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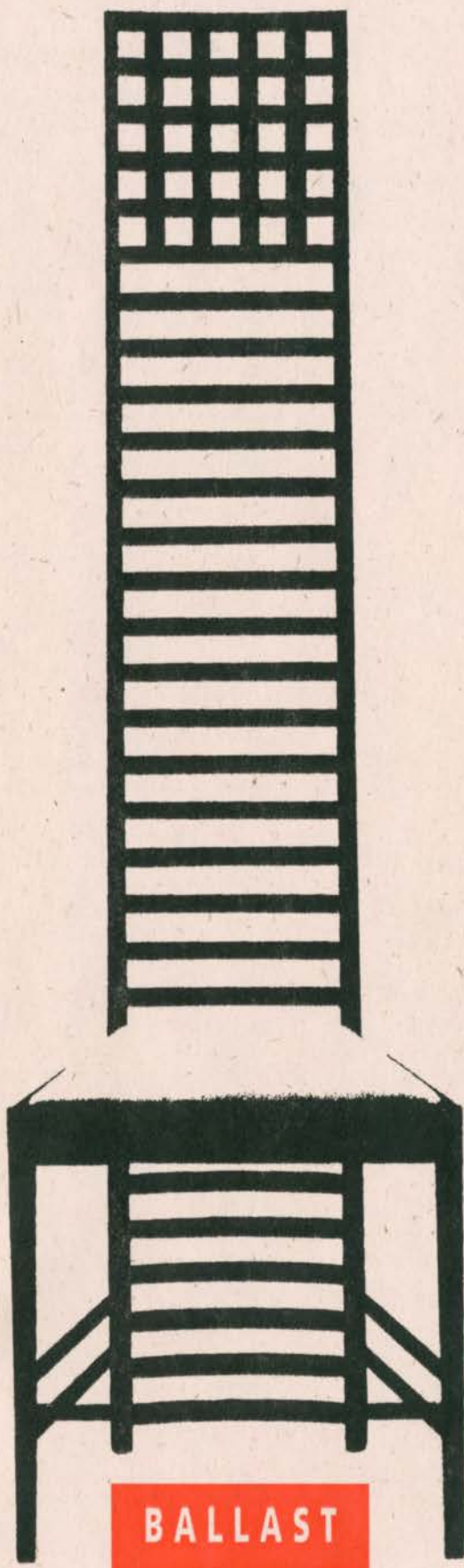
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BALLAST

ONE DAY working in the garden, Polly Dan stumbled over a big rock and sprained her leg. The post-mistress telephoned for Dr. Hitchcock, who took a good look at her leg, probed the muscles, and said, "Aunt Polly, I'll bet that's the dirtiest leg in all Knox County." "How much will you bet?" asked Polly. "I'll bet five dollars." "All right, it's a deal," she said. Thereupon she took off her other shoe and stripped down her stocking. "I washed that one because I knew you were coming." The doctor lost the money, but he had a story which he loved to tell for the rest of his life.

WILBERT SNOW,
Codline's Child
(Middletown, CT:
Wesleyan
University Press,
1974), p. 39 ✕

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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.

AT OXFORD we had an *au pair* girl named Tecla, and I could not get over the feeling that the name was a garble. I kept trying anagrams. I would say, "Set the table, Tacle." "Bring the treacle, Tecal." "Bring the meat, Cleat." "Take my plate, Clate." "What's for *repas*, Eclat?" "All set, Alcet?" My wife was afraid Tecla might leave.

W.V. QUINE, *The Time of My Life: An Autobiography* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1985), p. xii ✕

DICK GREGORY Isn't it fantastic that George Washington Carver found over 300 uses for the peanut—but the South never had any use for George Washington Carver? ✕

ANOTHER DAY, after one appearance on the "Today" show, Mr. [Frank Lloyd] Wright stopped for breakfast at a counter-service luncheonette catering to the quick-turnover customer. He ordered and ate the eighty-five-cent special and then discovered, on reaching into his pocket, that he had no money. Consternation was followed by the waitress and then the manager, who, recognizing Mr. Wright, offered to parole him on his own recognizance if he would simply sign the back of the check, which he did.

Later that morning, Mr. Wright returned and asked to see the manager.

"I believe I owe you eight-five cents."

