

## Spectres of Insanity: Expression of Dissidence in Lesegorampolokeng's Blackheart (Epilogue to Insanity)

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**Abstract:** *This article examines how Rampolokeng deploys phantoms of insanity in his novelistic universe to protest against the oppressive forces which subjugate the blacks in (post)apartheid South Africa through the State Apparatuses. Melaine Klein's theory of projective identification enables this article to interpret the deployment of spectres in Rampolokeng's novelistic world as phantasmagoria which is uniquely organized in order to communicate the attendant phobic object as a warning to the (post)apartheid South African government to stop systemic injustices against the blacks. In addition, Jacques Lacan's psychoanalytic conception of the relationship between language and the psyche and Julia Kristeva's idea of the abject enables this essay to examine the linguistic dissidence in Rampolokeng's novelistic cosmos as some kind of phantasmagoric protest.*

**Keywords:** phantasmagoria, phantoms, dissidence, abject, insanity, literary slide, projection, *B / H – Blackheart (Epilogue to Insanity)*

**Research Area:** Literature

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### 1. INTRODUCTION

This article examines how Rampolokeng uses the aesthetics of discontent and dissidence in *B/ H* as an attempt to protest against the oppressive forces which subjugate the blacks through the state apparatuses. The essay theorizes the fragmentations in the novel as 'literary slides' which the author projects in the dark room of the psyche of both the blacks and the whites as an expression of discontent and dissidence. The essay examines how the narrator projects discontent in *B/ H* as a background that dissolves into dissidence in a phantasmagoria. The 'phantoms' of phantasmagoria are lantern projections which are skillfully manipulated so that the audience sees them emerging from nowhere – as though from the audiences' own unconscious mind – since the screen and the lantern are concealed. In the same way, the spectres in *B/ H* seem to loom suddenly out of 'darkness' since they lack anchoring due to the fragmentation of thematic, characterization and stylistic body that normally gives a text a sense of unity.

It is theorized in this article that Rampolokeng uses phantoms of insanity in his attempt to challenge the official sanitized perceptions of the State Apparatuses which are deceptively used to dehumanize the blacks in order to subjugate them. The spectre of insanity is characterized by irrationality and psychosis. This apparition threatens the stasis of the State Apparatuses by dissolving them into insane beings or institutions which devour humanity in contrast to the sanitized readings they pass on to their subjects. The phantom of insanity also challenges the inertia of the State Apparatuses by projecting their labour as transforming the subjects into psychotic beings who from then on are driven by only one desire: irrationality, death of the man controlling the State Apparatuses. For the phantoms of insanity, libido is the underlying electrifying element, and according to psychoanalysis, libido is governed by the death drive.

## 2. PHANTOMS OF INSANITY AND DISSIDENCE

In *Illusions Past and Future: The Phantasmagoria and its Specters*, Tom Gunning observes that the church had been deposed by the French Revolution and that it was one of the themes projected in phantasmagoria. Gunning writes, “The power of the Church had been crushed and its minions expelled” (2). The founder of phantasmagoria in Paris, Robertson, situated his phantasmagoria in the deserted monasteries of the previously clean and forbidding convent of the Capulchins whom the insurgents had smoked out. The crumbling walls of the convent was the first sensation people approaching Robertson’s phantasmagoria experienced. Likewise, the narrator begins *B/H* by projecting a literary slide that challenges the sanitized infallibility of the Church. The narrator transforms the idea of Holy Trinity which is at the heart of Christian belief into a formidable insane being “all at once triple faceted, triple faced” and going around with an exposed phallus which some seemingly crazy subjects ‘were saluting” (3). The image of God passed on to Christians is of a supreme being who despite being masculine lacks the phallus or has no use for it as he can create by just uttering a word. Subsequently, the narrator’s projected image of God with a phallus being worshipped by some Christians is meant to shock the (post)apartheid South African government into re-examining the way religion is used to psychologically reduce the blacks into subjects of oppression.

