

By Harvey Kornberg Limericks by Donald Hall

#### The Sentleman's ABPHABET BOOK

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#### The X-rated alphabet book!

Harvey Kornberg has concocted an erotic fantasy with twenty-six pen and ink draw ings that describe a lexicon of bawdy delight. Donald Hall has taken Mr. Kornberg at his word and limericized that fantasy twenty-six amusing times further.

The exquisite detail of Mr. Kornberg's pen has been matched by Mr. Hall's piquant rhyme to produce the most coveted gift book of the year—to be savored and chuckled over by all those not too young to know better.





THE GENTLEMAN'S ALPHABET BOOK

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# The Gentlemans ABPABET BOK

By Harvey Kornberg
Limericks by Donald Hall

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First Edition

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For Bobby F.

THE GENTLEMAN'S ALPHABET BOOK



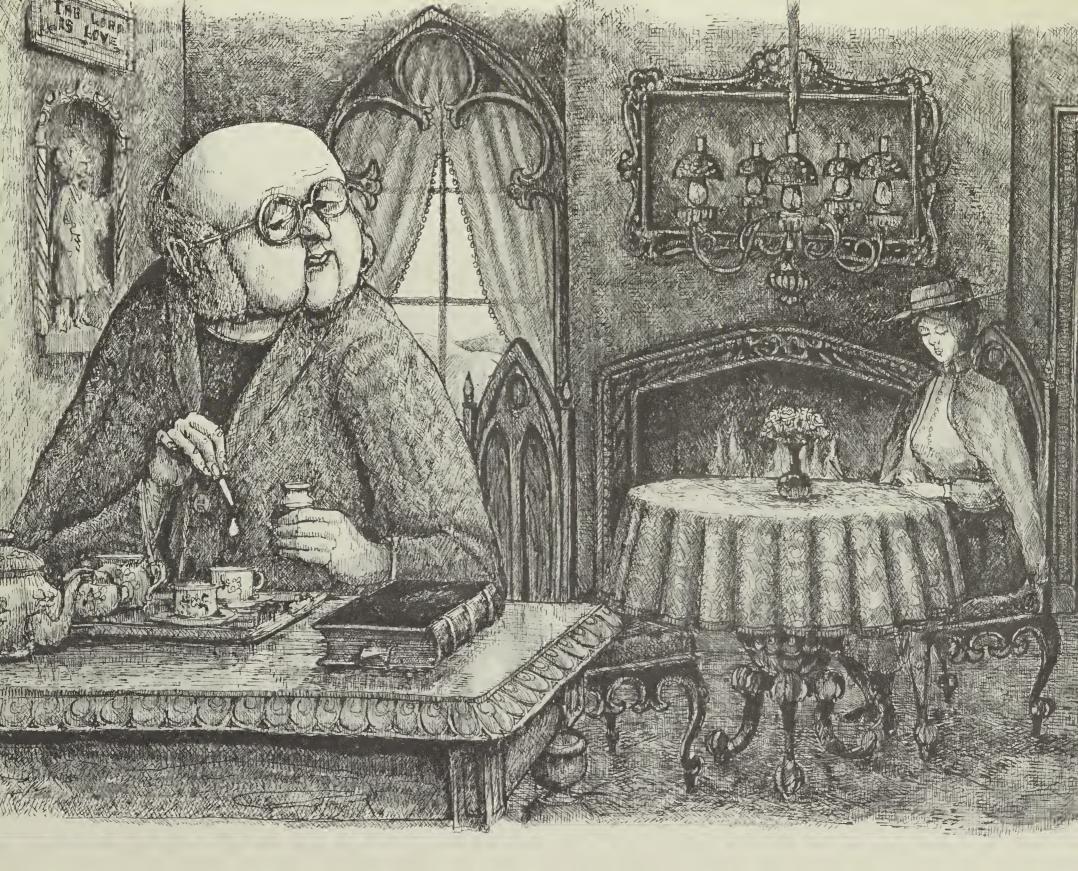
One Thursday, at tea with the Vicar,

Maud's maidenhood disappeared quicker

Than the blink of an eye

When he dripped Spanish Fly

In her tea, and she *prayed* him to *prick* her!



### B<sub>ESTIALITY</sub>

A juvenile bugger named Sam
Had a fondness for mutton and lamb.
He declared, "Though I fear
That it may mean I'm queer,
I don't care if it's ewe or it's ram."





This chap from the City has placed His tongue with immoderate haste On the clitoral part Of an indifferent tart.

We suppose it a matter of taste.



### D EVIATE

Uncle Bertram politely stops by

To see Margaret, and Enid, and Vi,

But induced by some gland

Or the Devil, his hand

Always creeps on to Montague's thigh.





