

cheerful acceptance he still tried to find out what may be possible to know. Then he shared his speculations and findings with us. In *The Whys of a Philosophical Scrivener*, he wrote: "Science reminds us of the reason behind things. Magic and fantasy remind us of the unreason behind things." Yes, Martin gleefully gave us science and magic, reason and fantasy, and he, to his end, agreed with Edna St. Vincent Millay's poetic "Dirge Without Music." "Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave/ Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind; / Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave. / I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned." Martin was also not resigned. In this regard I happily agree with Ron Graham's comment on Martin's passing: "*We all know (intellectually) that no one is immortal, but I think that Martin will come the closest to being so among all the people that I know.*" This may not be the "afterlife" Martin imagined, but I find it an easy one to adopt, if not embrace. Godspeed, Martin!

Onward...

ACCIDENT

SIR JEREMY MORSE
London, England

Abchurch Lane was
definitely dangerous. He
got knocked down there by a
hijacked mail-van,
klaxon blaring.

Memory yields
no pleasures now to him:
quick as he thinks, he
remembers only
stupid phrases that
vex his head,
which is filled with a noise of
xylophones tinkling and
zithers twanging.