

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

DAVID HAMILTON

*Scanned by Archangel*

aa\_001001



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_00002*



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_001008*

Pensive and watchful. Her reticence  
embodies the Age of Innocence

LILIANE JAMES



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001004*

Like two blossoms on one stem,  
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow...

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



And finding her beauty such power has got,  
Her heart pants for something-she cannot tell what.

W.B. YEATS



*Scanned by Ashangel  
aa 201006*

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retir'd ;  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desir'd,  
And not blush so to be admir'd.

EDMUND WALLER



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001007*

The rose-bud beginning to blow in her face...

W.B. YEATS



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001008*

For in its innermost depths youth is lonelier  
than old age.

ANNE FRANK





*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_001009

All thoughts, all passions, all delights.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE



*Scanned by Ashangel*  
*aa\_201010*

Ye fair take, and be bless'd while you may;  
Each look, word, and action, your wishes betray...

W.B. YEATS



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_ao1011*

The innocent and the beautiful  
Have no enemy but time.

W.B. YEATS



Thy bright beaming eyes, and thy gay golden hair,  
Provoke a sensation too killing to bear...

ANONYMOUS



And where the little flowers of her breast  
Just break into their milky blossoming...

OSCAR WILDE



O you younglings, be not nice !  
Coyness in maidens is such a vice

ANONYMOUS



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001015*

In that casual pose where pleasure caught  
you unawares

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE



Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_001016





*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_aol07*

Love, is it love or sleep or shadow or light  
That lies between thine eyelids and thine eyes ?

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE



... I was very surprised to see that I am not ugly with big glasses, and I laughed especially when the oculist said that it was a pity to find something wrong with such beautiful eyes !!!!!

ANNA NIN



Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_aol019

Why do you look at me so ? - what do you see ?  
How shall I ever know, that what you see is me ?  
Questions I ask, answers I wait,  
Will my innocence become my fate ?

RICHARD OVERCOMBE



*Scanned by Arshangel*  
aa\_uoi020

A gust of wind will blow open the petals of a poppy  
that is slow in blossoming. Love suddenly brings the  
spirit of a girl to flower.

AMARU



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_01021*

I know, because you tell me,  
that there is promise in my shape,  
But there are still questions in my mind.  
I want to know your answers

RICHARD OVERCOMBE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_aoi022*

... I did not know any fairies  
would catch the world's keen eyes so !  
How the men look at me ! My radiant rareness  
I deemed not they would prize so !

THOMAS HARDY



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_aol023*

Alas her petals will blow away,  
Her beauties in a single day...

PIERRE DE RONSARD



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001024*

She is really pretty : only fifteen years of age, a rose-  
bud. Gauche, of course, to a degree, and quite  
without style, but you men are not discouraged by  
that. What is more, a certain languour in her looks  
that really promises well.

CHODERLOS DE LACLOS





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aa\_aoi025

I am most lovely, fair beyond desire :  
My breasts are sweet, my hair is soft and bright,  
And every movement flows by instinct right :  
Full well I know my touch doth burn like fire.

GEORGE MOORE



And by degrees she boldly did at length  
Those parts unhide :  
Which to be bashful, nature made  
So curious to be spied.

ACADEMY OF COMPLEMENTS





On a day, alack the day !  
Love, whose month was ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_aoi029*

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying :  
And this same flower that smiles today,  
Tomorrow will be dying.

ROBERT HERRICK



*Scanned by Arshangel*  
*aa\_aol050*

Her either Cheek, a blushing Morn,  
Which, on the Wings of Beauty born,  
Doth never set, but only fair  
Shineth exalted in her hair...

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001031*

So soft she looked, so sweet, so fair,  
With such a winning, yielding air...

WILLIAM PATTISON



Scanned by Archangel  
011\_001032

No one understands me !

ANNE FRANK





The bloom of youth



She is to me more than rapture  
As a flamboyant pregnant creature  
Before the sacred door, each feature  
And all that burning bush may capture !

PAUL VERLAINE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_a01035*

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine.  
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine.

LORD BYRON



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001030*

At fifteen, neither beauty nor talent exist : a girl is all  
promise.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001037*

All song and art and beauty hold their root  
In love's delays, in love's prolonged pursuit...

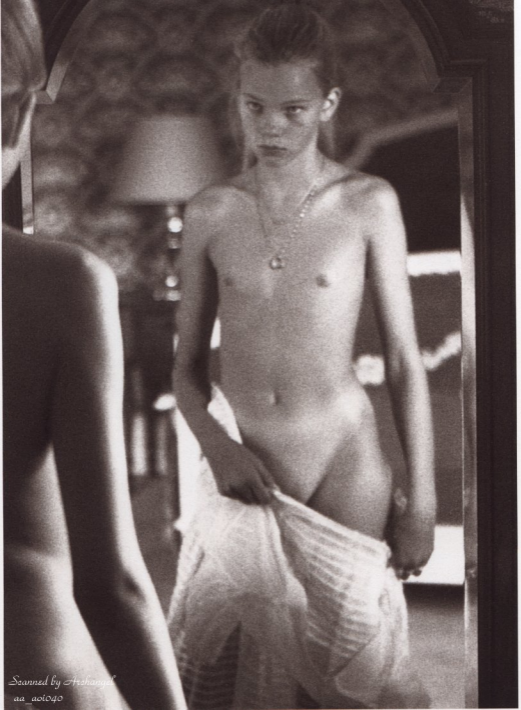
DON JUAN'S NOTE BOOK





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aa\_001050







She, in the blooming May-time of her years,  
With passionate eyes and lustrous veils of hair,  
Yearned for love's ecstasy and its despair,  
A love of laughter, ravishment and tears.

