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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 astonish-  
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nal devoted to wit, the contents of which are  
intended to be insightful, amusing or thought  
provoking.

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Sometimes I had the feeling that  
he liked to put the stars down-  
stage in the corner in the dark,  
while the extras were having a  
jolly good time picking their  
noses and scratching their bot-  
toms, because he had a love of  
grotesque byplay which was very  
amusing and very lively.

JOHN GIELGUD recalling Tyrone  
Guthrie's inspired stage (mis)direction in  
Alfred Rossi, *Astonish Us in the Morning:  
Tyrone Guthrie Remembered* (London:  
Hutchinson, 1977), p. 65.

STEVEN  
WRIGHT

I have an  
answering  
machine in my  
car. It says,  
"I'm home  
now. But leave  
a message and  
I'll call when  
I'm out."

ROBERT  
MORLEY

[recalling  
Tyrone  
Guthrie]  
He was never  
happy unless  
he could find  
someone to  
ride a donkey  
on the stage  
or, you know,  
divert atten-  
tion from the  
star. I mean,  
he was won-  
derfully good  
at inventing  
business for  
actors who  
really couldn't  
act.



LEFT Interpretive portrait of James Joyce (digital collage) by JENNIE NIELSEN (1999).

She [Alma Mahler-Werfel] has the bosom of a pouter pigeon and the voice of a barracks bugle in one of her first husband's [Gustave Mahler's] symphonies. Some of the conversation is difficult to follow, partly because it is in German, partly because this survivor of distinguished husbands and consorts is deaf. Moreover, her wines, champagne, and cordials are befuddling but unrefusable, being required for toast-making. To I.S. [Igor Stravinsky], she quotes Mahler's "Only those who can create can interpret," letting us know that the remark is aimed at her next-door neighbor, Bruno Walter.

ROBERT CRAFT *Stravinsky: Chronicle of a Friendship* (Nashville TN: Vanderbilt University Press, 1994), p. 53.

There is no such thing as unimpeded, clear, straightforward thinking. The greatest and most concentrated mind in the world, pondering a problem, will find itself periodically invaded, if but for a fleeting moment, by recalcitrant and irrelevant thoughts—of a bird perched upon the window-sill, of a moist eye-glass, of some object upon the writing desk, of a sore tooth, of a pretty girl it met last summer—of something alien and corruptive. The strong chain of thinking is made up of the links of many loose thoughts.

ARTHUR  
KOESTLER  
If you strive hard enough to get to India you are bound to get to some America or other.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN  
*Materia Critica* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1924), p. 7. [AS].

The science that was to make life beautiful has also made it hideous. It rains bombs upon defenseless cities as well as celestial music upon enraptured ears. It invents unspeakable tortures as well as the clean beauties of modern architecture. It brings the most elegant and disciplined of chamber music into our homes but it carries thereto also the voices of the demagogue and the dictator. It gives us abundance but has not prevented starvation in the midst of plenty. It gives us longer life—and swifter death. We are able to accomplish incredible transformations of incalculable resources and to achieve everything except security and peace. Surgery marvelously salvages men shattered by an equally marvelous precision. Fields of grain and flocks of sheep are destroyed while gifted chemists devise substitutes for bread and wool. The same infinite capacity that might make the world over is used to destroy it.

IRWIN EDMAN [in a passage that could be descriptive of our own era, even though it was written more than sixty years ago], *Candle In the Dark: A Postscript to Despair* (New York: The Viking Press, 1939), pp. 30-31. [AS]

W. H. AUDEN

My face looks like a wedding  
cake left out in the rain.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Diane Rozas and Anita Bourne Gottehrer, *American Venus: The Extraordinary Life of Audrey Munson, Model and Muse* (Los Angeles: Balcony Press; distributed by Princeton Architectural Press, 1999). ISBN 1-890449-04-0. This is an illustrated account of the tragic life of Audrey Munson (1891-1996) who modeled for leading American sculptors (e.g., Daniel Chester French, A. Sterling Calder, and Sherry Fry) in the so-called "guilded age" of art. She posed for both the head and tail of the 1916 U.S. dime (the Mercury dime); as well as for statues that stand at the front of the New York Public Library and the Brooklyn Museum of Art, on the fountain outside of the Plaza Hotel, in the pediments at the entrance to the Frick Collection, and (as the figure of Evangeline) at the Longfellow Memorial in Massachusetts.

