

Lycidas (MILTON)

I come to [redacted] your [redacted]
And with forced fingers rude
[redacted] your [redacted] before the mellowing [redacted].
Bitter constraint, and [redacted] dear,
Compels me to disturb your [redacted].

GEMS

A **CENSORED** Anthology

by Bob Brown

Edited and with an Introduction
by Craig Saper

Thrice [redacted] (JIMMOND)
[redacted] who by some shady grove
Far from the clamorous [redacted], doth [redacted]
his own.

Counsel to Girls (HERRICK)

Gather ye [redacted] while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same [redacted] that [redacted] to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.
Then be not coy, but use your [redacted],
And while ye may, go [redacted]:
For having lost but once your [redacted],
You may forever [redacted].

(ELLA WHEELER WILCOX)

[redacted] and the world [redacted] with you
Weep and you weep alone.

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Bob Brown's ■■■!

Censorship is on everyone's mind today, and this volume has much to teach us. Bob Brown (1886-1959) was a bestselling pulp-fiction writer, Hollywood pitchman, book dealer, cookbook writer, world-traveler, wealthy international publisher, stockbroker, commune worker, and museum curator to name just a few of his avocations. For anyone picking up this particular book, Brown is best known as an avant-garde poet and publisher, political radical resisting censorships and prohibitions for much of his life, and friend to important arts and cultural figures from Marcel Duchamp and Gertrude Stein to H. L. Menken and Langston Hughes. Kay Boyle, the popular writer and activist, hailed him as "one of the greatest ... innovators in writing (and printing)."

With his one-man Roving Eye Press, he published *Gems* in 1931 shortly after publishing a volume of poems, *Words*, with Nancy Cunard's Hours Press. In *Gems*, Brown took more explicit aim at the sanitizing censors than he had in *Words*. This time he also spoofed the purported goal of protecting school-age children from less exalted literary works (like limericks, which seem especially suited

to recitation and rote memorization, but are also considered sullied, perverse, and inappropriate). Before the school reform movement of the 1920's, school primers focused on small literary "gems" for recitation (Reece, 137). Cunard's press was just finishing an edition of Havelock Ellis's *Revaluation of Obscenity*, a surprisingly un-sexy historical development of obscenity's definition and legal cases. Brown wanted to produce a volume that would use visual design to expose the logic of censorship, by redacting words and phrases using the censor's black bar, since he typeset the marks individually. Reading a censored document produces a material and poetic situation that differs from reading the same text without any censored lines. The demonstration makes all of the classic poems, or the gems of the literary cannon, seem obscene. He printed and published *Gems* in the same year as *Words*. Bob dedicated the volume to Cunard in the hope that she would find in it a "lifelong fountain of innocent and exalted pleasure; a source of animation to friends when they meet, a book of beauties which the eye cannot see but may easily imagine." He also begins that collection of found poems with a detailed discussion of Havelock Ellis, whom Cunard also published, and whose books on sexuality were banned, denounced, and burned in England. With this ongoing prohibition in mind, Brown thought of his use of micrographic texts in *Words*, and the em-dashes in *Readies*, strategically, not ornamentally or neutrally. And, in his dedication

to Cunard, he concludes that besides serving as a storehouse of “delight,” it should also teach “those indifferent to the Poets to ■■■■ them, and those who love them to ■■■■ them more, the aim and the desire entertained in framing it will be fully accomplished.” To hang the ■■■■ sanitizers by their own ■■■■ was the vanguard tactic that Brown employed repeatedly in all of his books that visually challenged normative reading.

In his studies, Ellis specifically alluded to the poems in Victorian literature, and how those previously considered gems now seemed dated, leaving him, and most other contemporary readers, reading those gems only from an irreverent perspective.

In my independent irreverence towards the idols of Victorian literature and art, I scarcely deigned to read their poems or look at their pictures, while I eagerly searched for the things that pleased myself, things, some of them, which afterwards also pleased other people, so much so that they have since left me tired . . . the perpetual slight change which taste is always undergoing. (Ellis, *More Essays on Love and Virtue*, 1931/2002, vii)

Craig Dworkin, in his book *Reading the Illegible*, describes how the found (and then processed) “gems” demonstrate censorship’s ability to create the circumstance for obscenity rather than obscenity creating a need for censorship. The anthology of gems makes visible, by covering

and obscuring the expressive text, the usually invisible social situation of a censor's decisions. Reading these poems again, now censored into suggestiveness, writes a social poem about the cultural practice of reading socially acceptable anthologies of great poems in the cannon of literature. Precisely because the visual poetry of the censored lines uses a social cultural convention of a widespread reading practice, the poems ironically de-familiarize that reading practice as well as highlight the usually invisible censored texts in literary anthologies. *Gems* also graphically challenges the idea that great literature is, in and of itself, "life-enhancing," which is "one of the most enduring delusions of humanist culture" (Dollimore 121).


This anthology makes visible the usually invisible social situation of a censor's decisions by [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] the expressive precious poetic gems. Reading these poems again, now [REDACTED] into suggestiveness, writes a social poem about the cultural practice of reading socially acceptable anthologies of poetic gems in the cannon of literature. Precisely because the visual poetry of the censored lines uses a social cultural convention of a widespread reading practice, the poems ironically de-familiarize that reading practice as well as highlight the usually invisible censored texts in literary anthologies. It also may suggest a social technology: the censors' ability to [REDACTED] words

and passages, or in radio or TV bleep the offending [REDACTED]. “The parodic principle of deconstruction is to hoist the target on its own petard in a kind of mime of the host terminology” (Ulmer 554). In that sense, Brown positions himself deconstruct the censors’ titillating art of redaction: everyone a censor! He talks of “book-legging” as analogous to boot-legging, in terms of an interesting and profitable career, as if he were trying to convince the young to take up the trade. Much like George Carlin, and the seven dirty words that censors did not permit on radio or TV, Brown seeks to spoof the concern with the inappropriate. He demonstrates in the readies and the salacious-ized gems how the visual design (e.g., black out words or adding lots of punctuation) can both defeat a censor looking for specific words and amuse the audience (of Surrealists, Dadaists, and other vanguardists) who were struggling to avoid the censors in the 1920’s and 30’s. The visual poetry did not seek to limit, restrict, or efface specific cultural meanings, and instead stressed the political dangers of ceding visual-poetics to the [REDACTED] powers-that-be.

In this volume of [REDACTED] *Gems*, one can see Marcel Duchamp’s influence on the conceptual experiment played on the found poems. Each of these poems, easily recognized as children’s poems, takes on sinister meanings simply by censoring: appropriating the mechanisms and social technologies of censorship perverts old forms

of sanitized communication.. Brown is a self-conscious conceptual poet as his work wants to have readers think about reading and the pre-linguistic mechanisms and ██████ of reading: we do not read the missing word, we fill in the blank. Brown masquerades as the faceless bureaucrat dutifully censoring the poems. Bureaucracy, as a mode of governmental or corporate organization, depends on officials rather than elected representatives or charismatic leaders. It usually connotes a cold, faceless, and excessively complicated system of administration. It epitomizes the distance between a governing body's procedures and the needs and desires of its citizens, subjects, or customers. Of course, much of the term's descriptive power depends on its connotations rather than on its specific meaning and definitions. It also suggests a large-scale mechanism familiar to anyone who has lived through modernity in the twentieth century. In tragic situations, it has Kafkaesque overtones and the markings of fascism — what Hannah Arendt called the “banality of evil.” Bob Brown lampoons bureaucratic sanitation.

Gems creates a lineage for later artworks that use censorship, and specifically works that use ██████ to redact text in a sociopoetic intervention. These tactical interventions use the practices of the social context, like the activity of censors, as the practice and premise of the art or poetic works. This “relational aesthetics” depends on the bureaucratic

procedures rather than the work supposedly separated off from the socio-political realm as if in “an independent and private space” (Bourriaud 113). In the 1960’s and 70’s, Samizdat artists noticed that the Soviet’s censorship functioned “as a kind of advertisement” (Badovinac et al.), and it is that reversal of intent that Brown recognized as well, and that other artists have taken up in explorations of censorship. One of the best examples in the *Gems* lineage is Jenny Holzer’s *Three Flags* (2006), in which Holzer made colorized silkscreen “paintings” of declassified, but heavily redacted with , documents that were only made available to the public through the Freedom of Information Act. Among the documents was a memo about the important artist, Alice Neel, and her “consort” who were identified as “obvious communists.” In one painting the reproduced document describes torture in Iraq, Afghanistan, and Guantánamo Bay, but the censors do not redact the details of the abuse. Instead only the names of detainees are effaced. The censor’s black bars graphically echos the hoods the torturers used in photos of the anonymous victims. Censorship and redacted text dehumanizes victims and hides persecutors behind a bureaucratic process. Brown and Holzer reverse the intent by reproducing a found, or ready-made, text. And, Brown in particular sought, in a series of books and works, to investigate the socio-poetic and socio-political implications of how we read the read-y made. To Brown, reading does not exist in a separate private space, but is already entangled with social processes,

like the censor's graphic design.

The [REDACTED] have appeared elsewhere for different aesthetic purposes in, for example, Marcel Broodthaers' brilliant 1969 translation of Stéphane Mallarmé's 1887 proto-modernist (and precursor to concrete and visual poetry) work *Un Coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard* (A throw of the dice will never abolish chance). Broodthaers appropriates the found poem and replaces every single word with a [REDACTED]. The thickness of the [REDACTED] was determined by the font size that Mallarmé famously varied, and the new version alternates pages with the [REDACTED] printed on translucent paper with the original poem under the [REDACTED] on alternate pages. Without the semantic value of the words distracting the reader, the position, size, and each page's design changes the reading of the found poem from literature to art; and the result is almost a lesson on modernist page design. Broodthaer's changes only one word, "Poème," that appears on the title page, to "Image" in order to graphically argue that Mallarmé invents modern space. Joseph Kosuth's *Zero & Not* (1986) begins with a found text from Sigmund Freud's work on repression and the unconscious. Kosuth crosses out each and every line of text, but unlike Brown's redactions, you can almost read the only partially hidden text under the black lines in this allegorical comment on the unconscious.

There is a related tradition of artworks that erase or mark found texts, or that present blank texts. Although that is beyond the scope of this essay, Brown's *Gems* might be placed in a lineage with Doris Cross's erasures in "dictionary columns" (1956), that paint over texts, Ronald Johnson's book-length poem *Radi Os* (Sand Dollar Press, 1977), that redacts specific words from four books of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Robert Rauschenberg's "Erased De Kooning Drawing" (1953), and Jonathan Safran Foer's book-length erasure (with most of the words, but not all, laser-cut from each page) of *The Street of Crocodiles* by Bruno Schulz that Foer entitled *Tree of Codes* (2010). The erasure alludes to Schulz's murder by the Gestapo, and the disappearance of almost all of his works (the two that remain establishing Schulz as one of the most important writers of the twentieth century).

With only 150 copies of *Gems*, Brown initially only reached a small group of readers, his circle of avant-garde writers and artists, who were all trying to avoid the censors' [REDACTED]. This new edition will reach a wider audience, who can once again appreciate how, and why, Brown embraced censorship, borrowing or stealing its logic and visual poetics. This new audience will also see a demonstration of how to read censors' poetry. The results are remarkably [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. *Gems* is as relevant today as during the early 1930's.

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G E M S

- BOB BROWN

GEMS

A Censored Anthology

BOB BROWN

Privately Printed
Roving Eye Press
12, Rue Carnot
Cagnes-sur-Mer
1931

For
Nancy Cunard

Permit me, Madam, in the words of former light-fingerers of "Gems from the Poets" to dedicate to you a book which, I hope, may be found a lifelong fountain of innocent and exalted pleasure; a source of animation to friends when they meet, a book of beauties which the eye cannot see but may easily imagine. If this Collection proves a storehouse of delight, if it teaches those indifferent to the Poets to ■■■■ them, and those who love them to ■■■■ them more, the aim and the desire entertained in framing it will be fully accomplished.

B. B.

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CHAPTER I

BOOK-LEGGING

Forward-looking boot-leggers quake in their boots at the merest mention of repeal or modification. For some time our leading booticians in moments of weakness have been casting about for a new racket. There is one ready-made for their purpose, an up-to-date racket now yielding high rewards to those in the know; a high class profession that calls for no change of ethics or tactics on the part of the experienced boot-legger, one that requires only a pleasing contempt for man-and-woman-made laws and the appetite for exhilarating barricade running.

The new racket is boot-legging books, book-legging in short, and it may succeed the boot-legging of liquor as a popular, profitable and pleasant way to make a living. The two professions might be combined, for the clientele is identical: one great thirsty family, a high class cash custom of thirsters after entertaining knowledge and enlivening beverages. Give me old books and old wine ! especially when they are prohibited. In book-legging the thrills are as great, the profits as pyramidal and the service to humanity as outstanding. No capital is required and the enterprising boot-legger may make the change without even investing in new stationery; a little nifty pen-work will easily make a passable "k" out of the "t". No education, no book learning is needed, merely the

passing knowledge of human nature which is the birthright of every racketeer.

Since a practical use for the book finally has been found under prohibition and thousands of beautifully bound bibles and classics are at last serving a real purpose as converted containers for liquor flasks, the relation between the two leggings, books and booze, has been further cemented. Today on opening a French red morocco binding enhanced by seventeenth century *dentelle* lying appropriately on the library table one may as likely come upon a flask of corn inside, as upon the works of Mons. P. Corneille. "Jenny's got a book. It's one of those trick catechisms with the cutest little gin bottle inside so she can bury her nose in it and take a snifer even in church without the preacher getting hep."

The book-legger is a natty young business man who, beyond tabloid and movie captions, has never read a word in his life. That's the prime qualification. Next in importance, his goods must come in plain wrappers, "virginity belts" they are called in the trade. It is quite unnecessary for the book-leg supplier to think up intricate ways of sealing his product so that the ultimate consumer will be first to burst the hermetically sealed wrapper and sample the contents. No book-legger ever reads farther than the title. He is above that. As a professional conveyor, he holds his head high above his wares, an impressive purveyor of pornography who makes rapid and accurate deliveries in a mysterious manner in a classy car or even in a muffled airplane at dead of night.

Everything he delivers comes in a plain wrapper that would not excite suspicion even in the mails, though the post is seldom risked, for fear of shocking some curious-fingered member of the client's family or an over-Pandoraed post-mistress. When he ships books, he ships them by express. The conscientious book-legger is as upright as a bond salesman and as college-educated. He never does anything that is bad form and is scrupulously careful to protect the hard-earned reputation for sterling respectability and moral rectitude enjoyed by his meticulous customers.

