

Spring 1986

## Ballast Quarterly Review, v01n3, Spring 1986

Roy R. Behrens  
sassoonorlater@gmail.com

*Let us know how access to this document benefits you*

Copyright ©1986 Roy R. Behrens

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



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

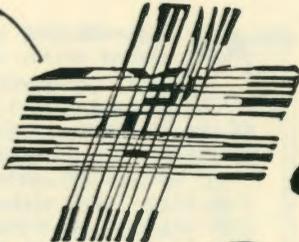
---

### Recommended Citation

Behrens, Roy R., "Ballast Quarterly Review, v01n3, Spring 1986" (1986). *Ballast Quarterly Review*. 3.  
<https://scholarworks.uni.edu/ballast/3>

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](mailto: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.

adilur  eron

LLLOBBBOET

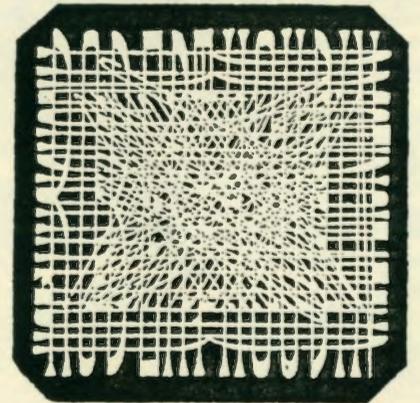
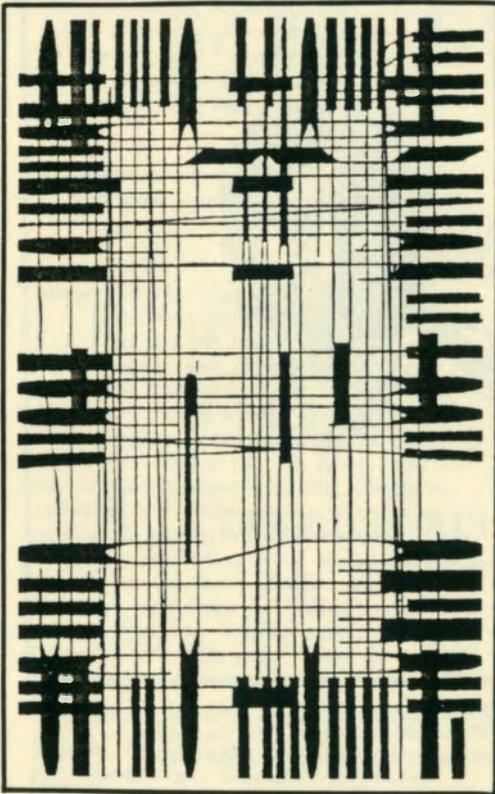
BOOKS • ART • LANGUAGE • LOGIC

AMBIGUITY • SCIENCE • TEACHING

One day during dinner--I was six years old at the time--they were discussing my looks and Mamma, trying to discover something nice about my face, said that I had intelligent eyes, and a pleasant smile, and then, yielding to Papa's arguments and to the obvious, had been forced to admit that I was plain; and afterwards, when I was thanking her for the dinner, she patted my cheek and said: "Remember, my little Nikolai, that no one will love you for your face so you must try to be a sensible good boy."

Leo Tolstoy, *Childhood, Boyhood, Youth* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1929).

Reproduced on this page are four examples of anamorphosis, a way of hiding words and shapes invented by Leonardo da Vinci, and thereafter commonly used as a means of concealing erotic images. To interpret them, look at the shapes from the edge of the page.



**anamorphosis**

Early the mother pronounced it "Sholly," which later became "Sharlie" and still later the correct "Charlie," while the Old Man stuck to "Sholly, do dis" and "Sholly, do dat." She learned to pronounce "is" as "iz" and "has" as "haz" while with him it stayed "iss" and "hass." He said "de" for "the," "wenlup" for "envelope," "Hotty do" for "How do you do?" "yelly clay" for "yellow clay," "rell-road" for "railroad," "Gilsburg" for "Galesburg," "Sveden" for "Sweden," "helty" for "healthy"...Anyone who couldn't get what he was saying was either dumb or not listening. He invented a phrase of his own for scolding Mart and me. When he said, "Du strubbel," we knew he meant "You stupid" and he was probably correct. He would impress us about a scheme he believed impossible to work out, "You could not do dat if you wass de Czar of all de Russias."

Carl Sandburg (whose childhood name was Charlie, recalling the Swedish accents of his immigrant parents), *Always the Young Strangers* (New York: Harcourt Brace and Company, 1953), pp. 92-93.

