

Fall 1988

Ballast Quarterly Review, v04n1, Autumn 1988

The Art Academy of Cincinnati

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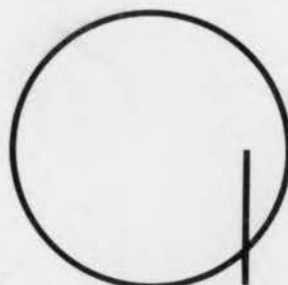
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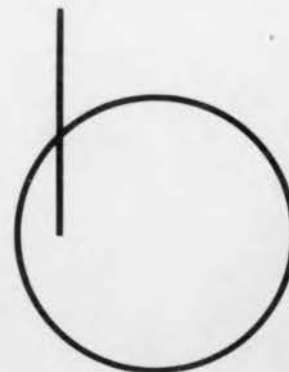
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B A L L A S T



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he hated the idea of drawing attention to himself and raising questions in the minds of his neighbors. For instance, if he had once been into an inn for a drink, he felt obliged whenever he passed the inn to do the same, however little he wanted a glass of beer, because he felt the landlord would ask himself—Why doesn't he drop in? Is he offended? Doesn't he like the beer? Is he short of money?—so if he did not want a drink he avoided passing the inn, often having to make a long detour.

Helen Thomas (speaking of W.H. Davies) in Myfanwy Thomas, editor, *Helen Thomas: Time and Again* (Manchester, England: Carcanet New Press, 1978), p. 88. ■

Did you know? Paul Cezanne played second cornet in an orchestra for which Emile Zola was flautist.

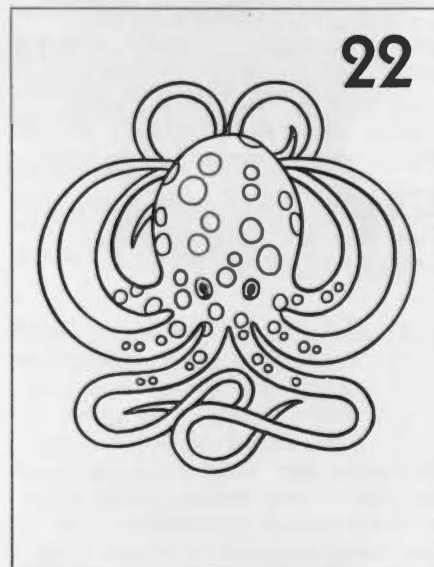
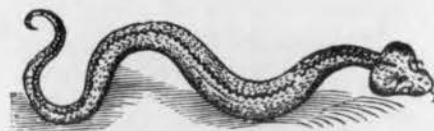


ne day he was repairing the light fixture above the face bowl in the bathroom. He asked me to hold one of his hands and to grip the faucet of the bathtub with my other hand. I did this. Then he licked the index finger of his free hand and stuck it up into the empty socket where the lightbulb had been. As the electricity passed through him and into me and through me and was grounded in the faucet of the bathtub, my father kept saying, "Pal, I won't hurt you. I won't hurt you." If I had let go of the faucet, both of us would have died. If I had let go of his hand, he would have died.

James Alan McPherson, "Going Up to Atlanta" in Alex Harris, editor, *A World Unsuspected: Portraits of Southern Childhood* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina, 1987), p. 100. ■

Brian Aldiss: When childhood dies, its corpses are called adults.

Charlotte Whitton: Whatever women do they must do twice as well as men to be thought half as good. Luckily, this is not difficult.



DOPOLAHPEC

Above: Octopus stamp by John Patrick. Below: Crab to skull metamorphosis by Elizabeth Reid.





Juan Gris was the only person whom Picasso wished away. The relation between them was just that...Later when Juan died and Gertrude Stein was heart broken Picasso came to the house and spent all day there. I do not know what was said but I do know that at one time Gertrude Stein said to him bitterly, you have no right to mourn, and he said, you have no right to say that to me. You never realized his meaning because you did not have it, she said angrily. You know very well I did, he replied.

