## III. GERT

joggle i think will do it although the glad monosyllable jounce possibly can tell better how the balloons move(as her ghost lurks,a Beau Brummell sticking in its three-

cornered always moist mouth)—jazz, for whose twitching lips, between you and me almost succeeds while toddle rings the bell. But if her tall corpsecoloured body seat itself(with the uncouth habitual dull jerk at garters) there's no sharpest neat word for the thing.

Her voice?

gruesome:a trull

leaps from the lungs"gimme uh swell fite

like up ter yknow, Rektuz, Toysday nite; where uh guy gets gayn troze uh lobstersalad