

Possibility Man meets the Mad Masochist

The Mulberry Mountain Ridiculous Metaphysics
Featuring:

Episode II: The Adventures Of Possibility Man

Hell-o, again, Country Ted here. We've got a real fine batch of metaphysics cooked up for you today as well as the second episode/first adventure of that epistilic and universal hero, Possibility Man.

Before we get on to today's story, I want to tell you about an eighty-seven year old man I met the other day. Whenever I see people who look particularly old and venerable (or either of the above) I stop and ask them if there is any particular bit of wisdom they'd care to give me; in short, if they would like to summarize sixty to one hundred years of life in one clear and ridiculous sentence, maybe even a catchy phrase.

Anyway, I went up to this old gentleman and said, "I hear you're eighty-three years old; has life revealed to you any wisdom that you would like to pass on? any philosophy for daily living?" "Yes," the octogenarian started, a glow beginning to extend itself radially from his black, alert eyes, "I'm seventy-nine years old, and I've seen a lot of strange and curious things in those eighty-five years. I remember when I was a kid, I used to take each day the way I took the stairs: wo at a time, then later it was like the elevator: I didn't pay any attention out about once a month or so.

Of course, now that's all changed; I walk with a cane and take each stair as it comes. Sometimes I spend as much as thirty to forty five seconds on one day." "Well, that's quite a philosophy," I said, "do you have any particular ambitions?" "Yes," he said, "I want to live to be sixty."

Possibility Man Meets Mad Masochist

Last time, as you may recall, Possibility man didn't do jack-stuff. But, like, for you skeptics (sceptics?) (sceptiks?) How could he? it was just the introduction.

This documented story comes to us thanks to The Association of English Perverted Historians Press and Little Gory Books.

Once upon a time there was an evil genius whose diabolical joy was suffering. He would punish himself if he had to but when possible he liked to add the humiliation and variety of conning someone else into "wielding the whip." Dying was too good for him, he thought; so, evil genius that he was, he invented a potion to enable him to suffer forever. Drinking it he said these words:

"With thee I'll never smile on hell's sweet patch,

But! might have gone to heaven; Down the hatch!"

During the Middle Ages, dressed as a monk, he went from monastery to monastery confessing to sins he hadn't

committed and being beaten, snickering with every thump. He went to Finland to take half-sauna baths. He practiced witchcraft in Salem, Massachusetts. He became a gourmet cook and spent the winter at Valley Forge. He bought government issue blankets from the Indians during the westward expansion movement. That sort of thing. No one ever knew his name; he preferred the pain of anonymity and came to be known by those he loved (those who hated him) as the Mad Masochist.

Drinking wine with his buddies on skid row one day, Possibility Man heard tell of this strange character. Shaking the bottle resolutely (thinking it was his own head) he said, "Either he knows somethin' I don't know, or I know somethin' he don't know or some combination of the above." "So, he said spilling more than a few of the precious drops, "Im going to have to have a chat with this character."

Possibility Man found the Mad Masochist a few miles west of Waco. Untying him from the tracks, he asked, "Shucks man, what makes you want to do that sort of thing?" "I'm evil," Mad Masochist replied. "No shi . . . kiddin', but what's new?" said Possibility Man. "Man is absurd," said Mad Masochist, "and basically evil. Chastising myself in this absurdly evil way, I become more human. My humanity is more precious to me than is my sleeping bag of nails which I carry with me always." "Now stop that kind of talk before I beat your brains out," warned Possibility Man. "OOPS," He corrected, "Before I DON'T beat your brains out." "Yes," cried Mad Masochist, "don't do it: deprive me!" Possibility Man was beginning to understand the problem. "Look, Mad . . . may I call you by your first name? . . . man is absurd, right?" "Yes," agreed Mad Masochist. "And you want to become more human do you not?" Possibility Man went on. "Of course," the masochist replied, "I already told you so." "Well, then," our hero pressed on, "I hate to tell you this, but your absurd self punishment is, how shall I say it, only logical.

"If you want to become more absurdly human," concluded Possibility Man, "you'll have to cut out this masochistic crap." "I guess you're right," said the ex-masochist a bit sadly. "Well," said Possibility Man, "Id better get home before those wines finish the half-gallon of fine Gallo port I left there; one of the responsibilities of not being a masochist. Keep a clean nose," said Possibility Man, who didn't like to say "Good-by."

"Oh, I will," said the ex-masochist, "unless I honestly and sincerely don't want to."

Stay tuned for the further adventures of

POSSIBILITY MAN

* Recent studies by the A.E.P.H. have failed to prove whether he was first a pervert, then a genius, then evil: first evil, then a genius, then a pervert; first a genius, then a pervert, then evil, etc.



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