Philosophy in the boudoir
by Marquis de Sade

I

Madam de Saint-Ange,
The Knight of Mirvel.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Hello, my brother. Eh well, Mr. Dolmancé?

The Knight: It will arrive at four hours precise, we dine only to seven; we will have, as you see, all the
time jaser.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Do you know, my brother, that I repens a little and of my curiosity and all the
obsenes projects formed for today? In truth, my friend, you are too lenient, more I should be reasonable,
more my maudite head is irritated and become libertine: you me master keys all, that is only used to spoil
me... With vingt-six years, I should be already excessively pious woman, and I am not yet that the most
overflowed of the women... one does not have idea of what I conceive, my friend, of what I would like to
do. I imagined that while holding me with the women, that would return to me wise:... that my desires
concentrated in my sex would not be exhaled any more towards yours; chimerical projects, my friend;
the pleasures of which I wanted to deprive to me came to be offered only with more heat to my spirit, and
I saw that when one was, like me, born for libertinage, it became useless to think of breaking me soon.
Lastly, my expensive, I am an amphibious animal; I like all, I have fun of all the kinds; but, it, my
brother, isn't this acknowledges a complete extravagance with me to only want to know this Dolmancé
singular which, of its days, say you, could not see a woman like the use prescribes it, which, sodomite by
principle, not only is idolâtre of its sex, but does not even yield to ours that under the special clause to
deliver the dear attractions to him of which it is accustomed to be useful at the men? See, my brother,
which is my odd imagination: I want to be Ganymêde of this new Jupiter, I want to enjoy his tastes, the
his vices, I want to be the victim of his errors: until now, you know it, my expensive, I did not devote
yourself like to you, by kindness, or that with somebody of my people who, paid to treat me this way, lent
himself to it only by interest; today, it is any more neither kindness nor the whim, it is the taste alone
which determines me... I see, between the processes which controlled me and those which will control
me to this odd mania, an inconceivable difference, and I want to know it. Paint to me your Dolmancé, I
t'en entreat, so that I have it well in the head before seeing it arriving; because you know that I only know
it to have met it the other day in a house where I was only a few minutes with him

The Knight: Dolmancé, my sister, has just reached her thirty-sixth year; it is large, of a fort beautiful
figure, very sharp and very spiritual eyes, but something of a little hard and a little malicious is painted in
spite of him in its features; it has the most beautiful teeth of the world, a little mollesse in the face and
turning, by the practice, undoubtedly, which it has to so often take female airs; it is of an extreme
elegance, a pretty voice, talents, and mainly much of philosophy in the spirit.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: It does not believe in a God, I hope.

The Knight: Ah! what you say there! It is the most famous atheist, the most immoral man... Oh! it is
well the most complete corruption and most whole, the most malicious individual and more scélérat
which can exist in the world.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: How all that overheats me! I go raffoler of this man. And its tastes, my brother?
The Knight:  You know them;  the delights of Sodome are as expensive to him like agent as like patient;  
he loves only the men in his pleasures, and so sometimes, nevertheless, he agree to test the women, it is  
only in the conditions that they will be enough obliging to change sex with him.  I spoke to him about  
you, I prevented it your intentions;  it accepts and informs you in his turn of the clauses of the market.  I  
t'en prevent, my sister, it will refuse you any Net if you claim to engage it with another thing:  " what I  
agree to do with your sister is, claims it, a licence... a incartade which one soils oneself only seldom and  
with many precautions."

Mrs. de Saint-Ange:  To soil itself!... precautions!...  I like with the madness the language of these  
pleasant people!  Between us other women, we have also these exclusive words which prove, like these,  
the major horror of which they are penetrated for all that is not due to the allowed worship...  Eh!  say to  
me, my expensive, it had you?  With your delicious figure and your twenty years, one can, I believe, to  
captivate such a man!

The Knight:  I will not hide my extravagances with him:  you have too much spirit to blame them.  In the  
fact, I love the women, me, and I devote myself to these odd tastes only when one pleasant man presses  
me.  There is not only I do not make then.  I am far from this ridiculous mortuary which is necessary to  
believe in our young people freluquets who it is necessary to answer by blows of cane for similar  
proposals;  is the man the Master of his tastes?  It is necessary to feel sorry for those which have singular  
of them, but to never insult them:  their wrong is that of nature;  they were not more the Masters to arrive  
at the world with different tastes that we are not it to be born or wobbly or made.  Does a man say you  
besides an unpleasant thing by testifying the desire to you which it has to enjoy you? Not, undoubtedly;  
it is a compliment which it makes you;  why thus answer it by insults or insults?  There are only the  
stupid ones which can think thus;  never a reasonable man will speak about this matter differently which I  
do not make, but it is that the world is populated dishes imbeciles which believe that they is to miss which  
to acknowledge that one finds them clean with pleasures, and who to them, spoiled by the women, always  
jealous of what seems to make an attempt on their rights, think to be the Gift Quichotte of these ordinary  
rights, by maltreating those which do not recognize all the extent of it.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange:  Ah!  my friend, kisses me!  You would not be my brother if you thought differently;  
but a little details, I t'en entreat, and on the physique of this man and his pleasures with you

The Knight:  Mr. Dolmancé was informed by one of my friends of the superb member of which you know  
that I am provided;  he urged the marquis of V... to give me to supper with him.  Once there, exhiber was  
needed well what I carried;  curiosity initially appeared to be the only reason;  a very beautiful bottom  
that me was turned, and which one begged me to enjoy, showed to me soon that the taste alone had had  
share with this examination.  I warned Dolmancé of all the difficulties of the company;  nothing startled  
it.  " I am the ram proof, he says me, and you will not have the glory to even be most frightening of the  
men who perforated the bottom that I offer to you!"  The marquis was there;  he encouraged us by  
tripotant, handling, kissing all that we put at the day one and the other.  I present myself... I want at least  
some finishes:  " you Keep well! the marquis says to me;  you would remove half of the feelings that  
Dolmancé awaits you;  he wants that it it pourfende... he is wanted that it is torn - He will be satisfied!"  
I say while blindly plunging me in the pit...  And perhaps you believe, my sister, that I have much  
sorrow?...  Not a word;  my saw, very enormous that it is, disappeared without I suspecting it, and I  
touched the bottom of his entrails without the guy seeming to feel it.  I treated Dolmancé as a friend;  the  
excessive pleasure which it tasted, its wrigglings, its delicious remarks, all returned soon happy myself to  
me, and I flooded it.  Hardly I was outside that Dolmancé, being turned over towards me, dishevelled, red  
like a bacchante:  " You see the state where you put to me, dear knight?  he says me, by offering one to  
me lives dry and mutineer, strong long and of at least six inches of turn;  condescend, I t'en entreat, ô my
love! to be used to me as woman after having been my lover, and whom I can say that I tasted in your
divine arms all the pleasures of the taste that I cherished with such an amount of empire." As finding few
difficulties to the one as to the other, I lent myself; the marquis, déculottant himself in my eyes, entreated
me to agree to be still a little man with him while I was going to be the woman of his friend; I treated it
like Dolmancé, which, returning to me with the centuple all the jolts of which I overpowered our third,
exhaled soon at the bottom of my bottom this liquor enchanteress of which I sprinkled, almost at the same
time, that of V...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: You must have had the greatest pleasure, my brother, to thus find you between two;
it is said that it is charming.

The Knight: He is quite certain, my angel, that it is the best place: but no matter what one says some, all
that these are extravagances that I will never prefer with the pleasure of the women.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Eh well, my dear love, to reward your delicate kindness today, I will deliver to your
heats a girl virgin, and more beautiful than the Love.

The Knight: How! With do Dolmancé... you make come a woman at home?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: It is about an education; it is a small girl whom I knew with the convent the last
autumn, while my husband was with water. There, we could not anything, we did not dare anything, too
many eyes were fixed on us, but we promised ourselves to join together us as soon as that would be
possible; only occupied of this desire, I have to satisfy there, made knowledge with his family. His/her
father is a libertine... whom I captivated. Finally the beautiful one comes, I await it; we will spend two
days together... two days delicious; the best part of this time, I employ it to educate this young person.
Dolmancé and me we will place in this pretty small head all the principles of most unrestrained
libertinage, we will set ablaze it our fires, our desires, and as I want to join a little practice to the theory,
as I want that it is shown as one will develop, as I want that it is shown as one will develop, I intended to you, my brother, with the harvest of the
myrtles of Cythère, Dolmancé to that of the pinks of Sodome. I would have two pleasures at the same
time, that to enjoy myself these criminal pleasures and that to give lessons of them, to inspire by them the
tastes with pleasant innocent which I attract in our nets. Are Eh well, knight, this project worthy of my
imagination?

The Knight: He can be conceived only by it; he is divine, my sister, and I promise to you there to fill
with wonder the charming role that you intend to me there. Ah! rascal, as you will enjoy the pleasure of
educating this child! what delights for you of the corrompre, to choke in this young heart all the seeds of
virtue and religion that y placed its teachers! In truth, that is coiled too much for me

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: **time-out** it be of course sûr that I save nothing to it pervert, to degrade, to
collapse in it all the false principle of morals of which one have can it daze; I want, in two lessons, to as
make it scélérat as me... also impious... also discharged. Warn Dolmancé, put it at the fact as soon as it
joins, so that the venom as of its immoralities, circulating in this young heart with that which I will
launch there, manages to uproot in few moments all the seeds of virtue which could germinate there
without us.

The Knight: It was impossible to better find the man that you needed: irreligion, impiété, inhumanity,
libertinage rise from the lips of Dolmancé, like formerly the mystical oiling of those of the famous
Cambric archbishop; it is the deepest seducer, the man the more corrompu, most dangerous... Ah! my
dear friend, that your pupil answers the care of the teacher, and I guaranteed it to you soon lost.
Mrs. de Saint-Ange: That will surely not be long with the provisions that I know to him...

The Knight: But, to me, dear sister, don't you fear say anything the parents? If this small girl came to jaser when it turns over to it?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Do not fear anything, I allured the father... it is with me. Should it finally you be acknowledged? I devoted myself to him so that it closed the eyes; it is unaware of my intentions, but it will never dare to deepen them... I hold it.

The Knight: Your means are dreadful!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Here as it is necessary them so that they are sure.

The Knight: Eh! say to me, I request from you, which is this young person?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: It is named Eugenie, it is the girl of certain Mistival, one of richest treating capital, old of approximately trente-six years; the mother at most has of them thirty-two and the small girl fifteen. Mistival is also libertine who his wife is excessively pious woman. For Eugenie, it would be in vain, my friend, whom I would try to you to paint it: it is above my brushes; that it is enough for you to be convinced that neither you nor me certainly never saw anything the also delicious one in the world.

The Knight: But draft at least, if you cannot paint, so that, knowing about with which I will deal, I fill better imagination of the idol where I must sacrifice.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Eh well, my friend, his hair châtains, that hardly empoigner can, go down to him to bottom from the buttocks; its dye is of a dazzling whiteness, its nose is a little aquiline, its eyes of an ebony black and a heat!... Oh! my friend, it is not possible to hold in those eyes... You do not imagine all the stupidities that they made me make... If you saw the pretty eyebrows which crown them... the interesting eyelids which border them!... Its mouth is very small, its superb teeth, and all that of a freshness!... One of its beauties is the elegant way in which its beautiful head is attached on its shoulders, the air of nobility which it has when it turns it... Eugenie is tall for her age; one will give him seventeen years; its size is a model of elegance and smoothness, its delicious throat... They are well the two prettier nipples!... Hardly there is what to fill the hand, but so soft... so fresh... so white!... Twenty times I lost the head by kissing them! and if you had seen as it became animated under my caresses... as its two large eyes combed me the state of its heart!... My friend, I do not know how is the remainder. Ah! if it is necessary to judge some by what I know, never Olympe did not have a divinity who was worth it... But I hear it... leaves us; leave by the garden not to meet it, and would be exact with go.

The Knight: The table that you have just made me answers you of my exactitude... Oh, sky! to leave... to leave you in the state where I am!... Good-bye... a kiss... only one kiss, my sister, to satisfy me at least until there. (She kisses it, touches its lives through its breeches, and the young man leaves with precipitation.)

2

Madam de Saint-Ange, Eugenie.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Eh! hello, my beautiful; I waited you with an impatience until you guess well easily, if you read in my heart.
Eugenie: Oh! my all good, I believed that I would never arrive, so much I had eagerness to be in your arms; one hour before leaving, I quivered that all changed; my mother opposed this delicious part absolutely; she claimed that it was not suitable that a girl of my age only went; but my father had so badly treated it day before yesterday that only one of its glances made return Mrs. de Mistival in nothing; she ended up granting so that my father granted, and I am run. One gives me two days; it is necessary absolutely that your car and one of your wives bring back for me the day after tomorrow.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: How this interval is short, my dear angel! hardly I will be able, in if little time, to express you all that you inspire to me... and besides we have to cause; don't you know that it is in this interview that I must initiate you in the most secret Venus mysteries? will we have time in two days?

Eugenie: Ah! if I did not know all, I would remain... I came here to inform me and I from will not go away that I would not be erudite.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange, kissing it: Oh! dear love, that things we will make and say reciprocally! But, by the way, do you want to lunch, my queen? It would be possible that the lesson was long.

Eugenie: I do not have, dear friend, of another need that that to hear you; we lunched with one mile from here; I would wait now up to eight hours of the evening without testing the least need.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Thus in my boudoir, we pass will be there more at ease; I already warned my people; would be assured that one will not warn oneself to stop us. (They pass there in the arms one of the other.)

3

The scene is in a delicious boudoir.

Madam de Saint-Ange, Eugenie,

Dolmancé.

Eugenie, very surprised to see in this cabinet a man until it did not wait: Oh! God! my dear friend, it is a treason!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange, also surprised: By which chance here, Mister? You did not have, this seems to me, to arrive that at four hours?

Dolmancé: One always precedes more than one can happiness to see you, Madam; I met Mister your brother; he felt the need of which would be my presence with the lessons that you must give to Miss; he knew that it would be the college here where the course would be done; it me there A secretly introduced, not imagining that you désaprouvassiez it, and for him, as it knows that its demonstrations will be necessary only after the theoretical essays, it will appear only sometimes.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: In truth, Dolmancé, here is a turn...

Eugenie: I am not deceives it, my good friend; all that is your work... At least had I to be consulted... Here me is of a shame now which, certainly, will be opposed to all our projects.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I protest you, Eugenie, that the idea of this surprise belongs only to my brother; but
that it does not frighten you: Dolmancé, that I know for an extremely pleasant man, and precisely of the degree of philosophy that it is necessary for us for your instruction, can only be very useful to our projects; with regard to his discretion, I answer you of him like ego. Thus familiarize yourself, my expensive, with the society man more in a position to train you, and to lead you in the career of happiness and the pleasures which we want to traverse together.

Eugenie, reddening: Oh! I am not less than one confusion...

Dolmancé: Let us go, beautiful Eugenie, put you at your ease... decency is an old virtue of which you must, with as many charms, knowledge to pass to you to wonder.

Eugenie: But decency...

Dolmancé: Another Gothic use, whose one makes case well little today. It opposes nature so extremely! (Dolmancé seizes Eugenie, the press between its arms and kisses it.)

Eugenie, defending oneself: Thus stop, Mister!... In truth, you spare me well little!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Eugenie, believe me, cease one and the other to be prudish with this charming man; I do not know it more than you: look at as I devote myself to him! (She lubriquement kisses it on the mouth.) Imitate me.

Eugenie: Oh! I want it well; which would take I better examples! (It is devoted to Dolmancé which kisses it ardently, language in mouth.)

Dolmancé: Ah! the pleasant one and delicious creature!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange, kissing it in the same way: Do you thus believe, small rascal, that I will also not have my turn? (Here Dolmancé, holding them one and the other in its arms, langote fifteen minutes both, and both go it and return to him.)

Dolmancé: Ah! here are preliminaries which enivrent me of pleasure! Mesdames, do you want to believe me? The weather is extraordinarily hot: we at our ease, we put gold chains infinitely better.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I agree to it; we cover these gauze simarres: they will veil our attractions only what it is necessary to hide with the desire.

Eugenie: In truth, my good, you make me make things!...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange, helping it to strip itself: Completely ridiculous, isn't this?

Eugenie: At least quite indecent, in truth... Eh! how you kiss me!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: The pretty throat!... it is a hardly opened out pink.

Dolmancé, considering the nipples of Eugenie, without the touch: And which promises other charms... infinitely more estimables.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: More estimables?

Dolmancé: Oh! yes, of honor! (By saying that, Dolmancé makes mine turn over Eugenie to examine it behind.)
Eugenie: Oh! not, not, I entreat you.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Not, Dolmancé... I do not want that you still see... an object whose empire is too large on you, so that, having it once in the head, you can then reason of coolness. We need your lessons, give us to them, and the myrtles which you want to gather will form then your crown.

Dolmancé: Maybe, but to show, give to this beautiful child the first lessons of libertinage, it is necessary well at least that you, Madam, you have kindness to lend to you.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: At the good hour!... Eh well, hold, here me is very naked: develop me as far as you will want!

Dolmancé: Ah! the beautiful body!... It is Venus itself, clearing by the Graces!

Eugenie: Oh! my dear friend, that attractions! Let traverse them to me with my ease, let cover them to me kisses. (It carries out.)

Dolmancé: What a excellent provisions! A little less heat, beautiful Eugenie; it is only of the attention that I ask you for this moment.

Eugenie: Let us go, I listen, I listen... It is that it is so beautiful... if potelée, if fresh!... Ah! as it is charming, my good friend, isn't this, Mister?

Dolmancé: It is beautiful, undoubtedly... perfectly beautiful; but I am persuaded that you do not yield it to him of anything... Let us go, listen to me, pretty small pupil, or fear that, if you are not flexible, I do not use on you of the rights which the title of your teacher gives me amply.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Oh! yes, yes, Dolmancé, I deliver it to you; it should be thundered of importance, if it is not wise.

Dolmancé: I could not hold well me with the remonstrances.

Eugenie: Oh! right sky! you... and whom would you thus undertake frighten me, Mister?

Dolmancé, stammering and kissing Eugenie on the mouth: Punishments... of the corrections, and this pretty small bottom could answer me well of the faults of the head. (It strikes it to him through the simarre gauze of which is now vêtue Eugenie.)

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Yes, I approve the project, but not the remainder. Let us begin our lesson, or the little of time that we have to enjoy Eugenie will occur thus in preliminaries, and the instruction will not be done.

Dolmancé: (It touches with measurement, on Mrs. de Saint-Ange, all the parts which it shows.) I start. I will not speak about these spheres of flesh: you know as well as me, Eugenie, than one names them indifferently throat, centres, nipples: their use is of a great virtue in the pleasure: a lover A under the eyes while enjoying: it cherishes them, it handles them, some form even the seat of the pleasure of it and, their member nesting between the two mons veneris, there that the woman tightens and compresses on this member, at the end of some movements, certain men manage to spread the delicious balsam of the life, whose flow makes all the happiness of the libertines... But this member whom unceasingly it will be necessary to develop, wouldn't it be by the way, Madam, to give essay of it to our schoolgirl?
Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I believe it in the same way.

Dolmancé: Eh well, Madam, I will extend on this settee; you will place yourselves close to me, you will seize the subject, and you will explain yourself of it the properties with our young pupil. (Dolmancé is placed and Mrs. de Saint-Ange shows.)

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: This Venus sceptre, that you see under the eyes, Eugenie, is the first agent of the pleasures in love: it is named par excellence member; he is not only one part of the human body into which he is not introduced. Always flexible with passions of that which drives it, sometimes it niche there (she touches the idiot of Eugenie): it is its ordinary road... most used, but not most pleasant; seeking a more mysterious temple, it is often here (it draws aside its buttocks and shows the hole of its bottom) that the libertine seeks to enjoy: we will reconsider this pleasure, most delicious of all; the mouth, the centre, the armpits often present still furnace bridges to him where its incense burns; and whatever finally that of all the places which it prefers, one sees it, after having been agitated a few moments, to launch a liquor white and viscous whose flow plunges the man in one is delirious enough sharp to get the softest pleasures to him which it can hope for of his life

Eugenie: Oh! that I would like to see running this liquor!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: That could be by the simple vibration of my hand: see, as it is irritated as I shake it! These movements name pollution and, in term of libertinage, this action is invited to shake.

Eugenie: Oh! my dear friend, let's shake this beautiful member to me.

Dolmancé: I do not hold to with it! Let us let it make, Madam: this ingenuity awfully makes me bandage.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I oppose this effervescence. Dolmancé, be wise; the flow of this seed, by decreasing the activity of your animal spirits, would slow down the heat of your essays.

Eugenie, handling the testicles of Dolmancé: Oh! that I am annoyed, my good friend, of the resistance which you put at my desires!... And these balls, which is their use, and how they are named?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: The technical word is testicles... testicles is that of art. These balls contain the tank of this prolific seed from which I come to speak to you, and whose ejaculation in the matrix of the woman produces the mankind; but we will press little on these details, Eugenie, more dependent on the medicine than of libertinage. A pretty girl should deal only with foutre and never to generate. We will slip on all that is due to the dish mechanism of the population, to attach us only to pleasures libertines whose spirit is by no means a populator.

Eugenie: But, my dear friend, when this enormous member, who can hardly hold in my hand, penetrates, as you ensures me that that may be, in a hole as small as that of tone behind, that must make a great pain with the woman well.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Either that this introduction is made at the front, or that it is done by behind, when a woman is not yet accustomed there, it always tests pain there. It liked nature to make us arrive at happiness only by sorrows; but, overcome once, nothing can return the pleasures more than one tastes, and that which one tests with the introduction of this member into our bottoms is incontestably preferable with all those which this same introduction can get at the front. That dangers, moreover, does not avoid a woman then! Less health hazard its, and more none for the pregnancy. I do not extend more now on this
pleasure; our Master in both, Eugenie, will analyze it soon amply, and, joining the practice to the theory, will convince you. I hope, my all good, that, of all the pleasures of the pleasure, it is the only one which you must prefer.

Dolmancé: Dispatch your demonstrations, Madam, I entreat you, I then to hold more there; I will discharge in spite of me, and this frightening member, tiny room to nothing, could be used more for your lessons.

Eugenie: How! it would vanish, my good, if it lost this seed about which you speak!... Oh! let to me make him lose, so that I see as it will become... And then I would have such an amount of pleasure to see running that!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Not, not, Dolmancé, you raise; think that it is the price of your work, and that I then to deliver it to you only after you will have deserved it.

Dolmancé: Maybe, but for better convincing Eugenie of all than we will output to him on the pleasure, which disadvantage would be there that you shake it in front of me, for example?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: No, undoubtedly, and I there will proceed with all the more of joy which this lubrique episode will be able to only help our lessons. Place yourself on this settee, my all good.

Eugenie: O God! the delicious niche! But why all these ices?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: It is so that, repeating the attitudes in thousand various directions, they ad infinitum multiply the same pleasures with the eyes of those which taste them on this Ottoman. None the parts of one or the other body can be hidden by this means: it is necessary that all is in sight; it is as many groups gathered around those which the love connects, as many imitateurs of their pleasures, as many delicious tables, whose their lubricity enivre and who are used for soon supplementing it itself.

Eugenie: How this invention is delicious!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Dolmancé, strip yourself the victim.

Dolmancé: That will not be difficult, since it is not absolutely necessary to remove this gauze to distinguish with naked the most touching attractions. (It puts it naked, and its first glances go at once on behind.) I thus will see it, this divine and invaluable bottom that I ambitionne with so much of heat!... Sacrédiou! that of plumpness and freshness, that of glare and elegance!... I never live more beautiful about it!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Ah! rascal! how your first homages prove your pleasures and your tastes!

Dolmancé: But can it be in the world nothing which is worth that?... Where the love have would divine furnace bridges?... Eugenie... sublimes Eugenie, whom I overpower this bottom of the softest caresses! (It handles it and kisses it with transport.)

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Stop, libertine!... You forget that to me only Eugenie belongs, single price of the lessons which it awaits from you; it is only after having received them that it will become your reward. Suspend this heat, or I am annoyed.

Dolmancé: Ah! rascal! it is jealousy... Eh well, deliver to me yours: I will overpower it same homages. (It removes the simarre of Mrs. de Saint-Ange and cherishes behind to him.) Ah! how it is beautiful, my
angel... which it is delicious too! That I compare them... that I admire them one close to the other: it is Ganymède beside Venus! (It overpowers them kisses both.) In order to always leave under my eyes the spectacle enchantor of so much of beauties, couldn't you, Madam, by connecting you one with the other, to unceasingly offer to my glances these charming bottoms that I idolâtre?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: With wonder!... Hold, are you satisfies?... (They intertwine one in the other, so that their two bottoms are opposite Dolmancé.)

Dolmancé: One would not know more: here precisely what I asked, now agitate these beautiful bottoms of all the fire of the lubricity; that they bend down and are raised in rate; that they follow the impressions whose pleasure will drive them... Well, well, they is delicious!...

Eugenie: Ah! my good, that you please to me!... How does one call what we do there?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: To shake, my crumb... to give pleasure; but, hold, change posture; examine my idiot... thus names the Venus temple. This cave which the hand covers, examines it well: I will half-open it. This rise of which you see that it is crowned calls the mound: it is furnished with hairs commonly with fourteen or fifteen years, when a girl starts to be regulated. This strip, which one finds below, names the clitoris. There to lie all sensitivity of the women; it is the hearth of all mine; one could not tickle me this part without me to see pâmer pleasure... Test it... Ah! small rascal! as you go there!... It would be said that you did only that all your life!... Stop!... Not, I say you, I do not want to deliver myself!... Ah! contain me, Dolmancé!... under the fingers enchanteurs of this pretty girl, I am ready to lose the head!

Dolmancé: Eh well! to attiédir, if it may be, your ideas by varying them, shake to it yourself; you contain, and that it only is delivered... There, yes!... in this attitude; its pretty bottom, in this manner, will be under my hands; I will pollute it slightly finger... You, Eugenie Deliver; give up all your directions with the pleasure; that he is the only god of your existence; it is with him alone that a girl must all sacrifice, and nothing in its eyes must be also crowned only the pleasure.

Eugenie: Ah! nothing at least is also delicious, I test it... I am out of me... I do not know more what I say nor what I make... Which intoxication seizes my directions.

Dolmancé: Like the small rascal discharges!... Its anus is tightened to cut me the finger... How it would be delicious to fuck up the ass in this moment! (It rises and presents its lives with the asshole of the girl.)

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Still a moment of patience. That the education of this dear girl only occupies us!... Draw aside your thighs well... Dolmancé, you see that, in the way in which I place it, its bottom remains you! Gamahuchez it him while his idiot will be it by my language, and let us make it pâmer between us thus three or four times of continuation, if it may be. Your mound is charming, Eugenie. That I like to kiss this small merry hair!... Your clitoris, that I see better now, is formed little, but quite sensitive... Like you frétilles!... Let to me deviate... Ah! you are surely quite virgin!... Tell me
the effect that you will test as soon as our languages will be introduced, at the same time, in your two openings. (One carries out.)

Eugenie: Ah! my expensive, they is delicious, it is a feeling impossible to paint! It would be quite difficult for me to say which of your two languages plunges me better in its delirious.

Dolmancé: By the attitude where I place myself, my lives is very close to your hands, Madam; condescend to shake it, I request from you, while I suck this divine bottom. Insert your language, Madam; more, do not hold you with the clitoris; make penetrate this voluptuous language until in the matrix: it is the best way of hastening the ejaculation of sound foutre.

Eugenie, stiffening: Ah! I cannot about it any more, I die! Do not give up me, my friends, I am ready to disappear!... (It discharges in the medium from its two teachers).

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Eh well! my crumb, how you do you find pleasure that we gave you?

Eugenie: I died, I am broken... I am destroyed!... But explain me, I request from you, two words which you pronounced and which I do not hear; initially what means matrix?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: It is a species of mud, resembling a bottle, whose collar kisses the member of the man and who receives the foutre produced at the woman by the seepage of glands, and in the man by ejaculation that we will show you; and from the mixture of these liquors is born the germ, which produces in turn boys or girls.

Eugenie: Ah! I hear; this definition explains me at the same time the word foutre why I had not included/understood initially well. And is the union of the seeds necessary to the formation of the foetus?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Undoubtedly, though it nevertheless is proven that this foetus owes its existence only with the foutre of the man; hurled only, without mixture with that of the woman, it would however not succeed; but that that we provide makes only work out; it does not create, it contributes to creation, without in being the cause. Several modern naturalists even claim that it is useless: from where the moralists, always guided by the discovery of those, concluded, with enough probability, that in this case the trained child of the blood of the father had of tenderness only with him. This assertion is not without appearance, and, though woman, I would not warn myself to fight it.

Eugenie: I find in my heart the proof of what you say to me, my good, because I love my father with the madness, and I feel that I hate my mother.

Dolmancé: This predilection does not have anything astonishing: I thought all the same; I am not comforted yet death of my father, and when I lost my mother, I made a bonfire... I hated it cordially. Adopt without fear these same feelings, Eugenie: they are in nature. Only formed of the blood of our fathers, we do not owe absolutely anything to our mothers; besides they made only lend itself in the act, with the place that the father solicited; the father thus wanted our birth, while the mother did nothing but agree to it. What a difference for the feelings!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Thousand reasons moreover are in your favour, Eugenie. If he is a mother in the world which must be hated, it is undoubtedly holds it! Acariâtre, superstitious, excessively pious woman, grumbling... and of a revolting prudery, I would guarantee that this prude did not take a false step in her life... Ah! my expensive, that I hate the virtuous women!... But will return we there.

Dolmancé: Wouldn't it be necessary, now, that Eugenie, directed by me, learned how to return what you
have just lent to him, and which it shook you under my eyes?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I agree to it, I believe it even useful, and undoubtedly that, during the operation, you want to also see my bottom, Dolmancé?

Dolmancé: Can you doubt, Madam, of the pleasure with which I would pay my softer homages to him?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange, presenting the buttocks to him: Eh well, do you find me as it is necessary thus?

Dolmancé: With wonder! I then to return to you, in this manner, the same services whose Eugenie was so well. You place, now, small insane, the head well between the legs of your friend, and return to him, with your pretty language, the same care that you have just obtained some. How thus! but, by the attitude, I will be able to have your two bottoms, I will handle that of Eugenie délicieusement, by sucking that of his beautiful friend. There... well... See as we are together.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange, pâmant itself: I die, sacredieu!... Dolmancé, which I like to touch your beautiful saw, while I discharge!... I would like that it flooded me foutre!... Shake!... suck me, foutredieu!... Ah! that I like to make the whore, when my sperm ejaculates thus! It is finished, I of then more... You overpowered me both... I believe that of my days I have such an amount of pleasure.

Eugenie: How I am ease to be the cause for it! But a word, dear friend, a word has just escaped to you still, and I do not hear it. What do you hear by this expression of whore? Forgiveness, but do you know? I am here to inform me.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: One calls this manner, my all beautiful, these public victims of the vice of the men, always ready to be devoted to their temperament or their interest; happy and sizeable creatures, that the opinion fades, but that pleasure crowns, and who, much more necessary to the company than the prudes, have courage to sacrifice, to serve it, the consideration that this company dares to remove to them wrongfully. Those live which this title honours in their eyes! Here are really pleasant women, only the truly philosophical ones! As for me, my dear, which for twelve years has worked to deserve it, I ensure you that far from me to formalize some, I have fun some. There is better: I like that me thus am named when one me fout; this insult overheats me the head.

Eugenie: Oh! I conceive it, my good; I would not be annoyed either that one addressed it to me, yet much less to deserve the title of it; but isn't the virtue opposed to such a misconduct, and we do not offend it by comprising us as we do it?

Dolmancé: Ah! give up the virtues, Eugenie! Is it only one of the sacrifices which one can make to these false divinities, who is worth one minute of the pleasures that one tastes by outrageant them? Goes, the virtue is only one dream, whose worship consists only of perpetual immolations, that in revolts without a number against the inspirations of the temperament. Can such movements be natural? Does nature advise what it insult? Would not be deceives it, Eugenie, of these women whom you intend to name virtuous. It is not, if you want, same passions as us that they are useful, but they have others of them, and often much more méprisables... It is the ambition, it is pride, they are particular interests, often still the coldness alone of a temperament which does not advise anything to them. Do we owe something with similar beings, I ask it? Didn't they follow the single impressions of the self-love? Is it thus better, wiser, more in connection with sacrificing to selfishness that with passions? For me, I believe that one is worth the other well; and which does not listen that this last voice undoubtedly has much more reason, since it is only body of nature, while the other is only that of the stupidity and the prejudice. Only one drop of foutre ejaculated of this member, Eugenie, is more invaluable to me than the acts more the
sublimes of a virtue which I mistake.

Eugenie: (calms It being restored a little during these essays, the women, covered of their simarres, are with half lying on the settee, and Dolmancé near it in a large armchair.) - But it is virtues of more than one species; what do you think, for example, of piety?

Dolmancé: What can be this virtue for which does not believe in the religion? and which can believe in the religion? Let us see, reason with order, Eugenie: don't you call religion the pact which binds it to its Creator, and who urges it to testify to him, by a worship, the recognition which it has of the received existence of this sublime author?

Eugenie: One cannot better define it.

Dolmancé: Eh well! if it is shown that the man owes his existence only with the irresistible plans of nature; if it is proven that as old on this sphere as the sphere even, it is not, like the oak, the lion, like the minerals which are in the entrails of this sphere, that a production required by the existence of the sphere, and which does not owe there his with anyone; if it is shown that this God, that the stupid ones look as author and single forger of all that we see, is only the last word in the human reason, which the phantom created at the moment when this reason does not see anything any more, in order to contribute to its operations; if it is proven that the existence of this God is impossible, and that nature, always in action, always moving, holds of itself what it likes stupid him to give free; if it is certain that to suppose that this inert being existed, it would be undoubtedly most ridiculous of all the beings, since it would have served one day, and that since million centuries he would be in an inaction méprisable; that to suppose that there existed as the religions comb it to us, it would be undoubtedly most hateful of the beings, since it would allow the evil on the ground, while its absolute power could prevent it; if, do I say, all that was proven, as that is incontestably, believe you then, Eugenie, than the piety which would bind the man to this idiotic Creator, insufficient, wild and méprisable, was a virtue quite necessary?

Eugenie, with Mrs. de Saint-Ange: What! really, my pleasant friend, the existence of God would be a dream?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: And of the more méprisables, undoubtedly.

Dolmancé: It is necessary to have lost the direction to believe in it. Fruit of the fright of the ones and the weakness of the others, this abominable phantom, Eugenie, is useless with the system of the ground; it would harm it infallibly, since its wills, which should be right, could never be combined with the injustices essential with the natural laws; that it should constantly want the good, and that nature should wish it only in compensation of the evil which is used for its laws; that it would be necessary that it always acted, and that the nature, whose this perpetual action is one of the laws, could not be in competition and perpetual opposition with him. But, will say one to that, God and nature is the same thing. Wouldn't this be a nonsense? The thing created cannot be equal to the being creating: is it possible that the watch is the clock and watch maker? Eh well, will continue one, nature is not nothing, it is God who is all. Another silly thing! There are necessarily two things in the universe: the creative agent and the individual created. However which is this creative agent? Here is the only difficulty which should be solved; it is the only question for which it is necessary to answer.

If the matter acts, is driven, by combinations which are unknown for us, if the movement is inherent in the matter, if it only finally can, because of its energy, to create, produce, preserve, maintain, balance in the immense plains of space all the spheres of which the sight surprises us and whose walk uniform, invariable, fills us of respect and admiration, which will be the need to then seek a foreign agent with all
That, since this faculty activates is primarily in nature itself, which is other thing only the matter in action? Will your deific dream clear up something? I defy that one can prove it to me. To suppose that I am mistaken on internal faculties in the matter, I at least have in front of me only one difficulty. What do you make by offering your God to me? You give me one moreover of them. And how do you want that I admit, due I do not understand, something that I include/understand even less? Will this be by means of dogmas of the Christian religion which I will examine... that I will represent myself your appalling God? Let us see a little like it paints it to me...

