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## PROJECT DESCRIPTION

Designing the back + front cover and spine for Jorge Luis Borges'

## Ficciones: The Circular Ruins

## AIMS

Discovering typography and exploring it, by following a step-by-step process of complexities. Being able to make clear choices and visualizing the process as a final presentation in a book. Learning to work with InDesign primarily in combination with other Adobe software programs. At the end of the course the student should be able to work with the software and has gained basic knowledge about (the use of) typography, being able to set up a grid, make perfect column setting, understand visual editing and the aesthetics of typography.

## CONTENT

*The Circular Ruins* is a fantasy short story by Argentine writer and poet Jorge Luis Borges. Published in *el Sur* in December 1940, it was included in the 1941 collection *The Garden of Forking Paths*, and then in the 1944 collection *Ficciones*. It was first translated into English in *New Directions II* (1949).

An experienced wizard retreats from the world to a location that possesses strong mystical powers: the circular ruins. There, the wizard tries to create another human being from his own dreams. Sleeping and dreaming longer and longer each day, the magician dreams of his young man becoming educated, and wiser. After time, though, the wizard can no longer find sleep, and he deems his first attempt an inevitable failure. After many sleepless nights, the wizard dreams of a heart; vaguely at first, but more and more clearly each night. Years pass and the wizard creates the boy piece by piece, in agonizing detail. The wizard calls upon the god Fire to bring his creation to life. Fire agrees, as long as the wizard accustoms his creation to the real world, and that only Fire and the wizard will be able to tell the creation from a real human. His creation is sent to a distant temple of the god Fire, and becomes famous as, because it is not real, it can walk through fire unharmed. The wizard hears of this, but at length he awakes to find the ruins ablaze. As he ultimately walks into the flaming house of Fire, the wizard notices that his skin does not burn. "With relief, with humiliation, with terror, he understood that he too was a mere appearance, dreamt by another."

The story also seems to symbolize writers as creators who engender one another and whose existence and originality would be impossible without their predecessors, a theme he wrote about in other works such as *Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote*, another short story from the *Ficciones* collection.

## CLASS DESCRIPTION

8 assignments will be handed out (and a few exercises), from simple to more complex levels. The student will make 10 designs every week. Mondays are used for crits and book discussions, Wednesdays for class reviews and practical exercises on software. A session on 'book-binding' will be included in this class.

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## PRESENTATION

Every Monday students will put up their 10 designs on the wall before the beginning of class (before 2pm), in 2 rows of 5, on tabloid format (landscape), 1" in between each sheets. Work must be clean and shown in a presentable manner. An InDesign format with student name + assignment number will be handed out. All sketches need to be 'saved' as digital files, printouts need to be kept and filed showing the process.

## FINAL PROJECT

The student will present a selection of all the work created, compiled and hand-bound in the form of a book.

## BOOK LIST

*Thinking with type* by Ellen Lupton + <http://www.thinkingwithtype.com>  
*The Elements of Typographic Style* by Robert Bringhurst

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[ text for cover layouts ]  
[ front cover ]

only front cover text will be used during assignments 1 to 4

Ficciones: The Circular Ruins  
Jorge Luis Borges  
Grove/Atlantic, Inc.  
New York, New York, 1969

No one saw him disembark in the unanimous night, no one saw the bamboo canoe sink into the sacred mud, but in a few days there was no one who did not know that the taciturn man came from the South and that his home had been one of those numberless villages upstream in the deeply cleft side of the mountain, where the Zend language has not been contaminated by Greek and where leprosy is infrequent. What is certain is that the grey man kissed the mud, climbed up the bank pushing aside (probably, without feeling) the blades which were lacerating his flesh, and crawled, nauseated and bloodstained, up to the circular enclosure crowned with a stone tiger or horse, which sometimes was the color of flame and now was that of ashes. This circle was a temple which had been devoured by ancient fires, profaned by the miasmal jungle, and whose god no longer received the homage of men. The stranger stretched himself out beneath the pedestal.

