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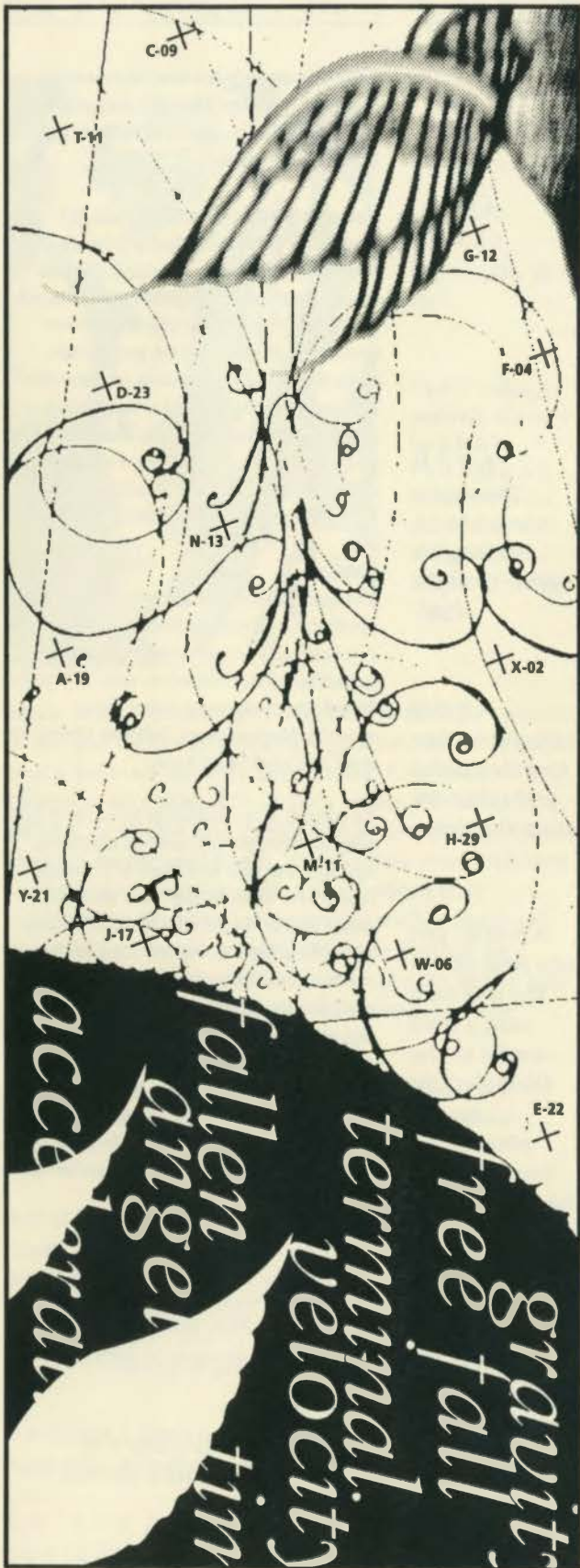
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gravity
free fall
terminal
velocity
fallen
anger
time
acceleration

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lisher and art director.

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 found-
ed during World War I by Wyndham
Lewis, the Vorticist artist and writer.
Ballast is mainly a pastiche of astonish-
ing passages from books, magazines,
diaries and other writings. Put differ-
ently, it is a journal devoted to wit, the
contents of which are intended to be
insightful, amusing or thought provok-
ing.

A N O N
The crows
seemed to be
calling his
name, thought
Caw.

A N O N
I took my dog
to a flea circus
yesterday. He
stole the show.

A N O N Did
you hear about
the guy who
won a gold
medal at the
Olympics? He
was so
pleased, he
went out and
had it bronzed.

LES
COLEMAN
It was the
shock of being
bald that made
him lose his
hair.

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apolitical and noncommercial. It does
not carry advertisements, nor is it sup-
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we do not accept requests from outside
the U.S.

A N O N I've just renamed my
dog—I call him Handyman,
because he does odd jobs around
the house.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
Let's have some new clichés.



**HELEN
HAYES**
If you rest, you
rust.

LEFT Collage
portrait of Freud
by **BRAD
FLANAGAN**,
graphic design
student at the
University of
Northern Iowa
(1996).

