CHARLES DICKENS
Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism, are all very good words for the lips; especially prunes and prism.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY
If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination.

LES COLEMAN
(Unthunk)
A trip down Amnesia Lane.

JOHN G. MUIR
(Classroom Clangers)
Very slowly I began to make rapid recovery.

BALLAST QUAR
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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, political 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 the fall (more or less) and ending in the summer.

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With this issue, Ballast has begun a collaborative affiliation with Leonardo: Journal of the International Society of Arts, Sciences, and Technology (MIT Press). As a result, some of the book reviews in Ballast will be reprinted on the Leonardo web site at <http://mitpress.mit.edu/e-journals/leonardo/home.html>.

HILAIRE BELLOC
I shoot the Hippopotamus
With bullets made of platinum,
Because if I use leaden ones
His hide is sure to flatten 'em.
I have always been horrified with the prospect that I’d discover what it was I could do well and then I’d be doomed to repeat it for the rest of my life. I’ve always considered that a kind of slow professional death.


A fly alighting on the sheet of white paper was excuse enough for him to give himself the right to idle. He did not write, for fear of disturbing the fly.

I was thought to be retarded as a child, and all the evidence indicates that I was. I have no memory of the first grade, to which I was not admitted until I was seven, except that of peeing my pants and having to be sent home whenever I was spoken to by our hapless teacher. I have even forgotten her appearance and her name, and I call her hapless because there was a classmate, now a psychiatrist, who fainted when he was called on, and another who stiffened into petit mal. I managed to control my bladder by the third grade, but the fainter and the sufferer from fits, both classmates of mine through the ninth grade, when I quit school, kept teachers edgy until graduation.


Lewis Carroll We called him Tortoise because he taught us.
ABOVE
Type face made of letter parts by TAMMY BOOTH (1997).

ANON
He's the sort of person that Reverend Spooner would have referred to as a shining wit.

MRS HENRY ADAMS [about Henry James] It's not that he bites off more than he can chaw, but he chaws more than he bites off.

RECOMMENDED Robin Lenman, Artists and Society in Germany 1850-1914 (Manchester University Press / Distributed by St. Martin's Press, 1997). ISBN 0-7190-3636-4. On the dust jacket of this book is a painting by the foremost history-painter of Imperial Germany, Anton von Werner, of German army officers listening to a comrade sing Robert Schumann's *Das Meer Erfunzte Weit Hinaus* in the living room of a captured French chateau. It is September 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War, and the Germans have begun a 135-day siege of Paris, in which food shortages became so severe that Parisians had to eat cats and dogs, even elephants in the zoo. The cover is appropriate because the book's subjects are the cultural rivalry between Germany and France (which would resurface in World War I), the rapid acceleration of German nationalism, and the growth of opposing traditions of art, academic and experimental, in the "big four" artistic centers of Dresden, Dusseldorf, Munich, and Berlin. Scores of American artists flocked to German art schools during this period, among them Frank Duvenek, who became head of the Art Academy of Cincinnati; Carl Marr, who directed the Munich Academy (and whose huge unforgettable rendering of a flagellation street scene is housed in the art center in West Bend, Wisconsin); and William Merrit Chase. Illustrated by 25 black and white reproductions, this is a careful and balanced account of the times that set the stage for the eventual struggle between Fascism and Socialism, and the crackdown on so-called "degenerate art."

AUSTIN DOBSON [in a conversation with Henry James, who said that he'd become lost in the maze at Hampton Court]: I am surprised at that. I should have thought you would have felt that you were in the middle of one of your sentences.

DOROTHY PARKER House Beautiful is a play lousy.
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED
Guy Davenport, The Hunter Gracchus: And Other Papers on Literature and Art
ISBN 1-887178-55-4. Davenport, a MacArthur Fellow and an award-winning translator, poet, critic, short fiction writer, and visual artist, is also one of the finest essayists of our time. This is his third collection (the first two, Geography of the Imagination and Every Force Evolves a Form, were both nominated for the National Book Award). His delightful essays, like his more difficult short stories, are literary montages; they begin by combining unlikely events, people, and ideas, then show us a sensible, elegant way by which they all flow together. Among the 40 essays in this book are commentaries on Thomas Merton, Franz Kafka, revolution, the Shakers, Gertrude Stein, John Ruskin, Grant Wood, the Bible, Paul Cadmus, and snake handling. Davenport grew up in rural South Carolina, in the Old South, and his most exhilarating passages are often colorful childhood memories, as when, for example, in a brilliant essay titled "On Reading," he remembers the people who encouraged him to read: Aunt Mae, for example, who was married to Uncle Buzzie and never drove over 30 miles an hour, and Cora Shiflett, a neighbor who lent him his first volume of Tarzan, in which the Lord of the Jungle survives in the Sahara Desert by dispatching a vulture and drinking its blood.

