

Once I had found my way to this forsaken room, I didn't dare drawing the shutters more aside ; their beaming chink revealed a near steeple. In the streak of light coming up we could imagine vaults crossing in the shade and have the austere feeling of an abandoned church. Since that remarkable breach of close, how many times had a thin sunray come here again and again, lighting this empty shell and new pointless volume ? How often a year had its light lengthened the luminous hour-hand on the soil in vain with its bright sap that spreads through no living creature ?

Today, sounding-holes in the wall, by busy archaeologists leaving the shutters wide open, give way to enough light to irradiate the whole dome that reveals the obsolete but auspicious blue of a stone-sky. When will the hell this *resting-place* escape the formidable deduction of this *void passage* of light, in and out ?...

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