

# BOOK OF DARK AND BEAUTY

ISSUE # 1

BOOK OF DARK AND BEAUTY

BOOK  
OF  
DARK  
AND  
BEAUTY



# BOOK OF DARK AND BEAUTY

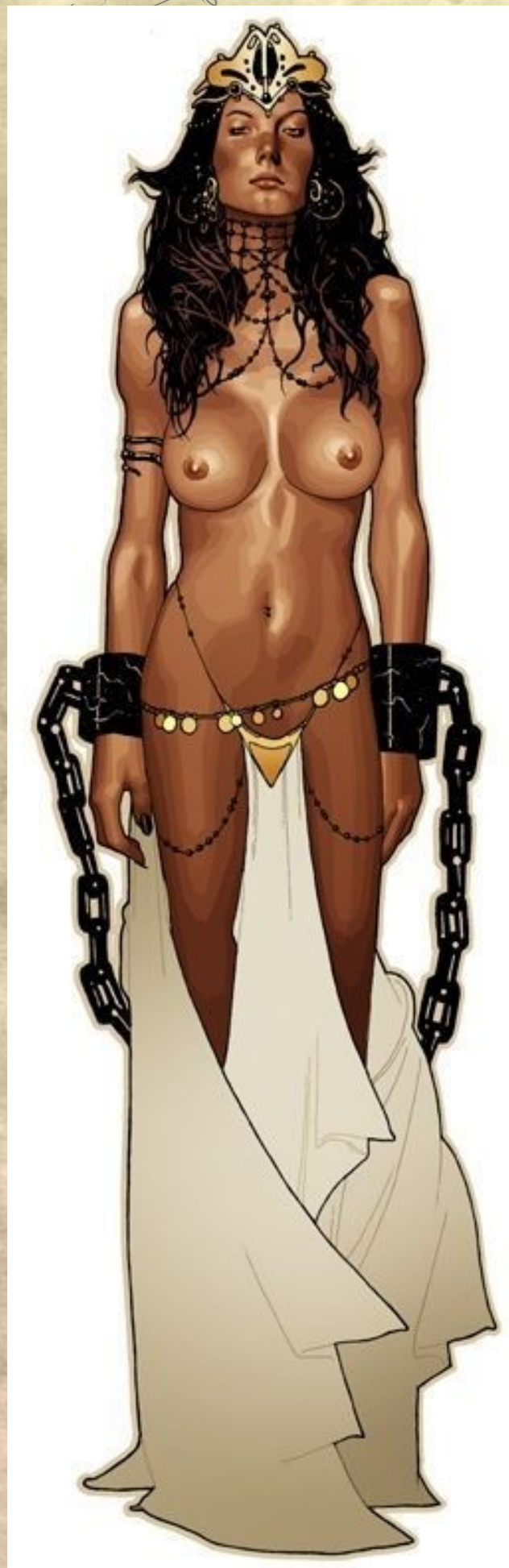
## DEJAH THORIS

**Dejah Thoris** is a fictional character and princess of the Martian city-state/empire of Helium in Edgar Rice Burroughs's series of Martiannovels. She is the love interest and later the wife of John Carter, an Earthman mystically transported to Mars, and subsequently the mother of their son Carthoris and daughter Tara. She plays the role of the conventional damsel in distress who must be rescued from various perils, but is also portrayed as a competent and capable adventurer in her own right, fully capable of defending herself and surviving on her own in the wastelands of Mars.

### Publication history

Dejah Thoris first appeared as the title character in the initial Mars novel, *A Princess of Mars* (1917). Written between July and September 28, 1911, the novel was serialized as *Under the Moons of Mars* in the pulp magazine *The All-Story* from February to July 1912. It later appeared as a complete novel only after the success of Burroughs' *Tarzan* series. For its October 1917 hardcover publication by A.C. McClurg & Company, the novel was retitled *A Princess of Mars*.

