

Notes on JHT and his linguistic abilities: a sampling from 1998-2002  
Arnold M. Zwicky

The cast of characters:

Jacques H. Transue, my domestic partner  
Elizabeth D. Zwicky, my/our daughter  
Bill and Monique Transue, JHT's parents (in eastern Pennsylvania most of the year,  
Maine in the summers)  
Bill and Virginia Transue, JHT's older brother and his wife (in Auburn, Ala., most  
of the year, Maine in the summers)  
Tom and Joe Transue, their sons (older and younger, respectively)  
John Transue, JHT's younger brother (in Binghamton, N.Y.)  
Kit Transue, JHT's son (in Newton, Mass.)  
Emily Transue, JHT's daughter (in Seattle, Wash.)  
Ann B., former housemate of ours in Columbus, Ohio  
local friends: Jane R., Susannah M., Diana S.  
[all friends of ours from before the onset of the dementia]  
Christine B.  
Geoffrey Pullum

The notes and extracts:

2/7/98 from a letter to various friends

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when he's unplugged, he can't read what's on the schedule. and it's a painful task for him to sign his name, which he is likely to misspell (the E of JACQUES seems especially troublesome; sometimes he doubles it, sometimes he leaves it out).

this morning he read a headline from the front page of the new york times (New York City Sees 40% Jump in Taxi Crashes). in goofy mode, he was incensed that taxi fares had jumped 40%. no, i explained, not the fares, the number of crashes involving taxis. read the headline again, i said. this was too much hassle, and he got unplugged. "seen...June...40% of them", he said, haltingly, and then gave up, realizing that he couldn't make sense of what was in front of him. i told him to go nap for a while, and after an hour of sleep he was pleasant and merely goofy.

he does like to talk - long re-tellings of his earlier history and of family history - and these narratives have many digressions, but he usually manages to return to the main line, so that the narratives are both complex and comprehensible. if that's all you heard from him, he'd seem quite competent, even accomplished (as he is, in a narrow domain).

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2/25/98 from a letter to various friends

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today he tried to read the message board, which had one thing for  
TODAY - [in red]  
WEDNESDAY 25 FEBRUARY [in blue]

and two things for

TOMORROW - [in red]

THURSDAY 26 FEBRUARY [in blue]

he was looking at tomorrow, and had trouble identifying the third letter in FEBRUARY; he saw it as an R, or sometimes as a Z. what's ferruary? what's february? he asked, with some distress. i pointed him back to today (where my printing was, i must say, \*totally\* clear), but he carried his misperception over from one place to the other.

what he could \*not\* do was what any of us would do in this situation, what small children do: use context. this has got to be one of the most over-determined word identifications in the world. what, i asked him, is THURSDAY? a day of the week. what, i asked him, is 26? a day of the month. what kind of word, then, i asked him, do you expect next? total bafflement. so, i told him, it should be the name of a month, right? ok, he said, but what's ferruary? [i tried asking what month it was, but of course that was a dead loss. he knows enough to know that when we're going to see neurologists he needs to know what month it is, so he keeps asking me, and he practices, and gets it "right". but in ordinary life he doesn't know, and has to check the newspaper, or his appointment book, or one of the many calendars strewn around the house.] can you think of a month with a name that's a lot \*like\* ferruary? i asked, and that worked.

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9/17/98 from a letter to various friends

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just a note to say that jacques arrived [in california], in reasonably good shape, on tuesday (though bill and virginia say that they had some difficulty in getting the airlines to let jacques fly unaccompanied). as far as i can tell, he had a pleasant flight, and he was deeply pleased to be back among the familiar pieces of furniture.

though he's not at all sure where he is. he thinks this house has two bathrooms, that susannah was going to take him to the [columbus] park of roses this afternoon, etc. on the way back from the airport he was fascinated by the freeway exits: "millbrae... i thought millbrae was in \*california!... burlingham [sic]... i thought burlingham was in \*california\*... and so on.

physically, he's not much different from april. mentally, he's far worse (though mostly more tractable, so long as you don't really \*care\* about communicating with him). everything from before is a notch or two or three further along: he's pretty nearly entirely unable to use context to understand what people say (so he gets very very little), he does huge numbers of semantic substitutions (TOILET for SHOWER, NOSE for EAR, HOT for COLD, etc.), most of his utterances have only general, unanchored terms in them ("they have the same things"), and often his memory window is too small for him even to finish sentences he's started. you can \*never\* get an amplification, a restatement, or an explanation. if he mumbled the beginning of a sentence, or he was talking to you while you were on the phone, you can never recover what he said.

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9/18/98 from a letter to various friends

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i've written a couple of you about this insight, but i thought i'd try to get it down for all of you.

it's about a difference between knowing how and knowing that, between unconscious knowledge and conscious knowledge, between procedural knowledge and declarative knowledge. (yes, i know, these are not the same things, but they're related, and they often coincide.)

a long time ago i wrote you about how jacques would announce an intention to do something - prune the trees, clean the gutters by climbing on the roof - that was way past his abilities, but somehow never got around to it. it was as if his unconscious brain protected him from potentially dangerous conscious intentions.

(it wasn't perfect. he's never learned that driving was out of the question, and he's always overestimated the distance he could walk without falling down and hurting himself. but, mostly, he just didn't try to do things that were out of his range.)

in the past few days i've seen a fascinating - hey, i comfort myself by intellectualizing our plight (and by hugging and kissing him a lot) - manifestation of the unconscious/conscious distinction.

as it turns out, jacques has no idea where he is (he asks me again and again, and is always astonished to hear "palo alto" or "ramona street" as the answer), and believes that i have \*just\* bought this house (which we have lived in for twelve years together). despite that, he unerringly knows the layout of the place and the neighborhood.

unless he thinks about it. if he reflects on a question - where is the milk, the kleenex, his hearing aid batteries, his wallet, his breakfast cereal, the New Yorkers, his shoes, the grocery bags, whatever (all things with fixed locations for over a decade) - he is totally at sea. he has no idea, and the realization that he doesn't know the answer to the question he's formulated catches him up in a web of anxiety, and he no longer has the attention span to search for the answer. (it is unbelievably strange to tell him that his wallet is in his back right pocket - where he's kept it since he was a boy, 45 years now - and have him search through all his pockets, carefully, one by one, as if it were all new.)

