





DEAN

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Victoria 2024 **P.1**, Aubrey Beardsley, Illustrations for Oscar

Wilde's Salome, 1893 P.3 Maude Allan como Salomé (c.1906-1910

P.4 "Salome" directed by Charles Bryant and starring Alla Nazimova P.6

[Margarita Xirgu](#) in the Spanish premiere in 1910

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh so what be

Jokanaan may

this be it perhaps a tale of a

womans revenge a woman

like Circe that didst But

turn those men that didst

distain her love didst reject

her love that she Circe

didst those men those vile



males didst But to
 animals didst she turn But
 then again be

this **Jokanaan** about

a Meda that didst to kill
 her brood inst revenge for
 that male to her to spurn that
 vile male that didst But
 leave her love to sail to other
 ports But then it may be a
 tale of poor Hippolytus that



didst But dare to reject that
Goddess of love Aphrodite
that to his death he didst be
made for his rejection of that
maid Yet be of that
"Fleshy School" ast didst
Buchanan proclaim weird
full of sexual obsession
morbid deviant of norms
where poetic expression be to
be greater thanst poetic
thought with sound superior

to sense writ by intellectual
 hermaphrodites unhealthy
 pornographic even worse
 thanst Morris andst the
 “transcendental superficial”
 still Swinburne and still
 rejected by Modernists to
 be put away ast Yeats didst
 say till one reached maturity
 But still “unmanly” be this
 so if thee be a pallid aesthete
 with too much tobacco andst no
 exercise recite onst



PREFACE Ohh howeth a
 kiss doth ignite ones lips to gemlike
 flames to bursting fruit that doth ripe
 with loves game where all bliss be upon
 a kiss to show thy love to thy he or
 miss where the kiss doth meld soul to
 soul to tie each to each inst love of each
 But with wit I tell whenst that that
 doth love be But spurned thenst inst
 that hart doth revenge doth burn the
 darkest hottest Hell which none canst
 cool But sweet revenge upon that fool
 that doth reject that love which no wit
 can of tell the woes the pain that fool
 doth gain that doth spurn loves game

Ahh take note thee youth of love that
thee all doth love to love Yet dear youth
take note that though love be sweet
andst perfumed that love be so tender
andst full of eyes that swoon those fevish
eyes that doth devour our love with love
Yet dear youth note that love canst be
though full of honeyed-words be But
cruel andst full of pain for what we love
we canst kill with hate that only revenge
canst waylay for the death of what we
love we canst long fore to e'en inst love
kiss the lips of that which we hate But
love

Jokanaan Jokanaan thy lips of *J*
 be hot be hot *Jokanaan Jokanaan*
 ast the sunlit rose with beads of
 dew along their curved edge with
 dew flaming gems that the furled
 lips tip doth but sit upon to glow hot
 ast red coals to drip *Ohhhh*

Jokanaan Jokanaan ast some
 honey filed bloom to drip *Ohh*

Jokanaan Jokanaan that dew of
 my lust my love *Ohh* my love for
 thee *Ohh* *Jokanaan Jokanaan*

Ohh thee still doth be feed my
 desires fires with pulse of beat
 with tremulous throbs fromst lips
 to lip that the flesh doth heat with

each to each quivering tremor of
 delight that Ohh Ohh Jokanaan
 Jokanaan thy lips long ♪ to place
 my lips pressed upon thy flesh to
 kiss to lick to suckkk Ohh Ohhhh
 Jokanaan Jokanaan thy lips Oh
 howeth ♪ long doth But thru the
 throat of ♪ doth sigh to But stir
 that **blood** to ripples of frothy foam
 that Ohh Jokanaan Jokanaan
 longeth ♪ to speak my mind that
 Ohh upon thy mouth of blood doth
 ♪ long to place my pouting lips of
 juicy dew to that be But blent inst
 that flood of red with speck andst
 fleck upon my lips kissed upon thy

flesh soft pulpy flesh of my lips
 that willst suck till gorged upon thy
blood of thine that still √ love
 thirsty frothy love that tears drip √
 inst to thy **blood** dripping ast rain
 ast fromst thy neck thy **blood** doth
 drain thirst Oh thirsty √okanaan
 √okanaan to kiss to kiss Ohh to
 kiss with hungry lips of gorged
 flesh upon thy mouth refreshed
 Ohh thy lips of √ burn to scorch my
 flesh with this love for thee be my
 loves bliss to sink my lips inst to
 thy curdled **blood** upon thy lips that
 those lips furred willst dance along
 thy lips mouth that wound of flesh

that doth but 'neath my brest doth
 throb of madness of *J* long Ohh
 of longing Ohh *Jokanaan*

