

ECHO ANTONIN ARTAUD

PRESENTATION

Echo Antonin Artaud

Welcome to the third issue of the Écho Antonin Artaud review!

In this new edition, we invite you to embark on a journey to the Aran Islands, in the footsteps of Antonin Artaud. Our first article, entitled "The Aran Islands, the Gates of Atlantis," will immerse you in the heart of the enchanting landscapes of these islands, sources of inspiration for our poet. Then, we will delve deeper by presenting some photos from the film about Artaud by George Galanopoulos: what happened in the Aran Islands in 1937?

There's more! We will also dedicate a chapter to Atlantis, this mysterious sunken continent, by exploring its links with Ireland and the island of Santorini. You will discover the mythical stories, historical links, and fascinating theories that surround this legendary lost city.

In this issue, you will also be transported into the visual and poetic universe of the artist Centaure Chiron, through his bold and enigmatic calligrams. Moreover, we will discuss a recent discovery by Éric Saint Joannet that could possibly concern Artaud.

Prepare yourself to dive into a mix of art, culture, history, and mystery, as we take you on a journey beyond the boundaries of the imagination. The Écho Antonin Artaud review promises you a rewarding and inspiring experience. Join us to explore the infinite horizons of art and thought, and let yourself be carried away by the creative spirit of Antonin Artaud.



COVER: ORIGINAL WORK BY KATONAS ASIMIS

WEBSITE: K-ASIMIS.COM PHOTOS OF SANTORINI:
GIORGOS GALANOPoulos WWW.GALANOPoulos.COM

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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ANTONIN ARTAUD

DUBLIN, GALWAY, ARAN ISLANDS

THIRD PART

The **first part**, titled *Dublin, The City of All Possibilities*, was published in issue 1 of the Écho Antonin Artaud review. The **second part**, titled *Galway, The Port of Beautiful Encounters*, can be found in issue 2 (July 2023). As for the **third and final part**, *The Aran Islands, Gates of Atlantis*, it will be published in this issue

THE ARAN ISLANDS GATEWAY TO ATLANTIS

As soon as we arrived in the village of Cill Rónáin on the island of Inishmore, a deep disconnection with modern civilization seized us. The tranquility and serenity emanating from this place, frozen in time, destabilize us. The streets of Cill Rónáin are deserted, creating a strange, almost supernatural atmosphere. Not a soul in the village, only the murmur of the gentle wind and the sound of the waves reach our ears. We really feel like we have reached the end of the world. In a letter dated August 23, 1937, Antonin Artaud wrote to André Breton: "Where I am, there are 9 houses, 3 trees in the cemetery, and it takes two hours to walk to the village of Kilronan where there is a post office, 4 hotels, 2 liquor stores (pubs) and about sixty houses." Since this description by Artaud, the only thing that has changed is the addition of two more pubs, a mini-market, a bike rental stand, and a souvenir shop. As the evening progresses and all the businesses are closed, we struggle to find a place to eat, have a drink, and rest a bit.



On our first evening, we decide to explore Tí Joe Watty, one of the four pubs in the village. To our great surprise, we discover that as night falls, all the island's activity is concentrated in the pubs. In this small community of about 300 inhabitants, there is a warm and friendly atmosphere. The pub plays a central role in the social life of these islands. Although the island has three cemeteries, three churches, and three schools, there are four pubs. This shows the importance attached to these gathering and sharing places in the daily life of the island community.



In this pub, one can discover a multitude of old photos, one of which features children. This image immediately brings to mind an anecdote recounted by Stephen Barber in his book, *Blows and Bombs*. During his 2001 visit to the Aran Islands, Barber had the opportunity to converse with elderly locals. According to him, six decades later, the villagers still recalled a fast-walking, ill-tempered, and nervous Frenchman, whom they would run around, attempting to snatch his cane. When Artaud turned to scold them angrily, they would shout and laugh at him. Interestingly, a similar incident befell the character Skerret in Liam O'Flaherty's novel before he was institutionalized. It is clear that these elderly individuals, in sharing this memory with Stephen Barber, were merely recounting their own childhood experiences. After enjoying a delicious Irish Stew accompanied by a Guinness beer, we made our way to our Bed and Breakfast, situated 2 kilometers from the village.



Scoil Fearann an Choircé (Oatquarter)
PLAYTIME ON ARAN • June 1936



Sunday, April 30, 2023

The Tigh Fitz Bed and Breakfast is situated in a peaceful and charming location, offering its guests a magnificent view of the sea and the enchanting landscapes of Connemara. Penny, the owner, is a dynamic and smiling individual who welcomes us with great generosity. From the moment we arrive, we feel at home, as if integrated into the family. Her warm presence creates an intimate atmosphere where we are pampered and cherished. We are currently preparing to welcome Rónán and Céline, who will arrive with the 11 o'clock ferry. To reach the central village of Kilronan, we will have to walk for about 20 minutes along a street lined with fields and the sea. This walk is extremely pleasant, as there are very few cars on the island of Inishmore, allowing us to enjoy the tranquility of our walk without any disturbances.



Walking in the morning towards the village, we encounter donkeys, cows, and horses. What catches our attention are the lines of pillars topped with crosses bearing inscriptions. My wife asks me if I know what they are. I reply that if we were in Greece, these would be small altars for young people who died on the road, but given the infrequency of passing cars (one every 15 minutes), I doubt that's the case here. As we continue our walk down the street, we notice more of these lines of pillars topped with crosses bearing inscriptions. It seems that I was not completely wrong. These pillars were built 300 years ago, and on these plaques are inscribed the names of fishermen who disappeared at sea.





Rónán's ferry docks, bringing with it about thirty tourists eager to discover the island. As soon as they disembark, a cheerful troop of horse-drawn carts and minivans is ready to offer excursions through the wonders of the island. In our case, the choice was practically nonexistent, as the very charismatic but also very persuasive driver, Noel, who had brought us back to the hotel the night before, had already meticulously planned our excursion for the day. This is the only time of the day when the island comes to life a little. However, these tourists only make a brief stop; after exploring the iconic sites of the island for only a few hours, they will take the ferry back to Galway at nightfall.



Noel is truly a remarkable character. He is an exceptional guide, with an unparalleled sense of humor. Throughout our little excursion, he told us many anecdotes about the island.

As we progress, the landscapes become more and more sublime. In the distance, looking out to sea, we are lucky enough to see some seals, which delighted my daughter. We finally arrive at our first destination. This is perhaps the only place on the island that could be described as "touristy," although the term is a bit exaggerated. There is barely an ice cream vendor and three shops offering a few souvenirs and Aran sweaters.





We begin our ascent to the majestic semi-circular fort of Dun Aonghasa. To reach the site, we must walk for approximately twenty minutes. As we ascend, the view of the island becomes increasingly sublime.

Dun Aonghasa is one of the largest prehistoric forts ever discovered in Ireland. Situated near a cliff, its nature remains a subject of speculation today: was it a military site, or was it religious and ceremonial? Constructed at the start of the second millennium BC, it is believed that it was originally used by the druids for seasonal rituals.

The site is truly magnificent, with its impressive structures. The cliffs offer a breathtaking view of the Atlantic Ocean. *"It is a hemicycle that rises in tiers around an arena where the rock has been leveled and is exactly bisected by the vertical drop of the cliff. Vertiginously steep below are shards of basalt planted obliquely in the ground, in a cheval de frise, defending access and accrediting the thesis of a military work. 'Dun' in Gaelic indeed means fortress. Which seems absurd to me: whoever is inside can see absolutely nothing of what is going on outside (...). I rather imagine an amphitheater for solemn inaugurations, seasonal rituals, or for these druidic assemblies where the setting sun plunging into the sea was accompanied by a concert of lamentations,"* writes Nicolas Bouvier in 'Journal d'Aran'. However, it is essential to exercise caution, as there is no safety barrier and there is a risk of falling. It is important not to let young children wander there alone.



Upon our arrival at the village of Eoghanacht, my wife, daughter, and Céline set out to explore the site of Na Seacht Dtem (The Seven Churches), while Rónán and I made our way to the house of Sean O'Milleain, once the residence of Antonin Artaud. After investigating Artaud's former home, we rejoined them at the site just a few meters away. Despite being popularly known as "the seven churches," the site is actually a ruined monastic complex comprised of two churches: Teampall Bhreacain from the 8th century and the smaller Teampall an Phoil from the 15th century.



We reach the end of the island, where Noël proudly shows us the lighthouse of Sean O'Milleain, before taking us back to Cill Rónán. Accompanied by Rónán and Céline, we go to Ti Joe Watty for lunch. As I prepare to pay the bill at the bar, my gaze is drawn to a very old man sitting motionless in front of a beer. At first, I hesitate, fearing to disturb him. However, given his advanced age, I feel it would be a shame not to seize the opportunity to ask him a few questions. I overcome my shyness and try to approach him, holding my book in my hand. Communication becomes difficult, not only because of my imperfect English knowledge but especially because the old man has very poor eyesight and hearing. Fortunately, a man of about 35, sitting on the neighboring bench, intervenes to help me. I explain who I am. The old man's name is Pádraig, and after a few moments of reflection, he seems to suddenly light up.

"- Ah yes, Sean O'Millean, I remember him well. He was the first inhabitant of the island to own a car." The old gentleman laughs softly and repeats, "Ah yes, Sean O'Millean."

Rónán joins us and asks the man his age.

- I was born in 1935, yes, in 1935.

Do you know the priest of the island at that time when you were children? Mr. Thomas Ó Cillín?

Pádraig does not understand the question. Rónán and the other person repeat the question two or three times. - An tAthair Ó Cillín?

After a long moment of reflection, he answers: - Ah, that one! Ah, that one! Then he plunges back into his thoughts.

I am undecided about offering my book to Pádraig. Finally, I decide to give it to the 35-year-old man who was sitting next to me.





Back at the house, my wife and daughter are resting while I gaze out of the window at a tiny church atop a mountain. I tell my wife, "I'm going to explore that mountain." After about forty minutes of climbing, I finally discover this charming little church. Later, I learn that it is called Tempall Bheanain and is considered the world's smallest church.

Indeed, it measures only 3.6 meters by 1.8 meters. It is said to have been founded by Benen, a disciple of Saint Patrick. As I prepare to start my descent down the hill to return to my bed and breakfast, a little rabbit appears on my path. Like Alice in Wonderland, I let my curiosity get the better of me and decide to follow it, not really knowing where it will lead. I embark on an unusual walk through winding paths. The sun sets, I am lost, but my intuition tells me to continue.

And apparently, I was right. It is often in these moments of unpredictability and spontaneity that the most beautiful discoveries and the greatest adventures are revealed.





However, the enthusiasm that overwhelms me is fleeting, for all beauty, as intoxicating as it may be, demands its tribute. Like a dark and insidious veil, the darkness gradually unfolds, engulfing the surroundings. Now, like Oedipus, I find myself devoid of any landmarks, wandering through the meanders of the unknown without knowing which path to follow. Alone in this absolute darkness, lost in the heart of the wild nature, deprived of all means of communication, I am astray.



The sea, the stones, the wind, the light, everything here is animated by wild forces. Just let yourself be carried away by emotion and feel alive. What if the Holy Grail, carved from the emerald cone that fell from Lucifer's forehead, represented this vitality? The philosopher's stone that heals all of man's ailments? At this precise moment, I believe it. My internal energy rises. I am excited by what I see and feel. To experience a few moments of fullness in this world of screens illuminated by a dying sun that smells of decay is not insignificant. Feeling even a little alive in this world of death is essential. Perceval! Indeed, the Grail can be nothing other than what I feel at this moment. I feel like a cup filled with light. I finally understand! Everything becomes clear! Everything is explained! The evidence presents itself to me. Was Artaud merely a pretext, a backdrop, for me to be here, at this exact moment? Twenty years of fascination with Artaud, just to savor this experience.



Monday, May 1, 2023

The rooster crows, signaling a new day. A radiant sun rises majestically over the hill. It is May 1st, the sky is blue and clear, just like my sensations from yesterday. After taking care to brush my teeth, I check my phone and come across a post from Fabrice Pascaud who shared an excerpt from André Breton's 'Petit intermède prophétique,' accompanied by a captivating image. I was a grey stone, but animated by ardent enthusiasm, I became a red stone. The image confirms my intuition: the philosopher's stone is simply this sensation of increased life intensity that I felt last night. All mental, social, and physical illnesses stem from a lack of life.



We go down to have our breakfast. Today, our bed and breakfast is completely deserted. It's Monday, and the few visitors who came for the weekend have left. We feel like we are the last ones remaining on the island. Today will be a day of exploration. I am going to walk, walk relentlessly, without knowing where my steps will take me. When I was little, the 1st of May was always very special. We would go out into the fields to pick flowers and make crowns that we would then place in front of our doors. Then, a big party would follow in a field with traditional music that lasted until late in the evening.