**summer is icummen in**

# Ballast.

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 be gladly mailed to people who send in their mailing address, accompanied by two first class U.S. postage stamps in payment for each of the issues they want. In other words, to subscribe for a full year (a series of four issues), you need only send in a total of eight first class U.S. postage stamps (current value \$1.76). No other currency will be accepted. Do not send cash, checks, or money orders. Nor can the journal be ordered by phone. All subscription orders (as well as requests for gift subscriptions) must be mailed to:

BALLAST Quarterly Review  
Attn: Reader Service Drudge  
2968 North Prospect Avenue  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211

Foreign orders are also considered, but these are processed case by case, so that foreign subscribers should simply inquire. Back issues of BALLAST are hard to obtain. However, xerographic replicas of all issues can be obtained in person (not by mail) for the price of producing the copy, at Clark Graphics, 1815 East Locust Street in Milwaukee.

As for the contents of BALLAST, there is no shortage of material for future issues. But our readers should not be discouraged from sending in off-beat examples of verbal and visual wit of the sort that the journal might publish. Original material must 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 adequate postage affixed.

Some of the books mentioned in BALLAST are currently available and can be obtained through a bookstore. Other books are out of print, in which case they may be available at used bookstores and libraries.

Copyright © 1986 by Roy R. Behrens



My grandmother had the gift of second sight, and could predict the future. This probably came from the loneliness of her existence up there in the mountains, where there were no neighbors. Of all the legends about her, that of her premonition of death I find the most unforgettable. One fine May morning she took her wedding dress out of the chest and had herself dressed in it. For a day and a night, although in perfect health, she waited for death. She ate and drank nothing, and foretold the exact hour at which she would die.

Oskar Kokoschka, *My Life* (New York: MacMillan, 1974), p. 14.



About the time I first met Picasso, he had made a sculpture of a bull's head out of the seat and handlebars of a bicycle. He used to say that this sculpture was reversible. "I find a bicycle seat and handlebars in the street, and I say, 'Well, there's a bull,' until a cyclist comes along and says, 'Well, there's a bicycle seat' and he makes a seat and a pair of handlebars out of it again. And that can go on, back and forth, for an eternity, according to the needs of the mind and body."

Francoise Gilot, *Life With Picasso* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1964), p. 321.

## RESEMBLANCES



## AMAZING FACES BY CHARLES LE BRUN



## INTRODUCTION BY EDWARD SOREL *Another Harlan Quist Book*

Above: Cover illustration from *Resemblances: Amazing Faces* by Charles Le Brun (New York: Harlan Quist, 1980), 17th century comparisons of the facial features of animals and humans. Le Brun was court artist to Louis XIV.

**H**e loved to call things by the wrong names--or, it may be, the right ones, fantastically the right ones. Either extreme is poetry, of which he had the secret without knowing that he did. It was natural for him to name two lively rams on the place Belshazzar and Nebuchadnezzar...Frank became Fritz Augustus--just why, I never inquired--and I was either Marcus Aurelius or Marco Bozzaris. Guy was Guy Bob, and Carl was Carlo. And Paul, when it came time for him to share in the illicit luxuriance, was no other than Wallace P. Poggin--again, I have no faint idea why. My father never discussed his inspirations, any more than he analyzed his spoonerisms, or even admitted that they had fallen from his mouth. He would cough, and appear to apologize by saying: "I have a little throakling in my tit."

Mark Van Doren (remembering his father), The Autobiography of Mark Van Doren (New York: Greenwood Press, 1968).

**I** was born cross-eyed. I could see only large patterns, houses, trees and outlines of people--and all coloring was blurred. I could see two dark areas on human faces, but I could not see a human eye or a teardrop or a human hair. Not until I was four years old, in 1899, was it discovered that my cross-eyedness was caused by my being abnormally farsighted. Lenses fully corrected my vision. Despite my new ability to apprehend details, my childhood's spontaneous dependence only upon big patterns has persisted.

R. Buckminster Fuller, I Seem To Be A Verb (New York: Bantam Books, 1970).

**I**s wit depended largely on puns or on amusingly distorted quotations...When my parents were engaged they were of course never allowed to be alone together; there always had to be an older woman, a chaperon, to safeguard the virtue of the lady. On one occasion, however, the chaperon relented and allowed the two young people to go up one of the towers in Prague, pretending that she was too tired for the long climb. When the two came down again, flushed and very happy, she kindly asked "Was it beautiful?" "Oh yes," said my father, "we overlooked the whole of Prague."