\*but\* if he never formulates the explicit question, if he never asks himself where it is or what it is, he can find it quickly, easily, seamlessly. when he just goes to get the milk, he knows where it is. when he wonders to himself where the milk is, he has no idea.

when he doesn't reflect on where he is, he can tell you where the hardware store is, the post office, and all that. as soon as he \*thinks\* about it, he has no idea.

if i ask him to tell me about some event - like the memorial service for charles ferguson this morning - he can't supply anything coherent [interviews and tests will always be dire from here on out], but when he recollects on his own, just recounting to himself, talking out loud, he gets a fair amount of detail.

a footnote (separate from the unconscious/conscious distinction): what jacques remembers is very much conditioned by the emotional affect associated with the item. in particular, he

remembers people he likes, or thinks are nice. jane r. will be with him for a long time (though he might think her name is ann, drawing on similarities he sees between jane and ann b. susannah m. will be with him for a long time (though he might think her name is diana, drawing on similarities he sees between susannah and diana s.). gina wein, the administrator of stanford linguistics, will stick with him. (she was one of the very few people he was sure about recognizing this morning at the service.)

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9/28/98 from a letter to various friends

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i thought this might be the time to do the test i've been dreading: location in space and time. i waited until just after he'd had a long nap and had started happily eating dinner. (he really loved the citrus salmon and pasta salad, by the way.)

well, it was as bad as you could imagine, but also a great deal more interesting.

i was *\*very\** good - no harsh edge to my voice, nothing judgmental, all reason and helpful smiles. this was easy, because nothing whatsoever hinged on his responses. it wasn't like trying to, oh, get him *\*dressed\** or anything.

i asked if he knew where he was, and he of course said "here". he expanded that into "in this room". ok, what *\*state\**? *\*state of the union\**? he cast around for an answer, and said his parents lived in pennsylvania. but what state are *\*we\** in *\*now\**, i pressed. he hemmed and hawed, and then argued that the answer wasn't important, that that was something he didn't need to know. in coherent, connected sentences. not a good argument, but excellent english.

ok, what *\*city\** are we in? i pressed this a bit. not a big city, he said. ummm...i guess philadelphia. yes, philadelphia.

ok, i said. what's our address?

why should i want to know our address? he responded, quick as anything.

ok, suppose you were lost and needed help getting home. what would you do?

ask a policeman, of course.

ok, *\*what\** would you ask the policeman?

this produced a long rambling disjointed bit, at the end of which he said that a policeman would know.

what's your telephone number?

oh, i have no idea, but i don't need to know that. i don't call myself.

what if you want someone to call you?

[another fugue, then:] anyone who cares will know. i don't need to know.

don't you think that most people know their address and phone number?

[snorting] of course not! why should they?

ok, what month of the year is it?

ummm...why would i care about that?

ok, what season of the year is it? summer, spring, fall, winter?

that's not important. [long pause] hey, these are the sorts of questions they ask you in the hospital!

THEN, after this really quite clever series of evasions, complete with a counterattack, things pretty much fell apart. after a very disjointed stretch, he did come up with a rebuke to me:

*\*i've\* been in hospitals recently a lot more than *\*you\** have.*

and THEN, i asked him if he wanted a banana for dessert, and he said no and launched into a passionate banana riff in which he kept trying to give *\*me\** a banana and saying he couldn't have a banana if i wanted one, and on and on. i managed to shut this off, without even raising my voice. and then he more or less literally fell into bed, suddenly exhausted.

he blossomed when elizabeth came by last night. talked on and on, though not coherently or comprehensibly. he was quite coherent and comprehensible this morning at breakfast, with jane r. and me - but he talked almost entirely about his People (two of whom, a mother and her child, were, it seems, sitting next to us). he was very sweet with susannah today; i can't speak to his coherence or comprehensibility, though.

his childhood dog tulip keeps coming up in his random reveries. refreshing, really: an *\*actual recognizable name\**, in the midst of sentences like "he said you couldn't put it there" or "when the add of a small something to a big something makes something, that's wonderful, i think" or "it's at the corner of high and..." or "well, generally, you would use less".

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10/16/98 from a letter to various friends

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this afternoon jacques essentially begged to be taken for a drive. somewhere, anywhere. so i took him to the center for advanced study, on the foothills above stanford (where i spent 1981-82 and 1990-91), knowing that late in the afternoon on this friday it would be very quiet and we wouldn't be intruding. i was hoping it would strike some chords with him, and it did. he couldn't

dredge up the name, or any part of it, but he did identify it as "the place where fancy people like you go...and you each have a little house." "it's a pity you can't be here now", he added.

he said, correctly, that the parking lot was all different. (it's now about as elegant as a parking lot can be, no longer a plot of gravel, mud/dust, and potholes.) he stopped and stared at the huge old live oak by the entrance and said, "in the mornings there are...<huge pause> there."

"woodpeckers", i supplied, and he was delighted with that. then he pointed to the path on the left and said, "in the mornings and late afternoons there are...<another huge pause> there."

"california quail", i supplied, to his continued delight...

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10/25/98 report on conversations with JHT

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during dinner, 22 september 1998:

When the add of a small something to a big something makes something, that's wonderful, I think.

[10 seconds]

Somebody...Your time is up?

[i shrug ignorance]

That's the way it is.

[10 seconds]

Well, generally, you would use less.

[10 seconds, then several reasonably coherent sentences about the food]

at dinner, 23 september 1998:

I'm sorry...but as for my father, it's a pleasure to be given... You don't get to be president of whatever...

[very long pause]

Is there an etiquette...[8 seconds] in...[8 seconds] such nice things as these? [while eating chinese food]

AZ: Are you asking about Chinese food?

JT: I don't have more than a quarter inch to discuss it. It seems like such a large waste.

[later]

They can be converted to Kleenexes, that would be a good thing.

AZ: \*What\* can be converted to Kleenexes?

JT: At this time I can't discuss it.

[15 seconds]

I think it's \*not\* a great food.

[60 seconds]

They have been made very very very hot.

[later]

No one could think of any drink, or for that matter, eat that would go better than it. Obviously, the drink had a better chance.

[3 minutes]

Just have to try.

[later]

Very hard to get a s... s... salt that you have in your mouth to get warm.

eating a banana, 23 september 1998:

Most of fruit of these kind you eat that way. It's either one way or the other.

20 october 1998:

JT: How many ears do I have?

AZ [thinking he's referring to hearing aids]: Just \*one\*, Jacques.

JT: Good! Then there's the four others. Good to throw into the lake.

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3/9/99 from a letter to JHT's family

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he doesn't seem to understand his parents' visit \*at all\*. probably because he thinks they live more or less down the street from him (yet he unaccountably never sees them). so when he got the note from monique saying they were going to seattle to visit emily and then coming here to see him, he got through to the seattle part (getting enough words to piece together the meaning) and then ground to a halt. (i'd imagine he'd processed the rest, found it incompatible with his world view, and then became unable to read any further, at least in the sense of uttering the words or being able to explain what they meant. in some other sense, he'd read the whole thing. after all, the only way he could keep failing to read the word CALIFORNIA on a license plate, when he can read the license plate number and the name of the car's maker, is to have recognized the word CALIFORNIA and rejected its meaning.)

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4/3/99 from EDZ

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[AMZ]

>meanwhile, jacques's roommate ken has died. j talked at length about  
>the disturbances of last night...

