Dear Paul, - "Guaranteed to contain less crud than any other fanzine in the world". -- you

Quantitywise -- yes Percentagewise -- no

MIKE DECKINGER

Obvious, Mike, obvious. - PW
Hi, Paul --- I enjoy DIFFERENTial immensely; kind of small but different and refreshing.

LES SAMPLE

You're absolutely right. - PW

Dear Paul, I like your lovely poetry; why do I like your lovely poetry?
because I write lousy poetry... end
of letter of comment... well, you
said to be brief.

DOTTY (FREAKHEART) HANSEN Oh, come now. - PW Dear Paul, You are a funny man - your numerology article was excellent; really witty as opposed to humorous. Your taste is consistently good. You have imagination. What you are doing in fandom I have no idea, but I'm grateful.

JOHN BAXTER

I am not, unfortunately, a funny man I do have good taste. You may have a bite. As to what I am doing in fandom, the answer is: taking advantage of a receptive audience. -PW Dear Gary,

Tour zine is short,
your art is long,
life is brief
and brief my song,
and whether right
or whether wrong,
feebleminded like
or strong,
I like your zine
I like your song.

ALMA (THE BOSTON WITCH) HILL

Gary? - PW

Dear Mr. Wyszkowski: I found numbers 3 & 5 of DIFFERENTial in some papers I obtained from a friend... They're great! I have always admired people of a few well chosen words. Imagine my surprise when I discovered this is also possible in a fanzine.

DAVID JENKINS

It is surprising, isn't it? - PW

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editorial^{*}

Are fantasy and reality incompatible? We might as well ask are mathematics and physics incompatible. Like a dream, fantasy is rooted in reality, and ultimately it is simply an analog of reality just as a mathematical model is an analog of a physical reality.

cynical definitions

DEMOCRACY: - a system in which one is free to express one's beliefs as long as they do not conflict with those held by the majority.

<u>- Les Sample</u>

Traffic choked bridge -

a car strangled spanner.

- a system which permits one to say anything one wants with-out having to think.

Creation is always preceded by frustration. SWPW

- a system in which common morons outvote rare intellects.

Every creative act is a sudden cessation of stupidity.

Dr. Land

- a system which for all it's obvious faults and shortcomings results in greater net human progress in the long run than any other.

special today

THE HAUNTED HOUSE
An onomatopoem.

Rustle... Rattle... Bang ! Creak...

Thump! Thump! Clang! Eek.

Whisper. Chuckle. Groan...
Rasp...

Murmur... Mumble...Moan...
Gasp.

Drip... drip... drop...
Plunk!
Gurgle. Gaggle. Plop!
Clunk.

SWPW

—abdul and the caliph—

Ponce upon: a time there lived in Baghdad a poor man called Abdul who eked outra meagre subsistence begging in the streets. He was a particularly persistent and pesky beggar; people threw coins at him not out of charity but simply to get rid of him. Through the long years he managed to scrape up a few sheckels with which he hoped one day to be able to purchase the favors of a high priced harlot. The hope of that one heavenly night as he imagined it was all he had and each evening he revelled in anticipation of the delights to come es he counted his growing hoard. 20ne day, on returning to his hovel, Abdul sew a man leaving it stealthily with a bag in his hand. "Stop thief!" Abdul shrieked, and took after the man. Fortunately for him, the crime had been witnessed by another beggar who jumped out in the thief's path. In the scuffle that ensued, the two beggars overwhelmed the thief just as a guard attracted by the commotion appeared. Seeing two beggers about to snatch a bag from a man on the ground the guard quickly summoned help and took all three before the Caliph to the accompaniment of Abdul's outraged protesvations. R'O great Caliph, "cried Abdul in great agitation as soon as the Caliph entcred the courtroom, "This is a most abominable abuse of the law! This man stole my money and I am dragged here. as if I were the thief. I demand a lawful trial." E Very well, "said the Caliph, " t the process of law take its course. Who can testify that this money is truly E"I can, "said the other beggar, "I saw this man take it from his house." THow can I be certain that you did not strol that money yourself?" the Colinh coked, "You have no gainful could means, Fodul, no legal means for coquiring such a sum." E'E beg in the streets, O Caliph," Abdul explained exasperated, "and by putting a little away each day I have accumulated this money over a long time." P'As you surely know, Abdul, "the Caliph baid coldly, begging is unlawful in bachdad. I believe the sum in ques-

tion here will about cover the fine

prescribed by law for begging."

P"O great Caliph!"Abdul cried in horror, "Surely such law is unjust! Great just Caliph, I pray you, consider my plight: I could not find work! I must or starve. Is it justice, Caliph, to condemn a man to starve because no one will employ hime? The law is blind to human suffering. O great Caliph, I pray for justice."

P"Let justice be done, then, "said the Caliph. "Tell me, Abdul, why has no one seen fit to employ you? Is it not because you are lazy, irresponsible,

and undependable?"

P'Great Caliph, this is a harsh judgement, "Abdul mumbled in great consternation and fear, "surely it is not en-

tirely my fault..."

P"You are a useless parasite, Abdul," the Caliph said sternly, "You have given nothing to others and you deserve nothing in return. This money, accordingly, will be justly taken away from you and given a someone more deserving."

P"Mercy!" Abdul cried in desperation throwing himself at the feet of the Caliph. "It's true that I am nothing, but I still have feelings and desires. O merciful Caliph, take pity on this roor man who has lost everything he ever had the temper your justice with mercy!"

P"It will be as you wish. I shall be merciful, "said the Caliph patiently. Then he asked, "Abdul, have you eaten

today?"

P"Yes, but..." Abdul stammered, taken aback by the unexpected question.

P"In fact," said the Caliph, "since you have even been able to put away a little money each day you must be obviously making enough to feed yourevery day. But this man who stole your money has not eaten in two days and he has a wife and three chilwho are also sick and dying of starvation. The plight of this desperate man touches my hearts, Abdul, and in my mercy I am going to permit him to keep the bag of money he stole from you. This is my final and mer-ciful judgement. With this the Caliph got up and left the courtroom and all present, except for miserable Abdul, marvelled at the legality, justice, and mercy of this judgement.

SWPW