FRANCIS SALTUS



*Scanned by Arhangel  
aa\_061042*

To move as one between desire and  
shame suspended.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001048*

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

THOMAS GRAY



*Scanned by Archangel  
at 00250*

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful  
wonderful ! and yet again wonderful...

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



Her Face a Thousand Graces crown,  
Her curling Hair was lovely brown ;  
Her rolling Eyes all Hearts did win,  
And white as Down of Swans her Skin...

THOMAS D'URFREY



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_a01046*

She thinks part woman, three parts a child, that  
nobody looks...

W.B. YEATS



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_a01047*

Her hands, her lips did love inspire,  
Her every Grace my heart did fire.  
But most her eyes, which languish with desire.

JOHN DRYDEN



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_001048*

With orient pearl, with ruby red,  
With marble white, with sapphire blue  
Her body everyway is fed,  
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view.

T. LODGE





*Scanned by Archangel*

*aa\_201049*

Although I'm only fourteen, I know quite well what I want, I know who is right and who is wrong, I have my opinions, my own ideas and principles, and although it may sound pretty mad from an adolescent, I feel more of a person than a child, I feel quite independent of anyone.

ANNE FRANK



Scanned by *Atahangeli*  
aa\_00070

She was as fair to look upon,  
As any pretty maid under the sun,  
I asked her then how old she was,  
But she smiled and said I'm a day too young.

ANONYMOUS



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001051*

She danced in the light  
And imagined, in the shadows,  
He who would dance with her.

RICHARD OVERCOMBE



Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_001032

O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,  
How can we know the dancer from the dance ?

W.B. YEATS



I think what is happening to me is so wonderful, and not only what can be seen on my body, but all that is taking place inside.

ANNE FRANK



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_00054

I am not sure I fully believe you,  
But you can tell me again and again,  
That I am beautiful.

RICHARD OVERCOMBE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_001055

Nay, little one, it is not love as yet.  
Dear as thou art, and lovely, thou canst not love,  
Thy later loves shall show the truth of this.

LAURENCE HOPE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_a01036

Distilling passion through her melting sighs  
And rousing demons with her flashing eyes.

ANONYMOUS





The unbosomings of an ugly duckling.

ANNE FRANK



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_001058*

A creature, for feature I never saw fairer,  
So witty, so pretty, I never knew a rarer...

ANONYMOUS



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_001079

We still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;  
And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans  
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_001000

My sister, my sweet sister !

LORD BYRON



Scanned by Arhangal  
aa\_aoi061

Your skin so delicate and white, like  
snow and like the lily...

PAUL VERLAINE



*Scanned by Arshangel*  
*aa\_001002*

With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet  
To make sleep not so sound, as sweet.

ROBERT HERRICK



I know I am almost a woman,  
But at heart I am simply a girl.

RICHARD OVERCOMBE



*Scanned by Arohangel*  
*aa\_aoi064*

Don't tell me; I know.





Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_001065

Ne touchez-pas !



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001000*

Your silk ungirdled and unlaced  
And warm sweets open to the waist  
All golden in the lamplights gleam.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001007*

Thirteen, fourteen years you number,  
and your hair is soft and scented,  
Perilous is such a slumber in the twilight all untented.  
Lonely loveliness means danger,  
lying in your rose-leaf nest,  
What if some young passing stranger broke into  
your careless rest ?

LAURENCE HOPE



Where does she go, in these reveries,  
To what enchanting groves,  
To whom, in that mysterious world ;  
And what will happen when he comes to her ?

RICHARD OVERCOMBE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_a0i069*

I think I have already seen  
Your thoughts in your eyes.

RICHARD OVERCOMBE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_aol070*

... my emotions, my thoughts, my dreams, the things  
that don't die and which are in my eyes  
as in a mirror.

ANAIS NIN



Who would ever think that so much can go on in the  
soul of a young girl ?

ANNE FRANK



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_a01072*

Yes, that is the life for me ! How pretty I am  
And what happiness will come to me.

RICHARD OVERCOMBE





*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_001073*

A soft, voluptuous shade stole o'er her eyes,  
The pulse of love within began to rise ;  
Her cheeks were burning with a new desire,  
Her veins were boiling with an inward fire,  
Her lips were glowing with a warmth all new,  
Her breast was heaving as the passion grew ;  
Each nerve seemed thrilling through  
her heated frame,  
One blissful thought which ne'er  
had had a name,  
One blissful wish which she had never known,  
One fond desire that love could be her own.

ANONYMOUS



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001074*

Take me, take me, some of you,  
While I yet am young and true ;  
Ere I can my soul disguise ;  
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

JOHN DRYDEN



It is evening, and the sun casts long shadows through the window. In the sanctuary of her bedroom, her secret place, she is naked again. She sits on the bed and allows her hands to move gently, caressing herself. They trace the shape and smoothness of legs, knees and thighs, then find and fondle the niceness of her breasts. Again, there is a dawning excitement, as awareness heightens. She leans back, languidly but still playing, feeling her body, enjoying the sensation of being touched. The sheets and pillows feel soft – they caress her skin as she moves gently on the bed.



The thought comes suddenly. What if these hands were those of a boy, a man, a lover? Surprised at the idea she sits up, feeling bold and brazen, challenging. The excitement intensifies, with a tightening between the thighs, a taunting of the nipples. The cool breeze from the window hardens them like cherry stones, and she shivers involuntarily. Knees and thighs rub together and she senses a delicious tingle.

There is a sensual pleasure in feeling so desirable. But who might desire her? And when?



