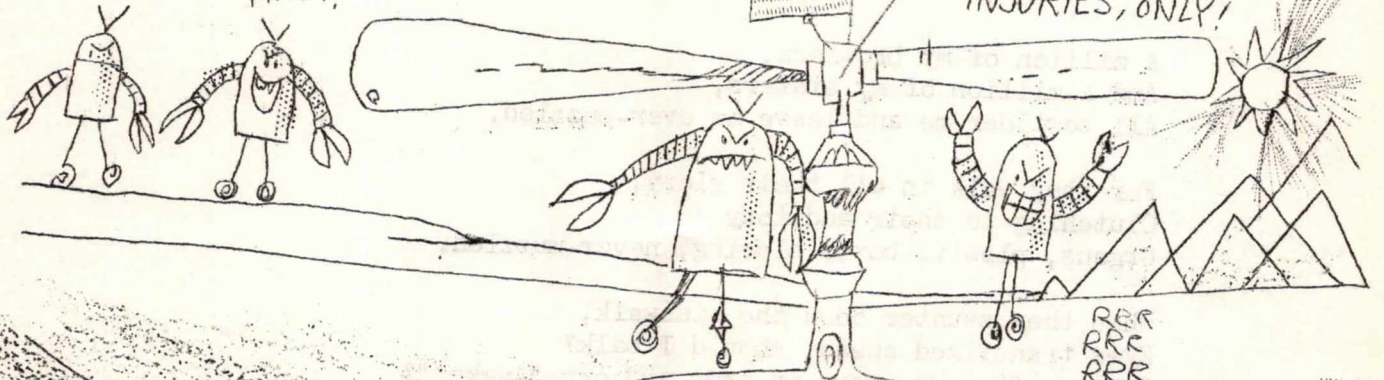


FRAP

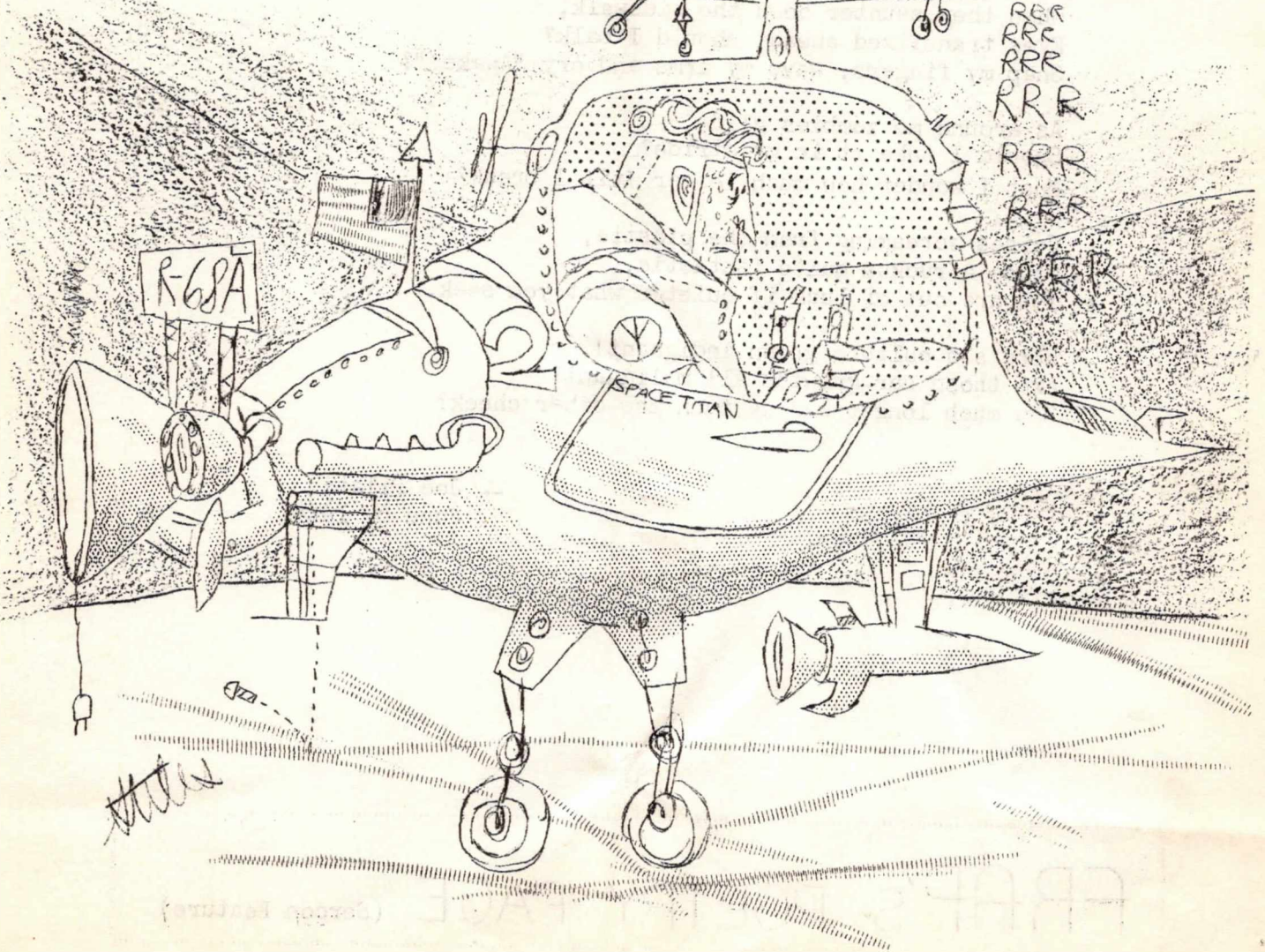
LYNCH
THE
INFIDEL!

WITH
TORTURE
FIRST!

NO BLOOD!
TAKE THE
EARTHMAN
ALIVE -- INTERNAL
INJURIES, ONLY!



RRR
RRR
RRR
RRR
RRR
RRR
RRR



JOE PILATI

TRANSISTORIZED LAMENT

A million of my brothers,
And a million of my sisters,
All bewilder me and leave me ever-puzzled,

For they walk in all their glory,
Clutching to their auditory
Organs, plastic boxes blaring, never-muzzled.

When they saunter down the sidewalk,
Eyes transfixed ahead, should I balk?
Snap my fingers, wave my arms and cry "Awake!"?

As around me zombies glide,
Should I take it in my stride?
Must I wonder how much longer 'til I break?

Noises screaming from the plastic,
Cause a ruckus quite fantastic,
You are out of luck if quiet's what you seek.

Here's a culture grown indignant!
Are those ear-growths all malignant?
How much longer can we turn the other cheek?

-- Joe Pilati
June 6, 1964

FRAP'S POETRY PAGE (Sercon Feature)

FRAP

NUMBER SIX

FRAP #6: The editorial address is Bob Lichtman's, 6137 South Croft Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90056. Co-editors are Calvin Demmon and Greg Benford. FRAP appears bi-monthly (d.v.) and is available for accepted contributions of suitable nature, publishable letters of comment, selected trades, or 25¢ per issue. Cover this issue is by Steve Stiles; interiors by Ray Nelson and Bill Rotsler. This is FRAP's July-August 1964 issue, published on the Half-Folio Press, Covina, California. (S79)

DOORWAY

THE OTHER DAY, Calvin Demmon and I went to a Mexican delicatessen in Gardena for a late lunch. Sitting on the front steps of the building eating burritos and sipping cola, we noticed that, while the establishment had been empty when we came there, there were, now that we were sitting on the front steps providing much atmosphere, an huge crowd of customers inside. The parking lot was jammed. All this was true, I observed.

