

120 Days of Sodom

Manfred Zylla

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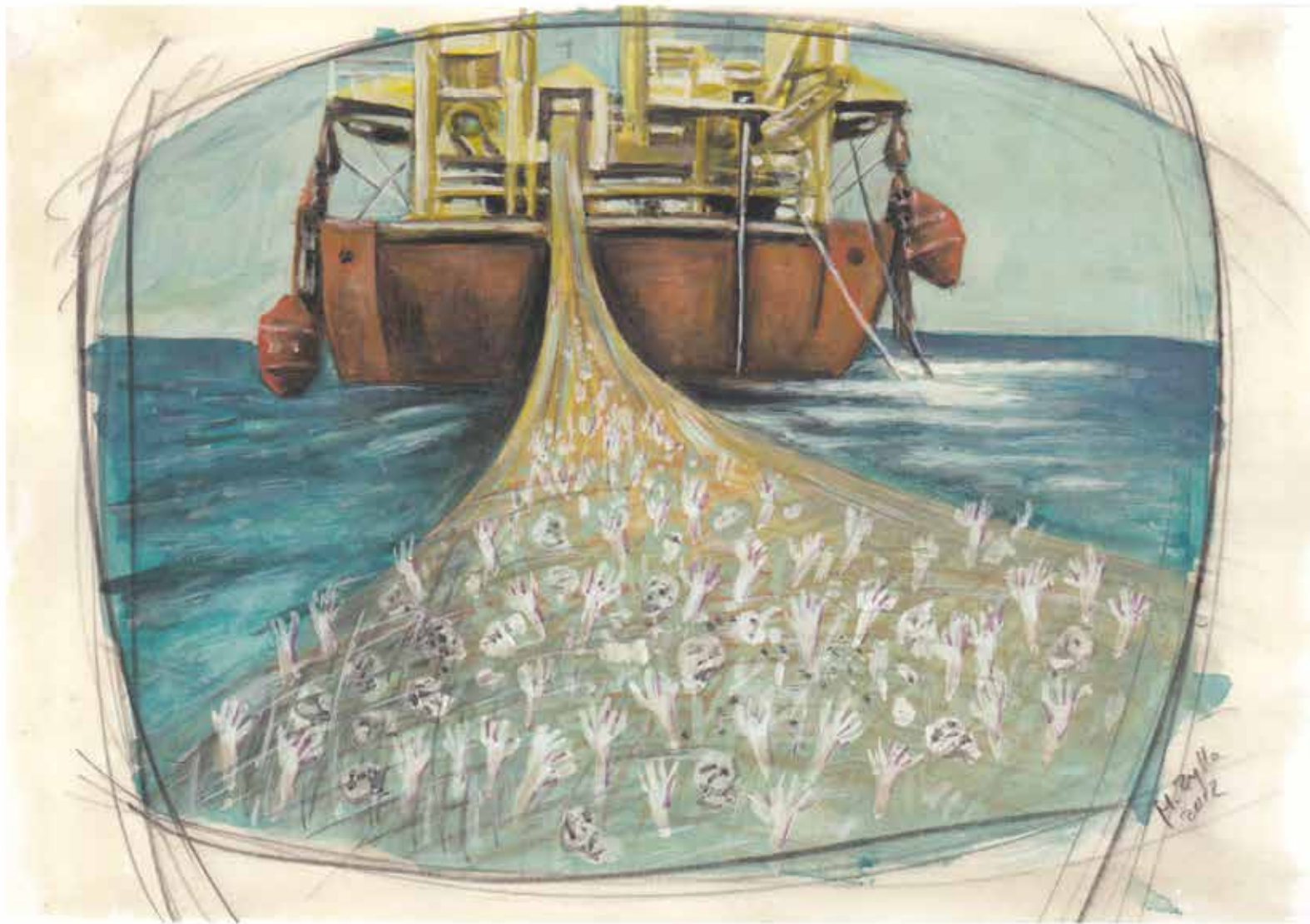
ERDMANNCONTEMPORARY

