Ballast
Quarterly Review
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Founder, Editor, Art
Director: Roy R.
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Behrens. This issue
was designed by
Maurice Comiskey,
Jr., with illustrations
by undergraduate
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Department of Art,
University of Northern
Iowa (Cedar Falls).

BALLAST is an acronym for Books Art
Language Logic Ambiguity Science and
Teaching, as well as a distant allusion to
BLAST, the short-lived publication
founded during World War I by Wyndham
Lewis, the Vorticist artist and writer.

BALLAST is chiefly a pastiche of more
or less curious excerpts from books,
magazines, diaries and other publica-
tions. Put differently, it is a journal
devoted to wit, the contents of which are
intended to be insightful, amusing or
thought-provoking.

The purposes of BALLAST are educa-
tional, apolitical and noncommercial. It
does not carry paid advertisements, nor
is it supposed to be purchased or sold. It
is published every three months, more or
less, beginning in October and ending in
June. There is no charge for subscrip-
tions as such, and (to the extent that
finances allow) the journal will gladly be
mailed to persons who send in a mailing
address and two first class U.S. postage
stamps for each issue. In other words, to
receive BALLAST for one year (four
issues), we ask that each reader
contribute a total of eight genuine
unused U.S. postage stamps, interesting
or not. Do not send postage meter
stamps. When subscribing, good-looking,
antique and/or unusual stamps are
preferred. (At the moment we are
especially fond of the colorful new
"poison ivy commemorative" -- just ask
for it at your post office window.) We do
not accept phone orders.
ALICE B. TOLLS 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.

RODNEY DANGERFIELD I TOLD MY PSY-

I wish people would stop saying "Da chiatriest that everyone hates me. He

Vinci" when they want to refer to

said I was being ridiculous -- every-

Leonardo. It is like saying "Of Vienna"

one hasn't met me yet.

If they want to refer to Sigmund Freud.

Rudolf Arnheim ("Of Ann Arbor")

Woody Allen Years ago, my mother

gave me a bullet. I put it in my breast

pocket. Two years after that I was

walking down the street when a ber-

serk evangelist heaved a Gideon Bible

out a hotel room window, hitting me

in the chest. The bible would have

gone through my heart if it wasn't

for the bullet.

EDWARD MARSH

[Ned Lutyens] thought as a little boy that the Lord's Prayer began with

"Our Father Charles in heaven, Harold be thy name."
I remember
ANON
having to go to the toilet at the house of
I'm on a seafood
Herr Heller, who had a reputation for
diet -- when I see
stinginess. This was confirmed when I
food, I eat it.
discovered that the toilet paper was
composed of quartered sheets of typing
paper with holes in one corner, through

Having imagination, It takes you an
which a piece of string attached them to a
hour to write a paragraph that, if you
nail arbitrarily driven into the bathroom
were unimaginative, would take only a
wall. These pieces of paper were covered
minute. Or you might not write the
in messages printed in violet ink, many of
paragraph at all.

them marked “Secret” and some of them
Franklin P. Adams
“Most Secret.” How much simpler a
method of disposal than all the latterday
complications thought up by those

involved in activities of the CIA and FBI.

Peter Ustinov (remembering his European
childhood), Dear Me (Middlesex, England:
[ON THE DAY THAT Willem and Elaine de Kooning arrived at Jim Eason
Black Mountain College, Josef] Albers told us that meals
If you want to look
were announced with a loud bell, and we agreed to meet young and thin,
him at six in the dining hall and returned to our house to hang around old
unpack and to set up our studios. We were sitting in the fat people.
dock deep in conversation when the dinner bell rang. To
our amazement and amusement, we saw people running
from every direction to converge on the dining hall. "Look
at them run at the sound of that bell," Bill laughed.
"Pavlov's dogs," I said smugly. We continued our leisurely
conversation and strolled over to the dining room some
twenty minutes later to discover that the food was all
gone -- every scrap of it. From then on, at the sound of the
bell, Bill and I proved to be more than adequate sprinters
and never again came late for a meal.

