

Chapter 1 : What really goes on inside fetish club Torture Gardens | Metro News

The Torture Garden is a gloomy and sinister satire about the inhuman brutality of humankind. The novel is aesthetically decadent and whimsically fanciful. The novel is aesthetically decadent and whimsically fanciful.

You must be logged in to post a review. The Torture Garden Excerpt: There are tortures wherever there are men. In your Algeria, in the confines of the desert, I saw this: One day some soldiers captured some Arabs; poor Arabs who had committed no other crime than to try to escape the brutality of their conquerors. The Colonel commanded them to be put to death immediately, without an inquiry, without a trial. And this is what happened: There were thirty of them. They dug thirty holes in the sand, and they buried them up to their necks, naked, with their heads shaved, in the noonday sun. At the end of an hour their eyelids were swollen, their eyes bulged from their sockets, their swollen tongues filled their mouths, which gaped frightfully, and their skin cracked and roasted on their skulls. It was unimaginative, I assure you, and even devoid of terrorâ€”those thirty dead heads, sticking out of the sand like shapeless rocks! Ah, I remember the strange sensation I felt when, at Kandy, the gloomy former capital of Ceylon, I went up the steps of the temple where the English had stupidly, without torture, slaughtered the little Modeliar princes who, legends tell us, were so charming. Like those skillfully made Chinese ikons, with so hieratically calm and pure a grace, and their golden halos and their long hands pressed together. I felt that what had happened thereâ€”on those sacred steps, still uncleansed of that blood by eighty years of violent possessionâ€”was something more horrible than a human massacre; the destruction of a precious, touching and innocent beauty. The traces of that double European barbarity may be found at every step you take on the ancestral soil of that suffering and always mysterious India. The boulevards of Calcutta, the cool Himalayan villas in Darjeeling, the tribades of Benares and the sumptuous homes of the contractors in Bombay have not been able to efface the impression of mourning and death left everywhere by the atrocity of unskillful massacre, vandalism and senseless destruction. To the contrary, they accentuate it. No matter in what place it appears, civilization displays that face which bears the double imprint of sterile blood and ruins forever dead. Divinely calm and pretty, naked in a transparent tunic of yellow silk, she was languidly stretched out on a tiger skin. Her head lay among the cushions, and with her hands, loaded with rings, she played with a long wisp of her flowing hair. A Laos dog with red hair slept beside her, its muzzle resting on her thigh and a paw upon her breast. Annie diedâ€”died of that frightful scourge called elephantiasisâ€”for everything here is frightfulâ€”loveâ€”diseaseâ€”and the flowers! Never have I wept so much, I assure you. I loved her so muchâ€”so much! And she was so beautiful! Both of us often used to go out on the river in the evening. Perhaps it was thatâ€”or something else. One night when we were returning from the river, Annie complained of violent pains in the head and loins, and the next day her body was all covered with little purple spots. Her skin, rosier and finer than the althaea flower, was hardeningâ€”thickening, swelling, and became an ashy grey. Great tumors and monstrous tubercles arose. What can I do now to dispel this nightmare? She had sent all her women away, and no longer wanted to see anyoneâ€”not even me. She summoned the cleverest practitioners of England. In vain, you may be sure. The most celebrated sorcerers of Tibetâ€”those who know the magic words and resuscitate the deadâ€”declared themselves powerless. You never recover from that disease; but you never die of it. Then she killed herself. A few drops of poison, and that was the end of the most beautiful of women. I looked at Clara, unable to utter a single word. You know how much Annie loved pearls. She owned some incomparable specimensâ€”the most marvelous, I believe, that ever existed. You also remember the almost physical joy, the carnal ecstasy, with which she adorned herself with them. Well, when she was sick that passion became a mania with herâ€”a fury, like love! All day long she loved to touch them, caress them and kiss them; she made cushions of them, necklaces, capes, cloaks. Then this extraordinary thing happened; the pearls died on her skin: They were dead, dead like people, my darling. Did you know that pearls had souls? And since then, I think of it every day. And we looked at the cadaver, and with the same horrified motion stretched our necks toward the cadaver, and we could not tear our eyes away from the cadaver. On its convulsed face, on which all the contracted muscles were outlined, frightful grimaces and hideous angles stood out, the twisted mouth revealing the teeth and

