

Summer 1993

Ballast Quarterly Review, v08n4, Summer 1993

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BALLAST QUARTERLY REVIEW



Volume 8 Number 4

Summer 1993

LONDON. Palace Theatre. Pavlova dancing the dying swan. Feather falls off her dress. Two silent Englishmen. One says, "Moulting." That is all they say.

ARNOLD BENNETT, quoted in Simon Brett, ed., *The Faber Book of Diaries* (London: Faber and Faber, 1989), p. 142 □

[WHILE TEACHING at the University of Northern Iowa during the summers of 1957 and 1958, the painter Philip Evergood] had the occasion to list the ingredients of a medium mix on the board for students. Afterwards, some students had added to the list "a cup of beer." Upon returning to the classroom, another instructor had faithfully copied the list and included the cup of beer which he dutifully mixed and used in his paintings. Phil thought that was terrific.

PAUL R. SMITH (a reader from Nisswa, Minnesota) quoted in Kendall Taylor, *Philip Evergood: Never Separate from the Heart* (Cranbury, NJ: Associated University Presses, 1987), p. 124 □

BALLAST Quarterly Review
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founder, editor, art director. This issue
was designed by Hamcivel Rimisak.

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 chiefly a pastiche of astonishing passages from books, magazines, diaries and other publications. 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 paid advertisements, nor is it supposed to be purchased or sold. It is published every three months, more or less, beginning in October and ending in June. There is no charge for subscriptions as such, and (to the extent that finances allow) the journal will gladly be mailed to persons who send in a mailing address and two first class U.S. postage stamps for each issue. In other words, to receive **BALLAST** for one year (four issues), we ask that each reader contribute a total of eight genuine unused U.S. postage stamps, interesting or not. Do not send postage meter slips. When subscribing, good-looking, antique and/or unusual stamps are preferred. We do *not* accept phone orders □

MRS HENRY ADAMS It's not that he [novelist Henry James] "bites off more than he can chew," but he chaws more than he bites off □



THIS JOURNALISTIC occasion [of interviewing American poet Marianne Moore, who, having recently broken her dentures, refused to go out to lunch and covered her mouth with her hand when she spoke] allowed me to experience history's most extraordinary lunch. When we had finished recording, late morning on April 23, Miss Moore begged that I might excuse her as she prepared a bite. After ten or twelve minutes she emerged carrying a small tray which she handed me. When she brought herself a second, similar tray, we sat buffet-style in her living room and ate lunch together. My tray held several little paper cups, the pleated kind used for cupcakes, which she employed as receptacles. In one there were several raisins, perhaps seven, and in another a clutch of Spanish peanuts. There was a cheese glass (from Kraft processed spread) half full of tomato juice. There was a glass dish that contained one quarter of a canned peach. There were three saltines and a tinfoil-wrapped wedge of processed Swiss cheese. There was something sweet, cake-like, and stale. I knew that she liked health foods, a drinker of carrot juice, so that her fare surprised me. Because she lacked teeth, she ate even less than I did. In a moment, she left the room and returned with something to fill me up, but which she could not herself chew. From the package she poured on my tray a mound of Fritos. "I like Fritos," she croaked, covering her mouth, "They're so nutritious."

DONALD HALL, *Their Ancient Glimmering Eyes* (New York: Ticknor and Fields, 1992), pp. 165-166. Suggested by Carol Stevens, a reader from New York City □



ABOVE Neville Brody, logo for the contents page of British rock magazine *The Face* (1984), featured in Jon Wozencroft, *The Graphic Language of Neville Brody* (New York: Rizzoli, 1991), p. 32 □

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE lives!
The only door by which one can leave the Men's Room of the Toledo Art Museum bears a large inscription:
NO EXIT.

Submitted by
RUDOLF ARNHEIM,
a reader from Ann Arbor, Michigan □

WE DO NOT RESPOND to individual stimuli of isolated sounds but to configurations as a whole. Only after the medley of sounds has fallen into a distinct pattern do we allocate each individual sound its distinct place within the whole. This crucial fact of "Gestalt-psychology" is not easy to explain in words. But I would boldly assert that when a famous young Frenchman rushed into the English girl's room and exclaimed "je t'adore" only to receive the answer "shut it yourself, you idiot" the persons present heard different sounds according to the interpretation they accepted.

