

# PROLOGUE BY THE FIRST MAN

I am the First Man

And because I am first

I am alone.

Do not misunderstand.

I am not the first man to live.

His name was Adam,

Whereas I have many names . . .

Name a poet who sang the song celestial.

And you call my name.

Name a philosopher who who saw life's pattern.

And you will call my name.

Name a prophet who brought men a new hope.

Name an artist who pictured the ineffable.

Name a scientist who banished the mysteries.

And you will call my name

No, I am not the first man to live; I am the First Man to have an  
IDEA. That IDEA is new and strange; and because of this,

I am alone. The First Man has no way to speak to other men.  
Neither language nor picture has a symbol for his IDEA. The First  
Man must create his own symbols. Until they become familiar he  
knows that the First Man must be alone.

The First Man travels alone . . . reviled or tormented and martyred  
for his IDEA. Yet, scarcely has the body cooled and the echoes of  
sadistic laughter ceased than the IDEA has been accepted by the  
many and become degenerated into a LAW and a FORMULA. But  
by then, I, the First Man, have a new name and a new IDEA . . . and  
there is new laughter

James L. Brandt, 1951