

saligia



seven deadly sins

There is a charm about the forbidden that makes it unspeakably desirable.

-Mark Twain

SALIGIA

They have been around for quite a while, the Seven Deadly Sins. In medieval times usually referred to as Saligia. A word composed from the first letters of the Latin names of the sins: Superbia, Avaritia, Luxuria, Invidia, Gula, Ira and Acedia. Dante wrote about them, Jheronimus Bosch painted them. They are still around today, the luxury, hedonism and materialism that characterises our society seems to have its root in the seven sins, greed, lust, envy, gluttony, sloth, wrath and pride. These sins, we all know them, actually they are very human feelings. All people can be angry or lazy, we all feel lust or envy others from time to time. This is the essence of the deadly sins, they are so human.

We asked inmates and ex-offenders to make drawings inspired by one or all of the deadly sins. In a way they are the experts. Some reflected on their own offences, some commented upon life in prison, some used the theme to make a statement.

Art in prison, it seems to be an unlikely combination, but all over Europe there are art classes in prisons that are very popular amongst inmates.

Another popular theme in medieval paintings is "The Seven Works of Mercy".

Bury the dead, Shelter the homeless, Clothe the naked, Visit the sick, Refresh the thirsty, Visit the imprisoned, Feed the hungry.

The famous painter Caravaggio is one of the artists who painted the Works of Mercy. Caravaggio spent much of his life in prison. Although he never painted them, we can say, that he was an expert on the Deadly Sins. Had there been art-classes in prisons in his time, he would certainly have visited them. In his painting "Il Sette opere di Misericordia" he gave his interpretation of a prison visit and on how to feed the hungry.

Ed Santman

Chairman Changes and Chances Foundation



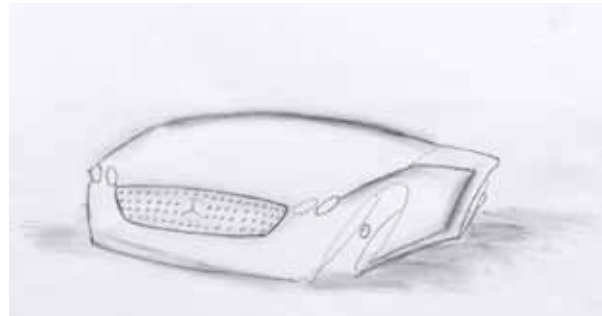
Jheronimus B. *The seven deadly sins*

Caravaggio *The Seven Works of Mercy*



superbia/ pride

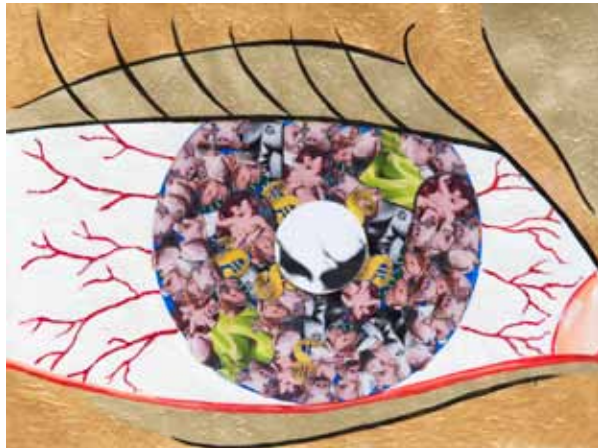
Galifa Pride



Gerson Souls of Mirror



Merouan PriSinArt



Nikoo Pride



"But how can anyone put a bridle on man's vanity and arrogance? But how can Purity walk the earth without covering her feet with mud?" — Nikos Kazantzakis

Pride, the original and most serious of the seven deadly sins, is a characteristic of human behaviour and has been a concern of philosophers from ancient until contemporary times.

Interchangeable with Vanity, Pride is the over exaggerating of one's abilities or accomplishments. Proud people usually inflate their own worth far over what it should be, and in the process, overinflate their egos, as well. They tend to act high-and-mighty, become arrogant and consider themselves of far more importance to people than they really are.

"The smaller the mind, the greater the conceit".
- Aesop

In Dante's Divine Comedy, the penitents are burdened with stone slabs on their necks which force them to keep their heads bowed.

With regard to its aesthetic behaviour, arrogance is one of the most hideous human flaws. From a purely philosophical point of view, however, it would be considered as one of the most tragic vices. The real tragedy of arrogance is the result of man's ignorance of their finite existence. And the - sudden at times - realization of this fact, is one of the most ironic facets of life. A morbid hoax which abrogates our naïve certainties.

In early Pre-Socratic philosophy we detect disdain against hubris. Heraclitus claimed that arrogance hinders prosperity, and added that 'excessive pride is a disease sent from the gods'. According to Vias, whatever good you do, you should attribute to the gods, not to yourself, while Homer asserted: "Restrain your proud heart, because having a merciless soul does not become you; even Gods, who are bigger in everything, (both) in greatness and in strength, may yield." Centuries later, Plato pointed to the opposing paths that are followed by justice and pride: "He who wants to excel, should not cherish more himself or his own, but rather that which is just."

Aristotle on the other hand, considered Pride as

"the gem of virtues", justifiable self-respect. He claimed that the proud or generous person - or, to use his actual words, the "magnanimous" man is the one who "considers himself worthy of great things, because he is truly worthy of great things." A proud person deserves that which they claim, and if they are indeed proud, then they always claim what they deserve, since it is wrong to claim less than you deserve. And you are also at fault if you claim more than you deserve; under no circumstances does the latter suit the truly proud person. According to Aristotle, "he who does that without deserving it, is an imbecile, because a virtuous person is neither imbecile nor naïve" [...] However, recognizing their true ethical value and considering it essential that they be recognized by others as well, does not necessarily mean that a person is vain or arrogant. The virtue of pride, or as Aristotle puts it, the virtue of magnanimity "stands amidst two opposing traits: inanity and pettiness."

According to Nietzsche "Arrogance on the part of the meritorious is even more offensive to us than the arrogance of those without merit: for merit itself is offensive."

From the perspective of Psychology, arrogance is a behavioral, human trait, which stems from over-evaluation of oneself. In other words: 'Arrogance [is] a "meretricious wont, of non-existent riches", according to Plato, and a "pretence of attributes that do not exist" - Theophrastos.

"The truest characters of ignorance are vanity, and pride and arrogance." - Samuel Butler

"When men are most sure and arrogant they are commonly most mistaken, giving views to passion without that proper deliberation which alone can secure them from the grossest absurdities" - David Hume

Psychologists dissociate authentic pride, which originates from success that a person attributes to their own struggles and efforts, from excessive and, thus, insulting pride, which usually originates from success attributed to talents and abilities. This excessive pride harms people in the sense that it is associated with all the troubling charac-



teristics of personality, such as aggression, anti-social behaviour, anxiety, narcissism and shame. Research has shown that excessive pride, which is actually arrogance, fosters prejudice against members of different groups; and people who project this type of pride are not considered pleasant and likeable by others.

