

NICOLE AUTRAIN
[Nicole Védres]

CARNET
d'une
INVERTIE

Translated by Patrick Kearney

Bakersfield, California
Scissors & Paste Bibliographies
c.1955 — 2026

Note

Little is known concerning this nasty little work, aside from its publisher – Eric Losfeld – the approximate date of its first publication – despite ‘1821’ appearing in Roman numerals on the titlepage it was actually the 1950s, and the probability that it was written by Nicole Védres (1911–1965), a French author, columnist, essayist, journalist, screenwriter and film director. The original edition is an 8vo of 93 pages, with the wrappers printed in black and red. The printed claim that the issue was limited to 100 numbered copies seems unlikely to be true, and I’ve seen no reference to copies that are actually numbered. Nevertheless, it is not a common book. My source text for this translation is my own copy, now at Cambridge.¹

According to Danielle Becourt, *Carnet d’une invertie* was prosecuted several times in the late 1950s.²

Patrick Kearney
Bakersfield, CA
April 2026

¹ Pressmark : CCD.74.57.

² See: Daniel Bécourt, *Livres condamnés, livres interdits* (Paris: Cercle de la Librairie, 1961), p.17.

[I]

She had one of those somewhat showy kinds of beauty, the sort that appeals to schoolboys. But beneath those appearances, made to dazzle the crowd, I discovered in her secret charms, unknown to the vulgar and, it seemed to me, unsuspected even by herself. It was her coltish gait, barely steady on legs too long for her, that struck me most. Be that as it may, from the very first moment I saw her, I felt the urge to beat her. I burned with the desire to strike her, to slap her, to whip her as I had done with Emilienne on the day of our first meeting, so as to see her crawling at my knees.

But I was well aware that Marie-Christine would be harder to track down, for, being better off than Emilienne, she did not often go out at hours that would have suited me. Nevertheless, I had set Paula the mannish one—my scout—to follow her, which she had already been doing for several days. She had thus managed to catalogue her smallest habits and already knew them better than the girl herself.

I thus learned that Marie-Christine went out every Saturday evening at about nine o'clock from the sumptuous villa where she lived with her parents. She would go to the home of a paralytic, a friend of her family, who lived in a nearby street, and to whom Marie-Christine regularly kept company for an hour or two before returning home.

At that moment, when my love forgot that it was a fragile being, it seemed to me the most favorable time to strike at Marie-Christine.

So, the following Saturday, at nine o'clock sharp, Paula the mannish one and I took up our position under a carriage gateway opposite Marie-Christine's house. When she came out, we let her cross the elegant avenue of Neuilly that led toward the home of her unfortunate friend, although my scout and I could have seized her at that moment. But we preferred to wait, for around eleven o'clock we were certain of encountering no unwelcome interruption—such as those passersby prone to chivalrous impulses and ready to defend a maiden, for want of a widow or an orphan.

It happened as planned. But for me, the emotion of encountering the object of my desire had made this banal adventure as exhilarating as if it had been unique of its kind.

No sooner had Marie-Christine passed the bend in the avenue than Paula the mannish one sprang upon her and seized both her arms violently from behind.

The poor victim was so terrified that she lost her voice. It was then that I intervened and, stepping in front of her, dealt her a resounding pair of slaps.

“Whore,” I said to her, “you dared to cross my path.”

I have a weakness: I greatly enjoy insulting those I consider my future mistresses. The captive understood absolutely nothing of what she was being accused of, but she felt guilty—as anyone would in such a situation—simply by the fact of being alive and finding herself in the position I had put her in.

“What are you accusing me of?” she nevertheless managed to stammer.

Without replying, Paula the mannish one shoved her toward the quiet grove we had spotted a few days earlier.

Marie-Christine wore fairly simple clothes, which suited her kind of beauty. Her kimono-style blouse was modestly fastened close at the neck with a very strictly bordered grosgrain placket, which was also found at the bottoms of the sleeves. It was fitted at the waist with a sort of faille basque in tweed tones. Her skirt seemed full, for Marie-Christine was rather careless and, unconsciously, liked to be free in her movements.

With a single precise movement, I slit open her blouse and laid bare her white silk slip, rather low-cut but without the slightest adornment.

— Why?

That was all my trembling victim managed to stammer, even as her eyes filled with tears.

Quivering with desire, I bent my mouth to her flesh, full with that deceptive slenderness. I gently caressed with my lips her skin, faintly scented with jasmine essence, then drew her left nipple from its silken sheath and sucked the pink tip with delight.

My victim moaned. Without interrupting my caresses, I raised my eyes to her and saw that she was astonished and trembling with fear. At a sign from me, Paula the mannish one roughly pulled down the zipper of her skirt and let it fall to the ground. I lifted her slip to her navel and began eagerly to kiss her smooth belly. Marie-Christine was crying.

“Shut up or I’ll gag you,” I hissed, slapping her twice more at the same time. She fell silent.

Meanwhile Paula the mannish one had finished removing her skirt, and after tearing away her drawers, she presented to me her mound and her pubis, uncovered. They were as beautiful as I had imagined them in my most lustful dreams, scarcely altered by the splendor that surpassed their finish and perfection. Shadows seemed to drift across her hips as in an aquarium. I bent over her sex and plunged an eager tongue into that enticing mouth that gaped between her thighs.

Marie-Christine began to pant, arching her supple waist backward. Paula the mannish one, gently, almost tenderly, laid her down upon the

moss, and I came over her, covering her with my body. My tender victim, shaken by the adventure but no longer trying to understand, now abandoned herself to a deeper agitation—that of pleasure.

Powerless to escape, she found in the pleasure I gave her a refuge from the immediate reality she could not understand and that frightened her.

She whimpered, and it set my nerves on edge. So much the worse for those who are not sensitive to such sounds. She writhed in spasms, but I could clearly see that I would be incapable of bringing her to the height of her pleasure with my tongue alone.

“Pass me the dildo,” I murmured to Paula the mannish one, who stood beside me ready to obey my slightest wishes. She promptly opened her bag, from which she took the requested object and handed it to me as an assistant presents instruments to a surgeon.

I lifted my dress and fastened the male attribute around my bare waist, for I never wear drawers.

When I penetrated her with my leather phallus, Marie-Christine began to moan:

“Yes, my love, that is very good.”

Her pleasure excited me so intensely that, my mouth pressed tightly to hers, I too reached climax.

Marie-Christine kissed me voluptuously, giving me every sign of a sincere love. She said to me, smiling:

“I would never have thought one could take such pleasure with a person of the same sex. It took my being violated for me to let myself be embraced by a woman. But I regret nothing.”

Paula the mannish one, my scout, lent her raincoat to Marie-Christine so that she might reach the door of her villa without offending the rules of decency. My new mistress, indeed, feared to finish the short distance she still had to go home in her torn clothes.

If she had not pleased me, I would very likely have left her naked near the grove that had sheltered our play. But Marie-Christine, my new conquest, deserved some consideration.

At her door, she returned the raincoat to Paula the mannish one, saying to us:

“I shall slip on tiptoe up to my room, and my parents, who are asleep, will not notice what has just happened to me. To be on the safe side, I shall throw away my dress.”

Then she turned tenderly toward me and murmured:

“Call me soon, for I would so much like to see you again. Tell me your name, so that I may know who is calling me.”

— “Florence!” I replied.

— “Good night, my beautiful Florence!” said Marie-Christine, and she disappeared through the half-open door.

[II]

I am a very beautiful woman, and I like to wear the adornments of my sex. Nothing astonishes me more than those lesbians who insist on dressing as men, thereby hoping to impress the women they desire by artificial means.

Unfortunately fashioned thus by nature, these daughters of Lesbos will never be anything but inadequate, incomplete males—and, what is more, without elegance. They are easily unmasked at the first searching glance and stripped of their usurped attire by the most superficial analysis.

I therefore see no reason why I should try to become a wretched embryo of a man when I am already—and pride myself on being—a very beautiful woman. “Florence doesn’t look like a dyke,” my fellow inverts say among themselves. Why on earth should they want me to appear as what I am prevented from being?

I shall always be unhappy among those whose desires I share, for I shall never have—let me harbor no illusions—their biological capacities. But as a beautiful woman capable of pleasing men, I dazzle those of my own sex, who then perceive that I do not wish to be a woman, rather than that I am unable to be one. They come to regard my passion, contrary to the ordinary, as a superior refinement, as a kind of royal hierarchy of jadedness, and they often follow me as one might follow an initiation.

