

PROCESS BOOK

Pei Jung Ho

PROJECT 1 Theme and 21 Variations

PROJECT 2 Two Posters / Information & Expression

PROJECT 3 One Book, Two Voices

PROJECT 4 Dual Threads / Information & Expression

Typography II Spring 2018

PROJECT 1 assignment instruction

o v e r v i e w

for project 1 you will generate 21 variations of a typographic composition based on the same text.

for the text, you will be choosing the lyrics to a song encapsulating and expressing a message that you wish to deliver in light of a current issue such us diversity, equality, pollution, etc.

e m p h a s i s

+ composition

o b j e c t i v e s

+ typographic composition

+ apply concepts of gestalt and hierarchy to visual composition

+ expressive design

+ demonstrate skills in research and idea generation

+ hierarchy

+ apply iterative process to generate typographic compositions

+ explore the limits of expression and legibility

+ iterative process

S c h e d u l e

week of jan 15 – proj 1 / begin

[theme and 21 variations: typographic composition, expressive design]

week of jan 22 proj 1 / working

week of jan 29 proj 1 / working

week of feb 5 – proj 2 / begin – proj 1 / deliver

Betty Ho

Theme and 21 Variations

colors of the wind

1995

written by lyricist Stephen Schwartz and composer Alan Menken

Singer Vanessa Williams

You think you own whatever land you land on
The earth is just a dead thing you can claim
But I know every rock and tree and creature
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name
You think the only people who are people
Are the people who look and think like you
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger
You'll learn things you never knew you never knew
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
Come taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth
Come roll in all the riches all around you
And for once, never wonder what they're worth
The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
The heron and the otter are my friends
And we are all connected to each other,
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or let the eagle tell you where he's been
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
How high does the sycamore grow
If you cut it down, then you'll never know
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
For whether we are white or copper-skinned
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind
You can own the earth and still
All you'll own is earth until
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

"Colors of the Wind" is a theme song for Walt Disney Pictures' 33rd animated feature film Pocahontas (1995), which is Disney's first film with an African-American princess. The song's lyrics mention the racial diversity as well as eco-friendly issues. It poetically presents the Native American viewpoint that the earth is a living entity where humankind is connected to everything in nature. The summary of the lyrics is respecting nature and living in harmony with the Earth's creatures.

You think you own whatever land you land on

B u t I k n o w e v e r y r o c k
a n d t r e e a n d c r e a t u r e
H a s a l i f e , h a s a s p i r i t , h a s a n a m e
Y o u t h i n k t h e o n l y p e o p l e w h o a r e p e o p l e
A r e t h e p e o p l e w h o l o o k a n d t h i n k l i k e y o u
F o r o n c e , e v e r y w o n d e r w h a t t h e y r e w o r t h
T h e r a i n s t o r m , a n d t h e r i v e r a r e m y b r o t h e r s
T h e h e r o n a n d t h e o t t e r a r e m y f r i e n d s
A n d w e a r e a l l c o n n e c t e d t o e a c h o t h e r
I n a c i r c l e , i n a h o o p t h a t n e v e r o n d s , e v e r h e a r d t h e w o
H a v e y o u e v e r h e a r d t h e w o l f c r i e t o t h e b l u e c o r n m o o n
O r l e t t h e e a g l e t e l l y o u w h e r e h e ' s b e e n t h e g r i n n i n g
C a n y o u s i n g w i t h a l l t h e v o i c e s o f t h e m o u n t a i n

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
How high does the sycamore grow?
If you cut it down, then you'll never know
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon.
For whether we are white or ~~black~~ brown, with all the voices of the mountain
a n y o u s i n g w i t h a l
C t h e v i
o f v o
t h e c e
You can own the earth and still
All you'll own is earth until
You can paint with all the colors
n y o u
C a p a i d i n
t a v n
Or asked the grinning boar why he grinned
Are the people who
But if you walk by the wind,
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon?
of the wind colors of the wind

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?

Need to paint with all the colors of the wind

We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain

Or ask

We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind

You can own the earth and still

You

All you'll own is earth until

You think you own whatever
The earth is just a dead animal
But I know every rock and tree
Has a life, has a spirit
You think the only people
Are the people who look at you
But if you walk the footpath
You'll learn things you never knew
You ever heard the wolf cry to the moon
Or asked the grinning bobcat
Can you sing with all the voices
Can you paint with all the colors
Can you paint with all the colors
Can you paint with all the colors
Come run the hidden pine trail
Come taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth
Come roll in all the rich mud
And for once, never wonder what we're doing
The rainstorm and the river
are my brother
heron and the owl
And we are all connected to each other
a circle, in a hoop that never ends
ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or let the eagle tell you where he's been

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
How high does the sycamore grow?
If you cut it down, there'll never know.
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon.
For whether we are white or copper-skinned,
We sing with all the voices of the mountain.
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind
You can own the earth and still
All you'll own is earth until
You can paint with all the colors of the wind.

copper-skinned

SECTION

variations / section two

section 2 / constants
1 type size only: 9pt
1 serif typeface only: regular weight

section 2 / variables
leading
alignment
measure (width of the text block)
location / placement / spacing
case

You think the only people who are people
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Are the people who look and think like you

You'll learn things you never knew you never knew
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon

Or asked the grinning shabot why he grinned
The you'll never know you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Know And you'll never
hear the wolf cry to you paint with all the colors of the wind
He turned moon come run the hidden blue trails of the forest
For whether or not The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
are white or copper-skinned

We need to sing roll in all the riches all around you
and for the moon under what they rewoth m e t a s t e t h e sun-sweet berries
need to paint with
all the colors of the Heron and the otter are my friends
wind How high does the sycamore grow

And we all know
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
How high does the mountain go? You'll never know
And we are all connected by the mountain, you'll never know

Have you seen to travel voice over mountain range? Can you hear the colors of the wind
Need to paint with the colors of the mountain? Can you hear the voices of the mountain?

Can you paint with all the colors of the earth and sky?
Can you sing with all the voices of the world and the wind?
You can paint with all the colors of the world and the colors of the wind.
You can paint with all the colors of the white and copper-skinned.
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
You can paint with all the colors of the world and the colors of the wind.

You can own the earth and still

The earth is just a dead thing you can claim

But I know every rock and tree and creature land you land on

Has a life, has a spirit, has a name

10

10

w i n d

S E C T U O N

T H R E E

variations / section three

section 3 / constants

1 type size only: 9pt
1 serif typeface only: regular weight
1 sans serif typeface only: bold weight

section 3 / variables

leading
alignment
measure (width of the text block)
location / placement / spacing
case

You think you own whatever land you land on
The earth is just a dead thing you can claim
But I know every rock and tree and creature
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name
You think the only people who are people
Are the people who look and think like you
Have but, if you **walk** the footsteps of a stranger
ever, you, heard things you never knew you never knew
the wolf cry
to the blue
corn moon

Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
Come taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth
Come roll in all the riches all around you
And for once, never wonder what they're worth
The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
The heron and the otter are my friends
And we are all connected to each other,
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends

Have you
ever heard
the wolf cry
to the blue
corn moon

colors of the wind

Or let the eagle tell you where he's been
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
How high does the sycamore grow
If you cut it down, then you'll never know
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
For whether we are white or copper-skinned
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind
You can own the earth and still
All you'll own is earth until
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

But I know every rock and tree
and creature

Can you paint

Has a life, has a spirit, has a name
with all the colors of the wind

You think the only people who are
Are the people of the wind

Are the people of the wind look and thought
Like you

But if you walk the footsteps of the wind
And the rain and the river are my brothers

You'll live a long time
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

Have you ever come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned
And for once, never wonder what they're worth

How high does the sycamore grow
If you cut it down, then you'll never know

And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
For whether we are white or copper-skinned

We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you sing with all the voices of the wind

Need to paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

You can own the earth and still
All you'll own is earth until

You can paint with all the colors of the wind

colors of the wind

Can you sing with
all the voices of the mountain

You think you own whatever land you land on
The earth is just a dead thing you can claim
But I know every rock and tree and creature
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name

You think the only people who are people
Are the people who look and think like you
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger
You'll learn things you never knew you never knew

Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned

Can you paint with
all the colors of the wind

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
Come taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth
Come roll in all the riches all around you
And for once, never wonder what they're worth

The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
The heron and the otter are my friends
And we are all connected to each other,
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends

Can you sing with
all the voices of the mountain

Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or let the eagle tell you where he's been

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
How high does the sycamore grow
If you cut it down, then you'll never know
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
For whether we are white or copper-skinned
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you paint with
all the colors of the wind

You can own the earth and still
All you'll own is earth until
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

colors of the wind

S E C T U O N

F O U R

variations / section four

section 4 / constants
1 serif typeface only: regular weight
1 sans serif typeface only: bold weight

section 4 / variables
type size
leading
alignment
measure (width of the text block)
location / placement / spacing
case

You think you own whatever land you land on

The earth is just a dead thing you can claim

But I know every rock and tree and creature

Has a life, has a spirit, has a name
The wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned

You think the only people who are people

Are the people who look and think like you

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the sun
Can you run the hidden pine trails of the forest
Can you taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth
Come all in all the riches all around you

If you cut it down, then you'll never grow
you walk the footsteps of a stranger

W And for And you'll never know what they say to the blue corn moon

You'll learn things you never knew, you never knew
For whether we are white or copper-skinned

The heron and the otter are my friends
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
And we are all connected to each other,

Need to paint with all the colors of the wind
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends

Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or let the eagle tell you what he's been
All you'll own is earth until

You can paint with all the colors of the wind

D

T

H E

Gan you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you paint with all the colors

colors of the wind

of the wind

You think you own whatever land you land on
The earth is just a dead thing you can claim
But I know every rock and tree and creature
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name
Are the people who are people
The only people who are people
Are the people who look and think like you
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger
You'll learn things you never knew you never knew
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or asked the grinning boheat why he grinned
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
Come taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth
Come roll in all the riches all around you gARTH
And once, never wonder what they're worth
The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
The heron and the otter are my friends
And we are all connected to each other,
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
How high does the sycamore grow
If you cut it down, then you'll never know
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
For whether we are white or copper-skinned
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind
You can own the earth and still
All you'll own is earth until
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

colors

of the

wind

You think you own whatever land you land on
The earth is just a dead thing you can claim
But I know every rock and tree and creature
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name
Are the people who are people
Are the people who look and think like you
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger
You'll learn things you never knew you never knew
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or asked the grinning boheat why he grinned
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
Come taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth
Come roll in all the riches all around you
And once, never wonder what they're worth
The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
The heron and the otter are my friends
And we are all connected to each other,
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or let the eagle tell you where he's been
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
How high does the sycamore grow
If you cut it down, then you'll never know
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
For whether we are white or copper-skinned
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind
You can own the earth and still
All you'll own is earth until
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

S E C T I O N

variations / section five

section 5 / constants

1 serif typeface only: **any weight**
1 sans serif typeface only: **bold weight**

section 5 / variables

- serif weight
- italics
- small caps
- tracking (space between letters)
- type size
- leading
- alignment
- measure (width of the text block)
- location / placement / spacing
- case

C O L L E G E S o f the w i n d

**sing with
all the
voices of
mountain**

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the sun?

*... footsteps of a stranger
learn things you never knew You never kn-*

**paint with
all the
colors
of the wind**

*And for once, never wonder what they're worth
The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
The heron and the otter are my friends
And we are all connected to each other;
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends*

... or let the eagle tell the wolf where to the blue ...

SECTION SIX

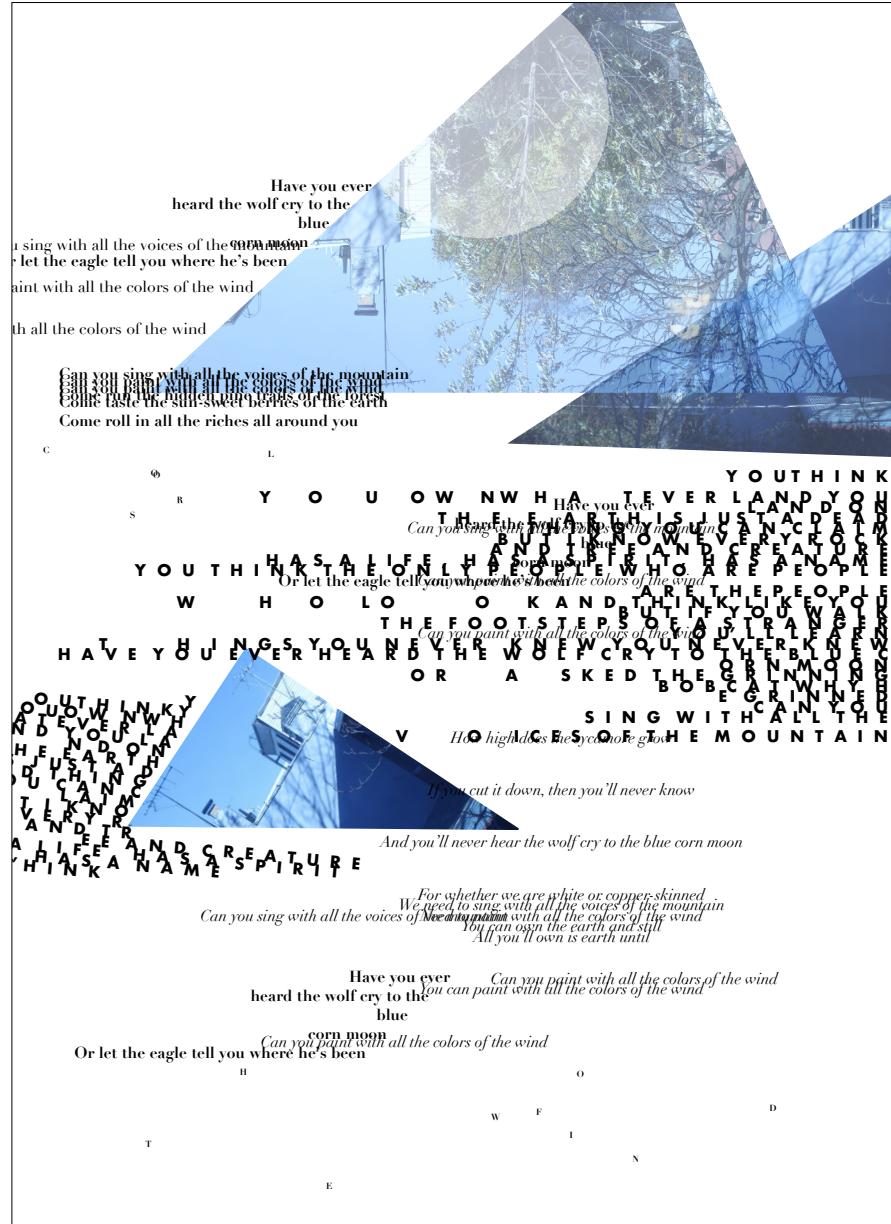
variations / section six

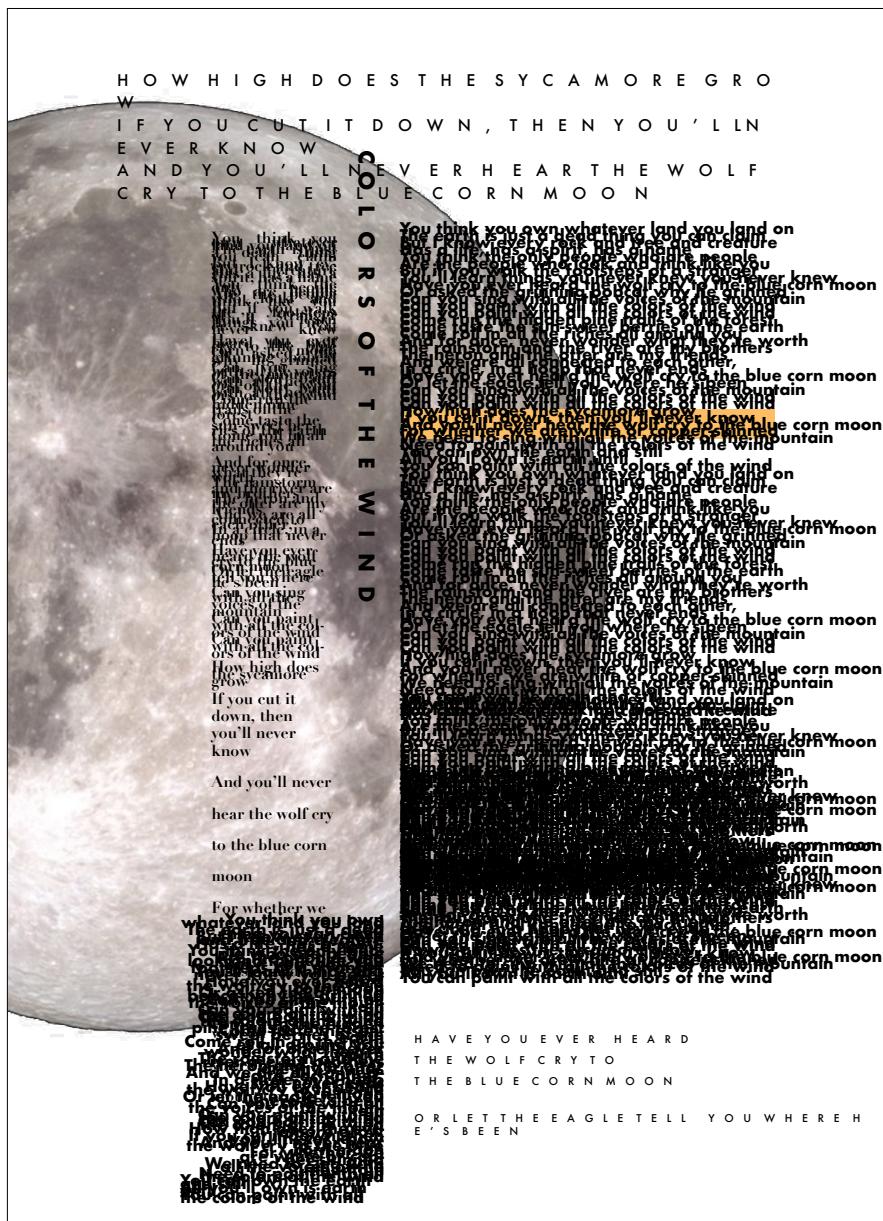
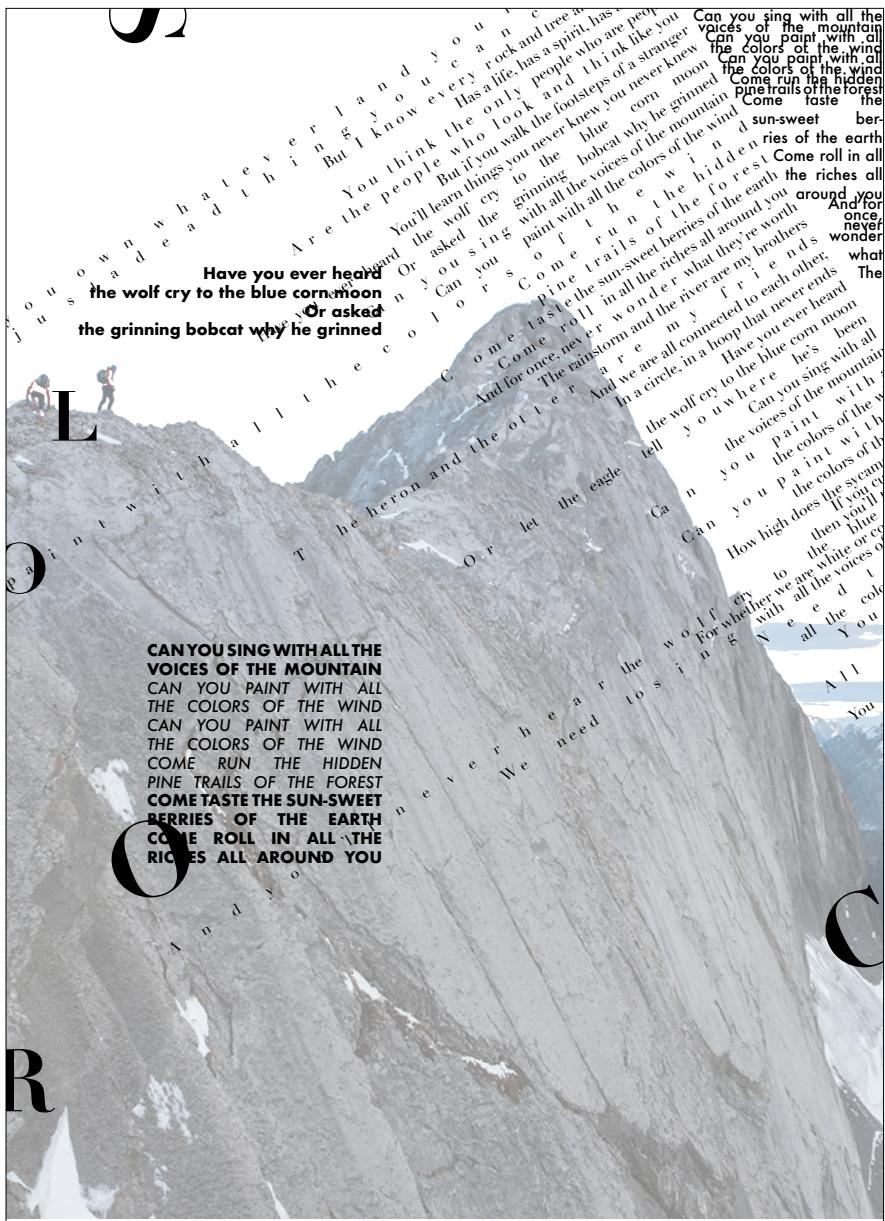
section 6 / constants

1 serif typeface only: any weight
1 sans serif typeface only: **any weight

section 6 / variables

sans serif weight
photographic image / original
color
serif weight
italics
small caps
tracking (space between letters)
type size
leading
alignment
measure (width of the text block)
location / placement / spacing
case





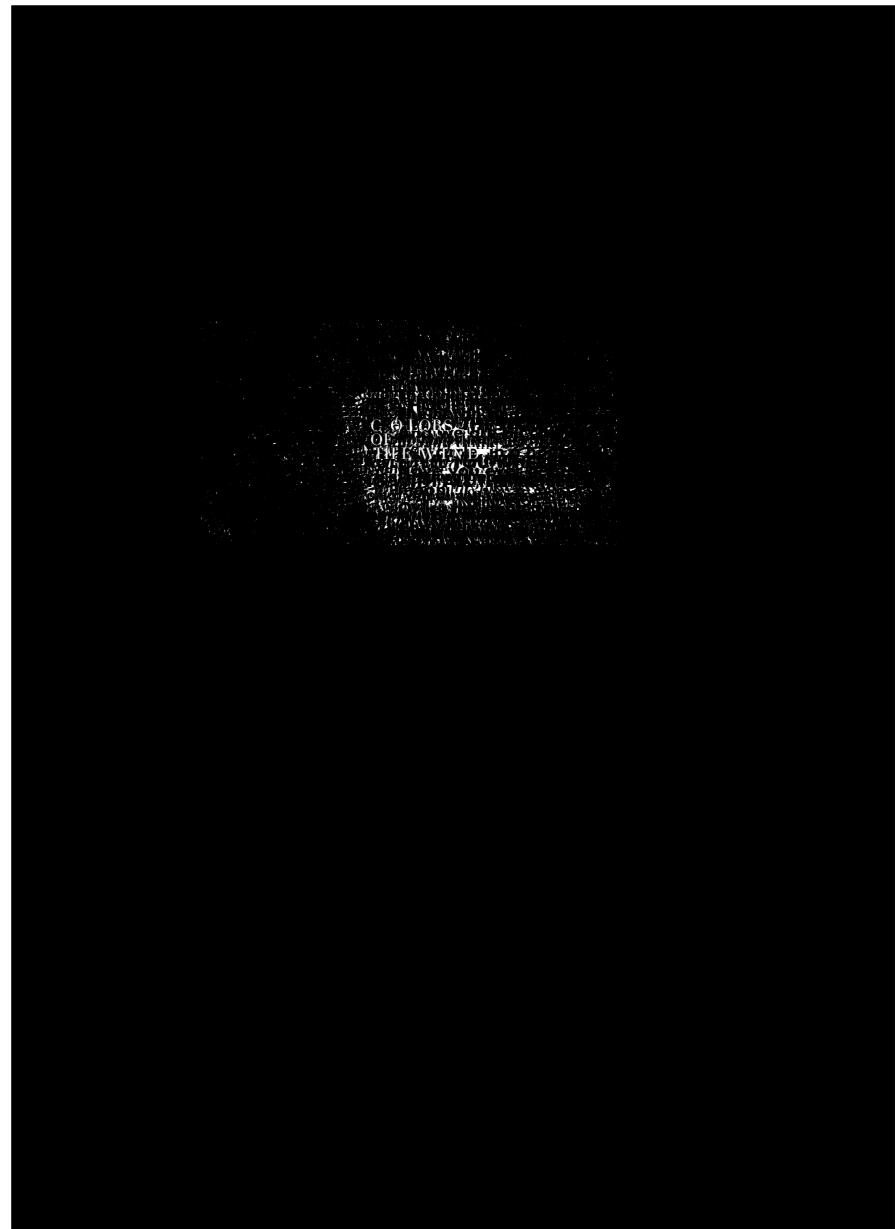
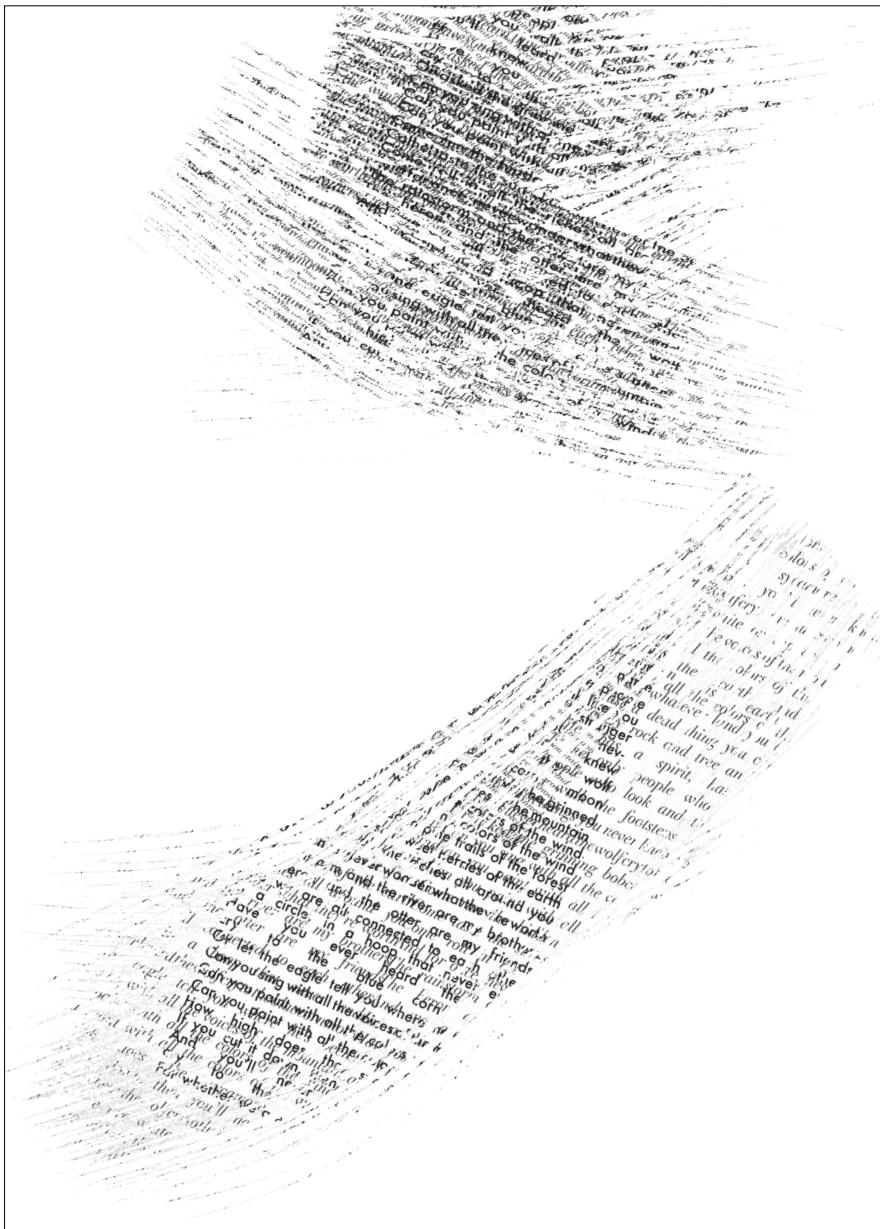
S E C T I O N

S E A L E N

variations / section seven

section 7 make your own rules

The image is a dense, abstract collage of text from the "Song of the Forest" by Bob Marley. The text is arranged in a non-linear, overlapping fashion across the page, featuring various fonts and sizes of blue and black text. The words "WIND" and "THIN" are prominently displayed in large, bold letters at the top right. The overall effect is a chaotic yet artistic representation of the lyrics.



colophon

Futura
designed by Paul Renner in 1927

Typography Two

Didot
designed by Firmin Didot in 1784

Theme and 21 Variations
Betty Ho

Betty Ho

Theme and

21

Variations

colors of the wind

1995

Singer

Vanessa Williams

Written by

lyricist Stephen Schwartz
and
composer Alan Menken

"Colors of the Wind" is a theme song for Walt Disney Pictures' 33rd animated feature film Pocahontas (1995), which is Disney's first film with an African-American princess. The song's lyrics mention the racial diversity as well as eco-friendly issues. It poetically presents the Native American viewpoint that the earth is a living entity where humankind is connected to everything in nature. The summary of the lyrics is respecting nature and living in harmony with the Earth's creatures.

You think you own whatever land you land on
The earth is just a dead thing you can claim
But I know every rock and tree and creature
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name
You think the only people who are people
Are the people who look and think like you
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger
You'll learn things you never knew you never knew
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
Come taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth
Come roll in all the riches all around you
And for once, never wonder what they're worth
The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
The heron and the otter are my friends
And we are all connected to each other
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or let the eagle tell you where he's been
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
How high does the sycamore grow
If you cut it down, then you'll never know
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
For whether we are white or copper-skinned
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind
You can own the earth and still
All you'll own is earth until
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

You think you own whatever land you land on

But I know every rock
and tree and creature
has a life, has a spirit, has a name.
You think the only people who are people
Are the people who look and think like you
for once. Be very good what they work.
The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
The heron and the otter are my friends
And we are all connected to each other,
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends.
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or let the eagle tell you where he's been?
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain

A musical score for "The Wind Beneath My Wings" featuring lyrics in multiple languages. The score includes a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The vocal line consists of two staves of music with lyrics written above them. The lyrics are as follows:

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
How high does the sycamore grow?
If you cut it down, then you'll never know
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon.

