

Spring 1989

Ballast Quarterly Review, v04n3, Spring 1989

The Art Academy of Cincinnati

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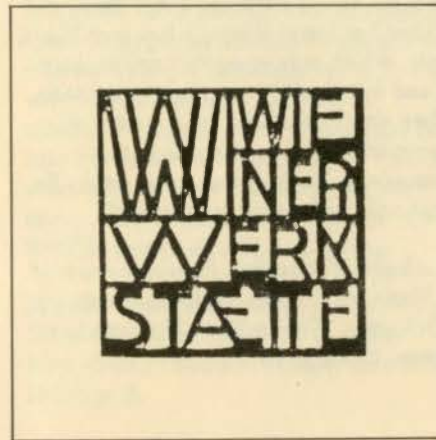
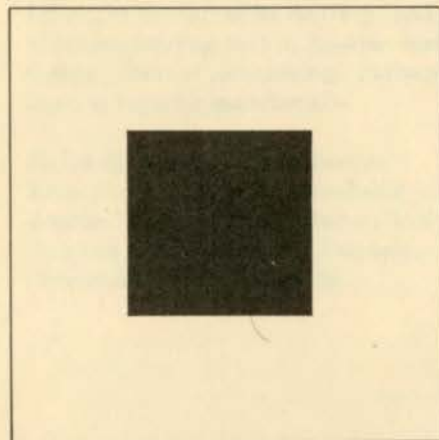
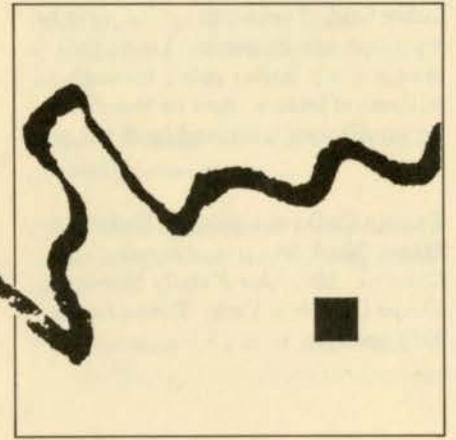
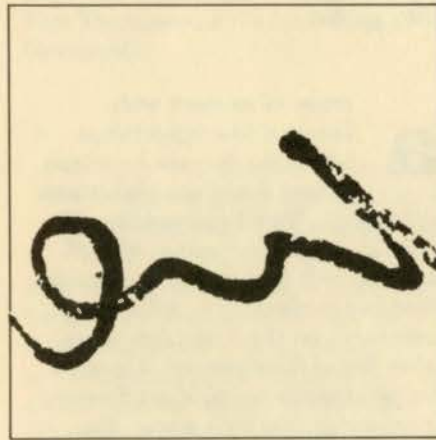
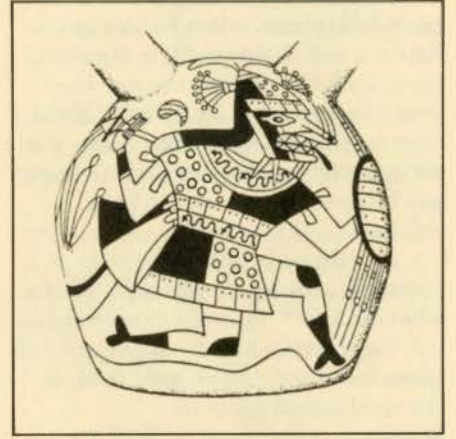
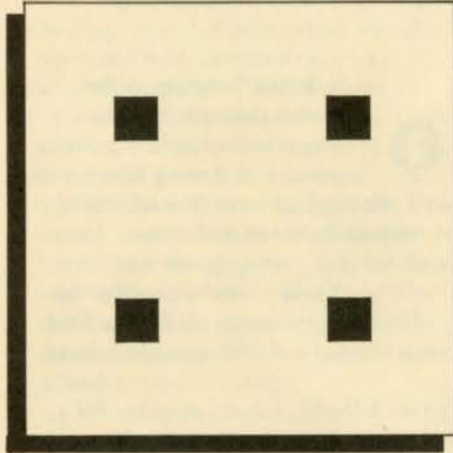
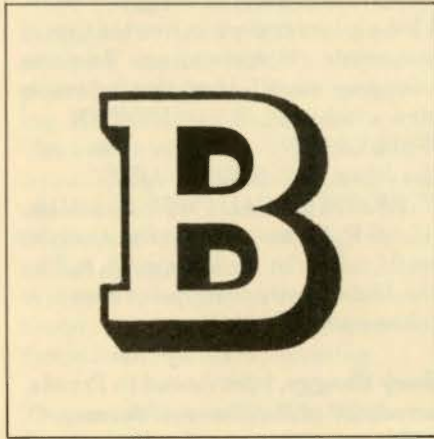
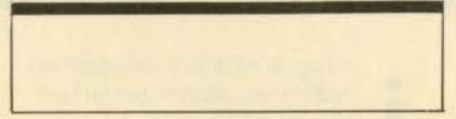
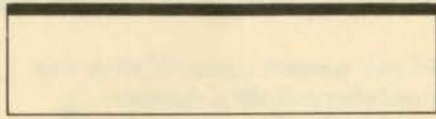
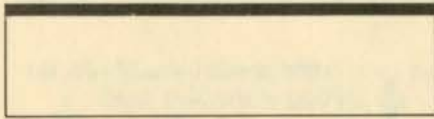
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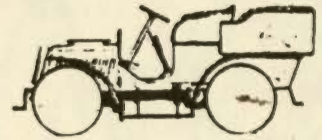
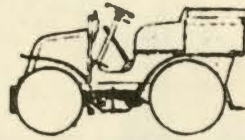
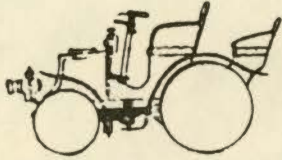
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BALLAST



