

Spring 1996

## Ballast Quarterly Review, v11n3, Spring 1996

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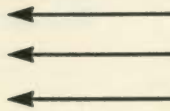
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### Recommended Citation

Behrens, Roy R., "Ballast Quarterly Review, v11n3, Spring 1996" (1996). *Ballast Quarterly Review*. 42.  
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# PRIM ▲ VE RA



HAN THAT  
WITH HIS SHO  
THE DROU  
HATH FERCE



BALLAST QUARTERLY REVIEW VOLUME ELEVEN NUMBER THREE SPRING 1996

*Ballast Quarterly Review* Volume 11  
Number 3 Spring 1996. Copyright  
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JACK  
KEROUAC  
(*On the Road*)  
I ate apple pie  
and ice cream  
—it was getting  
better as I  
got deeper  
into Iowa, the  
pie bigger, the  
ice cream richer.  
There were the most  
beautiful bebies of  
girls everywhere  
I looked in Des  
Moines that afternoon—  
they were coming  
home from high school—  
but I had no time for  
thoughts like that...So I  
rushed past the pretty  
girls, and the prettiest  
girls in the world live  
in Des Moines.<sup>1</sup>

A NON  
(*The Prairie Rambler*)  
Old postmen never die.  
They just lose their zip.

*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 mainly a pastiche of astonishing passages from books, magazines, diaries and other writings. 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 advertisements, nor is it supposed to be purchased or sold. It is published approximately every three months, beginning in October (more or less) and ending in June.

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Please note that we recently raised the price for the first time in ten years. We will honor all standing subscriptions, but henceforth all renewals, new subscriptions and gift subscriptions will be subject to the current rate.

<sup>1</sup> Cf., Our own memory, still vivid, of landing in Des Moines in 1971 after 18 months of military service in Hawaii, being shocked by the cheerless rigidity of weather beaten Iowa faces, harder than those in Grant Wood's *American Gothic*. The prettiest girls in the world, we concluded, live in Hawaii.



#### HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

Paul Rand, *From Lascaux to Brooklyn* (New Haven CT: Yale University Press, 1996). ISBN 0-300-06676-7. Eighty-two years old this year, Paul Rand (above) is the doyen of graphic design. His influence is indisputable, largely because of his logo designs (IBM, ABC, Westinghouse, UPS), three previous books (*Thoughts on Design*; *Paul Rand: A Designer's Art*; and *Design, Form and Chaos*), and nearly four decades of teaching at Yale.<sup>2</sup> As confirmed by this charming and beautiful book, neither his command of book design nor the eloquence of his writing have diminished. Comprised of a handful of essays on aesthetics, typographic style and problem-solving, and illustrated by stunning visual examples, the book's weakness is in the shopworn simplicity of its pronouncements about aesthetics.

#### PAUL RAND (From Lascaux to Brooklyn)

The difference between modern and traditional typography is not the difference between apples and oranges. It is more like the difference between Granny Smith and Golden Delicious.<sup>3</sup>

#### A N O N

It was so cold in Iowa this winter we saw a lawyer on the street with his hands in his own pockets.

Arise Evans had a fungous nose, and said, it was revealed to him that the King's hand would cure him, and at the first coming of King Charles II into St. James Park, he kissed the King's hand, and rubbed his nose with it; which disturbed the King, but cured him.

JOHN AUBREY<sup>4</sup> *Brief Lives and Other Selected Writings* (New York: Scribner, 1949).

<sup>2</sup>Dorothy Parker: "If all the girls attending it [the Yale prom] were laid end to end, I would not be the least surprised." <sup>3</sup>For apple nomenclature, see *John's Apples* by Walter Hamady (Perishable Press Ltd, 1995), whose perverse fascination with footnotes we have appropriated for this issue. <sup>4</sup>Charming 17th-century English antiquary introduced to us by Guy Davenport almost twenty years ago.