"Oh no, Mr. Wright, my treat."

"No, no, right is right."

"But I insist."

"No, bring me the check."

The manager reluctantly handed Mr. Wright the sales slip, and Mr. Wright gave him eighty-five cents.

"If it's my autograph you want, eighty-five cents isn't the going rate. I hear that it brings at least five dollars now."

PEDRO E. GUERRERO, *Picturing Wright: An Album from Frank Lloyd Wright's Photographer* (San Francisco: Pomegranate Artbooks, 1994), p. 139 >

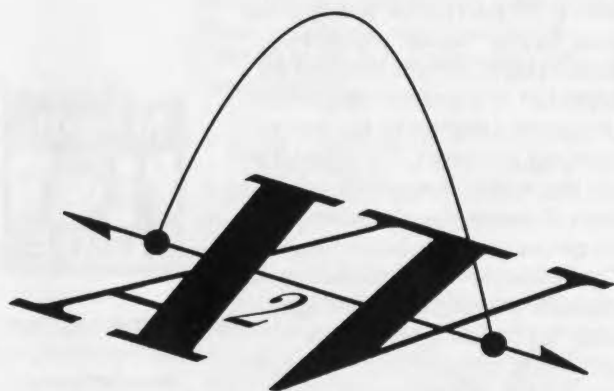


ABOVE Logo for R.T. French Co., manufacturer of laundry bluing in Rochester, New York (1947) >

THE SERVANT problem being what it is, one would think it apparent that a society that provides a Helper for tuna but compels a writer to pack her own suitcases desperately needs to reorder its priorities.

FRAN LEBOWITZ, *Metropolitan Life* (New York: E.P. Dutton, 1978), pp. 108-109 >

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED John D. Wagner, *Building Adirondack Furniture* (Charlotte, VT: Williamson Publishing Company, 1995). ISBN 0-913589-87-X. The plank-and-rail furniture of Frank Lloyd Wright (1904) is customarily cited as an antecedent for Gerrit Rietveld's "Red/Blue Chair" (1918), but Adirondack furniture may also have been an influence. Simple, elegant, and often described as the most comfortable lawn furniture ever produced, the Adirondack chair was invented by Thomas Lee in 1900 in Westport, New York, and patented as the "Westport Chair" by Harry C. Bunnell in 1905. With this book you can inexpensively and easily build your own. It tells you exactly what lumber to buy and how to cut it, with exploded-view diagrams and step-by-step construction plans for an outdoor Adirondack chair, bench, ottoman and table. A genuinely helpful book, it ends with instructions on how to use scraps to make a set of wooden building blocks, like the Froebel blocks that Wright played with as a child >



ABOVE Logo for University of Michigan College of Engineering, designed by Aaron D. King, reproduced in David Brier's *International Typographic Design No. 2* ✕

ERIC HOFFER

When people are free to do as they please, they usually imitate each other ✕

SIMONE WEIL

What a country calls its vital economic interests are not the things which enable its citizens to live, but the things which enable it to make war ✕

OF INTEREST David Brier, editor, *International Typographic Design No. 2* (New York: Madison Square Press, 1995). ISBN 0-942604-39-3. This volume, which, according to the cover, was "design[sic] and edited by David Brier," is the second in a series of visual anthologies of contemporary typographic design. Featuring 300 examples selected by a panel of four starlets (Neville Brody, Jennifer Morla, Kent Hunter and Brier)—including, oddly enough, works created by three of the judges—it might have been fine had it settled for that. Instead one has to put up with such insipid remarks as "the design profession has become so sullen and so complacent on its little throne, in its little glass house, that it hasn't really realized that the world has moved on and changed." But just who lives in glass houses, who is complacent and what has moved on becomes all too clear as one looks more closely at this book. The quality of the selections is reasonable, if not the least surprising, but the number of out-of-focus colorplates is astonishing. On page 156 for example, there is a reproduction of the cover of *The Book of J*, poorly cropped and so terribly blurred that it might have been photographed through rolled glass. If this book is indicative of postmodernism in design, then Brody is ironically right when he claims that it represents "a shift away from production" ✕

NED ROREM It isn't evil that is ruining the earth, but mediocrity ✕

HANK D. Thoreau
too seldom used eau

de Cologne,
and was asked to live at Walden on
his own.

