

Goudu

by Jacques de Brethmas

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My dear children, you should know that your Uncle Jacques wasn't always the big bad wolf you have now come to love: in his day, he too was a tender little lamb, very sweet and very charming, and, make no mistake, he has no regrets about this at all.

There was just one problem. While in those days little lambs were already quite numerous, there were far fewer big bad wolves, for people were rather afraid of them. Congressman Mirguet saw that the National Assembly (composed of at least seven well-known gays, plus all the others nobody knew about) passed an amendment unanimously (but for one vote cast by Monsieur Caillavet, a heterosexual and exemplary father) which put homosexuality on equal footing with such other great scourges as alcoholism and prostitution.

After this memorably courageous vote, Charles Trenet was cast into prison and de Gaulle had his prostate operated upon to make it quite clear that Lust was no longer In.

As for the big bad wolves, they rebuttoned their raincoats, left their bags of bon-bons back in the candy stores, and their absence at the school gates every afternoon when classes let out cast a pall over us of sadness and gloom. You can't imagine how difficult it was, back in 1960, for a tender lamb like me to find a nice dirty old man who would pick him up, take him to his home in order to caress him, love him, and let him live for a moment the life our united society did everything to deny him.

For, make no mistake: it was this I and my little comrades wanted most of all. It wasn't so much the

sweets and cookies and dirty pictures. Anyone claiming we were seduced by such things doesn't understand the situation at all. What we really wanted was to be cuddled, to be wanked and sucked off. These were the things which made us feel alive in the way we wanted to be alive. Elsewhere, our days punctuated by the ringing of the school bell, always surrounded by guardians, teachers, parents, even nosy neighbors, we were made to feel worthless and insignificant.

It was like being confined to a wheelchair while perfectly capable of walking and running, or being restricted to one narrow path from which you couldn't depart through a vast countryside of singular but unreachable beauty.

Our visits with these big bad wolves were like furloughs to a soldier, release to a prisoner, Sunday to the

boarding school boy; they were all too-short incursions into that other world which we could glimpse through the open windows, through the bars, which one day, it was said, would be ours (but all of this was taking far too long!). It was a tiny sample of the Real Life which they promised but always withheld: the first unkept promise of adults. When at last they permitted it, this life of freedom and irresponsibility, it was already too late.

People accuse boy-lovers of exchanging with each other the addresses of willing boys. This is absurd, for there are always plenty of small boys who “do.” But we, I swear, slipped to each other the addresses of daring men who might just be willing to give us the love we so feverishly desired. For a telephone number that worked you could easily get ten porcelain marbles, or three glass ones, and the greatest favor you could do for a friend was

to persuade your lover to let you bring him along on your next visit. This was a time when boarding school boys had “uncles,” semi-professional guardians, whose honesty and moral goodness were vouched for by the school itself, and a list of them was actually furnished to parents living out in the country so that their offspring could be aired on Sunday.

If the school had only known how they were aired! No sooner were we inside our uncle’s home than we cast off our clothes and threw them around the room, while the good man, in total panic, ran about closing the curtains and drawing the shutters.

Oh, you good Christian families, you were well and truly fooled. Those were lean times, to be sure, but we entertained ourselves most elegantly. We were brought up on tales of the war years, of the scarcity of food and

other staples, but they always concluded with some great epic about Cousin Adelaide or Grandfather Alphonse who, at the cost of a ride of several miles on the bicycle and a few plunges into a ditch to evade the occupation police, triumphantly brought home in the end a fat goose or plump piglet.

Being a country boy before 1968 was something like that. Not every day was a feast, but when we had one it was an orgy of defiance – with all our papers in order!

Happily, the Christian religion, in its great generosity, has arranged things so that with one hand it provides us with the forbidden fruit which with the other it deprives us of. Before the 19th Century it ruled over the world of pedagogy, and it still maintains – not always against its wishes – a rich monopoly in most matters concerning the pederastic schooling of little boys.

Now your Uncle Jacques had a good education; for many years he advantaged himself of the official curriculum and the semi-official services of one prestigious Jesuit institution. Its name will not be divulged for fear of compromising a little paradise which must still exist. I am not, after all, so very old.