Books
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it began with him [my father] telling me about how he had the mumps, and then leaps forward to my parents' courtship by mail when he was in America and she was still in London. He told me that during the course of the correspondence, he wrote, "I think I have to tell you something. I have a shriveled left testicle, and I can't marry you because I'm not able to have children."

He sealed the letter and mailed it, and then he thought, "Oh no, what did I do?" He went to the mailbox but the postman had already come and taken the letter. So he went down to the central mail office in Brooklyn...and they said, "Well it's somewhere in all these sacks." My father said, "I've got to get it." And he went through the sacks. I have this image of my father going through millions of letters. And he found the letter! He tore it up, and he didn't send it.

Danny Ballow, quoted in Elizabeth Stone, *Black Sheep and Kissing Cousins: How Our Family Stories Shape Us* (New York: Times Books 1988) p. 208.

Did you know? Oprah Winfrey was named after a Biblical character named Orpha. The name was misspelled on her birth certificate.

Once, in the forest, creeping on all fours through the grass, I unexpectedly found myself in front of a glittering blue-green lizard. Both of us were dumbfounded, and we just stared at each other. I was not afraid and yet my heart was throbbing. I was overwhelmed by the joy of having encountered, for the first time, a creature of such strange beauty.

Mircea Eliade, *Autobiography: Vol 1, 1907-1937, Journey East, Journey West* (San Francisco: Harper and Row, 1980), pp. 5-6.

