SAM SNEAD
Where I come from, the valleys are so narrow the dogs have to wag their tails up and down.

ZENNA SCHAFFER
Give a man a fish and he eats for the day. Teach him how to fish and you get rid of him for the whole weekend.

DON MARQUIS
Never change diapers in midstream.

P. J. O'ROURKE
If you want to do something for the dignity of the people in the sub-Saharan countries, you can stop donating your bell bottom pants to Goodwill.
In Cuzco, Peru, a local fellow took me to a restaurant for its speciality—something called *cuya*. The dish turned out to be a deep-fried, skinned hamster.

"Now, before you start to eat," said my friend, "be sure to check the paw. In cheap restaurants they'll give you a rat and the paw's the only way you can distinguish the two."


In 1921, Thomas (The Butcher) Covello and Ciro (The Tailor) Santucci attempted to organize disparate ethnic groups of the underworld and thus take over Chicago. This was foiled when Albert (The Logical Positivist) Corillo assassinated Kid Lipsky by locking him in a closet and sucking all the air out through a straw.


**ROBERT SHERWOOD**
They always say Tom Mix rides as if he's part of the horse, but they never say which part.
ABOVE
The chrysalis of a North American butterfly, *Feniseca tarquinius*, which has a surprising resemblance to a human face.

EMO PHILIPS
I lent a friend of mine ten thousand dollars for plastic surgery and now I don't know what he looks like.

GEORGE COOTE
On quiet nights, when I'm alone, I like to run our wedding video backwards, just to watch myself walk out of the church a free man.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED
David George Gordon, *The Eat-A-Bug Cookbook: 33 Ways to Cook Grasshoppers, Ants, Waterbugs, Spiders, Centipedes, and Their Kin* (Berkeley CA: Ten Speed Press, 1998). ISBN 0-89815-977-6. When British scientist J.B.S. Haldane was asked what could be inferred about the Almighty from a lifelong study of nature, he replied (given that there are 400,000 species of beetles, compared with only 8,000 species of mammals) that God must have "an inordinate fondness for beetles." If beetles and other insects are so abundant, why doesn't everyone eat bugs instead of plants, fish, birds, and chemically-fattened mammals? As explained in this prankish yet valuable guide to entomophagy (Latin for "bug-eating"), we already eat insects, inadvertently, in the sense that the FDA's food safety regulations allow up to 60 aphids in 3 1/2 ounces of frozen broccoli, 74 mites in 100 grams of canned mushrooms, and so on. They can't be completely kept out of our food, and, so long as we don’t know we're eating them, they're not only tasty, they're rich in nutrients (a grasshopper, for example, is more than 20 per cent protein, and crickets are an excellent source of calcium). This parody of a typical cookbook concludes with a 3-page list of suppliers of edible anthropods (whether live or ready to serve), manufacturers of exotic toothpicks, and organizations that sponsor bug-eating extravaganzas. The author, who has a weakness for bad puns (among his recipes are “Party Pupae,” “Three Bee Salad,” “Pest-O,” and “Fried Green Tomato Horn Worm”), has written such earlier popular books as *The Complete Cockroach and Field Guide to the Slug* (which the *New York Times* described as "gripping").

MILES MOONEY
My mother was a corpse washer in Dublin and once she took me with her to help turn over a big woman of twenty-two stone. I was at a very impressionable age, I was only eight at the time and things like that could put you off.
Cousin Sally wanted an air conditioner, so she went into Metter to buy one, and they said, "Miss Sally, what size you want?"
She said, "I don't know."
They said, "Well how many BTUs do you want?"
She said, "I don't know a thing in the world about BTUs. All I know is I want an air conditioner with enough B-T-Us to cool a B-U-T-T as big as a T-U-B."
She was really large.


I took a lie detector test the other day. No I didn't.

