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Andrew Blum: MMMMMMMMMMMMMM ...

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Cover image: Franklin Gothic No.2 (top) and MoMA Gothic (bottom)

On vacation in Greensboro, Vermont, in the summer of 1966, Alfred H. Barr, the Museum of Modern Art's first director, had an epiphany. The museum's official abbreviation—long “MOMA”—would, Barr thought, be better served by a lowercase “o”: “MoMA.” In letters sent from the city, his colleagues took issue with his holiday musings; “it gives me terrible visual hiccoughs,” one wrote.¹

The hiccoughs apparently took decades to subside. It wasn't until the mid-1980s that the museum deemed “MoMA” proper enough for use in member communications, and another decade passed before the acronym appeared on banners outside the museum. Today, the museum recognizes that most people identify it by the word “MoMA”—not just the sound of the acronym, but also its look. “That lowercase ‘o’ trapped between those two M’s creates a unique word-shape that is translinguistic,” Ed Pusz, director of the museum's graphic design department says. “It's accessible to people who don't speak the language.”

So it's with a sense of great care that the museum's leaders introduce their latest innovation: a redesigned MoMA logo, a newly scrubbed face by which the revered institution will soon present itself to the world on signs, coffee mugs and subway ads, and throughout the Yoshio Taniguchi-designed expansion and renovation planned to open near the end of 2004. As befits a change of such import, the redesign was undertaken with much attention: the museum hired perhaps the world's foremost typographer, paid him in the low five figures and spent eight months scrutinizing every tiny step in the process.

The outcome? Well, it's subtle.

You would have to look rather closely to see it. Extremely closely. In fact, someone could set the old logo and the new logo side by side and stare for some time before detecting even the slightest distinction. The folks who led the exhaustive makeover process couldn't be more pleased.

As might be expected of some of the most visually aware people in the world, those who have worked on the Modern's typefaces have a remarkable history of typographic self-scrutiny. In 1964, the museum replaced its geometric letterforms typical of the Bauhaus and German modernism

with Franklin Gothic No.2, one of the grandest and most familiar of American typefaces. Designed in 1902 by Morris Fuller Benton in Jersey City, Franklin is simultaneously muscular, with an imposing weight, and humanist, with letterforms reminiscent of the strokes of the calligrapher's pen rather than a mechanical compass. "Quite simply, it's a face that's modern with roots," Ivan Chermayeff, the designer who made the selection for the museum, recalled recently. "It has some character, and therefore some warmth about it, and some sense of the hand—i.e., the artist. All of which seemed to me to make a lot of sense for the Museum of Modern Art, which is not only looking to the future but also looking to the past."

Mr. Chermayeff's logic held up. Aside from what Mr. Pusz calls a "blip" around the time the museum's expansion opened in 1984, the museum has used Franklin consistently for nearly 40 years. So when the Modern asked the Toronto-based designer Bruce Mau to explore a range of possibilities for the new building's signage—including rounder, more symmetrical typefaces—he felt strongly that Franklin should be left alone. "Everybody gets tired of their own voice," Mr. Mau said from his studio in Toronto, "and so they want to change it. But I was like: 'Don't mess with it! It's an extraordinary landmark identity: don't throw the baby out with the bathwater.'"

The museum's director, Glen Lowry, agreed. "We looked at all sorts of options, and said, 'You know, we don't need to go there.' Our self-image hasn't shifted so dramatically that our identity needs to be expressed in an utterly new way. We don't need to go from chintz to stripes."

But Mr. Mau noticed that the Franklin the museum was using didn't seem to him like Franklin at all. Somewhere in the process of its evolution from Benton's original metal type to the readily available digital one it had lost some of its spirit, becoming "a hybrid digital soulless version," in Mr. Pusz's words. Metal type traditionally has slight variations between point sizes, to compensate for the properties of ink and differences in proportion. But digital versions of historic typefaces are often created from metal originals of a single point size—as was the case with the commercially available Franklin. It had been digitized from metal type of a small size, distending the proportions at its larger sizes. Once its defects were

recognized, they became glaring: the letters were squat and paunchy, sapping all the elegance out of the white space between them. With some of the signage applications in the new building requiring type four feet tall, the small variations became “hideous,” Mr. Pusz said.

The museum approached the pre-eminent typographer Matthew Carter about refreshing the typeface. On the Mac in his third-floor walk-up apartment in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Mr. Carter has designed many of the letterforms we swallow daily in unthinking gulps—among them typefaces for *National Geographic*, *Sports Illustrated* and *The Washington Post*, as well as Bell Centennial, used in phone books, and Verdana, the Microsoft screen font. Trained originally as a type founder—the person who forges type from hot metal—Mr. Carter pioneered typography’s transition to computer-based desktop publishing in the 1980s when he helped found Bitstream, the first digital type foundry. He was one of the first to embrace the idea that type no longer necessarily began with metal forms and ended as an impression on paper; it could be designed, implemented and read without ever escaping the confines of the computer screen.

Refreshing Franklin was, Mr. Carter said, “like asking an architect to design an exact replica of a building.” But it was a job he was happy to do: “That opportunity to really study these letterforms and capture them as faithfully as I could was sort of an education to me.”

His task was aided by eight trays of metal type of Franklin Gothic No.2 that had surfaced not long before in the Modern’s basement. Not knowing at the time what he would do with them, Mr. Pusz wheeled the trays one by one on a desk chair down the block to his temporary office on the Avenue of the Americas. Mr. Carter scanned printed samples from the trays, and using a software program called Fontographer, began the long process of plotting the curve points for each letter—a task requiring the full extent of his long-learned craft. He also had to invent the variety of characters typical of modern fonts that didn’t exist in the metal—currency signs and accents, for example. The resulting typeface—two slight variations, actually, one for signage and one for text—are now being tested on mockups by the Modern’s graphic design department to see how they look in different sizes and forms, and, after yet more tweaking, will soon be installed on computers across the museum.

But will anyone notice? “I suspect that if we’re really successful the public won’t really notice the difference, it will just feel right,” Mr. Lowry said. Even if this is a carefully calculated exercise in branding, at least it’s true (nearly comically so) to the mission of the museum: less MoMA Inc. than a bunch of aesthetes staring at the shape of their own name until their eyes cross. Perhaps in the sharpened interstices of the “m” or the slightly more pinched ellipse of the “o” there might exist a statement of what the Modern wants to be—you just have to squint to see it. “I think that’s really at the heart of the institution’s premise, which is a deep and profound respect for the past, and an absolute willingness to engage the present—and a recognition that they’re not mutually exclusive,” Mr. Lowry said.

No, but sometimes they do look pretty similar.

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1. From the MoMA archive:

Aug. 2, 1966

Dear Helen and Alfred:

Haven’t you two characters got anything better to do than spend an entire summer haggling over the problem of whether the abbreviation for the Museum of Modern Art should be written as MOMA or MoMA?

I must say that in this instance I think the lady is right. In all my 85 years in the museum it never occurred to me to [use] a lower-case “o.” It may be correct but it gives me terrible visual hiccoughs. I can only conclude that the estimable A.H. Barr is losing his sight and mind in Greensboro—the only prairie town in the entire lush State of Vermont. I drove through there once and we had a sand storm and I left hastily.

Sincerely,
James T. Soby