George Bernard Shaw: If all the economists were laid end to end, they would still not reach a conclusion.

Dorothy Parker: If all the young ladies who attended the Yale promenade dance were laid end to end, no one would be the least surprised.

Below: Winter personified, a print by an unknown artist, in the spirit of Giuseppe Arcimboldo, circa 1600.

I've painted for a very long time, but I don't get tired or bored by it; I love to do it. If I don't paint one day, I don't feel well physically or mentally. My eyes bother me when I don't paint. But when I paint a full day, I feel satisfied and everything seems to be OK. I would never stop, never retire. I can't see how people can retire; I don't understand that. My brother Moses died while he was painting. He was actually working on a painting, and the last words he said were to the model: "Phoebe, don't frown." Then he died. He worked to the very last minute.


he was a well preserved woman and reminded John of a crystalized pear; her frosted transformation glistened like encrusted sugar round the stalk, which was represented by a tubular head-ornament on the apex of the carefully tended pyramid; her greeting was sticky.


What differences are there among a gardener, a billiard player, a precise man, and a church janitor? The gardener minds his peas. The billiard player minds his cues. The precise man minds his p's and q's. And the church janitor minds his keys and pews.

The important thing was that we had a great deal to say to each other, and that each was really interested in what the other said; also, that each was eager to speak when it came his turn, and was confident that what he said would be worth hearing. We like those who inspire us to talk well, to talk indeed our best, which in their presence becomes something better than it ever was before, so that it surprises and delights us too. We like least those persons in whose presence we are dull. For we can be either, and company brings it out; that is what company is for.


We talked of the education of children and what was best to teach them first. "Sir," said he, "there is no matter what you teach them first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first. Sir, you may stand disputing which is best to put in first, but in the mean time your backside is bare. Sir, while you are considering which of two things you should teach your child first, another boy has learnt 'em both."

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There is no shortage of material for future issues, but readers should not be discouraged from sending in offbeat 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 stamped envelope. When subscribing to BALLAST, please send good-looking or unusual stamps. No more puppy love stamps please!

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An Arab came to the river side
With a donkey bearing an obelisk:
But he would not try to ford the tide
For he had too good an

Anon, quoted in Susan Stewart,
Nonsense: Aspects of Intertextuality
in Folklore and Literature (Baltimore:
Johns Hopkins University Press,

This remarkable sequence of portraits was produced by an anonymous inmate in a mental institution, a person who was diagnosed as schizophrenic. These portraits have been reproduced in J.H. Plokker, Art From The Mentally Disturbed: The Shattered Vision of Schizophrenics (Boston: Little Brown, 1965) p. 113. According to that book, "It often occurs that a patient will draw variations. Or he will reproduce the same small scene in an identical manner several times in juxtaposition, then suddenly introducing a small variation by adding or omitting an element, then returning again to the old stereotyped pattern" (p. 153).

Wolfgang Pauli was a short, rather rotund man. He had a well-developed sense of humor. His mainstay in that respect was the so-called Pauli effect. This was a phenomenon thoroughly known to every physicist of the 1920s: Whenever Pauli (a pure theoretician) entered a laboratory, all kinds of things would go wrong. Meter needles would dance wildly, delicate glassware would crack, electric wires would suddenly spark, and so on. Pauli himself was very good in entertaining an audience with tales of his past exploits in this field. Once, however, I saw him wax really furious. This was when a professor at a smaller German university forbade Pauli to enter his laboratory because the man was afraid of the "Pauli effect." This was too direct and too blunt even for Wolfgang Pauli's sense of humor, and it took him many months to get over it.


VELOCITY is a tri-annual, contributor sponsored mail art magazine. Send them 100 copies of an 8 1/2 by 11 inch page, plus $1.00 cash or stamps, and they will supply you with the issue containing your artwork. (We are reminded of Richard Kostelanetz's Assembling.) For more information, write to: VELOCITY Magazine, 4350 McPherson Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri 63108. Suggested by Steve Frenkel, a reader from Roswell, Georgia.
Mrs. Cabot tells a characteristi-
cic anecdote of Thayer... She
was attending a fashionable
finishing school in New York
City as a girl in her teens. Thayer
was to come down to Scarborough by
train to meet her and escort her back
to pose for him the next day. He
arrived at the station, she says,
rayed in a corduroy hunting suit, a
worn felt hat with an old hankerchief
pair of rubber boots. He carried a
brown paper bag of wild ducks which he
had recently shot and which were leak-
ing badly.

