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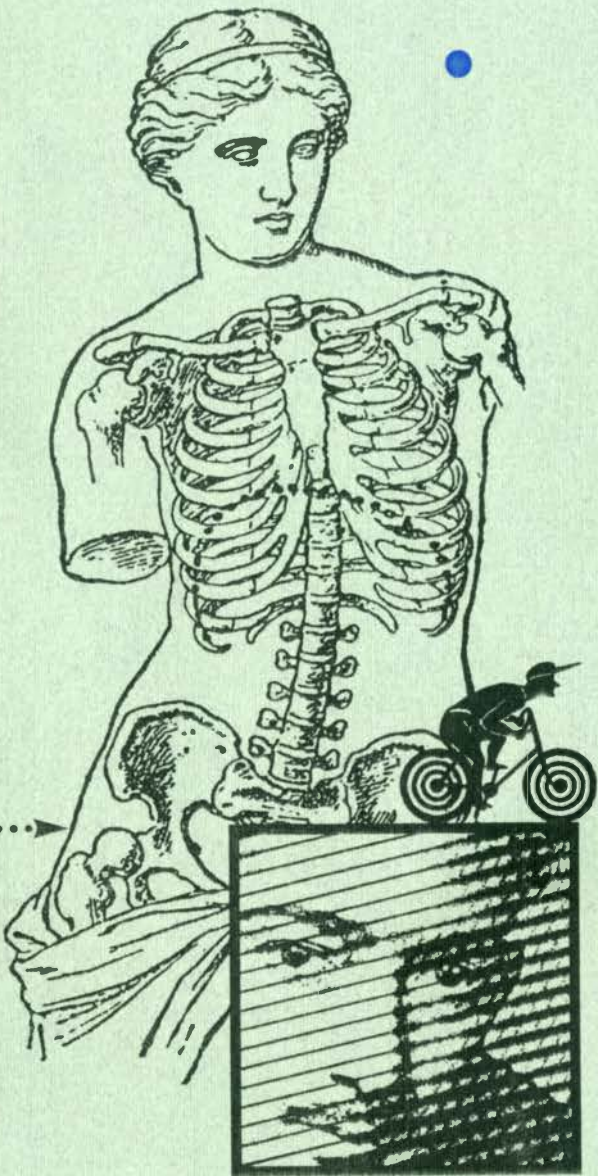
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when
SALVADOR
DALI
crossed paths
with Sigmund Freud
and Iowa



ABOVE Logo
designed by
KAREN
STRAUB (2001).

MILTON GLASER

(*Art Is Work*)

The disassociation of art from other human activities has impoverished our lives. When art is defined as an activity driven entirely by the needs of self-expression, I become very nervous. The overwhelming history of art, in fact, has been the history of people doing work for a specific purpose, in other words, commissioned works for specific intentions. After all, Michelangelo did not paint the "Last Judgment" to express himself. He painted it because the Pope wanted to scare the bee-jeesus out of the congregation.

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Ballast is an acronym for Books Art Language Logic Ambiguity Science and Teaching, as well as a distant allusion to *Blast*, the short-lived publication founded during World War I by Wyndham Lewis, the Vorticist artist and writer. *Ballast* is 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.

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GEORGE CARLIN

If the black box flight recorder is never damaged during a plane crash, why isn't the whole damn airplane made out of that stuff?

ANON

Before you criticize someone, walk a mile in his shoes. That way, when you *do* criticize him, you'll be a mile away and you'll have his shoes.

JOHN G. MUIR

(*More Classroom Clangers*)

A magnet is a thing you find in a bad apple.

FIELDS OF DREAMS

When Salvador Dali
crossed paths with
Sigmund Freud and Iowa

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WHEN THE SPANISH Surrealist Salvador Dali (1904-1989) was asked to name his favorite animal, he replied, "Filet of sole." He also said, "*I am surrealism*," which he then defined as "the systemization of confusion." Dali was as talented at self-promotion and money-making as he was at painting. As was pointed out by the French poet André Breton, an anagram for Dali's name is "Avida Dollars," a hybrid Spanish-English term for "eager for dollars."

Surrealism, which was founded by Breton in 1922, was a style of art and literature that grew out of an unlikely marriage of art with psychoanalysis. Its artistic parent was a Zurich-based "anti-art" movement called Dada. Dada began as a protest of World War I and deliberately tried to provoke its audiences through chance, nonsense, errors, and contradiction—in other words, by the systemization of confusion.

