Superficially considered the tradition of anarchy, the true secret weapon of France, must offer plenty of surprises. An endless concatenation of wars and of knees forces the youthful generation into revolt after revolt. Sometimes these revolts may bear the scandalous attributes of the revolt. Sometimes they may show none. Under this latter mask, novelty—what Baudelaire calls the most recent expression of beauty—becomes, so to speak, invisible. Scandal then consists in not causing any scandal. Sarcasm is then ambushed behind a camouflage of academism. Only a penetrating look can discover this subtly aggressive light.

I must admit I expected André Beaurepaire. It was inevitable that he should come, but I was not sure as to his keeping his appointment so meticulously. Nor as to what he would bring with him. Nor of the point at which he would make his entry. Not what form his enterprise was to take on. After Salvador Dalí—the extreme antipodes of Beaurepaire—a mighty draughtsman, almost a maniac, comes to surround us by his naive use of the marvellous. By this I mean that his extraordinary manual craftsmanship does not put itself at the beck and call of a system. The night of the human body unsophisticatedly piles up the caving scaffolding of its architecture. Weirdness withdraws from Georges de Chirico's deserted cities. Great towns form themselves, are populated, get entangled among machinery and waste, mix with the storms and wreckage of the sky.

André Beaurepaire sets the stage for the pompous spectacle of his catastrophes, and the curtain—à l'Italienne—rises on a world where childhood dominates, childhood, so ready to build up dreamwork and to dash it all down again.