For whether we are white or ~~black~~ brown, with all the voices of the mountain
a n y o u si ng wit h al Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
Come taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth
Come roll in all the riches call around you

You can own the earth and still
All you'll own is earth until
You can paint with all the colors of the wind
Are the people who look and think like you
You'll leave the few you never knew the wind
But if you walk the footsteps of a slave
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned
c o l o r s o f t h e w i n d

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind

We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind

You can own the earth and still
You
can
paint
with
all
the
colors
of
the
wind
colors

All you'll own is earth until
You think you own whatever
The earth is just a dead thing.
But I know every rock and tree
Has a life, has a spirit, has a soul.
You think the only people
Are the people who look
But if you walk the footpath
You'll learn things you never knew.
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon?
Or asked the grinning bobcat
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
Come roll in all the riches of the earth.
And for once, never wonder what the world
The rainstorm and the river are my friends.
The heron and the wolf are my friends.
And we are all connected to each other.
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends,
you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon?
Or let the eagle tell you where he's been.
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?
How high does the sycamore grow?
If you cut it down, then you'll never know.
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon.
For whether we are white or copper-skinned
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind
You can own the earth and still
All you'll own is earth until
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

T SECTION TWO

variations / section two

section 2 / constants

1 type size only: 9pt

1 serif typeface only: regular weight

section 2 / variables

leading

alignment

measure (width of the text block)

location / placement / spacing

case

You think the only people who are people
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Are the people who look and think like you

You'll learn things you never knew you never knew
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon

Or asked the grinning baboon why he grinned
then you'll never you sing with all the voices of the mountain
know
And you'll never
hear the wolf cry than you paint with all the colors of the wind
the blue corn come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
bow who we The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
are white or cop-
per-skinned
We need to stone roll in all the riches all around you
And for the rainbow wonder what they're rough me t a s t e t h e sun-sweet berries
Need to paint with
all the colors of the The heron and the otter are my friends
wind How which does the sycamore grow

We need to sing well all the time and we need to sing with all our heart and soul.
And we need to sing well all the time and we need to sing with all our heart and soul.
We need to sing well all the time and we need to sing with all the voice we have.
We need to sing well all the time and we need to sing with all the voice we have.

Have you ever been up in the mountains? You can paint all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with the earth and sky?
Need to paint with the colors of the wind. Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Or with the colors of the wind? Need to paint with the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind? Need to paint with the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind? Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you sing with all the colors of the wind? Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
You can paint with all the colors of the wind. You can paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind? For whether we are white or copper-skinned
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

You can own the earth and still

The earth is just a dead thing you can claim

But I know every rock and tree and creature you land on

Has a life, has a spirit, has a name
c o l o r s

8

l h e

w i n d

SECTION THREE

variations / section three

section 3 / constants

- 1 type size only: 9pt
- 1 serif typeface only: regular weight
- 1 sans serif typeface only: bold weight

section 3 / variables

- leading
- alignment
- measure (width of the text block)
- location / placement / spacing
- case

You think you own whatever land you land on
The earth is just a dead thing you can claim
But I know every rock and tree and creature
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name
You think the only people who are people
Are the people who look and think like you
Have, **at**, **you**
ever, **you**
heard
the wolf cry
to the blue
corn moon

Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
Come taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth
Come roll in all the riches all around you
And for once, never wonder what they're worth
The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
The heron and the otter are my friends
And we are all connected to each other
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends

Have, **you**
ever, **heard**
the wolf cry
to the blue
corn moon

colors of the wind

Or let the eagle tell you where he's been
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
How high does the sycamore grow
If you cut it down, then you'll never know
Andy you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
For whether we are white or copper-skinned
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind
You can own the earth and still
All you'll own is earth until
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

But I know every rock and tree
and creature

Can you paint?

Has a life, has a spirit, has a name
With all the colors of the wind

You think the only people who are
Are the **lepers of the world** look and think
k like you
ut if you **traveled the footsteps of the gods**
And the voices of the mountains and the voices of the winds
would like a **wind** **to impinge** **on your knees** **and** **your hands**
Can you **paint** **with all the colors of the wind**
ave you ever **sung with all the voices of the mountain**
or **Painted with all the colors of the wind**
r asked **Come roll in all the voices of the earth**
The **rainstorm and the river are my brothers**
And we are all connected to each other
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends
Have you ever heard the **wolf cry to the blue corn moon**
Or let the eagle tell you where he's been

How high does the sycamore grow
If you cut it down, then you'll never know
And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon

For whether we are white or copper-skinned
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

You can own the earth and still
All you'll own is earth until
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

colors of the wind

**Can you sing with
all the voices of the mountain**

You think you own whatever land you land on
The earth is just a dead thing you can claim
But I know every rock and tree and creature
**Can a life, has you, spirit, has paint with
the only people who are people
all the colors of the world**

You think the people who are people
Are the people who look and think like you
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger
You'll learn things you never knew you never knew
Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
**Can you paint with,
Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
all the colors of the wind**

Come taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth
Come roll in all the riches all around you
And for once, never wonder what they're worth
The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
**Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
and come taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth
in come roll in all the riches all around you**

Have you ever heard the **Can you sing with** corn moon
Or let the people tell you where he's been
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
How high does the sycamore grow
**Can you paint with
If you cut it down, then you'll never know
all the colors of the wind**

And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
For whether we are white or copper-skinned
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind
You can own the earth and still
All you'll own is earth until
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

colors of the wind

SECTION

F • U R

v a r i o n s / s e c t i o n f o u r

s e c t i o n 4 / c o n s t a n t s

- 1 serif typeface only: regular weight
- 1 sans serif typeface only: bold weight

s e c t i o n 4 / v a r i a b l e s

- type size
- leading
- alignment
- measure (width of the text block)
- location / placement / spacing
- case

You think you own whatever land you land on

You think you own whatever land you land on
The earth is just a dead thing you can claim

The earth is just a dead thing you can claim

But I know every rock and tree and creature
C You think the only people who are people
Are the people who look and think like you

But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger

You'll learn things you never knew you never knew

Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain

Has a life, has a spirit, has a name
D You think you own whatever land you land on
The rainstorm and the river are my brothers

Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned
And we are all connected to each other,

In a circle, in a hoop that never ends

Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
Or let the eagle tell you where he's been

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain

You think the only people who are people
L If you walk the footsteps of a stranger

Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain

We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
Need to paint with all the colors of the wind

Are the people who look and think like you
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain

Are the people who look and think like you
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain

Are the people who look and think like you
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain

Are the people who look and think like you
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain

Are the people who look and think like you
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
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Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain

Are the people who look and think like you
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
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Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain

Are the people who look and think like you
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain

Are the people who look and think like you
You can paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain

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You can paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain

Gan you sing with all the voices of the mountain
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

H E

colors of the wind
 Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
 Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
 Can you run with all the hidden pine trails of the forest
 Can you roll in all the sun-sweet berries of the earth
 And for once, never wonder what they're worth
 The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
 The heron and the otter are my friends
 And we are all connected to each other,
 In a circle, in a hoop that never ends
 Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
 Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
 Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
 Can you run with all the hidden pine trails of the forest
 Can you roll in all the sun-sweet berries of the earth
 How high does the sycamore grow
 If you cut it down, then you'll never know
 And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
 For whether we are white or copper-skinned
 We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
 Need to paint with all the colors of the wind
 You can own the earth until
 All you'll own is earth until
 You can paint with all the colors of the wind

You think you own whatever land on
 whatever land you land on
 The earth is just a dead thing you can claim
 But I know every rock and tree and creature
 Has a life, has a spirit, has a name
 You think the only people who are people
 Are the people who look and think like you
 Are the people who look and think like a stranger
 But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger
 You'll learn things you never knew you never knew
 Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
 Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
 Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
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 Can you roll in all the sun-sweet berries of the earth
 How high does the sycamore grow
 If you cut it down, then you'll never know
 And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
 For whether we are white or copper-skinned
 We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
 Need to paint with all the colors of the wind
 You can own the earth until
 All you'll own is earth until
 You can paint with all the colors of the wind

You think you own whatever land on
 The earth is just a dead thing you can claim
 But I know every rock and tree and creature
 Has a life, has a spirit, has a name
 You think the only people who are people
 Are the people who look and think like you
 But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger
 You'll learn things you never knew you never knew
 Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
 Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned

Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
 Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
 Can you run with all the hidden pine trails of the forest
 Can you roll in all the sun-sweet berries of the earth
 And for once, never wonder what they're worth
 The rainstorm and the river are my brothers
 The heron and the otter are my friends
 Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
 Can you run with all the hidden pine trails of the forest
 Can you roll in all the sun-sweet berries of the earth
 How high does the sycamore grow
 If you cut it down, then you'll never know
 And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
 For whether we are white or copper-skinned
 We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain
 Need to paint with all the colors of the wind
 You can own the earth until
 All you'll own is earth until
 You can paint with all the colors of the wind

I of the wind

you land on
 can claim

 land creature
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 You think you own whatever land you land on
 The earth is just a dead thing you can claim
 But I know every rock and tree and creature
 Has a life, has a spirit, has a name

 people
 like you
 You think the only people who are people
 Are the people who look and think like you

 stranger
 w you never knew
 You'll learn things you never knew you never knew

 Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
 Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned

 to the blue corn moon
 You sing with all the voices of the mountain
 Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
 He he grinned
 Can you paint with all the colors of the wind
 Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest
 Come taste the sun-sweet berries of the earth
 Come roll in all the riches all around you

 f the mountain
 of the wind
 of the wind
 f the mountain
 of the wind
 of the wind

LAND YOU LAND ON
YOU CAN CLAIM
 And we are all connected as brothers a name
 And we are all connected as brothers a name
 And we are all connected as brothers a name

 Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
 Or let the eagle tell you where he's been
 Or the people who look and think like you

EE AND CREATURE
NAME
 they're worth

WE ARE PEOPLE
THINK LIKE YOU
 If you cut it down, then you'll never know
 If you cut it down, then you'll never know
 If you cut it down, then you'll never know
 If you cut it down, then you'll never know

OF A STRANGER
R KNEW YOU NEVER KNEW
 We are all connected as brothers a name
 You can paint with all the colors of the wind
 All the colors of the wind

CRY TO THE BLUE CORN MOON
T WHY HE GRINNED
 of the wind
 of the wind

VOCES OF THE MOUNTAIN
LORS OF THE WIND
LORS OF THE WIND

VOCES OF THE FOREST
L AROUND YOU
 the grinning bobcat why he grinn
 of the mountain
 of the wind

WHAT THEY'RE WORTH
ARE MY BROTHERS
MY FRIENDS
EACH OTHER,
EVER ENDS

CRY TO THE BLUE CORN MOON
E HE'S BEEN

VOCES OF THE MOUNTAIN
LORS OF THE WIND
LORS OF THE WIND

GROW
LL NEVER KNOW
OLF CRY TO THE BLUE CORN MOON
COPPER-SKINNED
/OICES OF THE MOUNTAIN
ORS OF THE WIND
TILL

LORS OF THE WIND

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sing with
 all the
 voices of
 the mountain

 But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger
 You'll learn things you never knew you never knew

 Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon
 Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned

 Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain
 Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

 Can you paint with all the voices of the mountain
 Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

 Can you paint with all the voices of the mountain
 Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

 Can you paint with all the voices of the mountain
 Can you paint with all the colors of the wind

 paint with
 all the
 colors
 of the wind

C	O	L	O	R	S	O	F
T	H	E	I	N	D		

SECTION SIX

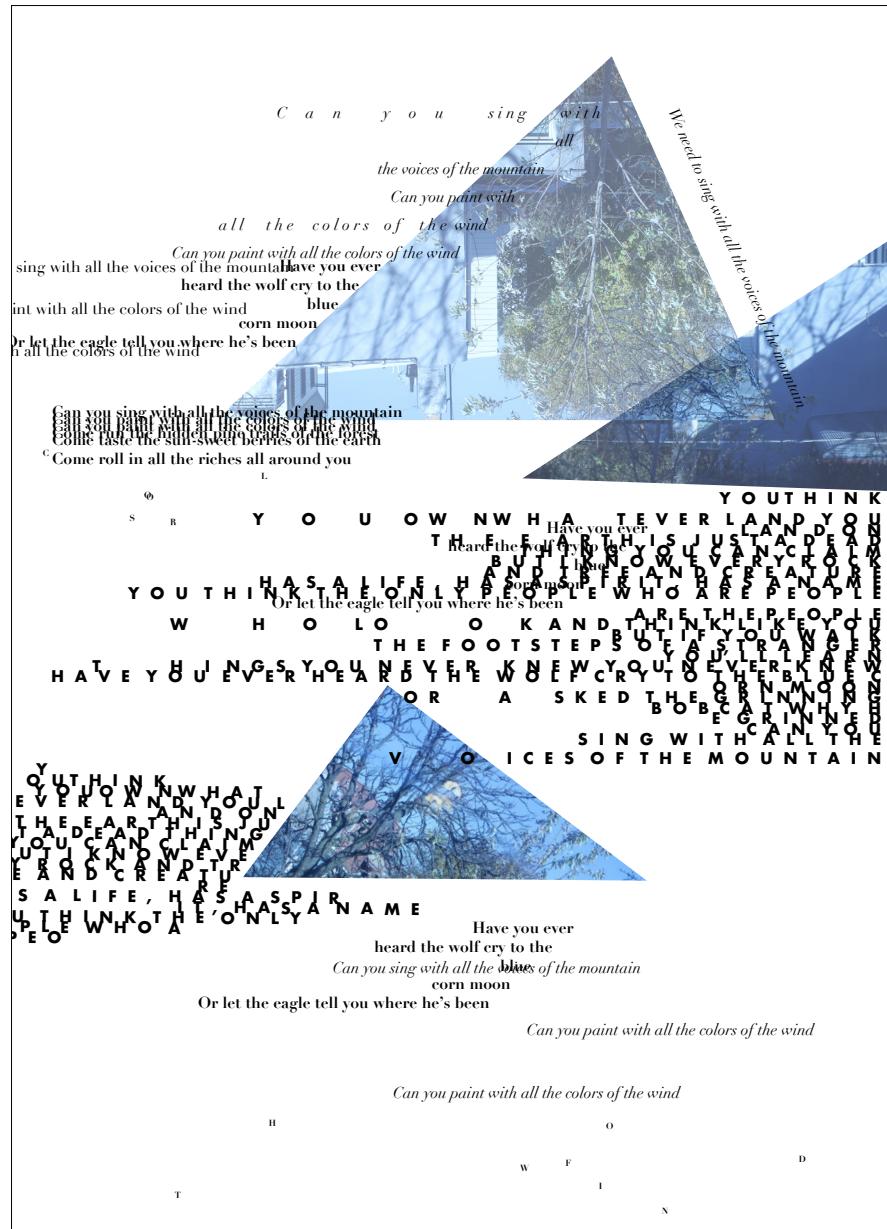
variations / section six

section 6 / constants

1 serif typeface only: any weight
1 sans serif typeface only: **any weight

section 6 / variables

sans serif weight
photographic image / original color
serif weight
italics
small caps
tracking (space between letters)
type size
leading
alignment
measure (width of the text block)
location / placement / spacing
case



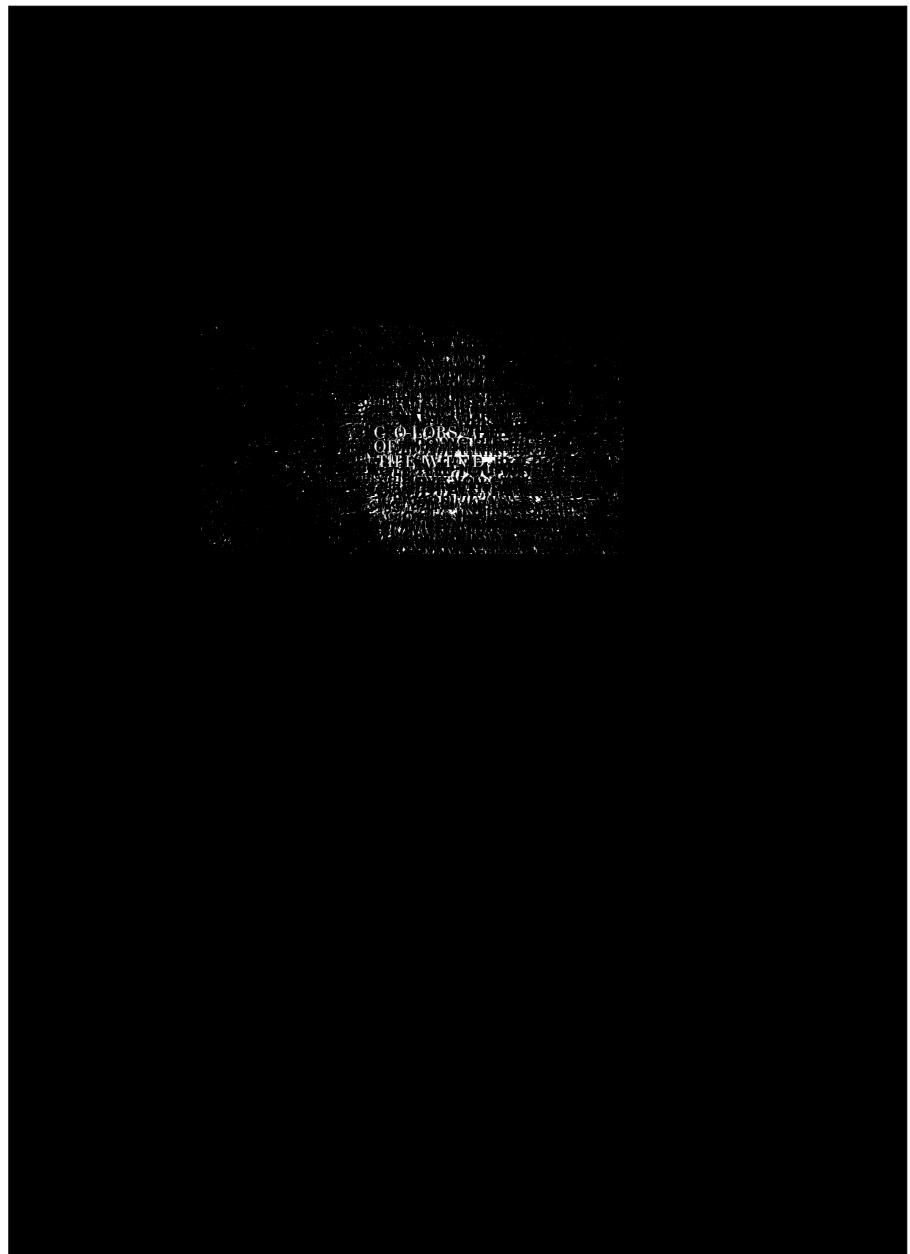
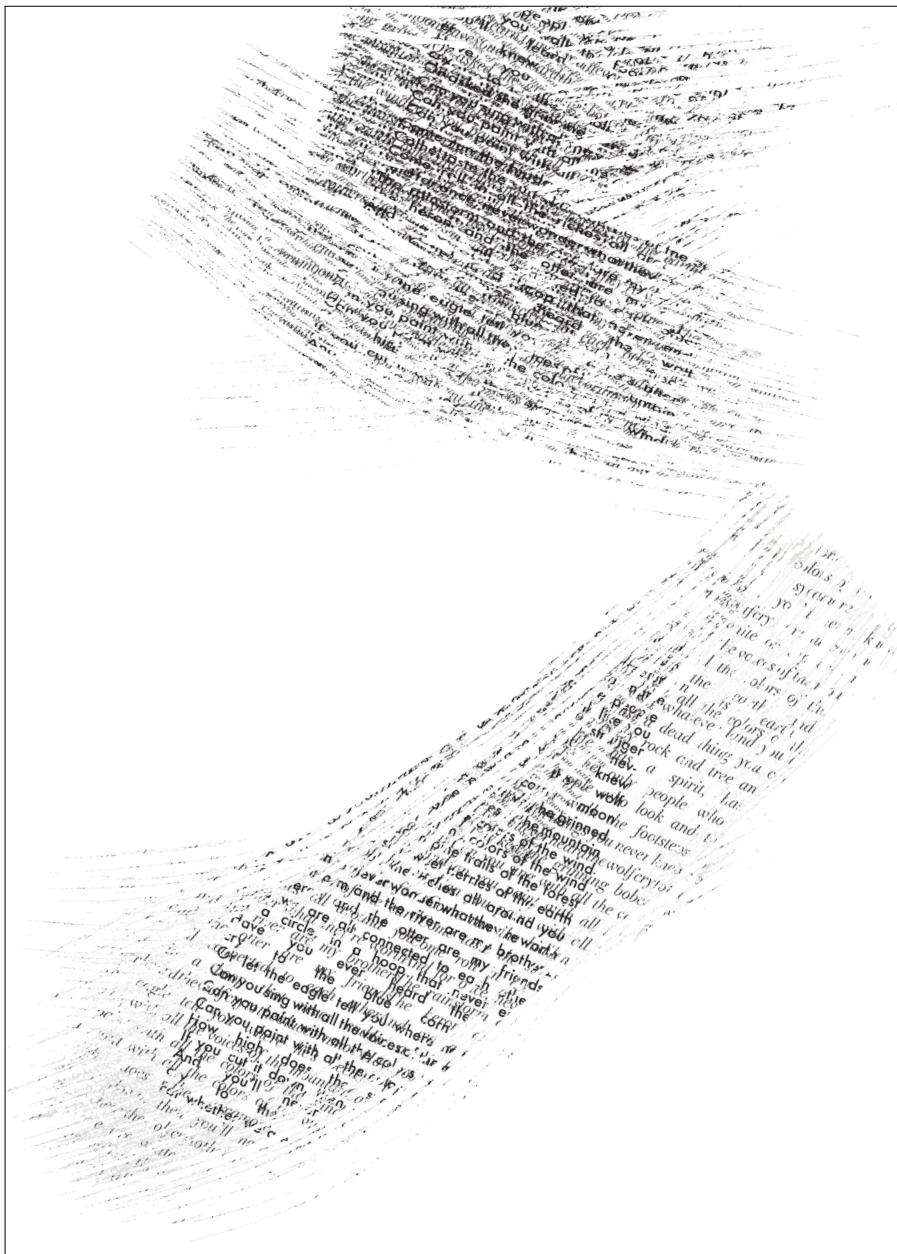
SECTION

variations / section seven

section 7

make your own rules

S E A L E N



c
i
l
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Futura
designed by Paul Renner in 1927

Didot
designed by Firmin Didot in 1784

Typography Two

Theme
and
21 Variations

Betty Ho

Due to both project one and two focus on the same content, I would like to combine the reflections of them together.

From the beginning, my very first barrier was that I knew a few songs that contain serious issues. I just started from searching the internet and picked one nature-friendly song. There isn't any personal reason for the song choice and I just tried to illustrate my interpretation for the music and the concept of the lyric. At the project 1, I aimed to present different ideas through the various compositions firstly. Then I found that I have no more ideas soon after I did about the half. And also I felt that my works were lack of visual qualities comparing to another classmates' works. The critiques during the process is really helpful for me to think about the weakness of my works. Then I could examine them through different perspectives. There were a lot of excellent and delicate composition s from the other classmates which were very impressive for me. Later I mostly used the texts as visual elements to practice how to organize the overall composition regardless of eligibility. Despite it became a little bit boring cause we kept working on the same song from project one to project two, I think that the solid understanding of the song we built in the first project is important and profitable to the second one. It saved much time and based on that experiences, It wasn't hard to start the posters. I felt more comfortable about making posters this time than before. I'm not sure whether is because we only need to deal with the texts. Anyway, the challenges parts are, still, how to create the hierachal effects on the different distance and balance between eligiblity and expression. I have no clear ideas of the standard rules for making posters like what kind of obvious prob-

lems we should avoid or what kind of the convention people usually apply in the posters. I always felt not confident about what I did. I think the solution for this problem is to study books!Haha. At the final critique, I got some positive feedbacks which mentioned about the color choice, the subtle texture in the background and the expression the song. On the contrary, the composition is what I need to improve.

In addition, I only spoke in my turn to start the discussion. I was still afraid of talking even I had opinions!!!! Practice more how to accurately describing and SPEAK !

PROJECT 2 assignment instruction

o v e r v i e w o b j e c t i v e s

for project 2, you will be
designing an expressive
typography poster and
an informational typography poster
based on your compositions

for project 1.
poster 1 /
the expressive poster will be one of
your expressive variations scaled-up
and adjusted for its new size.

poster 2 /
the informational poster will promote
an activist
or fundraising event
featuring your
chosen song's performer along
with a guest speaker.

- + apply concepts of gestalt and hierarchy to visual composition
- + comprehend typographic syntax and hierarchy in thoughtful design
- + learn strategies for typographic expression
- + explore the limits of expression and legibility

e m p h a s i s

- + c o m p o s i t i o n
- + t y p o g r a p h i c c o m p o s i t i o n
- + e x p r e s s i v e d e s i g n
- + h i e r a r c h y
- + i n f o r m a t i o n d e s i g n

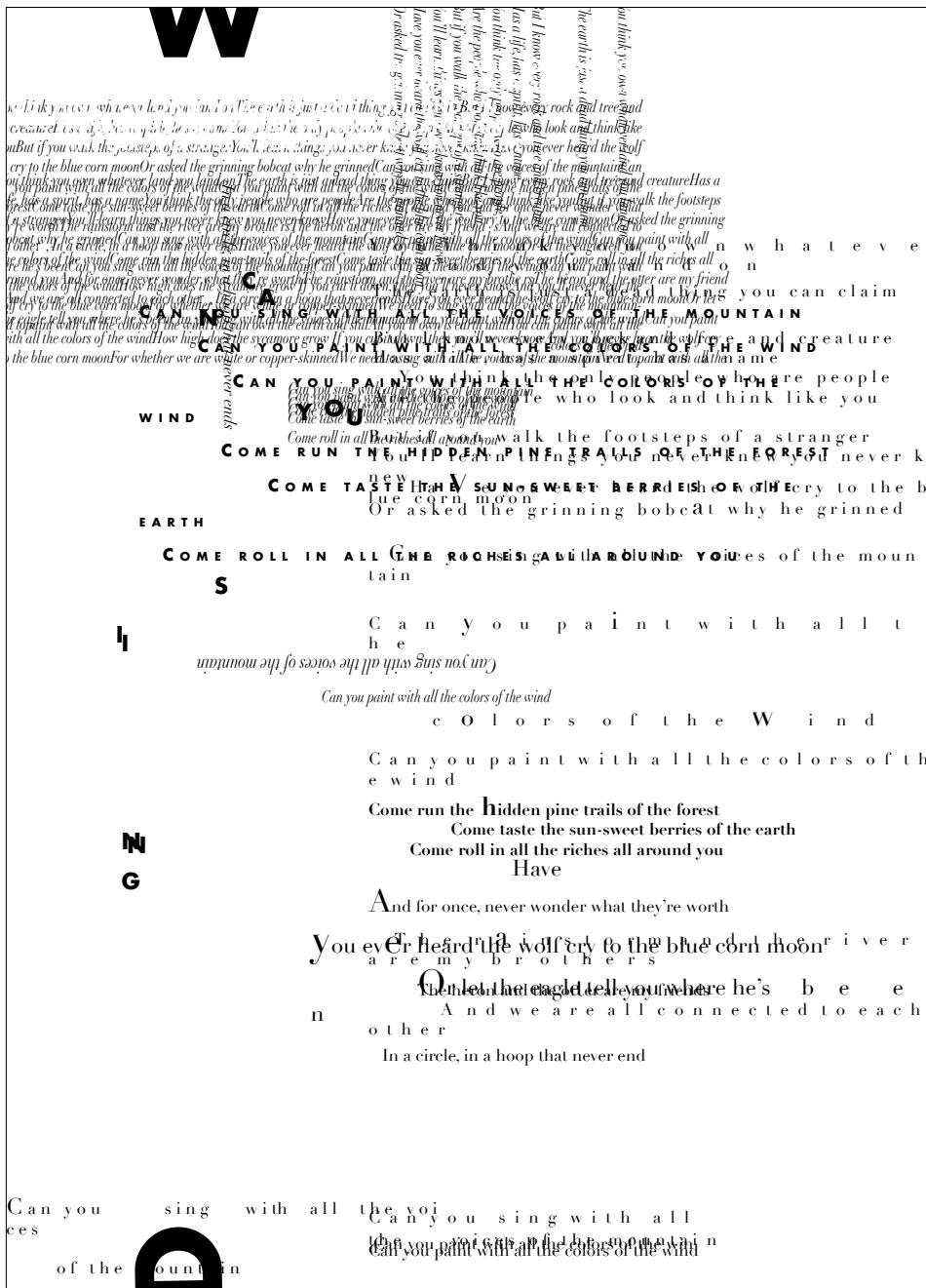
s p e c i f i c a t i o n s

- + typefaces / use only the two typefaces chosen for project 1
- + poster size / 18 x 24 in
- + vertical orientation
- + posters must be purely typographic