Manfred Zylla
120 Days of Sodom
Gouache on paper
21 x 14.8 cm
2012



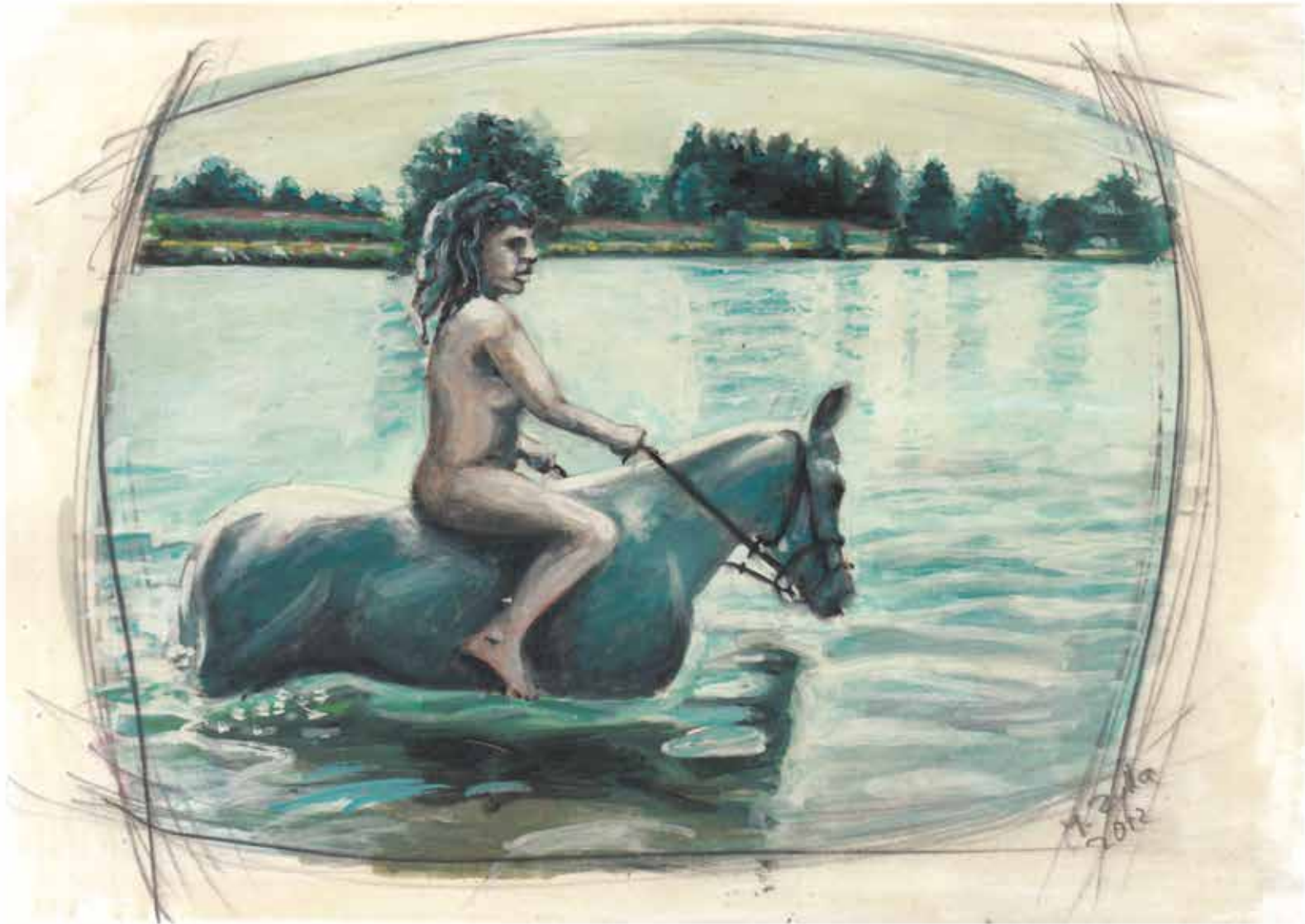




















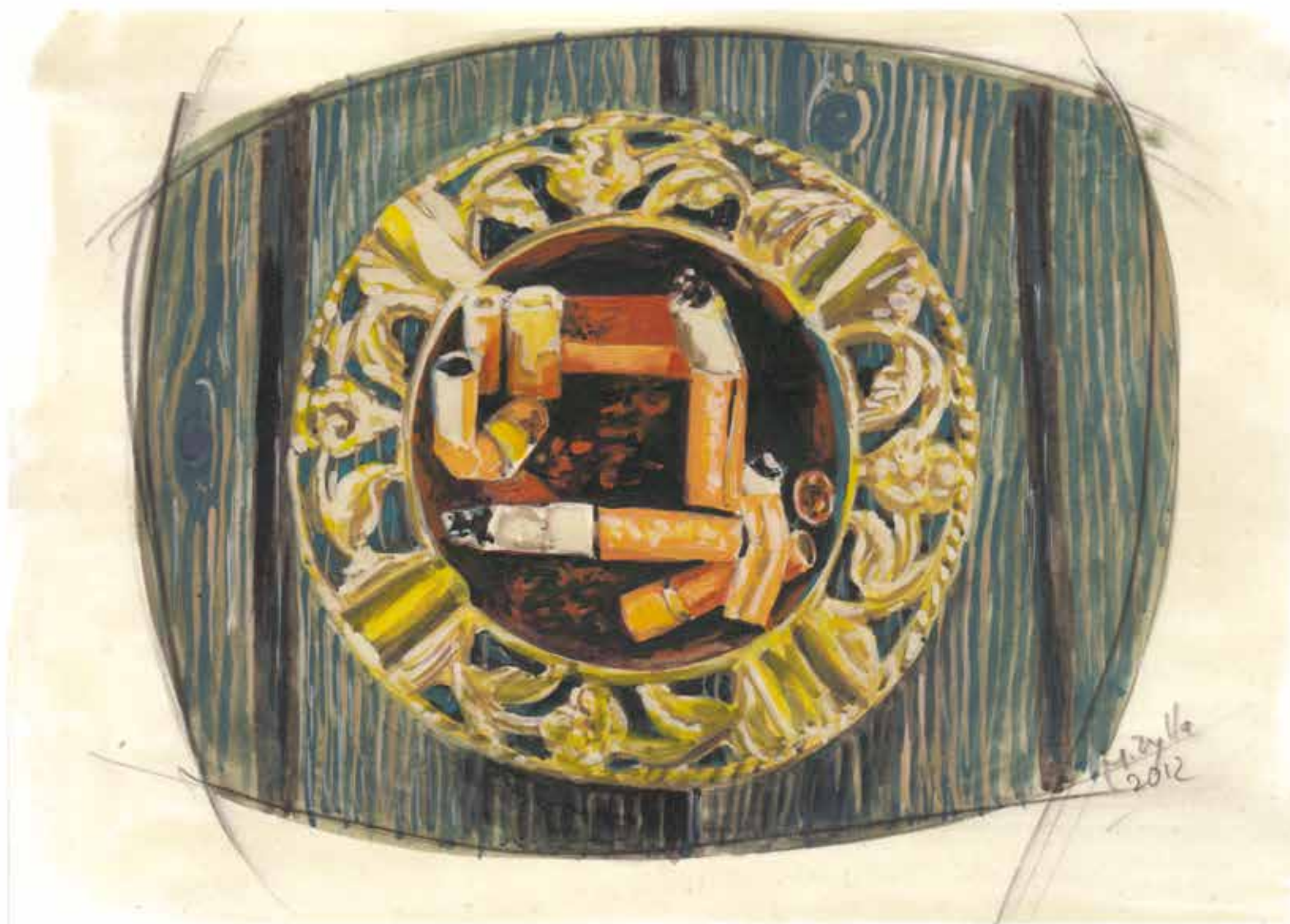






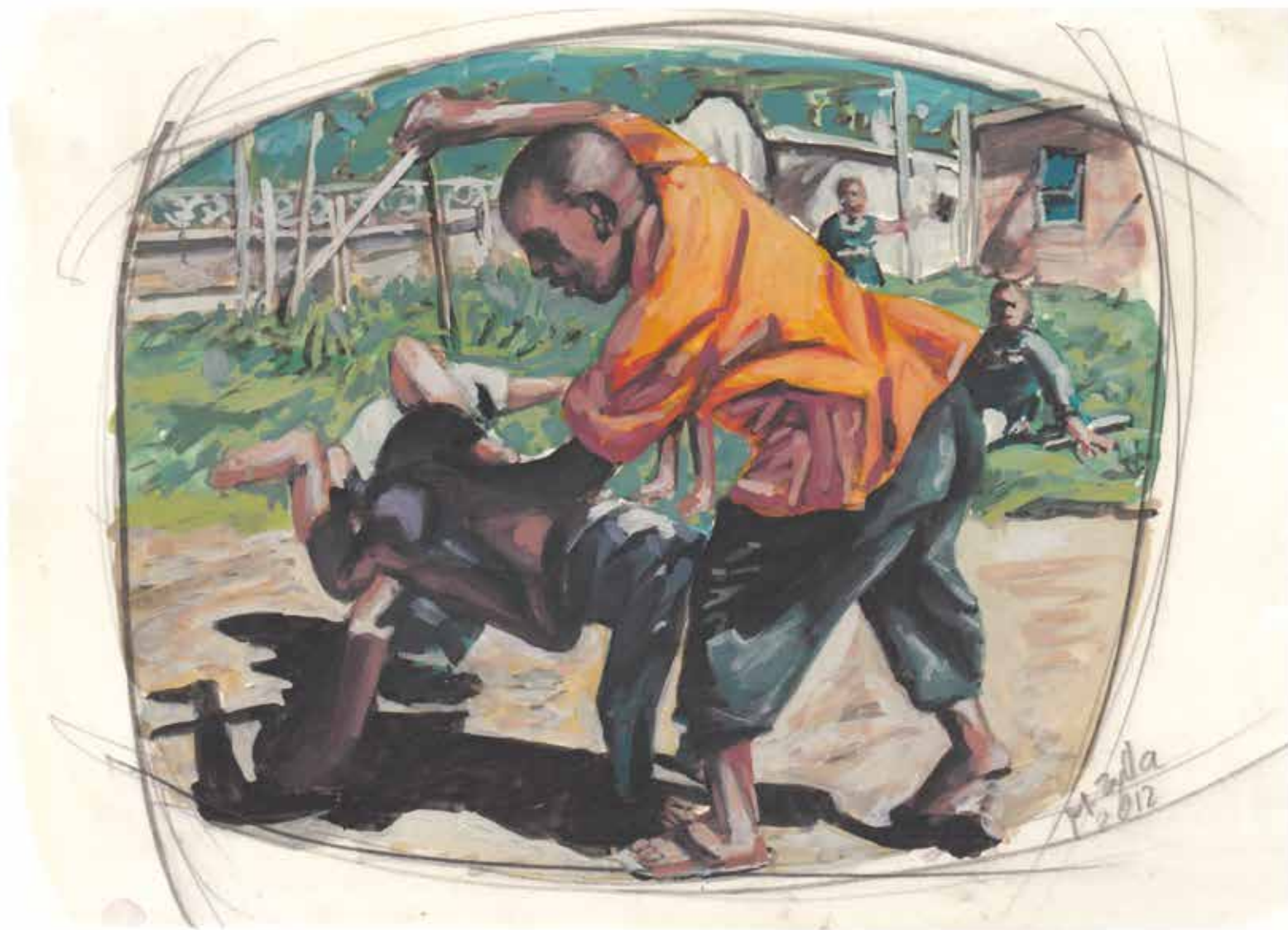
















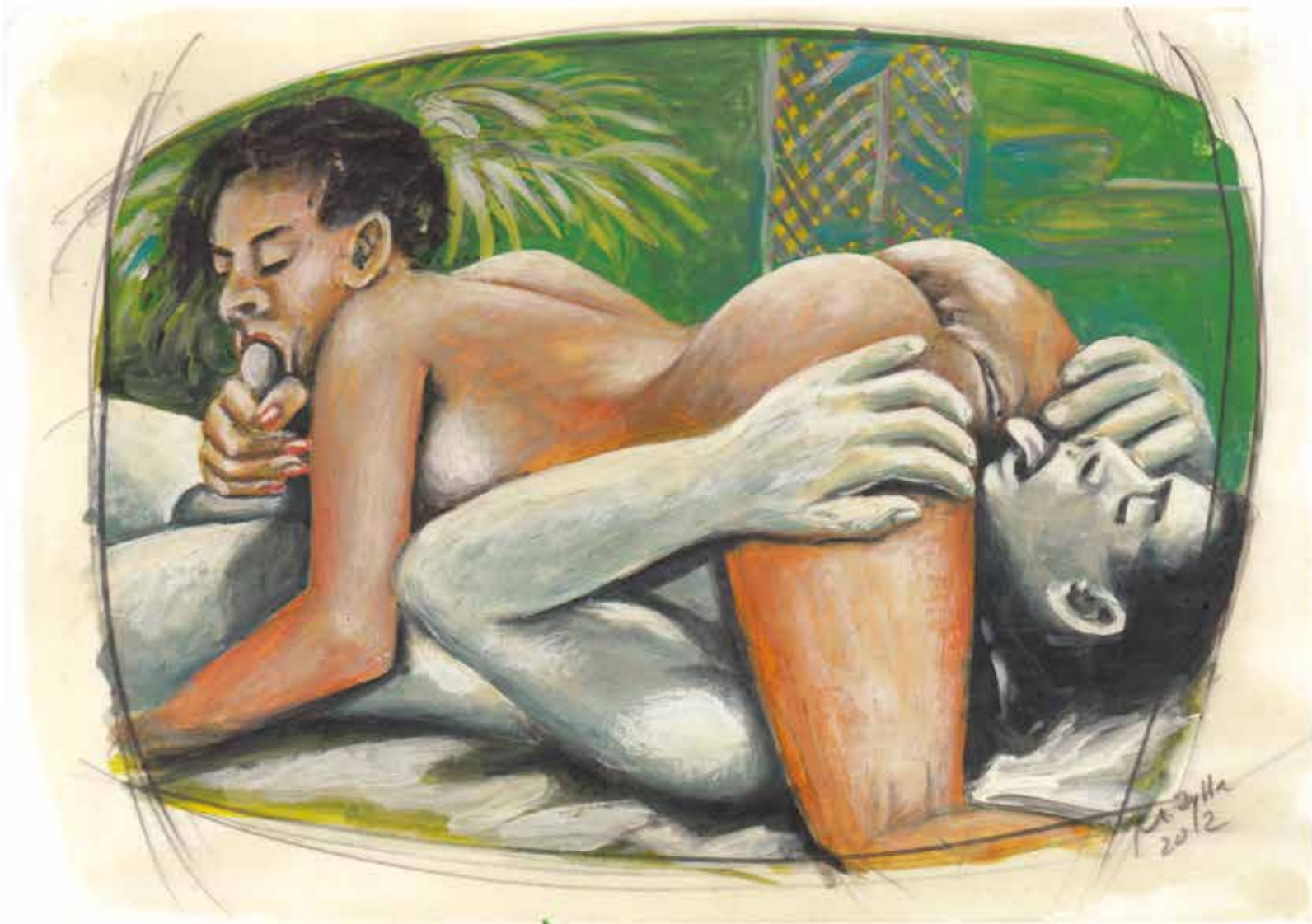


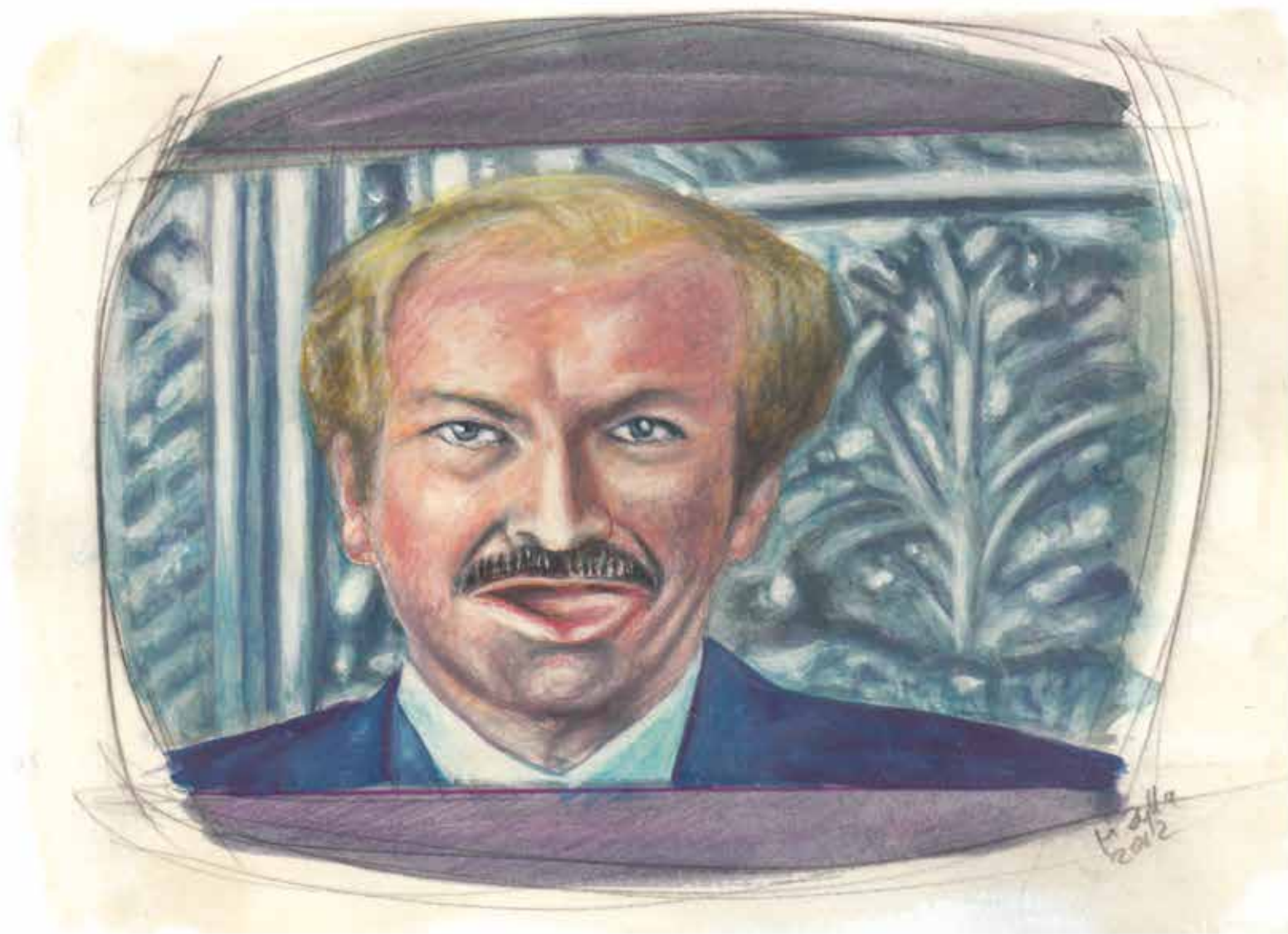












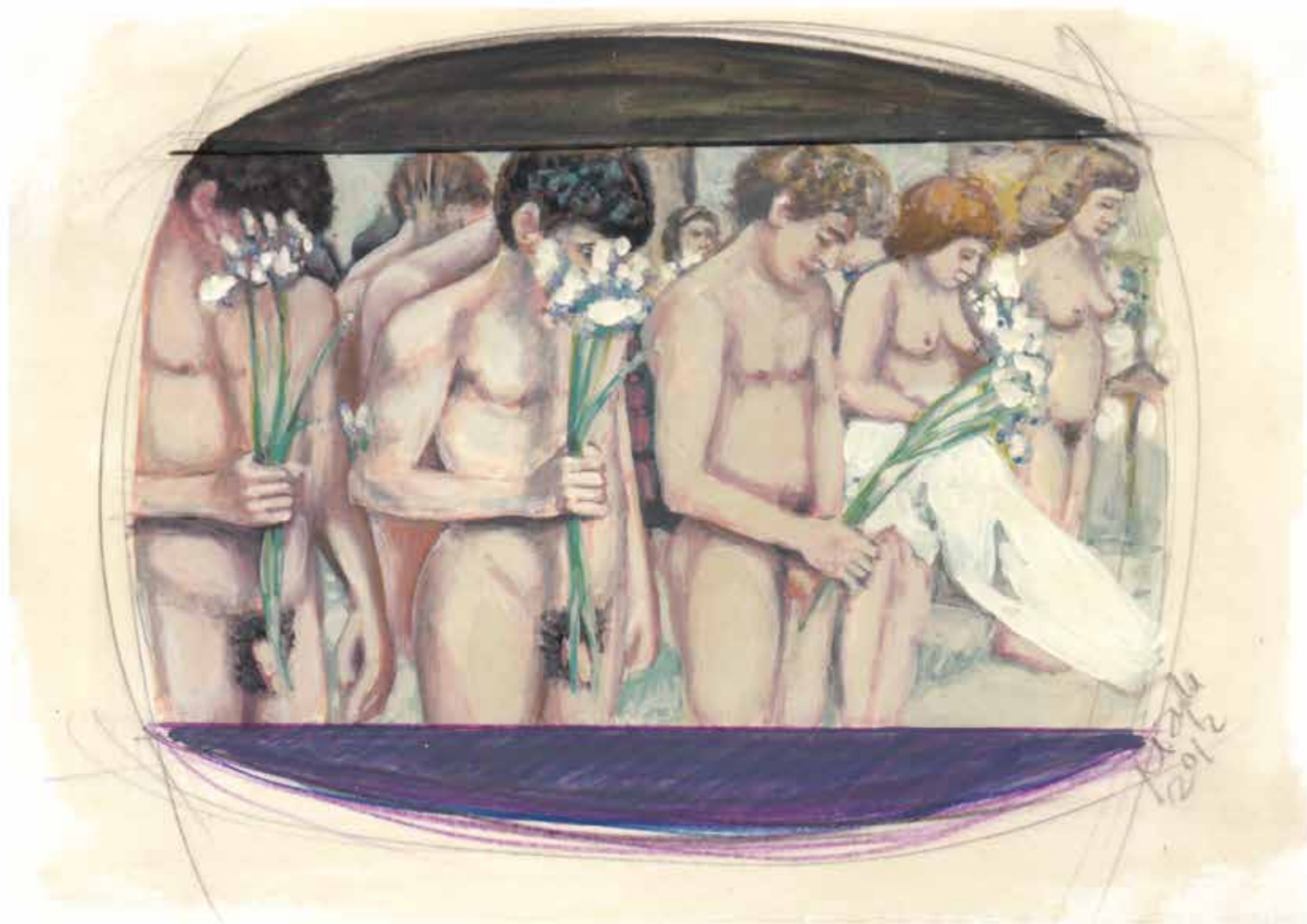






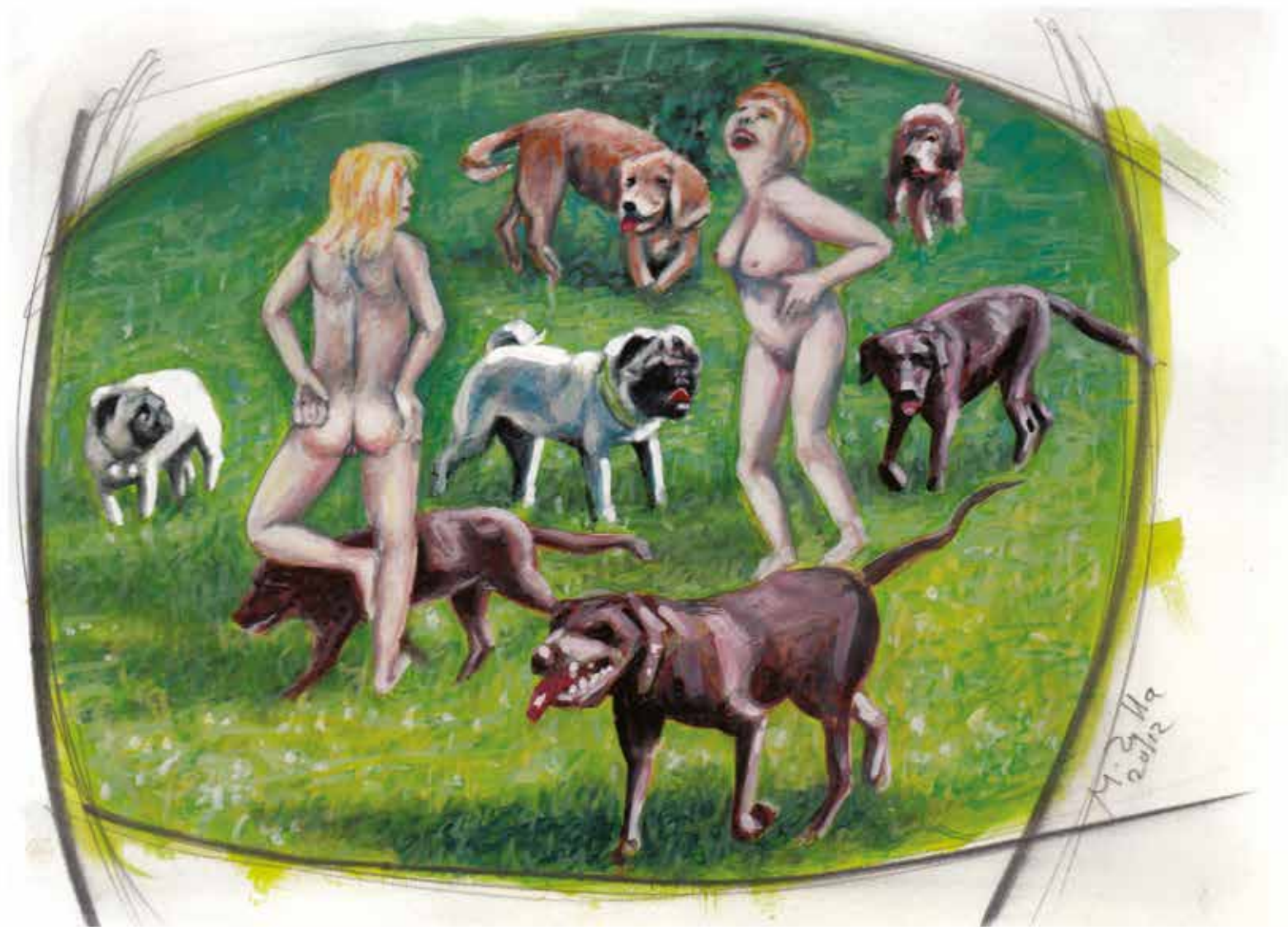


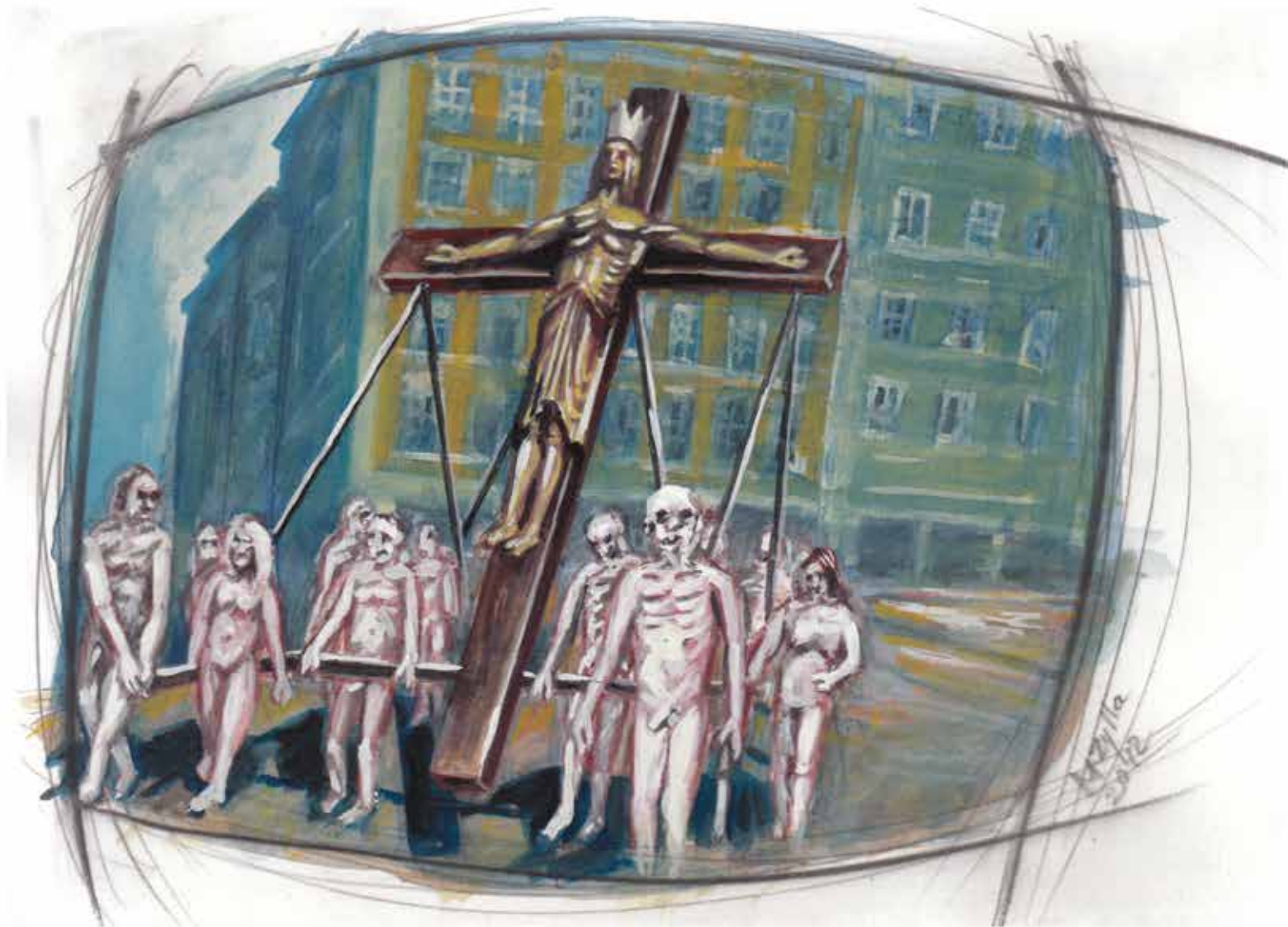






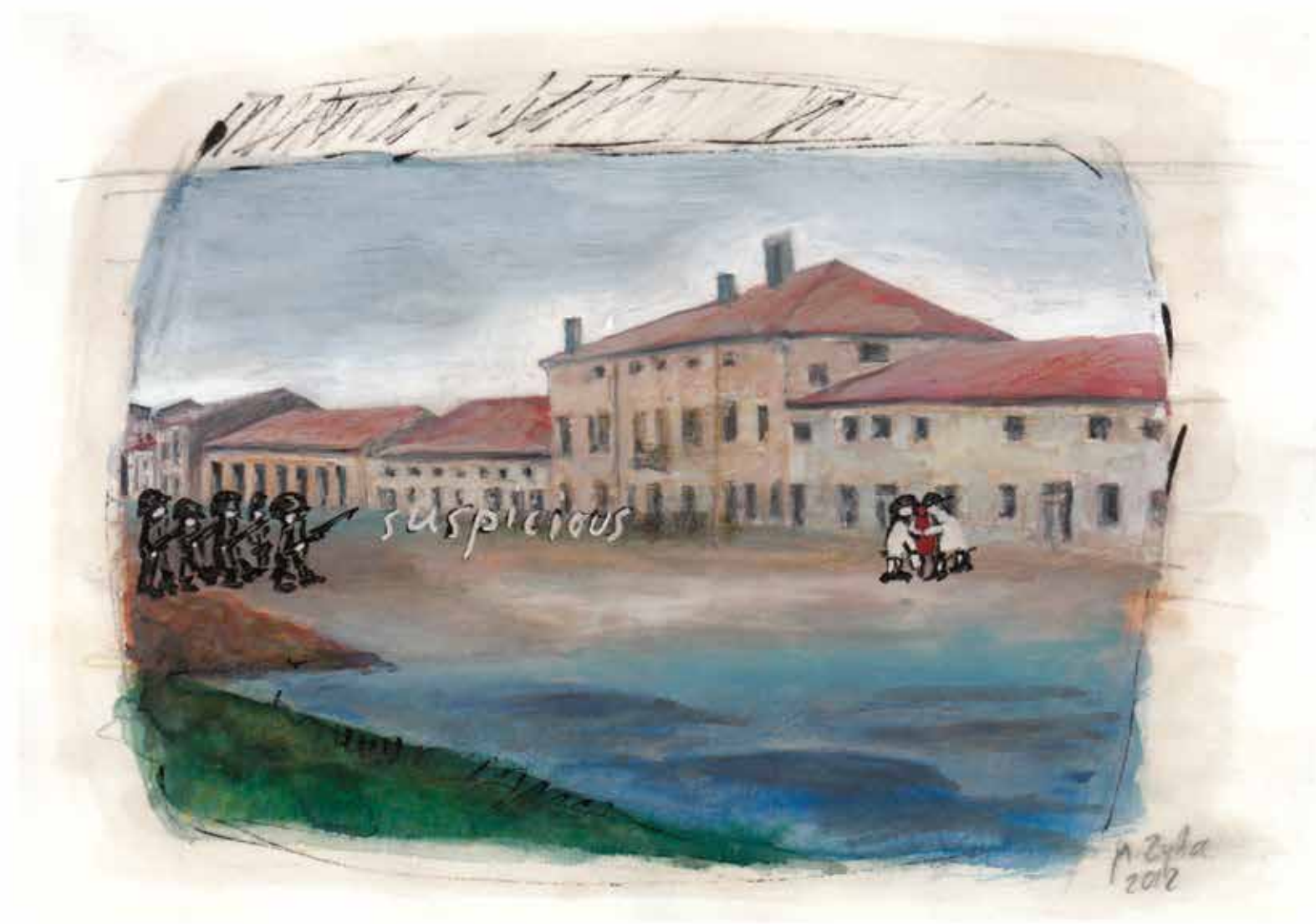








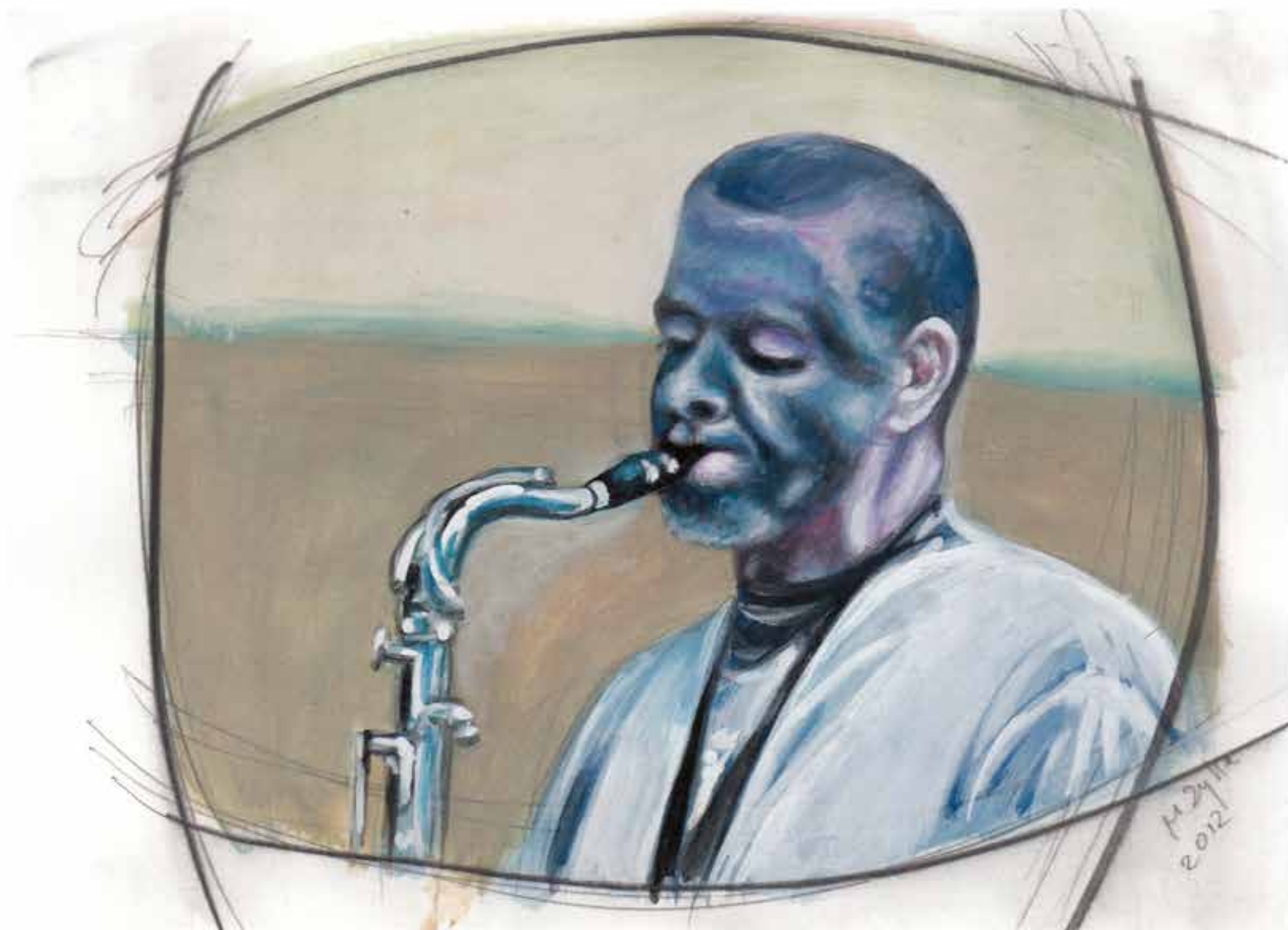