More than a decade after his death, Nikolai Lenin's body was removed from its sepulcher in the Kremlin and a belated autopsy performed. Four maraschino cherries were found in Lenin's colon. Perfectly preserved, as whole and candy red as the day (or days) that he swallowed them, the cherries were in better shape than Lenin himself. It is rumored that maraschino cherries are prepared with a chemical resembling formaldehyde, thus can neither be assimilated nor eliminated but must ride in the baggage rack of the bowels for a lifetime, like the seabags of the *Flying Dutchman*.

TOM ROBBINS in *Jitterbug Perfume* (New York: Bantam Books, 1984), p. 172. Suggested by Matthew DeLay.

ANON Why is it that we will laugh when we see a man wearing a clown outfit, but we won't laugh at the same man carrying a clown outfit in one of those plastic dry-cleaning bags?

**GROUCHO
MARX**
Home is where
you hang your
head.

PATIENT Doctor, you gotta help me—everybody thinks I'm a liar.

DOCTOR Really? I find that hard to believe.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Carl Goldstein, *Teaching Art: Academies and Schools from Vasari to Albers* (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1996). ISBN 0-521-48099-X. The word "academy" in art is very nearly a profanity, and has been for nearly a century, when the systematic teaching methods of art academies were maligned by avant-garde Modernists, including Henri Matisse (a student of Bouguereau), who claimed that what an artist learned at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts was "what not to do. It is the perfect example of what to avoid." Ironically, as we learn in this book, when Matisse opened his own school in 1908, he was so distressed by the poor quality of his student work that he stormed out of the first critique and returned momentarily with a Greek bust for his pupils to draw from. That method (drawing from plaster casts of antique sculpture), along with the practice of copying art, drawing from a live model, and history painting, had typified formal instruction in art, more or less, since the Renaissance. This fascinating volume is an illustrated history of the training of artists, mostly male (with comments on women and how they were trained outside the academies), from the Italian academies, clubs, and workshops of the 16th century to the Bauhaus and the subsequent Modern "academies" of Josef Albers, Hans Hofmann, and others.



**CARL
SANDBURG**
The fog comes
on little cat
feet.

ABOVE Logo for fictitious airline by **TOM LECHTENBERG**, graphic design student at the University of Northern Iowa (1996).

RUDOLF ARNHEIM On a summer vacation in the 1920s spent in the Dolomites, I happened to stay at the same small hotel as did Max Planck, the famous originator of the quantum theory in physics. Planck and his wife were inveterate mountain climbers. One morning at breakfast Mrs. Planck was busy with a map at the next table. When Planck joined her, she said: "I have just found the perfect access to that peak." He, somewhat disgruntled, replied: "You have just cheated me out of my morning problem!"

Whilst stopping in Plover Bay some of our men found a key of specimens preserved in alcohol belonging to one of our Smithsonian collectors. Having had a long abstinence from exhilarating drinks, the temptation was too much for them, and they proceeded to broach the contents. After they had imbibed to their hearts' content and became "visibly affected thereby," they thought it a pity to waste the remaining contents of the barrel, and, feeling hungry, went on to eat the lizards, snakes, and fish which had been put up for a rather different purpose!

FREDERICK WHYMPER (describing an incident at Plover Bay, Alaska, in August 1867), *Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska* (New York, 1869).

A N O N Probably the earliest fly swatters were nothing more than some kind of striking surface attached to the end of a long stick.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

Hillel Schwartz, *The Culture of the Copy: Striking Likenesses, Unreasonable Facsimiles* (New York: Zone Books / distributed by MIT Press: 1997). ISBN 0-942299-35-3. In a passage in the *Sophist*, Plato talks about the difference between a wolf and a dog, one fierce, the other tame, and warns that "a careful person should always be on guard against resemblances above all, for they are a most slippery tribe." In this rowdy and often uproarious book, advertised as "an innovative blend of microsociology, cultural history, and philosophical reflection," we are spun through a polka of musings about our perceptions of identity, similarity, and confusion. The subjects of various sections include twins, genetic clones, doppelgangers, imposters, camouflage, decoys, parrots, automata, mannequins, wax museums, self-portraits, photocopies, instant replays, digital images, counterfeits, forgeries, even the Real McCoy. "How has it come to be," the author asks, "that the most perplexing moral dilemmas of this era are dilemmas posed by our skill at the creation of likenesses of ourselves, our world, our times?"

