

Fall 1985

Ballast Quarterly Review, v01n1, Autumn 1985

Roy R. Behrens
sassoonorlater@gmail.com

Let us know how access to this document benefits you

Copyright ©1985 Roy R. Behrens

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.uni.edu/ballast>



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Behrens, Roy R., "Ballast Quarterly Review, v01n1, Autumn 1985" (1985). *Ballast Quarterly Review*. 1.
<https://scholarworks.uni.edu/ballast/1>

This Periodical is brought to you for free and open access by UNI ScholarWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Ballast Quarterly Review by an authorized administrator of UNI ScholarWorks. For more information, please contact scholarworks@uni.edu.

Offensive Materials Statement: Materials located in UNI ScholarWorks come from a broad range of sources and time periods. Some of these materials may contain offensive stereotypes, ideas, visuals, or language.

ballast

Michael Frost

BOOKS ■ ART ■ LANGUAGE ■ LOGIC ■

AMBIGUITY ■ SCIENCE ■ TEACHING



Witile

People call themselves poets and painters, and seek help for their failures, as I might come to a psychiatrist to discover the causes of my vaulter's block or to find out why I can't get anywhere in nuclear physics. Indeed, regularly people push through the turnstiles of the critic's day who feel very strongly the need to pass as poets, to be called "creative," to fit themselves into a certain social niche, acquire an identity the way one acquires plants there's no time to tend or goldfish that can't be kept alive, and their problems are important and interesting and genuine enough; but they are not the problems of poets as poets, any more than the child who tiptoes to school on the tops of fences has the steelworker's nerves or nervousness or rightly deserves his wage.

William H. Gass, "The Soul Inside the Sentence" in his book of essays, *Habitations of the Word* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1984), p. 119.

Ouring the most austere phase of Analytical Cubism, when he and Braque were working in closely related styles, Picasso one day went to look at his friend's latest work. Suddenly, he became aware that there was a squirrel in the picture, and pointed it out to Braque, who was rather abashed at this discovery. The next day Braque showed him the picture again, after reworking it to get rid of the squirrel, but Picasso insisted that he still saw it, and it took another reworking to banish the animal for good.

H.W. Janson, "Chance Images" in Philip P. Wiener, ed., *Dictionary of the History of Ideas* (NY: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1973).

We sat around tossing ideas back and forth, and we developed material of what we called the "What if?" category. Someone would say, "What if Christopher Columbus were an usher at Roxy Theater?" and we'd take it from there, with Columbus navigating people to their seats. Or, "What if Leonardo da Vinci worked as a short-order cook?" and we'd have Leonardo sort of painting sandwiches together like each one was a work of art.

Sid Ceasar (recalling how scripts were invented for "The Show of Shows" circa 1949) in his autobiography, *Where Have I Been?* (NY: Crown Publishers, 1982), p. 86.

One day Schwitters decided he wanted to meet George Grosz. George Grosz was decidedly surly; the hatred in his pictures often overflowed into his private life. But Schwitters was not one to be put off. He wanted to meet Grosz, so Mehring took him up to Grosz's flat. Schwitters rang the bell and Grosz opened the door.

"Good morning, Herr Grosz. My name is Schwitters."

"I am not Grosz," answered the other and slammed the door. There was nothing to be done.

Half way down the stairs, Schwitters stopped suddenly and said, "Just a moment."

Up the stairs he went, and once more rang Grosz's bell. Grosz, enraged by this continual jangling, opened the door, but before he could say a word, Schwitters said "I am not Schwitters, either." And went downstairs again. *Finis*. They never met again.

Hans Richter, *Dada: Art and Anti-Art* (NY: McGraw-Hill, 1965), p. 145.

*

There was a man whose chatter certain circumstances made it necessary for me to listen to. At every opportunity he was ready with a little philosophical lecture, a very tiresome harangue. Almost in despair, I suddenly discovered that he perspired copiously when talking. I saw the pearls of sweat gather on his brow, unite to form a stream, glide down his nose, and hang at the extreme point of his nose in a drop-shaped body. From the moment of making this discovery, all was changed. I even took pleasure in inciting him to begin his philosophical instruction, merely to observe the perspiration on his brow and at the end of his nose.

Soren Kierkegaard, "The Rotation Method" in R. Bretall, ed., *A Kierkegaard Anthology* (NY: Modern Library, n.d.).



