

*Othello**: *By Donatien Alphonse François, Marquis de Sade*⁺

I: Plot

Da capo the 1500s,
peasants mimic shoe-scraped shit:
They stink, sweat, pop out maggots.

The Doge's Council,
fat with millions,
schemes to render poor lads cadavers,
beardless, scrawny,
mother's milk still chalking their upper lips.

But The Doge claps distraught daughters
into mom-n-gal *bordels*—
the State's fit stations for whores.

(They round up perfume
and round off prices.)

What blights their tender orifices?
The tax The Doge imposes
to outfit the Marine.

* His deeds escape *Verse*, but not *Catastrophe*.

The well-hung—but unhinged—Negro
Made for a tragic bedfellow....

Cf. *Satires: Othello*, 4 (avril 1779), Elvifrance.

+ In the south—hindmost—quarters of Europe—
Venezia, Marseilles—
Petrarch and Sade are precise twins.

So the *Appeasement* that *Prostitution* effects
is almost negated by tolls—
severe enough to induce vomit—
even as tars bugger the matrons' asses
and fuck the virgins' cunts.

Yet, here's Desdemona's actual history:
The Doge's preferred punk,
as gypsy as a fly,
is paraded like a jewelled insect,
unto the juicy, sodden cakes
of Venetian society,
and is fucked to the hilt,
"for free,"
so long as her users shill coin
into The Doge's private purse.

(Gold is the silver lining of *Adultery*.)

She's a haughty wanton—
can afford to be—
cos the spunk that sprays her ass
pays for the pearls roping her tits.

No "suits" impressed her
til she ogled macho Othello
stabbing a dolt in his crotch,
slicing off half the cock,
and driving the sword point
through the balls, the thighs,
and out through the ass's anus.

The Doge himself saw Desi's eyelids flutter
at the gory castration,
and, straight, thrust her back onto his divan,
wedged his head twixt her plush dugs,
and soon had her mewling,
accepting his septic dotage.

He bid to control the doxy's cost
by wedding her to that deadliest duellist—
Othello—
swordsman hero of anti-Turk slaughters.

The Doge's dark thought was pregnant:
Desi was too pricey a beauty
to keep in *Prosecco* at court.
Besides, knew he, a whore always prays
to be a wife.

(The divine belle, milky in tint,
but with shit like cocoa—
bids lads jerk cream upon her cavities,
then slurp up
the Neapolitan chocolate and vanilla
off her strawberry asshole.)

The nuptials turned on binge
and hinged on orgy,
and rounds of sake-and-champagne*
went round with waitresses
who went round from hand to hand
and mouth to mouth.

* Wine butters the tongue,
but is jelly in the belly.

Desi's tits gawked right through her gown,
filmy as mist—
a pollen cloud.

Othello had to monopolize the bitch—
post-haste, post-prandial.

First, the blackguard general took *clairin*,
flooding two goblets,
so as to egg on his "muscle power."

Desperate was the blackamoor to cease *Courtship*.
His ebon penis, usually a pygmy,
the awful veins popping up on its length,
was already stirring, readying

to make the wedding bed a cauldron.

He spied that Desi had no selfish channels,
and would accommodate all his stabs,
in a kind of stiletto apprenticeship....

Soon ensued a tantalizing calypso—
really, more tango than calypso—

Desdemona got dandled,
fondled, manhandled,
and frigged and jiggled,
til giggles turned shrieks—
delirious—
and the banal perfume of burnt rubber
wafted out the window
and made firemen fear that Venice was aflame.

Thus, while *Le Chef* tried his bride's anus, throat, and vagina,
in alphabetical order,
and back again,

his officers got a gangbang going,
and dragged down impoverished virgins,
to perforate em, ass *or* cunt,
industriously,
as if they were black wenches on American plantations.
No man'd let another outrank him
in totalling maidenheads drilled open,
blood turned pink with semen.

Ultimately, the beleaguered, beguiling nymphs collapsed,
played out,
upon the playful sailors' laps.

After the wedding night's rigidity of flesh,
after the ex-virgin vamps awoke
to stagger under capsized ceilings
or teeter-totter floors,

Othello stuck tongue and cock
down Desi's mint-flavoured maw,
indulging himself in her refulgent flesh,
while her jewellery spoke love to the sun.

Next, the blackamoor spurted himself
on her snowy face,
planting gems the tint of curdled milk.

