

## THE RED FRONT

A gentleness for my dog  
 A finger of Champagne Very well Madame  
 We are at Maxim's A.D. one thousand  
 nine hundred thirty  
 Carpets have been put under the bottles  
 so that their aristocratic arses  
 may not collide with life's difficulties  
 there are carpets to hide the earth  
 there are carpets to extinguish  
 the noise of the soles of the waiters' shoes  
 Drinks are sipped through straws  
 which you pull out of a little safety-dress  
 Delicacy  
 There are cigaretteholders between cigarette and man  
 there are silent people at the cars  
 there are service-stairs for those  
 who carry packages  
 and there's tissue paper around the packages  
 and there's paper around the tissue paper  
 there's all the paper you want that doesn't cost  
 anything paper nor tissue paper nor straws  
 nor champagne or so little  
 nor the advertisement-ashtray, nor the  
 advertisement-blotter nor the  
 advertisement-calendar nor the  
 advertisement-lights nor the  
 advertisement-pictures on the walls nor the  
 advertisement-furs on Madame the  
 advertisement-toothpicks the advertisement-fan and the advertisement wind  
 nothing costs anything and for nothing  
 real live servitors, tender you prospectuses in the street  
 Take it, it's free  
 the prospectus and the hand which tenders it  
 Don't close the door  
 the Blount will take care of that Tenderness  
 Up to the very stairs which know how to ascend by themselves  
 in the department stores  
 Days are made of felt  
 Men are made of fog The world is padded  
 without collision  
 You aren't crazy Some beans My dog  
 hasn't been sick yet