WHAT AN extraordinary thing this love is that comes and goes, making a completely different person of you while it lasts. And when you're young it's a kind of unreal fantasy, based on something that doesn't exist. The best fantasies are when you are not seeing the person, when they are inaccessible. They fall to bits as soon as you get the person.


BALLAST Quarterly Review Volume 10 Number 2 Winter 1994. Copyright © 1994 by Roy R. Behrens, founder, editor, art director. This issue was designed by Willis Paget.

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 supposed to be purchased or sold. It is published 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 BALLAST for one year (four issues), we ask that each reader contribute a total of eight genuine unused postage stamps, interesting or not. Do not send postage meter slips. When subscribing, good-looking, antique and/or unusual stamps are preferred. We do not accept phone orders.

HUMOR IS our way of defending ourselves from life's absurdities by thinking absurdly about them. It is a mild antitoxin of the same nature as the disease it seeks to combat. Occasionally it gets the upper hand and becomes the disease itself.


ALAN BENNETT We started off trying to set up a small anarchist community, but people wouldn't obey the rules.

JEAN HARLOW kept calling Margot Asquith by her first name, or kept trying to; she pronounced it Margot. Finally Margot set her right. "No, no, Jean. The t is silent, as in Harlow."

T.S. MATTHEWS, Great Tom (1973)

T.S. MATTHEWS, Great Tom (1973)
ONE OF my older brother’s friends [Bruce Brinker] is an inveterate punster. Once, when he and the guys went into a Pizza Hut, the clerk asked him, “Do you want a box for your pizza?” Bruce replied, “No, but I’ll go a few rounds for a pitcher of beer.”

Contributed by JOSEPH PODLESNIK from Ventnor, New Jersey

EVELYN WAUGH I came to the conclusion many years ago that almost all crime is due to the repressed desire for aesthetic expression

[REGARDING school prayer] The hoped-for proposal that we mandate one to five minutes of “silence” in the schoolroom is altogether inadequate. Why shouldn’t we call for a full hour of silence? We could call it “study hall.”

ALLAN R. SHICKMAN, in a Letter to the Editor in the Des Moines Sunday Register (November 27, 1994), p. SC

SO HARRY says, “You don’t like me any more. Why not?” And he says, “Because you are so terribly pretentious.” And Harry says, “Pretentious? Moi?”

JOHN CLEESE and CONNIE BOOTH, in Fawlty Towers (BBC television series), 1979

HERMANN HESSE If you hate a person, you hate something in him that is part of yourself. What isn’t part of ourselves doesn’t disturb us

ROBERT FROST Like a piece of ice on a hot stove the poem must ride on its own melting
IDEAS ARE just points of departure. It's rare for me to be able to pinpoint them, just as they came to my mind. As soon as I set to work, others seem to flow from the pen. To know what you want to draw, you have to begin drawing it. If it turns out to be a man, I draw a man—if it's a woman, I draw a woman. There's an old Spanish proverb: "If it has a beard, it's a man; if it doesn't have a beard, it's a woman." Or, in another version: "If it has a beard, it's Saint Joseph; if it doesn't have a beard, it's the Virgin Mary."


ALICE B. TOKLAS 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

WOODY ALLEN The lion and the calf shall lie down together but the calf won't get much sleep

MAURICE ZOLOTOW Hollywood is a place where people from Iowa mistake each other for stars

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Art Spiegelman, The Complete MAUS: A Survivor's Tale. Macintosh format CD-ROM published by The Voyager Company, New York. ISBN 1559404531. Voyager produces some of the finest, most innovative CD-ROMs available, including Cinema Volta (a quasi-historical reverie on the cultural significance of electricity), Poetry in Motion (poets performing their own poetry), and First Person: Marvin Minsky: The Society of Mind (how Minsky's mind works). This is a CD-ROM version of Spiegelman's Pulitzer Prize-winning comic about the horrifying ordeal of his father (Vladek Spiegelman) during the Holocaust, an account in which Nazis are represented as cats, Jews as mice. The value of this—and the aspect that clearly extends it beyond the printed page—is in its rich supply of supplemental features, including interviews with the author's father, a guided tour of the 13-year evolution of the comic, a miscellany of maps, sketches and other MAUS-related documents, and reflections by Art on the value of art. This is unique—but so is Voyager. For a free catalog, or (for $9.95) a demo disc of Voyager CD-ROMs, call 1-800-446-2001

ROBERT LOWELL If we see a light at the end of a tunnel it is the light of an oncoming train
I AM SITTING in the smallest room of my house. I have your review before me. In a moment it will be behind me.

