

D.-A.-F. DE SADE

LA NOUVELLE JUSTINE

OU

LES MALHEURS DE LA VERTU

Translated by Patrick Kearney

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CHAPTER VII

Continuation of the ill-starred destiny of Justine. — Recognition. — How the Supreme Being maketh her amends for her pious designs.

Any other creature than the trembling Justine would have cared very little for such a threat; once it could be proved that the treatment she had just endured was the work of no tribunal, what had she to fear? But her weakness, her natural timidity, the weight of her misfortunes—everything bewildered her, everything terrified her; she thought only of flight.

Except for that branding mark of disgrace... for a few traces of the lash which, thanks to the purity of her blood, soon disappeared... for a few sodomitical assaults which, directed by ordinary members, did not in the least deform her; apart from all this, we say, our heroine—eighteen years old when she left Rodin's house, where she had otherwise been well cared for and well fed—had lost nothing of either her strength or her freshness. She had entered that happy age in which nature seems to make a final effort to adorn those whom her hand destines for the pleasures of men. Her figure was more defined, her hair thicker and longer, her skin fresher, more enticing; and her

bosom, much spared by people little fond of that part, had acquired greater fullness and roundness. Justine was therefore a very beautiful girl, a creature well capable of kindling in libertines the most violent desires... the most irregular... the most lascivious.

Thus, more irritated and distressed than physically ill-treated, Justine set out that very evening; but, poorly guided and asking no directions, she did little more than wander around Paris, and on the fourth day of her journey she found herself still only at Lieusaint. Knowing that this road might lead her toward the southern provinces, she resolved to follow it, and thus to reach, as best she could, those distant regions, persuaded that the rest and peace so cruelly denied her in her own country perhaps awaited her at the far end of France: fatal error! How many sorrows she still had to endure!

Whatever her sufferings had been, her innocence at least had remained to her until then. Solely the victim of the outrages of two or three libertines, she could (since nothing had ever occurred with her consent) still rank herself among honest girls; she had nothing with which to reproach herself; her heart was pure. She grew too proud of it, and her presumption was punished. She had all her fortune with her—that is to say, nearly five hundred livres, a sum resulting from what she had earned at Bressac's and at Rodin's. She congratulated herself on having at least been able to preserve these resources, and flattered herself that, with frugality, temperance, and economy, this money would suffice her at least until she was in a position to find some employment. Her terrible mark did not show; she imagined she could always conceal it, and that this misfortune would not prevent her from earning her living. Full of hope and courage, she continued her journey as far as Sens, where she rested for a few days. Perhaps she might have found something in that town; but, penetrated with the necessity of going farther away, she set out again with the design of seeking her fortune in Dauphiné. She had heard much spoken of that country; she believed she would

find happiness there. We shall see of what kind was that which destiny had in store for her.

Toward evening of the first day—that is to say, about six or seven leagues from Sens—Justine, having left the road to satisfy certain needs of nature, could not resist sitting for a moment on the edge of a vast pond, whose surroundings seemed to her of a delightful coolness. Night was beginning to spread its veils over the lamp of the universe; and our heroine, knowing that there was but a very short distance from where she was to the place where she was to pass the night, was in no haste to interrupt the gentle, solitary reflections inspired in her by the rustic scene in which she rested, when all at once she heard a fairly heavy mass fall into the water ten paces from her. She turned her eyes and perceived that this mass had been hurled from the midst of a thick thicket, at the foot of which the waters of the pond lapped, and that, by their respective positions, neither she nor the agent of the action that had just been committed could see one another. Her second impulse carried her swiftly toward the fallen mass; she thought she heard cries; she perceived that this mass did not sink at once, yet was on the point of disappearing. Doubting not that a human creature was enclosed in the sort of basket she discerned, she obeyed only the first movement of nature. Without considering the dangers she ran, she threw herself into the pond, fortunate enough not to lose her footing, and to seize the floating burden which the wind was driving toward her. She retraced her steps, drawing after her that precious load; she hastened to open it—great God! it is a child... a charming little girl of eighteen months, naked, bound fast, whom her executioner no doubt believed he was burying, along with his crime, in the waters of that pond. Justine hastened to break the bonds; she revived the child, whose little timid hands were raised toward her benefactress, as though to thank her for her care, and to repay her with all that nature permits to the expressions of gratitude. The tender Justine embraced this charming unfortunate. “Poor little one,” she said, “you have come into the world,

like unhappy Justine, only to know its sorrows and never its pleasures! Perhaps death would have been a blessing for you! Perhaps I do you a cruel service in drawing you from the bosom of oblivion to place you again upon the stage of despair and misfortune! Well then—I will repair that fault by never abandoning you. Together we shall gather all the thorns of life; trodden underfoot by us both, they will perhaps seem less sharp, and, grown stronger through our union, we shall blunt them with less pain. Good Heaven! I thank you for the gift you make me; it is a sacred object upon which my sensibility shall be ceaselessly exercised. Happy enough to have saved her life, I will care for her days, her education, her morals; she shall never leave me; I will work to feed her; younger than I, she will repay me in my old age; she is a friend, a support whom the hand of the Eternal sends me. By what acts of gratitude shall I be able to express to Him all my thankfulness!”

“I shall see to it myself, damn it,” said a man in a stentorian voice, seizing the wretched Justine by the collar and throwing her onto the grass; “yes, I shall punish you, to teach you not to meddle in what does not concern you.” And the stranger, immediately reclaiming the little girl, put her back into her basket, bound her there again, and plunged her once more into the midst of the waters... “The fate that child has just suffered—you would deserve it, slut,” continued the savage; “and I would not hesitate to make you feel it, if I did not perceive from your looks that, by reserving you for more cruel torments, you may perhaps procure me greater pleasures. Follow me, without a word; this dagger you see raised over your breast will be plunged into it at the first movement you make.”

We shall forbear to depict here the astonishment, the terror, and all the various agitations that disturbed Justine’s soul. Daring not to reply, she rose trembling and followed her tormentor. After a full two hours’ march, they at last arrived at a château, situated in the depths of a broad valley, surrounded by tall woods

that lent this dwelling the most somber and savage aspect imaginable. The entrance to the house was so concealed by thick clusters of trees and hornbeam hedges that it was impossible to discern it. It was there that Justine, guided by the very master of the place, entered at about ten o'clock at night. While, immediately confined in a room where she was carefully locked in, this poor creature sought to find a little rest amid the new horrors surrounding her, let us unfold what must be known of this adventure, that some interest may be taken in it.

Monsieur de Bandole, a man of great wealth and formerly a member of the judiciary, was the lord of the castle into which he had just brought Justine. Having withdrawn from the world ever since he inherited from his father, Bandole had, for more than fifteen years, indulged in this solitary dwelling in the bizarre tastes with which nature had endowed him; and certainly, these tastes, which we shall now describe, will no doubt frighten our readers. Few men possessed a more vigorous constitution than Bandole; though forty years of age, he still regularly had his four fucks a day, and in his youth, he had gone as far as ten. Tall, slender, of a wiry and lean build, possessing a black, stubborn penis nine inches long and six in circumference, hairy all over his body like a bear; Bandole, as we have just sketched him, loved women only to enjoy them; once he had had his fill of them, it was impossible to despise them more. What was most remarkable was that he used them only to father children, and never failed in his aim; but it was the use he made of this fruit that was undoubtedly even more extraordinary: they were raised until eighteen months; once they had reached that age, the fatal pond where we have just seen him plunge one of these offspring became the universal grave of them all.

For the satisfaction of this bizarre mania, Bandole kept thirty girls shut up in his château, aged from eighteen to twenty-five, and all of the greatest beauty; four old women were charged with the management of this seraglio; a cook and two kitchen maids completed the entire household of this libertine. A great

enemy of display and luxury, and wholly in the principles of Epicurus, our singular personage maintained that, in order to preserve one's vigor for a long time, one must eat little and drink nothing but water, and that, for a woman to become quickly fertile, she too must subsist only on wholesome and light nourishment; accordingly, Bandole never took more than a single meal composed of a few vegetables, and his women two, at which nothing was ever served but fruits and greens. It is certain that, under this regimen, Bandole enjoyed the best of health, and his women an astonishing freshness; they bred like hens, and there was not a year in which each did not give him at least one child. Moreover, such were the methods of this debauchee: in a boudoir prepared for the purpose stood a machine upon which the woman, softly stretched out and firmly bound, presented to this libertine the temple of Venus at the utmost degree of openness possible; he penetrated, and no one stirred—this condition, according to Bandole, being the most essential to the completion of the act; and it was only to ensure it more securely that he required the bonds; three or four times a day the same woman was placed upon the machine, then kept in her bed for nine days, her head low and her feet very high; whether Bandole's methods were sound, or whether his seed possessed a truly prolific virtue, it remains certain that he rarely failed; at the end of nine months the child appeared; it was cared for during eighteen; it was then drowned. And it was—this circumstance is worthy of remark—it was always Bandole himself who carried out this final operation, the only procedure by which he obtained the erection necessary to procreate new victims.

With each new consort, the women who had just given birth were replaced; so that a sultana was never kept except in the case of infertility, which necessarily placed them in the dreadful dilemma of either spending their lives there or bearing a child by that monster—and as they were, moreover, unaware of exactly what was done with their offspring, Bandole saw no difficulty in restoring their full freedom; they were returned to the very

place where they had been taken, with a thousand écus in compensation; but our man, caught this time by Justine as he planned to subject her to his usual pleasures, had no desire—however many children she might bear him—to grant her a freedom she might abuse to betray him. As for internal indiscretions, since these women were all kept in separate confinement and never communicated with one another, Justine, having suffered the same fate, was unable to reveal anything. The only danger lay in her release, and Bandole was firmly resolved never to grant it to her.

We flatter ourselves, moreover, that one may readily imagine that the manner in which such a man proceeded to the act of enjoyment must have borne some trace of the ferocity of his tastes; seeking absolutely nothing but his own satisfaction, Bandole had never in his life felt the fires of love. One of the old women bound upon the machine the one who was to serve that day; he was informed, he opened the door of the cabinet, masturbated for a moment in front of the cunt, reviled the woman, swore, panted, penetrated her, uttered very loud cries during the act, and ended by bellowing like a bull at the instant of ejaculation. He left without so much as casting a glance at the woman, and repeated this three or four times in the twenty-four hours, always with the same one. The next day another took her place, and so on. As for the variations, they were always alike; chilling impassivity, very prolonged enjoyment, cries, blasphemies, and fucking—it was always the same thing. Such, then, was the man who was about to pluck a rose... somewhat faded, it will be remembered, by the cruel attempts of Saint-Florent; but much refreshed, much closed again by the effect of so long an abstinence, which, in more than one respect, could still give this pretty flower all the appearance of virginity. Bandole set great store by this condition in a girl; his agents had as their principal instruction always to bring them to him virgins—none were admitted without this requirement.

Moreover, Bandole saw absolutely no one. The most solitary and secluded life was the one that suited him. A few books and some walks—these were the only diversions by which he broke up his excesses. Possessed of wit, of a firm and decided character, burdened with no prejudices, without religion, without principles, astonishingly despotic in the depths of his seraglio, without shame, without humanity, vaunting his vices—such was Bandole and his lair; such was the tomb that the hand of Heaven was preparing for Justine, in recompense for her having wished to save one of this scoundrel's victims.

Fifteen full days passed without our unfortunate heroine hearing a word of her persecutor: one of the old women brought her the food of the house; Justine questioned her, and the other, replying coldly, said, "You will soon have the honor of seeing monsieur; you will be informed then." — "But, my good woman, why am I here?" — "For monsieur's pleasures." — "Oh, just Heaven! what—he would force me to things... the very idea of which fills me with horror?" — "You will do as the others do, and you will be no more to be pitied than they." — "The others? What—there are others here!" — "Certainly; you are not the only one; come, come, courage, patience"—and the door was shut again.

On the sixteenth day at last, Justine was told to hold herself ready for a preliminary ceremony, of which she had received no warning whatever. The doors flew open with a crash; Bandole, followed by an old woman, entered the room. — "Let me see her cunt," said he to the matron; and Justine, unable to defend herself, was at once seized and stripped. — "Ah!—ah!" said Bandole carelessly, "is this not the one who is to die here?... the one who took it into her head to surprise me?" — "Yes," came the reply. — "Since that is so, I need use no great delicacy with her... Is the maidenhead there?" Then the old woman, her nose furnished with spectacles, bent down to examine. — "It has been tampered with," said she after a moment; "but there is tightness, freshness... enough to give pleasure." — "Spread it... let me see

for myself," said Bandole... and the wretch, kneeling before the opened sex, thrust into it at once his fingers, his nose, and his tongue. — "Feel her loins," said he to the old woman as he rose, "and tell me whether you suppose the breeding may succeed." — "Yes," said the old woman, palpating her, "the subject is well formed; I answer for an excellent product in nine months." — "Oh, Heaven!" cried Justine, "were I a beast of burden, I could not be examined with more contempt; and what have I done, sir, to deserve the outrage you destine for me? where are the grounds of your authority over me?" — "There they are," said Bandole, pointing to his prick; "I am hard, and I mean to fuck." — "Can this frightful logic of the passions accord with humanity?" — "And what is humanity, my girl, pray?" — "The virtue that will assure you aid, if ever you yourself become unfortunate." — "One never is, with five hundred thousand livres of income, when one joins to that my principles and my health." — "One always is, when one makes others miserable." — "Here is a creature who reasons," said Bandole, pulling up his breeches; "so little accustomed am I to find any of that sort that I have a mind to chat with her: withdraw," he continued, addressing the old woman; and they sat down opposite one another.

— "Where do you take it from, pray, my child," continued Bandole, "that, since nature has created me the stronger, both physically and morally, I have not received from her, along with these first gifts, the power to treat my inferiors according to the sole rules of my will?" — "These gifts, of which you boast, ought to be for you only so many additional motives to honor virtue and relieve misfortune; you are unworthy of them, the moment you do not employ them for that purpose." — "For my part," replied Bandole, "I shall say, dear girl, that this way of reasoning is far from my heart. In order that I might value your existence as I value my own, I should have to find, in that foreign existence, relations that bound it to me as intimately as my tastes or my passions... Is that so? I go further—can it be so? Unable, then, to regard your existence as anything but wholly foreign—or, if

you prefer, passive—the esteem I may have for you can only ever be relative, or, to explain myself more clearly, proportioned to the degree of utility I receive from you; now, that utility, from the moment I am the stronger, can consist only in the most evident acts of servitude on your part. Only then shall we both have perfectly fulfilled the roles for which nature created us: I, when I bend you to my passions, of whatever kind or nature they may be; you, when you undergo their effects. Your definitions of humanity, Justine, are but the fruit of the sophisms of the weak; humanity, rightly understood, does not consist in giving all one's care to others, but in preserving oneself, in delighting oneself at the expense of whomever it may be. Let us never confuse civilization with humanity; the latter is the daughter of nature—let us examine her without prejudice, and we shall never be mistaken in her voice; the former is the work of men, and consequently of all passions and all interests combined. Nature never inspires in us anything but what can please her or be useful to her: whenever, in feeling one of her desires, we find ourselves checked by something, let us be well assured that the barrier has been raised by the hand of men. Why should we respect such a restraint? If we degrade ourselves so far, let us blame only fear or our weakness; let us never reproach our reason... everything is surmounted when we listen to it. Would it then be likely that nature could establish at once within us both the desire for a given action and the possibility that this action might outrage the very being who inspires that desire? Nothing is more singular than my tastes, as you see, Justine; I do not love women—their enjoyment is to me the most insipid thing in the world; but the pleasure of impregnating them, and of blighting afterward the fruit I have caused to germinate in their wombs, is a delicious act; there is none, without doubt, that would render me more guilty in the eyes of my fellows: well then, is that a reason for me to correct myself? No, surely; and what does the esteem or opinion of men matter to me? Of what weight are these chimeras beside my tastes or my passions? What I lose with

them is the result of their egoism; what I prefer to them are the sweetest enjoyments of life.” — “The sweetest, sir!” — “Yes, the sweetest, Justine; they are never more delicious than when they most depart from received usages and customary morals; it is only in the destruction of all these barriers that supreme voluptuousness consists.” — “But, sir, they become crimes.” — “An empty word, my dear; there is no crime in nature. Men believe in it—that is all very simple; they have had to characterize as an offense everything that disturbed their tranquility; thus the injury one man permits himself against another may indeed exist individually speaking... never in the eyes of nature...” And here Bandole repeated, with some variations of expression, all that Rodin had said on the nothingness of the crime of infanticide; he proved to her, at least with as much force, that there was no sort of wrong in disposing of the fruit one had planted, and that we have no rights of property better founded than over that. “Nature’s intention is fulfilled as soon as the woman is pregnant,” continued Bandole; “it is indifferent to her whether the fruit ripens or is plucked in its greenness.” — “Oh, sir, you will never draw just comparisons from inanimate things to a being possessed of a soul.” — “A soul!” said Bandole, bursting out laughing; “ah! tell me, pray, my dear, what you mean by that expression.” — “It gives me the idea of the vital and eternal principle, the sublime and lofty emanation of the divinity, which brings us nearer to it, unites us to it, and which, by the perfection of its essence, distinguishes us from all animals.” And here Bandole, having burst out laughing a second time, said to Justine: “Listen, my child: I perceive that you have some merit, and I am willing to enlighten you; a little attention—and follow me.

— “Nothing is surely so absurd as the system of those who obstinately maintain that the soul is a substance distinct from the body; their error springs from the pride that leads them to suppose this inner organ capable of drawing ideas from its own fund. Seduced by this first illusion, some of them have carried extravagance so far as to believe that we bring innate ideas with us at

birth. From this ridiculous hypothesis they have made of the part they call the SOUL an isolated substance, and have granted it the imaginary right of thinking abstractly from the matter whence it alone proceeds: these monstrous opinions are justified only by saying that ideas are the sole objects of thought, as though it were not proven that they can come to us only from external objects which, acting upon our senses, have modified our brain; each idea is doubtless an effect, but however difficult it may be to trace it back to its cause, can we suppose that it is not due to one? If we can acquire ideas only through material substances, how can we suppose that the cause of our ideas is immaterial? To dare to maintain that we can have ideas without the senses would be as absurd as to say that a man born blind could have an idea of colors. No, Justine, no—let us not believe that our soul can act of itself or without cause at any moment of our lives; absolutely bound to the material elements that compose our existence, entirely dependent on them, always subject to the impressions of beings that act upon us necessarily and according to their properties, the secret movements of this principle, vulgarly called the SOUL, are due to causes hidden within ourselves; we believe that this soul moves because we do not see the springs that set it in motion, or because we suppose those motives incapable of producing the effects we admire; the source of our errors lies in our regarding our body as brute and inert matter, whereas it is a sensitive machine which necessarily has a momentary awareness of the impression it receives, and the consciousness of the self through the memory of impressions successively experienced. Remember this, Justine: it is only through our senses that beings are known to us or produce ideas in us; it is only as a consequence of the movements impressed upon our body that our brain is modified, or that our soul thinks, wills, and acts. Could our mind then exercise itself upon anything but what it knows? and can it know anything but what it has felt? Everything proves to us, in the most convincing manner, that the soul acts and moves according to the same laws as those of

other beings in nature, that it cannot be distinguished from the body, that it is born, grows, and is modified in the same progression as it, and that consequently it perishes with it. Always dependent on the body, you see it pass through the same stages: inept in childhood, vigorous in maturity, chilled in old age; its reason or its delirium, its virtues or its vices, are never anything but the result of external objects and of their effects upon the material organs. How, with such strong proofs of the identity of the soul with the body, has anyone ever been able to imagine that this portion of the same individual enjoyed immortality while the other perished? Fools! after having fashioned this soul at their pleasure into a simple being, without extension, devoid of parts, in a word entirely different from everything we know, they then pretended that it was not subject to the laws we find in all beings whose perpetual decomposition experience shows us; they started from these false principles to persuade themselves that the world also had a spiritual, universal soul, and they gave the name of God to this new chimera, of which that of their own soul became an emanation. Hence religions, and all the absurd fables that flowed from them, all the gigantic and fantastical systems that necessarily resulted from this first extravagance; hence the romantic ideas of punishments or rewards after this life, the most revolting absurdity of all; for if the human soul were an emanation of the universal soul, that is to say, of the God of the universe, how could it merit or demerit? how, perpetually chained to the being from which it emanated, could it be free, and on that account be punished or rewarded as such? Let not the adherents of the imbecile system of the immortality of the soul offer us its universality as proof of its reality; nothing is more simple than the prodigious extent of this opinion: it contains the strong, it consoles the weak—what more was needed to spread it? Everywhere men resemble one another, and everywhere, with the same weaknesses, they must have the same errors. Nature having inspired in all men the liveliest love of their existence, the eternity of that existence became a necessary desire;

this desire soon turned into certainty, and still more quickly into dogma. It was easy to presume that men thus disposed would eagerly listen to all that this system announced to them; but can the desire for a chimera ever become the incontestable proof of its reality? We likewise desire the eternal life of the body, and yet this desire is frustrated: why should that of the life of our soul not be so as well? The simplest reflections on the nature of this soul ought to convince us that the idea of its immortality is but an illusion. For what indeed is this soul, if not the principle of sensibility? what is thinking, enjoying, suffering, if not feeling? what is life, if not the assemblage of these different movements proper to an organized being? Thus, as soon as the body ceases to live, sensibility can no longer be exercised, there can be no more ideas, and consequently no more thoughts; ideas can therefore come to us only from the senses; now how would one have it that, once deprived of these senses, we should still have ideas? Since one makes of the soul a being separate from the animal body, why has one not made of life a being distinct from the living body? Life is the sum of the movements of the whole body; sensation and thought form part of these movements; thus, in the dead man these movements will cease like all the others; and by what reasoning, indeed, would one pretend to prove to us that this soul, which can feel, think, will, act only with the aid of its organs, could still have pain or pleasure, or even the consciousness of its existence, when the organs that informed it of these things shall be decomposed? Is it not evident that the soul depends upon the arrangement of the parts of the body, and upon the order in which those parts concur in performing their functions? Thus, once the organic structure is destroyed, we cannot doubt that the soul is destroyed as well. Do we not see, throughout the whole course of our lives, that this soul is altered, deranged, disturbed by all the changes our organs undergo? and yet one has the extravagance to imagine that this soul must act, think, subsist, when those very organs have entirely disappeared! What absurdity!”

—“The organized being may be compared to a clock which, once broken, is no longer fit for the uses to which it was destined. To say that the soul will feel, think, enjoy, suffer after the death of the body is to pretend that a clock, shattered into a thousand pieces, can continue to mark the hours. Those who tell us that our soul can subsist notwithstanding the destruction of the body plainly maintain that the modification of a body may be preserved after the subject itself has been destroyed.”

— Oh, my child! persuade yourself well that after your death your eyes will no longer see, your ears will no longer hear; from the depths of your grave you will no longer be the witness of those scenes which your imagination now represents to you in such dark colors; you will take no further part in what passes in the world; you will be no more concerned with what is done with your ashes than, on the eve of your birth, you could be with the kind of organs nature was about to give you. To die is to cease to think, to feel, to enjoy, to suffer; your ideas will perish with you; your pains and your pleasures will not follow you into the tomb; regard death, then, with a tranquil eye—not to nourish your fears and your melancholy, but to accustom yourself to behold it calmly, and to reassure yourself against the false terrors that the enemies of your peace strive to inspire in you.”

— “Oh! sir,” said Justine, “how sad these ideas are! are not those I received in my education more consoling?” — “But philosophy, Justine, is not the art of consoling the weak; it has no other aim than to give precision to the mind and to uproot its prejudices. I am not consoling, I, Justine; I am truthful. If I wished to console you, I should tell you, for example, that, like the other women of my seraglio, the doors would be opened to you as soon as you had borne me a child. I do not tell you so, because I do not wish to deceive you; you possess my secret, and that misfortune assures you an eternal captivity. Consider yourself, then, my dear, as already in the coffin I was describing to you just now; you will never again see the threshold of the door by which you entered.”

— “Oh! sir—” — “Justine, I am hard—come downstairs; enough of reasoning; I want to fuck.” The old woman was called back; Justine was led to the cabinet intended for such sacrifices; our unfortunate girl was bound upon the customary seat, and the matron withdrew. “Despicable creature!” said the old Faun brutally, “you see what one gains by wishing to do a good action; I have always observed that virtue entangles itself in its own snares, and is forever the dupe of vice. You had only to let that child drown—I should not even have noticed you.” — “Oh, sir... I, allow so dreadful a crime to be committed!” — “Be silent, whore—I have already proved it to you; is there anything of which we are more the masters than the bit of seed we have fashioned? Come, slut, give me one, and I will dispatch it before your eyes.” — “In Heaven’s name, sir, have mercy on me; once your passion is satisfied, I shall be of no use to you; you will despise me, you will abandon me; and if you would employ me in some other capacity in your house, I am quite sure I could render you very great services.” — “And what service?” said Bandole, all the while roughly handling Justine’s mound and breast. “A wench like you is good for nothing but to be fucked, and it is to that single purpose I shall put you; the only difference I shall make between you and the others is to ill-treat you infinitely more, because the others leave, and you are here for life”; and Bandole, sufficiently aroused, set to work.

But Bandole, like all philosophers... like all men of wit, had his own peculiar preliminaries. The habit of a man who loves the cunt is to fuck it: our libertine went further; he sucked it, he bit the clitoris, and took infinite pleasure in plucking the pubic hair with his teeth. These preliminaries became more or less violent, depending on the freshness or beauty of the object offered; and as Bandole did not often receive one as pretty as Justine, he gave himself over to it. The poor little cunt of our unfortunate girl was bitten vigorously; her beautiful thighs also bore the marks of this libertine’s teeth, who, fully resolved to proceed, was about to get down to business for real, when someone came

rushing in to announce that one of the women of the harem was about to give birth. Such was the custom; as soon as the birth took place, the sultan was notified, and in such cases he behaved in the manner we shall now describe.

“You might well have waited a moment,” said he first to the old woman who interrupted him, “I was about to fuck... No matter; your orders are to inform me—you carry them out, I have nothing to say. Untie this girl; she shall follow me; destined to replace you one day, I wish her to learn how to serve me.” Justine, the old woman, and Bandole then made their way to the cell of the one who was about to give birth. She was a young girl of nineteen, beautiful as the day, already in the throes of her first pains. Bandole and the old woman seized her and placed her upon a machine different from that on which they were bound for fucking, but no less uncomfortable. There the victim, stretched upon a tilting board, had her head and feet very low, only her loins raised; her delivery thus could not but be extremely perilous, and this circumstance was far from displeasing our libertine. Scarcely had the beautiful girl been placed upon this bed of misery than she began to utter piercing cries. — “Ah!” said Bandole, palpating her, “the delivery will be difficult, I see it; I am glad, Justine, of this opportunity to make you admire my skill.” In order to assure himself still better of the patient’s condition, he thrust a finger into her womb. — “It is certain, she will suffer,” said he with pleasure; “it is by the feet that the child seeks to emerge; we shall be obliged to have recourse to terrible means.” Then, after a moment, seeing that the same symptoms continued... — “Come,” he went on, “there is no other way; the mother must perish if I am to save the child; and as this one may still give me very great pleasure, while the other is of no further use to me, I should be a fool to hesitate...” And the unhappy creature heard her sentence; the brute took no precaution to disguise its horror from her. — “I have no resource left but the Caesarean operation,” he continued, “and I shall proceed to it.”

He unfolded and prepared all his instruments, and set about incising the side; the opening made, he sought to seize the child—he succeeded; the mother expired; but the embryo came forth only in pieces. — “Indeed, monsieur,” said the old woman, “you have performed a fine operation there.” — “It has failed,” said Bandole, “it is your fault; why the devil did you come to fetch me when I was hard? you know well I can do nothing when I am blinded by lust—there is the proof. No matter, jerk me off, Justine... yes, direct the streams of my cum onto the blood-soaked remains of these victims.” Justine, terrified... covered in tears, obeyed trembling; in two convulsions the discharge burst forth; it seemed the debauchee had never been more deliciously aroused; and mother and child are drenched in the telling evidence of his vigour. Calm returns; he withdraws. “Bury all this,” he says to the old woman, “and put that girl in a safe place; the more she knows of my secrets, the more I fear her; I need no longer stand on ceremony with her; I therefore want her to be put in prison,” and the order is carried out.

These prisons were lofty turrets where the air was very pure, but where one was barred on every side, and from which escape was impossible. Locked there and left to herself, the sensitive Justine began to form some reflections on her fate. — “O God!” she cried, “why must I be so cruelly ill-treated, when my only fault has been to oppose a crime? What examples, though still so young, I receive of the fatal misfortune of my destiny!” A moment of stupefaction followed; Justine was motionless, scarcely breathing; one would have said that all the faculties of her cruel existence were chained by grief: a few involuntary tears flowed from her beautiful eyes, and a violent palpitation of the heart became the sole proof of her attachment to life. Several days passed thus, without this unhappy creature receiving any consolation, without anyone entering her room save the old women charged with bringing her food.

At last, Bandole reappeared one evening. — “My child,” said he to the unfortunate girl, “I come to inform you that it is the

day after tomorrow, without fail, that I shall grant you the honors of my bed..." and at Justine's horrified reaction: — "What! does this news not fill you with pleasure?" — "It fills me with horror. Oh, sir, do you believe that women can love you?" — "Love me," replied Baudelaire, "I should be in despair if a woman took it into her head to do so: the man who wishes to enjoy deliciously will never seek a woman's heart; by such methods one would become only her slave, and consequently very unhappy. A woman is truly delightful to fuck only when she detests you cordially; and the man who would know all the piquancy of pleasure must neglect nothing to inspire in the woman he fucks as many motives of hatred as possible. Do you think that the Asiatics, so skilled in voluptuousness, do not know what they are about when they shut up their women? Do not imagine, Justine, that jealousy has anything to do with their conduct in this respect. Would it be likely that a man who has five or six women could love them all enough to be jealous? It is not for that reason that he confines them; the sole motive that determines him to do so is that he thereby gains the means of tormenting them more at his ease—a desire born from the certainty that an embittered, harassed woman, a woman who detests the man who is to deal with her, necessarily becomes for him the most delicious of pleasures." — "There is very little delicacy in that." — "And what does delicacy do in love? does it add a single thrill to pleasure? No, certainly; on the contrary, it diminishes sensation, by constraining the man to material sacrifices in favor of the moral—sacrifices always made at the expense of his voluptuousness. Delicacy is the chimera of love; enjoyment is its element. All delicate lovers are poor fuckers, Justine; they think to compensate a woman, with fine words, for what they deprive her of in fact. As for me, I confess, if I were of your sex, I should prefer to be ill-treated and well fucked than to hear myself told delicious things every day by a weak-kneed lover¹. Come, Justine,

¹ — This is but a sketch of the principles that will be developed further below.

resign yourself; the role of the weaker is to yield: if circumstances change, perhaps you will become the mistress in your turn; then I shall obey you." Bandole withdrew, and left the poor Justine awaiting the most dreadful outrage her modesty could dread. She reflected upon it, leaning on her window, unable to bring herself to go to bed, when she thought she heard a noise in the thickets surrounding her tower; she listened. — "Open," someone cried to her, "and do not be afraid; we have important things to tell you." Justine leaned out, she listened; anything that resembled relief was so precious in her cruel situation! The same words were repeated to her. Good God! what was her surprise on recognizing the voice of Cœur-de-Fer, that famous captain of thieves, with whom she had left the Conciergerie. — "Unhappy man," she said to him, "what are you seeking near this dreadful house?" — "We have come to tear away a woman who interests us; that is our sole aim: Bandole is a scoundrel like ourselves; therefore his tastes, his property, his pleasures—everything shall be respected; but we must have the woman whom his agents carried off from us a month ago, and we must have her to immolate her, because she betrayed us in the cruelest manner." — "Alas! sir," said Justine, "have I not nearly the same reproaches to make against myself? and when I am in your hands, will you not owe me the same severity?" — "Do not fear it," said Cœur-de-Fer; "let us have the one we want, and we swear you safety, protection, and aid." — "Oh, just Heaven! you would have me deliver up an unfortunate woman to put her to death!" — "She will meet it just the same where she is." — "No, they are released when he is weary of them." — "Well then, if you do not serve us, we shall force our way in regardless, and you shall be our first victim." Come, said Justine, who saw clearly that in escaping from the danger she was in she would always succeed—whether they kept their word or not—in eluding whatever new traps might be laid for her, and that as for the woman her action would betray, she would contrive to obtain some trace of her—come, I am ready to serve you; furnish me with the means, and

I hope we shall succeed. — “Have you a rope?” — “No.” — “Tear your sheets, make a strip of them, and lower it to us.” Justine obeyed. — “Pull,” they said to her. A file and a silk ladder were at the end of the rope: a note appeared; she read these words: “Make use of this file to cut your bars; fasten the ladder to those that remain; then slide down tomorrow, without fear, between two and three in the morning; we shall be there; you will show us the door of this enchanted house; you will receive from us a reward, and permission to go wherever you please, without remembrance or resentment.”

Justine wished to make a few further observations; they were gone. Her reflections were soon made; we have just indicated what supported them.

Entirely resolved, she filed through her bars, fastened her ladder, and awaited the appointed hour with incredible impatience; a clock struck it for her. Justine climbed onto her window and lightly slid down the ladder; supple, light, and agile, she was soon at the foot of the tower. — “Oh, Justine, recognize me,” said Cœur-de-Fer, clasping her in his arms... “recognize a man who has never ceased to adore you, and whom you have treated very harshly... Delicious creature! how tall and beautiful you are now! Well then, will you always be so cruel?” — “Oh, sir, let us make haste, day is about to break, and we should be lost if we were seen here... But will you be able to find that door again?” — “Yes, if you swear me one thing.” — “What is it?” — “The life of the unfortunate woman you wish to immolate, and my liberty, as soon as you have reached the threshold of that door.” — “Your liberty is certain,” said the thief; “but the first point is impossible.” — “Ah! into what a cruel dilemma you put me! Why did I come down?” — “Day is about to break, Justine—you observed it yourself just now—we must not lose a moment...” And Justine, trembling, went forward. — “There is a poplar that guides me,” she said; “I passed beneath it to enter; the door must be near it.” Cœur-de-Fer and his men seized upon this indication and at last perceived a door... they led Justine to

it. — “Is it this one?” they asked her. — “A small green door.” — “Yes, here it is.” — “Oh, sir, send me away now.” — “It must be so,” said Cœur-de-Fer; “we will keep the word we gave you— here are ten louis; embrace me, dear girl; I might demand from you favors... so long awaited... I might punish you for a grave fault committed against the band; but that fault, far inferior to the one we are about to avenge this very moment, has its excuse in your virtue; interest alone was the motive for the other. Brigands though we are, these profound considerations establish great differences in the treatment we give. Go, Justine; but your companion will be immolated... Farewell; try to become happier than you seem to have been until now, and remember that you will always have friends in Cœur-de-Fer and in his band.”

“Well then!” said Justine, as she withdrew, “is this yet another caprice of Heaven, as inexplicable as the rest? I would save a child from the fury of a monster; that wretch imprisons me and seeks to violate me; I deliver one of my companions to the rage of another anthropophagus... This detestable action... this abhorred betrayal... which will cover me with remorse all my life, earns me my liberty... money, and the end of my fears... Divine justice, manifest thyself to my eyes in a manner less incomprehensible, or I shall fall into doubts that may perhaps offend thee.” And the unhappy girl withdrew. Day broke; she recognized her surroundings, she saw the fatal pond, and nearby the hospice where she had meant to rest three months before; she stopped there, breakfasted, and resumed the road to Auxerre, which she left again on the seventh of August, still firmly resolved to reach Dauphiné, where her romantic imagination continued to make her hope for happiness.

She had gone about two leagues; the heat beginning to incommode her, she climbed a small rise covered with a clump of trees not far from the road, intending to refresh herself there and to sleep a couple of hours at less expense than in an inn, and in greater safety than by the roadside; she settled herself at the foot of an oak, and after a frugal breakfast abandoned herself to the

sweets of sleep. The unfortunate girl had enjoyed it with some calm when, her eyes reopening to the light, she took pleasure in contemplating the agreeable landscape spread before her; from the midst of a forest stretching to the right, she thought she perceived in the distance a little steeple rising modestly toward the skies. — “Charming solitude,” said she to herself, “how I envy thy abode! thou must be the dwelling of some gentle and virtuous recluses occupied only with God... with their duties; or perhaps, O happy solitude! thou servest as a refuge to some holy hermits wholly devoted to religion, removed from that pernicious society where crime, ever watching around innocence, degrades and annihilates it. Ah! all the virtues must dwell there, I am sure; and when the perversity of man drives them from the earth, it is there, in that peaceful retreat, that they go to bury themselves in the bosom of the fortunate beings who cherish them and cultivate them every day.” This sight inflamed Justine’s imagination all the more, as the sentiments of the most ardent piety had never abandoned her in any circumstance of her life; despising the sophisms of a false philosophy, which she believed all to emanate from libertinage rather than from any inward conviction, she opposed to them her conscience and her heart, and found in both all that was needed to answer them; often compelled by her misfortunes to neglect the duties of her religion, she repaired that fault eagerly whenever she had the means. Filled with the ideas we have just seen, she questioned about the habitation that presented itself to her a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, whom she saw tending sheep; she asked her what convent it was. — “It is a Benedictine abbey,” replied the shepherdess, “inhabited by six monks whose piety, continence, and morals are beyond compare; people go there once a year on pilgrimage, to a miraculous Virgin from whom the devout obtain whatever they desire; go there, mademoiselle, go—you will not return without feeling yourself improved.” Deeply moved by this reply, Justine at once conceived the most ardent desire to go and implore some aid at the feet of that holy Mother of God.

—“I shall see her,” she cried with devotion, “I shall adore her to whom the Supreme Being granted the grace to bear a God; I shall prostrate myself at the feet of that source of purity, of virginity, of candor, and of modesty. Ah! let us hasten; every moment of delay is a crime at which my religion shudders.”

Justine wished the young shepherdess to accompany her; she begged her, even offered her money, but without success: the girl pleaded occupations that scarcely left her time to attend to her duties. — “Very well,” said Justine, “I shall go alone; show me the way.” It was pointed out to her; she was assured that she had more than time enough to arrive before nightfall; she was told that the superior of that house, the most respectable and the most saintly of men, would receive her perfectly well, and would give her all the assistance she might require. — “His name is Dom Severino,” they added; “he is an Italian, a near relative of the Pope, who loads him with favors; he is gentle, honest, obliging, fifty-five years of age, and has passed two-thirds of his life in France.” And with these details received, Justine set out toward that holy retreat where Heaven seemed to promise her such gentle consolations.

Scarcely had she descended from the rise she had climbed than she no longer perceived the steeple: having now no guide but the forest, she began to suspect that the distance, of which she had neglected to inquire, was far greater than she had supposed; but nothing discouraged her; she reached the edge of the wood, and seeing that there was still enough daylight left, she resolved to penetrate it, never ceasing to believe she might arrive before night. Yet no trace of human presence met her eyes—not a house—and for all a path, only a track bristling with undergrowth, which seemed fit to serve none but wild beasts; she had already gone at least five leagues without seeing anything that announced what she sought, when, the sun having wholly ceased to light the world, it seemed to her that she heard the sound of a bell: hope revived; she listened, she moved toward the sound, hastened on, and at last, passing through a dark thicket

which, by a path far narrower than the one she had followed until then, led her at length to the convent of Sainte-Marie-des-Bois. Such was the name of that dwelling.