What do I see in God of this infamous worship, if it is not an inconsistent and barbarian being, creating a world today, construction of which it are repent some tomorrow? What do I see there, which a weak being which can never make take to the man the fold that it would like? This creature, though emanated from him, dominates it: it can offend it and deserve by there eternal torment! What a to be weak that that God! How! he could create all that we see, and it is impossible for him to train a man with his own way? But, you with that will answer me, if it had created it such, the man had not had of merit. What a flatness! and which need is there that the man deserves of his God? By forming it completely good, it could never have made the evil, and of this moment only the work was worthy of God. It is to try the man who to leave him a choice. However God, by his infinite prescience, knew well what would result from it. EC moment, it is thus with pleasure which it loses the creature that itself formed. What a horrible God that that God! what a monster! what a scélérat worthier of our hatred and our relentless revenge! However, not very content with also sublimes work, it drowns the man to convert it: it burns it, it maudit it. Nothing of all that changes it. A being more powerful than this unpleasant God, the Devil, always preserving its empire, always being able to face its author, arrives unceasingly, by its seductions, to discharge the herd that had reserved the Eternal. Nothing can overcome the energy of this demon on us. What then imagines, according to you, horrible God whom you preach? He has only one son, an only son, whom he has of I do not know which trade; because, like the man fout, he wanted that its God also foutît; he detaches from the sky this sizeable portion of itself. Perhaps one thinks that it is on celestial rays, in the medium of the procession of the angels, the sight of the whole universe, that this sublime creature will appear... Not a word: it is in the centre of a Jewish whore, it is in the medium of a pig cattle shed, that God announces itself who comes to save the ground! Here is the worthy extraction that one lends to him! But will its honourable mission compensate us? Let us follow one moment the character. What does he say? what does it make? which sublime mission we of him receive? which mystery will reveal? which dogma will prescribe us? in which acts finally its size it will burst?

I see initially an ignored childhood, some services, very libertines undoubtedly, returned by this rascal with the priests of the temple of Jerusalem; then a fifteen years disappearance, during which the rascal will poison himself of all the daydreams of the Egyptian school that it finally reports in Judaea. Hardly it reappears there, that its insanity begin with him to make say that he is the son of God, equal to his/her father: it associates this alliance another phantom which it calls the Holy Ghost, and these three people ensures it, should do only one of them! The more this ridiculous mystery astonishes the reason, the more the faquin ensures that there is merit to adopt it... dangers to destroy it. It is to save us all, ensures the imbecile, that it took flesh, though god, in the centre of a child of the men; and the bright miracles that one will see him operating, will convince of them soon the universe! In a supper of drunkards, indeed, the cheating exchange, so that one says, wine water; in a desert, it nourishes some scélérats with hidden provisions that its sectateurs prepared; one of his/her comrades does it dead, our impostor the ressuscite; it is transferred onto a mountain, and there, only in front of two or three of his friends, it makes a juggling act whose the worst batelor would redden nowadays.

Besides maudissant with enthusiasm all those which do not believe in him, the rascal promises the skies with all the stupid ones which will listen to it. He does not write anything, considering his ignorance;
speak very little, considering its silly thing; fact even less, considering its weakness, and, wearying at the end the magistrates, impatientés of its seditious speeches, though extremely rare, the charlatan is made put in cross, after having ensured the gredins which follow it that, each time that they will call upon it, it will go down towards them to be made some eat. One it supplicie, it lets oneself make. Mister his dad, of sublime God, of which it dares statement that it descends, does not give him the least help, and here is the rascal treated like the last of the scélérats, of which it was so worthy to be the head.

Its satellites are assembled: " here are lost Us, they say, and all our disappeared hopes, if we do not run away ourselves by a blow of glare. Enivrons the guard which surrounds Jesus; let us conceal its body, publish that it is ressuscity: the means is sure; if we manage to make believe this friponnery, our new religion était, is propagated; it allures the whole world... Let us work!" The blow is undertaken, it succeeds. With how much rascals boldness it did not hold place of merit! The body is removed; the stupid ones, the women, the children shout, as long as they can it, with the miracle, and however, in this city where from so great wonders come to take place, in this dyed city of the blood of God, nobody wants to believe in this God; not a conversion does not take place there. There is better: the fact is if not very worthy to be transmitted, that no historian speaks about it. The only disciples of this impostor think of benefitting from the fraud, but not in the moment.

This consideration is still quite essential, they let run out several years before making use of their cheating; they finally set up on it the staggering building of their disgusting doctrines. The men like any change. Mow of the despotism of the emperors, a revolution became necessary. One listens to these cheating, their progress becomes very fast: it is the history of all the errors. Soon the furnace bridges of Venus and Mars are changed into those of Jesus and Marie; the life of impostor is published; this Romance dish finds the easily deceived ones; one makes him say hundred things of which it never thought; some of its absurd remarks become at once the base of its morals, and as this innovation was preached with the poor, charity becomes the first virtue about it. Odd rites are instituted under the name of sacraments, of which most unworthy and most abominable of all is that by which a priest, cover of crimes, has nevertheless, by the virtue of some magic words, the capacity to make arrive God in a piece of bread.

Let us not doubt it; as of its birth even, this worship makes indignant had been destroyed without resource, if one had not employed against him that the weapons of the contempt which it deserved; but one warned oneself to persecute it: it increased; the means was inevitable. That one tries still today to cover it the ridiculous one, it will fall. The skilful Voltaire never employed others weapons, and it is of all the writers that which can be flattered to have made the most proselytes. In a word, Eugenie, such are the history of God and the religion; see the case which these fables deserve, and determine you on their account.

Eugenie: My choice is not embarrassing; I mistake all these disgusting daydreams, and this God even, to which I still held by weakness or ignorance, is not any more for me but one object of horror.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Swear well me there more to think, t'en to never occupy, to call upon it in no moment of your life, and not to return your days there.

Eugenie, precipitating on the centre of Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Ah! I make the oath in your arms of it! Isn't it easy for me to see only what you require is for my good, and which you do not want that similar reminiscences can never disturb my peace?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Could I have of another reason?
Eugenie: But, Dolmancé, it is, this seems to me, the analysis of the virtues which led us to the examination of the religions? Let us return there. Wouldn't there exist in this religion, very ridiculous which it is, some virtues prescribed by it, and whose worship could contribute to our happiness?

Dolmancé: Eh well! let us examine. Will this be chastity, Eugenie, this virtue which your eyes destroy, though your unit is the image? Révérez you obligation to fight all the movements of nature? will you all sacrifice them to vain and ridiculous honor not to have never a weakness? Be right, and answer, beautiful friend: do you believe to find in this absurdity and dangerous purity of heart all the pleasures of the vice opposite?

Eugenie: Not, of honor, I do not want that one; I do not feel the least leaning with being pure, but the greatest provision with the vice opposite; but, Dolmancé, charity, benevolence, couldn't they make the happiness of some significant hearts?

Dolmancé: Far from us, Eugenie, the virtues which make only the ungrateful ones! But does not mislead you there besides, my charming friend: the benevolence is well rather vice of pride that a true virtue of the heart; it is by ostentation that his similar are relieved, in the only sight to never make a good deed; one would be well annoyed that the alms which one has just made did not have all possible publicity. Do not imagine you either, Eugenie, whom this action has as good of effects as one thinks it: I consider it, me, only like largest of all deceptions; it accustoms the poor one with helps which deteriorate its energy; it does not work any more when it expects your charities, and becomes, as soon as it misses them, a robber or an assassin. I intend de toutes parts to ask for the means of of removing the begging, and one makes, during that time, all that one can to multiply it. Do you want not to have flies in your room? Do not spread there sugar to attract them. Do you want not to have the poor in France? Do not distribute any alms, and remove especially your alms houses. The individual born in misfortune, seeing private these dangerous resources then, will employ all courage, all the means which it will have received from nature, to draw from the state where it was born; he will not importune you any more. Destroy, reverse without any pity these hateful houses where you have insolence to conceal the fruits of libertinage of this poor, terrible cesspools vomiting each day in the company a disgusting swarm of these new creatures, which have hope only in your purse. With what is used it, I ask it, whom one preserves such individuals with such an amount of care? Is one afraid which France does not depopulate? Ah! never let us have this fear.

One of the first defects of this government consists in a population much too many, and it of is necessary well that such superfluities are richnesses for the State. These supernumerary beings are like parasitic branches which, living only at the expense of the trunk, always finish by the exténuer. Remember that all the times that, in an unspecified government, the population will be higher than the means of existence, this government will languish. Examine well France, you will see that it is what it offers to you. What does it result from it? It is seen. The Chinese, wiser than us, takes care well not to let himself dominate thus by a too abundant population. Not asylum for the ashamed fruits of its vice: one gives up these dreadful results like the continuations of a digestion. Not houses for poverty: one does not know it in China. There, everyone works: there, everyone is happy; nothing deteriorates the energy of poor, and each one can there say, like Néron: Is Quid pauper?

Eugenie, with Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Dear friend, my father thinks absolutely like Mister: from its days it did not make a good work. It ceases thundering my mother of the sums only she spends with such practices. She was maternal Company, Company philanthropique:je do not know of which association she was not; it forced it to leave all that, while it ensuring that it would reduce it to the most moderate pension if she warned herself to still fall down in similar stupidities.
Madam de Saint-Ange: There are nothing more ridiculous and at the same time more dangerous, Eugenie, than all these associations: it is with them, the free schools and the alms houses which we owe the horrible upheaval in which us here now. Never make alms, my expensive, I t’en beg.

Eugenie: Do not fear anything; for a long time my father required to ego the same thing, and the benevolence tries me too little for enfreindre, on that, its orders... the movements of my heart and your desires.

Dolmancé: Let us not divide this portion of sensitivity which we received from nature: it is to destroy it which to extend it. That with me the evils make me others! I thus do not have enough the miens, without going to afflict me with those which are foreign for me! How the hearth of this sensitivity never lights but our pleasures! Let us be sensitive to all that flatters them, absolutely inflexible on all the remainder. It results from this state of the heart a kind of cruelty, which is sometimes not without delights. One cannot always make the evil. Deprived of the pleasure which it gives, let us be equivalent at least this feeling by prickly spite never not to make the good.

Eugenie: Ah! God! how your lessons ignite me! I believe that me rather now would be killed to make me make a good deed!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: And if it presented bad, would you be the same ready to make it?

Eugenie: Keep silent yourself, tempting; I will answer on that only when you finish informing me. It appears to to me that, according to all that you say to me, Dolmancé, nothing are as indifferent on the ground as to make the good or the evil there; do our tastes, our temperament owe only being respected?

Dolmancé: Ah! do not doubt it, Eugenie, these words the vice one and of virtue give us only purely local ideas. There is no action, some singular which you can suppose it, who is really criminal; no which can be really called virtuous. All is because of our manners and the climate which we live; what is crime here is often virtue some hundred miles lower, and the virtues of another hemisphere could well reversibly be crimes for us. There is no horror which was not divinisée, not a virtue which was not faded. From these purely geographical differences is born the little from case which we must make of the regard or the contempt of the men, ridiculous and frivolous feelings, above we must put ourselves, at the point to even prefer without fear their contempt, for little that the actions who deserve it to us are of some pleasure for us.

Eugenie: But it however seems to to me that there must be rather dangerous actions, rather bad in themselves, to be generally regarded as criminal, and to be punished like such of an end of the universe to the other?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: No, my love, no, not even the rape neither the inceste, not even the murder nor the parricide.

Eugenie: What! could these horrors excuse some share?

Dolmancé: They there were honoured, crowned, regarded as excellent actions, while in other places, humanity, frankness, the benevolence, chastity, all our virtues, finally, were looked like monstrosities.

Eugenie: Please explain me all that; I require a short analysis of each one of these crimes, while asking you to start with me to initially explain your opinion on libertinage of the girls, then on the adultery of the women.
Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Thus listen to me, Eugenie. There is absurd to say that at once that a girl is out of
the centre of her mother, she must, of this moment, to become the victim of the will of his parents, to
remain such until its last sigh. It is not in a century when the extent and the humans right have just been
thorough with so many care, which girls must continue to believe the slaves of their families, when it is
constant that the capacities of these families on them are absolutely chimerical. Let us listen to nature on
a also interesting object, and that the laws of the animals, much close to are used it, us one moment as
examples. Do the paternal duties extend on their premises beyond the first physical needs? Don't the
fruits of the pleasure of the male and the female have all their freedom, all their rights? As soon as what
can they go and to only nourish, as of this moment, the authors of their days they know them? And them,
do they believe owe something with those which gave them the life? not, undoubtedly. Of which right
the children of the men are thus compelled with other duties? And which melts them, these duties, if it is
not the avarice or the ambition of the fathers? However, I ask whether it is right that a girl who starts to
feel and to reason is subjected to such brakes. Isn't this thus the all alone prejudice which prolongs these
chains? And is there nothing more ridiculous than to see a fifteen or sixteen year old girl, burned by
desires which it is obliged to overcome, to wait, in torments worse than those of the hells, than his/her
parents like it, after having made his youth unhappy, to still sacrifice its ripe age, by immolating it with
their perfidious cupidity, by associating it, in spite of her, with a husband, or who does not have anything
to be made like, or which has very to be made hate?

Eh! not, not, Eugenie, such bonds will vanish soon; **time-out** it be necessary that, release as of the
age of reason de raison the jeune girl of house paternal, after him have give a education national, one it
leave main, at fifteen year, to become it that it want. Will it give in the vice one? Eh! what imports?
Aren't the services which a girl renders, while agree to make the happiness of all those which are
addressed to it, infinitely more significant than those which while being insulated it offers to her husband?
The destiny of the woman is to be like the bitch, like the she-wolf: it must belong to all those which want
of it. It is obviously outrager the destination which nature imposes to the women, who to connect them
by the absurd bond of a solitary hymen.

Let us hope that the eyes will be opened, and that by ensuring the freedom of all the individuals, one will
not forget the fate of the unhappy girls; but if they are enough to feel sorry for so that it is forgotten them,
that, placing themselves above the use and the prejudice, they boldly press with the feet ashamed irons
which one claims to control them; they will triumph soon then over the habit and the opinion; the man
become wiser, because it will be freer, will feel the injustice that there would be to scorn those which will
act thus and which the action to yield to the nature, looked like a crime at captive people, cannot any
more it be at free people.

Thus leave legitimacy these principles, Eugenie, and breaks your irons at some prices that it can be;
mistake vain remonstrances of an idiotic mother, with whom you must legitimately only of the hatred and
which contempt. If your father, who is a libertine, wishes it, per good hour: that it enjoys you, but
without you to connect; break the yoke if he wants to control you; more than one girl acted in the same
way with their father. Fouts, in a word, insane; it is for that that you are put at the world; no terminal
with your pleasures that those of your forces or your wills; no exception of places, time and anybody;
every hour, all the places, all the men must be used for your pleasures; the continence is an impossible
virtue, of which the nature, violated in its rights, punishes us at once by thousand misfortunes. As long as
the laws will be such as they are still today, let us use of some veils; the opinion us y constrained; but we
in silence compensate for this cruel chastity which we are obliged to have in public.

That a girl works to get a good friend who, free and in the world, can secretly make him taste the
pleasures; that it tries, with the defect of that, to allure the argus of which it is surrounded; that it begs
them prostituer, in their promising all the money that they will be able to withdraw from its sale, or these
argus by themselves, or of the women whom they will find, and that one names brothel-keepers, will fill
soon the sights of the girl; that it then throws powder with the eyes of all that surrounds it, brothers,
cousins, friends, parents; that it is devoted to all, if that is necessary to hide its control; that it even
makes, if that is required, the sacrifice of its tastes and its affections; an intrigue which will have
displeased to him, and in which it will have been delivered only by policy, will carry out it soon in a more
pleasant situation, and here it is launched. But that it does not reconsider any more the prejudices of its
childhood; threats, exhortations, duties, virtues, religion, councils, which it presses all with the feet; that
it rejects and mistakes obstinately all that tends only to the renchainer, all that does not aim, in a word, to
deliver it within the impudicity.

It is an extravagance of our parents who these predictions of misfortunes in the way of libertinage; there
are spines everywhere, but the pinks are above them in the career vice; there is only in the muddy paths
virtue that nature never gives birth to any. The only shelf to be feared in the first of these roads, it is the
opinion of the men; but which is the girl of spirit which, with a little reflexion, will not be made higher
than this méprisable opinion? The pleasures received by the regard, Eugenie, are only moral pleasures,
only suitable with certain heads; those of the foutery like all, and these tempting attractions compensate
soon for this illusory contempt to which it is difficult to escape by facing the public opinion, but of which
several judicious women made fun at the point to be composed a pleasure of it moreover. Fouts, Eugenie,
insane thus, my dear angel; your body is with you, with you, only: there is only you only in the world
which have the right to enjoy it and to make some enjoy which good seems you.

Benefit from the happiest time of your life: they are only too short, these happy years of our pleasures! If
we are enough happy to have enjoyed it, of delicious memories comfort us and still amuse us in our old
age. Did we lose?... bitter regrets, dreadful remorse tear us and join the torments of the age, to surround
by tears and brambles the disastrous approaches of the coffin...

Would you have the madness of immortality? Eh well, it is while foutant, my expensive, that you will
remain in the memory of the men. One forgot Lucrèce soon, while Théodora and Messaline make the
softest most frequent talks and of the life. How thus, Eugenie, not to prefer a party which, us crowning
flowers ici-bas, still leaves us the hope of a worship well beyond the tomb! How, I say, not to prefer this
party with that which, us making vegetate imbécilement on the ground, promises to us after our existence
only contempt and lapse of memory?

Eugenie, with Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Ah! dear love, as these tempting speeches ignite my head and allure
my heart! I am in a state difficult to paint... And, to me, will you be able say to make known me some of
these women... (disturbed) who will prostitueront me, if I say to them?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: From here so that you have more experience, that only looks only me, Eugenie;
bring you back in to me of this care, and more still with all the precautions than I will take to cover your
mislayings: my brother and this solid friend who informs to you will be the first to which I want that you
books; we will find others of them afterwards. Do not worry you, dear friend: I will make you fly of
pleasure in pleasure, I will plunge you in a sea of delights, I t'en will fill, my angel, I t'en will satisfy!

Eugenie, precipitating in the arms of Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Oh! my good, I adore you: goes, you will
never have a schoolgirl more subjected than me; but it seems to to me that you made me hear, in our old
conversations, that it was difficult that a young wife throws herself in libertinage without the husband
whom she must take after not seeing any?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: That is true, my expensive, but there are secrécies which mend all these breaches. I
promise t'en to you to make known, and then, you had foutu like Antoinette, I undertake to return to you as virgin as the day as you wines in the world.

Eugenie: Ah! you are delicious! Let us go, continues to inform me. Thus press yourself in this case to learn to me which must be the control of a woman in the marriage.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: In some state that a woman is, my expensive, either girl, or woman, or widow, it should not never have of another goal, another occupation, another desire to be made foutre morning at the evening: it is for this single end that created nature; but if, to fill this intention, I require of it to press with the feet all the prejudices of his childhood, if I prescribe to him the most formal disobedience to the orders of his family, contempt more noted of all the councils of its parents, you will be appropriate, Eugenie, that, of all the brakes to be broken, that of which I will advise to him earliest the destruction will be well surely that of the marriage.

Consider indeed, Eugenie, a girl hardly left the paternal house or its pension, not knowing anything, not having null experience, obliged to pass suddenly from there in the arms of a man whom it never saw, obliged to swear with this man, with the feet of the furnace bridges, an obedience, a fidelity all the more unjust since has often at the bottom of her heart only the greatest desire it to miss it word. Are it in the world, Eugenie, a fate more dreadful than that one? However here it is bound, that it likes her husband or not, that it has or not for it tenderness or bad processes; its honor is due to its oaths: it is faded if it them enfreint; is needed that it is lost or that it trails the yoke, had it to die about it of pain. Eh! not, Eugenie, not, it is not for this end that we were born; these absurd laws are the work of the men, and we should not subject to us to it. Is the divorce even able to satisfy us? Not, undoubtedly. Who answers us to more surely find in second bonds the happiness which us A flee in the first? We thus in secrecy compensate for all the constraint of so absurd nodes, well some that our disorders in this kind, with some excesses which we can carry them, far from outrager nature, are only one sincere homage that we return to him; it is to obey its laws which to yield to the desires that it only placed in us; it is only while resisting to him that we outragerions it. The adultery that the men look like a crime, which they dared to punish like such by tearing off us the life, adultery, Eugenie, is not thus that the receipt of a right to the nature, from which imaginations of these tyrants could never withdraw to us. But isn't it horrible, say our husbands, us to expose to cherish like our children, to embrace like such, the fruits of your disorders? It is the objection of Rousseau; it is, I am appropriate about it, only the a little specious one which one can fight adultery. Eh! isn't it extremely easy to be delivered to libertinage without fearing the pregnancy? Isn't it yet easier to destroy it, if by imprudence it takes place? But, as we will return on this object, let us treat now only the bottom of the question: we will see that the argument, very specious that it appears initially, is however only chimerical.

Firstly, as long as I sleep with my husband, as long as his seed runs at the bottom of my matrix, would see I ten men at the same time as him, nothing will be able to never prove but the child to him who will be born does not belong to him; it can be with him like not being there, and in the case of uncertainty it can nor should not never (since it cooperated with the existence of this creature) be made any scruple acknowledge this existence. As soon as it can belong to him, it belongs to him, and any man who will make unhappy by suspicions on this object it would be in the same way when his wife would be a vestal, because it is impossible to answer of a woman, and that that which was wise can cease being it one day. Thus, if this husband is suspicious, it will be it in all the cases: never then it will be sure that the child whom it kisses is truly it his. However, if it can be suspicious in all the cases, there is no disadvantage to legitimate suspicions sometimes: it would be, for its state of happiness or moral misfortune, neither more nor less; therefore it is worth very as much as that is thus. Here it is thus, I suppose it, in a complete error; here it is cherishing the fruit of libertinage of its wife: where thus is the crime with that? Aren't
our goods common? In this case, which evil do I make while placing in the household a child who must have a portion of his goods? It will be mine which it will have; it will not steal anything to my tender husband; this portion of which it will enjoy, I look it like catch on my dowry; therefore neither this child nor me let us take anything with my husband. With which title, if this child had been of him, it would have had share in my goods? Isn't this because of what it would be emanated from me? Eh well, it will enjoy this share, under the terms of this same reason of intimate alliance. It is because this child belongs to me that I owe him a portion of my richnesses.

Which reproach do you have to make me? It enjoys it - But you mislead your husband; this falseness is atrocious - Not, it one is returned, here all; I am easily deceived the first of the bonds that it forced me to take: I am avenged some, what could be simpler? - But there is real insult makes with the honor of your husband - Prejudice that that! My libertinage touches my husband of nothing; my faults are personal. This alleged dishonour was good one century ago; one returned from this dream today, and my husband is faded more of my vices only I could not be to it his. I foutrais with all the ground without him to make a scratch! This alleged lesion is thus only one fable, whose existence is impossible. Of two things one: or my husband is brutal, jealous, or it is a delicate home; on the first assumption, which I then to make of better is to avenge me for its control; in the second, I will not be able to afflict it; since I taste pleasures, it will be happy if it is honest: it does not have there a delicate man who does not enjoy with the spectacle happiness the person that it adores - But if you like it, would like you that he did as much of it? - Ah! misfortune with the woman who will warn herself to be jealous of her husband! That it is satisfied with what he gives him, if it likes it; but that it does not try to force it; not only it would not succeed there, but it would be made some soon hate. If I am reasonable, I will thus afflict myself never with the vices of my husband. That it makes some in the same way with me, and peace will règnera in the household.

Let us summarize: Whatever the effects of adultery, had it to even introduce into the house of the children who did not belong to the husband, as soon as they are to the woman they have unquestionable rights to part of the dowry of this woman; the husband, if it is informed, must look at them as children whom his wife would have had of a first marriage; if it does not know anything, it would not know unhappy being, because one could not be it of an evil that one is unaware of; if adultery does not have leader character, and that it is unknown to the husband, no jurisconsult could prove, in this case, that it could be a crime; adultery is not any more this moment but one perfectly indifferent action for the husband, who does not know it, perfectly good for the woman, who it délecte; if the husband discovers adultery, it is not any more the adultery which is an evil then, because it was not it a few moments ago, and under no circumstances would it have changed nature; there is not any more an other badly but the discovery that in made the husband; however, that wrong only belongs only to him: under no circumstances would it look at the woman.

Those which formerly punished adultery were thus torturers, tyrants, the jealous ones, who, paying very to them, thought wrongfully that it was enough to offend them to be criminal, as if a personal insult were never to be regarded as a crime, and as if one could precisely call crime an action which, far from outrager nature and the company, serve obviously one and the other. It is however cases where adultery, easy to prove, becomes more embarrassing for the woman, without being for that more criminal; it is, for example, that where the husband is in the impotence or prone to contrary tastes with the population. As it enjoys, and that her husband never enjoys, undoubtedly then its swerve become more open; but does it have to be obstructed for that? Not, undoubtedly, the only precaution which it must employ is not to make children or to be made fall through if these precautions have suddenly misled it. If they is by reason of tastes antiphysic that it is forced to compensate itself for the neglignces of her husband, it is necessary initially that it satisfies it without loathing in its tastes, of some nature which they can be; that then it makes him hear that similar kindesses deserve some regards well; that it asks a whole freedom because
of what it grants. Then the husband refuses or agrees; if it agrees, like did mine, one is given some at ease, by redoubling care and condescensions with its whims; if it refuses, one thickens the veils, and one fout quietly in their shade. Is it impotent? one separates, but in all the cases one is given some; one fout in all the cases, dear love, because we were born for foutre, that we achieve the natural laws while foutant, and that any human law which would oppose those of nature would be made only for the contempt.

It is easily deceived, the woman that nodes as absurd as those of the hymen prevent from being devoted to its inclinations, which fears or the pregnancy, or the insults with her husband, or the spots, vainer still, with its reputation! You it have just seen, Eugenie, yes, you have just smelled as she is easily deceived, like she immole meanly with the most ridiculous prejudices and his happiness and all the delights of the life. Ah! that it fout, that it fout with impunity! Will a little false glory, some frivolous hopes religious compensate it for its sacrifices? Not, not, and the virtue, the vice one, all merges in the coffin. Public, at the end of a few years, exalte it more the ones which it does not condemn the others? Eh! not, once again, not, not! and the unhappy one, having lived without pleasure, expires, alas! without compensation.

Eugenie: How you persuade me, my angel! how you triumphs of my prejudices! how you destroy all the false principles which my mother had put in me! Ah! I would like to be married tomorrow to put your maxims at once of use. How they are tempting, that they are true, and how much I like them! A thing only worries me, dear friend, in what you have just said to me, and as I do not hear it, I beg you to explain it to me. Your husband, you claim, is not caught there, in the pleasure, so as to have children. What does it thus do you, I t'en request?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: My husband was already old when I married it. As of the first night of its weddings, it prevented me its imaginations by me ensuring that on its side, never it would not obstruct mine. I swore to him to obey to him, and we always have, since that time, lived both in most delicious freedom. The taste of my husband consists in being made suck, and here the very singular episode that it joined there: while, curved on him, my buttocks of balance on his face, I pump with heat the foutre his testicles, it is necessary that I shit to him in the mouth!... It swallows!...

Eugenie: Here is a quite extraordinary imagination!

Dolmancé: None can be qualified thus, my expensive; all are in nature; it was liked, by creating the men, to differentiate their tastes like their figures, and we should not more astonish us by the diversity which it put in our features that of that that it placed in our affections. The imagination from which comes to speak your friend to you is one would not know more à.la.mode; an infinity of men, and mainly those of a certain age, are prodigiously devoted there; you would you refuse there, Eugenie, if somebody required it you?

Eugenie, reddening: According to the maxims which are inculcated to me here, can I thus refuse something? I ask for grace only for my surprise; it is the first time that I hear all these lubricities: it is necessary initially that I conceive them; but of the solution of the problem to the execution of the process, I believe that my teachers must be sure that there would be never but the distance which they will require themselves. At all events, my expensive, you thus gained your freedom by the consent with this kindness?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Most whole, Eugenie. I made my side all that I wanted, without it putting obstacles at it, but I taken not lover: I liked too the pleasure for that. Misfortune with the woman who sticks! one needs only one lover to lose it, while ten scenes of libertinage, repeated each day, if she wants it, will
disappear in the night of silence at once that they will be consumed. I was rich: I paid young people who foutaient me without me to know; I was surrounded charming, sure servants to taste the softest pleasures with me if they were discrete, unquestionable to be returned if they said a word. You do not have an idea, dear angel, torrent of delights in which I plunged myself in this manner. Here is the control which I will always prescribe with all the women who will want to imitate me. For twelve years that I am married, I have perhaps been foutue by more than ten or twelve thousand individuals... and one believes me wise in my companies! Another would have had lovers, it would have been lost with the second.

Eugenie: This maxim is surest; it will be well definitely mine; one needs that I marry, like you, a rich man, and especially a man with imaginations... But, my expensive, your husband, strictly related to his tastes, never required another thing of you?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Never, for twelve years, it has not been contradicted only one day, except when I have my rules. Very pretty girl, that he wanted that I take with me, replaces me then, and the things go best from the world.

Eugenie: But it does not leave it there, undoubtedly; do other objects contribute outside to diversify its pleasures?

Dolmancé: Do not doubt it, Eugenie; the husband of Madam is one of the largest libertines of his century; he spends more than one hundred thousand ecus per annum to the tastes obscenes which your friend has just painted you presently.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: With you to say truth, I suspect it; but what makes me its swerves, since their multiplicity authorizes and veils mine?

Eugenie: Let us follow, I t'en entreat, the detail in the manners by which a young person, married or not, can preserve pregnancy, because I acknowledge you that this fear startles me much, is with the husband whom I must take, that is to say in the career of libertinage; you come from me to indicate one of them while speaking to me about the tastes about your husband; but this manner of enjoying, which can be extremely pleasant for the man, does not seem to me to be it as much for the woman, and they are our pleasures free of the risks that I fear there, of which I wish that you maintain me.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: A girl never exposes herself to make children that as far as it lets it put in the idiot. That it avoids carefully this manner of enjoying; that it indistinctly offers to the place its hand, its mouth, its nipples or the hole of its bottom. By this last way, it will take much pleasure, and even well more than elsewhere; by the other manners it will give some.

One proceeds to the first in these ways, I want to say that with the hand, as you saw it a few moments ago, Eugenie; one shakes as if the member of his friend were pumped; at the end of some movements, sperm springs; the man kisses you, cherishes to you during that time, and covers this liquor the part of your body which it likes best. Does one want to make it put between the centres? one extends on the bed, one places the male member in the medium of the two udders, one presses it there, and at the end of some jolts the man discharges so as to flood you the nipples and sometimes the face. This manner is the least voluptuous of all, and cannot be appropriate that to women whose throat, through service, already acquired enough flexibility to tighten the member of the man while being compressed on him. The pleasure of the mouth is infinitely more pleasant, as well for the man as for the woman. The best way of tasting it is than the woman extends to misinterpretation on the body from her foutor: it puts to you saw it in the mouth, and, its head being between your thighs, it returns to you what you do to him, by introducing you his language into the idiot or on the clitoris; it is necessary, when this attitude is
employed, to be caught, empoigner the buttocks and to tickle the asshole reciprocally, episode always necessary to the complement of pleasure. Lovers hot and full with imagination avalent then the foutre which is exhaled in their mouth, and delicately enjoy thus the voluptuous pleasure to mutually make pass in their entrails this invaluable liquor, maliciously catch with its destination of use.

Dolmancé: This way is delicious, Eugenie; I recommend the execution of it to you. To make lose the rights of the propagation thus and oppose EC manner what the stupid ones call the natural laws, is really full with charms. The thighs, the armpits are sometimes also used as asylums to the member of the man, and tiny rooms offer to him where its seed can be lost, without risk of pregnancy.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Some women are introduced sponges into the interior of the vagina, which, receiving sperm, prevent it from springing in the mud which would propagate it; others oblige their fouteurs to be useful of a small bag of skin of Venice, vulgarly named condom, in which the seed runs, without being likely to achieve the goal; but in all these manners, that of the bottom is undoubtedly most delicious. Dolmancé, I leave you the essay of it. Who has to better paint than you a taste for which you would give your days, if one required them for his defense?

Dolmancé: I acknowledge my weak. It is, I am appropriate about it, no pleasure in the world which is preferable with that one; I adore it in one and the other sex; but the bottom of a young boy, it is necessary to be appropriate about it, gives me even more pleasure than that of a girl. Guys are called those which are devoted to this passion; however, when one makes as much as to be guy, Eugenie, it is completely necessary to be it. Foutre of the women in bottom is to be it only with half: it is in the man whom nature wants that the man serf this imagination; and it is especially for the man that it us gave the taste of it. It is absurd to say that this mania the insult. May that be, as soon as it inspires it to us? Can it dictate what degrades it? Not, Eugenie, not; it is served as well there as elsewhere, and perhaps more holy still. The propagation is only one tolerance of its share. How could it have prescribed for law an act which deprives it of the rights of its absolute power, since the propagation is only one continuation of its first intentions, and that new constructions, remade by its hand, if our species were absolutely destroyed, would become again of the paramount intentions whose act would be much more flattering for its pride and its power?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Do you know, Dolmancé, that by means of this system, you go until proving that the total extinction of the human race would be only one service rendered to nature?

Dolmancé: Who doubts it, Madam?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Oh! right sky! wouldn't the wars, the plagues, the famines, the murders be any more that accidents necessary of the natural laws, and the man, agent or patient of these effects, would thus not be more criminal, in one of the cases, that it would not be victim in the other?

Dolmancé: Victim, it is it undoubtedly, when it bends under the blows of misfortune; but criminal, never. We will return on all these things; let us analyze, while waiting for, for the beautiful Eugenie, the pleasure sodomite, which is the subject now of our maintenance. The posture the most use for the woman, in this pleasure, is to flat lie down belly on the edge of the bed, the quite isolated buttocks, the head low possible. The ribald, after being one moment amused of the prospect for the beautiful bottom which one presents, after having claqué it, handled, sometimes even whipped, gripped, bitten, moistens his mouth the nice hole that it will perforate, and prepares the introduction with the end of his language; he wets in the same way his machine with saliva or pomade and gently presents it at the hole which he wants to bore; it leads it with a hand, other it draws aside the buttocks of its pleasure; as soon as it feels its member to penetrate, one needs that it pushes with heat, by taking guard well to lose ground;
sometimes the woman suffers then, if it is new and young; but, without any regard of the pains which
soon will change into pleasures, the foutor must push highly its lives by gradations, until it finally reached
the goal, i.e. until the hair of its machine rubs exactly the edges of the anus of the object that it fucks up
the ass. That it carries on its road with speed then, all the spines are gathered; there remain nothing any
more but pinks. To complete to metamorphose in pleasure the remainders of pain which its object still
tests, if it is a young boy, that it seizes to him saw it and shakes it; that it tickles the clitoris, if it is a girl;
titillations of the pleasure which it gives birth to, by narrowing the anus of the patient prodigiously, will
double the pleasures of the agent, which, filled ease and of pleasure, will dart soon at the bottom of the
bottom of its pleasure a sperm as abundant as thick, as will have determined so many lubriques details. It
is the different one which do not want that the patient enjoys; it is what we will explain soon.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Allow what one moment I would be schoolgirl in my turn and that I ask you,
Dolmancé, in which state it is necessary, for the complement of the pleasures of the agent, which the
bottom of the patient is?

Dolmancé: Full, most undoubtedly; it is essential that the object which is useful then wants most
complete to shit, so that the end of saw of the foutor, reaching the étron, is inserted and deposited there
there more warmly and mollement the foutre which irritates it and which puts it on fire

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I would fear that the patient took there less pleasure.

