

Winter 2005

Ballast Quarterly Review, v21n2, Winter 2005-06

Roy R. Behrens
University of Northern Iowa, sassoonorlater@gmail.com

Let us know how access to this document benefits you

Copyright ©2006 Roy R. Behrens

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.uni.edu/ballast>



Part of the Arts and Humanities Commons

Recommended Citation

Behrens, Roy R., "Ballast Quarterly Review, v21n2, Winter 2005-06" (2005). *Ballast Quarterly Review*. 81.
<https://scholarworks.uni.edu/ballast/81>

This Periodical is brought to you for free and open access by UNI ScholarWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Ballast Quarterly Review by an authorized administrator of UNI ScholarWorks. For more information, please contact scholarworks@uni.edu.

Offensive Materials Statement: Materials located in UNI ScholarWorks come from a broad range of sources and time periods. Some of these materials may contain offensive stereotypes, ideas, visuals, or language.



ANTIGONE

OCTOBER 3-7 AND 11-14 AT 7:30 PM

OCTOBER 8 AND 15 AT 2:00 PM

BERTHA MARTIN THEATRE

by jean anouilh
translated by lewis golantiere
directed by richard glockner

Ballast Quarterly Review Volume 21 Number 2 Winter 2005-06. Copyright © 2006 by Roy R. Behrens, editor, publisher and art director. ISSN 1093-5789. E-mail <ballast@netins.net>. Website <<http://bobolinkbooks.googlepages.com/home>>.

I WORKED with Freud in Vienna. We broke over the concept of penis envy. Freud felt that it should be limited to women.

WOODY ALLEN
Zelig

• • •

[BRITISH HUMORIST]

Peter Cook once did a sketch in which, dressed as [Greta] Garbo, he was filmed touring the streets in an open-topped limousine shouting through a megaphone, "I want to be alone."

ALAN BENNETT
Writing Home (New York: Picador, 2003), p. 562.

ALTHOUGH HIS architecture was completely thought out in advance, structured, seen by him in his mind before it was built, Le Corbusier loved accidents in his architecture. Sometimes he loved mistakes in the construction. I would often have to beg him not to tell the contractors. He loved accidents—that which could not be foreseen—which introduced an element of randomness in the formal order and disrupted its organization.

ANDRE WOGENSCKY *Le Corbusier's Hands* (Cambridge MA: MIT Press, 2006), p. 76.

BALLAST is a periodical commonplace book, the title of which 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 P. 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, nonpolitical 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.

To subscribe to BALLAST or to order a gift subscription for someone else, simply send in a mailing address and five first class US postage stamps for each single issue desired. In other words, to receive BALLAST for one year (a series of four issues), we ask that each reader contribute a total of twenty genuine unused postage stamps. Do not send postage meter slips, nor do we accept orders by phone or e-mail. When subscribing, self-adhesive stamps are preferred. Short of that, send good-looking, antique or unusual stamps. In general we do not accept requests from outside the US.

• • •

ANON
Don't tell my mother I'm in politics—she thinks I play the piano in a whorehouse.

MARK TWAIN
The difference between the right word and the almost right word is the difference between lightning and the lightning bug.

55th Annual
Sinfonian Dimensions in Jazz

+Guest artist Cuong Vu and his Trio
+Featuring UNI Jazz Band One

February 17 and 18, 2006, at 7:30 PM
University of Northern Iowa
Gallagher Bluedorn Performing Arts Center
Great Hall

Tickets \$10 (\$5 for students)
Available at
GBPAC Box Office

© Nicholas Schrunk

HE [NOVELIST William Burroughs] liked talking about being eight years old. At that age Burroughs had a secret hiding place under the back steps of his parents' house, a secret place where he kept a box, and in the box was a spoon, a candle, and some type of instrument for investigating the forging of hard metals for weapons. It was also around the time he said that he shot off his first gun and wrote his first story. It was called "Autobiography of a Wolf," a ten-page story about an animal who lost his mate and was killed by a grizzly bear. Burroughs said his parents had listened politely to the story. "Surely you mean biography of a wolf," he father had told him. "No," Burroughs insisted. "I mean the autobiography of a wolf." They sent him to Harvard.

