

Winter 2002

Ballast Quarterly Review, v18n2, Winter 2002-03

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**HOW
BALLAST
BEGAN**



Ballast Quarterly Review Volume 18 Number 2
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Behrens, editor, publisher and art director. ISSN
1093-5789. E-mail <ballast@netins.net>.

MILTON
SAPIRSTEIN
Education, like
neurosis, begins
at home.

WILL
ROGERS
The only way to
solve the traffic
problems of the
country is to pass
a law that only
paid-for cars are
allowed to use
the highways.

That would
make traffic so
scarce we could
use our boulevards for chil-
dren's play-
grounds.

MARK
TWAIN
In the first place
God made idiots.
This was for
practice. Then he
made school
boards.

MAXIM
GORKY
One has to
be able to count
if only so that at
50 one doesn't
marry a girl of
20.

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 Wyn-
dham Lewis, the Vorticist artist and writer. *Bal-
last* is mainly a pastiche of astonishing passages
from books, magazines, diaries and other writ-
ings. 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, apoliti-
cal and noncommercial. It does not carry adver-
tisements, nor is it supposed to be purchased or
sold. It is published approximately every three
months, beginning in the fall (more or less) and
ending in the summer.

To subscribe to *Ballast* or to order a gift sub-
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five first class U.S. postage stamps for each sin-
gle issue desired. In other words, to receive *Bal-
last* 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.

EDWARD MARSH
(*Ambrosia and Small Beer*)

A sergeant was lecturing on ship
building, and began by saying that
two trees were mostly used, the
Hoak—

Voice from the class. Isn't it Oak,
sir?

Sergeant. The Hoak and the Helm.
Voice. Isn't it Elm, sir?

Sergeant. The Hoak and the Helm.
These trees are also used in making
Piles for Piers, by which I do not
mean Hemorrhoids for Haristocrats
like that young #%^\$*& in the cor-
ner.

HOW BALLAST BEGAN

Copyright © 2003
by Roy R. Behrens
as interviewed by Barry Pye



LEFT
The infamous logo for IPAW, designed in 1985 by RAYMOND SÉLAVY, which led to the founding of BALLAST.

Q: *So how did BALLAST begin?*

A: Back in the late 1960s, when I was drafted into the Marine Corps, some of my officers, in addition to being cruel and unusual, could also be terribly funny. One of my favorites was a height-impaired captain, a George Gobel look-alike, who was the adjutant when I was in Hawaii. He was hilarious, always. One day a top-ranking officer came to our company (a Marine general), and the adjutant sent word that I should report to his office immediately. As I stood frozen at attention (awed by the mere presence of such a distinguished gentleman), the captain turned to him and said, "General, we have a very odd specimen here in Sergeant Behrens. He is college-educated, and, as a result, is completely unable to answer any question with a simple yes-or-no answer. Isn't that true, Sergeant Behrens?" After a pause, I responded, "Well, not entirely, Sir. You see, there's this and that and that and that..." and of course, to his delight, I droned on for a couple of minutes.

Q: *That's a great story. But how did BALLAST begin?*

A: In part, I'm avoiding the question because I don't think I fully remember. It began in the fall of 1985, when I was living in Wisconsin. Mary and I

DON MARQUIS
(*Archy's Life of Mehitabel*)
man eats the big fish
the big fish eat the little fish
the little fish eat insects in the water
the water insects eat the water plants
the water plants eat mud
mud eats man.

ROBERT INGERSOLL
Colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed.



A N O N

What's the difference between an irate circus manager and a Roman barber? One is a raving showman, while the other is a shaving Roman.

J O S H

B I L L I N G S
A fib is a lie painted in watercolors.

had married a few years earlier, and we were living in an upstairs flat, just a couple of blocks from the university. The economy was in a steep nose dive. I rarely even think about salaries, but, for several years, the university faculty hadn't received any raises, not even to offset the annual climb in the cost of living. So I was increasingly down in the mouth. At about the same time, I received a memo from a local organization, called the Independent Performance Artists of Wisconsin, which was commonly shortened to IPAW, a faintly comic acronym. No doubt wanting to be less comical and more corporate (in the hope of attracting some serious funds), they decided they needed a logo. So the memo announced a logo design competition in which the winning student would be given \$50, a miserly amount, even in those days. In a moment of inspiration, I decided that, instead of passing this golden opportunity on to my students, I myself should enter the contest, to supplement my salary. So I came up with a wonderful logo (a collage somewhat inspired by Max Ernst), in which, instead of avoiding it, I played up the well-known IPAW name (eye-paw or eye-hand) as a symbol of the organization's visual-kinesthetic objective. I then sent it through the mail to the judges, with an explanatory letter (written in accented English) in which I claimed to be a visiting student from France named Raymond Sélavy. I explained that I did not have an American bank account, so that, if I won the prize, the check for \$50 should be made out to my design professor, Professor Behrens, and mailed to his home address.

