

Winter 1994

## Ballast Quarterly Review, v10n2, Winter 1994

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WHAT AN extraordinary thing this love is that comes and goes, making a completely different person of you while it lasts. And when you're young it's a kind of unreal fantasy, based on something that doesn't exist. The best fantasies are when you are not seeing the person, when they are inaccessible. They fall to bits as soon as you get the person.

JOAN WYNDHAM, *Love Lessons: A War-time Journal* (London: Flamingo / Fontana 1986), p. 51 ✕

BALLAST Quarterly Review Volume 10 Number 2 Winter 1994. Copyright © 1994 by Roy R. Behrens, founder, editor, art director. This issue was designed by Willis Paget.

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, beginning in October (more or less) 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 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.

HUMOR IS our way of defending ourselves from life's absurdities by thinking absurdly about them. It is a mild antitoxin of the same nature as the disease it seeks to combat. Occasionally it gets the upper hand and becomes the disease itself.

LEWIS MUMFORD, *Findings and Keepings: Analects for an Autobiography* (New York: Harcourt and Brace, 1975), p. 28.

ALAN BENNETT We started off trying to set up a small anarchist community, but people wouldn't obey the rules ✕

JEAN HARLOW kept calling Margot Asquith by her first name, or kept trying to: she pronounced it Margot. Finally Margot set her right. "No, no, Jean. The t is silent, as in Harlow."

T.S. MATTHEWS, *Great Tom* (1973) ✕

ONE OF my older brother's friends [Bruce Brinker] is an inveterate punster. Once, when he and the guys went into a Pizza Hut, the clerk asked him, "Do you want a box for your pizza?" Bruce replied, "No, but I'll go a few rounds for a pitcher of beer."

Contributed by JOSEPH PODLESNIK  
from Ventnor, New Jersey ✕



EVELYN  
WAUGH I came  
to the conclu-  
sion many years  
ago that almost  
all crime is due  
to the  
repressed desire  
for aesthetic  
expression ✕

LEFT Pencil draw-  
ing by Iowa-based  
illustrator GARY  
KELLEY ✕

[REGARDING school prayer] The hoped-for proposal that we mandate one to five minutes of "silence" in the schoolroom is altogether inadequate. Why shouldn't we call for a full hour of silence? We could call it "study hall."

ALLAN R. SHICKMAN, in a Letter to the Editor in the *Des Moines Sunday Register* (November 27, 1994), p. 5C ✕

SO HARRY says, "You don't like me any more. Why not?" And he says, "Because you are so terribly pretentious." And Harry says, "Pretentious? *Moi?*"

JOHN CLEESE and CONNIE BOOTH, in *Fawlty Towers* (BBC television series), 1979 ✕

ROBERT FROST  
Like a piece of  
ice on a hot  
stove the poem  
must ride on its  
own melting ✕

HERMANN HESSE If you hate a person, you hate something in him that is part of yourself. What isn't part of ourselves doesn't disturb us ✕

IDEAS ARE just points of departure. It's rare for me to be able to pinpoint them, just as they came to my mind. As soon as I set to work, others seem to flow from the pen. To know what you want to draw, you have to begin drawing it. If it turns out to be a man, I draw a man—if it's a woman, I draw a woman. There's an old Spanish proverb: "If it has a beard, it's a man; if it doesn't have a beard, it's a woman." Or, in another version: "If it has a beard, it's Saint Joseph; if it doesn't have a beard, it's the Virgin Mary."

PABLO PICASSO, quoted in Brassai, *Picasso and Company* (New York: Doubleday, 1966), p. 55. Contributed by Stephen Samerjan from Sierra Madre, California ✕

ALICE B. TOK-  
LAS What is  
sauce for the  
goose may be  
sauce for the  
gander but it is  
not necessarily  
sauce for the  
chicken, the  
duck, the  
turkey, or the  
guinea hen ✕

WOODY ALLEN  
The lion and  
the calf shall lie  
down together  
but the calf  
won't get much  
sleep ✕

MAURICE  
ZOLOTOW  
Hollywood is a  
place where  
people from  
Iowa mistake  
each other for  
stars ✕

