



# AGATHA'S REVENGE

*Content warning for graphic language  
and mentions of violence.*



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*“Sleep, sleep*

*Cumin flower*

*My breasts are full of milk*

*Your father went to take a new wife*

*Your mother is grieving*

*Sleep, sleep, out of the house*

*Take me to the market and sell me*

*For the price of 3 kilos of bread and 75 grams of  
meat*

*Come here,*

*Sit and eat silently”*

Growing up as a child in Iran, I was told stories about women being hung from their hair in hell, as punishment for revealing their hair to men who weren't their fathers. I was told I could end up in hell too, where I would be hung from my breasts, suspended from hooks, for eternity. I did not have breasts at this point, I did not entirely understand how they were going to be physically growing, and why they were going to be used as a tool for torture.

There is a movie I watched on TV once when I was about 9 years old, starring Angelina Jolie, Iranians' favourite American actress at the time. In one scene, Angelina was subjected to torture by a group of men. I watched this movie illegally via a satellite dish our family owned, in Esfahan, Iran, where owning a satellite dish is a punishable crime. The bad guys placed Angelina on a rack and using a particular torture device, similar to a mammogram device, they attempted to cut her breasts off. I remember her wearing a white vest, and her breasts were being squished between these metal tools as she screamed in fear, and suddenly she was saved by a miracle. I remember being confused, horrified and excited with a tingling feeling in my stomach.



Yesterday, an old secondary school friend, someone I didn't remember the name or the face of, messaged me on instagram. The last time we would have seen each other would have been the Summer of 2009, before I left Iran forever. She reminded me of a time where I, at the age of 11/12, very skilfully snuck a CD into school. Another punishable crime. This particular CD had been passed down to me from a cousin who had received it from her school friend. In order to sneak the CD into school, I had placed it between two pages in my school textbook, which I had skilfully taped together, we then swapped our textbooks so she could take the CD home and download its content onto her computer. The next day the same system was repeated. On the CD, as she reminded me, were images of Angelina Jolie, fashion shoots and magazine covers, downloaded from the internet. A process that would take hours with the help of VPNs. After reading her message, I suddenly had a very clear sensation remembering of all of it. I remembered the feeling of the particular type of paper in those schoolbooks, thin, delicate, rough and



dry to touch, the tackiness of the masking tape, pictures of Angelina Jolie, a close up portrait, in a grey see-through tank top, one nipple showing through the vest, biting her finger. My cousin at the time had set this image as her computer desktop. I remember being impressed, scared and confused by her boldness.

Recently, I have become obsessed with the newest Tomb Raider game series. I'm very good at killing the enemies (who are always men) by headshots, a skill that you gain extra points for. The game is violent. If you lose a battle, Lara is murdered in some of the most violent ways imaginable, and her dying screams always sound too erotic. I often mute the game as she dies to avoid hearing her screams. Last night, I killed a group of men, I found a sweet spot by the external corner of a wall and shot them right in the forehead, one by one as they marched towards me. At the end I had a big pile of men in front of me. My girlfriend said she was really proud of me, in a very genuine tone. This made me feel good, like I had achieved something really important. I felt sexy and powerful.



In 2013 Angelina Jolie had a prophylactic double mastectomy to lower her chances of breast cancer. In 2015 My grandmother died of complications with chemotherapy after being diagnosed with breast cancer.

In 2022 I ask my doctor about having 'top surgery' through the National Health Service. She tells me it will be 8+ years.

The story of Saint Augustine:

Fifteen-year-old Augustine, from a rich and noble family, made a vow of virginity and rejected the amorous advances of the Roman prefect Quentin,

who thought he could force them to turn away from their vow and marry him. Augustine had a secret no-one knew about, even GOD.

Quintianus, aka Quentin, a Roman governor, grew an obsession with Augustine. He had never met anyone like them before. His persistent proposals for intercourse were consistently spurned by Augustine. Quentin, knowing Augustine was a heretic, reported them to the higher authorities. He expected Augustine to give in to his demands after being faced with torture and constant death threats, but Augustine simply reaffirmed their belief by praying to an ancient god: "Dear mother of all, you see my heart, you know my desires. Possess all that I am. I am yours: make me worthy to overcome this suffering." With tears falling from their eyes, Augustine prayed for courage.