Arrogant persons basically isolate themselves from their fellow human beings, and, because they consider others inferiors, many-a-times they mistreat and humiliate them. The arrogant person has inordinate self-esteem, but is not highly thought of or appreciated by those around him/her. Conceit, vanity, triumphalism and, of course, arrogance are various shades of selfishness in its utmost form.

Quoting Nietzsche on arrogance:

"There is nothing one should so guard against as the growth of the weed called arrogance, which spoils all one's good harvest; for there is arrogance in cordiality, in showing honour, in kindly familiarity, in caressing, in friendly counsel, in acknowledgment of faults, in sympathy for others, and all these fine things arouse aversion when the weed in question grows up among them. The arrogant man that is to say, he who desires to appear more than he is or passes for always miscalculates. It is true that he obtains a momentary success, inasmuch as those with whom he is arrogant generally give him the amount of honour that he demands, owing to fear or for the sake of convenience; but they take a bad revenge for it in as much as they subtract from the value which they hitherto attached to him just as much as he demands above the amount. There is nothing for which men ask to be paid dearer than for humiliation. The arrogant man can make his really great merit so suspicious and small in the eyes of others that they tread on it with dusty feet. If at all, we should only allow ourselves a proud manner where we are quite sure of not being misunderstood and considered as arrogant; as, for instance, with friends and wives. For in social intercourse there is no greater folly than to acquire a reputation for arrogance; it is still worse than not having learnt to deceive politely."

While excessive pride is pertained to positive feelings about ourselves and, therefore, may seem pleasant, in reality it emerges from negative emotions, like insecurity and/or defensiveness. It is a chronic psychopathological condition, during which the person is in desperate need for glory; while at the same time is overcome by feelings of self-confidence, gloating, adulation of oneself, and a sense of uniqueness. The notion of arrogance is almost directly linked to the notion of negative narcissism. And the latter is an ingredient

of 'egomania', i.e. of self-obsession, which has severe negative consequences on the behaviour and the performance of a leader. Great success leads many to feeling powerful, unerring, invincible 'little gods'.

"Take these things to heart, my son, I warn you. All men make mistakes, it is only human.

But once the wrong is done, a man can turn his back on folly, misfortune too, if he tries to make amends, however low he's fallen, and stops his bullnecked ways. Stubbornness brands you for stupidity - pride is a crime." — Sophocles, Antigone

Gymnasium & Lyceum in the Avlona prison for Young Offenders PICP team

Translation - editing: Sophia Samara, Konstantina Kouna



D.R. Greed

Nikoo Greed



avaritia/ greed

GREED

The request to write an article on greed and, on top of it, it's relationship with the theme 'sin', got me a head full of confusion. Numerous questions pushed through the confusion, among which: is greed really a sin; what and who may determine this and, for instance, is the age-old sin 'perception' still relevant at this time? Answering all this in a maximum of 1000 words seems a sinful request, but ok... I gladly enter into it with you.

A glance at the books that are available here offered a first direction. The 'Van Dale' (Dutch authoritative dictionary) describes greed as a strong desire to possess everything'. Van Dale may not be a bible, but is in the Netherlands the accepted norm as far as the interpretation of our own language is concerned. Van Dale describes sin as: 'every voluntary transgression of godly or moral laws'. Apart from the fact that godly laws are somewhat hard to verify, greed as a sin means as much as; when strongly desiring to possess everything, one transgresses godly or moral laws.

The definition seems to give some grip, but does evoke in me the question of to which degree I and/or you with me, could be diagnosed as greedy or starter-greedy in such a 'sin' approach.

Is the strong desire to possess more than I have now a lighter case? Do you recognize with me, the striving for more in our society anyway, without always realizing well enough what you have now? Lack as motivation with a sometimes a morally accepted craving for more. I fear that I'm now affirming my own diagnose. Advertising knows how to reinforce my starting infliction and with me that of many fellow sufferers. The long queue in front of the Apple store at the introduction of a new Iphone reveals the contagiousness of the infliction. In the line calling with version 5.0, in order to buy the 6.0 at the end of it. An improvement of life or the answer to the craving...more...new...

Rummaging some more through the books, in search for a possible explanation for this greediness syndrome, brought me the theory of Maslov (Introduction into Psychology – Open University). He developed a motivation hierarchy concerning the needs that we pursue in our life. The hierarchy within the pyramid (see image) shows that we are motivated to pursue a need when the needs on the lower levels have been satisfied. The theory contains something recognizable and, in my eyes, Maslov makes a point. Thus it would be logical for us not to stand in line at the Apple store if we did not have anything to eat or if we wouldn't feel safe there. From another angle; I would stand in line for an apple as a basic physiological need.

Maslov assumes that all of our lives we are busy with satisfying our needs. Something that, in our prosperous society, is possible on all levels and as shop offers hit us in countless ways.

However, this prosperity brings with it a number of problems in relation to my newly discovered infliction. Greed on the lower 'Maslov levels' is easy to diagnose. Enough food is easily measurably standardized. We can feel hunger and the craving for too much we can read on the scale. The therapy for craving is not simple, but available. At the higher 'Maslov aims' I get somewhat confused. Up to and including politics, I hear that growth is the aim, more than we have now ! Stagnation means loss and even at times of threatening stagnation companies fire employees. Less profit still is profit, but that does not do anything (literally and figuratively) for the ex-employees. The epidemic seems to be rampant everywhere and there is no strong call for an antidote.

We feel that greed is a sin, but in my eyes, we don't sufficiently stop to consider our norms and/or godly and moral laws. Possibly we have to adjust the necessary thing or two in order to not give many of us the wrong diagnose. The antidote could well be our (learnable) realization of what we do have without a too great a craving for



Istrate *The castle of Dracula*

Everett *The seven sins*



more. A kind of advertisement for the 5.0, already in our possession. No, Apple would not do that. My therapy consists of starting to do this by myself. Of course, we move on and I admit to the tenacity of my infliction. But by consciously weighing my 'craving' against my 'possessions' and not feeling any lack, but cherishing what I have, my greediness-behavior will decrease. When Apple can truly improve my life with the version 10.0, I'll join the line again.

See you then! In the meantime we can help each other by holding up the mirror and seeing how rich our life is, whenever we ourselves may, for

a moment, have forgotten (through circumstances). By accepting that we have sinful thoughts/feelings, and by needing each other in avoiding the conversion of these into sinful behavior. And if ever you don't have an apple anymore, I'll gladly share mine with you, so that together we can prevent one of the oldest sins, the stealing of an apple, from becoming my sin or yours.

If we all would do this, the prison in which I currently stay would be a lot more quiet.

