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THE SACRED TALES: V

August In summer time, my stomach was upset, and
 165 A.D. I was thirsty night and day, and perspired un-
 speakably, and my body was weak, and scarcely
 would two or three men drag me from my bed, when I desired to get
 up. And while I was in Smyrna during this time, *the God indicated a
 journey to me.* And I had to leave immediately. And we went on the
 road to Pergamum. But while the carriages were being got together,
 noon arrived, and a clear, burning heat arose. Therefore we decided
 to stay in the suburbs and so pass the peak of the heat. We started
 out for Myrina, and the pack animals proceeded us here. But since
 the weather was stifling, and at the same time the place was delightful
 and there were certain business matters besides, we wasted a great part
 of the day, so that at sunset we only reached an inn before the
 Hermus. And I was at a loss as to what to do. Since upon entering
 I did not endure the disagreeableness of the rooms, and my servants
 were not present because I had sent them ahead, it seemed fitting to
 push on. And now that I had crossed the river, the night was clear,
 and a light and cool breeze struck me, and somehow my body recov-
 ered and my will power was imbued by a certain energy and high
 spirits, and I found the weather pleasant, and at the same time
 contrasted how much the present circumstances had changed from the
 day past.

Now in the depths of evening, I came to Larissa, and I was happy
 to find that I had not caught up with the carriages and that the
 conditions of the inn were no better than those before, but that it
 remained necessary to hold to the road and persevere. And now it was
 midnight or still a little later, and we were in Cyme, and everything
 was closed, which was satisfactory as far as I was concerned. Exhorting
 my attendants, who were escorting me from my estate, to endure
 also the remaining distance, where everything would not be closed to
 them⁷³, and saying that it was very brief and it was not a little better

⁷³ V 5 I emend ὁ κεκλεισμένος for οὐκ εἰσόμενος mss.; cf. IV 97 and 30, p. 579, 28 D.

not to seem to go astray from our plan, I went out of the gates, and
 now the cold was damper, so that I required some means of warmth.

And reaching Myrina, at about cock crow, I saw my people before
 one of the inns, still packed up for the journey, because, as they said,
 they did not find anything open. There was a small couch at the
 entrance of the inn. We passed the time moving this all over. For no
 matter where it was put, it was everywhere uncomfortable. There was
 no profit in knocking on the doors, either of friends or of any one
 at all. For no one heeded us. It was late when finally we found means
 of getting into the house of an acquaintance, but through the evil
 genius of the doorkeepers the fire went out and there was no other,
 either small or great. We entered in darkness, and were led by the
 hand, unseeing and unseen. While the fire was being brought and
 after it had been brought, while I intended to use it and to drink, the
 morning star arose and shone forth the light of day. I thought it best
 not to be soft and sleep, when it was day, but to pile work on work,
 and to walk to Gryneion, to the Temple of Apollo, as it was my
 custom to sacrifice to the God, both when I went and when I returned.

When I was at Gryneion, and had sacrificed to Apollo and spent
 my time as usual, I came to Elaea and rested. And when I was in
 Pergamum on the following day, my intention was, as can be
 imagined, to delay there, but a dream came, whether right at that
 evening or a day or two later, *and ordered me to press on and not do
 otherwise. "For they are in pursuit."* And with this, the window
 shutters, which were very well closed, both inside and out, opened in
 a gust of wind, which had never happened before, and the door
 emitted a sound. When I awoke, I no longer lingered, but telling
 the servants to follow, I got in my carriage and drove until I reached
 my destination. And the northwind pressed hard, stirring up everything.
 During this time, my throat was bothersome, for it was pressed by a
 continuing lesion and was torn by everything which ever came in
 contact with it. Then although much sand was blown in my face by
 the wind and clouds of dust fell thickly from all sides, it happened
 that I was no more anxious than I was confident, partly, as it were,
 through a certain desperation and obstinance — for there was no
 escape — and partly since I endured contrary to all likelihood. The
 doctors before ordered gargling and prescribed very careful covering
 and such things. On the second or third day, I passed by our ancestral

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