

Winter 1986

Ballast Quarterly Review, v02n2, Winter 1986

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BALLAST

BOOKS • ART • LANGUAGE • LOGIC • AMBIGUITY • SCIENCE • TEACHING

There were two neighbors; one of them contended that the other's cat had stolen and eaten five pounds of his butter; there was a bitter argument and finally they agreed to seek the advice of the rabbi. They went to the rabbi and the owner of the cat said: "It cannot be, my cat doesn't care for butter at all" but the other insisted that it was his cat and the rabbi said: "Bring me the scales." And they brought the scales and he asked: "How many pounds of butter?" "Five pounds." And believe it or not, the weight of the cat was exactly five pounds. So the rabbi said: "Now I have the butter, but where is the cat?"

Viktor Frankl, "Reduction and Nihilism" in Arthur Koestler and J.R. Smythies, eds., Beyond Reductionism (Boston: Beacon Press, 1969), p. 403.

Bone jar! Hello, cookie, what's stewin'? Hello, kitten, what's mewin'? Hello, good lookin', what's cookin'? Hello, Joe, whaddaya know? Hello, sprout, what's growin'? How do you like it as far as you've gone? How do you sagaciate? How's crops? How's the holy rough side of your liver this morning? How's your big wheel? How's your couverosity? How's your wife and kidneys?

Colloquial greetings from the 1950s, in Lester Berrey and Melvin Van Den Bark, The American Thesaurus of Slang (2nd Edition) (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell, 1956), p. 319.

REPARTEE A witty or clever rejoinder, as in the story of Bernard Shaw meeting a very fat man on a narrow staircase. Shaw shoved his way past him. "Pig!" said the fat man angrily. Shaw raised his hat and replied: "Shaw. Good afternoon."

J.A. Cuddon, A Dictionary of Literary Terms (Middlesex, England: Penguin Books, 1982), p. 564.



One day a squirrel bit my finger. I was hurt, more by the feeling that the squirrel had been mean to me than by the sudden little pinch. Jim squatted down next to me and kissed the hurt finger and explained that the squirrel hadn't meant to hurt me, that it thought my finger was a peanut. That didn't make sense to me at first, but then Jim held up the tip of my finger and said, "Doesn't it look like a peanut?" and it did.

Joel Agee (remembering his father, James Agee), Twelve Years: An American Boyhood in East Germany (New York: Farrar Straus Giroux, 1981), p. 90.

As a joke, Sartre was making love to Mamaine, though so outrageously one could scarcely have said he was being indiscreet, and we were all far too drunk for it to be offensive. Suddenly, Koestler threw a glass at Sartre's head and it smashed against the wall. We brought the evening to a close: Koestler didn't want to go home, and then he found he'd lost his wallet and had to stay behind in the club; Sartre was staggering about on the sidewalk and laughing helplessly when Koestler finally decided to climb back up the stairway on all fours. He wanted to continue his quarrel with Sartre. "Come on, let's go home!" said Camus, laying a friendly hand on his shoulder: Koestler shrugged the hand off and hit Camus, who then tried to hurl himself on his aggressor; we kept them apart. Leaving Koestler in his wife's hands, we all got into Camus' car; he too was suitably soused in vodka and champagne, and his eyes began to fill with tears: "He was my friend! And he hit me!" He kept collapsing onto the steering wheel and sending the car into the most terrifying swerves and we would try to haul him up, completely sobered by our fear.

Simone de Beauvoir (recalling a ripsnorting night on the town with Jean Paul Sartre, Albert Camus, and Mamaine and Arthur Koestler in 1949), quoted in Iain Hamilton, Koestler: A Biography (New York: MacMillan, 1982), p. 160.

Question: How do Germans ask for gloves? Answer: Gott Mit Uns?

BALLAST

FUGATO

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BALLAST Quarterly Review
Roy R. Behrens
113 West Gaston Street
Savannah, Georgia 31401

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What appeared to us very remarkable is that at different hours of the day you are stung by distinct species. From half past six in the morning till five at night the air is filled with a tiny biting fly called jejen. An hour before sunset the tempraneros, a species of small gnat, take their place. Their presence scarcely lasts an hour and a half; they disappear between six and seven in the evening, or, as they say, after the Angelus. After a few minutes' repose, you feel yourself stung by zancudos, another species of gnat with very long legs. The zancudos, the proboscis of which contains a sharp-pointed sucker, causes the most acute pain, and a swelling that remains several weeks. The Indians pretend to distinguish the zancudos and the tempraneros "by their song." At fixed and invariable hours, the air is peopled with new inhabitants, and we might guess blindfolded the hour of the day or night by the hum of the insects, and by their stings.

