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ECHO

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★ ROCK



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#11

THE RAW ECHO OF A REVOLT

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INTRODUCTION



March 1948: Artaud exhales his last breath, alone, at the foot of his bed, near his fireplace. Consumed by his own fire, he vomits everything that disgusted him: society, morality, rules. At that very moment, rock screams its first cry. Artaud's visceral and raw scream explodes through the ruins and is reborn when Wynonie Harris, in March 1948, releases *Good Rockin' Tonight* and shouts: *"Well, I heard the news, there's good rockin' tonight!"* Wild jump blues. Indecent. Thunderous. It is obviously not Artaud, but one wonders whether Roy Brown, when he composed this song at the beginning of 1947, might have, in some astral way, captured the echo of a few fragments of Artaud's cries at the Vieux-Colombier. The walls vibrate, bodies waver, and rock unfolds..

Then, the story unfolds as we know it: Chuck Berry strikes, Little Richard and Jerry Lee Lewis lead, Elvis dynamites. Rock is a raw, primal force born from the profound rhythms of African American communities breaking their chains. A scream from chaos. Artaud wanted to infect the world with his theatre of cruelty as a purifying plague. Rock? It's the uncontrollable sonic epidemic that shakes the masses and pulls them out of their coma. Artaud-rock! An electric sabbath, a furious ritual where we scream, sweat, bleed, and are reborn.

The word rock is a hammer, a shattering blow from the depths of African-American slang, a brutal pulse slicing through the air. To rock, in the early 20th century, meant to sway, vibrate, oscillate to the point of losing balance. Gospel and blues captured it, amplified it, twisted it. By the 1920s, it seeped into blues and jazz songs—a code, a sly wink. It murmured, it shouted, it evoked bodies in motion, that feverish sexual sway, that carnal vertigo suggested by rock and roll. Then, in the 1950s, the hammer strikes again: in 1951, DJ Alan Freed hosts a radio show called *Moondog's Rock And Roll Party*. From then on, rock becomes more than a word, more than music. It's a sonic slap, a revolution, a primal scream, the brutal impact of a culture erupting.

Then come the sixties, and rock explodes into a frenzied trance: Hendrix's guitar spits frenetic lightning, answering the roaring incantations of Captain Beefheart. The psychedelic flights of Pink Floyd fracture reality, while the Doors break through the doors of perception. The crowd is on fire, but something is still missing: chaos, grime. In the 1970s, punk arrives. Three chords, no frills. The Sex Pistols scream their *No Future*, a slap to the face. The Ramones speed up the tempo, delivering raw, stripped-down melodies with vital energy. No need to polish or arrange: Artaud's scream resonates—raw, sticky, irrevocable. A sonic grenade.

A few years ago, when I discovered an article by Patrice Bollon in *Le Magazine Littéraire* (April 1984) mentioning Artaud and rock, a smile spread across my face. Artaud and rock? What connection could there be? How naïve I was! I had yet to grasp the incredible shockwave this theme would trigger in me or to understand how deeply Artaud's incandescent shadow ignites the history of rock. Today, that spark has turned into a blaze with the publication of the densest issue of the journal *Écho Antonin Artaud*.

A thousand thanks to the exceptional contributors without whom this issue could never have seen the light of day: Stephen Barber, the English biographer of Artaud, offers us a fascinating article on the connections between Artaud, David Bowie, and Mick Jagger; the great specialist Olivier Penot-Lacassagne explores the relationship between Artaud and fanzines; Peter Valente analyzes the links between Nick Cave and Artaud; Professor Matt Melia delves into Artaud's influence on post-punk; Pierrick Dufay highlights Artaud's impact on the Beat Generation; Pacôme Thiellement offers a vibrant interview around rock; Eleni Politou examines the connection between Artaud and Jim Morrison; and Pierre Kerroc'h pens a text imbued with an authentic rocker's soul. Immense thanks also to Léo de Saint-Germain, Apollonas Koliouisis, and Dejan Gacond for their invaluable contributions, as well as Katonas Asimis for his nine paintings (David Bowie, Patti Smith, Jim Morrison, Bob Dylan, Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Nick Cave, Antonin Artaud Sid Vicious...)

Artaud and rock: a scream, a trance, an electric discharge. Artaud is not dead: he still lives in rock. His theatre of cruelty pulses through every tearing riff, every saturated scream, every chord that shakes the guts. Rock is his legacy: a shock machine to awaken sluggish minds, an apocalypse plugged into an amp.

Ilios Chailly



DAVID BOWIE BY KATONAS ASMIS

Stephen Barber

David Bowie, Marcus Reichert and Artaud: *Wings of Ash*

In 1996, I decided to organise a three-day festival in London, together with curators at the Institute of Contemporary Arts (ICA), to mark the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Antonin Artaud, on 4 September 1896.

The festival took place from 30 May to 1 June that year, and took over all of the spaces of the ICA for those days, including the galleries, the theatre and the cinema. All tickets to the event were rapidly sold, and many prominent musicians attended the talks, performances and films, including P.J. Harvey and Nick Cave. Guests from Paris included Alejandro Jodorowsky, who spoke about his engagement with Artaud's work and showed several of his own films, and Pierre Guyotat, who gave a reading from his current work.

With the ICA curators, I had decided to invite Patti Smith and David Bowie to participate. Patti Smith immediately agreed to travel to London from the USA, though she had rarely performed over the previous 15 or so years, preferring to live quietly and raise a family in Detroit with her husband, Fred 'Sonic' Smith of the MC5, who had died in 1994. In the ICA's *theatre*, she gave an acoustic concert of songs and vocal improvisations.

With David Bowie, the situation was more intricate, since he was based at that time in New York and notoriously preferred to travel as little as possible. Also, he was startlingly self-effacing. As he told me over the course of several telephone conversations (this was before email), his preference with his participation in the festival was to highlight the inspiration for him as a young man of the legendary British dancer and mime artist, Lindsay Kemp (1938-2018), who had introduced Bowie to the work both of Artaud and Jean Genet in around 1967. Bowie's view was that his contact with the work of Artaud had instilled his own work with its experimental, constantly transmutating and provocative forms. Bowie's contribution to the ICA festival was a sound installation in the venue's upper gallery, dedicated to Kemp.

Bowie said nothing to me about his involvement, twenty years earlier, with the American artist and filmmaker Marcus Reichert (1948-2022), who had planned a film based on the life of Artaud to be titled *Wings of Ash* at the end of the 1970s, and had asked Bowie to play the role of Artaud. Similarly, Bowie said nothing about the fact that, in 1975, he had commissioned Jean Genet to write a full-length script for a planned film, *Divine*, in which Bowie would play the role of Divine from Genet's 1942 novel *Our Lady of the Flowers/Notre-Dame-des-Fleurs*; Genet had spent six months in London writing and completing the filmscript, before the project was abandoned and the filmscript became lost for many years, before its abrupt re-emergence in 2023 when the manuscript was included in an exhibition devoted to Genet's work at the Institut du Monde Arabe in Paris.

I had never heard of Marcus Reichert's plans for an Artaud film with David Bowie until Reichert contacted me in 2005, after he had relocated to the south coast of England. Since the end of the 1960s, he had principally worked as a figurative painter, and had only ever made one feature-length film, a neo-noir fiction film, *Union City*, released in 1980, starring Deborah Harry from the group Blondie. The film had actually been made around one to two years earlier, but, from what Reichert told me, its release was delayed through studio interference with its editing. Although the film had limited success financially, it received numerous film-festival screenings and acclaim, and led to Reichert being given promises of film producers' funding to shoot his next film, which would have been *Wings of Ash*.

From what Reichert told me, he had already been contemplating a film about Artaud's life since the beginning of the 1970s. He had travelled to Paris to research the film, but could not speak French and appeared not to have met any of Artaud's surviving friends or associates; when he showed me photographs of what he had thought was the clinic where Artaud spent the final two years of his life, I realised he had gone to the wrong site, since Dr Delmas's clinic in Ivry-sur-Seine had been demolished without trace soon after Artaud's death there in March 1948.

Reichert's Artaud filmscript, *Wings of Ash*, had many misunderstandings and factual inaccuracies, but at the end of the 1970s, it had appeared very likely to be made. Francis Ford Coppola had become interested in producing and financing the project. Reichert had wanted David Bowie to play the role of Artaud, and told me that Bowie had readily agreed to the plan, when Reichert travelled to West Berlin (where Bowie then lived, before relocating to New York soon after) and met him at a lavish hotel, the *Schlosshotel Gerhus*, close to one of that divided city's lakes, the Grönewaldsee (Genet habitually stayed at that same hotel during his stays in West Berlin). He and Bowie spoke intensively there about the role for two days, including the plan that the music for the film would be composed by Brian Eno, and continued to discuss it intermittently for several months afterwards, before Reichert realised that Bowie's interest had abruptly vanished and he was no longer engaged with the role, just as he had suddenly lost interest in the film *Divine*.

Reichert then offered the role of Artaud to Mick Jagger, who had developed a film-acting career over the previous decade, in such films as Nicolas Roeg's *Performance*, alongside his work with The Rolling Stones; Reichert told me he had first met Jagger along with Francis Bacon and the photographer Peter Beard at La Coupole restaurant in Paris. Jagger did not possess Bowie's previous engagement with Artaud's work, but he agreed to the filming of a short test sequence in the role of Artaud, shot on location at an apartment in New York. That sequence, together with location photographs showing Reichert and Jagger discussing the sequence, can be viewed at Reichert's archive at the Bibliothèque nationale de France. Nothing more was shot.

As with Bowie, Jagger appears to have abruptly lost interest in the role, soon afterwards; as well as the musicians' competing commitments with tours and recording sessions, Reichert mentioned unexpected financing problems, issues with alcohol and with cocaine consumption (his own, as well as that of Bowie), and the brutality and capriciousness of the film industry.



When Marcus Reichert directed Mick Jagger in the role of Artaud.

When I met Reichert in London in 2005, he was eager to reactivate his Artaud film project, and hoped to approach Bowie again, this time to offer him the role of Artaud's Rodez psychiatrist, Dr Gaston Ferdière. (That had not been the plan during their previous collaboration, when Bowie was expected to play the role of Artaud himself.) The film's title would now need to be changed, due to its closeness to the English-language title, *Wings of Desire*, of the film *Der Himmel über Berlin*, 1987, by Wim Wenders, whom Reichert thought had maliciously stolen his own title (which seems unlikely).

But the timing for re-engaging Bowie's participation at that point was clearly ominous: Bowie had suffered major heart attacks during concerts in the Czech Republic and Germany in 2004, and was now living a quiet life in New York (though he did take an extraordinary film-acting 'guest' role, the following year, 2006, as Nikola Tesla, in Christopher Nolan's film *The Prestige*). It would have been equally extraordinary to have seen Bowie playing the self-declared 'anarchist pornographer' asylum-director Ferdière, whom I was able to meet many times in Paris before his death in 1990; Artaud had loathed him.

Beginning in the 1940s decade when he had treated Artaud, Ferdière had been a key organisational figure in the 'Art Brut' ('Outsider Art', in English) movement - which gave prominence to artworks created by patients in psychiatric hospitals, or by other marginalised or artistically untrained figures - along with the artist Jean Dubuffet, who was a friend of Artaud, and, later, the psychiatrist Dr Leo Navratil at the Gugging psychiatric hospital near Vienna. It was always a fractious movement of quarrels; Ferdière believed 'Art Brut' artworks should be used primarily to diagnose patients, while Dubuffet and Navratil believed they should be seen solely as artworks.

During my meetings with him, Ferdière told me he considered Artaud's drawings to be inept and uninteresting, and also that he viewed them as unconnected to 'Art Brut' since Artaud had received artistic training in portraiture as a young man; Artaud gifted several of his drawings to Ferdière at the Rodez asylum, but Ferdière sold them in 1950.

David Bowie was deeply engaged with 'Outsider Art' and, while undertaking his album *Outside* in 1994, visited the *Artists' House* which Navratil had founded at the Gugging hospital, together with Brian Eno. Bowie was photographed there meeting the artists August Walla and Oswald Tschirtner (whose work inspired the Einstürzende Neubauten album *Drawings of Patient O.T.*); Bowie has an arm around the evidently unimpressed Tschirtner's shoulder. When I spoke with Reichert in 2005 about this connection between Bowie and 'Outsider Art', and my own visits to the Gugging centre, it transpired Reichert was not aware of it. Even so, his prescience that Bowie would have been exceptional in the film role of Ferdière appeared accurate.

During our meetings in London in 2005, I asked Reichert to write for me a short account of how he had originally become fascinated with Artaud's work, and that account is included below. It transpired that Reichert's engagement with Artaud had originated in his reading of the *Artaud Anthology* published by City Lights Books in 1965 - the same original source for Patti Smith's love of Artaud's work.

I kept in touch with Reichert over the subsequent years, when he had moved to the south of France, to Saint-Hippolyte-du-Fort, in the Gard region. He focused on his painting there, but in 2018, when a volume of my translations of Artaud's letters written from his 1937 journey to Ireland was published, with the title *Artaud 1937 Apocalypse*, he reactivated his interest in a film about Artaud, this time focused on his time on the island of Inishmore, and attempted to interest his former film producers in the plan. By that time, Bowie had died.

I met one last time with Reichert at a quayside bar in Marseille, not far from the house where Artaud was born, then heard nothing more from him. He died at a hospital in Nîmes, aged 73, in 2022.



Here is the account he wrote for me of his first contact with Artaud's work in around 1966 :

« Ilona S. lived in a small nondescript apartment building which stood incongruously at the centre of a long tree-lined street of rather grand early-American houses. She spoke with a light Polish accent, wore her long dark hair bound tightly to her head, and radiated the kind of quiet excitement that sensually inclined intellectuals sometimes do. It was a rainy autumn evening and I was to meet Ilona at her flat at eight o'clock. That was all there was to it. I had never been with her before and I can't now recall what had transpired that had led to this meeting.

She welcomed me without ceremony, her hair wet with rain, and suggested I relax while she took a shower. The flat consisted of one big room with an alcove at the front overlooking the street. Against one of the walls, not far from the door onto the common hallway, was a chest of drawers. It was this chest of drawers that finally had my full attention..

I decided to wait for Ilona to return from her shower, sitting comfortably on her bed. As my eyes strayed over the top of the chest of drawers, I became more and more curious about the various objects stationed there. What would a twenty-two-year-old - she was four years older than I - artist from Poland keep on the ready? Naturally, I left the bed and crossed the room.

When encountered, all of these intimate things, fascinating though they may have been, faded from view as my eyes fell upon the image of the attenuated Artaud. Immediately, I was fixed on Artaud's profile, petulant and somehow atrocious, as it fastened this paperback book to the top of the chest of drawers, but to no time or place. Examining the volume more closely, I found that Lawrence Ferlinghetti, whose City Lights Books I knew, had published this anthology of Artaud's writings.

There were more stark black-and-white images inside, all of which, along with the eruptive language - caca, peepee, jiji-creecree - thrilled me to the depths of my neurotic being. This book would, I instantly understood, be a limitlessly enriching source of disorientation and mystery. Artaud's disfigured presence had acted upon me. When Ilona appeared from the shower, I asked her if I could borrow the book. With a knowing smile, and without selfishness, she said yes. »

WINGS of ASH



A Dramatization of the Life of Antonin Artaud

Mick Jagger

Dennis Lipscomb

Written & Directed by Marcus Reichert
Produced by Monty Montgomery
Photography by Edward Lachman ASC
Music by Brian Eno

Filmworks International

SCENE 46

WINGS OF ASH



MICK JAGGER

in a dramatization of the life of
ANTONIN ARTAUD



mick jagger
dennis lipscomb

antonin artaud
dr. rene allenendy

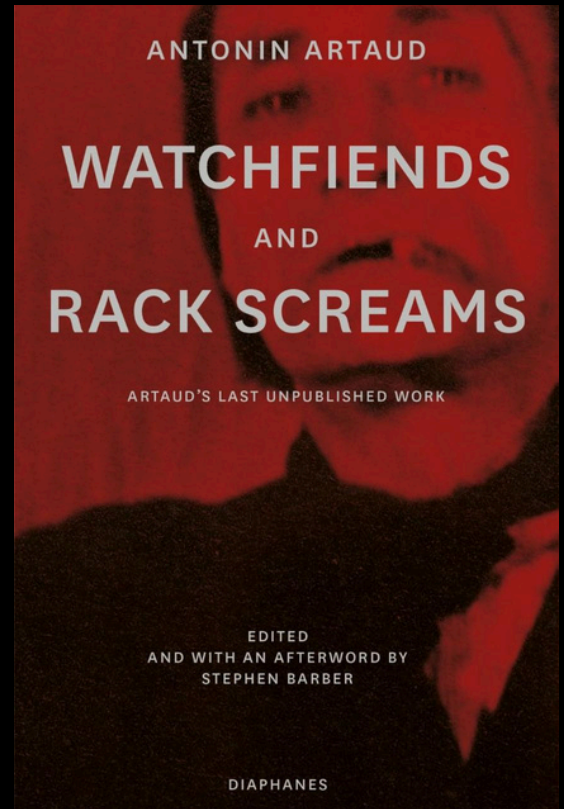
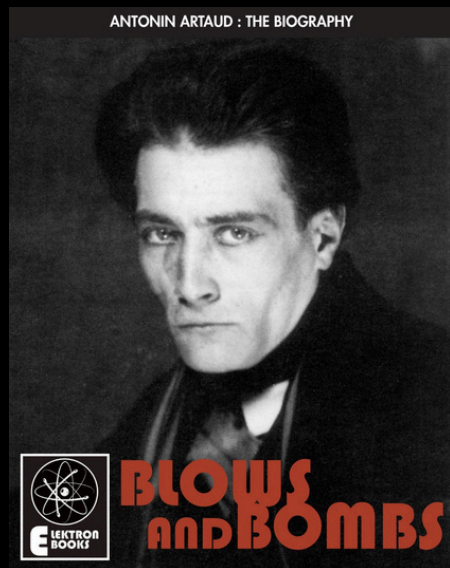
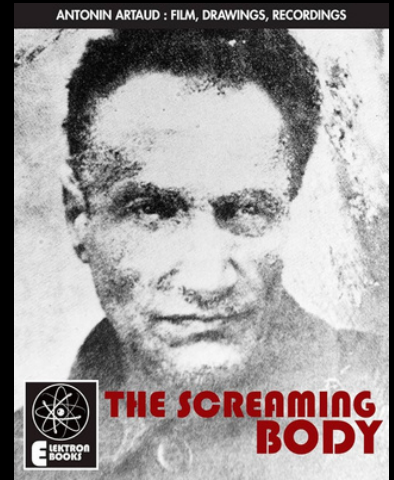
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brian mcnally
willie meyerhoff
anne miles

set decors
assistant cameraman
makeup
film editor
gaffer
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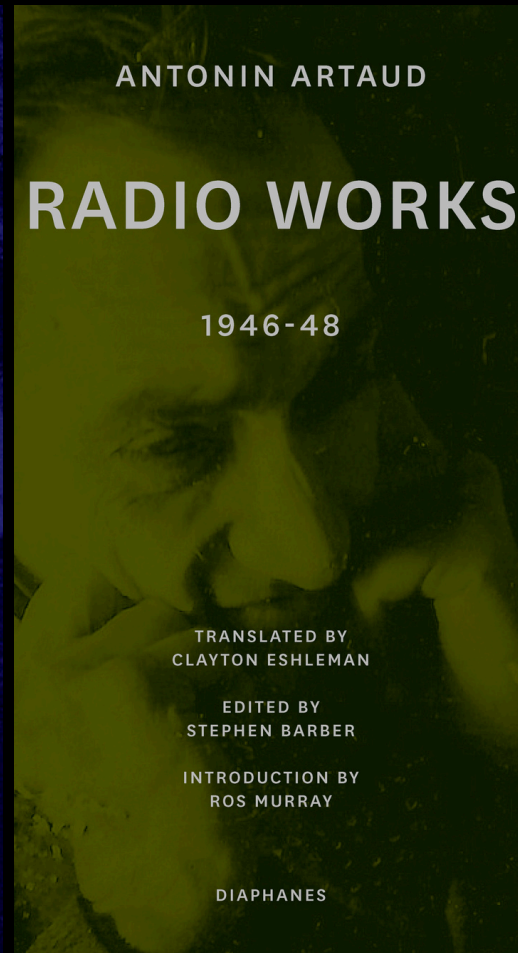
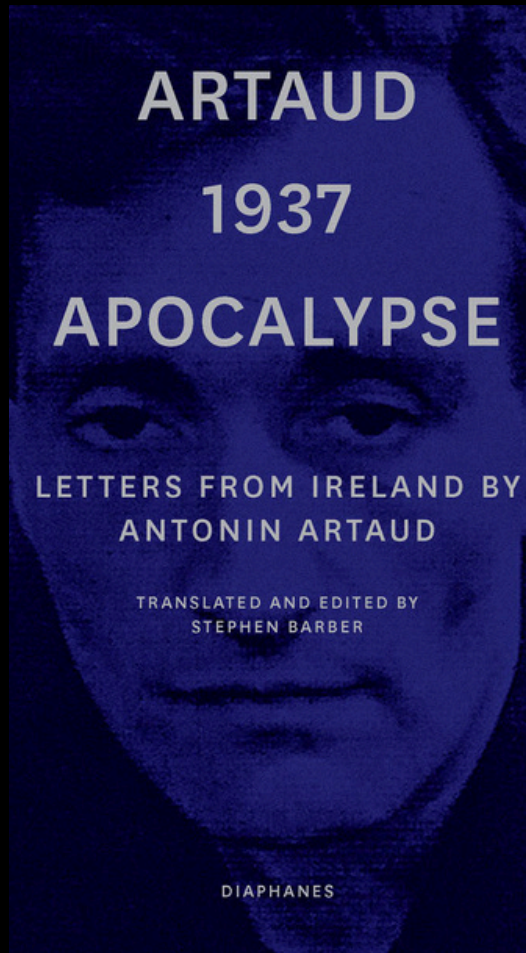
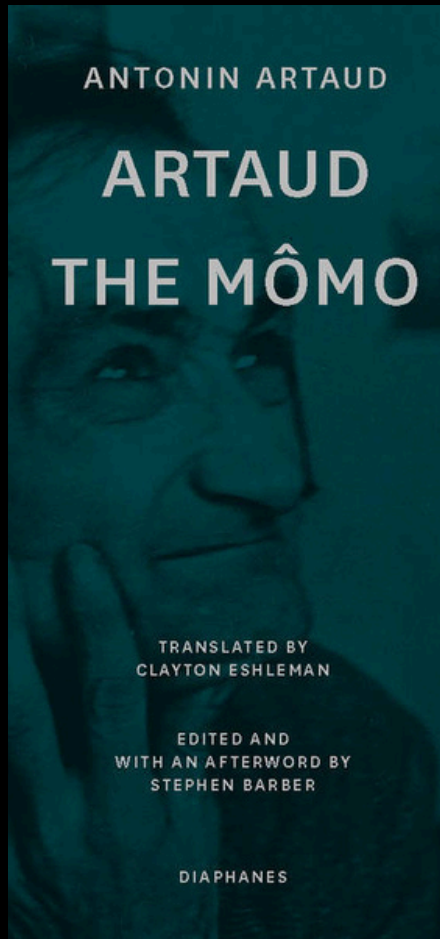
Stephen Barber

Stephen Barber, professor at Kingston University, is a renowned researcher and writer specializing in the work of Antonin Artaud. Between 1985 and 1990, he conducted in-depth research in Paris, where he met several friends and doctors who had known the artist. Barber is the author of three seminal works on Artaud: *Artaud: Blows and Bombs* (1993), *Artaud: The Screaming Body* (1999), and *Artaud: Terminal Curses* (2006), the last of which delves deeply into the author's notebooks.

In addition to his biographical studies, Barber has translated and published two collections of Artaud's writings: *Artaud 1937 Apocalypse* (2018) and *A Sinister Assassin: Artaud's Last Writings, 1947–48* (2023). He is also responsible for the first English translation of *Suppôts et Suppliciations*, scheduled for publication in April 2025 by *Diaphanes/University of Chicago Press*.



Stephen Barber



Peter Valente

The True Organic Body: Nick Cave and Artaud

In Artaud, all knowledge is destabilized. Our Western intellectual tradition is a garbage dump, and God is dead. There is a hole at the center of being where formerly there was God. For Artaud, this void manifests as physical pain. Yet God is alive as spiritual detritus that haunts thought—all thought—as Idea. In Artaud, ideas take on a disgusting physicality when they enter the mind: the fetid meat of emptiness and third-rate concepts. In his drawings, Artaud uses his breath and the power of hand gestures to cast a kind of spell on the human face. He writes: “*As for magic, I take in my thick breath, and by means of my nose, of my mouth, of my hands and of my feet I project it against everything that obstructs me.*”¹ For Artaud, magic involved a physical force—a thrust forward of the body, an intense focus on the page. Artaud’s late writings create a rupture in the system, producing, according to Deleuze, a “map of creative imagination, aesthetics, values...animated by unexpected eddies and surges of energy, coagulations of light, secret tunnels, and surprises.” Nick Cave of *The Birthday Party* was like a double of Artaud; he sought to destabilize the grammar of the body, to contort the body as if to expel a curse—as if to name is to cast off.

In the early 80s, Nick Cave and the *Birthday Party* arrived on the music scene with an intensity and physicality that thrived on chaos and reimaged the body. In those early days, Cave was “*ugly, chinless, potentially deranged, leaping without acknowledgment of pain.*” With his frantic body movements onstage, he was like Artaud, banishing the threat of the spirit world—the black magick that he felt was being practiced on his body through what he conceived of as the ugly spirit. Onstage, Nick Cave would gesticulate furiously, contorting his body into strange shapes while screaming like a madman, like a marionette on amphetamines. For Nick Cave, the body was central, and he pushed the limits of bodily expression in his performances. Artaud writes, “*There is no inside, no spirit, outside, or consciousness, nothing but the body as it may be seen, a body that does not cease being, even when the eye that sees it falls.*”

The Birthday Party was glorious Noise. Nick Cave was the animal, a whirling figure at the center of Chaos. His bodily movements would lead him into the destabilized territory of the unexpected encounter with the demon. *The Birthday Party* was one of the first and most creative “post-punk” bands. Their music combined wild guitar sounds and drum noise with sleazy strip club music to create something so ugly, dark, and sickening that it would either blow your mind or turn your stomach.

In the early 80s, they were one of the most outrageous and unhinged bands in the world. In their performances, they reimagined Artaud’s *The Theatre of Cruelty*, as if to show “the true organic and physical transformation of the human body.” The following is from Artaud’s text, *Theatre and Science* (1947): “*True theater has always seemed to me to be the exercise of a dangerous and terrible act, in which, moreover, the idea of theater and spectacle is eliminated, as well as that of all science, religion, and art. The act of which I speak aims at the true organic and physical transformation of the human body. The true theatre is a site “where anatomically by trampling on bones, limbs and syllables,/ bodies are remade,/and the mythical act of making a body/presents itself physically and naturally.”*

In the early 80s, Nick Cave’s onstage performance was riveting, excessive, dangerous, and thrilling. He was like an Artaud double, more concerned with the volume of a body’s timbre than with the spirit that seeks to calculate and confine it. For him, the body was energy, volume, timbre, fury.



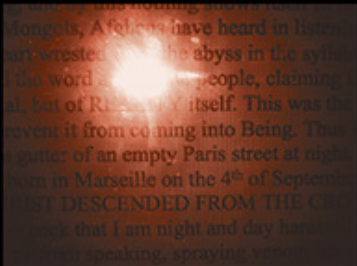
Peter Valente is a writer, translator, and filmmaker. The author of nineteen books, he is particularly recognized for his translation of *Blackout* by Nanni Balestrini (Commune Editions, 2017), which received a starred review in *Publishers Weekly*. Among his recent works are the translation of *Illumination* by Gérard de Nerval (Wakefield Press, 2022) and *The New Revelations of Being and Other Mystical Writings* by Antonin Artaud (Infinity Land Press, 2023).



NICK CAVE BY KATONAS ASMIS

Peter Valente

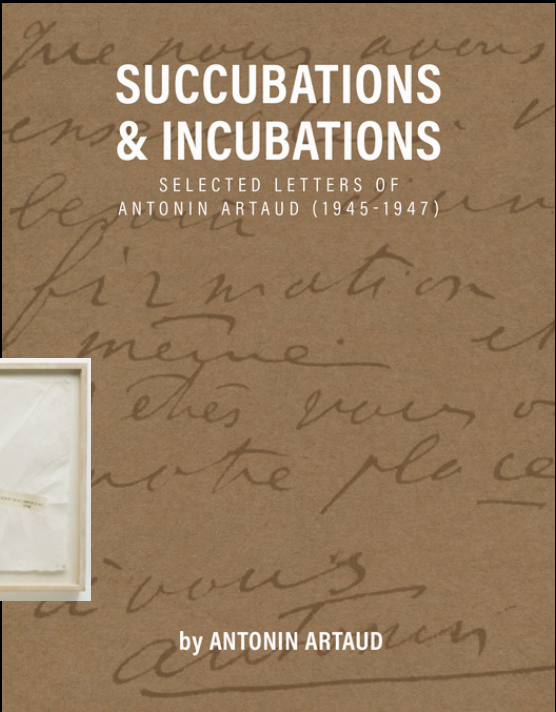
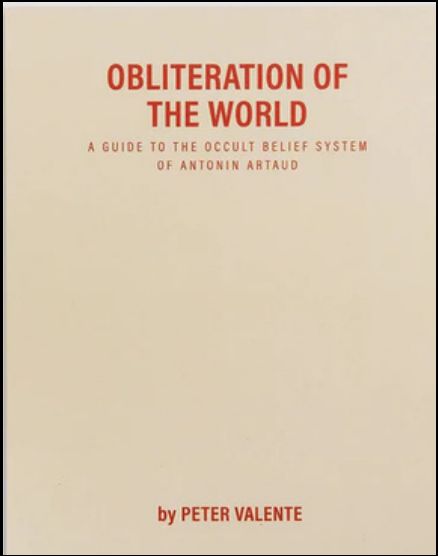
THE ARTAUD VARIATIONS



PETER VALENTE



NANCY SPERO | CODEX ARTAUD



ARTAUD



PESCADO RABIOSO

THE ALBUM ARTAUD, THE THIRD OPUS BY THE BAND
PESCADO RABIOSO, LED BY LUIS ALBERTO SPINETTA, IS
A TRIBUTE TO ANTONIN ARTAUD AND IS OFTEN
REGARDED AS THE GREATEST ARGENTINE ROCK ALBUM
OF ALL TIME.

ANA NO DUEDE
(Dante Alighieri: Inferno)

LADO B
"LADO"
"LADO"
"LADO"
"LADO"
"LADO"



PESCADO RABIOSO
(Dante Alighieri: Inferno)



PESCADO RABIOSO
(Dante Alighieri: Inferno)

ME GUSTA ESE TAJID
(Dante Alighieri: Inferno)

Eleni Politou

BEYOND THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION: ARTAUD, MORRISON, AND THE QUEST FOR AN INNER TRUTH



In the July 12, 1971, edition of *Le Monde*, one could read: "*Jim Morrison and his three companions (the Doors), if they advocated in their music 'savagery, violence, and the downfall of moral values,' did so with the awareness of having studied Artaud's Theatre of Cruelty at university.*" According to Bill Kerby's article, *Artaud Rock: The Dark Logic of the Doors*, published in *The UCLA Daily Bruin* on May 24, 1967, Jim Morrison had already developed an interest in Antonin Artaud and Jack Kerouac during his university years, beginning in 1964. Even the name of the band, *The Doors*, indirectly reflects an affinity with Artaud. It was inspired by Aldous Huxley's book *The Doors of Perception* (1954), which recounts his experiences with peyote and itself borrows its title from a line by William Blake: "*If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is, infinite.*"

(William Blake, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*)

Antonin Artaud and Jim Morrison share, above all, a relentless quest for freedom beyond societal norms. Neither followed the path of conformity. Both, in their respective domains, carved trajectories reminiscent of the 19th-century cursed poets, striving to push the boundaries of art to uncover an inner truth. For Artaud and Morrison alike, reconnecting with a primal force was essential, and the creative act served as a privileged means to access and explore it. Such a quest demanded immersion in raw vitality, propelling the soul toward an inner rupture. Artaud's influence is evident in this compulsion to sacrifice oneself on stage, to "burn the boards." Like rock music, Artaud's work unsettles and provokes doubt, embodying a refusal to conform to society. To be a rocker is to adopt an intensely theatrical role, one marked by a deliberately heightened presence.

Like Antonin Artaud, Jim Morrison was, above all, a poet, long before being an artist. Both saw the stage as a space for transformation—a place where human emotions could be freely expressed, almost as in a sacred ritual. Fascinated by philosophy, myths, and ancient rituals, Morrison, like Artaud, sought to explore the deepest and most mysterious dimensions of the human mind. With *The Doors*, he transformed concerts into true ceremonies, unleashing his emotions and sometimes losing himself in a whirlwind of provocation and madness. Their lives were marked by an intense quest for transcendence and profound inner suffering. For them, art was an act of revolt against the limits of the human condition, a means to shatter illusions and reach a raw, inner truth.

Suffering and marginalization are at the core of their journeys. Both lived on the fringes of society: Artaud, with his psychiatric confinements and physical pain, and Morrison, through a self-destruction fueled by excess. Their provocative behavior and rejection of conventions earned them both admiration and criticism. For them, the use of drugs was not merely a vice but an almost organic necessity—a way to escape an oppressive reality. This marginalization fueled their art but also led to their demise: Artaud died in 1948, exhausted and consumed by suffering, while Morrison mysteriously passed away in 1971, at just 27 years old, in Paris.

Both shared an obsession with death, which they perceived as a passage to another form of consciousness. For Artaud, in his quest for inner purity, death was the ultimate liberation, while Morrison saw it as a mysterious boundary he sought to approach and understand, both in his poetry and his way of life.

Antonin Artaud and Jim Morrison, with their brief and intense lives, embody the artist wholly devoted to the quest for total freedom, beyond norms and limits. Their pursuit of the absolute, their rejection of conventions, and their vision of art as an act of personal transformation have made them iconic cultural figures. Even today, their influence endures, symbolizing the idea that art can serve as a path to deeper self-understanding, even when that path is fraught with dangers. Artaud and Morrison demonstrated that, for some artists, freedom has no price, even if it leads to isolation or self-destruction.