Gerard van C.
Prisoner in P.I. Vught



N.N. *Greed*

luxuria/ *lust*

Serial

It happened in the Botanic Gardens
Another location for the ongoing serial
When we sat on a bench and talked

What is this reliable theme of song, book and movie?

Fantasies in candlelight, your nipple fruit
A string of seaweed around your waist, the slopes
Down to the hair in tangles, watery eyed
More than the full treatment, a new life

You were here yesterday in this filmic scene
The seaview hotel beside the woods
The pier, boats surfers
Swimmers, spouses children lovers

Fair woman sparkling near the ocean
You're not gone far
And it seems so very far
Even out of kissing distance

Why are you like the shifting grains in abundance
Do you give out medals as reward for endurance
Where will the plot move us next
And the sunset lose its fierce furnace look

Night and Morning

In the garden of life with rats and snakes
and sagging trees of laden fruit
and vines burnt dark and bright for bottling
she pours for him
before the table is stripped
and he pours for her
in the gallery of faces
where murals depicting night and morning
change to windows in the walls

she goes through cave-like halls
up steps half-lit in the sinking city
fountains of liquid silver slicing light
flesh is sexy framed in taxi glass
they are sipping each other's wine

and clear
in daylight the weir
cleansing their minds
setting last night
in a new morning song



Nikoo Lust

José Luxuria



Hymn to Aphrodite

The seaweed in your golden arch is another delicacy
these pillars and spheres, the bowl of womanhood
its socketless eye a lone star

far off the grapes mounted in the little moons

give me seafood at will
that I can live off the lap of luxury, explore the
sunlit cave where wave upon wave presses your

wine down the halls of my ears. I walk barefoot and
climb your neck with my tongue and come up again
and again to behold the eyes half-open inward gazing

your back is a meadow stretching towards trees
your arms come down at dawn
in clouds with fingers
of rain coiling

Take me in once more where evening and morning
are lost forever and time stops
the world dissolves
into the magic at the glimpsed heart of things
and

the earth is swallowed in the rings of Saturn

Let it all go or end but no more the lost way, the
way down the insane streets. Let it all come back

your kisses in the present and future

and pain
unspeakable
loss

find an answer

José Lust





Jorge *The seven sins*

This mist this morning

I know that all night as we slept-
sure as nakedness and certain
of its stark beauty-
mother mist and father dew
were knitting and skitting
as they talked about their children

and this morning before we blinked
out of sleep, left their jewels
on grass and meadow, bush and leaf.
The tapestry of dawn has crochet,
lace, and tracery on spike and thorn-
these clothes are buttoned with berries

for the cluster oaks-
no-one ecept the secret God and the night
can make what is beautiful in the darkness
that we are rarely see come tp the light
of our dreamly and troubled eyes.

Jouisseurs

I walk in the sally wood
while she's having a royal bath
and think of our riot last night
in the house
the whiskey and lemon, the honey and cloves
O we tasted everything

And to-day among the chilly sunlit fields
and dry-stack-walls gridlining off to the horizon
I swish a wand loudly in arcs and loops
as these sally trees sway in the breeze
I long for her again
a slave-girl bending to my will
a slave to her mastery

Poems by **Kevin Kiely**

With a lot of help from Ovid

Ovid advises find a fatal flaw.
She may have something lacking in her lips
Hard to see where she breaks beauty's law
There is no imperfection in her hips
She walks and smokes, her breath smells fine
And laughing tilts but never topples
Mixes metaphor and with ease the wine,
Never saw such plump delicious apples
She reads a lot, prefers the screen
And tells her stories in a thin disguise
With money she is frugal, perhaps mean
Chin apart, what hair, what face, what eyes
Her bathroom displays in a glass case
Hollow skeleton of a cat's face.



Miriam *Lust to which end?*



Konrad *Jealousy*

Martina *Jealousy*



Nikoo *Jealousy*

invidia/ envy

O, beware of jealousy

In the famed theatre tragedy Othello by Shakespeare, one of the main protagonists, Jago, says at some point: 'O, beware, my lord, of jealousy! It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock The meat it feeds on;' (3.3.195-197)

A clear, and at the same time a somewhat complicated phrase with which he addresses Othello, the tragic title hero of the piece. That is why it is explained in the end notes . There we read that jealousy is hidden as a monster in the heart of the jealous person and eats away at this heart, at the same time mocking the regret of the jealous person.

This complicated phrase is, in my eyes, an indication of how complicated jealousy really is. Jealousy belongs to the classical seven capital sins, Invidia in Latin. The word capital sin indicates that it is the source of numerous other sins. That certainly is also the case shown in Othello. The important motivation for the actions in Othello is namely the jealousy.

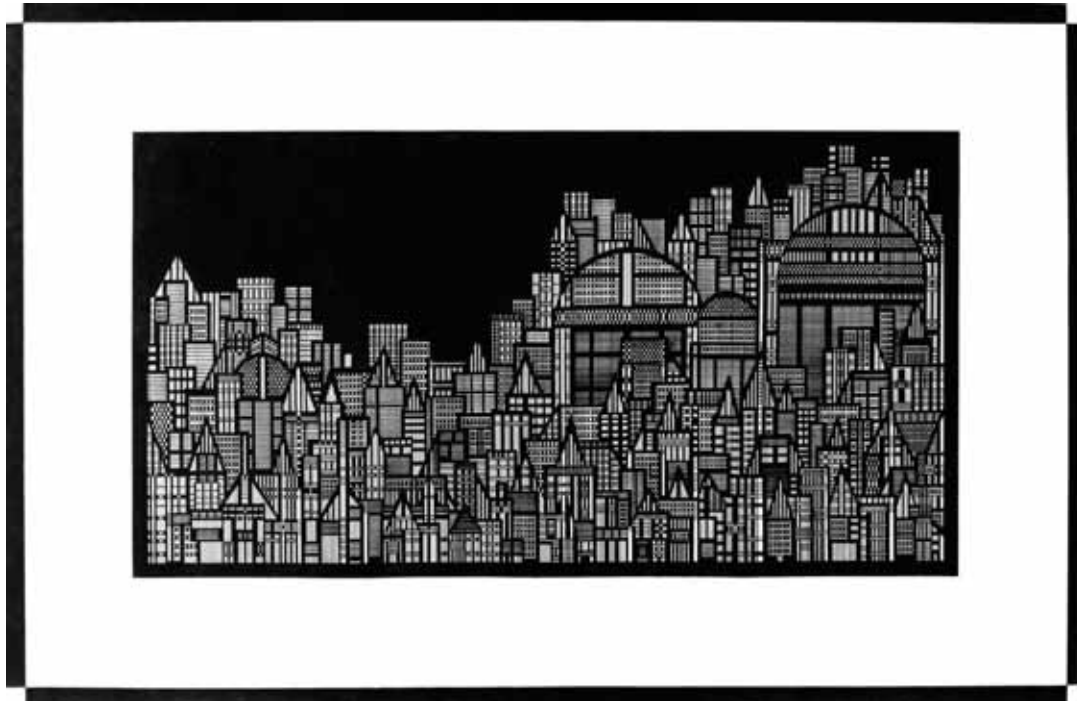
However famous Shakespeare and his plays may be, I don't have the illusion that everyone has an immediate recall of the story of Othello. In order to get the picture, it is therefore good to give a short summary of the story. The black general Othello is married to the white Desdemona, unbeknown to her father, a Venetian senator and influential statesman. This given and the difference in skin color do not make the marriage self-evident, notwithstanding Othello's important position as commander of the Venetian army. Othello's opponent is – without Othello knowing – Jago, a seemingly open-hearted and honest subordinate of Othello's. Instead, this Jago is an intriguer, who consciously seeks ways by which he can destroy the lives of his opponents. These opponents are his rival Cassio and Othello. Jago is driven by embitterment and rage, because Othello promoted Cassio and passed over him, Jago. The jealousy gains a face in Jago's rage and revengeful tenden-



