

Jacques le fataliste love stories

How did we meet ?

By chance, like anybody else

What are we called ?

Who cares ?

Where are we coming from ?

From the nearest place

Where are we going to ?

Does anybody know where we are going ?

Jacques

Master ?

Nothing

You said something.

No, oh yes, I said something

You said something, because I did not

Since I had to say something, let's say that I
said...

- What did you say ?

That my captain used to say that everything
that happens to us below for good or for ill,
was written up there, on high

That is saying a lot

Master ! My Captain also use to say that every
bullet shot out of the barrel of a rifle had its
billet

And he was quite right

I got it in the knee

For instance, if had not been for that shot I
don't think that i'd ever fallen in love or walked
with a limp

So you have been in love ?

- Have I been in love !

All on account of a shot from a rifle ?

-On account of a shot from a rifle !

You never told me before

- No, I do not think so

Why was that ?

Because it could not have been said before nor
after this moment

And that moment has now come and you can
speak of being in love ?

Who can tell ?

- Take a chance. Make a start

I am into my stride and I have it entirely in my
power to make you wait a year

two years, three years to hear the story of my
affairs

By separating me from my master and make
both of us undergo all the perils I please

What's to prevent me marrying off the Master
and telling you how his wife deceived him

And make me take ship to the Indies and
sending my master there Bringing both of us
back to France on the same vessel

How easy it is to make up stories !

As you can see this can take us quite far

Since two thousand years one has been talking
love without making any progress.

If you do have little respect for what has been
told Please do respect what has not been
mentioned

Sit down

Get up

Sit down

Get up

Sit down

Get up

Sit down

Do get up !

Why ?

- To get away from here fast

Why ?

- Because, we are not well here

Who knows ? And would elsewhere be better ?

Do you know if they are many ?

If there are a thousand

The number is not important if it is written up there that there are not enough of them

To hell, with your impertinent way of speaking

Do you believe... ?

I do not believe nor do I « unbelieve », I do not
believe not do I « unbelieve »

The first person who moves I'll break his neck

The first person who moves... break his neck

And if they had moved ?
- That was impossible

Why ?

- Because they did not

And if they had ?

- So much the worse or so much the better

If... if... if...

If the sea was boiling, the fish would have
been cooked

And what about your loves ?

I believe, we were at the stage of my knee
being wounded

We got to the rout of the enemy army, they
run away, we run after them

It's every man for himself, I stay put on the
battlefield, buried under the dead and
wounded who were very numerous

Next day, I was thrown on a cart to be taken to
one of our field hospitals

Oh, I tell you Sir there ain't no wound which
hurts more than a wound in the knee

Come, come, Jacques don't exaggerate
- No, by God, I am not exaggerating

Sir, there are ever so many bones in the knee,
and tendons, and all sort of bits and pieces

Though I do not know what they are

Knee – in Latin : genu -

Part of the body where the leg joins the thigh

For the horse articulation of the « carpiens and metacarpiens » bones with the radius

Whatever you may think, the pain in my knee
was excessive, it was made worse by the cart
and the potholes

And every jolt made me scream

Because it was written on high that you'd
scream out ?

Of course it was. I was losing blood fast and i
would have been a dead man

If the cart which was the last in the line had
not stopped outside a cottage

There I asked to bet let of and they laid me on
the ground.

A young woman, who was standing by the door of the cottage went inside

Then came back out again almost at once with
a glasse and a bottle of wine I gulped down
one, two glasses in short order

The carts in front of ours moved off

I was about to be picked up and be put back
with my comrades But I clung for dear life to
the woman's skirts

And anything else i could get hold of, and said I refused to get on board again, and that if I was going to die

I'd sooner do it where I was than a couple of miles further on!

As I said this I passed out

Oh, you wrench ! You villain ! I can see where
all this is leading to, you swine !

No Sir, I don't think that you see anything of
the sort

Isn't this the woman you're going to fall in love
with ?

If I did fall in love with her what would be so strange in that ? Are we free to decide whether or not to fall in love ?

And even if we were, do we have the power to
behave as though we weren't ?