When the Beaux Arts tradition in sculpture was quashed by the rise of Modernism, she tried to survive by performing in films about artists' models, resulting in a great scandal because she appeared on the screen totally nude. In 1919, when rumored to have been involved in the murder of her landlord's wife (she wasn't), she collapsed emotionally (described back then as "mental blight"), was ostracized as "Crazy Audrey," and, after a quest for a husband that failed, attempted suicide.

At age 39, she was committed to an asylum, where she remained in obscurity until her recent death at age 105. This book is a belated but sincere attempt to restore her dignity.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Witold Rybczynski, *A Clearing in the Distance: Frederick Law Olmsted and America in the Nineteenth Century* (New York: Scribner, 1999). ISBN 0-68482-463-9. The best single piece of advice a teacher can give to a budding scholar is this: Go to the original source! On the other hand, a thorough and well-integrated biography can profitably lead one to seek the original data. In this new biography of Frederick Law Olmsted, author Witold Rybczynski creates a portrait of Olmsted few could glean from even a careful perusal of the Olmsted archives.

Rybczynski traces Olmsted's life, allotting equal emphasis to Olmsted's peregrinating early career, one that meandered aimlessly through seemingly incompatible by-ways yet almost predictably emerging with him as a pioneer landscape architect. Olmsted's career, starting in 1858 with the design of Central Park in New York City, resulted in an astounding achievement nationally, only recently being generally appreciated. New Yorkers and Brooklynites were only the early beneficiaries of his genius.

Though Rybczynski credits the series, a serious reader must turn to the original materials available in the magnificent series, *The Papers of Frederick Law Olmsted* (Johns Hopkins Press). Projected for twelve volumes, seven are now published, with an auxiliary companion volume to volume one. Additionally, there has grown up a large corpus of works about Olmsted. This new biography is a first-rate addition and a fitting place to begin a study. [AS]



LEFT: Sculpture of Miss Manhattan (modeled by Audrey Munson) by DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH (c1913), now in front of the Brooklyn Museum of Art. Photograph by Diane Rozas from *American Venus* [see review on opposite page].

## LADY TREE

[to the aging British writer, Somerset Maugham, when, to excuse himself early from dinner, he said, "I must look after my youth" ] Next time do bring him. We adore those sort of people.

## WILL ROGERS

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

RIGHT Interpretative portrait of  
James Joyce (digital collage) by CHRIS  
NIXT (1999)



I.S. [Igor Stravinsky], telephoning the G. Wittenberg Surgical Appliances Company: "This is Mr. Stravinsky, S-T-R-A-..." He spells it loudly and deliberately, as he does when dictating a telegram. "Two years ago you fitted me for a truss. I want an appointment to have it repaired." He has dialed a wrong number, however, and the other party has apparently had to hear the entire speech without finding an opportunity to interrupt. I.S. ill-humoredly cradles the receiver, then carefully dials again. "This is Mr. Stravinsky, S-T-... You made a ..." The same party answers, very annoyed. Annoyed now himself, I.S. double-checks the number in his address book, finds it correct, still believes he has misdialed, tries again. "This is Mr...." This time the man on the other end, no doubt believing himself the victim of a raving lunatic, slams down the receiver. At this point V. [Stravinsky's wife] discovers from the telephone directory that I.S. has mis-copied the number.

ROBERT CRAFT *Stravinsky: Chronicle of a Friendship* (Nashville TN: Vanderbilt University Press, 1994), p. 188.

STEVEN  
WRIGHT  
I installed a  
skylight in my  
apartment.  
The people  
who live above  
me are furious.

I was present at one gathering of reporters when [Frank Lloyd] Wright told of stating, in court, that he was the world's greatest architect. "Wasn't that a little immodest?" a courageous reporter asked.

"Yes, I suppose it was," Wright mused, "but you forget that I was under oath. Had to tell the truth."

MERLE ARMITAGE, *Accent on Life* (Ames: Iowa State University Press, 1964), p. 247.