•

Gertrude Stein
arose at nine

and arose and arose
and arose!

JONATHAN WILLIAMS in *No-No Nse-Nse* (Mt. Horeb, WI: The Perishable Press, 1993), a book of clever and mostly off-color limericks, meta-fours and cleri-hews; illustrated by Henrik Drescher; and designed, printed by letterpress and published as an exquisite limited edition "artist's book" by Walter Hamady. To inquire about purchasing a copy, write to The Perishable Press Ltd, Post Office Box 17, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572 >

THERE WERE no septic tanks and no sewers in our village. Each home had a backhouse that had to be cleaned out once a year. For three years, when I was between ten and thirteen, I did this chore for [a woman neighbor named] Fronie. Each time she gave me five dollars, and five dollars to me then was far more than five hundred would be to me now. In those days no lime was thrown over the dung to make the task easier for the shoveler. Each time I became deathly sick, but I needed the five dollars so desperately that I saw the job through. I have no words to express the horror of those two or three hours each year. I would lie on my stomach and throw up when there was little or nothing to yield. After the job was over, I would go to the Mill Cove for a swim and to Patten Point to smell the fragrance of fir trees and bayberry bushes.

WILBERT SNOW, *Codline's Child* (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1974), pp. 37-38 >

IRREGULARITY, unevenness, and uniqueness are qualities the machine is not interested in at all. A dented deckle. A folded-over corner. The out-of-square sides. That fortuitous red thread underlining a random word, that lace-wing insect preserved forever in the corner of the title page, that crater, the vatman's drops, the vatman's tears, a circle between title and text. The irregularity signifies: here, *humanity*, here is a sign that a human being did this! The eye and hand were here! The aesthetic Kilroy, if you will.

WALTER HAMADY, *Two Decades of Hamady & The Perishable Press Limited* (Mt. Horeb, WI: Perishable Press, 1984) >

STEPHEN LEACOCK**Writing?**

Writing's easy.

All you have to do is put down whatever occurs to you. But the occurring, now that's hard >

THIS SUMMER I

saw Picasso, after a bullfight at Arles, accosted with the gifts of live infants. With a stroke of charcoal he designs on a baby's naked ass, and returns this art to the parents. What will they do, skin the child? Refuse it a bath for decades?

NED ROREM, *The Paris Diary of Ned Rorem* (New York: George Braziller, 1966), p. 114 >

WE HAD a horse and buggy, cow, chickens, apple trees, a walnut grove, a superior privy with three seats of different heights and sizes of apertures.

ROGER G. BARKER [American psychologist, recalling his childhood in Plover, Iowa] in Gardner Lindzey, editor, *A History of Psychology in Autobiography* [Vol 3] (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1989), p. 4 >

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Pedro E. Guerrero, *Picturing Wright: An Album from Frank Lloyd Wright's Photographer* (San Francisco: Pomegranate Artbooks, 1994). ISBN 1-56640-804-0. As a photography student, 22 years old and of Mexican decent, Guerrero was hired by Frank Lloyd Wright within minutes of their first meeting in 1939 at Taliesin West. For the next 20 years, he was the architect's personal photographer, in which capacity he documented the construction of Wright's new buildings, while also recording the gatherings of the master and his apprentices. This book is advertised chiefly as an album of 150 photographs, but the accompanying, often amusing memoir by Guerrero (in which Mrs. Wright does not fare well) is more candid and fascinating than many of the photographs >

[**HIS INTEREST** in photography as a career] was foreshadowed by several incidents, one as early as first grade. By chance I discovered that when the door to the boys' toilet was shut, images from the outside—including my schoolmates at play—were projected onto the walls, ceiling, and floor through a tiny hole in the door. As if by magic the entire room was transformed into a camera obscura. I was mesmerized by this spectacle.

