

Fall 2005

Ballast Quarterly Review, v21n1, Autumn 2005

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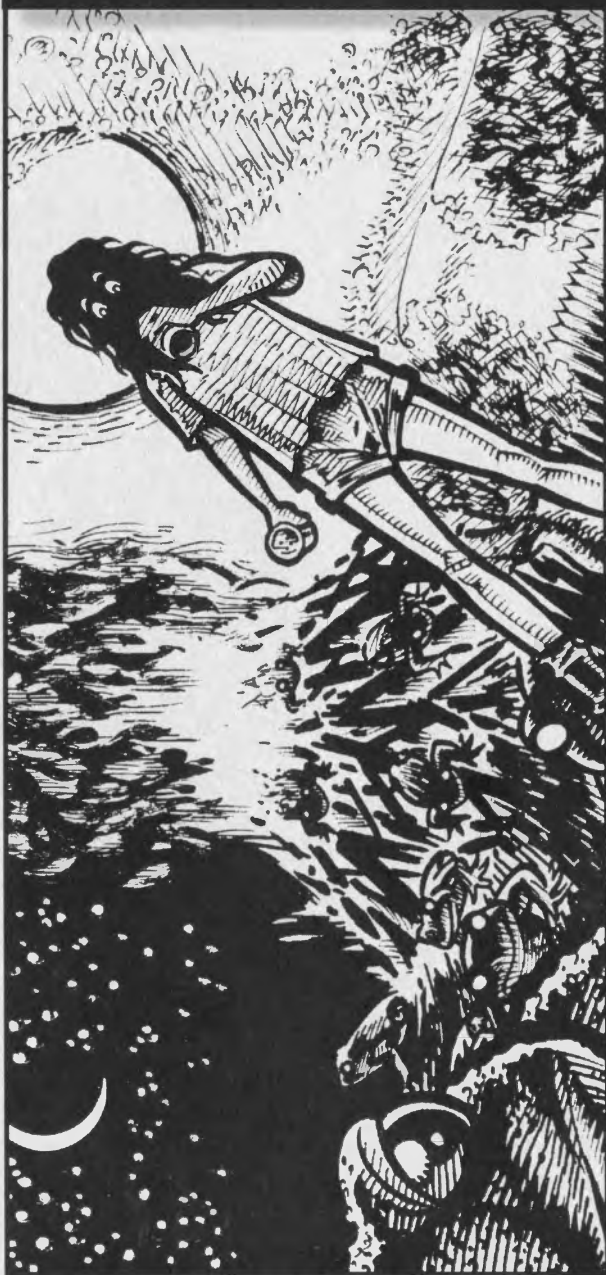
Recommended Citation

Behrens, Roy R., "Ballast Quarterly Review, v21n1, Autumn 2005" (2005). *Ballast Quarterly Review*. 80.
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Ballast Quarterly Review Volume 21 Number 1
Autumn 2005. Copyright © 2005 by Roy R.
Behrens, editor, publisher and art director.
ISSN 1093-5789. E-mail <ballast@netins.net>

**JOSEPH
EPSTEIN**

(A Line Out for a Walk)
"You remind me of a famous actor," said the young man checking me out in the express lane at the supermarket on a steamy Sunday evening, "but I can't remember his name." "How can you be sure I'm not that famous actor?" I asked. "Because you wouldn't be here," he replied—quite rightly, too. He never was able to recall the actor's name, and I left hoping that the actor wasn't, say, Ernest Borgnine.

LES COLEMAN

A light bulb naked as nature intended.

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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JULIAN BIGELOW (quoted by Ed Regis in *Who Got Einstein's Office?*)
[Hungarian-born American mathematician John] Von Neumann lived in this elegant house in Princeton. As I parked by car and walked in [for a job interview], there was this very large Great Dane dog bouncing around on the front lawn. I knocked on the door and Von Neumann, who was a small, quiet, modest kind of a man came to the door and bowed to me and said, "Bigelow, won't you come in," and so forth, and this dog brushed between our legs and went into the living room. He proceeded to lie down on the rug in front of everybody, and we had the entire interview—whether I would come, what I knew, what the job was going to be like—and this lasted maybe forty minutes, with the dog wandering all around the house. Towards the end of it, Von Neumann asked me if I always traveled with the dog. But of course it wasn't my dog, and it wasn't his either, but Von Neumann, being a diplomatic, middle-European type person—he kindly avoided mentioning it until the end.