On the arrival of something really hot from abroad, or a racy item from a local pirate or clandestine publisher, our up-to-date book-legger snaps into action, conceals a small stock about his person, presumably in the loose leather hip-boots of the profession, smartly fastened at the tops with zippers, leaps for the throttle of his air-buggy and crashes Professor Summerlees' library, tips the Prof the wink, slips the zipper, produces a single copy and breezes, "Here y'are, Professor, the goods! Only twenty-five round men and near-gasoline goin' up every day."

Faint pinks flush the Professor's cheek bones as twin dawns. Like a petulant child babbling for a bed-time story, he reaches out a trembling hand for the goods.

"It's all there. The berries; I'd read that number myself if I ever got the time," the B. L. sighs, "Genuine. Guaranteed. Name blown in the bottle. Wrapped up as tight as a lady of the harem. Just look at the thirteenth line

on page two hundred and eighty-six. That's the one the Nosies nosed out after goin' through three thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight copies that line was left out of, just to make it harder. Please don't break the seal, Professor, unless you are dead sure you want it. Just take a peek down inside the wrapper and convince yourself, they got a marker there, you can see it. Got to leave the wrapper on these days. I can't sell 'em so good when it's broke."

"Oh, I shall take it," a purple flush chases the pink dawns from the Professor's cheeks. "You have been always most punctilious in your commercial dealings with me, Mr. ■■■■ (Book-legger's name suppressed from habit.)

Professor Summerlees clears his tightened throat, tremulously writes his check, jots down, "To the Building Fund" on the stub, and asks, "When will you be getting advance copies of ■■■■?"

"Oh, they're on the way from Paris, X and X have thought up a slick way of getting them through as French mail order catalogs. They even got fake envelops printed. Plagiarizing 'The Specialist' perhaps. But business is business."

"Quite," agrees Dr. Summerlees. "You can put me down for two copies. I have a dear old clerical friend who dislikes personal contact with book-leg—er—er—" the Professor dusts his fingers nicely and blows the check delicately toward the B. L. who obligingly pockets it as a priest pockets his fee after a special mass for the dead.

When books such as "Ulysses" and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" appear on the horizon, the B. L. is entranced and cables his European agent for copies which come singly as bibles by mail and usually get past the soporific postal authorities. When a reputable publisher announces that the ban has been lifted from a book like "The Well of Loneliness" or "Casanova's Homecoming" and that it will be openly issued the book-legger shivers sadly and remains his stock of the title among the persistent but penurious pornographers in the sticks.

If you ask a bright American boy to-day what he's going to be when he grows up, he may give you a jolt by passing over the cliché careers from policeman to fireman and answer casually, "Oh, a book-legger, I guess." More power to him. He shows traces of an alert inquiring modern mind. He intends doing something for his country, something useful, cheerful even.

He won't be wasting his time learning to read Latin and Greek just so he can fork over the lubricities of Juvenal, Horace, Ovid and Sappho as his forebears did, all his forebears from Elizabethan times right up to this Ulyssean era. What French he learns will be for practical conversational purposes with Parisian midinettes who unfortunately can't spik-English, and not for trying to ear-pick something really juicy out of passages printed in the original French in the Purest of Centuries, just thrown to the worms.

Review your own youth and admit the backwardness of your time. After diligently searching for bad words in the Bible and enjoying the

stories of Jacob and Rachel, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, Sodom and Gomorrah, and the bumptious boy who slept with his father, you blossomed right out at Sunday School like a lily one Easter day and repeated "Under the sheet," under your breath with the rest of the adenoidal little class.

Teacher: "Jesus lover of my soul." You: "Under the sheet."

Teacher: "Yield not to temptation." You: "Under the sheet."

Cheer Leader: "Let us sing 'Almost Persuaded.'" You: "Under the sheet."

The Sunday School teacher didn't give a prize to the scholar who found the largest number of naughty words or who read the worst meaning into the regular ones, but she gave a prize for everything else; a colored picture card reading "Jesus wept." You might have thought privately that Jesus ■■■t, Jesus ■■■ed, or Jesus ■■■, as in truth he must have, but you kept that to yourself. Your interest in spicy reading began with the Bible, developed in school through the sub-rosa circulation of putrid poems (private pornographic attempts have been circulated from guilty hand to guilty hand under the desk and teacher's long nose ever since school began), continued through Shakespeare and on the third day arose from the dead and led you to everlasting Rabelais, Boccaccio, Balzac's Droll Tales, Margaret of Navarre and Masuccio. With that training no wonder you took kindly to Joyce.

Unexpurgated classics were not hard to come at in the decades before and after 1900.

Most second-hand book stores in big cities carried private stocks of Heaven-forbid editions bound in panting red cloth and boldly bearing either "London," "Paris," or "Privately Printed" on the title page. There was no publisher's name, the devil only knows where these books actually were printed, the whole affair was clandestine and the books were kept "under the sheet," locked in a case behind a floridly flowered curtain, pansies and roses the prevailing motif. So when even today you think of Balzac's pretty-maid's appropriate answer to her Judge or Boccaccio's good wife superintending her slightly cuckoo husband's cleaning-out of the cask she has just sold to the gallant stranger, you are minded of pansies and roses.

Those early book-leggers weren't such a hardened lot, they mingled poetry with piracy, did their best to drape living literature with dead flowers. But they were amateurs, crass amateurs, they charged only two dollars for the unabridged Confessions of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. They never thought of breaking up the Idylls of Theocritus and selling Idyll No. 15 alone for a special fancy price. They asked but seventy-five cents for Sanger's whole "History of Prostitution." It never even occurred to them to ask the purchaser if he was a doctor, lawyer, merchant, or thief.

On grounds of indecency your folks objected to your reading the highly moral tales of Nick Carter or the gelded romances of Diamond Dick, so you simply borrowed "Up in Annie's Room," "Only a Boy," or "Only a Girl" read them under the sheet, and hid them under the

mattress, as your fathers had read them behind the barn and hid them in the hay-loft. Second-hand, read-to-pieces, this type of classic was never brand-new, it was sure to be second-hand before the dealer sold it even the first time, for if he didn't thumb it over himself (and think of an old-book dealer's thumb) to refresh his instincts, he was sure to have a good-for-nothing, chuckling, stogie-smoking crony who did.

This was in the dim day when Trilby was considered pretty speedy and the elite circulated gems like "Lil Was the Best the Camp Produced," by word of mouth. This was while the almost divine Dowie was quietly forming one of the best libraries of erotica America has known, and long before Anthony Comstock got the bright idea of hiring agents with other people's money to dig up racy stuff and bring it in to him so he could see if it came up to expectations.

School-teachers commuting to five-dollar-a-week boarding houses invented the thrilling device of covering the real binding of a book with a wrapper of butcher's paper. In the nineteen double-zeros they began covering up Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," The Satyricon of Petronius, The Comedies of Aristophanes, and "The History of the Rod" so they could enjoy reading unmolested on the ride to and from school; they, even, bundled up little tracts on "bundling" to make them look innocent. Later these ravenous maiden ladies might be seen on the long subway ride tigerishly wolfing Elinor Glynns' "Three Weeks" disguised in a dust wrapper of "To Have and to Hold." Huneker's "Painted Veils" they sometimes perused

in the jacket of "Alice of Old Vincennes." This practice led smoothly to the publishing of prohibited works in false bindings, the "Mimes of Herondas" with its interesting matter concerning the Baubo was bound up with the thoroughly misleading title "The Teachings of Euripides" in gold on the cover; or "The Golden Ass of Apuleius" was disguised as "Aristotle's Works." This was not an invention, it had been scatteringly employed in a home-made way to fool the young in the publication of illicit volumes of tokology always to be found in Mama's seal-skin muff in summer and packed away in the croquet box in winter.

Grandpa (surprising Johnny diligently reading "Advice to a Young Mother": "Johnny, whatever are you doing with that book?")

Johnny: "Why, grandpa! You know I am collecting *moths*."

With Birth Control in being and the whole truth about the innocent little flowers, moths, and sparrows laid bare before the eager lisping learner the revival of the deceptive cover took on a racier being.

Hotter contents were needed to substantiate the misleading captions on the covers and in due course they were manufactured and supplied to a palpitating world. Comstock popped up like a Jack-in-the-box, tore his cranial hair and thousands of the Works of Plato leaf from limb in the unremitting search for luscious tid-bit inside.

Since Dr. Thomas Bowlder set Mussolini a bad example by administering an unwelcome

purge to Shakespeare, literature was left pretty much alone by the knowing and very little lively stuff was published in the ensuing century beyond emasculated drummers' tales in books like "On a Slow Train Through Arkansas." People got their pleasure mildly out of searching for obscene misprints in the daily papers and finding gems like this in the agony column:

A.L.—You have indeed known a great sorrow in losing your husband so soon after marriage. But, sad as this is, I think, somehow, that to miss human love, and the pains and joys of motherhood, is sadder; and we know that severed love will be reunited some day. The remedy was to rub pumice-stone very gently on the affected place while washing, after soap has been applied.

Editors unwittingly printed innocent letters from readers signing themselves "R.S.Hole," U. P. Uranus, etc.

Literateurs and sporting gents of the double-zero period made bets that they could put over something pretty fast on the unsuspecting papers. Newspapers were then as always the recognized censors of public morals. As the result of one wager a hitherto reputable Chicago daily printed a paid advertisement at the top of its personal column one morning, reading, "What is the tenderest part of the cod-fish?" The next morning in the same place appeared the innocent announcement: "The balls." Nobody but those in the know connected the two. Oh, there were high-jinkers in those days even as there are high-jackers today. The balls!

Ha! Ha! The■■■■! Censor it if you must. Say: "The■■■■!" The black blot of the censor makes anything innocent seem most reprehensible. Efficiently censored the classic tome entitled "The Winged■■■■" might be mistaken for "The Winged Victory."

Another literary outlet of that frigid double zero period following Wilde and Beardsley and well before the birth of the True Confessions magazines, were wicked little expensive books for intimate personal gifts, bearing titles like "Widows' Winks" and "Above the Garters," privately printed by scrupulously anonymous publishers hiding under firm names like "Gay, Bird and Jones," and bound in crushed strawberry-blond levant with perfectly executed bleeding hearts of mother of pearl pierced in their exact centers.

Paris, from the golden days of Charles Carington and Isidore Liseux, has been the center for lickerish books badly printed in English. Jaded school-masters from across the channel have crammed on flagellante literature purchased in the Palais Royal in their all too brief summers away from their plump-cheeked charges. Virile satyrs and bouncing nymphomaniacs have gleaned the Palais Royal book-shops for generations. Human smudges still soil with smutty book-shops the once sanctified arcades of the Royal Palace where in cleaner times Louis the Fourteenth meticulously picked lice from his wig.

In Paris always there have been two kinds of so-called bad books. Good and bad. The good ones are published in France because

they're banned in England and American, the bad ones come out there because publishing is pretty free in France, especially in utterly unknown tongues like English, and these badly done bad books have little circulation even among the English and those the English call their less cultured cousins. The Palais Royal remains the world's distributing headquarters for a class of badly printed, badly written English book hardly worth the curiosity of a healthy prying mind. Not because they are bad, mostly because they are not bad enough. Any afternoon you can see several galloping Anglo-Saxon nymphomaniacs taking their favorite mastiffs for walks under the arcades, copies of "*Beastialité*" convulsively clutched under the arms free from the leash and rolling eyes undressing the book-sellers' displays.

The more conservative whiff-purveyors of the Alley Royal keep a handful of second-hand breath-taking American romances in smart crimson and green jackets in the show windows as a blind. In a surreptitious case inside, the real merchandise, well-thumbed, well sneezed upon by alley cats, is guarded by a spiderlike *citoyen* of ze *Republique* who spits broken English through crooked teeth. In his Blue-beard's book-case prying pornographers unfailingly find the goods; wretchedly written imitations by mild Marques de Sades, ferocious Masochs, boarding school true stories that would make nobody less than Bernard Mc Fadden blush, the *Museo Secreto* all about Herculaneo and Pompeii, Frank Harris' "My Life and Loves," preposterous phallic boastings with duly magnified

illustrations, pallid imprints of "Daphnis and Chloe," "The Autobiography of a Flea," "Manon Lescaut," suppressed first editions, "Sadie Blackeyes," doctor's books and the East Indian standby painfully depicting the 69 approved pleasurable positions for making love.

The *Maison du Livre* of France reports a record exportation of sixteen million volumes in 1929 and the growth is largely due to unexpurgated French translations and unexpurgated editions of expurgated English books which are subsequently book-legged in England and America.

Aside from these legitimately exported books, hundreds of thousands are sent clandestinely by mail to be sold under the counter in New York, London and other metropolises; mostly the output of green-inked pens of Anglo-Saxon perverts resident on the continent and the majority so adolescently lewd and unimaginative that a healthy whore would shudder with indignation in reading them. Typographically, too, they are atrocious. Their titles are always suggestive: "Miss Floggy," "The Lustful Turk," "Leda's Up-to-date Swan," "A Night in a Moorish Harèm," "Smoking a White Cigar." They are equipped with elaborate titillating Stables of Contents, bedecked with promising pictures on sealed wrappers, but the insides seldom come up to expectation.

"X. and X.
Book Dealers,
Palais Royal,
Paris, France.
Dear Sirs:

Have clients who desire erotic photos (fe-

male) in the nude; kindly quote price, size and quality. Have you any copies of 'Fanny Hill.' I believe you know what I have reference to in the photo line.

Awaiting your favor and thanking you,

Yours fraternally,

A. R. Goldman, P. O. Box 44,
Forest Park, Ill., U.S.A."

For the less literary, the world's worst assortment of naughty photos exists as well in Paris, Rome, Madrid, even Buenos Aires, have given over to Paris in this respect because of the American tourist inundation. Probably today in the gay capital there are more sellers of erotic post cards than sellers of white slaves. The hawk-eyed Hawkshawian post card hawkers pursue the supposedly grownup boys and girls from Iowa under the quaint historic arches along the Rue Rivoli and pull off many a juicy sale in the dim corners of Notre Dame. Times have changed. The ladies, too, have become at last literary and their dainty taste is for pictures. In this Freud helped heavily, many ladies overcame their maidenly fears and flutterings through intimate contact with psychoanalysts loaded down with carefully compiled albums of frankly libidinous pictures which tended to arouse a not unnatural latent lust hitherto locked inviolate in the adamantine marble breast of woman. The health magazines have done their bitter bit, as well. Parisian post-card vendors say that without the gracious connivance of travelling American ladies broadening their horizons by peering around at the architectural wonders of *La Paris* they'd starve to death.

