

Summer 1997

## Ballast Quarterly Review, v12n4, Summer 1997

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

*Let us know how access to this document benefits you*

Copyright ©1997 Roy R. Behrens

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



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

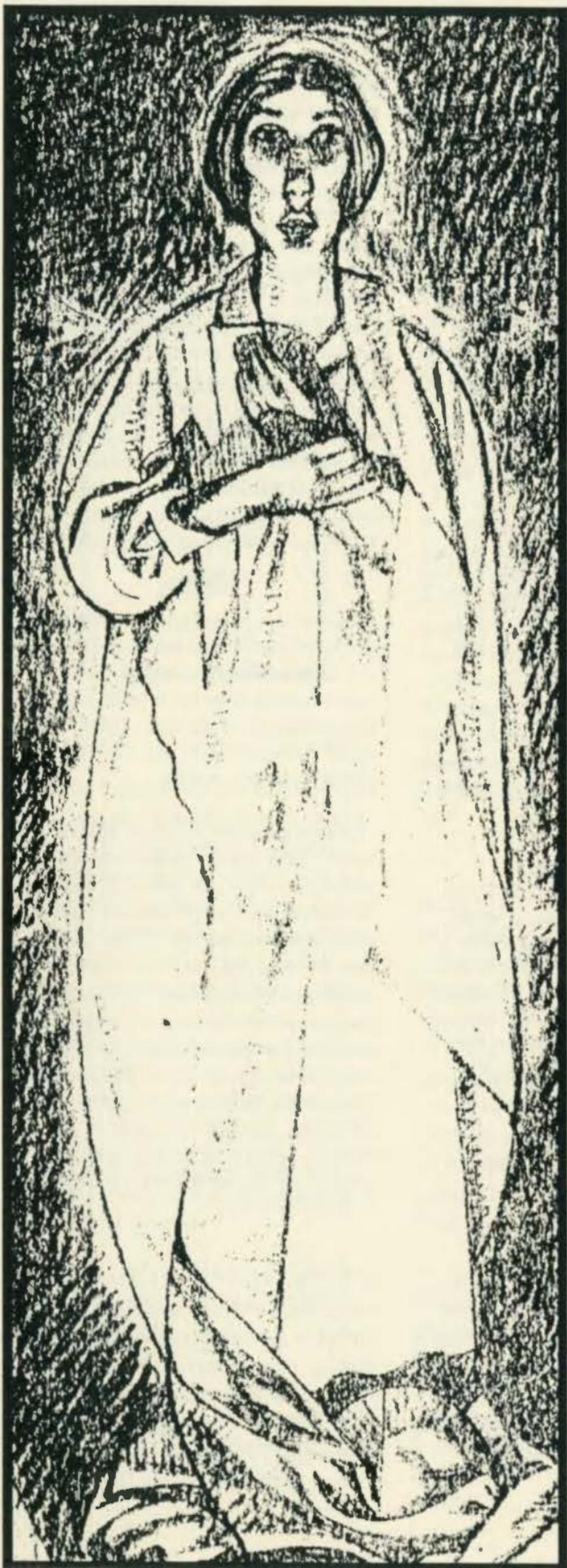
---

### Recommended Citation

Behrens, Roy R., "Ballast Quarterly Review, v12n4, Summer 1997" (1997). *Ballast Quarterly Review*. 47.  
<https://scholarworks.uni.edu/ballast/47>

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

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



Drawing / Gary Kelley

"If you want my autograph," he [American novelist Sinclair Lewis] would dictate in a note to a fan, "you must send me a self-addressed envelope with a postage stamp on it"—chuckling at the idea that I [as his secretary] would have to address an envelope and put a stamp on it to send the note.

JOHN HERSEY "My Summer With Sinclair Lewis" in Kai Erikson, ed., *Encounters* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1989), p. 51.

JAMES COLBURN  
(*The Baltimore Bullet*)

Remember, kid, I taught you everything you know—but I didn't teach you everything I know.

*Ballast Quarterly Review* Volume 12 Number 4 Summer 1997. Copyright © 1997 by Roy R. Behrens, editor, publisher, and art director. ISSN 1093-5789. E-mail: <ballast@netins.net>.

*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 mainly a pastiche of astonishing passages from books, magazines, diaries and other writings. Put differently, it is a journal devoted to wit, the contents of which are intended to be insightful, amusing or thought provoking.

