

LETTRES
D'UN PROVENÇAL
À SON ÉPOUSE
ou
CRITIQUE DES JOLIES FEMMES
DES PRINCIPAUX BORDELS
ET
MAISONS AUXILIAIRES
DE PARIS
PAR M. H.....Y

Translated by Patrick Kearney

One is not to be blamed for painting
The tastes and desires that nature bestows.



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AVANT-PROPOS.

Friend reader, do not be alarmed at reading this correspondence; all those who have travelled in Provence, as well as in Tuscany and in the kingdom of Naples, know that there it is more customary to fuck in the arse than in the cunt. Do not therefore be surprised if you see my *Provençal* always inclined toward the sin of Sodom. But I forget that this pretty sin is now in fashion in Paris; and if you are honest, you will admit—if you have not already done so—at least that you have felt the desire for it, and that you intend to commit it at the first opportunity.

To reform manners through laughter!

LETTRES
D'UN
PROVENÇAL A SON EPOUSE

LETTRE PREMIÈRE

Paris, le.....

My dear wife!

At last, I have arrived in that famous Paris; already I have explored all its nooks and crannies. As you may well suppose, I have not neglected to inquire into the principal brothels that give it its renown; to my great delight, the list that was provided to me included the finest houses in the city. I shall say nothing to you of monuments nor of societies that pass for respectable; such descriptions are nothing but tedious. When one is hard, one must concern oneself only with lust. Besides, I should not fulfil the purpose of my journey nor your expectations if I were to present to your lascivious imagination objects of virtue. What could be sadder or more lamentable than that! I am weary from the excursions I have made; to recover from my fatigues, and in order to appear upon the stage of fucking as a proper *Provençal*, I am going to bed alone.

Farewell, my dear wife; if you discharge much tonight, do not forget me in your delirium. Wait, before replying to me, for a second letter.

Yours entirely,
B...

SECOND LETTER

Paris, le...

I keep my word. I write to you: God! how delighted you are going to be! I seem to see your cunt gaping at the tale I am about to tell you. First, so as not to grow squeamish later on, I chose to begin with vermin. If you knew the rue de la Tannerie, I should not need to give you an idea of it. Picture to yourself a street scarcely a meter wide, lined with cubbyholes five or six stories high, where one cannot pass at high noon without receiving on one's back a shower of bidet water; but as these details are only incidental, I cut matters short. I enter at random into the first passageway; I grope about to find a staircase and fall flat on my back across two enormous dogs who had just finished performing the very act I was seeking to accomplish. As I rose, my ear was struck by certain sounds... I listen and hear vigorous sighs coming from beneath a cellar trap. I try to move toward them, and as I stretch out my arms I feel something opening beneath one of them. I draw nearer... and by the light of a guttering lantern I see a man in a robe stretched out on the ground, his face hidden by the backside of an old woman astride him. I remained nearly an hour in contemplation; at last, seeing neither of them move, I again stretched out my arms and, finding a sort of staircase, climbed it.

Reaching the first landing, I look through a pane of paper in which I make a hole; I perceive, on a wretched pallet, two ugly tops who seemed to be plucking each other's pubic hair, while a third, kneeling, was sucking the organ of an old man whom, by his dress, I presumed to belong to the financial world. The awkward position I was

forced to take in order to admire this group did not allow me to remain long; I went up to the floor above. There a frightful racket was going on. I could hear only confusedly: they were continually delivering vigorous slaps to buttocks. Higher up the door stood open; it was a room without a window, where four wretched naked whores were with as many men. I pretended to go back down when one of them came to me and said in a low voice: "They are blind men who play music in the streets and come to bring us their takings so that we may amuse them. Stay there if you wish to see us." I availed myself of the permission; and as I found it unusual that blind men should take the fancy to have women stripped naked, make them dance among them, and mount them alternately and at random, I decided to make *Provençals* of them. I beckoned one of the whores to me and said: "I want to be buggered by those four rascals and have them think it is you they are buggering." — "How much will you give?" asked the bawd. — "Six francs." — "Pay up." — "Here they are." At once she unfastened my breeches, signaled to her companions, prepared the athletes' members, and in less than a few minutes filled my backside with the seed of the four beggars, who shook the room with their amorous bellowing. I remained in ecstasy at the tickling they had given me; I would have wished them to begin again, had not a sterling uproar resounding in the loft above piqued my curiosity. I asked the whore what it was; she said: "Go up, and you shall see." That was enough to determine me; I climbed the remains of a staircase built of old ladders. The whore followed and presented me to a company of men and women in a state of nature. They were deaf-mutes; they neighed as loudly as horses, the women shrieked like bacchantes: they formed various groups. I joined the set, paying six more francs. One of them went on all fours, wearing black stockings and with a lighted candle in her

backside: nothing could be more grotesquely hideous than a creature in such a form. Hardly aroused yet because of the fatigues of my journey, I contented myself with discharging into the mouth of the slut who had introduced me, and withdrew, looking over the rooftops to see whether by chance I might glimpse a few cats coupling as well.

You see, my dear friend, that my *début* is encouraging, and that one loses neither space nor time in this country. I shall, I foresee, have plenty to do if in every brothel I find as much business. I am, while awaiting your reply to the present letter,

Your best friend,
B...

P.S. I forgot to give you the number of this brothel. If you wished to give the address to someone, here it is: No. 110, rue de la Tannerie.¹ The hardest thing is to find the staircase; once you have it, there is no need to ask for anyone — you enter wherever the door stands open.

¹ Rue de la Tannerie is an old street in Paris that was located in the former 7th arrondissement and disappeared when Boulevard de l'Hôtel-de-Ville was opened in 1854 ; it was a short thoroughfare, and the numbering seemed to end at 42.

FIRST RESPONSE

Marseille, le.....

My dear little husband! I have received your first two letters, and you see the eagerness with which I hasten to reply. What pleasure you have given me—and still give me—for I am relieving myself at this very moment as I reread your second letter. Alas! why is there no rue de la Tannerie in Marseille! How I would go there to be well and truly fucked! I am sure that all the pretty women of Paris flock there in crowds to have themselves tanned, especially those who will not let themselves be lifted up because of gossips. What could be more discreet than the blind and the deaf-mute? Oh! that is indeed the finest of streets! At the mere thought of it my cunt drips with pleasure; God! I am wet... Ah! I can bear no more... the spunk makes the pen slip from my fingers!... Good God! I cannot hold out any longer... until another time.

Your loving friend
B...

THIRD LETTER

Paris, le.....

I well recognized, from the few words with which you replied to me, my tender better half, the fiery heat of the women of the South. If the reading of my letter afforded you pleasures, yours brought me a stroke of good fortune. The mistress of the house where I lodge is a blonde with black eyes, tall, lily-fair complexion, and a pretty mouth. She herself handed me your letter; I opened it in her presence, and as I read it my senses grew heated, my eye caught fire... and Bibi, who was standing at attention, was noticed by the beauty. I perceived it and looked at her... She blushed... Then, drawing close, I took her in my arms and made her read your letter. Would you believe it? She devoured it, kissed it... And in reply, she seized my tool, which she first sucked. I had no time to defend myself; I soon lost consciousness, shooting my seed into her stomach, for she swallowed it. When I recovered from my lethargy, I found her rubbing her little button while rereading your letter yet again. She came to me, threw herself upon my neck, kissed me voluptuously, telling me I was a model of what husbands ought to be. I asked her whether hers resembled me. "Resemble you?" she said. "He is the silliest creature in the world; he is so jealous that he does not even allow me to leave the house, and contrary to his custom, he left me alone today." — "Have you ever made him a cuckold?" — "Never." — "Come then, let us profit by the occasion," said I, throwing her onto a sofa. I lifted her skirts!... Imagine, my dear wife, thighs whiter than those of our president's lady, as well shaped as yours; a backside—God knows! I wished to begin by paying it

homage; but she told me her womb was on fire and that it must first of all be cooled. So I entered her; it was not a woman I was fucking, it was a veritable brazier. Had you seen her writhing, arching her back, twisting, you would have swooned: how much seed she shed! At last I turned her over and took her from behind; I experienced some difficulty, for she had not until then been “Socratized.” I kissed her nipples, which were superb, and left her to begin my nocturnal rounds. Tomorrow, I shall give you an account of them.

