

**DRAWING &
ILLUSTRATION**



Charcoal on Paper
Drawing 1



Pastel on Paper
Drawing 2



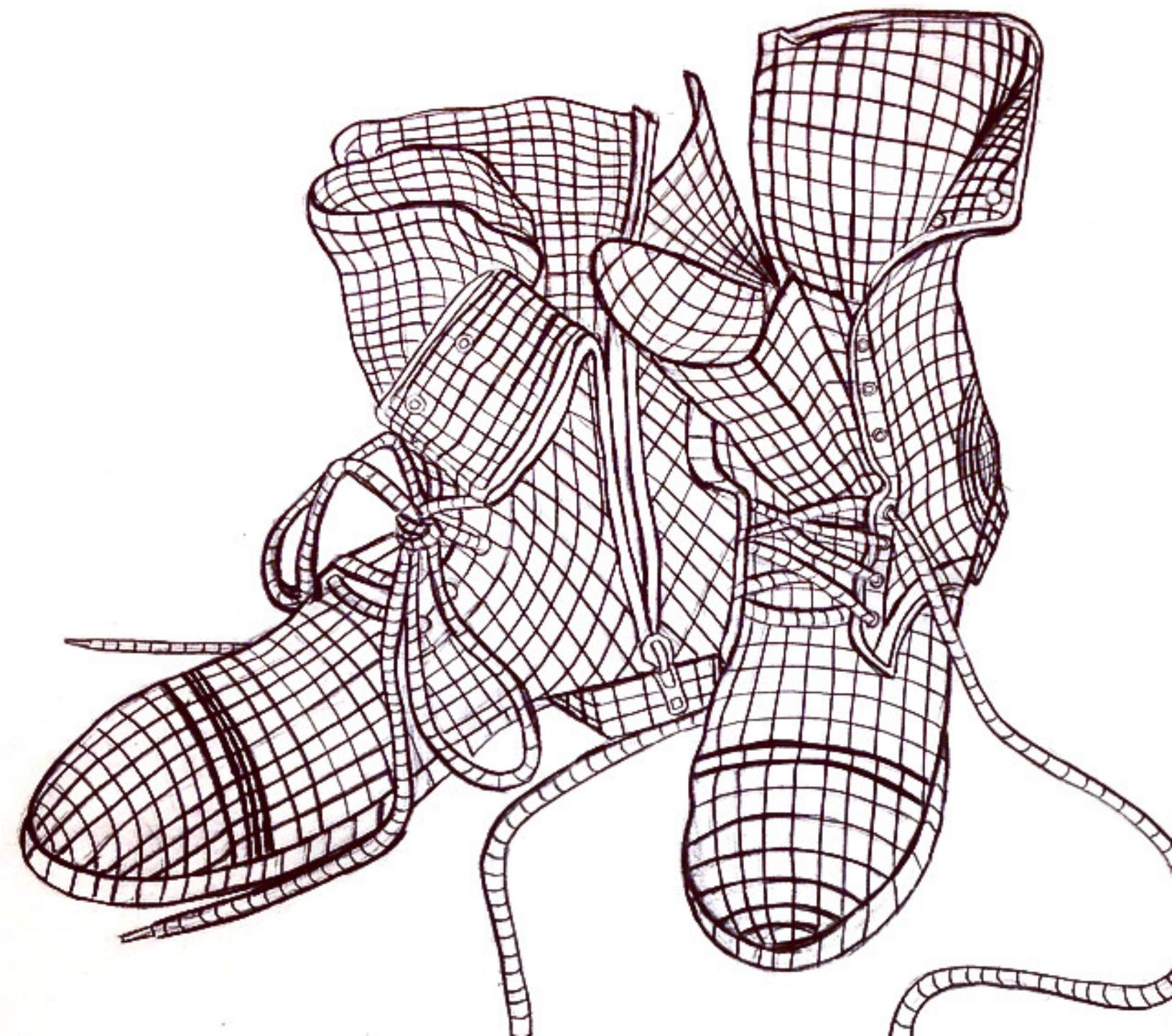
Pastel on Paper
Drawing 2



Charcoal on Paper
Drawing 1



Pastel on Paper
Drawing 2



Charcoal on Paper
Drawing 1



Mixed Media: Pastel on Paper and Collage
Drawing 2



Adobe Photoshop & Illustrator
