

Tokyo, January 23, 2002

Belle,

A lonely promenade this afternoon in the 新宿御苑 park.

Accompanying you in thought, languor, lying in the short brown grass, blonde, tobacco, rough as a beast's skin, the dry scalp of mother nature.

Face raised, utter blue.

In the distance, greedy clouds brazen color, with which it is said the shell divers of the 和\* country tattooed their bodies to frighten the marine monsters; the clench of wind, constipated from rain, cumulated cumulous.

Did you know that Marco Polo named Japan "Cipango" in his book (testimony), which Christopher Columbus also had in his caravel?

Cipango, an island filled with gold and marvelous treasures, where Marco Polo no doubt never set foot.

Therefore, this name resounds, as Zanzibar under the feather of Arthur.

Doubtless, by the way he speaks it, Arthur: "I will never leave, neither for Zanzibar, neither for elsewhere." (letter, fifth of November, 1887).

Recently, I left toward 箱根, a region at the foot of Mt. Fuji, beside a lake.

I am reminded, four or five years ago I saw a picture of that lake, of that mountain, and of that scarlet red arch: it is in seeing it that the idea of coming to Cipango first arrived to me. Tenacious and sudden.

I had forgotten this, a little bit. But as I came to the foot of Fuji I rediscovered this image, and I have walked inside of it.

An unexpected feeling to have accomplished, something.

On a museum ticket, I show you this picture.

Close by,

Eric

\*Ancient Chinese name given to Japan (2000 years ago)