Your husband,
B...

SECOND RESPONSE

Marseille, le.....

I am not as pleased with your last letter as with the previous one. Do not waste your time training creatures; one learns nothing about fucking from bourgeois women. You have proof of it in your hostess, who had not yet been taken up the arse. I am certain that the greater part of the women of Paris have never been so treated. Renounce, then, the petty bourgeois—and even the rabble. Make for the finest brothels and frequent the best houses. I leave you so soon because I am going to a rendezvous given me by the Carmelite B..... He fucked me lately while we were bathing in the sea; I had never been so closely ground, the coolness of the water having doubled the size of his prick. A woman who cares only to be simply fucked would never have it put to her except in a cold bath, if she tried it once.

Hello, my sweet jewel,
B...

FOURTH LETTER

Paris, le.....

I yield to your advice; I shall leave the bourgeoisie and abandon the rabble. In order to fulfill to advantage the purpose of my journey, I shall send you the names and addresses of the girls of pleasure whom I shall have reviewed, and, from the critique I make of them, you will be able to recommend them to such of our friends as might come to spend some time in the capital. Yet I must—though it shall be for the last time—say a word to you about the streetwalkers I visited last night, as I informed you. On leaving my lodgings, I loitered along the quays: the one most deserving of attention is called the Quai des Quatre-Nations, otherwise the Quai de Voltaire. At the point where the Pont des Arts meets the bank, there stands opposite a church portal; it is there, between the columns, that a dozen whores cement the stones with the spunk of Peter and Paul. Perhaps that is what formerly caused this church to be given the name of Quatre-Nations, which today has been rechristened with that of the Palais des Arts—probably on account of the acknowledged dexterity of these young ladies and their cheapness, for a few small copper coins suffice them. I then went to the Place de la Révolution: this square, it seems, is almost always encumbered with large paving stones. It is the headquarters of these wretches, and since they ply their trade among the stones, no doubt that is the etymology of their title of “*pierreuses*.” I was soon assailed by a whole troop. I chose the first who fell under my hand; I slipped my hand beneath her petticoat and seized—guess what?—a *gueux*! (that is, an earthen pot with a handle in which the poor

put fire to warm themselves). She led me aside. And as the strumpet spied from afar a client approaching, she said to me, handing me her *gueux* to hold: “Here, my dear, keep yourself amused a moment, while I go and begin with this man who is coming.”

As soon as she had moved away, I flung her pot among the stones and ended my evening by strolling along the boulevards, the Pont Notre-Dame, the entrance to the Rue de la Lanterne, the Quai de la Vallée, etc., etc. But as one can, without the least pleasure, catch the itch from these gutter-scrapers, I shall not return there. I beg you not to speak of it to our friends. Reply only to my subsequent letter.

I still love you dearly,
B...

FIFTH LETTER

Paris, le.....

Here I am, my beloved, in the fine abode of the Palais-Royal. Here one is embarrassed only by choice; some five to six hundred young and pretty priestesses of Venus present themselves to your gaze: their dress is as elegant as it is voluptuous; one would think they had only just risen from bed. All cast glances at you, jostle you, and speak to you; to hear them, you are always the one they have singled out from the crowd. The old and the foolish believe it. In short, I go up with a tall strapping wench to No. 113. It is a brothel rather ill kept, but passable for the rabble. Since our brothels in Marseille are even less clean than this one, which is kept by a woman named La Lévêque, I shall describe to you the utensils and attributes that adorn it. In each little room is a mirror to which are fastened disciplines and little whips made of knotted cords armed with pins; on the mantel are English riding-coats and dildos for sodomitical pleasure; a basin, a water jug, and a towel stand upon the chest of drawers. The girl who had picked me up told me to give her my little present; not being acquainted with the custom, I asked what she meant. She replied in a word that it was the practice to pay before doing anything. I found that ridiculous; but not wishing to go against usage, I stretched out my six francs. To carry on the conversation, I asked her name: she said she was called Louise. She is a girl of fifteen or sixteen, neatly made, skin somewhat swarthy, but soft and firm. She told me she was not mercenary, and that she followed the trade out of pure libertinage. That confession alone made me stiffen. "What, double jade," said I, "have I the happiness,

on my first entrance into a brothel, to encounter a Messalina?”—and I undressed her. She used the same familiarity; in the twinkling of an eye, we were like Adam and Eve at their creation. I took her at once in my arms and laid her on the bed; I spread her thighs and first put my nose into her vagina, while with my tongue I moistened the orifice to which a bardash sacrifices. The baggage lends herself to the posture; she lifts her loins; her cunt spews seed into my nose, and her arse, breaking wind, leaves a narrow entrance to my tongue. I make her change position; she goes on her knees. I level my cock at her backside and engulf it there at a single thrust. The slut cries out—but passing my hand before her, I roll my finger over her clitoris and turn into languorous sighs the cries that the first pain might have wrung from her; before long we discharge. Heated both of us by this prelude, we fly to new pleasures and would not have interrupted them had not the bawd come to warn us that it was time for me to withdraw if I did not wish to pass the night. “And who told you, spinning-top, that I did not wish to pass the night?”—and I seized her (it was La Lévêque), and sucked her enormous vagina. That pleased her; and as she is the keeper of the house, she forestalled me, saying: “Fucking dog, you shall stay; I will not have any of my women lie with clients tonight; my pimp and you will suffice us; you seem a good fellow; nibble me a little at the lips of my cunt” (she pissed a few drops into my mouth); “enough,” she said, “spare my spunk, I wish to hold back.” And she had me pass into a large salon where all her runners were already assembled. “To proceed exactly and according to form,” said I, “I must know your names, so that I may call you as the need of my pleasures dictates. What is yours, old jade?”—“My name is Lévêque; I keep a decent and convenient brothel, as you see.” This woman may have been passable at sixteen, but

twenty-six more springs upon the head of a woman prostituted and prostituting make cruel ravages. The advantage she offers those who like to be licked is that they run no risk of being bitten. Swiss-like face and pock-marked; square, flabby thighs. Her protection is worth more than her person.

“And you?” I asked another. “Joséphine l’Écourtée.” This girl is afflicted with fourteen years: she has regular features, smooth skin, somewhat dark; fine brown eyes, but ill built. In two years, she will be fit only to figure at the hospital.

“And you?” said I to a sort of Agnes. “Sir...”—“Well then, slut, will you speak?”—“Not being accustomed... and misfortunes...”—“And what the devil do I care for your habits and your misfortunes! Your name, double whore?”—“Very well, cursed balls!” said the wretch; “I wished to see whether you were truly a rake. They call me Cassepine because of the vigorous manner in which I jerk them.” No sooner said than she squeezed my cock, tickled my stones, and nearly broke them by the roughness she used. I was obliged to make her desist in order to continue my descriptions. Cassepine is near twenty; limbs like a grenadier, a round bosom, perfectly firm. Her eye is gentle and belies the strength of her frame. She is a good pleasure for one whose vigor needs sharpening. *quelqu’un dont la vigueur a besoin d’être émoustillée.*

“Your turn?” said I to another. “I have several names.”—“No matter, say them all.”—“Julie Arnould, called Sans-Souci, called the Langotteuse.” This frog is full thirty; her breasts serve as a napkin to her navel. She suits only those who wish to fuck into breasts.