The priest who served as our Prefect of Studies had acquired the nickname of “Goudu.” This was a pun on his real name and a take-off on one of his habitual sayings: “You don’t mind work; you don’t mind discipline, you don’t mind sports – *Vous n’avez pas le goût du . . .*” And the subject of this little essay of mine was so much on Goudu’s mind that it came near to obsession. If Moses parted the Red Sea waters, Goudu was never parted from little boys’ cocks. We liked to keep count of

the young visitors who came to him, and according to our reckoning he must have feasted on at least ten every day.

Goudu's taste was for fellatio, only fellatio and nothing but fellatio. On his merits as a priest he had been promoted to a canon, but with respect to his buccal gifts he might have been a cardinal, or even Pope.

My first impression of him as a new boy was of a genial fellow, as round of face as of tummy, smiling, with the shiny lips of the *bon vivant*, and narrow, bright, indefatigable eyes which scrutinized every one of his pupils in two sweeps: first a glance at his face, then a glance at his crotch. If there were a third glance, a saintly meeting with your eyes, you could be sure you would shortly receive an invitation to call upon him.

The ensuing visit could proceed in a number of different ways, but if all roads led to Rome, all Goudu's steps led to the fly. In my case, on the second day of school, he advanced himself as candidate for me to choose as my confessor, a decision I had to make before the following Sunday. He pushed his suit still further by sending an angel by the name of Georges to visit me. Georges extolled the modern spirit – and usefulness – of the good canon.

“With him,” Georges told me, “if you have a problem, there's always a solution at hand.”

All too true! Whatever happened – if you had to stay after school, if you were rebuked, if you were upset about something – a little sucking and wanking and the incident was closed. In the poor quarters of town people

washed their dirty linen in blood; Goudu washed ours in sperm.

And so it was that little de Brethmas, with pounding heart, came to knock on the ogre's door. Goudu opened it, dressed in his cassock but with slippers on his feet. From the first, the conversation was worldly. It dragged on in a remarkably cunning manner: one has to be a Jesuit to concoct such a structure. In broad outline, after thanking and congratulating me on selecting him as my confessor, he extolled with smug satisfaction the services I could expect to flow from my judicious choice.

It was like what you read in the instructions after buying a new washing machine: "Dear lady, you now possess the most advanced, the best performing, the most fully equipped washer in the world, one that will clean

the greatest number of dishes with the smallest amount of water . . . ”

He took my hand, as though he weren't really touching it, and drew me to him, until I was standing straight, almost trembling, between his fat knees. His words followed on the same sly, stately, inexorable course:

“In my capacity as your confessor,” he whispered with his dainty lips, “I am responsible not just for your moral health, but for your health in general. You're in the process of becoming a big boy, now, nearly an adult, and your body is the seat of many changes of which I know you are aware. It is my duty to exert a benign influence upon this evolution. Now, these changes at times affect parts of your body about which it may be difficult for you to speak without blushing. You dare not

discuss them with your mother or father, nor even with your doctor because your parents are present while you are examined. Perhaps you talk with your little friends, but they know little about such matters and you could better direct your thoughts elsewhere. So in the end the only one you can discuss them with seriously is I, your big friend. And so it is my duty to keep watch on your growth, to see that the direction of your development follows its proper course.”

And little by little his hands followed his tongue; aims solidified from this great tidal wave of reassuring words, and, with his eyes fixed steadily on mine, he hypnotized me so I hardly realized what was going on down below. Although I did feel his hands moving lightly over my clothes, I didn't dare look down. I was simultaneously furious at being so subjugated and

delighted to be embarked on a new adventure with such an unexpected partner. When you're twelve, sex is both delicious and frightening – delicious because it really is, and frightening because you don't know how to cope with the prohibitions ranged around it. And yet prohibition had its part to play in the marvelous emotion that used to sweep through me in those days with every new adventure. I've come to regret the loss of that particular panting, that block of ice that used to freeze my breast every time a fly was opened. When the game becomes trite, it's spoiled. In short, I was torn between reticence and desire, and then it dawned on me that neither mattered; both were irrelevant, for it was already too late. My cock was out of my trousers. I'd felt nothing, it had been done so cunningly.