If Justine had thought the approaches to Bandole's château frightfully wild, she must certainly have found those of this abbey still more savage. The nearest habitation was six leagues from it, and immense woods seemed to withdraw it from the sight of men: it was situated in a broad and deep valley, surrounded on all sides by ancient oaks; such was the reason why Justine had lost sight of the steeple as soon as she had reached the plain. After descending for nearly three-quarters of an hour, our heroine at last arrived near a hut situated beneath the porch of the church; she rang; an old brother appeared. — "What do you want?" said he brusquely. — "May one speak to the superior?" — "What have you to say to him?" — "A holy duty brings me; may I be permitted to fulfill it? I shall be repaid for all the fatigue I have endured to reach this solitude if I may cast myself at the feet of the miraculous Virgin whose image is kept here." The brother opened and went in alone; but as it was late and the fathers were at supper, he did not return for half an hour. — "Here," said he on reappearing, followed by a monk, "here is Dom Clément, the steward; he comes to see whether what you desire is worth interrupting the superior."

Clément, whose name was anything but reflected in his appearance, was a man of forty-five, of enormous bulk, of gigantic stature, with a thick black brow, a very rough beard, a dark, savage, wicked, and sly gaze, expressing himself only in harsh words, hurled forth by a hoarse voice—a veritable satyr's face... He made Justine tremble; and, without her being able to resist it, the memory of her former misfortunes rose before her troubled mind in bloody strokes... — "What do you want?" said the monk, in the most forbidding tone; "is this the hour to come into a church! You have quite the air of an adventuress; your age,

your disarray, your appearance, the moment at which you present yourself here—all this does not announce anything very good; be that as it may, speak; what do you want?”

“Holy father,” replied Justine, “my disorder is the effect of the fatigue I have endured to reach this place. As for the hour, I had believed it was always time to present oneself in the house of God: I come from far away to arrive here, full of fervor and devotion. I ask to confess myself, if it be possible; and when the state of my conscience is known to you, you shall judge whether I am worthy or not to prostrate myself at the feet of the holy image.” — “But it is not the hour for confession,” said the monk, softening somewhat; “you can do so only tomorrow morning; where will you sleep in the meantime? we have no hospice”; and Clément, at these words, abruptly left our traveler, telling her he would report to the superior. Some time afterward the church opened; the superior, Dom Severino, came forward himself and invited Justine to enter the temple, the doors of which were immediately locked behind her.

Dom Severino, of whom it is well to give an idea at once, was a man of fifty-five, of handsome countenance, still fresh in appearance, built like a vigorous man, formed like Hercules, and all this without harshness; a sort of elegance and softness even pervaded his whole person, showing that in his youth he must have possessed all the attractions that make a handsome man; he had the finest eyes in the world, nobility in his features, and the most courteous and seductive manner; a slight accent revealed his origin, but gave only more charm and grace to his speech. Justine, it must be admitted, had need of the agreeable exterior of this second monk to recover from all the fright the first had caused her. “My dear child,” said Severino graciously, “although the hour is late, and we are not accustomed to receive visitors so tardily, I will nevertheless hear your confession, and afterward we shall consider how to have you pass the night decently, until the moment when tomorrow you may salute the holy image that draws you here.” Then there entered the church, by way of the

choir, a young boy of fifteen, of the prettiest figure imaginable, and dressed in so indecent a manner that Justine would have conceived some suspicion, had she observed him. But, wholly absorbed in her examination of conscience, completely lost in her own thoughts, she took no notice of anything. The young boy lit some candles and, without Justine realising it, came and sat in the very chair that the superior was to occupy whilst hearing our penitent's confession. Justine sits on the other side; this position prevents her from seeing what is happening where Dom Severino is, and, full of trust, she rattles off her little sins, which the superior listens to whilst caressing the young boy nestled close to him, fondling his bottom, and offering him his penis, which the Ganymede jerks, stroking, shaking, sucking, all at the monk's whim, who signals to him with his hands the various ways in which he must cooperate with the arousal that Justine's naive tales will produce in his nervous system.

Our pious adventuress confessed her faults with a candor... an ingenuousness which, as one may easily imagine, soon inflamed all the senses of the libertine who listened to her. She recounted her misfortunes... she revealed to him even the branding mark inflicted upon her by the barbarous Rombeau. The monk gave the greatest attention to everything; He even makes Justine recount several episodes, which he listens to with an air of pity and interest, whilst the most lustful curiosity and the most unbridled lewdness alone guide his questions. However, had Justine been less blinded by the father's movements, by his broken sighs, by the rather violent noise he made as he bent the young man over to sodomise him, she would surely have ceased to be deceived; but religious enthusiasm is a passion that clouds the mind like all others; the unfortunate girl took no notice of anything. Severino, who was getting carried away, went into great detail; Justine answered them all innocently. He had the audacity to ask her, bluntly, whether it was true that the various men she had been with had never fucked her in the arse, and how many times in total she had been arse-fucked; whether

the cocks that had fucked her that way were big; and whether they had come in her arse. To these indecent questions, Justine merely replied naively that this last offence had been committed on her only three or four times in all. "Truly," said Severino, drunk with lust, and still fucking the prettiest arse in the world; "truly, my angel, I ask you this because you seem to have the most beautiful buttocks imaginable, and those criminal charms seduce many libertines." — "One must take care," he continued, stammering; "a pretty backside is the apple with which the serpent tempted Eve; it is the road to perdition, and you see that those who have taken it with you rank among the greatest villains you have known. This crime destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, my child—you know it; it is everywhere punished by fire; there is nothing that so provokes the goodness and justice of the Eternal; there is nothing against which a virtuous girl should guard herself more carefully. And tell me, did you feel no pleasurable sensation during that perfidious act?" — "The first time, my father? how could that have been, since I had fainted?" — "And the others?" — "Detesting, abhorring all those horrors, it would have been very difficult for me to take the slightest part in them."

Finally, the monk's main questions—whilst still sodomising his catamite—centred on the following points.

1°. — Whether it were indeed true that she was an orphan and born in Paris? 2°. — whether it were certain that she had no kin, no friends, no protection—in a word, no one to whom she could write? 3°. — whether she had confided only to the shepherdess, who had told her of the convent, her intention of coming there, and whether she had given her no appointment for her return? 4°. — whether she did not fear having been followed, and whether she was quite certain that no one had seen her enter the convent? Then Severino, inquiring carefully about the age and appearance of the young shepherdess, reproached Justine for not having brought her; "you would have doubled the merit of your good deed by bringing a companion with you;

she would have edified us as you have, and we should have received her in the same manner.” Having finished these pious discourses, the monk deflowered his young lover; and as he withdrew, he saw him utterly aroused and his passions burning fiercely; “My child,” he said to Justine, “you must now receive the penance due for your sins, and it is only in the most perfect state of humiliation that I can impose this punishment upon you. Let us go into the sanctuary; the two candles will be brought near the miraculous image; it will be unveiled before you; you shall imitate it, Justine; you shall strip yourself as she has; and you shall feel that this complete nakedness which I demand of you, which might perhaps be a crime in the eyes of men, becomes in ours but a further means of justification.” Then the young boy rushes out of the confessional, takes the candles, places them on the altar, climbs up, and unveils the image. Justine, dazzled by the illusions of her ardent piety, hears nothing, sees nothing, and prostrates herself; but Severino, lifting her up harshly, says to her: “No; you shall have that right only when you are naked; here the greatest... the most complete humiliation is required.” — “Oh! Father, forgive me”; and in that instant the pious Justine offers nothing but the beauties of nature to the lecherous eyes of her tormentor. No sooner had he caught sight of that beautiful body than he whinnied with lust; he turned it this way and that; and, on the pretext of examining the scar, the rascal scrutinised in detail Justine’s superb curves and delightful buttocks. “Come now,” he said to her, “kneel down if you wish to say your prayers, and do not worry about what will happen whilst you are at prayer; consider, my daughter, that if I perceive your mind is not entirely detached from worldly matters, if I believe I see it still clinging to earthly things and not wholly belonging to God; consider, I say, that if I then mete out my punishment according to your new offences, it will be fatal and bloody; so forget yourself, and let yourself be taken.” From this moment on, the lecher listens only to his passion: sensing full well that Justine’s condition, and the position in which he holds her, dispenses him from

all caution, he places himself behind her, with his young lover beside him; and, whilst the latter tickles and strokes him, the monk lustfully runs his hands over the buttocks offered to him, leaving upon them, from time to time, with his nails, bloody marks of his cruel caresses.

Justine, motionless, firmly persuaded that all that was being done to her had no other purpose than to lead her step by step toward celestial perfection, endured everything with an indescribable resignation; not a complaint... not a movement escaped her; her mind was so elevated toward heavenly things that her tormentor might have torn her to pieces without her even daring to complain of it.²

Encouraged by such passivity on the part of his penitent, the monk grew more daring; covering with his outstretched hand the two fair buttocks of that angel, he then let his hand fall heavily upon them, and dealt her thus a dozen blows so violent that the vaults of the church resounded, and the loins of the frail victim bent like a lily shaken by the north wind. Then he came round in front of her again, and, no longer observing any restraint, let her see an engine threatening the heavens, more than sufficient to tear away the veil—if that of superstition could indeed be torn; he touched her breast, the scoundrel kissed it; growing ever bolder, he dared to press his impious lips upon those where virtue, candor, and truth had rested. Sweet emotions of sensitive souls! you vanished at this outrage. Here Justine sought to withdraw—“Let be,” said the inflamed monk harshly; “did I not tell you that your salvation depends upon your complete resignation, and that what appears defilement among other men is, with us, nothing but purity, chastity, devotion?” Holding

² An invincible proof of the extreme connection that exists between the moral and the physical: know how to elevate the one, and you will always be master of the other—and that explains all the enthusiasm of martyrs, whatever side one supposes them to belong to; for in truth there is no good side; that of general opinion is always the only one that must be adopted.

the victim's head with one hand, he slips his tongue into his mouth as he speaks, pressing so hard that it is impossible for him not to feel the monk's cock rubbing against his arse; but the Italian, as if frightened by this betrayal of his chosen worship, immediately moves back behind him, finally pressing the most ardent kiss... the hottest on those buttocks, reddened by the vigorous slaps with which he has bruised them, spreads them apart, thrusts his tongue into the pretty hole, savours the pleasure in every way, fills himself with dark lusts, still being jerked off by his young lover, who has not left his side since the beginning of this scandalous act, and who is just about to make him come, when, realising that, without failing his fellow monks, it is impossible for him to go any further, he tells Justine to get up... to follow him, and that the rest of the penance will be completed inside... "Must I remain naked, Father?" said Justine, somewhat anxious. "Certainly," replied the superior, "is there greater danger in being naked in the house than in the church? Since your penance cannot be completed here, I must lead you to the only places where we can finish it." — "I'll follow you, Father." — And the young man, extinguishing the candles, carried off the garments. Justine was now lit only by a small candle, carried by Severino who walked ahead, with the young man behind: it was in this order that she entered the sacristy. A door, concealed within the paneling, opened by means of a hidden mechanism; a dark and narrow passage presented itself; they entered it, and the door closed again. — "Oh! my father," said Justine, all trembling, "where are you taking me?" — "To a safe place," said the monk... "to a spot from which it is very likely you will not soon depart." — "Great God!" said Justine, attempting to draw back... — "Forward, forward," said the superior firmly, placing her before him to make her go first... "oh, damn it! it is too late to retreat; and you will soon be convinced, my child, that if you do not find great pleasures in the place to which I am leading you, you will at least quickly learn there the art of serving ours." These terrible words made Justine shudder; a cold sweat seized

her, her frightened imagination made her see death brandishing its scythe above her head; her knees gave way, she was on the point of falling. "You wretch," said the monk, giving her a vigorous knee in the loins to raise her, "come, walk, and attempt here neither complaint nor resistance; all would be useless." These cruel words revived our unfortunate girl; she felt she was lost if she faltered. "O just God!" she cried, rising again, "must I always be the victim of my candor, and must the holy desire to draw near to all that is most worthy of reverence in religion be once more punished as though it were a crime!"

The march nevertheless continued; they were about halfway along the long passage they had to traverse when the monk extinguished the light. From that moment, no more restraint; the more Severino perceived the increase of terror his conduct inspired in Justine, the less he spared either words or actions; it was by pinching or pricking her buttocks that her guide forced her onward. "Move on, slut," he said to her, "would you have me take you from behind and carry you on my prick?" and, as he spoke, he made her feel how sharpened was the dart with which he threatened her. All at once, Justine, who had only her hands to guide her, struck against a portcullis set with iron spikes, on which she tore the skin of her right hand; she cried out... A dull noise was heard, the barrier opened. "Take care," said the monk, "grasp the railing; you are on a bridge—the least false step would hurl you into an abyss from which no effort could rescue you." At the bottom our heroine found a winding staircase, and after thirty steps, a ladder, which she was forced to climb. For a moment during this ascent, the monk's face found itself close to Justine's backside; the scoundrel kissed and bit whatever he could reach. At last a trapdoor appeared. "Push with your head," said the superior; at once rays of light struck Justine's eyes, hands lifted her up, bursts of laughter were heard, and behold the unfortunate girl and her guides in a charming, brilliantly lit hall, where at table appeared five monks, ten girls, and five boys, in

the greatest disorder, attended by six naked women; at this spectacle Justine shuddered, she sought once more to flee—but it was too late, the trapdoor had closed.

“My friends,” said Severino on entering, “allow me to present to you a veritable phenomenon. Here is a Lucretia who bears at once upon her shoulders the mark of crime, and in her heart all the innocence of a virgin; moreover, as you see, a superb girl; observe this figure, the whiteness of this skin, the firmness of this bosom, the nobility of these thighs, the roundness of this ass, the beauty of this hair, the delightful harmony of these features, the divine fire of these eyes; I hope that, although this one is not entirely new, you will nevertheless admit that there are very few in the seraglio who unite so many beauties.”

“God damn it,” said Clément, “I had only seen her clothed and had reported on her; but, by the name of a buggered God—whom I don’t give a damn about—I did not think her so pretty.” Justine was made to sit down in a corner, without anyone asking whether she needed anything or not, and the supper went on.

Here we owe the reader an apology for the necessity we are under of interrupting for a moment the thread of the narrative, in order to portray the different characters with whom we are about to make him acquainted. What interest, without this precaution, could he take in our account?

CHAPTER VIII

Portraits. — Details. — Arrangement.

Severino is known; his tastes are easy to guess. He gathered around him all those inspired by a love of arses: his depravity in this regard was such that he had never enjoyed any other pleasures. And yet what inconsistency in the operations of nature, since—with the bizarre fancy of choosing only such paths—this monster was endowed with faculties so gigantic that even the most well-trodden roads would still have seemed too narrow for him.

As for Clément, his outline is already drawn; add to the exterior we have described a measure of ferocity, pettiness, the most dangerous duplicity, intemperance in every respect, a satirical and biting wit—an atheist, corrupt, villainous man—and you will have the most complete picture of this libertine. As for his tastes, they reflected his mind and took their source from his heart; his barbarous face was their emblem. Clément, worn out, could no longer fuck; once an idolater of arses, it had now become impossible for him to offer them any homage other than treatments akin to all the passions issuing from that ferocious soul. To pinch, to beat, to prick, to burn, to flog, in a word to inflict upon a woman every possible torment—and to receive them in turn: such were his favorite amusements; pleasures so exhausting for the unfortunate object of his intemperance that he rarely left her without being spent or cruelly torn. There was not one of the unhappy victims of that house who would not have preferred some unknown penance to the horrible necessity

of satisfying the unworthy pleasures of this debauchee, who, extremely long in his details, often wearied even more than he exhausted; and of all the creatures he employed, the most to be pitied, without doubt, was the one who, while he acted upon others, was obliged to jerk him off, to extract from him two or three drops of semen, which he would yield only by avenging himself, through atrocities, for the physical theft he said one seemed to commit against him.

Antonin, the third participant in these voluptuous orgies, was forty years old—small, slender, very vigorous, as formidably endowed as Severino, and almost as wicked as Clément—an enthusiast for the pleasures of his companions, though he indulged in them with different intentions. If Clément, in this barbarous mania, sought only to vex and tyrannize a woman without otherwise enjoying her, Antonin, enjoying her in all the simplicity of nature, flogged and tormented her only to give her more heat and energy; in a word, the one was brutal by taste, the other by refinement. Antonin combined with this fancy certain caprices akin to his inclinations; he was passionately fond of performing oral sex on a woman, of having her piss into his mouth, and many other little infamies whose details our readers will see as they proceed through these memoirs.

Ambroise was forty-two years old; he was a short, stocky, extremely fat man, whose humble member was barely discernible; he was excessively licentious, had a passion for young boys, and loved nothing in a girl except what made her resemble that sex. His favourite pastime, after having his arse whipped until it bled, was to have shit shovelled into his mouth whilst he was still being flogged; he would swallow the turd whilst fucking the arse that had just produced it: even the graces would not have been able to cope with it without this episode, so true is it that true voluptuousness lies only in the imagination, and is deliciously nourished only by the monsters begotten by this capricious mode of our mind.

Sylvestre fucked women vaginally and combined this simple pleasure with two or three rather astonishing manias. The first consisted in insisting that the woman he was fucking shit during the act; the second, more shocking to the ear and more exhausting for the woman, was to scream at the top of his lungs as he came, and to proceed to that culmination only by delivering twenty slaps to the unfortunate object of his pleasure, whose face he would, on top of all that, take care to smear with the turd she had deposited in his hand. Sylvestre was fifty years old, ill-made, with a hideous face, but possessed of wit and of wickedness like his companions: none of them lacked these qualities, which they regarded as the primary foundations of their libidinous associations.

Jérôme, the oldest of these six solitaires, was sixty years old; but though he was the eldest, he was also the most libertine. All tastes, all passions, all crimes were united in the soul of this monk; to the caprices of the others he added irregularities still more bizarre, and circumstances far more libidinous. All the paths of Venus, all sexes besides, were indifferent to him; but his strength beginning to fail, he had, for some years, preferred the one which, requiring nothing of the active partner, left it to the passive one to awaken sensations and provoke the emission of seed: the mouth was his favorite temple, and while he was being sucked, he had himself whipped with all possible force. The sequel will offer details that our readers will prefer to see in action rather than in narration. Jérôme's character, moreover, was just as wicked, just as sly as that of his companions, and just as zealous a partisan as they of the anti-physical; like them, he enjoyed being fucked and sodomizing boys, when, prepared by their mouths, he had recovered, in that restorative, the strength necessary for the enterprise.

In whatever form vice might present itself, it was certain to find in that infernal house either followers or temples. Vast funds were set aside to maintain for the Benedictine order this obscene

retreat, which had existed for more than a century and was always occupied by the six richest monks, the most advanced in the order, of the best birth, and of a libertinism sufficiently pronounced to require that it be buried within that obscure den whose secret never escaped.

Let us continue to sketch in broad strokes: Justine rests; the monks sup; we have time to complete a few tableaux meant to shed light on the important details we must set down about this strange dwelling of crime and debauchery.

There were two seraglios in the house: one comprising eighteen young boys, the other thirty girls; this meant that each group consisted of five girls and three boys. A single woman was in charge of the whole arrangement; her name was Victorine; and as her talents and her duties deserve some detail, we shall devote a separate article to her. A large hall was set aside for each of these seraglios. Here are the specific divisions within them:

These rooms were circular; a dining table occupied the center; the cells lined the perimeter. Each occupant slept alone, and his cell consisted of two small compartments: his bed was in one, his bidet and his commode chair in the other.

The eighteen boys were divided into three classes of six individuals each: the first two were called the classes of gitons; the third, the class of agents.

The first class of catamites contained six subjects from seven to twelve years old; their color was linen gray, and their costume a sailor's jacket. In the second were six young men from twelve to eighteen, dressed in the Greek style, in purple.

In the class of agents were noted six subjects from nineteen to twenty-five; this class was clothed in European-style frock coats, of a golden-brown hue.

The five classes of girls were then distinguished, and were composed in the following manner:

The first was called the Virgins, though there was not a single one among them; it contained six subjects from six to twelve years of age; they were dressed in a white sheath.

The second division comprised six from twelve to eighteen; they were called the Vestals; they were dressed like convent novices.

The third was filled with six beauties from eighteen to twenty-four, called the Sodomites, on account of the superiority of their buttocks; they were dressed in the Greek style.

The fourth presented six superb women from twenty-five to thirty; they were called the Flagellated, in reference to the spirit of their employment; they wore a Turkish costume.

Six duenna-like women formed the fifth class; they were admitted from thirty up to forty, and even beyond; they were dressed in the Spanish style.

No fixed order was observed in the composition of those who were to attend the suppers; when Justine is installed, we shall see her instructress complete the details of which we give here only what is necessary for understanding the first scene. Let us resume the thread.

The sixteen girls who made up the attendants of this first supper—ten at table and the other six serving—were so varied in age that it would be impossible to depict them as a whole.

Let us begin with the six acolytes; we shall then speak of the ten invited. These six servants were not of a different caste from the other girls; this duty was performed in rotation, all passing through it in their turn. We shall soon see Justine receive these explanations. The service this time was performed by the creatures we are about to describe.

The first was scarcely ten years old, with a slightly crumpled little face, pretty features, very fine and very white skin, a scarcely formed little ass, the air of one humiliated by her fate, fearful and trembling.

The second was fifteen; the same awkwardness in her bearing, the look of modesty debased, but an enchanting face, much appeal in her whole appearance, little bosom, a round and very well-shaped backside.

The third was twenty years old, a picture of beauty, with the most beautiful neck and the most beautiful bottom in the world, superb blonde hair, fine, regular and gentle features, and a little less shy than the first two.

The fourth was twenty-five; she was one of the most beautiful women one could ever see; innocence, honesty, and modesty in her bearing, and all the virtues of a gentle soul, the fairest complexion one could imagine, hips and a bottom that could have served as a model.

The fifth was a thirty-year-old woman, seven months pregnant, with a languid and pained air, beautiful eyes full of interest, and the air of a virgin.

The sixth was thirty-two years old, dark-haired, very lively, with beautiful eyes, but having lost all decency, all restraint, all modesty; her arse was mediocre and very dark, with a lot of hair, even around her arsehole.

The female guests and the young boys mingled with the monks at the table. We are already familiar with one of these young boys; all that remains is to speak of the others.

The first was only eight years old; he was the very image of Love itself; the little rascal was naked between Ambrose and Jerome, who were both kissing him, wanking him, and fondling his bottom, each vying with the other.

The second was thirteen, pretty as an angel, with a gentle, refined air and beautiful eyes; he was naked from the waist down, his white, cute arse a delight to behold.

The third was sixteen, a picture of beauty, with an enchanting face, and already the most handsome boy in the world.

The fourth and fifth were both from the older age groups; one was twenty-two, the other twenty-five, both tall and well-built, with superb hair and monstrous cocks; it was impossible to get a grip on the latter's, it was at least seven inches in circumference and ten inches long.

The first of the ten girls invited, taken from the class of virgins, was eight years old; she was a little withered rose, before

the season had had a chance to open her; perhaps she might have become pretty; but, withered by debauchery, what could one expect from such a subject! To what extent must debauchery and the frenzy of passion have been taken to outrage nature in this way!

The second was barely fifteen, a very pretty girl; she had lost her virginity two years earlier, and this disgrace was the work of Jérôme.

The third, fourth and fifth were sisters; the youngest was thirteen, the second fourteen, the eldest fifteen; they were called the Three Graces; it was truly impossible to see anything fresher, prettier or more interesting; all three looked alike—same eyes, romantic and blue, the same blonde hair, the same overall charm, the same shape of bottom; and although the youngest's was not yet fully formed, when one compared the allure she offered in that regard with that possessed by her two sisters, it was easy to see that it would soon be a masterpiece.

The sixth was eighteen; she was one of the most beautiful creatures the world had ever seen, a true artist's model, and she was reputed to have the finest bottom in the harem.

The seventh, no less well-built, did not, however, have such a pretty face, but was a little plump; she was nineteen years old, and had the bosom of Venus herself.

The eighth was twenty-six; she was eight months pregnant, very fair-skinned, with very beautiful eyes and superb hair, but she looked languid... overwhelmed.

The ninth was a thirty-year-old woman, as big as a tower, tall in proportion, with fine features, but a figure too colossal and too marred by her weight; she was completely naked, as were the maids, when Justine entered; it was easy to see that no part of her body was free from the marks left by the brutality of the scoundrels whose passions her ill fortune had forced her to serve.

The tenth was a woman of forty, faded and wrinkled, yet still beautiful, with an air of the utmost debauchery; her withered

arse exuded lust, its opening was wide and a reddish-brown; like half the monks, she was already drunk when Justine appeared.

Let us now resume the account of our heroine's reception in this impure place.

"I think," said Sylvestre, "that we ought to make a bit more of a celebration for this pretty girl, not leave her languishing in a corner like that, and at least grant her the honors due a new arrival." — "I would have made that remark sooner," said Severino, "if I had not seen you all so crudely sprawled in filthy pleasures... but to pull you out of them—how could one? It is, you must admit, to make very little of my charming discovery to receive her with such indifference." — "Treacherous effects of satiety!" said Ambroise, "that is where abundance leads." — "I do not perceive this abundance at all," said Jérôme; "I am so weary of everything around me that I feel nothing but needs; there are not a quarter of the objects here required by my lust." — "He is right," said Clément, stepping toward Justine and seizing her by the neck, to slide into her rose-like mouth the most impure of tongues. — "Yes, fuck, he is right," said Antonin, coming to greet our heroine in the same way; and the two of them set about tonguing her for a quarter of an hour, while Jérôme, kneeling before her buttocks, thrusts his tongue at her tight little hole, Sylvestre does the same to her clitoris, while idly jerking Severino's cock encountered by chance beneath his hand; and in less than two minutes our poor girl finds herself so surrounded that she no longer even has the possibility of defending herself. She is a fair lily in the midst of a swarm of hornets, sucking, drawing, stealing from every side the precious nectar of the flower. Justine nevertheless does what she can to escape the outrages that revolt her; but she is persuaded that all these resistances are only useless affectations, and that what she has best to do is to imitate, with submission, the obedience of her companions.

"Grant me your attention for a moment," said Severino; "gather around me, all of you, and let this new arrival, to whom I address myself, listen to me on her knees with reverence."

“Slave to our whims,” said the monk, “you whom chance has placed in our hands, do you not read in this decree of fate what the future foretells for you? Nothing here is the work of chance; everything is arranged by the laws of nature, and as soon as, by a consequence of those laws, you fall into our hands, it is clear that nature intends you to serve us. Fulfill, then, your destiny with resignation; reflect that the slightest resistance to our caprices, of whatever kind they may be, may cost you your life. Cast your eyes upon the companions who surround you: there is not a single one who came willingly into this house; force and cunning brought them all here. All wished, like you, to offer resistance, and all quickly recognized the futility of that absurd design when they saw that whatever defenses they could oppose could lead them only to the most dreadful treatment. “Justine,” continued the superior, showing her whips, rods, paddles, scalpels, pincers, stilettos, and other instruments of torment, “oh, Justine, it is well that you should know it: these are the persuasive means we employ with rebellious girls, and they subdue them at once; see whether you wish to test them? Will you appeal? to whom will you address yourself? who will receive your complaints in a place that will never be filled for you with anything but informers, judges, and executioners? Will you implore justice? we know no justice but that of our pleasures... the laws? we admit only those of our passions... humanity? our sole pleasure is to violate all its principles... religion? it has no restraint in our eyes, and our contempt for it increases in proportion as we see it more closely... equals, friends—there is nothing of that sort in these places; you will find here only selfishness, cruelty, debauchery, and atheism; complete submission is therefore your only lot, and that perfect resignation compels many things here. “The seven despots with whom you have to deal—among whom must be included the directress, whose orders or whims must be as sacred to you as our own—these seven despots, I say, are each day subject to terrible caprices, and the slightest resistance to these arbitrary acts of force or tyranny inevitably

brings in its wake dreadful punishments, or death. Would it be in flight that you would hope for your salvation? Oh, Justine, that last resource is as futile as the others; cast your eyes upon the impenetrable asylum where you are: never has any mortal appeared within these walls; the convent might be seized, searched, burned, and this retreat would still remain unknown. It is an isolated, underground pavilion, surrounded on all sides by six walls, each ten feet thick, and there you find yourself, my dear, in the midst of six villains who have no intention of sparing you, and whom your pleas, your tears, your words, your kneeling or your cries will only inflame further; To whom, then, will you turn? To whom will you appeal? Will it be to the God whom you came to implore with such zeal, and who, to reward you for so much fervour, only hurls you a little more surely into the trap... or to that contemptible and repulsive chimera, whom we ourselves outrage every day by flouting his vain laws? You see, then, Justine; there is no power, of whatever nature one might suppose, that can succeed in taking you away from here; and there exists, neither among the realm of the possible nor among that of miracles, any means that could succeed in snatching you from our hands... that could prevent you from becoming, in every sense and in every way, the prey of those hideous lusts... the plaything of the libidinous excesses to which all six of us, together with you, are about to abandon ourselves. Come on then, you little minx, offer your body to our whims, lend it entirely to the horrors with which we are about to defile it, or the most barbaric treatments will prove to you the risks that a wretch like you runs in disobeying us."

Such a speech, as one may easily imagine, was applauded by all the monks; Clément found it amusing to slap Justine's buttocks in order to applaud with greater vigor.

It was then that the unfortunate girl felt the full horror of her situation; she threw herself at the feet of Dom Severino and employed all the eloquence of a soul in despair to beg him not to abuse the wretched state in which she found herself. The most

bitter and abundant tears flowed, soaking the monk's knees, and all that this unhappy creature could summon of the strongest and most moving appeals she used to try to soften that monster. To what end did it all serve? Should she not have known that tears are an added attraction in the eyes of libertines? Could she doubt that everything she attempted to move these barbarians would only succeed in inflaming them further? "Come," said the superior, pushing her away with brutality, "let us begin, my friends; let us subject this wench to all our forms of reception, and let not a single one be spared her."

A circle is formed; it is composed of six monks, each surrounded by two girls and a boy; Justine is placed at the center; and here are the various passions she undergoes in performing the three customary rounds to which her companions had likewise been subjected when they first entered the house.

Severino is first; beside him are the fifteen-year-old girl, the thirty-two-year-old girl and the sixteen-year-old boy.

Clément comes next; beside him are the twenty-year-old girl, the twenty-five-year-old girl and the thirteen-year-old boy.

Antonin follows; he is surrounded by the fourteen-year-old girl, the eighteen-year-old girl, and the eight-year-old Ganymede.

Ambroise is in the middle with the ten-year-old girl, the nineteen-year-old girl, and the twenty-two-year-old fucker.

Sylvestre, with the twenty-five-year-old fucker, has the thirty-year-old girl and the forty-year-old girl beside him.

Jérôme has the fifteen-year-old boy, the same one we saw in the church during Justine's confession, the thirteen-year-old girl and the eight-year-old girl.

Justine is led into the circle by the fat woman, aged twenty-six; she introduces her to each of the monks, both of them naked.

She arrives to find Severino fondling the bottom of the fifteen-year-old girl, whom the young lad was wanking; meanwhile, he was forcing the other thirty-year-old girl³ to suck the young man's cock; the monk has Justine do the same to him, while he fingers her arsehole.

She moves on to Clément, who was enjoying slapping the 25-year-old girl's bottom, pinching the 20-year-old's, and getting a handjob from his male lover; Justine offers up her arse, Clément fucks her, and sniffs her armpits.

Our heroine approaches Antonin, who was wanking his two daughters, whilst his young lover was giving him a blowjob; he sucks Justine's clitoris,

She moves on to Ambroise, who was fucking the young man and wanking an arse with each hand; Justine rubs her arse against his face.

Sylvestre, sandwiched between the thirty-year-old daughter and the forty-year-old, roughly fingering the latter's arse and the former's cunt, whilst being buggered by his fucker, fucks Justine, tongue in mouth, tongue in cunt and tongue in arse.

Jérôme, being wanked by the fifteen-year-old boy, has a finger in the seven-year-old girl's arse and one in the thirteen-year-old girl's pussy; he puts his cock in Justine's mouth.

We start the rounds again.

At this, all the monks were having their cocks sucked by the boys, whilst the girls, perched on stools above their heads, were pressing their arses against their noses; Severino spreads Justine's arse cheeks and makes her fart into his mouth.

Clément shoves a finger up her arse and wiggles it around like that for a quarter of an hour.

Antonin makes her feel his cock at the edge of her cunt, and pulls it out quickly. Ambroise fucks her arse, and pulls out after two or three thrusts. Sylvestre fucks her for a moment, and finds her looking quite decidedly like a virgin; Jérôme, to make his

³ It will be remembered that at the orgies of that evening, there were two girls of that age.

cum immediately, alternately puts his cock in her arse, her cunt and her mouth.

They proceed to the third round. In this one, all the monks come.

Severino fucks the fifteen-year-old girl, who moans under the redoubled thrusts of his cock; the sixteen-year-old boy fucks her, and he slaps the thirty-two-year-old girl's buttocks hard; when Justine appears, he bites her arse.

Clément shoves the thirteen-year-old boy's cock into his mouth, the twenty-five-year-old girl whips him, and he has the twenty-year-old's arse right in front of him; he orders Justine to lick his arsehole, to fuck him right there and then, and then to cum in her mouth, and he slaps her twice.

Antonin fucks the pretty little arse of the fourteen-year-old girl, he slaps the arse of the eight-year-old boy, and the eighteen-year-old girl makes him lick her arse; he bites Justine's left nipple until it bleeds, giving her six slaps on the arse, the marks of which did not fade for three days. He then thrusts so vigorously that one thinks he is going to split his fucker in two; the poor child lets out a scream; Antonin, not wanting to come, pulls out immediately, wounding the little girl; his cock is covered in blood; to console her, he whips her. We continue.

Ambroise buggers the ten-year-old girl, gets fucked by the twenty-two-year-old lad, and fondles the buttocks of the nineteen-year-old girl; he gives Justine twenty-five lashes without missing a beat.

Sylvestre is banging the forty-year-old woman doggy-style; meanwhile, she's shitting on the base of his cock; the twenty-five-year-old is jacking off, and he's licking the inside of the thirty-year-old girl's pussy, who's bent over backwards on all fours, straddling him, her thighs spread wide. He throws himself like a rabid dog on Justine's cunt when she is brought close to him, and bites it until it bleeds. The rascal comes, screaming at the top of his voice; but he nimbly changes partners, and it is in the eldest woman's arse that the villain shoots his load.

Jérôme fucks the eight-year-old girl in the arse, he sucks the fifteen-year-old boy's cock, and amuses himself by flicking the thirteen-year-old girl's nose; he pinches Justine's nipples so hard that she lets out a terrible scream; the rascal, to silence her, punches her five or six times so vigorously in the sides that she vomits everything in her stomach.

"Come on," said Severino, who could no longer contain himself, his swollen cock seeming to threaten to burst through the ceiling, "let's get down to business; let's give her a good seeing to." With that, he bent Justine over a sofa, her backside in the air; two girls hold her: the superior, his enormous cock in hand, steps forward and presents it to the pretty little hole; he thrusts without lubrication, he breaks through; however enormous it may be, he penetrates: enticed by such delightful preliminaries, he redoubles his efforts, he is deep inside, Justine screams; what does it matter to him, the bastard is happy. Does one concern oneself with the pain of others in the throes of lust? The Italian is being buggered; four naked women surround him on all sides; the image he adores is reproduced in a thousand different ways before his lecherous eyes; he comes.

Clément steps forward; he is armed with a cane; her treacherous breasts burst into view. 'I shall avenge you,' he says to Severino; 'I shall punish that whore for resisting your pleasures.' He needs no one to hold the victim; one of his arms wraps round her and presses her down onto a knee which, pushing her belly away, exposes more fully the superb arse he wishes to flog; at first he tests his blows, it seems he intends only to warm up; soon, inflamed with lust, aroused by the obscene scenes surrounding him, the cruel man strikes with all his might; nothing is spared his ferocity; From the small of her back down to her thighs, this traitor's touch runs through her entire body: daring to mingle love with these moments of terror, his mouth presses against Justine's, seeking to breathe in the sighs wrung from her by the pain; tears stream down, and he devours them; by turns he kisses and threatens, yet he continues to strike; whilst he works, the

pretty eighteen-year-old girl sucks his cock; a fucker buggers her: the more pleasure she is given, the more violent his blows become; the unfortunate Justine is ready to be torn apart, yet nothing yet heralds the end of her torments; no matter how much they exhaust themselves on all sides... displaying the most charming attractions before his eyes, the aroused man remains unmoved: a new cruelty decides him; Justine's sublime throat is within his reach; it irritates him, he brings his mouth to it; the cannibal bites her; this excess brings on the climax; as the semen spurts forth, dreadful blasphemies accompany the jets; and the monk, enraged, hands her over to Jérôme.

"I shall be no more of a threat to your virtue than Clément," said the libertine, caressing the bloodied buttocks of that poor girl; "but I wish to kiss these wounds; I am so worthy of doing so that I owe them a little honour. Clément, you shall be out-done; I want to flog the neighbour:" he turns round, exposing our charming orphan's smooth belly and deliciously shaded mound well within his reach, and the barbarian tears into it all with lashes from his whip; then, making her kneel before him, he presses himself against her in this position, and his fiery passion is sated as she sucks him off. Whilst he is doing this, the fat woman whips him; the thirty-year-old shits on his nose; the fourteen- and fifteen-year-olds do the same in his hands. Such are the excesses to which satiety drives Jérôme: be that as it may, he is happy through impurity; and Justine's mouth finally receives, after half an hour, with a repugnance that is easy to guess, the disgusting homage of this vile faun.

Antonin appears; his lust is raging; he would gladly make use of Clément's exploits; the vigorous flogging pleases him just as much as it does the monk; but as he is in a hurry, as his cock foams with lust, the state of degradation in which he sees things is enough for him; he examines these delightful remnants, he revels in them; and leaving Justine face down, he roughly spans both buttocks, whilst one of the girls jerks him off and guides his cock into her vagina; the libertine thrusts: the assault, though

as violent as Severino's, takes place in a less narrow passage, and is therefore not so hard to endure. The vigorous athlete seizes both hips, and, making up for the movements Justine cannot make, he shakes her upon him with vigour; one might say, from the redoubled efforts of this Hercules, that, not content with being master of the situation, he wishes to reduce her to dust. Such cruel assaults cause Justine to succumb; but unconcerned by her suffering, the cruel victor thinks only of the pleasures he is savouring; everything surrounds him, everything excites him, everything contributes to his delights: facing him, raised up on her haunches, the twenty-year-old girl makes him suck her cunt; the forty-year-old, on her knees, her face between his buttocks, rubs his arse, and the rascal jerks off a sixteen-year-old boy with one hand, and the clitoris of the thirteen-year-old girl with the other. Not one of his senses is left unstimulated; not one fails to contribute to the perfection of his delirium; he touches her, yet the virtuous Justine feels nothing but pain. The villain alone attains pleasure; his movements, his cries, all proclaim it, and the modest creature is, despite herself, drenched with the proofs of a passion she excites only in the sixth degree.