If it was written on high that I would fall in
love, then I could have told myself everything
you are going to say now

Boxed my own ears, banged my head against
the wall, torn my hair out

And everything would have turned exactly the same, and my benefactor would have been a cuckold

But, if we follow the logic of your argument
than no crime we commit can ever be followed
by remorse

The objection you raise has rattled my brains
more than once.

But for all that, however much I dislike the
thought I always come back to something my
Captain used to say

Everything good or bad that happens to us
below is written on high

Sir, do you know of some way of rubbing out
what is written up there ?

Can I stop being me, or failing that

Can I behave as though I were not me ?

And has there been a single instant since the time I came into the world when this was not the case ?

There is one thing puzzling me

Would your benefactor would have been a
cuckold because it was written on high

Or was it written on high because you would
cuckold your benefactor ?

Both were written side by side

Everything was written down at the same time,
it's like a great scroll that unrolls a bit at a time

But why are we here, since everything we are going to do has been written down ?

It has been written down for us to do

If it had not been written down, one could not
do it !

One can do everything, even if one does not
know what has been written down

How so ? Why ?

- If one does not know what has been written
upon there

One either does not know what one wants nor
what one does and one follows one's fantasy
which one calls reason

Or its reason which often is a dangerous
fantasy which turns out well or badly

Well or badly

Can you tell me what is a fool and what is a
sage ?

- Not now, I can't

You do not know what is a fool and what is a
sage ?

- Oh, yes I do

So ?

-Oh, if I could speak like I can think

But it has been written up there that I would
have the things in my head

But that the words do not come

That can happen to everyone

Jacques, Sir, is like everyone

You are wrong, a Jacques is not like everybody

Sometimes better

Jacques, you are devil of a man

You misuse my goodness

If I foolishly draw you from your place, I could
put you back easily.

Jacques, come down

It pleases you to say so, Sir, I am happy to be
here and I will not come down

I tell you to come down

I am quite sure that you do not say the truth

After having me like a companion

It pleases me to put an end to it

After having suffered my impertinence

I do not want to further suffer from it

After having made me sit at your side at the
table

Having called me your friend...

Jacques, my friend

Do you know what the word « friend » means when given by a superior to a subaltern ?

After having joined so often my name to yours
that they go together and everyone says

« Jacques and his Master »

Suddenly it pleases you to separate them ?

No, Sir, that does not do

It is written up there that as long as Jacques
will live

As long as his master lives

And even after the death of both, one will say
« Jacques and his Master »

And I will say that you will come down, and you
will come down immediately

Because I order you to do so. Come down

Jacques will stay where he is and will not come
down

You will come down

I will not come down

You will come down

I will not come down

You will come down

|...

You will come down

|...

You will come down

So it has been written up there that I would
come down...

It has been written up there that I will never
get rid of that original one as long as I live

He will be my Master, and I will be his servant

It has been written up there that I will be
essential for you

And that I feel, that I know that you cannot do
without me

I will use this advantage each time I can

It has been defined that you will have the titles
but that I will have the « thing »

Consequently your fate is better than mine.

I should take your place and put you in mine

You would lose the titles, but you would not
have the « thing »

Where did you learn all this ?

In the great book

Oh, my Master, whatever the thinking, the
studying in all the books of the world

One is only a simple employee as long as one
has not been read in the great book

So, Jacques, what about your loves ?

I do not remember where we were, I have so
often been interrupted

Maybe I should start all over again. The battle
has taken place..

Oh no, no

So, Sir, what did you think about it ?

About what ?

The wound of my knee

So ?

Very cruel

Yours ?

No, no, not mine, all the knees of the world

Master, you did not look well. Do you think that we are the only ones who are sorry ?

What foolishness ! Do you think that childbirth
is painful ?

Without any doubt

Do you feel sorry for a woman in labour ?

Very much so

So, sometimes you feel sorry for someone
other than yourself ?

I feel sorry...

I feel sorry for all those who wring their hands,
tear their hair and yell their heads off

Because I know by experience that one does not do those things unless they are hurting.