"That's how Duncan Hines must have gotten his start," said Calvin Demmon. "Only he sort of messed things up for himself, just leaving little signs behind saying 'Duncan Hines Ate Here'. He should have left something more tangible to prove his existence and his appreciation of the food he ate."

"Who was Duncan Hines anyway?" I asked.

"Oh, some old bum who conned a lot of restaurant-owners into feeding him free because he had a fancy-sounding name."

"But Duncan Hines became rich and famous," I observed. "I think we should be like Duncan Hines, only go several steps further than he ever did. Instead of leaving behind an old tin sign saying, 'Duncan Hines Ate Here,' we should leave behind a power-actuated recording, 'The Belch of Calvin Demmon.' It would be actuated by a push-button, and would give children and the proverbial 'young-at-heart' something to do while they were waiting to be served."

"That would be just like at the Museum of Science & Industry," said Calvin Demmon.

"Yes," I said, "and come to think of it, we could take this several steps further and really become rich and famous."

"What do you have in mind?" inquired Calvin Demmon.

"Well, as you may know," I began, "it was out of the Duncan Hines seal of approval at f&e restaurants the nation over, that the Diner's Club system of credit cards got its start. Only that's all for people who fancy themselves 'gourmets' and are willing to pay, or be charged, high prices for stuff

like frog's legs, chateaubriand, and other unpronounceable things."

"Yes, yes, but get to the point," said Calvin Demmon.

"I think we should start up a credit card system for poor people," I said, waving my hands expansively, "for people who can't afford to eat at f&e restaurants, and don't care for frog's legs, anyway, but Know What They Like. We could install our 'Belch of Calvin Demmon' machines at hot-dog stands, taco stands, and cheap greasy spoons all over the United States, Canada, and Mexico. And for people who were traveling and eating at these places, we would have a credit card, similar to Diner's Club, but with several important differences."

"Tell me more," said Calvin Demmon, sipping his cola.

"Well, for one thing," I explained, "instead of receiving a statement in the mail every month, like you do from the Diner's Club, you'd receive a threatening letter demanding payment, or else, instead. Even if your account was right up to date."

"Sounds good to me," laughed Calvin Demmon, choking on a bit of burrito.

"And," I concluded, "and, if you couldn't afford to pay, there would be a set-up whereby you would be required to go to the greasy spoon in your area and pay off your debts there."

"How?" asked Calvin Demmon, blinking his eyes.

"By washing dishes, of course," I said.

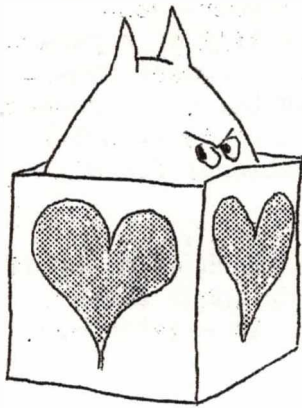
-oOo-

WITH THIS ISSUE, the magazine concludes its first year of publication. As the oldest of the editors of the magazine, I must say that I'm still as enthusiastic about putting it out as I was when the whole idea of a bi-monthly light-humor, fannish fanzine was brainstormed out at the Benfords' place in Corona. I feel the magazine has developed some good things -- an identity, a backlog, and an enthusiastic (if fairly, and understandably, silent) readership -- and I feel I've developed somewhat in relation to my position as editor, as well. Most significantly, I have a better idea of what sort of magazine I'd like to see this be than I did when I was first starting at it.

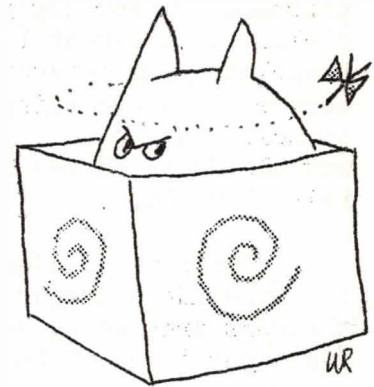
For next year, no significant changes are planned, but further development along the same lines, with the usual number of surprises, is in store. The only policy change (as if this magazine was dignified by a 'policy') is that no more long-term subscriptions will be accepted (reviewers, please note). If you are a subscriber-type, you'll have to renew on an issue-to-issue basis, or forget it. Longterm subs lead to silent drones on the mailing list, and while FRAP already has its share of those, these are drones of our own choosing.

On behalf of my co-editors and regular contributors, I'd like to thank the participating readership for all the nice egoboo. Thanks!

-- Bob Lichtman



HAPPY BENFORD CHATTER



REALISTIC STUFF LIKE THAT The other day I saw the film adaptation of Ian Fleming's From Russia With Love, and it set me to thinking. Why is everyone against James Bond? Everyone, that is, except Ian Fleming fans.

After all, the elements which go into Fleming books are the constituents of all literature: sex and violence. Bond shares the qualities every solid American boy loves and admires. He is heartless and cruel (except where patriotism enters). He treats women like dirt. He has money. He gets paid vacations in Jamaica and Turkey. When he checks into a hotel, the beautiful girl clerk looks at him out of the corner of her eye, instead of vice-versa.

But I suppose I shouldn't expect all science-fiction fans to like James Bond adventures. They are based on fantasies of opulent consumption and impossible mayhem. The events they deal with could never take place. I accept these criticisms, because they are quite true. I hope you'll forgive me for spending time on this stupid trash when I could be reading good realistic stuff like Lord of the Rings.

A NOTE FOR BOYD RAEBURN: "Others along the sacred Nile rolled sleeping she-crocodiles over upon their backs, when they were quite helpless, and then had their will of them. But, however this form of hhey-wauneeyeh appears, there was undoubtedly deep religious significance in this; for Egyptians, both virtuous and depraved, had worshipped the crocodile for many centuries. Congress with one, so hallowed legend proclaimed, secured everlasting prosperity and rebirth of power for aging and exhausted men."
-- The Jewel in the Lotus, page 258.

So, despite the vicious attacks of Norm Clarke, Boyd can obviously defend his acts on the grounds of freedom of religion. I hope the convention committee will consider this when they take up his case.

JOHN BOARDMAN was wondering in a recent publication of his about the use of faster-than-light travel in stf stories. In fact, John stated flatly that such devices shouldn't be used, despite the fact that they often make possible the logical operation of most of the plot. Now, John is a competent physicist, and indeed his field is general relativity. He certainly knows a lot about the reasons against any communication or travel faster than light, so we certainly can't doubt him about that. But I wonder at the curious closed-mind

approach this indicates, though, for it assumes that currently accepted theories are right, by God, and that's all there is to it. But it isn't evident that general relativity is correct at all -- in fact, a rival theory was recently proposed by Fred Hoyle and others which might have quite different conclusions. A recent issue of PHYSICS TODAY mentions the possibility of a particle carrying interactions faster than light as a proposal at a recent conference on exploding galaxies. It's true that special relativity, which doesn't include gravitation, rules out our favorite scientific devices -- but I wouldn't want to say for all time that the effect of a gravitational field is negligible.

The rest of John's fanzine was most enjoyable, except a bunch of material he included on dragons and other mythical creatures. Everybody knows these things aren't real, and modern science definitely rules out their existence. You ought to watch that stuff, John. It's dishonest.

Madam, I am the world's foremost third-rate writer.

