

Spring 2000

## Ballast Quarterly Review, v15n3, Spring 2000

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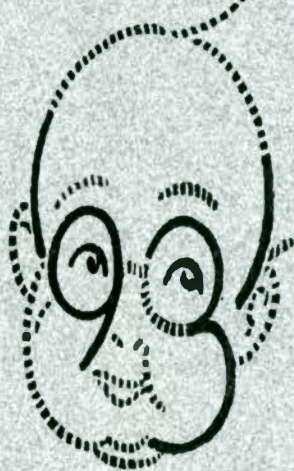
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ARTHUR  
GUITER-  
MAN

The porcupine,  
whom one  
must handle  
gloved, /  
May be  
respected, but  
is never loved.

PHILIP  
GUEDALLA

I had always  
assumed that  
cliché was a  
suburb of  
Paris, until I  
discovered it  
to be a street  
in Oxford.

QUEEN  
ELIZABETH

I will make you  
shorter by the  
head.

*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 the fall (more or less) and ending in the summer.

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Dinner at the [Stephen] Spenders' with Graham Greene, who is so much taller than I.S. [Igor Stravinsky] that a distant onlooker, not already aware of the diminutive height of the one, might take the other to be a former basketball center.

ROBERT CRAFT *Stravinsky: Chronicle of a Friendship* (Nashville TN: Vanderbilt University Press, 1994), p. 186.



LEFT  
Unpublished poster  
for an Ingmar Bergman  
film festival by  
JESSICA  
WALTERS  
(1999).

**DONALD SUTHERLAND**  
Frank Lloyd Wright designed the house I was living in. From what I understood, he was having an affair with the wife of the man he was designing the house for. That man was very tall. So Wright, short and vain, designed the house in such a way that a tall person couldn't live in it without severe cranial damage. I hit my head *all* the time.

"Some people say that we are just making little Frank Lloyd Wrights at Taliesin West," Wright said with scorn [at a luncheon in New York in 1953]. "But just remember this, young man," he continued, "there are no *little* Frank Lloyd Wrights."

**MERLE ARMITAGE** *Accent on Life* (Ames: Iowa State University Press, 1964), p. 248.

**WOODY ALLEN**  
I failed to make the chess team because of my height.

**ALLAN SHIELDS**  
OXYMORON: Stupid ox.

**MICHAEL CIMINO**  
A film lives, becomes alive, because of its shadows, its spaces.

**SIDNEY LUMET**  
I could have been tall but I turned it down.

GERARD  
DE  
NERVAL

[when asked why he walked a lobster on a leash, instead of a dog] I have a liking for lobsters: they are peaceful and solemn, they know the secrets of the sea, they do not bark, and they do not eat into the essential privacy of one's soul the way dogs do. And Goethe had an aversion to dogs, and he was not mad.

GEORGE  
ORWELL  
(*Animal Farm*)

All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others.

ALLAN  
SHIELDS

ANTONYM:  
Dvorak's first name, originally.

BELOW and OPPOSITE: A metamorphic visual pun of the sort that was commonly used in "chalk talks" in the first half of the 20th century. In this example, drawn by HARLAN TARBELL (1924), prey becomes predator as a pig evolves into a wolf.



The reader of this book may already know the popular philosophical story that usually takes Oxford as its locale. In it four dons, each representing a different academic discipline and therefore a different viewpoint, are flapping along the High when their path is crossed by a small but conspicuous group of prostitutes. The quickest don mutters, "A jam of tarts." The second, obviously a fellow in music, ripostes, "No, a flourish of strumpets." From the third, apparently an expert on nineteenth-century English literature, "Not at all...an essay of Trollope's." The fourth offers, "An anthology of pros." (I have heard versions that included "a pride of loins," "a peal of Jezebels," "a smelting of ores," and even "a troop of horse," but this begins to flag a dead one.)

JAMES LIPTON *An Exaltation of Larks* (New York: Penguin Books, 1991), p. 109.—AS

## ROBERT CRAFT

Large N.Z. [New Zealand] lady to I.S. [Igor Stravinsky]: "Frankly, Mr. Stravinsky, I like *Firebird* best of all your works." I.S.: "And what a charming hat you have."

