

1972 words.

This is an excerpt from a much, much larger work—my manuscript, if you will. Following this authorial prelude, you will read a sliver from my writing about the infamous Marquis de Sade. For those of you who do not know of the debauched libertine, Sade was an aristocrat amongst mid-eighteenth-century Parisians; but he was also a writer, and he published a great deal of works that unsettled one half of France’s populace, while the other treated his prose as a dire aphrodisiac. How will you interpret his musings, I wonder?

EXCERPT FROM ‘A Sodomite Out of Principle’ BY DANI ARIELI.

…—————❁—————…

I waited out the seven, septic days amidst the Vincennes kennel, pondering over the beginnings of my own school of indoctrination: The Vaginal Cavity of Virtue. Righteous ass-licking and bosom-bumping could only tow a gentleman so far, until the cock of the world would come clambering down in a clamour of voracious virility! Verily, religious affairs glimmered like hellish vices in the mammary of Satan’s own scullery maid, and once I began to hum along to the rhythm of the guards’ jackboots, I knew there was some sort of dogma to be spread—though, whether through saliva or verse, I was not yet certain.

I had befriended a quaint, three-inch stain on the left wall adjacent to the limestone billet. With a noggin absent a peruke, the grime coating my dark tangles acted as a sort of mantle in my encampment; and if I thumbed my eyelids with enough vigour, I could almost see the Versailles barracks. The tiny splotches of abyssal perforation could have been mistaken for little boys, and when I found my adroit fingers reaching for their twig-like statures, my tongue had swiftly found the limestone floor. The damp that this particular appendage fomented roused my most fervent curiosity, and together, we whined against the

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frigid and foreign stone. As my hunger for intimacy grew, so did my stomach rumble; yet both proved voracious enough to drive a twenty-five-year-old marquis mad!

As I listened to a singular droplet of water denote a ravenous storm outside, I found the cadence in the repetitive downpour. When one drop landed upon the limestone floor, I could concoct my own rhyme scheme; and as the next hurried down the chiselled wall, I became Vincennes' balladeer. As I stood from the coarse hump of limestone—presumably my antiquated chair, or perhaps a third of a bed!—I pressed my chest and right cheek to the bitter wall. It was damp, yes, but it reminded me of the rocky shores of Lake Ontario. With my eyes shut tight, I began humming a sonnet of my own—addressed to a nameless woman with very large breasts, and a nose that would slide perfectly along any man's cock. As I stretched out my tongue to catch another droplet, I nearly groaned with enthused vigour at the sight before me!

Inscribed in what looked to be blood or ordure were the words: *Domus Dolorum*. I was not the only man to succumb to prose in this prison, it appeared! In fact, it was likely prose that had kept this man sane throughout his imprisonment, and revelled in this fact, trailing my fingers along every curve and swash of inscription.

'*Domus Dolorum*,' I whispered; and I flinched as I felt the raindrop splatter atop the bridge of my nose. 'Sorrowful, indeed.'

When the annals of my abdomen began to rumble, I concluded that my aristocratic status was hastily waning! I clutched at my peruke—now stiff and limp as a disheartened cock—while whining against the limestone wall. The uneven nature of the confines resembled quaint confectioneries once consumed at Versailles, but the chiselled tang of limestone between my canines tasted vile! And when the particles became lodged in my throat like some devious sandstorm, I began to sputter like a sickly kitten. I could faintly—so

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Commented [JJ2]: I thoroughly enjoy the grotesque body-humour in this piece, and in this line; but, perhaps this one, specifically, could be revisited lightly (aloud, specifically) for clarity of rhythm and staging. The sentence density starts to almost compete a little with readability.

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gingerly—hear the echoes of complementary prisoners amidst the limestone, and I called out to them: ‘Limestone makes for an acquired garnish! Shut your fucking holes and indulge in a little creativity!’ But I heard no response. With each passing draft through the miniscule slits in the iron door, I recalled only my own voice—ornery and grating. With nothing left to do, I collapsed onto my bottom and spread my legs wide as Medea would have for Jason. I commandeered my hand between my thighs and conjured the many ways I might coax my cock into producing ejaculate in such a dank and hopeless place; because perhaps then I would taste something other than limestone or the dust of Vincennes.

Verily, waiting for supper proved far more arduous than the dusk preceding my nuptials, and inside the limestone chastity nook, I could assert no virtue of my own! If my cock could not gain the upper hand, then perhaps my prose could. As the forenoon ignored the miniscule bars of my cell, I found myself scratching at the few fetid sentences I had branded upon my calves; they were no good crusted there. The men of Vincennes—no, the men of Paris were all bound in chains to virtue and religious dogma! If I could drag every one of these men into a similar wine cellar and show them the true meaning of virtue, then perhaps another method would be in order.

I looked, again, to the remnants of my own shit that remained still on my pale calves.

Soon-after, the sustenance brought to my cell was by the grasp of a lithe hand that harboured effete patches of hair—golden, thin, and veiled—and it caught on my own as I reached beneath the iron framing of the slit-hole. I sneered and exclaimed, ‘You should really think to lubricate these perforations in your walls... whoever it is I am speaking at.’ I swiftly turned the lopsided potato over and reached for the gilded condensation. Without hesitation, I brought my index finger—my ink quill—to my left wrist and began my work on the finest epistolary tale France would yet see!

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The guardsman quickly jammed the key into the cell-door, grunting as he pushed open the rusted barrier—a terrible sound, that. ‘Pack your naked arse. You’re to leave by noon.’

At these words, I dropped the potato to the dust-tainted ground. ~~No more would my~~ prose plague my appendages for the evening.