Pictures for Communication

Wardrobe Malfunction



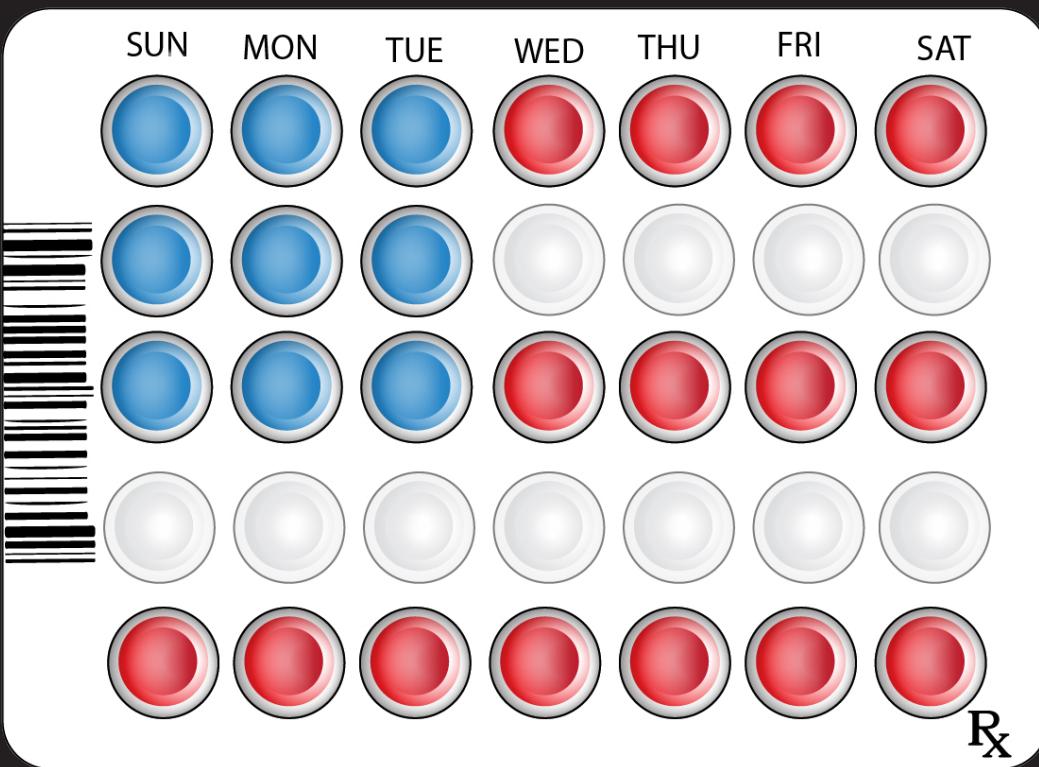
Adobe Photoshop,
Illustrator, InDesign
Digital Design



Adobe Photoshop & Illustrator
Pictures for Communication

DESIGN

FREEDOM MEANS CHOICE



Don't let the government interfere with
your ability to make your own choices
regarding your reproductive rights