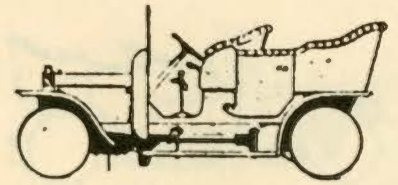
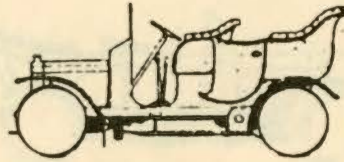
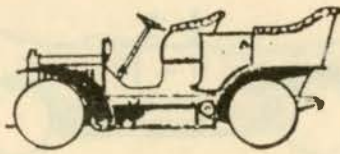
a group of us went with Ferenczi to a nightclub at which the famous American dancer Josephine Baker was performing. We all enjoyed the graceful, supple movement of her beautiful body and were enthusiastic about her performance. After her appearance on the stage, Josephine Baker joined the audience. I have no idea what made her pick out Ferenczi for an enchanting little scene. She came to our table and in a most natural fashion sat on Ferenczi's lap. She glided her hand through her own black hair, which was smoothly and tightly glued to her scalp by a heavy pomade. Then she stroked the bald center of Ferenczi's head and, rubbing the pomade on his hairless scalp, said, "So, that will make your hair grow."

Richard F. Sterba, *Reminiscences of a Viennese Psychoanalyst* (Detroit, Michigan: Wayne State University Press, 1982), p. 72.

in one prank I was "Jo-Jo, the King of the New York Gypsies." I called for a renaming of the gypsy moth. I led a gypsy protest in front of the governor's office, shouting, "Re-name the gypsy moth!" I had this ridiculous sign which said, "RENAME THE GYPSY MOTH!" on one side and on the other, "GYPSIES AGAINST STEREOTYPICAL PROPOGANDA (G.A.S.P.)" I said, "Call it the Ayatollah moth, call it the Idi Amin moth, call it the Hitler moth--we gypsies have taken enough abuse."

Joey Skaggs, interviewed in *Pranks*, an edition of *Re/Search* (February 1988), pp. 43-44.

Highly Recommended: Daniel Halpern, editor, *Antaeus* (No 61, Autumn 1988), a special issue on Journals, Notebooks and Diaries. 448 pp., paperback. ISBN 0-88001-202-1. Excerpts from the journals of about forty writers, including Joyce Carol Oates, Guy Davenport, Thomas Berger, Edward Hoagland, Norman Mailer, Oliver Sacks and Anne Dillard.



taken by the male Dr. Haas to find Freud's house. He was not sure of the number and stopped at one point on the Berggasse to ask a woman who is sweeping the sidewalk, "Could you please tell us which of these houses was Freud's?" She had no idea. "Doctor Freud?" No, sorry. She went on sweeping. "I'm sure it's along here somewhere," Dr. Haas told me. We were about to return to the car when he had a bright idea. "Actually," he said to the woman, "it was *Professor Freud*." "Ja!" said she. "Professor Freud lived just there," pointing.

Thomas Berger, "Touring Western Europe, 1956: Excerpts from a Journal" in an issue of *Antaeus* (No 61, Autumn 1988) devoted to Journals, Notebooks and Diaries, p. 43.

today, I produced my first comprehensible sentence in Western Apache. Sitting outside with Alvin Quay, I pointed to my horse and said, "That horse eats grass." Alvin, who turned six last week, glanced at the animal, fixed me with a disbelieving stare, and responded in his own language. "Horses always eat grass." Although my observation failed to impress Alvin, I thought the fact of its delivery--and of his responding to it in Apache--was nothing short of astonishing. Perhaps there is hope for me after all.

Keith H. Basso, "Strong Songs: Excerpts from an Ethnographer's Journal" in an issue of *Antaeus* (No 61, Autumn 1988) devoted to Journals, Notebooks and Diaries, p. 36.

the Founding Fathers," he explained, "in their wisdom decided that children were an unnatural strain on parents. So they provided jails called schools, equipped with tortures called an education. School is where you go between when your parents can't take you and industry can't take you. [As a teacher] I am a paid keeper of Society's unusables--the lame, the halt, the insane, and the ignorant. The only incentive I can give you, kid, to behave yourself is this: if you don't buckle down and learn something, you'll be as dumb as I am, and you'll have to teach school to earn a living."