The purposes of *Ballast* are educational, apolitical and noncommercial. It does not carry advertisements, nor is it supposed to be purchased or sold. It is published approximately every three months, beginning in October (more or less) and ending in June.

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

NORM MACDONALD  
He [Presidential candidate Bob Dole] is self-effacing and really funny. I asked after the election how he was taking it. He said it didn't bother him at all, and that the night he lost he slept like a baby—woke up every two hours crying.

**JOE CAITS** (*After the Thin Man* 1936) What do you mean illiterate? My mother and father were married at city hall.

## ABSTRACTED ABSTRACTION



[While interviewing Mae West at her home] I found myself aware of a distracting sound—something like the fluttering of the wings of tiny birds. Trying not to appear inattentive to what she was saying, I could not resist glancing around the room. But I saw no birdcages. The sound continued at frequent intervals. Only after Mae had been speaking for a while did I realize that it was the sound of her heavily mascaraed, multilayered false eyelashes brushing her cheeks whenever she blinked.

**CHARLOTTE CHANDLER**, *The Ultimate Seduction* (Garden City NY: Doubleday, 1984).

**A N O N**  
Bad spellers of  
the world,  
untie!

**LAWRENCE  
PETER**  
Old age is when you know all the answers but nobody asks you the questions.

**LEFT**  
Illustration from **LES COLEMAN**, *Meet the Art Students* (1997), a book of satirical drawings about art students and their naive exclamations. Available from Arc Publications at <altair@cix.compulink.co.uk>. ISBN 1-900072-18-1.

**A . A .  
M I L N E**  
(*Winnie-the-Pooh*) My spelling is Wobbly. It's good spelling but it Wobbles, and letters get in the wrong place.

**H . L .  
M E N C K E N**  
The artist is an impassioned proofreader who blue pencils the bad spelling of God.

DOROTHY  
PARKER  
[her epitaph]  
Excuse my  
dust.



ROCK  
HUDSON  
(*Magnificent  
Obsession*  
1954) Of  
course, as far  
as I'm con-  
cerned, art is  
just a guy's  
name.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED  
Leo Lionni, *Between Worlds: The  
Autobiography of Leo Lionni* (New  
York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1997). ISBN 0-  
679-42393-1. In tender moments, the  
wife of Walter Paepcke, President of  
the Container Corporation, would  
address him, in a sexy whisper, as  
*Schnuckelschweinschen*. Whenever  
A.M. Cassandre drove to an unfam-  
iliar address in his Rolls Royce, the  
famous French poster designer would  
hire a taxi to proceed him, so as not  
to get lost. Bauhaus artist Josef  
Albers "lived his life weighing colors  
and making squares because he was  
afraid of painting." These are a few  
of the colorful tales—most amusing,  
some tragic—that make up this lively,  
fragmented memoir by 87-year-old  
Leo Lionni, the celebrated Dutch-  
born graphic designer, who is proba-  
bly best known for designing the  
book for *The Family of Man* photog-  
raphy exhibition in 1955; as art direc-  
tor of *Fortune* magazine; and, more  
recently, as author and illustrator of  
28 children's books, among them such  
memorable classics as *Swimmy*, *Little  
Blue and Little Yellow*, and *Inch By  
Inch*.

It was the fifth of May, 1910, in a bungalow of  
Watergraafsmeer, a suburb of Amsterdam, when I  
was suddenly held high, shivering at the center of  
shifting lights and an explosion of sounds. It had  
been a hectic, scary day, but, in retrospect, a good  
one. Two fives and a ten—a small symmetry within  
the infinity of numbers. Two fives—my hands.  
Ten—my fingers. I would be making things.

LEO LIONNI [recalling his birth], *Between Worlds: The  
Autobiography of Leo Lionni* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1997).

JAMES JOYCE (*Ulysses*)  
When I makes tea I makes tea, as  
old mother Grogen said. And  
when I makes water I makes  
water...*Begog, ma'am, says Mrs  
Cahill, God send you don't make  
them in one pot.*

**LORD CHIEF JUSTICE,  
LORD RUSSELL OF  
KILLOWEN**

[when asked what the maximum penalty was for bigamy] Two mothers-in-law.

**JOHN KERR** (*The Cobweb* 1955) Artists are better off dead—they're not so troublesome...They said Van Gogh was crazy because he killed himself. He couldn't sell a painting when he was still alive, and now they're worth thirty million dollars. They weren't that bad then and they're not that good now—so who's crazy?