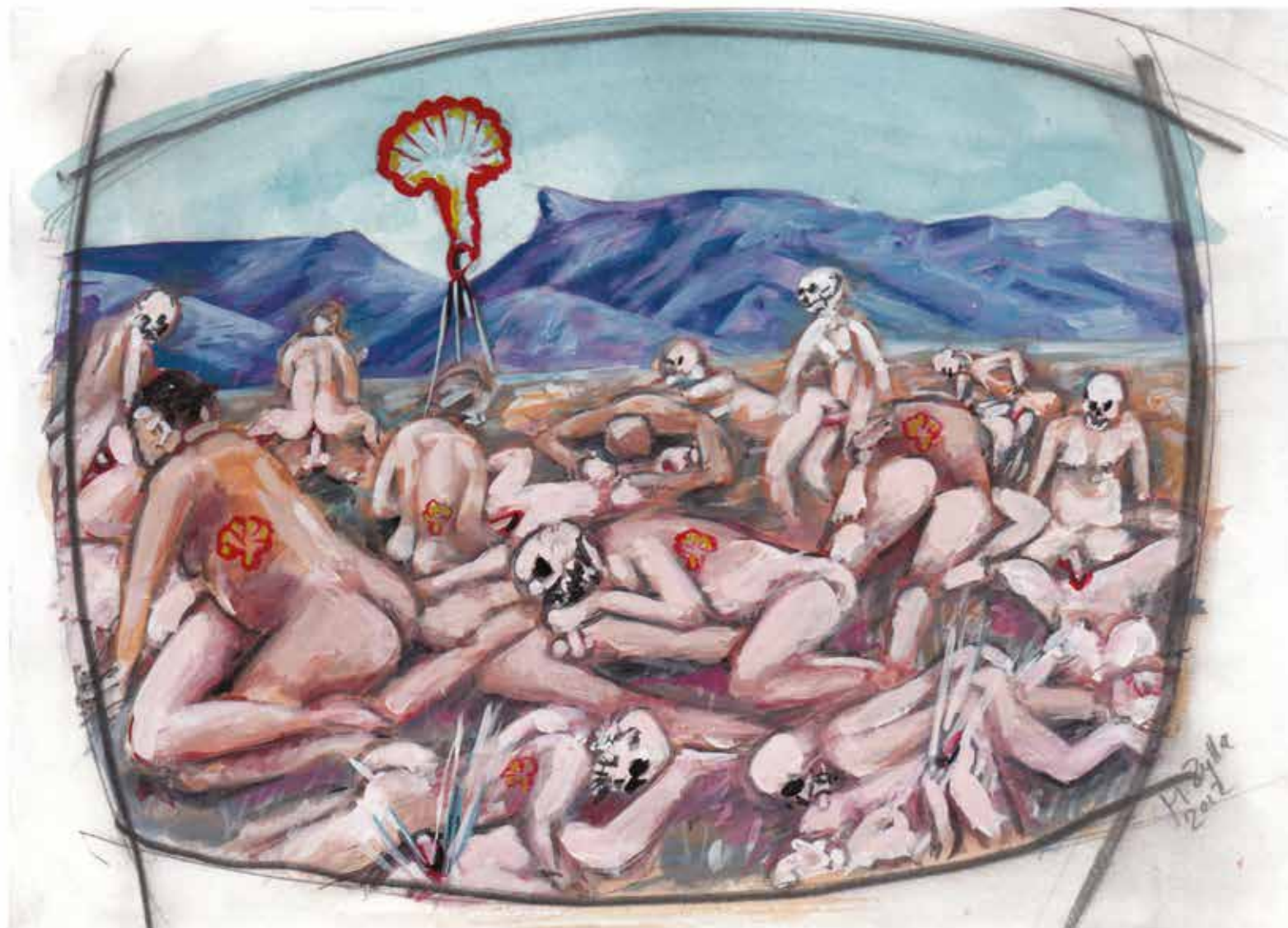




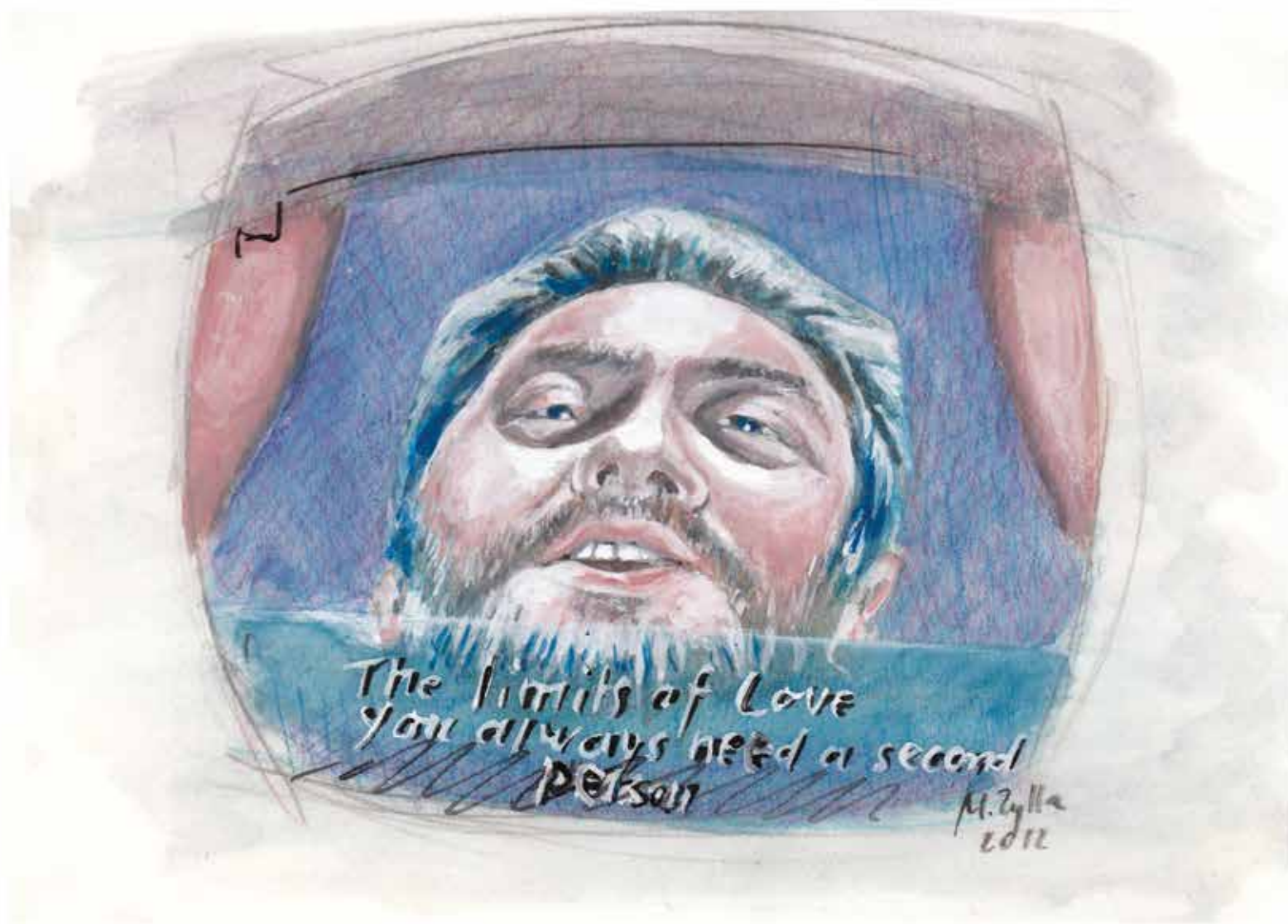




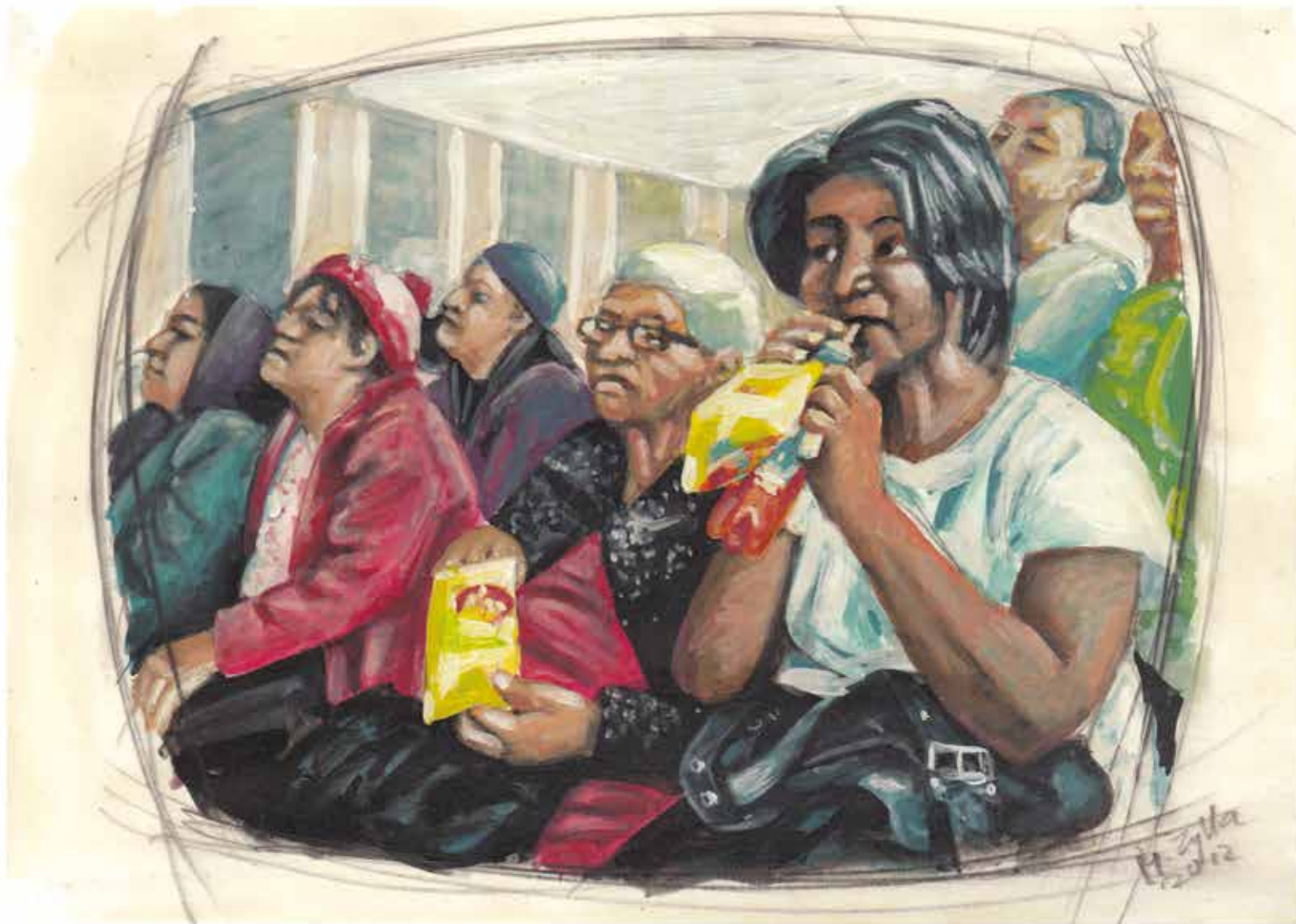
















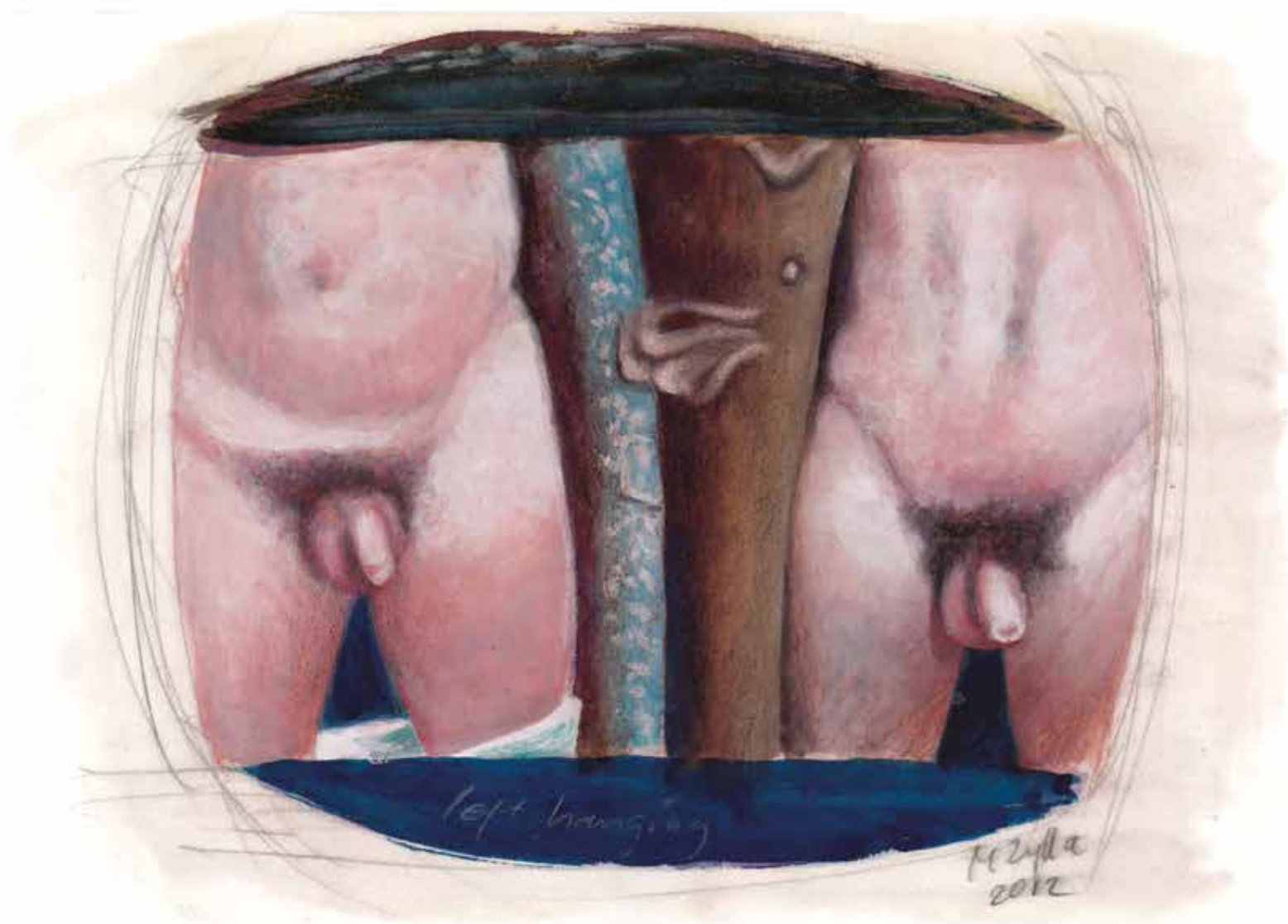


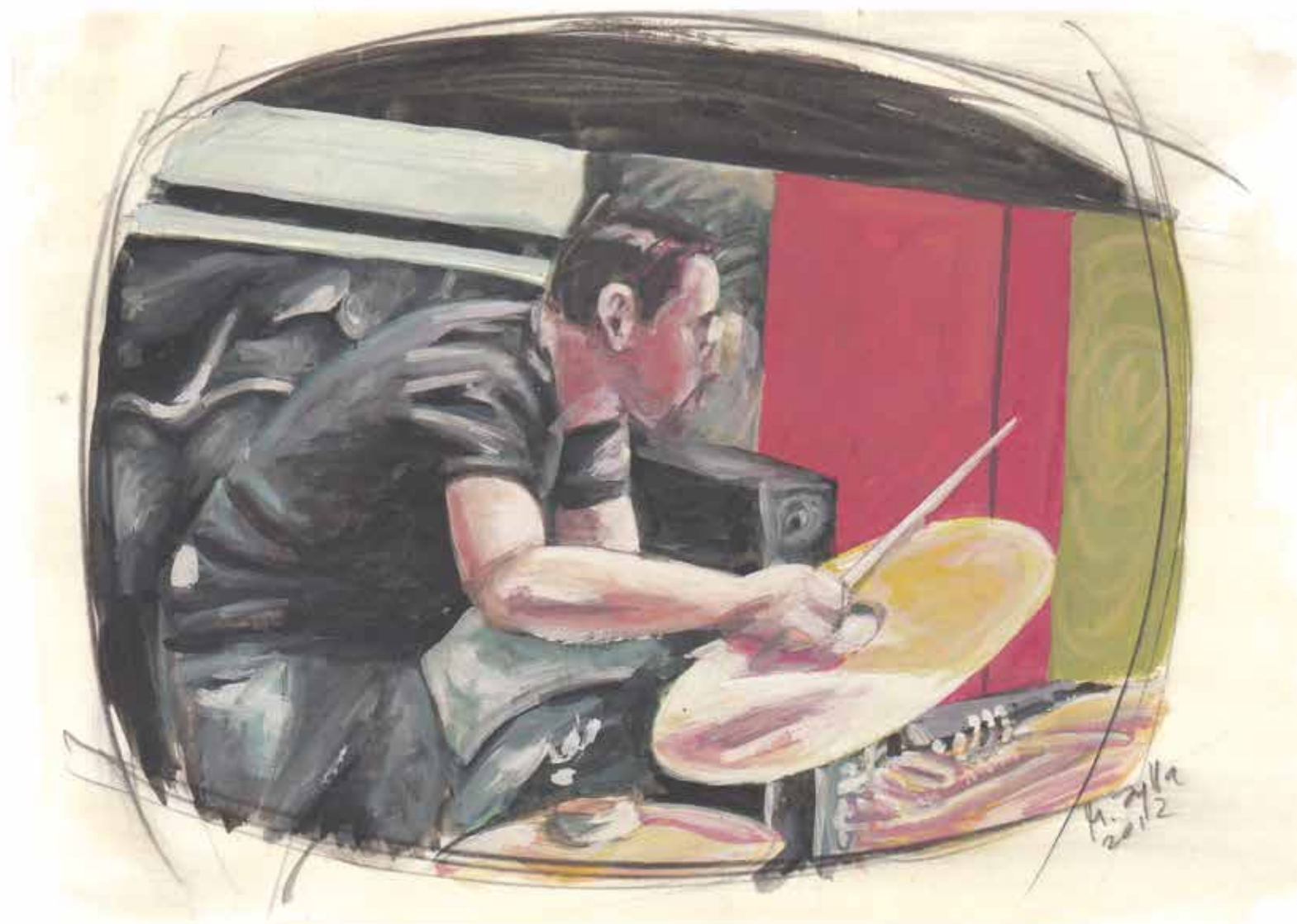




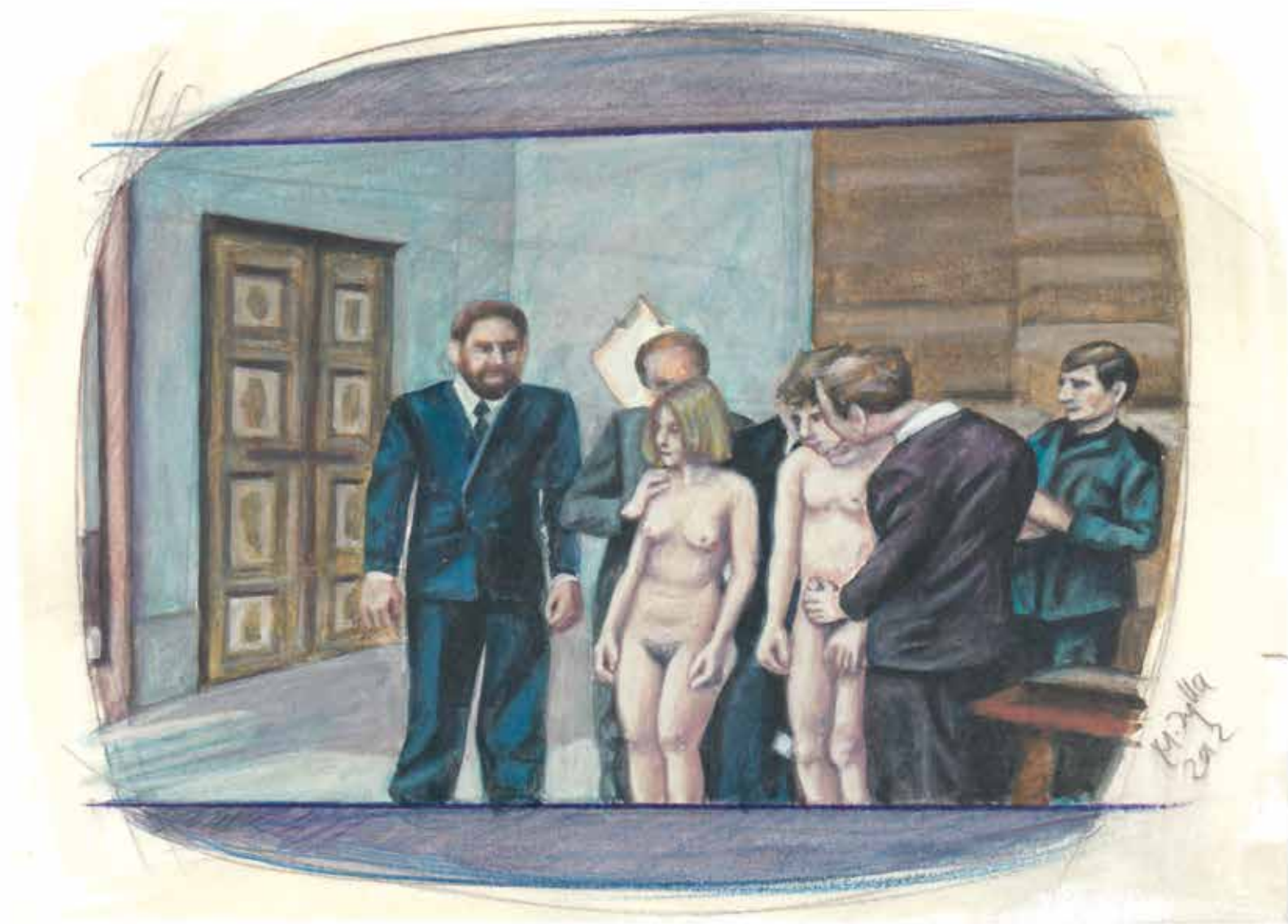






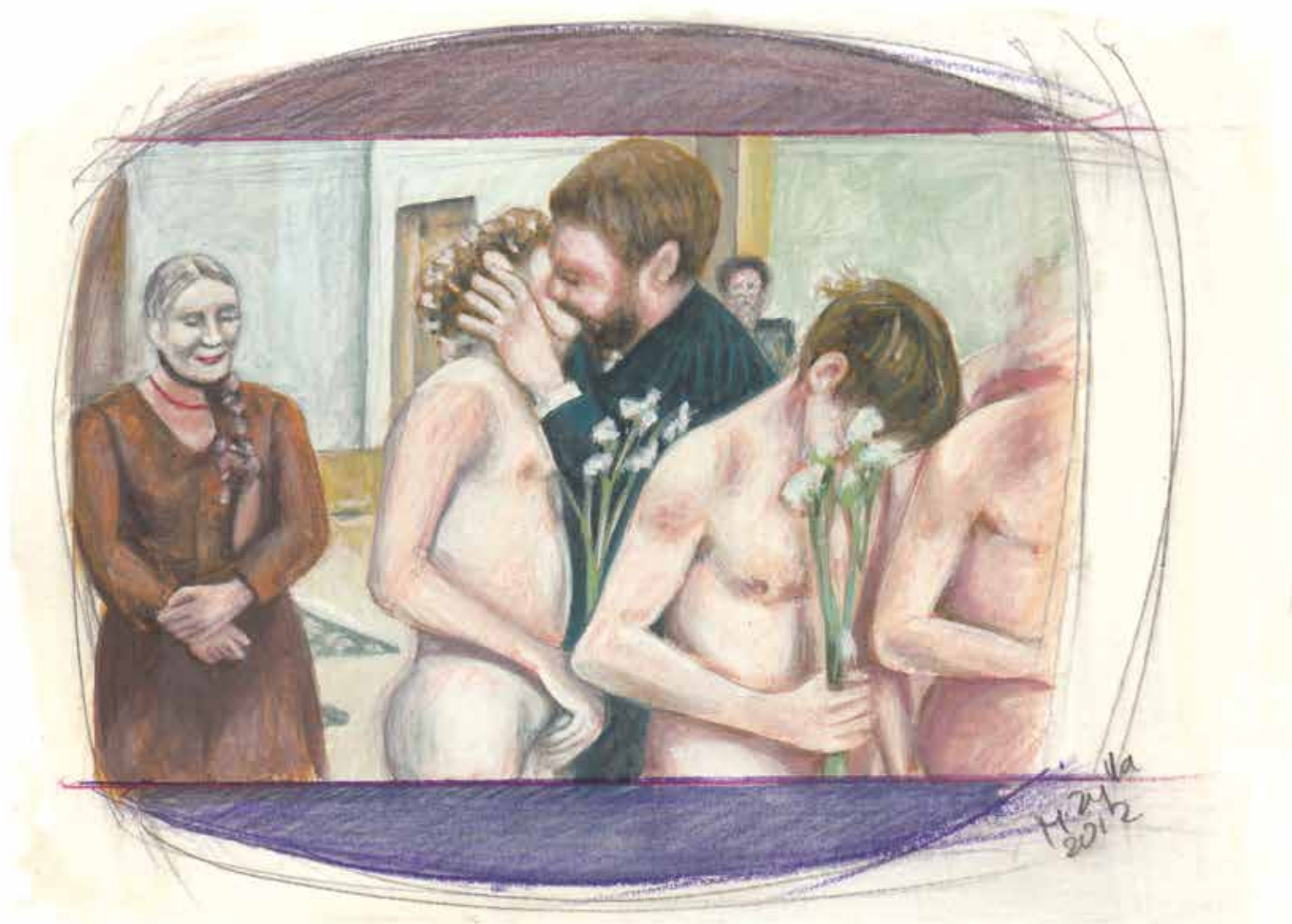




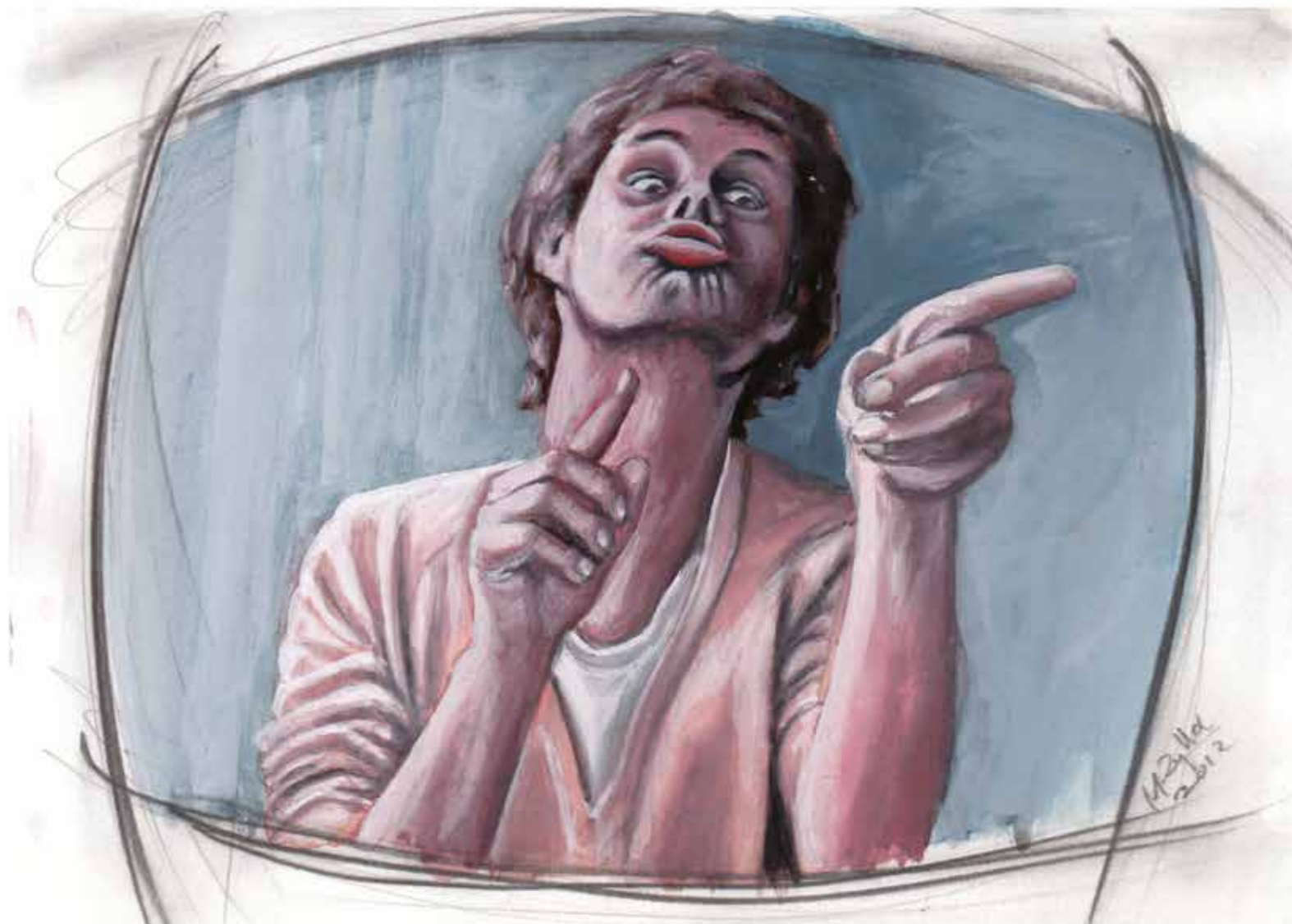


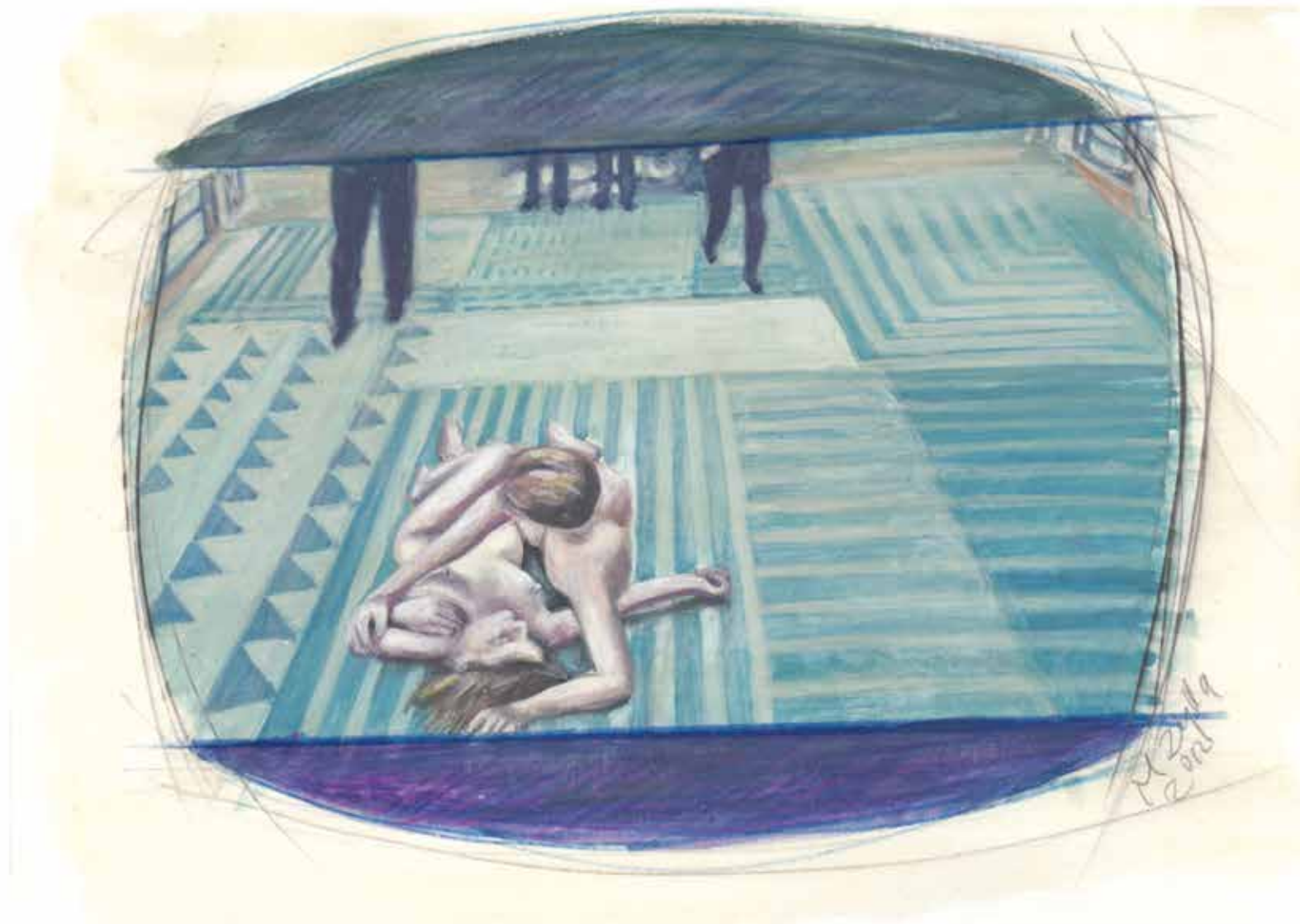






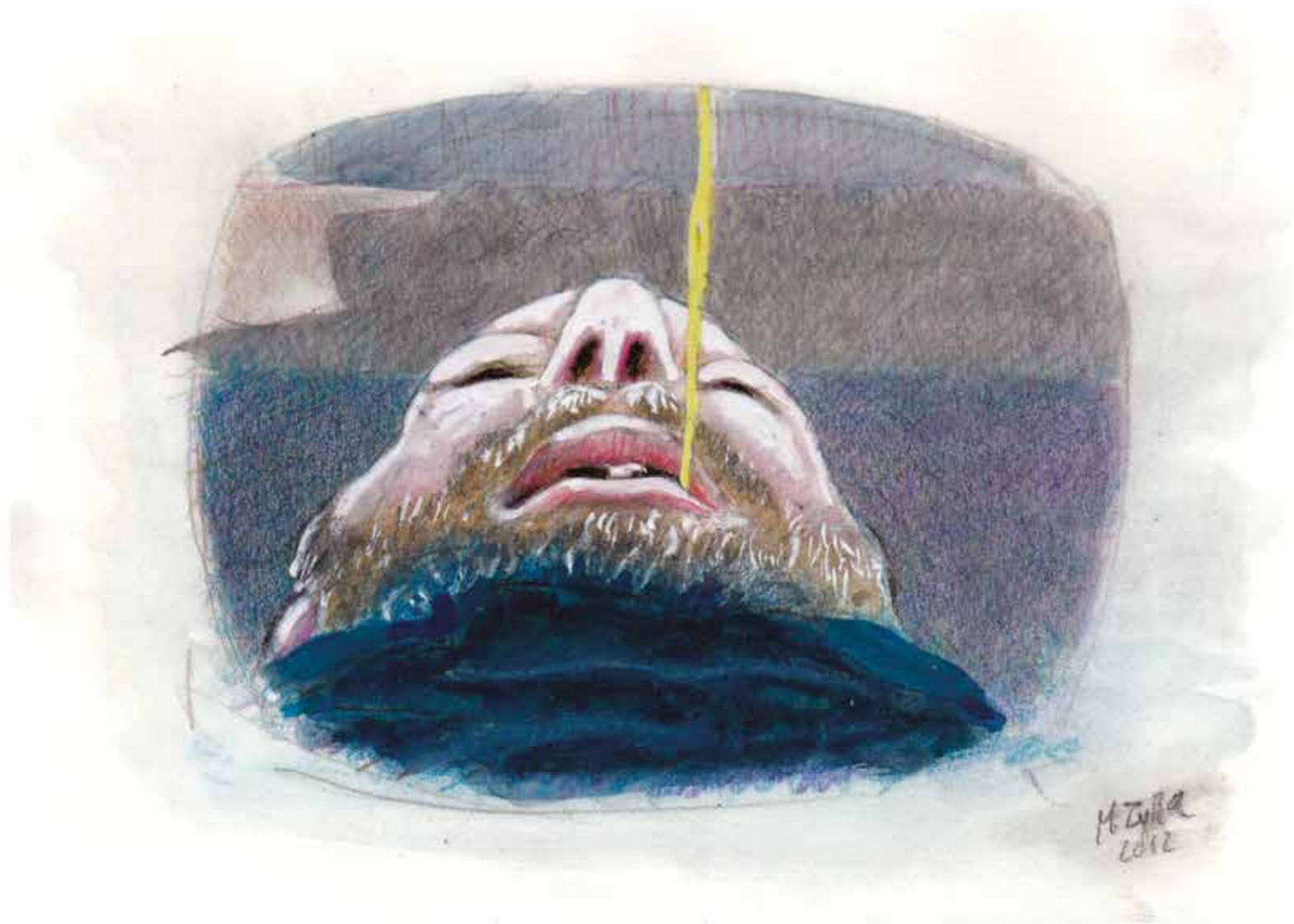
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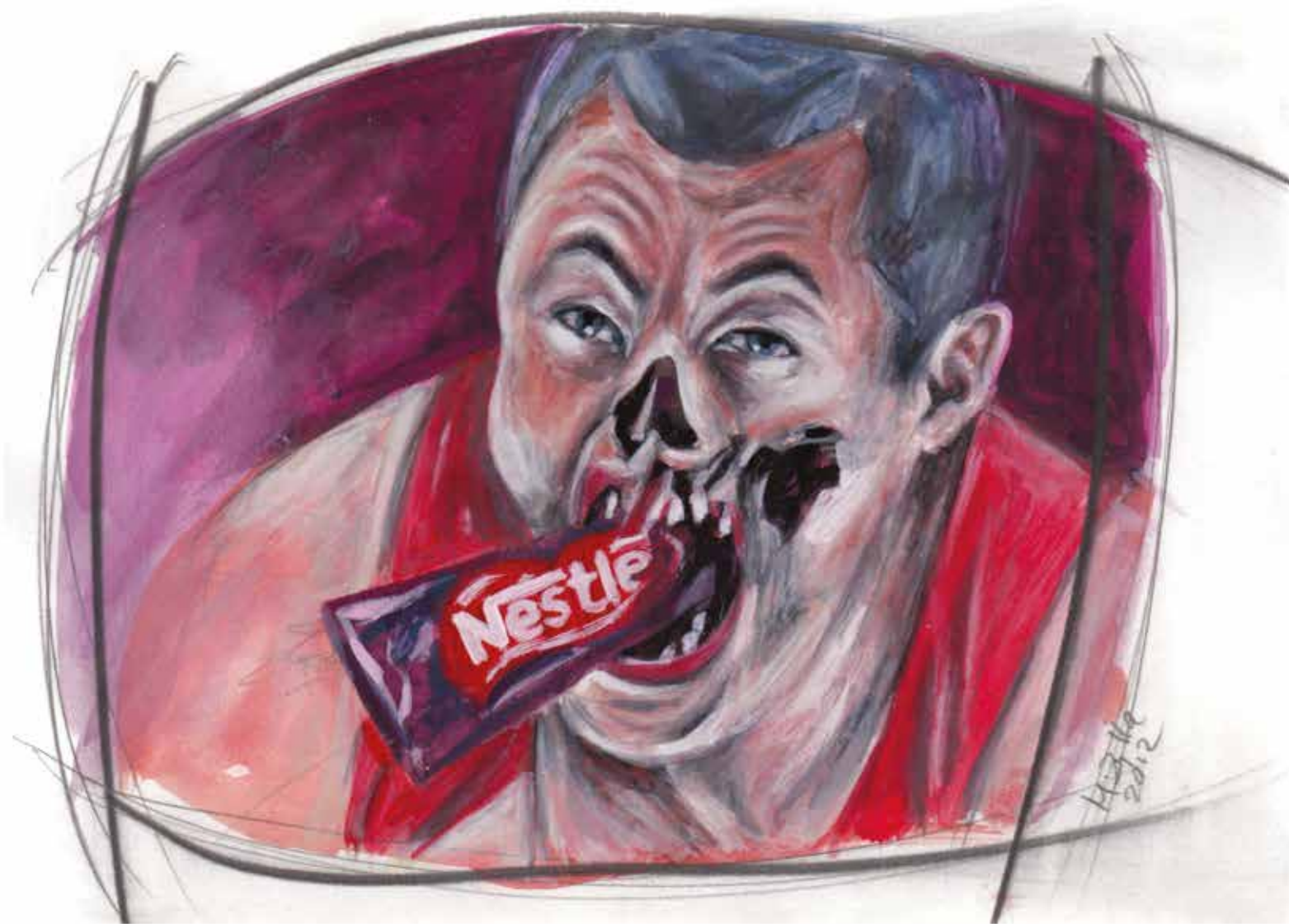