Next came my Louise. Beside her was a little brunette of fifteen or sixteen who told me her name was Élisabeth. Her eyes are blue; her mouth small and adorned with fine

teeth; her skin somewhat oily; a trinket of little value. Laurence announces herself. She may pass for a beautiful woman. About eighteen. Blonde; of dazzling freshness; without being fat her flesh is firm. She is the first runner of the brothel, because of her advantageous figure and childish face. She trots briskly and keeps almost always opposite the rotunda in the garden of the Palais-Royal. Friends may try her.

Lastly was Adélaïde. A little minx with an upturned nose; small deep-set but lively eyes. She has red hair, no bosom; in compensation she possesses a perfectly shaped leg. One may visit her when one is melancholy.

Such are my characters. I shall not speak to you of the pimp; he passes for Lévêque's fucker; his look and bearing are those of a Savoyard. I disposed my company as follows: Lévêque went on her knees, supported on her hands. The Langotteuse lay on her back, so that her head was beneath that of Lévêque, and gave her a deep tongue. Laurence slipped underneath and tickled her clitoris with a pomade stick; Éliisa and Adélaïde each sucked a breast. Cassepine administered vigorous lashes upon her loins, and Louise, likewise on all fours, had her nose at the arse and her tongue in the cunt of Lévêque; I took Louise from behind in that posture; the pimp did the same to me. Lévêque could not withstand the titillations she experienced in so many ways; she ceased not for an instant to discharge, to piss a little, and to splutter. She remained near an hour without consciousness. I was master of my seed; I did not shed it that time. The pimp withdrew from me; Louise was withdrawn from also. I armed myself with a huge bundle of rods and roused Lévêque from her swoon by applying some fifty strokes to her great ugly backside. I fucked them all and then gamahuched them; I addressed a particular homage to that of the fair Laurence. The little upturned nose wished me to enter her, and I ground her for

some minutes. The pimp attempted to sodomize her, but his vigor failed him. By dint of wallowing I felt I should soon no longer retain my liquor. I composed a group to my advantage. I lay on my back, my arse upon Julie's head, who gamahuched my anus. I jerked the pimp with my right hand. I put the middle finger of my left into Laurence's pretty arse. Joséphine and Élisabeth licked the soles of my feet. Louise's mouth joined to mine. Adélaïde and Cassepine sucked me. The toothless Lévêque sprang upon my roguish prick, thrust it to the bottom of her throat, tickled my little balls, pressing at moments upon the channel of the urethra. Soon the tickling is general; I feel myself absorbed, annihilated, and discharge for a full quarter of an hour. The pleasure I experienced cannot be described; try, my dear friend, this posture, and you shall tell me two words of it. I leave you to run to other pleasures. Answer me and receive a thousand tender kisses that I send you.

Your friend,
B...

P.-S. — If the scene at La Lévêque appeals to some of our friends, tell them that it cost me six louis for the whole thing.

THIRD RESPONSE

Marseille, le.....

Indeed, my dear husband, one can describe pleasure, even the greatest, and it is under its sweet dominion that I write this account. I perfected your last position; it made my head spin! To share with you the happy result, today I gathered at my house the Marquis B... and his wife; the Carmelite B...; President C... and his wife; our friend E... who is so well-endowed, and who has taken, like an animal, a passion for my maid. We are all in a circle. I am in command. I signal Lisette; she approaches, and as you know she has a clitoris nearly four inches long, I prepare it so she can take me in her mouth with it. I am taken by the Carmelite's member; he soon sets me ablaze. Reaching the point I desired, I have our friend E... lie on his back. His member measured ten inches long with an eight-inch circumference; I have him kiss and gently tease my anus, and then I lie back on him after having inserted his enormous organ into me. Lisette straddles my mouth; I suck and nibble her charming clitoris. The President and the Marquise tickle the tip of each of my nipples with their tongues; I pleasure them both by hand. The President's wife thrusts a dildo into my arse; she straddles me, caresses my sensitive spot with her tongue, and is taken from behind by the Carmelite. The Marquis rubs the soles of my feet with his penis. Go slowly, my friends; savour my pleasure; let me enjoy it in long waves. Alas! I cannot take any more... Not so fast... you will kill me... Damn you, E... you are bursting my intestines... Sacré Dieu, Madam President, give it to me... I am dying... the thrusting... stops me... It flows

everywhere... God!... Ah!... Withdraw... I am undone... unconscious... And I remained in this state for nearly an hour. Pleasure besieged me from all sides. If they had not taken pity on me, I believe they would have made me die. I am so exhausted, so weak that I end my narration here to go restore my strength. I leave our friends to continue among themselves and kiss you as much as I love you.

Your wife,
B...

SIXTH LETTER

Paris, le.....

I know perfectly well, my adorable wife, the pleasure you must have felt. That is truly the only way a Messalina should act when she wishes to enjoy herself. But since I see that you rushed pleasure too much, I will tell you about a few episodes that should always be experienced beforehand. Pleasure is only what one makes of it; imagination, on the other hand, is everything. Yesterday I went to a seedy little den in the Palais, run by a woman named Sainte-Foi, at No. 148. — This Sainte-Foi is a short, haggard old woman, with a mushroom-shaped nose and perpetually filthy. She earns her living through Aimée, Betzy, Fanfan, Laurette, Éléonore, and Sophie Dubois, one of the craftiest whores in the capital.

Aimée has dark brown hair and is very voluptuous. She has gray cat-like eyes and well-arched eyebrows. Her figure is not attractive; she would look better at the corn market.

Betzy, that Dutch woman. She has the dual advantage of appealing to both sexes. Men use her as a woman and women use her as a man. A six-inch clitoris makes her suitable for both services. She is not pretty.

Fanfan, aptly named for her character. No more than fourteen years old. A little brat; not yet deflowered by the neighbor, but I'll take care of that.

Laurette, a brunette, pockmarked, with a beautiful bosom and satin-like skin, but wicked, and only taking pleasure for gain.

Éléonore has a slender waist, velvety breasts, and a pretty face; the only fault one could find with her is that

her body is not perfectly formed. She redeems this natural defect with abundant complaisance.

Finally, Sophie Dubois—she is the nastiest hag I have yet encountered. She is fit to live in Sainte-Foi's house. Her first word is: "Give me money." — Does one give it to her? She asks for more. If one believed her, one would leave not only without a penny, but without one's trousers. If our friends were to encounter girls of this sort, pray, my dear wife, that they beat them well.

I sent all that filth away and remained alone with the lovely *Éléonore*, who, I assure you, has infinite wit. She has just left a convent, and escaped her parental home, where she was too closely watched, to satisfy the force of her temperament. I report to you some parts of our conversation so that you may profit from them!

— "How," I asked her, "can you take pleasure with so many different men and still, you say, feel the same measure of delight?" — "Nothing more natural! When I feel the moment of climax approaching, to discharge as deliciously as possible, I make my lover pause for a moment; when I no longer feel master of myself, I have him pleasure me again, and this time, unable to contain myself, I spill my seed imagining that I am taken by an *Adonis*; all penises being penises, it is therefore what I imagine that gives me more or less sweet *jouissance*." — "But after so much intercourse, you must be jaded?" — "Yes and no. If the object before me pleases me, I am in ecstasy thinking of it alone. If, on the contrary, he repels me, I close my eyes, and to awaken desire, I tell him to take me gradually and slowly... And as *Éléonore* indeed did as she spoke, I could resist no longer. I took her in every way imaginable. The wench gave me ten discharges for every one of mine. It is pleasure personified. "My sweet angel," she said as she left me, "I know I must die from too much pleasure. Come

back to me, contribute to my demise, and if you have many friends like yourself, send them to me.”

