

BOOKS ON THE SHELF

Johann Friedrich Zückert, *Of passions* (1768):

“How much more trouble, however, is caused by these affects, which are associated with frequently repeated, considerably hastened movements of some parts of the body. When new storms keep the blood in a boiling roar; ... the best juices are wasted almost like water; ... It creates stubborn clogs of the veins, the rot of the bowels, the stillness of the juices, unspeakable pains that chew the bone marrow, the thinness of the flesh, bumps, tumours, diseases whose names are terrible and the sight of which evokes horror and disgust.”

Peter Ernst Wilde, *Livonian treatments of medical science* (1782):

“One 19-year-old young man considered me worthy of his special trust, thanks to the Landarzt magazine. At the age of fourteen, he reports, some of his companions had misled him into the path of sin, for which someone named Onan had to pay with his life already in the olden days. Since then, he has wrapped himself up more and more in this vicious web. His body strength has thus weakened and his health has come into a state of utter disorder. He has sought help from two doctors for this disease, but the prescribed medication had no effect. He then sought refuge in writings of the subject. He has read through a book by an Englishman, called Onania, and also that bears the title “Warning against the terrible sin of self-pollution”. But neither brought him the comfort he was looking for.”

Peter Ernst Wilde, *Livonian treatments of medical science* (1782):

“The heart accelerates its pulse, the blood flows through all the limbs as a quiet fire. The sensuous attention is focused entirely on the interior, the thoughts rise to a fiery vitality; all other senses fade. Imagination is the real feeling, the real sensation, the heated body is strained to the extreme. In the end, the randy one sinks down powerlessly. The rut strains the body up to convulsive movements.”

Josephine Mutzenbacher or The Story of a Viennese Whore, as Told by Herself

(Josefine Mutzenbacher oder Die Geschichte einer Wienerischen Dirne von ihr selbst erzählt) 1906

Oh, exquisitely gorgeous Lady Josephine,
now listen to my rhymes, all who are present here,
my tongue is trying now to praise your charm,
which everyone has known but still is strange to me!
There's no-one crying, no-one sheds a tear
when pants are bulging, we're not hanging, hear!
And ladies here are not in fouler mood,
when breast is round and crack is firm below its hood!
The Lord has made the sweetest morsels there,
the head, the breasts, the buttocks and the legs,
but hear, the juicy thing between the legs
is sweetest that there is, will be and were!
It's like a snake on men, but it is cool,
and sometimes rubbing much has made it drool,
but once it gets its head upright again,
oh pleasure, sweetest pleasure it can gain!
And women have their gaping hole like gates,
awaiting, colourful and shining brightly
and everyone in town and village knows –
the life's worth living when one with the other mates!
So here we are in hunger everlasting,
as long as we're still ticking, we can fuck,
no payment needed, no abstain, no fasting,
we're full of seed and want no children, yuck!
Our gentlemen are brave and never tire,
their heart hot and a cock's as big as hand,
and ladies aren't dumb and frigid, either,

they know what pleasure comes from pussy-land.

The Art Shack is the shelter right and fit for us,
where cunt's aflash and mouth's awash with seed,
erect are dicks and hot are cunts, like poetry for us,
no condescending word from Mistress, oh indeed!
She is forgiving of a client's love affair,
her loins are not in cobwebs either, to be fair!

Jaan Oks *The Unnamed Beast*

"To kiss women's knees on the inside when you've pulled them open. She's crazed, and you're weak from all the lust, finally falling down between those legs. And when you wake up, you push your pursed lips into the deep white flesh again. The sticky flesh closes up around your head, ever sweeter, ever more dizzying the taking., the giving goes, the horniness reaches up to your heart, cares not about time, lets you forget yourself, and wake up again. You can feel everything about you and your last one melting and hardening, melting and hardening – the music, the colours, the taste, and the intoxicating odour of flesh is are mixing, mixing."

Eduard Männik *The Gray House* (1930)

"There were movements about her that were characteristic of a harlot, the sound of her voice was gross and hoarse from drinking, her eyes squinting. There was something about her that was street-wise, manly, angular. She was one of those usual street girl types who give themselves for a little money or a glass of vodka, who get upset quickly, are simplistically mean and angry, and then empathically good again. This is the usual type of harlot, recognisable for people in the street already by their stiff gait, sloppy posture, and a hundred of other, smaller details."

August Jakobson *The thorny path of the Eve Saulus* (1930)

"For not to starve, she gave herself to all who wanted her. She was handed down from man to man, and some seven used her a second time. Usually her nights began in a pub somewhere and ended in a hostel or in someone's private apartment. She was constantly drunk ... The stinking wave of dirt closed above her head, roaring. And then ... syphilis."

Kivilombi Ints, *Secrets of Tallinn* (1926/27)

"I don't want to say that Toni picks up her clients from the street – no! – she sometimes brings them from better locales and sometimes tries to advertise for them in a newspaper, well, like: 'a poor and honest girl asks someone to gift her a thousand or a couple thousands as money for boots' ... And then there are some old gentlemen visiting her, very polite, very proper, and rich."

(Author and time unknown)

A place in Kopli, there it is
where dick gets treated if sick it is,
/: where gono, shanker, syphilis
gets medicated out like this.: /

If ladies 'been too hard on you
and cock is scabbing up on you
/: then get your self to Kopli, dear,
and show your cock to doctor, hear!:/

They'll stick some meds into your prick
and bind you up, you and your dick,
/: then put your toes up in the bunk
and lay a while, till's gone the junk.: /

You'll find yourself some friends, you know,
They, too, are wounded from a hoe,
/: they're weary from the strongest pills
and curse the hoe who gave them ills.: /

And once you're well, go forth, be swell
and keep away from hoes, I tell,
/: if life in Kopli makes you sick,
don't go to Viru, hide your prick.: /

True, awful is the anguish o' men,
in famous Viru battle then,
/: where shanker matches syphilis
and sends the men to rest in peace.: /

A fitting song

August Tuhkuri, 1931

Sailor from the harbour said:

I'll gets a pound rate cheap from there.

Matron, she said: malatits, [molodets, "good boy" in Russian]
open up your pants and hitch.

Ivan banged her up and down,

His ass was farting, hat fell down.

Matron said: I don't care,

I'll school my girl away from here.

When they're closing to the city,

bandits came the other way.

Bandit said hello and traastu [zdravstvui, "hello" in Russian]

girl said hi and went their way.

First they showed her city streets,

Then they showed her brothel meats.

Afterwards, to slums they went,

got her naked, what they meant.

Then to Kadriorg they went,

laid her down and parted legs,

bandit stroke her thighs and legs,

richer gents, they tongued her cunt.

Girl said: let us go to sauna,

you can taste me there, you wanna?

So we went to sauna room,
the girl got licked and proper groomed.

Girl then washed her pussy up,
she lifted thigh and said: get up,
her tits were round and fleshy balls,
soft like wild boar's squishy balls.

The girl had thighs like roofing beams,
curved like hell and strong, it seems.
Jüri pulled his dick from pants,
shook it round and swung his parts.

Seeing that, the girl said: come,
opened up her cunt at last,
Jüri rammed it hard and fast,
pounded her to kingdom come.

Girl's fate

I grew up in Saaremaa,
in the care of dearest Ma.

I grew up a pretty one,
till away from home I've gone.

With the help of mother dear,
town school was where I'd head.

Laziness then made me bear
babysitter's job instead.

Money then was paid for schooling,
but I found a groom in town.
So I didn't learn there nothing,
schooling money all thrown down.

Groom was clever, knew his doing,
talking sweet, he frauded me.
Promised money first for doin' it,
later then to marry me.

First I didn't want to do it,
then I let him anyway.
Walking home from town, my body
gained in size, as is the way.

Women cared for me and fed,
village boys and girls all knew,
waited for a German-bred,
as my groom had been, they knew.

But their hope was lost in vain,
didn't get to see the tot,
virgin honour still was mine,
slimmer down by body got.

Working in my chamber there,
I put down my scissors,
rushing back to town, to where
I'll be among the famous.

Now I work in my own room,
for the Pärnu paper,
roubles fly like bang and boom,
and Jaan's the one I pamper.

Written on 12/III 1923