John Updike, *The Centaur* (New York: 1963), pp. 80-81. Suggested by Kim Thompson, a reader from Cincinnati.

i am on a platform at the train station, in the evening, waiting for an aunt from Burcharest. There are many people. I have a crescent roll, which I had not dared to eat because it seemed too enormous. I hold it in my hand, contemplating it, displaying it, congratulating myself for having it. When the train arrives at the station our group begins to move, and I am left alone for a second. Out of nowhere there emerges a little boy of about five or six who snatches away my roll! He watches me for a second with a mischievous smile, then thrusts the roll into his mouth and disappears. I am so startled that I can neither speak nor move. That event revealed to me the terrible power of skill and daring.

Mircea Eliade, *Autobiography: Vol 1, 1907-1937, Journey East, Journey West* (San Francisco: Harper and Row, 1980), p. 6.

Anon: The dilemma of teaching is telling students where to look without telling them what to look for.

Anon: The dilemma of teaching is telling students what to look for without telling them where to look.

Anon: The dilemma of teaching is telling students how to look without telling them where or what to look for.

Paul Dickson in *The Official Explanations* (New York: Delacorte, 1980):

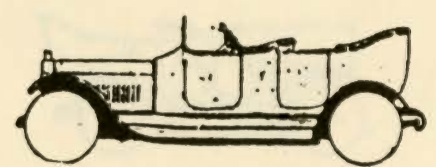
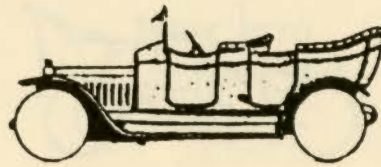
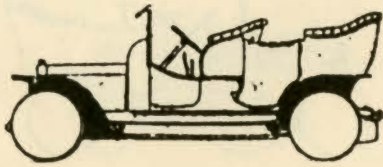
Adlai's Axiom: He who slings mud generally loses ground.

Madison's Question: If you have to travel on the Titanic, why not go first class?

Sgt. Preston's Law of the Wild: The scenery only changes for the lead dog.

Short's Quotation: The human brain is the only computer in the world made out of meat.

Sign in Orky Blue's Silver Dollar Bar in Bandera, Texas: Doing a good job here is like wetting your pants in a dark suit--you feel warm all over, but nobody notices.



There was also a spontaneous kind of punishment which could be very unpleasant for a child tormented by fear of the dark: being shut inside a cupboard. Alma in the kitchen had told me that in that particular cupboard lived a little creature which ate the toes of naughty children. I quite clearly heard something moving in there in the dark and my terror was total. I don't remember what I did, probably climbed on to shelves or hung from hooks to avoid having my toes devoured.

This form of punishment lost its terror when I found a solution. I had a torch with a red and green light in a corner of the cupboard. When I was shut in, I hunted out my torch, directed the beam of light at the wall and pretended I was at the cinema.

Ingmar Bergman (Swedish filmmaker, recalling his childhood), *The Magic Lantern: An Autobiography* (New York: Viking Press, 1988), p. 9.

A toy car is a projection of a real car, made small enough for a child's hand and imagination to grasp.

A real car is a projection of a toy car, made large enough for an adult's hand and imagination to grasp.

Michael Frayn, *Constructions* (Wildwood House, 1974).

H.F. Ellis: An unwatched pot boils immediately.

We all know that it takes about eight or nine years to become a doctor, and that is only the beginning of a career, not the end of it. An artist too will require at least an equivalent in time, effort, devotion, and real knowledge, in artistic understanding, experience, and discrimination. As it so often is nowadays, teaching positions are offered to teachers in a field that they have never studied, with, of course, disastrous results for the students. It is only because bad painting, coarse sculpture, insipid metalwork, and miserable potting do not actually kill anybody that this misuse of mediocre or badly trained teachers in all fields of art has not been widely aired in public. It is, nonetheless, a shocking situation. In science, medicine, engineering, an equivalent misdemeanor would be brought before a court. Patients would die, bridges would crash, toasters would electrocute, and gas-lines asphyxiate the population.

Marguerite Wildenhain, "The Pursuit of Excellence in Art Education" in *The Invisible Core: A Potter's Life and Thoughts* (Palo Alto, California: Pacific Books, 1973), p. 70.

