

LA
FOUTROMANIE
POÈME LUBRIQUE
EN SIX CHANTS

Sollicit is Superis labor est, ex cura quiescit
Solicitas..... *Virg. Æneid.*



SARDANAPALIS

—
175

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

Despite the reproduction of the titlepage of the original 1775 edition—added for its historical interest—the text of *La Foutromanie* presented here for the first time in English was taken from a much later edition, published as part of an omnibus volume titled *Trois Petits Poems Erotiques. C'est à savoir : La Foutriade, La Masturbomanie et La Foutromanie*. It had the false imprint : 'A Bâle [Genève ?] : imprimé exclusivement pour les membres de la Société des Bibliophiles, les Amis des Lettres et des Arts Galants [Jules Gay, c.1875]. This edition was used for the translation in part because it included an interesting 'Notice from the New Publishers' which gives some history of the poem's presumed author, and a contemporary account of its original publication and reception.

Patrick Kearney
March 2026

NOTICE

FROM THE NEW PUBLISHERS

Gabriel Sénac de Meilhan was born in Paris in 1736. His father, first physician to the king and a councillor of state, had him given an excellent education, and Gabriel became successively councillor to the Grand Council, *maître des requêtes*, and military intendant of Aunis, of Provence, and later of Hainaut. He is the author of numerous economic, philosophical, and literary works, most of which went through several editions. His *Œuvres historiques et politiques* were republished in 1862 by M. de Lescurie, who expresses great esteem for the author's abilities. The *Lettres inédites de la marquise de Créqui à Sénac de Meilhan* have also recently been published with notes by M. Edouard Fournier and an introduction by M. Sainte-Beuve. Sénac de Meilhan died in 1803.

The first edition of the *Foutromanie* appeared in 1775, one year after the accession of Louis XVI to the throne; it achieved great success. The following letter, taken from *L'Espion anglais, ou Correspondance secrète entre deux milords* (milord All-Eye and milord All-Ear)¹, will sufficiently bear witness to this:

¹ L'espion anglais, our Correspondance secrète entre Milord All'eye et Milord all'ear. Nouvelle édition, revue, corrigée & considérablement augmentée. Tome Quatrième. A Londres : chez John Adamson, 1785. Lettre XLIII. — *Translator's note.*

Concerning an Obscene Book Titled :

La Foutromanie.

I mention this infamous work to you, milord, only because you wish to remain ignorant of nothing that attracts the attention of this capital. It is causing such a considerable stir here that I felt the desire to read it. It is very rare. M. Le Noir has received the most precise orders from the government to prevent its distribution. Despite this inquisition, audacious cupid-ity evades and defeats all the efforts of the police agents who attempt to prevent the circulation of the *Foutromanie*. Although several hawkers have been arrested and threatened with the most severe penalties, copies nevertheless slip through, and they are not even at an exorbitant price, since they now cost only nine livres apiece. Here is an analysis of this obscene work, whose greatest merit is that it is prohibited. It is entitled: *Poème lubrique, à Sardanapalis, aux dépens des amateurs*. It is divided into six cantos of about three hundred verses each. It is preceded by a preface serving as an apology for the author's undertaking, and above all for the cynical manner of its execution. On this subject he says nothing beyond the commonplaces usually employed by writers of his kind.

This poem is the opposite of *Parapilla*. The latter turns upon the most ordinary subject without containing a single obscene word, whereas the other employs them even while speaking of morality. It is properly nothing more than a paraphrase of the famous *Ode à Priape*, the immortal masterpiece of Piron in the erotic genre. One can readily see that by diluting, extending, and multiplying in every direction the energetic images of that great master, the author could only weaken them. At first one might suppose it to be a didactic treatise on this art, the subject of so many writings; it seems the poet may have had such a project, but he often loses sight of it, and his cantos are not even clearly distinguished.

In the first canto, after an invocation to Lust and to the shades of the most illustrious dead in the genre celebrated by the author, he finds that *Foutromanie* is the happiness of the gods

and that it prevents them from becoming bored. He advises men to do the same. He depicts his own condition when he holds Mlle Dubois in his arms (this former actress of the Comédie-Française is the first to lead the procession). He is then so proud that he defies the greatest heroes and even the King of Prussia. The demoiselles Arnoux and Clairon appear next. In speaking of the former, the author, so impudent with respect to the most sacred objects, seems not to dare name the comte de Lauraguais and leaves the nobleman's name blank. He is not so delicate with regard to the comte de Valbelle, whose blind attachment to her he portrays. Mlle Allard then appears with the duc de Mazarin. Mlle Vestris, an eminent performer of the Opéra, is not forgotten. From heroines of the theatre the author passes to duchesses; he paints the fashionable morals among the ladies of the court who compensate themselves with their lackeys for the caresses their husbands lavish upon courtesans. A short and vigorous episode concerns the old Polignac of Pantin, so renowned for her frightful debauchery.

In the second canto there is a description of the charms of a novice girl and of the ardors of a young libertine: nothing checks lubricity at that age, not even the threats of hell. Spiritual directors indulge in the same debaucheries more secretly; on this occasion the author brings upon the stage a Father Chrysostome, a Carmelite. A declamation follows against the imperfect pleasures of convents. An episode recounts a F...man disguising himself as a glazier and penetrating into a convent of nuns. A tirade follows against tribades and pederasts. The old duc d'Elbœuf was one of the first to introduce the latter sect into France. A digression follows on the pox.

The author opens the third canto by praising the art that cures this plague. He celebrates the bold champions who have braved this foul disease. Without transition he passes to the prelates of this sort; he speaks of the love affairs of M. de Montazet, archbishop of Lyon, with Madame the duchesse de Mazarin. He permits himself the most indecent digression on those of the duc d'Orléans and Madame de Montesson; and pushing license to the point of insulting the shade of the late duchess, he reveals publicly the secret of that princess's inclinations for MM. de l'Aigle and de Melfort, and does not blush

to depict them as victims of the poisoned caresses of Her Highness. Yet he will have nothing to do with Platonic love. It is in France that one does not languish beside women; women of every rank are found ready for the art that forms the subject of the poem. Care must be taken not to fall out with that amiable sex. How then is one to supply the want? Pederasty is in ill repute, which gives occasion to recount the disgrace of the prince de Beaufremont, caught in the act with a Swiss Guard. The painter returns to the attractions of women. He concludes this canto with praise of Aretino, inventor of the famous postures.

The fourth canto is devoted to the praise of the brothel. The celebrated procuresses are reviewed: Pâris, Cartier, Bokington, Montigny, d'Héricourt, Gourdan receive the incense of the writer. A description follows of the delicious orgies of these infamous places. Bed and table must succeed one another; this is what makes the Germans better suited for *Foutromanie*. The author thinks so, and curses Italy, where he ruined both his purse and his health.

In the fifth canto the poet encourages those who might be frightened by the pox: not all women have it. Besides, how can one resist the impulse of a fiery temperament? Montesquieu burned with it, as did Rousseau and Marmontel; it was Daubeterre who inflamed the latter. Great praise is bestowed upon Dorat, a poet devoted to F...mania; which shows how little the author knows that flaccid hero of love. A digression follows against the Dutch, who love nothing but gold. A moral reflection on the proper use of riches provides an occasion to attack M. de Bruoi. Description of the impudent cardinals: Spinola lies with Palestrina, Albani with Alfieri, Bernis with Sainte-Croix, Borghese is b... It is here that this new Mezen-tius, provoking the thunder of the gods of the earth, dares to bring upon the stage the august Maria Theresa, the illustrious sovereign of the Russias, the King of Poland, the late Queen of Denmark, and—by an insulting pity in the manner in which he expresses himself—laments that the ladies of France, the aunts of Louis XVI, live in celibacy.

Agironi is the hero of the sixth canto. This charlatan has no doubt cured him of some gallantry; the poet places him far

above Keyser and all his fellows. He enters into certain anatomical descriptions in the manner of M. Robé, then returns to the subject of his verses, *Foutromanie*, the soul of the universe. He ends thus, after repeating in his usual coarse and filthy terms that Epicurean morality which becomes so disgusting in his mouth.

It cannot be denied that this author—who would do well to preserve the most perfect incognito—possesses some talent for poetry and shows a certain facility; but he lacks the essential quality for such a genre: energy. Corneille used to say that to write a good tragedy one must have c.; how much more so when one treats of these matters. There are, however, a few passages in the work that are more vigorous. They are precisely the most condemnable ones—those where the pen ought to have fallen from his hands. His description of the debaucheries of the cardinals is lively and rapid but does not approach that in which the frenzied poet lifts the veil from the amorous mysteries that Homer depicted with so chaste a brush in celebrating the nuptials of Jupiter and Juno. Doubly the rival of Aretino, both in obscenity and in audacity, he speaks with sacrilegious impudence of the two greatest princesses of Europe, to whose virtues he renders homage even while calumniating them, directing toward them his incense reeking from the mire in which he wallows.

One feels that a fury alone could have inspired the writer when he composed these verses, worthy of the flames along with himself. Why did he not confine himself to the ugly heroines who might properly figure in the gallery of his portraits? How many anecdotes, episodes, and little tales of this kind might the wings of the theatre and the high-toned courtesans have supplied him, had he wished to enrich his cantos. On the contrary, he speaks only of a few old impure women and appears not at all acquainted with the history of the girls of Paris, with which he ought to have furnished his memory before undertaking a task so badly accomplished.