RAPHAEL SOYER

Moses [his identical twin] once appeared in a TV interview. Next day a woman, passing me on the street, said: "I saw you on TV yesterday." "It was Moses, not I," I said. Looking at me closely, she questioned, "Are you sure?"

BELOW

Face made of letter parts by **JEFF CASH**, graphic design student at the University of Northern Iowa (1996).

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED**

Frederic J. Schwartz, *The Werkbund: Design Theory and Mass Culture Before the First World War* (New Haven CT: Yale University Press, 1996). ISBN 0-300-06898-0.

Established in 1907 by architects Peter Behrens, Hermann Muthesius, and others, the Deutscher Werkbund was an organization of craftsmen, designers, educators, architects, and industrialists, that sponsored lectures, publications, and exhibitions, in the hope of improving the quality of German design. Inspired by the British Arts and Crafts Movement, its standing is largely because of its link to the Bauhaus, the design school founded in 1919 by Walter Gropius, a Werkbund leader. This book, which includes 100 black and white illustrations, consists of a measured discussion about its products, strategies, and especially the sociological trends that influenced the organization's activities during its early years, when its members engaged in impassioned debates about the relative merits of individual expression in design versus industrial standardization.

I spent my childhood in darkest Leeds. I had a problem. I stammered. One day my mother sent me down to the local haberdashery shop in Hunslet Carr to purchase a collar stud for my father's shirt. All the way down to the shop I practiced my speech, searching for ways to address the shop assistant without blocking on certain troublesome words. This was clearly an important mission and I must not fail. After a thorough rehearsal of every possible combination of words that would indicate to the person in the shop the nature of my visit, I stepped up and opened the door and marched boldly up to the shop counter.

"Do you have any collar studs?" I blurted to the man behind the counter. He looked at me for a moment or two then replied slowly, "I'm afraid we seem to be right out at the moment, but if you care to pop next door to the haberdashery shop, they might indeed be able to help you." I turned and made my exit through the furniture shop.

GLEN BAXTER in Les Coleman, *Unthinking* (UK: Littlewood Arc, 1993).



**COLIN
WATSON**
A needle is
much easier to
find in a
haystack than
in a bin of
other needles.

ABOVE Logo for shopping center
by **TOM LECHTENBERG**,
graphic design student at the
University of Northern Iowa (1996).

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Edward R. Tufte, *Visual Explanations: Images and Quantities, Evidence and Narrative* (Graphics Press, 1997). ISBN 0-9613921-2-6 [\$45 postpaid from Graphics Press, Post Office Box 430, Cheshire, CT 06410]. What art historian E.H. Gombrich did for pictorial imagery in *Art and Illusion*, Edward Tufte has done for information design. This is the third and perhaps his most beautiful book about the clear, honest and elegant portrayal of information through charts, maps, and diagrams. Its immediate predecessor, *Envisioning Information*, won 14 awards for content, design and printing, and it is likely that this one will win even more. This new volume is about dynamics, and it consists of a series of essays about the representation of motion, process, mechanism, and cause and effect, among them such marvelous articles as "Explaining Magic: Pictorial Instructions and Disinformation Design," "The Smallest Effective Difference" (about economy in design), "Multiples in Space and Time," and (our favorite) "Visual Confections: Justapositions from the Ocean of the Streams of Story." By content alone, this is easily one of the finest books of our time, but even more astonishing is the uncommon quality of every aspect of its production, including text, illustrations, typography, layout, paper, and printing. This is a breathtaking artist's book, an exquisite yet affordable work of art: What William Morris sought unsuccessfully in book design, Edward Tufte has now achieved.

ANON Cogito ergo spud—I
think therefore I yam.



ABOVE
Collage portrait
of Freud by
JAMES
CLARK, graph-
ic design student
at the University
of Northern
Iowa (1996).

NORBERT
WIENER
Grandmother
always spoke
with a strong
accent and was
never able to
distinguish the
word
"kitchen" from
"kitten."