The modishly dressed young girl and
the uncouth figure of the artist made
a startling contrast, but Thayer, not
at all embarrassed, suggested a stroll
out his watch and said, "The Kneisel
 Quartette is playing a Beethoven con-
tact this afternoon. Let's go.
We've just time before our
train."

And so, as Mrs. Cabot says, with en-
tire disregard of the dressy crowd of
the concert hall they took their
seats--corduroys, rubber boots, leaky
ducks and all--and enjoyed the music.

James Boswell, in Mark Harris, editor,
The Heart of Boswell (New York: McGraw

So how do you go about teaching
then something new? By mixing
what they know with what they
don't know. Then, when they
see vaguely in their fog something
they recognize, they think, "Ah, I
know that." And it's just one more
step to, "Ah, I know the whole thing."
And their mind thrusts forward into
the unknown and they begin to recog-
nize what they didn't know before and
they increase their powers of under-
standing.

Pablo Picasso, quoted by Françoise
Gilot and Carlton Lake, Life With
interested me to hear Freud's views on precognition and on parapsychology in general. When I visited him in Vienna in 1909 I asked him what he thought of these matters. Because of his materialistic prejudice, he rejected this entire complex of questions as nonsensical. While Freud was going on this way, I had a curious sensation. It was as if my diaphragm were made of iron and were becoming red-hot—a glowing vault. And at that moment there was such a loud report in the bookcase, which stood right next to us, that we both started up in alarm, fearing the thing was going to topple over on us. I said to Freud: "There, that is an example of a so-called catalytic exteriorization phenomenon."

"Oh come," he exclaimed. "That is sheer bosh."

"It is not," I replied. "You are mistaken, Herr Professor. And to prove my point I now predict that in a moment there will be another such loud report!" Sure enough, no sooner had I said the words than the same detonation went off in the bookcase.


happened to be practicing at the piano one day—I clearly recall, not that it matters, that it was a fugue by Mozart, K.394, for those of you who play it too—and suddenly a vacuum cleaner started up just beside the instrument. Well, the result was that in the louder passages, this luminously diatonic music in which Mozart deliberately imitates the technique of Sebastian Bach became surrounded with a halo of vibrato, rather the effect that you might get if you sang in the bathtub with both ears full of water and shook your head from side to side all at once. And in the softer passages I couldn't hear any sound that I was making at all. I could feel, of course—I could sense the tactile relation with the keyboard, which is replete with its own kind of accoustical associations, and I could imagine what I was doing, but I couldn't actually hear it. But the strange thing was that all of it sounded better than it had without the vacuum cleaner, and those parts which I couldn't actually hear sounded best of all. Well, for years thereafter, and still today, if I am in a great hurry to acquire an imprint of some new score on my mind, I simulate the effect of the vacuum cleaner by placing some totally contrary noises as close to the instrument as I can.


drew: An exemplary comment on visual metamorphosis by the 19th century caricaturist and illustrator, Jean Ignace Isidore Gerard, more commonly known by his pen name, Grandeville.

Samuel Goldwyn (attr.): Anyone who would go to a psychiatrist ought to have his head examined.

Laurence Durrell: A poem is something that happens when an anxiety meets a technique.

Left: While we were preparing this issue, we ran into Schomer Lichtner, one of the most venerable artists we know, and (of course) a subscriber to BALLAST. He had just finished this drawing, intending to donate it to a certain humanitarian organization in celebration of its 40th anniversary. Drawing Copyright © 1986 by Schomer Lichtner, c/o Spotted Cow Publications, 2626a North Maryland Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211. Write and ask about his books!
We need some Johnsonian or Ruskinian pundit to frighten everybody with near impossible conditions for true creativity. We have to stop thinking that what kindergarten children produce with pencil or watercolour is anything more than amusing or quaint. If you want to be considered a poet, you'll have to show mastery of the Petrarchan sonnet form or the sestina. Your musical efforts must begin with well-formed fugues. There is no substitute for craft.

There, I think, you may have the nub of the matter. Art begins with craft, and there is no art until craft has been mastered. You can't create unless you're willing to subordinate the creative impulse to the construction of a form. But the learning of a craft takes time, and we all think we're entitled to short cuts... Art is rare and sacred and hard work, and there ought to be a wall of fire around it.