Goudu examined his discovery with evident satisfaction. He fondled my perineum, weighed in his hand my comely balls, smoothed my young fluff with his fingers, and, giving an appreciative little twitch to his mouth, stroked the unruly and impatient animal which, with a sudden jerk, snapped to attention in front of his face.

With learned circumlocutions which I can hardly recall now – Goudu being Goudu – he explained that it was his duty to verify whether I had really become a big boy yet, and that to do this it was necessary to examine “the libation produced,” and the best way possible to test it was by taste. He found it necessary to add that he wasn’t doing this for his own pleasure but out of duty. His justification was so fine-spun, so torturous and took so long to arrive at the point where I was already waiting

for him, that in my trembling impatience I nearly ruined everything with an untimely ejaculation.

It proved quite easy to draw the sample. The shot was ready to fire, and at the first light touch of his lips a burning squall put an end to the unspeakable tension in my loins. I saw a small nacreous puddle of my precious light effluent appear suddenly upon his tongue which he had put out as though to receive Holy Communion and which he now quickly withdrew between his greedy lips. Then he looked up at me like a pet dog offering his thanks. Our pact was signed. He would be my confessor, and I would never be kept after school, nor undergo serious public humiliation.

Since we suffered at the time from an acute shortage of willing uncles, I started to visit Goudu much more frequently than my offenses against good discipline and

moral health made necessary. And little by little I learned who else belonged to Goudu's stable. Each of us knew who the others were, and yet none of us ever spoke about it.

Goudu was our mathematics teacher, and every class began with the Lord's Prayer and finished with a "Hail Mary . . . ", thus demonstrating once again how accommodatingly our religion has annexed the same rational science for the advocacy of which it once burned Bruno.

A curious little game started between our teacher and us which we played with the greatest good will. You couldn't move your little finger, nor turn your head, sneeze, or cross your legs without receiving a sound scolding and the honor of being kept after school on Saturday.

Every evening at five o'clock there was the traditional, boring study period. For two hours we were supposed to prepare our lessons while our wishes were to run outside and stage epic naval battles or show each other our penises for the hundredth time – always, so marvelous is youth, with the same emotion as at the first momentous unveiling. This was also the hour when Goudu granted his absolutions; that is to say, all those who had earned a punishment that day were summoned to the office of our sweet torturer, one after the other, to expiate our imaginary offenses.

But Goudu was a busy man and his tasks were arduous. To gain time with no loss of fun, he began to call up in pairs those boys he knew to be absolutely trustworthy and collaborative. Preferring the peace of established relationships, the good canon received

together the members of acknowledged and duly constituted couples formed in the promiscuity of the school dormitory and distributed the favors of his tongue with such impartial equality as to nip all latent jealousies in the bud, so to speak.

And thus it wasn't long before he discovered the beautiful love which bound me to Georges, the angel he had commissioned at the beginning of school to usher me into his paradise. Soon, like other lovers, we were reprimanded together, mostly for such crimes as looking at each other during class, and we were asked to come together to expiate our amorous offenses.

By custom, Georges preceded me. This was his privilege because he had been at school longer than I. He knew Goudu from the previous year.

It would have been quite unthinkable to side-step the ritual, open one's trousers right away and get on with things. No, one had to endure the interminable, unchanging expostulations over the benefits of discipline, submit to the repentances he recommended, and agree that it was the most normal thing in the world that our confessor should avail himself of our unscheduled visit to assure himself of our good health. Only then was it proper, showing a respectful lack of haste, to unbutton one's already bulging trousers in order to expose the problem in all its turgidity.

Georges, then, was the first to undergo his ordeal and I would take my place behind him. There I bent the protocol a bit: with my right hand I would bare the object soon to be examined by Goudu and proceed to induce in it the most delightful feelings, while with my

left I would caress my beloved Georges' buttocks as they moved generously to and fro to economize the energy expended by our good canon. (With a bishop, it is his ring which is kissed; with Goudu, it was his motionless mouth which received the adoration: energy is never provided by the recipient, always by the supplicant.)

Sometimes my left hand, moving over the marvelously satin-smooth Georgian buttock, met the hand of our priest. Goudu was a considerate person and understood that I wanted to share in my own way his enjoyment of my young lover. Interrupting its buttock-walk, the hand would jump like a flea to where my other hand was working and amuse itself there, while my dear Georges, giving satisfaction to the exigencies of his health inspection, would heave a great sigh and collapse in sweet exhaustion back against me.

