

JUNK

Or Close Quarters

By T-BONE SLIM

Einstein's "theories" pertaining among other phenomena to time, space, place as well as "fourth dimension" (to supplement length, width and depth) are "pretty much" for an ordinary "mind" that never fell out of a window when it was young.

Now, I've never fallen out of a window but I have been hit over the head with a hammer and other things my dear mother could grasp on the spur of the moment, not understanding my altruistic motives and intricate movements . . .

So, naturally, I hasten to explain to the uncrippled public the "true facts" about this momentous question—and a question it must remain, I s'pose, till I get through explaining—maybe afterwards, too—if so, it merely proves that I deviated from facts (something like Einstein's lines of force or light or something in relativity) to dodge insurmountable obstructions—not dissimilar to the maneuver of a married man sidestepping an installment collector. And it will prove, further, that my dear mother didn't get a good swing at me, on account of the furniture and small quarters.

But, to get to that "fourth dimension," I must use an illustration—to save space:

Somebody tosses a safe (not a rubber one) out of a skyscraper window. The cash-box hurtles down to the street. On its way it has weight, speed and distance—but when it lands it has resistance.

Unfortunately it lands on a taxpayer!

The good citizen tries to retreat in four different directions—in this he is only partially successful . . .

Now, lots of people would think that the three dimensions, weight, speed and resistance, killed him. Nothing of the kind.

How about the impact?

Not so bad, but—?

What really happened, the man was caught in the presence of "absence of space"; squeezed between "tight" and "narrow." (Chances are the safe didn't touch him at all—nothing but compressed air.)

People speak affectionately of the "old" trinity length, breadth and height.

How about short, narrow and low? There's six dimensions, right there. And shallow.

I've almost died laughing at some tragedy queens on the stage, why, dammit—'xcuse the Latin, came near swearing—their "antics" can't hold a candle to a man who has just lost a strike (or an argument)—or a bum who dropped a full bottle by mistake—or a Salvation Army captain that found a bunch of empty bottles in the toilet, with not one single drop left in them—ah, that's drama! that's real tragedy! that's real acting!

Disappointment, sorrow, grief, pain and desperation are there registered. And when I think of those scientists sucking their thumbs and going batty over measurements of things that have no dimensions, my first impulse is to find a secluded spot and have a good laugh for myself—get it outa my system—but no, suddenly I recall other great men who started out wrong, but finally came to their senses and did useful things! And I find it's my duty to rescue these deluded scientists.

They might lay down their tape for a moment and help the class that, in the ultimate, is supporting them. One good turn deserves reciprocation.

P. S.—We'll find our own way to heaven when the time comes.