Instead of considering me a poor substitute for a man, they see me as a remarkable woman, and it is certain that one yields more readily to extraordinary people than to wretched ones. Pederasts themselves should remember that the tough men of the Foreign Legion more easily attract into their beds the comrades who admire them than do the wretched weaklings who dress as females and mimic their ways.

Thus, through my perversity, I have given my body a marvelous scope. I have not, like some, forced it to change sides. It remains that I sometimes dress as a man, but rather rarely, and no more than other women do—simply for amusement.

I make myself up with discernment. I dress with the greatest couturiers of Paris. I dine in restaurants of a classic and refined elegance. I spend my evenings in cabarets and theaters that do not oblige me to think, without thereby taxing my mind with abstruse reflections. I do not like the world in which I live, and in that I resemble every other human being.

In love, I relish the brutalities I inflict upon my mistresses, but I loathe

those that might be inflicted upon me. I indulge in obscenities only when I am in the height of pleasure, but that happens rarely and only on unusual occasions.

Usually, I abandon myself only halfway and retain, even in pleasure, my full presence of mind. My enjoyment is generally agreeable, but rather languid—much like the melting watches of Salvador Dalí.

I like to lick the vulva of my lovers, and my only regret is not having a tongue powerful enough to penetrate deeply between those lower lips and reach as far as the loins. I have even often wondered whether I do not take more pleasure with my tongue than with my sex.

Paula the mannish one, my scout, knowing my linguistic passion—if I may so express myself—one day had an idea that was not without intelligence. She devised for my use an ingenious apparatus which she christened a “tongue-extender.” This contrivance is to the organ of speech what the dildo is to that of procreation—or rather of pleasure—a human invention designed to remedy the shortcomings of nature.

This instrument, then, consists of a thin sheath, somewhat resembling the webbed rubber appendages of frogmen, made of the same elastic yet durable material. It is slipped over the tongue, to which it fits perfectly, giving it a far greater power of penetration.

I have used the tongue-extender several times, which has allowed me to observe that, like many inventions, it has both advantages and drawbacks. Its advantage is that it multiplies the power of those delicate, tactile caresses. It enables the organ of the mouth to reach the deepest parts of the vagina and to stimulate simultaneously its twin inner walls, making it feel a presence at once real and invasive.

It has even happened, thanks to this tongue-extender, that I injured the tender inner walls of my mistresses—which, in the final analysis, is the ideal of a truly effective sensual penetration. It is, so to speak, the finishing touch that satisfies the conqueror’s pride.

The drawback of this device is similar to that said to be caused by the condom used by men who fear the diseases of Venus. Rubber, however thin it may be—and God knows I have tried various qualities of that sap of the hevea—prevents direct contact between the skins. My tongue is indeed rubbed, but by my own instrument and not by the much-desired flesh. I give pleasure, but receive in return only displeasure, for the taste of latex is hardly one to flatter the palate. Moreover, it may still be tolerable in a vagina, but not in the mouth.

I have therefore, out of selfishness—I must admit—abandoned the tongue-protector.

In this chapter of my memoirs, I wished to present myself completely, from my constitution—both physical and moral—to my most extraordinary artifices. The peculiarities I intend to record in this little notebook

for my own remembrance can only be explained by the singularity of this portrait. It was necessary that I sketch it, both for my own sake and for that of others, so that they—and I myself—might come to understand me better.

[III]

I believe that my affair with Stéphane began because I one day took a fancy—something rather rare in me—to dress as a man. This passing whim was like a dream to which I have always resisted, for in truth, at the core of myself, I am very much a realist. I have no desire to toy with the impossible.

So the evening before last, I dressed myself in black trousers and a dinner jacket. I put on a white shirt and a black bow tie. Then, having slipped into a raincoat and set a gray felt hat on my head, I went out. It was raining, as it happened. The clouds, ready to depart, had gathered all day like ships idling in a strike-bound harbor. Now the cargo vessels were unloading all at once, and so many drops were falling it seemed enough to seed every meadow in the Americas.

I took a seat at the Café du Rond-Point, on the terrace sheltered beneath a wide orange canvas awning, and I watched that dreary weather which set my soul ablaze. At that moment, a taxi pulled up in front of me, and a very beautiful creature stepped out and ran for cover under the café's awning.

"May I sit beside you?" the beautiful stranger asked me. "I'm to go to the theatre this evening, and I'm early. And I detest being alone."

I accepted, delighted at the windfall:

"With pleasure!"

I began to study the generous line of her décolletage, enhanced by an overflow of lace that seemed less to conceal than to open the view of her breasts. They, like does, appeared to bend as if to drink from a foaming spring. There was something vividly real about her body, and although since my meeting with Marie-Christine I had been very much in love with her, I would have seen no objection to betraying my latest conquest with this alluring stranger. She did not fail to notice my gaze, and she smiled at me in a way that was clearly meant to encourage it:

"You look as though you're dreaming with your eyes open."

"I dream upon reality," I replied, without quite knowing myself what I meant by the phrase.

Thus conversing, we carried on a dialogue which, though partly incoherent, seemed to begin under the best auspices. I felt in fine form that evening, and all my remarks revolved around my neighbor's body in a rather original way. I found myself lightly witty—that is to say, without

its showing.

Her leg suddenly pressed against mine, which was already brimming with warmth. Its curve, at once well-shaped and rounded, spoke to me of love in its very silence, like a silver flute. My leg answered in echo, and we smiled at one another in complicity. Suddenly my lovely neighbor asked me what I was doing that evening.

“In any case, I shan’t be going to the theatre,” I replied.

“And if I were to invite you to another sort of spectacle—something a little more naïve and rather more lively?” the woman asked me, with a smile that aimed at being enigmatic, but was unmistakably inviting.

I hastened to accept, delighted by this stroke of luck. I hailed a taxi and asked which of us would give the driver an address.

“Take me to a hotel—and take me,” my companion said with a laugh, not bothering with any pretense.

So I gave the address of a hotel where the proprietress knew me well. We went up at once, and I was just about to undress my conquest in full light. I meant to switch it off when it came time for me to undress. But she was very modest, and before I could stop her she had already flicked the switch—leaving, however, one lamp slightly aglow. In the half-light our bodies blurred into shadow, and only our faces would now and then emerge into the light.

I felt that she was naked. I moved closer to her and tried to caress her mound and her sex with my finger and my tongue. But with a swift twist of her hips she slipped aside, saying to me:

“From behind, my dear—take me like that.”

So I bent over, and bringing my mouth close to her rounded buttocks, I licked the perfumed cleft that offered itself to my caresses. She must have been used to this kind of rough handling, for her hips yielded with consummate skill to this sort of adventure. I bathed my tongue with delight in her rosette, feeling all its spasmodic contractions as it withdrew. She had a softness there like an ear—indeed, it had the same whorled ridges.

From her thighs upward, it was an incomparable pleasure to climb toward the limitless reaches of her body, steeped in sweetness and silence. I made my way along the path of her spine. Beneath my touch, my unknown companion shuddered. From her breast, whose splendor I had glimpsed, there burst a heavy panting, as though a new being were finding expression through her outward form.

At last, beside herself, moaning and aflame, she begged me to take her. I slipped my hand into my bag where, as a precaution, I had stowed my dildo, and with a quickness that betrayed long practice, I strapped it around my eager hips. I pressed forward and drove it into her from behind. She answered each of my carefully measured movements with violent shudders, and her swaying was so forceful it seemed to hollow out the space

before and behind her. At last, she was nothing but a cry, to which the ethereal body does no more than lend an echo. Her leaps of pleasure had exhausted her, and she suddenly broke into a mad, shattering moan.

My own body, charged with expectation, lost itself; and despite myself, instinctively, with a gesture long familiar to me, I reached out my hand toward the corolla of her sex, to sink the sting of my finger into it... Horror—what did I feel! My tender lover, my sweet conquest, had shamefully deceived me: it was a man! She—or rather he—realized that I had just discovered the secret and turned back toward me, imploring:

“Forgive me, sir—I am only a man, and I compelled you to take me for a woman. I merely sought to please you by adorning myself in the trappings of a sex to which, alas, I did not belong.”

Disgusted beyond measure, I drew away. So it was that I—an inveterate lesbian—had just been aroused by a male, by a representative of that sex I had devoted myself to detesting. The very thought of it made me want to be sick.

It was then that I heard the cry of astonishment from the little madcap who, having turned on the light to get a better look at me, had just discovered my own deception.

“So, you’re nothing but a woman fitted with a dildo! What a monstrous deception! I am dishonored. You’ve tricked me, you wretch, with your smoking jacket!”