1918 woodcut of camouflaged ship by Edward Wadsworth (1899-1949) from a catalog of an exhibit of his work at Colnaghi and Company Ltd., London, 16 July to 16 August 1974.

ballast

BALLAST

This issue is dedicated to

LIAM HUDSON

BALLAST is privately published. It is a journal devoted to wit, the contents of which are intended to be insightful, amusing, or thought provoking. Its purposes are educational, apolitical, and entirely noncommercial. It does not carry paid advertisements, nor is it supposed to be purchased or sold. It is issued quarterly in September, December, March, and June. There is no charge for subscriptions as such, and (to the extent that finances allow) the journal will gladly be mailed to people who send in their mailing address, accompanied by two first class stamps (22¢ U.S. postage stamps) for each of the issues requested. To subscribe for one full year (a series of four issues), send in a total of eight first class stamps (current value of \$1.76). No other currency will be accepted. Do not send cash, checks, or money orders. Nor can the journal be ordered by phone. Subscription requests must be mailed to: BALLAST Quarterly Review, 2968 North Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211. Readers are also encouraged to send examples of verbal and visual wit of the sort that the journal might publish. Original material should be explicitly labeled as that. Material which is not original must clearly make note of its author and source. Unsolicited material will not be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with sufficient postage affixed. Copyright © 1985 by Roy R. Behrens.

bal·last (bal'ast), *n.* 1. something heavy carried in a ship to steady it. 2. weight carried in a balloon or dirigible to control it. 3. anything which steadies a person or thing. 4. gravel or crushed rock used in making the bed for a road or railroad track. —*v.* 1. furnish with ballast. 2. give steadiness to. 3. load or weigh down. [appar. < Scand. (ODan.) *barlast* < *bar* bare + *last* load] —bal'last-er, *n.*

B -but, Mr Jimson, I w-want to be an artist."
"Of course you do," I said, "everybody does once. But they get over it, thank God, like the measles and the chickenpox. Go home and go to bed and take some hot lemonade and put on three blankets and sweat it out."

"But Mr J-Jimson, there must be artists."

"Yes, and lunatics and lepers, but why go and live in an asylum before you're sent for? If you find life a bit dull at home," I said, "and want to amuse yourself, put a stick of dynamite in the kitchen fire, or shoot a policeman. Volunteer for a test pilot, or dive off Tower Bridge with five bob's worth of roman candles in each pocket. You'd get twice the fun at about one-tenth the risk."

Joyce Cary, The Horse's Mouth (NY: Harper and Row, 1965).

O f value to artists and writers will be Self-Portrait: Book People Picture Themselves, from the collection of Burt Britton (NY: Random House, 1976), a curious book of self-portraits by 800 authors and artists, including Woody Allen, Patti Smith, Robert Motherwell, Eudora Welty, Milton Glaser, Edward Hoagland, Red Grooms, and (reproduced below) Zero Mostel.



I nterviewer: Do your own dogs do any Stupid Pet Tricks?
David Letterman: No. Well, actually, yeah. They each know one trick...We have two dogs, Bob and Stan. Bob and I sound the same when we eat potato chips. That's Bob's trick. And Stan's trick is that if you read him a list of TV comedien-nes he'll only get excited when you reach the name "Lucille Ball." The key word there is, of course, "ball." He loves to play ball.

David Letterman in an interview by Pat Hackett in the TV Cable Section of the Milwaukee Journal, Sunday, 9 June 1985, p. 3.

Wait

R ichard Zakia, Professor of Photography at the Rochester Institute of Technology, has assembled a volume of very brief quotes from the essays and books of 120 authors, artists, and philosophers (e.g., E.H. Gombrich, Wolfgang Kohler, William Blake, Abraham Maslow, and Norman Mailer) which deal with a wide range of aspects of art in relation to science and sight. The book is misleadingly known as Perceptual Quotes for Photographers (Rochester, NY: Light Impressions Corporation, 1980), misleading because it is useful to all.

Perceptual Quotes for Photographers



Richard D. Zakia

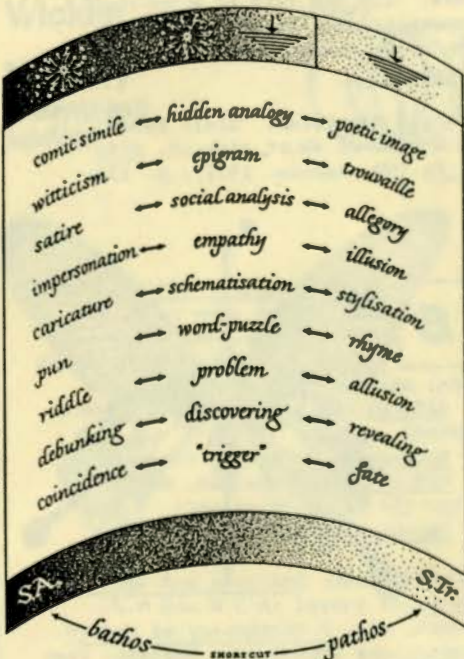
adilur revo

After dinner, Duchamp would take the bus to Nice to play at a chess circle and return late with Lydie (his first wife) lying awake waiting for him. Even so, he did not go to bed immediately, but set up the chess pieces to study the position of a game he had been playing. First thing in the morning when he arose, he went to the chessboard to make a move he had thought out during the night. But the piece could not be moved--during the night Lydie had arisen and glued down all the pieces...A few months later Duchamp and Lydie divorced, and he returned to the States.

