

Winter 1985

Ballast Quarterly Review, v01n2, Winter 1985

Roy R. Behrens
sassoonlater@gmail.com

Let us know how access to this document benefits you

Copyright ©1985 Roy R. Behrens

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.uni.edu/ballast>



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Behrens, Roy R., "Ballast Quarterly Review, v01n2, Winter 1985" (1985). *Ballast Quarterly Review*. 2.
<https://scholarworks.uni.edu/ballast/2>

This Periodical is brought to you for free and open access by UNI ScholarWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Ballast Quarterly Review by an authorized administrator of UNI ScholarWorks. For more information, please contact scholarworks@uni.edu.

Offensive Materials Statement: Materials located in UNI ScholarWorks come from a broad range of sources and time periods. Some of these materials may contain offensive stereotypes, ideas, visuals, or language.

Ballast.



BOOKS • ART • LANGUAGE • LOGIC

AMBIGUITY • SCIENCE • TEACHING

My mother did the first terrible thing for which I never forgave her, y'know...my mother...She says to me, "Henry, I have a wart." I'm only four years old and I'm sitting in this little chair and she says, "Henry, what shall I do with this?" And I say, "Cut it off. With a scissors." Two days later she got blood poisoning and she says, "And you told me to cut it off!" and bang bang she slaps me, for telling her to do this. How do you like a mother who'd do that?

Henry Miller, quoted in Robert Snyder, ed., *This is Henry, Henry Miller from Brooklyn* (Los Angeles: Nash Publishing, 1974), p. 25.



Albers encouraged students to bring in any material they found, and on at least one occasion (this was later, in the mid-forties) was himself tested by the "solution." Several students hostile to Albers, and impatient of what they took to be the endless mechanics of the course, decided to do a three-dimensional construction out of a material not singular to Black Mountain but found there in plentiful supply: cow dung. That day in class, as always, the constructions were placed in front of the room, without names attached to them. Albers--again, as always--picked up each piece in turn, examining and criticizing it. "Ah (as he passed down the row), a good swindle: marbles made to look like fish eggs...and what's this one? Wonderful--it looks exactly like muddy cow (t--d)! So real you want to pick it up and smell to be sure ..."--at which point he did; and was sure. But he never batted an eye. He simply put the (t--d) back down, omitted his usual comment on the "material's" color and form, and blandly proceeded on to the next construction.

Martin Duberman, *Black Mountain: An Exploration in Community* (New York: E.P. Dutton, 1972), pp. 68-69 (which features a lengthy description of the teaching practices of the Bauhaus painter Josef Albers, during the years that he taught at Black Mountain College in the North Carolina foothills).

Which craft was persecuted by the Puritans of New England?

What was the name of the inventor of the steam engine?

The name of the inventor of the sewing machine is pronounced how?



Pen and ink drawing of an Eskimo mask from Le Roy H. Appleton, *American Indian Design and Decoration* (Mineola, NY: Dover Publications, 1971) from the Dover Pictorial Archives.

One Saturday night I come home pretty well filled up with liquor, and I was mighty cold. Sally and all the children had gone to bed, and the house was dark. I saw a few coals in the fireplace, and got down on my knees to blow em into a flame. I blowed and blowed, but nothing happened. Then I seen I was just blowin at a patch of moonlight that come through the window and fell on the ashes. I got up and tried to go to bed, but the bed was going round and round, and I couldn't catch up with it. So I just stood by the door and waited for it to come around to me. Every time the bed would come around I'd make a jump for it, and every time I jumped I'd hit the floor, ker-plunk. Sally woke up and got me on to the bed and took off my shoes and covered me up. This oughta broke me from drinking, but it didn't.

Harry Sloan, pseudonym of a tobacco sharecropper interviewed circa 1940, as part of the Federal Writers' Project, in Ann Banks, ed., *First Person America* (New York: Vintage Books, 1981), p. 145.

ballast

BALLAST

Dedicated to Jules Kirschenbaum

BALLAST is privately published. It is a journal devoted to wit, the contents of which are intended to be insightful, amusing, or thought provoking. Its purposes are educational, apolitical, and entirely noncommercial. It does not carry paid advertisements, nor is it supposed to be purchased or sold. It is issued quarterly in September, December, March, and June. There is no charge for subscriptions as such, and (to the extent that finances allow) the journal will gladly be mailed to people who send in their mailing address, accompanied by two first class U.S. postage stamps in payment for each of the issues they want. In other words, to subscribe for a full year (a series of four issues), you need only send in a total of eight first class U.S. postage stamps (current value \$1.76). No other currency will be accepted. Do not send cash, checks, or money orders. Nor can the journal be ordered by phone. All subscription orders (as well as requests for gift subscriptions) must be mailed to:

BALLAST Quarterly Review
Attn: Subscription Boy
2968 North Prospect Avenue
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211

Foreign orders are also considered, but these are processed case by case, so that foreign subscribers should simply inquire. Back issues of BALLAST are hard to obtain. However, xerographic copies of all issues can be procured in person (not by mail) for the price of producing the copy at Clark Graphics, 1815 East Locust Street in Milwaukee.