VOTE NOW

Innovations of the Automobile

1 1886
Birth Of The
Modern Automobile

2 1902
Standard
Drum Brakes
Introduced

3 1908
Henry Ford
Introduces
Model-T

4 1911
Electric Starter
Was Introduced

5 1913
First Moving
Assembly Line
For Automobiles

6 1914
First Car Body
Made Completely
Out Of Steel

7 1919
First One Pedal
Brake Pedal
Created

8 1926
First Power
Steering Cars

9 1934
First Mass
Produced Car

10 1935
Turn Signals
Introduced

11 1939
First Air
Conditioning
Introduced

12 1950
Cruise Control
Created

13 1966
Electronic Fuel
Injection System
Created

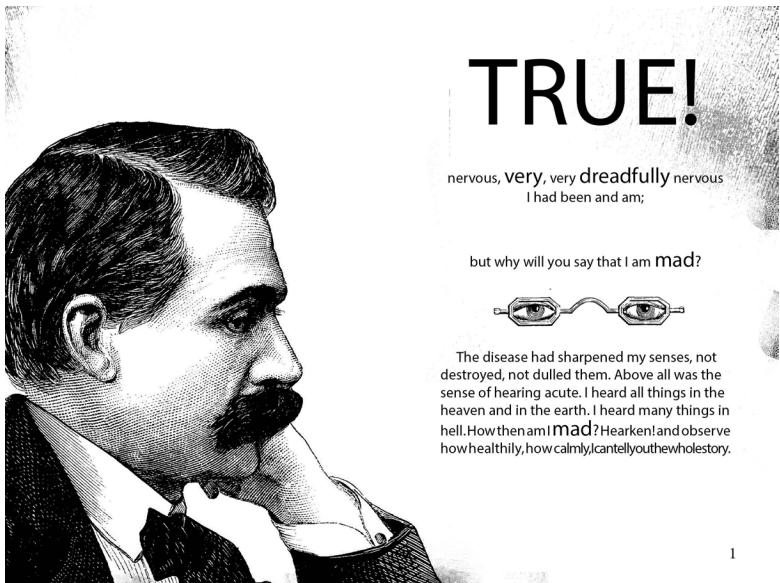
14 1970
Air Bags
Became Standard







LAYOUT



TRUE!

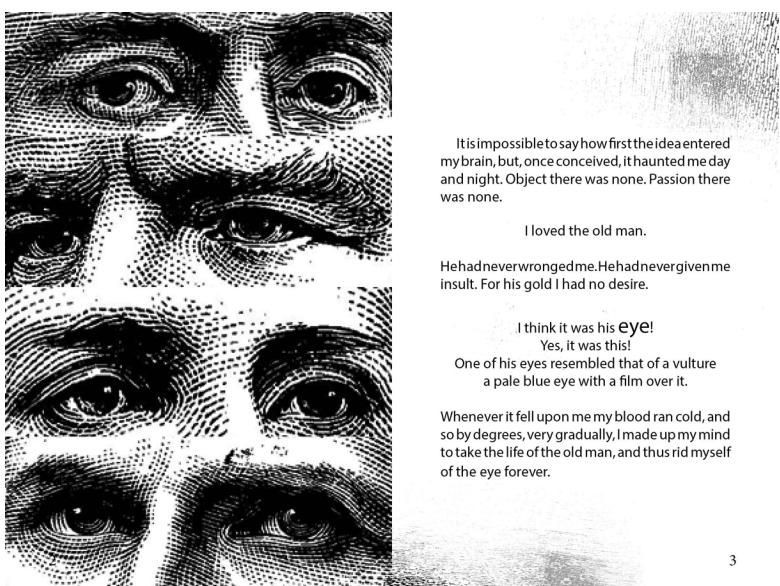
nervous, very, very dreadfully nervous
I had been and am;

but why will you say that I am mad?



The disease had sharpened my senses, not destroyed, not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How then am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily, how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

1



It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain, but, once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none.

I loved the old man.

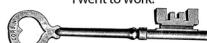
He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire.

I think it was his eye!
Yes, it was this!
One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture
a pale blue eye with a film over it.

Whenever it fell upon me my blood ran cold, and so by degrees, very gradually, I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

3

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight, with what dissimulation, I went to work!



I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night about midnight I turned the latch of his door and opened it oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern all closed, closed so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly, **VERY**, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep.

It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! would a madman have been so wise as this?

And then when my head was well in the room I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked), I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye.

And this I did for seven long nights, every night just at midnight, but I found the eye always closed, and so it was impossible to do the work, for it was not the old man who vexed me but his Evil Eye.

And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.



"...would a madman have been so wise as this?"

4

5

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I felt the extent of my own powers, of my **sagacity**. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph.



6

To think that there I was opening the door little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea, and perhaps he heard me, for he moved on the bed suddenly as if startled.

Now you may think that I drew back—but no.

His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on **steadily**, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out,

“Who’s there?”

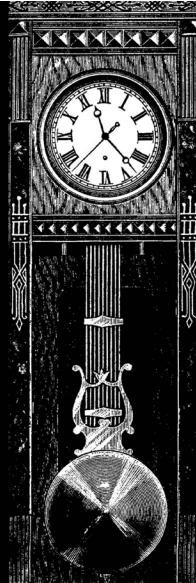
7

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed, listening: just as I have done night after night hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

“It was the beating of the old man’s heart.”

Presently, I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal **terror**. It was not a groan of pain or of grief — oh, no! It was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me.