With a properly selected Palais Royal library, a few naughty French books, a pre-view of a bawdy film or two and a studious perusal of a well-assorted collection of carnal post cards with the aid of a well-informed gigolo, Widow Smith-Jenkins may return after some weeks in the liveliest of capitals with private information almost equal to that of her niece in boarding school. Modernly American widows have the time, the money, and the inclination to devour this kind of art and literature and they do, in such mouthfuls that the leading life insurance companies at home who try to control the flow of insurance money even after its dispersal, should start an educational campaign against the foreign smutty picture-card vendor and psychologically suggest that the get-rich-quick widows remain in Atlantic City or any other Paris of America, patronize the local book-legger and thus keep the invisible balance of trade favorable.

That would keep the home-fires burning brighter and the book-leggers would be only too glad to cooperate. They can supply any book on earth, as per their guarded advertisements in the leading literary reviews: "Unusual and privately printed curiosa, limited editions of exotic books." "Strange and curious books; limited, privately printed editions and un-expurgated translations." "Private press items, illustrated reprints." Erotica, esoterica, facetiae, curiosa, that's the stuff to feed 'm. Private presses, the book-legger's mainstay, deluxe editions, pirated offerings from the hi-jackers in the racket. As Americans now prefer boot-leg

liquor to the genuine article, consider it more tasty, they also lean toward five and ten dollar hugger-mugger imprints, furtive tomes in tasty bindings. Pale, pallid twitchings on the titillating tender edges of things, border books with a strong suggestion in the title and illustrations, and nothing much else. A dainty Cabell book, not too frank to offend, ruffled aphrodisiac trifles for the boudoir. A dainty corn-cob-wiping Specialist. Kiki's synthetic Memoirs in place of Fanny Hill's robustious recollections.

Americans, Englishmen and Germans never have known the difference between sexual acts and excremental ones. All Latins, Russians and Orientals make sharp distinctions. We still consume behind-the-barn epics and go in for hay-loft reading indiscriminately. Smoking smoking-car stories are classed indiscriminately with delicate *entre nous* risques. Our unexpressed, expurgated, unfulfilled fathers collected both nudes from *La Vie Parisienne* and miniature chamber-pots from the Cave of the Winds labeled "Mist of the Maid." Mail order houses supplied their itch for the erotic with harmless suggestive devices, a handy five-letter piece of household hardware in return for twenty-five cents sent in good faith for "The Key to Happiness." A book of sixty-four blank pages for the advertised title: "All I know About Love." Hot stuff in the days when our fathers were going senile fondling pictures clipped from *Jugend* and *Simplicissimus*, going gaga gazing at original sketches such as "The Dream of the Lonely Typog," depicting the

soiled printer at his dirty case with eyes upcast to a pure bouncing blonde romping nude as an angel in the cloud of his desire-dream overhead. Collections of this material were hidden away in rickety bureaus in the attic and on top shelves, and only rediscovered by mischievous mites even unto the third and fourth generation. Emasculated, ejaculated huddlings of hoarded sexual and excremental rubbish that no purveyor to a high class book-legging clientele, today, would gaze twice upon.

CHAPTER II

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

After Dowie blazed the way for passionate flaming-bush libraries among the clergy, the luscious avocation of collecting pornography was thrown wide open to scholarly church deacons of standing and refined Southern and Northern gentlemen of all denominations, gentlemen of the old school who never told the truth about life to their precocious, abounding daughters until the innocent dears had unwittingly raped their lisping little brothers.

Those are the boys with the juicy libraries. Those are the customers who fall ripe into the book-legger's lap. Yellow-mustached Colonels of correctness who feast in private on flaring *flagellante* literature. Cautious Colonels never caught *en flagrante*, chastising the second maid. In books, prohibition repeats itself with a stun-

ning stutter; it's prohibition for others that's wanted, public prohibition with plenty of personal indulgence.

Censorship, originated by the State of Rome for taking the census, was later seized upon by the Church for the furtherance of its holy purposes and soon after printing began and books escaped from the hands of monkish copyists, the Church published its first list of prohibited titles. The Pope still gets out this *Index Expurgatorius* in which is listed the bulk of all literature that's worth the reading. It has gone through nearly as many editions as Vatsayana's Kamasutra itself and is still held in high esteem in priestly circles.

In England no serious attempt was made to censor printing during the first two centuries of its existence. The Elizabethans used all the four-letter words they knew, used them vigorously and unblushingly. Shakespeare's Love Sonnets were quite the model. Perhaps for their frank language, first editions of lively Elizabethan poets sell to-day for higher prices than ordinary incunabula. Among the mildest of the lot we may quote from Sir John Suckling: just to give the spirit of the time:

"At length the candles out, and now
All that they had not done they do
What this is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With Bridget and with Nell."

It was not until around 1640 that books in England began showing a slight Puritanical

influence, words were half suppressed, as "The Confessions of Miss F——d," London, 1642.

After that mild beginning, readers were given a clue to questionable words through the first letter only and then a regular orgy of castration, emasculation and mutilation was on. Allan Ramsay, in the early 1700's, was probably the last barbarian to write the King's English out in full, leaving some prime poems of the period, as "Lucky Spence's Last Advice." John Cleland might have carried on but was muzzled for writing Fanny Hill. When Laurence Sterne arrived the language had been kid-gloved and lengthy innuendos and French letters took the place of snappy Elizabethan bawdries. Fielding and Smollett were soft-pedalled into near-smut.

Expurgation at last came into its rampant own with Dr. Thomas Bowdler's bowdlerized edition of Shakespeare in the early 1800s. The times had grown more polite, poetry more insipid, wigs were kept cleaner, finger-nails were cut and the lewdest literature was only romantically Byronesque. Sir Walter Scott was the model. There weren't any American writers to speak of then, and American literature was born into the ghastly gift book phase of borrowed British literature largely illumined by heavily gilded annuals containing perfect-lady poems mouthed by the prunes-and-prisms of the period, among them Felicia Dorothea Hemans. Anything interesting was bowdlerized instantly out of existence. Scott came into his own.

Sir Richard Burton livened things up with his translation of the Arabian Nights and Lady Burton burned the Perfumed Garden, just as

the priests burned the Decameron. Walt Whitman came along, and got his for speaking out frankly, just as Rabelais, Casanova and Rousseau had got theirs, though he used no bad words.

Hope came again through translations of Flaubert and Pierre Louys; Wilde and Moore flickered up and out; then English came back into its Elizabethan own through D. H. Lawrence, Cabell, Norman Douglas and Joyce.

There are big red-blooded men letting off odorous stories in gilt golf clubs to-day who wouldn't be proud to shake the hand that wrote "Ulysses," and yet these same guys shake everyday with hands that write the stuff we read in 99% of our 100% periodicals without noticing anything. It's the same story of the priests compiling their elaborate *index expurgatorius*, musing the while on oozy drippings from the confessional.

It seems that every lively book has been banned for one thing or another at one time and then in another era the same book has been hauled out and crowned with laurels; while they're alive frank writers are crowned with black-jacks and when they're dead they're crowned with wreaths. When any old nubbin of ribaldry is dug-up, dusted and presented to the reading public with the O.K. of the censor, the book-legger loses a good clandestine seller and the legitimate publisher falls into something pretty soft, on which no royalties are payable.

Book-legging is a business, with thrills, born out of Comstock, Volstead and Margaret Sanger. As the boot-legger fattens on enforcement, so the

book-legger battens on strict censorship. As early as 1915 the two leggings appeared hand in hand like Jack and Jill at a literary Greenwich Village Ball given (appropriately in a basement) in honor of Anthony Comstock, the guests bringing their own liquor in anticipation of more exciting times to come. Censorship was then new, fresh and smart. Only Sing Sing circles, devout Catholics and political prisoners had been subjected to receiving their reading matter with big passages blackly blotted out. The war, with its professional letter-readers, brought better censorship. From politics it passed through the church and hung on tight at last to public morals.

Book-censoring became a craze. Nothing was good enough not to be embargoed or bowlderized. Nothing was really worth reading until it had been debarred. Things weren't merely bad, they were putrid. We fell back on the discovery of the nineties "To the pure all things are rotten." They were. At an earlier day, Samuel Butler had defined "Nice People" as "people with dirty minds." Statues always had been draped, shows emasculated, foreign nudes denied admission, (though pubic hair in canvases was permitted after 1920) penny arcades were padlocked and "For Men Only" museums raided, street urchins had been punished for poking holes in the proper places in bill-posters, but beyond that nothing really drastic had been done.

Before 1920 people knew, largely by hearsay, of the reputed sweetness of stolen apples and the relation between alcoholic prohibition and

literature had progressed to the pitch of a cordial in an orange-shaped flask being literarily named "Forbidden Fruit." The zest for contraband, keenest at its birth in the Garden of Eden episode, had dulled through disuse. There was no incentive, no devastating craving for the taboo.

But when the cup was dashed from America's scarlet lips, she began to hunt around for the bottle, and from searching for forbidden bottles she stumbled on the exciting contents of the *index expurgatorius* and conceived the intriguing idea of forming whole libraries of prohibited books. The alluring possibilities of censorship came to a point, at last, there was a kick to it. The slight vogue enjoyed by censors at the beginning of the war had been discounted by the other moralists who were busy passing out cigarettes, telling funny stories and leading the chorus in war camps singing "Mademoiselle from Armentieres." They did n't have time to put their shoulders to the wheel until the war came to an abrupt end and left them jobless. They rallied around the new Messiah, Dr. Sumner, immaculately conceived, and got busy.

Meantime the Irish Republic, always turbulent, did its bit by restoring to its sons confidence in the irrepressibility of mankind and James Joyce gave the results of his Aegean labor to a great reading nation which already had learned the devastating pleasure of drinking from bottles under the table and was developing a hankering for reading under the sheet. Travelling Americans were able to buy "Ulys-

ses," March's "Wild Party," Douglas' "Limericks" and other gems and smuggle them home. All forbidden books are sold in shops adjoining American Banks and Express Offices the world over. In fact, foreigners believe that Americans concentrate on two or three titles and never read anything else beyond a passing Tauchnitz. "Ulysses" they know as the modern American Bible, a sort of *Science and Health* for tourists in horn-rimmed specs who eagerly plank down ten gold dollars in payment; they don't know that ninety-five percent of the buyers of Joyce's classic read only the last forty pages at a cost of about twenty-five cents a page, but that wouldn't surprise them, Americans are notoriously crazy and lavish with their money.

A new publishing business burst into being. Essays on Phoenician Love, modern Casanovas, Young Girl's Diaries, sportive sonnets, new collections of Arabian Nights, One Hundred Merrie and Delightful Nights, and Amorous Tales out of the Orient were privately published in unexpurgated limited editions priced from five to fifty dollars. It seemed that anything could be published privately and get by, just as it seemed for a while that homemade wine could be manufactured and quietly consumed. Personal printing might even be done on toilet paper. Private presses flourished, printing books for subscribers only. Mark Twain's "1602" with its refreshing accounts of the doings at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, " 'Oh ■■■■!' said the Queen, who had hitherto remained silent from sheer modesty," Riley's contraband "When Little Willie Wet the Bed"

and the frugal "corn-cob tied to a string" incidental to the theme of "The Passing of the Back-house", had tickled the American appetite, whetted it for a rotten apple like "The Specialist." Clandestine erotica was a riot in the mauve 90's, book collectors paid as high as a hundred dollars for such pieces, and instead of ruining the reputations of Clements and Riley, brothers under their skins, it made them with the winking knowing. Personal, intimate printing was the thing. Rich people always had done it. At last it could be commercialized. It was and is.

Printers of feeble little books in *deluxe* editions darted up like toadstools. The classics were ransacked for nudities and putridities, and were not found wanting. A lot of good overlooked stuff accidentally saw the light again. Everything with a bright word or a lively thought in any language was retranslated more freely and republished more widely. Often a whole book was put out for the sake of two or three stimulating four-letter words in old Casslon peppered through it with caution. Even as good a book as "All Quiet on the Western Front" which was toned down from German to British and from British to American doubtless owed a large percentage of its phenomenal sale to the fact that a few good old Anglo-Saxon words were retained to give it atmosphere. "It begins with a lot of soldiers sitting around on pots. Better read it," people nudged each other. America's leading novelists, Lewis, Drieser, Cabell, and Anderson among them, gained much in popularity from having their

books censored. The censorship of Mencken's magazine for publishing the superb story "Hat Rack" must have boosted its circulation.

From 1920 on we ran amuck looking in the corners for muck, the muck-rakers were never so righteous in their forking, and yet no harm resulted. Literature became a little looser, a little livelier in keeping with its time. As a result to-day any man with the money can subscribe to a head-aching number of special edition clubs or give one of those famous *à la carte blanche* orders to his book-legger to bring home the bacon, no matter how rancid, and bulging suit-cases, pregnant bundles, even traveller's trunks will be lugged into the library as the clock strikes midnight. Bright snappy stuff, beautifully bound, will appear from scores of private presses and foreign plants, up-to-the-minute, fly stuff that would blanch the cheek of a conservative old-fashioned collector sitting cross-legged on his Turkey carpet smoking a hooka, with one hand caressing carelessly a bronze from Pompeii authentic to the last detail, his other hand unknowingly engaged in turning to the picture pages in his pet twenty-eight volume set of the "Memoirs of Count Sade," or his extra-illustrated "Ananga-Ranga."

Informative reading such as Kraft-Ebbing's "Psychopathia Sexualis" or Forberg's "Manual of Classical Erotica" is now old stuff, you couldn't interest anybody under eight in that. Burton's seventeenth volume of notes is *demode*. "The Nightless City, or the History of the Yohshuvara Yukwaku," by an English Student of Sociology, has gone into the discard with

such old numbers as "The Horn Book," John Ford's " 'Tis a Pity She's a Whore," Thomas Dekker's "The Honest Whore" and Warde's "London Spy." There is hotter stuff to-day. Already "Lysistrata" is *passee*. Frank Harris' franker "My Life and Loves" has taken its place. "The Amatory Experiences of a British Surgeon" has given over to "My Whorescope." De Maupassant and Balzac have been replaced by D. H. Lawrence and Norman Douglas. Margaret of Navarre has passed over her sceptre to Djuna Barnes. Shakespeare's Sonnets have got the K.O. from Ezra Pound's ■■■■ Cantos hot from the press. To-day we have an Elizabethan literature of our very own.