As for the contents of BALLAST, there is no shortage of material for future issues. But our readers should not be discouraged from sending in off-beat 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 envelope with adequate postage affixed.

Copyright © 1985 by Roy R. Behrens

The Chicago press had gotten hold of Moholy and his New Bauhaus with single-minded curiosity, and so did every club and civic association in town. Being highly appreciative of beautiful women, he accepted early in his Chicago days an invitation by a Fashion Group to attend a luncheon in his honor at the Drake Hotel. Hardly had the ice cream been served when Moholy got up, unfolded a thick manuscript that had gone over well at Harvard, and started to read with intensity and concentration, ignoring staggering language difficulties in his zeal to win new converts. As time went by one after another of the fashion ladies took an unobtrusive leave until only three club-leaders and a drowsy waiter were left. When I later tried to point out the incompatibility of lecture and audience, Moholy was annoyed:

"I don't know what you are talking about," he said. "Five people stayed because they got something out of it."

"Three," I said.

"Five," said Moholy. "Why do you assume that neither you nor the waiter have anything to learn?"

Sibyl Moholy-Nagy (recalling the life of her husband, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy), "Moholy-Nagy: The Chicago Years" in Richard Kostelanetz, ed., *Moholy-Nagy* (New York: Praeger Publishers, 1970), pp. 22-23.

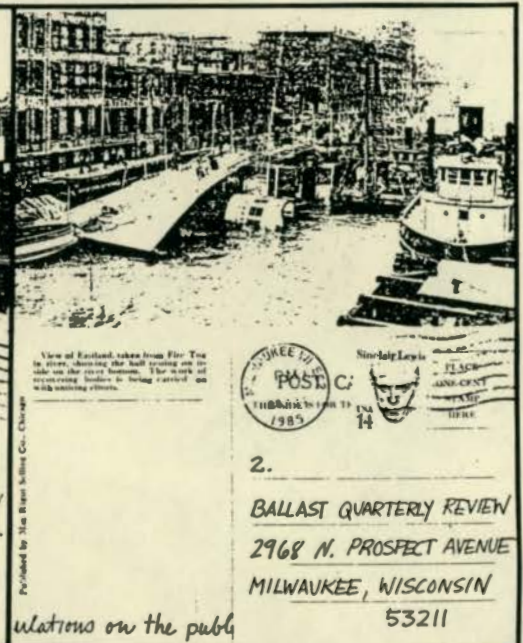
In one of the productions of the Marx Brothers, someone exclaimed "Eureka!" to which Chico Marx replied, "You dough-nah smell-ah so good yourself."

Once when I was fetching water I saw a thick tube emerge from the belly of one of the carthorses—they were Pinzgauers, a particularly heavy Alpine breed—and let out water. I confused this in my mind with the hose of the municipal water wagon that used to clean the dusty streets in summer, and in my curiosity I went too close; the horse struck out with its hind leg. One of my knees is not right to this day.

Oskar Kokoschka (recalling a childhood incident), *My Life* (New York: Macmillan, 1974), p. 10.

Nolde did not use paintbrushes. When inspiration seized him, he threw away his brushes and simply dipped his old paint-rag into the colors and brushed it all over the canvas in blissful delirium. His pictures were formless, primitive, motley-colored daubings with complete neglect of craftsmanship. Nolde was an Expressionist and belonged to a group of such artists. The expression of one's inner self was all that mattered. If viewed from the high level of technical tradition, or if compared with Rembrandt or Raphael, this type of painting was nothing but brutal daubs of color. Nolde's name was one of the novel methods of frightening children at that time. When they were bad, they were threatened: "Look, I'm going to tell Nolde. He will pick you up and smear you all over his canvas."

George Grosz, *A Little Yes and a Big No: The Autobiography of George Grosz* (New York: Dial Press, 1946), pp. 83-84.



Cassirer was rector of the University of Hamburg during the academic year 1929/30... there was a close relationship between the departments of psychology and philosophy at Hamburg. So, when Cassirer became rector, the two joined forces to celebrate the occasion at one of the big dance halls in Hamburg. The assistants had prepared a number of skits as part of the festivities. I played Pavlov's dog in one of them. I remember that Cassirer said that my bark was very convincing--he even thought that he could detect a Russian accent.