In his book on the development of the atomic bomb, *Brighter Than a Thousand Suns*, Robert Jungk (1958) describes meetings between von Neumann, Enrico Fermi, Edward Teller, and Richard Feynman, all men of unquestionable genius. Whenever a computation was needed, von Neumann, Fermi, and Feynman were to begin to calculate, each after his own fashion. Fermi juggled his slide rule, Feynman pounded a desk calculator, and von Neumann calculated in his head. According to one observer, von Neumann was usually the first to finish, and the results of the three independent calculations were remarkably close.


Jean Tinguely was (perhaps still is) an avant-garde artist, a Swiss sculptor, a colleague of Yves Klein and Bruno Munari. In 1960 he made *Homage to New York*, a capricious assembly of mechanical detritus which was supposed to self-destruct at its first and only performance at the Museum of Modern Art. Reproduced here (right) are the patent diagrams for a Jean Tinguely drawing machine, which he registered with the French government on 26 June 1959. It is described in great detail (in French) in Otto Piene and Heinz Mack, *Zero* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: MIT Press, 1973), pp. 127-129. Suggested (years ago) by Ken Gogel, a reader from Cedar Falls, Iowa.
During World War I, Pablo Picasso supposedly said that the French army could most effectively camouflage its soldiers if it dressed them in harlequin costumes. The idea was not as absurd as it sounds, as is witnessed by the fact that a wide variety of military and natural forms are characterized by disruptive surface markings. The French referred to this kind of camouflage as bariclage or zébrage. In England and America, it was more commonly known as dazzle camouflage. It was invented separately, and almost simultaneously, by three artists: Abbott H. Thayer, a prominent American painter; Victor Lucien Guirand de Scevola, an obscure French painter; and Norman Wilkinson, a British marine painter. Reproduced here (right) is a page which discusses disruption from Eric Sloane, Camouflage Simplified (New York: The Devin-Adair Company, 1942).

Our fourth trip was to the West Indies...my father's special mission was tasting butterflies! This was in order to disprove what his very dear friend, Professor Poulton of Oxford has written many lengthy books to prove, the theory of mimicry, trying to show that harmless butterflies or other insects had through natural selection acquired similar patterning and coloring to those of bad tasting butterflies for their protection. He actually tasted them and could find no difference in the flavor.


We, read, I've told my classes, to die, not entirely certain what I mean but sure it has something to do with being alone, shutting the world out, doing books like beads, a mantra, the flu. Some perfect, hermetic concentration sealed as canned goods or pharmaceuticals. It is, I think, not so much a way of forgetting ourselves as engaging the totality of our attentions, as racing-car drivers or mountain climbers, as surgeons and chess masters do. It's fine, precise, detailed work, the infinitely small motor management of diamond cutters and safecrackers that we do in our heads...I haven't said it here, am almost ashamed to own up, but once I opened books slowly, stately, plump imaginary orchestras going off in my head like overtures, like music behind the opening credits in films, humming the title page, whispering the copyright, turning myself into producer and pit band, usher and audience.


When artists are living and working as closely together as we were in those years, they are all obviously influenced in some degree by one another; they all derive motifs from one another. I remember one day when Juan Gris told me about a bunch of grapes he had seen in a painting by Picasso. The next day these grapes appeared in a painting by Gris, this time in a bowl; and the day after, the bowl appeared in a painting by Picasso.


Clarence Day: If you don't go to other men's funerals, they won't go to yours.

Jacob Bronowski: The world is made of people who never quite get into the first team and who just miss the prizes at the flower show.

G.M. Trevelyan: Education has produced a vast population able to read but unable to distinguish what is worth reading.

Henry David Thoreau: Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk.

A man becomes creative, whether he is an artist or a scientist, when he finds a new unity in the variety of nature. He does so by finding a likeness between things which were not thought alike before, and this gives him a sense at the same time of richness and of undue understanding. The creative mind is a mind that looks for unexpected likenesses. This is not a mechanical procedure, and I believe that it engages the whole personality in science as in the arts.

Buxton told Holliday that he was "drunk with reckoning" from 10 a.m., May 17, 1725, until the 16th of June, at the end of which he slept soundly for seven hours—raising the question of how much he usually slept. He determined never again to undertake such demanding calculations. The problem which led to his "drunkenness" was determining the number of grains of barley, vetches, peas, wheat, oats, rye, beans, lentils and hairs one inch long, respectively, required to fill a container 202,680,000,360 miles on a side...Buxton was often drunk with more than reckoning. His apparent lack of wit did not prevent him from being a premier beer hustler. He kept a mental record of all the free beer and ale he had been given since the age of 12, and where it was consumed. The total, 5,116 pints, averages out to 5 or 6 ounces a day. Bear in mind that this was beer which he was given, and does not include any beer that he may have paid for, or made for himself. The most interesting item on the list is the 72 pints he consumed at a "gathering for his dead cow."...Buxton referred to pints of beer as "winds," because he never took more than one breath to a pint or two to a quart.


