

Winter 1993

## Ballast Quarterly Review, v09n2, Winter 1993

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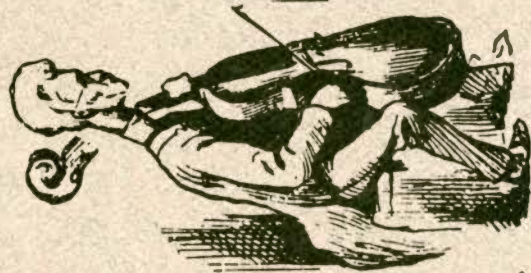
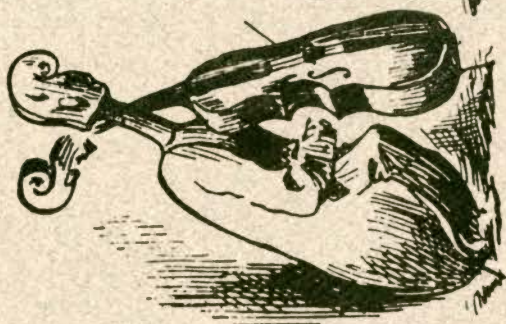
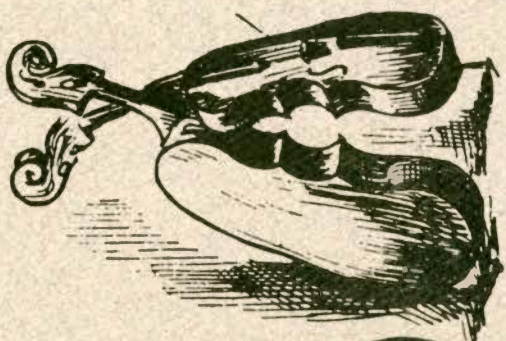
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**THE PHYSICIST**  
George Gamow  
was also an  
entertaining  
popularizer. He  
once told the  
story of how  
with his wife  
and their baby  
daughter he vis-  
ited the Leaning  
Tower of Pisa.  
As they climbed  
the steps, they  
noticed an  
increasingly  
musty smell,  
which they first  
attributed to the  
ancient walls of  
the building.  
Then, however,  
they began to  
suspect their lit-  
tle girl, and by  
the time they  
reached the top  
it was clear that  
she needed  
immediate atten-  
tion. "And from  
the very place,"  
explained  
Gamow, raising  
his arm and his  
voice dramati-  
cally, "where  
Galileo launched  
his experimental  
objects we also  
propelled..."

Submitted by  
**RUDOLF ARNHEIM**,  
a reader from Ann  
Arbor, Michigan.

**FRED HOYLE**  
Space isn't  
remote at all. It's  
only an hour's  
drive away if  
your car could  
go straight  
upwards.

**BALLAST Quarterly Review Volume 9**  
Number 2 Winter 1993. Copyright © 1993  
by Roy R. Behrens, founder, editor, art  
director. This issue was designed by Sally  
Dalvador.

**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 astonishing passages  
from books, magazines, diaries and other  
publications. 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 educational,  
apolitical, and noncommercial. It does not  
carry paid advertisements, nor is it sup-  
posed to be purchased or sold. It is pub-  
lished every three months, beginning in  
October (more or less) and ending in June.  
There is no charge for subscriptions 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 **BAL-  
LAST** for one year (four issues), we ask  
that each reader contribute a total of eight  
genuine unused postage stamps, interest-  
ing or not. Do not send postage meter  
slips. When subscribing, good-looking,  
antique and/or unusual stamps are pre-  
ferred. We do *not* accept phone orders.

AT THE AGE of 13 or 14, [tv  
comedian Jerry] Seinfeld start-  
ed tape-recording comic inter-  
views with his pet parakeet.  
Perhaps the bird was the inspi-  
ration for a routine of the 1980s  
about the tendency of pet para-  
keets to fly into mirrors. "Even  
if he thinks the mirror is anoth-  
er room, why doesn't he avoid  
hitting the other parakeet?"

**JOSH LEVINE**, *Jerry Seinfeld: Much  
Ado About Nothing* (Toronto: ECW  
Press, 1993), p. 13.





**JAMES THURBER** The naked truth about me is to the naked truth about Salvador Dali as an old ukulele in the attic is to a piano in a tree, and I mean a piano with breasts.