[ spine ]

to be included starting with assignment 5

Ficciones: The Circular Ruins  
Jorge Luis Borges  
Grove/Atlantic, Inc. [ + logo / can use Grove Press logo ]

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[ back cover ]

to be included starting with assignment 5

The seventeen pieces in *Ficciones* demonstrate the gargantuan powers of imagination, intelligence, and style of one of the greatest writers of this or any other century. Borges sends us on a journey into a compelling, bizarre, and profoundly resonant realm; we enter the fearful sphere of Pascal's abyss, the surreal and literal labyrinth of books, and the iconography of eternal return. To enter the worlds in *Ficciones* is to enter the mind of Jorge Luis Borges, wherein lies Heaven, Hell, and everything in between.—Grove Press

"The economy of his prose, the tact of his imagery, the courage of his thought are there to be admired and emulated." — John Updike

"These brief *Ficciones* have to be read one at a time, and slowly; then they throb with uncanny and haunting power." — Atlantic Monthly

[ ISBN bar code ]

ISBN-13: 978-0-8021-3030-3

Grove/Atlantic, Inc.

841 Broadway, 4th Floor

New York, NY 10003

<http://www.groveatlantic.com>

[ full text ]

No one saw him disembark in the unanimous night, no one saw the bamboo canoe sink into the sacred mud, but in a few days there was no one who did not know that the taciturn man came from the South and that his home had been one of those numberless villages upstream in the deeply cleft side of the mountain, where the Zend language has not been contaminated by Greek and where leprosy is infrequent. What is certain is that the grey man kissed the mud, climbed up the bank pushing aside (probably, without feeling) the blades which were lacerating his flesh, and crawled, nauseated and bloodstained, up to the circular enclosure crowned with a stone tiger or horse, which sometimes was the color of flame and now was that of ashes. This circle was a temple which had been devoured by ancient fires, profaned by the miasmal jungle, and whose god no longer received the homage of men. The stranger stretched himself out beneath the pedestal. He was awakened by the sun high overhead. He was not astonished to find that his wounds had healed; he closed his pallid eyes and slept, not through weakness of flesh but through determination of will. He knew that this temple was the place required for his invincible intent; he knew that the incessant trees had not succeeded in strangling the ruins of another propitious temple downstream which had once belonged to gods now burned and dead; he knew that his immediate obligation was to dream. Toward midnight he was awakened by the inconsolable shriek of a bird. Tracks of bare feet, some figs and a jug warned him that the men of the region had been spying respectfully on his sleep, soliciting his protection or afraid of his magic. He felt a chill of fear, and sought out a sepulchral niche in the dilapidated wall where he concealed himself among unfamiliar leaves.

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The purpose which guided him was not impossible, though supernatural. He wanted to dream a man; he wanted to dream him in minute entirety and impose him on reality. This magic project had exhausted the entire expanse of his mind; if someone had asked him his name or to relate some event of his former life, he would not have been able to give an answer. This uninhabited, ruined temple suited him, for it contained a minimum of visible world; the proximity of the workmen also suited him, for they took it upon themselves to provide for his frugal needs. The rice and fruit they brought him were nourishment enough for his body, which was consecrated to the sole task of sleeping and dreaming.

At first, his dreams were chaotic; then in a short while they became dialectic in nature. The stranger dreamed that he was in the center of a circular amphitheater which was more or less the burnt temple; clouds of taciturn students filled the tiers of seats; the faces of the farthest ones hung at a distance of many centuries and as high as the stars, but their features were completely precise. The man lectured his pupils on anatomy, cosmography, and magic: the faces listened anxiously and tried to answer understandingly, as if they guessed the importance of that examination which would redeem one of them from his condition of empty illusion and interpolate him into the real world. Asleep or awake, the man thought over the answers of his phantoms, did not allow himself to be deceived by imposters, and in certain perplexities he sensed a growing intelligence. He was seeking a soul worthy of participating in the universe.

