

Spring 2006

## Ballast Quarterly Review, v21n3, Spring 2006

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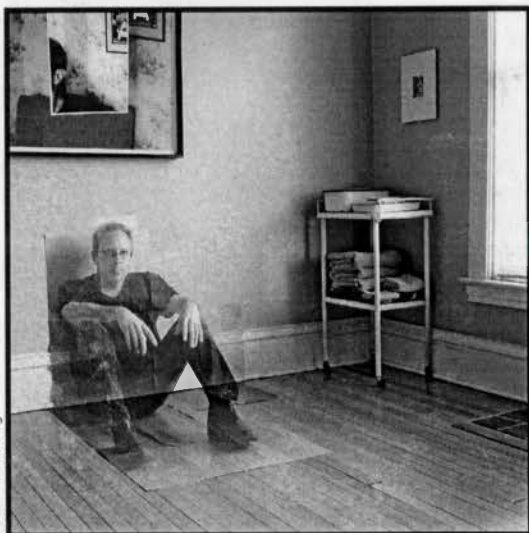
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WE SLIP  
through our  
lives like water,  
says my aunt.  
What we know is  
a blur. But history  
does not repeat  
itself. Little by  
little, knowledge  
is passed on. Fish  
to fish, we press  
small morsels of  
the truth into each  
other's mouths as  
we swim past.

MAGDA BOGIN  
*Natalya, God's Mes-  
senger* (NY: Scribner,  
1994).

• • •

RODNEY  
DANGERFIELD  
Comedy is a  
camouflage for  
depression.

AFTER HE [his  
father] died I  
swam a lot, every  
day. You can weep  
in the water, and  
when you come  
out red-eyed,  
people attribute it  
to the swimming.  
The sea my father  
loved is a fine  
place for crying.

LEO ROSTEN  
*People I Have Known,  
Loved or Admired*  
(New York: Picador,  
2003).

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War I by P. Wyndham Lewis, the Vorticist artist  
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ONE MAN who came to me for advice  
because he was contemplating a divorce  
told me mournfully why he thought his  
marriage went wrong. He said, "I know  
what my problem was. I was looking  
for a Ferrari and I got a Ford." I said, "I  
think the problem was you were looking  
for a car."

DAVID AARON *Endless Light* (NY: Simon and  
Schuster, 1997).

STEVE ALLEN  
I just got a new white dog.  
Spitz?  
No, but he does dribble a little.



REPRODUCED here, and throughout this issue, are recent photographs by RICHARD KOENIG, in which he makes astonishing use of "forced perspective" or *anamorphosis*. For more information, see his website at <http://people.kzoo.edu/%7Erkoenig/>.

[DURING A live interview on BBC, Austrian ethologist Konrad Lorenz agreed to appear on camera, unrehearsed, with a greylag goose. Moments later,] a keeper from the London Zoo walked on to the set carrying a goose which he put down on a low table that stood between the professor and myself. The goose, naturally enough, was somewhat perturbed at suddenly being thrust under the bright television lights and began to flap its wings.

"Komm, komm, mein Liebchen," said Konrad, soothingly, putting his hands on either side of the goose's body so that its wings were held folded down. He was holding it so that its head was pointed away from him. This was sensible in that he was not then within range of the goose's beak which it showed every wish to use, if it got the chance. But that, of course, meant that its rear was pointing towards the professor and the goose, in the flurry, squirted a jet of liquid green dung straight at him.

"Oh dear dear," said Konrad. "All over der trouserz." He released the goose, which flapped off the set and was neatly fielded by its keeper, took out his handkerchief and carefully wiped his trousers clean. Then, finding his handkerchief in his hand, in his embarrassment, he promptly blew his nose on it.

He completed the interview with a green smear down the side of his face...

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH *Life on Air* (London: BBC Books, 2002).

EDGARD VARÈSE  
There is no avant  
garde. There are  
only people who  
are a little late.