**AMONG OTHER** things, what [American poet Ezra] Pound did was show me Bohemia. He'd take me to restaurants and things. Showed me ju jitsu in a restaurant. Threw me over his head. Wasn't ready for him at all. I was just as strong as he was. He said, "I'll show you, I'll show you. Stand up." So I stood up, gave him my hand. He grabbed my wrist, tipped over backwards and threw me over his head. Everybody in the restaurant stood up.

**ROBERT FROST**, quoted in George Plimpton, editor, *The Writer's Chapbook: A Compendium of Fact, Opinion, Wit, and Advice from the 20th Century's Preeminent Writers* (New York: Viking, 1989), pp. 339-340.

**DAN GEORGE** [Native American] When the white man came we had the land and they had the Bibles; now they have the land and we have the Bibles.

IN THE 1950s, Salvador Dali was a visiting artist for one day at the University of Northern Iowa. The Spanish painter spoke English poorly, and at a party at the home of a faculty member that evening, he appeared to be generally lost and confused. However, he experienced a rare moment of clarity when he was introduced to ceramic artist William Daley, a teacher at the school. For the remainder of the evening, Dali roamed the party, alternately pointing to himself and Bill Daley, repeating, "Dali—Daley! Dali—Daley! Dali—Daley!"

**ANON** from the editor's journal, as recalled by David Delafield, who attended the party.

**ABOVE LEFT** Metamorphosis of Ludwig von Beethoven into piano by **JOHN DOPITA**, graphic design student, Department of Art, University of Northern Iowa (1993).

RECOM-  
MENDED

Luise  
Woelflein,  
with illus-  
trations by  
Wendy  
Smith-  
Griswold,  
*The Ultimate  
Bug Book*  
(New York:  
Golden  
Books/  
Western  
Publishing  
Company,  
1993). ISBN  
0-307-17600-  
2. This is an  
educational  
pop-up  
book for  
children,  
and its most  
spectacular  
feature is an  
actual-size  
pop-up  
giant atlas  
moth with a  
12-inch  
wingspan.  
Other high-  
lights  
include a  
scratch-and-  
sniff stink  
bug, a crick-  
et song  
sound chip,  
and a place  
to touch and  
feel a moth's  
body, in  
addition to  
four other  
pop-ups.



"WE MUST remember," he [a classics professor] declared, "that professors are the ones nobody wanted to dance with in high school."

This is an insight that lights up the universe—or at least the university. It is a proposition that every entering freshman should be told, and it is certainly a proposition that helps to explain the problem of [unintelligible] academic writing. What one sees in professors, repeatedly, is exactly the manner that anyone would adopt after a couple of sad evenings sidelined under the crepe-paper streamers in the gym, sitting on a folding chair while everyone else danced. Dignity, for professors, perches precariously on how well they can convey this message: "I am immersed in some very important thoughts, which unsophisticated people could not even begin to understand. Thus, I would not *want* to dance, even if one of you unsophisticated people were to ask me."

Think of this, then, the next time you look at an unintelligible academic text. "I would not *want* the attention of a wide reading audience, even if a wide audience were to *ask* for me."

PATRICIA NELSON LIMERICK, "Dancing with Professors: The Trouble with Academic Prose" in *The New York Times Book Review*, 31 October 1993, p. 3.





**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Sigrid Wortmann Weltge, *Women's Work: Textile Art from the Bauhaus* (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 1993). ISBN 0-8118-0466-6. When the Bauhaus opened in 1919, so many women applied that it was decided to limit their number. Of those accepted, most were assigned to the Weaving Workshop, not because of inclination or past training but, according to this book, because weaving is "women's work." Eventually directed by the gifted textile designer and weaver Gunta Stölzl (whose exquisite work is reproduced), the Weaving Workshop was the longest standing and, by some criteria, the most successful of all Bauhaus workshops. Not just an account of a single workshop, this stunningly beautiful volume provides an overview of the entire Bauhaus, and traces the immigration of Anni Albers, Trudi Guermonprez, Marguerite Wildenhain, and other Bauhaus women to other experimental schools, including the New Bauhaus, Black Mountain College, and Pond Farm.