Gertrude Stein, *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (New York: Vintage Books, 1963 [1933]), pp. 211-212. ■

It is not a bad feeling when you're knocked out," he said. "It's a good feeling, actually. It's not painful, just a sharp grogginess. You don't see angels or stars; you're on a pleasant cloud. After Liston hit me in Nevada, I felt, for about four or five seconds, that everybody in the arena was actually in the ring with me, circled around me like a family, and you feel warmth toward all the people in the arena after you're knocked out. You feel loveable to all the people. And you want to reach out and kiss everybody--men and women--and after the Liston fight somebody told me I actually blew a kiss to the crowd from the ring. I don't remember that. But I guess it's true because that's the way you feel during the four or five seconds after a knockout."

Floyd Patterson, quoted by Gay Talese in Joyce Carol Oates and Daniel Halpern, editors, *Reading the Fights* (New York: Holt, 1988). ■



Albert Einstein: If A equals success, then the formula is A equals X plus Y plus Z. X is work. Y is play. Z is keep your mouth shut.



On the chest of a barmaid in Sale
Were tattooed the prices of ale,
And on her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
Was the same information in Braille.

Anon.



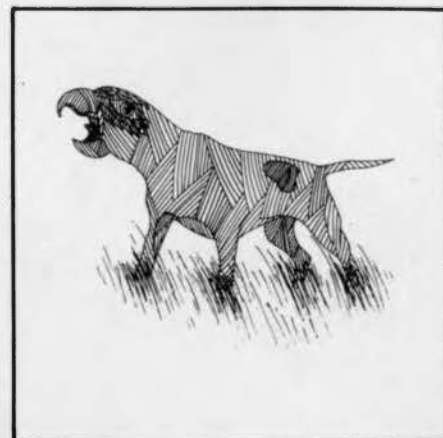
Our family were strict Methodists, attended church regular, and none of them ever got drunk, chewed or smoked tobacco, or used bad language. Only Uncle Ed, who bought cattle and hogs for the Chicago market, was different. He chewed tobacco, was suspected of drinking beer once, and had the reputation of seeing a show in Chicago called "The Black Crook," in which women wore tights. As Uncle Ed and Mr. Crum, a neighbor, were the only Methodists who used tobacco, except on the sly, it was urged that they be expelled from the church. But in looking over the records, it was learned that they were the best in paying money for the support of the church so they were allowed to remain in good standing. However, the minister preached a good sermon on the evils of tobacco, saying, "There you sit with hell juice running out of your mouths," and on in that line for two hours. Uncle Ed said that the preacher could kiss his foot and go to hell. Only he didn't say foot.

Bruce Siberts, in Walker D. Wyman, ed., *Nothing But Prairie and Sky: Life on the Dakota Range in the Early Days* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1954), pp. 5-6. ■

Groucho Marx: I never forget a face, but in your case I'll make an exception.

John F. Kennedy (*at a dinner for 49 Nobel Prize laureates*): I think this is the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever been gathered at the White House—with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone.

Below: Bird dog by Nancy Hopkins.



Not so dots large dressed dots, big
 sizes, less laced, less laced
 diamonds, diamonds white, diamonds
 bright, diamonds in the in the light,
 diamonds light diamonds door diamonds
 hanging to be four, two four, all before, go go
 go go go go, go. Go go. Not guessed. Go go.

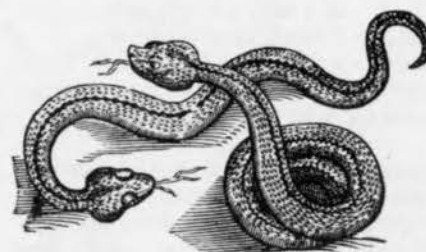
Gertrude Stein (part of a simulation of
 flamenco dance rhythms), "Preciosilla" in *The
 Selected Writings of Gertrude Stein* (New
 York: Modern Library, 1962), pp. 550-551.
 Suggested by Cecily N. Gurney, a reader from
 Mud Lake, Idaho. ■

Suzanne Gordon: To be alone is to be
 different, to be different is to be alone.