RECOMMENDED Kate Clair, A Typographic Workbook: A Primer to History, Techniques, and Artistry (New York: John Wiley, 1999). ISBN 0-471-29237-0. This is a 370-page college-level textbook about the use of printed letterforms, or what is more widely and commonly known as "typography." It is surprisingly ambitious, in the sense that it makes an attempt to discuss an enormous range of issues, large and small, related to the history, theory, and practice of typographic design. The result, which interweaves an astonishing amount of text with hundreds (maybe thousands) of black-and-white illustrations (of mixed quality), is easily enough to fill two or three volumes. The first 270 pages consist of 20 chapters with such general headings as "Readability and Legibility," "Typographic Hierarchy," and "The Grid Structure." Within each chapter, there are a dozen or more subsections on such topics as "Designing with Two Families of Type," "Letterspacing and Its Effect on Readability," and "Color Symbolism Through Time." Intended to function also as a type specimen book, it ends with 75 pages of type samples, while, throughout the volume, the texts on the pages are purposely set in varying type styles, with annotations about typeface, size, and leading. How admirable to have put all this information under one cover. Yet, sadly, it suffers the critical flaw that, too often, the typography and layout of the book contradict its own principles. For example, nearly all the text is set in 8.5 point type with 12 point leading, regardless of typeface. While convenient for type comparisons, the effect of this is devastating for the reader, since some type styles can survive dense paragraphs at that setting, while others cannot. In the book's opening pages, the boldface, small cap headings for "dedication" and "acknowledgements" are so small and tightly letterspaced that they are all but unreadable. These strange errors, of which there are many throughout the book, are not quibbles. The relationship between what one says (content) and how one speaks (form) is essential in design, which is largely about form and function, and, in the end, the book undermines its own credibility. It is, after all, an arrangement of type about type, a book about book design.
They say that if the Swiss had designed the Alps, they would be rather flatter.

This book is dedicated to my brilliant and beautiful wife without whom I would be nothing. She always comforts and consoles, never complains or interferes, asks nothing and endures all. She also writes my dedications.

I told the priest in the confessional that I had committed plagiarism and he asked me if it was alone or with somebody else.

My parents sent me to an interfaith camp where I was beaten up by boys of all races and creeds.

My uncle had a rabbit's foot for thirty years. His other foot was quite normal.

It ain't no sin to crack a few laws now and then, just so long as you don't break any.
In the course of my high school years I had a mentor, a young man that I met at the Art Students’ League where I was taking classes. This young man tried to teach me about structure in art and was the first to awaken me to an understanding of what is going on when an artist is making choices. He also taught me that you don’t paint nature; you paint or draw selections according to some kind of plan.


ABRAHAM LINCOLN
It was as thin as the homeopathic soup that was made by boiling the shadow of a pigeon that had starved to death.

RICHARD PRATHER
He was dead alright. He had been shot, poisoned, stabbed and strangled. Either someone had really had it in for him or four people had killed him. Or else it was the cleverest suicide I’d ever seen.

STEVEN WRIGHT
How come it’s a penny for your thoughts but you have to put your two cents worth in? Somebody’s making a penny.

ALBERT MILLER
BIDET: D-Day minus two.

HYMAN LEVY
BALLYHOO: Which island did you say?

BURNS COPELAND
APOSTLE: A package from the Bronx.
FREDERICK LOCKER  
[describing Elizabeth Barrett Browning in *My Confidences*)  
Her physique was peculiar: curls like the pendant ears of a water spaniel and poor little hands—so thin that when she welcomed you she gave you something like the foot of a young bird.

One of the illusions people have who don’t know about the making of art is that it’s an activity that comes out of a creative surge, a genius or passion. What is missed most of the time is how deliberate and how structured the choices that artists make are, and how one can read in the works of art the intellectual process that was taking place in the mind of the artist.


EMILY DICKINSON  
[describing herself in a letter to Thomas Wentworth Higginson] 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.

ANSON PHELPS STOKES  
[about U.S. President William Howard Taft, who weighed 350 pounds] When I suggested to him that he occupy a Chair of Law at the University he said that he was afraid that a chair would not be adequate, but that if we would provide a Sofa of Law, it might be all right.