Man Ray (remembering Marcel Duchamp) in his autobiography, Self-Portrait (Boston: Little, Brown, 1963), p. 237.

the three panels of the rounded triptych (shown below) indicate three domains of creativity which shade into each other without sharp boundaries: Humour, Discovery, and Art...Each horizontal line across the triptych stands for a pattern of creative activity which is represented on all three panels; for instance: comic comparison--objective analogy--poetic image. The first is intended to make us laugh; the second to make us understand; the third to make us marvel. The logical pattern of the creative process is the same in all three cases; it consists in the discovery of hidden similarities.

Arthur Koestler, The Act of Creation: A Study of the Conscious and Unconscious in Science and Art (NY: MacMillan Company, 1964).



before hearing this lecture I was confused about this subject. Having heard it, I am still confused, but on a higher plane.

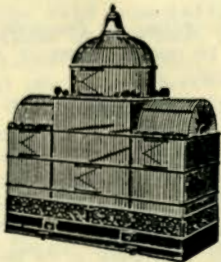
Enrico Fermi, quoted by Lawrence Wright, Perspective in Perspective (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1983), p. xi.

if lawyers are disbarred and clergymen defrocked, doesn't it follow that electricians can be delighted; musicians denoted; cowboys deranged; models deposed; tree surgeons debarked and dry cleaners depressed?

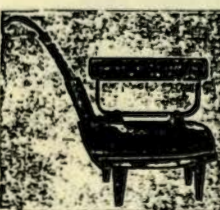
Virginia Ostman.

28 **WHAT A LIFE!**

A lenient and generous teacher, the Doctor took us often to the Crystal Palace

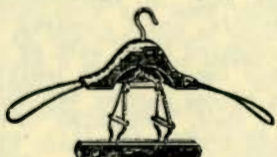


or to the Zoo.




SCHOOL DAYS **29**

Our favourite game was leapfrog.



I was at this time a handsome boy of fourteen.



there are few better examples of purposeful visual invention than the collage novel What a Life! by E.V. Lucas and George Morrow (London: Methuen & Co., 1911; unabridged republication, with an introduction by John Ashbery, NY: Dover Publications, 1975). Lucas was a well-known British writer and an editor of Punch. The authors cut out steel engravings from a British mail order catalog (Whiteley's), arranged them in a halfway reasonable way, and then wrote a story which does but does not fit the plates. Shown here (above) are two pages from the book in which the Crystal Palace (site of the great design exposition of 1851) is talked about as if it were a bird cage while an animal at the zoo is represented by an electric iron, and the game of leapfrog is illustrated by a coat hanger. These are pretended confusions of course in which two different genera are treated or pictured or spoken about as if they were the same thing.

RECOMMENDED

Antaeus, No. 54, Spring 1985, an issue on writers on artists, with essays by Genet on Rembrandt, Sartre on Tintoretto, Mark Strand on Hopper, Guy Davenport on Rousseau, Linda Orr on Michaux, Robert Pinsky on Goya, and so on.

Samuel Jay Keyser, "There is Method in Their Adress: The Formal Structure of Advertisement," in New Literary History, vol. 14, no. 2, 1983, pp. 305-334.

The interview with William H. Gass in Tom LeClair and Larry McCaffery, eds., Anything Can Happen: Interviews with Contemporary American Novelists (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1983), pp. 152-175.

Richard P. Feynman, Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman!: Adventures of a Curious Character (NY: Norton and Company, 1985).

Patrick Hughes, More on Oxymoron (Middlesex, England: Penguin Books, 1983).

Contrary to my hopes we spoke little, but we devoured each other with our eyes...suddenly I had the whim of trying to appear in his eyes as a kind of dandy of "universal intellectualism." I learned later that the effect I produced was exactly the opposite.

Before leaving I wanted to give him a magazine containing an article I had written on paranoia. I therefore opened the magazine at the page of text, begging him to read it...Freud continued to stare at me without paying the slightest attention to my magazine. Trying to interest him, I explained that it was not a Surrealist diversion, but...an ambitiously scientific article, and I repeated the title, pointing to it with my finger. Before his imperturbable indifference my voice became sharper and more insistent. Then, continuing to stare at me with a fixity in which his whole being seemed to converge, Freud exclaimed, addressing Stefan Zweig, "I have never seen a more complete example of a Spaniard. What a fanatic!"

Salvador Dali (describing his first and only meeting with Sigmund Freud, on 1 July 1938, when Freud was in his eighties), quoted in "Freud and Dali: Personal Moments" by Sharon Romm and Joseph William Slap in American Imago, vol 10, no 4, Winter 1983, pp. 344-345.

Shepherd.

Alexander Woolcott (reviewing a play): The scenery was beautiful, but the actors got in front of it.



COMMANDMENTS

1. Work on one thing at a time until finished.
2. Start no more new books, add no more new material to "Black Spring."
3. Don't be nervous. Work calmly, joyously, recklessly on whatever is in hand.
4. Work according to Program and not according to mood. Stop at the appointed time!
5. When you can't create you can work.
6. Cement a little every day, rather than add new fertilizers.
7. Keep human! See people, go places, drink if you feel like it.
8. Don't be a draught-horse! Work with pleasure only.
9. Discard the Program when you feel like it--but go back to it the next day. Concentrate. Narrow down. Exclude.
10. Forget the books you want to write. Think only of the book you are writing.
11. Write first and always. Painting, music, friends, cinema, all these come afterwards.