Fritz Heider, *The Life of a Psychologist: An Autobiography* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1983)

I'm a dog. I yawn, the tears roll down my cheeks. I feel them. I'm a tree, the wind gets caught in my branches and shakes them vaguely. I'm a fly, I climb up a windowpane, I fall, I start climbing again. Now and then, I feel the caress of time as it goes by. At other times--most often--I feel it standing still. Trembling minutes drop me down, engulf me, and are a long time dying. Wallowing, but still alive, they're swept away. They are replaced by others which are fresher but equally futile. This disgust is called happiness. My mother keeps telling me that I'm the happiest of little boys. How could I not believe it since it's true? I never think about my forlornness. To begin with, there's no word for it. And secondly, I don't see it. I always have people around me. Their presence is the warp and woof of my life, the stuff of my pleasures, the flesh of my thoughts.

Jean-Paul Sartre, *The Words* (New York: George Braziller, 1964), pp. 93-94.

White

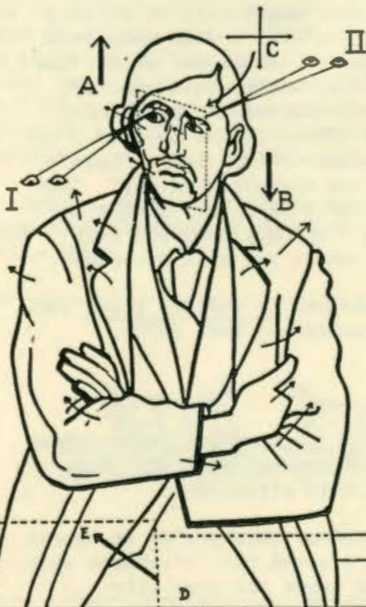
How shall we look at the work of Cezanne? Among the more complex responses is a volume whose vision is still as intense as it was when the book was first published, back in 1943. At left is one of the diagrams (based on *Man With Arms Folded*) from *Cezanne's Composition: Analysis of His Form with Diagrams and Photographs of His Motifs* by Erle Loran (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1963).



Above is reproduced a stamp issued by the Swedish government in 1981. It is one of a group of commemorative stamps which celebrate Swedish film history.

When a man has reached old age and has fulfilled his mission, he has a right to confront the idea of death in peace. He has no need of other men, he knows them already and has seen enough of them. What he needs is peace. It is not seemly to seek out such a man, plague him with chatter, and make him suffer banalities. One should pass by the door of his house as if no one lived there.

Henry Miller (in old age, the sign he posted on his door), quoted in J. Martin, *Always Merry and Bright: The Life of Henry Miller* (Middlesex, England: Penguin Books, 1980), p. 485.



View of Eastland, taken from south side of river, shortly after accident, showing the recovery activity at work. Followed and are removed the damage of the loss which faced both sides of the river.

Published by Max Ryan Selling Co., Chicago

15

3.

BALLAST QUARTERLY REVIEW
2968 N. PROSPECT AVENUE
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
53211



Members of Chicago Fire and Police Department engaged in the recovery of bodies from western end of Second Eastland.

Published by Max Ryan Selling Co., Chicago

4.

BALLAST QUARTERLY REVIEW
2968 N. PROSPECT AVENUE
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
53211



Recovery bodies from the hull of the oil lined Eastland. In this case the bodies of three persons are shown as they were recovered from the hold.

Published by Max Ryan Selling Co., Chicago

5.