JIM MORRISON BY KATONAS ASMIS



ANTONIN ARTAUD

To Have Done

Jaap Blonk is a daring Dutch performer, celebrated for his raw and striking vocal artistry that fuses humor, improvisation, and wild sound poetry. Drawing inspiration from the Dadaist texts of Hugo Ball, he delves into a realm of verbal chaos, pushing the limits of language with absurd compositions and vocal experiments that are as uninhibited as they are electrifying. Blonk has also immersed himself in jazz, singing over records to forge a style uniquely his own—a true sonic tempest unleashed in his performances.

In the 1980s, Blonk opened for punk bands, fearlessly stepping onto the stage without a safety net. His explosive and provocative style didn't always resonate with audiences—such as the night he opened for The Stranglers before a crowd of 2,000 fervent fans. Booed and pelted with objects, Blonk stood his ground, finishing his performance with unwavering determination. Despite the hostility, he earned applause from those who stayed, captivated by this sonic maverick who defies every convention.

With the Judgment of God

performed by **JAAP BLONK**

Artaud Rock: The Fury Before the Explosion

“The madmen, the misfits, the rebels, the nonconformists, the dissenters... all those who see things differently, who break the rules. You can admire them or disapprove of them, glorify them or vilify them. But you cannot ignore them. Because they change things. They invent, they imagine, they explore, they create, they inspire. They propel humanity forward. Where some see madness, we see genius.” (Jack Kerouac, *On the Road*)

Gravelly voices, captured screams, extreme performances, and a quest for the beyond... Wasn't Artaud, with his *Theatre of Cruelty*, a precursor of rock before his time? A cursed poet, wandering through the Sierra Tarahumara in search of peyote—how could his legend not captivate the beatniks who helped shape rock culture?

It all begins on Friday, July 18, 1947, at the Galerie Pierre. The room, packed to capacity, swelters under an oppressive heat. Artaud, wearing a turban, opens the evening before vanishing, leaving behind an atmosphere charged with tension as screams erupt during the readings by Mathes Robert and Colette Thomas. Among the audience is a young Carl Solomon, who has wandered in by chance and is electrified by the experience. As Pierrick Dufray recounts in his article *Artaud Meets Beats*, when Roger Blin takes the stage to read *La Culture indienne*, the captivated Carl, enthralled by the intensity, mistakenly believes he is watching Artaud himself. Two years later, he voluntarily commits himself to a psychiatric hospital in New Jersey, seeking to embody this rage. He endures electroshocks, screams like Artaud, and in that asylum, meets Allen Ginsberg, committed for minor offenses. Together, they ignite a cultural revolution: Solomon introduces Ginsberg to Artaud, sparking an inner rebellion that culminates in 1955 with *Howl*, Ginsberg's poem dedicated to Carl Solomon. Meanwhile, in Mexico, Kerouac and Burroughs explore peyote. The *Beat Generation* screams, and Artaud burns.

In 1965, in San Francisco, Jack Hirschman publishes an anthology of Artaud's work with *City Lights Books*. In an article in *Le Monde* entitled *A False Image of Artaud in the United States*, David Rattray critiques the publication, writing: *“The collection presents Artaud as a drug-obsessed maniac, a sexually ambiguous madman, and a precursor of ‘pop art,’ whose work embodies the obsessions of a certain America.”* The Artaud-Rock myth—and the passions it provokes—are born!

In her article *L'imbécilisation par la Beat Génération*, published in the winter issue of *Tel Quel* (no. 24, 1966), Paule Thévenin denounces this new American trend of "Artaud fashion": "*The emphasis is deliberately placed on the fact that Antonin Artaud 'for society was a drug addict and a madman' (...) For the first time in America, the advertisement tells us, one will be able to hear 'the whole voice of Artaud... his pleas in favor of drugs, his fiery prophecies, his castigations and condemnations, his tribal (?) songs, and his poems.'* It is unfortunate that it is presented in such a false light. Let us leave the Beat Generation to its self-imbécilization through drugs and ersatz violence. The work of Antonin Artaud, I am convinced, will withstand this attempt at castration."



In December 1943, Jim Morrison was born, while Roger Gilbert-Lecomte, author of *The Mystical Tetanus*, passed away at Broussais Hospital due to a tetanus infection contracted after injecting himself with laudanum using non-sterile equipment. That same month, from Rodez, Antonin Artaud wrote *The Peyote Rite Among the Tarahumaras*, a text that opened new "doors" of perception.

In 1947, as Colette Thomas underwent electroshock therapy and Artaud foretold her imminent death to Pierre Palau, four-year-old Jim Morrison witnessed a car accident on a Native American road. The sight of Native Americans' bodies lying on the ground left a lasting impression on him, one he later described as spiritually significant. Morrison recounted feeling "possessed" by the spirit of one of the deceased.

On February 24, 1969, the Living Theatre performed *Mysteries and Smaller Pieces* at the USC auditorium, featuring a visceral interpretation of Artaud's *The Theatre and Its Double*. The climactic scene portrayed thirty actors, gripped by the "plague," staggering into the audience to die at their feet. This harrowing performance deeply moved Jim Morrison, and it is rumored that the funeral chant in *The End*—"Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!"—was inspired by this moment. Notably, Bill Kerby, Morrison's UCLA film school peer, had already dubbed The Doors *Artaudian rock* in *The Daily Bruin*.

Morrison's fascination with Artaud is further corroborated by Britt Leaski, who claims to have shared a garage apartment with the singer in 1965 on Fraser Avenue near Ocean Park in Santa Monica. In *My Time With The Doors*, Leaski recalls: "*I also had another book, The Theatre and Its Double by Antonin Artaud, which I left in plain sight. Jim and I often talked about this book and Artaud's ideas. It was at least one common ground between us. Jim was an idealist who wrote poetry. He was an intellectual, even though he played the wild rocker on stage. On stage, he embodied chaos. It was an intellectual choice—to provoke, to shake people up; he wanted to irritate them, to bring them back to what he thought was their true nature, away from convention and logic, to disrupt their peace. That was Artaud. Antonin Artaud. He wanted to reach their primal instinct, what was repressed. He wasn't really a singer; to me, he was an intellectual and a primitivist. (...) Jim and I weren't soulmates or anything like that. Even though we drank together and talked about Artaud.*" (Veritas, September 15, 2006).

And then, another ending strikes like a bolt of thunder: Jim Morrison is found dead in his bathtub in Paris on July 3, 1971. Overdose? That's what Sam Bernett suggests. If true, it's impossible not to see the shadow of Artaud—who died in Ivry with his bottle of chloral hydrate—hovering over the scene. And what if? What if, as a British journalist hinted in 1983, the CIA was behind this disappearance? A staged murder, like something out of a noir thriller. Morrison, Artaud... and that bathtub, reminiscent of the one where Artaud, in Abel Gance's *Napoleon*, is stabbed like a reimagined Marat.

The "*Club of 37*"—marked by Artaud's first "death" in Le Havre in 1937 and the passing of Roger-Gilbert Lecomte, René Daumal, and Rimbaud at 37—transforms into another legend: the *Club of 27*. Morrison, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix... all gone in 1970-1971, all consumed by their own fire, like shooting stars too brilliant to survive their own radiance. Artaud and Morrison are also two iconic images: Artaud in Dreyer's film and Morrison evoking Saint Sebastian.

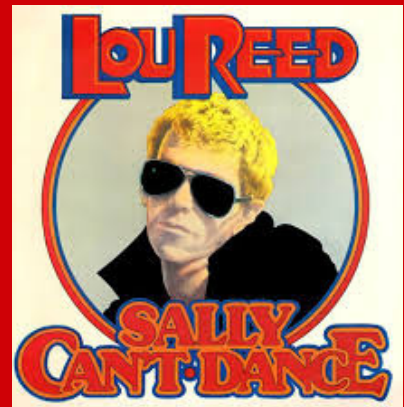
In a June 1979 interview, Allen Ginsberg confirmed to J.J. Lebel the "profound impact" of *To Have Done with the Judgment of God* on American Beat Generation poets. That same year saw the incomplete production of *Wings of Ash*, an Artaud-Rock film on which Stephen Barber, the poet's biographer, wrote an important article for this issue. Initially, David Bowie—the chameleon icon of rock—was considered for the role. His refusal wasn't due to ignorance of Artaud: in 1967, Bowie discovered the poet while working with Lindsay Kemp's mime troupe. Ultimately, Mick Jagger took on the role. In a July 5, 2019 interview, director Marcus Reichert revealed: "*When I was in Paris, I used to have lunch at La Coupole. One day in January 1977, I ran into Peter Beard [American photographer, collaborator of Karen Blixen and Andy Warhol—ed.], who was seated with Francis Bacon and Mick Jagger. I had met Peter when I had a studio in Bridgehampton, Long Island. He asked me what I was doing in Paris, and I told them about Wings of Ash. Peter immediately suggested Mick for the role of Artaud.*" (Marcus Reichert's comments to Mathias Daval, in I/O n°100).

But fate had other plans: it became impossible to proceed with Mick Jagger after the tidal wave caused by *Some Girls*, the Rolling Stones album that crushed everything in its path.

From this project, only one scene survives: Scene 46, shot in New York—a fiery confrontation between Artaud-Jagger and Dr. Allendy. And to replace Jagger? Marcus Reichert considered Peter O'Toole! On one side, the legendary Lawrence of Arabia; on the other, a free spirit battling his demons through alcohol, destroyed and ready to shatter every convention. O'Toole, the most rock-and-roll actor of his time, embodied the spirit of rebellion. As Siân Phillips once summed up: *“In public life, he played the rock star to avoid disappointing people.”*

During a *France Culture* program dedicated to Lou Reed on April 2, 2016, Florence de Mèredieu, a French biographer of Antonin Artaud, revisited the 24 electroshocks Artaud endured during his lifetime: *“Lou Reed experienced electroshock therapy in the 1950s. He underwent it during his teenage years as outpatient treatment, at home. He perceived the electroshocks as a rape, as a murder—just like Artaud, by the way (...) He received these electroshocks for reasons that aren't very clear; they were meant to correct his behavior, to prevent him from deviating...”* Here are lyrics from the song *Kill Your Sons*, written in 1974: *“Your two-bit psychiatrists give you electric shock. They say they'll let you live at home with mom and dad instead of in a psychiatric hospital. But every time you tried to read a book, you couldn't get past page 17 because you forgot where you were. And so you couldn't even read.”*

Lou Reed, who studied literature at Syracuse, was, according to Tony Fitzpatrick, a passionate reader of Rilke, Artaud, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Valéry. In a moving tribute by Ramuntcho Matta, we learn how deeply the theme of Artaud fascinated this rock legend: *“Another time, we talked about Antonin Artaud. Lou was always so intense about any subject. He wanted every moment to be unique.”*



Victor Provis, in *Who's Afraid of Gothic Rock?*, aired on October 6, 2021, on France Culture, highlights a compelling dimension of the genre: gothic musicians are often deeply intellectual. Their primary inspirations span the German Romantics, Baudelaire, Edgar Allan Poe, and, notably, Antonin Artaud—for their shared themes of solitude, melancholy, darkness, neurosis, tormented souls, and a fascination with the morbid. Few things, Provis argues, could be more rock.

In 1980, the London post-punk band *Theatre of Hate* was formed, drawing influence from Artaud's *Theater of Cruelty*. Just a year later, Colette Magny, singer of *Rock Me More and More*, released *Thanakan*, an album dedicated to Artaud. In 1982, Bauhaus made waves with *Old Waldorf*, which included the track Antonin Artaud: “*The young man pointed a gun at the head of God. (...) Artaud lived with his neck tightly caught in the noose. Black eyes of pain, limbs cramping, twisting. The theater and its double. The void and the aborted. These Indians masturbate over his bones.*” In 1983, the Spanish post-punk band *Alphaville* released the album *De Máscaras y Enigmas*, featuring the song *Artaud, el Mómo*. That same year, two tracks about Artaud appeared on *Rare Spor*, an album by the German group *Tinder Duster*. Later, in 1998, *Teatro del Silencio* ignited the Parc de la Villette with *Nanaqui*, a frenzied performance combining Artaud, and rock. In 1999, the Venezuelan alternative rock band *Zapato 3* released *Ecos Punzantes del Ayer*, which featured the track *Artaud*.

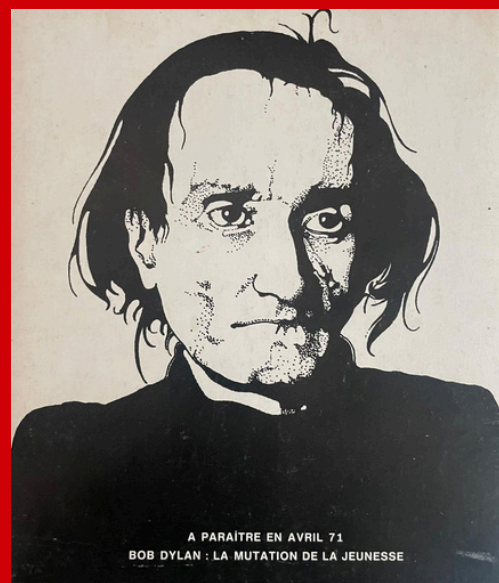
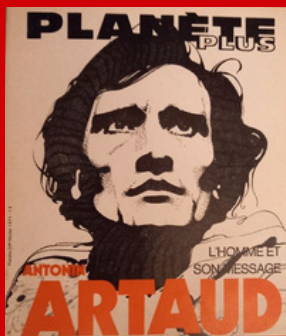
Marilyn Manson, now a divisive figure following allegations of violence against women, celebrated New Year's Eve 2000 with Johnny Depp in the south of France—a night reportedly steeped in absinthe. At dawn, Depp handed Manson a copy of *Heliogabalus*, or *The Crowned Anarchist*. Fifteen years later, while sorting through his belongings in his Hollywood Hills home, Manson rediscovered the book. Captivated, he drew inspiration from its pages for his album *The Pale Emperor*. On February 9, 2015, in an interview with Xavier Frère, Manson confessed: “*I sold my soul to the devil to become a rock star, and this album is my way of repaying that debt to him.*”



On May 21, 2016, the *R Café* in Montreuil resonated with an electric charge: *Ivresse au tour d'Artaud*, a Baroque Rock-Blues concert that fused striking harmonies with the texts of Antonin Artaud. But that's not all. In his article *Bob Dylan and Antonin Artaud*, published on Tony Attwood's website, Larry Fyffe connects two cultural icons. Bob Dylan, the poet laureate crowned with the Nobel Prize in Literature, was reportedly introduced to Artaud's work by Susan Rotolo, an engaged activist and rebellious muse. This connection evokes the back cover of the special issue *Artaud Planète plus*.

Even France's mainstream press couldn't resist the raw intensity of Artaud and rock. In *Les Échos* on January 13, 2017, Judith Bénhamou wrote: "*Through his defiance and violence, Artaud is the most rock and roll, even the most punk, of modern poets.*"

Artaud and rock, then, in *Les Échos*—though not the echoes of Antonin Artaud, but of Bernard Arnault. A far cry from punk, yet Artaud nonetheless makes his way into the mainstream. This unexpected detour brings to mind the incisive, caustic words of Milo Rau in his interview for *Mouvement*, titled *Speaking Antonin Artaud on Stage is a Petit-Bourgeois Extremism*. He observed: "*It's very interesting to see how the German fascists viewed art: exactly as we do today. That is, as totally mainstream, but just a little bit more extreme, imagining it will shock people. I never understood how saying 'Antonin Artaud' on stage could be considered extremist!*" (01/10/2023)



Artaud crashes onto every stage—and rightly so, as his words continue to inject themselves into the veins of the audience. Artaud-Gainsbourg, featured in *Hmm*, resonates like an electric riff: “*I wanna talk about Antonin Artaud. Yeah, genius kicks in early. But sometimes it drives you nuts.*” Artaud’s raw genius screams loud and clear, his words from *Umbilical Limbo* (*Avec moi dieu-le-chien*) striking with primal rage, carried by the abrasive chords of *Les Têtes Raides*. The French black metal band *Peste Noire*, in their album *Folkfuck Folie* (2007), incorporates a minute of Artaud’s recorded voice. Further north, the German gothic rock band *Garden of Delight* (G.O.D.), led by the enigmatic Artaud Seth, invokes the poet’s shadow. In 2012, the *Poeta Negro Antonin Artaud project* by Somos *Jardín* came to life, while Damien Saez embraced this lineage with *Fils d’Artaud* (2012).

The *Artaud Beats* delved into progressive rock, while Babx paid tribute to Artaud in 2015 with *Electrochoc Ladyland*, a literary concert. In 2017, the rock band *Cyclops* performed five songs inspired by Artaud’s speech at the Vieux-Colombier. Patti Smith carried this momentum into 2019 with *The Peyote Dance*, as did Alex Syndrome with his track Artaud on the album *Fantôme* (2020). The lineage continued with the band Artaud’s Skeleton. In 2021, Vanechka’s carnival and the gothic rock band Endreum also honored Artaud, the latter with *Und in der Nähe Antonin Artaud*. By 2023, *Antonin Artaud Powwow of Cruelty* by Paul Deathwish extended this vibrant homage. Meanwhile, Jean-Louis Costes, with his uncompromising performances, and Éric Cantona, the former footballer turned rocker at 57, each infused Artaud’s rebellious spirit in their own way. Cantona quipped with humor: “*I’d rather spend a week with Antonin Artaud than with Elon Musk.*” Good luck, Éric!

But the fire doesn’t stop there. Joey Starr, a rapper with rock undertones, unleashes his inner Artaud. Alongside Florence Arthaud, he declaimed Artaud under the haze of opioids. In an interview with *Les Inrocks* (10/07/19), a rock magazine, opposite Béatrice Dalle—whom he personally introduced to Artaud—Joey Starr declared: “*I got to hear Antonin Artaud, a guy I love who did radio theater. When he delivered, you could feel the raw wound! That says it all!*” Raw. Brutal. Elusive. Artaud, the ultimate rock star!

Artaud-rock is that indomitable spark that still burns. An unquenchable rage, a dark and fierce fascination that haunts. His spirit lingers, ready to explode in a final cry, to scream against a world collapsing under the weight of its own darkness. Artaud-rock: because he remains that obsession, that brutal shock that grips us and never lets go.

STRIKING AND SCREWING

ANTONIN ARTAUD

"The words we use have been handed to me, and I use them, but only to make myself understood, not to finish emptying myself of them.

So why?

It's precisely because I don't use them.

In reality, I do nothing but remain silent and strike.

As for the rest, if I speak, it's because it's copulating—I mean, the universal fornication continues, which makes me forget not to think.

The reality is that I say nothing and do nothing, that I use neither words nor letters—I don't use words, and I don't even use letters.

I have never founded, launched, or followed a movement.

I was a surrealist, that's a fact, but I think I had to be one in fact, and I was one in fact, but I wasn't when I launched or signed manifestos unless it was to insult: a pope, a dalai lama, a buddha, a doctor, a scientist, a priest, a cop, a poet, a writer, a man, a teacher, a revolutionary, an anarchist, a cenobite, a hermit, a rector, a yogi, an occultist.

As for reactionaries, fascists, the now-installed communists, right-wingers and leftists—they can't be insulted, they can't be disintegrated, not even decomposed. This, what is said when one says: nature does it, it happens, but it's not enough; there is something more serious to be done in such a case.

So, then why, once again, a paper from you, Artaud, and why haven't you yet cleared out, after all the signs you've been given to leave. 'Make way for the young, the newcomers, those who have nothing left to say but who are here.

(Excerpt No. 1)

"I know a state beyond the mind, beyond consciousness, beyond being, where there are no longer words or letters, but which one enters through screams and blows.

Striking and screwing,

in the infernal blaze where the question of words or ideas never arises again.

Striking to death and screwing the face, screwing upon the face, is the last language, the last music I know, and I swear to you, bodies emerge from it, and they are LIVING BODIES.

ya menin
fra te sha
vazile
la vazile
a te sha menin
tor menin
e menin menila
ar menila
e inema imen."

Excerpt No. 2

"Striking and Screwing" by Antonin Artaud / Henschman and Supplication

ROCK

Héliogabale

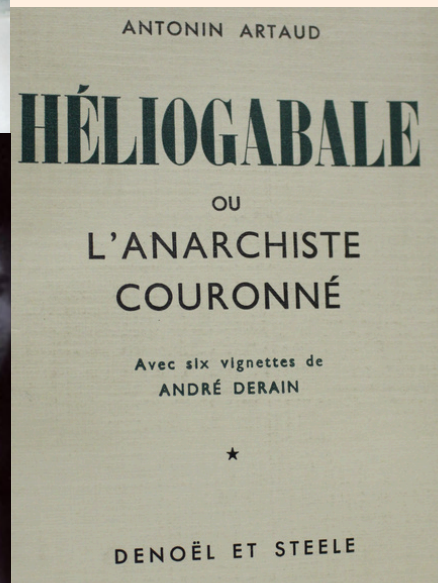
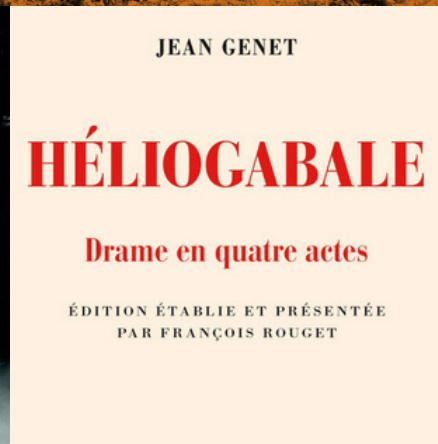


*Héliogabale is a noise rock band formed in Paris in 1992. From the start, the group distinguished itself with an unpredictable musical style that blends raw intensity and artistic sincerity. In 1995, they recorded their debut album, *Yolk*, with legendary producer Iain Burgess, laying the foundation for their unique sound. However, tragedy struck that same year when drummer Klaus Sélosse passed away. Undeterred, the band continued their journey, releasing the *To Pee* EP in 1996.*

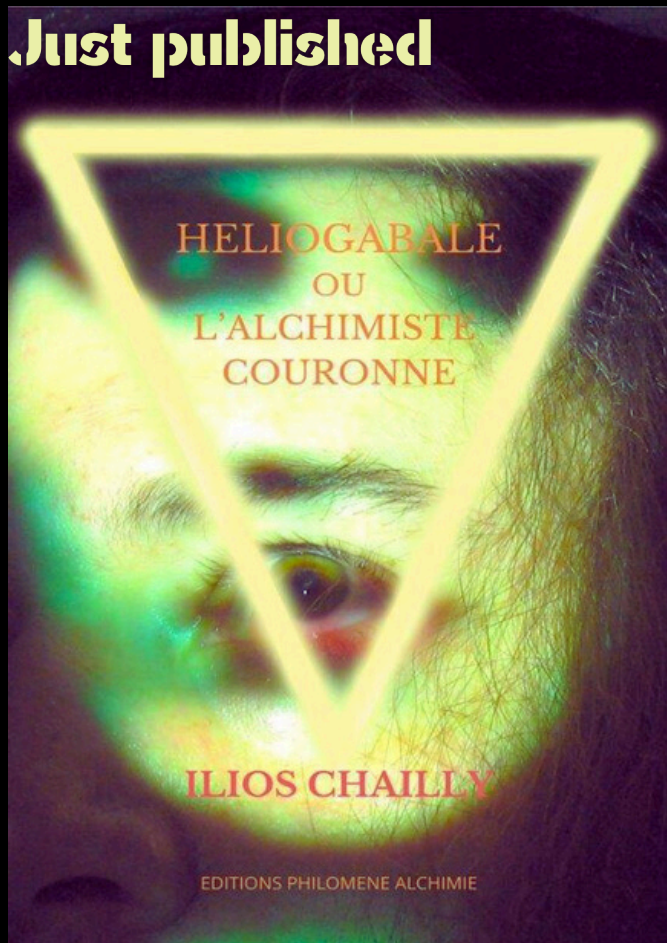
*In 1997, Héliogabale worked with Steve Albini to produce *The Full Mind Is Alone the Clear*, a pivotal album in their discography. Two years later, they recorded *Mobile Home* under the guidance of Al Sutton (known for his work with *Today Is The Day* and *Don Caballero*), which was released on the independent label *Prohibited Records*. With intense and unforgettable live performances, the band cemented its place in the French noise rock scene, alongside acts like *Condense* and *Portobello Bones*.*

*After a period of intense activity, the band took a step back in the early 2000s to pursue other projects. Sasha Andrès gained acclaim in cinema for her role in *Slegride Alnoy's Elle est des nôtres*, while Philippe Tiphaine toured globally with *M83*. Their return to the studio resulted in the 2004 album *Diving Rooms*, a milestone in their career. Fans had to wait until 2010 for their next release, *Blood*, an album produced by *Les Disques du Hangar 221* and *À Tant Réver Du Roi*, which explored brighter sonic landscapes while remaining true to the band's essence.*

*Since 2008, the members of Héliogabale have also been involved in a side project, *Simple Appareil*, which produced a seven-track demo. Balancing experimentation with their side projects, Héliogabale continues to evolve and stands as a significant reference in the independent rock scene.*



Just published



The cover was created by the artist Katonas Asimis.

www.editionsphilomenealchimie.com




Dive into the historical and esoteric mysteries with an in-depth analysis of Héliogabale ou l'anarchiste couronné by Antonin Artaud. This work unravels the fascinating story of Emperor Heliogabalus, a visionary and controversial figure who, at just fourteen years old, challenged the foundations of established power. Through a bold exploration of his reign, Artaud portrays him as the epitome of a spiritual anarchist—a ruler who defied convention, elevating himself to divinity in a Rome consumed by decadence.

Far from being a mere historical account, this volume delves into the philosophical, mystical, and alchemical dimensions that infuse Artaud's writing. Each chapter sheds light on recurring themes in Heliogabalus' story, such as chaos, power, and the interplay between the sacred and the profane. Through this lens, Artaud offers a profound reflection on the destruction of societal and religious structures to carve out a realm of absolute freedom rooted in the sacred.

This analysis transcends the bounds of a fictionalized biography, exploring key themes like esoteric numerology, the symbolism of Eastern deities, and the pivotal role of Syrian temples—essential elements in grasping the cosmic vision of this extraordinary emperor.

Additionally, the book draws unique connections between Heliogabalus, Apollonius of Tyana, and Râm—figures emblematic of a primordial tradition tracing its lineage back to Atlantis and Hyperborea.



John Zorn

Six Litanies for Heliogabalus

The infamous *Moonchild/Astronome* Trio of Patton, Dunn and Baron returns to the studio this time aided by the searing organ of Jamie Saft, the complex electronics of Ikue Mori and a small female chorus to realize Zorn's latest project *Six Litanies for Heliogabalus*. Inspired by the decadent excesses of the Roman emperor/child-god who made Caligula and Nero look like reasonable human beings—smothering his dinner guests to death in a rain of perfumed rose petals—these six compositions (including an outrageous new piece for solo voice) explode with color, imagery and intensity. A startling blend of Metal, Contemporary Classical, Jazz and Mediaeval Music.

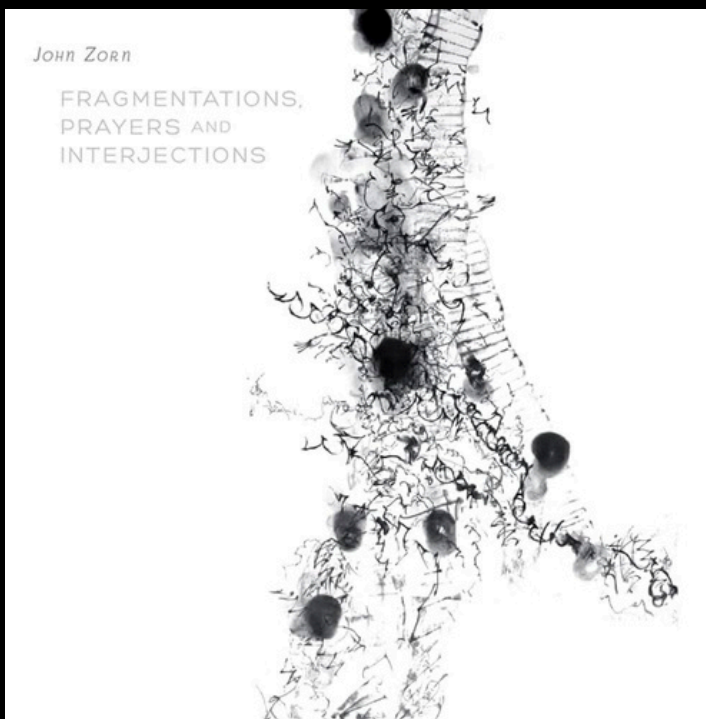
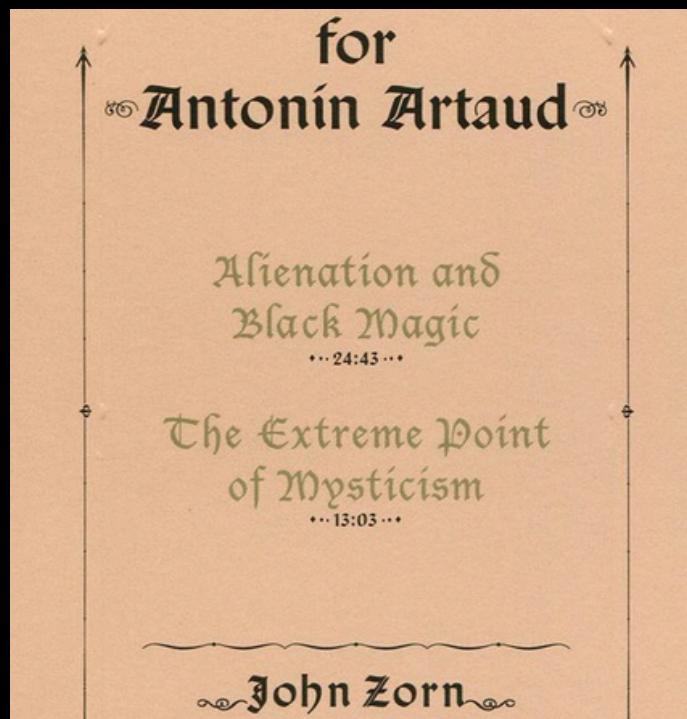
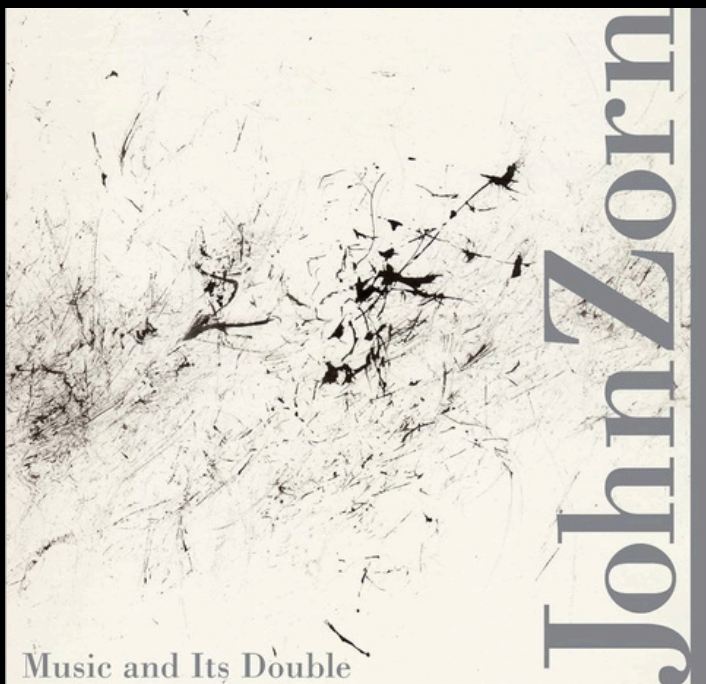


TZADIK

John Zorn's

SIX LITANIES FOR HELIOGABALUS





Patti Smith



Patti Smith, an iconic figure in rock music and a celebrated American poet, has long held a profound admiration for Antonin Artaud, the French poet and playwright. This fascination has inspired several artistic endeavors in homage to Artaud.

In 2019, Patti Smith collaborated with the Soundwalk Collective to create the album *The Peyote Dance*, inspired by Artaud's journey to Mexico and his encounter with the Tarahumara Indians. The album explores themes of spirituality and transformation, central to Artaud's work. Between 2022 and 2023, the Centre Pompidou in Paris hosted Evidence, a sound and visual installation conceived by Patti Smith and the Soundwalk Collective. This immersive piece traced the travels and writings of three French poets—Arthur Rimbaud, Antonin Artaud, and René Daumal—highlighting their quests for the absolute and the otherworldly.

On March 4, 2023, the anniversary of Artaud's death, Patti Smith and Stephan Crasneanski presented a performance at the Centre Pompidou titled *Ivry: Remembering Antonin Artaud*. The event honored the writer through readings of his letters, recitations of Patti Smith's poems, and discussions about the creation of *The Peyote Dance*.

Patti Smith

Ivry

In a room like any other
in a room like no other
in this solitary cell
clouded with night
at the foot of the bed
straight at his length
the conjured twist
and nascent spark
of a yawning soul

In the comic stillness
straining dangling feet
minus one leather shoe
slowly stepping past
an image of himself
in a favored chair
in his old dark coat
enacting gone ritual
through him revived

In the spreading dawn
the cross and the sword
and the unholy mother
form the blood vine
the ignited tallow
the born, unborn
excrement of sorrow
in the burning hollow
of Ivry, as time mourns

A Poem for Antonin Artaud
By Patti Smith



This photograph of Patti Smith depicts the shoes that Antonin Artaud might have worn. It was also published in the book *Patti Smith, un livre d'un jour*, released by Gallimard in 2023.



PATTI SMITH BY KATONAS ASMIS

magazine littéraire



ANTONIN ARTAUD

In April 1984, Issue No. 206 of *Le Magazine littéraire* featured an article by Patrice Bollon titled *Artaud-Rock*, accompanied by a photograph of Artaud and Varese. The article begins with the question: "If Artaud were alive today, would he be making rock music?" According to the author, bands such as *The Doors*, *Suicide*, the *Sex Pistols*, *Joy Division*, and artists like Janis Joplin realized the vision Artaud had once imagined.

