"Maybe if you work it right
the Mafioso will take care
of it."
"That idea would get a lot
of laughs downtown. I mean,
it was serious craziness like
a high speed parade only everyone
was afraid to open their mouth:
teeth would do a lot of damage
to a tongue rattling around
like that. The worst of it was,
I was hungover. That was one
headache I thought would never
go away."

-- Alan Catlin

Schenectady NY

## WINNING

I just got an advertisement in the mail today, How to be a winner. I don't even have to read, just listen to these cassettes. How did they find me out? Do they know how badly I am doing? Do they keep computer records of how many losing lottery tickets I buy, how the good life is passing me by? What did they do to find me out? Am I part of a random sampling, end result of a statistical analysis? Here's a loser, send him all the junk on how to be a winner, are there that many losers? Am all I am an ink mark on the page an electrical impulse held in suspended animation a speck of blank type caught between the pages of the deeds of trust, a birth certificate, a death certificate? I no longer have any life. My history is available to anyone who has \$18 and access to a computer. I've been guilty since grade school of not trying hard enough to win. I don't care if I win. Yet they come after me. Promises of winning fill my mail. Look for meaningful work. Be a winner every day every way. Be productive, win, win, win Luther and Calvin knock at my door They are angry. Their anger burns through me like a laser beam

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 sle 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.