THE NEXT CLICHE will probably be adaptations of standard songs into the fannish idiom. It's easy to do, and takes little or no time and originality. Currently in the works are "Won't You Come Home, Boyd Raeburn," "I Dreamed I Saw F. T. Laney Last Night," "John Campbell" (from "John Henry"), and "Berkeley!" (from "Swanee"). Endless variations on mundane titles and verse can be developed at the drop of a hat. Anyone wishing the lyrics to match the above songs can send in a request, plus 5¢ to cover the cost of throwing your request away.

I GOT A LETTER yesterday from a secret underground forming to deal with the situation stirred up by the actions of the Pacificon committee. I'd like to take this opportunity to state publicly that I don't want to take sides in this dispute, and I'll remain neutral throughout the whole affair. Besides, the letter was from the "Screw Walter Breen Committee," and I couldn't tell which side they were on.

BOB LICHTMAN was down to visit me last week, and in our usual creative manner we decided to pass the time by going to a movie. We walked by one advertisement displaying a woman being tortured by evil monks while another was being beaten by her husband. "Gaaa!" said Lichtman. "Are we going to see this one? It looks like a school for sadists."

"Sadists?" I said. "What are they?"

"They're people who like to inflict pain on others," he said, eying the theatre.

"Well, then, of course it is. In fact, it says so right up there on the Marquis."

-- Greg Benford

ADVERTISEMENT: Available from the FRAP editorial address as long as they last, at two for a nickel plus a self-addressed stamped envelope, are stickers reading "SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE" in blue and white with appropriate decoration. Suitable for display at John Birch Society meetings or at the Pacificon masquerade ball. Offer expires September 1, 1964.

the frap

interview

number one: god

INTRODUCTION: God's popularity is not undeserved. Best-selling author ("The Old Testament," "The New Testament"), philosopher, inventor (water), God shares with such men as Hugh Hefner and Ray Nelson the universal appeal of the savant. He is our most popular modern deity. Arranging an interview with God was not easy. He has modestly left his telephone number out of the book, and when we visited some of his favorite old haunts -- churches, pavillions, temples -- we were unable to connect with him. We finally ran into him quite by accident one day in downtown Los Angeles; he was running nervously away from a group of elderly ladies who were calling him a "beatnik" and a "nigger lover" and who were swatting at him with umbrellas. Aged, bearded God seemed quite willing to visit our offices, if only for a rest, and sat down in our plush guest chair with obvious weary relief. We started the tape recorder. ...

FRAP: It is an honor to have you here today, sir. Would you tell us a little about yourself?

GOD: I am the greatest! I am the prettiest! I--

FRAP: Well, what I meant was, how does it feel to be the Entity Responsible, the most powerful awareness in the universe?

GOD: It feels great, man. Just great.

conducted by c. demmon

FRAP: Certain of your detractors have claimed that you would win great popular support if you would only reveal yourself openly to humanity. Can you tell us why you have refrained from this sort of thing for so long?

GOD: Well, you know, I've been meaning to do something about that for quite a while, but there's a lot more to this Deity business than just sitting around on a cloud bossing a few angels. No, I've got work to do. For instance, I've got to keep all those stars lit up -- with gas, or whatever that stuff is. And then just when I think I've got everything all shaped up some mountain falls down or a meteor wipes out an entire planet or something. It's not as easy as it looks, and I'm not as young as I used to be.

FRAP: How old are you, anyway?

GOD: Older than dirt, man. Older than dirt.

FRAP: You know, I suppose most of us had discarded a long time ago the image of you with a long grey beard and white robe, and yet there you are, bearded and robed. Is there any reason for this particular costume?

GOD: Well, no, just that I feel more comfortable this way. Actually, when I'm just potting around the office I usually strip down to my underwear. Just underwear and sunglasses. It's hot up there. All the up-drafts, I guess.

FRAP: How do you feel about critics who have said that you really aren't interested in humanity at all, that you have forgotten us, and that if you really cared there wouldn't be so many wars, plagues, floods, accidents -- all the horrors of human existence?

GOD: Hey, that makes me real mad! That's blasphemy! Who's been saying that? Let me catch anybody saying that, I'll change him into a frog.

FRAP: You mean you haven't heard all the protests? Don't you listen to prayers?

GOD: Man, I told you, I got a lot of work to do. I listen in once in a while -- just a few weeks ago I got a rich one from a little girl who wanted me to stop a railroad strike or something -- but right now I've got some important things cooking. There's this new "hot" line to Hell, for instance. The staff figures it's a good idea, you know, sort of nip trouble in the bud by talking things over sensible like, but I don't know, it seems like more of a nuisance than it's worth. The other day some old lady got ahold of it and called up and caused a panic. Turned out all she wanted was to complain about being in Hell. Claimed there was some kind of a mistake!

FRAP: A lot of people wonder about that; do you ever make mistakes in routing souls?

GOD: Well, you know, we got a lot of traffic nowadays, with the population explosion and all. Put in a new bank of computers a couple of years ago to take care of all that, but sometimes a card jams or something and then, blammy! Limbo!

FRAP: Oh, is that what Limbo is?

GOD: Yeah, well, just until we can punch a new card.

FRAP: There has been considerable debate, historically, over the methods which you employ to decide who will be sent to Heaven, who will be sent to Hell. Could you clarify your procedures on this for us?

GOD: Well, you know, we just kind of talk things over. I get on the telephone and I say, "I got two lawyers and a dentist, Whatta you got?" and he says maybe he's got a doctor and an actress. So maybe we swap, or maybe we argue a little more, but it usually works out. He's got most of the lawyers. As a matter of fact, he's got most of the dentists and doctors.

FRAP: Well, what sort of person do you usually get, Sir?

GOD: Goldwater Republicans, mostly.

FRAP: I see. Would you care, then, to comment on the current political situation in the United States?

GOD: Well, I don't have time to keep up with all that stuff, but I can say this for your Goldwater: he's got a fine-looking little daughter there. Thinking about slipping her a little old heart-attack or something. Gets lonesome sometimes up there with all those damn angels. Oh, it's lonely at the top, young man!

FRAP: It must be. Does it ever make you wish you hadn't started the whole thing? Don't you sometimes wish you were right back at the beginning, being a Creator again instead of just an Administrator, or am I assuming too much?

GOD: Yeah, well, I still Create now and then, just to keep my hand in: a few new viruses, maybe a couple of unusual insect pests. But you're right, I do feel sort of like starting all over again now and then -- tried that once, though. Flood. Didn't work. You people propagate, man! But I'm working on something that will take care of all that; it ought to be out of the labs in a few months.

FRAP: Could you tell us a little more about that? What is it?

GOD: Well, to put it in simple terms, it's a new kind of rubber tree.

FRAP: Sir, I think we have space for about one more question. Could you give us any sort of hint about what kind of future you have in store for us? Do you think you might be able to organize yourself a little and help us out now and then?

GOD: Well, yes, of course, but I don't want you to get the wrong impression or anything. I mean, the Universe is important, sure -- don't get me wrong, and I'm building it up into a nice little business, too -- but the Boss is an old codger, and sometimes I have a little trouble getting his okay on things.

FRAP: The Boss?

GOD: Yeah.

FRAP: I'm afraid to pursue this any further. But I feel compelled to ask you how you got into this -- this line of work.

