

Senior Project Overview

Sara Abdo
Spring 2024



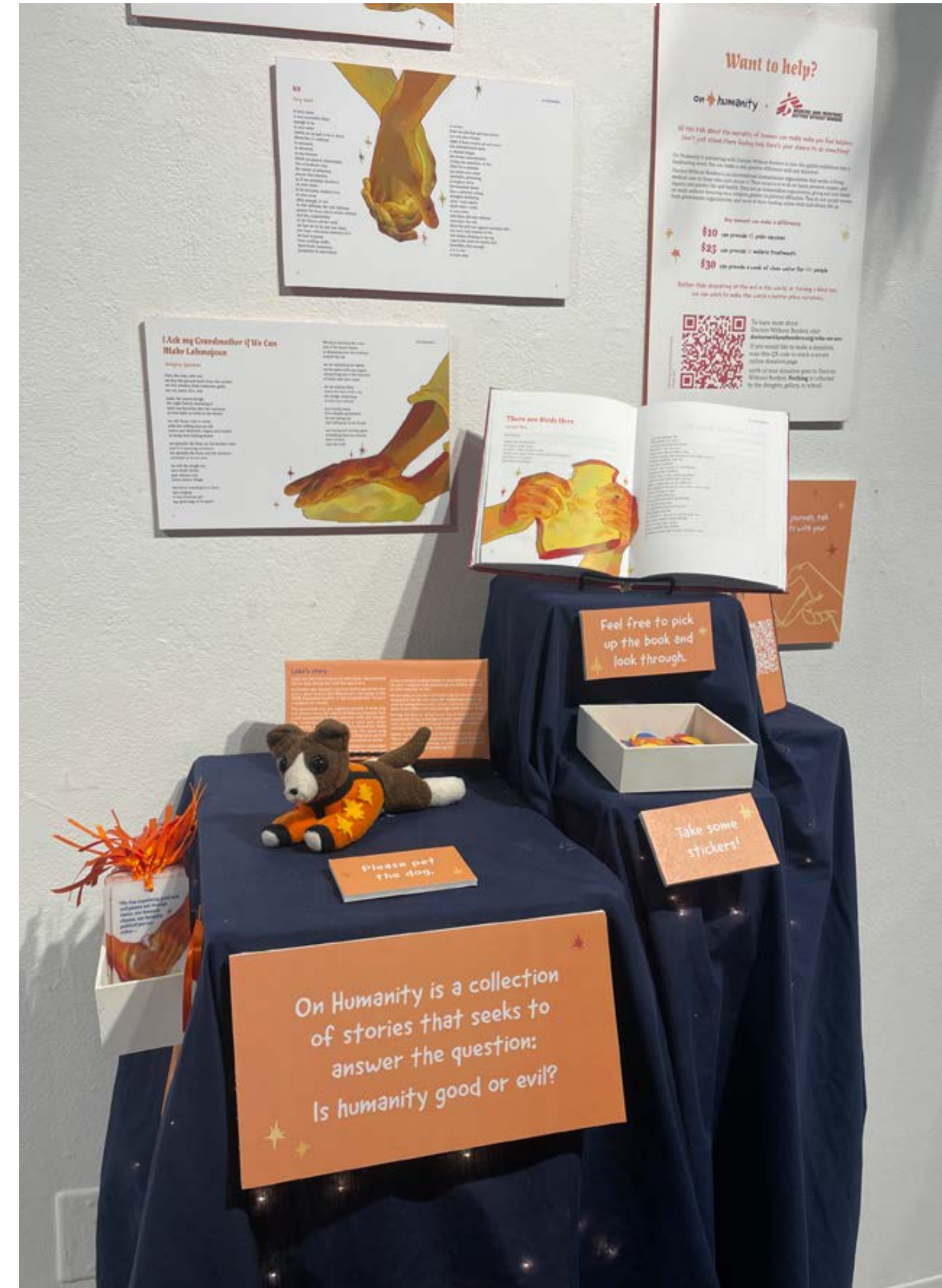
on humanity

is a collection of stories that seeks to answer the question:
Is humanity good or evil?

There are many concrete examples of large-scale cruelty that humans inflict on each other; kindness is not measurable, and it often goes unnoticed. But a small act of kindness could change someone's life. So do these small acts of kindness outweigh grand acts of cruelty?

