

LOUIS PERCEAU

Notice on Alexis Piron's

*Ode a Priape*

With a Definitive Text of the Poem.

[Translated by Patrick Kearney]

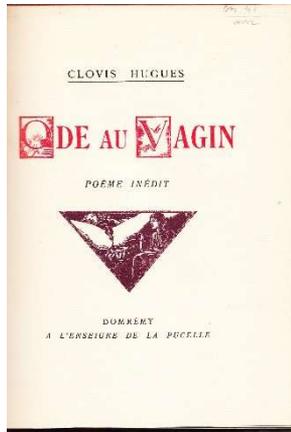


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## Translator's Note

Louis Perceau's *Note sur l'Ode à Priape* and his "version originale et complète" of Piron's notorious poem were included together as a sort of thematic appendix to the posthumously published first edition of *Ode au Vagin* by Clovis Hugues (1851–1907), a volume printed surreptitiously about 1933 by Maurice Duflou, with the false imprint 'Domrémy: A la enseigne de la Pucelle.' It was limited to 300 copies only—mine is n°. 230—and illustrated with 10 coloured erotic plates. The front wrapper of the book cautiously changes the title from *Ode a Vagin* to *Ode a Vénus*.

Patrick Kearney



# NOTICE SUR

## L'ODE A PRIAPE

*L'Ode au Vagin* being a reply to the famous *Ode à Priape*, it will not be surprising to find here the masterpiece of Alexis Piron, following that of Clovis Hugues.

This complementary publication was all the more necessary since *L'Ode à Priape* is very poorly known. Indeed, all the more or less luxurious editions that have been produced of it, clandestinely, over several years, are at once inaccurate and highly incomplete.

It is known that the famous Ode is a youthful work of the author of *La Métromanie*, and that it unleashed, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, such a scandal in Dijon that the poet was forced to leave his native city.

*L'Ode à Priape* has come down to us through several sources. The best known is that of the *Œuvres Badines*, which went through numerous editions. That text is reduced to twelve stanzas. Referring to our edition, these are, in order, stanzas 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 12, 11, 9, 13, 14, and 17. It is this incomplete text that is almost always reproduced.

The text we present contains seventeen stanzas. In truth, it really has only sixteen, since stanza 10 is merely a variant of the preceding one. This text, the most complete known, is drawn from a curious manuscript preserved at the Bibliothèque Nationale, the *Stromates*, by Jamet le jeune. The piece bears a date, doubtless that of the copy: Thursday, 27 November 1732. It is there entitled: *Ode Morale, ou L'Éloge de la Fouterie, ou Les Priapées*, “by the

Poet Piron.” The manuscript offers a number of variant readings which we shall spare the reader here, except, however, for this first version of the opening of the piece:

*Old cunts where filth resides,  
Mouldering cunts, lousy with crabs,  
Muses, remain upon Parnassus  
Scratching your buggered arses;  
It is you that I call to my aid...*

A curious collection printed in 1735, the *Recueil du Cosmopolite*, has likewise preserved for us a text of *L’Ode à Priape*, limited to fifteen stanzas, which are, in order, stanzas 1, 4, 2, 3, 6, 16, 5, 7, 8, 11, 9, 12, 13, 14, and 15.

The exact title of this anthology is: *Recueil de Pièces Choisies rassemblées par les soins du Cosmopolite, A Anconne, chez Uriel Bandant, à l’Enseigne de la Liberté*. The “Enfer” of the Bibliothèque Nationale possesses two copies, and a third is to be found in the “Enfer” of the Arsenal. One of the two copies in the Nationale bears, on the flyleaf, this curious handwritten note:

*This collection was assembled by M. le duc d’Aiguillon, father of the last deceased, printed at his residence and by himself on his estate of Véretz in Touraine, and produced in only twelve copies. The wife of his steward, whom he had appointed forewoman and who worked in a mezzanine room, once called out to him: “Monsieur le Duc, should the word F... have two R’s?” He replied gravely: “It would well be worth it, but usage is to put only one.” The Épitre à Mme de Miramion, which stands at the head of the work, as well as the Preface, are by M. de Moncrif. At the end of the volume one finds a Traduction en vers françois des Noël’s Bourguignons de M. de la Monnoye, which exists nowhere else. This collection of filth is, without contradiction, the most complete and the*

*rarest that exists... It contains many pieces that one would seek elsewhere entirely in vain.*

“Many”... that is saying a good deal. But aside from the translation of the *Noëls Bourguignons* and the oldest printed text of *L'Ode à Priape*, the *Recueil du Cosmopolite* has preserved for us the exact and complete text, in Italian, of the *Sonnets de l'Arétin*. This exceedingly rare collection was reprinted only once, by Gay, in 1865, and in only 163 copies.