E.H. GOMBRICH, quoted in Olive Renier and Vladimir Rubinstein, *Assigned to Listen: The Vesham Experience 1939-43*, pp. 75-76. Suggested by Joseph Podlesnik, a reader from Margate, New Jersey
□

A DAY sadly spoiled by my growing infirmity—absence of mind. After going to University College Committee, I went to J. Taylor's, to exchange hats, having taken his last night; but he had not mine there. I took an omnibus to Addison Road, drank tea with Paynter, and then went to Taylor's to restore his hat; and then found that I had a second time blundered by bringing Paynter's old hat; and I lost an hour in going to and from Addison Road, and from and to Sheffield House.

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON (diary entry dated 7 April 1847) in Simon Brett, ed., *The Faber Book of Diaries* (London: Faber and Faber, 1989), p. 125 □

[AS A CHILD, I had a governess] splendidly named Miss de Montmorency. I had doubts about her sex, because the often-uttered formula "Miss de Montmorency" reached my ear as "Mr Montmorency."

WILLIAM PLOMER, *The Autobiography of William Plomer* (New York: Taplinger, 1976), p. 85 □

MAYA ANGELOU (in Claudia Tate, *Black Women Writers at Work*) I believe talent is like electricity. We don't understand electricity. We use it. Electricity makes no judgment. You can plug into it and light up a lamp, keep a heart pump going, light a cathedral, or you can electrocute a person with it. Electricity will do all that. It makes no judgment. I think talent is like that. I believe every person is born with talent □



ELIEL SAARINEN (*Time*, 2 July 1956)
Always design a thing by considering it in its next larger context—a chair in a room, a room in a house, a house in an environment, an environment in a city plan □



HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Mark Sloan, et al., *Dear Mr. Ripley: A Compendium of Curioddities from the Believe It or Not! Archives* (Boston: Bulfinch Press/Little Brown and Company, 1993). You have to see this book—it's hilarious. An album of photographs of human oddities from eccentric participants all over the country used by Robert Ripley in compiling his famous *Believe It or Not!* cartoon. For example, a half-and-half Lime Springs, Iowa, man who wore dark clothing on one side of his body, light on the other, with a beard on one half but clean-shaven on the other. Or (how about this!) a spotted dog with the silhouette of a chicken on its hindquarters; a pinto horse with an Indian head on its chest; wrinkled knee caps that look like baby faces; or (reproduced above) markings on a turtle shell that look like an Oriental visage. Since discovering this book, we haven't stopped looking for meaningful shapes in Holstein cows □

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED: Donald Hall, *Their Ancient Glittering Eyes: Remembering Poets and More Poets* (New York: Ticknor and Fields, 1992). ISBN 0-89919-979-8. Hall is a prominent poet who is probably better remembered for his delightful interviews with and books about other poets, for example, *Remembering Poets* (first published in 1978), a memoir on the lives and writings of Robert Frost, T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and Dylan Thomas. This book is a reworked enlargement of that. Everything has been revised, with the addition of essays and interviews on Archibald MacLeish, Yvor Winters, and Marianne Moore. It's all very readable, warm-hearted stuff, a good book when one is in need of assurance of the basic goodness of human nature □



HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Lisa Mahar-Keplinger, *Grain Elevators* (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1993). ISBN 1-878271-35-0. A few years ago, the British design theorist and historian Reyner Banham produced a book called *Concrete Atlantis* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1986) in which he demonstrated that an entire generation of modern European architects, including Walter Gropius, Erich Mendelsohn, and Le Corbusier, had been explicitly influenced by American grain elevators and other ornament-free industrial buildings. In preparing this book of several hundred black and white photographs and architectural line drawings, Mahar-Keplinger studied grain elevators in Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, and North and South Dakota (where "silos appear like cathedrals," she writes), placed them in various structural groups, and analyzed their placement with regard to town planning □