It is neither the dangers of navigating in small boats, nor the savage Indians, nor the serpents, crocodiles, or jaguars, that make Spaniards dread a voyage on the Orinoco; it is as they say with simplicity, "el sudar y las moscas" (the sweat and the flies).

Baron Friedrich Wilhelm Karl Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt (18th century German naturalist, describing an expedition on the Orinoco River in South America), in Douglas Botting, Humboldt and the Cosmos (New York: Harper and Row, 1973), pp. 118-120.



It was a very lovely spring day, Gertrude Stein had been going to the opera every night and going also to the opera in the afternoon and had been otherwise engrossed and it was the period of the final examinations, and there was the examination in William James' course. She sat down with the examination paper before her and she just could not. Dear Professor James, she wrote at the top of her paper. I am so sorry but really I do not feel a bit like an examination paper in philosophy to-day, and left.

The next day she had a postal card from William James saying, Dear Miss Stein, I understand perfectly how you feel I often feel like that myself. And underneath it he gave her work the highest mark in his course.

Gertrude Stein, The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, in Carl Van Vechten, ed., Selected Writings of Gertrude Stein (New York: Random House Modern Library, 1962), pp. 74-75.

And so, by means of friends and all sorts of ways, I applied to the Rockefeller Foundation for a research grant. And now you have to picture again: the office of the Rockefeller Foundation was, I think, on the seventh second floor, somewhere high up in Rockefeller Center. And I went up there, and I went to see the gentleman on whom my destiny depended. It was a very correctly dressed man with a little moustache (very English, sort of) sitting at the desk, and when you looked out of the window you saw that everything in Manhattan was covered by the clouds except for a few steeples looking through the clouds, and it was as though you were visiting God the Lord up in the sky. And here was God the Lord, sitting there, in charge of the money--in charge of those millions of dollars which he could say yes or no to; either you would be starving or you would get all the money you needed for a couple of years. It was quite an experience.

Rudolf Arnheim, "My Life in the Art World," an autobiographical lecture delivered at the School of Art at the University of Michigan on 8 February 1984, p. 10.

He was very fond of William Morris...He liked the incongruities and eccentricities of the man. He liked his habit of grinding his teeth openly on the platform while waiting for the train at Earl's Court, of throwing ill-cooked food out of the window, of weeping over a disappointment, of swearing like a trooper, of fidgeting like a child if forced to sit still, of permitting his great mane of hair and beard to bristle and his eyes to flame with actual fire if someone disagreed with him on Burne-Jones's art, of beating his head against the wall, of biting the furniture, of tearing his tapestries, of pulling down his curtains. It especially appealed to Graham that Morris not only made furniture but bit furniture, for it always rather worried him that this man who couldn't wear a tie yet made so many things that pleased the precious. He was delighted that Morris had once confessed to him, "I have spent, I know, a vast amount of time designing furniture and wallpapers, carpets and curtains; but after all I am inclined to think that that sort of thing is mostly rubbish, and I would prefer for my part to live with the plainest whitewashed walls and wooden chairs and tables."

Sir John Lavery (regarding Cunningham Graham and William Morris), The Life of a Painter (Boston: Little Brown, 1940), pp. 85-86.

Thayer was especially fond of cats. "Cats," he said, "are poets!" He often carried a cat about buttoned inside his coat or sweater. Someone brought a kitten to the house and Thayer fondled it, put it into his pocket, and carried it about all day, saying, "I had forgotten the feel of a kitten!"

Nelson C. White, Abbott H. Thayer: Painter and Naturalist (Hartford, Connecticut: Connecticut Printers, 1951), p. 97.

At a dinner party one evening, there was a heated exchange between Sir Winston Churchill and a female Member of the Parliament. At the end of the exchange the lady scornfully remarked, "Mr. Churchill, you are drunk."

"And you madam," replied Churchill, "are ugly. But I shall be sober tomorrow."

Clifton Fadiman, The Little, Brown Book of Anecdotes (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1985), p. 37.

Believe me, you can get all the tubes of Winsor & Newton paint you want in Cincinnati, but the artists keep migrating to New York all the same.. you see them six days a week...hot off the Carey airport bus, lined up in front of the real-estate office on Broome Street in their identical blue jeans, gum boots, and quilted Long March jackets...looking, of course, for the inevitable loft...

Tom Wolfe, The Painted Word (New York: Bantam, 1976), p. 15.



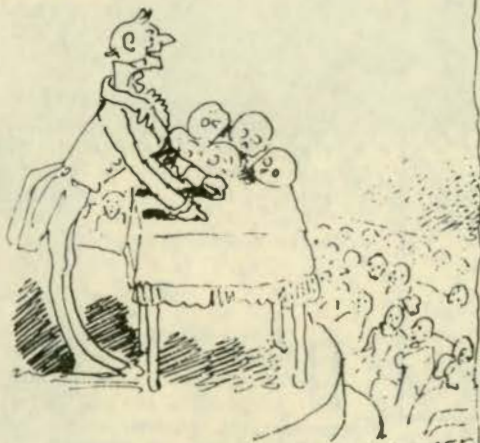
AND TO TAKE WILD FLIGHT, WHICH STARTS THE HARES AND TERRIFIES THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.