Anon: A teacher is somebody for whom
 teaching is more difficult than it is for other
 people.

I have never liked my name. In
 America it is used only of girls and
 from time to time even in England it
 has caused confusion as to my
 sex... (Once during the Italian-Abyssinian war I
 went to a military post many miles from any
 white woman, preceded by a signal apprising
 them of the arrival of 'Evelyn Waugh, English
 writer'. The entire small corps of officers,
 shaven and polished, turned out to greet me
 each bearing a bouquet. I was disconcerted;
 they were overcome by consternation.)

Evelyn Waugh, *A Little Learning* (Boston: Little
 Brown, 1964), p. 27. Suggested by Loraine
 Petomane, a reader from Wind Lake,
 Wisconsin. ■



We feel like fully resident landlords in
 the upper part of our body but
 merely like tenants of the rest. We
 feel our shoulders as parts of
 ourselves, our hips as belonging to someone
 else. When we walk our shoulders swing freely
 while the movement of our hips seems to come
 from another self that now and then doesn't
 even seem to be remotely like us. But once we
 throw ourselves unreservedly into any kind of
 dancing the whole motion stems independently
 from our hips as if they were a second brain.

Malcolm de Chazal (translated by Irving
 Weiss), *Sens-Plastique* (New York: SUN, 1979).
 Suggested by Irving Weiss, a reader from
 Chestertown, Maryland. ■

Rodney Dangerfield: At certain times I like
 sex--like after a cigarette.



The Pansy.



The Chim-pansy.

Above: Illustration from Robert Williams Wood, *How to
 Tell the Birds from the Flowers* (New York: Dover
 Publications, 1959). Below: Shoes to cats metamorphosis
 by Nancy Hopkins.

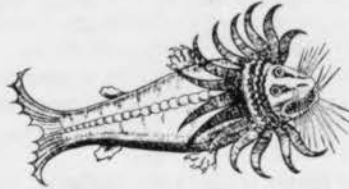


Carola Giedion [wife of Sigfried Giedion] and Sybil Moholy [wife of L. Moholy-Nagy] were sharing a flat for a while, and Sybil had received a book from [Marcel] Breuer which, when opened, was found to be *Mein Kampf*. It was worse than a poor joke, she and Carola were furious and threw it away with the rubbish.

Breuer arrived soon after, apparently happy at being away from Nazi Germany, only to find two furious dames attacking him with no mercy. When he could get a word in he explained that, in order to get some of his money through German Customs, he thought it would be a bright idea to interleave their leader's great book with banknotes. They would surely not examine it with any great care.

There was immediate pandemonium, all rushed down, hoping the rubbish had not yet been taken away. When they found the book, all was forgiven.

Jack Pritchard, *View from a Long Chair* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1984), p. 111. ■



Wisdom...is made up of paradoxes and contradictions, of shifts, compromises, transformations, adaptations, adjustments,

balancings, calculated blindness, artful avoidances, premeditated foolishnesses, cultivated simplicities! It is made up of the suppressions of curiosity, of the suppressions of cleverness, of narrowings down, diggings in, bankings up, not to speak of a cautious, guarded, tentative, gingerly use of reason.

John Cowper Powys, *Autobiography* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1934), p. 145. ■

Below: R to wallaby metamorphosis by Jay Bauer.

The problem of creative writing is essentially one of concentration, and the supposed eccentricities of poets are usually due to mechanical habits or rituals developed in order to concentrate...Schiller liked to have a smell of rotten apples, concealed beneath the lid of his desk, under his nose when he was composing poetry. Walter de la Mare has told me that he must smoke when writing. Auden drinks endless cups of tea. Coffee is my own addiction, besides smoking a great deal, which I hardly ever do except when I am writing.

Stephen Spender, "The Making of a Poem" in *Partisan Review* (Summer 1946). ■

From infancy I was surrounded by music...To hear my father play the piano was an ecstasy for me. When I was two or three, I would sit on the floor beside him as he played, and I would press my head against the piano in order to absorb the sound more completely...