During the same war, Sigmund Freud's psychoanalytic method of "free association" (to say aloud, while lying on a couch, whatever comes to mind) had been used with some success to treat the victims of trench warfare. Working with shell-shocked soldiers in a hospital, it was Breton who saw the connection between Freud's famous "talking cure" and the Dadaists' nonsense-producing techniques like automatic writing, radical juxtaposition, and the exquisite corpse. But the link between Freud and Breton was direct, and they actually met in Vienna in 1921.

In 1938, Dali also met Freud, in London, in a meeting that, according

SALVADOR DALI

There is only one difference between a madman and me. I am not mad.



ABOVE Visual pun, based on a painting by SALVADOR DALI, in which a portrait of Voltaire can also be seen as the figures of two nuns.

SARANE ALEXAN- DRIAN

Dali was a Renaissance man converted to psychoanalysis.

SIGMUND FREUD

Sometimes
a cigar is just a
cigar.

MARTIN FREUD

I didn't know the
full facts of life
until I was 17.
My father [Sig-
mund Freud]
never talked
about his work.



ABOVE Collage
portrait of Freud by
LISA JAMES
(1996).

MAX BEERBOHM

They were a
tense and pecu-
liar family, the
Oedipuses,
weren't they?

to Dali, was an utter failure. Freud was old and ill by then. Only a month earlier he had withstood a Nazi raid of his home in Vienna, had fled to England, and would soon die of cancer of the jaw. Under the circumstances, he could not have been greatly amused by a crank with billiard-ball eyes and a moustache as sharp as a scorpion's tail. "Contrary to my hopes," Dali recalled of their meeting, "we spoke little, but we devoured each other with our eyes."

Dali, then in his mid-30s, was already widely known for his "critical paranoid" paintings of dreams in which limp watches are suspended from trees, giraffes have been set afire, and Mae West is a cushioned room interior. During his visit, Dali tried to convince Freud to look at an article that he had just published on paranoia. Opening the magazine, he begged Freud to read it not as a "surrealist diversion" but as an "ambitiously scientific article." Still, Dali reported later, "Freud continued to stare at me without paying the slightest attention to my magazine."

Faced with what he later termed "imperturbable indifference," Dali made his voice grow "sharper and more insistent." As the meeting ended, Dali said, Freud continued to look at him "with a fixity in which his whole being seemed to converge," then turned and said, in Dali's presence, to Stefan Zweig, the Austrian writer who had arranged the meeting, "I have never seen a more complete example of a Spaniard. What a fanatic!"

How wonderfully appropriate (how dreamlike!) that the painter of dreams should be incompatible with the father of dream analysis. No less appropriate, however, is the discovery that Dali's interpretation of Freud's reaction was mistaken, and that Freud actually found their encounter that

afternoon both pleasant and instructive. (In other words, Dali *really was* paranoid.) "I really owe you thanks for bringing yesterday's visitor," Freud wrote to Zweig on the day after the meeting. "For until now I have been inclined to regard the surrealists, who apparently have adopted me as their patron saint, as complete fools (let us say 95 percent, as with alcohol). That young Spaniard [Dali], with his candid fantastical eyes and his undeniable technical mastery, has changed my estimate."

IF ANY ENCOUNTER is more bizarre, any juxtaposition more radical, it may be the circumstances of 14 years later when Dali was briefly a visitor at the University of Northern Iowa (then called the Iowa State Teachers College) in Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Two years after his meeting with Freud, Dali had moved to the U.S., where he lived and worked for 15 years, mostly in New York. Near the end of that period, having abandoned his critical paranoid stance and having been renounced by his fellow surrealists for his political beliefs, he agreed to a series of lectures in which he toured the country with his wife Gala, giving slide and chalkboard talks about his new approach to art called "nuclear mysticism."

In 1952 Dali gave 10 of these presentations at schools and museums throughout the U.S., beginning with a lecture on "Revolution and Tradition in Modern Painting" at UNI on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 6. His visit had been arranged by Herbert V. Hake, chairman of the college's Lecture-Concert Series Committee, who had chosen Dali as a replacement for Edward R. Murrow, the celebrated CBS news analyst, who was unable to appear.