Dolmancé: Error! This pleasure is such as it is impossible that nothing harms to him and that the object
which serves it is transported to the third sky by tasting it. None is worth that one, none can also
completely satisfy one and the other of the individuals who devote themselves to it, and it is difficult that
those which tasted it can return to other thing. Such are, Eugenie, the best ways of tasting the pleasure
with a man, without running the risks of the pregnancy; because one enjoys, are of course, not only to
lend the bottom to a man, as I have just explained it to you, but also to suck it, it to shake, etc, and I knew
women libertines who put often more charms at these episodes than with the real pleasures. Imagination
is the pivot of the pleasures; in those of this species, it regulates all, it is the mobile of all; however, isn't
this by it that one enjoys? isn't this it that come the prickliest pleasures?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: That is to say; but that Eugenie takes guard there; imagination is useful to us only
when our spirit is absolutely released from prejudices: only one is enough to cool it. This capricious
portion of our spirit is of libertinage that nothing can contain; its greater triumph, its most eminent
delights consist in breaking all the brakes that one opposes to him; she is enemy rule, idolâtre disorder
and of all that carries the colors of the crime; here from which comes the singular response from a
woman to imagination, which foutait coldly with her husband;

- Why so much of ice? he said this one.

- Eh! really, answered him this singular creature, it is that what you do to me is very simple.

Eugenie: I like with the madness this answer... Ah! my good, what a provisions I feel to know these
divine dashes of a put out of order imagination! You would not imagine, since we have been together...
only for this moment, not, not, my expensive good, you would not conceive all the voluptuous ideas that
my spirit cherished... Oh! as the evil is now included/understood by me!... how much it is desired of my
heart!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: That the atrocities, horrors, that the crimes most odious do not astonish you more,
Eugenie; what there is of dirtier, of more infamous and moreover defended is what irritates best the
head... it is always what délicieusement makes us discharge.

Eugenie: With how much incredible variations you had to deliver one to you and the other! That I would like some to know the details!

Dolmancé, kissing and handling the young person: Beautiful Eugenie, I would like hundred times to better see you testing all than I would like to make, than to tell you what I did.

Eugenie: I do not know if it would be good too for me to lend to me to all.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I would not advise it, Eugenie.

Eugenie: Eh well, I make thanks to Dolmancé of his details; but you, my good friend, to me, I say t'en entreat, which you did of more extraordinary in your life

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I made the owl with fifteen men; I was foutue ninety times in twenty-four hours, as well in front of as behind.

Eugenie: They are only vices that, turns of force: I guarantee that you made more singular things.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I was with the brothel.

Eugenie: What wants to say this word?

Dolmancé: One calls public houses thus where, with the help of an agreed price, each man finds young people and pretty girls, all ready to satisfy its passions.

Eugenie: And you delivered yourself there, my good?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Yes, I was there like a whore, I satisfied there during one week whole imaginations of several ribalds, and I saw quite singular tastes there; by an equal principle of libertinage, like the famous impératrice Théodora, woman of Justinien [1], I hung up again with the corner of the streets... in the public walks, and I put at the lottery the money come from these prostitutions.

Eugenie: My good, I know your head, you were much further still.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: May that be?

Eugenie: Oh! yes, yes, and here as I conceive it: didn't you say me that our feelings the most delicious morals came us from imagination?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I said it

Eugenie: Isn't Eh well, while letting wander this imagination, by giving him freedom to cross the last terminals which would like to prescribe to him the religion, the decency, humanity, the virtue, all our alleged duties finally, true that its variations would be extraordinary?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Undoubtedly.

Eugenie: However, isn't this because of the vastness of its variations that it will irritate us more?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Nothing truer.
Eugenie: If that is, more we will want to be agitated, more we will wish to be moved with violence, more it will be necessary to give career to our imagination on the most inconceivable things; our pleasure then will improve because of the way which the head will have made, and...

Dolmancé, kissing Eugenie: Delicious!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: That progress the rascal made in little time! But, do you know, my charming, that one can go far by the career that you us traces?

Eugenie: I hear it well this manner, and since I am not prescribed any brake, you see where I suppose that one can go.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: With the crimes, scélérate, with the blackest crimes and most dreadful.

Eugenie, of a low and intersected voice: But you say that there are not some... and then is only to set ablaze its head: one does not carry out.

Dolmancé: It is so soft to however carry out what one conceived.

Eugenie, reddening: Eh well, one carries out... Wouldn't you like to persuade me, my dear teachers, whom you never made what you conceived?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: It sometimes was able to me to do it.

Eugenie: Here we are.

Dolmancé: What a head!

Eugenie, prosecutor: What I ask you, it is what you conceived, and what you made after having conceived.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange, stammering: Eugenie, I will tell you my life some day. Let us continue our instruction... because you would make me say things...

Eugenie: Let us go, I see that you do not like me enough to open to me at this point your heart; I will await the time that you prescribe me; let us take again our details. Say to me, my expensive, which is the lucky fellow whom you returned the Master of your first steps?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: My brother: he adored me since childhood; as of our younger years, we had often had fun without achieving the goal; I had promised to him to deliver to me to him as soon as I would be married; I him chocks word; fortunately that my husband had not damaged anything: he gathered all. We continue to deliver to us to this intrigue, but without us to obstruct neither one nor the other we plunge ourselves from there less both, each one on our side, in divine excesses of libertinage; we are useful ourselves even mutually: I get women to him, it makes known me men.

Eugenie: Delicious arrangement! But the inceste isn't it a crime?

Dolmancé: Could one look like the such softest unions of nature, that which it prescribes us and advises us best! Reason one moment, Eugenie: how could the mankind, after great misfortunes which our sphere tested, differently reproduce that by the inceste? We do not find of it the example and the proof even in the books respected by Christianity? Could the families of Adam [ 2 ] and Noah differently remain that
by this means? Excavate, examine manners of the universe: everywhere will see there you the authorized inceste, looked like a law wise and made to cement the bonds of the family. If the love, in a word, is born from the resemblance, where can it be more perfect than between brother and sister, than between father and girl? A badly heard policy, produced by fear to make certain families too powerful, prohibited the inceste in our manners; but we do not misuse at the point to take for natural law what is dictated only by the interest or the ambition; let us probe our hearts: it is always where I return our pedants moralists; let us question this crowned body, and we will recognize that it is nothing more delicate than the chamelle union families; let us cease plugging us on the feelings of a brother for his sister, a father for his daughter. In vain one and the other disguises them under the veil of a legitimate tenderness: more the violent one love is the single feeling which ignites them, it is the only one which nature put in their hearts. Thus let us double, triple, without anything to fear, these delicious incestes, and believe that the more the object of our desires will belong to us closely, the more we will have charms to enjoy it.

One of my friends usually saw with the girl that it had his own mother; there is not eight days only it dépucela boy a thirteen year old, fruit of its trade with this girl; in a few years this same young man will marry his mother; they are the wishes of my friend: he makes them a fate similar to these projects, and his intentions, I know, are it to still enjoy the fruits which will be born from this hymen; he is young and can hope for it. See, tender Eugenie, with which quantity of incestes and crimes this honest friend would have soiled itself if there were something of truth in the prejudice which makes us admit evil with these connections. In a word, on all these things, I leave, me, always of a principle: if nature defended the pleasures sodomites, incestueuses pleasures, pollution, etc, would it allow that we found as much pleasure there? It is impossible that she can tolerate what it insult truly.

Eugenie: Oh! my divine teachers, I see well that, according to your principles, it is very little of crimes on the ground, and that we can deliver ourselves in peace to all our desires, some singular which they can appear with the stupid ones which, being offended and being alarmed at all, imbécilement take the social institutions for the divine natural laws. But however, my friends, don't you admit at least that there are certain actions absolutely revolting and definitely criminal, though dictated by nature? I want well to be appropriate with you that this nature, as singular in productions as it creates sometimes as varied in the inclinations that it gives us, carries us to cruel actions; but if, delivered to this depravity, we yielded to the inspirations of this odd nature, at the point to make an attempt, I suppose it, with the life of our similar, you will grant to me well, at least I hope it, that this action would be a crime?

Dolmancé: It is necessary of it well, Eugenie, that we can grant such a thing to you. The destruction being one of the first natural laws, nothing of what destroys could be a crime. How could an action which serves nature as well never the outrager? This destruction, whose man flatters himself, is only one dream besides; the murder is not a destruction; that which makes it makes only vary the forms; if it returns to nature elements of which the hand of this skilful nature is used for at once to reward for other beings; however, as creations can be only pleasures for that which is devoted to it, the murderer thus prepares one with nature of them; he provides him materials which it employs at once, and the action that the stupid ones had the madness to blame does not become any more that one merit with the eyes of this agente universal. It is our pride which is warned to set up the murder in crime. Estimating us the first creatures of the universe, we sottement imagined that any lesion that this sublime creature would endure should necessarily be an enormous crime; we believed that nature would perish if our marvellous species had suddenly vanished on this sphere, while the whole destruction of this species, while returning to nature creative faculty that it yields to us, would give again an energy to him that we remove to him by propagating us; but what a inconsistency, Eugenie! Eh what! will an ambitious sovereign be able to destroy with his ease and without the least scruple the enemies who harm his projects of size... of the cruel laws, arbitrary, pressing, will be able in the same way to assassinate each century of the million
individuals... and us, weak and unhappy private individuals, we will not be able to sacrifice only one being to our revenges or our whims? Is it nothing so barbarian, of so ridiculously strange, and do not have we, under the veil of the deepest mystery, to amply avenge us for this ineptitude [3]?

Eugenie: Undoubtedly... Ohl as your morals is tempting, and as I taste it!... But, to me, Dolmancé, there, well in conscience, wouldn't you say have been sometimes satisfied in this kind?

Dolmancé: Do not force me to reveal you my faults: their number and their species would force me too much to redden. Perhaps I will acknowledge them to you a day.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Directing the glaive one of the laws, the scélérat was often used for about it to satisfy its passions.

Dolmancé: Puissé I not to have not other reproaches to make me!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange, jumping to him to the collar: Divine man!... I adore you!... That it is necessary to have spirit and of courage, like you, to have tasted all the pleasures! It is to the man of genius alone that is reserved the honor to break all the brakes of ignorance and stupidity. Me, you kiss are charming!

Dolmancé: Be honest, Eugenie, you never wished death with anybody?

Eugenie: Oh! yes, yes, and I have under my eyes each day an abominable creature which I would like for a long time to see with the tomb.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I guarantee that I guess.

Eugenie: Who do you suspect?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Your mother.

Eugenie: Ah! let hide my redness in your centre to me!

Dolmancé: Voluptuous creature! I want to overpower you in my turn of the caresses which must be the price of the energy of your heart and your delicious head. (Dolmancé kisses it on all the body, and gives him light snaps on the buttocks; it bandages; Mrs. de Saint-Ange seizure and shakes its saw; its hands, from time to time, are also mislaid on behind of Mrs. de Saint-Ange, who lends it to him with lubricity; a little returned in him, Dolmancé continuous.) But this sublime idea, why wouldn't we carry out it?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Eugenie, I hated my mother very as much as you hate holds it, and I did not balance.

Eugenie: I missed the means.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Say courage.

Eugenie: Alas! so young person still!

Dolmancé: But now, Eugenie, whom would you make?

Eugenie: All... That one gives the means, and one to me will see!

Dolmancé: You will have them, Eugenie, I promise it to you; but I put a condition there.
Eugenie: Which is it? or rather which is that which I would not be ready to accept?

Dolmancé: Come, scélérat, come in my arms: I then to hold more there; it is necessary that your charming behind is the price of the gift that I promise to you, it is necessary that a crime pays the other! Come!... or rather run both to extinguish by floods of foutre the divine fire which ignites us!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Let us put, please, a little order to these orgies, it is necessary some even within is delirious and of the infamy.

Dolmancé: Nothing so simple: the major object, this seems to me, is that I discharge, by giving to this charming small girl the most pleasure than I will be able. I will put to him my lives in the bottom, while, curved in your arms, you shake it better your; by means of the attitude where I place you, it will be able to return it to you: you will kiss yourselves one and the other. After some races in the bottom of this child, we will vary the table. I will fuck you up the ass, Madam; Eugenie, above you, your head between her legs, will offer her clitoris to me to be sucked: I will make him thus lose foutre one second time. I will replace myself then in his anus; you will present your bottom instead of the idiot to me that it offered to me, i.e. you will take, as it will have just made it, its head between your legs; I will suck the hole of your bottom, as I will have just sucked the idiot to him, you will discharge, I will do as much of it, while my hand, embracing the pretty small body of this charming beginner, will tickle the clitoris to him to also do it pâmer.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Well, my dear Dolmancé, but you will miss something.

Dolmancé: Does one live in the bottom? You are right, Madam.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: We for this morning pass; we will have it this evening: my brother will come to help us, and our pleasures will be with the roof. We put at work.

Dolmancé: I would like that Eugenie shook me one moment. (It does it.) Yes, it is that... a little more quickly, my heart... hold always well with naked this vermilion head, never cover it... more you make tighten the net, better you decide erection... one never needs recalotter saw it than one shakes... Good!... prepare yourself thus the state of the member who will perforate you... Do you see as it decides?... Give me your language, small rascal!... That your buttocks pose on my right hand, while my left hand will tickle you the clitoris.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Eugenie, do you want to make him taste greater pleasures?

Eugenie: Undoubtedly... I want to do everything for him to give some.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Eh well! take its lives in your mouth, and sucks to it a few moments.

Eugenie, the fact: Is this thus?

Dolmancé: Ah! stop delicious! which heat!... It applies to me prettiest of the bottoms!... Voluptuous and skilful women, never refuse this pleasure with your lovers: it will connect them forever to you... Ah! sacredieu!... foutredieu!...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: How you blasphemies, my friend!

Dolmancé: Give me your bottom, Madam... Yes, give it to me, that I kiss it while me am sucked, and you do not astonish by my blasphemies: one of my greater pleasures is to swear God when I bandage. It
seems to to me that my spirit, then thousand times more exalté, detests and mistakes well better this disgusting dream; I would like to find a way or better to inveigh it, or outrager more; and when my maudites reflexions brings me to the conviction of the nullity of this disgusting object of my hatred, I irritate myself and would like to be able at once to rebuild the phantom, so that my rage at least related to something. Imitate me, charming woman, and you will see the increase that of such speeches will carry infallibly to your directions. But, doubledieu!... I see it, one needs, whatever my pleasure, that I withdraw myself this divine mouth absolutely... I would leave my foutre there!... Let us go, Eugenie, place you; let us carry out the table that I traced, and plunge us all three in most voluptuous intoxication. (the attitude is arranged.)

Eugenie: That I fear, my expensive, the impotence of your efforts! Disproportion is too strong.

Dolmancé: I sodomize of it tous les jours of young people; as lately as yesterday, a seven year old little boy was dépuçelé by this lives in less than three minutes... Courage, Eugenie, courage!...

Eugenie: Ah! you tear me!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Spare It, Dolmancé; think that I answer about it.

Dolmancé: Shake well it, Madam, it will feel less the pain, with the remainder, all is known as now me y here is to the hair.

Eugenie: Oh! sky! it is not without sorrow... See the sweat which covers my face, dear friendly... Ah! God! never I tested also sharp pains!...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Te here is with dépuçelée half, my good, here you is with the row of the women; one can buy well this glory by a little torment; don't my fingers, moreover, thus calm you?

Eugenie: Could I resist it without them!... Tickle me, my angel... I feel that imperceptibly the pain is metamorphosed in pleasure... Push!... push!... Dolmancé... I die!

Dolmancé: Ah! foutredieu! sacredieu! tripledieu! let us change, I would not resist it... Your behind, Madam, I entreat you, and place you at once as I said it to you. (One arranges, and Dolmancé continuous.) I have less sorrow here... As my saw penetrates!... But this beautiful bottom is not less delicious, Madam!...

Eugenie: Are I well thus, Dolmancé?

Dolmancé: With wonder! This pretty small virgin idiot is offered délicieusement to me. I am a culprit, an offender, I know it; such attractions are made little for my eyes; but the desire to give this child the first lessons of pleasure overrides any other consideration. I want to make run his foutre... I want to exhaust it, if it is possible... (It it gamahuche.)

Eugenie: Ah! you make me die pleasure, I then to resist there!...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: For me, I leave!... Ah! insane!... insane!... Dolmancé, I discharge!...

Eugenie: I do as much, my good of it... Ah! my God, as it sucks me!...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Thus swear, small whore!... Thus swear!...
Eugenie: Eh well, sacredieu! I discharge! I am in softest intoxication!...

Dolmancé: At the station!... in the station, Eugenie! I will be deceive it of all these changes of hand. (Eugenie replaces herself.) Ah! well! me revoici in my first lodging... show me the hole of your bottom, Madam, that I it gamahuche with my ease... That I like to kiss a bottom that I come from foutre! Ah! make well lick it to me, while I will launch my sperm at the bottom of that of your friend... Would you believe it, Madam? it entered there this time without sorrow!... Ah! foutre! foutre! you do not imagine like it tightens it, as it compresses it!... Crowned foutu god, as I have pleasure!... Ah! it is done by it, I do not resist it any more... my foutre runs... and I died!...

Eugenie: It makes me also die, my expensive good, I swear it to you...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: The rascal! how it will be accustomed to it promptly!

Dolmancé: I know an infinity of girls of his age that nothing in the world could engage to enjoy differently; there is only the first time which costs; a woman rather did not touch this manner that she does not want to make another thing any more... Oh! sky! I am exhausted; let take again breath, at least a few moments to me.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Here are the men, my expensive, hardly look at us when their desires are satisfied; this destruction leads them to the dislike, and the dislike soon with the contempt.

Dolmancé, coldly: Ah! what a insult, divine beauty! (It embraces them both.) You are not made one and the other than for the homages, whatever the state where one is.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: With the remainder, comforts itself, my Eugenie; if they acquire the right to neglect us, because they are satisfied, do not have we in the same way that to scorn them, when their process forces us there! If Tibère sacrificed to Captée the objects which had just served its passions [ 4 ], Zingua, queen of Africa, immolait also his/her lovers [ 5 ].

Dolmancé: These excesses, perfectly simple and very known of me, undoubtedly, should however never be carried out between us: " Never between them the wolves do not eat themselves ", known as the proverb, and, if commonplace that it is, it is right. Never fear anything me, my friends: perhaps I will make you do much evil, but I will never make any you.

Eugenie: Oh! not, not, my expensive, I dare to answer about it: never Dolmancé will misuse the rights that we give him on us; I believe him the probity of coiled: it is the best; but let us bring back our teacher to his principles and return, I beg you, with the great intention which ignited us, before we did not calm ourselves.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: What! rascal, you still think of it! I had believed that it was the history only of the effervescence of your head.

Eugenie: It is the most unquestionable movement of my heart, and I will be content only after consumption with this crime.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Oh! good, good, make him grace: think that it is your mother.

Eugenie: The beautiful title!

Dolmancé: It is right; did this mother think of Eugenie by putting it at the world? The rascal left foutre
because it found pleasure there, but it was well far from having this girl in sight. That it acts as it will want in this respect; him very whole freedom and satisfy we leave to certify to him that to some excess which it arrives in this kind, it will never be made guilty of any evil

Eugenie: I detest it, I hate it, thousand reasons legitimate my hatred; it is necessary that I have his life, for some price that it can be!

Dolmancé: Eh well, since your resolutions are inébranlables, you will be satisfied, Eugenie, I swear it to you; but allow me some councils which become, before to act, of the first need for you. That never your secrecy does not only escape to you, my expensive, and especially acted: nothing is more dangerous than the accomplices; let us be always wary of those same as we believe to be attached to us: One needs, said Machiavel, or not to have never accomplices, or to demolish themselves some as soon as they were useful to us. It is not all: the pretence is essential, Eugenie, with the projects that you forms. Approach more than ever of your victim before immoler; seem to feel sorry for it or comfort it; cajole it, division its sorrows, swears to him that you adore it; make more still, persuades it to him: falseness, in such cases, could not be carried too far. Néron cherished Agrippine on the boat even which was to absorb it: imitate this example, uses of all cheating, all impostures which your spirit will be able you to suggest. If the lie is always necessary to the women, it is especially when they want to mislead that it becomes more essential to them.

Eugenie: These lessons will be retained and setting in motion undoubtedly; but let us deepen, I request from you, this falseness which you advise with the women to put of use; do you thus believe this manner of being absolutely essential in the world?

Dolmancé: I do not know any, undoubtedly, of more necessary in the life; an unquestionable truth will prove indispensability of it to you: everyone employs it; I ask you, according to that, how a sincere individual will not always fail the medium of a company of false people! However if it is true, as it is claimed, than the virtues are of some utility in the civil life, how do want you that that which has neither the will, neither the capacity, nor the gift of any virtue, which arrives at many people, how want you, say I, that such a being is not primarily obliged to pretend to obtain in its turn a little the portion of happiness that its competitors ravissent to him? And, in the fact, is this well surely the virtue, or its appearance, which becomes really necessary to the social man? Let us not doubt that appearance alone is enough for him: it has all that it is necessary by having it. As soon as one makes to only effleurer the men in the world, isn’t it enough for them to show us the bark? We persuade well, with the surplus, that the practice of the virtues is hardly useful but for that which has it: others from of withdraw if little that, provided that that which must live with us appears virtuous, it becomes perfectly equal that it is it indeed or not. Falseness, moreover, is almost always an average policy-holder to succeed; that which has it acquires necessarily a kind of priority on that which trades or which corresponds with him: by dazzling it by false outside, it persuades it; this moment it succeeds. I realize that one misled me, I are caught any only with me, and my suborner still has all the more beautiful play that I will not complain by pride; its ascending on me will be always marked; it will be right when I am wrong; it will advance when I am nothing, it will grow rich when I ruin myself; always finally above me, it will captivate soon the public opinion; once there, I will accuse it in vain, one will not listen to me only. We thus deliver boldly and unceasingly to distinguished falseness; let us look at it like the key of all the graces, all the favours, all the reputations, all therichesses, and calm with leisure small sorrow to have made the easily deceived ones by the prickly pleasure of being rascal.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: In here, I think it, infinitely more than one should not any on this matter. Eugenie, convinced, must be alleviated, encouraged: she will act when she wants. I imagine that it is necessary to now continue our essays on the various whims of the men in libertinage; this field must be vast, traverse
it; we have just initiated our pupil in some mysteries of the practice, do not neglect the theory.

Dolmancé: The details libertines of passions of the man are not very likely, Madam, of reasons for instruction for a girl who, like Eugenie especially, is not intended to make the trade of public woman; she will marry and, on this assumption, there is to bet ten against one that her husband will not have those tastes; if that were however, control is easy: much softness and kindness with him; in addition, much of falseness and compensation in secrecy: this little of words contains all. If your Eugenie however wishes some analyses of the tastes of the man in the act of libertinage, to examine them more summarily will reduce we them to three: sodomy, imaginations sacrileges and tastes cruel. The first passion is universal today; we will join some reflexions so that we already said some. One divides it into two classes, activates it and passivates it: the man who fucks up the ass, either a boy, or a woman, makes active sodomy; he is sodomite passive when he is made foutre. One often questioned which in these two ways of making sodomy was most voluptuous: it is undoubtedly passivates it, since one enjoys at the same time the feeling of the front and that behind; he is so soft to change sex, if delicious to counterfeit the whore, to devote themselves to a man who treats us like a woman, to call this man his lover, to acknowledge his mistress! Ah! my friends, what a pleasure! But, Eugenie, we with some councils of detail, only relating to the women limit here who, metamorphosing themselves as men, want to enjoy with our example this delicious pleasure. I have just familiarized you with these attacks, Eugenie, and I saw enough of it to be persuaded that you will be dawning one many progress in this career. I you exhorte to traverse it like one of most delicious of the island of Cythère, perfectly sure that you will achieve this council. I will limit myself to two or three opinions essential with any person decided not to more know but this kind of pleasures, or those which are similar for them. Initially observe to always make you shake the clitoris when you are sodomized: nothing Marie like these two pleasures; avoid the bidet or the friction of linen, when you have just been foutue in this manner: it is good that the breach is always open; it results from it from the desires, of titillations that the care of cleanliness extinguishes at once; there is not idea of the point to which the feelings are prolonged. Thus, when you are in the train amusing you this manner, Eugenie, avoid the acids: they ignite the hémorroïdes and make then the introductions painful; you oppose so that several men discharge to you from continuation in the bottom: this mixture of sperm, though voluptuous for imagination, is often dangerous for health; always reject with-outside the these various emissions as they are done.

Eugenie: But if they were made in front of wouldn't be this a crime?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Thus do not imagine, poor insane, that there is the least evil to lend oneself in such a way that it can be to divert main road the seed of the man, because the propagation is by no means the goal of nature: it is only one tolerance; and when we do not benefit from it, its intentions are filled well better. Eugenie, enemy would be sworn this tiresome propagation, and diverts unceasingly, even in marriage, this perfidious liquor of which the vegetation is only used to spoil our sizes, that to blunt in us the voluptuous feelings, to fade us, us to age and disturb our health; urge your husband to be accustomed with these losses; offer to him all the roads which can move away the homage from the temple; say to him that you hate the children, that you beg it not t’en to make. Be observed on this article, my good bus, I you declare it, I have the propagation in such a horror that I would cease being your friend at the moment when you would become large. If, however, this misfortune arrives to you, without there being your fault, warn me in the seven or the first eight weeks, and I will make you run that gently all. Do not fear the infanticide; this crime is imaginary; we are always the mistresses of what we carry in our centre, and we do not make more evil destroy this matter species than to purge the other, by drugs, when we for of test the need.

Eugenie: But if the child were in the long term?
Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Was it in the world, we would be always the mistresses to destroy it. There is on the ground no right more unquestionable than that of the mothers on their children. He is not any people which did not recognize this truth: it is founded because, in theory.

Dolmancé: This right is in nature... it is undeniable. The deific extravagance of the system was the source of all these coarse errors. The imbeciles who believed in a God, persuaded that we held the existence only of him, and that at once that an embryo was in maturity, a small heart, emanated of God, came to animate it at once; these stupid, I say, had undoubtedly to regard as a capital crime the destruction of this small creature, because, according to them, it did not belong to the men any more. It was the work of God; it was to God: in could one lay out without crime? But since the torch of philosophy dissipated all these impostures, since the divine dream is pressed with the feet, since, better educated of the laws and the secrécies of physics, we developed the principle of the generation, and that this material mechanism does not offer to the eyes anything of more astonishing than the vegetation corn grain, we called some with the nature of the error of the men. Extending the measurement of our rights, we finally recognized that we were perfectly free to take again what we had given only to back-plate or by chance, and which it was impossible to require of an unspecified individual to become father or mother if it does not want of it; that this creature moreover or less on the ground was not besides of a quite great consequence, and that we became, in a word, therefore certainly Masters of this piece of flesh, some animated that it was, which we are to it nails that we cut off from our fingers, of the excroissances of flesh that we extirpate of our bodies, or of digestions that we remove of our entrails, because one and the other is us, because one and the other is with us, and that we are absolutely owners from what emanates from us. By developing you, Eugenie, the very poor importance whose action of the murder was on ground, you had to see of which small consequence must be also all that is due to the infanticide, made on a creature already even in age of reason; it is thus useless to return there: the excellence of your spirit adds to my evidence. The reading of the history of manners of all the people of the ground, while showing to you that this use is universal, will complete to convince you that there would be only imbecillity to admit evil with this very indifferent action.

Eugenie, initially in Dolmancé: I then to say to you to which point you persuade me. (addressing itself to Mrs. de Saint-Ange then.) But, to me, my all good, were you say sometimes useful yourself of the remedy that you me offers to destroy the foetus internally?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Twice, and always with greatest success; but I must acknowledge you that I made of it the test only in the first times; however two women of my knowledge employed this same remedy for semi-term, and they ensured me that it had also succeeded to them. Thus count on me in the occasion, my expensive, but I you exhorte never to put itself in the case to need some: it is surest. Now let us take again the continuation of the lubriques details which we promised to this girl. Continue, Dolmancé, we are with imaginations sacrileges.

Dolmancé: I suppose that Eugenie returned too much from the religious errors not closely to be persuaded only all that makes a point of being played of the objects of the piety of stupid cannot have any kind of consequence. These imaginations have some if little that they do not have, in the fact, to overheat that very young heads, for which any rupture of brake becomes a pleasure; it is a species of small vindication which ignites the imagination and which, undoubtedly, can amuse a few moments; but these pleasures, this seems to me, must become insipid and cold, when one had time to inform oneself and to be convinced of the nullity of the objects of which the idols which we ridicule are only the weak representation. To profane the relics, the images of saints, the host, the crucifix, all that should not be, with the eyes of the philosopher, that what would be the degradation of a pagan statue. Once that one dedicated these execrable babioles with the contempt, it is necessary to leave there, without occupying
itself some more; it is wise to preserve of all that only the blasphemy, not which he has more reality, because as of the moment when it no more God, for what is it used has there to insult its name? But it is that it is essential to pronounce strong or dirty words, in the intoxication of the pleasure, and that those of the blasphemy serve imagination well. One should nothing for it save; it is necessary to decorate these words of the greatest luxury of expressions; it is necessary that they scandalize as much as possible; because it is very soft to scandalize: there is there a small triumph for the pride which is by no means to scorn; I acknowledge it to you, Mesdames, it is one of my secret pleasures: it is little of more active moral pleasures on my imagination. Test it, Eugenie, and you will see what it results. Spread out especially extraordinary impiété, when you are with people of your age who still vegetate in darkness of the superstition; post the vice and libertinage; affect to put to you as a girl, to let to them see your throat; if you go with them in the secret places, troussez you with indecency, let see them with assignment the most secret parts of your body; require the same thing of them; allure, sermonize them, show them ridiculous their prejudices to them; put them what is called with evil; swear like a man with them; if they are younger than you, take them of force, have fun and corrompez them, either for examples, or by councils, or by all that you will be able to believe, in a word, of able to pervert them; be in the same way extremely free with the men, post with them irreligion and impudence: far from frightening you freedoms that they will take, grant to them all mysteriously that can amuse them without you to compromise; let you handle by them, shake, make them you shake; go even until their lending the bottom; but, since the chimerical honor of the women is due to their first steps former, go more difficult on that, married once, take of the lackeys, not lover, or pay some sure people: this moment all is with cover; more attack with your reputation, and without one ever being able to you suspecter, you found art to do all that you liked. Let us continue:

The pleasures of cruelty are the third that we promised ourselves to analyze. These kinds of pleasures are very common today among the men and here the argument of which they are used for to legitimate them. We want to be moved, say, it is the goal of any man who delivers himself to pleasure, and we want to be it by the most active means. On the basis of this point, it is not a question to know if our processes will like or displease with the object which is useful to us, it only acts to shake the mass of our nerves by the most violent possible shock; however, it is not doubtful only the pain affecting much more highly than the pleasure, the resultative shocks on us of this feeling produced on the others will be primarily of a more vigorous vibration, will resound more vigorously in us, will put in a more violent circulation the animal spirits which, being determined on the low areas by the movement of retrogradation which is essential for them then, will set ablaze at once the bodies of pleasure and will lay out them with the pleasure. The effects of the pleasure are always misleading in the women; it is very difficult besides that an ugly man or old man produces them. Do they arrive to with it? they are weak, and the shocks much less nervous. It is thus necessary to prefer the pain, of which the effects cannot mislead and whose vibrations are more active. But, one objects to the entichés men of this mania, this pain afflicts the next one; is it charitable to make evil with the others for délecter oneself? The rascals answer you with that that accustomed, in the act of the pleasure, to amount for all and the others for nothing, they are persuaded that it is very simple, according to the impulses of nature, to prefer what they feel so that they do not feel. What do they make us, dare say, the pains caused on the next one? Do we feel them? Not; on the contrary, we have just shown that from their production a delicious feeling for us results. With which title would thus spare we an individual who touches us of nothing? With which title him would prevent we a pain which will never cost us a tear, when it is certain that from this pain will be born a very great pleasure for us? Did we ever test only one impulse of the nature which advises us to prefer the others with us, and each one it for oneself in the world is not? You speak to us about a chimerical voice of this nature, which says to us not to do with the others what we would not like that it was made to us; but this absurdity council never came to us but from the weak men, and men. The powerful man will never think of speaking such a language. They were the first Christians who, daily persecuted for their
imbecile system, shouted with which wanted to hear it: "do not burn us, do not skin us! Nature says that one should not do with the others what we would not like that it was made to us." Imbeciles! How could the nature, which always advises us dédelecter, which never prints in us other movements, other inspirations, the moment according to, by an inconsistency without example, to ensure us that we however should not be warned of us dédelecter if that can make sorrow with the others? Ah! let us believe it, believe it, Eugenie, nature, our mother with all, never speaks to us but about us; nothing is egoistic like its voice, and what recognize there we moreover clearly is the immutable one and holy council that it gives us us dédelecter, does not import at the expense of which. But the others, says you one to that, can be avenged... At the good hour, most extremely only reason will have. Eh well, here is the primitive state of perpetual war and destruction for which its hand created us, and in which only it is advantageous for him that we are.

Here, my dear Eugenie, as those people reason, and me I add to it, according to my experiment and my studies, that cruelty, well far from being vice, is the first feeling which in us nature prints. The child breaks his hochet, bites the nipple of his nurse, strangles his bird, well before to have the age of reason. Cruelty is impressed in the animals, in which, as I believe to have said it to you, the natural laws are read much more vigorously than on our premises; it in the savages much is brought closer to nature than at the civilized man: it would be thus absurd to establish that it is a continuation of the depravity. This system is false, I repeat it. Cruelty is in nature; we all are born with an amount from cruelty that only education modifies; but education is not in nature, it harms as much the crowned effects of nature as the culture harms the trees. Compare in your orchards the tree given up with the care of nature, with that which your art looks after by forcing it, and you will see which is most beautiful, you will test which will give you better fruits. Cruelty is other thing only the energy of the man that civilization still does not have corrompu: it is thus a virtue and not vice. Cut off your laws, your punishments, your uses, and cruelty will not have any more dangerous effects, since it will never act without being able to be pushed back at once by the same ways; it is in the state of civilization that it is dangerous, because it to be injured lack almost always, or of the force, or the means of pushing back the insult; but in the state of incivilisation, if it acts on the fort, it will be pushed back by him, and if it acts on the weak one, injuring only one to be which yields at the height by the natural laws, it does not have the least disadvantage.

We will not analyze cruelty in the lubriques pleasures at the men; you see about, Eugenie, various excesses where they must carry, and your burning imagination must easily make you understand that, in a firm and stoical heart, they should not have terminals. Néron, Tibère, Héliogabale immolaient children to be made bandage; the marshal of Retz, Charolais, the uncle of Condé, made also murders of vice: the first acknowledged in its interrogation which he did not know of pleasure more powerful than that that he withdrew from the torment inflicted by his chaplain and him on young children of the two sexes. One found of them seven or eight hundreds of immolés in one of his castles of Brittany. All that is conceived, I has just proven it to you. Our constitution, our bodies, the course of liquors, the energy of the animal spirits, here are the causes physical which make, in the same hour, or of the Titus or Néron, Messaline or the Chantal; one should not more be enorgueillir of the virtue that repentance of vice, not more to show nature to have given birth to to us good to have created scélérat to us; it acted according to its sights, its plans and its needs: we subject. I will thus examine here only the cruelty of the women, always much more active at them than at the men, by the powerful reason of the excessive sensitivity of their bodies.

We distinguish two kinds of cruelty in general: that which is born from the stupidity, which, ever reasoned, ever analyzed, assimilates the individual born such with the wild animal: that one does not give any pleasure because that which is inclined there is not likely of any research; brutalities of such a being are seldom dangerous: it is always easy to be put some at the shelter; the other species of cruelty, fruit of the extreme sensitivity of the bodies, is known only extremely delicate beings, and excesses where it
carries them are only refinements of their delicacy; it is this delicacy, too promptly blunted because of its
excessive smoothness, which, to awake, puts of use all the resources of cruelty. That it is little of people
who conceive these differences!... How it of it is little which feels them! They however exist, they are
indubitable. However, it is this second kind of cruelty whose women are generally affected. Study them
well - you will see whether it is not the excess of their sensitivity which led them there; you will see
whether it is not the extreme activity of their imagination, the force of their spirit which returns them
clérèles and wild; therefore these all are charming; therefore it is not only one of this species which
does not make turn of the heads when it undertakes it; unfortunately, the rigidity or rather the nonsense
of our manners leaves little food to their cruelty; they are obliged to hide, dissimulate, cover their
inclination by open charitable donations which they hate at the bottom of their heart; it cannot be any
more but under the most obscure veil, with the largest precautions, helped of some sure friends, whom
they can devote to their inclinations; and, as it is much of this kind, it is consequently much the unhappy
ones. Do you want to know them? announce to them a cruel spectacle, that of a duel, a fire, a battle, a
combat of gladiateurs: you will see as they will run; but these occasions are not enough numerous to
feed their fury: they are contained and they suffer.

