

ANDRÉ MASSON

WHEN A new being, whether intelligent or not, appears between the crevices of the universe, the image of the law which rules his birth is present in his physical structure, a graphic prophet of his destiny; and as a phenomenon is scientifically represented by a curve brought back to the axes, the history of this being is represented by his internal structure and his visible form, in this material world whose axes of our senses determine the framework. If on the other hand, a hand sets down on a surface lines and curves directly coming from the depth of the being, these lines will be at first the abstract diagrams of the cerebral movements of their creator, but quickly they will take flesh, rendered concrete by the force of desire, which demands that they borrow an earthly appearance like that of an object known for a long time, to become thus doubly desirable in the tenderness of the flesh which is now their sign.

The reciprocity of the reactions is so perfect and the oneness of the man with the curve so complete that one does not know if this curve has engendered and predestined him or if he is the one who, on the contrary, in the distracted tension of his love, projects this shadow of himself purer than his solar shadow, and this solidity, complete equivalence of exchanges (is it the light itself which has constructed this edifice or the luminous reflections emanating from the walls which have converged and materialized into a single globe of fire?) equal density of elements all endowed with a sort of stony life, which must be the infinite existence of another world—these are the principle characteristics of the language of Andre Masson, world of lights and shadows where gravitates the eternal orb of a human being, brought back to the axis of the absolute.

When fish move vertically among the cracks of the capitals of the columns and the winged imprints of birds, the hair, kept almost horizontal by the wind, becomes the curve showing, according to the strength of the desire, the variation of the dominion of man over water, earth, air and fire; along the filament spurting out from a bursting grenade can be read the story of genesis and if one follows the contour of a feminine hip, the story of sensuality. Then the profile of an adorable face traces the history of the lassitudes of the blood, near a spiral whose ascension recalls the perpetual screw, which has death for thread, intelligence for cylinder. But if the flight of birds is a bad sign, it is because the angle made by their direction and the eyes of the observer is measured by a malign number. But this