Dali was paid a then-substantial

LUIS

BUNUEL

(*My Last Sigh*)

When I arrived to spend a few days at Dali's house in Figueras, I told him about a dream I'd had in which a long, tapering cloud sliced the moon in half, like a razor blade slicing through an eye. Dali immediately told me that he had seen a hand crawling with ants in a dream he'd had the previous night. "And what if we started right there and made a film?" he wondered. Despite my hesitation, we soon found ourselves hard at work, and in less than a week we had a script [resulting in their famous film, *Un Chien Andalou*].

SIGMUND

FREUD

Dreams are often most profound when they seem most crazy.

LUIS

B U Ñ U E L

(*My Last Sigh*)

When he [André Breton] returned from visiting Trotsky in Mexico City, I asked him what the great man was like. "He's got a dog he absolutely adores," Breton replied.

"One day the dog was standing next to Trotsky and staring at him, and Trotsky said to me, 'He's got a human look, wouldn't you say?' Can you imagine how someone like Trotsky could possibly say such a stupid thing?" Breton demanded. "A dog doesn't have a human look! A dog has a dog's look!"

A N O N

[from a recent biographical note in the *North American Review*] Her cat, whose name is Trotsky, has an overactive bladder.

speaking fee of \$1,000 (the only more expensive act was the Salzburg Marionettes). He, Gala and Mr. and Mrs. A. Reynolds Morse (a wealthy couple from Cleveland, Ohio, who owned 16 Dali paintings, and who later established the Salvador Dali Museum in St. Petersburg, Fla.) arrived from Chicago by passenger train on the evening of Feb. 5. They were housed in downtown Waterloo at the Russell Lamson Hotel where it had been agreed that at 10 o'clock the next morning Dali would hold a press conference.

On Wednesday evening, more than 1,300 people gathered for Dali's lecture, which began at 8 p.m. in the auditorium of what is now Lang Hall. It was a huge audience for a small school, but dozens more might have attended, wrote *Des Moines Register* art critic George Shane, had it not taken place at the same time as an exhibition match by five Japanese Olympic wrestlers in the men's gymnasium across campus.

During his slide-illustrated lecture, Dali foretold the emergence of a new traditionalism, which he was the leading practitioner of, wherein artists would abandon the then popular abstract expressionism—"If you believe nothing, you can paint nothing"—and return to traditional narrative art, to "spiritual classicism." It would be a second Renaissance, Dali predicted, in which academic painting practices (at which he excelled) would close the gap between science and religion, between rationality and mysticism.

"In spite of a tremendous language barrier," reported the student newspaper, Dali's audience of faculty, students and townspeople was both "charmed and fascinated" by his presentation. "A Spaniard by birth," the article continued, Dali "speaks English with a labored accent, seasoned with frequent French connectives and pro-

nunciations. His colorful gestures, highly waxed moustache, distinctive cane, and ready wit added to his personal appeal."

In the audience that evening was Lester Longman, head of the School of Art and Art History at the University of Iowa in Iowa City. When the talk ended, he asked Dali about the political leanings of another Spaniard, Pablo Picasso. (Were Picasso's paintings influenced by Communist doctrine? No, no, replied Dali, they cannot even be exhibited in Russia.) Others wondered why an artist as famous as Dali had agreed to visit Iowa in the middle of winter. (The answer, as it turned out, was that he had no grasp of the vastness of America; looking at the map, Dali thought that Cedar Falls, Kansas City, Houston, and his other scheduled stops were only a brief train ride from Chicago.)

Also in the audience was the painter Paul R. Smith, a UI graduate who had recently joined the UNI art faculty. Before the lecture, Smith had deliberately, cleverly placed blank sheets of brown kraft paper on the lectern and speaker's table in the hope that the artist might doodle or sketch inadvertently during the program. Unfortunately, as Smith recalls, sometime after the lecture when he went on stage "to get the notes, scratches and drawings, they had been disposed of by the maintenance people and lost."

Later that evening Smith and other UNI art faculty members, along with Longman and Shane, attended a party for Dali, which had been arranged by Harry G. Guillaume, the head of the art department. Hosted by Corley Conlon, a legendary senior member of the art faculty, the party was held at her unconventional self-designed cherry-red home (a dwelling that had no interior doors) on Seerley Boulevard just west of the corner of Seerley and Main.