Once, on the train from Boston to New Haven, he [the British poet Robert Graves<sup>5</sup>] nudged me. About three rows away was a book face down on the arm of a seat, its owner asleep. It was [Graves' book] *The Reader Over Your Shoulder*. I had heard him tell, many times, a possibly apocryphal story about Arnold Bennett, who had carried in his wallet a five-pound note to give to the first person he found reading one of his books: on his death, the note was found, still folded, in his wallet. Graves awaited until his reader awoke, and then he moved to an adjoining seat, introduced himself, told his Arnold Bennett story, signed the book, and gave his startled reader ten dollars, swearing he would claim it from his publisher.

ALASTAIR REED "Remembering Robert Graves" in *The New Yorker*, 4 September 1995, p. 78.

GERALD  
BRENNAN  
Middle-aged  
couples who  
are bored with  
one another  
will find that  
they draw closer  
together if  
they keep a  
dog. Or better  
two dogs, one  
for each.

MAE WEST  
To err is  
human—it only  
feels divine.

ADLAI  
STEVENSON  
He who slings  
mud usually  
loses ground.

#### HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

Diana Martin, *Graphic Design: Inspirations and Innovations* (Cincinnati OH: North Light Books, 1995). ISBN 0-89134-640-6. In preparing this full-color compendium of current graphic design, 75 designers were asked three questions: How do you get ideas? How are those ideas translated into tangible form? In what manner are your solutions presented to clients? What sounds like a dreadfully typical book on the creative process turns out to be refreshingly atypical, largely because the designers' responses are often quoted at length and uninterrupted. While many answers are less than surprising, others are invigorating. In particular, there is a lengthy articulate note from New York designer Milton Glaser ("Painting is more about philosophy than about painting objects"), and a statement by Skolos and Wedell in which they discuss and illustrate how some of their finest ideas result from improvised compositions of cut paper scraps.

<sup>5</sup>Graves wrote the historical novel *I, Claudius*, made popular by public television, but perhaps he is better remembered for his World War I memoir, *Goodbye To All That*. "There's no money in poetry," he said, "but then there's no poetry in money either."

## HARVEY FIERSTEIN

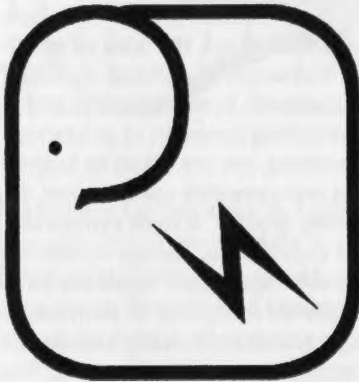
The great thing about suicide is that it's not one of those things you have to do now or you lose your chance. I mean, you can always do it *later*.<sup>6</sup>

## GEORGE

JEAN

## NATHAN

I drink to make other people interesting.



LEFT Logo for fictitious firm called Elephant Electric by Sun Kwon, graphic design student at the University of Northern Iowa.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** James Trager, *The Women's Chronology: A Year-By-Year Record From Prehistory to the Present* (New York: Henry Holt, 1995). ISBN 0-8050-4234-2. On page 1 of the paperback edition of this massive chronology, an erect australopithecine or "ape-woman" appears on earth in the late Pliocene period, about 3 million B.C. In the most recent entry, on page 723, dated July 21, 1993, Supreme Court Justice nominee Ruth Bader Ginsburg testifies before a Senate hearing committee about the equality of women. In between are more than 13,000 historic events, not merely listed, but also succinctly and clearly explained. The sheer number, range and annotative thoroughness of its entries are almost unbelievable.

GIORGOS  
SEFERIS

Don't ask who influenced me. A lion is made up of the lambs he's digested, and I've been reading all my life.<sup>7</sup>

## CARL JUNG

The greatest and most important problems of life are all fundamentally insoluble. They can never be solved but only outgrown.<sup>8</sup>

## JOHN BERRY

(*Flight of White Crows*)

The bird of paradise alights only upon the hand that does not grasp.