DAISY MARY MARGARET ASHFORD  
(*The Young Visitors, or Mr Salteena's  
Plan*) Oh Bernard muttered Ethel this  
is so sudden. No no cried Bernard and  
taking the bull by both horns he kissed  
her violently on her dainty face.

© Richard Koenig



**W.C. FIELDS**  
All Englishmen  
talk as if they've  
got a bushel of  
plums stuck in  
their throats, and  
then after swal-  
lowing them get  
constipated from  
the pits.

SINCE I was terrified of taking drugs,  
serving the Beats was my "Henry" and  
my "Charly." Burroughs taught me that:  
names for heroin and cocaine. At first I  
couldn't keep the names straight, until I  
found a mnemonic method that seemed  
to work. I was a slow learner.

**SAM KASHNER** *When I Was Cool: My Life at  
the Jack Kerouac School* (NY: HarperCollins,  
2003), p. 40.

**RUSSELL HAS** been given some beta-blockers which help to  
suppress the symptoms of nerves and stage fright. He had put  
one of them in a tissue, meaning to take it just before his pro-  
gram, but when he came to do so he found it had dissolved,  
leaving a patch on the tissue. In the hope that some effective  
trace of the drug remained, he sucked this patch and within a  
few minutes felt calmer and came through with flying colors.  
A second attack of nerves he dealt with in the same way. It  
was only on the way home after the program that he felt in an-  
other pocket and found the original tissue with the pill intact.

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

**NOEL COWARD**  
[About Mary  
Baker Eddy]  
She had much in  
common with  
Hitler, only no  
moustache.

WHEN I gave a speech at a  
Jewish community center in the  
Chicago suburbs, I called it "Mid-  
western Jews: Making Chopped  
Liver with Miracle Whip." After the  
speech, someone came up to me and  
said that the title was an interest-  
ing metaphor. "It's not a metaphor,"  
I said. "It's a recipe." That was how  
my mother made chopped liver.

**CALVIN TRILLIN** *Messages from My Father*  
(NY: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1996).



A WELL-KNOWN American novelist, after her successes, was invited back to her high school. They had put on the dog for her and she had therefore put on the dog for them. She dressed well and stood up at the lectern to give her formal speech about writing, the arts, culture, education—all the noble things writers never talk or think about when they are not on panels or speaking publicly.

It was a full auditorium. Halfway through the talk she began to feel sick and, knowing she was soon going to throw up, announced in a calm voice that she had left a few pages of her speech offstage, in her bag. She walked off slowly and as soon as she was out of sight ran to the bathroom and threw up noisily. She had been doing this for about a minute when someone came into the bathroom to tell her that the lapel mike was still on.

MICHAEL ONDAATJE in Robin Robertson, ed. *Mortification: Writers' Stories of Their Public Shame* (NY: HarperCollins, 2004), p. 129.

• • •

RICK MOODY

My mother had a lot of opinions about my work, not all good. She once reviewed a book by me on Amazon.com and gave it three out of five stars. Then she told me that it was a *positive* review.

STANISLAW LEC  
Is it progress if a cannibal uses a fork?

CAROLINE KELLY  
We give people a box in the suburbs, it's called a house, and every night they sit in it staring at another box; in the morning they run off to another box called an office, and on the weekends they get into another box, on wheels this time, and grope their way through endless traffic jams.

KENNETH  
TYNAN  
[About comedian Don Rickles]  
He looks like an extra in a crowded scene by Hieronymus Bosch.

YIDDISH SAYING  
Sleep faster. We need the pillows.

IT'S LIKE that box of cereal on which there is a picture of a woman holding a box of cereal on which there is a picture of a woman holding a box of cereal, until the picture becomes too small to see.

JUDITH MALINA  
*Diaries* (NY: Grove Press, 1984).

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ANON

I recall an account of [British novelist Anthony] Trollope going up to London to pick up a rejected manuscript from a publisher, getting on the train to return home, laying the bulky bundle on his lap face down, and beginning a new book on the back pages of the rejected one.

