A boy named Eddie Shell came one afternoon to play with Frank and me, and at the hour for going home did not know how to do so. This is a malady that afflicts all children, but my mother was not sure how she should handle how to do so. This is a malady that afflicts all children, but my mother had not pressed him to stay. What I him. He us secretly as to whether he should be asked to stay for supper; it in Eddie's case. She consulted the hint that four.


Habitualization devours works, clothes, furniture, one's wife, and the fear of war... And art exists that one may recover the sensation of life; it exists to make one feel things, to make the stone stony. The purpose of art is to impart the sensation of things as they are perceived and not as they are known. The technique of art is to make objects "unfamiliar," to make forms difficult, to increase the difficulty and length of perception because the process of perception is an aesthetic end in itself and must be prolonged. Art is a way of experiencing the artfulness of an object; the object is not important.


Sometimes when I am sitting at my drawing table thinking of ideas for a particular assignment, it occurs to me that the total range of my metaphoric invention is circumscribed by a tiny list of events and images that caught my attention between the ages of five and twenty-five. It is disappointing to believe that I became a closed system in my middle twenties; but I think that in terms of archetypal incidents and objects, nothing very strong has been added to my subconscious vault since that time.


If an artist (or scientist) uses his work to explore the limits of his own imaginative powers, and then, by making them public property, abandons them, he will experience not just post-parturitional glee, but a state in which his own boundaries, both internal and external, have been dangerously weakened. He has subjected himself to a species of leaching, and, temporarily at least, will be vulnerable both to the alien from without and the alien from within. Each successive work thus becomes a means of repairing the damage done by the artist to himself by the publication of the work previous to it. In this respect, the production of symbolically significant objects, of whatever sort, becomes the temporary cure for the disease of which it is itself the cause. We produce in order to recover our equilibrium; but our equilibrium is in question because we produce.


What interests me is to set up what you might call the rapports de grand esprit—the most unexpected relationship possible between the things I want to speak about, because there is a certain difficulty in establishing the relationships in just that way, and in that difficulty there is an interest, and in that interest there is a certain tension and for me that tension is a lot more important than the stable equilibrium of harmony, which doesn't interest me at all. Reality must be torn apart in every sense of the word. What people forget is that everything is unique. Nature never produces the same thing twice. Hence my stress on seeking the rapports de grand esprit: a small head on a large body; a large head on a small body. I want to draw the mind in a direction it's not used to and make it up. I want to help the viewer discover something he wouldn't have discovered without me.

Puns, pungently pointed and perpetrated promptly are productive of a purportation of a pretty proportion of piquant pleasure; but puns protracted and in every person's premises, should be punishable by a propinquity of the perpetrator from the punning premises.


Mark Van Doren: Nothing in nature is more beautiful than the eye of a horse.
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 non-commercial. There are no paid advertisements, nor is it supposed to be purchased or sold. It is issued quarterly, beginning in Autumn and ending in Summer (beginning in September and ending in 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 addresses, accompanied by two first class U.S. postage stamps to payment for each of the issues they want. In other words, to subscribe for one full year (any series of four issues), you need only send in a total of 8 first class U.S. postage stamps. 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:

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2968 North Prospect Avenue
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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.

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O

ne day there in Ohio, when I was a little fellow, they took me to a neighbor's where an old man had died, and I stood with my mother looking at him. She went away for a moment and left me in the room with the body. I stood mute and all atremble in my heart when suddenly, without warning, the old jav on the dead face unhinged, dropped, and the mouth opened. With an aspioned scream I fled from the room, and so as a little child I knew and understood as much as any man has ever known of life's two great mysteries—life and death, joy and sorrow, the way we come to be and the way we go.


G

ustav Hertz... was quite bald; his head, shining like a polished billiard ball, was said to illuminate the darkened lecture room and make projection difficult. He had a peculiarly impish sort of humour. Sometimes he came to drink tea with the chemists in the laboratory. On one occasion he waved the tea aside with the remark "I am fed up with that stuff, give me the alcohol" and got one of the students to hand him a bottle of absolute alcohol from the shelf. Lisa Meitner was horrified "But Hertz, you can't drink that, it's pure poison!" Hertz took no notice, poured himself a tumbler and drank it down without any ill effects; he had got the student to fill the bottle with water beforehand.


Undoubtedly one of our favorite books is Adaptive Coloration in Animals by Hugh B. Cott (London: Methuen, 1940). Most of the illustrations, such as this camouflaged leg of a frog, are the author's drawings. He is a prominent zoologist and a former military camouflage officer.

