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Auteur : Foucault, Michel

Présentation de la fiche

Coteb023_f0190

SourceBoite_023-7-chem | Aristide.

LangueFrançais

TypeFicheLecture

RelationNumérisation d'un manuscrit original consultable à la BnF, département des Manuscrits, cote NAF 28730

Références éditoriales

Éditeuréquipe FFL (projet ANR *Fiches de lecture de Michel Foucault*) ; projet EMAN (Thalim, CNRS-ENS-Sorbonne nouvelle).

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Notice créée par [équipe FFL](#) Notice créée le 19/03/2021 Dernière modification le 23/04/2021

thing to me and my foster father — for Zosimus was then alive —, so that I sent to him to tell him what the God had said, but he came to see me to tell me what he had heard from the God. There was a certain drug, whose particulars I do not remember, save that it contained salt. When we applied this, most of the growth quickly disappeared, and at dawn my friends were present, happy and incredulous. From here on, the doctors stopped their criticisms, expressed extraordinary admiration for the providence of the God in each particular, and said that it was some other greater disease, which he secretly cured. They considered in what way the loose skin (left from the tumor) would arrange itself. Now it seemed to them that there was full need of surgery, for it would not otherwise go back to normal. And they thought it right that I grant this, for now the God's part had been done. He did not even allow them this. But there was a remarkably great lesion and all my skin seemed to change. And he commanded me to smear on an egg and so cured me. And he brought everything back together, so that after a few days had passed, no one was able to find on which thigh the tumor had been, but they were both unscarred in every respect.

late summer It was this Zosimus, to whom a great gift was 69
148 A.D. given by the God later on. It was thus. We were
going through Mysia to Pergamum, but because of
a dream which stopped me on the road, I waited for several days,
while the same dream reoccurred. Meanwhile he ran back to some
farm of ours, which required something, and soon after fell sick.
It happened that the condition of my stomach, palate, all my head,
and whole body was such, that I was nearly dead, and was prevented
from taking nourishment. And whatever I took, straightway turned
sour, and I could not breathe, and my strength was gone. We were
approximately 120 stades apart. And it happened that when we learned
how each of us was, we were much more troubled by what we
heard than by our own circumstances.

When the God appeared, I grasped his head with my two hands in 71
turn, and having grasped him, I entreated him to save Zosimus for me.
The God refused. Again having grasped him in the same way, I entreated
him to assent. Again he refused. For the third time I grasped
him and tried to persuade him to assent. He neither refused nor

assented, but held his head steady, and told me certain phrases, which it is proper to say in such circumstances since they are efficacious. And while I remember these, I do not think that I should reveal them purposelessly. But he said that when these were recited, it would suffice. One of them was — Take care! What happened 72
to him after this? First of all Zosimus recovered beyond expectation from that disease, being purged with barley gruel and lentils, as the God foretold to me on his behalf, and next he lived four months besides. So we met one another and feasted together, since the God also helped me much, continuously and strangely. One example 73
of this is the following. When I was faint and wholly at a loss, I wrote a poem about the marriage of Coronis and the birth of the God, and I stretched the strophe to great lengths. And thus I wrote the verses peacefully and reflectively, and was now entirely oblivious of all difficulties. And I was enjoined to take enemas, so that the doctor did not have the courage to apply them, when he saw the thinness and weakness of my body. But he believed that he would, as it were, kill me. I persuaded him with difficulty, and immediately recovered. And he gave me as nourishment, wild greens, which provided me with some means of digestion and strength.

November So this happened. But Zosimus was felicitated 74
148 A.D. by all, and he did not know what to do, being both
thankful to the God for his providence and to me
for my service. And I think that he would have lived longer, were it
not because of a brave act of his. For when he learned that one of 75
my most useful servants was sick, he went off in winter time 40
stades to take charge and to help however he could. For he was also
skilled in medicine. And having fallen from his carriage into much
snow and ice, and having suffered many terrible things, both coming
and going, he fell most seriously ill a second time, so that at first
he did not have the heart to reveal to me any of the things which had
happened to him. And when I learned of it, I did not go to him,
since I was angry because I had not persuaded him. For during the 76
previous night, I had the following dream vision: The temple warden
Asclepiacus seemed to say to me, "It was necessary that Zosimus
regain his strength while it is possible." Therefore, after this dream,
I did not allow him to move about, when the message about the



