



I say unto myself, but what has happened to the sea ? And I answer, the sea is back there, back in the reservoir of memory. The sea is a myth. There never was a sea. But there was a sea ! I tell you I was born on the seashore ! I bathed in the waters of the sea ! It gave me food and it gave me peace, and its fascinating distances fed my dreams.

Ask the dust

John Fante



Ray's Secrets on the sea by Oubsteau