Q: *Did you win the contest?*

A: No such luck—Sélavy's lovely logo lost. To make matters worse, it turned out that a faculty colleague (whose tastes and ideas I did not always agree with) assigned this same logo problem to his entire class, and it was one of his students who won the contest. After the judging, all the logo

entries (including the work of poor Raymond) were mistakenly returned to this faculty colleague, in a single stack. Not expecting a stranger among them, he then absentmindedly graded all of them, so that when I got



LEFT
The cover page of
Volume 1 Number 2
of *Ballast Quarterly
Review* (1985)

NICHOLSON
BAKER
Formerly silent
words unfolded
themselves like
lawn chairs in my
mouth and
emerged one by
one wearing
large Siberian
hats of conso-
nants and long
erminous vowels.

it back (I found it in a pile in the corner of the classroom) Raymond Sélavý's logo not only lost the contest but also had a discouraging grade of C or C- written on the back. So there I sat with a beautiful form with no function.

Q: Another great story, but, again, what does this have to do with BALLAST?

A: Well, actually, this has everything to do with it. Because it was at that moment that I decided to launch a magazine, in which I could make use of that award-losing logo—and that's exactly what I did.

Q: But how did you fund a magazine? I thought you were worried about your salary.

A: Well, I sidestepped the funding problem. In part I was able to do it because BALLAST was never intended to be a legitimate magazine; it was simply a "zine" long before that became fashionable. When it began, BALLAST consisted of 8 pages, each measuring 8 1/2 x 11 inches. So I only had to print two sheets of 11 x 17, back to back, using black ink only,

SAMUEL
BUTLER
Ones thoughts
fly so fast that
one must shoot
them; it is no use
trying to put salt
on their tails.



A N O N

What's the difference between a cat and a comma? One has its claws at the end of its paws, while the other has its pause at the end of a clause.

which was very affordable in those days. This was before the widespread use of personal computers, so I made the headlines with rub-on letters and the text with an IBM selectric typewriter. Everything was pasted-up on a larger board, then reduced in the process of printing. The greatest expense, I soon realized, was the cost of first class postage. So I announced that the magazine itself would be free to subscribers, but the postage would not. That's how I started the policy of asking for a certain number of stamps for each issue. Over the years, I've gradually increased the number of stamps, but I then use the surplus to cover the costs of a certain number of influential freeloaders, as well as support for my other research.

Q: And how many subscribers did you end up with?

A: By the second year, the mailing list was around 500. In the years since, it has been as high as 600 and as low as 400, but it remains fairly consistent. I built it up by mailing the inaugural issue to various people (especially artists and writers) who I thought might be interested, and to a small number of magazine reviewers. I began to get lots of subscription requests after it was featured in the *Whole Earth Catalog*, *Communication Arts*, the *AIGA Journal* and other magazines. Another major, constant source is gift subscriptions, when people send in stamps for friends.

Q: So that's the whole story? It was as simple as that?

A: Well, not really. There were lots of peripheral things going on that I haven't mentioned. For example, it was a common belief at the time (and maybe even more so now) that if you were a "visual" artist, you could not or should not be "verbal." I knew that that was historically false, and that, in times other than our own, there has often been great interest in reading and writing among visual artists. That was one of the reasons why I chose as the magazine's title the acronym BALLAST (for Books Art Language Logic

Ambiguity Science and Teaching), which is a deliberate reference to **BLAST**, the British art and literary magazine founded in 1914 by Wyndham Lewis (an artist as well as a writer) and the poet Ezra Pound.



LEFT
The cover page of
Volume I Number 3
of *Ballast Quarterly
Review* (1986)

**JEAN
COCTEAU**
The ruse consists
of never repeat-
ing ourselves; of
taking care,
when once a
work has fallen
from the tree,
not to shake the
tree to bring
down others of
the same kind.

Q: Any other hidden agendas?

