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EVERYTHING I'VE DONE IS A STATEMENT ON THE, AS THEY SAY, HUMAN CONDITION...THE WAY OTHER PEOPLE MARCH TO WASHINGTON, OR SET THEMSELVES ON FIRE, OR WRITE PROTEST LETTERS, OR GO TO ASSASSINATE SOMEONE. WELL, I'VE HAD ALL THE SAME FEELINGS THAT THESE PEOPLE HAVE HAD ABOUT VARIOUS THINGS, AND MY WAY OUT, BECAUSE OF MY INABILITY TO DO ANYTHING ELSE FOR VARIOUS REASONS, HAS BEEN TO MAKE THE PROTEST THROUGH MY ARTWORK...

—HANNELORE BARON
German-born American artist and Holocaust survivor
T.S. Eliot
I grow old...
I wear the bottoms
of my trousers
rolled.

Umberto Eco
I would define the poetic effect as the capacity that a text displays for continuing to generate different readings, without ever being completely consumed.

Norman Douglas
Bouillabaisse is only good because [it is] cooked by the French, who, if they cared to try, could produce an excellent and nutritious substitute out of cigar stumps and empty matchboxes.

Edgar Jepson
I know nothing about Platonic love except that it is not to be found in the works of Plato.

Emily Dickinson
I heard a Fly buzz—when I died.
With Blue—uncertain stumbling Buzz
Between the light—and me
And then the Windows failed—and then
I could not see to see.

Charles Dickens
Mrs. Crupp had indignantly assured him that there wasn't room to swing a cat there; but, as Mr. Dick justly observed to me, sitting down on the foot of the bed, nursing his leg, "You know, Trotwood, I don't want to swing a cat. I never do swing a cat. Therefore, what does that signify to me?"

John Dewey
In short, the activity of intelligence consists in identifying the apparently unlike, and in discriminating the apparently like.
**TERLY REVIEW**

**VIRGINIA WOOLF**
I am embalmed in a book of Henry James; the American Scene: like a fly in amber. I don’t expect to get out; but it is very quiet and luminous.

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**ON ONE occasion, at a table d'hôte on the Continent where he [American novelist Henry James] found himself in the center of a long table, he felt very ill at ease until he had fortified himself with a bottle of claret. After a glass his spirits revived and he was just getting into his stride with the lady on his right and waving his hands about, as was his habit while talking, when to his horror he knocked over his bottle of wine which cascaded into the lady’s lap. She was, however, most comforting and he ordered a second bottle. Gradually confidence returned and gesticulation sprang into abnormal activity. Suddenly a lady on the opposite side of the table, who had been practicing her English on her neighbors, was heard to exclaim in a loud voice, "Luke, luke, 'e 'ave done it again!" And sure enough the same lady received a second deluge of claret. This was too much for James, who immediately returned to his room and left the hotel early next morning.

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**J.B.S. HALDANE**
[British scientist, when asked what might reasonably be concluded about the Almighty from looking at nature] That the Creator has an inordinate fondness for beetles.

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**BRIAN JAMES**
The book of my enemy has been remaindered And I am pleased.

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**RUDOLF ARNHEIM**
Nothing is more humbling than to look with a strong magnifying glass at an insect so tiny that the naked eye sees only the barest speck and to discover that nevertheless it is sculpted and articulated and striped with the same care and imagination as a zebra. Apparently it does not matter to nature whether or not a creature is within our range of vision; and the suspicion arises that even the zebra was not designed for our benefit.

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**ANN JELLICOE**
That white horse you see in the park could be a zebra synchronized with the railings.
AN UNCLE of mine...once in the middle of Regent Street, crossing amongst the traffic, met [Henry] James. Whilst they were standing there he learnt that my uncle had just returned from India. This struck him greatly, since he himself had just returned from what was to prove his last visit to America. He started to elaborate on the theme of the impression on an Englishman just returned from India made by an American living for many years in England who had just returned to England from a visit to his native land. It was impossible for many minutes to extricate him from the traffic.

STEPHEN SPENDER The Destructive Element (London: Jonathan Cape, 1935).

A READER of New Scientist...bought a pair of silk knickers, enclosed with which she found the seemingly uninterpretable instructions, "To maintain the fine texture we recommend washing the silk on the left side." Another reader clarified the meaning. The knickers were made in Switzerland, where the German word links, as well as meaning "left" also means "inside out."


