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# The ultimate paper

The other night I dreamed a dream  
Whose message came through strong  
That every paper up to now  
was incorrect and wrong  
A Freudian dash up to my desk  
Before the dream could turn to vapour  
Took pen and paper and with the muse  
Sat down and wrote *the paper*  
'Twas a paper to end all papers, and  
To set all medicine straight –  
For there's nothing right ever written prior  
To nineteen eighty-eight  
To every editor on the planet  
A copy of the opus was sent  
It caused the wildest consternation  
From Calgary to Tashkent  
To every journal on the globe  
In every script, in every tongue  
'Twas typed on floppies, set in morse  
And spoken or shouted or sung  
In every paper previously sent, I showed  
In each and every medical journal  
Enough errors, faults and misprints  
To please the fiend infernal  
Physicians in universities or colleges  
And others with jobs to cherish  
On topics mundane or exotic  
Have perforce to publish or perish  
I showed that in all this writing  
In which so much time was sunk  
Was a simple turning, and churning  
ie, that is, all junk  
The paper was panned by reviewers  
"Too much data" they wrote  
"The title is wrong", "Not new", "Too old"  
"Confused", "mixed up", to quote

But editors lauded the paper  
And all deplored the reviewers  
The editors thought it was wondrous  
And all ignored the reviewers  
Tho' editors may argue or bicker  
Their feelings are not what they seem  
To publish this master of papers  
Was every editor's dream  
Vying to see who would be first  
The editor's to my consternation  
Fought tooth and nail for the honour  
Of earliest publication  
'Twas the only paper abstracted in Yearbooks  
And purchasers responded in glee  
In deference to all the pages lost  
There was a lowering of the cost  
The first in history  
The Yearbooks abstracted only my paper  
For the year, which caused a din  
All references were started from that date  
And the book was one page thin  
The date that the paper appeared  
Was labelled year one, AP\*  
And everything prior was straightaway sunk  
By garbage scows at sea  
All honours followed the paper, and  
My head swelled to marvellous size  
When all savants in Sweden  
Awarded the Nobel Prize  
But when I went upon that day,  
The Nobel Prize to take up  
I found all swirling in a fog  
And it was time to wake up

\* *Anno paperensis. The year of the paper. (L)*

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