

## NOTE

S.K. is like a river. Its waters come from streams, brooks, drains, irrigation channels and tributaries... Some of the waters leave this river, never to return; others unexpectedly reintegrate themselves downstream... And all is mixed and circulated, chaotic, indiscernible... until the sea.

The geography: the static, perpetual, unchanging thing we were told about at school will be altered entirely. Names will be changed, longitudes and latitudes turned upside down, the landscapes and distances lengthened or cut short... All will be what it is, while simultaneously being something else entirely. S.K. demonstrates the indetermination, relativity, inexactness, possibility, etc. of a world that has long wanted to present itself to us as logical, mathematical and unalterable... When it is not.

The actors: they are real beings; uprooted from the purest damned reality and who, set forth on this immense altarpiece, act *antihistorically*. They are beings the lives of whom have transcended their hidebound, miserable condition and who, through their acts and words, are now – hidden yet still visible – those they wished to be or could have been.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE APOCRYPHAL TYPESCRIPT IN  
THE SACRAVILLE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

*Sacraville of the joyful roofs. The dusty windows of impenetrable, stale Byblos. Light deifies the flanks of groped skins. Ancient aromas. Beyond are volumes of volumes, piles of spiralled manuscripts of Germanic runes. Gothic letters, joyful roofs, Chinese-style pagodas and hermeneutic cathedrals. The delight of blonde Valkyrian lecturers. Bibliophiles (Byblos, once more). Lutheran bibles, too. And books and bookish notebooks... A great wad of papers. Oil, wine, lard stains. Strains of ant-esque breadcrumbs. The Spanish fly now squashed, its yellowish wings, the deadly spider. We cut the strings with Nottung. The knotted knots, with knotted knots, with knotted... Untie them: labyrinth and legend! The sword is the hero; the knot, Gordian. Fingernails red with Chinese lacquer. Long, long fingernails: geishas, Indian yogis; The bibliophile girl's fingernails, librarian..ian..ian..ian... And the knots knot the beautiful, runic, unique knot together... Idiot! Nottung! Nottung!! Kung!!! Undecipherable writing. Papers, torn paper cones, wrappers, old envelopes. The light deifies doodles, drafts, blotches and blemishes... DELIRIUM: demented printer! Unreadable writing! String-serpents, cut, impotent... From the free-floating file falls a pale erudite note: THE TYPESCRIPT OF THE GREAT PETTER WHITE O'SULLIVAN, ANTIHISTORIAN.*



## A TINY CONFESSION (PREFACE)

They say I've never been quite right in the head. Could I deny it? Well, yes. And everyone would be shocked. Oh! If they only knew of my nights of lucidity... My house is a ruin: a prison-barracks of dimension stones and rubble in the very centre of the gothic quarter of Poel, the wind sweeping in through the empty window frames. The cold! The candle flame dances in the neck of an empty bottle. The wax drips away to draw curling monsters. Proletarian crumbs adorn the tabletop. Dead white ants. Cracked wood, rotten, blackened by the years. Have I dined? What have I done today? What day is it? The days go by and I forget who I am, what I do, how I live.

I suddenly return to myself! Or is it another who returns to me? And I remember everything from the beginning of the world and long to write the whole *Antihistory of the Universe*. It lasts little! A couple of days and my brain returns to the darkness of the attic where, by day, the owls and dusty webbed bats sleep. And I know not this house-prison, old and half demolished, this cave populated by strange black witches, screaming like the wind. And how do I know what my house is? And how do I know that I am me?

Misery and spider's webs. My pitted jacket, my ripped underwear, my buttonless shirt, my soleless espadrilles... Such misery! Tomorrow I will clean up, sweep up, patch up my clothes. Will I remember? A full moon! See how the trickster laughs through my window! FULLMOON – LUCIDITY. And then, foolishness, DELIRIUM, M-I-S-E-R-Y. Petter White O'Sullivan wasn't like this. Or have I always been this way? Or was he someone else and now I'm me? Will I remember to tidy the house tomorrow? I live only occasionally. When the moon is

full. A COMPLETE LUNATIC!

Who am I when I'm not me? When does the other person live? Yes, the other Pere Blanc Suc d'Olives, as the children shout when they see me in the street. Snivelling, maddening little troublemakers! PERE BLANC SUC D'OLIVES the madman of the village, of the country, of the whole entire universe! THE MADMAN AMONG MADMEN! The laughingstock of all! Everyone in this country of ignoramus ignores the fact that I am Petter White O'Sullivan, the Great Antihistorian. I'll go out into the streets and squares and shout out my name so that everyone knows, so that the men and women, the governors and governed, the wise and ignorant, all know my name. And the children in the street will never again follow me shouting: 'Pere Blanc Suc d'Olives', or throw rotten tomatoes, broken eggs and other such filth at me. Yes! They will know me once and for all! Under cover of night will I go, crying out my name! And everyone will hear it! ...I went out. I walked the narrow streets of low, decrepit houses under the light of the moon and through the squares and the irregular little hidden courtyards and everywhere I cried: 'I AM PETTER WHITE O'SULLIVAN!! NOT PERE BLANC SUC D'OLIVES, THE MADMAN. PETTER WHITE O'SULLIVAN...' My voice echoed up and down the alleyways, beyond the arches and balconies. Guard dogs and owls, large and small, came to my aid... And behind their closed, nocturnal windows, all were silent. Silent in admiration, in surprise. But in Samària, neighbourhood-country of the Jews, people suddenly awoke; their men and women came to the windows and, seeing me, started to shout: 'Shut up, you lunatic! Go home! Let us sleep!' And from on high came a doctor's diagnosis: 'He's having an attack of foolish delirium'.

And wanting to convert them to my truth, I shouted even louder: 'I AM PETTER WHITE O'SULLIVAN!' Terrible! A

shower of urinals, chamber pots, buckets, mixed liquids, boxes and old shoes fell from above. A clay urinal struck me right in the middle of my head. A bloodbath... INCREDULOUS IGNORAMUSES! MISERABLE COUNTRY! ...I'll heal myself. Where is my wine? My vinegar? My life is but small change! Where would they believe me? Who would believe me? Fewer still, after the full moon! And how many years now have I lived in Poel? Fifty? One hundred? A thousand? Ten thousand? I couldn't tell you! This country is ancient, just as I am. What am I to do amongst these farmers and malarial beggars? Play the dog? Run behind the flocks of Patriarca-Marxant?<sup>1</sup> Or write the *Antihistory*, that which everyone knows and yet ignores, the history that belongs to us all? The man-gods already have their chroniclers, their men, their biographers, their notaries... and the nameless poor have nothing! Now is the time to write the *ANTIISTORY* of these, the nameless poor!

<sup>1</sup> Literally, the patriarch of the Marxant (*Marxant* meaning a travelling salesman) family.