PEDRO E. GUERRERO, *Picturing Wright: An Album from Frank Lloyd Wright's Photographer* (San Francisco: Pomegranate Artbooks, 1994), p. 15 >

BERTOLT BRECHT If there are obstacles, the shortest line between two points may be the crooked one >

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Marc McCutcheon, *Roget's Super Thesaurus* (Cincinnati, OH: Writer's Digest Books, 1995). ISBN 0-89879-658-X. We own at least a dozen different thesauruses. No book do we consult as much, and this is the finest thesaurus we have. It really is a *super* thesaurus, for several reasons, but mainly because of the number and diversity of its synonyms and antonyms (both formal and slang), better than any thesaurus we know. In addition, it is a vocabulary builder, book of quotations and word-find reverse dictionary, so that when you look up "cat," you find not only colorful synonyms ("grimalkin, tabby, mouser"), but also descriptive quotations ("a pygmy lion") and a list of cat-related terms preceded by their definitions, for times when you know the definition of something ("mating cry") but not what to call it ("cat-erwaul"). An invaluable tool for artists, writers and inventors, one we wouldn't do without ><



[AT THE Iowa State Fair in 1930, the painter Grant Wood] noticed a farmer standing in front of it [his painting "Stone City"] for a long time. He said "The farmer would get up close to the picture, inspect it, and back away, shaking his head. I thought if I went up and stood by him, he would say something about the painting. Sure enough, he did. He shook his head vigorously and said, "I wouldn't give thirty-five cents an acre for that land!"

NAN WOOD GRAHAM, with John Zug and Julie Jensen McDonald, *My Brother, Grant Wood* (Iowa City: State Historical Society of Iowa, 1993), pp. 83-84. Suggested by Charles R. Crawley from Cedar Falls, Iowa ><

ABOVE Cartoon from Keith J. Holyoak and Paul Thagard, *Mental Leaps: Analogy in Creative Thought* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1995), p. 14 ><

GERTRUDE STEIN Do be careful in eating garlic particularly on an island ><

ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH If you haven't got anything good to say about anyone, come and sit by me ><

WHEN ONE sat to him [British artist and writer Percy Wyndham Lewis], in his enormous studio, mice emerged from their holes, and lolled against the furniture, staring in the most insolent manner at the sitter. At last, when Tom [T.S.] Eliot was sitting to him, their behavior became intolerable. They climbed on to his knee, and would sit staring up at his face. So Lewis bought a large gong which he placed near the mouse-hole, and, when matters reached a certain limit, he would strike this loudly, and the mice would retreat.

EDITH SITWELL, in a letter on January 8, 1959 ><

RECOMMENDED Trina Robbins, *A Century of Women Cartoonists* (Northampton, MA: Kitchen Sink Press, 1993). ISBN 0-87816-200-3. Prior to the 19th century, there was nothing humorous about "cartoons," which simply referred to preparatory drawings. But in 1843, a series of comical drawings in *Punch* poked fun at fresco cartoons and, thereafter, cartoons came to mean humorous drawings, often with captions, which relied on distortion to make their effects. While historically the profession has been dominated by men, far more women have been cartoonists than most people realize. This book is an admirable if perfunctory survey of the involvement of American women in professional cartooning. The 180 pages of cartoons and comic strips are far more interesting than the text and range from the remarkably fluid drawings of Nell Brinkley (1908) to Gladys Parker's *Mopsy* (1947) to the current work of Carol Moiseiwitsch and Lynda Barry. Despite its inadequacies, it is a contribution to women's studies and no doubt ought to be obtained by public and university libraries ><

WHILE WRITING this letter I was trying to catch a mouse in the studio. It kept rustling more and more inconsiderately in the wastepaper basket. So I placed a bucket of water next to the wastebasket, built a bridge out of cardboard and scattered sugar on the end that was suspended over the bucket. One strip of cardboard fell into the water, and the mouse leaped back into the basket. The next time the gimmick worked, that is, the mouse fell into the water and swam desperately about; I wanted to hasten its end by pushing it under. The pail, elevated on a little box, tipped over, the water spilled all over me, and the mouse escaped. All that remains is the stench, probably from the cold sweat—I trust the mouse won't catch cold!

