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# All is Swirled, Says Scientist

John Pilaar

Professor Mobius Albert Fizzle, noted scientist and inventor of sundry wild theories and contraptions, has come forth with a matter calculated to amaze his fellow scientists and bewilder the layman. After solving several very tense Tensors and equating a newer matrix for what the good doctor termed Misunderstandizement with another somewhat older matrix called Frustration, an astounding theory of parallel universes emerged involving detailed instructions for building the machinery necessary to accomplish the transfer of appropriate personnel - to wit the aforementioned Prof. Fizzle.

Leaving at 12:08 PM on Tuesday, first views of the new world disclosed a large white rabbit munching on some shrubbery. It proceeded to hop over to an unfenced gate and gnaw upon it with gusto.

"It's that new folksong that's going around," explained the rabbit after introducing itself as Chester. "You know - 'Brush your teeth (with cold gate)'." It regarded Fizzle with the classical stare of innocence and continued to gnaw the cold gate.

Disregarding for the moment the unique aspects of having a talking rabbit before him (only to be expected in visiting strange worlds), Fizzle carefully read the sign affixed to the gatepost. It read: Danger! Do Not Jab Berwock. Berwockian Protective League. "Excuse me," said Fizzle, "but what is a Berwock?" His puzzlement was clearly evident to the discerning rabbit, but that notable merely said, as it hopped away: "Be it Berwock he or Berwock she, wockitude is always wacky! The number of the Berwock is thirty and three... Never go through the gate." It vanished from sight.

Fizzle, being an iconoclast, turned and went through the gate, instead of walking around it. He soon came to a gryphon who was shelling peas with a medium bore field piece. "Hello," said the gryphon, "have you got a match?"

Fizzle, after some search of his pockets, found that he did indeed have exactly two matching buttons, which he presented to the gryphon, who handed them to his partner. In explanation of his strange activity the gryphon only

offered -"It beats belling bees." Then there was a boom as the field piece discharged. "Shall we sing him a song?" asked the gryphon of its partner. They immediately began:

"Sly the whispers caught the madness and dreamed a death today -  
The being left on Tuesday for the Alice World to play;  
And when we walk the streets of chalk a mood will be forgot -  
Nothing is a subset of the cat who knew a lot!"

They stopped, and looked at each other with as much self satisfaction as a gryphon and a medium bore field piece could manage.

"That's our special Tuesday song called Under A Pogonip Sans Daze," said the gryphon with pride. It was a very talkative gryphon.

Fizzle went on and soon came to a large Poisondeadly Weed upon which were perched five caterpillars.

"Could I trouble you for a crayon?" asked the largest of the caterpillars. Fizzle handed him a blackish grey-green crayon from his pocket (important equations are always written in crayon on the blackboard so that they won't be washed away).

The caterpillar rapidly drew a thundercloud, three tantivy, and several dozen tents upon the ground. The five proceeded to crawl into the tents, complicated by a slight squabble due to the fact that they all wanted the same tent. "Ah," said the first as it disappeared, "Happiness is a warm pupa." This went on down the line -

"Happenstance is a worn puppet."

"Happenstance is adorning muffets."

"Half-a-chance 'tis..." and they faded away. Fizzle, pocketing the crayon, went on in his quest for adventure. Soon he came to a large hill with a sign beside it saying: Goldberg Mountain. Preceding the hill-mountain with its sign, was a small house with another sign saying "Again and Ect."

Sitting in a tree beside the house was a cat who looked so intelligent

and ready to reply, that Fizzle couldn't help introducing himself.

"Felix Cheshirus, in person," replied the cat.

"What's that again?" asked Fizzle.

"Very well, call me Again," sighed the cat. "It's an old and familiar name by now. Before you ask, I may say that Ect is for ectoplasm and he lives in the cave." It pointed to a large cave entrance just beyond the sign "Goldberg Mountain". The cat started to vanish slowly with an enormous grin on its face.

"Wait!" cried Fizzle, "What is a Berwock?"

"Somewhat like a lemure, with features also of the pipal," said the cat called Again, and vanished from sight.

"Ah," said Fizzle, "L.P." He went on and entered the cave, soon to encounter a large and glowing spectator.

"You play Fifty-Sigma, I presume," asked the Spectator.

Fizzle asked the current rules.

"Fifty statements each, winner to wander," replied the Spectator. "You may begin."

"We will use a standard dictionary for definitions," said Fizzle.

"Standard Dictionary is to be defined as myself," replied the Spectator.

"Ditto", said Fizzle.

"Ah, well," said the Spectator, turning to go, "it was worth a try."

Fizzle went on, and turning a sharp corner found himself standing on his head in his laboratory. Several reporters rushed up to him in eager anticipation, but all the great man was able to say was - "Good grief, all is swirled." The time of return was 12:07 AM on Wednesday.

Fizzle has gone into a temporary withdrawal from the world to leave his mind clear for a mathematical interpretation of the new data obtained from his trip to wherever it was. He has stated that he does not intend to leave again soon for the new world, thus leaving others the puzzling questions of Berwock description, wockitude, and ect.