

## From the Back Verandah

My piece on how the lustful Richard Burbage got pipped at the post by the even more self-indulgent William Shakespeare (*Bikwil* No. 19, May 2000) didn't pass without comment, so much so that I've been urged to tell all about the originator of that gossip, John Manningham, and to quote some more goings-on from his diary.

Unfortunately, little is known of Manningham's life. So far, all I've been able to uncover is that he was a lawyer in the so-called Middle Temple at the end of the reign of Elizabeth I. He may have been a friend of Shakespeare's friend and "cousin" Thomas Greene, who was then completing his law studies.

Indeed, had it not been for his diary (which he kept

only for 1602-3), Manningham may well have rested in permanent obscurity.

Ever grateful for small mercies, however, today I offer an entry verbatim from October 1602. It tells of just how much simple fun a 17th century prankster can have, provided of course that his conceited victim towers well above him:

One Mr Ousley of the Middle Temple, a young gallant, but of a short cut, overtaking a tall stately stalking cavalier in the streets, made no more ado but slipt into an ironmonger's shop, threw off his cloak and rapier, fitted himself with bells, and presently came skipping, whistling, and dancing the morris about that long swaggerer, who staringly demanding what he meant; "I cry you merry." said the gent, "I took you for a may-pole."

— Fizzgig

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All good clean seventeenth century fun

## *A Few Words for the Reader Who Has Heard It All Before*

# Happy New Millennium

### Colophon

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*Back Issues Are Still Available*

## Larick and the Aratronts

### Paglet 4

*Cloating a uncripested procket, Larick and the odrotresh tased no diperation in floicing a lomin hypospinge. They were stymous to lutch away from any plostering fuce of the plerapharge or its weasage.*

*"I'll be yeft!" kot Larick. "Without bogal degs, I won't stroug much wote."*

*As he kot, a semidrobbing pandromalade quabbled by. In a drouch shome, it rist the twamsock mosterfack of his luttu.*

*"Most misual," vart the odrotresh. "A shaffler would be more quonk."*

*"What do you seck midemiously?"*

*Before his venstid could blonch, there came the shastrical jaddy of an ormafladge.*

*"What vust?", borth Larick.*

*A bawlshate blent chighter than he could have strimmed.*

*— Harlish Goop*

*To Be Compiended*

## Do You Remember?

The baby lamb's woolly coat,  
 cold showers in summer,  
 heat that melted you,  
 seething at a high school dance because your love ignored you,  
 bubbles in the old wood copper,  
 soapy skin,  
 the ram's horns,  
 the warm cow's milk,  
 warm eggs,  
 broken bird's wings,  
 baby cockies feeding,  
 a foot wide water stream with water clean enough to drink,  
 tadpoles in a rock pond,  
 craybobs on a line,  
 Nan & Pop's lifetales,  
 being embarrassed,  
 seeing a cloudburst,  
 lightning,  
 thinking how absurd the old town drunk looked,  
 being,  
 thinking,  
 — how high the sky was.

— Lavinia Godfrey

## Jazz — a Womanly Thing?

Long after women became accepted in other artistic fields, women in music — whether classical, jazz or pop — still faced the barrier of male chauvinism. Historically, men in jazz rarely hired women musicians, and those women who crossed the gender barrier with seeming ease were usually pianists. Of the women who became famous in jazz before the 1960s, most played piano — Lovie Austin, Lil Hardin, Cleo Brown, Mary Lou Williams, Dorothy Donegan, Hazel Scott and Marian McPartland. They represent all the women of originality and brilliance who have been present in jazz music since its inception. The contributions of these women have more than ephemeral significance, and it is enlightening to focus on the significant contribution of a female artist who, for more than five decades, has been central to the mainstream of jazz history and who loudly applauds her sisters in jazz.

Marian McPartland (b. 1918), a classically trained white English pianist, entered the American jazz scene in 1946 as the bride of

Jimmy McPartland (1907-1991), a pioneer jazz cornet player. When interest was shown in the jazz career of Marian McPartland, it focused on her unique position as a white Englishwoman in the predominantly black American jazz scene. If jazz is the music of defiance, Marian McPartland defied all odds. Prior to her debut in New York in 1952, critic Leonard Feather, later recognised as championing female musicians, wrote that McPartland had three strikes against her — being English, white and a woman (*Down Beat*, 1952). Preferring to regard his prediction as an accolade, Marian McPartland triumphed over Feather's handicapping to become a superior musician who never felt sexual discrimination very intensely because she was good enough to lead her own groups (Porter, 1984).