P. WYNDHAM LEWIS

(Blasting and Bombardiering)

We are two good old enemies, Edith [Sitwell] and I, *inseparables* in fact. I do not think I should be exaggerating if I described myself as Miss Edith Sitwell's *favorite enemy*...Edith—she is a poetess by the way—is a bad loser. When worsted in argument, she throws Queensberry Rules to the winds. She once called me Percy.



**WASSILY
KANDINSKY**

The impact of the acute triangle on a circle produces an effect no less powerful than the finger of God touching the finger of Michelangelo.

FREEMAN DYSON

(Infinite in All Directions)

A Shotgun Seminar is a talk given by an Institute [for Advanced Studies at Princeton University] member to a volunteer audience. The subject of the talk is announced a week in advance, but the name of the speaker is not. Before the talk begins, the names of all people in the room are written on scraps of paper, the scraps of paper are put into a box, the box is ceremoniously shaken and one name is picked out at random. The name picked out is the name of the speaker. The unbreakable rule of the seminar is that nobody whose name is not in the box may listen to the talk. This rule ensures that everybody does the necessary homework. The audience is ready to argue and contradict whenever the speaker flounders. Anybody who has not given serious thought to the subject of the seminar had better not come.

LUIS ALVAREZ

(Alvarez: Adventures of a Physicist)

I have not seen described anywhere the shock that a talented man experiences when he finds, late in his academic life, that there are others enormously more talented than he. I have personally seen more tears shed by grown men and women over this discovery than I would have believed possible.

**HEINRICH
VON KLEIST**

[while walking through an arched gateway, as noted in his diary] Why, I thought, does the vault not collapse, though entirely without support? It stands, I replied, because all the stones want to fall down at the same time.

**ERWIN
CHARGAFF**

(Heraclitean Fire: Sketches from a Life before Nature)

If at one time or another I have brushed a few colleagues the wrong way, I must apologize: I had not realized that they were covered with fur.

JEAN LOUIS RUDOLPHE AGASSIZ

Every great scientific truth goes through three states: first, people say it conflicts with the Bible; next, they say it has been discovered before; lastly, they say they always believed it.

JAMES HILLMAN
(Cosmos, Life, Religion)
 Animal life is biologically aesthetic: each species presents itself in design, coats, tails, feathers, furs, curls, tusks, horns, hues, sheens, shells, scales, wings, songs, dances.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
(A Farewell to Arms)

The world breaks everyone and afterward many are strong at the broken places. But those that do not break it kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of these you can be sure it will kill you too but there will be no special hurry.

ANON

A guy goes to the doctor. He's got a carrot in one ear, a banana in the other one, and two green pea pods up his nose. "What's wrong with me?" he wants to know. "That's simple," said the doctor, "you're not eating properly."

HERBERT HOOVER

Older men declare war.
 But it is youth that must fight and die.

ERIC HOFFER

You can discover what your enemy fears most by observing the means he uses to frighten you.

© Jared Rogness / The Savior Chronicles [detail]



Editor's Note: Sidney Hook once said that "Teaching is like sculpting in the snow," in the sense that teachers never know the extent to which they influence students' lives. But that concern is irrelevant when students are so intelligent, determined, and amazingly resourceful, that the wisest thing to do may be to stand to the side and applaud them. In recent years, a case in point is **Jared Rogness**, a remarkable former student who is now an illustrator in California. I don't think that I can claim to have taught him much of anything. I shared a few ideas, but for the most part I simply encouraged him in directions that looked promising. As daring in life as he is on the page, Jared moved to Kansas City soon after he graduated, then bolted westward to LA. The exquisite hand-drawn pen and ink drawings in this issue of *BALLAST* are close-up panel details from a large series of comic book images that he finished only recently for a graphic narrative called the *Savior Chronicles*. There are 45 drawings in the series, all of which are posted on the internet at his website at <www.theartofjaredrogness.com>. His other art is also there, especially his scathing opinions about the current state of society. On the cover of this issue of *BALLAST* is another drawing by Jared, not from the *Savior Chronicles*, but work that appeared initially as a short story illustration in the Summer 2005 issue of the *North American Review*.

THOMAS HOOD

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
 And used to war's alarms:
 But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
 So he laid down his arms.

**THOMAS HOOD**

For that old enemy
the gout
Had taken him in toe!