DOROTHY PARKER
[on being told that Clare Boothe Luce was always kind to her inferiors] Oh, really. And where does she find them?

JULES REYNARD
The swollen veins of his temples. Moles are digging around and ravaging him under the skin.

GEORGE A. M. WHISTLER
[in reply to the question: Is genius hereditary?] I can't tell you; heaven has granted me no offspring.

GEORGE DAY
[who insists that he witnessed the following ad on late night television] Jesus is coming, perhaps as soon as tomorrow! For a video on how to prepare for the Second Coming, send $10 plus $3 for shipping and handling. Please allow six weeks for delivery.
Les Coleman moved to Clapham Junction in 1967. During the summer of that year, *The Summer of Love*, he lost his wallet on Dartmoor containing two pound notes. A doctor found the wallet and handed it over to the police. It took until the autumn to trace Coleman to his new address. He collected the wallet from Lavendar Hill Police Station to discover the money was still inside. In the autumn of 1996 he painted the walls of his front room *Sunbeam* with *Moonshine* on the woodwork. In keeping with this color scheme the room has a blue fitted carpet (80% wool) and yellow venetian blinds (made to measure). Among his possessions Coleman owns a small African sculpture which stands on his mantelpiece despite having one leg shorter than the other.


RUDOLF ARNHEIM (Parables of Sun Light) What is the point of hooting in the dark? Perhaps the owl, devoid of activity and company, uses its voice as its cogito. "I hoot, therefore I am."

RECOMMENDED Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service, *Seeing Jazz: Artists and Writers on Jazz* (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 1997). ISBN 0-8118-1732-6. Some people are capable of "synaesthesia," which results in a kind of connection among the various senses. The Russian painter Wassily Kandinsky, for example, often heard specific sounds when looking at colors, or saw colors when listening to sounds. The intent of this book is not dissimilar, in the sense that it tries to establish a link between the musical experience of jazz and the sensory experiences of other art forms, including painting, sculpture, photography, and the written word. The result is a kaleidoscopic assortment of more than 160 visual artworks, anecdotes, poems, lyrics, and jazz-related writings, including, for example, four Romare Bearden collages; Piet Mondrian's famous *Broadway Boogie Woogie*; Lee Friedlander's photograph of Sweet Emma Barnett; and poignant excerpts from Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man* and Jack Kerouac's *The Beginning of Bop*. Divided into three sections (Rhythm, Improvisation, and Call and Response), each introduced by a brief essay by Jazz scholar Robert O'Meally, this is the catalog for a traveling exhibition that began at the Smithsonian in October 1997 and will travel around the country until July 1999.
He walked noiselessly, like a fish.


RECOMMENDED Richard Nelson Current and Marcia Ewing Current, *Loie Fuller: Goddess of Light* (Boston: Northeastern University Press, 1997). ISBN 1-55553-309-4. Nearly anyone acquainted with design history will recognize the name of La Loie Fuller (1862-1928), the American-born stage performer whose “serpentine dances” became an overnight sensation at the Folies-Bergère in Paris in 1892. Her tantalizing performances, which combined innovative stage lighting with costumes of swirling diaphanous veils, were immortalized in Art Nouveau posters and sculptures by Jules Cheret, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, Auguste Rodin, Will Bradley, and Koloman Moser. Born in Chicago, Fuller was christened Marie Louise, which was shortened to Louie, then nicknamed Loie by the French. In this interesting, detailed account of the life of an extraordinary Victorian woman, we learn about her brief association with Buffalo Bill; her court battles with a bigamist who may have poisoned her father and then (not unlike our own day) threatened to release “nude-appearing” photographs of her, for which she had posed in flesh-colored tights; her inventive use of electric stage lights in daring adaptations of skirt dances; her fame and the short-lived financial success that she found when she moved to Paris in the 1890s; and her subsequent friendships with celebrated Parisians, among them Sarah Bernhardt, Isadora Duncan, Pierre and Marie Curie, Alexandre Dumas fils, and Anatole France.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

All music is folk music. I ain’t never heard no horse sing a song.

JULES REYNARD

A scrupulous inexactness.
I remember Rudi [a friend and teacher] saying once that all life is about transcendence. If you’re ugly you have to transcend your ugliness, if you’re beautiful you have to transcend your beauty, if you’re poor you have to transcend your poverty, if you’re rich you have to transcend your wealth...There is nothing worse than being born extraordinarily beautiful, nothing more potentially damaging to the self. You could say the same for being born inordinately rich. You suddenly realize how wise the idea is that you get nothing at birth except things to transcend. That’s all you get.