Our encounter had something unprecedented about it: a man for men and a woman for women who had nonetheless managed to make love by the very channels of inversion, having exchanged sexes. A pederast and a lesbian who had met in an embrace in which they took part by overturning their true inclinations. At such a moment, love revealed itself starkly for what it was: a mere illusion, sustained by the ritual masks of sacrifice.

Exasperated, I was about to get dressed when, with sudden fervor, my—male or female—partner threw himself upon me and tore away the phallic belt that still encircled my hips.

“You please me as a woman, exactly as you pleased me as a man. I’m ambigeneric—I like both sexes. If you’re willing, I would be so happy to take you from the front as you took me from behind. It’s only fair that I return the favor.”

I refused, horrified:

“You’re mad! Men disgust me!”

But the stranger who only a moment before had been a fragile and delightful woman now revealed himself as a vigorous man. He seemed able to transform himself according to his sensual impulses, becoming entirely different at the whim of his instinct and passing desire. I tried to resist these advances, but while I take pleasure in striking women, the men I imitate in love leave me powerless. I therefore gave up struggling against

a being who disarmed me morally and, offering no further resistance, I allowed him—though with poor grace—to have his way with me, as gently as it lay within his power.

I am very tight, and when he took me—doing so, moreover, with a certain fervor—I cried out in pain. Despite the torment I endured, I did not forget to turn my head away so as not to see the man's face, the sight of which would only have added to my confusion and disgust. I let it happen, passive, without the slightest pleasure. I knew perfectly well that I could not resist the outrages he was subjecting me to. The only sensation I drew from that forced embrace was an awareness of my own weakness and humiliation.

As I do not possess a Russian soul, I wept profusely that evening on my way home. My tears mingled with the raindrops, and it seemed to me that nature itself, affronted, was weeping within me.

[IV]

Two days later, I was happy—and for two reasons: I held my revenge against the stranger who had presumed to insult me twice—once as a false woman, and a second time as a true male.

I set Paula—the mannish one—on his trail, after giving her a fairly accurate description of the fellow.

I was to learn later that he was a young hairdresser by the name of Stéphane X... This did not surprise me, for those who spend their days surrounded by powders, paints, perfumes, and the other paraphernalia of feminine beauty are—like dressmakers—the most perverse creatures in all France and Navarre. If I were a minister or a dictator, I would forbid such professions, which consist in trafficking in our bodies.

Paula the mannish one—my procurer—disguised as a man (a guise that suited her so perfectly that her own mother would have taken her for a member of the opposite sex), had no trouble allowing herself to be picked up by Stéphane. She readily let herself be led to a furnished room. Paula took a certain pleasure in the attentions of this ambiguous being, and it must be said that it was with some regret that she drove a knife into his back, up to the hilt.

A sordid crime is remarkably easy to carry out, for the killer is always in disguise. They look for a man when in fact the criminal is a woman. How, then, could she ever be discovered—and on what grounds

suspected?

But let us come to the second reason for my happiness. Beyond the negative satisfaction by which I had managed to erase one of the greatest disgraces of my career, I experienced today a more positive joy. I saw Marie-Christine again, worn thin with longing and expectation. Since our evening in the square, the young woman had lived only in waiting for me, consuming her beauty in a secret despair.

According to her, when she heard my voice on the telephone, she understood nothing for quite some time. It seemed to her as though a noisy swarm of mice were scampering about inside the receiver. When at last she realized it was I calling and heard me arrange a meeting, I had the impression she was about to faint. One of the masculine traits of my nature is that nothing pleases me more—nor flatters my vanity more—than to see my lovers fall passionately in love with me.

I therefore asked Marie-Christine to join me at my *pied-à-terre* in Neuilly, where I receive only those who please me for a time—and whom I have no scruple in discarding as soon as they cease to do so. I was convinced that with Marie-Christine I was embarking upon one of those mad passions that can end only in death.

When she arrived, she undressed her body, drenched in blond sunlight and pollen. This time I was able to contemplate her at my ease, and my gaze could not have its fill of her. It was so ardent that it seemed to me I was touching with my eyes the impalpable phantom that appeared to need a sheath of silk in order to gather itself and take form.

I parted Marie-Christine's legs, between which a light, girlish down quivered with expectation, and I buried my tongue between her delicate lips.

Marie-Christine moaned and murmured in broken phrases of delirious love. In a faltering voice, she told me she wished she had something a thousand times softer and more pleasing to offer me, so as to give me greater delight. She said her despair was boundless when she thought that, between her thighs, she could offer me nothing but a mouth—one she feared carried that dreadful, albuminous taste for which she was not to blame

"Perfuming my sex for your tongue, my dear Florence," she said to me, "seems of little importance, since the taste that governs everything remains always the same. I love it so much when you pass the buds of your tender, loving tongue over my mound, between my lips, over my clitoris, and deep into my sex. I wish that your tongue, whose gentle caress I so delight in, might draw from its own senses pleasures within its reach. Fragrance would have some interest if it were with your nose, and not your tongue, that you were pleasuring me. Each of the senses should find something suited to its own delight when it labors in the embrace. Thus, each—

especially along its proper path—might gather its own reward, and the pleasure of the whole would be so greatly increased.”

“You see, Florence, I’m surprised that, up to now, lesbians have only thought of perfuming the lips of their cunts, instead of hiding little delicacies there—since, quite obviously, the tongue takes pleasure in taste, not in scent.”

“Don’t you think my passion for you makes me inventive? Listen—do you know what I’d like? I’d like you to slip a bar of chocolate into the cleft of my sex—I brought one along in my bag for just that purpose. You’ll tuck it in well, and then come and find it with your tongue. That way, my darling, you’ll have a double pleasure: you’ll be savoring a sweet while pleasing me at the same time.”

Deeply moved by this delicate attention—and, it must be said, tempted by a refined pleasure to which I had never yet abandoned myself—I opened Marie-Christine’s bag. I took out several bars of chocolate, which I hastened to unwrap. Then, one after another, now with calculated slowness, now at a carefully measured pace—turning them over on themselves or giving them a gentle back-and-forth motion, like dipping a strip of bread into a soft-boiled egg—I slipped the chocolate bars into the dewy, petal-like hollow that offered itself to me. I amused myself by imagining my mistress’s cleft as a mouth sucking on an ice, and the thought excited me considerably.

Marie-Christine, moaning and writhing like one possessed, abandoned herself with delight to this artful penetration. Between two sighs, I understood her to be saying:

“I feel as though it’s softer and firmer than a dildo. Why don’t they make cocks out of chocolate instead of leather? Why? I want one! I’ll have some made by friends of mine who run a confectioners. How soft it is!”

Meanwhile my tongue did not remain idle, and I plunged it with delight into that cavern lined with melting chocolate, like those of the land of plenty. To afford Marie-Christine the same combined pleasure, I had coated my own clitoris with honey, which I had gone to fetch from a jar in the kitchen. She would pass her tongue over it delicately and, from time to time, suddenly pause—then take it fully into her mouth, sucking it greedily as though she meant to swallow it.

I felt an indescribable and highly refined pleasure. It felt as though I were eating while making love, thereby satisfying both of the most fundamental senses of sensual delight at the same time. The Orientals, whose reputation for the refinements of love and sensuality is well established, are said to know this kind of pleasure down to the finest detail. For them, the pleasures of the table and the bed are intimately linked, and they indulge in the most excessive joys of the orgy only after devouring carefully selected dishes, whose composition is expertly balanced to excite not only

the palate but also the eroticism of the senses. Some travelers even recount that during these gargantuan feasts, the guests are attended by children of both sexes—and even dwarves—who, positioned beneath the table, lavish them with skillful caresses, thus allowing them to simultaneously savor two pleasures of the gods.

Under my mistress's caresses, I came, blossoming into a world of voluptuousness where touch, scent, taste, sight, and the flesh tore at me and overwhelmed me all at once.

[V]

I loved Marie-Christine as one loves one of those marvels of nature that are seldom reproducible, and then only by the greatest of chances. The formula by which Marie-Christine had been made was lost, and I had to content myself, for as long as I might desire, with those forms forever beyond imitation.

The second time she came to see me at my bachelor flat, she wore a straight-cut grey wool jacket, buttoned all the way up to the chin with an Italian collar, trimmed with a ribbed knit edging. On her head she had a wool toque lined with black silk, which suited her perfectly, lending her chestnut—rather than truly blonde—hair an air of innocence that filled me with delight. Her bag, slung over her shoulder on a strap, was grey and cylindrical in shape, and added still more to her look of a well-behaved little girl, scarcely out of the “Oiseaux” boarding school.