SAM KASHNER *When I Was Cool: My Life at the Jack Kerouac School* (New York: Harper Collins, 2003), pp. 33-34.

ELIAS CANETTI
He lays sentences like eggs, but he forgets to incubate them.

STEVE ALLEN
I just bought a dog, and I've decided that his name will be General. That way, when I throw a stick, I can simply say to him, "Brigadier, General!"

PHILIP MAGNUS
Mrs [Margot] Asquith remarked indiscreetly that if [Lord] Kitchener was not a great man, he was, at least, a great poster.

MAN ALWAYS looks at nature through colored glasses even when he is not conscious of it and believes that he is engaged in "pure vision," unsullied by any meaning. The "innocent eye" is a fiction, isolated in the mind from the influence of past experience.

ARTHUR KOESTLER
The Act of Creation (New York: Macmillan, 1964), p. 366.

DEREK COOPER
One whiskey is all right; two is too much; three is too few.

WILLIAM BATESON
I would trust
Shakespeare, but
I would not trust
a committee of
Shakespeares.

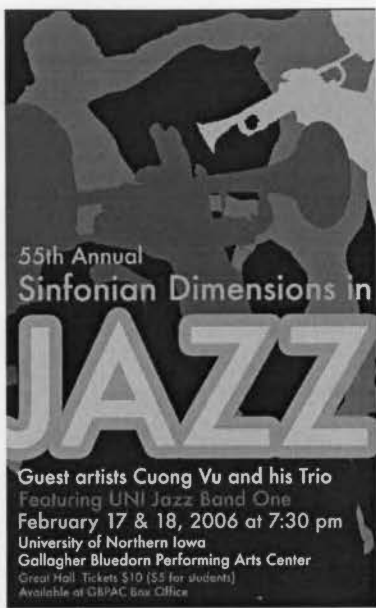
CLAUDE BERNARD
Everything is poi-
sonous, nothing is
poisonous, it is all
a matter of dose.

© Ian Rich

55th Annual
Sinfonian Dimensions in
JAZZ
Guest Artists
Cuong Vu
and his Trio
Featuring
UNI Jazz Band One
February 17/18, 2006 7:30pm
University of Northern Iowa
Gallagher Bluedorn Performing Arts Center
Great Hall
Tickets \$10 (\$5 Students) Available at GBPAC Box Office

[IN 1958, four days before the death of Pope Pius XII, British actor Alec Guinness was allowed to join an audience with the Holy Father, in a group that consisted primarily of plastic surgeons. Guinness stood “near the end of the line next to a middle-aged American couple,” where] I didn’t grasp what the Pope said to me...but I assumed it was about surgical alterations to the face and not about theatrical make-up; but I did catch every word said by the Americans. They both kneeled to kiss the Fisherman’s Ring, and then the man burst into loud sobs, the tears coursing down his face. The Pope [who was suffering from hiccups] patted him, took his hand, saying the Italian equivalent of “There! There!” and the man grasped his white cassock. The wife explained her husband away with a motherly smile. I imagined her to be a woman who would not have permitted him to buy his own shirts, socks or underpants. “He’s so moved, Your Holiness,” she said. “It is such an honor to meet you. Isn’t it, dear? He’s always like this on great occasions. Aren’t you, dear? Oh, he’s very moved! And just think, Your Holiness—we’ve come all the way from Michigan!” The Pope mastered a hiccup. “Michigan?” “Sure, Michigan.” “I know Michigan,” the Pope said, and managing to free himself from the plastic surgeon’s grip he raised a hand in blessing: “A special blessing on Michigan!” Those were probably the last words of English he spoke. The entourage sped him away from the audience chamber. His private doctor followed, glowering at each of us in turn as he passed.

ALEC GUINNESS *Blessings in Disguise* (Pleasantville NY: Akadine Press, 2001), p. 46.



