

FOOLCAST

(Continued from page 6)

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20–Feb. 18)—
Go to a pagan ritual but do not refer to the high priestess as “babe.” Teach a coworker how to make the armpit fart. Sell all your clothes and wear plastic wrap and wait for the compliments. And wait. And . . . Tonight: Remember Pepperidge Farm.

PISCES (Feb. 9–March 20)—Start a mime troupe around the 19th. You could be considering large purchase of home or property. First buy lottery ticket. Emphasize elements of um, um . . . timing! Tonight: Take a bath in iced Cappuccino.



Le Mat from the
Tarot de
Marseille deck
produced by the
French card
maker Nicholas
Conver in 1761

the JESTER

Volume 3 Number 1



c/o The Fools' Guild
2116 Loma Vista Place
Los Angeles, CA 90039



Is Your Address Correct?
If it isn't, please let us know!

Daniel Singer
669 E. Villa St
Pasadena, CA 91101

is Kent - The Duke of
Disdain!

the JESTER





THE JESTER is the official organ of the Fools' Guild, a loose confederation of human beings who accept, acknowledge, and variously ponder profusely upon and joyously celebrate foolishness, absurdity, joviality, and humor in its myriad aspects.

Contributions are gleefully accepted; all rights to the published works remain with the original authors. The Fools' Guild and *The Jester* assume no responsibility for any of the opinions expressed herein—nor for anything else, for that matter!

Subscriptions are free to those on the current mailing list (by royal decree); nonetheless, we humbly request that you voluntarily send the paltry sum of \$7 each spring (checks payable to Steve Marshall). Contributions provide much-needed funds for publishing and mailing. Help support your local *Jester*.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

The Jester, c/o The Fools' Guild, 2116 Loma Vista Place, Los Angeles, CA 90039

ADVERTISING RATES

Foolish personals (up to 40 words)\$5
 Classifieds (up to 40 words)\$5
 Business card\$7
 Quarter page\$12
 Half page\$20
 Full page
 (6 1/2 inches by 7 1/2 inches)\$35

Please make all checks payable to Steve Marshall and mail to our editorial offices.

Catching Up

We appreciate JIM RUMPH contributing this issue's cover, art on page 10, and other wonders that will grace future issues. We also wish him a speedy recovery from his recent car accident. Well-wishers should send their good vibes to 1109 21st Street, Santa Monica, CA 90403.

You'll notice something unusual about this issue—it marks our debut into modern graphic arts methods (computer-aided design and production). Along with the tried-and-true methods of getting *The Jester* some fun stuff to print, you can now send us submissions on floppy—Macintosh platform only, please! If you have any questions

EDIFOOLORIAL STAFF

Blessings: Frivolous II Rex, Billy Barrett, Darla Hitchcock, Hakim

Ars Factotum & Redactrix: Cate Bramble

Cover art: Jim Rumph

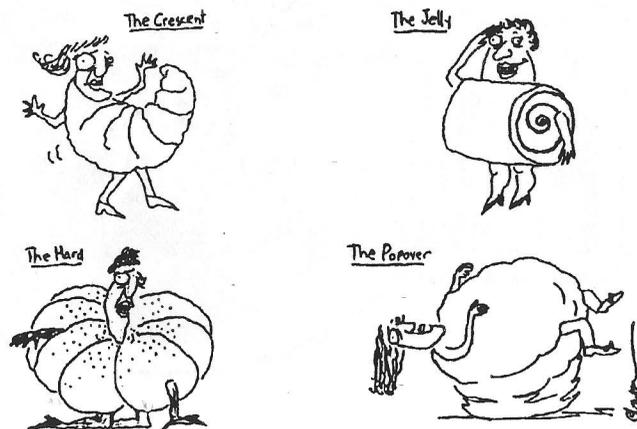
Contributors: Billy Barrett, Jim Rumph, Jeffrey Weissman, Anonymous Foolish Wimmin, Evelyn Sinclair, Paula Foster, Hakim, Pete Stone

Jokers from the collection of Jeffrey Weissman unless otherwise noted

about what programs and file formats we prefer, please message Cate's voice mail at 818.343.4904.