• • •

IT WAS in a café [in Berlin] that I first heard a jazz band. People called it a noise band. It was not a jazz band in the American sense, but more of a café orchestra gone crazy. Two or three musicians with saws and cow bells would parody the general melody with rhythmic interruptions. The conductor called himself Mister Meshugge and acted like a madman. He would pretend he had lost control, would break his baton to pieces and smash his violin over the head of a musician. At the end he would grab the bass and use it as a weapon in the ensuing battle, finally throwing the splinters into the audience that screamed with delight and threw them back. Throughout the performance waiters kept on serving the musicians more beer and drinks, increasing the general gaiety. Meschugee would grab instruments from the hands of the musicians, and sing and dance. Suddenly he would jump onto the piano, pretend he was a monkey, scratch himself, grab a large glass of beer to toast the audience, but then, quick as a flash, pour it down one of the trumpets. The audience was convulsed with laughter.

GEORGE GROSZ *An Autobiography* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1998), pp. 90-91.



A SMALL press called Hanging Loose in Brooklyn had put out a book of mine. It was called *Driving at Night*. It included poems I had written as far back as junior high school. I remember how excited I was when the editors told me that they had just gotten an order for six thousand copies, an extraordinary number for a book of poems by an unknown poet. But then they had to give all the money back when it turned out that the orders had come from a driving school in Iowa. They thought the book was a manual on how to drive after dark.

SAM KASHNER *When I Was Cool: My Life at the Jack Kerouac School* (NY: HarperCollins, 2003), pp. 312-313.

THOMAS POWERS

The composer [Igor] Stravinsky had written a new piece with a difficult violin passage. After it had been in rehearsal for several weeks, the solo violinist came to Stravinsky and said he was sorry, he had tried his best, the passage was too difficult, no violinist could play it. Stravinsky said, "I understand that. What I am after is the sound of someone *trying* to play it."

FRAN LEBOWITZ

Educational television should be absolutely forbidden. It can only lead to unreasonable disappointment when your child discovers that the letters of the alphabet do not leap up out of books and dance around with royal-blue chickens.

NIELS BOHR

An expert is a man who has made all the mistakes which can be made, in a very narrow field.

ANON

A professor is a person whose job is to tell students how to solve the problems of life which he himself has tried to avoid by becoming a professor.

BILL VAUGHN

Suburbia is where the developer bulldozes out the trees, then names the streets after them.

ANTONY JAY AND JONATHAN LYNN

The first rule of politics: Never Believe Anything Until It's Been Officially Denied.



STANISLAW LEC  
When smashing  
monuments, save  
the pedestals—  
they always come  
in handy.

© Richard Koenig



### **Swiss Graphic Design: The Origins and Growth of an International Style 1920-1965**

by Richard Hollis. New Haven CT: Yale University Press, 2006.  
272 pp., 650 b/w and 100 color illus. Hardbound, \$50.00.  
ISBN 0-300-10676-9.

