

Let's set the scene.

This entire story is kind of insane, and there are a lot of holes as well as confusing timeframes and even more confusing people so just bear with me.

It's 1673. France. King Louis the 14th has a Master of Horses named Count d'Armagnac. Count d'Armagnac had a secretary. That secretary had a baby.

The baby was named Julie d'Aubigny. Welcome baby!

At first, she lived in the riding school at the Tuileries Palace in Paris, then moved with the court to Versailles in 1682, and spent her youth in the Great Stables. Her father was an accomplished swordsman and trained the court pages, and so educated his only child alongside the boys. She dressed as a boy and excelled at fencing from an early age.

By the age of 14 she had become d'Armagnac's mistress. So Julie is fucking her dad's boss. Go off queen. Then d'Armagnac said that's enough, let's get you a husband so we can keep sleeping together! So they did. They found the timid sieur de Maupin, who was promptly dispatched to the provinces to a stimulating job in tax collection. Some accounts claim he was sent off the morning after the wedding.

So she gets married, and then her husband gets sent away so she can keep fucking her dad's boss. True tomfoolery going on in France.

But Julie gets bored. She finds a fencing master called Séranne. He teaches her cool stuff about fencing and fighting, and she bangs him. Win win for everyone. For reference, This man was a menace.

He was on the run for murder after he stabbed some dude to death in an alley in Paris. She then decides to ditch his broke ass and start making money on her own, because she eventually became a better fighter than he was. She decides to make money by giving fencing demonstrations at fairs and in taverns around Marseille. She does a little sword trick, sings a little song, and then challenges someone to a duel, where she absolutely roasts that person with a song and beats the ever living shit out of them. At one of these demonstrations, a man refused to believe she was a woman because she was too good at fencing. So what did Julie do to prove him wrong?

Boobs. Out in front of everyone. Flash them yiddies girl.

So Julie finally decides to get a real job. What job do you think she got??

You're wrong. She becomes the star of the Paris opera. Apparently, while this chick was singing songs to humiliate her enemies in the dueling circle, some powerful 1600's-era-capitol-records executives were in the audience, and they were so impressed by her melodious contralto voice that they decided she should be doing better shit than stabbing people in the balls for spare change.

In the span of a few months, the woman known in Marseilles only as "La Maupin" (meaning "The Mapuin") went from a completely untrained street performer to the lead actress in the world's most respected Opera, playing roles of badass classical chicks like Pallas Athena, Medea, and Dido. In addition to her flair for the dramatic and innate musical talent, it also helped that La Maupin had a near-photographic memory and rarely needed to read her lines more than once before committing them to memory.

If we haven't figured it out this far, Julie fucks. She's gotta be an aries. It's the only thing that makes sense so far. She was constantly fighting or sleeping with various dudes and chicks in the opera. She wasn't hating on any genitalia and wanted all of it immediately. Hardcore bisexual.

Apparently some guy was being a giant douche to one of Julie's opera friends, and when she heard about it, she waited for him after work and challenged him to a duel for honor in the middle of the street. When this dude refused to pull his sword and fight, she beat his ass with a wooden cane, stole his pocket watch and left him in the alley. The next day, when everyone at the opera noticed he had two black eyes and asked what happened, he said he got mugged in the street by two black guys with hammers and bats. As soon as he said this, Julie whips out the pocket watch she stole from him and called him out for being a liar. Then, to make it even better, she forced him to kneel and beg for forgiveness before she would give his shit back.

I. con. Ic.

Here's my favorite Julie story:

Julie D'Aubigny could pull off some feats of romantic badassitude that most men could only dream of. The most notable example of this was the time that she became a nun just so she could hook up with one of the sisters in the convent.

SO, Julie got some super-hot lusty blonde to fall in love with her while performing in the opera. When the blonde's parents found out their daughter was a *gay*, they had their "ravished" daughter put into a convent, totally unaware that this wasn't going to be nearly enough to deter our psycho, Julie. D'Aubigny took the holy orders, entered the convent as an initiate, waited for an old nun to LITERALLY DIE, put that body in the hot-blonde's room, created a diversion by setting the fucking convent on fire, snuck blondie out of there, and shacked up with her for a few months.

The blonde was eventually returned to her family, and Julie continued slutting her way across the countryside dressed as a man. One day she literally bumped into a young nobleman, Comte d'Albert, who challenged her to a duel, not realizing she was female. She beat him, wounded him, nursed him back to health, and in some accounts he is the great romance of her life. At the very least they were lifelong friends.

One time a trio of drunk assholes were giving Julie shit while she was performing her songs in a rowdy tavern, so the star of the Paris Opera took all three of them out into the grassy courtyard, and when they all jumped her at the same time with their swords she drew her blade and made sure every single one of them was suffering from multiple stab wounds before she went back to the tavern. The next day she felt kind of bad about stabbing one of the dudes, so she went to his room to see how he was doing, and then ended up seducing him and getting busy with him relentlessly for like three weeks straight.

On another occasion, La Maupin was at a Royal Ball in the palace of King Louis XIV, attending as the guest of Louis' brother, Prince Philippe of France. She showed up to the party dressed as a man in a scarlet tunic and immediately started dancing with all the hot bitches, showing up all the young dudes looking for hot young wives. This was fine and all, but when La Maupin had the audacity to tongue-kiss a particularly fine-looking blonde marquise right in front of the entire Royal family, three jackass noblemen got a little bent out of shape about it and told Maupin she needed to start acting like a lady and stop macking on all the hot babes. La Maupin offered to take it outside, defeated all three men in three consecutive duels, then came back to the party while the trio of idiots were still bleeding in the street. This event drew a little heat

on Julie, so while she waited for things to cool down she decided to go to Brussels for a while and have an affair with the German Prince who happened to be the guy in charge of ruling over the Spanish Netherlands (no biggie).

The anti-duelling laws in France were becoming much more strict at the time, but d'Aubigny managed to win royal pardon on the grounds that the law at the time governed only men. These laws didn't say anything about women, as the nation assumed women couldn't possibly know how to fight.

Julie may have only been pardoned twice, but she didn't stay out of trouble for long. She threatened to shoot the Duchess of Luxembourg, found herself in court for attacking her landlord and humiliated the popular Countess Marino to whom she was a maid by adorning the back of her hair with radishes before a 'grand ball'.

A later lover, the Elector of Bavaria, soon found d'Aubigny too intense after she stabbed herself on stage with a real dagger, offering her 40,000 francs on the condition that she leave him alone.

Julie d'Aubigny ended her days heartbroken for Madame la Marquise de Florensac, the 'most beautiful woman in France', who died of a fever in 1705 when Julie was 31. D'Aubigny died in a convent in 1707 at the age of 33, according to some historical sources.

All in all, we should definitely live our lives like Julie. Fighting men in the streets and sleeping with whoever we want.

