

JOSEFINE MUTZENBACHER

At last—her version!

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or

**The Story
of a Viennese Wench,
as Told by Herself**

By
Anon.

Helsinki 2018

This is a work of fiction and intended for adult readers only.

Although the story is presented as an autobiography, it is not one. This is a novel, a cautionary tale, depicting things that should not occur. The makers of this edition do not condone sexual abuse of children, or prostitution, or drunken orgies, or poverty.

Originally published in German language as *Josefine Mutzenbacher oder Die Geschichte einer Wienerischen Dirne von ihr selbst erzählt* by Anon. in Vienna, Austria, 1906. The authorship is generally attributed to Felix Salten (1869–1945).

The present English translation was made from German specifically for this publication. The translation is based upon the text of the first limited edition of 1906, which is also the source for the anonymous original illustrations presented in the Deluxe Edition. The chapter and paragraph division and the punctuation style of the first edition are rendered as they are. The translator and the publisher would like to express their gratitude to the National Library of Austria for kindly making a copy available for this project.

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Publisher's note

Josefine Mutzenbacher—that wasn't her real name, though—was born in Vienna, in the quarter of Hernals, on February 20, 1852. From early on she appeared in the files of the vice squad, and she practiced her profession of love in the cheaper bawdy-houses at the outskirts of the city, then was employed by a procurer, who during the economic growth and the exhibition year 1873 supplied the high society with maiden commodities.

Around that time Josefine left Vienna with a Russian man and after a few years returned well-off and well-equipped to her native city where she led an elegant and public life as a courtesan until 1894.

She then retired to a small estate near Klagenfurt and spent her days in solitude, falling later ill. During her affliction, a gynecological disease, to which she later succumbed, she wrote the story of her youth.

A few weeks before the serious operation, which finally resulted in her death, she gave the manuscript to her physician. It is hereby published as a unique document of psychical sincerity, as a valuable and special confession, which also has cultural interest concerning the amorous life of contemporary society. Not much was altered in the confession of Josefine Mutzenbacher. Only errors in grammar and style have been amended, and the names of well-known persons mentioned by Josefine have been supplanted with aliases.

She died on December 17, 1904, at a sanatorium.

The publisher

It is said that young whores turn into sanctimonious crones when they become old. That, however, does not fit me. I became a whore at a young age, and experienced everything a woman can—in bed, on the floor, on tables or chairs, leaning against bare walls of old houses, in the open field, in dark gateways, in private chambers and on trains, in military barracks and bordellos, and in prisons—but I do not repent any of it. I am now at the age when the pleasures that my sex can provide me are beginning to disperse; I am rich, my blooming is over, and at times I am rather lonely. Although I have always been devout and believing, I feel no need to begin penance now. I came from poor and miserable conditions and must thank my body for everything. Without this eager body which was kindled early on by every sensual pleasure and drilled in every childish vice, I would have perished as my playmates who died in orphanages, or decayed as a worn-out, dull proletarian wife. I was not smothered by the filth of the suburb. I acquired a wonderful education, of which I only can thank my whoring because it brought me into contact with men of social standing and erudition. I took lessons and learned that we poor and low-born women are not so guilty as we usually are told. I have seen the world and enlarged my horizon, and all that thanks to my course of life which is called “vicious.” As, today, I write my life-story, it is only to mitigate my loneliness, and, in reliving my past, I’m trying to attain at least some of the pleasure that is now fleeing me. I judge this be better than repentant hours of devotion that my priest would recommend, because that would not come from my heart but would only

provide me with endless boredom. Also, I have never found any description of how people like me live. The books I have perused for information tell nothing about us, and it might after all be of use if the noble and rich gentlemen who enjoy us, who seduce us, and who believe all the incredible things about us, will for once learn how this all feels for one of the girls they so eagerly embrace; where she comes from, what she has lived through, and how she thinks.

Chapter One

My father was a penniless saddle-maker's help who worked in a shop in Josefstadt. Our tenement building, at that time a new one, filled from top to bottom with poor folk, was far in Ottakring. All of these people had so many children that they over-crowded the small courtyards in the summer. I myself had two older brothers, both of whom were a couple of years older than I. My father, my mother, and we three children lived in a kitchen and a room, and had also one lodger. Several dozens of such lodgers stayed with us for a while, one after another; they appeared and vanished, some friendly, some quarrelsome, and most of them disappeared without a trace, and we never heard from them. Among all those lodgers there were two who clearly stand out in my memory. One was a locksmith's apprentice, a dark-haired young fellow with a sad look and always a thoroughly sooty face. We children were afraid of him. He was quiet, too, and rarely spoke much. I remember how one afternoon he came home when I was alone in our place. I was at that time five years old and was playing on the floor of the room. My mother was with the two boys in Fürstentfeld, my father not yet home from work. The apprentice picked me up, sat down and hold me on his knees. I was about to cry, but he whispered fiercely, "Lay still, I do you nothin'!" He made me lie on my back across his knees and lifted my skirt so that he could look at me as I was laying exposed in front of his eyes. I was very afraid of him, but I did not move. Suddenly he heard my mother coming home and put me down on the floor and went into the kitchen.