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Art Spiegelman, *The Complete MAUS: A Survivor's Tale*. Macintosh format CD-ROM published by The Voyager Company, New York. ISBN 1559404531. Voyager produces some of the finest, most innovative CD-ROMs available, including *Cinema Volta* (a quasi-historical reverie on the cultural significance of electricity), *Poetry in Motion* (poets performing their own poetry), and *First Person: Marvin Minsky: The Society of Mind* (how Minsky's mind works). This is a CD-ROM version of Spiegelman's Pulitzer Prize-winning comic about the horrifying ordeal of his father (Vladek Spiegelman) during the Holocaust, an account in which Nazis are represented as cats, Jews as mice. The value of this—and the aspect that clearly extends it beyond the printed page—is in its rich supply of supplemental features, including interviews with the author's father, a guided tour of the 13-year evolution of the comic, a miscellany of maps, sketches and other MAUS-related documents, and reflections by Art on the value of art. This is unique—but so is Voyager. For a free catalog, or (for \$9.95) a demo disc of Voyager CD-ROMs, call 1-800-446-2001 ✕

ROBERT LOWELL If we see a light  
at the end of a tunnel it is the light  
of an oncoming train ✕

I AM SITTING in the smallest room of my house. I have your review before me. In a moment it will be behind me.

MAX REGER, in a letter to Munich music critic Rudolph Louis in response to Louis' review in *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten* (1906), as suggested by Rudolf Arnheim ✖

DENN EINE JEDLICHE KUNST  
 ODER WERK ✖ WIE KLEIN  
 SIE SEIEN ★ DAS SIND ALLE ✖  
 SAMT GNADEN ✖ UND WIR  
 KET SIE ALLES AMT DER HEI-  
 LIGE GEIST ✖ ZU NUTZ UND  
 ZU FRUCHT DER MENSCHEN  
 + WÄRE ICH NICHT EIN PRIE-  
 STER ✖ UND WÄRE UNTER  
 EINER VERSAMMLUNG + ICH  
 NÄHME ES FÜR EIN GROSSES  
 DING ★ DAS ICH SCHUHE MA-  
 CHEN KÖNNTEN ✖ UND ICH  
 WOLLTE AUCH GERNE MEIN  
 BROT MIT MEINEN HÄN ✖  
 DEN VERDIENEN ✖ KINDER  
 ★ DER FUSS NOCH DIE HAND  
 DIE SOLLEN NICHT DAS AUGE  
 SEIN WOLLEN ✖ MEIN JEGLI-  
 CHER SOLL SEIN AMT TUN ✖  
 DAS IHM GOTT ZUGEFUGT.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Renate Stendhal, editor, *Gertrude Stein in Words and Pictures* (New York: Workman / Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, 1994). ISBN 0-945575-99-8. We have enormous regard for the inventive musings of Gertrude Stein, particularly *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, which was of course her own autobiography disguised as that of her intimate friend. With new openness about gay relationships, there is a resurgence of interest in Stein and Toklas, whose lives are told in great detail in Diana Souhami, *Gertrude and Alice* (San Francisco: HarperCollins, 1992). Stendhal's book is a montage, photographic and literary, a chronological mélange of 360 photographs (100 shown here for the first time) of Stein, Toklas and a few of their hundreds of curious friends, accompanied by well-chosen extracts from Stein's writings, as well as the letters and firsthand accounts of people who knew this remarkable pair ✖

ABOVE Specimen of the typeface Neuland by German typographer RUDOLF KOCH (c. 1922) ✖

DEFINITION of "penis envy" in Sallie Tisdale, *Talk Dirty to Me: An Intimate Philosophy of Sex* (New York: Doubleday, 1994): The desire to be red, wrinkled and four inches long ✖

[OF LUCIAN  
Freud's studio]  
One recognizes  
the furniture,  
the bed of  
scrutiny, the  
burst uphol-  
stery of the  
analytic couch.  
On the wall to  
the left of the  
door four  
words are writ-  
ten in emphatic  
capitals:  
URGENT SUB-  
TLE CONCISE  
ROBUST.

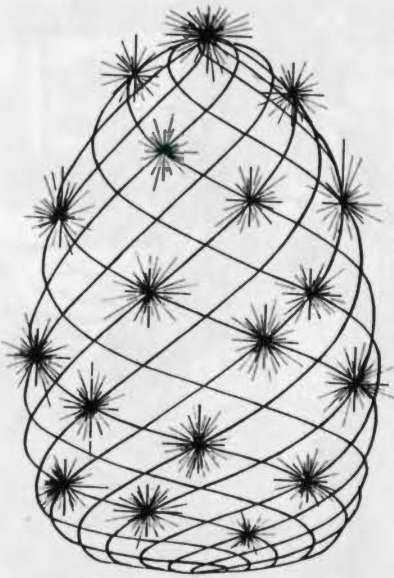
ROBERT HUGHES,  
*Lucian Freud  
Paintings*  
(London: Thames  
and Hudson,  
1989), p. 22.