CONCHITA BUÑUEL

(*My Last Sigh*)

I remember one evening [when she and her brother Luis were children] when he [Luis] told us he'd found a Jesuitical undershirt in his soup at lunch.

CARTOON CAPTION

[with drawing of a customer holding a zipper above a bowl of soup] Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!



ABOVE Phallic visual pun in *The Men's Bath* (detail), a woodcut by ALBRECHT DÜRER (c.1497).

JAMES
THURBER

The naked truth
about me is to
the naked truth
about Salvador
Dali as an old
ukulele in the
attic is to a
piano in a tree,
and I mean a
piano with
breasts.

FOOTNOTES

Details of Dali's encounter with Freud can be found in Sharon Romm and Joseph William Slap's "Freud and Dali: Personal Moments" in *American Imago*, Vol. 10, No. 4 (Winter 1983), pp. 344-345; and in Gilbert Rose's *Trauma and Mastery in Life and Art* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1987), pp. 7-14. Photographs of Dali at his UNI lecture and news conference are in A. Reynolds Morse's *Salvador Dali - Pablo Picasso: A Preliminary Study in Their Similarities and Contrasts* (Cleveland, Ohio: The Salvador Dali Museum, 1973), p. 14. For help in researching this essay the author is grateful to Gerald Peterson (UNI Special Collections Librarian and University Archivist), Paul R. Smith, Donald A. Kelly, frje echeverria, and the UNI Graduate College.

Throughout the party, Smith remembers, "Dali and Longman spent most of the time talking in French. Dali, of course, would start an English sentence and then end two-thirds of it in French." Dali said that he liked the Midwest because it reminded him of his Spanish homeland. The corn in Iowa, he explained, "is the same as we have, except that ours is the red variety. We call it Arabian wheat, and the houses in Catalonia are beautiful when the ears are hung over the second-floor balconies to dry."

IT WAS NOT Dali's thick accent but his distinctive rhinoceros-hide cane, "which he used as sort of a riding crop and pointer," that left the most lasting impression that day on Donald A. Kelly—and for good reason.

Kelly, retired now and living in Ohio, was a staff member at the time in the UNI Public Relations Office. He was not at the party that followed Dali's talk, but he was among a small group of local journalists who attended the press conference on Wednesday morning.

During the question-and-answer period, Kelly asked Dali "if art critics might think his shift from surrealism to nuclear mysticism could be a publicity ploy rather than genuine." The artist's alarming and sudden response was unforgettable: "He glared at me," recalled Kelly, "and slammed his cane on the table. If he responded verbally, I don't remember what he said."

Soon after, the session ended as the ex-surrealist painter gave a splendid example of the systemization of confusion—wide-eyed, chin up, and adjusting the barbs of his moustache, he said: "Myself disagrees avec everybody today." *What a fanatic!* ☞

GEORGE CARLIN

One tequila, two tequila, three tequila, floor.

GEORGE
CARLIN

If the police
arrest a mime,
do they tell him
he has the right
to remain silent?

MILTON GLASER

(*Art Is Work*) The Internet erodes
culture. It destroys the prohibitions
about what you can and can't do.
And since culture is largely defined
by what you can't do, the Internet is
post-cultural.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Charles E. Little, *The Dying of Trees: The Pandemic in American Forests* (New York: Penguin USA, 1997). ISBN 0140158723. Charles E. Little is no novice when it comes to writing on radical, core, ecological-environmental topics. His articles and regular book review essays are well known to most students of the problems. He is not a writer to lift his pen when he finds rage and alarm in his soul: He writes it out, reflects, then gives us a rational, convincing argument replete with supporting evidence. In the tradition of Aldo Leopold and George Perkins Marsh, to mention two among the growing, unified chorus of ecological Jeremiahs, he is, reluctantly, convinced that the dying of the trees worldwide may have already moved way past any possible ecological salvation. This recent book, in addition to being a research report of enormous proportions, is a field report made in situ throughout the United States. Literally from the soil to the stratosphere, a slow death is abroad in the environment, and the trees are our 'canary in the mine.' Little supports those with hope that it is not too late to repair the global damage, when he writes, "I love those who plant trees, despite the odds, and those who labor long in field tests and laboratories to develop a way around arboreal mortality. But the facts must be faced, and argued about, and then dealt with frontally, not eluded or suppressed or painted over by breathless good-news press-release optimism....We have a problem on this planet that we had better see clearly and not shrink from. Too many trees are dying" (p.221). Finally, in his peroration, his lamentation, he says this: "I have seen despair in the faces of scientists, too. I hope he will forgive me this, but I have witnessed the energy drain out of Orié Loucks's eyes sometimes when he tells me what is happening to the Eastern forest. And I am least of all immune, having suffered an unwanted string of illnesses during the writing of this book that are so atypical that I must ascribe them, at least in part, to psychological causes. Despair....The trees could save us, if we would save the trees, for they are the threshold" (pp. 233-234). [Reviewed by Allan Shields]

