

order to audibly render, so to speak, the mocking and ironic intonation belying its own seriousness.<sup>4</sup> Such is the attempt, in "The Latest Modes of Intellectual Stimulation for the Summer of 1934," to define "anachronism" by a string of doubled concepts, placed within quotation marks, such as "delirious concrete" or "sensational extravagant."

## The Moral Position of Surrealism

To begin with, it is essential in my opinion to denounce the highly debasing character assumed by the act of giving a lecture, and even more so, the act of hearing it.<sup>5</sup> It is thus with the most profound apologies that I relapse into a similar act, which could be perceived, undoubtedly, as being the most removed from the purest surrealist act, which, as described by André Breton in the Second Manifesto, would consist of going down to the street holding a revolver, and shooting at random, as much as one can, at the crowd.

Nevertheless, on a certain level of relativity, the ignoble act of lecturing could still be utilized for highly demoralizing and confounding purposes. Confounding, since, parallel to the procedures (that could be considered as good whenever they serve to lay waste once and for all to the ideas of family, homeland, religion), we are also interested in everything that could contribute to the ruin and discrediting of the world perceived by the senses and the intellect, that, in a process having its start in reality, can be brought together in the violently paranoid will to systematize confusion – this taboo confusion of Western thought that has ended up being idiotically reduced to the nullity of speculation or to vagueness or to mindlessness.

Base snobbery has vulgarized the discoveries of modern psychology, adulterating them to the unprecedented point of having them serve the purpose of subtly making pleasant the spiritual salon conversations and sowing mindless novelty in the immense rottenness of the modern novel and theater. However, the mechanisms of Freud are very ugly, and, on top of that, hardly suitable for the relaxation of present-day society. Indeed, these mechanisms have been illuminating human acts with a livid and dazzling brightness.

There are affective *rappports* in the family.

There is abnegation: A wife wholly enamored of her husband, looks after him during a long and cruel illness that lasts two years; she cares for him day and night with an abnegation that goes far beyond the limits of affection and sacrifice. Sure enough, as a reward for such love, the said husband gets well; immediately thereafter, it is the wife who falls victim

to a serious neurosis. People logically believe that this illness is the consequence of a nervous exhaustion. But nothing is further from all this. Those who are happy do not suffer from nervous exhaustion. Psychoanalysis and the patient interpretation of the sick woman's dreams confirm her extremely intense unconscious desire (of which the sick woman herself remains ignorant) to get rid of her husband. It is for this reason that taking care of him brings on the neurosis. Now the death wish turns back on her. The extreme abnegation has been made use of as a defense against her unconscious desire.

A widow takes a shot at her husband's tomb. Who could understand that? The Hindus do, when they try to avert the evil desires of their wives with the law ordering that the widow be burned alive.

There is yet another form of abnegation, the highly selfless abnegation between relatives. Indeed, it could be statistically established that during the Great War there was a high percentage of cases of sadism among the Red Cross nurses, specifically those who were the most self-sacrificing, those who left the bourgeois and often privileged good life, turning up en masse on the battlefield. They were often found cutting with their scissors a few centimeters too many, and this for the sheer pleasure of it. There were also a great many cases recorded of true martyrdom. It is precisely this very intense pleasure that is needed to compensate for such suffering. That is unless, and this is most probable, the psychic mechanism of these gentle nurses got further complicated by the seduction of the masochistic virtue.

It would be an endless task to go over all the so-called elevated human emotions conveniently presented to us by the new psychology. And this perusal is really quite unnecessary when it comes to stating, on the moral plane, that in terms of the crisis of consciousness that Surrealism above all intends to provoke, a figure such as the Marquis de Sade appears today to possess the purity of a diamond. And conversely, for example, to cite one of our celebrities, nothing seems to us baser, viler, more deserving of opprobrium than the "fine sentiments" of the great pig, the great pederast, the huge hairy putrefaction, Àngel Guimerà.<sup>9</sup>

Not long ago I wrote on a picture that represented the Sacré-Cœur. "J'ai craché sur ma mère."<sup>7</sup> Eugenio d'Ors<sup>8</sup> (whom I consider to be a perfect *ass*) saw in this inscription merely a private insult, a simple cynical manifestation. Needless to say, this interpretation is false, and it wholly dismisses the truly subversive sense of this inscription. It has to do, on the contrary, with a moral conflict of an order very similar to that set forth for us by a dream, in which we murder someone we love, and such dreams are quite common. The fact that unconscious urges could often be of extreme cruelty for our conscience is yet another reason why

we should not cease from showing where the friends of truth are to be found.