**AFTER REHEARSALS** we went to Poggioni's for spaghetti and on the way D and I turned and saw Anton just behind us talking to a little man with a square grey beard, wearing a big dark hat. They stood together at the end of Charlotte Street. Dorothea said, "That is Professor Freud." Back to Chelsea in a tube like an oven.

**JOAN WYNNDHAM**, *Love Lessons: A Wartime Journal* (London: Fontana, 1986), p. 9.

**SOMERSET MAUGHAM**  
There are three rules for writing the novel. Unfortunately, no one knows what they are.

**WHEN I BEGAN** to write it [*The Tropic of Cancer*] in New York I was thirty-three, and you know why I left it till then? I would have been lingering still, but my wife told me one day, "If you haven't begun your life's work at the age of thirty-three, which is the age Christ died, you will never do it," and that lodged in my mind.

**HENRY MILLER**, *Sextet* (Santa Barbara, CA: Capra Press, 1977).

NORMAN  
COUSINS  
President  
Nixon's motto  
was, if two  
wrongs don't  
make a right, try  
three.



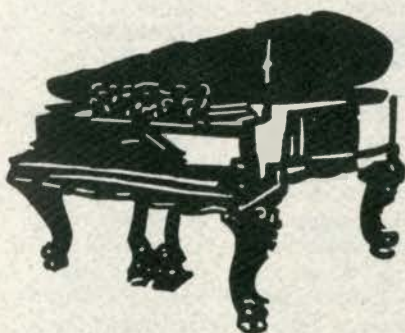
A FEW HOURS after I arrived at Taliesin we dined with others outside under a large tree. Flies, for some reason, were prolific on this warm spring day. [Frank Lloyd] Wright remedied this annoyance by having a fly swatter next to his chair. As a fly landed, he would pick up the swatter and take precise aim. "That's Gropius," he jovially exclaimed, and then he would take aim again at another unsuspecting fly. "And that's Corbusier," he would add, until dead flies littered the table and he had struck down the so-called hierarchy of modern architecture.

MARIA STONE, in Edgar Tafel, editor, *About Wright: An Album of Recollections by Those Who Knew Frank Lloyd Wright* (New York: John Wiley, 1993), p. 57.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Wolfgang G. Fischer, *Gustav Klimt and Emilie Flöge: An Artist and His Muse* (Woodstock, NY: Overlook Press, 1992). ISBN 0-87951-451-5. Klimt was of course the famous 19th-century Austrian painter—known for his erotic portraits of women—who founded the Vienna Secession and created the frieze for the Palais Stodet. Flöge, a Viennese fashion designer, was his in-law (Klimt's brother married her sister) and his mistress for many years. Together and separately, they created one-of-a-kind clothing known as "art dresses," an art form popularized by Henry van de Velde, who designed his wife's clothing to correspond with the architectural style of their home. By revealing unpublished material from the Flöge estate, this elegant, richly illustrated volume offers new details about the Klimt and Flöge relationship, both highly personal and professional.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM [on his 90th birthday] The weariness and sadness of old age make it intolerable. I have walked with death in hand, and death's own hand is warmer than my own. I don't wish to live any longer.





**SOLON** [6th century BC Greek statesman]

Laws are like spiders' webs: If some poor weak creature comes up against them, it is caught; but a bigger one can break through and get away.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** John Bowermaster, *The Adventures and Misadventures of Peter Beard in Africa* (New York: Bulfinch Press/Little Brown and Company, 1993). ISBN 0-8212-1907-0. Beard, a well-to-do American photographer and celebrity, known for discovering the fashion model Iman and "chronicling the devastation of nature in East Africa," lives on a 45-acre encampment in Kenya called Hog Ranch. A Yale graduate who studied with Josef Albers and Richard Lindner, and a friend of Karen Blixen (*Out of Africa*), he describes himself as a "diarist" because of his daily commitment (begun in 1949) to a series of extraordinary collage diaries (of which a dozen full-color spreads are reproduced) "crammed with the effluvia of his life: snapshots of friends, newspaper clippings, wildlife pictures, wax drippings, beer bottle labels, frogs, moths, flies, mud, pieces of asphalt, snakeskins, telephone numbers, what he had for dinner, photographs of fashion models...postcards, receipts, feathers, stamps, labels from clothes, phone messages, business cards, contact prints, football line scores, appointments, pen tips, quotes scribbled madly after he's heard them in conversation or on television, used napkins, claim tickets, BBs, records of the time he got up and went to bed, weather reports, menus, Things-To-Do lists, Cheez Doodles, and pressed flowers...He spits, blows, and bleeds on the pages."