WHILE READING this book, I was reminded of a lecture, some years ago, by American designer and illustrator Milton Glaser, whose work in some ways represents the opposite of "Swiss style" design. In that lecture, Glaser suggested that styles of art may have split up into two opposing philosophies at the beginning of the 20th century. One direction, associated with Art Nouveau and Expressionism, is almost always drawing-based. The second, allied with Cubism and Constructivism, is far more likely to rely on geometric abstraction, collage and photography. The Bauhaus was a somewhat inadvertent mix of these two tendencies, while subsequent European designers and architects (who had been inspired by Constructivism, New Typography, Concrete art, and other innovations) were more exclusive in their quest for objective, efficient and logical forms. Early in this book, the author describes a meeting he had in 1958 with Richard Paul Lohse, an important Swiss painter and designer, who "emptied a box of matches onto a table and exclaimed, 'Abstract Expressionism!'—meaning Jackson Pollock—then rearranged the matches in a perfect rectangular pattern to the approving shout of 'Mondrian!'" (Are these not the same two categories?) This book is a rich and provocative look at the history of this second tradition (within the confines of design), which emerged in Switzerland in the 1920s and 30s, where there was an abundance of pharmaceutical and engineering clients, and eventually had an enormous effect on worldwide graphic design, with the result that it is often called "International Style." In this book, one learns about the widespread use in publication and advertising design of sans serif typefaces, grid-based page layouts, white space, diagonals, asymmetry, exaggerated linespacing and so on. The author, who wrote an earlier valuable book called *Graphic Design: A Concise History* (2002), not only provides a sequential narrative with full-color illustrations (as one might expect of a serious book), he also "shows and tells" far more in the margins through concurrent, thought-provoking notes. For example, in the periphery of every spread are smaller subsidiary illustrations, biographical summaries, excerpted quotes, and unusually interesting captions about each artifact. There is no shortage of interesting books about Swiss design, but this is one is more comprehensive, more complete and perhaps more persuasive than any other I have seen. It is an invaluable resource for anyone with a serious interest in graphic design.



#### RICK FIELDS

This person called up and said, "You've got to come and take this seminar. It will completely change your life in just one weekend." And I said, "Well, I don't want to completely change my life this weekend. I've got a lot of things to do on Monday."

#### EUGENE IONESCO

In the name of religion, one tortures, persecutes, builds pyres. In the guise of ideologies, one massacres, tortures and kills. In the name of justice one punishes...in the name of love of one's country or of one's race one hates other countries, despises them, massacres them. In the name of equality and brotherhood there is suppression and torture. There is nothing in common between the means and the end... ideologies and religions...are the alibis of the means.

#### ADOLF HITLER

I shall give a propagandist reason for starting the war, no matter whether it is plausible or not. The victor will not be asked afterwards whether he told the truth or not. When starting and waging war it is not right that matters, but victory.

#### HERMANN GÖRING

Naturally the common people don't want war...but it is the leaders of the country who determine policy, and it's always a simple matter to drag the people along, whether it is a democracy, or a fascist dictatorship, or a parliament, or a communist dictatorship. All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked, and denounce the pacifists for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger. It works the same in every country.

#### GEORGE GROSZ

*(An Auto-biography)*

[In his studio in Berlin] were reproductions and photographs all over: women in tights, photos from the nineties, a few pictures of men whom I admired, one of Henry Ford, for instance, complete with dedication "To George Grosz the artist from his admirer Henry Ford." (I had written that myself, of course, hoping that Ford wouldn't mind.)

STANISLAW LEC  
Every stink that  
fights the ventila-  
tor thinks it is  
Don Quixote.

EDMUND LEACH  
Far from being  
the basis of good  
society, the family,  
with its narrow  
privacy and taw-  
dry secrets, is the  
source of all our  
discontents.

DAVID McKIE  
[Describing an  
especially tedious  
speech by a British  
politician] It was  
rather like watch-  
ing a much-loved  
family tortoise  
creeping over the  
lawn in search of a  
distant tomato.

IRISH FILM CRITIC  
If [Greta] Garbo  
really wants to  
be alone, she  
should come to a  
performance of  
one of her films in  
Dublin.

**Designing Type** by Karen Cheng. New  
Haven CT: Yale University Press, 2006. 224 pp.,  
70 b/w and 100 color illus. Paperback, \$29.95.  
ISBN 0-300-11150-9.

