

{...}

Fogelberg told me the story of an experiment he conducted as a graduate student: he was in the restroom in the Art building, sitting on the toilet, reading the graffiti on the stall walls, when he was suddenly struck by inspiration. He drew a picture of a naked guy chasing a naked girl, gigantic boner in hand, and over the heads of each of them a large bubble, with responses numbered one to ten. He returned to the stall repeatedly over the following days to monitor its progress, and — he said — a pattern was beginning to emerge among the suggestions, not all of which were obscene. — But then abruptly the janitor discovered it and scrubbed the wall clean. — Thus always, we agreed, is domestic order the enemy of scientific inquiry.