

In Fall 1934, *mais ou* *sont les neige d'antan?*  
 Jersey sun, wheeled I was under the big tree streets of  
 Maplewood in a big shining black lacquer and chrome carriage.  
 The big maples were flying their seeds down in a zillion circling Ys  
 piling little Constable haystacks on field and lawn, garden and rose.  
 My entire intellectual, emotional and physical life looked like this: ??  
 MY sister on vacation from college was showing me off to her girl friends  
 all shoudering their camel hair polo coats and giant football mum corsage and  
 Flash Gordon rocket ship nose cone hats with a feather sticking out and a scarf the  
 color of the college they attended and Chanel Number 5 behind their ears and between  
 the light pink powder puff cheeks was a lipstick scarlet as the vermilion cash box in Madam  
 Goddam's Shanghai bar. I remember a fall of lovely faces and shining hair. The orange juice tree  
 light was crystal. One girl was prettier than the other. One mouth smiled milkier than the next. One  
 eye was softer than smother. One giggle was brighter than another. The leaves were turning red and  
 gold. They smothered me in hugs and flashing eyes and lipstick words: He's cute. Y he's handsome.  
 Y he's adorable. Y he has John Barrymore's widow's pique. He has Pavel Tchelitchev's Hide and Seek.  
 He is smart. Y he is beautiful. He is delightful. He's deluxe. He's deerinsolent. He's deelovent. Y he is  
 Hemingway's Big Two Hearted River. He's OK and a mile wide. He's fascinating. Y he's all a quiver. Y  
 he's shaking like a fliver. Y look at that smile. Y he's gorgeous. He is streamlined. He's the Super Chief.  
 He's Roman Marie's. He's the daring young man on the flying trapeze. He's a squeeze. He's cellophane.  
 Y He's a crooner. He's got pep. He's nitro. He is a bomb shell. He's a big butter and egg man. He is charm  
 ing. He's got oomph. He's flash. He's swank. He's ritz. He's dynamite. He's the Trans Lux. He's  
 Bronco Nagurski. He's the West End casino. Y he's the El Morocco. He's Fredrick March. Y  
 Y he's King Kong's penis. He's the breasts of Venus. Y he's the purple light of a summer night Y  
 in Spain. Y he's a genius. Y he's an awake and singer. He's a mench. He's a riot. He's a  
 Y Panic. He's sensational. He's got the world on a string. He's sordid, white and Jew. Y  
 Y he's a pot of gold. He's the cream in my coffee. He's the sock in my shoe. Y Y  
 he will always be my necessity. Y I'd  
 be lost without cute little adorable Jews. Y  
 Y I enjoyed it all very much, this, my first Y  
 Y public appearance as ☆ king of the Y  
 universe ii. It was such an immensely Y  
 Y enriching and yet so extremely awfully Y  
 Y rewarding an experience, a spark of joy Y  
 Y just flew up my spine settling around Y  
 Y my neck and shoulders in a sparkling Y  
 Y remembrance of sweet New Jersey Girl attire Y Y Y  
 Y like an ecstatic jeweled necklace of stars. Y Y Y Y Y Y Y