We may never know the answer, but by hearing different perspectives on topics like war, love, violence, and kindness, we can approach each other with more understanding. We can see and appreciate the humanity in each other, celebrating our differences.
Most importantly, we can work to tip the scale towards goodness.

Full display



Branding

on  humanity

GoodDog New

Artigo Display

Artigo Book

#244290

#f79520

#c02726

#f6b41b

#e06926

#ffd74b

Poetry Book - spreads



Click here to view pdf

Poetry Book - illustrations

on humanity

“During the Second World War”

Charles Reznikoff

During the Second World War, I was going home one night along a street I seldom used. All the stores were closed except one—a small fruit store.

An old Italian was inside to wait on customers.

As I was paying him I saw that he was sad.

“You are sad?” I said. “What is troubling you?”

“Yes,” he said. “I am sad.” Then he added:

“In the same moment, not looking at me.

“My son left for the front today and I’ll never see him again.”

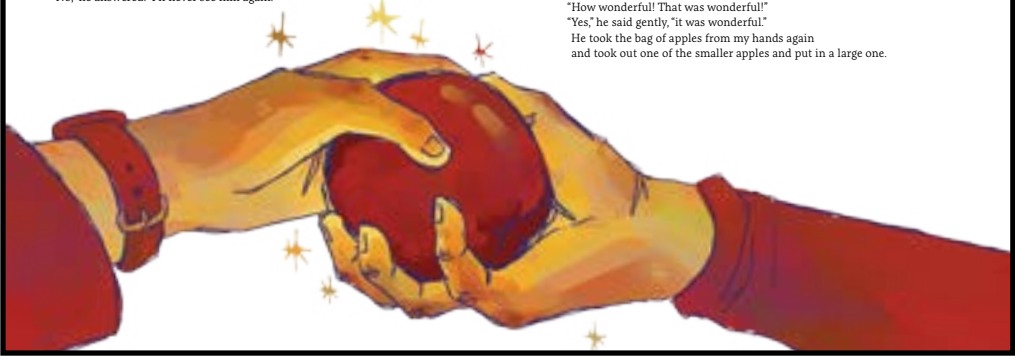
“Don’t say that!” I said. “Of course, you will!”

“No,” he answered. “I’ll never see him again.”

1

Afterwards, when the war was over, I found myself once more in that street and again it was late at night, dark and lonely; and again I saw the old man alone in the store. I bought some apples and looked closely at him: his thin wrinkled face was grim but not particularly sad. “How about your son?” I said. “Did he come back from the war?” “Yes,” he answered. “He was not wounded?” “No. He is all right.” “That’s fine,” I said. “Fine!” He took the bag of apples from my hands and groping inside took out one that had begun to rot and put it in a good old instead. “He came back at Christmas,” he added. “How wonderful! That was wonderful!” “Yes,” he said gently. “It was wonderful!” He took the bag of apples from my hands again and took out one of the smaller apples and put in a large one.

2



on humanity

HS

Tory Dert

in your arms
it was incredibly often
enough to be
in your arms
careful as we had to be at times
about the IV catheter
in my hand,
or my wrist,
or my forearm
which we placed, consciously,
like a Gamboni vase,
the center of attention,
placed, final identity
as if our someday newborn
on your chest—
to be secluded, washed over
in your arms
often enough, it was
in that stillness, the only stillness
amidst the fears which wildly called
and the complexities
of the illness, all the work
we had yet to do, had just done,
the hope, ridiculous amounts of it
we had to pump
from nothing, really,
short-lived consensus
possibility & experiment

3

to access
from our pinched and tiny minds
just the idea of hope
make it from scratch, air and water
like manufactured snow
a colossal fatigue
the severe concentration
of that, the repetition of that
lifted for a moment
just above your arms
inevitable, pressuring
it weighed down,
but remained above
like a cathedral ceiling,
strangely sheltering
while I held tightly
while there I could
in your arms
only there, the only stillness
remember the will,
allow the pull, low against inevitable ebb—
you don’t need reasons to live
one reason, blinking in the fog
organically sweet in muddy dark
incredibly often enough
it is, it was
in your arms

4



on humanity

Digging in a Footlocker

Walter McDonald

Crouched before dismantled guns, we found war souvenirs
our uncle pacified in the attic, a brittle latch easily pried off.

