

Constantin Rigas

I don't read much, I don't have the time. I've already trashed too many years in prison, and on other baloney! But they mob me! bug me! pester me! It appears that I definitely must read an article, "Portrait of an Anti-Semite," by Jean-Baptiste Sartre (*Temps Modernes*, December 1945). I skim over this drawn out piece of homework, give it the once-over, it's neither good nor bad, it's nothing at all, a pastiche... the style of an "Amateur," a botch-job. This little Jean-Baptiste Sartre has read *The Scatterbrained*, *The Lover of Tulips*, etc. Obviously he's trapped by them and he can't shake them loose... still at school with the pastiches, this little J.-B.S... with the "Amateurs"... the style of Céline also... and a good many others... "Scum"... "Slackers"... "Maia"... etc. Nothing of consequence, of course! They keep following me around these little "Amateurs"... What can I do? Slimebags, morons, asswipes, spooks, amateur-bloodsuckers, amateur-tapeworms, they put me to shame, I just never talk about it, that's all. The devilish bastards. Let's have a little decency. Oh! I'm not out to harm little J.-B.S. Where he is, it's already cruel enough! Since it's just a piece of homework, I would've willingly given him 7 out of 20 and spoken no more of it... However, on page 462 the little schmuck took me by surprise! The tosser! What did he dare to write? "If Céline was able to support the Socialist thesis of the Nazis, it's because he was paid to do so." Quote unquote. Wham! There you have it, that's what this little dung-beetle was writing while I was in serious danger of being hung in prison. Satanic little shit-stirrer, smut-machine, you give me the runs! Anus! Cain! What are you trying to do? Murder me! That's it as far as I can see! Well now it's my turn to do the thrashing! Oh yeah! I see him in a photograph... those big eyes... the hook nose... the gasbag mouth... what a leech! What wouldn't he invent to murder me, that monster! I've hardly stepped out of the shitpile myself and here he is already denouncing me! To top it all off, on page 451, he has the gall to warn us: *"A man who finds it natural to denounce mankind cannot possess our concept of honor. Even those for whom he has made himself the benefactor, he doesn't see them like us, his generosity, his kindness, is unlike our kindness, our generosity. We cannot localize passion."*

Up my bumhole where he lives, one cannot expect Jean-Baptiste Sartre to see all that clearly, nor to express himself plainly, nevertheless he seems to have foreseen the notion of solitude and obscurity in my anus. Undoubtedly he is speaking of himself when he writes on page 451, "This man dreads all forms of solitude, like that of the genius, like that of the murderer." Let's understand what it really means to speak... going by the tabloids, Jean-Baptiste Sartre no longer sees himself as anything short of a genius. For my part, and on the strength of his own texts, I am forced to see him as nothing short of a murderer, and furthermore, a stoolie, wicked, hideous, an irritating pimp, a four-eyed ignoramus-I'm getting all hyped up!-I'm too old for this stuff. I was going to leave it at that, be disgusted, and that's all. Now I'm thinking... Is he a murderer, and inspired? After all... it does happen... and... might this be the case with Sartre? Murderer he is, at least he aspires to it, that's obvious. However, is he inspired? Like the inspiration that blows out of my ass? uhmm? that's to be seen... oh yeah!... what can bloom... might flower... right, Jean-Baptiste? those embryonic eyes? those shabby shoulders?... that round little pot belly? It's plain as day, he's a tapeworm, a human tapeworm, stuck up you know where... and a philosopher! That's quite a load... He liberated Paris on a bicycle... he played around... at the Theater... in the city... with the horrors of the time, the war, the agonies, the chains, the burning. However, time moves forward, and J.-B.S., that self-inflated swankey, can no longer contain himself, he no longer knows what he is... an embryo trying to become a creature ... the cycle... he's jerked-off long enough, he's fed up with tricks ... he wants trials ... real trials ... prison ... expiation ... the stick ... and the fattest stick of all ... the Stake... Fate grips J-

B.S... the Furies! now he means business ... he wants to become a real monster! ... he's even bawling out de Gaulle!