Stanley Kelley: Last guys don't finish nice.

Ernie Kovacs: Television--a medium. So called because it is neither rare nor well done.

Fran Lebowitz: I figure you have the same chance of winning the lottery whether you play or not.

David Lodge: Literature is mostly about sex and not much about having children, and life is the other way around.

John Peers and Gordon Bennett in *Logical Laws* (New York: Fawcett, 1979):

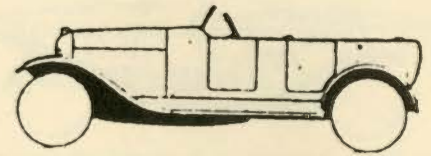
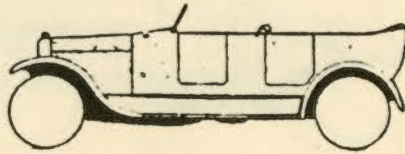
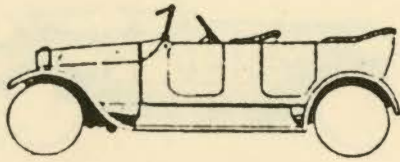
Askerberg's Axiom: You win some, you lose some, and some get rained out, but you gotta suit up for all of them.

Ellis' Eloquence: If God thought nudity was okay, we would have been born naked.

Van Oech's Law: An expert doesn't know anymore than you do. He is merely better organized and has slides.

Joyce consulted Jung, who diagnosed his poor daughter as incurably schizophrenic partly on the evidence of her brilliant, obsessive punning. Joyce remarked that he too was a punner. "You are a deep-sea diver," said Jung. "She is drowning."

Edward Hoagland, "Learning to Eat Soup" in an issue of *Antaeus* (No 61, Autumn 1988) devoted to Journals, Notebooks and Diaries, p. 227.



Biblical Bloopers

In the so-called Wicked Bible, printed in London by Baker and Lucas in 1632, the word *not* was omitted from the seventh commandment, to make it "Thou shalt commit adultery."

Genesis 24:61, which is supposed to read "Rebecca arose, and her damsels," was mistakenly printed as "Rebecca arose, and her camels" in an edition known as Rebecca's Camels Bible, printed in 1823.

Published in 1702, the Printers' Bible contained an error in Psalms 119:161 in which the word *printers* was substituted for *princes*, so that King David was said to complain that "printers have persecuted me without a cause."

In the Murderers' Bible, published in 1801, the word *murmurers* was misprinted as *murderers* in Jude 16, resulting in a verse that reads "These are murderers, complainers, walking after their own lusts..."

The To-remain Bible refers to a flawed edition, published at Cambridge in 1805, in which Galatians 4:29 was mistakenly printed as "he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the spirit to remain, even so it is now." The words *to remain* are erroneous. While checking the galleys, a proofreader questioned if there should be a comma after the word *spirit*. The editor responded by penciling "to remain" in the margin, which was then mistakenly typeset.

Adapted from "Bible, specially named editions" in *Benet's Reader's Encyclopedia*. Third Edition. (New York: Harper and Row, 1987).

in 1985 when, out of the 28 million Americans who traveled abroad, 17 were killed by terrorists, you were almost 25 times as likely to choke to death (one chance in 68,000), about 300 times as likely to die in a car crash (one chance in 5,300) and nearly 2,000 times as likely to die from the effects of smoking (one chance in 800, the equivalent of three fully loaded jumbo jets crashing each and every day of the year).

John Allen Paulos, "The Odds Are You're Innumerate" in *The New York Times Book Review* (1 January 1989), p. 16.

i am sitting on someone's knee being fed with gruel. The plate is on grey oilcloth with a red border, the enamel white, with blue flowers on it, and reflecting the sparse light from the window. By bending my head, the reflections in the gruel plate change and form new patterns. Suddenly I vomit over everything.

That is probably my very first memory.