S c h e d u l e

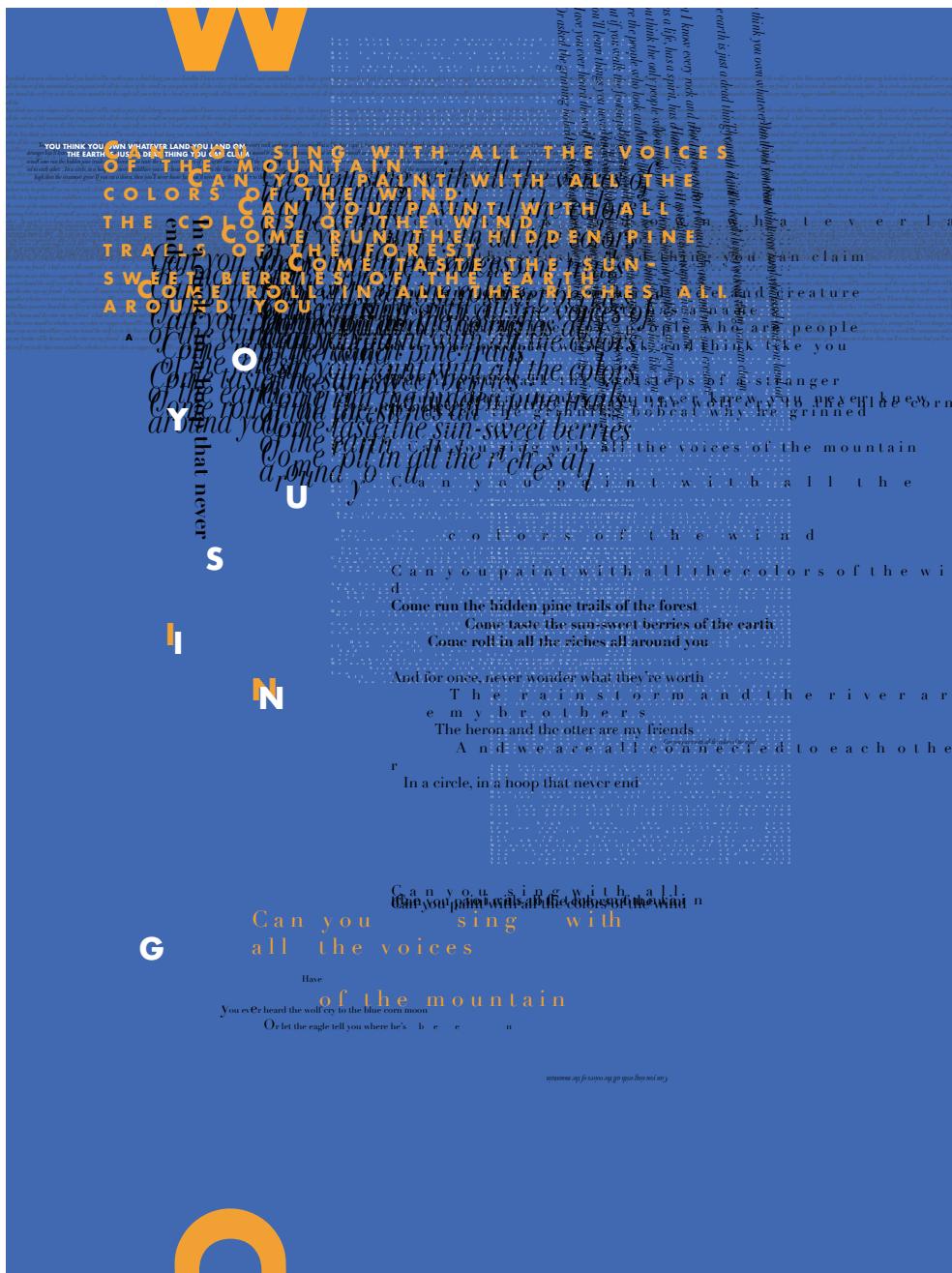
- week of feb 5 – proj 2 / begin – proj 1 / deliver [two posters: information and expression]
- week of feb 12 proj 2 / working
- week of feb 19 proj 2 / working
- week of feb 26 – proj 3 / begin – proj 2 / deliver

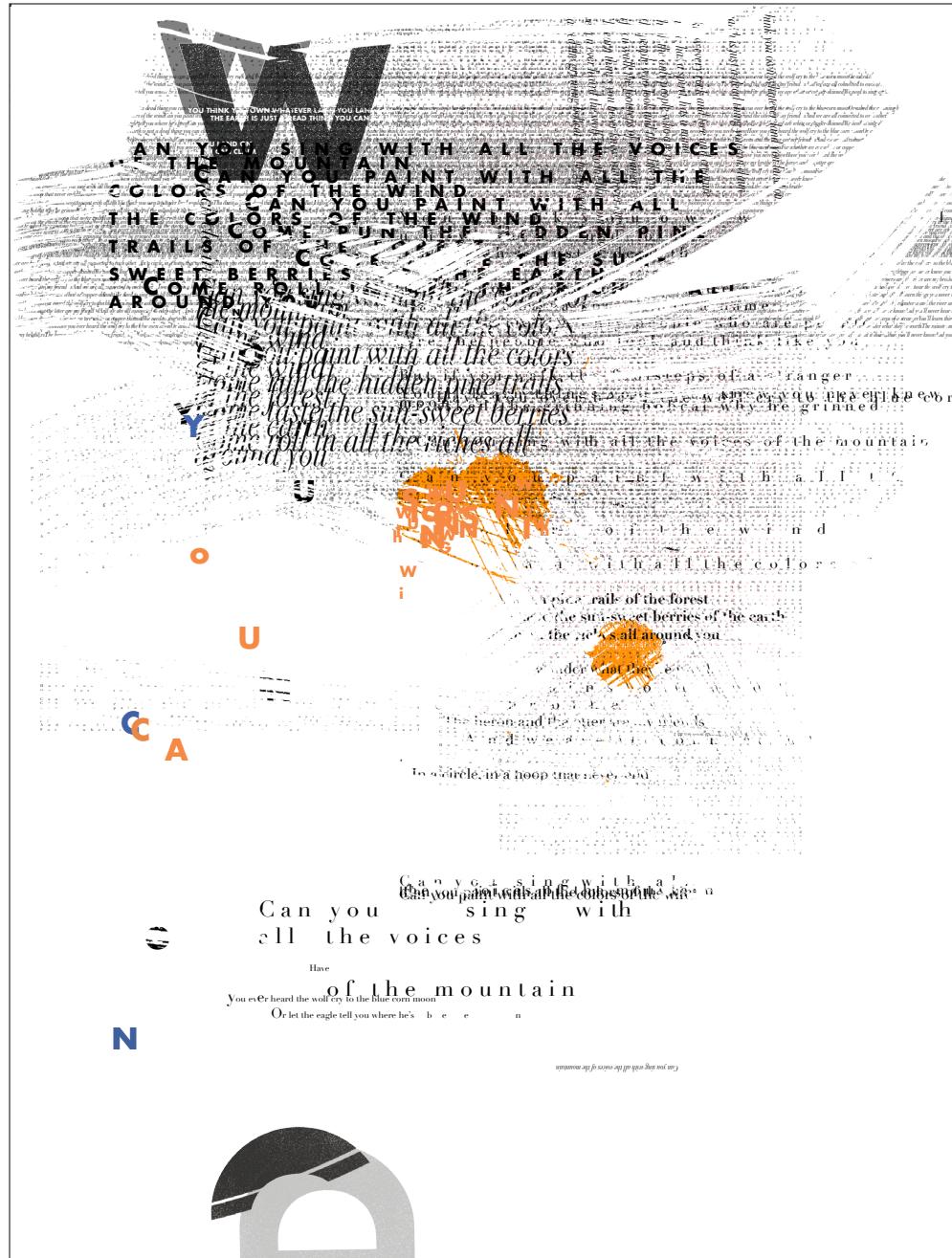
PROJECT 2 research and ideation



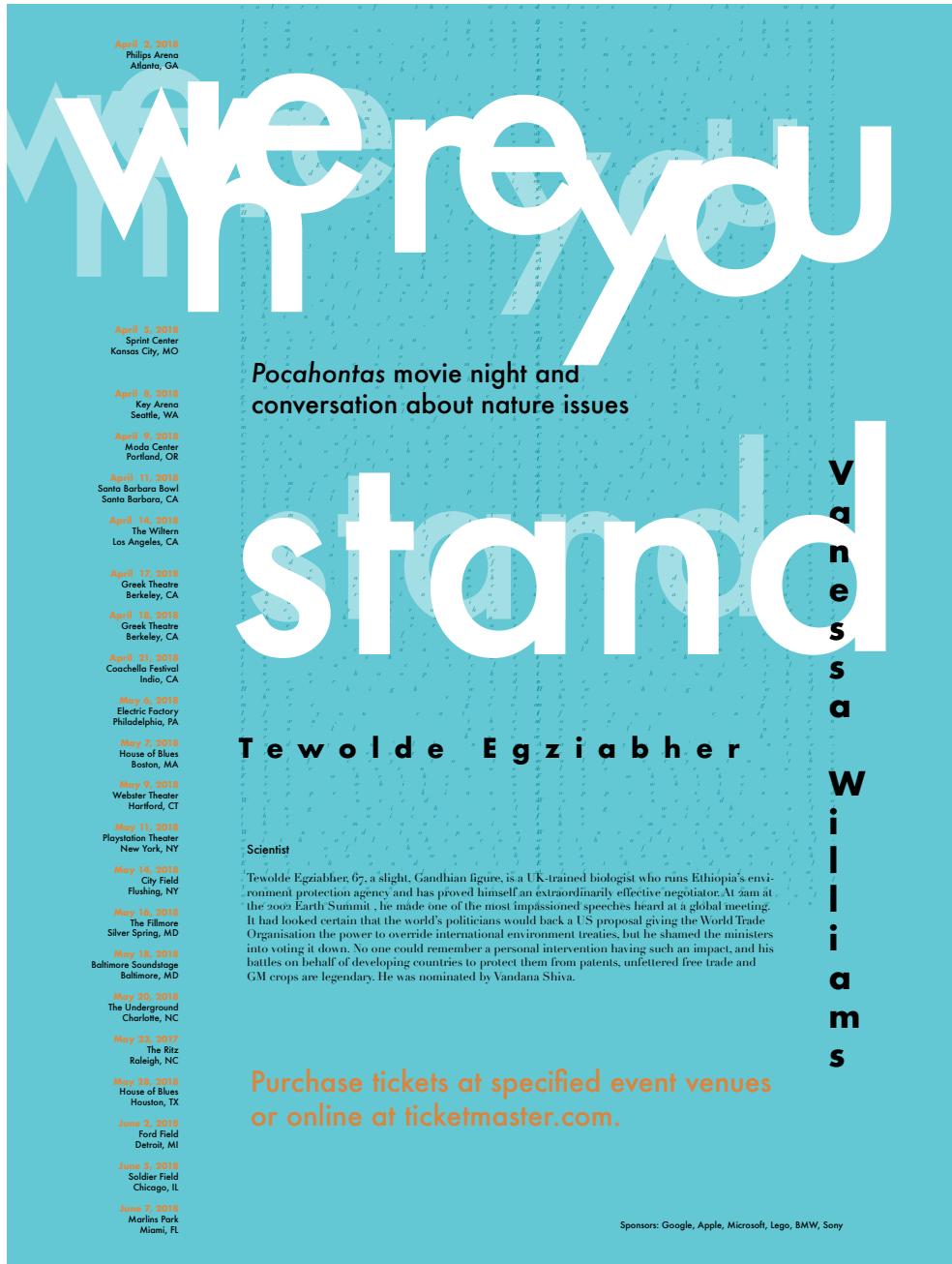
reference:
Project1, section5

PROJECT 2 mock-ups, rough designs_expressive poster iterations









The image features a large, bold, black text graphic in the center. The word 'where' is on top, followed by 'You' on a separate line, and 'Stand' on another line. Below this, the name 'Tewolode Egziabher' is written in a larger, bold font. To the right of the text, there is a red circular graphic containing white text that reads: 'Purchase tickets at specified event venues or online at ticketmaster.com.'. The background of the entire image is filled with a dense grid of small, faint text, which appears to be a list of events and their details, such as dates, locations, and names like 'Pocahontas movie night and conversation about nature issues'. The overall composition is a mix of graphic design and typography.

Where You Stand

Tewolode Egziabher

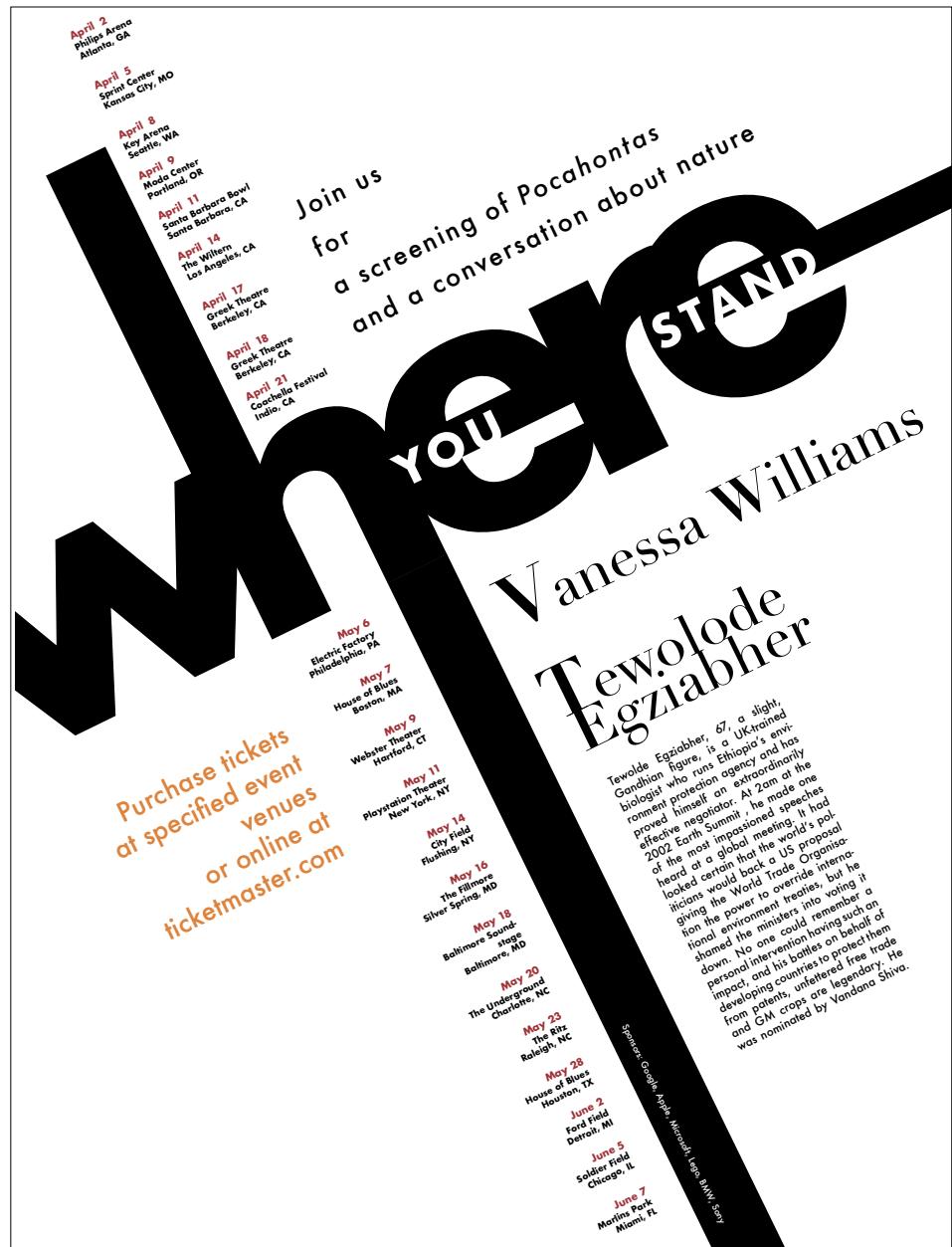
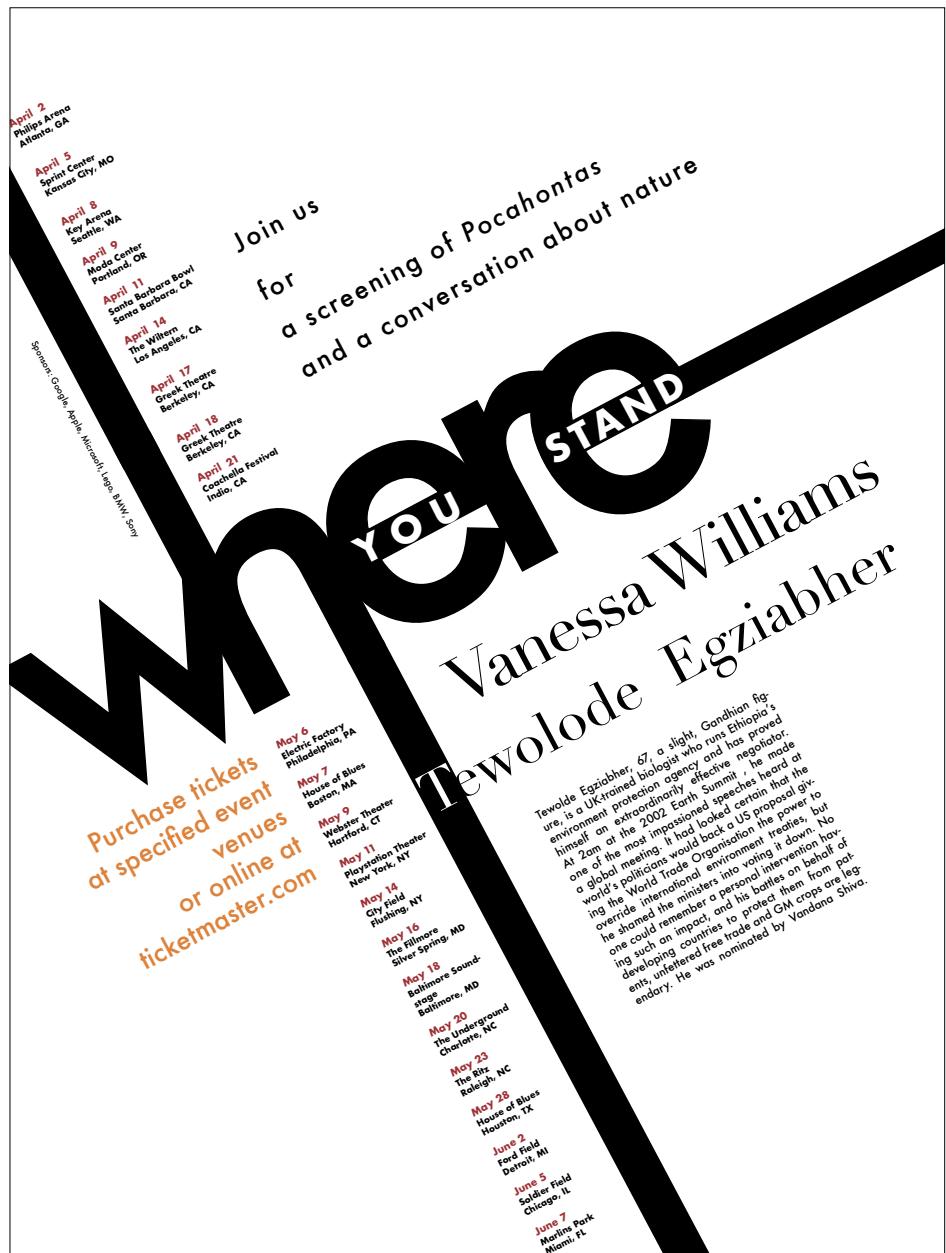
Scientis

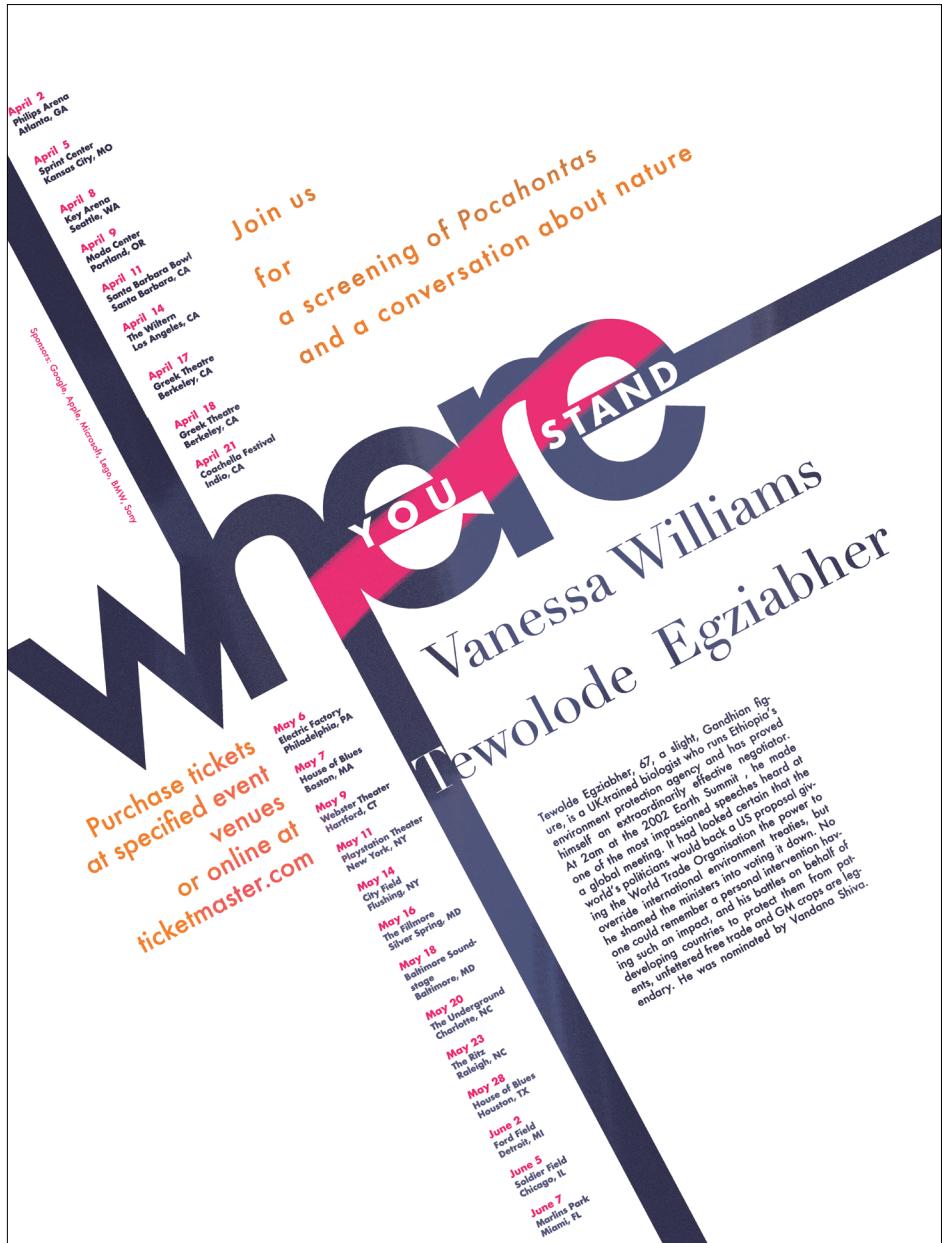
Tewolde Egziabher, 67, a slight, Gandhian figure, is a UK-trained biologist who runs Ethiopia's environment protection agency and has proved himself an extraordinarily effective negotiator.

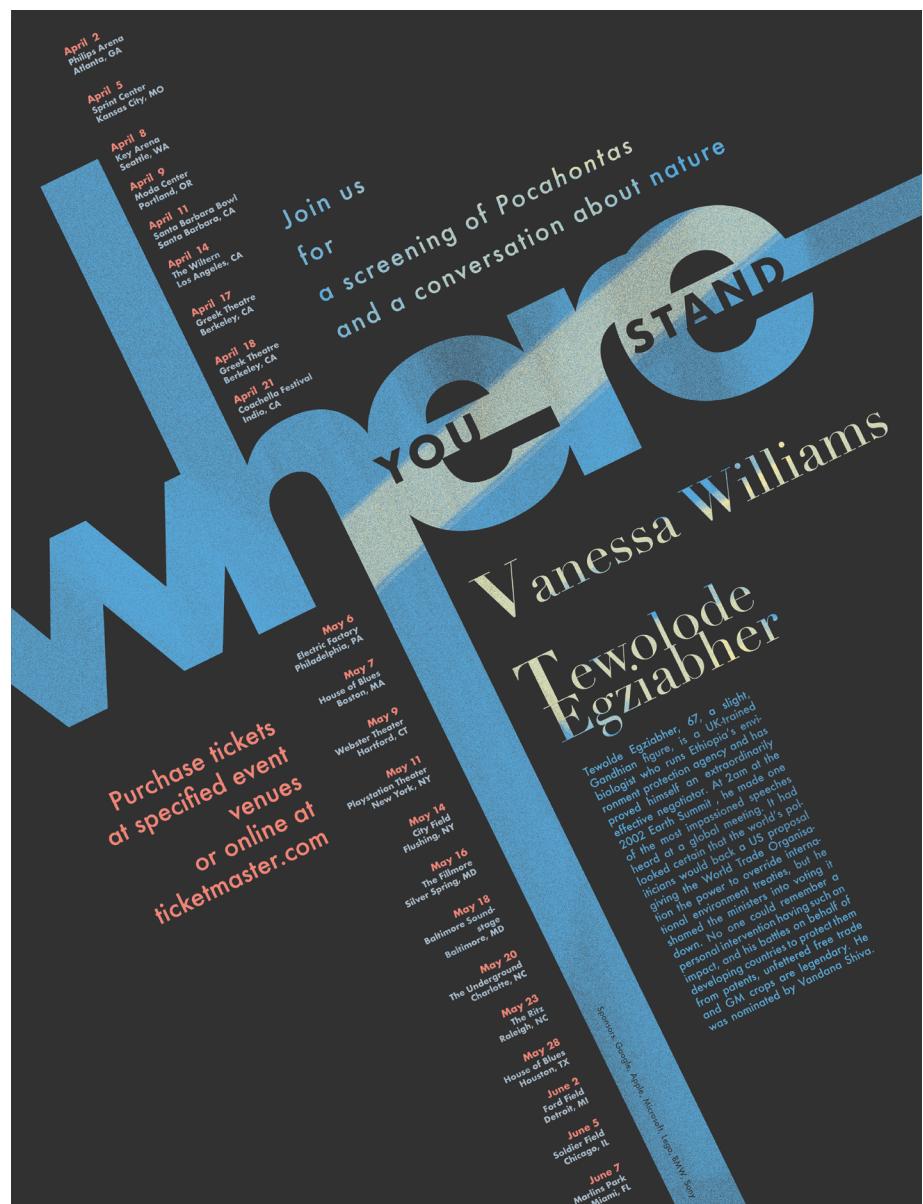
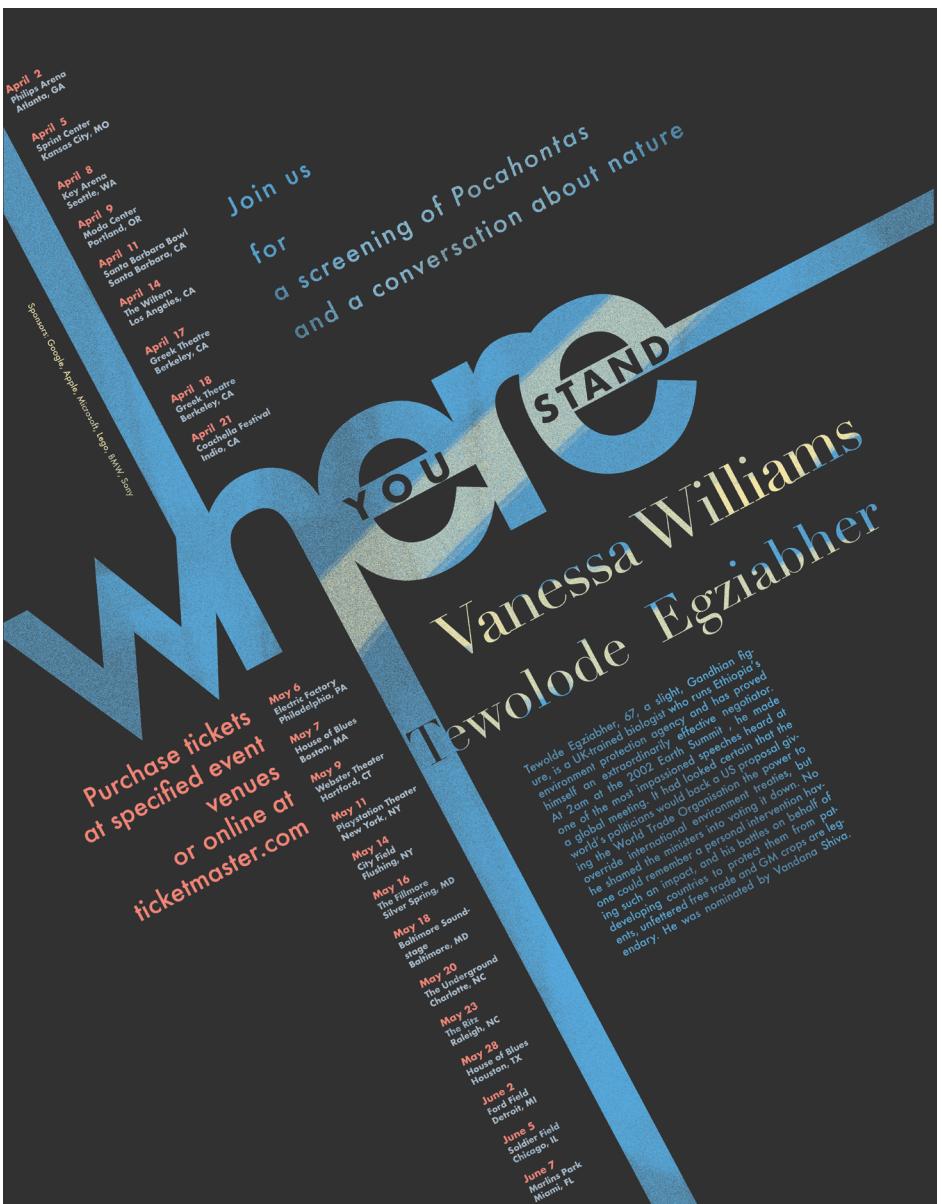
environment protection agency and has proved himself an extraordinarily efficient negotiator. At 2am at the 2002 Earth Summit, he made one of the most impassioned speeches heard at a global meeting. It had looked certain that the world's politicians would back a US proposal giving the World Trade Organisation the power to override international environment treaties, but he shamed the ministers into voting it down. No one could remember a personal intervention having such an impact, and his battles on behalf of developing countries to protect them from patents, unfettered free trade and GM crops are legendary. He was nominated by Vandana Shiva