After nine or ten nights he understood with a certain bitterness that he could expect nothing from those pupils who accepted his doctrine passively, but that he could expect something from those who occasionally dared to oppose him. The former group, although worthy of love and affection, could not ascend to the level of individuals; the latter pre-existed to a slightly greater degree. One afternoon (now afternoons were also given over to sleep, now he was only awake for a couple hours at daybreak) he dismissed the vast illusory student body for good and kept only one pupil. He was a taciturn, sallow boy, at times intractable, and whose sharp features resembled those of his dreamer. The brusque elimination of his fellow students did not disconcert him for long; after a few private lessons, his progress was enough to astound the teacher. Nevertheless, a catastrophe took place. One day, the man emerged from his sleep as if from a viscous desert, looked at the useless afternoon light which he immediately confused with the dawn, and understood that he had not dreamed. All that night and all day long, the intolerable lucidity of insomnia fell upon him. He tried exploring the forest, to lose his strength; among the hemlock he barely succeeded in experiencing several short snatches of sleep, veined with fleeting, rudimentary visions that were useless. He tried to assemble the student body but scarcely had he articulated a few brief words of exhortation when it became deformed and was then erased. In his almost perpetual vigil, tears of anger burned his old eyes.

He understood that modeling the incoherent and vertiginous matter of which dreams are composed was the most difficult task that a man could undertake, even though he should penetrate all the enigmas of a superior and inferior order; much more difficult than weaving a rope out of sand or coining the faceless wind. He swore he would forget the enormous hallucination which had thrown him off at first, and he sought another method of work. Before putting it into execution, he spent a month recovering his strength, which had been squandered by his delirium. He abandoned all premeditation of dreaming and almost immediately succeeded in sleeping a reasonable part of each day. The few times that he had dreams during this period, he paid no attention to them. Before resuming his task, he waited until the moon's disk was perfect. Then, in the afternoon, he purified himself in the waters of the river, worshiped the planetary gods, pronounced the prescribed syllables of a mighty name, and went to sleep. He dreamed almost immediately, with his heart throbbing.

He dreamed that it was warm, secret, about the size of a clenched fist, and of a garnet color within the penumbra of a human body as yet without face or sex; during fourteen lucid nights he dreamt of it with meticulous love. Every night

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he perceived it more clearly. He did not touch it; he only permitted himself to witness it, to observe it, and occasionally to rectify it with a glance. He perceived it and lived it from all angles and distances. On the fourteenth night he lightly touched the pulmonary artery with his index finger, then the whole heart, outside and inside. He was satisfied with the examination. He deliberately did not dream for a night; he took up the heart again, invoked the name of a planet, and undertook the vision of another of the principle organs. Within a year he had come to the skeleton and the eyelids. The innumerable hair was perhaps the most difficult task. He dreamed an entire man, a young man, but who did not sit up or talk, who was unable to open his eyes. Night after night, the man dreamt him asleep.

In the Gnostic cosmosogonies, demiurges fashion a red Adam who cannot stand; as a clumsy, crude and elemental as this Adam of dust was the Adam of dreams forged by the wizard's nights. One afternoon, the man almost destroyed his entire work, but then changed his mind. (It would have been better had he destroyed it.) When he had exhausted all supplications to the deities of earth, he threw himself at the feet of the effigy which was perhaps a tiger or perhaps a colt and implored its unknown help. That evening, at twilight, he dreamt of the statue. He dreamt it was alive, tremulous: it was not an atrocious bastard of a tiger and a colt, but at the same time these two fiery creatures and also a bull, a rose, and a storm. This multiple god revealed to him that his earthly name was Fire, and that in this circular temple (and in others like it) people had once made sacrifices to him and worshiped him, and that he would magically animate the dreamed phantom, in such a way that all creatures, except Fire itself and the dreamer, would believe to be a man of flesh and blood. He commanded that once this man had been instructed in all the rites, he should be sent to the other ruined temple whose pyramids were still standing downstream, so that some voice would glorify him in that deserted edifice. In the dream of the man that dreamed, the dreamed one awoke.

The wizard carried out the orders he had been given. He devoted a certain length of time (which finally proved to be two years) to instructing him in the mysteries of the universe and the cult of fire. Secretly, he was pained at the idea of being separated from him. On the pretext of pedagogical necessity, each day he increased the number of hours dedicated to dreaming. He also remade the right shoulder, which was somewhat defective. At times, he was disturbed by the impression that all this had already happened . . . In general, his days were happy; when he closed his eyes, he thought: Now I will be with my son. Or, more rarely: The son I have engendered is waiting for me and will not exist if I do not go to him.