It is from the *Recueil du Cosmopolite* that we have extracted *Les Sept Béatitudes*, a piece closely related to *L'Ode à Priape*, and which joins to its lyrical qualities the advantage of being very little known. No one knows to whom its authorship should be attributed.

Helpy [Louis Perceau]  
bibliographe poitevin.

## ODE A PRIAPE

Fuck the nine harlots of Pindus,  
Fuck the lover of Daphne famed,  
Whose slackened prick will never rise  
Unless by endless rubbing tamed!

'Tis you alone that I implore—  
You who, in cunts, with rigid gore,  
Send spurting floods of seed that boil:  
Priapus, lend my breath your fire,  
And for a moment, through my lyre,  
Let blaze the heat that fills your loins!

Let all grow hard, let all be blazing,  
Come running, whores and roistering blades!  
What do I see? where am I? – rapt, amazing!  
Heaven itself shows no such sights displayed.  
Great rounded piles of swelling balls,  
Firm springing thighs along the walls,  
Whole battalions of pricks at attention raised;  
Round rumps, all smooth—no hair, no blotches,  
Cunts, nipples, and tufted crotches,  
By torrents of spurting seed o'erflooded and crazed.

Stay, charming visions—do not flee,  
Remain forever in my sight;  
Be still the gods revered by me,  
My lawmakers and my delight.  
Let Priapus a temple gain  
Where night and day men may remain  
To feast their eyes as fuckers please.  
There seed shall serve as offering fair,  
Ball-hair shall hang in garlands there,  
And pricks shall act as sacrificers.

Eagle, whale, and dromedary,  
Insect, beast, and man the same—  
In air, in sea, on earth we see  
All proclaim that fucking reigns.  
Seed falls down like pelting hail,  
Sense or folly—none grow pale;  
The cunt sets every prick in rut.  
The cunt's the path to bliss we know,  
In cunt alone all pleasures grow—  
Beyond that cunt, salvation's shut.

Palaces, treasures, honors—trash!  
Yes, Croesus—first of all the lot—  
You're worth far less, despite your cash,  
Than Job who fucked upon his pot.  
The sage in Greece was some bold rake,  
The sage there too a lusty quean—  
An example Rome was quick to take:  
More than one matron there was seen  
Who, scorning throne and royal fit,  
Let fall the sceptre for the prick.

Though poorer than a churchyard rat,  
So long as my two balls run hot,  
And curl the hairs about my ass,  
I care for all the rest a jot.  
Great lords of earth—one is mistaken  
Who thinks your pomp could make me shaken  
Or stir the least of envy too!  
Make all the noise, live grand and large—  
When I fuck deep and spend my charge,  
Have I less pleasure than than you?

Let gold and honor prick and tease you,  
Foolish misers, conquerors vain;  
Long live the pleasures of the ball—

And fuck all rank, all wealth, all gain!  
Achilles, on Scamander's shore,  
Lays waste to all, spreads flames and gore—  
'Tis naught but fire, blood, and terror:  
A cunt appears—does he pass through it?  
No! I see my rogue-prick to it:  
The hero turns plain fucker there.

What mighty cause could so embroil  
Achilles with great Agamemnon?  
The sacred interest of the balls—  
Briseis: a harlot, and a cunt.  
Above proud glory's haughty fire  
The love of fucking climbs still higher;  
It drags the world behind its car.  
That power to which all hearts must yield  
Before Nicomedes' prick compelled  
Great Caesar's very arse to turn.

But see that worthy cynic there,  
Whom some old sod has ranked with dogs,  
Gravely jerking at his spear  
Before the beards of Athens' mobs.  
Nothing moves him, none alarms him;  
Lightning flashes, Jove's bolt storms him—  
His prick stands firm, unshaken still.  
Against the heavens, head held high,  
After a brief career gone by,  
Calmly he spends his final thrill.