Stiff uniforms on top, snapshots of soldiers young as our cousins, a velvet box of medals as if he fought all battles

in World War II. Bayonets, machetes, a folded flag, two hand grenades with missing pins. We picked up teeth like pennies, loose, as if tossed in, a piece of something dark and waxy like a fig curved like a question mark, a human ear. We touched dried pieces of cloth stuck to curved bones

and held them to the light, turning them over and over, wondering how did uncles learn to kill, what would happen when we grew up.

5

The bee that spins his metal from the sun, The shy mole drifting like a miner ghost Through midnight earth—all happy creatures run As strict as trains on rails the circuits of Blind instinct. Happy in your summer follies, You missed a culture that was missed for war. The state to mold you, church to bless, and always The elders to confirm you in your ignorance. No scholar put your thinking cap on nor Warned that in dead seas fishes died in schools Before inventing legs to walk the land. The rulers stuck a tennis racket in your hand, An Ask against the flood. In time of change Courage is not enough: the blind mole dies. And you on your hill, who did not know the rules.

6



on humanity

Ode for the American Dead in Asia

Thomas McGrath


1. God love you now, if no one else will ever, Corpse in the paddy, or dead on a high hill In the fine and ruinous summer of a war You never wanted. All your life flags were Of bravery and ignorance, like grade school maps. Colors of countries you would never see— Until that weekend in eternity. When, laughing, well armed, perfectly ready to kill The world and your brother, the safe commanders sent You into your future. Oh, dead on a hill, Dead in a paddy, leached and tumbled to A tomb of fountains. We mourn a changing you: Handcuffed to poverty and drummed to war By distinguished masters whom you never knew.

2. The bee that spins his metal from the sun, The shy mole drifting like a miner ghost Through midnight earth—all happy creatures run As strict as trains on rails the circuits of Blind instinct. Happy in your summer follies, You missed a culture that was missed for war. The state to mold you, church to bless, and always The elders to confirm you in your ignorance. No scholar put your thinking cap on nor Warned that in dead seas fishes died in schools Before inventing legs to walk the land. The rulers stuck a tennis racket in your hand, An Ask against the flood. In time of change Courage is not enough: the blind mole dies. And you on your hill, who did not know the rules.

7

West in the windy counties of the dawn The lone crow skirts his dragged passage home: And God (whose sparrows fall silent his gaze, Like grace or comfort) blinks and he is gone, And you are gone. Your scarecrow valor grows And runs like early life while the rose Blooms in Dakota and the stock exchange Flowers. Roses, roses, all things conspire To crown your death with vestals of living fire. And the public mourners come: the politic tear Is cast in the Forum. But, in another rent, We will mourn you, whose fossil courage fills The limestone histories: brave, ignorant, amazed. Dead in the rice paddies, dead on the nameless hills.

8



on humanity

I Ask my Grandmother if We Can Make Lahmajoun

Gregory Djankian

Sure, she says, why not, we buy the ground lamb from the market we buy parsley, fresh tomatoes, garlic we cut, press, dice, mix

make the yeasty dough the night before, kneading it until our knuckles feel the hardness of river beds or rocks in the desert

we tell Tante Lola to come with her rolling pins we tell Zaven and Marouh, Hagop and Arzina to bring their baking sheets

we sprinkle the flour on the kitchen table and it is snowing on Ararat we sprinkle the flour and the memory of winter is in our eyes

we roll the dough out into small circles pale moons over every empty village

Rekav is standing on a chair and singing O my Armenian girl my spirit longs to be nearer

9

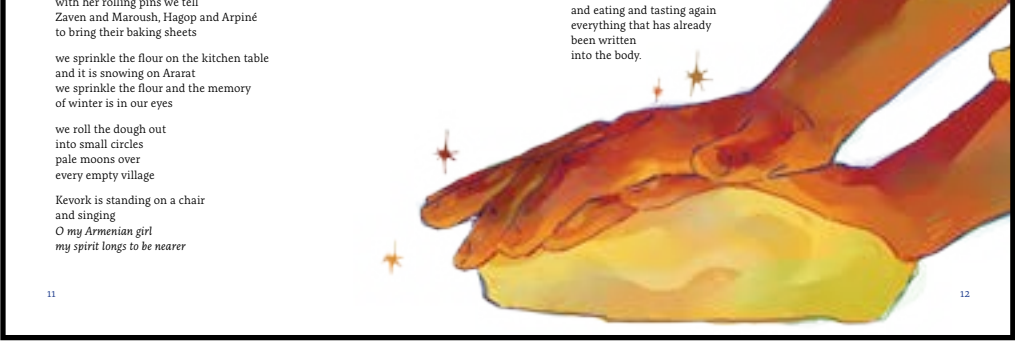
Neveig is warming the oven and a dry desert breeze is skimming over the rooftops toward the sea

