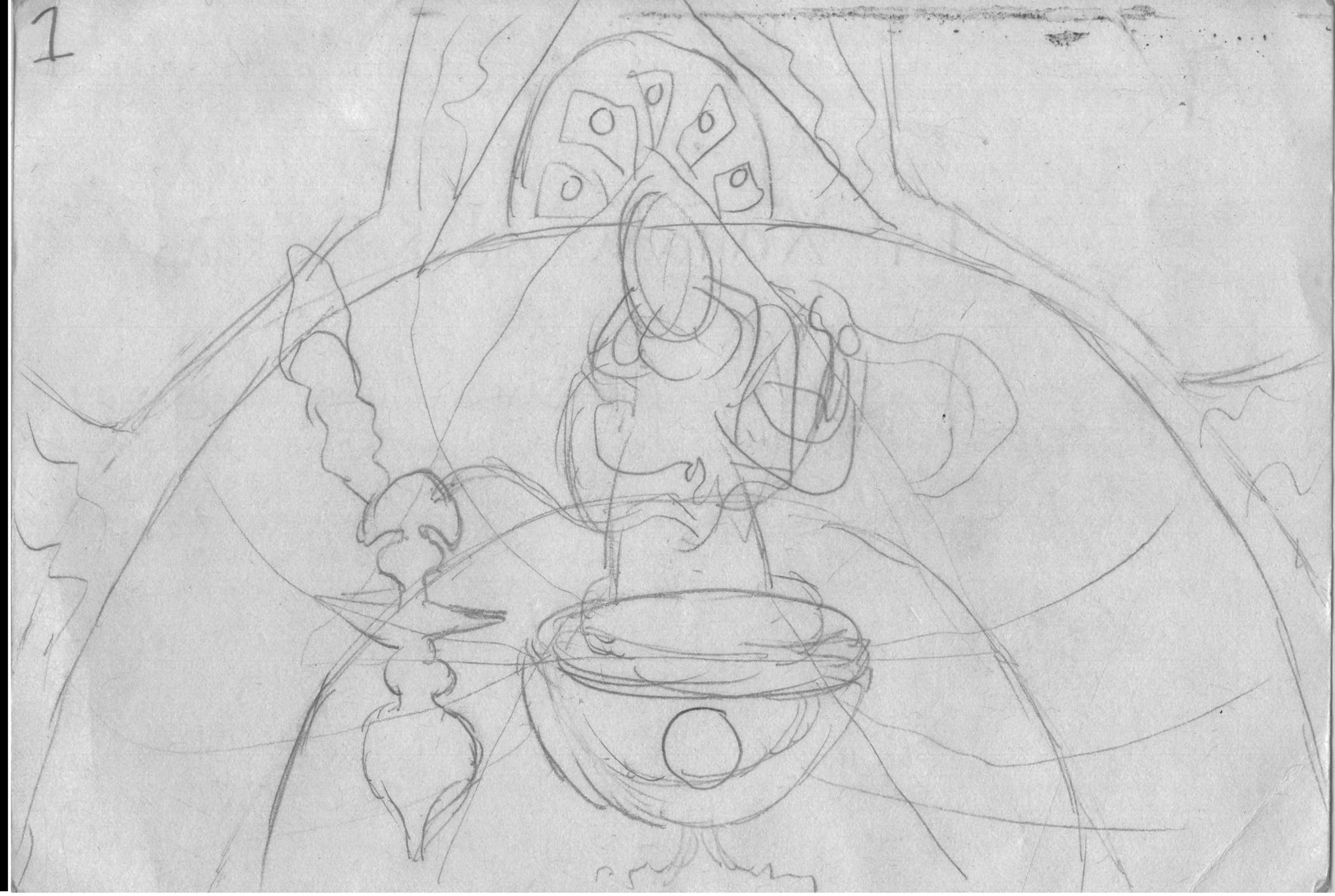
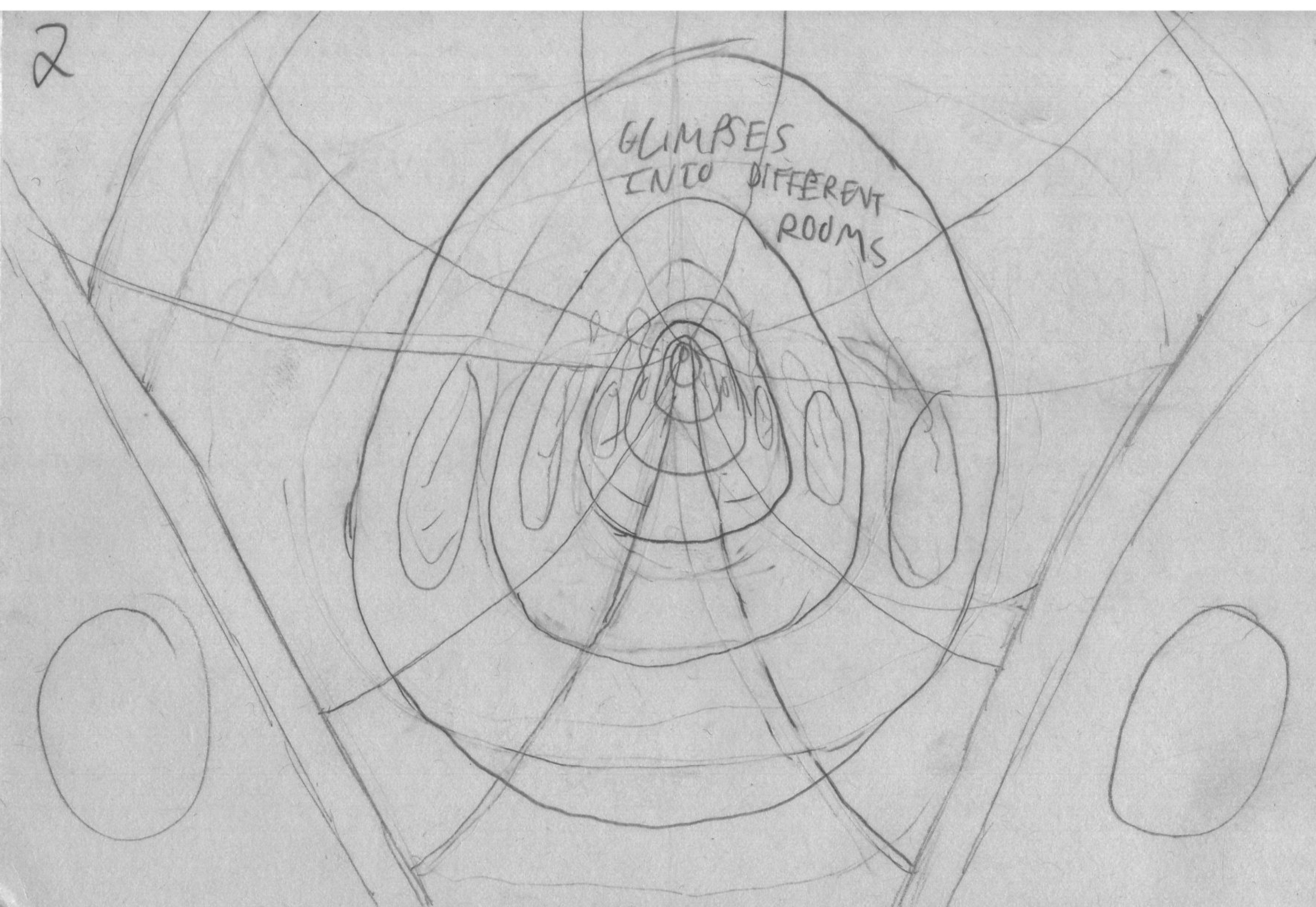