cies, his slander, hypocrisy and lies. Then Jago plants jealousy in Othello's heart by suggesting, in all kinds of ways, that Desdemona has an affair with Cassio. Jago's plan works, in the sense that Othello lets himself be guided by doubt and suspiciousness and strangles Desdemona in the end. Only later he discovers that Jago lied and cheated him and Othello kills himself.

There is no room here to extensively look at Jago's actions and other implications, since we focus on the role of jealousy in the piece. However, we immediately see in Othello two important feeding grounds for jealousy. On the one hand there is Jago's jealousy which sprouts from a desire, namely to destroy Cassio. The reason being that Cassio has been awarded a promotion, which Jago felt he had the right to. Cassio has something that Jago begrudged. Actually we can speak here of jealousy as a negative desire: begrudging somebody something. Obviously there can also be a positive desire at the source of jealousy, namely if we want to have something that another possesses. Besides the jealousy that feeds on longing or desire in Jago, we can see another source of jealousy in the piece, that is in Othello. Othello's jealousy is not being fed by desire, but by fear. Othello is being driven by the fear of losing Desdemona to another man. Thus desire and fear both seem to with each other. A relationship in which they compare themselves with others, (suspect) to be each other's competitors. In jealousy negative competition and rivalry reign: Jago compares himself to Cassio, Othello fears a possible lover and potential unfaithfulness of Desdemona.

And that is not all: the jealousy leads ultimately to obfuscation, misinterpretation and delusions. Neither of them sees reality in proportion any longer. For both of them it ends in murderous aggression. Jealousy turns out to be a multiplier of unhappiness: Not only the jealous person, but also the envied person are made unhappy by jealousy. Justifiably, the commentator on Othello, W. Courteaux, observes that jealousy 'troubles the mind



Gerard *City of Envy*

and awakens dark impulses'. (Othello, in " Shakespeare, Collected Works, vert. W. Courteaux, Meulenhoff, Amsterdam, 2007, pg. 294) and it is bitter that it is Jago who says: ' O Lord, guard the hearts of all my friends against jealousy'.

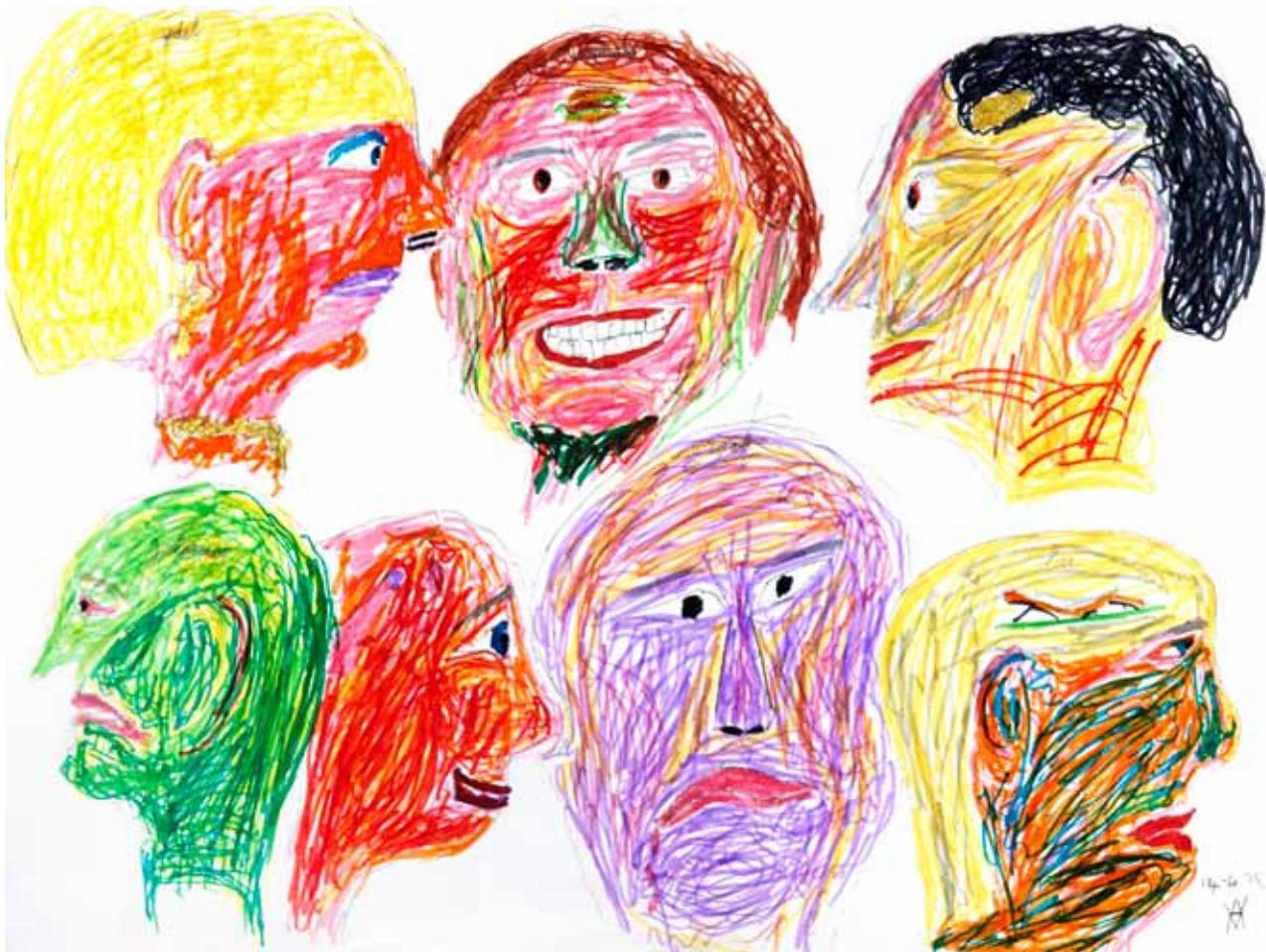
In conclusion. Whoever thought that a chaplain would come up with a Bible story or the Tenth Command, might have been disappointed. Now, I rather dislike to disappoint people. That's why I'm perfectly willing to mention that Tenth Command after all: 'You shall not covet your neighbor's house; you shall not covet your neighbor's wife, nor his male servant, nor his female servant, nor his ox, nor his donkey, nor anything that is your neighbor's.'. And also rereading a Bible story such as Cain and Abel I recommend heartily in this context.