Ingmar Bergman, *The Magic Lantern: An Autobiography* (New York: Viking Press, 1988), p. 2.

Recommended: Rob Carter, *American Typography Today* (New York: Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1989). 159 pp., illustrated, clothbound. ISBN 0-442-22106-1. About 100 pages are devoted to brief texts and 4-page portfolios of the work of 24 contemporary graphic designers (not just typographers), some stronger than others, among them Malcolm Grear, Paul Rand (of course), April Greiman, Paula Scher, Thomas Ockerse, and Louise Fili. The last section is a 35-page glossary of places, persons, trends and technical terms, a section we found very helpful, despite the quaintness of some of the definitions (e.g. Gestalt psychology).

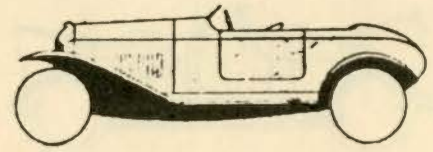
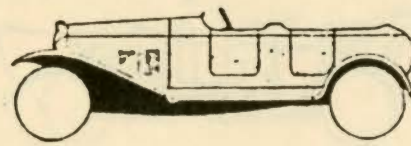
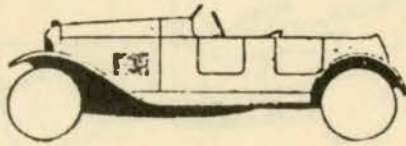


Above: Logotype for Brown University Press, designed by Malcolm Grear, from Rob Carter, *American Typography Today*.

i have a bank account because I get tired of burying my money in the back yard and something else happened. I was burying some money a few years ago when I came across a human skeleton.

The skeleton had the remains of a shovel in one hand and a half-dissolved coffee can in the other hand. The coffee can was filled with a kind of rustdust material that I think was once money, so now I have a bank account.

Richard Brautigan, *Revenge of the Lawn: Stories 1962-1970* (New York: Pocket Books, 1972), p. 48.



Clint Eastwood (*High Plains Drifter*): It's what people know about themselves inside that makes them afraid.

the look in the eye of a forceful man overpowers us so that we lose consciousness of his face, our faculties clouded by his glance. We may even recoil so far as to forget he has a body, all life else shrinking momentarily from our eyes. Now, imagine this remarkable power of his look to the point of supernatural possibility and what you have at last is that physiological wizardry so long sought after: the invisible man.

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

Highly Recommended: John Carey, editor, *Eyewitness to History* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1987). 706 pp., paperback. ISBN 0-674-28750-9. A superb selection of brief passages from the writings of persons who witnessed events, famous and infamous, for example, a Viking funeral in 922 A.D. (horrifying), the sighting of a mermaid in Newfoundland in 1610, and the execution of Mata Hari in 1917.

A List of Particularly Excellent Books: Arthur Koestler, *The Act of Creation*. Buckminster Fuller, *Ideas and Integrities*. D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, *On Growth and Form*. Marshall McLuhan, *Understanding Media*. Ithiel de Sola Pool, *Technologies of Freedom*. Daniel Boorstin, *The Discoverers*. Strunk and White, *The Elements of Style*. Suzuki-roshi, *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind*. Robert Pirsig, *The Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*. Gregory Bateson, *Steps to an Ecology of Mind*. E.M. Forster, *The Machine Stops*.

Stewart Brand (adapted), "Great Books of Media Culture" in *Whole Earth Review* (No 59, 7 June 1988), p. 138.

it is commonly believed that children are, by nature, more imaginative than adults, but this is questionable. It is probably the case only in cultures like our own which put a higher social and economic value upon practical and abstract thinking than upon wonder and images; in a culture which put a high value on imagination and a low one on logic, children might well appear to be more rational than adults, for a child is not, by nature, more anything.

W.H. Auden, *Forewords and Afterwords* (New York: Random House, 1973). Suggested by Irving Weiss, a reader from Chestertown, Maryland.

i was teaching a class in modern art in my gallery and I asked, "Where's Mrs. So-and-so?" One of the other students in the class said, "Oh, she had a baby a few days ago." I said, "I didn't realize she was pregnant." The student replied, "You're so used to distortions you don't even recognize them."