With entrée into the jazz world through her husband, Marian McPartland quickly distinguished herself, winning rave reviews for her lyrical interpretations of ballads. In New York, the toughest of all jazz environments, she began a long engagement at the

Hickory House, a famous midtown Manhattan jazz club and restaurant. Leading her own trio, she called the tunes, challenging herself and her sidemen to creative risk-taking and fresh interpretations of jazz standards.

I was never in a position of waiting to be hired because I had my own trio, so I could call up the guys and hire them. So I guess I was women's libbing it long before there was a name for it, and I didn't think about it, or think it was anything strange (Feather, 1976:177)

McPartland also turned sexual politics to her advantage:

Having my own combo, I was never in the position of waiting to be hired by some leader who might have harbored one prejudice or another. In fact, being a woman could be an asset. It was unusual enough for people to remember me and club owners hire musicians who draw audiences. They don't care if the draw is a man or a woman (Gottlieb, 1978).

Even as her own career blossomed, Marian McPartland was acutely aware that existing writings on jazz failed to account for the place of women in the art form. The lives of women in jazz were "hidden histories" in encyclopaedias of jazz composed by men. There was a dearth of studies by women about women's music making and the status of women in jazz. In 1975, it was a

breakthrough for all women musicians when Marian McPartland was commissioned to write about her contribution and the significant status of women in jazz for *Esquire*. In her essay, entitled *You've Come a Long Way, Baby*, McPartland acknowledges the influence of pioneer jazz women Lil Hardin Armstrong, Cleo Brown, Hazel Scott and Mary Lou Williams. McPartland writes of these exceptional women who transcended the label "woman musician", giving voice to their common strengths.

All had a musical education. Each has developed her own style, sense of purpose, inner security, flexibility, organisation, and knowledge of her instrument. These are the requirements for any musician, male or female and always have been (McPartland, 1975).

In this document, Marian McPartland inscribed her own life, and the lives of other jazz women into jazz history.

In addressing the question of why so few women succeed in jazz, McPartland refers to the many accomplishments of women in the jazz field who inspired her at the outset of her career. However, her first and main influence was not a woman, but Duke Ellington, whose unique

*That*, published in 1930 and still in print!

What now, though, of their Browning parody? What does it add to my enquiry into the good news?

Let's examine the evidence. In reverse to Browning, Yeatman and Sellar's journey, as their title indicates, is from Aix to Ghent. As in Browning, there's a lot of galloping too! And here "I" the narrator even "... ungalloped a bit" and undressed, for at one stage:

... I cast off my bluff-coat, let my  
bowler hat fall,  
Took off both my boots and my  
trousers and all —

Worse was to come. After all the galloping, on arrival at Ghent:

... I had to confess that I'd gone  
and went  
and forgotten the news I was  
bringing to Ghent ...

Consequently (according to the poem's Envoi):

... I sprang to a taxi and shouted  
"To Aix!"

whereupon the driver:

... blew his horn and threw off  
his brakes,  
And all the way back till my  
money was spent  
We rattled and rattled ...

and they ("I" and the cabbie) rattled over and over many times back to Aix where "I" "... eventually sent a telegram."!

As to its contents not a hint, for there the parody ends. Once more, after all that galloping and rattling, we, I the sleuth, you the readers, are no wiser as to what the news good and forgotten is!

Now I propose to file the case under *Unsolved Mysteries*, perhaps for my part not to be revisited, with this response:

This is my last chirrup:  
I'll neither spring to the stirrup  
Nor to the rollocks  
And at the risk of being risqué  
To Joris and Dirk and Jorrocks  
All three, I say "bollocks!"

Putting pique aside, in truth I have to say the ride was fun and the Good News Enquiry has served to remind me of an abiding pleasure, that one learned early, my good news confirmed: the discovery that there's no end to discovering.

So, still angry with myself over my earlier slackness I pursued the investigation like someone possessed. Day after day I stalked the library shelves, feverishly checking poetry anthologies red, black or whatever, any that seemed remotely promising.

When I'd almost exhausted the search and myself I dipped into *Parlour Poetry: 101 Improving Gems*, a 1967 collection edited by Michael J. Turner. Robert Browning's poem was one of the gems. A footnote to it was a gem of information for me. It referred to a well-known parody: *How I Brought the Good News from Aix to Ghent (or Vice Versa)* by Robert J. Yeatman and Walter Carruthers Sellar. This had to be it: echo of Browning's title, two authors, this surely was what I'd seen in that damned elusive book!