OSKAR SCHLEMMER [Bauhaus stage designer] in a letter to Otto Meyer-Amden in March 1922, in Tut Schlemmer, editor, *The Letters and Diaries of Oskar Schlemmer* (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1972), p. 119 ><

RECOMMENDED Karen A. Bearor, *Irene Rice Pereira: Her Paintings and Philosophy* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1993). ISBN 0-292-73858-7. This book is described on its dust jacket as a "lively intellectual history," but while it is surely a thorough account of the life of a neglected American artist, it is anything but lively. Among its more engaging features is a chronology that traces the life and professional growth of Irene Rice, who was born in Massachusetts in 1902, studied at the Art Students League, and became identified with American abstract artists in the 1950s, although her own paintings were always unique, geometric and inaccessibly mystical. A heavy smoker, she died of emphysema in Spain in 1971. This is the first significant book about Pereira and her paintings, and it deserves praise for its trailblazing meticulousness. However, because of its density and stiffness, it is unlikely to promote further interest in Pereira's work ><

WOODROW WYATT A man falls in love through his eyes, a woman through her ears ><



ABOVE Logo for Metropolitan Watch Material Importing Co., New York (1945) ><

THE ICEMAN brought ice in his yellow truck. —How much ice today? Fifty pounds of ice? That's a lot of ice! There were blocks of ice draped with burlap in the truck's cool interior. Cold spilled out onto our bare feet like a waterfall when the iceman raised the door. With his ice pick he chipped pieces clear as glass for us to suck. They had chains of bubbles frozen in. Chips were sharp enough to cut your tongue at first and then you smoothed them. You could drill a hole with nothing harder than your tongue and stick the tip through. The iceman split a hundred-pound block in half with his ice pick, split one of the halves into two cakes, caught them hanging in tongs and hauled them around to the kitchen, his arms bulging. When he swung the cakes up into the icebox and released them his tongs clanged. —Hot day, ma'am. Yes, ma'am, it sure is.

RICHARD RHODES, *A Hole in the World: An American Boyhood* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1990), pp. 32-33 ><

IRVING STONE His [William Jennings Bryan's] mind was like a soup dish, wide and shallow; it could hold a small amount of nearly anything, but the slightest jarring spilled the soup into somebody's lap ><

ROLAND

BARTHES

I think that cars today are the exact equivalent of the great Gothic cathedrals ✕

LAST NIGHT we had a *bouillabaisse* which I couldn't touch because of the terror in its preparation. The secret is to throw live sea creatures into a boiling pot. And we saw a lobster who, while turning red in his death, reached out a claw to snatch and gobble a dying crab. Thus in this hot stew of the near-dead and burning, one expiring fish swallows another expiring fish while the cook sprinkles saffron onto the squirming.

NED ROREM, *The Paris Diary of Ned Rorem* (New York: Braziller, 1966), p. 36 ✕

RECOMMENDED Greta Nagel, *The Tao of Teaching* (New York: Donald I. Fine, 1994). ISBN 1-55611-416-8. *When you don't know, say so. Be gentle to gain authority. Be forthright and plain. Strive in moderation.* These are the headings or summaries of four of the eighty-one brief chapters in this adaptation of Taoist principles to the mysteries of successful teaching. The strength of the book is in the wisdom of its chapter headings, most of which make solid sense to an experienced teacher who has struggled for decades to figure them out. The book's failing is in its literary blandness. Its classroom examples sound contrived and the narrative is anemic when compared to richer, more thought-provoking applications of the *Tao Te Ching*, such as Alan Watts' *The Way of Zen*, Fritjof Capra's *Tao of Physics* or Benjamin Hoff's *The Tao of Pooh* ✕

G.D. ARMOUR

Look here, Steward, if this is coffee, I want tea; but if this is tea, I wish for coffee ✕

IN 1847 I gave an address at Newton, Massachusetts, before a Teachers' Institute conducted by Horace Mann. My subject was grasshoppers. I passed around a large jar of these insects, and made every teacher take one and hold it while I was speaking. If any one dropped the insect, I stopped till he picked it up. This was at that time a great innovation, and excited much laughter and derision. There can be no true progress in the teaching of natural science until such methods become general.