JOHN G.
MUIR

(*More Classroom
Clangers*)

A skeleton is a
man with his
inside out and
his outside off.

BURTON RAFFEL

Just about a year ago, after it had
been widely rejected for many many
years, a small publisher in Colorado
put out my book of poems,
Beethoven in Denver. It's about a
long visit the composer paid, staying
with me and my family, meeting my
friends, discussing music and life. I
had it sent back to me by the Poetry
Editor at Norton, who wrote that she
had passed it on to the Music Editor,
who had then reported that, since
there was nothing of new biographi-
cal significance in the book, it ought
to be rejected. And so it was.

JOHN G.
MUIR
(*More Classroom
Clangers*)

A good friend
says nasty things
to your face, not
behind your
back.



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KAREN
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HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Lee Allen, *The Hole in My Vision: An Artist's View of His Own Macular Degeneration* (Iowa City IA: Penfield Press / University of Iowa, 2000). ISBN 1-57216-084-5. Lee Allen is a 91-year-old Iowa-born painter who studied art in Provincetown, Massachusetts, with Charles Webster Hawthorne, in Mexico City with Diego Rivera, and was hired by Grant Wood in 1932 to create two WPA post office murals. His career direction changed dramatically in 1937 when he was offered a position as an ophthalmic illustrator at the University of Iowa. Over the next 45 years, he became not only a leading medical illustrator and photographer, but also did important work as an "ocularist" or maker of plastic prosthetic eyes. At age 78, two years after retiring from ophthalmology to return to painting, Allen noticed spots or holes in his own vision, called "scotomas," brought on by the atrophy of the "retinal pigment epithelium," the surface of the retina. This condition, known as age-related "macular degeneration" (AMD), is found in a third of the population by age 75 and has no way of being cured. Amazingly, he also discovered that he could see and make accurate drawings of the gaps in his vision. In this unusual, elegant book (typeset in large print, and illustrated by Allen's own full-color drawings), Allen and two of the doctors at the University of Iowa's Center for Macular Degeneration (H. Stanley Thompson and James C. Folk), document his achievements in art and medical science, and provide both a written and visual account of the progressive decline of his vision as he continues to age and to undergo laser treatments.

For no reason I started to feel very good. Suddenly I knew how to enter into the life of everything around me. I knew how it felt to be a tree, a blade of grass, even a rabbit. I didn't sleep much. I just walked around with this wonderful feeling. One day I was passing a diner and all of a sudden I knew what it felt like to be a lion. I went into the diner and said to the counter-man, "Bring me a steak. Don't cook it. Just bring it." So he brought me this raw steak and I started eating it. The other customers made like they were revolted, watching me. And I began to see that maybe it was a little strange. So I went to the Dean [at the school where he was teaching] and said, "I feel too good. Get me down off this." So they put me into the tubs.

THEODORE ROETHKE [recalling a manic episode], quoted in Allan Seager, *The Glass House: The Life of Theodore Roethke* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1991), p. 101. Suggested by Luke Wahrm, a reader from Atlanta GA.

