An early pictograph of the American Indian representing an ox.

It would be interesting to take a group of the most eminent philosophers from the best universities, shut them up in a hot room with Moroccan dervishes or Haitian Voodooists and measure, with a stop-watch, the strength of their psychological resistance to the effects of rhythmic sound. Would the Logical Positivists be able to hold out longer than the Subjective Idealists? Would the Marxists prove tougher than the Thomists or the Vedantists? What a fascinating, what a fruitful field for experiment! Meanwhile, all we can safely predict is that, if exposed long enough to the tom-toms and the singing, every one of our philosophers would end by capering and howling with the savages.


Some diaries are best read as they were written: one day at a time. They should be set down on the night table and consumed slowly. Certain lives, usually quiet ones, seem meant to be slipped into for only a few minutes a day, like a footbath.


Mr. Magoo bids the normally sighted, or the smug spectacle-wearers, laugh at uncorrected myopia. He shakes hands with a bear he takes to be Dr. Milmoss, thinks a skyscraper scaffolding a restaurant, believes the seabed to be a motorway, but he always comes through unscathed and disabused. My adventures have been less sensational. I once entered a bank in Stratford-on-Avon and ordered a drink. I have waved back at people waving at someone else. There was an electric skysign in All Saints, Manchester, which said UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE and I read as UPROARIOUSLY FUNNY. In the army I failed to salute officers and, fiercely rebuked, then saluted privates. I have spoken to women in the streets I thought I knew and thus got to know them... The myopic eye is not lazy: it is too busy creating meanings out of vague donnees. Compensation for lifelong myopia comes in old age: presbyopia supervenes on the condition and cancels it. I am forced now into perfect sight and I am not sure I like it.


Left: Julie A. Robben, Cincinnati, Ohio 1987.
Father used to say, "I shall not leave you much money, but I will teach you every job, then you can always get work." He showed us every job in the garden and on the farm, including how to get stone in the quarry and trim it to build stone walls, and how to put a roof on a shed... He also taught us how to lay hedges. When I was a boy, for some reason I never wanted to play games with the others, but always to stroll around The Tump and the woods with the dog, and look at the sheep and the plants and the trees.


My father never kept a diary, but he never threw away a canceled check, either. When he died a few years ago I came across thousands of them in perfect order in a series of shoeboxes. Amidst stacks of others that took the family from the children's milk through his own bifocals, I found the one that paid the doctor who delivered me. My father knew they didn't audit you for 1951 in 1980; he kept those checks for another reason.


A pupil should be taught what it means to know something, and not to know it; what should be the design and end of study; what valor, temperance, and justice are; the difference between ambition and greed, loyalty and servitude, liberty and license; the marks of true and solid contentment; the extent to which we should fear disgrace, affliction, and death; the true springs of our actions and the reasons for our varied thoughts and desires. Our first lessons, I think, should teach us how to rule our behavior and understanding, how to live and die well.


My grandparents' geese were in the cellar where the wine was kept. The faucet on one of the wine kegs was open and the geese drank the wine. They got drunk, keeled over, and passed out! When my grandparents found the geese in the cellar, passed out, they thought they had died of something. They couldn't eat them because they might have died of something awful, so they plucked them all to use the feather for feather beds. And then the geese woke up! They woke up and made a whole lot of noise. My grandparents had to keep them tied on a string to the house for the rest of the summer until their feathers grew back, so they wouldn't wander too far and get cold.

What was perhaps more extraordinary about Austin was that he would never speak a word if he could write it. We lived in the same house, a very little one, yet he would always communicate with me by note if I was not in the same room with him. He had dozens of letter-books. He seized upon every opportunity for writing a letter, and every letter, whether to a publisher or to a cobbler, was written with the same care. When closing a letter to some insignificant person about the veriest trifle, he would say "And that's literature." I have never seen him happier than when he had to answer an unpleasant letter. Before he sat down, I would hear him bubbling and chortling for quite a time. "Now for it," he would say at last; "I'm going to flick that gentleman with my satire." "I cultivate the gentle art of making enemies," he would say. "A friend is necessary, one friend-- but an enemy is more necessary. An enemy keeps one alert." I do believe he made enemies, or fancied he made them, for the sole pleasure of being able to "flick them with his satire." ■