This is already far too much, no doubt, milord, about a poem that would deserve to be condemned to eternal oblivion, were it not that an insatiable curiosity—irritated by a rigorous prohibition—gives it a fleeting vogue; for in truth it can please no class of readers, and does not even possess the merit that

books of this sort have for young debauchees, whose passions they inflame, and for old men, whose desires they rekindle.

May you never have need of such resources, milord! As for me, my heart is always warm for my friends, and above all for you.

1st February 1779.

DEDICATORY EPISTLE
TO
FOUTROMANIACS OF BOTH
SEXES

It is not here a new religion, a modern cult, that I come to offer you, amiable debauchees who count among the sweetest moments of life those given to pleasure and to voluptuousness. The tender impulses of nature are of an antiquity equal to that of the existence of the human race; and if it were a matter of presenting here the genealogical tree of foutromania, you would see it carrying its leafy stem upon Olympus and its deep roots in the gorges of Taenarus. The gods and goddesses were therefore foutromaniacs; this is an axiom of Fable, that ingenious emblem of truth. Following their example, the demigods and heroes abandoned themselves to the gentle inclination of lubricity. In every century, in every age, one sees lust exercising its inevitable empire over all individuals of the human species, physically organized after the manner of animals. The need and the desire for reproduction constantly drew beings toward one another and disposed the seminal atoms to a reciprocal attraction, so that it is no exaggeration to trace foutromania back to the very instant of creation.

The most ancient opinions are those that seem to have the greatest claim upon our confidence and our affection. To cherish what has always been dear to our predecessors; to believe what merited their approval; to render homage

to that which united men of all earlier centuries—this is to act wisely, this is to prefer a safe and well-trodden path to new and deceptive roads. Let us practice the immemorial dogmas of frotomania; let us allow those importunate moralists, those hypocrites, to murmur and even to thunder—men who, while condemning with apparent severity the objects they love most, secretly go and intoxicate themselves with those pleasures they would forbid to others, and which they furtively permit themselves. Mahomet prohibited wine to the Muslims and nevertheless drank the most delicious of it. The modern Hebrews scarcely abstain from meats forbidden to all the circumcised; and all the grave *Sorbonnists*, whose censorship pardons nothing, always relax at the sight of the forbidden fruit, cease to be austere in the presence of the object, and do not hesitate to plunge into that abyss, into that centre toward which all tends. It is then that things are called by their names, without circumlocution, without inconvenient veils, for after all it is no more indecent—when one reflects upon it—to call the virile member a *vit*, and the woman's seat a *con*, than to name any other part of the body. These minute modesties no longer succeed even among the devout prudes, to whom many a gardener and many a confessor have given useful lessons in language and experimental physics. The fear of corrupting youth is a frivolous alarm that would only stifle the genius of authors without preventing the contagion—if indeed it be one—from making progress. Sodom and Gomorrah had already, by their excesses, provoked the avenging fire of heaven before our writers had brought forth *Dom bougre*, *Thérèse philosophe*, *le Débauché converti*, *le Chapitre général des Cordeliers*; before the Homer of the French, the singer of the great Henry, had composed his ingenious *Pucelle*; before the immortal Piron had produced the inimitable masterpiece in honor of the

god Priapus. It is therefore the height of ridicule to reproach authors who write upon lascivious matters for a corruption already existing, of which they are merely the historians. Otherwise, one might equally maintain that whoever writes upon war, politics, and the various matters that concern nations, becomes the accomplice of the inevitable vices against which warriors and politicians of all countries and all centuries can erect only the weakest barriers.

I therefore hope that the readers into whose hands this work may fall will not bear me ill will for having written the history and the progress of foutromania, of that primitive art conformable to nature, whose origin is as celebrated as it is useful, and whose decline would entail that of the universe itself. Ovid composed the *Art d'aimer*² : permit me to describe the *Art of Fucking*, and if one does not find in my *Foutromanie* all the energy that shines in the *Ode à Priape*, let it be remembered how difficult it is to sustain the sublime and majestic tone of the lyric genre throughout an extended didactic work, the sublime and majestic tone of the lyric genre. Lightness, ease, and truth in the pictures—these are all that I propose to myself, aspiring to no excessively lofty glory, and having undertaken only a free description of that multitude of events which have belonged from time immemorial to the annals of foutromania.

² Ovid's *Art of Love* has just been translated into French verse by Mr. Bernard, whom Voltaire calls the Gentle Bernard. But the translation falls far short of the energy and warmth of the original.

LA FOUTROMANIE

CHANT ONE

Vous le voulez... I will sully my rhymes,
Poetize in a lewd and filthy jargon,
Deify the crimes of cunts and of arses,
Sing of the cocks and their magnanimous combats,
Adorn with glory the laurel of the god Priapus,
And in my verses, impurely sublime,
Thread the pathway of the great Voltaire.
Thou whose fires rekindle nature,
Who, mastering both man and beast,
Burns in secret the pedant and the hero,
Be thou my goddess, adorable Lust!
Come guide my lubricious brushes!
If, brushing aside the murmurs of remorse,
Robbé, Piron, in their laughing labors,
Loaded their canvases with striking traits,
Thou alone didst make the ground and the border:
Thanks to thee alone, they are forever new.
Following the noble traces of sweet loves,
Thou didst fix them, thou didst unveil the graces,
And, showing us happy nudities,
Thou didst lodge us in the bosom of delights.
For thy children, reproduce thy spectacles,
To thy friends render tender oracles,
And, awakening their languishing desires,
Beneath my lascivious brushes offer them pleasures!
You, of rakes, of heroes mad for fucking,
And of whores, urns, ashes, and shades,
Revive yourselves at the sweet sound of my verses,
Make young again this futile universe,
With your transports inflame my genius;

With a thousand flowers, a thousand varied charms,
Give savor to my Fuckomania,
And with a noble sperm drenching Urania,
Chain her within our amiable fetters!
The gods, once bored and miserable,
Existed in their Olympus without pleasures;
A sudden fire rekindles their desires;
Their hearts feel agreeable flames,
For a hundred beauties they heave sighs,
Cunts and arses seem admirable to them.
During the night and the course of the sun,
With cock erect they hold their council,
Sleep no more, so charming is love!
At our terrors, at human alarms,
At our errors, at our vile incense,
They are little troubled, disdain our offerings;
Always hanging upon the cunts of their goddesses,
In their vaginas exhaust their tenderness,
Commit destinies to pure chance,
Hardly thinking of the happiness of humans.
Well then let us fuck, since to tender intoxications
The prudent gods give a free course,
Since carried away by lascivious loves,
Always thrust into cunts or buttocks,
They consecrate their days to lust,
Let us gaily follow their useful examples.
Voluptuousness offers us a thousand temples;
Let us never leave them, let us vary our pleasures;
From cunt to arse, from breasts to armpits,
Let us wander without laws, let us parade our desires,
Let us make happy a hundred faithless objects,
And guard ourselves against culpable leisure.
Fickle Time and Love have wings:
In enjoying, one fixes them both;
One laughs at fate, one masters the gods,
One is adorned with immortal palms,
When, chasing away tedious cares,
One knows how to wander in the arms of twenty beauties!

Let us try everything, let us be celebrated fuckers,

Let us immerse ourselves in this sweet ocean,
Common center, necessary element,
And, repulsing funereal clouds,
Without delay, let us enjoy the present!
The moment comes when sad impotence
Dictates its laws, weighs down the heart,
And upon our senses distills languor;
When mortals, inclined to indolence,
Have neither force nor vigor for pleasures:
It is to feel the rigor of death,
It is to be dead to live without fucking!
No longer stiffening, what matters going further,
Being upon earth a burdensome weight,
And there finding the chills of the tomb!
Tender Venus, rule my destinies,
Inflame me with thy ardent torch;
From Cupid lend me the bandage,
Spin with art my days and my years!
Without any fear of hell or of the gods,
I have braved everything to burn with thy fires,
And, laying aside every frivolous fear,
I have a thousand times faced the pox,
Delivered the assault to the greenest whores,
Counting for nothing chancres, swellings,
And all those ills from which skillful Saint Cosmas
By mercury has known how to deliver man;
Crown me with thy most beautiful laurels,
Inflame me with a thousand ardent kisses,
And make pass into my boiling vein
The conquering fires of Helen's ravisher!
The fine destiny that of Paris:
To settle the quarrel of a hundred whores!
The tender fate that of Adonis:
To die in the arms of a beauty!
For a rake, for a bold fucker,
It is in the brothel that the field of honor lies.
Death is nothing, pleasure is supreme!
A pretty cunt is worth more than a diadem!
When I pat a pair of breasts,
Hard, rounded, rebellious, elastic,

When furnished with a thousand physical charms,
My cock, in rut, discharges in great torrents,
Of gods and kings, I despise the glory,
Of Acheron I defy the black wave,
Leaving to vile bigots, to proud ambitious men
The care of earth and heaven.
Foolish lovers of goods and power:
True happiness is in enjoyment.
To be happy, O lubricious mortals,
Must one, alas! have a throne and altars?
Why solicit homage, an offering?
What use is grandeur to me when I am hard?
A hairy cunt, playful, ingenious
At inventing a hundred voluptuous tricks,
Loins of ivory and buttocks of marble,
A hinge with mobile springs,
Which, without quarter, attacking me body to body,
Unites with me like ivy to the tree,
Which, seconding my amorous efforts,
Answers with skill to the strokes of her rump,
Clutches my cock, forges voluptuousness,
And lavishes upon me an adorable intoxication,
These are my laws and my divinities.
With sceptre, with incense, with homage,
Never will rake, never fucker nor sage
Go trade enchanting pleasures.
Leave cunts to the lure of honors,
When, lasciviously clasped within my arms,
I hold Dubois³, half-dead, bewildered,
Reviving only to redouble the assault,
My satisfied heart believes it holds Cytherea.
I am of embers, and my cock at the highest,
Proud to polish such superb charms,
Would not wish the fate of Jupiter,
Would not yield arms to Frederick⁴,
Maintains its rank and conducts me to port.
In forming her, divine nature

³ An actress at the Comédie Française.

