

OK so we paint a picture
leaving out scars and warts --
I've heard worse from a preacher.
Hell, used cars are one of the arts.

-- Harold Witt

Orinda CA

THE DRESSER

He's a tall Steve Martin
look alike contest winner
with an advanced case of
eczema and bad taste checking
out the K-Mart clothes rack.
"Too much, everything's too
much here." He says to his
frau who is wearing a house
coat left over from the Crimean
War and a pair of pants
combining colors not natural
to the spectrum as we know
it now. "Why do you always
drag me to these expensive
places? You know how I like
to shop. Five bucks is an
awful lot to pay for a flannel
shirt." Which is just about
what you'd expect from a guy
with unmatched shoes, olive
polyester slacks, plaid sports
coat a half size too small and
a striped shirt made by someone
with a raging hangover and a
blindman's sense of color.

THE VILLAGE IDIOT

He's forty years old going on
nine mentally, still living at home
with his mom, is the last of a dying
breed and proud of it: a Grade One
State employee. Says, "Only one

Grade One been working longer than I have." There isn't a Civil Service test invented yet he could pass or a bad bet he wouldn't take: "I'll give you Holmes two to one, he loses for a buck." "Against Tex Cobb? Tex Cobb is a large warm body with a won and loss record, Holmes is the undefeated Heavyweight Champion of the World." "Make it three to one." Likes his seven and sevens: "Light on the ice, heavy on the booze, light on the Seven Up. I'm paying for the booze, not the soda." After two he's like talking to a mental sieve, the black holes in a hard stone wall. After three he starts spending his Lotto Money Grand Prize he'll never collect, has a warm tropic island and a Sony TV on the beach where he's watching the merge of the two other world football leagues, the Assyrians slaughtering the US of A in a new kind of bloody terrorist attack Olympics in LA.

BETTING FOOTBALL WITH THE VILLAGE IDIOT

He says, "Take the Giants and ten, you can't lose." "Who they playing?" I say. "Oakland." "There's no team in Oakland anymore." "Just take the points. It doesn't matter where they're playing." "That's what you said last week about Cincinnati and they lost by 27 points." "It was a fix." "How do you know this one isn't a fix?" "The Giants have nothing to lose." "The Giants have had nothing to lose for twenty years." "That's what I mean." I took the Raiders with the points. They won by 17. I haven't lost a heavy bet all season. My bookie wants to know where I get all this hot inside information. I'm not telling, why the hell should I share a valuable natural resource with some low life bookie?