Our sincere and grateful thanks to PETE STONE for sending *The Jester* a very generous donation. He's just picked up a five-tape set called "The Best of Ernie Kovacs" and will do a review of it if there's interest (YES!). Among his other words to the wise: "Joker collectors—check out the mail-order catalogs (Miles Kimball, Walter Drake, Lillian Vernon, etc.). Many sell unique decks of cards and some cheaply so. Be the first on your block to own the Elvis joker!"

Women in Traditional Rolls



Foolenadar

SEPTEMBER

- 11 10 am—**Magic Mountain.** Wheeeee! We're going to have lots of discount tickets so please bring your friends. You can meet us there promptly at 10, or pick up coupons ahead of time. Latecomers will have to catch up with us inside. Contact Jim Layne: 213.664.9036
- 18 (Tentative) **Dance Party.** Frivolous Rex II needs to dance! A party will be held at a site to be announced (see begging part of Hallowe'en entry). Music of all kinds—Latin, swing, hip-hop, house, country, Cajun, blues. No costumes (well, maybe some). Dance classes will be held in weeks before the event. Contact Jim & Jim for details on any of this: 213.664.9036

OCTOBER

Alpine Village Octoberfest. If you want to know more, let Rachel know you want to be notified and we'll consider notifying you. No date as yet.

ONGOING ACTIVITIES

Every Thursday—Concerts at the Santa Monica Pier. They're lots of fun but we don't have a lot of planning. You just show up and see the act, as well as your potential Fool-mates.

Every Friday—Drumming. We do this early Friday evenings for the Boys' Camp so they love us and continue to let us have parties there for a nominal fee. It's not just a "guy thing"; anyone is welcome to come and make a joyful noise.

Every Friday—Silent movies at the silent movie house on Fairfax. Another of those "good thing to do" things.

IN THE WINGS

Club Crawl—We're thinking about this one. No date, but we have a contact person—Jonathan—and there's been some discussion of designated drivers. Do you want to do this? Can you crawl?

BIG PARTIES—THE SOON ONES

Hallowe'en—We need a site! We need an empty large site that we can use for a couple of days. Price, location, situation, and amenities are all important. If you know of anything (including commercial space), please call us right away! We want to make it a haunted house, kiddie-conscious party that you can go through and go to other parties, or stay and enjoy the festivities. And—do you want to help? Call Jack Tate, PartyMaster, and we'll call when we need set-up help. Thanks—I hope. 213.667.2449

TELEPHOOL—Rachel Neff (213) 465-0653
 for more information and to make suggestions for other events

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

by Edward Rowland Sill (1841–1887)

*The royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his Jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"*

*The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.*

*He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"*

*"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"*

*"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay:
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.*

*"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.*

*"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced
and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!"*

*"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse
them all:
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.*

*"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"*

*The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"*

AN OLD SICILIAN SONG GOES:

A woman crossing the square slips
in the mud
and falls head over heels.
Her skirts go over her head
She shows her bum
The fools laugh fit to burst and
shout dirty words
The King passes on horseback, the
mud makes him slip
The fine beast and the King roll on
the ground
and in his turn he shows his bum
through his torn breeches.
The fools rush to take off their hats
Only a madman across the way
seeing this new and unfamiliar face
of power
can't help laughing his head off.
The fools chorus at the top of their
voices—
so as to drown the madman's
laughter—
their praise of the great royal bum
'Oh, magnificent cheeks basking in
the sun
hailed by God, wonderful spheres'
The fools, because the King has shit
himself, for fear,
begin to praise the stink of the noble
motion

BIG BLACK BOOGERS

(To the tune of "Go See Cal")

*I've got big black boogers up my nose,
Hay and dust are in my clothes,
But it's fun to do the Faire—
What is dirt if not to wear?
And 'tis nobler for to sweat than to
repose.*

—Evelyn Sinclair

From "Introduction" written by Dario Fo to his
play *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*, 1970.
These lyrics are from an old Sicilian song.

The madman runs up waving a
censer
and sings Te Deum to the King's
shit
and plants a jasmine sprig in it.
The fools applaud and then by a
miracle understand the jape
and take up stones and sticks
and make to lynch the mocker.
But since they know it is great bad
luck
to kill a madman
protected as they are by the pity of
St Francis
'the great madman of God'
the fools, impotently watch the
pantomime of the madman.
Later at home, in secret, each one
by himself,
remembers the madman's panto-
mime and laughs.
They laugh till they pee themselves.
The fools for a moment forget they
are
fools but only for a moment
because, alas, madmen are
few and far between
and the fools don't get
much chance
to see their mad,
obscene pantomimes.