MRS R. BARRINGTON  
[describing British economist Walter Bagehot] He would pace a room while talking, and, as the ideas framed themselves in words, he would throw his head back as some animals do when sniffing the air.
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED  Robert Cumming, Great Artists. DK Annotated Guides (New York: Dorling Kindersley, 1998). ISBN 0-7894-2391-X. Teachers commonly say that they learn more about a subject from teaching it than from being a student. In part this is because so much of what we practice is unspoken and intuitive, while teaching requires a certain explicitness and may be most effective when the essence of a subject is portrayed in a simple, impassioned, and powerful way. As a result, one can often learn a lot from brief, introductory overviews of a subject, as is the intention of this attractive, large-format picture book. Several years ago, the author (who is head of the education division at Christie's) wrote Annotated Art (1994), a companion volume in which diagrams, close-ups, and marginal notes were used to analyze 45 key paintings; and, since then, a similar book was produced by the same publisher about the history of architecture (Neil Stevenson, Architecture (1997)). In this third volume in the series, 50 more paintings (different from those in the earlier book), are arranged chronologically, displayed, and discussed in annotations, using introductory paragraphs, marginal notes, biographical highlights, related works, quotes by and about the artists, and short lists of non-art concurrent events. While the result is necessarily superficial, it is also a welcoming, valuable way to be introduced to art history.

EDMUND GOSSE [describing the poet Algernon Charles Swinburne] It was important, at meals, to keep the wine or beer or spirits out of Swinburne's reach. If this were not done, as often by host or hostesses not aware of his weakness, he would gradually fix his stare upon the bottle as if he wished to fascinate it, and then, in a moment, flash or pounce upon it, like a mongoose on a snake, drawing it towards him as though it resisted and had be to be struggled with. Then, if no one had the presence of mind to interfere, a tumbler was filled in a moment, and Swinburne had drained it to the last drop, sucking in the liquid with a sort of fiery gluttony, tilting the glass into his shaking lips, and violently opening and shutting his eyelids. It was an extraordinary sight, and one which never failed to fill me with alarm, for after that the Bacchic transition might come at any moment.

ROSS PARKER Having smoking and non-smoking sections in the same room is like having urinating and non-urinating sections in a swimming pool.

TIM DENES If you've got water on the knee, you're not aiming straight.
A story goes that a client of Le Corbusier's phoned him in the middle of a rainstorm to report that his living room floor was flooded. He asked Corbu to come over immediately to solve the problem. Arriving, Corbu was asked what to do about the situation. The architect asked for "une piece de papier," which he took, folded into a little boat, and pushed it into the water.


HIGHLY RECOMMENDED The Films of Charles and Ray Eames. VHS color, 5 volumes of varying lengths, c.1989-1998; and 901: After 45 Years of Working: A Film by Eames Demetrios. VHS color, 29 minutes, 1990. (Pyramid Media, Post Office Box 1048, Santa Monica CA 90406 @ 800-421-2304; website <www.pyramidmedia.com>). The American architect and furniture designer Charles Eames (1907-78) met the painter Bernice Kaiser (1912-88) in the late 1930s at Cranbrook Academy. Soon after, they married, and she, a founding member of the American Abstract Artists group who had studied with Hans Hoffman, changed her name to Ray. Moving to California in 1941, they designed their celebrated home, formed a business partnership, and worked collaboratively for the rest of their lives—she died ten years after he, on exactly the same day—on an astonishing number and variety of innovations in architecture, industrial and furniture design (the potato chip chair, the Eames lounge chair and ottoman), exhibit design, and documentary photography. They also produced more than 100 short films on everything from the history of bread to Kepler's laws of planetary motion. Twenty-five of those films are now available on video in five volumes, as is a recent and equally wonderful film by their grandson (Eames Demetrios) about their lives and the dismantling in 1989 of their historic studio at 901 Washington Boulevard in Venice, California. Of the films, the best-known are Powers of Ten (of which an interactive CD-ROM version is also available), Tops, and Toccata for Toy Trains; but equally amazing are less familiar titles such as The Black Ships (which uses 19th-century prints to recreate the Japanese perception of the arrival of Admiral Perry), and Blacktop (which consists of abstract patterns formed by water on an asphalt schoolyard). These are delightful, unparalleled films that deserve to be regularly, commonly shown to students of art, architecture, and design.