**ANTONIN
ARTAUD**

FANZINE

KRIME SONIK

ART / ROCKS ACTUELS

THE GRIEF
ASYLUM PARTY
VOODOO MUZAK
OPERA MULTI STEEL

PEEK A BOO
PRO MEMORIA
LEDA ATOMICA

FIELDS OF
THE NEPHILIM

PIXIES

BIRDLAND

FUZZTONES

NEO / LE PRISONNIER

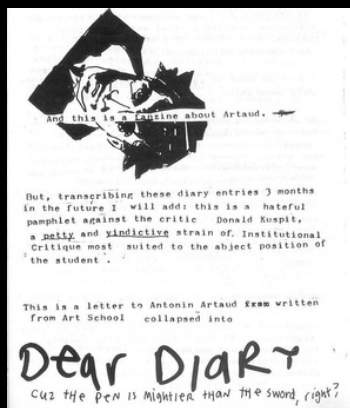
ANTONIN ARTAUD



Artaud-Mania: The Diary of a Fan is a fanzine created by Johanna Fateman in 1997 during her final year at New York's School of Visual Arts. This deeply personal and artistic project, characterized by a punk and confessional style, explores the intersecting roles of fan, student, critic, and artist through the lens of Antonin Artaud's life and work. Inspired by the exhibition Antonin Artaud: Works on Paper at MoMA in 1996–1997, Fateman reflects on this landmark retrospective and related events held at the Drawing Center, which featured intellectuals such as Jacques Derrida, Susan Sontag, and Gayatri Spivak.

Originally produced at a Kinko's in the Lower East Side and distributed through underground networks, *Artaud-Mania* resurfaced in 2010 as part of the Riot Grrrl Collection at NYU's Fales Library, reigniting interest in this rare document. Now, the 26th-anniversary edition, enhanced with a new preface by Fateman titled Notes on Artaud-Mania, serves as a powerful testament to Artaud's enduring influence on New York's alternative cultural scene.

Johanna Fateman, a critic and musician, is a prominent figure in the New York art world. She writes for *4Columns* and contributes to *The New Yorker*, with past work for *Artforum*. As a former member of the band *Le Tigre*, Fateman uses her fanzine to highlight the lasting fascination Artaud continues to inspire within the contemporary art world.



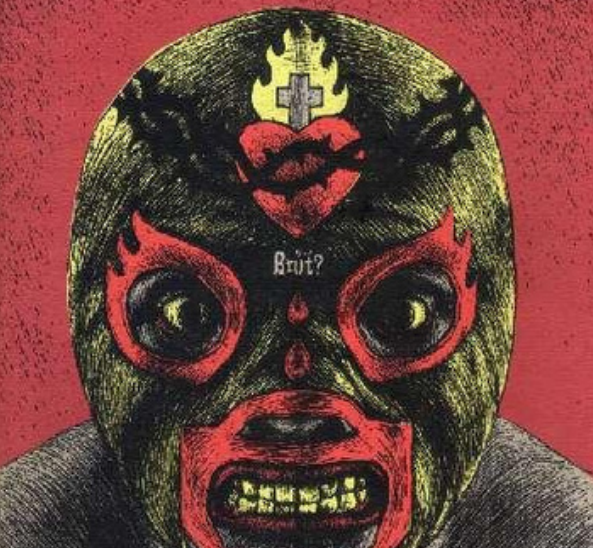
FOG ZINE



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Crass, Humeurs, Berlin, Ronds Noirs, Etc,...*

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Camioneros

Libertad sobre ruedas

RaVES

en Bs.As. Festin tribal

radio Babel

La alternativa dentro del Borda

las **Putas**
del cementerio

dossier

Artaud

3



HAZAROSAMENTE Y ADVERTIR LO QUE EL YO, ANTE EL MUNDO, TO CRED QUE DE ESO NO SALE UNA FILOSOFIA...
AUNQUE EL ASOMA COMO FILOSOFO, AL ADVERTIRNO...
ACERCA DE LA ACTIVIDAD INTERIOR, PARECE QUE EL MIRADA
QUIEREN ESCRIBIR LA LITERATURA Y EL MAL, QUE
DESPUES ESCRIBO OTRO GRAN ESCRITO CON BATALLA...
PERO ES COMO SI EL LO ENCARRARA, ARTAUD ES UN NOBE
ATORRENTADO INCONCERNIBLE. NO ERA MUY BANDO EL TIPO.
ERA MENTISTICO, PUE ADICTO A LA MORFINA Y A OTRAS
TODA SU VIDA PARA TRATAR DE EVADIR LOS

ART / ROCKS ACTUELS

THE GRIEF
ASYLUM PARTY
VOODOO MUZAK
OPERA MULTI STEEL
PEEK A BOO
PRO MEMORIA
LEDA ATOMICA
FIELDS OF
THE NEPHILIM
PIXIES
BIRDLAND
FUZZTONES
NEO / LE PRISONNIER
ANTONIN ARTAUD

PHASE 15 PRINT TEMPS 90 15F

UN CRI DANS L'ART

Le Pigeon-Serpent

CRIME SCENE / 31

Rafaelle C.J.



BIBLIOGRAPHIE

Cahiers de Rodez (plusieurs volumes).

On peut lire aussi Artaud en poche : Les Tarahumaras (Idées/Callimard), Le Théâtre et son double (Idées/Callimard), L'Ombligo des Limbes et autres textes (Poésie/Gall.), Heligobale (L'Imaginaire), Le Moine de Lewis (Folio) (Idéal pour une première approche d'Artaud). Messages révolutionnaires (Idées/Callimard).

KRIME SONIK / 33

OUT

INTERVIEWS:
TREPONEM PAL
RESEAU
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**JOUEZ AVEC LES
WASHINGTONS**

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CRIME &
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GHOST DANCE

AND ALSO THE TAKES

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A N T O N I N

"Il faut être sensible au courage d'Antonin Arnaud.
Le courage absolument fantastique qu'il lui a fallu
déployer pour faire face; pour braver l'opinion, pour
courir les pires dangers. A ses yeux, c'est l'un des
plus grands créateurs du siècle. Je le mets au même
rang que Picasso ou que Giacometti!"

(J. Luchal)

[illegible]

A R T A U D

qu'il s'est responsable de sa scul
*Et maintenant
Vous les étres
J'ai à vous dire que vous m'avez
toujours fait sauter
Et s'il vous faire
Enrager
La comète
De la parpouette
Mormons
DE L'INTERIEUR
L'ÉTAT DE TEXAS



ORTES AVEC LEUR
SE DU MONDE PESE
COTE DE L'OUVER-
ET ON SE LES



Le livre d'Alain et Odette Vireux délivre artaud des confidences sur la vie, les amours réduits, les associations infamantes et des critiques d'artistes d'où Jean Paul Aron échappé par l'invasion du "m'importe-quoi" d'œuvre d'artaud sorti grand de cette mise au point d'écritement indéniable.

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée.

TRIMESTRIEL

LIMOGES

JUIN 1989



• Marquis de Sade
• Lydia Lunch
• Peter Saville
• Sordide Sentimental
• The Prunes
• Antonin Artaud

• Interviews
• Die Bunker
• Complot Bronswick
• Laibach
• Martin Dupont
• Rerum Novarum

N°3

FANZINE 12 ^{FRS}



ANTONIN ARTAUD

ou

LES TENTATIVES D'UN ETOUFFEMENT

"The young man held a gun to the head of God..." (Bauhaus)

ARTAUD (Antonin), écrivain français, né à Marseille (1896-1948). Poète (tric-trac du ciel, le Pèse-Nerfs), il a influencé profondément la littérature moderne, à la fois par son aventure intérieure, qui le conduisit à la folie, et par sa conception du "théâtre de la cruauté" (le théâtre de son double, 1938).

Voilà. Il n'y a plus rien à dire. Ces quelques mots extraits d'un dictionnaire quelconque résument l'attitude de la société

envers Artaud-le-Mômo. Si ce sont vraiment ces trois lignes, alors vous êtes des cons.

Vous avez voulu le définir. Eh bien! Je vais moi aussi le définir:

"Artaud-le-Mômo ne peut être défini. Il n'y a rien à dire, si ce n'est tout". Si vous croyez trouver en Antonin Artaud cet être encore vivant aujourd'hui malgré vos tentatives d'assassinat, si vous croyez trouver dans son audition visuelle la provocation et l'amusement que celle-ci peut procurer, alors caca je vous dis.

Croyez-moi. Ou ne me croyez pas. Ce ne sont pas les quelques lignes qui vont suivre qui vous permettront d'avoir seulement un aperçu d'ARTAUD. Poète, acteur, metteur en scène, génie à ses temps perdus, c'est un homme, un être plus exactement créé pour parler, crier, gueuler. En témoignant ses conférences tumultueuses, dont la plus célèbre est celle du Vieux-Colombier en 1946. En témoignant également ses quelques rôles pour le théâtre ou le cinéma; ainsi, en 1926, s'écrit-il, grimaçant en évêque à l'occasion du papal en Mathusalem. "Il y a dans l'être quelque chose de particulièrement tentant pour l'homme, et ce quelque chose est justement le CACA!" Imaginons-le encore, lors de l'une de ses conférences à la Sorbonne, jouer un être mourant de la peste. Pour cela il n'hésite pas à représenter l'agonie, couché sur sa chaire. Il hurle, il délire, représente sa propre crucifixion. Car Artaud (et c'est à signaler) est effectivement mort il y a deux mille et quelques années sur une croix. C'est vous. C'est moi. Ne le voyez vous pas se balancer sur sa croix, au gré du vent. Oh? Mais là! Là!!! En face de vous, sur ce papier! En vérité, je vous le dis. Si Artaud a été emprisonné dans un asile psychiatrique c'est qu'il vous faisait peur. Vous préférez demeurer. Vous préférez demeurer, embourbés que vous êtes dans vos notions, vos préjugés, neuf ans... neuf longues années qu'il a passées ainsi. Et vous dites, vous assurez, ainsi que Monsieur Larousse, qu'Artaud-le-Mômo est fou. Fou? par rapport à vos notions? Ahahaha!! Et à présent, vous prétendez faire d'Antonin Artaud un mythe: "le poète maudit, le prophète de l'antipsychiatrie, le rénovateur du théâtre moderne..." Mais de qui vous foutez-vous?

Parce que en effet, il est le véritable innovateur du théâtre moderne.

"ibi, esprit, perioprit, pan-esprit, par ago, tant à go, tamichto, tapistro, pampita, pra-brahma, par a bo, pa ta pho, para-brah-pitr'a fa"

"Que mes phrases sonnent le français ou le papou,

c'est exactement ce dont je me fous."

Olivier Penot-Lacassagne

ARTAUD UNDERGROUND

*"If Artaud were alive today, would he be into rock? Posed so abruptly, the question seems incongruous—an ill-conceived joke, an easy paradox," wrote Patrice Bollon in 1984. "And yet!" he added. "One only needs to carefully read *The Theater and Its Double* to constantly notice obvious parallels between Artaud's conception and the way rock operates—or should operate. This 'spectacle of temptation where life has everything to lose,' this 'language of sounds, cries, lights, and onomatopoeias' (*The Theater of Cruelty*) that 'uses vibrations and vocal qualities,' 'desperately tramples rhythms,' 'hammers sounds,' and 'aims to exalt, numb, enchant, and seize sensitivity'—where today could one find a better illustration of this than in rock, in its best moments, of course?"*

Alongside academic studies attempting to untangle the complex threads of Artaud's work, the rock scene has occasionally shown interest in Momo. Thus, in *The New York Times Magazine* on December 21, 1975, Tony Hiss and David McClelland detected Artaud's influence in the stage performance of the young poet and singer Patti Smith: *"Patti's a smart performer. Using techniques similar to those recommended by Antonin Artaud, who created the 'Theater of Cruelty,' she sets up a powerful dramatic tension by alternately scaring and eliciting protective feelings from an audience."* In an interview with journalist Lisa Robinson, the singer later confirmed Artaud's importance in shaping her vision of rock, where certain recently deceased figures—particularly Jimi Hendrix and Jim Morrison—rubbed shoulders with the author of *The Theater and Its Double*: *"Jim Morrison probably got the closest to being an artist within rock and roll, I think. I don't know what Hendrix was—he was like some prophet madman. He was like a rock and roll Artaud, because he had some kind of demon within him and he was trying to express it, or to find a forum for it, but it just swallowed him up like it did Artaud."*

A certain image of Artaud, clearly far from academic, was thus shaped and disseminated by the Anglo-American rock scene, which, at the time, often mixed music, performance, and poetry. The involvement of Beat Generation poets and writers such as Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, and Michael McClure, as well as the 1965 publication of an Artaud anthology by *City Lights Books* in San Francisco, likely facilitated this crystallization. But this interest would also manifest itself in France a decade later, in the fragile and marginal pages of fanzines born from the punk wave of 1976-1977, which freely exploited Momo's sulphurous persona.

[1] Patrice Bollon, "Artaud rock," *Magazine littéraire*, no. 206, April 1984, p. 40.

[2] Before the album *Horses* (1975), Patti Smith published several poetry collections: *Seventh Heaven*, *Early Morning Dream*, and *A Useless Death* in 1972, *Witt* in 1973.

[3] Antonin Artaud. Anthology, edited by Jack Hirschman, San Francisco, *City Lights Books*, 1965.

The relationship between the music scene and literature is well established, as exemplified by figures such as Bob Dylan (recipient of the Nobel Prize in Literature in 2016) and Jim Morrison, lead singer of the Californian band The Doors. The band's name was inspired by Aldous Huxley's *The Doors of Perception* (1954), and Morrison famously described himself as a man of words rather than a singer [4]. Similarly, it is impossible to discuss the psychedelic scene of the 1960s (*The Grateful Dead*, *Quicksilver Messenger Service*, *Jefferson Airplane*, *Spirit*...) without referencing key works by Timothy Leary, the confessions of Thomas De Quincey, Baudelaire's *Artificial Paradises*, Carlos Castaneda's *The Teachings of Don Juan*, or even the peyote rituals of the Tarahumara people, as recounted by Antonin Artaud.

The punk counterculture marked a stark break from the utopian idealism of the 1960s, offering instead a disenchanting vision of the world [5]. While punk thrived in London, its musical roots lay in raw American urban rock (The Stooges, MC5, The New York Dolls). *The Sex Pistols*, the flagship band of British punk, captured the disillusionment of working-class England, grappling with a severe economic and social crisis. Their cry of *No Future in God Save the Queen*, released in 1977—the year of Queen Elizabeth II's Silver Jubilee—became an anthem for an impoverished and marginalized England.

However, after the *Sex Pistols* disbanded in January 1978, punk—now heavily publicized and commercialized—sought to shed the trappings and clichés imposed by a sensationalist press. Alongside this commodified version of punk, a post-punk wave emerged, often referred to as the cold wave (*Siouxsie and the Banshees*, *Public Image Ltd*, *Joy Division*, *Wire*, *Cabaret Voltaire*, *Cocteau Twins*, *Dead Can Dance*...), which explored the "new ice age" of the 1980s [6].

It was in this context that the English band *Bauhaus* released the album *Burning from the Inside* in 1983, featuring the track Antonin Artaud. Bauhaus had first gained recognition with *Bela Lugosi's Dead* [7], their debut single released in 1979, which appeared four years later in the opening scene of Tony Scott's film *The Hunger* [8]. Following the success of *Bela Lugosi's Dead*, Bauhaus intrigued their audience once more with Antonin Artaud, a figure unfamiliar to many fans but one who piqued their curiosity. The song, rich in striking imagery, helped to mysteriously popularize this enigmatic literary and theatrical icon.

*The young man held a gun to the head of God/ Stick this holy cow
Put the audience in action/ Let the slaughtered take a bow*

*The old man's words, white hot knives/ Slicing through warm butter
The butter is the heart/ The rancid peeling soul*

*Scratch pictures on asylum walls/ Broken nails and matchsticks
Hypodermic hypodermic hypodermic/ RED FIX*

*One man's poison another man's meat/ One man's agony another man's treat
Artaud lived with his neck paced firmly in the nose/ Eyes black with pain*

Limbs in cramps contorted/ The theater and its double

The void and the aborted/ THOSE INDIANS WANK ON HIS BONES (repeat) [9].

[4] Jim Morrison's poems were translated and published in France in 1978 by Bourgois Editions under the title *Une Prière américaine et autres écrits*.

[5] See Olivier Penot-Lacassagne, "What Is a Counter-Culture?" (pp. 3-19) and "1968-1978: The Metamorphoses of Counter-Culture" (pp. 211-231), in *Contre-cultures!*, Paris, CNRS Editions, 2013.

[6] Nick Kent, "Bansheed: What's in an Image?", *New Musical Express*, August 26, 1978.

[7] Bauhaus, maxi-single *Bela Lugosi's Dead* (London, Small Wonder Records, 1979). Bela Lugosi (1882-1956) was a Hungarian-American actor who portrayed Count Dracula on stage and in film.

[8] *The Hunger* (French title: *Les Prédateurs*) by Tony Scott (1983), starring David Bowie and Catherine Deneuve.

[9] Bauhaus, *Burning from the Inside* (London, Beggars Banquet/Virgin Records, 1983).

The name of Artaud was certainly not unknown in certain musical circles, but its circulation remained limited: only a few individuals, bands, and fanzines focused on industrial music or outsider art spoke of him, presenting him as a man of extremes, a devotee of the “theatre of plague,” “cruelty,” and hallucinatory experiences. *Bauhaus*’s striking reference to him managed to ignite the interest of a broader audience. Artaud’s denunciations of his era, his mystical outbursts, his singular interpretation of anarchy, and the rumors surrounding his name made him a captivating figure. Here and there, individuals drew inspiration from his rebellious spirit, much like Héliogabale, in that “spirit of profound anarchy at the root of all poetry” Artaud had claimed in his 1931 essay *La Mise en scène et la métaphysique*. Yet, despite *Bauhaus*’s unexpected appropriation of Artaud, few French fanzines mentioned his work. Nevertheless, while the phenomenon remained marginal, it did exist. Here are four examples.

Hello Happy TaxPayers, or The Suicide of Society

The fanzine *Hello Happy TaxPayers*, printed in Bordeaux in the 1980s, was primarily devoted to contemporary post-punk music. Several musical trends were covered: cold wave, hardcore, industrial, and noise music, along with various forms of cultural and artistic expression, including literature, painting, cinema (even pornography), comics, and outsider art. The authors and artists featured embraced an “underground” approach.

In issue no. 2, published in March 1984, a text titled *Le suicidé de la société* (pp. 27–28), written by Philippe Sauquère, appeared. The piece revolves around quotations from Artaud and recounts a long tragic descent, beginning in childhood (“*In the beginning, there is the body – The child’s body already suffering from troubling psychological disorders, where each second already counts as an eternity of hell*”) and ending in March 1948, when the Momo performs “his final dance”: And he will dance. (But the earth will persist in moving in the same direction, like an implacable marching army). And it will be his last dance, the dance of the end, through which he will never return. Today, at the borders of the impalpable and the immaterial, the poet has flown away one last time, above our heads, to become once again the archangel of his dreams, while for us life continues sadly to unwind on the great reel. Farewell Cloud, Farewell Antonin!

The story, loosely inspired by Artaud’s biography, becomes that of a man waging war on his own body: “*He tortures it and displays it on stage. He openly exposes it on screen or furiously destroys it in his writings.*” It is also the story of a man who experiences mystical visions: “*He is seen leaving human reality and becoming, for a time, an archangel, as in Fritz Lang’s Liliom, or an Indian in the Tarahumara tribe somewhere in Mexico.*” Finally, it is the story of a patient at Ville-Évrard and Rodez: “[...] *all of hell [...] closes in on him, with its procession of walls and bars,*” released shortly before his death but never fully regaining his freedom: “*We know how difficult it is for a man to detach himself from the alienation of the world and society.*”

[10] *Liliom* is a film directed by Fritz Lang in 1934 (black and white, 118 minutes). Artaud appears in the role of the knife grinder guardian angel.

HELLO HAPPY TAXPAYERS



CLASSÉ X

BUSH
TETRAS

ARTAUD

CAMERA
SILENS

THE FIRM

YOU'VE GOT

l'initient au culte du peyotl. Retour en France, cure de désintoxication, mais il cherche toujours (quoi?). Il étudie les tarots et l'astrologie. Il vagabonde avec une canne (magique!) de St Patrick, va en Irlande, se fait expulser, et est finalement interné en 1938. Ensuite suivent presque 10 ans d'asile psychiatrique (surtout à Rodez) 10 ans de lutte et d'écrits courageux, lucides, dramatiques, non dénués d'humour. Libéré grâce à ses amis, il donne sa célèbre et impressionnante conférence au Vieux-Colombier le 13 janvier 1947, puis il recommence une vie publique "normale". Il est admiré, enfin. La Radio lui commande même une émission mais celle-ci, "Pour en finir avec le Jugement de Dieu", sera censurée (elle existe peut-être en disque, sûrement sur une bande à Radio-France). Il meurt d'un cancer de l'anus le 4 mars 1948.



Cheval, les peintures de Van Gogh, de Munch, la poésie de Nerval, Baudelaire, Poe, les créations de "l'art brut" (art des gens qui sont des cas psychiatriques), l'expérience profondément humaine d'Artaud ou d'Henri Michaux. Et les écorchés vifs sont aussi dans le rock, on ne peut pas ne pas noter ici la poésie de Jim Morrison, l'angoisse de Ian Curtis, la cruauté de Birthday Party, les hurlements des Stooges, l'esprit de destruction de Einstürzende Neubauten. Bon, revenez sur terre maintenant, tapez du pied trois fois, le sol est bien là? Alors buvez à la santé d'Artaud.



Antonin Artaud

Antonin Artaud, le suicidé de la société.

"Ce n'est pas pour ce monde-ci, ce n'est jamais pour cette terre-ci que nous avons tous toujours travaillé, lutté, brisé l'horreur de faim, de misère, de haine de scandale et de dégoût, que nous fûmes tous empoisonnés bien que par elles nous ayons tous été envoutés et que nous nous sommes enfin suicidés car ne sommes nous pas tous comme le pauvre Van Gogh lui-même, des suicidés de la société!"

A. Artaud
Van Gogh, le suicidé de la société.

Au commencement, il y a le corps - Corps de l'enfant qui souffre déjà d'inquiétants troubles psychiques et pour qui chaque seconde compte déjà comme une éternité d'enfer. Et ce corps "inespionnable", fait de viande et de sperme frotte lentement et s'agite pour ne plus laisser transparaitre que la douleur: voilà l'homme habité d'abominables monstres qui trouent sa chair et le laissent tristement pantelant sur le lit de quelques enfers aux murs blancs - Premières agonies - Mais l'homme se ressaisit vite car il sait provisoirement renouer le dialogue avec ce corps qui veut le lâcher.

"J'ai le culte non pas du moi mais de la chair dans le sens sensible du mot chair"

Et il part alors en guerre contre ce corps qui l'étouffe. Il le torture et l'étale sur les planches. Il l'expose ouvertement à l'écran ou encore le détruit furieusement dans ses écrits comme pour mieux le dépouiller de son contenu maléfique. Son cri est un choc. Il persévère. Car il lui faut sortir des limites de sa propre peau, entrer dans ce long processus introspectif qui va le conduire inexorablement à l'expérience mystique.

"Cette paralysie qui m'étouffe... Un noeud d'apoplexie centrale... non étouffement... mon estomac dont les noeuds se rejoignent à la putréfaction de la vie..."

Et on le voit alors quitter cette humaine réalité et devenir un temps archange comme dans le LIKON de Fritz Lang ou encore indien dans la tribu des Tarahumaras quelque part au Mexique. Partout, il crie, et toute sa révolusion même de l'existence est à travers lui, qui boit comme si elle était notre maladie, la maladie du monde - Et le peyotl est là seulement pour prolonger cette longue plainte, laissant "l'homme seul, raciant désespérément la musique de son squelette sans père, mère, famille, amour, Dieu, ou société..." Seulement, cette confrontation réelle et vécue de l'homme avec sa propre conscience finit par agacer les sens de ceux qui prétendent conduire la science. Et c'est à nouveau, tout l'Enfer qui se referme sur lui, avec sa cohorte de murs et de grilles. Satan est là qui veille et commande les opérations.

"Chaque nuit, mon lit est aménagé dans un centre initiatique différent et j'y subis quelques mutilations de plus et me réveille chaque matin, un peu plus apyxyxié et titubant, avec des grappes de femmes suspendues à mon cou, à ma tête, à mon ventre..."

L'homme s'endort alors dans un grand rêve et tout son génie s'envole vers des contrées inexploitées. Jusqu'à ce jour du printemps quarante six où on le revêt "libre" à nouveau, entouré de ses amis. Maigre liberté cependant quand on sait combien il est dur pour l'homme de se détacher de l'atmosphère du monde et de la société ne s'écroule pas.

CLASSÉ



Collection Olivier Penot-Lacassagne

This initial text, accompanied by a brief biographical note, concludes with a short unsigned essay on madness. Indeed, the story of Le Momo, as detailed in established biographies (notably those by Paule Thévenin and Alain Virmaux), purportedly reveals nothing about his courage, lucidity, or unique condition, which "forces him to become a prophet or poet despite himself." The author ultimately draws a comparison often made between literature and music, asserting that "the raw and wounded also exist in rock," citing "the poetry of Jim Morrison, the anguish of Ian Curtis [11], the cruelty of *The Birthday Party* [12], the screams of *The Stooges*, and the destructive spirit of *Einstürzende Neubauten*." Such parallels are not new; certain names from the rock scene appear here as continuators of a tradition of creative and occasionally destructive madness, following in the footsteps of Van Gogh, Nerval, Munch, and Baudelaire.

Other rock fanzines also reference Artaud: *Destructor*, *Fog*, *Fogzine*, and *Upanishads/Le Morbague*. Despite differences in content, they operate similarly: they reproduce excerpts of his work, highlight various references to his name in the musical scene they chronicle, and create collages of texts and/or images, thereby self-producing "Artaud" and keeping his presence alive beyond traditional cultural and intellectual networks.

Destructor, or Theater and Culture

Destructor is a fanzine associated with the punk movement, drawing inspiration from the English anarcho-punk collective Crass. Its design reflects the aesthetic of the movement: photo collages, press clippings, drawings, short texts, and slogans reminiscent of British fanzines like Sniffin' Glue, founded by Mark Perry in 1976.

Artaud appears in issue no. 4, dated April 1984. His presence, though unexpected, is justified by the fanzine's declared purpose—stated from its very first issue—to denounce the established order and to align itself with figures who, at various moments, attempted to defy that order and invent new paths, breaking with what Artaud described as "the sinister state of current affairs." Accordingly, the text reproduced on pages 37 and 38 of *Destructor* includes the opening sentences of the preface *Le Théâtre et la Culture*, which introduces *Le Théâtre et son Double* (1938): "Never, when life itself is slipping away, has there been so much talk about civilization and culture. And there is a strange parallel between this generalized collapse of life underlying the current demoralization and the concern for a culture that has never coincided with life, and that is made to govern life. [...] Above all, we need to live and to believe in what makes us live, and that something makes us live."

The translation of Crass's statement—"You are already dead"—appears in the issue's table of contents and, echoing Artaud's text, introduces a reflection on the desire to escape a reality perceived as insipid and absurd. It reads: "The sudden thought, the illumination, that tells us there is something beyond the slavery in which we live, when for some obscure reason we are thrust back into early childhood, before the nightmare was implanted in our heads. Life is such a profound miracle. It is a tragedy that so few people can truly grasp its depth, its purity, its wonder." (pp. 9-14)

This desire to escape from a reality deemed suffocating and meaningless, and the hope of finding a path away from the "air-conditioned nightmare" (H. Miller), drive the ruptures of punk and post-punk. Artaud's words thus serve as mirrors in which they see themselves, as calls for secession, and as a resource for envisioning a genuinely possible life.

[11] Ian Curtis, singer and lyricist of the English band Joy Division (1976-1980), committed suicide on May 18, 1980.

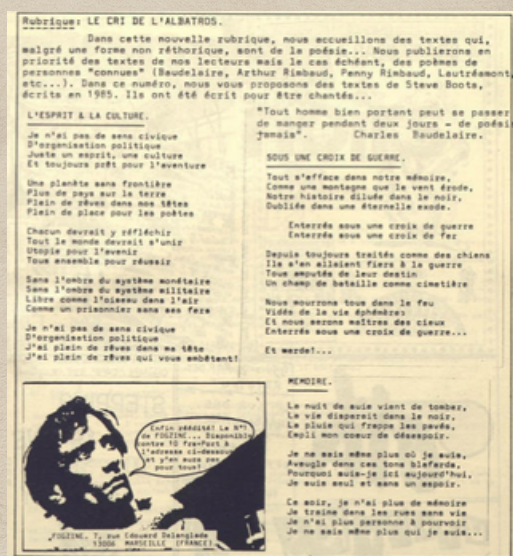
[12] *The Birthday Party*, an Australian post-punk band (1977). Originally from Melbourne and initially known as *The Boys Next Door*, they relocated to London in 1980, adopting the name *The Birthday Party*. Nick Cave is their most well-known member.

Fog et Fogzine

Fog is an eclectic, Marseille-based fanzine dedicated to a variety of musical genres (punk, 1950s rock'n'roll, blues, new wave) and open to literature (Lovecraft, Tennessee Williams, among others). In issue no. 1, published in June 1985 (pp. 10-12), Artaud's famous "*Letter to Monsieur the Legislator of the Law on Narcotics*," taken from *L'Ombilic des limbes* (1925), appears. The text is briefly introduced by a few lines underscoring its relevance, while also announcing the forthcoming release of writings, photographs, and tapes on Artaud, produced by the industrial music label Les Ballets Mécaniques. Notably, Artaud is not only cited but also mentioned (on page 3) as having figuratively "contributed" to the production of this first issue. This convergence of perspectives, shared intentions, and rhetoric is explicitly affirmed by the note, "Antonin Artaud (quite willingly)," underscoring the fanzine's militant appropriation of his legacy

The editorial team of *Fog* soon split into two distinct fanzines: *Crazy Bear* (focused on rock'n'roll and related genres) and *Fogzine* ("The Zine of Modern Rock'n'Punk"). The first issue of *Fogzine* continues in the spirit of *Fog*, featuring on its cover—without further explanation—a photo of Artaud from Carl Dreyer's 1927 film *The Passion of Joan of Arc*. In issue no. 2-3, published in June 1986, a brief review of the latest album by the Marseille-based noise band Parazites Murderprompts this comment from reviewer Gustav C.: "*On the packaging, a few words from Antonin Artaud [...] which I leave for you to chew over [words then cited].*" In issue no. 7, the final issue, published in May 1987, Artaud reappears in a series of photos cut from newspapers and accompanied by "subversive" quotations on culture and Europe, taken from *Messages révolutionnaires*. Here's an illustrative excerpt of the editorial stance (p. 33): "*When governments speak of culture today, they think of opening schools, running printing presses, and pouring ink, whereas to truly ripen culture, schools should be closed, museums burned, books destroyed, and printing presses smashed.*"

Clearly, the editors aim once again to highlight Artaud's rebellious persona, even at the risk of exaggeration through arbitrary excerpts and provocative collages, portraying him as a precursor to the May 1968 protesters and the most radical punks.



Upanishads/Le Morbaque, or the Rite of Tutuguri

A late offshoot of *Why*, the oldest rock fanzine in Marseille, which published over twenty issues, the fanzine *Upanishads/Le Morbaque* seeks, through its very title, to position itself under the sign of Artaud. The publication bears a double title: *Le Morbaque* and *Upanishads*, whose enigmatic nature is partially elucidated on page 3, where the following brief clarification can be found: “UPANISHADS! Why, here is the answer to your curiosity. Enamored with this marvelous vision of Antonin Artaud when he writes: ‘*Born of a womb in which I had no business and with which I have never had anything to do even before, because being copulated and masturbated for 9 months by the membrane is no way to be born, the shining membrane that devours without teeth as the ‘UPANISHADS’ say, and I know that I was born otherwise, of my works and not of a mother, but the MOTHER wanted to take me, and you see the result in my LIFE.*’ (n° 0, Marseille, 1990)

Although the articles in *Upanishads/Le Morbaque* are less rock-oriented than those in *Why*, they display a sharper tone of derision and critique: parodies of advertisements, compilations of press clippings highlighting societal ills (pollution, epidemics, etc.). Amid this corrosive collage, the fanzine dedicates two pages to Artaud, accompanied by photos of Tarahumara Indians and textual collages from his Mexican writings, including the poem *Tutuguri* (1948), where Artaud is said to speak of magic and hallucinatory experiences. This compilation of citations, evocative of Carlos Castaneda’s works, aims to situate Artaud within the literary tradition of artificial worlds that rock music has consistently drawn upon—from *The Doors* to *The Ramones* (“Sniffin’ Glue”), from Lou Reed and the *New York Dolls* (“Looking for a Kiss”) to Ian Dury (“Sex and Drugs and Rock’n’Roll”).

*

A systematic examination of the vast fanzine landscape from the 1980s to the 2000s would undoubtedly reveal the increasingly prominent presence of Artaud, showcased and appropriated in multiple ways. It would, of course, be easy to criticize or mock such approximate and sometimes inappropriate uses. However, engaging in such an exercise, which would be both inept and irrelevant, holds little interest. In the unique sphere of fanzines, a narrative emerges where Artaud’s name becomes a dynamic, living reference—constantly reinvented, a presence both fleeting and enduring, circulating and exchanged, entangled with others in the rapid interplay of striking insights and sharp allusions. What fanzine readers retain from Artaud are the abrasions, distortions, and the violence inflicted on the official narratives upheld by academies and institutions. The collective output of these independent micro-publications offers, beneath the radar, a passionate and militant image of Mômo, far removed from the refined light of academic readings. Depositing the fruits of their rebellious cogitations in a few rare distribution points, the fanzine creators persistently explore the antitheses of political and cultural orthodoxy. With punk and post-punk music as a unifying thread, they assert their freedom of creation, appropriation, détournement, tinkering, repurposing, and invention.

The selection of references is never arbitrary. Artaud rejected the dogmas and dogmatism of his era. A free thinker, he paid a high price for his commitment to freedom. This same commitment is perpetuated, in its own original way, through the (provisional, precarious, spontaneous) practice of fanzine-making—exploding into a myriad of practices and postures that constantly renew, transform, and sustain it.

A first version of this text, co-written with Alain Clerc, was published in the book *Artaud en revues* (edited by Olivier Penot-Lacassagne), Lausanne, Éditions L’Âge d’Homme, 2005, pp. 177-188. I am revisiting it here with slight modifications.

