

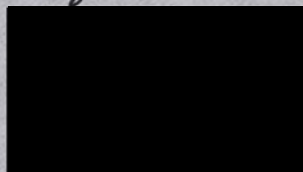
12 July 1986

Dear Mr. Lamb:

I hope you don't mind a little
fan-poetry.

Your and the whole crew's evenhanded
provision of both information and interpretation
is a lighthouse in the search for intelligent life.

Sincerely,



Newark NY 10025.

O. prog

Modus Vivendi

I am --
and can
endure no other wise:

I close my day with Letterman,
and open it with Lamb:

Freed from the Fret by Comic Relief
-- relax, Belief! --
Reviving to naught but your Urbane,
determined Sane,
Representations of Uncle Sam.

The World must be Reflected through their Eyes,
Ere I can Sleep -- ere I can Rise --
In the sterling CBS midnight jam,
And the School-Bus of the nomads at C-Span:

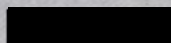
And this explains my Way of Life
-- come Strife,
or Sham --
I close my day with Letterman,
and open it with Lamb.

Comment on a Comment

■ Frisky Lamb "Buttontdown"? or "Staid"?
Where are such Notions made?
Inside, I think, the hectic "Brain"
Of one who fears he's kin to Cain:

"Female Power! Joy?! or, Lust?!?
Alms for All!! Forgiveness?? Trust?!?
Good Grief! someone who Reads! or -- Writes!!! --
Or likes his neighbor -- came into my Sights!"

With all this Paranoia flush,
Working with Rage -- it must be Rush:
'Tis he who Apes the role of Lion,
Knowing he's not as Free as Brian.


march-april 1996