I was so happy to see her thus that I asked her to try to bring me to climax without our touching, by the mere contemplation of her graceful form. I recalled love in the Platonic sense of the term and was curious to discover whether, with my deeply ingrained sensual habits, I might be capable of experiencing that form of pleasure. I also wished to determine for myself whether the dialogue of the *Symposium* ultimately amounted to a demand for abstinence, or rather to a genuine form of subtle caress—one all the more intense for deliberately seeking to limit its own domain.

Marie-Christine began by slowly removing her long grey suede gloves, easing them little by little down to the wrist before slipping them off with a single, sharp motion. Then she set about unbuttoning her jacket—slowly, very slowly—and the soft cleft of flesh that gradually opened between the austere edges of the coarse wool garment aroused me to an extraordinary degree. At last, Marie-Christine abruptly let her skirt fall, revealing beneath it a very frilly petticoat in the style of 1900.

I longed to touch myself and unleash the powerful spasm of my body. But I stubbornly insisted on demanding a final answer from my imagination alone, without any aid from the brushing of my own flesh.

Marie-Christine smiled at me, and her teeth—every bit as perfect as the rest of her person—made me shiver with desire. She removed her petticoat, covered in lace and frills, revealing her milky thighs encircled by mauve garters adorned with a bouquet of pompadour roses, like those our grandmothers used to wear. Above, between her thighs, the object of my

most ardent desires was covered by one of those glittering music-hall shells, usually held in place by an invisible thread—hidden in the cleft—but here secured by a kind of suction device, like the rubber-tipped arrows children use. This shell, shaped like a scallop, was studded with rhinestones and bore at its center, at the very nerve point, a large topaz that gave it the appearance of a little royal shield.

I asked Marie-Christine to remove that ornament, and she slid it aside—always very slowly—above the soft down. Her slit appeared between her hair like an ironic mouth. One might have thought my mistress bore between her thighs the grimace of a mustachioed man, strangely at odds with her own exquisitely feminine smile. I had the impression that a man had slipped between her thighs and was caressing her hips to mock me. This sex, so incongruous with the rest of her body, unsettled me all the more because Marie-Christine's smile seemed to encourage it.

Jealous and aroused to the point of death, I was already on the brink of that climax which is the very flower of sex.

I begged Marie-Christine to laugh as though she were mocking me, as though her body had truly become the plaything of a royal rival who made sport of me while caressing her before my powerless eyes.

"Taunt me—laugh at me," I gasped.

Her laughter was a mingling of sadness and irony, lightly shaking her shoulders, while her two motionless breasts remained hard and pitiless. Her laughter and her eyes seemed to regret me, while from the shoulders down her body—with its two nipples, its navel, and that sex like a stranger—seemed to reject me. It seemed to me that a tongue protruded from the lips of her mound and busied itself greedily within the cleft.

Marie-Christine's eyes and helpless laughter called to me, but her body already seemed ready to climax without me. I felt like a man watching his wife violated by a stranger. With a cry, I let myself fall back, for at last I climaxed without having touched my lover. I had succeeded in attaining a platonic passion by rendering real and tangible what, until then, had been for me only a myth.

Marie-Christine flung herself upon me and, with her small trembling tongue, drew in the liquid with which my vulva was flooded. She herself soon reached the height of pleasure without my touching her, by the effect of the caresses she lavished on me alone.

Afterward we took one another in a more natural way, and as I licked her belly from the hips to the clitoris, I felt the desire for her to be more indifferent to my touch. I asked her then to speak, to chatter, to say trivial things, as though she considered negligible the activities to which I was devoting myself upon her lower body.

"Despise me," I urged her, "I want to feel inferior and foolish beside you. If you pay attention to me, I have the impression that my caresses

concern you, and that you are somehow beneath them. I want you to be a goddess—or at least a woman of society—into whose secret I slip despite her. I want you to behave as though you were in a salon, speaking with others, while I, almost invisible, like a dog or a fox, insinuate myself between your thighs and take a fierce pleasure you would not even notice. So speak to your parents' guests of your latest social concerns without thinking of me."

Marie-Christine sat on a chair, her legs parted, and tried to detach herself from the pull of my mouth. Then, as though addressing unseen listeners, she began to speak of her desire to own an entire collection of fur trimmings:

"A shawl, a bag, a necklace, a muff, gloves, even a beret can become striking adornments that enrich an outfit and transport it elsewhere when they are made of animal skins. One pins wild things onto one's clothing—things that suddenly make you seem foreign to the very places you inhabit."

The way she behaved with me aroused me, and I cried out to her, without ceasing to lick her:

"Gesture—move about! Speak as though you were interested only in what is happening before you. Forget me."

"I dream of owning a beret of ocelot lamb, with the crown pushed back, and a scarf of the same fur slipped into the neckline of a coat—and a bag as well, in the same skin. Do you know those ocelot gloves, tiger-cat or genet?"

Meanwhile, I was penetrating her, and she let out broken cries. Her trivial phrases became entangled with sensations rising from her body, distorting her words:

"How do you do, Madame Derien? And your daughter—did she pass her exams? Ah! I can't bear it any longer!"

"Speak!" I kept shouting to her.

"I ran into your cousin at the skating rink."

Parting her legs, Marie-Christine cried out under the thrust of my tongue and climaxed furiously.

Paula the mannish one, my procurer, came to tell me one day that for some time now Émilienne, my former lawful companion, had been lurking around my apartment. Although, after my meeting with Marie-Christine, I had told her I had decided to break with her, the girl did not seem willing to resign herself to this state of affairs. Every day she telephoned, imploring me to take her back. Lately she had been spying on my every move and was thus becoming extremely dangerous. I had no wish, indeed, for her to create a scandal that would reveal to society the nature of my way of life. I therefore resolved to get rid of her.

Paula the mannish one went to see her and, on my behalf, invited her

to join me at my pied-à-terre in Neuilly. There, I had Émilienne write to her sister—her only relative—telling her that she was leaving the country; and, without resistance, she complied with a sad expression.

“I know,” she said to me, “that you have decided to kill me. And yet I would rather die by your hand than by my own, for if you had abandoned me, I would have taken my own life.”

I far preferred this state of mind to any other, which would have ended our relationship on a note of scandal. In my view, the will to die completes a life in accordance with a chosen design, whereas its refusal shatters the statuesque form of existence and forces it to dissolve into a chaotic gesture.

I then asked Émilienne to remove her dress and her slip and to come between my thighs to lavish her final caresses upon me. The girl possessed a consummate art for teasing the clitoris. By that I mean that I did not much care for all the sensual attentions in which she indulged in lovemaking, and the way she slipped her tongue between the lips of my sex to lick me left me rather cold. But in this particular detail, she had a technique that left far behind the most expert tribades I had ever known.

She began by taking my little organ entirely into her mouth in a single suction—as one eats the tip of an asparagus—and then set about striking it with small, very precise flicks of her tongue. In this way, my clitoris bathed in abundant saliva and was lashed in a manner at once vibrating and regular.

That warm, quivering, muscular strip flogged the most sensitive part of my being with ever-increasing force and speed, and, shaken by those precise blows falling inexorably upon the same spot, my body concentrated all its thought—if I may put it so—upon that point, teased without respite, and became frantic with despair and desire. My clitoris became a veritable defenseless punching bag beneath Émilienne’s hammering strokes. Suddenly, the spring that held it erect—oh, how much so!—snapped all at once, and it collapsed, knocked out.

If I have described this particular technique in such detail, it is in order that its value may be fully understood and appreciated. I have often told myself that one must not only have undergone a very rigorous training, but also possess natural gifts—granted to only a very few—to attain such virtuosity and mastery in the difficult art of cunnilingus.

So, for the last time, I abandoned myself to that desperate caress which transported me beyond myself, and whose pleasure was all the keener for my knowing that I would never again in my life have occasion to yield to it. That embrace had a taste of death of the most stimulating kind and made me think of Turkish bacchanals in cemeteries.

Paula the mannish one, my procurer, who was present at this scene, asked me whether I would allow her to make love to Émilienne, whom she had loved from afar for many years. Émilienne, who already considered

herself as good as dead, accepted with indifference, and Paula the mannish one first possessed her with a dildo, then with her tongue.