Henry Miller (from his notebooks of 1932-1933), Henry Miller on Writing (NY: New Directions, 1964), p. 161.

What is a double petunia? A petunia is a flower like a begonia. A begonia is a meat like a sausage. A sausage-and-battery is a crime. Monkeys crime trees. Tree's a crowd. A crow crowd in the morning and made a noise. A noise is on your face between your eyes. Eyes is the opposite of nays. A colt nays. You go to bed with a colt, and wake up in the morning with a case of double petunia.

Alex Osborn, Applied Imagination (NY: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1963).

the Wapitui are like us to an extraordinary degree. They have a kinship system which is very similar to our kinship system. They address each other as "Mister," "Mistress," and "Miss." They wear clothes which look very much like our clothes. They have a Fifth Avenue which divides their territory into east and west. They have a Chock Full o' Nuts and a Chevrolet, one of each. They have a Museum of Modern Art and a telephone and a Martini, one of each. The Martini and the telephone are kept in the Museum of Modern Art. In fact they have everything that we have, but only one of each thing.

We found that they lose interest very quickly. For instance they are fully industrialized, but they don't seem interested in taking advantage of it. After the steel mill produced the ingot, it was shut down. They can conceptualize but they don't follow through. For instance, their week has seven days--Monday, Monday, Monday, Monday, Monday, Monday, and Monday. They have one disease, mononucleosis. The sex life of a Wapitui consists of a single experience, which he thinks about for a long time.

Donald Barthelme, "Brain Damage" in his book of short stories, City Life (NY: Bantam, 1971), p. 150.

British Military Officer (addressing an army recruit): How are your bowels working? Recruit: Haven't been issued any, sir.

Officer: I mean, are you constipated?

Recruit: No, sir, I volunteered. Officer: Heavens man, don't you know the King's English?

Recruit: No sir, is he?

Edward Marsh, Ambrosia and Small Beer, as quoted in J.M and M.J. Cohen, eds, A Dictionary of Modern Quotations (Middlesex, England: Penguin Books, 1971), p. 149.

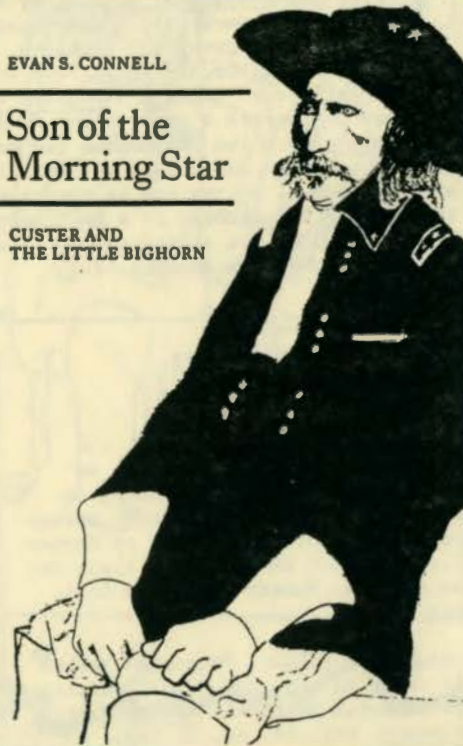
...He loved to shake hands. Nothing left him more puzzled and aggrieved than a white man who declined the offer. That he should feel baffled when a white man refused to shake hands is easy to understand because he had picked up the habit from them. Thomas Henry Tibbles...remarked that Indians, who never shake hands among themselves, consider this act to be one of the funniest things in the world. Nevertheless, having learned that whites express friendship by seizing each other, they happily do the same.

Evan S. Connell (in his description of Sitting Bull), Son of the Morning Star: Custer and the Little Bighorn (San Francisco: North Point Press, 1984), pp. 227-228.

EVAN S. CONNELL

Son of the Morning Star

CUSTER AND THE LITTLE BIGHORN



When I was about five years old my father happened to be in a basement-chamber of our house, where they had been washing, and where a good fire of oak-logs was still burning; he had a viol in his hand, and was playing and singing alone beside the fire. The weather was very cold. Happening to look into the fire, he spied in the middle of those most burning flames a little creature like a lizard, which was sporting in the core of the intensest coals. Becoming instantly aware of what the thing was, he had my sister and me called, and pointing it out to us children, gave me a great box on the ears, which caused me to howl and weep with all my might. Then he pacified me good-humouredly, and spoke as follows: "My dear little boy, I am not striking you for any wrong that you have done, but only to make you remember that that lizard which you see in the fire is a salamander, a creature which has never been before by any one of whom we have credible information." So saying, he kissed me and gave me some pieces of money.

Benevenuto Cellini (Renaissance sculptor and metalsmith), The Autobiography of Benevenuto Cellini (NY: Random House Modern Library Edition, n.d.), p. 9.