I SEE the President [Abraham Lincoln] almost every day, as I happen to live where he passes to or from his lodgings out of town. He never sleeps at the White House during the hot season, but has quarters at...the Soldiers' Home, a United States military establishment. I saw him this morning [in 1863]...He always has a company of twenty-five or thirty cavalry, with sabres drawn, and held upright over their shoulders...Mr. Lincoln, on the saddle, generally rides a good-sized easy-going gray horse, is dress'd in plain black, somewhat rusty and dusty; wears a black stiff hat, and looks about as ordinary in attire, &c., as the commonest man. A Lieutenant, with yellow stripes, rides at his left, and following behind, two by two, come the cavalry men in their yellow-striped jackets. They are generally going at a slow trot, as that is the pace set them by the One they wait upon. The sabres and accoutrements clank...I see very plainly Abraham Lincoln's dark brown face, with the deep cut lines, the eyes, &c., always to me with a deep latent sadness in the expression. We have got so that we always exchange bows and very cordial ones.

WALT WHITMAN Memoranda During the War (Camden NJ: Self-published, 1875-76).

WENT WITH Katy and Mims to a German place in Philadelphia [in 1936]. Danced. It was hot and I took off my coat. They saw my brown shirt and cheered. They thought me a Nazi.

WILLIAM BLAKE
The god of war is drunk with blood,
The earth doth faint and fail;
The stench of blood makes sick the heav'ns;
Ghosts glut the throat of hell!

ONCE AT the age of twelve, she [his mother] took me to spend the day at the London Zoological Gardens. In the afternoon as we were walking side by side along a gravelled path in a solitary part of the Gardens, she stood still, and soon I heard a very audible stream falling into the ground. When she moved on I instinctively glanced behind at the pool on the path, and my mother, having evidently watched my movements, remarked shyly: "I did not mean you to see that."


SOMEBODY WRITING about Garrison Keillor's essays: "...they are a throwback to a time when America was genuinely innocent."

When was that? Everyone confidently refers to a time when this country still had its cherry. The time when America was innocent is always twenty to fifty years ago. Lately it's mostly before 1945—before victory, before Hiroshima. But sometimes it's before Kennedy was killed, before Chicago in 1968, before Watergate. I'm old enough to remember people saying that it was before the Depression, before prohibition, before the Great War. There are always fine reasons, always fatuous. Reading history when I was a kid I thought variously that it was before the Spanish war, before the guilded age, before Grant and Reconstruction, before the Civil War, before the Fugitive Slave Law, before the Mexican War...

But go read Henry Adams about Jefferson's lies and Madison's chicanery. What innocence? We imported black captives, Yankee ships, and Virginian customers, through the horror of the middle passage to work and die raising tobacco; then we turned Virginia and Maryland into breeding farms exporting forty thousand black slaves every year to work in the deep south. Some Eden. No nation was ever innocent.

When we think that our country was innocent in the past, we are thinking of latency when we were five years old. As ever, the personal is laundered into the historical.

JUST NOW [in 1939] Surrealism is very much the fad. I remember how [Salvador] Dalí, hanging on to a fur-lined bathrobe, leaped or fell through Bonwit Teller's [a prestigious New York department store] window. The result was that his exhibition was crowded for weeks, and for the first time he sold all his pictures. Eight or nine out of every ten persons in that crowd surely thought that Bonwit Teller performance very cheap and false. But six or seven out of ten would not have come to the exhibition at all if there had been no performance. We hate cheap publicity—we also hate alarm clocks, but they wake us up.


I WAS once strolling on a walk beside the iron fence of a large orphanage. On the other side of the fence a group of four- and five-year old boys ran parallel with my progress, firing imaginary guns at me. Bang, bang, bang: I was murdered a hundred times. After a time they fell silent, but continued running to keep up with me. Finally, one of them put his hand on the netting and said urgently: "Mister! Mister!" I stopped. Very gravely the boy asked: "Are you happy?" The connection was deep, was subterranean. Perhaps the happy do not kill.


MY DAD was sick a lot after he came back from World War II. I remember him screaming in the middle of the night because of the nightmares. The whole house would shake. We would sit and listen to him talk in his sleep about those terrible war events: his best friend getting blown up in front of him; fights. It was very dramatic. We would sit around and Mom would write all the dreams down. I realized then my father was damaged; I realized what the war had done to him. It was an insight into why my father was the way he was. It changed my relationship with him.


