

The New Yorker magazine has one of the most storied style guides in publishing, as famous to some as those of *The Times* or *The Wall Street Journal*. They also tend to have more thorough fact checkers and proofreaders, publishing, as they do, only once a week (or two). Oddly, though, this interesting bit of typography crept into both the print and on-line versions of this excessively blogged-about profile of the elusive English graffitist, Banksy: But for every litter freak or culture purist driven to indignation by Banksy there's a person who is entranced. While setting up the show in Los Angeles, Banksy ordered a pizza, ate it, and tossed the box in a Dumpster. Within weeks, the pizza box was sold on eBay, for a hundred and two dollars. The seller suggested that a few anchovies that had been left inside might yield traces of Banksy's DNA.

[Dept. of Popular Culture: Banksy Was Here: Reporting & Essays: The New Yorker](#)

Now **Pawn** will concede that there is a trademark in the books for the word "Dumpster" but unless there is a record of this particular receptacle bearing that brand name, perhaps someone in rewrite got a little carried away. Call a Dumpster a dumpster, and let's move on.