Katherine Kuh, "An Interview with Katherine Kuh" in *Archives of American Art Journal*, vol 27 no 3, 1987, p. 5.

Paul Dickson in *The Official Rules* (New York: Delta Books, 1978):

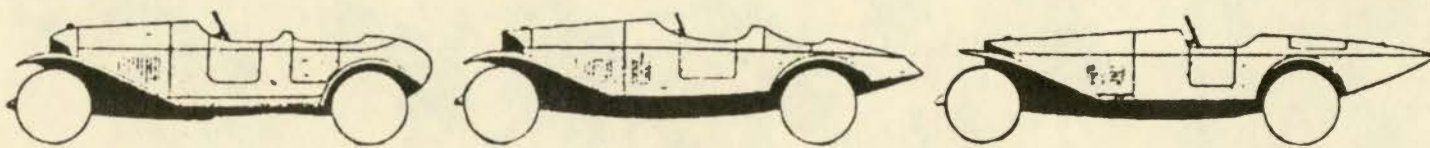
Otten's Law of Typesetting: Typesetters always correct intentional errors, but fail to correct unintentional errors.

Farber's Law No 3: Necessity is the mother of strange bedfellows.

Tom Jone's Law: Friends may come and go, but enemies accumulate.

Henry Miller (*Remember to Remember*): Americans can eat garbage, provided you sprinkle it liberally with ketchup, mustard, chilli sauce, tabasco sauce, cayene pepper, or any other condiment which destroys the original flavor of the dish.

George Orwell: Has it ever struck you that there is a thin man inside every fat man, just as they say there is a statue inside every block of stone.



Le Corbusier, Evolution of the automobile, c. 1923

Did you know? Charles Babbage, the British mathematician and inventor of the calculating engine (a forerunner of the computer) also invented the cowcatcher, the apron-like grill on the front of a locomotive.

Did you know? The American painter Charles Demuth was one of the first diabetics to receive insulin therapy.

Did you know? The name Bauhaus ("house of building") was arrived at by inverting the German word *Hausbau* ("building of a house").

Did you know? The "knock-knock joke" may have been derived from a 17th century forfeits game, in which the players are seated in a circle. One player is given a stick. In one version, he points the stick at another player and initiates the following dialogue, with the intention of causing the person to "buff," to smile or to break out in laughter (in which case he must take the stick):

- A: Knock, knock! (Thumping floor with stick.)
- B: Who's there?
- A: Buff.
- B: What says Buff?
- A: Buff says Buff to all his men, And I say Buff to you again.
- B: Methinks Buff smiles.
- A: Buff neither laughs nor smiles, But looks in your face With a comical grace And delivers the staff to you, sir!

Adapted from Iona and Peter Opie, eds., *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes* (Oxford, England: Oxford University Press, 1952), pp. 104-105.

in town, they called my grandfather Applejack, Do you know what applejack is? It's before moonshine becomes moonshine. If you won't wait for it to ferment, it's applejack. My grandfather just drank a whole lot of applejack. And dated other women. Finally my grandmother said, "Enough is enough," and she left him, which was pretty strange for the 1920's. She raised her six children herself. She did people's laundry by night and was waitress at the Greyhound bus station in the day. The one poignant note: even though she'd thrown him out, she did his laundry for him until the day he died.