LES COLEMAN

That night he took a
blood bath.

GRAHAM GREENE

(Travels with my Aunt)

The first sign of his
approaching end was
when my old aunts,
while undressing him,
removed a toe with one
of his socks.

RICHARD DAWKINS

(River Out of Eden: A Darwinian View of Life)

Nature is not cruel, only pitilessly indifferent. This is one of the hardest lessons for humans to learn. We cannot admit that things might be neither good nor evil, neither cruel nor kind, but simply callous—indifferent to all suffering, lacking all purpose.

RUDOLF ARNHEIM

The physicist George Gamow was also an entertaining popularizer. He once told the story of how with his wife and their baby daughter he visited the Leaning Tower of Pisa. As they climbed the steps, they noticed an increasingly musty smell, which they first attributed to the ancient walls of the building. Then, however, they began to suspect their little girl, and by the time they reached the top it was clear that she needed immediate attention. "And from that very place," explained Gamow, raising his arm and his voice dramatically, "where Galileo launched his experimental objects we also propelled...

RAYMOND ARTHUR DART

(Africa's Place in the Emergence of Civilization)

Man's loathsome cruelty to man is his most outstanding characteristic; it is explicable only in terms of his carnivorous and cannibalistic origin. Robert Hartmann pointed out that both rude and civilized people show unspeakable cruelty to one another. We call it inhuman cruelty; but these dreadful things are unhappily truly human, because there is nothing like them in the animal world.

**JOSEPH
HOLLOWAY**

Last year it was all
Sean O'Casey; now it is
all shun O'Casey.

ERWIN CHARGAFF

*(Heraclitean Fire: Sketches from a
Life before Nature)*

When the so-called think tanks began to replace the thought processes of human beings, I called them aseptic tanks.

LES COLEMAN

The index on page 100 established that his name appeared on page 100.

MORSE PECKHAM

(Man's Rage for Chaos)

A unicorn munches the diamonds of cats and imbibes the melted gold of the Fearful Mountains.

NOAM CHOMSKY

Colorless green ideas sleep furiously.

CHARLES DICKENS

(Pickwick Papers)

Battledore and shuttlecock's a very good game, when you an't the shuttlecock and two lawyers the battledores, in which case it gets too excitin' to be pleasant.

FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

(in George Plimpton, The Writer's Chapbook)

We must all struggle against all that is curious, already-seen, fatigued, shopworn. I battle against what my admirable colleague William Gass calls "pissless prose," prose that lacks the muscle, the physicality, the gait of a good horse, for pissless prose is bodiless and has no soul. Of course this holds equally true for fiction as for essays, reporting, a letter to a friend, a book review, a decent contribution to art criticism—in sum I search for language in which faith intertwines with desire, faith that we can recapture, with erotic accuracy, that treasured memory or vision which is the object of our desire. I'm keen on the word "voluptuous," a word too seldom heard in this society founded on puritanical principles. I think back to a phrase of Julia Kristeva's, the most interesting feminist thinker of our time, who speaks of "the voluptuousness of family life." I would apply the same phrase to the prose I most admire, prose I can caress and nurture and linger on, diction which is nourished by the deep intimacy of familiar detail, and yet is constantly renewed by the force of the writer's love and fidelity to language.

DENIS DEVLIN

Her beauty was like
silence in a cup of
water.

© Jared Rogness / The Savior Chronicles [detail]



**CLIFTON FADIMAN**

Experience teaches you that the man who looks you straight in the eye, particularly if he adds a firm handshake, is hiding something.

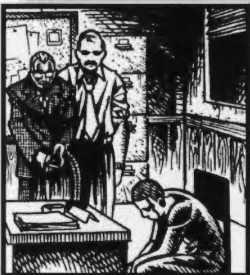
CARL FRIEDRICH GAUSS

It is not knowledge, but the act of learning, not possession but the act of getting there, which grants the greatest enjoyment.

CHARLES DICKENS

(Pickwick Papers)

"Yes I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my vision's limited."



© Jared Rogness / The Savior Chronicles [detail]

WILLIAM COOPER

(The Struggles of Albert Woods)

Dibdin said: "I see you've put your own name at the top of your paper, Mr. Woods." His eyes looked sad and thoughtful. "I always make it a matter of principles to put my name as well on every paper that comes out of the department." "Yours?" Albert said incredulously. "Yes," said Dibdin, still sad and thoughtful. "I make it a matter of principle, Mr. Woods. And I like my name to come first—it makes it easier for purposes of identification." He rounded it off. "First come, first served."