*The privies all smell to kingdom come.
Lucky you if your nose goes numb.
But be grateful when you pee:
It's the only thing that's free.
And recall the real Renaissance lacked
plumbing.*

Vox Frivolous

WELCOME to the most gracious and
glorious reign of Frivolous Rex II, the
first two-headed king! If you're having
a good time, then our reign is a success.
If you're not, then it's not our fault.
We're doing our best to plan a year of
parties and events. Those of you who
know us personally will not be sur-
prised that we will be dancing a lot in
the coming year. We're going to put
on the regular holiday bashes, of
course—Hallowe'en, New Year's Eve,
and Feast of Fools—as well as a few
new ones. We're inclusive in our out-
look, so we want you to encourage
your friends (if you have any) to par-
ticipate in our events. Let them know
of our parties and nag them until they
come to one.

In order to plan our events, we have
PRIVY COUNCIL MEETINGS
(no, silly; they don't take place in an
Andy Gump!), where we work out the
details of parties, etc. We also plan
smaller events—events that you might
not hear about if you don't come to
meetings. (*Meetings!* I didn't know
there were *meetings!* Nobody told me
about any stinking meetings!) If you
want to participate in council, and if
you want to find out about those spe-
cial extra events, please call our faith-
ful Herald and Lady Equerry, Rachel,
at 213.465.0653. She'll let you know
when the next meeting is to be held.
We need all the help we can get
(obviously), and would welcome your
participation. Oh, and the snacks are
particularly good at Privy Council—
homemade pesto, fine beverages, and
exotic fruits (not *that* kind, silly) have
all figured in recent meetings.

The Jester is in need of someone to
manage our MAILING LIST. Because
it consists of fools and fool wannabes,
this list is particularly difficult to keep
updated. For instance, how do you
send to someone who lives in a shop-
ping cart? By the way, is YOUR name
and address correct? If for any reason
you did not receive your *Jester*, then
how the heck did you read this? If you
want to volunteer for this position or
if you just want to let me know what
you think, call Frivolous Rex II at
213.664.9036.

While you're reading this, you may be
wondering what prompts us to put *The
Jester* out? What, exactly, is our EDI-
TORIAL MISSION? We've been
pondering that very question. We get
submissions of all sorts, but we don't
print them all—in spite of what it
looks like. We try to narrow them
down to two basic tenets: "To Inform
and Amuse" or maybe make that "To
Reform and Enthuse," or maybe "To
Deform and Abuse." Anyway, what-
ever the heck our editorial mission is,
we try to accomplish it with your help.
If you have any submissions you'd like
to make, feel free!

The Fools' Guild has STORAGE
SPACE for sharing. It's about \$20 per
month for a good-sized space. As an
added attraction, your stuff can com-
mingle with the finest in Foolware.
Perhaps your couch or your record
collection will return to you with a
new sense of humor, wearing a funny
nose, or with a bunch of new silly
jokes. If you're interested, call . . .

ASTROLOGICAL FOOLCAST

by Billy Q. Barrett

ARIES (March 21–April 19)—Your
powerful days this month are all on
Mondays. Stop telling people you're
not a morning person. Now is a good
time to borrow money from a close
Gemini friend. You will be attracted
to a stranger wearing snakeskin boots.
Geez. Tonight: Treat yourself to some
Pez.

TAURUS (April 20–May 20)—A
chance for advancement at work will
force you to pretend that you like
hockey. Drown your guilt in nonalco-
holic beer. You may need extra cash
right now, but don't sell your Zorro
lunchbox or your Santana albums.
You're gaining insight into life's mean-
ing—don't despair, use your whoopie
cushion. Tonight: Watch *Beevis and
Butt-Head*.

GEMINI (May 21–June 20)—Be-
ware of an Aries friend who wants to
borrow money. Health is your issue.
You can now have the body you've
always wanted. This will cost a lot and
she will probably fake her orgasm.
Wear tights in public around the 19th.
Gemini man, you can make a Cancer
woman remember the things that re-
ally matter—pesto and sleeve jobs.
Tonight: Harrass a mime.

CANCER (June 21–July 22)—Be
prepared for a romantic encounter
this weekend. Buy more than one
condom. If you don't get lucky, you
can use them to practice your balloon
animals. Tax deductible. Your more
positive side comes out today. It's still

(please turn to page 6)

FOOLCAST

(from page 5)

awfully depressing. Tonight: Clean up your mess.