We have a fairy literature as well, in little arty quarterlies and continental publications in English. "The Well of Loneliness" let the lesbians loose upon us. The invert and perverts are at last coming into their heavenly kingdom after being persecuted for ages for producing some of the best art the world has known. We have built our own Sodom and Gomorrah and the world goes on just the same.

Doctors, lawyers and clergymen, those pets of the Watch and Ward Society, are the only people living to-day who are legally permitted to peruse prohibited books. They alone are allowed to use the private stacks in public libraries, they only are admitted to browse upon the Paphian piles in correct book-stores equipped with rooms "For Professionals Only." Librarians and book-sellers suspect all amateurs. When one is so bold as to ask for an informative source book on sexual matters

the glaring salesman withers him down to the roots and he slinks out feeling lucky to have escaped arrest, while the righteous bookman who has read 'em all continues to splutter for hours, telling the whole cock-eyed world of the outrage. "Imagine! That dirty swine! He came in here and asked right out for Ellis' 'Studies in the Psychology of Sex.' Just imagine! Can you believe it? What if that foul carrion had happened to ask our dear Miss Bliss for that title. Going around putting filthy thoughts into the heads of innocent angels like her. People like that oughta be locked up." And to-morrow they will be.

In a recent catalog an out-spoken American rare-book dealer in London publishes the following:—

ELLIS (Havelock). *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, Vol. II., *The Evolution of Modesty, The Phenomena of Sexual Periodicity, Auto-Eroticism*. Extremely fine, £8. Leipzig! *The University Press Limited*, 1900.

"The English Court put its foot down on the first volume. Proceedings of bestiality, corruption, lewdness, and all the classic formalism were hurled against poor Havelock Ellis for daring to consent to write volume I. The case hung fire and finally in the summer of 1900, the book was officially by State, Church, and Justice banned and prohibited—the publisher, Mr. Geoffrey Mortimer, was determined to print Volume II. in spite of all the laws of heaven and earth, so his ruse was to print "Leipzig" as the place of publication, believing that the cops wouldn't walk to that place to burn up the stock. But the plan was too simple as everything about the paper, type, etc., was English, and in spite

of Leipzig, the stock was seized and destroyed; I believe his plant was near Cambridge. Then a few months later F. A. Davis and Co., of Philadelphia, consented to take over the publishing rights and have been printing the rest of the series. Volume II. is the rarest and most precious of the 7 volumes. The first two volumes may only be sold to Rabbis, Ministers, Parsons, Physicians, Lawyers, libraries and people over the Climacteric and Menopause stage. Perhaps (it depends on the local censor) students of Art, Love, Life, and Literature may be able to buy it with their own money, provided the local nurse says "yes" to the purchaser. Mr. Ellis tells me this story. "I can't understand those Americans. My 'Psychlogy' is printed and sold in America and I try to send a friend of mine in America a French edition of my 'Studies' and the licensed smuthounds destroy it as obscene"—and he thought (innocent soul) that I could answer him. I told him that was one of the reasons I shook "God's Own Country." Things are easier in England. All one does is this. A gentleman comes into a bookshop and wants the set, and if the bookseller is wise he smiles and says, "You're a Rabbi, aren't you." (If the patron's nose is outstanding.) But if he is just an ordinary Saxon he slips this bolony: "Oh, yes, you're a man of God, surely you're a clergyman, dear brother in Christ," and if he says "No" the deal is off—but if he is at all intelligent he says: "Why yes, I'm a man of God, dear brother," and the deal is then perfectly legitimate, the trick is getting God into the transaction and it's O.K. And some of those shepherds I've seen!"

While most book-dealers frown upon handling banned books many outlawed items are acquired in the course of trade, and these the reputable booktician sells quickly to the book-legger to protect his own reputation for im-

maculacy. Ambrosial items like Japanese print collections used as bed-side reading refreshment in the joyous houses of the Yoshiwara district go for mere snatches of song to book buzzards who hawk them about among an elite clientele. Chinese and other Oriental lubricities seductively depicted on rice paper are disposed of in the same way through book-leg art dealers.

As soon as any book of proportions is censored publishing mites on the edge of things scurry around getting out nasty parodies of the original which is usually pure in purpose, these sickly substitutes they sell to the chance curious who aren't allowed to buy the genuine article. Pallid, puking imitations. Hijacking pirates also get busy reproducing the prohibited work from cuts which contain all the typographical errors of the original. Probably more pirated issues than authorized editions of "Lady Chatterley's Lover," "Jurgen" and "The Painted Veil" have come hot off printing presses in back basements. Photographic reproduction has helped the B.L.; he receives his imitation copies about as soon as the first edition has been seized and the reproduction besides being quicker is more accurate than composition in type, and he is saved the bother of proof-reading.

We drip with inherited English prudery, exuding a rich culture on which boot-leg books propagate in myriads.

We lose our silly heads and hysterically rush up the already high price of synthetic literature, skyrocketing it overnight as prices of gin and "smoke" in the early days. No matter how bearish Wall Street is, there is a constant

bull market for literature we have been told is obscene.

Piously pure books like "The Bridge of San Louis Rey" and "Death Comes for the Archbishop" procreate as prolifically as the naughty ones Senator Smut reads solely to enable himself to learnedly expose in senatorial debates. Increasing thousands of get-by books are issued, all on the level, the level of standardized gossip, standardized thought, standardized diction. But just let the author make one little slip in good taste, let him exhibit the slightest bad form, lapse for one relaxed instant, and the censor is down on him like a ton of bricks, as the dean of a boy's school drops on any little manikin whose conduct is deemed truly ungentlemanly, almost unrobotly.

Censorship being a matter of pure taste, personal taste, good or bad (some like it hot, some like it cold, some like it in the pot) there is always the impending danger to the public that the Censor's taste may become fickle, undergo a surprising change. Last year only sixty-eight books were banned in Boston. Let that be a warning. Next year there may be but sixty-seven. Watch out and Ward off!

The barriers of public taste at home are breaking down, the English language is going to the dogs in Hoboken. America is witnessing with properly repressed awe a brand-new Elizabethan language revival. Language is loosening up; "Ulysses" started a few of its front teeth. More may follow. We may go in for good round words again and then something drastic will have to be done.

As the advent of a freshly minted Amendment is always imminent it behoves the wary to lay in a good supply of illicit books to-day. If the manufacture and consumption of anything more than 2% lively interest is prohibited in literature, as it may be any bright morn, a good many assiduous readers will be caught short; so right now while the book-legger is still human, friendly and listenable to reason arm yourself and heirs against the enactment of restrictive legislation. Prohibited books are still ridiculously cheap. Later you may have to get a prescription from your psychologist, a permit from your spiritual adviser, or a habeas corpus from your living undertaker to purchase even as much as the *first* forty pages of Ulysses.

CHAPTER III

A ■■■■ BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD SMELL.

A staff member of an American publishing house describing a current novel called "Best Seller," says in "The Publisher's Weekly": "The sales conference that starts the story is funny but it hurts. One poor editor who has read the books tries to explain to the salesmen what the new titles are all about. It is a heart rending scene. All they ask him is 'Is there any dirt in it?' Finally they find a book that appeals to them, meets their strict demands, a drab little novel, that they claim 'has got everything: dirt, passion, drama, everything... we'll sell a million.' " They do.

Years ago a daring low-minded imaginative saloon-keeper in Brooklyn gave away book matches for an advertisement with two dogs caught by an artist on the cover engaged in their quaint characteristic dorsal greeting. Nothing was done about this bit of ribaldry because its circulation was among hands that touched liquor and never touched the purists of the time. A small art magazine reproduced this match-box on its cover in 1915. It wasn't censored because only a few people saw it. In 1930 a brand-new book called "Whither, Whither," (because it gets nowhere) shows the same refreshing whiff of canine realism boldly in the book and in its advertisements. One of the dogs is a wooden toy to delicately suggest the appropriate doings in this mechanical age, and to remove the stigma

from the living scene. The book is advertised to the trade with an "uncensored poster" concealed in the bottom of each packing case. Times have changed in America, though in Germany it has always been good comic form for little boys to bend over and heartily present their rear ends to dogs on the street.

Now that we are frankly up to our literary ears in dirt an educational campaign might be started to teach the subtle difference between the sexual and excretory functions of the same organs. The fact that everybody is equipped with two separate and distinct sets, which should not be confused merely because of their juxtaposition, might be pointed out with profit. The realization of this might make the understanding of some books a simple matter.

A school for censors where the delicate difference between the ■■■■ and the ■■■■ is painstakingly taught would be of value; the street cleaning department could send a student delegate to learn that while the contents of its honey-wagons and books like "The Specialist" are of a fetor identical, the immorality of languishing lavender orchids and of gorgeous books like "Lady Chatterley's Lover" breathe a life-giving charm and exquisite perfume exactly the opposite of that of an East River garbage dump or a heap of sex stories in a popular magazine.

Human beings always will be human. There's nothing so human as a human being. Censorship, like prohibition, defeats itself. Censorship alone has been responsible for the

deluge of current borderline literature inaugurated by "Jürgen," sensitively pleasant and above the average as that book was. Prohibition is teaching America the difference between unhealthful drunkenness from vile substitutes and the healthful exhilaration which they formerly had from gargling genuine alcoholic liquors. Perhaps censorship can teach the difference between slimy excretory literature and pleasantly stimulating sex-expanders. One great good of censorship is its tonic action on the imagination. The fancy of man when given few facts to work upon must make the most of what truths seep through and invent others for its satisfaction.

Censorship as crudely practiced by our writing forbears who rendered questionable words, phrases and passages in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, was responsible for starting many an inquiring little mind in pursuit of a scholarly education. The obvious obscuring of passages awakens many a slumbering adolescent mind, gives it an urge toward the higher learning, adds zest to the reading of dull writing. The infallibility of the Law of Curiosity is more certain than Newton's minor discovery of gravity.

We can't all be censors or even priests, but we can all try to know intimately the more attractive sins, to develop a holier and better informed than thou attitude toward life, know everything black and remain spotless ourselves.

James Joyce: "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man:" "Temptation to become a priest lay largely in having 'secret knowledge and secret power. He would know then what was

the sin of Simon Magus and what was the sin against the Holy Ghost for which there was no forgiveness. He would know obscure things, hidden from others.' He would know the sins, the sinful longings and sinful thoughts and sinful acts, of others, hearing them murmured into his ears in the confessional under the shame of a darkened chapel by the lips of women and of girls; but rendered immune mysteriously at his ordination by the imposition of hands, his soul would pass again uncontaminated to the white peace of the altar. No touch of sin would linger upon the hands with which he would elevate and break the host."

That's the stuff of which censors are made, too bad they too cannot wear priestly robes in public. It's all a question of manners, taste, ritual, form; just what is good nobody knows. An aspiring Japanese painfully learning English is temporarily excused by his missionary teacher for his hearty greeting of the Master: "Good mornin,' you ol'e son of a ■■■■ how in hell are you, did you ■■■■ the ■■■■ out of your Missie lars' night?" He gets by once, but the teacher learns him that the words he used are dirty, that dirty things exist and he must henceforth maintain the properly dirty attitude toward the taboo. As the bad words already mastered cannot be sponged away certainly he can keep them, locked secretly in his mind, but he must never bring them out and show them to anybody, never make vocal use of his cryptic mental lore.

Words were killed in the war. As many words as men. There should be a tomb to the

unknown word sacrificed in the war. As many words as men were killed, wounded or had their meanings mutilated. There are no words to-day but new ones, or old words with new meanings. The old words are dead and pushing up daisy new ones which will soon cover the gaping graves of the unknown ■■■■.

While the language is in the remaking, before a fresh set of taboo is allowed to set, we should write Fantasias in F, collect the true stories of the time, old fashioned American humor better than the tales of Bill Nye and Petroleum V. Nasby, gaseous garage stories, goofy golf tales, collections by high blood-pressure salesmen, impromptus of drug store cowboys, and unmuffled Rotarian cracks; before refinement is reborn, refinement of speech and words, and the sheep's eye begins again to roll like a voodoo drum beat. Our squeamishness of expression, lacking any refinement of thought (which always goes on personally privately in the same way it has since the beginning) might be overcome. A rich nucleus of American literature is escaping us, a whole sub-rosa literature of Yankee folklore that is preserved in some form in all the older countries. Bucolic, earthsprung stories, back of the barn jokes of Yankee yokels, stories chanted aloud in the whispering gallery of the skies by airship mechanics. If some nose-twitching delicacy still keeps us from using the actual words, certainly the censor's blot, blank or dash could come in as a legitimate writing form and perhaps aid in liberating literature. To educate the Anglo-Saxon the two classes of prohibited words might have separate

symbols, a black dash could represent a frank word of the excretory school and a white space stand for any frankly sexual *mot*. There is now no need of a third device to represent blasphemous words; formalized religion is so gaspingly near dead that a conventional magazine recently published a poem by Dorothy Parker in which she contorted the holy name of Christ into Crice in order to make it rhyme with Elmer Rice, and not a single subscription was cancelled because of it.

Balzac's and Boccaccio's travelling men's tales have universal circulation as classics. They are even read openly in England and America. This may not be right, but it is so. Yet our livelier present-day mouth-to-ear funny stories never get into print. There is nothing for us but pallid imitations of our original lusty jokes leeringly toned down to next to nothing for palatable publication in our great family magazines.

In "Lars Porsena, or The Future of Swearing and Improper Language," Robert Graves says: "This volume goes as far as it decently can in containing at least a few classically draped forecasts and an honest inquiry into the taboos which prevent publication of the real *Lars Porsena*. ...Observe with what delicacy I have avoided and still avoid writing the words x—— and y——, and dance round a great many others of equally wide popular distribution. I have yielded to the society in which I move, which is an obscene society: that is, it acquiesces emotionally in the validity of the taboo, while intellectually objecting to it. ...The modern

Cinema is obscene with its sudden blackings-out at the crisis of sexual excitement."

He speaks of a party of deaf and dumb children who in 1918 attended a movie called "The Somme Film," and had to be taken away because of the "bad language" on the screen. He speaks of "the existence of an enormous secret-language of bawdry and an immense oral literature of obscene stories and rhymes known, in various degrees of initiation, to every man and woman, yet never consigned to writing or openly admitted as existing."