A WOMAN who is now alive and walking about weekly in Ventnor market was coming one stormy day from one of the inland villages to Ventnor by the path along the edge and summit of the Undercliff. It was raining and she had spread over her a large strong old-fashioned umbrella, when a sudden gust of wind blew her over the edge of the cliff. Her umbrella and her clothes buoyed her up and she descended gently and safely, floating down like a parachute from the top of the cliff to the bottom where she pitched on her feet unhurt, and only the eggs in her basket were broken by the slight concussion and jar with which she alighted.

FRANCIS KILVERT in William Plomer, ed., *Kilvert's Diary. Vol 3: Selections from the Diary of the Rev. Francis Kilvert, 14 May 1874-13 March 1879* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1960), p. 41 □

HE [FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT] and I walked up to the high ground [to a potential building site for a new home] where there was an old orchard above a pasture which faces north but has an endless view over the hills. He took one look and then peed and said, "Good spot," and we walked down the hill back to the house.

ARTHUR MILLER (the American playwright), in Edgar Tafel, ed., *About Wright* (New York: John Wiley, 1993), p. 82 □

MARIE VON EBNER-ESCHENBACH Even a stopped clock is right twice every day. After some years, it can boast of a long series of successes □



HIGHLY RECOMMENDED: Edgar Tafel, ed., *About Wright: An Album of Recollections by Those Who Knew Frank Lloyd Wright* (New York: John Wiley, 1993). ISBN 0-471-59233-1. Wisconsin-born Wright is probably the greatest architect in recent history but he must have been horrid to be with since his architectural genius was only excelled by his arrogant tongue. Tafel, apprentice to Wright for 9 years, published an earlier wonderful book called *Years With Frank Lloyd Wright: Apprentice to Genius* (New York: Dover, 1985), but this contains even more candid accounts of first-person encounters with the outrageous patriarch by a wide variety of family, friends, and more or less charitable associates, including playwright Arthur Miller (who rejected Wright's plan for a house in the woods), architect Paolo Soleri (who was asked to leave Taliesen), tv curmudgeon Andy Rooney, Philip Johnson, and the architect's son John Lloyd Wright (the inventor of Lincoln Logs) □

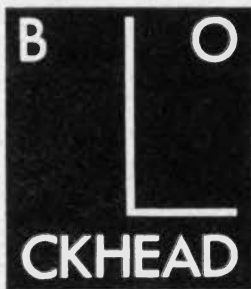
WHEN HE ARRIVED at the foot of a hill, which was the proposed site [for a house near New York City, Frank Lloyd] Wright emerged briskly from the car and led us up the steep hillside... Wright pronounced the site fine for the house. He then proceeded some 50 feet farther, relieved his bladder, and came back to the group. There was a silence, nobody knowing just what to say. Then Wright pointed his cane at the spot where he had been and said, "Something meaningful will grow there."

EDGAR TAFEL (quoting Robert Chuckrow), *About Wright* (New York: John Wiley, 1993), p. 89 □

Question: Do you recall telling the police that you passed out at that time?

Answer: I passed out, yes. I passed out. I think I blacked out. I passed out, but I don't know if I was really out. I just remember blacking out, and I assume I passed out, or I didn't pass out, I just blacked out in my mind.

ANON from an actual court transcript in Charles M. Sevilla, ed., *Disorder in the Court* (New York: W.W. Norton, 1993) □



ABOVE Logo for Ian Dury's British rock band Blockheads designed by Barney Bubbles (1977) □



MARVIN EISENBERG tells how years ago he visited the Marcel Duchamp collection of the Philadelphia Museum. The various promoted objects such as the bicycle were exhibited in a long hall. It was a very hot day and before the days of air conditioning, but a fan in a corner stood unplugged. When he suggested to the guard that the fan could supply some ventilation, the guard looking around astonished asked, "What fan?" He had been taking it for an exhibit.