At her request, Émilienne then pleased Paula's clitoris, whose voluptuous groans resembled a giant's laughter. At a loss for invention, my procurer finally devised a new form of possession: she thrust her big toe into Émilienne and teased her to the depths. Émilienne found this mixture of nail and flesh penetrating her body intensely arousing, and, between two spasms, asked me whether I might do the same to her from behind. I had nothing to refuse her, and, as one offers a glass of rum to a condemned woman, I slipped my toe between the globes of her buttocks, where I encountered remnants that were curiously pleasant to touch.

Mad with pleasure between these two unusual penetrations in the parts most apt to produce delight, Émilienne did not take long—never was the expression more apt—to “find her footing.” She threw herself back, and I, bending over her, took her mouth. My foot between her buttocks, my hands tightly clasping her breasts, and my tongue working deep in her throat, my position was no less than profoundly disturbing. Aflame, I pressed myself against her and soon reached climax in a spasm of extreme intensity.

At last satisfied, I resolved to do what had to be done and to put an end to Émilienne's life, she who represented a past now over, so that I might devote myself body and soul to Marie-Christine—the future.

I seized a torch from which leapt a red and blue flame and asked Émilienne whether it would please her to be penetrated by this member—immaterial, certainly, yet at the same time terribly ardent. In the delirious madness in which love and death were mingled and which possessed her, she consented to this abominable embrace.

I pressed the torch toward her buttocks so that the flame alone might penetrate her to the very depths of her being. Under the bite of that blazing member, Émilienne cried out:

“Penetrate me from the front with that fire.”

I complied, and her sex, excited by the burning, began to throb. But as the pain became unbearable, Émilienne tried to tear herself free from that embrace worthy of mythology. Paula the mannish one seized her by the shoulders to hold her fast while I drove the fire into her down and her clitoris. Émilienne soon became a living torch, which we, the two tormentors, took care to keep from spreading to the furniture by means of a fire extinguisher I had purchased that very day in anticipation of the event. To prevent our victim from crying out, we had taken the precaution of gagging her.

Before long, Émilienne—my former flame—was nothing more than a handful of ashes. Paula the mannish one and I pressed her remains into the vagina, as into a funerary urn, as one packs tobacco into a pouch. We thus

kept Émilienne's remains warm until the urge to urinate compelled us to empty, into a washbasin, the last traces of my former mistress.

[VI]

Marie-Christine was obliged to leave for England with her parents, who had to settle matters concerning the inheritance of one of her aunts. Forced to remain in Paris for reasons of work, I found myself reduced—thus yielding to the very wishes of my latest love—to deceiving Marie-Christine.

One day, while strolling through the Tuileries, I caught sight of a little blonde girl of about six. As I admired her eyes, like sapphires, and her curly, corn-colored hair, I found myself thinking that if I could have found a being versed in the ways of love who possessed the face of that child, I would very willingly have made her my mistress. I was pulled from my reverie by a call:

“Félicienne!”

I then saw a beautiful young woman of about twenty-five making her way toward the child, seeming like a leitmotif of the little girl, arranged for an orchestra: the minor solo had blossomed into the major.

At once, I found myself seized with a desperate desire for the one I took—and was not mistaken—to be the mother of the graceful little creature.

I soon learned that this woman, with her full yet slender figure, dressed at the same fashion house as I did. It was an unexpected stroke of luck, for the proprietress was a friend of mine and, moreover, a confirmed lesbian. She gladly became my accomplice and one day sent me, in place of a seamstress, into the fitting room where the object of my desires awaited. Under the pretext of a fitting, I was thus able, at leisure, to admire—and soon to touch—the forms of my latest passion.

I was firmly resolved to use force if this woman, with the body of a lioness, attempted to resist me. But as soon as I began to caress her skin and, as if by chance, let my fingers wander over the small of her back or between her thighs, Madame Catherine Blumenfeld began to tremble, casting me an imploring glance. Her flared nostrils bore witness to the fire that animated her voluptuous nature, and, without further preamble, seeing her part her legs, I set about licking the widest, most ample sex it had ever been given me to behold. A cleft of such dimensions truly deserved the name that vulgar people give to that delicate shell.

Under my caresses, the down was not long in filling with an abundant

dew—a delicious mixture of burning sweat and gelatinous fluid—which began to trickle and spread over my lips, delighted by the windfall. I will not conceal that I adore such proofs of the effectiveness of my attentions, and I scarcely waited for my companion to begin moaning before inclining her beautiful, feline head toward my own body, thus making it unmistakably clear that she was to return the pleasure I had just given her.

She therefore set about lapping at what I offered her, as a cat laps from a bowl of milk, and I found there was nothing more agreeable than to be thus carefully licked in every recess.

I was already on the point of collapsing backward, for the pleasure I felt made it impossible for me to remain on my feet, when I felt myself seized from behind by my friend, the seamstress tribade, who went to work between my buttocks, first introducing a dildo, then her skilled tongue.

My moans attracted the attention of two apprentices inclined toward the fair sex and in love with their mistress, who were not long in taking advantage of the state into which she had worked herself: one seized her between the thighs, the other at the back. So as not to arouse jealousy and to enjoy equally both her sex and her rear, they moved in concert around their employer's hips, passing thus from the walls of the vagina to the cleft, mingling the fluids of her body with what they drew from between her buttocks.

As they went, each of the apprentices gathered up the saliva left behind by the other and mixed it with the other substances of their adorable—and how adored—mistress.

She did not take long to lose all control, uttering piercing cries so loud that they soon alarmed the entire workshop and the clients present in the house. There were a great many women of that inclination in the shop, and all took turns to occupy the places left free at the apprentices' stations, and so on, until the entire fashion house had become a veritable boudoir—more accurately, a veritable den of excess.

Aroused anew by the apocalyptic vision of this sensual round of women, Catherine Blumenfeld, my latest conquest, asked whether I might not take her in a more powerful and more tangible way than with my tongue. It was a purely formal question, for without waiting for my reply she produced a splendid dildo from her handbag. In a moment, she had fastened it about my hips.

But I soon realized that, despite the repeated and violent thrusts I subjected her to, she seemed to feel no real pleasure. The distended lips of her sex swallowed the leather phallus to the hilt with scarcely any awareness on her part.

I then withdrew from her what Bilitis calls “the object” and, in its place, inserted my entire hand up to the wrist. My fingers, which had ample room in that cyclopean cavern, caressed its walls on all sides at once,

giving, as she told me, Catherine Blumenfeld the greatest pleasure she had ever experienced. As her body continued to open, I managed to introduce my arm as far as the elbow, thus reaching the depths within. I had the impression of having slipped on a very long glove of extraordinarily soft velvet.

At that moment, a girl began to tug at my artificial instrument, begging me, with eager insistence, to use it on her. I moved Catherine slightly aside, without ceasing to work my fingers within her welcoming depths, and made room for the apprentice, who eagerly took her place. She promptly impaled herself upon the leather shaft and, moving back and forth in a steady rhythm, began to pant with all her might.

Meanwhile, Catherine did not neglect to take advantage of the privileged position in which she found herself. Leaning forward, she bent over the girl's backside and set about licking her eagerly, though this could hardly have been particularly enticing, for the girl was so thin that her bones stood out sharply. But I believe that, given the fever of the moment, she did not even notice.

[VII]

My new friend, Catherine Blumenfeld, a Jewish woman, invited me to her home, where, at her request, I undertook to help her introduce her daughter, Félicienne, to sex. Félicienne's mother reportedly wanted her daughter to prefer women over men and wished to accustom her to lesbian practices before she could even begin to develop an interest in men.

I agreed, eager as one might imagine to get started on this weaning process. To give Félicienne a taste for the female sex, I melted a large bar of chocolate in the warmth of my vagina. Thus prepared, I had a trap between my thighs that was bound to irresistibly attract Félicienne, whom her mother had taken care to deprive of food that day.

The child experienced the taste of the first cum of her life mixed with that of a treat she was already accustomed to. It didn't take her long to take pleasure in the oral sex, turning down the chocolate on her own. While her mother caressed her little, still hairless pussy, awakening her first pleasures, the child wriggled about like a puppy between my thighs.

For a change of pace, I offered little Félicienne my buttocks, which she began to lick with undisguised delight. My hands kneaded the child's breasts, which were still flat, for I loved that flesh, softened by the future growth of her breasts.

Catherine Blumenfeld feasted her eyes on her child's behind, promising me that her daughter would henceforth be her favorite mistress. As for the little girl, she swore to her mother that she would always love her, and I, running my tongue from the mother's plump buttocks to her child's still-unblossomed flower, savored an immeasurable pleasure.