When I was eleven years old, I heard the cello played for the first time...When the first composition ended, I told my father, "Father, that is the most wonderful instrument I have ever heard. That is what I want to play."

Pablo Casals, *Joys and Sorrows* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1970). ■

Anon: A designer is somebody for whom designing is more difficult than it is for other people.



Q t our institute in Princeton we sometimes organize meetings which are announced as Shotgun Seminars. A Shotgun Seminar is a talk given by an Institute member to a volunteer audience. The subject of the talk is announced a week in advance, but the name of the speaker is not. Before the talk begins, the names of all people in the room are written on scraps of paper, the scraps of paper are put into a box, the box is ceremoniously shaken and one name is picked out at random. The name picked out is the name of the speaker. The unbreakable rule of the seminar is that nobody whose name is not in the box may listen to the talk. This rule ensures that everybody does the necessary homework. The audience is ready to argue and contradict whenever the speaker flounders. Anybody who has not given serious thought to the subject of the seminar had better not come.

Freeman Dyson, *Infinite in all Directions* (New York: Harper and Row, 1988). Suggested by Andy Green, a reader from Cleveland Heights, Ohio. ■

Q nce in New York I asked him [Marcel Breuer] what were the basic ideas that made the Bauhaus important. His reply was strange. "Nothing," he said, "but the coincidence of a group of people happening to come together at the same time."

Jack Pritchard, *View From a Long Chair* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1984), p. 124. ■



Above: Illustration by Craig McKay on "Why Wild Animals Make Poor Pets."

Question: Why did Robin Hood rob only the rich?

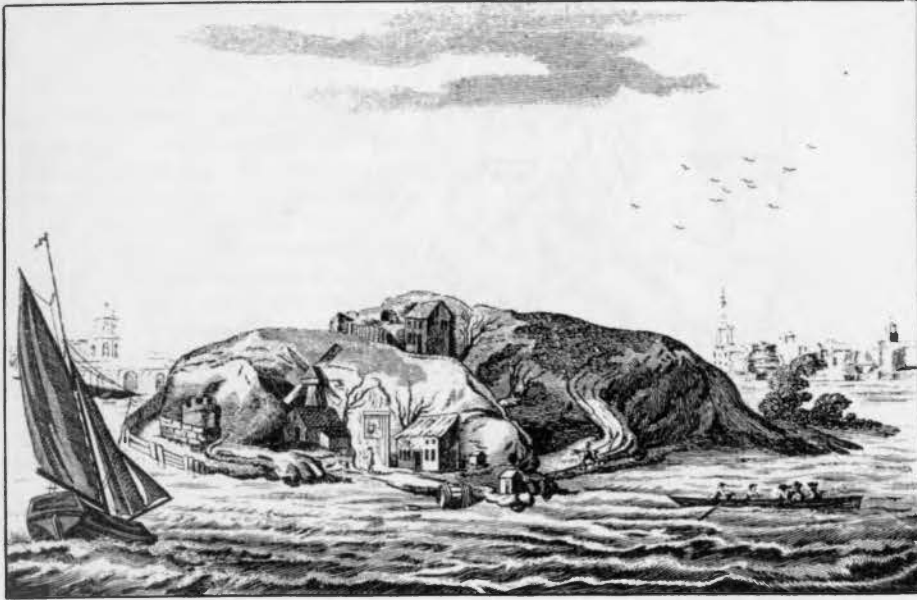
Answer: Because the poor had no money.

† he first star I met was Gene Autry's dumpy sidekick in the floppy hat, Smiley Burnette. I was about thirteen when he came to town for a show at the Princess Theatre. You could buy a picture of him for a dollar or pay a dollar to have your picture taken with him. Smiley hooked his arm around my shoulders and posed me for the camera, but when I asked him to sign my autograph book he snarled, "I don't autograph nothing but the pictures for sale."

Bobbie Ann Mason, "Reaching the Stars: My Life as a Fifties Groupie" in Alex Harris, editor, *A World Unsuspected: Portraits of Southern Childhood* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina, 1987), p. 53. ■

Thomas Mann: A writer is somebody for whom writing is more difficult than it is for other people.





