

ADVANCED TYPOGRAPHY

Mondays 9:00–11:40am
Room 620

Typography is perhaps the single most important and vital aspect of communication design. While many other disciplines employ written language, only communication designers deal with the visual aspects of language on a daily basis. Building upon the experience in Core Studio and Lab Typography, students will explore increasingly advanced typography, including texts in multiple formats and type in motion. By exploring and discussing historical and contemporary theory related to typography and design, students will begin to contextualize and apply critical thinking to their own work. They will develop a capacity for technical and formal invention, but the ultimate goal is to see and to think with typography on advanced levels.

What is typography?

Simply:

**the art of designing
with the letters of
the alphabet**

More specifically:

**designing the
rhythm, tone, texture,
proportion and
hierarchy of written
content in space.**

Why is this important?

Typography is one of the cornerstones
of graphic design.

Often times, the message we're asked to
transmit is held in the written word.

It's important to know how to treat that
text to amplify its communicative power.

**“Typography is
language made
visible.”**

– Ellen Lupton

Internationale Juni-Festwochen 1962 Stadttheater Zürich

Direktor Dr. Herbert Graf	Freitag, 1. Juni 20.00 Uhr Eröffnungs- vorstellung	Mittwoch, 6. Juni 19.30 Uhr Freitag, 15. Juni 19.30 Uhr	Samstag, 9. Juni 20.00 Uhr	Mittwoch, 13. Juni 19.30 Uhr	Donnerstag, 21. Juni 20.00 Uhr	Samstag, 24. Juni 20.00 Uhr	Ballett du XXième Siècle du Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie Bruxelles
	<i>Fidelio</i> Oper von L.von Beethoven	<i>Der Prophet</i> Oper von G.Meyerbeer	<i>Il Trovatore</i> Oper von Giuseppe Verdi	<i>Die Fledermaus</i> Operette von Johann Strauss	<i>Die Nachspiel/</i> <i>Die Geschichte</i> vom Soldaten von Igor Strawinsky	<i>Il Barbier di Siviglia</i> Oper von Gioacchino Rossini	Leitung Maurice Béjart André Vandemoortel
Leitung Otto Klemperer Hainer Hill	Leitung S.Krachmalnick Lothi Mansouri Hainer Hill	Leitung Nello Santí Herbert Graf Max Röthlisberger	Leitung S.Krachmalnick Herbert Graf Max Röthlisberger René Hubert	Leitung Victor Reinshagen Hans Zimmermann Hans Ertl	Leitung Nello Santí Lothi Mansouri Max Röthlisberger	Choreographie Maurice Béjart Janine Charrat	
In den Hauptpartien Jean Cook Senta Juniac Heinz Bost James McCracken Deszai Ernst Gustav Neidlinger Leonhard Plückl	In den Hauptpartien Virginia Gordoni Sandra Warfield Virginia Gordoni Sandra Warfield James McCracken Heinz Bost Fritz Peter Andrew Foldi Sieghard Tappolet Ralph Telaska	In den Hauptpartien Virginia Gordoni Sandra Warfield Heinz Bost James McCracken Abe Polakoff	In den Hauptpartien Addie Leigh Eva-Maria Roger Heinz Bost Wolfram Mietz Leonhard Plückl Alfred Plessner Rudolf Schock Ralph Telaska Robert Thomas	In den Hauptpartien Addie Leigh Eva-Maria Roger Heinz Bost Wolfram Mietz Leonhard Plückl Alfred Plessner Rudolf Schock Ralph Telaska Robert Thomas	In den Hauptpartien René Grist Heinz Bost Glade Peterson Diego Schimmele Wolfram Mietz Viktoria Zango Hans-Joachim Frick Franz Matter Bill Ross	Freitag, 29. Juni 20.00 Uhr Sonntag, 1.Juli 14.30 Uhr 1. Programm	
Sonntag, 3. Juni 20.00 Uhr Wetturaufführung Donnerstag, 7. Juni 20.00 Uhr	Freitag, 8. Juni 20.00 Uhr	Mittwoch, 12. Juni 20.00 Uhr	Samstag, 16. Juni 20.00 Uhr	Samstag, 23. Juni 19.00 Uhr Dienstag, 26. Juni 19.00 Uhr	Mittwoch, 27. Juni 20.00 Uhr	Hommage à Igor Strawinsky	
Blackwood und Co. von Armin Schible	Le Mystère de la Nativité von Frank Martin	Leitung Nello Santí Lothi Mansouri Max Bignami Juan Tena	Gespiel Maria Städer Ernst Härtiger Peter Legger	Orpheus und Eurydike Oper von Chr. W. von Gluck	Leitung Peter Maag Josef Gleiter Max Röthlisberger	Don Giovanni Oper von W.A. Mozart	Pulcinella Musik von Igor Strawinsky
Leitung Nello Santí Lothi Mansouri Max Bignami Juan Tena	Leitung Ernest Ansermet Georg Henckhardt Heinrich Wendel			Der Rosenkavalier Oper von Richard Strauss	Leitung Peter Maag Josef Gleiter Max Röthlisberger	Jeu de Cartes Musik von Igor Strawinsky	
Mitwirkende Mary Davyndorp Regina Serfaty Vera Schlosser Werner Ernst Reinhard Güthen Walter Hasse Wolfram Mietz Victor de Narke Leonhard Plückl Fritz Peter Glade Peterson Abe Polakoff Sieghard Tappolet Ralph Telaska Robert Thomas Gottli Zeitammer				In den Hauptpartien Regina Serfaty	Leitung Peter Maag Heribert Graf Max Röthlisberger Aloisius Berger	Le Sacre du Printemps Musik von Igor Strawinsky	
				In der Hauptpartie Regina Serfaty	Leitung Peter Maag Vera Schlosser Heinz Bost Wolfram Mietz Lisa Della Casa Anneliese Rothenberger Regina Serfaty	Samstag, 30. Juni 19.00 Uhr Sonntag, 1.Juli 20.00 Uhr 2. Programm	
				Sonntag, 17. Juni 20.00 Uhr	Leitung Rudolf Knoll James Pease	Diversimento Musik von Fernand Schimmen	
				Mittwoch, 20. Juni 20.00 Uhr Neu-Instanzierung	Der Freischütz Oper von Carl Maria von Weber	Fantasia Concertante Musik von S. Prokofjeff	
					Leitung Rudolf Kempe Heribert Graf Rudolf Heinrich	Sonate à trois Musik von Béla Bartók	
					Gastspiel Ingrid Boner Hanny Steffek Gottlie Frick Fritz Uhl	Bolero Musik von Maurice Ravel	





KRALİÇE CONTRAST, MAY 01 – AUGUST 31 2012
BY ALPKAN KIRAYOĞLU (TURKEY)

*salt EXPLORES
CRITICAL AND TIMELY
ISSUES IN VISUAL AND
MATERIAL CULTURE, AND
CULTIVATES INNOVATIVE
PROGRAMS FOR RESEARCH
AND EXPERIMENTAL
THINKING.*

KRALİÇE COLOUR, JANUARY – APRIL 2013
BY TYPOKAKI / SUEH LI TAN (MALAYSIA)

SALT EXPLORES
CRITICAL AND TIMELY
ISSUES IN VISUAL AND
MATERIAL CULTURE, AND
CULTIVATES INNOVATIVE
PROGRAMS FOR RESEARCH
AND EXPERIMENTAL
THINKING.

KRALİÇE HACKED, JANUARY – APRIL 2013
BY ECAL / ANNA BITZER (SWITZERLAND)

SALT EXPLORES
CRITICAL AND TIMELY
ISSUES IN VISUAL AND
MATERIAL CULTURE, AND
CULTIVATES INNOVATIVE
PROGRAMS FOR RESEARCH
AND EXPERIMENTAL
THINKING.