While toward insipid glory's prize  
Alexander cuts his way,  
While his hungry valor tries  
To swallow all the world in sway;  
While fear of baleful birds of omen,  
Before the powers of heaven bowing,

Prostrates that restless monarch proud—  
Beneath the beard of thundering Jove,  
Diogenes, snug in his tub,  
Fills it with seed while jerking loud.

Socrates, you'll say—that sage  
Whose godlike wit the world admires—  
Often spat his bitter rage  
Against the sex that man desires.  
Yet did the worthy preaching brother  
Fuck any less than did another?  
Let us read his lesson right:  
Against the sex his words persuade—  
Yet without Alcibiades' backside  
He'd never railed at cunts outright.

With fuckers all the Fable teems:  
The Sun fucks fair Leucothoe,  
Cinyras his daughter dreams,  
A bull fucks Queen Pasiphaë.  
Pygmalion fucks statues cold,  
Brave Ixion fucks clouds of old;  
One sees but seed forever flow.  
Fair Narcissus, wan and dim,  
Burning to fuck his very self,  
Dies striving to bugger his own shadow.

Jove himself, high throned in heaven,  
Spare no cunts and spare no holes;  
Neptune, in the deep seas driven,  
Mounts nymphs, tritons, sirens' shoals.  
The fiery fucker of Proserpine  
Seems within his balls divine  
To hold the burning of the Pit.  
Friends, let us play the selfsame game:

Fuck till some wanton's hungry frame  
Turns our very souls with it.

Tisiphone, Alecto, Megæra—  
If folks still fucked among you there,  
Fates, Charon, and you, Cerberus,  
My prick would make you each take share.  
But since, by some barbarian fate,  
No man now stiffens at Tænarus' gate,  
I'll descend there still in mid-delight.  
There my greatest torment, I suppose,  
Will be to see that Pluto goes—  
While I no longer have the might.

All follows, all repairs the deed  
Of that delight men call abuse;  
Man, bird, and fish, each living breed,  
Without that joy would cease their use.  
Seed is the very world's foundation,  
Seed the prolific source of creation  
That makes the universe endure;  
And that great Whole we so admire—  
This splendid cosmos, truth to tell—  
Is but a noble, boundless whorehouse.

Youth well-seasoned in the brothel's school,  
Keep always prick in eager cunt!  
By fucking thus one serves the realm—  
What use is chastity's cold front?  
A boundless treasure once was needed  
To raise again the Theban walls defeated;  
Phryne found it in her chest.  
We know full well the gifts she proffered—  
And what, to Rome, Lucretia offered:  
Her virtue served the state no less.

Heap up your blows, relentless fate,  
Harsh fortune, strike with all your power;  
Such ills can only truly weight  
On common souls that faint and cower.  
But mine, by nothing put to fright,  
More firm than any friar's stiff might,  
Laughs at the ills both past and near.  
Let men despise me, hate me too—  
What care I? Still my prick is true:  
I stand, I fuck—and that's enough.

ALEXIS PIRON.

# LES SEPT BÉATITUDES

## STANCES

Happy the man who, free of schemes,  
Sits in the shade beneath the fern,  
And with a lover's gentle heat  
Lives at the cunt of his shepherdess.

Happy the man whom no affairs,  
Ill-timed, disturb or put in trouble,  
Who, resting in untroubled ease,  
Can in the sun pick at his balls.

Happy the man whose only care  
Is for the bottle and the glass,  
And who, within this present age,  
Can laugh and fuck the world to scorn.

Happy the man who, claiming naught,  
Awaits in peace his final hour,  
And counts as all the wealth he needs  
The first seed drawn from a young cunt.

Happy the man who, far from court—  
Where grief sits brooding at the center—  
Can freely, every day he likes,  
Scratch his belly with his prick.

Happy the man who in his joys  
Still keeps himself within his power,  
And, governing each appetite,  
Leaves every cunt with prick still hard.

Happy the man content with fate,  
Who, satisfied within his hut,  
Softly awaits approaching death—  
Either like a hole, or fucking like an ass.