Einstein's space is no closer to reality than Van Gogh's sky... The scientist's discoveries impose his own order on chaos, as the composer or painter imposes his; an order that always refers to limited aspects of reality, and is biased by the observer's frame of reference, which differs from period to period, as a Rembrandt nude differs from a nude by Monet. ■


One day they had been altering a certain conduit pertaining to a cistern and there issued from it a great scorpion unperceived by them, which crept down from the cistern to the ground, and slunk away beneath a bench. I saw it, and ran up to it, and laid my hands upon it. It was so big that when I had it in my little hands, it put out its tail on one side, and on the other thrust forth both its claws. They relate that I ran in high joy to my grandfather, crying out: "Look, grandpa, at my pretty little crab." When he recognized that the creature was a scorpion he was on the point of falling dead for the great fear he had and anxiety about me. He coaxed and entreated me to give it to him; but the more he begged, the tighter I clasped it, crying and saying I would not give it to anyone. My father, who was also in the house, ran up when he heard my screams, and in his stupefaction could not think how to prevent the venemous animal from killing me. Just then his eyes chanced to fall upon a pair of scissors; and so, while soothing and caressing me, he cut its tail and pincers. ■


I think contemporary fiction is divided between those who are still writing performatively and those who are not. Writing for voice, in which you imagine a performance in the auditory sense going on, is traditional and old-fashioned and dying. The new mode is not performative and not auditory. It's destined for the printed page, and you are really supposed to read it the way they teach you to read in speed reading. You are supposed to crisscross the page with your eye, getting references and gists; you are supposed to see it flowing on the page, and not sound it in the head. If you do sound it, it is so bad you can hardly proceed... By the mouth for the ear: that's the way I'd like to write. I can still admire the other-- the way I admire surgeons, broncobusters, and tight ends. As writing, it is that foreign to me. ■

My last abortive American project was the time Woody Allen proposed that I play myself in *Annie Hall*. He offered me thirty thousand dollars for two days' work, but since the shooting schedule conflicted with my trip to New York, I declined, albeit not without some hesitation. (Marshall McLuhan wound up doing the self-portrait in my place, in the foyer of a movie theatre.)


**ar de lefthominhs**

It would be interesting if some real authority investigated carefully the part which memory plays in painting. We look at the object with an intent regard, then at the palette, and thirdly at the canvas. The canvas receives a message dispatched usually a few seconds before from the natural object. But it has come through a post-office en route. It has been turned from light into paint. It reaches the canvas a cryptogram. Not until it has been deciphered, is its meaning apparent, is it translated once again from mere pigment into light. And the light this time is not of Nature but of Art.  


All that summer I used to put on a second petticoat (our librarian wouldn't let you past the front door if she could see through you), ride my bicycle up the hill and "through the Capitol" (shortcut) to the library with my two read books in the basket (two was the limit you could take out at one time when you were a child and also as long as you lived), and tiptoe in ("Silence") and exchange them for two more in two minutes. Selection was no object. I coasted the two new books home, jumped out of my petticoat, read (I suppose I ate and bathed and answered questions put to me), then in all hope put my petticoat back on and rode those two books back to the library to get my next two. The librarian was the lady in town who wanted to be it. She called me by my full name and said, "Does your mother know where you are? You know good and well the fixed rule of this library: Nobody is going to come running back here with any book on the same day they took it out. Get both those things out of here and don't come back til tomorrow. And I can practically see through you."  


A few months later, I made *Un Chien Andalou*, which came from an encounter between two dreams. When I arrived to spend a few days at Dalí's house... I told him about a dream I'd had in which a long, tapering cloud sliced the moon in half, like a razor blade slicing through an eye. Dalí immediately told me that he'd seen a hand crawling with ants in a dream he'd had the previous night. "And what if we started right there and made a film?" he wondered aloud. Despite my hesitation, we soon found ourselves hard at work, and in less than a week we had a script. Our only rule was very simple: No idea or image that might lend itself to a rational explanation of any kind would be accepted. We had to open all doors to the irrational and keep only those images that surprised us, without trying to explain why.  