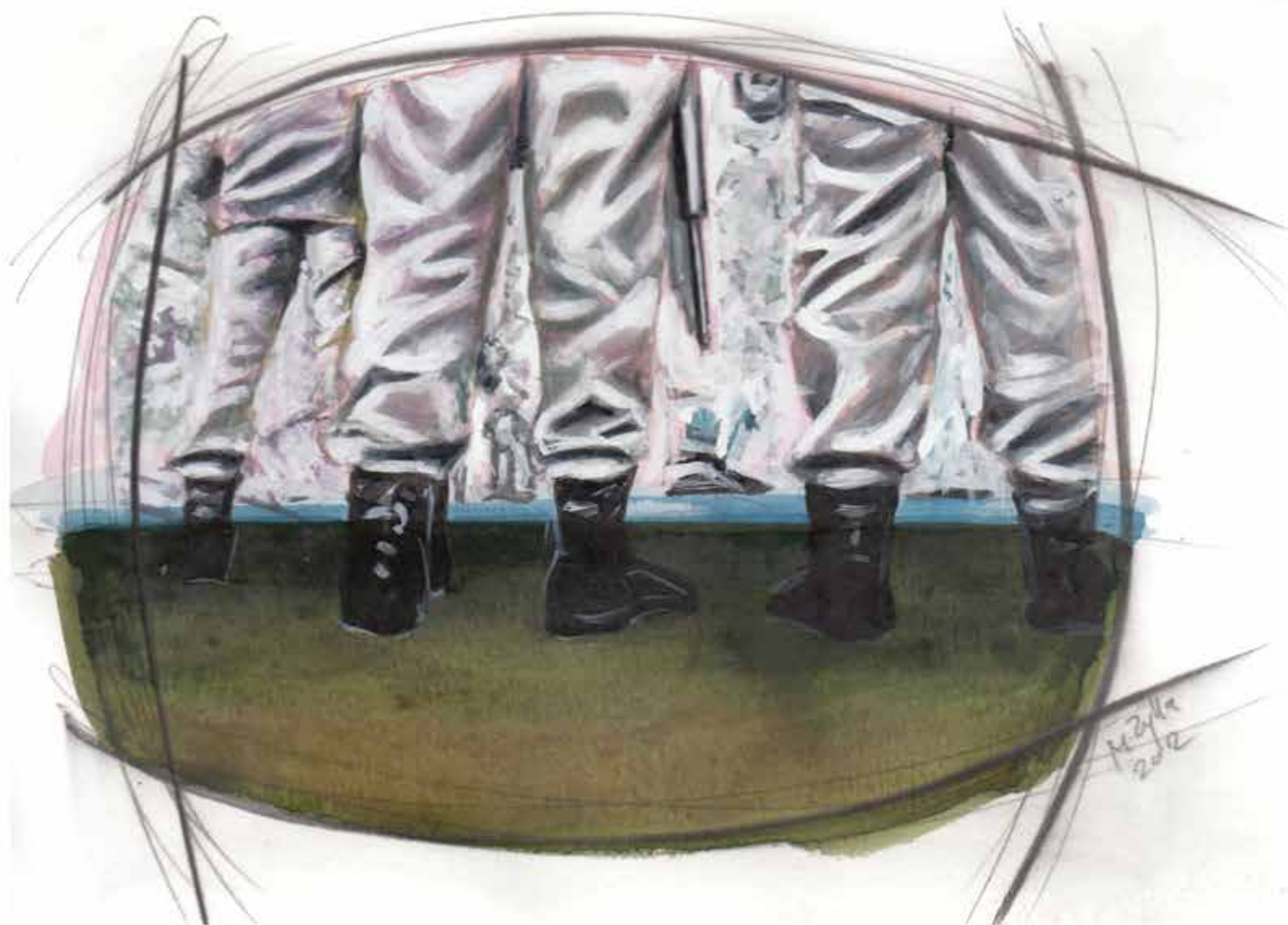






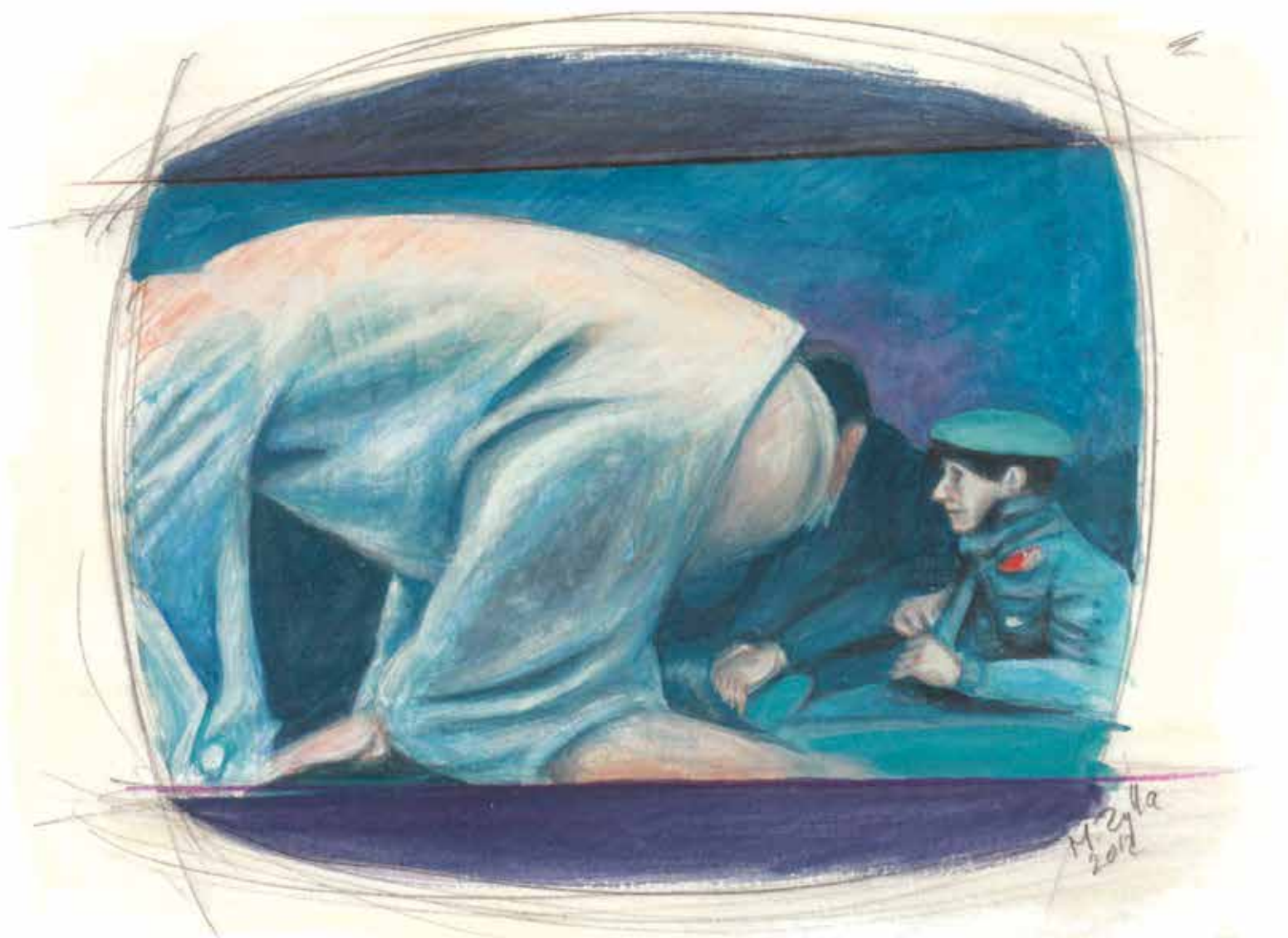


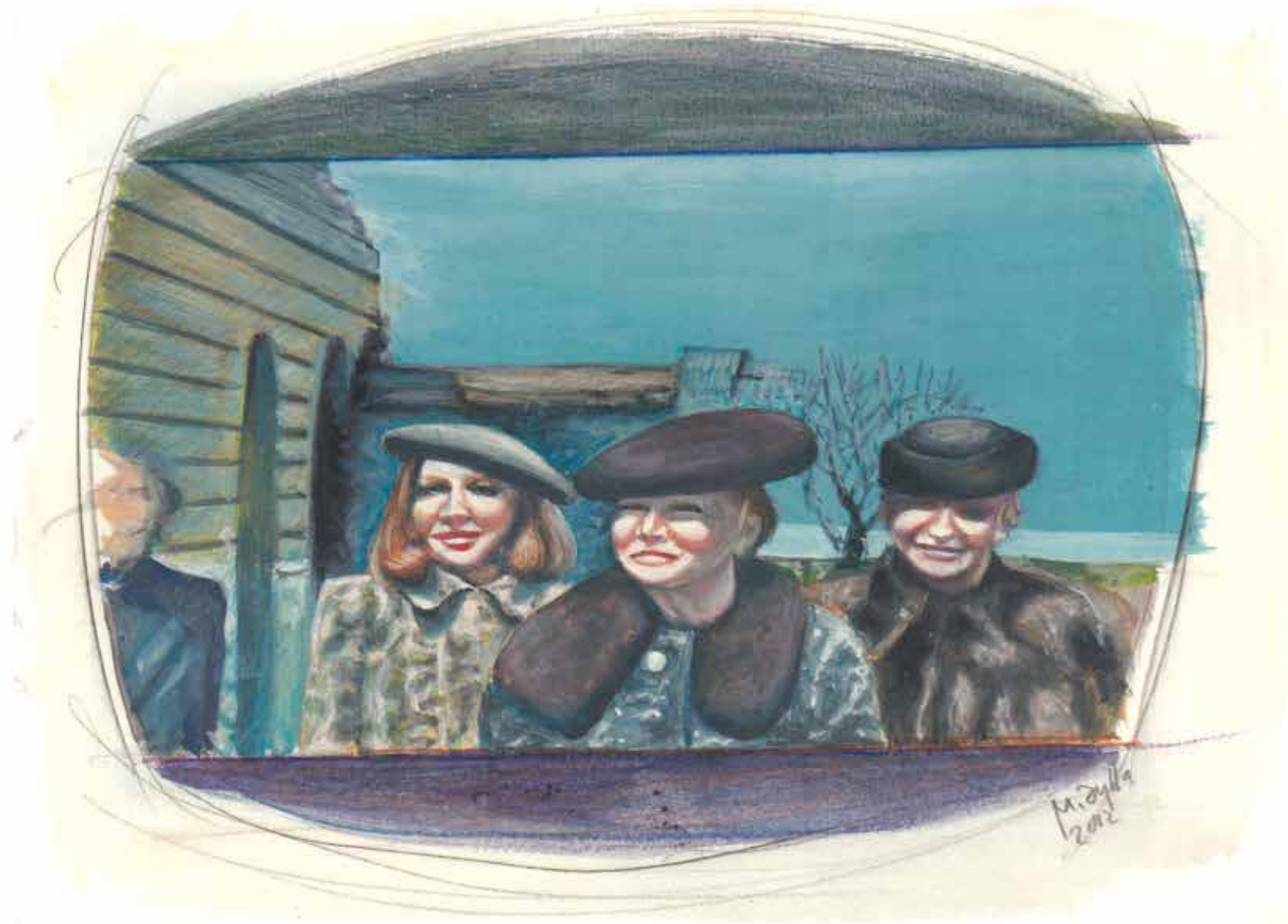


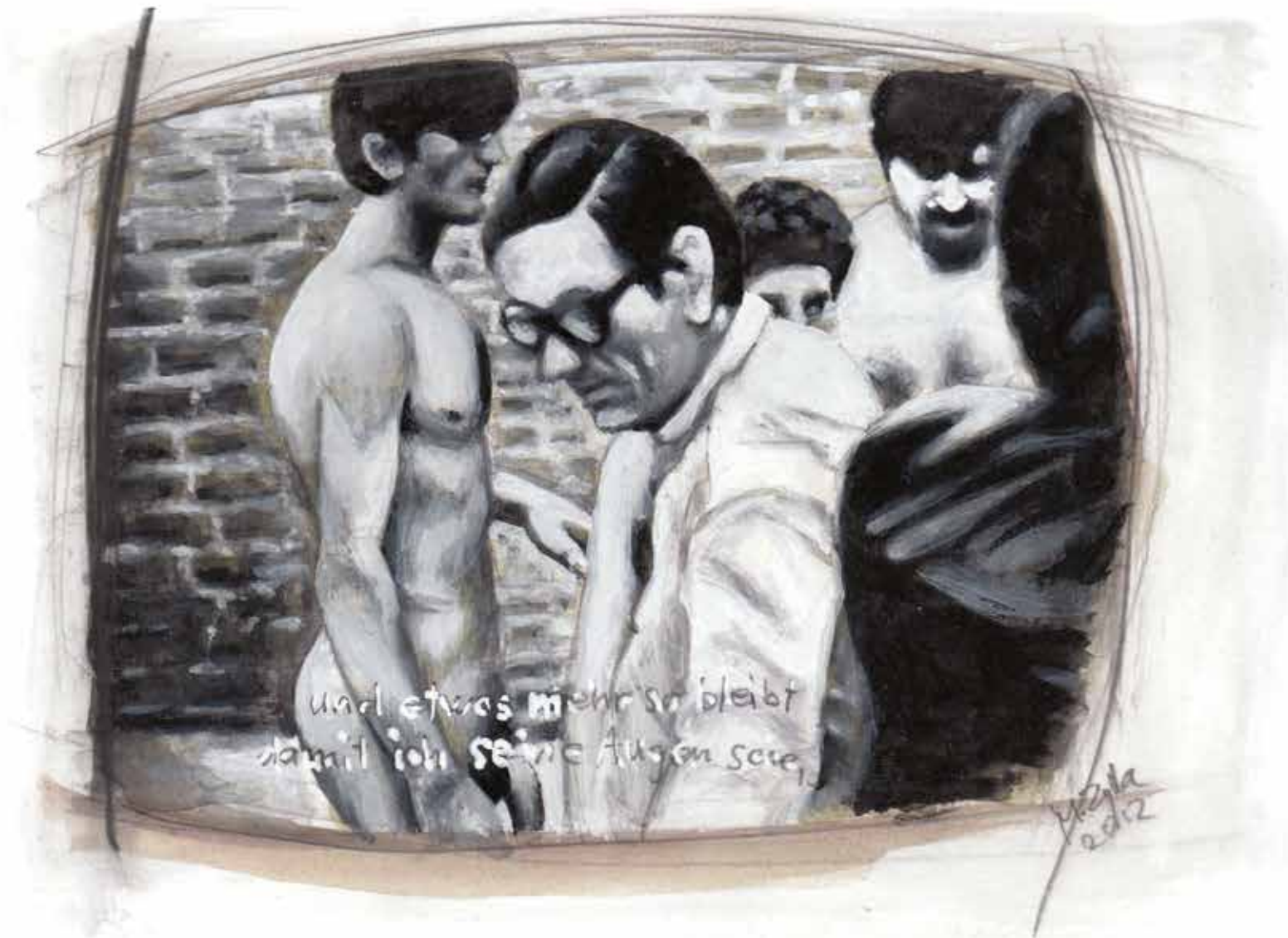












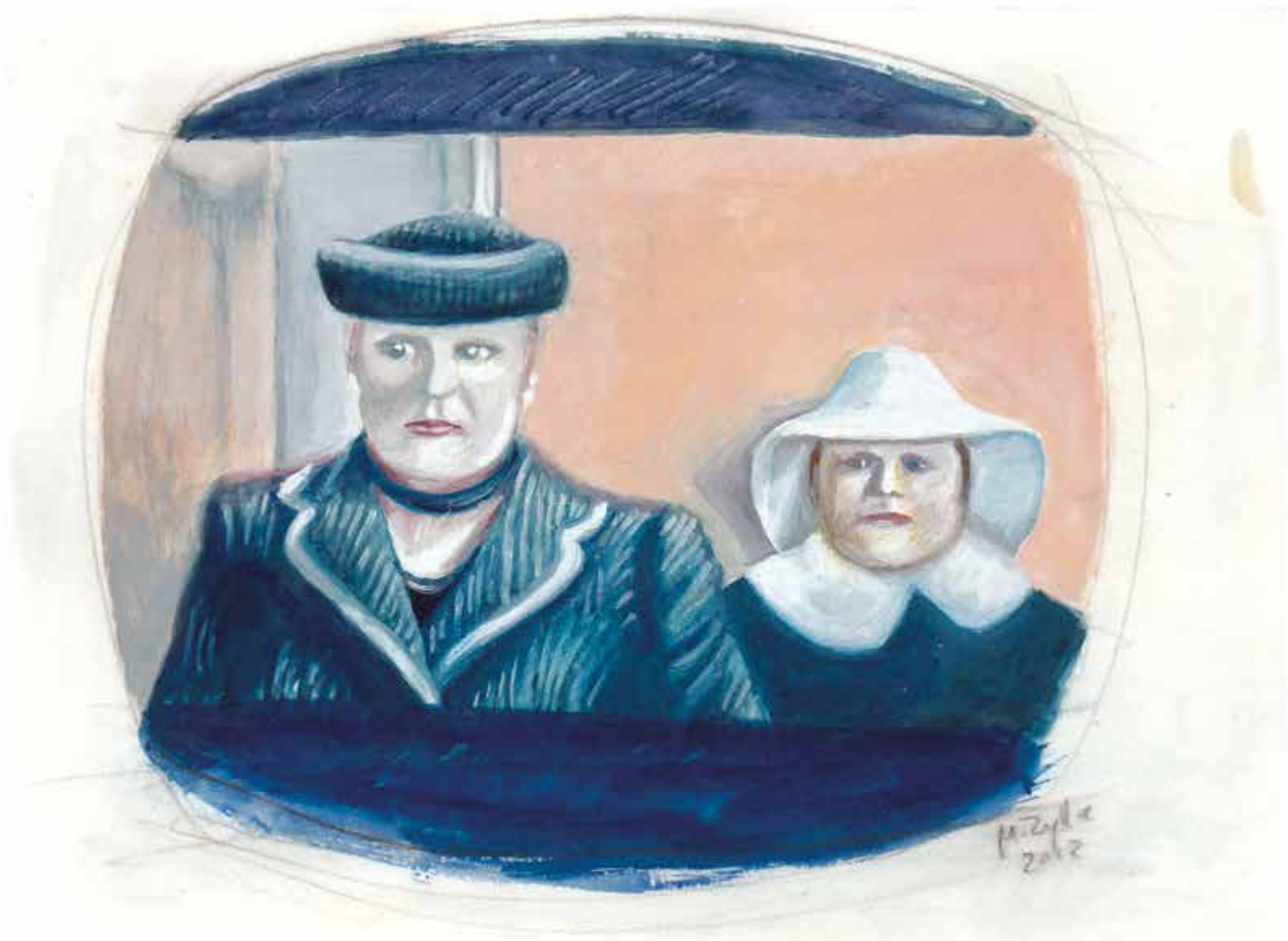
und etwas mehr so bleibt
damit ich seine Augen sehe,