A cellist abandoned his bow

And with curtains akimbo let show

His this and his that

To an onlooking cat

And to neighbors who found it de trop.



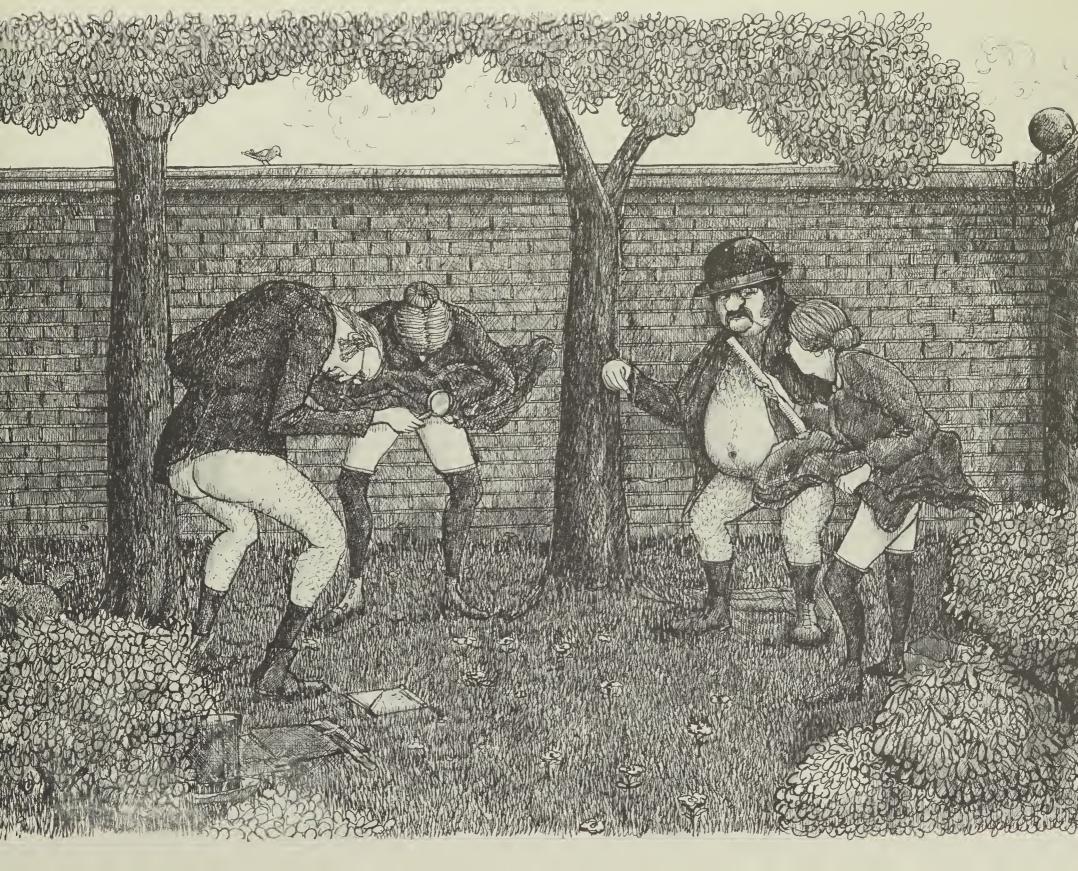


This Guardsman at play must assume
Black lace and the chains for costume
While a lady assails
His back with nine tails
And he dreams of the siege at Khartoum.





The things that go on in the crotch
Are anxiety-making to watch.
The dimensions of sex,
Concave or convex,
Drive many a watcher to Scotch.





This husband and father, praise God,
Will continue this nice promenade,
But if later, perhaps,
He returns to relapse
With this Harlot, who'll blame the old sod?



I

When our mother is safely asleep,
My sister insists that I creep
Into bed where we screw
From eleven to two.
It's domestic, familiar, and cheap.





As she lounges 'mid carnal debris,

A Countess is bored with these three,

Now the bearded old lover

Leaps down from above her

To assault her again. Quel ennui.