After dilating on the sex and lavatory taboos and the composition of smutty limericks to which "two or three at least of the legitimate poets famous at the end of the twentieth century are known to have added largely to the common stock of the tradition," Graves goes on to the subject of young English women of the better class who invented the polite phrases of "going out to wash my hands" or "powder my nose." He says that these girls were so brought up to evasive clichés that later they could not grasp the simplest facts of sexual mechanics. "Literature gave them little clue, owing to the custom of writing one part of the body when another was meant; and the use of words like 'kiss,' 'embrace,' and 'hug,' as synonyms for the sexual act confused them so completely that in a majority of cases they were married without having the vaguest idea of what really happens between man and wife, or how babies are born, and the suddenness of the realization frequently caused nervous shock and even madness."

Voilà ! I hope many virgins will be saved from madness by going in at an early age for censoring.

CHAPTER IV

WHETHER 'TIS NOBLER IN THE MIND
TO ■■■■

"Sticks and stones may break my bones
But naughty words won't hurt me."

This simple glistening gem of virginal wise-cracking might be improved with censoring, but its sense would not be changed. Nearly all rhyme, verse and poetry is piquantly pepped-up by the daring dash.

Mother Goose jingles lend themselves superbly to the censor's purposes. A little book of familiar nursery rhymes appeared in America a few years ago; the classical verses were most improperly clothed in dashes, modern fig-leaves, accurately accenting and properly pointing the latent impropriety of such gems as:

Old Mother Goose, when
She wanted to ■■■■
Would ■■■■ a fat goose
Or a very fine gander.

What care I how black I be;
Twenty ■■■■ will ■■■■ me;
If twenty won't, forty shall—
I am my mother's bouncing gal.

Charley loves good cake and ale;
Charley loves good candy;
Charley loves to ■■■■ the girls
When they are clean and handy.

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master;
She shall have but a penny a day
Because she can't ■■■■ any faster.

The exercise of even a little sensitive censorship brings out the latent eroticism which students of the subject say lurks in nearly all primer poetry:

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
That lamb was sure to ■■■■.

Blessings on thee, little man
Bare-■■■■ boy with ■■■■ of tan.

Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she ■■■■ the lasses, O!

The same lines may be censored in several ways, according to the individual temper,

temperature, temperament and temptation of
the censor:

Her 'prentice han' she tried on ■■■■
And then she made the lasses, O!

Her ■■■■■■■■ she tried on man
And then she ■■■■■■■■, O!

Her ■■■■ han' she tried on man
And then she made the lasses ■■■■.

Variations of the same lines are endless; the censor's blots merely give the direction in which the reader's imagination should go, and that imagination can be relied upon to put the very worst construction on the blotted-out bits. All that's needed is a strict censor to delete with delicate ruthlessness and finger-point the way. The average imagination can instantly supply more vivid thoughts, salacious suggestions and naughty words than Rabelais and Joyce combined. The reader's mind has an instinctive desire to put in the very wickedest notion it knows, to block the gap and make it more personally his. The faculty for making the worst of it is either inborn or it has been cultivated through diligent search and research for bad words from childhood on; in any case it is ever-present in everybody, pornographer or purist.

Even the seeming sanctity of great pompous poems is not safe in the fumbling hands of the censor:

Build thee more stately ■■■■
Oh my ■■■■.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but a ■■■■ dream!"

All are architects of ■■■■
Working in these walls of ■■■■;
Some with massive ■■■■ and great,
Some with ornaments of ■■■■.

In rereading reams of classic poetry with an eye peeled for gems for this censored anthology the fact came popping out that nearly all poetry is innately erotic. Even the modest lady poets begin with trifling touches, pattings, pettings and philanderings, work up through vague longings, yearnings, retchings and stretchings to bursts of libidinous passion and spasmodic convulsions, reach dizzy aphordisiac heights and end in exhausting orgasms:

JEAN INGELow in "*The Letter L.*"

How do I ■■■■ thee? Let me count the ways.
I ■■■■ thee to the depth and breadth and height
My ■■■■ can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of ■■■■ and ideal ■■■■
I ■■■■ thee to the level of every ■■■■
Most ■■■■ thee, by sun and candle light.
I ■■■■ thee freely, as men ■■■■ for Right;
I ■■■■ thee purely, as they ■■■■ from Praise.

effective use of it. The dash says more than any word devised to date. Readers of future poetry may be allowed to use their individual imaginations freely, to make a little poetry for themselves.

Prohibition leads to license; words blocked out, put under the black ban of the dash have a rare fascination for the reader. He will dash out his brains to find them out and make much more of them than they contained originally.

In playing with the poems in this anthology I felt faintly the guilty glow that must suffuse a Charles Sumner working at high heat in his odorous laboratory. I felt I was doing something slightly unclean, yet I held my nose and waded in up to my middle, supported by censorial righteousness, knowing that my work must be its own reward and hoping that the reader might profit by getting closer to the crux, crotch or ■■■■ of the really great poems hitherto unsnipped by the censor's scissors. The hardest part of my task was reading the poetry; with that safely over the censoring itself was pleasantly refreshing.

Pleasure in poetry comes largely from reading between the lines and is enhanced by dashes.

Putting dashes where they belong in poems is as interesting and healthful mental exercise as cross-word puzzling and a lot more stimulating. It leads to original and surprising viewpoints. Magazines and books should be published with blank pages (as in *Tristram Shandy*) for the

reader to write himself into. Roll your own magazine, censor the classic poets for yourself. Read between the lines and into the dashes.

Most people can't make poems, but anybody can remake them nearer to his ■■■■'s desire. Try Tennyson to start with; nearly any gem of the lordly poet laureate's full throbby-throated song is lusciously enriched by strict censorship:

The Poet's Song.

And he sat him down in a lovely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet
That made the wild-swan ■■■■ in her nest
And the lark drop ■■■■ at his feet.

Now, isn't that better! That's frankness for you. Poetic license.

In all poetry there are high thoughts, low thoughts and plenty of pleasant in-between thoughts for all. You may censor a line, (Emerson says that single lines are poems in themselves), a stanza, or an epic utterly. This book is but a guide, leads are given and the earnest amateur may go on as endlessly as a poet Himself; he is invited right into the words, as in cross-word puzzles, and becomes a competent co-creator. He will find the poetic flights of Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Longfellow especially formed, made to order for his purpose, but in doing one's own censoring all of the great poets, especially those of the Victorian period, should be tried, like anything else, at least once. The American frieze of frozen bushy-bearded poets that hung in every school

room is a group within easy reach of your 'prentice hand: Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Bryant, and Holmes. Nearly all poetry between Bobby Burns and Walt Whitman (excluding them) is highly suited to the purpose of the amateur, as is much of modern rhymed verse; any sacredly sweet poet, or swooningly sentimental, toying, cloying poem will do to begin on. You will find that silly poems become sillier. Aspiring ones in the grand manner are great educational material for the alert novice; the truly heroic quality of our great poetry is best brought out by sympathetic censorship:

The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!

Where burning Sappho ■■■ and ■■■.
Where grew the arts of ■■■ and ■■■ (etc.).

You may break, you may shatter the ■■■ if
you will,
But the scent of the ■■■ will cling round it
still.

The ■■■ is too much with us; late and soon,
■■■ and ■■■, we lay waste our powers.

Such poets as Shelley, Keats, Swinburne
and Rossetti don't have to be parodied. Often
unconsciously they parody themselves:

Love's Philosophy (SHELLEY)

Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's ■■■■ mingle
Why not I with thine?

Shakespeare, the Elizabethans and Burns usually supplied their own dashes, but the Nineteenth Century produced polite poets who draped their native eroticism in shiveringly thin veils. To-day through censorship we are privileged to reveal their deeper thoughts; a few fidgety ones may turn in the grave and glare ghoulishly at the sacrilege, but the timid censor may bolster his spirits by recalling that this is a scientific age and these poets are green dead and wont dug up again. On further investigation he will find that a large bulk of the poetry of the past, like masturbation, was designed exclusively for the comfort of the young and lonely, while much of the rest of it served no higher purpose than the flashing faceted French and Italian bed-side mirror for horizontal and trapezoidal purposes.

Don't think for a moment that the old poets in person had only pure white thoughts. A character in Jane Dashwood's "Three Daughters" says: "My mother had a great cult for Tennyson and hoped that he would come and stay with us at Budcombe Manor. But the visit never came off—— greatly to the relief of my sister, who told us how Tennyson shocked her by his coarse remarks and improper jokes."

There are no low smudgy laughs in this collection of gems, but there are a lot of lusty ones if your mind responds to dashes as spontaneously as minds do. You'll laugh as you read into it what you yourself are. You'll help the hobbling old poets hold their cracked mirror up to naked Nature. A bright, clean dirty thought will make a healthy saint snirt in spite of all his careful training. Boswell quotes Dr. Johnson remarking at a party, "The woman had a bottom of good sense," and goes on to observe: "The word *bottom* thus introduced was so ludicrous when contrasted with his gravity, that most of us could not forbear tittering and laughing; though I recollect that the Bishop of Killaloe kept his countenance with perfect steadiness, while Miss Hannah More slyly hid her face behind a lady's back who sat on the same settee with her."

Miss Hannah More *would*! She was a poet and a religious one.

Slyly hide your face behind any lady's back who happens to be sitting on the same settee with you, if you must, but admit while reading the following gems that your imagination is worse than anything you can imagine. No written or spoken word is as bad as a ripe personal connotation on an imagined word. The sense of words calls up more vivid emotions than the whole five senses put together. You can read into these poems what you will. It's a test of just exactly how filthy your mind is.

To ■■■■, or not to ■■■■, that is the question——

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ■■■■

The slings and arrows of outrageous ■■■■

Or to take arms against a sea of ■■■■

And, by ■■■■, end them?

CHAPTER V

INDEX OF FIRST AND SECOND LINES

The passionate poets, unable to restrain themselves, often give everything away in the first line. The ardor of naivete injected into first lines gives the amateur censor an unerring lead; usually after reading only the first line he can tell the tenor of the piece and know to a dash just how joyful will the censoring be.

In poetry books the custom of providing an Index of First Lines is well established. The index serves as a memory pricker to the habitual reader of verse and also as an appetizer to the occasional dipper-in, a whet to read the whole poem. Editors and publishers wisely have stopped at the first line. In many cases if the first two lines were indexed the whole gag would be given away and there would be neither necessity nor interest to plough through to the refrains; the average Pandora reader would be

well satisfied with the smack of the first line and the juice of the second, and would peep no further:

1st Line (smack). Listen, my children, and you shall hear

2nd Line (juice). Of the midnight ■■■■ of Paul Revere

1. In the Spring a young man's ■■■■

2. Lightly turns to thoughts of ■■■■

1. As idle as a painted ■■■■

2. Upon a painted ■■■■

1. You'd scarce expect one of my age

2. To ■■■■ in public on the stage

1. Count that ■■■■ lost whose low descending ■■■■

2. Views from thy hand no ■■■■ action don

1. A little ■■■■ now and then

2. Is relished by the best of men

1. ■■■■ no more, fair lady,

2. Oh, ■■■■ no more to-day.

A Very-Partial Index of Typical First Lines

About Ben Adhem (may his ■■■■ increase)

A ■■■■'s a plaything for an hour

A wet sheet and a flowing ■■■■

Blest pair of ■■■■, pledges of ■■■■'s joy

Come live with me and be my ■■■■

Duncan Gray came here to ■■■■

Earl March look'd on his dying ■■■■

He that loves a rosy ■■■■

Her ■■■■ was so small, the ■■■■

I come from haunts of coot and ■■■■

I had a friend who ■■■■ in early youth!

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen ■■■■

My ■■■■ leaps up when I behold

O my ■■■■'s like a red, red rose

O me! what ■■■■'s hath love put in my head

O say what is that thing call'd ■■■■

Poor ■■■■, the center of my sinful ■■■■

Since there's no ■■■■, come let us kiss
and part,

She came, she is gone, we have ■■■■

The ■■■■ was grassy, wild and bare

The twentieth ■■■■ is well-nigh past

The ■■■■ is too much with us: late and soon

Though others may her ■■■■

To a ■■■■, on turning her up, etc.

To him who in the love of ■■■■ holds

When lovely woman stoops to ■■■■
When maidens such as Hester ■■■■
Will you ■■■■ a Spanish Lady
Yet once more, O ye ■■■■, and once more
You must wake and ■■■■ me early, ■■■■
me early mother dear.

CHAPTER VI

GEMS

Fore■■■■. (The compiler gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to the works of Messrs. Wordsworth, Longfellow and Tennyson; without continual reference to their books of poetry he could hardly have sustained his inspiration at the high pitch needed in successful censorship. He regrets that lack of dashes forbids illustration of the greatest of the 'Gems.')

In the words of poetry's pal—— Francis T. Palgrave, introducing his sublime compilation "The Golden Treasury": "Poetry gives treasures 'more golden than gold,' leading us in higher and healthier ways than those of the

world, and interpreting to us the lessons of Nature. But she speaks best for herself. Her true accents, if the plan has been executed with success, may be heard throughout the following pages."

Simon Lee, the Old ■■■■ (WORDSWORTH)

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall,
An old man ■■■■ a little man,—
'Tis said he once was tall.

Full five-and-thirty years he ■■■■
A running ■■■■ merry;
And still the center of his ■■■■
Is red as a ripe cherry.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel (SCOTT)

Breathes there the man, with ■■■■ so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native ■■■■!
Whose ■■■■ hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From ■■■■ on a foreign strand.

The Lord of Burleigh (TENNYSON)

In her ■■■■ he ■■■■ gaily,
If my ■■■■ by signs can tell,

Maiden, I have ■■■■ thee daily,
And I think you ■■■■ me well.

Dora (TENNYSON)

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his ■■■■,
And she his ■■■■. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, 'I'll make them ■■■■
and ■■■■.
Now Dora felt her uncle's ■■■■,
And yearn'd toward William, but the youth,
because
He had been always ■■■■ in the ■■■■,
Thought not of Dora.

WORDSWORTH'S *The Two April ■■■■ and
The Fountain*

We walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning ■■■■
And Matthew stopp'd, he look'd, and said
"The will of God be done!"