...he said "There was a big pile of... herbs" and then he shook his head to clear it and said "There was a big crowd of trucks". I took them to be two tries at the same sentence.

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8/5/99 from a letter to JHT's family

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occasionally he says something that actually makes sense, for instance, the question (to me) "are you going to california soon?" elizabeth's approach to this question is to say that we \*are\* in california. my idea is that the only fully satisfactory reply is the paradoxical "no, i'm staying here."

mostly, sentences grind to a halt after a few words, and those are often problematic. today he said he was going to be "acting", which i interpreted as "packing" (to leave windchime). then he referred to the "breather", which elizabeth understood to be a reference to his wheelchair. we

make a good team, she and i. we think of it as a parlor game, sort of like doing crossword puzzles; nothing hinges on whether we get any of it right, but it's intellectually challenging. people's names become more and more unsteady. on tuesday afternoon, when he was awfully tired, he avoided even elizabeth's name, using pronouns instead, five or six times. i couldn't be sure whether this was the pronoun-substitution strategy for nouns he can't retrieve at the moment, or pronouns used because he assumes you share his mental processes and don't need the information in the nouns. both things happen all the time.

the longest coherent discourses we've heard from him recently were accounts of the internal emotional lives of creatures he was observing: in one case, some birds in a park; in another, the stuffed tiger on his roommate's bed.

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8/14/99 [pointing to EDZ's drink] "Is that bumbalow?"

EDZ: "No. It's Coke."

JHT: "...Jane?"

AMZ & EDZ: "She's out of town... on vacation... away for a while... on vacation."

JHT: "*Mice?!?*"

8/29/99 [grappling for words, great frustration] "Library... no, *tennis*... no, dammit, *automobile!* [none of these made sense in the context]

JHT: "Where have you been today?"

AMZ: "Stanford."

JHT: "Stanford?"

AMZ: "Yes, Stanford."

JHT: "Stanford *University?* In *California?!?* [total disbelief]

9/3/99 [out with EDZ, without me] kept looking for me and asking about me... thought he spied my car, and *then* he could read "California" on a car's license plate (because he knows my car has a CA plate)

9/5/99 [about events at WindChime] "We had a full Japanese revolution."

[directed at a passing dog] "Do you like the new glasses?" [later, he reported that the dog did indeed like them. he did not have new glasses.]

10/12/99 "I worry about safety or urlegable to buy a boat." [a day full of fluent aphasic speech, largely about water, parking, and the Gamble Garden ("Mrs. Whatsername's")]

10/21/99 [going out after his flu shot - which he resisted violently]

[we thought we heard:] "Is it cut/caught or whole?" [apparently referring to his shirt]

[but it was:] "Is it cot or hold?" [referring to the weather - "hot or cold"]

11/11/99, from a report to JHT's neurologist



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He seems to have frequent scotomas, in all parts of his visual field. If a blind spot is right in the direction of his gaze, he perceives this as suddenly having gone blind - but he instantly recovers his vision when you direct his gaze in another direction. If the blind spot is just to one side of his gaze, he perceives this as material that has inexplicably vanished. For a while in the spring, he looked like a textbook case of left neglect (didn't see the food on the left side of his plate or his drinking glass if it was on his left, read only the right half of words - seeing WOMEN on a restroom door as MEN, for instance), but then the missing stuff began popping up everywhere, including on the right (he complained that someone had stolen the SUE part of his name, leaving only the TRAN, on the door of his room).

More frequently, he seems to fill in the blind spots with material from the surrounding context. This shows up when he counts things; he almost always sees more objects than other people do (six shopping carts instead of five, three squirrels instead of two), and never sees fewer. And in reading words, he often fills in extra material in their interior, reading EXIT as EXIST, COLLECTOR as COLLEGE DIRECTOR.

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He now knows the first names of only five people, besides himself: his mother, his father, me, my daughter Elizabeth (his "step-daughter", though he usually comes up with "daughter-in-law", who visits him daily), and our old friend Jane (who visits him at least once a week and takes him out to see birds, animals, and flowers). For a week or so this summer he lost Elizabeth's name, but then it came back. He is unable to retrieve the names of his two children or his two brothers, but he probably would be able to face-to-face. He does recall people by their faces, can usually tell whether people are strangers or acquaintances (though he errs by "recognizing" strangers), and preserves his emotional judgments about them, at least to the extent that he remembers who he likes and who he dislikes.

His memory for the names of flowers - he used to know hundreds - is now apparently down to the rose, though as with people, he reliably recalls, on sight, which flowers he likes and which he detests.

In general, his vocabulary, especially of nouns, has contracted significantly during the past year. When he's asked to supply a word, or consciously tries to do so on his own, he almost never succeeds.

Speech and language: His speech is hard to understand; he speaks softly, he mumbles, and his articulation is slurred. Even given that, it's clear that his ability to unconsciously retrieve words is disintegrating: his sentences have few high-content words, many pronouns and vague words like "thing" or "do"; and the high-content words are very frequently wrong, being either semantically related substitutes ("eyeglass" for "hearing aid"), unrelated substitutes from the same part of speech ("sun" for "wheelchair"), or jargon ("bumbalow", for something having to do with food).

His sentences are sometimes coherent and complete, but most often they trail off after a few words. They aren't word salad, however, though there are occasional errors that don't preserve part of speech ("teeth my brush"). Sometimes his sentences are smooth and fluent (even though

rather disordered), but often they are hesitant and unsure, and occasionally he has periods where he is almost entirely mute.

He fairly frequently switches into French (his first language), for reasons that are often unclear. For a while, he switched into Inspector Clouseau English sometimes, or other silly accents (an imitation of New Orleans speech, triggered by his noticing the Orleans Apartments), or, more rarely, Russian, Serbo-Croatian, Italian, or Japanese, all of which he speaks, to some degree. His French is disordered in ways analogous to his English.

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11/14/99 from a letter to various friends

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lunch at chili's, menlo park...

in some ways, today was a very good day for jacques. he spoke in complete, coherent sentences, with only a few eccentric word choices. he wasn't mute, he wasn't hesitant and wandering (his span of attention was over a minute, which is quite long for these days), and he wasn't fluent-but-incoherent. ok, he could barely walk; he had to go into the wheelchair just outside the activity room of windchime and had trouble getting up and down. but he was what counts as alert these days,

somehow, the burger ad "Handcrafted one at a time..." (he managed to read the word "handcrafted"; i don't know how much else he read) got him to thinking about teaching.

JT: Do you consider yourself a teacher?

AZ: Yes.

JT: What do you need to do to yourself to become a teacher?

AZ: Well, go to college, for one thing. Why do you ask?

[he doesn't seem to understand this. i decide to see if i can use the occasion to discover how much he remembers.]