**DAVID LLOYD GEORGE**  
When they circumcised Herbert Samuel they threw away the wrong bit.

**NO ONE** knew him. He lived alone, like a dog. People were afraid of him...He ran around the fields with these huge canvases. Boys used to throw stones at him. I didn't. I was too small.

An old man, unidentified, recalling his childhood memory of **VINCENT VAN GOGH**, quoted in Ian Crofton, editor, *A Dictionary of Art Quotations* (New York: Schirmer Books, 1989), p. 78.



**HIGHLY  
RECOMMENDED**  
Barbara Norfleet,  
*Looking at Death*  
(Boston: David R.  
Godine, 1993).  
ISBN 0-87923-964-  
6. The author is a  
photographer and  
social scientist,  
and this is an  
eccentric antholo-  
gy of death-related  
photographs from  
the archival collec-  
tions at Harvard  
University and  
Radcliffe College.  
There are 107 pho-  
tographs, orga-  
nized in such cate-  
gories as "Death  
by Violence,"  
"Death at the  
Medical School,"  
and "Death in the  
Family," each sec-  
tion prefaced by a  
brief essay. Many  
of the photographs  
are hardly disturb-  
ing, even serene,  
but others are  
almost nauseating,  
for example,  
beheaded bodies  
from the Boxer  
Rebellion, or a shot  
of the horribly  
beaten remains of  
Mussolini and his  
mistress.

**HIGHLY  
RECOMMENDED:**  
Eric Gill, *An Essay  
on Typography*  
(Boston: David R.  
Godine, 1993).  
ISBN 0-87923-950-  
6. Paperback edi-  
tion. Designers  
will no doubt be  
happy to learn that  
this classic by the  
celebrated British  
typographer is  
back in print. First  
published in a lim-  
ited edition in 1931  
then revised and  
reissued in 1936, it  
is Gill's typo-  
graphic mani-  
festo—one of the  
first books to call  
for consistent  
wordspacing and  
unjustified (or  
"ragged-right")  
typesetting—com-  
bined with his  
comments regard-  
ing the bond  
between art and  
industry.

**HIGHLY  
RECOMMENDED**  
Dee Brown, *When  
the Century Was  
Young: A Writer's  
Notebook* (Little  
Rock, AR: August  
House, 1993).  
ISBN 0-87483-267-  
5. The author of  
*Bury My Heart at  
Wounded Knee* was  
born into Victorian  
society in a small  
Louisiana town in  
1908, the year in  
which (unknown  
to him) E.M.  
Forster wrote *A  
Room with a View*  
and Charles Ives  
*The Unanswered  
Question*. Growing  
up in Little Rock,  
he fell in love with  
books and ink, and  
claims to remem-  
ber the moment  
(like the incident  
in Helen Keller's  
autobiography)  
when, at age five,  
sitting on his  
grandmother's lap,  
he realized that  
words were mean-  
ingful marks. This  
is a pleasant,  
unhurried memoir  
of his childhood  
fascination with  
printing (by far the  
most interesting  
part of the book),  
his role as a New  
Deal librarian, his  
World War II mili-  
tary service, and  
his years as agri-  
cultural librarian  
at the University  
of Illinois at  
Champaign-  
Urbana.

## HIGHLY

### RECOMMENDED

Margo Rouard-Snowman, *Roman Cieslewicz: Master of Graphic Design* (New York: Thames and Hudson, 1993). ISBN 0-500-27729-X. Published to accompany a retrospective exhibit at the Pompidou Center in Paris, this is a collection of about 300 posters, magazines, book jackets, and advertisements by a celebrated Polish-born poster designer and illustrator (former art director for *Elle*) who has lived and worked in Paris since the 1960s. Cieslewicz is probably best-known for his dream-like photomontage and collage illustrations, described by Rouard-Snowman as "created not to frighten but to reactivate our perception. They raise questions and constantly touch on the permanent division between our inner world and the world outside."