Elaine de Kooning, "de Kooning Memories" in Mervin
Lane, editor, Black Mountain College: Sprouted Seeds:
I am always surprised that the highway is an image of freedom in American culture, because in fact it is the most confined and restricted form of movement imaginable. The fact that car travel is an image of freedom is almost absurd. The driver sits in a tiny metal box with perhaps three perpendicular inches of head and shoulder room, unable to move his or her body except incrementally, while keeping the car in a predetermined lane and driving at a predetermined speed. The fact that this act of almost fanatic discipline can be interpreted as freedom is fascinating.

I find fascinating.


Peter Halley, interviewed in Edge.

Suggested by Kevin Kelly, a reader from Sausalito, California.
...when Elder William Brewster of the Plymouth
Plantation was a lad in England, even such
God
Elementary devices as chimneys, solid and perma-
sneezed
Technology, Schizo-
Nent bedsteads, glass windows, wooden floors, and
I didn't
Pewter tableware (instead of wood, leather, and
know
Speech (Lincoln:
Horn) were relatively novel features of the ordi-
what
Nary English home. Chairs were
to
not widely used. As in the Middle Ages
say.
Irritated by the layout
They were generally reserved for persons
Henny
of Ballast this
Of Importance, the others sat on stools or
Youngman
issue, you'll be
equally annoyed by
Consisted of removable
the text as well as the
Boards set upon trestles, he who occupied the principal
layout of this wonder-
seat had that distinction we recall in the phrase
ful (and wacky)
"Chairman of the Board."
"deconstruction of
Marshall B. Davidson, The American Heritage History
Technology, State
Of Colonial Antiques (New York: American Heritage,
terrorism, and
1967). Suggested by Mary Ann Merriam Koontz, a
Schizophrenia."
Reader from Ridgewood, New Jersey.
I had a rough marriage.

Highly Recommended Kenneth Good, *Into the Heart: One Man's Pursuit of Love and Knowledge Among the Yanomama*

Well, my wife was an immature woman, that's all I can say. See if this is not American anthropology, who ended up falling in love, immature to you: I would marrying, and settling in this country with a woman from the be home in the bathroom Stone Age Amazon rain forest tribe that he initially planned to taking a bath, and my wife observe.

would walk right in whenever she felt like and sink my boats.

Woody Allen
She (his mother) had one ability about
which there was no doubt: she could
find four-leaf clovers. If she saw a
patch of clover on someone's lawn,
When Wright came in, I had just
she would bend down and almost
immediately come up with a stem with
four leaves. She would frequently find
with a grin on his face. When I had
two or three while the rest of us
finished, he said, "But Walter,
searched in vain. Her satisfaction was
when you want to make a child, you
intense, and she never overlooked an
don't ask help of a neighbor, or do
opportunity to demonstrate her skill.
B.F. Skinner, Particulars of my Life (New
happens to be a woman, I might." FRANK LLOYD
WALTER GROPIUS, QUOTED IN
p. 44. Suggested by K. Dyble Thomp-
son, a reader from Milwaukee.
BULFINCH PRESS, 1990), p. 257.

\[\text{\textit{Don't ask help of a neighbor, or do you?}}\]

(\textit{Answered, "If the neighbor Philip
Johnson's glass})
There was never any noise once he had begun, and the high rich
shriUiness of his voice came streaming out under the closed
eyelids in his ivory face. He seemed literally inspired; and my
memory has completed the picture with curls of pale blue smoke
-- such as tubes of tooth from a tripod. His commentary was a series of surprises which
paste that seem to be burst on us like bombshells, and with his mastery of the art of
all but empty but keep preparation he worked us up into excruciating suspense for the
delivering more for days
next. When it came I was always startled, and almost always
convinced. The excitement was far too great for note-taking, so
Rudolf Arnheim
I used to put a dot under each word that he noticed; and every-
thing was put so perfectly that I scarcely ever found I had
forgotten what my dot meant.

Edward Marsh [remembering his teacher, A.W. Verrell], A Number
Someone remarked on the diminutive size of the figures in (the British painter) William Orpen's pictures, about on the now temporarily dry bed of the lake, near the dam below the bridge, and occasionally picking small insects out of the cracks in the dam.

and Max said it was because he was so small. Probably the occurrence of this bird in the heart of London has been recorded before, but I have not myself noted it in the park.

To view your life as blessed does not require you to deny your pain.