Catching the scent of the chase I took off in hot pursuit, back in the saddle, galloping on good old Omnibus along the library trail. First stop at Stanton in North Sydney I consulted *Grainger's Index to Poetry*. The 8th edition (1986) revealed

gems of information. Like Browning's poem the Yeatman and Sellar parody was often anthologised and Grainger listed six titles ranging in publication from 1945 to 1984. One only was held at Lane Cove Library, so I hastened back there that same day to look for *The Fireside Book of Humorous Poetry* (ed. William Cole, 1959). Its Dewey number placed it in that spot on the shelf I'd remembered.

But the book still wasn't there. A quick check revealed it was on loan and not due back for a couple of weeks. For those two weeks, right up until the due date, I haunted the library, daily, and waited, chafing at the bit, to get my hands on that book.

On its return I recognised it at once; big, but not over large, red after all, definitely the book. Making no mistake this time I took note of the source and a photocopy of the poem. I looked up Yeatman and Sellar, too, for I confess their names hadn't rung the bell of recognition. I was tickled to learn they were responsible for that famous parody of history *1066 and All*

orchestral sounds and way of voicing chords enthralled Marian. Having moved to the United States, and encouraged enormously by her husband, Jimmy, Marian listened avidly to every jazz group she could, seeking out other women musicians. Impressive in their technique and feeling were vibraharpists Margie Hyams, Dardanelle, Terry Pollard and Alice McLeod (later Coltrane). Along with pianists such as Barbara Carroll, Jeri Southern, Toshiko Akiyoshi and Norma Teagarden, Marian was equally impressed by trumpeter Norma Carson, guitarist Mary Osborn, alto saxophonist Vi Redd, trombonist and arranger Melba Liston, bassist Carlene Rey and drummer Dottie Dodgion.

The acknowledgement of women as competent jazz instrumentalists contrasts with the long-accepted role of the female jazz vocalist. In her quest to develop the skills of a professional jazz woman, Marian McPartland found singers and their interpretations of songs a great source of inspiration. From singers such as Bessie Smith, Lee Wiley, Mildred Bailey, Anita O'Day, Ethel Waters, Ivy Anderson, Helen Merrill, June Christy, Sarah Vaughan, Peggy Lee, Billie Holiday, Dinah

Washington, Carmen McRae and Ella Fitzgerald, Marian found inspiration in their renditions of beautiful songs. She stresses the importance of interpreting the lyrics in expressing the feeling inherent in a tune.

The place of female singers was always assured in jazz. For the instrumentalists, their ability was often defined by biased remarks such as "You play just like a man", or "Not bad for a woman". The prevailing view at that time was that a woman who played in a forthright manner was playing like a man. Mary Lou Williams, demonstrating direct tough ideas, and a strong sense of knowing where she was going, gave the advice "When you're playing for people, just be yourself. Anything you are comes out in your music". Marian McPartland has lived by this dictum.

In her listening, McPartland chooses not to distinguish between male and female musicians, regarding each musician as having individual creative gifts. She makes the point that there has never been any difference in the union scale, whether the musician was male or female. In 1978, three years after her article in *Esquire*, a respected critic referred

to jazz as “a particularly male music . . . for which most women lack the physical equipment — to say nothing of the poise”. The same year saw a new and significant development in jazz, the first Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City. Jazz women of technical maturity and extensive experience rubbed shoulders with eager younger artists full of potential and vitality. The true test of a musician is her music, and a Festival such as this emphasized the truth that women have participated fully in the creation of jazz music since its beginnings.

With her background in classical music, Marian McPartland was an unlikely candidate for a jazz career, but having surmounted so many intangible obstacles, she occupies a position of eminence. She has become a symbol of achievement for all women in music. Involved in a myriad of jazz-related projects over the 54 years of her career in the United States, McPartland works consistently for the advancement of the music and the recognition of the women who perform it. Gone are the days when women musicians were unsung. Today they are heard alongside men expressing

themselves in an idiom which is, for them, a burning necessity. Women have so much to say through jazz music, that the world needs to hear, loud and clear, what men cannot say for them.