Submitted by RUDOLF ARNHEIM, a reader from Ann Arbor, Michigan □

WHEN [BOB] RAUSCHENBERG and [Jasper] Johns went down to see the Philadelphia installation [of Marcel Duchamp's readymade artworks], they found the Duchamp gallery momentarily deserted. Rauschenberg could not restrain a sudden impulse to steal one of the marble cubes from *Why Not Sneeze?*, an assisted readymade in the form of a metal birdcage partially filled with marble pieces cut to resemble lump sugar. People regularly stole the thermometer that protruded through the bars of the same piece, and it was just as regularly replaced. As Rauschenberg was reaching into the birdcage, a museum guard suddenly appeared and asked him what he thought he was doing. Rauschenberg tried to explain—he had heard that the cubes were marble, he just wanted to make sure...

"Don't you know," the guard said in a bored tone of voice, "that you're not supposed to touch that crap?"

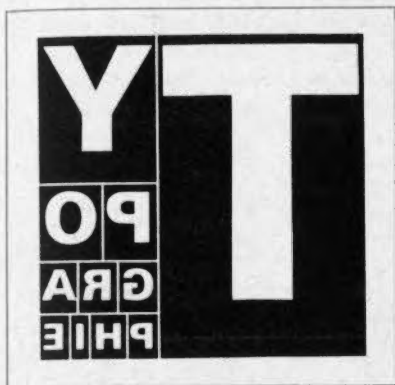
CALVIN TOMKINS, *Off the Wall: Robert Rauschenberg and the Art World* (New York: Doubleday, 1980) □

YOU KNOW RIDDLEY theres some thing in us it dont have no name...Its some kynd of thing it aint us but yet its in us. Its looking out thru our eye hoals...It aint you nor it dont even know your name. Its in us lorn and loan and sheltering how it can...Its all 1 girt thing bigger nor the worl and lorn and loan and oansome. Tremmering it is and feart. It puts us on like we put on our cloes. Some times we dont fit. Some times it cant fynd the arm hoals and it tears us apart...Now Im old I noatis it mor. It dont realy like to put me on no mor. Every morning I can feal how its tired of me and readying to throw me away. Iwl tel you something Riddley and keap this in memberment. What ever it is we dont come naturel to it.

RUSSEL HOBAN, *Riddley Walker* (New York: Summit Books, 1980), p. 6. Suggested by Greg Hofmann, a reader from Peoria, Illinois □



BELOW Cover of *Typographie* (1967) by Swiss typographer and educator Emil Ruder □



HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Liam Hudson and Bernadine Jacot, *The Way Men Think: Intellect, Intimacy and the Erotic Imagination* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1991). ISBN 0-300-04997-8. Anyone interested in the creative process may recall that Liam Hudson, a British psychologist, is the author of various earlier books on creativity in art and science, including *Human Beings* (1975) and *Bodies of Knowledge* (1982). Bernadine Jacot, a painter, is Hudson's wife. At a time when most would emphasize affinities between genders (in the interests of equal rights), Hudson and Jacot point out key differences between men and women, especially the theory that there is a "wound" which male children experience as they distance themselves from their mothers. This wound endures throughout men's lives, the authors contend, resulting in (among other things) adeptness at abstract reasoning, distrust of women, emotional callousness, and a tendency to regard people as things and things as people. It's a plausible and fascinating thesis, convincingly put—and certainly worth reading—but one that seems highly unlikely to thrive in the present climate □

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Eileen Jay, et al., *A Victorian Naturalist: Beatrix Potter's Drawings from the Armit Collection* (London:Frederick Warne/Penguin Books, 1992). ISBN 0-7232-3990-8. Everyone knows Beatrix Potter (1866-1943) as a British children's book author and illustrator, the creator of Peter Rabbit. But what is not generally noted is that, prior to writing children's books, she was a superb scientific illustrator. Many of her scientific drawings and watercolors were donated to the Armit Library in Ambleside, Cumbria, in northwest England, and this book is a stunning selection of those (including fossils, archaeological finds, mosses, fungi, and insects), accompanied by various snapshots, four essays on Potter's scientific work, and excerpts from her letters □

