

XVIII

“Gay” is the captivating cognomen of a Young Woman of cambridge,mass.
to whom nobody seems to have mentioned ye olde freudian wish;
when i contemplate her uneyes safely ensconced in thick glass
you try if we are a gentleman not to think of(sh)

the world renowned investigator of paper sailors—argonauta argo
harmoniously being with his probably most brilliant pupil mated,
let us not deem it miraculous if their(so to speak)offspring has that largo
appearance of somebody who was hectocotylyferously propagated

when Miss G touched n.y. our skeleton stepped from his cupboard
gallantly offering to demonstrate the biggest best busiest city
and presently found himself rattling for that well known suburb
the bronx(enlivening an otherwise dead silence with harmless quips,out of Briggs
by Kitty)

arriving in an exhausted condition,i purchased two bags of lukewarm peanuts
with the dime which her mama had generously provided(despite courteous
protestations)
and offering Miss Gay one(which she politely refused)set out gaily for the hyenas
suppressing my frank qualms in deference to her not inobvious perturbations

unhappily,the denizens of the zoo were that day inclined to be uncouthly erotic
more particularly the primates—from which with dignity square feet turned
abruptly Miss Gay away:
“on the whole”(if you will permit a metaphor savouring slightly of the demotic)
Miss Gay had nothing to say to the animals and the animals had nothing to say to
Miss Gay

during our return voyage,my pensive companion dimly remarked something about
“*stuffed*
fauna” being “very interesting”...we also discussed the possibility of rain...
in distant proximity to a Y.W.c.a. she suddenly luffed
—thanking me;and(stating that she hoped we might “meet again

sometime”)vanished,gunwale awash. I thereupon loosened my collar
and dove for the nearest l;surreptitiously cogitating
the dictum of a new england sculptor(well on in life)re the helen moller
dancers,whom he considered “elevating—that is,if dancing CAN be elevating”

Miss(believe it or)Gay is a certain Young Woman unacquainted with the libido
and pursuing a course of instruction at radcliffe college,cambridge,mass.
i try if you are a gentleman not to sense something un poco putrido
when we contemplate her uneyes safely ensconced in thick glass