gums, mimicked the frightful laugh of a madman, a laugh which death had stiffened, fixed and, so to say, modeled into all the folds of the skin. The two staring eyes darted a sightless glance at us, but their expression of the most terrifying insanity remained, and so prodigiously sneering and so fitfully mad was this stare, that never in the cells of an asylum had I been destined to see its like in the eyes of a living man. Observing all these muscular displacements in the corpse, all these deviations of the tendons, all these projections of the bones, and on the face, this grin and this dementia of the eyes surviving death, I understood how much more horrible than any other torture must be the agony of a man lying forty-two hours in his bonds under the bell. Neither the dismembering knife, nor the red, burning iron, nor the ripping pincers, nor the wedges which spread the joints, crack the articulations, or split the bones like pieces of wood, can work greater ravages on organs of living flesh and fill the brain with more horror, than this sound of an invisible and immaterial bell, combining in itself all the known instruments of torture, infuriating all the sensitive and thinking parts of an individual at the same time, and fulfilling the office of more than a hundred executioners. Robbery and Business To take something from a person and keep it for oneself: To take something from a person and then turn it over to another in exchange for as much money as you can get: Robbery is so much more stupid, since it is satisfied with a single, frequently dangerous profit; whereas in business it can be doubled without danger. It was in this moral atmosphere that in some way or other I grew up and developed entirely alone, with no other text than the daily example of my parents. Among the shopkeeping classes children are generally left to their own devices, for no one has time to bother with their education. They educate themselves as best they can, at the mercy of their own dispositions and the pernicious influences of that environment, which is generally degrading and confined. Spontaneously, and without the need of any outward pressure, I contributed my own portion of emulation or invention to the family swindles. Murder The scientist settled himself once more among the cushions of his armchair, stretched his legs, which were numb from being crossed too long and, his head thrown back, his arms hanging and his stomach soothed by good digestion, puffed smoke-rings at the ceiling: Actually, it is not the result of this or that passion, nor is it a pathological form of degeneracy. It is a vital instinct which is in us allâ€”which is in all organized beings and dominates them, just as the genetic instinct. And most of the time it is especially true that these two instincts fuse so well, and are so totally interchangeable, that in some way or other they form a single and identical instinct, so that we no longer may tell which of the two urges us to give life, and which to take itâ€”which is murder, and which love. I have been the confidant of an honorable assassin who killed women, not to rob them, but to ravish them. His trick was to manage things so that his sexual climax coincided exactly with the death-spasm of the woman: I liked to believe that, intellectually, we have all experienced analogous sensations to a lesser degree. We restrain the innate need of murder and attenuate physical violence by giving it a legalized outlet: Ostensibly dealing with the theme of torture as a refined art form in China, and depicting a dissolute bureaucrat led by an extraordinary woman into the depths of depravity, this is an absolute black humor critique of the values of Western Civilization with its duplicitous rules of social conduct and political power-brokering. A totally contemporary indictment of corruption in government, this work also lays bare the politics of the conservative scientific establishment and the evil inherent in bureaucracy. Additionally, the Colonialist mentality with its brutish institutionalized killings of natives and animals is vividly contrasted with the exquisite tortures of the garden The glittering, fantastic Torture Garden itself has all the hallucinatory brightness of a dream straight from the unconsciousâ€”that fertile pool nourishing the uninhibited artistic imagination. Both appear steeped in enigma and allusion, fed from the same inexhaustible springs of diabolical invention that well up from deep within the human psycheâ€”the eternal playground of sex and death The book offers a rare portrait of a woman of intelligence and sensitivity who progressively reveals greater dimensions of curiosity, courage, honesty and philosophic overview as she relentlessly pursues more complex and challenging experiences. In the process the much-vaunted corruption and worldly wisdom of the European male narrator is unmasked as paltry cowardice and worse stillâ€”moral conservatism that is pathetically shallow. His is a petty little soul and hers the soul of a great adventuress. The author, Octave Mirbeau â€” was an exceptional writer who combined intensity of vision with a lifelong commitment to attacking arbitrary, unjust authority. As a journalist Mirbeau railed against conservative art and political opinions as well as hypocritical public figuresâ€”which caused

him to fight numerous duels. Till the end of his long career as a critic, novelist and playwright he was dedicated to permanent, sardonic, and vociferous rebellion against the status quo. He and his wife, a former actress and herself a luminary of wit and independence, held host to some of the most radical artists and writers of the day, After his death she made their estate a retreat and haven for indigent writers, artists, poets and sculptors possessing dreams and vision but little else. As a critique of society *The Torture Garden* is an enduring inspiration: You live attached in a cowardly fashion to moral and social conventions you despise, condemn, and know lack all foundation. It is that permanent contradiction between your ideas and desires and all the dead formalities and vain pretenses of your civilization which makes you sad, troubled and unbalanced. In that intolerable conflict you lose all joy of life and all feeling of personality, because at every moment they suppress and restrain and check the free play of your powers. Its recitation of the names of exotic plants and perfumes lures us into an erotic dimension of limitless possibilities, conjured into being by the repressed underside of the human spirit—the reward at the end being the same as in the mythical Garden of Eden: Beyond providing a richly poetic experience, it will stimulate anyone interested in the always-contemporary problem of the limits of experience and sensation. As part of the continuing struggle against censorship and especially self-censorship, it will remain a landmark in the fight against all that would suppress the creation of a far freer world.

Chapter 2 : The Garden of Torture () - uniFrance Films

The Torture Garden (French: Le Jardin des supplices) is a novel written by the French journalist, novelist and playwright Octave Mirbeau, and was first published in during the Dreyfus affair.