But when it comes to the specific pain felt by a
woman when they give birth

I am not sorry at all since, thanks God, I don't
know what it's like

But getting back to a pain which both of us do
know

The story of my knee which has turned into
the story of your knee as a result of your

No... The story of your loves which have
become my loves as a result of my past
sorrows

So there I am, it's evening, undressed, laying in
a big bed

In the room, with the farmer (who had helped
me)

His wife (who had saved me) and some small
children

The wife had put some vinegar on her skirt and
put some under my nose

When I awoke, they went to their room

Separated from mine by more than a partition
made of slatted lathes

Covered up with grey paper on which a few
tinted printshad been stuck

I was not sleeping and heard the wife say to
her husband

« Leave me be, I don't want a bit of fun. That a poor man dying on our doorstep... »

« Eh ,eh » the husband murmured, very angry.

Then: « You can tell me all about it
afterwards »

I did not want to follow the discussion. But
after a short silence, the husband said more
loudly

« Eh... Eh... »

He was nearly shouting

« Eh... The year has been poor; we have practically not enough for ourselves and the children..

Corn's at a terrible price. No grain without wine and there is no wine and thus no grain.

I ever could find work, but all the rich people
are cutting back. The poor haven't got
anything to do

For every day you get taken on, you're four days laid off. Nobody is paying what they owe

And at this moment you chose to bring a man
into the house and a surgeon who will be in no
hurry to cure him

And the wife says

« Well said, and because we are poor you are getting me in the family way, as if we did not have kids enough »

« Rubbish »

« It's not rubbish – I feel sure I have fallen on »

« That's what you always say »

« And I have never been wrong when my ear
itches afterwards- it's itching like mad right
now »

« Your ear does not know what it says »

« Do not touch me – leave my ear alone »

The husband gets more and more angry

« The ear, that is easy to say – Since the evening of the Saint-Jean I did not do it »

« That is what you wanted – That is what you
wanted »

« Eh, eh, yes, yes ,yes... »

And thus...

From no-no to yes-yes – that man angry
against his wife who had developed a
humane sentiment

Yes, he was young and his wife was attractive.

You only have children when the times are miserable. One more child is nothing for them, they are nourished by charity

And it is the only free pleasure during the night
time after the calamitous day time

And does a wife has a husband, and a husband
a wife for nothing ?

Does one not get married to sleep every night
with the same woman ?

Maybe so. Every day one sleeps with women
one does not love and one does not sleep with
those one loves ?

Maybe so ; everyday is full of misunderstandings : misunderstandings of love, misunderstanding of friendship

Misunderstandings in politics,
misunderstandings in finance, in law, the
church, business, women, husbands

Stop talking about these misinterpretations
and realize that you are making one

A big one, by starting to talk about a moral
subject

If one does not say anything in this to be heard, as one says, there is worse

That is, that one does not do anything which is
being judged, as one does it !

There probably isn't under the sky another
head with as many paradoxes as yours

What is wrong with that ? A paradox is not
always something wrong
- That's right

My host and his wife got up later than usually
-So I believe

I was woken by shouts. The husband, his wife
and the doctor were in a secret behind the
door

The husband said the doctor
« Eh, will it take long? »

« Very long– to your health, my friend »

« Eh, how long, one month, two monts ? »

« Two months ? Rather three or four, who knows. The patella is damaged, the shin bone..
To your health ! »

« Eh, four months – maybe one should cut it »

« Cut it ? No, that would take as much time, so
I say, I am sure »

« To your life, yourself and his health »

« Terrible, why did we receive him here
- There we go again »

« That is not where you promised me last night, but be patient, you'll come back to it »

« Eh, What should we do with this man ?

« It that is all right, I could go see the priests »

« If you go there, I'll hit you »

« To the health of the priest !
- I'll go to the nuns »

« The nuns! I am going to...
- To the health of the nuns ! »

The truth is often cold, common and flat. For example what the doctor said, but what was interesting ?

Nothing

Nothing, I agree. If you want the truth, that is like Molière, Regnard, Richardson, Sedaine

Truth has its piquant side which you see when
you have genius, but if you do not have any,
you'd better keep silent

Mon cher Maitre...

- So, you are talking again

I am so glad for both of us. Because I was getting bored without hearing you and you got bored by not talking

So speak up...
- Justice...

