

Idris, pulling Ogier towards him, kisses him. Suddenly, Ogier frees himself and, rope and knot broken, he rises up as in levitation until a crepuscular darkness completely invades the oratory.

The light returns. Projected in the sun-lit outside, the structure of a high pyramid whose sides a crowd of men, young and old, each wearing a white dress, are climbing, some in a hurry, worrying about being overtaken by others, all eyes fixed on the pyramidal summit. There, young Ogier sits, in his luminous nudity, hands outstretched towards the first to arrive.

Ogier

You who are seeking me, you are finally finding me, the immortal Adolescent who shall keep the promise you expect from me. I am still and I shall always be fourteen years old. You, my elders, young adults, I will know to warn you against premature engagements, and you, men in the prime of life, my presence will prevent you, during a painful old age, from running after your youth and not only after yours – for in my fourteen years, I have more memories than if I was a thousand years old.

At the same time we see, coming down on the left angle of the pyramid, men of all ages, each flanked by a young naked boy looking like the immortal adolescent, nestled under the dress of the adult he accompanies.

text from *The Immortal Adolescent*

by Pierre Klossowski

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*for Gabriel des Forêts*

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