ANON Death is life's answer to the question "why?"

MARYLIN CIRRONE Zapata of little feet.
He [a friend named Kittelsen] was teasing me one
 day at lunch about my "dandyism" and kept on
 undoing my brand new bow tie. I let him have fun
 for quite a while, kept my temper, and patiently
 retied the bow. Finally it was too much—my pride
 was wounded, the more so especially as other art
 students at a nearby table also started to make fun
 of me. With a devil-may-care smile, I asked him to
 stop, but encouraged by the laughing approval of
 the others, he continued. I was seized with a verita­
 ble Old Testament fury. I took my plate of Italian
 salad and emptied the entire contents on his head.
 Hands shaking with rage, I gave his head a power­
 ful massage. It was a real Fratellini clown scene,
 and now the laughter and approval was on my side.
 My roguish friend, quite disconcerted by this unexpect­
 ed shampoo, stepped lively to the men's room.

GEORGE GROSZ in George Grosz: An Autobiography.
 Nora

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED The
Mathematics of Architecture: Building by
Numbers. VHS color video, 25 minutes,
1997 (Distributed by Films for the
Humanities and Sciences, Box 2053,
Princeton NJ 08543 @ 800/257-5126; web­
dite <www.films.com>). This is a formal,
clear, and quiet look at the historic uses of
"harmonic proportions" in architectural
design. In such systems, there is a propor­
tional resemblance among the parts of a
structure, and between any one part and
the entire structure. Among the best­
known examples are the classical villas of
the Mannerist-era Italian architect Andrea
Palladio, and applications in this century by
the Swiss Modernist Le Corbusier of his
Modulor system. As the film demonstrates,
the latter based his system on the Golden
Section (a ratio of about 5 to 8), and a
related sequence of numbers called the
Fibonacci Series (1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13 and so
on); while the former may also have used a
series of numbers that expand systemat­
ically (6, 10, 16), which he probably derived
from the music of the 16th century.
Students of architectural and design history
will enjoy the archival footage of Le
Corbusier, as well as an interview with the
contemporary Swiss architect Bernard
Tschumi, whose Parc de la Villette in Paris
attempts to represent systematically the
complexities and contradictions of post­
modern society.

PETER
DE VRIES
I imagined ask­
ing her
whether she
liked Le
Corbusier,
and her replying,
"Love some,
with a little
Benedictine if
you've got it."

NANCY
BANKS
SMITH
In my experi­
ence, if you
have to keep
the lavatory
doors shut by
extending your
left leg, it's
modern archi­
tecture.
ARNOLD BENNETT
[the English novelist and dramatist, from his journal, 1921]


DOBIE GILLIS
The Roman Empire declined and fell because it takes all day to say anything in Latin. If your house is on fire or Attila the Hun is at the gate and you've gotta stop and think of tenses, cases and conjugations before you can call for help, brother, you're dead.

MARK TWAIN
My books are water; those of the great geniuses are wine. Everybody drinks water.

CHARLES DARWIN
I remember a funny dinner at my brother's, where, amongst a few others, were [Charles] Babbage and [Charles] Lyell, both of whom liked to talk. [Thomas] Carlyle, however, silenced everyone by haranguing during the whole dinner on the advantages of silence. After dinner, Babbage, in his grimmest manner, thanked Carlyle for his very interesting lecture on silence.
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Art on Film / Film on Art. VHS color video. 5 volumes, of varying lengths, 1992 (Home Vision / Public Media, 4411 North Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago IL 60640 @ 800-323-4222, ex. 43). Shouldn’t a film on art be more than an illustrated narration with background music? Film is after all an art, with a largely untapped potential for scholarly interpretation. With that in mind, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the J. Paul Getty Trust formed in 1987 a joint venture called the Program for Art on Film. Over the next three years, they commissioned 28 art experts and filmmakers, working in pairs, to produce 14 innovative films and videos on an encyclopedic range of art subjects, include funerary portraits from Ancient Rome; Manet’s painting(s) of the Mexican emperor Maximillian; a 16th-century stone garden in a Zen Buddhist monastery in Kyoto; Giorgione’s Tempest; the Trevi Fountain in Rome; 12th-century Christian cave paintings on the island of Cyprus; 11 tiny drawings of a deluge by Leonardo da Vinci; the Great Mosque of Cordoba; the neoclassical church of Sainte-Genevieve in Paris; anamorphic peepshows; the Gothic cathedral in Beauvais; Mimbres painted pottery bowls; a conversation on illumination and reflection with art historian Sir E.H. Gombrich (filmed in his living room); and a guided tour by the painter David Hockney of a 17th-century Chinese scroll painting. All of these fascinating short films, which are as brief as 8 minutes and as long as 46, are contained in this boxed set of five videos, which also features a 92-page viewer’s guide. It is a great pleasure to recommend this collection, as it may very well be the finest, most provocative series there is on art historical subjects. No serious library of art films should be without it.