Let us throw a fast glance on the women of this kind. Coated with zinc, the queen of Angola, cruellest of
the women, immolait its lovers as soon as they had enjoyed it; often it made beat warriors under its eyes
and became the price of the winner; to flatter its wild heart, it was diverted to make crush in a mortar all
the women become pregnant before the thirty years age [ 6 ]. Zoe, woman of a Chinese emperor, did not
have greater pleasure than to see carrying out criminals under her eyes; with their defect, it made to
immoler slaves while it foutait with her husband, and proportioned the dashes of its discharge to the
cruelty of the anguishes which it made support with these unhappy. It was it which, refining on the kind
of torment to impose on its victims, invented this famous hollow bronze column that one made redden
after y to have locked up the patient. Théodora, the woman of Justinien, had fun to see making the
eunuques ones; and Messaline shook while, by the process of the masturbation, one exténuait men in
front of it. Floridiennes enlarged the member of their husbands and placed small insects on the nipple,
which made them endure horrible pains; they attached them for this operation and met several around
only one man to come more surely to end. As soon as they saw the Spaniards, they held themselves their
husbands while these Européens barbarians assassinated them. The Neighbor, Brinvilliers poisoned for
their only pleasure of committing a crime. The history, in a word, us provides thousand and thousand
features of the cruelty of the women, and it is because of leaning natural which they test with these
movements that I would like that they were accustomed to make use of active scourging,

means by which the cruel men alleviate their ferocity. Some of them use about it, I know it, but it is not
yet of use, among this sex, at the point where I would wish it. By means of this exit given to the cruelty
of the women, the company would gain there; because, not being able to be malicious in this manner,
they are it of another, and, thus spreading their venom in the world, they make the despair of their
husbands and their family. The refusal to make a good deed, when the opportunity arises some, that to
help misfortune, give well, if one wants, of rise to this ferocity where certain women are naturally
involved, but that is weak and often much too far from the need that they have to make worse. There
would be, undoubtedly, other means by which a woman, at the same time sensitive and wild, could calm
her impetuous passions, but they are dangerous, Eugenie, and I would never dare you to advise them...
Oh! sky! what do you thus have, dear angel?... Madam, in which state here is your pupil!...

Eugenie, shaking: Ah! sacredieu! you turn me the head... Here is the effect of your foutus matter!...

Dolmancé: With the help, Madam, with the help!... Will we thus let discharge this beautiful child
without helping it?...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Oh! it would be unjust! (taking It in its arms.) Adorable creature, I never saw a sensitivity as holds it, never a so delicious head!...

Dolmancé: Look after the front, Madam; I go with my language effleurer the pretty small hole of his bottom, by giving him light snaps on his buttocks; it is necessary that it discharges between our hands at least seven or eight times from this manner.

Eugenie, stray: Ah! foutre! it will not be difficult!

Dolmancé: By the attitude where here us are, Mesdames, I notice that you could suck me lives it in turn; excited in this manner, I would proceed with good more energy to the pleasures of our charming pupil.

Eugenie: My good, I dispute you the honor to suck this beautiful saw. (It takes it.)

Dolmancé: Ah! which delights!... which voluptuous heat!... But, Eugenie, will you behave well at the moment of the crisis?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: She will swallow... she will swallow, I answer of her; and besides if, by enfantillage... by I do not know which cause finally... it neglected the duties which imposes him here the lubricity...

Dolmancé, very animated: I would not forgive him, Madam, I would not forgive him!... An exemplary punishment... I swear you that it would be whipped... that it would be it to blood!... Ah! sacredieu! I discharge... my foutre runs!... Swallow!... swallow, Eugenie, that there is not of it a drop of lost!... And you, Madam, thus look after my bottom: it is offered to you... Don't you thus see as it yawns, my foutu bottom?... don't you thus see as it calls your fingers?... Foutredieu! my extase is complete... insert them there to you to the wrist!... Ah! we give, I of then more... this charming girl sucked me like an angel...

Eugenie: My expensive and adorable teacher, I did not lose a drop of it. Kiss me, dear love, your foutre is now at the bottom of my entrails.

Dolmancé: It is delicious... and like the small rascal discharged!...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: She is flooded!... Oh! sky! what I hear!... One strikes: who can thus come to disturb us?... It is my imprudent brother....!

Eugenie: But, my expensive, this is a treason!

Dolmancé: Without isn't example? Do not fear anything, Eugenie, we work only for your pleasures.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Ah! we soon will convince some! Approach, my brother, and laugh at this small girl who hides not to be seen of you.

[ 1 ] See the anecdotes of Procope.

[ 2 ] Adam was, like Noah, only one restorer of mankind. A dreadful upheaval left Adam alone on the ground, as a similar event left Noah there; but the tradition of Adam was lost, that of Noah was preserved.

[ 3 ] This article being treated further with extent, one was satisfied to provide only here some
foundations of the system which one will develop soon.


Madam de Saint-Ange,

Eugenie, Dolmancé,

The Knight of Mirvel.

The Knight: Do not fear anything, I entreat you, of my discretion, beautiful Eugenie it is whole; here is my sister, here is my friend, which can both answer you of me

Dolmancé: I see only one thing to very finish blow this ridiculous ceremonial. Hold, knight, we educate this pretty girl, we teach him all that it is necessary that a young lady of its age knows, and for informing best, we always join a little practice to the theory. It needs the table of one saw which discharges; it is where we are: do you want to give us the model?

The Knight: This proposal is undoubtedly too flattering so that I refuse there, and Miss has attractions which will well quickly decide the effects of the desired lesson.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Eh well, let us go; with work at the moment!

Eugenie: Oh! in truth, it is too strong; you misuses my youth at a point... but for which Mister will he take to me?

The Knight: For a charming girl, Eugenie... for the most adorable creature which I saw of my days. (He kisses it and lets walk its hands on its charms.) Oh! God! which fresh and nice charms!... which enchanteurs charms!...

Dolmancé: Let us speak less, knight, and act much more. I will direct the scene, it is my right; the object of this one is to show in Eugenie the mechanism of ejaculation; but, as it is difficult that it can observe such a phenomenon of coolness, we will place oneself all four good opposite and very close from/to each other. You will shake your friend, Madam; I will undertake the knight. When it is about pollution, a man gets along there, for a man, infinitely better than a woman. As it knows what is appropriate to him, it knows what it is necessary to do with the others... place we go. (One arranges oneself.)

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Aren't we too near?

Dolmancé, seizing the knight already: We could not too be it, Madam; it is necessary that the centre and the face of your friend are flooded evidence of the virility of your brother; it is necessary that it discharges to him what is called with the nose. Master of the pump, I will direct the floods from there, so that it is some absolutely covered. Carefully shake it during this time, on all the lubriques parts of its body. Eugenie, deliver your very whole imagination to the last variations of libertinage; think that you will see the most beautiful mysteries of them taking place under your eyes; press very retained with the
feet: decency was never a virtue. If nature had wanted that we hid some parts of our bodies, it had taken this care itself; but it created us naked; therefore she absolutely wants that we went naked, and very proceeded contrary insult her laws. The children, who do not have any idea of the pleasure yet, and consequently of the need for making it sharper by modesty, show all that they carry. A larger singularity also sometimes is met: it is countries where the decency of clothing is of use, without the modesty of manners meeting there. In Otaïtí the girls are vêtues, and they are troussent as soon as it is required.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: What I like of Dolmancé, it is that it does not waste its time; while discoursing, see as it acts, as it examines with kindness the superb bottom of my brother, as he voluptueusement shakes the beautiful one lives of this young man... Eugenie, we put go at the work! Here is the pump pipe in the air; it soon will flood us.

Eugenie: Ah! my dear friend, which monstrous member!... Hardly I can the empoigner!... Oh! my God! are they quite as large as that?

Dolmancé: You know, Eugenie, that mine is quite lower; such machines are frightening for a girl; you feel well that that one would not perforate you without danger.

Eugenie, already shaken by Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Ah! I will face them all to enjoy it!...

Dolmancé: And you would be right: a girl should never be frightened of such a thing; nature lends itself, and the torrents of pleasures of which it fills you compensate you soon for the small pains which precede them. I saw girls younger than to still support you larger vits. With courage and patience one surmounts the largest obstacles. It is a madness to imagine that it is necessary, as much as it is possible, to make to dépuceler a girl only by very small vits. I am of the opinion that a virgin must deliver herself, on the contrary, with the largest machines than it will be able to meet, so that, the ligaments of the hymen earlier broken, the feelings of the pleasure can thus decide more promptly in it. It is true that once at this mode, it will have well sorrow to return from there to the poor one; but if it is rich, young person and beautiful, it will find this size of it as long as it will want. That it is held to with it; is it presented some at it less large, and that it however wants to employ? that it then places them in its bottom

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Undoubtedly, and to be even happier, than it serf of the one and other with the time the voluptuous jolts of which it will agitate that which enconne are used it to precipitate the extase that which fucks it up the ass, and which flooded foutre from both, it hurls his by dying it of pleasure.

Dolmancé: (It should be observed that pollution always goes during the dialogue.) It seems to to me that it should enter two or three vits moreover the table which you arrange, Madam; couldn't the woman that you place as you have just said it have one lives in the mouth and one in each hand?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: She could about it have under the armpits and in the hair, she should have thirty around her of them if it were possible; it would be necessary, in those moments, not to have, not touch, devour only vits around oneself, to be flooded by all at the same moment when oneself would be discharged. Ah! Dolmancé, some whore that you are, I defy you to have equalized me in these delicious combat of the lust... I did all that it is possible in this kind.

Eugenie, always shaken by her friend, as the knight is by Dolmancé: Ah! my good... you make me turn the head!... What! I will be able to devote myself... to very full men!... Ah! which delights!... Like you shake me, dear friend!... You are the goddess even pleasure!... And this beautiful saw, as it inflates!... as its majestic head swells and becomes vermilion!...
Dolmancé: It is well close to the outcome.

The Knight: Eugenie... my sister... you approach... Ah! which divine throats!... which soft and potelées thighs!... Discharge!... discharge both, my foutre will join to it!... It runs!... ah! sacredieu!...

(Dolmancé, during this crisis, has care to direct the floods of sperm of his/her friend on the two women, and mainly on Eugenie, which is some flooded.)

Eugenie: Which beautiful spectacle!... as it is noble and majestic!... In completely covered me... it here me is jumped from there until in the eyes!...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Wait, my crumb, lets collect these invaluable pearls to me; I will rub your clitoris of them to cause your discharge more quickly.

Eugenie: Ah! yes, my good, ah! yes: this idea is delicious... Carry out, and I leave in your arms.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Divine child, kisses to me thousand and thousand times!... Let suck your language to me... which I breathe your voluptuous breath when it is set ablaze by the fire of the pleasure!... Ah! foutre! I discharge myself!... My brother, me, I finish t'en entreat!...

Dolmancé: Yes, knight... yes, shake your sister.

The Knight: I like the foutre better: I still bandage.

Dolmancé: Eh well, put to him, by presenting your bottom to me: I will foutrai to you during this voluptuous inceste. Eugenie, army of this godemiché, will fuck me up the ass. Intended to play one day all the various roles of the lust, one needs that she is exerted, in the lessons that we give him here, to also fill them all.

Eugenie, affublant itself of one godemiché: Oh! readily! You will never find me at fault, when it is about libertinage: he is now my only god, the single rule of my control, the only base of all my actions. (She fucks up the ass Dolmancé.) Is this thus, my dear Master?... do I make well?...

Dolmancé: With wonder!... In truth, the small rascal fucks me up the ass like a man!... Good! it seems to to me that us here perfectly dependent all four: it is not any more a question but of going.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Ah! I die, knight!... It is impossible for me to accustom me with the delicious jolts of beautiful tone saw!...

Dolmancé: Sacredieu! that this charming bottom gives me pleasure!... Ah! foutre! foutre! let us discharge all the four at the same time!... Doubledieu! I die! I expire!... Ah! from my life I did not discharge voluptueusement any more! Did you lose your sperm, knight?

The Knight: See this idiot, as it is smeared by it.

Dolmancé: Ah! my friend, that I as much in the bottom do not have any!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: We rest, I die.

Dolmancé, kissing Eugenie: This charming girl has me foutu like a god.

Eugenie: In truth I felt pleasure there.
Dolmancé: All excesses give some when one is libertine, and what a woman has of to better do, is to multiply them beyond even the possible one.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I placed five hundred louis in a notary for the unspecified individual who will teach me a passion that I do not know, and who can plunge my directions in a pleasure which I did not enjoy yet.

Dolmancé: (Here the interlocutors, readjusted, any more but do not occupy themselves to cause.) This idea is odd and I will seize it, but I doubt, Madam, that this singular desire, after which you run, resembles the mean pleasures which you have just tasted.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: How thus?

Dolmancé: It is that in honor, I do not know anything so tiresome that the pleasure of the idiot, and when once, like you, Madam, one tasted the pleasure of the bottom, I do not conceive how one returns to the different one.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: They are customs. When one thinks like me, one wants to be foutue everywhere and, whatever the part which a machine perforates, one is happy when it there is smelled. I am however well of your opinion, and I attest here with all the voluptuous women that the pleasure whom they will test with foutre in bottom will always exceed of much that which they will test to do it as an idiot. That they refer some on that to the woman of Europe which did it the most one and other manner: I certify to them that there is not the least comparison, and that they will return well with difficulty to the front when they make the experiment of behind.

The Knight: I do not think completely in the same way. I lend myself to all that one wants, but, by taste, I really like in the women only the furnace bridge which nature indicated to pay homage to them.

Dolmancé: Eh well! but, it is the bottom! Never nature, my dear knight, if you scan carefully his laws, indicated other furnace bridges to our homage only the hole of behind; it allows the remainder, but it orders this one. Ah! sacré dieu! if its intention were not that us foutions of the bottoms, would it have also precisely proportioned their opening with our members? Isn't this opening round like them? What a to be rather enemy good direction can imagine that an oval hole can be created by nature for round members! Its intentions are read in this deformity; it shows to us clearly by there that sacrifices too reiterated in this part, by multiplying a propagation of which it does to nothing but grant the tolerance us, would displease to him infallibly. But let us continue our education. Eugenie has just considered all at ease sublimates it mystery of a discharge; I would like now that it learned how to direct the floods of them.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: In exhaustion where you here are both, it is him to prepare sorrow well.

Dolmancé: I agree on it, as for this reason I would wish as we can have, in your house or your countryside, some young boy quite robust, who would be used to us as mannequin, and on which we could give lessons.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I have your business precisely.

Dolmancé: Wouldn't this be by chance a young gardener, of a delicious figure, approximately eighteen or twenty years, which I saw a few moments ago working with your kitchen garden?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Augustin! Yes, precisely, Augustin, whose member is thirteen inches length on
eight and half of circumference!

Dolmancé: Ah! right sky! which monster!... and does that discharge?...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Oh! like a torrent!... I will seek it.

5

Dolmancé, The Knight,

Augustin, Eugenie,

Madam de Saint-Ange.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange, bringing Augustin: Here is the man about which I spoke to you. Let us go, my friends, have fun; that would be the life without pleasure?... Approach, simpleton!... Oh! the stupid one!... Do you believe that there is six months that I work to strip this large pig without being able to come to end?

Augustin: My fy! Madam, you however say sometimes as that which I start not so badly not to be now, and when y has ground in waste land, it is always with me that you give it.

Dolmancé, laughing: Ah! charming!... charming!... Dear friend, it is as honest as it is fresh... (Showing Eugenie.) Augustin, here is a bench of flowers in waste land; do you want to undertake it?

Augustin: Ah! tatiguai! monsieur, of so nice pieces are not made for us.

Dolmancé: Let us go, Miss.

Eugenie, reddening: Oh, sky! I am of a shame!

Dolmancé: Move away from you this feeling pusillanime; all our actions, and especially being inspired those of libertinage, we by nature, it of it is none of some species which you can suppose it, of which we must conceive shame. Let us go, Eugenie, make act of putanism with this young man; think that any provocation made by a girl with a boy is an offering with nature, and that your sex never serves it better than when it prostitute with ours: that it is, in a word, to be foutue that you were born, and which that who refuses with this intention of nature on it does not deserve to see the day. Lower yourself the breeches of this young man until the bottom of his beautiful thighs, roll its shirt under its jacket, that the front... and behind, that it has, by bracket, the extremely beautiful one, are at your disposal... That one with your hands seizes now this full piece of flesh, which, soon, I see it, will frighten you by his form, and that the other walks on the buttocks, and tickles the opening of the bottom thus... Yes, in this manner... (to show in Eugenie that of which it all is, it socratise Augustin himself.) Uncap this head rubiconde well; never cover it while polluting; hold it naked... tighten the net at the point to break it... Eh well! do you see already the effect of my lessons?... And you, my child, I t’en entreat, does not remain thus the joined hands, isn’t there thus there what to occupy them?... walk them on this beautiful centre, these beautiful buttocks...

Augustin: Couldn't Monsieur, I kiss this young lady who does such an amount of pleasure to me?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Eh! kiss it, idiotic, kisses it as long as you will want; don't you kiss me, I, when I
sleep with you?

Augustin: Ah! tatiguai! the beautiful mouth!... As that is fresh for you!... It seems me to have the nose on the pinks of not' garden! (Showing its saw bandaging.) As, see you, monsieux, v' there the effect as that produced!

Eugenie: Oh, sky! as it lengthens!...

Dolmancé: That your movements become now more regulated, more energetic... Yield to me the place one moment, and look at well as I make. (It shakes Augustin.) Do you see as those movements are firmer and at the same time more marrowy?... There, begin again, and especially do not recalottez... Good! here it is in all its energy; let us examine now if it is true that it has it larger than the knight.

Eugenie: Let us not doubt it; you see well that I then the empoigner.

Dolmancé measures: Yes, you are right: thirteen length out of eight and half of circumference. I never saw some larger. Here are what is called superb saw. And you make use of it, Madam?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Regularly every night when I am in this countryside.

Dolmancé: But in do the bottom, I hope?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: A little more often than in the idiot

Dolmancé: Ah! sacrédié! which libertinage!... Eh well, in honor, I do not know if I would support it.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Thus do not make the narrow one, Dolmancé; it will enter your bottom as in mine.

Dolmancé: We will see that; I flatter myself that my Augustin will make me the honor launch out a little foutre in behind; I will return it to him; but let us continue our lesson... Let us go, Eugenie, the snake will vomit its venom: you prepare; that your eyes are fixed on the head of this sublime member; and when, for proof of its prompt ejaculation, you will see it inflating, to moderate more beautiful crimson, that your movements then acquire all the energy of which they are likely; that the fingers which tickle the anus insert there more before to make may be; you deliver very whole to the libertine who has fun you; seek its mouth in order to suck it; that your attractions fly, so to speak, ahead of of its hands... It discharges, Eugenie, here is the moment of your triumph.

Augustin: Ahe! ahe! ahe! mam' saddle, I die!... I then more!... Thus go more extremely, I entreat you... Ah! sacrédié! I do not see there clearly any more!...

Dolmancé: Redouble, redouble, Eugenie! do not spare it, it is in intoxication... Ah! which abundance of sperm!... with which strength it sprang!... See the traces of the first jet: it jumped to more than ten feet... Foutredieu! the room in is full!... I never saw discharging like that, and it has you, do you say, foutue this night, Madam?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Last nines or ten blows, I believe: for a long time we do not count any more.

The Knight: Beautiful Eugenie, you are covered with it.

Eugenie: I would like to be flooded for it. (A Dolmancé.) Eh well, my Master, are you content?

Dolmancé: Extremely well, for a beginning; but it is still some episodes which you neglected.
Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Let us wait: they can be in it only fruit of the experiment; for me, I acknowledge it, I am strong content with my Eugenie: she announces the happiest provisions, and I believe that we must now make it enjoy another spectacle. Let us show the effects of one to him lives in the bottom.

Dolmancé, I will offer mine to you; I will be in the arms of my brother: he will enconnera me, you will fuck me up the ass, and it is Eugenie which will prepare your saw, which will place it in my bottom, which will regulate of them all the movements, which will study them, in order to go familiar to this operation, that we will then subject to to him itself by the enormous one saw EC Hercules.

Dolmancé: I flatter myself some, and this pretty small behind will be torn soon under our eyes by the violent jolts of the honest Augustin. I approve, while waiting, which you propose, Madam, but if you want that I treat you well, allow me to put a clause at it: Augustin, that I will make rebander in two turns of wrist, will fuck me up the ass while I sodomize you.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I approve this arrangement extremely; I will gain there, and it will be for my schoolgirl two excellent lessons instead of one.

Dolmancé, seizing Augustin: Come, my large boy, that I revive you... As it is beautiful!... Kiss me, dear friend... You are still very wet foutre, and it is foutre which I ask you... Ah! sacredieu! it is necessary that I him gamahuche the bottom, while shaking it!...

The Knight: Approach, my sister; in order to answer the sights of Dolmancé and hold, I will extend on this bed; you will lie down in my arms, by exposing to him your beautiful buttocks in the greatest possible spacing... Yes, it is that: we could always start.

Dolmancé: Not, really: await me; it is necessary initially that I fuck up the ass your sister, since Augustin insinuates it to me; then I will marry you: these are the fingers which must bind you. Let us not miss with any the principles: let us think that a schoolgirl looks at us, and that we owe him of the exact lessons. Eugenie, come to shake me while I determine the enormous machine of this bad subject; support the erection of my saw, by polluting it with lightness on your buttocks... (It carries out.)

Eugenie: Do I make well?

Dolmancé: There is always too much mollesse in your movements; tighten much more saw it that you shake, Eugenie; if the masturbation is pleasant only in what it compresses more that the pleasure, it is thus necessary which the hand which cooperates there becomes for the machine that she works a room infinitely narrower than any other part of the body... Better! it is better, that!... draw aside behind a little more, so that with each jolt the head of my yes saw key to the hole of your bottom..., it is that!... Shake your sister while waiting, knight: we are with you in the minute... Ah! good! here is my man who bandages... Let us go, prepare you, Madam; open this sublime bottom with my impure heat; guide the dart, Eugenie; it is necessary that it is your hand which leads it on the breach; it is necessary that it is it which makes it penetrate; as soon as it is inside, you will seize that of Augustin, of which you will fill my entrails; they are duties of beginner there, it v A of the instruction to be received with all that; for this reason I you make it.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Are my buttocks well with you, Dolmancé? Ah! my angel, if you knew how much I wish you, how much it has been time that I want to be fucked up the ass by a guy!

Dolmancé: Your wishes will be exaucés, Madam; but suffer that I stop one moment with the feet of the idol: I want to celebrate it before to be introduced at the bottom of its sanctuary... Which divine
bottom!... That I kiss it!... that I lick it thousand and thousand times!... Hold, here it is, this saw that you wish!... Do you feel rascal? Say, say; do you feel as it penetrates?...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Ah! put it to me until the bottom of the entrails!... Soft Ô pleasure, what a is thus your empire!

Dolmancé: Here is a bottom like I in foutis of my days; it is worthy of Ganymède itself! Let us go, Eugenie, by your care that Augustin fucks me up the ass at the moment.

Eugenie: Here it is, I bring it to you. (A Augustin.) Hold, beautiful angel, see you the hole that it is necessary you to perforate?

Augustin: I let us see it well... Ram! there is place there!... I will enter better in it that on your premise, at least, mam' saddle; thus kiss me a little so that it enters better.

Eugenie, embracing it: Oh! as long as you will want, you are so fresh!... But thus pushes!... As the head was absorbed there immediately!... Ah! it appears to to me that the remainder will not delay...

Dolmancé: Push, pushes, my friend... tears me if it is needed... Hold, see my bottom, as it lends itself... Ah! sacréieu! which bludgeon!... I from of never received the similar one... How much do remain inches with-outside, Eugenie?

Eugenie: Hardly two!

Dolmancé: I thus have eleven in the bottom of them! Which delights!... It bursts me, I of then more! Let us go, knight, are you ready?...

The Knight: Touch, and say what you think.

Dolmancé: Come my children, that I you Marie... who I cooperate of my better with this divine inceste. (It introduces saw it of the knight in the idiot of its sister.)

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Ah! my friends, here me is thus foutue on the two sides... Sacréieu! which divine pleasure!... Not, it is not the similar one to the world... Ah! foutre! that I lime pits the woman who did not taste it!... Shake me, Dolmancé, shakes me... forces me by the violence of your movements to precipitate me on glaive my brother, and you, Eugenie, I contemplates; come to look me in the vice one; come to learn, with my example, to taste it with transport, to enjoy it with delights... See, my love, see all that I do at the same time: scandal, seduction, bad example, inceste, adultery, sodomy!... Ô Lucifer! only and single god of my heart, inspires something moreover, offers to my heart new variations to me, and you will see as I will plunge myself there!

Dolmancé: Voluptuous creature! as you determine my foutre, like you out of presses discharge by your remarks and the extreme heat of your bottom!... All will make me leave at the moment... Eugenie, overheats the courage of my foutor; press its sides, half-opens its buttocks; you know art now to revive wavering desires... Your only approach gives energy to saw which me fout... I feel it, his jolts are more sharp... Rascal, it is necessary that I yield to you what I would have liked owe only with my bottom... Knight, you carry yourself, I feel it... Await me!... await us!... Ô my friends, let us discharge only together: it is the only happiness of the life!...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Ah! foutre! foutre! Leave when you want... for me, I do not hold to with it more! Double name of a god, of which I insane!... Crowned guy of god! I discharge!... Flood me, my friends...
flood your whore... launch the floods of your foamy foutre until the bottom of its set ablaze heart: it only exists to receive them!... Ahe! ahe! ahe! foutre!... foutre! which incredible excess of pleasure!... I die! Eugenie, that I kiss you, that I eat you, that I devour your foutre, by losing mine!... (Augustin, Dolmancé and the knight make chorus; fear to be monotonous prevents us from returning expressions which, in such moments, resemble each other all.)

Dolmancé: Here one of the good pleasures which I had of my life. (Showing Augustin.) That guy filled me of sperm!... but I returned it well to you, Madam!...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Ah! do not speak to me about it I am flooded.

Eugenie: I cannot about it say as much, me! (throwing itself while folâtrant in the arms of his/her friend.) You say that you made many sins, my good; never, for me, God thank you! not only one! Ah! if I eat a long time my bread with smoke like that, I will not have an indigestion.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange, bursting of laughing: The funny one of creature!

Dolmancé: It is charming!... Come here, small girl, that I whip you. (It him opera hat the bottom.) Me, you kiss will have soon your turn.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: One in the future should only deal only with her, my brother; consider, it is to it your prey; examine this charming virginity, it to soon will belong you.

Eugenie: Oh! not at the front: that would do too much evil to me; behind as long as you will want, like Dolmancé did it a few moments ago to me.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: The naive one and delicious girl! She precisely asks you what one has such an amount of sorrow to obtain from the others!

Eugenie: Oh! it is not without a little remorse; because you did not reassure me on the enormous crime which I always intended to say that there was with that, and especially to do it of man with man, as that has just arrived at Dolmancé and Augustin. Let us see, Voyons, Sir, how your philosophy explains this kind of offence. It, isn't this is dreadful?

Dolmancé: Start from a point, Eugenie, it is that nothing is dreadful in libertinage, because all that libertinage inspires is also by nature; the most extraordinary actions, oddest, those which appear to shock most obviously all the laws, all the human institutions (because, for the sky, I do not speak about it), eh well, Eugenie, these even are not dreadful, and it is not one of them which cannot be shown in nature; it is certain that that of which you speak to me, beautiful Eugenie, is the same one relatively to which one finds a fable so singular in the Romance dish of the Scriptures, tiresome compilation of a Jew being unaware of, during the captivity of Babylon; but it is false, out of any probability, that it is in punishment of these variations that these cities, or rather these villages, perished by fire; placed on the crater of some old volcanos, Sodome, Gomorrhe perished as these cities of Italy which the lava of Vesuvius absorbed; here is all the miracle, and it was however of this very simple event that one left to cruelly invent the torment of fire against the unhappy human ones which was delivered in part of Europe to this natural imagination.

Eugenie: Oh! natural!...

Dolmancé: Yes, natural, I support it; nature does not have two votes, of which one leaves the trade daily condemn what the other inspires, and it is quite certain that it is only by its body that the entichés men of
this mania receive the impressions which carry them there. Those which want to proscribe or condemn this taste claim that it harms the population. How they are flat, these imbeciles who never have but this idea of population in the head, and who never see but crime with all that moves away from there! Is it thus shown that nature has this population a as great need as they would like to make us believe it? Is it quite certain that one it insult each time that one deviates from this stupid propagation? Let us scan one moment, for us to convince some, and his walk and its laws. If nature did nothing but create, and that it never destroyed, I could believe with these tiresome sophists that most sublime of all the acts would be to work unceasingly with that which produces, and I would grant to them, following that, which the refusal to produce should necessarily be a crime. The lightest glance on the operations of the nature it does not prove which the destruction is as necessary to its plans as creations? what one and the other of these operations bind and are connected even if if closely that it becomes impossible that one can act without the other? what nothing is born, nothing would not be regenerated without destruction? The destruction is thus one of the natural laws like creation.

This admitted principle, how can I offend this nature while refusing to create? what, to suppose an evil with this action, would become infinitely the least large about it, undoubtedly, that that to destroy, who however is in his laws, as I have just proven it. If, on a side, I thus admit the leaning one that nature gives me with this loss, that I examine, other, that it is necessary for him and that I do nothing but enter his sights while delivering to me to it, where will be the crime then, I ask it to you? But, still object to you the stupid ones and the populateurs, which is synonymous, this productive sperm can be placed in your kidneys with no other use but for that of the propagation: to divert some is an offence. I initially have just proven that not, since this loss would not even be equivalent to a destruction and that destruction, much more significant than the loss, would not be itself a crime. In the second place, it is false that nature wants that this spermatic liquor absolutely and is entirely intended to produce; if that were, not only it would not allow that this flow took place in any other case, as us proves it the experiment, since we lose it, and when we want and where we want, and then it would be opposed so that these losses took place without coitus, as it arrives, and in our dreams and our memories; miserly of a as invaluable liquor, it would be never but in the mud of the propagation as it would allow the flow of it; it would undoubtedly not like that this pleasure of which it crowns us then could be felt when we would divert the homage; because it would not be reasonable to suppose that it agree to give us pleasure even to the moment when we would overpower it insults. Let us go further; if the women had been born to only produce, which would be undoubtedly if this production were so expensive with nature, would it happen that, on the longest life of a woman, it is however only seven years, any made deduction, where she is in a position to give the life to its similar? What! nature is avid of propagation; all that does not tighten with this goal offence, and over hundred years of life the sex intended to produce will be able it only during seven years! Nature wants only propagations, and the seed which it lends to the man to serve these propagations loses as much as he likes to the man! It finds the same pleasure with this loss as with useful employment, and never the least disadvantage!...

Let us cease, my friends, cease believing in such nonsenses: they make quiver the good direction. Ah! far from outrager nature, we persuade well, on the contrary, that the sodomite and the tribade serve it, while refusing obstinately with a conjunction from which it results only one tiresome offspring for her. This propagation, we do not mislead, was never one of its laws, but a tolerance at most, I said it to you. Eh! that matters to him that the race of the men dies out or vanishes on the ground! It laughs at our pride to persuade us that all would finish if this misfortune took place! But it would not realize any only. Does one think that there are no already extinct races? Buffon counts some several, and nature, dumb woman with such an invaluable loss, does not realize any only. The whole species would vanish that neither the air would be less pure, neither the star less shining, nor the less exact walk of the universe. How was needed imbecillity, however, to believe that our species is so useful for the world that that which would
not work to propagate it or that which would disturb this propagation would become necessarily a
criminal! Let us cease plugging us at this point, and that the example of the people more reasonable than
us serf to persuade us of our errors. There is not only one corner on the ground where this alleged crime
of sodomy did not have temples and sectateurs. The Greeks, who made a virtue so to speak of it, set up a
statue under the name of Venus Callipyge to him; Rome sent to seek laws in Athens, and it brought back
this divine taste of it.

What a progress do not see him we making under the emperors! With the shelter of the Roman eagles, it
extends from an end of the ground to the other; with the destruction of the empire, it takes refuge close to
the tiara, it follows arts to Italy, it reaches us when we organize ourselves. We discover a hemisphere, we
find sodomy there. Cook wets in a new world: it reigns there. If our balloons had been in the moon it
there would be found all the same. Delicious taste, child of nature and the pleasure, you must be
everywhere where the men will be, and everywhere where you will have been known you will be set up
furnace bridges! Ô my friends, can it be a similar extravagance with that to imagine that a man must be a
worthy monster to lose the life because it preferred in his pleasure the hole of a bottom to that of an idiot,
because a young man with whom it finds two pleasures, that to be at the same time lover and mistress,
appeared preferable to him to a girl, who promises only one pleasure to him! It will be a scélérat, a
monster, to have wanted to play the role of a sex which is not it his! Eh! why nature did create sensitive
to this pleasure?

Examine its conformation; you will observe there total differences with that of the men who did not
receive this taste in division; its buttocks whiter, will be potelées; not a hair will not ombragera the
furnace bridge of the pleasure, of which the interior, papered of a more delicate membrane, more sensual,
chatouilleuse, will be positively same kind as the interior of the vagina of a woman; the character of this
man, still different from that of the others, will have more mollesse, more flexibility; you will find almost
all the defects and all the virtues of the women to him; you will recognize there until their weakness; all
will have their manias and some their features. Would it be thus possible that nature, by assimilating
them in this manner to women, could be irritated of what they have their tastes? Isn't it clear that it is a
class of men different from the other and that nature created thus to decrease this propagation, whose too
great extent would harm to him infallibly?... Ah! my dear Eugenie, if you knew as one enjoys
délicieusement when large saw fills us behind; when, inserted to the assholes, it y trémousse with heat;
that, brought back to the foreskin, it is recessed there to the hair! Not, not, it is not in the whole world a
pleasure which is worth that one: it is that of the philosophers, it is that of the heroes, it would be that of
the gods, if the parts of this divine pleasure were not themselves the only gods whom we must adore on
the ground [ 1 ]!

Eugenie, very animated: Oh! my friends, that one fucks me up the ass!... Hold, here are my buttocks... I
offer them to you!... Foutez me, I discharge!... (It falls, by pronouncing these words, in the arms of Mrs.
de Saint-Ange, which tightens it, embraces it and offers the high kidneys of this girl to Dolmancé.)

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Divine teacher, will you resist this proposal? This sublime behind won't it try you?
See as it yawns, and as it half-opens!

Dolmancé: I ask you for forgiveness, beautiful Eugenie; it will not be me, if you want it well, who will
charge me with extinguishing fires that I light. Dear child, you are in my eyes the great wrong to be
woman. I agreed to forget any prevention to gather your first steps; find good that I remain about it
there; the knight will undertake the work. His/her sister, army of this godemiché, will carry to the
bottom of her brother of the most frightening blows, while presenting her beautiful behind at Augustin,
who will fuck it up the ass and whom I will foutrai during that time; because, I does not hide it to you,
the bottom of this fine young man has tried me for one hour, and I want absolutely to return to him what it
Eugenie: I adopt the exchange; but, in truth, Dolmancé, the frankness from your consent does not withdraw impoliteness of it.

Dolmancé: Thousand forgiveness, Miss; but, we other guys, we prick ourselves only of frankness and exactitude in our principles.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: The reputation of frankness is however not that which one gives to those which, like you, are accustomed to take people only behind.