JOSEPH EPSTEIN

(A Line Out for a Walk)

When I began teaching I worried gravely about being able to fill a fifty-minute class; now, a decade or so later, I have been known to run over when teaching a two-and-a-half-hour class. Whence did this extra steam and stamina derive? From my own ever-expanding wisdom and ever-increasing powers of intellectual penetration? How nice to be able to think so, which I for a moment don't. More likely a leak has been sprung in my modesty. I what kind of work other than teaching can one rattle on at such prodigious length without fear of being told, mate, stow it? Some of the most interesting people I know are professors, but so also are some of the most profound bores.

ROBERT FROST

Poetry is a way of taking life by the throat.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISCH

Poems are speaking voices. And a poem that is hard to get rid of is a voice that is hard to get rid of. And a voice that is hard to get rid of is a man.

J. PAUL GETTY

The meek shall inherit the earth, but not the mineral rights.

JOHN GUNTHER

I have heard it said that the architecture of Atlanta is rococola.

© Jared Rogness / The Savior Chronicles [detail]



■ **Regular or Super: Views on Mies van der Rohe** A film by Joseph Hill and Patrick Demers, 2004. VHS. 57 minutes. Color. Available from First Run / Icarus Films, 32 Court Street, 21st Floor, Brooklyn NY 11201. Website: www.frif.com.

THE IMPORTANCE of German architect Mies van der Rohe in the development of Modern-era design, architecture, and design education is beyond question, while he himself continues to be an enigmatic character. There is no shortage of stories, the majority of which concern his proclivity for cigars and martinis, and his enigmatic comments about the process of teaching. My favorite by far was told by a student at the Bauhaus, where Mies was the final director: Mies was always a bit chunky, and it was this student's observation that "If you see two people walking toward you, yet, as they come closer, it turns out to be only one person, then it is Mies van der Rohe." This film is not about his earlier days in Germany, but almost entirely focuses on the second half of his life, in the years that he lived in Chicago. As a point of departure, it uses an innovative gas station that he designed only shortly before his death, for an ideal planned community called Monk's Island near Montreal, Canada. So the film's title is a pun: When you pull into the gas station, do you fill up with regular gasoline or super? And, at the same time, one can also ask: Does the legacy of Mies amount to regular or super? This little known building is quite interesting, but equally interesting are the camera work and editing in this award-winning film, and its insightful commentary, which is enlivened by moments from interviews with a relative of Mies, his students, now-prominent architects such as Rem Koolhaas, and various townspeople who today live in the neighborhood where this historic, unusual building resides.—RB ↗

AMBROSE BIERCE

What this country needs—what every country needs occasionally—is a good hard bloody war to revive the vice of patriotism on which its existence as a nation depends.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE

Patriotism is sometimes stimulated by religious enthusiasm, and then it is capable of making prodigious efforts. It is in itself a kind of religion: it does not reason, but it acts from the impulse of faith and sentiment.

**GENNADI GERASIMOV**

There is a discussion in my country about a new name for the USSR [following the collapse of Communism]...Philip Morris is sending us billions of cigarettes. So some people suggest our new name should be Marlboro Country.

**ARTHUR PONSONBY**

When war is declared, truth is the first casualty.

H. L. MENCKEN

The demagogue is one who preaches doctrines he knows to be untrue to men he knows to be idiots.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

"There never was a good war," said [Benjamin] Franklin. There have indeed been many wars in which a good man must take part, and take part with grave gladness to defend the cause of justice, to die if need be, a willing sacrifice, thankful to give life for what is dearer than life, and happy that even by death in war he is serving the cause of peace. But if a war be undertaken for the most righteous end, before the resources of peace have been tried and proved vain to secure it, that war has no defense, it is a national crime.

ROBERT FROST

(in George Plimpton, *The Writer's Chapbook*)
Among other things, what [Ezra] Pound did was show me Bohemia. He'd take me to restaurants and things. Showed me ju jitsu in a restaurant. Threw me over his head. Wasn't ready for him at all. I was just as strong as he was. He said, "I'll show you, I'll show you. Stand up." So I stood up, gave him my hand. He grabbed my wrist, tipped over backwards and threw me over his head. Everybody in the restaurant stood up.