<sup>6</sup>Cf., Friedrich Nietzsche (*Beyond Good and Evil*): "The thought of suicide is a great consolation; by means of it one gets successfully through many a bad night." <sup>7</sup>Cf., Woody Allen ("The Scrolls"): "The lion and the calf shall lie down together but the calf won't get much sleep." <sup>8</sup>For mysterious thumps in the wall, shattered bread knives, and Freud's fainting fits, see Jung's *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*.

TALLULAH  
BANKHEAD  
My heart is as  
pure as the  
driven slush.<sup>9</sup>

SAMUEL  
GOLDWYN  
Why should  
people go out  
and pay to see  
bad movies  
when they can  
stay at home  
and see bad  
television for  
nothing?<sup>10</sup>

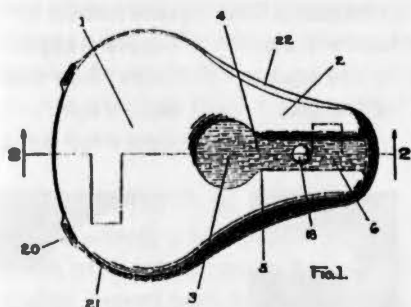
RIGHT  
Portrait made of  
letter parts by  
Soo-Kyung Chun,  
graphic design  
student at the  
University of  
Northern Iowa.

SAMUEL  
BUTLER  
Life is a long  
process of get-  
ting tired.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED  
Heather Busch and Burton Silver, *Why  
Cats Paint: A Theory of Feline  
Aesthetics* (Berkeley CA: Ten Speed  
Press, 1994). ISBN 0-89815-612-2. A  
certain amount of faith, or at least  
the suspension of disbelief, is  
required for the acceptance of any-  
thing, not just religion. This is espe-  
cially true of art, the aims of which  
are frequently ill-defined, its criteria  
inconsistent. In this hilarious and  
unrelenting lampoon of academic  
theorizing, we are asked to believe  
that reprehensible cat behavior, like  
subway graffiti, is both explainable  
and excusable as territorial marking  
and self-expression. Especially amus-  
ing are its categories of feline styles  
(e.g., Romantic Ruralist, Elemental  
Fragmentist, and Psychometric  
Impressionist) and its rich selection of  
contrived evidence, historic and con-  
temporary, including a wonderful  
parody of a Victorian theatre poster,  
interpretive diagrams, and elaborate  
photographic proof.



BEATRICE LILLIE (*Every  
Other Inch A Lady*) At one early,  
glittering dinner party at  
Buckingham Palace, the trem-  
bling hand of a nervous waiter  
spilled a spoonful of decidedly  
hot soup down my neck. How  
could I manage to ease his mind  
and turn his embarrassed apolo-  
gies into a smile, except to put  
on a pretended frown and say,  
without thinking: "Never darken  
my Dior again."



LEFT  
U.S. Patent  
1,538,542 for a  
bicycle seat for  
men (1925).

Ideas turn up because in every problem the heart of the solution is embedded in the problem like a piece of gold in a matrix of rock. What you learn to recognize, and one of the most thrilling things about design, is that every problem fundamentally will guide you to the solution if you believe that the problem and solution are bound in that way. The whole joy of graphic design is discovering within the problem the answer and trying to sniff out the gold.

MILTON GLASER<sup>11</sup> "Design, Philosophy and Culture" in Diana Martin, *Graphic Design: Inspirations and Innovations* (Cincinnati, OH: North Light Books, 1995), p. 28.

JULIAN BARNES (*Flaubert's Parrot*) Do not imagine that Art is something which is designed to give gentle uplift and self-confidence. Art is not a *brassière*. At least, not in the English sense. But do not forget that *brassière* is the French for life-jacket.<sup>12</sup>

LES  
COLEMAN  
(*Unthunk*) Two wooden legs are better than one.