What is interesting about these impulses, however, is that people are generally more comfortable with accepting, or acknowledging, the pleasure they experience as a consequence of their own pain than they are the pleasure gained from the pain of others. This is, you might argue, because the former is more socially acceptable; to enjoy being hurt, even to an extreme degree, does not suggest a kind of moral failing. Sadism, on the other hand, strikes us as sinister; it is linked in our minds to morally [or at least legally] impermissible activities such as murder, and is therefore deemed incompatible with a civilised society. Yet this does not mean, of course, that the pleasure ceases to exist, simply that we – the so-called civilised – endeavour to disguise it, we seek to mask it under the guise of curiosity, science, progress, righteousness, etc. As someone who finds the suffering of others difficult to stomach I consider myself to have a very weak sadistic impulse, and yet one of my earliest memories is of playing maliciously with a small fly. I was on a bus and it was raining, and this had caused condensation to collect along the bottom edge of the window. When I spotted the fly I, almost absentmindedly, pushed it into the pool of water. Then I waited, allowing it to struggle. After a while I extricated it, only to push it back into the water at the moment at which, I imagined, it believed itself to be saved. I repeated this manoeuvre until the fly stopped moving. And at this point I felt ashamed. Was I judging myself or was I scared of the judgement of others? Was my shame not, in truth, the realisation that I had allowed the mask to slip, that I had, in my naivety, allowed the ugly black cat to poke its head out of the bag? Having read *The Torture Garden*, there is little doubt as to how Octave Mirbeau would have answered these questions. First published in 1896, his short novel opens with a group of men – who, owing to the private nature of their meeting, feel as though they have the freedom to express themselves without inhibition – discussing our – human beings – preoccupation with violence and death. While this might strike some readers as being a drearily negative or cynical view of humanity, as someone who is drearily negative and cynical myself I was furiously, albeit metaphorically, nodding my head throughout. However, not everyone indulges this impulse by means of actual physical violence. It is, I believe, also the reason that many are so drawn to certain kinds of horror film, the torture porn genre in particular. Indeed, I have often had arguments with a friend of mine about this, a friend who watches and re-watches titles like *Saw*, *The Human Centipede*, *Martyrs*, *Hostel*, and so on. He is, in my opinion, undoubtedly experiencing pleasure in these staged dismemberments and murders, precisely in these elements of the films, for what else do they have to offer? If he was disgusted – which is what I would consider a healthy reaction – he would avoid them, as I do myself. Fortunately, Mirbeau appeared to recognise this, and at the right moment introduces the character of the man with the ravaged face, whose story accounts for the rest of the novel. It is the man with the ravaged face who first brings women into the discussion. Indeed, he confirms this himself a little later: Look at my dead eyes, my inarticulate lips, my hands which tremble – only from what I have seen! Indeed, at one point Clara is compared to the dum-dum bullet, the notorious expanding ammunition that was designed to cause maximum damage in the intended target by creating a larger entrance wound and no exit wound. What is important, in relation to Clara, who is a devout sexual-sadist, is that she finds them beautiful, sensual. To some extent, I can understand this, for torture is a concentration upon the body, it is working upon the body with almost loving, but certainly intense, attention; it requires an understanding of the body, and a theatrical, quasi-artistic, approach to murder. In any case, how should one understand Clara? Is she natural, uninhibited humanity? She says of herself that she is not a monster, or at least no more than the tiger or the spider is. There is much more to *The Torture Garden* than I have touched upon here, and much more that I would like to discuss, but this review is in danger of becoming monstrous itself. I do, however, want to point out that the novel is not quite as heavy and intense as I have perhaps made it sound. I mean, certainly large

parts of it are, but there is humour too. For example, in one passage a man who kills a young boy by fracturing his skull is outraged at being sent to prison: For a damned peasant! And they call that civilisation!

