

03

BIX ARCHER

YOU SHOULD DO
A HOT DOG ISSUE

FEBRUARY 16, 2024

LUICK DALE

THERE'S
A WIDOW

FEBRUARY 19, 2024

ANNOUNCING

Long time listener, first time caller

February 23, 2024

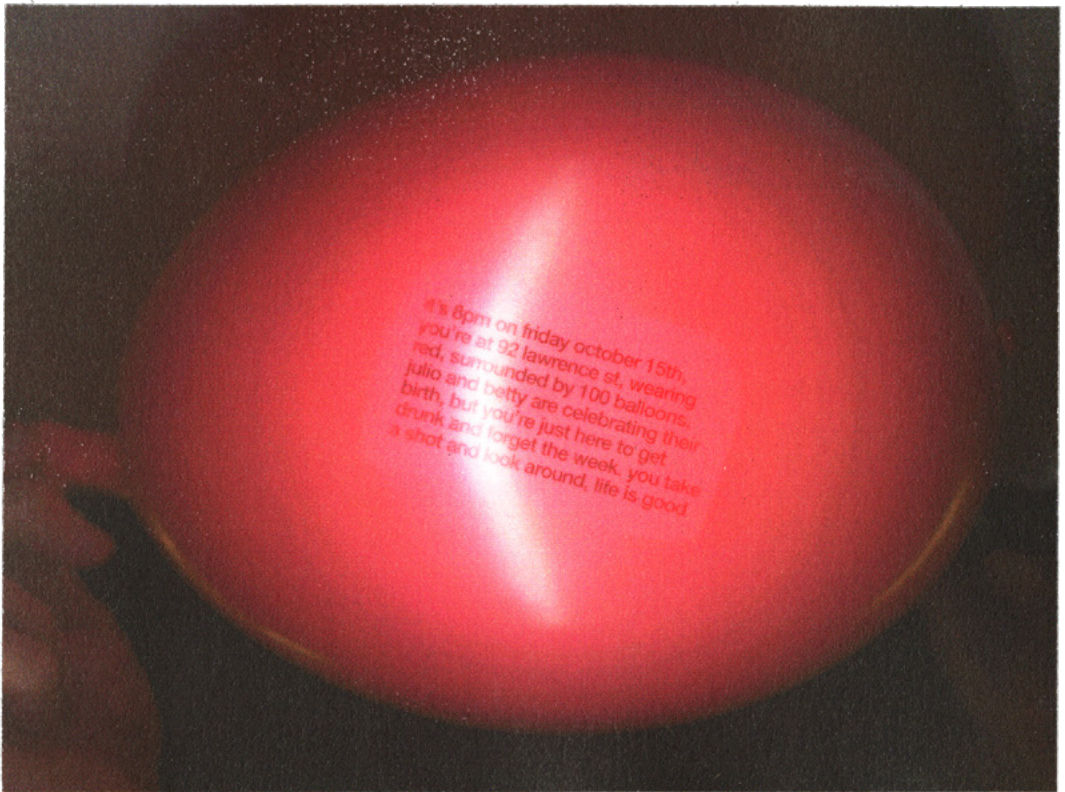
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TOMAS HLAVA

YOU USED
TOO MANY FONTS

FEBRUARY 16, 2024

"Everyone who creates anything knows, there is a moment. When a third hand is doing it." – Philip Guston





Ross Gay

The other day I was dropping into Hopscotch, one of our local cafes, and as I was leaving I noticed a be-right-back Post-it Note at the ready, stuck to a bench by the door. It made me happy, not only for the blue Magic Marker, all caps, slightly crooked, though quite legible, but because it was an indication of, indeed an artifact of, a human—by which I really mean *creaturely*, by which I really really mean *life-ly*—relationship to so-called time, which is a phrase we can argue about later. The implication of the note is that, you know, the calling of nature, or a phone call, or a cigarette, is more important at this moment than my oat milk cortado with, on some special days, a dot of maple syrup. The calling of a walk around the block, or of looking up at a power line in the cold flummoxed at the three eastern bluebirds swaying on a power line, or of, you know, a quick daydream away from the register. Away from the whir.

It's true, I could sometimes get pissy about such notes, or about the mass-produced plastic-clock version of the be-right-back note (at X time, courteous!), especially if I'm running late for work and didn't have time to make my own cup of coffee.