I commend her to you, my little dear wife. Farewell, until tomorrow.

Your true friend,
B...

FOURTH RESPONSE

Marseille, le.....

You are quite right, my charming husband, to say that imagination is the foundation of pleasure. I made use of your Éléonore's method and shall use it more than once. Upon receiving your letter, which I read to Lisette, I sent for a footman. I positioned myself at the window overlooking the garden; the curtains fell around me so that no one could see my face. Lisette instructed the man on what he was to do. He entered quietly, beginning by lightly touching my buttocks over my skirts. I shivered with pleasure! I imagined him to be a charming, timid man, hesitant and unsure... I trembled as I felt his hand start at the lower part of my leg, travel up to my calf, wander slowly over my thigh, seeming afraid to touch my ass. When he finally did, I swooned: my thighs parted, one of his fingers pressed against the lips of my cunt; I spilled a stream of seed. He lifted my skirts little by little as if afraid to awaken me, presented his member at the gateway of pleasure, rubbed it lightly over my lips, and finally thrust it in, withdrew it, and then plunged it in definitively. He explored my flesh with his hands, it was a true Hercules! He kept me occupied for nearly half a day. Curious to see if his face matched his strength, I turned as he continued to exploit me, and I saw the ugliest mongrel one could ever see on earth, dirty and poorly formed. The idea I had formed of him had brought me pleasure until then; the moment I saw him, I immediately went soft and said to him in surprise: "Wretch! What do you intend to do there?" — "Madam..." — And he could not utter a single word. His member, which until then had been constantly

rigid, suddenly went flaccid; his imagination had, no doubt, pictured that I would beat him for his audacity. A double proof that our imagination equally influences our desires and our fears. Lisette paid and dismissed this clumsy fellow. Pleasure would not be so intense if one knew the individual beforehand. I await your letter tomorrow and declare myself—

Your best friend,
B...

SEVENTH LETTER

Paris, le...

I am as punctual as one should be, my sweet companion, and you will never have cause to reproach me for any negligence. Yesterday, I gathered several procuresses. I gave each of them a louis and told them that I wanted them to bring me twelve of the most beautiful whores in town today. They did not fail me; the birds are in my room, and I will describe them to you.

La Duval, No. 121, Palais-Royal, in the shadows of Séraphin, brunette, tall and well-proportioned. She has a dimple on her chin, a gentle expression, and seems like a good girl.

Désirée, Rue du Bouloi, No. 42, built like a barmaid, but with skin so tough you can barely pinch it. Pretty face and well-shaped mouth.

Justine, nicknamed la Cauchoise, rue de la Feuillade, no. 82, light brown hair, round face, as fresh as can be, nipples that stand up on their own, hardly seeming to notice anything.

Sainte-Claire, Rue de la Loi, Hôtel du Cercle, slender build, satiny skin, pleasant appearance despite smallpox scars.

Emmérine, at the Palais, Galerie vitrée, no. 25, Roman nose, blonde with large black eyes, alabaster skin, a little soft, but one would wish that all women resembled her.

The peasant girl, or the beautiful blonde, Galerie du Lycée, no. 116; all the punters know this girl. She was extremely fresh, but she has been around the block so much that soon she will only be remembered as a memory. She

is perhaps the only one of the whores, despite being stupidity personified, who had the good sense to save up enough in her springtime to live comfortably when the winter of her years gives her her retirement; she is said to be quite rich.

Rosette, 62 Rue Favart; brunette, very slim, beautifully built; she has one of those angelic faces that are impossible to describe; a real connoisseur's delight.

Victorine, 760 Saint-Honoré Street; scarlet red, dazzling skin sprinkled with freckles; this girl is very clean, but she always smells a little like her pubic hair, or, if you prefer, like a *Provençal* woman's pussy.

Noli, Rue de la Loi, No. 1268, Au Jocrisse; at Desatraits', blonde, rather pretty woman, as cunning as can be; she was kept by an officer whom she cuckolded out of friendship.

Babet, 100 Rue de l'Égout; pretty brunette, the most beautiful body you could ever see; her only flaws are her large feet and ugly hands, but otherwise she is good-natured.

Pinini, 216 Rue Froid-Manteau: a charming Milanese woman, as voluptuous as can be. Her ebony hair reaches down to her arse. She would look stunning playing the role of a grieving woman in tragic melodramas.

Fanchette, 4 Rue du Reposoir; a petite brunette wearing the traditional smock of market women, which suits her perfectly. She chatters incessantly and is very cheerful. She is a pretty little thing.

And Claudine, at the Palais, no. 164; a beautiful woman, but too self-interested. As soon as she has made a profit at home, she quickly takes it to the gambling den on the first floor of her house.

All these beauties are currently gathered around me. I gaze upon their charms without really knowing where to

look... So as not to cause jealousy, I will use them all together for my enjoyment. Come now, ladies, heed my command: Line up neatly, so that the circle you form is perfect. They line up in order of height.

“Stay still.” And I inspect them. I come to the center of the circle; I order them to turn around, they obey; and so that I can see only their behinds, I order them to place their hands on the ground. Immediately I see twenty-four buttocks touching each other and seeming to form a single block. I inspect them a second time. I probe all the anuses to assess the terrain: none seems to merit particular choice; they are all equally narrow and smooth; yet that of the beautiful peasant girl seems to me to have withstood more assaults than the others, and it is also possible that it is the foundation of her fortune.

“Get ready, you damn sluts,” I said in a stentorian voice, “each of you is about to receive an injection of my semen.” And I fell on Noli's ass: she grabbed my tool with one hand and swallowed it whole into her burning womb. “Gods, what are you doing, you wretch?” And as I felt pleasure approaching, I withdrew it at the right moment and thrust it into the hole that caused the ruin of Sodom. I am no longer in control of myself; my cock, pressed as hard against the stump as it is against the foreskin, spews cum in such abundance that it throws me into a frenzied delirium. I withdraw without losing my erection and continue to fuck them all, ejaculating each time. My courage has not yet abandoned me, but my cock is letting me down, and since it is the soul of the pleasures of fucking, I am going to make sure it raises its haughty head with a position that comes to mind.

I make my whores straighten up and turn around again. I order them to pinch their pussy lips, lifting their moustaches, and to piss at the same time. They do so; it is now a deluge from all sides. The sight of these twelve jets of

water does not work the miracle I was hoping for; my cock is still limp. Wanting to finally achieve my honor and glory, I devise another group: I have two ladders brought in; I place them close to each other and position six whores on each, with their heads between the thighs of the one in front of them, and the thirteenth at the top of the two ladders, with one leg on each and both heads between them; I give each of them an enema and instruct them not to release it until I tell them to. I order the debacle to begin. Suddenly, a torrent of urine, diluted shit, and cum shoots out at the same moment and cascades from one to the next. This enchanting scene having produced no effect on my cock, I withdrew, dumbfounded and confused. It was then, my dear wife, that I truly recognized the advantage of your sex over ours. Indeed, your vagina is a lantern, we provide the oil and our wick; when our oil is all used up, our wick inevitably burns out, but you still have your lantern, to which another can restore warmth by providing oil and lending a wick, and so on indefinitely. Isn't that true? I will only write to you after I have received news from you.

I'll be your best friend for life,
B...

FIFTH RESPONSE

Marseille, le.....