JAMES DICKEY

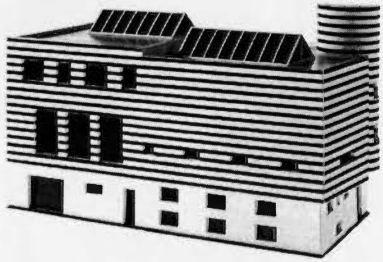
If it were thought that anything I wrote was influenced by Robert Frost, I would take that particular work of mine, shred it, and flush it down the toilet, hoping not to clog the pipes.

FINLEY PETER DUNNE

I wish it cud be fixed up so's that th' men that starts th' wars could do th' fightin'.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism.



NOTE: Somewhere recently, we came across a statement by Nebraska-born writer Virgil Geddes (an expatriate in Paris in the 1920s), in which he claimed that it was he who, as a backstage theatre assistant, had the responsibility of assisting Josephine Baker in putting on the outfit for her celebrated banana dance.

ALICE T. FRIEDMAN

(Women and the Making of the

Modern House: A Social and Architectural History)

Much has been written about the house that [Austrian architect] Adolf Loos designed in 1928 for Josephine Baker, the African-American dancer and star of the Paris stage. By now it is quite clear that the unbuilt project, which exists only as a model [above] and a set of drawings, had everything to do with Loos's desires and nothing to do with Baker's. Having met Baker at "Chez Josephine," her Paris nightclub, the architect boasted that he could design a beautiful home for her: the result was a passionate displacement of desire, an architectural reverie in which Loos imagined a series of spaces in which Baker was displayed for his private entertainment, including a deep indoor swimming pool with windows below water level.

RICHARD F. STERBA

(Reminiscences of a Viennese Psychiatrist)

A group of us went with [Hungarian psychiatrist Sandor] Ferenczi to a nightclub at which the famous American dancer Josephine Baker was performing. We all enjoyed the graceful, supple movement of her beautiful body and were enthusiastic about her performance. After her appearance on stage, Josephine joined the audience. I have no idea what made her pick out Ferenczi for an enchanting little scene. She came to our table and in a most natural fashion sat on Ferenczi's lap. She glided her hand through her own black hair, which was smoothly and tightly glued to her scalp by a heavy pomade. Then she stroked the bald center of Ferenczi's head and, rubbing the pomade on his hairless scalp, said, "So, that will make your hair grow."

S. HOWARD BARTLEY

(A Bit of Human Transparency)

As a tiny child I did little else but draw pictures. To be an artist became my childhood desire...This notion hit a snag somewhere along the line. I can't pinpoint the time, but I discovered a totally prohibitive fact. I was told that artists had models—living human models who they drew in the nude. That story conflicted with the kind of conduct I was taught was necessary if I wanted to go to heaven and [I] would not deliberately do any tangible thing to prevent [myself from] going there. I don't remember what this new awakening did to me at the time; I only knew that I soon discovered a special form of art that I believed didn't involve the sin of employing nude models. It was cartooning, and so I could become a cartoonist.

■ **The Goebbels Experiment** A film by Lutz Hachmeister and Michael Kloft, 2004. VHS. 107 minutes. Color and b&w. Available from First Run / Icarus Films, 32 Court Street, 21st Floor, Brooklyn NY 11201. Website: www.frif.com. Reviewed by Artur Golczewski.