Do not talk about Justice, that is a principle
-Virtue

Virtue ? Virtue is a good thing : both bad and good people speak well about it

Because it suits them both

- Let us talk about other things. What about
your loves ?

When I left the house, my father, my mother
and my godfather, they all gave me something
in accordance with their means

Their small means : I also had in reserve the
five Louis which Jean

My elder brother, had given to me before his
ill-fated trip to Lisbon

With the five Louis from Jean, the money I got
for enlisting I'd put by a small stock of cash and
had not touched a penny of it

I called the doctor

- Why did your brother went to Lisbon ?

I have got the distinct impression that you're
deliberately trying to stop me sticking to the
point

If you keep asking questions, we'll have circled
the entire before we get to the finish of the
tale of my love life

What's matter when you go on talking and I go on listening ? They are the two most important things, no ?

You are preparing a sad future for me. What is
it become of me, when I'll have nothing more
to say ?

You are starting again

- You absolutely want to hear stories

That's true, they instruct and amuse me.

A good storyteller is a rare person

That is why I do not like stories except when I
tell them

So you prefer to talk badly than to be silent ?

-It is true

And I prefer to hear speaking badly to hearing
nothing

So we are both of us at ease
- Keep talking because it pleases us both

Where was I ?

- What was he doing in Lisbon ?

To be there for the earthquake which could not
happen without him

To get crushed, buried, burned, as was written
on high

Does that make you laugh ?

Master, one does not know by what to
rejoice or to be sad about in our life

The good brings the bad; the bad brings the
good

We are walking in the night under what is
written up there, equally foolish in our wishes,
in our delights as in our distress

When I cry, I often think that I am a fool
-And if you laugh ?

I still think that I am a fool. But I cannot avoid to cry or to laugh. And that makes me angry

Consequently I decide to be as I am. That's another resignation, much easier and useful

Let us go back to your loves

I called the doctor
« Doctor, do you live far from here ? »

« At least one mile.

- How is your installation ? »

« Not bad

- Take me with you to your house »

« But... what about the expenses ?
- I will pay each day »

« That's speaking up, my friend
-To your health »

But, Sir, I believe that you are not listening

Yes, I am...

I have been distracted

Let's leave

It's very hot

This place is charming. We'll have a rest in the
fresh air in the shadow of these trees and
looking at the brabbling book

Jacques – Do you know about the death of
Socrates ?

He was a wise man from Athens. The role of a wise man is dangerous if surrounded by fools

The fellow citizens sentenced him to drink
hemlock

Jacques, my friend, you are sort of a
philosopher, I think you agree

I know that their race is odious for the great,
do not bend their knee in front of them

To the magistrates, who protected by their
position the prejudice they pursue

To the priests who rarely see them before the
altar

To the poets, people without principles, and
who stupidly consider philosophy to be the ax
fo the fine arts

To the people, since the dawn of time, the
slaves of the tyrants who oppress them

To the jesters who amuse them, the rascals
who betray them

Thus, as a philosopher your death will be philosophical and I presume that you will receive the lacet with as much good grace

As Socrates received the bowl of hemlock

Absolutely

How is that ? You don't regret life, fine food,
wine, women ?

My body will die, but not my soul

What do you know about that ?

I would have nourished it by the knowledge of
ideas

Did you find that all by yourself ?

No, oh no

So, who did ?

Ah...

Your captain ?

No...

Who ?

A certain... Socrates !

So, you were in the house of the doctor and in
love with his wife or his daughter

You are wrong

Get to the point. Let's get to the point. So, your
knee was practically cured, you are in good
shape and you are in love

So, I am in love, since you are in such a hurry

And who are you in love with ?

A good looking brunette, 18 years old, her eyes, her hands, oh Master, those beautiful..
Those hands...

You think you are still holding them

No. You

Yes, you took them and held them several
times ? Surreptitiously

And it only depended on you to do with them
whatever you wanted

In all honesty, Jacques, I had not expected that
from you

Neither did I

I am trying to remember but don't.

A brunette ? Beautiful hands ?