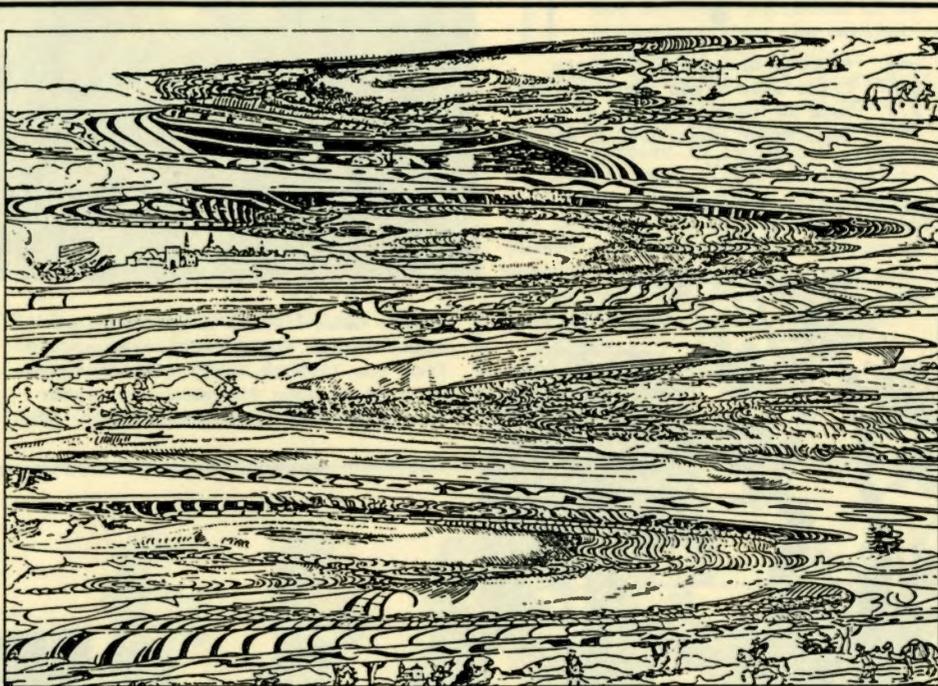
Otto R. Frisch, What Little I Remember (Cambridge, England: Cambridge University Press, 1979), p. 7.

**D** Josef Albers, the abstract painter, tells that (Kurt) Schwitters used to listen to the conversations of women on street-cars and trains, and to the sentimental popular songs liked by servants and working girls, and that many of his writings were based on what he heard on these occasions, filled with parodies and puns. Albers also remembers with a smile a story Schwitters used to tell about a parrot that had a hernia; but he cannot remember the details.

Robert Motherwell, ed., The Dada Painters and Poets: An Anthology (Boston: G.K. Hall, 1981), p. xxviii.

**H**is absent-mindedness made of him a very dangerous, very slow driver, and since I was often seated next to him, he was known to change gears with my kneecap, then failing to understand why the engine raced or stalled. We would stop by the roadside while he examined the carburettor, attributing to it the fault which was his own, and mine, I suppose, for having kneecaps which resembled the gear lever of an Austin Heavy Twelve.

Peter Ustinov (remembering his childhood), Dear Me (Middlesex, England: Penguin Books, 1977), p. 71.



Above: Anamorphic woodcut portraits of Charles V, Ferdinand of Austria, Pope Paul III, and Francis I, by Erhard Schon, circa 1535.

**A**fter falling into a sound sleep, Howe dreamed that he was kidnapped by a band of savages who threatened to kill him if he did not invent a sewing machine in twenty-four hours. Unable to meet the deadline, the machinist was led to his execution. As the spears of the savages descended on him, Howe noticed that they had eye-shaped holes close to the tips. At that moment he shook off the nightmare, woke up, and knew exactly where to place the eye in his sewing machine needle.

Carol Orsay Madigan and Ann Elwood (describing the invention of the sewing machine by Elias Howe circa 1846), Brainstorms and Thunderbolts: How Creative Genius Works (New York: Macmillan Publishing, 1983), pp. 81-82.

**T**he first emotional disturbance in my life came when I was about two years old, probably a little older. A baby brother was born. I cannot now remember why I hated him. Of course it was jealousy; but I hated him with a bitter, terrible hate. And this I am sure I can remember: I sneaked around the corner of the house to the east porch where his crib was, of a summer afternoon, and began pounding him with my little fists. They caught me when his screams called them. I had no remorse that I remember. I cannot bring back any pictures of his early death and recall nothing of his funeral.

William Allen White, The Autobiography of William Allen White (New York: Macmillan Publishing Company, 1946).

**T**here are no appearances to be photographed, no experiences to be copied, in which we do not take part. Science, like art, is not a copy of nature but a re-creation of her. We re-make nature by the act of discovery, in the poem or in the theorem. And the great poem and the deep theorem are new to every reader, and yet are his own experiences, because he himself re-creates them. They are the marks of unity in variety; and in the instant when the mind seizes this for itself, in art or in science, the heart misses a beat.

Jacob Bronowski, Science and Human Values (New York: Harper and Row, 1965), p. 20.

**I** stopped believing in Santa Claus when I was six. Mother took me to see him in a department store and he asked me for my autograph.

Shirley Temple



When Napoleon abdicated for the second time in 1815, he was shipped as a prisoner of war to the island of Saint Helena. In this anonymous 19th century puzzle picture, where is Napoleon hiding?

**T**he first thing I remember is sitting in a pram at the top of a hill with a dead dog lying at my feet...The dog, as I know now, was a pug owned by my elder sister. It had been run over --by a horse carriage?--and killed and the nurse thought it convenient to bring the cadaver home this way.

Graham Greene, A Sort of Life (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1971), p. 17.