I initially decide to take the main street, which is unusually deserted today. The island is tranquil, devoid of carts, bicycles, or minivans. The stroll is enjoyable, but my yearning to explore the wild corners of the island intensifies. I then decide to leave the road and venture into the heart of Inishmore. In the distance, a tall hill captures my attention, adorned with a structure that resembles either a castle or a lighthouse. The exploration of this site proves to be much more challenging than I anticipated. I am compelled to traverse dense and thorny bushes, and to scale walls. Nonetheless, due to my determination, I ultimately manage to overcome the obstacles and reach the peak.





While traversing these winding paths, I admire the fields of dry stone and their stone walls. A wave of nostalgia washes over me, transporting me to memories of the past. The countryside of Oia is also filled with ruins and small stone walls that separate abandoned fields. On the Aran Islands, I relive the emotions of yesteryears. Throughout my childhood, my steps were dedicated to climbing vertiginous cliffs, contemplating sublime landscapes, and exploring abandoned houses. In the distance, the murmur of the sea reaches my ears. The sea calls out to me insistently. Suddenly, after following this winding road for hours, I find myself confronted by a barrier.



As if under a spell, I am drawn to the mesmerizing sound of the sea. No barrier can stop me. I step over the crumbling dry stone walls and carefully replace them. Like a traveler lost in the middle of the fields, drawn by the enchanting melody of the wind mingling with the murmur of the sea, one might think that a mermaid or a fairy from the Aran Islands is guiding me towards the steep cliffs, urging me to plunge into the void. With the grass reaching dizzying heights, I fear I may not discern the edge. And guess what I discover? A magnificent landscape, rarely contemplated by visitors due to its difficulty of access. The coastline of Inishmore is striking, with its immense steep sandstone cliffs that plunge into the turbulent waters of the sea.



It has already been at least three hours since I started walking, and I have not encountered any signs of humans or animals. Lost in these desolate landscapes, I have not even glimpsed, even from afar, the silhouette of a house. Finally, my eyes catch the first signs of life: a few animals in the distance, some scattered houses, and a little further down, a few hundred meters away, I see two Asian women on bicycles, petting a horse.



I descend and find myself not far from the village of Cill Mhuráis (Kilmurvey), where in 1934 Robert J. Flaherty directed his film "Man of Aran." This film, which illustrates the struggle of the northern man against the elements of nature, received the Mussolini Prize at the Venice Film Festival. Adjacent to the house where the film was shot lies Kilmurvey Beach, a stunning beach with its immaculate white sand and crystal-clear, transparent blue waters. Under the warm sun, fatigue overwhelms me. Unable to resist the call of the water, I rush and dive into the sea to enjoy a refreshing swim.

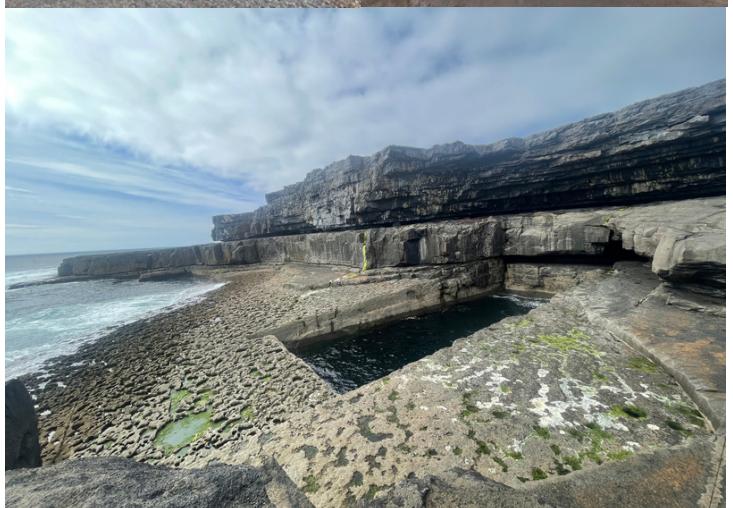




Walking through a village, I ask an elderly woman if she can direct me to the Wormhole. Despite her guidance, I get lost until I run into two adventurers who are also searching for the same location. However, access is far from easy as it involves crossing a desert of large, sharp-edged rocks. Then, we follow a path beneath cliffs that appear to have been hewn with an axe.

The Wormhole is a natural wonder. It is a natural pool carved into the limestone by the impetuous waves of the ocean. What makes The Wormhole so striking is the wild and majestic landscape that surrounds it. The site is encircled by rough, raw, black rock that contrasts with the crystalline waters of the pool, which are a deep emerald color. Could this be the Holy Grail?

About the Wormhole, Nicolas Bouvier writes in the Journal of Aran: "*The sea that rushes under this terrace has made it burst, giving this excretory cavity a layout so perfect - angles and edges as sharp as if drawn with a ruler and a plumb line - that it is impossible not to think of templates, quarry saws, human work, with this caveat that this witch's cauldron serves absolutely no purpose. (...) It has been claimed that this basin was the edge of a tunnel that, in the golden age of the Atlantids, connected the island to the coast of Connemara, but divers who have explored it in calm weather have found nothing to support these nonsense stories.*" What is crazy is that not only does the site of Columbo in Santorini resemble this place, but a story of a similar tunnel exists at that site. As Artaud wrote in 1932 for the Galápagos Islands: "*these islands have seen an air and a sky that must have been breathed by the Atlanteans or ancient peoples...*" (VIII, 27).



The evening unfolds slowly, and I find myself a considerable distance from the main village. The streets are deserted, and I gradually come to the realization that I have not managed my time well. However, fortune favors me when a car pulls up. A very kind woman is at the wheel and graciously agrees to drive me to the central village. Adventures are fun, but at this moment, I'm famished. As I enjoy a delicious dinner with my wife and daughter, a delightful elderly couple takes a seat at the table next to ours. Their presence arouses my curiosity, and I decide to approach them to inquire about Artaud's time in Ireland. With immense kindness, they share the contact information of Michael Muldoon, the author of the blog "About Aran," who might be able to provide more information. Subsequently, my attention is drawn to two men at the bar engrossed in a lively conversation. One of them appears to be about sixty-five years old. I express my intention to my wife, saying, "I'm going to go talk to them." She responds gently, with a hint of despair, "Leave people be." - "You're right." I wait another five minutes, then, stubborn as I am, I ultimately decide to approach the men. First, I show the book to the older man.

"Ah, it's interesting that you show me this book," he replied. "Just yesterday, someone gave it to me, and since I don't read French, I gave it to Vincent, who is French."

"Are you French?" I asked.

"Yes, I am French, but I have been living here for thirty years."

I didn't quite grasp the reason for Vincent's departure from France, but what I did understand was that he couldn't stay there any longer. Vincent is brutally honest and doesn't hesitate to say what he thinks, whether it is well-received or not. His language is direct and unembellished, and he often displays a sharp sense of humor. Even though I am naturally shy and reserved, I appreciate this frankness. After making some remarks about the content of my book, he started talking about life on the Aran Islands, the winters, and the inhabitants who believe in fairies.

"You know, Ilios, people here still believe in fairies... The other day, I was talking to a sailor, and he told me he had seen a fairy. I assure you, the sailors here are not crazy. To be a sailor here, you have to be very mentally strong. I asked him, 'Fairies like Tinkerbell?' 'No,' the sailor replied, 'they are little men like the ones you see in the movies. I used to be skeptical when I heard these kinds of stories, but after listening to them over and over, I am starting to wonder.'"

The night envelops the village. I pass through the doors of the central building, known as The Bar. Originally, it housed the priest, but today, it is one of the four pubs in the village. That evening, a talented guitarist performs solo, his music vibrating under the watchful gaze of an Elvis poster. His chords resonate, enchanting the atmosphere with covers and hits from the 90s. Pints of Guinness flow generously, as the villagers join in chorus with the catchy melodies. Later, I head to Tish Joe Mac, the most traditional pub on the island. As I savor a local whiskey, I soak up the bewitching atmosphere, feeling a deep sense of familiarity, as if this place has been my home forever. A strange impression takes hold of me, leaving me to think that I am someone else, someone who once lived here. Did I sing old songs and exchange words in Gaelic with the other villagers? My memories float like fragments of a vanished dream. I remember nothing.





Go raibh maith agat

The Island of Illusions

A film directed by George Galanopoulos, freely inspired by Antonin Artaud's journey to the Aran Islands.

Let yourself be swept into the tormented depths of Antonin Artaud's mind, and follow the journey of this ill-fated artist through his tumultuous voyage to the Aran Islands, where the line between reality and madness gradually blurs. Embark on an exploration of the stark landscapes and shadowy recesses of his psyche, unveiling the torments that reside within. Through compelling imagery and a narrative imbued with intense emotions, this film, directed with passion by George Galanopoulos, will reveal the intricate soul of Artaud as well as his internal odyssey at the core of an apocalyptic journey.

Film Credit Sheet:

Director: George Galanopoulos

Editor: Nikos Rigopoulos

Assistant: Margerita Darzendas

Apollon Koliouasis as Antonin Artaud

Ilios Chailly as Priest O'Cillin

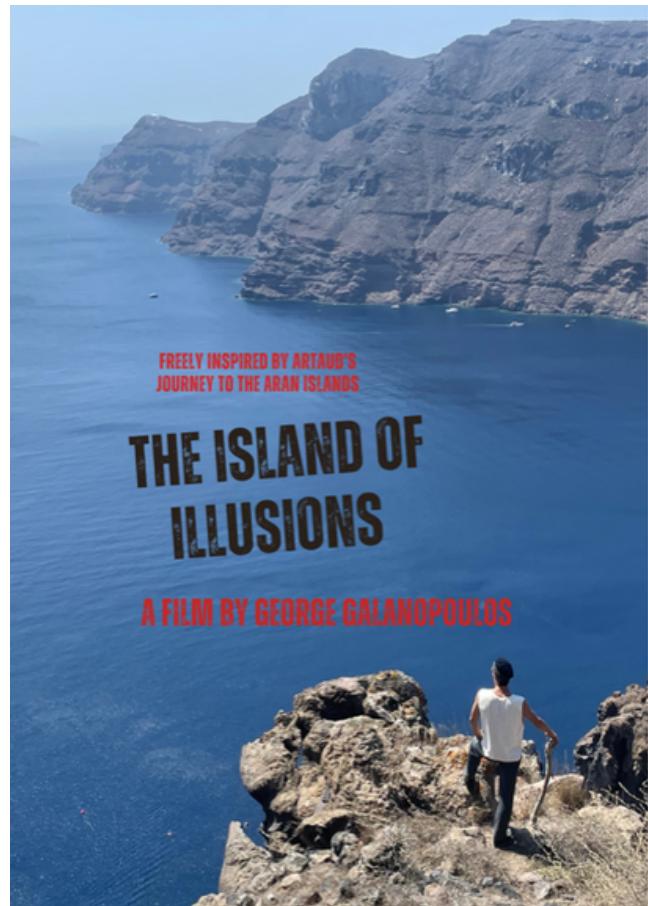
Katonas Asimis as Doctor Tish

Toto Kuo as Bashees

A big thank you to Iasonas, Kaito, Paris,

Orionas, Alexandra, Orpheas.

Genre: Fantasy Drama



Antonin Artaud's stay in the Aran Islands

On Wednesday, August 18, 1937, Antonin Artaud disembarked in the picturesque port of Kilronan (Cill Rónáin), where he had arranged to meet the parish priest of Inishmore, Thomas O'Cillín. It was through the intermediary, Professor Tomás Ó Maille, of the University of Galway, that they were put in contact [1]. In a letter dated November 22, 1955, addressed to Robert Maguire, Thomas O'Cillín related: "When he arrived in the Aran Islands, he came to see me. He had a cane. I don't know what else he had, but I can say he had absolutely no money." He added that Antonin Artaud asked him to accompany him to the most "intensely Irish" part of the island. Artaud found refuge with Mr. Seninin Billi O'Midlain, who was not the lighthouse keeper of the small rocky island of Earagh, but rather the man responsible for resupplying the lighthouse every 15 days with his cart.

Introduced by the priest, Sean warmly welcomed Artaud and accompanied him to his home, nestled in a small isolated village two to three hours' walk from Kilronan. In his article titled "The Prophecy of Antonin Artaud," published in the magazine *Friction*, no. 33, Simon Capelle mentioned Sean O'Milleains as one of the "few inhabitants to have a horse-drawn means of transportation capable of taking Antonin Artaud from the port to the village". Artaud finally arrived at the hamlet of Eoghanacht, located in the west of the island. As he mentioned in his correspondence with André Breton, this place only had nine houses, two ruined churches dating from the 8th century, three shrubs, and an old cemetery. The two churches Artaud mentioned are located on the site of Na Seacht dTeampaill [2], also known as the Seven Churches, just a few meters from his residence. At the top of a hill stood the old Dun d'Oeghanac, an abandoned circular fort. Artaud stayed in a two-story grey house with three chimneys, offering a breathtaking view of Gleannachan Bay, in the direction of Connemara. The price of the board, including meals, was set at one pound (£1) per week.



Thomas O'Cillín à été curé de la paroisse de Cill Ronain entre 1935 et 1948.

THE HOUSE OF SEAN O MILLEAIN

[1] Originally from Connemara, Professor Tomás Ó Maille (1880-1938) was the first teacher of the Irish language at University College Galway.