OLIVER
WENDELL
HOLMES
I firmly believe
that if the whole
materia medica,
as now used,
could be sunk to
the bottom of the
sea, it would be
all the better for
mankind—and all
the worse for the
fishes.

The Human Hambone

A film by Mark Morgan, 2005. VHS. 49 minutes. Color. Available from First Run / Icarus Films, 32 Court Street, 21st Floor, Brooklyn NY 11201. Website: www.frif.com.

THE WORD "hambone" is slang for the venerable practice of making instrumental music without instruments, usually by rhythmically slapping ones legs, thighs, chest and so on. In this film, the term is used in a wider sense, bringing in other phenomena like mouth sounds, playing the spoons, tap dancing, step and other foot music. While none of these may have originated in the US, they were probably encouraged in the 18th century (in response to slave rebellions) by the forbidding of slaves to use African drums. Denied traditional instruments, they did not stop making music, but did it through improvisation instead, by playing their bodies and singing. One of the virtues of this film is the measured and credible manner in which it traces the historic use of body music, in part by using excerpts from interviews with historians. In addition, the narrative talks about how rhythmic sound is closely tied to our own clock-like body sounds, such as our heartbeat, breathing, the rhythm of jogging, and so on. But the best and most delightful moments are found in a wealth of voice-over performances by a variety of hambone, tap and other musicians, including Sam McGrier, Radioactive, Click the Supah Latin, Sandy Silva, Artis the Spoonman, and others. It really is hard to imagine how anyone could come away from these performances without a sense of astonishment, and maybe a new understanding about racial unity. This wonderful film, its press release asserts, is "as entertaining as it is informative," and it truly is. Indeed, I suspect there are very few films that would be of interest to such a broad range of audiences, in part because (as amply shown) all human beings have rhythm, and virtually all human beings have made some attempts at body music.

OGDEN NASH
The hunter crouches in his blind
'neath camouflage of every kind...

SYDNEY BRENNER
 Have you tried
 neuroxing papers?
 It's a very easy
 and cheap process.
 You hold the page
 in front of your
 eyes and you let it
 go through there
 into the brain. It's
 much better than
 xeroxing.



55th Annual
Sinfonian Dimensions in Jazz

February 17 & 18, 2006	7:30 pm	Featuring	UNI Jazz Band One
Tickets \$10 Students \$5	Available at GBFAC Box Office	Guest artists	Cuong Vu and his Trio
University of Northern Iowa Gallagher Bluedorn Performing Arts Center Great Hall			

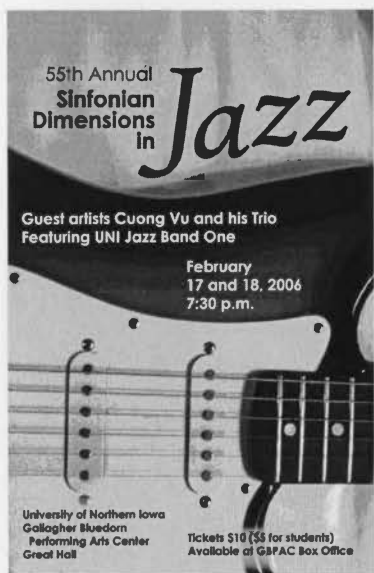
© Emily Grover

BALLAST QUARTERLY REVIEW VOL 21 NO 2 WINTER 2005-06 / 6

Le Corbusier's Hands

by André Wogenscky. Martina Milla Bernad, trans. Cambridge MA: MIT Press, 2006. 96 pp., with b/w illustrations. Hardbound. ISBN 0-262-23244-8.