Dolmancé: A little treacherous, yes, a little forgery; you believe? Eh well, Madam, I showed you that this character was essential in the company. Condemned to live with people who may find it beneficial greatest to hide in our eyes, to disguise us the defects which they have, to offer only the virtues to us which they never encensèrent, there would be with us the greatest danger to show them only frankness; because then it is clear that we would give them on us all the advantages that they refuse us, and deception would be manifest. The dissimulation and hypocrisy are needs that the company made us: let us yield there. Allow me to be offered to you one moment for example, Madam: it is undoubtedly in the world no being more corrompu; eh well, my contemporaries are mistaken there; ask them what they think of me, all will say to you that I am an honest man, while it is not only one crime of which I did not make my more dear delights!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Oh! you will not persuade me that you made the atrocious ones.

Dolmancé: The atrocious ones... in truth, Madam, I made horrors.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Eh well, yes, you are as that which said to its confessor: "the detail is useless, Mister; except the murder and the flight, you can be sure that I did everything!"

Dolmancé: Yes, Madam, I will say the same thing, but except near.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: What! did libertine, you allow himself...?

Dolmancé: All, Madam, all; does one refuse something with my temperament and my principles?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Ah! let us foutons! let us foutons!... I then to hold more with these remarks; we will return there, Dolmancé; but, to add more faith to your consents, I want to hear them only with fresh head. When you bandage, you like to say horrors, and perhaps you for truths would give us here the libertines prestige of your ignited imagination. (One arranges oneself.)

Dolmancé: Wait, knight, wait: it is myself which will introduce it; but it is necessary beforehand, I am sorry of it to the beautiful Eugenie, it is necessary that she enables me to whip it to start it. (It whips it.)

Eugenie: I answer you that this ceremony was useless... Known as, Dolmancé, which it satisfies your lust; but, while to it proceeding, have the air, I request from you, nothing to make for me

Dolmancé, always whipping: Ah! presently, will say you to me news!... You do not know the empire of this preliminary... Let us go, go, small rascal, you will be fustigated!

Eugenie: Oh! sky! as it goes there!... My buttocks are on fire!... But you hurt me, in truth!...
Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I will avenge you, my crumb; I will return to him. (It whips Dolmancé.)

Dolmancé: Oh! of all my heart; I ask for only one thanks to Eugenie, it is to find good that I whip it as extremely as I wish to be to it myself; you see like here me is in the natural law; but, wait, arrange that: that Eugenie goes up on your kidneys, Madam; she will cling to your collar, as these mothers who carry their children on their back; there, I will have two bottoms under my hand; I will étrillerai them together; the knight and Augustin will return it to me while striking at the same time both my buttocks... Yes, it is thus... Ah! here we are!... What delights!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Do not save this small rascal, I entreat you, and like I do not ask you for grace, I do not want that you do any of it to him.

Eugenie: Ahe! ahe! ahe! in truth, I believe that my blood runs.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: It will embellish your buttocks by colouring them... Courage, my angel, courage; remember that it is by the sorrows that one always arrives at the pleasures.

Eugenie: In truth, I of then more.

Dolmancé suspends one minute to contemplate its work; then, beginning again: Still an about sixty, Eugenie; yes, yes, sixty still on each bottom!... Oh! rascals! how you will have pleasure with foutre now! (the posture is demolished.)

Mrs. de Saint-Ange, examining the buttocks of Eugenie: Ah! the poor small one, its behind is in blood!... Scélérat, as you are pleased to thus kiss the vestiges of your cruelty!

Dolmancé, polluting itself: Yes, I do not hide it, and my kisses would be burning if the vestiges were crueler.

Eugenie: Ah! you are a monster!

Dolmancé: I agree on it!

The Knight: There is good faith, at least!

Dolmancé: Let us go, sodomizes it, knight.

The Knight: Contain its kidneys, and in three jolts it is there

Eugenie: Oh! sky! you have it larger than Dolmancé!... Knight, you tear me!... spare me, I entreat you!...

The Knight: That is impossible, my angel. I must achieve the goal... Think that I am here under the eyes of my Master: it is necessary that I make myself worthy of his lessons.

Dolmancé: It is there!... I prodigiously like to see the hair of one saw rubbing the walls of an anus... Let us go, Madam, fuck up the ass your brother... Here saw it of Augustin very ready to be introduced in you, and me, I answer you not to spare your foutor... Ah! good! it seems to to me that here is the formed chain; any more but let us not think of discharging now.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Thus examine this small pig mould, like it frétille.
Eugenie: Is this my fault? I die of pleasure!... This fustigation... this saw immense... and this pleasant knight, who still shakes me during that time!... My good, my good, I of then more!...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Sacredieu! I t'en deliver as much, I discharge!...

Dolmancé: A little overall, my friends; if you want to only to grant two minutes me, I would have reached you soon, and we would leave all at the same time.

The Knight: He is not any more time; my foutre runs in the bottom of the beautiful Eugenie I die! Ah! crowned name of a god! that pleasures!

Dolmancé: I am to you, my friends... I am to you... the foutre also plugs me...

Augustin: And me thus!... and me thus!...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Which scene!... That guy filled me the bottom!

The Knight: With the bidet, Mesdames, with the bidet!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Not, in truth, I like that, me, I like to feel me foutre in the bottom: I never return it when I have some

Eugenie: In truth, I of then more... Say maintaining to me, my friends, if a woman must always agree the proposal to be thus foutue, when one does it to him?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Always, my expensive, always; it must make more, even: as this manner of foutre is delicious, it must require it those of which it is useful; but if it depends on that with which it has fun, if it hopes to obtain from them favours, present or graces, that it is put forward, that it is made press; there is no man of this taste which, in similar case, is not ruined with an enough skilful woman to make him refusal that with the intention igniting it more she will draw from them all that she will want if she has art well to grant only by the way what one asks him.

Dolmancé: Eh well, little angel, are you converted? ceases you to believe that sodomy is a crime?

Eugenie: And when it would be one, which is essential me? Didn't you show me nothing of the crimes? It is well little of actions now which are criminal in my eyes.

Dolmancé: It is not of crime to nothing, dear girl, with anything in the world: most monstrous of the actions doesn't it have a side by which it is favourable for us?

Eugenie: Who in doubt?

Dolmancé: Eh well, of this moment it ceases being a crime; because, so that what is useful one while harming the other was a crime, it would have to be shown that it to be injured is more invaluable with nature than it to be served: however all the individuals being equal to the eyes of nature, this predilection is impossible: therefore the action which is used for the one while harming the other is of a perfect indifference to nature.

Eugenie: But if the action harmed to a very large majority of individuals, and that it paid to us with us only one very light amount of pleasure, wouldn't be it dreadful to be devoted to it then?

Dolmancé: Not more, because there is no comparison between what the others and test what we feel; the
strongest amount of pain at the others must undoubtedly be null for us, and the lightest tickling of
pleasure tested by us is touched; therefore we must, at which price that it is, to prefer this light tickling
which us délecte with this immense sum of misfortunes of others, which could not reach us. But if it
arrives, on the contrary, that the singularity of our bodies, an odd construction, return pleasant the pains of
the next one to us, as that often arrives: who doubts whereas we should not incontestably prefer this pain
of others which amuse us, has the absence of this pain which would become a deprivation for us? The
source of all our errors in morals comes from the ridiculous admission of this wire of fraternity which the
Christians in their century of misfortune and distress invented. Constrained to beg pity for the others, it
was not awkward to establish that they all were brothers. How to refuse helps according to such an
assumption? But it is impossible to admit these doctrines. Aren't we all born not isolated? I say more, all
enemies from/to each other, all in state of a perpetual and reciprocal war? However, I ask to you whether
that would be in the assumption that the virtues required by this alleged wire of fraternity were really in
nature. If its voice inspired them to the men, they would test them as of while being born. Consequently,
pity, the benevolence, humanity would be natural virtues, of which it would be impossible to be defended,
and who would make this state primitive of the man wild completely contrary so that we see it.

Eugenie: But if, like you, nature given birth to the isolated men, all independent from/to each other, to at
least will grant me you say it that the needs, by bringing them closer, necessarily had to establish some
bonds between them: from there, those of the blood born of their reciprocal alliance, those of the love,
friendship, recognition; you will respect at least these, I hope?

Dolmancé: Not more than the others, in truth; but let us analyze them, I want it: a fast glance, Eugenie,
on each one in particular. Will you say, for example, that the need to marry me, or to see prolonging my
race, or to arrange my fortune, must establish bonds insoluble or crowned with the object to which I am
combined? Wouldn't this be, I ask it to you, a nonsense to support that? As long as the act of the coitus
lasts, I can, undoubtedly, need this object to take part in it; but as soon as that it is satisfied, that does it
remain, I request from you, between him and me? and which real obligation will connect with him or me
the results of this coitus? These last bonds were the fruits of fright which abandoned in their old age had
the parents to be, and the interested care that they have of us in our childhood is only to then deserve the
same attentions in their last age. Let us cease being deceives it of all that: we do not owe anything to our
parents... not the least thing, Eugenie, and, as it is much less for us whom for them that they worked, it is
allowed to us to hate them, and of us to even demolish some, if their process irritates us; we should not
like them that if they act well with us, and this tenderness then should not have a degree more than that
which we would have for other friends, because the rights of the birth do not establish anything, do not
melt anything, and that by scanning them with wisdom and reflexion, will find there we surely only
reasons of hatred for those which, thinking only of their pleasures, gave us often only one unhappy or
unhealthy existence.

You speak to me about the bonds of the love, Eugenie; can you never know them! Ah! how one such
feeling, for happiness that I wish you, never approaches your heart! What love? One cannot consider it,
this seems to me, that like the resultative effect of qualities of a beautiful object on us; these effects
transport us; they ignite us; if we here are have this object, us content: if it is impossible for us to have
it, we are in despair. But which is the base of this feeling?... the desire. Which are the continuations of
this feeling?... the madness. We hold thus with the reason, and guarantee us effects. The reason is to
have the object: eh well! let us try to succeed, but with wisdom; let us enjoy as soon as we have it; we
in the contrary case comfort: thousand other similar objects, and often much better, will comfort us loss
of that one; all the men, all the women resemble each other: there is love which resists the effects of a
healthy reflexion. Oh! what a deception that this intoxication which, absorbing in us the result of the
directions, puts to us in such a state that we do not see any more, that we do not exist any more but by this
object madly adored! Is this thus there to live? Isn't this well rather to voluntarily deprive itself of all softnesses of the life? Isn't this to want to remain in an extreme fever which absorbs us and which devours us, without us to leave of another happiness that pleasures metaphysics, if resembling the effects of the madness? If we must always like it, this adorale object, if it were certain that us dusions never to give up it, it would be still an extravagance undoubtedly, but excusable at least. Does that arrive? Are there much examples of these eternal connections which were never contradicted? A few months of pleasure, giving soon the object to its true place, make us redden incense that we burned on his furnace bridges, and we are often able not to even conceive that it could allure us at this point.

Ô voluptuous girls, thus deliver to us your bodies as long as you will be able it! Foutez, divert you, here is essence; but flee carefully the love. It there has of good only its physique, said the Buffon naturalist, and it was not on that only that it reasoned in philosophical good. I repeat it, have fun; but do not like; you more do not embarrass to be it: it is not exténuer in lamentations, sighs, winks, love letters which it is necessary; it is of foutre, it is to multiply and often change its fouteurs, it is to be opposed strongly especially so that only one wants to captivate you, because the goal of this constant love would be, by binding you to him, to prevent you from delivering to you to another, cruel selfishness, which would become soon fatal with your pleasures. The women are not made for only one man: it is for all that created nature. Listening to only this crowned voice, which they indifferently devote to all those which want they. Always whores, never amantes, fleeing the love, adoring the pleasure, they will be nothing any more but pinks than they will not find in the career of the life, they will not be any more but flowers than they will lavish to us! Ask, Eugenie, ask the charming woman who wants to undertake your education the case well that it is necessary to make of a man when one enjoyed it. (Enough low not to be heard of Augustin.) Ask him if it would take a step to preserve this Augustin who makes his delights today. On the assumption that one would like to remove to him, it would take some another, would not think any more of this one, and, soon the new one wearies, it immolerait it itself in two months, if new pleasures were to be born from this sacrifice.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: That my dear Eugenie is of course that Dolmancé explains my heart here to him, like that of all the women, as if we open the folds of them to him.

Dolmancé: The last part of my analysis thus relates on the bonds of friendship and those of the recognition. Let us respect the first, I agree to it, as long as they are useful for us; let us keep our friends as long as they are useful to us; let us forget them as soon as we do not draw from it anything any more it is never but for oneself that people should be loved; to like for themselves is only one deception; never it is in nature to inspire to the men other movements, other feelings that those which must be good for them with something; nothing is egoistic like nature; let us be it thus also, if we want to achieve its laws. As for the recognition, Eugenie, it is undoubtedly weakest of all the bonds. Is this thus for us that the men oblige us? Let us not believe anything, my expensive of it; it is by ostentation, by pride. Isn't it thus consequently humiliating to become thus the toy of the self-esteem of the others? Isn't it yet more to be obliged? Nothing more with load that a received benefit. Not medium: it is necessary to return it or to be degraded of it. The proud hearts are done badly with the weight of the benefit: it weighs on them with as well violence as the only feeling as they exhale is hatred for the benefactor. Which are thus now, in your opinion, the bonds which compensate for insulation where created us nature? Which are those which must draw up relationship between the men? With which titles will like them we, we will cherish them, will prefer them us with ourselves? Of which right will relieve we to them misfortune? Where will be now in our hearts the cradle of your beautiful and useless virtues of benevolence, humanity, of charity, indicated in the absurd code of some religions imbeciles, which, preached by impostors or beggars, necessarily had to advise what could support them or to tolerate them? Eh well, Eugenie, do you still admit something of crowned among the men? Do you conceive some reasons not always to prefer us
with them?

Eugenie: These lessons, that my heart precedes, flatter me too much so that my spirit challenges them.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: They are in nature, Eugenie: only approval that you give to them proves it; hardly hatched of its centre, how what you direction could it be the fruit of corruption?

Eugenie: But if all the errors which you recommend are in nature, why are the laws opposed to it?

Dolmancé: Because the laws are not made for the private individual, but for the General, which puts them in a perpetual contradiction with the interest, waited until the personal interest is always with the general interest. But the laws, good for the company, are very bad for the individual who composes it; because, for once that they protect it or guarantee it, they obstruct it and the three quarters of its life captivate it; therefore the man wise and full with contempt for them tolerates it, like it makes snakes and vipers, which, although they wound or that they poison, are however useful sometimes in medicine; it will guarantee laws as it will make these poisonous animals; it will put of them at the shelter by precautions, by mysteries, all easy things with wisdom and prudence. That the imagination of some crimes comes to ignite your heart, Eugenie, and are quite certain to make them in peace, between your friend and me.

Eugenie: Ah! this imagination is already in my heart!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Which whim agitates you, Eugenie? say it to us with confidence.

Eugenie, stray: I would like a victim.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: And of which sex do you wish it?

Eugenie: Mien!

Dolmancé: Eh well, Madam, are you satisfies with your pupil? is its progress rather fast?

Eugenie, like above: A victim, my good, a victim!... Oh! gods! that would make the happiness of my life!...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: And what would you make him?

Eugenie: All!... all!... all that could make it most unhappy of the creatures. Oh! My good, my good, pity of me, I have of then more!...

Dolmancé: Sacredieu! which imagination!... Come, Eugenie, you are delicious... come that I kiss you, thousand and thousand times! (It includes it in its arms.) Hold, Madam, hold, look at this libertine as it discharges from head without it being touched... It is necessary absolutely that I fuck it up the ass once again!

Eugenie: Will I have after what I ask?

Dolmancé: Yes, insane!... yes, one t'en answers!

Eugenie: Oh! my friend, here is my bottom!... do what you will want!

Dolmancé: Wait, until I lay out this pleasure in a a little luxurieuse way. (Very is carried out as
Dolmancé indicates.) Augustin, extend on the edge from this bed; that Eugenie lies down in your arms; while I sodomize it, I will shake his clitoris with the superb head of lives of Augustin, who, for domestic sound foutre, will have care not to discharge; the dear knight, who, without saying a word, shakes all gently while listening to us, will want to extend well on the shoulders from Eugenie, by exposing his beautiful buttocks to my kisses: I will shake it below; with the result that having my machine in a bottom, I will pollute one saw each hand; and you, Madam, after having been your husband, I want that you became mine; revêtissez you more enormous of your godemichés! (Mrs. de Saint-Ange opens a cassette which is filled by it, and our hero chooses most frightening.) Good! this one, known as the number, is fourteen inches length on ten of turn; you arrange that around the kidneys, Madam, and carry maintaining me the most terrible blows.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: In truth, Dolmancé, you are insane, and I go you estropier with that.

Dolmancé: Do not fear anything; push, penetrate, my angel: I will fuck up the ass your dear Eugenie only when your enormous member is quite front in my bottom!... It is there! it is there, sacredieu!... Ah! you put to me with the naked ones!... Not pity, my beautiful!... I go, I declare it to you, foutre your bottom without preparation... Ah! sacredieu! the beautiful one behind!...

Eugenie: Oh! my friend, you tear me... Prepare at least the ways.

Dolmancé: I will keep myself pardieu of it well: one loses half of the pleasure with these stupid attentions. Think of our principles, Eugenie; I work for me: now, victim one moment, my beautiful angel, and presently persecuting... Ah! sacredieu! it enters!...

Eugenie: You make me die!...

Dolmancé: Oh! foutredieu! I touch with the goal!...

Eugenie: Ah! do what you will want now, it is there... I feel only pleasure!...

Dolmancé: That I like to shake this large lives on the clitoris of a virgin!... You, knight, make me beautiful bottom... Shaken Te I well, libertine?... And you, Madam, foutez me, foutez your bitchy girl yes..., I am it and I want to be it... Eugenie, discharge, my angel, yes, discharge!... Augustin, in spite of him, fills me of foutre... I receive that of the knight, mine joined there... I do not resist it any more... Eugenie, agitates your buttocks, that your anus presses my saw: I will launch at the bottom of your entrails the extreme foutre which is exhaled... Ah! foutu guy of god! I die! (It is withdrawn; the attitude breaks.) Hold, Madam, here is your small libertine still full with foutre; the entry of its idiot is flooded; shake it, vigorously shake its clitoris very wet of sperm: it is one of the most delicious things which can be done.

Eugenie, palpitating: Oh! my crumb, that of pleasure you would make me!... Ah! dear love, I burn lubricity! (This posture is arranged.)

Dolmancé: Knight, as it is you which go dépuceler this beautiful child, join your helps to those of your sister to do it pâmer in your arms, and by your attitude presents to me the buttocks: I go you foutre while Augustin fucks me up the ass. (All is laid out.)

The Knight: Do you find me well this manner?

Dolmancé: The bottom so much is little higher, my love; there, well... without preparation, knight...
The Knight: My faith! as you will want; can I feel another thing that pleasure within this delicious girl? (He kisses it and shakes it, by slightly inserting a finger in the idiot to him, while Mrs. de Saint-Ange tickles the clitoris of Eugenie.)

Dolmancé: For as for me, my expensive, I take some, would be ensured, much more with you that I in taken with Eugenie: there are such an amount of difference between the bottom of a boy and that of a girl!... Thus fuck up the ass me, Augustin! That of sorrow you have to decide to you!

Augustin: Ram! monsieur, it is that that came to run very close to thing from this nice turtle-dove, and you want that that very draws up continuation for vot’ bottom, which is really not so pretty, da!

Dolmancé: The imbecile! But why complain? Here is nature: each one preaches for its saint. Let us go, go, always penetrates, veracious Augustin; and when you have a little more experience, you will say to me if the bottoms are not better than the idiots... Eugenie, thus return to the knight what it does to you; you deal only with you: you are right, libertine; but for the interest of your same pleasures, it shakes, since it will gather your first steps.

Eugenie: Eh well, I shake it, I kiss it, I lose the head... Ahe! ahe! ahe! my friends, I of then more!... have pity of my state... I die... I discharge!... Sacredieu! I am out of me!...

Dolmancé: For me, I will be wise! I wanted only to give me by train in this beautiful bottom; I keep for Mrs. de Saint-Ange the foutre which ignited there: nothing amuses me as to begin in a bottom the operation which I want to finish in another. Eh well, knight, here you is well in the train... do we dépucelons?...

Eugenie: Oh! sky, not, I do not want to be it by him, I would die about it; yours is smaller, Dolmancé: how it is with you that I owe this operation, I entreat you!

Dolmancé: That is not possible, my angel; I never have foutu of idiot of my life! you will allow me not to start at my age. Your first steps belong to the knight; he only here is worthy to gather them: **time-out** to him ravissons not its right.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: To refuse a also fresh virginity..., as pretty as that one, because I defy that one can say that my Eugenie is not the most beautiful girl of Paris, oh! Mister!... Sir, in truth, here what is invited to hold a little too much with its principles

Dolmancé: Not as much as I would owe it, Madam, because it is very full with my fellow-members who would undoubtedly not fuck you up the ass... Me, I did it and I will remake it; it is not thus, as you suspect me, to carry my worship until fanaticism.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Thus let us go, knight! but it spares; look at the smallness of the strait which you will thread: is some proportion between the contents and the container?

Eugenie: Oh! I will die about it, that is inevitable... But the burning desire that I have to be foutue does me all to venture without anything to fear... Goes, penetrates, my expensive, I give up myself with you.

The Knight, holding with full hand its saw bandaging: Yes foutre! it is necessary that it penetrates there... My sister, Dolmancé, hold to him each one a leg... Ah! sacredieu! which company!... Yes, yes, had it to be pourfendue for it, torn, it is necessary, doubledieu, that it passes there!

Eugenie: Gently, gently, I then to hold there... (She shouts; the tears run on its cheeks...) A my help!
my good friend... (It struggles.) Not, I do not want only it enters!... I shout with the murder, if you persist!...

The Knight: Shout as much as you will want, small rascal, I say to you that it is necessary that it enters, in dusses you to burst thousand times!

Eugenie: What a cruelty!

Dolmancé: Ah! foutre! is one delicate when one bandages?

The Knight: Hold it; he is there!... He is there, sacredieu!... Foutre! here is virginity of the devil... Look at its blood as it runs!

Eugenie: Goes, tiger!... goes, tears me if you want, now, I make fun about it!... kiss me, torturer, kisses me, I adore you!... Ah! it is nothing any more when it is inside: all the pains are forgotten... Misfortune with the girls who would be startled of such an attack!... That great pleasures they would refuse for a quite small sorrow!... Push! push! knight, I discharge!... Sprinkle with tone foutre the wounds of which you covered me... thus pushes it at the bottom of my matrix... Ah! the pain yields to the pleasure... I am ready to disappear!... (the knight discharges; while it has foutu, Dolmancé shook the bottom and the testicles to him, and Mrs. de Saint-Ange tickled the clitoris of Eugenie. The posture breaks.)

Dolmancé: My opinion would be that, while the ways are open, the small rascal was at the moment foutue by Augustin.

Eugenie: By Augustin!... one saw this size!... ah! immediately!... When I still bleed!... Do you thus want to kill me?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Dear love, kisses to me... I you lime pits... but the sentence is marked; she is without call, my heart: it is necessary that you undergo it.

Augustin: Ah! jardineu! here me is ready; as soon as it is a question of threading it you small girl, I vinrais, pardieu! from Rome to foot.

The Knight, empoignant saw it enormous of Augustin: Hold, Eugenie, see as it bandages... as it is worthy to replace me!

Eugenie: Ah! right sky, which stop!... Oh! you want to kill me, that is clear!...

Augustin, seizing Eugenie: Oh! that not, mam' saddle: that never made die nobody.

Dolmancé: One moment, beautiful son, one moment: it is necessary that it presents the bottom to me while you go foutre... Yes, thus, approach you, Madam de Saint-Ange: I promised to you to fuck yourselves up the ass, I will hold word; but you in manner place that by foutant you, I can be with range to whip Eugenie. That the knight whips to me during that time. (Very arranges itself.)

Eugenie: Ah! foutre! it bursts me!... Thus goes gently, big dolt!... Ah! the guy! he inserts!... y here is, the unreliable fellow!... he is all at the bottom!... I die!... Oh! Dolmancé, as you strike!... It is me to light on the two sides; you put the buttocks to me on fire

Dolmancé, whipping with turn of arm: You will have some... you will have some, small rascal!... You will only discharge any délicieusement. As you shake it, Saint-Ange... as this light finger must soften the
evils that Augustin and me make him!... But your anus is tightened... I see it, Madam, we will discharge together... Ah! how it is divine to be thus between the brother and the sister!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange, in Dolmancé: Fouts, my star, insane!... never, I believe, I have such an amount of pleasure!

The Knight: Dolmancé, let us change hand, passes lightly from the bottom of my sister in that of Eugenie, to make known to him the pleasures of the interval, and me I will fuck up the ass my sister, who, during this time, will return on your buttocks the blows of rods from which you come from ensanglanter those of Eugenie.

Dolmancé, executant: I accept... Hold, my friend, can it be made a change lighter than that one?

Eugenie: What! All both on me, right sky!... I do not know any more to which to hear; I had enough of this bittern well!... Ah! that from foutre will cost me this double pleasure!... It runs already. Without this sensual ejaculation, I would be, I believe, already dead... Eh what! my good do, you imitate me?... Oh! as it swears, the rascal!... Dolmancé, discharge... discharge, my love... this large peasant floods me: it hurls it to me at the bottom of my entrails... Ah! my fouteurs, what! both at the same time, sacrédiu!... My friends, receive my foutre: it joint with yours... I vanished... (the attitudes break.) Eh well! my good, are you satisfies with your schoolgirl?... Am I enough whore, now?... But put you to me in a state... in an agitation... Oh! yes, I swear that, in intoxication where here me is, I, if it were needed, would make me foutre in the medium of the streets!...

Dolmancé: Comme it is beautiful thus!

Eugenie: I hate you, you refused me!...

Dolmancé: Could I oppose my dogmas?

Eugenie: Let us go, I forgive you, and I must respect principles which lead to mislayings. How wouldn't I adopt them, me which do not want to live any more but in the crime? We sit and jasons one moment; I of then more. Continue my instruction, Dolmancé, and say to me something which comforts me excesses where delivered to here me is; extinguish my remorses; encourage me.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: That is right; it is necessary that a little theory succeeds the practice; it is the means of making a perfect schoolgirl of it.

Dolmancé: Eh well! which is the object, Eugenie, on whom you want that you are maintained?

Eugenie: I would like to know if manners have really necessary in a government, if their influence is of some weight on the genius of a nation.

Dolmancé: Ah! parbleu! while leaving this morning, I bought with the palate Equality a booklet which, if it is necessary to believe the title of it, must necessarily answer your question... Hardly it leaves the press.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Let us see. (It reads.) French, still an effort if you want to be republican. Here, on my word, a singular titrates: it promises; knight, you which have a beautiful body, read to us that.

Dolmancé: Or I am mistaken, or that must answer the question of Eugenie perfectly.
Eugenie: Undoubtedly!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Leave, Augustin: this is not done for you; but does not move away you; we will sound as soon as it is necessary that you reappear.

The Knight: I start.

French, still an effort if you want to be republican

The religion

I come to offer large ideas: they will be listened to, they will be considered; if all do not like, at least it will remain some about it; I would have contributed in something to the progress of the lights, and I of it will be content. I do not hide it, it is with sorrow that I see the slowness with which we try to arrive at the goal; it is with concern which I feel that we are with the day before to miss it once again. Is it believed that this goal will be reached when one will have given us laws? That it is not imagined. What let us make of laws, without religion? We need a worship and a worship made for the character of a republican, quite distant from never being able to take again that of Rome. In one century when we are as convinced as the religion must be supported on morals, and not morals on the religion, one needs a religion which goes with manners, which is like the development, the continuation necessary, and which can, by raising the heart, to perpetually hold it with the height of this invaluable freedom of which it makes its single idol today. However, I ask whether one can suppose that that of a slave of Titus, that of cheap a histrion of Judaea, can be appropriate for a free and warlike nation which has been just regenerated? Not, my compatriots, not, you do not believe it. If, unfortunately for him, the French still buried himself in darkness of Christianity, on a side pride, tyranny, the despotism of the priests, defects always reappearing in this impure horde, other lowness, the small sights, flatnesses of the dogmas and mysteries of this unworthy and fabulous religion, by blunting the pride of the republican heart, it would have soon brought back under the yoke which its energy has just broken.

Let us not lose sight of the fact that this puerile religion was one of the best weapons to the hands of our tyrants: one of its first dogmas was to return in César what belongs to César; but we détrôné César and we want nothing any more to return to him. French, it would be in vain that you would flatter yourselves that the spirit of a sworn in clergy should not be that of a refractory clergy any more; he is defects of state which one never corrects oneself. Before ten years, by means of the Christian religion, of its superstition, its prejudices, your priests, in spite of their oath, in spite of their poverty, would take again on the hearts the empire which they had invaded; they réenchaîneraient you with kings, because the power of those always supported that of the other, and your republican building would collapse, for lack of bases.

O you who have it false with the hand, carry the last blow to the tree of the superstition; you do not satisfy to prune the branches; completely uproot a plant of which the effects are so contagious; be perfectly convinced that your system of freedom and equality too openly opposes the Ministers for the furnace bridges of Christ so that it is never only one, or who adopts it in good faith or who does not seek to shake it, if it manages to take again some empire on the consciences. Which will be the priest who, comparing the state where one has just reduced it with that which it enjoyed formerly, will not do all that will depend on him to recover and the conscience and the authority that one made him lose? And that weak beings and pusillanimes will become again soon the slaves of this ambitious tonsuré! Why doesn't one imagine only the disadvantages which existed can still reappear? In weren't the childhood of the Christian church, the priests what they are today? You see where they had arrived: who, however, had led them there? Weren't this the means that provided them the religion? However, if you do not defend it absolutely, this religion, those who preach it, having always the same means, will arrive soon at the same
Thus destroy forever all that can destroy one day your work. Think that, the fruit of your work being reserved only to your nephews, it is of your duty, of your probity, to leave them any of these dangerous germs which could the re longer in the chaos of which we have such an amount of sorrow to leave. Already our prejudices are dissipated, already the people abjures the catholic nonsenses; he already removed the temples, he collapsed the idols, he is agreed that the marriage is nothing any more but one civil act; the broken confessional are used for the public hearths; the alleged faithful ones, deserting the apostolic banquet, leave the gods of flour to the mice. French, you do not stop: whole Europe, a hand already on the stringcourse which fascine its eyes, awaits you to it effort which must tear off it from its face. You hasten: do not leave in Rome the holy one, being agitated in all directions to repress your energy, time to still preserve perhaps some proselytes. Strike without care its head proud and quivering, and that before two months the tree of freedom, ombrageant the remains of the pulpit of Pierre Saint, covers weight of its victorious branches all these méprisables idols of Christianity shamelessly high on ashes of Catons and Brutus.

French, I repeat it to you, Europe awaits to you to be at the same time delivered sceptre and to encensoir it. Think that it is impossible for you to free it from royal tyranny without him to make break the brakes of the religious superstition at the same time: the bonds of the one are too closely plain with the other so that while letting remain one of both you do not fall down soon under the empire of that which you will have neglected to dissolve. It is any more neither with the knees an imaginary being nor with those of a cheap impostor whom a republican must bend; its single gods must be now courage and freedom. Rome disappeared as soon as Christianity was preached there, and France is lost if it y révère still.

That one examines with attention the absurd dogmas, the alarming mysteries, the monstrous ceremonies, the impossible morals of this disgusting religion, and one will see whether it can be appropriate for a republic. Do you believe in good faith that I would let myself dominate by the opinion of a man that I have just seen with the feet of the imbecile priest of Jesus? Not, not, certainly! This man, always cheap, will always hold, by the lowness of his sights, with the atrocities of the old mode; since it could subject to stupidities of a religion as punt as that which we had the madness to admit, it can neither dictate laws any more to me nor to be transmitted lights; I do not see it any more but like one slave of the prejudices and the superstition.

Let us throw the eyes, to convince us of this truth, on the little of individuals who remain attached to the foolish worship of our fathers; we will see whether they all are not of the irreconcilable enemies of the current system, we will see whether it is not in their number that this caste is entirely included/understood, so precisely scorned, of royalists and aristocrats. That the slave of a crowned brigand bends, if he wants it, with the feet of an idol of paste, such an object is made for its mud heart; who can serve as the kings must adore gods! But us, French, but us, my compatriots, us, to crawl still humble under brakes also méprisables? rather to die thousand times that to control us again there! Since we believe a worship necessary, let us imitate that of the Romans: the actions, passions, heroes, here are which were the sizeable objects. Such idols raised the heart, they electrified it; they made more: they communicated the virtues to him to be respected it. The admirer of Minerve wanted to be careful. Courage was in the heart of that which one saw with the feet of Mars. Not only one god of these great men was not private of energy; did everything to pass the fire of which they themselves were set ablaze in the heart of that which venerated them; and, as one had the hope to be adored oneself one day, one aspired to, to become at least as tall as that which one took for model. But what do we find on the contrary in the vain gods of Christianity? What offers to you, I require it, this imbecile religion [1]? Does the dish impostor of Nazareth give birth to you some great ideas? Her dirty and disgusting does
mother, the impudic Marie, inspire such some virtues to you? And do you find in the saints whose is furnished his Elysium some model with size, or of heroism, or virtues? It is so true that this stupid religion does not lend anything to the great ideas, that no artist can employ the attributes of them in the monuments which it raises; in Rome even, the majority of the embellissements or ornaments of the palate of the popes have their models in paganism, and as long as the world will remain, only the liveliness of the great men will overheat to him.

Will this be in the pure theism which we will find more reasons of size and rise? Will this be the adoption of a dream which, giving to our heart this degree of energy essential with the republican virtues, will carry the man to cherish them or to practise them? Let us not imagine it; one returned from this phantom, and atheism is now the only system of all people who can reason. As one lit, one felt that, the movement being inherent in the matter, the agent necessary to print this movement became an illusory being and that, all that existed having to be moving essentially, the engine was useless; it was felt that this chimerical god, prudently invented by the first legislators, was between their hands only one means moreover to connect us, and that, reserving the right to make only speak this phantom, they could make him well say only what would come to the support ridiculous laws by which they claimed to control us. Lycurgue, Numa, Moïse, Jesus-Christ, Mahomet, all these large rascals, all these large despots of our ideas, could associate the divinities that they manufactured with their disproportionate ambition, and, some to captivate the people with the sanction of these gods, they had, as one knows, always care or to question them only relevance, or to make them answer only what they believed capacity to serve them.

Thus let us hold today in the same contempt and the vain god that impostors preached, and all religious subtleties which rise from its ridiculous adoption; it is not any more with this hochet that one can amuse free men. That the total extinction of the worships between thus in the principles which we propagate in whole Europe. We do not satisfy to break the sceptres; let us pulverize the idols forever: there was never but one step of the superstition to the royalism [2]. One needs well that that is, undoubtedly, since one of the first articles of the sacring of the kings was always the maintenance of the dominant religion, as one of the political bases which were to support their throne best. But as soon as it is cut down, this throne, as soon as it is it fortunately forever, let us not fear to extirpate in the same way what formed the supports of them.

Yes, citizens, the religion is incoherent with the system of freedom; you felt it. Never the free man will curve himself close to the gods of Christianity; never its dogmas, never its rites, its mysteries or its morals will not be appropriate to a republican. Still an effort; since you work to destroy all the prejudices, let any remain no, if one should any one to bring back them all. How much more certain of their return must we be if that that you let live is positively the cradle of all the others! Let us cease believing that the religion can be useful for the man. Let us have good laws, and we will be able to do without religion. But one needs one of them to the people, ensures one; it amuses it, it contains it. At the good hour!