[2] Although the site is referred to as "The Seven Churches" in reference to a pilgrimage to Rome that passes through seven churches, there are, in reality, only two churches. The name of the site evokes the seven churches of the Apocalypse, symbolizing the seven major periods of earthly history before the Last Judgment.

The house where Artaud stayed is a charming one-story stone house, equipped with three fireplaces. It is ideally situated on the north side of the main road, offering a picturesque view of the small cove of An Gleannachán, beneath Dún Eoghanachta, and just a few steps from Na Seacht dTeampaill. Patrick Beurard-Valdoye, in his writings, recounts his quest to find this house: *"It took me a week to find his house... The back door was open, so I went in. Everything seemed intact, frozen in time; it was like touching Artaud. At the foot of the stove, a mummified cat."* Thanks to more recent photographs that I had the opportunity to consult, I was able to observe the interior of this house, with its "brown stove, cyan dresser, and kitchen wallpaper," as described by Patrick Beurard-Valdoye in his book, *The Irish Purgatory of Antonin Artaud*. From the same photographs, I was fortunate to discover what must have been Antonin Artaud's bedroom on the upper floor. From other sources, I learned that Mr. Paul Smith has bought or plans to buy this house with the intention of converting it into a writer's residence or a museum.

When exploring the Aran Islands, one can easily imagine the activities of Antonin Artaud during his stay. The peaceful atmosphere and the possibility of losing oneself in beautiful landscapes make the island of Inishmore incredibly charming today. Apart from contemplative walks, there is not much else to do, which adds to its unique allure. To better understand Artaud's daily life, I highly recommend watching the fascinating experimental film by Sylvère Lotringer, *The Man who Disappeared* [3].

On this small island of barely 30 kilometers, Artaud spent his days wandering alone in the wilderness, exploring different sites in search of discoveries. In the 1950s, Irish poet Robert Maguire embarked on research to learn more about Artaud's journey to the Aran Islands. "During his stay in Inishmore, Robert Maguire met an Irish couple who had hosted the poet, Seninin Billi O'Micllain (Millane) and his wife. (...) With Maguire, the Irish couple was reluctant; however, they insisted that Artaud spent his days exploring the ancient ruins that abound in Aran," wrote Florence de Mèredieu in 'C'était Antonin Artaud' [4].

In his book 'Antonin Artaud Visionnaire hurlant,' Laurent Vignat writes, "What is he doing? With this cane, he walks for entire days, strides across the heather moorland, follows walls that form labyrinths, meditates in front of the alignments of Celtic crosses with arms encircled by circles, climbs summits where forts, defeated by time, stand. He is drunk with wind and salt."

In the village of Eoghanacht, Artaud was known by the nicknames "Francarin beag" or "the small little Frenchman". Unfortunately, his drug addiction surely darkened his travel experience, and it is unlikely that this stay was a source of tranquility for the writer. Despite his curiosity and lucidity, he exuded an aura of solitude, illness, and paleness. Stephen Barber, Artaud's biographer, went to Ireland in 2001 to retrace the poet's steps and reports that sixty years later, the village's oldest inhabitants still remember this strange Frenchman—both hostile and moody—walking the streets with haste and nervousness and residing in the Sheinin's house. An enigmatic character that the children liked to tease.



Thomas O'Cillín welcomes Antonin Artaud.



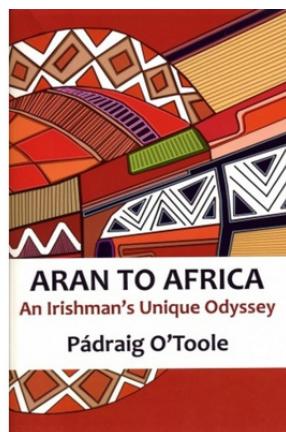
The children of the island bother Antonin Artaud.

[3] Also worth mentioning are the experimental films by Matthias Sanderson, 'Une histoire de fantôme - Le voyage irlandais d'Antonin Artaud' (1998), and 'Artaud on Aran' by Rossa Mullin (2010).

[4] Other adventurers who explored the Aran Islands following Artaud's footsteps include the writer, actor, and director Simon Capelle (author of the article 'Prophétie d'Antonin Artaud - Février 2020'), Bernard-Henri Lévy in 1969, Patrick Beurard-Valdoye, Stephen Barber, and M. Andrews Collin. In his article titled 'A new Irish Folk Tale,' Andrews Collin recounts that after exchanging with the local merchants of Eoghanacht, he was directed to the house of an 80-year-old woman, who happens to be the niece of Sean O Milleain. According to the villagers, this lady is the only one still alive who possesses information about Artaud's stay in Inishmore. Unfortunately, during Collin's visit, she was absent.

Mr. Sean O'Milleáin and his wife Nainín Thomáis take great care of Artaud. They watch over him, feed him, and dress him in a "navy trench coat" and a navy blue beret on his head. However, the problem lies in the language barrier. Artaud speaks poor English and does not master Gaelic at all. Even in Artaud's time, English remains rare away from Kilronan. "On the Aran Islands, Artaud finds himself in an exceptional place. Hermits and sages, from the earliest times, have gathered there. This high place of Celtic civilization, this land of the druids, Artaud wishes to find its wisdom. An atmosphere of intense spirituality where the being vibrates in the stripping reigns over the islands." [5] Bríd O'Toole, the daughter of Sean Milleáin, still remembers Artaud's presence in her parents' house: "There was something in the stick. I pretended to want to take it. My mother yelled at him: Stop, stop chasing her, she just got married! I wasn't afraid of him. I was just a little scared of the stick. I guess I was a little devil like him." [6]

Thanks to the autobiography of Bríd O'Toole's son, Padraig O'Toole (1938-2015), we obtain valuable information about this family and their way of life at the time. For example, Sean O'Milleáin is described as a pious, prudent, and wise man. On the island, and even to this day, he is known for being the first inhabitant to bring back a car, an old Ford that he jealously kept out of sight. We also learn that in 1937, Bríd O'Toole, newly married to Martin O'Toole, lived in the peaceful village of Bungabhla.



[5] ODIER (Daniel): *The night walks on the night. Journey to the land of the Tarahumaras. Journey to Ireland*, in: Planète +, Antonin Artaud, the man, and his message, February 1970. [6] COLLIER (Peter): *Artaud on Aran*, The Irish Times, 14/08/97.

It is Colie Hernon, the founder of Aer Arann, who organized Mr. Peter Collier's trip to Inishmore and put him in contact with Sean O'Milláin's grandson, Padraig O'Toole, and his daughter Bríd O'Toole.

P.S: I am not sure if I can reveal more, but Peter Collier is preparing an exciting new project on Antonin Artaud's journey to the Aran Islands. In the documentary "Une histoire de fantôme. The Irish journey of Antonin Artaud" (1998) directed by Matthias Sanderson, Bríd O'Toole claims that Artaud's cane was hollow and hid a secret. She says, "The stick was supposed to be hollow inside".

Artaud enjoys, as Synge once did, sitting on a rock and contemplating the sea and the hills of Connemara from afar. "There is no wind or definite light. Aranmor seems to sleep on a mirror, and the mountains of Connemara look so close that I am disconcerted by the width of the bay that stretches before them, endowed this morning with the individual expression sometimes seen in a lake," writes Synge in *The Aran Islands*. Mary Gille, a neighbor of Bridget O'Toole, remembers: "I thought he looked like a recluse or something of that sort. I know Bridget's parents were very concerned about him. I often told my friends that when I went to tend to the cows, I had to pass him sitting between the rocks. I took a detour so as not to disturb him because he seemed so deep in thought." (in: Peter Collier Artaud on Aran).

On August 23, 1937, Artaud wrote a letter to Anne Manson to share with her the realization of a prophecy in his life. That same day, he also sent a letter to Jean Paulhan, soliciting his help to find 400 francs to finance a trip to an unknown destination. Artaud may have intended to visit the neighboring island of Inishmaan, known for its wildness, or perhaps to go to Lough Derg, where the legendary purgatory of Saint Patrick was located. Also on August 23, he wrote to André Breton to inform him of the burdensome life in Ireland, emphasizing that it was impossible to subsist in the city with less than one pound a day. However, he acknowledges that in the Aran Islands, expenses are somewhat more moderate, allowing one to get by with less than one pound a week. Finally, he shares a prophecy: "Are you now sure that you will not be involved in the Great events of the World except in 3 years, that is, from 1940."

On that same August 23, Artaud sent a letter to his family, sharing his quest for the last descendant of the Druids, guardian of the secrets of druidic philosophy. According to him, humanity must be extinguished by water and fire. It is likely that he met Dr. Tish that day, a French speaker to whom he would have confided in having found the ancient object he was searching for. He would almost certainly have met a fortune-teller on this occasion (XVII,137/ XVI,251).

Question #1: If Artaud did not intend to stay in the Aran Islands, why did he not leave earlier? First, he could not leave any day because the boat only docked twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday. Second, he had to stay because he was waiting for money and could not continue his journey without these financial resources. Finally, as mentioned in the letter to André Breton, Artaud considered the Aran Islands in Ireland as the cheapest place to stay.

Question #2: Why did Jean Paulhan not send him the money for his royalties? Simply because he had not received Artaud's letters, as he was undergoing surgery for an osteophlegmon.

Question #3: Why did Artaud not send any more letters after August 23? I suppose this was due to financial constraints and also because his village was a 2-hour walk from Cill Rónáin, which made sending letters difficult.

Question #4: What happened to Artaud's writings in Inishmore? Although I do not know the source of Mr. Simon Capelle in his article "The Prophecy of Antonin Artaud," he mentions: "Without a response and after a two-week stay, he went to Galway in the company of Father Tomás Ó Cillín to await a possible money shipment by mail. Thinking he could return, he left a bag full of documents that the family would later burn."

The debt of Antonin Artaud to Séan Ó Milleain.

When you decide to spend a few days on the Aran Islands, it is important to take into account certain peculiarities. First of all, there is a very limited number of hotels available, so it is necessary to book well in advance. Moreover, it is common to have to pay in advance for your stay. In relation to this last point, I wonder if Artaud could have had any influence.

As we have seen previously, Artaud had huge money problems in Inishmore. Stuck, unable to pay his rent, he asked Mr. Sean O'Milleain to lend him 5 shillings to telegraph Jean Paulhan and his parents, asking them to send him money to pay at least his rent. After spending two weeks on the Aran Islands without receiving a response, Artaud had no choice but to leave his accommodation on Wednesday, September 1, 1937, leaving a simple note: "I am going to Galway with the priest to withdraw money from the post office." In Eoghanacht, Artaud stayed 15 days. The price of the boarding house, meals included, was £1 per week, so he owed £2 or 40 shillings. Being without money, he could only pay 7 shillings and sixpence, leaving a remaining balance of £1, 12 shillings and 6 pence. In addition to the 5 extra shillings borrowed from Sean O'Milleain, his debt thus amounted to £1, 17 shillings and 6 pence.

On January 27, 1938, the village priest of Kilronan, Tomas O'Cillín, sent a letter to Art O'Briain, asking for the intervention of the plenipotentiary minister in Paris for the repayment of Artaud's debt to Mr. Sean O'Milleain. According to Tomas O'Cillín, without the letter from Art O'Briain attesting to Antonin Artaud's respectability, Séan Ó Milleáin would never have welcomed the poet into his home. The plenipotentiary minister in Paris clarified that this letter was not a letter of recommendation, but simply a letter of introduction intended to help Artaud in his research with various professors. On March 1, the secretary of the Irish legation sent a letter to Euphrasie Artaud, requesting the repayment of the debt. Artaud's mother declined all responsibility for this debt and expressed her willingness to contribute partially, provided that the cane of Saint Patrick, claimed by her son, was returned to her. In a letter dated June 6, 1938, she reproached Mr. Ó Brian that her son's health could be attributed to the harsh treatments suffered under Irish authority. On July 1, 1938, Tomas O'Cillín wrote to Art O'Briain: "It was Tomàs Ó Máille (God rest his soul) who sent him to me and I arranged everything for him. Sean Ó Milleáin was enraged, which was not surprising, and he vented his anger on me. Especially when the neighbors started to mock him." Thus, what most disturbed Sean O'Milleain was not so much the lost money, but the fact of becoming the laughing stock of the whole village.

Do you remember the previous issue of Écho Antonin Artaud where I told you about Rónán's encounter with a childhood friend, a postman in Galway, who turned out to be the great-grandson of Séan Ó Milleain? The time has come to reveal their discussion about Antonin Artaud. When Rónán asked his friend if he knew Artaud, the latter replied that he had heard about him in the family as a somewhat eccentric character, but that he saw dozens of addicts like him when he returned home to the Aran Islands.

- You know, Padraig, he is a very famous author, and besides, in a few weeks, my friend Ilios, who writes books about him, will come to Galway.
- Rónán I don't know if your Artaud is famous or not, but what I can tell you is that this guy is a bad payer, and it's time for your friend, the specialist, to finally settle this debt.