Contributed by  
Joseph Podlesnik  
of Ventnor, New  
Jersey ✱

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED György  
Doczi, *The Power of Limits:  
Proportional Harmonies in  
Nature, Art and Architecture*  
(Boston: Shambhala, 1981). ISBN  
0-87773-193-4. There is a point on  
any line that divides it into two  
unequal parts, such that the  
smaller of the parts has the same  
relationship to the larger part as  
the larger has to the entire line.  
In an 8-inch line, for example, the  
smaller part is 3, the larger 5. To  
section a line in this manner is  
called "the Golden Section."  
Related in mathematics to the  
Fibonacci series (in which each  
number is the sum of two preced-  
ing ones: 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21 and  
so on), it has been celebrated by  
mathematicians, artists and musi-  
cians since Pythagoras, and was  
especially popular around the  
turn of the century, when it was  
investigated by German philoso-  
pher Gustav Fechner (founder of  
"experimental aesthetics") and,  
as a spin-off of the Aesthetic  
Movement, was fervently pro-  
moted by American artist Jay  
Hambidge. Arguably, the golden  
proportion (or its "close approxi-  
mation") is abundantly found in  
nature (sunflowers, pine cones,  
daisies, and artichokes), in art and  
in nonart standard forms (paper  
sizes, playing cards, checks and  
credit cards). This new printing of  
the clearest, best-illustrated book  
on the subject is marred by a dis-  
cordant cover design and the fail-  
ure to entertain serious doubts  
about the universality of the con-  
cept ✱

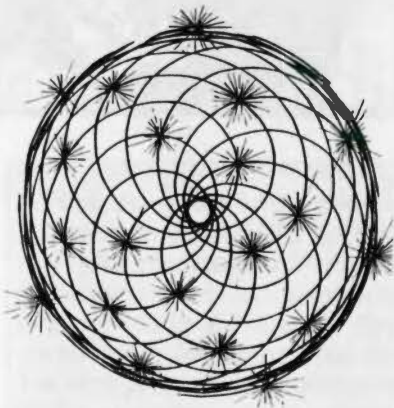
A GROUP of feminist artists known as Women Against  
took hostage a group of male representational  
painters and demanded to know why they depicted  
women as having breasts. The men answered that they  
painted women with breasts because women have  
breasts, and accused the feminists of fear of framing.  
The women instantly saw the wisdom of this and apol-  
ogized profusely, explaining that they were severely  
depressed because they were all having their Blue  
Period.

FRAN LEBOWITZ, *Metropolitan Life* (New York: E.P. Dutton,  
1978), pp. 136-137 ✱



ONCE, MANY years ago in Berkeley at a concert while a Brahms symphony was being played I happened to sit next to the composer Darius Milhaud. In the midst of it he said to me, "They think because it is long it is deep."

Contributed by  
RUDOLF  
ARNHEIM, psy-  
chologist and art  
theorist ✕



ABOVE Pattern of a pine cone, drawings by GYÖRGY DOCZI from *The Power of Limits* ✕

F. SCOTT  
FITZGERALD All  
good writing is  
swimming  
under water  
and holding  
your breath ✕

SALLE AND her boyfriend, who is a surrealist, staged a weird performance in Hyde Park [in June 1939, at the outset of World War II], reading bits out of *Alice in Wonderland* and the telephone directory, but the police thought it was some sort of code and took it all down.

JOAN WYNDHAM, *Love Lessons: A Wartime Diary* (London: Flamingo / Fontana, 1986), p. 79 ✕

SEEING depends on knowledge  
And knowledge, of course, on your college  
But when you are erudite and wise  
What matters is, to use your eyes.

