

But little by little France recedes to larboard. To starboard America shows her nose. Marcelle becomes more fantastic, eats cakes, drinks whiskey. I speak to her with my whole heart, she speaks to me of the "Metropolitan."

Herds of bison in the firmament graze on the shore of a river of Velay. Then all the cows calve, and already the bear of the Rocky Mountains walks with his step of stone into a clay pipe cañon. A lamb comes up to the threshold of my pen, then sneezing disappears into the Cevennes. And here the hog, the buffalo, and Wall Street. The ocean is iridescent with cod, with whales. An odor of the Mississippi invades the hatchways. Little by little the Swedes become Swedish again; the Cubans, Cuban; the Spaniards, Spanish; the Greeks, Hellenes; the English, Irish; the French, American. Marcelle puts on a rain coat; eats corn, bacon; reads the New York Herald with glasses. She speaks of dollars, of the Mexican Eagle. She walks on the bridge, cane in hand. She buys a Bible.

As we approach New York, I feel my fantasy turn to Love. The sky, the water, the currents impregnate my clothing, my heart. I become more and more pale. I offer Marcelle a cigar holder, ten Wyoming bonds, Fifth Avenue. Jerome Coeur displeases me. He swings about, shaves, becomes smooth. I ask him:

—"Jerome, what kind of weather is it?"

—"It rains!"

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Marcelle, Marcelle, today you are mine. Liberty opens her arms to me. Yours feel Los Angeles, Saint-Louis. Herds of beavers swim in a stream of cotton, rigid and webbed, like bad angels. Giraffes lift toward the twenty-eighth story their serpent necks with spectacles. Marcelle gives me her mouth, her breasts. New York. Odor of iron, of coffee, of publicity, of Remington, of Rockefeller. New York. Young men of Louisiana, high upon the stilts of thigh bones. Women of silver upon the pavements of azure. New York. New York.

New York! Everyone descends!

JOSEPH DELTEIL