**CHARLOTTE CHANDLER** (*The Ultimate Seduction*) There were none of the ubiquitous house plants [in Mae West's apartment]. "Plants use up too much oxygen," Mae explained erroneously, but with certainty.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Richard Bionda and Carel Blotkamp, eds., *The Age of Van Gogh: Dutch Painting 1880-1895* (Zwolle, The Netherlands: Waanders Publishers, 1997 / Distributed by University of Washington Press). ISBN 90-6630-128-7. The first exuberant review of the paintings of Vincent Van Gogh was published in 1890, only months before his suicide. After his death, the value of his work shot up and he came to epitomize the mythical frenetic genius, always teetering on the brink of insanity, with no choice in life but to do what he must. So great was his subsequent influence on artistic self-expression that the *fin de siècle* in painting is tagged "the age of Van Gogh." Nevertheless, as documented by this catalog of 200 artworks by Van Gogh and his Dutch contemporaries, that designation differs radically from the rank that his work was assigned originally. At the time, it was more likely to be called "the age of Jozef Israels," because of the unparalleled esteem for a now-forgotten Dutch painter who was regarded then as the successor to Rembrandt. Reading this, one wonders if artists celebrated today will soon be forgotten, and which trends are the current equivalents of the entrenched academies of the 19th century.



**ABOVE AND  
OPPOSITE**  
Proposed logos for  
Waterloo  
Community  
Schools (not  
selected), by SOO  
KYUNG CHUN  
(1997).

**CHARLES DICKENS**  
*(Pickwick Papers)* Ven, you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste.

**THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK**  
 Marriage may often be a stormy lake, but celibacy is almost always a muddy horse pond.

Americans tend to want everything the way they want their food: fast. If art is good for you, they'll swallow the pill and get on with their lives. If it's poison, please say so; they'll be happy to avoid it. The refusal to take the time to understand things in any number of dimensions greater than one is the chief source of the national stupidity.

**LOUIS MENAND**, "Made in the USA" in *The New York Review of Books* (June 26, 1997), p. 8.



**ABOVE** From *The Finnish Building Center, Play Architecture* (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1996 / Distributed by Chronicle Books), a deck of 54 playing cards based on the history of architecture. ISBN 1-56898-045-0.

**RICHARD ARMOUR**  
 Shake and shake / The catsup bottle, / None will come, / And then a lot'll.

**ALBERT EINSTEIN**  
 If A is a success in life, then A equals x plus y plus z. Work is x; y is play; and z is keeping your mouth shut.

You know, I don't whistle when I work, I'm the biggest truck driver you can imagine. If you had a tape recorder when I'm working, I would make a new dictionary of bad words. I swear and I sweat. I enjoy it evidently, otherwise I would not do it, but it is not easy. For me it is like having birth, you go through hell.

**MAURICIO LASANSKY** interviewed by Jan Muhlert in *Mauricio Lasansky: A Retrospective Exhibition of His Prints and Drawings* (Iowa City: University of Iowa Museum of Art, 1976), p. 21.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Jost Hochuli and Robin Kinross, *Designing Books: Practice and Theory* (London: Hyphen Press, 1996 / Distributed by Chronicle Books). ISBN 0-907259-08-1. It is only fitting, of course, that a book about designing books should itself be designed by the author. In this case, the primary author is Jost Hochuli, a Swiss-trained typographer, book designer, writer, and teacher; and this book is convincing and beautiful proof of his adeptness and sensitivity as a designer. Merely to hold it, to page through it slowly, and to savor the wonderful richness it brings is a gratifying experience: Notice, for example, the subtlety with which the dust jacket is parroted by the cloth cover; or the expert interplay throughout of black, red, and off-white attributes, and of symmetry and asymmetry. While demonstrating book design, Hochuli offers two lectures: "Book Design as a School of Thought" (in which he recounts his own influences) and a concise and helpful handbook on layout and typography called "Designing Books." All this is briefly introduced by Kinross, a British designer, critic, and publisher of Hyphen Press, who also curated the concluding section of this volume, consisting of captioned examples of books designed by Hochuli since 1965.

*Gronte*: It seems to me you are locating them wrongly: the heart is on the left and the liver is on the right.

*Sganarelle*: Yes, in the old days that was so, but we have changed all that, and we now practice medicine by a completely new method.

Moliere, *The Doctor In Spite of Himself* (1666).