She reappeared in subsequent volumes of the series, most prominently in the second, *The Gods of Mars* (1918), the third, *The Warlord of Mars* (1919), the eighth, *Swords of Mars* (1936), and the eleventh, *John Carter of Mars* (1964). Dejah Thoris is also mentioned or appeared in a minor role in other volumes of the series.





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[www.naughtypanda.com](http://www.naughtypanda.com)



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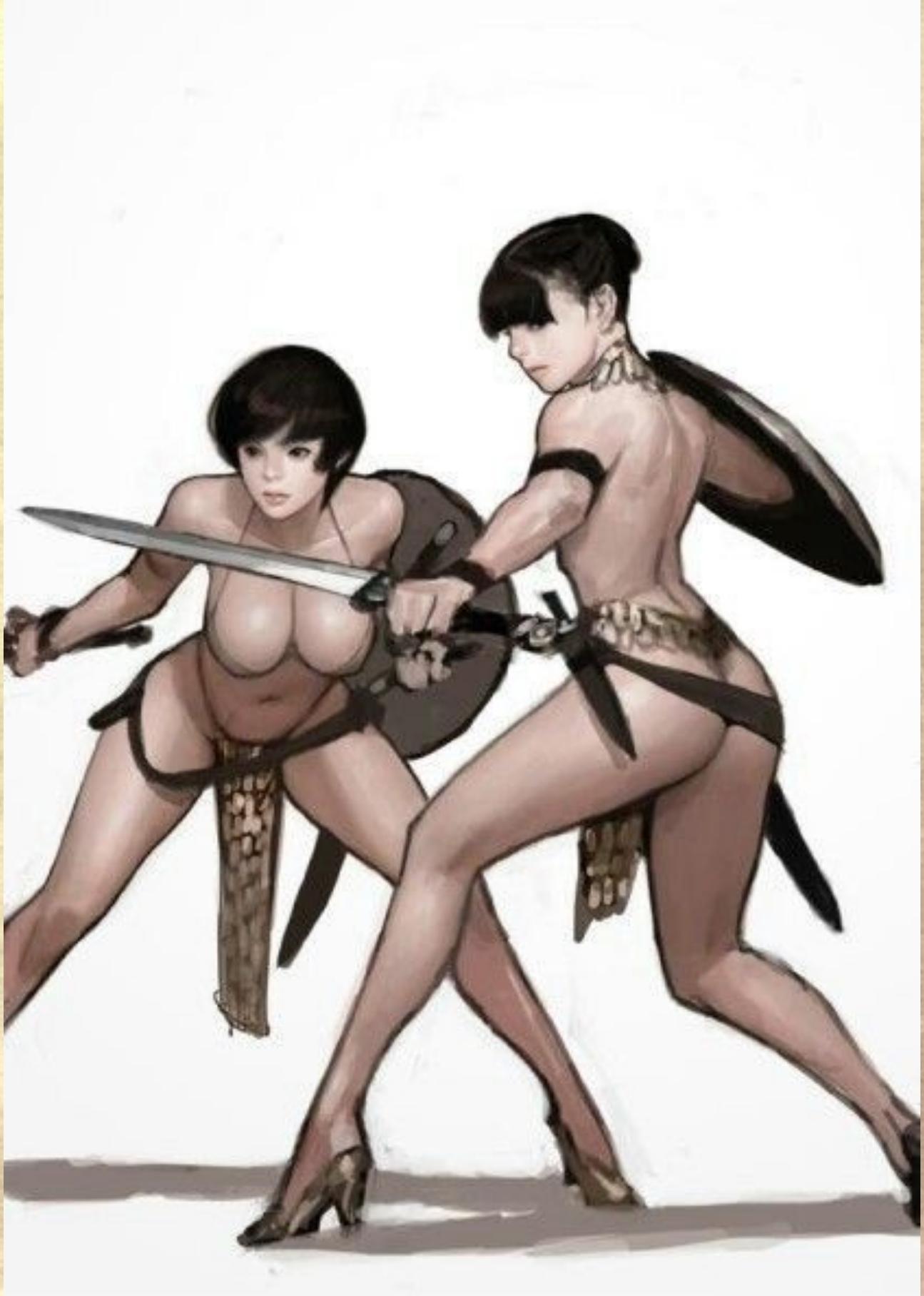


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The spell is  
cast and  
you'll  
never be  
able to escape  
from the black  
magic she  
weaves.