Chapter 3 : The Garden of Earthly Delights by Bosch (article) | Khan Academy

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Introduction[edit] One evening some friends were gathered at the home of one of our most celebrated writers. Having dined sumptuously, they were discussing murderâ€”apropos of what, I no longer remember probably apropos of nothing. Only men were present: Iâ€™say notary, much as I might have said lawyer or porter, not disdainfully, of course, but in order to define the average French mind. With a calmness of spirit as perfect as though he were expressing an opinion upon the merits of the cigar he was smoking, a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences said: If it no longer existed, there would be no governments of any kind, by virtue of the admirable fact that crime in general and murder in particular are not only their excuse, but their only reason for being. We should then live in complete anarchy, which is inconceivable. So, instead of seeking to eliminate murder, it is imperative that it be cultivated with intelligence and perseverance. I know no better culture medium than law. Actually, it is not the result of this or that passion, nor is it a pathological form of degeneracy. It is a vital instinct which is in us allâ€”which is in all organized beings and dominates them, just as the genetic instinct. And most of the time it is especially true that these two instincts fuse so well, and are so totally interchangeable, that in some way or other they form a single and identical instinct, so that we no longer may tell which of the two urges us to give life, and which to take itâ€”which is murder, and which love. I have been the confidant of an honorable assassin who killed women, not to rob them, but to ravish them. I like to believe that, intellectually, we have all experienced analogous sensations to a lesser degree. We restrain the innate need of murder and attenuate physical violence by giving it a legalized outlet: An intelligent and rational man may, with ineffable serenity, commit all the murders he desires. He is assured of immunity. The superiority of his calculations will always prevail against the routine of police investigation and, let us admit it, against the puerility of the criminal investigations with which presiding magistrates enjoy dabbling. In this business, as in all others, it is the small who pay for the great. You are clouding the issue. I said that murder is a normal and not at all exceptional function of nature and all living beings. So it is exorbitant of society, under pretext of governing men, to have abrogated the exclusive right to kill them, to the detriment of the individuals in whom alone this right resides. As far as I am concerned, I do not believe that a human being exists who is not, basically at least, an assassin. For you may see by the glance, by the back of the neck, the shape of the skull, the jaw bone and zygoma of the cheeks, or by some part of their persons that they bear the stigmata of that psychological calamity known as murder. It is scarcely an aberration of my mind, but I can go nowhere without seeing it flickering beneath eyelids, or without feeling its mysterious contact in the touch of every hand held out to me. Last Sunday I went to a town on the festival day of its patron saint. In the public square, which was decorated with foliage, floral arches, and poles draped with flags, was grouped every kind of amusement common to that sort of public celebrationâ€”And beneath the paternal eye of the authorities, a swarm of good people were enjoying themselves. The organs wheezed their gayest tunes and most bewitching overtures in vain. Other pleasures absorbed this festive throng. Still others, mallet in hand, pounded upon a spring which animated a French sailor who patriotically transfixed with his bayonet a poor Hova or a mocking Dahomean. Everywhere, under tents or in the little lighted booths, I saw counterfeits of death, parodies of massacre, portrayals of hecatombs. And how happy these good people were! The joy of killing has become greater and, besides, has become popularized in proportion to the spread of social refinementâ€”for make no mistake, customs do change! They only shot at pipes, and eggshells dancing upon jets of water. In the more sumptuous establishments, they actually had birds, but they were made of plaster. I ask you what fun was there in that? Today, progress has made it legal for every good man to procure himself the delicate and edifying emotion of assassination, for a couple of sous. Then they have made these figures gesticulate and walk. By means of an ingenious mechanism, they walk happily along, or flee terrified. You see them appear alone or in groups, in decorative settings, scaling walls, entering dungeons, tumbling out of windows, popping

up out of trapdoors They function just like real beings and move their arms, legs and heads. Some appear to be weeping, some seem to be paupers, some invalids, and there are some dressed in gold like legendary princesses. Really, you can believe that they possess intelligence, a will, a soul—that they are alive! Some even assume pathetic attitudes. You can almost hear them cry: Something like a taste of warm blood comes to your mouth when you aim the rifle or the pistol at them. Everybody gets excited, intent, and eggs the others on. You hear nothing but expressions of destruction and death: The clumsy ones grow angry, not with their own awkwardness, but with the marionette they have missed. They call it a coward and overwhelm it with vile insults when it disappears intact behind the door of a dungeon. Consider these good people; at that moment they are really assassins, beings moved solely by the desire to kill. The homicidal monster which up to then had slumbered in them, awakens with the illusion that they are going to destroy something living. Watching it pass back and forth, they unconsciously endow it with warm blood, sensitive nerves, thought—all those things it is so bitterly sweet to annihilate and so fiercely delicious to see oozing from the wounds you have inflicted. They even go so far as to ascribe political and religious convictions to it, contrary to their own; accusing it of being a Jew, an Englishman, or a German, in order to add a particular hate to this general hatred of life, and thus augment the instinctive pleasure of killing by a personal vengeance, intimately relished. But it is not possible for you to apply the same observations to cultivated minds, disciplined natures, or cultured individuals every day of whose lives witnesses victories over native instinct and the savage vestiges of atavism. After all, we need not complain that the hunt has survived all the slightly altered trappings of earlier customs. Ah, let us never look forward to the disappearance of game from our fields and forests! It is our safeguard and, after a fashion, our ransom. The Dreyfus affair affords us an excellent example, and never, I believe, was the passion for murder and the joy of the manhunt so thoroughly and cynically displayed. The pursuit of Monsieur Grimaux through the streets of Nantes remains the most characteristic of the startling incidents and monstrous events to which it gave opportunity daily during the past year. Notice also that it is from among the cultivated minds and disciplined natures that officers are almost exclusively recruited. Men—that is to say—who, neither more nor less wicked nor stupid than others, freely choose a calling—a highly honored calling, moreover—in which every intellectual effort is bent toward committing the most diversified violations upon the human being; and in developing and compiling the most complete, far reaching and certain means of pillage, destruction and death. Well, how often have I heard the imperious voice of murder snarling in me! How often have I felt the desire rising in a surge of blood from the depths of my being to my brain—that bitter, violent and almost invincible desire to kill. Do not believe that this desire arose in a passionate crisis, accompanied a sudden, unreflective rage, or was combined with a keen lust for money. This desire is born suddenly—powerful and unjustified in me—for no reason and apropos of nothing In the street, for example, behind the back of an unknown pedestrian. Yes, there are some backs on the street which cry for the knife. The need to kill is born in man with the need to eat, and merges with it This instinctive need, which is the mainspring of all living organisms, is developed by education instead of being restrained, and is sanctified by religion instead of being denounced. Everything conspires to make it the pivot upon which our admirable society revolves. As soon as man awakens to consciousness, we instill the spirit of murder in his mind. Murder, expanded to the status of a duty, and popularized to the point of heroism, accompanies him through all the stages of his existence. He is made to adore uncouth gods, mad, furious gods who are only gratified by cataclysms and, ferocious maniacs that they are, gorge themselves with human lives and mow down nations like fields of wheat. He is made to respect only heroes, those disgusting brutes saddled with crime and red with human blood. The virtues by which he rises above others, and which win him glory, fortune and love, are based entirely upon murder. In war, he discovers the supreme synthesis of the eternal and everlasting folly of murder—regulated, regimented and obligatory—a national function. Wherever he goes, whatever he does, he will always see that word: In the name of what law could society condemn assassins who, in reality, have only conformed to the homicidal laws which it dictates, and followed the bloody example which it sets them? Then again, trusting in your logic, we destroy people because they hamper us or we detest them, or because we covet their money, their wives, their positions, or simply because we enjoy destroying them: I do not think so and I do not wish to. I prefer to believe that everything about us is mysterious.