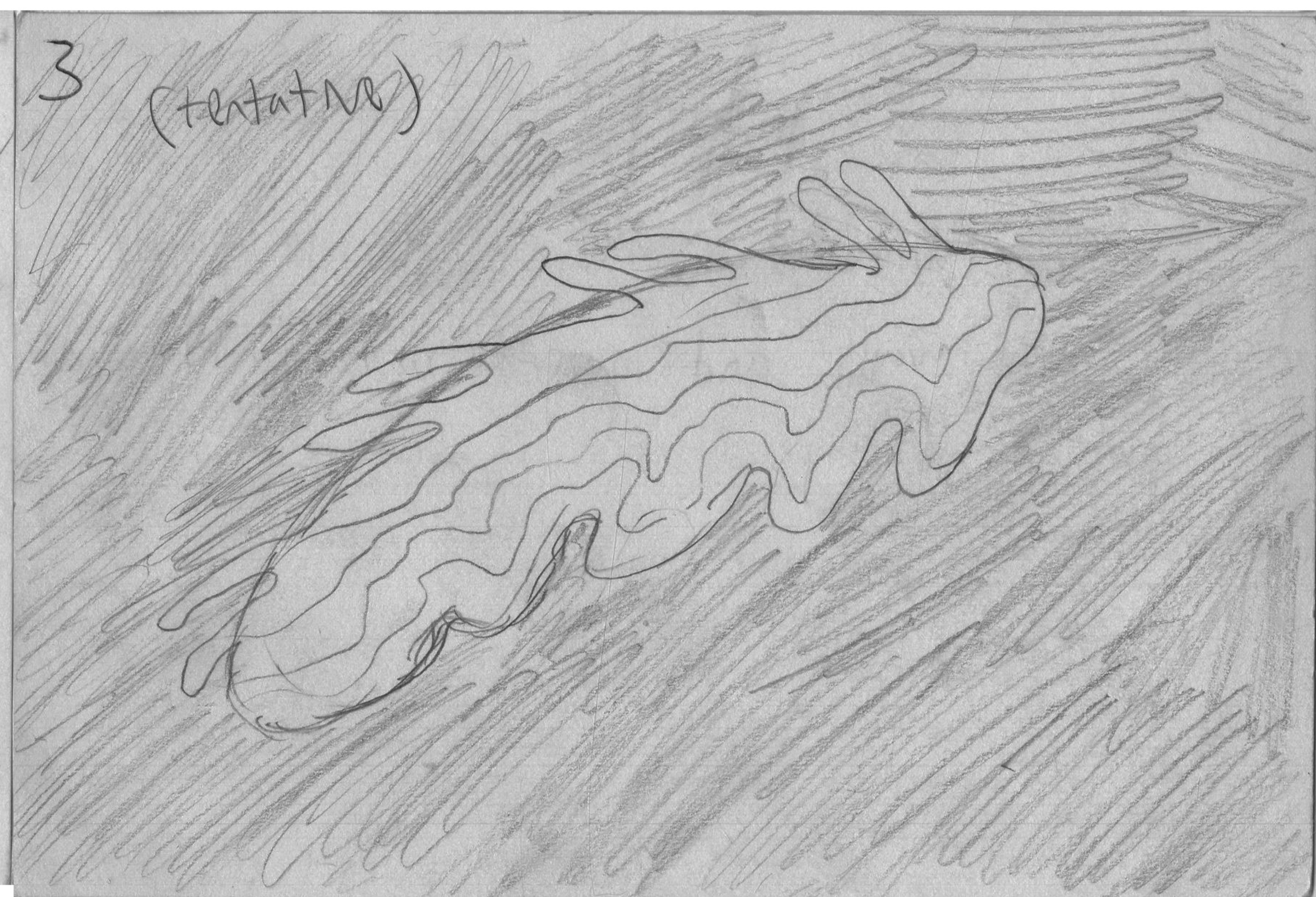
**KUBLA KHAN:
A SPACE ODYSSEY:
A STORYBOARD**