J. B. MORTON (*Morton's Folly*):
Rush hour: That hour when traffic is
almost at a standstill.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED *Russian Avant-Garde: A Romance With the Revolution*. Quadrat Films, produced by Alexandre Krivonos. VHS color video. 55 minutes. Available from Films for the Humanities and Sciences at 800-257-5126 or <www.films.com>. This is a well-made, disturbing account of the fate of the Russian Constructivists, the artists, designers and critics who worked on behalf of the Russian Revolution. Illustrated by historic photographs, eyewitness reports, and experimental abstract art from the current State Russian Museum in St. Petersburg, its primary subject is the art critic Nikolai Punin. Quoting from his letters and diaries, it also ventures out to show his affiliation with three well-known avant-garde artists—Kasimir Malevich, Vladimir Tatlin and Pavel Filonov—who were among founding participants in the Institute of Artistic Culture (called INKHUK), the Russian equivalent of the Bauhaus. Using candid newsreel footage from the early years of the revolution (including shots of Punin's tick; of Malevich's Black Square; of Tatlin standing in a crowd, and of his *Monument for the Third International*, called "Tatlin's Tower"), it presents both a factual and chilling review of the terrifying consequences of the shift by the Stalinist government from abstract innovative forms and applied graphic design to propagandistic social realism. In 1921, four months after he began the Museum of Artistic Culture, Punin was arrested for subversive activities, then released, while 60 others were executed. "My romance with the Revolution is over," he wrote. Arrested again in 1933 for threatening Stalin, he was freed in response to appeals by the poet Boris Pasternak. Arrested yet again in 1949, he was condemned to a Siberian gulag, where he died in 1953. Filonov, Malevich and others were also reigned in, accused of betraying the government by promoting Western styles of art, and either discredited or exiled.



If de river was whiskey,
An' if I was a duck,
I'd go down and never come
up.

American folksong, c. 1915

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED David Van Zanten, *Sullivan's City: The Meaning of Ornament for Louis Sullivan* (New York NY: W.W. Norton, 2000). ISBN 0-393-73038-7. Two thirds of the life of the American architect Louis Henri Sullivan was spent in the 19th century, one third in the 20th; so that, as a stylist, he predictably straddled the boundary between Victorianism and Modernism. Today, he is usually credited with the phrase "form follows function" (which he did not originate), with designing some of the first skyscrapers in Chicago, and, as the mentor of Frank Lloyd Wright, with having been partly responsible for the emergence of Prairie School architecture. Already prominent by the mid-1890s, he apparently suffered a breakdown, turned to alcohol, squabbled with Wright and others, and lost nearly all of his major accounts in downtown Chicago. He turned instead to planning banks and other office structures in small remote Midwestern towns. These buildings, which still exist and are said to be among his finest, include little gem-like banks in Cedar Rapids and Grinnell, Iowa, and in Owatonna, Minnesota; a church in Cedar Rapids; and a department store in Clinton, Iowa. Unusually vivid and colorful scenes of these buildings (taken by the architectural photographer Cervin Robinson) are among the highlights of this book, along with a series of beautiful views of the Wainwright Building (St. Louis), the Carson Pirie Scott Store (Chicago), the Guaranty Building (Buffalo), and others. Reproduced also are Sullivan's intricate renderings of ornamental inventions, made two years before he died. In a thoughtful and well-written essay, Van Zanten argues that, as Sullivan aged, his architectural decoration became even more elaborate, not less. Perhaps it was a final stand against his inevitable obsolescence. "Whatever he did," writes Van Zanten, "could he but turn it into ornament, he was peerless in his authority."

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED *Paris 1900: Une Capitale des Arts*. VHS color video. 14 minutes. Available from Films for the Humanities and Sciences at 800-257-5126 or <www.films.com>. Robert Rosenblum, et al., *1900: Art at the Crossroads* (New York NY: Harry N. Abrams, 2000). ISBN 0-8109-4303-4. These are two very distinct but related items, one a brief collection of scenes of the 1900 World's Fair in Paris (filmed on location by the Lumiere Brothers); the other a plush and informative book on the same subject, in which is described and depicted (in 500 illustrations, with 300 in full-color) "the collision of styles and generations" that came together in what was then the largest international exhibition of contemporary art ever assembled. A major attraction was the Grand Palais, which offered a mammoth centennial view of French art since 1800, from the allegories of Neoclassicism to Auguste Rodin's *Gates of Hell* to the work of the once-controversial Impressionists. Arranged to move out from the base of the Eiffel Tower (a legacy of the previous World's Fair), the 1900 Exposition Universelle premiered a palace lighted by 10,000 electric lights, the first moving sidewalk (like the ramps we use in airports now), and, along the banks of the Seine, reenactments of living conditions in other times and exotic places. The book, which coincided with a major exhibition at the Royal Academy of Arts (London) and the Guggenheim Museum (New York) that ended in September 2000, is a stunning review of the artists (nearly all painters and sculptors) whose work was significant at the turn of the century, either because they were already established and soon to decline or because they were just then emerging as experimental Modernists. Among the most valuable parts of the book is a 70-page section titled "Biographies," which features rare photographs of and brief biographies about more than 190 artists.