AZ: Do you remember teaching?

JT: What?

AZ: Do you remember teaching?

JT: Teaching... Yes, I do.

AZ: What did you teach?

[strained expression as he tries to recall, but can't. after about ten seconds, he gives up.]

JT: Does it cease... to become legal... in this state... to teach without a running license?

[i am somewhat baffled by this, though my guess is that "running" was intended to be "current" (latin currens 'running'). i decide to try elizabeth's strategy of boldly choosing an answer, any answer. after all, how much trouble could it cause? in a minute or so, this entire conversation will have evaporated for jacques.]

AZ: No.

[he considers this for a bit, then shifts his attention to the objects on display at chili's. we're usually seated in the front of the restaurant, by a wall of plate glass looking out onto the parking lot (and the caltrain tracks), but yesterday we were in the back, where a sort of bricolage of folk/pop/mass culture objects covers the walls and fills a high ledge that runs around the room. it's the standard decorating scheme for mid-level "american restaurants", and it's confusing for jacques, who works so hard to find islands of coherence in an incomprehensible world. i can see him stare at one item after another, trying to puzzle out what it is and what it's doing in a restaurant. the subject of teaching is gone.]

i find this heart-breaking. there's so little he can access. all his numbers - birthdates, addresses, telephone numbers, social security number - went into hiding over a year ago. most of the time these days he can retrieve only five first names, besides his own, and the name of only one flower, the rose (though he recognizes familiar faces and flowers, and remembers which he likes and which he doesn't; he can spot - or imagine - daylilies across six lanes of traffic on el camino real). he no longer tells the stories of his childhood and young adulthood, the stories that gave him depth. yet at a good moment he'll work very hard to create reasonably coherent, and syntactically well formed, discourse. not for very long, a couple of minutes tops, but still it's quite an achievement.

i do think it's work. it \*looks\* like he's struggling to do it. and when he's both fluent and coherent - often he fails on one count or the other, or both - he overreaches, and talks in a formal, even stilted, style. he has lettered lists: "i wonder about (a)..." formal vocabulary: "cease" in our conversation yesterday. and so on.

this is why it's so heart-breaking. you can't write him off. he might not know that he was a linguist, but there's an academic in there still.

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1/3/00 [in Menlo Park, pointing at kids on the sliding boards] "Who is the wintadore?"

2/6/00, from a letter to various friends:

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i see that it's been a month since i last wrote, about jacques's fall. much has happened since then, but for jacques it's been pretty much ok. he bounced back from the accident after a few days - and, in fact, was more alert than he has been in some time, for a while. (he recovered names of things, like "daffodil" - the daffodils are now blooming, along with the acacias, the magnolias, and the flowering fruit trees - and bits and pieces of information about the past, like charlotte

guedenet's first name and the fact that she lives in lake worth, florida, where his parents were visiting her.) now he seems to have retreated to the status ante quo, and elizabeth and i are mostly puzzled by what he says (when we can hear it), occasionally entertained (yesterday he produced one sentence with words alternately in french and english, and then spoke for a while in heavily italian-accented french). he is, however, mostly happy (or at least not seriously discontented), even though he hears and sees lots of things the rest of us don't.

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3/4/00, from a letter to various friends:

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after a noticeable decline about a week ago - he couldn't walk unaided and his speech was terribly slow and slurred - he's improved some, possibly thanks to the testosterone injection he got on tuesday. now he's amiable and talks a lot, though it's hard to figure out what he's saying (he speaks very softly, mumbles, and uses few contentful words). but when you can make it out, it's grammatical english (or french, as the case may be), and sometimes you can discern some of the story line. today, as often, there were tales of events at school/work (j complains, for instance, that he keeps being asked to do all the running). there was some account of a war, which is thankfully over. and j identified where we were as toledo (probably because emily was with him), and even pointed out where you went to go swimming (over there by the jenny craig weight loss clinic).

elizabeth and i have gotten very good at smiling and nodding and making little supportive gestures and comments, even when we haven't a clue what he's going on about. i no longer find this to be work; it's just a way of hanging out with him.

the fact is that he leads a life full of event, in surroundings rich in things worth comment. there's a lot to tell us (or anyone who's willing to listen). in this he contrasts with some of the other residents, who feel isolated and disengaged, miserable and occasionally very angry about it all. not that jacques doesn't have his bad times. just over two weeks ago, while elizabeth was in austin for a few days and i was getting ready to go to berkeley for a couple of days, he took a nosedive. he Saw Things: he'd stop in his tracks and stare for ten seconds or longer at a wall or a tree or whatever, with an expression of distress at whatever scene was unfolding in his mind (i was never able to get him to tell me what was going on). he ceased to recognize kit and emily in photos. most scarily, he became suddenly incoherent.

so we got to the sign that says

TO OPEN

PRESS BUTTON

(not far from another sign that says PUSH HERE), and he read, "pitch the butch" (i *\*think\** this is from the P and B of PRESS BUTTON, with some of the articulatory properties of the fricative in PUSH). a few feet further along, he looked down at his feet and warned me, "don't step on the butcher!" (persevering with "butch"). *\*then\** he dissolved into true word salad, with lots of repetitions and jingles, and a bunch of jargon words in it. (it is *\*amazingly\** hard to recall apparently meaningless stuff; by the time i got a moment to write things down, it had all vanished.)

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3/20/00, from a posting to the newsgroup soc.motss:

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and jacques, he's in a downdrift period. not able to walk very far, mostly mumbling incomplete sentences, though occasionally something remarkable comes by. yesterday, while we were sitting in a park, he asked elizabeth, in french, if she could see the electricity in the wires above us. of course she said no; he seemed somewhat disappointed. perhaps \*he\* saw it. he sees a lot no one else does.

today was Imponderable Question day. first he asked me an existential question: "what is the purpose?" (e. says that last tuesday, while i was at the sunnyvale courthouse, failing to be selected for a jury, he asked one of these questions after another, starting with "why are we alive?") i said i didn't know.

then he waved his arm to take in the whole scene before him, on an empty street in menlo park, and asked "when did all this become linguistics?" this was presumably a word-finding problem, "linguistics" not being the word he was after, but this time i had no clue as to what he was aiming at. (sometimes we're very very clever. when he said, totally out of the blue, "he thinks he's the king of denmark - well, not the king, and not denmark", we knew almost immediately that he was referring to another patient, l., and saying that l. thinks he's in charge of everything. l. is quite a pest; he wanders into everybody's rooms, rummages in everything, and does his best to disassemble anything he can take apart.) to this i had no useful response, but soon his attention was drawn to other things, flowers, license plates, things that catch his eye.

finally, on our way back after some coffee at the menlo cafe, he asked me "where are we going to from?" discarding the "from" as so much fluff, i replied that we were going back to his place, and that seemed to satisfy him.