Wagla
2012











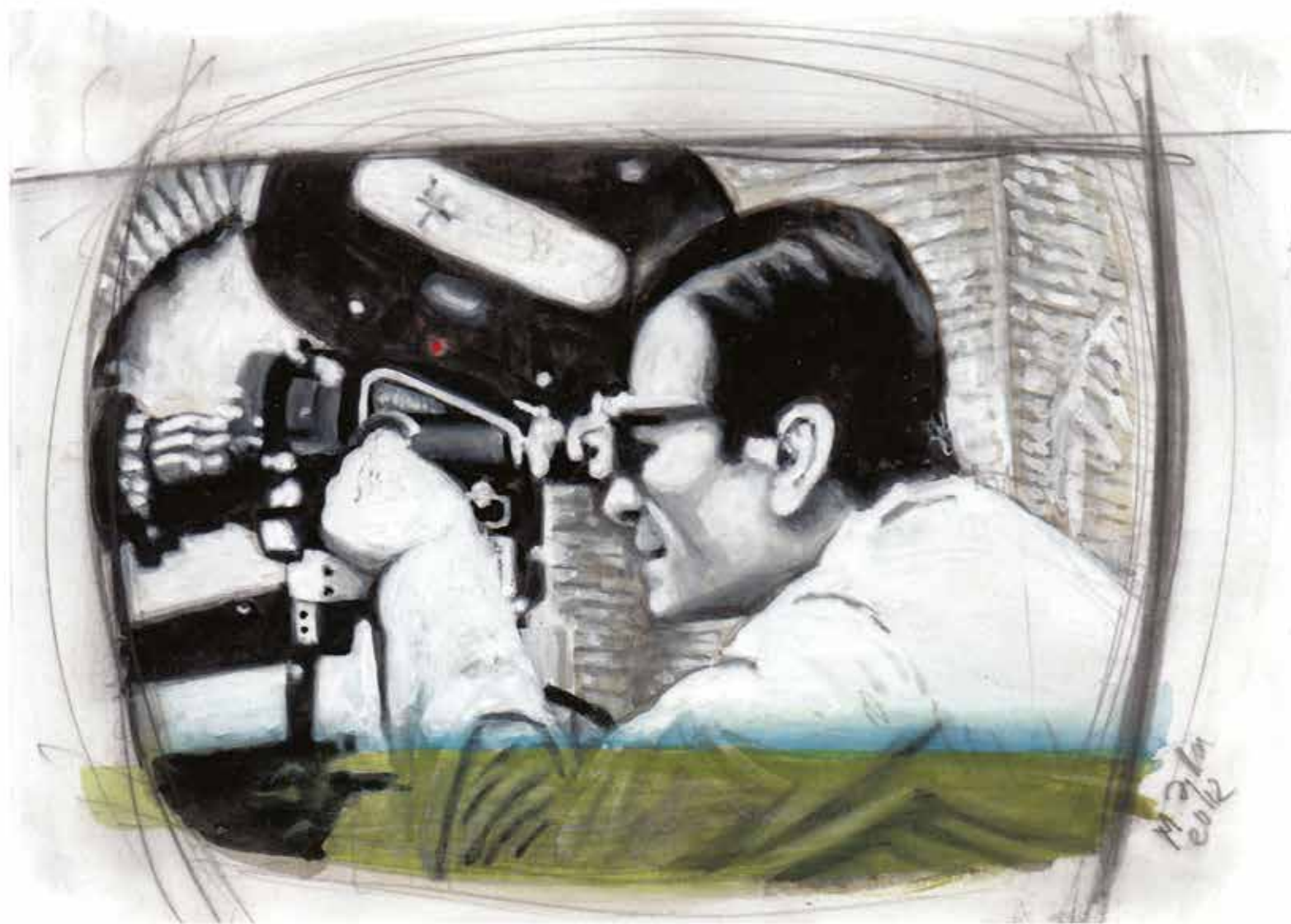














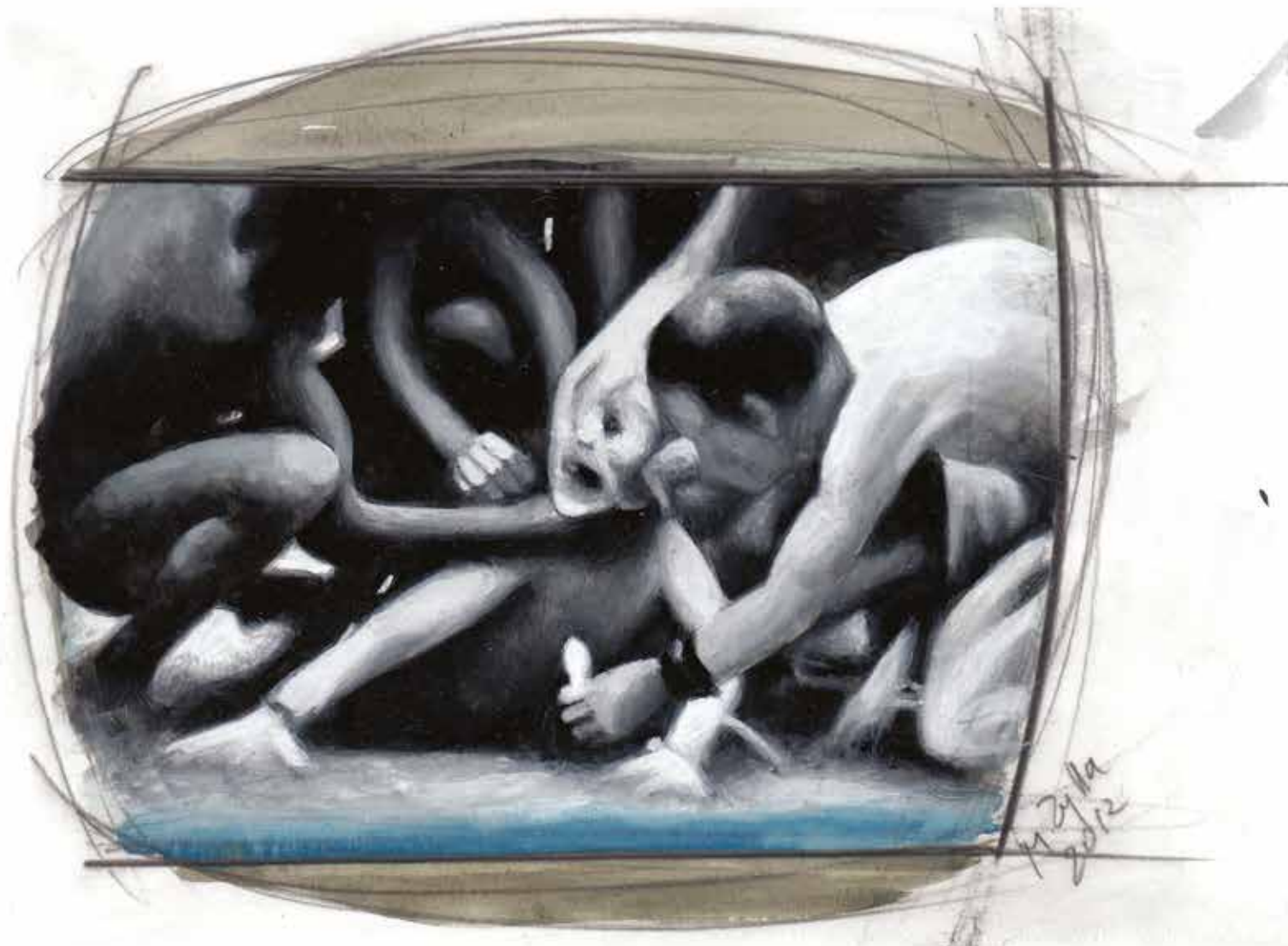




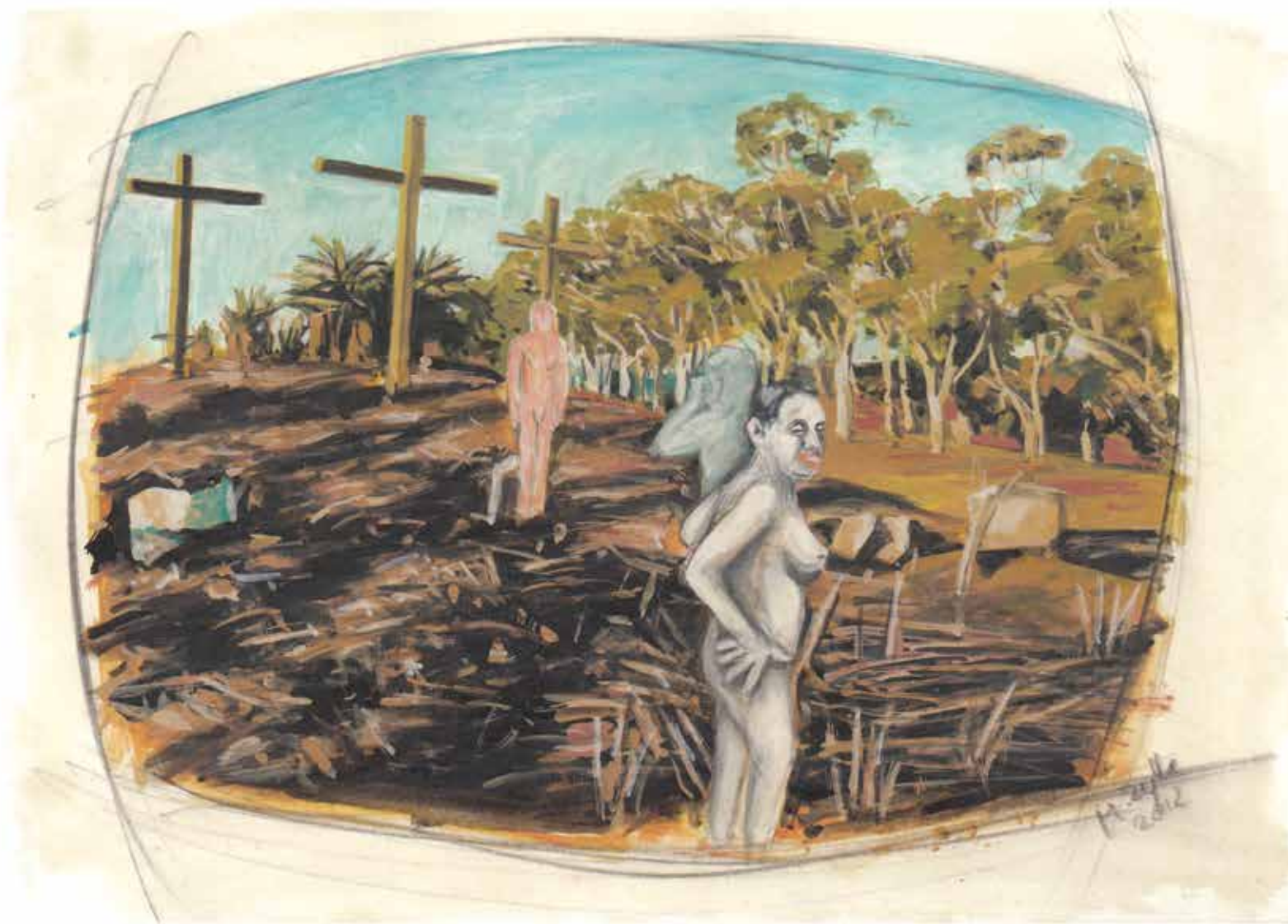
gegen die Macht
von heute, die den
Körper auf furchtbare
Art manipuliert

W. Zylke
2012





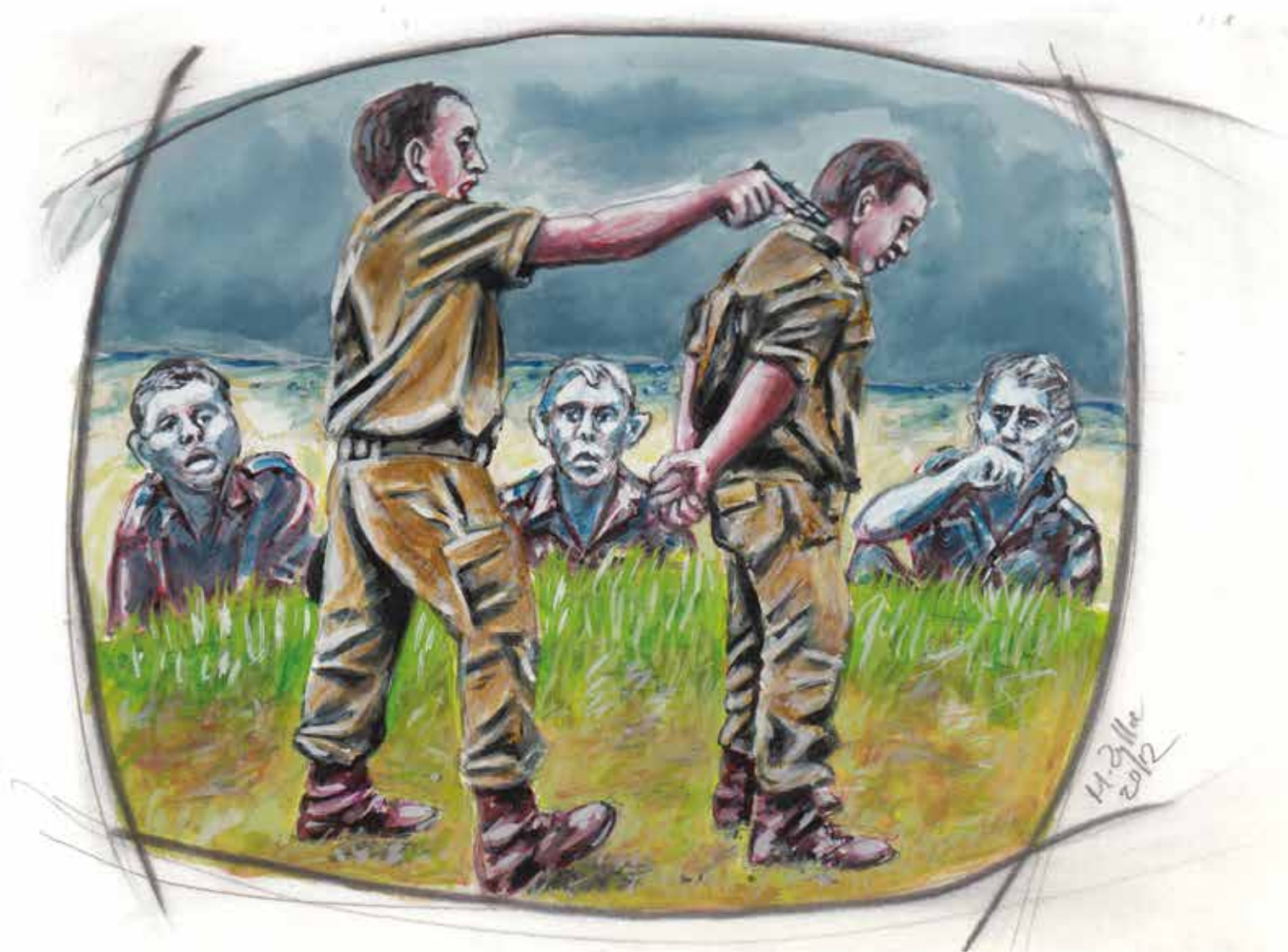








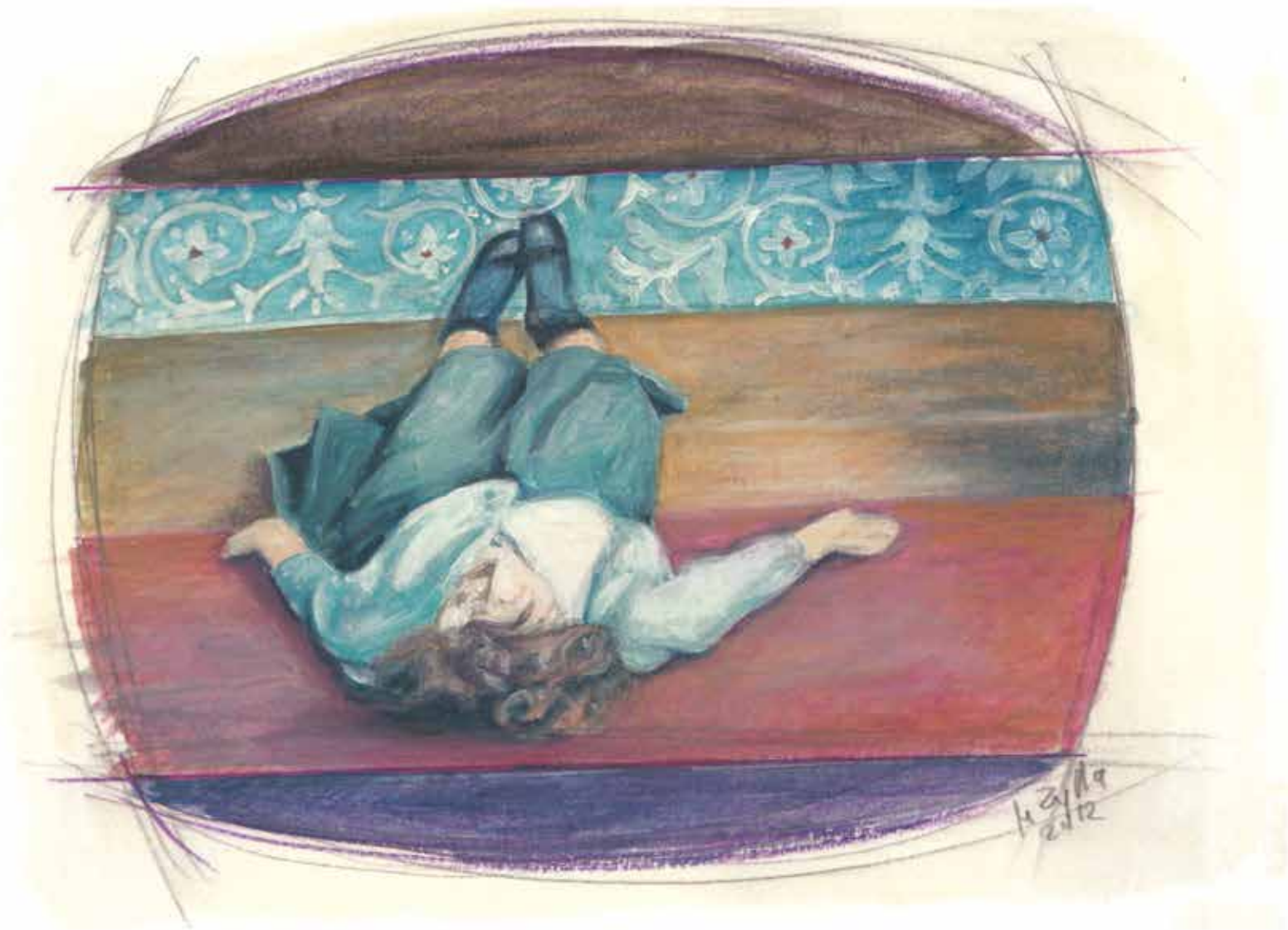
















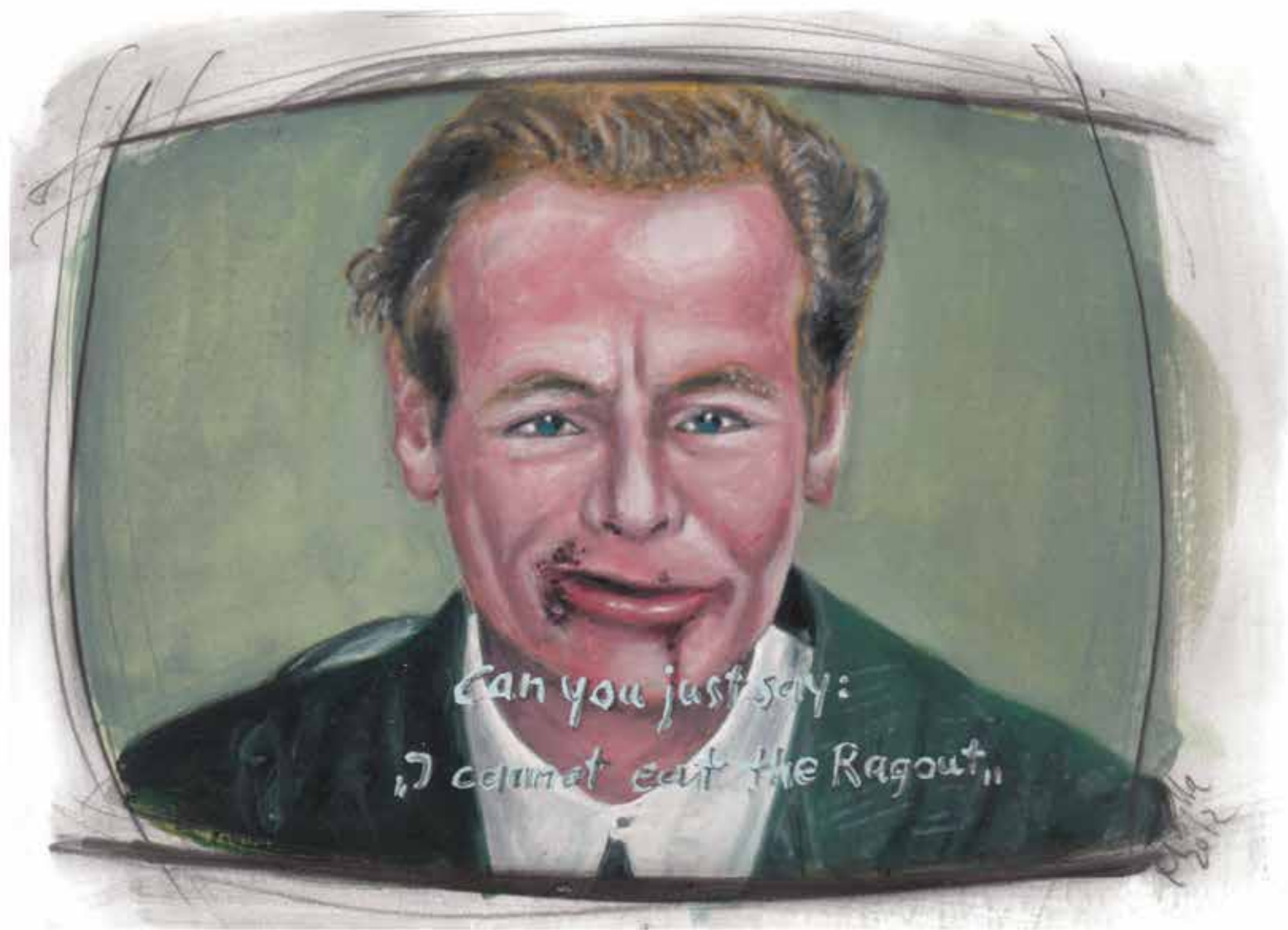




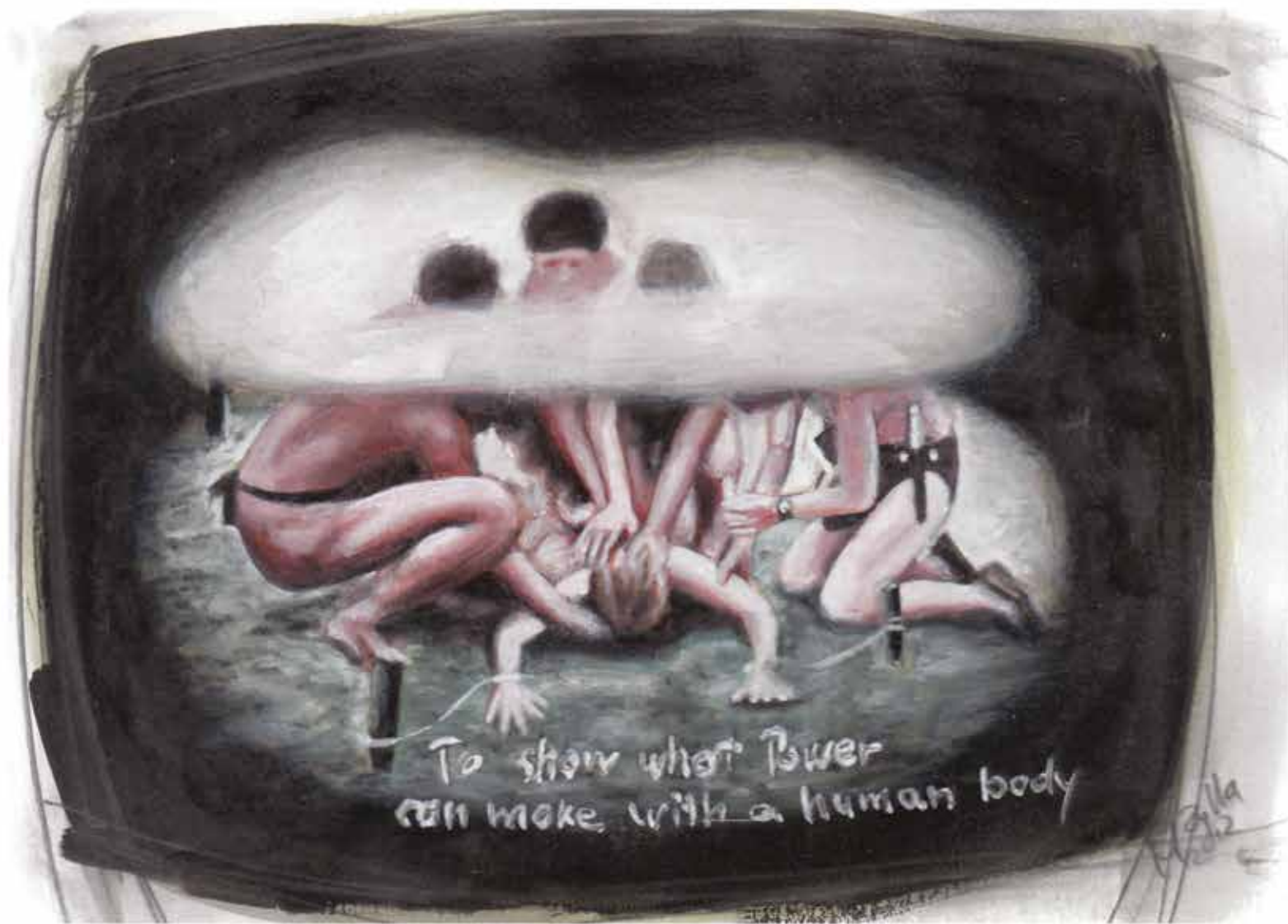










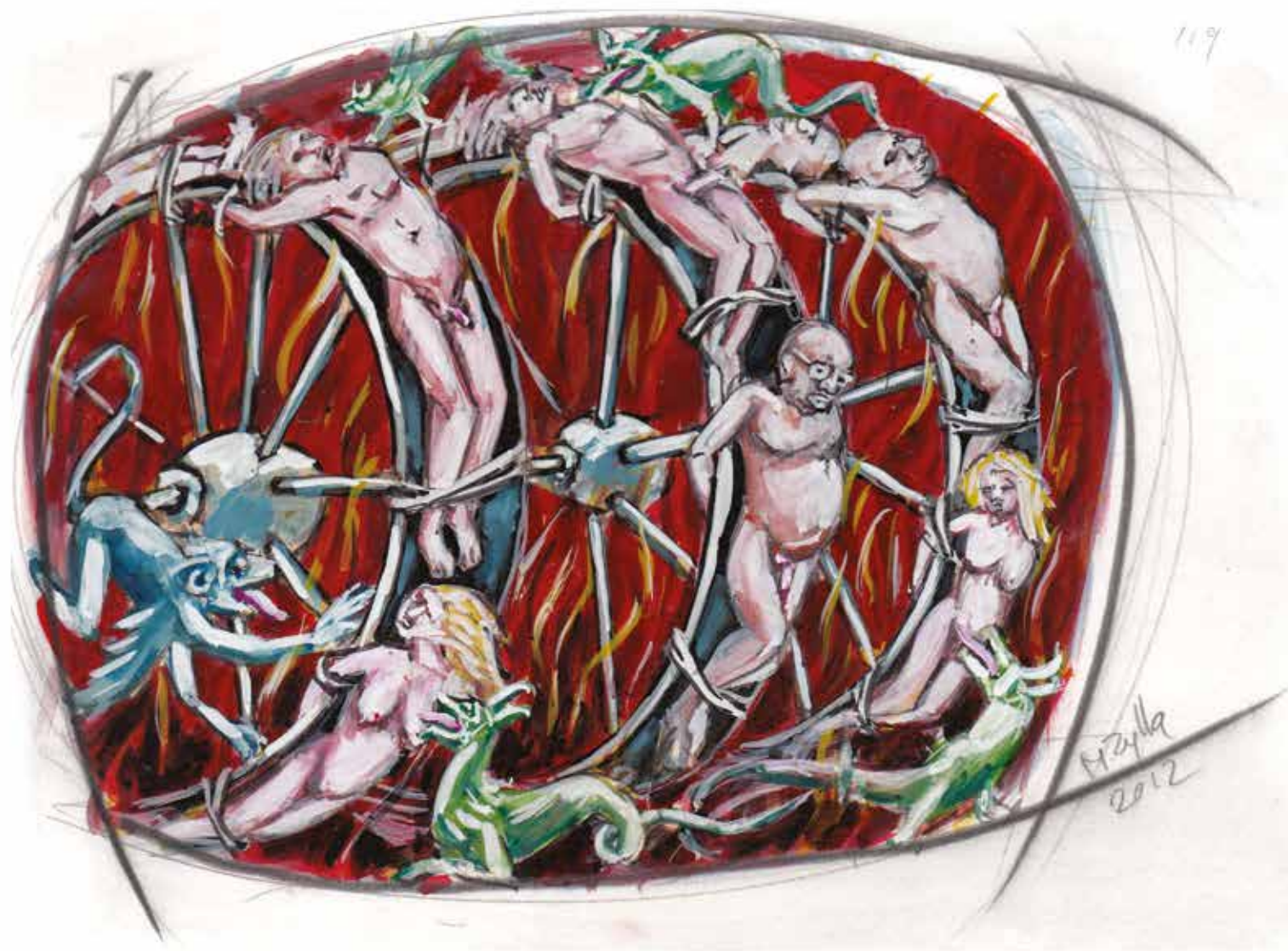


To show what Power
can make with a human body

1974
1975



der Sadoomasochismus bei De Sade
hat ganz eindeutig die Funktion





Manfred Zylla was born on 1 February 1939 in Augsburg, Germany. Since 1970 he has been living and working in both South Africa and Germany. He became prominent as an artist highly critical of apartheid in the 1980's and his works are widely acknowledged as critical for understanding resistance art, an important chapter in South African art history. He has continued to work within a paradigm of social critique. His recent work comments on globalisation, urbanisation, climate change, exploitation of natural resources, alternative energy, and attitudes towards disability. Long acknowledged for a conceptual and performative approach to his work, he is also credited for his performative strategies by involving his local community. On 5 June 1982 at the opening of his exhibition/ happening *Inter-Actions*, Zylla urged friends and fellow artists:

Let's not write our graffiti in the night; let's do it now. We must not hold back. Work spontaneously, intuitively. Time is running out. I have done what I can do alone, now let's go on together.