Kenneth Tynan: A critic is a man who knows the way but can't drive the car.

Wolfgang Wickler

Mimicry in plants and animals

World University Library

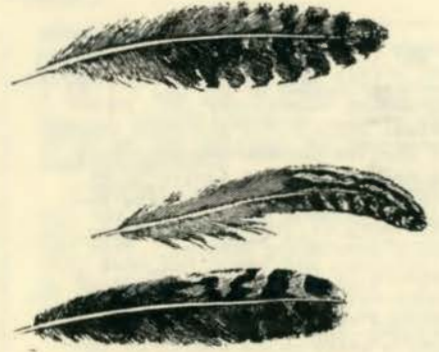


The cult of the young painter did not hit the art world until the Eighties, because it took ten years for the results of the Sixties to trickle down through art education. The distrust of "elitism," the weakening of academic criteria, the fetishized view of "creativity," the subservience to the whims or apathies of students--these affected art schools just as they affected all other schools. The number of art schools had swollen, whether they were adjuncts to universities or local showplaces. Lavishly endowed with studio space, spray booths, kilns, welding gear, and huge litho presses, these academies proliferated from Maine to Albuquerque, with especially heavy concentrations on the West Coast. Their entrance requirements were not stiff, and the intelligence of their students, as a rule, not high.

Their concern was volume. They provided tenure to a large population of FFFAs--Formerly Fairly Famous Artists--who could not support themselves on sales alone and so regarded teaching as a survival chore, which should not consume the energies they needed to muster in their studios. Because the system of apprenticeship and assistanthood that had enabled teaching studios from Verrocchio's to Thomas Couture's to instruct by hard practice had gone the way of the dodo, they could not bring their own art-making into their teaching. A seminar, a bull session, a pat on the head--but not (or all too rarely) that harsh and fond engagement that distinguishes the true teacher, one of whose marks is the gumption to show an argumentative or narcissistic student that he, or she, is on a wrong track. There was no "right" or "wrong." This was art; everyone did his own thing.

Robert Hughes, "There's No Geist like the Zeitgeist" in New York Review of Books, 27 October 1983.

Undoubtedly one of the best books on mimetic resemblance in natural forms is Mimicry in Plants and Animals by Wolfgang Wickler (NY: McGraw-Hill, 1968). The author's text is amplified by fifty illustrations by Hermann Kacher. The cover (reproduced at left) presents a composite of two unrelated varieties of butterflies, set up to aid in comparing their wings. The left wing is that of Atrophanura coon, a distasteful "model" which is avoided by predators, while the right is the wing of the "mimic," Papilio memnon, a palatable source of food for birds, and yet it too is avoided because it looks like the poisonous form.



While writing this letter I was trying to catch a mouse in the studio. It kept rustling more and more inconsiderately in the wastepaper basket. So I placed a bucket of water next to the wastebasket, built a bridge out of cardboard and scattered sugar on the end that was suspended over the bucket. One strip of cardboard fell into the water, and the mouse leaped back into the basket. The next time the gimmick worked, that is, the mouse fell into the water and swam desperately about; I wanted to hasten its end by pushing it under. The pail, elevated on a little box, tipped over, the water spilled all over me, and the mouse escaped. All that remains is the stench, probably from the cold sweat--I trust the mouse won't catch cold!

Oskar Schlemmer (Bauhaus stage designer) in letter to Otto Meyer-Amden dated March 1922, in Tut Schlemmer, ed., The Letters and Diaries of Oskar Schlemmer (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1972), p. 119.

The Letters and Diaries of
OSKAR SCHLEMMER

Selected and edited by TUT SCHLEMMER
Translated from the German by KRISHNA WINSTON



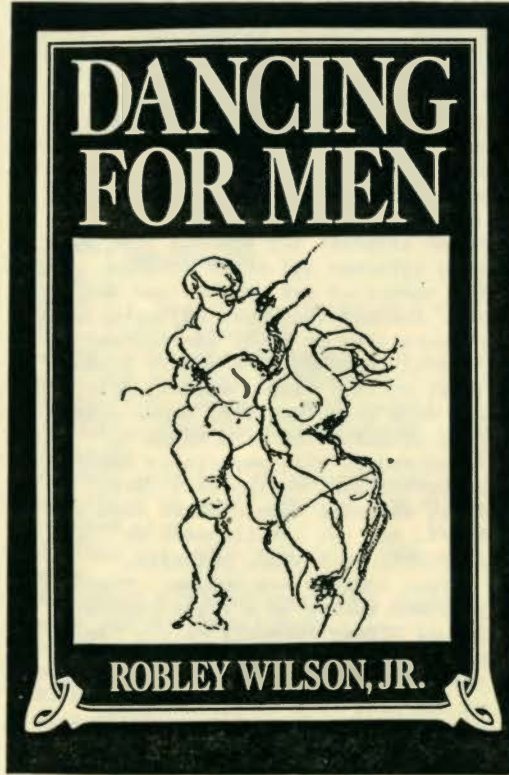
Winner of the 1982 Drue Heinz Literature Prize was Dancing for Men, eleven short stories by Robley Wilson, Jr. (NY: Ecco Press, 1985). His previous volumes of stories include The Pleasures of Manhood (1977) and Living Alone (1978). Wilson's works have been described as "highly realistic, utterly convincing dreams." That is especially apparent in "Iris," a story which has just appeared in the Indiana Review (Spring 1985, pp. 7-13), a story which starts in the following way:

When Iris woke up one Sunday morning and recognized that Robert was dead, she passed the rest of the day in silence, absorbed in the problem of how to explain to him what she knew he would refuse to believe.