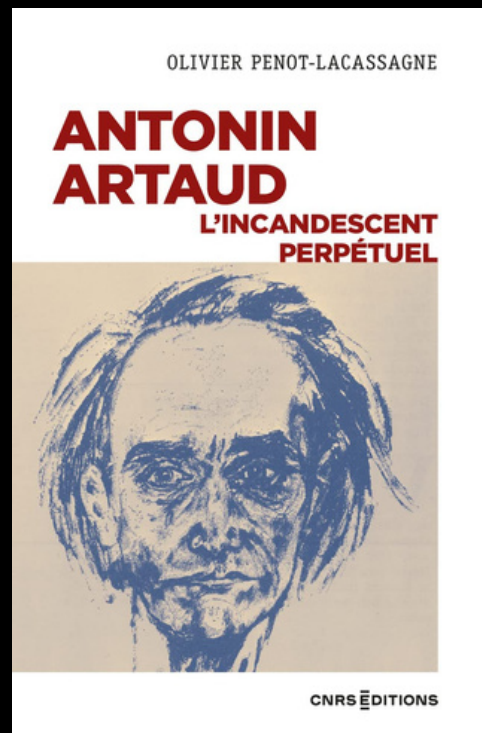
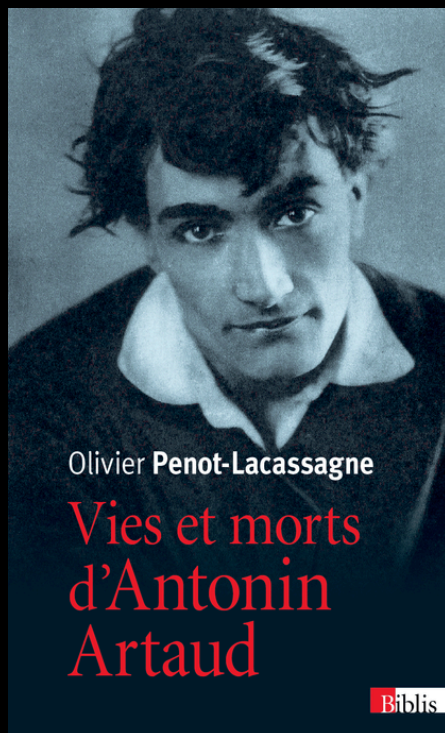
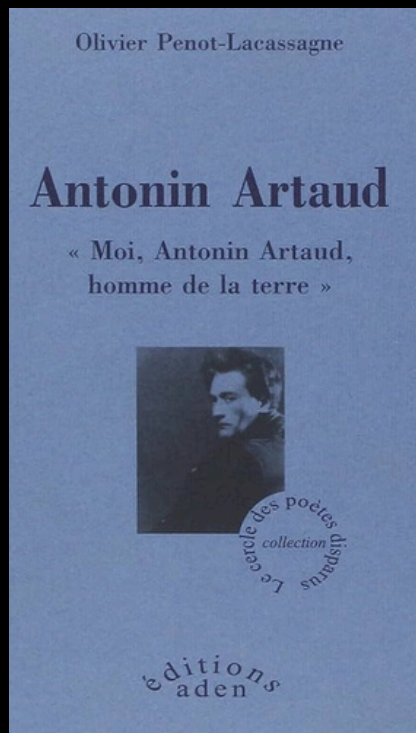
ARTAUD EN REVUES

SOUS LA DIRECTION
D'OLIVIER PENOT-LACASSAGNÉ



Olivier Penot Lacassagne

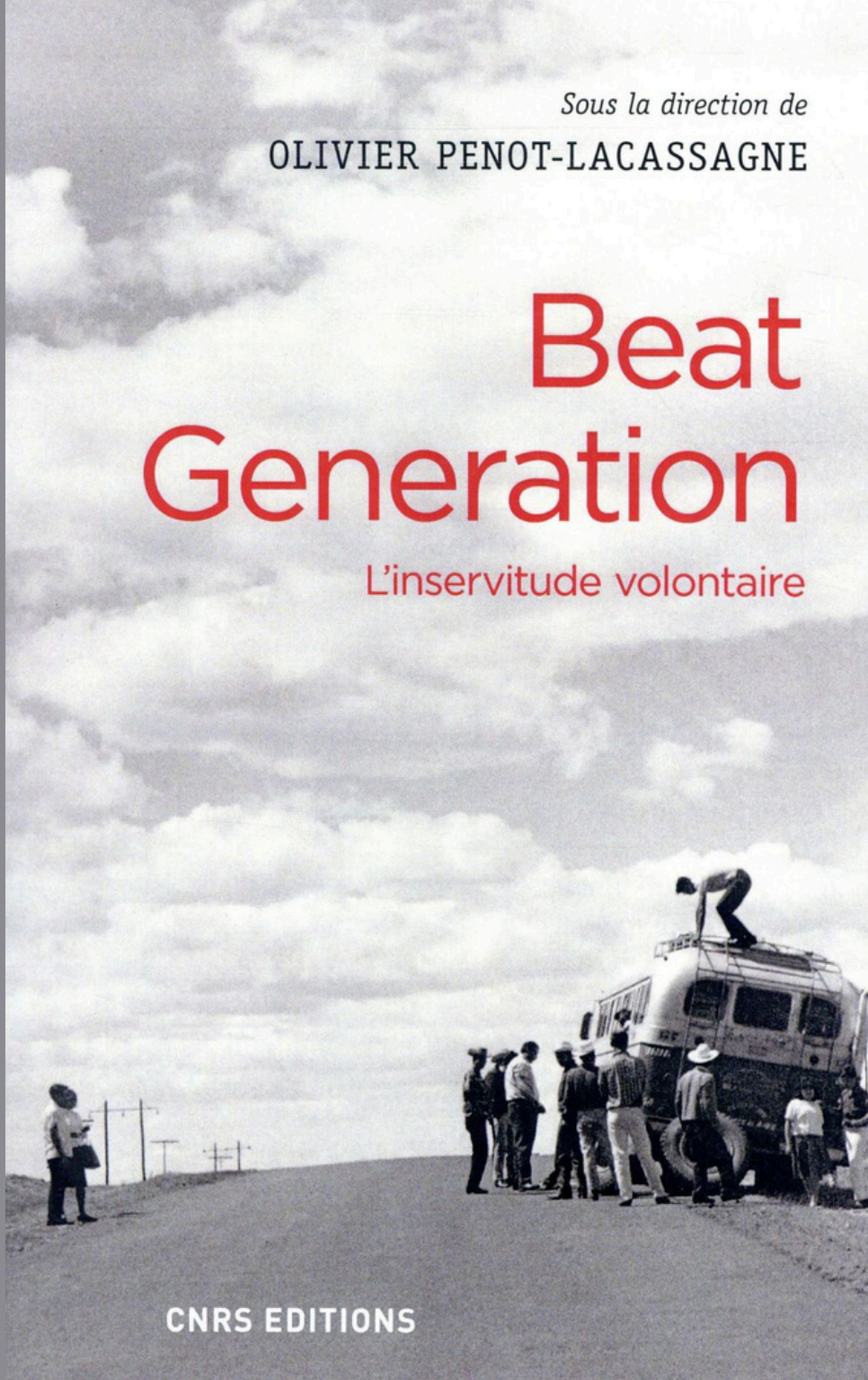
Olivier Penot-Lacassagne is a senior lecturer authorized to supervise research (HDR) at Sorbonne Nouvelle University. Holding a doctorate in literature from Paris III-Sorbonne Nouvelle University and a Ph.D. from Washington University in St. Louis, USA, he specializes in literary and theatrical avant-gardes. He has directed and published around fifteen works covering themes ranging from surrealism to counterculture, including poetry and performance. Notable among his publications are: *Modernités d'Antonin Artaud* (2001), Guillevic. *L'errance questionnante* (2004), *Antonin Artaud et les avant-gardes théâtrales* (2005), *Artaud en revues* (2005), *Aujourd'hui le Grand Jeu* (2006), and *Moi Antonin Artaud, homme de la terre*. More recently, he has published *(In)actualité du surréalisme* (2022), *Beat Generation: l'inservitude volontaire* (2018), *Poésie & Performance* (2018), *Vies et morts d'Antonin Artaud* (2015), *Back to Baudrillard* (2015), and *Contre-cultures !* (2013).



Sous la direction de
OLIVIER PENOT-LACASSAGNE

Beat Generation

L'inservitude volontaire



CNRS EDITIONS

ARTAUD MEETS BEATS

*"A young man with black hair came down the stairs, trembling, and read what I later discovered to be *Ci-Gît* by Artaud. I also remember a turbaned man shouting... For a long time, I believed the young man was Artaud, but one day I learned that Artaud was much older,"* Carl Solomon recounts in his book *Emergency Messages: An Autobiographical Miscellany*, describing what he believed to be his Parisian encounter with Antonin Artaud in July 1947.

Carl Solomon had just attended a reading of Artaud's texts, part of the exhibition *Portraits et dessins par Antonin Artaud* at the Galerie Pierre—not at Artaud's lecture at the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier, as is often mistakenly claimed. The young man he heard reading was likely Roger Blin, Artaud's assistant and close friend. Blin, reflecting on their relationship in an interview, said, *"I only know Artaud through his trajectory within me, which will never end."*

At the time, Carl, a 19-year-old Jewish American, was newly discharged from the U.S. Navy, where his ship had docked in La Rochelle's port of La Pallice. Overwhelmed by a desire to immerse himself in surrealism, existentialism, and post-war Marxist thought at their source, he spontaneously deserted and traveled to Paris. Living in Montparnasse, he visited the Louvre, attended a lecture by Jean-Paul Sartre on Kafka, and befriended students at the Cité Universitaire who introduced him to Prévert, Michaux, Isou, and Lettrism. One day, while wandering through Saint-Germain-des-Prés, he stumbled upon the Galerie Pierre, where a crowd had gathered. What followed was a life-altering encounter. Since that day, the young American had been captivated by Artaud—by his poetry, his cries, and the spirit channeled through Roger Blin. That Parisian afternoon seared itself into Carl's memory, and throughout his life, he worked tirelessly to spread the Artaud myth in America, influencing one of the most compelling literary movements of the 20th century.

After spending six weeks in France, hunger and practicality drove Carl back to the Navy, where he avoided punishment for his desertion. A year later, he returned to Paris to purchase Van Gogh, *le suicidé de la société*, the Artaud book that would mark him most profoundly. This visceral meditation on the *"suicides of society"* resonated deeply with Carl, who, in 1949, voluntarily committed himself to a psychiatric asylum in New Jersey to undergo a lobotomy. In the asylum's corridors, as he emerged from a hypoglycemic coma induced by insulin therapy, Carl opened his eyes and saw Allen Ginsberg, newly admitted and waiting for a bed. To avoid prison, Allen had accepted psychiatric internment after being convicted of drug-related charges. The judge hoped this intervention would "cure" him of his homosexual urges.

Alongside Gerd Stern, another young Jewish man from New York whose family had fled Nazi Germany in 1936, Carl formed an "infernal trio" in the heart of this literary asylum. Carl, who seemed to have brought his entire library with him, lent books, recounted his travels, and shared his love for French writers: Michaux, Isou, Genet, Céline, and, above all, Artaud. He mimicked and quoted Artaud tirelessly, reliving and retelling the extraordinary Parisian encounter that had indelibly shaped his life.

Allen, already familiar with Baudelairean poetry and the works of the accursed poets through Lucien Carr, was profoundly moved by the writings of Artaud and, naturally, by Carl's extraordinary story. In a letter to Kerouac, he recounted: "Solomon was wandering through Paris when he suddenly heard barbaric, electrifying screams in the street. Terrified, transfixed, utterly shaken, frozen, he saw a madman dancing in the street, repeating bebop phrases in a voice so fierce, his body rigid like a lightning bolt radiating energy—a madman who had flung open all the doors and was striding through Paris, shouting." After Gerd's departure, Carl and Allen would continue to philosophize and discuss literature, quoting Antonin Artaud and mimicking his screams—like those in the asylum at Rodez, like those under the torment of electroshock therapy. During these sessions, Allen Ginsberg meticulously recorded everything: Carl's anecdotes, his madness, his antics, and his screams.

After their release, Allen and Carl settled in New York. Carl began working for Ace Books, a publishing house owned by his uncle, A.A. Wyn. Meanwhile, Ginsberg, flourishing in his role as agent, editor, and promoter—both for his works and those of his circle—suggested the publication of *Junkie*, a manuscript by his friend William Burroughs. Though initially dismissed as unpublishable, Burroughs, under Allen's encouragement, revised the text to meet editorial standards. It was Carl who had the ingenious idea to publish *Junkie* in a dual-format paperback, pairing it with *Narcotic Agent*, a text by Maurice Helbrant chronicling the pursuit of drug addicts. This format allowed readers to flip between Burroughs' raw narrative and Helbrant's official account. Carl Solomon himself penned the preface, cementing his role as a critical figure in disseminating the works of his contemporaries. For Ginsberg, this success validated his burgeoning talent as an advocate and promoter.

When Ginsberg arrived in San Francisco in August 1954, the "Artaudian virus" had already taken hold among the poets of Big Sur and the Bay Area, albeit in a new form. This strain was less oral and performative, more literary and intellectual. One source was *Van Gogh: The Man Suicided by Society*, a text that resonated with Artaud's defiance of conventional reality. Another was *The Peyote Dance*, translated and published in 1948, which chronicled Artaud's encounter with the Tarahumara Indians and their peyote rituals in mystical, transformative terms. These works detonated like seismic waves in the hearts and minds of the Bay Area poets. Artaud's visionary calls—sometimes whispered, sometimes screamed—compelled them to explore the infinite, surrendering themselves to the spiritual and existential quests he described.

The post-surrealists, post-Dadaists, and proto-Beats of the San Francisco Renaissance could not resist the allure of peyote. This miraculous plant, once condemned by a religious edict as a threat to Catholic purity, had been forbidden under penalty of excommunication—a prohibition that only heightened its mystique. For poets drawn to Artaud's proclamation that "the world... has become abnormal," peyote offered a means of accessing Truth and the Self. Artaud's revelations resonated deeply with those who saw themselves as societal suicides, leading them to embrace nature's mystical forces. In the Bay Area, this message reverberated like a prelude to Timothy Leary's later mantra: "Turn on, tune in, drop out."

Phillip Lamantia, hailed by New York's avant-garde as a kind of American Rimbaud and recognized by André Breton during their meeting in New York as "a voice that rises once every hundred years," was deeply drawn to Artaud's writings and the psychotropic effects of peyote. He was among the first to partake in peyote during a religious ceremony with the Washoe, a Native American tribe of the Sierra Nevada. Later, he traveled to a mountain village in Mexico with avant-garde poet and filmmaker Christopher Maclaine to relive and document these mythical rites. Upon his return to the U.S., Lamantia introduced peyote to the Bay Area scene, where Allen Ginsberg would later have his first experiences in San Francisco. It was during one of these peyote trips that Ginsberg envisioned Moloch, the iconic figure of *Howl*. Meanwhile, in Mexico, William Burroughs, inspired by Artaud's peyote journey, sought out Yage, the hallucinogenic ayahuasca vine, eventually finding it in Colombia. However, Yage never attained the legendary status of Artaud's peyote.

In San Francisco, Ginsberg immersed himself in the poetic energy of the San Francisco Renaissance, meeting figures who would later define the Beat Generation. Inspired by Kerouac's spontaneous method and fueled by the bebop rhythms of the time, Ginsberg began writing *Howl* a year after his arrival: "*I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked...*" Drawing on years of notes, lived experiences, and imagined sensations, Ginsberg crafted seven pages of howls, cries, and visions—the first pages of his magnum opus—before the sun had set.

Dedicated to Carl Solomon, Ginsberg's friend from a psychiatric hospital, *Howl* became his breakthrough work. "Carl Solomon, I'm with you in Rockland where you're madder than I am." Solomon's suffering echoed the cries of Artaud under electroshock treatment in Rodez, resonating deeply with Ginsberg. In *Howl*, he revisited his own life, his friends, and his mother, invoking idols like Rimbaud, Genet, and Cézanne while screaming of Carl Solomon: "*who sat on the granite steps of the madhouse, a harlequin, shaved head,*" delivering "*suicidal soliloquies, demanding immediate lobotomy, and administering the concrete void of insulin... of electricity,*" alluding to the brutal psychiatric treatments endured by both Solomon and Artaud before losing themselves "in the total animal soup of time."

In October 1955, Ginsberg gave the first public reading of *Howl* in a converted garage. He invited Philip Lamantia, Michael McClure, Philip Whalen, and Gary Snyder to read alongside him. Jack Kerouac, too shy to take the stage, spent the evening passing gallons of cheap California wine among the poets and audience. Michael McClure, who had moved to San Francisco in 1952, remembered asking Lamantia in one of their first conversations where he could find more works by Artaud. That night, McClure read his own poems, including *For the Death of 100 Whales*, inspired by the senseless slaughter of whales by bored NATO soldiers in Iceland, and *POINT LOBOS: ANIMISM*, written in response to Artaud's declaration: "*It is no longer possible for the miracle not to burst forth.*" McClure replied in his poem: "*It is possible, my friend /.../ This talk of miracles!*"

Philip Lamantia begins his reading by immediately renouncing the idea of presenting one of his own texts. Instead, he decides to read *Journey to the End*, a piece written by and in honor of John Hoffman, his friend—a young surrealist poet found dead on a Mexican beach, a "*suicide of society*," like many young Beats who sought to transcend the limits of body and mind.

Around 11 p.m., with all the participants already slightly tipsy from the cheap wine provided by Kerouac, it's Allen's turn to read *Howl*. Also drunk, Allen delivers his performance, punctuating each line with Jack's encouraging shouts of "Go!" The spectators, equally intoxicated by the atmosphere and Allen's words, echo the cries in a growing chorus. His reading lasts about twelve minutes, and when he finishes, Ginsberg bursts into tears, his gaze meeting Kenneth Rexroth's, who is also wiping away tears of joy. The audience erupts into frenzied applause, everyone sensing that something monumental has just occurred—even if most couldn't articulate the spirits lingering in the air. A liberating bomb had detonated! Allen Ginsberg had found his voice—a powerful poetry that grips the soul and transports listeners to a new world, one free of lies, where madness and death, asylums and prisons, are confronted head-on. It's a world of men embracing and more, a world of the hallucinated and the lost, where you can take drugs or slit your veins—a world that is total, raw, and intense. An Artaudian world?

A few months later, Allen Ginsberg would repeat his reading of *Howl* in a small cabin in Hollywood, this time in the presence of Anaïs Nin, who had personally known, admired, and deeply loved Artaud in the 1930s—even though their first night together had been a failure. Artaud, ravaged by his opium use, had been unable to make love to her. After attending the *Howl* reading, Anaïs Nin would write in her *Journal* 1934–1939 that Ginsberg's performance had "a wild power. At times, it sounded like animal howls. It reminded me of Artaud's mad lecture at the Sorbonne." Yet, she criticized the Beats for fetishizing Artaud. "*They only love his madness and his drug use. They know nothing of the seven volumes of collected works he wrote. Artaud would have repudiated them,*" she confided to her journal. Kenneth Rexroth, a recognized and widely respected pacifist anarchist, thought Artaud's true place would have been with them, on the West Coast of the United States. But were they speaking of the same Artaud? No, of course not! Anaïs remembered the genius beside whom she strolled through 1930s Paris, her head gently resting on his shoulder, while Rexroth, the libertarian poet, envisioned the rebellious Artaud reading *Surrealism and Revolution* in Mexico or taking peyote with the Tarahumara Indians. The world had changed; Artaud had been adopted by the Beat poets, and the revolution was only beginning.

Thus, the first chapter of the history of the Beat Generation was written. The term, attributed to Jack Kerouac—then a virtually unknown writer who had only published *The Town and the City* (Before *On the road*) to little success—was first used in November 1952 by essayist and novelist John Clellon Holmes in a New York Times article titled "This is the Beat Generation." According to Holmes, it implied "a feeling of being raw, a kind of nakedness of the mind and, ultimately, of the soul." Deeper discussions about the Beat Generation would not truly begin until 1957, when the obscenity trial against *Howl* was in full swing and Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* had been published in the United States. The Beat poets would use these moments to expand their influence and promote their works.

One might naturally wonder what might have happened had Carl Solomon not attended Antonin Artaud's performance in Paris and subsequently entered the psychiatric asylum where he met Allen Ginsberg. Without Carl, there would have been no Howl, and without Howl, no obscenity trial, and thus no resulting publicity. Without Carl and his connections—without his publication of *Junkie* and the \$500 advance from ACE Books to Jack Kerouac—would Allen have had the energy to persevere, to champion his friends' work, and to pursue his dream? What would have become of William S. Burroughs' literary career without Allen's indispensable guidance in shaping and publishing his seminal book, *Naked Lunch*?

So, without Carl, would there have been no Ginsberg, no Burroughs, no Beat Generation? No, I don't believe so. History doesn't stop, poetry doesn't stop, and spiritual revolutions don't stop. Madmen, poets, and visionaries don't simply halt, as long as they don't lose hope, surrender entirely to addiction, or succumb to despair. Yet, it's worth pondering whether Carl Solomon's meeting with Antonin Artaud was, for the Beat Generation, akin to that famed butterfly effect of chaos theory.

In 1957, Ginsberg embarked with his lover, Peter Orlovsky, on a Yugoslav cargo ship bound for Morocco, where they planned to meet William Burroughs, who had been living there for several years, attempting to "purge himself once and for all of his Western education." Ginsberg and Kerouac collaborated with Burroughs to organize and shape his creative chaos into the finalized *Naked Lunch*. Later, Ginsberg, Orlovsky, and Gregory Corso crossed the Mediterranean to Paris, settling in a nameless one-dollar-a-night hotel at 9 rue Gît-le-Cœur in the Latin Quarter—later immortalized as the legendary Beat Hotel.

Rather than spending his days in trendy cafés, Allen roamed Parisian cemeteries. He left his *Fleurs du Mal* on Baudelaire's grave and meditated at the tomb of Jacques Rigaut—a Dadaist and heavy drug user who had lived in New York before returning to France, where he ultimately ended his life. Allen visited Père Lachaise cemetery, seeking the grave of Guillaume Apollinaire, the Polish-born creator of Surrealism, and even dedicated a poem to him: *At Apollinaire's Grave*. "I've eaten the blue carrots you sent from the grave and Van Gogh's ear and Artaud's manic peyote, and I will walk through the streets of New York in the black cloak of French poetry."

In Paris, Ginsberg began writing *Kaddish*, a funeral lament for his mother Naomi, inspired in part by André Breton's *Union libre*. It was here, too, that Allen sought Artaud's ghost—and found him. One evening, during a literary reading, Ginsberg, Burroughs, and Corso—on the hunt for hashish—approached a young man they hoped might assist them. By sheer luck, this young man was Jean-Jacques Lebel, who had grown up in New York surrounded by André Breton, Marcel Duchamp, Max Ernst, and other European exiles. Lebel guided them to an Arab café in the Latin Quarter, where even the house dog was stoned, and quickly became their friend. Fascinated by Artaud, Lebel introduced the Americans to his legendary radio play, *To Have Done with the Judgment of God*, recorded months before Artaud's death with Maria Casarès, Roger Blin, and Paule Thévenin, accompanied by percussion instruments, gongs, and haunting screams. The work, censored for years by the French state, had been illicitly preserved by Lebel, who played it for his companions.

That night, seated on the floor around a tape recorder, high and captivated, the group listened to the otherworldly sounds—a torrent of screams and sonic explosions they couldn't fully grasp but which transcended them. It was an unforgettable encounter with Artaud's spirit, vibrating through time and space.

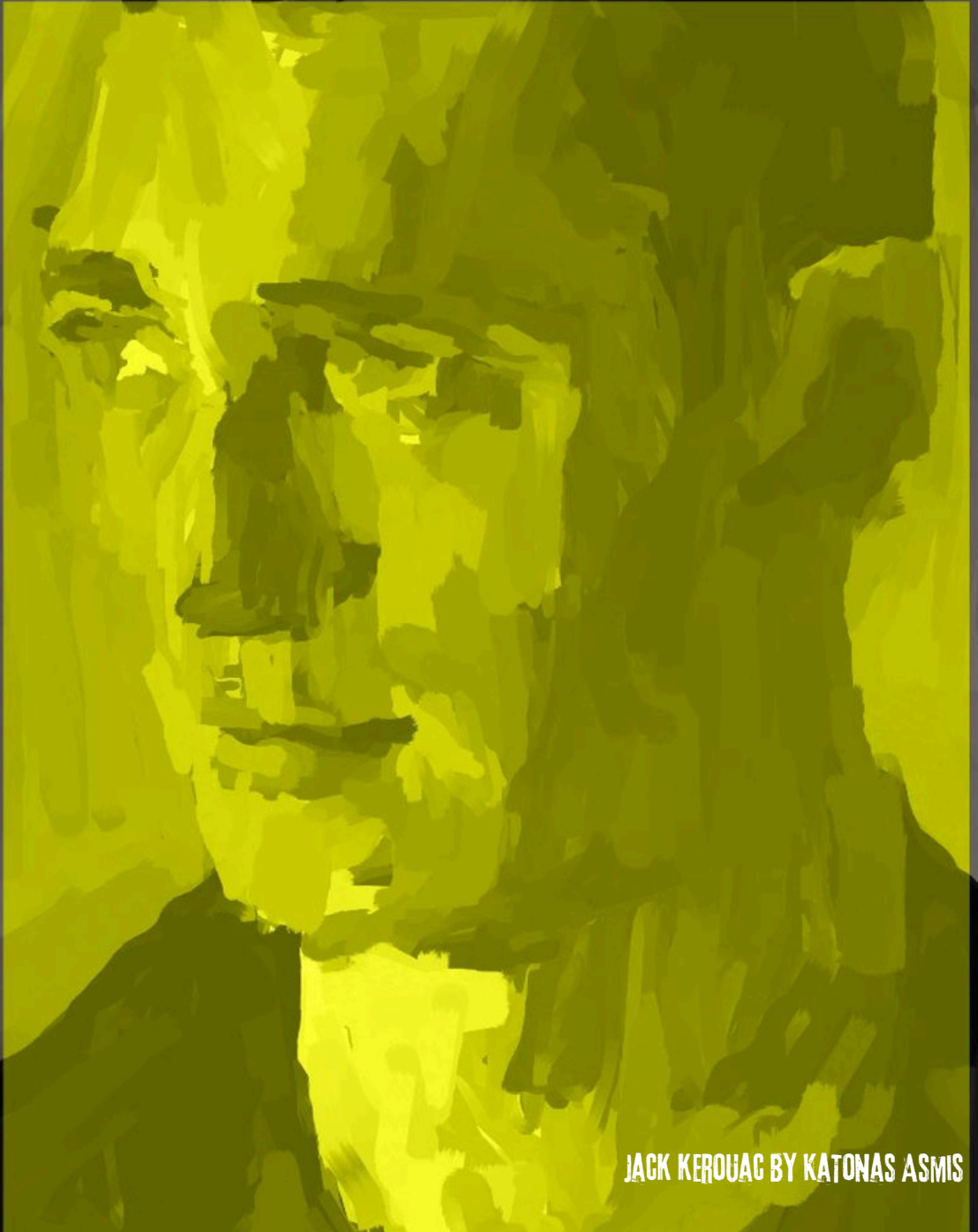
Ginsberg, perhaps a bit less stoned than the others—or simply more discerning—requests to hear the tape again. It's then that Jean-Jacques realizes he's played it backwards. Correcting his mistake, he replays it. Artaud's voice thus enchants them anew, but this time, it stirs entirely different regions of their minds. It's in this moment that Ginsberg hears, for the first time, the voice Carl Solomon had so often praised and mimicked—a voice that has continued to hover above the heads of poets ever since.

Utterly mesmerized, Allen makes several copies and sends them to his American friends, including Michael McClure. McClure shares it with Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Philip Lamantia, and a few other San Francisco eccentrics. After hearing this historic recording, McClure is said to have been inspired to write his *Ghost Tantras*, a collection largely composed in “beast language.” He also gives a copy to Gerd Stern, who uses Artaud's howls one evening as the backdrop for a Timothy Leary lecture. LeRoi Jones also receives this legendary recording of Antonin Artaud, the French author who, alongside Jean Genet, had deeply influenced him.

In 1965, *Le Monde*, critiquing Jones's plays *The Slave* and *The Toilet*, remarked: “*The art of cruelty recommended by Artaud seems like a pleasant intellectual exercise compared to the visceral cries of hatred emitted by the Black Theater that has recently emerged in Harlem, of which these plays are the first echoes.*” This review was further proof, if any were needed, of Artaud's visionary legacy—and of Amiri Baraka (the African name LeRoi Jones adopted in 1965 after Malcolm X's assassination), whose call for “poems that kill” made him a fitting recipient of this legendary recording.

The publication of *On the Road* and *The Dharma Bums* by Jack Kerouac would inspire thousands of young people in the 1960s to seek their own paths to beatitude. Ginsberg transformed into a hippie, chanting Hare Krishna, while Artaud's influence extended to rock musicians like Jim Morrison, David Bowie, and Iggy Pop. Later, Patti Smith, the “Godmother of Punk,” would merge her voice with the primal sounds of the Sierra Tarahumara in her musical project *The Peyote Dance*, dedicated to Artaud. Meanwhile, Burroughs distanced himself from the Beat Generation, ultimately regarding it as more of a sociological phenomenon than a literary movement.

To conclude this story tied to Carl Solomon: Claude Pélieu—a young French Beat poet and translator of William Burroughs, who honored Carl in his poem L.S.D. 25 by dubbing him “*Carl the Momo*”—summarized his thoughts on the cut-up method in *Le Tout ça d'un instant* with this line: “In the beginning was the Beat Generation. The beginning of what, jerk? ... Because in the beginning, it was in the air and in the minds of a few”—*the Hashishins, Rimbaud, Artaud, Dada, Isou, and others like Pélieu, Trocchi, Lebel, Boris Vian, and the Pataphysicians.



JACK KEROUAC BY KATONAS ASMS

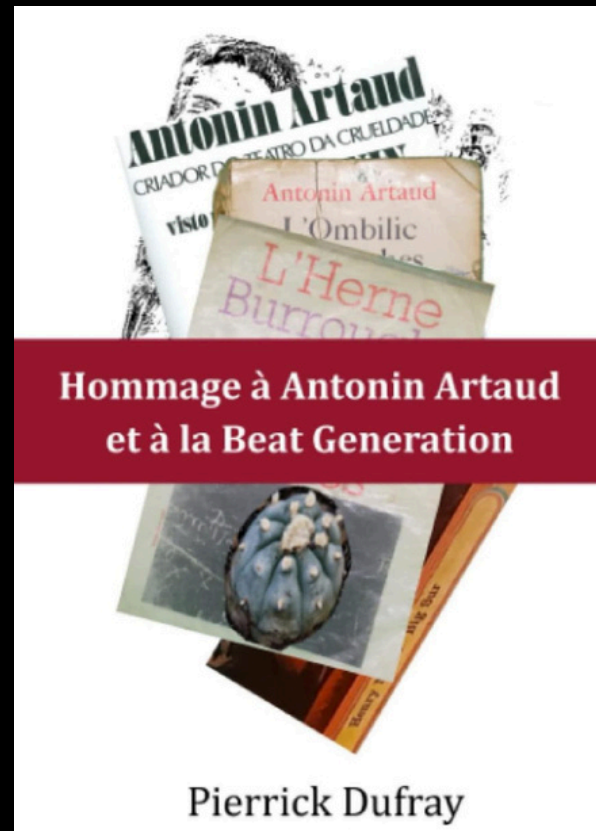
Pierrick Dufray

I was born in 1952 in Caen. After a peaceful childhood in a small Norman village of 300 inhabitants, I spent several years by the sea in Granville. At the age of 13, a serious accident involving the police and the French army—whose role in the incident was particularly questionable—left an indelible mark on the rest of my youth and, undoubtedly, my life. One day, I will likely write a book about this event and its consequences, perhaps in the form of a political thriller. It is very likely to become one of my future projects.

After recovering from the accident, I returned to Caen, where I found inspiration in Dada and the surrealists, Henry Miller and Boris Vian, the films of Fellini and Pasolini, the magazine Actuel, the counter-culture of the Beat Generation, and, of course, Antonin Artaud, the May '68 revolt, and Lao Tzu. During this time, I wrote several texts, which I distributed myself in the form of leaflets—some of which even made their way into libertarian publications. In the late 1960s, inspired by the spirit of Jack Kerouac, I left everything behind to live on the road for several years, traveling through Europe and various Muslim countries in Asia Minor. This experience became the subject of my first book, *On Buddha's Head*.

I immersed myself in the music of the legendary festivals of the era: the Amougies Festival, featuring Frank Zappa, Soft Machine, Pink Floyd, Gong, and Sun Ra, and the Isle of Wight Festival, showcasing Hendrix, The Doors, Leonard Cohen, Donovan, and Richie Havens – who closed the festival with the evocative sounds of Freedom. Those years were also a time of experimentation: hashish, LSD, opium, amphetamines... but never heroin, whose devastating impact on so many lives I witnessed helplessly.

Upon my return from Asia in 1972, I left France to avoid military service and sought refuge in Germany. There, I had to learn not only the language but also immerse myself in German culture to establish roots. Returning to France was unthinkable without risking imprisonment, and Switzerland – where my best friend, who had accompanied me to Asia, was living – was off-limits due to a territorial ban (an episode recounted in *Sur la tête de Bouddha*). My only option was to integrate into this Germanic world, which I had already begun to appreciate during my earlier travels.




In Germany, I built a family, joined pacifist and Third World movements, and filed a request for political asylum, which was ultimately rejected by the authorities. I narrowly avoided extradition and struggled to support my growing family, which was blessed by the arrival of two wonderful boys. Overwhelmed by life's responsibilities, I wrote less and less, to the point of partially losing my fluency in French. As the French say, C'est la vie.

A few years ago, I revisited my old texts, which I had carefully preserved, with the intention of transforming them into something more ambitious. I reworked them, alternating between French and German, navigating the nuances of both languages. In 2022, I published my first book in French, *Sur la tête de Bouddha*, along with its German version, *Auf Buddhas Kopf*. The idea for writing *Hommage à Antonin Artaud et à la Beat Generation*, my second book, came as I rediscovered scattered texts and poems jotted down in an old school notebook. This led me on a journey inspired by Artaud le Momo and other visionaries.

My current projects include the German version of *Hommage à Antonin Artaud et à la Beat Generation*, which will go beyond a simple translation. I intend to incorporate German Beats and their East German counterparts, who are often overlooked. Another project, which has been evolving slowly over the past year, is titled *Bamiyan, the Divine Valley*. This work will trace the history of a mythical valley in the heart of Afghanistan, traversed by Alexander the Great, Greco-Buddhist kings, and Gandhara artists, before its devastation by Genghis Khan. Known for its monumental Buddhas, this valley was disfigured by the Taliban, yet its story remains profoundly compelling.