Then it would be my turn. Without dressing, Georges would stand behind me and rub his soft satiated belly on my buttocks, while I gave our insatiable confessor his second dose of vitamins.

One day God got out on the wrong side of His bed, or perhaps our horoscope was bad and we hadn't read it. There was a change in the denouement of our traditional drama.

It all started as usual. The reason for our punishment was that I hadn't foreseen that I would run short of ink half way through a test, and Georges had smiled at my misfortune. Both of us were summoned a few minutes after study period began, and the usual expostulation wasn't shortened by so much as a comma.

Goudu looked tired, but the ritual was scrupulously observed.

It was at the time of culmination that things took an unusual turn. George was moving quietly back and forth in the rounded mouth of our confessor while, hands crossed behind his back, he caressed my ardent cock nosing between his buttocks.

But as the moment of great sighs and languorous abandonment approached, it was not Georges who collapsed against me, but, to our great surprise, Goudu. With a loud exhalation of breath, he fell forward on the belly of my friend. Since Goudu was very heavy, we sank back a bit, then pushed forward, my cock still nestling between the buttocks of my beloved, to support his great weight and finally swing him on his swivel-chair a half turn toward his writing desk. Fortunately Goudu had

remained seated; now he slumped over the desk, his cheek resting upon his writing pad and his mouth distorted into an ugly sneer.

With that accomplished, we were about to discuss this strange turn of events when forgotten nature asserted herself in Georges' loins.

“Oh-oh, I'm going to come!” he sighed.

And he did. The copious effusion of young manhood which my dear boy had intended for the voracious mouth of Goudu our confessor, for want of a suitable receptacle described a splendid trajectory in the free air, a parabola, no doubt, the formula of which Goudu our teacher could have derived for us, and came to rest in a long trail of little dots upon Goudu the canon's cassock.

When he came to his senses, Georges looked at me once again to try to comprehend what had happened. But I, well, at twelve I was already the way I am now. For a good half hour I had been rubbing my cock in the sweet cleft of my friend's buttocks, and now I had just watched him in delicious convulsion. That was too much.

"I'm coming t-t-too!" I moaned.

Always eager to oblige, Georges bestowed upon my most private and delicate parts an irresistible caress and an apocalyptic kiss, with the result that a second parabola of nacreous globules was fired off at a somewhat greater distance but with even more power than the first, and, the spurt at last spent, now neatly crossed Georges' on the cassock of our confessor.

This living white cross was our last blessing to the deceased Goudu. You, of course, have already guessed the truth, but at first we couldn't even imagine it. Nor did we dare slap him in an attempt at reanimation.

We just looked at each other for a long time. It took all our friendship to face the facts.

“Should we feel his pulse?”

Georges tried first. Then I did. Neither of us could detect a thing. But then I demonstrated to myself that I couldn't feel my own pulse, nor could I feel Georges'. This, however, proved nothing.

Next, we tried to detect his breath on the back of our hands. It was a long time before we could accept the truth: the body before us was no longer animated by anybody. Goudu was dead; the hands of the clock

couldn't be turned back, and we had best come to terms with this extraordinary and revolting development. Georges turned to me, stumbling over his trousers still puddled about his ankles, and said, "I feel nothing. Do you?"

There was no longer any doubt. Sadly, we hitched up our trousers. I'd always felt sorry when Georges' nice cock and adorable little tuft of hair disappeared inside those barbarian pants we all had to wear. Now, for the first time, I was glad to have them out of sight. Goudu, with his left cheek pressed into the same ugly grin by his writing pad, his upper torso twisted, his right arm hanging over the arm-rest, stared at us with empty eyes.

The cross of sperm upon his dark cassock, this strange blessing whose holy water was the ejaculate of schoolboys, this extraordinary sprinkling which he

wouldn't dare implore from God . . . wasn't it, though, the most beautiful benediction he could ever have hoped for? After one last look filled equally with fear and tenderness at the first dead body we had ever seen in our young lives, we crept out of that cursed office and resumed our places in the study hall.