**MAE WEST**  
(*Sextette* 1978)  
I'm the girl  
who works at  
the Paramount  
all day and Fox  
all night.

**MAE WEST**  
(*I'm No Angel*)  
I've been  
things and  
seen places.

### MAE WEST

Some people thought I ought to see a psychiatrist, but why spoil a good thing?



**ABOVE** From "World War II Airplane Spotter Playing Cards," available from U.S. Games Systems, 179 Ludlow Street, Stamford CT 06902.

The third professor [of art history at the University of Berlin in the 1920s] was Hans Kauffmann, a young lecturer, pale and intense, who had just published a study on what he called the style ornament in the portraits of Rembrandt. Those portraits, he asserted, were composed on the basis of a rosette or star pattern of rays, issuing from the lap of the figure in all directions. In those days, however, the discoveries of Sigmund Freud were fresh in our minds. We bought the first editions of his writings for a few marks; and if someone insisted on the sexual area as the generative center of the human figure, we youngsters looked at one another with a knowing smile.

**RUDOLF ARNHEIM** in "A Maverick in Art History" in *The Split and the Structure: Twenty-Eight Essays* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1996), p. 105. Also see "Rudolf Arnheim: The Little Owl on the Shoulder of Athene" at <http://mitpress.mit.edu/e-journals/leonardo/whatsnew.html>.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Anna Gruetzner Robins, *Modern Art in Britain 1910-1919* (London: Merrell Holbertson, 1997 / Distributed by University of Washington Press). ISBN 1-85894-032-X. In the U.S., it is widely acknowledged that the American public was first introduced to "modern art" by the so-called Armory Show, a huge controversial exhibit of avant-garde art that opened in 1913 in a New York armory. This book describes and illustrates nine other exhibitions, of comparable influence, which were held in England between 1910 and 1914, including two Post-Impressionist shows, curated by Roger Fry, which inspired the Armory Show and included the paintings of Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Picasso, and Matisse. The occasion for this book was an exhibition in early 1997, at the Barbican Art Gallery in London, of pieces from those historic exhibitions. Arranged chronologically, the circumstances leading up to the exhibitions, their contents, and the public's and critics' reactions to each are discussed in informative detail. Amplifying the narrative are 120 full-color reproductions, artists' biographies, a chronology, and an extensive bibliography.

Yes, I want a young kid to draw. I don't care what he draws, and to take as much art history as he or she can. I know that some don't like it, I know it takes time from their studio work, I know all that. If I'm right, an artist learns more through the quality of his pores than from anything else. Even if he is in an art history class, and he closes his eyes and the slides are projected there, he will see them. I swear it is true—through osmosis, through his pores.

**MAURICIO LASANSKY** interviewed by Jan Muhlert in *Mauricio Lasansky: A Retrospective Exhibition of His Prints and Drawings* (Iowa City: University of Iowa Museum of Art, 1976), p. 24.



**ABOVE** Poster created for Grand Sport by A. M. CASSANDRE (1925), as reproduced in Steven Heller and Louise Fili, *French Modern: Art Deco Graphic Design* (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 1997). ISBN 0-8118-0751-7. This seemingly modest masterpiece by Cassandre, granddaddy of the Modern poster, makes magical use of underlying visual rhymes (dots, circles, linear geometry), edge alignment, and textural contrasts. It is one of several hundred works that appear in color in this stunning yet very affordable book of French Art Deco artifacts, including posters, magazines, product labels, packaging, advertising fans, and typography.

**CHARLES SHEELER**  
Perhaps the greatest value of art teaching is that the pupil may later have something to unlearn.

**LOUISE LASSER**  
(*Take the Money and Run* 1969) He [a date] told me he was a gynecologist. He couldn't speak any foreign languages. Who was he kidding?

**SIMONE SIGNORET**  
Nostalgia isn't what it used to be.

**SAMUEL GOLDWYN** [When his secretary suggested tossing out outdated files] Good idea, but don't forget to make a copy of everything before you get rid of it.

**RIGHT**  
Pencil drawing by  
**JOSEPH**  
**PODLESNIK**  
(1995).



During one of the visits of his warm friend Harrison Smith, I learned much of the story of [novelist Sinclair] Lewis's roller-coaster relationship with [his alma mater] Yale...Called upon to make a speech at his fifteenth reunion, after *Main Street* but before *Babbitt*, he said, "When I was in college, you fellows didn't give a damn about me, and I'm here to say that now I don't give a damn about you."

**JOHN HERSEY** "My Summer With Sinclair Lewis" in Kai Erikson, ed., *Encounters* (New Haven CT: Yale University Press, 1989), pp. 53-54.

