

W. L. McATEE

+ his printed
booklets

W. L. McAtee, L.C. MS. D364 / 6 (envelope):

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS

By an Old Stager

What may be done keeping in view health and the fear of God.

Chapter V

Proper occasions for coopting.

1. On Saturday nights, as a matter of course, for you can lie abed late Sunday mornings; and then
2. On Sunday mornings, for lying abed is favorable to sweet dalliance.
3. On the anniversary of the day you proposed to her.
4. On the anniversary of your wedding day; thus you renew your youth.
5. When you receive a wedding announcement or attend a wedding; take advantage of the powers of suggestion.
6. When you have attended a ballet or the like; and the basking in feminine warmth and beauty has inspired you for valiant deeds.
7. After a ball; for much the same reason.
8. Just before you depart on a journey and
9. The night you return; make her glad to see you.
10. Any nights you are prone to lie awake; one must do something.
11. When she has returned from consoling a young widow; give her the opportunity to show that she is glad she still has a husband.
12. When you have witnessed a touching passage between lovers.
13. Dedicate each new bed or part thereof; each new house or bedchamber therein.
14. On her birthday; or yours.
15. On holidays, saints' days and festivals; would there were more.
16. Other inspirations failing, read aloud to her, a few tales from Balzac or the Arabian Nights; these seldom fail to have the desired effect.

Of course there are three or four days each month that are unavailable; but with this exception, when none of the above-mentioned occasions coincide with your desire, and provided further that stimulants and drugs are shunned, always let Nature take her course.

1917.

McAtce ms. (L.C.) D.364

(env.3): A Riddle: What are they that invite the closest contact,
What are they that compel amorous attack, yet repel -- an impreg-
nable wall? . . . naught but the firm, jutting mounds of the breast,
virginally firm, they attract, yet repel. (1912).

Shall I never see thee more, nut brown maid of old Lahore
Never in thy arms entwine, gaze in wondrous eyes of thine
Never sip a lover's wine, from full lips that caress mine
Shall we never, nevermore love as in the days of yore?

Perfect lover, my heart core, supple girl of old Lahore
How amazed me her love lore, drawn from all the ages store
No love ever better wore, its variety could not bore
She was the ideal whore, nutbrown maid of old Lahore. (1914). [Lim]

La Pubertée. Expurgated title: The Damosel, or "Where the brook
and river meet." The world seems new And it can't be true This
is the me That used to be [&c. Verses 5-6 noted: "For expurgated
edition, leave these out":] My bodice ripples O'er my nipples
My dress they crowd Oh I'm so proud. My waist's so slim So
round and trim. My legs so pretty To hide were pity. *Q177*

W. L. McAtee, "Going Home," L.C. ms. D.364, envelope 3:

~~GOING-GOING HOME~~ (Title: Coming Home struck through)

If I am to be strangled,
 Let it be in a woman's arms, [handwriting appears to say: anus!]
 For in ~~their~~ their usual gracious circling
 I have been what time the kindly gods allowed,
 Since life began.

If I am to be smothered,
 Let it be by a woman's thighs,
 My face in her pubic hair
 And in my nostrils that woman fragrance
 Of all most grateful.

If my head is to be crushed
 Let it fall on a woman's breast,
 Haven of rest from all life's storms,
 That my dying bed, and I'll lay me down
 Like a lover.

Born of a woman's thighs,
 Nursed at a woman's breast,
 Mothered, loved, possessed in women's arms,
 I'd false it all did I not yearn for woman's ~~the~~ flesh,
 With my last yearning.

(1932)

Conceived on an auto trip with F[lorence] W., March 26,
 sketched that evening; finished in bed 2:30 - 3:30 a.m.,
 April 2, 1932.

W. L. McAtee

"Unpublished prose and poetry" (collected 1944)

ms. division, Library of Congress, D.364 (Accession 7589)

9 envelopes in 2 ms. boxes.

Accession draft notes: "Collection of poetry in 9 envelopes.

the
This group of/papers will be subject to rigid library restrictions. No publicity will be given to the material because of the nature of the poetry." Oct. 4, 1944.

Boxes are marked: "Not Open To Public. RESTRICTED."

Mostly written in Virginia and Washington D.C., 1912-40.