<sup>9</sup>Cf., Mae West: "I used to be Snow White, but I drifted." <sup>10</sup>Cf., Frank Lloyd Wright: "Television is chewing gum for the eyes." Fred Allen: "Television is a medium because anything well done is rare." David Frost: "Television enables you to be entertained in your home by people you wouldn't have in your home." <sup>11</sup>See Milton Glaser, *Graphic Design* (Woodstock NY: Overlook Press, 1973). <sup>12</sup>Nor should one forget that "Mae West" is American slang for life-jacket. As for Gustave Flaubert, you must read about "the dance of the Bee" (not the insect). As for art's subversiveness, cf., Susan Sontag (*Against Interpretation*): "Real art has the capacity to make us nervous. By reducing the work of art to its content, and then interpreting that, one tames the work of art. Interpretation makes art manageable, conformable." Or Morse Peckham (*Man's Rage for Chaos*): "There must, it seems to me, be some human activity which serves to break up orientations, to weaken and frustrate the tyrannous drive to order, to prepare the individual to observe what the orientation tells him is irrelevant, but what very well may be highly relevant. That activity, I believe, is the activity of artistic perception."



**LES  
COLEMAN**  
*(Unthunk)* The  
hills are alive  
to the sound  
of Muzak.

**FRED  
ALLEN**<sup>13</sup>  
Hollywood is  
where people  
from Iowa mis-  
take each  
other for stars.



**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Tom Trusky, *Somes Zines 2: Alternative & Underground Artists' & Eccentric Magazines & Micropresses* (Boise ID: Cold-Drill Press, 1996). ISBN 0-916272-64-8. This is the illustrated full-color catalog for an exhibition of zines<sup>14</sup> and other offbeat periodicals held during March 1996 at Boise State University. Curated by the Director of the Idaho Center for the Book, it continues an earlier similar show that occurred in 1992. Published in a limited edition of 300, it lists, describes and illustrates about fifty off-the-wall publications, both defunct and current, including such classics as Richard Kostelanetz's *Assembling*, Gregory Hirschak's *Farm Pulp Magazine*, *Nozone*, and *Adamant Eva*. To order a copy for \$22.95 postpaid, call 208 385-1999 or fax 208 385-4373.

**GERALD BRENAN** It is by sitting down to write every morning that one becomes a writer. Those who do not do this remain amateurs.

When I was a kid the local newspaper was full of births, marriages, and an occasional death, fetes, school sports and speech days, new flower-beds in the Jephson Gardens, the benign doings of the town council, and the odd petty larceny. Now my local paper is packed with muggings, murders, rapes, drugs, hit-and-run accidents, and the closing of public baths and lavatories. Is this the result of improved communications?

**D. J. ENRIGHT** *Interplay: A Kind of Commonplace Book* (Oxford, England: Oxford University Press, 1995), p. 3.

**JULIAN BARNES** (*Flaubert's Parrot*) Books say: she did this because. Life says: she did this. Books are where things are explained to you; life is where things aren't. I'm not surprised some people prefer books. Books make sense of life. The only problem is that the lives they make sense of are other people's lives, never their own.

One night [when he was a college student] a friend lent me a book of short stories by Franz Kafka. I went back to the pension where I was staying and began to read *The Metamorphosis*. The first line almost knocked me off the bed, I was so surprised. The first line reads, "As Gregor Samsa awoke that morning from uneasy dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect..." When I read the line I thought to myself that I didn't know anyone was allowed to write things like that. If I had known, I would have started writing a long time ago. So I immediately started writing short stories.<sup>15</sup>

