

Hypernonsense

(With profound apologies to Claude F. Bragdon.)

It becomes my painful duty, gentle (?) reader, to scribble for your edification a few lines of projected foolishness. Now, in order to derive the full pleasure from this little visit to the 600 sided super-world, it will be necessary for you to dispell from your mind, if you have one, all previous impressions; to drop, as it were, from your shoulders the cloak of unbelief.

Assuming that your intellectual tablet is now a complete blank, I will endeavor to describe to you the agitation, the surprise, in fact the whole state of mind of a frankfurter, upon finding itself suddenly projected into the fourth dimension. How did it happen? Well, you will find the answer to that question in "The Accidents of A Mathematical Life," written by ME, edited by ME, and published by—ME.

To return to our frankfurt, we find that it has undergone a physical as well as a moral change due to its movement. It no longer resembles the common, or garden variety of "Hamburg in tights," but now partakes of the nature of the Super-sausage described in my "Tales of a Tesseract," Vol. I. If possible, imagine yourself in the position of this poor purp, sitting on one end in the midst of a group of assorted phenomena. A half turn to the left will reveal to your anxious gaze an ambiguous onion, lazily basking in the sunlight and chewing its cud. This sight alone would be sufficient to unbalance the mind of a rational person, but in your case there is no danger, so we will continue.

A few hyper-squares away may be seen a group of infuriated tesseracts, courageously defending their young from the attacks of a starved oyster. In matters of the heart these are truly the most ferocious beasts imaginable, so with shivers of apprehension we will turn from this awful sight. Br-r-r-r!

But what is this toothsome looking object on our immediate left? It is a magnificent specimen of the genus citrus brownam, better known, perhaps, as a toasted orange. This seems to be a very young specimen, but nevertheless a close observer could detect a striking facial resemblance to our old friend and classmate Quinn. Our suspicions are confirmed when the strains of "So Long Letty" are wafted to our ears on the breeze.

A strange shadow suddenly obscures the light, and raising our eyes we behold a flock of flying oysters grazing on the hyper-planet. Their numbers are momentarily increasing, so that soon the scene will be in total darkness. We will therefore take one more last lingering look at the curious assembly and resign ourselves to the abysmal darkness peculiar to the mathematical night, while we await with a heavy heart the awful events which we feel certain are about to take place.

If you have carefully followed this learned dissertation, it must be apparent to you that what we started out to do was really a hopeless task. Therefore we will abandon hope of unravelling the thoughts which pervade the depths of our frankfurt's mind and leave it to its fate. Without doubt you have derived as much benefit from this article as the writer did listening to the originator of the tesseract, so we thank you for your charitable attention, and hope we have satisfied your fourth-dimensional appetite for some time to come.

W. C. W.