

again, or covered with ideas I have never had. The words themselves come invested in strange masks, or bare and different from each other. Bursted balloons. Pastimes, pleasures, leisure, salt of life, all seem strange customs, rites devised to hasten death along. Fire is what I find most mysterious of all. The novel I kept in my pocket during the entire journey has remained there and I reassemble in it my only memories of human life. Preposterous existence bounded only by the most elementary of questions. I take, for instance, from my book, the character called George, hotelkeeper. How the emblems of all the trades balance themselves unhappily in the blue city of the vision. This horrible limitation, the branch of holly which the man fixed above his door one morning condemned him to be nothing but an innkeeper for all eternity. Is it not true that in books sudden illuminations flash between the conventional characters one longs to resemble? The choice between two destinies is tragically lost in the disordered movements of the heart. A very beautiful woman, two or three singular exaltations, a moment of perfect happiness, the entire life of a citizen of the world reduces itself to a few metaphors more wretched and vulgar than a carpenter's shop: the split up wood hardly arouses any enthusiasm. Through staring into space for a long time there grows in my breast the image of the red and blue infinite in which life pulses at a given speed. Adjust yourself any way you please: to regard the universe, or to interrogate your heart; it cannot be done without fatigue. All ends with a red lamp balanced against the wind, and later, the horses having delivered the parcel, trotting briskly along the pavement of the suburbs.

Sun of cries without reason, mad plants, the earth flees we know not where and we press the tablets of physical law against our vest-pockets with little commendatory smiles. With what great ingenuity we bind for ourselves with ribbon-formulae a bouquet of marguerites and of roses, the functions of space and time yielding indulgently to our will! In the meantime I am quite beautifully lost in duration, and my movements are restricted from just here to there. But I feel more and more, I almost said with every day, the