E.H. GOMBRICH, quoted in Anna Held Audette, *The Blank Canvas: Inviting the Muse* (Boston: Shambala, 1994), p. 1 ✕



ANON (overheard at Halloween by STANLEY and DELORES THOMPSON)  
Men are like pumpkins. The cute ones are taken, and the rest have had their brains scraped out ✱

RIGHT Pencil drawing by GARY KELLEY ✱



I ONCE talked to Erwin Panofsky about art historians falsely pretending that the ancient Romans already possessed central perspective. He said, "You know, when you use a thick enough pencil, you can prove anything."

Contributed by RUDOLF ARNHEIM ✱

THERE IS a great deal of art that is no more significant than the clippings of hair that must be swept up in a barbershop. We must grow hair, heaven knows, because that is our nature, and we must clip it in order to be comfortable: but the mere fact that we have grown it—that it expresses our physiological selves—does not make it a bit more worthy of preservation.

LEWIS MUMFORD, *Findings and Keepings: Analects for an Autobiography* (New York: Harcourt and Brace, 1975), p. 58 ✱

HE [Uncle Mike] had started out in his career as a wood engraver and lithographer and was an apprentice of Currier and Ives. Then, for a while, he was on the stage and became a close friend of John Wilkes Booth. Shortly before the fateful April 15, 1865, he had run into this actor on lower Broadway. He had not seen him for some time and asked him what he was doing. "I am preparing," said the man who was to kill Lincoln, "to play the greatest part I ever had in my life. You'll read all about it in the papers soon."

S.J. WOOLF, *Here I Am* (New York: Random House, 1941), p. 8 ✱

[NEW ZEALAND-BORN British artist John Buckland Wright spoke with a severe stammer. While serving in France during World War I, one evening he was returning to camp with two companions.] John alone knew the password, but was unable to reply when an Algerian sentry challenged them. He stood there speechless, trying desperately to get the word out. The sentry had already raised his rifle and was about to fire when, fortunately, a French officer who knew him came out of a tent and knocked up the rifle.

ANTHONY REID, *A Check-list of the Book Illustrations of John Buckland Wright* (Pinner, Middlesex, England: Private Libraries Association, 1968), pp. 11-12 ✱

PERCENTAGE of Americans who never read books: 45. Estimated number of cockroaches in the Pentagon: 2,000,000. Percentage of Americans who say they don't know how they could get along without Scotch tape: 46. Number of plastic pink flamingos sold in the U.S. in 1985: 450,000.

P.G. WODEHOUSE All the unhappy marriages come from the husbands having brains ✱

LEWIS H. LAPHAM, et al., *The Harper's Index Book* (New York: Henry Holt, 1986), a source suggested by Walter Hamady of Mt Horeb, WI ✱

SAMUEL BUTLER Always eat grapes downwards—that is, always eat the best grape first ✱

MODEL [in sculpture class] was strong woman Josie, who tears up telephone directories. Growth of strong immoral passion for Henry Moore [her teacher]. Today he hammered his thumb doing something to my armature and said "Bugger." There was blood all over the clay. During the rest I sat on the wood pile outside Trafalgar Square and ate apples, and watched the bronze beetles running in and out of holes in the bark.

JOAN WYNDHAM, *Love Lessons: A War Diary* (London: Flamingo / Fontana, 1986), p. 80 ✱

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Stewart Brand, *How Buildings Learn: What Happens After They're Built* (New York: Viking Penguin, 1994). ISBN 0-670-83515-3. The author is highly regarded as an inventive thinker. Beginning in the late '60s, he was founder then editor of the *Whole Earth Catalog* (which inspired and influenced several generations of young people), then moved to projects of equal interest but less consequence, the *CoEvolution Quarterly*, for example, and a interesting book on Gregory Bateson. This latest project, a book on the metamorphosis of buildings, is one of his finest accomplishments. We tend to think of buildings as sacrosanct designs in space, but in this book the buildings are followed in time as they take on intentions that often diverge from the architect's plan. The text is provocative, the illustrations fascinating, including in some cases as many as 8 or 9 photographs of a single building, from the 19th-century to the present. There is for example an interesting spread on the architectural evolution of the Zuni Pueblo near Albuquerque, New Mexico, with photographs from 1873 through 1992; and diagrams of the remodelings of Mount Vernon, Monticello and Montpelier. This volume is indispensable to anyone interested in social aspects of architecture, especially the give-and-take of buildings and their occupants. Suggested by Charles Moorman from Fayetteville, Arkansas ✱

ON HIS last day before his retirement, a Columbia professor of mathematics was sitting at his desk, when a colleague dropped in at his office and said sadly: "In all these years, how many times may you have crossed the threshold of this office!" He got as a reply: "Certainly an uneven number of times."

