

Tokyo, September 17, 2001

Hello Pierre,

Little by little, the sound that came clumsily pounding at my temples before wandering outside, as a drunkard removed from his empty bottle, is transformed into a language.

Japanese makes its significant inroads toward me, from a still hollow significant is birthed the full signifier that I could only suspect until now.

But what is more beautiful than suspicion? Learning finally, is a horror . . . to concur what one could only suspect, "inhale" a flower instead of presuming its perfume – which one cannot be invaded by without violating it.

But to suspect also, isn't it necessary to bring this doubt to knowledge? "Know" sufficiently little that you may be "empowered" to suspect in return.

To only presume the perfume instead of feeling its rapture, at least for an instant, would it not be a crime?

To not violate, is it not an offense to beauty? And violate, is it not to whither the possibility to again offend beauty?

And what to say of experience, the murmur of existence, the essence of all representation and truth of art?

*Voilà.* That's why maybe, even if about flowers or languages, one must advance oneself until suspicion, to delight the lightness, then despairingly seize the cause until it is stifled.

It is the mystery of life. What art can say. Should say. But how to live with such a lack of silence?

Hoping to read you,

Eric