To force them to change their mind, Quentin sent Agatha to Aphrodisiac, a brothel keeper and a night club hostess, who had them imprisoned in a hanging cage in the middle of the dance floor. Augustine never lost their confidence and faith. As people drank and danced all around them,



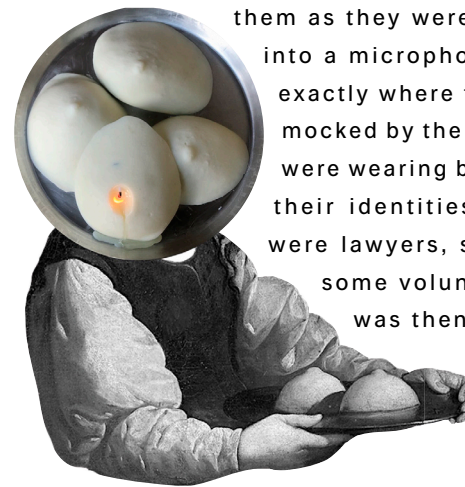
pointed fingers at them and laughed at them, they would close their eyes and pray quietly. They stayed in the brothel for 6 years.

Finally, Quentin sent for Augustine again, argued, threatened, and finally had them imprisoned and tortured. Augustine was stretched on a rack to be torn with iron hooks, burned with torches and whipped 90+ times. Amongst the tortures they underwent was the cutting of their breasts with pincers aka breast-rippers aka shears. A metal tool, similar to pliers or an eyelash curler, designed with sets of teeth on each side, which would grab the breast and cut it off the chest. The breasts were then handed back to Augustine on a silver platter, decorated with flowers that were close to moulding. After further dramatic confrontations with Quentin, represented in a sequence of dialogues that document Augustine's fortitude and steadfast devotion, they were then sentenced to be burnt at the stake.

Quentin ordered a film crew to film the burning of Augustine, as he was planning to add it to his private film collection, to be later exhibited at the

private gallery he owned, open by appointment only. If he couldn't have Augustine, he would furiously masturbate to the footage of them, burning alive and breast-less. However, an earthquake saved Augustine from this fate: The earthquake interrupted the burning, and as the earth was shaking, its vibration caused the ground to gash open and swallowed Quentin whole.

Augustine was called a witch, and blamed for the random earthquake. They had to admit to being a witch, on public television: their eyes were covered with a white cloth, their hands chained behind them as they were forced to speak into a microphone. Not knowing exactly where to aim, they were mocked by the interviewers who were wearing balaclavas to hide their identities. Some of them were lawyers, some judges and some volunteers. Augustine was then sent immediately to solitary confinement in a prison



notorious for holding captive political prisoners, outlaws, trans people, sex workers, cross dressers of all genders, poets, filmmakers, painters and more... In prison, their scars started to heal. Not gaping open anymore. They still do have two scars where their breasts used to be, slowly fading with time. Quentin never knew that this was all part of Augustine's larger plan. That they knew what was going to happen every step of the way. After all, healthcare was preserved for the rich and wealthy at the time, and Augustine had to take matters into their own hands.

Augustine died in prison, presumably in the year 251 AD. There is no reliable information concerning the details of their death. Or anything at all. The stake-burning footage was destroyed during the earthquake, leaving no evidence of what they looked like at the time. Their body was never found, as bodies in this particular prison usually disappeared. What remained of them was the two cut-up pieces of breast on a silver plate, which Augustine kept in their cell on a green marble nightstand they had decorated with candles, flowers and drawings their fans had sent them.

Their breasts were the only part of their flesh that was buried.



Agatha of Sicily (c.231–251 AD) is a transgender saint, one of several virgin martyrs and the patron saint of breast cancer patients, martyrs, wet nurses, bell-founders, and bakers, and is invoked against fire, earthquakes. Sainthood symbolism includes pincers, breasts on a plate.



## ***WHERE ARE YOUR TITS?***

*Where did you put them?*

I have looked everywhere and I can't seem to find the Angelina Jolie movie. I have made social media call outs asking if anyone remembers or knows this film, and no one knows what I'm talking about. Maybe it was all a fragment of my imagination. Did 9 year old me imagine Angelina Jolie being tortured? I keep googling "Angelina Jolie torture scene" and "Angelina Jolie breasts being cut off" and all I get is a mixture of results from the movie Salt, where she is being tortured by a different group of men. Or a series of pornographic images where her face is badly photoshopped on various naked woman's bodies.


