

THE TRIUMPH OF HERCULINE BARBIN

Herculine, definition prefers you circumspect. We shall reserve ministrations. Mind the course that makes your sexuation. Here is your voice: *Yes*. Do not refer to Ursuline. Memories of Ursuline begin *My bare soles were cool on the tile* Do not. A pair of trousers awaits you, afforded by jury; the panel has fixed your seam. Are you not amused. In service to deontics, make the trousers full. Curtsy. Slippage is poor form. Barbin, repay the panel with a bow. Do not follow with penury in Paris—be right. Dr. Gasquet has heard you exclaim *In a space where charts make metaphysik, even the seraph's blast is reduced to hash*es—this is called 'hysteric.' Barbin, you will indeed escape the scent of camphor: administer your cologne. Humanity is managed by a kind of titular. There will be no clarification. You will likely botch the operation of a coal stove. I cannot register 'My centigrade is like a captive star.' Nor is laughter satisfactory. Here is your voice: *My bare soles were warm on the tile* Do not *cool was the touch of sheets and how I laughed with her in the jostling* *Yes and next I was held I was more than enough much more I did laugh* Proscriptions follow *Yes I did laugh* *Yes I refuse* Here is your voice: