

# SURREALISM-PLAYS

*A Site Devoted to Information About Surrealism & Avant-Garde Theatre*

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*Surrealism-Plays is a site devoted to the history and creative works of the **Surrealist Movement**, as well as the anti-tradition of **avant-garde theatre**.*

## TO HAVE DONE WITH

## THE JUDGEMENT OF GOD

**by Antonin Artaud**



**Note:** Having spent much of his final years in various mental asylums, Artaud resurfaced in 1947 with a radio play *To Have Done With the Judgment of god*. Although the work remained true to his Theatre of Cruelty, utilizing an array of unsettling sounds, cries, screams and grunts, it was shelved by French Radio the day before it was scheduled to air, on February 2, 1948. Artaud died one month later.

<b>kré</b>		<b>puc te</b>
<b>kré</b>	Everything must	<b>puk te</b>
<b>pek</b>	be arranged	<b>li le</b>
<b>kré</b>	to a hair	<b>pek ti le</b>
<b>e</b>	in a fulminating	<b>kruk</b>
<b>pte</b>	order.	

I learned yesterday

(I must be behind the times, or perhaps it's only a false rumor, one of those pieces of spiteful gossip that are circulated between sink and latrine at the hour when meals that have been ingurgitated one more time are thrown in the slop buckets),

I learned yesterday

one of the most sensational of those official practices of American public schools which no doubt account for the fact that this country believes itself to be in the vanguard of progress, It seems that, among the examinations or tests required of a child entering public school for the first time, there is the so-called seminal fluid or sperm test, which consists of asking this newly entering child for a small amount of his sperm so it can be placed in a jar and kept ready for any attempts at artificial insemination that might later take place. For Americans are finding more and more that they lack muscle and children, that is, not workers but soldiers, and they want at all costs and by every possible means to make and manufacture soldiers with a view to all the planetary wars which might later take place, and which would be intended to *demonstrate* by the over-whelming virtues of force the superiority of American products, and the fruits of American sweat in all fields of activity and of the superiority of the possible dynamism of force.

Because one must produce,

one must by all possible means of activity replace nature wherever it can be replaced,

one must find a major field of action for human inertia,

the worker must have something to keep him busy,

new fields of activity must be created,

in which we shall see at last the reign of all the fake manufactured products,

of all the vile synthetic substitutes

in which beautiful real nature has no part,

and must give way finally and shamefully before all the victorious substitute products

in which the sperm of all artificial insemination factories

will make a miracle

in order to produce armies and battleships.

No more fruit, no more trees, no more vegetables, no more plants pharmaceutical or otherwise and consequently no more food,

but synthetic products to satiety,

amid the fumes,  
amid the special humors of the atmosphere, on the particular axes of atmospheres wrenched violently and synthetically from the resistances of a nature which has known nothing of war except fear.  
And war is wonderful, isn't it?  
For it's war, isn't it, that the Americans have been preparing for and are preparing for this way step by step.  
In order to defend this senseless manufacture from all competition that could not fail to arise on all sides, one must have soldiers, armies, airplanes, battleships,  
hence this sperm  
which it seems the governments of America have had the effrontery to think of.  
For we have more than one enemy lying in wait for us,  
my son,  
we, the born capitalists,  
and among these enemies  
Stalin's Russia  
which also doesn't lack armed men.

All this is very well,  
but I didn't know the Americans were such a warlike people.  
In order to fight one must get shot at  
and although I have seen many Americans at war  
they always had huge armies of tanks, airplanes, battleships  
that served as their shield.  
I have seen machines fighting a lot  
but only infinitely far behind them have I seen the men who directed them.  
Rather than people who feed their horses, cattle, and mules the last tons of real morphine they have left  
and replace it with substitutes made of smoke,  
I prefer the people who eat off the bare earth the delirium from which they were born  
I mean the Tarahumara eating Peyote off the ground  
while they are born,  
and who kill the sun to establish the kingdom of black night,  
and who smash the cross so that the spaces of spaces can never again meet and cross.

And so you are going to hear the dance of *TUTUGURI*.

## **TUTUGURI**

### **The Rite of the Black Sun**

And below, as if at the foot of the bitter slope,  
cruelly despairing at the heart,  
gapes the circle of the six crosses,  
very low  
as if embedded in the mother earth,  
wrenched from the foul embrace of the mother  
who drools.

The earth of black coal  
is the only damp place  
in this cleft rock.

The Rite is that the new sun passes through seven points before blazing on the orifice of the earth.

And there are six men,  
one for each sun,  
and a seventh man  
who is the sun  
in the raw  
dressed in black and in red flesh.

But, this seventh man  
is a horse,  
a horse with a man leading him.

But it is the horse  
who is the sun  
and not the man.

At the anguish of a drum and a long trumpet,  
strange,  
the six men  
who were lying down,  
rolling level with the ground,  
leap up one by one like sunflowers,  
not like suns  
but turning earths,  
water lilies,  
and each leap  
corresponds to the increasingly somber  
and restrained  
gong of the drum  
until suddenly he comes galloping, at vertiginous speed,  
the last sun,  
the first man,  
the black horse with a

naked man,  
absolutely naked  
and virgin  
riding it.