Like in Robertson’s phantasmagoria in which the audience was plunged into pitch darkness and made to experience horrific or abject sounds before the spectres happened in the darkness, the narrator in *B/H*, Bavino, first projects moans of a sexual nature, “a-man! a-man! a man!” which makes the subject to wonder who could so shamelessly engage in sexual intercourse in a public place using darkness as a veil but moaning so loudly that everybody could hear. The reader (used in this study to mean the target audience for the narrator) is likely to experience an ambivalent feeling of sexual arousal and shame. The second moan, “ah-men! ah-men!” seems to shock the reader into imagining the unthinkable: that the moaning woman is being willingly affronted sexually by a gang of men; and then, the moaning terrifyingly transmutes into what resembles eerie sexual sonorities, “a lay loo yeah! a lay loo yeah!” (3). Through the bizarre sexual reverberations, Bavino appear to be challenging the permissibility of the minions of religion for turning the governance of souls into a weird subject of libido. The shock that grips the reader finds anchoring on the somewhat sacrilegious and unexpected pornographic worship of God’s phallus.

The narrator further manipulates the slide so that Bavino – a township name in (post)apartheid South Africa which means ‘everyman’ – who is inside the Church goes out “behind the tent to moisten the ground there,” and finds a sexual spectre involving a man and a woman on the ground. The woman makes moaning sounds that really shock the reader: “jesus! jesus!” and she is described as an image of destruction thus, “she had her legs spread wide as the fallen walls of jericho for the second coming,” and the phallus projected at the beginning of the slide dissolves into a man who is “feeding her the holy spirit in solid form” (3). The crushing of religion into pornography as projected on a hidden screen makes the subjects of religion to contemplate deeply on the way religion has been turned into a tool of self-gratification and oppression. The narrator shocks the agents of religion into shame by projecting into their psyche images of themselves as a grinding phallus. As the slide ends the minion of religion represented by Lord Enter is expelled from what he passes himself on to the faithful with his phantom harbouring insane desire of defiling “all the holy virgins” and even the mistress of evil, Mamoloi (5). The priest seems to have crossed from heaven to hell.

The narrator then inserts another literary slide in which a character called Tizzah comes in and seeing “boers over the heads of people sleeping in chairs and on benches and on the ground curled up like praying muslims and let loose with a bearded jihad of his won in voice and automatic gun shooting those pink demons and shouting murder! Murder!” (6). The phantom of Boers grinding the blacks into curled up forms sleeping in the cold dissolves the Boers into irrational beings bent on destroying their fellow human beings. The transformation of Tizzah into Muslim jihadists killing the Boers is an insane spectre meant to shock the whites in (post)apartheid South Africa into stopping the injustices they mete out on the blacks in the name of religion. The blacks sleeping out in the cold are transformed into zombies: “people raised drugged heads and bavino calmed [Tizzah] down and fed him a german sausage and vodka and minutes late let his sleeping form gently down flat on to three chairs put side by side” (6). Here, the narrator appears to project Tizzah in his deplorable state to communicate the extent to which the blacks have been dehumanized by the oppression of the whites in order to shame the whites into reflecting on the injustices inherent in their oppressive tendencies. The literary slide then projects the phantom of insanity with “kiddos came back from burning the truck when the excitement had worn down and snores gave the only sound” (6). This spectre of insanity is meant to shake the (post)apartheid government by resurrecting the phobic object experienced during the Soweto uprising of 1976 when irate children burned down buildings and vehicles especially police trucks in order to express discontent and dissidence against the introduction of Afrikaans into the school curriculum. Finally, the slide portrays the group of blacks snoring and there is “the occasional bass rumble or alto of gas escaping from a rectum and the mumble of someone gulping it down” (6). Here, the narrator projects the occasional breaking of air as the oppressive way the blacks were expected to address the whites during the apartheid era being an indication that the whites are apparently superior and as a way of admitting to the inferiority of the blacks. The whites are transmuted into a fart while the blacks become subjects of the fart as they gulp it down. The phantom of a fart points out to the whites the stench they give off whenever they reduce other humans into excrement.

The next literary slide is dubbed “PROLOGUE” and it indicates a woman “near breaking point” with a man’s voice towering over her wishing her to break: “let her break. shatter. fragment. millionbloodsplashedpieces” (6). The sinister voice of this insane phantom of violence puts the reader into a phobic trajectory as they anxiously wish the spectre of death away. However, the spectre of death gains identity through the voice of the narrator who announces, “i watched her. I’ve done all bleeding week” (6). The reader is shocked to realize that death and suffering are being meted out from familiar quotas and that what they gawk at as phantom of death is actually a split of themselves projected as external object in congruent with Melaine Klein’s theory of projective identification. In *Projective Identification: The Fate of a Concept*, Elizabeth Spillius and Edna O’Shaughnessy observe that for Melaine, “something of oneself that is very unpleasant or something that one feels one does not deserve to have is attributed to somebody else [...], this something, good or bad, is split off from the self and put into the object” (16). Some equilibrium is regained a moment later when the narrator comments that he has been watching the suffering woman through the lens which creates some distance between the narrator – and by extension between the reader – and the phobic suffering of the woman. The narrator then projects the suffering of the woman onto the narrator who comments: “a trapped mouse. i feel her fear. touch her fright. smell her panic. the taste of it is in my mouth. my stomach rumbles. thunder coming to her. a mad train. hurtling through time caught in a jammed moment” (6). The woman transmutes into a trapped mouse and her fate is projected as that of being crushed under an insane train doing a speed of death. The mouse is imprisoned by a spectre of ‘jammed time’ which freezes it on