ANON Beauty is only skin deep, but ugly go clear to the bone.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Steven Heller and Karen Pomeroy, Design Literacy: Understanding Graphic Design (New York: Allworth Press, 1997). ISBN 1-880559-76-5. In the past several decades, various authors have objected to approaches to graphic design history that focus on individual masters, movements, and styles; that analyze the structural attributes of a work (derided in this book as "eye candy"); or that feature highbrow examples while leaving out simpler, more popular works. This volume, which is one of the more inventive and thought-provoking books on design history in recent years, offers a plausible alternative: It consists of 93 “object lessons” in the form of engaging short essays about a wide variety of graphic icons, from the late 19th century to the present, ranging from the ubiquitous (shooting targets, the swastika, Joe Camel) to the esoteric (Emigre magazine, the Cranbrook posters, or April Greiman's self-portrait). Organized somewhat chronologically but in eight thematic categories (Persuasion, Media, Language, Identity, Information, Iconography, Style, and Commerce), the essays form readable "stories" about the objects, the designers' thought processes, and the social and political circumstances from which they emerged.
Perceptions fall into the brain rather as seeds into a furrowed field or even as sparks into a keg of powder.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Jane Livingston, The Art of Richard Diebenkorn (New York and Berkeley: Whitney Museum of American Art and University of California Press, 1997). ISBN 0-520-21258-4. In the last half of this century, few artists have been as influential or respected as the abstract painter Richard Diebenkorn (1922-1993), whose work was in part the result of the light he experienced in California, where he lived most of his life. This is the richly illustrated catalog of the first retrospective of his work since his death, an exhibition that opened on October 9 at the Whitney, and will travel next year to the Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, the Phillips Collection in Washington D.C., and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Understandably, Diebenkorn is usually regarded as an Abstract Expressionist, but his path was surprisingly wider than that. As documented here, he was influenced by sources as diverse as Erle Loran (author of Cézanne's Composition), Piet Mondrian, Henri Matisse, Edward Hopper, jazz, and the poems of William Butler Yeats, Wallace Stevens, T.S. Eliot, and others. His drawings are invariably as powerful as his paintings. While few drawings are in this volume, 192 paintings are shown in color. The price of the paperbound edition ($39.95) is extremely reasonable, and anyone who admires this Modern master should find it a valuable volume to own.

A friend of mine worked in the circus. He was engaged to a lady contortionist but she broke it off.
Toulouse-Lautrec was lying on his bed, dying, when his father, an old eccentric, came to see him and began catching flies. Lautrec said: "Old fool!" and died.
The critic is a botanist; I am a gardener.

Guido Natso is natso guido.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Joan Evelyn Ames, Mastery: Interviews with 30 Remarkable People (Portland OR: Rudra Press, 1997). ISBN 0-915801-70-1. It is challenge enough to be interviewed. It's even more difficult to do the interviewing; especially, as in this case, to conduct more or less the same interview with more than one person. Too often, the questions drag on, become predictable, and the interviews sound artificial. For the most part, that is not the case in this volume of short conversations about remarkable achievement with 30 contemporary "geniuses," many of them MacArthur Fellows, in part because, as the author explains, "The more I learned to keep my mouth shut and simply listen, the better the interviews became." It is interesting that the author is related to Adelbert Ames II, the well-known inventive psychologist who devised distorted room experiments in the 1940s and 50s; and to George Plimpton, the American editor and writer, who is among those interviewed. This isn't just another book about creativity in the arts: While most of the people interviewed are visual artists, writers, dancers, and musicians, also represented are such diverse disciplines as meditation, homeopathy, astronomy, religion, winegrowing, marketing, cooking, genetics, and juggling.

I remember when we were in training to be night flyers in the Navy, I learned, very strangely, that the rods of the eye perceive things at night in the corner of the eye that we can't see straight ahead. That's not a bad metaphor for the vision of art. You don't stare at the mystery, but you can see things out of the corner of your eye that you weren't supposed to see.

ABOVE
Type face made of letter parts by KELLY WILHELM (1997).

JOHN G. MUIR (Classroom Clangers) A cemetery is where dead people live.