KRALİÇE DEEP BLUE, OCTOBER 2015 –
BY ÅBÄKE (GB)

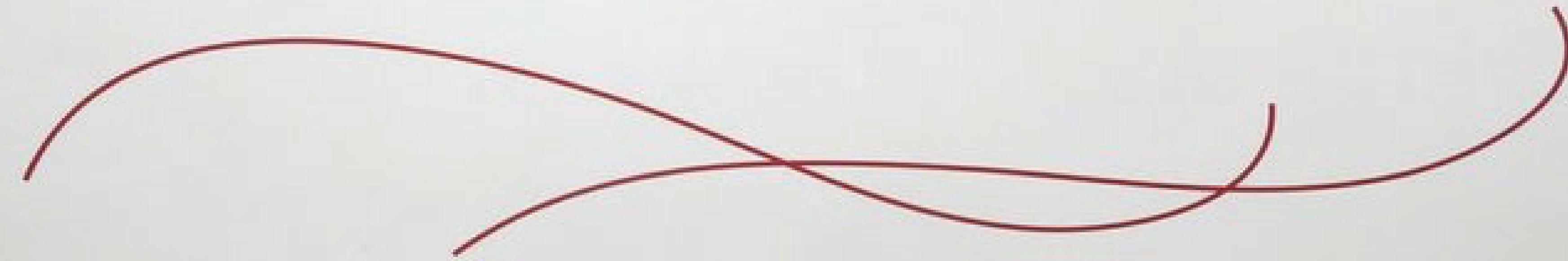
SALT EXPLORES
CRITICAL AND TIMELY
ISSUES IN VISUAL AND
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EVERYTHING IS PURGED FROM THIS PAINTING
BUT ART, NO IDEAS HAVE ENTERED THIS WORK.

MANY THINGS LEFT ON THE BANKS OF A RIVER
INEVITABLY TO BE SWEEPED INTO THE FLOW





ascender
baseline
blackletter
body
matter
bold
small caps
counter
descender
display type
em
en
family
folio

grid
italic
justify
kerning
leading
letterspacing
ligature
meanline
oblique
old style figures
pagination
pica
point
quad

rag
roman
rule
serif
sans-serif
slab-serif
small caps
swash
value
verso
widow
orphan
word space
x-height

serif vs. sans-serif

Serif

Tiempo Text

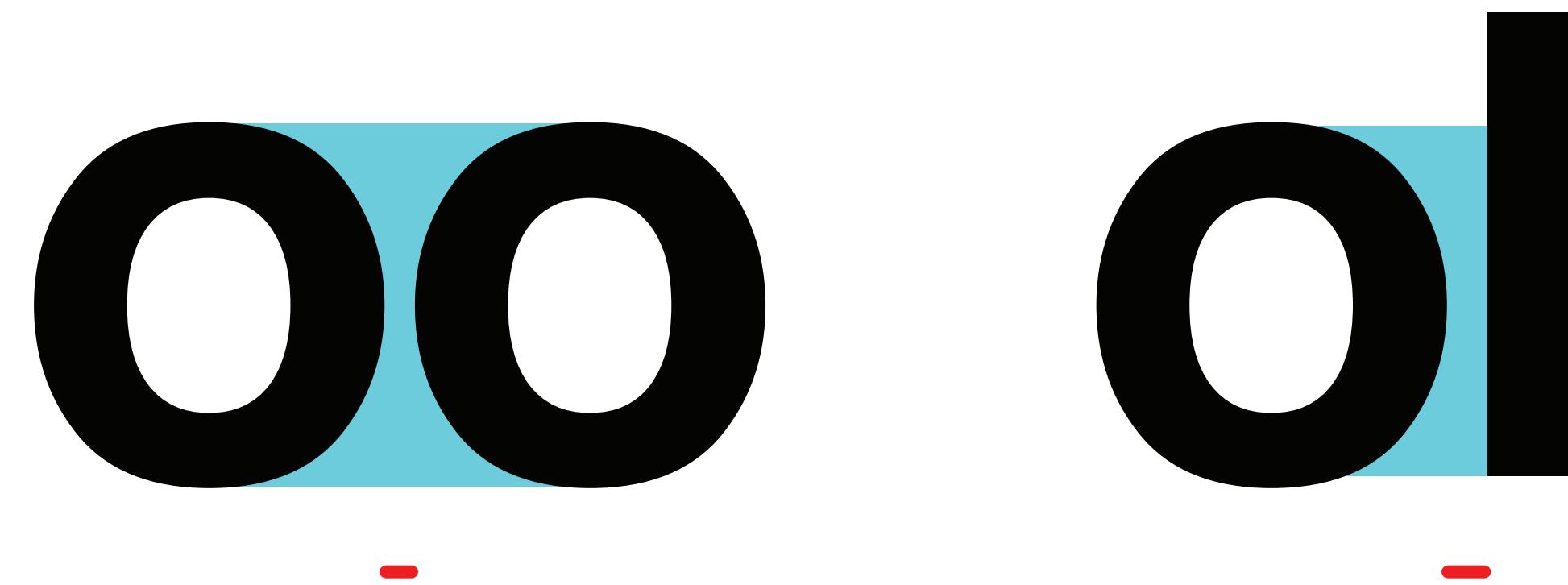
Sans-Serif

Maison Neue

kerning vs. tracking

kerning

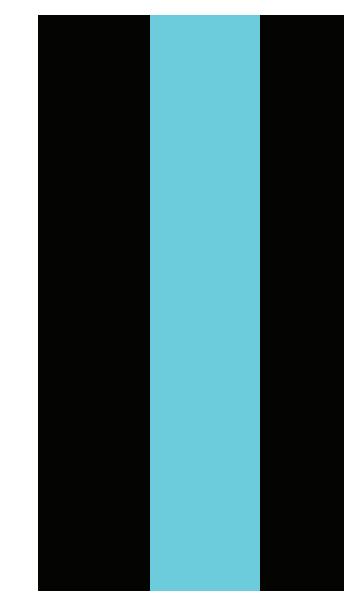
an adjustment of spacing between two specific letters.



Round next to round
CLOSEST



Round next to straight
MEDIUM



straight to straight
FURTHEST

tracking

the overall spacing between letters in a block of text or word (letterspacing)

Latterspacing

Latterspacing

grids

Lesley Gore
B. 1946

YOU WOULD CRY, TOO

She made songs about loving and losing sound triumphant.
By Rob Hoerburger

T

hat first hit, "It's My Party," lasted just 2 minutes 21 seconds, and still the phrase came at us more than a dozen times, each one, it seemed, with a little more mustard: "I'll cry if I want to, cry if I want to, *cry if I want to*." Then, a few months later, there was "You Don't Own Me," its minor-key verse overswelling into a major-key chorus of "Don't tell me what to do/Don't tell me what to say." With these declarations, Lesley Gore, the plucky teenager from Tenafly, N.J., brought a new kind of sisterly steeliness to the Top 40.

But there was something else going on, too, a quality in the voice — sockhop swing mixed with smoky afternotes of tenderness — if not in the actual words, that hinted at something she might have been trying to tell us, maybe even tell herself. In the summer of '64, when she was 18 and holding her own on the charts at the height of Beatlemania, she enrolled at Sarah Lawrence College, a place known for seekers and dissenters. She studied English and American literature and initially stuck out for her pop bona fides: "I was a rock personality, which was not considered at all chic," she said. "People at Sarah Lawrence



Lesley Gore in the 1960s, left. The album "Girl Talk" from 1964, above.