the track of death. The resentment of death felt by the narrator travels through all his senses and finally dams out as a stomach rumble. The narrator then assumes a masochistic character: "dark is my friend. she's a deer. frightened. those eyes are going to pop. i can make them pop. burst. explode. scatter to hit the distant wall" (6). Bavino uses this phantom of insanity dressed up in supremacy pretensions to challenge the whites' towering attitude which slopes the blacks into discontent. The slide continues to develop and the woman-mouse looks at the narrator straight in the face but she cannot see him because her eyes have dissolved into graves. The narrator comments that his friend is dark and that she is a deer. He notes that she is frightened and that her eyes are about to pop. The narrator's chilling voice is quite unsettling when it egoistically boasts that he is in a position to make her eyes pop, burst, explode and scatter to hit the distant wall. The insanity of the phantom seems to climb up into scary heights as the reader sees themselves as the target of the death through projective identification.

The phantom's bloodcurdling voice comments further indicating a desire to shift its violence from the eyes into some other part of the woman-mouse-deer and hesitantly goes for the mouth: "i need some other part. maybe the mouth. one between the fangs and she won't be biting any hearts" (6). The phantom threatens that when it puts a shot through the fangs it will neutralize her ability of biting off any hearts. It violently declares its intent to "open that cave right up to the back," and to set her on fire, "that hair flames. is fire. one in the head. turn it red like hell. fire with petrol" (6). The bloodletting turns into fire. The phantom boasts that another shot in the head would turn it red like hell. The narrator uses this phantom of insanity – which seems to possess the ability to degrade the woman into a mouse, a deer and a trapped prey; and finally to blow her head into burning hell-fire – in order to produce abject images meant to challenge the (post)apartheid South African government's dehumanization of the blacks through oppression. By projecting a phantom loaded with death and hell-fire, Bavino seems to be reminding the (post)apartheid South African government the violent circumstances that resulted during the apartheid era as the blacks fought against the injustices of the white rule. Many petrol bombs were detonated with whites as the target and wanton bloodletting threw South Africa into a red ball like hell-fire. The social mayhem in (post)apartheid South Africa arose due to the existence of a predator-prey swirl of libido in which the hunter and the hunted lost anchoring as the clamour for freedom intensified.

In the case of the woman-mouse-deer there seems to be no escape. She turns at the mention of petrol which produces curses from the phantom as it realises that she knows of its presence: "she turns. she's too thin. ghostly. the bitch. she knows i'm here" (6). The development of the prey into a seeing object shocks the phantom into realizing that its evil motives do not go unnoticed. In *Looking Awry: An Introduction to Jacques Lacan Through Popular Culture*, Slavoj Zizek summarizes Lacan's perception of the idea of gaze: "the eye viewing the object is on the side of the subject, while the gaze is on the side of the object. When I look at an object, the object is already gazing at me, and from a point which I cannot see it" (109). Zizek's observation means that the object of violence in Bavino's literary slide is already gazing at the phantom of violence even before the phantom begins to look at her. The narrator appears to use the idea of the gaze to prick the conscience of the (post)apartheid South African government – which seems to be locked in the zeitgeist of apartheid – into realizing that the blacks are aware of its encroaching oppressive tendencies despite their apparent resilience. The phantom seems to be looking at a splitting of itself – its conscience – projected on the object when it says that the object looks too thin and ghostly.

Indeed, the sheer insanity of this phantom spitting violence comes to the fore when its voice starts a count for the death blow on the object. The voice uses a descending count from

ten and there is tension in the air. An inner voice momentarily holds the phantom from squeezing the trigger of death but the rush of libido eggs the spectre on. However, the woman-mouse-deer turns disrupting the passion of the phantom: “nine. don’t pull. between the eyes. squeeze. she turns again. fear is sweat in the pores of the air. heavy. bombarding me. envelope of fright” (7). The gaze of the object makes the phantom of insanity to soak in fear. Every time the phantom is about to pull the trigger of death, the object turns and the spectre sees in her a devil-like character of spoiling his perfect moment. There is an ambivalence of sensations of phobic fear/ phallic courage, hate/ love, and death/ life which charges the air with the “heat locomoting predator & prey to a dread embrace of blood” (7). With every count the object turns into labour to feed the passion of the predator – through the alterity of fear and courage.