MEANWHILE WHEN THE COACH REACHES THE BORDER, BONICHON GOES THROUGH THE TRUNK OF THE PHRENOLOGIST CRANIOSE AND QUAKES IN HORROR.



PROCEEDING TO BERG-OPTOON, CRANIOSE BUYS TWO SCOUNDREL SKULLS FROM A GRAVEDIGGER.



WHEN HE GETS TO BRUSSELS, CRANIOSE GIVES A PUBLIC COURSE IN PHRENOLOGY. HE APPLIES HIMSELF TO DEMOLISHING WORTHY PREJUDICES; THEN HE GOES ON TO THE ELEMENTARY APPLICATIONS.

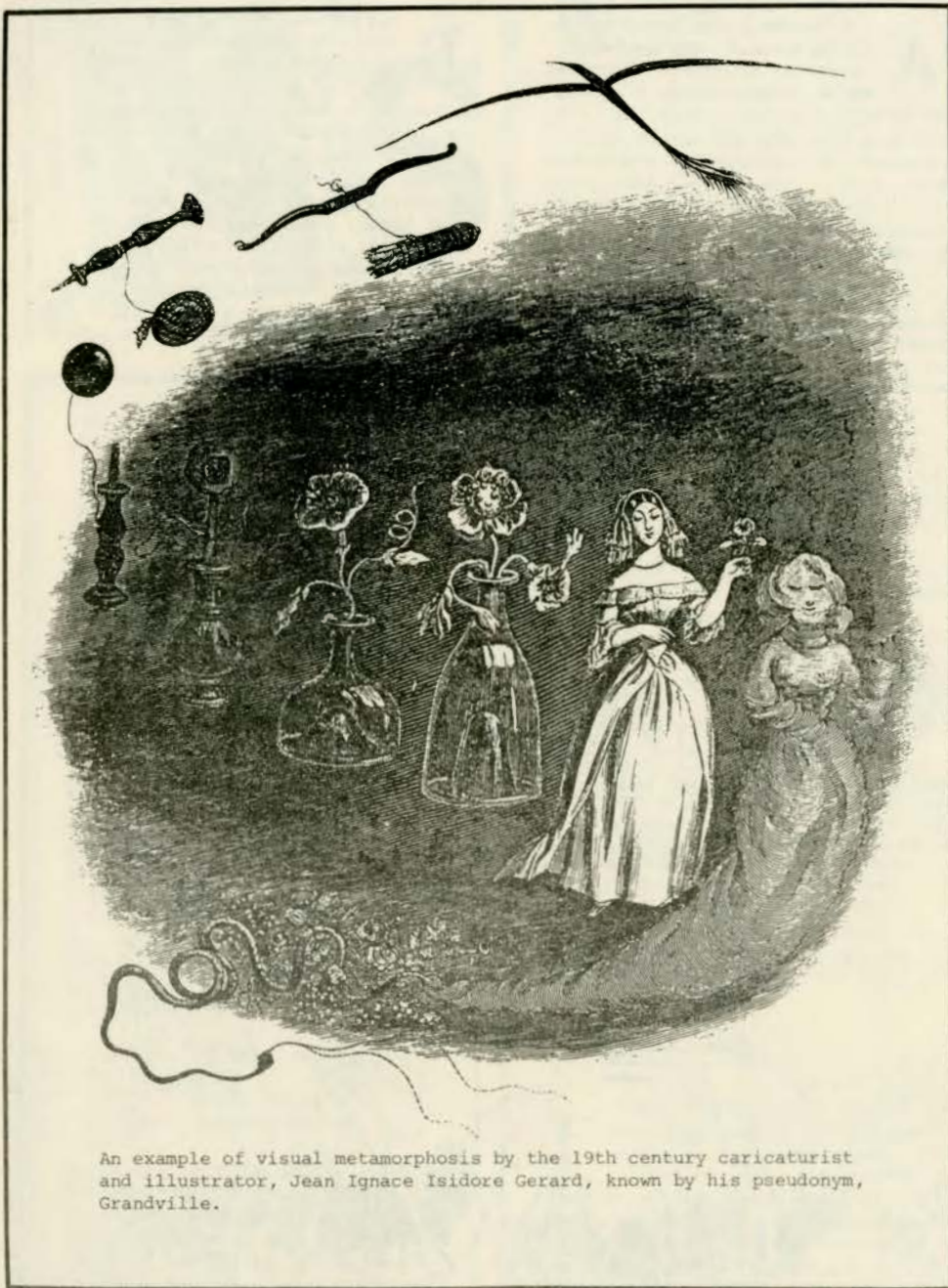


THEN HE GOES ON TO DEMONSTRATIVE PROOF, SHOWING THAT PHRENOLOGY IS BASED ON FACTS, AND THAT THESE FACTS ARE SCOUNDRELBUMPS.