Gradually, he began accustoming him to reality. Once he ordered him to place a flag on a faraway peak. The next day the flag was fluttering on the peak. He tried other analogous experiments, each time more audacious. With a certain bitterness, he understood that his son was ready to be born—and perhaps impatient. That night he kissed him for the first time and sent him off to the other temple whose remains were turning white downstream, across many miles of inextricable jungle and marshes. Before doing this (and so that his son should never know that he was a phantom, so that he should think himself a man like any other) he destroyed in him all memory of his years of apprenticeship.

His victory and peace became blurred with boredom. In the twilight times of dusk and dawn, he would prostrate himself before the stone figure, perhaps imagining his unreal son carrying out identical rites in other circular ruins downstream; at night he no longer dreamed, or dreamed as any man does. His perceptions of the sounds and forms of the universe became somewhat pallid: his absent son was being nourished by these diminution of his soul. The purpose of his life had been fulfilled; the man remained in a kind of ecstasy. After a certain time, which some chronicles prefer to compute in years and others in decades, two oarsmen awoke him at midnight; he could not see their faces, but they spoke to him of a charmed man in a temple of the North, capable of walking on fire without burning himself. The wizard suddenly remembered the words of the god. He remembered that of all the creatures that people the Earth, Fire was the only one who

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knew his son to be a phantom. This memory, which at first calmed him, ended by tormenting him. He feared lest his son should meditate on this abnormal privilege and by some means find out he was a mere simulacrum. Not to be a man, to be a projection of another man's dreams—what an incomparable humiliation, what madness! Any father is interested in the sons he has procreated (or permitted) out of the mere confusion of happiness; it was natural that the wizard should fear for the future of that son whom he had thought out entrail by entrail, feature by feature, in a thousand and one secret nights.

His misgivings ended abruptly, but not without certain forewarnings. First (after a long drought) a remote cloud, as light as a bird, appeared on a hill; then, toward the South, the sky took on the rose color of leopard's gums; then came clouds of smoke which rusted the metal of the nights; afterwards came the panic-stricken flight of wild animals. For what had happened many centuries before was repeating itself. The ruins of the sanctuary of the god of Fire were destroyed by fire. In a dawn without birds, the wizard saw the concentric fire licking the walls. For a moment, he thought of taking refuge in the water, but then he understood that death was coming to crown his old age and absolve him from his labors. He walked toward the sheets of flame. They did not bite his flesh, they caressed him and flooded him without heat or combustion. With relief, with humiliation, with terror, he understood that he also was an illusion, that someone else was dreaming him.

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TYPEFACE(S) USED

Times New Roman Regular

**Times New Roman Bold***Times New Roman Italic****Times New Roman Bold Italic***

OR

Times Regular

**Times Bold***Times Italic****Times Bold Italic***

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## ASSIGNMENT DESCRIPTIONS AND PARAMETERS:

**#1: COMPOSITION + SPACE**

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Design 10 different front covers for the book with the following parameters:

using

- \* Times New Roman Regular / Times Regular
- \* 9 point size only
- \* [ type in black on white ]

Typeface and size are set, make sure you bring order in book title, author name, publishing house and intro. Things to play with are LEADING / LETTER SPACING / UPPER OR LOWER CASE / etc.

**#2: COMPOSITION + SPACE + LETTER SIZES**

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Design 10 different front covers for the book with the following parameters:

using

- \* Times New Roman Regular / Times Regular
- \* any single point size per design i.e. one design uses 22pt. another 6pt
- \* [ type in black on white ]

Size of the typeface per design is by choice, make sure you bring order in book title, author name, publishing house and intro. Things to play with are LEADING / LETTER SPACING / UPPER OR LOWER CASE / etc. You will need to explore the total space of your book cover. At what point will all your copy still fit? How small/large can you go and still make legible type? Start with 6pt, use type sizes mentioned in your Indesign window under TYPE > SIZE.