**GABRIEL GRACIA MARQUEZ**, quoted in George Plimpton, editor, *The Writer's Chapbook* (New York: Viking, 1989), p. 9.

<sup>13</sup>A wonderful radio comedian whom we vividly recall from our childhood, not to be confused with his contemporary, social historian Frederick Lewis Allen, who wrote *Only Yesterday*. The former's radio jokes were so clever, as he once said of someone else, "he makes me feel like putting my quill back in my goose." <sup>14</sup>A zine (BALLAST, for example), as distinct from a magazine, is "a small handmade amateur publication done purely out of passion, rarely making a profit or breaking even." That's the definition from a periodical called *Factsheet Five* (Post Office Box 170099, San Francisco CA 94117-0099) that catalogs, describes and reviews hundreds of zines. Send \$6 for a sample issue. <sup>15</sup>What Marquez appears to have realized in part is that art and life are not synonymous, that fiction and fact have different requirements. Or, as the Surrealist painter René Magritte once wrote, beneath the picture of a pipe, *Ceci n'est pas une pipe*. Simply, an image of a pipe and a real pipe have vastly different attributes.



**LEFT AND ABOVE** Logos for Elephant Electric by Sun Kwon and Chris Thilges, respectively, graphic design students at the University of Northern Iowa.

**WOODY ALLEN** (*Side Effects*) More than any other time in history, mankind faces a crossroads. One path leads to despair and utter hopelessness. The other, to total extinction. Let us pray we have the wisdom to choose correctly.

LES  
COLEMAN  
*(Unthunk)*  
The cowboy  
put on his dark  
glasses and  
rode off into  
the sunset.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED  
Steven Heller and Anne Fink, *Covers and Jackets: What the Best Dressed Books and Magazines Are Wearing* (New York: PBC International, 1993). ISBN 0-86636-195-2. Contrary to warnings that the aesthetic sky is falling, this book offers convincing evidence that rich and quite wonderful things are afoot, at least in the genre of cover design. Selected for originality and aesthetic quality, and divided into two major sections, Books and Magazines, the result is a dazzling anthology of more than 400 full-color book jackets, paperback covers and magazine covers produced since 1985 by designers, typographers and illustrators from America and abroad.

RUDOLF ARNHEIM A traveling salesman spending the night at a small motel found a Gideon Bible in his room, and looking for something to do opened it and saw something like "When you are in distress and in need of succor and consolation look up Isaiah 7:24." He did and found that someone had written in pencil on the margin "And if that does not help call Sally 974-6565."

D. J.  
ENRIGHT  
*(Interplay)*  
Lunching with  
your publisher  
at his club and  
handing over  
your new  
book. As you  
part fulsomely  
at the door  
you have to  
remind him  
that he has left  
the typescript  
under his  
chair.

In the hymns, the popular songs, and the "serious" pieces I played and sang repeatedly in my youth, I experienced a powerful version of the "momentary stay against confusion" Frost said poems enact. In my attention to their forms and figures I found satisfying resting places, seldom attempting to move behind them to whatever content or thought might presumably lie there. Here, in retrospect, was the beginning of a lifelong preference for surface to depth—for the primary sensuous claims made by words and music rather than their secondary significations in meaning.

WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD  
*English Papers: A Teaching Life* (Saint Paul MN: Graywolf Press, 1995), p. 6.

## HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

Poppy Evans, *The Graphic Designer's Sourcebook* (Cincinnati OH: North Light Books, 1996). ISBN 0-89134-642-2. This book is described on its cover as "an indispensable treasury of suppliers of every kind of material and service." Inside are 145 pages of annotated listings for thirteen categories of products and services of the kind that designers might possibly need while solving design problems. Among more than 1000 entries, there are such exotic items as holograms, watches, chef's hats, murals, gold leaf and large-scale inflatable sculptures.

LES  
COLEMAN  
(*Unthunk*) I  
take off my  
hat, gloves,  
scarf and over-  
coat to you.



LEFT  
Illustration by  
Austrian painter  
Oskar Kokoschka  
for his book *The  
Dreaming  
Youths* (1908), as  
reproduced in  
Patrick Werkner,  
*Austrian  
Expressionism:  
The Formative  
Years* (1993).