But when I am in my right mind—which, incidentally, maybe means I am not on the mind of the clock—the world of the be-right-back note, which is also the world of the words *Usually* or *Most often* or *If there's not waves* or

Frank and Walk sit in front of Bernard in an oddly formal manner.

BERNARD
Just waiting for your mother.

The toilet flushes and Joan comes out of the bathroom and joins them. The boys hold their noses.

JOAN
Sorry. Okay.

BERNARD
Okay. All set?

JOAN
Yes.

BERNARD
Okay, your mom and I....

Anticipating what's coming, Frank just bursts into tears.

BERNARD
(Cont'd)
Okay...yeah... Mom and I are going...
(off Frank's tears)
Yeah...we're going to separate.

Frank puts his head in his hands, crying harder. Walt looks at this brother and back at his mom who smiles at him. He doesn't know what to say.

JOAN
You're not going to be leaving either of us.

If it's not morel season or If the runs at the court are so-so before an establishment's hours, is the world I want to live in.

It probably goes without saying that the be-right-back note in the cafe is extra delicious (ironically delicious, I mean) given caffeine's obvious utility to industrialized, mechanized life; i.e., "The best part of waking up" is my coffee so I can get to and tolerate and knock outta the park this miserable work, if you're lucky eight hours of it, if you're not, a lot more. Michael Pollan's book *This Is Your Mind on Plants* suggests caffeine is more instrumental—and instrumentalized—than I had previously considered, a significant part in the machine of the industrial revolution (along with greed, cruelty, slavery, empire, the theft of the commons, genocide, and a few other little things). Small evidence of which is the institution of the coffee break in factories, which helped keep workers on track, on pace, on time, on the clock. Or helped keep the clock on us

I wonder what came first: this brutal innovation, the nonsun clock, or the Puritan adage about idle hands. Either way, there is a barbed wire tether between time and virtue, by which I mean, probably obviously, the proper usage of time in this regime, i.e., not fucking off, is considered virtuous. And why wouldn't it be? Our bodies, maybe someone has already said this before, are cogs in a machine that can't stop won't stop, and to step out of cogness—which means, often, simply stepping out of time, or rather, out of *productive* time (e.g., sacks of cotton per

day—You come from these people? Probably you do, one way or another)—is in fact an assault on capitalism; and capitalism is an assault on life, that’s putting it mildly, so it seems to me we ought to follow this thread a little more.

When I mentioned to my friend Bernardo that I was going to write about joy, he suggested I do an essay on the hang, by which he means hanging out with no discernible purpose or goal, with no discernible end in sight. Or maybe it’s more accurate to say that the conclusion of the hang will be bodily—having to eat or sleep—or relational—*Gotta go home to make dinner for my lady—or even earthly—Damn, it’s getting dark and I’m on my bike, I better go, but before I do, lord, these fireflies. Yo, have you ever heard Nina’s version of George Harrison’s “My Sweet Lord”? C’mon, let’s do that first, put it on the record player, it was Don’s, you won’t believe this.*

Let me tell you, I know few people as good at the hang as Bernardo. When dude sits down on our porch, sometimes after we’ve worked out, sometimes after we’ve played ball, sometimes after we’ve gone over some poems, he will cross his legs and topple into the first of several stories. It is a study in associational narrative logics, and the last thing he’s thinking about, I have to tell you this, is that you or he maybe has to be somewhere. The last thing he’s looking at is his watch. Everyone’s got everything to do, but when you drop into the hang, that’s all there is to do. Or, how my (Filipino) friend Patrick Rosal says in his tract “On the Lateness of Filipinos,” “Flavor is a function of time.”

WALT
Oh, mom.





BERNARD
*(like it's a great
opportunity)*
We're gonna have
joint custody...
Frank, it's okay.
I've got an elegant
new house across
the park.

BERNARD
It's only five stops
on the subway
from here. It's
an elegant block.
The filet of
neighborhood.
(smiling at Walt)
We'll have a ping
pong table.

JOAN
And we'll both see
you equally.

BERNARD
We're splitting
up the week.
Alternating days.

BERNARD
Cause I love you
and want to see
you as much as
your mother does.

BERNARD
Right.

Make a website that serves as a billboard for a community of people that you consider yourself a part of. Design and build a site that collects and displays user submissions.

We'll talk about various ways of saving and displaying user submissions, including how to use Are.na as a CMS and how to use the Airtable API, and other lower-code options. I encourage you to think creatively about this.