**JOHN**  
**BETJEMAN**  
Foot and note  
disease.

**DOROTHY PARKER**  
[to a British actor who irritated  
her with repeated references to  
his busy *shedule*] I say I think  
you're full of skit.

**KENNETH TYNAN** What,  
when drunk, one sees in other  
women, one sees in Garbo sober.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Jill Bossert, *Pro-Illustration: A Guide to Professional Techniques* (New York: Society of Illustrators, 1997 / Distributed by Watson Guptill). ISBN 0-8230-6549-9. This is the first volume in an anticipated series of books about the creative process in professional illustration. Nine prominent illustrators, whose styles, attitudes, and techniques differ widely, were asked by the Society of Illustrators to pretend that they had been hired by the Sunday magazine supplement of a major newspaper to produce an illustration on the subject of "love." Through negotiation, each artist was then instructed to focus on a particular aspect, including an overview (Joan Hall), first love (Tim O'Brien), historical romance (Elaine Duillo), weddings (Guy Billout), sensual love (Wilson McLean), erotic love (Mel Odom), computer love (Barbara Nessim), adultery (Marshall Arisman), and divorce (Alan Cober). Through step-by-step photographs and a candid narrative, we are allowed to look over the shoulder of each as he or she goes through the process of creative problem-solving, including, in some cases, the substantial sidestepping or fudging of rules. Despite an overwrought layout, and conspicuous spelling lapses (*Niagra* for *Niagara*, *challenging* for *challenging*), this is an instructive and interesting book, in part because all of the artists were asked to address the same general problem.

All serious writers should be encouraged to draw and paint—for myself, I suffer a great deal upon those occasions when I have time to read a few pages of a fellow-fictionist on account of the *bad drawing* and the confused sentimental and unreal coloring I find in his pages. The drawing in some novels is so bad I cannot read them.

WYNDHAM LEWIS interviewed by Louise Morgan in *Everyman* (March 19, 1931).

VLADIMIR  
NABOKOV  
Literature and  
butterflies are  
the two sweet-  
est passions  
known to man.

A NEURIN  
BEVAN  
There's no  
reason to  
attack the  
monkey  
when the  
organ grinder  
is present.

He [novelist Sinclair Lewis] doted on names; he believed people *became* their names. He had a stack of telephone books from all over the world, so he could find an odd but apt name for a character from New Orleans, or, if needed, a Roman, or an Alpine innkeeper. When he had to name a new character, he would make a list of a dozen possibilities and leave the list on the piano in the living room; day after day he would pick up the list and cross off a name or two, until he had made his final choice by elimination. I would sometimes hear him at his desk calling out names, as if summoning lost souls.

JOHN HERSEY "My Summer With Sinclair Lewis" in Kai Erikson, ed., *Encounters* (New Haven CT: Yale University Press, 1989), p. 57.

GROUCHO MARX (*A Night at the Opera*) That's what they call a sanity clause.

CHICO MARX: You can't fool me. There ain't no Sanity Claus.

My education was the theater. I saw Billie Burke and Tyrone Power, the father. Bert Williams [Black actor and singer] was my favorite when I was a child, and I wanted to meet him. One night my father came home and said, "Mae, I have a big surprise for you. Bert Williams is here. I've brought him home to have dinner with you." I rushed in, looked at this man, and screamed, "It's not! It's not!" I went up to my room and cried. I was terribly upset. My mother told me my father wanted to go up to me, but Bert Williams stopped him. He said, "I'll do it." He stood outside my door and started to sing. Then I knew and came right out of my room, and we all had dinner.

Do you know why I didn't recognize him? He was too light. He was a black man, but he was too light, so onstage he wore blackface. He was a great star, but they used to make him use a separate entrance. He died a long time ago, before I came to Hollywood.

MAE WEST interviewed by Charlotte Chandler in *The Ultimate Seduction* (Garden City NY: Doubleday, 1984).

SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN  
The stars, like measles, fade at last.



**LEFT**  
 Photograph of  
**SIR FREDERICK  
 ASHTON**, British  
 choreographer and  
 dancer, pretending  
 to be Queen  
 Victoria. He was  
 also very good at  
 impersonating  
 Sarah Bernhardt,  
 Gertrude Stein,  
 Wallis Simpson,  
 Isadora Duncan,  
 and Martha  
 Graham, as  
 described in Julie  
 Kavanagh, *Secret  
 Muses: The Life of  
 Frederick Ashton*  
 (New York:  
 Pantheon, 1997).