SWISS-BORN FRENCH architect Le Corbusier (1887-1965) once wrote that "a house is a machine for living in," a statement that, this book contends, "has harmed him greatly." For this and other reasons, he is thought of as having been cold and severe. This book is a brief memoir by a close associate of Corbu, Andre Wogenscky (1916-2004), a French architect who worked with him from 1936-1956, and later became the director of the Le Corbusier Foundation. Initially released in French in 1987, and published now for the first time in English, it provides an insider's memories of Le Corbusier, not of the inner life of the man (which remains a great mystery), but of his daily interactions with others, Wogenscky among them. In observing his subject, the author shifts our focus from the distant, hardened visage of Le Corbusier to the expressive elegance of his hands, hence the book's title. "It was his hands that revealed him," writes Wogenscky, "It was as if his hands betrayed him. They spoke all his feelings, all the vibrations of his inner life that his face tried to conceal." Illustrated by Le Corbusier's pen-and-ink drawings and a small selection of photographs (including details of his hands), the format of the text is such that it feels like a bouquet of pensées or measured retrospective poems. It gives us brief but deeply etched looks at Le Corbusier's thick, barricaded personality, in some ways like the windows he cut into the thick white walls of the chapel at Ronchamp. Certain moments are disturbing, as when Le Corbusier almost chokes the author's dog ("I love to feel how far I can go," he explained), or when he says to his own wife, when she arrives unannounced at his painting studio, "You have no right to come here." From all appearances, he was a stern, standoffish man (a tyrant in certain ways), and it must have been exasperating to work with him, in any capacity. Nevertheless, Wogenscky's admiration does not end: "When we find his [Le Corbusier's] architecture beautiful, it is not just that we like it. It is the architecture that seems to like us."



PETER COOK
I go to the theatre to be entertained...I don't want to see plays about rape, sodomy and drug addiction...I get enough of that at home.

ANON
—Did you know that Lincoln was Jewish?
—Ah, but of course, he was shot in the temple.

LAWRENCE J. HENDERSON
Science owes more to the steam engine than the steam engine owes to science.

[DURING A television interview, author Richard] Adams is asked what he thought of [fellow guest Gore] Vidal's new novel about Lincoln. "I thought it was meretricious." "Really?" says Gore. "Well, meretricious and a happy new year."

ALAN BENNETT *Writing Home* (New York: Picador, 2003), p. 187.

"I [BILLY Burroughs] would ask him [novelist William Burroughs, his father] what he was thinking and he would tell me that he was trying to imagine what was going through Lincoln's brain when he was shot."

"A bullet?" I said.

SAM KASHNER *When I was Cool: My Life at the Jack Kerouac School* (New York: Harper Collins, 2003), p. 43.

[BUFFALO BILL] Cody once wrote to Captain Jack Crawford, "I would have answered at once from Frisco, but I was on a hell of a toot [i.e., boiling drunk] and I seldom attend to anything but hoof her up when I am that way."

ROBERT A. CARTER *Buffalo Bill Cody: The Man Behind the Legend* (Edison NJ: Castle Books, 2000), p. 260.

MARK TWAIN
Biographies are
but the clothes
and buttons of the
man—the biog-
raphy of the man
himself cannot be
written.

© Jennifer Wilford



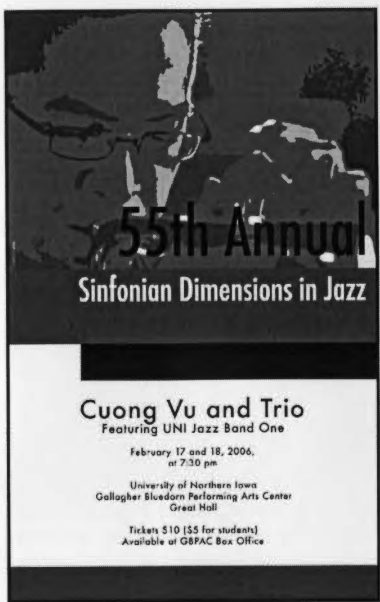
Hermitage-Niks: A Passion for the Hermitage

A film by Aliona van der Horst, 2003. VHS. 125 minutes (five episodes of 25 minutes each). Color.

The Hermitage Dwellers

A film by Aliona van der Horst, 2003. VHS. 73 minutes. Color. Available from First Run / Icarus Films, 32 Court Street, 21st Floor, Brooklyn NY 11201. Website: www.frif.com.