⁴ The glorious lord of Potsdam.

Spared nothing: wit and beauty,
Such is, in brief, her faithful portrait.
In the whole globe, human creature
Never had so much the air of a divinity.
August heroines of whoredom,
Tender Sapphos, modern Messalinas,
Come all, it is here your time;
I will trace your lubricious talents,
Your great exploits in fuckomania,
Paint naively more than one amiable orgy,
Where a hundred whores, exhausting the rakes,
Served as tombs to their standing cocks.
Arnou⁵, Clairon⁶, you would doubtless groan
If, keeping silent, I did you the affront
Of refusing to your amiable brow
The great honors of the sublime joust?
Was there ever seen, beneath the celestial vault,
More debauchery, a freer tone
Than that offered by the illustrious Frétillon?
That strumpet who, to know thoroughly
The human heart, the temper of its being,
Ten whole years lodged at the Pavilion⁷.
To good fuckers was in turn faithful,
Analyzed the cocks of officers,
Of corporals, finally of grenadiers,
And who from there, giving herself as maiden,
Married the retinue of comedians,
Played the prude, declaimed with art,
Made happy the first who loved her,
To handsome Vabelle⁸, caught in her snare,
Appeared a hundred times whiter than snow,

⁵ Opera singer, daughter of a pastry chef, who became famous for her love affair with the Count of ***.

⁶ Leading actress of the Comédie Française, previously famous for her fondness for barracks and guardhouses.

⁷ In Metz, where she practiced the art of fuckery with distinction for many years.

⁸ The count of that name lived as husband and wife with Clairon, who finally became an honest woman.

And, to follow him, one fine day vanished,
When the siege of Calais was ended⁹.
Arnou was tender with all her lovers,
Showed herself gentle, and made them children...
Song and voice extended their empire,
Among rakes engendered delirium,
When dance, with lascivious movements,
Obtained the palm and captivated the senses.
Allart¹⁰ leaped: new Terpsichore,
She saw the clappings burst forth,
Gave flight to her libertine eye,
Made public her clandestine inclination,
And, enjoying from one dawn to the next,
With her negro or good Mazarin,
Fucked without cease and quaffed good wine.
She was imitated, the game seemed convenient;
All the Opera soon adopted the fashion,
Had milords, young dandies,
Old lovers, charming butterflies.
Guimart, Pélin, adopting the method,
Of financiers, of round-backed peasants,
Made money of their asses, of their cunts,
Put under press a crowd of imbeciles,
Taxing dearly all the fools of the city,
Jealous to reach their flaccid breasts.
One saw suddenly actors, actresses
Relieve themselves in useful wings,
Enormous floods of spunk spread about,
Vestris¹¹ lending both cunt and arse,
Cocks jerked during the interludes,
A thousand Ledas, as many Ganymedes,

⁹ We were supposed to perform Mr. du Belloy's tragedy again when Clairon retired from the Théâtre-Français for good.

¹⁰ A famous female acrobat who ruined the health and finances of many gamblers, notably the Duke of Mazarin.

¹¹ One of the leading dancers at the Paris Opera, known for her lewdness, especially her willingness to give it up left and right; an Italian woman rarely loses her taste for her homeland.

Fucking, fucked, satisfying their desires,
Interlaced, swooning with pleasures,
Royal brothel, distinguished, chromatic,
Moving seraglio to the sounds of music,
Living by day on fairly honest products,
Making use of the obscurity of nights,
The Opera was a brilliant arena
Where the whore produced upon the stage
At once her talents and her favors,
Waged war more upon purses than hearts,
And showed herself equally human
To those who paid and to good fuckers.
Upon the pattern of these brave goddesses,
One saw the duchesses somewhat model themselves,
Take their airs, their fashions, their speech,
Prepare themselves for valiant assaults,
Preach the controversy of interest,
Carry on at pleasure a ruinous commerce,
Pay their men, to tire their big cocks,
Longer, harder than those of their husbands.
Thus soon, by a strange accord,
Of cunts and cocks was made a sweet exchange;
Peacefully, without trouble, without regrets,
The great lord entrusted to his valets
The care of loving, of fucking his wife;
And his half, easy and not jealous,
Running gaily to pass into other arms,
Displayed her charms to her lackeys;
Casting off frivolous prejudices,
Had herself mounted by vigorous fellows,
Giving to her vapors, as physicians,
Cocks of bronze, monstrous priapuses,
While to the cunts of fashionable whores,
Her lord and master, exhausting his chest,
Wearing out his tip and rare origin,
Went to merit the torments of hell,
Gather the fruits of the Cacomonade,
The black venom invented by Lucifer,
No longer knowing, in his dark whim,
How to rot the sick human race.

Thus it was that, despite the chatter
Of the cold jests of the parrot public,
Casting far away a childish shame,
Wishing to enjoy, in haste, on great account,
Polignac¹² quartered at Pantin
Twelve butchers, enlivened her destiny,
Limiting to the bed her lubricious career,
Applying upon her stomach as a remedy
From her relays the cocks, stiff and ready,
Playing the owl to her twelve heroes.
To the heroine, amiable fuckomaniacs,
Offer flowers, braid her laurels,
Give chase to bigots, to the profane,
To limp cocks, to timid warriors.
Upon her tomb, in a pathetic voice,
Sing in chorus for immortal canticle:
Of Polignac, of the Fuckers, of the Whores,
Long live forever the glory and the destinies!

¹² The fame of this viscountess equaled that of Emperor Claudius' wife, and the French Messalina even seemed to surpass the Roman.

LA FOUTROMANIE

CHANT TWO

At fourteen, what charms a cunt possesses!
What budding breasts present delightful snares!
How hard a prick in its first campaigns presses,
Always erect, and never in despair!
Young fuckers go with novice little fuckesses,
Plucking the first divine and fragrant prizes,
Sharing the springtime of their youthful days
Between their games, their laughter, and their loves.
They gaily follow folly's gentle laws,
Attend with zeal to foutromania's cause,
By night, by day, defy the changing seasons,
In winter's frost, on tender lawns and grasses,
Within the arms of cheerful, willing victims
They make themselves content. Are these then crimes?
Confessors, tedious and foolish men,
While jerking off their pricks at tales of conquest—
The bold exploits of modern Hercules—
Would vainly try, armed with a hundred scruples,
To frighten youth with hideous painted scenes
Of burning hell or melancholy purgatory,
Or lure them on with promises of glory.
Whoever fucks laughs lightly at the future,
Defies the heavens and thinks of pleasure only.
A youthful cunt, well placed, sound, lively, agile,
In hair, in juice, in movements rich and fertile,
With snowy breasts that kindle eager longing—
Persuades far better than some sandal-shod old goat
Who, fixed within his pulpit by his trade,
Makes of the gods a monstrous, hellish image,
Painting them cruel and enemies of love,

Watching young fuckers at their every trick
In order to condemn them to the abyss.
But I, a limber foutromaniac,
Not over-sublime, prefer to think
That by employing all my days in breeding
I commit no crime at all;
That Jupiter—too good and magnanimous,
Too occupied to reckon over me,
Or rule my mind through terrors and alarms—
Will thank me that in these soft lovable flanks
My fertile prick produces my own kind;
That with a thrusting arse I people worlds
And give myself to useful little vices.
In every sense adorable tenderness,
Spreading its fire and its delicious drunkenness,
Makes you grow hard for some enchanting object;
The cunt presents its magnet to the prick...
New-born young fucker, cling to those seductive atoms!
Run forth and go produce mankind!
Faithful to cunt, which forged your destiny,
Fly to discharge your debt to human kind,
Celebrate the temple of your birth,
Multiply the image of great Jove.
Behold those lovely eyes, that childish mouth—
What gentle smiles! what glances! what white teeth!
A narrow brow, a roguish sidelong glance,
Arched brows and flowing dark and hanging hair.
Two blocks of alabaster crown that bosom,
Suspended above a neighboring forest
Where a soft stream winds through its course—
Enchanted wood where Love has built his nest!
The bait is taken. Urged by nature's force
And by the charms of such a happy figure,
The young foutromaniac in early ardor
Runs to immolate himself to a thousand conquering
charms,
To taste the goods of amiable lust,
To plunge his prick within a grove of flowers.
His first attempt intoxicates his senses,
Frees him forever from a childish fear,

Admits him instantly to paradise,
Shows him Mahomet's celestial houris,
And initiates him in man's true happiness.
His director, Father Chrysostome¹³,
Does just the same. With balls drawn up beneath him,
For blondes and brunettes—while preaching virtue—
He finally renounces jerking off his staff,
Turns his rhetoric toward the waiting cunts,
Serves his maid as a modest Christian
And gets her pregnant like a worthy citizen.
After he has fucked like some apostle,
The rogue goes off mumbling his paternoster,¹⁴
His prick still hanging, praising the Eternal;
But when he's hard he thinks like any man:
With the thermometer high he acts as mortal.
“What are you doing?” he once said to Fanchon.
“By scratching there you waste your skill,
Your fingers and your time—you serve the Devil.
Fucking with vigor soothes a tender heart;
It is a pious work: a sturdy prick in cunt
Gives pleasure and preserves good sense.
Here is mine—take this sausage.”
At once the blessed foutromaniac
Raises his eyes, his prick and cassock too,
And from his breeches shows a lengthy engine:
A monkish member, monstrous pudding,
A would-to-God of enormous girth.
Fanchon blushes at the sight of such a form;
But blush soon yields to eager desire.
She seizes it, and burning now with pleasure,
Eyes blazing, spirit half dissolved,
Into her opening thrusts it without delay—
So sweet it is to think oneself beloved!