H

ere's the Lytton (Strachey) story of his medical examination in the last war. It seems he went equipped with an overcoat, an umbrella, a rug and an air cushion, and was ushered into the presence of about 6 doctors and given a chair. After making a low bow, he proceeded to lay his umbrella on the floor, took off his greatcoat and arranged it over the chair back, put the rug on the seat and the air cushion on the rug—then rose and faced the Board, who sent up a universal shout of "Peept." He then gathered his possessions together in inverse order, made another low bow, and departed a free man.


In gutter despair I am taking my pen to you know that, being layde up in bed with the prevalent distemper I opened the window and flew Enza.


M

y favorite toys in those days were a clockwork train and lead soldiers. When the soldiers had lost too many limbs to stand up we melted them down in a frying pan over the nursery fire and dropped them into cold water as people do now in Sweden on New Year's night, seeking omens of the future.


A

t the age of eighty-nine he fell under a tube train owing to falling eyesight... He lay, quiet and self-possessed, beside the live rail while the train moved back and it was found that he had only bruised a rib... when he was ninety-one, he fell out of a tree (he was pruning the branches) and for a while he had to take to his bed, but a more humdrum accident probably proved the fatal one, a year later, when he tripped over a chair on the lawn. He survived quite a while even then, though bedridden... and the first sign of his approaching death was when my old aunts while undressing him removed a toe with his socks.

Ladies and jellyspoons:
I come before you
To stand behind you
To tell you something
I know nothing about.

Last Thursday
Which was Good Friday
There will be a mothers' meeting
For fathers only.

Wear your best clothes
If you haven't any,
And if you can come,
Please stay at home.

Admission is free
So pay at the door.
Pull up a chair
And sit on the floor.

It makes no difference
Where you sit.

The man in the gallery
Is sure to spit.

We thank you for your unknowing
attention.

The next meeting will be held
At the four corners of the round table.


My mother was sitting by the window, about a yard away from the table. My sister was at school and our maid in the kitchen. Suddenly there sounded a report like a pistol shot. I jumped up and rushed into the room from which the noise of the explosion had come. My mother was sitting flabbergasted in her armchair, the knitting fallen from her hands. She stammered out, "W-w-what's happened? It was right beside me!" and stared at the table. Following her eyes, I saw what had happened. The table top had split from the rim to beyond the center, and not along any joint; the split ran right through solid wood. I was thunderstruck. How could such a thing happen?...Some two weeks later I came home at six o'clock in the evening and found the household—my mother, my fourteen-year-old sister, and the maid—in a great state of agitation. About an hour earlier there had been another deafening report...In the cupboard containing the bread basket I found a loaf of bread, and, beside it, the bread knife. The greater part of the blade had snapped off in several pieces. The handle lay in one corner of the rectangular basket, and in each of the other corners lay a piece of the blade. The knife had been used shortly before, at four o'clock tea, and afterward put away. Since then no one had gone to the sideboard.


Life's more important than a living. So many people who make a living are making death, not life. Don't ever join them. They're the grave-diggers of our civilization—the safe men, the compromisers, the money-makers, the muddlers-through.

James Hilton, Random Harvest (Boston: Little Brown, 1941).


elect such subjects that your pupils cannot walk without seeing them. Train your pupils to be observers, and have them provided with the specimens about which you speak. If you can find nothing better, take a house-fly or a cricket, and let each hold a specimen and examine it as you talk.


I'll show him someday just what till he realizes what he's given up!!


Other great titles by Fredericks include Girl Talk ($2.00, #B436 E), Shame ($1.50, #BB0023E), and Remembrance of Smells Past ($2.00, #B435 E).

What's the difference between photographers and the whooping cough? One makes facsimiles and the other makes sick families.

What's the difference between a church bell and a pickpocket? One peals from the steeple, and the other steals from the people.

I like much to lie with my head very high. I think it is healthy to do so. At home I always have a couple of pillows, and if I am in a strange house, the first thing I ask is whether I can have a couple of pillows. I ask it without the least ceremony, whether of gentlemen or of ladies. When I was at Laird Heron's in Galloway, I said to the lady of the house, "I beg you, Madam, let me have your best bedroom and a couple of pillows." She could not grant me my first request, but she saw to the second. Likewise, when I was at the Earl of Galloway's, my Lord Carlyle was so polite as to show me to my bedroom and say, "Mr. Boswell, you will have the goodness to mention it if there is anything you lack." I walked very softly over and looked at the bed. "My Lord," said I, "there is nothing lacking but a couple of pillows, and I hope I shall have enough interest to procure them." Sometimes I have forgotten to ask for my pillows, or have asked for them when it was too late; when the housekeeper had gone to bed and had her keys in her pocket carefully placed under her head. In such a case I have been extremely embarrassed. I have been at my wits' end. However, I have always found some expedient. I have sometimes put my clothes and sometimes a cushion in place of the pillows. I would rather use a stone than sleep without having my head well raised.