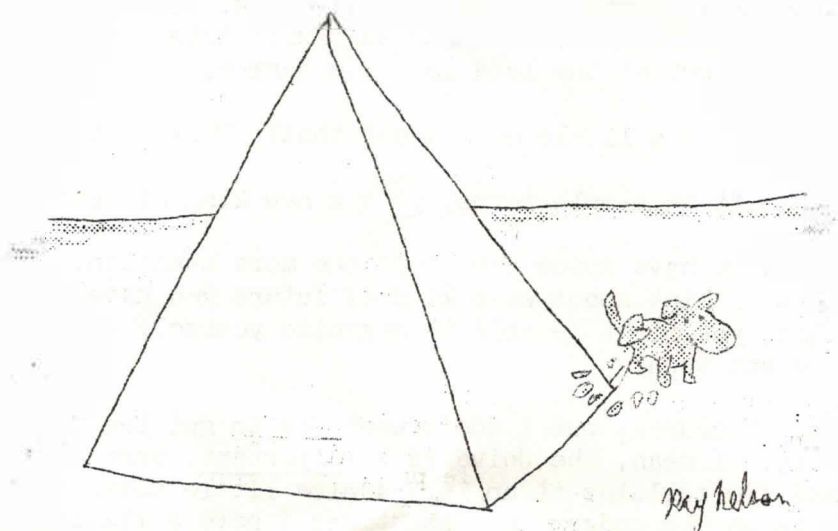
GOD: I married into the family.

FRAP: I see. Sir, it has been a pleasure talking to you; I won't keep you any longer. Do you have a final word for our readers?

GOD: Well, just to keep praying, go to the Church or Sunday School of your choice, and dress warm!

FRAP: Thank you, Mr. Deity.

-- Calvin Demmon



The Judgment of Posterity

how the other half

Which is by way of being extracts,
printed by permission, from the
letters of Alex (or Rich) Kirs.

You can have no idea how difficult it is to keep one's nose covered with the electric blanket while one's left -- one is left-handed -- arm is in a splint. For this reason I awoke in somewhat less than a good humor. Easing painfully into my clothes, I turned on all the burners on the stove, and set to heating a pot of water. There was a draft whistling in around the edges of my apartment's door; from this I knew the mailman had arrived and gone, as usual not bothering to close the downstairs -- do I mean, "front"? -- door. Like the hero in THE MUMMY'S TOMB, clutching my useless arm close to my chest, I hobbled down the stairs. I could see there was something in the mailbox.

This is what I was expecting, Mr. Lichtman: a "contract" (whatever that is; Mr. Davidson did not exactly say) from F&SF, a check for some hundreds from my lawyer, and at least an encouraging note, accompanying a rejected mss., from Chester Krone of ESCAPADE. Mr. Krone always sends me encouraging notes, in lieu of rejection slips. In fact, so do practically everybody I send msses to. Idiot, I tell myself constantly, how long can you live on encouraging notes? But, never mind...

Instead, Mr. Lichtman, the mailbox contained your fanzines, and two copies of a direct-mail throwaway lauding the World's Fair. Quite aside of the fact I am doing my best to organise a World's Fair boycott But, never mind.

Bearing in mind that I vanished -- for good, I thought -- from fandom in the vicinity of '58 or '59, FRAP is fairly interesting. It is eerie, and a little sad, that so many of the names should be familiar; doesn't fandom EVER change? What will happen when these doddering incompetents, all apparently dating from the Year One, simultaneously decline into senile dementia? Will the youthful element realize what has been snatched from them? Will all fandom be plunged into deep mourning and black-bordered Memorial Issues? Or will, with many a sly little cackle, the remaining in-groupites realize that, at last, they need fear no longer being exposed, by contrast, for the piddling, humorless incompetents they have always been? "Incompetents" is my favorite word today; YOU try washing greasy dishes with one hand.

Having discarded fandom, I made a new life for myself. At its inception I was fraught with doubts, but soon found that life could, after all, be lived sans egoboo. Little things crept in to fill the empty hours; a spot or two of Mad Ave employment; little ventures at male prostitution, a comfy niche in the motor-cycle world, the sudden realization that one could spend an entire summer of weekends at expensive yacht clubs for free providing only that one was an expert with jib and spinnaker in the Thistle One-Design Class ... The time passed, Mr. Lichtman. It passed, indeed.

Yesterday, at nine in the morning, Pete woke me. Those of my friends who do not

have keys, have been shown how to burgle their way in; Pete is one of the latter. Anyhow he had Rickie's scooter, and I happened to have Mike's scooter, and so he (Pete) woke me up and I had coffee and, as is my wont, sang (it was a beautiful morning) whatever came into me head, among which was:

Happy Easter to you!
Happy Easter to you!
Happy Easter, dear Jesus,
Happy Easter to you!

Then Pete said we should drive to Rickie's so he could return the scooter and, on Mike's scooter, thence proceed to Garrison, N. Y., to look at motorcycles. It seemed like a nice thing to do on Easter Sunday. So downstairs we went, and since Mike's scooter's kickstarter had dropped off, Pete pushed me; I popped in the clutch in second, grabbed for the choke, the motor caught, I grabbed for the Automatic Independent Neutralizer thingumabob, got it, somehow got confused, grabbed also at the handbrake, which locked the front wheel. The road happened to be thickly annointed with smedge, down went the machine; I extended the left arm like a fool, there was an internal CLICK, and I lay there, cursing. Pete alternated between mad laughter and apprehensive glances at the sky. Four hours later, in the hospital, after much waiting and more confusion, the doctors were unable to decide if the fragment visible in the X-rays was a leftover from my eight-months-old excision of the radial head, or a new one, and if the not-visible but suspected loose particle between the external condyle of the Humerus and the Ulnar head was actually there, or just their, or my, imagination. Ho well. Actually, there is no more pain than results from a bad sprain, but sufficient to make me abandon this letter -- besides, I have things to do, things to write.

— — — — —

No, I haven't changed much. Some time ago, naturally in my cups, I observed to myself in the mirror, "You are the world's only full-grown BOY." I chase, in my own fashion, a spectre of maturity; sometime, somehow, there will come about a situation where peace of mind can coexist with the urges -- or lack thereof -- of the blood. Until then I remain the bright dreamer, beholden neither to kith nor kin, ready for anything though being committed to nothing. I'm the guy they drop in on when they want to drive -- immediately -- to Katakhdin to be, on the morrow, the first people in the U.S. to see the rising sun. All my friends know they can roust me out of my apartment at any hour whatever of the day or night; those who don't have keys to the apartment have been taught to burgle their way in ... forgive this digression, but last night we celebrated the horrible anti-climax of my contract from F&SF (for a short story, and the anticlimax is that they pay so little ... so little), and got drunk, and I happened to be in an introspective mood. Company was helpful; the above is what I was told -- lovingly, I am sure -- more or less.

I still make the cycle scene, now and then. Back in the A BAS days I swung with the chrome riders and the Harley boys; somehow I got sidetracked into the scooter brigade, from which I made a stately progress, by way of steadily increasing cc's, into and out of the competition circuit, sneering at the U.S. riders, drooling over the Bellini prototypes, worshipping Franco Farne and (sigh!) Tarquinio Provini (il miglior pilote) ... until finally I reached the veriest pinnacle of life, being able to respond to the question, "What you drive, mahn?" some (quietly, casually, coolly) "Oh, I got a BM... the R-69, you know." (Like, somebody says to you, "I gotta chopped T-bird; whatta you drive?" and you reply, "I have a Silver Cloud Rolls.") A year or so ago,

somebody stole the BM, and I happened not to have theft insurance, and I haven't had a bike since, or been the same. Oh well.... It was, it is, an odd life; I have even written poems about it. One of my desires is to become the Poet Laureate of Cycle-crazy-dom, in which direction I write, usually in pastiche, long poems of which the following stanza -- with apologies to Swibburne -- is a fair example:

Such landscapes as we conquer,
Mid which we rove and range,
Grow old as we grow younger,
And bleak and, still more strange,
Show dark and even darker
Bland devil's brand or mark, or
Such shape of our future
We cannot choose to change.