WHAT A powerful film this is! I can't recommend it highly enough. Having said that, I should explain that these two titles (*Hermitage-Niks: A Passion for the Hermitage* and *The Hermitage Dwellers*) are actually two versions of the same film, one of which is more detailed than the other. In a somewhat different edited form, *The Hermitage Dwellers* is contained within *Hermitage-Niks*, so you end up with both by buying the first, along with additional footage. I should also explain that the film's subject (sort of) is the world renowned Russian art museum, The Hermitage, housed in the palace of Czarina Catherine the Great in St. Petersburg. I say "sort of" because (as its titles indicate) the film's subject is not so much the vast palace complex, the Hermitage's massive art holdings, nor its history, but rather all those things (and more) in relation to the people who currently work there (for low salaries) in such essential capacities as curator, art handler, attendant, head of maintenance, and so on. The film is made up of candid yet gracefully edited talks with various workers (from the young to those in their 80s); behind-the-scenes filming of the museum's halls, vast stairwells and storage rooms, of the Hermitage collection, of visiting tourists and schoolchildren, of museum personnel at work, and of dining and dancing on Victory Day; and disquieting archival footage about a century of constant political strife in Russian daily life, from the Russian Revolution of 1917 to the post-Soviet era. Somehow, by whatever miracle, this place and its treasures have always survived, and continue now through the generous work of the museum staff.



JUDITH MALINA
When [André Gide] describes Africa it is as no man ever saw it. It is Africa in Gide, not Gide in Africa.

[IN THE early 1990s, Colm Toibin, an Irish writer who had published a prize-winning novel, *The South*, was interviewed on a television show. The previous guest that day was American writer Norman Mailer, who, in the process of departing, paused in the studio and looked closely at the cover of Toibin's new book:]

"*The Outh*,' he [Mailer] said approvingly, touching the jacket of the book.

'No,' [Toibin recalled] I said almost breathlessly, '*The South*.'

He seemed puzzled. We both looked down at the jacket.

The graphic designer had made a beautiful S in a different color and typeface to the 'O-u-t-h' so that the last four letters were perfectly clear against a blue background, but the S was not so clear. I traced my finger along the S to show him it was there. He smiled sadly.

'So it's not *The Outh*?' His tone was amused, relaxed, mellow. He seemed to have liked saying the word Outh, he had made it long and glamorous-sounding and the afterglow of saying it stayed with him now in a slow smile.

He began to turn. His wife was waiting for him.

'I thought it was an Irish word,' he said."

COLM TOIBIN in Robin Robertson, ed., *Mortification: Writers' Stories of Their Public Shame* (New York: HarperCollins, 2004), pp. 120-121.

KARL GERSTNER

There are no inferior tasks. There are only inferior solutions.

I AM reading a book on Kafka. It is a library book, and someone has marked a passage in the margin with a long, wavering line. I pay the passage special attention without finding it particularly rewarding. As I turn the page the line moves. It is a long, dark hair.

ALAN BENNETT
Writing Home (New York: Picador, 2003), p. 179.



ABOVE
Camouflage flip flops by UNI design student Arleigh Scallon.

MARK TWAIN
How often we recall, with regret, that Napoleon once shot at a magazine editor and missed him and killed a publisher. But we remember with charity, that his intentions were good.

To Be Seen

A film by Alice Arnold, 2005. VHS. 30 minutes. Color. Available from First Run / Icarus Films, 32 Court Street, 21st Floor, Brooklyn NY 11201. Website: www.frif.com.

