phrase; nor does one take note of their odours to give the recipe to one's perfumer, and thus obtain an "evocation" at will. No, the strongest impression is that of the eyes, and the reproduction of that impression will affect our whole being more powerfully than the reproduction of the impression made on all or any of the other senses; will best reconstitute the desired picture in the "dark room" of our memory—at the same time, strong as is the impression of the eyes, it is not the only impression one obtains. Recall some summer night on the Grand Canal, near the Rialto, after an excursion round the Isles, or towards the main sea: one's ears are full of music, one's nostrils of the scent of flowers—flowers that trail in the waters, songs that linger in the air. The indolent winds are all-too weak to carry off the odours of the place—the smell of the markets with its vegetables, the smell of the quay with its tar. Through the tactile sense, one recalls the winds blowing on face and hair, the rocking of the waves; and these things mingle unconsciously, but deeply, with the visual impression received, so that, little by little, the sensations experienced through scent and sound and touch have a strong influence on the principal sensation—that of sight. If, then, the artist should create a work which is more acute, more penetrating than are the forms perceived by the sight alone, do not let us rush to the conclusion that he has borne false witness against Nature. Possibly the general impression will be infinitely superior to an exact photographic reproduction, for the reason that this intense poetisation, obtained by means connected with the sight—by paint, in fact—may very well correspond with the intense poetisation with which hearing, scent and touch have supplemented the simple vision.

These waters of reflex, these misty veils mingling with the clouds of the air, these infinite shimmerings dividing the surface of the sea into close meshes, these breaks in the skies, produce, by their exaggeration and their accumulation, a sensation of the blowing wind. The hanging of these gondolas between sea and sky suggest the Djinn

Qui sur un pied danse  
Au bout d'un flot.

The extraordinary lustre of these brocades, this gold, these precious stones, recall so vividly the heaps of flowers we had smelt in Venice, that the odours lurking in our memory awake and float up to us again. And then this freedom of movement, this extraordinary fantasy of palaces crowded together, as it were by a sort of maritime