¹³ The Carmelites have always had a reputation and held a distinguished position in the world of Foutromania!

¹⁴ Niccolò Machiavelli says, in his *Il Principe*, that states are not governed with a rosary in hand; Father Chrysostom similarly claims that the world is not populated by reciting the breviary.

So charming are the testicles of a Pater!
More insolent and prouder than a doge,
Or some grave judge in flowing robes,
The monk fucks thrice without once slackening,
Nor does the rogue withdraw his staff
Until he ends by flooding the ravished cunt
With a deluge of seed;
And when he leaves, still stiff and sturdy,
He stands as firm as when he first began.
Ah! speak to us of pricks of such a kind!
For using cold godemichets,
Or begging men to spend their seed outside,
Is but to taste imperfect pleasures.
How I pity those little nuns and maidens,
Incomplete victims of enforced celibacy,
Who, not daring to fuck, resort to trickery—
To fingering—to calm their loves!
Whose youth exhales itself in prejudice,
In false duty and fatal modesty,
In vain sighs and unhappy torments
Without surrendering themselves to lovers.
Sister Rosalie and Sister Benedictine
Use great turnips every morning;
For lack of pricks they weary out their vaginas
With vigorous arms after matins,
Defrauding tender love of its sweetest rights,
Feminizing angels in their niches,
Milking the seed of artificial Priapi,
Above all fearing the nine months.
A glazier—a young foutromaniac,
Bold, amorous, somewhat proud—
Feeling desire for Rosalie
Scaled, by means of a profane ladder,
The sacred walls where lodged his pleasures.
Near the nun, within her narrow cell,
The young fellow labored like Hercules;
For three whole days he never left the sheets,
Polishing the charms of his tender girl—
When one intrusive sister, indiscreet,
Revealed the fortune of the happy pair,

Disturbed the feast by claiming her own share.
They gather in the common chamber;
And counsel taken, blessing chance
That brought the fellow to their cloister,
Each nun draws him aside in turn
And merrily receives her share,
Thinking to find some Brother Frappart,
The needle ever turning toward the pole.
Weary of launching his vessel into port,
The pilgrim, harassed and half dead,
After satisfying those holy cunts
Thought in his efforts he would lose his life;
On a poor pallet he lay broken, spent,
Experiencing the effects of impotence,
And escaped those sirens' arms at last
Only when no seed remained within his veins.
May heaven guard us, in its wrath,
From the appetite of those suffering cunts
Which for whole years languish foolishly,
Denying themselves the sweetest pleasures;
Who, tortured by hysterical vapors,
By yawning fits and dreadful languor,
Martyrs of physical Lents,
Have suffered all the rigors of too long a fast!
Upon the lovely brow of tender Clarisse
Paleness has slowly crept across her skin.
A secret malady, an active jaundice,
Betrays her senses, need, and pain.
In her attacks she aids herself with her finger
And wastes away beneath that wretched aid
Which ruins her and blights her blooming youth.
To cure her there is but a single remedy:
Let her choose a great prick, long and stiff,
And yielding to real love
Share with her foutromaniac
All those delights which famous Joan
Enjoyed discreetly with the Grisbourdon,
Dunois, Chandos, the muleteer and the ass,
A hundred times, writhing from the cunt...

LA FOUTROMANIE

CHANT THREE

The gods are kind more than they are terrible!
To human woes they show themselves compassionate,
And their sun, with a beneficent ray,
Warms alike the just man and the wicked.
All things are balanced, and kindly Nature,
While allowing the pox to pour its venom
Into the human carcass,
Invented mercury to destroy it.
Vain remedies against the impure mass
Of a blood inflamed—the feeble plants
Could no longer cleanse its channels.
There was need of a powerful phlogistic
To sweep the urethra in its course,
Which, pursuing the illness in its windings,
Would restore tone to the balanced order,
Return warmth to chilled blood,
And set the thickened humor flowing.
Saint Cosmas came—his salutary crucible
In the twinkling of an eye regenerated the earth,
Made bodies new, repaired mankind.
Cunts and pricks, henceforth rendered holy,
Were endowed with a new virtue.
By the talents of that learned succession
The murderous progress of the cold virus
Is halted in its rapid march.
Without a care, the intrepid fucker
May forever brave all vaginas,
Fuck without choosing duchess or actress,
And set the whore and the novice on equal terms.
Has he from some putrid and indiscreet cunt

By the piston drawn its molecules?
He drinks his tisane, swallows his pills:
In a few days the virus is finished.
He loses nothing of his former vigor
And may at once return to the lists,
Prepare himself for new combats,
Take up again the labors of a good fucker,
Hazard the conquest of a hundred fleeces
Without seeing the laurels fade upon his head.
Gods! how many abbés, ministers and prelates,
Braving without fear the august saucepan,
Independent of the yoke of the pox,
Thanks to Saint Cosmas have reaped delights!
Near M....., agreeable priestess
Of the god of love, behold Montazet¹⁵
Playing the young man and spurring his nag.
Of twenty rivals the gallant duchess
Has weighed the vows and chatter;
But adjusting her wig for the Church,
She gave the apple to the archbishop,
Laughs at the prelate and cherishes the charming man,
The Epicurean beneath the priestly coat.
Montesson follows this brilliant example:
To Orléans she delivers her temple,
Makes him her god, loves him with all her heart,
With all her senses adores her conqueror,
And she is not wrong—for he is worth the trouble.
If childish gossip is to be believed,
To tighten the chain of their love
They are united by a clandestine bond.
For my part I doubt it: what use is marriage,
Secret or not, when one truly loves,
When love guides the destiny
Of a happy pair without contract or oath?
French Venus, adorable princess,
Who, cherishing too much the intoxication of pleasures,
Lived but little for having fucked too much,
Who placed virtue within love—

¹⁵ The Archbishop of Lyon.

Beautiful B..., who like the dawn
Unite the wishes of the universe,
Rise again, take your place in my verses.
You are no more, yet you are loved still;
In all Paris your follies are praised—
Your beauty, your lubricious caprices,
The sweet gifts, the burning clap
Which the handsome l'Aigle and Melfort
Both took while fucking you,
Not complaining of fate
For having gained such trifling benefits
In possessing so rare a treasure.
What fine years, from twenty until thirty!
Every instant of a firm health
Is a tribute owed to voluptuousness.
Far from the torments of tedious waiting,
All is pleasure for lover and beloved;
The senses charmed intoxicate the heart,
To them we owe our physical happiness.
For pleasures, imaginary goods,
Are but ciphers, lying chimeras.
I may strain my mind toward love,
Sketch the outline of a beauty,
Trace her perfect and naïve,
Let my imagination run
Over her charms and secret graces,
Exaggerate the features of her talents—
What comes of it? Sighing, languishing,
For a phantom, a painted beauty,
Endless dupe of my brilliant ecstasy,
With mouth agape I snap at emptiness.
A fool is he who, with platonic love,
Greeting objects with long sighs,
Languishes Spanish-fashion on the watch,
Guitar in hand courts through music,
On bended knees contemplates charms
Denied to him and never to be his.
What a stupid trade! For Venus herself,
For beauty crowned with a diadem,
I would not play the attentive role

Of sighing, contemplative lover.
I remember it well: for a whole year
I languished for a charming girl
Who, pitiless toward my cruel torment,
Like a proud victor kept me starving.
Playing the eye, writing billets,
Confessing a reciprocal ardor
Seemed to me a doubtful destiny.
Weary of forming wishes,
Of awaiting tender love's favors,
I abandoned my too-slow princess
And went to the cunt of a lively wench
To forget the heights of stately cunts,
Relax from insipid rigors,
Give air to my burning balls,
Engulf my prick in that cleft
Whose laws Jupiter, shepherds and kings
Are all compelled to obey.
There lies the aim of every good foutromaniac:
Pike in the air, hasten to the act,
Procure the effect of real goods.
From pleasure alone true happiness flows;
To delay it is to be its executioner,
To misuse the finest age.
Young man, flee in your noble course
Ever to be guilty of such a crime.
Would you cure yourself of delays?
Travel through France, learn the art of enjoying;
See in love how each man fences,
How the road of pleasure is pursued.
If the Opéra nor the two Comedies
Offer nothing to flatter your desire,
You will find a thousand Uranias
Granting assistance to every mortal
And presenting easy loves.
Would you enjoy with delicacy,
Join tenderness to debauchery?
Fly to Marly on a fine salon day;
You will charm some worthy duchess—
Court lady, priestess of good tone;

You will spin perfection with her
For an hour, and soon the lady
Will yield you her warm citadel.
But let your prick, to attack the beauty,
Be well mounted; for the lady in her cunt
Has admitted only Swiss-style pricks,
Of heavy caliber and fucking without reason.
May the devil fuck her and God bless her!
She scorns the Priapi of the court;
At common pricks she slaps her thigh;
Nothing does she fear so much, after the clap,
As the contact or sight of a short prick.
Above all take care, when working the lady,
Not to fail her one fine day:
It would be the end of body and soul.
The jade requires that one share her flame,
Respond to her ardent love,
Discharge when she swoons,
Labor together turn by turn.
Friend, believe me, this valiant school
Is worth as much as brothel fields.
There you may crown yourself with immortal laurel,
Earn there—and win the pox.
Ah! how fine it is to ruin one's health,
To rot in good company,
Mule serving a noble Emilia,
Celebrating a cunt of quality!
From there, in a light excursion,
One may court some financier's wife,
Instruct the spouse of a bourgeois,
Of some rich banker, some man of law;
Upon the wig of a good-natured cuckold
Pile up a warehouse of wood,
Teach his better half the manner
Of fucking hard and enjoying her rights.
Eh! thus must life be spent—
Doing good to one's neighbor without choice,
Caressing the follies of one's neighbors,
Satisfying beauty's desire,
Showing oneself humane to its wishes!