LOTS OF people will find this documentary both invigorating and inspiring, while others will find it a challenge to watch. Admittedly well edited, it is a fast-paced, reasonably interesting look at graffiti, stenciling, and other varieties of Street Art (as distinct from genuine "street art"), applied all over city walls, not by the destitute, the homeless or neighborhood gangs, but (judging from examples shown) by smart, (white) aspiring "artists" who probably come largely from upper middle class backgrounds. The results are faux "expressionist art" in architectural settings (vernacular or *haute couture*), of the kind that is no less dismaying than the ubiquitous ruin of beautiful skin by ineptly drawn—and dumb—tattoos. From the film's interviews (ennobled by pronouncements by university professors, whose pristine suburban houses, I'll bet, have not been targeted by graffiti artists) we learn that Street Art practitioners may consider their work an admirable way to subvert the billboards, posters, stickers, and other branding strategies used by profit hungry commercial advertisers. Never mind that these same artists most likely financed their schooling with the income that their parents made as executives in those same corporations, or that they themselves are exactly "dressed down" in the latest hat backwards tradition, with corporate logos all over their clothes. To the film's credit, it does admit that the filthy Capitalists who inundate current society with "cool" merchandise (like nifty, crack-revealing jeans, mesmerizing disc players, and distracting cell phones) increasingly use Street Art and graffiti (even kid-distributed street stickers) in their advertising campaigns. They also come close to admitting that Art (the myth-based line of commodities sold in art galleries, and promoted in Art schools, magazines, and films about sacrosanct individuality, such as this one) is also largely governed by profit making. Unbelievably, when accused of vandalism, these artists explain that their heartfelt intent is to "take back the streets," to restore public territory to "public" (meaning their own) control. In the process, they accomplish just the opposite, so that We the People (those who can't afford to live in the suburbs) are left to endure two pervasive sources of idiocy—one of whom uses the other as its test canary for new marketing strategies.

[IN THE UK, a Ministry of Defense employee] is given twenty-three years for treason, and likely to serve the whole of it—and in isolation, because he has a photographic memory and so cannot be released until the information he has in his head is obsolete.

ALAN BENNETT *Writing Home* (New York: Picador, 2003), p. 179.



MY MOTHER asked what kind of bathroom facilities the dormitories had [at the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics]. She knew that one of the reasons I didn't want to go to a conventional college was the shared toilets. "Where will you go *pishen*?" she asked. "What about *gayen cocken*?" Just as the Eskimos are said to have two hundred different words for "snow," the Jews have about eight hundred words for going to the bathroom. I knew them all.

SAM KASHNER *When I Was Cool: My Life at the Jack Kerouac School* (New York: HarperCollins, 2003), p. 8.

I TAKE a bound book of blank paper, set my title at the head of it, and begin to write about the fictitious character who is to be the hero of it. I push ahead as fast as I can write, never blotting out anything I have once written, and never making a correction or modification. If you will examine the leaves of my manuscript you will see that the pages are clean with no erasures—no interlinations. If a book does not suit me when I have finished it, or at any stage of its progress, I simply throw it in the fire and begin again, without any reference to the discarded text.

NED BUNTLIN [pseudonym of American dime novelist Edward Zane Carroll Judson, describing his method of writing] quoted in ROBERT A. CARTER *Buffalo Bill Cody: The Man Behind the Legend* (Edison NJ: Castle Books, 2000), p. 139.

ABOVE

Reproduced here are four theatre posters, designed recently by graphic design students (Kristyn Beckman, Erich Bollmann, Amy McInerney, and Ian Rich) in the Department of Art at the University of Northern Iowa. These posters will be used next year for major productions in the 2006-2007 season for Theatre UNI. The jazz concert posters reproduced throughout this issue were also designed this semester by students in the same class.

SAUL
STEINBERG
In Europe,
museums smell
of town halls, and
in America they
smell of banks.

...AND IF I'm wary of religious belief in any and all of its ardent emissions, it's because I remember, as did the authors of the American Constitution, the vast numbers of people crucified—also burned, tortured, beheaded, drawn, quartered, imprisoned, and enslaved—on one or another of its ceremonial altars (Protestant, Muslim, Catholic, Aztec) over the course of the last 2,000 years.

LEWIS LAPHAM "Notebook: Mute Button" in *Harper's Magazine* (April 2006), p. 10.

Making Sense of Children's Drawings

by John Willats. New York: Lawrence Erlbaum Associates, 2005. 262 pp., with b/w illustrations. Softbound. ISBN 0-8058-4538-0.