HENNY  
YOUNG -  
MAN

Have I got a  
mother-in-law.  
She's so neat  
she puts paper  
under the  
cuckoo-clock.

REINTAR -  
NATION

Coming back  
to life as a hill-  
billy.

W.

SOMERSET  
MAUGHAM

It was such a  
lovely day I  
thought it was  
a pity to get  
up.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Brendan G. Carroll, *The Last Prodigy: A Biography of Erich Wolfgang Korngold* (Portland OR: Amadeus Press, 1997). ISBN 1-57467-029-8. Brendan G. Carroll spent over 25 years working on this definitive biography of the Viennese-American composer (1897-1957). This unabashed encomium for the music of Korngold is supported by carefully crafted arguments responding to critics, real and imagined. Carroll is especially exercised about those critics whose prejudicial assessments of the Korngold oeuvre are based solely on a superficial knowledge of Korngold's scores for the motion pictures. Korngold himself was super-sensitive about his reputation when it was based upon his Hollywood fame, though he never disavowed the work he did there for the films, such as *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, *Captain Blood*, *Anthony Adverse*, *The Sea Hawk*, *Kings Row*, *Of Human Bondage*, and much more. He mainly feared, and rightly so, that the film scores would over-shadow his earlier career in Europe when his serious music might become lost. He worried, too, that even his film scores would be lost along with the films as they faded from public view.

Korngold's complete oeuvre are Carroll's strongest defense. From the age of 10 (Yes, 10!), Korngold's works began to receive private notice. By 11 and 12, his prodigious first compositions dumbfounded and awed musicians such as Gustav Mahler, Alexander von Zemlinsky (his composition teacher), Richard Strauss, Bruno Walter, Puccini, and a host of other admirers and performers. In 1910, he completed (age 13) his *Piano Trio in D Major, Opus 1*. In 1911, he met Max Reinhardt (his future collaborator), who brought him to Hollywood, saving Korngold and his family from the concentration camps in 1938.

Carroll is convincing that Korngold's greatest achievements are his five operas, especially his *Das Wunder der Heliane* and *Die tote Stadt*, for which he is best known in Europe. In 1999, his separate CDs are approaching one hundred, making his music available as never before. Following my own prolonged and extensive study, I predict that Korngold's next career, based upon his recordings, will elevate him into the empyrean of twentieth century composers.

Two commemorative postage stamps have been issued about Korngold: In Austria, a stamp recalls his operas (properly); in America, he is included among 5 other Hollywood composers, as he anticipated.

Carroll's work is a great deal more than a festschrift: It is a searching, well-written, objective account of the life of his subject: Korngold. [AS]



He [Tyrone Guthrie] was first of all a musician. He regarded a play as a musical score: its changes of pace, its modifications, its climaxes, crescendos were treated very much as a piece of music. He was keenly aware of rhythms—the overall rhythm of a scene rather than the clear carving of syllables. So there were often passages where he didn't care if the audience heard exactly what was said. He aimed for a general impression; the clarity of dialogue was comparatively unimportant. "It's a dreary passage. Get on with it. Race it through." So there'd be a great impression of brouhaha, confusion, noise, embattled opinion, out of which one vital line would emerge—bang!—like that, and hit you a wallop. He'd throw away twenty lines in order to achieve one which would slam you in the face.

ANTHONY QUAYLE interviewed in Alfred Rossi, *Astonish Us in the Morning: Tyrone Guthrie Remembered* (London: Hutchinson, 1977), p. 19.

## ALLAN SHIELDS

In retirement from being Director of the School of Philosophy at the University of Southern California, Ralph Tyler Flewelling frequented the Hall of Philosophy while continuing to labor as editor of *The Personalist*. Once, between classes, when the urinals are populated, RFT marched up to one, muttering *sotto voce*, "Where all men are peers."



ABOVE Barry Moser, proprietor of the Pennyroyal Press, is one of the most accomplished, most prolific book illustrators of our time. This wood-engraved portrait of Alice is from his astonishing edition of Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (University of California Press, 1982). Recently, he designed and illustrated a new, provocative two-volume edition of *The Holy Bible: King James Edition* (New York: Viking Press, 1999). ISBN 0-670-88797-8. Unbelievably, Moser has illustrated it with 235 original wood engravings.