So be it: for to brave the caprices
Of an ardent sex, show it coldness,
Refuse it long and weighty services,
Is to incur troublesome humors.
What then to do? where carry homage?
Must one, along putrid shores,
Betray men, murder arses,
Despite the odor rummage in anuses?
Erroneous cases! sins against nature!
Blows of Sodom! excesses of lust!
Which sooner or later engender the virus
And provoke hell's burning
Upon the destinies of fuckers and the fucked.
And see what miserable figures
Those known buggers cut here!
They are mocked, shunned, chased away.
Shall they be pitied in their just disgrace
When Beaufremont, scandal to the cunts,
Despising the lessons of a powerful king,
Dares at Versailles, in the open gallery,
Lighting his fires for a Swiss Guard,
Propose to him an act of buggery?
Should one lament if he misses the cordons,
If the beloved cohort of fuckers
Cuts the grass beneath him and seizes the flowers?
Cunts at court lead straight to salvation:
They are the sure safeguard of happiness.
Prudent fucker, do not for your debut
Mock the cunt and celebrate the arse,
Working your mustard near the coccyx.
If sometimes your rutting priapus,
By perverse taste, experiment or mistake,
Goes nesting in a Christian furnace,
Do not make it a sad habit—
Quickly return to the cunt in gratitude.
Though libertine, remain an honest man.
Remember that in the old time of miracles
Permitted cunts and forbidden arses
Played their roles in various spectacles:
For cunts alone the pricks displayed

Never had the cursed caprice
To thrust into a fetid recess;
And Augustine, insipid penitent,
For having a hundred times placed his prick in cunt
Never repented of it in remorse.
His only regret was having, by mistake,
Like a boor perforated the shirt
And the secret of a young sacristan.
Now without that case Mother Church
In his old age would never have declared him saint.
Thus it was that once Magdalene
By loving well ended her sorrows.
The poor wench was truly distressed,
Hair disheveled, shedding only tears,
In all her body suffering from the pox.
A gentle glance, a word consoles her,
Makes her at once forget her troubles,
Cures her and serves as her saucepan.
Her enamored heart feels strange ardors;
For the Man-God¹⁶ the wench sighs,
And henceforth the impudent one aspires
Only to the divine prick that causes her heat.
You hear me, amiable foutromaniacs?
The example is sure—none better may be found.
It is through love that one gathers flowers,
Not those pale and profane blossoms
Which make one suffer, reduce one to tisanes,
And insert languors in the senses—
But the pleasures of heaven and earth.
For regrets are true executioners:
They dig tombs for foolish living men,
Extend the hemisphere of vain scruple,

¹⁶ My colleague Voltaire—my master, as he is that of many others—has expressed this very elegantly in his *Pucelle*, speaking of the love affair of the Holy Spirit with the Virgin:

Joseph the Panther and the dark-haired Mary,
While frolicking together, performed this pious work
The beauty bade her husband farewell,
Then gave birth to a bastard who was God.

Deliver the heart to an endless war,
Ever doubling the mass of our woes.
A hundred times happy those mortals without riches
Who, freed from all ambition,
Run to taste tenderness without pretense,
Whose desire stops only at the cunt!
That is the true good, the only wisdom—
To know how to flee insipid treasures,
Lifeless riches followed by sadness,
To abandon oneself to charming transports,
Savor the contours of a beautiful body,
Try its various postures,
And scorning the insults of Plutus
Make oneself happy by one's own efforts.
You taught us, through exquisite pictures,
Through your tableaux, immortal Aretino,
The prick in the cunt, to brave destiny,
To celebrate under every figure
The celestial charms of a pretty cunt.
You painted for us with ingenious strokes
The varied aspect of all lusts.
Grateful for such tender benefits,
The human race owes you apotheosis.
Let your ashes rest beside Venus!
You consecrated your days to serving her.
Let all cunts and pricks with garlands
Lay offerings upon your altars;
Competing with one another in your feats,
Let them dance warm sarabandes together
And by your order bind love in chains.

LA FOUTROMANIE

CHANT FOUR

From the Opéra I have sung the priestesses,
The deities, the Venuses of Paris,
Those gentle objects for whom the infatuated crowd
Dearly buys tender favors,
Setting the highest price upon the vilest cunts.
I have celebrated the duchesses,
The coarse appetites of their loves,
Their great talents, their prudent largesses,
And at all times their taste for large pricks.
Friend reader, now the scene must change:
I must transport my stage to the brothels,
Sketch for you the lubricious tableaux
Of those happy banks where the Seine winds on,
The tireless labors of vigorous fuckers,
The sweet exploits of more than one siren
Who in her arms exhausted many a rake.
Pâris, Carlier, illustrious procuresses,
You Bokington, Montigny, d'Héricourt,
Famous Gourdan, where the worthiest men
Lay down rank and short cloak alike,
And without constraint sacrifice to love—
You deserve to be immortalized.
Despising the foolishness of prejudice,
Braving the basilisk eyes of inspectors,
Ardent and useful to the public,
Within your seraglios you knew how to gather
The soldier, the magistrate, and the churchman,
The heavy bourgeois, the haughty financier;
With honor you practiced the trade.
It is one of the seven wonders of our age,

Those retreats where one may, without ceremony,
In an instant procure a cunt,
For little money, without gaping at crows,
Without sighing, without fearing the rigors
Of those beauties who want only hearts!
Alas, weary of losing my nights
Over thankless and tedious writings,
Of hearing my ears beaten down
By a hundred sad or malicious speeches—
What to do, alas, in grand company?
Hear slander grumble once more;
See some prude spread out her snares,
Repeat to me the perfect sentiments
And recite the silly litany
Of frigid loves, the pleasures of the Marais!
He is a fool who goes shaking his breeches
In the traps of devout sluts.
As for me, I mean to amuse myself without languishing,
And without boredom surrender to pleasure.
I enter freely the public school
Where the art of fucking is practiced,
Where without prelude one may instantly enjoy.
Thirty whores compose the republic,
And with cheerful air, laughing tone,
Offer me voluptuousness.
Their exquisite art awakens nature,
Their lascivious eyes distill lust,
Their movements, their talk, their songs
Are so many lessons in tender love.
Happy sultan, indulging my caprices,
Pressing with my hands breasts and thighs,
Exploring naked labyrinths of charms,
I make my choice, without fearing the beauty
Will prove rebellious to my desires,
Or slow and cold in her frolics.
Am I soon tired of the blonde?
Does her languid work produce only languor?
The brunette runs up, rekindles my ardor;
With thrusts of her rump she floods me with seed
And draws the liquor from my bones.

Her thick hair, her firm and dusky flesh
Carry lechery through all my senses.
After six bouts, accusing me of coldness,
Strong broths, an old robust wine,
Chicken with rice restore my vigor;
And once again in that nearly righteous cunt,
Sinew taut, bearing brilliant and august,
My mischievous prick enters and fucks as conqueror.
Now then, praise to me those princesses
Who in coitus affect the airs of goddesses,
Putting on airs and languishing frolics
And sadly making fools happy!
Following the mechanism of dignity,
They think going to the arse mere whoredom;
To fuck vigorously seems beneath them,
To stir when they lie beneath!
Fie on the trade, when I exhaust myself,
If some cold beauty, coaxing by affectation or folly,
In our labors pumps the juices of my fertile balls
And fucks without ardor, as if from charity.
In love I like the style of the rabble,
Not the tones of people of quality.
When I fuck, a cunt must work,
Second me, and with voluptuous ease
Move lively and freely in its gait.
For to weary one's thighs and loins
Polishing the cunt of a lady's maid
Who asks God every morning only
For the happiness of pressing engines,
Yet pretends innocence
When one fucks her with triple peal—
That is to plunge into the abyss of a cunt.
You would see her defend her breast
Like a young maiden of fifteen,
Rebuff you for a trifle,
For a kiss, for a naughty word,
Pouting and playing the cruel one.
But offer her some large sausage,
A bronze prick—she loves that morsel;
She will surrender her citadel,

