

IN BETWEEN COURSES

my student-waitress-friend keeps me informed about the latest in private female arousalment, taking apparent pleasure in my middle-aged, wide-eyed fallen-catholic naivete.

my latest lesson: bivvie beads, pellets she and friends pop into their snatches, making other juices than du jour flow as they dole out steaks and snappers.

"yours, ma'am, i believe, is the (o, my god) prime rib. and, sir, here is (don't stop, please) lobster, dripping with (i never thought it could be like this) clam sauce.

i'll come (um) back later with your dessert."

bivvies add much to the phrase, "eating out."

TRANSMISSION

the auto club sent a printout listing the number of times and ways i had used their road service the past year. the total, seven, was "excessive" for three cars, and their advice was to keep them in better running condition and not substitute their service for preventive maintenance. that was my expense. jesus fucking tow-truck christ. i know it's their first step toward raising rates by pro-rating dues to service calls. but why not just spit it out rather than being so insulting to suggest anyone would prefer standing like a lonely seven pin on the cold berm of a freeway to the warmth of his friendly neighborhood service station.