Obviously, it was a joke, but I take these words almost seriously. When Rónán tells me this story, I tell him, half-jokingly, half-seriously, why not buy old bills from the time on the Internet to finally repay this debt and appease Artaud's soul? Then, a few days ago, while rereading Simon Capelle's article, I ask myself a completely different question. What if Artaud had already repaid this debt? According to Simon Capelle, when Artaud left the Aran Islands, he left behind a bag full of unpublished manuscripts that Sean O'Milleain, furious, would have burned. Considering the market value that such manuscripts by Artaud would have nowadays, I think that this treasure left behind would have more than repaid this debt of two pounds. Couldn't it almost be an Aesop's fable, this story?

Antonin Artaud and Skerret by Liam O'Flaherty

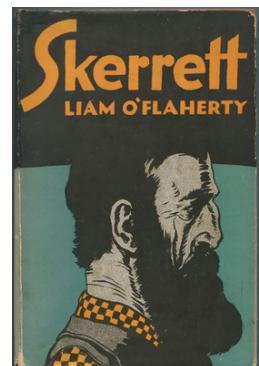
When Rónán offered me Liam O'Flaherty's Skerrett book in Galway, I did not expect to find so many similarities with Antonin Artaud. Although the story of this book is fictional, as explained in the article His Kingdom for a Horse by Michael Muldoon written in April 2023 (see: <https://www.aboutaran.com>), it is freely inspired by a real event that occurred between 1905 and 1914, the famous dispute between David O'Callaghan and Murtagh Farragher. And what is strange about this story is that David O'Callaghan died in 1937, the same year Artaud visited Inishmore.

The story of Skerrett, who tried to strike a priest with a cane and was imprisoned before being interned in a psychiatric asylum on a steamboat, doesn't it remind you of Antonin Artaud? "When he crossed the village, a band of children and idlers began to follow him, attracted by his distracted demeanor. The children threw stones at him, shouting insults. - I want to see Moclair! Skerret shouted. Let me pass. -Turn around! O'Rourke ordered. You are drunk and you cannot see the priest in the state you are in. Skerret raised his cane to hit O'Rourke, but the latter was quicker than him. (With a punch to the chin, he sent the unfortunate man tumbling to the ground. The violence of the blow and the fall completely disturbed his mind. (...)) The doctor certified that he was mad and, on Tuesday he was taken to the steamer to be taken to the asylum. (...)) In the asylum, he proved to be one of the most recalcitrant and intractable inmates. He also spent most of his time in a padded cell. He could not bear the slightest discipline and even though he was now perfectly sane of mind. His friends from Dublin and elsewhere made great efforts to have him released, but it was too late to do anything for him. (...)) But he died as fearless as he had lived. His last words were: "I defy them all, they will not make me bend the knee." Skerrett's fate is so similar to that of Artaud that it is even legitimate to wonder if the restless soul of this fictional character has not invaded Artaud's receptive.

Like Heliogabalus or Cenci, Skerret is far from embodying goodness. But can we really say that Artaud is a virtuous person? The true essence of these beings is not summed up in moral criteria, but is rather manifested by their inner vitality and their unwavering determination to courageously face their cruel fate.

It can also be considered that the island of Inishmore was a source of purifying suffering for Artaud and Skerrett. It is undeniable that, by following their nature, this island has profoundly transformed these two individuals. The psychic memory associated with certain places has the power to transform us when our principles resonate with them. For Artaud and Skerrett, the island freed them from their past futile concerns. However, embracing one's true nature to speak on behalf of nature and restore balance in the world is not without consequences for the one who has received the oracle's message. Raising one's vibratory rate can have harmful consequences on an already sick body.

Today, the Irish government is offering 85,000 euros to move and renovate a house in Inishmore. After the release of the film *The Banshees of Inisherin*, will Inishmore experience the same fate as Santorini in the 90s? "This island seems to me a blessed place from heaven, because it has survived all the changes that have upset Europe. Here people have continued to lead the same free life on their rocks. That's why I think it's a crime to try to change them," Skerret's "Vishnuist" Dr Melia declares in the book. Unlike Dr Melia and myself, who are attached to the ruins of the past and fear change, Skerret-Artaud and Heliogabalus were born to set the world on fire. Their ardent fire is not aimed at the conquest of power or the accumulation of money, but is inspired by the lively principle of Shiva, carrying within them the destiny of a transformative destruction. Today, in the era of Kali-Yuga, the new catalysts of this world are no longer beings like Artaud or Skerrett, proliferating a cruel poetry, but rather entrepreneurs motivated by the search for financial gains.



L'Atlantide, Inishmore et Santorin



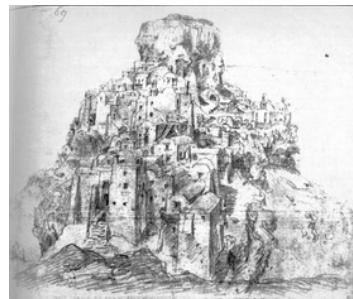
In the summer of August 1937, while Antonin Artaud was getting lost in the Aran Islands, Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir were wandering through the alleys of my childhood village, Oia. "We had not descended to Thira, the main town, but to Oia, at the northern end of the island. It didn't matter; we spent less than three hours on a path along the cliff (κόκκινο βουνό). I noticed that it wasn't really red; it resembled puff pastries with overlapping layers of red, chocolate, ochre, cherry, orange, and lemon. Opposite us, the kai'menes shone like anthracite," wrote Simone de Beauvoir in *The Prime of Life*.

Santorini and the Aran Islands are two places linked to the myth of Atlantis. To truly appreciate the striking similarities between these two locales, one must have lived in Santorini at least until the '80s. Once nicknamed "La Noire" by Dr. Allendy after his visit in 1938, Santorini remained untamed until the '90s. The inhospitable volcanic land of Santorini, much like that of the Aran Islands, defied all attempts at cultivation. Moreover, the difficult access to both Santorini and the Aran Islands kept them isolated from the rest of the world. Looking at old photographs of the inhabitants of the Aran Islands, a strange sense of familiarity overtakes me, as if I were revisiting the faces of my childhood. The inhabitants of Santorini, like those of the Aran Islands in the 1930s, also experienced famine.

The natural landscapes of the Aran Islands share many similarities with those of Santorini. Their coastlines are striking, featuring massive, steep sandstone cliffs and forts and castles that plunge into the choppy sea. Once upon a time, the fort of Dun Aghasa formed a complete circle a few hundred meters from the sea's edge. Over the centuries, relentless erosion brought the fort closer to the ocean, until half of the structure collapsed. Looking at this fort, I can't help but think of the city of Skaros in the village of Imerovigli in Santorini, which met a similar fate. If the circle is a symbol of unity, could it signify that for both Dun Aghasa and Santorini—whose entire island was once round—unity has been shattered?



Le fort de Dun Aengus



Thanks to my willingness to read the books that Artaud read during his lifetime, I can understand some of his ideas, while others are accessible to me through my personal experience. Having grown up in a village where troglodyte dwellings cling to the steep cliffs of a volcanic crater, I can grasp the meaning of this imagery in Heliogabalus and understand what it implies to play with the burning stones that animate us. Even before I discovered the article titled The Mountain of Signs or delved into the epic of Ram, I was already questioning the presence of a man with a ram's head engraved in the rock of Columbo or on the stairs of Ammoudi, as well as the depiction of a turtle on the red mountain, the Indian at Acrotiri, and the beautiful woman (now destroyed, like the village of Oia) on the stairs of Armeni.

In my childhood memories, the doors remained open at night, sometimes letting stray dogs venture into our beds. Electricity had just been installed, and sometimes it was necessary to wait up to two weeks before a truck came to fill our water tank. At school, there were only two classes, with fifteen children each. During the winter, the village of Oia was deserted and wild, and we had to travel twelve kilometers to the central town of the island for basic shopping. The only inhabitants who occupied the island were those who chose not to leave after the earthquake of 1956 [1], as well as a few foreigners who opted for a simpler life. On July 9, 1956, a powerful earthquake with a magnitude of 7.7 violently shook the island of Santorini, triggering a devastating 25-meter-high tsunami. This disaster killed 53 people, injured 200, and destroyed more than 2,000 homes. After this catastrophe, the village of Oia remained in ruins for several months.

As a child and teenager, I grew up in a small troglodyte house built on the cliffs, offering a breathtaking view of the sea and the volcano. If today these caves have become luxury hotels, at that time, due to their small size and the violent winds that battered them, they were considered the most modest dwellings in the village. During the winter, the village of Oia was deserted and wild, and the men who stayed there, mainly fishermen or sailors, had to fight against the elements of nature. The survival conditions faced by the inhabitants of the island of Santorini forged their tough and wild character. In "Skerrett," Liam O'Flaherty reveals, in a completely different context, the reason for this harshness: "Peasant memories are short when it comes to benefits, especially in Nara, where the struggle for life is terribly hard. Not only the most extreme poverty, but the very situation of the island, gives rise in the minds of its inhabitants to these demons of suspicion and rancor which, on this piece of land, seem to make ingratitude the capital vice of man. The surrounding sea, constantly unleashed by storms, cuts off communication with the mainland and maintains a feverish anxiety in the minds of the inhabitants."



[1] On July 9, 1956, a powerful earthquake with a magnitude of 7.7 violently shook the island of Santorini, unleashing a devastating tsunami that soared to a height of 25 meters. This disaster led to 53 fatalities, left 200 people injured, and resulted in the destruction of over 2,000 homes. Following this catastrophe, the village of Oia lay in ruins for several months. Three decades later, as children, we would explore and play amidst these ruins, which were filled with objects and newspapers dating back to the turn of the century.



The inhabitants may not have been the most welcoming in the world, but they were deeply attached to their land and traditions, rooted since antiquity. Like in the Aran Islands, they maintained a very natural relationship with the supernatural. When Vincent from Inishmore told me the story of his fisherman friend claiming to have seen fairies (Banshees), I was not surprised. I had already heard similar stories from Santorini fishermen, stories of βρυκόλακες (vrykolakes), or the deceased who reappeared in the open sea. The French priest François Richard, in his work titled "Relation de ce qui s'est passé à Sant-Erini, Isle de l'Archipel," written in 1657, devotes an entire chapter to the resurrected of Santorini. During my childhood, I personally attended a ritual similar to Guy Fawkes Night. In this ritual, the village burned a large mannequin representation of Judas during the resurrection of Christ. Pagan practices, like the Simandra (Σίμαντρα), took place in villages like Emporio (Εμπορείο). In Megalochori, on the evening of St. John, jumping over a fire was a long-standing tradition aimed at protecting against diseases. This custom recalls the Irish Beltaine ritual, where fires were lit by druids to protect against epidemics. From the 1990s onwards, all these traditions gradually declined in Santorini. Since the 2000s, the island has undergone significant changes at all levels, and the past ten years (2013-2023) have been particularly devastating. The rise of tourism, much more powerful than any volcanic eruption, managed to annihilate what all past invasions and earthquakes had not been able to alter. Will the Aran Islands meet a similar fate to that of Santorini? In 1974, George Combe made the film "Aran, the Last Atlantis." The director's goal was to show how the island's inhabitants, who had lived for centuries in relative self-sufficiency, were suddenly confronted with the arrival of tourists and modern Western civilization. At the beginning of the film, the director says: "I made this film in 16 mm format between 1973 and 1975 on the Aran Islands in Ireland. A particular moment in their history: a secular life was fading before the brutal arrival of the industrial and tourist world. The film shows the last moments of an emblematic way of life that inspired writers and filmmakers." Today, we do not know how this story will end. Nevertheless, having read "The Theatre and the Plague" by Antonin Artaud, I will be wary of the actions of the Columbo volcano. Atlantis is not so much a place as a state of mind, and when it sinks, the places that symbolize it do the same. We do not realize it, but we are already in the era of Kali Yuga, a period in Hindu cosmology associated with decline and degeneration. The horrors that have been built in the last five years in the village of Oia and what is happening today in the Sierra Tarahumara show that the apocalypse of our common alienation did not take place in Artaud's time, but today. The problem is that we are so blinded by our screens - smartphones, televisions, computers - that we no longer realize the destruction of our traditions and cultures, or the impact of modernization on ancient ways of life.



The Banshees of Santorini

The photos on the last two pages were taken by Georges Galanopoulos,
Here is the link to his website: www.galanopoulos.com



The earthquake of July 9, 1956

A poem by Irini Fousteri



Drawing: Zachou Spiridoula

At the first glimmers of a July Monday, At five in the morning, nature crackled. A powerful roar from the ground arose, Making all tremble, the earth shook.

In the skies, airplanes took off, Bringing aid, boxes, and bread they dropped. On an island forsaken, by the gods abandoned, A world buried, the earth ablaze.

Without shelter or food, distress reigned, Three valiant ships brought joy. In Perissa, they anchored with zeal, Embarking people to break their ordeal.

The proud Santorinians, yet hesitant, Remained, tied to their island at that moment. Their souls burned by the ardent lava, Their heart resisted, strong and persistent.

They did not leave their blazing ruins, Preferring the debris for hearth to arrange. United with their land in a forged community, Infinite courage, in the face of trials, remained.