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

Eliza E. Rathbone, et al.,
*Impressionists on the Seine: A
Celebration of Renoir's "Luncheon of
the Boating Party"* (Washington, DC:
Counterpoint and The Phillips
Collection, 1996). ISBN 1-887178-21-X.
There were two occasions for the
publication of this large format, lav-
ishly illustrated volume: One was the
75th anniversary of the country's first
modern art museum, The Phillips
Collection, in 1996; the other was an
exhibition that year of 19th-century
French Impressionist paintings in
which the river Seine is either the
subject or setting. The book's center-
piece is one of the most admired
paintings in history, Auguste Renoir's
Luncheon of the Boating Party (1881),
which inaugurated a new phase in
Renoir's career and survives as a dar-
ing development in the emergence of
Modernism. Of particular interest is a
new analysis of that painting using x-
radiography and infrared reflectogra-
phy. Reproduced throughout in full
color are numerous paintings by
Claude Monet, Edouard Manet,
Camille Pissarro, Berthe Morisot, and
others.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED George L. Hersey, *The Evolution of Allure: Sexual Selection from the Medici Venus to the Incredible Hulk* (Cambridge MA: MIT Press, 1996). ISBN 0-262-08244-6. This is a thought-provoking, well-written, and somewhat "racy" study of the theory of evolution in relation to Western art history, which also revisits the age-old debate about whether art is an imitation of nature or nature of art. If evolution is regulated by survival of the fittest, those best "suited" (often literally, through cosmetics, clothing, and provocative accouterments) for selection as a sexual partner are more likely to reproduce, which means the most sexually alluring survive. Art imitates life, the book argues, in the sense that the signals one typically finds in explicit sexual behavior are almost as commonly evident in visual art, apparel design, and advertising. More surprisingly, it also argues that evolution is influenced by art, to the extent that we tend to be drawn to sexual partners whose proportions, postures, and other alluring attributes are consistent with those that were dominant in traditional Western art until this century, which leads to the issues of Aryan art and Nazi eugenics. "Art and life reinforce each other," concludes Hersey, who teaches art history at Yale, in the sense that couples "'reproduce' the painted and sculptured reproductive goals they worship."

A Shotgun Seminar is a talk given by an Institute member to a volunteer audience. The subject of the talk is announced a week in advance, but the name of the speaker is not. Before the talk begins, the names of all people in the room are written on scraps of paper, the scraps of paper are put into a box, the box is ceremoniously shaken and one name is picked out at random. The name picked out is the name of the speaker. The unbreakable rule of the seminar is that nobody whose name is not in the box may listen to the talk. This rule ensures that everybody does the necessary homework. The audience is ready to argue and contradict whenever the speaker flounders. Anybody who has not given serious thought to the subject of the seminar had better not come.

FREEMAN DYSON, *Infinite in All Directions* (New York: Harper and Row, 1988).



ABOVE
Logo by SOO-KYUNG CHUN, graphic design student at the University of Northern Iowa (1996).

JAMES JOYCE
We grisly old Sykos have done our unsmiling bit on 'Alices when they were yung and easily freudened.

RIGHT
Logo by
ALIYAH
MARR
(1988).



SAMUEL GOLDWYN
A verbal contract isn't worth the
paper it's written on.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED R. Roger Remington, *Lester Beall: Trailblazer of American Graphic Design* (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1996). ISBN 0-393-73002-6. Lester Beall (1903-1969) was a leading American advertising designer, whose influence came about not through teaching or writing but more or less solely because of his work. Greatly influenced by European avant-garde design in the 1930s (he was once described as a "typographic surrealist"), he gained prominence during the Depression, when, largely because of a set of posters he designed for the Rural Electrification Administration, he became the first graphic designer to be honored by a one-man exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in 1937. He is also remembered for his innovative magazine covers, page layouts, and corporate systems, especially his celebrated logo for the International Paper Company. (As it turns out, he was also the father-in-law of the sculptor H.C. Westermann.) Based on primary source material, this clearly written, beautifully designed biography is illustrated by more than 200 stunning examples of Beall's work, published and unpublished, many in full color, including all 18 of his famous REA posters.

