

THE PENTATETTE



Volume LX Number 8

The Newsletter of the Limerick Special Interest Group

May 1990

The LIMERICK SIG, Box 365, Moffett CA 94035 is a Mensa Special Interest Group which is open to everyone. Membership in this club is \$12 per year [Oct-Sep] for Mensa members and \$15 for others. Opinions expressed in this newsletter are the opinions of individual members and are not the opinions of American Mensa Ltd., which, being rather insipid is opinionless. Contributions of limericks, book reviews, articles, comments, etc. (diskette or hard copy) are encouraged. The SIG Coordinator is Arthur Deex.

Jun 90 Trump

Do take this advice, darling lass:
Trade The Donald for someone with class.
 Don't linger in limbo
 While he chases bimbos.
Entre nous, dear, he's always been crass.
 Kathleen W. Mangiapane, *People Weekly*

Jul 90 Unrhymed Limericks

There once was a fellow named Hunt
Who was kissing a girl in his canoe,
She said: Show me that trick
That you do with your fag
When you blow rings of smoke in the air.
 Anna Pest, *A Book of Limericks*

★ ★ ★

Another extraordinary set of Lear limericks gives us some insight into the complicated nature of Mr. Nonsense. They are the ones that concern noses.

The nose is the most significant ornament in the human face. Everyone gets just one, right in the middle, and if by any chance it is too big for popular taste, or too small, or too upturned or downturned, its owner is apt to feel that his face alone was somehow not made in God's image. . .

Lear's elephantine nose, like Cyrano's, was the centerpiece of his unhappiness. Its great length seems to have descended to him from his mother; the bulbous outline was a gift from his father. Any one born with a nose like that is bound to hide himself in obscurity, or else, braving the wounds or the pity the world inflicts, do something extraordinary to compensate for it. Cyrano fought the Moors, Lear wrote numerous limericks about nose victims and, in a happier frame of mind, about nose philosophers or even nose conquerors.

*There was an Old Man, on whose nose,
Most birds of the air could repose . . .*

*There is a young lady, whose nose
Continually prospers and grows . . .*

*There was an old man of Dunrose;
A parrot seized hold of his nose . . .*

*There was an old man in a barge,
Whose nose was exceedingly large . . .*

*There was a young lady whose nose,
Was so long that it reached to her toes . . .*

*There was an old man of West Dumpet,
Who possessed a large nose like a trumpet . . .*

*There was an old person of Cassel,
Whose nose finished off in a tassel . . .*

Certainly noses had a dread meaning in Lear's psychic life. There is remarkable and distinct evidence of it in the fact that his caricatures of himself are distinguished by a small, dainty nose. As he grew older and fatter, the pleasing knob he drew became even modest until, in the end, Lear, as seen by Lear, became a sort of sophisticated Mr. Pickwick.

Emery Kelen, *Mr. Nonsense: A Life of Edward Lear*

BOOK REVIEW:

A Book of Limericks: compiled and edited by Anna Pest. London: ITMA, 1989. 16 pp. Fifty-eight limericks. Reviewed by Arthur Deex.

This saddle stitched [read stapled] book of four pages of green 8 1/2" X 11" paper with a blue cover is the worst bit of publishing you have ever seen — the typewriter keys were dirty, the ribbon uneven, smudges numerous, with hand written pagination. The front cover, a shaky hand lettered affair, is credited to Theresia Weller; the layout and artwork, of which there are none, belong to T D Man. Believe me, it is just awful . . .

The limericks? They are really great — innovative, imaginative, and very topical (especially if you're a Brit). In fact, I could not resist using one of the limericks as the July teaser, *supra*.

Hubble's Law

Said a brilliant astronomer, Hubble,
If the Earth were not shaped like a bubble,
 But instead were made square,
 Then its corners I swear
Would cause sailors a whole heap of trouble.

The Young Lady of Penge

There was once a young lady of Penge
Who was raped on a trip to Stonehenge
 By her druidic guide
 Who is thought to have died
When she bit off his nose in revenge.
(Actually it wasn't his nose.)

On the Limerick

The limerick form may not be
Quite the purest and best poetry,
 But at least it's not full
 (Like some stanzas), of bull,
And didactical pomposity.

The Whore From Down Under

When a whore from Australia, Sheila,
Went to bed with a big City dealer,
 As she gave him a gob
 They were caught on the job;
"Christ," he said, "not another Chris Keeler!"

What Gilbert Should Have Written

There was once an old man in a tree
Who was stung on the prick by a bee,
 He asked an old lady:
 Suck out the ma-lady,
And got done for indecency.

There is even a limerick for this month's theme:

The Whore From Staines

There was this business woman from Staines
Who by hard work, made capital gains.
 Of a night she'd report
 For work at the airport
Where she'd service the crews of the planes.

It helps to know a little English — *dago* and *wop*, for example, refer to any dark skinned Latin, and not just to "spaghetti-benders."

Up the Argies

It was on the good ship Venus,
O Christ, you should have seen us,
 We wapped the wops,
 Came out on tops,
And captured the Malvinas!

By reading between the smudges, I think that £ 1.25 plus postage to ITMA, 93c Venner Road, Sydenham, London SE26, might get you a copy.

Oh, yes, there are extended limericks, double limericks, and even a limeraku.

I am indebted to Paul Westwood who found this book for me.

★ ★ ★

MYSTERY:

Where are the 17 obscene Alister Crowley limericks that Baring-Gould refers to in *The Lure of the Limerick*?

★ ★ ★

DOCTOR LIMERICK DOCTORS LIMERICKS:

Doctor Limerick, modest humanitarian that he is, rarely gets letters from his admirers. Today, however, he would like to share a touching note he received from a former patient, P. Fillmore Noble.

Mein Lieben Limerikke Doktor:

Mein Gott! Vas iss mitt der gut Herr Limerikke Doktor!

Picking on somebody other one, if you please!

The limerick doctor claims on limericks surgical skills to use, but what beneath that facade smiling you will a butcher find. I would suggest he keep his hands clumsy from my