LEO (July 23–Aug. 22)—Do something just for yourself. Then tell someone about it. Buy a mirror with lights all around it. You prefer howling to yodeling and this will lead you to your soulmate—you. Tonight: Bore a hole in yourself and let the sap run out.

VIRGO (Aug. 23–Sept. 22)—All month you've worried about worrying too much. Now may be the time to stop indecision or it may not be. Stop blaming your farts on the family dog. A close associate needs support right now. So? Say "Jurassic" often and true love will be yours. Tonight: Eschew "lite" products.

LIBRA (Sept. 23–Oct. 22)—Make a point to juggle produce in the market around the 19th and that long-awaited break will be yours. Stop taking the advice of strangers. Be superstitious no more except on the 13th, after eating Chinese food, and when you've been mooned by a nun or a Republican. Tonight: Eat too much borscht.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23–Nov. 21)—Passion, romance, and 3D explicit films are featured on the 19th. Return something you find. Time to tell off that bully you've been sucking up to all these years. Buy a good first aid kit. Think twice about taking that job lifting weights for the Lord. Tonight: Wear underwear on the outside of your clothes.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22–Dec. 21)—Use toilet paper creatively at a political rally this week. Make sure to get all the facts before you ignore them. Xerox your butt and distribute freely. Keep exuding your personality and class despite comments from a jealous Capricorn. Tonight: Pie a waiter.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22–Jan. 19)—An obnoxious Sagittarius prompts you to tell the brutal truth. Watch out for flying pies at your restaurant job. Wear a chip clip as jewelry and wait for the compliments. And wait. And . . . Focus on correct spelling. Tonight: Practice nude cartwheels.

(please turn to the back page)

The Marx Brothers
Charlie Chaplin
Laurel & Hardy
Pee Wee Herman

and a host of others for your entertainment pleasure.

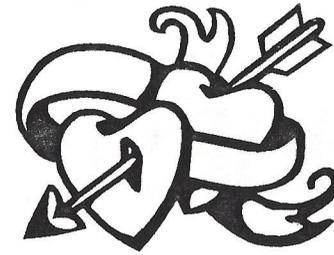
Contact

Jeffrey Weissman
310.396.8600

"We please to aim"



Fool school



WE'RE LOOKING FOR —A FEW GOOD MEN!—

Could you be that special someone we're looking for? Have you been waiting for us all your life?

If so, just take a few minutes to answer these simple questions, then mail your answers to us care of *The Jester's* editorial offices. Be sure to include your phone number. You may already be a winner!

—Anonymous classy, sexy, smart, goodlooking, successful Foolish Wimmin with big breasts
(photos available on request)

1. Are you intimidated by classy, sexy, smart, goodlooking, successful women with big breasts who may want you? (Remember, you may be The One.)
2. Are you intimidated by women in general (with a pulse)?
3. Name some similarities between you and The Energizer. And how long does it last?
4. If we were stranded alone on a small deserted island, what would you be wearing?
5. Which of the following best describes the amount of hair on your body? (a) A baby's butt, (b) One or two lone voices crying in the wilderness, (c) Five o'clock shadow (if it's all on your butt, don't bother applying!), (d) Old growth forest
6. Does the thought of Mackey in a dress make you tingle with delight?
7. Have you ever seen Schatzi do the Butter Dance?

PERFORMING FOOLS

MUMS & CHUMS at the Mayfair Theater. Nathan Stein of the innovative juggling, music, dance, and art troupe The Mums says the group hopes to continue their Friday night shows starting the second weekend of August, expanding to Saturday nights as well. The show includes the Rebel Ropers and a variety of guest artists. At the price of a movie, the show is a big bang for your buck. Parade is at 8 PM; the show is at 9 PM. Call 310.451.4764 for more info.

J. PAULMOORE appears as "Alfie," your magician every Friday and Saturday night at Club 555 in the Universal Hilton. The action starts at 8 PM with music and dancing. Alfie performs his unparalleled feats of legerdemain in the audience and onstage throughout

the evening. There is a \$5 cover. Call 818.506.2500 for information and reservations.