RUDOLF ARNHEIM
One does not grow or age gradually. Rather, one stays in an age-group for some time and then shifts to the next, often quite suddenly.

TOM GRIFFIN
My uncle had a rabbit's foot for thirty years. His other foot was quite normal.
THOMAS MERTON
The peculiar grace of a Shaker chair is due to the fact that it was made by someone capable of believing that an angel might come and sit on it.

POOR OLD Godkin had had a stroke. At breakfast H.J. [Henry James] made some ordinary remark—"Pass me the butter," perhaps. Godkin thought it a joke and laughed aloud. H.J. at first was puzzled; then (and it was one of the nicest things I ever saw) began to smile as if hesitating to laugh at his own wit, and finally joined in Godkin's hearty laugh. It made a great impression on me.


SOME YEARS ago, we are told, one of my grandfathers had a full-scale portrait painted of him standing in his kilt on the hill at Bonskeid, a former family residence and quite a house. The portrait was hung above the landing at Bonskeid as soon as it was completed, but some of the ladies of the day adjudged the kilt too short. So they recalled the artist and had him paint an extra inch on the bottom of the kilt while the painting hung on the wall.


HORACE WYNDAM
Listen to me, Your Lordship. You have broken my business, you have ruined my home, you have sent my son to prison and my wife to a dishonored grave and you have seduced my only daughter. But have a care, Lord FitzWallo, I am a man of quick temper. Do not try me too far.

RON CARLSON
They discovered that the elevator in their delapidated building acted as a bellows for the air conditioning, so they sent the child [for] an hour every afternoon to ride up and down.
The more modern and streamlined that aircraft become, the closer they resemble those paper airplanes we made at school.

American Type Design and Designers

At night, she [a friend, Diana] appeared, reincarnated in a brief slither of a black dress and spike heels, her washed hair swinging free to her shoulders like poured honey... Her great breasts swung free above the sheer fall of her leggy height. Cecil had a habit of addressing himself directly to her chest. "I say, Diana," he would begin, transfixed by the double oracle veiled by her T-shirt, "when are you thinking we might stop for a bite?"

I told the priest in the confessional that I had committed plagiarism and he asked me if I was alone or with somebody else.

One friend remarked that T.S. Eliot's clothes were English, his underclothes American.
STEVEN WRIGHT
I had some eyeglasses. I was walking down the street when suddenly the prescription ran out.

THE HOCHSCHULE für Gestaltung (German for College of Design, commonly shortened in this case to HfG) was founded in Ulm, Germany, in 1953, so the publication of this book (as well as an exhibition at Ulm) was one way of marking its fiftieth year. Its founding was spearheaded by a German woman named Inge Scholl as a posthumous tribute to her martyred brother and sister, who were executed by the Nazis in 1943 for their role in the German resistance. The school is also sometimes called the Ulm Bauhaus, because she and its founding director, Swiss designer Max Bill (who had been a student at the Dessau Bauhaus), considered it the "true continuation" of the original Bauhaus, which had been closed by the Nazis in 1933. While the HfG lasted only fifteen years, it was in ways a great success, sufficient proof of which is found in our own homes. For example, nearly all of us own household appliances (coffee makers, electric razors, kitchen machines) that were designed or influenced by Braun, an industrial firm that began in Frankfurt. Among its chief designers were Otl Aicher (who later married Inge Scholl), Hans Gugelot, and Dieter Rams, all of whom were affiliated with the HfG. The school was a failure in other respects, largely because of the conflicts among its faculty. Best-known was the unending battle about Max Bill's assumption (as reflected in his curriculum) that art and design are intrinsically linked (a concept objected to by some colleagues who believed that design should be based on scientific principles), and his insistence that the school should be a Bauhaus successor. Over time, he was opposed by influential members of the faculty, among them the Argentine design theorist Tomas Mal donado, who became the school's second director in 1964 (eight years after Bill resigned). This book is an interesting, valuable mix of photographic snapshots, reproductions of student work, examples of work by alumni, and seventeen interesting articles on such subjects as what it was like to have been there, and the impact of the Ulm Bauhaus on the curricula at other design schools.

ALBERT EINSTEIN
The telegraph is a kind of very long cat. You pull his tail in New York and his head is meowing in Los Angeles. Radio operates in exactly the same way, except that there is no cat.
REGINALD GIBBONS
On the plane, a vegetarian eating his special lunch, reading a potboiler about Nazis.