THOMAS
PERRY
God, in his
bounty and
generosity,
always creates
more horses'
asses than
there are hors-
es to attach
them to.

He [Dada artist Max Ernst] saw his father paint a picture from nature in the garden and finish it in his studio. His father suppressed a bough in his picture because it disturbed the composition. Then he cut off the same bough in the garden, so that there should no longer be a difference between nature and his picture.

HANS RICHTER, *Dada: Art and Anti-Art* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1964).

RECOMMENDED Susan Elizabeth Ryan, editor, *Somehow A Past: The Autobiography of Marsden Hartley* (Cambridge MA: MIT Press, 1997). ISBN 0-262-08251-9. Marsden Hartley (1877-1943), an American Expressionist painter, is characterized in the introduction as "moody, gifted, homosexual but unable to form lasting intimacies with anyone, a wanderer, insistently empirical and probing, and always leveraged by a keen sense of his own flaws and deficiencies." We would never have guessed that Hartley admired Albrecht Dürer, yet it was the latter's Christ-like self-portrait, along with the *Confessions* of St. Augustine and Gertrude Stein's *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (she described him as "at last an original American") that inspired this meandering, incomplete memoir, reconstructed from pages of handwritten notes. Of primary interest are Hartley's memories, almost always regrettably brief, of those who influenced him, including Alfred Stieglitz, Albert Pinkham Ryder, and Charles Demuth.

AMBROSE BIERCE (*The Devil's Dictionary*) **FIDDLE**, n. An instrument to tickle human ears by friction of a horse's tail on the entrails of a cat.

TWO MAGICIANS Who was that lady I sawed with you last night?

He [Groucho Marx] probably was not aware of everything he was saying when a "You Bet Your Life" contestant stated she had thirteen children and could explain it only by proclaiming, "I love my husband!" "I like my cigar too," said Groucho, "but I take it out once in a while."

JOE ADAMSON, *Groucho, Zeppo, Chico, and Sometimes Zeppo* (NY: Simon and Schuster, 1974), p. 36.

A N O N

The secret of teaching is to appear to have known all your life what you learned this afternoon.



ABOVE

Proposed logo for UNI Wellness and Recreation Services by SARA STEIL, graphic design student at the University of Northern Iowa (1996).

A N O N

The secret of teaching is to appear to have learned this afternoon what you have known all your life.

DADA: Dada artists were ironists. Duchamp was their star and his masterpiece was a urinal. He ended his life playing chess. He claimed he was making an art statement. My grandfather was a prankster too. And he ended his life playing chess. But since he did it to keep from being bored, no one thought it proved anything. This suggests that Dada artists are exempt from the general rule that ironists are the biggest victims of their own irony.



ABOVE
Proposed logo
for UNI Wellness
and Recreation
Services by
**ESTHER
CHENG**,
graphic design
student at the
University of
Northern Iowa
(1996).

**EVELYN
WAUGH**
We are all
Americans at
puberty; we
die French.

PAUL FIX
The only rea-
son people get
lost in thought
is because it's
unfamiliar ter-
ritory.

BRAD HOLLAND in "Express Yourself: It's Later Than You Think" in *Communication Arts*, Vol 38 No 5 (September/October 1996), p. 26.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED
Alison Cole, *Perspective* (New York: Dorling Kindersley, 1992). ISBN 1-56458-068-7. **Sarah Kent**, *Composition* (Dorling Kindersley, 1995). ISBN 1-56458-612-X. These are highly affordable, full-color, 64-page "picture books" that are part of an ongoing series on art, from Ancient Egypt to the present, called "Eyewitness Art." They may have been intended as reference books for children, but the illustrations (including artworks, diagrams, and antique instruments) are so rich and plentiful and the brief text so informative that they provide interesting and instructive experiences for any and all ages. Cole's book on perspective is especially delightful: There are dozens, maybe hundreds, of titles about the subject, but we don't offhand remember one with such a careful selection and sequence of pictorial examples, including special sections on Albrecht Dürer's drawing machines, anamorphosis, Samuel von Hoogstraten's peepshow cabinets, the camera obscura, and stereoscopic photography.