Ryan van Eijk *Chaplain with the Ministry of Justice of the Netherlands*



Virgil *The Holy Grail*

Arie *The seven deadly sins*



C.H. *Enying Freedom*





Paolo *Gula*



Powa *Gula*



Helen *People ate too much*

Scott *The Glutton*



Nikoo *Gluttony*



gula/ gluttony

Gluttony is the insatiable desire ...
beyond what is necessary its dangerous like fire ...
Everyone knows the trouble she can bring to us ...
but we keep on falling over and over ... its ridiculous

One of the seven sins God planted in the world...
a seed, a virus, a problem or a girl ...
it is all so good on the first time ...
I am the living proof, because I am behind bars...

Before I didn't ear my parents advices ...
Now I am here thinking how will I survive this ...
I dated with gluttony during my childhood ...
I was born poor wishing things I never could...

So I started stealing stuff in school ...
to play with the other boys in the hood ...
My parents make me questions: "where did I get that"?
And I always answer: " I find it in trash!"

Now I look where I am at!
I didn't wanna make the match ...
The time was passing so fast ...
I was already addicted in gluttony like crack ...

Now I am seeing what she did to me ...
playing with my mind and make fool of me ...
But I keep strong and try to hold on...
Like we say "Is better to ride alone" ...

Luis



Oli *Völlerei*





Bilal *The seven sins*



Nelson *On the behalf of Truth*



Rafael *The colors of my flag*

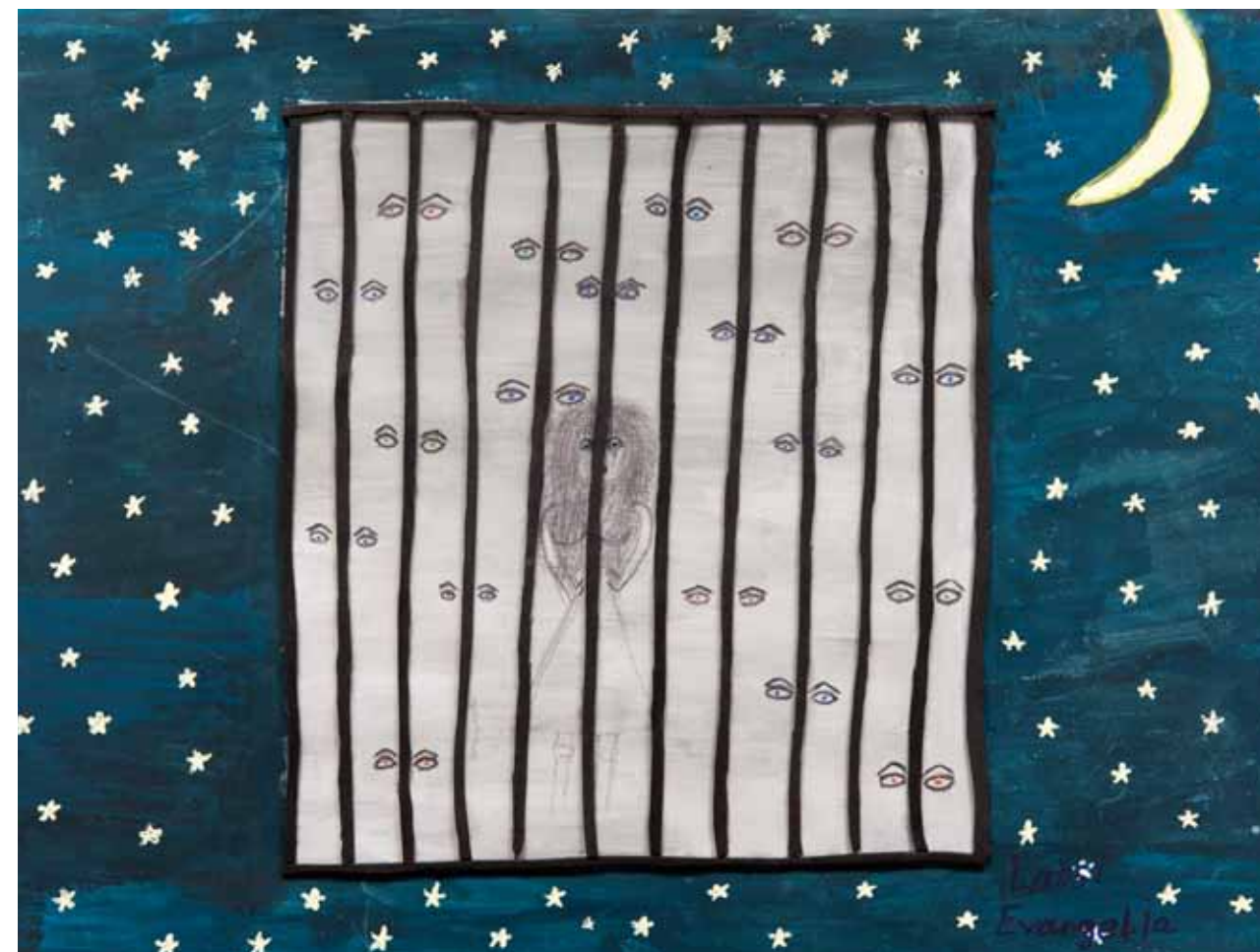


Anastasia *The road to virtue and sins*



Bistra *Regression*

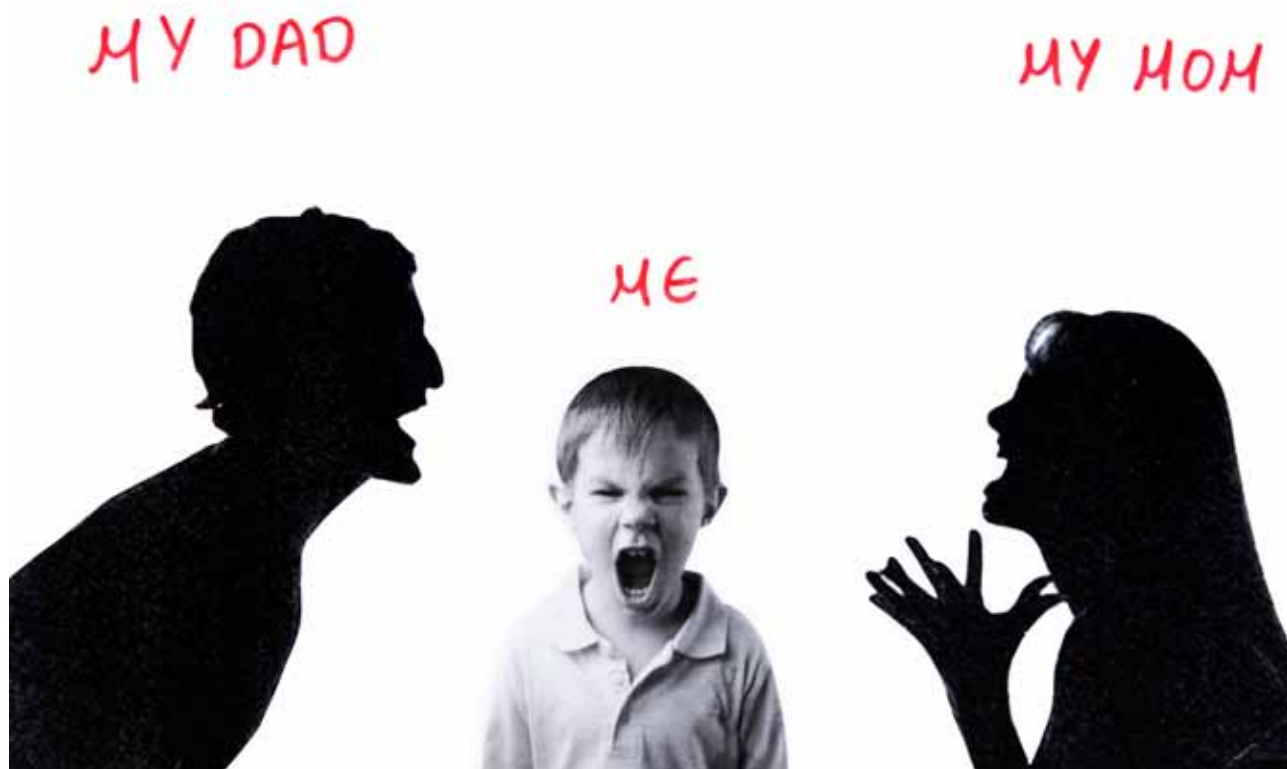
Eva *Seven sins behind barriers*





Nikoo Anger

A.H. Who do I look up to?



ira/ wrath

RELEASE FROM RAGE

If you want to awaken all of humanity, then awaken all of yourself, if you want to eliminate the suffering in the world, then eliminate all that is dark and negative in yourself. Truly, the greatest gift you have to give is that of your own self-transformation. – Lao Tzu

I wasn't born angry. I became angry.

A child just wants to be held and loved. That's all I wanted as a child.
But parents can't give you what they don't have.

I grew up in poverty. Loyalist North Belfast poverty is cold, wet, hungry and grey. Poverty is brutal and unkind. Poverty breeds shame. I wore plastic sandals to school in winter. I felt worthless. People made fun of me and hit me. I didn't fight back. "Turn the other cheek," my mother whispered to me. "Fight back!" Screamed my father, ashamed of his youngest son, beating me to bed with no supper. I raged alone behind the door, nursing my revenge.

My family left for England to escape the conflict when I was 13. I thought I could become someone else there. But a teacher made fun of my accent. He set the whole class against me. He punched me for being Irish. The rage inside me exploded. I hit him with a chair. I never went back to school. I left at 15 with no qualifications. Violence was all I was good at. I was full of rage. I hated my name. I hated Ireland. I hated authority. But most of all I hated myself. Alcohol dulled my pain. Violence gave me the instant pleasure of payback. Crime was my way to get even. At 19 I was imprisoned for 3 years for violence.