At the sixth count the narrator observes, “the sacrifice for a belly-god looks straight at me. the ritual must begin” (7). The narrator appears to suggest that the way the object looks at the predator makes it to burst into action and as though on a concealed cue the object changes into a pornographic mode: “she bedroom eyes this rust gone to rust. standing straight, she’s a prick, but she quivers, shivers, trembles, is a vibrator” (7). The idea of the female object becoming the phallus which is implied by the words ‘prick’ and ‘vibrator’ echoes Homer’s observation that following Lacan’s idea of ‘das Ding’ (that Thing), in courtly love: “the lady is the objet a [...] – that impossible object cause of desire that inaugurates the movement of desire itself” (107-108). The narrator seems to imply that at the core of the violence perpetuated in (post)apartheid South Africa – and even the world over – is the flow of the tide of libido. The count in the narrator’s literary template could therefore be perceived as pornographic – leading to a libidinous orgasm. At the count of five, the predator becomes feverish with sexual desire: “i could ram it down her throat, make it fall on her heart molten sperm. melt frigidity” (7). The narrator appears to suggest that for the predator, the object is quivering for its sperm. At the count of four, the predator seems to be held back a bit as it ponders over death: “messy, yes, there’s no cleanliness in death, but death can be cleansing, it will be, here. i could tear her apart at the waist. birthsuncome” (7). The narrator seems to suggest that the predator resents the ejaculatory waste that comes with the little death. He observes that death can be messy and that there is no cleanliness in death but looks forward to the cleansing it offers when ejaculatory waste is dumped into the object.

At the count of three, the predator-phantom is swirling in a tide of death: “tear her bleeding thing open. enlarge her death-hole. too small perhaps. maybe that’s why. holy. pure. jesus donkey on a carpet of napalm” (7). The narrator appears to imply that the predator desires to tear the object’s bleeding thing open in order to enlarge her death-hole which seems to be too small denying it smooth entry. The death-hole dissolves into the Biblical virgin donkey on which Jesus entered Jerusalem. The donkey is projected on a carpet of gasoline jelled with aluminium soaps probably to ease its entry into the holy city. The narrator seems to be threatening the stasis of religion by projecting Jesus in such a sacrilegious manner. At two, the narrator observes that predator switches into justifications for making the kill: “soma are plain fucking scared of the throb of life. symbol of the future. breath in” (7). The predator seems to resent those who are too cowardly to plunge into death which he describes as the symbol of the future. At the last count the narrator comments that “she’s there, in the centre, is the centre. the pulse. the heart of this misery. she’s beautiful. too bad” (7). The narrator appears to suggest that the conquest of the woman becomes the centre of the predator’s existence. The predator seems to mourn her beauty which death will drain away in a second. He shoots death at her and, “her head breaks open like a rotten egg of red & bone a pulpy mess a choked throttled scream & torn flesh & bleeding walls of flying glass

and flailing hands clutching at nothing of life & she grows still as the air comes alive & laugh" (7). The commentator's voice booms with laughter as he sees the woman kicking the bucket. The literary template ends with news report, "next morning news report a man shot through the head with a powerful sniper's rifle and a woman held, found in the vicinity, in possession. breaking sticks! crumbling stones! i mixed up my up my fucking sexes!" (7). Bavino suggests that since the woman has been caught with sticks and stones and not a sniper rifle she is being accused falsely. In annoyance at the arresting of the woman on what appears to be trumped up charges, the commentator reports, "i ball the sheet in the hole of my hand and throw it out of my south African window" (7). The narrator seems to suggest that the news is trash.

