

Today our philosopher is warmly drunk. He ~~has~~ is drunk to the height of enjoyment. He settles into the davenport and smokes one cigarette after another before going home "to take out the alcoholic smell." Leaving the package of cigarettes he leaves.

For I never saw anyone so alive, sensitive to every movement of life.

Janine

The feeling was painful and bewildering; out of sheer generous impulse she grasped his hand.

He is a fool. Look at him carrying his wine bottle like a baby and smiling blankly and blissfully.

get only when he is drunk, is he a man.
But both her patrons were with her at once.

It is the same standard of the place

He does not talk much, this man.

Can it be daffodils in January. They bring the flowers to me. Why leave it in a hotel room, so I bring them here.

The sharp lines, the movements will disappear into the imagination the audience will be so full of feeling that they will not notice the technique...carried into the emotion of the dance in the artist's mind. For that moment there exist only the emotion of that dance. all else is forgotten. Magic indeed. Why did you do such things. You fascinate me, you strange man.

You are not physically ill. You are lonely. You are not a great big man after all, after everything you are a man. Don't people ever stop being lonely? Look at these people here.....

Romance, art, gayety, feeling.

For the want, the creator, the interpreter, the audience are one in pure emotion.

X The creator lived again tonight. For the moment creator, the interpreter, the audience are one in the emotion.

They will not let her in at the gambling places for she never pays when she loses; always takes when she wins...nor is she taken for work at the cafes, who wants a woman that tells all and wants to fight when she is ~~add~~ drunk?

*only will miss the life at an hour
This life placed.*

*Very good - he dropped after my dance.
The moment - become - suggesting infinite play in
body - infinite play - no end at all.*