- - - - -

I got up very late today, with a bad hangover; day ruined, no inclination to work (I'm trying to make a living as a pro author, y'know; actually, I am making a living, a very bad one, at it) on any of the various things I have in various stages of completion. Before you ask, I haven't anything on the stands at present, unless the "1964 ESCAPADE YEARBOOK" hasn't been sold out yet; you might look. What with my background (I am quite an old-time fan), naturally I seem to be stuck in the s-f rut; I am wearing my brains to a frazzle trying to write something Meaningfully Mainstream, which I suppose will be the function of my novel -- if I ever write a novel -- in which I will do such that, post-Kirs, they will have to invent a new word for sex. Norman Mailer, beware!

I must go out and buy a newspaper to see how many people have been killed in the Worlds Fair riots (may it be infested with termites; may its paint run), and whether Moses has come down with any new stone tablets; Robert Moses (may his brain shrivel, may his testicles fall off), our so-efficient Commissioner of Parks. See, in New York, unlike more civilized (if more backward) countries, we are not satisfied with having these lousy laws and waiting for somebody to break them. What we do is, we wait until we hear somebody is going to do something, and then, quick like a bunny, we pass a law against it in advance. It is now -- believe it or not -- against the law to run out of gas on a New York City highway. Remember the cover of FRAP #2? The puzzled cop and the lady driver? Well, some friends dropped in and we were talking and one was doodling and FRAP was on the table, and quite unconsciously my friend added the following:

The Cop: (thought balloon) What's Moses' new law????

The Woman: (talking) I got plenty gas, ya creep!

- - - - -

At the local homosexual coffeehouse (where, no cracks please, I spend an inordinate amount of my time, washing dishes and picking up tips ((tch, what you thought I was going to say)) and in general acting sexy as hell), the following joke, a couple weeks ago, was in vogue:

You: I saved your life today.

They: What? How?

You: I chased away the shit-eating dog before it saw you.

Anyhow, the proprietor is not quite so slashingly razor-tongued as most of the customers, and it is hard on him. So having heard the above joke and while it was still reasonably fresh, he tried it on one of the boys. It came out like this:

Prop.: I saved your life today.

Boy: Yes I know; you ate the shit-eating dog before it saw me.

Oh well. I don't know what compulsion makes me bring that bit up, except that the incident seems to me to be Cosmic. I mean it has depth and all manner of implications and all.

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Can you help me start a movement whereby all fannish mail going into New York has written on the back, THE WORLD'S FAIR IS A SACRED COW? Moses is in the hospital, not on the mountain, but we need all the help we can get. Meanwhile, DO NOT GO TO THE WORLD'S FAIR. Tell all your friends not to go. I know whereof I speak; my spies are everywhere.

This is Billy Foley, boy prostitute

To make an interlineation an interlineation, it has got to have paragraphs before and after it; on and on this letter goes. Oh, well ...

You say your parents are coming up to see you fly? But I thought they pushed you out of the nest years ago.

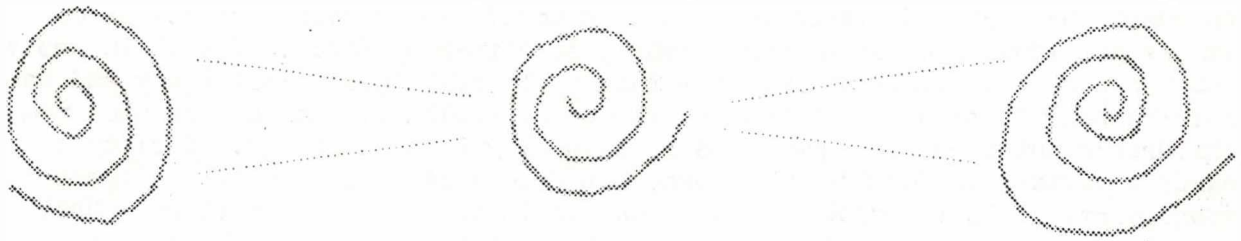
With nobody around to collect my wittinesses for interlineations, I have got to do all the work myself. Oh, well.

- Kirs



Ray Nelson

APPLIED 'PATAPHYSICS (LESSON TWO)



towards a serious study of 'pataphysics

ray nelson

'PATAPHYSICS IS LIKE jazz is reputed to be. Either you understand it right away, either you fall in love with it "at first sight," or you will never really understand and enjoy it. As Louis Armstrong once said to a woman who asked him, "What is jazz?": "If you don't know now, baby, you never will know."

It is for this reason that a serious study of 'pataphysics has never been written. Those people who are naturally inclined towards it fall into the spirit of it almost instinctively. It is those people who are likely to prove hostile to it that find it puzzling, and it is as an answer to these people that this article is written. Out of a Christian love of my enemies, I am making clear and explicit the implicit underlying ideas of 'pataphysics, in order for them easier to demolish it. I am offering up my 'pataphysical soul as a sacrificial victim to the priests and scribes of the Pharisees, smiling through my tears as I turn my eyes heavenward to see my Lord, Ubu, gazing down at me with mingled compassion and boredom.

'Pataphysics begins with the end of other, more pretentious, philosophies and religions. It begins with the collapse of Faith, with the failure of Reason, with disillusionment and despair. It begins with the unanswered prayer or theological question, with the insight into the darkness that lurks behind the mask of civilized man. In this it is much like Existentialism, particularly atheistic existentialism, and also like Buddhism, particularly Zen Buddhism.

Despair forms the starting point for a vast multitude of religions and philosophies, from the time of Omar Khyam to the present. Where these philosophies differ is in where they go after having reached this point. Existentialism choses to revolt against despair, to either make an admittedly unjustifiable leap back to Faith, as in Kierkegaard and his followers, or to impose arbitrary human values on the in-itself valueless current of life, as in Sartre and his followers. I do not intend to spend any time attacking these or other current philosophies, since they have already demolished each other with much more skill than I could ever hope to command. (Indeed, it is characteristic of modern philosophers that they are much better at demolition than at construction.) Instead, I will explain briefly some of the reasons for despair, some of the reasons why you and I are, fundamentally and without the slightest hope of escape, absurd.

First, we have no certain means for judging right and wrong. In order

to state that one thing is right and another wrong, we must first have adopted a scale of values which tells us which is which, but how are we to make that first choice? How are we to know that the scale of values we adopt is the right one? Do we flip a coin? And if we do, how do we decide whether or not to adopt the choice dictated by that coin toss? In practice our scales of values are imposed on us by our parents, sometimes by force. The child knows, and the parent is dimly aware, that this scale of values is arbitrary and has nothing behind it but habit and the threat of violence, and this is what makes children's philosophical questions so painfully hard to answer. Society demands a certain uniformity of values, but from a strictly logical philosophical standpoint, it is the doubting child who is in the stronger position. Until somehow overcome, the child is all too well aware that all our kings have no clothes.