BILL BRYSON (The Lost Continent) When you tell an lowan an joke, you can see a kind of race going on between his brain and his expression.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED
Deborah Soloman, Utopia Parkway: The Life and Work of Joseph Cornell (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1997). ISBN 0-374-18012-1. Art theorist Susan Sontag became famous in 1964 when her essay "Notes on Camp" appeared. Among her fan mail was a package from a secret admirer, the 62-year-old American sculptor Joseph Cornell, who, after seeing her in a television interview, had apparently begun to imagine her as a romantic partner. He visited the 31-year-old writer (who was honored but uncomfortable with his attentions), she visited him, and he created collages confusing her with Henriette Sontag, an unrelated 19th-century German diva. He even gave her two of his "found object" box sculptures, then demanded their return when his interest faded. This is only one of many curious episodes in this candid but sympathetic biography of an artist who is often described as a poet, whose artwork has been called "star maps of a private universe," and who, despite his shyness, had significant encounters, even friendships, with such prominent contemporaries as Pavel Tchelitchew (pronounced Chelly-cheff), Marcel Duchamp, Willem de Kooning, Robert Motherwell, Stan Brakhage, Matta, Saul Steinberg, and Andy Warhol. A legendary recluse, Cornell lived with his mother and invalid brother in a cluttered white frame house on Utopia Parkway in Queens, New York. Appropriately, the book's title is a found object and a use of the well-known Surrealist device of "radical juxtaposition." It is also a pun, because Cornell's artworks, like his eccentricity, were attempts to address the division between two incompatible planes of existence, the celestial and the trivial—the stars and the prison of daily routine.

W. H. AUDEN (The Dyer's Hand) A man has his distinctive personal scent which his wife, his children and his dog can recognize. A crowd has a generalized stink. The public is odorless.
No teacher I’ve ever had put greater stress on tonal texture, on the notion that in all literary forms “it is by their syllables that words juxtapose in beauty.” He [the poet Charles Olson at Black Mountain College] forced us to realize that prose is only as good as it approximates the condition of poetry—that state in which not a particle of sound can be changed without upsetting the entire page.


HIGHLY RECOMMENDED
Wayne Booth, The Art of Growing Older: Writers on Living and Aging (University of Chicago Press, 1996). ISBN 0-226-06549-9. The author, who wrote earlier The Vocation of a Teacher, is a well-known distinguished professor who taught at the University of Chicago for many years. He now faces old age, and this is his splendid selection of poems, epigrams, diary excerpts, letters, and meditations on that intimidating prospect by dozens of familiar authors, among them Czeslaw Milosz (“Old Women”), Gerard Manley Hopkins (“God’s Grandeur”), Simone de Beauvoir (Coming of Age), and Ogden Nash (“Crossing the Border”). There is, for example, a wonderful list by Malcolm Cowley of 16 signs of old age, in which he concludes that, as a man ages, “time passes quickly, as if he were gathering speed while coasting downhill. The year 79 to 80 is like a week when he was a boy.” Supplemented by 16 photographs and paintings, the literary selections were chosen as much for their tonal texture as their content. As a result, nearly all are exquisitely phrased, and, as Booth advises, would profit from being read slowly and aloud.
WINSTON CHURCHILL
[when told of the Greek statesman Plasteras]
Well, I hope he doesn't have feet of clay also.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU
Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk.

A boy named Eddie Shell came one afternoon to play with Frank and me, and at the hour of going home did not know how to do so. This is a malady that afflicts all children, but my mother was not sure how she should handle it in Eddie's case. She consulted us secretly as to whether he should be asked to stay for supper; we thought not, so she hinted to him that his mother might be expecting him. He was so slow in acting upon the hint that we were all in despair and began to feel guilty because we had not pressed him to stay. What I remember now is Eddie standing at last on the other side of the screen door and trying to say good-by as if he meant it. My mother said warmly: "Well, Eddie, come and see us again." Whereupon he opened the door and walked in.

MARK VAN DOREN

“What was your first sexual experience, Simon?” He thinks for a moment. “I was about ten. This teacher asked us all to make little churches for display, kind of a model of a church. I made one out of cardboard, worked very hard on it, and took it in to her on a Friday morning, and she was pleased with it. It had a red roof, colored with red crayon. Then another guy, Billy something-or-other, brought in one that was made of wood. His was better than mine. So she tossed mine out and used his.”

“That was your first sexual experience?”

“How far back do you want to go?”

DONALD BARTHELME

DAVID STEINBERG
I believe that eating pork makes people stupid.
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Every time we came home from the store with a new jar of peanut butter, my dad, when we would go out of the room, would write the initials of the one he thought had been the best that week. And then the next morning, or whenever we’d go to open the peanut butter to put on our toast or something, he’d say, “Oh look what’s here!” And he would tell us that it was the little fairy who lived in the light downstairs, whose named was Matilda and that she had done it. That used to make you be good so you could get your name in the peanut butter.


**Charles Dudley Warner**

There is no dignity in the bean. Corn, with no affectation of superiority, is, however, the child of song. It waves in all literature. But mix it with beans, and its high tone is gone. Succotash is vulgar.

**Cover**

Typographic composition by **Amy Baack** (1997).