FRANK  
CAPRA

I made mistakes in drama. I thought drama was when actors cried. But drama is when the audience cries.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Barbara Maria Stafford, *Visual Analogy: Consciousness as the Art of Connecting* (Cambridge MA: MIT Press, 1999). ISBN 0-262-19421-X. There is no mention in this book of Friedrich Froebel, the founder of kindergarten, who might have (or should have) been mentioned because the book's subject—visual analogy, or, as Stafford defines it, the perception of similarity-in-difference—is the subject of the second educational toy (or "gift," as Froebelians call it) that Froebel presented to children. It consisted of three simple shapes: A sphere, cube and cylinder. The sphere represented unity, the cube diversity, and the cylinder (which is spherical from one angle, square from another) was a synthesis of the two, a reconciliation of opposites. That simple toy, as Norman Brosterman said in *Inventing Kindergarten*, was "the dialectic incarnate—Hegel for tots," for it taught children about analogical seeing, about similarity-in-difference, and, as Froebel himself put it, that "all consequences lie dormant in their antecedents." This new book by the author of *Good Looking*, *Artful Science* and *Body Criticism* (she teaches art history at the University of Chicago) is a densely written but richly illustrated plea for the restoration of analogy (the perception of someone or something as like what it is not) in art and nonart visual forms, but also in everything else that we do. As a culture, we withstand the damaging daily effects of "an explosion of discontinuous happenings," writes Stafford, brought on in part by the emphasis on "personal statements, irreducibly distinctive subjects, and contradictory opinions." At the beginning of the new millennium, the "diversification of diversity" (David Hollinger) and the postmodern assault on analogical reasoning have left us "incapable of speaking across differences."

## ROBERT KAUFMAN

The secret of all comedy writing is—write Jewish and cast Gentile.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Richard West Sellars, *Preserving Nature in the National Parks: A History* (New Haven CT: Yale University Press, 1997). ISBN 0-300-06931-6. The daily press and television reports regularly alert us to intractable and highly contentious issues about the parks: Control burns; Yosemite automobile traffic control; shooting bison, elk, and grizzlies in Yellowstone; park entrance fees; management of concessionaires; re-introduction of wolves in Yellowstone and elsewhere; shooting wolves in Alaska; organization of park managerial staff; relationships between the National Park Service and the U.S. Forest Service; congressional budget support for the parks. The list seems never to shrink. Richard Sellars' tenure of more than twenty years as a National Park Service historian has prepared him in a singular fashion to research and write this major work detailing the evolution of the NPS policies and practices.

Throughout the relatively brief history of the National Park Service (since 1916), ecological science has been given short shrift in favor of a fictional, ever-expanding tourism. Parks have, from their start, been made into "pleasuring grounds" for tourists out to enjoy the expansive scenery. Park management has, from the start, treated the parks as an infinitely renewable resource there to be mined. The people parks were, in a pejorative word now, developed. They were also over-developed. From the start, too, the railroad companies, automobile clubs and associations, concessionaires, and the other, attendant commercial interests have lobbied constantly at the elbow of the NPS directors, guiding their policies always in the direction of progressive increases in tourist visitation.

Their success is everywhere evident in Richard Sellars' candid, masterfully researched history. The Service's symbiotic argument ran roughly as follows: To persuade Congress to legislate for the parks' development, tourism must be increased, the park visitation rate must be increased; to attract more citizens, their visits must be enhanced by ready travel access (transportation by rail and roads) and by acceptable accommodations; by developing the parks, tourism will increase, and Congress, in turn, will then support the parks—by popular demand—so that the parks can be further developed, etc. Since 1916, this policy has succeeded. This development-driven policy of money-making and budget-busting planning continues at the core of park policy.

It is fair to say that this policy of encouraging tourism, begging the U. S. population to visit parks and monuments, come one, come all (to be able to argue for money from Congress—and to make profits for railroads, concessionaires, etc.) has been so wildly successful that it is, in some parks, a presently imminent threat to their survival. As early as 1919, Yosemite was described as over-crowded.

Sellars' main thrust, only inchoate in a brief notice, is that a policy of objective, scientific, independent survey of national resources alone will ensure the preservation of those resources. Indeed, since the book's publication, a major new national resources survey has been published: Michael J. Mac, Project Director, *Status and Trends of the Nation's Biological Resources*. 2 Vols. U.S. Department of the Interior, U. S. Geological Survey, 1998. (See also *Preview of Status and Trends of the Nation's Biological Resources*, 1998.)—AS



LEFT  
Face made entirely  
of letterforms by  
MATTHEW  
THORNTON  
(2000).

