

# Adam



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VOL. 1 NO. 3



TO NO MAN was a woman more important than Giacomo Casanova (1725-1798) whose fiery conquests produced a series of true-life adventures beyond the credibility of the wildest fiction. In the latter years of his life when his memory was sharper than his passions, he set down in his memoirs every blessed adventure he had in bed.

As a regular feature, ADAM will bring you the choicest of these vivid accounts. The settings are as varied as his women, for in the course of his 73 years, he passed through Italy, France, Germany, Austria, England, Switzerland, Belgium, Russia, Poland, Spain, Holland and Turkey.

In this particular escapade Casanova is in Genoa, feeling sorry for himself because Rosalie, his last mistress, left him to enter a religious convent. He is about to depart on another journey. He is alone with Rosalie's housekeeper, the pretty and well-bred Veronique who had been asked by her mistress to stay and keep Casanova company.

Now we pick up the narrative in Casanova's own words . . .

\* \* \*

A singular incident whereby the prodigious Casanova is put in despair

# Three in a Bed

by JACQUES CASANOVA

I THOUGHT VERONIQUE prettier than before. Her behavior, now free and now reserved, as the occasion demanded, showed me that she could have played the part of a princess in the best society.

Nevertheless, I was sorry to find I liked her, and my only consolation was that her mother would come and take her away before the day was over. I had adored Rosalie, and my heart still bled at the thought of our parting.

I have never liked eating by myself, so I gave orders for the table to be laid for two, inviting Veronique to join me, for she had some right to expect as much, to say nothing of those rights which her wit and beauty gave her.

Her mother came while we were still at the table. She was astounded at the honor I showed her daughter, and she overwhelmed me with thanks.

"You owe no gratitude," said I to her; "your daughter is clever, good and beautiful."

"Thank the gentleman for his compliment," said the mother, "for you are really stupid and ugly." Then she added, "But how could you have the face to sit at table with the gentleman in a dirty chemise?"

"I should blush, mother, if I thought you were right; but I put a clean one on only two hours ago."

"Madam," said I, "the chemise cannot look white beside your daughter's whiter skin."

This made the mother laugh, and pleased the girl immensely. When the mother told her that she had come to take her back, Veronique said, with a sly smile,

"Perhaps the gentleman won't be pleased at my leaving him twenty-four hours before he is to leave on his trip."

"On the contrary," said I, "I should be very vexed."

"Well, then, she can stay, sir," said the mother, "but for decency's sake I must send her younger sister to sleep with her."

"If you please," I rejoined. And with that I left them.

The thought of Veronique troubled me, as I knew I was taken with her, and what I had to dread was a calculated resistance.

imaginable.

Her shortness of sight made too brilliant a light painful to her, but as she stood before me she seemed to like me looking at her. My gaze fed hungrily on the two little half-spheres which were not yet ripe, but so white as to make me guess how ravishing the rest of her body must be.

My old friend, the marquis came over, and like myself he thought Annette, whom he had never seen before, an astonishing miniature beauty. Taking advantage of his age and high rank, the voluptuous old man dared to pass his hand over her breast, and she who was too respectful to cross my lord, let him do it without making the slightest objection. She was a compound of innocence and coquetry.

The woman who showing little succeeds in making a man want to see more, has accomplished three-fourths of the task of making him fall in love with her. For is love anything else than a kind of curiosity? I think not. What makes me certain is that when the curiosity is satisfied the love disappears.

Love, however, is the strongest kind of curiosity in existence, and I was already curious about Annette.

These girls disturbed me.

The next morning I announced to the household that I was going for a country walk and would not be in till supper-time. I walked fast for two hours with the intention of tiring myself, and of thus readjusting the balance between mind and body. I have always found that severe exercise and fresh air are

The mother came into my room while I was writing, and wished me a pleasant journey, telling me for the second time that she was going to send her daughter Annette. Annette came in the evening, and after kissing my hand respectfully, she ran gaily to kiss her sister.

