

Anyway, either way, I mellowed over the free post-conference beefeaters and approached him with, "Do you remember what you said this morning about it being a successful day, even if nothing more were accomplished than that some of us actually spoke to certain of our colleagues to whom we hadn't spoken for years?"

He brightened: "Yes," he said; "yes, I certainly do!"

"Well, I wanted you to know that I did speak to two people today with whom I hadn't been on speaking terms for years."

"You did?" he said, "that's wonderful,"

and momentarily my heart leapt up to see him so happy because I could tell that for all his psychobabble he was basically a good, well-meaning man, but I couldn't sustain it:

"Yeah," I went on, "I told both of them to get fucked."

TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN

"I'm working hard at making my marriage last," she tells me.

"It ain't easy," I say.

"You bet your ass, it isn't," she nods, "and it's all the harder if you really enjoy strange dick."

FISH NOR FOWL

When I explained to my wife that it was a ritual necessity for me to drink Wild Turkey while reading the latest Walker Percy novel, she said, "I know exactly what you mean. Half-way through The Old Man and the Sea, I went out for lox."