The literary slide Bavino dubs PROLOGUE in *B/H* gives anchoring to the signifier of the phantom of insanity used to protest against the oppression of the blacks. The apparent mix up in the sexes is a phobic message to the (post)apartheid South African government that the hunter – the oppressors of the blacks – may become the victim of the labour of their passion when the tide of death meets the gaze of the object. The narrator also seems to imply that by projecting death drive at the blacks, the whites also make themselves susceptible to the tide of death. The injustices meted out on the blacks roll out from the slide as phobic object as the woman is reduced into a crushed object-subject which lacks human definition but appears as trapped mouse, then deer and as a combination of all three objects to become woman-mouse-deer. As indicated in chapter two, man is at the heart of discontent as he projects his phallic waste into a woman. From Bavino's template it is evident that man is the target of dissidence. The man in the slide insanely finds pleasure in hunting the woman down as a death game. Here, Bavino dissolves the manhood of oppression into a predator-prey death drive and as explained in chapter two death drive cannot fulfil its aim which is realized as libido. Subsequently, the man is not satisfied after rakishly killing the woman and therefore he frames up another woman in order to feed his insatiable phallic jouissance. The woman whom the man is hunting down is dark which brings into play the politics of race still reverberating in (post)apartheid South Africa as revealed in Rampolokeng's novels. The narrator uses the woman to represent the marginalized groups in South Africa.

In *B/H*, the literary slide that follows is about a black man by the name Bavino whom the State said is on the run. The streets are projected in cuffs and manacles but the object of the security forces is still at large. By dissolving the security forces into a steely phantom apprehending the streets futilely, the narrator challenges the excessive force used by security agents to crack down blacks on trampled up charges. Bavino is accused of murder, and the announcer of the incident indicates that the crime Bavino has committed is regularly committed by the state but in an official sanitized capacity: "BAVINO ON THE RUN: STATESIDE" (8). The state is thus projected as a mad man suffering from multiple personality disorder hunting down his own crime. Other security forces across the world are brought on "like else-filthy-where & other proppers-up-of-obscene-power. moscow, antwerpen, dessau, paris... & HERE & NOW" (8). The power of security agents across the world from Moscow to Paris swirl with historical infectious insanity of hurting humanity especially the marginalized groups. The disease seems to have caught up with (post)apartheid South Africa presented as 'HERE AND NOW'. The narrator challenges the sanitized state police violence through this phantom of an insane criminal running across the world from historical time and space to the present moment and space.

In another slide, Bavino presents the "THE RUNNING NIGGA" rambling against the oppression of the state: "this shit is toxic. they spurt 'fight on terror-war' mental excreta. and being a receptacle, i feel third-world to a chamber-pot. see, i'm psycho-ramble & ramble

when the powerful defecate” (11). The narrator suggests that the nigger is on the run from the state which has declared him a terrorist. The blacks feel marginalized as they have apparently been reduced into a pounding container for the mighty world powers. The narrator points out the human waste resultant from the political pretensions thus: “& the desert is blood-hot. have you seen the sand dance? the sun bleed? i have. in the east it goes down with a wound in the middle” (11). The narrator seems to be referring to the Desert Storm Operation which, to quote The United States General Accounting Office (GAO) report of July 1996, “was primarily a sustained 43-day air campaign by the United States and its allies against Iraq between January 17, 1991, and February 28, 1991” (1). Bavino observes that throughout history the blacks have always found a way of defeating or coping with suffering: “put bellies to dance but can you exorcise the blues? enfranchise all the hues? try even the rainbow refuse. the classic dream deferred is a scream transferred bobbing/ bopping ...” (11). The blacks are impoverished by the (post)apartheid South African government and its austere State Apparatus so much that they can hardly afford basic needs. Bavino uses the phantom of an insane Nigga who rambles against the oppression of the state in order to penetrate into the psyche of the oppressive government with the view of making it re-think its perception of the blacks. The narrator reminds the South African authorities that they can subject the blacks to misery but they can never annihilate the blacks’ inherent resilience to oppression. Michael ‘Hawkeye’ Herman observes that “the blues is a musical style created in response to hardships endured by generations of African American people” (“Blues History”). Bavino projects the classic dream as the beauty attained by co-existence of colours as in the rainbow. The whites appear to run contrary to this beauty and subsequently store for themselves a scream which will occur when the other colours rise up against their oppression.