Vanessa Williams

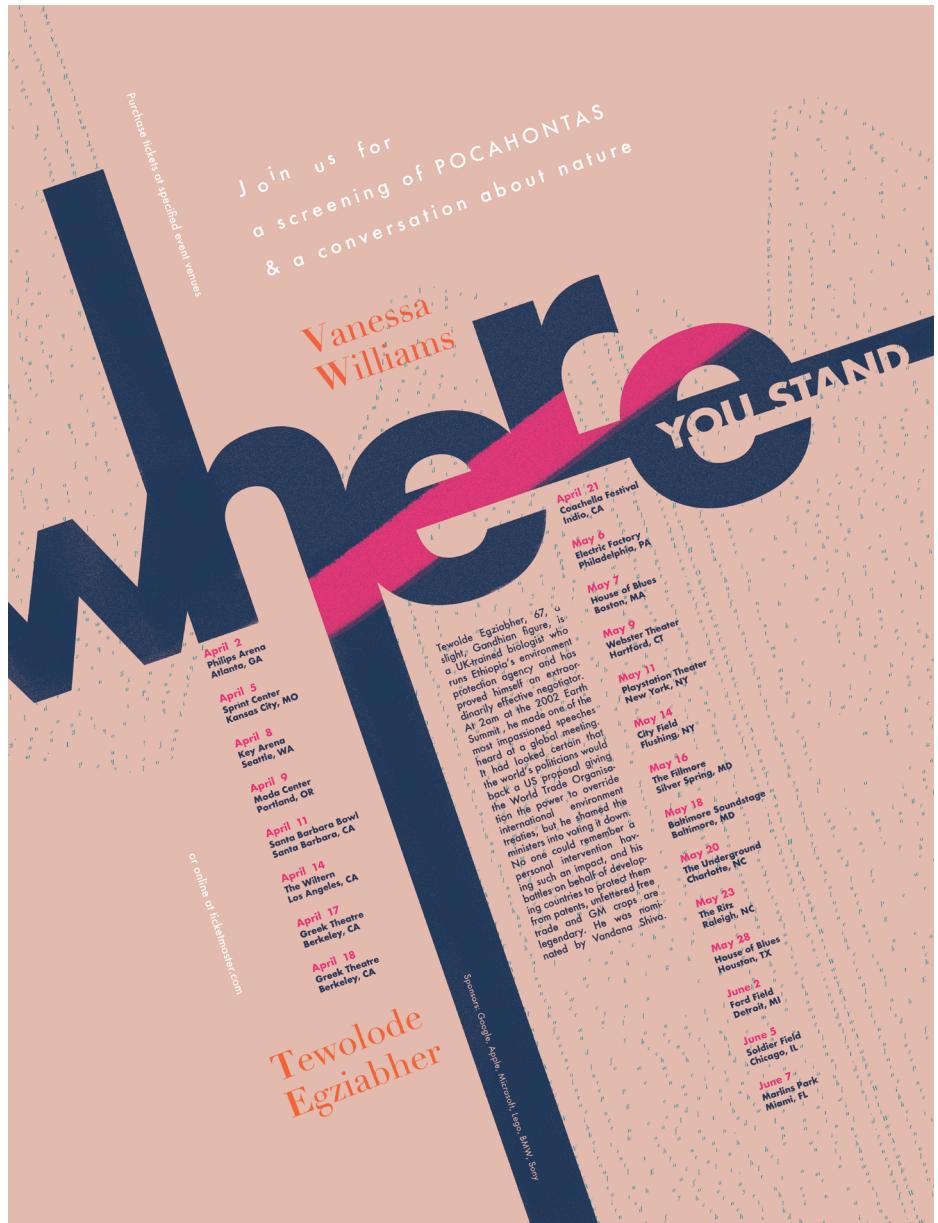
Sponsors: Google, Apple, Microsoft, Intel, BMW, Sem



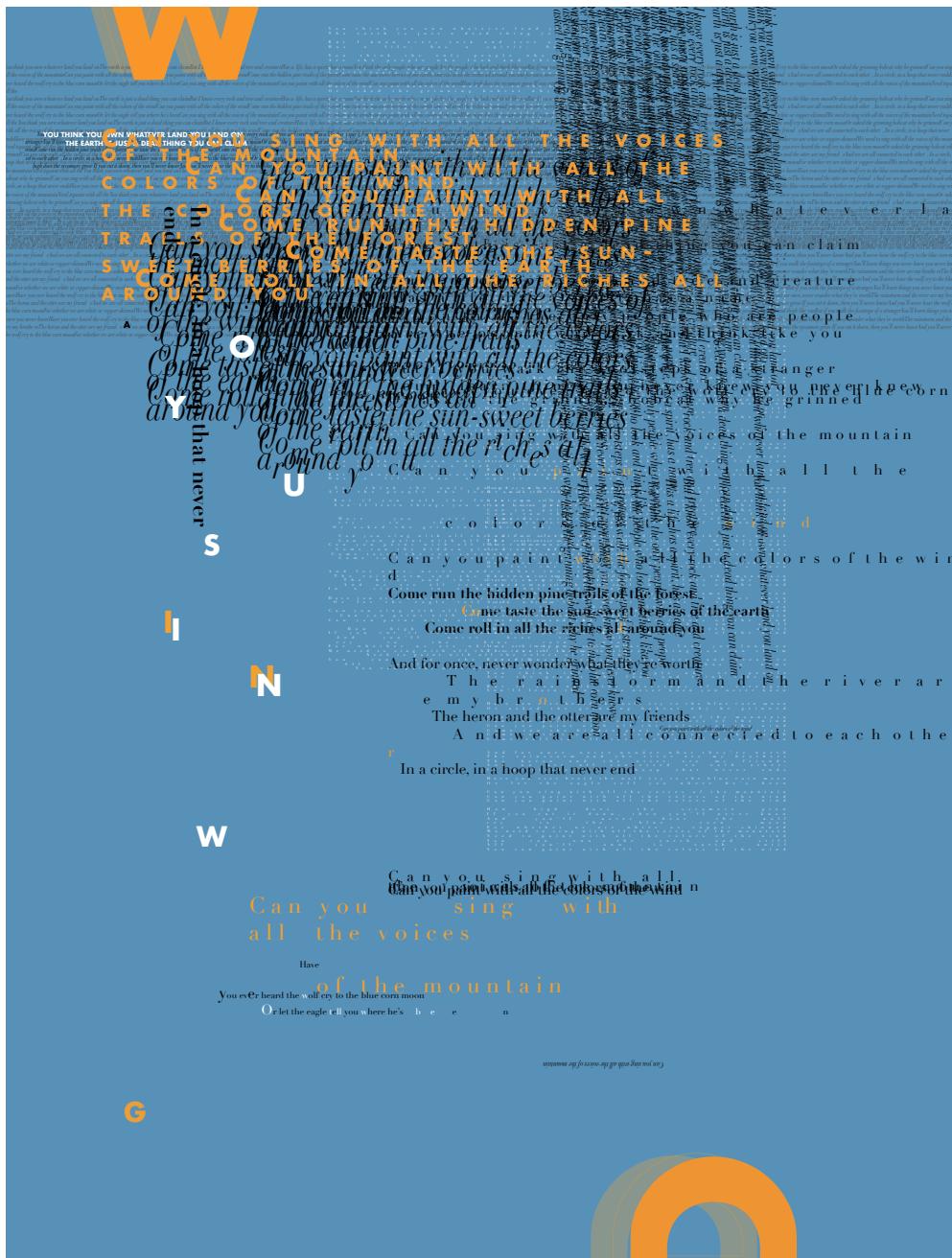








PROJECT 2 final solution_expressive poster





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PROJECT 3 assignment instruction

o v e r v i e w

project 3 is a typographic dialogue between two pieces of writing in the form of a book that you will design, typeset and bind.

the primary text is the dominant voice in the book and the secondary text is the secondary voice or response to the primary text.

for the primary text, you will be working with “Gifts and Giving” by Frank Chimero / the secondary text is your choice and should function as your response to the primary text.

e m p h a s i s this project is a modified version of an original project by Lucinda Hitchcock / Chair of GD at RISD.

s p e c i f i c a t i o n s

+ design systems

+ grids

+ type as image

+ sequence

+ books must be purely typographic / type and type as image

+ the page count for the final book should be at least 32 pages including front matter, back matter and body of the book.

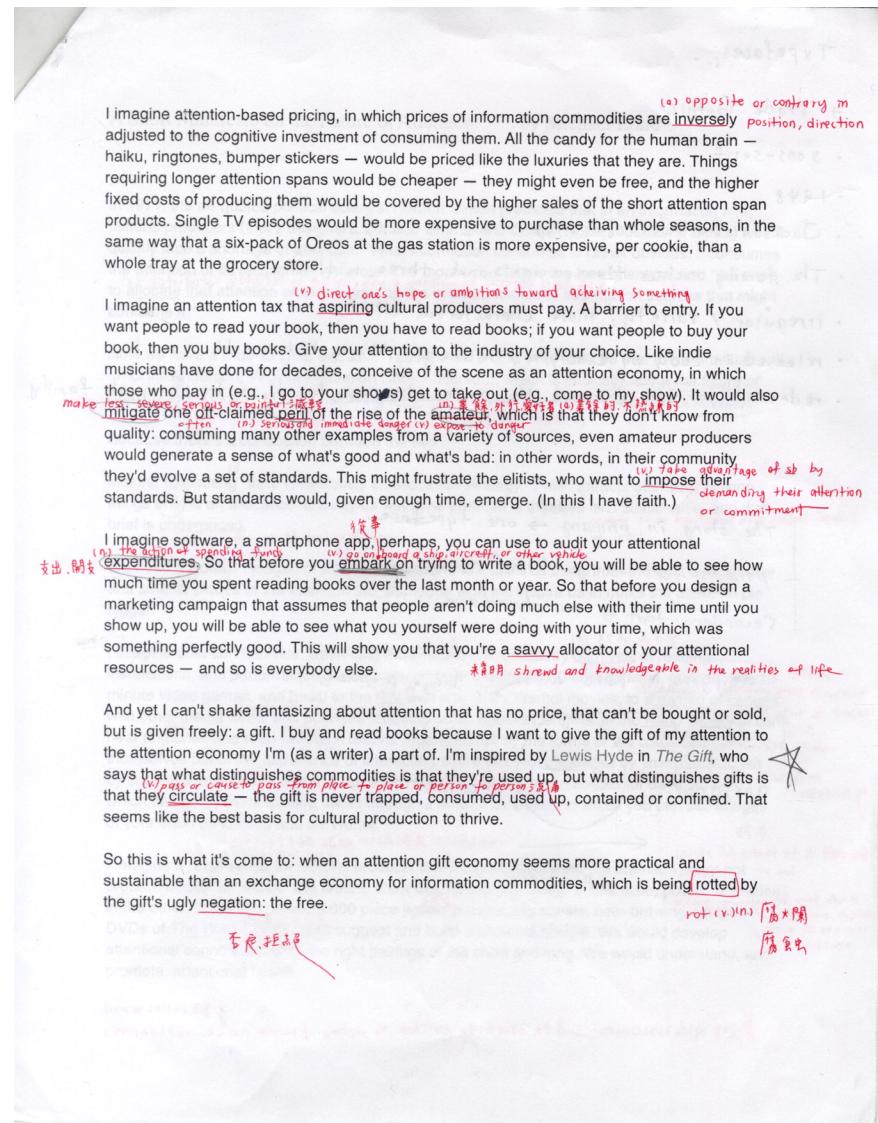
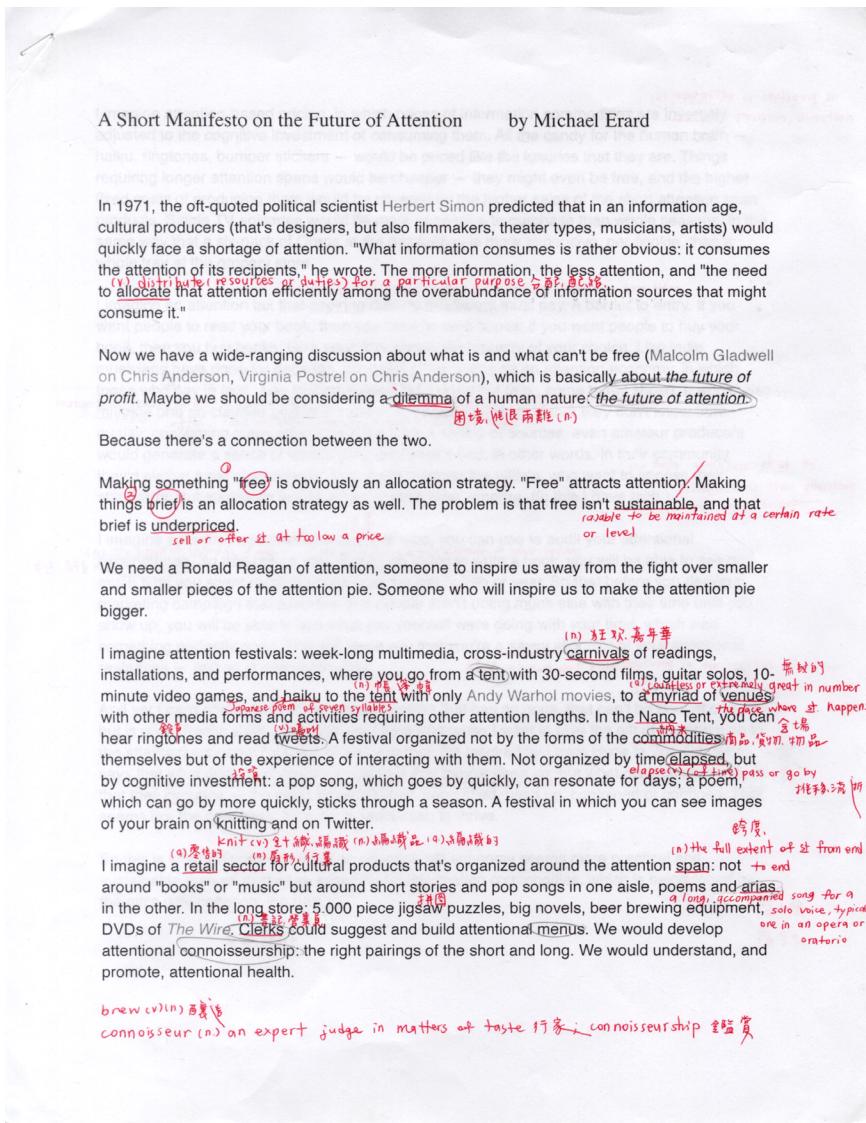
o b j e c t i v e s

- + work with pacing, transition and rhythm to communicate sequence
- + work proficiently with digital typesetting
- + negotiate multiple texts within a single grid and publication
- + strengthen ability to express oneself through typography
- + manipulate typographic syntax, hierarchy and placement within grid structures to improve communication and enhance user experience.

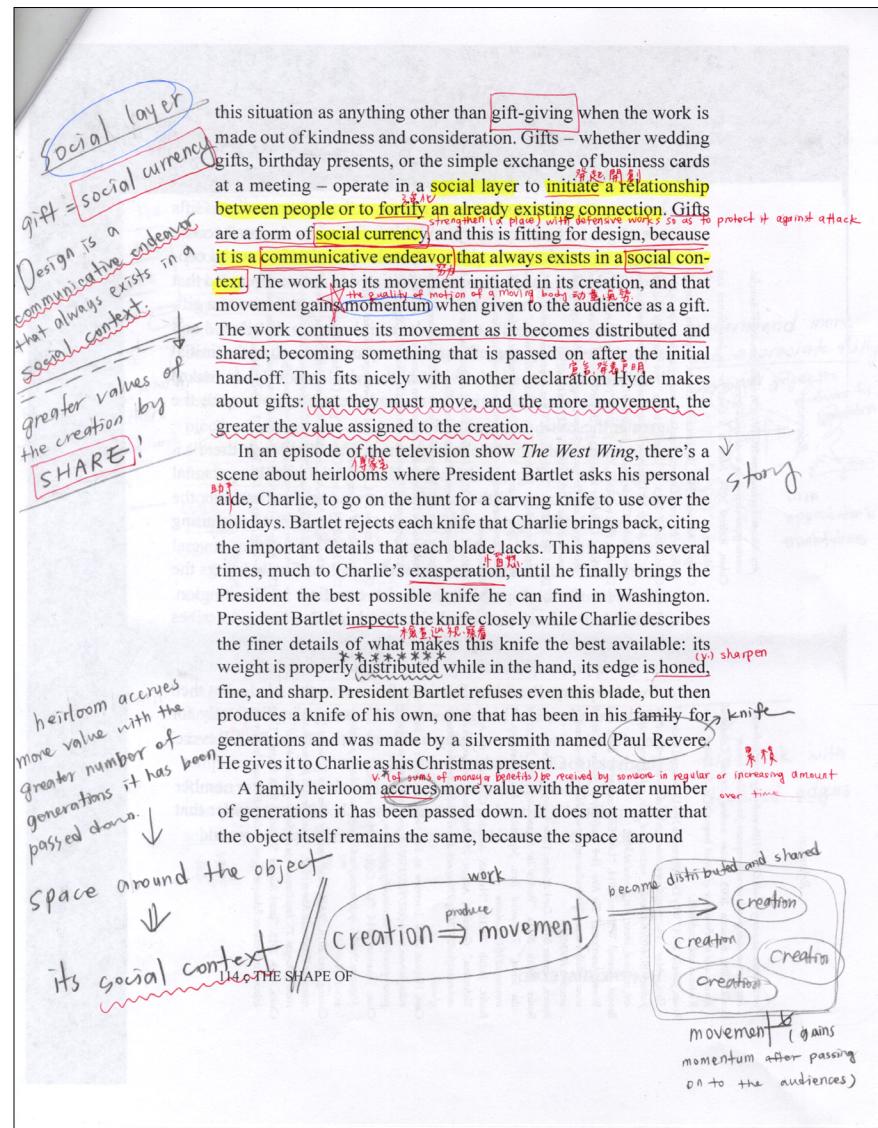
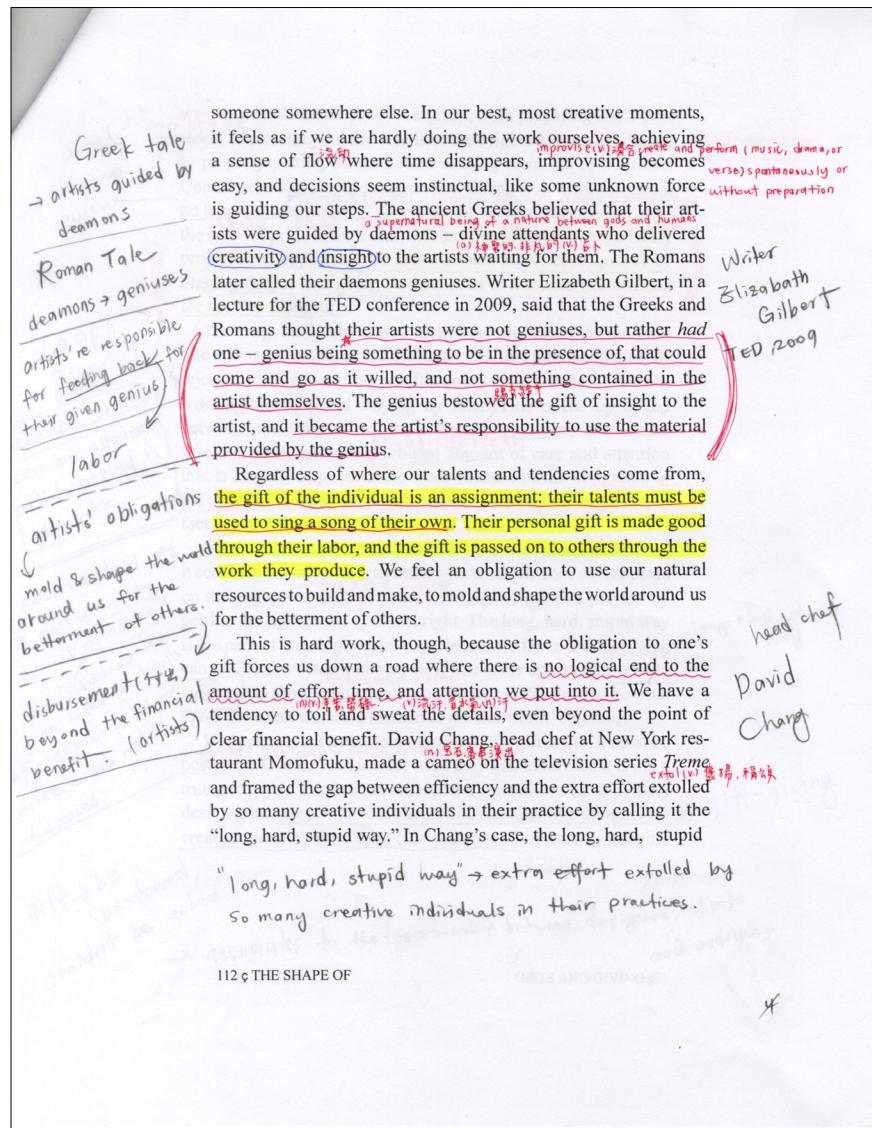
S c h e d u l e

week of feb 26 – proj 3 / begin – proj 2 / deliver
[a message and its response: research, grids, systems]
week of mar 5 proj 3 / working
week of mar 12 / spring break
week of mar 19 proj 3 / working
week of mar 26 proj 3 / working
week of april 2 – proj 4 / begin – proj 3 / deliver

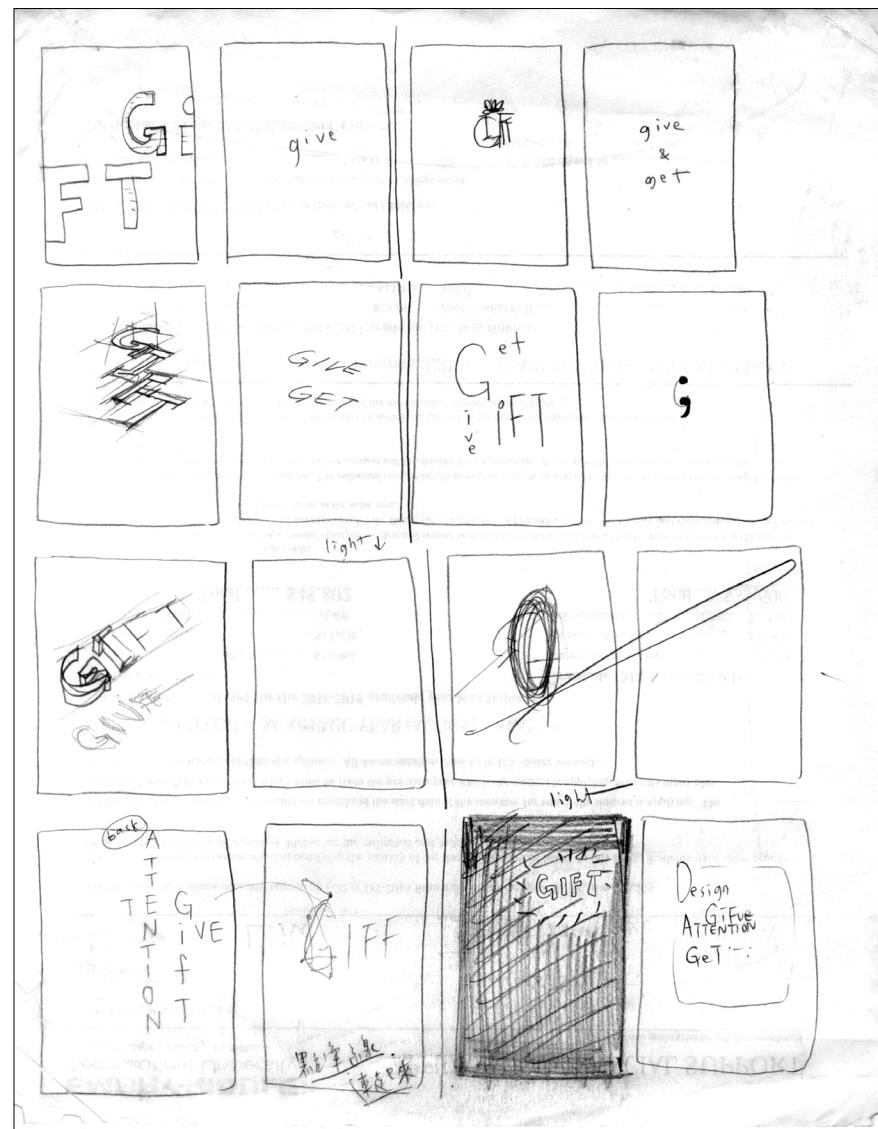
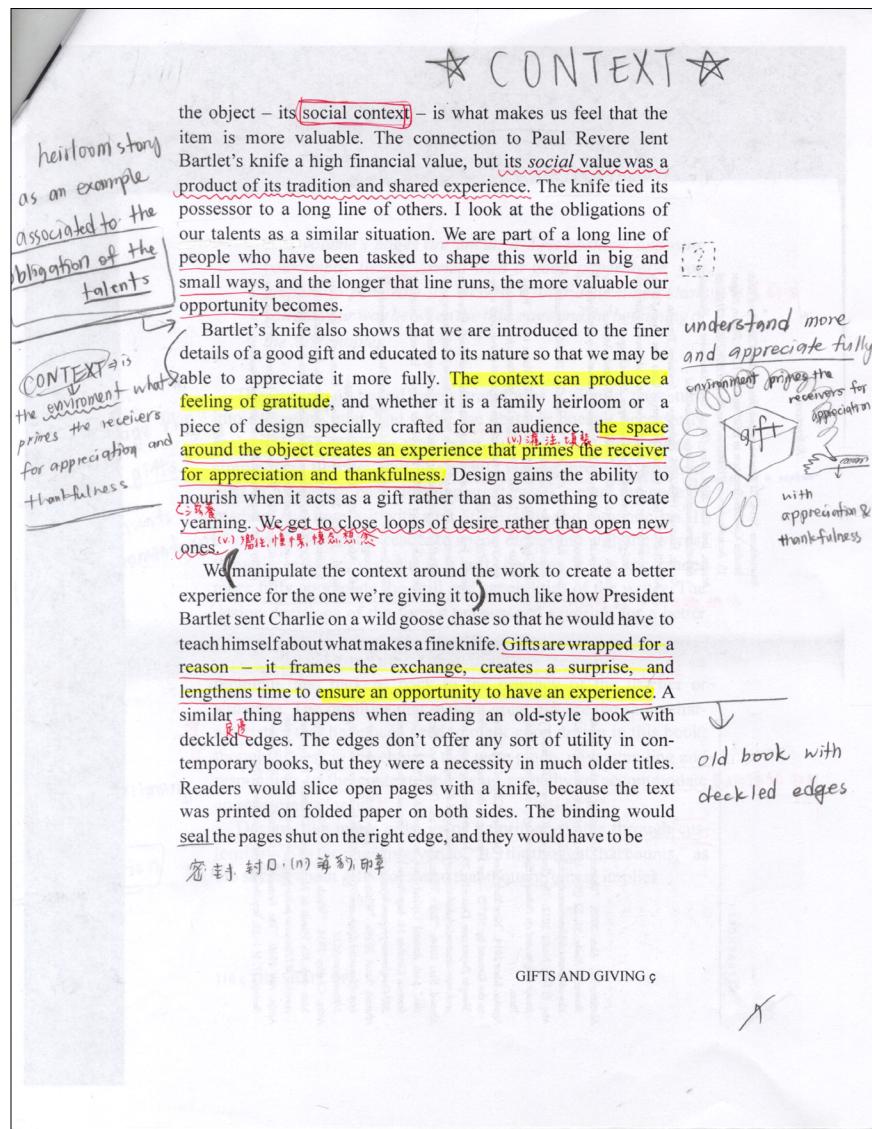
PROJECT 3 research and ideation