The inaugural issue of BALLAST is dedicated to the work of Liam Hudson, a contemporary British psychologist, teacher, and the author of Contrary Imaginations (1966), Frames of Mind (1968), The Cult of the Fact (1972), Human Beings (1975), and Bodies of Knowledge (1982). Readers can meet him less formally in an interview which is contained in David Cohen's Psychologists on Psychology: Modern Innovators Talk About Their Work (NY: Taplinger, 1977), pp. 145-169. Among his most recent writings is a provocative essay, "Texts, Signs, Artefacts," which has been included in W.R. Crozier and A.J. Chapman, eds., Cognitive Processes in the Perceptivity of Art (Amsterdam: Elsevier, 1984), pp. 65-70. The following is a brief passage from that essay.

The simplest prejudice of all, the basic currency of judgment in the academy at large, is the distinction with which I began: that between the "hard" and the "soft." Either, this distinction says, we are trying to do science or we are engaged in something quite different: politics, therapy, journalism, self-expression. The arts in particular are seen as peripheral, or--even worse--as "fun"; that is to say, as a simple emotional release that receives little professionally academic attention because it deserves none. Yet the briefest glance shows that poems, novels, paintings, photographs, plays, films of any quality are rarely fun, either for artist or for spectator; what is more, that they are at least as carefully poised, as subtly calculated in their effects, as any other genre of intellectual activity. Many take months, years, to put together, and at least as long to assimilate in any but a superficial way.



When they (the American Siamese twins Violet and Daisy Hilton) died of the Hong Kong flu in 1969, they were working in a supermarket near Charlotte, North Carolina, as a double checkout girl--one bagging, no doubt, as the other rang up the bill on the cash register.

Leslie Fiedler, Frecks: Myths and Images of the Secret Self (NY: Simon and Schuster, 1978), p. 209.

The Russians had lured us into a trap. I had actually set eyes on the Russian machine-guns before I felt a dull blow on my temple. The sun and the moon were both shining at once and my head ached like mad. What on earth was I to do with this scent of flowers? Some flower--I couldn't remember its name however I racked my brains. And all that yelling round me and the moaning of the wounded, which seemed to fill the whole forest--that must have been what brought me round. Good Lord, they must be in agony! Then I became absorbed by the fact that I couldn't control the cavalry boot with the leg in it, which was moving about too far away, although it belonged to me...Over on the grass there were two captains in Russian uniform dancing a ballet, running up and kissing each other on the cheeks like two young girls. That would have been against regulations in our army. I had a tiny round hole in my head. My horse, lying on top of me, had lashed out one last time before dying, and that had brought me to my senses. I tried to say something, but my mouth was stiff with blood, which was beginning to congeal. The shadows all round me were growing huger and huger, and I wanted to ask how it was that the sun and moon were both shining simultaneously. I wanted to point at the sky, but my arm wouldn't move.

Oskar Kokoschka (the Austrian artist and writer, recalling the day he was wounded during World War I), quoted in Peter Vansittart, ed., Voices From the Great War (NY: Avon Books, 1984).

DATE OF OBSERVATION	DATE	PLACE	ARRASIDE	STATE OF VEGETATION
GRANTLING	11 July 1975	Tullahoma, Tenn.	In shallow woods // limestone surrounded by wooded area // stone walls in long road	Shade & full sun, cotton wood, large amount of low shrub, maple, birch, oak, etc. // some flowers in bloom
OBSERVATIONS AND CONDITIONS FOR HAVING				
HEADS OR EXTERNAL CHANGES	TIME	PAIRING DESCRIPTION	TEMP	
A larvae - very small body A central mass of two	10:55	First noticed the pairing as the head of the pairings each one of the wings of one of the pairings were touching their abdomen	72°	
DISTURBED BY - As if disturbed	5 PM	RESPONSE TO - Both are side-stepping. One would be side-stepping down on one side, another in dominant position understanding an angry roar about.		
Decrease of cloud, a small amount of rain	5:15	no response from either of them. (later I find that one is a resident of their area - some flies (bees) accepted)		
DISTURBED BY - A large blue beetle		RESPONSE TO - The head starts flicking back for wing high & erect, no display the two antennae out.		
As if disturbed		RESPONSE TO - The head starts flicking back for wing high & erect, no display the two antennae out.		
1st in a wood		1st in a wood		

Because of my work with colour, I began to notice butterflies. There is nothing so brilliant or as changing and shifting as the iridescence and the pigmented colour of the butterfly's wing. I began to keep a visual record. The diary itself, on which most of this book is based, developed over the years from the time when I first made notes about these colours. I started in 1966, producing really a loose notation--flashes of colour mostly, flowers, grasses and butterflies..As an adult watching as the result of a visual training, the more I drew, the more I wanted to know, so a written account of what I saw began to take place very naturally at the sides of the drawings.