At the end of the semester, we'll have an exhibition /presentation of the finished billboards. So, start thinking about where and how your site could be installed in physical space. It could be projected, accessed via a QR code/sign, put on a monitor, etc.

Yale Daily News
November 17, 1975
Emily Herlands

To the editor:

The daily six p.m. carillon ring is an enjoyable musical interlude and should be reinstated. It is short, esthetically pleasing, and takes place at a most innocuous time.

As a student on the Old Campus, I feel privileged to live where I can clearly hear the evening ring after an early dinner. For a carillon recital is in one sense unique: he who wants to hear “a little carillon” cannot turn to his record player and settle down to a reasonable facsimile of the original as he can with most other instrumental music. Carillon is carillon and, as such, does not fit on a record very well.

“Choking the chimes” thus deprives students of the opportunity to enjoy carillon music in the evening. If Branford Master William Zissner is going to silence the Harkness Carillon, he should at least state his reason for this objection to the bells. No one else has forbidden the ring in the past 54 years, which leads one to wonder: Perhaps Zinsser does not have a reasonable objection.

Emily Herlands '79

FRANK
Across the park!
That's so far
away. Is that even
Brooklyn?

WALT
I don't play ping
pong.

WALT
How will that
work?

FRANK
Why?

WALT
But there's seven
days.

Yale Daily News 35
January 16, 1976
William Zinsser

To the editor:

The second of your two articles on the carillon, which run no risk of being cited in journalism schools for fairness, says that I have “continuously declined to make public” my reasons for “silencing” the bells. I felt that it was courtesy to Mr. Chauncey not to comment until he weighed the various opinions himself and made his own announcement.

My reasons are not as mysterious as you imply in casting me in the role of the Great Silencer. I receive a great many complaints from students who find the bells an intolerable assault on their nerves and on their rights. They regard themselves as helpless captives of an extremely loud noise for long periods of time, especially from 6 to 6:30.

I am sympathetic to the need of men and women who live in densely overcrowded residential community, often under extreme stress and anxiety and now also in fear, not to have still another irritant added to their lives. I am also sympathetic to the many men and women who enjoy the bells and find them refreshing. The problem is really one of the length of the ring—I have never advocated silencing the bells—and feel that Mr. Chauncey's new schedule is a sensitive response to condition which involves both pain and pleasure and which has no ideal solution.

William Zinsser
Master of Branford





BERNARD
Oh, I got you
Tuesday,
Wednesday
and Saturday.
And every other
Thursday.

BERNARD
That's how we
each have you
equally

JOAN
That was your
father's idea.

BERNARD
There's a subway
four blocks from
the house. Four
or five. No more
than six blocks.

JOAN
Shit. the cat.



Song for 2016 Yale Graphic Design Thesis Show
Linda van Deursen

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WALT
How will you
split evenly with
seven days.

more for me, more as me.
more me.

FRANK
(*Crying*)
Every other?

more says:
You need more
You deserve more
You could do with more
You want more for less
more for yourself
more for other
You're better off with more

FRANK
(*sobbing*)
Don't do this.

WALT
How will I get to
school?

WALT
What about the
cat?

*The CAT, a
fat furry thing,
watches from the
archway.*

Page 26

Performance lecture about a "failed" graphic design comission by Claire Hungerford and Julio Correa Estrada

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Birthday party invitation designed by Betty Wang and Julio Correa Estrada

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As read by Ross Gay at Battell Chapel, Yale University on February 21, 2024

Page 30-39

Excerpt from *The Squid and the Whale* by Noah Baumbach

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Installation of the bells in Harkness Tower with an exterior clock visible.

Source: Memorial Quadrangle, Yale University, Photographs (RU 695). Manuscripts and Archives, Yale University Library.

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Yale 2016 thesis show documentation

Source: Sasha Portis, www.sashaportis.com

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Shared on February 23, 2024 by Allyn Hughes (GD '16), after a lecture by Sheila Levrant de Bretteville at the Yale University Art Gallery

Action Line by Dorothy Ashby
3:41
from the album *Afro-Harping* (1968)

Page 32 and 33

Website made in response to Billboard brief on page 34

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Brief given as part of the course *Software for People* taught at Yale University in Spring 2022 by Rosa McElheny

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Workers repositioning one of the original chime bells in Harkness Tower.
Source: Memorial Quadrangle, Yale University, Photographs (RU 695). Manuscripts and Archives, Yale University Library.

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