The time had come to test, in Félicienne's tiny, barely parted vulva, the dildo that we liked to regard as the natural instrument of pleasure; in our eyes, the man's flesh-and-blood member was nothing more than a simulacrum, or a pale imitation, of the leather object that seemed to us to be the true and sole source of pleasure.

Just as we were about to impale the child, a laugh rang out behind us. We turned around in surprise, and Madame Catherine Blumenfeld spotted her husband, who had witnessed the events that had just unfolded without us having any idea he was there. He urged us to continue without paying any attention to him, and his wife—who held him in the deepest contempt because he was even slightly pederastic—did not hesitate to spread Félicienne's legs in front of him and shove her first miniature dildo into

her pee-pee.

As thin as a trickle of urine, this portable phallus slipped into the child's vagina without causing her any more pain than a toothpick carefully inserted in the same place. We, the daughters of Lesbos, are not as brutal as men would be in such a situation, and we wanted to advance only gradually into the body of this innocent girl. Feeling tickled, she began to flap her hands in the air, waving them like wings, and to pant softly.

She was just like her mother, who, as she had told me, had discovered pleasure at a very young age and was already experiencing the intoxication of orgasm. Her mother therefore decided to deflower her because she didn't want any man to ever take her daughter's virginity. So she took from her collection of dildos—one of the most extensive I've ever seen—a phallus slightly larger than the previous one and gently pushed it into the girl's vulva while I licked her buttocks. Félicienne let out a loud cry in which pain and pleasure mingled. Soon the lips of her pussy were rimmed with a few drops of blood. Her mother began to lick them greedily while the aching child let out several farts that I hastened to suck up.

At that very moment, I felt a tongue—its touch quite pleasant—moving between my buttocks. It was the father of the new initiate, who, abandoning his wife's behind, had come to circle around me. The very idea of being caressed by a man instantly filled me with an uncontrollable horror, and I delivered a savage kick to the face of that hideous lout, who fell backward.

Meanwhile, Félicienne let out a cry of pain because her mother, growing increasingly aroused, had shoved a new dildo into her lower abdomen, one the size of those she usually used herself. The child struggled, and suddenly her little belly burst open, spilling her intestines all around her.

The mother had turned into a veritable wild beast, tearing at her child's intestines with her teeth. Though her front half had been torn apart, Félicienne's hindquarters were still intact, and yet as I licked her, I was still covered in excrement oozing from the corpse.

I then approached Mrs. Blumenfeld and asked her to urinate on my face. She didn't need to be asked twice and unleashed a veritable deluge of piss that completely washed away her daughter's excrement from me.

Deciding she was done with Félicienne, who, in her current state, was of no further use to her, she flung the corpse onto her husband's body, who had fainted from the furious kick I had given him earlier.

Turning toward me, the woman begged me with all her might to give her pleasure.

I then thrust my clenched fist into her vagina, and she quickly took it in until it touched the bottom of her womb. But that wasn't enough for her, and she asked me again if I couldn't take care of her buttocks, and, willingly, I shoved my other hand between the twin globes of her rear

end. She then began to dance between my two fists, kneading her jaded flesh as best she could. She was on the verge of a spasm.

Aroused myself, I thrust my arm further still, and, breaking through the resistance that met my advance, I forced it in beyond the elbow into the bacchante's body. With a dreadful cry, my beautiful mistress began to vomit torrents of blood. I must have torn something vital within her, for, after writhing on the ground in appalling agony, she soon breathed her last.

It was at that very moment that her husband rose, and, seeing the distressing spectacle of the two bodies lying on the floor, instead of breaking into cries of grief, he began to dance in an outburst of joy. From the shouts he uttered, I immediately understood that he believed himself at last avenged for the actions of his family, who had forced him, a pederast, into marriage, and I perceived that he took a sadistic pleasure in contemplating this desolate scene.

I have always liked blood to bring a conclusion to sensual pleasures, no doubt because some conditioned reflex in my imagination associates that purplish fluid with the traces of defloration.

Defloration is a marvelous act of which I dream. But in these times, I cannot—far from it—indulge in it daily, given that one encounters fewer and fewer virgins. I am therefore reduced to contenting myself with a deep love for sexual blood. I bent over the two bodies and, in turn, drew from their bellies and loins, transformed into veritable artesian fountains of crimson fluid.

After a brief absence, Catherine Blumenfeld's husband returned to the scene. He was completely naked and wore a woman's wig of Venetian blonde. Knowing that I cared for none but those of the female sex, he had disguised himself as a woman in the hope that it might awaken in me the desire to embrace him.

He had the finely shaped back of a courtesan, and, truth be told, I allowed myself to be taken in by the illusion.

And so I brought that memorable evening to its close between his two yielding buttocks.

[VIII]

Each year, on Saint Catherine's Day, the employees of my friend—the dressmaker who had served as my go-between in my encounter with Madame Blumenfeld—celebrate their patron saint in a rather original fashion. They are all lesbians and, for that very reason, have no desire to marry; this, moreover, is the primary reason why they mark Saint Catherine's Day. The seamstresses—small, perhaps, but skilled—the workers, and the models all detest going to dances where they would be pawed and fondled by the coarse hands of men. Under the direction of my friend Hildegard, who is of German origin, they therefore devote themselves to far more unusual amusements.

For two days, they all conscientiously relieve themselves in the bathtub that Hildegard ordinarily uses for her baths. It thus fills halfway with excrement and urine, which constitutes a sufficient quantity in which to bathe one's body.

The employees then enter this trough two by two and wallow in the filth with undisguised pleasure. In accordance with the doctrine of Saint Thomas, I wished, in order to judge for myself, to sample this particular form of cleansing, which until then had been unknown to me. To my surprise—and satisfaction—I found this bath to be just as wholesome and invigorating as a mud bath.

While frolicking in this odorous mass, the seamstresses kiss, romp, pleasure one another, and tease each other with their fingers—in a word, behave exactly as they would in a bed with sheets scented with lavender. The fumes of this bath naturally catch in one's throat, but their very intensity gives rise to an excitement unlike any other.

When they emerge, still in pairs, their bodies coated from head to foot in this layer, the girls begin to dance a bacchanal, licking one another with little flicks of the tongue.

My friend Hildegard, who has a solid grounding in political economy, maintains that the pooling of excrement and urine, along with a good collective bath in this mixture by everyone in her establishment—from apprentice to head seamstress—strengthens team spirit and contributes to the smooth running of her business.

After a few languid dances, the tribades—still befouled with excrement, though they have taken advantage of the interval to lick and clean one another—move on to another bath, this one composed of the purest

donkey's milk imaginable, perfumed with various rare essences. After indulging there in a few more amorous contests, they emerge from it white from head to foot, like statues of salt or Carrara marble.

It is then that they begin to dress one another's hair—pardon, their down. Nothing is more curious, nor more delightful, than to witness the most bizarre arrangements they contrive for their secret fleece. They begin by trimming the hair of their pubis into shapes of such strangeness and originality as one encounters only in Parisian haute couture: squares, crosses, zigzags, question marks, plus and minus signs, four-leaf clovers, hearts or spades—or even, for those of a more elusive turn of mind, ellipses.

Some, endowed with talent or simply with humor, go so far as to cut their hair into figurative designs, and I have seen with my own eyes bold and nimble little hands fashion their fleece into shapes resembling toy soldiers, little dogs, thorny roses, male or female organs, or even hands with the index finger pointing toward a place not unknown, but at least hidden from view.

They then set about adorning their hair—again, their down—with flowers, earrings, little gold chains, paper caps, garlands, or lanterns, thus crowning Saint Catherine in their own fashion, which, to my mind, is as good as any other.

After a procession and eliminations as in any contest, the most elaborately adorned is awarded the prize by Hildegarde, to the applause of the assembled company.

The girls, according to an ancient ritual said to derive from the Bible, then ask their mistress to punish them for the sins and faults of service they have committed over the year. Their employer arms herself with a whip—a formidable cat-o'-nine-tails—and, mounting a platform so as to impress upon them her full authority, orders each of her subordinates to confess her sins before all the others. This ceremony has the grand and moving character of a *Te Deum*.

For my part, I have never understood how one can whip without cause: those who do so, I am convinced, force themselves into a feigned cruelty, or else have reached a degree of artifice of the worst kind. But I do, on the other hand, adore those who practice flagellation with a sound motive. Hildegarde was of that number, and she wished genuinely to work herself into a rage in order to chastise the guilty with true violence.