**In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:**



**Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.**



**So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:**



**And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;**



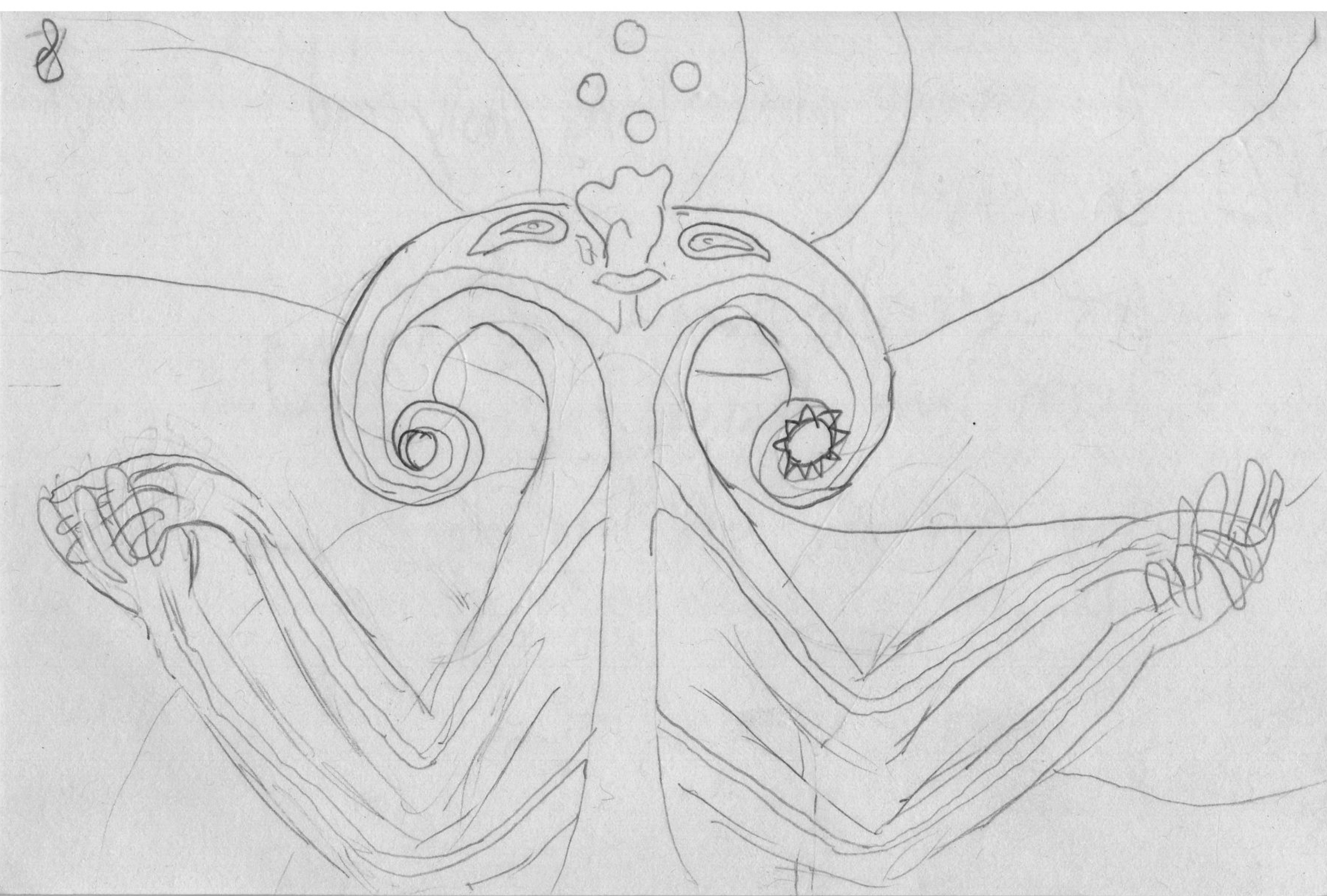
**And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.**



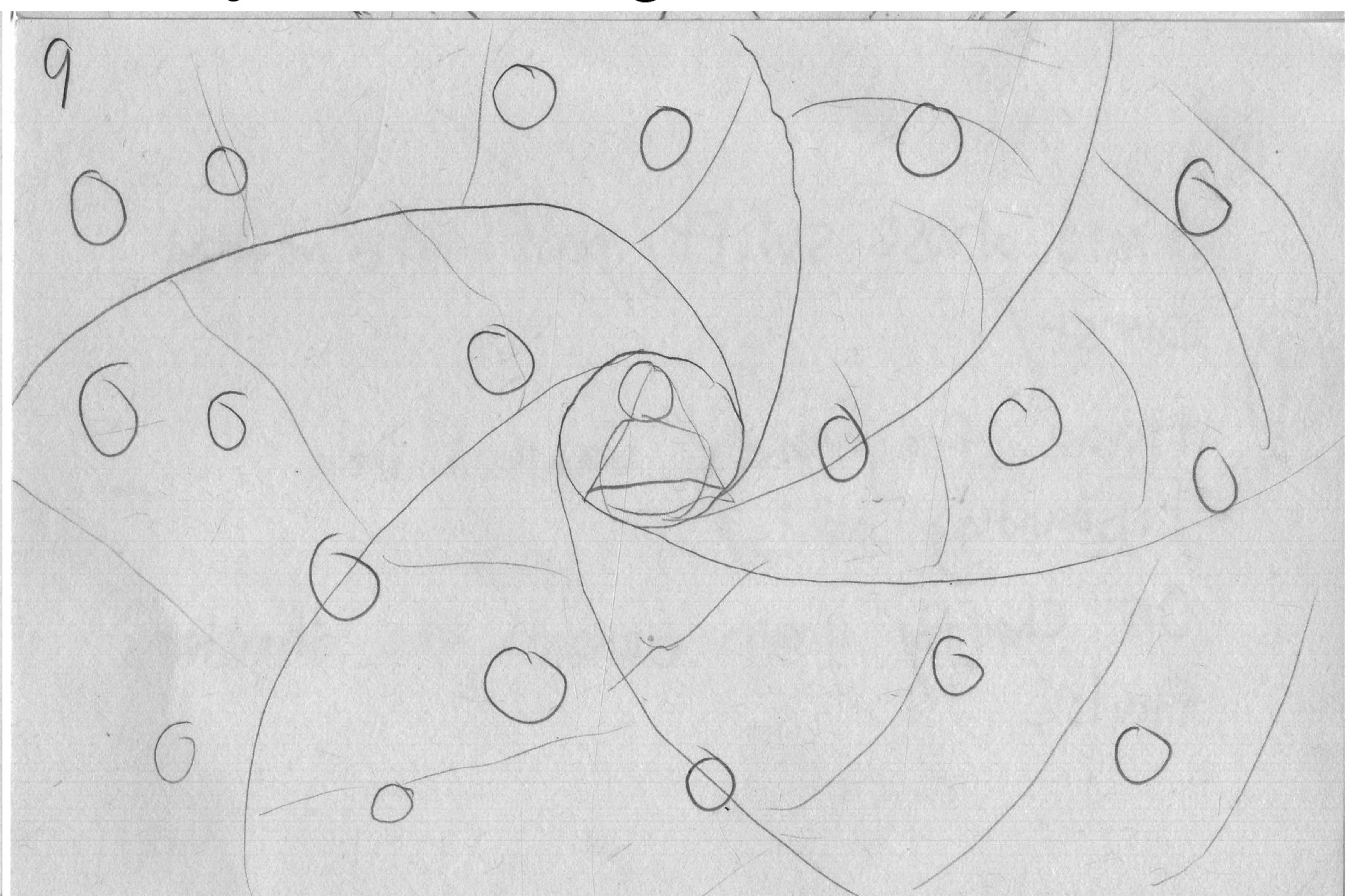
**But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!**