My good husband, for you truly deserve that name! I was so pleased with your last performance that every day after dinner I have several young men brought in who give me the delightful sight of your cascade. The more I fuck, the more I desire it; I think it is because of the cause you described to me. But if we, on our side, have what you aptly compare to a little lantern, on the other hand, could you not have your fart-hole filed? I will tell you that I am pregnant; I do not know who is the author of this nonsense. Thus, here you are, like many others, soon to be a father without suspecting it. Farewell, my dear angel; my life is entirely devoted to your love.

Your little wife,
B...

EIGHTH LETTER

Paris, le.....

The foyer of the Théâtre Montansier, my good wife, is quite literally a public brothel for both sexes. One does not attend this theatre for the merit of the works performed there; all the plays they put on are of a stupidity that not even our goddamned trollops would excuse. I except, however, the comedy of *The Timid Man*, which afforded me an unheard-of, indescribable pleasure... And you do not know how?... I had myself masturbated throughout the entire performance! and at the denouement I climaxed into the pocket of an old annuitant who was applauding with all his might! But let us return to the foyer. It is well that you should know it serves equally as the promenade of pretty prostitutes and of those little skeletons who fancy themselves the darling of all women. There one talks, jostles, pinches, and exchanges charming obscenities, all out of sheer amiability. As I have sodomized and fucked in every possible way the nymphs who form its ornament, I am sending you their names and addresses.

Catherine the bully, five feet seven to eight inches tall, with a stocky build, extraordinarily thick, beautiful black eyebrows, brown, mean eyes, and a thick waist: she catches the eye because of the sparkle of the jewels that adorn her; but since everything about her is fake, including her apparent beauty, once you've seen her, you never go back. She remains at 110 Saint-Antoine Street.

Chon-chon, at Sainte-Lucile's, Palais-Royal, Gallery on Rue des Bons Enfants, a little minx with mischievous eyes and a crumpled face. We must pay tribute to her beautiful curves.

La Rosière, a beautiful face, shaped according to the rules of art, fourteen years of age, with a voluptuous bearing and engaging manners. She lives with Madame Concasé, Rue Verte, no. 120.

Rose, aptly named for her rosy complexion; she is already missing a few incisors, but rest assured, she is to have others fitted. Galerie du Lycée, no. 26.

Juliette, sister of that famous libertine: Rue Trousse-Vache, no. 100. She may be considered a beauty, except that she has a sewer pipe in her stomach.

Amable, Rue Tire-boudin, no. 80. She has more appearance than reality. Art is of great assistance to her. The ventilator she has in her mouth enables her to kill flies on the wing.

Aline, a superb creature, good and gentle, fucking like the goddess of pleasure. I particularly recommend her to you; she lives Rue des Déchargeurs, no. 3.

Germancé, a little fool, playing the wit, short of leg and with large ears, Rue Bétizy, no. 1.

La Goulue, Rue Vide-Gousset, no. 8. Sagging breasts despite the elastic corset, long and scrawny arms. She comes to the foyer merely to make up the numbers.

Madelon, at the Palais, no. 150. A cheerful girl, modest about her charms—which she does not possess. One must give her credit: she knows herself.

La Gimblot, at the Palais, no. 17. A tall blonde, well formed, breasts large and firm: her cunt is so tight that it is impossible to fuck her; I believe she is sealed up.

La Dormeuse, so called because of her languid manner in attracting customers: otherwise a beautiful woman. She lodges in furnished rooms in Rue des Mousquetaires, beside the fountain.

Lison, No. 62, at the Petit Carreau. A lively girl, doing good business; during the day she frequents the Tuileries and Coblentz.

Rosalie, at the Palais, no. 62, gorgeous head, beautiful teeth, red lips, twelve to thirteen years old and not very mischievous.

Dorothée, red-haired, cantankerous, mean by nature and self-serving; shapely thighs and beautiful legs, rue Transnonain, no. 4.

Louissette, at the Palais, no. 18. She's a little ball of fat.

Denise and her sister live together in the Marais; as they told me they are lesbians, I am noting them down accordingly. Rue du Pont-aux-Choux, no. 10.

Finally, I would never finish if I were to tell you about the other women who besiege the stairways of that theatre; they are the defective ones who keep to them in order to avoid the full glare of the foyer.

Having thus far spoken to you only of whores, in my first letter I shall reserve for myself the task of saying a little about women of fashion and their manner of thinking. Write to me at once, and believe that there was no need to give me an heir to cement the love that exists between us.

I kiss you a thousand times,
B...

SIXTH RESPONSE

Marseille, le.....

How delightful your Montansier hearth must be! How happy I would be to be there with you, my good friend! Each of us, on our own side, would make conquests that would end by becoming shared between us in our orgies. But since I do not have that happiness, I must make up for it by having myself thoroughly fucked. I have made a precious discovery, especially for your sex, in that it suddenly restores the strength of an exhausted man. Whenever your prick refuses to rise, you must dip it in pure eau de Cologne, and you will at once see the happy effects. I have just this very moment finished washing myself with that admirable water; and although I have been fucked for thirty-six consecutive hours, I am as tight as a virgin, and as burning as if I had not been ploughed for a long time. The irritation this water causes me is such that, when I place my hand upon my mound, my spend flows naturally. Make use of it, and recommend it to voluptuous women. I end this letter to sacrifice to Venus, in order to appease the fire that consumes me. I am giving a ball this evening, to indulge myself without restraint, and at the same time to satisfy the desires that dancing arouses; I shall always have a dildo in my vagina.

Hello, my dear, my kind husband !

B...

NINTH LETTER

Paris, le.....

Let us occupy ourselves for a moment, dear wife, with what concerns good society, that is to say, people of high fashion. Paris, being in some sort the center of the universe, is consequently the meeting place of all the fair sex, and it is true. Nothing in the world can compare with the spectacle of the charming promenades embellished by their presence. One cannot take a step... but I am wandering from my subject; I had forgotten that I promised not to give you any descriptions: to the point, then. I now know all the best houses in the city; I should never be done if I tried to give you my opinion of each of them, so I shall speak only of the principal ones and those that seemed to me most worthy of arousing your curiosity.

Madame K.....r, wife of a very wealthy banker, is as famous for her beauty as she is estimable for her wit; young, lively, yet thoughtful and by no means frivolous: she might pass for a perfect woman, if indeed her sex were susceptible of perfection. This good lady (I say good because she has honored me with her favors) thoroughly possesses the knowledge of the human mind. Thus, nothing takes place in her house, even matters of banking, without her being consulted: she is to her husband what Molière's servant was to Molière. In a word, she is what all women ought to be; for what is more tiresome than they are, once you have slept with them, if afterward they do not know how to keep you attached by their wit?

This charming person delighted me more by her conversation than by the keen pleasure with which her beautiful backside intoxicated my senses. I questioned her on

various subjects, and all her definitions bore the stamp of the profoundest philosophy. How is it, I asked her one day, that, while sleeping with this one and that, you remain as attached to your husband as you seem to be? — I seem so and I truly am, she replied; if I sleep with you and with many others, I see nothing in that which is not in nature. The pleasure that lovemaking gives us must not be confused with that afforded by friendship. I feel love for you and friendship for my husband; the love I feel for you is commanded by the needs of my senses, and once they are satisfied I feel for you and your like only the coldest indifference. Friendship, on the contrary, is a feeling that continually draws me toward the object I love; that object in some fashion becomes identified with myself, and I cannot live without it. You see, then, how love differs from friendship: the first passes with time and is, properly speaking, only a matter of the moment, of need, or of circumstance, whereas the second grows ever stronger and truly ends only with one's life. — Well then, I said to her, that is exactly how my wife and I think! and I showed her your letters. — Is it possible? she cried. What! could there be a man who thinks as well as I do, and as other men ought to think? Come, my angel! we were made for one another; I feel I should love you, if you did not possess a wife who resembles me so closely! And she drew me onto her sofa to prove to me, in a still more evident manner, that love is not friendship. So that our letters may not cross, I beg you to reply only to the one I shall write you tomorrow.

