



ARTAUD
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R

D Press 2000
Sebastopol

Special thanks to
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Afterword
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More of *Another Artaud* can be

found in the dPress archive

www.dpress.net

*The reader must believe
that it is a matter of an actual
sickness
and not a phenomena of the
age,
of a sickness which is related
to the essence of a human being
and his actual possibilities of
expression
and which is involved
in an entire life.*

Artaud Chronology

1941: born in Santa Clara, California,
November 21

1941: adopted by parents in Berkeley

1947: moves to Oakland

1959: returns to Berkeley to attend

University of California

1960-61: takes part in SLATE debates,
which leads to

the formation of Free Speech

Movement

1963: committed to Napa State Mental

Institution

1965: reporter for Berkeley Barb; attends

Berkeley Poetry

Conference; meets poets of Peace &

Gladness

1967: self-exiled to Alaskan wilderness

1974: after finding the chill in his bones,

he establishes

Fourwinds Bookstore & Café in

Ellensburg, Wash.

1988: Mind transmission from Sogyul

Rinpoche

1996: moves to Pagosa Springs, Colorado,

to be near

Tara Mandala Retreat Center

1998: returns to California to caretake
elderly parents

I AM VIRGIN TO MY POEM

Gurgling, puking blood
a toothbrush jammed through my
cheek

bricks tied to my ankles

a guitar string around my neck

a fireplug exploding in my heart

my fingers pinched in a car door

a cat clawing my eye

trampled under foot

stumbling through piss and shit

with my head through a ladder

I will step on a crack

and sacrifice myself to the

immaculate
conception of things
sooner or later.

POLUTION OF THE PSYCHE

I am in a room with a door you
can go through but I can't. You
are in a room with a door I can
go through but you can't. Now I
see your face in another place
and hear the echo of your laugh.
I'm trying to say what I feel, but
a mist surrounds me, and I know
there is somewhere I want to go,
so I cruise the limits of the
visible.

I feel a barrier, wierd, yet familiar to the touch. No birds are singing. Is this some kind of warning? I pass a car burning beside the road where I meet a crone, who claims she is the guardian of the way. She throws bones in the dust and asks me who I am, why I have trouble making up my mind.

I know if I pass, I cannot return, but what more can I loose? I change. I have no eyes. I have no sex. I am grotesque. Hostility saturates me. I see everything underground. I try to communicate, but I can't stop your laughter from mocking me.

DESCRIPTION OF A MENTAL STATE

From afar, floating fragments
of gray matter, my voice,
distorted, but distinguishable
from sundered notes of ancient
melodies. Whispers, but louder,
still my voice, my name called,
ah, this sound like a weary violin
sustaining a single note, acid
penetrating the marrow of my
mind, where having dissolved the
particulars of articulation, it
begins to crystalize the
metaphors of cringing stone.

Petrified, ghostfrost of noun
and verb, green and red ore,

soothe the direct object of my desire, until agony curls and constricts the fibers of my unborn thought, the fetus of perpetual irritation.

THE THIRD HOLY NIGHT

The Dreams of December 26 through the morning of December 27 reveal the themes of June 2000. The Virtue to contemplate arising out of Gemini is Perseverance, which becomes Faithfulness. Challenges to this virtue are betrayal and incapacitation.

Simon Says. Trying to remember the game, while at a philosophy lecture. Lecture hall scene: I have been invited to lecture (like Artaud in the Théâtre du Vieu Colombier on January 13, 1947), and in the middle of the talk I begin to play "Simon Says." I am sitting in the front row on the left, playing with Styrofoam pellets, which move around like the dancing metal screws in the Brothers Quay film *The Secret of Crocodiles*. Magnetic gyrations.

The lecture hall is a science lab with a large demonstration table in the front like in the Lawrence Chemistry Lab at U.C.

Berkeley. I am trying to remember my poems, but I don't have my manuscripts.

My daughter, Lulu, is with me, and I look through the pages of her notebooks for some Dumpty.

Racing around on a motorcycle, a girl on a skateboard is holding onto me. Up a steep grade, the cycle lugs to a halt and then begins a chaotic descent, another vehicle in pursuit, a chase around streets resembling ant trails.

A sequence of dreaming that is totally abstract pictures, colors and forms, and I am lucid but surprised there isn't some kind of narrative.

**Dakini Card #34—*Burning
Bush/Lineage Tree.***

Completeness of occult
preparation. Opportunity and
direct contact with spirituality.
Insight. Revelation. Faith.