ONE OF THE most interesting aspects of this documentary is the manner in which it "makes history" through the collage-like (re)construction of the life of Joseph Goebbels (1897-1945), Hitler's minister for propaganda. Using cinematic montage, the film is made of footage from WWII-era newsreels, home movies, German feature films, and other archival materials from the 1930s and 40s. These are the visual parallels to the film's narrative, which consists entirely of brief passages from Goebbels' diary (which he conscientiously maintained in the years 1924 to 1945), as read by the actor Kenneth Branagh. There is no other narration. At first, this may seem like a promising way to approach such an ambitious undertaking. However, as we follow the (trans)formations of Goebbels' political identity, as he re-orientes his role, one begins to hope that there will emerge an account of the circumstances that both compelled and enabled this curious man to re-fashion Germany's (and his own) cultural identity into the dreadful ideology of the Nazis. Unfortunately, this never happens. While the film does address now and then Goebbels' conception of and use of propaganda, too often it returns instead to his personal life for insight into his political strategy. To put it in plastic terms, the result of is an expressionistic portrait of Goebbels, in which the ethical-moral self is emphasized, thus bypassing more or less the opportunity to look at the re-constitution of his identity in terms of ideas and rationales (however twisted they might be), not solely in terms of feelings. As a result, we learn much more about how Goebbels felt about himself and the people around him than we do about tools and ideas that he used in such a forceful way as the mastermind of Nazi propaganda. To present Nazism as bad (or any historical event, for that matter) because it was the ideology of bad people is, it seems to me, to trivialize the matter. Nor does it better prepare us to deal with similar possible threats. It would be far more helpful to identify the socio-political conditions in which totalitarianism could be rationalized. As it is, the film appears to suggest that the widespread support for the Nazis was the result of Goebbels' masterful propaganda: a work of a brilliant, if evil, political demagogue. By implication, to secure our own future, we should always be on guard for evil geniuses, and be ready to point them out and denounce them. But who will (and does) identify these evil people and by what rationale? In whose interests do the identifiers act? And is not that kind of vigilance the very essence of totalitarianism, as opposed to freedom that we seem so dearly to cherish so? Would it be not more humane (albeit less expressionistic) to foster a cultural setting in which the ethics of empowerment are always paramount (especially in relation to access to media), thereby enabling a public debate about ideologies in terms of their effects on the realities of our existence? Instead, we are all too willing to give up the democratic principle of participation in favor of the idealistic mystification of good or evil, a practice that, only occasionally, is unmasked for what it really is: a totalitarian imperative that is unable to tolerate a critique based on alternative rationales of value. ♪

MARCEL PROUST

Everything great in the world comes from neurotics. They alone have founded our religions and composed our masterpieces. Never will the world know all it owes to them nor all they have suffered to enrich us. We enjoy lovely music, beautiful paintings, a thousand intellectual delicacies, but we have no idea of their cost, to those who invented them, in sleepless nights, tears, spasmodic laughter, rashes, asthmas, epilepsies, and the fear of death, which is worse than all the rest.

■ **Modern House 2** Edited by Clare Melhuish. New York NY: Phaidon Press, 2004. 240 pp., with 440 illus. color and b/w. Softbound. ISBN 0-71484-381-4. *Reviewed by Maria Buteler.*

AS BOTH AN architect and a publication designer, I am especially interested in books that enrich my knowledge of both disciplines, while also keeping me informed of the latest innovations. *Modern House 2* is a good example of this. Beginning with the editor's introduction, this book surveys the changes in the architectural concept of "house" from early Modernism to the present day, in the wake of surprising approaches proposed by Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier, and other pioneering designers. Inherited by today's architects, these same ideas are still very apparent in Postmodernism, in architectural attitudes toward construction, spatial organization and identity. The author discusses how social and cultural contexts are inevitably reflected in architectural planning, and especially in residential design, since the house is the first, most critical setting in which the individual grows. Featured in the book are about thirty houses designed by leading architects from throughout the world, among them Rem Koolhaas, Herzog and de Meuron, Foster & Partners, MVRDV Architects, and so on. Represented are a rich variety of genres, with the purpose of viewing the spectrum of styles in contemporary house design. Although some of the houses are located in widely separate parts of the world, and at first appear very different, they all have things in common that make them contemporary. Sometimes these are attributable to the handling of the interior space, the materials used, environmental concerns, or the building's interaction with an adjacent setting, whether urban or natural. The contents of the book are grouped into five sections: Environmental Awareness (on the primacy of environmental issues in architectural design); Changing Patterns of Living (on greater flexibility in domestic building design, in light of the advances in technology and communications); Urban Interaction (on the influence of architects on urban life by their design of private houses in existing suburban areas); Rural Retreat (on how houses located outside of urban areas are increasingly regarded as permanent living quarters); and Concept House of the Future (on prototypes of houses that address impending future concerns). Throughout the book, I was repeatedly pleased by the way in which each of the thirty projects is analyzed. The discussions are clear, exact and concise, with supplementary comments by the architects themselves. As a result, the reader is genuinely able to know each building, and to understand how it works. This is also partly due to the vividness of the book's photographs, in which striking points of view provide a sense of how it feels to be physically present in each of the structures. This book is a great opportunity to acquaint oneself with an inspirational collection of contemporary houses designed by gifted architects. The range of the projects--situated in varying contexts and designed with different emphases--gives the reader an understanding of the many, complex factors that influence today's architectural design. Architects and designers will especially enjoy this volume, but others will find it of interest as well. ☞

JOSEPH EPSTEIN

(A Line Out for a Walk)

One of the things that college taught me was that I cannot be taught in the conventional manner. Autodidactically, I have to go about things in my own poky way, obliquely acquiring on my own such intellectual skills as I have, assembling such learning as I possess from my odd, unsystematic reading. Are there many such people as I? The inefficacy of teaching in his own life, if I may say so, is an unusual thing to have to admit on the part of a man who spends a good part of his own time teaching others. But there it is--or rather, there I am.

