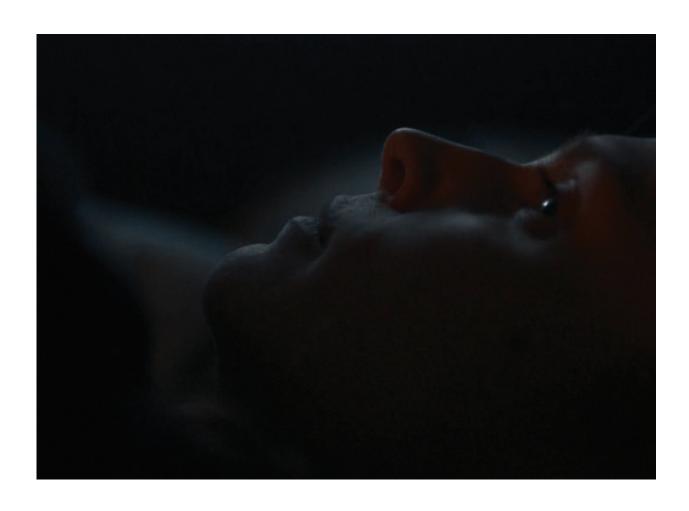
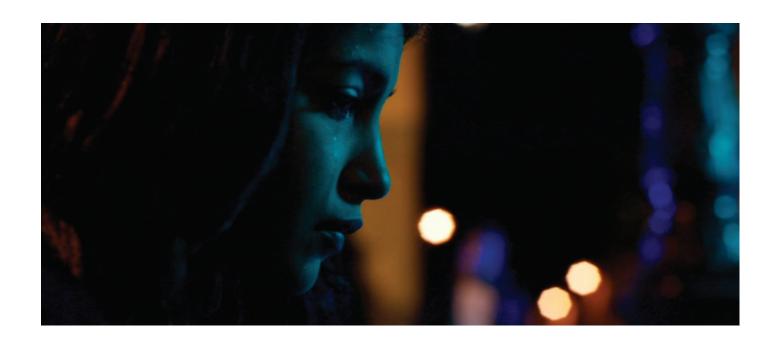


Comme tu me plairais, ô nuit! Sans ces étoiles Dont la lumière parle un langage connu! Car je cherche le vide, et le noir, et le nu!

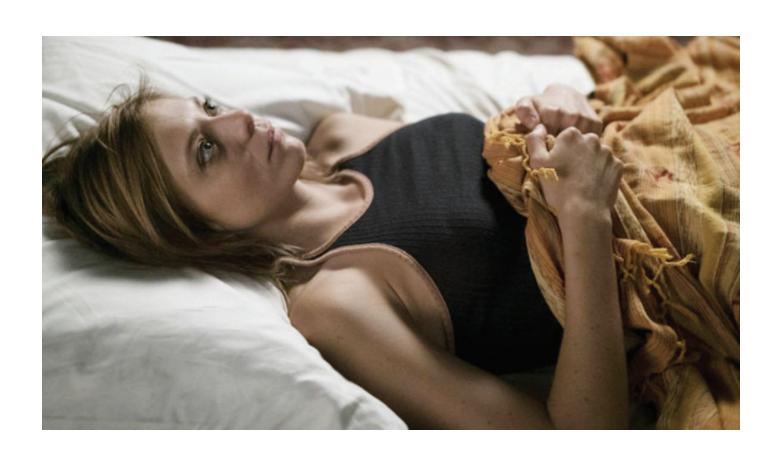
(Charles Baudelaire, les fleurs du mal)