The narrator revives the slaves’ phantom of insanity as they defied white oppression in order to scare the South African authorities into discarding dehumanization of the blacks. The narrator projects this resistance thus: “yes kgositsile, it was said once ‘we are music people.’ i feel it bounce across trans-atlantic sound waves. it’s dread sounds ‘n sights in these armageddon nights. moved from the black mamba right in reason to this season without sense” (11). Bavino manipulates the slaves’ phantom of insanity so that like in phantasmagoria it moves towards the reader which is meant to scare the South African authorities and any other oppressive systems into stopping their senseless degrading of human life otherwise judgement time is near as indicated by the spectre of “john henry’s hammer is sucking death” (11). This phantom sucking death is enhanced by “[...] battle lines, between ‘fight’ in new york& ‘resist’ in beirut. The bush-backed & the bushwhacked” (11). President Bush had sanitized the use of violence to apparently fight terror in Beirut but the American government was accused of committing atrocities against humanity which is what they had ostensibly set out to stop. The flow of death tide from the whites gives the targeted colours a right to resist, “& begin. & get in right2fight flight. powered by no jargonauts. but the talk of the street-walk. not slam-jam-whammy” (11). When the blacks are oppressed by the whites they give out their pre-chant grunt which calls for the blood of the oppressors.

Bavino further builds the phantom of insanity by projecting images of the knife and the axe eating in order to break the chains of oppression. The narrator notes, “i’ve seen the knife-bite & the axe eat. the chains rattle. heard the slave-tone & the baas-beat. it runs in thin & comes out round in the echo-chamber. across the centuries. & the waves. sea& air. brains in battle” (15). Here, the narrator seems to be reminding the (post)apartheid South African authorities that oppression of the blacks during the trans-Atlantic slave trade culminated into violence against the state. Subsequently, the authorities will face the same fate if they do not cease their oppression on the blacks. In addition, Bavino points out to the (post)apartheid

South African authorities and other oppressive states that no state is so superior that they cannot get a backlash of the tide of death they mete out on the blacks. To prove his point Bavino observes, “the ‘greatest nation’ can get worked. & wacked. just like the worst & last on the wrecked/ wretchedness-scale. What chord was struck on that two-sevens-clash-anniversary of tosh’s murder?” (15). Bavino’s observation implies that nobody is insulated against the tide of death and therefore all nations ‘small’ or ‘great’ should stop inaugurating death tide by stemming social injustices in all sectors of life. The narrator challenges the insanity of ordering extermination of human life with impunity by projecting a phantasmagorical situation where “the mystic said: ‘kill dem dead before dem spread...’ & palestine catches its children mid-air. lana. & lebanon is on the lawn” (15). The conflict between Israel and Palestine is used by Bavino to paint an image of a mad phantom feeding its ego on human blood and using religion as a justification for the genocide.

For Bavino, the mystic extermination of human life is “genocide thumb-printed with jesus’ sandals trampling the life out of question, the existence of minds at work” (96). The narrator uses the sacrilegious image to shock the authorities out of their turning religion into a tool of serving their own selfish interests at the expense of the oppressed groups across the world. As examples of lives put into drainpipes through dehumanization that bears the thumb-print of religion, Bavino observes of Africa, “that is a dream that went the way of dinosaurs and cro-magnon man when tarzan zoomed skywards in elevators,” and of South America, “a souled south america sold into the culture of pestilence diseases and death” (96). Bavino’s observation implies that the West’s political pretensions have robbed Africa of her dream for development through economic and political oppression. By comparing the African and South American dreams to Dinosaur, the narrator seems to be of the view that Africa and South America’s visions of transforming themselves into more meaningful political blocks, such as the United States of America, have been crashed by the whites’ colonial hegemony which has fragmented the two continents.

The narrator employs the phantoms of James Bond with “that giant phallus shooting rockets into the womby fallacy of heaven” and Van Der with “vulture to jackal style” reducing humanity into skulls in order to challenge the whites to stop their meaningless wars on humanity. The narrator draws these insane phantoms of war from a film entitled Moscow Raid. Films are used by the powers of the world to inject the apparent superiority of the whites into the brains of humanity. The narrator makes James Bond to dissolve into games bond to communicate the fatal psychological games the powers of the world play at the expense of the marginalized groups. Bavino communicates the attendant trauma of these war-games through a sacrilegious phantom thus: “and then someone wet dreams themselves fucked by jesus and it’s aids in the chapel, in the church, in the cathedral, in the vatican, aids all the way up the erect staircase of heaven” (97). Here, Bavino expresses deep-seated resentment at the way religion is used to inaugurate and justify atrocities on humankind.