THEN HE GOES ON TO THE FUTURE OF SOCIETY, AND DEVELOPS HIS THEORY OF THE GRAND EXAMINER.

It is with unrestrained delight that we dedicate this issue of *BALLAST* to an obscure 19th century Swiss novelist, Rodolphe Töpffer (1799-1846), who lectured on classical rhetoric at the Academy of Geneva. A father of the comic book, Töpffer illustrated his humorous writings with remarkably lively, expressive cartoons. We regard him as a great draughtsman. We first learned of Töpffer when we read E.H. Gombrich's book, Art and Illusion: A Study in the Psychology of Pictorial Representation (New York: Pantheon, 1960). Years later, we were given a copy of E. Wiese, Enter: The Comics; Rodolphe Töpffer's Essay on Physiognomy and The True Story of Monsieur Crépin (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1965), one of the few English language books in which his drawings are reproduced. Suggested (many years ago) by Ken Gogel, a reader from Cedar Falls, Iowa.



An example of visual metamorphosis by the 19th century caricaturist and illustrator, Jean Ignace Isidore Gerard, known by his pseudonym, Grandville.

Alexander James recalls coming into Thayer's studio at this period and finding him slumped down in a corner in a state of complete nervous exhaustion. James went up to him, put his arm about him, and tried to soothe him. At first Thayer wanted to be left alone, but at length his agitation subsided and he said, "Aleck, what I need at a time like this is to boil an egg for somebody--we all ought to boil more eggs for people!"

Nelson C. White, Abbott H. Thayer: Painter and Naturalist (Hartford, CT: Connecticut Printers, 1951), pp. 168-169.

As Moholy became an experienced teacher he discovered that the creative process lent itself poorly to the inevitable routine of the classroom, that it often died of verbalization. It became his conviction that art itself cannot be taught, because young people look for absolutes whereas the artist maintains a precarious equilibrium between self-assertion and self-rejection.

Sibyl Moholy-Nagy (remembering her husband Laszlo), Moholy-Nagy: Experiment in Totality (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1969), p. 45.

I found the object of my search (Daniel Boone) engaged in cooking his dinner. He was lying on his back, near the fire, and had a long strip of venison wound around his ramrod, and was busy turning it before a brisk blaze, and using salt and pepper to season his meat. I at once told him the object of my visit (to paint his portrait). I found he hardly knew what I meant. I explained the matter to him, and he agreed to sit. He was ninety years old, and rather infirm; his memory of passing events was much impaired, yet he would amuse me every day by his anecdotes of his earlier life. I asked him one day, just after his description of one of his long hunts, if he never got lost, having no compass. "No," said he, "I can't say as ever I was lost, but I was bewildered once for three days."

Chester Harding (recalling his encounter with Daniel Boone), quoted in Leah Lipton, "Chester Harding and the Life Portrait of Daniel Boone," in The American Art Journal, vol XVI no 3, Summer 1984, p. 5.

Theophilus Thistledown, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. If, then, Theophilus Thistledown, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieve of unsifted thistles, do not get the unsifted thistles stuck in thy tongue.

Anon., a tongue-tripper.

It was during the visit of the comet in 1874, when unfortunately the comet's tail was a subject of general conversation, that Maxwell's terrier developed a great fondness for running after his own tail, and though anyone could start him, no one but Maxwell could stop him until he was weary. Maxwell's method of dealing with the case was, by a movement of the hand, to induce the dog to revolve in the opposite direction and after a few turns to reverse him again, and to continue these reversals, reducing the number of revolutions for each, until like a balance wheel on a hair spring with the maintaining power withdrawn, by slow decaying oscillations the body came to rest.

William Garnett (remembering William Clerk Maxwell), "Reminiscences of William Garnett" in Nature, vol 128, 1931, p. 605.

When I started writing that story, I didn't know there was going to be a Ph.D. with a wooden leg in it. I merely found myself one morning writing a description of two women I knew something about, and before I realized it, I had equipped one of them with a daughter with a wooden leg. I brought in the Bible salesman, but I had no idea what I was going to do with him. I didn't know he was going to steal that wooden leg until ten or twelve lines before he did it, but when I found out that this was what was going to happen, I realized it was inevitable.