**#3: DIFFERENCES IN LIGHT + BOLD TYPE**

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Design 10 different front covers for the book with the following parameters:

using

- \* Times New Roman Regular + Times New Roman Bold/ Times Regular + Times Bold
- \* any single point size per design i.e. one design uses 14pt. another 6pt
- \* [ type in black on white ]

Typeface and a size per design are set, make sure you bring order in book title, author name, publishing house and intro. Things to play with are LEADING / LETTER / upper or lowercase / LETTER SPACING / BOLD + LIGHT TYPE etc. Look at the exercises done at #2 and enhance those by adding the bold type somewhere.

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**#4: REGULAR, BOLD + ITALICS:**

Design 10 different front covers for the book with the following parameters:

- using
- \* Times New Roman Regular, Bold, Italic + Bold Italic
  - \* Times Regular, Bold, Italic + Bold Italic
  - \* any single point size per design i.e. one design uses 14pt. another 6pt
  - \* [ type in black on white ]

Typeface and a size per design are set, make sure you bring order in book title, author name, publishing house and intro. Things to play with are LEADING / LETTER SPACING / UPPER AND LOWER CASE / BOLD + LIGHT + ITALIC TYPE etc. Look at the exercises done at #3 and enhance those by using three different Times fonts.

**#5: TYPE SIZE COMBINATIONS**

Design 10 different spine, front and back covers for the book with the following parameters (5 sets: front, back + spine)

- using
- \* Times New Roman Regular, Bold, Italic + Bold Italic
  - \* Times Regular, Bold, Italic + Bold Italic
  - \* any point size combination
  - \* [ type in black on white ]

Typefaces and sizes per design are by choice, make sure you bring order in book title, author name, publishing house and intro. Things to play with are LEADING / LETTER SPACING / UPPER AND LOWER CASE / BOLD + LIGHT + ITALIC TYPE etc. Look at the exercises done earlier and enhance those by using size combinations.

**#6: RULES + BLOCKS:**

Design 10 different spine, front and back covers for the book with the following parameters (5 sets: front, back + spine)

- using
- \* Times New Roman Regular, Bold, Italic + Bold Italic
  - \* Times Regular, Bold, Italic + Bold Italic
  - \* any point size combination
  - \* introduce the following elements: rules and solid blocks of black
  - 4 designs with rules only
  - 4 designs with blocks of black and reversed type
  - 2 designs with both rules and blocks

Look at the exercises done in earlier assignments and play with rules and blocks and reversed type.



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**#7: USING 2 SPOT COLORS in PMS** [ Pantone Matching System ]

Design 10 different spine, front and back covers for the book with the following parameters (5 sets: front, back + spine)

- using
- \* Times New Roman Regular, Bold, Italic + Bold Italic
  - \* Times Regular, Bold, Italic + Bold Italic
  - \* any point size combination
  - \* use of rulers and blocks by choice
  - \* replace black by 2 colors that you can mix, use all values of the 2 colors

Look at the exercises done in earlier assignments and play with use of the spot colors.

**#8: USING CMYK + PHOTOGRAPHIC IMAGES**

Design 10 different spine, front and back covers for the book with the following parameters (5 sets: front, back + spine)

- using
- \* Times New Roman Regular, Bold, Italic + Bold Italic
  - \* Times Regular, Bold, Italic + Bold Italic
  - \* any point size combination
  - \* design in CMYK [ full color ], can use all values of colors and black
  - \* make or find images suitable for the novel.

Look at the exercises done in earlier assignments and play with all elements.

**DESIGN A BOOK**

Choose format, make a grid etc. Make a selection of 5 designs in every category (5 x 8 = 40 designs), design chapter dividers for each chapter describing the parameters as mentioned in the assignments. Design a cover. Write an intro-text describing your likes and/or dislikes about 'Ficciones: The Circular Ruins' and design an introduction page. Other necessary pages to add will follow. Bind your book, present it in the most elegant way possible!

