

LAURE

trans. Jeanine Herman

Today.—Only delirious but joyful iconoclasts please me.

What hell to have gotten the picture—yes there it is: wanting terribly to tell you to go to hell the way one throws oneself around the necks of those one loves.

The hell of these ponderous airs for profound things.

No misunderstandings: I like these great priests for their madness.

Absence of literature. Listen:

“. . . he is my playmate. There is neither rhyme nor reason in the Universe. Playful! tears and laughter, all the roles in the play. Oh, the entertainment of the world! Schools of children set free, *who* to praise? Who to blame? He has no reason. He has no brain. He dupes us with this bit of brain and this bit of reason. But this time, he will not take me in. *I know the name of the game*. Beyond reason and science and all the words, there is love. Fill the cup, and we will be wild.”

Iconoclasts, yes, but no imitations, no mincing, mawkishness, pretense.  
Do you understand all this?

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