■ **August Sander: People of the 20th Century**
A film by Reiner Holzemer, 2002. VHS. 44 minutes. Color. Available from First Run / Icarus Films, 32 Court Street, 21st Floor, Brooklyn NY 11201. Website: www.frif.com.

THIS EXCELLENT FILM is the first documentary about German photographer August Sander (1876-1964), whose best work was created in the 1920s, during the Weimar Republic, in advance of the rise of the Nazis. A portrait photographer who posed his subjects in their typical home and work environments, instead of in artificial studio settings, he is surely one of the most interesting photographers of the Modern era. His intention, as he once explained, was to make "a picture of our times absolutely true to nature," but he did not hesitate to stage the way in which his subjects stood. For example, in "Young Farmers" (1913), three dapper German farmers, dressed in suits and sporting canes, pause as they walk side-by-side on a path, in the position that Sander arranged them. Two on the right stand together in almost identical postures, while a third on the left stands apart, in contrast to the pattern made by the other two (he also smokes a cigarette, and his hair is out of place). This is not unlike a three-phase joke, when an expectation is set up by the first two examples, then delightfully felled by the punch line. Looking more closely, it is apparent that the hats and canes of the two figures on the right are perpendicular, in contrast to those of the third man, which rhyme but are set at an angle. Typical of Sander's work is his skillfulness at implanting clever, quiet rhymes, while also recording what Henri Cartier-Bresson would call a "decisive moment," albeit a moment that Sander designed. Using his own unforgettable photographs, this film adroitly walks us through the long and often tortured times of Sander, a brilliant observer of human behavior, who created evocative images of citizens of all classes, ages and occupations (a cross-section of Weimar-era society), in a documentary series he called *People of the 20th Century*.—RB

P. WYNDHAM LEWIS

(Blasting and Bombardiering)

The press in 1914 had no cinema, no radio, and no politics: so the painter could really become a "star." There was nothing against it. Anybody could become one, who did anything funny. And Vorticism [the British art movement started by Lewis, along with Ezra Pound] was replete with humor, of course; it was acclaimed the best joke ever. Pictures, I mean oil paintings, were "news." Exhibitions were reviewed in column after column. And no illustrated paper worth its salt but carried a photograph of some picture of mine or of my "school," as I have said, or one of myself, smiling insinuatingly from its pages. To the photograph would be attached some scrap of unusually quite misleading gossip; or there would be an article from my pen, explaining why life had to be changed, and how. "Kill John Bull with Art!" I shouted. And John and Mrs. Bull leapt for joy, in a cynical convulsion. For they felt as safe as houses. So did I.

GREGG

EASTERBROOK

Torture numbers, and they will confess to anything.

W. H. AUDEN

(A Certain World: A Commonplace Book)

Of course, behaviorism "works." So does torture. Give me a no-nonsense, down-to-earth behaviorist, a few drugs, and simple electrical appliances, and in six months I will have him reciting the Athanasian Creed in public.

NEVILLE

GEORGE HEATH

[at his execution, when offered a drink before dying] You might make that a double.

YIP HARBURG

The World would be a safer place,
If someone had a plan,
Before exploring Outer Space,
To find the Inner Man.

JOSEPH BRODSKY

[as interviewed by W.H. Auden] "I have known three great

poets, each one a prize son of a bitch."

I: "Who?" He: "Yeats, Frost, Bert Brecht." (Now about Brecht he was wrong: Brecht wasn't a great poet.)

JOHN BERRYMAN

(The Dream Songs)

Filling her compact & delicious body with chicken paprika, she glanced at me twice.

ERNEST BENN

[his definition of politics] The art of looking for trouble, finding it whether it exists or not, diagnosing it incorrectly, and applying the wrong remedy.

