

"where's kenny?" i asked. "in his car," she replied.  
"what's he doing there?" "he's passed out," she giggled.

iii.

eventually someone had to get on my ass about hemingway. papa, do you realize what we go through on your behalf, those of us who love you? how anyone who wants to get our goats invariably uses you as a pretext?

this guy was saying, "hemingway was a latent homosexual," so i said, "look, there's no such thing as a latent homosexual,

there are people who perform homosexual actions, with greater or lesser frequency and proficiency,

and there are people who don't. hemingway didn't. otherwise, symptomatically, you can classify anyone you want as queer, either because he loved his mother or because he didn't, or he never got laid or he got

laid too much, or he likes athletics or he doesn't, or he dominates his women or they whip his ass, or he does or doesn't go around calling people latent homosexuals."

"well," he said, "i'm still convinced i'm right." i wasn't surprised. people of few ideas are generally addicted to them. but, for christ's sake, earnest,

what with fending off your imitators and detractors, there's hardly time left in the day to wipe one's ass.

it's getting harder all the time  
to keep things sorted out

i've got a pardner who's bi-sexual.  
he's a little guy, bird-thin, jockey-high,  
with shining eyes of celtic blue,  
a sly smile, and the gift of gab.  
he's also a more-than-promising playwright,  
an avid sports-fan, a pretty fair shot at pool,  
and a cosmopolite: he's swung both ways  
in paris, london, l.a., and The Apple.  
having known a lot of famous people,  
more than a few of them carnally, i suspect,  
he's a great raconteur,  
he's always a kick to tie one on with.

he doesn't consider himself gay.  
the way he puts it is: "i don't think  
sucking an occasional dick makes you queer,  
do you?"  
still, it's there: in the way he loves to touch you,  
in the merest hint of a wiggle when he gets high,  
in his forms of address, like "oh my dears ..."  
some of the queening is for laughs;  
some i don't think he's aware of.

here, however, is the irony:  
he does more numbers with the fairer sex  
than any other guy of my acquaintance,  
and not ostentatiously, not so as to prove anything.  
in fact i've never seen him on the make;  
the girls just flock to him.  
he worked two weeks in a resturant once  
and scored one-third of a waitress staff of twelve.  
it was during an august that he looks back  
upon as a dry spell.  
his present true-love is fifteen,  
a little sweetie of good family,  
whose parents have come to accept him,  
and who doesn't seem to mind if he kills a little time  
with someone else on nights when she has to do her homework  
when i see them together i shake my head in envy.  
even his younger sister admits she's sometimes tempted  
to find out if he's as good as she's heard he is.

i wonder what his secret is?  
it must be his lack of inhibitions,  
or the breadth of his experience,  
or maybe it's just that he's such a good guy.

at any rate, dear reader, let us ponder this sad truth:  
we may not be as homosexual as my friend,  
but apparently we are not as heterosexual either.

mama bell

i know a girl who works as a  
customer relations representative  
for the pacific telephone company.

every call she answers is monitored.  
she has 20 seconds to dispose of one call  
and get to the next one on the board.  
she has to answer the customer in his own words.

customers are referred to as contacts.  
she is referred to as a wierdo