Jokanaan that *J* burn with this
 heat of love such heat hotter thanst
 the desert simmoon that burns my
 flesh Ohh Ohhhh it quivers so
 ast doth spout the juice along my lips
 ast the drips that flood thy lips doth
 ast my love to thee to doth my love
 Ohhh show *Jokanaan* *Jokanaan*
 thee inst life not *J* couldst *But*
But have *But But* Ohh Ohhh
Jokanaan *Jokanaan* willst have *J*
 inst thy death all all for me my
Jokanaan *Jokanaan* inst death

willst my lips that throb that drip
 those furling bloated lips these lips
 willst have thee inst death to curl
 andst clutch tight thy flesh inst tight
 grip of Ohh my love Ohh my lust
 that Ohh *Jokanaan* *Jokanaan*
 thee didst *But* distain inst life
Shh *Ahaa* now inst death my
 revenge Ohhh *O* Ohh *Jokanaan*
Jokanaan for thee cant take thy
 mouth fromst me away fromst me
 now *hahahaha* *I* laugh *I* cry with
 maddening joy inst my revenge for for
 thy lips thy mouth willst be mine for
 all time to kiss to suck to bite with
 maddening delight inst my revenge

Ohh Ohh dearest Jokanaan
 Jokanaan doth I love thee e'en
 unto death

Look Ohh looketh Ohhh
 Jokanaan Jokanaan thy **blood** red
 doth drip

O

drip

O

around my feet to spread that doth
 heat my toes that around them doth
 thy **blood** to pool to warmmm doth to
 flow to coat inst crimson those
nails of pearl white iridescent glow
 Ooo Ohh Jokanaan Jokanaan

howeth that liquid that wast thy life
 doth Oh pour inst to I my life
 again that be But that love of I thee
 didst But distain that brought I
 But pain But A Ahhh Jokanaan
 Jokanaan now my revenge I doth
 gain with this love Yes this Love
 of I I again burn with flames that
 lick my lips to pound that mound of
 my flesh of flesh that fromst which
 doth drip this love of I for thee to
 blend with thy blood along my toes
 slender sides Ohh I sigh ast those
 drips drip ast if to burst to bloom
 rooted inst thy **blood** to feed Ohh to

feed my love for thee Ohh Ohh

Jokanaan Jokanaan

Jokanaan Jokanaan Ahh see J

thee thy head upon that tray of silver

gilt Ahh feel J ast if it lay upon

mine breasts white soft feel to feel

thy life drain inst drips upon mine

nipples turgid tight taut spikes of

flesh to feel thy cold skin with my

bosoms heaves to heat my heart

within my trembling breasts ast

inst J doth breathe the fumes of thy

dead flesh to burn my soul like

gemlike flame that blooms to a rose

that doth beat to burst to bloom

'neath my flesh ast mine eyes Ohh

mine eyes feast upon thee *Jokanaan*
 my dreams to feed like worms that
 within thy flesh doth willst swarm
Ahh my dreams that burst ast
 blooms poisonous fromst my gaze
 upon thy neck where joy doth take
 root within mine heart and grows
 andst grows with delight ast my
 eyes *Ohh* my eyes like bees to sweet
 blossom sip doth mine eyes sip upon
 thy **blood** dearest *Ohh* dearest *Ohh*
 that my tongue couldst have been that
 blade to run along thy throat to cut
 with my tongue that flesh to taste
 with my tongue that that blade didst
 with my tongue that enjoyed of *J* to

slash Ohh Ohh soooo slow along
 thy flesh Jokanaan Ahh that I
 willst lick around that throat gash to
 sip thy **blood** that doth **BUT**
DRIP WARM upon my
 tongues quivering flesh I doth Ohh
 Ohhh Jokanaan Jokanaan now
 doest squat to spread my thighs with
 my eyes onst thy lips ast spread
 wide my lips pouting squashy flesh
 that drips andst drips my love to pool
 'neath my ass so round so tight ast
 sigh I look looketh Jokanaan
 howeth the fumes that seep fromst
 that hole twixt my lips doth that
 moon veil inst yellow like a princess

that wears look looketh how strange
 be that moon with stars like feet of
 doves Ohh she seems to But dance
 ast that moon doth looketh at dead
 things what may they be looketh
 howeth that moon seems to ast a she
 that riseth o'er a tomb andst doth
 seem to float ast if she be But dead
 slowly slowly doth ♪ Ohh Ohhh
 Jokanaan Jokanaan spread my
 legs that ♪ can draw near to thee my
 dear to kiss thy lips with my surging
 gorged swelling lips Ahh taketh
 hold ♪ of thy hair lift thy face to my
 burning lips quivering wavering they
 flutter onst my breath thy face such

loveliness those eyes that close as *♪*
 doth twine thy hair twixt the threads of
 my curls silken tress braided blent with
 thy hair that doth breathe my breath
 with loves glow that fromst below doth
 halo thy face as my pulses doth *But*
 beat andst throb each lips with the bliss
 that willst be my kiss trembling lips to
 mouth to lips no breathless pause as my
 soul doth soar my my lips alight that
 juice that doth drip to steam doth seem
Ahh Ahhh Jokanaan Jokanaan thee
 are mine as push *♪* thy lips as best
 upon thy lips look thy eyes doest open
 andst thy tongue doth prod to lick my
 lips *OOhhhhhh*