10

we are spreading the lahma on the spoon with our fingers whispering into it the histories of those who have none

you would swear it is valuable parchment we are taking out and rolling up in our hands

and eating and tasting again everything that has already been written into the body.



on humanity

There are Birds Here

Jamal May

For Detroit

There are birds here, so many birds here in what I was trying to say when they said those birds were metaphors for what is trapped between buildings.

11

and buildings. No. The birds are here to roost around for bread the girl's hand ear and toe like confetti. No, I don't mean the bread is torn like cotton, I said confetti, and no not the confetti a tank can make of a building I mean the confetti a boy can't stop smiling about and so his smile isn't much like a skeleton at all. And no his neighborhood is not like a war zone. I am trying to say his neighborhood is as tattered and feathered as anything else, as shadow pierced by sun and light panned by shadow-dance as anything else, but they won't stop saying how lovely the ruins, how ruined the lovely children must be in that birdless city.

12



on humanity

L.A. Prayer

Francisco X. Alarcón

April 1992

something was wrong when buses didn't come streets were no longer streets how easy hands became weapons blows glinted rupturing the night

13

the more we run the more we burn o god show us the way lead us spare us from ever turning into walking matches amidst so much gasoline

14



on humanity

Shank

Sally Green

for Cara

Though she lives in a world of Velcro, snaps and zippers, I'm showing my granddaughter how to sew on a button. She's nine, same age I was watching my mother pick my favorite one, shaped like a flower a child might draw, color of sunshine. Her homemaker hands held everything together, needle and foot thread lickerly splitting up, over, down, up again attaching the blossom to grass, green cloth. Colors no her could pass by. Now, before the last tug of thread through the button my granddaughter brought me, I point out the pinch of space—width of a season blade—between it and the fabric, a shaft of stitches with a half-dozen twists of thread around it before tying off. Shank, I tell her, same as Mother named it. It strengthens the bond between button and garment, less friction than ready-made. Fasteners that loosen too soon. Like love, my mother said. Close, but not too close. A mimp of thread and my granddaughter's ready to go, fluorescent-pink button back on the nose of her dog-faced school bag, the shank fixing us together in this world my mother could trust only so long as everything was done right, only when she didn't forget to check I was buttoned up proper, buttoned up tight.

15

16



on humanity

Arms and the Boy

Wilfred Owen

Let the boy try along this bayonet blade How cold steel is, and keen with hunger of blood, Blue with all malice like a madman's flash, And thinly drawn with famishing for flesh.

Lend him to stroke these blind, blunt bullet-leads, Which long to mangle in the hearts of lads, Or give him cartridges of fine zinc teeth Sharp with the sharpness of grief and death.

For his teeth seem for laughing round an apple There lurk no claws behind his fingers supple, And God will grow no talons at his heels, Nor antlers through the thickness of his curls.

17

18



on humanity

The Love Cook

Ron Padgett

Let me cook you some dinner. Sit down and take off your shoes and socks and in fact the rest of your clothes, have a daquiri, turn on some music and dance around the house, inside and out, it's night and the neighbors are sleeping, those dolls, and the stars are shining bright, and I've got the burners lit for you, you hungry thing.

19

20



on humanity


On Hearing a New Escalation

Richard Hugo

From time one I've been reading slaughter, seeing the same bewildered face of a child staring at nothing beside his dead mother in Egypt, the pyramid blueprints approved, the phrases of national purpose screaming from the mouth of some automated sphinx. Day on day, the same photographed suffering, the litterness, the opportune hate handed down from Xerxes to Nixon, a line strong as transatlantic cable and stale ideas. Killing's still in though glory is out of style. And what does it come to, this blood cold in the streets and a history book printed and bound with such cost saving American methods, the names and dates are soon bones? Beware certain words: enemy Liberty Freedom. Believe those sounds and you're aiming a bomb.

