

# MUTZENBACHER

A Film by Ruth Beckermann

## EXCERPT 1

The saying goes that young whores eventually become old religious crones, but that was not the case with me. I became a whore at an early age and experienced everything a woman can in bed, on tables, on benches, leaning against bare walls, lying in the grass, in dark hallways, in private bedrooms, on railway trains, in the barracks, in brothels, and in jail. In fact, in every conceivable place where it was possible, but I have no regrets. I am along in years now and the pleasures which my sex can afford me are fast disappearing. I am rich and faded, and often quite lonely and yet it never occurred to me, even though I was always a devout believer, to do penance.

Coming from poverty and squalor as I do, I own everything to my body. Without this greedy body of mine, inflamed as it was early on to every sensual pleasure and practiced in every vice from childhood onwards, I would have perished, like many of my playmates, in the poorhouse or gone under as a washed-up, mindless working-class drudge. Yet I didn't suffocate in the filth of the suburbs. Instead, I received a wonderful education, for which I have solely my whoring to thank, bringing me as it did into contact with many distinguished and learned men. I allowed myself to be enlightened, and found that us poor, low-born women are not so much to blame as we are led to believe. I have seen the world and expanded my horizons, and all this I owe to my way of life, which some call "depraved."

If I write of my experiences now, then I do so only to shorten the hours of loneliness and to call forth from memory that which I am missing now. I find this to be far better than hours spent doing penance for my own edification, something which my pastor would surely enjoy, but which doesn't speak to my heart at all and would surely be an endless bore for me. I also find that my way of life and others like mine hasn't been written down anywhere. The books that I have looked through tell nothing of the sort. And after all, it probably would be good if those noble and rich men who delight in us, who lure and entice us and allow us to get them tied up in all sorts of impossible things, if they learned for once what it's like inside one of those girls, whom they so ardently embrace; where they come from, what they experienced and what they think.

## EXCERPT 2

K: "Did the Catechist do anything to you?"

P: "No," I said.

K: "I mean, did he touch you—you know what I mean?"

P: "Yes."

K: "Where did he touch you?"

P: "There!", I bashfully answered, pointing to my waist.

K: "And what else?"

P: "Here", pointing to my chest.

K: "Doctor, I don't think there was anything of interest there."

The Doctor came to me, grabbed my breasts and said: "Oh, enough..., quite enough"

K: "So, now tell me, why did you let him do all this?"

P: "Because the Mr. Catechist wanted it."

K: "Well, why didn't you say, 'Please Mr. Catechist, I don't like that ...'?"

P: "Because I didn't dare to."

K: "Out of respect and fear of the Mr. Catechist?"

P: "Yes, out of fear."

K: "Tell me, you didn't give him a reason? You never said: 'I want to do it ...'?"

P: "No".

K: "Now, tell me one more thing, but the absolute truth, you understand! Did you like what the catechist did to you? "

P: (silent)

K: "I mean, did you like to play with his, with that thing?"

P: "Oh no!"

K: "When he put that thing into you, was it comfortable or did it hurt you?"

P: "Sometimes it hurt me, but not always."

K: "So, little girl, it gave you pleasure, and you enjoyed doing it, right?"

P: "No, I didn't like doing it."

K: "But you yourself said that it gave you pleasure."

P: "I can't help it, if it goes back and forth..."

K: "All right, all right. You didn't like doing it, and it felt good involuntarily, right?"

P: "Yes".

K: "Mr. Mutzenbacher, I am very sorry that you had to hear such a sad testimony. It is deplorable that an irresponsible and confused priest took your daughter's innocence. The little one is still young. No one will find out about this. And through a strict moral upbringing you will hopefully prevent any bad consequences."

### **EXCERPT 3**

It is impossible to write down everything that I experienced during those years that I was a whore. Yet my childhood memories, no matter how varied and eventful they may be, have stuck with me and I have written of them here. After all, they are childhood memories, though of a sexual nature and admittedly not very childlike. But they remain far deeper and more lastingly engraved in our memory than anything else that we later experience.

When you consider that there are 365 days in a year, and when you count at least three men per day, that comes to eleven hundred men in one year. Over a period of three decades, that's 33,000 men. That's a good-sized army! And you wouldn't expect nor wish for me to give an individual account of every single one of those 33,000 tools that have waggled me over the years.

It also isn't necessary for me to do so. Neither for me, who has written these pages, so that the main phases of my life may slide past me, nor for those who will perhaps leaf through this record after I am dead. Because in the end, love is nothing but nonsense. A woman is like an old reed pipe with only a few holes and on which you can only play a few notes. All men do the same. They lie on top, we lie on the bottom. They pound us and we get pounded. That is the whole difference.