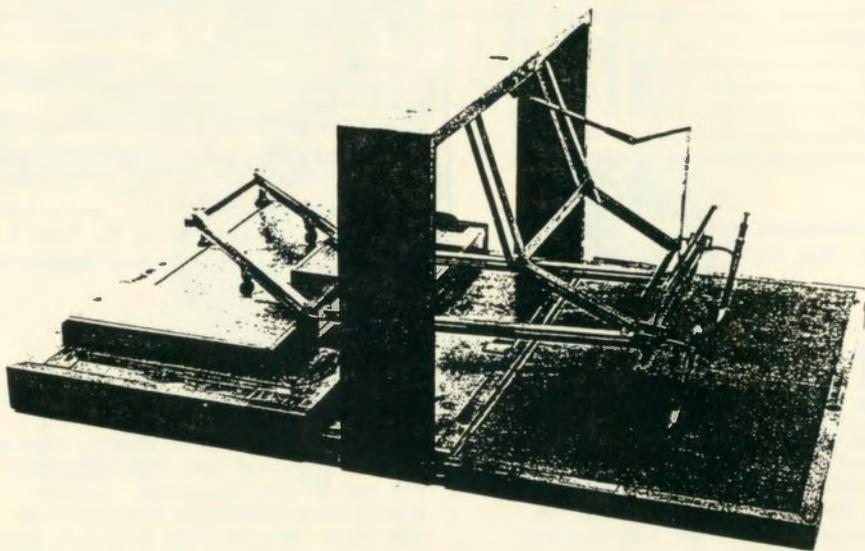
Above: Nude figures as portrait of Abdul Hamid, antique French postcard from the 19th or early 20th century. Gift of Anthony Stoeveken, a reader from Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

**S**ometimes Pablo found objects that seemed exactly right and needed no intervention from him to make them works of art ...In a certain type of pre-war gas stove there was one burner, different from the others, that looked as though it should have been a Picasso sculpture of a woman. To make it one, Pablo mounted it on a block of wood and christened it La Venus du Gaz.

Francoise Gilot, Life With Picasso (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1964), p. 322.

**C**reativity" has become a healthy, even a holy word. Its popularity is recent, its followers alarmingly American. The command has gone out from gurus of every persuasion: be creative! an injunction which is followed by the assurance that it's actually better for you than bowling; and millions have eagerly, anxiously responded. The pursuit and practice of something labeled creativity is now as epidemic as tennis or jogging, and apparently as difficult to discourage, now it's here, as trailer parks, poverty, or moviegoing.

William H. Gass, "The Soul Inside the Sentence" in his book of essays, Habitations of the Word (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1984), p. 118.



**W**ithout typewriters, carbon paper, or Xerox machines, how did Thomas Jefferson copy the letters he sent? At times he used a polygraph (pictured above), a modified pantograph drawing machine which wrote with two suspended pens. Two sheets of writing paper were placed on the board, one beneath each pen. As Jefferson wrote with one of the pens, the second produced an exact duplicate for his files. See Silvio A. Bedini, Thomas Jefferson and His Copying Machines (Charlottesville, Virginia: University Press of Virginia, 1984).

alling for a bottle of Malmsey, he popped the cork, drained the wine, and threw the cork overboard. Opening his mouth wide to show that it was empty, Boccal gnashed his teeth, then blew a stream of dry flour through his lips, spraying the passengers.

The cork that had been tossed into the sea reappeared tied to a string around the neck of a spectator. Boccal stuffed a piece of bread into the man's gaping mouth; when the man spit it out, the bread had changed to manure.

A lace was yanked without breaking from another man's clothes; then it vanished. Boccal said the lace had passed into a third spectator's jacket and asked the man standing by him to take it out. The obliging volunteer assistant reached in, but instead of the lace, he found a bottle, a mirror, a pen, a bell, the sole of a shoe, a currycomb, a fragment of glass, and several church candles.

The dazzled crowd was still gasping as Boccal approached another entertainer, who earlier had sung to the accompaniment of a harp. He was told to blow lustily through his nose. The singer sneezed, then "a horsefly, a cricket, and thirty fleas" emerged from his nostrils with a terrifying bang.

Milbourne Christopher (reporting the accounts of the shipboard sleight of hand of Boccal, a 16th century Italian magician) in The Illustrated History of Magic (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1973), p. 17.

Science and the arts today are not as discordant as many people think. The difficulties which we all have as intelligent amateurs in following modern literature and music and painting are not unimportant. They are one sign of the lack of a broad and general language in our culture. The difficulties which we have in understanding the basic ideas of modern science are signs of the same lack. Science and the arts shared the same language at the Restoration. They no longer seem to do so today. But the reason is that they share the same silence: they lack the same language. And it is the business of each of us to try to remake that one universal language which alone can unite art and science, and layman and scientist, in a common understanding.

Jacob Bronowski, The Common Sense of Science (New York: Vintage Books, n. d.), p. 13.

Below: Anonymous puzzle picture (a homomorphic visual pun) from the 19th century which looks like a skull from a distance.