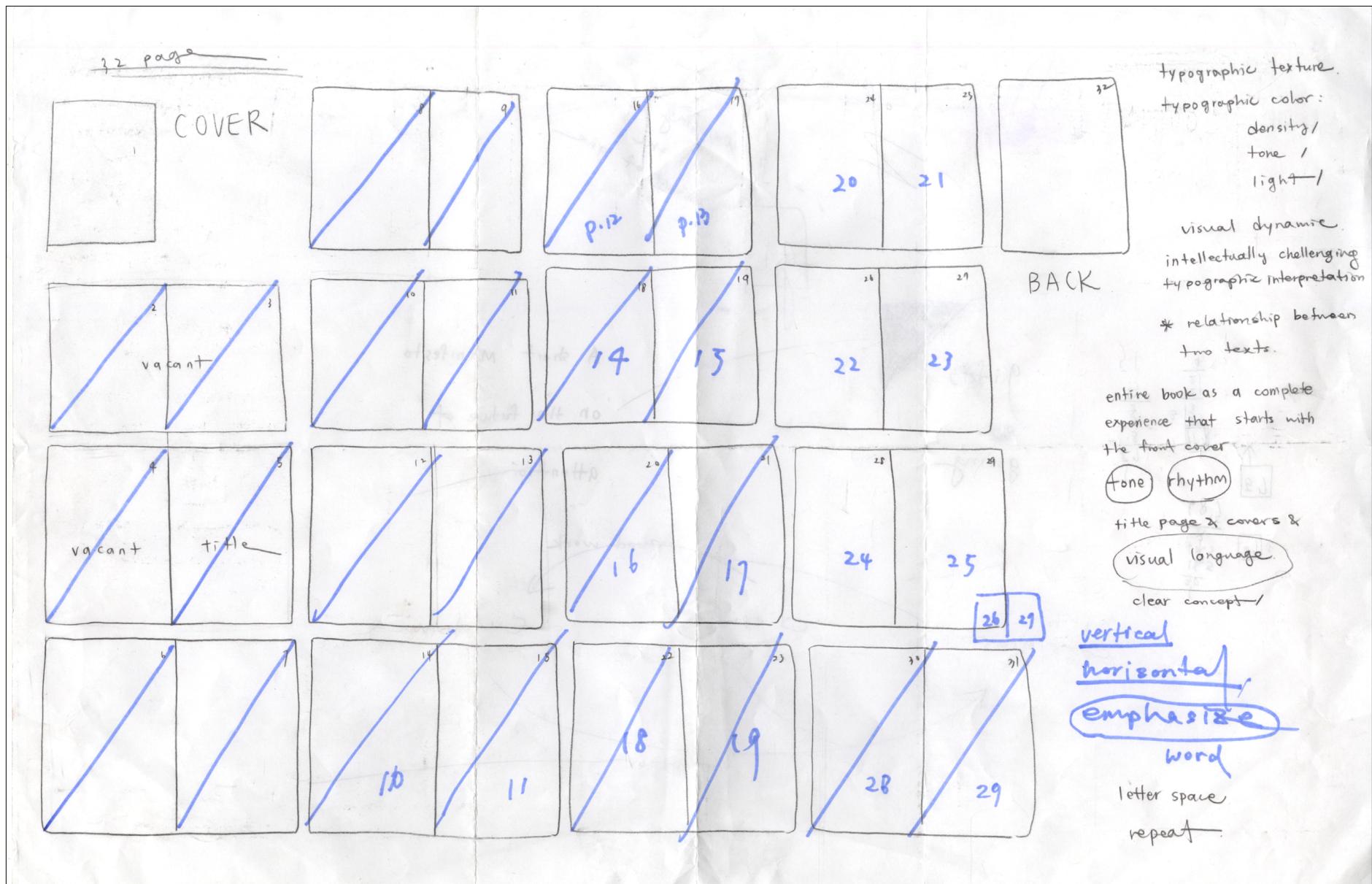


PROJECT 3 research and ideation

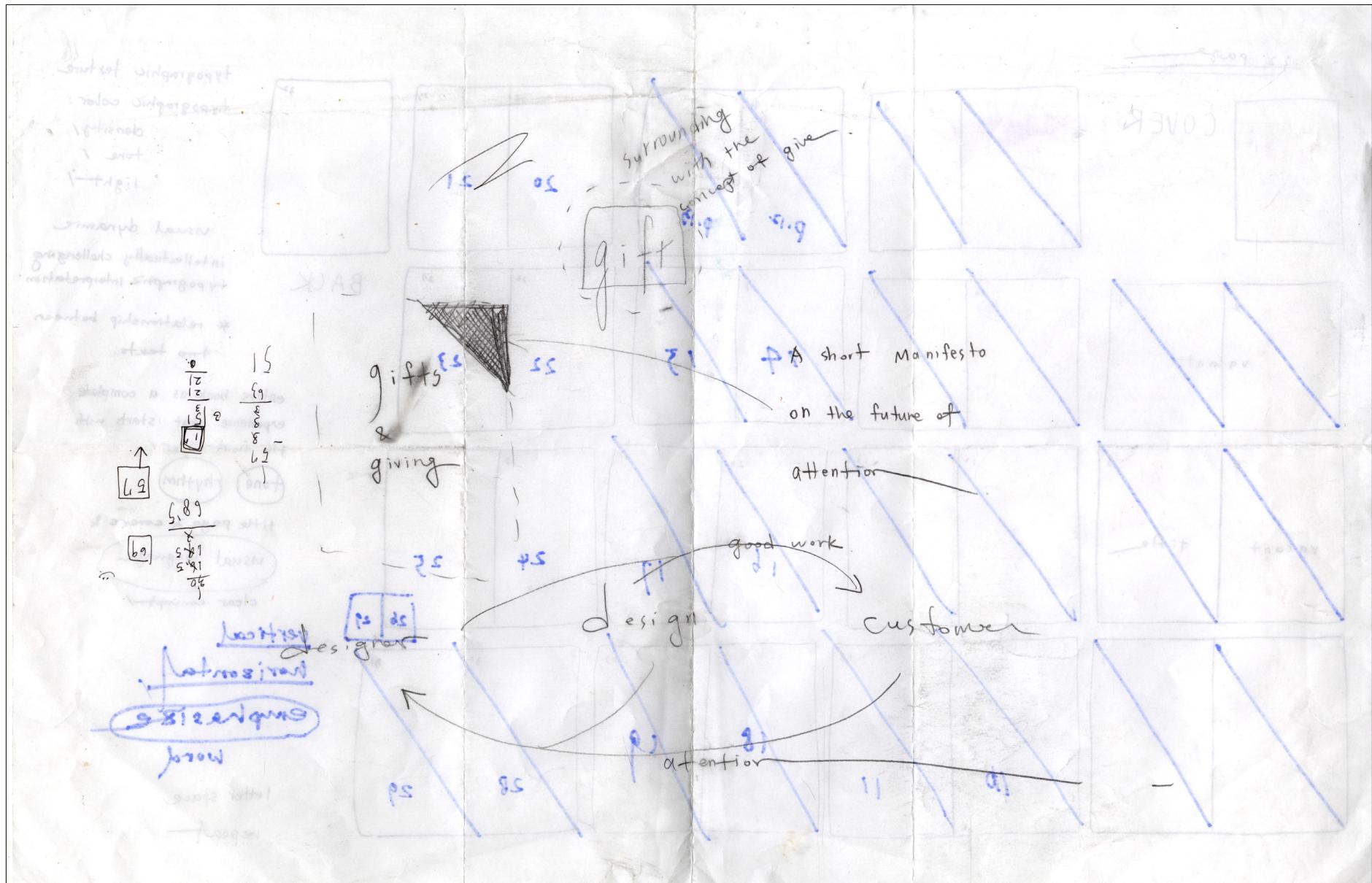


PROJECT 3 research and ideation

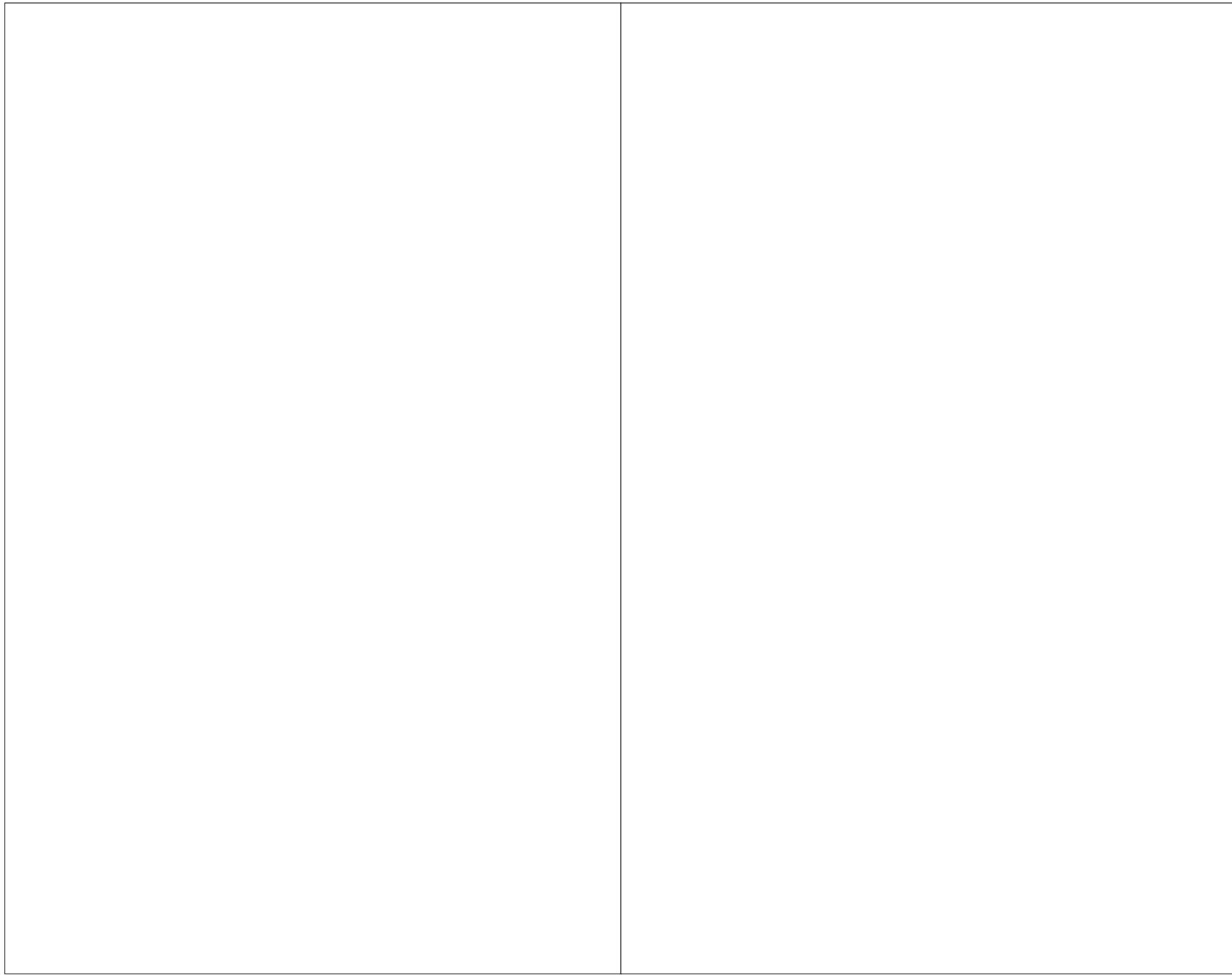




PROJECT 3 research and ideation







GIFTS
AND
GIVING

Frank Chimero

A SHORT MANIFESTO
ON THE FUTURE OF ATTENTION

Michael Erard



A TYPOGRAPHIC DIALOGUE

Pei Jung Ho



“Not I, not I,
but the wind that blows through me!”

D.H. LAWRENCE

A TYPOGRAPHIC DIALOGUE 1

T

here is an old Japanese tale about a poor student who was away from home and living at an inn.

One evening, as his stomach grumbled, he smelled the briny scent of fish coming from the inn's kitchen as the innkeeper made his dinner. He wandered his way outdoors to the kitchen's window, and sat below the sill with his meager meal of rice, hoping that the scent of the fish might improve his paltry dish.

The student did this for many weeks, until one night the innkeeper spotted him and became furious. He grabbed the youngster by the arm and dragged him to stand before the local magistrate, demanding payment from the student for the scent of the fish that he had stolen.

"This is most curious," said the magistrate, who thought for a moment and then came to a conclusion. "How much money do you have with you?" he asked the student, who then produced three gold coins from his pocket.

The student feared that he would be forced to pay the innkeeper the last of his money, but the magistrate continued.

"Please," he said, "put all the coins in one of your hands."

The student did as he was asked. "Now, pour those coins into your other hand." The student dumped the coins. With that, the magistrate dismissed the innkeeper and student's case.

The innkeeper yelped in confusion, "How can this be settled?

I've not been paid!"

"Yes, you have," replied the magistrate.

"The smell of your fish has been repaid by the sound of his money."

The Japanese have many tales about this eighteenth century magistrate's rulings, but the story of the stolen smell is the most often told.

The student, despite not paying for the fish, was able to benefit from its scent, enjoying what amounted to an accidental gift from the innkeeper that added flavor to his bowl of rice.

In 1971, the oft-quoted political scientist Herbert Simon predicted that in an information age, cultural products (that's , but also , theater , musicians ,) would quickly face a shortage of attention

d^esigners
fⁱmma^rs
k^l
ty^s
e^p
arti^ts
s^s

“
What information consumes is
rather obvious: it consumes the
attention of its recipients,”
he wrote.

“
What information consumes is
rather obvious: it consumes the
attention of its recipients,”

mmerce and ownership – they are
ess.

I feel similar to the student when enjoying the creative work that most inspires me. I'm working on my own projects, eating my humble bowl of rice, while reading, watching, and using the best that humankind has to offer. I'm awkwardly stringing together words into sentences, Stop and look around you and I get to have the wind knocked out of me by the first paragraph of Moby Dick. I get to be in that work's presence, to sit under the window and steal the scent of the How many things ~~things I love and~~ do I care to design by hand?

From the wheat-pasted posters on the street,
to the octagonal stop signs on the road;
the overstuffed arms of the sofa where you sit,
to the milky consistency of the page
on which these words are printed,
or maybe even the bezel of the device on which you're reading this.

All of these choices are designed, and they all coalesce into the experience of this moment.
Most designers realize that much of our lives are designed, but we don't often stop to think that the work's widespread presence turns our design choices into significant contributions to the ambiance of life.

The lesson of the innkeeper's story is that the things we make transcend commerce to have rather than an object to own or a service to acc

(There is an aspect to the work's value that can not be described in dollars and cents.)

Typically, the success of a design is defined by the economics of the work. Good design is profitable, because finances help see that design endures. But as stated earlier, design is equal parts art and commerce.

The dual nature implies that there are opportunities and values in the practice that transcend commerce to enter into a space of collaboration and value creation that can't be captured on a ledger.

Design seeks to create experiences in addition to being profitable, so the price and profit of the work represent only part of its value.

I think the most fitting way to think about the best works of design are as gifts.

Lewis Hyde, in his landmark book *The Gift*,

describes how art simultaneously exists in both the market and gift economies, and that the appropriate way to look at the work of a creative individual is as a gift. Hyde uses the qualities of a gift economy to articulate the attributes and value of the creative perspective and to assess the resonance and worth of the creative work once it is shared with others. There is value in a creative work to bond people and engender cohesion in communities, and this worth can't be fully articulated in strictly commercial terms.

Instead, Hyde looks for lessons in gift economies to understand the patterns and opportunities of an arrangement where value is exchanged outside of finances.

The gift lives in the work, but also in the work's creator. The genius bestowed the gift of insight to the artist, and it became the artist's responsibility to use the material provided by the genius.

We typically describe someone's talent by saying they have a gift for it, as if their eye for color or perfect pitch were blessings imbued from someone somewhere else. In our best, most creative moments, it feels as if we are hardly doing the work ourselves, achieving a sense of flow where time disappears, improvising becomes easy, and decisions seem instinctual, like some unknown force is guiding our steps.

And yet I can't shake fantasizing about attention that has no price, that can't be bought or sold, but is given freely:

The ancient Greeks believed that their artists were guided by daemons – divine attendants who delivered creativity and insight to the artists waiting for them.

The Romans later called their daemons geniuses.

Writer Elizabeth Gilbert, in a lecture for the TED conference in 2009, said that the Greeks and Romans thought their artists were not geniuses, but rather had one – genius being something to be in the presence of, that could come and go as it willed, and not something contained in the artist themselves.

I buy and read books because I want to give the gift of my attention to the attention economy
I'm
(as a writer)

p a r t
o
f
.

Regardless of where our talents and tendencies come from, the gift of the individual is an assignment: their talents must be used to sing a song of their own.

Their personal gift is made good through their labor, and the gift is passed on to others through the work they produce.

We feel an obligation to use our natural resources to build and make, to mold and shape the world around us for the betterment of others.

This is hard work, though, because the obligation to one's gift forces us down a road where there is no logical end to the amount of effort, time, and attention we put into it. We have a tendency to toil and sweat the details, even beyond the point of clear financial benefit.

David Chang, head chef at New York restaurant Momofuku, made a cameo on the television series Treme and framed the gap between efficiency and the extra effort extolled by so many creative individuals in their practice by calling it the "long, hard, stupid way." In Chang's case, the long, hard, stupid way was exhibited all over the kitchen, from preparing one's own stock, to sweating out the details of the origins of the ingredients, to properly plating dishes before sending them out to the table.

Commercial logic would suggest that Chang stop working once it no longer made monetary sense, but the creative practitioner feels the sway of pride in their craft.

We are
compelled to
obsess.

Every project is an opportunity to create something of consequence by digging deeper and going further, even if it makes life difficult for the one laboring.

The long, hard, stupid way makes the process of design look like toiling, sweating over a drafting table, and producing piles of rejected ideas and prototypes.

This opens up a gap between the amount of these human resources that make financial sense and the exorbitant amount of care and attention that is actually applied to the work because of the obligation to the gift.

It's going longer, thinking harder, working smarter, and staying up later.

The fruits of that labor can be sensed by the audience; in fact, we seek it out. It's the extra essence that manifests as a well-plated dish when it comes to the table, an articulately phrased sentence as it appears on the page, or a face depicting the signs of life in a portrait by getting the light in the eyes just right. The long, hard, stupid way is the path of creating special experiences for the individuals who can notice the details, almost as if one were speaking a private language to those attuned to listen. These careful details are what

Hyde states that a necessary element of a gift is that it must be bestowed. One cannot ask for what they get, otherwise it is not a true gift.

Hyde's definition mirrors the general structure of most design jobs: one person (the client) hires another (the designer) to create something for a third (the audience). It is hard to imagine this situation as anything other than gift-giving when the work is made out of kindness and consideration.

Gifts – whether wedding gifts, birthday presents, or the simple exchange of business cards at a meeting – operate in a social layer to initiate a relationship between people or to fortify an already existing connection.

Gifts are a form of social currency, and this is fitting for design, because it is a communicative endeavor that always exists in a social context. The work has its movement initiated in its creation, and that movement gains momentum when given to the audience as a gift. The work continues its movement as it becomes distributed and shared;

becoming something that is passed on after the initial hand-off.

This fits nicely with another declaration Hyde makes about gifts: that they must move, and the more movement, the greater the value assigned to the creation.

In an episode of the television show *The West Wing*, there's a scene about heirlooms where President Bartlet asks his personal aide, Charlie, to go on the hunt for a carving knife to use over the holidays. Bartlet rejects each knife that Charlie brings back, citing the important details that each blade lacks.

This happens several times, much to Charlie's exasperation, until he finally brings the President the best possible knife he can find in Washington. President Bartlet inspects the knife closely while Charlie describes the finer details of what makes this knife the best available: its weight is properly distributed while in the hand, its edge is honed, fine, and sharp. President Bartlet refuses even this blade, but then produces a knife of his own, one that has been in his family for generations and was made by a silversmith named Paul Revere. He gives it to Charlie as his Christmas present.

A family heirloom accrues more value with the greater number of generations it has been passed down. It does not matter that the object itself remains the same, because the space around the object

– its social context

– is what makes us feel that the item is more valuable.

The connection to Paul Revere lent Bartlet's knife a high financial value, but its social value was a product of its tradition and shared experience. The knife tied its possessor to a long line of others. I look at the obligations of our talents as a similar situation.

We are part of a long line of people who have been tasked to shape this world in big and small ways, and the longer that line runs, the more valuable our opportunity becomes.

Bartlet's knife also shows that we are introduced to the finer details of a good gift and educated to its nature so that we may be able to appreciate it more fully.

A similar thing happens when reading an old-style book with deckled edges.

The edges don't offer any sort of utility in contemporary books, but they were a necessity in much older titles. Readers would slice open pages with a knife, because the text was printed on folded paper on both sides. The binding would seal the pages shut on the right edge, and they would have to be torn, like opening a letter, to unveil the next page of text. The process turned the reading process into a literal page-by-page unveiling of a story.

Italo Calvino said in his novel, *If On a Winter's Night a Traveler*:

The context can produce a feeling of gratitude, and whether it is a family heirloom or a piece of design specially crafted for an audience, the space around the object creates an experience that primes the receiver for appreciation and thankfulness.

Design gains the ability to nourish when it acts as a gift rather than as something to create yearning. We get to close loops of desire rather than open new ones.

We manipulate the context around the work to create a better experience for the one we're giving it to,

much like how President Bartlet sent Charlie on a wild goose chase so that he would have to teach himself about what makes a fine knife.

Gifts are wrapped for a reason – it frames the exchange, creates a surprise, and lengthens time to ensure an opportunity to have an experience.

This volume's pages are uncut: a first obstacle opposing your impatience. Armed with a good paper knife, you prepare to penetrate its secrets. With a determined slash you cut your way between the title page and the beginning of the first chapter. The cutting of bound pages transforms a simple page turn into a treasure hunt, and while the obstacle doesn't necessarily scale well for someone who ravenously reads, it does make a simple page flip feel a bit like a child tearing through Christmas gifts at a feverish pace. Ripping apart pages meters the pace of reading, and frames it with a bit of nostalgia and romanticism. If anything, it forces the reader to spend more time with the words.

Sometimes slowing down is a gift, because it lets the reader more fully appreciate the skill and capabilities of the writer. The design decisions of the format encouraged savoring for a better reading experience.

The success of a gift is quantified by the experience of its recipient,

and harkens back to the primacy of the listener or audience.

The qualities that make a great gift are the same characteristics that have been used to mark good design in this book:

thoughtfulness in the choices that were made, understanding and responding to the context, and using empathy to accommodate and customize for fit.

Design, like many gifts, gains its primary value through customization to the one it is given to. "It's the thought that counts," as the saying about gifts goes, and that thoughtfulness implies an understanding of the individual receiving the gift. This is why cash is thought to be an underclass of present: it may be the most flexible and valuable from an economic standpoint, but the ability to spend it anywhere means that the gift was never personalized.

Good gifts must be tailored to their recipients, so the difference between giving fifty dollars in cash and thoughtfully spending fifty dollars on someone is immense.

It suggests that the quality of the gift is not just in its objective qualities like flexibility or cost, but in its subjective characteristics like intent and context.

The space around the gift and the environment in which it is given sets up an excellent experience.

And perhaps the line between thoughtfully buying a gift and just giving the money to someone relates to the reason why so many creative individuals feel it necessary to do things the long, hard, stupid way. To merely work within the boundaries of financial concerns and not maximize one's creative capacity is to give someone the cash.

Singing a song of our own while we make our work uses the full capacity of the creative person to create new value and something of consequence. There is a contribution greater than just the commercial concern; there is a human investment of talent, perspective, and perseverance. These are the elements that

resonate

with the audience, because the work becomes a link between two individuals.

Both sides of the equation are humanized, initiating a relationship between them through

publishing the work.

A few years ago, my friend Rob Giampietro was designing a business card for a client, and during a presentation of design options, the client chose one, then asked if the design was completed. In a moment of insight, Rob responded that the design of the business card wouldn't be finished until the client

gave it to someone else. The implied exchange was part of the design, and Rob's task was to create a framework for that gift exchange to occur.

The measure of a design is in its capacity to be shared: something travels from one person to another, and in the process, they both gain. Like a gift, design requires movement; the work must be shared, the ideas must move. A business card that stays in its owner's pocket is no good.

The publication of each design project initiates an exchange of gifts.

On the one side, the designer and client offer their work on the other, the audience gives their attention, contributes through platforms, and offers their financial support. We value all these contributions, but

the gift of attention

is perhaps the most valuable.

Attention may seem like an easy gift to give, but it is not. It is the scarcest resource available because its quantities are limited and nonrenewable. We can't produce more attention, and there are ever more things vying for it each day. Attentive audiences should be rewarded with high-quality work, and

there should be a

s y m m e
to the

quality of each.

Because there's a connection between the two. Making something "free" is obviously an allocation strategy. "Free" attracts attention. Making things brief is an allocation strategy as well. The problem is that free isn't sustainable, and that brief is underpriced. We need a Ronald Reagan of attention, someone to inspire us away from the fight over smaller and smaller pieces of the attention pie.

r y
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r .
someone who will inspire to make the attention pie

In the 1970s, Robert Irwin explored the qualities of attention as a gift. He called the experiment “being available in response.” He would be available to other people who sought his presence, attention, and time, just like his responsiveness to the rooms where he installed his art. He explained: I just sort of let it be known that I was available, in a way like I’m saying it to you. I mean, I didn’t put out any ads or anything, but word got around. And you could be, let’s say, up at UCLA, and you’d say, “Well, let’s take advantage of that. We’ll have him come up and talk to the students.” And that’s what I’d do. Or, “We’ll have him come up and do a piece on the patio.” And I would just come up and do that.

“There’s an import-

ant distinction to be made here,” [Irwin] continued, “between organizing and proselytizing, on the one hand, and responding to interest, on the other. I was and continue to be available in response. I mean, I don’t stand on a corner and hand out leaflets. I’m not an evangelist. I’m not trying to sell anything. But on the other hand, if you ask me a question, you’re going to get a half-hour answer.”

The experiment started slowly, but within a few months, Irwin was almost continually on the road. The project lasted two years. He’d show up at schools and talk to students, or visit institutions and do an installation. Irwin himself said that he wasn’t attempting to sell anything, implying that his availability existed outside of commerce and so was a gift.

I imagine attention festivals: week-long multimedia, cross-industry carnivals of readings, installations, and performances, where you go from a tent with 30-second films, guitar solos, 10-minute video games, and haiku to the tent with only Andy Warhol movies, to a myriad of venues with other media forms and activities requiring other attention lengths. In the Nano Tent, you can hear ringtones and read tweets. A festival organized not by the forms of the commodities themselves but of the experience of interacting with them. Not organized by time elapsed, but by cognitive investment: a pop song, which goes by quickly, can resonate for days; a poem, which can go by more quickly, sticks through a season. A festival in which you can see images of your brain on knitting and on Twitter.

I imagine a retail sector for cultural products that’s organized around the attention span: not around “books” or “music” but around short stories and pop songs in one aisle, poems and arias in the other. In the long store: 5,000 piece jigsaw puzzles, big novels, beer brewing equipment, DVDs of The Wire. Clerks could suggest and build attentional menus. We would develop attentional connoisseurship: the right pairings of the short and long. We would understand, and promote, attentional health.

I imagine attention-based pricing, in which prices of information commodities are inversely adjusted to the cognitive investment of consuming them. All the candy for the human brain — haiku, ringtones, bumper stickers — would be priced like the luxuries that they are. Things requiring longer attention spans would be cheaper — they might even be free, and the higher fixed costs of producing them would be covered by the higher sales of the short attention span products. Single TV episodes would be more expensive to purchase than whole seasons, in the same way that a six-pack of Oreos at the gas station is more expensive, per cookie, than a whole tray at the grocery store.

I imagine an attention tax that aspiring cultural producers must pay. A barrier to entry. If you want people to read your book, then you have to read books; if you want people to buy your book, then you buy books. Give your attention to the industry of your choice. Like indie musicians have done for decades, conceive of the scene as an attention economy, in which those who pay in (e.g., I go to your shows) get to take out (e.g., come to my show). It would also mitigate one oft-claimed peril of the rise of the amateur, which is that they don’t know from quality: consuming many other examples from a variety of sources, even amateur producers would generate a sense of what’s good and what’s bad: in other words, in their community they’d evolve a set of standards. This might frustrate the elitists, who want to impose their standards. But standards would, given enough time, emerge. (In this I have faith.) I imagine software, a smartphone app, perhaps, you can use to audit your attentional expenditures. So that before you embark on trying to write a book, you will be able to see how much time you spent reading books over the last month or year. So that before you design a marketing campaign that assumes that people aren’t doing much else with their time until you show up, you will be able to see what you yourself were doing with your time, which was something perfectly good. This will show you that you’re a savvy allocator of your attentional resources — and so is everybody else.

While his gift was free in commercial terms, it was terribly expensive in attention, making it a truly significant offering.

The writer and media theorist Clay Shirky recently said,

“We systematically overestimate the value of access to information and underestimate the value of access to each other.”

How inspiring for Irwin to devote so many years to being fully available to those who were interested.

The relationship between quality work and quality attention, however, is a bit of a chicken and egg paradox.

Which comes first? Do people make good work to gain the rapt attention of an audience, or do they not bother with refined work until they know others are listening?

The more information, the less attention, and “the need to allocate that attention efficiently among the overabundance of information sources that might consume it.”

Now we have a wide-ranging discussion about what is and what can’t be free (Malcolm Gladwell on Chris Anderson, Virginia Postrel on Chris Anderson), which is basically about the future of profit. Maybe we should be considering a dilemma of a human nature:

the
future
of
attention.

The things that initiate the exchange of high quality attention may start inside of the designer, but the products of the process have a tendency to have authorship and ownership evaporate.

Luckily,

Inside of commerce, this
is a problem, because it
doesn't make much sense
to make a financial in-
vestment without a good
hunch of reward.

for the creative individual,
it is of no concern.
The desire to produce
great work will never
leave the one making it,
because of their sense
of obligation to their gift.
The song must be sung.

Sometimes the things we design lose the signature of the one who creates them, because their application is so widespread that their sway in culture diffuses to such an extent that it enters the air like the scent of the innkeeper's fish.

They become a shared experience molding our interpretation of the world, becoming our points of reference, like the shape of a Coke bottle, the gait of the illuminated man on a street's crosswalk sign, the design of a paper clip, or the recycling logo.

Design can sometimes achieve a state so fused with the culture, so widespread, distributed, and engrained into the background, that it recedes in spite of its up-front positioning. It can become easy to presume that these things have always existed, and forget that they were designed and originated with someone's decisions.

One of the best examples of this in graphic design is Milton Glaser's I • NY logo. It's become something without an author, a shared symbol that permeates across all the spoofs and iterations it has inspired. Glaser's mark W. H. Auden said a culture is no better than its woods. has become a gift to the culture that is shared, referenced, and celebrated. The I'd say it's also no more than the things that it makes. mark became a vessel for emotion, a platform ready for the contributions of the audience to project their own affiliations onto to better articulate their We understand the lives of faded communities by the vesper trails appreciation for the city. Now, the mark is a shorthand to express affection they leave behind as stories, objects, and votives that represented for anything.

The art critic John Berger said that some- thing more. Everything fades, and in the end, all we have are great art creates a space and gives it a face, one another and the things we make to put between us. As art historian

George Kubler said, "The moment just past is extinguished forever, In doing so, it's almost as if the gift names these hidden and formless save for the things made during it." All of these creations linger, experiences and enables us to more fully realize them, like the release that and they echo across the long line of time and speak to what those happens when we're searching for a word that is on the tip of my tongue, and people were and to be in the what they tensed and someone else provides it. I believe in so much. I believe in the two-way bridges we build Empathy, understanding, and connection to one another by linking the deep interconnect- for others allows us to describe the overlaps between us by creating this edness of everything in the benefits of our code- dependency, and in shorthand language of complex feelings and experiences. All we need to do is the opportunity of today when we believe in a tomorrow. I believe in the gift that creative people are given, and in the obligation to use it. I point at something and treat it as a symbol for something more. I believe we have done well, but I think we can do better. I believe we can do much, much better. There is more making to be done.

There are dreams out there that must be made real.

We are dependent on each other and on the things that do not matter, and in this way, and in that way, there is the world we live in es, fill one another's needs, and help each other to keep moving. There is one that we imagine. It is by our movement and invention that we inch closer to the latter.

T h e w o r l d s h a p e s u s , a n d w e g e t t o s h a p e t h e w o r l d

A person is not a closed system, they can never be fully self-sufficient. We need each other because we cannot make everything ourselves.

Everything was invented. But it was not alone. At the time we are able to see it, implement it, and share it with others; and cherish what others do for us. That is what art does. It speaks to the people that need us to show how to express ourselves. The great object that I often use is how to we are frequently forced to do the things we do, and we do them about my work in an attempt to sell it. It's not to be sold, it's about a logo, only a promotional piece. It's only a website, just an essay. But the things that we make are more than just objects. They're the way we participate in projects that extends license to ourselves and everyone else. These objects represent the promises that we make to one another. They symbolize the promises that the world we live in and the one we want to live in by building on top of our own capabilities.

