

Men of the future, it is you also whom I desire to approach; it is above all of you whom I solicit a welcome. Do not think me proud: I am merely accomplishing the task which has been assigned to me. Feeble as my voice is, perhaps something would be amiss, if I did not surmount my own weakness. Upon some night which is like the night I was picturing to you, with this same friendliness of things, in the heart of just such recollections as I found myself in, if upon one of our great human evenings, this voice reach to you and you receive it without disdain—in whatever place I may be, you shall know that I rejoice.

I should not have put on again such a sumptuous apparel in order to please you; but one's garb changes and perhaps, my words, bare as they are will reach you more easily than more dazzling words. And if I repress my emotions as much as I dare, do not accuse me of coldness: others have spoken very well before me, others will speak too well after me, and I fear much a vain accent because I do not know how to subdue my voice. As I speak to you am I not after all in a house which is strange to me? And if I should speak in loud tones:—"Who is this, you will say, who thinks he alone is interesting!"—You find nothing here but one of you.

At least I have done what I could. And if I can do more I shall do it.

(*Tr. by Matthew Josephson*)

**MARCEL ARLAND**

## HAVRE - NEW YORK

**H**AVRE IS a city of masts and of rain, inhabited by bales of cotton, Brazilians and hygronomes. It holds the record for fresh water and the record for salt water. It is at Havre that actresses, poets and marshals go on board.

My friend, Jerome Coeur, walks ahead of me, up the gang plank. We approach the "Louistic" (Olympic, Titanic, Majestic, Louistic). The sailing is set for six o'clock. The bell on shore, suspended from the sky by a cordage of sea gulls, already sounds a long rallying in feathers.

Jerome Coeur sighs:

—“Again a departure to the screech owls!”