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4/12/00, letter from AMZ to JHT's family:

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[in the car] he was going on about chickens. and then he pointed out the window, several times, saying something about all the chickens out there (in the stanford lands along el camino real). no, there weren't any chickens there.

at the clinic, he went on in a mixture of french and english, including something either about a hole in his shirt (french TROU) or about what was factual (english TRUE), or possibly both at once.

on the way back, he kept pointing at the stanford shopping center but referring to it as a place called ENTRALIA (or, perhaps ENTRAILIA, ick) - certainly not a good name for a mall, from the marketing point of view.

repeatedly, he's been complaining about losing people. last week he complained to jane that he'd "lost elizabeth and arnold". and today, when i arrived he greeted me with a most unhappy sigh, lamenting "i've lost kit and i've lost you. i've lost \*everything\*!"

the resident f... m..., who tends to wander about complaining, is now in a very lucid period, which means she makes a lot of pointed (and largely accurate) objections to being in a care facility. she also finds jacques bizarre; "doesn't he ever make any sense?", she asks me, after jacques launches into one of his long empty-language discourses about it and then and then and afterwards and doing that. and when elizabeth and i patiently repeat some simple formula like "we'll see you tomorrow" slowly and carefully, so that he can see our lips, but still he doesn't understand, f (sometimes another, male, resident as well) chimes in, very slow and LOUD, "they'll see you TOMORROW!" - helpfully, but a bit impatiently too.

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5/00 has occasional days when he recover some nouns beyond the usual "rose", "lemon", etc.: e.g. "iris" (the flower), "avocado" (one was lying on the sidewalk)

5/14/00, from a letter to JHT's family

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yesterday jacques was about as good as he gets - very verbal, with fairly long sentences that he \*finished\*, amiable, and with occasional flashes of information retrieval. he called his wheelchair "breezy", which is in fact its name, and he mentioned his brother john for the first time in a year, among other things.

the topic of "my little brother john" just bubbled up out of nowhere, in the midst of his concerns about taxes, shaving himself, and visiting his parents. he then tried to inventory his family, and his face screwed up in effort as he struggled to retrieve another name. elizabeth suggested "your brother bill" five or six times, and then he got it, triumphantly: "brother bill...and father john!" we half-heartedly tried to correct the "father john" part, but then he shifted topic again. still, his performance as a whole was the cognitive equivalent, for him these days, of running a marathon.

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when elizabeth and i arrived, we started the "take your pills" routine. thirty minutes of solid effort, both of us working together relentlessly, smiling but persistent. early on, he lip-read "pills" as "bills", which resulted in his using the verb "pay" instead of "take" throughout (and then extending "pay" to an all-purpose transitive verb, as in "i didn't pay my teeth").

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6/3/00 [getting out of the car, looking perplexed] "The car said something different."

[reading Stanford baseball sign: "Sunken diamond"] "drunken... drunken... well, at least they're honest about it."

6/16/00, from a letter to JHT's family

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yesterday we looked at one of the photo albums, the more recent one. he recognized kit and his brother bill, and used their names. he recognized elizabeth in some pictures ("that's you", he said, looking at her), but didn't use her name at all during an hour-long visit.

certain things stick with him - the deck in back of 63 w. beaumont rd. (but not the front of the house, or the garden, any more, or the name "beaumont", or even "columbus" or "ohio"), the pinnacles (south of here; he didn't remember the name, but he tried to explain where you could climb), and the bison in golden gate park (he even retrieved the word "bison", but nothing more, and the photo was actually of cows on the stanford foothills, but he kept returning to this photo and smiling at it and saying how much he liked them). like his recalling the dentist's office so clearly, much of this is mysterious. the bison are from 1982, the pinnacles from, i think, 1989 (he went by himself; i was away at a conference), and he went there only once.

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9/2/00, from a letter to JHT's family:

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what [elizabeth] diverts him with is her little album of brightly colored photos from magazines. the last few days he's been pretty good at identifying things (beyond "rose", "cat", and "dog"); we've had "daffodil", "frog", "palace", "lemon", and "apples" (the lemon was actually a lemon-shaped yellow splotch and the so-called apples were olives, but he \*did\* get the words). some things - a raccoon and a kangaroo, for instance - he's just baffled by, and others he regularly misidentifies (oysters on the half shell as cookies, for example). for still others, it's clear that he recognizes the pictures but can't pull up the words. a bunch of monarch butterflies on a branch pleases him very much, but he's distressed at not recalling the name; what he \*does\* get is "geoffrey" - meaning geoff pullum, who used to take us to the monarch grove in santa cruz.

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9/12/00, from a letter to JHT's family:

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while we were waiting at PAMF, i took him through a picture book on colors, meant for two-year-olds. one color and four big pictures for each page.

the only color word he got was "orange", and that was in "orange juice" (which took him several tries, but he got it). that page also had three oranges, which he identified as tomatoes; a bib, which he had no clue about; and a pumpkin, which he got to via the chain "cam, cam...cum, cum...tum, tum...pum, pum...pumpkin!" (much delight). one of the brown pages had a mouse ("mousie", which he thought was cute) and a woolly mammoth (with this he struggled hard for some time, stuck on "mutt...mutt", and then gave up, saying, "well, prehistoric" - remarkable!).

about a yellow balloon he had no idea. a green pair of scissors he identified confidently as "screw", while making snipping motions with his right hand. "peas" he got right away. the green frog made him smile in delight, and he came back to that page several times, saying "it's not normal" (i don't know why). eventually he declared, confidently, "mrs. lincoln!". i puzzled about this for some time, and then constructed a possible chain: mrs. lincoln was mary todd, and "todd" is close to "toad", and the picture could have been of a green toad. but then i might be overingenious.

the chocolate ice cream cone he identified as "coffee ice cream - i like that". about half the pictures had him stumped: a horse, candles, that sort of thing.

for the most part, the performance of a two-year-old (and sometimes the behavior of one, too), though no two-year-old would have come up with "mrs. lincoln", by any route i can imagine.

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9/19/00, from a letter to JHT's family:

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but first, i thought, i'd try jogging his memory with some of his favorite items from *When We Were Very Young* (most of which he could recite from memory ten years ago): "disobedience" ("james james morrison morrison...") and "the king's breakfast" ("the king asked the queen and the queen asked the dairymaid...").

after restoring all his clothes to his closet and drawers, i wheeled jacques off in the relatively early morning (we've been having record hot days, 5-10 degrees above previous records, so you don't want to go out in the midday sun, like a mad dog or an englishman) and sat him on a bench in the shade by the senior center, while we waited for elizabeth to catch up with us. j was delighted to see the book.

the experiment was a semi-success. it foundered on his attention span, which is only about ten seconds. so he'd take off on the verse, using what he saw to prime his memory, and do a pretty good job, but then word substitutions would start to creep in ("father" for "mother" in "disobedience", "merry maid" for "dairymaid" in "the king's breakfast"), and then he'd get distracted, 30 or 40 words in.

when he tried to return to the text, he'd go back a bit, and then he didn't have the momentum of recitation behind him, and it would be a jumble: "you would sever do down" instead of "you must never go down", for example. then he ground to a halt.

but he was pleased to see the book, and said he wanted to read it again.