Santorini, on that day, became a divine witness, Of an infinite genesis, engraved in the morning. On red pages, history was instinctively written, Fifty-three cherished souls, families of destiny.

The wounds marked in the memories, A lingering heritage, which plunges into the dark. Santorini remembers, the world bows, Before the tragedy, pain that shines and illuminates.



The poem by Irini Fousteri is published in the book "I Explore Santorini with Atlantis."

The Aran Islands, one of the last bastions of primordial tradition.

According to René Guénon, several places on Earth have inhabitants who remain in contact with a common and universal spiritual knowledge originating from the "time of eternal ideas." Certain regions like Mexico, Ireland, Syria, and the Himalayas, are considered by Guénon as sacred solar localities—lands harboring traditions imbued with founding myths and intense vibrations (celestial images). Antonin Artaud's interest in primitive Syria, and his travels to Mexico and Ireland, were driven by a search for symbols, myths, rites, and disciplines revealing an "original thought-necessity"—the primitive thought from which everything emanates. Artaud hoped that this source would heal his illness.

Artaud read "The King of the World" by René Guénon and was convinced that his trips to Mexico and Ireland would help him find traces of the primordial tradition. In a letter to the Minister of National Education (August 1935), Artaud wrote that Mexico could teach the secret of a speech and language where all words and languages unite. He expressed concern that if the emerging civilization in Mexico did not recognize the multitude of expressions agglomerated around a unique center, it would fail to rediscover its true tradition. In August 1937, in a letter to the Minister of the Legation of Ireland in Paris, Artaud shared his years-long quest for the sources of a very ancient tradition. Having not found the living sources among the Tarahumaras in Mexico, he hoped to find them in Ireland.

Artaud's experience in Norogachic, where he discovered traces of the Atlantis kings' rituals as described by Plato in the Critias, was detailed in "The Rite of the Kings of Atlantis," published in *El Nacional*. He also wrote to his family from Cill Ronain on August 23, 1937, that he was searching for the last authentic Druid descendant holding the secrets of Druidic philosophy.

In *Remains of Japhet* (1767), the physicist James Parsons claims that Ireland, Tibet, and Mexico are linked to the same original tradition. In chapter VI of this book, the English physicist asserts that Irish would be the original language from which all others have been derived. Influenced by *The New Atlantis* of Francis Bacon (1624), W. Scott-Elliott argues in his work *The History of Atlantis* (1896), that the lost continent of Atlantis included the Gulf of Mexico and "extended across the ocean to the British Isles, namely Scotland and Ireland". In *Philosophical History of the Human Race*, Antoine Fabre d'Olivet argues that the ancestors of the white race were the Hyperboreans. These Hyperboreans, who migrated south, became the Celts, and with the conquests of Ram, they became the masters of India and the world. This history was then further developed by Alexandre Saint-Yves d'Alveydre in *Mission des Juifs*. Papus, as well as the Indian thinker Bâl Gangâdhar Tilak (1856-1920), also spoke of a polar origin of the Vedic traditions. All these thinkers influenced René Guénon, who in turn influenced the French writer and poet Antonin Artaud.

In chapter X of the book *The King of the World* (1927), René Guenon insists on the existence of two Tulas, one Amerindian and the other polar: "But, on the other hand, we must distinguish the Atlantean Tula from the Hyperborean Tula, and it is this latter which, in reality, represents the first and supreme center for the whole of the current Manvantara (a Hindu epoch or era); it was the sacred island par excellence, and, as we said earlier, its situation was literally polar in origin." The Atlantean Tula, according to Guenon, is in Mexico: "We know that the Mexican Tula owes its origin to the Toltecs; these, it is said, came from Aztlan, "the land in the midst of the waters", which, obviously, is none other than Atlantis." Also in *The King of the World*, Guenon specifies that Hyperborean Thule is also known by other names such as "white island", "island of the four Masters", "island of the Saints", Heligoland or even "green island": "The name 'island of the Saints' was subsequently applied to Ireland, as was the name 'green island'." This designation of the island of the Saints is very interesting and is the one used by Liam O'Flaherty in his novel *Skerrett* to describe Inishmore: "It is called the island of the Saints and Scholars in the books of legends. At the beginning of Christian times, it was inhabited by saints, who almost completely covered it with churches and monasteries." This idea of Ireland as the last bastion of the primordial Tradition, a sacred land that was not submerged by the flood, is also found in chapter IX of *The King of the World*: "This division of Ireland into four kingdoms, plus the central region which was the residence of the supreme chief, is related to extremely ancient traditions. Indeed, Ireland was, for this reason, called the island of the four Masters, but this name, as well as that of the green island (Erin), previously applied to another, much more northern, now unknown, perhaps disappeared, land, Ogygia or rather Thule, which was one of the main spiritual centers, if not even the supreme center of a certain period."

[1] According to René Guénon, the primordial tradition is a philosophical concept that invokes an ancestral, universal, and eternal wisdom shared by all cultures and religions of the world.

[2] In 325 BC, a Greek navigator known as Pytheas of Marseille left what is today Great Britain and, after six days of sailing, discovered a hitherto unknown island which he named Thule. In the 'History of the War Against the Goths,' Procopius of Caesarea wrote about this Thule: "This island is ten times larger than England, and is quite distant (...) Every year around the summer solstice, the sun appears continuously on their horizon for forty days; six months later, they have forty days of night, which are days of pain and sadness for them because they cannot engage in any trade." The name 'Thule' comes either from the Greek θολός (blur/fog), the Celtic 'Thual' (land of the North), or the Sanskrit 'tulā' (Libra). According to Guénon, the balance of the world rests on the Pole. In esoteric circles, Thule is also associated with Hyperborea (Ὑπερβόρεο/Extreme North), the mythical island at the center of the Arctic where, according to Hesiod, the sun shone constantly, and the god Apollo spent the winter.

The Aran Islands, the entrance to Hy-Brasil Island?

What if the gates of Atlantis were the Aran Islands? Imagine, could this be the entrance to the legendary and spectral island, Hy-Brasil, located west of Ireland? In the 1st century BC, Diodorus Siculus wrote, "Those who have written about ancient myths say that in the regions beyond the Celts, there is an island in the ocean, at least as large as Sicily. This island is located in the north and is inhabited by the Hyperboreans, so named because they live beyond the place from where the north wind blows; the island is both fertile and productive of all kinds of crops, and, as it enjoys an exceptionally temperate climate, it produces two harvests per year."

The first mention of this circular island, Hy-Brasil, dates back to a map drawn by the cartographer Angelino Dulcert in 1325. In 1367, on the Pizzigano map, it is located west of Ireland. And on the Mapamundi map of 1387, it bears a striking resemblance to the description of Atlantis as described by Plato. For over five centuries, this mysterious island has been represented on many maps. In a 1476 account by Lope Garcia de Salazar, Hy-Brasil is associated with the legendary final resting place of King Arthur. Pedro Alvarez Cabral claimed in his memoirs to have reached this island during one of his voyages in 1500. In 1572, it is represented on the map of Abraham Ortelius. A 1636 book, titled 'History of Ireland,' tells of an island in this region where druids live, who, thanks to their magical powers, hide it from foreigners. According to playwright Richard Head, explorers visited this island inhabited by black rabbits and an abandoned castle. An old man reportedly told these travelers that their ancestors were once princes, but an evil sorcerer made the island invisible. On a 1630 map by João Teixeira Albernaz, it is depicted as the symbol of Yin and Yang. What if this island, by its geography, symbolized the union of opposites, just like Santorini with its shape evoking the union of the moon and the sun? (Re-read: Heliogabalus or the crowned alchemist).

In 1674, Captain John Nisbet and his crew got lost in a fog off the west coast of Ireland, but they eventually discovered a welcoming island where the inhabitants generously offered them gold. This mysterious island also appears on the map of Jesuit priest Athanasius Kircher dated 1678. In 1684, Irish writer Roderick O'Flaherty claims that the Aran Islands harbor an enchanted island hidden by God, called O Brasil, which regularly resurfaces. According to Flaherty, a man named Morogh O'Ley was abducted and taken to this island in April 1668. In 1752, a book titled 'A Journey to the Island of Brasil' was published, describing the island as a subterranean land. In 1786, Charles Vallency mentions that it is a disappeared island that occasionally reappears. In a 1912 article published in the journal "Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy," Professor Thomas Johnson Westropp reports the testimonies of the inhabitants of the Aran Islands, claiming that Hy-Brasil only manifests itself once every seven years, but those who try to reach it find death.

Hy Brasil Island, also known as the Island of the Saints, is reputed to have been the home of a community of pure beings, learned priestesses who lived in self-sufficiency and refused any interaction with other neighboring islands or the continent. These women held the secrets of the universe and had access to ancient knowledge. "I am looking for the last authentic descendant of the Druids, the one who possesses the secrets of Druidic philosophy," wrote Artaud on August 23, 1937, from Cill Rónáin. Could these be the same fairies who, in Martin McDonagh's film 'The Banshees of Inisherin' (2022), announce death to the inhabitants of the Aran Islands?

According to some testimonies, these fairies wear a characteristic Phrygian cap and appear at night in the forts of the island. Once, they were referred to as "The Good People," not because they were benevolent, but to appease their resentment. Although they can sometimes show kindness, these fairies generally tend to abduct or kill people. According to legend, it is mainly the beautiful children who are in danger because these fairies would like to take them to the underworld to make them their lovers. That's why, before World War II, in Inishmore, boys were dressed as girls to deceive these fairies. This fear is admirably described in Synge's book, "The Aran Islands."

Pat Mullen, who was born in Inishmore in 1885 and is the author of the book 'The Man of Aran' (not to be confused with the film of the same name), reports the following story: Three fishermen spot a gigantic iceberg southwest of the Aran archipelago on which Judas was cooling off. Apparently, Judas spoke fluent Gaelic and gave the fishermen news of one of their friends who had drowned and was sent to hell because of his drunkenness. These stories strangely evoke an ancient Celtic legend according to which, off to the west, lies the Land of the Dead. Beneath the earth are the first occupants of Ireland, defeated by the Celts. Sometimes they emerge from caves, graves, or the earth to take their revenge. They take on different appearances, human, animal, and plant.

"Long ago, there existed a land outside of time. Its name was Hy Brasil, or Tir na nog, the Island of the Saints. It lay to the west of Ireland, the land of eternal youth. Gigantic forts protected it from invaders. But one night, the Island of the Saints sank into the sea. A part remains, and it is said that this part is the Aran Islands. Today, the inhabitants of Aran report that sometimes, on the shimmering sea, Hy Brasil appears again, seven thousand leagues to the west."

George Combe, Aran, the Last Atlantis



Santorini: In search of the lost secrets of Atlantis

Plato is the first author to mention the existence of Atlantis. More precisely, the allegory takes shape in his books, *Timaeus* and *Critias*. These two dialogues feature Socrates, *Critias*, *Timaeus*, and *Hermocrates*. *Critias* relates a story he heard from his grandfather, who in turn had received it from Solon. This story was told to Solon by an Egyptian priest named *Sonchis* (see: *Plutarch's Parallel Lives*). Who is Solon? Solon is an Athenian legislator from the 6th century BC, who, according to Herodotus, traveled extensively to study "the customs and habits of different nations." What is the subject of the story? The lost city of Atlantis. While the allegory of Atlantis as we know it today dates back to Plato, I suspect that behind this story lie several ancient legends and myths, such as the Chaldean myth of the Flood, which may be linked to the flooding at the end of the last ice age about 11,700 years ago. "First of all, let us note that, according to Egyptian tradition, nine thousand years ago there arose a general war between the peoples who are on this side and those who are beyond the Pillars of Hercules." (*Critias*)

The descriptions Plato makes of the city of Atlantis in *Critias* are so precise that I doubt it is merely an allegory or a vague memory dating back to 10,000 BC. Personally, I think that when Plato speaks of an empire that "extended over a large number of other islands as far as Egypt and Tyrrhenia", without necessarily being aware of it, he is describing the Minoan civilization. I also believe that, in the *Timaeus*, when Plato speaks of great earthquakes and floods that engulfed an island under the sea in a single day and a fateful night, he is describing the eruption of Thera (Santorini) that occurred around 1628 and 1525 BC, although the exact date is still debated among scholars.

Let's explain this! First of all, to dispel any fantasies, at no point does Plato in his account speak of an extremely advanced civilization or extraterrestrial technology. His descriptions do not differ much from the depictions in the frescoes that archaeologist Spyridon Marinatos discovered in 1972 at the Akrotiri site on Santorini. A green island that "nourished a large number of domestic and wild animals" and which "produced almost everything necessary for life" (*Critias*). The stylized horns and bull figurines that archaeologists found at the Akrotiri site reveal that in the Late Bronze Age on Thera, a cult dedicated to the bull was practiced. Atlantis, according to Plato, had two sources of water, one hot and one cold. Santorini still has two sources of water, one cold (Ζωδόχος Πηγή - Καμάρι), and one hot (Ζεστά νερά). The palaces of Atlantis were built of "white, black, and red stones that were extracted from the very flanks of the island." Santorini is a volcanic island covered with white, black, and red volcanic rocks. The "mysterious orichalcum" that has inspired more than one science fiction author is just copper, although this is one interpretation and is not universally accepted. The word ορείχαλκος in Greek literally means "mountain copper". Mount Profitis Ilias (567 meters) is a mountain where copper was extracted during the Late Bronze Age (approximately -3000 to -1800). Finally, studies by geologist Dorothy Vitaliano (1973) show that the topography of Atlantis described by Plato resembles that of Thera before the volcanic eruption of around 1628 BC, although this is one theory among several others and there is no definitive proof that Plato was describing Thera.