For the narrator, race profiling is borne out of the grinding greed for power. “race profile comes womb-blast sound style,” observes Bavino, “amputee to stirrup” (90). Race is like some kind of curse that smacks the blacks with destitution and servitude. The blacks try to reclaim their stolen humanity with “monastic” and “paranoia in power-hall’s foyer” governed by “schizophrenic insurgence” (90). The insane resistance phantom of the blacks is meant to bring the (post)apartheid South African government back on the track of humanity with the strong message that if it continues to oppress the blacks it should be ready to face a new kind of religion of madness. The blacks are portrayed as having learnt the deceptive means the whites employ to trap them into servitude. The phantom of Karl Marx is projected resisting white man’s oppression: “mirror runs joke god embalmed reflection” and “enter

marx-ark sanctuary in global desert storm flood (atomic garbage buoys ghost-ship)" (90). Karl Marx's resistance is fuelled by the waste humanity has been reduced to by the whites' superiority creed. In another literary slide dubbed 'sham-manic,' Bavino indicates that oppression is an ingredient of chaos and that no heavenly consideration abide in such a situation. For the narrator, the blacks resist oppression by rejecting the ideals furthered by all the state agents that have been used to reduce them into excrement. That the blacks soar above the apparent power of the oppressing agents: "if the lord is WORD i'm walking transcript" (94). The narrator's observation implies that a fatal duel ensues as the blacks resist oppression. White supremacy, for the narrator, is like the ascension of Tarzan into the skies in the classic myth and that it holds nothing but an attempt to pitch the blacks into obscurity. The narrator projects the phantom of "gorilla troops" invading "the tarzan cot" with "t/rifle-cradle blasted rock-steady music" as a warning to the oppressive (post)apartheid South African authorities that the same fate would befall them if they continued to oppress the blacks (93). The message seems to be: stop oppression or go the way of the Tarzan.

The economic oppression of the blacks in (post)apartheid South Africa is projected in a literary slide with the blacks mining platinum in the bowel of the earth. Bavino projects the blacks as the ill-fated father of Oedipus whom the whites (Oedipus) have forced to work in the mines in order to kill him and then take over his precious possession. The black miners boast of nothing from their labour apart from stumps gotten from dynamite blasts as they mine platinum. However, the blacks are shown rising up against economic oppression with carnal fires: "madam will you desist... selling me tranquillity miracle laws enforce romantic notion claws out African forgiveness capacity white-hammered down subconscious level feel subliminal abuse beneath these high fashion views in psycho-raptures [...]" (92). The narrator implies that the dehumanization the blacks are pitched into sublime into psycho-violence against the agents of the oppression. Subsequently, the blacks cut a phantom of a crazy animal fighting for its life. The intense feeling of lack which inaugurates the tide of death, for, Bavino, explains the whites' inhuman dealings with the blacks and the subsequent backlash as resistance which is also governed by violence. The narrator notes, "this is MASS confess absolute [...] consign soul to satan how the life wheel turn b/ lack arse-haul back uterus-ward kill oedipus complex ignites homicidal desires bursting pancreas subsistence explosive power scents [...]" (92). Here, the narrator projects the blacks as a mad phantom harbouring satanic homicidal desire against the whites for robbing them off their humanity.

For the narrator, the whites have a worrying tendency of manufacturing deceptive creatures with the aim of using them to knock other humans into subjectivity. "our monsters of frankenstein," Bavino writes, "that rise and rule over their creators. flesh, bone and the elasticity of a lying tongue. we house and hotel them in warmth, out of the cold anonymity" (95). Bavino's observation implies that ideological structures such as religion and race are creations of the whites meant to ground other human beings into a receptacle for the whites' phallic waste. Frankenstein is a novel written by the English author Mary Shelly which is about the young obsessed scientist Victor Frankenstein who creates a grotesque human being from parts of exhumed corpses. It follows then that the oppression-creatures created by the whites are constructions of death and afford humanity not an iota of life but massive death. For Bavino, the future of (post)apartheid South Africa is being suffocated by a phantom of death operating through the State Apparatuses. The narrator notes that the oppressive structures in (post)apartheid South Africa have "got nation-foetus in a wrench," and that the foetus suffocates in "drowned amniotic" and "catch the rebirth stench" (102). The ban of apartheid in the 1990s culminating into the 1994 General Elections which ushered in the first African president raised the black South Africans hopes that oppression would come to an

end allowing the country to have a rebirth. However, systemic racism of apartheid continued to suffocate the life of the blacks creating a sharp feeling of discontent. The narrator observes that "hate is maternal to (a) trick-bed seed apathy trickle down children bleed topical waste scrap/ crap pile up dark inside the masochkist" (102). The narrator's observation is congruent with Kristeva's theoretical conceptualization of the maternal. In "Julia Kristeva's Psychoanalytic Work" Rachel Widawsky notes that for Kristeva, "the depressed narcissist neither mourns the abject nor confronts his concealed hatred of it, as Freud would have it. In her view, the depressed narcissist defends against the process of separation" (64). It is logical then when the blacks rise against discrimination and oppression by killing the phallus in the phantom of insanity projected by Bavino thus: "last coffin nail in the phallus scrotum in a trash-bin bassonic acid wreck black ovaries genocide program structured clinical" (102). Bavino's observation implies that the blacks are like a woman who cuts the phallus of an oppressive man in a manic flow of insurgence after realising that his merciless repeated pounding is going to wreck her cradle of life.