.. ..
We ■■■■ with open ■■■■, and tongue
Affectionate and true
A pair of ■■■■, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

The Happiest (LONGFELLOW)

There sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,

Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter ■■■■ their ■■■■
Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his ■■■■,
And cried, all hot and flushed with ■■■■,
"Long live the Swabian ■■■■!"

"The greatest ■■■■ upon earth
Cannot with that compare;
With all the stout and hardy ■■■■
And the nut-brown ■■■■ there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,—
And dashed his ■■■■ with wine,
"I had rather ■■■■ in Lapland,
■■■■ that Swabian ■■■■ of thine!

"The goodliest ■■■■ on all this earth,
It is the Saxon ■■■■!
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this ■■■■!"

"Hold your ■■■■! both Swabian and Saxon!"
A bold Bohemian cries;
"If there's a ■■■■ upon this earth,
In Bohemia it ■■■■."

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her ■■■■,
And said, "Ye may no more contend,—
There lies the happiest ■■■■!"

A Ditty (SIR PHILIP SIDNEY)

My true-love hath my ■■■■, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given:
I hold his ■■■■, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better ■■■■ driven:
My true-love hath my ■■■■, and I have his.

The Modest Muse (EARL OF ROSCOMMON)

How nice the ■■■■ of the maid!
Your early kind paternal care appears
By ■■■■ instruction of her tender ■■■■.
The first impression in her infant ■■■■
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.

The Thrissil and the Rose (WILLIAM DUNBAR)

With that this lady soberly did smile,
And said: "Uprise, and do thy ■■■■;
Thou did promit, in Matis lusty while,
For to ■■■■ the ■■■■ of most pleasance.
Go see the birdis how they ■■■■ and ■■■■."

A New Way to Pay Old Debts

(PHILIP MASSINGER)

Some undone widow sits upon mine ■■■■,
And takes away the use of it, and my ■■■■,
Glued to my ■■■■ with wronged orphans'
■■■■,
Will not be drawn.

Don Juan (BYRON)

So for a good old-gentlemanly voice,
I think I must take up with ■■■■.

The Blue-Stocking (MOORE)

To ■■■■, yet feel no pain,
To ■■■■, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's ■■■■
Then throw it idly by.

BRENNORALT

She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to ■■■■.

SHAKESPEARE.

All the world's a ■■■■
And all the men and women merely ■■■■
They have their exits and their entrances
And one man in his time ■■■■ many parts.

Gems from The Letter L (JEAN INGELow)

His eyes were bent upon the ■■■■,
Unfathomed deeps within them lay,
A slender rod was in his hand
A ■■■■.

Her eyes were resting on his ■■■■
As shyly glad, by stealth to glean
Impressions of his manly ■■■■
And guarded ■■■■.

With that he raised his ■■■■ to view;
 'What think you,' asking, 'of my ■■■■?'
And was he right to let the dew
 Of ■■■■ exhale.
'Fair ■■■■!' touching while he spoke,
 The ■■■■ crown, the weaving ■■■■
'And do you this ■■■■ revoke,
 Or may it stand?'

A Parental Ode to My Son (THOMAS HOOD)

Thou happy, happy elf
(But stop— first let me kiss away that ■■■■)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ■■■■)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With ■■■■ feather light
Untouched by sorrow and unsoiled by sin
(Good heavens! The child is swallowing a
■■■■.)

The Three Fishers (CHARLES KINGSLEY)

For men must ■■■■, and women must ■■■■,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.

The Orphan Boy's Tale (Mrs. OPIE)

"Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
 And ■■■■ a helpless orphan's ■■■■;
Ah! sure my ■■■■ must pity wake;
 'Tis ■■■■ that makes my cheek so pale."

The Girl Describes Her ■■■■ (A. MARVELL)

With sweetest ■■■■ and ■■■■ first
I it at my own fingers nursed;

And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than ■■■■—
It had so sweet a ■■■■ and oft
I blush'd to see its ■■■■ more soft
And white,—shall I say,—than my ■■■■?
Nay, any lady's in the land!

A Poet's Epitaph (WORDSWORTH)

One that would ■■■■ and ■■■■
Upon his mother's grave.

Douglas (JOHN HOWE)

My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
My father ■■■■ his flocks; a frugal swain
Whose constant cares were to increase his ■■■■,
And ■■■■ his only son, myself, at home.

BYRON

Maid of Athens, ere we ■■■■,
Give, oh, give my back my ■■■■!

The Contrast (COOPER)

Yon cottager, who ■■■■ at her own door,
Pillow and ■■■■ all her little store;
Content though ■■■■, and cheerful if not
■■■■,
Shuffling her ■■■■ about the live-long day.

A Modern Lady (JONATHAN SWIFT)

The modern dame is waked by ■■■■,
(Some authors say not quite so soon)

Because, though sore against her: ■■■■,
She ■■■■ all night ■■■■■■.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her ■■■■■■,
And asks if it be time to ■■■■.

To Celia — (BEN JOHNSON)

■■■■ me only with thine ■■■■
And I will ■■■■ with mine
Or leave a kiss but in the ■■■■
And I'll not look for ■■■■
The thirst that from the ■■■■ doth rise,
Doth ask a ■■■■ divine
But might I of Jove's ■■■■-sup
I would not change for thine,
I sent thee late a rosy ■■■■
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only ■■■■
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but ■■■■.

The Deserted Village. (GOLDSMITH.)

Near yonder copse where once ■■■■
And still where many a ■■■■ grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place dis-
close
The village preacher's modest ■■■■ rose.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love
(MARLOWE)

Come live with me and be my ■■■■,
And we will all the pleasures prove

That ■■■ and ■■■■, ■■■■ and ■■■,
And all the craggy ■■■■ yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds ■■■■ their flocks.

The Nymph's Reply (SIR WALTER RALEIGH)

If all the ■■■■ and ■■■■ were young,
And ■■■■ in every shepherd's ■■■■,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy ■■■■.

(KEATS)

E'en like the passage of an angel's ■■■■
That falls through the clear ether silently.

(WORDSWORTH)

She ■■■■ among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to ■■■■,
And very few to ■■■■.

Endymion (TENNYSON)

The rising ■■■■ had hid the ■■■■
Her level ■■■■, like golden ■■■■
Lie on the landscape green
With shadows brown between.

Hans Carvel (MATTHEW PRIOR)

That, if weak women went astray,
Their ■■■■ were more in fault than they.

The Parting ■■■■ (ROBERT DODSLEY)

One kind ■■■■ before we part,
Drop a ■■■■, and ■■■■ adieu;
Though we ■■■■, my fond ■■■■
Till we meet shall pant for you.

Tam O'Shanter (ROBERT BURNS)

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her ■■■■ like gathering storm
Nursing her ■■■■ to keep it warm.

*The Good Part That Shall Not Be Taken
Away* (LONGFELLOW)

And thus she ■■■■ among her girls,
With ■■■■, and mild ■■■■
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic ■■■■.

(TENNYSON)

In her ear he ■■■■ gaily,
"If my ■■■■ by signs can tell."

Song (OLIVER GOLDSMITH)

The wretch condemn'd with ■■■■ to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the ■■■■,
Bids ■■■■ rise.

La Belle Dame Sans Merci (KEATS)

'I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her ■■■■ was light,

And her eyes were wild.
'I made a garland for her ■■■■,
And ■■■■ too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did ■■■■,
And made sweet moan.

'She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she ■■■■ and sigh'd full sore;
And there I shut her wild wild ■■■■
With ■■■■ four.

(DAVID VEDDER)

The ■■■■ with all the joys it hath,
Is an illusive show;
And ■■■■ is a slippery ■■■■
With a yawning ■■■■ below:—
Whilst some dread power invisible
Impels us onwards, —■■■■ still!

Brothers and a Sermon (JEAN INGELow)

Yes, the boy may ■■■■ his ■■■■,
Though she thinks to say him nay,
When she sighs, "I cannot ■■■■
Come again some other day."

To a Highland Girl (WORDSWORTH)

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
Of ■■■■ is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting ■■■■ have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy ■■■■

Lycidas (MILTON)

I come to ■■■■ your ■■■■
And with forced fingers rude
■■■■ your ■■■ before the mellowing ■■■.
Bitter constraint, and ■■■■■■■■ dear,
Compels me to disturb your ■■■■■.

(GEORGE HERBERT)

A hollow wide did seem to answer, No;
Go ■■■■ elsewhere.

A Solitary (WILLIAM DRUMMOND)

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove
Far from the clamorous ■■■■, doth ■■■■
his own.

Counsel to Girls (HERRICK)

Gather ye ■■■■ while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same ■■■■ that ■■■■ to-day;
To-morrow will be dying.
Then be not coy, but use your ■■■■,
And while ye may, go ■■■■:
For having lost but once your ■■■■■■,
You may forever ■■■■.

(ELLA WHEELER WILCOX)

■■■■ and the world ■■■■ with you
Weep and you weep alone.

The Bride (SIR JOHN SUCKLING)

For such a ■■■■ no ■■■■
Could ever yet produce,
No ■■■■ that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as ■■■■
Nor half so full of juice.

.. .. .
Her ■■■■ beneath her petticoat
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they ■■■■■■

(BROWNING)

Oh! to be in ■■■■
Now that ■■■■'s there.

Two Went Up to ■■■■■■

(RICHARD CRASHAW)

Two went up to ■■■■? O rather say,
One went to ■■■■, the other to ■■■■.

Phyllis (DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN)

In petticoat of green,
Her hair about her ■■■■
Phyllis beneath an oak
Sat milking her fair ■■■■
'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture, (rare de-
light,)
Her hand ■■■■■■, in ■■■■ it was so
white.

(LORD ALFRED TENNYSON)

"■■■■, ■■■■, ■■■■■,"
■■■■, ■■■■, ■■■■■,
On thy cold gray stones, O ■■■■!
And I would that my tongue could ■■■■
The ■■■■ that arise in me.
O well for the fisherman's boy
That he ■■■■■ his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he ■■■■ in his boat on the bay !

Lady Clare (TENNYSON)

"He does not love me for my ■■■■,
Nor for my ■■■■ so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true ■■■■,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

The Star's Monument

(JEAN INGELow)

But did she ■■■■? What and if she did?
■■■■ cannot cool the burning ■■■■.

To Althea from Prison (COLONEL LOVELACE)

When I lie tangled in her ■■■■
And fetter'd to her ■■■■,
The Gods that ■■■■ in the air
Know no such ■■■■.

The Goblins (SUCKLING)

But as when an authentic ■■■■ is shown,
Each man winds up and rectifies his own.

A Sea Dirge (W. SHAKESPEARE,

Ful fathom five thy father lies:

Of his ■■■■ are coral made

Those are pearls that were his ■■■■,

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his ■■■■:

Hark! now I hear them,

Ding, dong, bell.

To His Lute (W. DRUMMOND)

My ■■■■, be as thou wert when thou didst

■■■■

With thy ■■■■ mother in some shady grove,

When ■■■■ but made thee move,

And birds their ■■■■ did on thee bestow.

The Timepiece (COWPER)

Presume to lay their hand upon the ■■■■

Of her magnificent and awful ■■■■.

(WORDSWORTH)

My ■■■■ leaps up when I behold

A ■■■■ in the ■■■■:

So was it when my ■■■■ began,

So is it now I am a man,

So be it when I shall grow old

Or let me die!

The Spanish Lady's ■■■■

(PERCY'S RELIQUES)

Will you hear a Spanish lady

How she ■■■■ an English man?

Address to the Unco Guid (BURNS)

Then gently ■■■■ your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To ■■■■ is human.

Odyssey (HOMER)

He to my mind an equal sin doth show
Who, when a guest would ■■■■, hints ■■■■:
And who, if one desires to ■■■■, says no.

*The Man Whose Thoughts Are Not
of This World* (EDWARD YOUNG)

Some angel guide my ■■■■, while I ■■■■,
What nothing less than angel can ■■■■.

The Splendid Shilling (JOHN PHILLIPS)

My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The ■■■■ fury, and encroaching ■■■■,
By ■■■■ subdued (what will not ■■■■ subdue)
A horrid ■■■■ disclosed.

The Slave's Dream (LONGFELLOW)

Beside the un■■■■ ■■■■ he lay,
His ■■■■ in his hand;
His ■■■■ was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the ■■■■.
Again, in the mist and shadow of ■■■■,
He ■■■■ his ■■■■.

The Outlaw (SCOTT)

A Maiden on the castle wall
Was ■■■■ing merrily:
'O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather ■■■■ with Edmund there
Than ■■■■ our English queen.'

The Lost Leader (BROWNING)

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ■■■■ to stick in his ■■■■—

Walter von der Vogelweid (TENNYSON)

Vogelweid the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Wurtzburg's minster towers.
And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:
They should ■■■■ the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest;
Saying, "From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of ■■■■:
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."
Thus the bard of love departed:
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were ■■■■
By the children of the choir.

A Summer (DR. ISAAC WATTS)

How fine has the ■■■■ been, how bright was
the ■■■■,

How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his ■■■■ he
begun,

And there follow'd some droppings of ■■■■!
But now the fair traveller's come to the ■■■■,
His ■■■■ are all gold, and his beauties are
best:

He ■■■■ the ■■■■ gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Winter Evening (COWPER)

And Katerfelto, with his ■■■■ on end
At his own wonders, ■■■■ for his bread.
'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of ■■■■,
To peep at such a ■■■■— to see the stir
Of the great ■■■■, and not feel the ■■■■.

(WALLER)

They that never had the use
Of the ■■■■ 's surprising juice
To the first delicious ■■■■
All their ■■■■ render up.

To the Same (WORDSWORTH)

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with ■■■■
Loose types of ■■■■ through all degrees.

The Time I've Lost (MOORE)

My only books
Were woman's ■■■■,
And ■■■■ all they've taught me.

Farewell ■■■■ and Fairies

(RICHARD CORBET, BISHOP OF OXFORD
AND OF NORWICH)

Farewell, ■■■■ and fairies!

Good housewives now may ■■■■;

For now foul sluts in dairies

Do ■■■■ as well as they.

And though they ■■■■■■■■ no less

Than maids were wont to do

Yet who of late for ■■■■

Finds sixpence in her ■■■■.

The Old ■■■■ (ELIZA COOK)

I love it—— I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old ■■■■!

We Are Seven (WORDSWORTH)

A simple child

That lightly draws its ■■■■

And feels its life in every limb,

What should it know of ■■■■.

I met a little cottage girl:

She was eight years old, she said;

Her hair was thick with many a curl

That clustered round her ■■■■.