GUSTAV FLAUBERT

(The Dictionary of Accepted Ideas)

ARCHIMEDES. On hearing his name, shout "Eureka!" Or else: "Give me a fulcrum and I will move the world." There is also Archimedes' screw, but you are not expected to know what that is.

■ **Changing Faces** by George Tscherny. New York, NY: Princeton Architectural Press, 2005. 132 pp., color illus. with an anamorphic mirrored sheet. Softbound. ISBN 1-56898-480-4. In this interesting picture book about movement and the human face (hence, changing faces), a well known graphic designer has assembled hundreds of images from his own collection of paper toys, masks, product novelties, and other amusing ephemera from the history of advertising. It is a delightful and generous sampling of playful uses of the face, including metamorphosis, anamorphosis, upsidedowners, hand shadows, flip books, and so on.—RB ☞

■ **The Public Domain: How to Find and Use Copyright-Free Writings, Music, Art and More** by Stephen Fishman. Berkeley CA: Nolo, 2004. Second Edition. BxW illus. Softbound. ISBN 1-4133-0015-4. As scanning, printing, internet posting, and other related technologies grow, it is of increasing importance to know about copyright and other laws pertaining to intellectual property rights. This book stands out from most because of its clarity, its frankness, and the range of invaluable sources it cites on how editors, publishers, designers, writers, artists, teachers, and others can determine which material is not protected by copyright and is said to be in "the public domain."—RB ☞

■ **Art School** by George Deem. London: Thames and Hudson, 2005. 64 pp., color illus. Clothbound. ISBN 0-500-51241-8. When I was in secondary school, a writing assignment that left an enduring impression on me was that of having to tell the same story "in the style of" a number of different writers. I still recall how much I learned from retelling the story of Little Red Riding Hood as if written by the pen of William Faulkner, H.L. Mencken, Ayn Rand, or Norman Mailer. That is what drew me to this book, which is an album of forty-some paintings produced by a contemporary painter named George Deem. Who knows what art jargon purveyors would say about his paintings—or rather, who cares? Suffice to say that they are stylized depictions of school rooms (more or less), in which content and form are adjusted to match the styles of historical "schools" of art. Among my favorites are the School of Velaquez, in which (ala *Las Meninas*) the Infanta Margarita is posed in a classroom with her entourage; the School of Georges de La Tour, conducted by candlelight only of course; and the School of Balthus, in which pubescent Lolitas recline on every available desktop, while a workman walks by in the background, carrying a wooden plank. —RB ☞

JAMES ENSOR

Roar Fauves, wild beasts, Dodos, Dadas, dance Expressionists, Futurists, Cubists, Surrealists, Orphists. Yours is a great art. Paris is great.

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BALLAST Quarterly Review
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Dysart, Iowa 52224-9767

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MORSE PECKHAM (*Man's Rage for Chaos*)

Our lives are bathed in a continuous flow of signs which we interpret to catch the world in an ever-shifting network of categories. The condition of human life is continuous categorical metamorphosis. We are forever engaged in constructing around us an architecture of categories as fluid and yielding to our interests as the air. There is nothing that man has not sacrificed, including millions of his fellow human beings, in the vain effort to fix that architecture, to stabilize his categories. But all knowledge, all science, all learning, all history, all thought are unstable, cannot be made stable, even by the majesty of the law armed with the power of brutal force.

P. WYNDHAM LEWIS

(*Blasting and Bombardiering*)

The Englishman has what he calls a "sense of humor." He says that the German, the Frenchman, and most foreigners do not possess this attribute, and suffer accordingly. For what does a "sense of humor" mean but an ability to belittle everything—to make light of everything? Not only does the Englishman not "make a mountain out of a molehill"; he is able to *make a molehill out of a mountain*.

**MORRIS
COHEN**

[in his philosophy course, when a student asked "How can you prove to me that I exist?" Cohen replied] Who's asking?

LES COLEMAN

Had Christ lived in America today he would have spent time on Death Row before going to the electric chair.

**ROBERT
BENCHLEY**

If Mr. Einstein doesn't like the natural laws of the universe, let him go back to where he came from.

**ALBERT
EINSTEIN**

If A is success in life, then $A = x + y + z$. Work is x; y is play; and z is keeping your mouth shut.

BALLAST QUARTERLY REVIEW 2022 X AVENUE DYSART IOWA 52224-9767 USA