An indelible impression was made on me by the horror shows at country fairs. They always had a stall with two galleries and peep holes through which you could look at pictures, cleverly lighted by lamps from right and left. Sometimes real objects, strategically placed, would lend the picture greater reality, so that it seemed as though you were actually stepping into it.


M. NOBLE (A Biographical History of England) Sir Issac [Newton] had a favorite little dog, named Diamond: This animal ranged uncontrolled through his study; and once, during his master’s absence, overturned a lighted candle, which fell upon a manuscript that he had labored many years to complete—it was reduced to ashes! The immortal Newton merely exclaimed, “Oh, Diamond! Diamond! Thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done.”
MARK TWAIN

I am different from [George] Washington. I have a higher and grander standard of principle. Washington could not lie. I can lie but I won't.

ANTHONY À WOOD (Life and Times) Sir Arthur Aston was governor of Oxon at what time it was garrison'd for the king, a testy, forward, imperious and tirannical person, hated in Oxford and elsewhere by God and Man. Who kervetting on horseback in Bullington green before certaine ladies, his horse flung him and broke his legge: so that it being cut off and he therupon renderd useless for employment, one Col. Legge succeeded him. Soon after the country people coming to market would be ever and anon asking the sentinell, "who was governor of Oxon?" They answered "one Legge." Then replied they: "A pox upon him! Is he governor still?"

There is a story about [the Austrian expressionist painter Oscar] Kokoschka teaching a life class. The students were uninspired. So he spoke to the model and instructed him to pretend to collapse. When he had fallen over, Kokoschka rushed over to him, listened to his heart and announced to the shocked students that he was dead. A little afterwards the model got to his feet and resumed the pose. "Now draw him," said Kokoschka, "as though you were aware that he was alive and not dead!"


HERB SARGENT

A fool has no business inside a balloon.

I was fifteen and we had Harold Fast...work for us. And anyway, we had a fanning mill over in the granary, fan oats and other grass seed. We were fanning away and Harold, all at once, he jumped down and started taking his clothes off; and I thought he was crazy. A mouse ran up his leg. There was snow on the ground, out taking his clothes off.

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Ballast does not have a budget as such. For more than 12 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 Slouch. If anyone is foolishly philanthropic (foolish because such gifts are surely not tax deductible), we will sometimes accept a check.

There were two neighbors; one of them contended that the other's cat had stolen and eaten five pounds of his butter; there was a bitter argument and finally they agreed to seek the advice of the rabbi. They went to the rabbi and the owner of the cat said: "It cannot be, my cat doesn’t care for butter at all"; but the other insisted that it was his cat and so the rabbi decided: "Bring me the cat." They brought him the cat and the rabbi said: "Bring me the scales." And they brought the scales and he asked: "How many pounds of butter?" "Five pounds." And believe it or not, the weight of the cat was exactly five pounds. So the rabbi said: "Now I have the butter, but where is the cat?"


RUDOLF ARNHEIM
(Parables of Sun Light)

At one of the annual conventions of the American Society for Aesthetics much confusion arose when the Society for Anesthetics met at the same time in the same hotel.

COVER
Illustration by O SiE L. JOHNSON
(1999).