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aa\_01076



Scanned by Anshangel  
aa\_006077



Scanned by Archivist!

aa\_000078



*Scanned by Archangel*

*aa\_001079*







*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_a01081*

Her bosom, whiter than the ocean's foam,  
Rose white as marble in a passion dome,  
While on each breast in ruby lustre shone  
The red round nipple that surmounts each zone...

ANONYMOUS



Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_001082

... no one will believe that a girl of thirteen feels her-  
self quite alone in the world...

ANNE FRANK



There is a garden in her face  
Where roses and white lilies blow ;  
A heavenly paradise is that place,  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow :  
There cherries grow which none may buy  
Till 'Cherry-ripe' themselves do cry.

THOMAS CAMPION



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_a01084*

Her head upon her shoulders seeks  
To hang in careless wise,  
All full of blushes were her cheeks,  
And of wishes were her eyes.

ANONYMOUS



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001085*

Wanting for their young limbs praise,  
Their thighs, hips and saintly breasts,  
They grow from awkwardness to delight...



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_aoi086

... Their mouths made perfect with the air  
About them and the sweet rage in the blood,  
The delicate trouble in their veins.

IRVING LAYTON



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001087*

Infancy was with her still.

LILIANE JAMES



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_a01088*

Surpassingly I loved her eyes,  
Clearer than the starry skies ;  
I loved their swift surprise.

PAUL VERLAINE





*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_001080*

In what ideal world or part of heaven  
Did Nature find the model of that face  
And form, so fraught with loveliness and grace,  
In which to our creation she has given  
Her prime proof of creative power above ?  
What fountain nymph or goddess ever let  
Such lovely tresses float of gold refined  
Upon the breeze, or in a single mind,  
Where have so many virtues ever met,  
E'en though those charms have slain  
my bosom's weal ?...



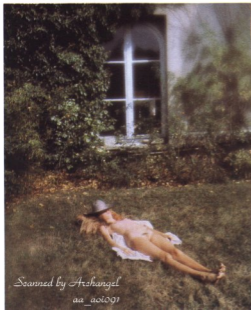
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...He knows not love, who has not seen her eyes  
Turn when she sweetly speaks, or smiles, or sighs,  
Or how the power of love can hurt or heal.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA

## THE SECRET GARDEN

The afternoon is warm, and she is outdoors, lying naked in the sunshine, on a lawn behind the shrubbery, towel laid out to sunbathe. She feels the sun on her skin, and a gentle breeze ruffles her hair. She sits up, her arms folded, and clasped across her breasts, hands on shoulders. Her body has the perfume of youth. She sways gently, side to side, feeling her breasts rubbing against her arms. She stretches her legs, then moves her feet apart. She feels open, vulnerable, a little fearful but increasingly aware.



Suddenly she rolls over on the cool grass, and as suddenly back again, on to the towel. There is dawning excitement as she repeats the movement. Legs now hard together, then crossed. The pressure from her thighs is as if a load had been placed on her, and she imagines someone has come and is lying upon her. There is no one around, but she rocks gently sideways, the pleasurable sensation, deep within her, becoming stronger, her breasts squeezed by arms still clutching her shoulders. Her hand moves down to between her legs and she feels tense and moist. Lying on her back she opens her legs again, sensing coolness of air and grass.

A bird flutters noisily from the shrubbery, and the spell is broken.

Denial, withdrawal, disappointment, then a little sadness. But there was a hint of things to come. One day there will be shared excitement in such a situation. But with whom? And when?



Scanned by Achiangal  
as a01092



Scanned by Archangel

aa\_a01093



Scanned by Archangel

aa\_201094



Those eyes threw back a glance as half reproach'd  
yet raised desire...

LORD BYRON



Little bundle of contradictions.

ANNE FRANK





*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001097*

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



Do you like what you see ?  
Am I pleasing to your eye ?  
You can look at me again,  
And then tell me, everything.

RICHARD OVERCOMBE



Scanned by Archangel  
aa 001000

My little one, my big one,  
My bird, my brown sparrow in my breast.  
My squirrel clutching in to me...



Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_00100

...My pigeon, my little one, so warm  
So close, breathing so still.

D.H. LAWRENCE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_a0U01

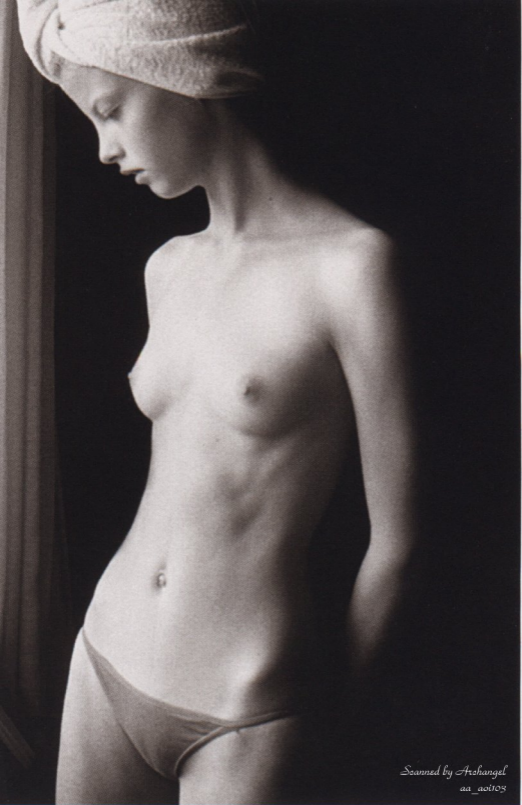
For such is youth and its passing bloom  
That wait for thee this hour,  
If aught in thy heart incline to me  
Ah, stoop and pluck thy flower !

LAURENCE HOPE



Beneath long lashes downcast eyes and coy,  
Yet uninitiate to no secret joy !