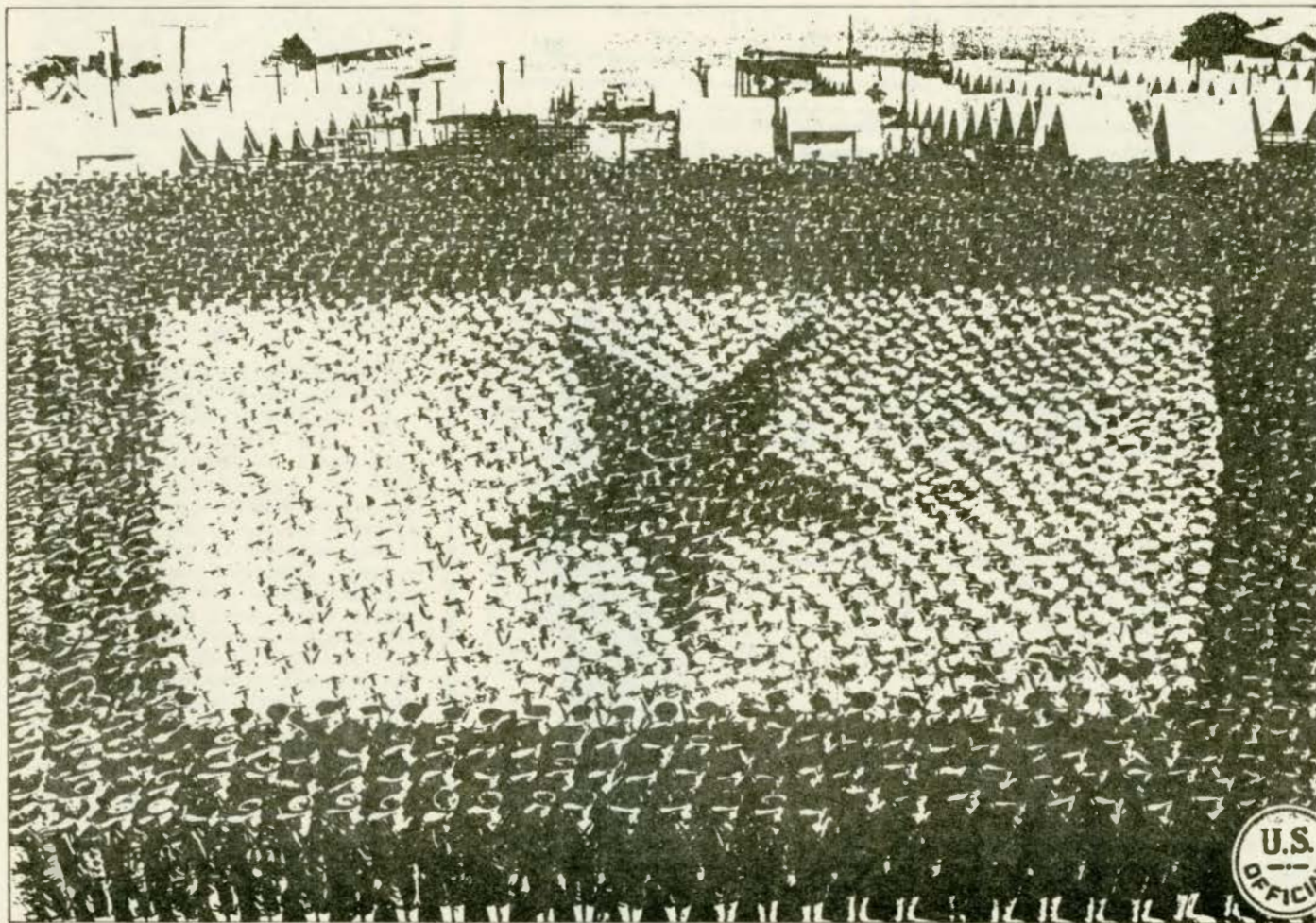
Plannery O'Connor, "Writing Short Stories" (referring to a story called "Good Country People"), as quoted in Raymond Carver, "On Writing" in Fires: Essays, Poems, Stories (New York: Random House, 1984), pp. 16-17. Suggested by Amy Arntson, a reader from Madison, Wisconsin.

The more you limit yourself, the more fertile you become in invention. A prisoner in solitary confinement for life becomes very inventive, and a spider may furnish him with much entertainment. One need only hark back to one's schooldays, when aesthetic considerations were ignored in the choice of one's instructors, who were consequently very tiresome: how fertile in invention did not one prove to be! How entertaining to catch a fly and hold it imprisoned under a nut shell, watching it run around the shell; what pleasure, from cutting a hole in the desk, putting a fly in it, and then peeping down at it through a piece of paper! How entertaining sometimes to listen to the monotonous drip of water from the roof!