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9/nd/00 [looking at *Of Colors and Things*] fails to come up with "hat", "banana", "grapes", "leaf", "duck", and many other common words; also can't follow stories in kids' picture books once he gets to his (roughly) ten-second attention limit

9/21/00, from a report to JHT's neurologist:

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Cognitively, he shows one ability - to recognize familiar faces, even those of people he's seen only a few times, several years ago, and to distinguish those from genuinely new faces - that is virtually perfect (indeed, sharper than mine). Otherwise, he has plenty of formulaic language - greeting rituals, academic vocabulary like "furthermore" and "nevertheless", etc. - but much degraded ability to retrieve ordinary contentful vocabulary. He enjoys looking at a wordless picture book (*Of Colors and Things*) meant for two-year-olds, for instance, but can name less than one object in four, and usually can't name any of the colors. Despite that, he exhibits all sorts of knowledge: about language, as when he gets the initial "b" of "banana", or "mutt" in an attempt to retrieve "mammoth"; and about the world, as when he fails to get "hat" but says "You put it on your head", or when he gives up on "mammoth", saying with frustrated resignation,



"Well, prehistoric", or when an autumnally red leaf fails to evoke "red", "leaf", "autumn", or "fall", but instead triggers "It's not that time yet", followed by a recitation of the names of the months, in order, from April through November, or when a monarch butterfly gets the instant response "Geoffrey" (the name of the friend who used to take us to see the monarch grove in Santa Cruz!). These abilities vary enormously from day to day.

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9/24/00, from a letter to JHT's family:

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we are having enormous success with the wordless picture books for two-year-olds, and collecting them at quite a clip. (if we get any extras, i have friends with an actual two-year-old who would love the extras.) jacques is very fond of two william wegman board books, one on shapes that elizabeth got, and one on pups that i got. (they're really about dogs, of course.) his favorite pages in Pups are the two with the puppies whose eyes haven't opened yet; he said, "they can't...vision!" note that he's momentarily unable to retrieve "see" but gets the learned "vision" instead.

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...then we spent a lot of time trying to find his glasses, which i think he'd hidden, again. we went off to the park without them.

and then he was a sunny, happy two-year-old, full of things to say. he noticed a sparrow on a lawn along the way to the park, and said, "hello, bird! ...oh, i'm sorry, you speak \*french\*! bonjour, petit oiseau!" at which point, elizabeth and i stopped in our tracks, dissolving in helpless laughter and patting jacques until we were able to walk again.

christine arrived, and he seemed to think she was emily (again), and so made a stupendous happy fuss over her. from then on the day was perfect. for half an hour he said remarkable things about the pictures in the various books e and i had brought along, and watched the dogs and babies playing in the park, and drank his kid's-temperature coffee mocha, and tried speaking french to random passers-by (one of whom, eerily, was a woman who'd just started french at the palo alto high school adult classes and performed quite creditably at responding to him).

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9/26/00 [kids' board book, picture of dinosaur] "Funny cat."  
"It's standing on its low lands." ["hind legs": hind -> high -> low, then syntagmatic error?]

[picture of clock] "A clock." [telephone on same page] "And there's another one. Lots of clocks."

10/3/00, from a letter to JHT's family:

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on sunday he noticed that lots of people in rather nice clothes were walking down the street, from which he concluded that they'd been to church, and from \*that\* he was able to announce that it must be sunday. quite impressive.

we were looking at a book called Alphabet City - wonderful paintings of ordinary street scenes in new york city, each one incorporating some design element that makes a letter of the alphabet. jacques always wants to know where scenes are; in fact, he tries to interpret them as being familiar places to him (to the point where, yesterday, he sited a japanese summer garden scene on the [delaware] river). he objected that the streetlamps (for Y) "could be anywhere", but saw the brooklyn bridge (for M) as familiar, though he couldn't say anything more about it.

he didn't see any of the letters. about a third of the scenes he couldn't interpret as three-dimensional; he couldn't find the stairs going down into the subway, because he saw only lines on the page. the scenes he especially liked were the ones with strong seasonal features - a park bench in the snow, leaves on paving stones.

then we came to Z, a couple flights of fire escape alongside a building. and jacques said, "that's where we all go to sing." which was, in fact, right. three or four times i'd taken j along to shapenote singings at the potrero hill neighborhood house in san francisco. the part of the building we used was on the side, and you entered there by going up the bottom level of a fire escape (a perilous undertaking for j, who needed someone on each arm to get him up the shaky steps). this was only a few years ago.

these bits of real knowledge and memory that bubble up every so often are really amazing. almost all the words (like "fire escape") and the proper names (the delaware is just "the river") are unretrievable, but all sorts of other information is there, in pieces.

elizabeth is in australia for a week, giving a conference paper. j seems to have lost her name for the moment; he pauses and finally produces the description "your daughter" instead of her name. he'll probably get "elizabeth" back when she returns.

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10/5/00, from a letter to JHT's family:

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yesterday i finally tried two little board books that ann b. sent. these are for really small kids, and i was worried that j would find them insultingly infantile. but no. he was charmed by the stark white objects on a black background and by the bright objects in groups from 1 to 10.

the triumph of his engagement with White on Black was the bird. earlier, he'd failed to recognize a duck, though he struggled with it for a few seconds. then he struggled with the bird and triumphantly came up with "it's a robin!" which it was. i would have been happy with "bird", but "robin" was wonderful. and he got the apple and the banana right off, adding that the bananas for breakfast were funny-looking but good to eat.

the triumph in the counting book was his crying out "barber shop!" on seeing a bunch of barber poles. he even pointed out that there was something wrong with the one lying on its side. \*much\* less puzzling than the reproductions of art works. on the other hand, the paintings etc. sometimes involve people he recognizes, like a woman in the seurat Sunday Afternoon ("we know \*her\*!").

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10/8/00 [out of the blue, on an exceptionally good day] "Fifty! Am I fifty? How old am I? Oh, what year was I born? 1922?" [just a tiny bit off, since he was born January 22, 1942.]