BALLAST QUARTERLY REVIEW
2968 N. PROSPECT AVENUE
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
53211

et! I've enjoyed it

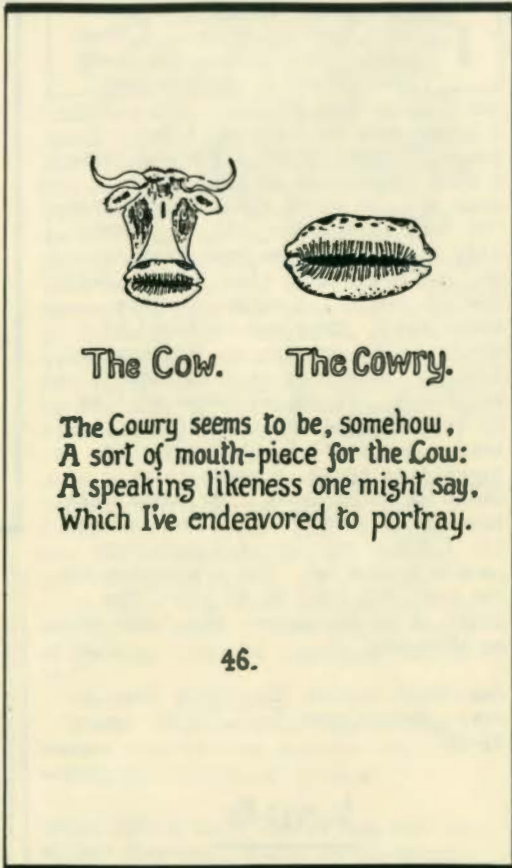
I had a dime and a nickel in my pocket. With the dime, the tenth part of a dollar, I bought a ticket. I went in and heard the ventriloquist and his dummy: "Will you spell a word for me, Danny?" "I'll try, what's the word?" "Constantinople." "Why do you tell me you can't stand on an apple?"

Carl Sandburg (recalling a day at the circus), Always the Young Strangers (New York: Harcourt Brace and Company, 1953), p. 191.

Robert Williams Wood was a professor of physics at Johns Hopkins University who was known for his work in optics and spectroscopy. In 1917 he published an illustrated children's book in which normally separate classes of things (for example, the cow and the cowry) are made to look and sound alike. Reproduced here (at right) is a page from the book. All his illustrations were pen and ink drawings, but Wood could not help calling them Wood-cuts. From How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers by Robert W. Wood (New York: Dover Publications, 1959), an inexpensive paperbound edition.

Never play cards with any man named "Doc". Never eat at any place called "Mom's". And never, ever, no matter what else you do in your whole life, never sleep with anyone whose troubles are worse than your own.

Nelson Algren.



When I was a child my mother said to me, "If you become a soldier you'll be a general. If you become a monk you'll end up as the pope." Instead I became a painter and wound up as Pablo Picasso.

Pablo Picasso.

A question that could be addressed to Duchamp: Who was that Lydie we saw outwit you last issue?

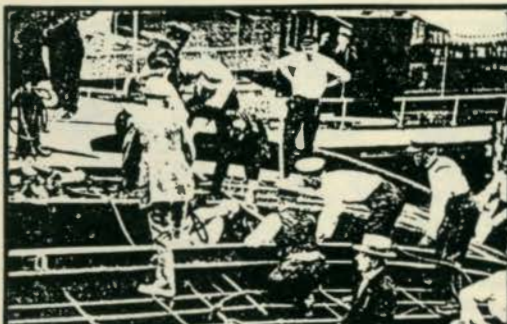
Suggested by Flossie M. Jetsam, a reader from Norfolk, Virginia.

During one of our daily talks, my grandmother told me that my grandfather had told her he had seen a child coming to him with a bunch of flowers. He is, of course, she said, already in the next world--which news I accepted almost as a matter of fact; she had spoken often of the journey to the next world my grandfather was about to take. I was not shocked. My grandmother was not grieving. She spoke as though my grandfather had just moved into a beautiful sunlit room. Several days later (so I have always maintained in telling the story), when I came home from kindergarten (which was across the street), my mother said quietly, "Your grandfather is in the next world." "Yes, I know he is," I said with matter-of-factness. "Grandmother has already told me." "But she couldn't have," my mother exclaimed, "it only happened this morning while you were at school."

James Conant, My Several Lives (New York: Harper and Row, 1970).

The secret of teaching is to appear to have known all your life what you learned this afternoon.

The secret of teaching is to appear to have learned this afternoon what you have known all your life.



Police are here always removing bodies from between decks of the city's fireboats.

MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN
PM
1968
POST OFFICE
MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN
14

6.
BALLAST QUARTERLY REVIEW
2968 N. PROSPECT AVENUE
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
53211

immensely and cool

Trudely repeating: from the hold, a body to which a report will be made.

MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN
LA
POST OFFICE
MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN
14

7.
BALLAST QUARTERLY REVIEW
2968 N. PROSPECT AVENUE
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
53211

forward to future

Continuation of the series in temporary... Second... 100 leaders were removed... other being successful.

MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN
POST OFFICE
MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN
14

8.
BALLAST QUARTERLY REVIEW
2968 N. PROSPECT AVENUE
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
53211

issues. Thank you for

Robert Motherwell wrote that Josef Albers told how Kurt Schwitters used to tell a hilarious story about a parrot with a hernia, but Albers couldn't remember how the story went.

