

ANTONIN ARTAUD

FROM THE IVY NOTEBOOKS (AUGUST 1947)

TRANSLATED BY PETER VALENTE

i am not an

initiate

but an inventor,

creator

author

whatever you want

There is nothing

that escapes me,

I know

everything

everything said

about

me

is

from the larva

of the emanation

of the snot

of sperm

of nothingness

that which creates

the fire of

life the

raising

of the leaven

a man died

in Golgotha,

who was crucified

in Golgotha

because he very strongly

argued

that man is immortal

and that the animal spirit, god,

never had
immortality,
and because he maintained
that man does not
copulate with
the beast
and that he also does not copulate
with man
that man does not copulate
that man
is not a spirit
but a man

This Jesus-christ
has left innumerable descend
ants that constitute

a race
of untouchables,
disgusting
and absolutely
abominable
pariahs.

I believe that all
initiation is
the fruit of a crime
on the astral-plane of
universal matter
which gave us
a world
we did not want
and yet
the initiates forced it upon us.

the 2nd Tetrad is

not the 1st tetragrammaton

And it is to rule the world

that they have constructed

their so-called

secret kabbalistic

numerology

but it is, however,

infernally

because it comes from a world that is desired

but which

does not exist.

kairapatanka

ankrra

akrankairapatanga

angra

akraïrak angra

an excremental

mass of human

elements

is on my body

which will be driven out

with the most ex

treme brutality.

dinere ta zultal

akara ka garzi

garzi

I search for a clean

and liberated reality

where things

do not perpetually lose

their residue

unlike here and where the pure people

can walk free

and straight

from my

self,

here,

reality will reconstitute itself

after a global explosion

that comes from me

launched by me.

I'll get closer

to this last sect

of masonic initiates

who created the beast

inside me

on me

and left inside me

its limbs and stones

of shit

in order to prove

its power of

terrification

medicine is only a cynical

and monstrous scientific deception,

because it is entirely based

on the perpetration,

not yet

entirely

concluded at this hour,

of an immense

human

crime

The story of Jesus christ

as we know it

historically

I say historically,

a myth,

beautiful or ugly

but finally just a myth,

and though 300 million

Christians believe it

as sure as fate,

this myth, nevertheless,

is false, false and

fabricated,
the facts
contradict it
completely;
and the facts are
the facts,
they happened
and historically
the story of Jesus Christ
occurred perhaps,
but it happened
like the facts and
not like the myth.
And facts occur
in everyday reality
while myths
never happen anywhere

I am

a living

catastrophe

you could endure

perhaps

the development

of the catastrophe

but the authentic repetition

of the real torments

through which the body passed

in the midst of

its authentic

catastrophe: there is no man

in the world

who could bear it

a man offers his whole body

to be torn

apart

for the daily re-

newed salvation of human

vampirism;

~~to give~~ a man

did not give his body only once

on a cross in Golgotha

for the salvation of all beings, but

daily he returns

to be cut up and tortured

on the altars

and now if the dogs

of misery that

incite

this humanity
have something
 specific
to say

I invite them all
 to show themselves

the dogs of death

the dogs of war

the dogs of disease

the dogs of hunger

The dogs of
 the inveterate pain
 of being born¹

1 These lines are probably the conclusion of what Artaud wrote in the margin of this page of the notebook, "I drown you all and drown everything / under opium, the concentrate of my / old and perpetually / renewed pain, and this is an opium that the dogs / of misery will not eat this time."

ko honar de karshimera

carimera cartim.

a marvelous

element

was lost

which man

no longer

embodies

because he

killed it

in my loins

even ripped it

out of my heart

because he

enjoyed it

so much

gea nanga

t a acta gabara

ta garba

shit²

Now it is I

who am

this lost

and sought-after

element

that

the beings

kill

after I

understand

that I became it

2 In the margin of this page Artaud wrote, "Yet it is I who am / this element that was killed / I"

not **aamong armag**

but

arhmong amag tamau

Because things are always at the same
point, they have not changed, it is the priests
who always hold in their dirty hands
the abyss of immortality,
as they voluntarily and systematically maintain this world
from the angle of misery, the bankruptcy
of conscience, the despair
of the complete starvation of the body
and death.

This world believes itself to be anarchic,
disorderly, aimless

This is not true. It is led,

but despairingly, by its sinister leaders,
for it has a terrible and vertiginous history which
I will speak about on the day of the Last Judgment,
Because I am the unknown executed
in Golgotha on the order of the priests and
I am not Christ but
nobody and I have a small
account to settle publicly
with all the priests of all time.