I wanted to see what she was like, and called for candles; and on their being brought I found she was a blonde of a kind I had never before seen. Her hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes were the color of pale gold, fairer almost than her skin, which was extremely delicate. She was very short-sighted, but her large pale blue eyes were wonderfully beautiful. She had the smallest mouth

the best cure for any mental perturbation. I had walked for more than three leagues when hunger made me halt.

I felt too tired to walk back to Genoa, so I asked for a carriage; but there was no such thing to be had. The inn-keeper provided me with a sorry nag and a man to guide me. Darkness was coming on, and we had more than six miles to do. Fine rain began to fall when I started and continued all the way, so that I got home by eight o'clock wet to the skin, shivering with cold, dead tired, and in a sore plight from the rough saddle, against which my satin breeches were no protection.

While I was changing my clothes,

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Annette came in.

"Where is your sister?"

"She is in bed with a bad headache."

"Annette dear, go and ask your sister if she would like us to sup in her room."

She soon came back telling me that Veronique was obliged, but begged me to let her sleep.

I supped with Annette, and was glad to see that, though she only drank water, her appetite was better than mine. My passion for her sister prevented me thinking of her, but I felt that Annette would otherwise have taken my fancy. I offered her a glass of Lunel muscat.

"I only drink water, sir."

"Don't you like wine?"

"Yes, but as I am not used to it I am afraid of its getting into my head."

"Then you can go to bed; you will sleep all the better."

She drank the first glass, which she enjoyed immensely, then a second, and then a third. I made her drink a fourth glass, but an instant after she told me that she could not see anything, and we rose from the table. Annette began to please me a little too much, but I determined not to make any attempts upon her for fear of finding her too submissive. A little resistance sharpens the appetite, while favors granted with too much ease lose a great deal of their charm. She was only eighteen, she had a soft heart, no knowledge of the world or her own rights, and she would not have resisted my embraces for fear of being rude. That sort of thing would only please a rich and voluptuous Turk.

I begged her to do my hair, intending to dismiss her directly after, but when she had finished I asked her to give me the ointment.

"What do you want it for?"

"For the blisters that cursed saddle on which I rode six miles gave me."

"Does the ointment do them good?"

"Certainly; it takes away the smart, and by tomorrow I shall be cured."

"Can't I do it?"

"Yes, but I am afraid that would be an abuse of your kindness."

"I guess why; but as I am short-sighted, how shall I see your blisters?"

"If you want to do it for me, I will place myself so that it will be easier for you. Stay, put the candle on this table."

"Is that right? Good heavens! what a state your skin is in!"

"You have not finished yet."

"I am so short-sighted; turn around."

"With pleasure. Here I am."

The little wanton could not resist laughing at what she saw, doubtless, for the first time. She continued rub-

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## THREE, from page 55

bing the ointment in, and I saw that she liked it, as did I.

When she had finished I burst out laughing to hear her ask, in the most serious way, the pot of ointment still in her left hand,

"Did I do it right?"

"Oh, admirably, dear Annette. You are an angel, and I am sure you know what pleasure you gave me. Can you come and spend an hour with me?"

"Wait a bit."

She went out and shut the door, and I waited for her to return; but my patience being exhausted I opened the door slightly and saw her undressing and getting into bed with her sister. I went back to my room and to bed again, without losing all hope. I was not disappointed, for in five minutes back she came, clad in her chemise and walking on tip-toe.

"Come to my arms, my love; it is very cold."

"Here I am. My sister is asleep and suspects nothing; and even if she awoke the bed is so large that she would not notice my absence."

"You are a divine creature, and I love you with all my heart."

"So much the better. I give myself up to you; do what you like with me, on the condition that you think of my sister no more."

"Which will not cost me much. I promise that I will not think of her."

I found Annette a perfect neophyte. I spent two hours of delight with this pretty baby, for she was so small, so delicate, and so daintily shaped all over, that I can find no better name for her. Her docility did not detract from the piquancy of the pleasure, for she was voluptuously inclined.

When I rose in the morning she came to my room with Veronique, and I was glad to see that while the younger sister was radiant with happiness the elder looked pleasant. I asked how she was, and she told me that diet and sleep had completely cured her. "I have always found them the best remedy for a headache." Annette had also cured me of the curiosity I had felt about her. I congratulated myself on my achievement.

