At around age six, perhaps, I was standing by myself in our front yard waiting for supper, just at that hour in a late summer day when the sun is already below the horizon and the risen full moon in the visible sky stops being chalky and begins to take on light. There comes the moment, and I saw it then, when the moon goes from flat to round. For the first time it met my eyes as a globe. The word "moon" came into my mouth as though fed to me out of a silver spoon. Held in my mouth the moon became a word. It had the roundness of a Concord grape Grandpa took off his vine and gave me to suck out of its skin and swallow whole, in Ohio.


von Neumann lived in this elegant house in Princeton. As I parked my car and walked in, there was this very large Great Dane dog bouncing around on the front lawn. I knocked on the door and von Neumann, who was a small, quiet, modest kind of a man came to the door and bowed to me and said, "Bigelow, won’t you come in," and so forth, and this dog brushed between our legs and went into the living room. He proceeded to lie down on the rug in front of everybody, and we had the entire interview—whether I would come, what I knew, what the job was going to be like—and this lasted maybe forty minutes, with the dog wandering all around the house. Towards the end of it, von Neumann asked me if I always traveled with the dog. But of course it wasn’t my dog, and it wasn’t his either, but von Neumann—being a diplomatic, middle-European type person—he kindly avoided mentioning it until the end.


Arnold Toynbee: America is a large friendly dog in a small room. Every time it wags its tail, it knocks over a chair.

Question: What’s the difference between a buffalo and a bison?
Answer: You can’t wash your hands in a buffalo.

Frank Lloyd Wright: The doctor can bury his mistakes, but an architect can only advise his clients to plant vines.

Anon: Writing about art is like dancing about architecture.
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In a children's art class, we sat in a ring on kindergarten chairs and drew three daffodils that had just been picked out of the yard; and while I was drawing, my sharpened yellow pencil and the cup of the yellow daffodil gave off whiffs just alike. That the pencil doing the drawing should give off the same smell as the flower it drew seemed part of the art lesson—as it shouldn't it be? Children, like animals, use all their senses to discover the world. Then artists come along and discover it the same way, all over again. Here and there, it's the same world. Or now and then we'll hear from an artist who's never lost it.


Above: Logo designed by Jeff Hudepohl, a reader from Cincinnati.

Ted Turner: If I had a little humility, I would be perfect.

Fran Lebowitz (in Metropolitan Life, 1978): Breakfast cereals that come in the same colors as polyester leisure suits make oversleeping a virtue.
Jews weren't allowed to carry over a certain amount of cash on the street in Prague... And my father was out on the street one day with what he knew was more than the amount of cash in his pocket that he was supposed to have. And he was stopped and picked up. The cops took him into the police station, and he was supposed to empty out his pockets. So he's desperate, but he got this brain wave. He took his hankerchief which he had in his pocket and he wrapped it around the money and pulled it out and blew his nose, and the money was in the hankerchief. Then he cleared his pockets out, and it was okay. They didn't look in his hand, but the money was in his hankerchief. He just stuck it back in his pocket and walked out free.


Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo...

His father told him that story: his father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face.

He was baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt.

Because of these investigations he remained secluded in his house, almost like a hermit, for weeks and months, without knowing much of what went on in the world and without showing himself. Spending his time on those caprices, he knew, while he was still alive, more poverty than fame. He left a wife who used to relate that Paolo would spend the whole night at his drawing-board trying to find the rules of perspective, and when she called him to come to bed, he would answer: "Oh, how sweet is this perspective!"


Rodney Dangerfield: I told my psychiatrist that everybody hates me. He said I was being ridiculous—everybody hasn't met me yet.

Mae West: I used to be Snow White, but I drifted.

The nineteenth century produced great preachers in Wales, some of whom are remembered to this day. John Elias was one such... The story is told of his preaching in a small village in mid-Wales on the way the finger of God touched every man. At the height of his peroration he flung out his arm, having carefully arranged the candles beforehand so that the huge shadow of his finger fell upon the wall. Seeing this monstrous arm, the congregation fled.


he had been building up one of those piles of thought, as ramshackle and fantastic as a Chinese pagoda, half from words let fall by gentlemen in gaiters, half from the litter in his own mind, about duck shooting and legal history, about the Roman occupation of Lincoln and the relations of country gentlemen with their wives, when, from all this disconnected rambling, there suddenly formed itself in his mind the idea that he would ask Mary to marry him.