Farewell, dear flame of my life,
B...

TENTH LETTER

Paris, le.....

You will be quite surprised, my good friend, to learn that, generally speaking, the women of Paris surpass, in wit and knowledge, not only those of France but even those of the most distant countries. Madame B.....t, the wife of a famous physician, has provided me with irrefutable proof of this. From our very first meeting I pleased this charming creature, and now I am an indispensable necessity to her pleasures. The first time I visited her I found her alone. To greet her, lift her skirts, and take her was the affair of an instant. As we could not, on that occasion, abandon ourselves too freely to amorous pleasure because there were people in the house, we were obliged to converse; and as we were heated by the beginnings of lust, you can well imagine that we spoke only of libertinage. Wishing at last to assure myself whether she was as firm in her principles as Madame K.....r, I told her, with a show of contrition, that I was sorry to have corrupted her heart, not with regard to her husband but for her own sake... — Corrupted! she cried sharply. Do you think you are the first with whom I have made my husband a cuckold? And why should your sex arrogate to itself the exclusive right of making horns for us without allowing us the leisure to retaliate? — It is tyrannical, I admit; it may perhaps be... — There is no perhaps about it, she continued; nature, in forming man and woman, established no more difference between them than between animals; she said: Increase and multiply. Had she wished to grant prerogatives to one over the other, without doubt it would have been to my sex, to compensate it for the inconveniences that beset it

and the perils that threaten its life. Indeed, woman always walks beside an abyss ready to engulf her; her delicate constitution makes her feel more keenly the sufferings of every age; the season of love's pleasures announces itself for her only through discomforts, often the forerunners of her total ruin, recurring every month and seeming to warn her of the danger she will run in becoming a mother. Love, in granting us the ability to couple as often as we wish, doubtless intended thereby to cast its blindfold over the dangers that threaten us in perpetuating our species. The result of intercourse, carried nine months in our womb, grows only at the expense of our strength. You have only the pleasure of casting your benign fluid into the depths of our womb, a pleasure we indeed share with you, but which is dearly paid for when the fetus leaves the organ in which it was formed and makes us endure the cruel and dangerous labors of childbirth; does not everything then seem to announce our total ruin? The fluid that animated the child pours out around us in torrents; we are annihilated, crushed beneath the weight of our own weakness... If we wish to nourish our offspring, what inconveniences do we not suffer? If we are incapable of it, or prevented by a husband, there are new precautions to take, new dangers to run... Do we at last reach, happily, that age of return when circulation is governed by other laws? this change still threatens our life... — Granted, I said to her; but once that last period has passed, your soul is firmly lodged in your body. I embraced her, telling her I was pleased she thought in that way and that what I had said was only to know her thoroughly. She was satisfied with my admission. Her husband having sent word that he was going to the theater, and to distract her from the picture she had just painted for me, I took her in so many ways that she was forced to admit I was a master of the art.

I look forward to hearing from you, and send you
a thousand tender kisses,
B...

SEVENTH RESPONSE

Marseille, le.....

Your Paris makes my head spin! I dream only of it and of you, my good friend! Mesdames K.....r and B.....t are charming women; I burn to know them and to associate them with our pleasures; they must be delightfully voluptuous! how I would discharge with them! Reassure your little mistress B.....t about the dangers she imagines in pregnancy: a woman never has so much pleasure and never so much desires to be taken as when she is pregnant. I assure you that, since I have been with child, there has not been a single hour, night or day, when I have not had one and often two men in both front and back. Madame K.....r has rightly defined what I feel and shall always feel for you; you alone are the object of my voluptuous escapades: although you are not the father of the child I carry in my womb, I am persuaded he will resemble you greatly, for you are continually present in my thoughts, and I look only at your portrait when I make love. Believe that this alone is the cause of those resemblances which women who have something to fear know so well how to use to conceal their indiscretions.

Write to me soon and believe in my
eternal friendship
B...

ELEVENTH LETTER

Paris, le.....

An acquaintance I have just made confirms me, my dear wife, in the opinion you hold about resemblances. Mademoiselle E.....r, or Madame P....., for she has two names, is a young woman who is neither pretty nor plain, but who possesses a great deal of wit, which gives her an air of kindness. This creature was with a certain M.....d, who gave her a child. This Monsieur M.....d was married, and Mademoiselle E.....r wished to provide a father for her offspring; she therefore had the apparent weakness to let herself be seduced by a young scatterbrain whom she cleverly persuaded that she was giving him her maidenhead. I do not know what the young man thought of it, but as he set out on a journey and left the image of his face with the artful damsel, she told me she looked at it so much while making love that she produced a masterpiece exactly like the model and not at all resembling Monsieur M.....d, who is nevertheless the true author of it (many women would like to know this method!). Wishing in my turn to show her how children come to resemble their mothers, I discharged into my hand and rubbed it over her face. She seemed to grow angry, but I took to my heels and ran off to the Opera. In my next letter, I shall tell you pleasanter things. It is enough for you to know that all the women of Paris are alike. Be virile and have money, and you are their household gods.

Je te baise bien tendrement,
B...

TWELFTH LETTER

Paris, le.....

On leaving the Imperial Academy of Music, my head full of the lascivious poses of the ballet of Psyche, I went to find the theater porter; I gave him a louis, and he handed me the names and addresses of the principal dancers, together with instructions on how to enjoy them without passing for a mere client or a keeper. I succeeded completely. I cannot recommend these girls too highly to you; they turn themselves about like a fricassee of chickens. The men have the same suppleness; if only you were here! Here are the first letters of their names; I am not sending their addresses, because that would expose them uselessly; our friends need only ask the porter for them.

V....., beautiful as an angel, shaped like the Venus de Medici, gentleness in her expression, perfect good nature, light as Zephyr; I took great delight in burning my incense upon her altars.

C....., yields almost nothing to her; she has a much fuller bosom, but as it is extremely firm, it only adds another charm.

D....., a charming little tender creature fashioned by the hand of the Graces, whom she alone outshines. Her foot is that of a child of seven or eight years.

G....., the goddess of dance, performs no better than she; poise, grace, lightness, all are united in her; it is to her luxuriant imagination that one owes the manner of making love known as the "tortoise."

Z....., without being beautiful, is made recommendable by her amiability; her body is thin, a defect she makes one forget by her complete submission to your caprices.

B....., pretty beyond expression. She is kept by a foreign prince, whose delight she is. Nothing less than my satyr's look was needed to gain access to her house and a place in her bed.

T....., satin skin; never in my life have I touched one softer or more velvety. How happy you would be, my dear wife, in the arms of this treasure; she is a tribade!

W....., a good, plump German girl; freshness, rounded forms; a true mold for our countrymen.

E....., tall, well made, fine bearing; there is majesty in her deportment; she is the one who plays Venus and other divinities.

P....., no one has a more crumpled little face, nor smaller and whiter teeth: she is sweetness itself.

Such are the principal dancers of this superb theater; it is with them that one must go to draw the true principles of the art of love. If you saw how they twist and entwine themselves after you with such flexibility... I believe they could make a wall itself yield! Believe me, there is no need to use cologne water with these sirens.

There are still other theaters where there are dancers, such as the Porte Saint-Martin, the Ambigu, Nicolet's, or the Gaîté; but nothing there is comparable to the masterpieces of which I have spoken; so as not to diminish the charms and talents of these young ladies, I prefer not to speak of them at all.