Pierrick Dufray





Howl

Allen Ginsberg

EXTRAIT 1

"I SAW THE BEST MINDS OF MY GENERATION DESTROYED BY MADNESS, STARVING HYSTERICAL NAKED, DRAGGING THEMSELVES THROUGH THE NEGRO STREETS AT DAWN LOOKING FOR AN ANGRY FIX, ANGELHEADED HIPSTERS BURNING FOR THE ANCIENT HEAVENLY CONNECTION TO THE STARRY DYNAMO IN THE MACHINERY OF NIGHT, WHO POVERTY AND TATTERS AND HOLLOW-EYED AND HIGH SAT UP SMOKING IN THE SUPERNATURAL DARKNESS OF COLD-WATER FLATS FLOATING ACROSS THE TOPS OF CITIES."

EXTRAIT 2

"AH, CARL, WHILE YOU ARE NOT SAFE I AM NOT SAFE, AND NOW YOU'RE REALLY IN THE TOTAL ANIMAL SOUP OF TIME— AND WHO THEREFORE RAN THROUGH THE ICY STREETS OBSESSED WITH A SUDDEN FLASH OF THE ALCHEMY OF THE USE OF THE ELLIPSIS CATALOGUE A VARIABLE MEASURE AND THE VIBRATING PLANE, WHO DREAMT AND MADE INCARNATE GAPS IN TIME & SPACE THROUGH IMAGES JUXTAPOSED, AND TRAPPED THE ARCHANGEL OF THE SOUL BETWEEN 2 VISUAL IMAGES AND JOINED THE ELEMENTAL VERBS AND SET THE NOUN AND DASH OF CONSCIOUSNESS TOGETHER JUMPING WITH SENSATION OF PATER OMNIPOTENS AETERNA DEUS TO RECREATE THE SYNTAX AND MEASURE OF POOR HUMAN PROSE AND STAND BEFORE YOU SPEECHLESS AND INTELLIGENT AND SHAKING WITH SHAME, REJECTED YET CONFESSING OUT THE SOUL TO CONFORM TO THE RHYTHM OF THOUGHT IN HIS NAKED AND ENDLESS HEAD, THE MADMAN BUM AND ANGEL BEAT IN TIME, UNKNOWN, YET PUTTING DOWN HERE WHAT MIGHT BE LEFT TO SAY IN TIME COME AFTER DEATH, AND ROSE REINCARNATE IN THE GHOSTLY CLOTHES OF JAZZ IN THE GOLDHORN SHADOW OF THE BAND AND BLEW THE SUFFERING OF AMERICA'S NAKED MIND FOR LOVE INTO AN ELI ELI LAMMA LAMMA SABACTHANI SAXOPHONE CRY THAT SHIVERED THE CITIES DOWN TO THE LAST RADIO WITH THE ABSOLUTE HEART OF THE POEM OF LIFE BUTCHERED OUT OF THEIR OWN BODIES GOOD TO EAT A THOUSAND YEARS."

EXTRAIT 3

**CARL SOLOMON! I'M WITH YOU IN ROCKLAND
WHERE YOU'RE Madder THAN I AM !**

**I'M WITH YOU IN ROCKLAND
WHERE YOU MUST FEEL VERY STRANGE !**

**I'M WITH YOU IN ROCKLAND
WHERE YOU IMITATE THE SHADE OF MY MOTHER !**

**I'M WITH YOU IN ROCKLAND
WHERE YOU'VE MURDERED YOUR TWELVE SECRETARIES !**

**I'M WITH YOU IN ROCKLAND
WHERE YOU LAUGH AT THIS INVISIBLE HUMOR !**

**I'M WITH YOU IN ROCKLAND
WHERE WE ARE GREAT WRITERS ON THE SAME DREADFUL TYPEWRITER ! (...)**

**I'M WITH YOU IN ROCKLAND
WHERE YOU SCREAM IN A STRAIGHTJACKET THAT YOU'RE LOSING THE GAME OF
THE ACTUAL PINGPONG OF THE ABYSS !**

**I'M WITH YOU IN ROCKLAND
WHERE YOU BANG ON THE CATATONIC PIANO THE SOUL IS INNOCENT AND
IMMORTAL IT SHOULD NEVER DIE UNGODLY IN AN ARMED MADHOUSE !**

**I'M WITH YOU IN ROCKLAND
WHERE FIFTY MORE SHOCKS WILL NEVER RETURN YOUR SOUL TO ITS BODY
AGAIN FROM ITS PILGRIMAGE TO A CROSS IN THE VOID !**

**I'M WITH YOU IN ROCKLAND
WHERE YOU ACCUSE YOUR DOCTORS OF INSANITY AND PLOT THE HEBREW
SOCIALIST REVOLUTION AGAINST THE FASCIST NATIONAL GOLGOTHA !**





ALLEN GINSBERG BY KATONAS ASMIS

Ilios Chailly

ARTAUD AND DYLAN: THE INVISIBLE THREAD

Establishing a connection between Antonin Artaud and Bob Dylan may seem bold, as there is no direct evidence of a link. Yet, this parallel warrants exploration, if only because of the unexpected affinities in their artistic approaches. During my research, an article by Larry Fyffe entitled Bob Dylan and Antonin Artaud caught my attention for the comparison it draws between these two figures. Unfortunately, the analysis remains too superficial to support in-depth reflection. This realization led me to delve deeper into the idea, particularly because, although Bob Dylan has never — to my knowledge — mentioned Artaud, a kinship between the two artists seems evident to me.

This reflection also responds to the remarks of academic Alain Frinkenrot, who claims that Bob Dylan has no connection to literature, based on the premise that literature is confined to books one reads, thus excluding songs one listens to. Such a vision, diametrically opposed to that of Artaud — who conceived of art as a total experience — leads me to think, and this is only my opinion, that Artaud, if he were alive today, would be perceived, without necessarily being a rock musician, more as a rocker than as a man of letters.

As for the question of whether Dylan's pen deserves a Nobel Prize, I am unable to judge. What is undeniable is that he gave rock a literary depth that marked an entire generation of artists. In 1965, Bob Dylan responded to journalists Jenny De Young and Peter Roch regarding the unstructured aspect of his songs: "If they could not aspire to this autonomy, then they would not be what I want them to be. Fundamentally, I admit that I am more sensitive to writing than to musical composition." In Bob Dylan, Portrait and Testimony, he also states: *"I consider myself a poet first, a musician second. I live as a poet and I will die as a poet."*

Unlike figures such as Jim Morrison, Patti Smith, or David Bowie, whose interest in Artaud is well-documented, evidence that Bob Dylan read Artaud is sparse. However, it is worth noting that Suze Rotolo, Dylan's companion during the 1960s, reportedly introduced him to various literary works, including those of Brecht, Rimbaud, and possibly Artaud.

Once we establish the crucial role literature played in Dylan's lyric-writing process, we can analyze his style. While it may seem reductive, one can discern mechanisms in Dylan's songwriting drawn from artistic avant-gardes—Surrealism, Dadaism—movements themselves influenced by poets like Nerval, Baudelaire, and Rimbaud. This lineage of influence is strikingly apparent in Artaud's work as well.

A fair question arises: if Artaud himself was inspired by Rimbaud's style—evident in *Les Illuminations* or *Une saison en enfer*—why not consider Rimbaud's direct influence on Dylan's style, especially since Dylan openly acknowledges this literary heritage? Yet the reverse question is equally intriguing: does what is most "Rimbaudian" in Dylan's work stem directly from Rimbaud, or from Artaud's interpretation of Rimbaud?

To clarify my point, it is often overlooked that Dylan was not only a close associate of Allen Ginsberg but also deeply influenced by Ginsberg's seminal poem *Howl*. A careful analysis of Dylan's lyrics reveals striking parallels with this iconic work: the use of repetition, the deconstruction of traditional rhyme schemes, and the rejection of classical metric conventions. Inspired by Ginsberg's long-form poetry, Dylan—like the Beat poets—favors a style that prioritizes surprise and innovation over strict meaning, exploring unconventional structures and poetic forms.

As Rafael Panza notes in his book *Rock et littérature*: “*In Like a Rolling Stone*, much like in *Land*, the use of poetic language draws on linguistic and semantic techniques largely influenced by the Beat Generation. Both texts employ repetition in a way that redefines the value of words.”

The subject takes on particular interest at this stage. Howl was written in homage to Carl Solomon, whom Ginsberg had met in a psychiatric asylum. At the time of their meeting, Solomon was deeply obsessed with Antonin Artaud, whose writings, particularly *Van Gogh, The Man Suicided by Society*, exerted an intense fascination over him. This obsession allegedly even motivated his wish to be institutionalized, as part of a quest to resonate with Artaud's lived experience.

A close reading of Howl reveals striking stylistic influences from Artaud: staccato phrasing, as well as a recurring use of assonance and alliteration—these repetitions of vowels or consonants within the same verse. These stylistic devices are also evident in Bob Dylan's lyrics, as exemplified by the line "You used to be so amused," to cite just one instance.

Could Bob Dylan have been a reader of Artaud? In my view, it is more than likely. A 2004 statement Dylan made to a journalist seems, to me, sufficient evidence: "*If I had wanted to be a painter, I probably would have wanted to be like Van Gogh.*" This remark does not seem random, especially considering the influence *Van Gogh, The Man Suicided by Society* had on Allen Ginsberg.

If this theory holds true, Artaud might be seen, indirectly, as a precursor to the movement of "more literary" rock influenced by Dylan. I would go even further, arguing that Artaud—alongside the Dada movement and Edgard Varèse, the father of electronic music with whom he collaborated—can be regarded as a precursor to a more experimental rock, transforming music into an authentic sonic experience.

Given the era in which he lived, Artaud undoubtedly brought to rock a dimension that Rimbaud could not have conveyed. While Rimbaud theorized poetry as a means to disrupt the senses and open new worlds, Artaud, and later rock musicians, embodied and actualized this vision. Although Rimbaud may have lived his poetry through his flesh, his time did not allow for the preservation of any tangible trace of this embodiment.

While Rimbaud confined himself to the written word, Artaud gave language a body—his hoarse, raspy voice, his unforgettable stage performances. He left us with striking audio recordings where his declamations merge with frenetic sounds, amplifying his screams in *To Have Done with the Judgment of God*. This kinship with Rimbaud lies not only in form but also in raw energy, the rejection of conventions, and the quest for a liberated language that oscillates between scream and breath.

Although Artaud's radio recordings—widely acknowledged as precursors to punk-rock aesthetics—are easily accessible today, it is unlikely that Bob Dylan had direct access to *To Have Done with the Judgment of God*. However, Dylan had attended Ginsberg's performances of *Howl*, a poem dedicated to Carl Solomon. Interestingly, Solomon had witnessed Artaud vociferating his poetry during the latter's famous performance at the Pierre Gallery. During his confinement, Solomon imitated Artaud in front of Ginsberg—though, more precisely, it was an echo of Artaud, embodied by one of his doubles, Roger Blin, who had been influenced by Artaud. Indeed, although Artaud screamed and even read *Theatre and Science*, it was Roger Blin whom Carl Solomon mistook for Artaud. (See: Pierrick Dufray, *Artaud Meets Beats*.)

To claim that Ginsberg, in his readings of *Howl*, was “channeling Artaud” would be an oversimplification. Yet, in his fiery declamations, the resonance is undeniable—an almost palpable influence. His staccato cries and fragmented words strongly echo the raw intensity Artaud delivered in *To Have Done with the Judgment of God*. An indirect yet potent lineage connects these figures through their shared embrace of unbridled energy and liberated language, poised between poetry and incantation.

For Artaud, as with the Dadaists before him and rock or Lettrism after, was never merely a man of words. Through his performances, he emerged as a revolutionary of the stage, treating the text as raw material, an incandescent force. Among the rare artists to exploit the radio medium before the rise of rock, Artaud used it to scream, project his voice, denounce injustices with unrelenting rage, and defy established norms. Listening to Artaud—especially in *To Have Done with the Judgment of God*—offers an experience akin to the psychedelic landscapes conjured by Pink Floyd.

It's not just about listening; it's an immersion, a journey into the flesh and the very essence of being. With Pink Floyd, as with Artaud, the revolt against a utilitarian, industrial, and capitalist world is omnipresent. Yet, this revolt transcends mere discourse, becoming a foundation and a springboard for an organic, visceral, and almost cosmic experience. One does not need to understand French to feel the intensity of *To Have Done with the Judgment of God*, just as it is not essential to grasp every word in English to be transported into Pink Floyd's universe. Artaud, like Frank Zappa or Pink Floyd, is above all a creator of atmospheres.

Suppose Bob Dylan is influenced by Artaud—why, then, does he not mention him directly? One possible explanation is that Dylan, a discreet and reserved musician, rarely elaborates on his influences. Another possibility is that, like Jean Genet, he subscribes to the idea that an artist's role is to create rather than disclose their sources. Finally, it may simply be that Dylan is not fully conscious of this influence. For instance, even if his writing draws inspiration from Ginsberg's *Howl*, this does not necessarily imply he recognizes that the poem, dedicated to Carl Solomon, derives part of its power from Artaud's poetic logorrhea.





BOB DYLAN BY KATONAS ASMIS

The philosophical ideas of Antonin Artaud in Bob Dylan's songs :

1. Nothing is fixed in life; change is a constant to which one must adapt. To be cultured is to burn forms in order to embrace life.

Bob Dylan: *The Times They Are A-Changin'* / Artaud: *The Theatre and Culture*.

2. The horror of war and its truth are neither found in books nor in televised debates. They reside in the breath of the wind, and if ignored, they will explode in your face like a plague bomb.

Bob Dylan: *Blowin' in the Wind* / Artaud: *Theatre and the Plague*.

3. Power is often a masquerade, emptied of meaning and a source of destruction.

Bob Dylan: *Masters of War* / Artaud: *The True Story of Artaud the Momo*.

4. Modern consumer society drives deep alienation.

Bob Dylan: *It's Alright, Ma* / Artaud: *To Have Done with the Judgment of God*.

5. Love, in its purity, transcends existence and human suffering.

Bob Dylan: *Shelter from the Storm* / Artaud: *Letters to Anie Besnard*.

6. Society's complicity in injustice.

Bob Dylan: *Hurricane* / Artaud: *Van Gogh: The Man Suicided by Society*.

7. Spirituality and the quest for transcendence.

Bob Dylan: *Knockin' on Heaven's Door* / Artaud: *Heliogabalus: The Crowned Anarchist*.

8. The dispossession of everything reveals a raw truth about the human condition.

Bob Dylan: *Like a Rolling Stone* / Artaud: *The New Revelations of Being*.

9. Life is often bewildering, absurd, and inexplicable; one must decondition oneself from enchantments and embrace this incomprehension.

Bob Dylan: *Ballad of a Thin Man* / Artaud: *Henchmen and Supplications*.

Of course, this is a matter of personal perception, but I see the connections.



Marc Chagall

PIERRE KERROC'H

ARTAUD ROCK

Artaud Rock. I discovered Rock music around the same time I discovered Artaud. Fourteen years old. Fourteen years old. I'd already been listening to Rock for a while—The Strokes, The Hives, The White Stripes, Franz Ferdinand, and the like. But discovering the Spirit of Rock was something else entirely. It gave shape to our rebellion against all forms of authority. The parent, the teacher, the cop, the judge, the politician, the doctor, the philosopher. In short: the Adult. We wanted to overturn everything. They all had to go.

Fourteen years old. That was also when I started singing and writing songs. I'd been writing poetry since I was nine, but now I began reciting the poems of others by the dozen. Among Artaud's works, I was drawn to *La Nuit Opère*: "Dans les outres des draps gonflés / où la nuit entière respire..." And *Prière*: "Ah donne-nous des crânes de braises. / Des crânes brûlés aux foudres du ciel..." I devoured passages from his prose works too: *Héliogabale* and *Van Gogh*.

Fourteen years old. Declaring these poems out loud had as much impact—if not more—than singing. These words and rhythms became the soundtrack to our adventures. Our charges into bars. Our dives into clubs. Our revels in parks. Our feasts in forests. Our road trips across Brittany and beyond. Ethylic dawns. Ecstatic noons. Lysergic midnights. All paced by the cadence of a hundred poems. Pairing epic deeds with verse might just be the dream of every century.

Fourteen years old. And then there was the music. Everyone belonged to a school, a tribe of Rock, each with its totem spirit. Every group of teenagers worshipped their idols. And every Rock band brought its vision of the world, its method of resistance, its style of life—through lyrics, too. The compassionate *Lonely People* of The Beatles. Lennon's utopian *Youhou*. The hallucinatory *Break on Through* of The Doors. Cobain's tormented *Nirvana*. Brian Warner's satanic Antichrist Superstar. Each Rock star radiated a model to follow. Tell me what you listen to, and I'll tell you who you hate.

There are striking parallels between certain Rock stars and the so-called *Western Shamans*—Blake, Nietzsche, Rimbaud, Céline, and Artaud. These were the first heroes of my adolescence. The first guides through my labyrinth. What they shared was a desire to overthrow or transmute Western civilization itself. They replaced my earlier idols: the three triple-A heroes—Achilles, Alexander, Arthur. For when antique heroism is no longer possible, one turns to mystical odysseys, to visionary conquests.

And Artaud was one of those heroes of vision.

Artaud Rock ! The common thread between Artaud and Rock: first and foremost, it's the Cry. What poet knows how to scream better than he does? I mean: physically scream. But also: what poet has screamed more than he has? From the theater to the radio, through the big screen, and the atrocities of insane asylums; from that stormy young man's handsome face to that final convulsive, toothless, witch-like countenance: sometimes it feels like this man is a cry. A cry that donned a hundred costumes to be able to emerge. That might be the meaning of the famous "Burn forms to gain life." And this almost metaphysical rage might be enough to justify the phrase: Artaud Rock.

OROBORO: It's true that you sometimes find elements of rock performances in *The Theater and Its Double*. People have occasionally told me that there's something of Artaud in our concerts. It's hard to say. But I can give an example: Circus Imperator. I created this track while thinking, among other things, of the four main mad emperors of Rome: Caligula, Nero, Commodus, Elagabalus. These four tyrants are, in a sense, prophets of the West. They embodied, to the extreme, what we now call the star system. A distribution of Caesars: Caligula in the "living god" category, Nero in the "artist" category, Commodus in the "gladiator" category, Elagabalus in the "magician" category. On stage, I bring these characters back to the surface in a wave of Roman cruelty.

CHAOS: Our first album takes us through the history of the West, from its origins to today. The question it asks is: in what state do we return from this journey through time? We go through the Greek Bacchantes, the Roman emperors, the Arthurian magicians, carnival processions, witch sabbaths, and so on. I had even written four other songs that were cut due to lack of space: one on the healing kings, one on the Gnostics, one on the Alchemists, and one on the Adamites. In other words, we summarize Western history, but from its carnival perspective.

HELLS : Our second album takes us through the contemporary hell to its deepest depths. The question it asks is: in what state do we return from this journey into the darkness? The world has turned upside down: heresy is in power, the carnival is crowned. Everyone desires this infinite festival, without realizing they are celebrating a feast of the dead. That the apocalypse has already happened. And that the West is in the midst of an imminent death experience. Carnival on the surface, Halloween in truth. Our time in a sentence. In other words, we summarize our era, but from its Halloween-like perspective.

The universe is like a torque, swinging from one extreme to the other. Rock is similar: it *oscillates*. It lives in its revolt against the entire culture. Against all established or inherited order. Its formula could almost be: *against everything*, no matter what. But if its own values become widespread and dominant, then it becomes acceptable, institutionalized, thus ineffective, and above all harmless—and ultimately devitalized. Like poetry: it becomes powerless because it has triumphed. It is obsolete and without an opponent; surviving only as a relic. Hence the strange rumor that whispers that Rock died in 1969, Sixty-nine: erotic year. And the moment of its climax. Woodstock for the Utopian: a beautiful dream, but one that shows a crowd dissolving into the Limbo; and reveals that rock love ultimately desires only quietism and ataraxia. Altamont for the Tragic: a nightmare that shows a barbaric mass in Tartarus; and reveals that rock violence is ultimately just an attitude, a pose.

And perhaps the same issue applies to Artaud. Certainly, he was a forerunner of several contemporary forms. But Artaud among the Tarahumaras? That inevitably leads to the Tourist on Ayahuasca. Artaud through Peyote, then Tarot, then the Druid, then Christ, then Momo, and so on. At worst, it devolves into the kind of grand-style carnival Nietzsche warned about; at best, it aligns with the ethos of *chaos magicians*, who treat belief systems as temporary tools — an idea I drew inspiration from for our first album.

Artaud the theater theorist gave rise to everything that followed: from the Living Theater to theater therapy, from the Panic Movement to Psychomagic, passing through Grotowski and arriving at today's New Clown. My favorite? Typhus Bronx. As for the illuminated magicians — Artaud in Ireland and other Grail-crazed fanatics — I encounter their ilk daily in the Brocéliande Forest, where my family has lived for centuries. And yet, none of it seems to be regenerating the West. Not to mention Artaud the cursed poet... Ultimately, though, there's nothing here that constitutes a true counterculture. Nothing conclusive. *Nothing particularly dangerous.*

I understand the disgust that an Artaudian evokes for Artaud, just as a Rimbaldian does for Rimbaud, a Nietzschean for Nietzsche, a Freudian for Freud, or a Jungian for Jung. I also understand that a tree isn't judged by its fruits, nor an atrocity by its noises. But when systematic refusal hardens into a system, when total rebellion becomes totalitarian, it's over. Heliogabalus has won, and his Inversion reigns. Surrealism wallowed in debauchery for decades. Even if Roger Gilbert-Lecomte ended in drugs and René Daumal succumbed to a guru, Le Grand Jeu at least had the elegance to die young and the charm of leaving no visible heirs.

And Artaud? He no longer inspires anything that measures up. Measures up to the Shock he sought. Measures up to the Electroshock he endured. Cut. Artaud is no longer Rock, because Rock is no longer Artaud. Artaud is no longer my hero. Neither he nor his tribe. Their concerns are no longer mine. So I attempt to speak of them — if not with elevation, then at least with distance. I speak from Brittany, a land where Celtic antiquity lingers faintly, though clouded by Romanticism, tainted by Esotericism, gangrened by Nationalism, and debased by Freemasonry. Yet I've always felt an affinity for the Ancient Bards — those Celtic poets who praised heroes and satirized cowards. It is another set of questions I now raise, through writing and music. Questions that might lead us too far from Artaud Rock. Let's move on.

One observation might still be worth noting: Artaud became a Hammer in Ireland. He sought traces of the Father of all Celts, the God of the Underworld whom Caesar called Dis Pater. But Celtism, Druidism, and Bardism presented a culture he could neither digest nor regurgitate. No writings remain from his Irish adventure — a failed one, to be sure.

Let us not forget that he “went mad” in the same year as Céline: 1937. Céline, that *Breton of Paris* who lived in Rennes, called himself a Celtic Bard and tried to resurrect Celtic epic poetry. Where Artaud stumbled on the Christian stratum of Celtism, Céline transformed his Bardism into anti-Semitism. Of their only meeting — a dinner with their publisher just before their mutual implosion — we remember one thing: Artaud made Céline confess that, despite being a *man of anger*, he loved life. Their final dialogue. One ended up in an asylum, the other in prison.

And here I invoke one of our Breton poets, a figure at times strikingly similar to Artaud: Armand Robin. A peasant poet, a translator fluent in twenty languages, an anti-Stalinist critic of propaganda, an anarchist companion of Georges Brassens, and a man who ultimately met his end, beaten to death in a police station. Robin authored what might be the most bardic collection of the 20th century, *La Fausse Parole*, and arguably its most “Artaudian” work. In it, propaganda is depicted as a form of rationalized witchcraft—a colossal enterprise of totalitarian enchantment and planetary psychophagy. Through this, Robin inaugurates a kind of *metaphysical satire*.

Our album and concerts conclude with *Parodie Perdue*, a piece that perceives the universe as a vast farce. Artaud, too, inscribed himself into this millennial lineage—a vision of the world as one great gag. During the three happiest days of his life, in the midst of a peyote trip with the Tarahumaras, life revealed itself to him as a ceaseless factory of creation, with humor as its ultimate key.

Personally, I’ve kept from Artaud everything Antique—the idea of the Reign of Cruelty—and rejected everything Romantic, such as the yearning for a Return to Unity. Yet, I’ve preserved what is Classical in him despite everything: the “Athlete of the Heart” ideal, for instance. And, of course, I cherish the Epic quality of his life, even though it largely stems from a mystical quest. To me, Artaud is neither irrational nor anarchistic. At best, he is a Tragic figure. Gravely ill, he descended into chaos only to rise stronger, shaping Horror into form. Still, there are personal reasons why I continue to hold Artaud in such regard. It is the late Artaud who resonates with me the most: the one who returned from the asylum, the author of organic writings such as *Suppôts et Supplications* and *Van Gogh, le suicidé de la société*. The Artaud censored on the radio. The Artaud barred from his own tribute evening. The one who sought to revive the Theater of Cruelty. That cry, shattered into fragments yet gathering itself into ten thousand forms, a cry that *refuses to be forgotten*.

I am a child of the ’90s and a teenager of the 2000s—a generation marked by the Internet, gaming, and partying, the Fall of the Berlin Wall and the rise of a united Europe, transhumanism and ecological concerns, terrorism and festivity, the reign of rap and electro, wokism and COVID, networks and the Metaverse. We are a generation caught between utopias and reactions. Born not just atheist, without God, but atout (a pun in French meaning “without everything”), without anything—we are left with everything to criticize and everything to rebuild.

Artaud is dead. Rock is dead. Yet both Artaud and Rock had everything to rebuild. And so here we are. A winter night that refuses to end. I’m sick. Tonight, there’s a concert. Everything feels wrong. And yet, we go on—*against all odds*.

Rennes, Winter Solstice, December 21, 2024

Pierre Kerroc’h is the singer and songwriter of the rock band Oroboro. For more information about this band, feel free to check out his interview in the first issue of the heretical magazine *Cortège* (December 2024).

<http://contre-sort.fr/actu.html>

OROBORO

ETHILIEL GAUTIER
Batteur

Oroboro, quatuor de rock sombre et sauvage, est né du chaos d'une nuit armoricaine et des insomnies créatives de Pierre Kerroc'h en 2021, avant de prendre forme dans les rues bouillonnantes de Rennes. Ce groupe balance des riffs électriques, des mélodies entêtantes et des textes bardiques taillés dans la révolte et la poésie. Entre la rage de Muse, la transe électro de Daft Punk et l'âme celte des bardes bretons, Oroboro déchaîne les scènes et sème sa furie musicale de festivals en clips envoûtants. En route vers leur premier EP en 2025, ils embarquent le public dans un voyage au verso des choses, où le rock devient rituel.

STÉPHANE LAMOUR
Guitariste

TRISTAN PAWLAK
Bassiste

PIERRE KERROC'H
Chanteur - Compositeur

« Oroboro, quatuor rennais, au confluent d'un rock sauvage et d'une transe celtique contagieuse, nous transporte dans son univers délirant, sulfureux et savoureusement chaotique. »

- Lust4live

<https://www.youtube.com/@oroborofficiel>



«Allume-toi jusqu'au chaos
Et bats ton rythme jusqu'au chaos.»
Shaman en Mania

oroboro.officiel@gmail.com



OROBORO



« Je veux que ça hurle je veux
que ça saigne. Je fais des
allers-retours dans l'arène. Je
veux des séismes et je veux la
peste. Pour hanter tes rêves
jamais je m'arrête. »

Circus Imperator

« Cette ville c'est l'asile à ciel ouvert
Et ses délires ça reste un mystère
Mais moi je sais ce que c'est. »

Parodie Perdue

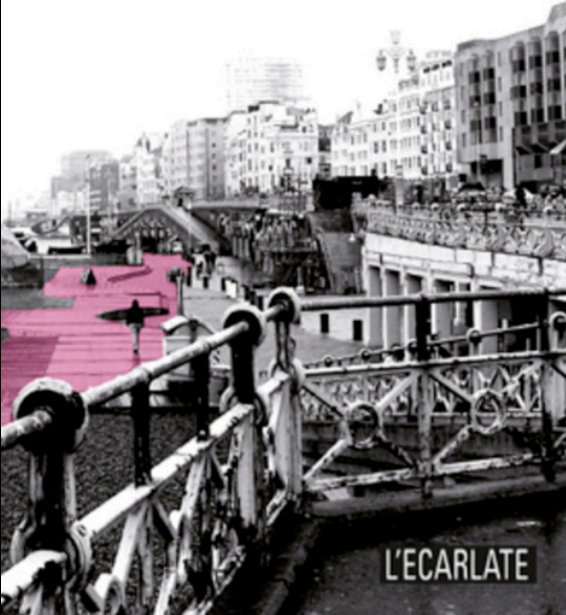




Embark on a journey into the heart of darkness with MERRIMACK and experience the enigmatic power radiating from the atmospheric depths of French black metal. Of Grace and Gravity dares to challenge the fabric of reality, exploring the dichotomy between partial truths and divine particles. This album heralds a return to the primal Luciferian revolt, resonating with Antonin Artaud's haunting declaration: "We are the microbes of God."

François Audouy

Brighton Rock(s)



François Audouy

Born in 1985, François Audouy delves into music and poetry in his literary work. His publications include Brighton Rock(s) (2011) and Les Harmonies (2020), which explore the musical universe, as well as Antonin Artaud, le sur-vivant(2016), a poetic immersion into Artaud's thought and resilience.

He is also the translator of Artaud's unpublished texts into English, released in the United Kingdom by Bloomsbury. With numerous literary projects underway, he continues to expand his creative endeavors and is set to fully design Issue 13 of the journal Écho Antonin Artaud, scheduled for release in May 2025.

François Audouy

ANTONIN ARTAUD le sur-vivant

Essai

L'Harmattan

PACÔME THIELLEMENT

INTERVIEW

My first question is as follows: In your essays, how do you connect Artaud's thought with the contemporary mythologies of rock? Do you think there are direct correspondences between Artaud and the world of rock, particularly in their vision of iconic figures and the revolts they embody?

Pacôme Thiellement : To answer this question, I would say that, as a principle, my essays navigate across various fields, encompassing very different texts—be they cultural or intellectual. I might draw upon mystical writings, elements of pop culture, or poetry. For me, figures like Nerval, Rimbaud, Artaud, or Roger Gilbert-Lecomte embody a prophetic and visionary voice.

From an early stage, I noticed the profound influence of French poets such as Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Artaud, and Genet on the great artistic figures of rock and pop. The history of their reception and the interplay of these influences is a topic that fascinates me. I'm unsure if such a history exists, but if not, it is certainly a notable omission. This is closely tied to the history of how heretical writings influenced the poets themselves, particularly those of the 'gnostics' or 'Sans Roi' mentioned by Nerval or Jarry—a subject for which a comprehensive account of their reading and application is similarly lacking.



The influence of French visionary poets extends from Jim Morrison to David Bowie. I'm also thinking of Soft Machine and Canterbury rock, inspired by Alfred Jarry's pataphysics—a term that even appears in the Beatles' song Maxwell's Silver Hammer. Of course, there are also significant influences from the Anglo-Saxon world, such as those of William Blake and Edgar Allan Poe. Perhaps this is due to the impact of the Beatniks or art schools, as exemplified by Pink Floyd.

What unites these visionary poets and rock artists, in my view, is a shared desire to transform life—a spirit of revolt against the constraints imposed on humanity. It's a quest for something beyond, pursued through experimentation with language, innovative forms of expression, and even drug use. For me, this connection forms a coherent corpus. It begins with the Beatles and Bowie and takes on a more defined shape in the 1980s with bands like Bauhaus, who explicitly reference Artaud. This influence remains alive today in music that fuses jazz, experimentation, contemporary styles, and rock—artists like John Zorn, for example, who even invokes René Daumal.

I had the privilege of witnessing such experimentation firsthand when I invited Jessika Kenney and Eyvind Kang to Bourges for a residency in 2014. During this time, they set Antonin Artaud's poem *Faites le mal* ("Do Evil") to music. It was an extraordinary experience: Hermine Karagheuz first read the text, and Jessika then sang it, creating a deeply moving and unforgettable performance.



When reading your essays, I sense that you often explore a concept that might be described as "gnostic," centered on the idea of "creative disorder." In other words, the revelation or anamnesis of our true nature seems to arise only after a deconditioning of the oppressive structures—both mental and tangible—imposed by society and the powers that sustain it. My questions are as follows: How can a revolution of consciousness, expressed through literature or music, achieve genuine effectiveness? How can the externalization of revolt and the messages conveyed by these artistic creations contribute to creating a fairer and better world?

Pacôme Thiellement : I have no idea what could make the world a better place, as I neither control the people nor the minds that govern it, and I lack the means to directly influence others. However, I believe that, in the long run, art and poetry hold the power to transform the expectations of certain individuals who, by growing in number, can ultimately make a real difference. Of course, every victory is inevitably followed by a new struggle.

For me, the only example we have of such a revolution is Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who, with a single gesture, transformed the world. This gesture—until then unthinkable, even unimaginable—was his refusal of King Louis XV's pension. By declining the pension, Rousseau alienated the Enlightenment thinkers of his time but simultaneously opened up a revolutionary field of possibilities. In this act of refusal, he exposed the obsolescence of the monarchy and, in an almost magical way, set the stage for the French Revolution.

Nerval acknowledges this influence in *Les Filles du feu* (Angélique). Inspired by Rousseau, Nerval sought to understand how, as a poet, it is possible to transform the world. The opening of *Sylvie* reflects on this idea. The connection between politics and poetry in Nerval's work is less pronounced than in that of Lamartine or Victor Hugo; it is much more subtle, resembling a butterfly effect—a delicate thread that, when pulled, can unravel an entire system. This notion of a quest for the word capable of igniting a revolution of the mind, and consequently of the world, also appears in the works of Rimbaud, Artaud, Roger Gilbert-Lecomte, and certain figures in rock music.

In your personal and subjective opinion, if Artaud were to embody a figure in rock, which artist or band do you think would best represent his thoughts and philosophy, and why?

Pacôme Thiellement : For me, the artist who most closely embodies the spirit of Antonin Artaud is Captain Beefheart, due to his absolute creative freedom and total disregard for any form of norm. The experimental processes behind the composition of his albums, such as Trout Mask Replica (1969), are a striking example of this.

To offer a more concrete glimpse into his compositional methods: he begins by improvising on the piano, records these sketches on cassette, and then entrusts them to his musicians to transcribe. During recording sessions, he sings without using headphones, a practice that renders the process exceedingly challenging, if not outright grueling.

Furthermore, like Artaud, Captain Beefheart is a multidisciplinary artist. His paintings bear a strong resemblance to Artaud's, marked by their intensity and singularity. He represents an extreme apex in the history of rock: a passionate and untamable trajectory that still awaits full interpretation and understanding.



As often, you skillfully weave subtle links between esotericism and pop culture. In your opinion, how does rock music align with Artaud's spiritual visions?