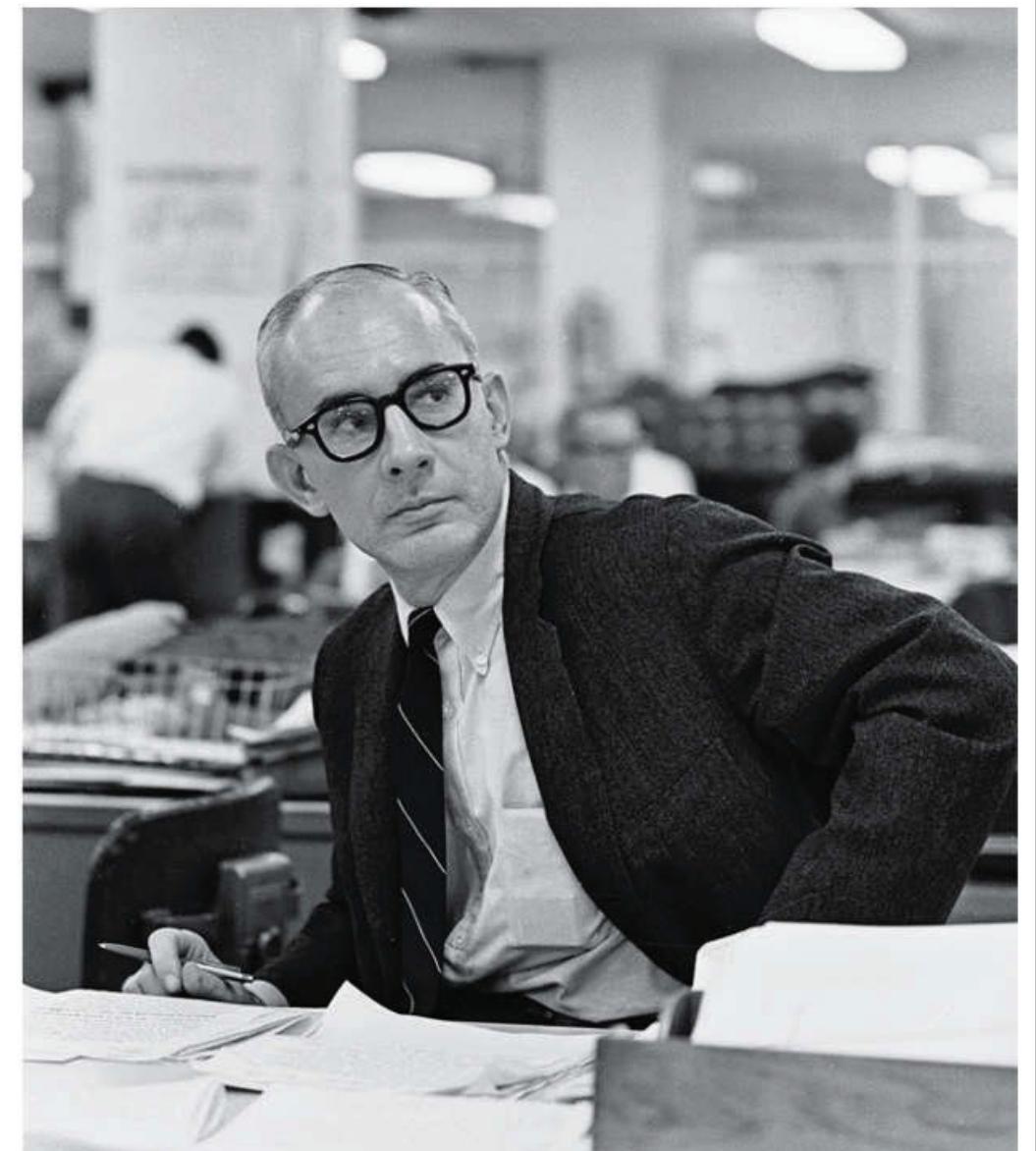
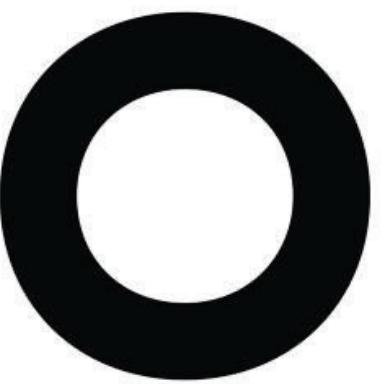
'Out Here on My Own' became an anthem of empowerment for anyone who felt marginalized or discarded.



She and Weston "were kicked out of more offices than you have hair on your head," Gore said during one of her comeback attempts. She continued to mostly struggle, until 1980, when she wrote the words to "Out Here on My Own," from the movie "Fame." With lines like "I dry the tears I've never shown" and "I may not win, but I can't be thrown," the song became an anthem of empowerment for anyone who felt marginalized or discarded (and earned her, with her brother and co-writer, Michael, a Best Original Song Oscar nomination).

Gore did continue to sing "It's My Party" and her other '60s hits in concert, and one place her career experienced no lulls was my own house. "It's My Party" was the first record I ever owned, and well into adulthood my two sisters and I continued to see her perform, in oldies big tents and intimate cabarets. We even used the unrepentant joy of Gore's "Sunshine, Lollipops and Rainbows" as music therapy to help my young niece recover from a rare illness.

Like Gore, my sisters and I were following unconventional paths — single parent, Catholic nun, gay man — and I suspect we may have always connected to that searching quality in her voice. Leaving one of her concerts sometime in the '80s, I turned to one of my sisters and said, "I think she must be gay," though Gore had still not publicly come out. Years later, after she had hosted episodes of the L.G.B.T. newsmagazine "In the Life" and talked about her relationship with her longtime partner, a jewelry designer named Lois Sasson, she would nevertheless claim, "I can't come out of the closet, because I was never really in it." As Blake Morgan, a New York musician who knew Gore for almost 30 years, put it: "Sometimes when you slice into people, you get a little bit of them and then a little bit of someone else. When you sliced into Lesley, you just kept getting Lesley. She always said, 'You gotta make your 16-year-old self proud.'"



Claude Sitton
B. 1925

BEARING WITNESS

He brought the civil rights struggle up close for readers.
By Sam Dolnick

Eddie Hausner/The New York Times. Illustration by Stuart Patience. Source photo: Andrew Toth/Getty Images.



MARY
ELLEN
MARK

The photographer Mary Ellen Mark (b. 1940) often immersed herself for weeks or months in the lives of the disenfranchised — women on the security ward of the Oregon State Hospital, prostitutes working Falkland Road in Bombay, teenagers living on the streets of Seattle. She emerged with enduring images of humanity on the margins. "I'm interested in reality, and I'm interested in survival," she once explained to an interviewer. "I'm interested in people who aren't the lucky ones, who maybe have a tougher time surviving, and telling their story."

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Clumped. That was Sitton's word.

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They were also the opening sentence of Sitton's front-page article the next day in *The New York Times*, a riveting account of intimidation that captured the attention of the White House and the Justice Department, whose lawyers soon flew into town to sue Mathews. It wasn't the first time, or the last, that Sitton's work would have that sort of effect.

Sitton, a former copy editor at *The Times* — and the grandson of a Confederate tax collector — was now the leading reporter of the civil rights movement as the paper's Southern correspondent. The day after the church story, Sitton wrote about the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s arrest at a protest. The day after that, he wrote about a sheriff's beating a black lawyer bloody. The day after that, he wrote about a judge reviewing a ban on Negro demonstrations.

Four years earlier, Sitton replaced Johnny Popham, who both acknowledged his discomfort covering race relations and refused to fly, meaning *The Times* had been covering the era's biggest story at the pace of a Southern back road as Popham drove everywhere in boat-size sedans, from Houma to Chattanooga to Tuscaloosa, about 40,000 miles a year.