M. Kasper, "The Transmission of Dada" in All Cotton Briefs: Illustrated Short Prose (Cedar Falls, Iowa: North American Review, 1984). This is an uncommonly curious book which readers of BALLAST will certainly like. It is both written and visual throughout, as shown here in one of its pages (at right). To order a copy directly, send \$3.95 postpaid to: The North American Review, University of Northern Iowa, Cedar Falls, Iowa 50614.

Why do I like puns? In part it is a form of intellectual snobbery because it shows an ability to think laterally; in part it is companionable in that if you understand a pun or one of yours is understood, it implies a rapport.

L. Helbin, quoted in Walter Redfern, Puns (Oxford, England: Basil Blackwell, 1984), p. 30.

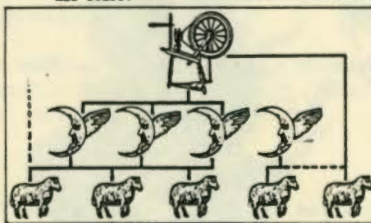
PSALM 23

Unit A. Sheep.

1. "The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want." Discuss the appearance of sheep.
2. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." Describe the supplies needed by a flock of sheep.
3. "He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me..." Is leading any better than following?

Unit B. Shepherd.

1. "They reel and thy staff they comfort me." Make an organizational chart of his staff.



2. "Thou preparest a table before me." What makes a perfect host? Tell students the story of Lot and the angels, Genesis 19.
3. "I will dwell in the house of the LORD forever." Show a videotape of the interior.

23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100
101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120
121
122
123
124
125
126
127
128
129
130
I
N
D
E
X

He said that Mozart once presented to a pianist one very low note, one very high note, and two in the middle register, and asked him to play them all at once. Of course, the answer was that the pianist played the two middle notes with his nose! S. tried to demonstrate this at the piano--amid howls of laughter in which I joined--and finally admitted, "This man must have had longer nose as I!" In Special Studies, he said to his assistants, "If you wanted to be music critics, you should have stopped studying five years ago!"

Dika Newlin (recalling the classroom antics of Arnold Schoenberg), Schoenberg Remembered: Diaries and Recollections (1938-76) (New York: Pendragon Press, 1980), p. 22.

Sometimes men come by the name of genius in the same way that certain insects come by the name of centipede--not because they have a hundred feet, but because most people can't count above fourteen.

Georg Christoph Lichtenberg.



The cat's eyes were bigger than saucers, a 19th century engraving. Artist unknown.



Favored of the Stadelers family of eight, recently wived on by the Eastland diaries. The note track, contains the bones of Mr. and Mrs. Stadelers and six children.

MILWAUKEE, WIS. POST OFFICE
THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESSEE
14

9.
BALLAST QUARTERLY REVIEW
2968 N. PROSPECT AVENUE
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
53211

sending it to me. S

"The wrecking tug 'Fascio' is work among the wrecked boats. The vessel is the most powerful vessel of its kind in the world and has a derrick with a lifting capacity of 12,000 tons.

POST CARD
THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS

Place
One Cent
Stamp
Here

10.
BALLAST QUARTERLY REVIEW
2968 N. PROSPECT AVE.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
53211

merely, Bob Brinkman

The first dead that I encountered were young comrades-in-arms of my own, men with whom, only a few nights earlier, I had been sitting round the camp-fire in those Ukrainian forests, playing cards and joking...The horses lay in the forest with their hooves in the air, swollen-bellied, swarming with flies. At the sight of this huge dung-hill my own horse reared, so that I had to dismount in order to quiet her. My patrol had been sent out to relieve these friends, who now sat there together as peacefully as if they were picnicking. Only now they would never speak again, and when I thrust my hand into the hair of the youngest among them, his scalp slipped sideways and came off in my hand.

Oskar Kokoschka (recalling his life as an infantryman in World War I), My Life (New York: Macmillan, 1974), p. 88.

This pair of invertible profiles was made in 1838 by Honoré Daubier. It is discussed and reproduced, as are 160 other illustrations, in *A Human Comedy: Physiognomy and Caricature in 19th Century Paris* by Judith Wechsler (London: Thames and Hudson, 1982), p. 141.