A crisis on the sensory level, errors, systematized "confusionism," all these provoked by Surrealism in the realm of images and in reality, form still other highly demoralizing recourses. And if I can say today that Art Nouveau,<sup>9</sup> which is exceptionally well represented in Barcelona, comes closest nowadays to what we could truly love, it is a proof precisely of a disgust and complete indifference for art – the same disgust that makes us consider the postcard as the document that is the most alive of modern popular thought, the thought whose profundity is often so acute as to take flight toward psychoanalysis (I am referring in particular to pornographic postcards).<sup>10</sup>

The birth of the new Surrealist images should be considered, above all, as the birth of images of demoralization. One should insist on the remarkable acuteness of attention recognized by all psychologists in paranoia, which is a form of mental illness in which reality is organized in such a manner so as to be served through the control of an imaginative construction. The paranoiac who thinks he is being poisoned discovers in all the things that surround him, down to their most imperceptible and subtle details, preparations for his death. Recently I have obtained, by a distinctly paranoiac process, an image of a woman, whose position, shadow, and morphology, without altering or deforming in the slightest its real appearance, help form at the same time the image of a horse.<sup>11</sup> It should not be forgotten that attaining the appearance of a third image is merely a question of a more violent paranoiac intensity, and thus a fourth one, or thirty images. In that case, I would be curious to find out what it is that the image under consideration really represents, what is the truth; and, right away, doubts are raised in our minds regarding the question of whether the images of reality itself are not merely products of our own paranoiac capacity.

But this is only a small matter. There are still larger systems, the more general states already studied: hallucination, the power of voluntary hallucination, the before-dreaming state, illumination, day dream (since one dreams without interruption), mental alienation, and many other states that do not have less sense and importance than the so-called normal state of the all too normal *putrefacté* having his coffee.

Notwithstanding the normality of the people filling up the street, their practical actions are grievously betrayed by automatism. All people are bent and moved by systems that are thought to be normal and logical; however, all their actions, all their movements, unconsciously correspond, in the world of irrationality and that of conventions, to the images fleetingly seen and lost in dreams. It is because of this that, when we find

images that resemble the latter we think this is love and say that the mere fact of looking at them makes us dream.

Pleasure is man's most legitimate aspiration. In human life, the reality principle comes up against the pleasure principle. A furious defense is imposed upon the mind – defense against everything that is contrary to the abominable mechanisms of practical life, everything that is contrary to the base humanitarian sentiments, contrary to fine phrases such as love of work, etc., etc., on which we shit – against all that which could lead us toward masturbation, to exhibitionism, to crime, to love.

The reality principle against the pleasure principle; the true position of the real intellectual despair is precisely the defense from everything that, by way of pleasure and contrary to mental prisons of all sorts, could ruin reality. the reality that is more and more subjected, basely subjected. to the violent reality of our minds.

The *Surrealist revolution* is, above all else, a revolution of a moral order; this revolution is a living fact, the only one in modern occidental thought having a spiritual content.

The Surrealist revolution has upheld – automatic writing – Surrealist texts – presleep images – dreams – mental alienation – hysteria – the intervention of chance – sexual inquiries – insults – anticlerical aggression – Communism – hypnotic dream – primitive objects – Surrealist Objects – postcards.<sup>12</sup>

The Surrealist revolution has upheld the names of the Comte de Lautréamont, of Trotsky, of Freud, of the Marquis de Sade, of Heraclitus. of Uccello, etc.<sup>13</sup>

The Surrealist group provoked bloody riots at the Brasserie des Lilas. at the Maldoror cabaret, in theaters, and out on the streets.<sup>14</sup>

The Surrealist group has published various manifestoes insulting Anatole France, Paul Claudel, Marshal Foch, Paul Valéry, Cardinal Dubois. Serge de Diaghilev, and others.<sup>15</sup>

I am addressing myself to the new generation of Catalonia for the purpose of proclaiming that a new moral crisis of the most serious kind has been provoked; and that those who would persist in the amorality of decent and reasonable ideas had better cover their faces lest I spit on them.

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