Given the chance to return to and write about the South, Sitton quickly emerged as a leader on the beat, the rare reporter unafraid to contradict an official source he knew to be lying. Civil rights workers carried his phone number in case they got into trouble. In 1964, *Newsweek* called him "the best daily newspaperman on the Southern scene."

But the accolades were a long way off that night in Sasser, Ga. When Sitton returned to his car after the voter-registration meeting, he found a puncture mark from a knife and a flat tire. The gasoline tank was filled with sand. He included both facts in his story. Afterward, a fellow reporter liked to tease him about his habit of sitting in restaurants with his eyes toward the door. "Just prudent," Sitton would say. "Just prudent." ♦

Claude Sitton at The New York Times in 1964.

Lesley Gore
b. 1946

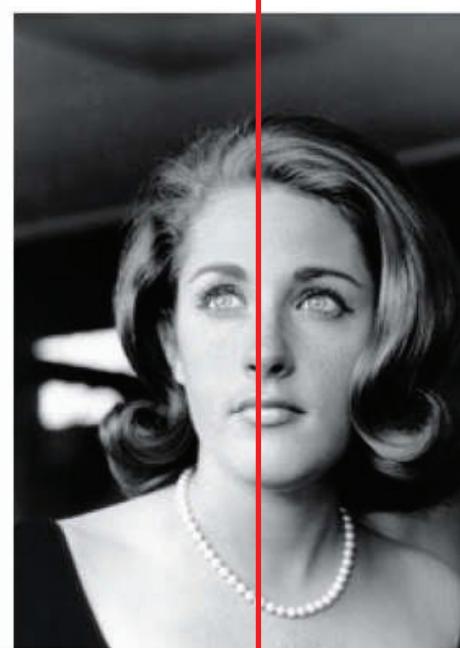
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BEARING WITNESS

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By Sam Polnick

Eddie Hausner/The New York Times. Illustration by Stuart Patience. Source photo: Andrew Toth/Getty Images.

outside, the crickets chirped their summer song. Inside, Claude Sitton sat quietly in a pew. It was July 1962, a sticky night in a little wooden church in southwestern Georgia.

Sitton had been on the road for weeks, but tonight he was still, observing the scene intensely: the church's pine floor, the wall calendar's photograph of President Kennedy. He was with a group of three dozen black men and women gathered clandestinely for a voter-registration meeting, all listening to a pastor reading Scripture: "We are counted as sheep for the slaughter."

Then Sitton felt the air leave the room. Sheriff Zeke Mathews stepped through the church door, a dozen white police officers by his side. They clumped down the aisle. *Clumped.* That was Sitton's word.

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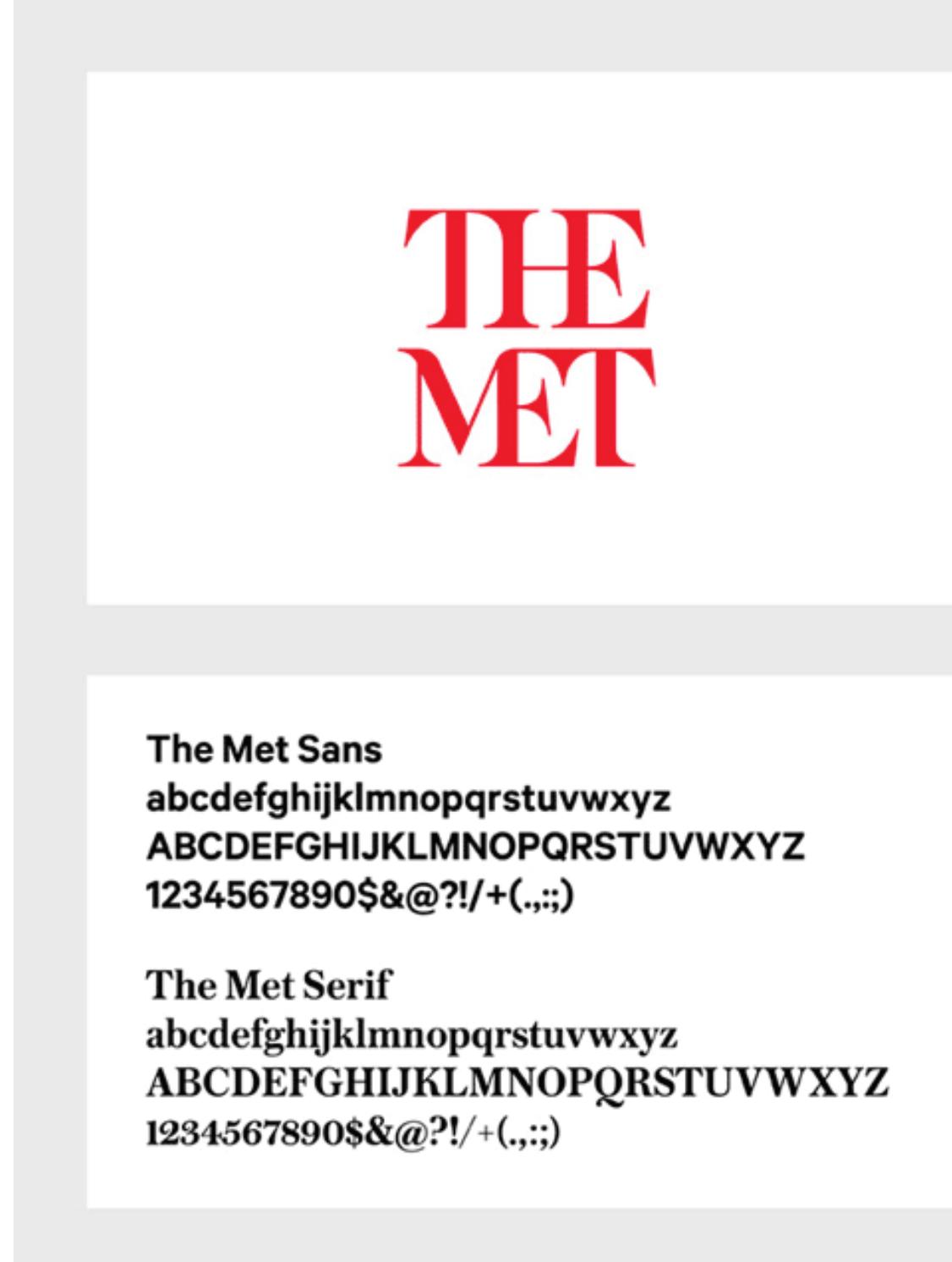
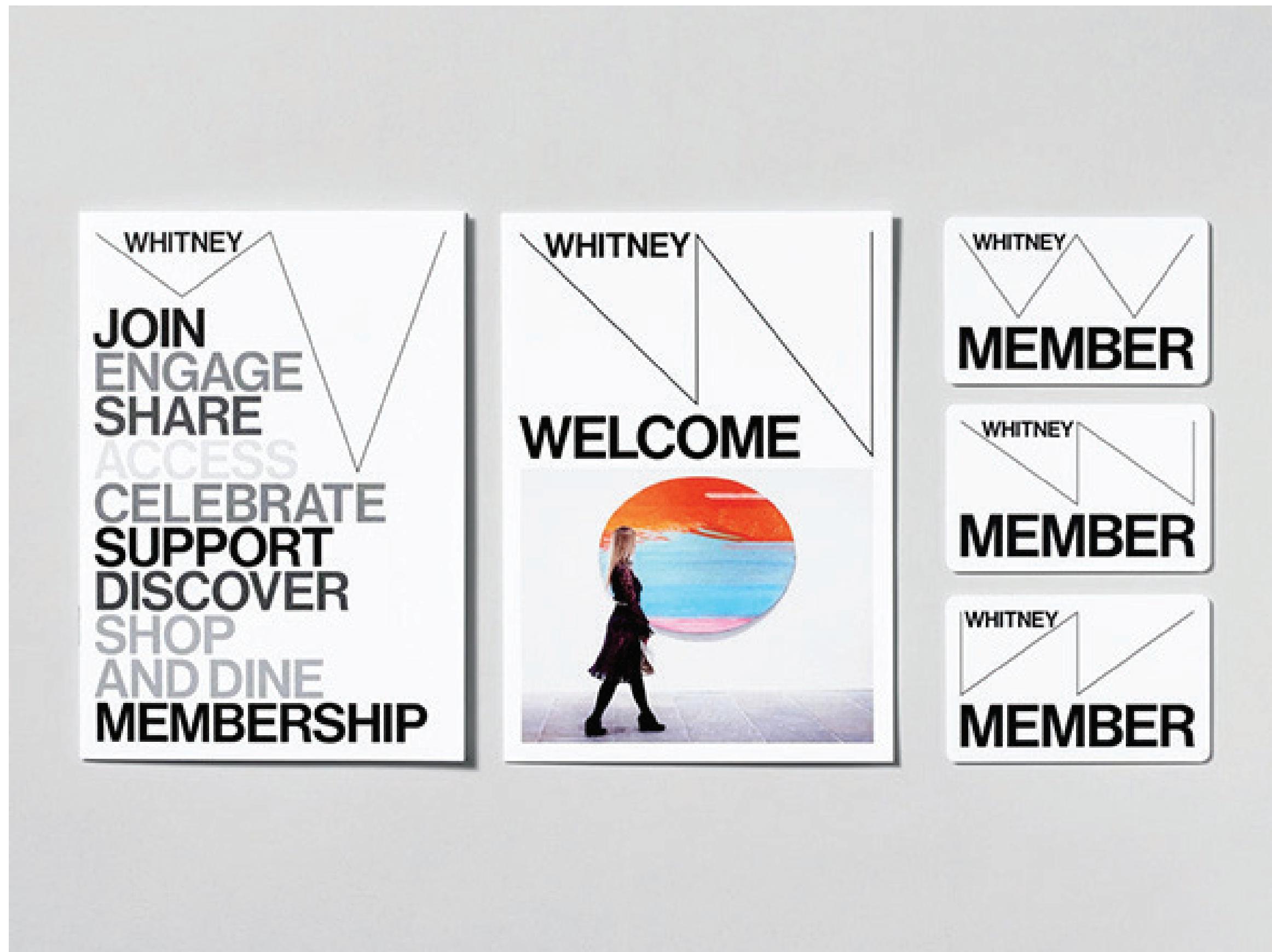
Claude Sitton at The New York Times in 1964.