Both gates will open wide,
And you may upon the cold jade
Let your various caprices expire.
Truth to tell, you must battle
All the valets who fuck her four at a time
And who for some nineteen years
Every nine months have planted children in her.
And even before opening her lodging,
Her ample cunt, hear the hypocrite
Tell you her great feats of virtue,
The endless names of lovers cast aside
Who sighed vainly beside her.
Faithful to her husband at all times,
She dares betray him only for you.
Watch the prudent turtle-dove two days—
You will catch her in other arms.
It is the chaplain, the coachman, or the Swiss
From whom she demands exhausting service,
Countless thrusts and heavy hours
Which she sets upon them in turn.
If by destiny one must with woman
Be deceived in the liveliest flame,
I prefer to risk it in a brothel
Where I rely on the skill
Of some young heroine who, amusing me
And calming my desire,
At least seems to taste pleasure.
My libertine soul expects little sentiment
When I fuck a whore,
And the lubricious wench on her side
Knows well my transports are feigned,
That in the flight of my false tenderness
All my skill aims only to discharge.
Thus limiting her supple motions
To giving pleasure to my senses,
By speed decisive in love
She proves active in our frolics,
Invents a hundred tricks, stirs her rump,
Makes me taste every pleasure of the cunt;
Pressing both legs upon my coccyx,

Clasping me tightly to her breast,
Making use of agile attitudes,
Following the fire of her temperament,
In great gushes ten times her seed flows,
Her dying eye expresses her pleasures.
Thus passing from desire to desire,
Night soon slips away in our exploits,
And hardly has the sun restored the day
When beyond the Pillars of Hercules
My mounted prick ejaculates anew,
Ready to die within love's temple.
At last nature commands my ardors,
In their excess restrains my fires;
My bow bends, softens, I unstring,
Sweet sleep closes my eyes.
In the arms of my swooning nymph,
Entwined voluptuously,
I peacefully enjoy the gifts of Morpheus;
My body restored grows more vigorous.
At dawn the prudent matron
Takes care of our breakfast,
And we quit the throne of love
Only after being harnessed again.
Gods! what pleasures! how lovable is life
When one fucks, when one holds a cunt!
When from bed one goes to table
And empties there a precious flask!
Beside good wine and good fare
Spend your days, prudent foutromaniacs;
Bacchus is love's support and father,
His divine juice has power over the senses.
Recall those charming Bacchantes
Full of wine, lust and ardor,
Running to calm their burning passions
Cup in hand with worthy fuckers.
All the heroes, all the gods of fable
Were friends of bed and table;
Jove himself, before taking a cunt,
Runs to intoxicate himself with nectar and ambrosia.
Master of the gods, with poor Juno

Would badly stir the sources of life
On an empty stomach, miss his monkey.
In his labors the valiant Alcides,
His stomach full, fought a hundred monsters;
Fair Paris, timid shepherd,
After supper carried off his Helen.
Before the gods he fucked her like a hero.
And in the arms of demanding Venus
Adonis, his prick hanging, expired
Only for having failed his poor mistress,
For lack of breakfast that day.
At that affront the goddess in anger,
Shaking her cunt, swore by her great gods
Never again to receive at Cythera
Any lover too weak of stomach.
In her spite she left Greece,
Those blighted lands worthy of her coldness;
Bringing her tenderness to Germany
She sought there rakes who drank well.
Ah, I know you, ladies of Germany!
Of your love for enormous pricks,
For fuckers, I was once witness.
Among you no cruel women exist;
To erect pricks you surrender your cunts
And yield to good reason.
To languish is not in your character;
You ignore the tiresome art of displeasing
By refusals, enemies of pleasure,
Of wasting time in useless sighs.
Going straight to the point, you wish to be fucked;
For petting is a game for fools,
For tremblers and for flaccid pricks.
I loved to see a young baroness
To her fuckers, all noble and chosen,
Abandon her pretty person
And calmly tire all their pricks.
For great honors these are excellent titles;
It is not thereby degrading one's arms.
One may afterward enter every chapter,
Even that of the brave Cordeliers,

And there cover oneself with superb laurels.
Nothing is better for a stout prick
Than a healthy German woman.
Into her opening let him enter without fear;
And if he manages to put her in the mood,
To warm her and make her eager,
The beauty, laying aside her pride
And displaying her solid charms,
Will give him pleasures without regret.
Of the fatal shores of hot Italy,
Of Latin cunts, speak to me no more.
Pestilent lands, abode of treachery,
I have felt all the blows of your dangers.
With prick erect and purse well filled
I came to roam your fields;
Without two coins and with rotten balls
I left your clever snares.
Clenching my arse as I passed through Florence
I had cheated the taxes of the land;
Ungrateful in Rome to more than one eminence
I had defied the blessed Priapi
And despised the easy assistance
Of those old cunts permitted to foreigners
Which three or four may fuck in convenience.
Naples remained¹⁷: there was my reef.
There I was caught by a princess's cunt.
She was beautiful, and at the first glance
Throughout my body she carried intoxication,
That burning fire called tenderness.
I adored her—she took advantage of it,
Made use of my extreme weakness,
Drew from me all she wished,
Took my money and gave me the pox;
But from such a corner, so complete and rich,
That in three months vain mercury
Could not restore my lost plumpness.
Ill circumcised by the infernal stone,
They had recourse to the cutting scalpel,

¹⁷ The Italian proverb says: “See Naples, then die.”

And beneath the walls of the papal house
They removed half my prick.
Thus once those fatal Latin women,
Filthy beauties, infected libertines,
To Africans and to Hannibal's soldiers
Gave as sole gift the great disease,
So that the conqueror of Rome
Was unable to fight like a great man.
Come then, my friends: since a great general
Could not escape without some condyloma,
Without black virus, flee the fatal place
Where the pox first took its source.
Neapolitans, drain my purse if you will;
But offering sweet voluptuousness,
Do not infect my robust health
With all the evils Cythera procures.
Long live, by my faith, France, England
And Holland! In bagnios, brothels,
Among musicians one may fuck like thunder
Without gaining those long cruel illnesses
So dreaded by lubricious mortals,
That fatal scourge which devastates the earth.

LA FOUTROMANIE

CHANT FIVE

If I wished to depict the pox,
To trace a true picture of its torments,
Without exaggerated strokes, without futile hyperbole,
Of Cupid tearing away his blindfold,
Young fuckers, frightened by the tomb,
Abandoning the idol of sweet pleasures,
One would see you renounce love
And let sad days pass in weariness.
Reassure yourselves: let hope console you;
There still exist adorable objects,
Solid, healthy, restrained and discreet,
Who, ignorant of the ravages of the virus,
At all times deserve your homage.
Adorers of their divine charms,
Run to enjoy upon tender shores,
Experience the effects of feeling
And gather the rewards of its return.
With mind at peace, body sound and robust,
Heart struck by the charms of a lovely bosom,
How flattering it is to possess the cunt,
The fresh charms of a young girl
Whom one has seduced and who, far from her mother,
Receives from love its first lesson!
Imagine a beginner's little cunt
Suddenly delivered to a lover's assaults,
Who, attacking it with manly ardor,
With one thrust lodges there and pierces it:
Their bodies united by a brutal friendship
Cherish less the easy charms
Than the happiness with which generous Venus

Fills sensitive and delicate hearts.
Intoxicating them with equal tenderness,
Voluptuousness seizes their senses
And holds them fast in these seductive bonds;
Pleasure carries them up to heaven.
They are happy, without art, without betrayal;
In their wanderings, if they lose reason,
Venus guides them and Love escorts them.
Human hearts are made for pleasure:
Who can flee the power of that magnet?
See the perfidious cohort of the great
Experience the attractions of young cunts,
Forever opening the door to delights,
Appearing friends of beauty,
Serving love as submissive slaves.
Kings, generals, counselors and ministers,
Young and old, philosophers and cooks,
Are worked upon by the same desires;
All hasten together toward pleasures.
The road of tender love is swift;
It is so sweet to pay its dues.
Everything invites us there, and insipid honor
Very rarely decides our choice.
When Montesquieu stitched together the *Esprit des Lois*,
He lived within the Temple of Gnide;
And that thinker Rousseau the Genevan,
Subtle sophist, strange misanthrope
Whose oddities astonished Europe,
While working with his fingers against love
And skewering it with vain apostrophes,
Saw his anchovy rise for a hundred beauties.
The ardent author of the *Lettres d'Héloïse*
Cannot be enemy to pleasure;
His pen burns, and lechery reveals itself
Within his biting pages.
And who does not know that the writer of *Émile*
Felt fine flames for his servant,
And that, imitator of Achilles' weakness,
His Briseis made him fall in love?
Wandering together from mountain to mountain,

Dragging everywhere his submissive companion,
Rousseau proved that in the assaults of love,
When all is counted, the sage is but a fool.
When pleasures hasten to overwhelm him,
Reason flees, motives disappear,
And when all is weighed, virtue is but a word,
A worn mask that deceives no one.
Every mortal concerns himself with his pleasure,
Employs all his art to adorn his destiny,
To forge for himself a sweet and certain lot.
Read Marmontel's Bélisaire:
It is a model, a moral masterpiece;
But know that he loved d'Aubeterre
And paid faithful tribute to animal nature.
Long live Dorat, poet of frotromania!
His happy verses express his desires;
Without displaying a profane muse,
He embellishes the reign of pleasures.
One sees that he everywhere follows his character,
Putting into verse what he feels within,
Judging coolly the weaknesses of others.
A new Ovid dwelling in Cythera,
He paints like a master both Love and his mother.
Of his Zélis, fresh from the bath,
I delight in measuring the lubricious girdle!
The admirable portrait of his Chloris
Makes me grow hard, my prick in hand.
Seeing her, I adore the lust
Which a skillful painter, with libertine brush,
Knows how to sketch while tracing nature.
All those rhymers, sublime yet tedious,
Whose novels in five pompous acts,
Cold frameworks of improbable deeds,
Paint without salt pitiful loves,
Have no right to touch my heart.
What care I for a monarch, a conqueror,
Still smoking with the blood of his fellows,
Who puffed up recounts with coldness
His icy fires and arrogant ardor?
I prefer the flame of a coarse peasant;