*Clarence Darrow:* When I was a boy I was told that anybody could become President. I'm beginning to believe it.

*Johnny Carson:* For three days after death, hair and fingernails continue to grow but phone calls taper off.

*Woody Allen:* I was in group analysis when I was young because I couldn't afford private. I was Captain of the Latent Paranoid Softball Team. We played all the neurotics on a Sunday morning. The Nail-Biters against the Bed-Wetters.

*H*aving ordered a pizza, Yogi Berra was asked whether he would like it cut into four or eight pieces. "Better make it four," he said. "I don't think I can eat eight pieces."


The limitations and peculiarities of his medium force the artist at each step to make choices, consciously or unconsciously; to select for representation those features or aspects which he considers to be relevant, and to discard those which he considers irrelevant... The measure of an artist's originality, put into the simplest terms, is the extent to which his selective emphasis deviates from the conventional norm and establishes new standards of relevance. All great innovations, which inaugurate a new era, movement, or school, consist in such sudden shifts of attention and displacements of emphasis onto some previously neglected aspect of experience, some blacked-out range of the existential spectrum.


James (Quick) Tillis, the young heavyweight... is a cowboy from Oklahoma who now fights out of Chicago. He still remembers his first day in the Windy City, after his arrival from Tulsa:

"I got off the bus with two cardboard suitcases under my arms in downtown Chicago and stopped in front of the Sears Tower," Tillis said. "I put the suitcases down, and I looked up at the Tower and said to myself, 'I'm going to conquer Chicago.' When I looked down, the suitcases were gone."


*Br*imful of some new idea, and in spite of my assuring him that time was precious, he drew me within the door of an unoccupied garden by the road-side, and there, sheltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat, and closing his eyes commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently, as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking of a church clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away, so taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, I, with my penknife, quietly severed the button from my coat, and decamped. Five hours afterwards, in passing the same garden on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice, and on looking in, there he was, with closed eyes—the button in his fingers—and his right hand gracefully waving, just as when I left him. He had never missed me!


*Winston Churchill* (in reply to a female Member of Parliament who accused him of being drunk): And you, madam, are ugly. But I shall be sober tomorrow.

*Question:* If your house were on fire, which object would you take with you?

*Tristan Bernard:* The thing nearest the door.

*Jean Cocteau:* The fire.
Very composedly and very slowly, the art teacher, who visited each room on Fridays, paced the aisle and looked down over your shoulder at what you were drawing for her. This was Miss Ascher. Coming from behind you, her deep, resonant voice reached you without being a word at all, but a sort of purr. It was much the sound given out by our family doctor when he read the thermometer and found you were running a slight fever: "Um-hm. Um-hm." Both alike, they let you go right ahead with it.

Eudora Welty, One Writer's Beginnings (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University, 1984), p. 27.

**Significant Inversions:**
- War spelled backwards is raw.
- Pal spelled backwards is lap.
- Gnat spelled backwards is tang.
- Mood spelled backwards is doom.
- Golf spelled backwards is flog.
- But spelled backwards is tub.
- Eros spelled backwards is sore.
- Eye spelled backwards is eye.
- Fun spelled backwards is nuf.
- Gas spelled backwards is sag.

My great-grandfather had come from Poland, or right near Poland, and he came to this country during the Spanish-American War. There was one of those Uncle Sam posters saying "We Want You!" and he thought it meant him! "Why me?" he wondered. "What's so special about me? I just came to America." And he went and he joined the army!

David Nachamonoff, quoted in A Celebration of American Family Folklore (New York: Pantheon, 1982), p. 82.

I have never painted a rubber-plant in my life. Nor would I if it was the last plant alive. It proves there is no God, for he'd never create a rubber-plant.


The first thing that happened to me, when the exhibition opened in Fort Worth, was that I had to go on television. One of the things that the museums demand is that I promote, do a promotional tour, otherwise you can't have a show. The first thing they said was, "We have to go right away to Houston, we are going to be on a Good Morning show." The host was this woman with bright red lipstick, a big beehive hair-do, red nails, white skin, and she said (drawling), "Mr. Avedon, I'm so glad to meet you, I can't tell you this is my dream come true." And she said, "God rests on your head!" While I was trying to figure this out, the cameras went green, and she said, haughtily, "Avedon, West...Why?" I just couldn't open my mouth, I just looked at her. I didn't know what to say. So I made up these answers the best I could, as honestly as I could. The better I did the sicker I felt. When I got to Chicago, I think the second stop, I had gotten pretty good at it. I do a day like today, go back to my hotel and vomit because, in some way, I betray everything that I am.