Peace on earth are cows in the pasture,  
their bells and their breath,  
their eyes miniaturizing trees and sky;  
the rhythm of their heavy heads  
nodding to crop the grass  
or swinging back to rid soft flanks of flies  
and leaving festoons of silver saliva.

VAN METER AMES *Out of Iowa: A Poem* (New York: Henry Harrison, 1936), p. 13.—AS

In Egypt I met a young man who  
hoped he'd kill an elephant, kill a  
giraffe...*horrible!* I remember  
[Thomas] Hardy telling me that  
when he was shown a lot of  
stuffed heads he said, "There's  
one missing." "Which?" "That of  
the killer."

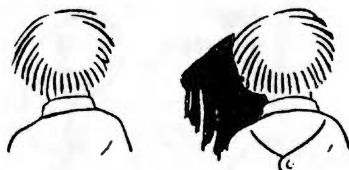
ALLAN  
SHIELDS  
NON SEQUITUR:  
Without  
sequins.

SYDNEY COCKERELL quoted in  
Wilfrid Blunt, *Cockerell* (New York: Alfred  
A. Knopf, 1965), p. 295.

When we were casting *The First Gentleman*, a  
young actress was mentioned as a possibility for the  
Princess Charlotte. Her husband was having a big  
success in New York and a nice time with another  
woman. I said, "I think so-and-so will be delighted  
to go to New York because her husband has a hit  
there." Tony [theatre director Tyrone Guthrie]  
replied, "She'll be delighted to go to New York  
because her husband has a Miss there."

NORMAN GINSBURY in A. Rossi, *Astonish Us in the  
Morning: Tyrone Guthrie Remembered* (London: Hutchinson, 1977).





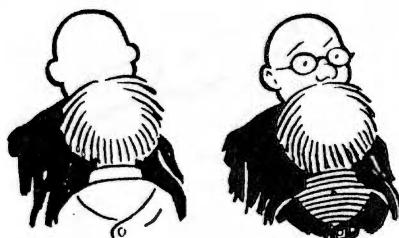
E. E.  
CUMMINGS  
a pretty girl  
who naked is /  
is worth a  
million statues

JOHN  
GREY  
And what's a  
butterfly? At  
best, /  
He's but a  
caterpillar,  
drest.

He [Bret Harte] had good taste in clothes. With all his conspicuousness there was never anything really loud nor offensive about them. They always had a single smart little accent, effectively located, and that accent would have distinguished Harte from any other of the ultrafashionables. Oftenest it was his necktie. Always it was of a single color, and intense. Most frequently, perhaps, it was crimson—a flash of flame under his chin; or it was indigo blue and as hot and vivid as if one of those splendid and luminous Brazilian butterflies had lighted there.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS *The Autobiography of Mark Twain*. Charles Neider, ed. (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1959), p. 125.

RECOMMENDED David A. Hanks, *The Decorative Designs of Frank Lloyd Wright* (Mineola NY: Dover Publications, 1999). ISBN 0-486-40730-6. This is not a new study, but simply the republication of a book that first appeared in 1979. Originally produced to accompany an exhibition organized by the Renwick Gallery, it was then an invaluable, trailblazing work. Even today, as explained in a new preface, it is still "the only full survey of Wright's decorative arts." This aspect of Wright is important because he was never merely an architect. In each of his buildings, his goal was always to create what his European contemporaries called a *gesamtkunstwerk* (a total work of art), in which, as he explained, "everything has a related articulation in relation to the whole and all belongs together." He was, as Vincent Scully states in the book's foreword, "like a painter—touching every square inch of his building, inside and out," including those lowlier parts that are called the "decorative arts," such as furniture, rugs, curtains, tableware, appliances, window glass, lighting fixtures, and so on. It is those things that this book discusses and shows.



LEFT  
Another chalk talk  
drawing by  
HARLAN  
TARBELL  
(1924).