After they leap up, they advance in winding circles  
and the horse of bleeding meat rears  
and prances without a stop  
on the crest of his rock  
until the six men  
have surrounded

completely  
the six crosses.

Now, the essence of the Rite is precisely

### **The Abolition of the Cross**

When they have stopped turning  
they uproot  
the crosses of earth  
and the naked man  
on the horse  
holds up  
an enormous horseshoe  
which he has dipped in a gash of his blood.

### **The Pursuit of Fecality**

There where it smells of shit  
it smells of being.  
Man could just as well not have shat,  
not have opened the anal pouch,  
but he chose to shit  
as he would have chosen to live  
instead of consenting to live dead.

Because in order not to make caca,  
he would have had to consent  
not to be,  
but he could not make up his mind to lose  
being,  
that is, to die alive.

There is in being  
something particularly tempting for man  
and this something is none other than  
**CACA.**  
(*Roaring here.*)

To exist one need only let oneself be,  
but to live,  
one must be someone,  
to be someone,  
one must have a BONE,  
not be afraid to show the bone,  
and to lose the meat in the process.

Man has always preferred meat

to the earth of bones.  
 Because there was only earth and wood of bone,  
 and he had to earn his meat,  
 there was only iron and fire  
 and no shit,  
 and man was afraid of losing shit  
 or rather he desired shit  
 and, for this, sacrificed blood.

In order to have shit,  
 that is, meat,  
 where there was only blood  
 and a junkyard of bones  
 and where there was no being to win  
 but where there was only life to lose

**o reche modo  
 to edire  
 di za  
 tau dari  
 do padera coco**

At this point, man withdrew and fled.

Then the animals ate him.

It was not a rape,  
 he lent himself to the obscene meal.

He relished it,  
 he learned himself  
 to act like an animal  
 and to eat rat  
 daintily.

And where does this foul debasement come from?

The fact that the world is not yet formed,  
 or that man has only a small idea of the world  
 and wants to hold on to it forever?

This comes from the fact that man,  
 one fine day,  
*stopped*  
 the idea of the world.

Two paths were open to him:  
 that of the infinite without,  
 that of the infinitesimal within.

And he chose the infinitesimal within.  
 Where one need only squeeze

the spleen,  
the tongue,  
the anus  
or the glans.

And god, god himself squeezed the movement.

Is God a being?  
If he is one, he is shit.  
If he is not one  
he does not exist.

But he does not exist,  
except as the void that approaches with all its forms  
whose most perfect image  
is the advance of an incalculable group of crab lice.

"You are mad Mr. Artaud, what about the mass?"

I deny baptism and the mass.  
There is no human act,  
on the internal erotic level,  
more pernicious than the descent  
of the so-called jesus-christ  
onto the altars.

No one will believe me  
and I can see the public shrugging its shoulders  
but the so-called christ is none other than he  
who in the presence of the crab louse god  
consented to live without a body,  
while an army of men  
descended from a cross,  
to which god thought he had long since nailed them,  
has revolted,  
and, armed with steel,  
with blood,  
with fire, and with bones,  
advances, reviling the Invisible  
to have done with **GOD'S JUDGMENT.**

### **The Question Arises...**

What makes it serious  
is that we know  
that after the order  
of this world  
there is another.

What is it like?

We do not know.

The number and order of possible suppositions in  
this realm  
is precisely  
infinity!

And what is infinity?

That is precisely what we do not know!

It is a word  
that we use  
to indicate  
*the opening*  
of our consciousness  
toward possibility  
beyond measure,  
tireless and beyond measure.

And precisely what is consciousness?

That is precisely what we do not know.

It is nothingness.

A nothingness  
that we use  
to indicate  
when we do not know something  
from what side  
we do not know it  
and so  
we say  
consciousness,  
from the side of consciousness,  
but there are a hundred thousand other sides.

Well?

It seems that consciousness  
in us is  
linked  
to sexual desire  
and to hunger;

but it could  
just as well  
not be linked  
to them.

One says,

one can say,  
there are those who say  
that consciousness  
is an appetite,  
the appetite for living;

and immediately  
alongside the appetite for living,  
it is the appetite for food  
that comes immediately to mind;

as if there were not people who eat  
without any sort of appetite;  
and who are hungry.

For this too  
exists  
to be hungry  
without appetite;

well?

Well  
the space of possibility  
was given to me one day  
like a loud fart  
that I will make;  
but neither of space,  
nor possibility,  
did I know precisely what it was,

and I did not feel the need to think about it,

they were words  
invented to define things  
that existed  
or did not exist  
in the face of  
the pressing urgency  
of a need:  
the need to abolish the idea,  
the idea and its myth,  
and to enthrone in its place  
the thundering manifestation  
of this explosive necessity:  
to dilate the body of my internal night,

the internal nothingness  
of my self

which is night,  
nothingness,

thoughtlessness,

but which is explosive affirmation  
that there is  
something  
to make room for:

my body.

