

CENTER KNOTS -Antonin Artaud

Why does the front jealously ogle the rear, the latter being the only actual front, an inalienable surface whose state is one of utter fullness.

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Anatomy: the sense of my sempiternal being, no desires, no volitions, no appetitions, no perceptions, no affects

and nothing on principle - earthy negations ever more remote,  
whose entire mass makes up my tumulus of flesh, as it is on the

surface,

and whose interior is a flap of shutters with

with

one jaw and two holes.

As for the organs: the illusory held in an arrangement by walking, stature of extension.

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My daughters are the ones who came to see me and put on this repulsive oakum skin the first time they were born, there where they were held by what is not yet born.

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Mutilate and decapitate a man, soon by dint of a mass of splintered bodies they will no longer be part of the visible, yet Monsieur Guillotined subsists, not everywhere, but *somewhere*.

Where though?

In this *how* of the dimensional body of being whose very suppression makes the body even more compact and certain.

And somewhere there are rocks which occasionally stand out very strangely, and the odd tree stuck here and there.

And there are sudden fires in the forest.

And on the mountain summits there is the ozone of a digestive electricity that was never for me anything but the stomach of all the lost, pulverized bodies.

(Wait, it's still a bit flat in its stupidity, what I want to say, because I have something else to say, and I can see, as you do, that since the *how* of the dimensional body of being, you began to feel disappointed,

but it doesn't matter,

the style (*the style*) was opening up, it was going well in its way, and then it was suddenly flattened, the sentence was no longer this scatter-bomb, somehow its flow was interrupted, but we'll get there, and I'll keep going.)

Yet who ever said this ozone from the heights was a crime? - No one.

Yet over there rattles the torrent of an old breath of beings in all their *dismembered* organs,

where Monsieur Decapitated, Monsieur Amputated, Monsieur Butchered in the barbed wire, search in a frenzy for that rock or tree, in the forest fire!

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A very nice description of the dead in fact, whose highly excellent and perfect tone sounds well poetically. But I mean to say more simply that the mutilated body is this stomach of misery which always seeks to reassemble itself.

And that the crime was to make it climb to the heights, when it would have much preferred to be buried below when *reassembled*.

For while the *earth* restores the body, stuffs it, thickens it, the ether disperses it and impells it with unexpected compressions and releasings to be able to spring back again into the light of day.