Contributed by RUDOLF ARNHEIM ✱



ABOVE "Water Shortage," by New York-based illustrator BETH BARTHOLOMEW, originally published in the *New York Times* Op-Ed Section. Copyright © 1993 by B. Bartholomew ✖

AMONG HIS [father's] friends were many Civil War veterans. The one with whom he was most intimate was General Henry Barnum, who had been on Sherman's staff during the war. Barnum had been wounded at Malvern Hill. With a bullet through his hip, he had been left for dead on the battlefield. Someone noticed him moving and he was carried to the hospital. He eventually recovered, but the wound was not permitted to close and all his life he carried a rope through it, which he had to pull back and forth a certain number of times every day.

S.J. WOOLF, *Here Am I* (New York: Random House, 1941), p. 13 ✖

ARTUR SCHNABEL The notes I handle no better than many pianists. But the pauses between the notes—ah, that is where the art resides ✖

WILL ROGERS You can't say civilization don't advance, however, for in every war they kill you in a new way ✖

W.C. FIELDS I always keep a supply of stimulant handy in case I see a snake—which I also keep handy ✖

MR. LARRY Brown often used to say to me, right in front of my mother, "Walter, you are a bastard!" and my dear sweet mother would puff up bigger than life size and with huffy indignance blurt, "He is NOT a Bastard! I know who his father was and we were Married at the time!"

WALTER HAMADY, book artist and collagist, quoted in Mary Lydon, "The Book as the Trojan Horse of Art: Walter Hamady, The Perishable Press Limited and *Gabberjabbs 1-6*" in *Visible Language*, volume 25 number 2/3 (1991), p. 164 ✱

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Michael Skjei, *I Can't Read This and I Designed It* (Minneapolis, MN: Shay, Shea, Hsieh & Skjei, 1994). ISBN 1-884788-02-5. This is a beautifully designed 16-page chapbook, lithographed in three colors and blind embossed on acid-free paper, with hand-sewn binding, in a limited edition of 750. It is a wonderful object to hold, but it's also terribly funny, a collection of twenty-two visual parodies in which famous quotations about legibility and design are reinterpreted as if they might have been designed—illegibly—by postmodern typographers. Available for \$20 from the author at 2222 Girard Avenue South, Minneapolis 55405 or call 612 374-3528. For other satirical comments about both sides of what Skjei calls "the seemingly never-ending quarrel over the use of illegible and unconventional typography," see the November/December issue of *PRINT Magazine* (Hoping for the Millennium: A Print Parody Issue), currently on newstands ✱

L.M. BOYD (*Just So You'll Know*) The Czech composer Bedrich Smetana suffered that ear ringing malady known as tinnitus. He didn't find it difficult to describe. "It's a shrill whistle of a first inversion chord of A-flat in the highest register of the piccolo" ✱

**DURING A SPEECH** by a high official at a major reception for [Albert] Einstein, the honored guest took out his pen and started scribbling equations on the back of his program, oblivious to everything. The speech ended with a great flourish. Everybody stood up, clapping hands and turning to Einstein. Helen [Dukas, his secretary] whispered to him that he had to get up, which he did. Unaware of the fact that the ovation was for him, he clapped his hands, too, until Helen hurriedly told him that he was the one for whom the audience was cheering.

ABRAHAM PAIS, *Einstein Lived Here* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1994), pp. 201-202 ✱



ABOVE Illustration by STEVEN GUARNACCIA for the palindrome "Roy, am I Mayor?" from William Irvine and Steven Guarnaccia, *If I Had a Hi-Fi* (New York: Dell, 1992) ✖

CAROL SISKIND  
I can't cook. I  
use the smoke  
alarm as a  
timer ✖

RODNEY DANGERFIELD She was so  
wild that when she made French  
toast she got her tongue caught in  
the toaster ✖

I WOULDN'T drink my milk. No one could make me. — You'll sit there until you do, Dad said. I was in my high chair. Everyone else went outside. Stanley was excused. I could smell the warm milk. It was a flat, creamy circle. If I wiggled my tray the flat would wrinkle and leave a white lip on the side of the glass. There were mirrors in the dining room that reflected other mirrors. I could see myself over and over again getting smaller and smaller until I disappeared. When I moved my head all of us moved our heads smaller and smaller. There were that many smaller and smaller glasses of milk. Dad checked in on me once in a while to see if I'd decided to do as I was told. It got dark. It was past my bedtime. Everyone came back inside. —Fine then we'll put the milk in the icebox and you'll drink it in the morning. See that he drinks his milk will you Mrs. Gernhardt? He has to learn not to waste food. In the morning my milk was cold again. I drank it down. I liked to drink it cold. I didn't like to drink it warm.