Please explain

When arriving at the Miremont castle I got to
know her

At the Miremont castle ? At my friend
Desgland's ? You are at the Miremont castle ?
At my friend Degland's ?

Exactly, and the young brunette with the slim waist and the dark eyes is Denise

The daughter of Jeanne, the commissioner

That is her

You are right. She is one of the most beautiful
and most honest creatures for miles around

I myself and those who visit Desgland's castle
tried in vain to seduce her

Not one of us did not do all kinds of stupid things for her on the condition that she did a small thing for us

But how did you go from the house of the to
the Desgland's castle ?

I will not tell you

Why is that ?

One day a small child was sitting next to the
counter of a linen maid.

He was crying loudly. The woman who did not
like the crying said to him

Why are you crying

Because they want me to say A

And why do you not want to say A

Because, as soon as I say A they want me to
say B

And as soon I will have told you why, I will have
to tell you how

I see, You are installed at the Desgland's castle

And undoubtedly the commissionaire Jeanne
ordered her daughter Denise to take care of
your cure

But tell me before going further, was Denise
still a virgin

Sorry ?

Was Denise still a virgin ?

I believe so

And what about you ?

Sorry ?

Me ? My virginity has been running through
the fields

So those were not your first loves ?

Why ?

Because one loves the one one gave it to and
one is loved by the one from whom one takes
it

Sometimes, yes

Sometimes, no

Some times, no

How did you lose it ?

I did not lose it – I exchanged it

Tell me about that exchange

From the first one up till Denis, passing through the last by two neighbours of our cottage who believed they had it

Did not they ? Missing a double virginity is not
very clever

You probably lost it by an old, shameless
woman in your village

Do not hazard, you would lose

By the maid if your priest ?

He was old

So it was his niece

His niece ? His niece was full of moods and
devotion

Two qualities which go well together, but they
do not fit me. Not at all, not at all

Now I think that I understood it

I do not think so

It was during the day of a fair or a market

It was neither a day of a market, nor a day of a
fair

You were going to the town
- I was not going to the town

It was written up there
- Nothing was written up there ?

You would meet in a tavern one of those obliging creatures which you made drunk

Sir, look at me, I have been christened once

If you propose to start the loss of your virginity
with the baptismal fonts, it will take us quite
some time

I had a godmother and a godfather. Master Bigre was the most famous chariot maker of the village

Bigre, the father was my godfather. Bigre, the
son was my friend.

At the age of eighteen we fell in love with a young dressmaker called Justine. She preferred Bigre, the son ; I never knew why

Bigre, the son, used to sleep in an attic and you
had to climb a small ladder

Which had been installed at an equal distance
from the bed of the father and the entrance
door

That night, Bigre, the son, climbed down the
ladder to open the door and went back to
bed

Justine arrived afterwards, pushed the door,
crossed the room silently, without bumping
into the furniture

She reached the small ladder, climbed up to
the attic where

Than climbed down the small ladder early in the morning, passe silently and left the house the way she had come

One morning, when Bigre, the son was resting
quietly in the arms of Justine ;

More tired than ordinarily after the work of
the previous day – or the pleasures of the
night

A loud voice was heard at the bottom of the
small ladder :

Bigre, bigre, you rogue ! It's later than 5
o'clock, the angelus tolled and you are in the
attic

Did you forget the cursed farmer who is
waiting for his axel ?

My goodness, father, my goodness. His axel is ready ? He'll have it immediately."

And thus, my friend Bigre gets dressed in a hurry and is going to bring the axel to the farmer

And Justine ?

She did not dare to climb down of course

And Bigre, the father ?

He started working and realized that his pipe
was missing and climbs to the attic to look for
it

And Justine ?

More dead than alive, she had collected her
garments and hid herself, naked, under the
bed

And Bigre, the son ?

After delivering the axel, he comes to see me
and asks for help. I accept

On one condition : let me have the time
necessary - he accepts

I arrive and Bigre, the father sees me. « You look terrible, my godchild. You look as if you were dug up

If your father saw you. You slept out again,
damned scouldel

Listen, my son Bigre is not there, climb to the
attic and lie down a moment »

« Yes, yes, yes »

I climb up, get undressed in the dark, lift the cover and the sheets and feel around

Non Justine. Not being on the bed, I understood that she was under it

I lower my arm, feel around, find one of her
arms

Pull her out, kiss her to calm her down and her
to lie down in the bed...