MAX REGER, in a letter to Munich music critic Rudolph Louis in response to Louis’ review in Münchener Neueste Nachrichten (1906), as suggested by Rudolf Arnheim

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Renate Stendhal, editor, Gertrude Stein in Words and Pictures (New York: Workman / Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, 1994). ISBN 0-945575-99-8. We have enormous regard for the inventive musings of Gertrude Stein, particularly The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, which was of course her own autobiography disguised as that of her intimate friend. With new openness about gay relationships, there is a resurgence of interest in Stein and Toklas, whose lives are told in great detail in Diana Souhami, Gertrude and Alice (San Francisco: HarperCollins, 1992).

Stendhal’s book is a montage, photographic and literary, a chronological mélange of 360 photographs (100 shown here for the first time) of Stein, Toklas and a few of their hundreds of curious friends, accompanied by well-chosen extracts from Stein’s writings, as well as the letters and firsthand accounts of people who knew this remarkable pair.

ABOVE Specimen of the typeface Neuland by German typographer RUDOLF KOCH (c. 1922)

DEFINITION of “penis envy” in Sallie Tisdale, Talk Dirty to Me: An Intimate Philosophy of Sex (New York: Doubleday, 1994): The desire to be red, wrinkled and four inches long
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED György Doczi, *The Power of Limits: Proportional Harmonies in Nature, Art and Architecture* (Boston: Shambhala, 1981). ISBN 0-87773-193-4. There is a point on any line that divides it into two unequal parts, such that the smaller of the parts has the same relationship to the larger part as the larger has to the entire line. In an 8-inch line, for example, the smaller part is 3, the larger 5. To section a line in this manner is called "the Golden Section." Related in mathematics to the Fibonacci series (in which each number is the sum of two preceding ones: 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21 and so on), it has been celebrated by mathematicians, artists and musicians since Pythagoras, and was especially popular around the turn of the century, when it was investigated by German philosopher Gustav Fechner (founder of "experimental aesthetics") and, as a spin-off of the Aesthetic Movement, was fervently promoted by American artist Jay Hambidge. Arguably, the golden proportion (or its "close approximation") is abundantly found in nature (sunflowers, pine cones, daisies, and artichokes), in art and in nonart standard forms (paper sizes, playing cards, checks and credit cards). This new printing of the clearest, best-illustrated book on the subject is marred by a discordant cover design and the failure to entertain serious doubts about the universality of the concept.

A GROUP of feminist artists known as Women Against took hostage a group of male representational painters and demanded to know why they depicted women as having breasts. The men answered that they painted women with breasts because women have breasts, and accused the feminists of fear of framing. The women instantly saw the wisdom of this and apologized profusely, explaining that they were severely depressed because they were all having their Blue Period.

ONCE, MANY years ago in Berkeley at a concert while a Brahms symphony was being played I happened to sit next to the composer Darius Milhaud. In the midst of it he said to me, “They think because it is long it is deep.”

Contributed by RUDOLF ARNHEIM, psychologist and art theorist

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD All good writing is swimming under water and holding your breath

SALLE AND her boyfriend, who is a surrealist, staged a weird performance in Hyde Park [in June 1939, at the outset of World War II], reading bits out of Alice in Wonderland and the telephone directory, but the police thought it was some sort of code and took it all down.


SEEING depends on knowledge And knowledge, of course, on your college But when you are erudite and wise What matters is, to use your eyes.

ANON (overheard at Halloween by STANLEY and DELORES THOMPSON)
Men are like pumpkins. The cute ones are taken, and the rest have had their brains scraped out.

RIGHT Pencil drawing by GARY KELLEY

THERE IS a great deal of art that is no more significant than the clippings of hair that must be swept up in a barbershop. We must grow hair, heaven knows, because that is our nature, and we must clip it in order to be comfortable: but the mere fact that we have grown it—that it expresses our physiological selves—does not make it a bit more worthy of preservation.


HE [Uncle Mike] had started out in his career as a wood engraver and lithographer and was an apprentice of Currier and Ives. Then, for a while, he was on the stage and became a close friend of John Wilkes Booth. Shortly before the fateful April 15, 1865, he had run into this actor on lower Broadway. He had not seen him for some time and asked him what he was doing. “I am preparing,” said the man who was to kill Lincoln, “to play the greatest part I ever had in my life. You’ll read all about it in the papers soon.”