The eruption of Santorini had a profound impact on the minds of people during that era. Some contemporary researchers even hypothesize that the biblical miracle of the parting of the Red Sea, which led to the engulfing of the Pharaoh's army, could have been inspired by this explosion. A team of researchers, led by Charlotte Pearson from the University of Arizona, argues that the eruption of the Santorini volcano was so violent that it affected the climate as far away as California. Archaeologists, having found neither human remains nor jewelry at the Akrotiri site, surmise that the island's inhabitants had time to flee before the eruption and returned afterward. What is the connection with Egypt? In the middle of the 7th century BC, the inhabitants of Thera founded the city of Cyrene in the region of present-day Libya. Many historians assert that Plato lived in Cyrene around 390 BC.

In conclusion, do not search for traces of Atlantis in Santorini, but within yourself. Conceptually, Atlantis represents the memory of a time when humanity still had mastery of mind over matter, an era that, regrettably, collapsed. Atlantis is not a place, but a bright light hidden within us that we have forgotten. It is the prototype of a state of mind (a mother civilization) from which all current cultures, religions, and races originate. An original land, a sunken continent. A lost inner treasure, both wondrous and poetic. A mental space detached from the material world (beyond the Pillars of Hercules) that one must explore its inner depths to rediscover.



Discover the secret of Atlantis: an inner quest without geographical boundaries.

In 'The Reign of Quantity and the Signs of the Times,' René Guénon posits that the concept of 'geography' once held a vastly different meaning than it does today. He theorizes that earthly geography always mirrors a principal geography. Certain locations around the globe, such as Jerusalem, Delphi, Sierra, or even the Syrian desert, are replete with metaphysical symbols that serve as conduits of influence. If, according to Artaud, the Tarahumaras are natural-born philosophers, it is because they harmonize with the creative principles of their land. (I will revisit this topic in a future analysis of 'The Mountain of Signs.') Could it be that Santorini is connected to Atlantis due to the vivifying symbols of unity that proliferate on the island? For instance, its shape mirrors the symbol of the star and crescent, and the name of the village of OIA resembles an inverted alpha and omega (A-Ω).

To comprehend this, one must embrace the deeply Platonic notion that the material world is a symbol or reflection of a world of ideas. (See 'Heliogabalus or the Crowned Alchemist.') As the material world mirrors and reveals a realm of conceptual truths, there is not merely one Atlantis or one deluge on Earth. The mental Atlantis of the upper waters is singular, unchanging, and indivisible, whereas that of the lower waters (the manifestation) is transient and manifold.

Since the forms of the manifested world are representations of philosophical ideas to be deciphered, it is logical that there exist as many versions of Atlantis as there are global perspectives in the mind. The indivisible concept of Unity cannot be distilled into a single representation. If there are as many interpretations of the concept of God on Earth as there are, it is because the notion denoted by this term is mentally unfathomable. Each being, era, or geographical location on Earth is analogous and corresponds to a superior foundational idea.

As René Guénon stated in 'The Reign of Quantity and the Signs of the Times': "Every manifested thing is necessarily a symbol in itself in relation to a higher reality." If the Sierra Tarahumara, the Syrian desert, and the island of Santorini bear similarities, it is because these locations are tied to the same foundational principle. "Although it is often exceedingly difficult to pinpoint in time a certain period of an ancient people's existence, it is sometimes almost as challenging, surprisingly, to pinpoint it in space. (...) Nothing even substantiates it in cases where these works specify certain locations, the names of rivers or mountains that we still recognize, because those very names may have been successively applied in the various regions where the people in question settled during their migrations," wrote René Guénon in 'Introduction to the Study of Hindu Doctrines.'

What is this principle? Atlantis is a symbol of unity! While wandering through the abstract meanders of my imagination, I wondered, while meditating on the image of Atlas carrying the world, if Atlantis did not represent the common state of mind of a time when unity was not yet lost within us. Even if the Atlas of Plato's narrative (the first king of Atlantis) is not the same Atlas as that of the Titans, Atlantis embodies for me this idea of the primordial man who raises the world and becomes master of his destiny. At that time, the material world was the result of his choices and not of his passions. A primitive humanity, devoid of any logical instrument, remained in harmony with its true nature - a time when everything was still potentially possible, and the full potential of the world had not yet been realized.

Exploring ruins in search of an Atlantis is a sign of decadence. Whether Atlantis is located in the North Pole, south of Spain, in the Americas, or in Santorini, it matters little. The important thing is what this word and these places awaken in each of us. If our concerns about Atlantis are reduced to knowing a location, then this word is futile. The value of an allegory depends on what we make of it. A thousand times, morally and intellectually speaking, I prefer the vision of Hyperborea and reflected Superhumanity by Nietzsche or by the creators of the animated film Frozen 2, than the racist conclusions of the Nazi ideologues. Is it not Nietzsche who, in The Antichrist, writes: "Let us look at ourselves. We are Hyperboreans - we know well how much we live apart. 'Neither by land nor by sea will you find the way to the Hyperboreans'. Pindar already said it of us. Beyond the North, the ice, and death, our life, our happiness... We have discovered happiness, we know the way, we have found the exit through thousands of years of labyrinth."¹⁰

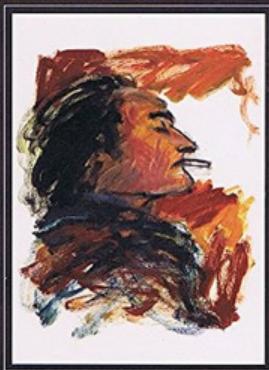
Priest O'Cillin reports that Artaud confided to Dr. Tish that he found the ancient object he was seeking. I do not know exactly what Artaud discovered, but for me, finding the Holy Grail is nothing more than experiencing intense emotion while contemplating a beautiful landscape. In reality, every body is a Grail. The Holy Grail requires emptying oneself completely to fully savor the present moment. Empty cup or full cup? Do not hesitate; choose the empty cup. With a full cup, you are forced to drink what is served to you. With an empty cup, you have the freedom to fill it according to your desires and wishes. To be in the tradition is to remember our true nature, which is to have the power to choose our reality. Today, this unity is broken, and it may not be a coincidence that the island of Santorini or the fort of Dun Aengus have lost their original round shape. Regardless of our origin, culture, or skin color, we are all potentially Atlanteans. "Land of the confines, unsituated and extreme limit where the relation to the other world is articulated, is not Thule everywhere where the man of heart and conviction replays his all?", writes Françoise Bonardel in 'Antonin Artaud or Fidelity to the Infinite'.

The image of the caldera of Oia and its two churches, symbols of the union of opposites, is deeply rooted in me. It animates my inner being. Four years ago, this ancestral landscape was destroyed. Adding volume within traditional villages such as Oia undoubtedly leads to a change in the typology of buildings. According to ELSTAT data, over a four-year period (from 2018 to 2022), the number of building permits issued doubled or even tripled, resulting in a significant increase in the added surface area within these sensitive traditional villages as well as in their unique natural environment[1]. Concrete, like a miasma, has tainted the purity of the land of Santorini. These past three years, each visit to my childhood village tightens my heart. Since I contemplate this work, I no longer feel the same inner elevation. Today, a black tower in the heart of this sacred place symbolizes the predominance of bad taste in the world. It is our duty to clean this stain within ourselves, because if we do not, as Antonin Artaud suggests in 'The Theater and the Plague,' nature will take care of it. But isn't this the destiny of Atlantis, to continually destroy itself to rebuild? Stars shine, go out, explode, and, like a phoenix reborn from their explosions, they give birth to new stars. This is the meaning of life. By clinging so much to the past, it is surely I who am wrong and am immersed in death. *Ta πάντα ρε!* As Frida Kahlo said, "Nothing is absolute, everything is change, everything is movement, everything is revolution, everything flies and goes away." Today, Artaud is my Atlantis.

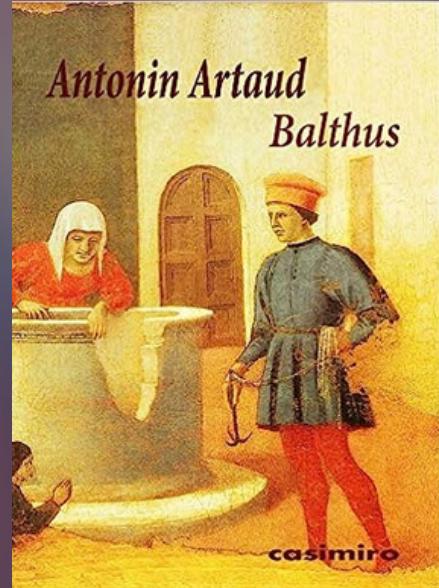
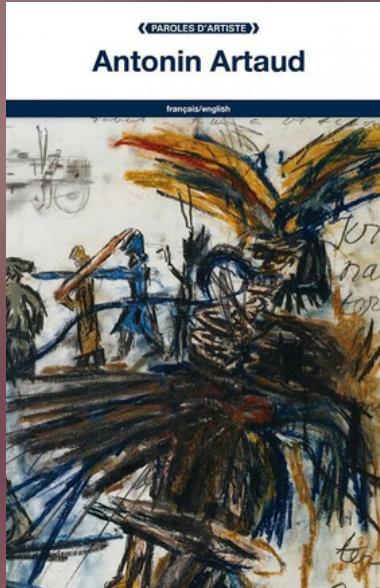
Artaud is not the subject. He is simply a mirror that reflects us as we are, so that we can see where we need to focus. Talking about Artaud the way I do is not the solution. Artaud will make sense when I turn off my computer screen. When will I finally liberate myself from Artaud to spread my own wings in search of new horizons? The future will reveal if I continue to cling to this cowardice or if life will force me to open my eyes. I did not come to the Aran Islands to explore Artaud, but actually to reconnect with a childlike spirit that I set aside. I came to seek enthusiasm, that is, to fill myself with life (from the word "théein," which, before meaning "god," means "move, run"). From the top of the cliffs of Inishmore Island, I will not be content to contemplate the horizon. To find inner peace, I will take a boat and head west.

[1] The greatest catastrophes occur today, not during the volcanic explosion or the earthquake of July 1956. Similarly, it was not during the time of Christopher Columbus or Artaud that the Tarahumara culture was in danger, but it is now. To get a glimpse of what is currently happening in the Sierra, I recommend watching the film *Cantar o morir* by Sylvie Marchand. And that's not all: the earth is burning, more than 26,000 migrants have disappeared in the Mediterranean since 2014, the birds that connect us to our original aspirations are exterminated, and animals are tortured to fatten us up even more. And what are we doing? We are gorging ourselves!