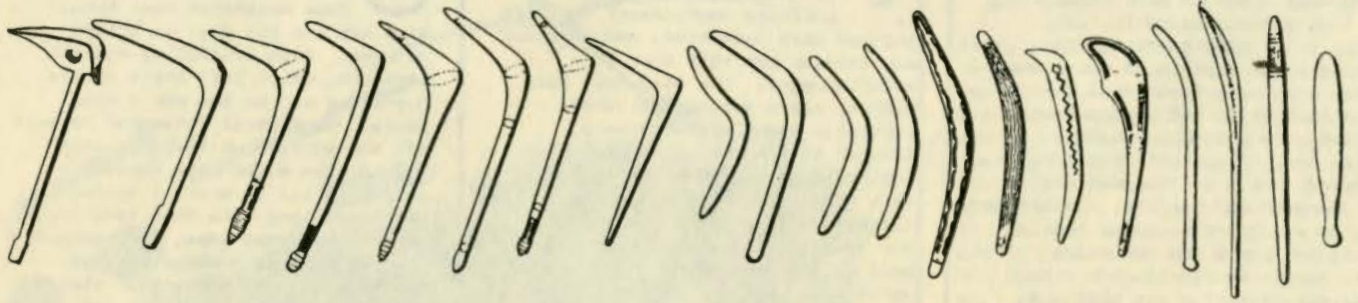
Soren Kierkegaard, "The Rotation Method" in R. Bretall, ed., A Kierkegaard Anthology (New York: Modern Library, n.d.), pp. 25-26.

Ine morning in the late 1940s, Swiss inventor George de Mestral went hunting in the Jura Mountains near Nyon. With him was his dog, an Irish pointer. Both brushed up against burdocks, which left burrs in the dog's fur and on the man's wool pants. De Mestral attempted to pull off the burrs, but they resisted. Anyone else might have cursed or shrugged, but de Mestral wondered why they clung with such tenacity. When he returned home, he examined them under a microscope and saw hundreds of tiny hooks that snagged into the flat matt of wool and fur. It occurred to him that as a fastener the burr was without equal--and, unlike a zipper, did not jam or catch.

Carol Orsag Madigan and Ann Elwood (recounting the story of the invention of velcro), Brainstorms and Thunderbolts (New York: MacMillan, 1983), p. 239.



Configuration of the Human Service Flag comprised of a formation of two thousand American sailors during World War I at the U.S. Naval Training Station in San Francisco.



Above: For years we have been much intrigued by the curious metamorphic diagrams of a 19th century British anthropologist, A. Lane-Fox Pitt-Rivers. This is for example a diagram of (from right to left) the "evolution" from the malga to the boomerang. If this is of interest, see Philip Steadman, The Evolution of Designs (Cambridge, England: Cambridge University Press, 1979).

Button Gwinnett



Right: Anonymous example of anamorphic distortion (image elongation) from the 19th century.

Early next morning, Friday, May 16th, Mr. Gwinnett and Mr. Wells found General McIntosh and Major Habersham awaiting them on the ground where they had been for fifteen minutes. After politely saluting each other, the General produced his pistols and the charge was drawn to show that each was loaded with a single bullet...Immediately the principals took their stand and agreed to fire as they could at the word. Both pistols were discharged at nearly the same time. Gwinnett was shot in the leg immediately above the knee, the bone being broken, and he fell to the ground. He exclaimed, "My thigh is broken!" McIntosh was shot through the thick of the leg and not thinking his antagonist was worse wounded than himself, asked if his opponent had had enough or was for another shot, to which Gwinnett replied, Yes, if they would help him up. To this the seconds objected, declaring that both had behaved like gentlemen and men of honor. The General was led up to his fallen antagonist, and both shook hands... The weather was extremely hot, and it is claimed that, through the lack of skill in Gwinnett's physician, gangrene set in, and he died early the following Monday morning, May 19, 1777.

Charles Francis Jenkins (describing the duel between General Lachlan McIntosh and Button Gwinnett, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, known for the rarity of his signature), Button Gwinnett (Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1928), pp. 153-154.

He was not one of the people.. who remind you of that awful kid in your sixth-grade class who took too much pleasure in always coming up with the correct answer--failing to understand that no number of correct answers could alter the fact that he was a wonk.

Calvin Trillin, New York Times Book Review, 8 January 1984, p. 7.

It was a case of the famous ogling the famous. One evening after he and Fox, who roomed together, had gone to bed, a thunderous knock on the door shook them upright. In strode "Texas Jack," the top of his head brushing the door frame, his eyes bloodshot, and his hands on his gunbelt. Which one, he wanted to know, was Edison? When Edison manfully identified himself in a quavering voice, Texas Jack said it was a pleasure: he himself was the boss pistol shot of the West, and he wanted to meet the great inventor of the phonograph. Whereupon he pulled out his six-shooter and, firing through the window, caused the weather vane across the street to clang into a dizzy spin.