A: For years I had used my university office door as a place for posting excerpts from books that I had run across while writing textbooks. It was a busy hallway, and when my door was propped open, clusters of students would gather around to read the latest postings. These same brief passages and quotes became the contents of the first issues. The idea that **BALLAST** would be a "periodical commonplace book" (and there's no better description of it than that) was perhaps the key ingredient in maintaining the quality of its contents, because I certainly don't have the time, the funding, nor the creative resources to provide enough strong material for four issues, year after year.

Q: Did the choice of the word ballast have any other significance?

A: As a nautical term, *ballast* refers to the various weights (stones, slag, gravel) that are carried in the holds of ships, to insure their stability. It occurred to me that the contents of

**JOHN
DONNE**
Whilst thus to
ballast love...

GROUCHO
MARX

Q: Can I have a table near the floor?

A: Certainly I'll have the waiter saw the legs off.

W.
SOMERSET
MAUGHAM
She plunged into a sea of platitudes, and with the powerful breast stroke of a channel swimmer made her confident way towards the white cliffs of the obvious.

BALLAST (small but nonetheless weighty remarks from journals, autobiographies, and so on) might provide an analogous function—for me certainly, but also, I hoped, for subscribers. In my case, as editor, I also derive some stability from having to browse constantly for new material. For 18 years, it hasn't stopped. Day after day, month after month, I am always working toward a new deadline, always preparing the next issue. The pressure is sometimes annoying, even painful, but it's also stimulating. You can imagine how much I've evolved, intellectually and otherwise, from constantly having to search for new material.

Q: *Do you ever think about quitting?*

A: Only once or twice a week. Actually, I find it almost a total delight to gather material for an issue and to design it. Those are the invigorating aspects. The tiresome tasks are the printing (which I do myself on a xerox machine), collating, stapling, trimming, tabbing, and applying the stamps and the mailing labels, all of which I do by hand. I know it is and looks like a cheaply printed piece of junk, but the entire process of producing it is far more costly than people realize, so I do what I can to save money. But, admittedly, it's during all the hand labor that I become disenchanted, and vow that I'll someday abandon the thing—and then I receive an appreciative note from a subscriber or two, and begin work on the next issue. I really do get some wonderful notes from subscribers, and sometimes they're accompanied by a check or a bottle of Glenlivet.

Q: *Your day job is that of a teacher. What does that have to do with BALLAST?*

A: I think it has everything to do with it. So much that, to great extent, the two are inseparable. Sometimes I think of BALLAST as a storehouse of especially memorable thoughts that I would love to pass on to students, but which I can't easily share, because they're usually not interested, and to

force it on them would get tiresome for both of us. Of course, I do use some of the material in my lectures, but mostly I simply commit it to print. Also, I suspect that the process of gathering things (of digging up new material for each issue) contributes to the freshness of my teaching and prevents me from burning out. Like everything else in American life, there is always the danger that education will be reduced to the lowest common denominator, so that (just like literature and art) it can be used for purposes other than education. The major current threats are from robotic job training on the one hand and mindless therapeutic play on the other. In its finest moments, teaching is an exalted activity, but it's easy for teachers to be overcome by routine and trivia. One of the functions of BALLAST may be, as Viktor Shklovski would say, to reawaken our senses (or maybe it's only *my* senses) and thereby to "make the stone stony" again.

Q: *I remember somewhere you once wrote that "one learns more from teaching than one learns from being taught." Is that relevant to all this?*

A: Very much so. The primary value of BALLAST for me is that it's an autodidactic endeavor (thanks, Walter!)—I teach myself by doing it, or, better yet, I evolve intellectually by producing it. In that sense, it doesn't really matter if anyone else reads it or subscribes to it, since all that has already happened long before I mail it out. But there's still another dimension, and that is that it also serves as a tribute to my own teachers—I'm thinking of ten or maybe more—who taught me one important thing: They made me realize that I should never wait for someone else to teach me, but rather I should teach myself. I clearly remember those teachers. I often think of them in the classroom, because they are the reason I'm driven to teach. And they're one of the reasons for BALLAST as well.

Q: *Oh-oh, we're almost out of tape. I guess we'll have to end it there. ~*

ART
BUCHWALD

I worship the
quicksand he
walks in.