Another story:


A man was digging up a grave for his daughter, and as he digs, his five year old daughter comes over and says "Baba, can I do anything to help? Can I wipe the sweat off your forehead? Can I bring you a cup of water or a piece of bread?" The father answers yes, so the daughter takes a napkin from her skirt pocket. The man kneels down to her height

and she wipes the sweat off his sunburnt forehead. He continues digging, and once the hole is deep enough, the father asks the daughter to get inside the grave. She lies silently staring at the sky as he pours the soil over her body, the sky slowly disappearing from her vision.

339 years later, the girl's hands grew into tree branches.

In 2006, the Iranian actress Golshifteh Farahani starred in a movie called 'Gis Borideh' which translates to the action of a woman's hair being cut off by force, also a name for a 'shameless' and 'unhonourable' woman. Cutting women's hair has always been a gendered form of punishment, e.g the French women who had slept with Nazi soldiers had their heads shaved in town squares after the war had ended. 'Gis Borideh' is the story of a 17-year-old girl whose father is violently abusing her. She is very beautiful, as girls are supposed to be in movies, and an anonymous boy sends her love letters which leads to her father using violence as a method of forced confession. One method he uses is attempting to choke her using a wooden chair.





According to the Islamic cinema guidelines in Iran, which movies need to obey by in order to be able to screen at cinemas, actors of the opposite sex cannot touch. Even if they play a parent and child. I wonder if the actor playing her father had to use a chair as a 'halal' device instead of his hands to choke her in this particular scene.

I remember watching this movie with my family at the cinema. I started thinking about how the coldness of the metal dining chairs we had at the time would feel against my throat. I even remember placing my throat against the top of the chair and pushing down. But I cannot trust this memory.


After leaving Iran, Golshifteh, who is self exiled, was photographed for a French ad campaign. One particular photograph shows her holding a classic Iranian basket, with a chador (a form of hijab that is a long black thin cloth, covering the body head to toe) hanging out of it, her breasts: exposed, her expression: emotionless. This was the first time an Iranian actress had exposed her naked body publicly since the 1979 revolution.

A real story about a BASIJI (An individual member of the Basij, one the five forces of the Islamic Revolutionary Guard Corps) sending a woman threatening messages on instagram:

Sat in a mosque, in a place far away, just after finishing the Friday prayer, he takes out his phone, he looks at images of the woman who lives thousands of miles away. Her hair and body are on display. Something he's not used to seeing often. He rearranges his legs to hide his erection from the mullah. In a moment of anger, frustration and disgust he starts writing a message to the woman, the message reads:

*"We will find you, we will rape you and cut your breasts off, we will shave your head, we will kill you and display your body for all to see."*

That night in bed, he imagines the ways in which he could make this a reality. He considers who amongst his brothers would join him, how they would hide the body, how they would pray for forgiveness... he masturbates to this thought, he thinks about the potential expressions on the faces of his brothers as he falls, orgasms.







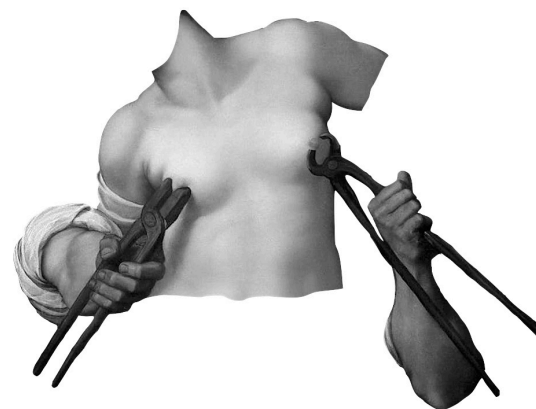
That night he dreams about standing on a cloud in front of a floating door he puts his hand in his pocket and takes out a plastic key that has been painted gold he walks closer to the door and places the key in the keyhole and attempts to turn it but the key won't turn he tries over and over he can't believe it. He starts to panic he starts knocking on the door knocks turn into hopeless punches and in a moment of pure fear he takes a step back and slips off the cloud.

He wakes up covered in what feels warm like sweat. As he struggles to breath he wipes the sweat off of his face and then throat and holds his hands to the light of the moon coming through the window. His panic continues same feeling as before he sees his hands covered with a red liquid it takes him a second to recognise it as blood he coughs and more blood shoots out of his mouth he starts to choke on the blood. His vision blurs as he stares at the moon which is multiplying before his eyes.