GLIBIDO  
All talk and no  
action.

## OF CURIOUS INTEREST

David Cesarani, *Arthur Koestler: The Homeless Mind* (New York: The Free Press, 1999). ISBN 0-684-86720-6. During the Whitewater investigation, an associate of President Clinton testified that the beleaguered Chief Executive had once likened himself to Rubashov, the main character in *Darkness at Noon*, Arthur Koestler's political novel about the show trials and purges in Stalinist Russia.

In 1983, stricken by Parkinson's disease and leukemia, the Hungarian-born novelist committed suicide at age 78, as did his younger healthy wife. With the publication of this merciless biography, if the dead Koestler is now looking down on us—or, more likely, fried and looking up—he may in turn be comparing his plight to that of President Clinton. While both are alleged to have suffered from a reckless addiction to sex and a weakness for duplicity, they were also among the most capable minds in recent history. In the long run, Clinton is likely to be remembered as one of the most effective leaders of our time, and Koestler (however tortured his personal life) will also continue to stand as one of its finest writers.

This book is dedicated to the author's father, who was associated with the Communist Party in England and despised Koestler as a "renegade," and whose life and beliefs were presumably marred by the latter's campaign against totalitarianism. "He [the author's father] has not written any books," Cesarani's preface states, "but this one is his all the same." Apparently driven by retaliation, this wrathful, tongue-tied tract becomes its own undoing. As a result, it reads not as a balanced attempt at biography, but as a contorted vendetta—to borrow a phrase from its author, "a selective use of facts for a grossly polemical end." In its hypocritical crusade against duplicity, it is being advertised—shamelessly—as having "ensured Koestler's place in the pantheon of intellectual giants of the twentieth century."

S. J.

PERELMAN

I tried to resist his overtures, but he plied me with symphonies, quartets, chamber music, and cantatas.

There is a parable in the story of the liberal French professor long ago imprisoned for his political opinions who returned after seven years to his class at the university and began, "As I was saying."

IRWIN  
EDMAN

*Candle In the Dark: A Postscript to Despair* (New York: The Viking Press, 1939), p. 59. [AS].

HOWARD GARDNER

It isn't necessary to be a bastard to be a genius, but a disregard for others does seem necessary.

RIGHT Interpretive portrait of James Joyce (digital collage) by KAREN STRAUB (1999).



There is ever one detail in which a mature actress is unable to counterfeit young girlhood, a detail that is invariably a stumbling-block when the actress has seen youth vanish. She is unable to duplicate the running walk of the 'teens. There never lived an actress over thirty who could successfully manage a young girl's running walk, or who could walk upstairs without promptly betraying her age.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN *Materia Critica* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1924), pp.197-198. [AS]

CRAIG BROWN [on being told that *Watership Down*, a novel about rabbits, was written by a civil servant] I would rather have read a novel about civil servants written by a rabbit.

#### HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

Steven Heller and Anne Fink, *Less Is More: The New Simplicity in Graphic Design* (Cincinnati, OH: North Light Books, 1999). ISBN 0-89134-899-9. The maxim "less is more" has long been associated with Modernism, while a more appropriate slogan for Postmodernism (said Robert Venturi) is "less is a bore" or "more is more." This is hardly a new dichotomy because, as this book explains, the primary squabbles in art and design have been about complexity (more) versus simplicity (less).

"The histories of art and design are replete with epochs, movements and styles that employ clutter as an ideological or aesthetic reaction to purity," the authors argue, and since the 1980s (Postmodern, Retro, New Wave), "visual clutter has reigned supreme."

Using scores of examples of graphic design, the authors predict that the pendulum has caromed off "more is more" and is now swinging back toward a simpler, less layered approach to design. If so, this is one of the earliest books to announce the new paradigm.

That pipe-dream of corporate world-wide felicity has vanished at the very time that rapid communication and world-wide technology were making the planet small in scope and one in its involvements. Representative government has not been able to provide at once for the security of a people, and to maintain, untampered with, the individual variety of their lives. Nor has representative government turned out to be representative of any but the economically dominant interests...

