

Still it is rather fun to linger on in the wet,  
Letting your clothes get soaked. What difference does it make? No one will scold me  
for it,  
Or look askance. Supposing I catch cold? It hardly matters, there are no nurses  
or infirmaries here  
To make an ass of one. A ~~HEAVY~~ really serious case of pneumonia would suit me fine.  
Ker-choo! There, now I'm being punished for saying so. Aw, what's the use.  
I really am starting down now. Goodbye, Storm-fiend. Goodbye, vultures.

In reality of course the <sup>middle-class</sup> bourgeois apartment I live in is nothing like a desert island.  
Cozy and warm it is, with a good library and record collection; ~~the fridge~~  
~~Stacked with toothsome victuals, the medicine chest with the latest wonder drugs.~~  
Yet I feel cut off from the life in the streets.  
Automobiles and trucks plow by, spattering me with filthy slush.  
The man in the street turns his face away. Another island-dweller, no doubt.  
In a store or crowded café, you get a momentary impression of warmth:  
Steam pours out of the espresso machine, fogging the panes with their modern lettering  
Of a kind that has only been available for about a year. The headlines offer you  
News that is so new you can't realize it yet. A revolution in Argentina! Think of  
it! Bullets flying through the air, men on the move;  
Great passions inciting to massive expenditures of energy, changing the lives of  
many individuals.  
Yet it is all offered as "today's news," as if we somehow had a right to it, as though  
it were a part of our lives  
That we'd be silly to refuse. Here, have another--crime or revolution? Take your pick.

None of this makes any difference to professional exiles like me, and that includes  
everybody in the place.

We go on sipping our coffee, thinking dark or transparent thoughts...

Excuse me, may I have the sugar. Why certainly--pardon me for not having passed it  
to you.

A lot of bunk, none of them really care whether you get any sugar or not.  
Just try ~~ask~~ asking for something more complicated and see how far it gets you.  
Not that I care anyway, being an exile. Nope, the motley spectacle offers no charms  
whatsoever for me--

And yet-- and yet I feel myself caught up in its coils--  
Its defectuous movement is that of my reasoning powers--

The main point has already changed, but the masses continue to tread the water  
Of backward opinion, living out their mandate as though nothing had happened.

We step out into the street, not realizing that the street is different,  
And so it shall be all our lives; only, from this moment on, nothing will ever be  
the same again. Fortunately ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> small pleasures and the monety of daily existence  
Are safe. You will wear the same clothes, and your friends will still want to see you  
for the same reasons--you fill a definite place in their lives, and they would be  
sorry to see you go.