Pacôme Thiellement : What immediately draws my attention to Artaud is the concept of Doubles. I perceive a connection with John Lennon, who, like Artaud, delved into realms where reality fractures, notably influenced by Lewis Carroll. Artaud achieved something remarkable with his work on *Through the Looking-Glass*: a passage he initially celebrated before later questioning. Similarly, in popular culture and rock music, both Artaud and Lennon exhibit a desire to generate variations on preexisting motifs, driving them to their absolute extremes. Furthermore, Lennon was the first rock artist to explicitly reference the "Gnostics," forging another link between visionary poets and the world of rock.

From a less intellectual but more form-focused perspective—centered on aesthetics or energy—if you were to imagine an artistic performance inspired by Artaud, which elements of rock (artists, genres, or styles) would you incorporate into it?

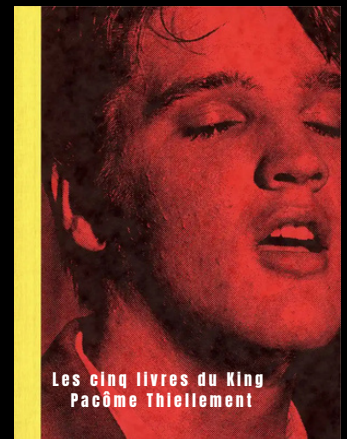
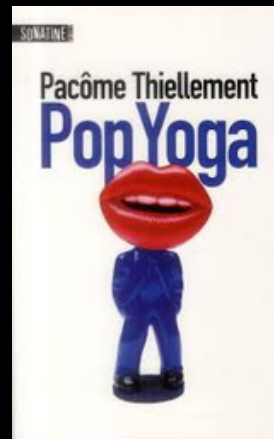
Pacôme Thiellement : I believe that Captain Beefheart, Albert Ayler, and Donny Hathaway each embody, in their own unique way, a purity comparable to that of Artaud. Their performances demand extreme forms of expression—irreducible, uncompromising, and stemming from a deeply personal artistic necessity. Sadly, this kind of purity is exceedingly rare in the realm of rock, where the majority of artists are creatures of compromise, much like in all other art forms. Even subversive figures like David Bowie conform, to some extent, to societal norms, including the pursuit of success. This is not a criticism, but an observation.

Artaud, by contrast, strove to live a life without compromise. Like Roger Gilbert-Lecomte and Colette Thomas, his existence defied conventional norms. Was this a conscious choice or an existential necessity? I cannot say. What is certain is that his life opened new doors of perception and revealed other possibilities of being.

Pacôme Thiellement

Pacôme Thiellement, an essayist and filmmaker born in 1975, has established himself as a distinctive voice in French cultural criticism, operating at the crossroads of philosophy, pop culture, and mysticism. Profoundly influenced by Antonin Artaud, Thiellement views him as a radical thinker whose explorations of the boundaries of consciousness and language align with the libertarian and rebellious ethos of rock music. To Thiellement, Artaud's work, much like rock, embodies a quest for the absolute—a space where the artist transcends conventions to uncover deeper, more subversive truths.

Poppermost
Considérations
sur la mort de
Paul
McCartney
Pacôme
Thiellement



To be published

Release date: 01/29/25

Pacôme
Thiellement

Ésotérique du rock

Cabala et autres textes

QUADRIGE

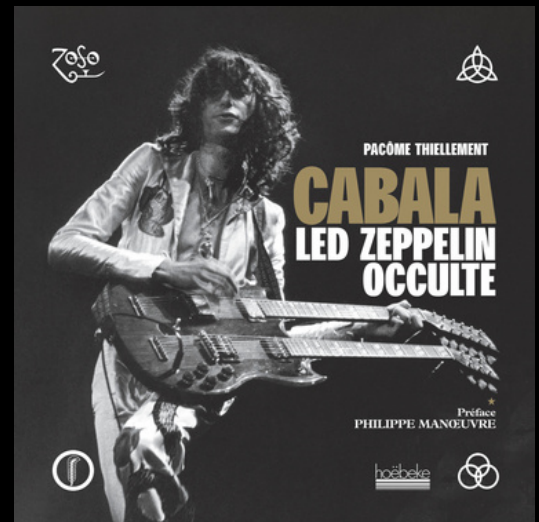


Pacôme
Thiellement

puf

The legendary guitarist of Led Zeppelin, Jimmy Page, has never concealed his affinity for the mystical arts. In December 1970, he told Rock & Folk magazine: "For a very long time, I have been studying magic. It is a fascinating and deeply enriching field. Everything I learn from my books or from life finds its way into my music in one form or another. In this sense, I share these enrichments with others."

In this work, originally published by Hoëbeke in 2009, Pacôme Thiellement explores the band's ties to the occult, revealing how Led Zeppelin was conceived as an esoteric project. Even today, the band exerts an unparalleled influence on pop culture. Here, Thiellement uncovers the deeper reasons behind this enduring fascination.




artaud in the black lodge



David T. Little
Anne Waldman

Artaud in the Black Lodge is a contemporary rock-theater opera, with text by Anne Waldman, that explores the imagined connections between Antonin Artaud, William S. Burroughs, and David Lynch. Set in a space reminiscent of the Bardo—where dreams and reality intertwine and demons are confronted—the work delves into the suspension of time and the communication between different planes of existence. Currently in development with Beth Morrison Projects for Timur and The Dime Museum, the Burroughs section was first performed on November 22, 2013, at the BAM Harvey Theater as part of the Next Wave Festival, featuring Timur Bekbosunov as William S. Burroughs.





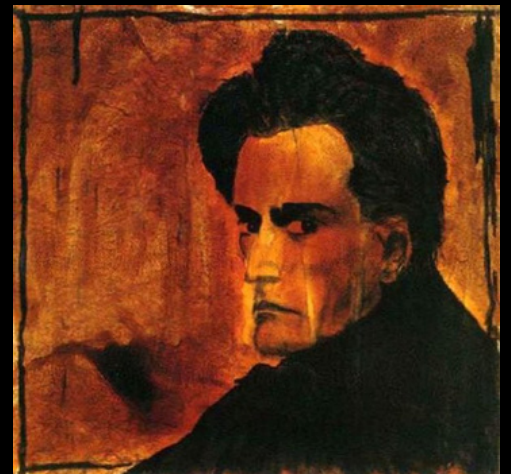
IN 1937, THE ZEPPELIN HINDENBURG BURSTS INTO FLAMES, A FIERY SPECTACLE LIKE A WILD RIFF SHATTERING THE SILENCE, A RAW SCREAM HERALDING THE APOCALYPSE. AS GUERNICA BURNS UNDER A DELUGE OF BOMBS AND EUROPE MARCHES TO THE RELENTLESS DRUMBEAT OF TOTALITARIANISM, ARTAUD—A CURSED ROCKER AHEAD OF HIS TIME—PLUNGES HEADLONG INTO MADNESS, DREAMING OF THE ULTIMATE ROAD TRIP TO IRELAND. DECADES LATER, LED ZEPPELIN WOULD CHANNEL THIS CHAOS INTO THUNDEROUS RIFFS, THE ELECTRIC REVERBERATION OF A WORLD IN FLAMES.

Johnny Depp



Johnny Depp stands out as one of the most fervent admirers and collectors of Antonin Artaud, nurturing a passion that is both profound and visceral. Beyond amassing rare objects and invaluable manuscripts, Depp has delved into Artaud's universe through his own artistic expressions. He has created a series of paintings dedicated to Artaud, aiming to channel the fury and intensity that pervade his work. For Depp, this passion transcends artistic admiration; it embodies a deeply personal quest—an exploration of the themes of creative torment and defiance of convention. By drawing inspiration from Artaud, Depp honors a free spirit whose influence continues to resonate profoundly in his artistic journey.

Johnny Depp, Artaud et Jean-Michel Marcias
photographie de Ross Halfin



Johnny Depp

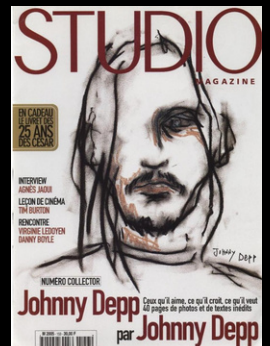
"Artaud was the first to say, 'Fuck you. I won't do what you tell me.' He truly embodied strength—the strength to question everything, to confront whatever came his way. Because, you know, Artaud never compromised. He was always exactly where he wanted to be. Even after enduring fifty-one electroshock sessions for his so-called 'subversive thoughts,' he remained true to himself.

In his work, you find profound and powerful emotions, alongside elements I personally don't agree with at all. He was a provocateur—the first, in a sense, to express what Rage Against the Machine would later put into song: 'Fuck you. I won't do what you tell me.' It's an extraordinary philosophy of life.

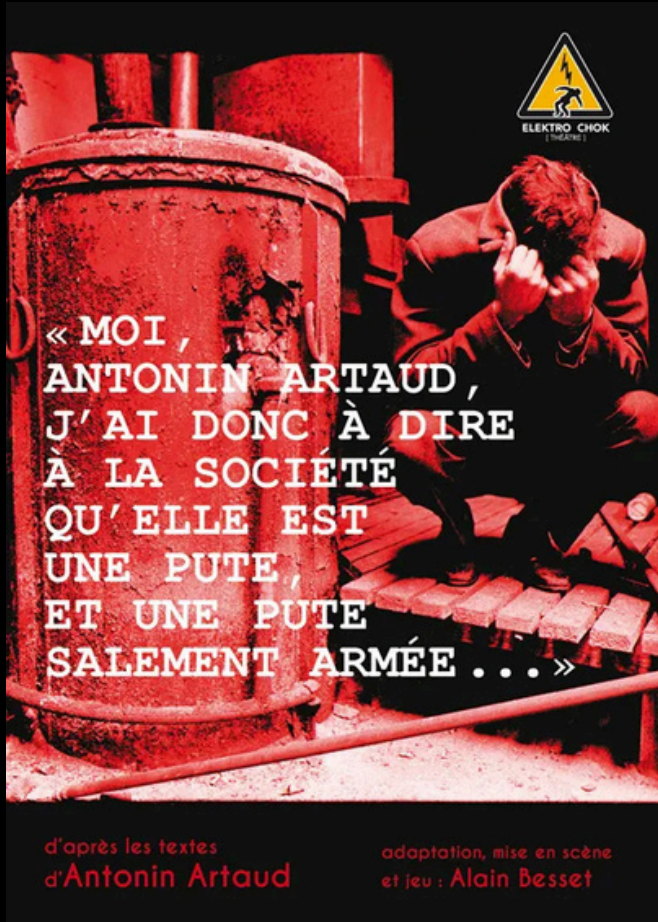
How did I discover him? Many years ago, someone handed me a book that had once belonged to Jim Morrison. Inside, passages from Artaud's writings were underlined. That sparked my curiosity. So, I started reading him, and it was like being struck by divine power. I felt an immediate connection; I deeply understood what Artaud was saying.

Artaud managed to transcend himself without ever betraying who he was. He pushed himself as far as he could go, to the point where he could barely stand anymore. I believe his influence remains incredibly strong today, even among those who may not know his name. You can feel his presence everywhere: in rock music—it's unmistakable—but also in literature, poetry, and, I must add, in the performances of some actors."

Johnny Depp by Johnny, Studio Magazine, No. 153, February 2000.



Alain Besset



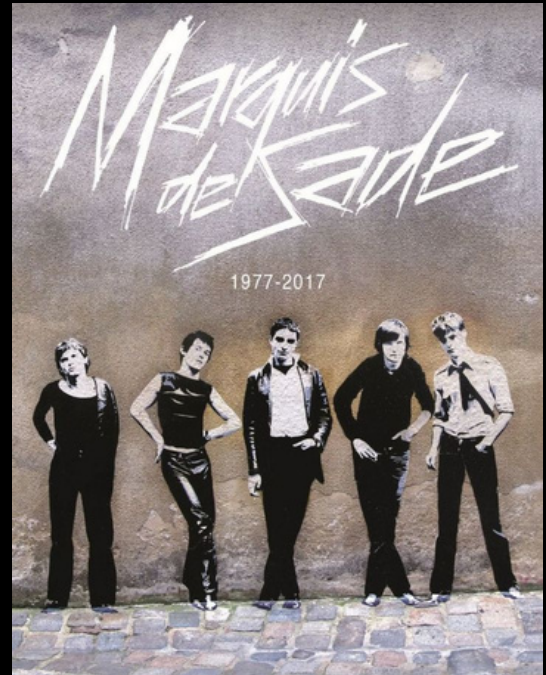
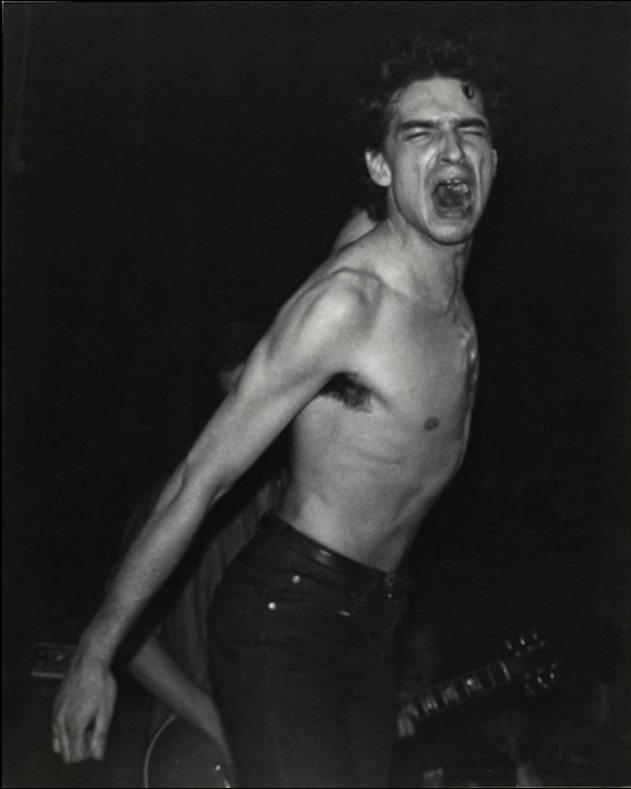
After three years in the French National Education system, Alain Besset resigned to devote himself fully to theater, becoming the director of the Chok Théâtre. Since then, he has focused exclusively on theater and music, notably with the alternative rock band *Les Pompiers*, which he co-founded. In 2012, he wrote, directed, and performed the play *Moi, Antonin Artaud, j'ai donc à dire à la société qu'elle est une pute, et une pute salement armée....*



Rock band *Les Pompiers*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZidaKlRJ5uw>

Philippe Pascal



Philippe Pascal, an emblematic figure of the Rennes rock scene, made a lasting impact on French musical history as the singer and lyricist of the post-punk band *Marquis de Sade*, active from 1977 to 1981. The band's frequent references to poets, particularly Antonin Artaud, lent it a distinctly literary identity. However, in an interview with *Libération* on September 15, 2017, Pascal clarified: *"I was fascinated by Antonin Artaud's voice—I must have mentioned it once or twice—but too many people assumed we aspired to be poets. Poetry bored me. Frank and I, at least, agreed on that: this image of an overly serious band annoyed us."*

The image features a central black rectangular area containing text, surrounded by a border of jagged, translucent glass shards. The shards are arranged in a circular pattern, with some overlapping, creating a sense of a shattered surface. The background is black, and the glass shards are highlighted with white and grey tones, showing cracks and reflections.

The ECHO of a CRY

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD...

But on September 4, 1896, it was a different kind of sound that shattered the silence: the first scream of Antonin Artaud. From that instant, everything turned into cries and chaos. The stifled cry of his sister Germaine, who passed away six months after his birth. Artaud's screams as he fell down the stairs at the age of four. The anguished outburst of his mother upon hearing the doctors' grim verdict: meningitis. They declared Artaud doomed, convinced he wouldn't survive. But he screamed, he fought, he refused to yield. Each cry became an uppercut to death, a defiance of the established order, a visceral rejection of a world far too narrow for him.

Depressive crises, nervous breakdowns, economic turmoil—crisis after crisis, everything collapses. Then the verdict is pronounced: hereditary syphilis. To endure arsenic treatments, hard drugs become indispensable. One day, Artaud becomes an actor. He roams the streets of Paris, rehearsing his roles like a man possessed—shouting, gesticulating, frightening passersby. Artaud writes, chaotically chronicling his crises, his unbearable suffering. He is prescribed cries as poison, cries as narcotic. He is sacrificed: the living man gives way to the writer of cries. "A criminal," some will say. "A writer," others will respond.

The first cry of pleasure comes with *Génica*. Then follow domestic quarrels, cries of jealousy. *Génica* can no longer endure his shouting. And Artaud cries out: "You know nothing of the mind, nothing of illness. You judge everything by appearances. I—I know, don't I?—my inner self; and when I scream at you, there is nothing in me, nothing in what constitutes my being, that is not born of a pre-existing evil, one preceding my will. (...) I can bear it no longer—I cry out enough at you. Stop thinking with your sex and finally absorb life."

Then comes a sublime, silent, slowed-down cry of strangulation in his first film, *Fait divers*, in 1924.



On January 29, 1924, Artaud sent his poem *Cri* to Jacques Rivière, and the echo of that cry surged within him, embodying a surrealist revolt. *Le Pèse-nerfs* is nothing less than an extended cry—a clenched cry of despair, suffering, and agony, striving to survive the crushing suffocation of an ill-constructed body. It is the cry of anxieties, the cry of detoxification sessions. A cry of fury and rage, seeking to dismantle everything that stifles the vital impulse, in order to become solar once again. Ultimately, it is a cry that tears down the mask of inner ills and words, allowing one to rediscover their authentic self, freed from the internal tyranny of the other. A cry rejecting the other, so that "I" is no longer another. A cry that transforms "I"... into a cry! "Neither my cry nor my fever belongs to me," he writes in *Fragments d'un journal d'enfer*.

Position of Flesh is a Cry of Poetic Brutality: "These unformulated forces that besiege me—one day my reason will have to welcome them; they will have to take the place of lofty thought. These forces that, from outside, have the shape of a cry."

In the *Theatre of Cruelty*, the cry reveals a raw vibration. What matters is not its meaning, but its vibratory power. What's essential is the intensity of the actor's cry in flames, not the literal reality of torment. It is a theatre that shatters the voice and makes it tremble like a landscape. In *The Theatre of the Seraphim*, Artaud seeks to explore the "cry of trampled revolt"—the one that "instills fear in the noise of rage." "Nobody knows how to cry in Europe anymore, and especially actors in a trance no longer know how to let out cries... Reduced to abnormal throats, it's no longer even an organ but a monstrous abstraction that speaks: actors in France now only know how to talk," cries Artaud again.

A lecture at the Sorbonne on the plague, where Artaud cries. Michel Leiris, in *À cor et à cri*, writes: "Feeling of a vertiginous hole suddenly dug in the flow of daily minutes, the dreadful discomfort caused by Antonin Artaud (...) giving a sample of theatrical cry—a shout emitted at full lung capacity and of a certain duration—during a lecture delivered at the Sorbonne."

And then there are Artaud's cries in *The Cenci*. In issue No. 2 of the journal *Écrit du Nord*, René Daumal writes: "The cry, it's Antonin Artaud who uttered it, with *The Cenci*. (...) For the Chinese, Hindus, Australians, Native Americans, Jews—for all peoples except ours—theatre is action before it is spectacle; sacred action, meaning real knowledge, a way to connect with the present moment. The Hindus say that the goal of theatre is to make one taste—that is, to know in the most intimate sense—a state of being." On May 12, 1935, the famous Colette writes in her *Journal* about *The Cenci*: "Spectator, grind your teeth, cry 'To the shower!', laugh, leave the room slamming doors—otherwise, applaud wildly. If you stay until the end, having hated, loathed, booed the play, admit that an experiment like Artaud's serves the theatre better than a neat little comedy that considers itself clever because it took no risks."

Prophetic cries, apocalyptic cries in the streets of Dublin, which turn into paranoid cries in Le Havre. The cries of psychiatric asylums. Then, in 1938, at Ville-Evrard, the creation of the first gri-gri or cri-cri: word-cries slipped onto small pieces of paper with which the inmates roll their cigarettes. Cries that go up in smoke. But also audible cries—cries of exorcism against spells, to protect oneself from the dictatorship of the other. I am no longer the other. I am a cry: despair, anger, suffering, agony—to survive the crushing suffocation of social prison. A cry of rage, of fury, to reclaim vital momentum, to deconstruct that which oppresses.

Screams of anguish, destructive screams, roaring warrior cries, screams of anxiety provoked by the looming threat of war. Screams of terror, crushed cries of revolt, ecstatic screams, spasmodic cries brought on by electroshock. Screams of abyssal dread, heartbreaking supplications erupting from the depths of hell, screams wrenched from the soul for a meager mouthful of food or a few precious drops of life-saving opium. Whip-like cracks of screams, lashing the mind into exhaustion; healing screams, soothing cries that temper pain. The soothing echo of Tarahumara songs, where the scream transforms into breath, breath into song, and song into solace. Screams reverberating through the recitations of Nerval's poetry, where each word becomes an otherworldly cry. Blazing screams, dazzling bursts of onomatopoeic flashes inscribed in Artaud's final notebooks, eruptions from a mind ablaze. And yet, also mystical cries of exaltation – the jiji-cricri, those chant-cries sometimes inscribed in Sanskrit, fragments of a soul where delirium transcends into mysticism, and the scream transforms into prayer.

Then come the screams of the Ivory Pavilion. Blocked cries, Martaud-cries erupting to relieve his torment and raise the vibratory density of his soul. Tôto-screams – constructions and deconstructions forged with hammer and nails – aimed at tearing man from his bearings and uprooting the body from imposed shackles. It was with these force-cries that Artaud shaped states of trance in Jacques Prevel and Colette Thomas, opening doors of perception they never knew existed: door-cries, where each beat echoed like a key to deeper, darker, undiscovered realities.

And then erupted the forbidden cries of the radio broadcast *To Have Done with the Judgment of God*: a defiant scream surging from the depths of Artaud's being, where he howls his revolt, his thirst to exist fully through flesh. A cry that transforms his human tuning fork into an organ of fury. A cry that shatters the tyranny of words and breaks our mental chains. Screams, sounds, noises—forming active, visual, audible signs in space that destabilize and liberate us from habit. A cry that deconditions, pulverizes beliefs, and makes each person master of their destiny. Artaud and the theater of cruelty are nothing but a scream! In his *Revolutionary Messages*, Artaud writes: "*It is the theater of human revolt that does not accept the law of fate; it is a theater filled with screams—not of fear, but of rage, and beyond rage, of the sense of life's worth.*" Screaming replaces arbitrary, false, polished, worldly language. It silences everything in life that rings hollow. Dream-cries that devour illusions. Screams that shatter the dream-cage in which we imprison ourselves.

Patrick Santus



ANTONIN ARTAUD AND POST PUNK

Introduction: Artaud, Freaks and Beats

This article explores how Antonin Artaud's writings and the legacy of the Theatre of Cruelty resonated within early 1980s post-punk and its Gothic and Industrial offshoots. By tracing a matrix of Artaudian influence, this article establishes Artaud as a catalyst in the formation of the period and various Avant Garde artists and groups engaged creatively with Artaud's legacy. To date there have been useful instances of critical insight which help us to the Artaudian legacy in the post punk and industrial scenes but this is an area which has largely gone unheeded. Both Simon Reynold's *Rip it Up and Start Again, Post Punk 1978-1984*, [1] and S. Alexander Reed's *Assimilate: A Critical History of Industrial Music*, [2] are particularly, however, in framing and finding key points of intersection between Artaud and the Post Punk moment. There has, however, been no sustained study, however. It's therefore the hope of this author that this article will come at the start of a much wider critical and archival research project.

During the mid-1960s Artaud began to re-enter the (counter) cultural ether and imagination. This renaissance of interest in Artaud and his writings was prompted by two major publications: the 1965 *Artaud Anthology* published by City Lights in San Francisco (and edited and in part translated by Jack Hirschman - who had been Jim Morrison of The Doors tutor at UCLA) and later, in 1976, Antonin Artaud, *Selected Writings* (edited and with an introduction by Susan Sontag). The City Lights Bookshop actually began reviving a cultural interest in Artaud several years earlier through its own close and influential relationship to the Beat movement. In the latter half of the 1950s, City Lights owner Lawrence Ferlinghetti had published Allen Ginsberg's poem *Howl* after seeing him perform the work at the Six Gallery in San Francisco in 1955.

Ginsberg's own pre-occupation with madness overlapped with Artaud's own experience and Ginsberg said of Artaud that "I had been fascinated by the thought and the poetry of the French Maudite, anti-physical, mystical poet, Antonin Artaud, who had died toothless, and, it is said, mad, in Paris in 1948, only seven years before our Six Gallery reading". [3]

[1] Reynolds, Simon. *Rip It Up and Start Again: Postpunk 1978–1984*. (London: Faber & Faber, 2005)

[2] Reed, S Alexander. *Assimilate: A Critical History of Industrial Music*. (Oxford: OUP, 2019)

[3] The Allen Ginsberg Project, <https://allenginsberg.org/2011/09/antonin-artaud/>, Sept 4, 2011. Last Viewed: 10/12/2024

Scholar Johanna Pawlick observes as well that “Ginsberg [and poet Mike McClure’s] contributions in particular bore witness to the influence of Artaud and contributed further to the dissemination of his modalities of revolt to a wider West Coast audience.”[4]

Both Artaud-based publications emerged and became culturally resonant at two interconnected and co-incidental subcultural moments – during the “Freak scene” of the mid 1960s and at the birth of Punk in both the UK and the US. Artaud scholar and author Stephen Barber has already provided a detailed account of the genesis, and seismic influence of, the *Artaud Anthology* noting that it is Artaud’s “poetry of the insurgent human body” dating from the last 22 months of Artaud’s life, that comprises the context and contents of the collection (but “actively exclude[ing] Artaud’s writings on theatre and performance, which constituted a major strand of his work’s impact during the 1960s.”) [5] Barber notes that “Many American artists, poets and musicians first experienced the impact of the City Lights *Artaud Anthology* around the time of its publication” and through its publication Artaud became part of a wider discourse of radical creativity during the period – not least on the poet, performer and punk pioneer Patti Smith for whom it was a

“Launching-point for an exploration of Artaud’s work deeply embedded within her own preoccupations with the creative act [...] it also formed an element in the creation of combative alliances of imagination between contemporary artists and now-dead artists: a strategy which Artaud himself had instigated in the final period of his work.” [6]

The Freak scene of late 1960s to mid-1970s was a subcultural milieu, centred mostly in California, adjacent to the hippies, but whose outlook, style and performances was more radical, politicized and avant Garde. The ‘Freaks’ were literate and radical creatives: artists, musicians, performers whose own work was influenced by both the Avant Garde and Modernist. Leading the charge was the musician, film-maker and anti-censorship campaigner Frank Zappa, whose Laurel Canyon home became a Mecca, drawing in participants in the Freak scene from all over the US and UK. In 1973 Zappa stated that ““Freaking out is a process whereby an individual casts off outmoded and restricted standards of thinking, dress and social etiquette in order to express CREATIVELY his relationship to his environment and the social structure as a whole”[7]. While Zappa never outwardly expressed the influence of Artaud over his own work one might argue it is there at one remove in the influence of the French Avante Garde composer Edgard Varèse over his work. In 1933 Varèse had handed over to Artaud his electronic science fiction opera *L’Astronome* (developed between 1928 and 1932) to develop as a scenario for performance. This would become the cataclysmic but incomplete scenario *There is No More Firmament* (1933).

It’s also worth noting here that in 2017 the American avant Garde/jazz composer John Zorn released a collection of work from 2013-2016 under the same title, and in 2019 released the 8th volume of his improvisational Hermetic Organ series “For Antonin Artaud”. Zorn had, in the late 1970s, been strongly associated with the “No Wave” music and art scene out of New York City which had rejected the emerging new wave and the commercial clichés of punk in favour of more experimental and dissonant Avant Gardism and aesthetic.

[4] Pawlick, Johanna. “Artaud in performance: dissident surrealism and the postwar American literary avant-garde” in *Papers of Surrealism*, Issue 8, 2010. <https://research.manchester.ac.uk/files/23098506/POST-PEER-REVIEW-PUBLISHERS.PDF>. Last Viewed: 10/12/2024

[5] Barber, Stephen. “Artaud’s Last Work and the City Lights Anthology,” in *City Lights: Pocket Poets and Pocket Books* (Palermo, Italy: ILA Palma, 2004)

[6] Ibid.

[7] Cohn, Nic. *AwopBopaLooBopaLopBamBoom: Pop from the Beginning* (Paladin 1973), pp. 222-223

Artaud's intersections with Post Punk and The Freaks

The “Freak scene” and its leading exponents – chief among them Frank Zappa and Don Van Vliet aka Captain Beefheart exert a strong influence over the performers, groups and artists of post punk – not least (in the UK) on Ian Curtis lead singer of Joy Division, Mark E Smith of The Fall and Genesis P. Orridge of British noise experimentalists and pioneers of industrial music, Throbbing Gristle. In the US, bands such as Factrix cited Artaud as a key formative influence. Artaud's presence and influence filters down from the cultural moment of The Freaks and is manifested through embodied stage performance and in the dissolution and collapse of pre-held ideas of music, derived from post-punks attachment to the modernism's early avant Garde (of which Artaud is at the centre).

Artaud's legacy filters down from publication of *The Artaud Anthology*, through the Freak Movement - which found its own Avant Garde and radical legacy in the work of not only post punk and but that of Industrial artists too. Reed offers that Industrial Music is a Theatre of Cruelty in and of itself and refers to the San Francisco band Factrix as not so much Art damaged but “Artaud damaged”[i]. Factrix frontman Bond Bergland stated that “*We were trying to bring the Theatre of Cruelty to the rock stage. It was really about confrontation, pushing people over the edge – something you'd seen at full steam with the living theatre in the 1960s.*”[9] *The hippy thing was culturally played down during punk, but it was a clear revolutionary predecessor.*”[10]

Reed further notes that San Francisco was “uniquely equipped to introduce Artaud as a pre-condition for Factrix” via the publication of the City Lights Anthology and the Nonprofit Arts complex Project Artaud – “their interest in Artaud compelled them to shock audiences with the grotesque, the dreamlike incomprehensible and the excruciating interruption of dreamless, womblike texture.”

As Reynolds observes Post Punk was a reaction to the perceived death and commercialisation of punk which had “become a parody of itself.”[11] Those who came after, notes Reynolds, aimed to fulfil punk's “incomplete mission”, [12] to broaden the scope of punk's language through the assimilation of a diverse range of seemingly antithetical styles – electronic music, funk, disco, jazz (Throbbing Gristle's 1979 breakthrough album was the ironically titled *20 Jazz Funk Greats*), musique concrete (and the work of Varèse). As with No Wave, Post Punk moved punk's mission closer to the Avant Garde often looking back to early to mid-period modernism. Early instigators, Sheffield band Cabaret Voltaire, for instance, took their name from the Zurich club which had originated the original Dada happenings under Hugo Ball. Reynold's notes “The entire period looks like an attempt to replay virtually every major modernist theme and technique via the medium of pop music”. [13] Furthermore, Post Punk itself fragmented and diversified into the abrasions of Industrial music and Goth. Reed notes “Artaud's ideas about performance are insightful lenses for looking at Industrial music [...] their interest in Artaud compelled them to shock audiences with the grotesque, the dreamlike incomprehensible and the excruciating interruption of dreamless, womblike texture”. [14]

[8] Reed, p.168

[9] The Living Theatre was an experimental theatre group in New York in the 1960s known for their confrontational and radical performance style.

[10] Reynolds, p.247

[11] Ibid, p.1

[12] Ibid

[13] Ibid

[14] Ibid, p.108

It's at the juncture of these sub-generic diversifications that Artaud's presence may be keenly felt. German industrial noise pioneers *Einstürzende Neubauten* (EN), are a clear example of the legacy of Artaud and the Theatre of Cruelty. Formed in Berlin in 1980, their name translates literally as "Collapsing New Buildings" (an allusion to the cheapness and insubstantial nature of German post-war reconstruction, a moniker which took on further resonance after roof collapse of the Berlin Congress Hall two months after they formed – and where they had played). Early albums, such as *Kollaps* (1980 – their first) feature a conflagration of electronic sounds, drum machines, DIY/homemade percussive instruments, pneumatic drills, sheet metal etc. Parallels may be drawn between their performances and recordings and the conditions for a Theatre of Cruelty set up in Artaud's manifestos and in *The Theatre and its Double* – which called for a total and experiential theatre shorn of and liberated from its attachment to the imprisoning structures of narrative and conventional language. The notion of collapse, which is central to EN's ethos derives from its Artaudian source which establishes theatre as a fragmentary and collapsing architectural system (Artaud took his own inspiration from painting by Lucas Van Leyden, *Lot and His Daughters*, 1520). Music itself is a language conditioned by the rules and syntax which within the framework of groups like both EN and Throbbing Gristle are 'collapsed'. Music itself has its own syntax, rules and language which themselves collapse under the weight of EN deconstructive attack. In a 1992 essay 'Einstürzende Neubauten and Antonin Artaud: Relating to the Body and Scream in Music' Joshua Switzer sees a number of key correlations, noting how EN relate to the "*Self-assessment of one's body; how it moved to something and how it reacted to noise, pain and cruelty [...] Antonin Artaud [...] took a very unique approach in dissecting, writing and laying out his foundational beliefs around the faculties of theatre, poetry and directing with special interest in human responses and tendencies. He explored the mysteries of the early twentieth century [...] through the body and the voice [...] comparable to how the music and live performances of Einstürzende Neubauten was expressed [...] both Artaud and Neubauten have underlying ties to each other.*"[15]

Furthermore, frontman Blixa Bargeld, has been forthright about the totality of influence of Artaud on the work of the group stating (when asked about key influences): "*I can't say any author has an influence, apart from Antonin Artaud*".[16] Atte Oksanen has also observed: "Industrial music set the bodies of musicians violently in the line of flight"[17] Blixa Bargeld, for example treated his body with disregard, a method reminiscent of Artaud's theatre of Cruelty" in which performers were required to become living gestures: "*Sometimes he becomes an instrument himself: his ribcage was miked up and the sounds were the effects of blows dealt by his bandmate Mufti. He became a body reduced to musical noise, and his body to be violated in becoming music [...] the soundscapes of EN explores the limits of the body without organs.*" [18]

[15] Switzer, Joshua "Einstürzende Neubauten and Antonin Artaud: Relating to the Body and Scream in Music" (1992)

[16] In Reed, p.168

[17] Oksanen, Atte. "Anti-Musical Becomings: Industrial Music and the Politics of Shock and Risk" *Secessio: Imagination and Experience After Modernity*, Vol 2.1 Autumn 2013, <https://secessio.net/vol-2-no-1/anti-musical-becomings-industrial-music-and-the-politics-of-shock-and-risk/#:~:text=Industrial%20music%20set%20the%20bodies,of%20Artaud's%20theatre%20of%20cruelty.> Last Viewed: 10.12.2024

[18] Ibid

This form of total, embodied Artaudian performance may also be seen in the stage performances of Ian Curtis, lead singer of UK post-punk band Joy Division. Joy Division's monochromatic musical style has, perhaps retrospectively, become the soundtrack to a northern industrial Britain devastated by the privations of early Thatcherism. However, the roots of Curtis's lyrics and performance style extended beyond immediate local and national politics. As bandmate Bernard Sumner told punk historian Jon Savage: "*He wanted to make extreme music, and he wanted to be totally extreme onstage, no half measures [...] Ian's influence seemed to be madness and insanity...his sister had worked in a mental home*".[i] On stage Curtis's performance style was twitching and convulsive as if he were suffering from electroshocks, Curtis would later commit suicide – the result of a combination of both depression and the worsening epileptic fits he had been suffering. His onstage performance style would relive this bodily trauma, incorporating these fits into the performance itself - not dissimilar to Artaud's own performance in 1947 at the Vieux-Colombier Theatre in Paris, during which he would relive, onstage, the corporeal trauma of his internment experience and his 50+ sessions of electro shock therapy in a visceral exhibition of screams, gloassailia, and bodily contortion. It's worth noting as well that Curtis's library and bibliographic influences, gathered and reproduced in the book *So this is Permanence*, edited by Savage and Deborah Curtis (his wife), included not only copies of Burgess, Ballard, Dawn Ades book on Dada and Surrealism, Nietzsche and Orwell, but also Artaud's *The Theatre and Its Double*.