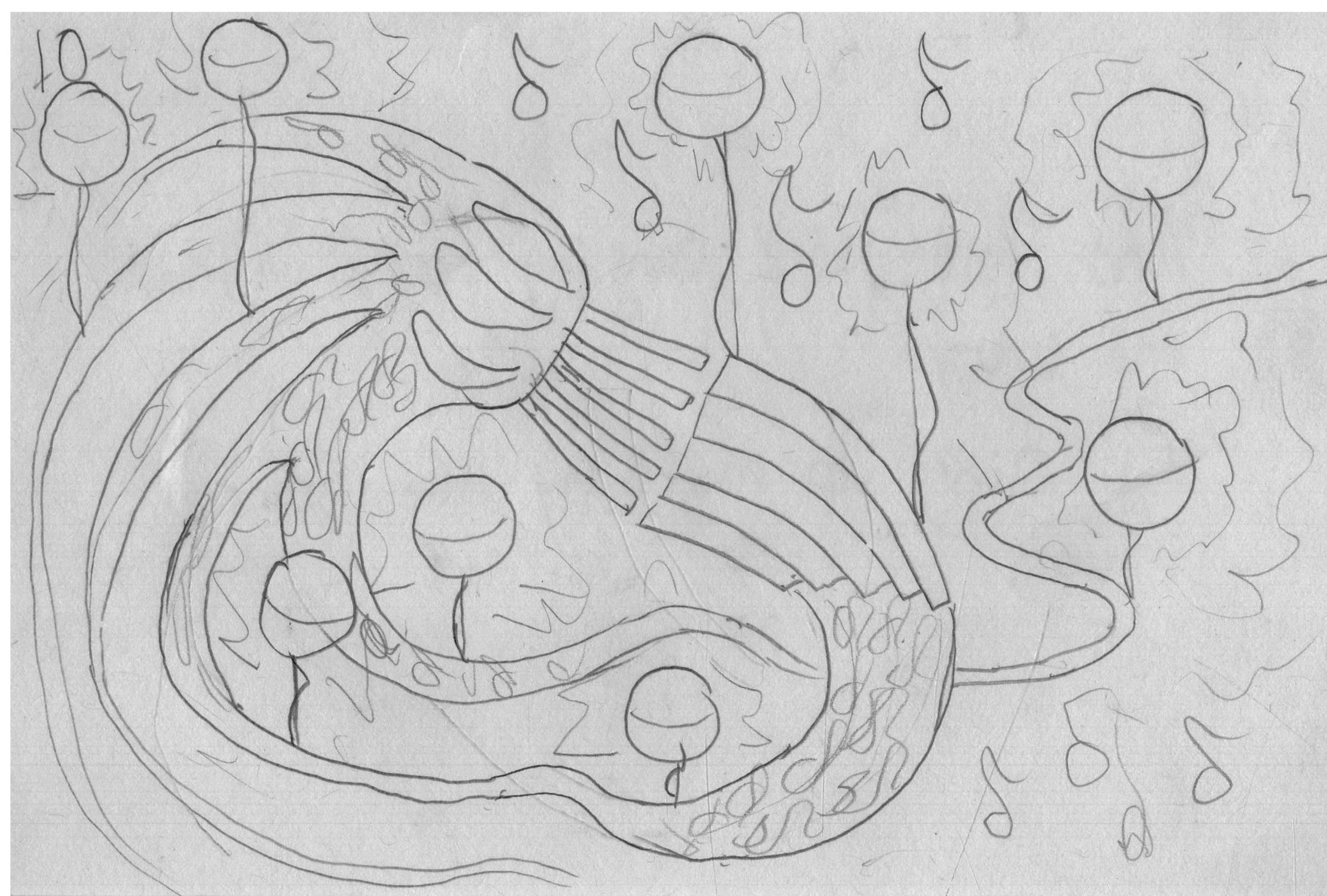
**A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!**



