she would, of course, become a classic beauty, possessed of a physical perfection that money can, indeed, buy and preserve.

I bet she's sitting right now at the window of some woody mansion, watching the sunset behind the 18th fairway, as she sips a 200-year-old cognac, pauses in her reading of Derrida, her body still taut from sports and spas, her skin the sweetness of Bailey's Irish Cream, as she ponders her good fortune in having, so many years ago, been spurned by yours truly, Mr. typical all-American male adolescent asshole.

SOME WOMEN STILL LIKE MEN TO LIKE EACH OTHER

I.

A girl once said to me, "I knew you weren't gay as soon as I noticed that you weren't afraid to hug your friends.

II.

And last night a girl said, "Lee has your books all over our apartment. He really cares for you."

AN UNDERRATED CONDITIONED RESPONSE

He says, "After we made love she kept asking me if I didn't feel guilty, what with a wife and kids at home. So I asked her if she didn't feel guilty deceiving her fiance."

So, just for the sake of saying something, I say, "It's a shame guilt has to enter into it."

But he corrects me: "No, it isn't. This girl is beautiful but she hasn't read anything and she hasn't been anywhere and she hasn't had an interesting thought or experience in her life. If it weren't for guilt, we wouldn't have a thing to talk about."