8



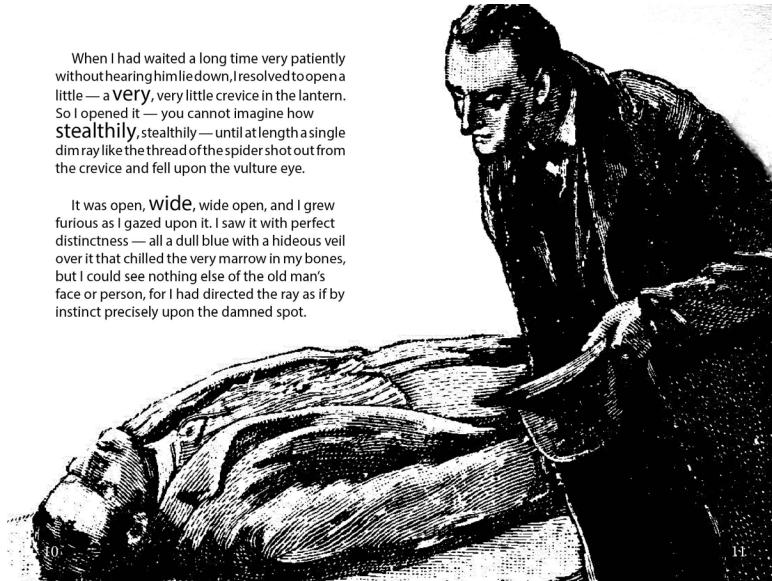
I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself, “It is nothing but the wind in the chimney, it is only a mouse crossing the floor,” or, “It is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp.” Yes he has been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain. **ALL IN VAIN**, because Death in approaching him had stalked with his black shadow before him and enveloped the victim.

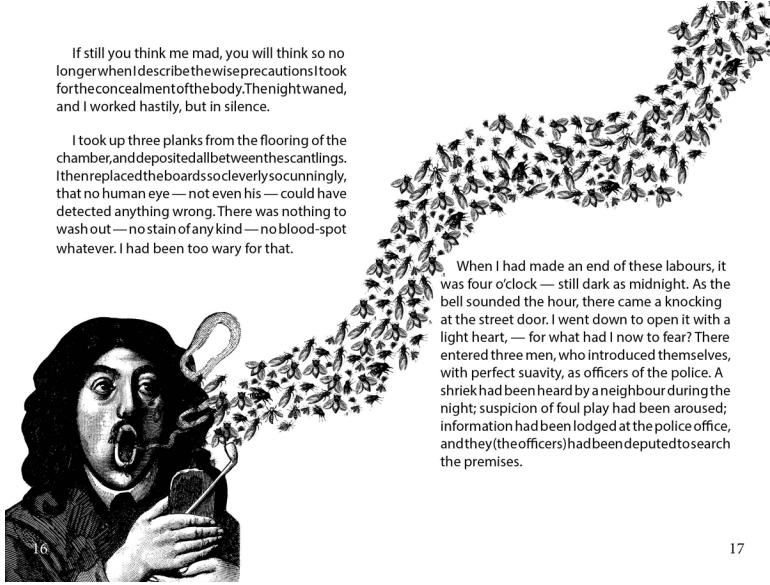
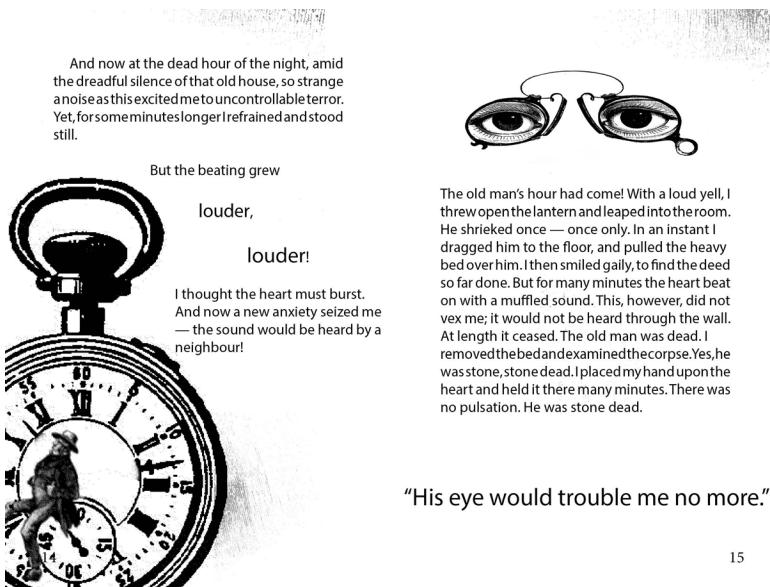
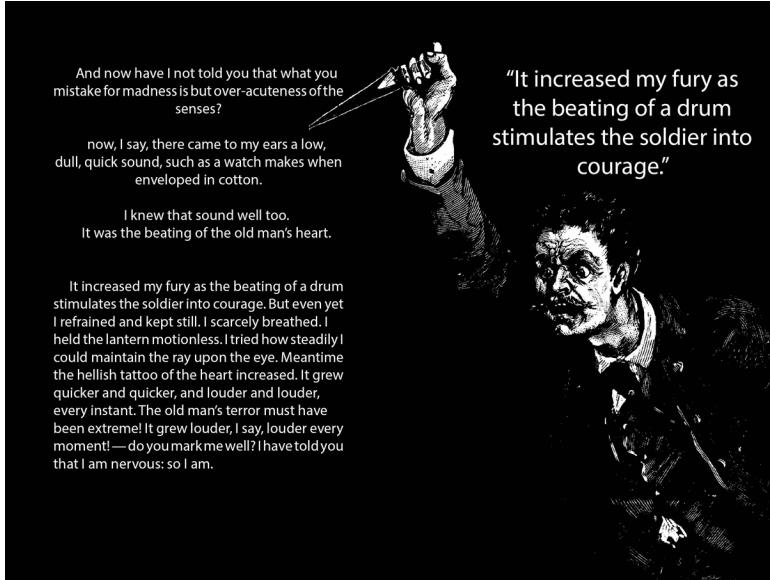
And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel, although he neither saw nor heard, to feel the presence of my head within the room.