21

22



on humanity

Anthem for Doomed Youth

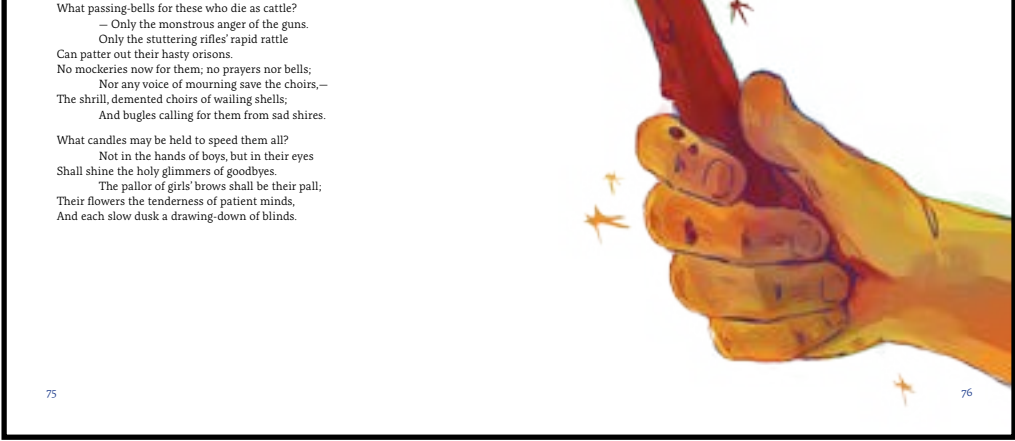
Wilfred Owen

What passing bells for these who die as cattle? Only the monstrous anger of the guns. Only the stuttering rifle's rapid rattle Can patter out their hasty orisons. No mockeries now for them: no prayers nor bells, Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,— The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells, And bugles calling for them from adiths.

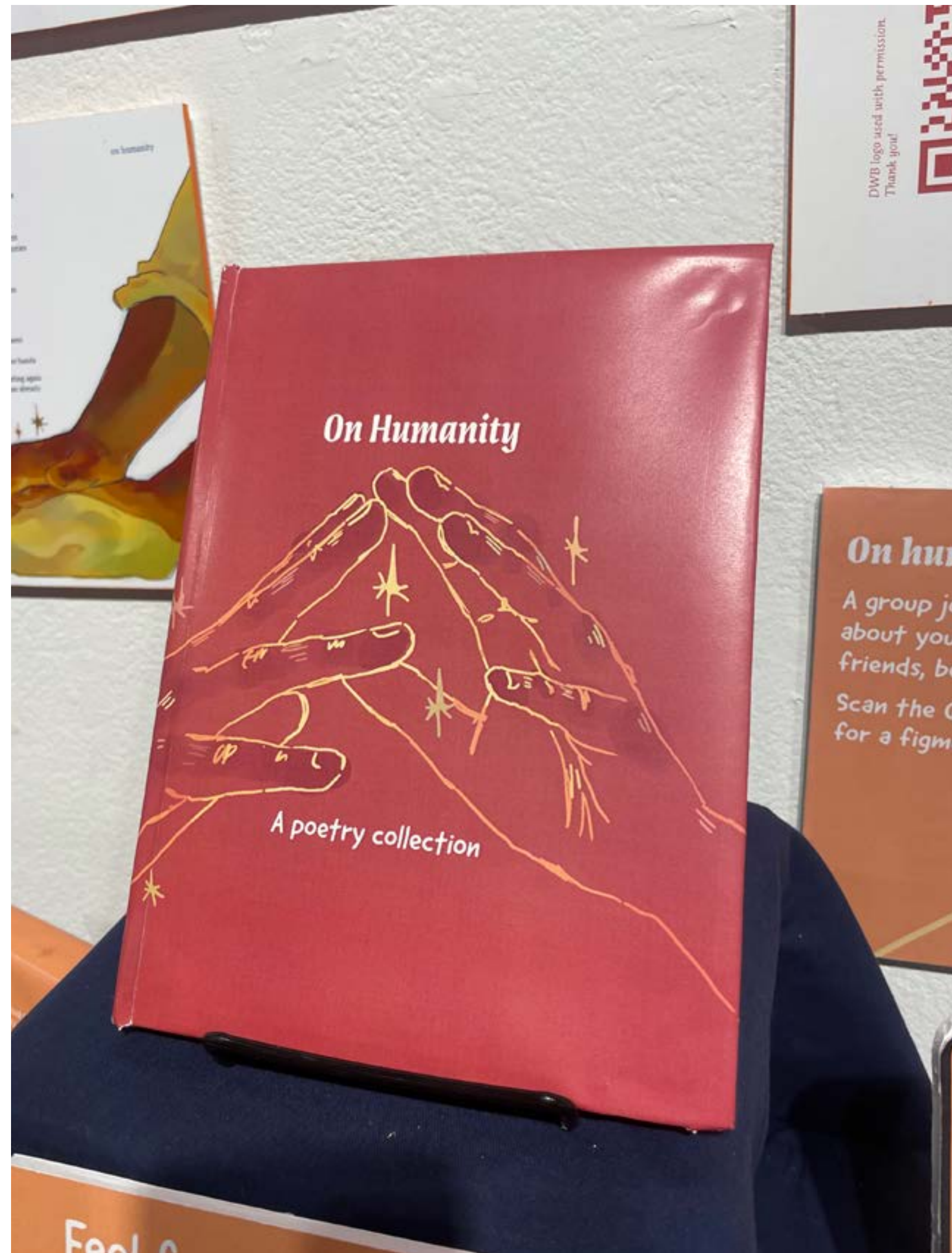
What candles may be held to speed them all? Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes. The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall; Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds, And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