Your husband and friend,
B...

EIGHTH RESPONSE

Marseille, le.....

I cannot help it, my tender husband; you have struck me a decisive blow—your Paris is an incomparable city that I burn to know. Those charming Parisian women who set the tone and fashions for the whole world cannot fail to be perfect. What delightful moments you must have spent with those enchanting dancers! I promise to have pirouettes performed upon my navel by their agreeable males. I am therefore only waiting for your decision before setting out. Do not refuse me, my dear little man, I beg you! Allow your pupil to practice under your eyes! At least you will be able to say: I planted the hair upon my child.

Answer me at once, for I can no longer contain my impatience: I already long to know your decision

Goodbye, I kiss you as I love you,
B...

THIRTEENTH LETTER

Paris, le.....

Since you desire it, come quickly, my good wife; you will only increase the number. I therefore beg you to let me know the day of your departure, so that I may go to meet you; to take good care of the fruit you bear in your womb, and to bring as much money as you can realize.

If you had not already intended to come and join me, I am sure you would decide to do so after reading what follows.

There exist in Paris a great number of auxiliary houses, that is to say, places where married women, who must preserve outward decorum, go to prostitute themselves; whether because they do not love their husbands, or because their husbands do not give them all the money they need for their dress, or finally through the force of temperament or for other reasons. The keepers of these houses undertake, for a certain sum, to procure your enjoyment of such or such a woman whom you have seen on the promenade or at the theater. Here is how they proceed: it is essential that you know that women here are coquettish to excess; often a husband who loves his wife and is loved by her cannot meet the expenses she occasions; the wife, attached to her husband, reflects that she may cause his ruin, and, as a sensible spouse, goes straight to these relieving establishments. But those who do not know of these beneficent institutions are soon, if they are pretty, picked up by old duenna-like women in the promenades or at theater doors. These old women first inspire pity by recounting supposed misfortunes; they gradually strike up conversation and end by persuading the woman, flattering

her greatly, that she is loved and adored by a superb man of considerable fortune. I do not quite know what more they may say, but I can assure you that these duennas are still to encounter any Lucretias. As the greatest discretion reigns in such places, one even meets there girls from good families who come to be undressed there, accompanied by their chambermaids; you possess them without knowing who they are, and afterward their parents give them to you in marriage as virgins.

There are prostitutes and procurers attached to these establishments for the service of both sexes. Yesterday I visited the one kept by a woman named Destainville, on the rue des Bons-Enfants, behind the Palais. This woman is gentle, respectable, and receives indiscriminately all who pay well; she has the reputation of being an excellent tribade. Here is the portrait of the priestesses of her house:

Destainville, high priestess, forty-five years in service; short in stature, pug nose, extraordinarily long tongue, dimples in cheeks and chin, and possessed of great erudition.

Flore, beautiful and fresh like the goddess of that name, the most seductive figure in the world, a cunt whose vermilion lips seem to ask you for a kiss.

Dorothée, aged twelve to thirteen, miniature for the finish of the contours.

Julie, a fully developed woman and very witty; her bosom is of great beauty—it is a pity she has the bad habit of taking snuff.

Nanette, twenty-four years old, dark brown hair, large blue eyes, a hooked nose, a large mouth adorned with passable teeth, one of which is false, but a pleasant smile.

Sainte-Huberti, formerly a brothel keeper, ruined by her procurers; a face that makes one recoil in fright because of smallpox scars, but the most beautiful body one could imagine; her figure is seductive.

Sainte-Marie, somewhat pockmarked, which does not ill become her; jet-black hair and extremely white skin, her leg is formed according to all proper proportions.

Julienne, free in her bearing, well built, a good-natured girl, and possessing particular ways of making love.

Sophie, blonde with brown eyes, a bosom admirable for its enormous fullness and firmness; she is a second D.....y.

Rosine, chestnut-haired; a figure made to seduce, a crumpled little face, large buttocks, firm, soft, tight, yet elastic and deep.

Rosalba, a Neapolitan, small in stature, as lively as can be, with lascivious and convulsive movements; this woman would suit a whole company of sappers.

Mariette, formerly a nun, well into her thirties, but as slutty as some fifteen-year-old girls, well educated.

Éléonore appeals with her childlike figure; she is always on top of her man and teases him incessantly.

And Aglaé, a tall brunette with a mean look in her eye; she hides in her shoes the money she extorts from her clients above and beyond the going rate.

There exists in this brothel an original custom. In an elegantly decorated boudoir there are a dozen paintings turned face to the wall. The fellows give four louis for the right to look at one and to have enacted whatever it represents: it is a sort of lottery, the participant runs the chance, for his ninety-six livres, of turning over nothing but a painting showing a man being simply handled by some wretched drab, just as he may also be lucky enough to turn one on which is written: Discretion. Then you have the right to employ the entire household for your pleasures. This chance to be taken struck me as something new. I counted out my four louis to Destainville and turned over the first painting that came to hand. Judge of my good fortune: I read on it Discretion! At once the high

priestess, without waiting for my response, gave her orders, forbade the entrance to any outsider, and set about undressing me. “Good God!” said she, “what black hair! How hairy you are! It is a pleasure when such things fall to fellows as well equipped as you!” And I asked her by what signs she saw that I was a good lover. “What! you don’t yet know?” she replied. “No, truly.” “Well, you may believe me, I speak from experience, I have seen so many! When a man has a thick beard, black or red—those are the two colors—and when his chest, arms, and thighs are as hairy as yours, that is a characteristic sign of vigor.” “And why is that?” I asked her. “Do you not know that seed is what gives us natural heat?” “Yes, I know that.” “You must also know that hair grows only in the warmest parts of our body.” “Certainly.” “Now then, since seed gives heat and hair grows only where there is an extreme degree of it...” “Ah, that is true!” I cried, interrupting her. “Wait,” said this experienced woman, “I want to convince you still further: castrati are not only beardless but without any trace of hair, and if our sex discharged as abundantly as yours we should be as hairy as bears. The advantageous difference we make between your coloring and the red-haired is that dark men are free from that flat and unpleasant odor that redheads always have. As for chestnuts and fair-haired men, they are only sad performers.” And she asked my orders. As you may well imagine, my dear wife, I requisitioned the whole establishment, and to justify the good and true opinion the bawd had of my vigor, I went about it in the following manner.

Nanette was the first to set things in motion. Without possessing anything capable of inspiring the slightest fancy (except for a pleasant smile, for her flesh is soft), yet on the recommendation of her mistress, who presented her to me as the most voluptuous of her girls, I took her first. This slut adds of her own accord an extra measure to ordinary

pleasures by pissing drop by drop while one is at work with her. She also makes her lover piss into her womb and immediately falls into a faint. I brought her back to her senses by taking her from behind and applying vigorous slaps to her buttocks.

Destainville mounted Dorothée, and they rubbed their clitorises against each other so vigorously and for so long that they ended by drawing blood.