She had a rustic, woodland ■■■■,

And she was wildly ■■■■;

Her ■■■■ were fair, and very ■■■■;

Her ■■■■ made me glad.

"■■■■ and ■■■■, little maid,

How many may you ■■■■?"

"How many? Seven in all," she said,

And wondering looked at me.

■■■■ of the *Snark* (LEWIS CARROLL)

To ■■■■ it with thimbles, to ■■■■ it with
care;

To ■■■■ it with forks and hope;

To threaten its life with a ■■■■;

To charm it with smiles and soap.

Hart-Leap Well (WORDSWORTH)

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now: the ■■■■ is
cursed."

The Restless ■■■■ (LONGFELLOW)

A millstone and the human ■■■■ are driven
ever round

If they have nothing else to grind; they must
themselves be ground.

To An Old Danish ■■■■ (TENNYSON)

The ungrateful ■■■■

Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,

Since, beneath the skies of Denmark.

First I ■■■■ thee.

There are marks of ■■■■,

There are thumb-marks on thy ■■■■,

Made by hands that ■■■■ thee rudely,

At the ale-house.

Soiled and dull thou art;

Yellow are thy time-worn ■■■■,

As the russet, rain-molested

Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with ■■■■,
Scattered from hilarious ■■■■,
As these ■■■■ with the libations
Of ■■■■.

Yet dost thou recall
■■■■ departed, half-forgotten,
When in dreamy youth I ■■■■
By the Baltic.

.. .. .
And as swallows ■■■■
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,
So thy twittering ■■■■ shall nestle
In my ■■■■,—

Quiet, close, and warm,
Sheltered from all molestations,
And recalling by their ■■■■
Youth and travel.

Hester (LAMB)

When maidens such as Hester ■■■■
Their ■■■■ ye may not well supply
Though ye among a thousand try
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she have been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy ■■■■
And her ■■■■.

A springy motion in her ■■■■,
A rising ■■■■, did indicate
Of ■■■■ and joy no common rate
That flush'd her ■■■■:

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call; if 'twas not ■■■■,
It was a joy to that allied
She did inherit.

Her parents held the ■■■■■
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had ■■■■ her.

A waking eye, a prying ■■■■,
A ■■■■ that stirs, is hard to (etc.)

To Mary (COWPER)

The twentieth ■■■■ is well nigh past,
Since first ■■■■■■■■
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy ■■■■ have a fainter flow,
I see thee ■■■■ weaker grow;—
'Twas my ■■■■ that brought thee low,
My ■■■■!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy ■■■■ now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy ■■■■■,
Thy hands their little ■■■■ resign;
Yet gently prest, press gently mine,
My ■■■■!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now, at every ■■■■, thou movest
Upheld by ■■■■, yet still thou ■■■■,
My ■■■■!

And should my future ■■■■ be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out ■■■■ will break at last,
My Mary!

(T. CAMPBELL)

Earl March look'd on his dying child,
And, smit with grief to view her——
The youth, he cried, whom I ■■■■
Shall be restored to ■■■■ her.

(WORDSWORTH)

I, too, have ■■■■ her on the hills
■■■■ her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild——
Such small machinery as she ■■■■
Ere she had ■■■■, ere she had ■■■■,
A young and happy child.

On a ■■■■ (EDMUND WALLER)

That which her slender waist confined,
Shall now my joyful ■■■■ bind
No monarch but would give his crown,
His ■■■■ might do what this has done.

It was my ■■■■'s extremest sphere,
The ■■■■ which held that lovely ■■■■,

My ■■■, my ■■■, my ■■■, my ■■■,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there (etc.)

The Poetry of ■■■■ (R. HERRICK)

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in ■■■■ a wantonness;—
A winning wave, deserving ■■■■,
In the tempestuous petticoat,—

Whenas in silks my Julia ■■■■
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her ■■■■.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That ■■■■ vibration each way free;
O how that ■■■■ taketh me!

Young Love (SHAKESPEARE)

Tell me where is ■■■■ bred,
Or in the ■■■■, or in the head?

Rosalynd's Madrigal (T. LODGE)

■■■■ in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his ■■■■ he plays with me,
Now with his feet.

A Red, Red ■■■■ (BURNS)

O, my ■■■■'s like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my ■■■■'s like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

The Passions (WILLIAM COLLINS)

When ■■■■, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she ■■■■,
The Passions oft, to ■■■■ her ■■■■,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond ■■■■;
By turns they felt the glowing ■■■■
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the ■■■■■■ round,
They snatched her instruments of ■■■■.

The True Beauty (T. CAREW)

He that loves a rosy ■■■■
Or a coral ■■■■ admires,
Or from ■■■■ doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires
As old Time makes these decay
So his ■■■■ must waste away.

Catharina: Addressed to Miss Stapleton
(COWPER)

She came, she is gone, we have ■■■■
And ■■■■ perhaps never again;
The last ■■■■ ramble we made,
Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our ■■■■ was often delayed
By ■■■■■■■■.
We ■■■■ under many a tree
And much she was charmed with ■■■■

Less sweet to Maria and me,
Who so lately had ■■■■ her own.

Lines on ■■■■ (JONATHAN SWIFT)

The time is not so remote, when I
Must by the course of nature ■■■■;
When, I forsee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends.

Verses Written on a ■■■■ in Scotland
(AARON HILL)

Tender-handed stole a ■■■■,
And it ■■■■ you for your pains;
■■■■ it like a ■■■■
And it soft as silk remains.

(ADDISON)

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished ■■■■
Gay gilded ■■■■ and shining ■■■■ rise;
Poetic ■■■■ encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread ■■■■;
For here the ■■■■ so oft her harp has strung
That not a ■■■■ rears its head un■■■■.

The Frank Courtship (GEORGE CRABBE)

Then the youth, who, lost in his retreat,
■■■■ the good matron on her garden seat;
His looks were troubled, and his ■■■■ once
mild
And calm, was hurried:—"My audacious child!"
Exclaim'd the dame.

The Village ■■■■smith (LONGFELLOW)

Under a spreading chestnut tree

The village smithy ■■■■;

The smith, a mighty ■■■■ is he,

With large and sinewy ■■■■;

And the muscles of his brawny ■■■■

Are strong as iron bands.

His ■■■■ is crisp, and black, and long,

His ■■■■ is like the tan;

His ■■■■ is wet with honest sweat,

He ■■■■ whate'er he can,

And ■■■■ the whole world in the ■■■■,

For he ■■■■ any man.

He goes on Sunday to the church

And ■■■■ among his boys;

He ■■■■ the parson ■■■■,

He ■■■■ his daughter's ■■■■

■■■■ in the ■■■■,

And it makes his ■■■■ rejoice.

Toiling,— rejoicing,— ■■■■,

Onward through life he goes;

Each morning sees some ■■■■,

Each evening sees it close;

Something attempted, something done,

Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,

For the lesson thou hast taught!

Thus at the flaming forge of ■■■■

Our ■■■■ must be wrought;

Thus on its sounding anvil shaped

Each burning ■■■■ and ■■■■!

In Three Days (BROWNING)

So, I shall ■■■■ her in three days
And just one night, but nights are short,
Then two long ■■■■, and that is morn.
See how I come, unchanged, unworn,—
Feel, where my ■■■■ broke off from thine,
How fresh the splinters keep and fine,—
Only a touch and we ■■■■!

The Humble ■■■■ (EMERSON)

Burly dozing humble ■■■■!
Where thou art is ■■■■ for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,
I will ■■■■ thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!

Song (THEODORE S. FAY)

A careless simple bird, one day
■■■■ in Flora's bowers,
Fell in a cruel trap which lay
All hid among the ■■■■,—
Forsooth, the pretty, harmless ■■■■.
The ■■■■ was closed; poor silly soul,
He knew not what to do,
Till, pressing through a tiny hole,
At length away he ■■■■;
Unhurt—at length away he ■■■■.

Excelsior (LONGFELLOW)

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed

A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A ■■■■ with the strange device,
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary ■■■■ upon this ■■■■!"
A tear stood in his bright blue ■■■■,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
■■■■ the oft-repeated ■■■■,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That ■■■■ with the strange device,
Excelsior!

Child and Maiden (SIR C. SEDLEY)

Ah, Chloris, could I now but ■■■■
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant ■■■■ could beget
No happiness or pain!
When I the ■■■■ used to admire,
And praised the coming ■■■■
I little thought the ■■■■ fire
Would take my ■■■■ away.

Black-Eyed Susan (JOHN GAY)

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The steamers waving in the wind,

When black-eyed Susan came aboard,
"Oh, where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye ■■■■ sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William ■■■■ among the crew?"

William, who high upon ■■■■
Rocked with ■■■■ to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his ■■■■ below:
The ■■■■ slides swiftly through his glowing
hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he ■■■■.

The Blessed Damosel (ROSSETTI)

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven
Her ■■■■ deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three ■■■■ in her hand,
And the ■■■■ in her ■■■■ were seven.

Cupid and Campaspe (JOHN LYLIE)

Cupid and Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's ■■■■, and ■■■■ of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his ■■■■, the rose
Growing on's ■■■■ (but none knows how);
With these, the ■■■■ of his ■■■■,
And then the dimple on his ■■■■,
All these did my Campaspe win:
And last he set her both his ■■■■——

She won, and Cupid ■■■ did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

The Noble Nature (BEN JONSON)

In small ■■■ we just beauties see;
And in short ■■■ may perfect be.

The Old Bachelor (CONGREVE)

Married in haste, we may ■■■ at leisure.

Airly Beacon (C. KINGSLEY)

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon:
Oh the pleasant sight to see
Shires and towns from Airly Beacon,
While my love climbed up to ■■■!

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
Oh the happy hours we lay
Deep in fern on Airly Beacon,
■■■ through the summer's day!

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;
Oh the weary haunt for me,
All alone on Airly Beacon,
With his baby on my knee!

(R. C. ARCHBISHOP TRENCH)

Though sharpest anguish ■■■ may wring,
Though ■■■ torn may be,
Yet ■■■ing is a holy thing;
Without it what were we?

In lovely Mary's pleasing ■■■,
What various ■■■ meet.

The Blind Boy (C. CIBBER)

O say what is that thing call'd ■■■■,
Which I must ne'er enjoy:
What are the blessings of the ■■■■,
O tell your poor blind boy!
You talk of wondrous things you ■■■■,
You say the ■■■■ shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
■■■■ it day or night.

(COLERIDGE)

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she ■■■■ me.
O then I saw her ■■■■■■■■,
A well of love, a spring of ■■■■■■.

In Memoriam (MARY LAMB)

A ■■■■'s a plaything for an hour;
It's pretty tricks we try
For that or for a longer space,—
Then tire, and lay it by.
But I knew one that to itself
All ■■■■ could control;
That would have ■■■■'d the sense of pain
Out of a griev'd ■■■■.
Thou straggler into loving ■■■■,
Young climber up of ■■■■,
When I forget thy thousand ■■■■
Then life and all shall cease.

(W. WORDSWORTH)

Among thy ■■■■ did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel
Beside an English fire.
Thy ■■■■ show'd, thy ■■■■ conceal'd
The ■■■■ where Lucy play'd;
And thine too is the last ■■■■
That Lucy's eyes survey'd.

Vertue (GEORGE HERBERT)

Sweet ■■■■, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash ■■■■ wipe his ■■■■,
Thy root is ever in its ■■■■
And Thou must ■■■■.
Sweet ■■■■, full of sweet ■■■■ and ■■■■,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My ■■■■ shows ye have your closes,
And all must ■■■■.

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing ■■■■
A wet sheet and a flowing ■■■■,
A ■■■■ that ■■■■ fast,
And fills the white and rustling ■■■■,
And bends the gallant ■■■■.

"Away! Let Naught to Love Displeasing"

(J. G. COOPER)

And when with envy Time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys;

You'll in your girls again be ■■■■;
And I'll ■■■■■ my boys.

■■■■■ *Tasters* (MATTHEW PRIOR)

Dear Thomas, did'st thou never pop
Thy ■■■■ into a tinman's ■■■■?

Past and Present (THOMAS HOOD)

I remember, I remember
The house where I was ■■■■,
The little ■■■■ where the ■■■■.
Came ■■■■ in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a ■■■■.

Fleeing from ■■■■ (FRANCIS QUARLES)

Ah! whither shall I fly? What path untrod
Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming ■■■■
Of my offended, of my angry ■■■■?
Where shall I sojourn? What kind ■■■■
will hide
My ■■■■ from ■■■■? where shall I abide,
Until his ■■■■ be quench'd or laid aside?

The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect
of ■■■■ (A. MARVELL)

See with what simplicity
This nymph begins her golden days!
In the green grass she loves to ■■■■,
And there with her fair aspect tames

The wilder ■■■■, and gives them ■■■■;
But only with the ■■■■ plays,
And them does tell
What ■■■■ best become them, and what smell.

To Lucasta, on Going to ■■■■
(COLONEL LOVELACE)

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger ■■■■ embrace
A ■■■■, a horse, a ■■■■.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not ■■■■ thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not ■■■■ more.

A ■■■■-Bed (JAMES ALDRICH)

Her ■■■■ ended with the day,
Yet ■■■■ she at its close
And ■■■■ the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.
But then the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies
She passed through Glory's morning gate,
And ■■■■ in Paradise.

Fable (EDWARD MOORE)

Can't I another's ■■■■ commend,
And to her ■■■■ be a friend,
But instantly your ■■■■ lowers,
As if her ■■■■ lessened yours.

The Epitaph (GRAY)

Large was his [] [] [] [] , and his [] [] [] [] sincere,
Heaven did a [] [] [] [] as largely send.

To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia
(SIR HENRY WOTTON)

You meaner beauties of the [] [] [] [] ,
That poorly satisfy our [] [] [] []
More by your number than your [] [] [] [] ,
You common [] [] [] [] of the [] [] [] [] [] [] ;
What are you when the [] [] [] [] shall rise?

Sonnet on his [] [] [] [] [] [] (MILTON)

When I consider how my [] [] [] [] is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark [] [] [] [] and
wide,
And that one talent which is [] [] [] [] [] []
Lodged with me useless, though my [] [] [] []
more bent.

Pippa [] [] [] [] (BROWNING)

You'll [] [] [] [] [] me yet!— and I can tarry
Your [] [] [] [] 's protracted growing;
June reared that bunch of [] [] [] [] you carry,
From [] [] [] [] of April's sowing.