Who found Goudu? The most superficial investigation would have determined that Georges and I were the last persons in his office, but nobody ever questioned us. The next morning the Father Superior announced that our good teacher and venerated prefect of studies had died in bed in his sleep the night before, without suffering, from a heart attack.

Then there was the funeral in our over-crowded chapel. Attendance was obligatory – the entire school, the local dignitaries, many of the boys’ parents, Monsignor the Bishop, ribbons, medals, decorations, everybody dressed up to the teeth. Even the chapel was draped in black and silver. The full complement of the church choir stood in the balcony in front of the organ – Georges and I among them.

And the Devil, too, was there. A few hours before the service began, a terrible storm blew up. Gusts of rain and hail, driven by a violent ice-cold wind, horizontally scourged the stained-glass windows of the chapel, roaring so loudly that nobody could hear what was being said. During the Responses, in order for us to hear the preacher and the priest who served the mass, the sound system had to be turned up so high that the needle

danced in the red region of the voltage dial. The distorted voices, metalized by the loudspeakers' roaring to subdue the elements, sounded like a cry of help from a clergy in rout. The storm was allying itself with fate and against the machinery of our oppressors; the black cassocks we could see from the balcony moving feverishly about in all directions across choir and nave looked marvelously ridiculous.

For once, the absolute power they had over everything was evading them. Of course we didn't take advantage of the situation, but every shriek of the sound system pushed beyond the limits of its capacity, each gust of the tempest roaring against the stained-glass windows, each candle blown out by the wind, each piece of crape tossed about by a draft became our mysterious accomplice. The most striking manifestations of the

Devil seemed to be conjured – as when the fuses to the organ’s air compressor blew out at the last moment and had to be replaced while the local dignitaries, with the Bishop leading them, were already in the nave. The service began in chaos.

Our Father Superior, arrayed in his most beautiful liturgical trappings, mounted the pulpit to give the funeral oration. He spoke to us about the exemplary piety of our dear departed, about his high moral standards, his unlimited dedication – body and soul – to the noble cause of our education (how well we knew that already!), a life devoted to our future welfare.

And still . . . every one of them must have known. Nobody could have remained ignorant, not even our Father Superior. It was impossible that so well established an institution could have remained a secret

for such a long time. How many classes of pupils, over more than thirty years, had presented their merry willies to the greedy lips of Goudu and, with a great sense of well-being, ejaculated upon his eager tongue? The fathers of some of my schoolmates were alumni themselves, and our semen-swallowing prefect had often boasted about presiding over their studies and triumphs at school. In some families, two or even three generations had made their spermatic contributions to this well-beloved confessor. They couldn't not know. And yet they had placed their children and grandchildren in the hands of this honorable institution, even though they would have seen any pederastic outsider daring to proposition their blond-headed darlings thrown in goal. True, their own successful lives proved beyond doubt that Goudu's practices didn't in the least harm the moral or physical health of the pupils entrusted to him, nor

interfere with their proper upbringing, blight their futures or prevent them from leading virtuous lives, but still . . .

And the good Jesuit fathers, with the Father Superior first among them, surely must have found the poor man just as we had left him. They must have carefully wiped away our jismatic blessing before carrying him through the dark corridors to his room and so furnished him with the honorable death whereby alone, in front of God, he was said to have breathed his last breath.

The funeral oration wound on before our horrified eyes, a tissue of lies unfurling from the pulpit, engulfing the audience dressed in its Sunday's best and vanishing there like cake at a wedding. Listening to this sordid ribbon of worldly vanity, my eyes strayed upwards, and all

I could see above the vaulted arches in the heaven of my dreams was the effusion of that marvelous nacreous stream with which hundreds, yes, even thousands, of schoolboys, standing row upon row with their cocks in hand, for thirty-five years had quenched the thirst of the irreplaceable deceased.

And there, on the balcony, in the serried ranks of the choir, the hand of young de Brethmas found in the half darkness the hand of little Georges, took hold of it and squeezed. Then their glances met with the marvelous realization that their thoughts were identical. Each read in the other's eyes his rebellion, his loathing of hypocrisy, the monstrous mendacity, the duplicity and the vice of their religious pedagogues. Without speaking, they understood each other. This is what love can do.

And every new lie screeching from the loudspeakers
sowed in their pure and fertile souls the seeds of disbelief.