here 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". 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?"


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.


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

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W hat 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 fire at night, the air is filled with a tiny biting fly called jejen. An hour before sunset the tempaneranos, 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 zancudo, 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 tempaneranos "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).


It was a very lovely spring day, Gertrude Stein had been going around the country that night and going also to the opera in the afternoon and had been otherwise engaged 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.


H e 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' 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!"


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."


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...


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. 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!"


A 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.


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."


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.

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 steel 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.


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! Now 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!


One 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.


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.
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.


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.


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 gambrel. 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.


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.

*don't believe it! Applesauce! Baloney! Bughouse fables:
Call off the bull! Croon another, Crosby! Do you mind if I take your coat? 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!

*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 appears 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 to each other. Such is science itself and such is all the knowledge that interests mankind.*


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.


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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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?"


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.


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 1st 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.

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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.

What 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?"


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."


In 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.


While 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.

When 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 sinuosities, 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.