ONE OF the greatest challenges in graphic design is that of trying to invent a new typeface. One reason for this difficulty is that there already exist a huge number of typefaces (ten years ago, according to this book, there were about 50,000) so it requires considerable ingenuity just to come up with a type style that isn't already in use. (As quoted here, a type designer named Kent Lew, originates typefaces by using what-if scenarios, e.g., "What if [the typeface] Joanna had been designed by W.A. Dwiggins, instead of by Eric Gill? What if Mozart had been a punch cutter—rather than a composer?") The bottom line is that designing a typeface is a complex and often gargantuan task. Every typeface, as the author of this book explains, "is a system of forms balanced between unity and variety." In other words, each character in its alphabet must be at once distinguishable from all other characters, so that no two are confused, and yet they also have to rhyme, in order to function effectively as a coherent type style. That might not be such an ominous task if a designer were only expected to make the upper and lower case characters of the alphabet and, of course, the numbers. But one also has to design the punctuation, accent marks and symbols, with the result that the number of basic characters for any typeface is around 200. And that does not take into account such other essential variants as italic, boldface, small caps, ligatures, dingbats and so on. In addition, there is the formidable task of making certain that all characters, in whatever combination, will work together perfectly when arranged in sequence (the standard test that's used for this is the nonsense word *hamburgefonshiv*). From this, you can begin to see why comparatively few designers devote their lives (literally) to typeface design, but also why we admire the few who do so, and especially those who do it well. The author of this book is an expert in typography (she teaches type design at the University of Washington in Seattle), and, while there are a number of excellent print and web sources on this subject (the best of which she shares with us), this book is especially good. Of particular interest are her students' impressive attempts to design their own typefaces. Even if one is not a diehard type enthusiast, this is such a strikingly beautiful book that the journey from cover to cover will be well worth the effort.

**Klimt, Schiele, Moser, Kokoschka: Vienna 1900**

Edited by Karen Marie-Amelie Zu Salm-Salm. Burlington VT: Lund Humphries, 2005. 364 pp., color illus. Hardbound, \$100.00. ISBN 0-85331-934-0.

In Western art history, innovations called "Modernist" are almost exclusively credited to artists working in Paris at the beginning of the 20th Century. Inspired by French Impressionism and the Post-Impressionist work of Cézanne, their efforts coalesced to form Fauvism and Cubism—whereupon everything spun off from that. Or at least that is the typical view, so much so that until a few years ago, according to this book, the work of such prominent Austrian artists as Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele, both world famous, had only once been shown in France. This rich, large format volume (with ample full-color plates throughout), and the exhibition it documents (held at the Galeries Nationales du Grand Palais in Paris in the Fall of 2005-06) were attempts to question the usual view that Modernism emerged solely (or at least primarily) from Impressionism, but instead (according to Serge Lemoine) "to see how other trends—just as important and just as innovative—found outlets in France and other parts of Europe." Not surprisingly, the leading contender for this crown of historical leadership is turn-of-the-century Vienna, which is ably represented here by four extraordinary Modernists: Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, Koloman Moser, and Oskar Kokoschka. Schiele and Kokoschka were largely painters (with occasional excursions into poster design), while Klimt and especially Moser were not only painters but also spent considerable time designing utilitarian forms, such as furniture, murals, jewelry and clothing (indeed, they were linked with a famous cooperative called the Wiener Werkstatte). In other words, they were designers (or, disparagingly, "commercial artists"), as distinct from supposedly uncompromising fine artists who made only self-expressive, non-functional art, among them those we worship now as the purveyors of Modernism. If Klimt, Schiele and their associates have been snubbed in art history (and that may very well be the case), it may not only be because they were French outsiders, but also, as much or more so, because they dared to step outside the category of fine art. Art, as Gloria Steinem once said, is "what men created," while design and crafts (traditionally known as the decorative arts) were objects "made by women and natives." One of the virtues of this book (which makes it unusual and worthy as well) is its deliberate emphasis on the embedded geometric plans that appear in the work of these Austrian artists. As is pointed out, for example, there is an uncanny resemblance between certain compositions by Klimt and James A.M. Whistler. Both these artists saw abstractly and, to some extent, they blazed the trail for non-pictorial "abstract art." Yet, Whistler (world famous for his mother painting) is taken no more seriously than Klimt or Schiele, in part because he too is seen as having drifted away from High Art in order to dawdle in craft and design. Another way this book stands out is that it looks very carefully at the paintings of Koloman Moser. It discusses not his Wiener Werkstatte furniture, jewelry, posters and so on (he was remarkably versatile), but instead looks exclusively at his paintings, and shows that his work was influenced by the Swiss-born painter Ferdinand Hodler (who is himself a fascinating subject). One last point: Whenever it features a full-page reproduction of a painting, this book includes, on the opposite page, a brief but highly informative text about its historical and biographical contexts, along with helpful notes about how we, the viewers, might look at it.