**And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:**



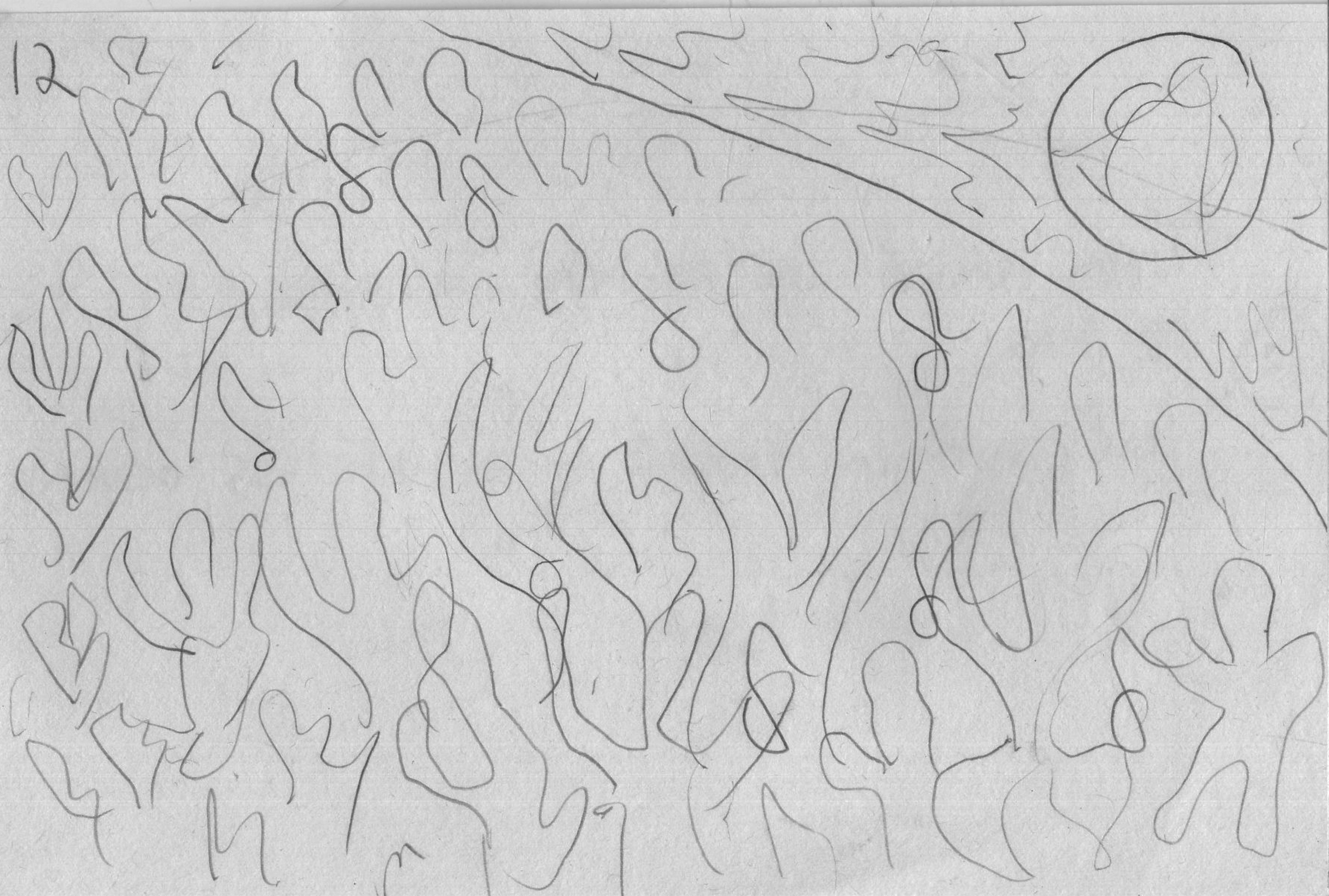
**Amid whose swift half-intermittent burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:**



**And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.**



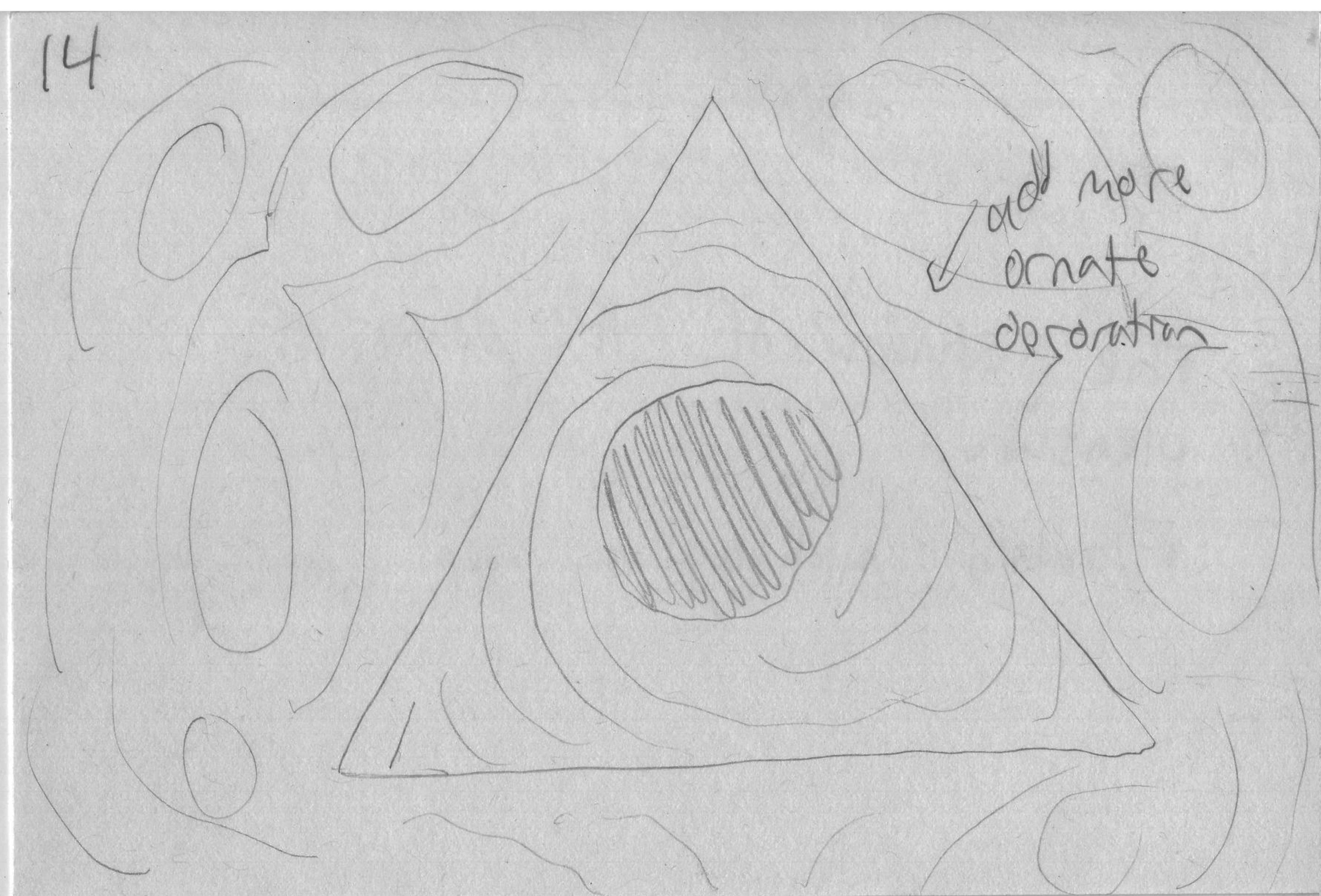
**Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,**



**Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:**



**And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!**



**The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;**



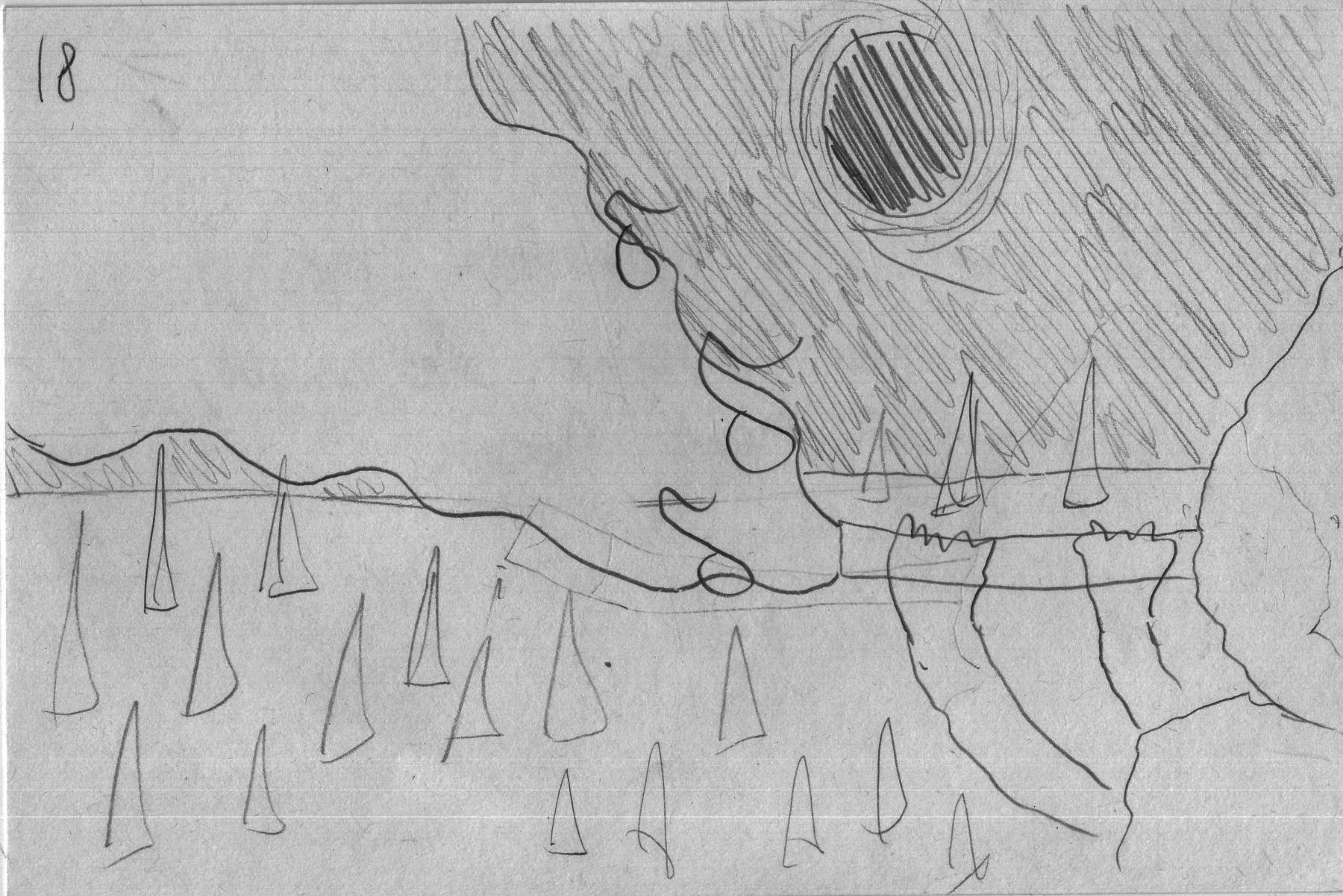
**Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.**



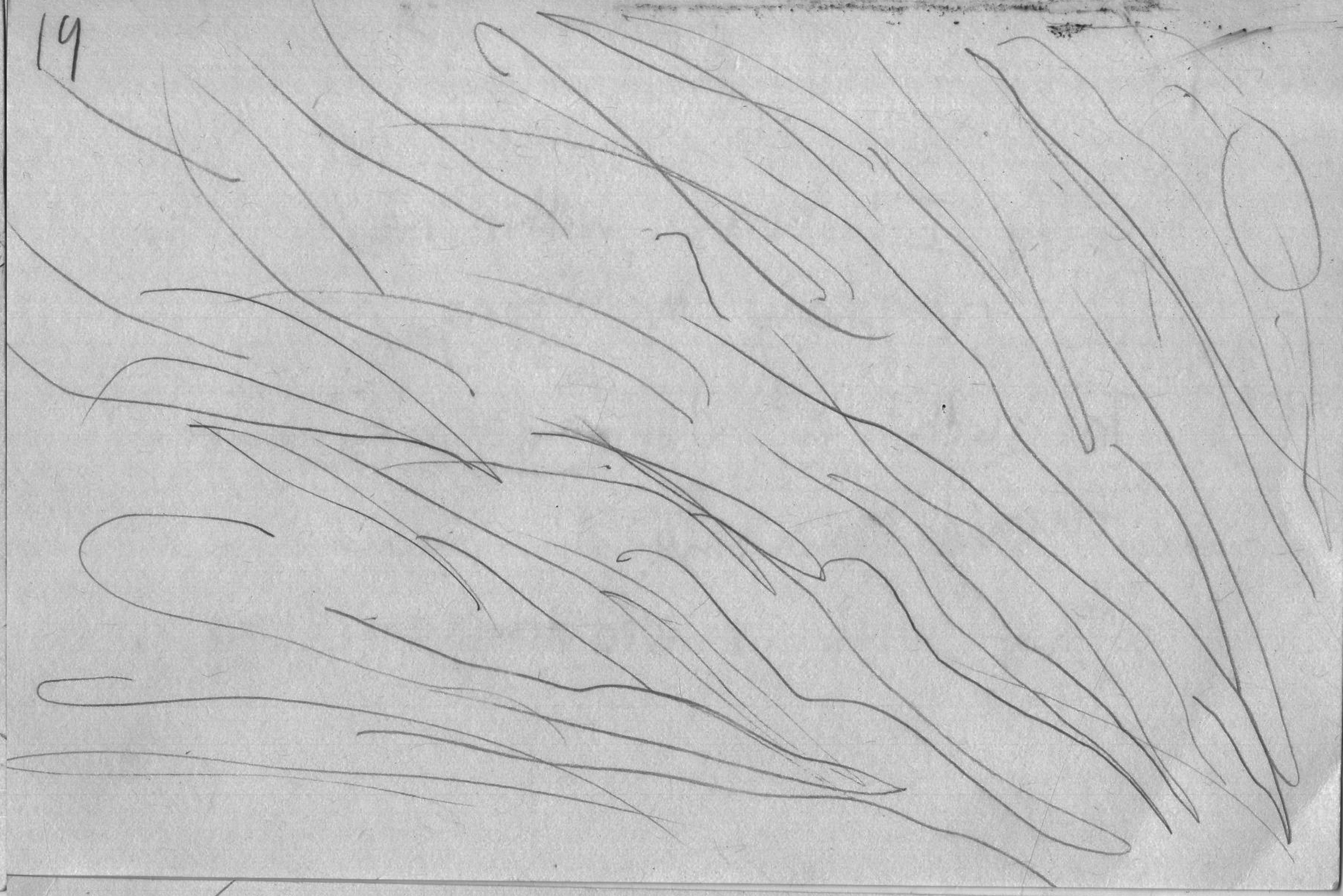
**It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!**