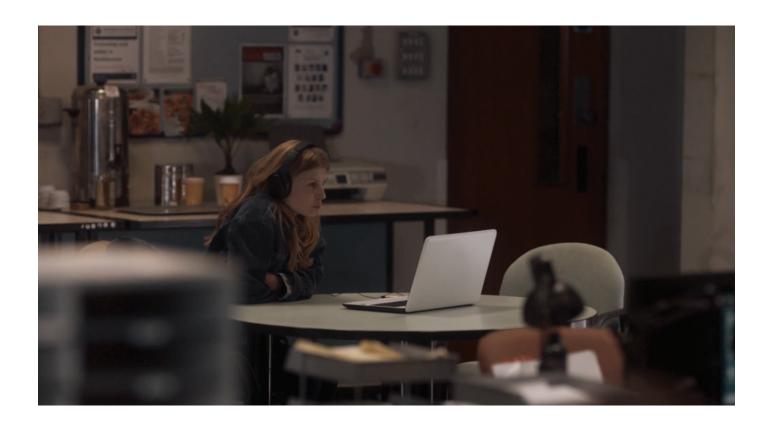




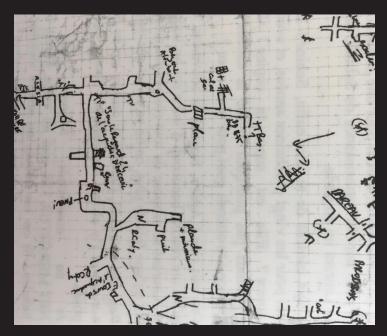




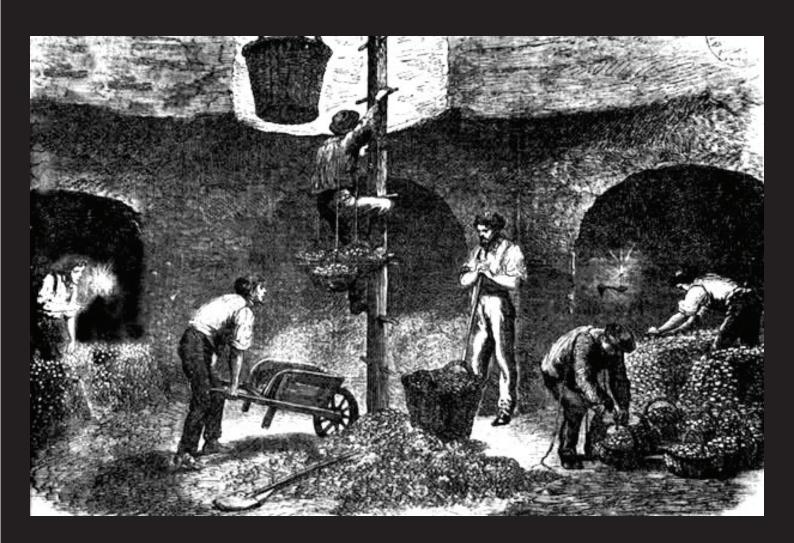






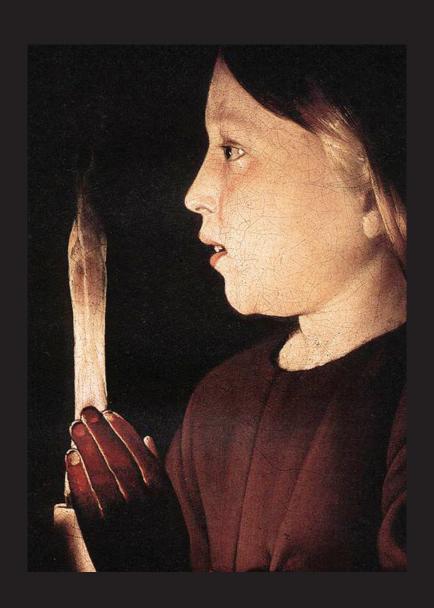








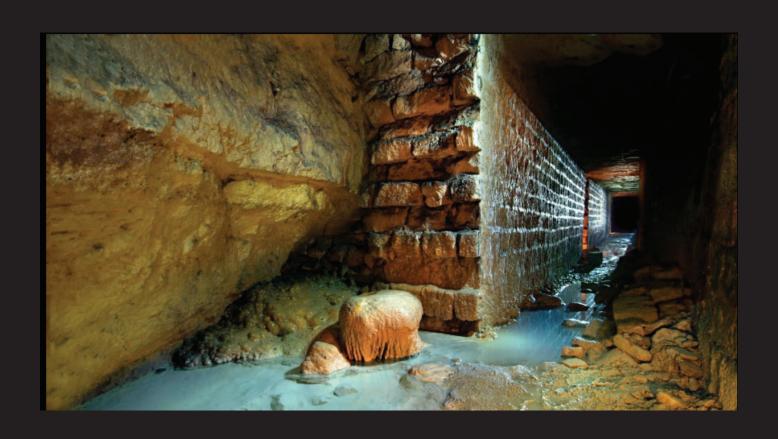








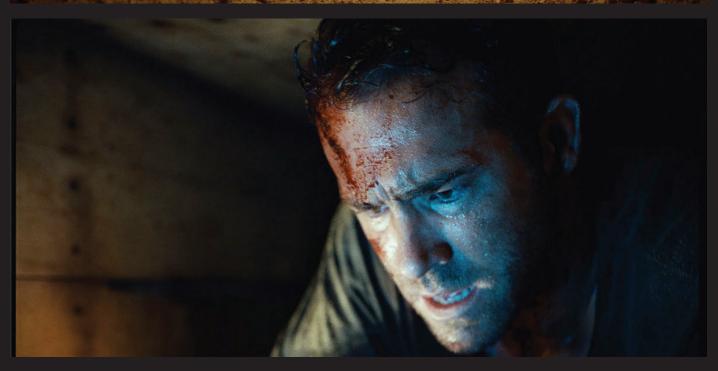




























Ecouter les battements du coeur de la terre.

S'abandonner à cette crainte que les comètes et l'inconnu inspirent chez l'homme.

Eteindre le soleil à la demande.

Allumer les lampes du cerveau de la nuit.

(Max Ernst)