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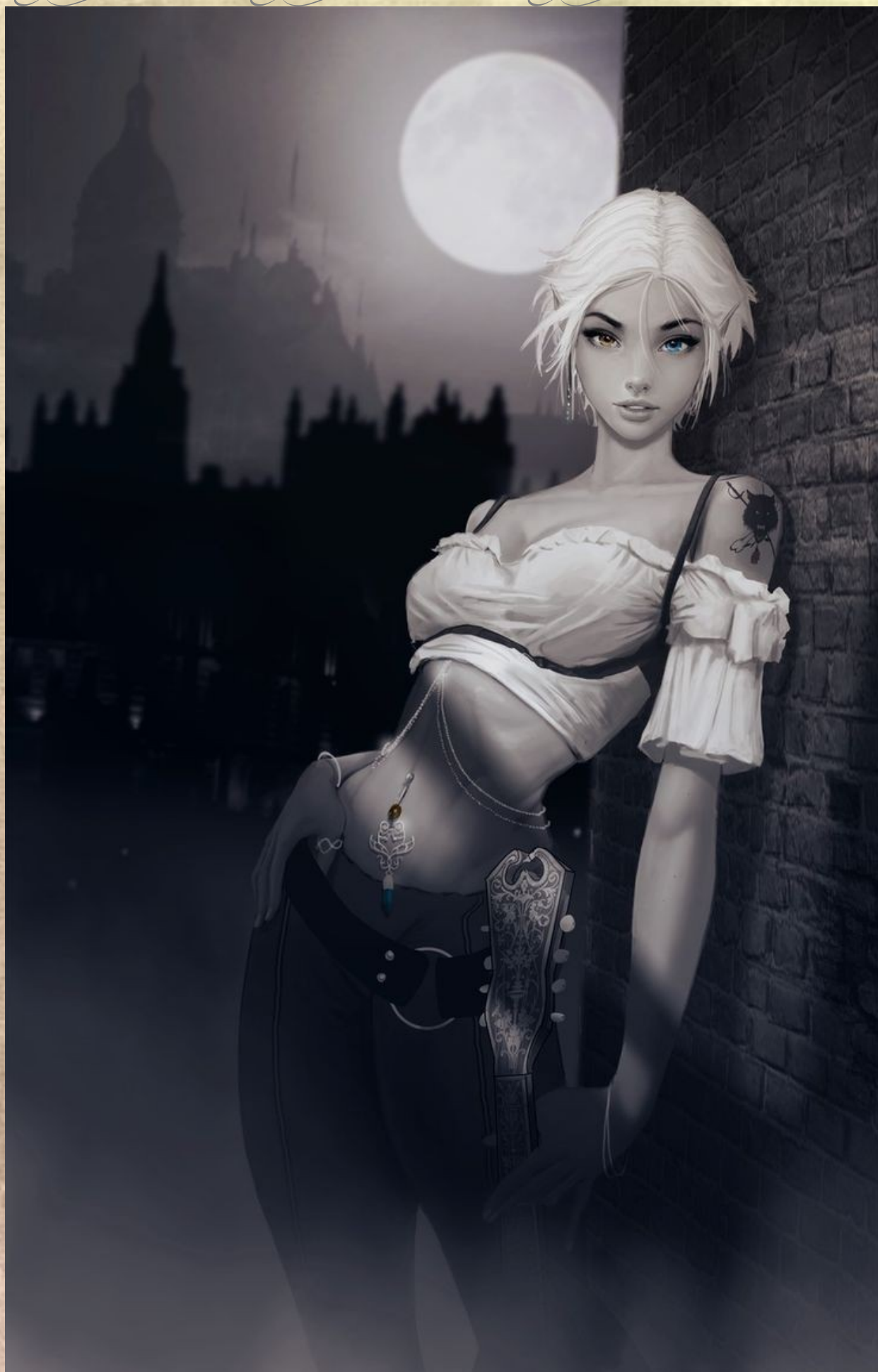


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## The Jewels

My darling was naked, and knowing  
my heart well,  
She was wearing only her sonorous  
jewels,  
Whose opulent display made her look  
triumphant  
Like Moorish concubines on their  
fortunate days.