In prison, my job was taking the empty food trays out of the cells. The screw (prison officer) would open three cells at a time and the prisoners would hand me the empty trays. My cell was next to an IRA man (Irish Republican Army). He was my enemy. I was afraid. I had to hurt him before he hurt

me. I was shaking with fear and anticipation. Here was an opportunity to vent my anger, to indulge in the pleasure of violence. It was my chance for revenge, to strike back against the ugly shame I carried because of my Belfast name and background.

I would suss him out first. See how big he was. Then plan my attack. Stab him, scald him, or hurt him somehow before he hurt me. The screw opened the door. There was nothing in the cell, just newspapers on the floor, a piss-pot and a Bible. In the corner was the untouched cold food from his last supper. He was lying on the floor, like a bag of bones. He looked like a pale sick child in a man's clothes. He was on the 44th day of his hunger strike. He weighed 5 stones. You can smell death, the faint odour of a body in decay.

My fear and anger dissolved.
My hatred turned to compassion.
I wanted to save his life not hurt him.
I told him I could get him food.
The screws wouldn't know about it.
He said no, thanks but no.
He wanted shipped back to Ireland.
That's why he was on hunger strike.
He told me to educate myself and not waste my life in prison.
I listened to him. I took in every word.
My enemy became my teacher.
Starving himself to death -
Yet, still giving me good advice:
'Educate yourself, learn about your culture
Be proud of who you are
Don't waste your life in here.'
His words challenged me and shook me to the core.
I listened to my enemy, IRA volunteer, Frank Stagg.
My enemy cared about me, even while he was dying.
He helped me to believe that I might be worthwhile.
Frank Stagg helped me to believe in myself.



M.Z. *Gates of Hell*



K.P. *Deamon Satan*

This was the major turning point in my life. That night I went to the prison library, a cell on B3 landing.

I read *The Grapes of Wrath* by John Steinbeck. I travelled the difficult journey with Tom Joad. I wept when Rose of Sharon gave her breast milk to a starving man. I started to write. I discovered that being creative made me feel worthwhile. I noticed that when I was being creative I lost any desire for destruction.

I wanted to spend more of my time being creative. I started to grow in a new way. Another world opened up before me. I was changing from being destructive to becoming creative. I did my first exams in prison. When I got out I went to university and studied theatre. I could play violent parts and understand them. I even won a Fringe First for my performance in *Hooligans*, a theatre

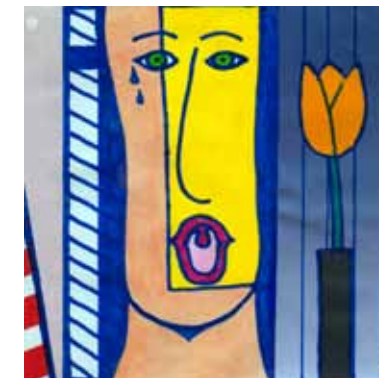
play about football hooligans at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival.

After many years working in theatre directing and development work, in 1999 I started ESC, the Educational Shakespeare Company: <http://esc-film.com/>

I wanted to share what I had learned with other people who were angry and destructive. I knew it had worked for me and I thought it could work for others like me.