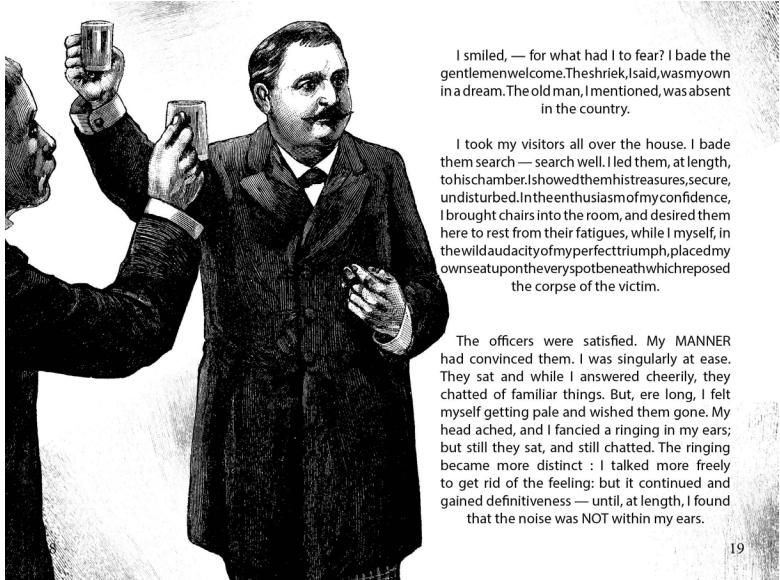
9

When I had waited a long time very patiently without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little — a **very**, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it — you cannot imagine how **stealthily**, stealthily — until at length a single dim ray like the thread of a spider shot out from the crevice and fell upon the vulture eye.

It was open, **wide**, wide open, and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness — all a dull blue with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones, but I could see nothing else of the old man’s face or person, for I had directed the ray as if by instinct precisely upon the damned spot.







I smiled, — for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country.

I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search — search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which he repos'd the corpse of the victim.

19



No doubt I now grew **VERY** pale; but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased — and what could I do? It was A LOW, DULL, QUICK SOUND — MUCH SUCH A SOUND AS A WATCH MAKES WHEN ENVELOPED IN COTTON. I gasped for breath, and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly, more vehemently but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why **WOULD** they not be gone?

I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men, but the noise steadily increased. O God! what **COULD** I do?

I foamed — I raved — I swore!