Nevertheless we are forced every day to make countless moral choices. Even if we choose not to choose, that in itself is a choice. Therefore, because we spend our whole lives making moral choices without having any basis for making them, we are hopelessly absurd.

Second, we have no certain means for judging truth and falsity. At one time it was enough to say that a thing was true if it was the "word of God," but now that we have become more aware of the diversity of gods in the world, the question arises, "Which God?" I would like to ask a question of any Christians who may be reading this. How can you be sure that the entire Bible was not written, not by God, but by the Devil? This uncertainty holds true even in questions of fact. We have all seen how a hypnotist can make a person in a trance see things that are not there and fail to see things that are there. How do you know, dear reader, that you are not at this very moment in a trance? You believe that you are reading this article, but what are you really doing? Are you standing, perhaps, on a stage somewhere with your eyes following an imaginary line of print...with your pants down? Don't you hear the laughter of the crowd in the dim distance, like waves breaking on a far shore? They are laughing at you, and I am laughing at you, because you have no way of knowing the truth, yet you must every day decide countless times what is true and what is false.

Third, if we, for the sake of argument, assume that the world around us is more or less as it seems, how can we find purpose in going on living in that world? We spend our whole lives in a struggle for survival, yet in the end none of us survive. What kind of a game is that, where nobody ever wins? Do you think there is a gambler even in Reno or Las Vegas who would bet on a game where the odds were infinity to zero in favor of the house? This is what makes so laughable philosophies of life that take as their starting point, Survival. Yet all the same, we continue to fight with desperate determination our long bloody delaying action with ever-diminishing forces against the invincible, all-conquering General Skull. If you don't see the absurdity of that, I can only marvel at your lack of a sense of humor.

I could go on. The absurdities of human life are plentiful enough. The absurdity of love, where you allow your whole happiness to depend on how another person feels towards you, something that you can never possibly know; the absurdity of work; the absurdity of art; the absurdity of politics and so forth; but enough. Surely you see now how you are caught in the position of constantly having to act without any basis for action, think without any reason for thinking, chose without any means of choice? You see how true it is that at every moment of your life you, at one and the same time, must and can not.

You must, and you can't.

What are you going to do about it? Kill yourself?

But even suicide is absurd! It can no more be justifiably chosen than anything else!

This is the basic koan, the basic sphinx-riddle of existence, and now that you have heard it (I trust that you have not gone to sleep) you will never be able to evade, solve or forget it until the day you die.

'Pataphysics is not a solution to this paradox. It is a philosophy and way of life that takes as its foundation the paradox itself.

So the universe is absurd, you and I are absurd, life is absurd. How are we to react to this revelation? There are many ways of reacting: with nausea, like Sartre, with rebellion, like Camus. The 'pataphysicians reaction is best summed up in the immortal words of Bosse-de-Nage, "Ha! Ha!"

What better way to react to a joke, even if it is on a cosmic scale, even if it is on oneself, than to laugh? What a sudden sense of freedom there is when one can laugh at the collision between the irresistible force and the immovable object! What near ecstasy there is when, in the midst of an intolerable situation, a man can suddenly see through it, throw back his head, and roar with laughter!

You know, perhaps, the profundity of gallows humor, of the remarks made by condemned men as they ascend the scaffold stairs? How we are forced to admire even the worst villains if they can exit from this life with a joke? Yet are we all not condemned to death? Are we not all mounting the scaffold stairs, without even the consolation of knowing how far we have yet to climb? Then let's have a jest, a hearty laugh, while still we have breath, to show our contempt for old General Skull and for the whole absurd world!

We are clowns? Fools? Very well, then let us be clowns and fools with a will! Let us caper and cavort, making the whole vast emptiness of the universe echo with the jingle of our jester's bells! Let there be no more fear of making fools of ourselves, no more embarrassment! We are already more foolish, more hilariously ludicrous than we could ever make ourselves by any effort!

"Ha! Ha!" This is the satori of the Western World. This is the first step the 'pataphysician makes after having leaped over the void of despair. The second step is to learn the art of play. In an absurd world there is no work, only play. One does not make a living, one plays at making a living. Everything that formerly was "serious" is now transformed into a game. One adopts the rules of the game while playing it, but does not mistake these rules for "eternal truths." One also does not cheat, because to cheat is to actually end the game, since a game is its rule and nothing else. An Ubu has just as much right to proclaim himself the King of Poland as the King of Poland does. As Julien Torma puts it, "Faustroll says, 'I am God,' and he certainly has as much right to say it as God Himself."

Do you wish to be a scientist? Very well, assume a serious air, arrange your pencils so that they are exactly parallel, and begin. After all, the public library is free. Do you wish to be a jazz musician? Visit someone who has a piano and start messing around. If it sounds like a lot of meaningless noise, so much the better! It's modern! Do you wish to be somebody else? Pick out a good model & copy him carefully. In no time you'll be more like him than he is.

Do you wish to be a profound philosopher? A really deep thinker? Then model yourself after me.

--Ray Nelson

GRANIA KAIMAN DAVIDSON



the sad saga of baby glynnis

Baby Glynnis is seven years old. She was born in 1935, and now she's a star. She entertains troops in the USO. She wears a little white dress and dances round and round the stage singing

I want a teddy-bear
With soft and fuzzy hair.
Do you hear, you boys out there?
I want a teddy-bear.

Then one of the young soldiers gets up and gives her a teddy-bear.

Baby Glynnis became a star because of her mother, Big Dodie. Big Dodie used to be known as Little Dodie, and she was in vaudeville. She used to wear a little white dress and sing a song about being so dizzy from riding in her Daddy's tin lizzie.

But then Little Dodie went through the awkward age, and by the time she reached the other side, she was Big Dodie, and vaudeville was out of fashion. So she married a trombone player.

"I missed my chance," said Big Dodie, "but my baby won't. She's going to be a star." So she went to all the theatrical managers and said, "Look, I've got this kid and she has a great vaudeville routine."

But the manager would just laugh and say, "Vaudeville is dead, baby." Then he would pinch her tit.

But Big Dodie wouldn't give up. Finally she found her way to the casting director of the USO. Now, this casting director was a famous tit man and when he said, "Vaudeville is dead, baby," and pinched Big Dodie, he knew that he had finally found the great new form of entertainment for which he had been searching.

So now Baby Glynnis is a star. She dances around the stage and sings, "I want a teddy-bear, etc." And a young soldier comes up to give her one.

Then he and the others go around backstage to pinch Big Dodie's tit.

By now Baby Glynnis has a whole trunk full of teddy-bears, and her mother has a very sore tit.

letter column

RAY NELSON: In order to clear up any confusion which may linger in the mind of Thom Perry about which of my articles are serious and which humorous, let me say that "Zen and the Art of Cooking" is absolutely dead serious and the other so-called "serious articles" he refers to are all intended as jokes.
/333 Ramona, El Cerrito, California 94532/

RICHARD GEIS: I feel impelled to comment on the Breen blow-up. I have not seen the GREAT BREEN BOONDOGGLE or TESSERACT or the Breen poetry, but what the hell, why not leap in, everybody else is. Donaho and the Pacificon are on solid ground if they know that Breen is a compulsive and chronic "child molester." But if this incident of petting with a pre- or barely teen-age girl is an isolated atypical event...then they are fuggheads of the decade. A lot depends, too, on the physical maturity of the girl. My girl friend of the moment told me she was developed at eleven and looked much older. So, the exact circumstances of the affair are vital to an understanding of the affair. In any case somebody is censurable for letting the whole affair get out. It should have been kept quiet. But, knowing fans...