I spent the day in watching the care with which Veronique and Annette packed my trunks, for I would not let any of the other servants help in any way.

We supped in our usual manner, discussing only commonplace topics, but just as I was going to bed, Annette shook my hand in a way that told me to prepare for a visit from her. I admired the natural acuteness of young girls, who take their degrees in the art of love with so much ease, and at such

an early age. Annette, almost a child, knew more than a young man of twenty five.

She lay down beside me, and after a moment devoted to love she said that Veronique was asleep, adding,

"I do believe that you really love my sister."

I protested, and while we were having our conversation, we were surprised by the sudden appearance of Veronique with a lighted candle and wearing only her chemise. She laughed at her sister to encourage her, and I joined in the laughter, keeping a firm hold on the little one for fear of her escaping. Veronique looked ravishing in her scanty attire, and as she laughed I could not be angry with her.

However, I said, "You have interrupted our enjoyment and hurt your sister's feelings; perhaps you will despise her for the future?"

"On the contrary, I shall always love her."

"Her feelings overcame her, and she surrendered to me without making any terms."

"She has more sense than I."

"Do you mean that?"

"I do, really."

"I am astonished and delighted to hear it; but as it is so, kiss your sister."

At this invitation, Veronique put down the candle and covered Annette's beautiful body with kisses. The scene made me feel very happy.

"Come, Veronique," said I, "you will die of cold; come and lie down."

I made room for her and soon there were three of us under the same sheet. I was in an ecstasy at this group.

"Dearest ones," said I, "you have played me a pretty trick; was it premeditated?"

"We did not premeditate anything," said Veronique. "Now I am in my right senses, as I have yielded to the feelings with which you inspired me when I saw you first, and against which I have fought too long."

"What you say pleases me extremely."

"Well, forgive me and finish my punishment by showing that you are not angry with me."

"How am I to do that?"

"By telling me that you are vexed no longer, and by continuing to give my sister proofs of your love."

"I swear to you that so far from being angry with you, I am very fond of you; but would you like us to be fond in your presence?"

"Yes, if you don't mind me."

Feeling excited by voluptuous emotions, I saw that my part could no longer be a passive one.

"What do you say," said I to my blonde, "will you allow your heroic sister to remain a mere looker-on at our

sweet struggles? Are you not generous enough to let me make her an actress in the drama?"

"No; I confess I do not feel as if I could be so generous tonight, but next night, if you will play the same part, we will change. Veronique shall act and I will look on."

"That would do beautifully," said Veronique with some vexation in her manner. "If the gentleman was not going tomorrow morning."

"I will stay, dear Veronique, if only to prove how much I love you."

Veronique resigned herself to the passive part which her younger sister imposed on her, and turning aside she leant her head on her hand, disclosing a breast which would have excited the coldest of men, and bade me to begin my attack on Annette.

It was no hard task she laid upon me, for I was all on fire, and I was certain of pleasing her as long as she looked at me. As Annette was short-sighted, she could not distinguish in the heat of the action which way I was looking, and I succeeded in getting my right hand free, without her noticing me, and I was thus enabled to communicate a pleasure to Veronique as real though not as acute as that enjoyed by her sister.

When the coverlet was disarranged, Veronique took the trouble to replace it, and thus offered me, as if by accident, a new spectacle. She saw how I enjoyed the sight of her charms, and her eyes brightened. At last, full of unsatisfied desire, she showed me all the treasures which nature had given her, just as I had finished with Annette for the fourth time.

She might well think that I was only rehearsing for the following night, and her fancy must have painted her coming joys in the brightest colors. Such at all events were my thoughts, but the fates determined otherwise.

I was in the middle of the seventh act, always slower and more pleasant for the actress than the first two or three, when my manservant Costa came knocking loudly at my door, calling out that the sailing vessel was ready. I was vexed at this untoward incident, got up in a rage, and after telling him to pay the sailing master for the day, as I was not going till the morrow, I went back to bed, no longer, however, in a state to continue the work I began.