The second issue of *BALLAST* is dedicated to the work of Jules Kirschenbaum, a contemporary American painter, who is a professor of painting at Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa. He was born fifty-five years ago in New York, and studied at the Brooklyn Museum Art School. He is associated with the Forum Gallery in New York. Among those who own his works are the National Academy of Design, Des Moines Art Center, Whitney Museum of American Art, Butler Institute of American Art (Youngstown, Ohio), and Everhardt Museum (Scranton, Pennsylvania). Other details of his life can be found in *Who's Who in American Art*. Virtually all that we know of the man we learned from an essay ("A Conversation with Jules Kirschenbaum" by Charles W. Roberts) which we found by accident in a back issue of *The Iowan* (vol 23, no 4, 15 June 1984). In the article, five of Jules Kirschenbaum's paintings are shown in good quality color reproductions. We were especially taken by *Kabbahah* (1982, National Academy of Design), *Dream of a Golem* (1980-81), and *Cornelis* (1983). "I don't think my paintings have a very wide audience," Kirschenbaum remarks in the article, "I think that the artist has a special knowledge, and I am not sure that it can be shared with everyone. There are very few people who really need to look at art. When art becomes too accessible, it loses what I call its holy power--its capacity to inspire awe." Based on the little we know of this man, there are very few artists whose work is as fine.

Wednesday June 26th 1805. The Mosquitoes are extremely troublesome to us.
Friday July 12th 1805. Mosquitoes extremely troublesome to me today nor is a large knat less troublesome which does not sting, but attacks the eye in swarms and compels us to brush them off or have our eyes filled with them.
July 14th Sunday 1805. a fine morning calm and worm. Musquetors & Knats verry troublesom.

Excerpts from the logbooks of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, selected from Bernard DeVoto, ed., *The Journals of Lewis and Clark* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1953), pp. 149 and 154.

Circus manager to a human cannonball who had threatened to resign: "You cannot quit! Where will I ever be able to find a person of your caliber?"

Having the critics praise you is like having the hangman say you've got a pretty neck.

Eli Wallach.

The pearl is the oyster's autobiography.

Federico Fellini.

I remember one evening I arrived at Braque's studio. He was working on a large oval still life with a package of tobacco, a pipe, and all the usual paraphernalia of Cubism. I looked at it, drew back and said, "My poor friend, this is dreadful. I see a squirrel in your canvas." Braque said, "That's not possible." I said, "Yes, I know, it's a paranoiac vision, but it so happens that I see a squirrel. That canvas is made to be a painting, not an optical illusion. Since people need to see something in it, you want them to see a package of tobacco, a pipe, and the other things you're putting in. But for God's sake get rid of that squirrel." Braque stepped back a few feet and looked carefully and sure enough, he too saw the squirrel, because that kind of paranoiac vision is extremely communicable. Day after day Braque fought that squirrel. He changed the structure, the light, the composition, but the squirrel always came back, because once it was in our minds it was almost impossible to get it out. However different the forms became, the squirrel somehow always managed to return. Finally, after eight or ten days, Braque was able to turn the trick and the canvas again became a package of tobacco, a pipe, a deck of cards, and above all a Cubist painting.

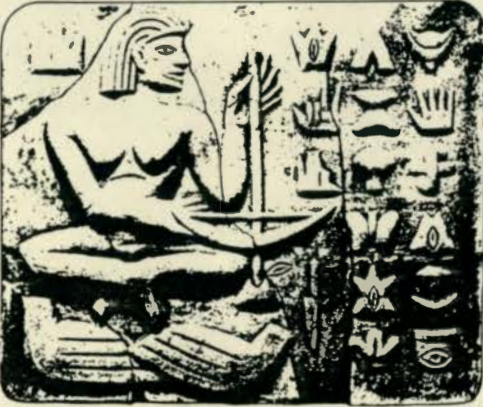
Pablo Picasso, quoted by Francoise Gilot (his former wife) and Carlton Lake, *Life With Picasso* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1964), pp. 76-77.

On the rest of our walk, too, Bohr and I amused ourselves by flinging stones at distant objects. On one occasion this activity gave rise to a conversation about the powers of the imagination. I happened to see a telegraph pole quite a long distance away, almost too far to be reached with a stone. When the improbable nevertheless happened, and I hit it on my first attempt, Bohr became reflective: "If you had thought first about your aim, or about the correct angle of our arm and wrist, you wouldn't have had the least chance of scoring a hit. But since you were unreasonable enough to imagine that you could hit the target without special effort, why, you did it." We then had a lengthy discussion about the role of images and concepts in atomic physics.

Werner Heisenberg, *Physics and Beyond: Encounters and Conversations* (New York: Harper and Row, 1971). Suggested by Flossie M. Jetsam, a reader from Norfolk, Virginia.

RECOMMENDED

Beauvais Lyons, "The Excavation of the Apasht: Artifacts from an Imaginary Past" in Leonardo (Journal of the International Society for the Arts, Sciences and Technology), vol 18, no 2, 1985.