When it dances and flings its lively,  
mocking sound,  
This radiant world of metal and of  
gems  
Transports me with delight; I passionately love  
All things in which sound is mingled  
with light.

She had lain down; and let herself be  
loved  
From the top of the couch she smiled  
contentedly  
Upon my love, deep and gentle as the  
sea,  
Which rose toward her as toward a  
cliff.

Her eyes fixed upon me, like a tamed  
tigress,  
With a vague, dreamy air she was  
trying poses,  
And by blending candor with lecher-  
ry,  
Her metamorphoses took on a novel  
charm;

And her arm and her leg, and her  
thigh and her loins,  
Shiny as oil, sinuous as a swan,  
Passed in front of my eyes, clear-  
sighted and serene;  
And her belly, her breasts, grapes of  
my vine,

Advanced, more cajoling than angels  
of evil,  
To trouble the quiet that had posses-  
sed my soul,  
To dislodge her from the crag of crys-  
tal,  
Where calm and alone she had taken  
her seat.

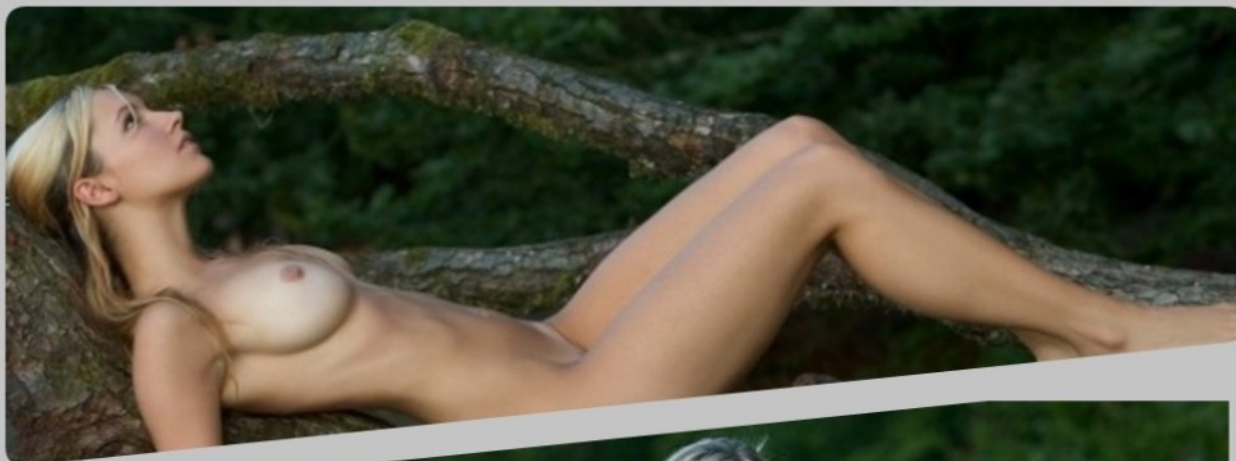
I thought I saw blended in a novel  
design  
Antiope's haunches and the breast of  
a boy,  
Her waist set off so well the fullness  
of her hips.  
On that tawny brown skin the rouge  
stood out superb!

— And when at last the lamp allowed  
itself to die,  
Since the fire alone lighted the room,  
Each time that it uttered a flaming  
sigh,  
It drenched with blood that amber  
colored skin!