This class...

Practice ↔ Theory

Making ↔ Critiquing

Reading ↔ Talking







How do you work with complex grids across mediums?

What's the difference between a logo and a brand?

What's the role of the designer in culture?

legibility
readability
modernism
postmodernism
style
translation
neutrality
vernacular

authorship
time/motion
technology
branding
context
audience
responsivity
serialization

Narrativity
Context
Time

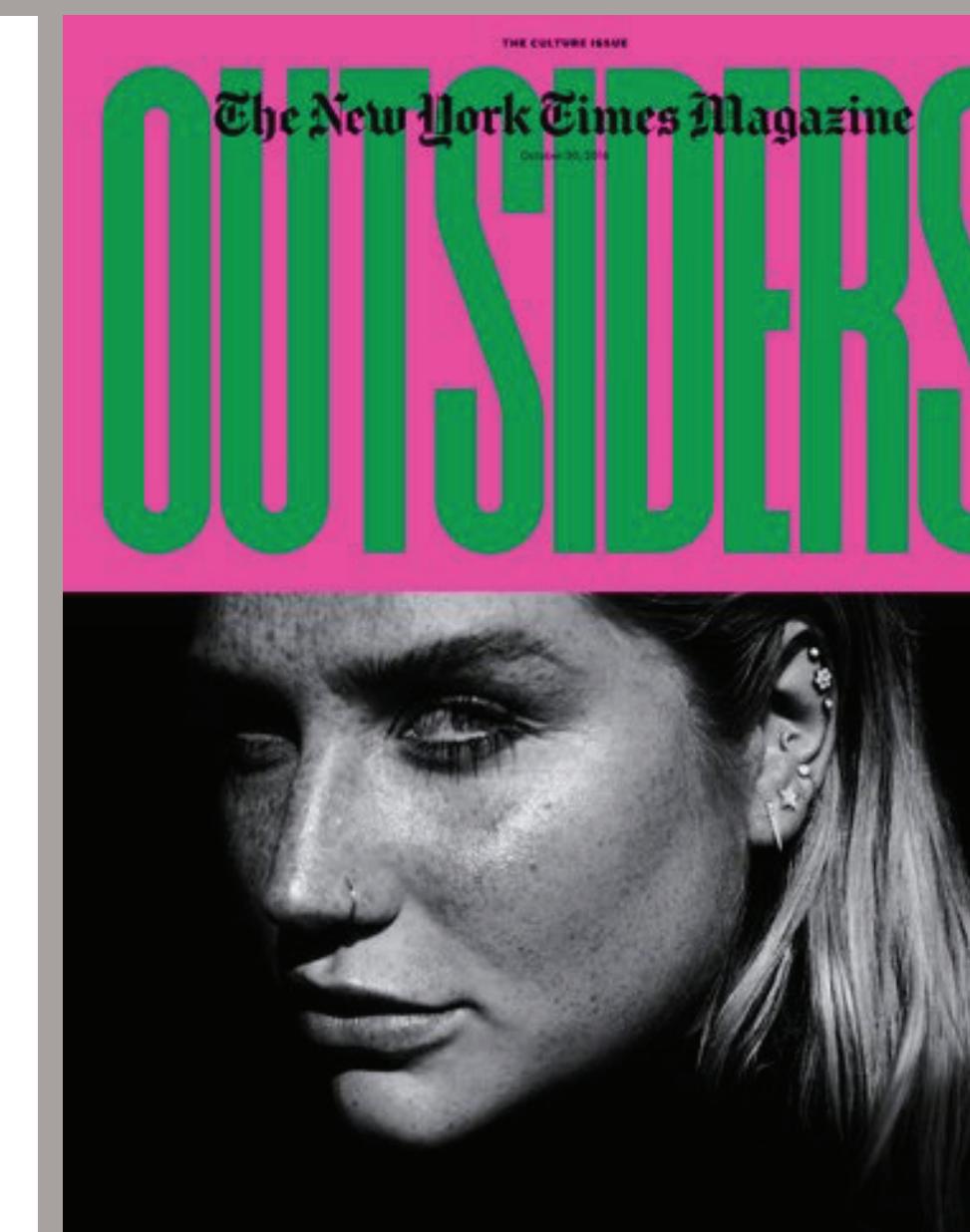
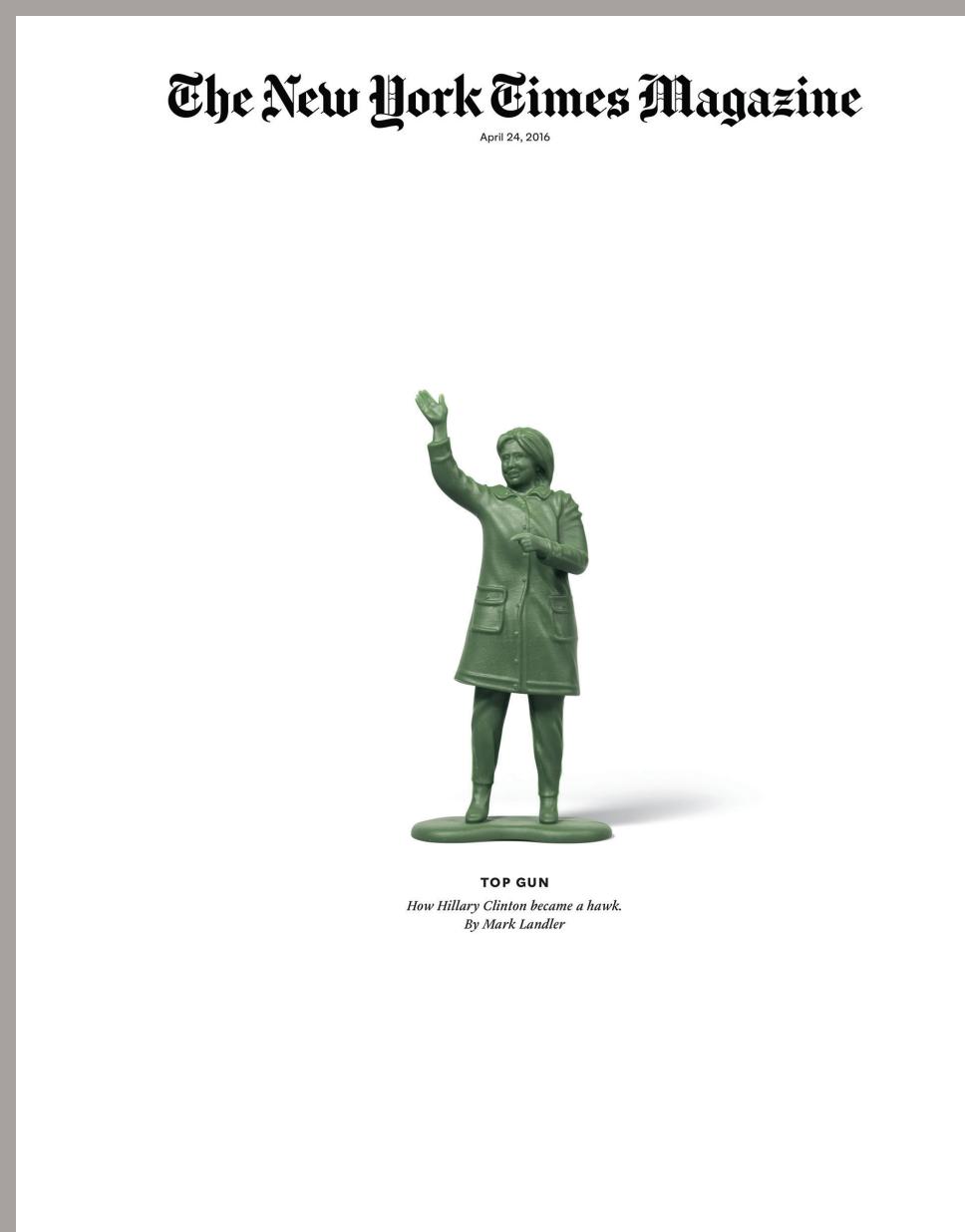
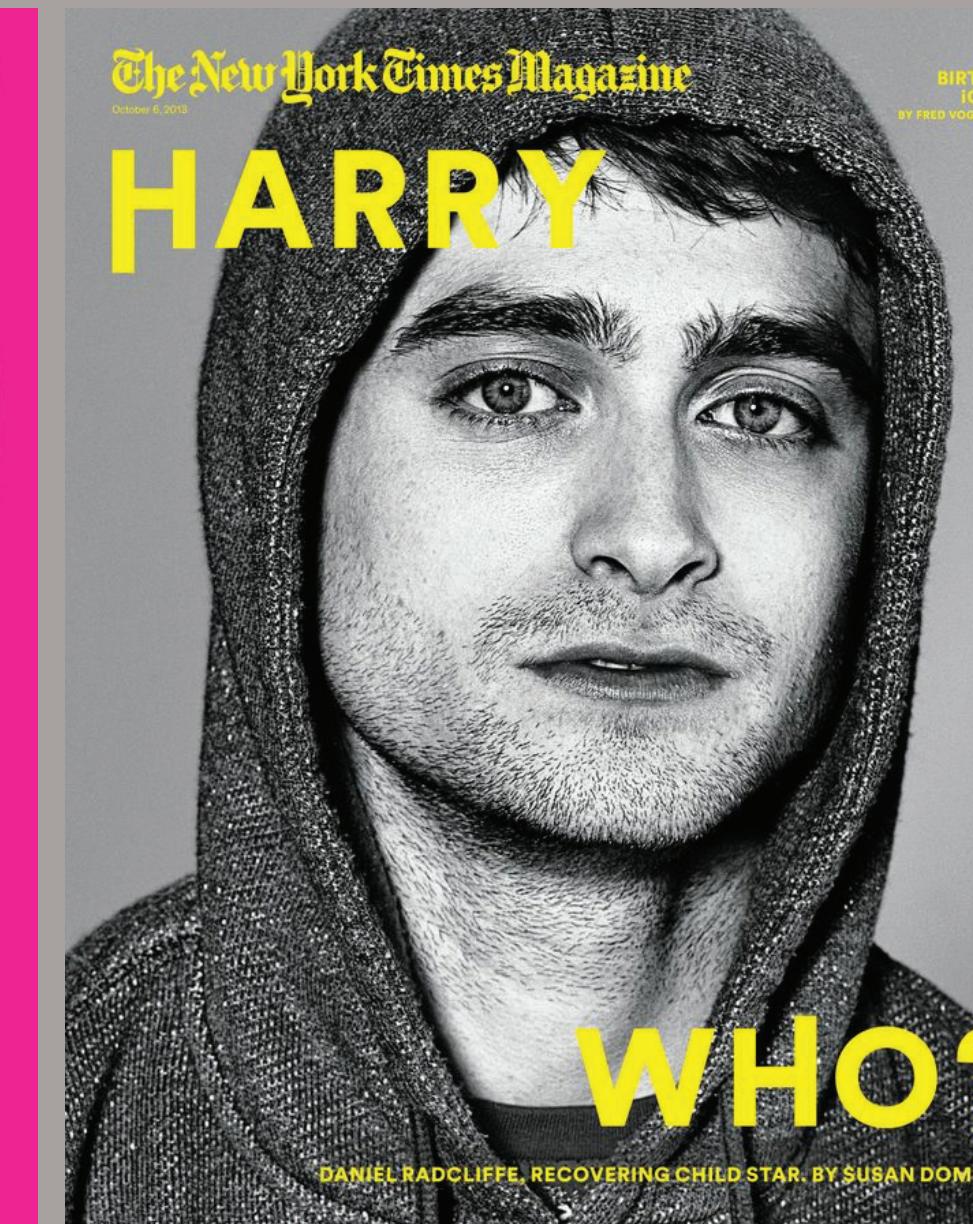
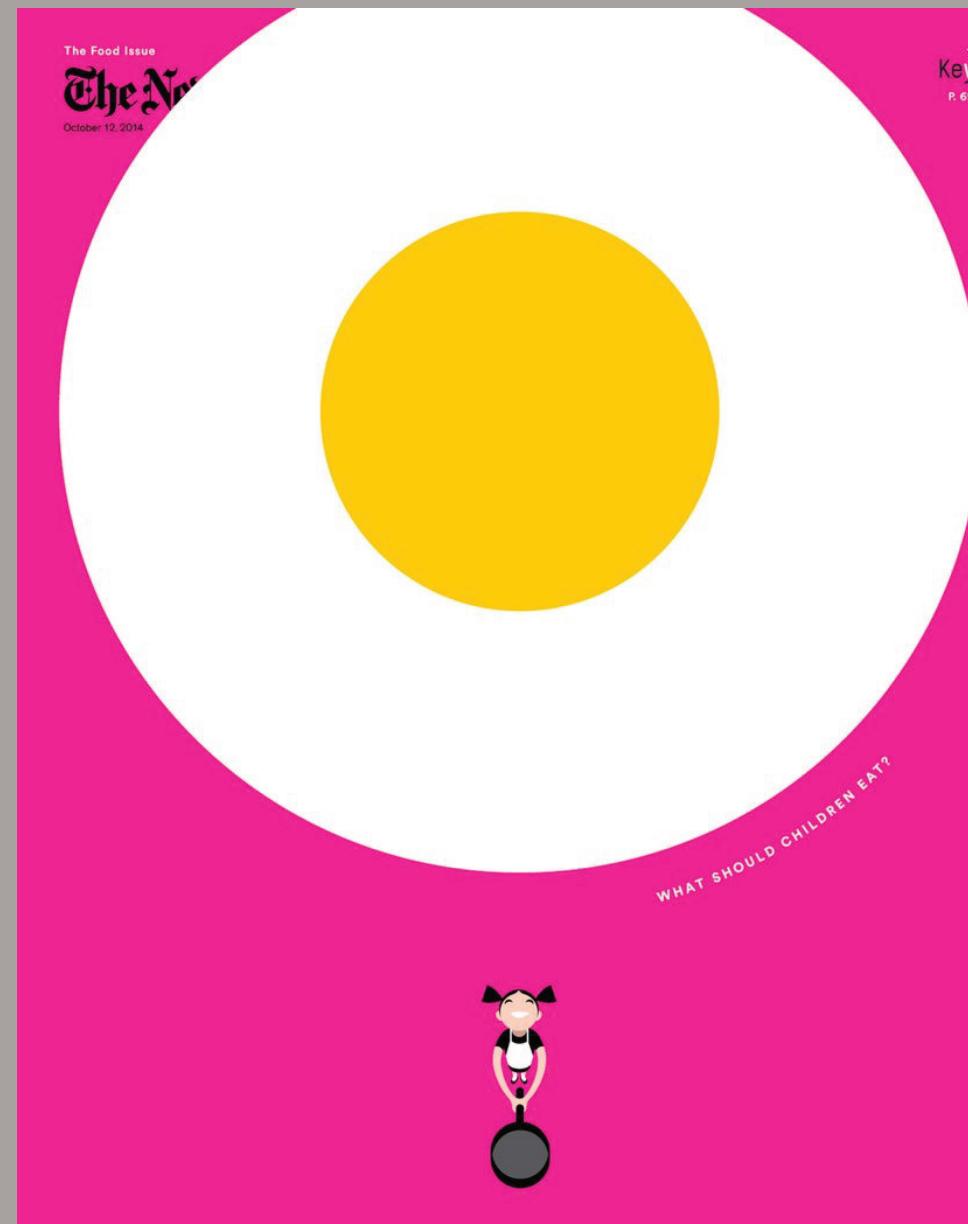
Narrativity Type Systems
Context Branding
Time Motion/Movement

