

oh yeah, well, I've got bugs in my hair, mice and fish in my pockets and Charles Atlas is in my bathroom shining my mirror.

with that, he leaves.

I get up, brush the beercans off my chest and yell at Atlas to get the humping hell out of there, I've got business.

fag, fag, fag

he wrote,  
you are a humorless ass,  
I was only pulling your leg about D.  
joining the Foreign Legion, and  
D. is about as much fag as  
Winston Churchill.

hmm, I thought, I am in contact with the greatest minds of my generation. clever!: Winnie is dead so he can't be a fag.

the letter continued,  
you guys in California are fag-happy,  
all you do is sit around and think about fags. just the same I will send you the anti-war materials I and others wrote, although I doubt it will stop the war.

ten years ago he had sent me a photo of D. and himself at a picnic ground.  
D. was dressed in a Foreign Legion uniform,  
there was a bottle of wine,  
and a table with one tableleg crooked.

I thought it over for ten years and then answered:

I have nothing against 2 men sleeping together so long as I am not one of those 2 men.

I didn't infer which one was the fag.



anyway, today I got the anti-war materials  
in the mail, but he's right:  
it won't stop the war or anything  
else.

#### The Screw-Game

one of the terrible things is  
really  
being in bed  
night after night  
with a woman you no longer  
want to screw.

they get old, they don't look very good  
anymore -- they even tend to  
snore, lose  
spirit.