Speaking of Laney, and you did, YOU are suspect, Bob, for using lavender covers on FRAP. I mean, fella, it's such an obvious give-away. From now on use strong virile colors like red and black and blue and green. No more pastels! Let there be no questions. ((You will please note the white backlash on this issue.))

I enjoyed the Benford description of a visit to a Tijuana house of ill repute. May someday use it in a book. ((Will Jim get co-author billing?))
/1525 N. E. Ainsworth, Portland, Oregon 97211/

GINA CLARKE: I was going to inform Calvin Demmon (just plain Calvin Demmon without asterisks and Biffs and stuff?) that I had taken the liberty of renaming his column "A Pile of Crap," but Norm said that line was getting over-used. So I retorted that I'd rename Calvin Demmon's column "Good Though." That's an esoteric line and an obscure reference, so I'll tell you the story behind it.

Once upon a time four men went out into the wilderness on a prospecting trip. All four hated cooking and all four were lousy cooks. All four furthermore didn't appreciate unkind comments about their culinary efforts. To solve their problem they devised this scheme: they would draw straws and the man who got the short straw would do all the cooking until such time as one of the other three permitted to pass from his lips any disparaging remarks about the quality of the food.

The man with the short straw tried to be a good sport about things for a few days, but he soon grew impatient with the way the other three men so manfully forced down his food and even managed to force out through gritted teeth false compliments to the chef.

The man with the short straw grew desperate. He began to deliberately try to make his bad meals even worse, but all he could provoke was more praise

for his burned beans and soggy flapjacks. It looked as though he would be stuck with the cooking for the entire trip.

Finally he got wise. He stopped his straining and striving. He sat back and began to relax and get into tune with nature. After all, he was out in the open air and nature was thick about him. He opened his pores and let it flow in. He stopped swatting the mosquitos and black flies. He let the gnats fall into his coffee and crawl up his nostrils. He let the cosmic forces swirling around him have an opportunity to swirl through him. He opened a couple of buttons of his shirt, pushed aside a thicket of hair, and contemplated his navel. After a while he picked a bit of lint out of it and dropped it into the soup-pail, and it was Right. He felt vibrations coming out of the mossy ground, up through the thick soles of his hunting boots, through the aromatic thickness of wool socks that had nestled so lovingly, undisturbed for a week, against his sticky feet, and these vibrations permeated his entire being. Then he arose and began the preparation of Zen gunk for the evening's supper. When he realized what must be done, why he practically satoried himself then and there. But he was being carried away by all these eddies and whorls and could hardly stop himself from doing now what must be done. Out into a nearby pasture for a nice warm cow-patty, still steaming. Back to the campfire to crumble it lovingly into the skillet in small bits, savoring the rich feel and the richer fragrance. As it began to sizzle he tossed in bits of meat and onion, seasoned it with salt and pepper, a dash of dill seed and perhaps just a shade too much thyme (he was getting a bit out of tune there but he got back with it immediately). All the good things in the pan stewed in each other's juices until they became a Cosmic one. Star-begotten in fact.

Then the cook served his gunk to his three friends. One of them lost his self-control and suddenly burst out with:

"My God, this tastes like shit!

.....

"Good though."

There does seem to be a bit of hedging around when it gets right down to uttering the words concerning race these days. I had a bit in Canto a while back about a Bonanza study in prejudice which concerned what they referred to as "Israelites." Lorne Green, a good Canadian (censored), uttered the word without any change of expression whatever. Last week Bonanza featured a (censored) which, due to the era in which the story was supposed to take place, they were able to refer to as a "runaway slave." People all went around saying things like "These slaves are all alike," or "I'm not going to rent a room to any slave," and "Well, you know all slaves can sing." Not long ago I heard a (censored) on tv saying in an interview that some of her best friends were Caucasian.

However, this genteelism is perhaps better than former customers. And perhaps there isn't enough genteelism yet. Just the other night our local paper carried the following headline: NEGRO ARRESTED FOR BRUTAL NEW YORK DOUBLE-MURDER. I think the race of criminals shouldn't be mentioned. Possibly indeed these people's being Negro is a factor in some of these crimes, but this is a factor generally misread by the casual pink public. That is, instead of saying oh-the-pity-of-it-all-poor-maimed-slum-product-frustrated-deprived-oppressed, they're inclined to mutter about savage-subhuman-violent-etc., and go vote against their local Accomodations Bill. [9 Bancroft, Aylmer East, Quebec, Can./

NORM CLARKE: Jim Benford's "Beat Me, Daddy" is, while funny, simply another one of those thousands of frustrating stories in which a fan goes to a whorehouse, but doesn't do anything; or, as Boyd Raeburn (name mentioned as a matter of policy) put it: "Some time I'd like to read a story where the fan actually goes upstairs." Boyd doesn't know that fans are above sex (or, maybe, when they're sitting downstairs in a cathouse, fans are Beneath Sex.) This has

been a Voyerish Comment.

I agree with Calvin that The Bold Saboteurs is a fine book, although it's been so long since I read it that I can't recall the details with any kind of clarity: I saw it lying around recently, thought perhaps I'd re-read it, but I haven't yet. But when it comes to talking about Little-Known But Wild books, I wonder how many fans have read George Mandel's Flee the Angry Strangers: it's probably long out of print, but if you should come across it in a secondhand book shop, pick up on it. It's about junkies and jazz and sex and artists and death and madness and a whole lot of other neat stuff. (That's another one I read a long time ago, but it seems to have left a deeper impression on me -- maybe because I thumbed through it again, a few months ago)

BOB SHAW: Your anecdote about the cop and bicycle light reminds me of a similar experience from which I learned a strange fact about the laws relating to cycle lighting. I was riding over to Wait's house one evening many years ago and was on the alert for policemen because the battery on my front lamp had expired a week or two previously. Suddenly I was taken off my guard by a policeman who had been hiding behind a hedge. He accused me of not having a light on my machine and was about to put my name down in his book when, in sheer desperation, I told him that the light was on. He must have been a scrupulously fair type because he hunkered down and peered closely in the front of the lamp. After about 30 seconds he said in an awed whisper, "B'Jasus, you're right! It is lit!" I went round and had a look too, hardly able to believe my luck. The filament was glowing with the sort of purple reddishness that an elderly postman's nose develops on a wintry day -- and I was allowed to go on to the fan meeting. So the law doesn't seem to specify how bright your bicycle light should be. I reckon you could get off by merely smoking a cigarette.

The other responsive chord was in Greg Benford's letter, and it's one that has me feeling slightly alarmed. He mentions that Georgina Ellis found a copy of GRUE on a bench in a bus station out in the wilds of Canada, presumably in Calgary where Georgina used to live. The alarming thing is that I lived in Calgary at that time and one day I was contacted by a fan who told me that he had got my address from a copy of HYPHEN which he had found lying on a bench in the local Greyhound depot! I've forgotten this fan's name now, but I'm sure somebody over there can remember him. He really believed that flying saucers were representatives of some super race from Orion and that when they finally took over they would put the few Terrans who had believed in them in charge of the whole world. Naturally, because this fan believed in them the most he was going to be the top man in the new set-up. Shortly afterwards he voluntarily went into an insane asylum and wrote some fan letters from there. At the time he visited me I questioned him closely about his claim to have found HYPHEN in the bus depot, but he was adamant about it and didn't seem to realize the magnitude of the coincidences involved. Now I hear about this other one. There must have been something queer going on in Calgary around 1957. ((That fan's name was Eric Erickson, known for his Rapier wit. For more about him, see The Innish, Innuendo #6; and subsequent issues of Inn.))

