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**Gillagain**  
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**Robert Perchan**

GILLAGAIN

Perhaps the most erotogenically exciting event a man can experience in life at sea is to steam into a port city known chiefly for its whores. They say Robinson Crusoe constructed a row of brothels out of palm fronds and floatsam futtocks and jetsam jibbooms and waited for the hookers to sprout out of the compost of his memory like mushrooms in a cave. When that didn't happen he sat down on a palm stump and wrote out *Moll Flanders* in a longhand so elegant it slithered right by his self-censor. One night he even arrested his very own person for indeliberate behavior-using his nom-de-sûreté, Clouseau (Thank you, my love Miss Kim, for the Asiatic pronunciation cue)-and stood up at his trial and, in a cursive self-headlock learned on the stocks, read from the text of himself. This made the book the most popular on the island and bathed him in glory. Even the cannibals loved it once he taught them to decipher, though it did little for the repute of white women in the Third World, where they are generally regarded with a fear and awe akin to that accorded them in the First World only by their British and American mates. Crusoe called Moll his heroine but the savages all labeled her a slut, loitering around the futtock-frond-jibboom stews waiting for her to show up, much as I hang around the apartment and wait for Miss Kim to pop naked and glistening out of my brain like Athena unarmored. It's the steaming into port that's exciting, I said, balanced here on the slick fo'c'sle of my fancy like Lem Gulliver on Glumdalclitch's Brobdingnagian mons, a Little Man in a Freudian Boat, remembering Marseilles.