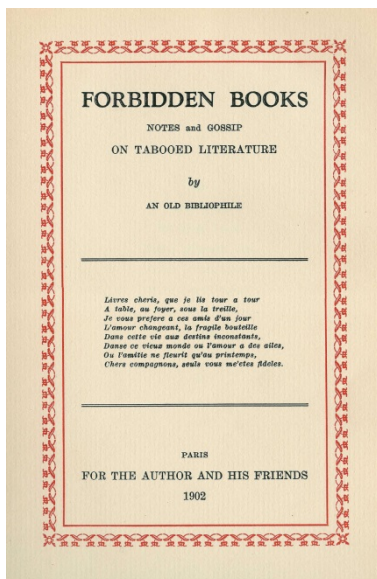


WHITE STAINS
from
FORBIDDEN BOOKS:
Notes and Gossip
on Tabooed Literature
by
An Old Bibliophile
Paris, 1902
(pages 68 – 71)



White Stains, the literary remains of George Archibald Bishop, a neuropath of the Second Empire, (n. p. London), 1898.

Small quarto, 131 pp.

On the back of the title pages these words are printed: "Un nouveau Phedre a lui moins dure." What this means is not explained in the volume, and the accent on the name of the incestuous heroine is wrongly placed. Then we have the following lines: "The editor hopes that mental Pathologists, for whose eyes alone this treatise is destined, will spare no precaution to

prevent it falling into other hands." Why the word "treatise" is used, I do not know, unless it be to keep up the mad character of the work, which is nothing more than a volume of obscene, blasphemous, and shamelessly filthy poetry, devoted to the glorification of unnatural vices of all kinds. It seems that only 100 copies were struck off, and it is a pity that so much talent should have been wasted upon a clever mystification, for I refuse to take the book seriously, notwithstanding that there is a preface of infinite violence, giving a sketch of the life of the mythical author, who is supposed to have died mad:

He was committed [sic] to an asylum, for there could no longer be any doubt of his complete insanity; for three weeks he had been raving with a synthe, and satyriasis. He survived his confinement no long time; the burning of the asylum with its inmates was one of the most horrible events of the war of 1870.

I should like to know the address of that asylum, of which I never heard, nor can any of my contemporaries call to mind the conflagration in question.

This wonderful manuscript came to his mistress, whose name is given in full, and she contracted a terrible disease in the last few days of her life with him. This shock, mingled with her splendid lover's sequestration in a madhouse, unhinges her mind as well, and she shoots herself on July 5, 1869. It is a great satisfaction for the reader to know this date, I should say.

There are about three dozen poems, where it will be found that the writer has cleverly parodied the style of the masters of the fleshy school, besides some others whose manner will be easily recognized by the general reader. A few of the poems are in very bad French.

"Ode to Venus Callipyge," "A Ballad or Passive Paederasty," and "Necrophilia," are three of the most suggestive titles, and were I writing a prospectus to push the sales of this most remarkable and vile publication, I should add that none of the promises foreshadowed by the index are belied. Those who can enjoy what may be called the clever dressing-up of dirt, will revel in this peculiar concoction, but for those who may not care to grace their library shelves with Mr. Bishop's verses, I venture to print here one of his most singular effusions, as it treats of a combination that I have never yet seen described by any poet, and it will give some slight idea of the writer's misdirected genius:

WITH DOG AND DAME: AN OCTOBER IDYL

The ways are golden with the leaves
That autumn blows about the air,
The trees sing anthems of despair,
And my fair mistress binds the sheaves
Of yellow hair more loose, and weaves
More subtly bars of song, that bear
Bright children of love debonair,
And laughter lightly comes, and reaves
The garland from our sorrow's brow,
Life rises up, is girt with song,
Joy fills the cup, that flashes clear.

The year may fade in whispers now,
Shadow and silence now may throng
The seasons—we are happy here.

Autumn is on us as we lie
In creamy clouds of latticed light
That hint at darkness, but descry
A rosy flicker through the night,
My mistress, my great Dane, and I.

We linger in the dusk—her head
Lolls on the pillow, and my eyes
Catch rapture, as upon the bed
He licks her lazy lips, and tries
To tempt her tongue. My fires are fed.

Her heavy drooping breasts entice
My teeth to jewel them with blood,
Her hand prepares the sacrifice
She would desire of me, the flood
That wells from shrines of Paradise.

Her other hand is mischievous
To bid the monster Dane grow mad,
His red-haw gaze grows mutinous,
Her eyes have lost the calm they had,
My body grows all amorous.

My tongue within her mouth excites
Her dirtiest lust, her vilest dream;

Her greedy mouth her bosom bites;
 He cannot hold, his eyeballs gleam;
He bums to consummate the rites.

I yield him place: his ravening teeth
 Cling hard to her—he buries him
Insane and furious in the sheath
 She opens for him—wide and dim
My mouth is amorous beneath.

Her lips devour me, and I rave
 With pleasure to discern the love
They twain exert, my lips who lave
 With double dew distilled above;
To dog and woman I am slave.

Nor move though now essays the Dane
 To cool his weapon in my mouth;
Her lust bestrides me, and is fain
 To quench in his sweet sweat her drouth
Her fingers probe my bowel again.

All three enjoy once more, and I
 Am ready ever to renew
These bestial orgie-nights, whereby
 Loose woman's love is spiced, as dew
On tender spray of spring doth lie.

Like the cold moon to earth and sun
 My mistress lingers in eclipse,
We wake her passion, either one
 Licking each pouting pair of lips
Till new sweet streams of nectar run.

'Tis Autumn, and the dying breeze
 Murmurs "embrace"; the moon replies
"Embrace"; the sighing of the trees
 Calls us to linger loverwise,
And drain our passion to the lees.

'Tis Autumn. The belated dove
 Calls through the beeches, that bestir
Themselves to kiss the sky above,
 As I will kiss with him and her,
Leave us, sweet Autumn, to our love.