10/12/00, from a letter to JHT's family:

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the remission was not without its complexities. it was exciting to see j able to read so well for a few days - not only to have his reading ability improve, literally, but also to have his attention span increase enormously and to have the editing by his unconscious largely suspended, so that, for instance, he could read the word "california" - but that meant, as jane pointed out, that he was perfectly capable of reading "Alzheimer's and Dementia Care" on the sign outside windchime (though she managed to distract his attention from it on monday). and he was asking unfortunately penetrating questions, like "why am i here?" [of windchime; he wasn't \*unhappy\* about being there - indeed, for jane he swept his arm indicating everyone in the activity room, saying "these are my friends!" - but he was genuinely curious, and wanted a comprehensible answer].

bits of stuff remain. he can articulate that he expects not only to be going to stay with his mother and father (for which trip he "packs" his clothes every day), but that he's going to "pennsylvania" or to "maine" (e and i got both destinations today, after months of those names being unavailable to him). he remembers some things from the recent good days. today we went past a house in menlo park, and he cried out in pleasure, "this is where all the dogs and cats are!", referring to a magical moment on sunday, when we went past this house and two dogs, a dalmatian and a weimaraner, and two cats, a big orange one and a young black-and-white one, all trooped out and came to commune companionably, in a bunch, with jacques.

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10/13/00, from a letter to JHT's family:

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i neglected to tell the most striking story from yesterday's visit to jacques. as we went out the front door of windchime, j complained (as he often does) that he had no money, he didn't have a penny. so elizabeth, in one of our standard responses to this (usually we just say that everything has been taken care of, he doesn't need to carry cash), opened her purse and took out the first coin she came to.

which happened to be a new zealand 20-cent piece. very pretty it is. j exclaimed at its beauty, but pointed out that it was a foreign coin and asked where it was from. this struck us as evidence of continuing knowledge.

then elizabeth found some u.s. coins and offered j a penny. he looked at it with pleasure, apparently recognizing it. but then he tried to put it in his mouth and swallow it, like one of his pills. this was all done so smoothly and quickly that i was barely able to prevent him from swallowing it. and he was baffled by our objections and my intervention. (i can imagine the internal conversation: first they bully me and insist that i take the damn pills, then they fish them out of my mouth! there's no pleasing them!)

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10/19/00, from a letter to JHT's family:

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i'd saved the Madeline book, hoping it would be a good thing for a bad day. today, after putting away all his clothes and putting shoes on him and bargaining to get the pills into him, i brought out Madeline.

he was wreathed in smiles. he started reciting the text before we opened the book. he repeated the first two pages, saying "i love this book. i could read it over and over again." and he went through the whole thing, lovingly, enjoying the pictures and reading the text almost perfectly. (i realize now why the milne didn't really work; the text would have to be divided into a line or two per page, to be manageable within his attention span.) it was \*just\* \*wonderful\*. a very happy interval in a difficult day...

oh, yes. he tried to stop a passing mother, pushing a baby in a stroller, to lecture her on how important it was for her to read Madeline to her child. she took it well.

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10/26/00, from a letter to JHT's family:

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today it was just his current preoccupations: no money, can't get in touch with his mother, i'm going away forever, he has to pack. tuesday and wednesday he was really really low. tiny shuffling steps ("i'm woozy", he said, and he certainly was), couldn't focus his eyes (couldn't read \*anything\*, or recognize a picture of a horse) and complained that he couldn't see (which wasn't, strictly speaking, true, since he could track movement, but he probably had blind spots all over his visual field), talked in jargon for a while, was so out of it he never realized he'd gotten an injection. ..

before he slipped into the current pit, he was asking me if i was taking the car with me, if i'd rented the house out, how many days until christmas, all the usual stuff. today, though he was a bit better, he'd lost my name (i was "whatsisname") and called elizabeth "emily" (at least he'd recovered \*that\* name).

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10/30/00, from a letter to JHT's family:

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we've had little flashes of competence. an orange tree with fruit ripening caused him to start singing "lemon tree, very pretty", quite recognizably. and a picture of a peacock caused him to remark that his french grandmother had a peacock and warned everyone to stay away from it.

the peacock picture was in a book of animal pictures that a friend sent from toronto - very bright clear pictures on an absolutely clean white background. he can spend 10-15 minutes on a single two-page spread, spinning stories about the animals and their relationships and characteristics and how he feels about them. a great success. (some of this is mysterious to the onlooker. he studied a rhinoceros picture carefully, remarking that "this rhinoceros is a lot more complicated than the picture makes it appear".)

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11/9/00, from a letter to JHT's family:

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there are amazing moments. a couple days ago i showed him tana hoban's White on Black again. early on there's an outline of a sailboat. he studied that for a while, then came up with "canoe". ok, in the right ballpark. then he looked at the facing page, with its outline of a duck. "ca-duck", he cried out, with some exultation. we weren't sure if this was just a carryover from the previous page or a kind of joke.

then he went through a couple more pages, with buttons and stuff, and got to the end, an apple outline on the left, a banana outline on the right. and, with a mischievous smile he announced, "gnapple" and "gbanana". maybe a carryover from "canoe". maybe a play on the words. maybe a reference to his beloved flanders and swann's "i'm a gnu, how do you do you?" routine. but clever, in any case.

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11/12/00 ["yellow" page in *Of Colors and Things*] "Yellow telephone. Yellow banana."  
[back to telephone] "Yellow piano. They aren't usually yellow."

[reporting on life at WindChime] "We had three helicopters go by - not helicopters, fire, uh..."  
[trails off]

11/18/00, from a letter to JHT's family:

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i got him dressed without too much trouble and carted him off to the palo alto medical foundation, saving all the other problems for later. he walked exceptionally well, and talked constantly and clearly, so there was a sense in which this was a "good day". the problem was that his attention span was even shorter than usual, more like 5 seconds than 10, so that few sentences ever got finished, even though they showed consider syntactic promise at the outset ("nor did i consider..."). worse, his stock of available nouns was tiny (mostly, he just gave up, but sometimes he got substitutes, labelling a page of shoes in his counting-to-ten book as "sushi", for instance), and though he tried to read \*everything\* around him, he got almost nothing right (he was terribly puzzled by "handy parking only", not to mention all those "alo palto" signs).

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11/23/00, from a letter to JHT's family:

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he kept asking what place this was, and we wrote out MENLO PARK CALIFORNIA, which he read but rejected, saying, "that can't be right."

on the way back in, he noticed emily's dartmouth graduation photo again, and pointed happily to his parents. kit he identified as me (i view this as a great compliment, since i was never nearly as good-looking as kit), and emily he just couldn't identify ("but i don't know who that person is"). i'm sure he would recognize childhood photos of emily and kit.

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11/25/00 reports to me that he watched television at 4 a.m., to EDZ that he went to the bank yesterday and got a lot of money out; the money was in his other pants yesterday, he says, but now he doesn't have any money at all

11/30/00, from a letter to JHT's family:

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more wildly zigzag days with jacques. saturday he was miserable, halting and incoherent, and not able to walk (barely able to get from chair to wheelchair (and, especially, from car to wheelchair) and back. sunday he was walking pretty firmly, was alert and rather talkative, and showed moments of considerable competence (he announced, as he was removing his clothes from his closet, that he thought it would be easier to ship everything instead of taking it on the plane; he retrieved his john's name once, and even got the "bing" of "binghamton").

