

all the World's Records for going to Places that one does not wish to visit, eating Stuff that one does not crave, drinking Fluids that guarantee naught except Remorse, buying Tickets for Pseudo-Entertainments of punk Aroma, and sitting for countless Hours among dull Mortals of uniform Pattern and incredible Unattractiveness.

He wondered if there was anything in this Re-Incarnation Business.

Because, if it happened to be on the Level, he wanted to come back next time as a Native of some Tropical Isle that never heard of Place-Cards and Long-Distance Calls and Drinks containing Vermouth and Ladies with powdered Wishbones and Crooks who call themselves Financiers and Reporters employed on Evening Papers and 1001 other Torments which had become By-Products of a so-called Civilization.

He wanted to wear a Breech-Clout and sit under a Mango Tree all day listening to the Parokeets.

If any one approached to talk Business or Politics, he would shoot poisoned Arrows at the Trespasser.

When he got hungry, he could pick a Banana, and if he felt thirsty, he could tap a Cocoanut.

Just before he fluttered to the Beyond, he whispered to Luella his Desire for a Quiet Service without Flowers and Interment in some sylvan Nook.

The Widow conferred with his Business Associates, the Officers of Various Clubs to which he paid Dues, and the Committees from the Fraternal Organiza-