RICHARD RHODES, *A Hole in the World: An American Boyhood* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1990), p. 35 ✖

## OTHER RECOMMENDED BOOKS

**RODNEY DAN-  
GERFIELD** If it  
weren't for  
pickpockets I'd  
have no sex life  
at all ✱

**DAVID FROST**  
Television  
enables you to  
be entertained  
in your home  
by people you  
wouldn't have  
in your home ✱

**MARK RUSSELL**  
The scientific  
theory I like  
best is that the  
rings of Saturn  
are composed  
entirely of  
lost airline lug-  
gage ✱

**NANCY REA-  
GAN** I believe  
that people  
would be alive  
today if there  
were a death  
penalty ✱

**LEWIS  
MUMFORD**  
Death was one  
of the great  
inventions life  
discovered for  
keeping itself  
lively ✱

Ellen Stern and Emily Gwathmey, *Once Upon a Telephone: An Illustrated Social History* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1994). ISBN 0-15-100086-7. A delightful and frequently funny account of the technical and social evolution of the telephone, using brief passages from literary sources illustrated by historic examples of design ephemera (many in full-color), from matchbooks to post-cards to calendar art ✱

Thomas Levenson, *Measure for Measure: A Musical History of Science* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1994). ISBN 0-671-78730-6. The mathematical alliance between science and music has often been stressed, but they also come together in the design and construction of instruments, scientific and musical. This is an ambitious, inventive account of the parallel histories of the two math-based disciplines from Pythagoras to the present ✱

Marvin Heiferman and Carole Kismaric, *Talking Pictures: People Speak About the Photographs that Speak to Them* (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 1994), ISBN 0-8118-0376-7. A great idea—ask seventy interesting people (among them Howard Finster, Nina Totenberg, David Byrne and Michael Graves), some with a background in photography and some not, to choose a single photograph that “matters most” and to talk about it for ninety minutes. Unfortunately, some don't talk about the photographs, some like G. Gordon Liddy propagandize, while others choose images so anemic, so uninteresting that virtually nothing deserves to be said ✱

William J. Mitchell, *The Reconfigured Eye: Visual Truth in the Post-Photographic Era* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1994). ISBN 0-262-13286-9. Remember photographers' claims that painting was dead? Perhaps digital imaging artists should now announce the demise of photography. This is the paperbound edition of a highly regarded overview of the post-photographic manipulation and synthesis of photorealistic images by computers. As the line between real and imagined is blurred, photographic evidence becomes suspect and the concept of “recorded fact” requires new scrutiny ✱

BALLAST is published in Iowa in a region increasingly listed among the most desirable places in which to live (okay, so why not move here soon before we all go stir crazy!). All subscriptions (including gift subscriptions) must be mailed to the following address:

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BALLAST doesn't have a budget really. For nearly ten years, it has operated at a financial loss. Such losses are currently offset by donations from enlightened subscribers and generous deductions from the Subscription Amanuensis' 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).

COVER *Dublin Under Snow* (1918), wood engraving by ROBERT GIBBINGS ✕

IT WAS ARRANGED that we [members of Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin Fellowship] would arrive [at the home of Wright's cousin, Richard Lloyd Jones, in Tulsa, Oklahoma] in time for early dinner, see the house [which Wright had designed], and camp there in our sleeping bags for the night. After dinner Mrs. Jones took us around in a group, telling about living in the house: its excitement, the flow of spaces, and experiences of each season with light pouring in in different ways. The tour ended in the kitchen, where she made her final pronouncement: "We have two sets of kitchen utensils—one for cooking, of course, and the other to catch the water from the leaks."

EDGAR TAFEL, *About Wright: An Album of Recollections By Those Who Knew Frank Lloyd Wright* (New York: John Wiley, 1993), p. 259 ✕

**BALLAST Quarterly Review**

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**FIRST CLASS**