

It so happened that a little piece of Dadaism thought it could perfectly well invest itself with Sex Quality and fill a respectable role within the vulva of the mob. The success of Surrealism is the wedding apparel of this bird of paradise.

They don't agree any more about Surrealism than they used to about Dadaism. The same thick swamp subsists. Who is surrealist, who is not? They know it only at the Central Office—where everybody is it. Like Dadaism in its time, there remains the same duplicity among individuals, the same mystification which is inseparable from all deep outbursts, being after all as respectable as the latter. A certain appearance of steely violence, but only an appearance, the call to revolt and the gears of social revolts complete the analogy.

But is it an analogy? Is it not merely Dadaism going on?

The lacteous appetites of youth, the sufferings of the platter as we face life ahead of us have replaced however the frenzy of yesteryear's embers. One does not repeat such an adventure. Our rebels of to-day are just suffering from growing pains. Catholicism in bloom seems to be dipping its wick pretty well in its candle-wax.

The equivocal depth of this movement streaming with a new freshness, with the jewels of a poetry paraded somewhat "à la Jeanne d'Arc" is not without some fragrance of the dark, formerly assumed by Dadaism. Its leader will not cling, when the day comes he will remove the palm of his hand and with a beautiful crash the dust will change appearance.

In spite of ourselves who, may be, had given too much scope to our tameness, this example makes us shake our feathers. The universe has not yet lost under our teeth its taste of hardness. With too much confidence, we were keeping our eyes closed, lying on a bed of pumice stones which was without much trouble transformed into a comfortable sofa. Eyelids of hot steel and shark lips, lets stop dreaming and go hunting? We care too much for public opinion, and we blush for looking unfashionable to the snobbish eye, so happy are we that the turn of fashion is for an easy nonchalance.

The strong hands which lead Surrealism will, no doubt, withdraw, some day, followed by loud laughter. But there may be then so many clouds of whipped cream that the whole world will have again put on its white cloak of the centuries of comfort, in the insipid asphyxy of prudish suns and moons in corsets?

It matters little, after all. It is a question of our pleasure, which claims to refresh itself in Violence.

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