MARGUERITE DURAS [referring to alcoholism] What stops you killing yourself when you're intoxicated out of your mind is the thought that once you're dead you won't be able to drink any more.

I [a Scottish bagpipes player dressed in a kilt] had another amusing encounter in Rotterdam when I was playing and suddenly felt this hard poke in the back. Quite hard. I stopped and looked round. A little old woman was prodding me with her walking stick saying, "The Lord God said men should wear trousers and women should wear a skirt. And you're a man and you're wearing a skirt and you're sinning."

She was a Dutch Reformed Church fanatic—absolutely off her rocker. I wasn't in any danger since she was pretty ancient.

"I'm terribly sorry," I said, "but I don't seem to recall that Jesus Christ wore trousers."

"Aawwhh, you're just making fun of the Lord. Aawwh..." she went and started poking me again.

JOCK MUNROE quoted in Remar Sutton and Mary Abbott Waite, eds., *The Common Ground Book* (Latham NY: British American Publishing, 1992), p. 152. Suggested by Ben A. Dikjon, a reader from Baltimore MD.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED *Air, Light and Utopia: The Modern Movement in Architecture*. VHS color video. 53 minutes. Available from Films for the Humanities and Sciences at 800-257-5126 or <www.films.com>. In architectural history, the term "Modern Movement" refers chiefly to the work of European architects in the period between the world wars. Many of their projects were factories, among them Peter Behrens' work for AEG (1909), Walter Gropius' Fagus Factory (1913), his Dessau Bauhaus (1926) (a school in a factory, really), and the Van Nelle Factory by J.A. Brinkman and L.C. van der Vlugt (1931), all of which appear in this video. Using on-location visits to architectural landmarks throughout Europe, combined with clips from interviews with architects and historians, it identifies some of the reasons behind the Modernist preoccupation with factories, low cost housing, and the prudent and efficient use of new materials and technology. Its architectural examples are surprisingly rich in their breadth and number, with discussion and scenes of such pivotal works as Erich Mendelsohn's Einstein Tower (1924), Gerrit Rietveld's Schroeder House (1924), Konstantin Melnikov's Rusakov Workers' Club (1929), and Le Corbusier's Villa Savoye (1931). The central focus of the film is on Europe, and, with the exception of Frank Lloyd Wright, who both influenced and was influenced by European Modernists, there is little if any discussion of the contribution to Modernism by U.S. architects.

GEORGE CARLIN

Is it true that cannibals don't eat clowns because they taste funny?

OPPOSITE Logo designed by JASON KOCH (2001).

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Ralph Raunft, ed., *The Autobiographical Lectures of Some Prominent Art Educators* (Reston VA: National Art Education Association, 2001). During the past quarter century, an interesting series of books was produced, titled *The History of Psychology in Autobiography*, in which prominent psychologists were invited to provide accounts of their own training and influences, to describe how they came to achieve what they did. This book contains similar statements about the lives and motivations of 27 leading art educators, among them such familiar names as Victor Lowenfeld, Rudolf Arnheim and Edmund Burke Feldman. With the exception of essays on Arnheim and Henry Schaefer-Simmern, all the selections are autobiographical and came from a series of lectures, called "Autobiographical Lectures of Outstanding Art Educators," that began in 1972 at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. As with most anthologies, the chief virtue of this one is the rich variety of its entries, combined with the feeling of presence that comes from hearing a first-hand account of the past. Arnheim, for example, recalls a stray bullet (which he still has on his writing desk) that crashed through the window of his parents' home in Berlin in 1918. Eugene Grisby, Jr., remembers dancing the jitterbug at the Savoy Club (where he also sketched the dancers) to the music of Count Basie, Ella Fitzgerald and Duke Ellington. Lowenfeld was a musical prodigy, and a student of Oskar Kokoschka. June King McFee was influenced by Alexander Archipenko and the New Bauhaus. Nearly all the authors have vivid memories of specific moments in childhood when adults encouraged (or discouraged) their artistic appetites. When Feldman's mother, for example, took him with his drawings to a local artist and asked for advice, the artist replied, "Mrs. Feldman, your boy wants to be an artist. He doesn't want to be a doctor or a lawyer or a businessman." And he then did his best to persuade her "that being an artist was not the worst thing in the world."