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Wendy Beckett, *Sister Wendy's 1000 Masterpieces* (New York: DK Publishing, 1999). ISBN 0-7894-4603-0. In so many ways (size, color, texture and detail), even the finest reproduction in a book is a crude and inadequate way to relate to a work of art. It would be far better to travel to the museum that owns the object, to witness the true and original thing. But few people are willing or financially able to do that, and, even when they do visit a museum, they are likely to spend only seconds looking at any single work. The resolution of projected digital images is usually dreadful, so whatever else the limitations of printed reproductions, they may still be the best, most accessible way to look at works of art at length. Arranged not by time period but alphabetically by artist, the 1000 color plates in this lavish yet very affordable book represent the paintings (and only the paintings) of more than 500 Western artists, from the Middle Ages to the present day. This is primarily an inexhaustible picture book, a vast storehouse of beautifully reproduced works. The selection is conservative, exactly what one might expect from a nun with a distracting overbite, so most of the works are old standbys, but mixed in are some charming surprises as well, such as Jan Van Kessel's *America* (1661), Jean-Etienne Liotard's *Self-Portrait with Beard* (1749), and David Hockney's portrait of *Divine* (1979), the transvestite star of the film *Pink Flamingoes*.

Despite the differences and the enmities between the two enterprises, art and philosophy both resemble and involve each other. The artist when he ceases to be merely a gifted and trifling craftsman turns out to be, in his very choice of themes, in his selection of materials, in his total and residual effect, a commentator on life and existence; in his immediate and imaginative way he is a philosopher. The philosopher, constructing through the apparatus of definition and demonstration or of discovery and synthesis, a complete vision of life and existence, is making a canvas of the whole of experience, composing an intellectual symphony, and fabricating a poem, however much his language be prose. "Philosophy," Socrates is made to say by Plato, "is a finer kind of music," and like serious music, however unmoved the mind that went to its making, it is moving.

IRWIN EDMAN *Arts and the Man* (New York: W.W. Norton, 1949), pp. 112-113—AS

RIGHT  
Face made entirely  
of letterforms by  
LAUREL  
SPRENGELMEYER  
(2000).



One [of his students] was T.S. Eliot... He was extraordinarily silent, and only once made a remark which struck me. I was praising Heraclitus, and he observed: "Yes, he always reminds me of Villon." I thought this remark so good that I always wished he would make another.

BERTRAND  
RUSSELL  
quoted in Wayne  
C. Booth, *The  
Vocation of a  
Teacher*.

#### HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

Ted Cohen. *Jokes: Philosophical Thoughts on Joking Matters* (University of Chicago Press, 1999). ISBN 0-226-11230-6. Cohen's chapbook is his report on a speculum, not on humor in general, but on the narrow topic of "jokes," and the even narrower restriction of Jewish jokes. In the end, literally the final decalogue of pages, his true philosophical gift is exhibited: Raising insightful questions that have no apparent answers. Plausible answers don't count, because a proof by the argument of plausibility commits a logical fallacy.

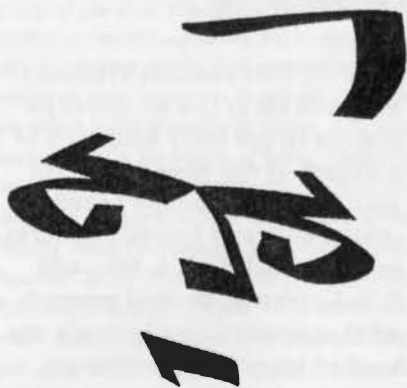
Make no mistake about this: Jokes provide ample occasions for thoughtful analysis, the weightiest conclusion he shows. Cohen is a practicing, card-carrying philosophical analyst, and his serious (ha, ha!) efforts, liberally interrupted by hilarious paradigms of jokes (ho, ho!) make delightful reading—if not re-reading. Stop me if you've heard this one before:

"What's big and gray and wrote gloomy poetry? T.S. Elephant." Or this one: "What's big and gray and sang both jazz and popular music? Elephants Gerald."

Cohen's hobby of giving and receiving jokes has resulted in an impressive collection, but his research is woefully lacking. In the summer of 1948, I took a course with famed USC psychologist J.P. Guilford, called "The Psychology of Humor," in which we surveyed the extant literature, and developed hypotheses galore, after wiping away the tears of laughter. Eventually, Prof. Guilford added "humor" to his ample list of "factors" in his brilliant study of "intelligence." Despite Cohen's neglect of known studies, this tiny, over-priced handbook will probably become a reasonably profitable venture for the publisher, if not the author. Isn't that what it's all about? (That's a joke, son.)—AS

He [the theatre director 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.