Thus give us, in this case, that which is appropriate to free men. Return to us the gods of paganism. We will adore readily Jupiter, Hercules or Pallas; but we do not want any more of the fabulous author of a universe which is driven itself; we do not want more than one god without extended and who however fills very of his vastness, of a all-powerful god and which never carries out what it wishes, a supremely good being and which make only the dissatisfied ones, a friendly being of the order and in the government of which all is in disorder. Not, we do not want more than one god who disturbs the nature, which is the father of confusion, which drives the man at the time when the man devotes himself to horrors; such a god makes us quiver indignation, and let us relegate we it forever in the lapse of memory, from where infamous Robespierre wanted to leave it [3].
French, for this unworthy phantom, let us substitute the imposing shows which made Rome main of the universe; let us treat all the Christian idols as we treated those of our kings. We replaced emblèmes of freedom on the bases which supported tyrants formerly; let us rebuild in the same way the effigy of the great men on the pedestal ones of these rascals adored by Christianity [4]. Let us cease fearing, for our campaigns, the effect of atheism; didn't the peasants feel the need for the destruction of the catholic worship, if contradictory with truths principles of freedom? Didn't they see without fear, as pain, to collapse their furnace bridges and their presbyteries? Ah! believe that they will give up in the same way their ridiculous god. The statues of Mars, Minerve and Freedom will be put at the most remarkable places of their dwellings; an annual festival will be celebrated there every year; the civic crown will be decreed there with the citizen who will have deserved fatherland best. At the entry of a solitary wood, Venus, Hymen and the Love, set up under a rural temple, will receive the homage of the lovers; there, it will be by the hand of the Graces that the beauty will crown constancy. It will not only be a question of liking to be worthy of this crown, it will still be necessary to have deserved to be it: heroism, the talents, humanity, the nobility of soul, a good citizenship with the test, here are titles that with the feet of its mistress will be forced to establish the lover, and these will be worth well those of the birth and the richness, that a stupid pride required formerly. Some virtues at least will écloront of this worship, while it is born only from the crimes of that which we had the weakness to profess. This worship will be combined with the freedom which we serve; it will animate it, maintain it, will set ablaze it, with the place which theism is by its gasoline and its nature the mortal enemy of freedom that we serve. In did it cost to a drop of blood when the pagan idols were destroyed under the Lower Empire? The revolution, prepared by the stupidity of become again people slave, took place without the least obstacle. How can we fear that the work of philosophy is more painful than that of the despotism? They are the priests alone who still captivate with the feet of their chimerical god these people that you fear so much to light; move away them from him and the veil will fall naturally. Believe that these people, much wiser than you imagine it, released of irons of tyranny, will be it soon among those of the superstition. You fear it if it does not have this brake: what a extravagance! Ah! believe it, citizens, that which glaive the material of the laws does not stop will not be it more by the moral fear of the torments of the hell, of which it makes fun since its childhood. Your theism, in a word, made make many fixed prices, but it never stopped only one of them. If it is true that passions plug, that their effect is to raise on our eyes a cloud which disguises us the dangers of which they are surrounded, how can we suppose that those which are far from us, like are the punishments announced by your god, can manage to dissipate this cloud that cannot dissolve glaive even laws always suspended on passions? If it is thus proven that this supplement of brakes imposed by the idea of a god becomes useless, if it is shown that it is dangerous because of his other effects, I require of which use it can thus be useful, and of which reasons we could rest to prolong the existence of it. Will it be said to me that we are not enough ripe to still consolidate our revolution in such a bright way? Ah! my fellow-citizens, the way whom we made since 89 was well differently difficult that that which remains to be made us, and we have much less to work the opinion, in what I propose to you, that we did not torment it in any direction since the time of the inversion of the Bastille. Let us believe that rather wise, enough courageous people to lead an impudent monarch of the ridge of the sizes to the feet of the scaffold; who in this little of years could overcome as many prejudices, could break as well ridiculous brakes, will be it sufficiently for immoler with the good of the thing, with the prosperity of the republic, a phantom much more illusory still as could not be to it that of a king

French, you will strike the first blows: your national education will make the remainder; but work promptly with this work; that it becomes one of your most significant care; that it especially has as a base this essential morals, if neglected in religious education. Replace the deific stupidities, of which you tired the young bodies of your children, by excellent social principles; that instead of learning how to recite futile prayers which they will be made glory forget as soon as they will be sixteen years old, they
are informed of their duties in the company; learn how to them to cherish virtues about which you spoke
to them hardly formerly and who, without your religious fables, suffice for their individual happiness;
make feel to them that this happiness consists in returning the others as fortunate as we wish to be to it
ourselves. If you sit these truths on Christian dreams, as you had the madness to do it formerly, hardly
your pupils will have recognized the futility of the bases which they will make collapse the building, and
they will become scélérats only because they will believe that the religion that they collapsed defended
them to be it. In their making smell on the contrary the need for the virtue only because their own
happiness depends on it, they will be decent people by selfishness, and this law which governs all the men
will be always surest of all. That one thus avoids with the greatest care to mix any religious fable in this
national education. Never let us lose sight of the fact that they are free men who we want to form and not
cheap admirers of a god. That a simple philosopher informs these new pupils of incomprehensible
sublimities of nature; that it proves to them that the knowledge of a god, often very dangerous to the
men, was never used for their happiness, and that they will not be happier by admitting, as causes of what
they do not include/understand, something that they will include/understand even less; that it is much less
essential to hear nature than to enjoy it and to respect the laws of them: that these laws are as wise as
simple; that they are written in the heart of all the men, and that one should only question this heart to
disentangle the impulse of it. If they want that absolutely you speak to them about a creator, answer that
the things having always been what they are, not having never had of beginning and never not having to
have of end, it becomes as useless as impossible with the man to be able to go up at an imaginary origin
which would not explain anything and would not advance with nothing. Say to them that it is impossible
to the men to have true ideas a being which does not act on any of our directions.

All our ideas are representations of the objects which strike us; what can represent us the idea of God,
who is obviously an idea without object? Such an idea, will you add to them, is not it as impossible as
effects without cause? Is an idea without prototype other thing that a dream? Some doctors, you will
continue, ensure that the idea of God is innate, and that the men have this idea as of the belly of their
mother. But that is false, will add to them you; any principle is a judgement, any judgement is the effect
of the experiment, and the experiment is acquired only by the exercise of the directions; from where
follows that the religious principles do not relate obviously to nothing and are not innate. How, you, one
will continue could persuade with reasonable beings that the thing most difficult to include/understand
was most essential for them? It is that they were largely frightened; it is that, when one is afraid, one
ceases reasoning; it is that one especially recommended to them to be defied of their reason and that,
when the brain is disturbed, one believes all and does not examine anything. Ignorance and the fear, you
will say to them still, here are the two bases of all the religions. The uncertainty where the man is
compared to his God is precisely the reason which attaches it to its religion. The man is afraid in
darkness, as well with the physique as with the moral one; the fear becomes usual in him and changes of
need: it would believe that it misses something if it did not have anything any more to hope or to fear.
Return then to the utility of morals: give them on this large object much more examples than of lessons,
much more evidence than of books and will make you good citizens of them; you will make of them
good warriors, good fathers, good husbands; you will make of them men all the more attached to the
freedom of their country which no idea of constraint will be able to more arise at their spirit, that no
religious terror will come to disturb their genius. Then true patriotism will burst in all the hearts; it will
reign there in all its force and all its purity, because it will become the only feeling there dominating, and
that no foreign idea will attiédira energy of it; then, your second generation is sure, and your work,
consolidated by it, will become the law of the universe. But if, by fear or pusillanimity, this advice is not
taken, if one the bases of the building which one had believed to destroy, which will it arrive lets remain?
One will rebuild on these bases, and one will place the same colossi there, with the cruel difference that
they will be there this time cemented of such a force that neither your generation nor those which will
follow it will succeed in collapsing them.
That it is not doubted that the religions are not the cradle of the despotism; the first of all the despots was a priest; the first king and the first emperor of Rome, Numa and Auguste, join one and the other priesthood; Constantin and Clovis were rather abbots that sovereigns; Héliogabale was a priest of the Sun. From all times, in every century, there was in the despotism and the religion such a connexity that there remains more than shown that by destroying one, one must sap the other, by the great reason which the first will always be used as law to the second. I propose neither massacres however nor exports; all these horrors too are far from my heart to only dare to conceive them one minute. Not, do not assassinate, do not export: these atrocities are those of the kings or the scélérats which imitated them; it is not by making as them that you will force to take of horror those which exerted them. Let us employ the force only for the idols; one needs only the ridiculous ones for those which serve them: the sarcastic remarks of Julien harmed more the Christian religion than all the torments of Néron. Yes, let us destroy any idea of God forever and make soldiers of its priests; some are it already; that they stick to this so noble trade for a republican, but that they speak to us any more neither to be chimerical for them nor of his fabulous religion, single object of our contempts. - Let us condemn to be ridiculed, ridiculed, to be covered with mud in all the crossroads of the largest towns of France, the first of these blessed charlatans which will come to still speak to us or of God or religion; an eternal prison will be the sorrow of that which will fall twice into the same faults. That the blasphemies more insulting, the most atheistic works are then authorized fully, in order to complete to extirpate in the heart and the memory of the men these alarming toys of our childhood; that one puts at the contest the work able to finally inform Europeans on a also significant matter, and that a price considerable, and decreed by the nation, is the reward of that which, having said all, very shown on this matter, its compatriots any more but one scythe will not leave to collapse all these phantoms and which a right heart to hate them. In six months, all will be finished: your infamous God will be in nothing; and that without to cease to be right, jealous of regard of others, without to cease to fear glaive laws and to be honest man, because one will have felt that the true friend of the fatherland does not have, like the slave of the kings, being carried out by dreams; that it is, in a word, neither the frivolous hope of a better world nor the fear of more great evils than those which sent to us nature, which must lead a republican, whose only guide is the virtue, like the single brake the remorse.

Manners

After having shown that theism is appropriate by no means for a republican government, it appears necessary to to me to prove that French manners are not appropriate to him more. This article is all the more essential since in fact manners will be used as reasons with the laws that one will promulgate.

French, you are too enlightened not to feel that a new government will require new manners; it is impossible that the citizen of a free State acts like the slave of a despotic king; these differences in their interests, their duties, their relations between them, primarily determining a manner very other of behaving in the world; crowd from small errors, small offences social, regarded as very essential under government from kings, which was to require more especially as they needed more to impose brakes to go sizeable or inaccessible to their subjects, will become null here; other fixed prices, known under the names of regicide or sacrilege, under a government which knows neither kings any more nor religion, must vanish in the same way in a republican State. By granting the freedom of conscience and that of the press, think, citizens, that to well little thing near, one must grant that to act, and that except what shocks the bases of the government directly, it remains you one could not less crimes be punished, because, in the fact, it is very little of criminal actions in a company of which freedom and the equality make the bases, and that with weighing well and examining the things well, there is really of criminal only what the law rejects; because nature, also dictating defects and virtues to us, because of our organization, or more philosophically still, because of the need that it has one or other, which it inspires to us would become a
very dubious measurement to regulate with precision what is well or what is badly. But, for better
developing my ideas on such an essential object, we will classify the various actions of the life of the man
whom one was agreed until now to name criminal, and will then measure we them with truths duties of a
republican.

One from time immemorial considered the duties of the man under the three various following
reports/ratios:

1. Those which its conscience and its credulity impose to him towards Being supreme for it;
2. Those which it is obliged to fill with his brothers;
3. Finally those which have relation only with him.

The certainty where we must be that no god interfered himself us and that, creatures required of nature,
like the plants and the animals, we are here because it was impossible that we were not there, this
certainty undoubtedly destroys, as it is seen, very blow the first part of these duties, I want to say those of
which we believe ourselves wrongfully responsible towards the divinity; with them disappear all the
religious offences, all those known under the vague and indefinite names of impiété, sacrilege,
blasphemy, atheism, etc, all those, in a word, that Athens punishes with such an amount of injustice in
Alcibiade and France in unfortunate the Bar. If there is something of extravagant in the world, it is to see
men, who do not know their god and what can require this god only according to their limited ideas,
wanting nevertheless to decide on the nature with what satisfies or of what annoys this ridiculous
phantom of their imagination. It would not be thus indifferently to allow all the worships which I would
like that one limited oneself; I would wish that one was free to laugh oneself or to make fun of all; that
men, brought together in an unspecified temple to call upon the Eternal with their own way, were seen
like actors on a theatre, with the play of which it is allowed each one to go to laugh. If you do not see
the religions under this report/ratio, they will take again the serious one which makes them significant, they
will protect soon the opinions, and one will not earlier have disputed on the religions than one will
rebattra oneself for the religions [ 5 ]; the equality destroyed by the preference or the protection granted
to the one of them will disappear soon from the government, and of rebuilt theocracy soon the aristocracy
will reappear. I could not thus too repeat it: more gods, French, more gods, if you do not want only their
disastrous empire you replonge soon in all the horrors of the despotism; but it is only while you while
making fun that you will destroy them; all the dangers which they trail with their continuation will
reappear at once as a crowd if you put mood or importance at it. Do not reverse their idols in anger:
pulverize them while playing, and the opinion will fall from itself.

In here sufficiently, I hope for it, to show that it should not be promulgated any law against the religious
offences, because which offends a dream does not offend anything, and which it would be of the last
inconsistency to punish those which outraget or which scorn a worship of which nothing shows you with
obviousness the priority on the others; it would be necessarily to adopt a party and to influence the
balance of the equality consequently, first law of your new government.

Let us pass to the second duties of the man, those which bind it with its similar; this class is undoubtedly
widest.

Christian morals, too vague on the relationships of the man with his similar, poses bases so full with
sophisms that it is impossible for us to admit them, because, when one wants to build principles, it is
necessary well to take care not to give them sophisms for bases. It says to us, this absurdity morals, to
like our next like ourself. Nothing would be undoubtedly sublime any more if it were possible that what
is false could never carry the characters of the beauty. It is not a question to like its similar like oneself, since that is against all the natural laws, and that its only body must direct all the actions of our life; it is question only of liking our similar like brothers, as of the friends whom nature gives us, and with which we must live of as much better in a republican State than the disappearance of the distances must necessarily reinforce the links.

That humanity, fraternity, the benevolence prescribe us according to that our reciprocal duties, and individually fill to them with the simple degree of energy which has us on this point given nature, without blaming and especially without punishing those which, more cold or more men of moods, do not test in these bonds, nevertheless so touching, all softnesses that others meet there; because, one will agree on it, it would be here a palpable nonsense to want to prescribe universal laws; this process would be as ridiculous as that of a general which would like that all its soldiers were vêts of a dress made to the same measure; it is an alarming injustice to require that men of unequal natures yield with equal laws: what goes to the one does not go to the other.

I agree that one cannot make laws as many than there are men; but the laws can be so soft, in so small number, that all the men, of some character who they are, can easily yield there. Still I would require that this small number of laws was of species to being able to adapt easily to all the various characters; the spirit of that which would direct them would be to strike more or less, because of the individual who would have to be reached. It is shown that there is such virtue whose practice is impossible to certain men, as there is such remedy which could not be appropriate for such temperament. However, what a will be the roof of your injustice if you strike law that to which it is impossible to yield with the law! Wouldn't iniquity that you would make in that be equal to that of which you would make yourselves guilty if you want to force a blind man to distinguish the colors? From these first principles it rises, one feels it, the need for making soft laws, and especially for destroying forever the atrocity of the death penalty, because the law which makes an attempt on the life of a man is impracticable, unjust, inadmissible. It is not, as I will presently say it, than there is not an infinity of case where, without outrager nature (and it is what I will show), the men did not receive a EC common mother whole freedom to make an attempt on the life from/to each other, but it is that it is impossible that the law can obtain the same privilege, because the law, cold by itself, could not be accessible to passions which can legitimate in the man the cruel action of the murder; the man receives nature the impressions which can make him forgive this action, and the law, on the contrary, always in opposition to nature and not receiving anything it, cannot be authorized to allow the same variations: not having the same reasons, it is impossible that it has the same rights. Here are of these erudite and delicate distinctions which escape many people, because very little of people reflect; but they will be accomodated educated people to whom I address them, and they will influence, I hope it, on the new Code that one prepares us.

The second reason for which one must destroy the death penalty, it is that it never repressed the crime, since it is made each day with the feet of the scaffold. One must remove this sorrow, in a word, because there is not worse calculation than that to make die a man to have killed some another, since it obviously results from this process that instead of a man of less, in here very out of a blow two, and that there is only torturers or imbeciles to which such arithmetic can be familiar.

At all events finally, the fixed prices which we can make towards our brothers reduce to four principal: calumny, flight, the offences which, caused by the impurity, can reach the others unpleasantly, and the murder. All are these actions, considered as capitals in a monarchical government, also serious in a republican State? It is what we will analyze with the torch of philosophy, because it is with its only light that such an examination must be undertaken. That one does not tax me to be a dangerous innovator; that it is not said that there is risk in blunting, as will make it perhaps these writings, the remorse in the heart.
of the criminals; that there is the greatest evil to increase by the softness of my morals the leaning one
that these same criminals have with the crimes: I attest here formally not to have any of these perverse
sights: I present the ideas which since the age of reason were identified with me and to the jet of which
the infamous despotism of the tyrants had been opposed so much centuries. Such an amount of worse for
those which these great ideas corromptraient, so much worse for those which can seize only the evil in
philosophical opinions, likely of corrompre to all! Who knows if they are perhaps not gangrèneraient
with the readings of Sénèque and Cartwright? It is not with them that I speak: I address only to people
able to hear me, and these will read me without danger.

I acknowledge with the most extreme frankness which I never believed that calumny was an evil, and
especially in a government like ours, where all the men, more bound, more brought closer, may find it
beneficial obviously greater to know each other well. Of two things one: or calumny relates to a truly
perverse man, or it falls on a virtuous being. It will be agreed that in the first case it becomes about
indifferent that one says a little more evil of a man known to do much of it; perhaps even then the evil
which does not exist will inform it on that which is, and here is the better known criminal.

If it reigns, I suppose, an unhealthy influence in Hanover, but what shouldn't I run other risks, by
exposing me to this inclemency of the air, which to gain an access of fever, will be able I to know bad
liking with the man who, to prevent me from going there, would have said to me that one died there as of
while arriving? Not, undoubtedly; because, by frightening me by a great evil, it prevented me from
testing small. Does calumny relate on the contrary to a virtuous man? that it is not alarmed any: that it is
shown, and all the venom of the slanderer will fall down soon on itself. Calumny, for such people, is only
one poll épuratoire which their virtue will only leave more brilliant. There is even here profit for the
mass of the virtues of the republic; because this virtuous and sensitive man, piqué of the injustice which
it has just tested, will apply to better still doing; he will want to overcome this calumny of which he
believed himself in the shelter, and its beautiful actions will aquerront only one degree of energy
moreover. Thus, in the first case, the slanderer will have produced rather good effects, by enlarging the
defects of the dangerous man; in the second, it will have produced the excellent ones, by forcing the
virtue to be offered to us very whole. However, I require now under which report/ratio the slanderer will
be able to appear to you to fear, in a government especially where it is so essential to know the malicious
ones and to increase the energy of the goods? That one thus takes care well not to pronounce any sorrow
against calumny; let us consider it under the double report/ratio of a lamp and a stimulant, and in all the
cases like something of very useful. The legislator, of which all the ideas must be large as the work to
which it applies, should never study the effect of the offence which strikes only individually; it is its
effect masses some which it must examine; and when it observes this manner the effects which result
from calumny, I defy it to find nothing punishable there; I defy that it can place some shade of justice at
the law which would punish it; he becomes on the contrary the man just and most just, if he supports it or
rewards it.

The flight is the second of the moral offences of which we proposed the examination.

If we traverse antiquity, we will see the flight allowed, rewarded in all the republics for Greece; Sparte or
Lacédémone supported it openly; some other people looked it like a warlike virtue; it is certain that it
maintains courage, the force, the address, all the virtues, in a word, useful to a republican government,
and consequently for ours. I will dare to ask, without partiality now, if the flight, of which the effect is to
equalize the richesses, is a great evil in a government of which the goal is the equality. Not,
undoubtedly; because, if it maintains the equality on a side, other it makes more exact to preserve its
good. There were people which not punished the robber, but that who had let himself fly, in order to
learn how to him to look after its properties. This brings us to wider reflexions.
God does not like that I want to tackle or destroy here the oath of the respect of the properties, that has just pronounced the nation; but will one allow me some ideas on the injustice of this oath? Which is the spirit of an oath pronounced by all the individuals of a nation? Isn't it to maintain a perfect equality among the citizens, to also subject them all to the protective law properties of all? However, I ask you now if it is quite right, the law which orders with that which does not have anything to respect that which has all. Which are the elements of the social pact? Doesn't it consist in yielding a little its freedom and its properties to ensure and maintain what one preserves of the one and other?

All the laws sat on these bases; they are the reasons for the punishments inflicted with that which misuses its freedom. They authorize in the same way the impositions; with the result that a citizen récrie not when one requires them of him, it is that it know that by means of what it gives, one preserves to him what remains to him: but, once again, of which right that which does not have nothing will it be connected under a pact which protects only that which has all? If you make an act of equity by preserving, by your oath, the properties of the rich person, don't you make an injustice by requiring this oath of the "conservative" who does not have anything? Which interest this one does it have with your oath? And why do you want that it promises a thing only favorable to that which differs as much from him by its richnesses? It is undoubtedly nothing more unjust: an oath must have an equal effect on all the individuals who pronounce it; it is impossible that it can connect that which does not have any interest with its maintenance, because he would not be then any more the pact of free people: he would be the weapon of the fort on the weak one, against which this one should revolt unceasingly; however it is what arrives in the oath of the respect of the properties that has just required the nation; the rich person only connects the poor one there, the rich person alone has interest with the oath which the poor one with as well lack of consideration pronounces as it does not see than by means of this oath, extorted from his good faith, it is committed making a thing which one cannot make with respect to him

Convinced, as you must be it, of this barbarian inequality, thus do not worsen your injustice by punishing that which does not have anything to have dared to conceal something with that which has all: your inequitable oath gives of it him more right than ever. By forcing it with the perjury by this absurd oath for him, you legitimize all the crimes where this perjury will carry; it thus does not rest with to you more to punish that of which you were the cause. I will not say any more to make feel horrible cruelty that there is to punish the robbers. Imitate the wise law of the people from which I come to speak; punish the enough negligent man to let itself fly, but do not pronounce any species of sorrow against that which flies; think that your oath authorizes it with this action and that it did not do, while devoting itself to it, that to follow the wisest first and of the movements of nature, that to preserve its own existence, does not import at the expense of which

The offences which we must examine in this second class of the duties of the man towards his similar consist in the actions which can make undertake libertinage, among which are distinguished particularly, as more attentatoires so that each one must with the others, the prostitution, adultery, the inceste, the rape and sodomy. We should not certainly doubt a moment only all that is called moral crimes, i.e. all the actions of the species of those which we have just quoted, is not perfectly indifferent in a government whose only duty consists in preserving, by such means that it can be, the form essential with its maintenance: here is the single morals of a republican government. However, since it is always opposed by the despots who surround it, one could not imagine reasonably that its average conservatives can be moral means; because it will be preserved only by the war, and nothing is less moral than the war. Now, I ask how one will manage to show that in an immoral State by its obligations, it is essential that the individuals are moral. I say more: it is good that they are not it. The legislators of Greece had smelled the significant need for gangrener perfectly the members so that, their moral dissolution influencing that
useful for the machine, it resulted from it the always essential insurrection in a government which, perfectly happy like the republican government, must necessarily excite hatred and the jealousy from all that surrounds it. The insurrection, thought these wise legislators, is not a moral state; it must however be the permanent state of a republic; it would be thus as absurd as dangerous to require as those which must maintain the perpetual shock immoral of the machine were themselves of the very moral beings, because the moral state of a man is a state of peace and peace, with the place which its immoral state is a state of perpetual motion which brings it closer to the insurrection necessary, in which it is necessary that the republican always holds the government of which he is member.

Let us detail now and start by analyzing decency, this movement pusillanime, contradictory with the impure affections. If it were in the intentions of the nature which the man was modest, undoubtedly it would not have given birth to it naked; an infinity of people, less degraded than us by civilization, go naked and do not test any shame of it; it should not be doubted that the use to dress itself did not have for single base and the inclemency of the air and the coquetry of the women; they felt that they would lose soon all the effects of the desire if they prevented them, instead of letting them be born; they conceived that, nature besides not having created them without defects, they would secure well better all the means of liking by disguising these defects by ornaments; thus decency, far from being a virtue, was thus nothing any more but one of the first effects of corruption, than one of the first means of the coquetry of the women. Lycurgue and Solon, penetrated well that the results of the impudor hold the citizen in the immoral state essential with the laws of the republican government, obliged the girls to be naked with the theatre [6]. Rome imitated soon this example: one danced naked with the plays of Flora; most of the pagan mysteries were celebrated thus; nudity passed even for virtue among some people. At all events, from the impudor are born from the luxurieux inclinations; what results from these inclinations composes the alleged crimes that we analyze and of which the prostitution is the first effect. Now that we returned on all that of the crowd of religious errors which captivated us and which, close to nature by the quantity of prejudices than we have just destroyed, we listen to only his voice, quite assured that, if there were crime with something, it would be rather to resist the inclinations which she inspires to us that to fight them, persuaded that, the lust being a succession of these inclinations, it much less acts to extinguish this passion in us to regulate the means of satisfying there in peace. We must thus attach us to put order in this part, to establish there all safety necessary so that the citizen, that the need brings closer the objects for lust, can deliver himself with these objects to all that its passions prescribe to him, without never being connected per nothing, because it is not any passion in the man who needs more all the extension of freedom than that one. Various healthy sites, vast, properly furnished and sure in all the points, will be set up in the cities; there, all the sexes, all the ages, all the creatures will be offered to the whims of the libertines who will come to enjoy, and most whole subordination will be the rule of the introduced individuals; the lightest refusal will be punished at once arbitrarily by that which will have tested it. I must still explain this, to measure it with republican manners; I promised everywhere same logic, I will hold word.

If, as I have just said it presently, no passion needs more all the extension of freedom than that one, no undoubtedly is also despotic; it is there that the man likes to order, to be obeyed, to be surrounded constrained slaves to satisfy it; however, all the times that you will not give to the man the average secrecy to exhale the amount of despotism which the nature put at the bottom of its heart, it will be rejected to exert it on the objects which will surround it, it will disturb the government. Allow, if you want to avoid this danger, a free rise with these tyrannical desires which, in spite of him, torment it unceasingly; glad to have been able to exert its small sovereignty in the medium of the harem of icoglans or sultanas that your care and his money subject to him, it will leave satisfied and without any desire to disturb a government which also obligingly ensures all the means of its concupiscence to him. Exert, on the contrary, different processes, impose on these objects of the public lust the ridiculous obstacles
formerly invented by ministerial tyranny and the lubricity of our Sardanapales [7]: the man, turned sour soon against your government, soon jealous of the despotism that it sees you exerting all alone, will shake the yoke that you impose to him and, tired of your manner of governing it, will change some as it has just done it.

See like the Greek legislators, penetrated well of these ideas, treated the vice in Lacédémone, Athens; they enviaient the citizen of it, well far from prohibiting it to him; no kind of lubricity was defended to him, and Socrate, declared by the wisest oracle of the philosophers of the ground, passing indifferently from the arms of Aspasie in those of Alcibiade, was not less the glory of Greece. I will further go, and some opposites which are my ideas with our current habits, as my object is to prove that we must press ourselves to change these habits if we want to preserve the adopted government, I will try to convince you that the prostitution of the women known under the name of honest is not more dangerous than that of the men, and than not only we must associate them the lusts exerted in the houses which I establish, but that we must even set some up for them, where their whims and needs for their temperament, well differently burning that ours, can in the same way be satisfied with all them.

Of which right do claim you initially which the women must be excluded of the blind man tender that nature prescribes to them with the whims of the men? and then by which other right claim you to control them to a continence impossible with their physics and absolutely useless with their honor?

I separately will treat one and the other of these questions.

It is certain that, in the state of nature, the women are born vulgivagues, i.e. enjoying the advantages of the other animals females and pertaining, like them and without any exception, with all the males; such were, without any doubt, and the first natural laws and the only institutions of first gatherings which the men made. The interest, selfishness and the love degraded these first so simple and so natural sights; one believed to grow rich by taking a woman, and with it the good of his family; here are the first two feelings which I have just indicated satisfied; more often still this woman was removed, and one stuck to it; here is the second reason in action and, in all the cases, for the injustice.

Never an act of possession cannot be exerted on a free being; it is as unjust to have a woman exclusively as it is it to have slaves; all the men all were born free are equal in right: never let us lose sight of the fact these principles; it can thus never be given, according to that, of legitimate right to a sex to seize the other exclusively, and never one of these sexes or one of these classes cannot have the other arbitrarily. A woman even, in the purity of the natural laws, cannot plead, for reason for the refusal which it makes with that which wishes it, the love that it has for another, because this reason becomes one of exclusion about it, and that no man can be excluded from the possession of a woman, since it is clear that she belongs to all the men definitely. The act of possession can be exerted only on one building or an animal; never it can be it on an individual who resembles to us, and all the bonds which can connect a woman with a man, of such species that you can suppose them, are as unjust as chimerical.

If it thus becomes undeniable that we received nature the right to express our wishes indifferently with all the women, it becomes it just as we have that of obliging to subject itself to our wishes, not exclusively, I would oppose ourselves, but temporarily [8]. It is undeniable that we have the right to establish laws which force it to yield to fires of that which wishes it: violence even being one of the effects of this right, we can employ it legally. Eh! did nature prove only we had this right, by separating us the force necessary to subject them to our desires?

In vain the women must make speak, for their defense, or decency or their attachment with other men; these chimerical means are null; we saw higher how much decency was a factitious feeling and
méprisable. The love, which one can call the madness of the heart, does not have more titles to legitimate their constancy; satisfying only two individuals, it to be liked and to be loving for it, it cannot be used for happiness of the others, and it is for the happiness of all, and not for an egoistic and privileged happiness, which to us were given the women. All the men thus have an equal right of pleasure on all the women; he is not thus any man who, according to the natural laws, can set up on a woman a single and personal right. The law which will oblige them prostituer, as long as we will want it, at the houses of vice of which it has just been question, and who will force there if they refuse there, which will punish them if they miss there, is thus a law of most equitable, and against which no reason legitimate or right could claim.

A man who will want to enjoy a woman or an unspecified girl will be able thus, if the laws which you promulgate are right, to make it summon to be in one of the houses about which I spoke; and there, under the safeguard of matrones of this Venus temple, it will be delivered to him to satisfy, with as much humility than tender, all the whims that it will like him to occur with it, of some bizzarery or some irregularity which they can be, because he is no which is not in nature, no which is not acknowledged by it. It would be a question here only of fixing the age; however I claim that one cannot it without obstructing the freedom of that which wishes the pleasure of a girl of such or such age. That which has the right to eat the fruit of a tree can undoubtedly it gather ripe or green according to the inspirations of its taste. But, one will object, it is an age where the processes of the man will harm the health of the girl definitely. This consideration is without any value; as soon as you grant the right of ownership to me on the pleasure, this right is independent of the effects produced by the pleasure; this moment it becomes equal that this pleasure is advantageous or harmful with the object which must be subjected to it. Didn't I already prove that it was legal to force the will of a woman on this object, and that at once that she inspired the desire of the pleasure, she was to subject herself to this pleasure, made abstraction of any egoistic feeling? It is the same for its health. As soon as the regards which one would have for this consideration would destroy or weaken the pleasure of that which wishes it, and which has the right to adapt it, this consideration of age becomes null, because it is by no means here about what can test the object condemned by nature and the law to the temporary satisfaction of the desires of the other; it is not question, in this examination, only of what is appropriate for that which wishes. We will restore the balance.

Yes, we will restore it, we undoubtedly owe it; these women that we have just controlled so cruelly, we must incontestably compensate them, and it is what will form the answer to the second question that I proposed.

If we admit, as we have just done it, that all the women must be subjected to our desires, undoubtedly we can allow them in the same way to satisfy all theirs amply; our laws must support on this object their temperament of fire, and it is absurd to have placed and their honor and their virtue in the antinaturelle force which they put to resist the inclinations that they received with good more profusion than us; this injustice of our manners is all the more shouting that we at the same time agree to make them weak through seduction and to punish them then the EC what they yield to all the efforts that we made to cause them with the fall. All the nonsense of our manners is engraved, this seems to me, in this inequitable atrocity, and this only talk should make us feel the extreme need that we have to change them for purer. I thus say that the women, having received inclinations much more violent one that us with the pleasures of the lust, will be able to devote themselves to it as long as they will want it, absolutely released from all the bonds of the hymen, of all the false prejudices of decency, absolutely returned to the state of nature; I want that the laws enable them to be devoted to as many men than good will seem to them; I want that the pleasure of all the sexes and all the parts of their body their is allowed as the men; and, under the special clause to devote itself in the same way to all those which will wish it, it is necessary that they have
freedom to also enjoy all those which they will believe worthy to satisfy them.

Which are, I ask it, the dangers of this licence? Children who won't have fathers? Eh! what imports in a republic where all the individuals should have of another mother only the fatherland, where all those all which are born are children of the fatherland? Ah! how much will like it better those which, not having never known that it, will know as of while being born that it is only of it that they must all wait? Do not imagine to make good republicans as long as you will isolate in their families the children who should belong only to the republic. There by giving only to some individuals the amount of affection whom they must divide on all their brothers, they inevitably adopt the often dangerous prejudices of these individuals; their opinions, their ideas are insulated, particularized and all the virtues of a statesman become absolutely impossible to them. Finally giving up their entire heart with those which gave birth to them, they do not find any more in this heart any affection for that which must make them live, to illustrate them to make known and them, as if these second benefits were not more significant than the first! If there is the greatest disadvantage to let children suck thus in their families the interests often quite different from those of the fatherland, there is thus the greatest advantage with separating some; aren't they it naturally by the means which I propose, since by destroying absolutely all the bonds of the hymen, it is not born any more other fruits of the pleasures of the woman but of the children to which knowledge of their father is absolutely prohibited, and with that the means of not belonging that to the same family more, instead of being, as they must, only the children of the fatherland?

There will be thus houses intended for libertinage of the women and, like those of the men, under the protection of the government; there, all the individuals of the one and the other sex will be provided to them which they will be able to wish, and more they will attend these houses, plus them will be estimated. There are nothing so barbarian and so ridiculous but to have attached the honor and the virtue of the women to the resistance which they put at desires that they received nature and that those overheat unceasingly which have cruelty to blame them. As of age more tender [9], girl released of bonds paternal, having more nothing to preserve for hymen (absolutely abolished by the wise laws which I wish), above the prejudice connecting its sex formerly, will be able to thus devote itself to all that its temperament in the established houses will dictate to him on this subject; it will be received there with respect, satisfied with profusion and, about return in the company, it will be able there to speak as publicly about the pleasures as it have tasted that it does it today ball or of a walk. Charming sex, you will be free; you will enjoy like the men all the pleasures whose nature makes you a duty; you will not force yourselves on any. The divine part of humanity does it have to thus receive irons of the other? Ah! break them, nature wants it; do not have any more an other brake but that of your inclinations, other laws that your only desires, of another morals that that of nature; do not languish longer in these cruel prejudices which faded your charms and captivated the divine dashes of your hearts [10]; you are free like us, and the career of the Venus combat is open for you as to us; do not fear any more absurd reproaches; the pedantry and the superstition are destroyed; one will not see you any more reddening of your charming variations; crowned myrtles and pinks, the regard which we will design for you will not be any more but because of the greatest extent than you will have allowed yourselves to give them.

What has just been known as should undoubtedly exempt to us to examine adultery; let us throw nevertheless a glance there, some no one that it is after the laws which I establish. With what a not it was ridiculous to regard it as criminal in our old institutions! If there were something of absurdity in the world, it was well surely the eternity of the marital bonds; this seems to me, it was not needed to examine or that to feel all the heaviness of these bonds to cease seeing as a crime the action which reduced them; nature, as we said a few moments ago, having endowed the women with a burning temperament, of a sensitivity major than it did not make individuals of the other sex, it was for them, undoubtedly, than the yoke of a hymen eternal was heavier. Tender and set ablaze women fire of the
love, you compensate maintaining without fear; you persuade that it cannot exist any evil to follow the impulses of nature, that it is not for only one man that it created you, but to like all indifferently. That no brake stops you. Imitate the republican ones of Greece; never the legislators who gave them laws did not imagine to make them a crime of adultery, and almost all authorized the disorder of the women. Thomas Morus proves, in his Utopia, that it is advantageous to the women to be delivered to the vice, and the ideas of this great man were not always dreams [11].

