

#1. Now, then, tell me all about it.

#2. Well, there's nothing to tell really. Not really. Monday I left the house about noon because by the time I showered and had breakfast and made the bed and called the agent and the lawyer and farted around it was 11:30 and I thought that if I didn't get out of there soon I'd never get uptown at all. I was just on my way out the door when the phone rang and I really thought of just not answering it except the last time I didn't answer the phone it turned out later that it had been really important because I bumped into Michael the same after-noon and he had been trying to call me all morning about the bed and I would have saved myself a lot of time and aggrava-  
tion if I had just picked up the fucking telephone, and anyway its very annoying to be home and to keep hearing the phone ringing and not answer it. I don't know which is worse.

Anyway, I ran back inside and picked up the phone and it was a handicapped woman selling light bulbs that last forever and I never know how to just hang up so I had to listen to the whole fucking spiel before I could say no and that took a while and by that time the coffee had worked and I had to go to the bathroom. I hate the winter because of that, I mean you have so many more clothes to take off when you have to go to the bathroom and it takes so long. In the summer it's so simple to pee anywhere. Anyway, I finally got out of the house at noon or a few minutes after. But I had to stop at the corner at the liquor store to cash a check for 20 dollars. I didn't have any money with me because I stopped off at the vegetable store on Sunday night, on my way home, and found a beautiful mango. They're very strange in there because the mangos were

marked all different prices from about 79¢ to <sup>one</sup> a dollar <sup>twenty five</sup> [and a quarter] and the one I liked best wasn't any bigger than the 79¢ ones but it was marked \$1.15. So, I decided not to pay that and I removed the little price sticker from the dollar fifteen mango, which is really very difficult because it all comes off in sections these days, to make it hard for shoplifters, so I couldn't put it on the other mango that I took the 79¢ sticker off, and I had to leave one mango without a price. Anyway, while I was there I bought some other things and spent all my cash. Well, I got some cash at the liquor store and walked over to the seventh avenue subway thinking I would take it as far as Macy's and walk the rest of the way rather than take a taxi because of the traffic on sixth avenue. Anyway, the last time I walked over to sixth avenue to get a taxi, so many people wanted me to sign petitions, and give donations, and take pamphlets and throwaways...you know, I really hate those hare krishna people, they are so damned noisy and I hate incense. Anyway, there he was at the subway stop on seventh avenue...at 12th street. Not the one on the side with the flower garden, where the old Loews Sheridan used to be, the one across from the hospital. I tend, usually, to walk on the hospital side, Although the flowers are awfully pretty in the summer, there's no shade and on hot days it is really hot on that side of the street, so I walk in the shade of the hospital and in the winter it's just so windy on the other side and nobody does anything about the ice on the sidewalk. Anyway...I seem to have gotten into the habit of crossing seventh avenue to that side. The only real disadvantage is the garbage...did you ever see the garbage

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outside of St. Vincents?...its incredible, mountains of it in  
hugh plastic bags spillng over. I know it's food garbage  
and probably used bangage and stuff like that but sometimes  
I wonder if there are any human parts in it, you know...  
somebody's something they cut out or cut off...anyway, there  
he was, with a really large suitcase. I don't understand that  
kind of suitcase. It really looks large enough to hold every-  
thing you need...going anywhere, but if you filled the goddamned  
thing, you couldn't possibly lift it. I find travelling with  
a lightweight canvas collapsable kind of suitcase, the kind  
with two or three zippered sections so you can keep things  
seperate and you don't always even have to unpack if your'e  
only staying somewhere a very short time...I find that kind of  
suitcase the best. The really wonderful part is that in hotel  
rooms, you can fold up the cases and shove them away at the  
top of the closet or somewhere and that way you don't have to  
have them around all the time in the room. Well, his suitcase  
was really enormous and leather which must have meant it was  
really heavy. I think leather luggage is just beautiful but  
whenever I lift a piece I laugh. I mean, I'd be overweight  
before I packed. Anyway, I guess that's why I looked at him  
for so long, because of the suitcase...I mean, he seemed to  
have a good, sturdy body, but he didn't seem particularly  
muscular or overly strong and I just wondered how he could  
carry that monster around. And then, I guess he noticed me staring  
at him, or I noticed finally that he had noticed me  
staring and he smiled and I did too. And then, suddenly, I  
realized that I had done a very stupid thing. When I cashed  
the check in the liquor store I let them give me a 20 dollar  
bill.

And they won't take twenties in the subway and I didn't have any other money at all. When I cash checks at the bank, even large ones I always ask for fives because everybody but the bus will take a five but I'm always a little uncomfortable in the liquor store because they're doing me a favor anyway by cashing the fucking check, and then to tell them what denominations I want it in seems a little pushy. I don't buy very much liquor at all except for an occasional bottle of wine when someone is coming over to dinner or wine at Christmas for the party or brandy for the apricots and really very few things even of that sort. Anyway, it makes me uncomfortable cashing checks in there at all, although they always seem friendly except the older one with the crewcut, and I avoid it if I can but I just didn't have time to walk over to the bank...the last time I went to that bank on a Monday, it was impossible, there were at least 40 people on line. They have that new system, you know, with the rope like Radio City Music Hall, and I couldn't believe it, there were four tellers working. I would have been in that bank for an hour. It's true the tellers have to have lunch too but why can't they have lunch earlier or later on Mondays. I assume there are not that many people...40 people...in the bank all day. It was just lunchtime and obviously people run out of money over the weekend or don't have a chance to deposit their Friday paychecks or something but surely if something happens the same way every week, somebody ought to be able to figure out a way around it. Well, anyway, there I was at the subway with a 20 dollar bill and no change and no token and no way to get uptown because even a taxi wouldn't have accepted the twenty and there he was with that fucking giant suitcase and at almost the same moment we both said shit.