**LEFT**  
Face made entirely  
of letterforms by  
**JILL DUFF**  
(2000).

It pleased me beyond measure when Yale made me a Master of Arts, because I didn't know anything about art; I had another convulsion of pleasure when Yale made me a Doctor of Literature, because I was not competent to doctor anybody's literature but my own, and couldn't even keep my own in a healthy condition without my wife's help. I rejoiced again when Missouri University made me a Doctor of Laws, because it was all clear profit, I not knowing anything about laws except how to evade them and not get caught.

**SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS**, *The Autobiography of Mark Twain* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1959), p. 349.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Katharine Tait, *Carn Voel: My Mother's House* (UK: Patten Press, Old Post Office, Newmill, Penzance, Cornwall TR20 8XN, 1998). ISBN 1-872-22928-X. The author, who is Bertrand and Dora Russell's daughter, has produced a charming chapbook about her parent's home in Cornwall, which they called Carn Voel. The book is also about her parents and about her, with an emphasis on her mother, who was a remarkably capable activist-writer, a feminist before there were feminists. This is the second work by Tait (the first was *My Father Bertrand Russell*), who still lives at Carn Voel after a long career raising five gifted children scattered throughout the world.

The history of the home is told through delightfully vivid and telling accounts of beach picnics, the visits of dignitaries (such as Ludwig Wittgenstein, whom Katharine failed to actually see because she was sick in bed), and the footwear and socks of Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian author and guru, whose legs were seen from the floor level of a child unaware of greatness. Throughout the book, it is Dora Russell who emerges as the strong character.

Katharine went about the world with her famous father in her youth, studying at UCLA, with graduate work at Radcliffe and Harvard. Her own autobiography is told, so far, as an intimate, brilliant observer of her family's careers. One can hope she will share more of her insights in a future volume.—AS

RUDOLF  
ARNHEIM  
(*Parables of  
Sun Light*)

A fellow tenant of ours used to boast that she had the largest apartment in the building and that it had two balconies. Since she was herself an ample figure, I used to call her, among friends, the lady with the two balconies.

*April 23.* [The novelist Vladimir Nabokov takes the S[travinsky]s and me to see Mary McCarthy in a debate at the New School for Social Research, where I used to attend Bertrand Russell's lectures on Plato, Leibniz, J.S. Mill, and D.H. Lawrence. (Russell pretended that Frieda L. really wrote the books.) Mary is quite contrary, but I am distracted by memories of Russell, always late, dropping his coat on the floor by the rostrum, and beginning to talk before reaching it. Afterward, choosing from the raised hands, he would say either nothing at all or "Very silly question."

ROBERT CRAFT, *Stravinsky: Chronicle of a Friendship* (Nashville TN: Vanderbilt University Press, 1994), p. 7.

ALLAN SHIELDS

REDUNDANCE: To dance again.



LEFT  
Yet another  
chalk talk  
drawing by  
HARLAN  
TARBELL  
(1924).

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** James Elkins, *The Domain of Images* (Ithaca NY: Cornell University Press, 1999). ISBN 0-8014-3559-5. For whatever reason, some of the most daring, experimental writing in the field of art history is now coming out of Chicago. Barbara Maria Stafford (who teaches at the University of Chicago) is one of the chief innovators, as is the author of this book, who teaches at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Purely in terms of output, Elkins is phenomenal. In the past five years, he has published eight important books (all of which, without exception, are worth looking into): *The Poetics of Perspective* (1995); *The Object Stares Back: On the Nature of Seeing* (1996); *On Pictures and the Words That Fail Them* (1998); *On Beautiful, Dry and Distant Texts: Art History as Writing* (1998); *What Painting Is: How to Think About Oil Painting, Using the Language of Alchemy* (1998); *Why Are Our Pictures Puzzles?: On the Modern Origins of Pictorial Complexity* (1999); *Pictures of the Body: Pain and Metamorphosis* (1999), and this title, which is the latest. How is this even possible? The answer in part is that all of his books, while each is unique, are more or less about the same range of issues: They are all about "art history on the edge," about aspects of art and design that defy categorization and that easily fall through the cracks in doctoral research programs. Like Gyorgy Kepes (*The New Landscape in Science and Art*) and E.H. Gombrich (*Art and Illusion*), whom Elkins must surely be influenced by, he almost always argues (by example, if not by the actual words that he writes) that art historians should look beyond their traditional subject areas and focus as much on the images in science, technology, commerce, medicine, music and archaeology.