HERBERT READ
Try as I would [as a child] I could not learn how to milk. To manipulate the teats so as to secure a swift and easy flow of milk demands a particular skill; I never acquired it, though my brothers, younger than I, seemed to find no difficulty. This was my first humiliation in the practical affairs of life; another which I might mention is an inability to make the kuk-kuk noise between the tongue and the palate which is the proper sound to urge a horse on gently.

STEVEN WRIGHT
My theory of evolution is that Darwin was adopted.
SPANISH ARTIST Pablo Picasso (1881-1973) has been dead for more than thirty years, but his fame and influence continue. Most recently, one of his early paintings, titled A Boy with Pipe (1905), was sold at auction for a record sum of 104 million dollars. At the same time, there is no decrease in the number and variety of publications about his life and art, including (in recent years) scholarly books and articles on his fascination with photography, his indebtedness to African art, and his vexatious relations with women. This massive new study, which is the paperbound edition of a title that premiered initially in 2002, deals largely with the issue of the inconstancy of style in Picasso's development, or, as critic John Berger once described it, the apparent failure of his work (after 1914) to progress in "a steady ascending curve." The author of this book is a Picasso scholar who teaches art history at the University of Edinburgh, and was recently one of the curators for the international Matisse Picasso exhibition. Because there are so many events and publications that relate to the life of Picasso, and because so much of it is redundant and/or second-rate, there is always the risk of ignoring a fresh, well-written study of the less familiar aspects of his long, productive life. Among the virtues of this book is the author's consistently interesting use of Picasso's work placed side by side with surprisingly similar images that very likely played some role in his thought process. For example, Picasso's famous portrait of Gertrude Stein (1906) is shown next to J.A.D. Ingres's portrait of Louis-Francois Bertin (1832); while his Cubist sheet metal sculpture of a guitar (1912) is juxtaposed with a page of guitar parts from an article on guitar-making in Diderot's Encyclopedia (1767). The other great strength of this volume is the extraordinary, clarity of its narrative, in acknowledgement of which it received the 2003 British Academy Book Prize for scholarly books for non-scholars.
EMO PHILIPS
My girlfriend told me she was seeing another man. I told her to rub her eyes.

WE ARE shut up in schools and college recitation rooms for ten or fifteen years, and come out at last with a bellyful of words and do not know a thing. We cannot use our hands, or our legs, or our eyes, or our arms. We do not know an edible root in the woods. We cannot tell our course by the stars, nor the hour of the day by the sun. It is well if we can swim and skate. We are afraid of a horse, of a cow, of a dog, of a cat, or a spider. Far better was the Roman rule to teach a boy nothing that he could not learn standing.


BORN IN 1914 in Indochina (now Vietnam), the celebrated French novelist Marguerite Duras wrote more than 70 literary works (novels, plays and screenplays) and directed 19 films during a career that concluded just short of the end of the century. She was the screenwriter for Alain Resnais' New Wave classic Hiroshima Mon Amour (1960), but the single work that made her famous was The Lover (1984; English translation, 1985), an autobiographical novel that sold three million copies, has been translated into 40 languages, and won the Prix Goncourt, the prestigious French honor for fiction. In this engaging video portrait, filmmaker Dominique Auvray (a longtime friend of Duras, who also edited three of her films in the 1970s) juxtaposes snapshot photographs, home movie footage, television interviews, and brief extracts from Duras' films to arrive at a candid, inspiring view of her complex, productive life. The montage-like composite is especially fitting for Duras, because she almost always wrote as if she were of two minds (a participant and an observer), with the result that nearly all her work is personal and (at some level) autobiographical. As Duras' friend and co-creator, Auvray is well prepared to mix film clips and interview excerpts with extracts from her writings to arrive at a vivid portrayal of a dimensional Marguerite Duras: writer, woman, mother, social activist, journalist, friend and filmmaker. Among the film's highlights are savory moments from interviews with an aging Duras, in which she is still vibrant and animated as she reflects on politics, past lovers, the art of writing, and her exotic childhood in Southeast Asia. It is evident that she is, and always has been, a woman who was indelibly changed by her daily experiences. Even in her seventies, her childhood and (much later in the 1950s) her affiliation at the Sorbonne with the famous Rue Saint-Benout group are still so vivid in her mind that even the thought of them moves her. One of the virtues of this film is a gracefulness and subtlety that is too often lacking in documentary profiles. Marguerite Duras is a particularly fascinating subject, and Dominique Auvray is a very capable filmmaker. As an exemplar of its genre (it won three major film awards in 2003), this film should be of value in a wide range of areas, including film criticism, women's studies, and modern literature.