As work-saving things were manufactured, work itself became denigrated. You do it only when you can't get a machine to do it. I see the value of a dish-washing machine. I also see its stupidity. When you have a lot of dishes to be done, a lot of people to attend to, it's excellent. But for, say, two people, it's simple to wash dishes by hand. The machine doesn't save you any money, doesn't save you any time.

At home, I did the washing, he [her late husband, Lewis Mumford] did the drying. I asked him once, "Would you like us to have a dish-washing machine so you wouldn't have to dry dishes?" He said, "Certainly not. It makes a hell of a noise. I like to dry the dishes as you wash them. We always have a good time talking."

SOPHIA MUMFORD interviewed in Studs Terkel, *Coming of Age* (New York: The New Press, 1995), p. 426.



ABOVE  
U.S. Patent  
560,351 for a  
device for pro-  
ducing dimples  
(1896).

A young man, condemned to death for a capital offence, asked permission for his mother to visit him in prison before he went to the gallows. When she entered the cell, he said that he had a secret to tell her, and, putting his mouth to her ear, he bit the ear off. At this, even the hard-boiled warders were shocked. "First you murder a man, and now you bite off your poor mother's ear. What possessed you to do that?" "Can't you see?" was the answer. "Why, it is my mother's fault that I am now a convicted murderer under sentence of death. When I was child, she never taught me to obey. She did not do her duty by me; and this is what she has brought me to. Having her ear bitten off is a light punishment for having done her son to death."

ARNOLD TOYNBEE,  
*Acquaintances* (London: Oxford  
University Press, 1967), pp. 6-7.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Alexandra van Dongen, et al., *One Man's Trash Is Another Man's Treasure: The Metamorphosis of the European Utensil in the New World* (Rotterdam, The Netherlands: Museum Boymans-van Beuningen, 1995; distributed by the University of Washington Press). ISBN 90-6918-152-5. This collection of eleven essays is the catalog for a fascinating exhibition on the transmigration and assimilation neither of persons nor souls but of utilitarian objects from one society to another. For example, an empty sardine can, discarded by one culture, is salvaged and used by another as part of a head dress; the foot of a brandy glass becomes the pendant on a makeshift necklace; and copper kettles are recycled as ceremonial dance rattles. One is reminded of the ingenious contraptions of Rube Goldberg, the poetic box sculpture of Joseph Cornell, or the sinister resourcefulness of North Vietnamese soldiers during the Vietnam war, who used GI trash to make deadly jungle booby traps.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>16</sup>For more on inventive recycling, see the discussion of *bricolage* in Claude Lévi-Strauss, *The Savage Mind* (University of Chicago, 1966); and Charles Jencks and Nathan Silver, *Adhocism: The Case for Improvisation* (Garden City NY: Doubleday, 1972).

**PETER DE VRIES** The standards for immorality are getting progressively steeper...a hundred years ago Hester Prynne of *The Scarlet Letter* was given an A for adultery. Today she would rate no better than a C-plus.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED**  
**Patrick Werkner, editor, *Egon Schiele: Art, Sexuality, and Viennese Modernism*** (Palo Alto, CA: Society for the Promotion of Science and Scholarship, 1994; distributed by the University of Washington Press). ISBN 0-930664-14-0. Austrian painter Egon Schiele was born in 1890, the year Van Gogh committed suicide (a coincidence he thought significant), and died of influenza twenty-eight years later. Described by art historian Michael Ratcliffe as "one of the most spontaneously gifted draftsman of all time," he remains provocative, largely because of the intimacy of his sexually charged figure drawings, drawings in which, as Albert Elsen explains, "the model is rendered naked rather than nude, a particular person rather than the idealized offspring of culture." This collection of seven captivating essays on Schiele, sexuality, and fin-de-siècle Vienna originated at Stanford University in 1990, on the occasion of the artist's centenary.

**WINSTON CHURCHILL**  
 (when told about the Greek statesman Plasteras)  
 Well, I hope he doesn't have feet of clay also.