My two sweethearts were delighted with me, but we all wanted rest, though the piece should not have finished with an interruption. I wanted to get some amusement out of the interval, and proposed an ablution, which made Annette laugh and which Veronique pronounced to be absolutely necessary. I

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found it a delicious hors d'oeuvre to the banquet I had enjoyed. The two sisters rendered each other various services, standing in the most lascivious postures, and I found my situation as looker-on an enviable one.

When the washing and the laughter it gave rise to were over, we returned to the stage where the last act should have been performed. I longed to begin again, and I am sure I should have succeeded if I had been well backed up by my partner. But Annette, who was young and tired out by the toils of the night, forgot her part, and yielded to sleep as she had yielded to love.

Veronique began to laugh when she saw her asleep and I had to do the same, when I saw that she was still as a corpse.

"What a pity!" said Veronique's eyes; but she said it with her eyes alone, while I was waiting for these words to issue from her lips. We were both of us wrong: she for not speaking, and I for waiting for her to speak. It was a favorable moment, but we let it pass by, and love punished us. I had, it is true, another reason for abstaining. I wished to reserve myself for the night.

Veronique went to her own bed to quiet her excited feelings, and I stayed in bed with my sleeping beauty till noon when I wished her good morning by a fresh assault which was completed neither on her side nor on mine to the best of my belief.

The day was spent in talking about ourselves, and determined to eat only one meal, we did not sit down to table till night began to fall. We spent two hours in the consumption of delicate dishes, and in defying Bacchus to make us feel his power.

We rose as we saw Annette falling asleep, but were not much annoyed at the thought that she would not see the pleasures we promised each other.

I thought that I should have enough to do to contemplate the charms of the one nymph without looking at Annette's beauties.

We went to bed, our arms interlaced, our bodies tight together, and lip pressed on lip, but that was all. Veronique saw what prevented me going any further, and she was too polite and modest to complain. She dissembled her feelings and continued to caress me, while I was in a frenzy of rage. I had never had such a misfortune, unless as the result of complete exhaustion, or from a strong mental impression capable of destroying my natural faculties.

Let my readers imagine what I suffered; in the flower of my age, with a strong constitution, holding the body

of a woman I had ardently desired in my arms, while she tenderly caressed me, and yet I could do nothing for her. I was in despair; one cannot offer a greater insult to a woman.

At last we had to accept the facts and speak reasonably, and I was the first to bewail my misfortune.

"You tired yourself too much yesterday," said she, "and you were not sufficiently temperate at supper. Do not let it trouble you, dearest," I am sure you love me. Do not try to force nature, you will only weaken yourself more. I think a gentle sleep would restore manly powers better than anything. I can't sleep myself, but don't mind. Sleep, we will make love together afterwards."

After those excellent and reasonable suggestions, Veronique turned her back to me, and I followed her example, but in vain did I endeavor to obtain a refreshing slumber. Nature which would not give me the power of making her, the loveliest creature, happy, envied me the power of repose as well. My amorous ardour and my rage forbade all thoughts of rest, and my excited passions conspired against that which would enable them to satisfy their desires.

Nature punished me for having trusted her, and because I had taken stimulants fit only for the weak. If I had fasted, I should have done great things, but now there was a conflict between the stimulants and nature, and by my desire for enjoyment I had deprived myself of the power to enjoy.

Thus nature, wise like its Divine Author, punishes the ignorance and presumption of poor weak mortals.

Happier than I, Veronique slept for three hours; but she was disagreeably surprised on my telling her that I had not been able to close an eye, and on finding me in the same state of impotence as before. She endeavored to destroy the spell by all the means which passion suggested and which I had hitherto thought infallible; but her efforts and mine were all thrown away.

My despair was as great as hers when at last, wearied, ashamed and degraded in her own eyes, she discontinued her efforts, her eyes full of tears. She went away without a word, and left me alone for the two or three hours which had still to elapse before the dawn appeared.

That afternoon, the master of the sailing vessel came to tell me that the winds were favorable, and I took leave of the sisters. Veronique shed tears, but I knew to what to attribute them. Annette kissed me affectionately; thus each played her own part.