Artaud exerted and influence over other groups in the British post-punk and Industrial / Goth scene. Pioneering Goth band Bauhaus included a track on their 1983 album *Burning from the Inside* with the title "Antonin Artaud". Built around a high pitched collapsing guitar riff and propulsive, repetitive drum beat, the song is perhaps unique in being lyrically about Artaud - referencing The Theatre of Cruelty ("put the audience in action, let the slaughtered take a bow"), The theatre and its double, Artaud's asylum incarceration and addiction ("Scratch pictures on asylum walls, Broken nails and matchsticks, hypodermic red fix") and his trip to Mexico ("Those Indians wank on his bones"). In an interview for *Shades* in 1983, bassist David J Haskins clarified this last line saying "Artaud had gone to Mexico to investigate the Tarahumara Indians. After a while they initiated him into their peyote cult and did the Peyote Dance for him. And his one image of the Indians dancing wildly round a fire, masturbating and throwing dirt at him haunted him for the rest of his life." [ii] – a somewhat truncated summation of Artaud's own description of '*The Peyote Dance*' in *A Voyage to the Land of the Tarahumara*.

As Reynold's has noted "Post Punk was a period of astonishing experimentation and vocal technique", highlighting two of its key proponents he notes that "The Fall's Mark E. Smith invented a kind of North of England magic realism that mixed industrial grime with the unearthly and uncanny, voiced through a unique one note delivery somewhere between amphetamine-spiked rant and alcohol-addled yarn[iii] while The Pop Group's Mark Stewart "yowled imagistic incantations like a cross between Antonin Artaud and James Brown".[iv] In carrying out research for this article, I ventured the potential parallels between Smith and Artaud on a Fall fan site.

[19] Savage, John. *So, This is Permanence: Joy Division Lyrics and Notebooks*, (London: Faber & Faber). Xiv.

[20] Haskins, David J. Interview in *Shades*, 1983.

[21] Reynolds, Prologue (no page number)

[22] Ibid

My suggestion was met with a positive and revealing response: Artaud, while never directly cited by Smith as a direct influence over the band, is certainly someone who is associated in the minds of some of the more literate fans. Smith was known to be interested in Artaud's contemporary Louis-Ferdinand Celine, as well as Isidore Ducasse and *Les Chants du Maldoror*; the track *City Hobgoblins* references Jarry's *Ubu-Roi* – a direct influence on Artaud's Theatre of Cruelty. It's not impossible therefore to hypothesise that Smith was at least aware of Artaud's writing and theories of performance.

Any Artaudian presence (intentional or otherwise) certainly becomes more pronounced in the latter years of The Fall's forty year existence in which on tracks such as the opening volley of “*Victrola Time*” on the album *Re-Mit* (2013) Smith (a devotee of early Zappa also) pushed “the texture of utterance/delivery and making the most of the way his voice was becoming affected by age, health, substance abuse etc to create texture, energy and strangeness”. One fan noted, “*Seeing him live doing Dedication not Medication there was i moment when I had chills down my spine - transported to or rather grounded into an Artaudian realm. His approach to history too always connected to Artaud too for me. Not afraid to use history and characters for contemporary rhetorical force...The last photos of Artaud weirdly look like late Mark somehow [Images 1 and 2]. An influence something I felt in my gut rather than could definitely argue for. Artaud was such an influence on 1950s 1960s drama and culture And such an implicit Dadaist/Surrealist force that he was kind of in the water supply.*” [23]

[23] The Mighty Fall Facebook Group.



Mark E. Smith



**Georges Pastier,
Portrait of Artaud, 1948**

Comedian and Fall fan Stewart Lee, writing in the Guardian said that on The Fall's final album *New Facts Emerge* (2018) "Smith took the persona of the incoherent animal-shaman he'd been perfecting for the last decade to a whole new level of total theatre." [24] He stated that by the time of the album "Smith had shed the burden of being the clipped and articulate wordsmith in chief to become instead a kind of abstract presence, haunting his own work and with growls and slurs and yammerings and hammerings that reaffirm rock and roll's primal power to bypass sense." [25] The mythological image of Smith as a shamanic figure is one that repeats itself in discourse around the singer and by extension the group. Furthermore, Smith's habit of changing the levels on the amps mid performance (much to the fury of other band members) became a form of on-stage gesture, with sound and utterance collapsing in with one another.

If the Artaudian influence on The Fall is more by inference, then lead singer of The Pop Group, Mark Stewart, explicitly stated Artaud's influence in interview. Reynolds observes "*Sparks flew as systems of thought collided: Willhelm Reich's libidinal liberation, Antonin Artaud's Theatre of Cruelty, Situationism's revolt against boredom. Drunk on ideas the group dedicated itself to breaking systematically down all assumptions and received ideas.*" [26]

Francesco Nunziata noted that "In the case of the Bristol group, music becomes magmatic, sharp, Dionysian, all-encompassing. Artaud's "theatre of cruelty" seems to be realized through a sound assembly that is the most shocking thing one could imagine in the England of the time".

I'd like to conclude this discussion by referencing UK noise experimentalists and industrial pioneers Throbbing Gristle, whose founding member Genesis P. Orridge, placed his/her own body, at the centre of a lifelong performance – a process which included physical body modification. Perhaps of all bands of the period it was Throbbing Gristle that most took on Artaudian precepts of performance, cruelty and theatre and who were also in the dept of the both the 1960s freak scene and the 70s new York avant Garde . TG emerged out the Art and performance collective COUM transmissions, whose early 1970s performances "included Taboo breaking activity similar to what Viennese actionists had already performed in shamanic improvisations including self-mutilation, bodily excrement and anal penetration – gaining the nickname the "wreckers of civilisation". [27] Later Throbbing Gristle would engage with the occult, fascist imagery, and come to embody the more extreme and apocalyptic end of Artaud influenced post punk. Throbbing Gristle's debt to Artaud, however, deserves more space and detail than is allowed in the space allowed for this discussion and will be the subject of a further, more dedicated discussion.

[24] Lee, Stewart, "The Fall – the Case for the Last Two Decades" March 2018,

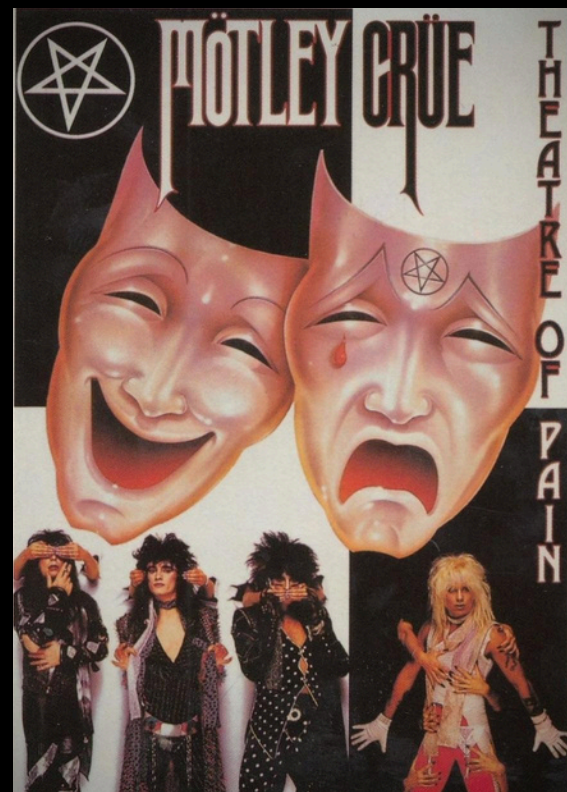
[25] Ibid.

[26] Reynolds p.76

[27] Oksanen

Dr Matt Melia was awarded a PhD in 2007 for a thesis in 'Architecture and Cruelty in the Writings of Artaud, Genet and Beckett'. Over the past few years his archival research has been largely based on the work of the filmmakers Ken Russell and Stanley Kubrick and has published widely on both - including 'The Films of Ken Russell' (EUP) and *Anthony Burgess, Stanley Kubrick and A Clockwork Orange* (Palgrave). He teaches across Media and English literature at Kingston University.





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In an interview with *Madame Figaro* on October 9, 2016, Iggy Pop revealed that his role in *L'Étoile du jour*, where he plays "the Conscience" haunting the acrobat clown portrayed by Denis Lavant, was directly inspired by Antonin Artaud. He explained that he drew from Artaud's performance as a guardian angel in Fritz Lang's *Liliom* to bring his character to life.

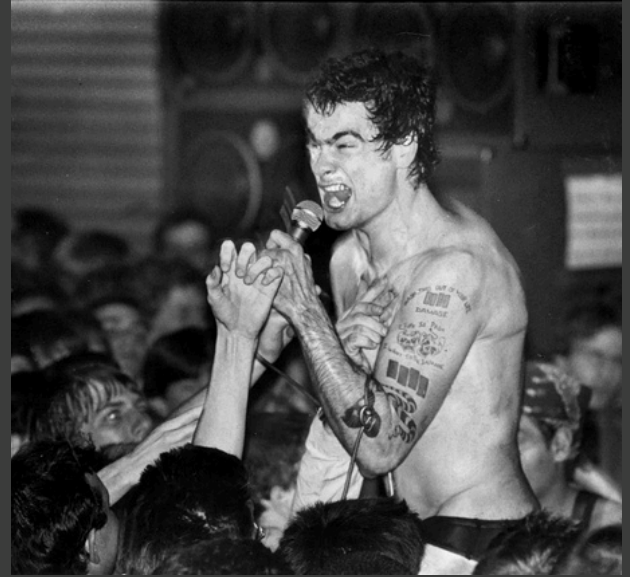


Keiji Haino, a Japanese musician born in 1952, initially developed a passion for theater, drawing inspiration from the writings of Antonin Artaud. His discovery of *The Doors'* song "*When the Music's Over*" later steered him toward music, where he fused elements of rock with an avant-garde approach. In 1970, he became the singer for the avant-garde group *Lost Aaraaff*, whose name was inspired by Edgar Allan Poe's 1829 poem *Al Aaraaf*.

Henry Rollins

On October 10, 2019, in an interview with Rock Cellar, Henry Rollins of Black Flag reflected on the 1980s, stating:

"It was also around this time that I started reading Rimbaud and Artaud, and the world literally exploded in front of me. I realized just how much there was to discover. You can hear it in the music and see it in my writings from that time; you can sense how precious culture and everything surrounding it is."



Jean-Louis Costes



"Jean-Louis, some people compare you to Antonin Artaud. What do you think about that?"

"Yes, there's something to it, clearly, except that Artaud didn't actually do anything. I did—that's the difference between Artaud and me. Someone had me read Artaud recently, but I don't like the myth around him. I don't agree with it, whether it's about him or anyone else, by the way. When you look at the prescriptions he gave for theater, I've done them all. There's a book called Artaud for Dummies, do you know it? (...) Van Gogh, The Man Suicided by Society by Artaud is an amazing text! In terms of style, Artaud says anything and everything, and somehow it seems coherent to us. But he didn't think it through with a network of philosophical concepts. He just throws stuff out. Throws it out, throws it out."

—Jean-Louis Costes: *L'art brutal*
December 20, 2006, Interviews

FIRKIS O FINIKIOTIS

THE SONS OF ARTAUD

FRENZIED CHAOS & MAD ROCKSTAR RAGE



"The relationship between reason and madness constitutes a fundamental dimension of originality in Western culture; it existed long before Hieronymus Bosch and will persist far beyond Nietzsche and Artaud."

Michel Foucault

Sid Vicious / Nihilistic Madness : Arrogant, vicious, and vulgar to the core—the Sex Pistols epitomized bratty rebellion. Pure, delirious chaos. Their first London concert on February 12, 1976: a stage in turmoil, violent anarchy, an all-out brawl. Provocation coursed through their veins, riots erupted in the streets, leading to mass arrests and countless bans. God Save The Queen, their anti-establishment anthem, was a punch to the face of the system. Their U.S. tour was a traveling disaster. Sid Vicious, a cyclone of madness and destruction, spiraled out of control: overdose after overdose, a murder scandal, and a shattered bottle to the face of Patti Smith's brother. From prison to a failed suicide attempt, his body waged war on itself until a fatal dose of heroin marked the end. The Sex Pistols were an explosion of raw chaos—a scream of hatred, a bullet to the skull.

Peter Doherty / Hemorrhagic Madness : Obsessed with Kate Moss, Doherty painted with his own blood, blurring the line between art and self-destruction. After a fight with a paparazzo, he showed up to a photoshoot with a bruised, swollen face, claiming his injuries were his latest artwork.

Axl Rose / Tyrannical Madness : Kidnapped—and possibly abused—by his father at the age of two, ignored by his mother, Axl Rose grew up amid pain and conflict. Struggling with manic depression and infamous for his authoritarian behavior, he embodied raw violence, often directed at himself and others. In 1991, during a concert in St. Louis, he abruptly stopped the show to attack a fan with a camera, sparking a riot.

Keith Moon / Dionysian Madness : Hedonistic and mischievous, Keith Moon's antics were legendary. At a 1967 birthday party in a Holiday Inn, "Moon the Loon" drove a Lincoln Continental into the hotel pool, smashed TVs, and discharged fire extinguishers. The result? The Who were banned for life from every Holiday Inn. His new cocktail of choice? Horse tranquilizers mixed with cognac.

Ian Curtis / Inner Madness : A devoted reader of Artaud, Ian Curtis, who suffered from epilepsy and depression, took his own life at the age of 23. His dark lyrics shaped post-punk, leaving an indelible mark.



Jim Gordon / Murderous Madness : Legendary drummer of the '60s and '70s, Jim Gordon balanced a meteoric career with growing mental health struggles, ultimately succumbing to schizophrenia. In 1983, under the influence of hallucinatory voices, he tragically murdered his mother, marking the grim conclusion of an extraordinary yet tormented journey.

Charles Manson / Sectarian Madness : Before becoming one of history's most infamous criminals, Charles Manson sought musical fame with the help of Dennis Wilson of the Beach Boys. However, his unstable and violent tendencies soon emerged. In 1969, he founded "The Family," a hippie commune with sinister undertones, orchestrating a series of murders inspired by the Beatles' White Album.

Ike Turner / Dissonant Madness : A guitarist and rock pioneer, Ike Turner was both celebrated and condemned. His violent behavior, drug addiction, and \$11 million cocaine binge overshadowed his musical achievements. Turner, who inflicted abuse on his wife Tina and struggled with exacerbated bipolar disorder, died in 2007, leaving a legacy as turbulent as his life.

Kurt Cobain / Introspective Madness : Grunge icon Kurt Cobain channeled themes of mental anguish and alienation into his music. Before taking his own life in 1994, he left a poignant note addressed to his "imaginary friend," Bodad, lamenting his inability to find joy in life or music. His final words echoed Neil Young's lyric: "It's better to burn out than to fade away."

GG Allin / Provocative Madness : Pushing the boundaries of performance art, GG Allin shocked audiences with his extreme antics—performing naked, smeared in excrement, and self-mutilating onstage. Declaring that "music must shock and destroy," he promised to die by suicide during a live show. Instead, he succumbed to a drug overdose, cementing his notoriety.

Roky Erickson / Paranoid Madness : Diagnosed with schizophrenia, Roky Erickson was convinced of being watched by supernatural forces. He wrote countless letters to the FBI and claimed alien possession, channeling his paranoia and mysticism into his music, which remains a testament to his unique perspective on reality.

John Bonham / Wild Madness : Nicknamed "Bonzo," Led Zeppelin drummer John Bonham epitomized the excesses of 1970s rock. Infamous for drunken escapades, he once rode a Harley Davidson at full speed through a hotel corridor during an American tour in 1977, leaving a trail of destruction—a chaotic symbol of the era's hedonism.

Varg Vikernes / Destructive Madness : A central figure in the Norwegian black metal scene, Varg Vikernes pushed extremity beyond music. In 1993, he brutally murdered Øystein "Euronymous" Aarseth of Mayhem and participated in the arson of several Norwegian churches, acts he described as symbols of pagan rebellion.

Dead / Macabre Madness : Mayhem vocalist Dead gained notoriety for his morbid fascination with death. Known for self-harming during performances and carrying dead crows to "inhale the scent of death" before singing, his obsession culminated in his 1991 suicide, accompanied by a note reading: "Sorry for all the blood."

Ivar Bjørnson / Viking Madness : As a member of the Norwegian black metal band Enslaved, Ivar Bjørnson engaged in rituals inspired by Nordic paganism. These ceremonies included animal sacrifices and drug-induced performances, designed to evoke mystical experiences reminiscent of ancient Viking culture.

Glen Benton / Diabolical Madness : Deicide's vocalist Glen Benton cultivated a reputation for extremity, branding an inverted cross onto his forehead and claiming a pact with Satan. Vowing to end his life at 33 as an "inverted Christ," he later abandoned the plan, but his provocative persona continues to define his legacy.

Alan Vega / Minimalist Madness : A pioneer of electronic music, he reinvented sonic chaos with hypnotic and visceral performances.

Alex Chilton / Melodic Madness : A teenage prodigy who turned failures into art, oscillating between luminous pop and dark experimentation.

Alice Cooper / Macabre Madness : The master of shock rock, redefining the music scene with provocative performances and gothic aesthetics.

Amy Winehouse / Melancholic Madness : With a powerful voice and tormented soul, she transformed personal pain into profoundly sincere music.

Armand Schaubroeck / Narrative Madness : A storyteller of eccentric rock tales, his songs oscillate between satire and raw confessions.

Arthur Brown / Flamboyant Madness : The "God of Hellfire" in rock, turning concerts into unforgettable theatrical and pyrotechnic spectacles.

Arthur Lee / Psychedelic Madness : A tormented visionary who fused baroque pop with acid melancholy, leaving an indelible mark on music.

Bon Scott / Electric Madness : AC/DC's charismatic frontman, embodying the rock 'n' roll spirit with bravado, partying, and unforgettable performances.

Brian Wilson / Harmonic Madness : A visionary composer who married sonic perfection with a slow descent into psychedelic depths.

Bryan Gregory / Vampiric Madness : With gothic makeup and eerie riffs, he infused The Cramps with sinister, theatrical energy like a ghost haunting the rock scene.

Can / Cosmic Madness : Pioneers of krautrock, they explored hypnotic, futuristic sounds blending free improvisation with rigorous minimalism.

Captain Beefheart / Dadaist Madness : A strange and defiant visionary, rewriting musical rules with compositions as absurd as they were brilliant.

Courtney Love / Provocative Madness : Leader of Hole and grunge icon, mixing vulnerability and rage in music that cemented her controversial legacy.

David Crosby / Melodic Madness : A folk-rock legend whose gentle voice concealed a tumultuous spirit marked by excess and a quest for redemption.

Dee Dee Ramone / Reckless Madness : Punk's wild poet, his life and lyrics celebrating chaotic excess and carefree spirit.

Dr. John / Voodoo Madness : The ambassador of New Orleans funk, merging hypnotic rhythms and mysticism into a spellbinding sound.

Frank Zappa / Satirical Madness : A musical genius and sharp societal critic, blending virtuosity with irony to shatter conventions.

George Clinton / Eccentric Madness : The father of P-Funk, creating a delirious universe where hypnotic grooves and visual eccentricities merged into collective trance.

Hawkwind / Stellar Madness : Pioneers of space rock, they took fans on intergalactic journeys with futuristic and psychedelic sounds.

Hunter S. Thompson / Gonzo Madness : A rebellious author and pioneer of gonzo journalism, he blended raw truth with hallucinatory fiction, living a life without limits.

Iggy Pop / Primal Madness: A punk icon, he unleashed raw, uncontrollable energy on stage, embodying wild freedom.

Ian Dury / Poetic Madness : The punk dandy, blending satire and tenderness, turned physical struggles into life anthems, distilling sharp irony and unexpected melodies.

James White / Avant-Garde Madness : A musical anarchist, he deconstructed jazz and funk to forge sharp, cutting sonic weapons.

Jeff Beck / Introspective Madness : With his guitar, he crafted sonic worlds, choosing music over fame.

Jeffrey Lee Pierce / Incantatory Madness : With Gun Club, he summoned the demons of blues and punk in raw, apocalyptic visions.

Jerry Lee Lewis / Incendiary Madness : The Killer of rock 'n' roll, he lived with brutal intensity, famous for musical feats and scandals alike.

John Belushi / Burlesque Madness : An extravagant actor and master of comic chaos, he left his mark with boundless energy.

John Cale / Avant-Garde Madness : A Velvet Underground co-founder, he turned music into a laboratory of unclassifiable experiments.

Johnny Thunders / Electric Madness : A rock 'n' roll decadence icon, he fused abrasive riffs with tender charm, embodying dazzling rebellion.

Julian Cope / Esoteric Madness : A modern psychedelia prophet, he embraced an untamed universe, leading listeners into collective trances.

Keith Moon / Self-Destructive Madness : The Who's drummer, a human tornado, lived every moment like an explosion, leaving a chaotic legend.

Keith Richards / Immortal Madness : The pirate of rock and miraculous survivor, he wrote the Rolling Stones' history with iconic riffs.

Kevin Coyne / Poignant Madness : A troubadour singer, he explored the human soul's depths with raw intensity and truthful tales.

Killing Joke / Apocalyptic Madness : Prophetic and haunting, their hammering music and dark lyrics foretold the world's end with fury and mysticism.

Kim Fowley / Manipulative Madness: A producer and provocateur, he played the rock demigod, creating stars and orchestrating scandals.

Lee Perry / Alchemical Madness : A dub genius, he turned the studio into a sonic laboratory, fusing innovation and spirituality.

Lemmy Kilmister / Raw Madness : A heavy metal icon and Motörhead frontman, he lived a life of excess, with savage riffs and an uncompromising ethos.

Lene Lovich / Magnetic Madness : With her unique voice and theatrical performances, she defied norms and embodied an inimitable creative energy.

Little Richard / Volcanic Madness : The father of rock 'n' roll, his boundless energy and jubilant screams ignited the flame of a musical revolution.

Malcolm Owen / Furious Madness : A blazing punk force, his devastating onstage energy spared neither himself nor his audience.

Marc Almond / Dramatic Madness : The tormented soul of Soft Cell, he delivered tales of passion and tragedy against a backdrop of enchanting synthpop.

Nina Hagen / Vocal Madness : A punk chameleon and eccentric diva, she transcended genres with flamboyant, unpredictable performances.

Ozzy Osbourne / Gothic Madness : The prince of darkness and heavy metal master, he shocked as much as he fascinated, biting bats and revolutionizing a genre along the way.

Patti Smith / Prophetic Madness : Poet and punk priestess, she channeled raw intensity and visionary wisdom into her art.

Peter Green / Isolated Madness : The tormented genius of blues-rock, he traded fame for an introspective quest in the depths of his soul.

Peter Tosh / Revolutionary Madness : A militant reggae trailblazer, his indomitable spirit carried messages of resistance, armed with his guitar and convictions.

Phil Spector / Wall-of-Sound Madness : A visionary sound architect and controversial figure, he elevated pop music to orchestral epics.

Psychic TV / Esoteric Madness : Pioneers of industrial music and the occult, they merged mysticism and chaos, pushing the boundaries of art and sound.

R. Stevie Moore / Prolific Madness : The father of DIY music, his tireless creativity produced thousands of songs—intimate, quirky capsules of his unique universe.

Randy California / Transcendent Madness : A mystical, dreamy guitarist, he blended spirituality and psychedelia into unforgettable musical flights.

Roger Chapman / Vocal Madness : With a raspy voice and raw energy, he transcended genres, delivering visceral and powerful performances.

Ronnie Van Zant / Southern Madness : The charismatic leader of Lynyrd Skynyrd captured the soul of southern rock with an explosive mix of bravado and melancholy.

Screamin' Jay Hawkins / Voodoo Madness : A shock rock pioneer, he turned concerts into voodoo rituals, exuding a terrifying yet captivating intensity.

Screamin' Lord Sutch / Theatrical Madness : The ultimate eccentric, he fused rock 'n' roll and political parody, delivering zany performances at the crossroads of circus and spectacle.

Sky Saxon / Psychedelic Madness : The leader of The Seeds embodied the spirit of garage rock and psychedelic hallucinations, living in a constant musical trance.

Sly Stone / Innovative Madness : A funk and soul genius, he shattered norms with visionary albums, succumbing equally to brilliance and excess.

Stiv Bators / Anarchist Madness : A punk with boundless energy, he lived every moment as an act of defiance against all forms of authority.

The Count Five / Dracula Madness : Masters of theatrical and extravagant rock, they turned every performance into a strange and fascinating ceremony.

The Residents / Conceptual Madness : Enigmatic figures of musical avant-garde, their absurd and masked performances defy all logic.

Tommy Lee / Hedonistic Madness : Drummer of Mötley Crüe, he transformed his life into an unending party where excess and debauchery met explosive performances.

Vince Taylor / Mythomaniac Madness : The self-proclaimed King of Rock 'n' Roll lived in a world of paranoid and grandeur, imagining himself as a modern-day messiah.

Wild Man Fischer / Compulsive Madness : An erratic singer, his disjointed melodies reflected a chaotic yet strangely captivating psyche.

Willie 'Loco' Alexander / Offbeat Madness : Eccentric and elusive, he blended punk with unconventional art, turning each song into a piece of a unique puzzle.

Wilko Johnson / Stoic Madness : Master of sharp riffs, his magnetic presence combined raw intensity with implacable control, even in the face of adversity.

Wolfman Jack / Radiophonic Madness : An icon of the airwaves, his raspy voice and nocturnal charisma embodied the wild and free spirit of 1960s rock 'n' roll.



“But not all madness is equal. Madness is like dreams, like films; there are beautiful and ugly ones, true and false, grand and small, necessary and unnecessary (...) Despite everything, I have a big project: not to go mad (...) There's nothing to gain from being part of the big family of the mad. We think we're joining Nerval and Artaud, but in reality, it's Nerval and Artaud who must join us.”

Pacôme Thiellement, Tu m'as donné de la crasse et j'en ai fait de l'or



SID VICIOUS BY KATONAS ASMIS

Ioli Andreiadi / George Palamiotis



In April 2023, at The Tank Theater in New York City, *Bone*, a show by Ioli Andreiadi, was performed by actor Gerasimos Genattas, accompanied by the rock music of George Palamiotis. The original soundtrack by George Palamiotis, recorded live, will soon be available on all music platforms.



BONE

RECORDED
LIVE
for posterity



coming soon





**Rossano Aka Bud Care
Artaud On a wall in Colmar**

Stéphanie Fumex

Le crépuscule de la cruauté

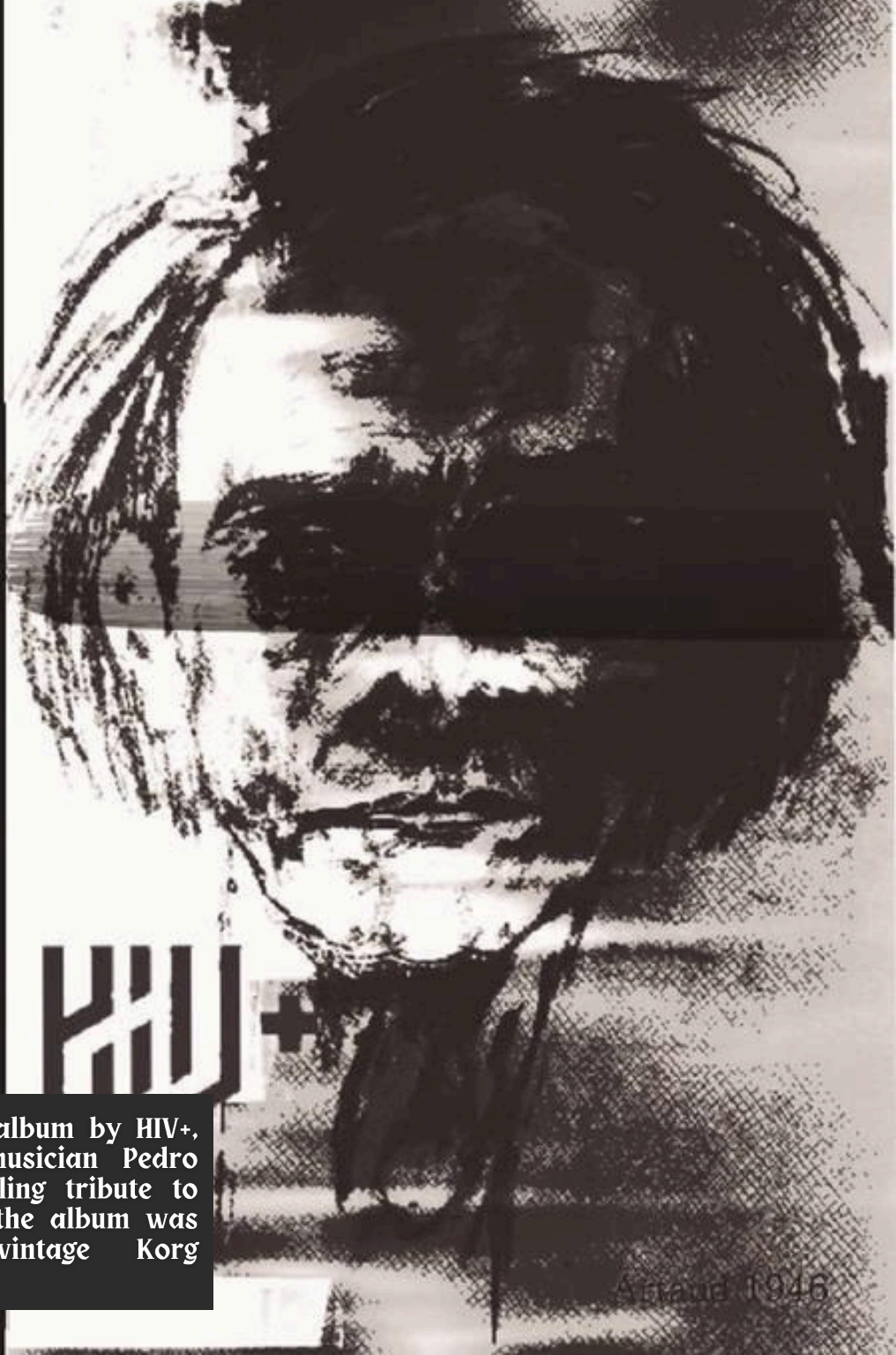




HIV+

THEATRE OF CRUELTY

Theatre of Cruelty, the latest album by HIV+, the synth-punk project of musician Pedro Peñas Y Robles, is a compelling tribute to Artaud. Intense and timeless, the album was recorded entirely with vintage Korg synthesizers.



Artaud 1946

Léo de Saint-Germain



Fotofosu

After training in lyrical singing and classical theater, I began performing in the capital's cabarets in 1999. At that time, I interpreted realistic texts, such as those by Pierre Mac Orlan, along with dramatic works written for the great singer-tragedians of the interwar period, including Damia, Lucienne Boyer, and Édith Piaf.

In 2019, I joined Vincent K, a post-punk musician and member of the band Babel 17, to form a coldwave music duo. This style, characterized by icy sounds and cold keyboards, is enriched by gothic accents brought to life through my voice and stage presence.

I discovered Antonin Artaud at the age of 19 in the Sèvres studio of the painter and friend Jim Delarge, who had begun his artistic journey by painting portraits of Artaud. He encouraged me to explore *L'Ombilic des Limbes*, *Les Lettres de Rodez*, and *Le Moine* to deepen my cultural knowledge. While I struggled to find *Les Lettres de Rodez*, I devoured the rest. To this day, *L'Ombilic des Limbes* remains my bedside book. During my concert at the Trabendo on November 12, I chose to illustrate one of his poems, *Avec moi Dieu-le-chien*, through music and recitation to conclude the show. It was said to be a moment of profound intensity — the kind of intensity so characteristic of Artaud: an intensity that pierces, jolts, and (re)awakens the depths of the soul.

Léo de Saint-Germain

In this poem by Artaud, my musician accompanies me on electric guitar and bow, playing with unrestrained, raw spontaneity and intensity, perfectly in tune with the words I distill. We are not far removed from *Fragments pour Artaud* by Pierre Henry, a work that holds a special place in my heart.

For the next project, we will incorporate Antonin's glossolalia. I will attempt, by plunging into a self-induced hypnotic state, to recite them as faithfully as possible to his essence—or at least to "deliver them" with minimal transformation.

I am therefore awaiting transfiguration! (smile)

As for their future musical arrangement, I trust my musician, who will undoubtedly craft a soundscape of dark, ethereal keyboards and stellar guitars to accompany them.

By the way, the name of my band is *The Disease* (*La Maladie*).

My work, whether musical or pictorial, primarily explores madness and its labyrinths. This quest finds its voice and shape mainly through automatic writing and drawing.

Antonin Artaud is the artist who has provided me with the richest source of inspiration. He remains a cornerstone for countless creators.

"No one has ever written, painted, sculpted, modeled, built, or invented, except to truly emerge from hell."