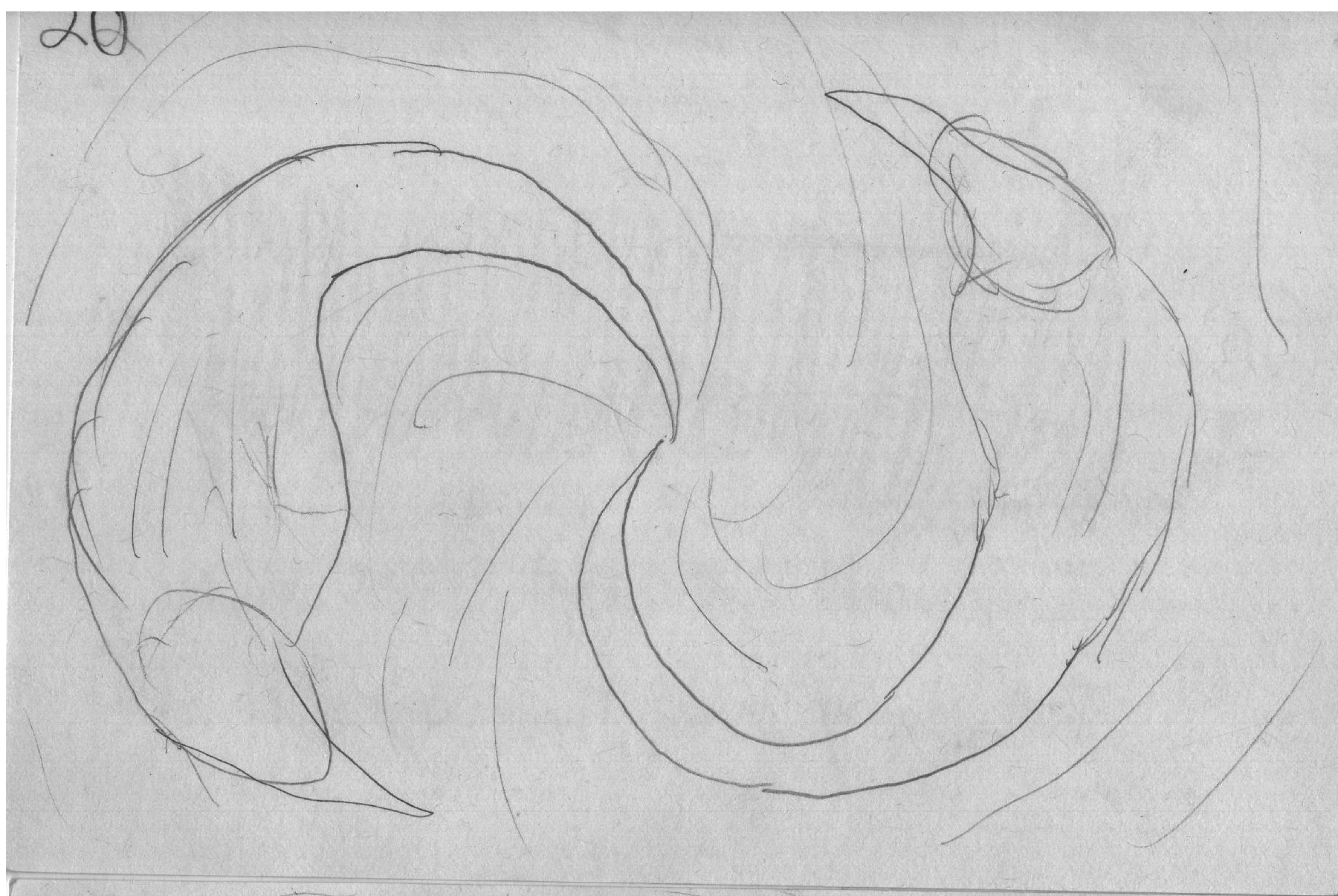
**A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:**