RUDOLF ARNHEIM

A benefactor gave Brandeis University a life-size figure of Sophia Loren serving as model for the expression of grief. It was put up in the lobby, and the faculty named it "Tenure Denied."

FRANK GAARD

How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen R. Mutt?

A N O N

I have a splitting headache. I was putting some toilet water on my hair and the lid fell down.

E. H.

GOMBRICH
(*Looking For Answers*)

There are horribly many books, which I do not read, about Marcel Duchamp, and all this business when he sent a urinal to an exhibition and people said he had "redefined art"...what triviality!

THE NEW PHILISTINISM

THIS DUCHAMP
BLOKE YOU SAID
I SHOULD CHECK
OUT. IS ANY OF HIS
STUFF ON VIDEO?



ABOVE Drawing by British artist LES COLEMAN (1996) from his forthcoming book, *Meet the Art Students*.

After dinner, Duchamp would take the bus to Nice to play at a chess circle and return late with Lydie [his first wife] lying awake waiting for him. Even so, he did not go to bed immediately, but set up the chess pieces to study the position of a game he had been playing. First thing in the morning when he arose, he went to the chessboard to make a move he had thought out during the night. But the piece could not be moved—during the night Lydie had arisen and glued down all the pieces...A few months later Duchamp and Lydie divorced, and he returned to the States.

MAN RAY, *Self-Portrait* (Boston: Little Brown, 1963), p. 237.

LES
COLEMAN
If I could be a
fly on the wall
I would not be
sitting here in
this chair.

BUDD
SCHULBERG
(of Hollywood
producer Louis
B. Mayer) He
was the Czar
of the all the
rushes.

PATIENT
Doctor, I have
a problem. I
keep thinking
I'm a pair of
curtains.

DOCTOR
Well, for heav-
en's sake, pull
yourself
together.

ANON
The only
difference
between a rut
and a grave is
the depth.

Early the mother pronounced it "Sholly," which later became "Sharlie" and still later the correct "Charlie," while the Old Man stuck to "Sholly, do dat." She learned to pronounce "is" as "iz" and "has" as "haz" while with him it stayed "iss" and "hass." He said "de" for "the," "wenlup" for "envelope," "Hotty do" for "How do you do?," "yelly clay" for "yellow clay," "rellroad" for "railroad," "Gilsburg" for "Galesburg," "Sveden" for "Sweden," "helty" for "healthy." ...Anyone who couldn't get what he was saying was either dumb or not listening. He invented a phrase of his own for scolding Mart and me. When he said, "Du strubbel," we knew he meant "You stupid" and he was probably correct. He would impress us about a scheme he believed impossible to work out, "You could not do dat if you wass de Czar of all de Russias."

CARL SANDBURG, *Always the Young Strangers* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1953), pp. 92-93.

ANNIE DILLARD
(*The Writing Life*) One of the few things I know about writing is this: spend it all, shoot it, play it, lose it, all, right away, every time. Do not hoard what seems good for a later place in the book, or for another book; give it, give it all, give it now.

ELLEN GLASGOW
(*The Wheel of Life*) I used to think that people only died when they were put in coffins, but I know now that you can be dead and yet move and walk about and even laugh and pretend to be like all the rest—some of whom are dead also.

Ballast is published in Iowa, about 120 miles from Des Moines, birthplace of artist and teacher Paul Feeley, who once said that "Art is always about turning two into three or three into two."

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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 more than ten 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 Klutz. If anyone is foolishly philanthropic (foolish because such gifts are surely not tax deductible), we will sometimes accept a check.

Cover illustration by RYAN McADAM, graphic design student at the University of Northern Iowa.

RAPHAEL
SOYER

My brother
Moses died
while he was
painting, and
the last words
he said were to
the model:
"Phoebe, don't
frown." Then
he died. He
worked to the
very last
minute.

ALLEN IRA
FARINELLA
[his latest
palindromes]

• Was it one
fire, drummer?
A harem murder,
if not, I saw.
• No Inuit
names 'em
anti-union.
• Derail a most
serene rest,
Somalia red.
• No! / spy an
elf far at a
raffle? Nay,
psion!

DIANE ACKERMAN

I don't want to get to the end of
my life and find that I lived just
the length of it. I want to have
lived the width of it as well.

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