Each of the seamstresses would step forward—always naked as the day she was born—into the center of the circle formed by her companions and begin to confess the misdeeds she had committed over the course of the year. One had stolen several yards of fabric to make herself a dress. Another had torn a sumptuous two-piece already sold to a client by wearing it to a party. Another had allowed herself to be taken by a man, in order to form

an opinion of the erotic virtues of males. Yet another had agreed to go to a client's home to make love without first seeking Madame Hildegarde's permission, and so on.

Those who had nothing to reproach themselves with would step into the circle and begin to hurl insults at Hildegarde without any apparent reason.

At first these insults seemed artificial, stereotyped, and therefore carried no real force; but gradually the employees warmed to the task and discovered their director's weak points. They would then strike home, attacking with ferocity her breasts, which no longer held themselves quite so firm, or the wrinkles of her intimate flesh, not to mention her moral shortcomings, the gaps in her education, and the frailties of her intelligence.

At the height of her fury, Hildegarde would then begin to flog the culprit with all her strength. The whip left livid welts across the back of the groaning victim, who, aroused, begged her tormentor to continue without pause, carefully presenting to the lash the most sensitive parts of her body. When the young worker climaxed or could endure no more pain, she would fall to her knees and beg Hildegarde's forgiveness with the utmost humility, whereupon, after delivering one or two final strokes for good measure, Hildegarde would cease striking.

At the moment when she stopped, the current favorite—who always remained at her side and assisted her in everything—hastened to lick her back and belly in order to wipe away the sweat that was streaming from her. If the victim happened to pass wind or relieve herself on the floor, the attendant alone had the right to rush forward and consume what she had left.

Meanwhile, the girls were allowed to kiss one another on the mouth or caress each other's breasts, but they were strictly forbidden to touch—even innocently—their more intimate parts.

Only after the punishment of sins could they proceed to their amorous games. This game of love took the form of a veritable hide-and-seek. Several mannequins, fitted with mechanisms specially designed for this purpose, were arranged in a large room steeped in carefully contrived dimness. Dressed like women, they were placed in poses suggesting the most sensual abandon. Hildegarde would then tie a black blindfold over each girl's eyes, and, after turning them around three times, they were made to enter the room filled with mannequins.

At random, the girls would encounter either one of the wax figures or one of their companions. Still blindfolded, they would then begin to lick with equal ardor either the convincingly rendered thighs of the mannequins or the warm, living thighs of their colleagues. Throughout the room there was now nothing but a chorus of cries and moans. None of them could tell whether these sounds came from the one they were attending

to or from those of their more fortunate companions who had found beneath their tongues the flesh they desired. Be that as it may, all thus took part in a collective spasm, each unaware of the part she herself was actually playing in it.

But before long the game would come to an end, for each of the girls wished to see the face of her improvised partner. They would cast off their blindfolds and discover one another amid bursts of laughter from all sides. It goes without saying that those who had fallen upon the mannequins were quick to abandon those false lovers and turn, with renewed ardor, to the living and desirable tribades.

As might be expected, the game regularly ended in a general orgy.

As for me, stretched out on the floor, I let myself be pleasantly caressed on the breasts and between the thighs by a young seamstress who, despite her youth, possessed a skill that surpassed that of many a mature woman. Not finding this sufficient, I asked Hildegard to spit in my face, and, with evident pleasure, she complied.

I adore being soiled with saliva, for it is a great pleasure to me to be humiliated at the moment when I abandon myself. I have always regarded love as one of the most significant forms of degradation. But nothing is inexhaustible, and Hildegard, to my regret, too quickly ran out of spittle. She was then obliged to call upon her workers for assistance. These, in order to produce saliva, would run to the buffet—well supplied that day—and return at once to cover me with the whitish contents of their mouths.

To introduce a variation into this perversity, I required them to blow their noses over me in the Polish or Turkish manner—that is, by pinching the nostrils between two fingers. It gave me a most delicate pleasure to watch them bend over me and blow until a thread of viscous mucus, mixed with gelatinous clots, trickled down onto my face. I needed no urging then to lick up these flaky substances, which I received with a shiver of delight. But one grows weary of a dish eaten every day of the week; I soon longed for more highly seasoned fare, and, my face still smeared with these delectable nasal secretions, I ordered the girls to vomit over my body. They complied eagerly, some thrusting their fingers deep into their throats, others—less prone to retching—tickling their glottis with a peacock feather dipped in olive oil.

[IX]

My joy was great when Marie-Christine finally returned from London. On the very day of her arrival, as impatient as one another, we hurried to my pied-à-terre in Neuilly. There, we began by indulging in pleasures of perfect innocence: teasing, cunnilingus, tribadism, the penetration of Priapus into the place reserved for it, digital play, simultaneous self-stimulation while contemplating the beloved object—what more could I say...

But my beloved soon began to demand stronger sensations and confided that during her entire stay in England she had dreamed of being roughly handled by me. Needless to say, she did not have to insist for long to persuade me. Choosing from my collection a cat-o'-nine-tails, which was said to be of some antiquity, I set about, not without pleasure, to flog the soles of her feet. This Ottoman torment made her cry out, in a pain in which no small measure of pleasure was mingled.

Then I began to lash her calves and thighs, amusing myself by tracing with the thongs of my whip patterns like bands that clothed her legs, giving her the appearance of wearing Gallic breeches interlaced with ribbons. In this way I came to the place I made it my duty especially to honor—her shaven mound. After a moment's reflection, I decided to adorn it with a rectangle. No sooner conceived than executed, I struck first from bottom to top, then from left to right, in order to close this geometric figure. I felt a sense of possession in thus enclosing my mistress's mount of Venus behind a kind of lattice.

Taking Marie-Christine by the arm, I turned her around so as not to neglect the courtesies owed to her back. I adorned it with graceful curves, accentuating their sweep across her buttocks so as to form spirals and arabesques of the most pleasing effect.

This done, I lingered for a moment to admire my work, squinting as painters do, before turning to her belly. That, I lashed in irregular points. Marie-Christine's entire body was richly covered in bruises mingled with streaks of varying colors and sizes, forming a whole as picturesque as a harvested field seen from a moving train.

Enthralled by my creation, I would not allow a single square inch of her flesh to escape my attentions. I struck her, therefore, with particular care in all those corners one ordinarily neglects because they are hidden in the folds of the body. Thus, for example, I raised her arms to flog her beneath the shaved hollows. I also spread her buttocks wide and lashed her

thoroughly along that delightful cleft, which, opened in this way, excited me to the highest degree.

I had given Marie-Christine a taste for masochism, and so she then begged me to spit in her face, which I did with the skill I habitually displayed in such exercises. At her continued request, I also consented to vomit upon her, to urinate on her, and to relieve myself over her face.

All this seemed to bring great pleasure to my beloved, who, in search of ever stronger sensations, suggested that I burn her body with a poker. Delighted by the idea, I hastened to place the iron in the fire to heat.

When it was red-hot, I took it up and slowly—very slowly—approached my victim, who trembled with impatience, filled with a voluptuous dread. With the same deliberation, and with carefully measured withdrawals, I began to touch various parts of her body with this new kind of whip. At each contact, Marie-Christine leapt with pleasure. Yet, as I did not wish to mar her exquisite form, I set about composing, with the tip of my fire, decorative and abstract patterns upon her tender flesh. In this way, I invented an aesthetic of burns in the service of sensuality.

Caught up in the game, I engraved little ships and anchors upon her shoulders and buttocks. On her mound, I traced my name, thus obeying that eternal convention which dictates that one transforms the sex of the beloved object into something belonging to a single master alone.

Under my kisses of iron and fire, Marie-Christine had fainted. At that moment the telephone rang—it was Paula the mannish one, my procurer.

She was calling urgently to tell me that my man of business needed me in order to settle some of my most important financial affairs. She urged me to hurry, as the matter could brook no delay.

I advised Marie-Christine, scarcely recovered from her faint, to dress herself, and hastened to run to the offices of my agent. Once there, I found no trace of the dear, portly fellow who, according to Paula the mannish one, had such urgent need of me.

Sensing some misfortune—or, more likely, a trick devised by my procurer—I rushed back at full speed to my apartment in Neuilly. And what did I find there? Paula the mannish one astride Marie-Christine, too weakened to defend herself.

It was not even necessary to tear her away from my mistress's inert body, for as soon as she saw me, she dismounted of her own accord.

Paula the mannish one looked deeply unhappy. She then explained that she had decided to put an end to her life for reasons she herself could not fully understand, but that, lacking the courage to take her own life, she had resolved instead to perish by my hand. That was why she had dared commit the dreadful act of assaulting Marie-Christine, knowing full well that I would never forgive her for poaching on my preserve.