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Steven Heller and Julie Lasky, *Borrowed Design: The Use and Abuse of Historical Form* (New York: Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1993). ISBN 0-442-00840-6. Heller is a widely-published graphic design critic, historian, and *New York Times* art director; Lasky is Managing Editor of *PRINT Magazine*. This book is especially significant because it unflinchingly takes up the task of distinguishing "appropriation" (a postmodern watchword) in current graphic design and illustration from "misappropriation," or the use and abuse of historical form. Beautifully written, it is a courageous and trailblazing work, one of the most important books in recent discussions of graphic design □

DAN BURGESS preaching, said, "I have but one whore in my congregation, and I'll fell her"—and making an offer to throw the Bible, a great many bowed to shun the book—at which he said, "I think I have nothing but whores."

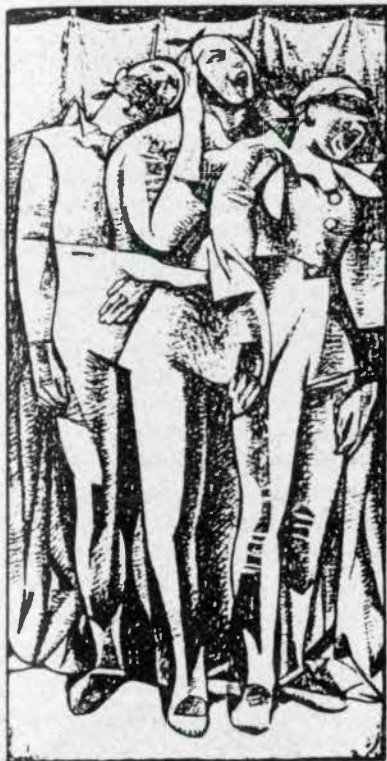
REVEREND JOHN TOMLINSON (an 18th-century British clergyman) in 1718, quoted in Simon Brett, ed., *The Faber Book of Diaries* (London: Faber and Faber, 1987) □

Tues., May 4 [1993]—In Grants Pass, Ore., doctors say a man who let a friend shoot an arrow at a fuel can on top of his head will not suffer permanent brain damage, despite the fact that the arrow passed completely through his skull... **Sun., May 9**—A woman who stood on her head and used a turkey baster to impregnate herself with her sister's ovum (which had already been fertilized by her brother-in-law) gave birth to her own nephew on Mothers Day.

STEVEN FOWLE, excerpted from "The Daily Rant," an eccentric national news summary in *The New Hampshire Gazette*, an offbeat 4-page monthly, available yearly for \$10 from Mr. Fowle at 37 Skunk Farm Road, Hillsborough, NH 03244 (for a sample issue, send two first-class postage stamps) □

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Peter Pachnicke and Klaus Honnef, eds, *John Heartfield* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1992). ISBN 0-8109-3413-2. Born Helmut Herzfeld in 1891, Heartfield was a Berlin Dadaist until he broke off to establish himself as a political satirist and photomontage pioneer. His anti-Nazi and anti-fascist photomontages, published in the German leftist newspaper AIZ from 1930 to 1938, are ingenious examples of visual wit. Heartfield died a Communist in 1968, and now, coincident with the end of the Cold War, he is deservedly being rediscovered. This richly illustrated volume was produced to accompany a major exhibition of his work (photomontages, posters, book jackets, and theatre sets) that originated in Europe, traveled to New York, and will open soon in San Francisco and Los Angeles □





LEFT Preliminary pencil drawing by Iowa-based illustrator GARY KELLEY for the forthcoming 1993-94 Western Michigan University Theatre poster, "Playing With Temptation." Kelley recently received the Benjamin Franklin Award from the American Booksellers Association for his illustrations for *The Necklace* by Guy de Maupassant (currently available in bookstores). His pastel illustrations are discussed in "Strange in a Wonderful Way" by Roy R. Behrens in *PRINT Magazine* (March/April 1993), pp. 32-41 □