— Charles Baudelaire (Trad. William  
Aggeler, *The Flowers of Evil* - Fresno,  
CA: Academy Library Guild, 1954)



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Tattoos are like stories - they're symbolic of the important moments in your life. Sitting down, talking about where you got each tattoo and what it symbolizes, is really beautiful.

**Pamela Anderson**



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## Beauty

I'm fair, O mortals, as a dream of stone;  
My breasts whereon, in turn, your wrecks  
you shatter,  
Were made to wake in poets' hearts  
alone  
A love as indestructible as matter.

A sky-throned sphinx, unknown yet, I combine  
The cygnet's whiteness with a heart of  
snow.

I loathe all movement that displaces line,  
And neither tears nor laughter do I know.

Poets before my postures, which I seem  
To learn from masterpieces, love to  
dream  
And there in austere thought consume  
their days.

I have, these docile lovers to subject,  
Mirrors that glorify all they reflect —  
These eyes, great eyes, eternal in their  
blaze!

— Roy Campbell, Poems of Baudelaire  
(New York: Pantheon Books, 1952)





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## Hymn to Beauty

Do you come from Heaven or rise from the abyss,  
Beauty? Your gaze, divine and infernal,  
Pours out confusedly benevolence and crime,  
And one may for that, compare you to wine.

You contain in your eyes the sunset and the dawn;  
You scatter perfumes like a stormy night;  
Your kisses are a philtre, your mouth an amphora,  
Which make the hero weak and the child courageous.

Do you come from the stars or rise from the black pit?  
Destiny, bewitched, follows your skirts like a dog;  
You sow at random joy and disaster,  
And you govern all things but answer for nothing.

You walk upon corpses which you mock, O Beauty!  
Of your jewels Horror is not the least charming,  
And Murder, among your dearest trinkets,  
Dances amorously upon your proud belly.

The dazzled moth flies toward you, O candle!  
Crepitates, flames and says: "Blessed be this flambeau!"

The panting lover bending o'er his fair one  
Looks like a dying man caressing his own tomb,

Whether you come from heaven or from hell,  
who cares,  
O Beauty! Huge, fearful, ingenuous monster!  
If your regard, your smile, your foot, open for me  
An Infinite I love but have not ever known?

From God or Satan, who cares? Angel or Siren,  
Who cares, if you make, — fay with the velvet eyes,  
Rhythm, perfume, glimmer; my one and only queen!  
The world less hideous, the minutes less laden?

— Charles Baudelaire (Trad. William Aggeler, The Flowers of Evil -Fresno, CA: Academy Library Guild, 1954)