LOUIS AGASSIZ, in Lane Cooper, editor, *Louis Agassiz as a Teacher: Illustrative Extracts on His Method of Instruction* (Ithaca, NY: Comstock Publishing, 1945), p. 82 ✕

RECOMMENDED Oleta Stewart Toliver, editor, *An Artist at War: The Journal of John Gaitha Browning* (Denton: University of North Texas Press, 1994). ISBN 0-929398-76-9. Browning (1913-1992) was an American artist who spent most of his life in Texas and New Mexico, and whose artistic prominence was regional. In 1942, at age twenty-nine, he joined the U.S. Army, where he was assigned to camouflage (as were hundreds of Allied artists during World Wars I and II). He also maintained this illustrated journal, from February 1943 to June 1945, a straightforward and sometimes surprising account of his wartime experiences in Australia, New Guinea and the Philippines ><



LEFT Pencil drawing of Nosferatu by Iowa-based illustrator Gary Kelley ><

THE PRIME Minister's sister-in-law, Lady Arden, stopped in her carriage outside a shop which I will call Mangold and Wurzel. One of the partners, as was in those days the custom, came out to attend to Her Ladyship; and taking a dislike to his appearance she said: "If you're Mangold, send me Wurzel. If you're Wurzel, send me Mangold."

EDWARD MARSH, *A Number of People* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1939), p. 2 ><

EMILY DICKINSON [describing herself] I had no portrait, now, but am small, like the Wren, and my Hair is bold, like the chestnut Bur, and my eyes, like the Sherry in the Glass, that the guest leaves ><

WE TALKED about and that has always been a puzzle to me why American men think that success is everything when they know that eighty percent of them are not going to succeed more than to just keep going and why if they are not why do they not keep on being interested in the things that interested them when they were college men and why American men different from English men do not get more interesting as they get older.

GERTRUDE STEIN, quoted in Bruce Kellner, editor, *A Gertrude Stein Companion* (New York: Greenwood, 1988) ><

WILLIAM CON-GREVE [in a letter to Mrs. Edward Porter on September 27, 1700] For my part I keep the Commandments, I love my neighbour as my selfe, and to avoid Coveting my neighbour's wife I desire to be coveted by her; which you know is quite another thing ✕

NOR CAN I forget what I saw one summer through a door inadvertently left open off the downstairs hall of a farmhouse where the reunion was being held. I was on my way to the kitchen; I glanced in, and there on the edge of a bed, pulling up her stockings, was a strange woman whom I knew at once, by the wild way she stared at me, to be—I remember saying to myself—crazy. In those days and in that place the insane, if it was possible at all, were kept at home instead of being sent to institutions. The thing that most impressed me then was not the condition of the woman (a cousin? an aunt? I never knew) but the assumption that I should not learn of her existence, or if I did, that I should not let on to others. My mother, when I told her what I had seen, was horrified; I must never mention it, she said.

MARK VAN DOREN, *The Autobiography of Mark Van Doren* (New York: Greenwood Press, 1968), p. 49 ✕

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Richard Cork, *A Bitter Truth: Avant-Garde Art and the Great War* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1994). ISBN 0-300-05704-0. While artists have often expressed disdain for the military, much of the strongest, most riveting art in history has resulted from artists' reactions to wars, for example, Goya's *Disasters of War*, Manet's *Execution of Maximilian* and Picasso's *Guernica*. Coming in advance of the documentary predominance of photography and cinema, no war has inspired more memorable art than World War I. The author, chief art critic for *The Times* in London, is known for his earlier writings on related subjects, including *Vorticism and Abstract Art in the Machine Age* (1975-6) and *David Bomberg* (1987). Illustrated by more than 400 disquieting artworks, the text is a sweepingly detailed account of the war's atrocities, as portrayed by the hundreds of artists who witnessed it, as soldiers, civilians or war artists, among them Oskar Kokoschka, George Grosz, Max Beckmann, Paul Nash, and John Singer Sargent ✕

JOHN ARBUTHNET Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings which his maid darned so often with silk they became at last a pair of silk stockings ✕

ANOTHER [Reverend] Newcomb story that people loved concerned a funeral on the outskirts of town. An old grandfather had died and Mr. Newcomb by some misunderstanding thought it was the mother. He chose as his Bible text, "She hath done what she could" and went on to extoll the virtues of the mother and the wife in mellow tones. Fortunately for him, the mother had a magnificent sense of humor. I once heard her say, "I bet I'm the only woman in Knox County who ever listened to her own funeral oration."