At the Tartars, plus a woman prostituant itself, it was honoured; it publicly carried to the collar the marks of its impudicity, and one did not estimate those which were not decorated with it. To Pégu, the families themselves deliver their wives or their daughters the abroads who travel there: one rents them with so much per day, like horses and cars! Volumes finally would not be enough to show that never the lust was regarded as criminal at none the wise people of the ground. All the philosophers know well that it is only to Christian impostors that we must have set it up in crime. The priests had their reason well, by prohibiting the lust to us: this recommendation, in their holding the knowledge and the discharge of these secret sins, gave them an incredible empire on the women and a career of lubricity opened to them whose extent did not have terminals. It is known how they benefitted from it, and as they would still misuse it if their credit were not lost without resource.

The inceste is it more dangerous? Not, undoubtedly; it extends the bonds of the families and makes consequently more active the love of the citizens for the fatherland; it is dictated to us by the first natural laws, we test it, and the pleasure of the objects which belong to us seemed increasingly more delicious us. The first institutions support the inceste; one finds it in the origin of the companies; it is devoted in all the religions; all the laws supported it. If we traverse the universe, we will find the inceste established everywhere. The negroes of the Coast of Pepper and Rio-Gabon prostitut their wives with their own children; the elder one of wire, with the kingdom of Juda, must marry the woman of its father; the people of Chile sleep indifferently with their sisters, their daughters, and marry often at the same time the mother and the girl. I dare to ensure, in a word, that the inceste should be the law of any government whose fraternity makes the base. How reasonable men could carry the nonsense at the point to believe that the pleasure of his/her mother, her sister or her daughter could never become criminal! Isn't this, I you ask it, an abominable prejudice that that which appears to make a crime with a man estimate more for his pleasure the object which the feeling of nature brings it closer more? It would be worth as much to say that it is defended to us to love the individuals too much that nature us enjoint to like best, and that more it gives us inclinations for an object plus it orders to us at the same time to move away some! These contrarieties are absurd: there are only stunned people by the superstition which can believe them or to adopt them. The community of the women whom I establish necessarily involving the inceste, it remains little of thing to be said on an alleged offence whose nullity is shown too much to dwell too long there more; and we will pass to the rape which seems to be with the first glance, of all the variations of libertinage, that whose lesion is best established, because of the insult that it appears to make. It is however certain that the rape, action so rare and so difficult to prove, makes less wrong to next than the flight, since this one invades the property that the other is satisfied to deteriorate. What will you have to object besides to the transgressor if it answers you that makes some, the evil that it has clerk is quite poor, since it did nothing but place a little earlier the object of which it misused with the same state where would have soon put the hymen or the love?

But sodomy, but this alleged crime, which attracted the fire of heaven on the cities which were devoted there, isn't a monstrous mislaying, whose punishment could not be rather strong? It is undoubtedly quite painful for us to have to reproach to our ancestors the legal murders which they dared to allow on this subject. Is it possible to be enough barbarian to dare to condemn to dead an unhappy individual of which all the crime is not to have the same tastes as you? One quivers when it is thought that it has not been yet
forty years that the nonsense of the legislators was still there. You, citizens comfort; such nonsenses will not arrive any more: the wisdom of your legislators answers you about it. Entirely cleared up on this weakness of some men, one smells well today that such an error cannot be criminal, and that nature could not have put at the fluid which runs in our kidneys a rather great importance for courroucer on the way that we like it to make take with this liquor.

Which is the only crime which can exist here? Undoubtedly is not to place itself in such or such place, unless one did not want to support that all the parts of the body do not resemble each other, and that it is the pure ones and soiled; but, as it is impossible to advance such nonsenses, the only alleged offence could consist here only in the loss of the seed. However, I ask whether it is probable that this seed is so invaluably with the eyes of the nature which it becomes impossible to lose it without crime? Would tous.les.jours proceed to these losses if that were? And isn't this to authorize them only to allow them in the dreams, in the act of the pleasure of a large woman? Is it possible to imagine that nature gave us the possibility of a crime which outragerait it? Is it possible that it grants so that the men destroy its pleasures and become by there stronger than it? It is inouï in what a pit of nonsenses one is thrown when one gives up, to reason, the helps of the torch of the reason! We thus for good hold assured which it is as simple to enjoy a woman in a manner as of the other, and than at once that it is constant that it can exist in us other inclinations only those which we hold of nature, it is too wise and too consequent to have put some in us who can never offend it.

That of sodomy is the result of the organization, and we do not contribute for nothing to this organization. Children of the most tender age announce this taste, and never correct themselves any. Sometimes it is the fruit of satiety; but, in this case even, does it belong about it less to nature? Under all the reports/ratios, it is its work, and, in all the cases, which it inspires must be respected by the men. If, by an exact census, one came to prove that this taste affects infinitely more than the other, than the pleasures which result from it are much sharper, and that because of that its sectateurs are thousand times more than its enemies, wouldn't it be possible to conclude whereas, far from outrager nature, this vice would serve its sights, and that it much less holds with the offspring that we do not have the madness to believe it? However, by traversing the universe, that people do not see we scorning the women! It is which makes use of it absolutely only to have the child necessary to replace them. The practice that the men have to live together in the republics will always make there this vice the more frequent, but it is certainly not dangerous. Would the legislators of Greece have introduces it into their republic if they had believed it such? Well far from there, they believed it necessary to warlike people. Plutarque speaks to us with enthusiasm about the battalion about the lovers and about loved; they only defended the freedom of Greece a long time. This vice reigned in the association of the brothers in arms; it cemented it; the great men were inclined there. Whole America, when it was discovered, was populated people of this taste. In Louisiana, at Illinois, of the Indians, vêtus as women, was prostituäient like courtesans. The negros of Bengué maintain the men publicly; almost all the seraglios of Algiers are today populated only young boys. One was not satisfied to tolerate, one ordered in Thèbes the love boys; the philosopher of Chéronée prescribed it to soften manners of young people.

We know in which point it reigned in Rome: one found there places public, where young boys prostituaient themselves under the dress of girls and the girls under that of boys. Martial, Catulle, Tibulle, Horace and Virgile wrote to men as with their mistresses, and we read finally in Plutarque [ 12 ] that the women should not have any share with the love of the men. Amasiens of the island of Crete formerly removed young boys with the most singular ceremonies. When they liked one of them, they made share with the parents of it the day when the kidnapper wanted to remove it; the young man made some resistance if it did not like his/her lover; in the contrary case, it left with him, and the seducer as soon as returned it to his family that it had been useful about it; because, in this passion as in that of the women,
there is always too much of it, as soon as one has enough of it. Strabon says to us that, in this same island, it was only with boys that one filled the seraglios: they publicly were prostitut.

Does one want a last authority, made to prove how much this vice is useful in a republic? Let us listen to Jerome Péripatéticien. The love of the boys, us says it, was spread in all Greece, because it gave courage and force, and that it was used to drive out the tyrants: the conspiracies were formed between the lovers, and they were rather let torture to reveal their accomplices: patriotism thus sacrificed all to the prosperity of the State: one was certain that these connections strengthened the republic, one déclamait against the women, and it was a weakness reserved for the despotism to stick to such creatures.

Always the pederasty was vice warlike people. César teaches us that the Gallic ones were extraordinarily devoted there. The wars which the republics had to support, by separating the two sexes, propagated this vice, and, when one recognized there continuations so useful for the State, the religion devoted it soon. It is known that the Romans sanctified the loves of Jupiter and Ganymède. Sextus Empiricus ensures us that this imagination was ordered at Perses. Finally the jealous and scorned women offered to their husbands to render the same service to them that they received young boys; some tested it and returned to their old practices, not finding the illusion possible.

The Turks, extremely inclined this depravity that Mahomet devoted in its Koran, ensure nevertheless that a very young virgin can replace a boy rather well, and seldom their become women before to have passed by this test. Sixth-Quint and Sanchez allowed this vice; this last even undertook to prove that it was useful for the propagation, and that a child created after this preliminary race became infinitely better made up about it. Finally the women compensated themselves between them. This imagination undoubtedly does not have more disadvantages than the other, because the result is only the refusal to create, and that the means of those which have the taste of the population are rather powerful so that the adversaries can there never harm. The Greeks supported in the same way this mislaying of the women on reasons of State. It resulted from it that, sufficient between them, their communications with the men were less frequent and that they did not harm thus the businesses of the republic. Lucien teaches us which progress made this licence, and it is not without interest that we see it in Sapho.

It is, in a word, no kind of danger in all these manias: they went even further, went until cherishing monsters and animals, as us learns it the example from several people, it there would not have in all these fadaises the smallest disadvantage, because the corruption of manners, often very useful in a government, could harm it under no report/ratio, and we must await our legislators enough of wisdom, enough of prudence, to be of course that no law will emanate from them for the repression of these miseries which, holding absolutely with the organization, could never return guiltier that which is inclined there than is to it it

It does not remain us any more that the murder to be examined in the second class of the offences of the man towards his similar, and we will pass then to his duties towards itself. Of all offences which the man can make with his similar, the murder is, indisputably, cruelest of all since it only removes to him although it received nature, only whose loss is irrevocable. Several questions nevertheless arise here, made abstraction of the wrong that the murder causes with that which becomes the victim about it.

1. Is this action, have regard to the only natural laws, really criminal?

2. Is it it relative with the laws of the policy?

3. Is it harmful at the company?
4. How does it have to be considered in a republican government?

5. Finally does the murder have to be repressed by the murder?

We will examine each one of these questions separately: the object is rather essential so that one allows us to stop there; perhaps one will find our ideas a little strong: what made? Didn't we acquire the right of all to say? Let us develop with the men of great truths: they await us; it is time that the error disappears, it is necessary that its stringcourse falls beside that from the kings. Is the murder a crime with the eyes of nature? Such is the first put question.

We undoubtedly will humiliate the pride of the man here, by lowering it with the row of all the other productions of nature, but the philosopher does not cherish small human vanities; always burning to continue the truth, it disentangles it under the stupid prejudices of the self-esteem, reaches it, develops it and boldly shows it with the astonished ground.

What the man, and which difference there between him and the other plants, him is and all the other animals of nature? No undoubtedly. Fortuitously placed like them, on this sphere, it was born like them; it is propagated, grown and decrease like them; it arrives like them at old age and fall as them in nothing after the term which nature assigns with each species of animals, because of the construction of its bodies. If the bringings together are so exact that it becomes absolutely impossible with the eye inspector of the philosopher to see any dissimilarity, there will be thus then very as much evil to kill an animal than a man, or as little with the one as with the other, and in the prejudices of our pride only the distance will be; but nothing is unfortunately absurd like the prejudices of pride. Let us press nevertheless the question. You cannot disconvenir that it is not equal to destroy a man or an animal; but isn't the destruction of any animal which has life definitely an evil, as the pythagoricians believed it and as still the inhabitants of the edges of Gange believe it? Before answering this, let us recall initially the readers whom we examine the question only relative with nature; we will then consider it compared to the men.

However, I ask of which price can be with the nature of the individuals who cost him neither the least sorrow nor the least care. The workman estimates his work only because of the work that it costs him, of time that it employs to create it. However, does the man cost nature? And, by supposing that it costs him, does he cost him more than one monkey or than an elephant? I go further: which are the generating matters of nature? of what are composed the beings which come to the life? Don't the three elements which form them result from the primitive destruction of the other bodies? If all the individuals were eternal, wouldn't it become impossible with nature to create the new ones? If the eternity of the beings is impossible with nature, their destruction thus becomes one of its laws. However, if the destruction is so useful for him that it cannot absolutely occur some, and if it cannot arrive to its creations without drawing from these masses of destruction which death prepares to him, of this moment the idea of destruction which we attach to dead is not thus real any more; there will be no more noted destruction; what we call the end of the animal which has life will not be any more one real end, but a simple transmutation, whose the perpetual motion is the base, genuine gasoline of the matter and which all the modern philosophers admit like one of its first laws. Death, according to these irrefutable principles, is thus nothing any more but one change in form, than an unperceivable passage of an existence with another, and here are what Pythagore called the métempsycose.

These truths once allowed, I ask whether one will be able to never advance that the destruction is a crime. With intention preserving your absurd prejudices, will you dare to say to me that the transmutation is a destruction? Not, undoubtedly; because it would be necessary for that to prove one moment of inaction in the matter, one moment of rest. However, you will never discover this moment. Small animals are formed at the moment that the large animal lost the breath, and the life of these small animals is only one
of the effects necessary and determined by the temporary sleep of large. Will you dare to say now that
one likes nature better that the other? It would be necessary to prove for that an impossible thing: it is
that the long or square form is more useful, more pleasant with nature than the oblong or triangular form;
it would be necessary to prove that, have regard to the sublimes plans of the nature, lazy which is fattened
in the inaction and indolence is more useful than the horse, whose service is so essential, or which the ox,
of which the body is so invaluabie that it of it is not any part which serf; it would have to be said that the
poisonous snake is more necessary than the faithful dog.

However, as all these systems are insupportable, it is thus necessary absolutely agree to admit
impossibility where we are to destroy the works of the nature, waited until the only thing that we make,
while delivering to us to the destruction, is only to operate a variation in the forms, but which cannot
extinguish the life, and it then becomes above the man power to prove that he can exist any crime in the
alleged destruction of a creature, some age, of some sex, of some species that you suppose it. Front
conduits still by the series of our consequences, which all are born from/to each other, it will have to be
been appropriate finally that, far from harming, with nature, the action which you make, by varying the
forms of its various works, is advantageous for it since you provide him by this action the raw material of
his rebuildings, whose work would become to him impracticable if you do not destroy. Eh! let do it, says
you one. Undoubtedly, it is necessary to let it make, but these are its impulses that the man follows when
it is delivered to the homicide; it is the nature which advises it to him, and the man who destroys his
similar is with nature what is to him the plague or the famine, also sent by his hand, which is used for of
all the possible means to earlier obtain this raw material of destruction, absolutely essential with its
works.

Let us condescend to clarify one moment our heart of the saint torch of philosophy: which other voice
that that of nature suggests us personal hatreds, revenges, wars, in a word all these reasons for perpetual
murders? However, if it advises them to us, it needs some thus. How thus can we, according to that, to
suppose us guilty towards it, as soon as we do nothing but follow his sights?

But in here more than one needs to convince any enlightened reader only it is impossible that the murder
never can outrager nature.

Is a crime in policy? Let us dare to acknowledge, on the contrary, that it is unfortunately only one within
the largest competences of the policy. Isn't this through murder that Rome became the mistress of the
world? Isn't this through murder which France is free today? It is useless to inform here that one speaks
only about the murders caused by the war, and not of the atrocities made by the factious ones and the
disorganizing ones: these dedicated to the public execration, need only to be pointed out to excite forever
the general horror and indignation. Which social science needs more to be supported by the murder than
that which only tends to mislead, the purpose of which is only the increase in a nation at the expense of
another? Are the wars, single fruits of this political barbarian, other thing which the means of which it is
nourished, of which it is strengthened, of which it étaie? and what the war, if not science to destroy?
Strange blindness of the man, who publicly teaches the art to kill, which rewards that which succeeds
there best and which punishes that which, for a particular cause, east is demolished of his enemy! Isn't it
time to reconsider so cruel errors?

Lastly, is the murder a crime against the company? Who could never imagine it reasonably? Ah! what is
essential at this many company that there is among it a member moreover or of less? Will its laws, its
manners, its habits be vitiated by it? Never did the death of an individual influence the general mass?
And after the loss of the greatest battle, than do I say? after would the extinction of half of the world, of
its totality, if one wants, the small number of beings who could survive test least material deterioration?
Alas! not. Nature whole of would test not more, and stupid pride by man, which believes that all is made
for him, would be well astonished, after the total destruction of the mankind, if it saw that nothing varies in nature and that the course of the stars is only not delayed by it. Let us continue.

How the murder have does to be seen in a warlike and republican State?

It would be undoubtedly greater danger, or to throw discredit on this action, or to punish it. The pride of the republican requires a little ferocity; if it is softened, if its energy is lost, it will be subjugated soon. A very singular reflexion arises here, but, as it is true in spite of its boldness, I will say it. A nation which starts to be controlled in republic will support only by virtues, because, to arrive at most, it is always necessary begin with less; but an already old nation and corrompue which, courageously, will shake the yoke of its monarchical government to adopt a republican of it, will be maintained only per many crimes; because it is already in the crime, and if it wanted to pass from the crime to the virtue, i.e. from a violent state in a soft state, it would fall into an inertia whose its unquestionable ruin would be soon the result.

What would become the tree which you would transplant of a ground full with strength in a sandy and dry plain? All the intellectual ideas are subordinated so much to the physics of nature that the comparisons provided by agriculture will never mislead us in morals.

Most independent of the men, close to nature, the savages deliver themselves with impunity daily to the murder. In Sparte, in Lacédémone, one went to the hunting of the ilotes as we go to France to that of partridges. The freest people are those which accomodate it more. In Mindanao, that which wants to make a murder is high with the row of the brave men: one decorates it at once with a turban; at Caraguos, it is necessary to have killed seven men to obtain the honors of this hairstyle; the inhabitants of Borneo believe that all those which they put at dead them will be useful when they are not any more; the Spanish excessively pious people even made wish with Saint-Jacob de Galice kill twelve Americans per day; in the kingdom of Tangut, one chooses a strong and vigorous young man which it is allowed, in certain days of the year, to kill all that it meets. Was he friendlier people of the murder than the Jews? One sees it in all the forms, in all the pages of their history.

The emperor and the mandarins of China from time to time take measures to make revolt the people, in order to obtain these operations the right to make a horrible carnage of it. That these soft and effeminate people free themselves from the yoke of his tyrants, it will strike them in its turn with much more reason, and the murder, always adopted, always necessary, will have made only change victims; it was the happiness of the ones, it will become the happiness of the others.

An infinity of nations tolerate the public assassinations: they are entirely allowed in Genoa, in Venice, in Naples and in all Albania; in Kacha, on the river of San Domino, the murderers, under a known and acknowledged costume, cut the throat of with your orders and under your eyes the individual that you indicate to them; the Indians take opium to encourage themselves with the murder; precipitating then in the medium of the streets, they massacre all that they meet; English travellers found this mania with Batavia.

Which people were at the same time larger and crueler than the Romans, and which nation longer preserved its splendour and its freedom? The spectacle of the gladiateurs supported his courage; it became warlike by the practice to be made a play of the murder. Twelve or fifteen hundred victims day labourers filled the arena of the circus, and there, the women, crueler than the men, dared to require that dying them fall with grace and still took shape under the convulsions of death. The Romans passed from there to the pleasure of seeing dwarves cutting the throat of itself in front of them; and when the Christian worship, while infecting the ground, came to persuade with the men that there was evil to commit suicide, tyrants at once connected these people, and the heroes of the world became about it soon the toys.
Everywhere finally one believed with reason that the murderer, i.e. the man who choked his sensitivity to
the point to kill his similar and to face public or particular revenge, everywhere, say I, one believed that
such a man could be only very courageous, and consequently very invaluable in a warlike or republican
government. We will traverse nations which, wilder still, were satisfied only by immolant children, and
very often their, we will see these actions, universally adopted, to form part of the laws even sometimes.
Several wild tribes kill their children at once that they are born. The mothers, on the edges of the
Orénoque river, in persuasion where they were that their daughters were only born to be unhappy, since
their destination were to become the wives of the savages of this region, who could not suffer the women,
immolaient them at once that they had given them the day. In Trapobane and the kingdom of Sopit, all
the deformed children were immolés by the same parents. The women of Madagascar exposed to the
wild beasts those their children born certain days of the week. In the republics of Greece, one carefully
examined all the children who arrived at the world, and if one did not find them formed so as to be able to
defend one day the republic, they were immolés at once: there it was not judged that it was essential to
set up houses richly equipped to preserve this cheap scum of the human nature [ 13 ]. Until the
translation of the seat of the empire, all the Romans who did not want to nourish their children threw
them to the roadway system. The former legislators did not have any scruple to devote the children to
death, and never none of their codes repressed the rights which a father always believed on his family.
Aristote advised the abortion; and these antiques republicans, filled with enthusiasm, of heat for the
fatherland, ignored this individual commiseration whom one finds among the modern nations; one loved
less his children, but his country better was liked. In all the cities of China, one finds each morning an
incredible quantity of children given up in the streets; a tipcart removes them with the point of the day,
and one throws them in a pit; often accoucheuses themselves disencumber the mothers of them, by
chooking at once their fruits in ebullient water tanks or by throwing them in the river. In Peking, one puts
them in small rush baskets which one gives up on the channels; each day these channels are foamed, and
celebrates it Duhalde traveller evaluates with more than thirty thousand the daily number which is
removed with each research. One cannot deny that it is not extraordinarily necessary, extremely political
to put a dam at the population in a republican government; by absolutely contrary sights, it should be
encouraged in a monarchy; there, the tyrants being rich only because of the number of their slaves,
undoubtedly they need men; but the abundance of this population, let us not doubt it, not, is a vice reality
in a republican government. It however should not be cut the throat of to reduce it, as said it our modern
décmvirs: it is not absolutely necessary to leave him the means of extending beyond the bernes only its
happiness prescribes to him. Keep you to multiply too much people whose each being is sovereign and
are of course that the revolutions are never the effects but of one too many population. If for the
splendour of the State you grant to your warriors the right to destroy men, for the conservation of this
same State, grant in the same way to each individual to deliver itself as long as he will want it, since he
can it without outrager nature, with the right to demolish children whom he cannot nourish or whose the
government cannot draw any help; grant to him in the same way to demolish itself, with its risks and
dangers, of all the enemies who can harm to him, because the result of all these actions, absolutely null in
themselves, will be to hold your population in a moderated state, and many enough to never upset your
government. Let say to the monarchists who a State is large only because of its extreme population: this
State will be always poor if its population exceeds its means of living, and it will be always flourishing if,
contained in right terminals, it can adulterate of its superfluity. Don't you prune the tree when it has too
many branches? and, to preserve the trunk, don't you cut the branches? Any system which deviates from
these principles is an extravagance which the abuses would lead us soon to the total inversion of the
building that we have just raised with such an amount of sorrow. But it is not when the man is made that
it is necessary to destroy it in order to decrease the population: it is unjust to shorten the days of a quite
formed individual; he is not it, I say it, to prevent from arriving at the life a being which certainly will be
useless in the world. The mankind must be purified as of the cradle; it is what you envisage to never be
able to be useful for the company that it is necessary to cut off from its centre; here are only means reasonable to reduce a population whose too great extent is, as we have just proven it, most dangerous of the abuses.

It is time to summarize itself.

Does the murder have to be repressed by the murder? Not, undoubtedly. Never let us impose to the murderer of another sorrow but that which it can incur by the revenge on the friends or the family of that it killed. I grant your grace to you, said Louis XV to Charolais, which had just killed a man to be diverted, but I also give it to that which will kill you. All the bases of the law against the murderers are in this sublime word [14].

In a word, the murder is a horror, but a horror often necessary, never criminal, essential to tolerate in a republican State. I showed that the whole universe had given the example of it; but should it be regarded as an action made to be punished of death? Those which will answer the following dilemma will have satisfied the question: Is the murder a crime or it is not it? If it is not one, why make laws which punish it? And if it is one, by which barbarian and stupid inconsistency will you punish it by a similar crime?

It remains us to speak about the duties of the man towards itself. As the philosopher does not adopt these duties that as much as they tend to his pleasure or his conservation, it is extremely useless of him to recommend the practice, more useless of it still to impose sorrows to him if it misses there.

The only offence which the man can make in this kind is the suicide. I will not have fun here to prove the imbecillity of people who set up this action in crime: I return to the famous letter of Rousseau those which could still have some doubts about that. Almost all the old governments authorized the suicide by the policy and the religion. The Athenians explained to the Learned assembly the reasons that they had to commit suicide: they were stabbed then. All the republics of Greece tolerated the suicide; it entered the plan of the legislators; one committed suicide as a public, and one made his death a spectacle of pageantry. The republic of Rome encouraged the suicide: devotions so famous for the fatherland were only suicides. When Rome was taken by the Gallic ones, the most famous senators devoted themselves to death; by taking again this same spirit, we adopt the same virtues. A soldier killed himself, during the campaign of 92, sorrow to be able to follow his comrades to the business of Jemmapes. Without delay placed at the height of these proud republicans, we will exceed soon their virtues: it is the government which makes the man. A so long practice of the despotism had completely irritated our courage; it had dépravé our manners: we reappear; one soon will see of which actions sublimes the genius is able, the French character, when it is free; let us support, at the price of our fortunes and our lives, this freedom which costs us already so many victims; let us regret of it no if we arrive at the goal; themselves devoted all voluntarily; let us not make their blood useless; but of the union... of the union, or we will lose the fruit of all our sorrows; let us sit excellent laws on the victories which we have just gained; our first legislators, still slaves of the despot that finally we cut down, had given us only laws worthy of this tyrant, that they still encensaient: let us remake their work, think that it is for republicans and philosophers that we finally will work; that our laws are soft as the people which they must govern.

While offering here, as I have just made it, nothing, the indifference of an infinity of actions that our ancestors, allured by a false religion, looked like criminal, I reduce our work to well little thing. Let us do few laws, but that they are good. It is not a question to multiply the brakes: it is question of only giving to that which one employs a indestructible quality. That the purpose of the laws which we promulgate are only peace of the citizen, his happiness and the glare of the republic. But, after having driven out the enemy of your grounds, French, I would not like that the heat to propagate your principles involved you further; it is only with iron and fire that you will be able to carry them at the end of the universe. Before
to achieve these resolutions, you point out the unhappy success of the Crusades. When the enemy is on
the other side of the Rhine, believe me, keep your borders and remain on your premise; revive your trade,
give again energy and outlets with your manufactures; make refleurir your arts, encourage agriculture, if
necessary in a government such as yours and whose spirit must be to be able to provide to everyone
without needing anybody; let the thrones of Europe collapse of themselves: your example, your
prosperity will collapse them soon, without you needing you to interfere.

Invincible in your interior and models of all the people by your police force and your good laws, it will
not be a government in the world which does not work to imitate you, not only one which is not honoured
with your alliance; but if, for the vain honor to carry your principles to far, you give up the care of your
own happiness, the despotism which is not that deadened will reappear, of the internal dissensions will
tear you, you will have exhausted your finances and your purchases, and all that to return to kiss iron
which the tyrants impose to you who will have subjugated you during your absence. All that you wish
can be made without it being necessary to leave your hearths; that the other people see you happy, and
they will run to happiness by the same road that you will have traced to them [ 15 ].

Eugenie, in Dolmancé: Here what is called a very wise writing, and so much in your principles, at least
on much of objects, which I would be tried of you to believe the author.

Dolmancé: It is quite certain that I think part of these reflexions, and my speeches, which proved it to
you, give even to the reading that we have just made the appearance of a repetition...

Eugenie, cutting: I did not realize any; one could not say the good things too much; I find some of these
a little dangerous principles however.

Dolmancé: There is dangerous in the world only pity and the benevolence; kindness is never that a
weakness whose ingratitude and impertinence of weak always force the decent people with repentance.
That a good observer is warned to calculate all the dangers of pity, and that it puts them in parallel with
those of a supported firmness, it will see whether the first do not carry it. But we go too far, Eugenie; let
us summarize for your education the single council which one can draw from all that has just been known
as: never listen to your heart, my child; it is the falsest guide which we received from nature; close it
with great care with the fallacious accents of misfortune; it is much better than you refuse with that
which really would be done to interest you, that to be likely to give to the scélérat, intrigant and the
cabalor: one is of a very light consequence, the other of the greatest disadvantage.

The Knight: That it is allowed to me, I entreat you, to begin again in underpinning and to destroy, if I
can, the principles of Dolmancé. Ah! how they would be different, cruel man, if, private of this immense
fortune where you unceasingly find the means of satisfying your passions, you could languish a few years
in this overpowering misfortune whose your wild spirit dares to compose of the wrongs to the poor
wretches! Throw a glance of pity on them, and do not extinguish your heart at the point to harden it
without return to the tearing cries of the need! When your body, only tired of pleasures, rests
languissamment on beds of sleeping bag, see theirs, sagging work which makes you live, hardly
collecting a little straw to preserve freshness of the ground, of which they do not have, like the animals,
which cold surface to extend; throw a glance on them, when, surrounded by succulent mets whose twenty
pupils of Comus awake each day your sensuality, these unhappy disputes with the wolves, in wood, the
bitter root of a desiccated ground; when the plays, the graces and laugh them lead to your impure layer
the most touching objects of the temple of Cythère, see this wide poor wretch close to his sad wife and,
satisfied with the pleasures that it picking within the tears, not even to suspect some of others; look at it,
when you do not refuse anything, when you strokes in the medium of superfluity; look at say it, you I, to
even obstinately miss first needs for the life; throw the eyes on its sorry family see her trembling wife
dividing herself with tenderness between the care which it owes to her husband, languid near it, and with those that nature orders for the kids of its love, private of the possibility of filling any of these duties if crowned for its significant heart; hear it without quivering, if you can, to claim close to you this superfluity which your cruelty refuses to him!

Aren’t barbarian, thus men like you? and if they resemble to you, why have you to enjoy when they languish? Eugenie, Eugenie, never extinguish in your heart the crowned voice of nature: it is with the benevolence that it will lead you in spite of you, when you separate his body from the fire of passions which absorbs it. Let us leave the religious principles there, I agree to it; but let us not give up the virtues which the sensitivity inspires to us; it will be never but by practising them that we will taste the softest pleasures of the heart and most delicious. All mislayings of your spirit will be repurchased by a good work; it will extinguish in you the remorses which your misconduct will give birth to there, and, forming in the content of your conscience a crowned asylum where you will fold up yourselves sometimes on yourself, you will find the consolation of the variations there where your errors will have involved you. My sister, I am young, I am libertine, impious, I am capable of all the vices of the spirit, but my heart remains me, it is pure, and it is with him, my friends, that I comfort myself of all them through my age.

Dolmancé: Yes, knight, you are young, you prove it by your speeches; you miss the experiment; I await you when it will have matured you; then, my expensive, you will not speak any more if many men, because you will have known them. It was their ingratitude which dried my heart, their perfidy which destroyed in me these disastrous virtues for which I had perhaps been born like you. However, if the defects of the ones return in the others these dangerous virtues, isn't this thus a service to return to youth only to choke them early in it? What do you speak to me about remorse, my friend? Can they exist in the heart of that which does not know a crime with nothing? That your principles choke them if you fear the pivot of it: will it be possible for you you repentance of an action of the indifference of which you will be deeply penetrated? As soon as you do not believe any more evil in nothing, of which evil will you be able repentance?

The Knight: It is not spirit which the remorses come, they are the fruits only heart, and never sophisms of the head did not extinguish the movements of the heart.

Dolmancé: But the heart misleads, because it is never but the expression of false calculations of the spirit; mature this one, the other will yield soon; always of false definitions mislay us when we want to reason; I do not know what it is only the heart, me; I do not call as well as the weaknesses of the spirit. Only one and single torch shone in me; when I am healthy and firm, it never misleads me; are I old, hypochondriac or pusillanime? it misleads me; then I am sensitive, while at the bottom I am only weak and timid. Once again, Eugenie, that this perfidious sensitivity does not deceive you; it is not, are of course, that the weakness of the heart; one cries only because one fears, and for this reason the kings are tyrants. Reject, thus hate the perfidious councils of the knight; while saying to you to open your heart with all the imaginary evils of misfortune, it seeks to compose you a sum of sorrows which, not being yours, would tear you soon to no purpose. Ah! believe, Eugenie, believe that the pleasures which are born from apathy are worth well those which the sensitivity gives you; this one can only reach in a direction the heart that the other tickle and upsets de.toutes.parts. Can the allowed pleasures, in a word, thus be compared with the pleasures which join together with attractions much more prickles those, inappreciable, rupture of the social brakes and inversion of all the laws?

Eugenie: You triumphs, Dolmancé, you carry it! The speeches of the knight made only effleurer my heart, hold them allure it and involve it! Ah! believe me, knight, address you rather to passions that with the virtues when you want to persuade a woman.
Mrs. de Saint-Ange, with the knight: Yes, my friend, insane me well, but does not sermonize us: you will not convert us, and you could disturb the lessons of which we want to water the heart and the spirit of this charming girl.

Eugenie: To disturb? Oh! not, not! your work is finished; what the stupid ones call corruption is established now enough in me not to leave even any hope of return, and your principles are too well supported in my heart so that sophisms of the knight never manage to destroy them.

Dolmancé: It is right, do not speak more that, knight; you would be wrong, and we want to find you only processes.

The Knight: That is to say; we are here for a very different goal, I know it, that that where I wanted to reach; let us go right to this goal, I agree to it; I will keep my morals for those which, less drunk than, will be to you more in state to hear it.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Yes, my brother, yes, yes, gives us only your foutre here; we make you grace of morals; it too soft for is coiled our species.

Eugenie: I fear well, Dolmancé, that this cruelty, that you recommend with heat, does not influence a little your pleasures; I already believed to notice it, you are hard while enjoying; I would feel well also some provisions with this vice. To clear up my ideas on all that, say to me, I request from you, of which eye you see the object which serves your pleasures.

Dolmancé: As absolutely no one, my expensive; that it shares or not my pleasures, that it tests or not satisfaction, apathy or even of the pain, provided that I would be happy, the remainder is absolutely equal for me.

Eugenie: It even than this object tests pain, isn't this is better?

Dolmancé: Undoubtedly, that is better much; I already said it to you: the effect, more active on us, determines much more vigorously and much more promptly then the animal spirits with the direction which is necessary for them for pleasure. Open the seraglios of Africa, those of Asia, those of your southernmost Europe, and see whether the heads of these famous harems embarrass themselves much, when they bandage, to give pleasure to the individuals who are useful to them; they order, one obeys to them; they enjoy, one does not dare to answer them; they are satisfied, one moves away. It is among them which would punish like a lack of respect the audacity to share their pleasure. King d' Achem pitilessly makes slice the head with the woman who dared to forget herself in her presence at the point to enjoy, and very often, it cuts it to him itself. This despot, one of most singular of Asia, is absolutely kept only by women: it is never but by signs that it gives them its orders; the cruelest death is the punishment of those which do not hear it, and the torments are always carried out or by its hand or under its eyes.

All that, my dear Eugenie, is absolutely founded on principles that I already developed you. What does one wish when one enjoys? That all that surrounds us occupies only of us, thinks only of us, looks after only us. If the objects which are useful to us enjoy, here they are consequently much the more surely occupied ones of them than of us, and our consequently disturbed pleasure. He is not man who does not want to be despotic when he bandages: it seems that he has less of pleasure if the others appear to take some as much as him. By a movement of quite natural pride in this moment, he would like to be only in the world which was suitable for test what he feels; the idea to see another enjoying as brings back it to him to a kind of equality which harms the inexpressible attractions that the despotism makes test then [ 2 ]. It is false besides that there is to give some to the others; it is to serve them, that, and the man who
band is far from the desire to be useful for the different one. By making evil, on the contrary, it tests all
the charms which use of its forces tastes a nervous individual to make; it dominates then, it is tyrant.
And what a difference for the self-esteem! Let us not believe that it is keep silent in this case

The act of the pleasure is a passion which, I am appropriate about it, subordinates to it all the others, but
which joins together them at the same time. This desire for dominating in this moment is so strong in
nature that one recognizes it even in the animals. See whether those which are in slavery procreate as
those which are free. The dromedary goes further: it does not generate any more if it is not only
believed. Try to surprise it, and consequently to show him a Master, it will flee and separate at once from
his partner. If the intention of nature were not that the man had this superiority, it would not have created
weaker than him beings than it intends to him in that moment. This debility where the nature
condemned the women proves incontestably that its intention is that the man, which enjoys more than
ever then of its power, even exerts it by all violences that good will seem to him, by torments, if he wants
it. Would the crisis of pleasure be a species of rage if the intention of this mother of mankind were not
that the treatment of the coitus was the same one as that of anger? Which is the man made up well, in a
word, the gifted man of vigorous bodies, which will not wish, either in a way, or of another, molester its
pleasure then? I know well that an infinity of stupid, which never realizes of their feelings, will
include/understand the systems badly that I establish; but what brings these imbeciles to me? it is not
with them that I speak. Dishes admirers of the women, I leave them, with the feet of their insolente
dulcinée, to await the sigh which must make them happy, and, meanly slaves of the sex whom they
should dominate, I give up them with the cheap charms to carry irons of which nature gives them the right
to overpower the others. That these animals vegetate in the lowness which degrades them: it would be in
vain that we would preach them. But that they do not disparage what they cannot hear, and which they
convince that those which want to establish their principles in these kinds of matters only on the dashes of
a vigorous heart and an imagination without brake, as we do it, you and me, Madam, will be always the
only ones who will deserve to be listened, the only ones which will be made to prescribe laws to them and
to give them lessons!...