Here was one entertainment I was not allowed to attend until I was much older. It was given, whenever he visited my parents at Berkhamsted, by an old clergyman called Canon Baldwin...He recited the more grisly scenes from Shakespeare, in the dark of the drawing room, taking all the parts himself: male and female. Sometimes, listening from a discreet distance in the hall outside, I heard muffled gurgles, chokes and screams, as Duncan lay laced with hisgolden blood or Desdemona strangled. They were tense occasions for my parents, as a single cough from one of the privileged guests would stop the Canon in mid-speech and he would call angrily, like Hamlet's uncle, for lights.


It was absolutely marvelous working for Pauli. You could ask him anything. There was no worry that he would think a particular question was stupid, since he thought all questions were stupid.


Pauli was a plump, youngish man, only a couple of years older than I...One odd characteristic was that he kept rocking forward and backward, not only when he was sitting but even when he was walking. Since this rocking motion didn't keep time with his legs his walk was erratic; for a few steps he would walk very fast and then the oscillation would interfere with his leg motion and a few short steps would follow.


They believe in rod, the scourer almighty, creator of hell upon earth and in Jacky Tar, the son of a gun, who was conceived of unholy boast, born of the fighting navy, suffered under rump and dozen, was sacrificed flayed and curried, yelled like bloody hell, the third day he arose again from the bed, steered into haven, sitteth on his beamend till further orders whence he shall come to drudge for a living and be paid.


Above: With considerable pleasure, we dedicate this issue of BALLAST to the American cartoonist George Herriman (1880-1944), author of the comic strip Krazy Kat. We strongly urge readers of BALLAST to take a careful look at the work of this extraordinary genius in the new book by Patrick McDonnell, Karen O'Connell, and Georgia Riley de Havedon, Krazy Kat: The Comic Art of George Herriman (New York: Harry Abrams, 1986). Reproduced here is a strip that he drew on 6 January 1918. Previous issues of BALLAST have been dedicated to Liam Hudson, a contemporary British psychologist, author of The Cult of the Fact, Bodies of Knowledge, Night Life, and other books; to Jules Kirschbaum, a contemporary American painter and the Ellis and Nelle Levi Professor of Art at Drake University; to Etienne-Jules Marey, a 19th century physician and inventor; and to the Reverend William Archibald Spooner, a Victorian ecclesiastic who was the frequent victim of the accidental transposition of sounds in speech (metaphasia), or what is more commonly known as a "spoonerism."
R. Wood is said to have spent some time in a flat in Paris where he discovered that the lady in the flat below kept a tortoise in a window pen. Wood fashioned a collecting device from a broom-handle, and bought a supply of tortoises of dispersed sizes. While the lady was out shopping, Wood replaced her tortoise by one slightly larger. He repeated this operation each day until the growth of the tortoise became so obvious to its owner that she consulted Wood who, having first played a subsidiary joke by sending her to consult a Professor at the Sorbonne whom he considered to be devoid of humour, advised her to write the press. When the tortoise had grown to a size that several pressmen were taking a daily interest, Wood then reversed the process, and in a week or so the tortoise mysteriously contracted to its original dimensions.


On the subject of reincarnation he was usually reticent, but he did once come up with the hypothesis that his daughter Anne was a reincarnation of William Pitt. He had a portrait of the young Pitt in the dining-room and he measured the skull, compared the measurements with Anne's head, and decided that they were identical. Soon afterwards, during a lunch party, he called Anne into the dining-room, and propounded his theory, and quoted a saying of Pitt's: "Do you remember saying that in the House?", he asked hopefully. She was unable to pretend that she did, so the experiment was not repeated.


On the morning of the aerodrome he was told it was quite impossible for him to go, as all the berths were taken for Ministerial personages of the Highest Priority--so the aeroplane started without him. It turned out that the passengers were all officials from the Ministry of Health who had been sent to hear the lecture.


Nothing that happened in Berkhamsted escaped her eye: she was a walking newsletter. In later life I loved my aunt for this very quality, and would make journeys from London to have tea with her and hear the latest gossip of Berkhamsted... Her ear was very close to the ground. Once I arrived with my brother Hugh unannounced, walking directly from the railway station five minutes away. She opened the door to us, saying, "When I heard you were in Berkhamsted I put on the kettle for tea."