PROJECT 0

Learning outcomes:

**Hierarchy
Grid Systems
Page Layout
Serialization**

Magazines!



Kneipp Herbal Bath Oils

By Molly Young



Not so long ago, I was given a bottle of jewel-encrusted Kneipp Herbal Bath Oil as a gift. It was grim, as unexpected meetings tend to be. Afterward, I went back to my desk and sat still. At 4 p.m., I walked home, drew a bath, remembered the Kneipp, poured it in, got in the tub and took a deep breath for the first time in five hours. My heartbeat returned to being audible.

Throughout human history, people have ascribed healing qualities to natural pools of water, especially if that water smells funny. When a Bavarian villager named Sebastian Kneipp contracted tuberculosis

with my boss, it was grim, as unexpected meetings tend to be. Afterward, I went back to my desk and sat still. At 4 p.m., I walked home, drew a bath, remembered the Kneipp, poured it in, got in the tub and took a deep breath for the first time in five hours. My heartbeat returned to being audible.

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Above: Kneipp oil transforms the bathwater into something that seems to possess magical properties.

In the place, he forced himself to take icy dips in the Danube, on the theory that it would strengthen his immune system. It worked — or something did — and the tuberculosis receded. Kneipp credited the cold plunges, and subsequently invented a water-centric healing philosophy, joining a long tradition of hydrotherapy champions. The Romans had their thermas; the Greeks their gennaria and Kneipp his Wasserkurenwagen. He was later ordained, and went on to preach his cure widely. The world listened.

By 1861, Kneipp-style associations were operating in Brooklyn, West Hoboken and at least two Danvilles — the one in New Jersey and the one in New York. His prescriptions were accessible: Take steam baths. Rinse yourself in cold water. Go for shoulder walks at dawn through the dunes. Don't wear woolen undergarments. (Coarse linen is OK.) Eat simple meals. Go to sleep early. An article in *The Times* in 1870 described Kneipp as "extremely prudent," which might be the world's most polite euphemism for "German."

A few years before his death in 1897, Father Kneipp gave a friend permission to sell products based on his teachings. For some unfathomable reason, those products are still available today. Small bottles of Kneipp Herbal Bath Oil sell for about \$3 each, in varieties like eucalyptus (for sinus relief) and rosemary (for vitality). Aslug of liquid poured into the tub will release heady vapors and stain the water brightly: orange, mauve, spruce, blue. Doing this brings to mind a line from Dodie Smith's novel *"I Capture the Castle"*. In it, a character dips her handkerchief into a vat of fabric dye and observes: "It really makes one feel rather Godlike to turn things a different color." The pleasure is magnified with volume.

Despite their availability, Kneipp oils haven't figured in the national conversation (of any nation) for more than a century. The problem, of course, is that you have to take a bath in order to use them, and who does that anymore? Raise the subject with friends or family, and you'll hear the standard objection: "Why would I want to soak in my own filth?" This is a fair point to raise if your job results in sexual debilitation — scrubbing crime scenes, mining batshit, running Goldman Sachs. People who belong to this category should certainly feel free to abstain. But most of us do not.

It's odd to make a case in favor of something we all started our lives doing: floating nude in warm water. As Americans, we infantilize ourselves in every way possible — by eating white foods, by playing distractingly with responsive devices, by resenting supervision, by refusing to go to bed on time. Yet we bathe at the tub. Next to almost any other people — the Turks, the Poles, the Japanese, the Russians — our bathing culture is pitiful.

That's too bad, because despite their reputation for waste — which is

In "My Water Cure," Sebastian Kneipp offered a taxonomy of his various methods of bathing and their appropriate applications. Below, his medicinal formula for taking warm baths, from the 1891 translation:

"The whole procedure lasts exactly thirty-three minutes, and is divided as follows: Ten minutes in the warm water. One minute in the cold water. Ten minutes in the warm water. One minute in the cold water. Ten minutes in the warm water. One minute in the cold water."

overstated anyway — baths are an economical form of recreation, especially in New York. When calculated by the square foot, my bathtub takes up 10 percent of my apartment's total area. It's not a big tub, but the return on investment, horsepowerwise, is high.

It has been a year now since my first Kneipp bath, and I've gotten in the habit of a weekly brine. Physical envelopment is soothed in almost any form: swaddling yourself in blankets on a winter night, driving through a fog bank, being hugged. The appeal of Kneipp, I've always suspected, is less about the flavor of kirsch mixed with cheese than the pleasure of watching a surrogate bratwurst embroiled in melted Emmentaler. Let Kneipp be your Emmentaler. It turns bathwater into a different substance entirely — not cheese, obviously, but something closer to a "tonic" or a "tincture" (both words that Father Kneipp loved).

Kneipp made vast claims for his method, insisting that it treated rheumatism, headaches, smallpox, typhus and asthma. Bathing does none of these things, but it does offer a humbler kind of relief. Soaking in the tub is a time to privately survey the hills and dales and shrubbery of your own self. A time to discover newencies and play spot-the-difference with your nippies. If you're depressed, bathing offers the same mild succor as walking or driving a car. The body is occupied just enough to stave the mind.