And truly  
must it be reduced to this stinking gas,  
my body?  
To say that I have a body  
because I have a stinking gas  
that forms  
inside me?

I do not know  
but  
I do know that

space,  
time,  
dimension,  
becoming,  
future,  
destiny,  
being,  
non-being,  
self,  
non-self,

are nothing to me;

but there is a thing  
which is something,  
only one thing  
which is something,  
and which I feel  
because it wants  
TO GET OUT:  
the presence  
of my bodily  
suffering,

the menacing,  
never tiring  
presence  
of my  
body;

however hard people press me with questions  
and however vigorously I deny all questions,  
there is a point  
at which I find myself compelled  
to say no,

*NO*

then  
to negation;

and this point  
comes when they press me,

when they pressure me  
and when they handle me  
until the exit  
from me  
of nourishment,  
of my nourishment  
and its milk,

and what remains?

That I am suffocated;

and I do not know if it is an action  
but in pressing me with questions this way  
until the absence  
and nothingness  
of the question  
they pressed me  
until the idea of body  
and the idea of being a body  
was suffocated  
in me,

and it was then that I felt the obscene

and that I farted  
from folly  
and from excess  
and from revolt  
at my suffocation.

Because they were pressing me  
to my body  
and to the very body

and it was then  
that I exploded everything  
because my body

can never be touched.

## Conclusion

- And what was the purpose of this broadcast, Mr. Artaud?
- Primarily to denounce certain social obscenities officially sanctioned and acknowledged:
  1. this emission of infantile sperm donated by children for the artificial insemination of fetuses yet to be born and which will be born in a century or more.
  2. To denounce, in this same American people who occupy the whole surface of the former Indian continent, a rebirth of that warlike imperialism of early America that caused the pre-Columbian Indian tribes to be degraded by the aforesaid people.
  3. - You are saying some very bizarre things, Mr. Artaud.
  4. - Yes, I am saying something bizarre, that contrary to everything we have been led to believe, the pre-Columbian Indians were a strangely civilized people and that in fact they knew a form of civilization based exclusively on the principle of cruelty.
  5. - And do you know precisely what is meant by cruelty?
  6. - Offhand, no, I don't.
  7. - Cruelty means eradicating by means of blood and until blood flows, god, the bestial accident of unconscious human animality, wherever one can find it.
  8. - Man, when he is not restrained, is an erotic animal, he has in him an inspired shudder, a kind of pulsation that produces animals without number which are the form that the ancient tribes of the earth universally attributed to god. This created what is called a spirit. Well, this spirit originating with the American Indians is reappearing all over the world today under scientific poses which merely accentuate its morbid infectuous power, the marked condition of vice, but a vice that pullulates with diseases, because, laugh if you like, what has been called microbes is god, and do you know what the Americans and the Russians use to make their atoms? They make them with the microbes of god.
- You are raving, Mr. Artaud. You are mad.
- I am not raving. I am not mad. I tell you that they have reinvented microbes in order to impose a new idea of god.

They have found a new way to bring out god and to capture him in his microbic noxiousness.

This is to nail him though the heart,  
in the place where men love him best,  
under the guise of unhealthy sexuality,  
in that sinister appearance of morbid cruelty that he adopts  
whenever he is pleased to tetanize and madden humanity as he  
is doing now.

He utilizes the spirit of purity and of a consciousness that has  
remained candid like mine to asphyxiate it with all the false  
appearances that he spreads universally through space and this  
is why Artaud le Mômô can be taken for a person suffering  
from hallucinations.

- What do you mean, Mr. Artaud?

- I mean that I have found the way to put an end to this ape once and for all  
and that although nobody believes in god any more everybody believes more and more in man.

So it is man whom we must now make up our minds to emasculate.

- How's that?

How's that?

No matter how one takes you you are mad, ready for the straitjacket.

- By placing him again, for the last time, on the autopsy table to remake his anatomy.  
I say, to remake his anatomy.

Man is sick because he is badly constructed.

We must make up our minds to strip him bare in order to scrape off that animalcule that itches him  
mortally,

god,  
and with god  
his organs.

For you can tie me up if you wish,  
but there is nothing more useless than an organ.

When you will have made him a body without organs,  
then you will have delivered him from all his automatic reactions  
and restored him to his true freedom.

They you will teach him again to dance wrong side out  
as in the frenzy of dance halls  
and this wrong side out will be his real place.

**OUR**

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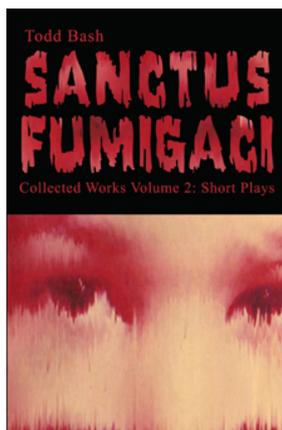
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