AGNES ELIZABETH BENEDICT
(*Progress to Freedom*, 1942) Whenever someone speaks with prejudice against a group—Catholics, Jews, Italians, Negroes [or women and homosexuals in the military]—someone else usually comes up with a classic line of defense: "Look at Einstein!" "Look at Carver!" "Look at Toscanini!" So, of course, Catholics (or Jews, or Italians, or Negroes) must be all right. They mean well, these defenders. But their approach is wrong. It is even bad. What a minority group wants is not the right to have geniuses among them but the right to have fools and scoundrels without being condemned as a group □

YOU ARE brilliant and subtle if you come from Iowa and really strange and you live as you live and you are always well taken care of if you come from Iowa.

GERTRUDE STEIN,
*Everybody's
Autobiography*
(New York:
Random House,
1937), p. 224 □

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Ernst Gombrich and Didier Eribon, *Looking for Answers: Conversations on Art and Science* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1993). ISBN 0-8109-3382. Most people know Ernst Gombrich as art historian E.H. Gombrich, a name adopted in 1940 when, preparing the title page for a book on caricature with psychoanalyst Ernst Kris (*Psychoanalytic Explorations in Art*), he decided that one Ernst was better than two. Mr Eribon is a young French journalist who has published similar conversations with Claude Lévi-Strauss and Georges Dumézil. Anyone familiar with Gombrich's earlier writings (*The Story of Art*, *Art and Illusion*, *The Sense of Order*, and a dozen others) will be delighted by this informal, amusing, and interesting talk about the growth of his ideas, his ambitions and chief influences. As a bonus, there are 16 pages of snapshots (including the 4-year-old art historian offering the camera an earthworm) and a wonderful dust jacket drawing of Sir Ernst by Ohio-born British painter R.B. Kitaj □

RIGHT Self-portrait woodcut by German artist Max Beckmann (1922) □

DOROTHY WALWORTH
They buried the hatchet, but in a shallow, well-marked grave □



OF INTEREST John Rowland Wood, *Handbook of Illustration* (New York: Design Press/McGraw-Hill, 1991). ISBN 0-8306-3560-2. We were initially drawn to this book because of the wealth of its technical sections. But we ended up greatly distressed by the lackluster, outdated examples of illustration, *scuola di Bob Peak*, as if the profession had suddenly died about 30 years ago □



HIS [WELSH ARTIST and writer David Jones'] last flap in the Army occurred in Dublin on the way to disembodiment [being discharged] in England. He stepped into a latrine, leaving his rifle leaning against the wall; when he came out, it was gone—he had committed a horrible military crime. With beating heart he looked for it, left Dublin, left England, deciding not to make a clean breast of it but to postpone the crisis until the last possible moment. At the last possible moment, approaching the final desk, he saw a stack of rifles, pinched one, turned it in, and walked out, to endure slightly diminishing anxiety day by day, week by week, until he and the Army forgot about it.

WILLIAM BLISSET, *The Long Conversation: A Memoir of David Jones* (Oxford, England: Oxford University Press, 1981), p. 129, a source suggested by Charles Moorman, a reader from Fayetteville, Arkansas □

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Susan B. Casteras, et al., *John Ruskin and the Victorian Eye* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1993). ISBN 0-8109-3766-2. About Ruskin, the most influential art critic of the 19th century, we've always known all the scandalous stuff (his unconsummated marriage, his insanity, Whistler's libel suit) but, until this book, we hadn't realized how brilliant he was as a draughtsman as well as a writer—some of his drawings are astonishing. This is a lavish exhibition catalog, with 179 reproductions and a half dozen delightful essays by Ruskin experts. The book is wonderful, but how better to read it while viewing the works: The exhibition is at the Indianapolis Museum of Art from June 22 through August 29 □

RECOMMENDED:
Matthew Teitelbaum, ed., *Montage and Modern Life: 1919-1942* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1992). ISBN 0-262-20091-0.