ANON

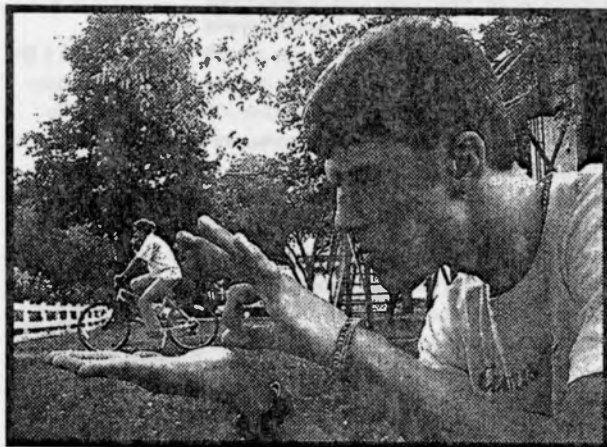
What's the difference between
a church bell and
a pickpocket?
One peels from
the steeple, and
the other steals
from the people.

HENRY
DAVID
THOREAU

Some circum-
stantial evidence
is very strong, as
when you find a
trout in the milk.

BELOW

Student photograph by KENDRA MEYER (2002), a "trick photograph" (that bicycle, however small, is at a distance), intended to demonstrate Gestalt grouping principles.



★ *Geometry of Design: Studies in Proportion and Composition*, by Kimberly Elam. Princeton Architectural Press, New York, 2001. 108 pp., illus. Paper, \$14.95. ISBN 1-56898-249-6.

One of the oldest, most lasting ideas in art is that artists, designers and architects use (often unknowingly) repetitions of the same proportion (called "proportional harmonies" or "proportional rhymes"), and that, throughout history, certain proportions have been used far more frequently than others. As confirmed by scientific tests that began with Gustav Fechner in 1876, the proportion that seems to be favored is around 5 by 8, or what is historically, commonly known as the "golden section." This same proportion occurs throughout nature: in the chambered nautilus and other shells, in sunflowers, daisies, pine cones, pineapples, and in the pattern of the eyespots on a peacock's tailfeathers; as well as in countless examples of man-made constructions: in the Great Pyramid of Cheops, Stonehenge, the Parthenon, the Athena Temple at Priene, the Triumphal Arch of Constantine, the Notre Dame Cathedral, and various buildings by Le Corbusier. This latest book about proportional harmonies, which was both written and designed by a graphic design professor at the Ringling School of Art and Design, is probably the best introduction to the subject. It is beautifully organized, admirably thorough, and, while technical to some extent, not overly so. Especially helpful are its translucent vellum overlays, in which red line diagrams can be superimposed on (or removed from, as needed) the subjects discussed in the writing. Its other major value is the persuasive use of examples from Modern-era design history (posters, furniture, a Braun coffee maker, even the 1997 Volkswagen Beetle), including quite a few not shown in earlier books on the subject. It's a great little book, one that all teachers and students should see. ↗

MARK VAN DOREN

Nothing in nature is more beautiful than the eye of a horse.

★ *Design Humor: The Art of Graphic Wit*, by Steven Heller. Allworth Press, New York, 2002. 224 pp., illus. Paper, \$21.95. ISBN 1-58115-246-9.

The visual pun, writes Steven Heller, "is as endemic to conceptual graphic design as the metaphor is to creative writing." Noting that puns are just one of its forms, he guides his readers through a maze of the varieties of verbal and visual wit. Heller is art director of the *New York Times Book Review*, and the author of more than 80 books on design and design-related issues. This volume, as he confesses in the preface, is an altered adaptation of his and Gail Anderson's earlier book, titled *Graphic Wit: The Art of Humor in Design* (1991). While the structure of the new version parallels that of its predecessor, the text itself has been enlarged in certain places and revised in others, in part to account for developments in graphic design in the past decade. It is regrettable that there are no color illustrations. Yet, even then, this is a valuable, interesting look at an essential ingredient of all forms of human communication. ♪

JOHN
HERSEY

She was a dried-up apricot of the fuzzy variety.

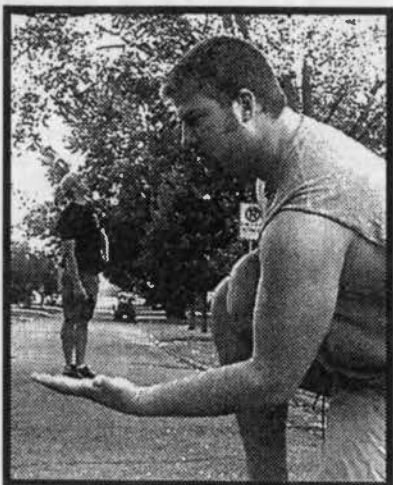
★ *Lipchitz and the Avant-Garde: From Paris to New York*, edited by Joseph Helferstein and Jordana Mendelson. Krannert Art Museum, University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, 2001. Distributed by the University of Washington Press. 152 pp., 124 illus. Paperbound, \$35.00. ISBN 0-295-98187-3.