‘I beg your royal pardon?’ Perhaps I should have held that potato with a tad more care—like an unripe mammary! Those were always wholly fragile; that, and besides, I suddenly doubted the young man’s ornery exclamation. ‘Little Louis seemed rather adamant in his orders. Has my storytelling become too much for Vincennes? Perhaps the Devil’s poker has finally ignited at my facinorous prose! And what of the vineyard? Am I to finally snag a taste? Many marquises have. Will I be the man to part the vestal legs of this chain?’

The utterly irresistible guardsman kneeled down to my stature—which had been propped onto my shaking knees—and he whispered, so sweetly, ‘Just *what* is it you are prattling on about? You write about coition between men. Perhaps Vincennes has become too much for *you*. Go—return to your fatuous wife. She may indulge in your lettered heresy.’ I looked, again, to his rather effeminate hand—the gilded filigrees, the two threads of zircon that fed his virtuous heart—and I reached for it and brought his palm to grab hold of my chin.

I shouted, ‘Will you rape me this time? *A petit adieu*? Kiss me—suck the marrow from my loins! Wriggle your way betwixt my cheeks, so that you may confer with your blazing god, once more!’

But when his lips met mine in a frenzy I hadn’t even been privy to, I found myself hastily swallowing my next words. These men—these depraved Parisians—~~they~~ all worshipped vice just as much as virtue, and yet, they hid behind royal garbs and the hounding

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Commented [JJ4]: This escalation is compelling and tonally bold. I’m not well-versed with Marquis de Sade, so I may be reaching suggesting this, but in terms of substantial edits, it may be worth streamlining this section slightly. A lot of thins happen very quickly: taunt, dialogue, touch, threat, desire, kiss, etc. I understand you’d like to preserve the crux, so perhaps attempting to keep the escalation legible would strengthen this part for the readers.

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of King Louis XV. But here one of these gilded canines were, mutilating my lips with his own precarious ones! And his wafting breath roiled the organs near my pelvic borough, causing me to utterly tear into the coarse meat at my mouth. Blood, sweat, and dank breath made for, an audacious brew, and I took the guardsman into my mouth as though he were a girl-child baked fresh from within an abbey!

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Commented [JJ5]: Streamline this sentence.

Within the hour, my alabaster garb was handed back to me with a complementary kiss upon my fingers—each time a new article was handed my way—and I promised the guardsman I would write to him from my château in Normandy. Come nightfall, I was to be reunited with my wife beneath velveteen sheets; but my cock did not writhe at the thought. The Stygian slab on wheels arrived horribly on time with my release from Vincennes, and when I turned to ask one of the many guardsmen before the grand doors about the viscosity and zeal of the château's wine, all of their cocked-hats lowered with their own grimaces. I only leered.

Commented [JJ6]: This transition, clearly, carries a lot of movement and detail at once; I wonder if a few sentences here could be slightly streamlined so the reader stays oriented as the scene shifts.

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The pious pearl that was Renée-Pélagie had been hunched over in the bleak carriage, and once I flitted the coachman's hand away from my own, I frowned at the foreign sight. Swiftly, I positioned my towering stature amidst the low-curved ceiling of the interior, and made certain to sit as far from my wife as humanly possible—which proved a vain attempt, for my thoughts remained with the men at Vincennes. Immediately, her hands were at my thighs, and her face at my knees. As I watched the strawberry gleam of her lips meld with my pale breeches, I imagined the blood that had painted the singular chamber pot in the East Wing—freshly spilt from the arse of one of the preceding inmates—and I instinctively gagged. But the shrill pout that sounded between my legs caused the well of bile to quickly subdue itself amidst my oesophagus, as Renée's pleading visage looked nothing like the

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depraved exterior of the porcelain pot. And her mouth around the head of my manhood felt nothing like the beholder of the iron key.

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Battering thrice upon the hollow roof, I watched Renée stumble backward as the carriage came to a terse halt. 'Take me to Versailles!' I shouted. When I parted my lips to spit the next demand, Renée's fragile fingers found my chin. The tanzanite tinge that battered her brocade dress clashed terribly with my garb, reminiscent of limestone, yet I pulled her up into my lap without hesitation. 'Versailles, I say! We will make no stops along the way!' And then I pulled Renée's head close to my own breast. I assured her, 'You, however, will see many disturbances in your movement. We have *much* to discuss, my dear wife.' However, the thunderous clanging of the cell doors and brutish inmates had irreparably hindered my auditory perception, and I believe my words were a touch, too loud for her liking, for she only grinned and kissed at my bottom lip in response! Her maple dreg of locks now rested against my lips, and I found myself nibbling on a few, wiry strands, before ultimately plucking some with my bare teeth; and, perhaps the tufted locks would wash away the grime from my bone, so I awaited my pious wife's emboldened protest. When she did not even writhe within my grasp, I realised I had been gifted a defunct libertine! I wondered who could have possibly subdued such a young and precarious lady, to then flit my way in some farcical shroud of honour!

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God's little harlot whispered in my ear: 'It has been so lonely without your presence, Donatien. The scullery maids were beginning to spend the night in our quarters!'

My eyes gleamed at her words. 'No,' I huffed with a thespian lilt. 'You are reciting a jest—surely. Tell me, Renée, when did you flutter away from Normandy to conspire with the circus?'

She tugged the elongated strand from my mouth, now. ‘Would you like me to?’ she quarrelled, frowning at my surprise. ‘Are my words so heretical to a marquis, that he who was imprisoned declares *my* insanity? Do you harbour any speckle of love for me, Donatien? Do you?’

However, the far less pious hand of Renée came down upon my cheek, and before I had even realised it, her fingers were flicking away tears from the slump of my nose and plump of my lips.

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Commented [JJ7]: Amazing work, as always! A wonderful read. The ending works especially well for this piece because it lets something more emotionally vulnerable and unstable emerge beneath the theatricality of the character.