IRWIN EDMAN *Candle In the Dark: A Postscript to Despair* (New York: The Viking Press, 1939), p. 32. [AS]

DAWN POWELL (*Selected Letters*) I am really fascinated by the aging process, even if the victim is me. [CS]

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Ian McHarg, *A Quest for Life: An Autobiography* (New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 1996) ISBN 0-471-08628-2. Ian McHarg is both famous and infamous. Well-known among environmentalists, ecologists, landscape architects and designers, he is Peck's bad boy, even persona non grata, to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, developers, numerous (all?) corporate executives, governmental officials (all levels), and a few university departments. No one believes McHarg to be a benign force, and his autobiography testifies to his lifelong snappish testiness.

Born in Scotland on November 20, 1920, he grew up in the thrall of nature and became a Naturist (sic). His long, active, and productive career as a "nature-intoxicated" landscape architect is recorded in this detailed solo cantata, a well-deserved forte encomium of one man's dedication to his own odyssey, his quest for life. It will be a surprise if this tome fails to become a rallying point for future ecological revolutions, for future Earth Days, for a Cult of the Living Gaia.

McHarg is 18 months younger than I. Many of us "American" GIs of WWII who grudgingly served a mere 3 or 4 years (1942-1945) must stand aside for our European brothers. McHarg, along with uncounted fellow Brits and other allies, served in sometimes hellish combat conditions for six or seven years, a long period out of young lives. McHarg's account of his war experiences are alone worth reading his story, told in dramatic, gripping terms. Come to realize, so is the entire book.

McHarg's besetting sins are his arrogance and his conceptual pugilism. On the other hand, his *modus vivendi*, that determined his astoundingly productive successes, are his arrogance and conceptual pugilism. As he fights for the right, he generally is right—not exactly a social or political asset.

Recipient of numerous academic and civic honors, he includes an impressive bibliography of his publications and works. *Design with Nature* (1969) is his other important book—to date. A tenacious survivor, he no doubt will yet fire off another volley worth hearing. [AS]

DAWN  
POWELL

(*Selected Letters*)

A woman I know got very thin on them [diet pills] and has stayed so for years, but advises everybody against them as she's had liver, onions, kidneys and other disorders ever since. [CS]

I was with him [the Italian painter Giorgio de Chirico] in his studio in Paris one day in the thirties when "Argyrol" Barnes dropped by to inquire if Chirico had a painting for sale similar to one from 1911 that Barnes admired. After calculating for a moment, Chirico answered that he did just happen to have another, similar one, which he could retrieve from such-and-such an exhibition in a month or so and sell to Barnes. When Barnes left, Chirico set to work copying the 1911 picture from a photograph, changing details, and signing and dating the result 1911.

EUGENE BERMAN quoted in Robert Craft, *Stravinsky: Chronicle of a Friendship* (Nashville TN: Vanderbilt University Press, 1994), p. 169.

MALCOLM COWLEY [in *The View From Eighty*] recalls an eighty-year-old university classmate of his, who was sitting in a waiting room. "'Do you have the time?' a young woman whispered [to him] while sitting beside him..He whispered back, 'Time for what?'" [AS]

[Frank Lloyd Wright's] iconoclastic ideas brought him an exasperating group of followers. Sometimes they became rather sticky and demanding in their adoration. Wright being an artist, secretly resented being thus robbed of his time and energies. Both his clinging followers and the studied indifference of the entrenched and reactionary forces exhausted his patience. His anger lashed out at both in much the same way that a storm vents its energy in lightning.

CHARLES  
ROLLIN  
The highest and most lofty trees have the most reason to dread the thunder.

MERLE ARMITAGE, *Accent on Life* (Ames: Iowa State University Press, 1964), p. 250.



LEFT Interpretative portrait of James Joyce (digital collage) by CLAUDIA UNGER (1999).

On the train, she [Stella Morais, a foster parent who had just taken charge of Buchwald and his sister] said, "I expect you children in bed by four o'clock." This was such a weird statement that I recently checked with my sister Edith and asked if she remembered Aunt Stella telling us that.

"Yes," she told me. "I also remember me saying to her, 'Morning or afternoon?' and she said, 'I'll tell you later.'"

ART BUCHWALD, *Leaving Home* (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1993), p. 55.