Ambroise takes her as she comes out; all his rage needs is a arse; luckily his cock isn't too big, he's inside her in a minute; but the fickle fellow doesn't stay there; he pulls out, thrusts back in, withdraws only to plunge in again; and, in each interval, his mouth begs for a turd, which is finally given to him: 'Ah! God-damn it,' he cries as soon as he holds it, 'that's all my cum needed.' He positions himself again, and is sodomised; four fine arses, two male and two female, line up around him; all fart, shit, piss; they do it in his nose, on his face, in his mouth; they fill his hands with it; and the shameless one, at the height of his desires, loses his cum, while railing against the one from whom he nevertheless derives all his pleasure.

Sylvestre arrives; he fucks a cunt that has already cost him some cum; but he wants to suck a cock whilst doing so, and the juice he pumps from that cock, he spits into the mouth of the

one from whom he is enjoying himself; he is being fucked; he jerks off the eighteen-year-old girl on his right; on the left, he fucks the arse of the fourteen-year-old; and singularly aroused by Justine's pretty cunt, by that almost virgin cunt, which remains pure thanks to the spotless virtue of this unfortunate girl, the rascal cums once more, letting out cries that could be heard a mile away, were it not for the soundproofing of the room.

However, Severino finally realises that this unfortunate woman might need something; she is offered a glass of Spanish wine; but, unmoved by such self-serving attentions, she gives herself over to the intense grief that is tearing her soul apart. What a situation, indeed, for a girl who placed all her glory and all her happiness in her virtue! Who found solace from the misfortunes of life only in the joy of always remaining virtuous! Justine, overwhelmed, could not bear the horrible thought of seeing herself so cruelly scorned by those from whom she naturally expected the most help: her tears flow in abundance; her plaintive cries echo through the vault; she rolls on the ground, she tears at her breast, she rips out her hair, she calls upon her tormentors, begging them for death. Can one believe it? Yes, those who know the soul of libertines will be surprised by none of these bizarre outbursts. This dreadful spectacle irritates these monsters. "Oh, fuck," says Severino, "never has a more beautiful scene presented itself to my eyes; look at the state she puts me in; it is unheard of what feminine suffering can elicit from me!" 'Let's deal with this bitch again; and to teach her not to scream like that, we mustn't go easy on her any longer,' he said; and, approaching with the rods in his hand, he lashed Justine with all his might. What an outburst of savagery! Could it be that these monsters were driven to such extremes as to choose the very moment of a crisis of moral anguish as violent as that experienced by their victim, to inflict upon her such barbaric physical torment? A young boy sucks Severino whilst he operates; a girl whips him; after a hundred lashes, Clément appears and administers the same number; he is buggered whilst he flogs; the

youngest of the girls jerks him off. Antonin follows, and whips his front; he strikes from the navel to below the scrotum; he is sodomised by one woman, masturbated by another. Ambroise, who is being anally sodomised by the fifteen-year-old girl, and sucked off by the eight-year-old boy, re-enters the anus to reopen the wounds; he stops only at one hundred and sixty. Sylvestre, on whose nose two women are shitting, wants to whip, during this time, the back, the loins and the lower thighs. Jérôme, whose forty-year-old wife pricks his buttocks with a golden needle, and who is being jerked off by the fourteen-year-old girl, condemns everything, and spares nothing.

“Let’s all six of us get on top of her,” said Severino, as he slid into her arse. “I agree,” said Antonin, taking her cunt. “Let it be done as requested,” said Clément, shoving it into her mouth. “She’ll wank us all: with one hand,” said Ambroise and Sylvestre at once. “And what shall I have, then?” said Jérôme. “The tits... they’re superb,” said Severino. “I don’t like them,” replied the libertine. “Well, take the arse,” said the superior, nestling between the two breasts. Everything falls into place; the poor woman plays the whore to the six monks, and the props are arranged. Above Jérôme, who is buggering her, the arses of the three pretty little sisters are artfully positioned; he can fuck them whilst fucking her. Right in front of Antonin’s face, as he fucks, three other pretty pussies present themselves, slightly parted. Ambroise, who is being wanked, feeds them to the two lads aged sixteen and eighteen, one in each hand. Sylvestre, equally soiled, rubs the buttocks of the plump thirty-five-year-old girl, and directs the streams of cum that Justine is about to spurt onto the buttocks of the nineteen-year-old. Clément, who is fucking a mouth, nibbles, amused, at a small, hairless arsehole and the barely visible buttocks of a young man. Within reach of Severino, who is fucking the nipples, are those of the plump woman, whom he treats a little roughly, and the buttocks of another sultanness, whom the cruel man pricks with a pin. Nothing is lewder to behold than the convulsive movements of this group, comprising twenty-one

people; all the rest surround them with care, and each seems to lend the six principal actors whatever they believe will excite them further. Yet Justine endures it all; the entire burden rests upon her alone; Severino gives the signal, the other five follow him closely; and there, for the third time, is our unfortunate heroine, shamefully defiled by the evidence of the disgusting lust of **these notorious scoundrels.**

“That’s enough for a reception,” said the superior, coming over to inspect Justine; “now we must show her that her companions are no better treated than she is.” Consequently, she was seated on a column stump set up at one end of the hall, on which one could barely sit; her legs dangled; she had nothing to lean on or support herself with; and this seat was high enough that she could break a limb if she fell from it: such is the throne upon which the queen of the day is placed; and there, she is instructed to fix her eyes intently on the slightest details of the scandalous orgies that are about to take place near her.

The first scene was a general flogging. The sixteen girls, and even the one who was pregnant, were fastened to a highly ingenious machine: there, bound outstretched, a spring mechanism forced their legs and thighs apart at will and bent the upper part of their bodies down to the ground. Were they placed on their stomachs? Then their lower backs and buttocks were raised to a tremendous height, and the skin was so taut, so stretched, that in less than ten strokes of the rod, blood gushed forth in great spurts; were they placed on their backs? their stomachs, in turn, bulged to the point of bursting; and since, by means of another spring, the thighs, as we have just said, were spread apart prodigiously, the result was that the vulva and vagina were presented in such a state of elevation and widening that one might have thought they were about to split open. No sooner had the machine been brought in than Jérôme and Clément proposed putting Justine on it. Severino, who found this unfortunate woman to have the most beautiful ass in the world and who wanted to enjoy it for a while, argued that she’d had enough for the first

day; that she should be allowed to rest, and... but Jérôme interrupts; he devours this intriguing creature with his eyes; his ferocious nature does not allow him to set any limits on his desires; he fights against Severino's tolerance. Is a whore here to rest, then? says Jérôme in a rage. Do we want to turn them into ladies or dressing-table dolls? How long will we suffer people always speaking to us of humanity in the midst of crime and lust? Had a girl been here for but an hour, had she died in the very next second from the pains or torments inflicted by us, she would have fulfilled her fate, and we would have nothing to reproach ourselves for. Is it for anything other than to satisfy our passions that these whores dwell among us? Do they enter for a fixed term? Let us banish these false scruples, and let our eyes always be open to the wisest of the laws we have imposed upon ourselves. I open the book and read: "Should any member of the society desire, for his own satisfaction, the death of all the subjects comprising the various harems of the house, it shall be forbidden for any of his fellow members to resist him, and all, by mutual agreement, shall hasten to fulfill his desires. "I go further than Jerome," said Clement, standing between two girls, one of whom was defiling him from the front, the other from behind; "I demand that the newcomer be subjected, as of this evening, to the tortures of the ultimate punishment; she irritates me to the point that I can no longer look at her without plotting against her life, and I demand her death at once." — "I know our laws as well as Jérôme," said Severino calmly; "but in citing the article that favors his desires, he has forgotten the one that can compel them." I open the book to the same article, and there I see what he read to you: "It shall nevertheless be observed that judgment on the discredited subject shall proceed only by a majority vote; the same shall apply to the punishment by which the subject shall perish."

"Well then!" said Jérôme, "let us put my proposal to a vote at once, and let the victim, during the discussion, be laid out on a

trestle as is customary, with her buttocks facing her judges.” Justine is immediately seized and bound; her fears and anguish are such that she can barely hear what is being said; objects of lust surround each monk; each stands between two girls and a boy; only thus can he speak; he must get an erection before he can speak; the eldest of the girls checks, everything is up in the air: after a moment of silence, the superior puts the unfortunate Justine’s fate to a vote; but Jérôme and Clément are the only ones who vote for death; the other four are of the opinion that they should amuse themselves with this girl for a while longer; she is therefore returned to her place; and to provide immediate diversion, Severino himself fastens the eighteen-year-old girl—who could undoubtedly be considered the fairest in the house—to the infernal machine; she is placed there on her stomach; she is bent over, and her beautiful buttocks appear in all their splendor. Here is how her flogging is arranged; what our readers will see practiced on her will likewise be applied to the others: each monk must flog her in turn; near the victim stands a very young girl equipped with all the instruments necessary for the operation; she presents them to the flogger, who chooses, at his discretion, the one that pleases him best, and who sometimes uses them all; another girl, selected from among the strongest, whips the monk while he works, and one of the young boys, kneeling before him, sucks him off. The one who is to succeed the one being flogged is forced to remain on her knees, hands clasped, in a posture of pain and humiliation; facing the flogger directly, she begs for mercy, implores him, and weeps; and during this time, one of the monks, standing near the officer, urges him to the most barbaric cruelty, warning him that the greatest dangers may arise from his misplaced compassion.

All the girls, even the youngest, and those who are overweight, are mercilessly flogged according to these principles; each monk administers sixteen lashes, both on the front and the back; almost all of them are turned round, which distresses them all the more, as the flogging on the front rightly seems to them

far more painful than the other; and, indeed, as these scoundrels carefully sought out whatever might best torment these unfortunate women, they took care, whilst flogging the front, to drive the knots of the whip they were using into the interior of the vagina, so as to excite excessively sharp pains in that delicate part; and the more the victim complained during this cruel moment, the more she screamed, the more the libertines triumphed, the harder they became, the more they revelled. Yet not one of them came, so accustomed were they to vice, so jaded were they by the most intense and luxurious scenes.

When this was over, the forty-year-old woman and the plump thirty-year-old took their places on a sofa; two girls would take turns to lie in their arms, and they held them; then the monks would come and subject one or other of these two patients to a torment of their choice. Beside each victim were two young boys; as soon as the punishment was imposed, the torturer would take refuge, at his discretion, in whichever of those four arses suited him best; the other three offered themselves up to his kisses; they were sodomised during this time, and two girls placed themselves beneath their hands; another, older girl was not to leave the monk's side whilst he was performing his duties, so as to assist him in his operations, and chiefly in the act of sodomy, where her duty was then to moisten the penis with her mouth, and to thrust it herself into the offered arse.

Severino begins: it is the youngest girl who is offered up to his lust; the scoundrel pinches her bottom with such terrible force that it is left black and bruised where his hands have been; he takes refuge in the arse of a male prostitute; he gets sodomised, he fucks, and indiscriminately touches whatever comes his way; arse, cunt, throat, it's all the same to his lust; the passionate man doesn't look too closely; he wants to spunk; to succeed, anything goes, and the superior manages it.

Clément follows him; it is the pretty fifteen-year-old girl who is handed over to his fury; the villain takes a handful of thorns; he rubs them vigorously all over the poor girl's body, and

then douses the blisters he has just caused with vinegar; he throws himself upon a young lover; but, not being hard enough to fuck him, he has him suck him off; and the scoundrel comes, sinking his teeth furiously into the buttocks of the fat woman whom his lust has desired.

Antonin appears: she is the beautiful eighteen-year-old girl who is to serve his rage; the fellow loves cunts, it is true; but that does not prevent him from tormenting, from torturing that of this charming creature, and that, in a terrifying manner; one cannot imagine to what extent he allows himself to outrage this interesting part, with pinpricks; he jabs her whilst wanking, and when this atrocious barbarity has aroused him sufficiently, when he's rock hard, he takes refuge in the cunt of one of the youngest girls brought in to replace the bardache, and unloads, ramming the one he has just abused; all this whilst he's being fucked.

Ambroise arrives: the monster! He wanted as his patient the very same little girl who had just served his colleague, and he gropes her with mighty fists; he drives them in with such fierce rigidity and such swiftness that she falls at his feet, fainting; he sodomises the thirteen-year-old boy, he is being fucked, he fucks arses, and his cum spurts out.

Sylvestre enters: the twenty-year-old girl is about to serve him; her buttocks are already exposed; how beautiful they are! Is it possible to be so barbaric as to thus defile what nature has fashioned so perfectly? 'Listen,' says Sylvestre to his victim, 'I shall not hide from you that the torment I am preparing for you is dreadful; but it is entirely up to you to escape it: produce a magnificent turd for me at once, and you shall escape the rest. The wretch! He knew full well that the thing was impossible; he was not unaware that this charming girl had just, a moment ago, given to Jérôme what he was so ardently seeking. The poor girl explains the physical impossibility of her granting what is demanded; 'I'm sorry to hear that,' replies Sylvestre; and seizing a pair of pincers, the barbarian tears the skin from her thighs and buttocks in five or six places, with such violence that blood flows

from every wound; a cunt is there; he buries himself in it; his well-trained, reserved whore does not fail to shit on his cock whilst he's shagging her; two more turds are hurled at him by male arses; he's being fucked, and the rascal cums, blaspheming his God.

Only Jérôme remains; he arrives; it is on the thirteen-year-old girl that he is going to practise; the lecher uses only his teeth; but every bite leaves a mark from which blood gushes forth at once. 'I'd devour her in the state I'm in,' says the rascal in a rage, 'I'd eat her alive; I've longed to devour a woman and suck her blood for a long time. Jérôme was hard as a rock; he throws himself upon the arse of the sixteen-year-old sodomite, thrusts into him, bites whatever comes his way, and comes whilst being whipped.

The monks drink and regain their strength, whilst poor Justine, sitting on her stool, is on the verge of fainting; the fifteen-year-old girl wants to pity her, but she is sentenced to three hundred lashes, which are immediately administered by the six monks; blood is oozing from her bottom.

"No pity, no compassion," says Sylvestre, "humanity is the death of pleasure; these whores are here to suffer, and their fate must be fulfilled to the very utmost. If it is true that libertines such as ourselves derive our chief pleasure solely from the excess of pain into which we plunge the objects of our lust, will one not then admit that to speak of compassion is to miss the mark entirely? And what does it matter if a whore suffers, when people like us are aroused; women, specially created for our pleasures, must solely satisfy them, in whatever sense and in whatever respect that may be; if they refuse, they must be killed as useless beings, as dangerous animals; for there is no middle ground here: all those who do not serve our pleasures will harm them; from that moment, they are our enemies: now, the wisest course of action at all times and in all places is to rid oneself of one's enemies." — "Sylvestre," said Jérôme, "it seems to me that you are

forgetting the principles of Christian charity.” — “I abhor,” replied Sylvestre, “everything that is Christian; is such a jumble of similar turpitudes meant to gain the slightest influence over the reason of a man of intellect? This wretched religion, made for beggars, was meant to favour them and thereby elevate humanity to the rank of its virtues; but, by God, my good friends, we who wallow in all the pleasures of the earth, what need have we to be benevolent? Such baseness is permitted only to those who fear want; he believes he must do a service to those whom he fears he may one day need; we, who never need anyone, let us extinguish this weakness in our hearts, and allow only lust, cruelty, and all the vices that must arise from these two, or support them, to enter there.”

“What! Sylvestre,” said Severino, “you truly believe one must, without exception, kill one’s enemies?” — “Without exception,” replied Sylvestre; “there must be neither ruse, nor violence, nor treachery, nor deceit that one should not employ to succeed in it; and the reason is quite simple: is it not true that such an enemy would kill me if he could?” — “Assuredly.” — “Why then spare him? The death I give him is no longer an outrage, it is an act of justice; I spare him a crime; I place myself entirely in the stead of the laws, and in killing that enemy I perform precisely the same act of justice they would; therefore I can never be guilty. I go further: if I have the power in my hands, I shall never wait until my enemies are clearly declared before destroying them; I will rid myself of them on the slightest suspicion, on the vaguest denunciation, on the most trivial appearance; for it is not the time to dispel the storm when it has already formed—I lack wisdom if I have not prevented it. There is a terrible truth to be spoken here, but as truth it must nonetheless be brought to light: a single drop of our blood is worth more than all the torrents that others may shed; and from that moment there is never any hesitation, when, to preserve that drop, we may cause rivers to flow. It is astonishing what one gains from all the principles of

self-interest; and, unfortunately for the philanthropists, self-interest is the most sacred and the surest law of nature. You may tell me it is a vice; so long as I feel its counsels engrave themselves and thunder in the depths of my soul, I shall yield to that impulse and reject your errors; since most of the impulses of nature are harmful to society, it is only natural that society has made them crimes: but social laws concern all men, whereas those of nature are individual and therefore preferable; for the law made by men for all men may be mistaken, while that inspired by nature in the heart of each individual being is assuredly certain. My principles are harsh, I know it; their consequences dangerous; but what does that matter, provided they are just? I am a man of nature before I am one of society; and I must respect and follow the laws of nature before listening to those of society: the former are infallible, the latter will often mislead me. According to these principles, if the laws of nature oblige me to withdraw from those of society, if they counsel me to defy or mock them, assuredly I shall do so without ceasing, taking all the precautions my safety requires; for all human institutions, based on interests in which I am but one among millions, must never prevail over what concerns me personally."

"To support Sylvestre's excellent system," said Ambroise, "I see only one thing: to consider man in a natural state, to isolate him from the social mass into which his needs have necessarily placed him." — "If his needs have placed him there," said Severino, "then for the sake of those very needs he must comply with its laws." — "Precisely—that is the sophism," replied Ambroise; "that is what has led you to make laws, and ridiculous ones at that. It was only through weakness that man drew near to society, in the hope of more easily satisfying his needs; but if that society grants them only at burdensome conditions, would he not do better to provide for himself rather than purchase them so dearly? Would it not be wiser to seek his livelihood in the forests than to beg for it in the cities, at the sad price of

stifling his inclinations... of sacrificing them to general interests from which he derives nothing but distress?"

"Ambroise," said Severino, "you seem, like Sylvestre, a great enemy of social conventions and human institutions?" — "I abhor them," replied Ambroise; "they shackle our freedom, weaken our energy, degrade our soul, and have turned the human race into a vile herd of slaves led wherever the first schemer pleases." — "What crimes would reign upon the earth," said Severino, "without institutions and masters!" — "That is the reasoning of a slave," answered Ambroise. "What is a crime?" — "An action contrary to the interests of society." — "And what are the interests of society?" — "The sum of all individual interests." — "But if I prove to you that social interests are far from being the result of individual ones, and that what you call social good is in fact the product of particular sacrifices, will you admit that, in reclaiming my rights—even by what you call a crime—I do well to commit it, since it restores the balance and returns to me that portion of energy I yielded to your institutions at the cost of a happiness they deny me? This granted, what will you now call a crime? No, no—there is no such thing as crime; there are only infractions of the social pact, and I must despise that pact whenever the impulses of my heart tell me it cannot contribute to my happiness; I must cherish whatever offends it, if only in such defiance true happiness is born for me." — "That is a thoroughly immoral conversation," said Antonin, who ate and drank like an ogre. — "And what do you call morality?" replied Ambroise. — "The rule," said Severino, "that should guide men along the path of virtue." — "But if virtue itself is a chimera like crime," returned Ambroise, "what becomes of the rule meant to guide men along that path? Persuade yourselves that there are no more virtues than crimes; both are merely local and relative notions; nothing about them is constant, and it is absurd to be guided by such illusions. The soundest morality is that of our inclinations; let us abandon ourselves blindly to all they inspire, and we shall never err." — "So you believe none of them are bad?" said

Jérôme. — “I believe none can be overcome; that is enough to say I believe them all good; for either nature would not know what it was doing, or it has placed within us only the inclinations necessary to its designs.” — “Then the corrupt souls of Tiberius and Nero were in accordance with nature?” — “Certainly, and their crimes served nature; there is not a single crime that does not serve it, not one it does not require.” — “These systems are so well established,” said Clément, “that I do not see how one can still question them.” — “Their depravity amuses me,” said Severino, “that is why I opposed the speakers—to give them occasion to develop their ideas.” — “We know you well enough,” said Ambroise, “to be sure you play only the part of a disputant, and that the sentiments I have expressed are as much yours as mine.” — “I hope none of you doubt it,” said Severino; “indeed, I may carry them even further: I have reached the point of desiring a crime vast enough to satisfy all my passions, and among those I know I scarcely find one capable of appeasing them; everything falls short of my thoughts, nothing satisfies my desires.” — “I have been in the same state for years,” said Jérôme, “and for more than twenty I have been aroused only by the idea of a crime beyond all that man can commit in the world; and unfortunately I cannot find it. All we do here is but the shadow of what we would wish to do, and the impossibility of outraging nature is, to my mind, the greatest torment of man.” — “Are you aroused, Jérôme?” said Severino. — “Not at all—look how slack I am. Whether I am or not, I have always the same appetite for wrongdoing, the same desire to commit it; and I have done more coldly than in frenzy.” — “So you took the religious habit only to deceive men?” — “Certainly,” replied Jérôme; “it is the cloak of hypocrisy, the one garment one must always wear. The foremost of all arts is deception; none is more useful on earth. It is not virtue that serves men, but its appearance; that is all society demands. Men do not live closely enough together to require true virtue; the surface suffices for those who never look deeper.” — “And that gives rise to new vices,” said one, “since a thousand

spring from hypocrisy.” — “All the more reason to love it,” replied Jérôme; “I confess that in my youth I never took greater pleasure than when my object fell into my traps through cunning and deceit. One day I must tell you the story of my life.” — “We are eager to hear it,” said Ambroise and Clément at once. — “You will see whether I have ever tired of crime.” — “Can one ever?” said Sylvestre. “Is there anything that stirs the soul so powerfully, that excites the senses so strongly? Ah, my friends, if only we could commit it at every moment of the day!” — “Patience, patience,” said Severino, continuing his role as disputant, “a time will come when religion will thunder in your hearts, when the idea of a Supreme Being and the worship due to him will dispel all the illusions of libertinage and compel you to return to him the movements of a heart now seized by crime.”

“My friend,” said Ambroise, “religion has power only over the minds of those who can explain nothing without it; it is the *★nec plus ultra★* of ignorance. But in our eyes as philosophers, religion is nothing but an absurd fable, fit only for our contempt. And what notions does this so-called sublime religion give us? I would like someone to explain that to me. The more one examines it, the more one sees that its theological chimeras serve only to confuse all our ideas; transforming everything into mysteries, this fantastical system gives, as the explanation of what we do not understand, something we understand even less. Does one explain nature by attributing its phenomena to unknown agents, invisible powers, immaterial causes? Is the human mind satisfied when it is told to account for what it does not comprehend by invoking the still more incomprehensible idea of a God who has never existed? Can a divine nature—of which nothing is conceived, and which offends both reason and common sense—help us understand human nature, already so difficult to explain? Ask a Christian—indeed, ask a fool, for only a fool can be one—what the origin of the world is, and he will tell you that God created the universe; ask him what God is, and he knows nothing; what it is to create, he has no idea; what causes plagues,

famines, wars, droughts, floods, earthquakes—he will say it is the wrath of God. Ask him what remedies are needed for such evils, and he will answer: prayers, sacrifices, processions, offerings, ceremonies. But why is heaven angry? Because men are wicked. Why are men wicked? Because their nature is corrupted. What is the cause of that corruption? Because, they say, the first man, seduced by the first woman, ate an apple his God had forbidden him to touch. Who persuaded that woman to commit such folly? The devil. And who created the devil? God. Why did God create the devil, destined to corrupt mankind? No one knows—it is a mystery hidden in the bosom of divinity, which is itself a mystery. Will you go further? Ask this creature what hidden principle governs the actions and movements of the human heart: he will answer, the soul. And what is the soul? A spirit. And what is a spirit? A substance without form, color, extension, or parts. How can such a substance be conceived? How can it move a body? No one knows—it is a mystery. Do animals have souls? No. Then why do we see them act, feel, and think just like men? Here they fall silent, because they do not know what to say. And the reason is simple: if they attribute a soul to men, it is because they wish to control them through the authority they claim over these souls; they have no such interest with animals, and a theologian would be too humiliated to admit that his soul might resemble that of a pig. Such are the childish explanations one is forced to invent to account for the problems of the physical and moral world. — “But if all men were philosophers,” said Severino, “we should not have the pleasure of being the only ones; and it is a great pleasure to dissent, a great delight not to think like everyone else.” — “Indeed,” said Ambrose, “my opinion is that the blindfold must never be removed from the people; they must remain sunk in their prejudices—that is essential. Where would the victims of our wickedness be if all men were criminal? Let us never cease to keep the people under the yoke of error and falsehood; let us always support ourselves on the sceptre of tyrants; let us protect thrones—they will protect the

church, and despotism, born of that union, will uphold our rights in the world. Men are governed only with an iron rod; I would wish that all sovereigns—indeed, they would benefit from it—extended our authority, and that there were not a single state where the Inquisition was not in force. See how it binds the people to the sovereign in Spain; their chains are never so tight as in lands where that tribunal secures them. It is said to be bloodthirsty—what of it? Is it not better to have twelve million subjects who submit than twenty-four who do not? A prince is not made great by the number of his subjects, but by the extent of his power over them, by the absolute submission of those he governs; and such subordination is achieved only through inquisitorial authority, which, watching over the safety of the prince and the splendor of his empire, sacrifices each day all those who threaten either. And what does it matter how much blood it costs to secure the sovereign's rights? If those rights are lost, the people fall back into anarchy, followed by civil wars—and does not the blood you sought to spare then flow in far greater abundance?"

"I believe," said Sylvestre, "that those good Dominicans must find in their inquisitorial vexations most delicious nourishment for their lust."—"Do not doubt it," said Severino; "I lived seven years in Spain and was very close to the present inquisitor. 'There is not,' he said to me one day, 'an Asiatic despot whose harem is worth my dungeons; women, girls, young boys—I have all sexes, all types, all ages, all nations; with a gesture everything is at my feet; my eunuchs are my jailers, death is my procuress; one cannot imagine what the fears she inspires bring me.'"—"Ah, fuck, that is the only thing," said Jérôme, who was beginning to grow aroused again and had accordingly seized the eighteen-year-old girl, "no, there is nothing delicious in the world but despotic pleasures; one must force the object one desires; there is no more pleasure once it yields." And this voluptuous idea inflaming our interlocutors, it was clear that the supper was about to end in bacchanalian excesses..

“I should like us to amuse ourselves a little with those pregnant women,” said Antonin, who had put them both into the condition in which they were seen; and the proposal being accepted, a pedestal ten feet high is brought into the middle of the room, upon which these two unfortunates,⁴ bound back to back, could scarcely rest one foot; all around, within a diameter of three feet, the ground is strewn with thorns and brambles ten inches high. Forced to stand on a single foot, they are given a flexible rod in hand to steady themselves; it is easy to see on the one hand their interest in not falling, and on the other the impossibility of maintaining their position. From this cruel dilemma arise the monks’ pleasures; they gather around the pedestal, themselves surrounded by objects of lust, and not one of them has fewer than three attendants beside him, stimulating him in various ways during the spectacle. Despite their condition, these wretched women remain thus for more than a quarter of an hour; the one of thirty years, eight months pregnant, loses her strength first, falters, and soon drags her companion down with her; both utter piercing cries as they fall upon the sharp brambles that receive them. Our villains, full of wine and lust, rush upon them like madmen; some beat them, others rub them with the thorns that cover them, some take them from behind, others between the legs, all take their pleasure, when violent pains, felt by the thirty-year-old, warn the assembly that the unfortunate woman is about to be delivered; all assistance is constantly refused her; nature relieves itself, but it is a corpse she brings forth... a wretched corpse, which itself costs the mother her life. Here the frenzy reaches its height; all the monks climax at once, all simultaneously spilling into bodies and mouths; streams of semen flow; dreadful blasphemies echo beneath the vaults, and at last calm returns. The dead are carried away to one

⁴ It will be remembered that they were the women of twenty-six and thirty; see their portraits above. The first was six months pregnant, the other eight.

side, the victims on the other return to the seraglio; and the superior, remaining alone with Justine and the twenty-five-year-old woman called Omphale, whose portrait has been drawn earlier, said to our heroine: "You have just seen, my child, that I have saved your life; without me you were condemned; follow this girl, she will install you, she will instruct you in your duties; and remember above all that it is through the most complete submission, through the fullest resignation, that you will prevent me from regretting what I have just done for you. Let me see your ass." The humble and gentle Justine turns, trembling. "It is your buttocks that have saved you," continued the monk, "I idolize their shape; take care to excite and manage properly the desires they will inspire in me; for indifference would be as harmful to you as excess, and I would punish you as much for inspiring nothing as for having made me feel too much." — "What dangers, oh my father! be greater and more generous; deign to restore to me the liberty you have so unjustly taken from me, I will bless you all my days." — "Those blessings, my dear child," replied the monk, "would contribute nothing to my happiness; and the pleasure of keeping you chained to my lust here increases it infinitely!" And Severino, assisted by Omphale, inserted himself, even as he spoke, into Justine; after a few thrusts, he withdrew. "I would take her to my bed tonight," he said to Omphale, "if male first-fruits did not await me; but it shall be for another day: instruct her, my girl, and withdraw." The superior disappeared, and our two sultanas returned to the seraglio, whose bronze doors closed at once upon them.

Justine, too exhausted and too overwhelmed, saw nothing and heard nothing that first evening; she thought only of getting a little rest, and her instructress, herself fatigued, was far from opposing the plan.

The next day, upon opening her eyes, Justine found herself in one of those cells we have already described; she rose, examined the size of the place, and counted the rooms which, like her own, surrounded the hall, the center of which was occupied by

a round table at which thirty places could be set. The deepest silence still reigned when Justine got up; she walked through everything and saw that this large room was lit only by a very high window, surrounded by triple bars. The cells were not locked; each girl could pass either into the hall or into a companion's room whenever she wished; but neither could she shut herself in her own chamber. The names of the girls were engraved above each door; it was by this means that Justine found Omphale, and her first impulse was to throw herself, in tears, into the arms of that charming girl, whose timid and gentle manner made her believe, with reason, that a sensitive soul might understand her.

"Oh, my dear friend," she said, sitting down on her bed, "I cannot recover either from the horrors I have suffered or from those I have been made to witness. If at times, alas, my imagination wandered toward the pleasures of enjoyment, I believed them as pure as the God who inspires them in men: given by Him to serve as consolation, I supposed them born of love and delicacy; I was far from thinking that, like savage beasts, they could take pleasure only in making their companions suffer. O great God!" she continued with a deep sigh, "is it then certain now that no act of virtue can proceed from my heart without being immediately followed by punishment? And what wrong was I doing, great God, in wishing to come fulfill, in this convent, certain duties of religion? Did I offend heaven in wishing to pray to it? Incomprehensible decrees of Providence," she went on, "deign to explain yourselves to me, if you do not wish my heart to revolt." Floods of tears, which Justine shed upon Omphale's bosom, followed these bitter complaints; and this tender companion, clasping her in her arms, urged her to courage and patience. "O Justine," she said gently, "I wept as you do in the first days, and now I am accustomed; you will grow used to it, as I have. The beginnings are terrible: it is not only the necessity of satisfying the passions of these libertines that makes our life a torment; it is the loss of our freedom; it is the cruel manner in

which we are governed in this detestable prison; it is the death that hangs at every moment over our heads.”

The unhappy console themselves by seeing others near them. However acute Justine’s sufferings were, she calmed herself enough to beg her companion to explain to her the sorrows and torments she must expect.

“One moment,” said Omphale, “there is a first duty to be fulfilled from which we cannot depart. I must present you to Victorine; she is the directress of the seraglios, and enjoys here, if possible, even greater authority than the monks themselves; it is upon her that we depend. Informed of your arrival since last night, she would take it very ill if your first care today were not to go and pay her a visit; go and put yourself a little more in order, and come back to fetch me; I shall get up and go to inform her.” Justine, frightened by this new obligation, nevertheless did as she was told; and after a few adjustments, she returned to her friend. The half-toilet she had just made, the subdued and touching air given her by her sorrows and her fatigue, all lent this charming girl such a degree of appeal that it was impossible to look at her without emotion, and whatever the sex of those upon whom she cast her eyes, she was always sure to receive the most certain homage. Let us take advantage of the moment when Omphale acquaints Justine with the character and appearance of this directress to depict her ourselves for the reader.

Victorine was a tall woman of thirty-eight, dark, thin, with very ardent black eyes, fine hair, fine teeth, a Roman nose, a harsh expression, a strong voice, a severe manner and character, much wit, very cruel, very immoral, extremely corrupt, highly impious, singularly proud of her position, and exercising it with as much despotism as tyranny. We shall soon see, through Omphale’s account to Justine, how much the inmates of the seraglio depended upon her, and what powerful authority she could wield over them. Victorine possessed at once every taste and every vice; she liked everything and indulged in everything; and,

adding to these traits those of gluttony, drunkenness, lying, slander, malice, and the most complete depravity, this woman, as one can see, was a veritable monster from whom nothing but horrors could result.

It had been eight years since this shrew had been in charge of everything, and had been living of her own accord in the convent. She alone was permitted to leave it when the affairs of the house required it; but, as she was under the sword of justice and notorious throughout France, she made very little use of this privilege; and, for her own safety, she took no trouble to stray far from a dwelling where everything assured her of an impunity she would have found difficult to obtain elsewhere.

Victorine's apartment, consisting of a dining room, a bedroom and two studies, was situated midway between the boys' quarters and the girls' quarters; she had equal access to both, and kept them both equally under her watchful eye.

Our two odalisques appeared at her door. "Madam," said Omphale, "here is the newcomer; the Reverend Father Superior has entrusted her to my care for her education, and I did not wish to say anything to her until I had had the honour of presenting her to you."

Victorine was about to have lunch. On her table was a truffle-stuffed turkey, between a Périgueux pâté and a Boulogne mortadella, flanked by six bottles of Champagne, and no bread; she never ate any.⁵ "Come now," she said to Omphale, "bring that girl closer to me..." — "What do you mean? But she is pretty... extremely pretty; here are the most beautiful eyes and the most delightful mouth I have seen in a long time... That

⁵ Bread is the most indigestible and most unhealthy food one can possibly consume. It is astonishing that the French refuse to correct their taste for this dangerous nourishment; if they succeeded in doing so, they would offer far fewer means to their tyrants, whose surest way of oppressing the people has always been to deprive them of this pestilential mixture of water and flour. Certainly, the abundance of other foods allows the rich easily to do without it, and the poor could replace it very well with vegetables, especially starchy ones.

figure, how well-proportioned it is! Come and kiss me, my dear;” and the tribade pressed the most ardent and shameless kiss upon the rose-petal lips of the fairest child of Love. “Once more,” she said, “and give me more of your tongue; push it in as far as you can; see how I thrust mine out—that’s how we taste each other.” Justine obeyed; how could she resist the one on whom our fate depended? And the most lascivious and prolonged kiss became the result of her compliance. “Omphale,” continued the headmistress, “I like this girl; I’ll finger her, though not right now, for I’m spent—I’ve just come like a slut; and after spending the night with four boys from the harem, to get myself back in shape, I fingered two girls this morning. Put her in the Vestal Virgins’ class; that’s where her age places her; fill her in, and bring her back to me tonight; if she’s not at supper, I’ll sleep with her, if not, it’ll be for tomorrow; Get her ready, though; I want to see what she’s made of;” and Omphale, having carried out the order, having turned her companion this way and that, Victorine felt her up, kissed her, went down on her, and seemed very pleased. “She’s fair and well-made,” she said; “she must come like an angel. Goodbye; I must have lunch: I’ll see about that tonight.”

“Madam,” said Omphale respectfully, “my companion will not take her leave without having had the honour of giving you the kiss you are wont to bestow upon novices.” — “Ah! Does she wish to kiss my arse?” said the shameless creature. — “And the rest, madam, and the rest.” — “Come now, I’ll allow it;” and the harlot, lifting her skirt, first from behind, up to her lower back, exposed to our heroine’s fresh mouth the most licentious, most impure and most withered arse it was possible to see... which Justine, guided by Omphale, kissed respectfully on the buttocks, then on the hole: “With your tongue then, with your tongue,” said Victorine brutally; and our poor girl, forced to let her feel the tickling, did as was desired, though with the utmost repugnance. The headmistress lifted her skirt at the front; but, remaining seated, she merely spread her thighs: God! what a

chasm she offered up to Justine's attentions... a cesspool all the more disgusting for still being smeared with the cum the slut had been doused in all night. Here the novice forgot the tongue ritual a second time; and had it not been for Omphale, who signalled to her, she would have exposed herself once more to the reproaches of the insatiable Messalina.

At last, once these repulsive ceremonies were over, Justine and Omphale withdrew, having been instructed to return that evening if Justine was not attending supper, or the following morning if she was.

The two friends went to Justine's cell, and it was there that Omphale gave her new companion the intriguing details that we shall now convey to the reader.

"You see first of all, my dear friend," she said to her before they shut themselves in together, "that all the cells are alike; each has a closet containing a dressing table, a bidet, and a commode chair; and in the room where one sleeps, each has likewise a small canopied bed covered in printed cotton, a sofa, a chair, an armchair, a chest of drawers with a mirror above it, a night table, and a small cabinet. There is not the slightest difference between the boys' cells and ours; the beds are good—two mattresses and a base, two winter blankets, one for summer, a coverlet, and sheets changed every fortnight; but there is no fire; this large stove heats everything, and it is there that we gather. You see that the windows are inaccessible; one can scarcely rise to their height, and even if one succeeds, triple grilles cut off even the air; three iron doors close the entrance to the seraglio on the side of the dining hall, and the one that communicates with Victorine's quarters is likewise securely shut at night." — "It seems to me," said Justine, "that not all the names are above the doors; why this difference?" — "The names of those who no longer exist are removed," said Omphale, "and as two are missing today, that is why some cells bear no labels." — "And what has become of those two?" said Justine. — "Do you not guess?" replied Om-

phale; “do you not remember the fate of that unfortunate pregnant woman from last night?” — “Oh, heavens, you make me shudder.” — “But there is now a vacancy in the youngest class.” — “What does it matter—do nature or reason speak to the hearts of such villains?” — “But be patient, Justine, and let me put a little order into my account. Before I begin, cast a glance over the great hall; our companions are gathering there for breakfast; observe them for a moment as a whole; we shall return to your cell afterward and continue our account there.” Justine agreed; all her companions gathered around her, and she saw before her twenty-eight girls, more beautiful than one might perhaps find anywhere in Europe. At Omphale’s suggestion, and so that Justine might better observe the charms surrounding her, they arranged themselves by class; Justine and her instructress passed among them, and here are the figures that most struck our heroine:

The first thing she noticed in the class of the Virgins was a little ten-year-old girl whom Cupid himself seemed to have taken pains to make beautiful.

A girl of seventeen particularly struck her in the class of the Vestals; she had an oval face, somewhat melancholy but full of appeal, pale, of delicate health, with a gentle tone of voice—a true heroine of a novel.