## HIGHLY

### RECOMMENDED

Otto L. Bettmann, *The Delights of Reading: Quotes, Notes & Anecdotes* (Boston: David R. Godine, 1992). ISBN 0-87923-951-4. The author is the founder of the famous Bettmann Archive, so we were not surprised to find that historic engravings appear as illustrations in this quiet and likable volume about books, produced in association with The Center for the Book in the Library of Congress. It contains hundreds of interesting quotes, notes and anecdotes about reading and writing, including, for example, Robert Benchley's classic admission that "It took me fifteen years to discover I had no talent for writing, but I couldn't give it up because by that time I was too famous."

## HIGHLY

### RECOMMENDED

Barbara Glauber, editor, *Lift and Separate: Graphic Design and the "Vernacular"* (New York: Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art/distributed by Princeton Architectural Press, 1993). Of recent publications, this is one of our favorites—and not just because of the terrible pun in the title or the tastelessly flocked cover. Put together for a recent exhibition of the same title at Cooper Union's Herb Lubalin Study Center of Design, this is a volume of essays about the relationship between "high" and "low" design, with the latter more commonly spoken of now—at least in post-modern circles—as "vernacular design." We were especially delighted to find that the layout style of each essay had been "lifted and separated" from vernacular contexts—so John Downer's essay on "Brush Tracks to Type Design" looks like a page of brush lettering, Mike Mills' article on skateboard graphics resembles a skateboard advertisement, and so on.

**HIGHLY  
RECOMMENDED**  
Allan Kaprow,  
*Essays on the  
Blurring of Art and  
Life*. Edited by Jeff  
Kelley (Berkeley:  
University of  
California Press,  
1993). ISBN 0-520-  
07066-6. Surely  
everyone remem-  
bers Kaprow, the  
American painter  
(student of Hans  
Hofmann, Meyer  
Schapiro, and John  
Cage) who sur-  
faced in the 60s as  
the originator of  
the Happening—  
his term for “spon-  
taneous, plotless  
theatrical  
events”—a precur-  
sor of performance  
art. Now 66 and  
retired from his  
teaching role at the  
University of  
California at San  
Diego, this is an  
anthology of twen-  
ty-three essays by  
Kaprow, begin-  
ning with a tribute  
to Jackson Pollock  
from 1958 and  
ending with a  
recent piece on  
“The Meaning of  
Life.” It is interest-  
ing that Kelley  
traces Kaprow’s  
blurring of art and  
life to the fusion of  
art and experience  
by John Dewey.

**HIGHLY  
RECOMMENDED**  
George Myers, Jr.,  
*Alphabets Sublime:  
Contemporary  
Artists on Collage  
and Visual  
Literature* (Wash-  
ington, D.C.: Pay-  
cock Press, 1986).  
ISBN 0-931181-02-  
X. The author is an  
Ohio-based liter-  
ary critic who has  
often focused on  
experimental writ-  
ing and artists’  
books. This is a  
collection of 20  
brief interviews  
with contempo-  
rary collagists,  
both literary and  
artistic, among  
them Michael  
Kasper, Paul  
Metcalf, Paul  
Zelevansky,  
Alison Knowles,  
and Doris Cross.  
Of particular inter-  
est is an extended  
interview with the  
then 72-year-old  
artist and poet  
Bern Porter, a for-  
mer physicist who  
worked on the  
Manhattan Project,  
who has since  
practiced “found  
poetry”—one of  
his poems, for  
example, is a  
lengthy list of  
types of teas—and  
who lives alone in  
Belfast, Maine, in a  
fourteen-room  
house which he  
calls the Institute  
of Advanced  
Thinking. For  
more information  
on this and Myers’  
other books, con-  
tact him at  
Cumberland, 7652  
Sawmill Road,  
Suite 194, Dublin,  
OH 43017.

**HIGHLY  
RECOMMENDED**  
Supon Design  
Group,  
*International  
Women in Design*  
(New York:  
Madison Square  
Press, 1993). ISBN  
0-942604-30-X.  
Produced by a  
Washington, D.C.,  
design studio, this  
large-format book  
with high quality  
full-color illustra-  
tions has surpris-  
ingly little text, so  
it might best be  
described as a  
sampling of works  
from the portfolios  
of twenty-three  
female graphic  
designers from  
four continents  
and a wide range  
of cities, among  
them Milan, Hong  
Kong, Zurich,  
London,  
Barcelona, and  
New South Wales.  
Featured are some  
of the most promi-  
nent women in  
contemporary  
American graphic  
design, including  
April Greiman,  
Paula Scher, and  
Lori Siebert.