THE EXCAVATION OF THE APASHT

CURATED BY DR BEAUVAIS LYONS,
DIRECTOR OF THE HOKES ARCHIVES

Dustin Schuler, "Skinning Cars in the American West: Transforming Automobile Bodies into Relief Sculpture" in Leonardo, vol 17, no 4, 1984.

Leon Edel, Stuff of Sleep and Dreams: Experiments in Literary Psychology (New York: Avon Books, 1982).

Justin White, ed., Dictionary of Modern Culture (London: Ark Paperbacks, 1984).

Children of Mercury: The Education of Artists in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries (Providence, Rhode Island: Brown University Department of Art, 1984).

Philip P. Wiener, ed., Dictionary of the History of Ideas (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1973).

Marcia Eaton, Art and Nonart: Reflections on an Orange Crate and a Moose Call (East Brunswick, New Jersey: Associated University Presses, 1983).

People who see a drawing in the New Yorker will think automatically that it's funny because it is a cartoon. If they see it in a museum, they think it is artistic; and if they find it in a fortune cookie, they think it is a prediction.

Saul Steinberg.

Driven by insatiable curiosity about these newcomers to the land where they had hunted, an occasional group of Assiniboin would pay their visit. In the daytime they sat silently on their horses and watched us as we went about the chores. At night they studied us from the darkness, little concerned whether they were detected, and obviously concluding that if the white man insisted on windows in his lodge he must expect the passer-by to look inside. The Indians did us no harm. They only baffled us with their stoicism and imperturbable countenances.

Chet Huntley (recalling his Montana boyhood), The Generous Years (New York: Random House, 1968).

What is sauce for the goose may be sauce for the gander but it is not necessarily sauce for the chicken, the duck, the turkey, or the guinea hen.

Alice B. Toklas.

Once I gave a crazy old beggar lady some coins. She put them in her mouth. I had no food on me so I gave her my Chiclets. She took them out of the box and put the box in her mouth.

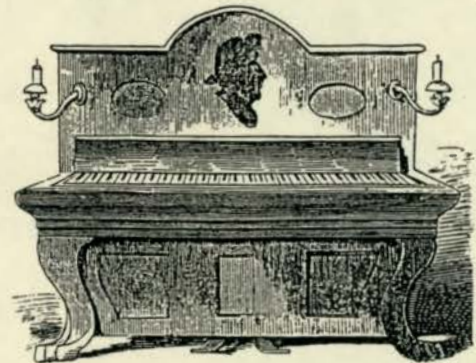
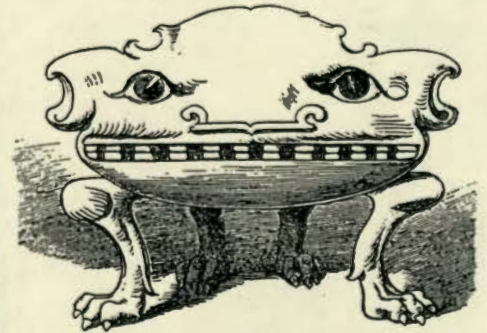
Joan Baez, Daybreak (New York: Dial Press, 1968).

At a local auction, he bought an antique writing desk. When he got home, he opened it up, and a dozen people fell out. Apparently it was a missing persons bureau.

Every day, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you are becoming less foolish and more sensible." "It must be that some of your worship's good sense is rubbing off on me," Sancho replied. "Lands which by themselves are dry and barren, if they are manured and cultivated, bring forth good fruit. I mean to say that your worship's conversation is the manure that has been spread upon the barren ground of my dry wit; the time that I have spent in your service and company has been the cultivation..."

Miguel de Cervantes, Don Quixote, quoted by Harry Levin, "Semantics of Culture" in Gerald Holton, ed., Science and Culture (Boston: Beacon Press, 1967), p. 1.

Reproduced below: The evolution of the piano, according to Darwin, a cartoon first published in Berlin in 1872. Artist unknown.



My assistant, Isadore Grossman, one day came to me in a fury, saying that the teacher had been talking about modern sculpture and a girl had asked him what he thought of the sculpture of Lipchitz. The teacher had had a lump of clay in his hands and had let it fall on the floor, where it splattered, saying that that was a Lipchitz. I only said, "That is a rather interesting idea. I think I might try to make some such sculptures."

Jacques Lipchitz, with H.H. Arnason, My Life in Sculpture (New York: Viking Press, 1972), p. 193.