Above: Dog Island from Bowles and Carver, *Catchpenny Prints* (New York: Dover Publications, 1970). Below: Anthropomorphic illustration by Grandville.

On top of spaghetti,
All covered with cheese,
I lost my poor meatball
'Cause I had to sneeze.
It rolled off the table
And onto the floor,
And then my poor meatball
Went out of the door.
It went in the garden
And under a bush,
And then my poor meatball
Was nothing but mush.
So if you have spaghetti,
All covered with cheese,
Hold on to your meatball
And try not to sneeze.

Children's rhyme (to the tune of "On Top of Old Smokey") in Mary and Herbert Knapp, *One Potato, Two Potato...* (New York: W.W. Norton, 1976), p. 175. ■



►
Anon: An artist is somebody for whom making art is more difficult than it is for other people.

○ id I ever tell you my Theory of Universities? Like most institutions, each one is similar to a vat of molasses—slow and sluggish. If something goes wrong in one part, it spreads out and covers it up; if you try to make a dent in it, it oozes into the mark you think you've made. If you try to wade through it too quickly, you collapse from exhaustion; and if you try to beat it by plunging in and flailing away, you drown."

She was laughing. "But if you heat molasses it gets thin and moves quickly."

Judith Michael, *Deceptions*, (New York: Poseidon Press, 1982). Suggested by Jeanne Schmidt, a reader from Cincinnati. ■

○ horse is a horse and not art. A spoon is a spoon and not art. But if a hundred tiny horses are carved artfully into a spoon, then it is a useless spoon and not art. A mosaic, like an oil painting, is meant to be seen and not eaten. If the mosaic is beautiful, however, then it is art. Decorative art is when the stork brings a garland instead of a rectangle. You can sit, lie, sleep, or stand on a rug. Nonetheless a rug can be sublime art. In such a case I would advise you to sit on something else.

Jean Arp, *Arp on Arp* (New York: Viking Press, 1972). Suggested by Amy Arntson, a reader from Madison, Wisconsin. ■



Above: Illustration by Charles Lebrun, 17th century.

Lessons seldom distressed me, but I remember an evening when I was in despair, attempting to memorize the principal parts of Latin deponent verbs, in one of those moods which occur at all ages when the mind seems numb. My mother found me near to tears. She knew no Latin, but she devised mnemonics for me, the more absurd the more easily retained. "Molior, to contrive," she said. "Remember the mole contrives to make a hole." I have never forgotten it.

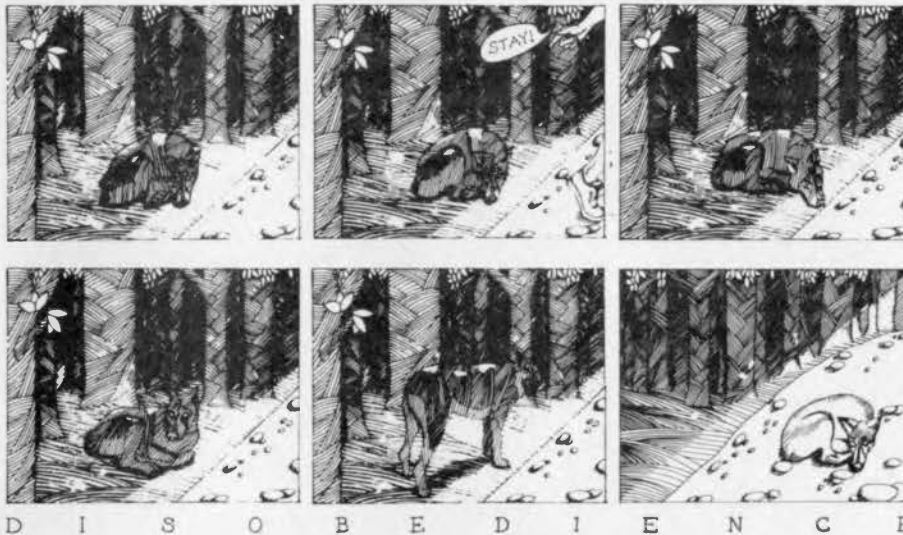
Evelyn Waugh, *A Little Learning* (Boston: Little Brown, 1964), p. 86. ■

Anon: Two of every one people in this country are schizophrenic.