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12/1/00 [noticing plant pruning on Stanford campus] "It was done by not me."

[driving out of Stanford; only visible trigger a UPS truck] "Buy shoes at IBM!"

"I need to pray... I need to pray." ["pee"]

12/4/00 [talking about Xmas, which is always yesterday or tomorrow] Was yesterday Christmas?... Australia. [His parents send candied apricots to us at Xmas. Candied apricots come from Australia.]

12/5/00 [I put the wheelchair in the trunk of the car and then get into the driver's seat, next to J.] You put something in the cellar?

12/6/00 [pretty clearly in reference to EDZ, who's been in New Orleans for five days] Where's... where's your... *friend*, uh your friend *and* your relative? [the next day, he got "Elizabeth" just fine]

12/10/00 [about cleaning eyeglasses] They treat them with some sort of cannibal [chemical], but it doesn't do any good.

12/14/00 I have bought, uh, acquired with no money... more of the dots [pills]. Vitamin drops.

12/17/00 [reading street sign "Live Oak"] Live [layv] Quick. [EDZ notes that it's surprising that he read [layv] rather than the more frequent [liv]]

[looking at dragon in children's book... points at tongue] A carrot. [at two teeth] Teeth. [at two horns] More teeth.

12/18/00 [looking at my pullover, gray with black stripes at the elbows] Has somebody died? [presumably seeing the stripes as black armbands]

12/20/00 [pointing at hydrangeas, with some disapproval] Uncle John grew them. Big ones. He won prizes with them. [J's mother verifies that J's uncle John did indeed grow big hydrangeas, but doesn't know about any prizes]

12/25/00 [with reference to a sweater, a Christmas present from his parents, which he somehow believes to have been a present to him/me/Elizabeth jointly] We'll take chances [turns] wearing the sweater.

[going past a patch of bergenia, which he dislikes, and then to a row of blooming roses] They [presumably the bergenia people] could plant tulips... uh, roses, like those.

[going past a nail shop with orchids in the window, which J finds especially beautiful and comments on; he reads the shop sign] A Place for Hawaii [Hands] and Nails

12/31/00 (and days before and after) refers to his Levsinex capsule as "Ohio" [ Elizabeth notes that the capsule is half brown, half tan, and suggests that he sees it as like a buckeye]

1/1/01 [with reference to the beautiful day] It's being sun is shine. [this in the context of generally fluent, and grammatical, discursions; possibly a blend of "It's sunny" (or "It's being sunny") and "The sun is shining"]

1/5/01 [looking at photos of a bicyclist in a book - near us on a road on the left, far away on the right] They're bicing [baysi\_] [i.e. bicycling/biking] their way on the road.

1/6/01 [looking at photo in book, hippopotamus, with very small antelope in background] appa, appa, apple, ... [looks vexed; we supply "antelope", and eventually he produces it]

[same book, reading text now] Lion: strong, shaggy, roary [roars].

1/8/01 [looking at photo of holly leaves and red berries] Ivy... poppy... bright poppies.

1/16/01 [picture of a pile of eggs] [œgz] [combination of *oeuf* and *egg*]

1/28/01 [picture of ripe tomatoes] ...their overdidness [later on, he referred to them as being overdone, meaning overripe, so "overdidness" is a replacement for "overdoneness"]

2/5/01 [looking at photo of penguins] That was used to be called a human being.

2/6/01 [looking at kids practicing soccer kicks] Lots of balls, meaning [meaning + meant] to be kicked.

3/18/01 You have to thought it out.

3/18/01 [drawing of log with snow cap on one end, the whole thing looking rather like a mushroom] m...m...m... mantrelle... mademoiselle... morel.

[4/24/01 J. was again hospitalized. On his return, he had significantly declined, and I found it harder and harder to cope - to log his speech, even to interpret what he was saying..]

5/9/01 I did it by argument. [accident]

5/15/01 [pointing at window] The privacy furnace. [curtain]

6/29/01 Is it 4, or longer? [later, i.e. later than 4 o'clock]

6/30/01 [on finishing a glass of orange juice] It's full. [empty]

7/8/01 They had to made a deception. [decision: ?blend of decision + deception]

7/27/01 [looking at giraffes] Mosquitoes... [rejects this] uh... long neck.

7/29/01 [looking at a kangaroo] Marigold.

8/2/01 That's memorially [monumentally] silly.

8/4/01 Without a fork... to write with... not fork... [struggles to retrieve word; we suggest "pen", but he can't understand what we say; minutes later he retrieves "gazelle" correctly, given a drawing of the animal (but not the word)]

8/11/01 [speaking to a new resident, trying to introduce Elizabeth and me] This is his daughter. And this is... him... Oriental [Arnold]... no, not Oriental. Even though I said Oriental.

[looking at sneaker-wearing child in book] He has my same feet... uh, hoes/hose [shoes].

[looking at drawing of gardener facing a garden attacked by various creatures] Who's annoyed the more-est [most] here?

9/2/01 [looking at picture of a comb in an alphabet book] I have a... comb... of that ilk! [not "like that" or "of that sort"]

9/1/01 [reading sign] English [Push] here; 9/7/01 [reading captions in book] Fresh [Bush] Baby [in both cases, left neglect]

9/23/01 You keep something in somebody's cold place. [E's translation: You keep the leftovers in the refrigerator.]

[photo of piglets suckling] Cats. [repeated several times; but then:] Freshly fallen maple leaves. [exactly right]

9/26/01 [wakes up] Do you know they have duplicated many of the rooms on the main floor downstairs? [there is no downstairs; a few days earlier he'd confided that there were *four* rooms with his name on them]



9/28/01 I do not have... I cannot find... [gives up, unable to retrieve the name of the thing he can't find]

9/29/01 [looking at a picture of a teakettle] Chekel! [very clear]... Kettle [later].

10/20/01 Mother and son [for: father and daughter - pointing to E and me]

11/1/01 [reading *le chiot* 'the puppy'] The idiot.

A British [English] sparrow.

11/25/01 [viewing a drawing of harvest time] Lots of lemons. [pumpkins; he realizes this isn't the right word but can't retrieve anything better]

Japanese beetles. They're very pretty, but they're very obstructive. [destructive]

2/13/02 [viewing photos of New York] Boston [Brooklyn] Bridge

3/14/02 [tries for "fawn", can't get it, gets only the *b* of "baby", settles for "young deer"]

3/16/02 [looking at farm pictures] My parents didn't have them [horses]. They had... deer... no, not deer. The things that make honey. [I wrote out BEES, which he agreed was right.]

indirection during hospital visit:

[to nurse he viewed with alarm] I've always been kind to *you*.