



Impossible interview

Impossible Jim Walsh

vs.

Improbable C. Thomas Clifton

WALSH: How's it going? He, he.

CLIFTON: It goeth the way of the cosmos, from chaos to chaos.

HONEST JIM: How's that?

C. TOM: It is as it should be . . . everything in its place and each place marked "no parking." Your arguments have no foundation and your theories are nebulous.

JAMES: But the Student Council Constitution.

DOUBTING THOMAS: Presumably, we authorities disagree. From the Platonic viewpoint, universals and categories comprise much of the essence of those things which, with some consideration, we believe to have at one time been the Platonic viewpoint.

ROT CORPS WALSH: He, he, National Champion Rifle Team.

THE CLIFTON: James Branch Cabell, Santyana, Santyclaus, and the rhythm of poetry parallels the undulations of the body-binding love-longings of nothing at all.

AUDITOR WALSH: Ho, ho, Reserved Officers Nursing School—

HERR DOKTOR VONDER CLIFTON: Comparative methods of measuring the infinite by means of a taffy slide rule become untenable in the face of the fact. Books are but things for the idle poor to pounce upon in times such as these and find sedition and undreamed-of impertinence wherewith to inundate our flourishing civilization with something or other. In the midst of our cheery grimness and unhallowed solemnity, what is it that the hoi poloi demand?

KOTHE: Got some gum?