JONATHAN AITKEN

{About Margaret Thatcher} She probably thinks Sinai is the plural of Sinus.

ROBERT HUGHES  
[About the art of  
Jeff Koons] The  
last bit of methane  
left in the intes-  
tine of the dead  
cow that is post-  
modernism.

© Richard Koenig



### Minidoka Revisited: The Paintings of Roger Shimomura

Edited by William Lew. Clemson SC: Lee Gallery, Clemson University, 2005 (distributed by University of Washington Press). 128 pp., with full-color illustrations. Softbound. ISBN 0-295-98583-6.

IT'S BEEN well over a half-century since World War II, yet few events in U.S. history evoke such lasting bitterness as the thought of what our government did to thousands of its citizens (many, or most, American-born), not because they broke the law, but simply because their forebears had come from Japan. Using racially targeted scrutiny that was defended at the time as a way to prevent a second attack on Pearl Harbor (a shocking tragedy now compared to 9/11), 110,000 American families of Japanese descent were pulled out of their own homes, and, without recourse, shipped off to concentration camps (surrounded by barbed wire) in remote regions of the country, one of which, called Minidoka, was in south central Idaho, about 20 miles from Twin Falls. Among those imprisoned there were members of three generations of the Shimomura family, the youngest of whom was Roger Shimomura (born 1939), who as an adult would become a painting professor at the University of Kansas. Many Japanese-Americans still share disturbing stories about this deplorable phase in U.S. political history, but, in Shimomura's case, the memories of his family remain even more vivid for the reason that his paternal grandmother (Toku Shimomura) kept a diary (written in Japanese) from the year of her arrival in the U.S. in 1912 until her death in 1968. When she died, her grandson inherited that diary, and excerpts from its entries are quoted in this exhibition catalog. This has everything to do with Shimomura's artwork, which at first might be dismissively seen as a harmless art historical blend of Pop Art, comic book drawings, and *ukiyo-e* woodblock prints from the 18th and 19th centuries. However, as this catalog shows, in a series of interesting essays about the context and consequences of his work, his art not only barks—it bites. While comic at first glance, a closer look at his paintings reveals an abiding rage, in part of course because the attitudes that imprisoned his own American family appear to have once again surfaced, this time directed not at Native Americans, Jews, Asians or Blacks, but at those of Arab ancestry. "Lest we forget," writes art historian William Lew in his introduction, "Shimomura's art admonishes us—sometimes subtly, sometimes veiled in humor and irony, and more recently with a fury and an intensity that strikes us between the eyes like a sharp blow—about our inclinations to succumb to a distrust of those who don't look like us."

IN THE audience [at the theatre] Marlene Dietrich, like a dream of herself, in black lace, diamonds and rubies around her throat, white mink wrap touching the floor. She wears a constantly lively expression, and heavy, heavy makeup, her eyes focused carefully so as not to betray her awareness of being stared at.

JUDITH MALINA *Diaries* (NY: Grove Press, 1984).

WE'RE GIVEN many choices to distract us from the fact that our real choices have been diminished in number. Two political parties. Maybe three or four large banks now. Credit card companies, just a couple, a handful. Newspapers, reduced. Ownership of media, reduced, down to five or six big companies now. Big stock brokerage firms, reduced in number. All of these important things we have less choice. Then we're distracted with these frivolous choices: 21 flavors of ice cream, 35 flavors of popcorn. You see specialty shops with 35 flavors of popcorn, like chocolate-walnut popcorn. These are absurd distractions from what we are doing to ourselves...

