

Besides, there ought to be certain virtues, if one could find them, in *plein air*, for scribbling as well as for painting. One's head always feels particularly empty in a garden, but that is no reason why one should not see what is going on there, and if one's impressions are a trifle incoherent—the wind does blow the leaves about—they will be on that account all the more impressionistic.

Yet it is *not* so simple as it looks. In such a project everything depends, it will be admitted, upon the garden; it must be a tolerably familiar, at least a conceivable spot. The garden of Paradise, for instance, who would choose it as a *point de repaire* from which to observe the breed of Adam at the beginning of the twentieth century? One would be interrupted everywhere by the necessity of describing the flora and fauna; it would be like writing a botany book with interpolations which would necessarily seem profane; and the whole thing would be rejected in the end because it was not a scientific treatise upon the origin of apples. Certainly, if one might select one's plot, the