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_00108*

A body, fresh as the morning dew,  
A rose turning towards the sun,  
Tranquillity.

RICHARD OVERCOMBE

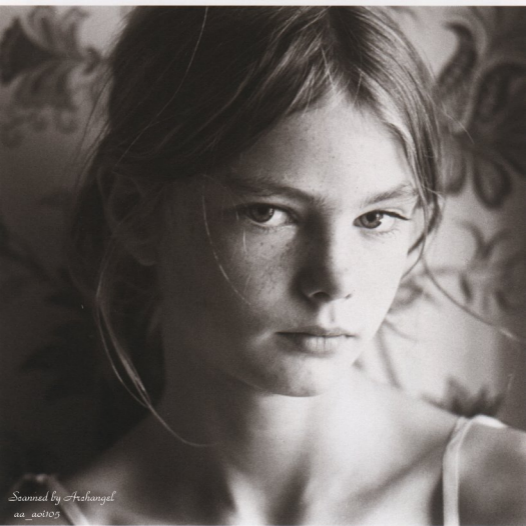


*Scanned by Archangel  
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Standing naked dreaming in her golden paleness...

ARTHUR RIMBAUD



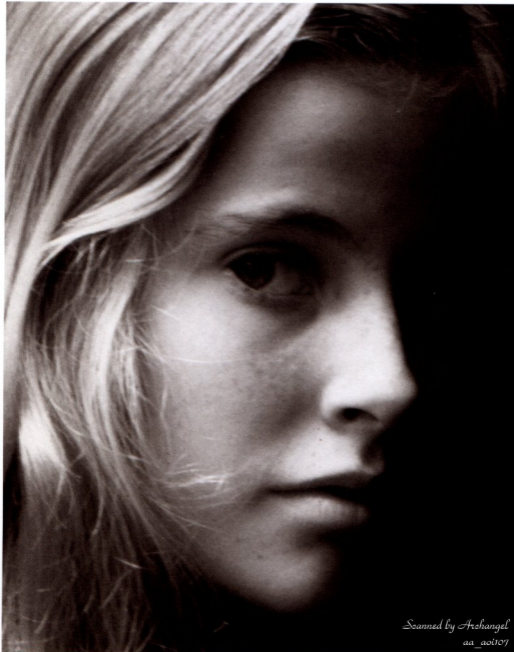


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Not unless - or until - I say so !



She was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament ;  
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair...



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_20107*

... Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;  
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_aol108*

An angel beautiful and bright

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_aou09*

Poised and relaxed she seemed,  
Yet in the light and the shadows  
She was dancing already.

RICHARD OVERCOMBE



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_aolno*

O lovely hands ! O lustrous eyes !  
for which I madden all

GREEK ANTHOLOGY



*Scanned by Arshangel  
aa\_a0111*

Fair, and soft, and gay, and young,  
All charm ! she played, she danced, she sung ...

ANONYMOUS



Away with silks, away with lawn,  
I'll have no scenes or curtains drawn ;  
Give me my mistress as she is,  
Dress'd in her nak'd simplicities :  
For as my heart e'en so mine eye  
Is won with flesh, not drapery.

ROBERT HERRICK





*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_00113*

The breasts like lilies, til other leaves be shared  
Her nipples like young blossomed jessamine  
Such fragrant flowers to give most odour's smell  
But her sweet odour did them all excel.

EDMUND SPENSER



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_aol114*

Flesh in blossom, oh, my breasts !  
how rich and heavy you are with  
desire ! My breasts in my hands,  
how soft you are, and with what mellow,  
warmth and young perfumes.  
Formerly you were frozen like the breasts  
of a statue, and hard as senseless marble...



...Since you have softened I cherish you more,  
you who have been loved.  
Your smooth and swelling form is the pride  
of my nut-brown body.  
Whether I bind you in the golden gauze or  
free you naked to the open air,  
you precede me with your splendor.

PIERRE LOUYS



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_001116*

Melissa in her moods,  
Relaxed and sad and thoughtful,  
Melissa.

RICHARD OVERCOMBE



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_ao1177*

The sweet converse of an innocent mind,  
Whose words are images of thought refin'd,  
Is my soul's pleasure ; and it sure must be  
Almost the biggest bliss of human-kind,  
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

JOHN KEATS



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_ao118*

Your sisterhoods may stay  
And smile here for your houre,  
But dye ye must away :  
Even as the meanest flower...



...Come virgins then, and see  
Your frailties, and bemoan ye ;  
For lost like these, twill be,  
As time had never known ye.

ROBERT HERRICK



Consider me - a child,  
Consider me - a woman,  
Consider me - a girl, lost,  
Consider me - a nymph, wanton  
But consider me.

RICHARD OVERCOMBE





*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_a08121

And I thought well him as another and then I asked  
him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked  
me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and  
first I put my arms around him yes and drew him  
down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume  
yes and his heart was going like mad and yes  
I said yes I will Yes.

JAMES JOYCE



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_a0122*

The long curtains of white muslin serpentine  
Over the vague light in the room tenebrous  
As in the wind floats a wild opaline  
In the shadow sombrely mysterious.

PAUL VERLAINE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_a00123*

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see  
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_00124*

No beauty she doth miss  
When all her robes are on :  
But Beauty's self she is  
When all her robes are gone.

ANONYMOUS



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_aol125

Her lips, those threads of Scarlet dye,  
Wherein Love's charms and quiver lie...

ANONYMOUS



Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_a00126

Smooth skinned and dark,  
with bare throat made to bite,  
Too wan for blushing and too warm for white,  
But perfect coloured without white or red.  
And her lips opened amorously, and said -  
I wist not what, saving one word - Delight.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_00127*

True youth, that of virginal purity when the body full of new vitality becomes an entity slim and proud and seems at once to fear and to invite love, is a time of life which rarely endures more than a few months.