David G. Measures (contemporary British artist), Bright Wings of Summer: Watching Butterflies (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1976), pp. 28-29.

Sign above urinal in New York restaurant restroom: We aim to please. You aim too, please.

Before leaving Basle for England in 1526 and wishing to leave proof of his skill, the artist (Hans Holbein the Younger) painted a fly on a portrait he had just completed. The purchaser of the portrait, trying to remove the insect with a brush, discovered the jest. The story spread, and arrangements were set in motion to retain this virtuoso in the country. The painter therefore had to leave town in great secrecy.

Jurgis Baltrusaitis, Anamorphic Art (NY: Abrams, 1977), p. 99.



Those who are appreciative of scientific illustrations will no doubt find pleasure in viewing the exquisite pen and ink drawings by Sabine Bauer in Animal Forms and Patterns: A Study of the Appearance of Animals by Adolf Portmann (NY: Schocken Books, 1967). The drawing below is of guenons (a variety of African monkey), rendered and arranged "to show the many variations produced by some few elements of design and colouration."



here then we have the beginnings of an answer to what relations lie at the heart of beauty. 'All beauty may by a metaphor be called rhyme.' What is rhyme like? Well, let us have an example:

- cat rhymes with mat;
- cat does not rhyme with table;
- cat does not rhyme with cat.

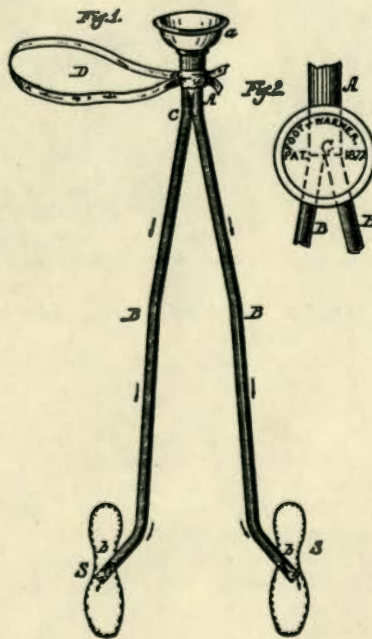
Taking rhyme as the paradigm of beauty, let us turn at once to the fundamental question: Why do we like the relation that rhyme epitomises? What is the biological advantage of seeking out rhyming elements in the environment?

The answer I propose is this: Considered as a biological phenomenon, aesthetic preferences stem from a predisposition among animals and men to seek out experiences through which they may learn to classify the objects in the world around them. Beautiful 'structures' in nature or in art are those which facilitate the task of classification by presenting evidence of the 'taxonomic' relations between things in a way which is informative and easy to grasp.

Nicholas Humphrey, "The Illusion of Beauty" in his book of essays, Consciousness Regained: Chapters in the Development of Mind (Oxford, England: Oxford University Press, 1984), p. 126.

Percy Hammond (reviewing a musical): I have knocked everything but the knees of the chorus-girls, and Nature has anticipated me there.

FOOT-WARMER.
No. 106,962 Patented Feb. 8, 1937.



Wit may be considered a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike.

Samuel Johnson, Lives of the Poets, 1780.

At thirteen I attained manhood, according to the Jewish faith. I was bar mitzvah...The inevitable happened. Three days after my bar mitzvah, my new watch was missing.

I was pretty damn sore. A present was not the same as something you hustled. I tracked down Chico to a crap game and asked him about it. He handed me the pawn ticket. I gave the ticket to Minnie and she reclaimed the watch for me. Then a brilliant idea occurred to me. I would show Chico. I would make my watch Chico-proof, so he couldn't possibly hock it again. I removed its hands. Now the watch was mine forever. I wound it faithfully each morning and carried it with me at all times. When I wanted to know what time it was I looked at the Ehret Brewery clock and held the watch to my ear. It ran like a charm, and its ticking was a constant reminder that I had, for once, outsmarted Chico.

Harpo Marx (referring to his brother Chico and their mother Minnie) in his autobiography, Harpo Speaks! (NY: Freeway Press, 1974), pp. 57-58.

a basketball game is more enjoyable when appreciated as an aesthetic whole, with its changing rhythms, its sudden grace, and its dramatic tensions, finally, decisively, resolved. And classroom life is more rewarding when students experience their learnings as the climax of spirited but directed give and take. To the extent that these daily activities are charged with aesthetic qualities and relations, we experience them as fulfilling and are fulfilled.

Joseph H. Kupfer, Experience as Art (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1983), p. 3.