Foutre! I bandage!... Point out Augustin, I request from you. (One sounds; he enters.) He is inouï as
the superb bottom of this fine young man occupies me the head since I speak! All my ideas involuntarily
seemed to refer to him... Show in my eyes this masterpiece, Augustin... that I kiss it and cherishes fifteen
minutes! Come, beautiful love, come, that I make myself worthy, in your beautiful bottom, of the flames
whose Sodome sets me ablaze. It has the most beautiful whitest buttocks...! I would like that Eugenie,
with knees, sucked to him saw it during that time! By the attitude, it would expose its behind to the
knight who would fuck it up the ass, and Mrs. de Saint-Ange, with horse on the kidneys of Augustin,
would present her buttocks with kissing to me; armed with a handle of rods, it could as well as possible,
this seems to me, while being curved a little, to whip the knight, that this stimulative ceremony would
engage not to save our schoolgirl. (the posture is arranged.) Yes, it is that; all at best, my friends! in
truth, it is a pleasure which to order you of the tables; he is not an artist in the world in a position to carry
out them like you!... This rascal has the bottom of narrow!... It is all that I can do that of me to place
there... Do you want to allow me, Madam well, to bite and grip your beautiful flesh while I insane?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: As long as you will want, my friend; but my revenge is ready, I t'en informed; I
swear that with each vexation, I release you a fart in the mouth.

Dolmancé: Ah sacredieu! which threat!... It is me to press to offend you, my expensive. (It bites it.)
Let us see whether you will hold word! (It receives a fart.) Ah! foutre! delicious! delicious!... (It it
snap and receives another fart at once.) Oh! it is divine, my angel! Guard-me in some for the moment of
the crisis... and would be sure that I will then treat you with all cruelty... all cruelty... Foutre!... I from of
then more... I discharge!... (It bites it, the snap, and it does not cease a pétér.) See you like I treat you, rascal!... like I control you... Still this one... and that one... and that the last insult is with the idol even where I sacrificed! (It bites the asshole to him; the attitude breaks.) And you others, which did you do, my friends?

Eugenie, returning the foutre which it has in the bottom and the mouth: Alas! my Master... you see as your pupils adapted to me! I have behind and the mouth full with foutre, I discharge only of the foutre on all the sides!

Dolmancé, highly: Wait, I want that you return to me in the mouth that which the knight put to you in the bottom.

Eugenie, placing itself: What a extravagance!

Dolmancé: Ah! nothing is good as the foutre which leaves behind the bottom of beautiful!... They is mets worthy of the gods. (It swallows it.) See the case that I make some. (referring to the bottom of Augustin, that he kisses.) I will ask you, Mesdames, the permission to spend one moment in a nearby cabinet with this young man.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Can't you thus do here all that it you like with him?

Dolmancé, low and mysteriously: Not; it is certain things which require veils absolutely.

Eugenie: Ah! parbleu! put to us with the fact, at least.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I do not let it leave without that.

Dolmancé: You want the knowledge?

Eugenie: Absolutely!

Dolmancé, involving Augustin: Eh well, Mesdames, I go... but, in truth, that cannot be said.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Is it thus an infamy in the world which we are not worthy to hear and to carry out?

The Knight: Hold, my sister, I will say it to you. (It speaks to the two women low.)

Eugenie, with the air of the loathing: You are right, that is horrible.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Oh! I suspected it.

Dolmancé: You see well that I was to conceal this imagination to you and you conceive now that it is necessary to be alone and in the shade to devote itself to similar turpitudes.

Eugenie: Do you want that I go with you? I will shake you, while you have fun of Augustin?

Dolmancé: Not, not, this is an affair of honour and which must occur between men: a woman would disturb us... With you in the moment, Mesdames. (It leaves, by involving Augustin.)

1: If somebody examines this religion attentively, it will find that impiétés of which she is filled come partly from the ferocity and the innocence of the Jews, and partly of the indifference and the confusion of
the nice ones; instead of adapting what the people of antiquity could have of good, the Christians appear to have formed their religion only of the mixture of the defects which they met everywhere.

2: Follow the history of all the people: you will never see them changing the government that they had for a monarchical government, that because of the degradation where the superstition holds them; you will always see the kings supporting the religion, and the religion to crown kings. One knows the history of the intendant and the cook: Pass to me pepper, I will pass butter to you. Unhappy human, are you thus always intended to resemble to the Master of these two rascals?

3: All the religions agree to us exalter the intimate wisdom and the power of the divinity; but as soon as they expose us his control, let us find we only imprudence there, that weakness and that madness. God, says one, created the world for itself, and up to now it could not manage to be suitably made there honour; God created us to adore it, and we spend our days to make fun of him! What a poor god that that god!

4: They are here only those whose reputation is made for a long time.

5: Each people claim that his religion is the best and rests, to persuade it, on an infinity of evidence, not only unmatched between them, but almost all contradictory. In deep ignorance where we are, which can like which God is that, to suppose that there is God? We must, if we are wise, or to also protect them all or to proscribe them very in the same way; however, to proscribe them is undoubtedly surest, since we have the moral certainty that all are mômeries, than the other a god can like of which none more who does not exist

6: One said that the intention of these legislators was, by blunting the passion which the men test for a naked girl, to return more active that that the men sometimes test for their sex. These wise made show that of which they wanted that one disgusted oneself and to hide of they believed makes to inspire by softer desires; in didn't all the cases, work with the goal which we have just said? They felt, one sees it, the need for immorality in republican manners.

7: One knows that the infamous one and scélérat Sartine composed in Louis XV of the means of lust, while making him read three times per week, Dubarry, the detail private and enriched by him by all that occurred in the evil hauntes from Paris. This branch of libertinage of French Néron cost three million the State!

8: That it is not said here that I oppose myself, and that after having established higher than we did not have any right to bind a woman to us, I destroy these principles by saying now that we have the right to force it; I repeat that it is here only of the pleasure and not about the property; I do not have no one right to the property of this fountain which I meet in my way, but I have unquestionable rights to his pleasure; I have the right to benefit from the limpid water which it offers to my thirst; I do not have in the same way any right in rem to the property of such or such woman, but I have the undeniable ones with his pleasure; I have some to force it with this pleasure if it refuses it to me by such reason that it can be.

9: Babyloniennes did not wait seven years to carry their first steps to the Venus temple. The first movement of concupiscence which a girl tests is the time that nature indicates to him for prostituer, and, without any other species of consideration, it must yield as soon as its nature speaks; it in insult laws if it resists.

10: The women do not know at which point their lasciviousnesses embellish them. That one compares two women of about similar age and beauty, of which one lives in the celibacy and the other in
libertinage: one will see how much the latter will carry it glare and of freshness; any violence made with nature uses much more than the abuse of the pleasures; there is nobody who does not know that the layers embellish a woman.

11: The same one wanted that been engaged are screwed very naked before marrying. That marriages would miss if this law were carried out! One will acknowledge that the opposite is well what is called to buy of the goods without seeing it.

12: Works morals, Treated love.

13: It should be hoped that the nation will reform this expenditure, most useless of all; any individual who is born without qualities necessary to become one day useful for the republic does not have no one right to preserve the life, and what one can do of better is to remove it to him at the time when it receives it.

14: The salic law did not punish the murder that of a simple fine, and like the culprit easily found the means of withdrawing itself from it, Childebert, king d'Austrasie, decreed, by a payment made in Cologne, the death penalty not against the murderer, but against that which would be withdrawn from the fine decreed against the murderer. The law ripuaire did not order in the same way against this action that a fine, proportioned with the individual whom it had killed. It cost some extremely expensive for a priest: one made to the assassin a tunic lead of his size, and it was to be equivalent in gold the weight of this tunic, in the absence of what the culprit and his family remained slaves of the Church.

15: That one remembers that the external war was never proposed but by infamous Dumouriez.

1: The continuation of this work promise an essay much wider to us on this matter, one was limited here to the lightest analysis.

2: The poverty of the French language us constrained to employ words that our happy government rejects today with such an amount of reason; we hope that our enlightened readers will hear us and will not confuse the political absurdity despotism with the very luxurieux despotism of passions of libertinage.

6

Madam de Saint-Ange, Eugenie,

The Knight

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: In truth, my brother, your friend is well libertine.

The Knight: I thus did not mislead you by you giving it for tel.

Eugenie: I am persuaded that it does not have its equal to the world... Oh! my good, it is charming! often let us see it, I t'en request.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: One strikes... Who can that be?... I had defended my door... It is necessary that that is quite in a hurry... See what it is, knight, I t'en request.

The Knight: A letter which Lafleur brings; he withdrew himself well quickly, by saying that it remembered the orders that you had given him, but that the thing had appeared as significant to him as
pressed.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Ah! ah! what is it that this?... It is of your father, Eugenie!

Eugenie: My father!... Ah! we are lost!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Let us read before to discourage us. (It reads.)

Would you believe, my smart ladies, that my insupportable wife, alarmed of the voyage of my daughter on your premise, share at the moment to go to seek it? It thinks very full with things... which, to even suppose that they were, would be in truth only extremely simple. Please punish it rigorously this impertinence; I corrected it yesterday for similar: the lesson was not enough. Thus mystify to it importance, I ask it to you in grace, and believe that at some point that you carry the things, I will not complain any... So for a long time this trollop weighs me... that in truth... You hear me? What you will do will be well done: it is all that I can say to you. It will follow my letter of very near; you thus hold on your guards. Good-bye; I would like to be yours. Return me Eugenie only educated, I entreat you. I want to let to you well make the first harvests, but are assured however that you will have worked a little for me...

Eh well! Do Eugenie, you see that there is not too much of what to be frightened? It should be been appropriate that here is a small woman well insolente.

Eugenie: The whore!... Ah! my expensive, since my dad gives us unlimited power, it is necessary, I t’en entreat, to receive that rascal as she deserves it.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Kiss me, my heart. That I am ease to see you in such provisions!... Goes, tranquillizes itself I answer that we will not save it. You wanted a victim, Eugenie? in here one that at the same time nature and the fate give you.

Eugenie: We will enjoy it, my expensive, we will enjoy it, I swear it to you!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Ah! that it delays me to know how Dolmancé will take this news!

Dolmancé, returning with Augustin: best of the world, Mesdames; I was not enough far from you not to hear you; I know all... Mrs. de Mistival arrives one would not know by the way... You are well decided, I hope, to fill the sights of her husband?

Eugenie, in Dolmancé: To fill?... to exceed, my expensive!... Ah! that the ground breaks down under me if you see me weakening, whatever the horrors to which you condemn this pig mould!... Dear friend, undertakes to direct all that, I t’en request.

Dolmancé: Let make your friend and me; only obey, others, it is to you all that we ask you... Ah! the insolente creature! I never saw anything of similar!...

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: It is of awkward!... Eh well, do we recover a little more decently to receive it?

Dolmancé: On the contrary; it is necessary that nothing, as soon as it enters, can prevent it from being sure in the way in which we make spend time to his/her daughter. Let us be all in the greatest disorder.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I hear noise; it is it. Let us go, courage, Eugenie! remember our principles well... Ah! sacredieu! the delicious scene!...
Madam de Saint-Ange, Eugenie,

The Knight, Augustin, Dolmancé,

Madam de Mistival

Mrs. de Mistival, with Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Please excuse me, Madam, if I am able on your premise without you to prevent; but it is said that my daughter is there, and, as its age does not allow yet that it only goes, I request from you, Madam, to agree to return it to me and not to disapprove my step.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: This step is more impolite, Madam; one would say, to hear you, that your daughter is in bad hands.

Mrs. de Mistival: My faith! **time-out** if it be necessary of judge some by the state where I it find, it, you and your company, Madam, I believe that I be not great wrong to judge strong evil here

Dolmancé: This beginning is impertinent, Madam, and, without precisely knowing degrees of relationship which exist between Mrs. de Saint-Ange and you, I do not hide you that in his place I would have already made you throw by the windows.

Mrs. de Mistival: What do you invite to throw by the windows? Learn, Sir, that one does not throw a woman like me there! I am unaware of which you are, but with the remarks which you make, with the state in which here you are, it is easy to judge your manners. Eugenie, follow me!

Eugenie: I ask forgiveness, Madam, but I to you then to have this honor.

Mrs. de Mistival: What! my daughter resists to me!

Dolmancé: It disobeys you formally even, as you see it, Madam. Believe me, do not suffer that. Do you want that I send to seek rods to correct this disobedient child?

Eugenie: I would be afraid well, if it came from there, that they were used rather to Madam only with me!

Mrs. de Mistival: The impertinent creature!

Dolmancé, approaching Mrs. de Mistival: Gently, my heart, not of invectives here; we protect all Eugenie, and you could repentance of your promptnesses with it.

Mrs. de Mistival: What! my daughter will disobey me and I will not be able to make him feel the rights which I have on it!

Dolmancé: And which are they, these rights, I request Madam from you? Do you flatter yourselves of their legitimacy? When Mr. de Mistival, or I do not know who, launched you in the vagina the drops of foutre which made hatch Eugenie, had it you in sight for at the time? Not, isn't this? Eh well, which liking do you want that it you can to have discharged today when one foutait your unpleasant idiot? Learn, Madam, who it is nothing more illusory than the feelings father or mother for the children, and of those for the authors of their days. Nothing melts, nothing does not establish similar feelings, of use here,
hated there, since it is countries where the parents kill their children, others where those cut the throat of those of which they hold the life. If the movements of reciprocal love were in nature, the force of blood would not be chimerical any more, and without to have seen itself, without to have known mutually, the parents would distinguish, adore their sons, and, reversibly, those, in the medium of the largest assembly, would distinguish their unknown fathers, would fly in their arms, and would adore them. What do we see instead of all that? Reciprocal and inveterate hatreds; children who, even before the age of reason, never could suffer the sight of their fathers; fathers moving away their children from them because never they could not support the approach of it! These alleged movements are thus illusory, absurd; the interest alone imagined them, the use prescribed them, the practice supported them, but nature never did not print them in our hearts. See whether the animals know them; not, undoubtedly; it is however always them which it should be consulted when one wants to know nature. Ó fathers! be thus well in rest on the alleged injustices that your passions or your interests lead you to make with these beings, null for you, to which some drops of your sperm gave the day; you do not owe them anything, you are in the world for you and not for them; you would be quite insane to obstruct you, you occupy only of you: it is only for you that you must live; and you, children, more released much, if it may be still, of this filial devotion whose base is a true dream, persuade you just as you do not owe anything either to these individuals whose blood put to you at the day. Pity, recognition, love, none of these feelings are owe them; those which gave you to be it do not have only one title to require them you; they worked only for them, that they are arranged; but largest of all deceptions would be to give them or of the care or the helps that you owe them under no report/ratio; nothing you of prescribed the law, and, if by chance, you think to disentangle the body of it, either in the inspirations of the use, or in those of the moral effects of the character, choke without remorse of the absurd feelings... local feelings, fruits of manners climatérales that nature rejects and that always the reason repudiated!

Mrs. de Mistival: Eh what! the care which I had of it, education that I gave him!...

Dolmancé: Oh! for the care, they are never the fruits but of the use or pride; not having done anything moreover for it which what manners of the country prescribe that you live, undoubtedly Eugenie does not owe you anything. As for education, it is necessary that she was quite bad, because we are obliged to redesign all the principles here that you inculcated to him; there is not of them only one which is due to its happiness, not one which is not absurd or chimerical. You spoke to him about God, as if there were one of them; of virtue, as if it were necessary; of religion, as if all the religious worships were other thing that the result of the imposture of most extremely and of the imbecillity of weakest; of Jesus-Christ, as if that rascal were other thing that cheating and that a scélérat! You said to him that foutre was a sin, while foutre is the most delicious action of the life; you wanted to give him manners, as if the happiness of a girl were not in the vice and immorality, as if happiest of all the women were not to be incontestably that which is vautrée in the refuse and libertinage, that which faces best the all prejudices and which makes fun the most reputation! Ah! you undeceive, undeceive you, Madam! you did not do anything for your daughter, you did not fulfill in his connection any obligation dictated by nature: Eugenie thus owes you only of hatred.

Mrs. de Mistival: Right sky! my Eugenie is lost, that is clear... Eugenie, my dear Eugenie, hear for the last time supplications of that which gave you the life; it is not any more of the orders, my child, they are prayers; it is unfortunately only too true that you are here with monsters; tear off yourself from this dangerous trade, and am me, I ask it to you knees! (It is thrown to it.)

Dolmancé: Ah! good! here is a scene of tears!... Let us go, Eugenie, tenderize you!

Eugenie, with naked half, as one must remember it: Hold, my small mom, I bring my buttocks to you... here they are positively to the level of your mouth; kiss them, my heart, suck, it is to them all that
Eugenie can do for you... Remember, Dolmancé, that I will show myself always worthy to be your pupil.

Mrs. de Mistival, pushing back Eugenie with horror: Ah! monster! Goes, I disavow you forever for my daughter!

Eugenie: Join there even your curse, my very dear mother, if you want it, in order to make the thing more touching, and you will always see me same phlegm.

Dolmancé: Oh! gently, gently, Madam; there is an insult here: you come in our eyes to push back a little too hard Eugenie; I said to you that it was under our safeguard; one needs a punishment for this crime; have kindness to strip you very naked to receive that which your brutality deserves.

Mrs. de Mistival: To strip me!...

Dolmancé: Augustin, be used as chambermaid to Madam, since it resists. (Augustin puts himself brutally at the work; it is defended.)

Mrs. de Mistival, with Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Oh! sky! where am I? But, Madam, do you thus think so that you allow that one makes me on your premise? Do you thus imagine that I will not complain about similar processes?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: It is not quite certain that you can it.

Mrs. de Mistival: Oh! large God! one thus will kill me here!

Dolmancé: Why not?

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: One moment, Messrs. Before to expose in your eyes the body of this charming beauty, it is good that I warn you state in which you will find it. Eugenie comes from me all to say to the ear: yesterday, her husband gave him the whip with turn of arm, for some small faults of household... and you go, ensures me Eugenie, to find her buttocks like clouded taffeta.

Dolmancé, as soon as Mrs. de Mistival is naked: Ah! parbleu: nothing is true any more. I live, I believe, never a body more maltreated than that one... How, morbleu! but it has some as much in front of as behind!!... Here is however a fort beautiful bottom. (He kisses it and handles it.)

Mrs. de Mistival: Leave, leave me me, or I will shout the Help |!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange, approaching it and seizing it by the arm: Listen, whore! I at the end will inform you!... You are for us a victim sent by your husband even; it is necessary that you undergo your fate; nothing could t'en guarantee... Which will it be? I do not know anything of it! perhaps you will be hung, coiled, quartered, tortured, burned sharp; the choice of your torment depends on your daughter; it is it which will pronounce your stop. But you will suffer, trollop! Oh! yes, you will be immolée only after having undergone an infinity of preliminary torments. As for your cries, I t'en prevent, they would be useless: one would cut the throat of an ox in this cabinet which its lowings would not be heard. Your horses, your people, all already left. Once again, my beautiful, your husband authorizes us so that we make, and the step that you make is only one trap tended to your simplicity, and in which you see that it is impossible to better fall.

Dolmancé: I hope that here are perfectly tranquillized Madam, now.
Eugenie: To prevent at this point is undoubtedly what is invited to have regards!

Dolmancé, palpating and always claquant the buttocks to him to him: In truth, Madam, one sees that you have a hot friend in Mrs. de Saint-Ange... Where to find this frankness now from it? It is that it speaks to you with a truth!... Eugenie, come to put your buttocks beside those of your mother... whom I compare your two bottoms. (Eugenie obeys.) My faith the tien is beautiful my expensive; but pardieu! that of the mom is not badly still... It is necessary that one moment I have fun with the foutre both... Augustin, contain Madam.

Mrs. de Mistival: Ah! right sky, what a insult!

Dolmancé, always going its train and starting by fucking up the ass the mother: Eh! not whole, nothing simpler... Hold, hardly you felt it!... Ah! how it is seen that your husband was often useful himself of this road! In your turn, Eugenie... Which difference!... There, here me is content; I wanted to only wind into a ball, to put to me in the train... A little order, now. Firstly, Mesdames, you, Saint-Ange, and you, Eugenie, have kindness to arm you with godemichés in order to carry in turn to this sizeable lady, either as an idiot, or in bottom, the most frightening blows. The knight, Augustin and me, acting of our own members, we will relay you with exactitude. I will start, and as you believe it well, it is once again its bottom which will receive my homage. During the pleasure, each one will be a Master to condemn it to such torment that good will seem to him, while observing of going by gradation, in order to not burst it a blow very... Augustin, comforts me, I t'en request, by fucking me up the ass, of the obligation where I am to sodomize this old cow. Eugenie, make kiss your beautiful to me behind, while I insane that of your mom, and you, Madam, approach yours, that I handle it... that I it socratise... It is necessary to be surrounded by bottoms, when it is a bottom which one fout.

Eugenie: What will you make, my friend, whom you will make to this bitchy girl? To what you will condemn it, by losing your sperm?

Dolmancé, always whipping: The most natural thing of the world: I will depilate it and meurtrir the thighs through pinchings to him.

Mrs. de Mistival, receiving this vexation: Ah! the monster! the scélérat! it me estropie!... right sky!...

Dolmancé: Does not beseech it, my crumb: it will be deaf with your voice, as it is it with that of all the men; never this powerful sky was interfered a bottom

Mrs. de Mistival: Ah! how you hurt me!

Dolmancé: Incredible effects of the bizarreries of the human spirit!... You suffer, my expensive, you cry, and me I discharge... Ah! double pig mould! I would strangle you, if I did not want any to leave the pleasure to the others. In you, Saint-Ange. (Mrs. de Saint-Ange fucks it up the ass and the enconne with its godemiché; she gives him some blows of fist; the knight succeeds; he traverses in the same way the two roads, and the soufflette while discharging. Augustin comes then; it acts in the same way and finishes by some ficks, some nasardes. Dolmancé, during these various attacks, traversed of its machine the bottoms of all the agents, by exciting them of its remarks.) Let us go, beautiful Eugenie, foutez your mother; enconnez it initially!

Eugenie: Come, beautiful mom, come, that I you serf of husband. It than that of your husband, isn't this is a little larger, my expensive? Do not import, it will enter... Ah! you shout, my mother, you shout, when your daughter you fout!... And you, Dolmancé, you fuck me up the ass!... Here me is thus at the
same time incestueuse, adultery, sodomite, and all that for a girl who is dépucelée only of today!... That progress, my friends!... with which speed I course the thorny road of vice!... Oh! I am a lost girl!... I believe that you discharges, my soft mother?... Dolmancé, see its eyes!... isn't it certain only it discharges?... Ah, bitchy girl! I will learn how to you to be libertine!... Hold, pig mould! hold!... (It presses and fades the throat to him.) Ah! insane, Dolmancé... insane, my soft friend, I die!... (Eugenie gives, while discharging, ten or twelve blows of fist on the centre and in the sides of its mother.)

Mrs. de Mistival, loser knowledge: Have pity of me, I entreat you... I am badly... I disappeared... (Mrs. de Saint-Ange wants to help it; Dolmancé is opposed to it.)

Dolmancé: Eh! not, not, leave it in this syncope: there is nothing so lubrique to see but one disappeared woman; we will whip it to return it to the light... Eugenie, come to extend on the body from the victim... It is here where I will recognize if you are firm. Knight, foutez it on the centre of his/her mother in failure, and that it shakes us Augustin and me, of each one with its hands. You, Saint-Ange, shake it while one it fout.

The Knight: In truth, Dolmancé, which you make us make are horrible; it is outrager at the same time nature, the sky and the holiest laws of humanity.

Dolmancé: Nothing diverts me like the solids dashes of the virtue of the knight. Where devil does it see in all that we do the least insult with nature, the sky and humanity? My friend, it is of the nature which coiled the principles hold that they put in action. I already said you thousand times that the nature, which, for the perfect maintenance of the laws of its balance, has sometimes need for defects and sometimes need for virtues, inspires in turn the movement to us which is necessary for him; we thus do not make any species of evil while delivering to us to these movements, so that one can suppose them. In the connection of the sky, my dear knight, thus ceases, I request from you, to fear the effects of them: only one engine acts in the universe, and this engine, it is nature. The physical miracles, or rather effects of this mother of mankind, differently interpreted by the men, were déifiés by them in thousand more extraordinary forms the ones than the others; the cheating ones or intrigants, misusing the credulity of their similar, propagated their ridiculous daydreams: and here are what the knight calls the sky, here are what it fears of outrager!... The laws of humanity, adds it, are violated by the fadaises that we allow ourselves! Thus retain once and for all, simple man and pusillanime, that what the stupid ones call humanity is only one weakness born of fear and selfishness; that this chimerical virtue, connecting only the weak men, is unknown those whose stoicism, courage and philosophy form the character. Thus acted, knight, thus acted without anything to fear; we would pulverize this trollop that there would not be yet the suspicion of a crime. The crimes are impossible to the man. Nature, by inculcating the irresistible desire to him to make some, could prudently move away from them the actions which could disturb its laws. Goes, would be sure, my friend, that all the remainder is absolutely allowed and that it was not absurd at the point to give us the capacity to disturb it or to disturb it in its walk. Blind men instruments of its inspirations, dictated to us it to set ablaze the universe, the only crime would be to resist it, and all the scélérats ground are only the agents of its whims... Let us go, Eugenie, place you... But, that I see!... she fades!...

Eugenie, extending on her mother: Me, to fade! Sacrédiu! you well will see that not! (the attitude is carried out; Mrs. de Mistival is always in syncope. When the knight discharged, the group breaks.)

Dolmancé: What! the bitchy girl did not return yet! Rods! rods!... Augustin, quickly will gather me a handle of spines in the garden. (While waiting, it it soufflette and gives him snubs.) Oh! by my faith, I fear that she did not die: nothing succeeds.
Eugenie, with mood: Died! died! What! would be needed that I carried mourning this summer, I which made make of so nice dresses!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange, bursting of laughing: Ah! the small monster!...

Dolmancé, taking the spines of the hand of Augustin, who returns: We will see the effect of this last remedy. Eugenie, suck my saw while I work to return a mother to you, and that Augustin returns the blows to me which I will carry. I would not be annoyed, knight, to see you fucking up the ass your sister: you will place yourself so that I can kiss you the buttocks during the operation.

The Knight: Let us obey, since it is not any means of persuading this scélérat but all that it makes us do is dreadful. (the table is arranged; as Mrs. de Mistival is whipped, it returns to the life.)

Dolmancé: Eh well! do you see the effect of my remedy? I had said you well that it was sure.

Mrs. de Mistival, opening the eyes: Oh! sky! why is centre of the tombs pointed out to me? Why return to me to the horrors of the life?

Dolmancé, always whipping: Eh! really, my small mother, it is that all is not known as. Isn't it necessary that you hear your stop?... isn't it necessary that it is carried out?... we around the victim join together go, which it is held with knees in the medium of the circle and which it listens to while trembling what will be announced to him. Start, Madam de Saint-Ange. The following deliveries are made while the actors are always in action.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I condemn it to be hung.

The Knight: Crossed, as at the Chinese, in twenty-four thousand pieces.

Augustin: Hold, me, I hold it leave to be broken sharp.

Eugenie: My beautiful small mom will be larded with wicks of sulphur, at which I will undertake to put fire in detail. (Here the attitude breaks.)

Dolmancé, of coolness: Eh well, my friends, in my capacity as your teacher, me I softened the stop; but the difference which will be between my delivery and yours, they is that your sentences were only the effects of one corrosive mystification, with the place that mine will be carried out. I have over there a servant provided with one of the most beautiful members who are perhaps in nature, but unfortunately distilling the virus and corroded of one of the most terrible pox than one still saw in the world. I will make it go up: it will launch its venom in the two conduits of the nature of this expensive and pleasant lady, so that as a long time as the impressions of this cruel disease will last, the whore remembers not to disturb her daughter when she is made foutre. (Everyone applauds; one makes ride the servant. Dolmancé with the servant:) Lapierre, foutez that woman; she is extraordinarily healthy; this pleasure can cure you: the remedy is not without example.

Lapierre: In front of everyone, Mister?

Dolmancé: Are you afraid to show us your saw?

Lapierre: Not, my faith! because it is extremely beautiful... Let us go, Madam, have kindness to hold you, please.
Mrs. de Mistival: Oh! right sky! what a horrible judgment!

Eugenie: That is better than to die, mom; at least, I will wear my nice dresses this summer!

Dolmancé: Let us have fun during that time; my opinion would be to whip us all: Mrs. de Saint-Ange will étrillera Lapierre, so that it enconne firmly Mrs. de Mistival; I will étrillerae Mrs. de Saint-Ange, Augustin will étrillera me, Eugenie will étrillera Augustin and will be whipped itself very vigorously by the knight. (Very arranges itself. When Lapierre has foutu the idiot, its Master orders foutre to him the bottom, and it does it. Dolmancé, when all is finished:) Good! leave, Lapierre. Hold, here are ten louis. Oh! parbleu! here is an inoculation as Tronchin was not dawning its of them!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: I believe that it is now very essential that the venom which circulates in the veins of Madam cannot be exhaled; consequently, it is necessary that Eugenie bends you carefully and the idiot and the bottom, so that virulent mood, more concentrated, less prone to evaporate, calcines you more promptly the bones.

Eugenie: The excellent thing! Let us go, go, of the needles, the wire!... Draw aside your thighs, mom, that I bend you, so that you give me neither to brothers nor sisters any more. (Mrs. de Saint-Ange gives to Eugenie a large needle, where a large waxed red wire holds; Eugenie sews.)

Mrs. de Mistival: Oh! sky! what a pain!

Dolmancé, laughing like insane: Parbleu! the idea is excellent; it makes you honor, my expensive; I would never have found it.

Eugenie, pricking from time to time the lips of the idiot, in the interior and sometimes the belly and the mound: It is not only that, mom; it is to test my needle.

The Knight: The small whore will put it in blood!

Dolmancé, being made shake by Mrs. de Saint-Ange, opposite the operation: Ah! sacréieu! how this variation there makes me bandage! Eugenie, multiply your points, so that that holds better.

Eugenie: I will make of it more than two hundreds, if it is needed... Knight, shake me while I operate.

The Knight, obeying: Never one saw a small girl also rascal only that!

Eugenie, very ignited: Not invectives, knight, or I prick you! Satisfy you to tickle me as it is necessary. A little the bottom, my angel, I t'en request: do you thus have only one hand? I do not see there any more, I will review very through... Hold, see until where my needle is mislaid until on the thighs, the nipples... Ah! foutre! which pleasure!...

Mrs. de Mistival: You tear me, scélérate!... How I reddened to have given you to be it!

Eugenie: Let us go, peace, small mom! Here are which is finished.

Dolmancé, outgoing bandaging hands of Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Eugenie, yields to me the bottom, it is my part.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: You bandage too much, Dolmancé, you go the martyriser.

Dolmancé: What imports! we do not have the written permission of it? (It lays down it on the belly,
takes a needle and starts to sew the asshole to him.)

Mrs. de Mistival, shouting like a devil: Ahe! ahe! ah!...

Dolmancé, planting to him very front in the flesh: Thus keep silent yourself, bitchy girl! or I put the buttocks to you in marmelade... Eugenie, shakes me!...

Eugenie: Yes, but provided that you prick more extremely, because you will agree that is to spare it much too much. (It shakes it.)

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Thus work to me a little those two large buttocks!

Dolmancé: Patience, I soon will lard it like ox breeches; you forget your lessons, Eugenie, you recalottes my saw!

Eugenie: They is that the pains of that pig mould ignite my imagination, so much so that I know more exactly only I make.

Dolmancé: Crowned foutredieu! I start to lose the head. Saint-Ange, that Augustin fucks up the ass to you in front of me, I t'en request, while your brother enconnera you, and that I see bottoms, especially: that table will complete me. (It pricks the buttocks, while the attitude which it asked arranges.) Hold, dear mom, receive this one, and still that one!... (It pricks it in addition to twenty places.)

Mrs. de Mistival: Ah! forgiveness, Mister! thousand and thousand times forgiveness! you make me die!

Dolmancé, mislaid by the pleasure: I would like it... For a long time I did not bandage so well; I would not have believed it after so many discharges.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange, carrying out the attitude requested: Are we well thus, Dolmancé?

Dolmancé: That Augustin turns a little right; I do not see enough the bottom; that it I lean want to see the hole.

Eugenie: Ah! foutre! here is bougress in blood!

Dolmancé: There is no evil. are you ready, you go others? For me in one moment, I sprinkle balsam of the life the wounds which I have just made.

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Yes, Yes, my heart, I discharge... we arrive at the goal at the same time as you

Dolmancé, which finished its operation, does nothing but multiply its punctures on the buttocks of the victim, while discharging: Ah! triple foutredieu! my sperm runs... it is lost, sacriedieu... Eugenie, thus directs it on the buttocks that I martyrise... Ah! foutre! foutre! it is finished... I of then more!... Why one needs that the weakness succeeds passions if sharp!

Mrs. de Saint-Ange: Fouts! insane me, my brother, I discharge!... (A Augustin: ) Thus stir up yourself, unreliable fellow! Don't you thus know that it is when I discharge that it is necessary to enter front my bottom?... Ah! crowned name of a god! how it is soft to be thus foutue by two men! (the group breaks.)

Dolmancé: All is known as. (A Mrs. de Mistival.) Whore! you can repair yourself and leave now when you want it. Learn that we were authorized by your husband even with all that we have just done. We said it to you, you did not believe it: read the proof. (It shows him the letter.) That this serf example to
recall you that your daughter is in age to do what it wants; that she likes with foutre, that she was born for foutre, and that, if you do not want to be foutue yourself, shortest is to let it make. Leave; the knight will bring back for you. Greet the company, whore! Put yourself at knees in front of your daughter, and asks for to him forgiveness of your abominable control towards it... You, Eugenie, apply two good bellows to Madam your mother and, as soon as that it will be on the threshold of the door, make pass it to him to great kicks in the bottom. (Very is carried out.) Good-bye, knight; does not go foutre Madam in way, remember that it is bent and that it has the pox. (When all left.) For us, my friends, let us sit down at table and, from there, all four in the same bed. Here is a good day! I never eat better, I never sleep again in peace than when I sufficiently soiled myself in the day of what the stupid ones call of the crimes.
Philosophy in the Bedroom (La philosophie dans le boudoir) is a 1795 book by the Marquis de Sade written in the form of a dramatic dialogue. Though initially considered a work of pornography, the book has come to be considered a socio-political drama. Set in a bedroom, the two lead characters make the argument that the only moral system that reinforces the recent political revolution is libertinism, and that if the people of France fail to adopt the libertine philosophy, France will be destined to INTRODUCTION TO Philosophy in the Boudoir. Should the aristocrat of pornographers, the rouâ© who gave us the word ‘sadism’, really be included among the greats of philosophy? Yes, he damn well should, because, while the philosophers go on about freedom, Sade is about what actually happens if complete personal freedom were actually to exist. Then there is his proto-psychology; In her 1951 essay, Faut-il Bruler Sade?