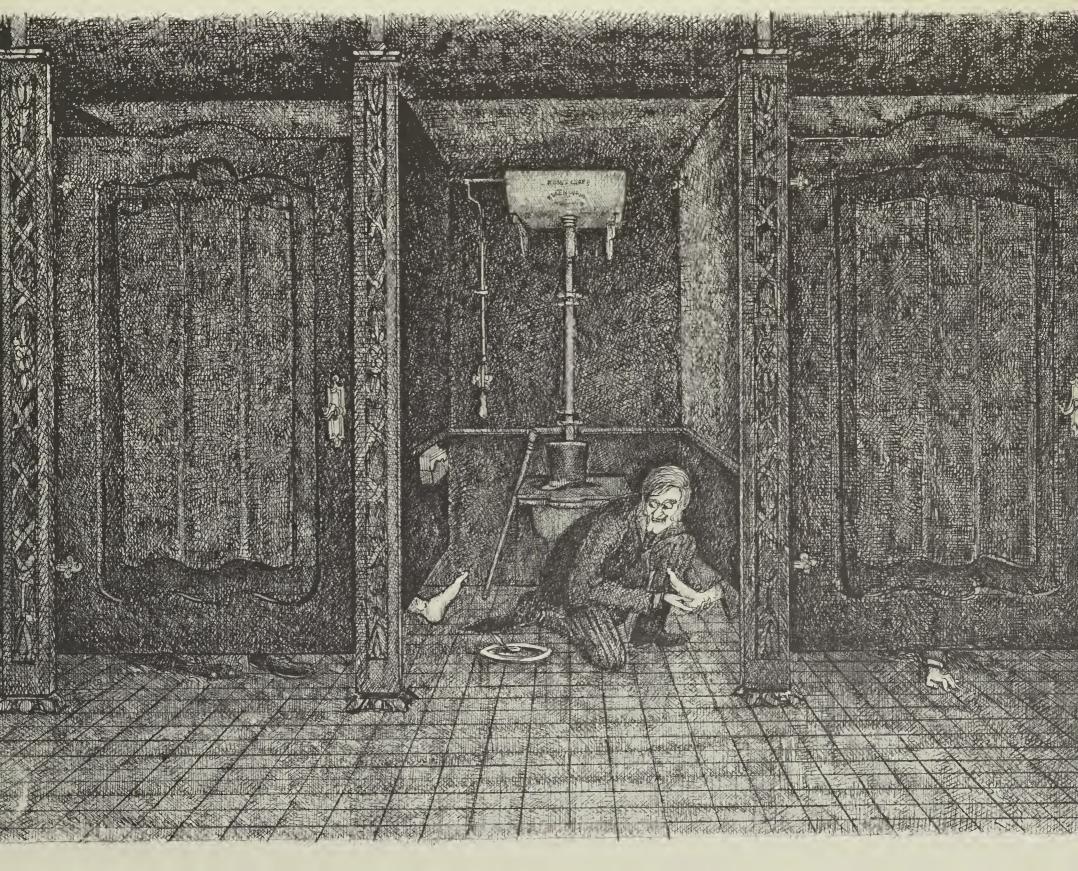


## IK APROLAGNIAC

This fellow likes licking one's feet,
Be one Tom, Dick, or Harry, or Pete.

If a feminine toe

Happened by, he says, "No,
I'm sorry, but that's not my meat."





The plump-bottomed chap must enjoy
Being lewdly addressed as a boy.

As she smokes a cigar
In the Public Bar,
She's a Lesbian lady named Roy.





"Giddyap!" and "Gee! Haw!" and then "Whoa!"

I will go where you tell me to go.

Our relationship

Is based on the whip

And the stories of Edgar A. Poe.





My darling is pallid and cold,

My darling will never grow old,

And when she is rotten,

I will have forgotten—

Another young belle will have tolled.





A squire commuting from Kent
Recovered the land of content
By committing crimes
In the London *Times*,
That his journey should not be misspent.





Says the Pander suggesting a tryst
To the elderly gentleman, "Hist!

I think we can flush
Two birds in a bush.

If you care to partake, I'll assist."





At White's after tea at the Palace,
The Colonel remembered a phallus,
And a bit of a lark
In Regent's Park
With a waiter who called himself Alice.





In a park overlooking the city
A Rapist leaps out at a pretty
Young lady whose cry
Brings a tear to his eye—
But he's longer on lust than on pity.



## SATYRIASIS

In the barnyard a Satyr named Jones
Is assaulting a bevy of crones.

If this crone gets away,

Then the pig has her day,

To assuage Jones' excess of hormones.



## RANSVESTITE

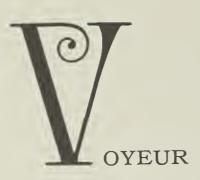
When he thinks that she sleeps, he tip-toes
To the mirror to try on her clothes.
Then he giggles and bounces
And shows off his flounces
And ruffles and garters and hose.





A girl named Veronica Hubbell,
Who is socially nothing but rubble,
Has tickled the balls
Of the Dean of St. Paul's,
In civvies, and looking for trouble.