When the dark does not make one timid, it
makes one enterprising

Oh, you scoundrel, despicable ! You are going to violate this girl if not by force, by terror !

Did I rape her ?

I do not know if I raped her, but I did not hurt her. And neither did she hurt me

To start with, by accepting my kisses, and then
by suddenly saying « Oh no, Jacques, no, no,
no »

I pretend to be leaving, she retains me.

« I see that I will not gain any satisfaction from you but please promise me one thing... »

What ?

That Bigre, the son, will not know anything

You promised, you pledged, and everything
went perfectly well

And very well again and well again

And everything went well– Even more so, I
come down

Bigre, the father sees me

« There you are, much better! Sleep is a good thing. There you are rose and vermeil like a child after sucking ! »

I have the impression that the word Bigre displeases you. I would like to know why. It is the real name of my godfather

All the baptismal extracts, the mortuary
extracts, the marriage contracts are signed
Bigre

The descendants, who today occupy the shop,
are called Bigre

When the children, who are nice, cross the
street, one says

« Ah, the Bigre children »

And the two neighbours who missed your
virginity the two of them ?

It was the day of a marriage. Brother Jean had married the daughter of one of his neighbours

I was placed at the table between the two
goguenards of the parish

I felt like a simpleton, but not as much as they
thought I was

They asked me some questions concerning the
marriage-night of the bride

I rat her stupidly replied and they start laughing. And the two neighbouring girls at the other side of the table cried out

What is there- why are you laughing ?

It's too funny, we'll tell you this evening

The meal goes on; and my clumsiness. After the meal, the dancing. After the dancing, the married couple went to bed

Me in my bed and the two simpletons tell their
wives the incredible, incomprehensible fact that
at the age of twenty-two

Grand and well-made as I was, alert and not foolish, with a nice face, I was as new as I was getting out of my mother's belly

And the two women amazed

The next day, Mrs. Suzanne, the wife of our first goguenard comes to see me

Jacques, have you got nothing to do ? – No, my
neighbour, can I be at your service ?

I would like to...

And while saying those « I would like to », she
held my hand tightly, so oddly

I would like you to take our billhook and that
you come to the village in order to help me cut
two or more bundles of firewood

Because it's far too heavy for me to do. – I am
at your service, neighbour I'd be glad to so

She pinched my ears and tickles me in the ribs.

We arrive. The spot was a slope

Mrs Suzanne lies float down on the top of it
with both her legs spread wide

I was lower down swinging at bushes with the bill hook, not looking at what I was swinging at and missing more often than not

After some times Mrs Suzanne said « Jacques,
when will you finish?

Whenever you prefer, neighbour – Can't you
see that I want you to stop now ?

I stopped, put the bill hook down and... I
stopped again.

That's how Mrs Suzanne took my virginity

Which you did not have anymore

Which I did not have. But Suzanne had not
been fooled for a moment and said

« Aie, aie, aie. You are a rogue, you put the wool over my husband's eyes.

Go on, if you pull the same trick another couple of times, I'll pardon you »

We got dressed and went home, she to her
place, I to mine

Without stopping on the way ?

Ah... no

So, going from the commons and the village
was not far ?

Not further than from the village to the
commons

Some time later, Mrs Margurite, the wife of the other goguenard came to see my father

So that one of his sons had to go to the mill
for a sack of grain to be ground and assumed
that I would be ordered to do so

And so it turned out. Mrs Suzanne leaves and I
follow putting the bad on a mule

We come back from the mill rather sad, the mule and I, for I was thinking that I'd got nothing for my pains.