In the class of the Sodomites, Justine’s eyes fixed upon a charming young woman of twenty, shaped like Venus, with dazzling fairness, a gentle, open, smiling expression, superb eyes, a slightly large but beautifully formed mouth, and very fine chestnut hair.

Finally, in the class of the Flagellated, it was with genuine interest that she observed a woman of twenty-eight, a true model of form and beauty, whose freshness would have put even Flora herself to shame.

In the class of the duenna-like women, a woman of forty struck her by the regularity of her features, as much as by the firmness of her figure and the brightness of her eyes.

We confine ourselves here to sketching only what most struck Justine; if we were to describe all that this collection offered of charm, there would not be a single one of these alluring creatures of whom we should not have to speak in detail. Her eyes were dazzled by them; and indeed, anyone else in her place would have been much flattered by the compliments lavished upon her, even in the midst of such pretty women. This examination completed, the two friends withdrew; and what will be read in the following chapter are the explanations Justine received from her instructress.

CHAPTER IX

Continuation of details. — Laws, customs, and practices of the house in which Justine finds herself.

“The instructions I have to give you,” said Omphale, “are divided into four principal sections. In the first, we shall deal with everything concerning the household. In the second, we shall address the conduct of the girls—their duties, punishments, and nourishment. The third section will instruct you in the arrangement of the monks’ pleasures, and the manner in which the girls or boys serve their desires. The fourth will set forth the history of the reforms and the changes.

“I shall say little to you, Justine, about the approaches to this dreadful house. They had them shown to me illuminated, so that I might be able to describe them to those I am charged with instructing, and better convince them of the utter impossibility of escape. Yesterday, Severino explained part of it to you; he did not deceive you. The church and the adjoining pavilion form what is called the convent; but you do not yet know how the main building in which we live is situated, nor how one reaches it. Here it is:

“At the back of the sacristy is a door concealed by the paneling, opened by a spring; this door leads into a passage as dark as it is long, whose winding turns your fear, on entering, no doubt prevented you from noticing. At first the passage descends, for it must pass beneath a ditch thirty feet deep; there you may recall crossing a bridge. The corridor then rises again and runs at no more than six feet below ground; in this way it reaches the

underground level of our pavilion, over a distance of about two hundred toises, and it is thus, as you saw through a trapdoor, that one enters the dining room from outside. Six enclosures of holly and thorn, each three feet thick, prevent this dwelling from being seen, even from the top of the church steeple; the reason is simple: the seraglio pavilion is not fifty feet high, while the six hedges surrounding it are everywhere more than sixty. From any vantage point, this part can therefore be taken for a thicket of the forest, never for a habitation. This pavilion, my dear—commonly called the seraglio—consists only of underground chambers, a ground floor, a mezzanine, and a first floor; the vault covering the top of the building is lined across its entire surface with a very thick lead basin, in which various evergreen shrubs are planted, blending with the surrounding hedges and giving the whole an even more convincing appearance of dense woodland. The underground level forms a large central hall with twelve small rooms around it; six serve as cellars, and the other six as dungeons for those of either sex who have earned this punishment—and such cases are so frequent that there is never an empty space. The penalty is dreadful; it is accompanied by every refinement of severity: the dampness of the place is unbearable, one is always confined there naked, and given nothing but bread and water. “Oh God!” cried Justine, “have these wretches the cruelty, the shamelessness to shut someone up naked in such an unhealthy place?” — “Absolutely; they do not even allow us a blanket, nor a vessel for our needs; if they see that one seeks a corner to relieve oneself, one is beaten; they force you to do so here and there in the middle of the room, and it is only there that you are permitted to attend to it.” “What a pursuit of filth and barbarity!” “Oh, all the excesses of despotism and lust are unheard of in this house: sometimes they chain you in these dungeons; they place with you rats, lizards, toads, serpents; several among us have died merely from having endured these cesspools for eight days; besides, there are never fewer than five of us there, and very often for entire months. We shall return to this.”

“Above these underground chambers lies the supper room, where the orgies you witnessed yesterday are always held. Twelve smaller rooms likewise surround this hall; six serve as boudoirs for the monks—it is there they shut themselves away when they wish to isolate their pleasures and conceal them from the eyes of the company. These rooms, adorned by the hands of luxury and sensuality, contain everything that may be used for torment. Of the six remaining rooms, there are two into which no member of the *seraglio* ever enters—we are entirely ignorant of their purpose; two others are used for storing provisions; the next serves as a pantry, and the last as a kitchen. On the mezzanine level there are twelve bedrooms, six of which have charming adjoining closets—these belong to the monks; in the other six reside two serving brothers, one the jailer of the women, the other the jailer of the men, a cook, a housekeeper, a kitchen maid, and the surgeon, who keeps near him everything necessary for immediate needs. One very extraordinary peculiarity is that all these individuals, except the cook and the surgeon, are mute: what aid can one expect, what comfort receive from such people? Moreover, they never linger with us, and it is forbidden, under the severest penalties, to speak to them or to make them the slightest sign.”

Above these mezzanine levels lie the two *seraglios*; they are perfectly alike. You have already been able to judge the enclosures well enough to understand that, even if one were to break the bars of our windows and descend from them, one would still be far from escaping, for it would remain necessary to cross the living hedges, the thick wall forming a seventh enclosure around them, and the wide ditch that surrounds the whole. And even if these obstacles were overcome, where would one end up? In the convent courtyard, itself carefully secured, which would still offer no certain means of escape.

“A means of escape, perhaps less perilous, would be, I admit, to find in the dining room the opening of the passage that leads there; but, aside from the fact that it is impossible to discover, we

are never permitted to be alone in that room. Even if one managed to enter the passage, one would not escape by it; it is interrupted in more than twenty places by iron grilles, of which they alone possess the keys, and lined with traps that would inevitably catch anyone who, like us, is unfamiliar with the layout.

We must therefore renounce all thought of escape, my dear—it is impossible. Ah, believe me, if it could be attempted, I would long ago have been the first to flee this dreadful place. But it cannot be done; only death breaks our chains, and from that certainty arises the shamelessness, the cruelty, the tyranny these monsters exercise over us. Nothing inflames them, nothing excites their imagination, like the impunity promised by this inaccessible retreat. Certain that they will never have witnesses to their excesses other than the victims who satisfy them, convinced that their outrages will never be revealed, they carry them to the most odious extremes. Freed from the restraint of laws, having cast off those of religion, disregarding even remorse, admitting neither God nor Devil, there is no atrocity they do not permit themselves; and in this cruel apathy, their abominable passions are all the more voluptuously stirred, since, as they say, nothing excites them so much as solitude and silence, as weakness on one side and despotism on the other.

The monks sleep regularly every night in this pavilion; they come here at five in the evening and return to the convent the next day around nine o'clock, except for one who remains here by turns during the day—he is called the acting regent. We shall soon see what his duties are.

As for the servants, they never leave; the directress has in her room a bell that communicates with theirs, and as soon as she summons them, whether for her own needs or ours, they come running. The monks themselves bring the provisions for each day when they come to the seraglio; they hand them over to those charged with preparing the food, and everything is used according to their orders. There is an excellent spring in the underground chambers, and delicious wines in the cellars.

Let us proceed to the second section:

Everything concerning the conduct of the girls—their food, their punishments, and so on—falls under this second section. Our number is always fixed at thirty; as soon as it diminishes, they hasten to replace it. You see that we are divided into classes, and always dressed according to the costume assigned to the division to which we belong. Before the day is over, you will receive the clothing of the class you are entering. We are required to arrange our hair ourselves or for one another; models are given to us, and they change every two months—each class has its own distinct style.

The authority of the directress over us is absolute; to disobey her is a crime punished immediately. She is responsible for inspecting us before we go to the orgies, and if anything is not in the condition prescribed by the monks in the list of the girls invited, Victorine imposes a punishment on the spot.

“Explain that clause to me,” said Justine, “I do not quite understand it.” “Each morning,” replied Omphale, “a list of the girls invited to supper is brought to Victorine; beside each girl’s name is the state in which she is desired, something like this:”

Julie will not wash.

Rose will feel the need to defecate.

Adélaïde will pass gas.

Alphonsine will have a soiled backside.

The most perfumed bidet will be prepared for Aurore, etc., etc., etc.

If these orders are not carried out, and upon inspection Victorine does not find you in the required condition, a punishment is immediately imposed—that is what I meant. “But,” objected Justine, blushing, “how can one know whether a woman does or does not feel the need to relieve herself?” “Very easily,” replied Omphale, “Victorine inserts a finger into your anus, and if she does not find the expected result, the punishment is ordered at once.” — “What horrors!” said Justine. “Go on, I beg you—they are so new to me that the details are truly curious.”

“The faults we may commit,” continued Omphale, “are of several kinds; each has its particular punishment, the schedule of which is posted in both chambers. The acting regent—the one who comes, as I shall explain to you shortly, to deliver orders, name the girls for supper, inspect the quarters, and receive Victorine’s complaints—is the one who administers either the punishment imposed by the directress or that which he determines himself.

“Here is the table of these punishments, set out alongside the offenses that incur them:”

Article I. Not rising in the morning at the prescribed hours—seven o’clock in summer, and nine in winter. — Fifty lashes.

II. If, despite Victorine’s inspection, one does not fulfill at supper the prescribed obligations—the required presentation and condition, as has just been explained. — Two hundred lashes.

III. To present, whether through misunderstanding or for any reason whatsoever, a part of the body, in the act of pleasure, other than that which is desired. — Obligated to remain completely naked throughout the house for three days, whatever the weather.

IV. To be poorly dressed, poorly coiffed—in short, to show a lack of proper appearance within the seraglio. — Twenty pin-pricks to whatever part of the body the regent chooses.

V. Failing to report when one has one’s courses. — The courses immediately suppressed with ice-cold water.

VI. On the day the surgeon has confirmed your pregnancy. — One hundred strokes of bullwhip applied indiscriminately over the entire body, if one does not wish to keep the child. No punishment, if it pleases the society to preserve the pregnant woman for greater torments.

VII. Negligence, refusal, or inability to comply with their demands; and how often does their infernal malice catch you at fault in this, when you have not the slightest blame! how often

does one of them suddenly demand what he knows has just been granted to another, and cannot be repeated at once? yet such faults are punished by — Four hundred strokes of the rod, applied to the buttocks only.

VIII. Misconduct within the chamber, or disobedience to the directress. — Six hours completely naked in an iron cage lined on the inside with spikes, in which you risk tearing yourself at the slightest movement.

IX. Any sign of discontent, even the appearance of tears, sorrow, or a return to religion. — Fifty lashes upon the breasts; and, if religion is involved, you are forced to profane whatever object seemed to inspire your respect.

X. If a member of the society chooses you to share in the final stages of pleasure and is unable to complete them—whether it be your fault or his (and one can imagine how much arbitrariness exists in this clause of their barbarous code). — Bound up like a ball and suspended naked from the ceiling like a chandelier for six hours; whether you faint or not in this dreadful position, you are never released a moment sooner.

XI. The repetition of this offense, which is regarded as one of the most serious. And how many there are who deliberately refuse completion, in order to procure for themselves the barbarous pleasure of imposing this punishment upon you! for in such a case the injured party becomes at once judge and executioner. — Two enormous devices are forced into you, one in the vagina, the other in the anus; these foreign bodies are then tightly secured in place with bindings; you are next tied up like a ball, as in the preceding punishment, but placed in the midst of a bundle of thorns whose points, as you are suspended from the ceiling, cause the blood to drip into the room. Commonly, the one who orders the punishment positions himself beneath, and remains there, with others, until the conclusion of his pleasure.

XII. The slightest sign of reluctance toward the demands of the members of the society, of whatever nature they may be—

and one cannot imagine to what extent they are cruel and revolting. — Hung by the feet for half an hour.

An act of rebellion or revolt. — Death for the one who initiated it; six months in a dungeon, completely naked, where one is whipped to the point of blood twice a day, for each of those who followed the instigator's lead.

XIII. If the insurrection has consisted only of advice or words, and has led to no further consequences. — The one who occasioned this disturbance, whether by her words or her counsel, shall be branded with a hot iron in eighteen places on her body, at the discretion of the acting regent; the others in a single place.

XIV. Attempted suicide, refusal to eat as required, or neglect of oneself to the point of falling ill. — The cause of this extreme discontent is investigated; it is then intensified with the greatest possible barbarity, and, provisionally, one month in a dungeon, confined with the kind of animal you fear most; afterward, for another month, you are condemned to remain on your knees throughout the monks' supper.

XV. Lack of respect toward the monks in circumstances other than those of pleasure. — The tip of each breast pierced to the point of blood with a heated steel needle.

XVI. The same offense during the act itself. — Chained for six months in a dungeon, naked, and fed only black bread and salted water; whipped four times a day, twice from behind and twice from the front. Death in case of repetition.

XVII. Attempted escape, if it has not been carried out. — One year in a dungeon, treated as above.

XVIII. If you are caught in the act of escaping. — Death.

XIX. If you have drawn others along with you. — Those led astray perish by the mildest form of death, and the instigator by the most cruel.

XX. Rebellion against Victorine. — She herself orders the punishment, and the acting regent carries it out in her presence.

XXI. Refusal to submit to this woman's libidinous whims. — The same punishment as if the offense were committed with a monk. See Article XII.

XXII. To procure one's own abortion. — Five hundred lashes upon the belly, and as many with a small whip tipped with sharp steel points, directed into the interior of the womb; and those who delight in making children do not leave you until you are again pregnant.

The monks ordinarily employ six kinds of death for the guilty, and they always carry them out with their own hands. The mildest, according to them, is to be roasted alive, either on a spit or upon a gridiron. The second is to be boiled: they enclose you in a large pot covered with a grating, and you are cooked over a slow fire. The third punishment is to be broken and exposed alive upon a wheel. The fourth is to be drawn and quartered. The fifth, to be cut into small pieces, very slowly, by a machine designed for the purpose. And the sixth is to perish under the rod. They employ many other torments, but these six are those attached to the punishment of crimes committed.

"You have just heard what these crimes are, my dear companion," continued Omphale, "and you have just seen their punishments. Otherwise, we may do whatever we please: lie together, quarrel, fight, abandon ourselves to the utmost excesses of drunkenness and gluttony, swear, blaspheme, lie, slander, give ourselves over to theft and even to murder if we wish—all these are trifles for which we incur no reproach, and sometimes even earn praise. Six months ago, the forty-year-old woman whose striking beauty impressed you killed, with knife blows, a very pretty girl of sixteen, of whom she was at once enamored and jealous. The monks amused themselves with the crime; and for more than a month, that impudent and beautiful creature appeared at supper only crowned with roses. She is destined one day to replace Victorine. It is through crime that one succeeds here; it alone pleases these savage beasts, it alone earns us respect.

“Victorine has the power to spare us an infinity of unpleasantness, either by speaking well of us or by concealing our faults; but unfortunately, this protection can be purchased only by compliances often more distressing than the punishments it spares us. It is only by satisfying all her desires that one succeeds in gaining her favor; if one refuses her, she multiplies, without cause, the list of one’s offenses, and the monks—whom she serves by such conduct—esteem her all the more for it.

“She is exempt from all punishment, and the most complete impunity is assured to her: it is certain she will never act against the interests of the monks, whose tastes and habits she shares too sincerely to displease them in any respect. It is not, moreover, that these libertines have any need of such formalities in order to vent their cruelty upon us; but they are pleased to have pretexts. This semblance of order adds to their pleasure; it heightens it. Justice, then, must possess some charm, since those who revere it least are precisely those who, in their excesses, seek most to imitate it.⁶

“Each of us has a small supply of linen: upon entering here, we are given everything in half-dozen sets, and it is renewed each year; but we must surrender whatever we bring with us—it is not permitted to keep the slightest thing.

“Our food is very good, and always in great abundance. If they did not derive certain forms of pleasure from it, perhaps this aspect would not be so well attended to; but since their libertinism benefits from it, they neglect nothing in stuffing us with nourishment. Those who take pleasure in whipping us prefer us plump and well-fed, while those who delight only in seeing us satisfy the most degrading needs of nature are assured of a more ample yield. Accordingly, we are served four times a day: breakfast is precisely at nine, with dishes such as poultry with rice, pastries, ham, fruits, creams, and the like; at one o’clock we dine, and the table, set for thirty, is magnificently served; at half past

⁶ It is not justice that has charms in this case; it is the libertine’s theft of its rights.

five comes the afternoon collation—fruits in summer, preserves in winter; supper, being the monks' meal, is served with even greater profusion and delicacy, and those among us who attend it are certain to fare splendidly, without the service elsewhere suffering in the least. We all, men and women alike, whatever our age, are given two bottles of wine a day—one of white for breakfast and the afternoon meal—along with half a bottle of liqueur and coffee. Those who do not consume these may share them with their companions: there are among us some who are very intemperate, some who eat and drink themselves into excess all day long. Such excesses are never reprov'd; there are even some for whom these four meals are not enough, and they may request whatever they wish, which is brought to them at once. We are required to eat at table; if one persists in refusing, this fault falls under the article concerning rebellion against the directress and is punished accordingly under Article XX. Victorine presides over the meals, but is served separately in her own quarters: her table is laid for eight, morning and evening, and she admits whom she pleases from either seraglio; often monks join her there and, in such cases, determine the choice of guests. Orgies are then held in this place, and it is regarded as a favor to be admitted to them.

“Those selected to attend the monks' suppers are never drawn from a single class; they are always mixed, and their number varies continually, though it is rarely fewer than twelve and more often greater. In addition, there are always six serving women, whose role, as you have seen, is to serve the monks at table while completely naked. The number of boys invited is always proportionate to that of the women—one for every two women—because, as they have more difficulty procuring them in the manner they require, they treat them with somewhat greater care. Besides, they prefer them, and it is out of refinement that they use them less. Nevertheless, the discipline of their seraglio is just as strict as ours: they are subjected to the same kinds of punishments, the record of their offenses is the same, and

when a victim is desired, it is taken from among them as readily as from among us.

“It is unnecessary to tell you that no one ever visits us; no outsider, under any pretext whatsoever, is admitted into this pavilion. If we fall ill, the only attendant is the surgeon brother; and if we die, it is without any religious aid. We are thrown into pits dug between the hedges; and, with shocking cruelty, if an illness becomes too serious or is feared to be contagious, instead of being taken to an infirmary, we are torn from our beds and buried alive—because, say these monsters, it is better to let one die than to endanger thirty and risk the dangers of an epidemic themselves. In the thirteen years I have been here, I have seen more than twenty examples of this brutality; they act the same way with the boys, though they are somewhat better cared for. In general, all this depends on the degree of interest the patient inspires in the acting regent, who is charged with such inspections; if the person displeases him in the least, he gives a sign to the surgeon, who immediately issues a certificate of contagion, and the unfortunate individual is under two feet of earth an hour later.

“Let us proceed to the arrangement of these libertines’ pleasures, and to all the details of that part:

“We rise, as I told you, at seven in summer and nine in winter; but we go to bed earlier or later depending on the monks’ needs and the suppers we attend. As soon as we are up, the acting regent comes to make his inspection; he sits in a large armchair, and each of us, one after another, must go and stand before him, our skirts raised on the side he prefers; he touches, kisses, examines, and when all have fulfilled this duty, the directress approaches and makes her report; punishments are imposed, those that must be carried out immediately are executed at once in her apartment by the regent’s own hand; the others are administered in the evening assemblies, or the guilty are sent down to the dungeons if the case requires it. If it is a question of death, the condemned is instantly bound, thrown into a cell, and the

execution takes place at the hour of the orgies; but in such cases something rather singular occurs: as soon as the sentence is pronounced, the regent—who has just delivered it according to the law he shows to the accused—goes at once with the victim to the directress's quarters and enjoys her for a full hour before having her taken to prison; 'there is no pleasure equal to that of a being condemned to death,' say these wretches, 'and it is above all for her judge or executioner that this pleasure is beyond price.' From this one may judge how many arbitrary condemnations must occur, since such intense pleasures are their result. We are sometimes admitted, though in small number, to these dreadful scenes: the victim, clothed in black crepe, is always in tears or unconscious; and it is in the horror of her condition that these villains find the barbarous completion of their frenzy. Their words are then appalling, their pleasures like those of beasts; they mock the sufferings of the object they persecute, hold them up as examples to us, threaten us with the same treatment, and usually reach the final heights of their lust only amid execration and infamy. A few days before your arrival, I witnessed one of these scenes; it concerned a girl of seventeen, beautiful as Venus; Jérôme was the acting regent. On the directress's report, this unfortunate girl was accused of attempting to escape; she denied it; Victorine led Jérôme to her cell, where two bars were found broken. Clémentine—that was the name of this lovely creature—continued to deny it; she was not listened to; the law was against her; the eighteenth article, which condemned her to death, was read to her; she protested her innocence, and she did not seem to be lying. It was a dreadful trick played on her by Jérôme in concert with the directress; she was hated by them both, and they had sworn her destruction; they themselves had sawn through the bars, and the unfortunate girl died a victim of their cruelty. I was admitted, with a young man, to the ceremony of that final pleasure I have just described; one cannot imagine the horrors Jérôme permitted himself with that poor girl, all he made her do, all he demanded of her; strong enough to preserve

her composure, she suffered all the more. Jérôme, while abusing her, said: 'I know very well that you are innocent; but I burned with the desire to sacrifice you, and I shall finish at your execution.' Then he asked her what manner of death she wished; 'your crime demands the most dreadful, but I can change it for a lesser—choose, choose.' — 'The quickest!' cried Clémentine. — 'Very well, then it shall be the slowest,' replied the monk, foaming; 'yes, the slowest... the most horrible, and I myself shall give it to you.' He then turned to the young man; I was forced, kneeling, to submit to his commands, while he, at the same time, forced himself upon the victim, breathing in, as he said, with delight, the sighs of disgust, fear, and despair; he ended his assault in Clémentine's mouth, while the young man continued with her, and he amused himself by striking me with all his force and swearing like a madman.

"Once the punishments have been carried out, the regent gives the list of those invited to the directress; she sees there the names of the women desired and the condition in which they are required, and makes her arrangements accordingly.

"Despite the episodic excesses in which the regent has just indulged, it is rare for him to leave the hall without staging another libertine scene, in which he employs twelve or fifteen girls, and sometimes as many as twenty; the directress presides over these acts, and the most complete submission is required of us. From there, he proceeds to the boys' seraglio, where the same proceedings take place.

"It often happens that a monk desires a girl in his bed before the hour of breakfast; the jailer brother brings a note bearing the name of the one requested; even if the regent is then occupied with her, she must leave at once. She returns when she is dismissed, and the jailer who escorts her back delivers, in case of dissatisfaction, a sealed note to the directress, so that the delinquent's punishment may be immediately entered in the register, which is to be presented the next day to the acting regent.

“Once the inspections are completed, breakfast is served; from that moment until evening, we are interrupted only by particular summonses that may be made, though these are rare, since the monks, who dine at the convent, generally spend the day there. At seven in the evening in summer, and six in winter, the jailer brother comes to fetch those assigned to supper; he conducts them there and brings them back himself, taking care to leave for the night those whom the monks have had designated for that purpose; these then withdraw to the chambers of those who have chosen them, accompanied only by the attendant girls.”

“Attendant girls!” interrupted Justine. “What is this new role?” — “Here it is,” replied Omphale.

“On the first day of every month, each monk selects two girls, who, during that interval, must serve him both as attendants and as instruments for his degrading desires; he may neither change them during the month nor keep them for two months in succession. Nothing is as harsh, as degrading, or as cruel as the duties of this service, and I do not know how you will grow accustomed to it.” — “Alas!” replied Justine, “I am used to hardship; it is only horrors to which I cannot become accustomed.”

“As soon as five o’clock strikes,” continued Omphale, “the attendant girls, led by the jailer, go down naked to the monk they serve and do not leave him again until the next day, at the hour when he returns to the convent; they take up their post again as soon as he comes back to the seraglio. They use the few hours their service leaves them to eat and rest, for they must remain awake all night beside their master; they are there to serve blindly all the caprices—indeed, all the needs—of this libertine; he has no other vessel to satisfy them than the mouths or the breasts of these wretched girls, who, constantly pressed against their despot, must endure, by night as by day, whatever he pleases to inflict that is most barbarous, obscene, and degrading: blows, lashings, vexations, insults, gratifications of whatever kind—they must submit to everything, rejoice in everything, even take pride

in it. The slightest sign of reluctance is immediately punished by the penalty set out in Article XII, to which two hundred lashes are added, to show them that in this role of attendant girls they are bound to even greater submission and compliance than in the rest of their daily duties. In all scenes of excess, it is these girls who assist in the pleasures, attend to them, and clean whatever has been soiled. If a monk is soiled after using a girl or a boy, it is the duty of his attendants to restore order; if he wishes to be aroused beforehand, it is their task; they accompany him everywhere, dress and undress him, serve him—in short, at every moment—always in the wrong and always beaten. At supper, their place is either behind their master's chair, or like a dog at his feet beneath the table, or on their knees between his thighs, exciting him with their mouths; sometimes they serve him as a seat, and he sits upon their faces; at other times, laid out upon the dining table, they are made to hold candles and serve as living lights; at still other times, during supper, the monks arrange all twelve of them in the most bizarre and contorted positions, at once the most constraining and the most elaborate; if they lose their balance, they risk either falling, as you have seen, upon spikes set nearby, or into vats of boiling water placed there on purpose: the cruel result of such falls is often mutilation, death, burns, broken limbs; and through it all these monsters amuse themselves, feast, drink their fill of fine foods and delicate wines, and indulge in the most intense excesses."

"Oh heavens!" said Justine, shuddering with horror, "can madness and depravity be carried any further? can one give oneself over to such excesses?" — "There is nothing men without restraint will not attempt," replied Omphale; "once religion is no longer respected, once one has grown accustomed to defying the laws of nature and silencing the voice of conscience, there are no horrors that will not be undertaken; these are cruel truths, my dear, of which the constant company of such perfidious men convinces me more each day." — "What a hell!" — "Listen, my child—you are still far from knowing everything."

“The state of pregnancy, revered in the world, is here almost a certain mark of condemnation among these wretches: I have already touched on this in the sixth article of punishments. This condition exempts one neither from the penalties incurred by the offenses I have described, nor from the duties of attendance; on the contrary, it becomes an additional source of punishment, humiliation, and distress. As you know, they force miscarriages by blows when they have no wish to preserve the child; and if they do preserve it, it is only to make use of it. What I tell you should be enough to urge you to avoid this condition as much as possible.” — “But is it possible?” — “Certainly; there are certain sponges... but if Antonin notices, one does not escape his wrath. The surest way is to stifle the movements of nature by checking the imagination; with such monsters, that is not difficult.”

“No monk, except the acting regent and the superior, has the right to enter the seraglios; but as the office of regent rotates weekly, each in turn enjoys this truly despotic privilege. When he returns to the rank of the others, he resumes the equally agreeable privilege of having whatever number of girls or boys he pleases sent to his room, to amuse himself with them in his own quarters: the request is made to the directress, and, as we have already said, if the subjects are in the seraglio, she cannot refuse them under any pretext whatsoever; illness itself is not considered a reason, and one often sees these barbarians send for a poor creature burning with fever, just after she has been treated, bled, or subjected to other remedies; however much she protests, she must go—no objection is heard, none can excuse her from obedience. Very often it is only out of malice or caprice that they summon someone; they know well that they do not truly desire that person, or that she is in no condition to serve them, but they take pleasure in exercising their authority and maintaining subordination. At other times they genuinely intend to make use of her; then they do whatever they please with her and keep her as long as they wish. The one summoned may go down either

naked or clothed; in all this they follow no rule but their whims. All are equal here: the superior has no advantage over the others except the right to enter the seraglio for matters concerning clothing, discipline, and order; when he appears, he is received with the same honors as the acting regent.

“Besides, there are in this house certain connections and relationships one would never suspect, and which it is useful to explain to you; but as these details fall under the fourth section—that is to say, that concerning our recruits, our reforms, and our changes—I shall now begin it in order to include them there.

“You are no doubt aware, Justine, that the six monks who have taken refuge in this sanctuary are the leaders of their order, and all six are distinguished as much by their wealth as by their birth; apart from the considerable funds provided by the Benedictine order for the upkeep of this luxurious retreat, where all hope to spend their days in turn, those who are there add a considerable portion of their own wealth to these funds. These combined resources amount to over 500,000 francs a year, entirely devoted to the extravagant expenses of this establishment. They have four trusted men and four trusted women, solely responsible for ensuring that both harems are always fully stocked, and who, to this end, constantly travel throughout France. The candidate presented must never be under six years of age, nor over sixteen; they must be free from defects, and endowed, as far as possible, with all the charms and graces that nature and education can bestow; but above all, they must be of distinguished birth; these libertines attach great importance to this condition: these abductions, carried out far away and always well-paid, entail no inconvenience; they never result in any unfortunate consequences. They do not insist on virgins; a girl already seduced, a boy who has lost his innocence, or a married woman—all these please them equally; but the abduction must be proven, and this circumstance irritates them; they want to be certain that their crimes cause tears; they would not want a subject who would surrender to them voluntarily; if you had not defended yourself

so prodigiously, Justine, if they had not recognised a genuine foundation of virtue in you, and consequently the certainty of a crime, they would not have kept you for twenty-four hours. Everyone you see here is of the finest birth: I, my dear friend, am the daughter of the Count of Villebrune, and as his only daughter, I was to one day inherit an annual income of 80,000 livres; I was abducted at the age of twelve, from the arms of my nurse, who was taking me back from my father's country estate to the convent where I was being raised; the carriage was attacked, I was snatched away, and my governess was murdered. Brought here by stagecoach, I was defiled that very evening; all my companions are in the same situation; counts, dukes, marquises, wealthy bankers, rich merchants, and famous magistrates are the fathers of all you see here. There is not one who cannot prove the finest connections, and not one who, despite this, is not treated with the utmost ignominy; but these dishonest people do not stop there; they have sought to dishonour the very bosom of their own family: the young woman of twenty-six, undoubtedly one of our fairest, is Clement's daughter; the nine-year-old is Jerome's niece; the prettiest of the sixteen-year-old girls is Antonin's niece; Severino also had several children in this household; but the scoundrel sacrificed them all, and none survive today. Ambroise has a boy in the harem whom he himself deflowered, but who, being slight and delicate, shows no sign of anything particularly sublime.

“As soon as a subject of either sex arrives in this foul abyss, if the prescribed number is already complete, one individual of the same sex is immediately dismissed; but if it is a replacement and the number is incomplete, no one is dismissed—and this wretched dismissal, my dear girl, when it occurs, becomes the culmination of our sufferings. The unfortunate one whose sentence has been pronounced descends the day before her death.” — “Her death!” cried Justine in terror. — “Yes, her death, my dear friend; this dismissal is a sentence of death, and those who have undergone it never see the light again. She is therefore

taken down into one of the dungeons I have told you of, and remains there for twenty-four hours, naked, but well fed; the supper at which she is to be sacrificed is held in the underground hall, which is decorated for that day in the most mournful manner. Six women, chosen from among the most beautiful, six men selected for their physical attributes, and always the directress, are the only ones admitted to these bloody orgies; an hour before supper, the victim appears, crowned with cypress; the manner of her death is put to a vote; the secretary reads a list of various torments; those that seem most appealing are discussed; once the choice is made, the victim is placed upon a pedestal facing the table where they dine, and immediately after the meal, the execution begins—it sometimes lasts until daybreak. The attendant girls are not present at these orgies; three of the six chosen women take their place, and the excesses reach their height. But why should I dwell on these details? your own eyes, my dear friend, will soon confirm them only too well. “Good heavens!” cried Justine, “is murder—the most execrable of crimes—then for them, as for that celebrated Marshal de Retz,⁷ a kind of pleasure, whose cruelty, at once inflaming their nerves and their perverse imagination, plunges their senses into a more violent intoxication? Accustomed to find enjoyment only through pain, to delight only in torments and punishments, can it be that they go so far astray as to believe that by intensifying, by refining the first cause of their frenzy, they must inevitably perfect it, and that then, without principle as without faith, without morals as without virtue, these villains, abusing the misery into which their first crimes have plunged us, satisfy themselves by further ones that cost us our lives?” — “Do not doubt it,” replied Omphale;

⁷ See, in the history of Brittany by Dom Lobineau, the cruel pleasures to which this remarkable man abandoned himself with children of both sexes in his castle of Machecoul. The Duke of Brittany, more envious of the wealth he confiscated than eager to avenge the immorality of this lord—who was full of wit and talent—had him tried at Rennes, where he perished on the scaffold, for having had the misfortune to be rich and singularly formed by nature.

“they slaughter us, they torture us, because crime excites them; listen to them reason on this subject, and you will see with what art they erect all their turpitudes into systems.” — “And do these dismissals happen often?” — “A subject perishes here, from one class or the other, regularly every fifteen days. Nothing, moreover, justifies this dismissal; age, change of features—nothing matters; caprice is their only rule; they will dismiss today the one they caressed most yesterday, and keep for twenty years the one of whom they seem most weary. I am proof of it, my dear; I have been here thirteen years; there is scarcely an orgy in which I do not take part; I am constantly the instrument of all their debaucheries; they must be exhausted with me—by what charms could I hold them, worn as I am by their infamous excesses? and yet they keep me, while I have seen them dismiss delightful creatures within eight days. The one who was sacrificed recently was not yet sixteen, beautiful as Love, scarcely here for six months; but she became pregnant, and that is a fault they do not forgive. The one before her was sacrificed at the very moment she felt the first pains of childbirth.” — “But those,” said Justine, “who perish accidentally, as happened last night at supper, do they count among the dismissed?” — “Not at all,” replied Omphale; “those are unforeseen events that do not count and do not prevent the fortnightly sacrifice.” — “And are such accidents frequent?” — “No,” said Omphale, “they are content with what they themselves have prescribed, and, except in extraordinary cases or for strong reasons, they adhere to the law they have made. Do not imagine that the most regular conduct or the most extreme submission can save us from the fate that awaits us; I have seen some who hastened to anticipate all their desires, who forestalled them with the greatest care, and who were gone within six months; others, sullen and capricious, lingered here for years: it is therefore useless to prescribe to newcomers any particular rule of conduct; the whim—the sole will of these monsters—breaks every restraint and remains forever the law of their detestable actions.

“When a woman is to be dismissed—and I know it is the same among the men—she is informed of it in the morning, never sooner. The acting regent appears at the usual hour and says, for example: ‘Omphale, your masters dismiss you; I shall come for you this evening.’ Then he continues his duties; but at the inspection, the condemned no longer presents herself before him. Once he has left, she embraces her companions; and, according to her temperament, either seeks distraction with them or withdraws to her cell to lament her fate; but there must be no cries, no outward signs of despair—she would be cut to pieces at once if she were heard making the slightest disturbance. The hour strikes, the monk appears, and the victim is immediately swallowed up in the dark prison that serves her as a refuge until the next day. During the twenty-four hours she spends there, she is often visited; by an inconceivable refinement of cruelty, these wretches take pleasure in going to use her there, aggravating the horror of her situation by presenting it to her in its most terrifying form. At such times, all the monks are permitted to go and inflict upon the victim whatever their imagination dictates; as a result, she often appears at the place of execution already violently abused, and sometimes half-dead. Under no pretext may they delay or hasten her final hour, nor speak of granting her mercy; their laws, ever active for harm, have no force for good. At last the moment arrives, and the execution is carried out. I shall not dwell on details that will only too soon be presented to your eyes. The supper, moreover, is much the same—always excellent—but only foreign wines and liqueurs are served, and in far greater abundance. They never leave these meals without being intoxicated, and they withdraw from them much later.

“The procedure for receptions involves other formalities of which you will also be a witness, and which it is unnecessary for me to detail. If several arrive at once, only one is ever received; and it is during the ordinary suppers that the ceremonies take

place, more or less similar to those of which you yourself were the victim upon entering here.”

“And do the monks themselves change?” said Justine. — “No,” replied Omphale; “it is ten years since the newest arrived—Ambroise. The others have been here fifteen, twenty, even twenty-five years; Severino has been here twenty-six. This superior, born in Italy, is a close relative of the Pope, with whom he stands in great favour.⁸ It is only since his time that the supposed miracles of the Virgin have secured the convent’s reputation and prevented detractors from looking too closely into what goes on here. But the house was already organized as you see it when he arrived; it has existed on this same footing for more than a hundred years, and all the superiors who have come have maintained privileges and arrangements so necessary to their pleasures. Severino, the most libertine man of his age, had himself placed here only to lead a life suited to his tastes, and his intention is to preserve the order you see for as long as possible. We are in the diocese of Auxerre; but whether the bishop is informed or not, we never see him appear. In general, no one approaches this place except around the time of the feast—Our Lady of August; apart from that, not ten people a year are seen in this house. If any stranger presents himself, the superior takes care to receive him well, impressing him with appearances of religion and austerity. He goes away satisfied, praises the monastery, and thus the impunity of these wretches is founded upon the folly of the people and the credulity of the devout—those unshakable bases of superstition.”

“Aside from the dreadful murders whose circumstances you have just revealed to me, does it ever happen,” asked Justine, “that these wretches demand a victim to be executed in their own chambers?” — “No,” replied Omphale, “they can scarcely exercise individually the right of life and death they have arrogated

⁸ We shall see, in the course of this history, the reasons why it should not seem surprising that Pope Pius VI was on good terms with a libertine such as Severino.”

to themselves over us, except when acting together. If they wish to exercise it alone, it is then upon their attendant girls that they do so; those, indeed, may be sacrificed at any hour of the day or night—their unhappy fate depends entirely on the caprice of these monsters, and for the slightest fault they are often put to death at once by these barbarians. Yet this dreadful taste for murder sometimes inflames them even in the secret orgies held in the directress's quarters: they then deposit twenty-five louis for the proscribed victim and carry out the execution. This sum is set aside for replacements, and as soon as they contribute in this way, they acquire the right to do whatever they please."

"Perpetually under the sword," said Justine, "is there then no moment when our lives are not in danger?" — "Oh, not a single one; there is not one of us who, on rising in the morning, can be certain of lying down in her bed that night." — "What a fate!" — "It is dreadful, no doubt; but one grows courageous when one must live in constant alarm; and despite the scythe of death hanging daily over our heads, you will nonetheless see gaiety and excess universally reign among us." — "That is what one calls the graces of one's condition," said Justine; "as for me, I tell you, I shall never cease to weep and tremble. But finish my instruction, I beg you, and tell me—can the monks ever remove subjects from the convent?" — "That never happens," replied Omphale; "once swallowed up in this house, one breathes the air of liberty no more. From that moment, no hope is permitted us; we have only to wait a little longer or a little less—but our fate is always the same." — "Since you have been here," continued Justine, "you must have seen many terrible changes." — "There are only twelve above me; apart from that, I have seen the whole house renewed several times." — "And you have lost many friends here?" — "Very dear ones." — "Oh, what sorrow! I, who would wish to love you—shall I dare, if we must so soon be parted?" And these two tender friends, clasping one another in each other's arms, for a moment bathed their breasts in tears of sorrow, anxiety, and despair.