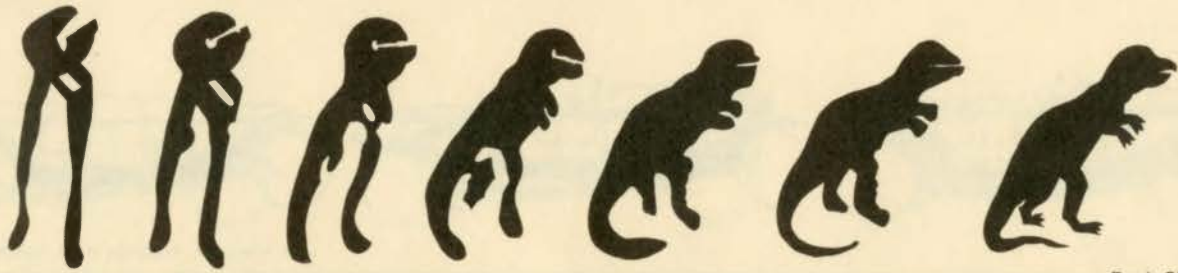
Polly Gardner, quoted in Elizabeth Stone, *Black Sheep and Kissing Cousins: How Our Family Stories Shape Us* (New York: Times Books, 1988), p. 61.

i remember a woman in one of my groups. I had talked at great length on Velasquez, and when the meeting was over and she was putting on her coat, she said, "By the way, he sounds fascinating. If he should ever come to Chicago, I would like to give a party for him."

Katherine Kuh, "An Interview with Katherine Kuh" in *Archives of American Art Journal*, vol 27 no 3, 1987, p. 5.

he had the habit of raising one arm while bending his head to the side in his strenuous effort to give birth to exact words for his ideas. Among the analytic group, his frequent slips of the tongue and other paradoxes were famous. Once after he gave a lengthy explanation of his ideas, Federn closed with a question directed to the group. He asked: "Did I understand myself?" He obviously had wanted to ask: "Did I make myself understood?" His slip of the tongue betrayed his awareness of a certain lack of clarity in his own thinking.

Richard F. Sterba (talking about Dr. Paul Federn, a Viennese Freudian psychoanalyst), *Reminiscences of a Viennese Psychoanalyst* (Detroit, Michigan: Wayne State University Press, 1982), p. 128.



Frank Clark 1988

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the artist must go at his own speed. His whole life is a painful effort to turn himself inside out, and if he gives too much away at the shallow level of social intercourse he may lose the will to attempt a deeper excavation.

May Sarton, *The House by the Sea: A Journal* (New York: Norton, 1977), pp. 54-55. Suggested by Ritha M. Spitz, a reader from Cincinnati.

One day I walked around the Museum looking at paintings and noticed that underneath them were all these wall sockets. So I bought a number of wall sockets and painted stupid little scientific scenes on them, like microscopes and dinosaurs and cows and slabs of butter.

I showed up at the Museum in a janitor's outfit, with a nametag and a toolbox, and started replacing the old wall sockets with my new ones. I had friends in the hallway who would whistle everytime a guard came near--then I'd go somewhere else. Sometimes I had to move furniture out of the way, and if ladies would be sitting down I'd have to say, "Can you please move? I have to fix this wall socket."

Nobody caught me. I sent out a bunch of invitations, just like a real show, and people came down. I made up some nicely illustrated programs, and sent one to the Museum to tell them about my project.

I thought I'd get some sort of reaction...but I never heard from them...they hushed the whole thing up, and the wall sockets remained there for about two years.

Jeffrey Vallance, quoted in *Pranks*, an edition of *Re/Search* (February 1988), p. 115.

as a tiny child I did little else but draw pictures. To be an artist became my childhood desire. I guess I bypassed the notions such as many boys have, namely, of being a policeman or some such person. I simply wanted to draw and be an artist. This notion hit a snag somewhere along the line. I can't pinpoint the time, but I discovered a totally prohibitive fact. I was told that artists had models--living human models whom they drew in the nude. That story conflicted with the kind of conduct I was taught was necessary if I wanted to go to heaven and [I] would not deliberately do any tangible thing to prevent [myself from] going there. I don't remember what this new awakening did to me at the time; I only knew that I soon discovered a special form of art that I believed didn't involve the sin of employing nude models. It was cartooning, and so I could become a cartoonist.

S. Howard Bartley (perceptual psychologist), *A Bit of Human Transparency* (Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania: Dorrance, 1988), p. 138.