I found my release from rage through my enemy who became my teacher. Destructive anger can be transformed into creativity. We just need someone to believe in us at the right moment for it to happen.

Release from Rage by **Tom Magill**



Huub *Listen*





Carlos Seven mortal sins

ON 25
E.P.P.
"Only Nasty Twenty Five"
MOST WANTED



Bogdan Inactivity

Nikoo Lazy



acedia/ sloth

Is sloth a sin? According to Christian tradition it is one of deadly seven sins. Let's explain, first of all, what a sin and sloth are.

If we look through encyclopedia we will find out that a sin is an offense against religious or moral law or an action that is or is felt to be highly reprehensible. Sloth, on the other hand, is refusal or carelessness in the performance of one's obligations, especially spiritual, moral or legal ones. Bering all of the above in mind, it is time to ask a question: "Do I consider sloth as a sin at my work?". Well, it surely can be called a sin.

As a school headmaster, I am always in the middle of something. In between of many factors, in between of many groups of interest, between a rock and a hard place. Whatever decision I make, someone will always be unhappy – either the students (inmates) or the teachers (my staff) or the prison administration or the prison security department (which always has the last saying if it comes to the safety inside the school). There is no golden means, at all. In such respect, it is sometimes very useful to be slothful and not to take a certain decision – just to avoid disappointment of one of the above mentioned groups. And it is me, of course, who is the source of such disappointment, so I am the one to be blamed for any inconvenience caused (no matter which group is the group that was influenced by a decision). From that point of view sloth is my friend. The later I make a decision, the less disappointment I may face. But this is only a short-term advantage. Looking at the problem from a different perspective, however, sloth might become my enemy. I cannot avoid making decisions at all. Decisions have to be made at some point, anyway, so delaying such actions may only bring more harm than good, in the end.

What about other fields of prison life? Sometimes I have a feeling that laziness is inscribed into our legal system. How one should interpret the fact that in the Executive Penal Code there is a record saying that education and work are not compulsory for inmates (???). This, in my opinion, is an accord for laziness!!! In such a case we simply

show prisoners that it is all right to do nothing. In the whole country only about 5% of prison population take part in any given form of formal education and about 12% in any educational activities. I am deeply convinced that it is way too little. If it comes to working, approximately 34% of prisoners take up any form of employment, out of which more than half work for free. Again, it is worth considering whether this percentage is not too low. There is a saying in my country: "example comes from above". It is a clear explanation, I believe, that we give bad example to inmates by letting them be lazy. Sloth is so present there!

Let's have a quick look at yet a different part of prison life – prison staff. In an ideal world where everyone is doing exactly what they are paid for, I would not have any reason to write this essay. Unfortunately, the world is not perfect. I very often meet prison workers (especially security guards) who neglect their duties. And this negligence comes from a very simple conviction that inmates are not worth their efforts at all! It is not a rare view when I see security guards just sitting there and doing nothing, when they should be doing completely something else, usually inmates related. Again, sloth is very much present there, too. Going further up, let's have a very quick look at the policy makers. It seems that there is no will to change. At least in my country. What is happening is only complaining that the system is inefficient.