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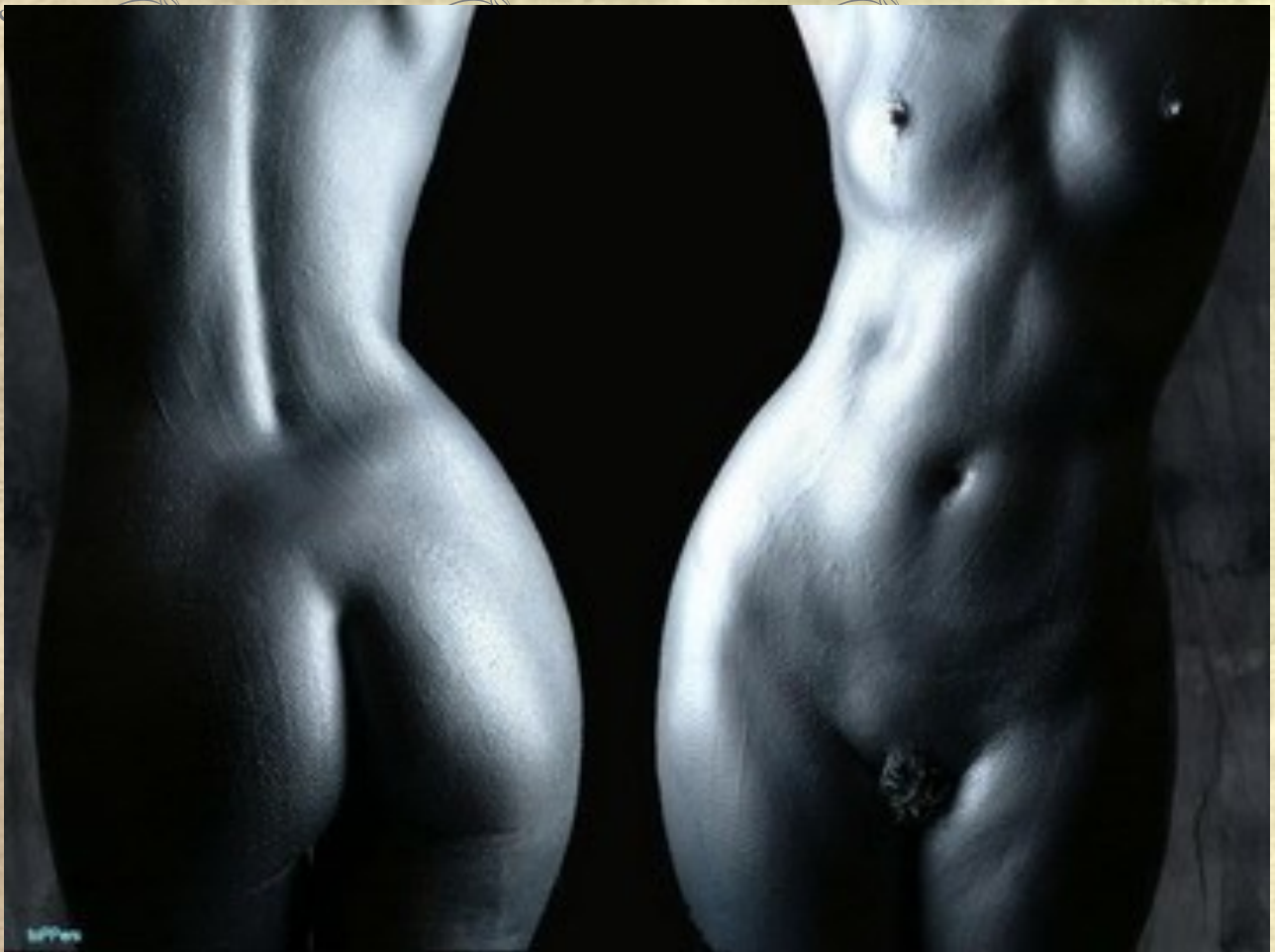


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*“Europeans often laugh about how prudish Americans are, when it comes to sex. In Europe, sexuality is a normal part of life. Fancy antique art museums are full of nudity. And you’ll see naked girls in every major newspaper. Germany’s biggest newspaper, Bild, has a topless girl on the backpage of every daily issue. Nobody thinks twice about it. Nobody finds it necessary to protect the children.*

*A naked breast is no more a threat to the well-being of a child than a naked hand or foot. So from a European point of view, American media censorship seems utterly ridiculous.”*

**— Oliver Markus Malloy, Bad Choices Make Good Stories -  
Going to New York**



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## The Giantess

In times of old when Nature in her glad excess  
Brought forth such living marvels as no more  
are seen,  
I should have loved to dwell with a young  
giantess,  
Like a voluptuous cat about the feet of a queen;  
To run and laugh beside her in her terrible  
games,  
And see her grow each day to a more fearful  
size,  
And see the flowering of her soul, and the first  
flames  
Of passionate longing in the misty depths of her  
eyes;  
To scale the slopes of her huge knees, explore  
at will  
The hollows and the heights of her — and  
when, oppressed  
By the long afternoons of summer, cloudless  
and still,  
She would stretch out across the countryside to  
rest,  
I should have loved to sleep in the shadow of  
her breast,  
Quietly as a village nestling under a hill.

—Charles Baudelaire (trad. George  
Dillon, *Flowers of Evil* NY: Harper and Brothers,  
1936))



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