Robert Conot (regarding the life of Thomas Edison), A Streak of Luck (New York: Seaview Books, 1979), p. 118.

I once sat down to write what turned out to be a pretty good story, though only the first sentence of the story had offered itself to me when I began it. For several days I'd been going around with this sentence in my head: "He was running the vacuum cleaner when the telephone rang." I knew a story was there and that it wanted telling. I felt it in my bones, that a story belonged with that beginning, if I could just have the time to write it. I found the time, an entire day--twelve, fifteen hours even--if I wanted to make use of it. I did, and I sat down in the morning and wrote the first sentence, and other sentences promptly began to attach themselves. I made the story just as I'd make a poem; one line and then the next, and the next. Pretty soon I could see a story, and I knew it was my story, the one I'd been wanting to write.

Raymond Carver, "On Writing" in Fires: Essays, Poems, Stories (New York: Random House, 1984), p. 17. Suggested by Amy Arntson, a reader from Madison, Wisconsin.

I don't believe it! Applesauce! Baloney! Bughouse fables! Call off the bull! Croon another, Crosby! Do you mind if I take notes? Don't kid your grandma! Don't make me laugh--I've got a cracked lip! I'm from Missouri and you'll have to show me! Let's hear another before that one gets cold! Nuts to that noise! That's enough to make a cat laugh! There ain't no such animule! Tie that bull outside! Whadaya mean, you lost your dog? You can stay but that stuff's gotta go! You're full of prunes!

Expressions of disbelief from the 1950s, from Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van Den Bark, The American Thesaurus of Slang (2nd edition) (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell, 1953), pp. 176-177.

At the age of thirteen Washington wrote a famed guidebook for self-made men, "Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour in Company and Conversation," in which he advised, "Never tell a lye." He had a fantastic system of spelling, but the code can be broken by keeping in mind that he was never able to get the i's and e's right in the words like ceiling. He wrote blew when he meant the color blue, and oil was oyl. It should not be supposed that this was typical of eighteenth century scholarship. Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, and Benjamin Franklin could spell and use grammar perfectly. George Washington was an elementary school dropout, and paid the price.

Marvin Kitman, George Washington's Expense Account (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1970), p. 20.

I had an absurd and charming dream which made me laugh, alone though I was, when I awoke. I saw myself once more at the age of nineteen, riding along a bad road in Virginia. This ride went on for some time, and then, suddenly, my horse spoke to me: "I have been carrying you for three hours. I am tired. Now it's your turn." I thereupon dismounted, only to see my horse growing smaller beneath my very eyes. Very soon he was no larger than a pony, and this pony grew still smaller, till his size was no greater than that of a big dog. Without further ado, I took my horse under my arm and carried him home.

Julian Green, quoted in Stephen Brook, editor, The Oxford Book of Dreams (Oxford, England: Oxford University Press, 1983), p. 206.

You choose some subject or other which takes your fancy, you buy a notebook and label it with the title of your theme; and you keep jotting down therein whatsoever bears upon your subject, as it comes your way, in all your reading, observation and reflection. I have had many such notebooks and some I have soon grown tired of but others have lasted and served me well...Your subject opens out wonderfully as time goes on, it tempts you into byways, it carries you far afield; if you play the game aright it never comes to an end. It grows in interest continually, for things are interesting only in so far as they relate themselves to other things; only then can you put two and two together, and see them make four or even five, and hear them tell stories about each other. Such is science itself and such is all the knowledge that interests mankind.

D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, quoted in Ruth D'Arcy Thompson, D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, The Scholar-Naturalist (London: Oxford University Press, 1958), p. 175.

I dreamed that my wife's bed was a deep pit with stone walls. It was a grave, and somehow had a suggestion of classical antiquity about it. Then I heard a deep sigh, as if someone were giving up the ghost. A figure that resembled my wife sat up in the pit and floated upwards. It wore a white gown into which curious black symbols were woven. I awoke, roused my wife, and checked the time. It was three o'clock in the morning. The dream was so curious that I thought at once that it might signify a death. At seven o'clock came the news that a cousin of my wife had died at three o'clock in the morning.

Carl Jung, Memories, Dreams, Reflections (New York: Pantheon Books, 1962).

There was a crooked man,
and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence
against a crooked stile:
He bought a crooked cat
which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together
in a little crooked house.

Anon.