Just as rooted lawful liberty is equally betrayed by reactionary authoritarianism and radical anarchy, so aesthetic form is equally betrayed by the anarchic formlessness of the barbaric yawpers and by the dead formalism of the elegant wincers. Formalism, by the very fact of being an -ism, kills the form by hugging it to death, whereas formlessness kills it openly. Opposite sides of the same bad coin: form sterilized or form uprooted. Maxim: no to formless wildness; no to the rigorous strictness of rigor mortis; yes to strict wildness.

Peter Viereck, "Strict Wildness: The Biology of Poetry" in *Poets and Writers Magazine* (May/June 1988), p. 10. Suggested by James Vredevoog, a reader from Edinboro, Pennsylvania. ■



"Have you not sometimes felt in the past, Bertie, that, if Augustus had a fault, it was a tendency to be a little timid?"

I saw what she meant.

"Oh, ah, yes, of course, definitely." I remembered something Jeeves had once called Gussie. "A sensitive plant, what?"

"Exactly. You know your Shelley, Bertie."

"Oh, am I?"

P.G. Wodehouse, *The Code of the Woosters*. Suggested by David A. Shelton, a reader from Boulder, Colorado. ■

Thomas Szasz: People often say that this or that person has not yet found himself. But the self is not something that one finds. It is something that one creates.

Above: Disobedience by Nancy Hopkins. Below: Fire hydrant to dalmatian metamorphosis by Neil Smith.

Lorraine Hansberry: The thing that makes you exceptional, if you are at all, is inevitably that which also makes you lonely.



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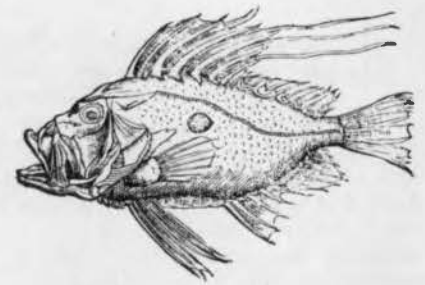
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Right: Cat fish by Nancy Hopkins.

ad's Pancake Recipe: 2 eggs, 1/4 tsp. salt, 1/3 cup of sugar, 3/4 sifted white flour, 3/4 cup milk...First mix eggs, salt and sugar...then slowly add milk and flour in equal amounts, a small amount at a time, you can sift the flour right into the batter...mix very well and continue to mix as you make the pancakes. Heat well oiled griddle and keep it oiled, spread oil about evenly after each pancake. Pour batter in center of griddle not too much batter though, when small holes appear flip, pay attention...cook second side very quickly...these are *thin* crepes (not fat sponge-like amerikan hot cakes!), serve as you please (I always like dark Karo Syrup). I like them best cold spread with softened butter and sprinkled with sugar rolled up like Lefse...or with raspberries and whipped cream I tell my boys it's a Norwegian taco. Try them soon you'll be glad you did. I'd make these pancakes for Brigitte Nielsen if she came to call I'd be her pancake man, I'd cheer her up, I'd tell her stories, I'd even spring for some Danish if I had the cash. Maybe I could paint her portrait while she talked about Italy...? Call me...

Frank Gaard, "his story" (part 25) in *Artpolice Newsletter*, vol 15 no 1, 1988. ■

Anna Mary Robertson Moses (Grandma Moses): Paintin's not important. The important thing is keepin' busy.



I was in these days that Juan Gris, a raw effusive youth came from Madrid to Paris and began to call Picasso *cher maitre* to Picasso's great annoyance. It was apropos of this that Picasso used to address Braque as *cher maitre*, passing on the joke, and I am sorry to say that some foolish people have taken this joke to mean that Picasso looked up to Braque as a master.

Gertrude Stein, *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (New York: Vintage Books, 1963 [1933]), p. 92. ■