AUGUSTE RODIN

## A PLACE IN THE SUN



The sandy beach is in a secluded cove; there is sunlight flickering on a blue calm sea. Alone, she has been swimming, but has now discarded her bathing costume and is sprawled on her back, relaxing sleepily in the afternoon heat. The day is windless. She dozes, then wakes, still and languid, listening to the gentle splash of the waves, the mewling of a distant gull, the hum of a motor boat far out to sea. The sensations of her waking dreams slowly intensify. The warmth of the sun on her bare skin brings an awareness of her shape and she imagines looking down from the cliff at her naked self, sunbathing and still. Perhaps someone is watching her. She reacts instinctively to the thought of being seen, looked at, envied and admired, an object on the shore. Suddenly fearful, she opens her eyes, shades them from the sun, and peers up at the cliffs. But there is no voyeur there. She is relieved and relaxes, but the notion of being observed in her nakedness lingers, and with it a tinge of excitement. She knows that her body is a stimulating sight and the thought arouses her pleasurable. Perhaps a man who knows her and likes her will come down the cliff path to find her, a naked girl, to be desired, to be excited by, all alone on an empty beach. Perhaps he will find her. But who is he? And when will he come?







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aa\_00130



*Scanned by Archangel*

*aa\_a0191*



Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_00132



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_aol193*

How beautiful she looked ! her conscious heart  
Glowed in her cheek, and she felt no wrong :  
Oh Love ! how perfect is thy mystic art ...

LORD BYRON



Her Sense, her Wit, her Beauties all,  
By which the Youthful Lovers fall.

MATTHEW PRIOR



Your eyes, with the late sun in them,  
Are like blue pools dazzled with yellow petals.

CONRAD AIKEN



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_a00136

Sea, Earth, her Body ; Heaven, her Face,  
Her Hair, Sunbeams, whose every part  
Lightens, inflames each Lover's Heart...

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY





Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_a0137

I am nearly fifteen now.



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001138*

Tho'youth and beauty now are thine, how quickly  
both must fade !

GREEK ANTHOLOGY



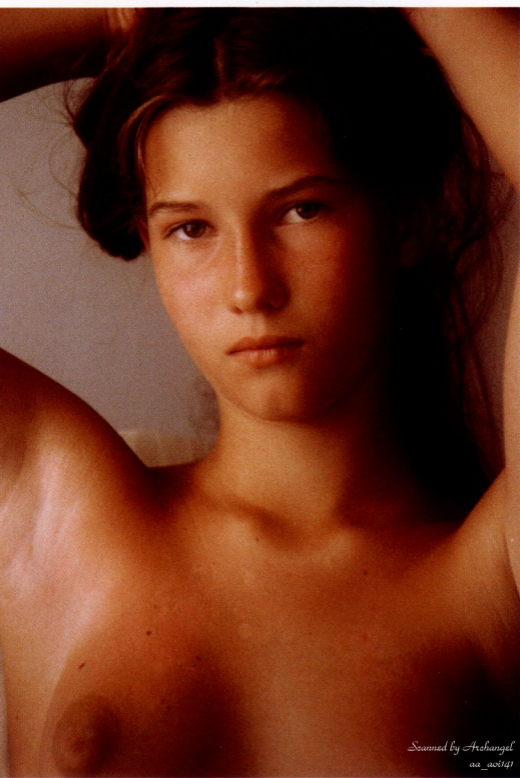
Am I only fourteen ? Am I really still a silly little  
schoolgirl ?

ANNE FRANK



Her eyes, fair eyes, like to the purest lights  
That animate the sun or cheer the day ;  
In whom the shining sunbeams brightly play,  
While fancy doth on them divine delights.

ROBERT GREENE



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_20147*

Passionate depths of half-seen flame,  
Young loveliness despising shame,...



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_00142*

... Desire that trembled to meet desire,  
And fire that yearned to fuse with fire.

CONRAD AIKEN

## NATURISM



She has come with her friends down to the secluded beach on the shore of a lake. It is a fine afternoon, and after playing on the warm sand the girls feel they would like to swim. At first they are reluctant to take their clothes off in front of each other, but then one suggests that they all undress quickly at the same time. Having done so they rush into the water, laughing self-consciously but nonetheless enjoying the sun on their bodies and the delicious sense of freedom. They splash each other, diving and swimming, shouting and giggling. When they come out on to the beach, each casts a shy glance at her companions, comparing her shape with theirs noticing the differences in the curves and size of breasts. Then they laugh and throw themselves down on the sand becoming languid and sleepy in the afternoon sunshine.









Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_a01145



Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_00146



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_201147*

We were sisters then in that long summer  
of sunshine, sea and sensation.

LILIANE JAMES.



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_00148*

My hair is straight as the falling rain,  
And fine as morning mist,  
I am a rose awaiting thee  
That none have touched or kissed.

LAURENCE HOPE



Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_00049

And shall not loveliness be loved forever...

EURIPIDES



The eyes like stars, and shining hair,  
The globous breasts our youths ensnare ;  
Fine ivory limbs concealed, surprise ;  
The vale, and mount, and snowy thighs,  
Of beauteous Cloe ne'er employed  
In love ; nor ever once enjoyed...

MATTHEW PRIOR



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_a01151*

Of rosy youths and virgins fair,  
Ripe as the melting fruits they bear...

THOMAS MOORE



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_00152*

And on that cheek and o'er that brow  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smile that wins, the tints that glow  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON





*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_a0153*

Even in dream to keep one face before me,  
One face like fire, and holier than fire.

CONRAD AIKEN



Obscurity dark and defeating  
Please enlighten me !