**DESIGN A 3D TYPOGRAPHIC APPLICATION** (dimensional / space driven)

Make the text 'The Circular Ruins' dimensional. This can be a typographic sculpture or a spatial typographic application. Generate your work in 3 dimensions. Document your piece and include pictures of it in your book. The medium is up to you, but the outcome needs to be physical.

Good luck and have fun!

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## TYPOGRAPHY DESMA 25

TIME: Mondays and Wednesdays 2:00pm - 4:50pm

LOCATION Broad Art Center 4230

## JANUARY

**wk 01**

Monday 01.03.'11 introduction / InDesign: how to set up a file and type windows  
*Discuss Thinking with type: Letters*

Wednesday 01.05.'11 critique: assignment 1: COMPOSITION + USE OF SPACE

**wk 02**

Monday 01.10.'11 critique: assignment 2: USE OF SPACE + TYPESIZE  
 InDesign: pointsize + leading + letter spacing

Wednesday 01.12.'11 *Discuss Thinking with type: Text*  
 In class: Assignment 3 / InDesign: leading, kerning, baseline grid

**wk 03**

Monday 01.17.'11 critique: assignment 3: LIGHT + DARK  
 InDesign: column setting, justified, flush left etc

Wednesday 01.19.'11 In class: Assignment 4  
*Discuss Thinking with type: Grid*

**wk 04**

Monday 01.24.'11 critique: assignment 4: LIGHT ROMAN BOLD ITALIC

Wednesday 01.26.'11 In class: Assignment 5  
 Discuss: Chapter 1 / Elements of Typographic Style

**wk 05**

Monday 01.31.'11 critique: assignment 5: POINT SIZE COMBINATIONS

Wednesday 02.02.'11 In class: Assignment 6  
 Discuss: Chapter 2 / Elements of Typographic Style

**wk 06**

Monday 02.07.'11 critique: assignment 6: RULES + BLOCKS

Wednesday 02.09.'11 In class: Assignment 7 / InDesign: how to use PMS colours  
 Discuss: Chapter 3 / Elements of Typographic Style

**wk 07**

Monday 02.14.'11 critique: assignment 7: COLOURS

Wednesday 02.16.'11 In class: Assignment 8 / InDesign in combination with AI & PSD  
 (photography)

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**wk 08**


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Monday	02.21.'11	critique: assignment 8: PHOTOGRAPHY In class: Book / creating a grid for book, based on printer, binding method and folding
Wednesday	02.23.'11	Bookbinding Demo

**wk 09**


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Monday	02.28.'11	critique: Book Design / all content in place
Wednesday	03.02.'11	critique: Book Design + Dimensional application (possible additional bookbinding) check out this link for artists using typography: <a href="http://classes.dma.ucla.edu/Spring05/25/artists.php">http://classes.dma.ucla.edu/Spring05/25/artists.php</a>

**wk 10**


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Monday	03.07.'11	final critique: Book Design + Dimensional application
Wednesday	03.09.'11	presentation

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## GENERAL CLASS RULES

ATTENDANCE	Classes start at 2pm SHARP. If you are 15 minutes late without any announcement at forehand to professor or/and T.A. you get a tardy. Every tardy is a half grade down on your final grade. If you are later then 15 minutes don't interrupt class, you'll be marked absent. Every (unexcused) absence equals 1 full grade down, 3 unexcused absences result in failed class.
GRADES	Each class you will be evaluated on the following: class participation / presentation / organization and design skills. Your final grade is the average of all grades in combination with your attendance record.
OTHER	Turn off cellphones during introductions / lectures / guest speakers / class meetings. No food in class, drinks are o.k. No checking personal e-mails, FB, Skype or iChats during class. Ask questions, make comments, contribute to reviews. Learn from your peers. Presentations need clean and precise printouts alongside clear verbal articulations.

PLEASE MAKE SURE YOU COMMUNICATE ANY QUESTIONS OR CONCERNS ABOUT THE COURSE IN A TIMELY MANNER, AS THEY COME UP. LETS HAVE AN OPEN AN MATURE DIALOGUE.

Carolina Trigo

professor: caro@slaphq.com

Jesse Chornig

teachers assistant: jessechornig@gmail.com