This touching scene had scarcely ended when the acting regent appeared with the directress—it was Antonin. All the women, according to custom, arranged themselves in two lines; he cast an indifferent glance over the whole, counted them, then sat down. Then, one after another, each was required to raise her skirts before him, on one side up above the navel, on the other above the lower back. Antonin received this tribute with the apathy of one who has had his fill; then, looking at Justine, he asked her bluntly how she was feeling: seeing that she could only reply with tears, “She’ll get used to it,” he said with a laugh; “there is no house in France where a girl is better trained than in this one.” He took the list of offenders presented to him by the headmistress; then, addressing Justine once more, he made her shudder; everything that seemed likely to subject her to these liberties was, for her, a death sentence. He made her sit on the edge of the sofa; and as soon as she was there, he had Victoire expose her throat, and ordered another girl to lift her skirts up to her navel; he approached, parted the thighs presented to him, and sat directly facing that half-open vulva; another creature of about twenty years of age came and positioned herself on top of Justine, in the same posture; so that it was a new vulva that presented itself to the lecher, instead of Justine’s face, and that if he took his pleasure from the former, he would have the charms of the latter at the level of his mouth. A third girl, taken from the class of the Duegnes, comes to arouse the tutor with her hand; and a fourth, completely naked, having emerged from the class of the Vestals, points out to him, on Justine’s body, the spot where the member being defiled must be swallowed up. This last girl also arouses Justine; she jerks her off; and what she does to her, Antonin imitates with two pretty fifteen-year-old girls, placed under each of his hands, whom two other thirteen-year-old girls kiss on the mouth to arouse them. One cannot imagine the filthy talk, the swearing, the obscene remarks with which this debauchee becomes inflamed; he is finally in the state he desires; the lecher is hard: a new girl grabs him by the cock; she is one of

the older ones; she leads him to Justine, into whose cunt he thrusts himself with as much haste as brutality. "Ah! Goddamn it," he says, "here I am... here I am in this cunt I was burning to fuck; I'm going to shower it with my cum; I want her to get pregnant this time." Everyone follows him, everyone seeks to double his ecstasy, everyone works to electrify him: baring his buttocks completely. Omphale, who takes hold of them, spares no effort to arouse him further; rubbing, kissing, masturbation, everything is employed: so many methods, long unsuccessful, succeed in the end. One cannot imagine the speed with which the cunts change under the fingers and under the kisses of this libertine. The climax approaches; the lecher, whose habit is to let out dreadful cries at such times, utters ones that make the vault resound; all surround him, all serve him; the headmistress takes over from Omphale in the task of stimulating the anus, she penetrates it with her five fingers; and it is the clitoris of one of the prettiest girls that the monk is sucking at this very moment. He finally reaches a frenzy amidst the most bizarre and depraved episodes. "Come on," he says to one of his maids, "on your knees... suck my cock: leave no trace of filth on it," and the wretch departs, grumbling.

Such groupings were often carried out. It was the rule that whenever a monk took his pleasure in whatever manner, several girls would surround him, so as to inflame his senses from every side, and allow pleasure to enter him more surely through every part of his being.

Lunch was brought in: Justine did not want to sit down at the table; the headmistress, in a brusque tone, ordered her to take her seat; she joined the girls in her class and ate only to appear to be obeying. No sooner had they finished than the superior entered; he was received with the same formalities as Antonin had just been, except that the girls were careful not to lift their skirts at the front; they exposed only their bottoms to the trained gaze of the foreigner. Once the inspection was over, he stood up.

“We must think of dressing her,” he said, fixing his gaze on Justine; then, opening a wardrobe in the great hall, he took out a few garments, of the style and colour appropriate to the class into which Justine was entering. “Try these on,” he said, throwing them at her, “and return what belongs to you at once.” Our poor orphan complies, after taking the precaution of removing her money and tucking it into her hair. With every garment she removes, Sévérino’s eyes instantly turn to the revealed charms: no sooner is she naked than the superior seizes her and lays her face down on the edge of a sofa; Justine tries to beg for mercy; no one listens to her: six naked women surround the two combatants, presenting to the monk the altar that inflames him; all one sees are upturned bottoms; his hand squeezes them, his mouth presses against them, his gaze devours them: Justine is sodomised; more than twenty bottoms rise swiftly, one after another, beneath the kisses and the caresses of the lecher; his tongue and fingers penetrate them all indiscriminately; he ejaculates, and continues his work with the blissful calm that crime bestows. Justine, dressed as a novice, reappears more beautiful in the eyes of her tormentor: he orders her to follow him through the various tasks he still has to perform in the harem. Towards the end of his rounds, one of the girls from the class of sodomites tempts him. “Fuck her,” he says to Victorine. The headmistress takes her. She is a tall girl of nineteen, as fair as the day. The finest arse in the world, the whitest, the best-shaped, is soon offered up to the desires of this libertine, who wants to be jerked off by Justine; the unfortunate girl obeys awkwardly; her companions instruct her; her hands finally manage to make the member that her arse had just softened stand to attention: she is told that she must be the one to guide it to the hole that is about to be penetrated: she obeys; the member, once inside, the monk thrusts; but it is only Justine’s arse that he wishes to fuck during the act; the other girls surround him merely for the spectacle: her eyes blaze; one thinks he is about to finish the affair; he does indeed finish it; but without reaching the goal. “That’s enough,” he says

as he withdraws; “I have work to do this evening, Justine,” he continues, “I am very pleased with your arse, I shall fuck it often; be docile, attentive, submissive; that is the only way to keep you here for a long time;” and the libertine left, taking with him two thirty-year-old girls, whom he was taking to lunch at the director’s house, and who, by orders sent that morning, had not sat down to eat with us.

“What is he going to do with those creatures?” said Justine to Omphale. — “He is going to get drunk with them; they are libertines by profession, as depraved as he is, and after twenty years in this house have fully adopted the habits and customs of these wretches; you will see them return drunk and covered with the blows that monster will have inflicted on them in his intoxication.” — “And will he take his pleasure again?” continued Justine. — “Most likely; after breakfast, he will go to the men’s seraglio, where more victims will be presented to him, and, very likely, offering himself in turn, he will receive the attentions of several boys.” — “What a man!” — “You have seen nothing yet; one must live among them as long as I have to be able to judge them.”

The day passed without incident; Justine was not among those assigned to supper. “Come,” said Omphale, “we must go to Victorine; you remember the commitments you have made—let us not fail in them, since you are free.”

“Ah! It’s you,” said the headmistress, seeing Justine enter. “Yes, madam,” replied Omphale; “she remembers that you requested her for this evening; she’s rushing to your command.” — “Very well,” said Victorine; “you’ll stay too, Omphale.” — “I’m keen on you, my dear,” continued the lesbian, caressing the pretty girl; “I’ll send for some lads; the five of us shall dine, and we’ll have a good time.” At the mere ring of a bell, two charming cocks, aged twenty to twenty-two, appeared; and Victorine, after having fucked each of them for a quarter of an hour, having wanked, sucked and licked them, said to them: “Augustin, and you, Narcisse, here are two pretty girls I’m handing over to you; arrange

with them some rather lascivious scenes to rouse me from the lethargy I've been in for the past few days." The two ardent players didn't need to be told twice: the younger one seized Justine, the other Omphale; and, through their art, in less than half an hour, five or six different positions are presented to the eyes of the tribade, who, gradually surrendering herself as the spectacle arouses her further, eventually joins the combatants: the action becomes more intense; everything is directed towards Victorine, everything works to double her ecstasy. The whore, naked, fucked from the front as well as from behind, combines this sweet way of coming with the delightful episode of licking both Omphale's arsehole and Justine's cunt at the same time. "Wait," she says for a moment; and, donning a strap-on: — "I'm tired of being patient, I want to take action." The slut fucks Justine; she forces the eldest of the boys to sodomise her during this time; and wanting to imitate this debauchery, she herself inserts the remaining cock into her arse, whilst Omphale is forced to come and rub her cunt against her mouth. "What a lovely girl!" exclaims the headmistress, speaking of Justine; "how I'd love to fuck her! Oh, for God's sake, if only I were a man! Fuck me, my little Angel, fuck me, for God's sake, I'm going to come..." And the indifferent Justine complies docilely, though she cannot stifle her remorse or hide her sorrow. However, the worn-out Victorine does not keep her word; nature, failing her, denies her its gifts... at least for that moment; and it is only by imagining new lewd acts that she forces herself to yield. The vile woman turns Justine over; she sodomises her, whilst she herself is being sodomised. With nothing yet coming, she sodomises a boy and fingers Justine, whom Omphale is stroking on the clitoris, to hasten the emission of semen that will fill Victorine with pleasure, and perhaps determine her own; such is the manoeuvre that succeeds; Justine comes in spite of herself; Victorine sucks her, writhing like a Bacchante on the loins of the young man she is enjoying, whilst the other boy alternately thrusts his cock into her cunt and her arse; and the whore, surrounded by pleasure, cums, with

screams, blasphemies and convulsions quite worthy of a libertine like her.

They sat down to table. Throughout the meal, Victorine would eat only morsels first tasted by our heroine; Omphale attended to her while she indulged. "I like to combine these two pleasures," she said; "I know none that agree better." And, pouring Justine large glasses of Champagne, she tried to draw from the girl's confusion what she knew she could not obtain from her reason. But Justine never lost her composure, and Victorine, seeing that she responded no better after supper than before to all the advances made to her, sent her away to bed in ill humor, warning her that such conduct would not make her captivity any gentler. "Very well, madam," said Justine as she withdrew, "I shall suffer; I was born for misfortune, and I shall endure my lot as long as Heaven allows me to linger in this world; but at least I shall not offend it, and that consoling thought will make my sufferings less bitter." The directress kept Omphale and the two young men for the night. The next day, Justine learned to what horrors she would have been subjected had she not been dismissed. "I had to endure them in your place," said Omphale, "but fortunately habit now makes my duties easier, and I had at least the pleasure of sparing you those indignities." The following day was the eve of one on which a dismissal was to be decreed; Antonin appeared, the same ceremonies were observed; Justine trembled—might not the modest and restrained conduct she had shown before the directress cause her to be chosen for that terrible fate? She had offended that woman; she knew her influence—what had she not to fear? Antonin's indifference reassured her somewhat; he scarcely glanced at her. The ceremonies completed, Antonin named Iris—a magnificent woman of forty, who had been thirty-two years in the house. "Come forward," he said, "I must examine you." Then, calling for assistance, he proceeded with brutal indifference. All hastened to obey; he carried on his act, and then said, "Come, wretch, these are my farewells." Seeing everyone shudder and his unfortunate victim on the point of

fainting, he struck her violently and continued: "Do you not hear me? The society dismisses you—I come for you, and the day after tomorrow you will no longer exist. If I take my leave of you thus, it is so that you may carry the mark of me with you to the grave." But Iris heard nothing; completely insensible, she had lost all warmth and motion. In this state he completed his act, even biting her in the hope of reviving her; it was in vain—nothing succeeded, and it was in this condition of stupor and collapse, immediately after using her, that the barbarian had her thrown into the dungeons, where she would pass the final hours of her life.

Justine passed the most dreadful day; that horrific scene would not leave her mind. She trembled at the thought of attending the supper that was to accompany those bloody orgies; fortunately, she was judged still too new to be admitted to a gathering where modesty and humanity had no place. She was simply ordered to go that very evening and spend the night with Clément. "Oh God!" she cried, "must I satisfy the passions of that monster, who will approach me still stained with the blood of my unfortunate companion, who, glutted with horrors and infamies, will come to me with crime in his heart and blasphemy on his lips... Is there a fate more dreadful than mine?" Yet she had to go; the jailer came to fetch her and locked her in Clément's chamber, where, as she waited for that wretch, new and even more terrible thoughts arose to trouble her mind once again.

Around three in the morning, Clément arrived, followed by his two attendant girls, who had come to fetch him after supper, at which they were not present when a "reform" orgy was involved. One of these girls was named Armande; she was blonde, with a charming face, scarcely twenty-six years old, and Clément's niece; the other was called Lucinde—full-figured, with fine flesh, fair complexion, and twenty-eight years of age.

Having been instructed in her duties, Justine throws herself to her knees the moment she hears the monk; he approaches

her, regards her in this humiliating posture, then orders her to rise and kiss him on the mouth; Clément savours this kiss, giving it every expression and every intensity conceivable. Meanwhile, the two attendants, on his orders, undress Justine thoroughly. When the area from her lower back to her heels is exposed, they hasten to present it to Clément and to offer him the part he so dearly loves. The monk examines, touches; then, sitting in an armchair, he orders Justine to present to him for a kiss that divine arse over which he is so enthralled; his niece is on her knees, she sucks his cock... a limp cock, exhausted by the evening's pleasures, and which, without much skill, will not come back to life so soon. Lucinde, standing slightly to one side, slips one of her hands beneath the monk's buttocks and fondles him thoroughly. The libertine places his tongue in the sanctuary of the temple offered to him, and thrusts it in as far as he can. His claw-like hands molest the same charms on Armande and Lucinde; he squeezes and pinches the arse of one and then the other with every conceivable lewdness. But, still preoccupied with Justine, whose behind is constantly within reach of his mouth, he orders her to fart there; Justine obeys, and soon realises the marvellous effect of this intemperance; the monk, now even more aroused, becomes more ardent; he suddenly bites Justine's buttocks in six places, and she lets out a cry and throws herself forward. Clément, disturbed, steps towards her, anger in his eyes: "Do you realise," he cries, "what you risk by such insubordination?" The unfortunate girl apologises; but the ferocious beast, seizing her by her bodice, rips it off along with her chemise, brutally grabs her throat, and hurls abuse at her whilst squeezing her. The maids on duty undress Justine, and there they are, all four of them naked. Armande distracts her uncle for a moment; what is the power of blood! He slaps her furiously on the buttocks with his hands, kisses her on the mouth, bites her tongue and lips; she screams; the pain wrings involuntary tears from this girl; he makes her climb onto a chair, kisses her arse, makes her fart. It is Lucinde's turn; she is treated in the same way. Justine jerks him

off whilst he is at work; he bites cruelly into the arse presented to him, and his teeth leave marks in several places on the flesh of this beautiful girl; turning abruptly towards Justine, who, in his view, is jerking him off very badly: "You whore!" He says to her, 'how you're going to suffer.' He doesn't need to say it; his eyes say it all too well. "You're going to be flogged all over," he tells her; "yes, even on that alabaster breast, even on those two rosebuds, which I crush with such pleasure;" and our unfortunate patient dared say nothing, for fear of further provoking her tormentor; but sweat covered her forehead, and her eyes, despite herself, filled with tears. He turns her round, makes her kneel on the back of a chair, the back of which her hands must hold without letting go, under the most severe penalties. Seeing her there, well within his reach, he orders his guards to bring him rods; several handfuls are presented to him; he seizes the thinnest... the most flexible, and begins with some twenty strokes on her shoulders and upper back; then, leaving Justine for a moment, he places Armande and Lucinde about six feet from her, to her right and left, and in exactly the same position; he declares to them that he is going to whip all three of them, and that the first to let go of the back of the chair... to cry out, or shed a tear, will immediately be subjected to whatever torment this villain's rage sees fit.

Armande and Lucinde receive the same number of blows on their backs as he has just given Justine; he spits on her, on her mouth and on all the parts of her body he has abused; then, raising his rods, "Behave yourself, you little minx," he says to her; "you're going to be treated like the lowest of the wretched." At these words, Justine receives a hundred blows in succession, delivered with the most powerful arm, which bruise her entire back, right down to her lower back; he flies at the other two and treats them in the same way. The wretched women did not utter a word; their faces alone revealed the cruel state of their souls, and all that could be heard from them were a few muffled, restrained moans. However inflamed the monk's passions might

be, no sign of them was yet apparent; he stroked himself at intervals, but nothing rose. "Oh, fuck," he said, "I've come too much during the torture of that slut we've been tormenting to-night; I did things to her that were unique, but they've exhausted me; I'll never get hard again, it's over;" and drawing closer to Justine, who occupied the centre of the scene, he gazed upon her two sublime buttocks, whose whiteness would have put a lily to shame, and which, still intact, were soon to endure their share of the ill-treatment; he fondled them; he cannot help but part them, tickle them, kiss them a thousand times over; come on, he says, take heart; a terrible hail of blows falls at that very moment upon those two buttocks, bruising them right down to the thighs. Exceedingly aroused by the leaps, the arching of the back, the groans, the contortions that pain wrings from this unfortunate woman, examining them, seizing them with delight, Clément comes to express, upon the patient's mouth, the sensations that agitate him. "I like this whore," he cries, "I have never flogged one who has given me more pleasure;" and he moves on to Lucinde, whose lovely buttocks are treated in the same manner; from Lucinde he passes to Armande, whom he whips with equal savagery: the lower part remains, from the upper thighs to the calves, and the lecher, upon all three, soon strikes these parts with the same ardour. "Come on," he says, turning Justine over, "let's change hands and have a look at this." He gives her about fifty strokes, from the middle of her belly to the lower thighs; then, making her spread them, he strikes roughly inside the cleft, which she opens to him through her posture. "Oh! Good God," he cries out, seeing the cunt well within his reach, "here is the bird I am going to pluck"; a few lashes having, thanks to the care he takes, penetrated quite deeply, Justine lets out cries: "Ah, ah!" says the cannibal, "so I have found the sensitive spot; we shall explore it a little better shortly." Meanwhile, Armande and Lucinde are placed in the same position, and his rods likewise reach the most delicate parts of their bodies; but, whether through habit, courage, or the fear of incurring harsher

treatment, one sees of them only tremors and a few involuntary contortions; he leaves them only when they are bleeding.

There was, however, a slight change in the physical condition of this libertine; and, though the matter still had very little substance, by dint of all the shaking, the accursed instrument was beginning to stiffen. "Get down on your knees," said the monk to Justine; "I am going to whip your breasts." — "My bosoms, Father?" — "Yes, on those two hideous lumps, which repulse me... which I detest and which have never inspired anything but cruelty in me;" and as he spoke, he squeezed them, pressing them violently. "Oh, Father," said Justine, weeping, "that part is so delicate! You will kill me!" — "What does it matter to me! So long as I am satisfied;" and he began with five or six lashes, which Justine parried with her hands; furious at this resistance, Clément seized Justine's arms and bound them behind her back, ordering her to be silent... not to utter a single word. The unfortunate girl has nothing left but her tears... and the movements of her face, to beg for mercy; but is such a villain, and especially when he is aroused, susceptible to pity? He strikes a dozen hard blows upon the poor girl's breasts, which are now defenceless. Horrible welts are immediately etched in streaks of blood; the intensity of the pain wrings tears from Justine, which, falling like pearls upon that torn breast, make this delightful girl a thousand times more alluring still. The scoundrel kisses her tears, licks them, mingles them with his tongue with the drops of blood spilled by his ferocity, returns to her mouth... to her wet eyes, which he sucks with lechery. Armande follows; her hands are bound; she offers a breast of alabaster and the most beautiful roundness. Clément pretends to kiss it, but it is to bite it; he strikes at last, and this beautiful flesh, so white, so plump, soon presents to the eyes of its tormentor nothing but bruises and traces of blood.

Lucinde, treated in the same way, does not endure it with the same courage; the blows from the rods having torn her nipple, she faints... "Ah! Fuck," says the monk, irritated, "that's exactly what I wanted." However, his need for the victim outweighs the

pleasure he would derive from watching her for a long time in this state. With the help of some smelling salts, she soon regains her senses; "Come on," he says, "I'm going to whip you all at once, and each of you on different parts." He leaves Justine on her knees, places Armande on top of her, legs spread, so that her mouth is level with Armande's cunt, and her throat between Armande's thighs, right at the base of her arse; he seats Lucinde on Armande's lower back, her legs also spread, and, presenting her with the cunt, right in the open, precisely level with the two buttocks of the woman upon whom she is perched; by this means the lecher can, as he says, lash at once the vulva, the buttocks and the nipples of the three most beautiful women it is possible to see. Clément is not content with merely gazing at this delightful arrangement; the rascal lashes out with all his might at every attraction presented to him; arses, pussies, tits—everything is mercilessly flogged, everything is left bloodied. The monk finally gets a hard-on, and this only makes him more furious. He opens a cupboard containing several whips; he takes out one with steel spikes, so sharp that one cannot touch it without risking being torn; "Here, Justine," he says, showing her this instrument; "see how delightful it is to whip with this... you'll feel it, you'll experience it, you little minx; but, for now, I'm content to use only this one." It was made of knotted gut strings; it had twelve strands; at the bottom of each was a knot stronger than the others, and the size of a hazelnut; "Come on, my niece, the cavalcade... the cavalcade," he said to Armande. At once the pose breaks; the two maids on guard, who know what is going on, get down on all fours in the middle of the room, their backs arched as high as possible; they tell Justine to imitate them; the unfortunate girl does so; the monk mounts Armande; and, seeing all three of them now well within his reach, he rains furious blows upon the charms they display. As, in this posture, they offer, spread as wide as possible, that delicate part which distinguishes them from men, the barbarian directs his blows there; the long, flexible strands of the whip he uses, penetrating the flesh more

easily than rods, leave deep marks of his rage; now he strikes one, now his blows fly towards the other. As skilled a horseman as he is a fearless flogger, he changes mounts several times, taking care to strike just as well, just as hard, those beneath his hand as those on whose back he sits. The unfortunate girls are at their wits' end; the stinging of their pain is so intense that it becomes almost impossible for them to bear. "Get up," he says to them then, picking up his canes again; "yes, get up, and fear me." His eyes sparkle, he is foaming at the mouth. Equally threatened all over their bodies, these poor girls try to avoid him; they run, as if bewildered, to every corner of the room; he follows them; striking indiscriminately at all three, the villain leaves them bloodied; at last he corners them in the narrow space by the bed. There, all restraint is lost; the blows redouble, and are dealt with so little regard and such fury that even their faces are marred by them; a lash strikes Armande in the eye; she cries out; blood flows. This final atrocity brings on ecstasy; and, whilst the buttocks and breasts of the other two are cruelly torn, the villain sprays his semen over the head and hair of his unfortunate niece, whom the pain forces to roll on the ground, uttering terrible screams.

"Let us lie down," said the monk coldly; "this is far too much for you, is it not, ladies?—and certainly not enough for me. One never tires of this mania, though it is only an imperfect image of what one would truly wish to do. Ah, my dear girls, you do not know how far this depravity carries us, the intoxication into which it plunges us, the violent agitation it produces in the nervous system when irritation is heightened by defilement upon the object that serves our passions—how one is excited even by one's own sufferings! The desire to increase them—that is the danger, I know; but is such a danger to be feared by one who mocks everything, who has neither faith, nor law, nor religion, who tramples all principles underfoot?"

Although Clément's mind was still carried away by enthusiasm, Justine, seeing his senses somewhat calmed, dared to re-

spond to what he had just said and to reproach him for the depravity of his tastes. The manner in which this libertine justified them seemed to us worthy of being recorded in these memoirs.

CHAPTER X

Philosophical Dissertation — Continuation of the Convent Adventures

“The most ridiculous thing in the world, my dear Justine,” said Clément, “is to try to argue over a man’s tastes—to oppose them, to condemn them, or to punish them when they do not conform either to the laws of the country one lives in or to social conventions. What! Will men never understand that there are no tastes—however strange, however even criminal one may suppose them to be—that are not the result of the kind of organization we have received from nature? That being established, I ask: by what right can one man demand of another that he reform his tastes, or moderate them in the name of social order? And by what right can laws—which exist only for the happiness of man—dare to punish someone who cannot correct himself, or who could only do so at the expense of that very happiness the laws are meant to preserve for him? But even if one wished to change one’s tastes—can one? Is it within us to remake ourselves? Can we become other than what we are? Would you demand as much from a deformed individual? And is not this lack of conformity in our tastes, morally speaking, the same thing as the physical imperfection of a misshapen body? Let us go into some detail; the intelligence I know you possess, Justine, puts you in a position to understand them.

“Two irregularities, I see, have already struck you among us: you are astonished at the piquant sensation experienced by some of our companions for things commonly regarded as foul or impure; and you are equally surprised that our voluptuous faculties

can be stirred by actions which, in your view, bear only the stamp of ferocity; let us analyze both of these tastes, and try, if possible, to convince you that nothing in the world is simpler than the pleasures that result from them.

“It seems strange to you,” he went on, “that filthy and debauched things can produce in our senses the irritation essential to the culmination of their delirium; but before being astonished at this, my dear girl, you must first understand that objects have no value in our eyes except that which our imagination assigns them; it is therefore entirely possible, according to this constant truth, that not only the most bizarre things, but even the vilest and most dreadful, may affect us very strongly. The imagination of man is a faculty of his mind in which, through the organ of his senses, objects are depicted and modified, and thereafter give rise to his thoughts, in proportion to the first impression made by those objects; yet this imagination, itself the result of the particular organization with which man is endowed, receives objects only in one way or another, and creates thoughts solely according to the effects produced by the impact of the objects perceived. Let a comparison make this clearer to you: have you not seen, Justine, mirrors of different shapes—some that diminish objects, others that enlarge them, some that render them hideous, others that lend them charm? Now imagine that each of these mirrors possessed, in addition to its reflective power, a creative faculty—would it not give of the same man who looked into it an entirely different portrait, and would not that portrait depend on the manner in which the object had been perceived? And if, to these two faculties we have just attributed to the mirror, we now added that of sensibility, would it not feel, for that man seen in such or such a way, the kind of sentiment it could form toward the sort of being it believed it had perceived? The mirror that saw him as ugly would hate him; the one that saw him as beautiful would love him—and yet it would always be the same individual.

“Such is the imagination of man, Justine; the same object is represented within it under as many forms as it has different modes, and according to the effect produced upon this imagination by the object, whatever it may be, it determines whether to love or to hate it. If the impact of the perceived object strikes it in a pleasing way, it loves it, prefers it, even though that object may possess no real charm in itself; and if that object, though of unquestioned value in another’s eyes, has affected the imagination in question only disagreeably, it will be rejected, for none of our sentiments are formed or realized except in proportion to the impression different objects make upon the imagination. Nothing, then, is surprising in the fact that what strongly pleases some may displease others; and conversely, that the most extraordinary and monstrous thing may find its devotees... The misshapen man, too, finds mirrors that render him beautiful.

“Now, if we admit that the enjoyment of the senses is always dependent upon the imagination, always governed by it, we must not be surprised at the numerous variations the imagination introduces into these enjoyments, nor at the infinite multitude of tastes and passions born of its various deviations; these tastes, however libertine, should no more astonish us than those of a simpler kind. There is no reason to find a peculiarity of the table less extraordinary than a peculiarity of the bed; and in either case, it is no more surprising to idolize something the common run of men finds detestable than it is to love what is generally acknowledged to be good. Unanimity proves only a conformity of organs, and nothing in favor of the thing loved. Three-quarters of the world may find the scent of a rose delightful, without that serving either to condemn the quarter who might find it disagreeable, or to demonstrate that the scent is truly pleasant.”

“If, then, there exist in the world beings whose tastes offend all accepted prejudices, whose fancies violate every principle of society, whose caprices outrage moral and religious laws—beings who appear to you, in a word, as villains and monsters, solely

by the inclination they feel toward crime, though they have no other motive for committing it than their pleasure—not only must one not be astonished by them, not only must one neither lecture nor punish them, but one must be of use to them, must satisfy them, must destroy all the restraints that hinder them, and, if one wishes to be just, must provide them with every means of gratifying themselves without risk; for it no more depended on them to have this bizarre taste than it depended on you to be intelligent or foolish, well-formed or misshapen. It is in the mother's womb that the organs are fashioned which render us susceptible to this or that fancy; the first objects presented, the first discourses heard, complete the determination of the mechanism; tastes are formed, habits are acquired, and nothing in the world can thereafter destroy them; education may do what it will, it changes nothing further, and he who is destined to be a villain becomes one just as surely, however good the education he has received, as he whose organs are disposed toward good inevitably inclines to virtue, even if his instructor has failed him: both have acted according to their organization, according to the impressions they have received from nature, and the one is no more deserving of punishment than the other is of reward.

“What is truly singular is that, so long as it is only a question of trifles, we are not surprised at differences of taste; but the moment it concerns lust, everything is in an uproar; women, ever watchful of their rights—women whom their weakness and their lack of power incline to lose nothing—tremble at every instant lest something be taken from them; and if, unfortunately, one amuses oneself at their expense by employing certain practices that offend their cult, immediately these become crimes worthy of the scaffold! What inconsistency! what atrocity! Must the pleasures of the senses render a man better than the other pleasures of life? Must the temple of generation, in a word, fix our inclinations more firmly, more surely awaken our desires, than any other part of the body—whether the most opposed to it or the most remote from it—even than the most fetid or most

disgusting emanation of that body? It ought not, it seems to me, be any more surprising to see a man introduce singularity into the pleasures of libertinage than to see him employ it in the other functions of life; once again, in either case, his singularity is the result of his organs. Is it his fault if what affects you is nothing to him, and if he is moved only by what repels you? What man would not instantly reform his tastes, his affections, his inclinations, according to the general model, and would not prefer to be like everyone else rather than to set himself apart, if he were master of it? There is the most stupid and barbarous intolerance in wishing to punish such a man; he is no more guilty toward society, whatever his aberrations may be, than, as I have said, one who is born one-eyed or lame; and it is as unjust to punish him, or to mock the latter, as it would be to afflict the former or to ridicule him. A man endowed with singular tastes is a sick man; he is, if you like, a woman afflicted with hysterical vapors; has it ever occurred to us to punish or oppose either? Let us be equally just toward the man whose caprices surprise us; perfectly analogous to the invalid or the hysterical woman, he is, like them, to be pitied and not blamed: such is, in the moral sense, the excuse for those in question; one would find it in the physical sense just as easily, no doubt, and when anatomy is perfected, it will readily demonstrate the relation between man's organization and the tastes that affect him. Pedants, jailers, legislators, tonsured rabble, executioners—what will you do when we reach that point? What will become of your laws, your morality, your religion, your gallows, your paradise, your gods and your hell, when it is demonstrated that such or such a flow of fluids, such a structure of fibers, such a degree of acidity in the blood or in the animal spirits, suffices to make a man the object of your punishments or your rewards?

“Let us continue: do cruel tastes astonish you?

“What is the aim of the man who seeks pleasure? Is it not to give his senses all the stimulation of which they are capable, in

order to arrive more surely and more ardently at the final crisis—that precious crisis which characterizes enjoyment as good or bad according to the greater or lesser degree of intensity it attains? Now, is it not an untenable sophism to claim that, in order to enhance it, this crisis must be shared by the woman? Is it not obvious that a woman can share nothing with us without taking something from us, and that whatever she appropriates must necessarily be at our expense? And what necessity is there, I ask, that a woman should experience pleasure when we do? Is there in such a procedure any sentiment other than pride that can be gratified? And do we not find that sensation of pride far more keenly when, on the contrary, we harshly compel the woman to abstain from pleasure, so that we alone may enjoy, so that, entirely ours, nothing distracts her from attending solely to our pleasures? Does not tyranny flatter pride far more vividly than beneficence? Is not he who imposes more surely master than he who shares? But how could it ever have entered the mind of a reasonable man that delicacy had any value in enjoyment? It is absurd to maintain that it is necessary; it never adds anything to sensual pleasure—indeed, more often it detracts from it. To love and to enjoy are very different things: proof of this is that we love every day without enjoying, and still more often we enjoy without loving. Whatever delicacy is introduced into such pleasures can be granted to the woman only at the expense of the man's enjoyment; and so long as he occupies himself with giving pleasure, he does not himself enjoy—or his enjoyment becomes merely intellectual, that is to say, chimerical and far inferior to that of the senses. No, Justine, no—I shall never cease to repeat it: it is entirely unnecessary that pleasure be shared in order to be intense and to render this sort of enjoyment as piquant as it can be; on the contrary, it is essential that the man should enjoy only at the expense of the woman, that he take from her, whatever sensation she may experience, everything that can increase the voluptuousness he seeks, without the slightest regard for the effects that may result for her; for such

considerations would disturb him: either he would wish her to share, and then he no longer enjoys, or he would fear that she suffers, and he is thrown off. If egoism is the first law of nature, it is surely, more than anywhere else, in the pleasures of lust that this celestial mother desires it to be our sole motive; it is but a slight misfortune that, for the increase of the man's pleasure, he must neglect or disturb that of the woman; for if this disturbance adds anything to him, the loss suffered by the object that serves him does not concern him in the least; it must be indifferent to him whether that object is happy or unhappy, provided he is delighted; there is truly no relation between that object and himself. It would therefore be foolish to concern oneself with that object's sensations at the expense of one's own; utterly imbecilic, if, in order to modify those foreign sensations, one were to renounce the improvement of one's own. That being established, if the individual in question is unfortunately so organized as to be moved only by producing painful sensations in the object that serves him, you will admit that he must abandon himself to it without remorse, since he is there to enjoy, abstraction made of all that may result for that object. We shall return to this. Let us continue to proceed in order.

“Isolated pleasures, then, have their charms; they may even possess more than any others. And if it were not so, how would so many old men, so many people deformed or full of defects, take pleasure? They are quite certain they are not loved, quite certain it is impossible that what they feel should be shared; do they enjoy any the less for that? Do they even desire the illusion? Entirely egoistic in their pleasures, you see them occupied only with taking, sacrificing everything to receive, and never suspecting in the object that serves them any properties other than passive ones. It is therefore in no way necessary to give pleasure in order to receive it; the happy or unhappy condition of the victim of our debauch is thus absolutely indifferent to the satisfaction of our senses; there is no question at all of the state of her heart

or her mind; this object, wholly passive, may equally take pleasure in what you do to her or suffer from it, may love you or hate you—all these considerations are null, so long as it is only a matter of the senses. Women, I admit, may establish contrary maxims; but women, who are only the machines of pleasure, who ought to be nothing but its targets, are inadmissible whenever one seeks to establish a true system concerning the nature of the pleasures one may derive from the use of their bodies. Is there a single reasonable man who is eager to share his pleasure with public prostitutes? And are there not millions of men who nevertheless take great pleasure with such creatures? These, then, are so many individuals persuaded of what I assert, who put it into practice without realizing it, and who stupidly blame those who legitimize their actions by sound principles—this because the world is full of organized statues that walk, come and go, act, eat, digest, without ever accounting for anything.

“Once isolated pleasures have been shown to be as delightful as others—and indeed far more so—it follows quite naturally that this enjoyment, experienced independently of the object that serves us, may not only be very far removed from anything agreeable to that object, but may even be directly opposed to its pleasures. I will go further: it may become an imposed pain, a vexation, a torment, without there being anything extraordinary in it, and without its producing any result other than a much surer increase of pleasure for the despot who torments or vexes. Let us attempt to demonstrate it.”

“The emotion of voluptuousness is nothing, in our soul, but a kind of vibration produced by the shocks that the imagination—set aflame by the memory of a lascivious object—causes our senses to experience, whether through the presence of that object, or, better still, through the irritation that object undergoes in the manner that most powerfully affects us; thus our pleasure, that inexpressible tingling which overwhelms us, which transports us to the highest degree of physical happiness a man

can attain, will electrify us only by two causes: either by perceiving, really or fictitiously, in the object that serves us the sort of beauty that most flatters us, or by seeing that object experience the strongest possible sensation. Now, there is no sensation more active, more incisive than that of pain; its impressions are certain, they do not deceive as those of pleasure do—pleasure that women perpetually feign and almost never truly feel; moreover, how much vanity, youth, strength, and health are required to be sure of producing in a woman that doubtful and unsatisfying impression of pleasure! The sensation of pain, on the contrary, requires nothing at all; the more defects a man has, the older he is, the less agreeable he is, the better he will succeed. As for the aim, it will be far more surely attained, since we establish that one never affects, never excites one's senses more than when one has produced in the object that serves us the greatest possible impression, no matter by what means. He, therefore, who produces in a woman the most tumultuous impression—who most frightens her, who most rigorously torments her, who, in a word, most thoroughly overturns her entire organization—will unquestionably have succeeded in procuring for himself the greatest possible degree of pleasure; for the reactive shock of foreign impressions upon us being proportional to the impression produced, it must necessarily be more active if that impression upon the other has been painful rather than gentle and soft. From this it follows that the egoistic voluptuary, persuaded that his pleasures will be vivid only insofar as they are complete, will, when he has the power, impose upon the object that serves him the greatest possible degree of pain, well assured that the pleasure he derives will be in proportion to the intensity of the impression he has produced."