Gill Sans / 1928

Designed by Eric Gill

Minion / 1990

Designed by Robert Slimbach

COLOPHON

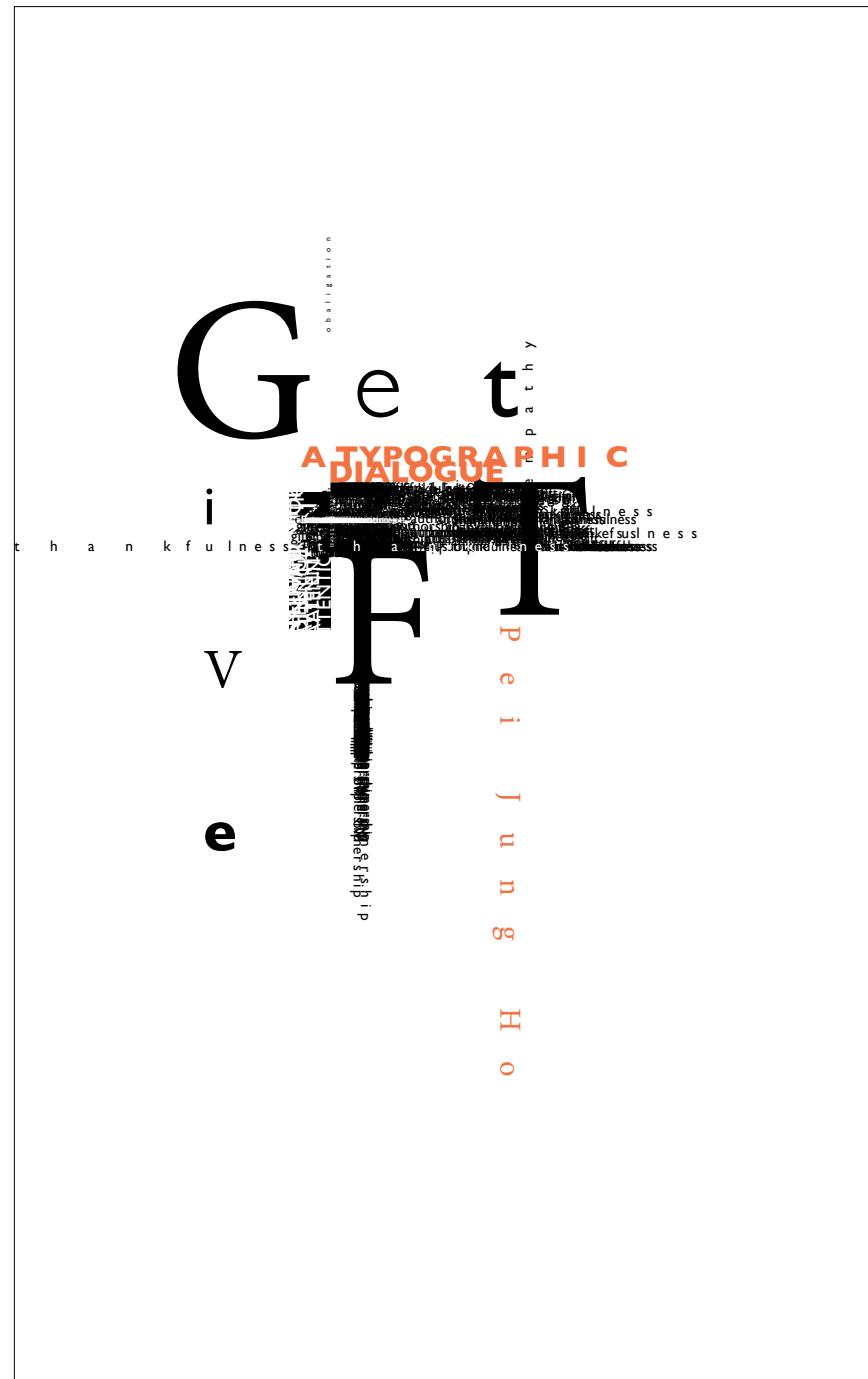
Typography Two

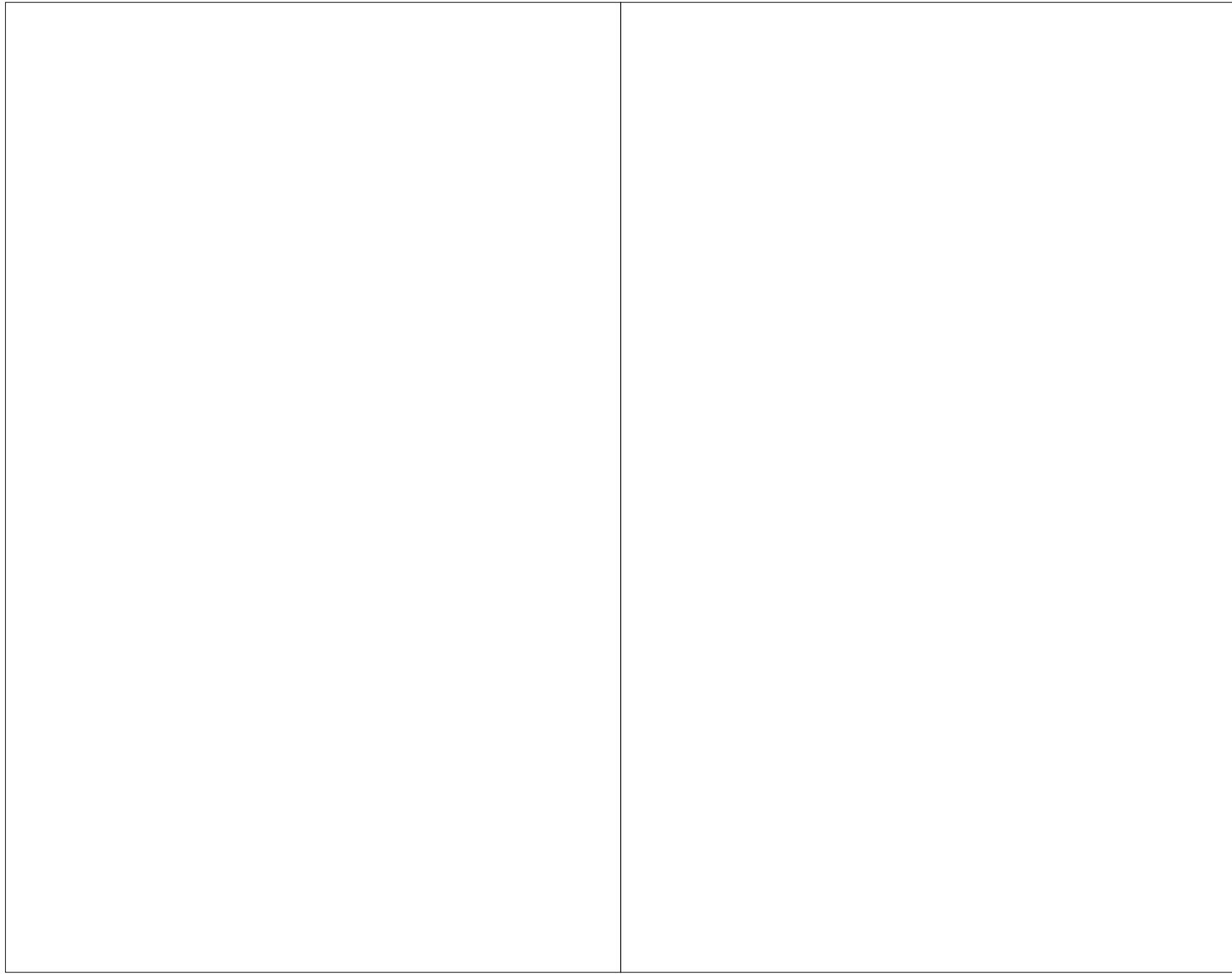
A TYPOGRAPHIC

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“NOT I,
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but the wind that “blows through me!”

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D.H. LAWRENCE

A TYPOGRAPHIC DIALOGUE 1

T

here is an old Japanese tale about a poor student who was away from home and living at an inn.

One evening, as his stomach grumbled, he smelled the briny scent of fish coming from the inn's kitchen as the innkeeper made his dinner. He wandered his way outdoors to the kitchen's window, and sat below the sill with his meager meal of rice, hoping that the scent of the fish might improve his paltry dish. The student, despite not

The student did this for many weeks, until one night the innkeeper spotted him and became furious. He grabbed the youngster by the arm and dragged him to stand before the

local magistrate, demanding payment from the student for the scent of the fish that he had stolen.

"This is most curious," said the magistrate, who thought for a moment and then came to a conclusion. "How much money do you have with you?" he

asked the student, who then produced three gold coins from his pocket.

The student feared that he would be forced to pay the innkeeper the last of his money, but the magistrate continued.

"Please," he said, "put all the coins in one of your hands."

The student did as he was asked. "Now, pour those coins into your other hand." The student dumped the coins. With that, the magistrate dismissed the innkeeper

and student's case.

The innkeeper yelped in confusion,

"How can this be settled? I've not been paid!"

"Yes, you have," replied the magistrate.

I feel similar to
the student when
enjoying the
creative work that
most inspires me.

The Japanese
have many tales
about this eight-
eenth century
magistrate's
rulings, but
the story of the
stolen smell is
the most often

told
despite not
paying for the
fish, was able to
smell, enjoying
what amounted
to an accidental

scent, enjoying
what amounted
to an accidental
gift from the
innkeeper that
added flavor to
his bowl of rice.

I g e t t o h a v e t h e w w i i n n d d
w i n d

w i n d

w i n d

I'm awkwardly stringing together words
into sentences, and then

by
the first
paragraph
of Moby Dick. I get to be in
that work's
presence,
to sit under
the window
and steal the
scent of the
things I love,
in order to
improve what
I make.

Stop and look around you.
 How much of your environment is created?
 How many things that surround you are designed by someone?

From
 to
 to
 to
 The lesson of how things are made
 on which these words are printed,
 or, maybe even
the things we make
transcend commerce and ownership
– they are an experience to have rather than an object to own or a service to access.

the wheat-pasted posters on the street,
 the octagonal stop signs on the road;
 the overstuffed arms of the sofa where you sit,
 the milky consistency of the page

All of these choices are designed, and they all coalesce into the experience of this moment.
 Most designers realize that much of our lives are designed, but we don't often stop to think that the work's widespread presence turns our design choices into significant contributions to the ambiance of life.

(There is an aspect to the work's value that can not be described in dollars and cents.)

In 1971, the oft-quoted political scientist Herbert Simon predicted that in an information age, cultural producers (that's designers, filmmakers, etc., but also theater, musicians,) would quickly face a shortage of attention.

desi g n e r s
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 ty s
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 arti t s
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“
 What information consumes is rather obvious: it consumes the attention of its recipients,”

he wrote.

Typically, the success of a design is defined by the economics of the work. Good design is profitable, because finances help see that design endures. But as stated earlier

design
is
equal
parts
art
and
commerce.

The dual nature implies that there are opportunities and values in the practice that transcend commerce to enter into a space of collaboration and value creation that can't be captured on a ledger.

I'm inspired by Lewis Hyde in *The Gift*,
Lewis Hyde, in his landmark book *The Gift*,
who says that what distinguishes
commodities is that they're
describes how art simultaneously exists in b
at the
work of a creative individual is as a gift. Hyd
used up
tive and to assess the resonance and
There is value in a creative work to bond pe
but
in strictly commercial terms.

is that Instead, Hyde looks for less
they circulate — the gift is never trapped,
consumed, used up,
where
value
is
exchanged
o u t s i d e
of
f i n a n c e s .

Instead, Hyde looks for lessons in gift economies to understand the patterns and opportunities of an

is never grasped,

gifts
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gift economies

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gifts

gifts

gifts

I imagine attention festivals: week-long multimedia, cross-industry carnivals of readings, installations, and performances, where you go from a tent with 30-second films, guitar solos, 10-minute video games, and haiku to the tent with only Andy Warhol movies, to a myriad of venues with other media forms and activities requiring other attention lengths. In the Nano Tent, you can hear ringtones and read tweets. A festival organized

The genius bestowed the gift of insight to the artist, and it became the responsibility to use the material provided by the genius.

not by the forms of the commodities themselves but of the experience of interacting with them. Not only does time elapse, but cognitive investment drops off quickly. The ancient Greeks believed that artists were guided by daemons – divinities who d

can return to the stage, which can attendants who d more creativity ar

val in individual images of your brain, or waiting for their knitting and on Twitter. I imagine a retail sector for cultural products that's organized around the attention span: not around "books" or "music" but around short stories and pop songs in one aisle, poems and arias in the other. In the long stories, 5,000 piece jigsaw puzzles, big novels, big equipment, DVDs of The Wire, Clerks in 2009, said that the TED conference suggest and build attentional menus. We would develop attentional connoisseurship: the right pairings of the short and long. We would understand and promote, attentional health. I imagine attention-based pricing, in which prices of information commodities are inversely adjusted to the cognitive investment of consuming them. All the things that could conform the human brain — haiku, ringtones, bumper stickers — would be priced like the luxuries that they are. Things requiring longer attention spans would be cheaper — they might even be free, and art covered by the higher fixed costs of producing them would be

The Romans later called their daemons geniuses around short stories and pop songs in one aisle, poems and arias in the other. In the long stories, 5,000 piece jigsaw puzzles, big novels, big equipment, DVDs of The Wire, Clerks in 2009, said that the TED conference suggest and build attentional menus. We would develop attentional connoisseurship: the right pairings of the short and long. We would understand and promote, attentional health. I imagine attention-based pricing, in which prices of information commodities are inversely adjusted to the cognitive investment of consuming them. All the things that could conform the human brain — haiku, ringtones, bumper stickers — would be priced like the luxuries that they are. Things requiring longer attention spans would be cheaper — they might even be free, and art covered by the higher fixed costs of producing them would be

Writer Elizabeth Gilbert, in a lecture at the TED conference in 2009, said that the Greeks and Romans thought their artists were geniuses but rather had to do something to be genius before it willed, and nothing contained in them. So that could be something to be done with their time until you show up, you will be able to see what you yourself were doing with your time, which was something perfectly good. This will show you that you're a savvy allocator of your attentional resources — and so is everybody else.

expensive to purchase than whole seasons, in the same way that a six-pack of Oreos at the gas station is more expensive, per cookie, than a whole tray at the grocery store. I imagine an attention tax that aspiring cultural producers must pay. If you want people to read your book, then you have to read books; if you want people to buy your book, then you buy books. Give attribution to the industry of your choice. Like indie musicians have done for decades, conceive of the scene as an attention economy, in which those who pay in (e.g., I go to your shows) get to take out (e.g., come to my show). It would also mitigate one oft-claimed peril of the rise of the amateur, which is that they don't know from quality connoisseurs. Many other examples from a variety of sources, even amateur producers would

We typically describe someone's talent by saying they have a gift for it, as if their eye for color or perfect pitch were blessings imbued from somewhere else. This might frustrate the elitists, in our best, want to impose their standards. But standards would, given enough time, emerge. (In this I have faith!) I imagine software, a smartphone app, achieving gaps, you can use to audit your attentional a sense of flow. So that before you embark on trying to write a book, you will be able to see how much time you spent reading books over the last year. So that before you design a marketing campaign that assumes that people aren't doing much else with their time until you show up, you will be able to see what you yourself were doing with your time, which was something perfectly good. This will show you that you're a savvy allocator of your attentional resources — and so is everybody else.

The gift lives in the work, but also in the work's creator. Like amateur producers would generate a sense of what's good and what's bad: in other words, in their community, they'd evolve a culture of appreciation. This might frustrate the elitists, in our best, want to impose their standards. But standards would, given enough time, emerge. (In this I have faith!) I imagine software, a smartphone app, achieving gaps, you can use to audit your attentional a sense of flow. So that before you embark on trying to write a book, you will be able to see how much time you spent reading books over the last year. So that before you design a marketing campaign that assumes that people aren't doing much else with their time until you show up, you will be able to see what you yourself were doing with your time, which was something perfectly good. This will show you that you're a savvy allocator of your attentional resources — and so is everybody else.

long, hard, stupid way

Regardless of where our talents and tendencies come from,

**the gift
of the individual
is an assignment:
their talents must be
used to sing a song
of their own.**

Their personal gift is made good through creative their labor, and the gift is passed on to others individuals in their through the work they produce.

We feel an obligation to use our natural resources to build and make, the long hard, stupid shape the world around us for the betterment case, of others.

This is hard work, though, because the obligation to one's gift forces us down a road where there is no logical end to the amount of effort,

time, and attention we put into it. We have a tendency to toil and sweat the details, pushing one's own beyond the point of clear financial benefit.

stock, to sweating out the details of the origins of the ingredients, to properly

plating dishes before sending them out to

the table.

David Chang, head chef at New York

restaurant Momofuku, made a cameo on the television series Treme and framed the gap between efficiency and the extra effort extolled

long go

Commercial logic would suggest that Chang stop working once it no longer made monetary sense, but the creative practitioner feels the sway of pride in their craft.

**We are
compelled
to
obsess.**

long go

Every project is an opportunity to create something of consequence by digging deeper and going further, even if it makes life difficult for the one laboring.

The long, hard, stupid way makes the process of design look like toiling, sweating over a drafting table, and producing piles of rejected ideas and prototypes.

This opens up a gap between
the amount of these human resources that make financial sense
and the exorbitant amount of care and attention
that is
actually applied to the work because of the **obligation** to the gift.

It's

obligation
obligation
obligation
obligation
obligation
obligation

going longer, thinking harder, The fruits of that labor can be sensed by the
in fact, we seek it out. It's the **exobligation** that manifests as a well-plated dish when it comes to the
table, an articulately phrased sentence as it appears on the page, or a daub of paint that **spans** the
working **obligation** in a portrait by getting the light in the eye.
The long, hard, stupid way is the path of creating special experiences for the individuals who
smarter Notice the details, almost as if one were speaking a private language to those attuned to it.
These careful details are what make the scent from the kitchen at the inn worth the
a Hyde states that a necessary element of a gift is that it must be **presented**.
n One can not ask for what they get, otherwise it is not a **gift**.
one person (the client) hires another (the designer) to create something for a third (the audience).
d It is hard to imagine this situation as anything other than a **transaction**,
when the work is made out of kindness and concern.
staying Gifts – whether wedding gifts, birthday presents, or the simple exchange of business cards at a
meeting – operate in a social layer to initiate a relationship between people
or to fortify an already existing connection.
up Gifts are a form of social currency, and this is fitting for design, because it is a communicative
endeavor that always exists in a social context. The work has its movement initiated in its creation,
l and that movement gains momentum when given to the audience as a gift. The work continues its
movement as it becomes distributed and shared; becoming something that is passed on after the
initial hand-off.

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information,

In an episode of the television show *The West Wing*, there's a scene about heirlooms where President Bartlet asks his personal aide Charlie, to go on the hunt for a carving knife to use over the holidays. Bartlet rejects each knife that Charlie brings back, citing the important details that each blade lacks. This happens several times, much to Charlie's exasperation, until he finally brings the President the best possible knife he can find in Washington. President Bartlet inspects the knife closely while Charlie describes the finer details of what makes this knife be available: its weight is properly distributed while the handle is honed, fine, and sharp. President Bartlet rejects even this blade, but then produces a knife of his own, one that has been in his family for generations and was made by a silversmith named Paul Revere. He gives it to Charlie as his Christmas present.

– its social context
is what makes us
feel that the item
is more valuable.

and “the need to allocate that
attention efficiently
among the overabundance of information sources
that might consume it.”

A family heirloom accrues more value with the greater number of generations it has been passed down. It does not matter that the object itself remains the same, because the space around the object

The connection to Paul Revere lent Bartlet's knife a high financial value, but its social value was a product of its tradition and shared experience. The knife tied its possessor to a long line of others. I look at the obligations of our talents as a similar situation.

We are part of a long line of people who have been tasked to shape this world in the small ways and the long ones. The more valuable the opportunity becomes, the more Bartlet's knife also

shows that we are introduced to the finer details of a good gift and educated to its nature so that we may be able to appreciate it more fully.

The context can produce a feeling of gratitude, and whether it is a family heirloom or a piece of design specially crafted for an audience, the space around the object creates an experience that primes the receiver for appreciation and thankfulness.

And yet I can't shake fantasizing about attention that

has no price, that can't be bought or sold, but is given

freely: a g i f t .

Design gains the ability to nourish when it acts as a gift rather than an obstacle.

We get to close loops of desire rather than open new ones.

We manipulate the context around the work to create a better experience for the one we're giving it to,

much like how President Bartlet sent Charlie on a wild goose chase so that he would have to teach himself about what makes a fine knife.

Gifts are wrapped for a reason – it frames the exchange, creates a surprise, and lengthens time to ensure an opportunity to have an experience.

I buy and read books because I want to give the gift of my attention to the attention economy I'm (as a writer) a part of.

Sometimes slowing down is a gift, because it lets the reader more fully appreciate the skill and capabilities of the writer.
The design decisions of the format encouraged savoring for a better reading experience.

The success of a gift is quantified by the experience of its recipient,

and harkens back to the primacy of the listener or audience.
The qualities that make a great gift are the same characteristics that have been used to mark good design in this book:

thoughtfulness in the choices that were made,
understanding
and
responding
to the context,
and using
empathy
to
accommodate
and
customize
for fit.

Singing a song of our own while we make our work uses the full capacity of the creative person to create new value and something of consequence. There is a contribution greater than just the commercial concern; there is a human investment of talent, perspective, and perseverance. These are the elements that

resonate

with the audience, because the work creates a link between two individuals.

Both sides of the equation are humanized, initiating a relationship between them through

publishing the work.

We need a Ronald Reagan of attention, someone to inspire us away from the fight over smaller and smaller pieces of the attention pie. Someone who will inspire us to make the attention pie bigger:

Design, like many gifts, gains its primary value through customization to the one it is given. "It's the thought that counts," as they say about gifts goes, and that thoughtfulness implies an understanding of the individual receiving the gift. This is why cash is thought to be an underclass of present: it may be the most flexible and valuable from an economic standpoint, but the ability to spend it anywhere means that the gift was never personalized.

Good gifts must be tailored to their recipients, so the difference between giving fifty dollars in cash and thoughtfully spending fifty dollars on someone

is immense. It suggests that the quality of the gift is not just in its objective qualities like flexibility or cost, but in its subjective characteristics like intent and context.

The space around the gift and the environment in which it is given sets up an excellent experience.

And perhaps the line between thoughtfully buying a gift and just giving the money to someone relates to the reason why so many creative individuals feel it necessary to do things the long, hard, stupid way. To merely work within the boundaries of financial concerns and not maximize one's creative capacity is to give someone the cash.

A few years ago, my friend Rob Giampietro was designing a business card for a client, and during a presentation of design options, the client chose one, then asked if the design was completed. In a moment of insight, Rob responded that the design of the business card wouldn't be finished until the client gave it to someone else. The implied exchange was part of the design, and Rob's task was to create a framework for that gift exchange to occur.

The measure of a design is in its capacity to be

The publication of each design project initiates an exchange of gifts. :something travels from one person to another, and in the process, they both gain. Like a gift, design requires movement; the work must be shared, the ideas must move. A business card that stays in its owner's pocket is no good.

On the one side,
the designer and
client offer their work;

while on the other,
the audience gives their
attention,
contributes
through platforms,
and offers their
financial support.

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We value all these contributions, but the gift of attention is perhaps the most valuable. Attention may seem like an easy gift to give, but it is not;

it is the scarcest resource available because its quantities are limited and nonrenewable.

We can't produce more attention, and there are ever more things vying for it each day. Attentive audiences should be rewarded with high-quality work, and there should be a symmetry to the quality of each.

Now we have a wide-ranging discussion about what is and what can't be free (Malcolm Gladwell on Chris Anderson, Virginia Postrel on Chris Anderson), which is basically about the future of profit. Maybe we're considering a dilemma of a human nature: the future of attention.

In the 1970s, Robert Irwin expressed the quality of attention as a gift. He called the experiment being available in response: "We would be available to other people who sought his presence, attention, and time, just like his responsiveness to the rooms where he installed his art. He explained, "A just sort of let it be known that I was available, in a way like I'm saying it to you. I mean, I didn't put out any ads or anything, but word got around. And you could, let's say, up at ucLA, and you'd say, "Well, let's take advantage of that! We'll have him come up and talk to the students." And that's what I'd do. Or, "We'll have him come up and do a piece on the patio." And I would just come up and do that. "There's an important distinction to be made here,"

Making something free is not a strategy well. The problem should be considered between the two.

Because there's a connection between the two.

Making things free is an allocation strategy well.

"Free"

[Irwin] continued, "between organizing and proselytizing, on the one hand, and responding to interest, on the other, was and continue to be available in response.

I mean, I don't stand on a corner and hand out leaflets. I'm not an evangelist. I'm not trying to sell anything. But on the other hand, if you ask me a question, you're going to get a half-hour answer."

The experiment started slowly, but within a few months, Irwin was almost continually on the road. The project lasted two years. He'd show up at schools and talk to students, or visit institutions and do an installation. Irwin himself said that he wasn't attempting to sell anything, implying that his availability existed outside of commerce and so was a gift.

attracts attention.

While his gift was free in commercial terms, it was terribly expensive in attention, making it a truly significant offering. The writer and media theorist Clay Shirky recently said,

"We systematically overestimate the value of access to information and underestimate the value of access to each other."

How inspiring for Irwin to devote so many years to being fully available to those who were interested.

The relationship between quality work and quality attention, however, is a bit of a chicken and egg paradox.

Which comes first?

Do people
make good work
to
gain the rapt attention of an audience,
or
do they not bother with refined work
until they know others are listening

?

Inside of commerce, this is a problem, because it doesn't make much sense to make a financial investment without a good hunch of reward.

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for
the
creative
individual,

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it
is
of
The desire to
produce great work
will
never leave the one
making it,
because of
their sense of
obligation
to their gift.

The song must
be sung.

They become a shared experience molding our interpretation of the world, becoming our points of reference,

like the shape of a Coke bottle
the gait of the
illuminated man
on a street's crosswalk sign
the design of a paper clip
or the recycling logo

It can become easy to presume that these things have always existed, and forget that they were designed and originated with someone's decisions.

The things that initiate the exchange
a tendency to have **authorship** and

Sometimes the things we share lose the signature of the one who creates them, because their application is so widespread that it enters the air like the scent of the innkeeper's fish.

One of the best examples of how the process of design may start inside of the designer, but the products of the process have a life of their own.

One of the best
acts of the process have
examples of
this in graphic
so widespread that
design by Milton
Glaser's I • NY

logo. It's become something without an author, a shared symbol that permeates across all the sports and leisure it has inspired. Glastonbury's mark has become a gift to the culture that is shared, referenced, and celebrated. The mark became a vessel for emotion, a platform ready for the contributions of the audience to project their own affiliations onto to better articulate their appreciation for the city. Now, the mark is a shorthand to express affection for anything.

Design can sometimes achieve a state so fused with the culture, so widespread, distributed, and engrained into the background, that it recedes in spite of its upfront positioning.

The world shapes

A person is not a closed system; they can never be fully self-sufficient. We need each other because we cannot make everything ourselves.

Everything was invented, but it was not done alone. In fact, the expressions of life were created by people that teach us how to express ourselves. The great majority of design is that which we frequently afforded the opportunity to fill another's needs and desires.

So do so for **US**. I'm a bit jaded about my work in an attempt to shield myself from the responsibility of it. I'd say, it is just a logo, only a promotional piece. It's only a website, just an essay.

and we get to
s h a p e the world.

The art critic John Berger said that great art creates a space and gives it a face.

In doing so, it's almost as if the gift names these hidden and formless experiences and enables us to more fully realize them, like the release that happens when we're searching for a word that is on the tip of our

a **And the dependency** created by making things for others allows us to describe the overlaps between us by adding things like **the things of both the father and the son**. We can also add **the things of both the father and the son** to the **things of both the father and the son**, which creates a new dependency between them. This is what we have in our code, and the thing is, it's not good. As at the beginning of Cesar Gómez's talk, the moment that you start adding dependencies between components, you're going to end up with a lot more code. The problem is that when those people who are working on one component change their code, they're going to have to change all the other components as well. So, I think that's something that we should be careful about, and that's why I'm going to show you now in detail how to do that, and that's what I'm going to do in the next slide.

A TYPOGRAPHIC DIALOGUE 27

Gill Sans / 1928

Designed by Eric Gill

Minion / 1990

Designed by Robert Slimbach

COLO PHON

o o o o o o

Typography Two

A TYPOGRAPHIC

DIALOGUE

pei Jung Ho



There are spring break and snow day off during our process of this project, and I missed the only class we can discuss about drafts and make revision before final presentation. On the other words, the final presentation is the first time I show my books from the ground up. I was very anxious during the process of this project. It took me very long time to read and interpret the primary text. Afterward, I spent even more time on selecting the secondary content in order to communicate fully about my interpretation and response toward the “Gift and Give.”

At the beginning, I had difficulty to organize the overall structure considering the relationship between two different texts. First I set them in different typefaces but the same size. According to the content, I distinguished the emphasized and the deemphasized parts by changing the font size. Then decided how the secondary text responses to the primary one sentence by sentence. After the basic structure was set up, I started to design the layout of the pages as well as shape the interactivity by using horizontal and vertical direction, repeating the keywords and varying the letter space. After finishing the preliminary design of the body text, I started to work on front and back covers. The first version of covers design was inspired by the concept of the “Gift”, but it did not correspond with the interactivity inside the book. Lastly, I did some adjustments to the body text and then re-design the covers.

During the process, I spent a lot of time on every detail in the book, the content, the layout, the interaction... and so on. It cost me approximately 30 hours in total reading, working and looking back forward, then working and looking back forward. I like my final work. It's far better than it was at the beginning. From the critique in class,

I also learned that I have room to improve the different levels (micro and macro) of my book. I focus mostly on a spread as a unit rather than a page as a unit so that I lose some the micro level. Text across the pages is another part which needs to consider more in terms of eligibility and reading experiences.

In addition to the book itself, I learned some knowledge about printing small zine or book and also the methods of bookbinding. I think based on the experiences of project one and two, I've gotten more and more familiar with expressive and information typesetting and using the grid. In this project, the most challenging part is creating the interactivity between the primary and the second texts as well as communicating their relationship.

