

AND THE CHICKS IN THE WINGS WERE ALIVE TO THE WORD
THAT ELLEN SHOULD BLOW WITH THIS LOCHINVAR BIRD.

SAID LOCHINVAR, "KITTEN, LET'S CUT OUT AND RIDE."
AND THEY SPLIT FROM THE PAD TO THE BOMB JUST OUTSIDE.
LIKE HE FIRED UP THE MILL, AND GEARED OUT, HIGH AND MEAN,
AND WAS STILL BURNING RUBBER A BLOCK FROM THE SCENE.
"WE'VE FOXED THEM." HE SNICKERED, "NO DAY-CRUISE CRATE
CAN SLOPE IN THE LEAGUE WITH THIS 'GUTBUCKET EIGHT'."

THE SQUARES CAME ON STRONG WITH THE FOSDICK ROUTINE,
AND THEY SWORE THEY WOULD SKRAG HIM, AND WIN BACK THEIR
QUEEN,
BUT THEY BUGGED AT THE TRAFFIC BE BREEZED WITH A YAWN,
AND WHEN HE MADE THE FREE-WAY, LIKE MAN, HE WAS GONE.
LIKE SO COOL WITH HIS CHICK, AND BAD NEWS IN A SPAT,
WAS THERE EVER A STUD LIKE THIS LOCHINVAR CAT?

-- Charles H. Jerred

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Agammemnon (Or How Not To Succeed)

I seek entrance to Hades, gods, call off the great dogs
for a moment.

I bear a message for the past and future.

The not-born and the once-born.

Forget the petty quarrel we have had.

I crave a truce.

I desire a word with Agammemnon

and later -- a place at his feet.

Ah -- Welcome somnambulistic transportation

ship of dreams

by which I may travel to the past

for the future.

Charon -- I'll bring you an outboard for this

once a day toothpaste for Pluto.

and, of course, a T.V. for lonely Proserpine.

Now -- Agammemnon? May I call you Aggie?

for somehow I feel that we share

a common mistake if not similar virtues

and, of course, defects.

Well, anyway -- Man, you were doomed from the start
Clytemestra, hell.

What made you buck Achilles -- the all American Greek?
favorite of the lopsided gods?

You can't beat the program -- did you dig?
but you did.

Just like I do. The ineluctable is without a doubt
The least feasible of propositions.

Tennis shoes or not
Achilles wins...it's in the Book
(which is Gospel)

And I am not kidding, Aggie
Eventually -- you had to get kicked
off the roster...out of the holy CLUB
and lose your job.

But who am I to lecture
Confidentially...I don't play right
either...hush...no...I cheat and talk just when
I should just nod
up and down...and be a people.

But esoterically
and I do mean esoterically

I like it this way.
So Aggie (for the future...this is a CONCLUSION):

I intend to contradict the unassailable fortresses of
stupidity...tho I realize that they enjoy an immunity
that is an insult to the nature of the human being. I
surrender my place of honor...on the TEAM...in return for
licence...to blaspheme...attack...criticize...and be
generally nasty. Myriads of bad thoughts, and decadent
moral associations.

-- Lawrence E. Mintz

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