

## White Gloves

By André Breton and Philippe Soupault

The grand hotel's corridors are deserts and cigar smoke is hiding, and notices rain: the windows are white. We know that a dog is resting near him. All the obstacles are there: A pink cup—an order is given; sluggishly, the servants turn. The sky parts its great drapes. A buzzing indicates a precipitated departure. Who else could run as softly? Names lose their faces. The street is but a deserted voice.

Around 4 A.M. on that same day, a very tall man crossed the bridge that unites the separate islands. Bells—or trees?—rung. He thought he heard the voices of his friends: “The office of idle excursions is to the right,” we called to him, “and the painter will write to you on Saturday.” Solitude's neighbours bowed—throughout the night we could hear the whistling of a streetlight. The capricious house is losing blood. We love the blazing fire—when the sky changes colour, death is passing. What more can we hope for? Another man outside the perfumer's boutique listens to the rollings of a distant drum. Darkness—wheeling over his head—swiftly perched on his shoulder. Conventional folding-fans were for sale: they no longer produced any fruit. We were running towards the seaport without knowing the outcomes. Clocks hopelessly plea to holy beads. Virtuous swarms amass. Nobody passed near those wide avenues—those, the force of the towns. A single storm sufficed. From afar or right up-close, the humid beauty of prisons was misunderstood. Terminals are the best sanctuaries: travellers never know which route to take. From the lines of our palms—we read that the promises of the most fetid fidelities have no future. What do we do with muscular children? The warm blood of bees is stored in sparkling water bottles. Sincerity is elusive. It is in the indifference of pretty houses—in which hearts are forced to beat each other—that men are known to lose their life.

## Experimental Automatic Translation of “Gants Blancs”

By André Breton and Philippe Soupault

The hallways of the grand hotel are deserts and the cigar smoke is hiding. A man descends the steps of sleep and sees the rain the windows are white. We know that near him there is a dog resting. All the obstacles are here. There is a red cup an order is given and the servants turn without haste. The great blinds of the sky are opening. A buzzing accuses this precipitated departing. Who can run as softly? Names lose their faces. The road is but a deserted voice.

Around 4 o'clock that day a large man passed over the bridge that unites the different islands. Clocks or trees rung. He thought he heard his friends. “The office for bored excursions is to the right” we called “and the painter will write to you this Saturday.” Solitudes neighbours bowed and all night we heard echo's whistles. The capricious house is losing blood. We love all the blazes when the sky changes colour death is passing. What more could we hope for? Another man in front of the perfumer's boutique sat listening to the distant drums rolling on. Night which was gliding over head suddenly perched on his shoulder. Conventional folding fans are for sale they don't produce fruit any longer. We ran without knowing the results toward sea ports. Desperate clocks swore to their rosaries. Virtuous hives organize themselves. Nobody passes by the grand avenues which are the force of the town. A lone storm sufficed. Very far or right up close the humid beauty of prisons was misrepresented. The best refuges are stations since travellers never know which way to go. We read in the lines of our palms that the most odious fidelities are without a future. What could we do about muscled children? The warm blood of bees is conserved in sparkling-water bottles. We've never seen sincerities discovered. Known men die in the apathy of these pretty houses that make hearts beat themselves.

These salvaged tides appear too small! Out tumble a torrent of earthly delights. Each object serves as paradise.

A great bronze boulevard is the most direct route. Magical places aren't good stations. Each step—slow and certain: after a few hours, we notice the pretty nose-bleed plant. A panorama of consumptives lights up. We hear each footfall of the subterranean travellers. But the most ordinary of silences reigns in these narrow spaces. One traveller freezes, uneasy. Amazed, he approaches the praised plant. He doubtlessly wishes to pluck it—but all he can do is shake the heavy hand of a jewel-covered traveller. Their eyes are sulfuric flames and they speak at length of their marvellous screams. We think we hear a dry lunar murmur—but a single look dissolves the most prodigious of encounters. Not a single person knew those pale-skinned pilgrims.

Separated by suburban twilights and the sadness of fairgrounds. The weather's so nice under the tent. An azure mist dispersed throughout the glade where a miraculous plant grew slowly. Long blasts—made by ocean liners leaving the island of adorations for many years hence—met quivering bushes at the militant frontier. Sentimental combinations are no longer ignored—the emigrants have worked it all out. The surrounding forest was cleared. The animals in their dens surveiled their young. The clouds dispersed quickly leaving the stars to die. The night is desiccated: it wanes.