IS IT TRUE, as some have claimed, that children draw what they know, adults what they see? Are there shared characteristics among children's drawings, regardless of time period, cultural setting or ethnicity? Are children inherently more self-expressive, more creative than adults? And can behavioral anomalies be anticipated by analyzing a child's drawings? This new, pioneering book addresses the typical questions about this complex research area, but does it in a way that feels more convincing than most other writings on the subject. It is an especially rigorous look, which takes nothing for granted, and does not hesitate to doubt even the most sacred assumptions about children's drawings. The book's chief emphasis is on the perceptual development of children in relation to their drawings, a somewhat predictable viewpoint in the sense that the earlier writings of the author have also dealt with visual art in relation to perception (see, for example, his earlier book, *Art and Representation: New Principles in the Analysis of Pictures*). As he admits, this new project was influenced by the findings of a British-born vision scientist at MIT named David Marr, who (circa 1982) proposed that we see by processing phenomena in two very distinct ways (a theory, according to Willats, that "revolutionized the study of visual perception"). In one of these, which Marr called "viewer-centered" seeing, we interpret the nature of objects from a single fixed viewing point (as, for example, in traditional Western perspective). In the other, termed "object-centered," we interpret visual experience from a multiplicity of viewpoints. According to Marr (in Willats' words), the human visual system takes the "viewer-centered descriptions available at the retina and use[s] them to compute permanent object-centered descriptions that can be stored in long-term memory." (This then accounts for what's usually called "visual constancies.") But what has this to do with children's art? As it turns out, it may mean that very young children do indeed draw what they see—but at that age they see in a manner that is largely object-centered, not viewer-centered. Willats does not simply put forth this hypothesis (which is radical by comparison) and then move on to other concerns. Rather, a major part of the book consists of a balanced, painstaking discussion of prevailing theories of children's art (historical and current), experimental support for his own hypothesis, and the effects that his findings might possibly have on the day-to-day practice of teaching art.

MY HEART sank when I approached the gates [of a Trappist monastery in England]; and I was nonplussed by the elderly red-bearded Lay Brother who emerged from a wooden hut making wild but genial gestures toward me. He kept tapping his ear, pulling his nose and indulging in an extravagant deaf-and-dumb sort of language which I couldn't even guess at, let alone decipher. However, I must have caught the essentials of his gestures for when I repeated them, later in the day, to another monk he laughed and said, "Oh, he was only saying, 'Don't go down to the quarry today, they are about to make an explosion.'" The warning, it seemed to me, might just as well have been "The bears are having a picnic."

ALEC GUINNESS *Blessings in Disguise* (Pleasantville NY: Akadine Press, 2001), p. 46.

MARGUERITE YOUNG is an all-American type wearing a man's blue shirt, taut across great breasts. She has a homely face alight with a mischievous vitality... Julian argues bitterly with Marguerite who is fervently pro-American and in favor of what she calls "the Iowa farmer." Vehemently anti-communist she calls us communists whenever we disagree with her.

JUDITH MALINA *The Diaries of Judith Malina 1947-1957* (New York: Grove Press, 1984), p. 177.

STRAIGHT ON I didn't look so good, and even sideways I wasn't so terrific, but a cross between back and a three-quarters view, why Brother I was hot. The way my ear (on the side) stood out from my head was just bordering on perfect. That rear view gave you just the shot needed. In those old silent picture days, that back right ear was a by-word from Coast to Coast.

WILL ROGERS quoted in Ben Yagoda, *Will Rogers: A Biography* (Norman: Oklahoma University Press, 2000), p. 159.

KARL GERSTNER
Henceforth, I was guided by the principle of making everyday things like works of art and works of art like everyday things.

ROBERT PIRSIG
We build up whole cultural patterns based on past "facts" which are extremely selective. When a new fact comes in that does not fit the pattern we don't throw out the pattern. We throw out the fact.

STEVE BYERS
Typography is a beautiful group of letters, not a group of beautiful letters.