Furthermore, this satisfies the indolence of my mind, which has a horror of solving social, and human problems which, besides, are never solved. And it strengthens the reasons—the purely poetic reasons by which I am tempted to explain, or rather not to explain, everything which I do not understand. You have just made quite a terrible disclosure, Doctor, and described impressions which, if they were to assume active form, might lead you far a field, and me also; for I have often experienced these impressions, and quite recently, under the following exceptionally banal circumstances. But first permit me to add that I ascribe these abnormal states of mind to the environment in which I was brought up, and the daily influences which affected me, unawares. You know that there is no more sociable or charming man than he. Nor is there one of whom the profession has made a more deliberate assassin. I have often witnessed those marvelous operations which made him famous the world over. There is something truly phenomenal in his disregard for life. Once he had just performed a difficult laparotomy and, examining his patient, who was still under the influence of the chloroform, he suddenly said: There was nothing wrong. Then my father started to sew up the needless wound he had made, saying: Another time, in Italy, where he had been summoned for an operation, we were visiting a museum. Do you know what it is? From the tale I promised you, you will deduce all the anthropological conclusions of which it admits, if it really admits of any I admit that the irritation of being disturbed when alone can bring about very violent states of mind, and arouse you to peevish behavior. But I experienced nothing of the sort. I was so bored with being alone that the chance arrival of this companion was rather a pleasure to me from the very start.

Chapter 4 : POSTER THE GARDEN OF TORTURES ROGER VAN HOOL JACQUELINE KERRY TAFFIN

Torture Garden is a study of imagination without bounds, as expressed through elaborate descriptions of a fantastical "torture garden" - a grotesquely beautiful garden which contains at the its center, tortured prisoners of the state.

One by one they are all given the chance to glimpse into their own futures or fates at the shears of Atropos, a strangely real looking statue which no one seems to question of a Greek deity. From here we are given four yes four short tales of terror. He searches the old house only to be brainwashed or fall under the spell of an evil cat that he finds. Second tale tells of a young woman breaking into Hollywood only to discover the secret of all the stars youthful appearances, they are all robots. The third tale is about a man and his grand piano. The grand piano is possessed and becomes jealous of its owners new love, so it takes its revenge on her. The last tale is about two Edgar Allan Poe collectors, one that wants bits of the others marvellous collection. In the end his greed sees him killing his fellow collector and having to deal with the devil and Poe himself. Its yet another British horror we did them so well back then so again we have some good casting but this time there is also an international flavour. His sinister all teeth, razor sharp, Joker-like grin and villainous voice are perfect for these kind of Hammer-esque films. Then you have Jack Palance and his gleaming slit like eyes, his facial movements and sneering expressions. The thing that lets this down is the range of short stories it offers. The others are poor really, the killer grand piano? All pretty lame really, not exactly creepy scary or even fun, just dull and idiotic in the case of the grand piano. Was cool to see Palance go up against Cushing too, epic double team there folks. A good anthology which is well worth the watch if you like these kind of films, the casting is best but the stories lack punch. The first and last stories are the reason to see this one. I love seeing Jack Palance pop up in it, and he gives a great performance. I really liked portions of the score as they reminded me of The Twilight Zone quite a bit. Nothing can ever top Tales From the Crypt, but this is one of the better of the omnibus films. The cast is good too, and for the most part I liked this movie. Aj V Super Reviewer A nice anthology of horror tales with a strange statue in a garden being used as the framing device.