Later that same first dawn of *Bliss*,
Iago espied Desi at her toilet,
and could not skirt
the thought of her skirt:

His imprisoned blood flared hot
imagining *Il Duce* Othello—
the “busybody monkey,”
mucking up his dirty dame—
splaying Desi white as Christ
upon his Moor’s black crucifix,
while Iago’s own wife, Emilia,
a servant to Desi,
seems only a sterile ride,
a lot of spare tears,
and childless undertakings.
Scanty is his fondness for her.

(True: When he screws her,
she pisses in his lap.)

Iago spies Desi’s pink-walled sex—
the dew-wet, rose-tinged cunt—
he itches for its infant softness;
to strew sugar upon her *rosé* privates.

He feels the solidified jugular vein
that is his stiffened self,
and he sees no blue-black streaks,
no marks of Othello’s inky appendage,
in the ravine structure
that is Desi’s silver-pink *queynte*.

Certainly, Iago deems Othello a beast—
a louse who’s likely double-backed Emilia.

Iago curses:
“If you’re fucking people over,
you need to get fucked back.”

He'll wear down Othello
like rain cankers granite.

He'll confuse Othello so much,
Venice will seem like Vesuvius.

II

Suddenly, Othello must remove to Cyprus,
and he doth so move,
in silvery night,
to dash down the Turks' gay prows:
Venetian "fireworks" splash the dark
and smash the infidel ships,
so each appears a burning rainbow
as it founders in explosive seas,
then sounds in unshakeable fire
before the illustrious Othello's cannons.
Men sprawl upon the indignant water;
men lose limbs and become cripples;
or lose heads and become corpses.

Othello grins as his iron and flame trounce the Turks,
and he shouts as hoarse as a thirsty man,
"Let *Death* rival *Peace!*"

Iago regards him and sees Hannibal revived—
he who flooded a barrel with the gold rings
culled from the lopped fingers
of Roman dead.

All Venice hails this untarnished gold:
Othello's demolishing manoeuvres have reft
the Turk from Naples, Malta, Sicily, Cyprus—

their high-seas offices
face the sea's salty abuse,
and gulls guttle down their turban'd corpses' eyes.

Othello bestrides the Mediterranean
like the Colossus of Rodos,
and all his sailors shout his hurrahs,

save Iago....

III

Back to his Caesarean bed disports Othello,
to polish Desdemona with his juices,
"negrify" her alabaster *Prestige*,
and he, no novice,
plies her with prodigal ferocity.

He bids Iago stand guard outside his bedroom,
but the ensign keeps watch instead,
and sees the general's sable icicle
enter and plunger the wife
as callously as steel.

Now Iago desires Desi crazily:
She is a bastion of perfumes.
He wants to make the maiden love—
and so unmake her—
through her lovely *Unchastity*.

IV: Iago:

The Moor parades his virile stardom,
nightly,
screwing loudly his plump bimbo,
frying his “sausage in her onion,”
so sexually grisly.

Thus, Othello cashes in on his—
I’ll say (blushing)—“Sadism.”

Having served the Turks excruciating *Butchery*—
the jests of tempestuous cannon—
the *Generalissimo* drips ruddy ink,
signing his wedding to a meretrix,
who acts the fainting bride
aboard a flower-strewn bed,
but is unquenchable as a desert.

Nightly, Desi is O’s everything;
but, once used, she’s zero, is nothing.

Maudite putasse!
Sale negrito!

V

My beautiful crime
will be to furnish tarnish
to beautiful imaginings—
via my gutter mutterings,

so that the cunt-lapper turns a poppy-eater,

and, eyeing his wife's rounds of impious fellatio,
evolves into a moody *Avenger*,

eager to grasp free-floating knives—
Macbeth's daggers—
and with the bravado of Shakespeare—
pursuant to his vain, outwitted *Virtue*—
presses—or skewers—or lynches
this parody of *Purity*,

so that Desi dumps down into the dark
of coffin and grave;
and so damage his Moorish halo
that Othello, now profoundly infamous,
forego Venetian balconies, Venetian blinds,
and drown his cannonball-weighted black-ass
in the incessant blackness of evening waves.

As unflinching as a statue's anus
will I be,
in feeding Othello such poisonous *Infatuation*,
such *glasnost* crap,
that he brings Desi to dainty sobs—
before she's gored.