ABOVE Logo
designed by JARED
ROGNESS (2001).

JOHN G.
MUIR
(*More Classroom
Clangers*)

The horizon is a line where the earth and the sky meet, but disappear when you get there.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Steven Heller and Elinor Pettit, *Graphic Design Timeline: A Century of Design Milestones* (New York NY: Allworth Press, 2000). ISBN 1-58115-064-4. History is necessarily an abstraction. It is not what happened in the past, but rather the selective interpretation of what happened in the past. No wonder then that, as John W. Gardner said, "history never looks like history when you are living through it. It always looks confusing and messy, and it always feels uncomfortable." It is interesting that one of the effects of a timeline (a sequential listing of events) is a partial return to the messiness of the original time period. At the very least, timelines complicate the chain of cause and effect that historians carefully work to unearth. In this chronology—which consists of a double-page annual list, from 1890 to 2000, of births, deaths and the major developments in such categories as graphic arts, advertising, education, consumables, arts and culture, industrial design, technology, typography, and so on—it feels like a ludicrous dadaist trick to find that occurring together in 1957, for example, were such incompatibles as the invention of Velcro, the launching of Sputnik, the publications of *The Cat in the Hat* by Dr. Seuss and *On the Road* by Jack Kerouac, the release of Adrian Frutiger's typeface Univers, and (twice listed) the death of the Belgian designer Henry van de Velde. Or that Xerography, nylon, the ballpoint pen, and Elsie the Cow were all invented in 1938. Despite or because of the jolts that result from such "radical juxtapositions," this account of the year-to-year growth of design (illustrated throughout) could serve as a rich and invaluable text for college-level courses in design history.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Milton Glaser, *Art Is Work: Graphic Design, Interiors, Objects, and Illustrations* (Woodstock NY: Overlook Press, 2000). ISBN 1-58567-069-3. Arguably, no living graphic designer has been more influential than Milton Glaser. Born in New York in 1929, he attended Cooper Union, studied in Italy with Giorgio Morandi, then joined with two friends in 1954 to establish an innovative design firm called Push Pin Studio. It is evidence of his influence that American illustration in the 1960s is often referred to as the "Push Pin era." His reputation as an extraordinary illustrator, designer and teacher (at the School of Visual Arts) was accelerated by his design of a now-famous poster of the singer Bobby Dylan (1967); his role as co-founder and designer of *New York Magazine* (1968); and publication of the book *Milton Glaser: Graphic Design* (1972), an introspective guided tour of his own creative process, which became the longest selling design book in publishing history. Now, at age 62, he will almost assuredly double the range of his influence on young and middle-aged designers by this large-sized, lengthy, lavish book that is filled to capacity with hundreds of full-color illustrations (sometimes 9 or 10 per spread) and, as in his earlier volume, with brilliant, amusing and eloquent thoughts about how and why he looks at life (and design) in the way that he does. The book's title, as explained in an opening dialog, is derived from his growing concern about art being dissociated from other aspects of everyday life, and its widespread definition as "an activity driven entirely by the needs of self-expression." It would be far, far better, concludes Glaser, to simply think of art as work.

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The illustrations in this issue (with the exception of page 7 and the cover) were created by undergraduate graphic design students in the Department of Art at the University of Northern Iowa. Selections from *More Classroom Clangers* were provided by British artist Les Coleman. ✕

ABOVE Logo
designed by ERIC
BONZER (2001).

ANON

At a certain dinner party, the Jewish novelist and playwright Israel Zangwill had the misfortune of being seated next to a tiresome and talkative woman, who was also conspicuously overweight. Bored by the conversation, Zangwill inadvertently yawned in her face, to which the lady responded, "Mind your Jewish manners. I thought you were going to swallow me."

"Don't worry, madam," replied Zangwill, "My religion prohibits me from doing that."

DAVID
STEINBERG
I believe that
eating pork
makes people
stupid.

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