Chapter 5 : Torture Garden - Wikisource, the free online library

Tweet with a location. You can add location information to your Tweets, such as your city or precise location, from the web and via third-party applications.

Share this article via email Share this article via flipboard Copy link This is actually Gareth in his latex
Picture: The camera clicks and whirls. I am not sure where I am supposed to look. My date and I are prepped for one of the most bizarre nights of our lives. Time to slip into something more uncomfortable
Picture: On my arm is Batman villain Poison Ivy. In a body-hugging latex green dress, glitter speckled cheeks, ivy crown and heels, the girl turns heads. In a tight polo shirt with militant stripes on the arm, skimpy latex shorts and bulky imitation Doc Martins, I look like a camp policeman in orthopaedic shoes. Literally anything goes
Picture: Through the double doors and entering the UK fetish scene for the first time any fears of the way we look fade fast. Masks, latex aprons, militia uniforms, and nakedness are everywhere to be seen. A nakedness which increases hour after hour, as though a slow-paced game of strip poker is being played by the great fetish gods in the sky. Advertisement Advertisement The Cure. Except for the table of gimps to our right. Drinks downed we waste no time exploring the old warehouse, making our way past the outdoors smoking section and up the stairs to the dance floor. Events in here are fairly standard clubbing fodder. I nearly get kicked in the head by a pole dancer, accidentally might I add, and clear half the dancefloor with my gangly-kicky-leggy thingy I like to think of as dancing. Once the DJ starts fist-pumping the air like Mike Tyson trying to punch his way out of a wheelie bin we move on, through the fog of the smoke machine and sea of greased and gladiatorial torsos. In among the shadows, bondage furniture lines the walls: Advertisement A Domme dominatrix stands over him, dishing out the punishment with the crack of a whip. Meanwhile, her date looks on with a curious, almost giddy, grin. If Vivienne Westwood designed fetish gear
Picture: Taking it all in. It was hard not to feel like a voyeur. It was, as my dad would say, an eye opener. Not wishing to overstay our welcome, we moved on. Then I spot his assless chaps. In the medical room “ where, to be honest, not much was going on, apart from the odd medical dummy getting a good feeling up “ I meet US-based professional dominatrix Mistress Dee. She tells me that TG is the tamer side of the fetish community. I turn my Primary School-style latex swimming shorts towards the bar. She is one of many fascinating creatures who just seem born to be at a place like TG: Calling all foot fetishists “ the vajankle is the sex toy for you As with so many of the individuals here, she is impressive to behold; impressively free, like a rare bird tired of its cage. Downstairs again we have our picture taken the one of me and the melon and sit down for a Tarot reading. I sense these are the more gimmicky aspects of TG and that some regulars turn their noses up at such fetish community souvenirs. I am inclined to agree when the first card I pull from the pack is Death. Men in suits shuffle out past the craziness, into the mundanities of Islington and the suburbs beyond. It was intense, yes. Even somewhat overbearing at times “ there are only so many cocks a heterosexual man can take being wafted in his face in one night, after all. Walking along that line of fantasy and reality. Some will run past it, arms outstretched, in to the fetish wilderness; others will stand well back and peep out at the figures moving erotically in the darkness, intrigued but not encouraged to join in. As for me, I was happy walking the line. Taking a look every once in a while over the other side, seeing what, or perhaps more appropriately, who was going down. I am sure of one thing though. For more information about Torture Garden visit [www](http://www.torturegarden.com).

Chapter 6 : Torture Garden () - Rotten Tomatoes

Combining softcore pornography and historical romance, this film tells the story of a Antoine, a physician (Roger Van Hool) who, in , has been exiled to China due to his drug habit.