It simply demands a more compli-

On the relativity of distance: If in an all-
cated vision, one in which a
but-empty restaurant somebody takes
condition or event is not either
the table next to mine, he has come
good or bad but is, rather, both
very close indeed -- so close that a
good and bad, not sequentially but
special reason must justify his choice. If
simultaneously. In my experience,
the room is filled, the distance be-
the more such ambivalences you can
tween two neighboring tables sepa-
hold in your head, the better off
rates us sufficiently.

You are, intellectually and
Rudolf Arnheim, Parables of Sun Light:
emotionally.

Observations on Psychology, the Arts,
Nancy Mairs, Carnal Acts (New
and the Rest (Berkeley: University of
Suggested by Carol Stevens, a
reader from New York.
I noticed in New York, where the traffic is so bad and
the air is so bad, everything, and the food, and the
coffee, everything, and the streets are falling to pieces,

the sex

you get into a taxi and very frequently the poor taxi

mome is

driver is just beside himself with irritation. And one day

rath good

I got into one and the driver began talking a blue

isn't but

streak, accusing absolutely everyone of being wrong.

born not

You know he was full of irritation about everything,

that as good

and I simply remained quiet. I did not answer his ques-
could as fresh

tions, I did not enter into a conversation, and very

outgrabe sweet

shortly the driver began changing his ideas and simply

me corn

through my being silent he began, before I got out of the

Nicol Garrison

Williamson Keillor

him.

John Cage, quoted in Richard

Kostelanetz, editor, Conversations

with Cage (New York: Limelight

Highly Recommended Sumner Stone, On Stone: The Art and Use of Typography on the Personal Computer (San Francisco: Bedford Arts, 1991, now distributed by Chronicle Books). Stone the man, former head of typography at Adobe Systems, defines it as "the art of writing with the aid of machines." The typeface Stone was created on a Macintosh, and this elegant volume, splendidly phrased and precisely composed, is an eyewitness account of how it came about, and how best to use it.

ANY EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM THAT FAILS TO TEACH STUDENTS HOW TO PLAY WITH AND INTEGRATE THE TOOLS OF THOUGHT EMBODIED IN THE FINE ARTS AND CRAFTS IS PRODUCING INTELLECTUALLY HANDICAPPED STUDENTS. I SAY THIS AS A CHALLENGE: A GENERAL CHALLENGE TO

When OUR WESTERN MODE OF EDUCATION THAT

childhood DIVIDES CULTURE INTO ARTS AND HUMANITIES ON THE ONE HAND AND SCIENCES AND TECHNOLOGY ON THE OTHER; AND A

are called PARTICULAR CHALLENGE TO THE OBJECTIVIST-REDUCTIONISTS WHO SEEM TO THINK

Brian THAT THAT WHICH CANNOT BE WRITTEN

Aldiss AS AN EQUATION IS NOT KNOWLEDGE.

BALLAST is published in Iowa in a region increasingly listed among the most desirable places in which to live (alright so why not move here soon before we all go stir crazy!). All subscriptions (including gift subscriptions) must be mailed to the following address:

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Dysart, Iowa 52224-9767

BALLAST is published in a limited edition and back issues are not available. However, the magazine may be xeroxed to provide others with copies, but the copies must never be altered or sold. Our readers are encouraged to suggest offbeat examples of visual and verbal insight of the sort that the journal might publish. Original material must be explicitly labeled as such. Material which is not original must clearly make note of its author and source. All contributions are unpaid, and unsolicited material will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

BALLAST doesn’t have a budget really. For six years, it has operated at a loss. Even if we demanded stamps from everyone who receives the magazine, we would still lose money on printing, without beginning to account for research, typesetting, paste-up, correspondence, avoiding skunks, outsmarting the groundhog, making avianies for Keeko and Zooey (the African gray parrots), and putting up the garden fence. The losses are currently offset by donations from enlightened subscribers and generous deductions from the Subscription Cluck’s paycheck. If anyone is foolishly philanthropic (foolish because such contributions are surely not tax deductible), we will sometimes accept a check (made payable to Roy R. Behrens), live moth cocoons, or a good pair of binoculars.

Illustrations in this issue by Jennifer Dolinger (p. 8) and Brad Huffman (cover and interior circular trademarks).