DAVID ELLZEY continues as Rabbi Michael Wolfe in *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral*, the environmental theater comedy hit that is in its tenth month at the Hudson. *LA Magazine* says, "To die laughing for! Four stars." Sundays at 2 PM at 6539 Santa Monica Blvd. in Hollywood. Call Tickets LA at 213.660.8587.

SANDEY GRINN has written and codirected *Couples*, a comedy. He also performs in the show that runs Wednesdays August 11, 18, 25, and September 1 at the beautiful and new Theatre Geo, 1229 N. Highland. Shows are at 8 PM. Tickets are \$10. Call 310.306.7711 for reservations.

The next **VARIETY NIGHT** variety skills workshop is Tuesday, August 24 from 7 to 10 PM. It's FREE. Learn and share with the pros. Call 213.665.0621 after August 15 for the location.



CLOWN WORKSHOPS!



TIRED OF YOUR SAME OLD BOZO?

FOOL OUT OF FUEL?

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Another unique workshop created to broaden your repertoire through Classic Clown Entrees from Billy Beck & Nancy Gold.

**On-going classes—call for details
310/450-4037**



We Get Letters

3/23/93

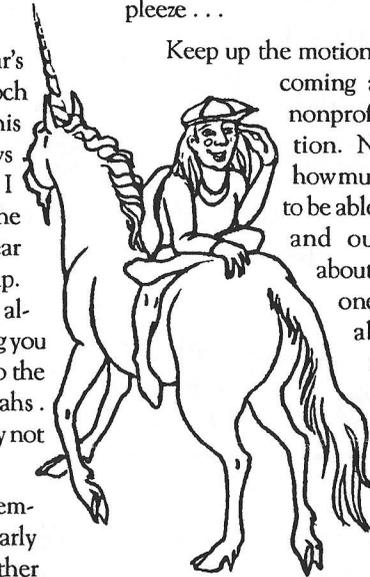
Notes from the misty north . . .

It's Catt, here in the seat directing communication down to the community rag. I have enjoyed *The Jester* quite a bit and it's about time I contributed!

Congrats on a great New Year's bash. The winner of the Hooch Contest went to Hakim for his great rendition of the pillows and prints of the Far East. I have grown rather fond of the Camp and am tickled to hear it is now the GIRLS' camp. Great job on the music, although I am one for dragging you all kicking and screaming to the Rave 90's . . . let's face it, fellahs . . . we helped pioneer it—why not exploit the hell out of it?

Locked in the institutional embrace of university, it is nearly impossible to make any other events . . . how about a caravan north? Twelve hours or a night stop in San Francisco and you too could be enjoying the splendor of this verdant backwater. I have a 200-foot study space and enough space to accommodate as many people as you can muster. This April 15th I am having my second solo show of paintings at Humboldt State, so congratulate me on having found my artistic voice! I promise to spend more time this summer on my memoirs of the Guild . . . the early gritty years (there are about 30 or so pages so far). Maybe midsummer they will be available via modem. How many of you can be reached by modems? Via the nets?

I have a great half-hour of video of the last New Year's party—complete with nine o'clock bed check. Everybody looked so healthy and somehow about three years younger than they did the year before . . . 'splain it to me, pleeze . . .



Keep up the motion towards becoming a bona vide nonprofit organization. Never forget how much it will help to be able to advertise and outreach. In about a year I for one should be about 300 miles closer and in about eight years I am going to be looking for a tax break.

Searching for Unicorns

Kisses and wishes on yer Holy Day celebration. We will be celebrating in our way up here—encircling the barbecue and crammed into the living room to dance. We celebrate the rebirth of Samlam. Another story.

Love and deep affection from Catt.

2189 Freshwater Road, Eureka, CA 95503
(707) 444-3652

THE FOOL WHO WOULD (ALMOST) BE KING

Rumor had it—I was in line.

But I got out of line.

My free spirit had to stretch and I caused myself, family, and community some disgrace.

The past is now gone . . . there's much I've learned, and more to go.

Still, in my foolish heart I still love and always will be the fool who fooled himself by being a fool. Everyone said it couldn't be done, and I proved it.

To not forgive is foolish; to forget is stupid.

Hear me, good fools!

+sigh+

A fool is a fool by any other name would be as tart.