Center panel Right panel Scholars have proposed that Bosch used the outer panels to establish a Biblical setting for the inner elements of the work, [6] and the exterior image is generally interpreted as set in an earlier time than those in the interior. The scenes depicted in the triptych are thought to follow a chronological order: Naked figures seek pleasure in various ways. Instead, this panel shows humanity acting with apparent free will as naked men and women engage in various pleasure-seeking activities. This view is reinforced by the rendering of God in the outer panels as a tiny figure in comparison to the immensity of the earth. The painting shows Adam waking from a deep sleep to find God holding Eve by her wrist and giving the sign of his blessing to their union. God is younger-looking than on the outer panels, blue-eyed and with golden curls. His youthful appearance may be a device by the artist to illustrate the concept of Christ as the incarnation of the Word of God. As though enjoying the pulsation of the living blood and as though too he were setting a seal on the eternal and immutable communion between this human blood and his own. Here is the stressing of a rapport: Adam seems indeed to be stretching to his full length in order to make contact with the Creator. Gibson, she is shown "seductively presenting her body to Adam". Firstly, there is surprise at the presence of the God. Secondly, he is reacting to an awareness that Eve is of the same nature as himself, and has been created from his own body. Behind Eve rabbits, symbolising fecundity , play in the grass, and a dragon tree opposite is thought to represent eternal life. In the foreground, from a large hole in the ground, emerge birds and winged animals, some of which are realistic, some fantastic. To the left of the area a cat holds a small lizard-like creature in its jaws. Belting observes that, despite the fact that the creatures in the foreground are fantastical imaginings, many of the animals in the mid and background are drawn from contemporary travel literature, and here Bosch is appealing to "the knowledge of a humanistic and aristocratic readership". Tuttle and other critics have interpreted the gaze of Adam upon his wife as lustful, and indicative of the Christian belief that humanity was doomed from the beginning. According to a belief common in the Middle Ages, before the Fall Adam and Eve would have copulated without lust, solely to reproduce. Many believed that the first sin committed after Eve tasted the forbidden fruit was carnal lust. It is adorned by nude figures cavorting both with each other and with various creatures, some of whom are realistic, others are fantastic or hybrid. The center image depicts the expansive "garden" landscape which gives the triptych its name. The panel shares a common horizon with the left wing, suggesting a spatial connection between the two scenes. The figures are engaged in diverse amorous sports and activities, both in couples and in groups. Gibson describes them as behaving "overtly and without shame", [30] while art historian Laurinda Dixon writes that the human figures exhibit "a certain adolescent sexual curiosity". In the middle of the background, a large blue globe resembling a fruit pod rises in the middle of a lake. According to Fraenger, the eroticism of the center frame could be considered either as an allegory of spiritual transition or a playground of corruption. The head of one female is adorned with two cherries—a symbol of pride. To her right, a male drinks lustfully from an organic vessel. Behind the group, a male carries a couple encased in a mussel shell. The fair-skinned figures, two males and one female, are covered from head to foot in light-brown body hair. Scholars generally agree that these hirsute figures represent wild or primeval humanity but disagree on the symbolism of their inclusion. The pointing man is the only clothed figure in the panel, and as Fraenger observes, "he is clothed with emphatic austerity right up to his throat". His coal-black eyes are rigidly focused in a gaze that expresses compelling force. The nose is unusually long and boldly curved. The mouth is wide and sensual, but the lips are firmly shut in a straight line, the corners strongly marked and tightened into final points, and this strengthens the impression — already suggested by the eyes — of a strong controlling will. A man carries a large strawberry, while an owl is in the foreground. To their left, a man crowned by leaves lies on top of what appears to be an actual but gigantic strawberry , and is joined by a male and female who contemplate another equally huge strawberry. Bosch presents the viewer with gigantic ducks playing with tiny humans under the cover of oversized fruit;