I sodomized Sainte-Huberti's beautiful ass; the beautiful Flore lay down on her back and opened her pussy for me, into which I buried my tongue; Julie, beneath my balls, tickled them lightly; Rosine stabbed me in the rear with an enormous dildo, and I jerked off Éléonore and Aglaé with each hand. The rest of the gang was arranged as follows: Nanette, whose pussy is prodigiously wide, lay on her back; her thighs, raised on her stomach, made her lips gape, exposing the opening of her cervix; Marie, Julienne, Sophie, Rosalba, and Mariette sucked him alternately. Nanette could not resist the repeated assaults that were so deliciously inflicted upon her; she stiffened, lay back, and lost consciousness, swearing like a trooper and surrounded by a sea of cum. The voluptuous Nanette, having recovered from her swoon, wanted to return to her companions the pleasures they had just given her; she had them give her a badger hair brush the size of those used by miniature painters, which she dipped in olive oil; she washed her lovers with a warm decoction of Tithymale and love apples, and placed them all on their backs with their legs spread as wide as possible; Then she crossed their arms so that one of their fingers could tickle the nipple of their breast, which she moistened with oil, and began by lightly brushing her brush over their clitoris, lips, the inside of their vagina, and all the parts likely to produce and give rise to infinite desires and pleasures. The irritation caused by this method of preparing a woman is such that her

vagina opens and closes like the gills of a carp in ecstasy. It is at this moment that a woman truly needs a cock to cool her burning womb; so they begged me to come to their aid. The pleasure that a cunt in this state gives you is indescribable! Burning, wet, and squeezing you in jerks, it plunges you into a lethargic oblivion. No sooner had I finished with one than another had already moored herself to me. Finally, my strength gave out after forty full thrusts. They agreed that I was a good cock and that they had never found one to match me. I told them about you, and they made me promise to introduce you to them as soon as you arrived.

Farewell, my dear treasure, I kiss you
with all my heart,
B...

NINTH RESPONSE

Marseille, le.....

I am setting out this very moment, my dear husband. Every moment I spend far from you and from those adorable attendants of the auxiliary houses is so much stolen from love. I shall be in Lyon in two days, where I shall stop only as long as necessary to change horses, for you know that the people of Lyon love nothing but making money. In five days, then, I shall have the pleasure of embracing you in reality and of proving to you that I am always eager for you with a pleasure forever renewed.

Goodbye, I'm getting in the carriage,
B...

FIN

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

I've interested myself in the history and bibliography of erotic literature for the best part of sixty years. During most of that time, like everyone else in the field, I have believed that *Lettres d'un Provençal a la épouse* was a book first published in the mid-19th century, and that from the words 'Par M. H.....y' on the titlepage, it was written by Frederick Hankey (1823-1882), a British bibliophile and sadist who lived for much of his life in Paris. Hankey was certainly a good candidate as the book's author since he was well acquainted with the brothels of both Paris and London.

The publication date on the titlepage — 1805-1867 — didn't signify too much. While it's true that a number of clandestine reprints of erotic works had been published with dates indicated like that, the earlier one for the original edition and the later date for when the reprint appeared, false dates were the stock-in-trade of 'underground' publishers, and could not be relied on.

However, on Tuesday 14 2014, the truth of the origins of *Lettres d'un Provençal a la épouse* became public for the first time. On that day, an auction was held at Christie's, London, of *Highlights from The Erotica Library of Tony Fekete*. It was a splendid collection that included many rarities, including a first edition of *My Secret Life* and many other wonders. The real treasure, however, was the only known copy of the original 1805 edition of *Lettres d'un Provençal a la épouse*, albeit with a slightly different title, as will be seen in the bibliographical note, below.

I was interested to see that in the Christie catalogue, the titlepage transcription made no mention of a ‘M. H.....y’ as the book’s author. This initially led me to believe that ‘Par M. H.....y’ was added by the publisher of the first reprint, Jean-Pierre Blanche, in 1867.² Blanche would certainly have known of Hankey, quite possibly personally, and added an abbreviated form of his name to the titlepage of his reprint as a sort of in-joke. However, I found in a more detailed description of the true 1805 original edition provided by Jean-Pierre Dutel that ‘Par M. H.....y’ was indeed not only present but expanded to ‘Par Monsieur H.....y.’³

So, which was correct—the Christie catalogue titlepage transcription, or that of M. Dutel?

The answer was the latter. After contacting two of those involved in the issue, a prosaic and understandable reason was discovered for why ‘Par Monsieur H.....y.’ was not included in the Christie catalogue: simply, a matter of space.

It is however something of a coincidence that whoever published the 1805 edition happened to ascribe its authorship in abbreviated form to someone who was so perfectly suited to the role.

Patrick Kearney

² See: J.-P. Dutel, *Bibliographie des ouvrages érotiques publiés clandestinement en français entre 1650-1880* (Paris : chez l’auteur, 2009), entry A-630.

³ Op. cit. entry A-245. M. Dutel was describing the copy later auctioned by Christie’s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. Critique des jolies femmes, des principaux bordels, et maisons auxiliaires de Paris, ou lettres d'un provençal à son épouse. Par Monsieur H....y. 'On n'est point à blâmer pour faire la peinture, des goûts et des désirs que donne la nature.' (prix, 8 francs). *A Paris, au Palais-Royal*, 1805. 12mo. pp. 72. 6 aquatint plates, unrelated to the work. *Provenance* : F.M. Caye (label and bookplate) & Tony Fekete. (Dutel A-245.)

In view of the fact that this is the only known copy of this edition, and the plates have nothing to do with the contents of the book, it seems likely the plates were latter additions.

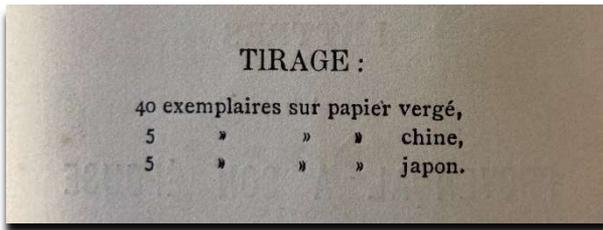
2. Ibid. Critique des jolies femmes, des principaux bordels, et maisons auxiliaires de Paris, ou lettres d'un provençal à son épouse, &c. [dutel A-246 notes a 12mo of 82 pages, « ...published around 1850. This is a facsimile of a manuscript based on the original edition. »]

3. Lettres d'un Provençal à son épouse, ou Critique des jolies femmes des principaux bordels et maisons auxiliaires de Paris, par M. H....Y. [Quotation.] *A Paris* [Bruxelles], *au Palais-Royal* [Jean-Pierre Blanche], 1805-1867. 8vo. pp. 100. Decorated with 12 erotic vignettes at page bottoms. [British Library, P.C.30.g.34. — Dutel A-630.]

4. Lettres d'un Provençal à son épouse, ou Critique des jolies femmes des principaux bordels et maisons auxiliaires de Paris, par M. H....Y. [Quotation.] *A Paris* [Bruxelles], *au Palais-Royal*, 1805-1867 [c. 1868]. 12mo. pp. 95. [Dutel A-631.]

5. Lettres d'un Provençal à son épouse, ou Critique des jolies femmes des principaux bordels et maisons auxiliaires de Paris, par M. H.....Y. [Quotation.] *A Paris* [Bruxelles], au Palais-Royal 1805–1867. 12mo. pp. 94. Limited to 40 copies on papier vergé, 5 on chine, 5 on japon. [Author's copy. — Bibliothèque National, Enfer 835.]

This edition presents an issue. Both the Enfer copy and my own copy, now in Cambridge (shelfmark: CCE.74.6), have this limitation notice: 40 copies on papier vergé, 5 on chine, and 5 on japon. However, **Dutel** 459, **Pia** (Fayard reprint), p. 424 and **Perceau** 5.4 all have **3** copies on japon. Additionally, Perceau suggests a publication date of 1872, while Dutel believes this edition was published by Henry Kistemaeckers at Bruxelles in 1881. All three authorities indicate their copy text to be the exemplar at Enfer 835.



It's difficult to believe that Pascal Pia and J.-P. Dutel repeated in 1978 and 2002, respectively, an error made by Louis Perceau in 1930. Could there instead be two different editions or issues, one copied in facsimile of the first, with a slightly different notice of limitation?