—Jeffrey Weissman



JIM and JIM present

WEST COAST SWING SERIES

8/12, 8/19, 8/26

LATIN SERIES

9/2, 9/9, 9/16

All classes are 8 to 10 PM

Either class \$40; both only \$70

MADELYN CLARK STUDIO—10852 BURBANK BLVD
(ACROSS FROM THE RAWHIDE)

Limited enrollment—partner suggested

For information call

213/664-9036

FOLKLORIAN SEEKS INFO

Mennonites, an offshoot of the hyper-orthodox Christian religious craft movement, a sect lying ideologically between the extreme conservative Masonites and the more liberal Samsonites. These diametrically-opposed groups represent the full spectrum of the theological crafts movement.

The Masonites (motto: "Level and square, by God!") descend from an ancient race of master builders bound to religious law by tools.

The Samsonites follow a tradition begun by luggage-making religious scholars. Their motto—"Even a haircut can't weaken the valises of the righteous!"—was at the heart of the 20th century's first international advertising campaign.

The original Mennonites were socioreligionists, among the first to use Aromatherapy in missionary work. They made scents for tallow-oil lamps which, when used to study the Scriptures, imparted a sense of safety and well-being to tribal populations more accustomed to the "fight or flight" mentality.

Though Mennonite preparations and scents are probably responsible for well over half of all successful conversions to Christianity in all eras, they were never successful in drawing more converts to the Mennonite community itself.

Mennonites intend to proselytize the entire world, using the scent in skin and body powders to affect the world's

female population, and the aroma in Mennen [sic] Skin Bracer to affect the world's men.

In the late seventeenth century, it became clear to Mennonite elders that shaving products would have the most effect on men. Consequently, all Mennonite males shaved their upper lips; the result being the "Herman Melville look" found on all adult male Mennonites to this day.

Seeing Mennonites as quaint leftovers from simpler times, few people are aware of the direct link between the Mennonites and the after shave with the best per-unit sales in the world.

(Data from *World Book Encyclopedia*)

Lesser Deeds

Hey, wired ones, heroes are people, too. As Plutarch, author of *Lives of Men Who Shaped History*, once remarked, "Oftentimes a light occasion, a word, or some sport makes men's natural dispositions and manner appear more plain, than the famous battles won, wherein ten thousand men are slain."

Heroes all have a nonheroic side, it's true. Look at Achilles—what a heel! Herewith are offered a few examples of feet of clay from the lives of history's heroes.

Alfred Hitchcock said he was afraid of burglars, policemen, crowds, darkness, Sundays, and eggs—"I'm frightened of eggs, worse than frightened; they revolt me."

Hitchcock also said, "Sex has never interested me much. I don't understand how people can waste so much time over sex: Sex is for kids, for movies, a great bore."

Edgar Allan Poe was expelled from West Point Military Academy in 1831.

Leonardo da Vinci thought that erections were produced by air from the lungs.

Attila the Hun died during intercourse on his wedding night.

"A COMMON MISTAKE THAT PEOPLE MAKE WHEN TRYING TO DESIGN SOMETHING COMPLETELY FOOLPROOF [IS] TO UNDERESTIMATE THE INGENUITY OF COMPLETE FOOLS."
—DOUGLAS ADAMS

from *Mostly Harmless*, the fifth book in the *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* trilogy

Louis Pasteur was a portrait painter as a young man.

Florence Nightingale hoarded paper.

Benjamin Franklin imported one of the first bathtubs into America.

Boris Karloff used to sell real estate.

Napoleon had hemorrhoids.

Winston Churchill's favorite pastime was bricklaying.

Adolf Hitler was subject to fits of crying when he could not get his way.

Earl Warren, the famous chief justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, used to make a living playing the clarinet.

Julius Caesar, great warrior and ruler of the Romans, wore perfume and makeup, and dyed his hair.

Nero lived with a eunuch, Sporus, for a long time. As a child Sporus so much resembled Nero's deceased beloved wife, Poppæa, that Nero forced the child to become a eunuch.

General Chiang Ka-Shek's favorite tune was Schubert's *Ave Marie* (he used to fall asleep by it).

Lenin owned a Rolls-Royce after the Russian revolution.

Josef Stalin studied to be a priest for four years.

Caligula would appoint his favorite horse, Incitatus, to be the official host at many of his dinner parties.

Robert Browning, the famous poet, once said, when asked the meaning of one of his poems, "Perhaps when I wrote those words I may have known what was in my mind, though I confess . . . that I have not the remotest idea of their meaning now. But are they not beautiful?"