I was wrong. There was a copse between the mill and the village and there I found Mrs Marguerite sitting by the road

The light was beginning to fade

« Jacques, what were you doing for more than
an hour, while I was waiting for you ? »

« The miller was drunk and the mill turned slowly, I couldn't have come back sooner »

« Sit down here and we'll have a chat »

I sat down

Since we were not talking, I got up

« Mrs marguerite, here I am sitting close to
you and we are not talking »

« I am thinking about what my husband said
about you »

« What did he say ? Do not believe him, he's
all, mouth and trousers »

« He said, he said that you have never in your
life been in love »

« Yes on that score he was quite right »q

« Really, you do not know what a woman is ? »

« A woman ? Oh yes, my apologies, a woman...

A woman is a man who wears a petticoat and
a mobcap and has big jugs »

« Don't you know anymore ? – Oh, no, Mrs
Marguerite, please, tell me, tell me! »

And while saying this, I squeezed her hand so she did mine. I kissed her mouth, and she...

By now it was getting quite dark

I pretended to think that she was not feeling
well

« What's the matter, Mrs Marguerite ? – No,
no, it's nothing, I am dreaming

Do you dream often ?

- Often

Close to your husband ?

- Yes, why ?

Is he used to that ?

- I think so

Oh, Mrs Marguerite, it only depends on you
that people will not be laughing on me
– How ?

By teaching me

- Ah, no, I know that you are a good lad and
that you will not repeat it..

But I wouldn't dare, no

I wanted to get up. She took my hand to stop me and I did not know where she put it

But I said : « There's nothing ! There's nothing
! »

You rogue. Double rogue, you are doing it
again

In fact we were both partly undressed. Mrs
Marguerite let my hand in place where there
was nothing

But she had put hers where the same thing
could not be said with me

In fact, I was contributing nothing to the business and she had to do everything herself

In fact, full of joy and not knowing what I was
doing I cried out

« Oh, Mrs Suzanne, what you're doing... aie »

You mean Mrs Marguerite

No, I got the names mixed up, in fact I admitted to Mrs Marguerite, that she believed to be teaching me

Mrs Suzanne had taught me a few days earlier,
in various way, for sure

Madame Marguerite cried out

« What, it was also Suzanne and not me ? »

« In fact, it wasn't either of you »

In fact, Mrs Marguerite, realizing that the
laugh was on herself and heaping little insults
on me

On the contrary, was not anymore on top of me, and I under her, and she on top of me but we were lying next to each other side by side

If I had been less advanced in these matters,
Mrs marguerite would have taught me all
there was to know

In fact, her hindquarters were firmly in my lap
and...

Yes, You will have been wondering how a philosopher like me can tell such obscene tales.

First they are not tales. And secondly I do not feel more guilty than Suetone when he tells you about the debauchery of

And Voltaire
– And Voltaire

If you look closely, you would see that there are two different scales for judging men's actions

If you are innocent, you will listen to me
without hearing

If you are not, you would hear without any
consequences

And, if what I say does not satisfy you, please know that I rather enjoy writing down the stupid things you do They make me laugh

To be perfectly frank, Reader, that of the two
of us the more unkind is not me

Carry on fucking, my friends, but you've got to
let me say the word « fuck »

And what does genital activity do to exclude it
from your discussions ? Come boldly from your
lips

« kill, steal, betray »

And by that word you imagine that your mouth
and ears would be polluted

The hypocrites !

And since I am here only the mouthpiece of an author who's style guarantees the purity of his moral standards

My goodness, what is the matter ?

The flies and gnats are the matter. I would like to know the use of those annoying beggars

Since something bothers you, you think it is
useless

That is what I believe, because if something is,
it had to be

If you have too much blood, what do you do ?

You call the doctor who siphons off two or
three basinfuls

The gnats you are complaining about are a swarm of tiny winged doctors who siphon off your blood with their lancets

Yes, but it's all hit and miss ; they all look out
for themselves

And everything in nature looks out for itself

It does not matter that the other person feels
ill, if one feels well

A philosopher with the same name won't hear
of it

Jean-Jacques isn't Jacques

Too bad for Jacques

Those small flying doctors be damned

What are you thinking about ?

I think that all the while you were talking to me
and I replied

You were talking without wanting it and I also
replied without wanting it

And then ?

And then ? Later ? That we were two real
machines alive and talking

And now ?

Now, there is only one more thing at stake in
the end

And what stake in the end ?