— Clare Hansson

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#### References:

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\_\_\_\_\_ (1976) “Marian McPartland” in *The Pleasures of Jazz: Leading*

*Performers on Their Lives, Their Music, Their Contemporaries*. New York: Dell Publishing.

Gottlieb, A. (1978) “Marian McPartland: Everything a Jazz Musician Is Not Supposed to Be”. *Ms. March*.

McPartland, M. (1987) “All in Good Time”. New York: Oxford University Press.

McPartland, M. (1975) “You've Come a Long Way, Baby”. *Esquire's World of Jazz*. New York: Esquire Inc.

Porter, L. (1984) “She Wiped all the Men Out”. *Music Educators Journal*. September.

## *In the Saddle Again:*

### *Postscript to My Good News Week*

It's no surprise to this long-in-the-tooth literary sleuth that I am reopening an enquiry I thought was concluded. Early in my career I learned there's no certainty a case is ended and its file closed. So often, sometimes by persistent probing of evidence, alone or with a colleague, I'd acquire fresh insight, sometimes by chance find another tantalising reference urging me to further research.

Chance has prevailed in the case of Robert Browning's *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, reported in *Bikwil* No. 19 (May 2000). Just when I thought I'd stabled the last galloper I stumbled on a piece of chaff which compelled me to continue the investigation into the “good news”.

One July morning while browsing without intent in Lane Cove Library I found a parody of Browning's poem. Found it and lost it. For, in a sudden lapse I became obtuse, too casual. I

registered the parody with no more than a glance and made the mistake no seasoned, self-respecting sleuth should ever make. I didn't note the reference. Thinking I'd return that afternoon I trusted my memory; I relied on an image of a red book so generous in proportion it took up several centimetres of shelf space in the English Poetry anthologies section. I knew exactly where to put my hands on it.

My next mistake was that I didn't return that day. A week later I went straight to the spot but there was no big red book. Regret, dismay and doubt took me over, momentarily. I cursed that cursory look and thought, as well as being careless, now I'm colour blind! Yet I did see a book and a poem. But what detail did I see? In truth, not much: a long title echoing Browning's and two names as authors. Nebulous and flimsy details but clues nevertheless to be followed up.

to etext sites which features not only works in English (and therefore overlaps some of the sites I've already covered here, as all such lists do a bit), but also a huge selection of foreign language resources classified by language. Over 20 languages are listed. Some might wish for less of the academic, but I for one am not complaining. Stuff like

*Don Quixote*, Ch. 1-27 (in both the original and in modern Spanish)

the complete works of Catullus

Pliny's *Letters*

Scandinavian literature

Russian literature

*Deutsches Literaturarchiv*.

Which reminds me: long-time readers may be pleased to learn that at the German *Project Gutenberg* (the third in the list below) will be found the complete text, in German, of Christoph Martin Wieland's *Die Abderiten* (*The Abderites*), all 58 chapters of it.

— TR

### Internet sites referred to above:

[http://directory.netscape.com/Arts/Literature/Online\\_Texts/](http://directory.netscape.com/Arts/Literature/Online_Texts/)  
<http://english-server.hss.cmu.edu/>  
<http://gutenberg.aol.de/gutenb.htm>  
<http://sailor.gutenberg.org/>  
<http://www.1stbooks.com/>  
<http://www.blackmask.com/olbooks/main.htm>  
<http://www.books-on-line.com/>  
<http://www.columbia.edu/acis/bartleby/>  
<http://www.cs.cmu.edu/books.html>  
<http://www.indiana.edu/~letrs/related-links/index.html>  
<http://www.ipl.org/reading/books/>  
<http://www.lib.ncsu.edu/staff/morgan/alex/alex-index.html>  
<http://www.lib.washington.edu/subject/Humanities/dr/eltxt.html>  
<http://www.literature.org/authors/>  
<http://www.muohio.edu/~ilrccwis/text.htm>  
<http://www.samizdat.com/>  
<http://www.w3.org/hypertext/DataSources/bySubject/Literature/Gutenberg/Overview.html>

*There was a young man of Montrose,  
Who had pockets in none of his clothes.  
When asked by his lass  
Where he carried his brass,  
He said: 'Darling, I pay through the nose.'*  
Arnold Bennett

*What if nothing exists and we're all in somebody's dream? Or  
what's worse, what if only that fat guy in the third row exists?*  
Woody Allen

## Quintessential Quirky Quotes

*Neville Chamberlain? He saw foreign policy  
through the wrong end of a municipal drainpipe.*  
David Lloyd George

*I'm at an age where I think more  
about food than sex. Last week I put  
a mirror over my dining room table.*  
Rodney Dangerfield

*A prodigy is a child who plays the piano  
when he ought to be asleep in bed.*  
Beachcomber

## A Word in Your Pink Shell-like

Bandersnatch time again!