Creeping out on a ledge to delight
In the sexualization of sight,
Doctor Septimus Hare
Fell to Russell Square,
And lost this bizarre appetite.





Cripps worked in Bahrein, a recluse.

After years of discreet self-abuse,

He furloughed to Soho

And in a rococo

Bordello let everything loose.



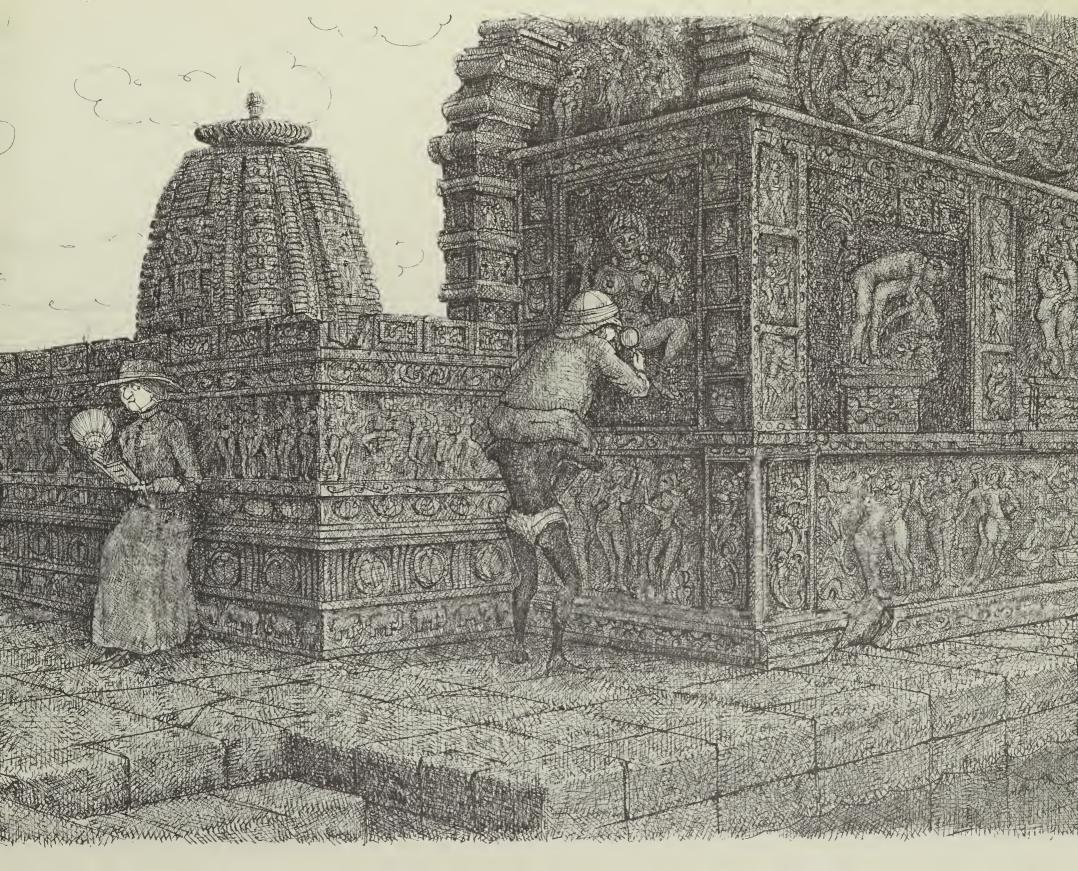
## ENOPHALLOPHOBIA

"Egad!" cried Sir Basil, "In truth,
It is wicked, immoral, uncouth,
And a strange paradox,
But these frightening cocks
Remind me of Eton, and youth."





An erudite traveller named Spurge,
With an anthropological urge,
Climbed up on a black
To descry in a crack
Where the East and the West converge.





On Sundays at noon Cousin Bea
Suspended herself from a tree.

An admirably formed
Stallion performed
The unspeakable act until three.



HARVEY KORNBERG was born in New York City and educated at Oberlin College, London University, and the Parsons School of Design. A free-lance commercial artist, Mr. Kornberg is now living with his wife and two children in Majorca.

DONALD HALL is a poet and author of The Alligator Bride: Poems New and Selected; The Yellow Room: Love Poems, and other books. He is a frequent contributor to The New Yorker and columnist for The American Poetry Review. He was graduated from Harvard College and has a B.Litt. Oxford University (Christ Church).





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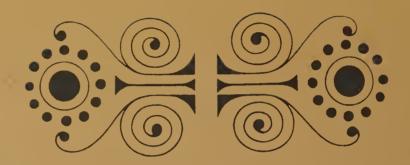


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