We were stopped in Racine by a policeman, for speeding down main street and failing to signal at a turn. We found no registration, and my driver's license had been left in work clothes. Mr. Wright and Woolcott handled the situation together. Complimenting each other extravagantly, they put on a show that overwhelmed the officer, who soon found out he was in the presence of two great Americans.

"Officer," declared Mr. Wright, "this is Alexander Woolcott, the great New Yorker writer." Woolcott took his turn. "And Officer, this is Wisconsin's Frank Lloyd Wright, America's foremost architect, no, the world's best architect." Interrupting each other, they bantered back and forth until the policeman was completely confused. We were excused. We got back in the car. Roared Mr. Wright, "Drive on!" I drove on.


I can't recognize most of my daily doings when they appear in Aristotle. They are decked out or hidden in another cloak for the benefit of schoolmen. God grant they are in the right, but if I were in that business I'd do as much to make art natural as they do to make nature artificial.


Every time we came home from the store with a new jar of peanut butter, my dad, when we would go out of the room, would write the initials of the one he thought had been the best that week. And then the next morning, or whenever we'd go to open the peanut butter to put on our toast or something, he'd say, "Oh look what's here!" And he would tell us that it was the little fairy that lived in the light downstairs, whose name was Matilda and that she had done it. That used to make you be good so you could get your name in the peanut butter.

In 1954, Professor Frank retired from Harvard, and I helped him clean out his office. It was unbelievable chaos. He had, as I remember, a rolltop desk, and from it he extracted letters, some of which he had never opened, and which dated from the 1930's. He opened a few and observed, "You see, they were not so important anyway."


Tobacco drieth the brain, dimmeth the sight, vitiateth the smell, hurteth the stomach, destroyeth the concoction, disturbeth the humors and spirits, corrupteth the breath, induceth a trembling of the limbs, exsiccateth the windpipe, lungs, and liver, annoyeth the milk, scorceth the heart, and causeth the blood to be adjusted.

Tobias Venner, Via Recta (1620).

Two women stopped in front of a drugstore and one intended to say to her companion, "If you will wait a few moments I'll soon be back." However, because she was on her way to buy some castor oil for one of her children, she said, "I'll wait a few moments I'll soon be back."
Every house worth considering as a work of art must have a grammar of its own. "Grammar," in this sense, means the same thing in any construction—whether it be of words or of stone or wood. It is the shape-relationship between the various elements that enter into the constitution of the thing. The "grammar" of the house is its manifest articulation of all its parts. This will be the "speech" it uses. To be achieved, construction must be grammatical. ...When the chosen grammar is adopted (you go almost indefinitely with it into everything you do) walls, ceilings, furniture, etc., become inspired by it. Everything has a related articulation in relation to the whole and all belongs together; looks well together because all together are speaking the same language. If one part of your house spoke Choctaw, another French, another English, and another some sort of gibberish, you would have what you mostly have now—not a very beautiful result. Thus, when you do adopt the "grammar" of your house—it will be the way the house is to be "spoken," "uttered." You must be consistently grammatical for it to be understood as a work of Art.


For one project we kept chickens and I found it distressing when brown Betty, who had all the year kept us supplied with eggs, had her neck wrung for us by a next door neighbor so that we could have a good Christmas dinner. When mother started to clean and pluck the bird, she felt too sentimental to carry on. The neighbors decided with us, to change the birds round and this became the practice every Christmas. As Mrs Hardman from next door said, "After you have fed and talked to them for so long, it would be like eating one of your own children."


I remember when I was a boy going upon the beach and being charmed with the colors and forms of the shells. I picked up many and put them in my pocket. When I got home I could find nothing that I gathered—nothing but some dry ugly mussel and snail shells. Thence I learned that Composition was more important than the beauty of individual forms... On the shore they lay wet and social by the sea and under the sky.


She told granny that one day she and some other children were playing in Africa. They sighted a red flag at a distance from them. They became curious as to what the red flag was and ran to it. On approaching they were grabbed by some white men and put on a ship. This ship brought them to Virginia where they were sold. She always hated anything red because that was the color that attracted her from home and people whom she never saw or heard from. She is referred to often saying, "Oh that red rag, that red rag brought me here."

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