What a way to carry on! He wants to commit the irreparable! he's adamant! The witches will drive him insane, he came to pester them, and now they won't let him go... shitty tapeworm, delinquent little brat, you're going to scoff down the Mandragore! You'll turn into a succubus! The sickness of being cursed grows on Sartre... it's an ancient sickness, ancient like the world, in which all of literature is rotten... Before committing supreme blunders! Wait! Wake up! Consider that horror is nothing without dreaming and music... I can really see you as a tapeworm, definitely, but not a cobra, definitely not a cobra... you have no ear for the flute! *MacBeth* is nothing but a gory puppet-show, and on off days, without music, without a dream... You're mean, filthy, ungrateful, hideous, an ignoramus, and that's not all J-B.S. It's not enough... you gotta suffer some more yet... I would like to be mistaken of course... I could ask for nothing better... I'll applaud you when you finally become a real monster, when you pay the witches what you owe them, their price, so that they transform you, hatch you, into a veritable phenomena. Into a flute-playing tapeworm.

Haven't you buttered me up enough via Dullin and Denoël, "during the Occupation," hounding me to honor you with my applause. I don't see you dancing, nor playing the flute, and in my books that's a terrible vice, I tell you... But we forget all that! We only think of the future! Let your demons inculcate the flute into you. First the flute! Hey schoolboy, look at Shakespeare! 3/4 flute, 1/4 blood... 1/4 is plenty, I promise... but your own blood first... before that of others... Alchemy has its laws... the Muses don't like the "blood of others"... Let's think... After all, you pulled off your little success during the occupation, your *Flies*, at the "Sarah Bernhardt Theatre"... Why not whip us up a quick three act play, chop-chop, on the run, *The Rats*? A retrospective little revue... We'll see you in person with your little buddies, in the act of sending your (so much detested) colleagues labelled "Collaborators" to a labor camp, to the stake, in exile... Wouldn't that be a laugh? The first to be convinced of the infallibility of your own text is yourself... a satirical tapeworm and a philosopher. I can see it all now, the comical mishaps, the hilarity during such an extravaganza... and as a curtain-buster, one of those "common Massacres" which will shake all of Europe with insane laughter! (It's about time!) The most joyous of the decade! They'll piss in their pants laughing so hard. There'll be madness right through to the 500th performance... and well beyond that! (and beyond that... Hee! Hee!) The slaughter of the "Signatories," each one by another... yourself by Cassou... that one by Eluard! him by his wife and Mauriac! and so on until the last one!... Are you with me! The Holocaust of the Apotheosis! with skin of course!... a grand parade of gorgeous gals, absolute starkers, strutting all about, a Big Band booming... Jazz from the "Atlantic Wall"... "Atlantist Boys"... competition guaranteed... a great orgy of ghouls in dazzling superimposition... 200,000 murdered, the convicted, the diseased, the worthless... and the sweethearts with shorn hair! dancing the Farandole! flowerbeds from heaven! The "Nuremburg Hanging" Choir... and the chorus will be, more than existence, instantaneousism, massacriste... ambience of gasping agony, stomach groans, weeping moans, clanging... "Help! Help!"... background noises: "Hurrah! Hurrah! machines"... You see all that? And now for the main attraction, at intermission: the bidding for the handcuffs!... and the Bloody Marys. The definitive Futurist Bar. Nothing but real blood! by the barrel, undiluted, hospital guaranteed... fresh daily! aorta blood, foetal blood, hymen blood, execution blood! All flavors! Ah! J.-B.S.! What a future! What marvels you will accomplish once you've been weaned into a Real Monster! I can see you emerging from out of the shit-heap, nearly playing the flute, the real flute! how peachy-creamy... practically a real little artist! J-B.S... What a hell of a guy!