ONE EVENING I was walking along a path, the city was on one side and the fjord below. I felt tired and ill. I stopped and looked out over the fjord—the sun was setting, and the clouds turning blood red. I sensed a scream passing through nature; it seemed to me that I heard the scream. I painted this picture, painted the clouds as actual blood. The color shrieked. This became *The Scream*.

EDVARD MUNCH, *Diary* (1889).

HE [Leonardo da Vinci] would often dry and purge the guts of a wether [a gelded male sheep] and make them so small that they might be held in the palm of the hand. In another room he kept a pair of [black]smith's bellows, and with these he would blow out one of the guts until it filled the room, which was a large one, forcing anyone there to take refuge in a corner.

GIORGIO VASARI, *Lives of the Painters* (1568).

IN APPEARANCE he [British novelist E.M. Forster] was the reverse of a dandy. Incurious fellow-passengers in a train, seeing him in a cheap cloth cap and a scruffy waterproof, and carrying the sort of little bag that might have been carried in 1890 by the man who came to wind the clocks, might have thought him a dim provincial of settled habits and taken no more notice of him. When I said as much in an essay...I sent him a copy for his approval or disapproval before it went to the printer. He showed it, or read it, to his mother, who said, "There! You see what Mr Plomer says. How often have I told you, Morgan dear, that you really ought to brush your coat?"

WILLIAM PLOMER, *The Autobiography of William Plomer* (New York: Taplinger, 1976), p. 303.

PETER FLEMING  
Long Island represents the American's idea of what God would have done with Nature if he'd had the money.

PETER USTINOV  
Parents are the bones on which children sharpen their teeth.

SHE MADE  
 love the  
 way she  
 talked—by  
 breaking  
 down the  
 grammar  
 and the  
 rhythms of  
 sex. Young  
 men tend  
 to make  
 love  
 monoto-  
 nously, but  
 Sheri took  
 my monot-  
 ony and  
 developed  
 variations  
 on it, as if  
 she were  
 composing  
 a fugue. If  
 I was a pis-  
 ton, she  
 was Paul  
 Klee's  
 Twittering  
 Machine.

ANATOLE  
 BROYARD,  
*Kafka Was  
 the Rage: A  
 Greenwich  
 Village  
 Memoir*  
 (New York:  
 Carol  
 Southern  
 Books,  
 1993), p. 11.

WHAT I MOST dread is that life should slip by unnoticed, like a scene half glimpsed from a railway-carriage window. What I want most is to be always reacting to something in my surroundings, whether a complex of visual sensations, a physical activity like skating or making love, or a concentrated process of thought; but nothing must be passively accepted, everything modified by passing it through my consciousness as a worm does earth. Here too comes in my theory that pleasure can be extracted from experiences which are in themselves neutral or actually unpleasant, with the help of drama and curiosity, and by drama I mean the aesthetic aspect of the shape of events. The exceptions are physical pain and anxiety, the two most stultifying states; I can't hold intensity of experience to be desirable in them.

FRANCES PARTRIDGE, in a diary entry dated 19 March 1940, quoted in Simon Brett, editor, *The Faber Book of Diaries* (London: Faber and Faber, 1987), p. 102.

"AND DO YOU often go back to America?" a friend of mine asked [the American-born British poet T.S.] Eliot in my hearing at about this time.

"Not very often." A pause, while he looked at the floor with great concentration: his answer mustn't offend any of his principles, nor militate against truth, logic, or the established religion. "On the average," he said, and then again paused, perhaps to consider the possible ramifications of the effect of what he was about to say, "I should say about every twenty years."

WILLIAM PLOMER, *The Autobiography of William Plomer* (NY: Taplinger, 1976), p. 252.