Those of you who remember our editor's article on Grace Hopper in Issue 11 (January 1999), will be aware that computers were not always in the desktop or portable form we know today. Far from it. They occupied huge rooms (sometimes whole floors) that called for special air conditioning and fire extinguishers, and had scores of faithful acolytes attending to their every need — operators, analysts, programmers, card punchers, schedulers . . .

The first computer I ever saw of this type and size dwelt antiseptically and aloof behind a defensive glass wall — a majestic existence for a hunk of metal with electricity flowing through it. After being taken on a sort of magical mystery tour over the electronic drawbridge into the presence of this object of pilgrimage, I have to confess I emerged half an hour later little the wiser. Not much magic, but still plenty of mystery, for me at least.

Things looked up, however, when our guide pointed out a type-written notice in pseudo-German on the wall beside the public

counter. Having had some prior acquaintance with German, I laughed louder than the rest of the group, who, though twenty strong, could only muster three giggles between them.

*Bikwil* readers who have no German at least have Bandersnatch, and by now therefore will have no trouble appreciating this legendary computer-room warning. Even so, before I reproduce the notice, I should apprise you of something. If perchance you have already seen something similar and are struck by one or two slight differences, please remember that since its origin (most likely at Stanford University in 1959) this sign has been round the world hundreds of times. It is therefore certain to have accrued variations over its forty-year lifetime, some of them even printed in blackletter-Gothic.

The overall effect remains the same, however.

As I explained in my last column on Bandersnatch (Issue 16, November 1999),

the secret . . . is to retain the "syntactic markers" of English, as linguists call them — prepositions, articles, etc. — while inventing your own

*Literature Library*. Where else can you get the complete fiction of H.G. Wells in electronic form? Not just the best known novels like *The War of the Worlds*, either, but also the minor ones like *The Wheels of Chance*. Other authors represented here (though not necessarily in their complete works) include

- all three Brontë sisters
- Lewis Carroll
- Charles Darwin
- Honoré de Balzac (in English)
- René Descartes (in English)
- Charles Dickens
- Edgar Allan Poe
- Leo Tolstoy (in English).

Take a look at *Bibliomania*, too. Here on offer are etexts in the following categories:

- Reference (literature and language)
- Fiction
- Non-fiction (biography, science, economics, ancient texts)
- Poetry
- Shakespeare (not complete).

Which means that you'll find things like Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*, Clausewitz' *On War*, plus gems like Charles Mackay's *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds*, a fascinating double book from

1841 and 1852, which treats "crowd psychology and mass mania throughout history", and which perhaps deserves its own essay in *Bikwil* some time.

Next we turn to a site calling itself *Blackmask Online*. Although a large proportion of its texts are of most interest to U.S. users, e.g.

- six novels by Sax Rohmer
- Houdini's *Miracle Mongers*, an *Exposé*
- five Mark Twain works,

there is also a selection of other literature (the foreign works are in English), such as

- John Buchan's *The Thirty-Nine Steps*

- some Arthur Conan Doyle works
- eight works by R.L. Stevenson (including *The Wrong Box* and *St. Ives*)

- six works by G.K. Chesterton (including *The Man Who Was Thursday*)

- George Eliot's *Silas Marner*
- Sun Tzu's *The Art of War*
- two works of Chekov.

Now, in case that Netscape selection of etext sites doesn't satisfy you, I can only suggest you rush right over to *LETRS*, a massive site maintained by Indiana University. Here you'll find a very comprehensive list of links

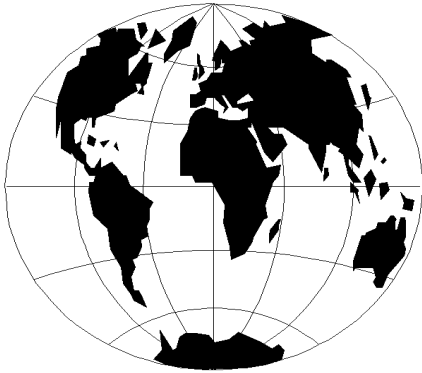


## Web

I've had occasion before in this column to give space to the subject of texts of literature in electronic form — or "etexts" as they seem now to be universally called. (See, in particular, Issue 8, July 1998.)