A few days after that he appeared again earlier than usual, and

my mother asked him to watch over me. He promised to do that, and again held me the whole time on his knees and stared my nude midsection, fascinated. He didn't say a word, only kept looking at the one spot, and I, too, did not dare say a word. He kept repeating this a few times as long as he stayed with us. I had not the slightest idea what it was all about, and, childishly, did not bother to think about it. Today, I know the meaning of it, and I often call that apprentice my first lover.

I'll talk a little later about the other sleeper.

My two brothers, Franz and Lorenz, were quite unlike each other. Lorenz, the older of the two, was my senior by four years, quiet, introvert, studious, and religious. Franz was only a year and a half older than I. In contrast to Lorenz, he was happy and much more affectionate to me than to my other brother. When I was about seven years old, Franz and I visited the children of our neighbor one afternoon. They were a brother and a sister as well, and these children were always alone because they didn't have a mother, and their father had to work. At that time, Anna was already a nine-year-old, thin, blonde girl with pale complexion and a harelip. And her brother Ferdl was a robust and well-built thirteen-year-old, all blonde like his sister, but with red cheeks and broad shoulders. First we played a few harmless games. Suddenly Anna suggested, "Let's play Father and Mother." Her brother laughed and said, "She only wants to play Father and Mother, always!" But Anna kept insisting and went to my brother, Franz, and declared, "You are the husband and I am the wife." And quickly Ferdl took my arm and said, "Well, then, I am your husband and you are my wife!" Anna took of two pillow-slips and twisted them into the likeness of rag doll babies in swaddling clothes and handed me one. "Here's a child for you!" she declared. I began to rock the rag baby right away, but Anna and Ferdl burst out laughing. "That's not right! First you have to make a child, then you have to be pregnant, then you have to give birth to it, and then, when it has been born, you can dandle it!" I had of course heard of women being "pregnant," and that it meant they

would give birth to a child. I did not believe in the stork any longer and when I saw women with big bellies, I had a vague idea of what it all was about. But I didn't have any accurate conceptions, neither did my brother Franz. So both of us looked kind of silly, because we didn't understand what the game was that we were supposed to play or how we could participate. Anna, however, went right away to Franz and took him by the flies of his pants. "Come on," she said, "out with your tassel!" She unbuttoned his fly right away and freed his "tassel" into the open. Ferdl and I were looking. Ferdl laughed. My feelings were all mixed up: astonishment, fascination, also curiosity and a little uneasiness, but also a strange excitement that was new to me. Franz stood quite still and didn't know what would happen to him. The touch of Anna on his "tassel" made it stand up, quite stiff. "Come now," I heard how Anna was whispering. I saw how she flopped down on the floor, lifted her little skirt and spread her legs apart. At the same time Ferdl touched me. "Lay down," he urged me in a hoarse voice and I already felt his hand between my legs. I did so willingly and as soon as I pulled my skirt over my belly, Ferdl rubbed his stiff member against my pussy. I had to giggle because Ferdl moved his dick also all over my abdomen and it tickled me quite a bit. He was panting and his weight on my chest felt heavy. I found all this very silly and ridiculous, but there was a peculiar sensation in me and that's why I didn't insist on getting up and even became quite serious after a while. Suddenly Ferdl stopped moving and got up. I rose as well, and he showed me his tassel which I took calmly in my hand. On its tip was a bright drop of liquid. Ferdl pulled the foreskin back so that the rosy glans became fully visible. I amused myself by moving the foreskin back and forth a couple of times and watching the glans appear and disappear like the rosy head of a small animal. Anna and my brother were still lying on the floor and I saw Franz grinding back and forth, fully exited. His cheeks had become red and he panted quite like Ferdl a while ago. But Anna had also changed thoroughly. Her face had reddened, her eyes were closed

and I thought she felt sick. Then, suddenly, they stopped moving, too, and lay still on top of each other for a few seconds and got up from the floor. We sat there together for a while. Ferdl kept his hand under my skirt in the middle, Franz did the same to Anna. I had Ferdl's dick in my hand, Anna hold that of my brother; and I quite liked it when Ferdl touched me with his fingers. It tickled me but not so much anymore that I should have laughed; rather I felt a pleasure running everywhere in my body. Anna interrupted our preoccupation and took the two imitation babies, shoved one under her own dress and the other under mine. "You see," she said, "now we are pregnant!" We promenaded around the room showing our big bellies and laughing about it. After that we gave birth to the babies, rocked them gently in our arms and handed them to our husbands so that they could admire them and rock them, too, and we were playing like any innocent children. Anna got the idea that she should suckle her baby. She unbuttoned her blouse, lifter her undershirt, and went through the motions of a mother suckling her child. I noted how her nipples were already quite noticeable; and her brother began to play with them; soon Franz was occupied with Anna's breast, and Ferdl noted, it's too bad that I had no teats yet. Next, a lecture on how to make babies. We learned that what we had been doing was called poking and that our parents did the same thing when they were in bed with each other, and that's how women could have children. Ferdl was already an expert in these matters. He said that our pussies were still closed and therefore they can only be grinded upon the outside. He also said that when we became older a lot of hair would grow around it, and the hole would at last open itself so that a prick could go into it completely. I refused to believe this, but Anna assured me that Ferdl knew it thoroughly. He had poked Mrs. Reinthaler in the attic and his prick went right into her hole, all the way. Mrs. Reinthaler and her husband, a streetcar conductor, lived on the uppermost floor of our tenement building. She was a smallish, thickset woman with black hair and a very pretty face, and always very friend-