Because of new developments in digital imagery, which is often seamless, there is renewed interest in photographic collage, which is anything but seamless. New books have just been published on John Heartfield (see review in this issue) and Hannah Höch, Bauhaus-era pioneers in photomontage. Four essays provide the narration in this catalog for an exhibition on the use of montage (described as "unexpected juxtapositions and discontinuous images") for political, advertising, and artistic purposes by Höch, Heartfield, Alexandr Rodchecko, El Lissitzky, and others, which opened in Boston in 1992, then traveled to Vancouver and Brussels □



AT THE PRELIMINARY examination in Zurich [for deportation and conscription into the German Army in 1915], he [the artist Jean Arp] was asked to fill out a form containing about 30 questions, the first of which referred to his date of birth. Arp wrote the date—16/9/87—in the space provided, put down the same figure in answer to all the other questions, and then drew a line at the bottom of the page and added up the entries. Solemnly removing all his clothes, he handed the form to a startled official, who urged him to get dressed and go home. Arp was not bothered again.

CALVIN TOMKINS, *The World of Marcel Duchamp* (New York: Time-Life Library of Art, 1966) □

E.H. GOMBRICH
(Looking for Answers)
There are horribly many books, which I do not read, about Marcel Duchamp, and all this business when he sent a urinal to an exhibition and people said he had “redefined art” ... what triviality!
□

OTHER RECENT PUBLICATIONS


Margo Rouard-Snowman, *Museum Graphics* (New York: Thames & Hudson, 1992). ISBN 0-500-23635-6. A visually dazzling full-color review of innovative publications (posters, invitations, catalogs) designed for museums all over the world—one of the finest books we've seen on international graphic design □

James L. Adams, *Flying Buttresses, Entropy, and O-Rings: The World of an Engineer* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1993). ISBN 0-674-30689-9. A Stanford engineering professor and author of *Conceptual Blockbusting* (a problem-solving classic) makes an earnest but generally languid attempt to explain engineering to general readers □

Tom Teicholz, editor, *Conversations with Jerzy Kosinski* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1993). ISBN 0-87805-626-2. An anthology of interviews with the troubled, abstruse author of *The Painted Bird*, who ended his own life in 1991 □

Stephen Spender and David Hockney, *China Diary* (New York: Thames and Hudson, 1993). ISBN 0-500-27711-7. The paperback edition of the 1981 travel journal of British poet Spender and painter/photographer Hockney as they traversed a kite-shaped path across Mainland China □

David Bernstein, *The Shell Poster Book* (Boston: David Godine, 1993). ISBN 0-87923-962-X. Nearly 100 large full-color posters for Shell Oil, produced from 1932-39 by a wide variety of British designers and artists including E. McKnight Kauffer, Vanessa Bell, Tom Purvis, and Hans Schlegel □



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BALLAST is published in a limited edition and back issues are not available. However, the magazine may be xeroxed to provide others with copies, but the copies must never be altered or sold. Our readers are encouraged to suggest offbeat examples of visual or verbal insight 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 contributions are unpaid, and unsolicited material will be not returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

BALLAST doesn't have a budget really. For more than eight years, it has operated at a loss. Even if we demanded stamps from everyone who receives the magazine, we would still lose money on printing costs. Such losses are currently offset by donations from enlightened subscribers and generous deductions from the Subscription Lout's paycheck. If anyone is foolishly philanthropic (foolish because such contributions are surely not tax deductible), we will sometimes accept a check (made payable to Roy R. Behrens), an ark, or a sump pump □

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Norman Messenger, *Making Faces* (New York: Dorling Kindersley, 1992). In the 19th century, there were many variations on a children's game called "metamorphosis" in which funny faces or figures were created by mixing and matching foreheads with inappropriate eyes, a funny nose, and so on. Later, the Dadaists and Surrealists adopted the same technique in "the Exquisite Corpse," a way of making absurd art. This book is a winsome reminder of that—a children's book in which 65,000 faces can be created simply by exchanging one nose for another or replacing a hat with a bald head □

COVER Olaf Gulbransson, portrait of Danish literary critic Georg Brandes, originally published in *Simplicissimus*, circa 1910 □



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