I plant a [] [] [] [] ful now: some seed
At least is sure to, strike,
And yield— what you'll not pluck indeed,
Not love, but, may be, [] [] [] [] .

You'll look at least on love's [] [] [] [] [] [] ,
A [] [] [] [] [] [] violet:

My ■■■■■ (ANN TAYLOR)

Who ran to ■■■■ me when I fell.
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the ■■■■ to make it ■■■■■?

A Psalm of ■■■■■ (LONGFELLOW)

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but a ■■■■ dream."
For the ■■■■ is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.
■■■■ is real! ■■■■ is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"■■■■ thou art, to ■■■■■ returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

In the ■■■■'s broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of ■■■■,
Be not like dumb ■■■■ cattle!
Be a hero in the ■■■■!

■■■■ of great men all remind us
We can make our ■■■■ sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
■■■■ prints on the sands of time;
■■■■ prints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and ■■■■ wrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and ■■■■,
With a ■■■■ for any ■■■■;
Still ■■■■, still pursuing,
Learning to ■■■■ and to ■■■■.

To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady
(ALEXANDER POPE)

What beckoning ■■■■ along the moonlight
shade
Invites my ■■■■ and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ■■■■!—but why that bleeding ■■■■
gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary ■■■■?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to ■■■■ too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a ■■■■?
Is there no ■■■■ in the sky,
For those who greatly ■■■■?

The ■■■■ Bed (T. HOOD)

We watch'd her ■■■■ thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low
As in her ■■■■ the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to ■■■■,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our ■■■■
To eke her ■■■■ out.
For when the ■■■■ came ■■■■
And chill with ■■■■ showers,
Her quiet ■■■■ closed— she had
Another ■■■■ than ours.

The ■■■■'s Return (ROBERT BLOOMFIELD)

How sweet it was to ■■■■ that cooler ■■■■,
And take possession of my father's ■■■■!

Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appeared the rough initials of my name,
██████ forty years before! The same old ██████
██████ the same ██████, and gave my ██████
a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a ██████ was trembling on my
tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,
And up they flew like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down they
went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native ██████.

The Plan of ██████ (COWPER)

O how unlike the complex works of man,
██████ easy, artless, unencumber'd ██████!
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the ██████

██████ in the Air (JAMES BALLANTINE)

He'll brown his rosy ██████ and singe his
██████ hair
██████ at the imps in their ██████ in the air.

The Bonnie Bairns (CUNNINGHAM)

The lady she ██████ in yon wild wood,
Aneath the hollin tree,
And she was aware of two bonnie bairns
Were ██████ at her ██████.

The tane it pulled a red, red ■■■■,
With a hand as soft as silk;
The other it pulled the ■■■■ pale,
With a hand mair white than milk.

"Now, why pull ye the red ■■■■, fair bairns,
And why the white ■■■■?"
"O, we sue wi' them at the seat of ■■■■,
For the ■■■■ of thee, ladie!"

"O bide wi' me, my twa bonnie bairns!
I'll ■■■■ ye rich and fine;
And for all the blackberries of the wood,
Ye'se hae ■■■■ and ■■■■."

She heard a voice, a sweet low voice,
Say—— "Weans, ye tarry long"——
She stretched her hand to the youngest bairn:
"■■■■ me before ye gang."

She sought to ■■■■ a lily ■■■■,
And ■■■■ a rosie ■■■■——
"O nought so pure can bide the touch
Of a ■■■■ red-wet wi' sin!"

The ■■■■ were shooting to and fro,
And wild ■■■■ filled the air,
As that lady ■■■■ thae bonnie bairns
For three long hours and mair.

"O, where dwell ye, my ain sweet bairns?
I'm woe and weary grown!"
"O lady, we live where ■■■■ never is,
In a land to ■■■■ unknown."

And Shall Trelawny Dic? (R. S. HAWKER)

A good ■■■■ and a trusty hand!
A merry ■■■■ and ■■■■ !
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

(W. S. LANDOR)

■■■■ word you never spoke, but you will
speak
Four not exempt from ■■■■ some future
day.
Resting on one white ■■■■ a warm wet ■■■■
Over my open ■■■■ you will say,
'This ■■■■ ■■■■ me!' then rise and
■■■■ away.

Rondeau (LEIGH HUNT)

Jenny ■■■■ me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she ■■■■ in;
■■■■, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your ■■■■, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny ■■■■'d me.

*The High Tide on the Coast
of Lincolnshire (1571)* (JEAN INGELow)

And rearing Lindis backward pressed
Shook all her trembling ■■■■ amaine;
Then madly at the ■■■■
Flung uppe her weltering ■■■■ again.

The Bridge of Sighs (THOMAS HOOD)

One more unfortunate

Weary of ■■■■■

Rashly importunate,

Gone to ■■■■■!

■■■■ her ■■■■ tenderly,

■■■■ her with care;

Fashion'd so slenderly,

Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments

Clinging like cerements;

Whilst the ■■■■ constantly

Drips from her clothing;

■■■■ her ■■■■ instantly,

Loving, not loathing.

Still for all slips of hers,

One of Eve's family——

■■■■ those poor lips of hers

Oozing so clammyly.

The Chameleon (MATTHEW PRIOR)

As the Chameleon, who is known

To have no ■■■■ of his own;

But borrows from his neighbour's store,

His ■■■■ or ■■■■■ (etc.).

The Heritage (LOWELL)

The rich man's son inherits wants,

His ■■■■ craves for dainty fare;

With sated ■■■■, he ■■■■ the pants

Of ■■■■ hinds with brown ■■■■ bare,

And ■■■■ in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scare would wish to hold in fee.

To J. M. B. (GEORGE BOKER)

I wonder, darling, if there does not wear
Something from ■■■■, with love's so
daily use,—
If in the sweetness of his vigorous juice
■■■■'s bitter finger dips not here and there.
What thing of earthly growth itself can bear
Above its nature, overrule abuse,
And, like the marvel of the widow's ■■■■,
Freshen its taint, and all its loss repair?

The ■■■■ (E. SPENCER MILLER)

I stir the pulses of the ■■■■,
And, with my passive cheek inclined,
I lay my ear along the ■■■■.

It fans my face, it fans the ■■■■,
It goes away and comes to me,
I feel it, but I cannot ■■■■.

Upon my chilly ■■■■ it plays,
It whispers of forgotten ■■■■,
It says whatever ■■■■ says.

The Surprise (W. BARNES)

As there I left the ■■■■ in May,
And took my way along a ground,
I found a glade with girls at ■■■■,
By leafy boughs close-hemm'd around,
And there, with stores of harmless ■■■■,

They plied their tongues, in merry ■■■■■;
Though little did they seem to fear
So queer a stranger might be near;
Teeh—hee! ■■■■ here! Hah! ha! ■■■■
there!
And oh! so playsome, oh! so ■■■■!

At Penshurst (EDMUND WALLER)

While in the park I ■■■■, the list'ning deer
Attend my passion, and forget to ■■■■;
When to the ■■■■ I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they ■■■■ the
same.
To ■■■■ appealing, when I reach their ■■■■
With loud ■■■■, they answer me in showers.

The ■■■■■ (LONGFELLOW)

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the ■■■■ rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.
I saw ■■■■ bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden ■■■■ falling
And sinking into the ■■■■.
And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming ■■■■
Gleamed redder than the moon.

The Song of the ■■■■ (THOMAS HOOD)

And the boy that ■■■■ beside me,
He could not understand

Why closer in mine ■■■■ closer,
I pressed his warm, soft ■■■■!

Something Left Undone (LONGFELLOW)

■■■■ with what zeal we will,
Some■■■■ still remains un■■■■,
Some■■■■ uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the ■■■■.

A ■■■■ at the Villa (BROWNING)

That was I, you ■■■■ last night
When there rose no moon at all.

The Song of the ■■■■
(THOMAS HOOD)

With fingers weary and worn,
With ■■■■ heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly ■■■■,
Plying her ■■■■ and ■■■■.

(KEATS)

Ever let the ■■■■ roam;
Pleasure never is at home.

The Task (COWPER)

The Nurse ■■■■, hired to watch the sick
Whom ■■■■ she disturbs. As sweetly he
Who quits the ■■■■ at the midnight hour
To sleep with ■■■■,
His ■■■■ depending at the open ■■■■.
Sweet ■■■■ enjoys the Curate in his ■■■■,
The tedious Rector ■■■■ o'er his head,

And sweet the Clerk below: but neither ■■■■
Of ■■■■ Nurse, who ■■■■ the sick man
dead,

Nor his who quits the box at midnight hour
To ■■■■ in the ■■■■■■■■
Nor ■■■■ enjoyed by Curate in his ■■■■,
Nor yet the ■■■■ of the Clerk are sweet,
Compared with the ■■■■ the Sofa yields.

(BROWNING)

To-morrow we meet the same then, dearest.
May I take your ■■■■ in mine?
I will hold your ■■■■ but as long as all may,
Or so very little longer!

On the Death of Mr. Crashaw

(ABRAHAM COWLEY)

■■■■ and ■■■■! To thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven;
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of ■■■■ head, with ■■■■.

The Ascension of ■■■■ (WM. DRUMMOND)

Bright portals of the ■■■■,
Emboss'd with sparkling ■■■■;
Doors of eternity.
Ope wide your ■■■■ of gold;
That in your ■■■■ may come the King
of ■■■■s.

Rape of the ■■■■ (POPE)

A heavenly ■■■■ appears
To that she bends, to that her ■■■■ she rears

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind
Nourished two ■■■■ which graceful hung
behind.

The Dream of Eugene Aram (THOMAS HOOD)

His hat was off, his ■■■■ apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his ■■■■ ill at ease;
So he leaned his head on his ■■■■, and ■■■■
The ■■■■ between his knees.

Edwin and Emma (DAVID MALLET)

Far in the windings of a ■■■■,
Fast by a shelt'ring wood,
The safe retreat of health and ■■■■,
A ■■■■ stood.

There beauteous Emma ■■■■
Beneath her mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her ■■■■.

Faithless Nelly Gray (HOOD)

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to ■■■■;
But a canon-ball took off his ■■■■,
So he ■■■■.
The army surgeons made him ■■■■:
Said he, "They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members quite
As represent my ■■■■.

Now Ben he ■■■■ a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to ■■■■ her his ■■■■■■,
When he'd ■■■■■■■■.
But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden ■■■■,
Began to ■■■■ them off.

Fair Margaret and Sweet William
(PERCY'S RELIQUES)

As it fell out on a long summer's day,
Two lovers they ■■■■ on a hill;
They ■■■■ together that long summer's day,
And could not ■■■■ their fill.

The Cruel Brother (JAMIESON)

There was three ladies play'd at ■■■■■■.
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
There came a knight and ■■■■■■ them 'a',
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The ■■■■■■ (LONGFELLOW)

All are architects of ■■■■
Working in these walls of ■■■■;
Some with massive ■■■■ and great,
Some with ornaments of ■■■■■■.
Nothing useless is, or low,
Each ■■■■ in its place is best:
And what seems but idle ■■■■
Strengthens and supports the ■■■■.

For the ■■■■ that we raise,
■■■■ is with materials filled;
Our ■■■■ and ■■■■
Are the blocks with which we ■■■■.

Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps ■■■■
Think not, because no man sees,
Such thing will remain un■■■■.

■■■■ to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample ■■■■,
And ascending and secure
Shall ■■■■ find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those ■■■■, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast ■■■■,
And one boundless reach of ■■■■.

The Demon Lover (SIR WALTER SCOTT)

"O where have you been, my long, long ■■■■,
This seven years and more?"
"O I'm come to seek my former ■■■■
Ye granted me before."
"O hold your tongue of your former ■■■■,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former ■■■■,
For I am become a wife."

Rock of Ages

■■■■ of ■■■■ cleft for me,
Let me hide my ■■■■ in thee.

Beauty Rohtraut (GEORGE MEREDITH)

What is the name of King Ringang's daughter?

Rohtraut, Beauty Rohtraut;

And what does she do the livelong day,

Since she dare not knit and spin alway?

O, ■■■■ing and ■■■■ing is ever her play

And, heigh! that her ■■■■ I might be!

I'd ■■■■ and ■■■■ right merrily.

Be silent, ■■■■!

Under a grey old oak they sat——

Beauty, Beauty Rohtraut.

She laughs: "Why look you so sily at me?

If you have ■■■■ enough, come, ■■■■
me."

Cried the breathless boy, "■■■■ thee?"

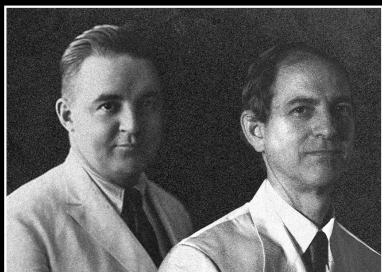
But he thinks, "Kind fortune has favoured my
■■■■:"

And thrice he ■■■■ed Beauty Rohtraut's
■■■■.

Down! down! mad ■■■■.

IMP. NOUVELLE
CAGNES-SUR-MER
ALPES - MARITIMES

Censorship is on everyone's mind today, with news sources, governments, and schools trying to hide something "sensitive" from the roving eyes of children, citizens, and WikiLeaks whistleblowers. Bob Brown's *Gems* (1931) has much to teach us as he spoofs the redacting censors, and demonstrates how to read like a censor. Brown published this mad-libs-like send-up in his series of visually daring books about modern reading including *The Readies*, *Words, Gems, Demonics*, and *Readies for Bob Brown's Machine*.



Bob Brown

Craig Saper

Anticipating the two most powerful poetic techniques of the twenty-first century — appropriation and détournement — Bob Brown's *Gems* makes a travesty of the received cultural canon. With a shrewdly theoretical understanding that censorship is inevitably self-defeating, because it is always bought at the cost of newly provoked libiditudes, Brown demonstrates that the puritanical and the prurient are locked in a dynamic ratio of inverse proportions. But beyond its ostensible critique of hypocritical literary repression and its parting modernist shot at the pieties of the Victorian-era's *Golden Treasuries*, Brown's book is a classic of burlesque humor. It will make you [REDACTED] so hard you'll [REDACTED].

—Craig Dworkin, *University of Utah*

Censorship feeds the dirty mind more than the four-letter word itself.

—Dick Cavett

Let "Censorship for all" be their motto, and this country no longer be ridden and destroyed by free Institutions!

—John Galsworthy, *winner of the Noble Prize in Literature in 1932*



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