Asking a writer what he thinks about critics is like asking a lamppost what it thinks about dogs.

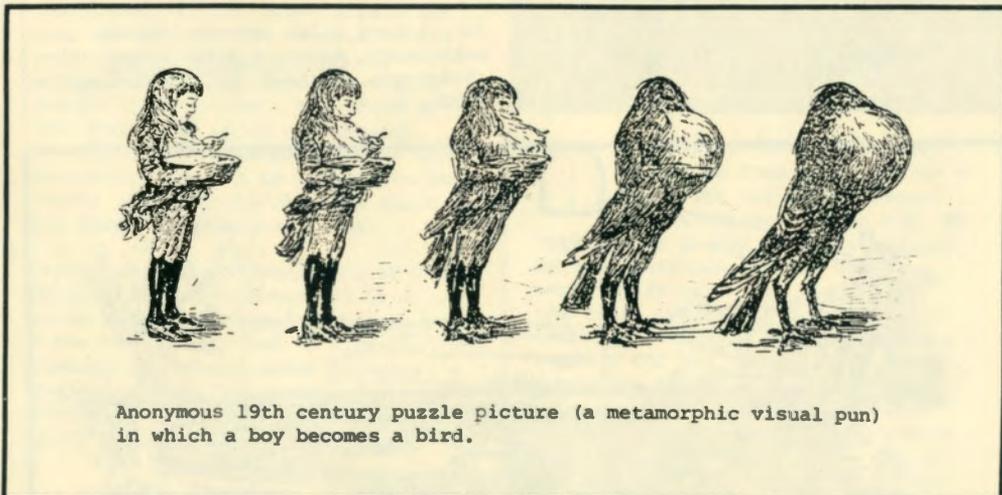
John Osborne.

Language was a problem. Anni, who as a child had been instructed in English by her Irish governess, tried to teach Josef, but it wasn't always easy. Once, when walking near Black Mountain, she jokingly told him that the word "pasture" on a signpost was clearly the opposite of "future."

Nicholas Fox Weber, "Anni Albers to Date" (recalling the relationship between Josef Albers, the painter, and his wife Anni Albers, the weaver) in the catalog, The Woven and Graphic Art of Anni Albers (Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institute, 1985), pp. 21-22.

I think it likely that there are no finer galleries of abstract art than the cabinet drawers of the tropical butterfly collector...It is often, I believe, the fascination of this abstract color and design, as much as an interest in biology or a love of nature, that allures the ardent lepidopterist, although all these may be combined; he has his favorite genera and dotes upon his different species of Vanessa and Parnassius, as the modernist does upon his examples of Matisse or Ben Nicholson.

Sir Alister Hardy, The Living Stream (New York: Harper and Row, 1965), p. 151.



Anonymous 19th century puzzle picture (a metamorphic visual pun) in which a boy becomes a bird.

In the name of Annah the All-maziful, the Everliving, the Bringer of Plurabilities, haloed be her eve, her singi-time sung, her rill be run, unhemmed as it is uneven...Wharnow are alla her childer, say? In kingdome gone or power to come or gloria be to them farther? Allalivial, allaluvial! Some here, more no more, more again lost alla stranger.

James Joyce, Finnegans Wake (New York: Viking Press, 1939).

Always taste every dish for flavor. Like an artist you are never finished until that last stroke of the brush. Never add soy sauce after serving. Have you ever seen an artist hang a picture on the wall and then take a brush and add strokes of paint?

Ting Wong, Madame Wong's Long-Life Chines? Cookbook, c. 1978. Courtesy of Flossie M. Jetsam, a reader from Norfolk, Virginia.

...some people are far more sensitive to resemblances, and far more ready to point out wherein they consist, than others are. They are the wits, the poets, the inventors, the scientific men, the practical geniuses.

William James, Principles of Psychology.

□ If my memory serves me right, here is my genealogical line: Boccaccio, Petronius, Rabelais, Whitman, Emerson, Thor-eau, Maeterlinck, Romain Rolland, Plotinus, Heraclitus, Nietzsche, Dostoevski (and other Russian writers of the nineteenth century), the ancient Greek dramatists, the Elizabethan dramatists (excluding Shakespeare), Theodore Dreiser, Knut Ham-son, D.H. Lawrence, James Joyce, Thomas Mann, Elie Faure, Oswald Spengler, Marcel Proust, van Gogh, the Dadaists and Surrealists, Balzac, Lewis Carroll, Nijinsky, Rimbaud, Blaise Cendrars, Jean Glono, Celine, everything I read on Zen Buddhism, everything I read about China, India, Tibet, Arabia, Africa and of course the Bible, the men who wrote it and especially the men who made the King James version, for it was the language of the Bible rather than its "message" which I got first and which I will never shake off.

Henry Miller, quoted in Robert Snyder, editor, This is Henry, Henry Miller from Brooklyn (Los Angeles: Nash Publishing, 1974), pp. 119-121.