PROJECT 4 assignment instruction

e m p h a s i s

+ hierarchy and grids

+ typographic composition

+ type for the screen

o v e r v i e w

+ type as image

project 4 consists of an informational and an expressive component based on separate texts / the informational component will be typeset for the screen and the expressive + informational component will be typeset for print.

+expressive design

o b j e c t i v e s

- + apply concepts of hierarchy on the screen
- + apply concepts of gestalt and hierarchy to visual composition
- + strengthen ability to express oneself through typography
- + apply iterative process to generate typographic compositions

S c h e d u l e

- week of april 2 – proj 4 / begin – proj 3 / deliver [type for the screen: hierarchy, typesetting for screen reading]
- week of april 9 proj 4 / working
- week of april 16 proj 4 / working
- week of april 23 – proj 4 / deliver

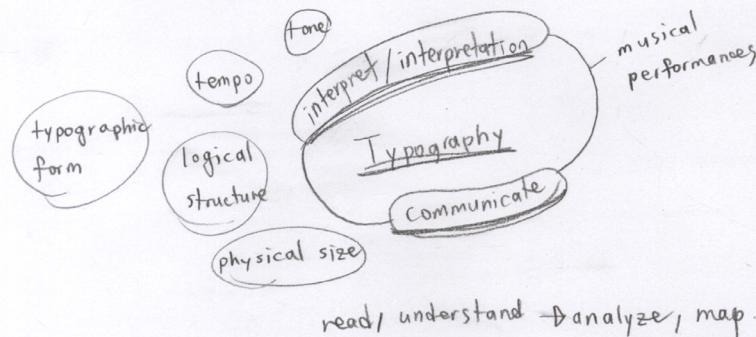
Typography is to literature as musical performance is to composition: an essential act of interpretation, full of endless opportunities for insight or obtuseness.

Typography at its best is a slow performing art, worthy of the same informed appreciation that we sometimes give to musical performances, and capable of giving similar nourishment and pleasure in return.

~~The typographer's one essential task is to interpret and communicate the text. Its tone, its tempo, its logical structure, its physical size, all determine the possibilities of its typographic form. The typographer is to the text as the musician is to the score.~~

The first task of the typographer is to read and understand the text: the second task is to analyze and map it. Only then can typographical interpretation begin.

Robert Bringhurst



PROJECT 4 mock-ups, rough designs

The first task of
the typographer is to
r e a d a n d u n d e r s t a n d t h e
t e x t

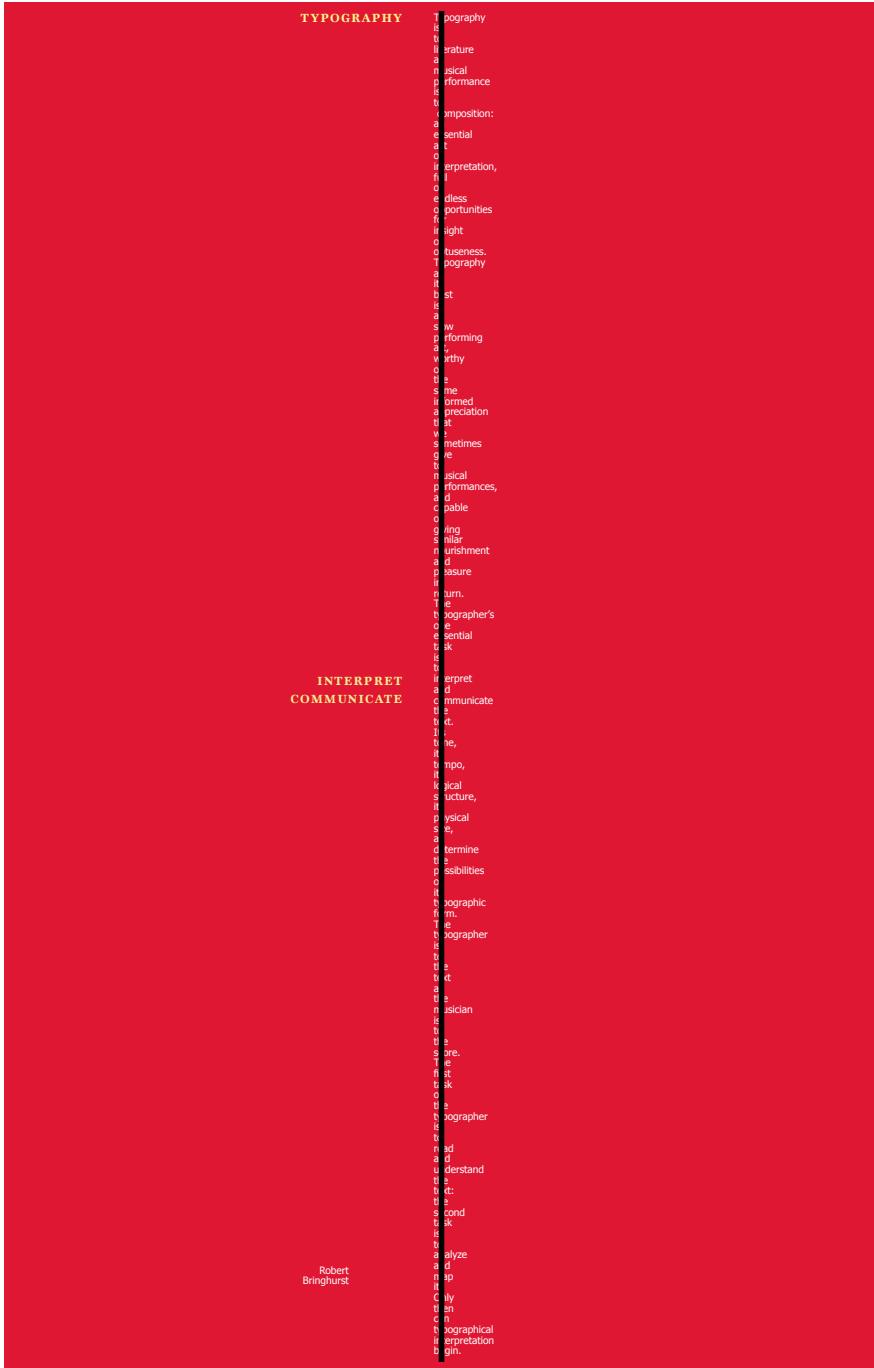
: the second task is to
a n a l y z e a n d m a p i t.

Only then can typographical interpretation begin.

The first task of the typographer
is to read and understand the text:
the second task is to analyze and map it.

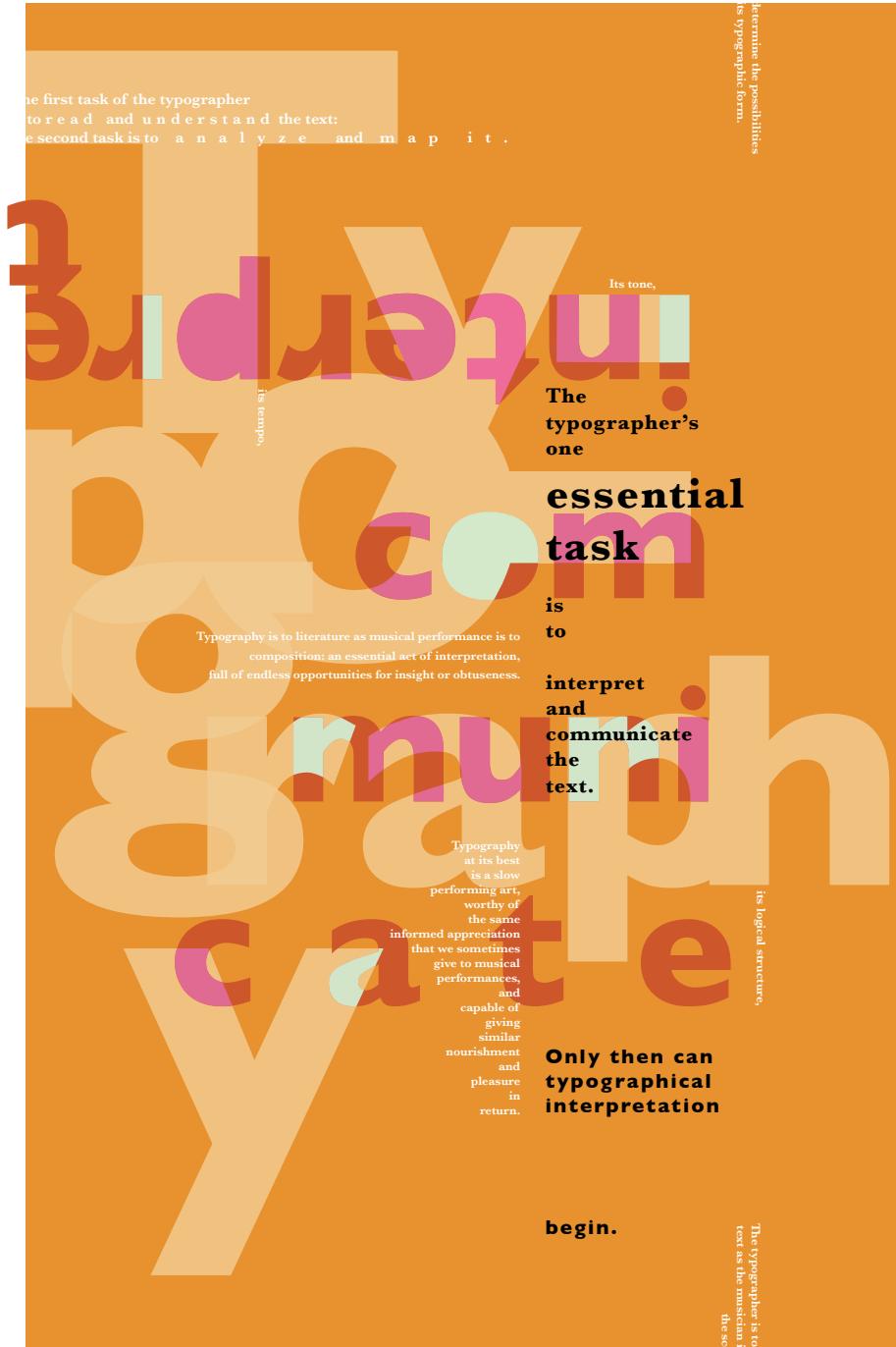
all determine the possibilities
of its typographic form.

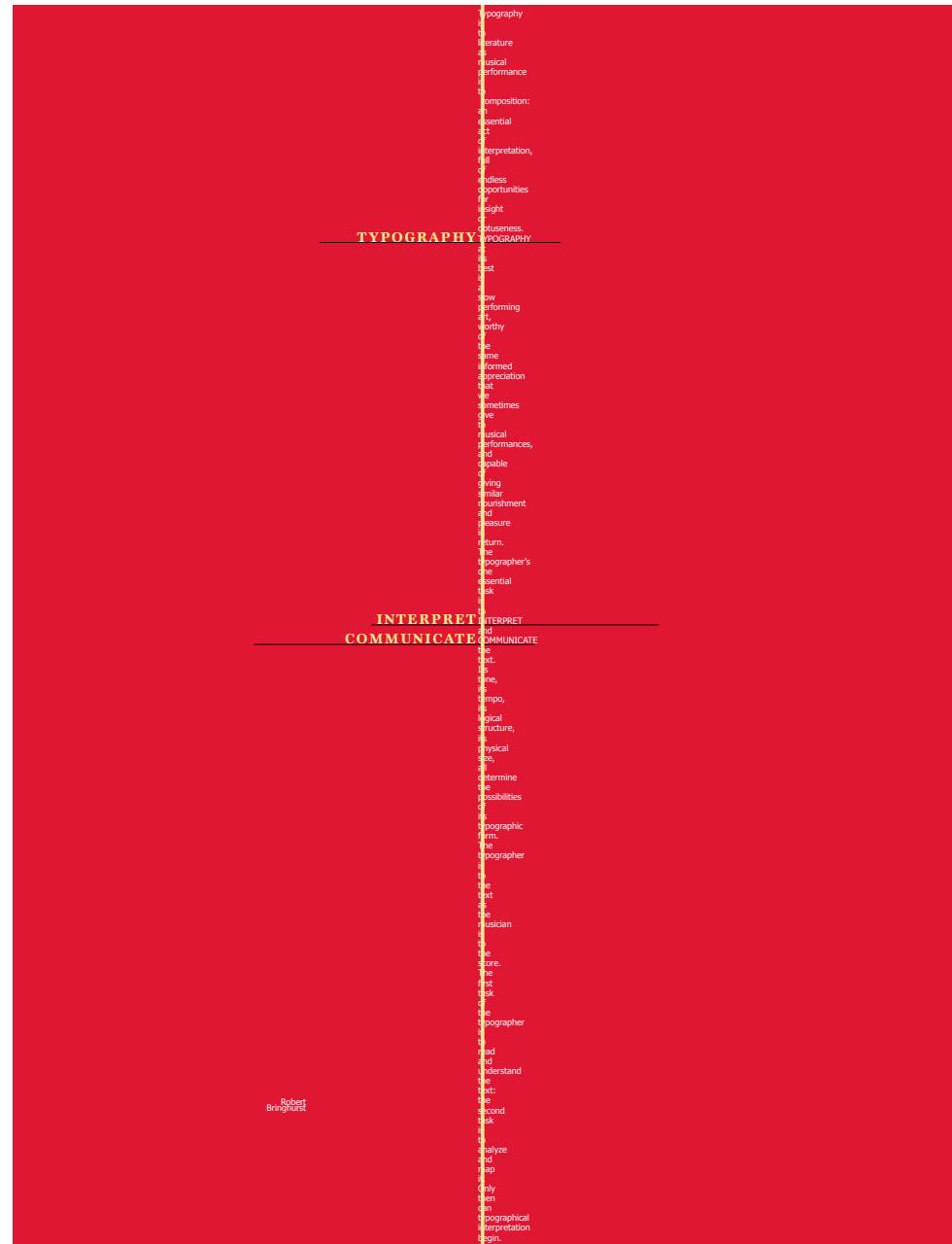




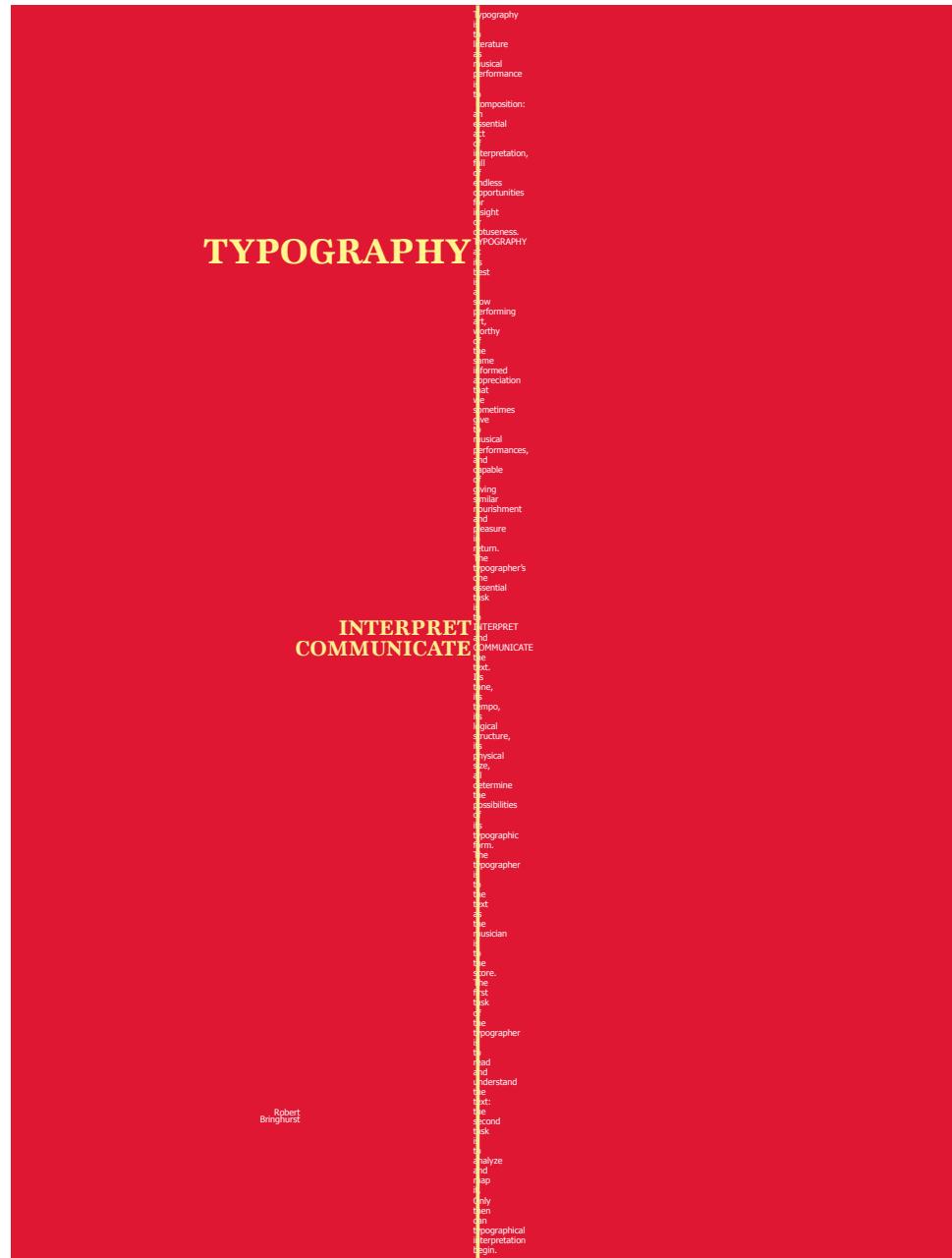
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Robert Bringhurst