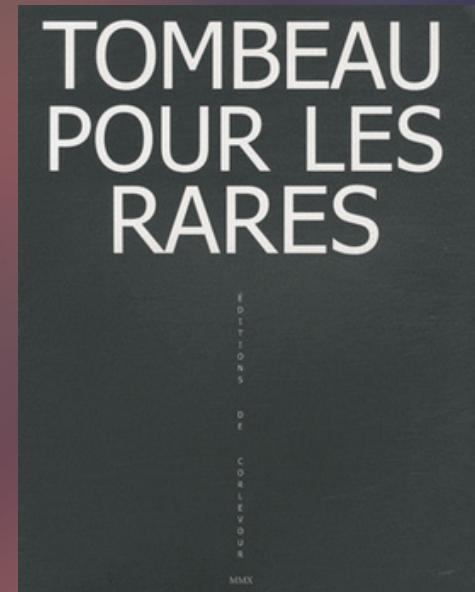
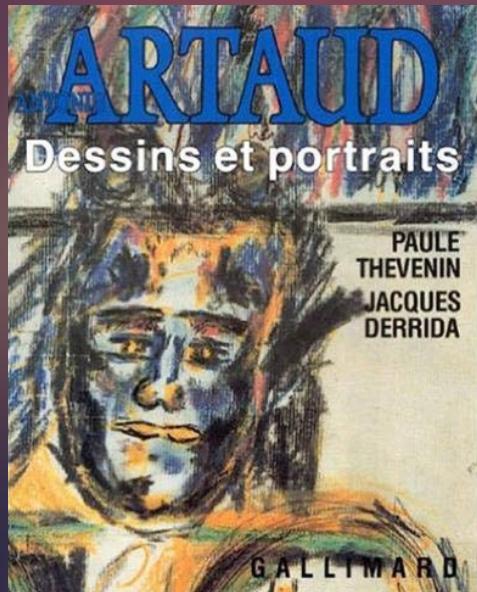
Antonin Artaud



Illustré par
Louis Joos

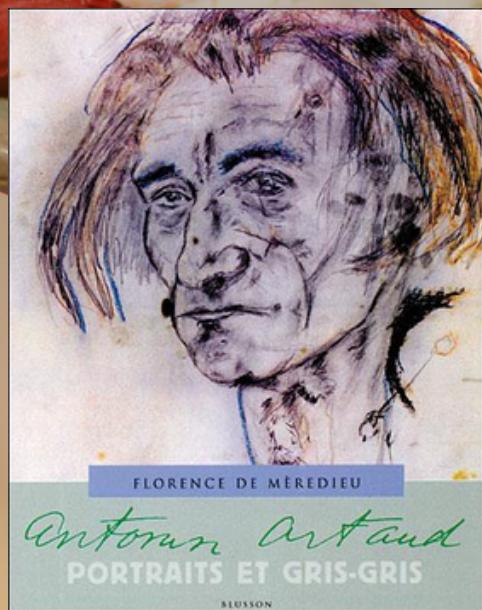
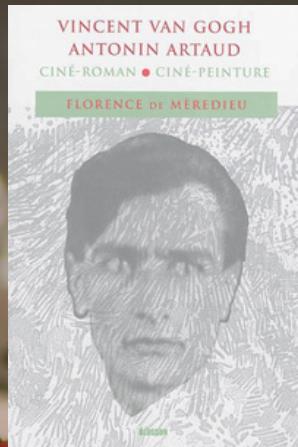


1.1) The book by Louis Joos with 80 original creations to illustrate 66 excerpts from the work of Antonin ARTAUD (1896-1948), 2) Antonin Artaud at the Parole d'artiste editions, 3) Antonin Artaud, Balthus at éditions Casimiro, 4) Artaud Dessins et portrait of Paule Thévenin and Jacques Derrida, with 61 color plates and 58 two-tone illustrations (Gallimard editions) 5) L'écrouloir of Nicolas Rozier (éd. Corlevour) 6) Tombeau pour les rares, with portraits by Nicolas Rozier and a text by Olivier Penot Lacassagne entitled Nous qui avons le nom d'Artaud à la bouche (éd. Corlevour).

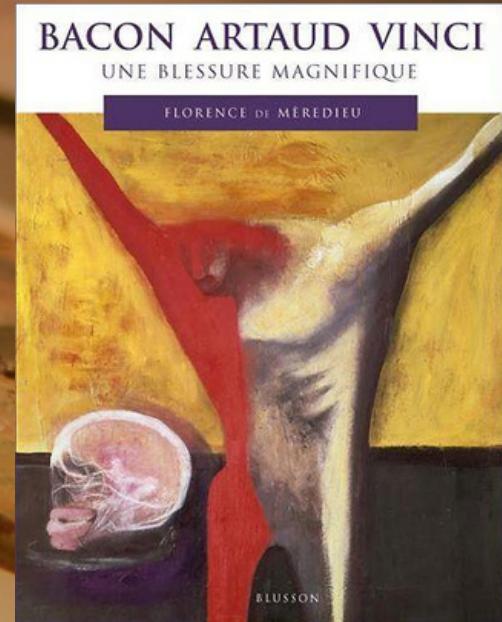
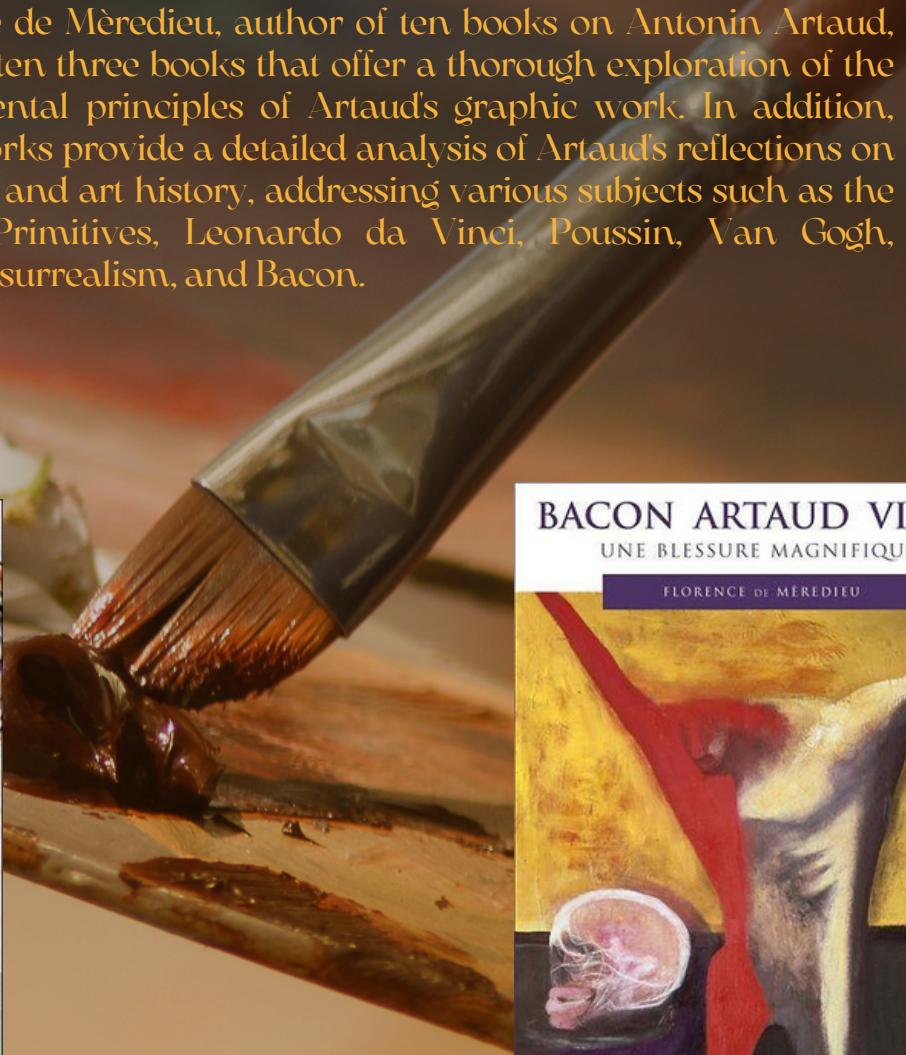


Florence de Mèredieu

édition Blusson



Florence de Mèredieu, author of ten books on Antonin Artaud, has written three books that offer a thorough exploration of the fundamental principles of Artaud's graphic work. In addition, these works provide a detailed analysis of Artaud's reflections on painting and art history, addressing various subjects such as the Italian Primitives, Leonardo da Vinci, Poussin, Van Gogh, Balthus, surrealism, and Bacon.



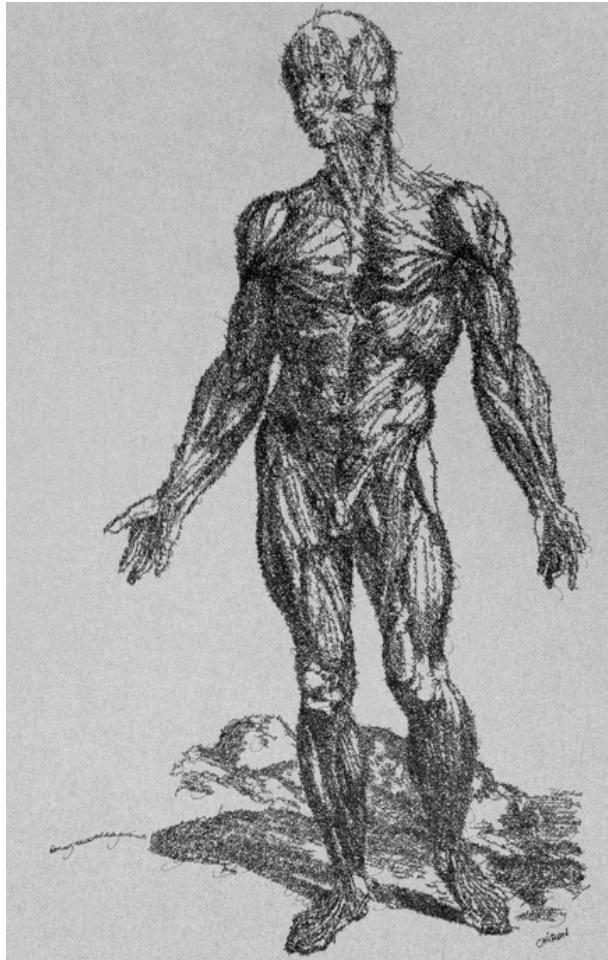
Chiron Centaure

CÉCILE CHIRON IS AN ARTIST WHO LIVES AND WORKS IN PARIS. IN 2020, SHE DISCOVERED THE ART OF THE CALLIGRAM, WHICH LIES AT THE INTERSECTION OF WRITING AND DRAWING, A TECHNIQUE SHE ADAPTED AND EXTENDED TO CALLIGRAPHY AND PAINTING.

IN THE ALCHEMICAL MYSTERY SHE KEEPS HIDDEN, CÉCILE CHIRON INTERTWINES HER INSPIRATION WITH THAT OF THE WORKS SHE TRANSCRIBES, THE TWO BEING INTIMATELY MINGLED TO CREATE NEW WORK. HERE, THE SURREALIST GAME GIVES WAY TO A SENSE OF HEARD, UNDERSTOOD SPEECH. LETTERS, WORDS, CORRESPONDENCES... ALL REGAIN THEIR PRIMORDIAL DIGNITY HERE, AND THE WORK IS NOT ONLY A DIALOGUE BUT ALSO PRESENCE, MEMORY, AND SHARED TRUTH. A RESULT OF THE MATERIAL INVOCATION OF ILLUSTRATED TEXTS, INK LACES, AND PALIMPSESTS, THIS WORK HAS GRAPHORRHEA AS ITS COMMON BACKBONE.

THE PASSION FOR LITERATURE AND READING, THE SEARCH AND OBSESSION FOR LETTERS, WERE RADICALLY TRANSFORMED WITH THE DISCOVERY OF THE CALLIGRAM, A PRACTICE THAT IS SOLAR PAR EXCELLENCE SINCE IT IS ALWAYS WORKED FACING THE LIGHT. IT ENABLES THE CREATION OF TEXT THAT GENERATES AFFECTION PERCEPTEBLE AT A GLANCE, GRAPHICALLY, AND RECIPROCATES TO THESE AUTHORS WHAT WAS RECEIVED. FROM A LOVE OF WRITING, ONE BECOMES A CONDUIT,

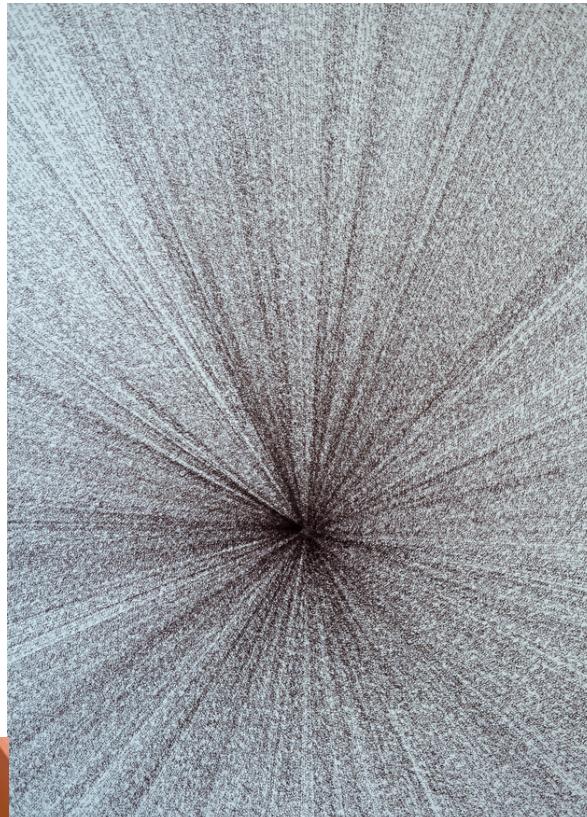
THE TOOL THAT WILL ENABLE THE REVIVAL OF ESSENTIAL PERSONALITIES OR TEXTS THAT POPULATE ADULT LIFE.



Detailed flayed figure, based on the letters of Antonin Artaud to Doctor Ferdrière.
Black ink on Pergamenata paper. 29.7 x 42 cm. Paris, 2022.
Photo: Youenn Piolet.

Chiron Centaure

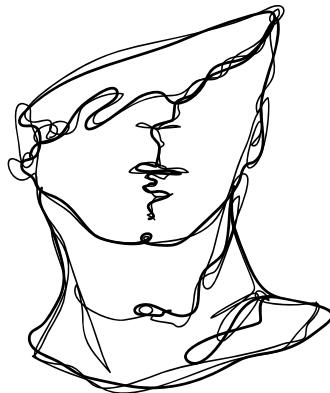
ONE YEAR AGO, ON SEPTEMBER 30, 2022, CHIRON CENTAUR HAD PRESENTED HIS CALLIGRAMS INSPIRED BY ANTONIN ARTAUD DURING THE MEETING AND BOOK SIGNING OF 'LE SURREALISME ET LA FIN DE L'ÈRE ARTAUD'.