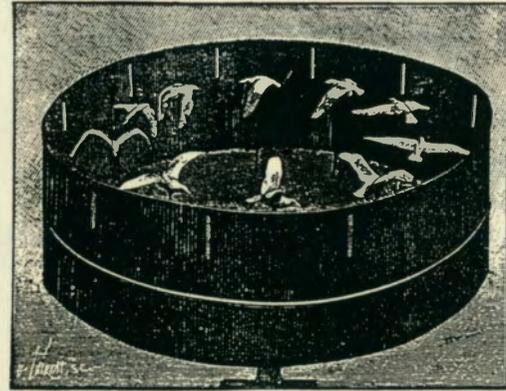
My foster mother had several beautiful parrots and some monkeys. One monkey was a full-grown male of a very large species. One morning "Pretty Polly" asked for her breakfast as usual: "Mignonne wants bread and milk." The monkey, probably thinking the bird presumed upon his rights in the scale of Nature, walked deliberately towards her and, with unnatural composure, killed her. My infant heart agonized at this cruel sight. I prayed a servant to beat the monkey, but he refused because he preferred him to the parrot.

John James Audubon, in Alice Ford, ed., Audubon, By Himself (Garden City, New York: American Museum of Natural History, 1969), p. 4.



Fellow in North-Wales, shrowding of a Tree fell downe on his head, and his Braine being turned, lay for dead: A Mason being thereby, advised that he should have a good strong coffin made, and his feete to come to the end of it, and his head not to touch the other end by two inches: He layeth the Man in the Coffin on a Table-board, and then with a huge Axe, gave a sound Knock at the feet, to turne by that contrary motion his braine right again. After the blow was given the fellow gave a groane and spake: and he recovered.

John Aubrey (17th century British antiquary), Aubrey's Brief Lives (Middlesex, England: Penguin Books, 1982), p. 33.



The first issue of BALLAST was dedicated to Liam Hudson, a contemporary British psychologist, and author of numerous books, including Bodies of Knowledge, The Cult of the Fact, and Night Life. The second issue was dedicated to Jules Kirschenbaum, a contemporary American painter, and the Ellis and Nelle Levitt Professor of Art at Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa. Our third issue is dedicated posthumously to the French physician, photographer, and inventor, Etienne-Jules Marey (1830-1904), one of whose many inventions is reproduced above. It is his modification of a moving picture machine (prior to the invention of motion pictures), a spinning drum known as a zoetrope. Normally, a strip of sequential drawings or photographs was placed inside this drum, then viewed through the slits from the outside. When the drum rotates, the static pictures are perceived as a single moving picture. But Marey went one step further when, instead of a strip of pictures, he used a sequence of wax sculptures of a bird in flight. The result was the first 3-D moving picture. Some of Marey's photographs of moving human figures were similar to and coincident with those of Eadweard Muybridge, the American photographer. By the admission of Marcel Duchamp, it was the chronophotographs of Marey which provided him with the idea for Nude Descending a Staircase, his infamous futurist painting. For further information, see E.J. Marey, Movement (New York: Arno Press Reprint, 1972) and Michel Frizot, La Chronophotographie (Association des Amis de Marey, 1984).

We grisly old Sykos have done our unsmiling bit on 'Alices when they were yung and easily freudened.

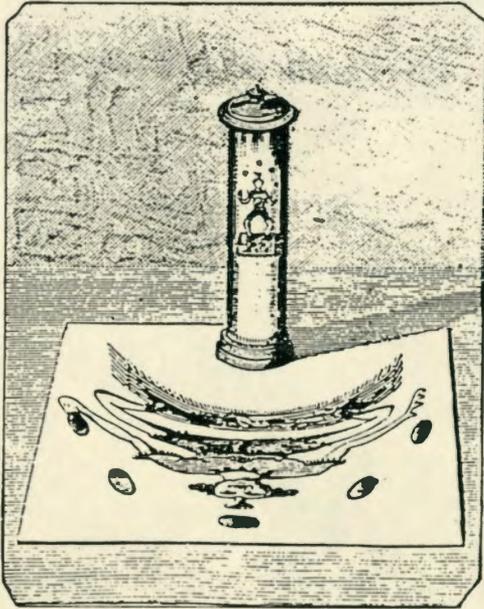
James Joyce (referring to the use of psychoanalysis in critical analyses of Lewis Carroll's books on Alice in Wonderland), Finnegans Wake (New York: Viking Press, 1939). Suggested by Marty Graw, a reader from New Orleans, Louisiana.



Find Beethoven (an antique anamorphosis, artist unknown).

□ I have to go feed the goldfish. I have to go look at the crops. I have to go see a man about a dog. I have to pay a visit to the old soldiers' home. I have to retreat to the holy of holies. I have to go sharpen the skates. I have to go visit the chamber of commerce.

Euphemistic ways to excuse oneself in order to go to the restroom, according to Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van Den Bark, The American Thesaurus of Slang (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell, 1956), pp. 142-143.