Text and painting by Léo de Saint-Germain



Lydia Lunch

NO(W)BODY by Dejan Gacond

NO(W)BODY is not just a text—it is a flow, oscillating between Lydia Lunch and Antonin Artaud. Hybrid, strange, intoxicating, and blood-soaked, this 205-page work delves into how two artists from different eras and places, with radically opposing relationships to the body, converge on strikingly similar conclusions. Both share an unparalleled intensity, a visceral and lexical violence, and an indelible influence on other artists, all while evoking near-universal incomprehension from the general public. What unites them? What sets them apart?

Beyond this asymmetrical tango between Antonin Artaud and Lydia Lunch, the book situates their approaches within the broader context of their respective times: How do their eras perceive the body—their bodies—and the concept of embodiment more broadly? Each chapter takes its title from a key work by Lydia Lunch, using these as frameworks for exploration. Between chapters, digressions expand the narrative to encompass other perspectives, allowing the text to venture toward new and unexpected horizons.



Photo: Kit Brown

“What connection could there possibly be between No Wave, Lydia Lunch, and Antonin Artaud? Artaud envisions a body that confines, causes anguish, and tears itself apart—a body that must be constantly reconsidered and reconstructed. It is entirely suffering, pain, spasm, scream, and violence; it is haggard and terrified. It is this incarnated “man of sorrows.” (...) If the violence of punk is already an integral part of a system it cannot fight against—if punk is, as Greil Marcus puts it, a moment in history, a “situation” in Debord’s sense—then Antonin Artaud represents an otherness so unsettling to society that he becomes an incarnation of evil, a symbol of what the system fears more than the plague or any pandemic.”

Excerpt from *No(w)-Body* by Dejan Gacond

DEJAN GACOND is a writer based in La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland. He expresses his creativity through immersive installations, books, and performances, engaging in both musical and theatrical projects. For nearly fifteen years, he has collaborated with New York artist Kit Brown on *A Kaleidoscope of Nothingness*, a series of installations. A frequent presence on musical stages, he works with a wide range of artists and musicians, including underground icon Lydia Lunch, filmmaker Beth B, and the legendary band *And Also The Trees*. In 2022, Dejan published *Club Nothing* through *Label Rapace*, the publishing house of Augustin Rebetez. The book’s third edition was reprinted in October 2024.

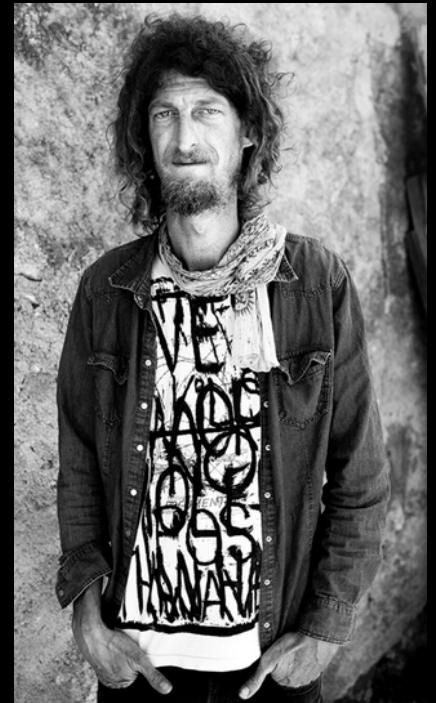


Photo: Augustin Rebetez

IMAGINE

KRYSTIAN LUPA

River-show, *Imagine* is an artistic journey into the heart of counterculture, set during an era of identity and cultural revolutions.

John Lennon, the New Age utopian, is no more...

In a modest New York-style apartment, Antonin Artaud—the father of counterculture—summons his heirs from the Beat Generation, both the living and the spectral, to deliver the news. On stage, Janis Joplin, Patti Smith, Susan Sontag, Timothy Leary, and other counterculture icons emerge, where the passion of twelve actors collides with the stark reality of shattered hopes.

Amid the electrifying chaos of their reunion, this extraordinary generation—one that so fervently believed in utopia, love, and a world without war, hatred, property, or religion—accuses and reproaches, rips apart and forgives, rejects and embraces. Together, they grapple with the weight of tragic questions: “Where did we go wrong?” “What could we have done better?” “Why did we fail?”

With *Imagine*, Krystian Lupa revisits his earliest artistic explorations, a time when he and his contemporaries naively believed in the possibility of another way of being, another way of living. Through this piece, he asks a poignant question: Why did we stop believing in the realization of the utopias we so desperately need?

John Lennon is dead... Long live John Lennon!

(Source: Show program)



With

Karolina Adamczyk — Janis Joplin
Grzegorz Artman — Antonin Artaud
Michał Czachor — Lucy
Anna Ilczuk — Susan Sontag
Andrzej Kłak — Antonin 2
Michał Lacheta — John Lennon
Mateusz Łasowski — Michael
Karina Seweryn — Karin
Piotr Skiba — Antonin 3
Ewa Skibińska — Marieliv
Julian Świeżewski — Timothy Leary
Marta Zięba — Patti Smith and Antonia

Direction and Set Design: Krystian Lupa
Writing: Krystian Lupa and Ensemble
French Translation and Subtitle Adaptation: Agnieszka Zgieb
Music: Bogumił Misala
Costumes: Piotr Skiba
Video: Joanna Kakitek, Natan Berkowicz

Krystian Lupa: Sometimes I wonder— is the artist an animal that feeds on cruelty, disguised as the pursuit of art? Or is cruelty something they need to create their *ecce homo*? This question brings to mind Antonin Artaud and others... For us, cruelty is a metaphysical mystery, the enigmatic inverse of love and happiness. It is, therefore, tied to the negative thread of the previous question. I often feel that, like eroticism, cruelty seeps into the creative process, independent of the artist's intentions. A work of art is, at times, a kind of act of revenge. I cannot explain it better.

Even so, I believe the artist must remain vigilant over the behaviors and gestures of their unconscious demon, who is often more talented than the "good" one—and, incidentally, more marketable. This is an especially precarious topic in today's world.

Source: *Théâtre/Public*, no. 240, July–September 2021, "Krystian Lupa: Spaces"



ΑΥΤΟ-ΑΡΤΟ.

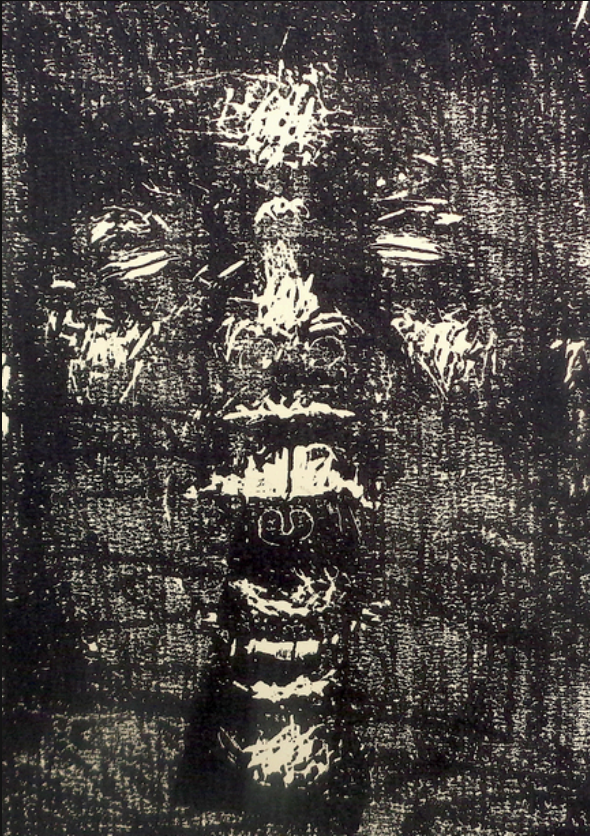
Swamy
BRIDGE
Π.Μ.Ε.
N.F.K.
TONGA
DUNK



ΤΕΧΝΟΣ ΠΑΣΤΟ ΔΟΕ (ΝΤΙΝΤΖΙΤΑΛ)

Apollonas Koliousis

Apollonas Koliouisis



A NEW PUNK SONG ABOUT ARTAUD

APOLLONAS KOLIOUSIS SPITS RAW ENERGY WITH
"ANTONINE ARTAUD", HIS BRAND-NEW WILD TRACK.

<https://soundcloud.com/user-935529260/antonine-artaud>

Μας γάμησε ο Αρτώ, πήγε και πέθανε και μας άφησε ο πρεζάκιος. Άγαμήσου Αρτώ, αρτό, παρτό.

Μας είπες τα μισά, μας ξύπνησες, μας ταρακούνησες και τα άλλα μισά τα πήρες στην ησυχία σου. Άγαμήσου Αρτώ, μαρτώ, σκατόδό.

Πάνκ πρίν απο το Πάνκ. Κι ' όμως ο ένας αγνοούσε τον άλλο. Κι όμως ο Αρτός έφτασε πρώτος στο Πάνκ, μετά τον Διογένη. Πάνκης ο Αρτός, ωμός, κοφτερός, ξεδιάντροπος. Κι όμως οι Πάνκηδες δεν τον ξέραν. Που να ξερνάν! Δεν ξέραν να διαβάζουν καν.

Γαμημένα βιβλία, τέχνη και Αρτώ!

Σκατά σκατά σκατάάάά.

Και η κληρονομιά; Η κληρονομιά είναι για τους ζωντανούς στα αρχίδια του μας γράφει τώρα.

Κι άμα πεθάνω κι εγώ; Άγαμήσου κι εγώ!!! Δεν είμαι καν εγώ, εμείς είμαστε, όλοι είμαστε.

Η Σαντορίνη είναι ο τόπος που θα μπορούσε να έχει γεννηθεί ή γενήσει..

Αντιθέσεις σκληρές, εμετός λάβας παγωμένος, και η μήτρα εκτεθρημένη, ξεσκισμένο το μουνί. Και η κόρη; Η κόρη είναι η Σαντορίνη. Κι εμείς τα παιδιά της, τα παιδιά του Αρτού. Μαλάκα Αρτώ μας γάμησες και δεν σε ξέραμε καν.

Η μουσική μας του γαργαλάει τον μπούτσο. Νότες χυμώδεις νεαρές.

Άγαμήσου Αρτώ.

Apollonas Koliouris

My music is my life

Since the age of 3, I've chosen the music I listen to on my own. My first picks were the *Sex Pistols* and *The Cure*. At 5, Ilios and I composed our first songs, performing them during summer evenings for tourists on the streets. Natural-born performers, the two of us. Around that time, my metalhead uncle gifted me a cassette with *Metallica* on one side and *Iron Maiden* on the other. Their raw energy and powerful sound captivated me instantly.

As I delved deeper into intense music, my friend Vlavis and I discovered new bands through *Metal Wednesdays*, a TV show on public television. The sounds of *Sepultura*, *Metallica*, *Iron Maiden*, *Motörhead*, and many others carried us through middle school. It was then that Leonis, a friend from Athens, introduced me to a *Nirvana* cassette. *Nirvana*, though not punk, inspired me to explore the punk and post-punk eras. Their raw sound, simple compositions, and Kurt's iconic screams were a revelation.

With my friends Yuka and Zenta, we spent countless hours listening to bands like *The Clash*, *Buzzcocks*, *Vice Squad*, *The Damned*, *Dead Kennedys*, *GBH*, *Exploited*, *Joy Division*, *Bauhaus*, and our favorite: *The Mob*. On the Greek scene, we were fans of *Trypes*, *Môra sti Fotia*, and *Antidراس*.

Growing up on an isolated island like Santorini limited our access to music. There were no record stores, and the radio picked up only three stations. Our lifeline to new sounds came from local collectors like Galanopoulos and Kafetzopoulos in Oia, as well as Yuka's older brother and Zacharopoulos from school. We would visit them, borrow records or tapes, and spend hours listening and copying. Through them, we discovered bands like the *Beastie Boys*, *Archive*, *Asian Dub Foundation*, *Rage Against the Machine*, *Ozric Tentacles*, *Residents*, *Mudhoney*, *Pearl Jam*, and, of course, *Nirvana*.



It was during that time that we formed our first true band: Apollon, Giannis, Ilios, Yuka, and Vlavis, with Makis as a guest star on keyboards. We called ourselves *Swamp Βρδζγλες*, a name born out of chance. At the time, I had an obsession: creating something utterly meaningless. One of my songs, *Je mange du tsoureki*, reflected this desire to escape concerns and struggles. During a period when I was seething inside, I wanted music to be a refuge, a space of serenity far removed from the turmoil.

After high school, although we were scattered for our studies, we merged *Swamp Βρδζγλες* with *Poios Mas Kserei* to form *Na Funky Kotes*. For years, we jammed from midnight to six in the morning, exploring all styles: funk, reggae, ska, punk, and hardcore. Meanwhile, the psy-trance and XTC trend introduced us to artists like *GMS*, *Talamasca*, *Infected Mushroom*, and *Eskimo*.

Later, we transitioned to stoner rock and changed our name to *Tonga*. Our influences included *Kyuss*, *Nightstalker*, *Church of Misery*, *Sleep*, and *Electric Wizard*. During my military service, an officer introduced me to dubstep, and I immediately became hooked on artists like *Skream*, *Benga*, *Code9*, and *Coki*. For us, music was both entertainment and an escape, especially during the bleak winters of Santorini, where there was nothing to do. We never considered commercializing our music; it was a personal affair, a pure expression.

Recently, I picked up the bouzouki and discovered rebetiko. A true revelation. I invite you to listen to *The Tétrade of Piraeus*: Vamvakaris, Batis, Dellias, and Stratos. These musicians were anarchists, rogues, rebels—reggae before reggae, punk before punk.

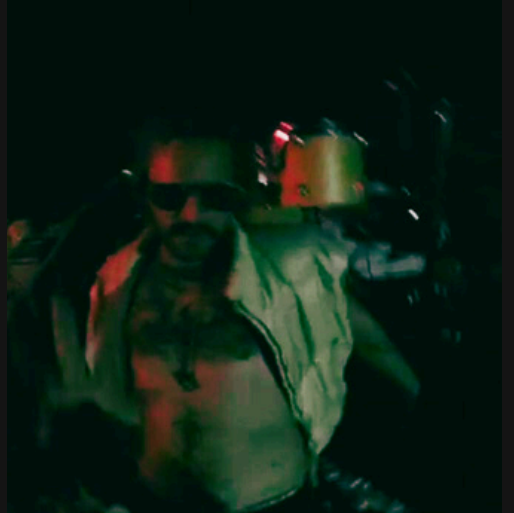
Since 1999, we've been organizing a free festival on Koloumbos Beach in Santorini. We transport the equipment ourselves, buy the alcohol at our own expense, and host the artists we invite. Admission is free, drinks are free, and nothing is for sale. Since 2014, the festival has been attracting more and more people, becoming unique in its kind in Greece. Among the artists who have performed are *Vodka Juniors*, *Bombing the Avenue*, *Philiam Sakeshbeat*, *Ian McCartor*, *DJ Osive*, and of course, *Tonga*. It's our answer to the commodification of the island, turned into a caricature of itself, disfigured by mass tourism. Today, my children have formed their own band, *Gods of Cocks*, and even performed at the festival in 2024. They've already promised to carry the torch when we grow tired.

Lately, I've been listening to *GoGo Penguin* and *Immortal Onion* on repeat. I also recommend *Fu Manchu*, *Animosity*, *Devendra Banhart*, *The Sword*, *Velvet Underground*, *Thee Headcoats*, *Bérurier Noir*, *King Krule*, and *Austin TV*. I hate *The Beatles* and *The Rolling Stones*. The list is endless. Do a little digging yourself, okay?

Thank you. I love you.

Apollonas

Apollonas Koliouisis



Tonga - Gamiseta

<https://soundcloud.com/user-935529260/tonga-gamiseta>

Koloumbos free fest



The son of Apollonas Orionas takes over.



Apollonas Koliouris



Apollonas portraying Antonin Artaud in *The Island of Illusion* by George Galanopoulos.



BLACK SAND STUDIO SANTORINI

<https://soundcloud.com/user-935529260>

<https://www.youtube.com/@bssantorini2562/videos>



Apollonas playing the bouzouki in his father's workshop.

CHRONICLES OF OIA: ROCK AND LOST PARADISE



I grew up in the early 1980s in Oia, a village perched on the cliffs of Santorini. Today, the name inevitably evokes Instagram clichés: overpriced jacuzzis, crowds of tourists mesmerized by a sunset turned into a lucrative spectacle. Yet before this tourist circus arrived, Oia was a genuine paradise. My father, Jean-Marc Chailly, offers a vivid glimpse of it in his autobiography, *Bof*, *parcours inconscient d'un insouciant*: “Oia, honestly, isn’t just a village; it’s a living postcard. White houses, churches with their blue domes overlooking the sky—a true visual kick at every street corner. It’s very easy to think you’re dreaming.”

In the 1930s, this remote corner of the world attracted a few adventurous souls seeking an escape, like Sartre and Dr. Allendy. But after the 1956 earthquake, most of the inhabitants fled, leaving behind only a handful of locals and ruined homes. Gradually, a few bohemian travelers from all over the world—exhausted beatniks and aimless dreamers—began to settle there. When I was born in the 1980s, tourism was just starting to creep in, but Oia still breathed a wild energy, a mix of anarchy and freedom. There were no cars, only troglodyte houses carved into volcanic ash. Kids like me ruled the narrow streets. We roamed until the wee hours, often falling asleep on chairs during our parents’ all-night parties. Doors were always left open, and every morning, a stray dog could appear at the foot of our bed and in our lives, like an unexpected guest.

In summer, my parents worked hard, earning just enough to afford six-month escapes with me on their backs to places like India, Indonesia, or Australia. These travels profoundly shaped my backbone. For example, when I was six, I spent five months in India, counting elephants from trains, mingling with hippies on Goa’s beaches, and eating nothing but bananas and masala in tiny street restaurants. I still remember the immense joy I felt the day I finally ate an egg. At seven, I crossed Australia from north to south in a truck. Country music, Janis Joplin, Dire Straits, and Pink Floyd blared from the speakers, and I, utterly fed up, hated both the cigarettes they chain-smoked and the music I’d already overdosed on. My father recounts that journey in *Bof*: “We fully equipped the van: icebox, gas, mattress, even a child seat for the kid! The feeling I had leaving Darwin via the Stuart Highway, a beer can on the dashboard and country music playing, remains one of my strongest memories! The highway only lasted about 20 kilometers before I realized driving in the northern outback was nothing like anything I’d ever known. First, the road narrows, with signs like ‘Last gas station 380 km,’ and then there are the famous road trains barreling towards you without bothering to move aside! Another major issue: wildlife—kangaroos, wallabies, cows, even camels (imported from India in the 19th century!), and, more dangerously, massive wild buffalo weighing up to two tons!”

Back in Oia, school consisted of two poorly insulated rooms where about thirty children of all ages mingled. The teachers, very young—barely 21 or 22 years old—were sent there to start their careers. If we felt like it, we’d squeeze five onto the same bench. To use the bathroom, we’d simply ask the teacher, who’d let us leave school to do our business at home. And what a pleasure it was to sit in those bathrooms, with the door casually left open to the caldera, without fear of being seen.

In winter, Santorini became almost deserted, battered by fierce weather. Today, Oia has turned into a giant Airbnb. Back then, it was a real village, alive with an authentic community, isolated from the rest of the world, marked by nearly pagan ancestral rites wrapped in a veil of Orthodox Christian religiosity. As a child, I even witnessed one of these rites during Orthodox Easter celebrations—a ritual reminiscent of Beltane in Ireland, where a giant straw effigy is burned. Here, it represented Judas.

The beauty of Oia concealed harsh realities: poverty drove some children to earn a few coins by throwing puppies off the cliffs, while others fell into delinquency. We, the children of newcomers—sometimes Franco-Greek or Greco-German—lived modest but peaceful lives in this village where water was delivered by truck and electricity had only just been installed. Oia attracted a bohemian crowd: heroin addicts, drifters, rockers, former prostitutes, and borderline personalities. For us, children and teenagers, these atypical figures were an integral part of our daily lives. We interacted with them naturally, blurring the lines between childhood and adulthood. Yet the harshness of life sometimes imposed itself violently, like those nights when we learned that a village figure, seen the previous evening at Marikay's bar, had died of an overdose. That was the case with Theodoris, nicknamed “Bukowski” for his vast knowledge. At 15, I wrote this poem for him: “Where you're going, drink only milk, You've turned the final period into a halt. In your wild, no-nonsense Far West, With your broken guitar, you compose the end of the day.” The translation isn't perfect, but it captures the sentiment.

Apollonas's father, a painter and iconographer, had an electric guitar in his studio. When we were 9 or 10, we often gathered there—a group of 5 or 6 friends—to let loose. With music blaring, we imagined playing Metallica and Nirvana tracks. Apollonas took his father's guitar, and the rest of us wielded brooms as makeshift guitars. By 11, we started writing our first songs: *The Girls and the Bikers*, *The Little Hairy Devil*, and our biggest hit—a rock adaptation of the prayer we recited every morning in the schoolyard. Let's not forget that Greece isn't a secular country. The lyrics went something like this: “*God, I pray to you, make me a good child, May I love everyone, may I have compassion, May I be useful to the world.*” One stormy day, Apollonas and I ran through pouring rain, singing this prayer at the top of our lungs, driven by a visceral rage. And then, a flash. Literally. Lightning struck us and threw us to the ground. My first and last electrocution. Since then, though I'm not religious, I prefer not to toy with the sacred.

Our adolescence was explosive. We explored abandoned houses, jumped across terraces, skied down cliffs, and dove off the rock of Saint Nicholas. With a Super 8 camera brought back from Japan, we shot hour-long guerrilla-style films like *Quasimodo of Notre-Dame of Oia* or *Is Dracula's Son a Transvestite?* And then there was our punk band. We were 14–16 years old: *Swamp Βρδζγλες*. Apollonas on guitar, Giannis on bass, Panagiotis on drums. Me, incapable of playing an instrument, relegated to singing and writing lyrics with Apollonas. We wrote absurd songs like *I Eat Tsourekis* and socially conscious tracks condemning war and society. We rehearsed in *Kyklos*, Giannis's father's abandoned nightclub, which had appeared in the movie *Summer Lovers* (1982). That's where we held our first rock fairs. Officially, to reassure our parents, we served orange juice. Unofficially, alcohol flowed discreetly. It was raw. Intense. Chaotic. It was us.

After high school, I left for Paris to study at the Sorbonne Nouvelle University and began acting with the Épée de Bois theater company at the Cartoucherie de Vincennes. In 2002, I played Artaud on stage for six years and, in 2011, completed a doctorate dedicated to him. Gradually, rock drifted from my core interests. Apollonas, however, stayed true to it. His band evolved, merged with another from a neighboring village, and thrived. Today, his sound is denser, more mature. He plays festivals and even organized his own rock festival on Colombos Beach, one of the last places untouched by mass tourism. Now, it's his son who takes the stage with his own band. In Santorini, everything changes, everything falls apart, yet the essential things remain. Artaud or rock, it doesn't matter. What matters is what they allow: enduring, just a little, the gloom of life. What counts is the energy, the breath. Without them, the world would be nothing but an endless hangover.

Ilios Chailly

apOLLONaS
KOliouSiS

SINGING/ ELECTRIC GUITAR/ LYRICS

GiaNNiS
DaRZeDaS

BASS

SWamp

Βρόζυλεο



OdySSeaS
GiOUKaS

DRUMS

PaNaGiOTiS
vEavianOS

DRUMS

iLiOS CHaiLLy

SINGING/ LYRICS

1996

HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE PUNK BAND

SINGING : ILIOS CHAILLY

THIRIOS

[HTTPS://SOUNDCLOUD.COM/PAPOURSI/THIRIOS](https://soundcloud.com/papoursi/thirios)

THEE MOU SE PARAKALO

[HTTPS://SOUNDCLOUD.COM/PAPOURSI/THEE-MOU-SE-PARAKALO](https://soundcloud.com/papoursi/thee-mou-se-parakalo)

STIN PANAGIA

[HTTPS://SOUNDCLOUD.COM/PAPOURSI/THIRIOS](https://soundcloud.com/papoursi/thirios)

SINGING/ LYRICS : APOLLONAS KOLIOUSIS

O GIOUKAS

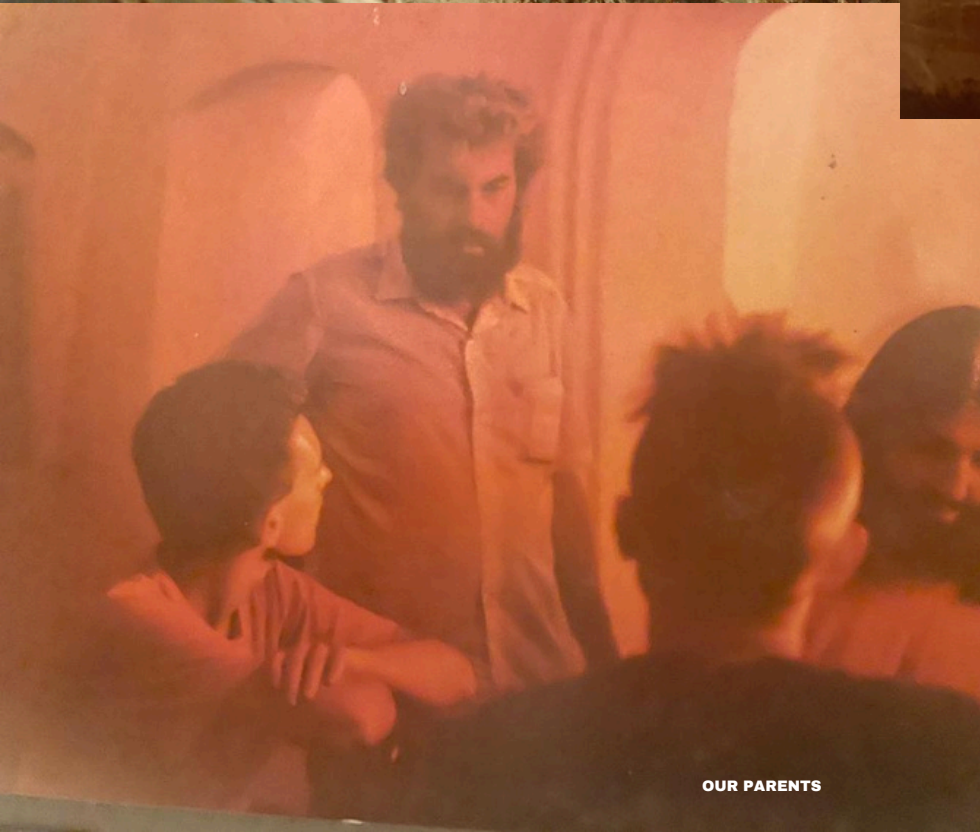
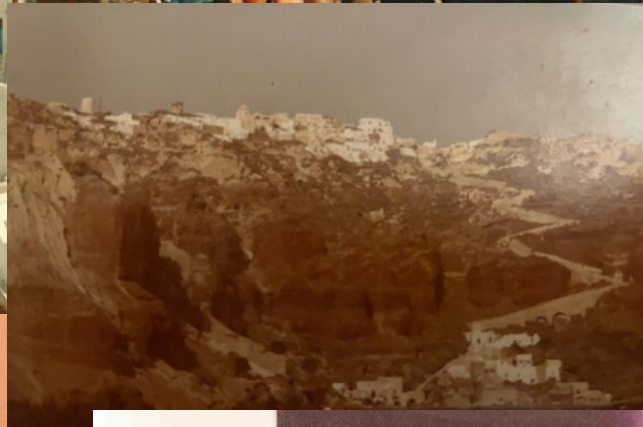
[HTTPS://SOUNDCLOUD.COM/PAPOURSI/O-GIOYKAS-TO-KALO-PAIDI](https://soundcloud.com/papoursi/o-gioykas-to-kalo-paidi)



Ma chambre



THE VILLAGE



OUR PARENTS



FILMING / FILM SHOOTING

Jean Marc Chailly

BOF

parcours inconscient d'un insouciant



B.O.F.: An Expression of Indifference and a Lifelong Attitude

"*B.O.F.*,"—a casual expression of indifference and lack of enthusiasm. That was how I used to respond as a five-year-old to the eternal question adults posed to me on the sidewalks of Rue de la Mare in Ménilmontant: 'What do you want to be when you grow up?' Decades later, my answer remains unchanged. For over sixty years, I've navigated life with the same refrain.

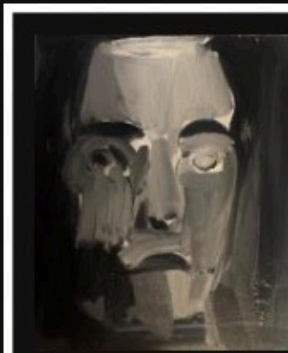
Bof is more than just a word; it's a journey through time—a dive into the heart of the 1970s, an era defined by simpler living and an insatiable thirst for freedom. Through this book, I aim to share not only the adventures I embarked upon while traveling across various countries but also the carefree spirit and zest for discovery that characterized that unique period.

Each chapter of *Bof* is an invitation to escape—a vivid exploration of the diverse landscapes and cultures I encountered during my travels. I crisscrossed the roads of Europe, ventured across continents, and met extraordinary individuals whose stories and ways of life profoundly enriched my own. This narrative is a celebration of freedom, open-mindedness, and the authenticity of human connections.

I hope *Bof* resonates with readers who long for a sense of nostalgia or wish to discover this remarkable chapter of our recent past. Far from being a simple travelogue, this book reflects on the simplicity of life during that time and the transformative power of travel—a means of reconnecting with oneself and reimagining one's path.

Jean-Marc Chailly





revue

ÉCHO
ANTONIN ARTAUD

An Immense Thank You, But This Is Only a Farewell

The January 2025 issue was originally planned to focus on *Artaud and His Doubles*, under the direction of François Audouy. However, François requested additional time to complete an ambitious project: a collective encyclopedia featuring articles on significant figures connected to Artaud. To give him the necessary space and time for this endeavor, I decided to take on the January issue myself. After some deliberation between dedicating it to Artaud and Surrealism or Artaud and Rock, I ultimately chose the latter.

Having coordinated 11 issues and a special anniversary edition, the time has come for me to pass the torch. Laurence Meiffret will take over with an issue titled *Artaud and His Muses* (featuring Génica Athanassiou, Sonia Mossé, Colette Thomas, and others), scheduled for March 2025. François Audouy will oversee the May issue. While I was initially slated to coordinate the final issue of this second year, our schedules have been rearranged, making the January issue my last for this cycle.

A Continuation in the Works?

Many of you have asked: will there be a third year for the journal? Until recently, my answer was a resounding yes. I had already begun preparing future issues, some of which were quite advanced:

Artaud and Cinema (July 2025)

Artaud and Surrealism (September 2025)

Artaud and Asia (November 2025)

Artaud and Theater (January 2026)

Artaud, God, and Esotericism (March 2026)

And a special issue devoted to Artaud and His Childhood (May 2026).

However, the current bimonthly schedule, while stimulating, is extremely demanding and costly—especially given my decision to distribute the journal for free. I have thus decided to put these plans on hold and consider two alternatives:

a) Transitioning to a semiannual schedule to maintain the quality and depth of each issue.

b) Temporarily pausing the journal to relaunch it in a few years, allowing me to fully dedicate myself to completing a comprehensive biography of Antonin Artaud—a project I have been developing for several years.

In any case, these 12 issues (and I am confident the same will hold true for the final two being prepared by other contributors) have been an incredibly enriching adventure for me. The journal has allowed me to exchange ideas and share information with exceptional collaborators and Artaud enthusiasts from across the globe, while also uncovering new insights that will profoundly shape my future projects.

Since March 2024, Écho Antonin Artaud has been freely accessible (PDF) on our blog, echoantoninartaud.fr, in three languages (French, English, and Spanish). The journal has been downloaded over 4,000 times in 75 countries. This success far surpasses my expectations and is a testament to your passion for Artaud, your curiosity, and your loyalty.

A heartfelt thank you!

Thanks to you, Artaud's voice continues to resonate across the world, more alive and vibrant than ever. I am deeply grateful for your commitment, your interest, and your support. This is not a goodbye: the adventure continues, together, in the service of Antonin Artaud's memory and legacy.

With all my gratitude,

Ilios Chailly



ÉCHO
ANTONIN ARTAUD

Revue littéraire

CALL FOR CONTRIBUTIONS – ISSUE 13 (May 2025)

ECHO ANTONIN ARTAUD REVIEW

As part of the preparation for the thirteenth issue of ÉCHO ANTONIN ARTAUD, we are launching a call for contributions on the theme: ARTAUD AND HIS DOUBLES. This issue will explore the constellation of artists and thinkers who, through their creations, have influenced or been influenced by Antonin Artaud. This issue will focus on four main themes:

- Literature
- Philosophy
- Theater
- Visual Arts (painting, plastic arts, cinema)

Each contributor is invited to present, in a short two-page article, a figure from the "Artaud galaxy"—an artist or thinker whose work is regularly associated with the poet's image. For example, the influence of Baudelaire, Poe, or Nerval on Artaud's poetry (Literature), the continuity of Artaud's thought in Deleuze or Derrida (Philosophy), Grotowski and the Living Theater (Theater), artistic exchanges with Masson or Balthus (Visual Arts), or Artaud's presence on screen, from Dreyer to Fassbinder (Cinema), are just a few potential avenues of exploration.

Issue 13 of the review will mark the first step in a broader and evolving project on Artaud's sphere of influence, aiming to create a space for exchange between specialists and enthusiasts. By delving into Artaud's "doubles," we hope to establish a dynamic map—a kind of digital encyclopedia whose articles will progressively expand and deepen—to better understand his influence and foster new connections between disciplines, eras, and creators.

All article proposals or inquiries should be sent to: fraudouy@hotmail.com

We hope this issue will open perspectives as vast as possible and serve as an entryway into Artaud's work for future readers.

François Audouy



KATONAS ASIMIS







Number 12 of the review *Écho Antonin Artaud*

Artaud's Muses, issue directed by Laurence Meiffret

Issue 12 of the review *Écho Antonin Artaud* invites you to explore the deep and complex relationships that Antonin Artaud forged with the women who left their mark on his artistic and personal journey.

Conceived by Laurence Meiffret, president of the *Association of Friends of Génica Athanassiou* and author of a forthcoming biography on Génica Athanassiou set to be published in February 2025, this issue highlights the muses who inspired Artaud's imagination and writing. Among them are emblematic figures such as Génica Athanassiou, Sonia Mossé, Cécile Schramme, and Colette Thomas, whose unique paths intertwine with that of the poet.

Scheduled release: March 2025