Lecture at the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier. Black ink on paper, dimensions: 100 x 70 cm. Paris, 2022.



For individuals who were unable to attend the exhibition, the calligrams will be exhibited at the Collège des Bernardins, located at 20 rue de Poissy, 75005 Paris, from the 13th of September until the 4th of October, 2023.



The recent discovery of drawings
that may be attributed to Antonin
Artaud and an unpublished play by
George Bataille.

The recent discovery of drawings that may be attributed to Antonin Artaud and an unpublished play by George Bataille.

On Sunday, February 12, 2023, Mr. Éric Saint Joannet contacted me and showed me drawings that he believes are by Antonin Artaud. At the moment, I remain skeptical about their authenticity, but I cannot rule out the possibility that they are indeed Artaud's work. These documents have apparently attracted the attention of Gérard Mordillat, an Antonin Artaud specialist, who wrote to Mr. Éric Saint-Joannet: 'You have there exceptional documents, and more than ever, the disappearance of Paule Thévenin is cruel. She could have dated and contextualized everything. Have they already been published? If not, I am having lunch tomorrow with the director of the magazine *Les Hommes sans épaules*, a great specialist in Artaud and Prevel (and poetry in general). I am certain that he would publish them with enthusiasm and with a presentation from you. In any case, thank you for transmitting them to me. It's impressive. With all my friendship, Gérard.'

Thanks to the support of Gérard Mordillat, these drawings were published in December 2021 in an article by the poet Christophe Dauphin titled Artaud derrière les Barrault (in: *Les hommes sans épaule*, poetry magazine, n°54)."

How were these documents discovered?

In 2015, while walking through the Porte de Vanves flea market, Éric Saint-Joannet [1] stumbled upon a large box filled with various manuscripts and drawings. Intrigued, he rummaged through the box and was astonished to discover manuscripts and drawings that had belonged to the great theatre artist Jean-Louis Barrault, including posters, unpublished texts, notes, and sketches. While examining some of the sketches, Mr. Saint-Joannet surmised that they were the work of Antonin Artaud. In the article titled 'Artaud derrière les Barrault,' he recounts: 'One late evening, while opening the box and looking at an envelope addressed to the family of Jean-Louis Barrault, a drawing appeared on the back of it, depicting a t-shirt or a stage costume. It then occurred to me that this drawing was typical of the graphic work... of Artaud. Not believing my eyes, I delved back into the drawn works of Antonin Artaud. Second shock! The similarities between my drawing and those of Artaud were numerous, down to the details, both in the 'Cahiers d'Ivry' and in other works. Could it be a self-portrait of Antonin Artaud or a portrait of Jean-Louis Barrault? A talisman? A curse?'"

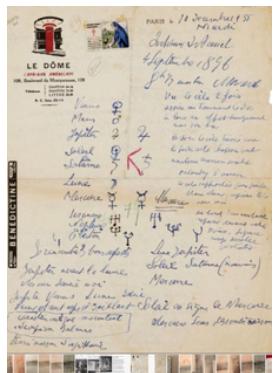
Could it be possible that these are drawings by Antonin Artaud?

It is entirely possible, although we currently have very little evidence. Only an expert would be able to answer such a question definitively. What I can say for now is that: a) In the early thirties, Artaud had a close relationship with Jean-Louis Barrault [2], b) Artaud was accustomed to drawing on small scraps of paper at friends' houses, c) These drawings are not far removed from the world of Antonin Artaud.

For example, found in this box was an envelope, behind which was this drawing:"



According to Éric Saint-Joannet, it is when one looks at this drawing upside down that it reveals its full meaning.



Antonin Artaud's horoscope
dated September 1935

In theory, this drawing could very well have been a costume sketch for the Alfred Jarry theater or a soldier's costume from The Cenci (Barrault having, in fact, played the role of a soldier). Éric Saint-Joannet sent me images in PDF format where one is supposed to see Antonin Artaud's signature. Unfortunately, due to the poor quality of the scanned images, I could not recognize this signature. Éric Saint Joannet hypothesizes that Antonin Artaud sent this letter to a member of Jean-Louis Barrault's family. The letter was addressed to a Mr. L. Valette, who must have been a relative of Jean-Louis Barrault, given that the latter's mother's maiden name was Valette.

Is it possible to recognize Antonin Artaud's handwriting on the envelope? Not being an expert, I am unable to answer such a question. Comparing the number 4 of this letter with that of a horoscope from 1935, I notice similarities, but this does not constitute proof in any way.

When was this letter sent? After checking the postmark on the letter, the sending date is indicated as October 1929. However, this does not necessarily mean that Antonin Artaud created this drawing in 1929.



The other documents found in this box

Personally, I am not so fascinated by the sketches that are purported to be by Antonin Artaud in this discovery, as I am by the other manuscripts contained in this box labeled "potato". Éric Saint-Joannet is said to have found in this box:

1) An unpublished play by George Bataille:

The play is titled 'La Méduse' and it is of a rare violence, the main hero dying while triumphing over the god Acéphale. The plot of this play features a mix of characters such as an old philosopher, a hero, the Minotaur, the god Acéphale, Cyclops, Medusa, and Gorgons. George Bataille describes the setting of the play as "a rock of fantastic shape under a solar sky".

2) Various posters and documents concerning Jean-Louis Barrault's play "Around a Mother":

These documents are of great importance to specialists of Antonin Artaud, not only because the name of Génica Athanassiou appears on the poster of the show (see blue poster), but also because they contain photos of the play by Jean-Louis Barrault, on which Antonin Artaud wrote a note in his essay 'The Theatre and its Double'. Among these documents, there is also a small personal note from Jean-Louis Barrault where he writes: 'Go to Gallimard, Artaud Theatre of Cruelty...'. It should not be forgotten that Jean-Louis Barrault always claimed to have three masters: Charles Dullin, Étienne Decroux, and Antonin Artaud (the man of theatre) [3].



In conclusion, I am unable to confirm if the drawings are actually by Artaud. What I can say is that Éric Saint-Joannet is a true enthusiast of Artaud, and his poem 'My Last Address on Artaud' is beautiful.

[1] "Born on June 7, 1967, Éric Saint-Joannet pursued studies in administration and management, then worked in the aeronautics field.

[2] In the special issue dedicated to Antonin Artaud in the magazine Planète Plus (February 20, 1971), Jean-Louis Barrault detailed his relationship with Antonin Artaud.

[3] The interview of Jean-Louis Barrault with Marc de Smedt and Christian Gilloux was published in the magazine Planète Plus (April 1971).

BOOK OF CREATION

In this section of our magazine, we cordially invite you to share your texts, current events (performances, books), and artistic creations (poems, drawings) related to Artaud. This is the perfect opportunity to breathe life into your aspirations and publicize your projects.

echoantoninartaud@outlook.fr

The poem of the month

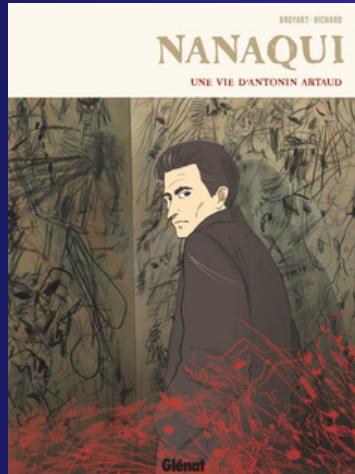
Aran Islands

Deafness of the rock
eroded sign
a lighthouse in a skylight
the sobs of the sea in ricochets
glide over the silence of the drinkers
one pint, two pints...
soft continuity
Caulked in front of the fireplace
the old woman puts another peat
snapping her tongue at each crackle
a big orphan cloud joins the herd
viral clearing
the light foams thick
The same castaway faces
in the ripped open mirror
the echo of the sea until nausea
the nets rolled at the feet
salt in the corners of the eyes
a shipwreck of memory.

Grégory Rateau, *Conspiration du réel*, 2022, Editions Unicité

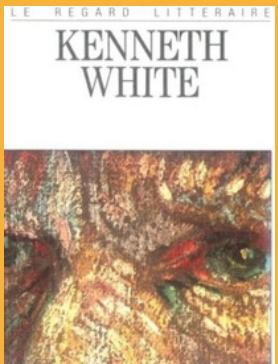
The book of the month

Nanaqui - A Life of Antonin Artaud, is a very beautiful graphic novel by Benoît Broyart (script) and Laurent Richard (illustration) that immerses us both in the tortured personality of Artaud and offers an enlightening portrait of the conditions of mental illness treatment at the beginning of the 20th century.



ARTAUDIAN NEWS

- The Scottish poet Kenneth White passed away on August 11, 2023, at the age of 87. Kenneth White was notably the author of the magnificent work, 'The World of Antonin Artaud,' which dedicates a few pages to Artaud's trip to Ireland.
- Stephen Barber, a professor at Kingston University and an English biographer of Artaud, plans to be in Paris in October for a conference at the Centre Pompidou entitled 'After Antonin Artaud: Art in Times of War and Nationalism.'
- After reprinting Olivier Penot-Lacassagne's 'Modernities of Antonin Artaud' last December (first edition: 2000), we are delighted to also announce the reprinting of 'Artaud and the Theatrical Avant-Gardes' (first edition: 2005). We believe it is important to closely follow the news of Mr. Olivier Penot-Lacassagne this fall, as, according to our information, he is preparing an important project on Antonin Artaud.
- On September 29, 2023, at 8:30 PM, the Théâtre Transversal in Avignon will host the Terribilità company for an exceptional performance of the show "The Heart's Debate - Collette Thomas, Antonin Artaud". This show, which I had the pleasure of seeing twice, was directed by Jean-Marc Musial and is performed by the talented Virginie Di Ricci. In a future issue of our magazine, we will discuss this show and the work of Collette Thomas in detail. A special issue will also be devoted to the work of Virginie Di Ricci and Pacôme Thiellement on Antonin Artaud. It is important to note that during the performance last April at the Théâtre National de la Colline in Paris, Pacôme was responsible for the prologue of the show. For our friends in the south, please mark your calendars, as the show will also be performed in Nîmes on October 3rd. Do not miss it!"
- I am not certain that I can divulge more information, but I highly recommend staying alert to developments concerning Peter Collier. He has just concluded an ambitious project related to Artaud's trip to the Aran Islands.



Le monde
d'Antonin Artaud

FACES OF ANTONIN ARTAUD

1ST INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF ARTISTIC AND ACADEMIC RESEARCH ON ANTONIN ARTAUD

OPEN CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

SCROLL DOWN FOR FRENCH, SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE

FRIDAY 8TH, SATURDAY 9TH AND SUNDAY 10TH DECEMBER 2023

8H–17H GMT-3 (BRASILIA TIME)

ORGANIZED BY THE INTERNATIONAL CENTRE FOR ARTISTIC AND ACADEMIC RESEARCH ON ANTONIN ARTAUD, THE 1ST ARTAUD CONFERENCE WILL BE HELD ONLINE (VIRTUAL) IN FOUR LANGUAGES: ENGLISH, FRENCH, SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE.

IT IS ADDRESSED TO SCHOLARS, ARTISTS, AND INTELLECTUALS FROM ALL CONTINENTS TO SHARE THEIR IDEAS ABOUT THE LEGACY, IMPACT AND CONTEMPORARY REVERBERATIONS OF ANTONIN ARTAUD'S VISIONS AND CREATIVE WORK.

WE INVITE PROVOCATIONS (5 TO 10 MINUTES) INCLUDING RESEARCH, REPORTING ON FIELDWORK, WRITING, BOOKS, ARTICLES, PHD/MA DISSERTATIONS, SHORT FILMS, SHORT PERFORMANCES, VISUAL ART, SONIC ART, POETRY, AND DOCUMENTARY STYLE MEDIUM.

START FOR SUBMISSIONS: SEPTEMBER 1ST, 2023

DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS: OCTOBER 24TH, 2023

RESULTS: NOVEMBER 5TH, 2023

SEND YOUR PROPOSAL IN ENGLISH, PORTUGUESE, FRENCH OR SPANISH (250 WORDS) AND A BIO (100 WORDS) TO

[HTTPS://WWW.EVEN3.COM.BR/CONFERENCIAANTONINARTAUD2023/](https://www.even3.com.br/conferenciaantoninartaud2023/)

FOR MORE INFORMATION, WRITE TO FELIPE MONTEIRO <FHMOAL@HOTMAIL.COM>

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FROM 2024 ONWARD PERFORMATIVE AND SCHOLARLY HYBRID EVENTS WILL BE LOCATED IN HOST COUNTRIES WORLDWIDE.



In issue #4 of our magazine **Écho Antonin Artaud**, to be published in November, we offer:

- New texts by Antonin Artaud found in Cuba.
- Artaud in Havana.
- Antonin Artaud as seen through the eyes of painter Katonas Asimis.
- Recordings of Antonin Artaud.
- And many other surprises....

