

1934

In Fall 1934, *mais ou* *sont les neige d'antan?*
 jerseY sun, wheeled I was un der the big tree streets of,
 Maplewood in a big shining black lacquer and chrome carriage.
 The big maples were flYing their se eds 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: ?Y?
 MY sister on vacation from college was showing me off to her girl friends
 all shoul dering their camel hair polo coats and giant football mum corsage and
 Flash Gordon rocket ship nose cone hats with a feather sticking ou t and a scarf the
 color of the college theY attended and Chanel Number 5 behind thei r ears and between
 the light pink powder puff cheeks was a lipstick scarlet as the vermi lion cash box in Ma dam
 Goddam's Shanghai b ar. I remember a fall of lovelY faces and shining hair. The orange jui ce tree
 light was crYstal. One girl was prettier than the other. One mouth smiled milkier than the ne xt. One
 eYe was softer than smother. One giggle was brighter than another. The leaves were turning red and
 gold. TheY s mothered me in h ugs and flashing eYes and lipstick words: He's cute. Y he's h andsome.
 Y he's adorable. Y he has John B arrYmore's widow's pique. He has Pavel Tchelitche ws Hide and Seek.
 He is smart. Y he is beautiful. He is deelightful. He's deeLux. He's deeRinso. He's s deelovel Y. Y he is
 Hemingway's Big Two Hearted River. He's OK and a m ile 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 g orgeous. He is streamlin ed. He's the Super Chief.
 He's RomanY 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 b o mb shell. He's a big butter and egg man. He is charm
 ing. He's got oomph. He's flashY. He's swankY. He's ritzY. 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 Fred erick March. Y
 Y he's King Kong's penis. He's the breasts of Ven us. 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 sensa tional. He's got the world o n a string. He's s o red, white and Jew.Y
 Y he's a pot of gol d. He's the cream in m Y coffee. He's the s ock in my shoe. Y Y
 he will always be mY necessitY. Y I'd
 be lost without cute l ittle adorable Jews. Y
 Y I enjoYed it all very m uch, this, mY first Y
 Y public appearance a s ☆ king of the Y
 universe ii. It was su ch an immenselY
 e nriching a nd Yet so extremelYawfullY Y
 r ewarding an experie nce, a spark of joY
 j ust flew up mY spi ne settling aroun d Y
 Y m Y neck and shoul ders in a sp arklin g
 re membr ance of sweet New JerseY Girl attar
 Y li ke an e cstatic jewe led necklac e of sta r. Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y Y