**BERTRAND RUSSELL**  
(*Autobiography*) I have never but once succeeded in making [G.E. Moore] tell a lie... "Moore," I said, "do you always speak the truth?" "No," he replied. I believe this to be the only lie he had ever told.

**QUENTIN CRISP**  
Vice is its own reward.

## B R I E F L Y N O T E D

It seems a pity that the world should throw away so many good things merely because they are unwholesome. I doubt if God has given us any refreshment which, taken in moderation, is unwholesome, except microbes. Yet there are people who strictly deprive themselves of each and every eatable, drinkable and smokable which has in any way acquired a shady reputation. They pay this price for health. And health is all they get for it. How strange it is! It is like paying out your whole fortune for a cow that has gone dry.

SAMUEL  
LANGHORNE  
CLEMENS

*The Autobiography  
of Mark Twain.*

Charles Neider, ed.  
(New York: Harper  
and Brothers,  
1959), pp. 4-5.

*Powers of Ten Interactive.* Mac/Windows CD-ROM. ISBN 1-559-81629-5. Available at <[www.eamesoffice.com](http://www.eamesoffice.com)>. This remarkably rich presentation is based on *Powers of Ten*, the classic short film about scale and magnitude that was made in the late 1960s by the American designers, Charles and Ray Eames. This CD-ROM was produced by their grandson, Eames Demitrios, who has also organized exhibitions and reissued a suite of their numerous films. It uses thousands of still images and videos to provide a thrilling hands-on trek through space and time, from the farthest edge of the universe to the tiniest parts of an atom.

*Gothic Cathedrals of Europe.* Mac/Windows CD-ROM (1999). Available from Films for the Humanities and Sciences at 800-257-5126 or <[www.films.com](http://www.films.com)>. Allusions to Gothic cathedrals abound in the Brooklyn Bridge, the skyscraper, Arts and Crafts furniture, and the house that stands firm in the background of Grant Wood's *American Gothic*. This interactive guided tour uses 2000 still images and 10 minutes of video to provide a detailed introduction to the social and structural history of 35 European Gothic cathedrals.

*Hieronymus Bosch.* VHS color video (1993). 30 minutes. Available from Films for the Humanities and Sciences at 800-257-5126 or <[www.films.com](http://www.films.com)>. At the end of this interesting video on the paintings at the Prado in Madrid of the Dutch artist Hieronymus Bosch (c.1450-1516), what remains is the troublesome question about whether he was a surrealist (as some have claimed) or simply an imaginative realist. Was he self-medicating his own torment by externalizing an obsession with sin and depravity? Or was he mentally sound but extraordinarily gifted, and merely attempting to spread the beliefs of an era in which, even more than today, people were driven by religious delusions? By far the most memorable, riveting part is a slow and extended discussion about the strangest and most famous of his paintings, *The Garden of Earthly Delights*.

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*Ballast* does not have a budget as such. For nearly 15 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 Subscription Cad. If anyone is foolishly philanthropic (foolish because such gifts are surely not tax deductible), we will sometimes accept a check.

*Ballast* has 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* are reprinted either on the *Leonardo* web site at <<http://mitpress.mit.edu/e-journals/leonardo/home.html>> or in the printed magazine.

A major contributor to this issue has been **Allan Shields** of Clovis, California [as indicated by the initials AS at the end of each credited entry]. The illustrations on pages 3, 7, 10, and 11 are classroom exercises by graphic design students at the University of Northern Iowa. The cover is a chalk talk drawing by **HARLAN TARBELL** (1924).

**MARK SUMMERS**  
[an invented joke] The Italian painter Amedeo Modigliani goes into a bar, and the bartender says, "Hey, why the long face?"

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Once he visited a school in Stockholm, and was taken in to a geography lesson. He went up to the map on the wall, pointed to Italy, and said: "This is London."

**GRETA SERGEANT**  
[remembering A.S. Neill] in J. Croall, *Neill of Summerhill: The Permanent Rebel* (New York: Pantheon, 1983), p. 229.

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