I was seized with a deep pity for the one who had been my devoted

procurer for so many long years. But I could not decently overlook such an offense and allow this inferior being to commit the most terrible crimes in order to achieve her end. I therefore resolved to grant her satisfaction by putting her to death myself.

According to custom, I asked whether she had any preference as to the manner of her death. She replied that her dearest wish would be to die beneath my caresses.

The wishes of the dying are sacred, and so I began by teasing her with my fingers, then kissing her. I went on to suck her clitoris, her vulva, and her buttocks, until she reached her climax. I was discovering that this girl, whom I had until then disdained, though possessed of an unpleasing face, was endowed with a body of remarkable beauty.

Marie-Christine, softened toward the one who had helped me to win her, held her by the shoulders, just as Paula the mannish one—my procurer—had done on the day when I had the happy idea of violating Marie-Christine in a grove.

I then spat in the face of Paula the mannish one, urinated over her body, and relieved myself upon her navel. At last, with a knife, I severed one of her arms. It should be noted that I had taken care to gag my victim, which, of course, reduced her to silence. Upon the bloody stump I pressed my aroused flesh, excited by the sight and contact of that purple, voluptuous fluid.

Next, I removed Paula's second arm, so that she resembled the Venus de Milo exhibited in the Louvre. And once more I pressed my heated body against this second, newly formed wound.

I continued this game, dismembering one by one all the parts of my procurer's body, arousing myself upon each of them. In the end, I used her severed leg as a substitute phallus and thus reached the height of my pleasure.

[X]

A month later, I received a visit from Marie-Christine, who came to tell me that she was certain she was going to die. Everything seemed to foretell it. Above all, a feeling of languor which, it is said, does not deceive—but more particularly the contemplation of the wounds on her body, the work of my sensual fury. The more I struck her, the more she loved me, for I showed her the limits of her endurance.

Those who imagine that I exaggerate are ignorant of the extremes to which sensuality and our desire to impress ourselves upon the soul of our companion can drive us. Fearing that this body might escape us and that its memory might forget us, we attempt by every means, and almost unconsciously, to shake the being we desire. Calling upon the forces and imaginings of which we feel ourselves the custodians, we shrink neither from the extreme nor from the most delicate gentleness in order to bind forever this mistress, fleeting as time itself.

In her turn, Marie-Christine wished to die by my hand, and although I had always imagined that our union would end thus, I could not restrain my tears. I have never clung to any human being, for I have always preferred myself to others, but this time my sorrow was very great, and, unable to contain myself, I burst into sobs and prayers.

I proposed to Marie-Christine to die in her place or, at the very least, to spare her, but, with great sadness, she smiled and pointed out that I showed none of the signs of illness, whereas she already bore all those of one near death. If my soul longed for the tomb, my body continued to live independently of me.

The only thing she insisted on asking of me was that I decide the manner of death to which she should submit. I was her master, and I possessed that sorrowful right of decision. Moreover, in such matters I had more experience and more imagination than she. She asked me to invent for her a form of disappearance that, if not spectacular, would at least be original.

Our relations having always taken place on a plane more spiritual than physical, I judged that she should die by metaphor—that is to say, not by my hand, but through another. I wanted her to die in the invisible. We settled upon the arrangements to be made, and she carried them out in accordance with the rules we had established.

On leaving my house, Marie-Christine made her way toward the first policeman she encountered in the street and, drawing a revolver from her

handbag, fired at him. The man fell dead, struck down instantly. Marie-Christine allowed herself to be arrested without resistance and taken to the nearest police station.

As is well known the police are not gentle with those who attack one of their own, and they did not hesitate to rain down resounding blows upon her.

Taking advantage of a moment's inattention on the part of an inspector, Marie-Christine swiftly drew from her sleeve the slender knife she had concealed there and, in a single motion, plunged it up to the hilt into the throat of the police commissioner leading the investigation. His carotid artery pierced, he too fell dead on the spot. No further crime was needed to unleash the pack upon the unfortunate woman: this alone sufficed.

One after another, and with the brutality one can imagine, the policemen—who had desired her from the moment of her arrest—violated her without restraint. She submitted passively, despite her horror of men, thinking with a kind of love that it was I, and no one else, who imposed this ordeal upon her.

While the coarse officers defiled her body, together or in turn, Marie-Christine cried out in pain, stammering my name.

At the police station in my district there works a friend of mine, employed there as a kind of usher or errand boy, who in his youth had been in my father's service. It was this man who later recounted to me in detail all that took place that day within the premises where he worked and through which, by virtue of his position, he could move about freely without anyone finding his presence surprising.

Thus Marie-Christine allowed herself, without a word, to be taken from both front and rear, the only pleasure she derived from it being purely imagined. As she thought of me and of the joy I would have felt had she spat in my face, she hurled her spittle full into the faces of the coarse guardians of order, who, unaware of the honor she was doing them, believed themselves insulted and struck her all the more violently.

While all this was taking place, I lay at home, experiencing a deep voluptuousness at the thought that Marie-Christine was being beaten by me, through the intermediary of the policemen's hands. I flogged her without being there, and my mistress knew that it was I who struck her, making use of the arm of justice.

She insulted the policemen to incite them to strike harder, blows that, in her mind, came from me, and she writhed in a morbid voluptuousness like a bacchante. The brutes did not even realize that they were the instruments of a force foreign to them, just as each of us remains ignorant of whether we are not the puppet of an all-powerful God.

I was happy at the thought that they were beating her clumsily, for I found more spontaneity in their crude blows than in my own refined and

decadent flagellations. The hands of the policemen, by virtue of their very stupidity, seemed to me as pure as those of newborns.

A blow, clumsier than the others, struck Marie-Christine at the temple, and she died on the spot.

Inventing one of their usual pretexts, the police returned my mistress's body to her family. I suppose they spoke of an attempted escape or some other absurdity of the same kind.

Marie-Christine's parents, ashamed of the manner in which their daughter had met her end, buried her as actors were once buried—that is to say, at night and in the strictest secrecy.

I waited two years before profaning her grave, for I wished time itself to take charge of stripping the flesh from the bones. I then carried Marie-Christine's skeleton home with me and divided it into two parts.

The body I laid out in a niche hollowed into my bed and covered with funerary silk. Without anyone ever suspecting it, I thus sleep upon the body of my former mistress. Her tomb itself is therefore something of a metaphor, for it is not visible.

Her skull remained for some time on my worktable, but as it aroused an unseemly curiosity in the fools—of whom there are many—who came to visit me, I set it within the skull of a bull and hung it on the wall of my drawing room like a hunting trophy. By rendering it anonymous beneath this horned head, I transformed what remained of Marie-Christine's own head into a metaphor akin to her death.

Thus did I make her hermetic.

CONCLUSION

Deeply affected by the death of the being I had loved most in the world, I did not at once realize that my body was undergoing a transformation. It is well known that a psychological shock can act upon the physiological structure of an individual. I had become the seat of such a upheaval. Slowly, very slowly, my sex seemed to grow narrower, as though it now wished to refuse any foreign penetration through its cleft. At the top of my thighs, my mound grew finer and lengthened, and my clitoris assumed quite unexpected proportions.

My beautiful breasts softened, became flaccid, and seemed intent on sinking back into my chest.

At first, I believed I was simply aging as a result of the grief caused by Marie-Christine's disappearance, and I therefore paid little attention to these changes in my physical state. But one day, I observed with astonishment that the skin of my chest was beginning to peel and that my torso was taking on the appearance of a man's.

I went to see a doctor who, after numerous examinations, concluded that, from the Eve I had been, I was in the process of becoming an Adam. According to the detailed explanation he gave me, such cases were becoming increasingly frequent for reasons not yet understood.

After several days of reflection, I decided it would be better to ask my physician to complete this metamorphosis—not that I had any particular desire to become a man, but because the uncertainty of my condition and the discomfort it entailed made me extremely nervous.

After a whole series of treatments and surgical procedures, I became a man.

In place of my cleft surrounded by down, I now found myself endowed with a phallus and the most charming pair of testicles imaginable. My voice dropped by an octave, and my habits became masculine.

At first, I thought this transformation would simply normalize my homosexual inclinations and that, having become a man, I would be able to love women with greater passion than when I was a lesbian. But something most curious occurred: a new homosexual tendency took root, and I found myself becoming a pederast.

Whereas in my former state I loved women and had a horror of men, I could now no longer bear women and made love only with boys. Indeed, the other day I even struck a girl who made advances to me and whom,

not long before, I would have adored.

But that, as Kipling says, is another story, which I may perhaps tell you another day.

The End