One day I found that my sketch for an oil painting did not carry out my intention. There were too many shapes pressed into a chaotic arrangement. I took scissors. Cutting away some parts of the drawing, and turning it at an angle of ninety degrees, I was satisfied. When remnants were pasted on a new sheet, the whole had little similarity to the still life which I had chosen as the point of departure. People, accustomed to naturalistic schemes, insisted that this 'still life', mutilated and turned upside down, looked like a rider on a motorcycle. I protested, but basically I had a feeling of the complete autonomy of action. It occurred to me that, if I could make such changes in a drawing, I could also decide with the same freedom the shapes and colors in my oil paintings. Suddenly I understood the blue faces and blue horses of the expressionists.


**ERIC (Shakespearean actor):** Did you see my Bottom at Stratford-upon-Avon?
**ERNIE:** I'm afraid not.
**ERIC:** A pity--many people consider it my best part.


**Mark Twain:** When I was a boy of fourteen, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be twenty-one, I was astonished at how much he had learned in seven years.
Paul Harwitz: The marvels of modern technology include the development of a soda can which, when discarded, will last forever—and a $7,000 car, which, when properly cared for, will rust out in two or three years.

Tom Taussik: The difference between Los Angeles and yogurt is that yogurt has real culture.

WENDLE: I'm not a suspicious woman but I don't think my husband has been entirely faithful to me.

PELLET: Whatever makes you think that?

WENDLE: My last child doesn't resemble him in the least.

Noel Coward, *This Year of Grace* (1928).

I grew up pretty much as everybody else grows up, and one day...found myself saying to myself—I can't live where I want to—I can't go where I want to—I can't even say what I want to—School and things that painters have taught me even keep me from painting as I want to. I decided I was a very stupid fool not to at least paint as I wanted to and say what I wanted to when I painted as that seemed to be the only thing I could do that didn't concern anybody but myself—that was nobody's business but my own...

Georgia O'Keeffe, quoted by Lloyd Goodrich and Doris Bry in *Georgia O'Keeffe* (New York: Praeger, 1970).

Grandma Moses (Anna Mary Robertson): If I didn't start painting, I would have raised chickens.

After we had been talking for about twenty minutes the maid came in with a huge bowl of soup. I wondered what was happening and I thought that this was probably a signal for me to leave. But when the girl left the room Einstein said to me in a conspiratorial whisper, "That's a trick. If I am bored talking to somebody, when the maid comes in I don't push the bowl of soup away and the girl takes whomever I am with away and I am free." Einstein pushed the bowl away, and so I was quite happy and much flattered and more at my ease for the rest of the talk.

John Ruskin (adapted):
Hundreds can talk for one who can think, and thousands can think for one who can see.

One day my dad got hurt on the job and as a result, he said he couldn't bear to put any weight on his heel. The doctors, however, said it was all in his mind, and they sent him to a psychiatrist. This irked him, so my dad said, "If they want to think I'm crazy, I'll make them think I'm crazy." So he goes to the doctor's office, and the doctor brings out the Rorschach inkblot tests. The doctor laid these cards down in front of my father, and dad reached over, picked them up, shuffled them and dealt them out for a hand of Five Card Draw and said, "I'll open for a dollar."


"Who inu hell," I said to myself, "wants to try to make pies like Mother makes when it's so much simpler to let Mother make um inu first place?"


Left: Calligraphic interpretation of BALLAST Quarterly Review. Calligraphy and Chinese translation by Chang Hai-ling, Professor of History at the University of Northern Iowa, Cedar Falls.

One day, because of an engagement elsewhere, he posted the following notice on the door of his lecture room: "Professor Thomson will not meet his classes today." The young men decided to play a joke on their beloved teacher, and one of them carefully erased the "c" so that the note read: "Professor Thompson will not meet his lasses today." They then left. The class gathered the next day and anticipated that the professor would make some suitable remark about the altered notice. He came slightly late, but obviously he had already seen what they had left. The notice of the day before had been changed once again, and this time by the professor himself. It now read: "Professor Thomson will not meet his asses today."