Majorca, the largest of the Balearic Islands, is off the eastern coast of Spain. In 1838, it was the winter getaway of the composer Frederic Chopin and the writer George Sand (the pen name of Amandine Dupin). Seventy-five years later, Gertrude Stein was vacationing there when she ran into William Cook, the Iowa-born painter who later taught her how to drive. Through Stein, Cook became friends with Lithuanian sculptor Jacques Lipchitz (pronounced Leap-sheets), who, with Diego Rivera, toured Majorca the following year. In 1923, Lipchitz commissioned the architect Le Corbusier to design an innovative villa on the outskirts of Paris, the results of which persuaded Cook and Stein's brother Michael to do the same. These three now-famous houses are early examples of Cubism applied to architecture, while Lipchitz is commonly said to have been one of the first to apply Cubism to sculpture. This book contains a photograph of the Lipchitz villa, but says almost nothing about it. Instead, it features essays on various other aspects of the sculptor's life and work, among them his connections with Juan Gris, Alfred Barnes, Spanish bullfighting, his interest in the work of Gericault, the evolution of his artistic style, his emigration to New York in 1941, and so on. While these and other subjects are of interest, the best account of Lipchitz's life continues to be his autobiography, *My Life in Sculpture* (1972), which is far more amusing and gossipy than this humorless exhibition catalog. It was made for the public unveiling of 15 sculptural maquettes, a set of prints, and a drawing by Lipchitz, given to the University of Illinois by the Lipchitz Foundation. As the title indicates, it included a limited number of works by his avant-garde friends and contemporaries. ♪

W. H. AUDEN

A poet's hope: to be
like some valley cheese,
local, but prized elsewhere.

RIGHT
Student photograph
by ROSS BOHNER
(2002), a "trick pho-
tograph" (the guy
on the right isn't
quite as large as he
looks), intended to
demonstrate Gestalt
grouping principles.



★ *Nowhere in Particular*, by Jonathan Miller. Mitchell Beazley, London, 2001. 144 pp., illus. Cloth, \$24.95. ISBN 1-84000-150-X.

While enjoying this wonderfully interesting book, I was reminded of the writings of the Modern-era Russian art theorist Viktor Shklovski, who said that the primary function of art is to reawaken our senses, to make us see and feel in ways that are fresh and unfamiliar. One way to accomplish this, he proposed, is to "make the familiar strange," maybe by purposely looking at things in an odd and unusual manner. Said Shklovski: "Habitualization devours works, clothes, furniture, one's wife, and the fear of war...And art exists that one may recover the sensation of life." This is a book of photographs and off-hand notebook jottings by a celebrated British physician, stage director, television producer, and author. It is filled with astonishing photographs of everyday subjects and settings that were viewed or cropped in such a way that they are very nearly unrecognizable. All of these were taken by Miller during his various travels, using only a simple camera. As a further challenge, his photographs are uncropped in the darkroom, so that what you see is what he saw as he peered through the viewfinder. As Miller explains in the introduction, like all things, such works have ancestral beginnings. For example, one may be reminded of the work of Aaron Siskind (who photographed peeling billboards), Bill Brandt (whose abstract photographs of nudes are reminiscent of desert landscapes), or the abstract scientific plates in Gyorgy Kepes' *The New Landscape in Art and Science*. ➤

RICHARD ARMOUR

[William Henry] Harrison was the first president to die in office. He had been in his office for thirty days, working on new tariff laws, and probably over-taxed himself.



LEFT
Drawing for U.S.
Design Patent No.
285,951, filed in
1986 by SARAH
RAYMO for her cam-
ouflaged stuffed
bear.

★ *The Aurelian Legacy: British Butterflies and Their Collectors*, by Michael A. Salmon. University of California Press, Berkeley, 2000. 432 pp., illus. Cloth, \$35.00. ISBN 0-520-22963-0.

