

So I thought I'd write. Chris and I had gone to the Einstein memorial two nights ago. It was a big brass sculpture, very large with rough gauges all over. Still, Chris found a comfortable place to lie down on, on the section of his leg before the knee. Meanwhile, I climbed restlessly over his body, trying to find comfort. I remember clinging to his lower lip at one time for balance. We did talk. We talked in that dry honesty. I will tell you anything honestly. I will not see you again, so I can tell you anything. Because we are in a movie, we are dramatic young, we are different. With these tenets in mind, the conversation did roll. And the moment that it seemed that the dryness might end, where real emotion might intrude, that is when she got sleepy, where I ran out of things to say. this was danger, and the evening ended.

I woke up at two in the afternoon. I had been up the night before, watching television. Brilliant executives in madison avenue offices had targeted me well. But they had targeted a potential, future me. The adverts were for the unemployed, the alcoholic, the accepting. I am not one, but is the desire there? When I woke up, I was not stoned for over fifteen minutes. Then I was, and shaved myself very well, very thouroughly. I did not rush, the beard was wet, I cleaned the razor at frequent intervals. And I did not cut myself more than twice, which is good for me. I had that smooth shave which is so rare, denied by usual impatience. The cologne smelled good. Groomed well for no reason, that was the problem.