Once when I was young I saw a characteristic incident. In the corridor of a theatre a man ran up to another and gave him a sounding smack in the face before the whole public.

Perceiving at once that his victim was not the person whom he had intended to chastise but some one quite different who only slightly resembled him, he pronounced angrily, with the haste of one whose moments are precious... "I've made a mistake... excuse me, it was a misunderstanding, nothing but a misunderstanding." And when the offended man remained resentful and cried out, he observed to him, with extreme annoyance: "Why, I tell you it was a misunderstanding. What are you crying out about?"

**FYODOR DOSTOYEVSKY** *The Possessed*. Suggested by Allan Shickman.

**REV  
 EDWARD  
 JEFFREY**  
 People expect  
 the clergy to  
 have the grace  
 of a swan, the  
 friendliness of  
 a sparrow, the  
 strength of an  
 eagle and the  
 night hours of  
 an owl—and  
 some people  
 expect such a  
 bird to live on  
 the food of a  
 canary.

**SID FIELDS** (*Society* 1944):  
Can you name the consonants?  
**LOU COSTELLO**: Yes, sir.  
North America, South America,  
and Patterson, New Jersey?

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED** Frederick R. Brandt, *Designed To Sell: Turn-of-the-Century American Posters* (Richmond: Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, 1997 / Distributed by the University of Washington Press). ISBN 0-917046-38-2. This is the catalog for an exhibition of 111 American advertising posters from the "golden age" of about 1895 to 1905, all of which are in the collection of the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts. Represented are 45 *Chap-Book*-era artists, including such luminaries as Will Bradley, Charles Dana Gibson, J.C. Leyendecker, and Maxfield Parrish. Satirizing little magazines, Roycroft Studios founder Elbert Hubbard said, "We now have the *Lotus*, the *Lotos*, and the *Lettuce*. The latest is the *Prairie Dog*. Its hole is in Lawrence, Kansas, and it is patterned after the *Chip-Monk*." Among this book's little surprises is the first listing (to our knowledge) of the designer of one of the finest posters of the period, the mysterious R.J. Campbell (dates unknown), who created a wonderfully ominous face, peering out through a web of typography, for a Victor Cycles poster in 1898. Tiffany expert Robert Koch discusses the European artistic setting for the posters, while two essays by Philip Meggs (author of *A History of Graphic Design*) examine the interrelations among fine art, graphic design, and printing technology.

**RODNEY  
DANGER-  
FIELD**

At certain  
times I like  
sex—like after  
a cigarette.

He is a chump, you know. That's what I love about him. That and the way his ears wiggle when he gets excited. Chumps always make the best husbands. When you marry, Sally, grab a chump. Tap his forehead first, and if it rings solid, don't hesitate. All the unhappy marriages come from the husband having brains. What good are brains to a man? They only unsettle him.

**P. G. WODEHOUSE** *The  
Adventures of Sally* (1922).

**LORRAINE HANSBERRY** The thing that makes you exceptional, if you are at all, is inevitably the thing that makes you lonely.

*Ballast* is published in Iowa, about 50 miles from Cedar Rapids, birth-place of musician, composer, and humorist Peter Schickele, more commonly known as P.D.Q. Bach.

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

Ballast Quarterly Review  
Attn: Subscription Dude  
2022 X Avenue  
Dysart, Iowa 52224-9767

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

*Ballast* does not have a budget as such. For twelve years, it has operated at a financial loss. Such losses are currently offset by contributions from enlightened subscribers and generous deductions from the paycheck of the Subscription Dude. If anyone is foolishly philanthropic (foolish because such gifts are surely not tax deductible), we will sometimes accept a check.

—  
A N O N If God thought nudity was okay, we would have been born naked.

#### COVER

Preliminary pencil drawing by Iowa-based illustrator GARY KELLEY for his recently published book, *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* by Edgar Allan Poe (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1996). ISBN 0-1510-0234-7.

#### A N O N

After four martinis, my husband turns into a disgusting beast. And after the fifth, I pass out altogether.

#### S I G N

[in Orky Blue's Silver Dollar Bar in Bandera, Texas] Doing a good job here is like wetting your pants in a dark suit—you feel warm all over, but nobody notices.

BALLAST QUARTERLY REVIEW 2022 X AVENUE DYSART IOWA 52224-9767 USA