JEAN-MICHEL CHAPEREAU We were taken to a fast food cafe where our order was fed into a computer. Our hamburgers, made from the flesh of chemically impregnated cattle, had been broiled over counterfeit charcoal, placed between slices of artificially flavored cardboard and served to us by recycled juvenile delinquents.
DAVID GARRICK the Restoration-era British actor, once jokingly said of his colleague Oliver Goldsmith (the Irish-born playwright and poet whose nickname was Noll) that he "wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor Poll." In our own time, it was sometimes said of Paul Rand, the American graphic designer, that he "wrote like a poet and talked like a plumber." Rand's writings included important books on his work process and philosophy of design, beginning as early as 1946 with Thoughts on Design. Enormously influential, that book was a hard act to follow, and almost forty years elapsed before he came out with three equally interesting sequels: A Designer's Art (1985), Design, Form and Chaos (1993), and (in the year that he died of cancer) From Lascaux to Brooklyn (1996). In part because Rand truly was a resourceful designer, but also because he was equally skilled at self-advertising, he was all but worshipped as "the greatest living graphic designer." As a creator of corporate logos since mid-century, he made a fruitful living by shaping the public identities of powerful corporations (IBM, ABC, Westinghouse, UPS—and Enron), and he was no less in command of his own public identity, beginning with his change of name (at age 21) from Peretz Rosenbaum (his Orthodox Jewish birth name) to the nebulous, well-designed Paul Rand, a "brand" that he invented. Since Rand's death, numerous articles have appeared, and at least two books have been published: Steven Heller's Paul Rand (1998) and Jessica Helfand's Paul Rand: American Modernist (1998). When I received this anthology nearly eight years after Rand's demise, I was initially doubtful of what it could offer that has not already been published, repeatedly, in the designer's own books and in works about him. To be critical, one answer might be that it offers a plentiful share of minor mistakes. For example, in an otherwise wonderful timeline of Rand's life in an historical context, we are told that Josef Albers was the head of the Bauhaus (not true); that, at the time of its closing, the Bauhaus was in Dessau (not true); and that Frank Lloyd Wright's design for the Kaufmann Bear Run residence was Falling Water. There are other problems with the book's colophon, so many and of sufficient gravity that they were recently discussed in Print, the New York-based graphic design magazine. On a more positive note, both the text and the illustrations in this book do provide a substantial amount of unfamiliar material. In particular, there are brief and unusually candid accounts by Rand's admiring former students and others, which offer (perhaps inadvertently) a glimpse of his darker, more odious side (for example, his apparent chauvinism toward feminine and/or effeminate styles, which he denounced as 'raised pinky' design), in addition, in no other source that I know of is there such a revealing collection of views of the interior of the Rand House in Weston, Connecticut, the Constructivist-influenced residence that Rand and his first wife, Ann, designed in 1951-52. On pages 354-355, for example, there is a two-page full-color photograph of his design studio that is of such detail that, in and of itself, it is nearly as informative about his work habits as would be a full-length essay.
P. G. WODEHOUSE
The Right Hon was a tubby little chap who looked as if he had been poured into his clothes and had forgotten to say "When!"

SAMUEL WESLEY
Style is the dress of thought.

ROBERT HERRICK
A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher-
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly-
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat-
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a Wild civility—
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

JAMES A. M. WHISTLER
...as music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight...
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Ballast does not have a budget as such. For almost 19 years, it has operated at a loss. Such losses are currently offset by contributions from enlightened subscribers and generous deductions from the paycheck of the Second Fiddle. If anyone is foolishly philanthropic (foolish because such gifts are surely not tax deductible), we will sometimes accept a check.

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Cousin Sally wanted an air conditioner, so she went into Metter to buy one, and they said, "Miss Sally, what size you want?"
She said, "I don't know."
They said, "Well how many BTUs do you want?"
She said, "I don't know a thing in the world about BTUs. All I know is I want an air conditioner with BTUs to cool a b-u-t-t as big as a t-u-b." She was really large.


Fats Domino
A lot of fellows nowadays have a B-A, M-D or Ph-D. Unfortunately, they don't have a J-O-B.