

Besides a solution is not easy and with a smile Tristan Tzara remarks "the absence of system is but another system." But it is chiefly the lack of power to insist on life without tradition which condemns us to petty forms of snobism, to petty vices, to the taste of hysterical women, to sleeping cars and to dynamos, that is to say, to the worst and most popular type of literature in a century in which everyone boasts of not being literary. There results an excessive glory for certain authors (as a matter of fact, I can think of but one of them, Paul Morand, but the enormity of his success merits the pain of the plural) who know how to flatter men and to put into their books such an impersonality that under the disguise of a false exotism each one thinks that he recognizes himself, tells his neighbour, who in his turn buys for himself, at a bargain, that which he finds a flattering portrait of his own little person. This is "real twentieth century," people say of such a work, as if there could possibly be a real twentieth century brand of work. As for me if anyone would accept the challenge I should like to wager and to demonstrate that Homer was Dada, Sainte Cecilia a famous futurist and Tristan Tzara under the influence of Aeschylus.

But since it is necessary sometimes to speak seriously, that is with the help of phrases known to us all, we notice that objects have no other role than to move the subject, rhythm differs according to individuals; certainly the *real individual* must not be confounded with the apparent man whom we see at the theatre, on the street; I have said *real individual* but to avoid all confusion the better term would be *superreal individual*.

No one has better described this *superreal individual* than André Breton. I shall quote from an article of his which appeared in *La Revue Littérature* in which he treats of superrealism. "The word superrealism which is not our invention and which we should have been so well able to abandon to the vaguest critical vocabulary, is employed by us in a precise sense. By it we have agreed to indicate a certain automatism which corresponds fairly well to a dream state, a state which is today very difficult to place any limits upon. I beg pardon for adding a personal observation here. In 1919 my attention was fixed upon the more or less partial phrases which in complete solitude, at the approach of slumber, become perceptible to the mind