"These systems are dreadful, my father," said Justine; "they lead to cruel tastes, to execrable fantasies."—"And what does it matter?" replied that barbarous man; "once again, are we masters of our tastes? Must we not yield to the sway of those we have received from nature, just as the proud head of the oak bends

beneath the storm that shakes it? If nature were offended by these tastes, she would not inspire them in us; it is impossible that we should receive from her a sentiment destined to outrage her, and in this certainty we may abandon ourselves to our passions, whatever their kind or violence, well assured that all the inconveniences resulting from their clash are only the designs of nature, of which we are the involuntary instruments; and what do the consequences of these passions matter to us? When one seeks delight in any action, it is not at all a question of consequences.” — “I am not speaking to you of consequences,” Justine interrupted quickly; “it is a question of results: surely, if you are the stronger, and, by atrocious principles of cruelty, you love to enjoy only through pain in order to heighten your sensations, you will gradually come to inflict it upon the object that serves you, to a degree capable of depriving it of life.” — “So be it; that is to say, that through tastes given by nature I shall have served the designs of nature, which, creating only through destruction, inspires me with the idea of the latter only when she has need of the former; that is to say, from one oblong portion of matter I shall have formed three or four thousand round or square ones. That is the whole story of murder. Oh! Justine, is it then a crime? Can one give that name to what serves nature so well? Has man the power to commit crimes? And when, preferring his own happiness to that of others, he overturns or destroys everything he finds in his path, has he done anything other than serve nature, whose first and surest inspirations bid him make himself happy, no matter at whose expense? The system of loving one’s neighbor is a chimera we owe to Christianity, not to nature. The follower of the Nazarene, tormented and unhappy, and thus in a state of weakness that made him cry out for tolerance and humanity, necessarily established this fanciful relation between one being and another; he preserved his life by making it succeed. But the philosopher admits no such vast relations; seeing and considering only himself in the universe, it is to himself alone

that he refers everything; if he spares or caresses others for a moment, it is only in relation to the advantage he believes he may draw from them; when he no longer needs them, when he prevails by his strength, he forever abjures those fine systems of humanity and beneficence to which he submitted only out of policy; he no longer hesitates to draw everything around him back to himself, and whatever the cost of his pleasures to others, he satisfies them without examination and without remorse.” — “But the man you describe is a monster!” — “The man I portray is in nature.” — “He is a ferocious beast.” — “Well then! The tiger, the leopard, whose image he is, if you will, are they not like him created by nature, and created to fulfill her intentions? The wolf that devours the lamb accomplishes the designs of this common mother just as the malefactor who destroys the object of his vengeance or his lust.” — “Oh! say what you will, my father, I shall never accept this destructive lust.” — “Because you fear becoming its object—that is egoism; change places, and you will understand it. Question the lamb: it too will not understand that the wolf can devour it; ask the wolf what the lamb is for: ‘to feed me,’ he will reply. Wolves that eat lambs, lambs devoured by wolves; the strong sacrificing the weak, the weak the victim of the strong—such is nature, such are her designs, such are her plans: a perpetual action and reaction, a multitude of vices and virtues, a perfect equilibrium, in a word, resulting from the balance of good and evil upon the earth, an equilibrium essential to the maintenance of the stars, to vegetation, and without which all would instantly be destroyed. Oh, Justine! how astonished this nature would be, if she could reason with us for a moment and we told her that those crimes that serve her, those deeds she requires and inspires, are punished by laws we claim to be the image of her own. ‘Imbecile,’ she would reply to the one who spoke thus, ‘beget, slander, destroy, take, plunder, rape, burn, torment, assassinate your father, your mother, your children—commit without fear all the crimes that please you; these supposed infamies delight me, they are necessary to my designs

upon you, and I will them, since I inspire them in you; you could not commit them if they offended me; does it belong to you to regulate what irritates or delights me? Learn that you have nothing within you that does not belong to me, nothing that I have not placed there for reasons you are not meant to fathom; that the most abominable of your actions is, like the most virtuous of another, but one of the ways of serving me; that I esteem as much him who destroys as him who procreates, and that both serve me, though by different means. Do not restrain yourself, then; defy your laws, your social conventions, and your gods; listen only to me, and believe that if any crime exists in my eyes, it is the opposition you set against what I inspire, through your resistance or your sophisms.” — “Oh, just heavens!” cried Justine, “you make me shudder; if there were no crimes against nature, whence would come that invincible resistance we feel toward certain acts?” — “That repugnance is not dictated by nature,” replied our philosopher briskly; “it arises only from lack of habit; is it not the same with certain foods? Though excellent, do we not recoil from them merely through lack of habit? Would one dare conclude from that that they are not good? Let us strive to overcome ourselves, and we shall soon acknowledge their savor. We recoil from medicines, though they are salutary; let us likewise accustom ourselves to what is improperly called crime; we shall soon find only charms in it. This momentary repugnance is far more a stratagem, a coquetry of nature, than a warning that the thing offends her; she thus prepares for us the pleasures of triumph and heightens those of the act itself. There is more, Justine, there is more: the more an action seems dreadful to us, the more it runs counter to our customs and morals, the more it breaks restraints, the more it wounds what we believe to be the laws of nature—and the more, on the contrary, it is useful to that nature. It is only through crimes that she reclaims the rights that virtue constantly steals from her. If the crime is slight, differing less from virtue, it will restore the balance indispensable to nature more slowly; but the greater it is, the more terrifying

it seems, the more extensive it is, the better it equalizes the scales, the more it counterbalances the empire of virtue, which would otherwise destroy everything. Let him therefore cease to tremble who meditates a crime, or who has just committed one; the greater its scope, the better he has served nature. Oh, Justine! Archimedes labored at a machine that could lift the world; let a mechanic discover one that can pulverize it—that man alone will have truly served nature, since her hand burns to begin again a work... flawed at its first design.” — “Oh, my father, with such principles—” — “One is a villain, is that not so, my dear? But the villain is always the man of nature, and the virtuous man is so only by circumstance.” — “Alas, sir,” continued our unfortunate girl in tears, “I do not have enough wit to refute your sophisms; but the effect they produce upon my heart—upon a heart as surely formed by nature as your depravity—this effect alone suffices to prove to me that your philosophy is as bad as it is dangerous.” — “Dangerous, perhaps,” replied Clément, “but bad, no; for everything that is dangerous is not therefore bad; there are things very useful that are dangerous—serpents, poisons, gunpowder—all that is very dangerous, and yet of great use; treat my morality the same way, but do not debase it; the abuse of the best things may become dangerous; but here even the abuse is a good, and the more a wise man puts my systems into practice, the more I guarantee him happiness, because happiness lies only in what agitates, and only crime agitates; virtue, which is but a state of inaction and repose, can never lead to happiness.” At these words, Clément fell asleep.

“He will soon awaken,” said Armande and Lucinde to Justine, “and then he will be like a madman; nature lulls his senses to sleep only to lend them, after a little rest, far greater energy. One more scene, and we shall be at peace until tomorrow.”

“And why would you not take advantage of this time to sleep as well?” said Justine to her companions. “You may do so, my dear,” replied Armande; “you are not on watch; lie down, naked, beside him, with your buttocks as close as possible to his face,

and sleep—he will say nothing to you; but our duty obliges my companion and me to remain awake; he would be the sort to cut our throats if he found us asleep, and no one would blame him for it; such is the law of the seraglio—they know no other. Oh heavens!” said Justine, “how is it that even in the midst of sleep this villain demands that all around him remain in a state of suffering?” — “Yes,” replied Lucinde, “it is the barbarity of that idea which procures him the furious awakening you are about to witness! In this respect he is like those perverse writers whose corruption is so pernicious, so active, that in printing their dreadful systems they aim only to extend beyond their lives the sum of their crimes; they can commit no more themselves, but their accursed writings will cause others to commit them; and this pleasing thought, which they carry with them to the grave, consoles them for the necessity imposed upon them by death of renouncing evil.”

And the two attendants of Clément resumed softly striking the platform around their master’s bed. Justine fell asleep in an armchair, as far as she could manage from that monster.”

After two hours he did indeed awaken in a prodigious agitation. Furious at not finding Justine beside him, he called for her and, seizing her violently: ‘Why are you not there, you whore?’ he said to her. ‘Were you not told that was your place? Were you not told that upon waking I must have a backside under my nose?’ His eyes flashed, his breathing was rapid and labored, he uttered disconnected words that were nothing but blasphemies or phrases devoted to libertinage; he called his attendants, demanded switches, and, fastening the three women belly to belly, flogged them all three until he had worn out half a dozen bundles upon their bodies. He grew aroused, then had them untied. It was now a question of servicing him: one, Armande, was to bring him to release in her mouth; Lucinde was to nibble his tongue and draw his saliva; and Justine was forced into a degrading act at his rear. Overcome by such violent sensations, the libertine lost himself, and with the burning torrents of his seed, his ardor and his desires were spent. But the three women felt the effects of the crisis: he had the art of injuring them all at the

moment of his release; the one who serviced him had her right breast badly bruised; the one who attended to his mouth had her tongue nearly split in two; and he had pressed so violently upon Justine's face that he nearly crushed it—streams of blood poured from her nose."

All was calm for the rest of the night. Upon rising, the monk contented himself with having himself flogged; the three women exhausted their strength in it; he examined them, carefully verifying the marks of his cruelty; and as he was about to say his mass, they returned to the seraglio.

The directress could not resist the desire for Justine in the state of defilement and agitation in which she imagined her; she had word sent for her to come to her rooms, and Justine could not refuse. Breakfast was about to be served; a woman of the class of duenna, about forty years old, was with the mistress of the house—it was the celebrated Honorine. One recalls that this energetic woman, as beautiful as she was vicious, had committed a murder in the house without any unfortunate consequences for herself, the monks being in the habit of never punishing crimes in which they themselves took their keenest delight. Very much enamored of our heroine, she desired to enjoy her with at least as much ardor as the directress, and the two had come together solely with the intention of satisfying themselves. The most absolute submission was therefore required of this unfortunate girl: the two women seized her, and, outdoing one another in both words and actions, soon made her understand that women trained in such a school, losing all the restraint of their sex, could only, in imitation of their tyrants, become obscene or cruel. Would it be believed? Honorine had all the tastes of a man; she took pleasure in degrading excesses; and gentle Justine was forced to submit to all these caprices with the same resignation as if she had been in a monk's cell or at one of their suppers. One can scarcely imagine the number of excesses that took place in these secret orgies, from which Justine emerged more exhausted than if she had faced ten libertines. Somewhat more satisfied with her, the directress dismissed her with less anger; and

Justine soon perceived that it was better to make herself worthy of the esteem of this favored sultana than to incur her indignation.

Two nights later, she spent the night at Jérôme's; she was there alone, with the two maids on duty, Olympe and Eléonore; the former was nine, the latter thirteen. Four young lads aged between twelve and fifteen, and three men aged between twenty and twenty-five, made up the cast of characters for this infamous scene. "Do you see that child?" said the old scoundrel, pointing Olympe out to Justine. "Well, my dear, you would never believe how many ties bind her to me. I fathered a child with my first cousin; I fucked that child, who was my niece, and from that niece I had this one, who is therefore my grandniece, my daughter and my granddaughter, since she is the daughter of my daughter. Come on, Olympe, come and kiss your daddy's arse;" and the villain exposes the most withered behind, the most battered buttocks that could ever be found in a libertine's trousers. The poor child obeys, the scoundrel farts in her face, and the scene begins.

Jérôme was lying on a very narrow bench; straddling him, their bottoms turned towards his face, sat in turn a little boy and a little girl; one of the older boys was to whip the young subject over Jérôme's face; so that his eyes were fixed entirely on the flogged bottom, and the blows aimed at that bottom passed over his face without grazing him; Justine was to suck him off during this time, and he was wanking a cock in each hand against Justine's nipples. The flogging was to be administered until it drew blood; the drops had to spray into his mouth, and it was by licking them that his lust was inflamed; in less than an hour his throat was flooded; he threw himself upon Justine, and then whipped her with his hand with such force and speed that she bore the marks for more than a week. Warmed by these preliminaries, he seized his little girl and sodomised her whilst he was being sodomised himself, and whilst he was whipping an arse with each

hand; but the jaded passions of this old faun would not be satisfied with so little; they absolutely required a jolt, the basis of which was the most atrocious wickedness. The story of this monster's life, which we shall soon hear from his own mouth, will finally convince us that his physical nature, utterly subservient to his moral nature, was never aroused except by the most titillating stirrings of the mind. "Éléonore," he said to the pretty thirteen-year-old girl, his daughter's companion, "yesterday morning the acting regent found the most certain proof of a plot hatched by you and two of your companions, the aim of which was to set fire to the halls of the seraglio; as I have no intention of demonstrating to you the absurdity of this plan, my child, or of pointing out that, as everything in this house is vaulted, it would be impossible for you to succeed; I shall content myself with informing you that, as this evidence is irrefutable and has now been submitted to the superior, the order has entrusted me with the task of punishing such an offence, and that I have decided that only the cruellest death can erase its traces. I have been instructed to order the punishment; it must be carried out this very night;" and the lecher was fondling and kissing the little girl, all the while instilling the most dreadful terror into her soul: Justine was stroking him, and he had a raging erection. "Oh, Father," said Éléonore at last, throwing herself at the monk's feet, "I swear to you that they are deceiving you." — "I am not asking you whether this is true; I have reached the point where I cannot doubt it; it is not a question of defending you here against proven facts; you need only give the names of your accomplices, or I shall subject you to the extraordinary interrogation, and I am confident that we shall then extract from you, through torture, what you refuse to give willingly;" and as Eléonore persisted in her denial, Jérôme informed her that he was about to proceed with the torturous interrogation. To this end, they proceed to a chamber where everything needed for the most horrific torture has been prepared with the utmost care: the entire party follows the monk; Justine leads him there, dragging him by the cock; he

is erect, he swears, he blasphemes, his eyes resemble two furnaces, his mouth foams; he is terrifying: Eleanor is laid out by him on a rack, whose springs stretch her arms and legs to the point of dislocating them: she names no one. The torture changes; her whole body is rubbed with bacon: she is thus exposed before a terrible fire; whilst she sizzles there, Jérôme, sodomised by the three fucks, never ceases to keep Justine arse-fucked; the same silence, and the unfortunate victim is withdrawn half-roasted. "Come on," says Jérôme, who is delightedly assisted by the three torturers in his bloodthirsty operations, "we must try something else." The victim is placed, suspended by ropes, between two steel plates, studded with spikes that can be brought closer together or pushed apart at will. At first, this terrible method is used with the utmost restraint; but when Jerome sees that it yields nothing from the accused, the plates are brought together with such violence that the poor girl, pierced in a thousand places across her body, lets out screams that could be heard a mile away. "I shall therefore condemn her on the spot," said the barbaric monk, "since she will not confess anything." With these words, he leaves Justine, plunges into his granddaughter's arse; he fucks her, he fucks her hard, he surrounds himself with arses; our heroine's is over his mouth, he devours it; and placing the victim before him, he wants her to be sodomised before his eyes, and placed close enough to him that with both hands he may pinch and molest her nipples at will. Two young men, daggers raised, threaten Éléonore's heart. "Strike when I say so," cries the monk in a rage; "make her languish long beneath the blade: that is how I like to keep women; I would like to see them all beneath the same dagger, and the trigger in my hands." This horrible remark brings on ecstasy; the semen is released; and the monster, dazed by all the pleasures surrounding him, no longer remembers to give the order; his unfortunate victim is saved by the skill of her companions in misfortune; and Jérôme, in the depths of sleep, in Justine's arms, thinks of nothing but restoring the strength that the

habit of losing it will soon diminish to the point of never regaining it. He awoke, however, after three hours; and recalling his blissful oblivion, he accuses Justine of being the cause; he goes, he says, to subject her to the torment he had prepared for Eléonore; he sodomises her as he says this; a cock penetrates him; he fucks the arse of one of the young lovers; he orders the girls on guard to whip one another before his eyes; seeing that they are not doing so with enough vigour, he hurls a cane at them, which draws blood; and the villain cums once more, saying that he wants to kill them all.

Shortly afterwards, Justine spent the night at Ambroise's; we recall the character of this ferocious monk and his terrifying appearance, his depraved and sodomitic tastes. One cannot imagine to what extent our adventuress fell victim to him: the only pleasure this scoundrel took was in having her flogged and sodomised all night long before his eyes; when she had semen in her arse, she was forced to come and give it back to him in his mouth. He was sodomising a boy, and she was being whipped at the same time; when he was nearing climax, he seized Justine's buttocks; then, armed with a golden needle, he pricked them like an apple being cooked, until they were covered in blood.

"Oh, what a school!" said Justine as she returned; "to what a fate has my misfortune led me? How I wish to find myself out of this foul cesspool, whatever destiny may await me." — "You may soon be satisfied," replied Omphale, to whom Justine addressed her complaints; "we are approaching the time of the festival; rarely does that occasion pass without victims, for great replacements are then made: either they seduce young girls by means of confession, or they spirit them away if they can, or else the recruiters arrive—it is the season when they come in great numbers. So many new subjects always imply reforms."

The day of that infamous festival finally arrived. Who could ever believe the monstrous impiety to which the monks resorted on that occasion! They imagined that a visible miracle would double the splendour of their reputation: consequently, they

dressed a twelve-year-old girl named Florette in all the adornments of the Virgin; with invisible cords, they tied her to the wall of the niche, and ordered her to raise her arms at once, with devotion, towards the heavens, when the Host was raised; as this little creature was threatened with the cruellest punishments should she utter a single word or fail in her part, she performed it marvellously, and the deception met with every success one could have hoped for. The people cried out that it was a miracle, left rich offerings to the Virgin, and returned more convinced than ever of the efficacy of the graces of this heavenly whore. Our libertines, wishing to double their impiety, demanded that Florette appear at the evening orgies in the very garments that had won her so much homage, and each of them inflamed his lecherous desires to subject her, in that costume, to the most abominable whims; enraged by this first crime, the sacrilegious men did not stop there: they had the little girl undressed, laid her face down on a large table, lit candles, placed a crucifix on the child's lower back, and consummated upon her buttocks the most absurd of Christian mysteries. The pious Justine fainted at this spectacle; she could not bear to watch it; Jérôme said that to accustom her to these holy orgies, a mass must also be said on her backside. The motion is passed unanimously. Justine takes Florette's place; it is Jerome who officiates; two naked lads serve as his acolytes, ten or twelve arses surround him, the vile farce is carried out, and as soon as the host has become God, Ambroise snatches it from his colleague's hands, places it in Justine's arse, and there our monks take turns pounding, driving their foaming cocks into the abominable God of Christianity, whom they blaspheme, whom they revile, and whom they cover in cum deep inside the prettiest of arses, dying of pleasure⁹.

⁹ If there is anything singular in the world, it is the monstrous stupefaction of men who have so long persisted—and who still persist—in supposing that the magical words of a priest can succeed in incorporating the Eternal into a piece of dough! After so many centuries of error, a ray of philosophy seems at last to shine forth. A nation that is

Justine was removed without consciousness; the obligation of serving such disorders had deprived her of her reason; she had to be carried to her cell, where she long wept over the crime—execrable in her eyes—in which she had been employed without her consent. How grateful she was to nature for having deprived her of the power to witness that dreadful ceremony any longer, when she learned, the next day, that, passions having been inflamed, they had dressed Florette again as a virgin, led her to the convent, and that, after placing her back in her niche, the six monks, naked and half drunk, had amused themselves, with several girls, by tormenting upon the very altar that unfortunate creature, who, giving them the image of the mother of a God they detested, was treated so cruelly that, by morning, there remained not the slightest trace of her limbs!

However, the party had indeed attracted many new recruits. Three young girls, new arrivals and as pretty as angels, came to replace those who were missing; and people were already thinking of further reforms when, one day, Severino entered the hall in his capacity as acting regent. He seemed very excited; a kind of delirium was visible in his eyes; they lined up, he examined them, placed a dozen women in his favourite pose and lingered particularly on Omphale, her skirt hiked up above her hips, leaning over a sofa. He examined her at length in this posture, whilst the headmistress gave him a handjob; he kissed the arse offered to him by this charming creature, showed that he was ready to come, and did not come. Then, making her stand up, he casts glances at her that betray both lust and malice; then, delivering

regenerating itself appears resolved to renounce its follies forever; but—such is the incredible power of superstition!—the same errors are already preparing to spread anew; and calm, tranquility, and justice can reappear on our horizon only under the shadow of papist chimeras! Is there anything in the world that proves more clearly that man is not made either for liberty or for happiness, since he never passes between these two states without being surrounded by the rocks that must inevitably destroy one or the other, and since he cannot shake off one yoke without at once chaining himself beneath another?

a vigorous kick to her backside, he sends her tumbling twenty paces away from him. "Society is casting you out, whore," he tells her, "it is weary of you; be ready at nightfall, and I shall come myself to lead you to the grave." Omphale faints; this fainting spell stirs his fury; he cannot pass by her without feeling intensely aroused: "Bring her to me!" he cries. The victim, immediately restored to her senses, offers the treacherous Severino the most beautiful of behinds; he thrusts himself into it whilst blaspheming; twelve buttocks immediately surround him, each vying to please him, to flatter his desires best; one cannot imagine what is achieved through fear. In the midst of his rampage, the cruel monk remembers that Justine is the close friend of the woman he is tormenting; he demands that she come and position herself on Omphale's shoulders, presenting her anus for licking. "Well," he took pleasure in saying to our unfortunate orphan, "she is ahead of you; she is going to Pluto to prepare your dwelling; Calm yourself, Justine, dry your tears; you shall follow her closely; the wait will be short; she must die by quartering; well, you shall die the same way, I promise you; see how considerate I am... how far does my kindness towards you go?" And the scoundrel kept on grinding away; but he does not wish to lose anything, as we can see; and after a few slaps on the bottoms of Justine and Omphale, the marks of which stood out as dark red lines, he withdraws, threatening and cursing all the women, and assuring them all that their turn is not far off, and that society is deliberating today on making them all perish in future, at least by the half-dozen: he then enters Victorine's room, where two little girls aged ten to twelve are waiting to steal from him, through cunning and flattery, a semen whose internal turmoil has become so harmful to the unfortunate individuals who inhabit this asylum.

As soon as he is gone, Omphale opens her eyes and throws herself weeping into Justine's arms. "Oh, my dear friend," she cries through her tears, "we must then part forever!" And the scene of grief produced by this cruel separation was so intense

that we shall spare the reader its details, in consideration of his sensibility. The hour strikes; Severino appears; the two friends embrace once more, tear themselves from each other, and Justine throws herself upon her bed in despair.

A few days later, Justine spent the night at Sylvestre's: as we recall, this monk wanted a woman to shit in his hand whilst he was shagging her; Justine forgot the instructions she'd been given on the matter; and when, at the height of his pleasure, the lecher asked for a turd, it became impossible to satisfy him. Sylvestre, furious, loses his temper; he has Justine seized by his two maids, one of whom was this Honorine, whom we have just seen grappling with her, and who was by no means displeased to find an opportunity to torment a creature of whom she had grown weary. Justine is sentenced to four hundred lashes, as prescribed by the seventh article of the regulations; and, once he has whipped her buttocks raw, the monk fucks her; Honorine goes to shit, since Justine cannot. The other guard girl, a young chick of fifteen, is fucked shortly afterwards; she shits; accustomed to this holy duty, she is careful not to fail in it. Sylvestre fucks them, slaps all three of them, but it is only into Justine's cunt that he wishes to unload: it is easy to see that she alone occupies him with the greatest intensity. The last time he comes is from behind; as he fucks her like this, he examines the mark with which she is branded. "How I love this mark!" he cries. "But I would love it better as the work of justice than that of debauchery; imprinted by the executioner's hand, I would get a far better hard-on fucking it." — "Notorious rogue," said Honorine—who better than anyone knew the tone and language that could please this libertine. "How can infamy possibly delight?" — "Because nothing is more delicious than infamy," replied Sylvestre, withdrawing and seating himself to declaim between the fifteen-year-old girl and Justine. "If lust is in itself an ugly thing, will you not agree, Honorine, that whatever one adds to it of the infamous only serves to give it more flavor? Not only must all the episodes then become as infamous—or more so—than the

principal act, but the infamous act must also be carried out upon a person who is herself infamous, sullied, ruined in honor... in reputation. And that is why libertines prefer beggar women to respectable ones; they find in them a piquancy that modesty and virtue deny them.” — “I would have thought it delightful to outrage both.” — “Yes, when one can, because then the stain of infamy one inflicts becomes one’s own doing, and it is delightful to have contributed to the degradation of some individual; but, as virtue and modesty resist the outrages directed against them; and since, unless one is the strongest, it becomes difficult to harm them, the dissolute man delights in turning upon those who resemble him; he delights in measuring the corruption of others against his own, in mingling with it, in feeding it, in doubling his means of degrading the masses with those of others, and in becoming gangrenous, in rotting, so to speak, along with them. The greatest sorrow that could befall me would be to see my excesses justified. If I were to lose the certainty that I am doing wrong when I indulge in my excesses, I would blunt the nervous edge of my libertine sensations; I would be half as happy; what would pleasure be without vice to accompany it?” — “Ah!” said Justine, “do you not count those of nature for anything, and are they too defiled?” — “But all pleasures are in nature,” replied Sylvestre, “the simplest as well as the most criminal; its voice tells us to drink when we are thirsty, just as it tells us to ejaculate when we have an erection; to relieve a wretch, if our flexible and delicate constitution inclines us to do so; just as it tells us to abuse him, if a stronger character advises us to take advantage of him. Everything belongs to nature, nothing to us; it suggests to us both a propensity for crime and a love of virtue; but just as it gives us at the same time mediocre fruits and others of exquisite flavour, so it stirs us more voluptuously towards crime than towards virtue, because it always has a far greater need for crime than for virtue; and because man, the sole agent of his own whims, obeys it perpetually without realising it.” — “From this,” asks Honorine, “are all means therefore permissible to enhance

pleasure in a perverse or criminal sense?" — "All of them, without exception, not a single one should be overlooked; and it is the duty of the truly sensual man to seek out with care every possible means of depravity by which he might increase his pleasure; he must refuse none of them; he is guilty towards nature if he imposes the slightest restraint upon himself in this regard;" — "if all men thought like that," said Justine, "society would become a forest where everyone's sole aim would be to slaughter whoever stood in their way." — "And who doubts, replied the monk, "that murder is not one of nature's most precious laws? What is its purpose when it creates? Is it not to see its work soon destroyed? If destruction is one of its laws, does not he who destroys therefore obey it? And you see what a mass of crimes arises from this argument." — "There you have it," said Honorine, "which justifies all your wickedness towards us." — "Certainly, my dear," replied Sylvestre, "for I regard wickedness as the surest spring of all crimes; it is through wickedness that crimes are devised, and through it that they are carried out; the patient and good man is a negation of nature; only the wicked are active, and there is nothing delightful in the world but the fruits of wickedness; virtue leaves the soul at rest, only crime teases it, irritates it, throws it off balance, and gives it pleasure." — "So treachery and slander, the two most violent, the two most dangerous outcomes of wickedness, will become delights for you?" — "I shall always regard as such anything that hastens the ruin, dishonour, degradation or total loss of my neighbour, since these outrages are the only ones that truly delight me, and the evil I do or see befalling others is for me the surest path to good." — "So, then, you would cold-bloodedly betray your most faithful friend, slander your dearest relative?" — "With greater pleasure than if they were individuals bound to me by no ties, because the evil would then be greater, and the more grave it is, the more delicate and refined the sensation it gives us becomes; but there is an art, principles, a sort of necessary theory in the science of betrayal, as well as in that of slander, from which one must not

deviate if one wishes to reap their delicious fruits in peace; to betray or slander a man, for example, in order to serve another, must add nothing to the wicked man's happiness; and if he makes one man happy by sacrificing a victim, he finds himself in the evening in exactly the same state as if he had done nothing at all, and has, consequently, in no way served his wickedness; his blows, therefore, directed with a weapon sharp on both sides, must fall equally upon several individuals without ever favouring any one of them, and these are the pitfalls of these two sciences, these are the difficulties and the principles by which, in practising both, I have not strayed from life." — "But," said Justine, how is it that, with such maxims, you do not devour one another?" — "Because the strength of our association serves to preserve it, and that, to maintain it, we prefer to make a few sacrifices, for which all the means we have here to do harm amply compensate us. Do not imagine that we cherish one another greatly for that reason; we see one another too closely every day to love one another; but we are obliged to be together, and we remain so out of expediency, much like thieves whose security of association has no other foundations than vice and the necessity of practising it." — "Well then, Father," said Justine, "I would venture to say that, amidst such notorious depravity, it would be impossible for you not to still respect virtue?" — "I swear to you, my child," said the monk, "that I held her in the deepest contempt all my life, that in all my days I never performed the slightest act of love with her, and that my greatest pleasures lay solely in the multitude of insults I heaped upon her. But I'm hard; I must finish fucking; bring that back to my eyes, that back which aroused me so powerfully just now; and the lecher, pounding Justine from behind, resumed kissing the mark, which seemed to give him just as much pleasure: from time to time he sniffed and breathed in the armpits, which appeared to be one of the most delightful aspects of his filthy lusts; sometimes Honorine and her companion would expose their wide-open cunts to him; and the lecher, still fucking Justine, would stick his nose and

tongue into them, until he had obtained, from one or the other, a little semen or piss; but nothing was happening. “That’s not what I need,” said Sylvestre; “I was counting on a vagina thick with discharge, and I haven’t got one. Honorine, go and fetch me one straight away from the harem;” and, whilst the order was being carried out, the monk, having finished with Justine, began to finger her. “Piss in my mouth, you little whore,” he cried; “can’t you see that’s what I’ve been asking you for the last hour?” Justine obeys. The monk was being jerked off vigorously; and perhaps he was about to come, when Honorine returned with a woman of thirty, whose bloodstained chemise told Sylvestre she was in the desired state. Hypolite—that was the sultana’s name—is soon examined; it’s not her period, but a haemorrhage. “Oh, fuck,” says the monk, burning with desire, “that’s just what I need; I’m going to fuck you, you whore, but you’ll shit... shit and period blood! Oh, double-God, what a dreadful load I’m going to shoot!” Sylvestre fucks; soon his cock resembles a butcher’s arm; satisfied on one side, he is soon satisfied on the other; his hands are filled with shit, he smears it over his face; and, fucking Hypolite, he forces Justine to suck his blood-filled cock; she must obey: from the mouth of this beautiful child, he soon plunges back into her womb. Then, holding up Hypolite’s illuminated cock before his eyes, he sucks it eagerly whilst coming, whilst Honorine places her buttocks beside the vagina that delights him, and his other maid whips him with all her might. The fit seizes him; he howls like a devil as he tastes her; and the villain, drunk with lust and infamy, finally falls asleep in peace.

The next day, Justine was present at supper, where a reception was being held; the twelve selected participants, drawn from the classes of Virgins, Vestals, and Sodomites, had been granted this distinction. As she entered, Justine immediately noticed the initiate. “There,” said Severino, removing the veils that covered the girl and presenting her to the assembly, “is the companion society assigns you, ladies.” He revealed a fifteen-year-old of striking beauty and deeply affecting appearance: her tearful eyes reflected

a sensitive soul, her figure was graceful and light, her skin brilliantly fair, her hair exceptionally fine, and her overall presence so captivating that one could not look at her without feeling drawn toward her. She was called Octavie; of very high birth, she had been abducted from her carriage—along with her governess, two maids, and three footmen—while traveling to Paris to marry one of the greatest noblemen in France. Her attendants were killed by agents of the monks of Sainte-Marie-des-Bois, and she herself was taken away in a small carriage, escorted only by a mounted man and the woman who now presented her, before being brought to this frightening place without ever learning more about what had happened.

No one had yet spoken a word to her; our six libertines, entranced by such charms, could do nothing but admire them; the power of beauty naturally commands respect; even the most depraved scoundrel, in spite of his heart, pays her a sort of homage which he never violates without remorse; but monsters such as those in question here do not languish long under such restraints. “Come on, for God’s sake,” said the superior insolently, drawing her towards the armchair in which he was seated, “come on, let us see at once whether the rest of your charms match those which nature has bestowed so lavishly upon your features;” and, as this beautiful girl grew flustered, as she blushed and tried to flee, Severino seized her by the waist, “Understand, you little slut,” he said to her shamelessly, “that you are no longer the mistress here, and that your only lot is submission; Come now, strip naked,” and the libertine, at these words, slips one hand beneath her skirts whilst holding her with the other. Clément approaches; he lifts Octavie’s garments up above her loins, and by this manœuvre reveals the freshest, whitest, most rounded bottom that had struck the eyes of these lechers for a very long time; all draw near, all surround this throne of voluptuousness, all shower it with praise, all jostle to touch it and overwhelm it with caresses, agreeing unanimously that they have never seen

anything so well-formed, so beautiful, so perfectly accomplished.

However, the modest Octavia, ill-suited to such outrages, weeps and defends herself. "Let us undress her, then," says Antoninus, "for how can one judge a girl when she is covered in clothes?" He helps Severino; they all set to work; one tears off a headscarf, another a skirt: Octavia resembles a young doe surrounded by a pack of dogs; in an instant her voluptuous charms are laid bare before all eyes. Surely there have never been more touching graces, never more perfect forms. Oh! Just heaven! Must so much beauty, such freshness, such innocence and delicacy fall prey to these barbarians! Octavia, ashamed, knows not where to flee to hide her charms; wherever she takes refuge, she finds lecherous eyes devouring her, brutal hands defiling her. The circle forms; she is brought back to the centre, and each monk has four women beside him who arouse him in different ways. Octavia presents herself to each one; Antonin has no strength to resist; he is being sucked; his arse is being wanked; he holds Justine's buttocks in one hand, a vestal virgin's cunt in the other; he kisses Octavia on the mouth, releases the cunt he is holding to grab that of the novice; the movement is so brutal that the young woman cries out; Antonin redoubles his violence, and his cum escapes despite himself; it is a charming twenty-year-old woman who swallows it.

Octavia passes to Jérôme: they were pricking her bottom with a needle; two pretty girls were wanking him, one from the front, the other from behind, whilst a fourth, aged sixteen, was farting in his mouth. "Such whiteness and such grace!" he said, touching Octavia; "O divine child! What a beautiful arse!" For a moment he compares it to the one farting in his face, one of the most delightful in the harem. "Truly," he says, "I am undecided"; then, pressing his mouth to the charms his eyes behold: "Octavie," he cries, "you shall have the apple, it is up to you; give me the precious fruit of this tree adored by my heart; oh! yes, yes, both of you shit, and I shall forever guarantee the prize of beauty

to whichever of you serves me first.” Octavia, bewildered, cannot conceive of such an order; her modesty prompts her refusal; the other agrees, Jérôme gets hard, Octavia’s buttocks are vigorously bitten, and the novice moves on to other outrages.

Ambroise was sodomising a fifteen-year-old virgin; someone was shitting in his mouth; he was working a pair of arses; Octavia approached him, but he didn’t even bother to move. “Give me your tongue, you whore,” he said to her. That mouth, defiled by horrors, dares to press itself against even Hebe’s. — “Oh! Cum,” he cries out, biting that fresh, voluptuous tongue, “I was just hoping this little slut would come here to make me cum;” and the villain thrusts, swearing, into the pretty arse he is piercing.

Octavia approaches the boss; he was sitting on the breasts of a charming eighteen-year-old girl, who was nibbling his lower back, and whose cunt he was plucking, whilst two arses were farting right under his nose; the fourth woman, aged seventeen and as beautiful as the day itself, was tickling his balls whilst wanking his cock. The lecher seizes Octavie; twenty slaps on the buttocks are vigorously administered, and the round continues.

The young debutante approaches Sylvestre. This time, the libertine was licking three pussies placed before him; the fourth woman was sucking him off; Octavie’s pretty vagina rises above the three that his tongue is exploring; and the monk, in a frenzy, leaves, as he spills his cum, the bloody imprint of his teeth on Octavie’s barely pubescent mound.

Clément sodomises a twelve-year-old Agnès, whom the enormity of his cock makes weep; her buttocks are pinched and shit is smeared on her nose. “Oh! Fuck,” he cries, “how I love virtue alongside vice!” He lunges like a madman at the pretty buttocks that Octavie presents at his command. “Shit,” he tells her, “or I’ll bite you.” The trembling Octavia realises full well that obedience is her only lot; but her profound submission does not spare her the punishment she faces; and, despite the finest turd, her charming little buttocks are bitten... pinched... drawn blood.

“Come now,” says Severino, “it is time to move on to more serious matters; I, who have not wasted a drop of semen, warn you, gentlemen, that I can wait no longer.” He seizes the unfortunate girl, lays her face down on a sofa; not yet confident enough in his own strength, he calls Clément to his aid; Octavie weeps, but is not heeded; fire glows in the lecherous monk’s eyes: master of the situation, it seems he regards the avenues only to attack her more surely; no tricks, no preparations are employed; would he pluck the roses with such charm if he were to brush aside the thorns? It is Justine’s buttocks that the lecher desires as his prize. “By this means,” he says, “I shall enjoy the two finest bottoms in the room.” However enormous the disparity between the conquest and the assailant, the latter nonetheless engages in the fray; a piercing cry heralds victory; but nothing moves the enemy: the more the captive begs for mercy, the more vigorously she is pressed; and however much the unfortunate girl struggles, she is sodomised right up to the balls. “Never was a victory more difficult,” says the monk as he withdraws; “I thought that, for the first time, I was going to fail just short of the goal. Ah! Such tightness! Such heat! Sylvestre,” continued the superior, “are you not acting regent?” — “Yes.” — You shall sentence Justine to four hundred lashes; she didn’t utter a word when I told her.

“I must restore Octavia to the state you have just defiled,” said Antoninus, seizing her in the same position; “there is more than one breach in the rampart;” and, approaching with pride, in an instant her virginity was taken; fresh cries were heard. “Praise be to God,” said the wicked man, “I would have doubted my success without the victim’s moans; but my triumph is assured, for here is blood and tears.”

“In truth,” said Clément, stepping forward with the whip in his fist, “I shall not disturb this noble posture; it is far too much to my liking.” Two girls are holding Octavie down; one of them, straddling her back, offers the most beautiful behind to the whipper’s gaze; the other, standing slightly to one side, presents

hers in the same way. Clément watches, he touches; the novice, frightened, implores him, but does not move him to pity. "Oh! Good heavens," says the enraged monk. Two girls are already whipping her, whilst he gazes upon the altar where such blows are to be struck; "Oh! my friends, how can we not whip the schoolgirl who shows us such a fine arse!" The air is soon filled with the whistling of the whips and the dull thud of their lashes upon one bottom and then the other; Octavia's screams mingle with the sound, the monk's blasphemies echo in reply; what a scene for these libertines, given over, amidst thirteen girls, to a thousand different obscenities! They applaud, they cheer. Meanwhile, Octavia's skin changes colour; the hues of the brightest crimson blend with the radiance of the lilies; but what might for a moment amuse Cupid, were the sacrifice guided by moderation, becomes, through sheer severity, a crime against his laws. This idea, which does not escape Clément, lends strength to his treachery; the more the young pupil complains, the more the master's severity flares up; from the middle of her loins to the base of her thighs, everything is treated in the same manner; and it is finally upon the bloody traces of his barbaric pleasures that two girls make him spew forth his seed.

"I shall be less savage than that," said Jérôme, taking the beauty and pressing his lips to her coral lips; "here is the temple where I shall sacrifice, and in this enchanting mouth... Let us be silent; it is the impure reptile withering a rose: the comparison has painted the whole picture."

"As for me, I'll fuck her," said Sylvestre, lifting the girl's thighs into the air and fixing her on his rump; "I want this rebellious cock to pierce her entrails; I rather like a half-taken virginity; this air of disorder amuses me; I prefer it to first fruits." Two young cunts offer themselves to his kisses; he wants them to piss on his fucker's nose, and for a twelve-year-old girl, on his lower back, to prick his buttocks with a pin, jerking herself against him in movements that match his own. Ecstasy seizes him; the villain flies into a rage; and deposits in the virgin cunt of the fairest and

most innocent of girls the most impure semen one has ever seen fermenting in a monk's codpiece.

"And I sodomise," says Ambroise; "but there; yes, it is from there, it is in the very same position that I shall take her; let me be surrounded by arses, I beg you; let me be flogged, and let the outcome be left to me; alas! it is dreadful." The victim's face, which the scoundrel has well within his reach, is slapped by him, at the height of the crisis, so vigorously that blood flows from both nostrils, and it is almost in a faint that the child is taken from his hands.

We sit down to eat: never had a meal been merrier; never had orgies been more complete; everything was laid bare amongst the monks; they were wanked, fucked, sucked, tickled and pinched, when Severino, realising that tempers were getting too heated, and that the intended purpose of the pleasures might slip away rather than be achieved, suggested, to temper the ardour in which he saw everyone, that Jerome should recount the story of his life, which he had promised to tell for so long.

"I am willing," said the monk, who, beside the debutante, had been busy licking her for the past quarter of an hour; "that will delay the spilling of my seed, the floodgates of which I shall soon be unable to hold back. Prepare yourselves, then, my friends, to hear one of the obscenest tales that has defiled your ears in a very long time."

CHAPTER XI

Jérôme's Story

The first actions of my childhood already revealed, to those who understand human nature, that I was destined to become one of the greatest villains ever to exist on French soil. I had received from nature inclinations so perverse; this harsh nature expressed itself in me in a way so contrary to all moral principles, that one was forced to conclude, upon seeing me, either that I was a monster born to disgrace the common mother of mankind, or that she must have had some purpose in creating me thus—since it was her hand alone that instilled in me the wretched tendency toward those infamous vices of which I gave such striking examples every day.