The Kneipp oil need not join you in the tub every time, but it is worth trying at least once, because it costs less than a salad and comes in your choice of mystical herbal scents. And because it makes hygiene festive. And because it was invented by a gentle Bavarian quack. And because if you don't find small ways to amuse yourself, no one will. *

Tip by Mollie Young

How to Negotiate A Ransom



"Make sure they're alive first," says Leslie Edwards, a top hostage negotiation specialist and former British Army officer. Demand to speak to the captive on the phone, or better still, on video chat. If that is not possible, ask the abductor to answer what Edwards calls a "proof-of-life question," something only the kidnapped would know, like the name of a pet goldfish. Ransom amounts vary widely. At the high end, Edwards once settled at \$6 million to secure the release of 16 crew members aboard an oil tanker held by Somali pirates, but he has also freed a detainee in Afghanistan for less than \$10,000. A counteroffer to the first ransom demands should be a result of exhaustive research. "You don't need to know their names, but you need to know

their modus operandi and their track record," Edwards says. Whether the hostage-takers' motives are purely mercenary or derive from a more dangerous mix of ideology, politics and greed, this is not the time to be a chumpate. "Make a decent opening offer that puts value on the life of the hostage," he says.

As with any negotiation, be firm but cordial. Act in good faith. Find middle ground. Most hostage-takers are professionals, in a sense: they've kidnapped before and expect a certain level of respect. In fact, take heart in decorum. Skittish amateurs are the ones prone to panic-induced violence. Edwards prefers to haggle with Somali pirates, who tend to be free-market-entrepreneur types "unlikely to kill," he says.

Whether you're bargaining with ISIS or Latin American drug cartels, avoid publicity. The last thing a ransom negotiator needs is "a rally, a candlelight vigil or a bunch of newspaper articles." Any suggestion of notoriety that can be easily found online might result in higher asking prices.

Once you've settled on a sum, be ready to coordinate a stressful flurry of logistics (professional security teams, cash drops from airplanes). Be steadfast and commanding; your adversaries must maintain confidence in you to deliver the promised cash, just as you will need to have faith in them to hand over the victim. In the end, Edwards says, "it's a sort of trust." *

Can I Ask My Neighbors To Quiet Their Baby?



A couple downstairs has started letting their baby cry it out.

Having no kids myself, I don't know if this is a valid parenting strategy. What I do know is that it kept me up for an hour at 2 a.m. last night and has woken me up several times this week. Is it within my rights to talk to them about it?

J.B., Brooklyn

Amy Bloom: Well, I love that the only ethical question we are being asked to answer is, Is it within my rights to talk to them about it? Which strikes me as a very sweet approach.

Jack Shafer: Yes, I think it's fine to approach them, but I want to know how the letter writer knows that the parents are letting the baby cry it out. That indicates to me that he has already talked to them. If they've already had a discussion, I would say advance that discussion. If they haven't, I would approach them very gingerly, perhaps bring a gift for the baby, knock on the door and say, "Oh, I hear your baby has had trouble sleeping, and I thought that this little cuddly might help."

People are suckers when you give their babies a present.

Kenji Yoshino: I was troubled by "having no kids myself, I don't know if this is a valid parenting strategy." If you really care about this, then just use Google and figure out that this is a very common and valid method.

The other thing that troubled me about the letter writer — not to pile on — was "this kept me up for an hour last night and has woken me up several times this

week." How long has this been going on, exactly? If this is just a matter of a week or two while this child learns to self-soothe, that's one thing. If it looks as if it's going to be a colicky stretch of months and months, that might be a different thing. I am left wondering whether or not this person has done his or her diligence.

That said, it may be that these neighbors who are Ferberizing their baby don't know you are bothered. So Jack's approach would be a beautiful way to open up the conversation that puts them on notice if there is some kind of help that they can engage in, like moving the crib to a different room or something that you can work out together. There might be a very easy, happy solution here.

Shafer: I don't want to be tagged as a softy on this one. If the gift and the direct approach don't work, call the landlord and complain. You have a right to tell your neighbors that they have an ethical responsibility to you as a neighbor to control the noise, whether it's a baby or a rock band playing in their apartment at 2 a.m. I would escalate, but I would escalate slowly.

Bloom: The option of escalation is always there. I also suggest that since

the letter writer describes the couple as being downstairs, it's hard to imagine that the person upstairs has never made a lot of noise that has bothered the people downstairs. This is the way in which the ethical responsibility goes both ways.

But I don't think you can go wrong going downstairs with a little gift and saying, "Congratulations on the new baby, and I wonder if there's any way that we could make this better?" Certainly it seems possible to me that the solution is to move the crib and get a pair of earplugs.

If that doesn't work, if you're in for a stretch of colic, you have to decide what kind of neighbor you want to be. I'm not sure the landlord can make people move because they have a colicky baby, so I'm not sure where that's going to get you in the end — except, of course, making your downstairs neighbors feel very distressed and probably very quick to pick up the phone when you are thumping around in your Cuban-heeled boots.

Yoshino: In some ways what we're all saying is that you could either make friends for life if you approach it in a way that you and Jack have articulated, or it could go really, really badly if you frame it as a noise disturbance like playing your stereo too loudly and you must stop.

Shafer: We agree. Speak softly and carry a stuffed animal.

Yoshino: Speak softly and carry an even softer animal.

THE PANEL

Amy Bloom: *is a novelist and had a psychotherapy practice for 25 years. Her most recent book is "Lucky Us."*

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Email queries to ethicists@nytimes.com, send them to the Ethicists, The New York Times Magazine, 620 Eighth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018 (and include a daytime phone number) or record them at 212-556-7070.

I had some work done on my home by a contractor. He didn't bill me. I called the company, asked for the bill and offered to pay on the spot with my credit-card number. The person answering the phone declined and said that he would tell the owner of the business, who would get back to me. No one did. How many times should I ask a company to be billed?

N.M., Columbus, Ohio

Bloom: I certainly appreciate the effort on the part of this person.

Shafer: Well, I think this person is probably a knucklehead. Trying to pay your bill once doesn't absolve you of the responsibility to pay your bill. You keep on doing this for weeks. You do it for months. You imagine if you were the

The most popular line in American movies used to be "Let's get out of here." But in a different cultural climate, the word that speaks for more of us may be "stay." By Virginia Heffernan

Staying Power

Say you're Holly Golightly in hot water with a librarian in "Breakfast at Tiffany's." *Let's get out of here.* Or you're Danny in "Grease," angling to get sweet Sandy alone. *Let's get out of here.* Or tragic Jack, aboard the flooding "Titanic"; or Han Solo in "Star Wars," gagging on Death Star garbage. *Let's get out of here.* ¶ Roger Ebert once casually ranked "Let's get out of here" (along with "Look out!" and "Take this!") as among the most common lines of dialogue in the movies. In 2007, some film geeks posted a mash-up on YouTube showing everyone from Bugs Bunny to Jack Nicholson urging us to blow this joint. Ryan Gosling suavely claims the line as his perfect pickup trap, which he springs again and again in 2011's "Crazy, Stupid, Love." "Let's get out of here" may be the five most productive monosyllables in American movies. It confers agency on whoever says it. It draws a line under what's gone before. It propels action. It justifies a change of scene, no matter how abrupt. No wonder screenwriters can't get enough of it. ¶ For the rest of us, the phrase may be even more satisfying. Americans have always wanted to move up and out of some provincial Podunk or

How do you design a system that allows for various types of content across multiple issues?

How do find a balance between consistency and variety?

How do design systems move from print to digital (and vice versa)?