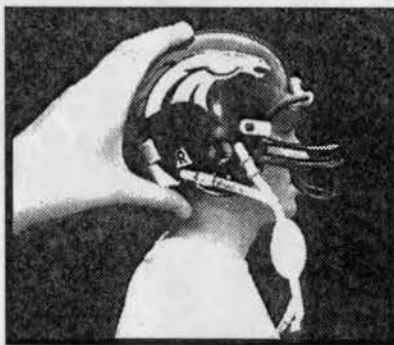
This is a large, serious scientific book which, at the same time, is terribly funny. About a third of it is devoted to informal and not unamusing accounts of the lives of 101 British bug collectors, both men and women. It begins with Thomas Moffet (pronounced Muffet), a 16th century naturalist whose daughter Patience may have been the "Little Miss Muffet" who was frightened by a spider in the famous nursery rhyme. One of the last entries is that of a 20th-century entomologist named R.L.E. Ford, who hunted fossils on the side. When digging for dinosaurs in the UK, he had a standard answer for inquisitive passers-by who asked what he was doing. "Digging for pineapples," he would reply, whereupon they would leave him alone. And then there was Robert Watson, a large, "somewhat porcine" wrestler turned tax accountant (there's a great photograph of him), who was affectionately known as "Porker" and whose house he called his "Porcorum." The book's other sections, which are also occasioned by colorful tales, are slightly less humorous but no less interesting to read. There is "a short history of butterfly collecting in Britain"; a section on "pins, nets and collecting boxes"; another on "some species of historical interest"; and a brief but particularly valuable note on present day collecting and ecology. There is even a detailed chronology of the history of entomological societies, their publications and events (including websites). In the end, perhaps this book is not so much about butterfly collecting as about eccentric human pursuits, so it cannot help but be of use to a wide readership. There are more than 200 illustrations, but the text is the truly astonishing part. Here is a final example: On page 66, there is an account (and a full-color photograph) of a practical joke in which a 17th-century collector named William Courten apparently "forged" a new butterfly by simply painting eyespots on another well-known butterfly, which is yellow with very few markings. A half century later, it even fooled Carolus Linnaeus, who gave it a name and included it in his *Systema Naturae*. >

**EDWARD
MARSH**
*(Ambrosia and
Small Beer)*

A soldier up for medical exam proved to have been wearing a truss for the past 6 years, and was classified as P.E. or Permanently Exempt. On his way out he gave this news to his pal, who immediately asked for the loan of the truss, which was granted. The examiner asked how long he had been wearing it, and he said "Six years," whereupon he was classified as M.E. "What's that?" he asked. "Middle East." "How can I go to the Middle East when I've been wearing a truss for 6 years?" "If you can wear a truss for 6 years upside-down, you can jolly well ride a camel for 6 months."

BELOW

Student photograph by KATIE BAEDKE (2002), a "trick photograph" (it's a miniature helmet, lined up with a distant head), intended to demonstrate Gestalt grouping principles.



[The British writer] Lytton Strachey was unfit [during World War I], but instead of allowing himself to be rejected by the doctors he preferred to appear before a military tribunal as a conscientious objector. He told us of the extraordinary impression that was caused by an air cushion which he inflated during the proceedings as a protest against the hardness of the benches. Asked by the chairman the usual question: "I understand, Mr. Strachey, that you have a conscientious objection to war?" he replied (in his curious falsetto voice), "Oh no, not at all, only to this war." Better than this was his reply to the chairman's other stock question, which had previously never failed to embarrass the claimant: "Tell me, Mr. Strachey, what would you do if you saw a German soldier trying to violate your sister?" With an air of noble virtue: "I would try to get between them."

ROBERT GRAVES *Goodbye to All That* (Garden City NY: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1957).

**EDWARD
HOAGLAND**
Death tickled
him into a gradual
crescendo.

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

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

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Ballast does not have a budget as such. For over 17 years, it has operated at a loss. Such losses are currently offset by contributions from enlightened subscribers and generous deductions from the paycheck of the Subscription Schlemiel. If anyone is foolishly philanthropic (foolish because such gifts are surely not tax deductible), we will sometimes accept a check.

Ballast has a collaborative affiliation with *Leonardo: Journal of the International Society of Arts, Sciences, and Technology* (MIT Press). As a result, some of the book reviews in *Ballast* are reprinted either on the *Leonardo* digital reviews web site at <<http://mitpress2.mit.edu/e-journals/Leonardo/ldr.html>> or in the printed magazine.

MAVIS GALLANT

The bar and the tables and the sticky, salty, half-naked tourists were covered alike with zebra stripes of light and shade.

W. H. AUDEN

In moments of joy
all of us wish we possessed
a tail we could wag.

EMILY
DICKINSON
Anger
as soon as fed
is dead—
'Tis starving
makes it fat.



MALAYSIAN PROVERB

An ox with long
horns, even if he
does not butt,
will be accused
of butting.

COVER Derived from
a detail from a Farm
Security Administration
photograph by
ARTHUR
ROTHSTEIN
(1940), from the Dover
Pictorial Archives.

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