**MARILYN MANSON ON
THE RAG**

Billy Blake wanders in the
chartered streets
crying weep weep weep
Sylvia Plath lies in a basement
her cunt full of worms
Williams Carlos Williams crawls
to his *Asphodel*

Dylan Thomas slashes his eye
Francois Villon thrashes on the
scaffold
and the Old Gray Poet
mad blind gay
SEES
all the stars and all the grains of
sand
all the bacteria in the shit pile
are children born trembling

DELIVERY SYSTEM

We flow into each other,
stream
through, all the doors
thrown open.
The only way to fly.

NO LONGER IN MY BODY

after dinner

brandy

cigars

hash

coke

LSD

coffee

Talking Plato and Aristotle

Appearance and Ideas

SOUL OF THE ANTI-POET

Spring into movement like 111

or 666—

it's all in the wrist.

Take your hat off, and stand
alone.

Wipe that smirk off your chops.

Don't fart.

Salute the sun.

The mucus of life is before you.

Eat up!

WHO IS WORTHY OF BEING SLASHED?

A blind shadow looms
on the door of my tongue
casting a shrine to nothing.

**THE POEM ARTAUD
WROTE
IN MAY, 1932, AFTER
MEETING HITLER
AT THE ROMANISCHE
CAFÉ
AND SPIKING HIS TEA
WITH PSILICYBIN**

Communism is stupid

hi hi hi hi

Communism is stupid

Facism is good

Facism is good

jo jo jo jo

Communism is stupid

Communism is stupid

hi hi hi hi

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE!!
PLEASE, AVOID PANIC
BUYING!!
SHOP AS USUAL.

CRAZY MONKEY

Good weather for ego
hunting—
lots of weird animals in the
mind,
the mind itself a crazy
monkey.

JUST AS IT IS

I watch
with mystic
horror the sun
darken and
shimmer
through violet
haze

dream green
nights
and watch
distances shatter into foam
while feeling

slow kisses in
the midst of
calm

ROOTS OF ANGUISH

The future and the past
are shadows,
and the calendar
masks a cannibal.

Why assume the sun
will rise tomorrow?

Why assume
October's final night
will not trick us
and repeat—

29, 30, 31, 29, 30, 31
for a thousand years?

**I LIKED IKE WHEN I WAS
EIGHT**

The *Incredible Bureau* does not
discriminate
between polished shoes and
Greek statues,
and I didn't always talk with a
stutter,
and I didn't always live in a
gutter.

COMMITMENT

It appearing to the Court on this
day
the above-named defendant
appeared to answer
a charge of committing an
obscene act

It appearing that the said Judge
in it appearing that on that date
a doubt aroused as to the sanity
of said defendant
dismissed criminal proceedings
in said action
and certified the above-named
to the above-entitled Court
for hearing and examination by
said Court
to determine the question of the
sanity
of the said defendant; and the
attorneys
for defense and prosecution
stipulated
that the doctor's reports could be
received

in evidence and the Court
considered the evidence
presented upon the issue of the
present sanity
of said defendant to be insane

It is **THEREFORE ORDERED
ADJUDGED AND DECREED**
that the said defendant be
committed and confined
as an insane person until such
time as he shall
become sane

**INFLUENCES BETWEEN
1959-65**

Edward Teller

Julian Huxley

Jean Renoir

Pablo Casals

Willard van Orman Quine

Richard Alpert

Allen Ginsberg

Mario Savio

**FAVORITE HAUNTS OF A
BYGONE ERA IN
BERKELEY**

Continental Books

Big Daddy's (Creed's) Bookstore

Farrell's Bookstore

the Green Door

the Stew Den

Robbie's Cafeteria

the Steppenwolf
the Blind Lemon
the Albatros
the Piccolo (The Med)
the Jabberwocky
Cinema Guild/Studio
the Garden Spot
Cody's Books on the Ave

NO O ZONE

deadly rays
not easy to kiss these off

bodies piled in heaps
arguing over the sky
howls coming from shrouds
totally dismal

the darker it gets
something serious
seriously out of control
maximum out of control
a landscape of refrigerators
wrecked cars and black feathers

SELF-REPLICATING ROBOTS

dearth decay division disaster
we are using up the planet to
create robots
tape hiss follows me
I'm sure a dæmon is eating my
wiring

AT EVERY LEVEL OF MONTEZUMA'S CONSCIOUSNESS

Spirit O Spool

did you punch him for his

licoriceship?

did her blondness run out in cold

thick drops?

did I fork a virgin zero from the

globe?

foul the cherub cheek winds?

clog my veins with abuse of 4/4

time?

Pawing through the hospital

dumpster

I find an aluminum Xmas tree

decorated with gauze and syringes

Insanity and murder, devastation
and cruelty
fatal epidemics and contagion
O Furies, I look for you
bringing my Great Plan
Behold the new born terror!
Behold all things new!