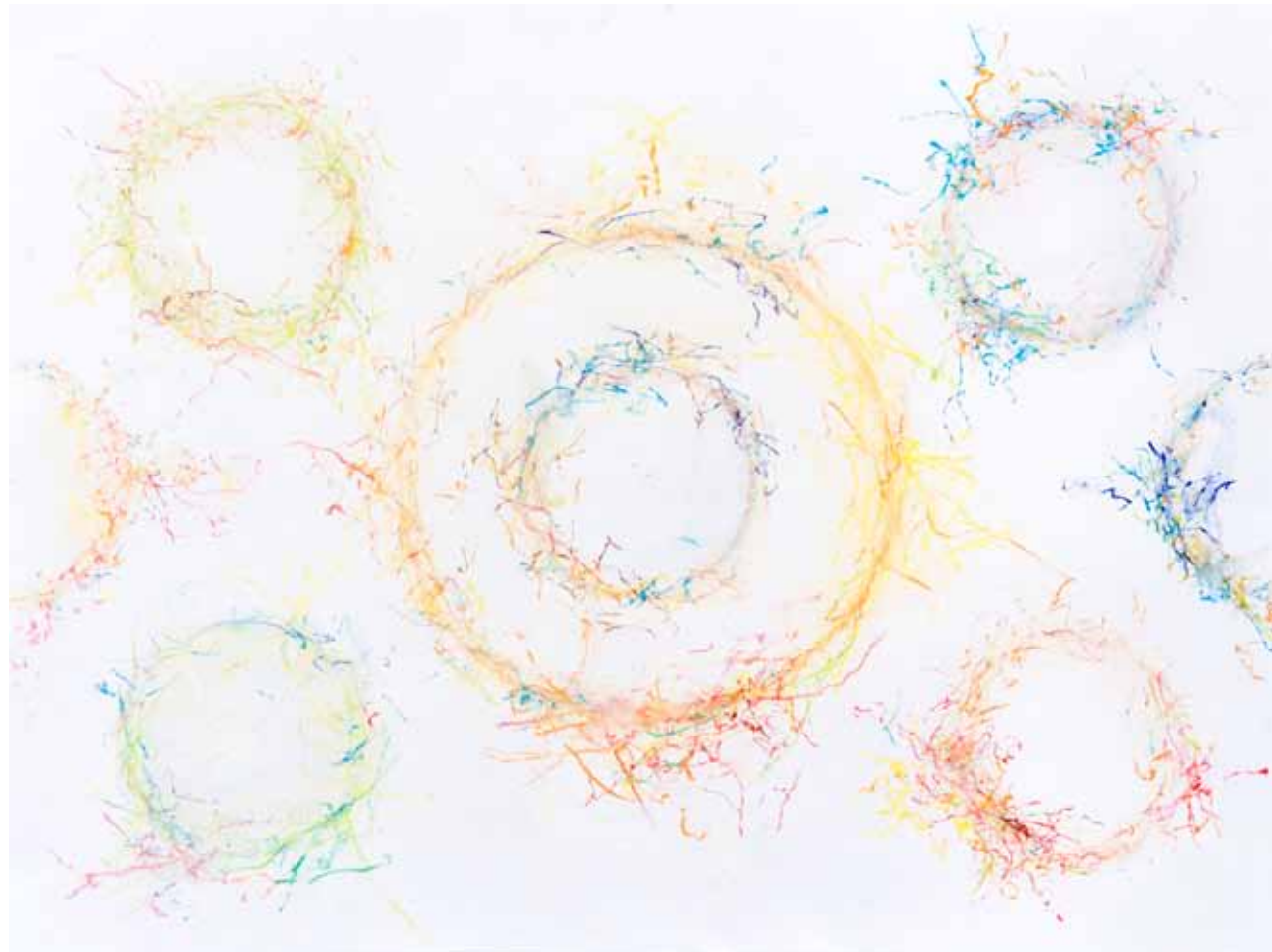


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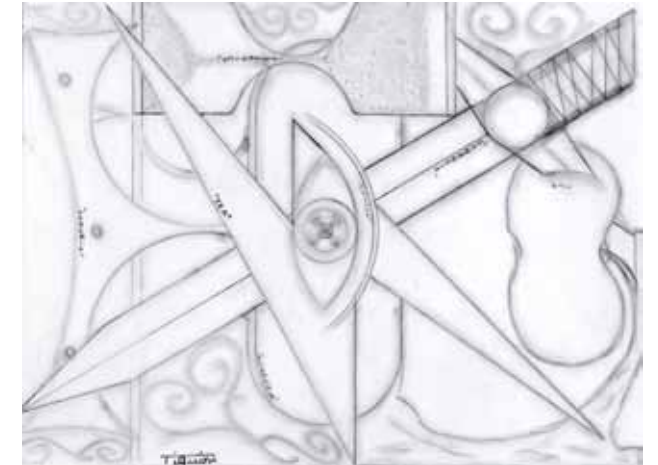
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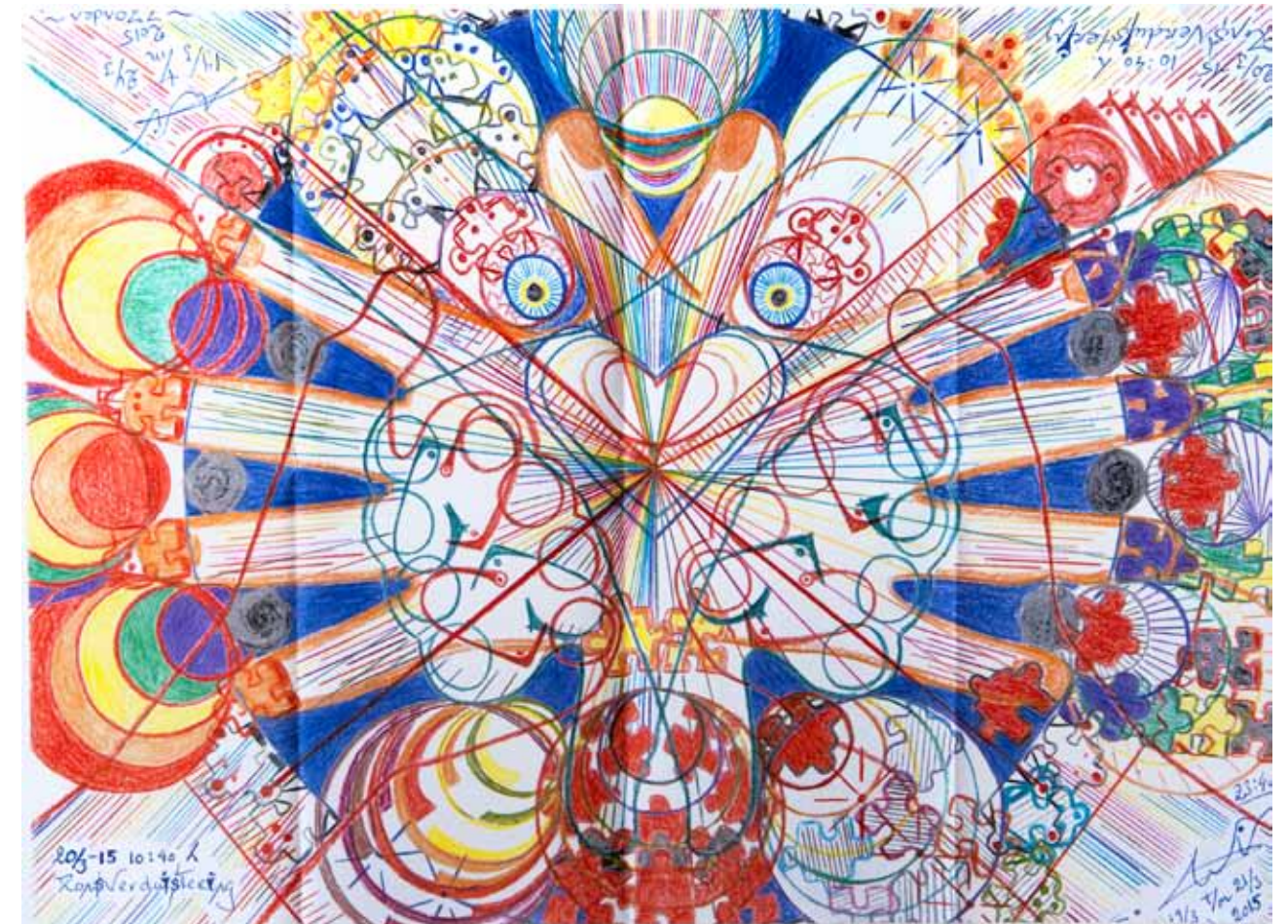
But in fact no one is trying to change the law to make it more efficient, to encourage more inmates to take up education. There are only more and more duties imposed on school administrators which, in fact, do not make the whole process more productive. In my opinion, it is just making the best of a bad game. Sloth is there, too! I guess, no matter where we are, what we do, laziness will always be a part of our lives. We are only people and we all are sinful. I do not think it is shameful to own up to it. What matters, though, is how we deal with that. Sometimes I feel I am losing with sloth at my work when I see that not too many people actually care about inmates' education. I become idle myself. Luckily, I can still find some internal thrust within myself that helps me win over laziness. Thanks to this thrust I can still develop and go forward. Will it last forever? I do not know. I deeply hope it will and I do hope sloth will lose!

Hubert Skrzynski Head of Lifelong Education Centre of Plock Prison



Rui Seven sins without judge

W.J. Solar Eclips



JÁ GOMI muito
HAS ainda Vou
começar mais!

-05-2015
mãe
Maddox

1 → GULA



4 → Ganância



tenho bastante
dinheiro, mas não
é suficiente

só!
Tenho
preg-
uiça

7 → Preguiça!



só
Tem
Pregui-
ça

3 → ORGULHO



NÃO dizes
NADA!?!
Hui Her!

esposo!
eu não finto não!

6 → IRA



ESTOU COM RAIVA
VÓTE JÁ BATER

! Sete!
PECADOS
MORTAIS.

2 → LUXÚRIA

QUEM É A
MAIS LINDA
DAS TRÊS?



5 → Inveja



o que CARRO
tá tão LINDO?
só TENHO
UMA BICI CLEYA

- Nº 1 → GULA
- Nº 2 → LUXÚRIA
- Nº 3 → ORGULHO
- Nº 4 → Ganância
- Nº 5 → Inveja
- Nº 6 → IRA
- Nº 7 → PREGUIÇA



José *The last Judgement*

Colofon

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