

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

071 - 631 6299
FAX 071 - 631 6270



**BIRKBECK
COLLEGE**

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
Malet Street, London WC1E 7HX

Ken Follett,
92 Cheyne Walk,
London SW10 0DQ

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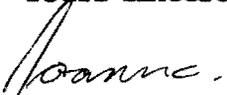
Dear Ken Follett,

Apologies for my rushed note to you last week: I was "on route" to Belfast and Derry for the week.

I should have provided you with a few words of disapprobation earlier. There are some on the following page — I'll send you more later (to be honest, this is a nightmarish week for me and I know a Victorian novel which is full of them, but need to dig under my bed and pull it out!). Also, I enclose some more general slang words used in Victorian pornography, and a rather fine Victorian song....

I hope this will keep you going until my next note!

Yours sincerely,



Joanna Bourke

Victorian Slang, and Two Lyrics by a "Flash Songster"

Words of Disapprobation:

dirty rascal
dog
ponce
scoundrel
slut

Copulate, to: to get Jack in the orchard,
give a bit of snug for a bit of stiff,
to strum
spike and shaft

Deflower, to: stretch leather

Fellator, to act as fellator to a woman fresh from fucking another man: to
gamahuche a buttered bun

Female pudendum: ingle-nook,
a bit of pork,
the butter boat,
the naggie,
pussy,
chink

Female pudendum (of a young girl): cuntlet

Female pudendum (of an old woman): bushel-cunt

Grope, to: to girky-toodle (!! I like this one!)

Lady's man: tame cat
carpet-knight

Penis: tool
chink-stopper

Penis which lacks power: lob-prick,
a lob

Poxed, to be: to go by Clapham and come home by way of Had'em

Professional masturbator (generally a "foundered whore"): shagstress

Semen: cream

Testes, the: bawbels

Visit one's mistress, to: to go for one's greens

Whoremonger, to: to molrow
to grouse

"Dip, the Tallow Chandler"
(Tune: The Gay Guitar)
(c.1865)

A tallow chandler I'm by trade,
They call me greasy dip,
The wife, the widow, and the maid,
Do daily to me trip.
I always yet have pleased their taste,
No one in fact denies,
I've thick, and short, and long, and strong,
Can always suit their size.

When in the tub, I dip my wick,
What melting moments then,
I burn with rapture and delight,
And draw it out again.
Then, when it's cold and stiff it stands,
I dip it in once more;
Until it melts, then out it comes
Much limper than before.

When ladies take me in their hand,
They set me in a flame;
I burn all night, with true delight,
And blush quite red with shame.
And since they call me honest dip,
My actions are upright,
They will, no doubt, if fate decree,
Hereafter come to light.

"Mounting a Maid"
(Parody of "Mountain Maid")
(c.1865)

The mountain maid from her bower hied
To wash her q—m at the river side
Where the radiant moon shone clear and bright,
On her latter—end so lily white;
On a mossy bank lay a sheppard swain,
Who woke his pipe to a tuneful strain,
And so blithly and gay, were the notes he play'd
That he quickly mounted a mounting maid.

She lay with pleasure quite oppressed,
While he lay close to her panting breast
'Till he was out of breathe they say,
And could alas! no longer lay;
She took his pipe then in her hand
Another tune to make him stand,
And so blithly and gay, where [sic] the tune he's play'd
When he mounted again the mounting maid.

[all misspellings in original]

In addition, you might be interested in the following story... One dominant theme in Victorian pornography (c.1860s-70s) is the aphrodisiac effect of nosegays, especially when combined with flagellation. The following is from a publication called Exhibition of Female Flagellants (London, c.1860s), p.39:

"Some people look at them [enormous nosegay] as great a provocation as birch itself, and that, not only physicians on the continent, but many in this country prescribe for sterile men and women."

[Then, in a footnote to this sentence, the following story is appended...]

"A country gentleman of large fortune had been married for many years to a very beautiful and seemingly fruitful woman. The want of children was the only thing that made them unhappy. When the lady arrived in London a few winters ago, she patronised a very sensible and beautiful opera-dancer, to whom, in private correspondence, she expressed her uneasiness about her sterility, or her husband's incapacity. The Italian lady told her nothing was so efficacious as whipping the posteriors of her husband (if the fault lay in him) during the amorous engagement with him; and to prove her assertion true, she repeated the physician's anecdote from the "Philosophical Theresa", and strengthened it with assuring her she herself assisted in a similar scene. The lady pondered on it, related it to her husband, and prevailed upon him to go through the operation. The lady was engaged at a high price to administer the rod, which she did in that opera dress that pleased him most; and in less than a month, and by the time she had whipped him a dozen times (each space of which he was in an amorous engagement with his wife) the lady to her great joy found herself pregnant."