W. L. McAtee ms. L.C.: D.364 envelope 2: "Supplements to Rabelais"

1921-1938.

The writer has enjoyed Rabelais and has entertained ideas of supplementing the Pantagruelian discourses. Three attempts are attached:

Panurge and Fauchoux discourse on carn. cop. (Haywood, Va. 1921)
Justice for M. Cornecon (D.C., 1938)
Vin du chat (D.C., 1938)

W. L. McAtee, 1944

A CHAPTER AFTER RABELAIS

Panurge and Fauchoux discourse on carn. cop.

Fauchoux or Daddy-long-legs, so named from his build, was an acquaintance Panurge had picked up in Paris. So alike in roguery were the two that they came to enjoy each other's society very much and loved to compare notes on every phase of their varied experiences. "As you know," quoth Panurge, on the present occasion, "I travelled in my younger days far and wide, and can remember nothing better about my experiences than what I taught or was taught among the ladies, from the sturdy blondes of Scandinavia, to the black-eyed dearlings of Spain, and from the almond-eyed Chinoise to the supple brown girls of the Sud." "What better to recall?" answered Fauchoux, "I'll wager you lechered it rampantly, rambunctiously, as a bull in his first season, or as a ram in a fold of virgin ewes." "Maybe so, maybe so," replied Panurge, "but what I thot to tell you of just now was a book I read in

Calcutta, called in Sanskrit, "Ananga-Ranga," and in Latin "Ars Amoris Indica." In it is everything about the signs and language of love, classification of women and men as to their amatory capacities, a hundred aphrodisiacs, but best of all a full discourse on what Solomon called the way of a man with a maid.

The Hindus certainly have worked this up to a fine art. Congress is first classified in ~~g~~ five great divisions, of which the first, about the only one we think of, ~~is~~ that with the woman lying on her back, has eleven subdivisions, and so it goes with the other sorts and sub-sorts.

One they call "The leap of the goat," another "Splitting the mango," and others, "The stork dance," "The Cow posture," and "The Elephant posture." Some of them no Christian can endure no matter how earnestly he tries. Each of the varieties was capable of various changes by being performed in different modes. That is to say, he might be active, she passive, or vice versa; both active; it could be pursued to the orgasm or out short. It could be done ~~more~~ ~~or-less~~ dressed, in private or in the presence of other wives, servants, musicians and the like." "Egad," burst in Fauchoux, "I shouldn't like that." "It's all in the custom," continued the philosophical Panurge, "not only did they vary it in the ways I have said, but as follows, and to wit: inspired with wine or not, with vast use of perfumes or not, with one or both of the parties well anointed with oil or not, in a howdah (the motion of the elephant contributing wonderfully to the effect; in a bull-cart, for similar reasons; by day or by night or the quarters thereof, indoors or out, in water or out, with more or less clothes or naked." Perhaps

again I have forgotten something, but I have said enough to show how much that the Hindoos have given to this important matter, and how ordered and well calculated are their amusements. All that I have said, mind you, refers to the deed of kind, and does not include any such Gallic improvements as 'la langue fourrée', or 'soixante neuf.' "

"All that is well enough," rejoined Long-legs, "but I heard no mention of a method, which, to my view, is more thrilling and searching in its ecstasies than any." "And that?" from Panurge. "Is perhaps difficult for short-legs like yourself but very fine for me. Long as I am I prefer a short woman and Sir Priapus being ready (Semper paratus is his motto), I pick her up and set her down over his helm, like a snuffer on a candle. As he is long, to correspond to his master, he penetrates very far indeed and as she feels this rigid sword working into her very vitals she tries to climb up, the desperate clambering and clasping only makes Sir Priapus the more rigid and proud and encouraged^s him to hold his head higher than ever before. At first she usually cries 'Let me down, let my feet touch the floor,' but I am deaf to such pleas and merely settle her on again till Don ~~EXIPENS~~ Priapus feels his head once more in so soft and warm a situation as would melt the heart of any saint. Of course she climbs and scrambles again and I assure you that the clipping of her arms round my waist is a great pleasure and the pressure of her soft breasts against my belly conveys to my inner organs a heat that fairly makes them glow. [(Addit., 1944:) Now and then I pause to make a sign of the cross as a benediction on our efforts.] This might be termed hanging copulation and I