**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Gerry Rosentswieg, editor, *The New Logo from California* (New York: Madison Square Press, 1993). ISBN 0-942604-28-8. This is an interesting album of hundreds of whimsical "New Wave" or post-modern logos produced in California at the turn of the decade, from the mid-80s until now. While the title refers to these symbols as "the new logo," the editor admits that "what's new is beginning to look a lot like what's old," that they tend to be more or less similar to Art Deco pictorial trademarks from the 1930s through the 50s, described here as "a cross between the mechanical shapes of the draftsman and the artist's irrepressible spirits."



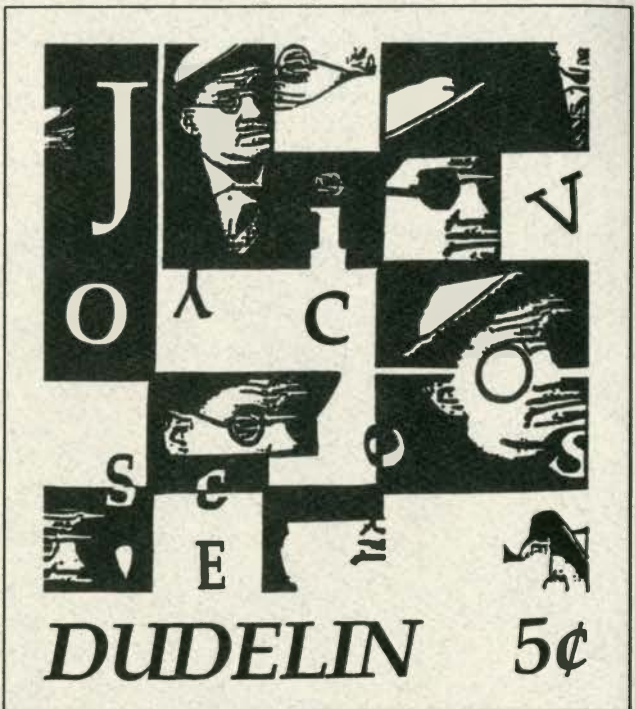
IT REMINDS me of a string of wet sponges; it reminds me of tattered washing on the line; it reminds me of stale bean soup, of college yells, of dogs barking idiotically through endless nights. It is so bad that a sort of grandeur creeps into it. It drags itself out of the dark abysm of pish and crawls insanely up the topmost pinnacle of posh. It is rumble and bumble. It is flap and doodle. It is balder and dash.

H.L. MENCKEN, describing President Harding's inaugural address, quoted in Paul Rand, *Design, Form and Chaos* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1993).

**ABOVE** Pencil drawing by Iowa-based illustrator GARY KELLEY whose pastel version of Washington Irving's *Rip Van Winkle* is currently in bookstores.



BELOW Design for James Joyce postage stamp by DAMON SMITH, graphic design student, Department of Art, University of Northern Iowa (1993).



**ANTHONY POWELL** People think that because a novel's invented, it isn't true. Exactly the reverse is the case. Biography and memoirs can never be wholly true, since they cannot include every conceivable circumstance of what happened. The novel can do that.

**CHARLIE CHAPLIN** Life is a tragedy when seen in close-up, but a comedy in long-shot.

**MARTIN NIEMOLLER** In Germany, the Nazis came for the Communists and I didn't speak up because I was not a Communist. Then they came for the Jews and I didn't speak up because I was not a Jew. Then they came for the trade unionists and I didn't speak up because I was not a trade unionist. Then they came for the Catholics and I was a Protestant so I didn't speak up. Then they came for me...By that time there was no one to speak up for anyone.

GRANT THE COACHMAN, a genial soul, was occasionally called in, when the house was full, to help wait at table. Wearing white cotton gloves with loose flaps at the ends of the fingers (since he could never get them properly on his weather-worn hands) and sweating freely, he made a most friendly though not a polished butler. Once, when a new local female grandee was being entertained to dinner at Maidenwell for the first time he handed her a jelly [jello] on a large dish. Just as she was about to help herself the jelly began to slither dangerously toward the edge, and in a hearty voice, as he righted the dish, he called out "Whoa, mare!"