**ALBERT EINSTEIN**  
 As far as the laws of mathematics refer to reality, they are not certain, and as far as they are certain, they do not refer to reality.<sup>17</sup>



**PATRICK WERKNER**  
 Everything [in Egon Schiele's artwork] is subjected to the skeptical vision that reveals the scars, the vulnerability, the dark sides that are concealed behind the sleek personal facades. Schiele saw the abyss that lies beneath seemingly innocuous appearances.

<sup>17</sup> See Lawrence Leshan and Henry Margenau, *Einstein's Space and Van Gogh's Sky: Physical Reality and Beyond* (New York: Macmillan, 1982). The title refers to Arthur Koestler's statement (in *The Act of Creation*) that "Einstein's space is no closer to reality than Van Gogh's sky."

FRED  
ALLEN

Hanging is too good for a man who makes puns; he should be drawn and quoted.<sup>18</sup>

POLLY  
ADLER

Too many cooks ruin the brothel.

In Paris once I had two strawberry finches. Having to leave the city for a few days, I asked Mary [Reynolds] if she would save them for me. On my return, noticing that she had not removed their cover (indeed had her head up and turned, as in thought), I pulled it off myself and cried out at once, "Fore God, imposters!" Moving like a risen Récaumier, Mary said, in her light pining voice, "That cat and your abominable eye! Who on earth before has known one finch from another?"

DIJUNA BARNES in Hugh Edwards, *Surrealism and Its Affinities* (Art Institute of Chicago, 1956). Suggested by Amy Arntson.

Whitehead himself had moments when he was not quite sure where he had put things. One day in the early 1930s he had Professor James Melrose of Illinois to tea at the Whitehead cottage...It occurred to Whitehead that his guests might like to see the work in progress on a library addition to the house. So he led them outside, first carefully putting on Professor Melrose's hat which he found in the coatroom closet and assumed was his own. After the excursion he returned the hat to the closet, but at tea's end, when he and Mrs. Whitehead prepared to accompany the guests to their car, he went there once more for his hat. This time Melrose beat him to it and retrieved his lawful property. Whitehead reached up to the place where his visitor's hat had been, made a little exclamation of surprise, then trotted some distance to a spot where his own hat hung on a hook. It was clear to his guests that the author of *Process and Reality* did not realize there were two hats, but believed that his own had in some unaccountable way changed its place.

JOSEPH GERARD BRENNAN "Alfred North Whitehead" in *The American Scholar*, vol 47 no 4 (Autumn 1978).

<sup>18</sup>Cf., The classic response from a condemned punster whose hanging was delayed: "No noose is good news."

*Ballast* is published in Iowa, about 90 minutes from Spillville, on the Turkey River, hometown of Josef Kovarik, assistant to Antonín Dvorák. At Kovarik's suggestion, the Czech composer spent the summer of 1893 in Spillville, where he composed the *Symphony in E Minor, Opus 95, From the New World*.<sup>19</sup>

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Dysart, Iowa 52224-9767

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SIR J. M. BARRIE  
Times have changed since a certain author was executed for murdering his publisher. They say that when the author was on the scaffold he said goodbye to the minister and to the reporters, and then he saw some publishers sitting in the front row below, and to them he did not say goodbye. He said instead, "I'll see you later."

DOROTHY PARKER  
(on hearing that a promiscuous British actress had broken her leg) She must have done it sliding down a barrister.

<sup>19</sup>For more about Dvorák's summer in Iowa, see Patricia Hampl and Steven Sorman, *Spillville* (Minneapolis MN: Milkweed Editions, 1987). Our own distinct memory of Spillville is that we once ate rancid coleslaw there on a hot summer afternoon and succumbed to a swift and magnificent bout of food poisoning.



BALLAST QUARTERLY REVIEW 2022 X Avenue Dysart Iowa 52224-9767 U S A

**FIRST CLASS**