23

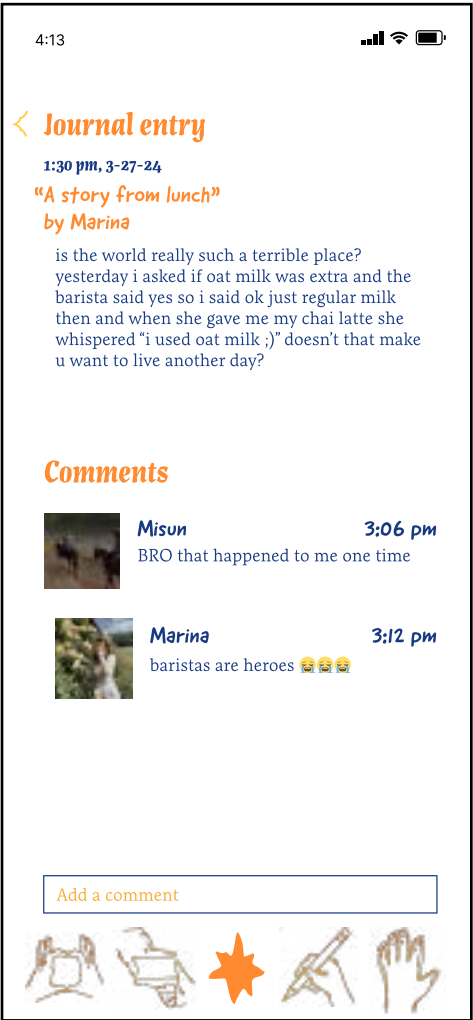
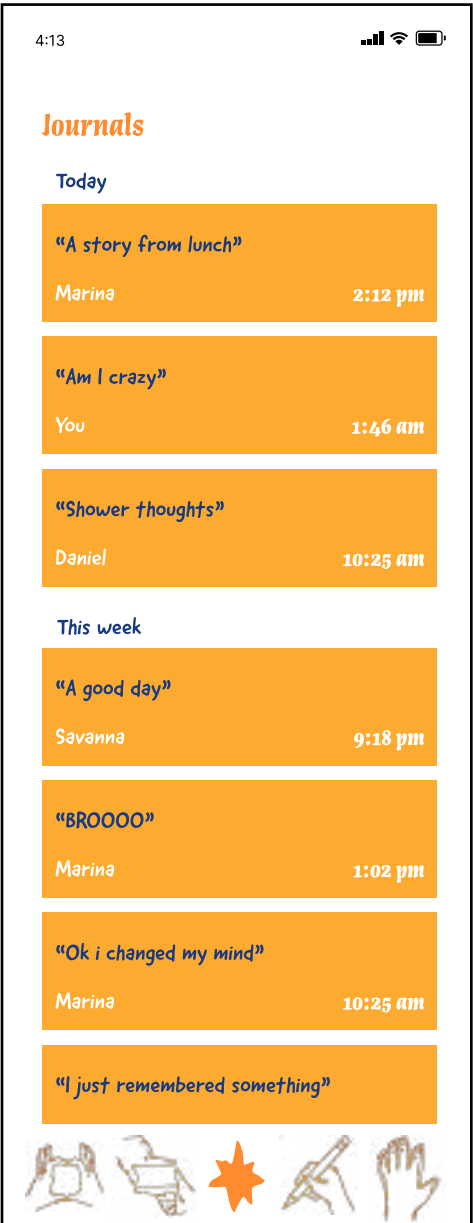