**It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.**



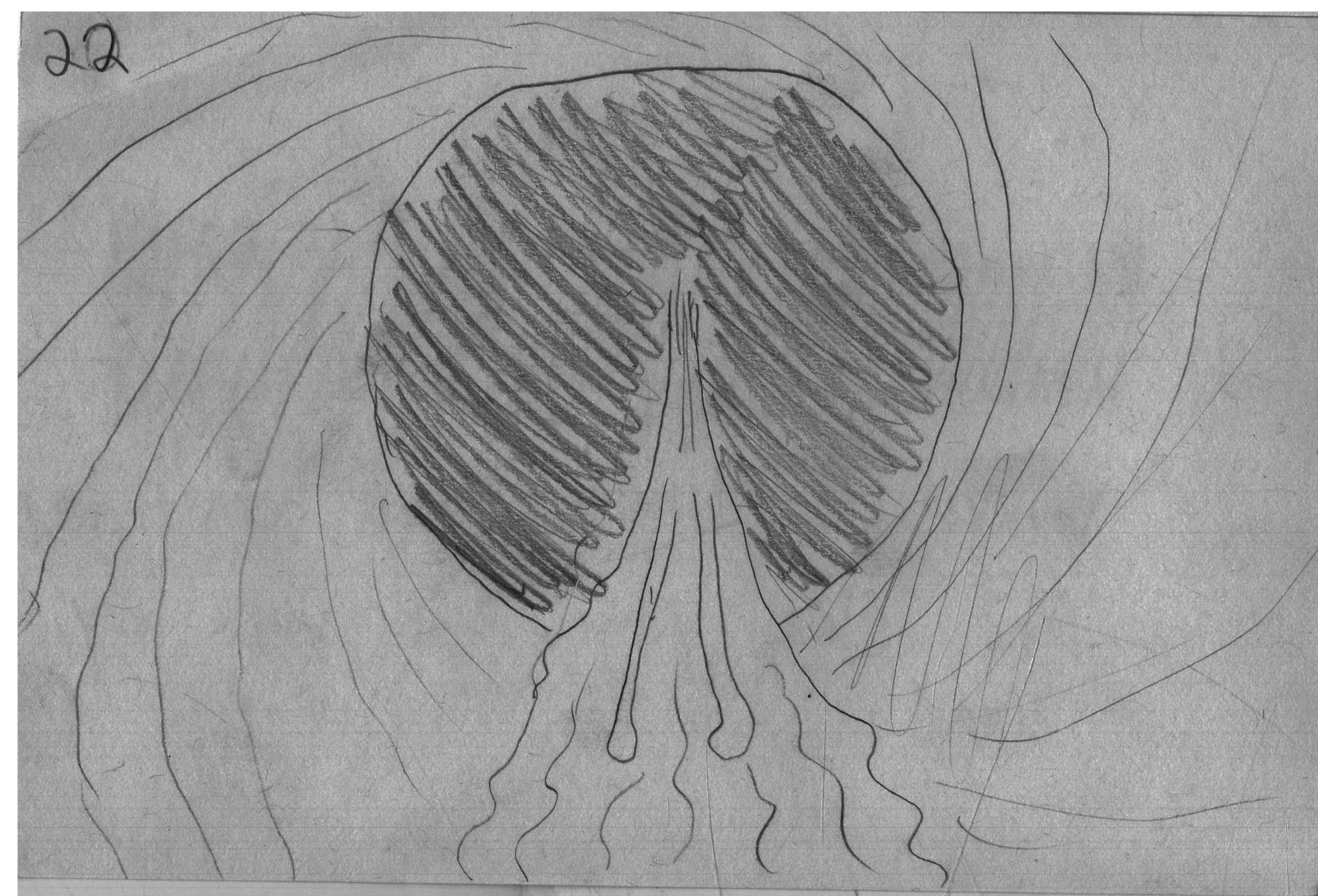
**Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,**



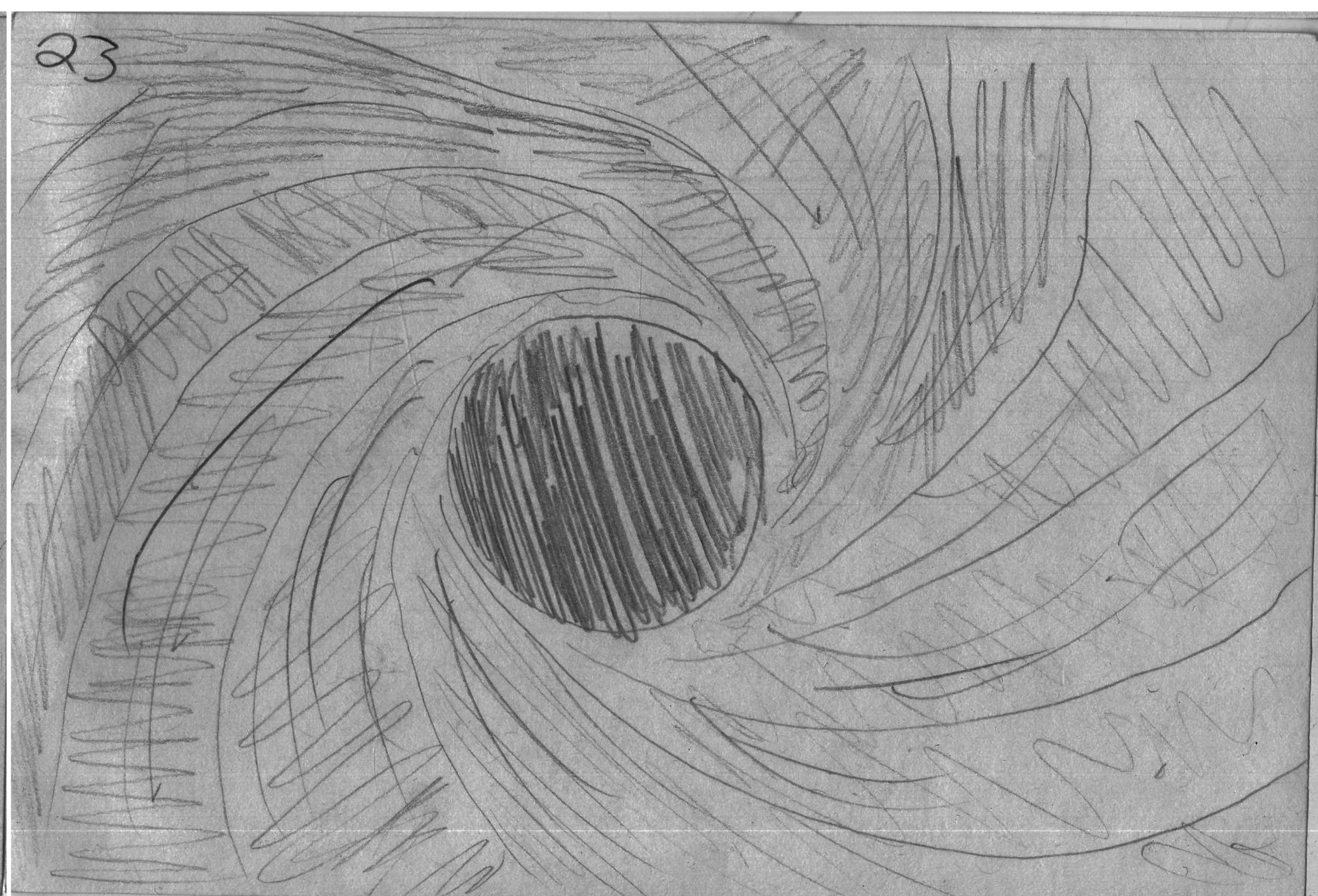
**I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!**



**And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!**



**Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,**



**For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.**