I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew

20

21



And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! — no, no? They heard! — they suspected! — they KNEW! — they were making a mockery of my horror! — this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! — and now — again — hark!

louder!

louder!

louder!

LOUDER! —

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed! — tear up the planks! — here, here! — it is the beating of his hideous heart!"

22

The Making of Typographic Man

Ellen Lupton

Marshall McLuhan published *The Gutenberg Galaxy: The Making of Typographic Man* in 1962. No easy synthesis of McLuhan's ideas can be found in his unique quotes from seventeenth-century poetry and bulk quotes from pioneering scholarly about print's influence on society. The book was originally intended to approach this book with a double shot of espresso. Despite its density, *The Gutenberg Galaxy* helped establish McLuhan's own reputation as a Canadian English professor who globalized the study of media. The book was typographic in a remarkably aggressive way, breaking up its typically page of academic prose into short, bold, italicized, and bolded sections. Bam! McLuhan was using type to invent the McLuhanism. Five years later, he produced the radical *Medium is the Message*, which expanded his readings with graphic designer Quentin Fiore, amplifying the early visual experiments to new levels of bombast.

4 | ELLEN LUPTON

WHO IS MCGUINN'S TYPGRAPHIC MAN? The concept of the human individual as a typographic man was born off the collector's urge of an object. It was born in the Renaissance and matured in the sixteenth century, of readers systems of governmentality, of the printing press, and more. This individual was, McLuhan argued, both product and producer of the printed word, a central technology in the history of civilization.

The use of uniform, repeatable characters to manufacture uniformity has informed the way people think, write, and talk since the beginning of the money-based economy and the Industrial Revolution. The industrial revolution has led to the same down to letter printed on a sheet of paper.

Typographic and cultural patterns have been the most important characters of the phonetic alphabet itself—a universal language that is the backbone of theory, translates the sounds of all languages, is simple enough for anyone to learn, and is used in the Chinese writing system, with its

thousands of unique characters, less conducive to automation. The phonetic alphabet with oil-based ink, these hand-painted paper—the Peter Pan of typography—was the first to be printed, and the crafts of goldsmithing, bookbinding, and letterpress printing were born. The printing press required personal expense. Metal type required the investment of capital, and the cost of printing was high. This new way of making things looks like a revolution, but it was just another series of separate operations. The printed book became the world's first mass-produced object.

What happened to Typographic Man, and what is he doing today? The printed book was replaced by the tilted screen of the dissolution of the printed word. The printed word was defined by radio and television, and the printed word was replaced by sound bytes and images. The task of crafting unique page layouts predicted that the reading experience would change.

Although typographers can't read the printed word, they still design with one foot in the grave. Typographers can still practice their craft, but they are no longer creating (assuming they're right).

*A Marshall McLuhan photograph from his book *The Gutenberg Galaxy*. The image shows a portrait of McLuhan surrounded by printed pages from his book.*

McLuhan's portrait is surrounded by printed pages from his book.

Custom lettering is a powerful current in contemporary design.

This is恤恤ing one set of letters, alphabets, graphics, decorative elements, or forms, no longer separated by hand, but joined together into life in the power of God, to

the procedures of lettering, the original designers become direct consumers of the form, no longer separated by hand, but joined together into life in the power of God, to

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TYPOGRAPHIC FOLLIES

A N

Type-Inspired
Costumes
Encouraged

Dj Gambista Bodoni
with a Special Appearance
by Matthew Carter
and the Type Crimes

C E

MOONLIGHT
ROOM
at the Chase
Park Plaza

Sponsored by
The Washington University
Student Chapter of the AIGA

EXTRAVAGANZA

RSVP by November 4 to:
beatrice_warde@crystalgoblet.org

FRIDAY
11-11AM
7PM Cocktails
7PM-10PM Buffet

*typographic
follies*

DANCE

EXTRAVAGANZA

Dj Gambista Bodoni
with a Special Appearance
by Matthew Carter
and The Type Crimes

MOONLIGHT

7 PM-12 AM

at the
chase plaza
park

8 PM Cocktails Type-
Inspired
8 PM-10 PM Buffet Costumes
Encouraged
d by November 4 Encouraged
rsVP to:Beatrice_warde@Crystalgoblet.org

Sponsored by
The Washington University
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RETENTION