Other particularly enjoyable items in the issue were Ray Nelson's cover, Len Moffatt's piece and the letter column. I can't help worrying about the Calgary bus station, though. /26 Beechgrove Gardens, Belfast 6, N. Ireland/

AVRAM DAVIDSON: In lieu of an LOC would you accept part (the only part done) of a Yiddish translation of "Jabberwocky" begun at the suggestion of Don Benson, editor of Pyramid Books, viz.:

'S iz brillig gevoren.
Di glitzig toyb
Gegeyert, gegimblt in dem vabe.
Mimzig, alla boregroyb,
Un di moymrat oysgegyeb.

/2017 Berkeley Way, Berk./

GREG BENFORD: I thought my column was wildly funny and the best thing in the issue until I noticed that I hadn't written it after all. Pretty good, anyway. Incidentally, yesterday I got a letter from a Mrs Busby in Seattle, Wash., to the effect that she thought the column was cruel and harsh. She felt that old dirty ugly people have a right to make their living as best they know how, and I fully agree. However, perhaps she and others have missed the point of that part of the column. I can think back fondly of the gay laughter and cursing that followed us out into the night air after the incident described occurred. It certainly added to the festive air of romantic Tijuana, and enlivened the quaint ceremonies of the rustic natives. After all, what more does the Peace-Corps do, anyway?

I liked Redd Boggs' letter of comment. It has few traces of the obtuse, clay-foot bewilderment that mars too much work by too many Serious Constructive fans of long standing. Life in the real world must have more variety of viewpoint and mood for them than these fans would have us use in fan writing. I'm afraid they are too often monochromatic in their views because it is easy to depend on pat answers. But I really shouldn't say this, because I don't know them well enough. (Surely no one would try to judge another through a few satirical fan articles!) I'll have to go into this with Mr Boggs more Thoreau-ly some other time. 526 Grand Ave., Del Mar, Calif. 92014/

STEVE STILES: I think that my mind works on levels similar to Norm Clarke's, as a few nights ago I was ordered, yes, ordered, by a teacher of mine to go hear Sonny Rollins and write a review of my experience. I had intended to write a satire of a record review, just like Mr. Clarke has written here in FRAP. Sometimes I think we're both crazy. As a sidelight, I might add that I drank my way through the huge cover charge and was so drunk that I never really heard Rollins at all.

The Punting Vector was hilarious, but I'll bet John won't laugh. Who wrote this masterpiece? ((Greg Benford)) 1809 2nd Avenue, NYC 10028/

JOHN BOARDMAN: I think I may safely assume that the diatribe by Benford on p. 18 of FRAP #4 is directed at me. If anyone wishes to take issue with my stand on politics, fine; if the article is literate enough, I will publish it in PV as I did with Dick Fredericksen's. But Benford, like Demmon, displays no understanding of the points at issue. Their remarks are not dialog, but diatribe. Conducting a discussion with people like that is like trying to dig a hole in the Hudson River.

(No, not the riverbed, the river.)

Benford is far from being the first person to confuse liberalism, socialism and communism with each other. The debate among these three distinct viewpoints has been long and acrimonious, and no proponent of any of these views identifies himself with one of the others. But "conservative" is accepted and welcomed as a political label by Barry Goldwater, George Wallace, Robert Welch, Edward Fields, and Edwin Walker. If anyone else wants to put on this shoe and loudly announce that it fits, I'm not going to tell him he doesn't know what he's talking about. But I will make such a comment to anyone who, in the face of 50 or 60 years of political controversy to the contrary, tries to identify liberals with communists.

It is for this reason that I do not use the favorite catch-phrase "fascist" in dealing with rightists. Fascism is a definite economic program, to which is added nationalism and (usually but not always) racism. In my opinion, James Madole and his followers are the only Americans who qualify for the label "fascist." (Madole's an old fan of the 40's, incidentally.)

Cheers for your attack on the Exclusion Act. When Perdita and I got our membership fees back from Donaho, we endorsed the check over to the Breen Defense Fund. 592 16th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11218/

BOB TUCKER: Your guest columnists amuse me, every one. I admit that I don't always understand Mr. Clarke because I lack an ear for music and seldom know what the hell he is talking about. And Mr. Benford is a trifle too sophisticated for my tastes, as I am too old to patronize the sort of places he patronizes, and consequently am not sure what kind of girls he is referring to. Also, Mr. Ellington does not appeal to my taste; I do not know what Zen Gunk might be, but I'd rather see than be in one.

Mr. Demmon brings me to a full stop, with shudders of alarm. Please note the horrid phrases he employs in that first long paragraph of his book review: "slept with her" and "wild and sexy" and "an uncontrollable lust for her." That sort of reporting simply is not wise; fannish persons should not commit to print remarks such as these, lest they rebound upon the writer. Mr. Demmon may wish to attend a science fiction convention some day.

However, none of the above is to imply that your columnists failed to amuse me. I enjoyed their writings and wish to show my appreciation in a particular way. Under separate cover I am sending you a magazine which you may read first, if you wish, and then pass along to these guest columnists. I believe they will find it educational. You too. I believe you will recognize the kind of periodical that it is, even though you may not have seen one before. These magazines are privately published, of course, and are circulated to a restricted list of subscribers; some of them even carry warnings that copies will not be sent to private residences, only to business offices. It goes without saying that they cannot be found on newsstands. Many interesting pictures adorn the pages, although you may find some of them shocking at first glance.

Please do not ask me how I obtained this forbidden periodical. But I trust you will send me more of yours. ((After all this build-up, we were only mildly surprised to receive a medical trade journal from Mr. "Tucker." The only thing in it of interest, other than suppositories and ads for birth control devices (the latest model), was an advertisement for a new tranquilizer aptly called "TAO". We showed this to Warren Brick, who shook his head slowly and declaimed, "The tao that can be swallowed is not the True Tao!")) [Box 478, Heyworth, Illinois 61745/

RICK SNEARY: Mr. Demmon is his own dear self--what ever that is--as always. The opening paragraph might well do as a show piece example of what makes humor. The sudden introduction of the unexpected. The last two lines hit me as perhaps the funniest thing I'd read in years--yet once read it is only mildly amusing to re-read. The enjoyment the second time around coming more from the memory of the smash it gave you the first time, rather than it still being funny. I think Mr. demmon enjoyed the book because it sounded like it might be something he would have written, if he gotten around to it. His report on the uses of potato skins....well, I don't know what to say. I enjoyed it very much, and may some day remember these words to my favor. Some day when Mr. Demmon is as rich and famous as Ray Bradbury, I'll be able to say, "I use to know that stuck up snot."

Letters very good. How about letters by Willis and Tucker next time? ((Mr. Willis has been held over for a later issue.)) [2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California-]

FOR LACK OF ROOM, we also heard from (but cannot publish) these people: Don Fitch, our printer, who wrote a long letter that would have filled up 3/4 of this letter-column by itself; Bill Donaho, who has more to say about his position on the Breen matter, but there isn't room in FRAP for the mag to serve as an argument-center; Betty Kujawa, who has a script typewriter and wrote about Gov. Wallace's reception in Indiana; Harry Warner Jr., who is swearing off potato skins for life; and Joe Pilati, who mostly sent us a poem.

"A fool's paradise is better than none."

-----Ray Nelson

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