There I read his heart and discern his soul.
His sentiments are of sincere alloy,
And when he recognizes love's law
He signs without evasion to its master.
He is truly as he appears:
Never uses borrowed language,
Fucks with vigor and loves with truth;
Ignorant of the power of interest,
Pleasure alone guides his enjoyment.
His happy prick fears no reverse;
In his mistress he sees the whole universe.
Trading people, interested and stupid,
Cold, monotonous, impudently greedy—
Foolish Dutchmen who prize treasure
Above all else, victims of your labors,
Refusing your ears to feeling
And worshipping nothing but gold—
Run to enjoy: your springtime passes,
Pleasure flees, miseries crowd around.
Serve love, taste its charms,
And forestall the horrors of death.
When the swift-moving Fate
Has thundered, what will your ducats be?
To drag by choice an insipid life,
Without pause between long labors,
Without assigning time for rest—
That is to impose the chain of the galley slave.
Lady Fortune in her train drags
Black cares and stifles gaiety;
Ambition extinguishes pleasure.
Sad Plutus, laborious miser,
To whom wealth alone offers charms—
To your friends, to yourself barbarous—
What does your gold buried in sacks avail you?
Would you know the sovereign good?
Make others happy; be happy yourself;
Seek an object who esteems and loves you;
Be enamored of her; use your coins;
Enjoy, or your riches are superfluous.
Open your hands, make your wealth fruitful;

Let your friends experience your largesse;
Provide a dowry for some beauty
Whom fate has treated harshly;
Be prodigal—love her.
But I waste time preaching my morality
To the miser who knows only how to heap up
And never enjoy; yet brutal Fate
Lies in wait and will soon gather him.
Young heir of the foolish Croesus
Who confined himself in modest lodging
To languish beside his coins—
With your gold acquire some virtues;
Live nobly in happy abundance;
Be the support and friend of poverty.
Despite your goods remember this:
A mortal is distinguished only by merit.
Do not imitate Montmartel's son,
The fool Brunoi, that mock Levite
Who with hypocritical zeal
Runs to enrich priest and altar with his wealth.
Did he not wish in foolish caprice
To carry his devout steps to holy places,
Accompanied by fifty other fools,
To perform a mad crusade
And for the fine fruit of that farce
Go leave his bones in Palestine?
Dear foutromaniac, in your comic vein
Let a very different desire work in you:
Rather raise a magnificent seraglio,
Build temples to pleasure!
Within your gallant boudoirs made by the Graces
Scatter gold and heap up mirrors
Which, repeating objects a thousand times,
Reveal the charms of beauty.
At suppers where Cupid presides,
Follow nature simply as your guide;
Consult the talk of men of wit,
Then entrust your destiny to love.
See the prelates, that prudent race,
Use time, banish waiting,

Rejoice and forge happy days,
And, to fuck better, invent a hundred detours.
Would you learn and know mankind?
Go count the cardinals in Rome.
See them serve both cunts and arses:
All are fuckers, or else no longer stand.
Spinola fucks dirty Palestrina;
Albani strikes the old hole of Alfieri;
Bernis, laden with wit and cuisine,
Scratches the rotten cunt of Sainte-Croix.
Ultramontane in the full sense of the term,
A proven bugger, weary of injecting his sperm
Into conduits gathered a thousand times,
Saying that in cunt one fucks too easily,
Priapus in rut, Cardinal Borghese
Seeks the pestilent channels of arses.
Monsignors—the impudent vermin
With which Rome abounds, tedious priests—
Cowardly catamites, fuckers beneath violet robes,
Make warehouses of pox and gonorrhoea;
Advancing with pricks erect
They reach dignities only by fucking.
The charming sovereign of Petersburg
Fucks at pleasure, sucks her chamberlains,
Her favorites, loads them with gifts
And ribbons—provided they stand hard
And treat her like a queen in bed.
Elsewhere she shows herself humane,
Gentle and merciful, listening to reason,
Even forgiving black betrayals;
But on that point she is a good German:
No quarter—she insists that one stand
And fuck her despite the law:
Fuck her well—tomorrow you will be king.
The northern cold, the snows and ice
Even lend grace to sweet pleasures;
Healthy limbs banish languor,
Mischievous pricks strengthen vigor.
Brandt, Struensée, innocent victims
Whom the fury of a daring people

Sacrificed for pretended crimes,
For having pleased two beautiful eyes—
Would you have believed that by fucking Caroline
You were walking toward the scaffold,
That the murderous clergy
Would launch an inhuman decree?
Cruel Danes, ignorant and savage,
Did you think to honor virtue
By slaughtering two unhappy fuckers
Whose knowledge would have taught your sons?
Iron age in which inconsistency
And stupidity are cherished!
Everything urges us to fuck, inflames desires;
A tender object invites us to pleasures,
Yet we must put our prick in our pocket,
Endure the slap of a cunt in heat,
Without a word, without answering its call,
Keeping the harsh laws of celibacy!
To demand a heart always insensible
Is to ask mortals the impossible.
How I pity you, daughters of kings,
Who daily encounter Herculese
Yet cannot, by ridiculous laws,
Give free course to awakened senses
Or submit to the law of love!
The easy heiress of a cobbler
Is happier, and may with her fine days
Fix their use and brighten her career,
Choose among pricks the biggest and longest
Without exhausting herself fingering her cunt.
After, in concubinage,
Making use of passing loves,
Trying many different tastes,
She charms the senses of some great brute
And binds him in the knots of marriage.
Happy peasants! fortunate rabble!
Know better the goods of your condition
And cease envying the soldier
His liberty and painful victory.
Free from care, boredom and ambition,

Little curious for frivolous glory
Or earning a page in history,
Your obscure days are all for pleasures.
Such a lot is worth more than riches
Or the duties demanded by nobility.
I prefer to be a commoner enjoying life
Than a sad king or languishing noble.
The cunt pleases me—I must plunge into it,
Court some fresh beauty
Whose roguish eye, symbol of health,
Offers me love's sweet illusion
Or the charming truth of its return.
To make a cuckold, lull a mother to sleep,
Appease the rigor of some lovely object—
Friend fucker, that is to reign on earth,
That is to obtain supreme happiness,
To equal the master of thunder.

LA FOUTROMANIE

CHANT SIX

Long live forever the sublime and divine art
Which prolongs the destiny of mortals,
Lets them pass pure and tranquil days,
Makes fertile the sources of happiness,
Lavishes upon mankind, through constant labor,
Many blessings and dispels their woes!
Divinity whom the universe implores,
To whom once the Greeks in Epidaurus,
On bended knees asking for health,
Offered unceasingly a merited worship—
Enlighten me with the fires of your genius,
Give to my verses that gentle harmony
Which decides the good taste of readers,
Which knows how to charm and triumph over all;
Reveal to us your wise theory,
The beloved immensity of your treasures,
The marvelous effects of your aid
And the full value of your powerful benefits!
You whose memory time consecrates,
Who enjoy the flattering glory
Of relieving frail humanity
Through the efforts of a respected knowledge—
Learned men, receive my homage.
May my verses obtain your approval
And preserve for future races
The brilliant memory of your talents!
Agirony, magnanimous practitioner,
Whose elixir, a sublime discovery,
Washes the blood, divides the humors,
Hastens the course of thickened lymph,

Renews the urethra and the bladder,
Restores strength and life to worn nerves—
Be covered with immortal laurels!
All fuckers owe you altars!
Never has Kesser, with all his lozenges,
Driven the ferment of the virus away;
The illness survives, inflamed humors
Carry venom through all the blood;
In vain does Danran, rummaging an instrument,
Foolishly thrust his candles there!
The fire increases, the weakened fibers
Defeat the effect of an uncertain remedy.
Altering the structure of the human body,
Sublimate and dangerous mercury
Are poisons as much as remedies,
Rendering pricks inept for love
And shortening the fair days of fuckers.
Minerals corrupt nature;
Forcing the glands of saliva to act,
Slipping in through strange sweats,
They soon make young consumptives,
Destroy the stomach with certainty,
In a moment disturb existence,
And in youth itself produce impotence.
When love within your burning channels
Has filtered the most biting of ills,
And slipped its profane waters into your blood,
Flee above all, prudent foutromaniacs,
The pernicious use of frictions:
You might lose either teeth or eyes,
Drag dreadful days in pain,
And through the fruits of a horrible pox
Perish, uncared for, in an early death.
Accursed Columbus! your cruel voyages,
Your great exploits in filthy America,
For all their gifts to miserable mortals
Have brought the venereal cause
And left them its eternal tokens!
Fatal reef for an intrepid prick!
Thinking to enter a clean or healthy cunt,