HENRY  
YOUNG -  
MAN

I bought my wife a new car. She called and said, "There's water in the carburetor." I said, "Where's the car?" And she said, "In the lake."

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Richard Kostelanetz, et al., *Dictionary of the Avant-Gardes*. Second Edition. (New York: Schirmer Books, 2000). The primary author of this thought-provoking "lectionary" of experimental music, film, visual arts, dance, and theatre, is a well-known New York writer and editor. The nephew of pianist and conductor André Kostelanetz, he has published more than 40 volumes on art, art theory, and himself, including such lasting and valuable books as *Moholy-Nagy* (1970), *Esthetics Contemporary* (1978), and *Conversing with Cage* (1988). Like most of his efforts, the writing in this book is opinionated ("If you don't like opinions," he warns, "well, you're welcome to read the telephone book."), so it helps to agree to not always agree with his definition of "avant garde(s)," with the subjects he chooses to praise or omit, or with his outspoken, colorful comments about their achievements. He would make a great axe murderer, as witness his merciless article on Jenny Holzer. Despite, or maybe because of, the quirks that pop up unexpectedly, this is one of the finest, most diverse reference books on Modern and Postmodern innovation. Where else, in a single volume, are there genuinely interesting essays about Mel Blanc (the voice of Bugs Bunny), Bern Porter, John Graham, Loie Fuller, P.J. O'Rourke, Lee Bontecou, Milt Gross and Emmy Hennings?

LILLIAN  
HELLMAN

If you would understand your own age, read the works of fiction produced in it. People in disguise speak freely.

ROBERT  
CRAFT

Letter from [Stephen] Spender in Ames, Iowa: "This is a very dreary place... The corridors of the campus buildings, instead of being lined with photographs of alumni and ex-presidents, have row on row of photographs of bulls, pigs and hens. The members of the Faculty I've met are far duller than any of these animals."

OTHER RECENT BOOKS

- Penny Sparke, *A Century of Design: Design Pioneers of the 20th Century* (Hauppauge NY: Barron's, 1998). ISBN 0-7641-5122-3. Written by a well-known British design historian at the Royal College of Art, this 270-page clothbound overview of design and designers, arranged by style and movement as well as time period, features 500 full-color illustrations, a helpful glossary, and worldwide directories of manufacturers, museums, and other design sources.
- Michael Tambini, *The Look of the Century* (New York: DK Publishing, 1999). ISBN 0-7894-4635. An unbelievably low-priced 500-page paperbound survey of the evolution of design since 1900. Of particular value are the number and variety of its full-color illustrations of every conceivable kind of design (kitchen and dining room, clothing, transportation, graphics and more), arranged in a flashy yet functional way with every turn of the page. The concluding section offers 40 pages of brief biographical entries about major designers.
- Charlotte and Peter Fiell, *Design of the 20th Century* (Germany: Taschen, 1999). ISBN 3-8228-7039-0. A richly illustrated encyclopedia of the most important names, objects and ideas in the history of 20th century design (graphic design, furniture, textile, glass, ceramics and metalware). Featured in its 780 pages are more than 400 one- or two-page articles on design-related styles, individuals, schools, companies and institutions, illustrated by over 700 full-color photographs.
- Thomas Hoving, *Art for Dummies* (Foster City CA: IDG Books Worldwide, 1999). ISBN 0-7645-5104-3. As a successful writer and former director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the author is guaranteed a large attentive audience. What a tragically missed opportunity then, as the result looks, feels and reads as if it were tossed together, less interesting and less persuasive than a second-rate art appreciation text. This is precisely what a "dummy" doesn't need. One wonders how Andrew Wyeth, who wrote the foreword, feels about having his name on it now.

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When Mary opened a can in our Tokyo kitchen the other day, she felt, with the strength of a hallucination, that our cat Charcoal was rubbing her leg. She was about to bend down to him when she remembered with a start that he was no longer with us. The Japanese can opener was of an old-fashioned type, the same she used to have at home until about the time Charcoal died, a year ago...

RUDOLF  
ARNHEIM  
[Journal entry from  
1960] *Parables of  
Sun Light* (Berkeley:  
University of  
California Press,  
1989), p. 11.



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