

I feel so bad I go out and buy
a \$100 worth of lottery tickets,
in faith I will be a winner soon.

DEATH AT THE DRIVE-IN

At the drive-in we have to sit
through a Charles Bronson movie
before we get to the movie we came for,
she hates it. I love it.
A total of twelve murders
only Bronson's anti-hero
and his punk girl-friend survive
just about everybody else
gets done in:
the mafia drug peddler,
the bad cop, the good cop,
the wife and her sleazy lover,
prostitutes and thugs,
the evil wicked woman,
and innocent bystanders.
Every time a murder takes place
the cars and trucks
honk their horns in appreciation.
This is an American art form
as essential as Kabuki
it mimics what we dream.
Blam, there's one for mom.
Pow, one for the old man.
Zing, here's one for Bro
and everyone else who's
given us hurt or a hard time.
Now plans are to tear down
the drive-in and build condos.
What'll people do on Saturday night?
Who will they honk for tomorrow?

-- Richard Dietmeier

Anaheim CA

CURMUDGEON-MAN

First of all, I don't save people.
A woman dangling from the Space Needle? Great --
you fly up there.

I just ironed my cape.
You'll find me in it, on the sidewalk
looking up her dress and taking bets on the radius
of splatter.

I'm the Master of Stiffed Waitresses and Dead Baby jokes.
What do you call a man with no arms and legs nailed
to a wall?

Art.
Floating face-down in a swimming pool?

Bob.
Dropped into a Cuisinart?
Hamburger.

I'm proud of hating gooks, spics, spooks and camel jockeys.
I don't much care for white folks either.
Sure my ancestors were immigrants.
But no one paid them tax money to be pains in the ass.
Save the world?! Christ --
at these prices, I'm lucky to save bus fare.
Besides, I hate the world for fouling its own nest
and kissing up to ass-licks, pimps and fools.

I hate summit meetings and behind-the-scenes maneuvers,
and coiffured newscasters gushing bad news.

I hate Affirmative Action and handicapped parking
and checkout lines and brand names
and adjectives like "jumbo" and "extra-chunky"
and all "go-getters" and Money Magazine.

I hate the term "mentally challenged."

It sounds like a duel:

"I'll take you on, feeb. Calculus at 50 paces."

I hate Feminists -- especially male ones --
and Good Old Boys
and labor unions and Fat Capitalist Pigs and MBAs.

I hate busy signals and "Hold" and regulations and
de-regulation
and insurance companies and interest rates
and service charges
and welfare and rich people and trial by peers
(why don't they pee before they come to court --
heh heh),
and everything about court, especially contempt of it,
which should be a civic duty.

I hate that this list doesn't put a dent in all the
things I hate.

I don't put on a happy face.

A smile is never my umbrella.

Every day in every way, things are hotrodding to hell.

I've never voted yet, which gives me more right
to complain.

Hey, I'm the Hope of 1990,

the only superhero who might still be standing.
Don't piss me off,

you need me --

like in high school, you needed Spacey Jim to hang a moon
at the All-School Easter Assembly, then stand there
beaming

while you ran, leaving him to the authorities.

Sure I'm all talk.

What else can anybody do these hamstrung days?

Pull your head out of your ass and thank me, twit.

I'm Curmudgeon-Man; I speak for you.

-- Charles Webb

Los Angeles CA

TWELVE POSTULATES REGARDING ONE'S HEAD, ART AND SCIENCE

i.

What one is is really what's within one's head --
physical appearance, dress and voice are no gauge
of what's there.

ii.

What's within one's head has had to be learned --
very little inherited or instinctive knowledge comes
with birth. Instinct (or its equivalent) appears
to be a common denominator for all in the species and
does not differentiate one individual from another.

iii.

It's difficult for a conscious human not to learn
a new thing each day. Yet something has to be lost
each day -- otherwise (like it or not) a brain will
fill to capacity. One must consciously try for
selective input and selective forgetting.

iv.

What is learned and retained is probably the only asset
one can acquire in life that is truly owned and which
cannot be taken away (except by tissue death).

v.

In this time (as in past times) some people seem to exist