For the narrator, the insane phantom of the whites' oppression against the blacks becomes lodged in the black's psyche and the blacks are left with nothing to sacrifice for (post)apartheid South Africa apart from their sanity. Bavino notes, "anyway, i've only my sanity to lose. or have lost. beyond that i can sacrifice nothing, my lambs have gone up in smoke. one anyway, the other went down the drainpipe of a future i'm perhaps going to, but it walked into the past" (106). The narrator employs the phantom of blacks who have been reduced into mental degenerates to warn the (post)apartheid South African authorities that if they continued to oppress the blacks the country would have more black psychopaths than healthy black working population. The blacks are haunted by phantoms of injustices and, for the narrator, they are forced to spend most of their time trying to recover their lost sanity. Indeed, the blacks lose their identity: "where am i? i'm here, of course. in this asylum of protection against my own thoughts. i'm my own threat" (106). The blacks appear to have become psychotic and to echo Kristeva they are gripped by phobic fear that all meaning is breaking down and that their life has lost meaning.

At the end, the blacks are haunted by nightmares in which the phantom of an insane woman wishing with all her being to cut off the phallic in a maternal resistance. Bavino observes, "she writes the blade slicing through the essence of the cosmos, earth, time, place, star, moon in universal stoppage of all existence's values. Beyond mathematics, beyond bible, beyond successes and failures" (150). Bavino's observation implies that the blacks' resistance is a phantom that does not respect any values. This irrational spectre is meant to touch the abject space of the (post)apartheid South African authorities so as to shake them from their phallic stupor and bring them back to their senses.

The phantoms of the whites' oppressive phallus continue to pursue the blacks with death even at their psychotic bed which tilts them over the precipice. The blacks are robbed off their only possession: nightmares. When the blacks have completed writing their story of death, Bavino notes, "... and the pen falls castrated, its life masturbated out in blood slashing this sheet with shit that is my fiction. the blood scrolls' signature of someone other at the end of my story" (150). The credit of writing the story is grabbed from the black narrator's hands just when he is about to put his signature which implies that the bloody resistance against whites' oppression sucks off the blacks' remnant humanity. The tide of death swirls around making the revolutionist to become the oppressor against fellow countrymen whose contribution to the Liberation Cause the new oppressor utterly dismisses: "credibility at what blood-price blackheart?" (150). There is continued death with the new regime.

### 3. CONCLUSION

The article examines how Rampolokeng uses the phantoms of insanity in *B/ H* to express discontent and dissidence as an attempt to protest against the blacks' oppression that is propagated by the state and its oppressive State Apparatuses. From the foregoing, it is evident that the narrator presents dissidence against the oppression being perpetuated in contradiction of the blacks by the (post)apartheid South African government in a way that is similar to dissidence portrayed in Robertson's phantasmagoria which used phantoms of the 'absent' and the 'dead' to reach out to the psyche of the audience in order to make their souls feel the taste of their existence. Bavino employs phantoms to communicate the insanity at the core of (post)apartheid South African culture of oppression and intolerance portrayed in *B/ H*. The narrator indicates that oppression in the fictional (post)apartheid South Africa has dissolved into a signifier of pigmentation with the blacks at the receiving end. The blacks are driven into insanity by the whites' oppression extended from the apartheid era. Subsequently, the narrator exploits phobic objects from the violence in apartheid era to challenge the (post)apartheid South African government to stop the oppression of the blacks in order to avoid slipping back into the dehumanization characterizing the apartheid regime. The abject in Rampolokeng's novelistic phantasmagoria is meant to create sensations in the soul of the (post)apartheid South African government; then, after having experienced the diverse feelings of fear, repulsion and attraction from the phantoms of insanity, the government is expected to make associations between the past political ills in apartheid era and the present forms of oppression; and eventually think about a lasting solution which will stand the test of time.

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