RICHARD OVERCOMBE



Her eyes, fair eyes, like to the purest lights  
That animate the sun or cheer the day ;  
In whom the shining sunbeams brightly play,  
While Fancy doth on them divine delights.

ROBERT GREENE



... Like a fairy trip upon the green,  
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair  
Dance on the sand, and yet no footing seen ...

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_a0157*

Beauty's reverie,  
unconscious grace-  
A sweetness of being,  
in form and in face

LILIANE JAMES



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_00158*

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter ;  
What's to come is still unsure :  
In delay there lies no plenty ;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_00150

God grant me the strength to be chaste  
but not just yet.

SAINT AUGUSTIN



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_a0160

Young I am, and yet unskill'd  
How to make a Lover yield :  
How to keep, or how to gain,  
When to love ; and when to feign.

JOHN DRYDEN





*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_a0161*

Her body beauty's best esteemed bower,  
Delicious, comely, dainty without stain ;  
The thought whereof (not touch)  
hath wrought my pain,  
Whose fair all fair and beauties doth devour.

ROBERT GREENE



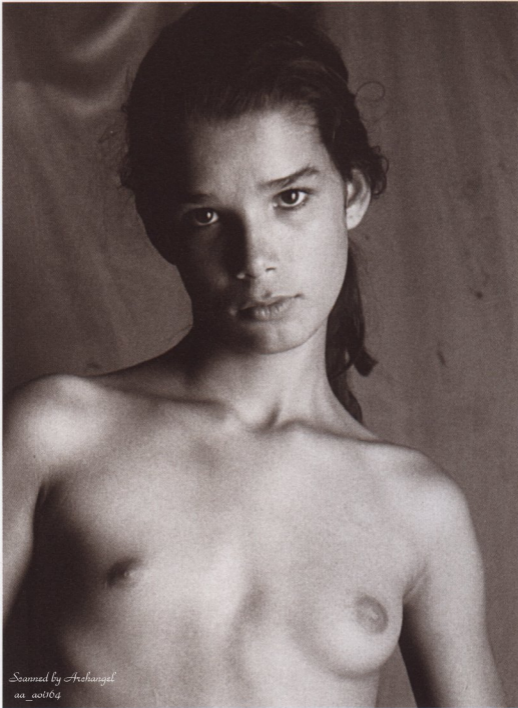
Where lips invite,  
And eyes delight,  
And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June

SIR WALTER RALEIGH



Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_aot03

And where have you gone to, my lovely ?



... Thou dost not need  
The embarrass'd look of shy distress,  
And maidenly shamefacedness.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_00165*

Maid, wife, or harlot, she will bid you wait :  
The female's instinct is to hesitate...

DON JUAN'S NOTE BOOK



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_a01166*

The fairest thing of all God's work below,  
As fair as marble and as white as snow ;  
Man's brightest jewel and God's purest gift  
Lay softly sleeping, but without a shift.

ANONYMOUS



On her couch, one summer's day ;  
Beauteous, youthful Kitty lay :  
Venus saw her from above,  
(Smiling Venus, queen of love :)  
Amaz'd at each celestial grace,  
Her polish'd limbs, her blooming face ...

MR. HENRY BAKER



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_a0108*

Full beautiful – a fairy’s child,  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

JOHN KEATS





*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_a0169

I am both young and fair, yet' tis my fortune hard,  
I'm ready to despair, my pleasures are debarred :  
And I, poor soul, cannot enjoy nor taste  
of love's bliss,  
Whilst others meet, those joys so sweet  
Oh ! what a life is this.

ANONYMOUS



And all her face was honey to my mouth,  
And all her body pasture to mine eyes ;  
The long lithe arms and hotter hands than fire,  
The quivering flanks, hair smelling of the south  
The bright light feet, the splendid supple thighs  
And glittering eyelids of my soul's desire.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_a0177

Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace ;  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,  
Than all the adulteries of art ;  
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_00172*

The sparkling bullies of her Eyes,  
Like two Eclipsed Suns did rise...

ANONYMOUS



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_a0173*

The blushing virgin to the altar led  
Looks fondly forward to the marriage bed ;  
Sighs for the moment when a husband's kiss  
Preludes the rapture of a greater bliss ;  
Sinks in the pressure of his burning arms,  
And gives unasked her most desirous charms.

ANONYMOUS



There are perfumes on my body and fresh leaves  
upon my hair...

FRANCIS SALTUS



A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of angelic light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_aoi176*

I am too young to be your bride,  
I am too young to lie by your side,  
It will bring disgrace to all my kin,  
Therefore my love you ne'er shall win.

ANONYMOUS

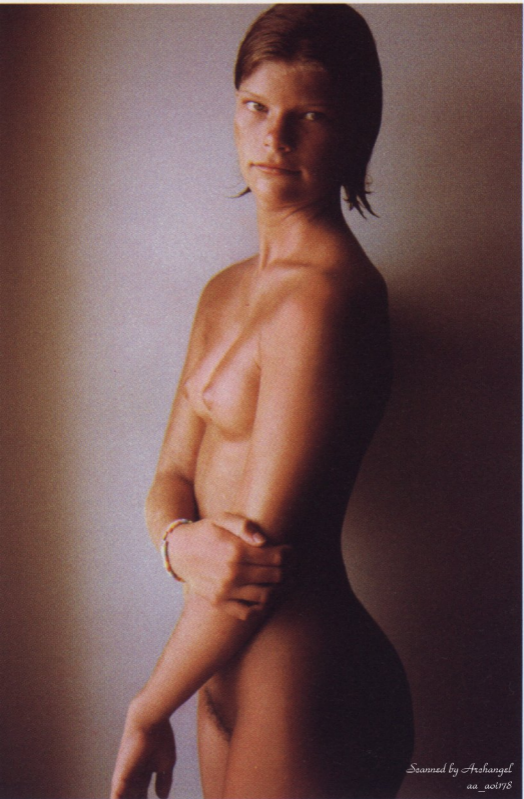




*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_a0677*

Fair, and bright, and blooming be,  
Fit for such a nymph as she.

