

Foca prison, Feb. '85

Dream was quite calm.

I am moving from one into the pitch of yet another attic. Solitude was certain and not the least talkative. I was shifting things without their any apparent resistance. Emptiness was only changing location. Books, with a special glow that their covers assumed from many a touching. Over me a slope of the wall, in front of me a flat desert of time.

On the slope, I was putting posters, the semiotic calls of the plane souls.

A painting, very small, kind of which I had never before possessed, an ink blue, I framed in a thin wooden frame and hung on the wall. Loneliness was entirely certain.

I say: it would be best to die if a man could only . . . if he would not have to live.

And the painter of that little work, although the solitude was completely certain, of that ink-blue miniature, while standing somewhere around me, said in a compliant voice:

"Yes, one has to survive this space and time. Yes, if one must not fill up these little cubes of time and space . . . "

(the torn out leaves)