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TEN DOLLARS *Eddie Meiser* GRAND INSPECTOR

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Steve Frenkel, a reader from Roswell, Georgia, has designed and published a two-color parody (above) of American paper currency. The original artwork (minus the surprint of SAMPLE of course) is a finely printed lithograph on 80 pound archival stock, measuring 11 x 14. For one print, mailed 3rd class postpaid to any U.S. address, send \$3.95 in check, money order, or postage stamps to: Steve Frenkel, 9695 North Pond Circle, Roswell, Georgia 30076.

While directing a play, Sir John Gielgud instructed the cast that all male actors must wear athletic supporters under their leotards, in response to which was asked: "Sir John, does that apply to those who have only the bit parts?"

Adapted from Kenneth Edwards, More Things I Wish I'd Said, and Some I Wish I Hadn't (London: Abelard-Schuman, 1978).

Stein: Some people say they can't understand your writing even after they read it two or three times. What approach would you suggest for them?
Faulkner: Read it four times.

Jean Stein, "William Faulkner, An Interview" in F.J. Hoffman and O.W. Vickery, eds., William Faulkner: Three Decades of Criticism (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1960), p. 76.

I knew a boy in school who was left-handed and the teachers tried in vain to make him right-handed, and they couldn't do it. Of course at the time they didn't understand how the brain worked, with the criss-cross section and all that. The teacher would come along and slap his hand with a ruler and he used to come home with bruised hands and knuckles. So his parents took him out of school because of the treatment he was getting.

He apparently had other mental aberrations with the crossover in the brain. He had a pronounced stutter and stammer and finally after many years of poor health the poor guy died. I guess he was only about sixty-two.

Bill Hughes, quoted in The Duplex Planet, Number 76 (1986), consisting of candid reactions, humor, and effusive poetry by senior citizens, street people, and other social outsiders, gathered by David B. Greenberger at the Duplex Nursing Home and other sites in Boston and Schenectady, New York. To subscribe to this highly unusual magazine, send \$6 (for six issues) to: The Duplex Planet, Post Office Box 1230, Saratoga Springs, New York 12866. Suggested by M. Kasper, a reader from Florence, Massachusetts.

Jack and Gill went up the hill
To fetch a bottle of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after.

Then up Jack got, and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper,
Dame Gill did the job to plaster his
nob
With vinegar and brown paper.

Anon.

W hat was your first sexual experience, Simon?"
He thinks for a moment. "I was about ten. This teacher asked us all to make little churches for a display, kind of a model of a church. I made one out of cardboard, worked very hard on it, and took it in to her on a Friday morning, and she was pleased with it. It had a red roof, colored with red crayon. Then another guy, Billy something-or-other, brought in one that was made of wood. His was better than mine. So she tossed mine out and used his."

"That was your first sexual experience?"

"How far back do you want to go?"

Donald Barthelme, Paradise (New York: Putnam, 1986).



WWI American sailors at Great Lakes Naval Training Station

I don't believe in literally drawing conclusions. I like a line by the English actress, Dame Peggy Ashcroft, who said to John Gielgud, who was a notorious weeper on stage, "John, if you cried less, maybe the audience would cry more."

Robert Weaver, interviewed in Steven Heller, ed., Innovators of American Illustration (New York: Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1986), p. 18.



I n June of this year I made a trip of one hundred miles for the purpose of painting the portrait of old Colonel

Daniel Boone. I had much trouble in finding him...I found that the nearer I got to his dwelling, the less was known of him. When within two miles of his house, I asked a man to tell me where Colonel Boone lived. He said he did not know any such man. "Why, yes, you do," said his wife. "It is that white-headed old man who lives on the bottom, near the river." A good illustration of the proverb, that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.

Chester Harding, quoted in Leah Lipton, "Chester Harding and the Life Portrait of Daniel Boone" in The American Art Journal, vol XVI no 3, 1984, p. 5.

W hile we were awaiting his Majesty's pleasure in one of the anterooms, a eunuch addressed my companions in Chinese, and was angry because they returned no answer. I immediately told him the cause of their silence, upon which he said, that we Europeans were all so alike that it was scarcely possible to distinguish one from another. I had often heard the same remark from other persons, our resemblance being generally attributed to the long beards we all wore.

Father G. Costa (Italian missionary in China, recalling the day on which he presented Brother Giuseppe Castiglione to Emperor K'ang-hai in November 1715) in Cecile and Michel Beurdeley, Giuseppe Castiglione: A Jesuit Painter at the Court of the Chinese Emperor (Rutland, Vermont: Tuttle, 1971), p. 25.



W hen I peer at the web of a spider, I can choose to see there geometry; I can discover sine curves on shells or in love affairs angles of ninety degrees. On the other hand, I can also find shell shapes in my sine curves, sexual sinuities, my geometry can seem haunted and covered with webbery.

William H. Gass, "In Terms of the Toenail" in Fiction and the Figures of Life (Boston: David Godine, 1971) p. 75.