We are from Lyon; my father conducted business there with sufficient success to leave us, one day, a fortune more than adequate for our needs, when death took him from us while I was still in the cradle. My mother, who adored me and took unimaginable care with my upbringing, raised me alongside a sister born a year after me, in the very same week as my father's death: she was named Sophie; and when she reached the age of thirteen—an age at which I shall soon make her play a role in the course of my adventures—it could truly be said that she was the most beautiful girl in Lyon. Such charms soon made me feel that all the supposed restraints of nature vanish in the heat of desire, and that it recognizes no laws beyond those which unite the sexes and invite them to share in all the pleasures of love and debauchery. These latter pleasures, more stirring to my heart than any sentiment resembling virtue—something I could never

adopt—were the only ones that spoke within me; and I confess that, as soon as I discerned Sophie's grace and attractions, it was her body I desired, and not her heart. I can truly say that I have never known that artificial sentiment of delicacy which, referring everything to the moral dimension of pleasure, seems to admit as real only that which it itself embellishes. I have enjoyed many objects in my life, yet I can affirm that not one was ever dear to my heart; indeed, I find it impossible to understand how one can love the object one enjoys. Oh, how dreary such pleasure would be for me if any feeling other than the need for physical gratification were among its elements! I have never in my life sought pleasure except to insult the object of my lust, and I have found no charm in the act beyond the offense inflicted upon that object; I desire it before the act, and I abhor it once it is over.

My mother was bringing up Sophie at home; and, as I was merely a day pupil at the boarding school where I was being educated, I spent almost the whole day with this charming sister; her delightful features, her superb hair, her enchanting figure, made me burn, as I have just confided to you, with the desire to see, as soon as possible, what the difference was between her body and mine, and to admire those differences, whilst pointing out to her those which nature must likewise have placed within me. Not quite knowing how to explain everything I felt to my sister, I resolved to surprise her rather than seduce her: there was, in the former course of action, a sort of treachery that amused me. So, for a year, I did the impossible to succeed, without ever managing to achieve it. I then felt that I would have to resolve myself to making advances; but I still wanted a hint of treachery in them; I would never have dared without it. So here is how I went about it: Sophie's room was far enough away from my mother's to allow me to make an attempt there; and, feigning an ailment that forced me to retire early, I quickly hid myself under the bed of the delightful object of my desires, with the firm resolve to slip in there as soon as I felt she had settled down. I had

not considered the extreme fright such an act would cause Sophie. One reasons poorly when one is thoroughly aroused: seeing only my sole object, it was absolutely towards her alone that all my actions were directed. Sophie returned; I heard her praying to God. I leave it to you to imagine whether I was irritated by these delays; I cursed the object of my frustration with as much sincerity as I might do today, when, having gained a clearer understanding of this fanciful God, I believe I would insult anyone I saw praying to Him with all their heart.

At last, Sophie lies down: no sooner has she done so than I find myself at her bedside. Sophie faints; I press her to my breast; and, more concerned with examining her than with reviving her, I have time to take stock of all her charms before her prudence can thwart my plans. So this is what a woman is, I say, handling Sophie's mound; hey! what is so beautiful about that? — This, I continued, feeling her buttocks, is infinitely better: but nothing is less pretty than the front; and by what strange caprice has nature not endowed with all its graces the part of a woman's body that distinguishes her from us? For that is surely what men seek; and what can one desire where one finds nothing? Is that what flatters them, I continued, fondling the prettiest nipples? I cannot quite fathom what these two balls, so awkwardly placed on the chest, could possibly have that is so tantalising. All things considered, I can see nothing else, I add whilst fondling her bottom, that is truly worthy of our admiration, and, since we have as many as women, I do not understand why it is necessary to seek them out with such care. Come now, a woman is a very ordinary thing; I am quite pleased to have surveyed her without enthusiasm... yet my cock stiffens at the sight of her; I feel I might enjoy all this; but to adore her as men are said to do... to adore her... me... Good heavens, no. "Sophie," I said rather abruptly; for that is the tone one uses with women when one knows how to put them in their place; "wake up, then, Sophie; are you mad to be so afraid of me?" And as she came to her senses: "My sister," I continued, "I have not come here to harm

you; I wished to look at your body, and I have had my fill: see the state it puts me in; quench my fires when I am alone... here, look at me, with two turns of your wrists... it flows, and I am at peace. But, since we are now together, spare me this trouble, Sophie; it seems to me I shall have more pleasure when your hand does the work;" and, without further ado, I place my member between her fingers; Sophie squeezes it, she kisses me. "Oh! my friend," she says to me, "there's no point in hiding it from you; for a long time now I've been pondering, just like you, the differences that may exist between the sexes, and I had, without daring to tell you, the greatest desire to examine you; modesty prevented me; my mother never ceases to urge me to be sensible... virtuous... modest; and, to instil all these virtues into my soul, she has just placed me in the care of the parish vicar, a harsh... surly man, who speaks to me of nothing but the love of God and the propriety befitting young ladies; and after such sermons, my friend, had you not made the first move, I would not have dared speak to you of anything." — "Sophie, I said then to my sister, settling myself in her bed, flesh against flesh, "I am neither much older nor much more educated than you; but nature has told me enough to convince me that all forms of worship, all religious mysteries, are nothing but abominable absurdities. Come now, my angel, there are no gods but pleasure; it is at its altars alone that we must sacrifice." — "Do you believe that, Jérôme?" — "Oh! yes, yes, it is my heart that tells me so, and it is my heart that assures you of it." — "But how does one go about discovering this pleasure?" — "Masturbating, as you can see; when you've given it a good shake, a white liquid comes out, which makes us swoon with pleasure; no sooner have we finished than we want to start again... But for you, since you've got nothing, I'm not quite sure how to go about it." — "Here, Jérôme," replied my sister, placing one of my hands on her clitoris; "nature has spoken to me just as it has to you, and if you'd like to tickle that little ridge you see hardening and rising beneath your fingers; if, as I say, you'd like to move it gently, whilst

I shake what you've made me grasp; then either I am very mistaken, or we will both experience pleasure."

No sooner had I done as my sister wished than I saw her lie back... sigh, and the little minx drenched my fingers; I hastened to respond to this surge of pleasure, and, bending over her as I kissed her mouth and stroked myself, I returned the favour. Her thighs and her mound were drenched in that enchanting liquid, the flow of which gave me such sweet pleasure. We then experienced that moment of stupor, the inevitable aftermath of lustful outbursts, which, through its languor, proves just how powerfully the soul has been stirred and how much it needs rest. But, at the age we were then, desires are soon rekindled. "O Sophie!" I said to my sister, "I believe we are still quite ignorant; be assured that this is not the way to savour this pleasure; we are forgetting certain circumstances apparently unknown to us. We must be one upon the other, and since you are hollow, and something extends within me, it is absolutely necessary that what rises should enter into what is deep; both must move during this union, and there, be quite certain of it, lies the whole mechanism of pleasure." — "I believe it just as you do, my friend," said my sister; "but I don't know where this hole is into which you must penetrate." — "If I am not mistaken, if I follow the inspirations nature gives me, it must be that one," I replied, thrusting one of my fingers into Sophie's arsehole. "Well then, try," said my sister, "I'll let you do it if it doesn't cause me too much pain." No sooner had I Sophie's consent than I positioned her on her stomach at the edge of her bed; and with her behind firmly in my grasp, I was soon at it. As I was not yet particularly well-endowed, the tearing was minimal; and Sophie, who was burning with desire to get down to business, submitted so willingly that she was soon being sodomised. "Oh, how I suffered," she said to me when it was over. "Well," I replied, "that's because it's the first time; I'd bet that the second time you'd feel nothing but pleasure." — "Well then! Do it again, my friend, I'm ready for anything." I thrust into her again, my cum flows, and Sophie comes

in turn. "I don't know if we've made a mistake," said my sister, "I can't believe it, given the extreme pleasure I've felt... What do you think, Jérôme?" But here my head began to spin; there was no love in what I'd done; the purely physical desire to take pleasure in my sister was the only impulse that had stirred me; and that desire had just been cruelly dampened by the climax. There was no longer any enthusiasm in the way I examined Sophie's body; must I admit it? Those charms that had just inflamed me now inspired nothing but disgust in me? I therefore replied coldly to my little whore that I did not imagine we had been mistaken; and that, having both followed only the promptings of nature, it was impossible that she had wished to lead us astray; that I believed, moreover, it was prudent for us to part ways; that a longer stay in her room would surely compromise us, and that I was going to get back into bed; Sophie wanted to hold me back; "You're leaving me on fire," she said to me, "I'll be forced to satisfy myself alone. Oh, Jérôme! Do not abandon me yet;" but the fickle Jérôme had already discharged himself three times, and however lovely his dear sister might be, he absolutely needed a little rest for the illusion to be rekindled.

The commitment I have made to lay bare here the innermost recesses of my heart prevents me from withholding my thoughts from you: as soon as I found myself alone, they were not favourable to the object that had just quenched my ardour. The spell was broken; the charm had vanished, and Sophie, no longer arousing me, irritated me in a different way; I grew angry, but no longer to celebrate her charms, but to revile them; I degraded Sophie in my imagination; and, passing imperceptibly from contempt to hatred, I reached the point of wishing her harm; I am angry with myself for not having picked a fight with her, I told myself, despairing that I had not beaten her; there must be some pleasure in beating a woman once one has enjoyed her... but I can make up for this failure... I can cause her pain; I need only expose her behaviour; her reputation will be ruined; never able to marry, she will no doubt become utterly miserable; and this

dreadful thought, must I say, immediately caused my cum to spurt forth with a thousand times more pleasure than when it flowed into Sophie's arse.

Consumed by this dreadful plan, I avoided my sister the next day and confided my whole story to a young first cousin, two years my senior, the most handsome boy in the world, who, to prove the effect of my confidence, immediately made me feel a very hard and very large penis. "You're telling me nothing I haven't experienced myself," said Alexandre. "Like you, I've slept with my sister, and like you, I now detest the object of my lust; come now, my friend, this feeling is quite natural: it's impossible to love someone you've slept with; do you believe me? Let us mix our pleasures and our hatreds; the greatest mark of contempt one can show a woman is to prostitute her to another; I give you Henriette; she is your first cousin, she is fifteen years old; you know how beautiful she is; do with her as you please; I ask only for your sister in return; and when we are both thoroughly weary of these whores, we shall devise ways to make them weep for a long time over their guilty abandonment and their foolish compliance." This delightful arrangement delighted me; I seized my cousin's cock and began to stroke it. "No, no, turn round," said Alexandre, "I must treat you as you treated your sister." I presented my buttocks, and there I was, done for. "My friend," said Alexandre, as soon as he had unloaded into my arse, "that is how one must act with men; but if you stopped there with my cousin, you certainly did not do to her all that you could have done; not that this way of enjoying a woman is not certainly the most lustful and therefore the best; but there is another, and you must know it: set me to work with your sister at once, and I shall perfect the lessons of which it seems to me you have given her only the first rudiments."

I knew that my mother would soon be going to a well-known fair, and that during her absence she would leave Sophie in the care of a governess easily persuaded; I urged Alexandre to do everything in his power to arrange matters so that he might

likewise have access to his sister at the same time. He succeeded: Henriette appeared with her brother, and Micheline, our duenna, agreed to let the four of us amuse ourselves, provided that upon our return we did not reveal that she intended to spend the afternoon with her lover.

If my cousin was one of the most handsome boys one could possibly see, Henriette, his sister—aged, as I have said, fifteen—could likewise be considered one of the prettiest girls in Lyon; she was blonde, of dazzling fairness, with a rosy complexion enhancing her skin, the most beautiful teeth adorning her mouth, and her supple, graceful figure already far beyond what one would expect at her age.

I had barely spoken to Sophie; I had been avoiding her ever since I had taken advantage of her; once I had made up my mind, I told her that my intention was for her to do with my cousin everything she had done with me; “this beautiful girl,” I continued, pointing to Henriette, “will be the reward for your obedience; so imagine the grief your refusal would cause me.”—“But, my friend,” said Henriette to her brother, “you did not tell me about this arrangement; I would not have come had I known.”—“Come now, Henriette, are you trying to play the prude?” asked Alexandre crossly. “What difference is there between my cousin and me? And why would you make a fuss about granting him what I have received?”—“These young ladies won’t make any,” I said, letting go of Sophie’s skirt strings myself; “here, my friend, take my sister from my hand, give me yours, and let us concern ourselves only with pleasures”; tears flowed from the eyes of our two novices; they approached, they embraced; but Alexandre and I, having assured them that this was no time for tearful scenes, that it was cum and not tears we needed, undressed them at once and handed them over to one another. God! How beautiful Henriette was! What skin! What fullness! What ravishing proportions! I could no longer conceive how anyone could get aroused by Sophie after seeing my cousin; I was in a frenzy, and certainly Alexandre was no less enthusiastic

than I was as he explored my sister's charms; he was fucking her, fondling her all over, and poor Sophie, casting moist glances at me, seemed to reproach me for my treachery. Henriette behaved in the same way; it was easy to see that these two charming creatures had listened only to the voice of pleasure, giving themselves to their respective lovers; but that modesty was fighting violently within them against the prostitution to which they were being forced.

"Come now," said Alexandre, "enough of tears, regrets and formalities; let us set to work, and ensure that the most lascivious pleasure presides over the games the four of us are about to celebrate." His wishes were certainly granted, and nothing could have been more lustful than the orgies to which we gave ourselves over. My cousin fucked my sister twice in the pussy and three times in the arse. He set me straight on the subject of women's pleasure: I tried it; and the experiment only served to convince me that, whilst nature had placed the altar of procreation there, she had not placed the altars of pleasure. Dwelling little on the inconsistency, I thought only of avenging it through constant homage to the God I have always served, and whom I shall invoke ceaselessly until the last day of my life. Henriette was therefore far more sodomised than fucked; And I assured my tutor that, if—as he claimed—the human species reproduced only through the cunt, then nature must not have much need of reproduction, since it assigned that function to only one of its two 'organs,' whose merit was so mediocre

After our fleeting caresses, Alexandre and I returned to our earlier pleasures. He took his sister in front of me; I sodomised mine before his eyes; we had ourselves jerked off; we sodomised one another; the four of us joined together; we licked one another all over; Alexandre taught me a thousand voluptuous acts, which I was too young to know yet, and we finished with a splendid meal. Our young mistresses, fully recovered and now thoroughly tamed, gave themselves over to the pleasures of fine dining with as much delight as to those of lust, and we parted

only with the firmest promises to begin again soon. We kept our word so well, and so often, that our maidens' bellies swelled. Despite my precautions and my infidelities in favour of my cousin's arse, it was proven that the child Henriette gave birth to was mine: it was a girl, who will play a role in the course of this story. This double mishap, which we managed to conceal only with infinite skill, finally cooled our ardour for our princesses. "Well then!" said Alexandre to me a few months later, "do you still feel the same way about your sister?" — "More bitterly than ever," I replied, "I am resolved to take my revenge for the delusion into which her charms led me; I see her as a monster, an abomination in my eyes; but if you love her, will that hold me back?" — "Who? Me," said Alexandre, "me, cherish a woman after having slept with her! Have I not laid my heart bare before you? Be assured that it is like yours; be fully convinced that I now loathe both these girls, and that, if you wish, we shall concern ourselves only with ruining them." — "Let's swear to it," I replied, "and may nothing ever break that oath." — "It's settled," said Alexandre, "but how are we going to go about it?" — "My plan is fool-proof," I said. "Let my mother catch you with my sister; I know how strict she is—she'll fly into a rage, and Sophie will be ruined." — "What do you mean, ruined?" — "She'll send her to a convent." — "What a fine punishment! Oh! I want better than that for Henriette." — "And how far do you intend to take your rage?" — "I want her to be disgraced, shamed, ruined and left without a means of support; I want her to beg for bread at my door, and I want to enjoy the pleasure of refusing it to her." — "Well!" I said to my friend, "in that case, I was quite right to think I'd get the better of you... But hush, I can't explain anything now; let's agree to act separately, and we'll report back on our operations; whichever of us prevails will receive a reward from the other—do you agree?" — "I accept," said Alexandre; "but we must enjoy her again before we set to work on her," and as my mother was still away, we arranged the final meeting where the first had taken place. This time we indulged in far

greater debauchery than we had done before, and we ended up grievously insulting the former idols of our worship. We bound them belly to belly, and flogged them both for nearly a quarter of an hour in that position; we slapped them, we imposed penances upon them; in short, we degraded them to the point of spitting in their faces and shitting down their throats, pissing into their mouths and cunts, all the while heaping insults and sarcasm upon them. They wept, we laughed; we did not want them to eat with us this time; they served us naked; and, having made them get dressed again, we took our leave of them, with a few good kicks up the arse. Ah! how much more modest women would become, if they could feel the dependence into which their licentiousness places them.¹⁰

“As we had promised to act each on our own, without telling one another anything, I lost sight of Alexandre for nearly six weeks, and made use of that interval to prepare, against the unfortunate Sophie, the measures whose effects you are about to see; my sister, naturally very ardent, yielded just as easily to the urgings of another of my friends as she had to my cousin, and it was with this friend that I had her discovered; I will not describe my mother’s fury—it was extreme; “Anticipate that severity,” I said to Sophie; “make haste—you will be confined if you do not act before her; rid yourself of that monster; dare to attempt something against the life of that troublesome Argus, and I will provide you with the means”; Sophie, shaken, hesitates, and finally gives in; I prepare the fatal draught; my sister has her mother take it—she dies; “Oh, just heavens!” I cried out then, rushing in with great commotion... “My mother, what is happening to you?... It is Sophie... it is that monster whom your just indignation threatened, and who takes revenge for your rightful severity; I want her to bear the penalty of her crime... it is known to me, it is revealed to me; let Sophie be arrested; let them secure that wretched instrument of a dreadful parricide;

¹⁰ Let no one come and tell us, then, that this work is immoral, since it serves as proof of that very claim.

she must perish, there must be blood to appease my mother's shade." And, as I said this, I placed in the hands of a hastily arrived officer the substance found in my sister's room, wrapped in her own linen. "Can there now be any doubt, sir," I continued, addressing the man of justice, "is not the crime established? It is dreadful for me to denounce my sister; but I prefer her death to her dishonor, and I do not hesitate between the end of her life and the dangerous consequences of impunity. Do your duty, sir; I shall be the most unhappy of men, but at least I shall not have to reproach myself with the crime of this monster." Sophie, overwhelmed, cast dreadful looks at me... she tried to speak; rage, grief, and despair rendered her efforts useless; she fainted, and was carried away... The proceedings took their course; I appeared, I supported, I substantiated my statements. Sophie wished to retaliate, to point me out as the author of this fatal plot. My mother, who was still breathing, took my defense and herself became Sophie's accuser; she revealed her conduct—what more was needed to shape the judges' opinion? Sophie is condemned. I hasten to Alexandre's; "Well," I say to him, "where do you stand?" — "You shall see, my worthy sir," Alexandre replies; "have you not heard of a girl who is to be hanged this evening for having attempted to poison her mother?" — "Yes; but that girl is my sister; she is the one you enjoyed, and those plots are my doing." — "You are mistaken, Jérôme, she is mine." — "Rogue!" I cry, throwing myself into my friend's arms, "I see that, without telling one another anything, we have acted by the same means; is there anything in the world that proves better how well we are made for one another?... Come, let us go; the crowd is gathering; our sisters will soon arrive at the foot of the scaffold; let us enjoy their final moments." We hire a window; scarcely are we there when our victims approach. "O Themis!" I cry out, "how kind of you to serve our passions thus." Alexandre has a hard-on, I wank him; he returns the favour; and with our glasses trained on the necks of our two whores, we spray each other's thighs with cum, at the very moment when the

wretched playthings of our villainy expired by our doing the cruelest of deaths. — “There,” said Alexandre to me, “are real pleasures; I know of none more intense in the world.” — “Yes,” I replied. “Ah! but if such things are required at our age, what shall we invent when, our passions extinguished, we shall stand in greater need of stimulation?” — “Whatever we can,” said Alexandre; “but, given the uncertain hope of existence, let us not be foolish enough to spare our pleasures—that would be absurd.” — “And is your mother still alive?” I asked my cousin. — “No.” — “Well then,” I said, “you are less fortunate than I; mine still breathes, and I am going to finish her.” I run there, I carry it out; it is with my own hands that I complete the crime. And this double atrocity made me spend the night in an ocean of solitary excesses, a thousand times more intense than those which libertinism permits itself in the bosom of the sweetest objects of its worship.

As our business had gone rather badly in the last years of my mother’s life, I resolved to liquidate what little I possessed; it took me three to four years to put my affairs entirely in order. I then decided to travel; I placed the daughter I had had by my cousin in a boarding arrangement, with the intention of one day sacrificing her to my pleasures, and I set out. The education I had received enabling me to take up the profession of tutor, though still quite young, I entered Dijon in that capacity, in the service of the son and daughter of a counsellor to the Parlement.

The profession I was taking up greatly flattered my lust; I already saw in those who were to be entrusted to me nothing but victims of that passion. ‘Oh, what delights,’ I said to myself, ‘to abuse, as I am about to do, both the trust of parents and the credulity of pupils! What nourishment for that inner feeling of wickedness that devours me, and that drives me to avenge, in the cruelest way, the favors I either steal or obtain willingly.’ Let us hasten to don the cloak of philosophy; it will soon become for me the cloak of every vice. And it was at twenty years of age that I reasoned thus.

Moldane was the name of the housekeeper at whose home I was staying; it did not take her long to place her full trust in me. Our task was to bring up together a fifteen-year-old boy named Sulpice and his sister, Josephine, who was only thirteen. I can assure you, my friends, without exaggeration, that I have never in my life seen anything as lovely as these children. At first, Josephine's governess supervised their lessons; shortly afterwards, this precaution proved unnecessary, and the two charming objects of my ardent desires were entrusted to me without reservation.

The young Sulpice, whom I studied closely, soon revealed to me two weaknesses: first, a fiery temperament; second, an excessive attachment to his sister. 'Good,' I said to myself as soon as I had discovered these two points, 'I am now assured of success.' O gentle youth! I longed to kindle in you the torch of passion, and your charming innocence at once revealed to me the very tinder.

From the very start of my second month staying with Monsieur de Moldane, I began my first advances: a kiss on the mouth, a hand down his trousers, and my triumph was immediately assured. Sulpice was hard as a rock, and at the fourth stroke of my fingers, the rascal sprayed me with cum; I turned the tables straight away. God! What an arse! It was the very embodiment of love; such whiteness... such tightness... such firmness! I devoured it with caresses, and set about sucking his charming little cock again, to restore the strength he needed to withstand further advances. Sulpice gets hard again; I lay him face down, moistening with my mouth the hole I wish to penetrate; and with three thrusts of my hips, there I am inside his arse: a few contortions signal my triumph, and streams of semen, shooting deep into the depths of my charming pupil's arse, soon crown it. Incredibly electrified by the ardent kisses with which I cover, whilst fucking, the fresh and delicious mouth of my pretty boy, by the semen with which he showers my hands every few moments, I redouble my efforts, and, four times in a row, my vigorous member leaves deep within his arse the unmistakable proof

of my passion for him. Who would believe it! And what incredible stamina! Like the schoolboy of Pergamon, Sulpice complains of my weakness. "What!" says he, "are we to leave it at that?" — "For the moment," I replied, "but rest assured, my love, I shall exceed your expectations tonight. We sleep in the same room; no one is watching us; let the same bed receive us both; and there, I hope, I shall give you proof of my vigour, of which it will be hard for you to complain."

She arrives tonight, as I longed for; but, oh Sulpice! I had already taken my pleasure with you; the blindfold was torn away, and I have revealed my nature to you sufficiently to make you understand that, with the shattering of the illusion, a new kind of desire was kindled in my heart—one that only wickedness could satisfy. I exerted myself vigorously; Sulpice was given ten strokes; he returned five to me, and seven times more he drenched my mouth and belly with his voluptuous semen, leaving me the next morning with feelings that were far from being a source of happiness.

However, caution still held my plans in check; I had secured only half of my conquest; and, to win Josephine over, I needed to enlist Sulpice's help. A few days after our revelries, I spoke to him about his romantic affairs. "Alas!" he replied, "I long immensely for the pleasure of this charming girl; but shyness holds me back, and I dare not show her any sign of my feelings." — "That shyness," I replied, "is mere childishness; there is no more wrong in desiring your sister than in desiring any other woman: on the contrary, there is surely less; the closer our ties to an object, the more we must subject it to our passions; there is nothing sacred in the world but their bodies; there is no crime but to resist them. I am convinced that your sister is filled with the same feelings for you as you are for her; declare yours boldly, and you will see her respond: but you must hasten the affair; that is the only way to succeed: he who treats a woman gently misses his chance; he who is brusque with her is sure to win her over: take care never to give them time to reflect. I fear but one thing for

you, and that is love: when one resembles it so closely, it is easy to imitate it. You are a lost man if you dabble in metaphysics. Remember that a woman is not made to be loved; with all her faults, she has no right to claim it: created solely for our pleasures, she breathes only to satisfy them. That is the only relationship in which you ought to regard your sister: so go ahead and sleep with her, I urge you, and I promise to help you in every way I can: no more restraint, no more childishness; virtue spoils a handsome man; vice alone embellishes him and serves him well."

Sulpice, emboldened by my advice, promised me he would apply himself seriously; that very day I created an opportunity for him, and I soon learned that nothing had been more successful than his first attempts, though, still timid, he had not known how to take advantage of them. He was loved—that was all he had managed—and a few kisses on the lips had been the happy seal of it. I scolded Sulpice sharply for his inexcusable indolence. "My friend," he said to me, "I would go faster with someone of my own sex; but these cursed petticoats overawe me." — "Appreciate them all the more, my child," I said to this charming young man; "this emblem of a false, weak and contemptible sex is meant only to highlight all the more clearly the degradation in which every honourable man must regard it. Lift up those petticoats that frighten you, and once you have taken your pleasure, you will appreciate better what they conceal; but make no mistake," I continued, eager to keep for myself the sodomitic roses of the delightful arse I imagined Josephine to have; "remember that it is between the thighs and not in the buttocks that nature has placed the temple where a man's homage must be offered to women; you will at first encounter a little resistance; let that serve only to inflame you further; push, press, tear, and you will soon triumph. The next day I learnt, with genuine satisfaction, that the deed was done, and that in her brother's lovely arms the fairest of maidens had at last been raised to the rank of woman. Sulpice, far from feeling that satiety whose effects were so violent in me, had become a thousand times more

in love through his pleasure; and as jealousy seemed to mingle with it, I saw that I had no other means left to achieve my goal than that of cunning and treachery; I hastened to act; my pupil could draw from his imagination the guidance of a pleasure from which I wished to reap the first fruits, and I would never have forgiven him: the trysts took place in a room close enough to my own that, through a hole cut in the partition, I could make out the details; I was careful not to warn Sulpice; he might have composed himself, and I wanted to catch nature in the act. What ardour! what temperament on the one hand! what grace! what freshness! what beauty on the other! Oh! Michelangelo, such should have been your models when your skilful brush painted us ‘Cupid and Psyche’. You can judge my situation; I need not describe it to you in detail. It was not at my age that one could bear to witness such a spectacle with composure; my heart was in such a state that it beat against the wall all on its own, as if to express the despair into which the barriers placed against its desires had cast it: not wishing to let it languish for long, the very next day I watched for the most intense moment of a session that was repeated every day; I burst in: “Josephine,” I said to my young pupil, who was nearly fainting with fright, “this is behaviour that will ruin you; it is my duty to inform your parents, and I shall do so at this very moment, unless you both agree to let me be a third party in your pleasures.” — “Wicked man,” said poor Sulpice angrily, holding his cock in his hand, still dripping with the semen he had just spurted into his pretty mistress’s virgin pussy, “did you not yourself set the traps in which you now seek to ensnare us? Is what is happening not the result of your treacherous seductions?” — “Ah!” I said brazenly, “I dare you to prove it; I would be unworthy of your parents’ trust if I had ever given you such advice.” — “But are you not unworthy of it now, simply by the proposals you are making to us?” — “Sulpice, whether I am in the wrong or not, the faults I uncover here are no less real, and the vast difference between those you attribute to me and your own is that the facts will confirm those of which

you accuse me, whilst you will never be able to prove mine. But, believe me, let us put an end to this digression, which sits ill with the intensity of the desires your tête-à-tête has just kindled in me; let us all be equally at fault, and we shall have nothing left to reproach one another for. You see what my rights are; I catch you out, I shall be believed; you can only allege words, I shall have facts to present,” and without waiting for Sulpice’s reply, I begin to take possession of Joséphine, who, after a few moments of resistance overcome by my threats, surrenders her charming little arse to me, and that is truly all I want. I lay this pretty little girl upon her brother’s naked body; he, taking her in his arms, thrusts his little tool into her cunt, whilst I slide mine into the maiden’s arse—perfectly presented by her posture—causing her such violent pain that she forgets the pleasure her lover seeks to give her; she cannot bear it, I tear her apart; she turns round, and the jolt causes my cock to slip from its nest; she was bleeding, nothing terrifies me; it is not a cock like mine that pity can disarm; I catch her in mid-air, I fix her back onto Sulpice’s tool, ever ready to nail her down again; I thrust my cock into her from behind; this time, my hand holds her hips; I strike her buttocks with heavy fists in the rage her resistance has driven me to, I insult her, I threaten her, I despise her; she’s being sodomised right up to the hilt; I’d rather have knocked her out than spared her; I had to have her arse or her life: “Wait for me, Sulpice,” I cried, “let’s only come together, my friend, let’s flood her from every direction; I’d like, whilst she’s getting fucked like this, for her to have another one in her mouth, so she can better savour the incredible pleasure of being drenched in cum all over her body.” But Sulpice, who, despite Josephine’s cries of pain, sees her coming in his arms, Sulpice can no longer hold back; he shoots his load, I follow suit, and there we are, all three of us happy.

New scenes begin again soon; the virginity I desire has been taken; I no longer attach any value to it; I leave the deflowered rose to Sulpice; I make him sodomise Joséphine, and guide the

tool myself, so that he does not stray; I return to him what he does to his sister, and there we are, all three of us shagging up the arse like true children of Sodom; we come twice without changing position, when a ridiculous cunnilingus mania takes hold of my senses. I assumed Josephine's was very tight; it had never been penetrated by anything much smaller than my own; I thrust into her, and want my pupil to fuck me in the arse whilst this is happening. You cannot imagine the vigour with which my little whore came; I felt her faint three times in my arms, whilst I devoured her mouth; I flooded her, I received her seed, and, all three of us exhausted, we collapsed motionless onto a sofa, beside which, thanks to my efforts, a hearty snack soon restored us. We no longer had the strength to fuck; but we still had the strength to suck each other off. I demanded this service from Joséphine; and, whilst her pretty mouth savoured me, my lips pressed against Sulpice's throbbing cock; I worked both arses in the position I had chosen; my pupil was working mine; her sister was tickling my balls; I came, I made her come, Josephine came once more, and, pressed for time, we parted, promising to repeat this scene at the earliest opportunity—a scene for which my novices will, I trust, eventually forgive me for inventing.

I was fortunate enough to conceal this double intrigue for a year, during which not a single day passed without our celebrating our sacrifices. At last, disgust set in, and with it the desire for all manner of treachery, which, in my case, usually accompanied it; I had no other way of satisfying this outburst of my cruel imagination than to denounce to Monsieur de Moldane the secret conduct of his children. I was well aware of the dangers of a retort; but my mind, fertile in wickedness, would, I was sure, provide me with every means to counter it. I informed Moldane; Good heavens! What a surprise it was to see him smile at this news, instead of being angered by it! "My friend," said the robin, "I am very philosophical about all such nonsense; rest assured that, if I were as steadfast in morality as you have supposed me to be, I would have taken a somewhat harsher line with you than

I have done; your very age, as you must easily conceive, would have been enough to exclude you from the position you sought. Come, Jérôme," continued Moldane, drawing me into a cabinet delightfully adorned with all the most luxurious things that lechery can invent, "come and have a taste of my ways." The rascal, saying this, loosened the belt of my breeches, and, taking my cock in one hand and my arse in the other, the brave father of my two pupils soon convinced me that it was not to his court that I should bring my complaints about the immorality of his children. "So, you saw them fucking, my friend," continued Moldane, thrusting his tongue into my mouth, "and that sight made you shudder with horror! Well, I swear to you that it would inspire quite a different feeling in me; and, to convince you of this, I beg you to provide me with that delightful spectacle as soon as you can. But, in the meantime, Jérôme, I must prove to you, in an even more authentic manner, that my debauchery is at least equal to that of my children." And the amiable counsellor, bending me over his sofa, examines my arse at length, kisses it with lust, and fucks me hard. "Your turn, Jérôme," he says to me as soon as he has finished; "here, take my arse, put it in me." I return to him what I have just received; and the lecher concludes the scene by urging me to grant my pupils all the freedom they desire, to satisfy nature's intentions for them. To hinder them in this regard, he continues, would be a cruelty of which we must both be incapable; they do no harm, so why force them! "But," I then said to this singular man, "if I had the same inclinations towards lewdness, would you therefore excuse, in me, the excesses to which I might indulge with these children?" — "Doubt it not," said Moldane, "I would have asked only for your trust and the first fruits; I even confess that I believed the matter settled; I am sorry that the severity of your complaints proves the contrary to me. No more pedantry, my dear, I urge you; you have spirit, I can see; give yourself over with my children to whatever they inspire in you, and provide me, as early as tomorrow, with the means to catch them together."

I satisfied Moldane; I placed him in the hole I had made for myself, leading him to believe I'd just made it for him: the lecher got to work whilst I was fucking him; the scene was delightful; his imagination was so aroused that the rascal came twice. "I have never seen anything so divine," he said to me as he withdrew; "I can't hold back any longer, I absolutely must have my way with these two beautiful children; tell them, Jérôme, that tomorrow I want to join them, so that the four of us may perform the most voluptuous positions." — "Truly, sir," I said, feigning a slight touch of prudishness which I deemed necessary under the circumstances, "I would never have thought that your children's tutor would become the very person charged by you with corrupting and demoralising them." — "There you are, said Moldane, "how poorly you grasp the true meaning of the word 'morality'. True morality, my friend, cannot deviate from nature; it is in nature that the sole principle of all moral precepts lies; and since it is nature that inspires all our deviations, there cannot be a single one that is immoral: if there are beings in the world whose enjoyment and first fruits are bestowed upon me, I believe they are indeed those who owe their existence to me." — "Well then, sir," I replied, immediately shifting my thoughts, and setting aside my plans for revenge only momentarily to make them all the more delightful, "yes, you shall be satisfied tomorrow; your children shall be forewarned, and we shall both be able to give ourselves over in their arms to all that is most thrilling in the world of debauchery." I kept my word; Sulpice and Joséphine, somewhat surprised by what I announced to them, nevertheless promised the most complete indulgence of their father's whims, the deepest secrecy regarding everything that had transpired between us, and the most beautiful of all days came to illuminate the most delightful of scenes.

The room was the sensual boudoir into which Moldane had already shown me; a very pretty eighteen-year-old governess, who had been in Josephine's service for three weeks and who seemed to me to be in Moldane's confidence and favour, was to

attend to the planned bacchanalia. "She won't be out of place," said the councillor; "you see how pretty she is, and I guarantee she's as wanton as she is charming. Here," continued Moldane, lifting Victoire up from behind, "look, my friend, if it's possible to find a more divine arse!" — "It is beautiful," I said, handling it; "but I flatter myself that, having seen those of your two lovely children, it will no longer be this one to which you will give your preference." — "That may well be," replied Moldane; "but in the meantime, I confess to you that I like this one very much"; and he was kissing it... licking it with all his heart. "Come on, Jérôme," he said to me at last, "go and fetch our victims, and bring them to me naked. Follow Jérôme, Victoire; go and supervise their undressing; whilst I wait for you, I shall immerse myself in the lewd ideas whose execution must embellish the scene... I shall make plans, and we shall carry them out."

Victoire and I went to see the children; they were waiting for us. Gauze, ribbons and flowers were the only adornments with which we dressed them: Victoire took charge of the boy, I of the girl; we entered; Moldane, on a sofa surrounded by mirrors, was waiting for us, masturbating. "Here you are, sir," I said to him, "these are objects worthy of your lust; surrender them to it without shame; let there not be a single libertine desire that you do not put into practice with them; consider that they are more than happy that you deem them worthy of your attention for a moment, and that it is with the most complete submission, the deepest resignation, that they prepare to satisfy you." Moldane was beside himself: his breathing was ragged, he stammered, he was foaming with lust. "Make me describe all this in detail, Jérôme," he said to me; "and you, Victoire, come and wank my cock, and let your buttocks remain in my hands at all times." I shall begin with Sulpice; I bring him close to his father, who cannot get enough of kissing him, fondling him, sucking him, and showering his cock and arse with the most tender caresses. Joséphine follows; she is received with the same enthusiasm, and the orgies begin.

In the first act, Moldane wanted his son to fuck Joséphine doggy-style, with her lying across a sofa; her daughter, positioned in that way, was to suck his cock; he was stroking my cock with one hand and Victoire's anus with the other.

In the second, Sulpice sodomised his sister, I fucked Sulpice, and Moldane fucked his daughter, whilst Victoire, crouching over him, let him fuck her pretty arse.

In the third, Moldane made me fuck his daughter; he buggered her, and Sulpice was buggering Victoire right in front of us.

In the fourth, I was fucking Victoire; Moldane was buggering her; his son was fucking her; and Joséphine, hoisted onto our shoulders, was having her pussy fucked by me and her arse buggered by Moldane at the same time.

On the fifth floor, Moldane sodomised his son, fucking Victoire's arse; I sodomised his daughter right in front of him.

On the sixth floor, we all chained ourselves together; Moldane was sodomising his daughter, I was sodomising Moldane, Sulpice was fucking me, and Victoire, armed with a dildo, was sodomising Sulpice.

Having lost the strength to get hard by the seventh time, we went down on each other. Moldane was being sucked by his son; I was sucking the young man; Joséphine sucked me from time to time, I was kissing her buttocks, and Victoire was licking Moldane's charming daughter, who, in her position, was presenting her arse to be fucked by the ingenious master of these voluptuous orgies. We all came again for the seventh time. A sumptuous afternoon tea was served; and with our strength restored, we tried out a few more positions.

Moldane wanted to bring us all together around him; he sodomised his daughter, his son fucked him, he was ramming Victoire, and I was sucking his balls. Screams more painful than lustful heralded his defeat; he bled out: we had to carry him away. "My friend," he said to me as he left, "I leave you in charge of everything; if, luckier than I, nature grants you new strength,

finish them off with these three charming creatures: you shall tell me of your pleasures tomorrow." Victoire was still making me hard; I was less sated with her than with the others; I sodomised her, while Sulpice fucked me and I licked Joséphine's arsehole: I stopped there; I was exhausted.

As soon as the seed began once more to boil in my veins, I returned to my former schemes. "By God," said I to myself, "I would never have expected to encounter such a father. For a long time, with such a man, I shall never succeed in avenging myself for the pleasures his two children have given me. I meant to ruin them; and, far from surrounding them with cypress, I have crowned them with myrtle. Well then," I continued, "let me try, with Moldane's wife, what I could not accomplish with him, and above all never abandon the role of traitor, which affords me so much pleasure."