I am convinced that the model for most painters and artists of our generation was the comics. For artists who have grown up during the last fifty years, copying the comics is almost the equivalent of the Academy.


Mississippi said to Missouri
If I put on my New Jersey
What will Delaware?
Virginia said, Alaska.


What do you get when you cross a mobster with a conceptual artist? You get an offer you can't understand.

Suggested by Roger Holmes, a reader from Woodbury, Connecticut.

...
Humphry Dump Dublin squeaks through his nose; 
Humphry Dump Dublin hath a horrible worse; 
But for all his kinks English, plus his irismaxx brogues 
Humphry Dump Dublin's grandada of all rogues.


Do you carrot all for me? 
My heart beats for you. 
With your turnip nose 
And your radish face 
You are a peach. 
If we cantaloupe 
Lettuce marry 
Need make a swell pear.


Above: Haircuts of young Native American males of the Osage and Omaha nations were indications of the plant or animal clan with which they were associated. For example, the first haircut from the left on the top row was analogous to the head and tail of an elk, while the second from the right on the bottom row was emblematic of the teeth of a reptile. See F. La Flesche, "The Osage Child-Naming Rite" in 43rd Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology 1925-1926 (Washington, D.C., 1928).

For Burt, particularly during his years of retirement, letter writing was an extremely important channel of communication. At a rough estimate he would write something approaching 1500 letters a year. A great many of these would be in his own beautifully legible handwriting and no copies would be kept. Important letters were typed, and copies filed. From 1956 onwards the files are systematic and full. Burt was a fluent letter writer, and many of his letters were of extraordinary length, at times amounting to a dozen, or even twenty, pages. The time he devoted to correspondence must have been prodigious.


What's the difference between a boxer and a person with the common cold? One knows his blows, and the other blows his nose.

What is the difference among the son of a king, the mother of a monkey, a bald head, and an orphan? The son of a king is an heir apparent; the mother of a monkey is a hairy parent; a bald head has no hair apparent; and an orphan has nary a parent.

Come smoke a coca cola, 
Drink catseye cigarettes 
See Lillian Brussels wrestle with a box of castanets. 
Pork and beans will meet tonight 
And have a finished fight 
Chauncey de Pew will lecture on coca cola, 
Pork and beans will meet tonight 
And have a finished fight 
Chauncey de Pew will lecture on

Bay rum is good for horses 
It is the best in town 
Castoria cures the measles 
If you pay five dollars down 
Teeth extracted without pain 
At the cost of half a dime 
Overcoats are selling now 
A little out of time 
Do me a favor--drop dead.

A and how war yore maggies?


S sometimes he would with great earnestness place his feet in a particular position, sometimes making his heels touch, and sometimes his toes, as if he was endeavouring to form a triangle, at least the two sides of one, and after having finished he would beat his sides, or the skirts of his coat, repeatedly with his hands, as if for joy that he had one his duty, and what was extraordinary, after he had quitted the place, particularly at the entrance of a door, he would return to the same spot, evidently, I thought, for a scruple of conscience, and perform it all over again.


P players are divided into two groups approximately equal in number. One group goes to one side of a building, the other to the opposite side. A player on one side throws the ball over the building, calling as he throws it, “Anthony Over!” (usually corrupted into “Handy Over!” or “Anty Over!”). Those on the other side are on the lookout for the ball and try to catch it. If the ball is not caught, someone on the opposite side then throws it back over, with the same cry. If the ball is caught, however, the player who caught it runs around to the other side of the building and tries to hit one of the players of the second group. The player hit must then join the side of the one who hit him. The game continues until all those of one side have been hit.

A game observed in Kansas, described in Paul G. Brewster, American Non-singing Games (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1953), p. 84.

He Daniel Healy, of Donagh­men, is Ireland, having three different times dreamed that Money lay concealed under a large Stone in a field near where he lived, procured some Work­men to assist him in removing it, and was they they dug away as the foundations, it fell, suddenly and killed Healy on the spot.


O cc. 12, F., a handsome maid living in Catsstreet, being deeply in love with Joseph Godwin, a junior fellow of New Coll., poision’d herself with rats-bane. This is mention’d because it made a great wonder that a maid should be in love with such a person as he, who had a curl’d shap­pate, was squint-ey’d and purblind, and much deform’d with the small pox.