GEORGE CARLIN as interviewed in David Jay Brown, *Conversations on the Edge of the Apocalypse* (NY: Palgrave Macmillan, 2005), p. 191.

I'M JEWISH. Count Basie's Jewish. Ray Charles is Jewish. Eddie Cantor's goyish. B'nai Brith is goyish; Hadassah, Jewish. Marine Corps—heavy goyim, dangerous. All Drake's cakes are goyish. Pumpernickel is Jewish, and, as you know, white bread is very goyish. Instant potatoes—goyish. Black cherry soda's very Jewish. Macaroons are very Jewish—very Jewish cake. Fruit salad is Jewish. Lime jello is goyish. Lime soda is very goyish. Trailer parks are so goyish that Jews won't go near them.

LENNY BRUCE, as quoted in John Cohen, ed., *The Essential Lenny Bruce* (NY: Bell Publishing, 1970).

JOHN CAGE

After an hour or so in the woods looking for mushrooms, Dad said, "Well, we can always go and buy some real ones."

HEINRICH HEINE  
[Regarding the British] The devil take these people and their language! They take a dozen monosyllabic words in their jaws, chew them, crunch them and spit them out again, and call that speaking. Fortunately they are by nature fairly silent, and although they gaze at us open-mouthed, they spare us long conversations.

GEORGE  
GROSZ

*(An Auto-  
biography)*

[Recalling a certain Bolshevik official] He must really have been a parrot in an earlier incarnation, as he hopped around with the versatility of a bird, jumping from bench to bench, onto the table, up on the window sill. The similarity increased as he nibbled on sunflower seeds. He never kept quiet, chirping in every language of the world, just like a smart parrot.

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RACHEL COHEN

[Alice B. Toklas told Beauford Delaney] that she had been sitting alone in the back garden of the house at the rue de Fleurus when a robber had brazenly climbed over the wall. She had stood up very straight and told him that she was going to go into the house and that she expected that when she returned he would be gone. And he was.

ANITA LOOS

I'm furious about the Woman's Liberationists. They keep getting up on soap-boxes and proclaiming that women are brighter than men. That's true, but it should be kept very quiet or it ruins the whole racket.

GEORGE ORWELL

[his advice to writers]

- i. Never use a metaphor, simile or other figure of speech which you are used to seeing in print.
- ii. Never use a long word where a short one will do.
- iii. If it is possible to cut a word out, always cut it out.
- iv. Never use the passive where you can use the active.
- v. Never use a foreign phrase, a scientific word or a jargon word if you can think of any everyday English equivalent.
- vi. Break any of these rules sooner than say anything outright barbarous.

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BILLY JR. [son of William Burroughs] got placed on a list for a liver transplant, had one, and to celebrate its success, went on a two-week bender.

SAM KASHNER *When I Was Cool: My Life at the Jack Kerouac School* (NY: HarperCollins, 2003), p. 316.

MARK TWAIN  
Reader, suppose  
you were an idiot,  
and suppose you  
were a member of  
Congress—but I  
repeat myself.

ANON  
Englishwomen's shoes look as if they  
had been made by someone who had  
often heard shoes described, but had  
never seen any.

FLANNERY  
O'CONNOR  
Fame is a comic  
distinction shared  
with Roy Rogers'  
horse and Miss  
Watermelon of  
1955.

I LIVE in the  
world which my  
eye perceives, and  
I live in the world  
in which my  
mind modifies  
what my eye has  
perceived, and  
I live in a world  
that is beyond  
perception.

JUDITH MALINA  
*Diaries* (NY: Grove  
Press, 1984).

**FRONT COVER**  
Photographic self-  
portrait by Richard Koenig,  
professor of photography  
at Kalamazoo College in  
Michigan.



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