A carefree traveller says to his companion: "I've walked ahead of myself and have known the fate of perpetual races and of lone orgies. To my right, I killed a friend who knew only the sun. Rays painfully soaked us; ever so parched, I took long gulps of agony. He continued to laugh, confiding to me his final sigh. I couldn't help but grind my teeth while I read in his eyes the passionate resignation of suicides. The wind tightened my throat—I could no longer remember who was speaking to me. I recognized you."

How small these saved oceans seem! Terrestrial beauty flows in floods! There's paradise in everything!

A grand bronze boulevard is the most direct route. Magical places don't serve well as stations. The slow walk is certain at the end of the hour we saw the nosebleed plant. A panorama of breasts lights up. We hear each footstep of the subterranean travellers. The most ordinary silences reign in narrow places. A traveller stops altered. Amazed he approaches the coloured plant. He without a doubt yearns to pick it but all he can do is shake the hand of another traveller covered in unseen jewels. Their eyes exchange sulfuric flames and for what seems like forever they spoke of their cries of amazement. We think we can hear the murmur of a dry moon but our regard dissipates the most prodigious of encounters. Nobody can recognize the traveller of pale ancestry.

Suburban twilight and the sadness of fairgrounds separated them. The weather is so nice under the tent. An azur vapor spread in the hollow and a miraculous plant grew slowly. At the military border some long calls shook the bushes it was a boat leaving the island of adoration for many years hence. Emigrants have made their calculations and no longer ignore sentimental combinations. The surrounding forest is thinning. Animals in their caves watch their young. Clouds dispersed quickly leaving the stars to die. The night shrivels.

A carefree traveller says to his companion "I've walked ahead of me and have understood the fate of perpetual courses and lone orgies. To my right I killed a man who knew but the sun. Its rains painfully covered us and I was so parched that I drank his suffering. He continued to laugh entrusting me with his final sigh. The wind tightens my throat and I could no longer tell who was talking to me. I recognized you.

The obscure silence of metals grazed on their words. His travelmate with hands ornate responded: “The three best days of my life reddened my chest, and paled my heart. The East’s odious flavours colour nightmares. I can remember a man who ran without seeing his hands. Today I see you again.”

That’s how they received the months with Rs. The day withdraws, forsaking to their lips some very pure utterances. In this epoch of other years, each body—from the domes of observatories—opened to milky ways. There they paled, calculating distances and probabilities. Some infallible dictums—like those of Sainte-Médard—return to their memory when required. They rarely discover an astral object as red as a distant murder—or a starfish.

The entrance to their soul—otherwise open to all winds—is now so well choked that misfortune can take no hold. Men are made based on their borrowed clothes. These are most often two mannequins—devoid of head and hands. Those who wish to portray decorum, barter their dress upstairs. When they return the next day, it has already gone out of style. A false collar—which is, in some ways, the mouth of these shells—surrenders to a large pair of gilded pincers, which, when none are looking, grasp the display-window’s loveliest reflections. Evening: she joyously swings her little label, the one on which everyone could read: *LAST NOVELTY OF THE SEASON*. That which inhabits our two friends emerges bit-by-bit from quasi-immobility. It gropes around—its captivating, peduncled eyes encroaching. The body, in full phosphorous formation, remains equidistant between today and the tailor’s. It’s connected by fine telegraphic antennae to children’s dreams. Those mannequins out there are cork. Life belts. We are far from those charming conventions.

The product of two translations  
by Dawson F. Campbell

The obscure silence of metals grazed on their words. The traveller with ornate hands responded “The three best days of my life left in my chest a pale heart. The odious taste of the orient inspires nightmares. I remember a man who ran without seeing his hands. Today I see you again.”

That’s how they attain the months with Rs. The day retreats abandoning to its lips a few pure words. In this epoch of other years all bodies open themselves to milky ways climbing into observatories. There they paled calculating distance and probabilities. Some infallible dictums like those of Sainte-Médard return to their memories. They rarely locate a star as red as a far-off murder or a starfish.

The entrance to their soul otherwise open to all winds is so well obstructed that it gives no hold to evil. We judge them for their borrowed clothes. These are usually two mannequins without head or hands. Those who wish to adopt some good manners barter their costumes on the second floor. When they return the next day fashion has gone out of style. The false collar which is in some ways the mouth of these shells gives passage to a large pair of gilded pincers which when none are looking grab at the most striking reflections from the shop window. In the evening she swings her label which reads “last novelty of the season”. That which inhabits our two friends slowly emerges from quasi-immobility. It crawls out forcing forward its two peduncled eyes. The body in full phosphorous formation stays between the day and the tailor’s shop. It is linked by the fine antennae of children’s dreams. The mannequins are there in cork. Life belts. We are far from charming formulas of politeness.

Automatically translated, compiled, and corrected for  
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