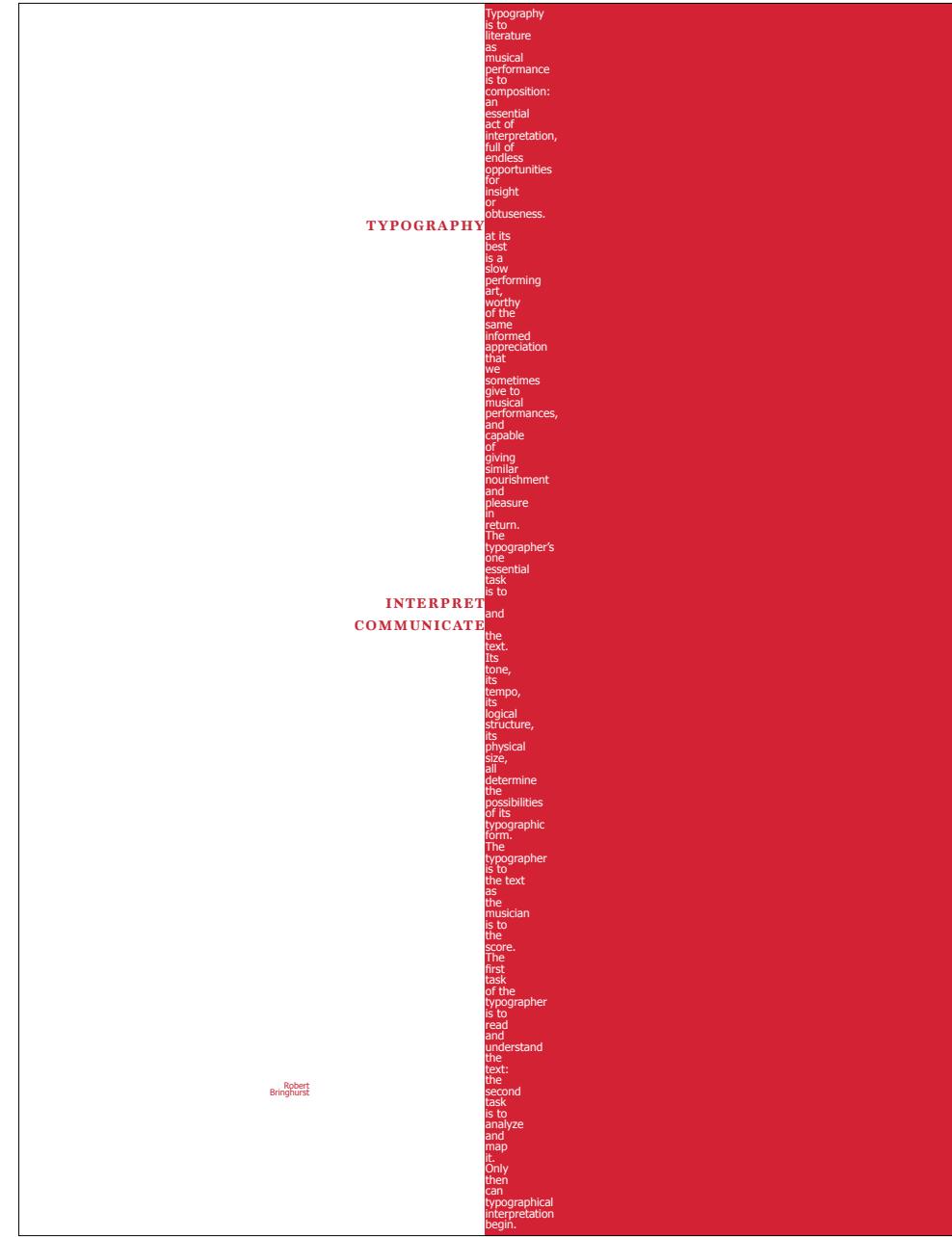
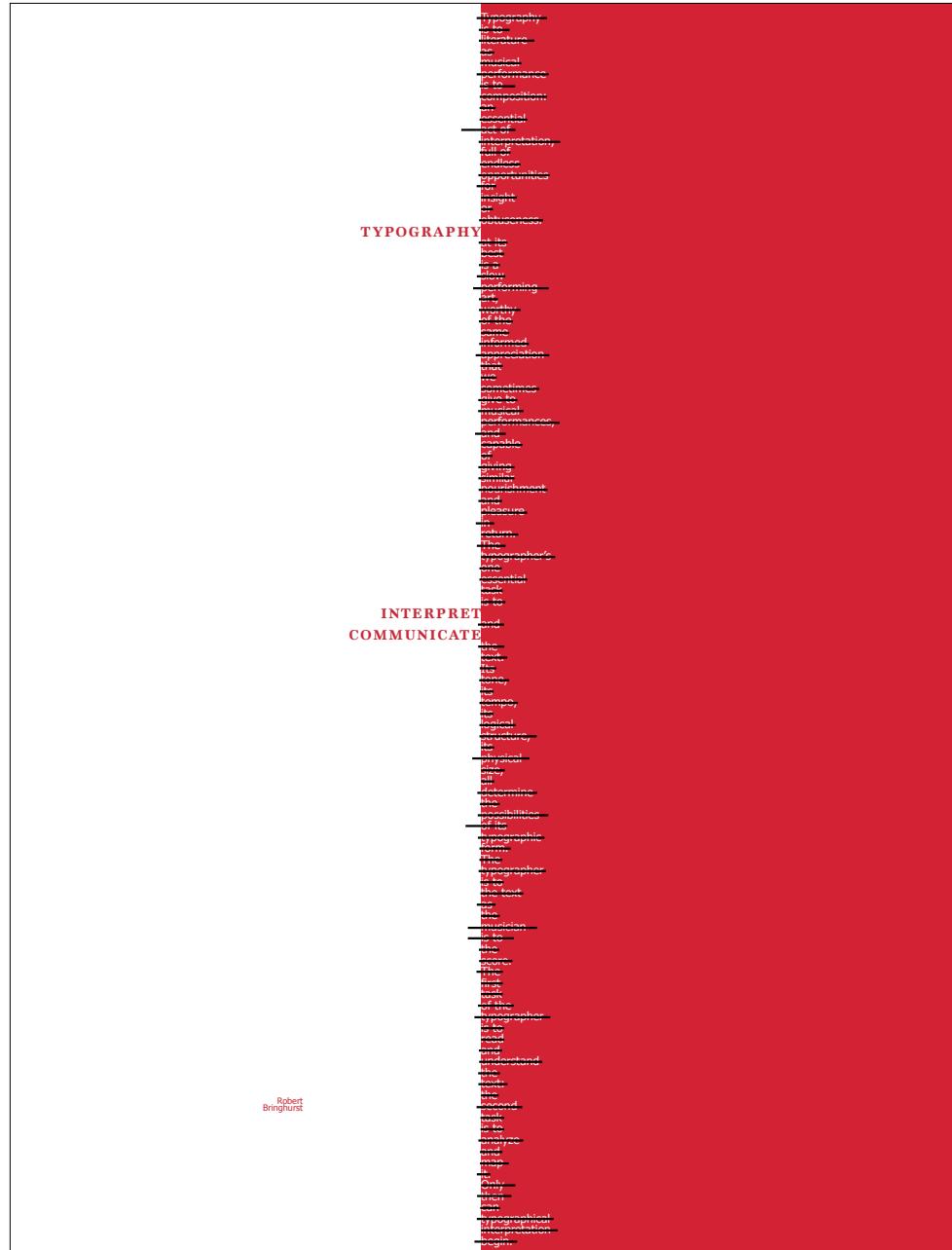
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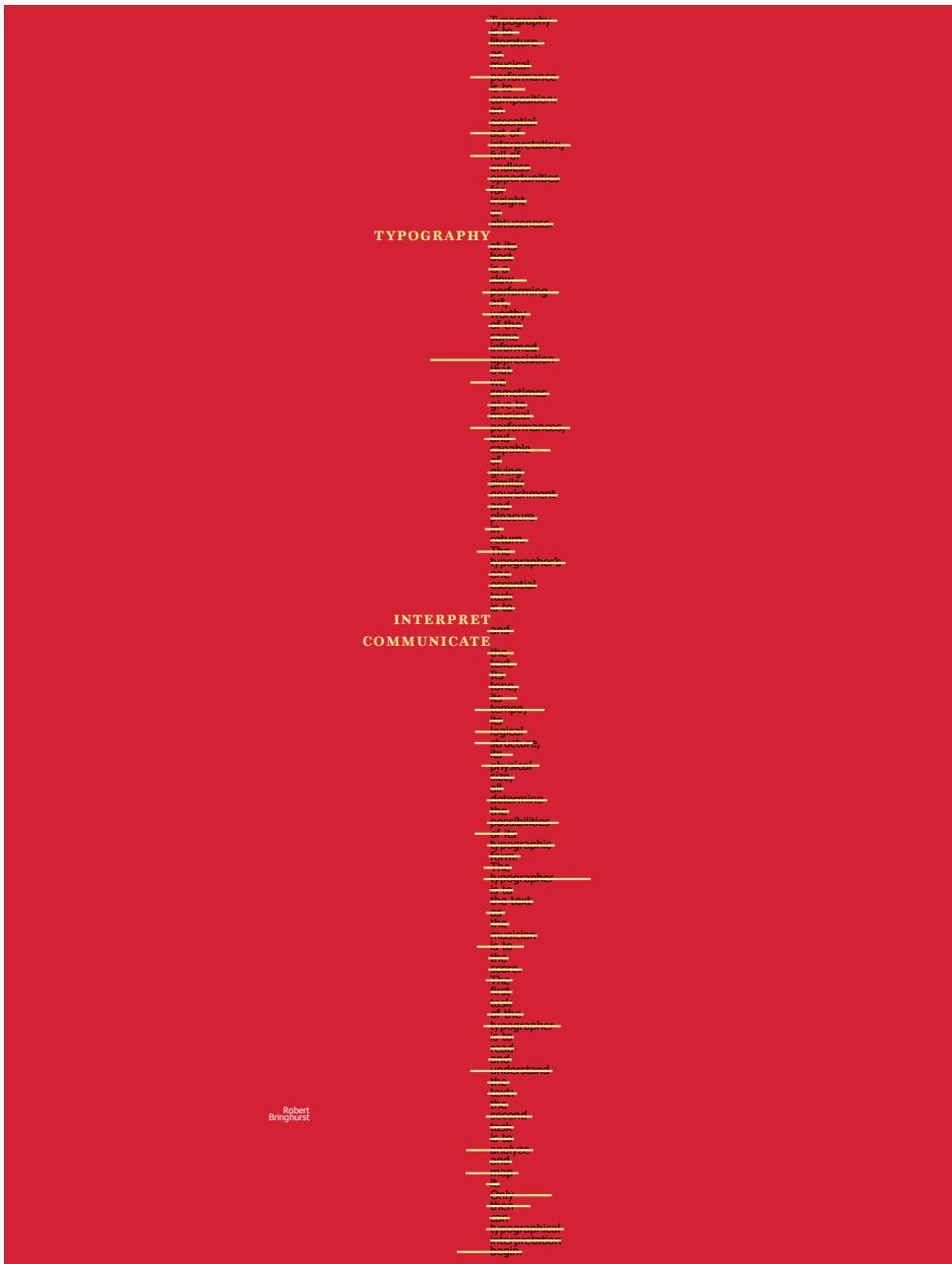
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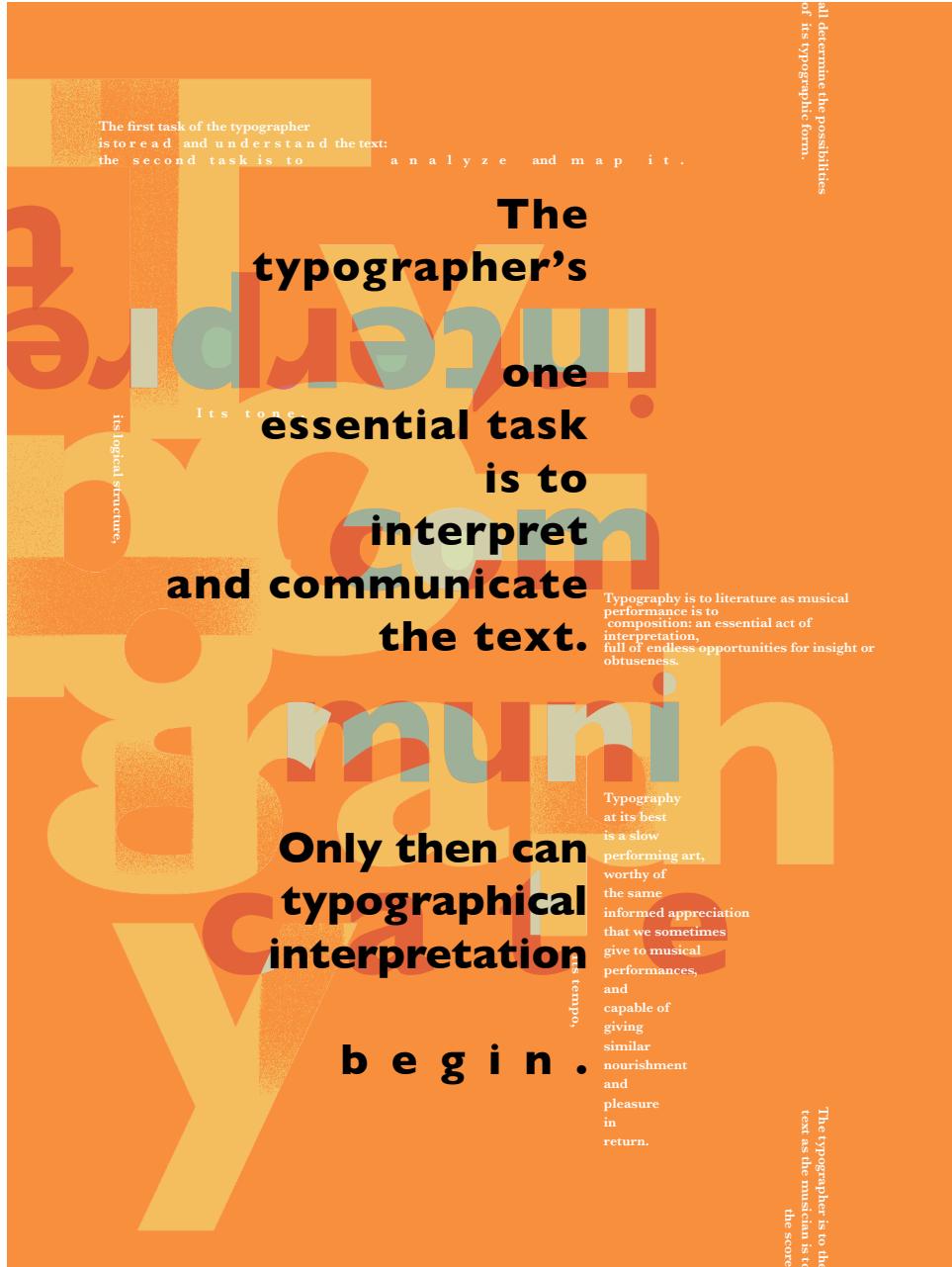
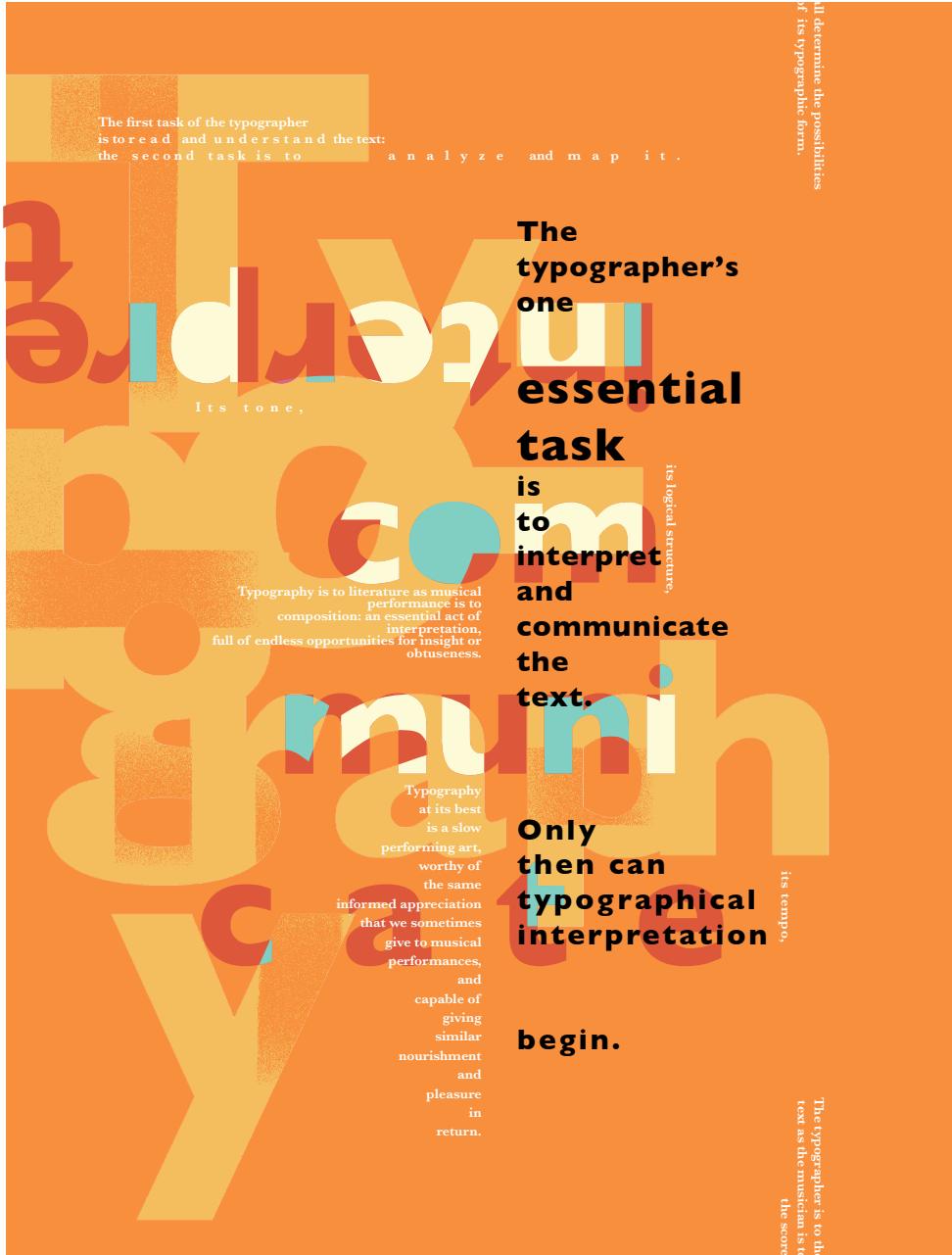
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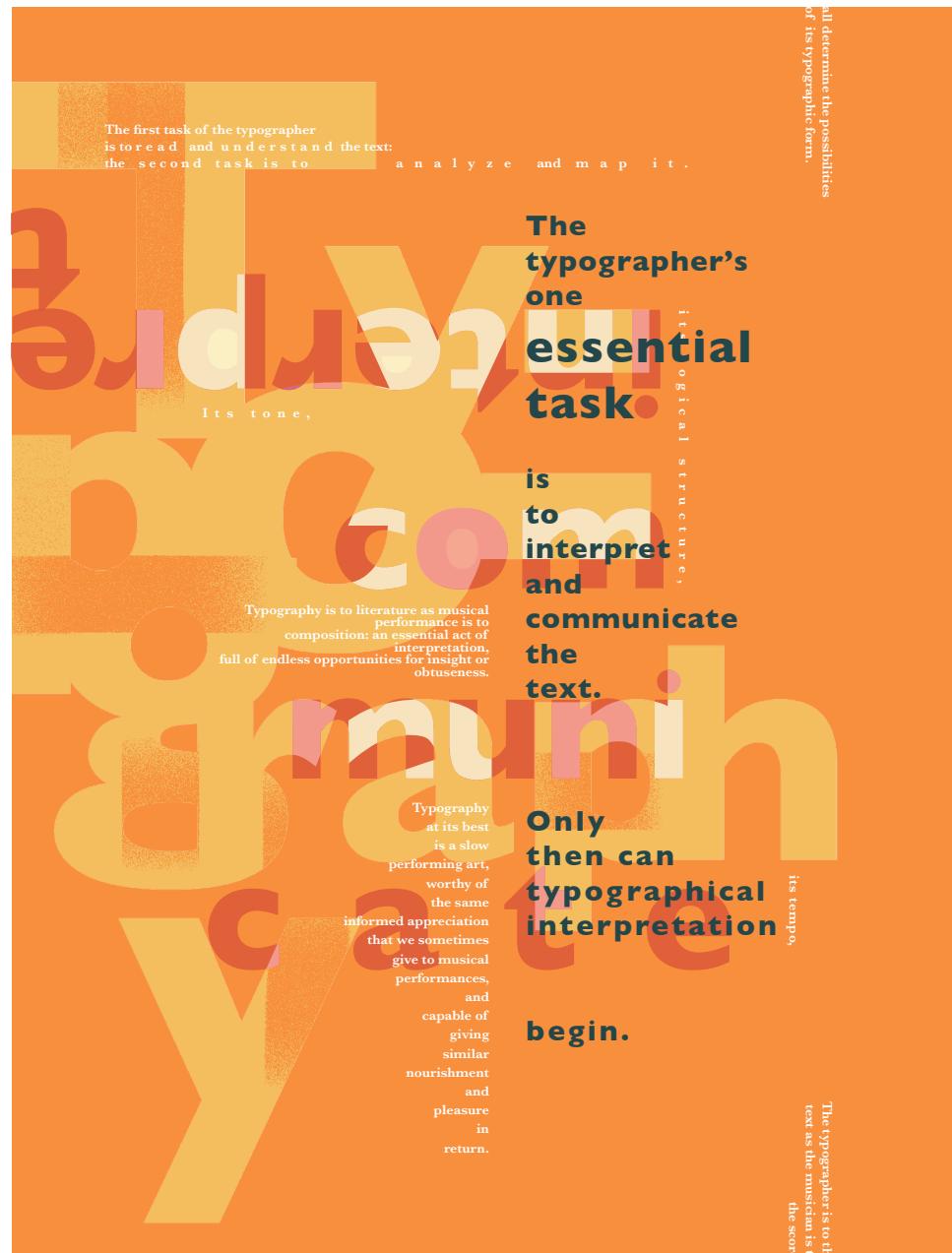
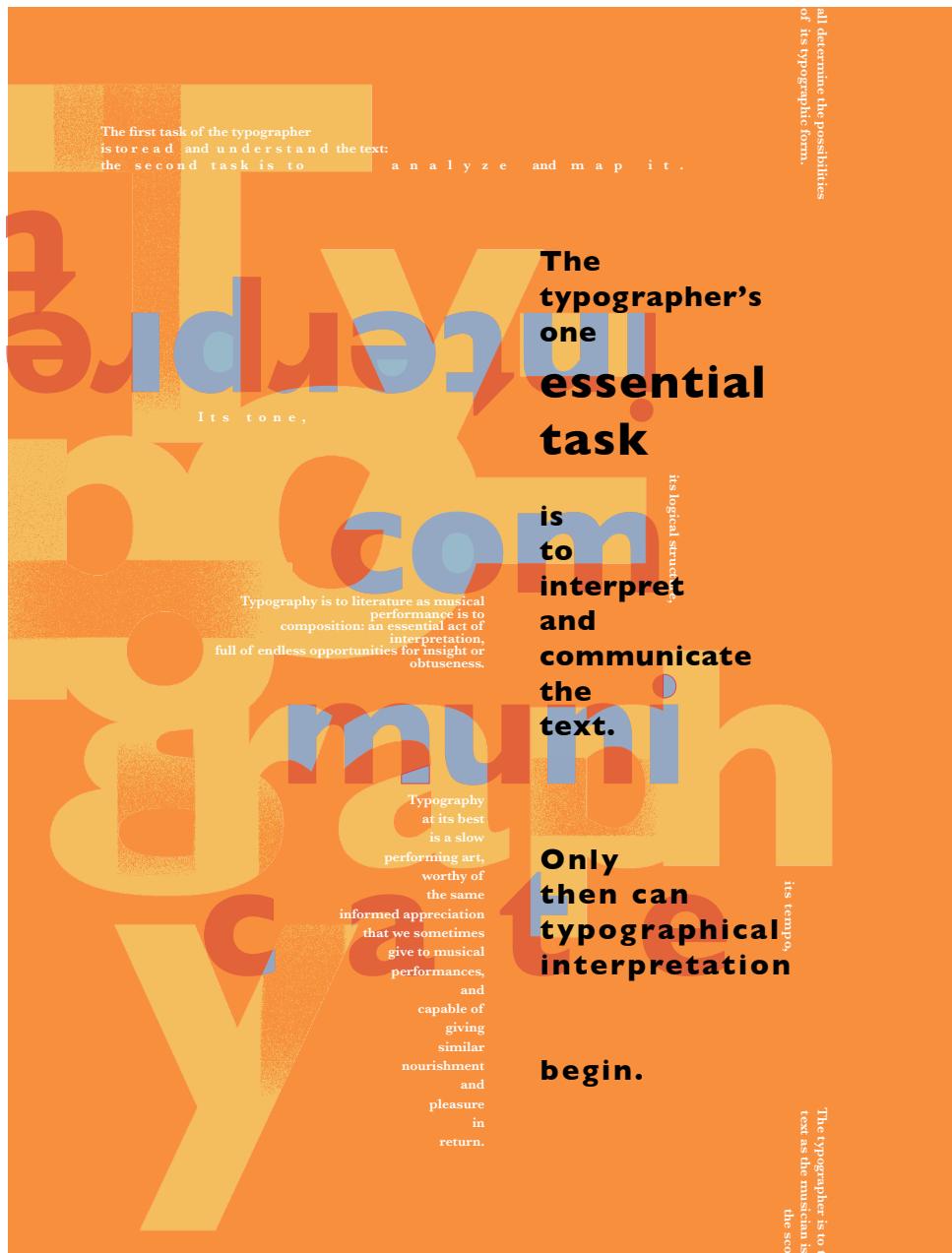
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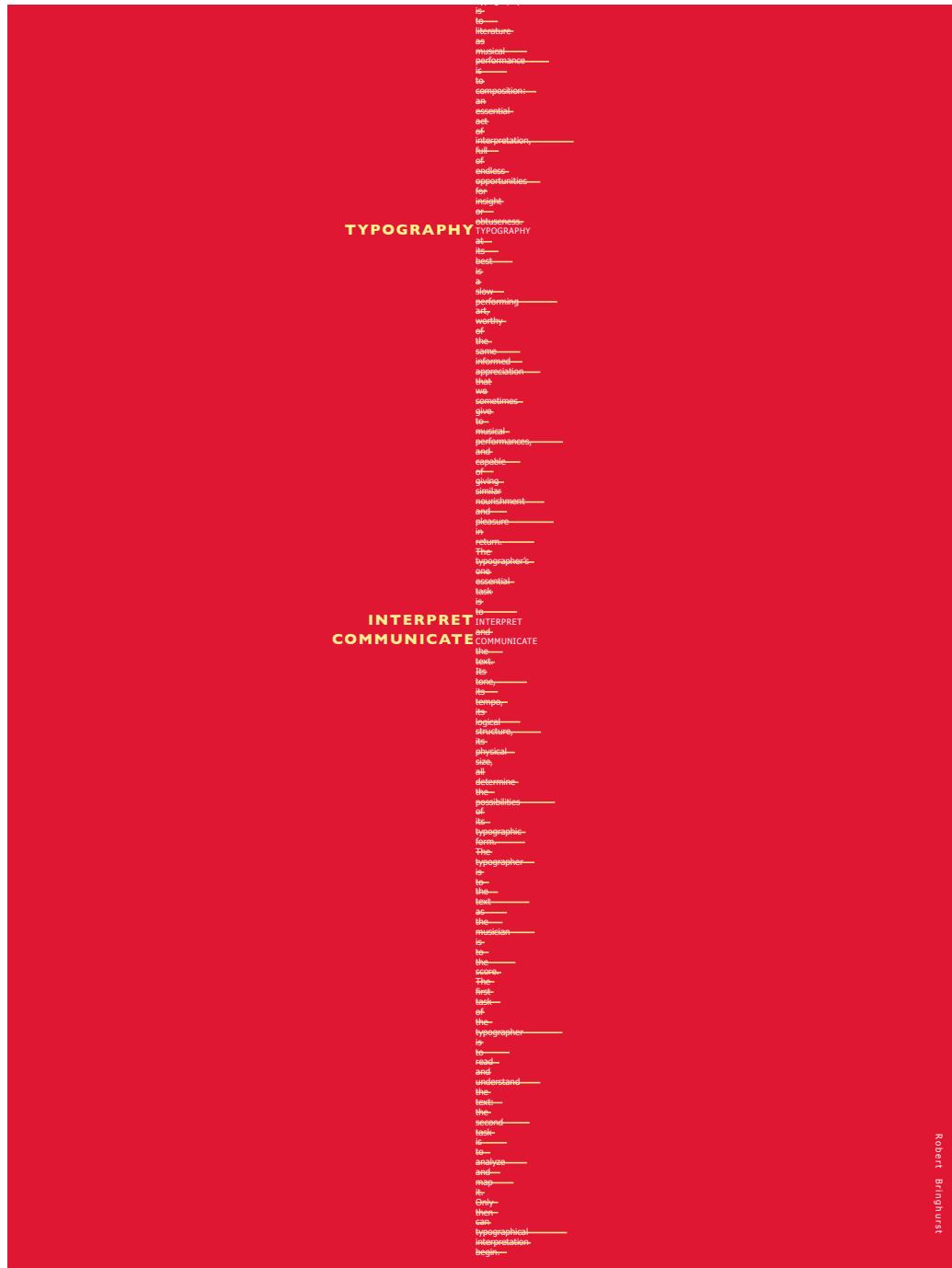
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Robert Bringhurst

PROJECT 4 written reflection

This project we use a few paragraphs about typography as body texts to develop a poster. As same as the instruction, I follow the progresses of homework step by step, generating the iterations first and then choosing the strongest one to push further. The most difficult part for me is the very beginning when we need to create four different variations. I tried to generate different idea for each one instead of creating different compositions.

About the one I choose to develop the final, I had a clear image once the idea pop up in my head, the bright red, small texts and the vertical central composition. I like the concept a lot and did not want to make too much changes so that I also made iterations for the other poster in order to practice. About this second poster, I tried to create a more complex composition and maintain the eligibility at the same time. For this one, I had hard time with color choices. I applied many color combinations and finally got the pink and the orange final version, though I'm still not pretty satisfied with it. I was happy that in this project I played around with both concept and the composition, especially the former one. This is the first time I think I successfully express my concept through poster.

As for the time management, I spent about 20 hours on them totally, 10 hours for the first variations and 10 hours generating the iterations for chosen posters.

I really appreciated that our classmates always highly engaged in the classes and the critiques. I learned A LOT from every critique this semester, not only the opinions for improving my own works but also "How to do a critique." It's amazingly helpful to hear different perspectives and opinions from them. Sometimes I wrote down the sentences that people used to describe their thoughts and sometimes

I would run my opinions in mind. Though I did not talk a lot (still ;_), I've tried hard to do it. It has been better than the last semester and I'll make it even better in the following semesters.

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 Be <https://www.behance.net/pho016bel>

EDUCATION

2017–

Maryland Institute College of Art, Baltimore MD
Bachelor of Graphic Design
Concentration Illustration

2015–2017

Taipei National University of the Arts, Taipei Taiwan
Attended, earning 65 credits toward a Bachelor Degree in Fine Arts

WORK EXPERIENCE

2017

Environmental Graphics, Taipei Taiwan
Provided New Taipei City Association of farmers a mural design for improving the appearance of the Taipei Hope Plaza Farmers' Market

2017

Artistic Tutor, Taipei Taiwan
Instructed secondary school and high school students preparing entrance examination for art skills

2016

Assistant for Public Art Plan, Hsinchu Taiwan
Implemented Artist Chun-Hao, Chen's public art plan for Hsinchu International land Art Festival with a small group of Art college students

2016

Designer, Taipei Taiwan
Designed signage, flyers and recipes for restaurant "A bu tea"

2014

Curator of Student Exhibition, Miaoli Taiwan
Organized the student exhibition formed by five schools

SKILLS

Digital art

Graphic design, Typography, Card design, Poster design, Digital illustration
Programs: Adobe Illustrator, Photoshop, Indesign, Lightroom, Microsoft (word, excel),
Programming in HTML and CSS

Fine art

Painting and drawing in a variety of materials, especially charcoal drawing, acrylic and watercolor painting, Calligraphy and Sculpture

EXHIBITION AND AWARD

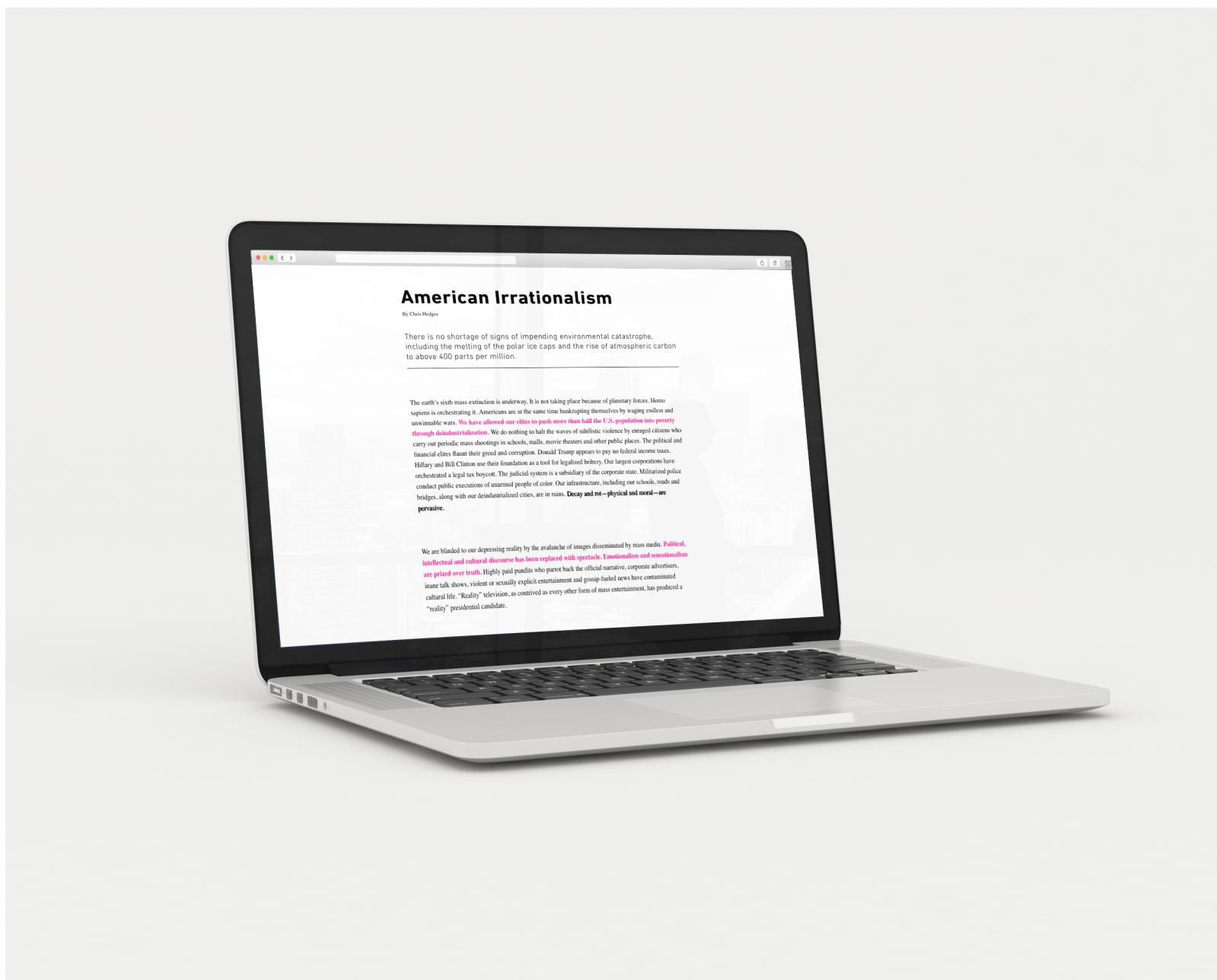
2017

Solo exhibition "The Chain", Taipei Taiwan

2017

Dean's list of the Fall 2017 semester in Maryland Institute College of Art

IN-CLASS PRACTICE type for the screen



American Irrationalism

By Chris Hedges

There is no shortage of signs of impending environmental catastrophe, including the melting of the polar ice caps and the rise of atmospheric carbon to above 400 parts per million.

The earth's sixth mass extinction is underway. It is not taking place because of planetary forces. Homo sapiens is orchestrating it. Americans are at the same time bankrupting themselves by waging endless and unwinnable wars. **We have allowed our elites to push more than half the U.S. population into poverty through deindustrialization.** We do nothing to halt the waves of nihilistic violence by enraged citizens who carry out periodic mass shootings in schools, malls, movie theaters and other public places. The political and financial elites flaunt their greed and corruption. Donald Trump appears to pay no federal income taxes. Hillary and Bill Clinton use their foundation as a tool for legalized bribery. Our largest corporations have orchestrated a legal tax boycott. The judicial system is a subsidiary of the corporate state. Militarized police conduct public executions of unarmed people of color. Our infrastructure, including our schools, roads and bridges, along with our deindustrialized cities, are in ruins. **Decay and rot—physical and moral—are pervasive.**

We are blinded to our depressing reality by the avalanche of images disseminated by mass media. **Political, intellectual and cultural discourse has been replaced with spectacle. Emotionalism and sensationalism are prized over truth.** Highly paid pundits who parrot back the official narrative, corporate advertisers, mane talk shows, violent or sexually explicit entertainment and gossip-fueled news have contaminated cultural life. "Reality" television, as contrived as every other form of mass entertainment, has produced a "reality" presidential candidate.

Candidates Trump and Clinton have no plans to halt our slide to oblivion. They are part of the circus. They, like all of the other elites, profit from the system that is destroying us. They lack the incentive and probably the capacity to challenge the structures and assumptions that define corporate capitalism. They function as high priests. They peddle the illusions. They laud our ingenuity and strength. They preach the inevitability of human progress and American exceptionalism. They tell us what we want to hear. They appeal to our emotions, as does all of mass culture. They do not acknowledge reality. That would spoil the show.

We vote for slogans, manufactured personalities, perceived sincerity, personal attractiveness and the crafted personal narratives peddled by candidates. Office seekers create the illusion of intimacy established between celebrities and their audiences. We see ourselves in them; admirers of the "winner" Trump see themselves as becoming him. No politician succeeds without such artifice. **Today's politics is just one more product of a diseased culture.** Our political leaders are much like the celebrities who, in Boorstin's words, "are receptacles into which we pour our own purposelessness. They are nothing but ourselves seen in a magnifying mirror."

The incoherent absurdities mouthed for our amusement induce a state of permanent amnesia. Life is lived in an eternal present. How we got here, where we came from, what shaped us as a society, in short the continuum of history that gives us an identity, are eradicated.

The quest for identity through mass culture is self-defeating. We can never achieve what these illusions tell us we can achieve. We can never be who we want to be. It is a ceaseless chase from one chimera to the next. And this is why at the end we fall into despair and rage. It is why huge parts of the country no longer hold genuine political ideas. It is why people vote according to how they feel. It is why hatred and fear are a potent political platform. It is why we are sleepwalking into oblivion.

Mass culture, because it speaks to us in easily digestible clichés and stereotypes, reinforces ignorance, bigotry and racism. It promotes our individual and collective self-gloryification. It sanctifies nonexistent national virtues. **It takes from us the intellectual and linguistic tools needed to separate illusion from truth.** It is all show business all the time.

There are millions of Americans who know that something is terribly wrong. A light has gone out. They see this in their own suffering and hopelessness and the suffering and hopelessness of their neighbors. But they lack, because of the contamination of our political, cultural and intellectual discourse, the words and ideas to make sense of what is happening around them. They are bereft of a vision. Austerity, globalization, unfettered capitalism, an expansion of the extraction of fossil fuels, and war are not the prices to be paid for progress and the advance of civilization. They are part of the savage and deadly exploitation by corporate capitalism and imperialism. They serve a neoliberal ideology. The elites dare not speak this truth. It is toxic. They peddle the seductive illusions that saturate the airwaves. We are left to strike out at shadows. We are led to succumb to the racism, allure of white supremacy and bigotry that always accompany a culture in dissolution.

We cannot, for this reason, discount the possibility that Trump will be elected president. The election outcome will be decided by whatever emotion Americans feel when they cast their ballots.

Celebrity narratives, manufactured pseudo-drama, sex scandals, natural disasters, insults and invective, mass shooting and war flash before us in a constant jumble of images on ubiquitous screens. The sensory assault obliterates reality. A former congressman who sends a picture of himself in underwear to a woman is a national news story. Sober examinations of our economic, foreign, judicial and environmental policies are dismissed as too complicated and boring. They do not produce engaging images. The electronic media's sole goal is to attract viewers and advertising dollars. It has conditioned us to demand a nonstop vaudeville act.

Because of this mass indoctrination, we have become infected by what Daniel Boorstin in "The Image: A Guide to Pseudo-Events in America" calls "**social narcissism.**" The bottomless narcissism of Trump and the Clintons caters to this social narcissism. They reflect back to us our desperate longing for, as well as celebration of, entertainment, celebrity, wealth, power and self-aggrandizement. It is not only advertising and public relations, as Boorstin pointed out, that carry out the incessant manufacturing of illusions that feed social narcissism. Journalists, book publishers, politicians, athletes, entertainers, positive psychologists, self-help gurus, the Christian right and talk show hosts all feed the mania for illusion. They all chant the insane mantra that reality is never an impediment to what we desire. We can have anything we want if we work hard, get an education, believe in ourselves, grasp that we are exceptional and see the impossible as always possible. It is magical thinking. And magical thinking is the only real commodity the elites have left to offer us. Make American Great Again. Or American already is great. Take your pick of idiotic clichés.

"We tyrannize and frustrate ourselves by expecting more than the world can give us or than we can make of the world," Boorstin wrote. "We demand that everyone who talks to us, or writes for us, or takes pictures for us, or makes merchandise for us, should live in our world of extravagant expectations. We expect this even of the peoples of foreign countries. We have become so accustomed to our illusions that we mistake them for reality. We demand them. And we demand that there be always more of them, bigger and better and more vivid."

The incessant search for instant gratification and the most appealing image, including the image of ourselves we manufacture for others on social media, has robbed us of the ability to examine ourselves and our society. It has extinguished the truth. The terminal decline of the American empire, the utter inability our elites to manage anything important, the climate crisis, widespread poverty and despair do not fit with the illusion. So these realities are blotted from public consciousness. The poor are rendered invisible. The foreign policy debacles will be fixed with more bombs. Only the Soviet and fascist dictatorships, along with the medieval Catholic Church, controlled thought as effectively.