WILLIAM PLOMER, *The Autobiography of William Plomer* (New York: Taplinger, 1976), p. 38.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Robin Baker, *Designing the Future: The Computer in Architecture and Design* (New York: Thames and Hudson, 1993). ISBN 0-500-01578-3. Our favorite portion of this book is a demonstration of what can be done with a software program called Mutator, by a process that might be referred to as "evolutionary aesthetics." From nine abstract images, the user is asked to select the most pleasing. In an electronic "survival of the fittest," only that form then survives and goes on to be used in the "parenting" of the next generation of nine, from which a single form survives, and so on. But this is just one example from this large colorful pictorial treasury of the scientific and artistic uses of computer imagery.

When I learned of my illness [liver cancer], I wept for myself and for my old mother, for my children and grandchildren, and for Jane [his wife]. And I wept to think that I would have to stop working. This mortal curtailment of work-pleasure weighed less than the personal griefs—but it also weighed. When I went into the hospital I brought work home with me, and in the last two days before I went home I started writing again. When I began to recover, still anxious about recurrence, I worked with a manic prolixity—not well—and knew in my heart that I worked against death. What's more, I realized that I had always worked—the real thing, the absorbedness—in defiance of death.

DONALD HALL, *Life Work* (Boston: Beacon, 1993), p. 62.

SHIRLEY  
TEMPLE I  
stopped  
believing  
in Santa  
Claus  
when I  
was six.  
Mother  
took me to  
see him in  
a depart-  
ment store  
and he  
asked for  
my auto-  
graph.

THE SHOCK, for an intelligent writer, of discovering for the first time that there are people younger than himself who think him stupid is severe. Especially if he is at an age (thirty-five to forty-two) when his self-confidence is easily shattered. The seventh lustre is such a period, a menopause for artists, a serious change of life. It is the transition from being a young writer, from being potentially Byron, Shelley, Keats, to becoming a stayer, a Wordsworth, a Coleridge, a Landor. It would seem that genius is of two kinds, one of which blazes up in youth and dies down, while the other matures, like Milton or Goethe's, through long choosing, putting out new branches every seven years.

CYRIL CONNOLLY, *Enemies of Promise* (New York: Persea Books, 1938).

I REALIZE that people still read books now and some people actually love them, but in 1946 in the Village our feelings about books—I'm talking about my friends and myself—went beyond love. It was as if we didn't know where we ended and books began. Books were our weather, our environment, our clothing. We didn't simply read books; we became them. We took them into ourselves and made them into our histories. While it would be easy to say that we escaped into books, it might be truer to say that books escaped into us.

ANTATOLE BROYARD, *Kafka Was the Rage: A Greenwich Village Memoir* (New York: Carol Southern Books, 1993), pp. 29-30.

MARSHALL McLUHAN Anyone who tries to make a distinction between education and entertainment doesn't know the first thing about either.

NIELS BOHR [when asked about a horseshoe hanging on his wall] Of course I don't believe in it. But I understand that it brings you luck whether you believe in it or not.



**BALLAST** is published in Iowa in a region increasingly listed among the most desirable places in which to live (okay, 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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**BALLAST** doesn't have a budget really. For more than eight years now, it has operated at a financial loss but at a personal and philosophical gain. Our losses are currently offset by donations from enlightened subscribers and generous deductions from the Reader Service Runt'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), an encouraging word—and the skies are not cloudy all day!—or, if you feel really generous, why not just send us a 600 dpi (dots per inch) laser printer, such as, for example, a Hewlett Packard 4MP LaserJet for about \$1,500.

This issue was produced on a Macintosh Performa 600 using QuarkXPress software.

**COVER ILLUSTRATION** 19th century metamorphosis by unknown artist.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED**  
Charles Harrison and Paul Wood, editors, *Art in Theory 1900-1990: An Anthology of Changing Ideas* (Oxford, England: Blackwell, 1993). ISBN 0-631-16574-6. Comprised of more than 300 documents in about 1200 pages, this is one of the largest, most complete anthologies of critical and theoretical writings regarding the growth of the concept of "art" in the 20th century. Beginning at the turn of the century, and arranged by both time and topic, it contains classic art-related writings, such as Viktor Shklovsky's "Art as Technique" and Walter Benjamin's "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," as well as significant but less familiar texts, including a lecture by Hitler in 1937 in which he describes degenerate art as "the artificial stammerings of men to whom God has denied the grace of a truly artistic talent, and in its place has awarded them the gift of jabbering or deception."

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