Madame de Moldane, forty years old, is an honest, respectable woman, full of religion and virtue; I shall reveal to her the odious excesses of her husband and her children; I shall demand of her at once both secrecy and justice, and I shall no doubt succeed... There is, however, one of those individuals I would not wish to ruin... Joséphine—not from love, oh no, that sentiment is not made to approach a heart like mine; but Joséphine may be useful to me: I wish to travel, I shall take her with me; I shall make dupes with her, and enrich myself by our shared knaveries. Well seen, Jérôme, well seen; nature has endowed you, thank God, with everything required to be an excellent scoundrel: let us fulfill its designs—let us act.

Full of these ideas, I went to Madame de Moldane; and, after requesting from her the deepest silence regarding what I was about to tell her, I tore away the veil and recounted everything. "I have been forced to lend my services to all these horrors, madame," I continued; "I was threatened with the most cruel punishments if I did not obey: your husband abused his authority to forge chains for me; my very life was in danger if I dared to warn you. Oh, madame, put an end to this; honour, nature,

religion, virtue—all make it a sacred duty for you. Withdraw your children from the precipice into which their father's excesses are ready to plunge them: you owe it to the world, to God, to yourself; any delay would become a crime."

Madame de Moldane, confounded, begged me to put her in a position to convince herself, with her own eyes, of the infamies I was revealing to her: this was not difficult. A few days later, I persuaded Monsieur de Moldane to stage the scene in his children's room; I placed his wife at the opening that had served me, that had even served Moldane himself; and this unhappy woman was soon able to convince herself of all the truths I had told her. A headache had excused me from taking part. The severity of morals I affected was therefore preserved intact in the eyes of the unfortunate wife, who saw as guilty only her husband and the governess of her children. "These are horrors, sir," she said to me as soon as she had witnessed the beginning... "how I wish I had never known them!" These words, without Madame de Moldane suspecting it, revealed to me the turn of her mind. It took no more for me to see that she was a timid woman, incapable of serving the success of my plans; and these reflections led me to change my tactics at once. "One moment, madame," I interrupted brusquely; "allow me to go and say a word to your husband; he fears the arrival of some intruder, I will reassure him on that point; and, free in his actions, you will see all that he is about to permit himself." I went out. "My friend," I said to Moldane, drawing him into a neighbouring closet, "we are discovered; let us take our revenge at once; your wife, no doubt stirred by some suspicions, slipped furtively into my room, though I had the key in my pocket; she listened; she noticed the slit you know; she had her eyes there when I appeared. 'Jérôme,' she said to me, 'be silent, or I ruin you.' For God's sake, Moldane, do not weaken, and let us take a violent course; this woman may be dangerous; let us hasten to forestall her."

I did not perceive to what point my account was inflaming Moldane; he was hard when I came to disturb him; the agitation

of the nervous fluid at once sets the bile ablaze; the fire becomes general; and, cock in the air, Moldane, furious, hurls himself at the partition, smashes through it, throws himself upon his wife, drags her into the middle of the room, and, under the eyes of his children, drives twenty knife-strokes into her heart. But Moldane, who possessed only the anger of a villain and not his energy, is terrified by what he has just done: the cries, the tears of the young creatures around him complete his disarray; I thought he was about to go mad. "Leave," I said to him, "you are a coward; you tremble at the very act that ensures your happiness and your peace; let your children follow you, let your servants know nothing; say in the house that your wife has just gone to stay with a friend, to whom certain matters call her for a few days; Victoire and I will take care of the rest." Moldane, beside himself, goes out, his children follow him, and we set about putting everything in order.

Must I confess it to you, my friends?... Yes, no doubt—you wish for the full unfolding of my heart; I must conceal nothing from you. A subtle fire was kindled in my veins at the sight of that body whose annihilation I had just caused: the spark of an inconceivable caprice, to which you will soon see me more fully given over, was lit in my heart as I contemplated that unfortunate woman, still beautiful. Victoire, in undressing her, displayed to me the finest flesh it was possible to behold; I grew hard... "I want to fuck her," said I to the governess of my pupils. — "But she will feel nothing more, monsieur." — "What do I care? Is it the sensations of the object that serves me that I desire! No, certainly: the inertia of that corpse will only make mine the more vivid. Is it not, besides, my own work; what more is needed to render delightful the pleasure I propose to myself?... "and I was preparing to... but the ardor of my unbridled desires betrayed my designs; too much impetuosity undid me; I quickly had recourse to Victoire's hand, which made me ejaculate a seed I could no longer contain; she flooded with it the lifeless flesh of my patron's beautiful wife. We resumed the tasks that occupied

us; with copious water we removed the traces of blood with which the room was inundated, and we concealed the body in a flower bench that ran along a terrace adjoining my apartment. The next day Moldane received a forged letter, by which his wife's friend informed him that this worthy spouse had just fallen ill at her house, and that she requested Victoire to nurse her; she disappeared, well paid, promised secrecy, and kept her word. At the end of eight to ten days, the supposed illness of Madame de Moldane appeared to become so grave that it seemed impossible to bring her home; Victoire sent us news; Moldane and his children were supposed to go and spend nearly entire days there; at last, the worthy spouse expired; we went into mourning. But Moldane had neither the firmness required for great crimes, nor the spirit necessary to calm remorse; while lamenting his deed, he detested its cause, no longer touched his children, and begged me to bring them back from the errors into which our excesses had plunged them. I, as you may well imagine, appeared to approve and undertook to manage everything.

I saw then that, in order to achieve my aim, I had once more to change my methods: I seized upon Sulpice's mind; I laid before him the full horror of his father's crime. "Such a monster," I said to him, "is capable of anything: oh, my friend!" I continued with warmth, "even your life is not safe; I know that at this very moment, occupied solely with effacing the traces of his crime, he has had Victoire shut up... that he is plotting against your own liberty, and that, to stifle everything the more completely, once he has you within four walls, he will poison you, as well as your sister... Let us flee, Sulpice, let us forestall the new crimes of this ferocious man; but let him first fall beneath our blows: if his deed were discovered, he would be proscribed by the laws; their sword would fall upon him; let us be as just as they; let us rid the earth of this infamous scoundrel; no one serves him but you; grown savage and suspicious, every care but yours becomes suspect to him; he thinks he sees the dagger of vengeance in the

hands of all who approach him; take up that weapon yourself; strike the guilty man; satisfy your mother's shades; they are there, they hover above your head, and the heart-rending cries of the victim will be heard so long as the expiatory sacrifice has not been offered by your hand... My friend, I regard you yourself as a monster if you hesitate for a minute; he who does not dare to punish crime when he can is as guilty in my eyes as he who commits it. In the impossibility of a denunciation that would not be received, there remains no course for you but to act yourself; make haste, then, I tell you, or you are not worthy to live."

A few days of such insinuations soon inflamed the young man's mind: I placed poisons before him, he seized them eagerly; and this new Seide soon covered himself with the most dreadful crime, believing he was serving virtue.

As there remained only very distant collateral relatives, a council of guardianship was established, whose confidence I so thoroughly won that I was appointed keeper of the property and retained in charge of the children's education; employed in the affairs of the household, all the funds passed through my hands; it was then that I conceived the execution of the final stage of my plan.

I believed that, to succeed, I had no other course to take than to employ upon Joséphine's mind the same means that had served me so well in deciding Sulpice to rid himself of his father. "You have nothing left," I said to that pretty little innocent... "no, there remains for you, if you wish to be happy, no other course than to rid yourself of your brother; I know that at this very moment he is plotting against you, and that, with the intention of inheriting everything alone, he proposes to have you shut up in a convent for the rest of your days. It is time to unveil before your eyes, Joséphine, all the atrocity of this man: he alone is the cause of the death of your father and your mother; he alone wove those dreadful plots; he alone carried out part of them; you will soon be his victim as well; within eight days you will be dead, if he does not succeed in having you confined for

life... Must I tell you more? he has already asked me where poisons may be obtained that can shorten the life of any individual whatsoever. You can be sure I shall not tell him; but he may turn to others: let us anticipate him, we must avenge ourselves on those who scheme against us; and there is certainly no harm in forestalling them; this poison that Sulpice seeks, I offer it to you, Joséphine; do you feel the strength to make use of it?" — "Yes," said my pupil, displaying before my eyes infinitely more character than I would ever have supposed in her, "I believe all that you tell me, Jérôme; certain remarks of Sulpice prove to me that you are right in believing him the author of my father's death, and I wish to avenge that death. But, Jérôme, must I confess it! I love you, and I will never take any husband but you; you have the confidence of our guardians, ask for my hand, I will support you; if you are refused, let us take as much money as we can and go marry in Switzerland; remember that it is only on this condition that I accept the crime you propose to me." She flattered my designs too much for me not to accept at once. As soon as Joséphine was sure of me, she acted; it was the affair of a breakfast: she herself served chocolate to her brother, into which she took care to put two drachms of monkshood that I had given her. Sulpice burst the next day in the midst of dreadful convulsions, which Joséphine observed far more courageously than I would have believed; the little wretch did not leave her brother's bedside until she had seen him breathe his last.

"O Jérôme!" I cried then to myself, "is your triumph assured? and have your perfidious seductions at last spread disorder and desolation through the entire family of your only friend, of your sole protector? Courage, Jérôme, let us not stop halfway when it is a matter of being criminal; he is forever lost who does not run the whole course of vice once he has entered upon it." I spent the whole night with Joséphine; the villainy with which she had just covered herself restored to her, in my eyes, all the charms that long enjoyment had made her lose. Two days later I persuaded her that I had indeed asked for her in marriage, but that

the extreme disparity of our ranks and fortunes had produced nothing but refusals. "Well then," said Joséphine, "let us go; for my plans shall not change; I want none but you for my husband; I wish to live for you alone in the world." — "What you propose is easy," I said to that poor dupe: "here is a remittance of one hundred thousand écus, with which the council of guardians has just entrusted me to purchase an estate intended for you; let us take this money and disappear." — "I am yours," said Joséphine; "but allow me to impose one condition." — "What is it?" — "That you will never forget the sacrifices I make for you... that all your life you will never abandon me." — And you can imagine, my friends, with what a tone of falsehood I must have uttered oaths I had so little desire to keep.

We disappeared: on the seventh day of our journey we reached Bordeaux, where I thought we might remain for some time before passing into Spain, the country Joséphine chose in order to take refuge and there consummate our union. The season becoming unfavorable, and foreseeing that we could scarcely cross the mountains before spring, my companion proposed that we conclude matters where we were. "My angel," I replied to the dear innocent, "the ceremony you propose seems to me quite unnecessary: it would, I think, suit the prosperity of our affairs far better if we passed for brother and sister rather than for husband and wife; we both love expense, and it will not be with one hundred thousand écus that we can subsist for long; I must prostitute you, Joséphine; it must be your charms that provide our livelihood." — "Oh, my friend, what a dreadful scheme!" — "It is the only reasonable one to follow; it is for the execution of this alone that I consented to carry you off; love is a chimera, my child; only gold is real; it must be gained at whatever price." — "And these, then, are the sentiments you swore to me!" — "Know me, Joséphine, it is time; know that love has never approached my heart; I enjoy women, but I despise them; more than that, I detest them as soon as my passion is satisfied; I tolerate them in my society when they are useful to my fortune,

never when they aim only at sentiment. Expect no more, then, and leave to me the care of maintaining you; I have cunning, skill, intrigue; I intend to make you fly from adventure to adventure, and by my counsel to render you the most celebrated prostitute the world has ever seen.” — “I, become a prostitute!” — “Have you not been that of your father, of your brother... have you not been mine? In truth, your modesty would be quite misplaced here.” But deep sighs and floods of tears choked the painful words Joséphine wished to utter; her fit of despair was dreadful, and when she saw me too firmly resolved in my opinion to hope to make me change, the unhappy girl—who at least did not lose, by this arrangement, the hope of remaining always near me... me, whom she still had the folly to love—consented to everything, and we established ourselves according to this charming plan.

Yes, divine, I dare say it; is there anything so agreeable as to secure one’s subsistence and one’s luxury upon the good faith and credulity of others? There is neither storm nor devastation to be feared in possessions of this kind, and the imbecility of men, always the same in every age, ensures to him who relies upon it treasures that even the mines of Peru would not yield him. I felt myself in the best disposition to steer this new vessel well; Joséphine had everything required to hold the helm, and we launched forth.

A delightful house, plenty of servants, horses, an excellent cook—in a word, all the apparatus of wealthy people—soon brought us dupes. An old Jewish merchant, as well known for his riches as for his lust, was the first to present himself: Joséphine played her part well with him, and the bargain was quickly concluded; but the Croesus had his whims, and as he paid ten thousand francs a month to satisfy them, he demanded submission.

Here was the mania of the worthy descendant of Saul:

Abraham Pexoto wished that two pretty girls he had attached to Joséphine’s service should masturbate her before his eyes in a

mirrored boudoir, making her assume eight or ten different positions during the performance; facing the scene, Pexoto had himself brought to emission by two charming catamites: after an hour of this first act, the boys buggered the maids, and Pexoto buggered the boys. Sufficiently aroused by these preliminaries, his mistress then stretched herself out full length upon the floor, as though she were dead; the Jew was bound by the hands and by the cock; the two lads led him thus two or three times all around the body, crying: "She is dead, the whore is dead, it is you who have killed her," while the two girls followed, lashing him with switches. Then the cousin-german of Jesus Christ paused a moment: "Well then," said he, "raise her up, since she is dead." The body, still motionless, was placed on the edge of a sofa. The Jew buggered her; and while he laboured to spill his seed into the anus of the supposed corpse, it was necessary, to hasten the emission, that the two little Ganymedes, presenting their buttocks to be kissed, should not cease crying: "Yes, yes, she is dead, there is no help for her," and that the two attendants should continue to tear, with strokes of their switches, the meagre backside of the leprous old man.

At the description of this man's fancy, Joséphine shed a few tears; but when I pointed out to her that she was fortunate to get off so lightly, and that in the profession she was undertaking there were often far harsher trials than this; that an income of 120,000 livres attached to such compliance was well worth submitting to: she yielded to everything. Pexoto himself brought the two catamites and the two maids; he paid separately for their lodging and board, and from the very next day the patron installed himself. Known to be Joséphine's brother, I aroused no jealousy, and for more than a year we led, at Abraham's expense, the least Israelite life in the world.

At the end of this period, Joséphine thought she perceived that her lover no longer had the same enthusiasm for her. "Let us forestall satiety," I cried at once; "since we can no longer rely on Pexoto, let us at least get from him what we can." I knew that

the Jew, who had a sort of confidence in me, had just received in banknotes a payment of 1,500,000 livres; I arranged matters so that he would not find Joséphine at home at the hour when he was accustomed to make use of her. "Where is your sister, Jérôme?" he said to me, not seeing her. "Sir," I replied, "a serious cause of distress has just taken her to your house; she requested that, if you arrived in the meantime, supper should be served to you as usual, and that she would return immediately. But, sir, the cause of her distress is very pressing; she was most anxious to see and speak with you; not finding you, I fear she may be driven to some desperate action." — "Fly there," said Abraham, "do not lose a minute; if it is money she needs, here is a blank order on my cashier; have whatever sum is necessary put in it—twenty, thirty thousand francs, do not stand on ceremony, my friend; I know you are reasonable, and that it would be impossible for you to abuse my confidence." — "Oh! sir..." — "Go, my friend; tell her I am supping and that I expect her without fail for desert."

Everything had been prepared without the dear man suspecting a thing: the house rented, the furniture sold, the servants dismissed, and the supper being served to him was the last he would receive from us. A post-chaise was waiting for us at the Chartrons;¹¹ Joséphine was in that carriage, and once the blow was struck, we would disappear from Bordeaux. I arrived at the Jew's house; I spoke to the clerks, by whom I was perfectly well known. "Monsieur Abraham's correspondent," I told them, "is at our place; he requests at once the funds he handed your master yesterday; here is a blank order—please give me the portfolio immediately." — "Ah!" said the chief clerk, "I know what this is; I had been warned that there might be some change in this affair, but I did not know the conference was to take place at your house. Here, this is what he asks for; I shall just write above the signature: 'Deliver to Monsieur Jérôme the portfolio received

¹¹ The magnificent quay of Bordeaux, where all the merchants reside.

yesterday.' That is correct, is it not?" — "Perfectly." — "Very good, your servant, Monsieur Jérôme." — "Your servant, Monsieur Isaac," and there I was, back in the carriage.

We traveled for eight days without stopping; and it was only on the banks of the Rhine that, believing ourselves safe, we got down, exhausted, at a wretched inn to rest there for a while. "Well then, my angel," I said to Joséphine after counting the money, "you see how our first attempts succeed; with courage and impudence, we shall soon be at our ease. This road leads to Berlin; Prussia is a fine country; a philosopher king reigns there; let us hasten thither; it is as good to swindle German barons as Gascon Jews; and wherever money comes from, once it is taken, one may be sure it brings good fortune." "It will not last," said Joséphine, "when you spend it as fast as we earn it." — "And what have I had from all this profit? scarcely a few dresses and some jewels; you have squandered the rest on sluts and catamites; your excesses, your debaucheries of every kind, have been as enormous as your swindles; you had acquired such a reputation that, even if this affair had not forced us to leave Bordeaux, the police would soon have expelled us; you were not content with taking willing girls; you beat them, raped them, abused them, and perhaps worse..." — "Worse?" "Upon my word, I could well believe it," said I to Joséphine; "go on, my dear; continue my panegyric; it seems to me perfectly well suited to your lips." — "It is dreadful..." — "Ah! enough, I beg you; I did not take you to deliver me lectures, but to serve my avarice, my lust, and my whims; never lose sight of the authority your crimes give me over you; remember that by denouncing those crimes I can have you hanged tomorrow; remember that, abandoned to your own devices, no longer guided by my counsel, reduced to a street-walker earning twenty-four sous, you would soon perish in misery; continue then, Joséphine, to be, with submission, both the accomplice and the instrument of my crimes, and remember that I always carry two pistols in my pocket to blow your brains out at the first disobedience." — "O Jérôme! I believed myself

loved by you; is this what you promised me when you seduced me?" — "I, love for a woman! I have told you a thousand times, my girl; you would be mistaken if you suspected me of such a weakness. As for the means I employed to seduce you, they are those of all seducers; one must deceive the creature one wishes to catch, and it is not for nothing that the hook is baited." Jo-séphine wept, and I did not console her. There is no one in the world so hardened as I to the lamentations of women; I often amuse myself with them, and never share in them. However, as I was very hard, the journey had greatly inflamed me, and there was nothing there to allay my fires, I made my traveling companion turn around and thrust my cock into her backside, where I worked it until I had time to discharge two or three times.

I had scarcely withdrawn when we heard loud cracks of whips in the inn, announcing the arrival of a courier: I opened the door. "He is here, he is here," I heard them cry; "we are sure of it; we have followed him from Bordeaux." At these words Jo-séphine thought she would faint; as for me, calm as I always was in crime, I merely primed my pistol afresh; then, going down with one of my pistols in my hand, "My friend," said I to the courier, "is it I, by chance, that you seek?" — "Yes, scoundrel," immediately replied the same Isaac who had handed me Pexoto's portfolio; "yes, rogue, yes, it is you... you whom I shall have arrested at once." — "Detestable impostor," I answered firmly; "try it, if you dare; landlord," I continued, turning to the innkeeper, "let someone fetch the local magistrate, that I in turn may lay before him all the complaints I have against this fellow." Isaac, disconcerted by a bearing so far from what he expected—Isaac who, trusting in his own strength because he was in the right and I in the wrong, had taken no precautions to prove my crime, no orders, no proceedings, no officers—Isaac, I say, changed countenance and quietly sat down by the fire, saying, "we shall see." The magistrate arrived. "Sir," said I, taking the floor first, "here is a rogue who owes me one hundred thousand écus; he is, like myself, a merchant of Bordeaux; when I went to

receive my funds, explaining the need I had of them for the journey I am undertaking, he refused me; I pursued him; he declared himself bankrupt; I gathered my other funds and set out. Hardly had this scoundrel learned that I was out of the city than he spread it about that the funds I carried off caused his downfall, that part of those funds was not even mine, that I had swindled them, and on that pretext he has taken it into his head to pursue me; he arrives with this design; but, by God, I declare to you, sir judge, he shall have my life before my money.” — “What have you to answer to this, sir?” said the man of law to Isaac. — “I answer,” said the Jew, utterly disconcerted by my effrontery, “that you have before you the most skillful thief in Europe; but I am in the wrong; I set out like a fool; I took no precautions; it is my fault; I depart again: no matter, let the rogue be sure he will gain nothing by it; I shall arm myself with what is needed, and, once in due form, let him be certain I will pursue him to the depths of hell; farewell.” — “Oh no you don’t, double son of a whore,” I cried, seizing Isaac by the collar; “oh no, you shall not depart so; since I have you, I must get from you my money, or at least what you have on you.” — “That is just,” said the Solomon who presided over this scene; “sir says you owe him one hundred thousand écus; you must pay him.” — “Infamous slanderer!” said Isaac, biting his lips; “can effrontery go further?” — “Little nephew of Moses,” I cried, “I have less audacity than you; I ask only what is owed me, and you dare claim here what never belonged to you.” Isaac was generally condemned. Forced to empty his pockets, I took from him fifty thousand francs, and bills of exchange on Berlin for the two hundred fifty thousand livres I still claimed. I paid handsomely the judge, the innkeeper, and their accomplices; and, having the horses harnessed at once, Joséphine and I departed from an inn where we had been far from expecting so profitable an adventure.

“Well then,” said Joséphine, as soon as we began to gallop, “I wager I shall not see a penny of this haul either? and yet it is my ass that has earned you this good fortune; you had just come out

of it when that imbecile came to fall into the trap he meant for you.” — “Why,” I replied to my pretended sister, “have I not always told you that the ass brings good luck? if, unfortunately, I had been in your cunt, I should have been caught.” — “In short, what shall I have?” — “Ten thousand francs.” — “What a sum!” — “Your expenses are clothes; mine are asses and cocks— what a difference!”

These remarks, and several others like them, brought us to Paderborn, which we reached without having stopped anywhere since our encounter with Isaac.

The Leipzig fair attracting many travellers along these routes, we found the inns so full at Paderborn that we were obliged to share a room with a wealthy merchant from Hamburg, who was traveling with his wife to the famous fair I have just mentioned. Kolmark was the name of this merchant, whose wife, about twenty years old, was the most charming creature one could possibly encounter in the world; and, I confess, this delightful person inflamed my imagination at least as much as a very large strongbox that I saw them carefully lock away in one of the cupboards of our room. The desire to appropriate both objects became so intense within me that I did not close an eye all night. Owing to a repair needed for their carriage, these two were to remain at the inn, and, in order to keep close to them, I pretended to have some business that would likewise detain me a day at Paderborn. From that moment, it became clear that, since we were to be together for thirty-six hours, we must necessarily become acquainted. Joséphine, forewarned by me, soon became friendly with her companion; we breakfasted together, dined together; in the evening we went to the theatre; and it was at supper upon our return that I took care to prepare the trap into which I meant to make both victims fall. Kolmark had paid for dinner; it was only fair that supper should be at our expense; this pretext made me leave the play early, and I arrived alone at the inn, under the pretence of putting everything in order. “Obliged to go fetch, at the far end of the town, a friend with whom I set

out tonight for Berlin," I said to the people of the house, "I shall have my carriage loaded at once and sent to wait for me at my companion's." This precaution seemed quite simple; all my baggage was carried to the carriage; I did not forget to have placed there, well wrapped, the strongbox, which, by means of a master key, I easily removed from the cupboard where it was kept. "Go," I said to the postilion, once everything was ready, "go and wait for me at the Berlin gate; I will bring my wife and my friend there; that will be simpler than stopping near his house; you may at least drink while waiting for us; there is a tavern at that gate, and none near his." Everything was arranged; and my carriage had scarcely left the inn when Joséphine and our two dupes returned. A grand supper was served; but I had taken care to mix among the dishes of fruit already set upon a sideboard a dose of stramonium strong enough to plunge into the deepest sleep those who tasted the dish in which I had blended it. Everything succeeded perfectly; scarcely had Kolmark and his wife tasted that fatal fruit than they fell into such a lethargy that one could do whatever one wished with them, move them in any way, without their perceiving it. "Be ready," I said to Joséphine as soon as I saw them in this state; "everything is outside; the carriage awaits us; I have the strongbox; lend me your hand to fuck this woman, who turns my head; then let us finish robbing them of portfolios and jewels, and then let us decamp with as much silence as mystery and speed." I approached Madame Kolmark; in vain I lifted her skirts, pressed her breasts, nothing awakened her. Reassured by this stupor, stronger than I had supposed, I grew very bold; Joséphine and I undressed her; God! what a body! it was that of Venus herself. "O Joséphine!" I cried, "never has a crime made me harder than this one! but I must perfect it; I am not sufficiently sure of my drug not to fear their awakening; I must fuck them both, and kill them while doing so." I began with the woman; I first took her in the cunt, then in the ass... not a movement... not the shadow of a sensation; I filled her anus with seed and passed to the husband. Kolmark, who was

only thirty, offered me an alabaster ass; I left him, after a few thrusts, to plunge myself again into that of the woman; and, while I was there this time, I had the husband's body placed upon hers, and upon that body the three mattresses of one of the beds; Joséphine, who at my command leapt upon the mattresses, soon smothered them both; and I enjoyed, and experienced, in the woman's ass, the inconceivable pleasure that lies in bringing about a violent death in the object that serves our pleasures. One cannot imagine to what extent the contraction of the victim's nerves heightens the agent's lust! O my friends! let us keep this secret; there would not be a single libertine, were it known, who would not murder in his enjoyment. The operation finished, we carefully placed the bodies each in their bed; and, having seized the watches, the portfolios, and the jewels, we went downstairs, crossed the inn—no one being surprised to see us depart, as I had forewarned them. "You will let monsieur and madame Kolmark sleep," we said as we passed; "they ask that you not enter their room before noon; your excellent supper, your good wine, have gone to their heads, and they wish to rest a long time; we would surely do the same, were it not for the business that drives us away." And so, expenses and servants being handsomely paid, we withdrew amid the politeness of all, and sped in one stretch to Berlin, without stopping further. It was only in that capital of Prussia that we discovered the strongbox, filled with jewels, and the other stolen effects, amounted to more than two million. "O Joséphine!" I cried, as I verified this agreeable haul, "have I not always told you that one crime ensures another, and that the happiest of men will always be he who knows how to commit the most?"

We established ourselves in Berlin in the same manner as at Berlin, and I likewise passed myself off there as Joséphine's brother.

This creature, who grew more beautiful every day, was not long in making conquests; and, as she was fully persuaded of the necessity of attaching herself only to those that would yield

much, the first man she sought to captivate was Prince Henri, the king's brother.¹² There are few people who do not know, at least by reputation, the wit, the charm, and the libertinism of this amiable prince. Henri, more a lover of men than of women, fixed himself only upon those from whom he believed he could draw assistance in the excesses he cherished. "Fair angel," he said to Joséphine, "before we bind ourselves, I must explain my passions to you; they are as lively as they are singular. I must first warn you that I shall make little of the attractions of your sex; I never make use of women, I imitate them, but I detest them. Here then is how you will conduct yourself in serving my lust. I shall make you acquainted with many men; you will attack all those I present to you." "Here," continued the prince, handing Joséphine a dildo thirteen inches long and nine in circumference, "here is the size I employ; when you discover cocks of this shape, you will procure them for me. Once the operation begins, you will be clothed in a robe the color of flesh, which will leave only your ass visible, the rest will be impenetrable to my eyes; you will prepare the cocks that are to enter my backside, you will insinuate them there yourself, you will excite the man while he acts, and, by way of thanks, when I have been well fucked, I shall have you held by those same men and administer four hundred strokes of the whip. Nor is that all, my fair friend; your feminine charms must be subjected to still greater profanations. The whipping received, you will strip completely naked; you will lie on the ground, legs apart; all the men who have passed over me will shit into your cunt and upon your throat. On returning from the operation, they will have me wipe their asses; which I shall perform with my tongue; that done, I shall squat over your mouth, you will open it as wide as possible, I shall shit into it; one of my men will masturbate me; my seed will come at the same time as my turd—that is the only way I discharge."

¹² It was only in 1760 that our traveler saw that court, and it is only from that time that he speaks.

— “And what,” said Joséphine, “are the emoluments that monseigneur grants for such disagreeable services?” — “Twenty-five thousand francs a month,” said the prince, “and I pay all the extras.” — “That is certainly not too much,” replied Joséphine; “but the honor of your protection will make up the rest, and I am at monseigneur’s orders.” — “Who is that young man whom you call your brother?” continued the prince. — “He is indeed so,” replied Joséphine, “and the similarity of his tastes to yours might perhaps render him useful to your pleasures.” — “Ah! he is a sodomite?” — “Yes, monseigneur.” — “Does he bugger you?” — “Sometimes.” — “Ah, by God, I wish to see that.” And Joséphine having had me called, the prince, to put me immediately at my ease, unbuttoned my breeches and masturbated me. “There,” said he, “is a very fine instrument; it is not quite of the size I employ, but it should be handsome to see in action, its discharge may be brilliant;” and, having made Joséphine lie flat on her belly, he introduced my cock into that girl’s ass with the greatest skill in the world. Hardly was I there when he passed behind me and, pulling my breeches down to my heels, handled my ass, opened it slightly, licked it, and introduced his cock a few lines within; then withdrawing, he resumed contemplating my buttocks, assuring me he found them much to his taste. “Could you shit while fucking?” he said to me; “it is a delicious thing for me, to see a man shit while he fucks in the ass; one cannot imagine how much that little infamy inflames my lust; in general I am very fond of shit, I even eat it, as you see me; fools do not understand such tastes; there are passions that are made only for people of a certain rank. Well then, will you shit?” — My answer was one of the most considerable turds I had ever produced in my life. Henri received it whole into his mouth; and the semen with which he sprinkled my thighs became the surest testimony of the pleasure I had just given him. He had done the same on his side; and when he saw me about to clean the place: “No,” he said, stopping me, “that is the work of women;” and Joséphine was obliged to remove it with her hands; he watched her do so,

and seemed to enjoy the humiliation to which he reduced her. "She has a fairly fine ass," he said, slapping it; "I think she will be good to whip; I shall thrash her very soundly, I warn you; but I hope that will not trouble you?" — "Oh! not at all, monseigneur, I swear to you; Joséphine is yours, and will always think herself honored by whatever it may please you to do to her." — "For one must not spare women in matters of lust; one spoils one's pleasures entirely when one does not know how to put them in their place, and so long as one raises them, they are not there." — "Monseigneur," said I to the prince, "one thing surprises me in you; it is the manner in which you sustain the spirit of libertinism even after that which lends it force is extinguished." — "It is because my principles are sound," he replied, this man full of wit; "it is because I am immoral by system, and not by temperament; the state of strength or weakness in which I may be does not in the least contribute to the dispositions of my mind; and I give myself up as readily to the last excesses of lust after having discharged, as with six months' semen in my balls." I then wished to express some surprise to the prince at the coarse nature of the pleasures to which I saw him given over. "My friend," he replied, "it is that there is nothing but that which is good in libertinism; the filthier the taste one cherishes, the more it must naturally excite. As one becomes blunted in one's tastes, one refines them; it is therefore quite natural thus to arrive at the final point of reflective corruption. You find my tastes bizarre, and I find them too simple; I would wish to do far worse. I spend my life complaining of the mediocrity of my means. No passion is so exacting as that of libertinism, because there is none that so tickles, pricks, and agitates the nervous system, none that carries a greater fire into the imagination; but in surrendering to it, one must entirely forget the quality of a civilized man; it is only like savages, and in the manner of savages, that one must wallow in the mire of lust; if one recalls one's strength or the favors of fortune, it must be only to abuse them." — "Oh! monseigneur,"

said I, “these are maxims that strongly savor of tyranny... of ferocity.” — “But true libertinism,” said the prince, “must always walk between those two vices; nothing is so despotic as it; and that is why this passion is truly delightful only for those who, like us princes, are invested with some authority.” — “You then take pleasure in abusing that authority?” — “I go further; I affirm that it is agreeable only through the abuse one has the wit to make of it. My friend, you seem to me rich enough, and well organized enough, for me to reveal to you on this subject the mysteries of Machiavellianism. Remember that nature itself has willed that the people should be, in the hands of the monarch, only the instrument of his authority; that it is good for nothing else; that it is created weak and foolish only for that, and that every prince who does not chain and humiliate it sins decisively against the intentions of nature. What then is the fruit of the sovereign’s indolence? Universal disorder, all the brutal crimes of popular insurrection, the degradation of the arts, contempt for the sciences, the disappearance of money, the excessive rise in prices, plague, war, famine, and all the scourges these misfortunes bring. There, Jérôme, there is what awaits a people that shakes off the yoke; and if there existed a sovereign being in heaven, his first care would be, you may be sure, to punish the chief so imbecile as to have yielded his power.” — “But that power,” said I, “is it not in the hands of the strongest; and is not the people in the mass the only sovereign?” — “My friend, the power of all is but a chimera; no effect results from a multitude of discordant forces: all power, when dispersed, becomes null; it has energy only when concentrated. Nature has but one torch to light the world; each people, after its example, should have but one master.” — “But why must you have him a tyrant?” — “Because authority escapes him if he is mild; and I have just painted for you all the misfortunes that result from authority escaping. A tyrant oppresses a few men; these are very slight results of his tyranny; a weak prince lets authority change hands, and then come dreadful misfortunes. Ah! monseigneur,” said I,

kissing Henri's hands, "how I esteem these principles in you! each man, in adopting them, may flatter himself with despotizing within his own sphere; he is only a slave and base if he would usurp the power of the great."

The Prince of Prussia, singularly satisfied with me, left me twenty-five thousand francs as a mark of his favour, and scarcely ever left our house thereafter. I helped my sister find men for him; and, not being quite so fastidious as he, I accommodated myself very well with what he did not want; thus, I can rightly affirm that during the two years of our stay in that city, there passed through my backside at least more than ten thousand cocks. There is no country in the world where soldiers are as handsome and as accommodating; and, if one knows how to go about it, one has so many of them that one is obliged to refuse some.

We were not so constrained that we could not secretly associate certain lords of the court with the pleasures of Prince Henri; and the Count of Rhinberg long shared the favors of the mistress of his master's brother without anyone suspecting it. Rhinberg, as libertine as Henri, was so in another fashion; he fucked Joséphine in the cunt while two women thrashed him with all their might, and a third pissed into his mouth. By a most extraordinary caprice, Rhinberg did not discharge in the cunt he had enjoyed; the one who had pissed into his mouth was always certain to receive his homage; and just as it was necessary that the one who excited him be young and pretty—a reason that had made him choose Joséphine—so it was essential that the one in whom he finished his business be old, ugly, and foul-smelling; that one changed every day; he remained attached to the other for eighteen months, and perhaps would still love her, were it not for the event that made me leave Berlin, and of which it is time I inform you.

For some time I had begun to notice two things that gave me a degree of unease, and which led me to consider leaving

Berlin. I still hesitated, however, when the proposal that was made to me finally determined my decision.

The first of the things I perceived was the unmistakable cooling of the Prince of Prussia toward Joséphine; instead of coming every day, he was scarcely seen more than twice a week. Inconstancy is the consequence of excessive passions: as one abandons oneself to them with excess, one necessarily tires of them more quickly.

The second thing that increased my uneasiness was to see that, without my noticing it at first, Joséphine too was slipping away from me; she was in love with a young valet of Henri's, who had often amused himself before her with the prince, and I feared she might gradually come to shake off my chains entirely. Such was my situation when the proposal of which I have just spoken was made to me. These were the terms of the note that contained it:

“They offer you five hundred thousand francs to deliver Joséphine, informing you that it is for the execution of a caprice that will cost her her life. The authority of the one who speaks to you thus is such that, if you utter a word, you are a lost man; if, on the contrary, you accept, tomorrow at noon the promised sum will be at your house, and, in addition, five hundred florins for your journey; one of the conditions of the bargain being that you will leave Prussia that very day.”

Here is my reply:

“If I were better known to the one who makes me such a proposal, he would have avoided the tone of threat. I accept everything, on one condition only; that I be a witness to the punishment prepared for my sister, or at least be informed of its nature. Moreover, it seems essential to me that it be known that Joséphine is three months pregnant.”

The reply I received was as follows:

“You are a charming man; you will carry from Berlin the esteem and protection of the one who addresses you. You cannot be a witness to the punishment; be content to know that it will last twenty hours, and that there exists no example in the world of the severity and violence of the torment—at once as new as it is extraordinary—by which her life will be slowly taken from her. A man of the profession will come tomorrow to verify her pregnancy; and, if it is true, you shall have one hundred thousand francs more. Farewell; never return to Berlin; but remember that, wherever you may be, a powerful hand will protect you.”

That evening the doors of the house were shut very early, and I wished to indulge myself in the barbarous pleasure of supping and lying one last time with Joséphine. I had never fucked her with so much pleasure. “Oh! what a superb body,” I said to myself; “what a pity that such charms will soon be food for worms! and this crime will be my doing; it will be so, no doubt, since, able to save her, I deliver her up.” One must have my mind, my friends, to understand to what a degree such ideas make the cock rise. Joséphine was fucked in every way; and each of the temples where I sacrificed aroused in me new reflections, all, however, nearly of the same cast. Oh! my friends, I may say it truthfully—no, there is no pleasure in the world comparable to that; but to whom do I say it, great God! and who should know it better than you!

The next day the physician appeared: I told Joséphine he came on behalf of the prince, who, having learned of her pregnancy, offered her assistance. Joséphine began by denying the fact; but, convinced by the examination, she confessed everything, begging the man of the art not to compromise her in any way. He promised whatever was asked of him, yet nonetheless drew up a report in which he declared that, by virtue of his examination and Joséphine’s answers, she must be at the end of her fourth month. Then, asking me to hear him a moment in private, “Here,” said he, “are the six hundred thousand francs I

am charged to give you, and the five hundred florins for your journey; I shall come myself to fetch your sister this evening; let her be ready; and as for you, sir, let the rising sun not find you in Berlin.” — “You may rely on my word, sir,” I replied, offering him ten thousand francs, which he refused; “but pray, explain to me all you can of this singular affair; you no doubt know what is intended for my sister.” — “The victim of a debauched murder, sir; I think I may reveal it to you, because I have been told you are already informed.” — “And will it be very cruel?” — “It is a new experiment, whose agonies are of such intensity that the subject faints at each stage, and necessarily recovers her senses as soon as one stops.” — “And does blood flow?” — “In great detail: it is what is called a union of sufferings; all those with which nature afflicts humanity are imitated in this punishment, drawn from the manual of the inquisitors of Goa.” — “To judge by the sums I receive, the purchaser must be a rich man.” — “I do not know, sir.” — “Tell me only whether you think he knows Joséphine.” — “I cannot doubt it.” — “Carnally?” — “I do not think so”; and my man withdrew, unwilling to utter another word. A few moments before, I had gone to inform Joséphine of the desire to have her alone. She shuddered: “Why do you not accompany me?” she said, overwhelming me with caresses. — “I cannot.” — “Oh, my friend, my presentiments are dreadful; perhaps I shall never see you again?” — “What extravagance! Oh, Joséphine, they are coming—courage!” And the man of the art having offered her his hand to descend, I helped place her, together with him, in an English carriage which soon made her disappear from my sight, not without casting my whole being into a voluptuous turmoil that is easier to feel than to describe.

FIN DU SECOND VOLUME