This Earle of Oxford, making of his low obeisance to Queen Elizabeth, happened to let a F--t, at which he was so abashed and ashamed that he went to Travell, 7 yeares. On his returne the Queen welcomed him home, and sayd, My Lord, I had forgott the F--t.

John Aubrey (17th century British antiquary), Aubrey's Brief Lives (Middlesex, England: Penguin Books, 1982), p. 357.

After a light touch on a point on the base, the duck (shown at right) in the most natural way in the world begins to look round him, eyeing the audience with an intelligent air. His lord and master...goes off to look for something for the bird to eat. No sooner has he filled a dish with oat-meal porridge than our famished friend plunges his beak deep into it, showing his satisfaction by some characteristic movements of his tail. The way in which he takes the porridge and swallows it greedily is extraordinarily true to life...satisfied with his frugal meal, he stands up and begins to flap his wings and to stretch himself while expressing his gratitude by several contented quacks.

But most astonishing of all are the contractions of the bird's body clearly showing that his stomach is a little upset by this rapid meal and the effects of a painful digestion...However, the brave bird holds out, and after a few moments we are convinced in the most concrete manner that he has overcome his internal difficulties. The truth is that the smell which now spreads through the room becomes almost unbearable. We wish to express to the artist inventor the pleasure which his demonstration gave to us.

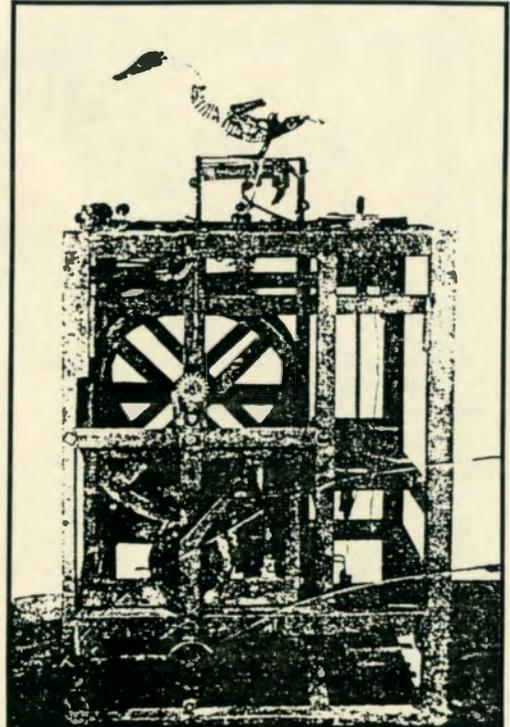
German newspaper description of a mechanical duck constructed by a Swiss watchmaker named Rechsteiner, circa 1845, described in Alfred Chapuis and Edmond Droz, Automata: A Historical and Technological Survey (Neufchatel, France: Editions de Griffon, 1958), pp. 238-239.

At Constantinople, I talked with a Greek doctor who had lived at Paris, and who didn't know who I was. He told me that he knew Tristan Tzara very well. Calmly, in spite of my amazement, I asked him what Tzara looked like. "He is tall and blond," he replied. I couldn't help from laughing, because I am small and dark.

Tristan Tzara, in his memoirs, quoted in Robert Motherwell, ed., The Dada Painters and Poets: An Anthology (Boston: G.K. Hall, 1981), p. xxxi.

I learned from her and others like her that a first-rate soup is more creative than a second-rate painting, and that, generally, cooking or parenthood or making a home could be creative while poetry need not be; it could be uncreative.

Abraham Maslow, Toward A Psychology of Being (New York: Van Nostrand, 1968). Suggested by Michael Raphon, a reader from Trenton, New Jersey.



A soldier up for medical exam proved to have been wearing a truss for the last 6 years, and was classified as P.E. or Permanently Exempt. On his way out he gave this news to his pal, who immediately asked for the loan of the truss, which was granted. The examiner asked how long he had been wearing it, and he said "Six years", whereupon he was classified as M.E. "What's that?" he asked. "Middle East." "How can I go to the Middle East when I've been wearing a truss for 6 years?" "If you can wear a truss for 6 years upside-down, you can jolly well ride a camel for 6 months."

Edward Marsh, Ambrosia and Small Beer (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1965), p. 220.

In art, never try to find out anything until the not knowing it has come to be a nuisance to you for some time.

Samuel Butler, Erewhon.

What are anamorphic images? When were they invented and how were they used? The answers are found in the following books: Jurgis Baltusaitis, Anamorphic Art (New York: Harry Abrams, 1977). Fred Leeman, Hidden Images: Games of Perception, Anamorphic Art and Illusion from the Renaissance to the Present (New York: Harry Abrams, 1976). Lawrence Wright, Perspective in Perspective (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1983). Pictured above is an example of cylindrical anamorphosis, in which a flat anamorphosis becomes readable when it is reflected in a cylindrical mirror.



Above: Anonymous puzzle picture from the French Revolution, circa 1795.