WILBERT SNOW, *Codline's Child* (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1974), p. 73 ✕



ABOVE As a child in the 1950s, we admired this marvelous logo for the Cat's Paw Rubber Company, a cardboard cutout in the front window of the shoe repair store. It was designed, as it turns out, in 1941 by Lucian Bernhard, the great German designer and typographer ✕

I HAVE committed only one pointless crime (*Gide's acte gratuit*). When I was seven my old ill grandmother—full of love for me—was naked in her bath as we laughed and talked together. Suddenly, when she wasn't looking, I threw a glass of ice water on her. In her terror her false teeth fell out, and she began to weep without defense. I fled.

NED ROREM, *The Paris Diary of Ned Rorem* (New York: George Braziller, 1966), p. 172 ✕

DAD SAID thunder was potato wagons unloading. I could feel God's heavy potato wagons dropping their trailgates up above the clouds, potatoes rumbling out onto the white fleece. Why didn't they fall through like the rain? When Dad slung me over his shoulder and twirled me around he called, "Sack of taters! Sack of taters!" He found potatoes in the dirt when he washed out my ears. He wouldn't show me. He got my nose but he gave it back.

RICHARD RHODES, *A Hole in the World: An American Boyhood* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1990), p. 31 ✕

ANON Circus manager to a human cannonball who threatened to resign: "You can't quit! Where will I ever find another person of your caliber?" ✕

OTHER RECOMMENDED BOOKS

RUDOLF ARNHEIM (*Parables of Sun Light*)
When they passed each other under the trees of the fogged-in park, the old gentleman said to Mary, "Kind of a mystical morning, isn't it?" ><

[THE AMERICAN poet Peter Viereck was] a professor of history at Mount Holyoke College. After one of his classes, which he had favored with several of the verbal conceits and pat figures for which he is known and loved, a student who was not above buttering up a professor came up to his desk and said, "Professor Viereck, you missed your calling. You should have been a poet."

W.V. QUINE, *The Time of My Life* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1985), p. xi. ><

Keith J. Holyoak and Paul Thagard, *Mental Leaps: Analogy in Creative Thought* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1995). ISBN 0-262-08233-0. An updated and wonderfully detailed review of the widely-held belief that innovation comes about by unexpected comparisons, by metaphorical thinking or analogical reasoning ><

William A. Ewing, *The Body: Photographs of the Human Form* (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 1994). ISBN 0-8118-0762-2. A provocative and finely printed album of 400 photographs of the human body, ranging from lyrical to clinical to revulsive, most by prominent photographers ><

Robin Williams & Steve Cummings, *Jargon: An Informal Dictionary of Computer Terms* (Berkeley: Peachpit Press, 1993). ISBN 0-938151-8-43. Much more than a dictionary, this is one of the most comprehensive and comprehensible computer handbooks we've found for both PCs and Macs. Especially useful to novices is a lengthy section on how to read a computer ad ><

Linda Simon, *Gertrude Stein Remembered* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1994). ISBN 0-8032-4240-9. An anthology of memoirs of varying worth by 20 people—Eric Severeid, Thornton Wilder, Harold Acton and Francoise Gilot among them—who report firsthand their dealings with "the creative literary mind of the century" ><

Gail Deibler Finke, *City Signs: Innovative Urban Graphics* (New York: Madison Square Press, 1994). ISBN 0-942604-41-5. A large format, beautifully produced survey of inventive public signage in 35 contemporary urban settings in Cincinnati, Denver, Madison and other cities ><

John Onians, editor, *Sight and Insight* (London: Phaidon Press, 1994). ISBN 0-7148-2971-4. Fourteen engaging essays on art and culture by former students of art historian E.H. Gombrich at the Warburg Institute, among them Michael Baxandall, David Kunzle, Martin Kemp and John Onians ><

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AS FOR his [Prince Albert's] sense of fun...I never could discover it. He went into immoderate fits of laughter at anything like a practical joke; for instance, if anyone caught his foot in a mat, or nearly fell into the fire...the mirth of the whole Royal Family, headed by the Prince, knew no bounds.

MARY ELIZABETH, Lady Ponsonby, quoted in Richard Kenin and Justin White, *The Dictionary of Biographical Quotation* (New York: Dorset Press, 1978), p. 12 ✕

JOHN W. GARDNER History never looks like history when you are living through it. It always looks confusing and messy, and it always feels uncomfortable ✕



COVER Hill House bedroom chair designed by Charles Rennie Mackintosh (1902) ✕

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FIRST CLASS