Be fairly ruthless, I think, with opponents of "modern" painting. If you are lucky enough to find a man who still says: "I don't know about pictures, but I know what I like," point out to him that because he does not know about pictures he does not know what he likes, and repeat this in a thundering voice. If he whimpers back something about it all being too advanced for him, point out exactly how many years Cezanne died before he was born, and the precise date of the exhibition of the first Modiglianis in London. Exaggerate both these dates and say, "After all, Matisse and your great-grandmother are exact contemporaries." If your man says of some picture, "Yes, but what does it mean?" ask him, and keep on asking him, what his carpet means, or the circular patterns on his rubber shoe-soles. Make him lift up his foot to look at them.

Stephen Potter, "Notes on Exhibition-ship" in The Complete Upmanship (New York: New American Library, 1978), p. 202.

AN Norwegian told me his mother sent him to a store to get something and he came home saying he forgot what she sent him for. She sent him again with the words, "What you don't keep in your head your feet must make up for, my little man." When he ate with his fingers and his grandmother told him to eat with his fork, he said, "Fingers were made before forks," and she cornered him, "But not your fingers."

Carl Sandburg, Always the Young Strangers (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1953), p. 167.

Ido recollect having to go to the toilet at the house of Herr Heller, who had a reputation for stinginess. This was confirmed when I discovered that the toilet paper was composed of quartered sheets of typing paper with holes in one corner, through which a piece of string attached them to a nail arbitrarily driven into the bathroom wall. These pieces of paper were covered in messages printed in violet ink, many of them marked "Secret" and some of them "Most Secret". How much simpler a method of disposal than all the latterday complications thought up by those involved in the activities of C.I.A. and F.B.I.!

Peter Ustinov (remembering his childhood in Europe), Dear Me (Middlesex, England: Penguin Books, 1977), p. 75.

Yale University Press, 1978).
Gilman, The Curious Perspective (NY: Invertible engraving from E.



In Weimar Itten teaches "Analysis." He shows photographs, and students are supposed to draw various essential elements, usually the movement, the main contour, a curve. Then he shows them a Gothic figure. Next he displays the weeping Mary Magdalen from the Grunewald Altar; the students struggle to extract some essential feature from this complicated picture. Itten glances at their efforts and then bursts out: if they had any artistic sensitivity, they would not attempt to draw this, the noblest portrayal of weeping, a symbol of the tears of the world; they would sit silent, themselves dissolved in tears. Thus he speaks, then departs, slamming the door!

Oskar Schlemmer (describing the classroom procedure of Johannes Itten, teacher of basic design at the Weimar Bauhaus, circa 1919), in Tut Schlemmer, ed., The Letters and Diaries of Oskar Schlemmer (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1972), pp. 105-106.

Nor could I sing "The Birmingham Jail" at Granny Fant's, as Uncle Jamie had once spent a night in that place. Nor could we (later on, in adolescence) mention new births in Uncle Jamie's presence, for at forty he still did not know the facts of life, and Granny Fant was determined to keep up the illusion that humanity is restocked by the stork. She was, as my father and I discovered to our amazement, wrong. It turned out that Jamie thought pregnancy came about by the passage of a testicle into some unthinkable orifice of the female. He remarked reflectively that if he'd married he could only have had two children. "And I don't think I could have stood the pain."

Guy Davenport, "Finding" (an autobiographical essay) in his book of forty essays, The Geography of the Imagination (San Francisco: North Point Press, 1981), pp. 362-363.

Usual modern collection. Wilson Steer, water in watercolour; Matthew Smith, victim of the crime in slaughtercolour; Utrillo, whitewashed wall in mortarcolour; Matisse, odalisque in scortcolour; Picasso, spatchcock horse in tortacolor; Gilbert Spencer, cocks and pigs in thoughtacolor; Stanley Spencer, cottage garden in hortacolor; Braque, half a bottle of half and half in portercolor; William Roberts, pipe dream in snortercolor; Wadsworth, rockses, blockses, and fishy boxes all done by self in nautacolor; Duncan Grant, landscape in strawtacolor; Frances Hodgkin, cows and wows and frows and sows in hortacolor; Rouault, perishing Saint in fortacolor; Epstein, Leah waiting for Jacob in squawtacolor.

Joyce Cary, The Horse's Mouth (New York: Harper and Row, 1965), p. 164.

On December 19, 1941, Moholy was appointed to the Mayor's personal staff in charge of camouflage activities in the Chicago area. During blizzards and rainstorms, in fog and in brilliant sunlight, he had to take flights to absorb air views of the city under diverse weather conditions. While he fought air sickness, which he never overcame completely, he pondered how to conceal the vastness of Lake Michigan with a simulated shore line and floating islands.

Sibyl Moholy-Nagy (describing the work of her husband, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy) in Moholy-Nagy: Experiment in Totality (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1969), pp. 183-184.