In 2012 his lifework was curated into a travelling museum exhibition entitled

In Retrospect and went on view at museums throughout South Africa. The publication, *Manfred Zylla Art & Resistance*, launched at the same time as the exhibition provided the broader insight into this artist's long and dynamic career. On 12 March 2014 Zylla gave a drawing performance at the opening of his solo exhibition, *I Want to Swim a Thousand Miles*. In the company of his audience he transformed a Karoo landscape into a strong protest against fracking in that region.

The series, *120 Days of Sodom* is influenced primarily by three sources. A life-long love of Dante Alighieri's writing; kinship with Pier Paolo Pasolini's films and in particular, his last made film, *Salò* which is the source for much of the imagery in this series, as well as a conceptual influence. The writings of the Marquis de Sade provided the title for the series.

Zylla's works are included in museum collections in South Africa and Europe, and in numerous private collections including the United States, Canada, South America, England, Europe and Asia. He divides his time between Observatory, Cape Town, South Africa, and Munich, Germany.

A Saint in the city of Pandemonium

Pier Paolo Pasolini, a revolutionary thinker in a time of consumption

Trevor Steele Taylor

Pier Paolo Pasolini is a Saint. (Bernardo Bertolucci)

The Venue: Pandemonium

The Time: Now

Strung between High Heaven and the Burning Hells, in a city named Pandemonium, the Stygian Council is in session. Satan (once known as Lucifer) is taking advice from the Fallen Angels. Moloch has named their capital – simply meaning “Place of All Demons”. Mulcibar, once the architect of Heaven, has lent his talents to the architectural splendours of their new suburb. Reportedly smaller than Heaven, the parliamentarians have to squeeze in, as if at a City Lodge. This report from the beginning of Book Two of *Paradise Lost*, the blind John Milton’s eye-witness account of Satan’s controversy with the Most High, speaks to me of London 2015.

Pier Paolo Pasolini is forty years dead, murdered by a rent boy on the secluded beach of Ostia on 2 November 1975. He is not here to witness what the world has become. He is not here to say, “I told you so”. He cannot see how the free press has become the victory of the tabloid. He

cannot see how television – even the much vaunted BBC – has become a tool of propaganda and anodyne entertainment. He cannot see how the streets of London are filled with the homeless. He cannot see how the City of London, capital of the arms trade, prospers. He cannot see how the British Parliament has been rocked by recent information on another *Stygian Council* of MPs, whose high-jinks decades ago included not only grooming and sexual abuse of children from care homes, but even murder.

He would not be surprised - and neither would the other *dramatis personae* of this piece, the Marquis de Sade and Dante Alighieri. All three visualised, in their own times, the corruption of power: how, once in the hands of the wicked (and who, one might ask, is not wicked?), the possibilities of abuse are endless.

Pasolini grew up during the war. His father, a military man, was a Fascist and an ardent supporter of Benito Mussolini. Pasolini’s brother, Guido, joined the anti-Fascist guerrillas and died uselessly after the war was over, not at the hands of the Nazis or the Fascists but as the result of a squabble between competing anti-Fascist factions. Pasolini hated his father. He hated the military-minded compliance of the Fascist mind-set. The

bleat, "I'm only doing my job," was not only used by Auschwitz guards but is all too prevalent in the years between. From Holocaust to Holocaust. From Genocide to Genocide. From Falkenau to Palestine and Israel. From Babi Yar to Rwanda. The cry is still heard.

Hannah Arendt, the German/Jewish/American philosopher who covered Adolf Eichmann's trial in Jerusalem, pin-pointed how compliance works. She saw that Eichmann was a sad, boring little man who followed orders. The "banality of evil," she called it. In Pasolini's final interview with Furio Colombo on the afternoon of the night he died, he too makes special mention of the banality of the beast.

The very few people who made history are the ones who said 'NO', not the courtesans or the cardinals' assistants. Therefore an act of refusal must be total, not partial. In a nutshell it must not focus on this or that nor must it be dictated by wisdom. My dear friend, Eichmann was very wise, but what did he lack? He didn't know how to say 'NO', when the only thing he dealt with was the ordinary administration, the bureaucracy.

The Venue: the Castle of Silling

The Time: the age of Enlightenment

The egg-shaped form of time connects everything.

(From Pier Paolo Pasolini's poem "Tarsus, from a Distance")

To meet our next dissident we travel 250 years to the Bastille where, pre-Revolution, the infamous Marquis de Sade whiles away his hours of incarceration writing his masterpiece, *The 120 Days of Sodom*, a story of four months of cruelty and debauchery in the Castle of Silling in the Swiss Alps. He plans to release the book in several parts. By 1786 he has completed the first month and copious notes for the three months to follow.

The revolutionary riots of 1789 lay waste to the Bastille, however, and de Sade's manuscript, written on a continuous roll of paper, is lost, only to be rediscovered many years later.

Four atheists, wealthy Parisian libertines, who possess the wealth and power to have anything they desire, hire an army of thugs to kidnap sixteen aristocratic teenage boys and girls from their homes and ship them to the remote castle where, subjected to an escalating barrage of sexual tortures, they are ultimately slaughtered in the cruellest and most painful of manners. To keep the sexual stamina of the libertines in peak working order, four storytellers and eight well-endowed *cockmongers* provide a side-show to the tortures. All of the teenagers are chosen for their exceptional beauty, especially as related to their anuses.

de Sade's fortunes suddenly take a turn after the Revolution of 1789, as, perceived to be a revolutionary thinker, he is made a judge to pronounce upon the heads of the aristocracy. Unlike his cast of libertines, de Sade proves to be the epitome of leniency, finding himself unable to pronounce terminal judgement. An embarrassment to the New Order and seen to be subverting the new political cant, he is confined to the Asylum of Charenton where he is fed fatty foods and allowed to direct plays with the inmates as his acting troupe.

Although de Sade contributed his name to a technical description of taking pleasure in pain, he was recognised only by the post-war French intelligentsia as a philosopher of astounding perception. Thanks to Simone de Beauvoir and her essay, "Must we Burn Sade?" luminaries such as Jean-Paul Satre, Pierre Klossowski and Georges Bataille, a whole new generation had access to his works.

To call de Sade a pornographer is like calling a battleship a pleasure cruiser. *The 120 Days of Sodom* is an incomplete, but mind-bending, meditation on power. This power is exerted through sexual extremes, but the book is not designed to inspire anything but horror.

In transferring de Sade's treatise from the Age of Enlightenment to the Age of the Great Wars, Pasolini preserves the essence of de Sade's thesis, while enhancing de Sade's cruel diversions from a Theatre of Cruelty into a Theatre of the Class War. The Powerful, who in de Sade's work are merely wealthy seekers of the ultimate thrill, turn into representatives of the Fascist/Capitalist axis.

In an interview with Gideon Bachmann, in the August of the year of his death, Pasolini succinctly sums up power and its defamation of the body:

... What it does to the human body. Power transforms the latter into an object, it cancels the personality of a human being. It is a power that manipulates human bodies in a horrible way and that can be compared to Hitler's body manipulations. This power manipulates human bodies in the most terrible way, transforming their consciences and instituting new, alienating and fake values, that is the values of consumerism. It is, to be bent outta shape by society's

pliers. Caring not to come up any higher. But rather to get you down in the hole that he's in... (Pier Paolo Pasolini, August, 1975).

It's alright, Ma, I'm only Bleeding. (Bob Dylan, *Bringing It All Back Home*, 1965).

The nest of power in the British Parliament in 2015 and the libertines, sequestered in their castle in pre-Revolutionary France, have much in common. Sexual perversity, which has nothing to do with love but is a means of augmenting the perpetrator's power, involves the physical mutilation of innocent bodies in a Satanic rite worthy of Pandemonium.

*In Salò, sexual acts are totally brutal and without preamble; its victims do not undress but appear nude, lined up as if waiting for the gas chambers. In this sexual lager, no real joy is possible. Meticulous bureaucrats, banal torturers, Pasolini's libertines are driven not by energy or the pulsing of desire, but by impotence and frustration. ("Salò, the Refusal to Consume", Naomi Greene in *Pier Paolo Pasolini: Contemporary Perspectives*. Eds. Patrick Rumble and Bart Testa. Toronto: Toronto University Press, 1994. p. 234.)*

The Venue: the Republic of Salò

The Time: the twilight of World War Two

I think that, in one way or another, we are all weak because we are

all victims. And we are all guilty, because we are all ready to play the massacre game, as long as we are able to own everything after the slaughter. In a nutshell, the education we received can be summarised with these words – having, owning and destroying. (Pier Paolo Pasolini, in an interview with Furio Colombo, 1 November 1975)

In deciding to film de Sade's un-filmable work Pasolini elected to update the story and to relocate it to the doomed Fascist Republic of Salò, set up by Hitler as a favour to his compatriot Benito Mussolini. As the Allied Forces advanced through Italy, Mussolini was in 1943 imprisoned in a hotel in the mountains east of Rome. Hitler orchestrated an extraordinary escape, sending his best pilot to land in the mountains and spirit Mussolini away. Mussolini was then put in charge of the northern part of Italy, which was still in German hands. This Republic of Salò was held together by unrestrained brutality and fell apart in chaos in 1945 when Mussolini was first machine-gunned and then hung upside down along with his mistress.

The venue for the abominations is now a villa on the banks of Lake Garda. The libertines are representatives of the corrupt world of Fascism, Capitalism, the Church, the Military and the Judiciary. The captured teenagers are now the children of the peasantry.

The captured youth are remarkably compliant in their capture and torture. Neutered by compliance and what Pasolini referred to as "bourgeois entropy", they are the sheep to the slaughter; castrated by reductive forms of language (what Pasolini describes as "the horrendous language of the television news, advertising, official statements"), consumerism ("a genuine anthropological cataclysm") and cultural impoverishment ("the eclipse of

the grace of obscure centuries and the scandalous revolutionary force of the past"). (Pier Paolo Pasolini, *The Walls of Sana'a*.)

Pasolini's emergence into Italy's literary world had been meteoric. After being sacked from his position as a school teacher for sexual fraternisation with his pupils, his books of poetry and novels caused a sensation. He was an unrepentant homosexual and a Communist. He admired the writings of Antonio Gramsci, the Italian Marxist leader who had been imprisoned by Mussolini before the war. He dedicated his book of poems, *Gramsci's Ashes*, to him, although Gramsci's version of socialist materialism did not sit comfortably within his sacred and religious world. Pasolini was profoundly antagonistic to the Church and Dogma, but as intensely spiritual in his reliance on epiphany.

Pasolini struck up a lifelong friendship with Italian writer laureate Alberto Moravia, whose left-wing views firmly cemented their bond. When Pasolini ventured into filmmaking with *Accatone*, he took the aesthetic of Neo-Realism into a new realm. Based on his own book and set amongst the poor, the dispossessed and the criminal classes, the film was unique in looking for sainthood not amongst the cassocks of the Vatican but amongst the poor. Striking up a friendship with Bernardo Bertolucci, with whom he wrote the script for Bertolucci's *The Grim Reaper*, he acted in a Spaghetti Western and made his own films: *Theorem*, *Pigsty*, *The Gospel according to St Matthew* and the classical adaptations *Oedipus Rex* and *Medea*. Reviled as much as he was praised, he surprised his critics by being awarded the Catholic Critics' Prize for *St Matthew*.

Prior to *Salò* Pasolini had made a trilogy of films, which he called his *Trilogy of Life*. Based on classic texts – Boccaccio's *The Decameron*,

Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales* and *The Arabian Nights* - the trilogy was designed as a life-affirming presentation of sexuality free of puritanical codes of anxiety.

He abhorred the way his films were co-opted in service to the status quo, rendered fit for consumption by "permissive society" rather than advancing the sexual liberation of humanity. Appropriated by the industries of fashion and advertising, the films he made with genuine affection for innocent and natural sexual expression were marketed with prurience and gave rise to an industry of sex-romps, ostensibly based on classics.

Maybe I prophetically thought that the most sincere thing I could have done at that precise moment of time was to shoot a film in which sex was a sort of compensation for repression. Indeed, in quite a short span of time, tolerance turned sex into something sad and obsessive. I evoked in the Trilogy of Life, a violet love for long-lost times. We irreversibly live in these present times, we have adapted to them. Our memory is always bad; we are therefore living immersed in the current repression of the tolerant power – the most horrid of all kind of repressions. There is no happiness in sex anymore. Young people are ugly or desperate, bad or defeated. (Self interview by Pier Paolo Pasolini for Il Corriere della Sera, 25 March 1975).

As much a gesture of defiance as despair at the machinations of capitalist society, turning to de Sade was a desperate effort to take society and cinema audiences by the throat and to take them further than they had ever gone before. Stephen Barber, Pasolini scholar and professor at

Kingston University in London, has likened *Salò* to Dennis Hopper's *The Last Movie* and Rainer Werner Fassbinder's *Querelle*: concerted last movies, seeking the outermost limit before slipping off the edge of the world. For Dennis Hopper this was not the case, but for both Pasolini and Fassbinder these were, genuinely, their last movies.

The Venue: the Ante-Inferno and Hell's Three Circles

The Time: the Past, the Future, Eternity

*I resorted to an idea Sade certainly had in mind – Dante's Inferno. I was thus able to reduce in a Dantesque way certain deeds, certain speeches, certain days from the whole catalogue of Sade. There is a kind of Ante-Inferno (The Antechamber of Hell) followed by three infernal circles – The Circle of Madness, The Circle of Shit and The Circle of Blood. (in the English language press book for *Salò*, written by Pier Paolo Pasolini.)*

In Dante Alighieri's epic poem, he is led into the underworld by the poet Virgil, who, showing him the various chambers of Hell, points him towards Heaven. In *The Inferno* there are nine Hells, but it is number seven to which Pasolini points us in *Salò*. The gate is guarded by the Minotaur; himself half-man, half-beast, and within are three infernal circles. The Outer Circle is preserved for those whose violence has been towards People and Property. Here we should not read "Property" in the traditional sense of that which is bought and sold for a profit, but property as the common

ownership of all – freedom, common land, the right to work and the right to a home. The Middle Circle is preserved for Profligates and Suicides, those whose violence has been towards themselves. Pasolini would argue that those who wield amoral power do as much violence to others as they do to themselves. The Inner Circle is preserved for Blasphemers, Sodomites and Usurers – those whose violence has been against nature. It is here that a home will be prepared for bankers, corporations, Monsanto, the IMF, the mainstream press and the television corporations.

The Venue: the Three Utopias

The Time: Dreamtime

Although *Salò* had all the elements of a last movie, it was clear that Pasolini had no inkling of impending death or contemplated suicide. He was well into the planning stages for his next project, *Porno-Teo-Kolossal*, a film on ideology which was supposed to represent three different types of Utopia: pre-industrial (the past), technocratic (the future) and post-apocalyptic. With a nod towards Chaplin (as he did in his early film *Hawks and Sparrows*, in which the comedian Toto and Pasolini regular Ninetto Davoli journeyed through the ruins of post-war Italy), the planned film would once again star Davoli – now much older and in the Toto role – and Eduardo de Filippo, following a comet (Ideology) looking for the birthplace of the Messiah.

With references to the political history of the West as well as varying New Testament Biblical narratives, the film would be informed by the double

view (*objective and subjective*) which was so intrinsic to *Salò*. (*Porno-Teo-Kolossal*, Alessandra Fagioli in *Pasolini: the Massacre Game*, Edited by Stephen Barber, Sun Vision Press. 2013, p 89). This double view of engagement and distance is perfectly captured in *Salò* as the President watches the final orgy of slaughter through opera glasses – firstly the right way around, then the wrong way, distancing the events as effectively as CNN.

On their travels the pilgrims encounter Sodom and Gomorrah, each standing for one of the Utopias – Sodom for sexual tolerance and Gomorrah for violence and cruelty. The third Utopia, though - the apocalypse, the birthplace of the Messiah, the Star Gate - is envisaged as an apotheosis of Faith.

The Venue: from Tarsus to Ostia

The Time: between the Crucifixion and the Resurrection

In gestation from the sixties until his death was Pasolini's study of St Paul, seen through the opera glasses as another troubled double: on the one hand an image of the religious and the mystical, on the other an image of institution-building and corruption. Pasolini's reading of Paul's *Road of Faith* is deeply schismed. For him Peter, the Rock of the Church, was a traitor to the faith. He denied Jesus three times and, in becoming the cornerstone of the established church, denied him for Eternity. St Paul, though, a pilgrim evangelist, was a more troubled and therefore mystical presence.

I could speak of one who was snatched up to the third Heaven.

Instead I speak of a weak man and a founder of churches. (Pier Paolo Pasolini, cited in Robert S.C. Gordon's *Pasolini: Forms of Subjectivity*. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1996.)

The film would have updated the ancient world to the present, with America as the Roman Empire, Paris as Athens and London as Antioch.

Pasolini was accused endlessly of blasphemy. The prosecutor Giuseppe Di Gennaro successfully got Pasolini sentenced to four months for "Insulting the National Religion: Let Catholics beware of carrying the Trojan horse of Pasolini into the City of God." (Enzo Siciliano, in *Pasolini: A Biography*. Translated by John Shepley. New York: Random House, 1982. p 254.)

Into the City of God went Pasolini without stopping for permission. His Marxist reading of Christ in *The Gospel According to St Matthew* is the most profound biblical film ever made and even the Catholic critics were seduced by the spirituality of this Marxist homosexual intellectual. *St Paul* would have taken the thesis further; further perhaps than the faithful could have handled.

Yes. In a certain sense Yes. It is called Blasphemy: and you know very well that in ancient sacred rites, as in all the peasant religions, every blessing amounts to a curse. Thus every blasphemy is a sacred word. Obviously this, my violence against the Church, is profoundly religious, insofar as I accuse St Paul of having founded a Church rather than a Religion. I

do not revive the myth of St Paul, I destroy it. (Pier Paolo Pasolini, in conversation with Gideon Bachmann, 13 September 1974)

What this means for Pasolini was that all corruptions resemble one another, declining empires and their valets resemble each other and the betrayers of all truths exposed to lack of meaning all wear the same mask. (Alain Badiou, *Introduction to St Paul: A Screenplay*, 2014).

To conclude, I would like to say however that the "opposite" of Religion is not Communism (which despite having taken the secular and positivist spirit from the bourgeois tradition, in the end is very religious); but the "opposite" of Religion is Capitalism (ruthless, cruel, cynical, purely materialistic, the cause of human beings' exploitation of human beings, cradle of the worship of power, horrendous den of racism). (Pier Paolo Pasolini, November 1975 interview with Furio Colombo).

I don't want to talk anymore about myself, maybe I have already said too much. Everybody knows that, as a person, I pay for what I say. But there are also my books and my films that end up paying for me. Maybe I'm wrong after all, but I keep on thinking that we are all in danger. (Pier Paolo Pasolini, in a final interview with Furio Colombo, 1 November 1975)

On the 119th day of Sodom

Ivor Powell

If, as Freud argues, civilisation is what sediments out from the Promethean struggles of polymorphous desire with the resistances of reality, then does it follow that the more arbitrary and the more bizarre the fixation, the more it owns of the possibilities of the perverse, and the more it brings to full articulation the values of the civilisation?

...and in the decadence lies the consummation...

Untitled

Christiaan Pretorius

Defending the mundane against incomprehension. Who is barbaric enough to deny the pleasures of the mundane? With acceptance of the mundane come the first stirrings of desire. The mundane liberates. An erection brought on by the violence lurking in an empty suburban kitchen. Fleeting erotic memories while driving through the outskirts of the city, imaginary mountains in the distance. A desolate swimming pool, somewhere in Johannesburg. The way cigarettes used to burn in ashtrays in bars that existed only in Italian movies. But don't give these statements too much thought. Nothing there- only dreams. Like a death you witnessed that happened elsewhere. In a movie never made. Suddenly the mundane becomes obscene. The erotic becomes embarrassing. Nothing remains but dreams.

You Take a Mortal Man, and Put Him in Control

Tim Leibbrandt

Anyone who is capable of making themselves God should on no account be allowed to do the job¹.

In 120 Days of Sodom, Marquis de Sade relentlessly asserts that, due to inactivity, God is either non-existent or fundamentally indistinguishable from the four libertines. All exemplify societal authority – Divinity, Government, Church, Law, and Banking– and are reducible to powerful men imposing their will upon “feeble enfettered creatures destined solely for [their] pleasures”.

From the perversions of Father Laurent et al, to Blangis' pronouncement that the libertines be addressed as “Lord”, to the final “Devil's passion” (lying within the realm of human capabilities), the façade of both god and devil merely conceals a person indulging their id because, basically, they can.

¹ Apologies to Douglas Adams for the misquote.

Excerpt from *Look at Me*

Marlene Le Roux

Strange how older men always looked at me differently. One incident still stays with me. Wellington (where I was born) is renowned for its Klopse carnival, and my cousins and I used to follow the dancing carnival through the streets. One such an occasion one of the Klopse men looked at me and suddenly groped one of my breasts and proclaimed: You have beautiful breasts! I should have been shocked but what amazed me was that it felt so good. I could see the lust in his eyes and it made me feel powerful. The procession moved on and he will never know what that act of sexual harassment meant to me.

From *Age is a Wonderful Phase*

James Matthews

age brought a
feeling of contentment
to my being
the years producing
sturdiness and stamina
age did not
bring about a
dampening of fire
of sexual desire
i am lusty
with breasts bug
and arrogantly bold

ready to mount
satisfy and subdue
the arrogance of
any youthful male
i am not
a docile mare
aquiver at the
sight of a
snorting rampant stallion
i climb a hill to sing
a hossanah in
praise of age

I 20 Days@Nkandla

John Higgins

These statements had the effect of undermining the President. *The 1st November we rose at ten, as prescribed by the rules. R100 million was meant for the Zero Hunger Programme, but Tina insisted all R800 million should go to JZ's project. The most magnificent and succulent meal: Bourgogne with the hors d'oeuvres; Bordeaux with the entrées; Champagne with the roasts; Hermitage with the entremets; Tokay with desserts. You'll have the President watching you. Speaking out of turn I could come with a jail term. If you let him do it, he'll reward you well. ('...necessarily places an obligation to tighten security even more around the residence.') I procured for him with determination. He did the same to them all, coming in their little faces. The report has been rewritten in ways that hide the nature and extent of any exclusions. What regularity, what cold common sense is corruption. He testified that an invoice is hardly a threat to life and limb. Nothing is said to the six kitchen girls. It is decided to torture three, but to keep the three cooks because of their culinary talents. You are instructed to avoid imported terminology/Nkandlagate, Zumaville. Secrets have turned out not to be all that secret. He couldn't see her reach maturity, without insisting on enjoying his friend's daughter.*

It is all allowed by the Ministerial Handbook.

A Poet in the Ointment

Erik Chevalier

The majority of Italy's post-war intelligentsia would have appreciated Pasolini's work much more if he hadn't been around as well ... physically present, a constant irritant to the optimism of living in an economic "boom". His attacks on the brutality of conformism, on the extremism of moderate politics, were embarrassing enough for the whole political spectrum, but the fact that this work circulated on the mainstream media and his films actually made money was unforgivable. And, he wasn't

forgiven; his physicality literally destroyed, his work could only then find a safe niche in literary history, as the work of a martyr.

But even if one relegates Pasolini to the past, his poetry, his films, will always be about the present and his words, like grains of sand in an hourglass, measure the progress of our cultural decadence, a reminder that the present, our present, is as close as we will ever get to the future.

Five Chapters

Professor Rozena Maart

1. You agents of heteronormativity – born of the marriage of repression and negation – you examine me, inspect me, to ensure that I have what you have . . . hoping that in my small yet growing manliness I have learnt shame, but instead you found indifference, the seeds of my own unstoppable pleasure. Were I to become like you, sadly satisfied with life's little gifts of recognition, I would wither; no, slip away from the beacon of my own orgasmic fountain, and drown in the shallowness of your compliance, tight-lipped and agreeable, like death's kiss to forgotten life in an unmarked grave.

2. There, under the table as I contemplate my little hunt
I lie in waiting, and accidentally come upon your scented cunt
This is the closest I have come to see your functional garter tell a lie
For your flesh throbs feverishly against your stockings' tie

You were always mine, in pockets of my cerebral path
In mental pictures perverted by my own pain
Of yearning and wanting but 'o in vain
And here, here where the small table meets me at my moment of duty

I bend to pick up the food that fell on the floor just to suit me
A slip, a twist, a fumble and there on my back
My heart aches, my gaping mouth speaks my inner lack
I will lie here until my dream is complete
Even if I suffer silently, with pleasure, the untold tales of my own defeat

3. I am the flower who wilts at the mere sight of you in your chiselled grace
I am the breath of reddened air that circles your face
I am the boy who is man enough to tease you with a look
I am the man who is boy enough to insert you in my book

I am the breath that lingers in your ear when unspoken words stir my heart
I am the word that twirls on your tongue when lust departs

4. My clouded glasses, allow my gaze to fade away. My lust has gone astray, in the wind of my own despair.
I cannot look at him, cannot see a way for me to glance at him with all of what I own. It is little, simply a house of lies to which I wear the

throne. There, upon my tongue where guilt lies bruised, aroused by
my desire for his cock to take a cruise. I swallow the lust that swirls
in my mouth born of an ill-concocted smooch . . . the one that chases
me against my bloods gurgling rouge.