ly. Ferdl told us the whole story. “Mrs. Reinthaler came from the laundry room. She was carryin’ a basket full of wet linen and I was sittin’ on the last step. When I greeted her, she said to me, ‘Hello, Ferdl, you’re a strong boy! Why don’t you help me carry this heavy basket right into the loft?’ Well, sure I did, and when we had put the basket down, Mrs. Reinthaler asked me, ‘What do you want in return for helpin’ me?’—‘Nothin’,’ I replied. ‘C’mon, I’ll show you somethin’,’ she said, took hold of my hand and pressed it against her full breast. ‘Doesn’t that feel good?’ I knew at once what she was gettin’ at because my sister and I had been doing it with each other for some time—correct, Anna?” Anna nodded her head affirmatively, as if such a thing were a matter of course, and Ferdl carried on: “I wasn’t too sure how far she wanted me to go, and so I just squeezed her teats for a while. She liked it all right, and she opened her blouse and put her naked breast in my hand to let me play with it, and then grabbed my dick, laughed all the time and said, ‘If you won’t tell anybody I’ll let you do somethin’ else...’ I assured her, ‘I wouldn’t say a thing.’—‘You promise?’ she said. ‘Sure, of course!’ I said. She laid herself across the laundry basket and stuck my prick with her hand into her pussy. I could feel it was completely inside. I also felt her hair down there.”

Anna didn’t want Ferdl to stop telling the story. “Was it good?” she asked him. “Yes, quite good,” he said in a matter-of-fact tone, “she kept pushing back like crazy at me and pressed me against her, and made me play with her teats all the while. And when it was all over, she jumped up, pushed her skirt down and made an angry face. ‘Now get the hell out of here, you louse,’ she said to me, ‘and if you say one word to a soul I’ll bash your head in...’” Ferdl looked pensive. Suddenly Anna said, “Would you think it will go into me by now?” Ferdl looked at her; she was still holding the rag baby against her naked breast, and he fondled her down there tentatively, until she made up her mind: “Try it a bit...—Then we’ll play Father and Mother again!” she proposed. Franz went over to Anna right away, and I, too, accepted the suggestion eagerly, after having

learned the facts and heard the story. But Anna pushed Franz away. "No," she said, "this time Ferdl must be my husband and you be Pepi's." So Anna pulled her brother aside, put her hand into his flies, and he seized her under her skirt. I grabbed Franz and I remember how heavily I was excited at that moment. When I took his little bare tassel out of his trousers and moved the foreskin back and forth, Franz played with his fingers around my hole, and since we both knew now how the thing was done, we flopped quickly down on the floor and with my hand I directed Franz' dick so that it no longer rubbed against my belly but against my slit. This provided me with pleasure which went through my whole body like a blissful excitement so that I rubbed and ground myself against him, too, whenever I could. That went on for some time until Franz collapsed on me quite exhausted and didn't move anymore. We lay there for a few moments until we heard a dispute going on between Ferdl and Anna, and looked what was going on. They were still lying on the top of each other but Anna had put her legs so high that they went around his back. "It will go in..." said Ferdl, but Anna hesitated: "Yes, it's going in but it hurts—stop, it hurts." Ferdl calmed her down: "That is okay—at first it's like that—just wait, perhaps it'll go all in." Franz and I lay down on the floor on either side of the two so that we could see whether Ferdl was really going in all the way. Indeed he was a bit in. The lower part of Anna's pussy was wide open, as we noticed to our amazement, and the head of Ferdl's prick was inside and it moved clumsily back and forth. When he made a heavy movement, it slid out, but I grabbed it and pushed it back to Anna's entry which at that point looked to be chafed red. I held the prick steady and tried to push it in further. Ferdl pressed it with strength into the direction I gave him, but Anna started yelling so loudly that we ceased in fright. She refused to continue the game, and I had to take Ferdl on me one more time because he wouldn't calm down. By now I, too, felt a little sore between my legs and, as the time had come, we left for home. My brother and I didn't speak a word on our way home. We lived on the top floor, next to

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