That thing at stake in the end ? I wish to be
handed to the devil if I admit that it can play
without a cause

If there is a cause, there is a result.

A passing cause, a passing result; an occasional
cause, an occasional result

When the cause stops cause, the effect is nil

But it seems to me that I feel, inside me that I
am free, in the same way that I am aware that I
am thinking

Just like I believe what I believe that I want
when I want it

Master, one spends three quarters of one's life
wanting but not doing

That is true

And doing without wanting

You'll make the case...

Can I, in my turn, know the history of your
loves ?

Of course !

Make it short... One word, one motion
sometimes tell me more than a long never
ending narrative

She was called Agathe

When you are away, I go into your library. I take
a book...

She was called Agathe

Normally it's a history book

She was called Agathe

Ah the historian. Voilà a precise story teller
who does not talk in order to say nothing

She was called Agathe

I mean who does not write in order to say
nothing

She was called Agathe

Yes, because he does not even takes his time
to lose his time, talking

She was called Agathe

Especially if is for talking badly

She was called Agathe

Sorry, Master, The machine had been
launched; it had to go till its end

Has it ?

It did

She was called...

Agathe

We loved each other

I had to leave. After a short trip I came back

But Agathe had died and so had my love

I would have desired that Denise give me everything – and the same was true for me

One day, not knowing what to give her, I
bought some garters

They were in silk, multi coloured in white, red
and blue

Original ?

I put them on my bed. Denise arrived and saw
them

« Oh, those nice garters! »

« They are for my fiancée »

« So, you have a fiancée, Mr Jacques ? »

« Absolutely! Didn't I tell you ? »

« No. »

« No? It's you »

« It's me ? »

I took her leg and put it on the edge of my bed.

I raised her skirt till the knees where she kept
them tight with two hands

I kissed her leg, fastened the garter I had prepared; and as soon as it had been fastened...

Let's make a pause for a moment

Why ?

Because, apparently, you reached the end of
your loves

Not at all. Why ?

When you reach the knee, the road is short

Master, Denise had a thigh longer than anyone
else

Make an end to the story of your loves, fast

It was morning. Denise had proposed to sooth
my knee which was still sensitive

I got my leg outside the bed. Denise started to rub with a flannel above the wound

Beginning with one finger, then with two, with
tree, with four, then with the whole hand

But it was not enough to stop the itching
underneath the knee

One also had to stop the one above the knee
which made itself felt more strongly

So Denise put down the flannel and started rubbing with one finger, then with two, then three, then four fingers, then with the whole hand

Then my passion which had been increasing
made me plunge down on her hand and kissed
it

What ? You only kissed her hand?

Certainly

Hand kissing only. What a conclusion

I was too reasonable to take advantage of the
woman I wanted to take as my wife

And to prepare a distrust which could have
poisoned the rest of my life

So if it is written up high that you will find her
again, you'll have to marry her without distrust
?

Perfectly ! If is written up high that I'll be
cuckold, I can try anything. I'll be cuckold.

If it's written that I'll not be it, they can do anything they want, I'll not be it. Do you see me as a madman ?

Or for a wise man. Can you tell me now what a madman is, and a wise man ?

Why not ?

Wait a moment

A madman is an unhappy person,
consequently a happy man is a wise man

And what is a happy man or unhappy ?

A happy man is one whose happiness is
written up high

Consequently one whose unhappiness is
written up there is an unhappy man

And who is writing up there the happiness and
the unhappiness ?

What would be the use of knowing that ?

And will I avoid the hole where I am going to
break my neck ?

I think so

I do not think so

Because there would be a false line on the register which is only the Truth, all Truth

It would be written « Jacques will break his neck that day ! » and Jacques will not break his neck ?

Death

There you go – Already talking about the end

The calculation we make in our heads and the one which figures on the register up there are two different calculations

Would you be able to say exactly when the end
comes ?

Do we lead fate or is it fate which leads us ?

Do we lead fate ?

Or is it fate which leads us ?

How did we meet ?

By chance, like everybody

What are we called ?

Who cares ?

Where do we come from ?

From the nearest place

Where are we going ?

Does one know where we are going ?

Jacques ?

My master !

What did you say ?

Nothing