Now, as I pose before I strike
I will pacify the fear that plagues my passive plight
For if it were not for the glasses that weigh me down like an unwanted
frock
I would turn my secret kisses into melted rock

I have kissed you many, many times
For purpose, pleasure and for pain
I have sucked your flesh and let my tongue lie beside your breath
In dreams made flesh, in fornications' bed of glee
And when the moon found me lurking underneath the passion tree
I saw myself
And did not know that it was me

5. There, in nakedness where I lie with you in full view
Oblivious to the parade of passengers travelling past our embrace
Your frantic kisses beat loudly against my swollen breasts
It is your turn to suck me and fuck me in our man-made nest

The earth moves
The sun rises
My heart hammers, the estuaries of my cunt stammers
My legs will wrap you up like a Christmas present
Until your body bears its soul like a humble peasant

I will lie here on my back
In waiting, wanting, weeping pleasure
Wetting my appetite by stroking your treasure
Watching your eyes seek solace in my retina's embrace
Murmuring sweet nothing until my body secretes one more moment
for your lips to swallow and spread across my panting face

Night of Sodom

John Pepper

When the first white people moved to our hillside in the Bo Kaap, Oom Noor Ahmed told me, they had a huge party in the street, one like nobody had ever seen. Before, if there was drinking and going on, it was discreet and kept in the houses, he said. But this was different. These people caused a huge commotion. They placed tables in the road and filled them with melons and hams and cakes and cheese, with shellfish and sausages and tubs of mayonnaise and catsup, with beer and wine and liquor. It was December, it was hot, and flies buzzed around the meats and sweets laid out in the road. "This is how we *jol*," they said. "We are 'artists'". Their men wore loud shirts and had pasty necks. Their women were pissed early and tottered about slobbering their words and talking *kak*. They smoked dagga openly and sniffed coke from a photographer's light table set up on the veranda. A huge flat-screen TV played Italian films. A man in a tutu stopped by on his way to another party and roller-skated around with a sparkler in his ass. One girl was topless and painted red like a giant lobster and another wore twirling pinwheels pasted to her tits. Others came dressed as "their maids". They set up speakers in the street and played their boomboom music until early morning. There was butt dancing, dry humping against rubbish bins and a fist fight. Drunken cries of "*Amandla!*"

were shouted into the night. After midnight, stragglers started hooking up and a balding but otherwise hairy man in a cowboy hat - "a writer, working on a sci-fi screenplay about aliens landing in Cape Town" - was pressing up against a vampish girl with too much make-up on, the young wife of a much older man, a portfolio manager and art collector. "I just *loooove* aliens," she told the aspiring writer. "We have a lot in common!" He had been in an argument earlier about who had done more to "end apartheid" and a bump had led to a shove, a shove to a brawl. There was blood and snot dried under his nose from being punched in the face. She, after too many visits to the light table, still had white dust on her upper lip, and was telling everyone how bored she was with her husband, how he had left with another girl, how horrible he was in bed, how tired she was of everyone thinking she was just a trophy wife and a groupie of the artists he collected, how she was a cultural organiser herself, how ever since he stopped making a lot of money he was not much fun anymore and she would show him that she knows how to have a good time. In the middle of one of her monologues the writer with the bloody nose fell back onto a table and into the pile of food in the street, pulling her down with him. Now covered in it, they continued to hook up, half undressed and sticky,

licking the food off each other and groping as the crowd cheered them on. Others joined in, turning the street into a slurping, slushy ménage. This was only interrupted when a white Mercedes with its parking brake off started rolling backward down the hill, bounced off a street lamp and banged into the wall of the house next door, knocking a hole into the kitchen. Everyone fled the street in laughter and crowded onto the veranda, tipping over the TV. It crashed to the floor and broke open and the silvery electrostatic powder that spilled out was stirred into the dope on the light table, prompting more ecstatic cheers of "*Amandla!*". Later,

as the sun rose, the guests moved unsteadily to their cars and drove off. They left behind their vomit and piss on the sidewalk and their broken bottles and rotting food scraps in the road. Rats, pigeons, seagulls and stray dogs poked about in the stinking stuff. Our new neighbour himself had urinated in his pants and passed out, head propped against the light table, with the foul yellow fluid crystallizing beneath him. He woke up like this in the afternoon and we greeted him. "No worries," he said. "We'll pay for everything." The following morning his maid was seen sweeping up the mess left in the street.

So Wie Gesehen

Niklas Zimmer

Sehr geehrte D. u. H. [ugs.] [leicht hum.], so wie es uns gebührt; und bekanntlich, was ... angeht {m} so, wie es ist; unter den gegebenen Umständen: was den Stil betrifft, müssen Sie sehr vorsichtig sein. Haftungs- oder Gewährleistungsausschluss. Wie das Sprichwort sagt, wie es Brauch ist, wie es genannt wird, so wie es jetzt (nun mal) ist, nach menschlichem Ermessen. Wie es meistens ist, oder jedenfalls häufig der Fall sein kann, oder sich gar nie oder eben nur ganz selten verhält, verhält es sich zu ... wie ... zu. Abwechslung tut Wunder! Alles beim Alten; A ist ein Drittel so groß wie B, und, soweit bekannt ist, wie es in Deutschland üblich ist, wie es viele Künstler gewohnt sind, ist A ein Zehntel so groß wie B. Arglisthaftung [von ihm aus], denn knapp daneben ist auch vorbei. Schon verstanden! Ein neues Urteil des Bundesgerichtshofs, so gut man es vermag: Käufer. Name. Vorname. Adresse. Telefon. Geburtsdatum. Ausweis-Nummer. Hersteller. Sowieso schon; vgl. Text, Ziff. Es trifft sich, wie es schon ist, wie man so sagt, so viel wie nötig, unter dem Punkt, dessentwegen [{f} {sg}] sonstige Vereinbarungen stehen; weiterhin vereinbarten die Parteien, in der vorliegenden Form, wie besichtigt, genauso wie, nach Lage der Dinge; unter den gegebenen Umständen; wie die Dinge liegen; was ... betrifft / anbetrifft, alle sichtbaren und verborgenen, wie es schon ist, viele übersetzte Beispielsätze ..., es gibt aber nichts Besonderes, soweit der Platz reicht. So wie gesehen.

Senza titolo

Andrea Dicò

Penso che la grandezza di Pasolini, per gli italiani, sia nella sua attualità, che si esprime in una duplice e controversa forma: chi ha avuto la fortuna e il piacere di leggere o ascoltare le sue parole, ha riconosciuto da quel momento una guida, una sorta di stella polare, un compagno di viaggio .

Un viaggio sicuramente poco confortevole, se guardiamo la storia del nostro Paese degli ultimi trenta-quaranta anni che hanno segnato una perdita progressiva della fiducia, già precaria, dei cittadini nelle istituzioni, un imbarbarimento di etica e senso civico, che hanno creato una disillusione collettiva

che le (poche) oasi rinfrescanti non sono riuscite a contenere.

L'altro aspetto, più triste, è l'attualità di quelli che non conoscono Pier Paolo Pasolini e la sua storia di uomo e artista. Un'ignoranza spesso pilotata, indotta, manipolata, da un "sistema della comunicazione" che coscientemente indottrina la maggiorparte degli italiani, sottraendo sistematicamente cultura per sostituirla con intrattenimento, a volte camuffato da cultura.

Anche questo ennesimo abuso di potere era stato visto e smascherato in anticipo da Pasolini.

Pier Paolo y el Grito a la Humanidad

Pablo Cesar

Hubiera querido conocerlo cuando estuvo junto a María Callas en el Festival de Cine de Mar del Plata (Argentina) en 1970 para presentar **Medea**, pero yo tenía ocho años. Siempre me pregunté cómo era posible que un hombre que casi no conocía la técnica cinematográfica pudo hacer películas tan fuertes, tan bellas y con un lenguaje tan propio. Le dediqué el final de mi película *Afrodita (el jardín de los perfumes)*, cuando un tuareg dibuja en la arena y se escucha una voz en off (la mía) evocando los textos del final del guión de *Las Mil y Una Noches* que Pasolini no dejó en su película: “Ésta sí que es una bella historia. Y para que nadie la olvide nunca, voy a escribirla con letras de oro.”

L'arte politica di Manfred Zylla

Alessandra Atti Di Sarro

Ho conosciuto Manfred Zylla alcuni anni fa a Cape Town. La sua ultima creazione, che ho avuto la fortuna di osservare in tutte le sue fasi, dall'idea alla realizzazione, è la rielaborazione artistica di uno dei più discussi film della cinematografia italiana "Salò e le 120 giornate di Sodoma" di Pier Paolo Pasolini. La serie di gouaches in piccolo formato, realizzate come fossero una sequenza filmica, fotogrammi alla moviola di quella pellicola che con la sua profonda ironia e acuta denuncia sociale ha scandalizzato e scosso il pensiero politico e morale europeo, sintetizza alla perfezione l'attitudine **figurativo-fantastica** che Manfred Zylla ha sempre utilizzato nel suo lavoro. Un lavoro nel quale ancora una volta l'artista tedesco, naturalizzato sudafricano, inchioda la realtà all'utopia con lo stile che gli è più congeniale, quello della metafora poetica. Esattamente come fece il poeta di Casarsa, simbolo di un'arte che combatte contro il potere. Sulle orme di Pasolini, intellettuale provocatorio, spericolato, controcorrente, Manfred Zylla rilegge il presente e la storia, quella del suo paese d'origine e di quello d'adozione, rammenta l'orrore del nazismo e quello dell'apartheid, osserva, come Pasolini faceva attraverso la lente dell'obiettivo della cinepresa, la realtà che lo circonda e la sbeffeggia con

coraggiosa temerarietà nel tentativo di provocare una reazione. Pasolini era un uomo di cultura nel senso più profondo: sapeva rischiare, aveva l'urgenza di capire, e guardava avanti, quasi fosse un profeta: ciò che ha scritto negli anni '70 si è rivelato realtà, decenni dopo. L'Italia celebra nel 2015 il quarantennale dell'omicidio – ancora avvolto dal mistero - del poeta friulano, avvenuto a Roma il 2 Novembre del 1975 all'Idroscalo di Ostia. L'omaggio che Zylla fa all'ultimo capolavoro, uscito postumo, del maestro, restituisce molto di più che un semplice tributo intellettuale: dimostra l'attualità di una visione spoetizzante del reale, che purtroppo ci coinvolge tutti al livello planetario. Le periferie dell'anima e della società si allargano con tutte le loro aberrazioni nel pianeta, man mano che la capacità di critica si inaridisce nelle menti di chi lo abita.

Il Centro Luigi Di Sarro di Roma, nel 2010 ha dedicato a Manfred Zylla e al suo lavoro anti-apartheid una mostra personale, curata da Heidi Erdmann, nell'ambito del progetto di scambio artistico fra Italia e Sudafrica che porta avanti da alcuni anni. In quell'occasione Zylla ha avuto modo di esporre lavori realizzati negli anni '80 e '90 e opere più recenti, mostrando che la battaglia è ancora ben lontana dall'essere vinta.

Sonder titel

Garth Erasmus

Hier op die steiltes sit ek en hou my op hoogte van sake waar ek afkyk op die veldbrand en my hart is in my keel vasgeknoei. Die stilte is hartroerend mooi en ek wentel afdraend tussen die swart uitgebrande takkies en elke kraak is `n hartslag van verlore verledes, naasbestaandes en blootgesteldes. Die wolke ook is blootgestel aan my aarde. Ek kom tuis maar ek betree `n aasvoël se ekstase. My skoene kry seer en ook die vere van my vlerke. Ek droom soos `n inboorling in sy land sonder `n linkerledemaat. My niere is geskaaf van die drank. My oë is omsingel deur `n bese bende uitreik. My silwer maan is in ballingskap en in haar eensaamheid is die nag binne getree. Ek onthou my kinderstem skree maar wie gaan my lippe verniel met `n soen?

一个孩子和面具

程骞 (Cheng Qian)

面具，可以戴在脸上给别人看，也可以透过面具看别人，但最终都会戴在心上，看不清自己，也看不清世界。

小明七岁了，圆圆的脸，幼嫩而红润。在第一天上学之前，妈妈就把一副画成“乖孩子”的面具给他戴到脸上，说这样可以保护他的脸不被老师和同学划伤。到了学校，小明惊奇地发现许多同学都和自己一样，是戴着面具来上学。于是，小明的面具就从小学一直戴到大学里。虽然面具样子不断变换，但是从早到晚一直戴到睡梦里。

终于有一天，小明梦见面具正在吞吃自己那张真实的脸，鲜血淋漓。而周围那些戴着面具的脸却依然在若无其事地看着自己。他突然想哭，却不知道自己的眼泪究竟在哪里？

在中国，不知道有多少人的生活是从戴面具开始。从此看不见真实的自己，也看不清真实的世界，把一生都迷失在面具里。

家里的小皇帝

程昊天(Cheng Haotian)

小绿从生出来就成为了家里的小皇帝。六个大人照顾他。他在家里什么都不用做，只要学习就好。爷爷奶奶带着小绿出去，最害怕的是小绿磕着碰着，所以总是跟着他。小绿想和小朋友一起玩，可是发现周围的小朋友也都被家长“保护着”。

姥姥姥爷也不甘示弱，总是给小绿买各种好吃的和玩具。小绿拿起玩具，玩一会儿就玩腻了。然后看见其他小朋友好的东西总是说我要小红的游戏机，我要小黄的铅笔盒。周围的小朋友总是互相比较你有什么，我有什么。

爸爸妈妈总是要上班，一回家小绿总是粘着爸爸。爸爸要出去，小绿说不行，你要陪我玩。妈妈一天和小绿说，妈妈如果给你生一个小妹妹，你喜不喜欢啊。突然小绿大发雷霆，妈妈我不要小妹妹！你要是生一个小妹妹，我就去自杀。妈妈以为他在开玩笑，可是突然有一天，小绿走到阳台威胁妈妈。妈妈害怕的不得了，最后不得已，只能答应小绿妈妈不要小妹妹了。

独生子女政策在中国实行了30年，独生子女有了新一代的独生子女。新的时代出现了新的小皇帝。

Notes on the Marquis de Sade

Nicola Roos

When Donatien Alphonse François, the man better known as the Marquis de Sade, famously stated, “Either kill me or take me as I am, because I’ll be damned if I ever change,” he was not referring only to himself. The notorious sexual delinquent, anti-philosopher and first self-proclaimed “sadist” was also, perhaps unwittingly, summing up the general human condition.

Since 1909, when de Sade was rediscovered and injected into more mainstream literature by poet Guillaume Apollinaire, he has become one of the most celebrated and most despised sceptics of the modern age. Frederic Nietzsche, one of many philosophers and writers influenced by de Sade, asserted amidst a storm of controversy that “God is dead.” Perhaps de Sade was also one of those thinkers who, by collapsing the moral foundations of religion, helped to build the philosophical foundations of the modern world.

But the question that haunts us, more than two centuries after de Sade’s death, is whether he was implicitly sending out an invitation to crime? Was he really illustrating the Biblical allegory of humanity overreaching itself and falling into the dark labyrinths of mortal sin and moral decay, or was he clandestinely paving the way to our contemporary world, wracked by sexual violence and child abuse?

For de Sade, brutality was at the core of the human psyche and inseparable from desire. So perhaps it is foolish, even wicked, to lift him out of the depths of obscurity that swallowed him after more than three decades in French prisons and mental asylums and to hang upon him the mantle of heroism for helping to change the world.

Perhaps, on the other hand, we ought to recognise him for his insights, disturbing as they are. His historical importance is that he depicted, and sought a philosophical explanation for, the inherent cruelty of mankind.

Ostia (The Death of Pasolini)

Lyrics by COIL

There's honey in the hollows
And the contours of the body
A sluggish golden river
A sickly golden trickle
A golden, sticky trickle

You can hear the bones humming
You can hear the bones humming
And the car reverses over
The body in the basin
In the shallow sea-plane basin

And the car reverses over
And his body rolls over
Crushed from the shoulder
You can hear the bones humming
Singing like a puncture
Singing like a puncture

Killed to keep the world turning
Killed to keep the world turning
Killed to keep the world turning

Throw his bones over
The white cliffs of Dover
And into the sea, the sea of Rome
And the bloodstained coast of Ostia

Leon like a lion
Sleeping in the sunshine
Lion lies down
Lion lies down
Out of the strong came forth sweetness
Out of the strong came forth sweetness

Throw his bones over
The white cliffs of Dover

And murder me in Ostia
And murder me in Ostia
The sea of Rome
And the bloodstained coast

And the car reverses over
The white cliffs of Dover
And into the sea, the sea of Rome

You can hear the bones humming
You can hear the bones humming
You can hear the bones humming

Throw his bones over
The white cliffs of Dover
And into the sea, the sea of Rome

And murder me in Ostia

Performed by COIL with lyrics by John Balance and appears on the album *House Rotorvator* (1986).
Lyrics courtesy of www.thresholdhouse.com where the works of COIL and associated groups can be ordered.

Excerpt from *Murderous Passions: The Delirious Cinema of Jesús Franco*

Stephen Thrower

The literary source for whom filmmaker Jess Franco demonstrated the fiercest passion was The Marquis de Sade. (See: *Marquis de Sade: Justine* (1968); *Eugenie... the Story of Her Journey into Perversion* (1969); *Eugenie* (1970); *How to Seduce a Virgin* (1973), *Eugenie, historia de una perversión* (1980); *Gemidos de placer* (1982)). The best of these films embody the libertarian spirit if not the precise letter of the source material, but if de Sade's amoral sensualism provides Franco with his holy text, one has to say he occasionally blasphemes spectacularly. An entirely un-Sadean compassion for put-upon victims intrudes at odd intervals, and cannot be explained away as irony. (de Sade would occasionally express 'sympathy' for his unfortunate heroines, but the glint in his eye through his crocodile tears was clear.) Maurice Blanchot, in his elegant and lucid essay on de Sade, drew attention to a philosophical abyss in Sade's

work; between his amoral espousal of selfish pleasure as the only source of meaning in life, and his despoliation of authority, corruption and exploitation of power by the vested interests of Church, State and judiciary. Surely, one could argue, a Sadean should applaud these monsters of authority, who so successfully exploit their privileged positions to get precisely what they want from life and fuck everyone else? The more one leans towards one end of the dichotomy in de Sade, the more glaringly the other end rises up, like a seesaw with warring rhetoricians on either end. Franco too finds himself on this seesaw, sometimes expressing moral outrage at abusive authority, other times indulging sadistic relish while depicting the suffering of bruised and uncomprehending innocents. Franco never tired of the subject matter, but he never resolved the contradictions either. . .

Traces and Impressions

Ludwig Binge

Traces of Marquis de Sade in Heiner Müller's *Quartet*, performed at The Cape Town Fringe Festival in 2014.

"Timespace: Drawing room before the French revolution/ Air raid shelter after World War III" (Müller, 1981).

Bitter rivals and ex-lovers Marquise de Merteuil and Vicomte de Valmont engage in a manipulative role-playing act in an attempt to pursue their most sadistic fantasies in the face of imminent doom. They indulge themselves in a plot of abuse and seduction against an innocent virgin and virtuous spouse, often switching their roles and sexes, to combat their boredom and take revenge on one another with great satirical flair.

With Greta Pietersen and Ludwig Binge in a play directed by Marthinus Basson for TEATERteater, an independent South African theatre company.

Impressions of an Actor

Carl Weber (responsible for the English translation of *Quartet*) refers to de Sade in declaring the motto of Müller's play: "There is no better way of making yourself familiar with death than by connecting it to the notion of sexual excess."

Like de Sade's, Müller's work has often raised eyebrows and audiences have found *Quartet* either fascinating or appalling. In a programme note in Robert Wilson's 1988 production in New York, Müller expressed his amazement that so little is generally made of the comic aspects of his work.

I remember that Marthinus constantly reminded me and Greta that we were working with satire, and that the characters had to enjoy the "wickedness" of the game. In other words, there was great potential for comedy – however, not necessarily a very accessible form of comedy. A reviewer of our particular production remarked, "... Marthinus Basson's *Quartet* is difficult to watch. It's dark and sick. If you're up for stirring, disturbing theatre ... this might be for you." It seems she does not share Heiner Müller's macabre sense of humour ...

Amahathanga: Ukubhebha neNgcindezelo

Dr. Nomusa Makhubu

“Ngikutholile manje! Ngeke usangibaleka”, washo UMshengu emamatheka. Ubusika bebubhokile ngaleso sikhathi, kumakhaza. Sasingiphete isifuba okokuthi nga ngifumfutha amafinyela. Wathi ebona lokhu uMshengu, wasondela edontsa indwangu ebe ngizo sula ngayo impumulo. “Yekela lokho kimina. Mina, ngizakunakekela, Swidi lami”.

Nganginabile embhedeni eceleni naye. Wasondeza ikhanda lami wangebuka egolozela. Esondele njalo, izindebe zakhe zaya empumulweni yami. Ulwimi lwakhe lwangena kwelinye ne linye ikhala. Wamunya amafinyela ngaze nga thimula. Amafinyela wami waphuma emanengi, uMshengu wa mungunya.

Nakanjalo, ningangibuzi ngalelihathanga elinguMshengu ngoba into ayenzile ngalolosuku kwangathi ayiganukeli. Ngiyakwethembisa ukuthi ukuloba kwalelihathanga kungenziwa kwintombi emsulwa ngaphandle kokuthi kubonwe njengento embi.

Lomsebenzi ka Marquis de Sade uchaza ukukhohlakala no budlova bamahathanga wase phesheya e-France ekhulwini lweshumi nesishiya-galombili ekubalweni kweminyaka. Izicebi zavalela intsha zayihlukumeza futhi zayidlwengula. Lendaba lhlaba umxhwele ngenxa yokuthi iveza umphumela wokunyathelwa kwezenzo zophingo okwenza kubonakale engathi ukukhululeka ngobulili nobufebe kuyiyona impendulo. Lesiqephu engisigugqule lapha sitshengisa ubuqhashiya ngezindlela abantu ababebusa babe sebenzisa amandla nesidlozane ngokukhohlakala. Kodwa ke kuyiqiniso kanti futhi kunzima ukuthi inhlanganiso yobumnandi nobuhlungu kwezophingo nesidlozane yinto ejilile enenkani nasesikhathini samanje. Abantu abansundu, kakhulu abesifazane, bahlangabezana nobuhlanya kanye nobugciwane bocindezelwano obuhlanganisa isilili, uphingo, isidlozane nobumnandi. Cha, mhlawumbe ayifani ncamashi nalendaba yamahathanga u de Sade abhala ngawo. Kodwa ke ziningi izicebi ezimhlophe nezinsundu ezasoloku zihlukumeza intsha. Imali nengcindezelo inendlela yokwenza uhlukumezeko kube ngathi akuyona into embi kakhulu. Ukubhebha nokudlwengula kusetshenziswa ocindezwelweni lwabanye.

Bliss

An abbreviated excerpt of a feature-length film script, *Fokoffpoliceman*, which in turn pays homage to Abel Ferrara's *Bad Lieutenant*.

Both are crime drama meditations on the nature of guilt; *Fokoffpoliceman*, set in post-Apartheid South Africa, asks how the collective burden of guilt renders itself onto the individual.

Hofmeyr Scholtz

INT. TOWNSHIP, SHEBEEN (ghetto tavern) – NIGHT

Mafia sinks the black ball in the corner pocket with a loud thwack.

EXT. SHEBEEN BACK ALLEY – NIGHT

The shotgun goes off with a blinding flash and a deafening boom.

INT. SHEBEEN – NIGHT

Inside everybody involuntarily ducks, except Jo.

Thabang almost collides with him when he comes flying around the corner. Both raise their weapons and a stand-off ensues. All at once:

JO

Drop it!!

THABANG

Fuck you!!

JO

DROP IT!!

RUITERS

Don't shoot Supe!!

JO

DROP IT!!!

Thabang raises a hand submissively.

THABANG

OK! OK! Chill Mapuza, chill..!

Thabang slowly lowers the gun. Jo, high on coke, is distracted, he lowers his pistol an inch - an inch that offers Thabang the opportunity to jerk up his gun, pulling the trigger, point blank in Jo's face.

The resounding metallic clack of the hammer striking the primer pierces the sudden silence. There is no explosion of gunpowder, no splatter of brains and gristle. A miss-fire. The bullet is a dud. It happens. For a brief, death-filled moment, everyone freezes expectantly, waiting for the next thing to happen. In that instant, Jo's eyes, boring into Thabang's, had become flat with the knowledge that everything is changed, from here on in.

And Thabang, in that instant, knows this too.

Point blank, Jo pulls the trigger.

INT. KATRYN'S FLAT – DAY

Jo drops the plastic shopping bag with drugs and syringes on the table.

Katryn is death-wish beautiful, with hooded eyes. When she raises them and look at you, not a regular occurrence, they become shiny blue diamonds.

KATRYN

Waar kry jy dit?

(Where'd you get it?)

She speaks an old fashioned Namaqua Afrikaans, the language of the old Dutch desert pioneers, a language embedded with dry melancholia - guttural `r's rolling in from the far back of her throat.

JO

Het die ou gevang in 'n shebeen.
(Caught the guy in a shebeen.)

KATRYN

Ek het dit op TV gesien.
(I saw on TV)

She studies him some more, then galvanizes into action.

She exits the room and returns with a tablespoon, cotton wool and a Bunsen burner; drops it in Jo's lap.
Jo having chopped and snorted some coke gets busy with the cook.

Katryn sits down on the bed, pulls off her black stockings and spreads open her elegant legs, causing Jo to pause. His eyes move from her legs to her crotch where Katryn's fingers had begun prodding the flesh along her panty line.

With a vexed look Jo drags his eyes away from where her fingers continue the exploration of her crotch.

KATRYN

Die Femorale aar is baie groot, so disse moerse rush om daarin op te skiet... Maar 'n mission om daar uit te kom... Eers is dit die vel, dan n bietjie vleis, dan die slagaar, en eers dan die fokken aar.
Onder die slagaar.

(The femoral vein is huge, so's the rush if you shoot up in it... But its a mission to get there... First the skin, then some meat, then the artery, and only then the fucken vein. Underneath the artery.)

Jo, simultaneously repulsed and tempted, averts his eyes with some effort.

JO

Wat gebeur as jy die slagaar slaan?

(What happens if you hit the artery?)

KATRYN

Jou brein ontplof.

(Your brain explodes)

Jo looks at her. He resumes to prepare the syringes.

KATRYN

Letterlik.

(Literally)

Katryn is satisfied she has found the vein. She settles against the wall, legs apart, knees up, naked except for a tight black t-shirt and G-string. Jo takes her in. She looks at Jo.

KATRYN

Help my.