**M**y first conscious memory dates from when I was four. I was being taken for a walk by the nursemaid. I was dressed in knickerbockers with a fawn-colored coat, and on my head was a red tam-o'-shanter--you know, the round cap with a little tail protruding from its center, like the remains of a cut umbilical cord. And then out of the hawthorn hedge there hopped a fat toad. What a creature, with its warty skin, its big eyes bulging up, and its awkward movements! That comic toad helped to determine my career as a scientific naturalist.

Julian Huxley, Memories (London: George Allen and Unwin, 1970), p. 27.

**T**he first memory of my life dates from my second year, when a maid dropped me against the chimney-piece. I was cut on the forehead and frightened. This shock jolted me into awareness of life, and I clearly saw, I still see, the rosy marble of the chimney-piece, and my blood running down it, and the distraught look of the maid. I also remember the doctor's visit, the leeches he applied behind my ear, my mother's anxiety, and the maid's dismissal for drunkenness.

George Sand, My Life (New York: Harper and Row, 1978).

**M**y earliest recollection, the date of which I can approximately tell, and which must have been before I was four years old, was when sitting on (his sister) Caroline's knee in the drawing room, whilst she was cutting an orange for me, a cow ran by the window which made me jump, so that I received a bad cut, of which I bear the scar to this day.

Charles Darwin, "Autobiographical Fragment" in Gavin de Beer, ed., Charles Darwin and Thomas Henry Huxley Autobiographies (London: Oxford University Press, 1974), p. 3.

**W**hen he (Frank Lloyd Wright) was in Japan, working on the Imperial Hotel, he ordered some new collars from a local haberdasher. He explained how he wanted them made, and a sample was sent for his approval. He scribbled in red: "OK, FLW." When the collars were delivered, everyone was monogrammed "OK, FLW" in red ink.

Edgar Tafel, Years With Frank Lloyd Wright: Apprentice to Genius (Mineola, New York: Dover Publications, 1985), p. 22.



Above: Anonymous puzzle picture from the French Revolution, circa 1793.

**M**ay I speak with Dean Eisenhart, please?" the speaker asked. On being told that the dean was out, the caller said: "Perhaps you can tell me where Dr. Einstein lives." But it had been agreed that everything should be done to protect him from inquisitive callers, so the request was politely refused. "The voice on the telephone dropped to a near whisper," writes Eisenhart, "and continued: 'Please do not tell anybody, but I am Dr. Einstein. I am on my way home and have forgotten where my house is.'"

Ronald W. Clark, Einstein: The Life and Times (New York: World Publishing Company, 1971), p. 622.

**I** had brought a red beard back from my Artic spell, and also rode a green bicycle. This made me a winning target for the game then in fashion called "Beaver". The rules of this rather foolish game were that if several people were out together, whenever one of them sighted a man with a beard, he shouted "Beaver". One beard counted one, a red beard ten, and a red-bearded man on a green bicycle one hundred (and game).

Julian Huxley, Memories (London: George Allen and Unwin, 1970), p. 143.

**I** used to think that people only died when they were put in coffins, but I know now that you can be dead and yet move and walk about and even laugh and pretend to be like all the rest--some of whom are dead also.

Ellen Glasgow, The Wheel of Life (New York: Doubleday, 1906).

**D**uring the more tedious lessons I used to play chess under the desk with Hans Blaskopf, the boy next to me...Once as I was deliberating my next move and thoughtfully tapping the pencil stump I held between my teeth, it suddenly slipped into my mouth and down my gullet before I could stop it. Hans, unperturbable as always, merely offered me his pencil as a replacement. My mother was rather more agitated and took me to the doctor, who prescribed a diet of sauerkraut and mashed potatoes to ease the pencil along its tortuous journey, from which it eventually reappeared after several days, split lengthwise, the lead having been used up in blackening my inside.

Otto R. Frisch, What Little I Remember (Cambridge, England: Cambridge University Press, 1979), pp. 4-5. Suggested by Glen Fiddich, a reader from Banffshire, Scotland.

Although BALLAST does not carry paid advertisements, we are reprinting the following ad, because of our admiration for Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding, also known as

## BOB & RAY



### A NIGHT OF TWO STARS RECORDED LIVE AT CARNEGIE HALL

The comic genius of Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding. A collector's treasure on two masterful cassettes (chrome/digital/Dolby). With an appreciation by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. A classic for Christmas!

**\$24.95** including shipping & handling.

**NEW RECORDING!**  
AVAILABLE BY PHONE  
& MAIL ORDER ONLY!

MasterCard & Visa Accepted.

● BY PHONE (toll free): 1-800-345-8112  
(Pennsylvania only: 1-800-662-2444)

● BY MAIL: Send all MasterCard or Visa numbers & exp. date - or check or money order for \$24.95 made payable to RADIOART - to RADIOART/Dept. 20/Box 626/Holmes, PA. 19043

● NY State residents add sales tax.  
Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