VI

War is also subtlety and subversion;
thus, I trade my sword for a quill.

Othello's tyrannous mouth—
his tongue raping wine—
shows he's a lascivious bull—
“*Le taureau de Venise*”—
and blackness is perjury of white.

Spondaic in bed,
but pyrrhic elsewhere,
Othello's a right, theoretic Macbeth,
who'll lead his lady—
once a secretary, but still a slut—
to sugary surgery,
so blood graces her snow-white flesh
and disgraces black-faced him.

Something so insignificant as a dropped handkerchief—
teased with her luscious odours—
and deposited significantly
in Lieutenant Cassio's quarters—
will drive Guv'nor Othello
to bite to pieces his harlot spouse.

My barrage of spit
prods Othello's fanatic *Impatience*,
reducing him to a thorough dog,
snarling to savage his own wife.

He'll import
my imparted filth,
plus untainted whisky,
and appear the most unprecedented Negro
since Hannibal.

Anyway, lascivious *Death* claims all as her bony lovers.

VII: *La Philosophie dans le boudoir*

Iago commandeers the pestilence of sewers—
the *canailles* of cunts—
fishy, bloody.

Damné salopard, sale blanc,
he lusts to whip Desi—
for sheer laughter.

Jealous, yes, he is of Othello—
the “repellent buck”—
a man who’s a stallion in bed,
a lion in battle,
and who is rampant in any bed chamber—
peut-être aussi avec la femme d’Iago?

Iago succeeds in giving Othello green eyes,
so that the black,
white with rage,
conceives Desdemona—that “minx,”
as plying well-scrubbed *Strumpetry*,

and so’s fully able to perish

according to that anachronistic scenario,
in which a cuckold puts down
his startled helpmate,
the helpless nymph,
repairs her to the grave—
the putrid worship of worms.

[Recall that pitch-face nigger George Bridgetower
punched the pastel nigger Ludwig Beethoven
because both loved the same pale *pute*,
à Londres,
in 1803....
Bridgetower, a violinist,
who’d seduced all Vienna,
did roughhouse and fisticuff

with ingenious Beethoven,
all because of a scabrous, Soho cock-chafer!]

Because Shakespeare understood sexual *Hypocrisy*
(read *Measure for Measure*)—
he should've posited Othello these facts:

- 1) Plutocrats enjoy uncontested *Polygamy*.
- 2) The bourgeoisie—married and mortgaged—accept *Adultery*.
- 3) The poor suffer marital *Monotony*.

This formula is our *Morality*; there's none other.

We hunger for a sewage diet,
thirst for a sewer tide,
spices and liquors to make us as cheerful as sovereigns.

If only Othello had fucked Desi so hard,
she felt split in half—
one half *cumming*,
the other half going
to *cum*
again,
squirting juicy *jouissance*—

Iago could never've had one asphyxiated
and the other spitted.

Instead, "ignoble" Iago—
Vice propelling his every muscle—
got to plant *un poignard*
in Othello's beefy fist,
and tell im to ram it into lamb-soft Desi.

Once the idiot stabs his sweet-body spouse,
the *Law*
will be pleased to cut red-handed Othello
down to size;
first, via castration,
then, decapitation,
so he pisses blood at black neck and thigh—
suiting “*diableries modernes*”—

cos government is bloody—
all government is bloody.

La saletée est toute.
(*La saletée est partout.*)

À une vitesse endiablée,
our plot
must topple
the Barbary Moor.

Evil befalls and baffles him
because he credits
Apollo outshines Venus.

(*Mais,*
jamais!)

Parfaitement dégueulasse
is Cyprus—
famous for her dirt,
where even every female cadaver is deemed
baisable:

Here Iago's scheme must succeed
to prove Desi
an illustriously lecherous *salaude*,
and Othello, *Serenissimusdux*,
a dumb-ass murderer
who then assassinates himself.

(His statue will serve as *un pissoir*.)

It is affirmed, then,
only each skeleton is virtuous.

Even Iago must come to no good.

His face of slime—
condemned for ceaseless, inhuman tortures—
exemplary *Insolence*—
is clapped in irons
and sunk in chafing and chastising depths,

becoming, soon, a bony reef,
hosting urchins, starfish,
mussels, crabs, periwinkles,
and seaweed—

the very toast of *Tragedy*,
a drink-inflamed mariner,
a seabed of prickly tendrils
and thorny spines....

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