S.J. WOOLF, Here I Am (New York: Random House, 1941), p. 8

PERCENTAGE of Americans who never read books: 45. Estimated number of cockroaches in the Pentagon: 2,000,000. Percentage of Americans who say they don’t know how they could get along without Scotch tape: 46. Number of plastic pink flamingos sold in the U.S. in 1985: 450,000.


I ONCE talked to Erwin Panofsky about art historians falsely pretending that the ancient Romans already possessed central perspective. He said, “You know, when you use a thick enough pencil, you can prove anything.”

Contributed by RUDOLF ARNHEIM

【NEW ZEALAND-BORN British artist John Buckland Wright spoke with a severe stammer. While serving in France during World War I, one evening he was returning to camp with two companions.] John alone knew the password, but was unable to reply when an Algerian sentry challenged them. He stood there speechless, trying desperately to get the word out. The sentry had already raised his rifle and was about to fire when, fortunately, a French officer who knew him came out of a tent and knocked up the rifle.


P.G. WODEHOUSE All the unhappy marriages come from the husbands having brains.
SAMUEL BUTLER: Always eat grapes downwards—that is, always eat the best grape first.

MODEL [in sculpture class] was strong woman Josie, who tears up telephone directories. Growth of strong immoral passion for Henry Moore [her teacher]. Today he hammered his thumb doing something to my armature and said “Bugger.” There was blood all over the clay. During the rest I sat on the wood pile outside Trafalgar Square and ate apples, and watched the bronze beetles running in and out of holes in the bark.


HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Stewart Brand, How Buildings Learn: What Happens After They’re Built (New York: Viking Penguin, 1994). ISBN 0-670-83515-3. The author is highly regarded as an inventive thinker. Beginning in the late ’60s, he was founder then editor of the Whole Earth Catalog (which inspired and influenced several generations of young people), then moved to projects of equal interest but less consequence, the CoEvolution Quarterly, for example, and an interesting book on Gregory Bateson. This latest project, a book on the metamorphosis of buildings, is one of his finest accomplishments. We tend to think of buildings as sacrosanct designs in space, but in this book the buildings are followed in time as they take on intentions that often diverge from the architect’s plan. The text is provocative, the illustrations fascinating, including in some cases as many as 8 or 9 photographs of a single building, from the 19th-century to the present. There is for example an interesting spread on the architectural evolution of the Zuni Pueblo near Albuquerque, New Mexico, with photographs from 1873 through 1992; and diagrams of the remodelings of Mount Vernon, Monticello and Montpelier. This volume is indispensable to anyone interested in social aspects of architecture, especially the give-and-take of buildings and their occupants. Suggested by Charles Moorman from Fayetteville, Arkansas.

ON HIS last day before his retirement, a Columbia professor of mathematics was sitting at his desk, when a colleague dropped in at his office and said sadly: “In all these years, how many times may you have crossed the threshold of this office!” He got as a reply: “Certainly an uneven number of times.”

Contributed by RUDOLF ARNHEIM
AMONG HIS [father's] friends were many Civil War veterans. The one with whom he was most intimate was General Henry Barnum, who had been on Sherman's staff during the war. Barnum had been wounded at Malvern Hill. With a bullet through his hip, he had been left for dead on the battlefield. Someone noticed him moving and he was carried to the hospital. He eventually recovered, but the wound was not permitted to close and all his life he carried a rope through it, which he had to pull back and forth a certain number of times every day.


ARTUR SCHNABEL The notes I handle no better than many pianists. But the pauses between the notes—ah, that is where the art resides.

WILL ROGERS You can't say civilization don't advance, however, for in every war they kill you in a new way.

W.C. FIELDS I always keep a supply of stimulant handy in case I see a snake—which I also keep handy.
MR. LARRY Brown often used to say to me, right in front of my mother, "Walter, you are a bastard!" and my dear sweet mother would puff up bigger than life size and with huffy indignance blurt, "He is NOT a Bastard! I know who his father was and we were Married at the time!"


HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Michael Skjei, I Can't Read This and I Designed It (Minneapolis, MN: Shay, Shea, Hsieh & Skjei, 1994). ISBN 1-884788-02-5. This is a beautifully designed 16-page chapbook, lithographed in three colors and blind embossed on acid-free paper, with hand-sewn binding, in a limited edition of 750. It is a wonderful object to hold, but it's also terribly funny, a collection of twenty-two visual parodies in which famous quotations about legibility and design are reinterpreted as if they might have been designed—illegibly—by postmodern typographers. Available for $20 from the author at 2222 Girard Avenue South, Minneapolis 55405 or call 612 374-3528. For other satirical comments about both sides of what Skjei calls "the seemingly never-ending quarrel over the use of illegible and unconventional typography," see the November/December issue of PRINT Magazine (Hoping for the Millennium: A Print Parody Issue), currently on newstands

L.M. BOYD (Just So You'll Know)
The Czech composer Bedrich Smetana suffered that ear ringing malady known as tinnitus. He didn't find it difficult to describe. "It's a shrill whistle of a first inversion chord of A-flat in the highest register of the piccolo"

DURING A SPEECH by a high official at a major reception for [Albert] Einstein, the honored guest took out his pen and started scribbling equations on the back of his program, oblivious to everything. The speech ended with a great flourish. Everybody stood up, clapping hands and turning to Einstein. Helen [Dukas, his secretary] whispered to him that he had to get up, which he did. Unaware of the fact that the ovation was for him, he clapped his hands, too, until Helen hurriedly told him that he was the one for whom the audience was cheering.

CAROL SISKIND
I can't cook. I use the smoke alarm as a timer.

RODNEY DANGERFIELD
She was so wild that when she made French toast she got her tongue caught in the toaster.

I WOULDN'T drink my milk. No one could make me. — You'll sit there until you do, Dad said. I was in my high chair. Everyone else went outside. Stanley was excused. I could smell the warm milk. It was a flat, creamy circle. If I wiggled my tray the flat would wrinkle and leave a white lip on the side of the glass. There were mirrors in the dining room that reflected other mirrors. I could see myself over and over again getting smaller and smaller until I disappeared. When I moved my head all of us moved our heads smaller and smaller. There were that many smaller and smaller glasses of milk. Dad checked in on me once in a while to see if I'd decided to do as I was told. It got dark. It was past my bedtime. Everyone came back inside. — Fine then we'll put the milk in the icebox and you'll drink it in the morning. See that he drinks his milk will you Mrs. Gernhardt? He has to learn not to waste food. In the morning my milk was cold again. I drank it down. I liked to drink it cold. I didn't like to drink it warm.
RODNEY DANGERFIELD: If it weren’t for pickpockets I’d have no sex life at all.

DAVID FROST: Television enables you to be entertained in your home by people you wouldn’t have in your home.

MARK RUSSELL: The scientific theory I like best is that the rings of Saturn are composed entirely of lost airline luggage.

NANCY REAGAN: I believe that people would be alive today if there were a death penalty.

LEWIS MUMFORD: Death was one of the great inventions life discovered for keeping itself lively.

OTHER RECOMMENDED BOOKS


Thomas Levenson, *Measure for Measure: A Musical History of Science* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1994). ISBN 0-671-78730-6. The mathematical alliance between science and music has often been stressed, but they also come together in the design and construction of instruments, scientific and musical. This is an ambitious, inventive account of the parallel histories of the two math-based disciplines from Pythagoras to the present.

Marvin Heiferman and Carole Kismaric, *Talking Pictures: People Speak About the Photographs that Speak to Them* (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 1994), ISBN 0-8118-0376-7. A great idea—ask seventy interesting people (among them Howard Finster, Nina Totenberg, David Byrne and Michael Graves), some with a background in photography and some not, to choose a single photograph that “matters most” and to talk about it for ninety minutes. Unfortunately, some don’t talk about the photographs, some like G. Gordon Liddy propagandize, while others choose images so anemic, so uninteresting that virtually nothing deserves to be said.

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:

BALLAST Quarterly Review
Attn: Subscription Amanuensis
2022 X Avenue
Dysart, Iowa 52224-9767

BALLAST is published in a limited edition and back issues are usually 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 or verbal insight of the sort that the journal might publish. Original material must be explicitly labeled as such. Material that 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 nearly ten years, it has operated at a financial loss. Such losses are currently offset by donations from enlightened subscribers and generous deductions from the Subscription Amanuensis’ 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).

IT WAS ARRANGED that we [members of Frank Lloyd Wright’s Taliesen Fellowship] would arrive [at the home of Wright’s cousin, Richard Lloyd Jones, in Tulsa, Oklahoma] in time for early dinner, see the house [which Wright had designed], and camp there in our sleeping bags for the night. After dinner Mrs. Jones took us around in a group, telling about living in the house: its excitement, the flow of spaces, and experiences of each season with light pouring in in different ways. The tour ended in the kitchen, where she made her final pronouncement: “We have two sets of kitchen utensils—one for cooking, of course, and the other to catch the water from the leaks.”