"He's been dreaming without a head. He "dreams only one dream. He begs the girl to come back to

him because he can't live without her. It's at this moment that he begins to search for her."

While his eyes close forever.



A revenge story:


She presses a knife into the emperor's side. The knife meets his ribcage, she was never good at aiming. She takes the knife out and enters it again, this time it meets pure flesh, meat and blood. He looks relieved, letting out an almost erotic sigh. Finally at peace. He drops down onto the floor, she falls too. She holds him in a spooning position, as



“There’s nothing and no one left. Of this world.”  
Except for two breasts hanging from hooks on a nearby wall.

A persimmon tree has grown on a mound of dry and cracked soil. An old burial ground which is to become a new industrial site. It has taken many years for it to come into fruition. A man who has been digging the ground nearby for hours, walks over to it and sits leaning against the tree, resting in its shadow. He takes a handkerchief with fresh rose petals in its folds, out of his pocket and dries his sweat. He looks up and sees the fruit on the tree, which looks redder than it should be. He gets excited at the thought of drinking the juice and eating its flesh. Water has become extremely expensive and he is only allowed





one plastic bottle of it a day. He remembers when he was a child, his grandmother would place the persimmon on a saucer, remove the stem and cut it into four pieces, finally she would give him a tea spoon so he could scoop out the fleshy parts and eat them. He grabs the fruit closest to him, it is ripe and ready, he takes one big bite and relaxes back against the tree. Suddenly, he feels a ball forming in his throat, as if he is being choked from the inside. he coughs and tries to spit the fruit back out, but it's too late, he can't breathe, he starts to squirm on the ground, and finally he is still, his eyes wide open, his hand opens and the persimmon rolls out of his hand onto the ground, it keeps rolling further away from him, catching yellow dust, the place where his bite was taken out of, juicy, shines in the sun light.

A revenge story part 2:

He begs the boy to come back to him because he cannot live without him. The boy holds him tightly, then presses a knife into the emperor's side. The knife meets the rib bones: he was never good at aiming. He takes the knife out and enters it again, in and out and he enters it again, in and out and he

enters it again, in and out and he enters it again, in and out and he enters it again, in and out and he enters it again, this time it meets pure flesh, meat and blood. The emperor looks relieved, letting out an erotic sigh. Finally at peace. He drops down onto the floor, the boy falls too. He spoons him, as he bleeds all over his legs. It starts to rain, and the rain washes away the blood into the drains. They turn the knife one last time, then take it out. Washing the rest of the blood in the rain. They get up, and get back inside to take a hot shower.

"The boy goes back to the body. He touches his blood. His hands pick up the rest of the material that's him and holds it high above his head."

It's almost weightless, feels thin like latex, but filled with something soft, like cotton or sponge.

*He remembers a song:*

*I want to hold you close  
Soft breasts, beating heart  
As I whisper in your ear  
I want to fucking tear you apart*



“Holding him there, delicately and precisely, the emperor enters him, and begins to circle, faster, more rapidly and more rapidly, more rapidly and more rapidly, more rapidly and more rapidly, whirling, twirling and whirling. Limbs flail at branches, at the rocks that have thrust themselves into the universe, neither he nor him feels anything... the boy rotates at such a speed that what limbs he had left came off, almost like cake or jelly, and flew across the space, then the other parts of his body fall off.”

There’s nothing and no one left. Of this world.

“Except for two breasts hanging from two hooks...

and the cunt of a boy hanging  
on a nearby tree branch.”

“It’s the end of the world”.





Katayoun Jalilipour, 2022

Original self-authored text, real life events,  
historical narratives, media and literature.

Text excerpt credits in order:

English translation of traditional Iranian lullaby 'Cumin Flower'  
Kathy Acker's Pussy King of The Pirates  
Forough Farrokhzad's poem Another Birth  
Tear You Apart by She Wants Revenge

Artwork credits in order:

Original drawing, Untitled, 2021  
Video still from Ugly Americans, found on the Tomb Raider  
Steam community page  
Image of original artwork collaged with the painting of Saint  
Agatha by Francisco de Zurbarán, Untitled, 2022  
Original sculpture 'Hanging Breast', 2021  
Cut out image of the painting Martyrdom of Saint Agatha by  
Sebastiano del Piombo  
Original drawing, Study of Saint Agatha as a Boy, No 2, 2021