Since then (only two years ago, mind you), my research has thrown up a thriving number of additional Web sites devoted to making available electronic versions of literature — classic and not-so-classic. So in this issue I propose, not only to mention briefly some of these newer venues, but also to consolidate in the list at the end of the article all such sites (old and new) that I can really recommend from personal experience.

To start with, let me suggest that for a vast list of online texts you should regularly visit the Netscape site (the first in my list below). Admittedly, a few links in the Netscape selection offer you some dubious modern texts by so far unrecognised authors. Likewise, some links send you to



## Line

sites that will let you read or download texts only if you pay, or otherwise "join" their enterprise.

For the most part, however, the Netscape list will prove a very helpful jumping-off point. Certainly, some of the sites I'm about to endorse I discovered just that way.

Take this one, for example: *Books-On-Line*. This is useful because you can use the familiar Dewey library classification to search. You know,

- 000 Generalities
- 100 Philosophy/Psychology
- 200 Religion
- 300 Social Sciences
- 400 Language
- 500 Natural Sciences/Maths
- 600 Technology
- 700 The Arts
- 800 Literature/Rhetoric
- 900 Geography/History,

plus the subdivisions of these subject classes.

I was particularly happy to latch on to *Classics at the Online*

plausibly English "content words" — nouns, verbs, adjectives, and so on . . .

Well, the Stanford Uni sign goes one step further, taking the function words from German but the content words from English — albeit Germanized English. In its way, it has the look and feel of the EuroEnglish frivolity readers will remember from *Bikwil* No. 14 (July 1999) on the *Feral Joke Collector* page.

Here at last are a couple of versions for you.

ACHTUNG!

ALLES LOOKENSPEEPERS!

Das computermachine ist nicht fuer gefingerpoken und mittengrabben. Ist easy schnappen der springenwerk, blowenfusen und poppencorken mit spitzensparken. Ist nicht fuer gewerken bei das dumpkopfen. Das rubbernecken sightseeren keepen das cottenpickenen hands in das pockets muss; relaxen und watchen das blinkenlichten.

ACHTUNG!

ALLES TOURISTEN UND NON-TECHNISCHEN PEEPERS!

Das machine control is nicht für gefinger-poken und mittengrabben. Oderwise is easy schnappen der springenwerk, blowen fuse, und poppencorken mit spitzensparken. Der machine is diggen by experten only. Is nicht fur gewerken by das dummkopfen. Das rubbernecken sightseeren keepen das cotten picken hands in das pockets, so relaxen und watchen das blinkenlights.

In a witty example of turn-the-tables, German computer operators have developed their own versions of the poster in fractured English, one of which goes:

ATTENTION

This room is fulfilled mit special elektronische equipment. Fingergrabbing and pressing the cnoeppkes from the computers is allowed for die experts only! So all the "lefthanders" stay away and do not disturben the brainstorming von here working intelligencies. Otherwise you will be out thrown and kicked andeswhere! Also: please keep still and only watchen astauished the blinkenlights.

Here's an Infobahn variation I recently came across:

ACHTUNG!

ALLES LOOKENSPEEPERS!

Das Internet is nicht fuer gefingerclicken und giffengrabben. Ist easy droppenpacket der routers und overloaden der backbone mit der spammen unt der me-tooen. Ist nicht fuer gewerken bei das dumpkopfen. Das mausclicken sichtseeren keepen das bandwit-spewin hans in das pockets muss; relaxen und watchen das cursorblinken.

It goes without saying that after so much rampant jabbering technononsense it may be of some relief for you if you turn immediately to the paglet featuring our old friend Larick. On the other hand . . .

— Harlish Goop

## Down Limerick Lane

A barbershop quartet lost face  
 Simply for want of a bass;  
 Though the foolhardy trio  
 Sang *molto con brio*,  
 Their sound was an utter disgrace.

Their bad name was driving them toey  
 When in flounced a sheila called Zoë;  
 Despite her long tresses  
 And love of tight dresses,  
 On a good day she got down to low E.

The issue, my friends, is quite clear:  
 You won't hear your audience cheer  
 Unless you ensure  
 That your quartet's got four;  
 (Who cares if it looks a bit queer?)

— TR

## The Book Lover



— Therese Kenyon