fish walking on land while birds dwell in the water; a passionate couple encased in an amniotic fluid bubble; and a man inside of a red fruit staring at a mouse in a transparent cylinder. In the central circular pool, the sexes are mostly segregated, with several females adorned by peacocks and fruit. Around them, birds infest the water while winged fish crawl on land. Humans inhabit giant shells. All are surrounded by oversized fruit pods and eggshells, and both humans and animals feast on strawberries and cherries. Detail showing nudes within a transparent sphere, which is the fruit of a plant The impression of a life lived without consequence, or what art historian Hans Belting describes as "unspoiled and pre-moral existence", is underscored by the absence of children and old people. This has led some commentators, in particular Belting, to theorise that the panel represents the world if the two had not been driven out "among the thorns and thistles of the world". On the immediate left a human male rides on a chthonic solar eagle-lion. The human carries a triple-branched tree of life on which perches a bird; according to Fraenger "a symbolic bird of death". Fraenger believes the man is intended to represent a genius, "he is the symbol of the extinction of the duality of the sexes, which are resolved in the ether into their original state of unity". On the immediate right of the panel, a winged youth soars upwards carrying a fish in his hands and a falcon on his back. Bosch depicts a world in which humans have succumbed to temptations that lead to evil and reap eternal damnation. The tone of this final panel strikes a harsh contrast to those preceding it. The scene is set at night, and the natural beauty that adorned the earlier panels is noticeably absent. Compared to the warmth of the center panel, the right wing possesses a chilling qualityâ€”rendered through cold colourisation and frozen waterwaysâ€”and presents a tableau that has shifted from the paradise of the center image to a spectacle of cruel torture and retribution. Large explosions in the background throw light through the city gates and spill into the water in the midground; according to writer Walter S. Gibson, "their fiery reflection turning the water below into blood". Some are shown vomiting or excreting, others are crucified by harp and lute, in an allegory of music, thus sharpening the contrast between pleasure and torture. A cavity in the torso is populated by three naked persons at a table, seated on an animal, and a fully clothed woman pouring drink from a barrel. The focal point of the scene is the "Tree-Man", whose cavernous torso is supported by what could be contorted arms or rotting tree trunks. His head supports a disk populated by demons and victims parading around a huge set of bagpipesâ€”often used as a dual sexual symbol [43] â€”reminiscent of human scrotum and penis. The tree-man gazes outwards beyond the viewer, his conspiratorial expression a mix of wistfulness and resignation. However, Bosch is innovative in that he describes hell not as a fantastical space, but as a realistic world containing many elements from day-to-day human life. Gibson compares this "Prince of Hell" to a figure in the 12th-century Irish religious text *Vision of Tundale*, who feeds on the souls of corrupt and lecherous clergy. Further to the left, next to a hare-headed demon, a group of naked persons around a toppled gambling table are being massacred with swords and knives. Other brutal violence is shown by a knight torn down and eaten up by a pack of wolves to the right of the tree-man. In the lower right-hand corner, a man is approached by a pig wearing the veil of a nun. The pig is shown trying to seduce the man to sign legal documents. Lust is further said to be symbolised by the gigantic musical instruments and by the choral singers in the left foreground of the panel. Musical instruments often carried erotic connotations in works of art of the period, and lust was referred to in moralising sources as the "music of the flesh". Henry III was well known as an avid collector of art. Ludwig von Baldass considered the painting to be an early work by Bosch. Both early and late datings were based on the "archaic" treatment of space. The prominence of the painting has led some to conclude that the work was commissioned, and not "solely Early Spanish writers referred to the work as *La Lujuria* "Lust". De Beatis wrote in his travel journal that "there are some panels on which bizarre things have been painted. They represent seas, skies, woods, meadows, and many other things, such as people crawling out of a shell, others that bring forth birds, men and women, white and blacks doing all sorts of different activities and poses. These copies were usually painted on a much smaller scale, and they vary considerably in quality. Many were created a generation after Bosch, and some took the form of wall tapestries. Many Netherlandish diptychs intended for private use are known, and even a few triptychs, but the Bosch panels are unusually large compared with these and contain no donor portraits. Possibly they were commissioned to celebrate a wedding, as large Italian paintings for private houses frequently were. The triptych is not particularly well-preserved; the paint of the middle panel

especially has flaked off around joints in the wood. The "Tree-Man" of the right-hand panel, depicted in an earlier drawing by Bosch. His birthdate, education and patrons remain unknown. Hieronymus Bosch, in a c. 1500 painting, *The Garden of Earthly Delights*, references exotic travel literature of the 15th century through the animals, including lions and a giraffe, in the left panel. The giraffe has been traced to Cyriac of Ancona, a travel writer known for his visits to Egypt during the 12th century. At the same time, the certainty of the old biblical paradise began to slip from the grasp of thinkers into the realms of mythology. In response, treatment of the Paradise in literature, poetry and art shifted towards a self-consciously fictional Utopian representation, as exemplified by the writings of Thomas More. Art historian Erwin Panofsky wrote in that, "In spite of all the ingenious, erudite and in part extremely useful research devoted to the task of "decoding Jerome Bosch", I cannot help feeling that the real secret of his magnificent nightmares and daydreams has still to be disclosed. We have bored a few holes through the door of the locked room; but somehow we do not seem to have discovered the key. God the Father hates the Son? Could God have assumed the form of a woman, a devil, an ass, a gourd, a stone? Individual motifs and elements of symbolism may be explained, but so far relating these to each other and to his work as a whole has remained elusive. Charles De Tolnay wrote that, The oldest writers, Dominicus Lampsonius and Karel van Mander, attached themselves to his most evident side, to the subject; their conception of Bosch, inventor of fantastic pieces of devilry and of infernal scenes, which prevails today in the public at large, and prevailed with historians until the last quarter of the 19th century. In 1885, the art historian Ludwig von Baldass wrote that Bosch shows "how sin came into the world through the Creation of Eve, how fleshly lusts spread over the entire earth, promoting all the Deadly Sins, and how this necessarily leads straight to Hell". This would explain why the women in the center panel are very much among the active participants in bringing about the Fall. At the time, the power of femininity was often rendered by showing a female surrounded by a circle of males. A late 15th-century engraving by Israhel van Meckenem shows a group of men prancing ecstatically around a female figure. Although each of these works is rendered in a manner, according to the art historian Walter Bosing, that it is difficult to believe "Bosch intended to condemn what he painted with such visually enchanting forms and colors.

Chapter 7 : Torture Garden () - IMDb

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Chapter 8 : The Garden of Earthly Delights - Wikipedia

Read The garden of torture from the story Following his footsteps (Inuyasha fanfiction) by _Otaku_ (THE INCONSISTENT WRITER) with 2, reads. inuyasha, i.

Chapter 9 : Octave Mirbeau THE TORTURE GARDEN Rare Hardback | RE/Search Publications

When this movie was shown in one of the promos was a pack of torture garden seeds given to patrons as they entered the theater. The seeds were actually grass seeds.