W ell, sir, we left New York drank and early on the morn­ing of February second. After fifteen days on the water and six on the boat, we finally arrived on the shores of Africa. The first morning saw us up at six, breakfasted and back in bed at seven. This was our routine for the first three months. We finally got so we were in bed at six thirty. The principal animals inhabiting the African jungle are moose, elk and Knights of Pythias. Of course, you know what a moose is. That’s big game. The first day, I shot two bucks. That was the biggest game we had...the elk, on the other hand, live up in the hills, and in the spring they come down for their annual convention. It is very interesting to see them come to the water hole. What they’re looking for is an elkhole. One morning I shot an elephant in my pajamas. How he got in my pajamas, I don’t know. Then we tried to remove the tusks, but they were embedded in so finely that we couldn’t budge them. Of course, in Alabama, the Tuskaloosa. But that’s entirely irrelephant to what I was saying. We took some pictures of the native girls, but they weren’t developed, and we’re going back in a couple of weeks.

What's the difference between a jailer and a jeweller? One watches cells and the other sells watches.

What's the difference between a ball and a prince? One is thrown in the air and the other is heir to the throne.

What's the difference between a big storm cloud and a lion with a toothache? One pours with rain while the other roars with pain.

What's the difference between an oak tree and a tight shoe? One makes acorns, and the other makes corns ache.

**RECOMMENDED**


**T**his issue of BALLAST is post-humously dedicated to the Reverend William Archibald Spooner, who was the Warden of New College in Oxford from 1903 to 1924. During his lifetime, he became associated with metathesis, the accidental transposition of sounds in spoken language, as when he intends to say "Let me show you to your seat" but says instead "Let me sew you to your sheet." This type of mistake is commonly called a spoonerism. Supposedly, Reverend Spooner made many errors of this kind. He was, for example, reported to say "A well-boiled icicle" in place of "A well-oiled bicycle." Or "I have in my bosom a half-formed fish" for "I have in my bosom a half-formed wish." Or (in scolding a student) "You have hissed my mystery lectures, and you have tasted a whole worm" instead of "You have missed my history lectures, and you have wasted a whole term." To find out more of Spooner's life (for example, that he was an albino), see William Hayter, *Spooners: A Biography* (London: W.H. Allen, 1977). A handful of photographs accompany the text, including a double portrait (reproduced here) of the Reverend and Mrs. Spooner. See also the section on spoonerisms in Tony Augarde, *The Oxford Guide to Word Games* (Oxford, England: Oxford University Press, 1984), pp. 172-177.

**Tell Serret that I should be desperate if my figures were correct, tell him that I do not want them to be correct. ... Tell him that my great longing is to learn to make these very incorrectnesses, those deviations, remodelings, changes in reality, so that they may become, yes, lies if you like--but truer than the literal truth.**

In 1847 I gave an address at Newton, Massachusetts, before a Teachers' Institute conducted by Horace Mann. My subject was grasshoppers. I passed around a large jar of these insects, and made every teacher take one and hold it while I was speaking. If any one dropped the insect, I stopped till he picked it up. This was at that time a great innovation, and excited much laughter and derision. There can be no true progress in the teaching of natural science until such methods become general.


I know a man who, when I ask him what he knows, fetches me a book to show me. He cannot so much as tell me he has piles in his behind until he first looks up in his dictionary the meaning of "piles" and "behind."


Lulu had a steamboat
The steamboat had a bell
Lulu went to heaven
The steamboat went to
Hello, operator, give me number nine
If you disconnect me,
I'll tell you no more lies,
I'll kick you in the
Front of his horse
As he went further into old age, his health grew increasingly fragile. It was like an old suit, he wrote—as soon as one hole got patched up, it sprang another hole in another place.


A sergeant was lecturing on ship building, and began by saying that two trees were mostly used, the Hoak (voice from the class) Isn't it Oak, sir? Sergeant. The Hoak and the Helm. Voice. Isn't it Elm, sir? Sergeant. The Hoak and the Helm. These trees are also used in making Piles for Piers, by which I do not mean Hemorrhoids for Haristocrats like that young #10£ in the corner.


One cow-stealer will make a
hole in a hottom loaf newly
drawn out of the oven, and
put it on an Oxen horn for a
convenient time, and then they
can turn their softened horns the contrary way: So the owner cannot
swear to his own beast. Not long
before the King's restoration, a fellow was hang'd at Tyburn for this Trick, and saith, that he had never
come thither, if he had not heard this Trick spoken of in a Sermon. Thought he, I will try this Trick.


My whole work from a career point of view has been to try to abandon what I knew how to do. I started out doing humorous illustrations, then doing more serious illustrations, then I became more interested in design, then I became a magazine designer, then I suddenly found myself doing interiors; now I am designing supermarkets and play parks for children and new petrol stations and so on. And I always realized that if you are lucky, you can abandon your own mastery. Learn how something is done and do it well, and then move on to something else.