FRANCIS FAWKES



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_00178*

Alice is tall and upright as a pine,  
White as blanched almonds, or the falling snow,  
Sweet as the damask roses when they blow,  
And doubtless fruitful as the swelling vine.

Ripe to be cut, and ready to be pressed,  
Her full cheeked beauties very well appear,  
And a year's fruit she loses every year,  
Wanting a man to improve her to the best.

CHARLES COTTON



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_a0179

A lily-girl, not made for this world's pain,  
With brown, soft hair close braided by her ears,  
And longing eyes half veiled by slumberous tears  
Like bluest water seen through mists of rain...

OSCAR WILDE



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_aot180*

The primrose ribbons that so grace  
The perfect pallor of your face...

ARTHUR SYMONS



*Scanned by Arshangel*  
*aa\_00181*

Thou art a flower, dear heart, a fragrant flower  
And I, the wandering, hair-clad, amorous bee.  
Mongst all the regal beauties of bower,  
I seek but thee.

ANONYMOUS



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001182*

... Now therefore, while the youthful hue,  
Sits on thy skin like morning dew....

ANDREW MARVELL



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_00183

Love is too young to know what conscience is

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_00184*

I'm ready she thinks, I'm open, my heart is racing,  
I'm breathing hard, I'm shaking, I'm throbbing,  
I'm leaping, I'm ecstatic, I'm lost...

LILIANE JAMES





*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_a0185*

I pray that he will see me  
As I think I am.

RICHARD OVERCOMBE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_ao186*

I am dark and fair to see,  
Young in my virginity,  
Rose my colour is and white,  
Pretty mouth and green mine eyes ...

TWELFTH CENTURY FRENCH SONG



And two sweet breasts, smooth and white as vessels  
of ivory, modestly defended from the hand of those  
who presume to touch them.



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_aol188*

Shew thy bosom and then hide it;  
License touching, and then chide it,  
Give a grant and then forbear it;  
Offer something, and forswear it.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_aoi89*

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd,  
soon faded,  
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



This body rare that has no virtue,  
As white as are the reddest roses  
And whiter still than any roses,  
Like purple lilies, that can hurt you.

PAUL VERLAINE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_aot101*

Oft downward would she cast her head,  
And blushing look away.

ACADEMY OF COMPLEMENTS



Her little lips, more made to kiss  
Than to cry bitterly for pain,  
Are tremulous as brook-water is,  
Or roses after evening rain.

OSCAR WILDE





Lily-like, white as snow,  
She hardly knew  
She was a woman, so  
Sweetly she grew

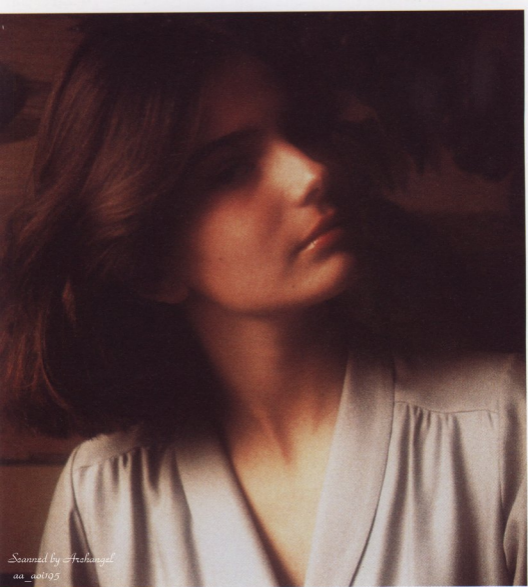
OSCAR WILDE



Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_00104

Her eyes seemed swimming in a sea of pearls,  
As from her breast she brushed the flowing curls,  
And, swelling high, her bosom seemed to flow  
With fire passion fierce which burned below.

ANONYMOUS



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_a01005*

Beauty that holds a little time in trust  
Then with her sister rose descends to dust :  
Man triumphs still on wings  
of wealth, strength, fame,  
But Woman's ever is the losing game...

DON JUAN'S NOTE BOOK



The brightness of her face illumines the veil of night



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_00107

To watch for glances every hour  
From her divine and sacred eyes

T. LODGE



*Scanned by Arshangel*  
*aa\_00198*

Her lips are roses over-wash'd with dew,  
Or like the purple of Narcissus' flower ;  
No frost their fair, no wind doth waste their power,  
But by her breath her beauties do renew.

ROBERT GREENE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_a01199

But she is modest, also chaste,  
While only bare from neck to waist.  
Some clothes I'll keep on, she will say,  
For that has always been my way.



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001200*

It is not as you said it would be,  
but I am still waiting.

RICHARD OVERCOMBE





*Scanned by Archangel*  
aa\_aol201

Tess was'a fine and handsome girl - not handsomer than some others, possibly - but her mobile peony mouth and large innocent eyes added eloquence to colour and shape'. She was'a mere vessel of emotion untinged by experience. Phases of her childhood lurked in her aspect still. As she walked along today for all her bouncing handsome womanliness, you could sometimes see her twelfth year in her cheeks, or her ninth sparkling from her eyes ; and even her fifth would flit over the curves of her mouth now and then'.

THOMAS HARDY



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_aol202*

Her bright Eyes sweet, and yet severe,  
Where Love and Shame confus'dly strive...