CAMOUFLAGE: Art, Science and Popular Culture: An International Conference at the University of Northern Iowa on 22 April 2006

THIS ISSUE is "back to the future." It's supposed to be the Winter 2005-06 issue, but only now is it coming out, in May 2006. The delay is largely attributable to the enormous effort that was required to prepare for an international conference that ended only days ago. In every respect, it was an unforgettable fiesta, with thoughtful presentations by 40 artists, writers, scientists and other scholars from Spain, UK, Australia and throughout the US. The gathering was opened by American poet Marvin Bell (the first "poet lariat" of Iowa), who read publicly for the first time his new "deadman poem" about camouflage, written for the occasion. For online images of that and other conference events, go to the new BALLAST website at <<http://bobolinkbooks.googlepages.com>>. -RRB

• • •

IN ONE OF those Newton-and-the-Apple flashes of the blindingly obvious, Marcel Breuer was smitten, whilst out riding on his brand-new Adler bicycle, with the potential of tubular steel as a material from which to fashion modern furniture. He reckoned that since he was already sitting down pedaling around Dessau, the same structure would do for sitting down at home. So he designed a tubular steel chair. He named it the Wassily, after his friend at the Bauhaus, the painter Wassily Kandinsky.

DYAN SUDJIC *Cult Objects* as quoted by Alan Fletcher in *The Art of Looking Sideways* (New York: Phaidon Books, 2001).



THERE WAS a child who asked her mother when the first war took place.

The mother answered, "When Cain killed Abel."

"But," said the child, "that wasn't a war, that was only between two people."

"Yes," answered the mother, "but at that time there were only four people in the world, and that was half the world's population." Remembering this, I am impressed with the shrewdness of my mother's observation.

JUDITH MALINA *The Diaries of Judith Malina 1947-1957* (New York: Grove Press, 1984), p. 107.

All subscriptions to BALLAST (including gift subscriptions) must be mailed to the following address:

BALLAST Quarterly Review
Attn: Subscription Slouch
2022 X Avenue
Dysart, Iowa 52224-9767

BALLAST is published in a limited edition and back issues are not generally available. However, any issue may be xeroxed to provide copies to others, but the copies must never be altered or sold. Rarely do we use unsolicited submissions, but readers are always encouraged to send offbeat material, verbal or visual, of the sort that the journal might publish. Original material must be explicitly labeled as such. Material that is not original must clearly make note of its author and source. All submissions are unpaid, and unsolicited material will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

BALLAST does not have a budget as such. For more than 20 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 Slouch. 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 its book reviews are reprinted either on the Leonardo reviews website at <http://mitpress2.mit.edu/e-journals/Leonardo/ldr.html> or in the printed form of that magazine.

• • •

[THE HEADMASTER at the Birmingham School of Art] impressed upon her [Marion Richardson] the ideas that one should rely on ones visual powers rather than skill of hand and that one should never begin a drawing until one has a clear image of the subject. Smith would show lantern slides to his students for a few moments, after which the image would be withdrawn. Richardson described the process further: "We closed our eyes and, keeping them closed, quickly outlined the picture. This 'shut-eye' drawing was perhaps Mr. Catterson Smith's greatest contribution to art education."

ARTHUR D. EFLAND *A History of Art Education* (New York: Columbia University Teachers College Press, 1990), p. 200.

SAMUEL BUTLER
What is a man's
eye, but a machine
for the little crea-
ture that sits
behind in his
brain to look
through.

SEEING IS
an experience.
A retinal reaction
is only a physical
state...People, not
their eyes, see.
Cameras, and eye-
balls, are blind...
there is more to
seeing than meets
the eyeball.

N.R. HANSON
Patterns of Discovery
(1958), pp. 6-7.

FRONT COVER
Theatre poster
by UNI design student
Kristyn Beckman.

BALLAST QUARTERLY REVIEW 2022 X AVENUE DYSART IOWA 52224-9767

<http://bobolinkbooks.googlepages.com/home>