(Help me)

Jo hesitates. Opposing currents of repulsion and temptation push through him.

JO

Hoekom, Katryn?

(Why, Katryn?)

Katryn looks him in the eye.

KATRYN

Vir die pyn Jo. Kom help my.

(For the pain Jo. Come help me)

Jo isn't sure whether she is mocking him or not.

She pulls him closer. He settles between her legs.

She takes hold of his hand. She places his fingers next to her vagina, looks into his eyes.

KATRYN

Kan jy die klop voel...?

Daar.

(Can you feel the throb...?

There.)

JO

Ja...

(Yes..)

With her hand on his, she moves his fingers ever so slightly, pressing closer to her vulva, still staring into his eyes.

KATRYN

Ok, en nou kan jy die aar voel? Reg onder hom?
(OK, and now, can you feel the vein? Just underneath?)

JO

Ja, nogal.
(Yes, actually)

KATRYN

Stoot dit in.
(Push it in)

He inserts the needle. Deeper. It's two thirds in before he stops. He pulls back the plunger and blood surges into the syringe. They stare at the swirling red blackness. He looks up at her.

JO

(hoarse)

Hoe weet jy ek is nie nou in jou slagaar nie?
(How do you know I'm not in your artery right now?)

Katryn looks up and smiles radiantly.

KATRYN

Jy's 'n Cop – ek vertrou alle cops.
(You're a cop – I trust all cops)

Eyes blue diamonds.

He hits the plunger. She sinks back against the wall.

With his hand between her legs, to the casual observer it would look like Jo is pleasuring her.

Her mouth opens voluptuously as her body convulses.

It's like sex. But better.

Jo slips the needle out of her. His eyes drink in the bliss on her face while he rubs the pinprick of blood into the skin of her now swollen vulva with gentle circular movements of his fingers.

The movement slows to a stop. He emerges, blinking, from his trance.

His eyes flat with the knowledge that everything is changed.

He pulls down his pants and gingerly pokes around his crotch.

He inserts the needle.

Pulls in a thick pulse of blood.

He pushes down the plunger.

For a long while his cock is the only part of his body with any movement at all, a slow steady tick tick tick to the faint beat of his heart.

FADE TO BLACK

Excerpt from From Sansibar with Love: Meine unmögliche Affäre in Afrika

Andrea Tapper

Bastmatten liegen auf dem Boden, rote Stofflampen verbreiten vor ockerfarbenen Wänden ein warmes Licht. Eine Mitarbeiterin im bunten Kanga-Tuch, einer Art ostafrikanischem Pareo, sitzt vor einem Mörser und stampft frische Rosenblätter und Mpatchori zu einer verführerischen Essenz zusammen. »Zieh dich erst mal aus. Ganz.« Ich höre ein Moped vorbei knattern, durch die Altstadt von Zanzibar, zu eng für Autos. Damwaju, meine Masseuse und Brautlehrerin, lässt mich an einem Gewürzball, so groß wie ein Tennisball schnuppern. Vor einer Hochzeit wird damit zwei Wochen lang täglich massiert – inklusive *kipara* – Vollrasur am ganzen Körper. »Bei den Männern«, sagt Damwaju, »benutzen wir eine Kräutermischung aus Kokosnussöl und Gewürznelken. Das sorgt für Stamina.« Der Rest der Prozedur, inklusive Rasieren, bleibt gleich. Vor der Hochzeit gibt Damwaju Mann und Frau – getrennt selbstverständlich, aber im Beisein des halben Clans und der Nachbarschaft – handfeste Sex- Nachhilfe.

»Was müssen die Männer bei Euch wissen, Damwaju?«

„Die wichtigsten Ratschläge“, sagt die Brautlehrerin: » Steh immer zur Verfügung für deine Frau. Sei sauber. Niemals müde. Niemals ablehnend. Kümmert Euch um Eure Frauen.“

»Und die Frauen?«

»Lasst Euer Haus immer gut duften, brennt Räucherkerzen ab oder legt Weihrauch auf den Ofen. Duscht nach jedem Sex. Tragt sexy Klamotten zuhause. Überrascht Eure Männer jeden Tag mit etwas anderem.“

Die Unschuld, die vor der Dekadenz steht: In Sansibar hat sie überlebt. Wie in vielen afrikanischen Ländern. Trotz aller Gräueltaten. Ich bin sie nicht gewohnt, die Unschuldsvermutung, und tue mich schwer damit. Sie überrascht mich, jedes Mal wieder, wenn ich nach Afrika komme. Dann bade ich in ihr und verändere mich.

Remember tonight

Ashraf Jamal

In this contemporary swamp of cynicism it is rather calming and reassuring to read the following by Dante Alighieri: "I love to doubt as well as to know." This is no mere reductive paradox. Rather Dante reminds us that being wakeful, alive, or fully in this world demands that we recognise paradox and ambiguity as an inevitability. Doubt and knowledge are not mutually exclusive. The very notion of separating the two supposes an intrinsic mental and emotional failure because living in the fullest sense means that we need to question as much as we need to believe.

"The darkest places in hell are reserved for those who maintain their neutrality in times of moral crisis," Dante declared. This is an intriguing notion given that in today's world it is precisely neutrality – the coolly casual balancing of differences, amounting to nothing less than indifference – which is assuming dominance as the defining zeitgeist of the globe.

Despite all the hype, no one truly cares anymore. The ethical backbone which should define the individual citizen has been hijacked, co-opted, or dissipated: we are all slaves to the intoxicated, blithe, ease of compromise, or, stricken by the rictus of agreed upon fear, terror, and horror.

It is the very subtlety of ambiguity therefore — the love of doubt and of knowledge – which has been profoundly and damagingly subtracted from this earth.

As Desiderus Erasmus declared, "It is the chiefest point of happiness that a man is willing to be what he is." Today, however, this bespoke embrace of selfhood has been shattered. No one believes that they are defined by a singularly ethical happiness. Misery and desperation abounds, and have proved to be the template, stone and crucible carried by all.

As Dante cynically yet convincingly attests, "Pride, envy, avarice – these are the sparks have set on fire the hearts of all men." The Marquis de Sade concurs, though adds that "lust is to the other passions what the nervous fluid is to life; it supports them all, lends strength to them. All ambition, cruelty, avarice, revenge, are founded on lust."

Whether de Sade is on point is debatable, for as the self-same author declares: "One is never so dangerous when one has no shame, than when one has grown too old to blush."

Here, it is this delicacy, this vulnerability in the midst of an obscenity which matters all the more. It is our fragility which makes

us human, our vulnerable ability to blush, our inescapable capacity, in the midst of a terrible wrongdoing, to reveal a truth.

The primary truth, championed by Dante as much as it is by de Sade is that we are intrinsically good, and that which makes us good is our very perversity, our refusal to succumb to any given absolute. It is paradox and ambiguity which shapes us. What matters, then, is how we hone this paradox which ensures the unfinished and ill-formed nature of our being.

As de Sade casually declares, "It is always by way of pain one arrives at pleasure." Truly? Is this the only way that we can receive or embrace pleasure? There is no doubt of the intrinsically sadomasochistic force at the core of de Sade's logic, and yet, there remains the contrary belief, secreted in the core of de Sade's self-violating wisdom, that what truly matters is never the singular embrace of self-congratulatory suffering-as-pleasure but the realisation that for the passions to be truly liberated – and here lies the utopian drive of the writer – we must liberate ourselves from inhibited passions.

"Compare the centuries of anarchy with those of the strongest legalism in any country you like and you will see that it is only when the laws are silent that the greatest actions appear." An extremist, an anarchist, de Sade ceaselessly broached the viability of ambiguity. In other words, it is the openness of his inspired vision which has fallen short, for today, in a world stricken by a bizarre mix of compromise, servitude, and fundamentalism, and along with it an unthinking deference to the chimera of technology and the

overwhelming global rightist opiate designed to further induce the aforesaid inhibition, what we are in fact encountering is the ubiquity of strong legalism. No one is free, and we like it like that. Which is why, given the draconian oppression of liberty globally, we need, after JM Coetzee, to recognise that "it is more productive to live out the question than to answer it in abstract terms."

Overwhelmed by the iconic, symbolic, absolute, the subterranean desire is – now – to challenge the draconian fetish of abstraction, to return to the flawed vulnerable matter that makes us human. Remembering, after Dante, that "he who allows oppression shares in the crime," we, today, who come after Dante must fervently realise that complicity, whether conscious or unconscious, is a dangerous orientation to inhabit.

Better choose ambiguity, with which I began this reflection; better realise that at any given moment, a moment as unscrupulous as it is ethically fraught, it is best, after Dante, to not rush to an easy explanation.

Better to juggle doubt and knowledge; better to endure unsettlement. Dante's great poem begins: "In the middle of the journey of our life I came to myself within a dark wood where the straight way was lost." It is this absence of any straight way, this realisation borne of the love of doubt and knowledge which we, in these uncertain times, must inhabit. Dante declares, "Remember tonight ... for it is the beginning of always".

Gemini Rising

Caspar Greeff

I was feeling good about myself and life, so I bought a bottle of Graham Beck Brut Rosé and phoned a hooker. “I’m a bubbly blonde, nice tits, long legs, firm ass, sexy as all hell,” she said. “A thousand bucks for an hour.”

“Great,” I said. I gave her my address, and jerked off so I’d be able to fuck for longer.

About an hour later the doorbell rang.

“Hi. I’m Gemini,” she said.

She had a livid burn scar running down the right side of her face. Ill-temper leaked out of her bloodshot yellow eyes. Her hair was badly dyed and grey at the roots. She was scrawny with a skinny ass and tiny tits.

Ugly as sin.

I was too much of a gentleman to send her away.

“Howzit. Please come in.”

We drank the sparkling wine, chatted some, and I bent her over my distressed kudu-skin couch and fucked her from behind, imagining that she was the bubbly, sexy blonde she’d described.

When she left I realised she’d stolen my cellphone.

I went out and hunted down the last operational public phone in Sea Point and called Gemini. She said she’d return my cellphone for another thousand bucks.

I met her in Main Road, Sea Point, and gave her the money.

“You fucking slimy scumbag,” I said when she handed me my phone.

“And you? Mr High and Mighty? Paying to have sex with prostitutes. You’re rubbish,” she said, and spat on the pavement in disgust.

She was right, I realised.

I vowed to up my game: Next time I’d buy a bottle of Veuve Clicquot and a five-grand hooker.

Sushi – Střípky Světa

Antonín Mareš

Radka prodává na Oktoberfestu růže. Nevoní, nepíchají, nevadnou. Včera byla Radka v bierceltu při prodeji svých růží oslovena mužem čtyřicátníkem. Nebyl opilý, i pět jeho přátel rodu mužského dělalo slušný dojem. Muž byl elegantně oblečený. Radka dorazila z práce krátce před půlnocí. Pravila, že se stala prostitutkou.

S Janou jsme už byli v posteli, četli si.

Když zjistil, že jsem Češka, tak se mne zeptal, zda s nimi po práci nepůjdu do bytu na sushi... Sushi essen....

Odpověděla, že určitě s šesti muži na žádný privát a na žádné sushi nepůjde.

Ale to bys vydělala víc, mnohem víc..., děl distingovaný muž. Mnohem víc!

A nemusela bys dělat nic jiného, než že bys si lehla na gauč a voněla. V Dirndlu samozřejmě....

Radka odpověděla, že ji muž svými řečmi uráží.

Vidíš zde snad někde tabulku s logem Nutte?!

Třeba tady? Nadzvedne prstem své dlouhé kaštanové kadeřavé vlasy, odtáhne lem výstřihu dirndlu směrem k muži.

Skví se zde nějaká tetovace?

Načež se muž pustil do diskuse na téma: Kde jsou meze tvé iritace!?, a zda si je Radka jista, že si své vlastní dotyčné hranice vůbec již vymezila?!

Po chvíli muž pravil, čímž Radku skutečně k přemýšlení nepustil, že jako Češka přece může mít pro podobné věci pochopení. Zřejmě měl na mysli ležet na kanapi, vonět, zatímco šest cizích mužů jí sushi.

Nedalo mi, a začal jsem o půlnoci vytvářet teorii, že dotyční muži byli na koku, nebo na něčem podobném, a že vše je výsledek kýčovitě recepce světa.

Asi viděli film Gejša, anebo četli příslušnou knihu...

A film Parfém ..., dodala z postele Jana.

Chvíli jsme s Radkou o její slibné prostituci ještě diskutovali, přičemž Radka řekla, že ji napadlo, bohužel až potom, říci tomu chlapovi, že má zrovna menzes. Na to jsem pravil, že to je škoda, a že by mohla bývala pak taky říci: *Takže místo zeleného vasabi červenou omáčku....*

Radka ale neznala vasabi, jako co vasabi je.

Uznala ovšem, že červená a zelená se vhodně doplňují,

pročež je lze rovněž esteticky zaměnit.

Dnes si představuji ony muže a Radku.

Muži si nechali doručit *Sushi für sechs Personen*; vidím je jak usedají kolem gauče, vytahují hůlky coby část balení z papírových obalů, rozlamují je obřadně od sebe.

Radka leží a voní.

Muži tiše jí sushi. Sečtělí, světa znalí muži středních let, v nejlepším věku.

Napadne, jak dopadne,
ta či ona idea,

po omrku

– toho či onoho střípku světa

vždy odpeláš k čudu

pod dvěma zásadními horními barvami
žlutou nebo modrou

Kterému komu tomu

dnes nápad padne

Nápady jako pandány

Ideje jako prkotiny

Censorship and Narrative Crack

Dr. Ludmila Ommundsen Pessoa

Disgrace, John Maxwell Coetzee (1999)

Is there not a direct connection between reading, curiosity, and a nose for dirt? In a society without interdictions, without the Law – if such a society is imaginable – who would want to read or write? (Coetzee, *Giving Offense* 56)

In 1977 J.M. Coetzee's *In the Heart of the Country* was placed under scrutiny by the South African censorship board, partly for representing the apparent rape of a white woman by a black farm-worker *and also* the white farmer's coercion of a black female servant. Eventually the novel was judged "not undesirable". Although acclaimed all over the world, his novel *Disgrace* (1999) - which stages a similar motif - enjoyed an uneasy and controversial honour in South Africa. Set in post-apartheid South Africa, the novel tackles the nature of violence, no longer perpetrated by the state against its citizens, but by citizens against one another – more specifically by one sex against the other; the complex relationship between rape and race requiring a broader reading: "The real truth ... is something far more ... *anthropological*" (Coetzee, *Disgrace* 118).

The first official statutory board of censors was set up in the Union of South Africa, the racially segregated dominion of the British Empire

of the 1930s, and later replaced by what Peter McDonald refers to as a "literature police" during the apartheid regime. Now one of the most striking features of the post-apartheid era is the politicisation of sexuality (Posel 125). In 2000 President Mbeki denied that there was a serious problem of sexual violence in South Africa, claiming that there was a "lot of misreporting about these things" (BBC News, 6/06/2000). In this context, the Human Rights Commission under Barney Pityana accused Coetzee of perpetuating racist stereotypes, while Public Enterprises Minister, Jeff Radebe, said the novel highlighted "the white people's perception of the post-apartheid black man" (Attwell 334).

Critics have argued that evil in *Disgrace* springs from an encounter between two equally malformed creations. On the one hand, there is the black creature abandoned by its maker; a representation invoking racist genetic theories that constructed blackness as the sign of a less evolved species. On the other hand, there is the white creature begotten by another maker; the Truth and Reconciliation Commission (TRC), whose hearings gave the impression that whiteness also signified a less evolved species, in the sense that whites performed acts of barbarism (Poyner, Ommundsen).

In contrast to the white lecturer David Lurie's violation of his young student, Melanie, his daughter Lucy's rape by black men remains off-stage. It

is her story “alone”, as she says, leaving the reader with the uncomfortable responsibility of imagining, a narrative crack into which a libertine mind could choose to conjure a self-made pornographic spectacle of transgression. Coetzee shows us that evil resides in the obsession with the end of apartheid, the attempt to bring the past into rational control and to sanitize the present, as “our story alone”. This “rationalism” is a self-defeating system because that which cannot be assimilated will therefore become all the more taboo; reason will create its own enemies, its own rapists (Punter 24).

“When you have sex with someone strange – when you trap her, hold her down, get her under you, put all your weight on her – isn’t it a bit like killing? Pushing the knife in; existing afterwards, leaving the body covered in blood - doesn’t it feel like murder, like getting away with murder?” asks Lucy. (*Disgrace* 158) “Working under censorship is like being intimate with someone who does not love you, with whom you want no intimacy, but who presses himself in upon you. The censor is an intrusive reader; a reader who forces his way into the intimacy of the writing transaction,” writes Coetzee (*Giving Offense* 38).

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Hell is not a place, but a state of mind

Rafael Powell

Now I begin to hear the sad notes of pain, now I have come to where loud cries beat upon my ears.

I have reached a place mute of all light which roars like the sea in a tempest when beaten by conflicting winds.

Dante Alighieri, *The Divine Comedy*

In the second circle, the true beginning of Hell, Dante finds adulterers and sinful lovers bound for eternity in a carnal embrace. Causing nothing but pain, they wail, shriek, moan and cry as they inflict their lust upon one another. Agony and ecstasy, almost identical in nature, are penance for the damned.

Love and lust coalesce in a similar way. Many of the lovers argue that it was true love, not lust, that placed them in Hell. The infamously unfaithful Guinevere is trapped in eternity with the noble Lancelot as a result of love gone awry. The souls are damned not only for their sinful desire, but for breaking vows to husband and King. As lust is their prime punishment, the sinners are placed in the second circle of Hell, not in circles reserved for souls guilty of betrayal and oath-breaking.

While it is not intention but deed that determines one's place in Hell, the road to Hell is paved with misguided ideals. In sympathy with the

sinners, Dante acknowledges that he and others like him have played a part in the sinful lovers' downfall by glorifying stories of great romance. Art has ignited the sinners' desire to seek out the extraordinary by implanting the idea that true love knows no obstacle. Lust, easily mistaken for this transformative love, is a sin leading to Hell. While lust and love should be compatible, in sin they are distorted, perverted. It is the compulsive nature of their lust that drives these people to Hell, fulfilment offering nothing but a brief respite from the gnawing desire that caused their actions in the first place. And such is the nature of sin.

In Dante's *Inferno* each Hell is subjective and reflects the beliefs of the individual. As Lancelot and Guinevere find themselves in the circle of sinful love, a murderer may find himself in the suicide grove if he perceives that to be his greatest failing. All souls in Hell are agents of their own punishment; punishment and sinful act are one and the same. This bespoke punishment means that the sinners in Hell become their own private torturers, enduring pain only they know how to inflict. Hell is a subjective experience, as true turmoil can only come from within. The idea of Hell becomes an intimate look into the soul of the sinner. It is not a place, nor a consequence of one's actions. Hell is a state of mind.

Dante allegory and the monkey de Sade

Paul Valentine

Dante mooned around obsessively for years with a one-sided and unrequited love for the unattainable object of a teenage crush. de Sade, by contrast, would have sodomised her with a burning stake on the first date while simultaneously roasting his own genitals with a blowtorch.

Dante was an optimist. Instead of feeling pathetic and hopeless about his romantic ineptitude, he poured his yearning and passion into an exalted poetic evocation of chaste love. In like fashion, when his political opponents in Florence had him exiled from the city, he sent them all to Hell in his poetry to get even. So we must admire Dante's ability to mitigate his disappointments in life by resorting to art.

de Sade, by contrast, was a cynic and pessimist. When others

about him during the Enlightenment were banging on sanguinely about the *brotherhood of man*, his depraved characters portray humans as mere meat to be impregnated, torn, impaled, beaten and burned in the pursuit of gratification. Rousseau extolled the *noble savage*: de Sade was more interested in the savage noble. The only admirable contribution de Sade made to our culture was giving us the word "sadism". Before him we had to refer to the kind of nastiness which so fascinated him as "bestiality", which was a gross and undeserved disservice to animals. Whatever we think about the resonance of their respective voices down the centuries, one thing is clear: neither of these fellows can tell us anything useful at all about romantic love!

Uitreksel van 'n draaiboek (wat nog nie bestaan nie)

Carsten Rasch

INT. MARTELKAMER – AAND

Kamera pan oor 'n langwerpige kamer wat lyk soos 'n kelder in 'n ou kasteel - klipmure, sement vloer, hoë plafon, met groot steunboë. Daar is geen vensters in die kamer nie, maar daar is 'n groot koepelvormige houtdeur in die een muur . Dis 'n groot kamer, wat in verskillende areas opgebreek is deur meublement wat in 'n middel-eeuse gruwelmuseum hoort: 'n strekbank, 'n ysterpaal met 'n skerpuntige metaal piramide bo-op, 'n Spanish Donkey (twee stutte met 'n hoekige punt), 'n metaal stoel vol spykers, ens. Aan die een muur hang daar verskeie kettings met hand- en voet-boeie.

Kamera kom tot rus op Vrou wat sit op 'n groot hout stoel met leer straps op die armleunings en die voorste bene . Sy is aantreklik, in haar vroeë dertigs, aangetrek in 'n swart skool jurkie met wit kniekouse. Haar bene is gekruis, en sy is besig om lipstiffie aan te sit, en hou 'n klein spieeltjie in haar ander hand. Sy maak klaar, pers haar lippe opmekaar, klap die spieeltjie toe, en kyk na die kamera:

MARTJIE

Liewe vriende, lesers en geïnteresseerde partye, welkom!

Sy staan op en stap langsaam na 'n lang vlek-vrye staal tafel in die middel van die kamer waarop 'n versameling blink implemente uitgestal lê, onder andere 'n volledige stel ginekologiese tools, klampe, tange, verskeie hamers en 'n been-dokter se sagie. Sy tel een op wat lyk soos 'n lang blink roomyshoring met 'n skerp punt, en vryf haar indeks vinger liefderik daaroor.

MARTJIE

Die storie gaan oor pyn en plesier. En wraak. Daar is natuurlik al baie geskryf oor pyn en plesier. Sommige sê die

twee is onseibaar. Dante sê: "The more a thing is perfect, the more it feels pleasure and pain." Eliot sê: "And the night shall be ... Pleasure, with pain for leaven" So, wie is ek om te stry? Jy is óf prooi óf roofdier. Maar die wiel draai, en more is die slagoffer in beheer. Nou is dit my kans. *Ons kans, eintlik ... (onheilspellende glimlag) ... want ek is nie alleen nie.*

Sy stap deur toe, en druk die knoppie op die interkom langs die kosyn.

BLIKSTEM (voice-over)

Hallo Martjie ...

MARTJIE

Vra die jongspan om in te kom.

Sy stap na die muur toe waar vier sterk kettings met hand- en voet boeie in die muur gekerker is, gee so plukkie aan elkeen om seker te maak hulle is stewig ge-anker. Dan is daar 'n kloppie aan die deur en agt jong meisies en agt knape stap senuweeagtig die vertrek al giggelend binne. Daar is skielik 'n gevoel van onderdrukte opgewondenheid in die kamer.

MARTJIE

Laat my toe om myself voor te stel: My naam is Martjie de Saad. Vanaand is 'n spesiale aand. Ek wag nou al ongeveer 220 jaar vir die geleentheid waar ons prettige spulletjie onself weer in dieselfde kamer bevind. Dit is inderdaad 'n rare okkasie en die moeite werd om deel van te wees. Dit is my storie:

Musiek Begin – Devil Woman (Cliff Richards)

Eendag, lank, lank gelede, in 'n afgesonderde kasteel in afgeleë land, het 'n bankier, 'n aristokraat, 'n magistraat en 'n biskop vergader met die idee dat hulle vir die volgende drie maande 'n bietjie plesier gaan hê ...

(Sy draai na die meisies toe)

Was dit toe plesierig?

(hulle kyk na mekaar, en skud hulle koppe, nee, dit was nie plesierig nie)

Wat was dit?

MIMI (12 jaar oud, met vlegsels en knopkniee)

Dit was eina....

MARTJIE

Fokken eina, ja, did kan jy weer sê.

(Sy draai na die seuns wat brommend in die hoek saamgekoek staan)

En julle, wat het julle te sê?

ADONIS (15, en die oudste knaap)

Niks nie, Tannie. *(pouse, dan dreigend)* Maar daai vet biskop gaan ons eerste bydam

MARTJIE

Mooi! Mooi... *(Sy klap haar hande twee keer)* Raait, kies vir julle elk een 'n speeldingetjie op die tafel. En moenie baklei daaroor nie, hoor!

(Sy stap weer deur toe, druk die knoppie)

BLIKSTEM (voice over)

Hallo Martjie ...

MARTJIE

Bring hulle in. (*draai weer na die kinders toe*) En wat gaan ons nou doen?

KOOR

Ons gaan die Omies seer maak, Tannie.

FADE NA TITEL

DIE WRAAK VAN MARTJIE DE SAAD
of
DIE RE-INKARNASIE VAN VERDOEMDES

Je suis

Aryan Kaganof

Je suis Sade
Je suis Zylla
Je suis love
Je suis hate
Je suis God
Je suis fate
Je suis death
Je suis sex
Je suis time
Je suis space
Je suis human
Je suis race
Je suis beginning
Je suis end
Je suis laughter
Je suis rage
Je suis prophet
Je suis charlatan
Je suis sado

Je suis masochist
Je suis coward
Je suis hero
Je suis forgiveness
Je suis revenge
Je suis Charlie
Je suis Mohammed
Je suis love

Je suis Sade
Je suis Zylla
Je suis lover
Je suis killer
Je suis Israel
Je suis Hitler
Je suis apartheid
Je suis kaffir
Je suis Palestine
Je suis C.I.A.

Je suis prophecy
Je suis revelation
Je suis Auschwitz
Je suis Boko Haram
Je suis Jesus
Je suis love

Je suis Sade
Je suis Zylla
Je suis Aryan
Je suis Kaganof
Je suis love

On 120 Days of Sodom

Usen Obot

It is interesting that Zylla's works particularly in the *120* and as brought forward in the *120 Days of Sodom* that he not only draws from the pages of history but paradoxically translates lyrical languages into visual narratives. In his works, the vagaries of or in history is still the pantomime of today's' societies. Greed culture, corruption. Selfishness, the pursuit of power, sex and sexual aggrandizement has become an everyday trade and tool by men and women. He has poignantly been able to illustrate through his paintings, drawings and printmaking that man is the albatross in his development. Zylla's works has brought the audience that dialogues with his metaphoric language indispensable discourses that challenges and documents sensibilities.

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Colophon

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