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_001203*

He saw her rising Bosom bare ;  
Her loose thin Robes, through wich appear  
A Shape design'd for Love and Play...

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER



Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;  
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;  
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less...

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



He that has me first, is blest,  
For I may deceive the rest.



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_aol206*

Soft as thistledown,  
rich with promise  
A veil, a coverlet  
That conceals and yet reveals.

LILIANE JAMES



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_aoi207*

And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, by verse distills your truth

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_001208*

That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer...

ROBERT HERRICK





*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_aoi209*

Old, so old are the temple-walls,  
Love is older than they ;  
But I am the short-lived temple rose,  
Blooming for thee to-day.

LAURENCE HOPE



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_001210*

I shall kiss from end to end the long black wings  
spreading from your neck, oh, gentle bird, captive  
dove whose heart throbs wild beneath my hand !  
I shall take your mouth into my mouth as the child  
takes its mother's breast. Tremble ! for the kiss sinks  
deep and should suffice for love.

I shall trail my light tongue along your arms and  
round your neck, and I shall drag the long drawn  
kiss of my nails along your tender sides.  
Here roaring in your ear all the murmur of the sea...  
Mnasidika ! the expression of your eyes makes me  
ill. I'll clasp within my kiss your lids which burn as  
warmly as your lips.



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_aol211*

When young girls sleep together sleep itself remains  
outside the door. Bilitis, tell me, tell me whom  
you love. She slipped her thigh across  
my own to warm me sweetly.

And she whispered into my mouth : 'I know, Bilitis,  
whom you love. Close your eyes, I am Lykas.'

I answered, touching her,  
Can't I tell that you are just a girl ?  
Your joke's a clumsy one.

But she went on : 'Truly I am Lykas if you close your  
lids, here are his arms, here are his hands'... and ten-  
derly, in the silence, she flushed  
my dreaming with a stranger dream.



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_aol212*

She goes, with seemly softness by,  
Look-seeking still, but ever shy.

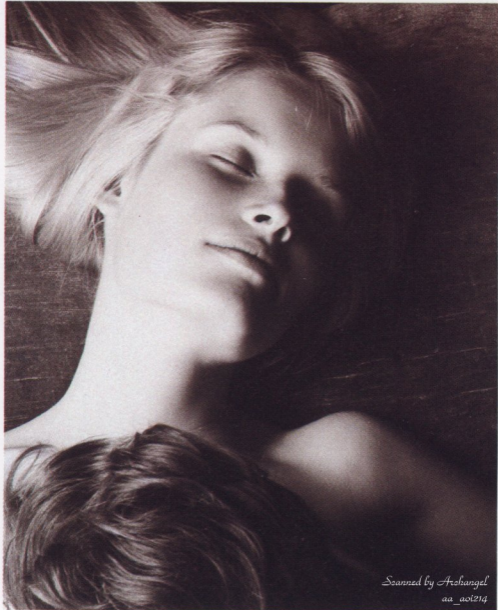
WILLIAM BARNES



*Scanned by Archangel*  
*aa\_a01213*

Her front, the white and azure sky  
In Light and Glory raised high...

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY



*Scanned by Archangel*

*aa\_a01214*

“Who is he ?” she wonders yet again. In her day-dreams she thinks about this man who will one day come to her in answer to her questions. Perhaps he is a prince, a knight on a white stallion, a man in military uniform ? Perhaps he is the pop-star in the signed photograph on the bedroom wall ? Perhaps the boy she passed in the street, good-looking and carefree? Perhaps a man in a blazer, flannels and straw hat with a cane under his arm ? Perhaps the handsome man in those tiny swimming trunks, swaggering along the beach ? Perhaps a man, or boy, naked, like her, and ready.



Oh, but the world is full of silly men, arrogant men, annoying men, ugly men, thoughtless men, nasty men, bossy men - and very boring men. Men sudden and violent, rapacious and cruel. Men driven by their urges to fierceness and harshness, penetrating men.

What does she want, our nymph ? She does not really know ; most likely she would be happiest with a man who came to her naked as she is, and, like her, waiting for enchantment. He would be kind and smiling, but ready nevertheless ; his firm body stimulated by hers, to come forward, arms ready to embrace her, eyes amused and wishful, a man confident, potent and strong.

Then the Age of Innocence would culminate, and give place to the Age of Fulfilment.

She is lovely, our nymph, and her potential is infinite. Heaven grant her the man who is worthy of her, and who comes to her bringing sex with tenderness. She has her virginity and her innocence ; she will, if she is fortunate, trade them in due course for experience and love.





Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_a01216





*Scanned by Archangel*

*aa\_aoi211*



*Scanned by Archangel*

*aa\_00218*

THE END OF INNOCENCE



*Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_a01219*

Naked I lay, clasp'd in my Callus' arms,  
Dreading, yet longing for his sweet'ning charms ;  
Two burning tapers spread around their light,  
And chas'd away the darkness of the night,  
When Callus from my panting bosom flew,  
And with him from the bed, the bed cloaths drew.

I to conceal my naked body try'd.  
And what he wish'd to see, I strove to hide ;  
But what I held, with force he pull'd away,  
I blush'd, but yet my thoughts were pleas'd to find  
Myself so laid, and him I loved, so kind.

Struggling I lay, exposed to his eyes ;  
He view'd my breast, my belly, and my thighs,  
And ev'ry part that there adjacent lies.

No part, or limb, his eager eyes escap'd.  
Nay my plump buttocks too he saw and clasp'd.  
He dally'd thus, thus rais'd the lustful fire  
Till modesty was vanquish'd by desire.

I then look'd up, which yet I had not done,  
And saw his body naked as my own.



Scanned by Archangel  
aa\_aol220