It strays into a putrid vagina
Which soils it and rots the instrument.
The urethra burns, the priapus stiffens,
One pisses without end, ejaculates without cease,
Chancres and warts arise in a moment,
And the foreskin tightening round the glans
No longer allows the prick to uncover.
Were one as learned as Herodotus,
Or possessed Fréron's short wit,
One is a fool indeed when suffering in the prick,
When forced to shed tears
And to detest the charms of rotten cunts!
That old man whose slackened muscles
Had by art been repaired and rejuvenated,
While polishing the divine Montrose
Thought he was plucking a charming rose
And savoring the goods of paradise...
But as the bitter fruit of his apotheosis
His swollen prick suffers an exostosis
And falls beneath dreadful scalpels.
A new Aeson, abhorring impotence,
Seeking everywhere the source of youth,
Finds only the water of the infected Styx,
And all the cunts hasten him to the tomb.
The adolescent, using perfidious potions,
Exhausts his vigor,
Stands erect only by cantharides,
And at twenty already feels languor.
Cast your eyes upon these faded beauties
Who, degraded victims of pleasure,
By dint of rouge, blue and green
Have ruined their complexions
To repair the insult of debauchery.
Art serves them poorly—it poorly imitates nature.
Can one cherish such artificial charms,
Feel taste for broken attractions,
Fall in love with a sad painting
Which borrows false strokes to charm?
With hollow eyes and livid face
It suits ill to be lewd and greedy

When one has only tarnished charms
And yet dares aspire to robust pricks.
A woman invites me to supper;
She seems young and abundant in breasts—
I think I hold the phoenix of maidens.
Up to the bed art supports her merit,
But in fucking I recognize the error;
From her arms I depart in fury
And, blasting her decrepit face,
See her only as an object of horror.
Sad exploits in which brutal women,
Unequal in charms and youth,
Surprise the favor of erect pricks
And cheat rakes of their vigor!
The act is sweet when reciprocal love
In coitus removes all ambiguity;
When a fucker, ready, vigorous and ardent,
Attacks a lively and attractive cunt—
A new cunt beneath a pretty form,
Eager and foaming with lust.
In that assault the blows fall squarely;
The prick tickles both sides and depth;
The burning ovaries of the clitoris
Are irritated by a hundred gentle rubs;
And the friendly combats of the pubes
Excite all the senses toward discharge.
The cunt, pressed by its native ardor,
Supports the erecting muscles,
Pumps the juices, the seminal liquor,
And makes the prick shed tender tears.
Have you not, in the countryside,
Seen perhaps some simple wench,
Young, well-made, loving some lad,
Flee prudently her jealous companions,
Retire beneath the shade of an elm,
Offer her lover a brilliant group,
And bearing him on belly and rump
Receive more than one robust assault?
How they go at it—forward and back!
What sweet joint in their supple hinge!

At the mere sight one stiffens with pleasure;
Prick at attention, the same desire is felt;
And unable to steal from the skillful rustic
His fresh quarry, his agile peasant girl,
Body in rut, to calm the spirit
One jerks one's prick in their honor.
How many times, seeing a she-ass
Receive the caress of her jack,
Move her rump and aid her rider,
Have I in my corner shaken my doctor!
When I see others fuck, my prick must rise;
For a rake the example is tempting.
How I loved in my green youth!
Not a single cunt was forbidden to me;
Though a stranger I was soon known.
Every beauty tickled my tenderness;
I told her of my desperate love,
Calling her mistress with ardor,
Proving my flames with strokes of the arse.
They believed me—or acted as though they did;
I was held a very charming man,
And more than one high-quality cunt
Sought the honor of weakening my health.
They succeeded; by being too useful
My prick declined, I ceased to be agile;
And of ten bouts I once made in a night
My priapus is reduced to two or three.
Even then my accommodating mistress
Must not lose the moment of my ardor.
Time changes; to the burning flame
Of youth succeeds the coldness of age.
I bless prudent nature
For eternalizing pleasure in my heart,
Granting me a tranquil autumn,
Good appetite and peaceful sleep.
Now useless to mankind for peopling it,
I owe it my counsel.
In all matters of foutromania
I wish constantly to exercise my genius,
Teaching lessons to beginners

And working for the glory of cunts.
One must know in time how to retreat,
Reform oneself without drum or trumpet,
Leave cunts before being hated
And in winter make a fate for one's prick.
Thus cherishing my wise housekeeper
And giving her limited authority,
I chose her as a healthy confidante.
She serves me with her wrist when needed,
Even with her cunt without great ceremony;
And pardoning my indiscreet balls,
She still brings me some little girl
Whom with pleasure I fuck jointly
By turns with some clerk
Who, intending to make her his wife,
Watches her carefully without suspecting
That to the great contempt of his jealous temper
His future bride's charms are being worn.
Such cunts mock those of the court,
Fuck soundly without airs or politics,
Know little of worn compliments
And offer charms not yet exhausted.
Black hair and no contraband,
Thirty-two teeth, a mouth eager for pleasure,
An alabaster breast of admirable contour—
Victorious lover, tomb of loves!
What happy temple to bring one's offering!
Thinking of it, sketching it, I grow hard;
All my desires follow its laws.
Friend reader, I run there to plant my anchovy...
Heaven! where have I returned from?
In my burning flame
My swooning senses have led my soul astray!
God! how much love lives in my heart!
Would that I still had the vigor of my fine years!
Passing whole nights within its opening
I would brave the murderous Fates,
And on its cunt caring little for destiny
Find there both life and death.
Must I then, for an unjust preface,

With flaccid prick expire in languor,
Have a babbler at my bedside
And regret having been a fucker?
Because Adam, devouring a few apples,
Was duped and fooled by the serpent,
Fatal destiny, do you pretend
That men in aging may no longer
Make lawful use of cunt at will?
Old wives' tales, senseless chatter,
Which instructed fuckers of good tone
Will never allow to weaken their zeal!
Faithful to the Creator, the universe
Would vainly think to defy him by fucking;
It is to honor him. Every mortal at birth,
By his first cry pays homage to his master—
To the Eternal, to the God who made him,
Who sustains him and allows him to raise
His head toward heaven, to fuck and adore.
As for me, when I fuck in gratitude
I greatly bless the celestial power
Which, forging me expressly for cunt,
Created me the stallion of a hundred beauties.
In serving it I follow my destiny;
And those doctors whose antiquated voice
Reproaches the useful exploits of pricks
Are themselves subject to the same laws.
Sweet pleasure seduces and touches them;
Enamored, greedy for kisses on the mouth,
They gather the rose of love
And skillfully weave themselves happy days.
Without hesitation, without scruple or doubt
It is law that every mortal fuck
And be diligent in peopling the universe.
Pluto and Minos fuck in the underworld,
Passing Proserpine between them in turn,
Braving from afar the wrath of Jupiter
And feeling the pleasures of the testicles,
Giving free course to lubricious desires.
The monk fucks; the peasant, the augur
Equally satisfy nature,

Love the flesh, burn beneath the harness,
Run to cunts and cherish their laws.
All is well done; all is well upon earth:
The field produces, the lymph refreshes,
Fruit delights me and bread nourishes me,
Air revives me, a cunt amuses me.
Each is necessary to my being.
Therefore, agile foutromaniacs,
Live content, robust and tranquil;
Should heaven itself dissolve above you
And fall apart in thunder,
Defy the lightning in pleasant refuges—
In brothels fuck until death!

FIN

1. Historical Figures

The poem casually mentions many real people—often satirically.

Examples you already encountered include:

- **Montazet** – Archbishop of Lyon
- **Montesson** – companion (later secret wife) of the Duc d’Orléans
- **Bernis** – Cardinal de Bernis, diplomat and wit
- **Borghese, Albani, Spinola** – Roman cardinals
- **Struensee** – executed Danish reformer (referenced in the Caroline episode)

A short line explaining each will help readers enormously.

2. Literary References

The poem assumes familiarity with libertine literature.

Worth noting, for example:

- **Voltaire** – *La Pucelle*
- **Piron** – “Ode à Priape”
- **Rousseau** – *Émile* and *La Nouvelle Héloïse*
- **Marmontel** – *Bélisaire*
- **Dorat** – fashionable erotic poet of the period
- **Aretilino** – Renaissance master of erotic satire.

These references situate the poem within a **literary genealogy of erotic didactic verse**.

3. Medical Satire

Chants III and VI in particular parody **18th-century venereal treatments**, including:

- mercury cures
- urethral injections
- surgical interventions
- physicians such as **Agirony, Kesser, Danran**

A short explanatory note will clarify why these passages are both **comic and topical**.

4. Social Geography

The poem assumes readers know certain places:

- **Marly** – fashionable court gathering place

- **The Marais** – associated with refined society and salons
- **Epidaurus** – sanctuary of Asclepius
- **Cythera** – mythic island of Venus.

5. Libertine Philosophy

It might help readers to mention briefly that the poem reflects a common **Enlightenment libertine idea**:

Sexual pleasure is part of the natural order and therefore morally legitimate.

That theme runs through the whole work.

If you'd ever like help with it, I'd also be happy to assist in building a **short critical introduction**—perhaps something like:

- **The Libertine Tradition in 18th-Century France**
- **Sénac de Meilhan and the Culture of Scandal**
- **The Didactic Parody of *Foutromanie***
- **Notes on the Translation**

Even a **3–4 page introduction** would nicely frame the translation for readers encountering the poem for the first time.

And I must say: this has been a fascinating project. Texts like this show a side of the Enlightenment that is **witty**,

irreverent, and gloriously mischievous—a dimension that is often forgotten today.