Absolutely Mad Inventions by A.E. Brown and H.A. Jeffcott, Jr. (NY: Dover Publications, 1970) is a sidesplitting collection of the drawings and descriptions for 60 strange inventions for which there are actual patents. Reproduced here (left) is a diagram of an "improvement in foot-warmers," a gadget worn inside the shoes on the coldest winter days, with tubes and a strap which extend to the neck. To warm the feet, the wearer breathes into the cup at the top.

Hermann Goering: When I hear anyone talk of culture I reach for my revolver.

I.J. Good: When I hear the word 'gun' I reach for my culture.

Lytton Strachey was unfit, but instead of allowing himself to be rejected by the doctors he preferred to appear before a military tribunal as a conscientious objector. He told us of the extraordinary impression that was caused by an air-cushion which he inflated during the proceedings as a protest against the hardness of the benches. Asked by the chairman the usual question: "I understand, Mr. Strachey, that you have a conscientious objection to war?" he replied (in his curious falsetto voice), "Oh no, not at all, only to this war." Better than this was his reply to the chairman's other stock question, which had previously never failed to embarrass the claimant: "Tell me, Mr. Strachey, what would you do if you saw a German soldier trying to violate your sister?" With an air of noble virtue: "I would try to get between them."

Robert Graves, Goodbye to All That (Garden City, NY: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1957).

He (Groucho Marx) probably was not aware of everything he was saying when a "You Bet Your Life" contestant stated she had thirteen children and could explain it only by proclaiming, "I love my husband!" "I like my cigar too," said Groucho, "but I take it out once in a while."

Joe Adamson, Groucho, Harpo, Chico, and Sometimes Zeppo (NY: Simon and Schuster, 1974), p. 36.

it is our parents, normally, who not only teach us our family history but who set us straight on our own childhood recollections, telling us that this cannot have happened the way we think it did and that that, on the other hand, did occur, just as we remember it, in such and such a summer when So-and-So was our nurse. My own son, Reuel, for instance, used to be convinced that Mussolini had been thrown off a bus in North Truro, on Cape Cod, during the war. This memory goes back to one morning in 1943 when, as a young child, he was waiting with his father and me beside the road in Wellfleet to put a departing guest on the bus to Hyannis. The bus came through, and the bus driver leaned down to shout the latest piece of news: "They've thrown Mussolini out." Today, Reuel knows that Mussolini was never ejected from a Massachusetts bus, and he also knows how he got that impression.

Mary McCarthy, Memories of a Catholic Girlhood (NY: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1957), p. 5.

Joseph H. H. H. H.

— THE —
GEOGRAPHY
OF THE
IMAGINATION
FORTY ESSAYS BY GUY DAVENPORT



The styles I find most useful to study are those of Hugh Kenner, Osip Mandelstam, Samuel Beckett, Wyndham Lewis, Ezra Pound, Charles Doughty. All of these are writers who do not waste a word, who condense, pare down, and proceed with daring synopses. From Victor Shklovski I saw how narrative can be suggested rather than rendered, and how anything can be made startling by taking it out of "its series." Shklovski (and other Formalists) felt that art served a purpose by "making the familiar strange," a process of regeneration (of attention, of curiosity, of intelligence) the opposite of narcosis.

Guy Davenport, "Ernst Machs Max Ernst" in his book of forty essays, The Geography of the Imagination (San Francisco: North Point Press, 1981). The cover of the book (reproduced above) includes a pen and ink drawing by the author, who frequently illustrates his own short stories.

the following are variations on an old and admittedly chauvanist joke. Are there other variations, either invented, remembered, or found?

Who was that lady I saw you with last night? That was no lady, that was my wife.

Who was that lady I saw you with last night? That was no lady, that was your wife.

Who was that lady I seen with you last night? That was no scene, that was the entire play.

Who was that ladle I saw you with last night? That was no ladle, that was my knife.

What lady did I see you with last evening? That was no ewe, that was a deer.

One magician to another: Who was that lady I sawed with you last night?

Two magicians: Who was that lady I sawed with you last night? That was no saw, that was a chisel.

Two magicians: Who was that lady I sawed with you last night? That was no lady, that was my half sister.

Two musicians: Who was that piccolo I saw you with last night? That was no piccolo, that was my fife.

Two Huckleberry Finn's: Who was that lady Tom saw yer with last night?

Who was that lady I sawr you with last night? That was no eyesore, that was a headache.

Who was that lady I saw you outwit'?

Sitting at his cluttered mahogany desk, Wells draped a string from one side to the other, and, in a clothesline effect, pinned the various jokes and "bits of business" on the line, rearranging them as he built the scene. He kept a detailed account of the number of jokes he wrote; he tabulated the laughs per minute of every sketch. Even the malapropisms that salted his comic dialogue were uncovered in the same methodical manner. Wells would take a word and write it on one side of a file card and on the other side list similar sounding words, testing each for its comic possibility.

John Lahr (describing how vaudeville skits were made by burlesque comedian Billy K. Wells, an associate of Bert Lahr, the author's father) in Notes on a Cowardly Lion (NY: Alfred A. Knopf, 1969), p. 41.