Gertrude And Alice Pose
Peter Wortsman
That, my dear Alice, is a device employed by the lazy voyeur to entrap his prey, Gertrude warns loud enough to be overheard by the man behind the camera. It reminds me of a Cyclops, Alice shudders. Precisely, Alice dear, says Gertrude gripping the arms of her easy chair, which is why we'd best be inconspicuous.—Will you have a cup of tea, Mr. Man Ray? The photographer declines. Gertrude concentrates hard, determined to become the chair. How dearly the walls love Alice, who easily melds with mildew and art. Gertrude is jealous at such natural facility, but too proud to show it. Sit up straight, she admonishes her companion, posterity has no patience for bad posture.