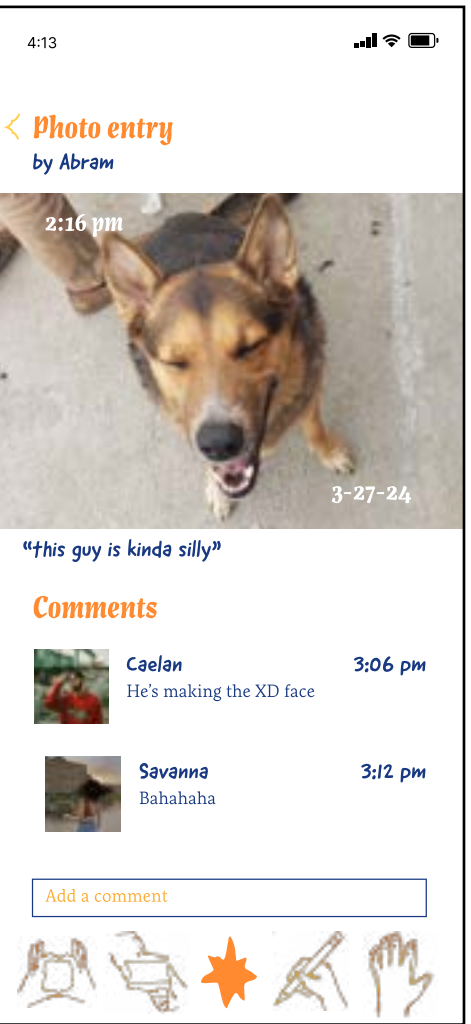
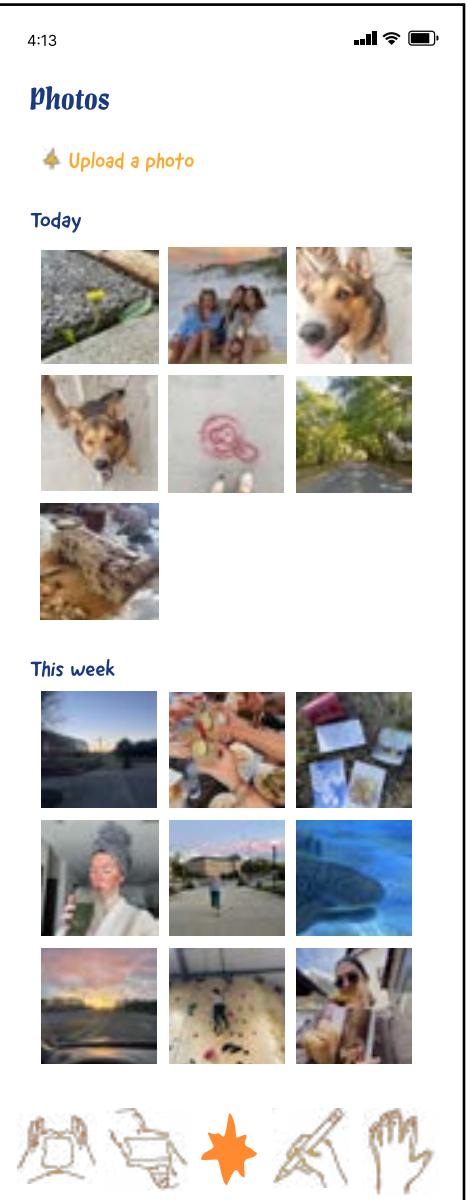
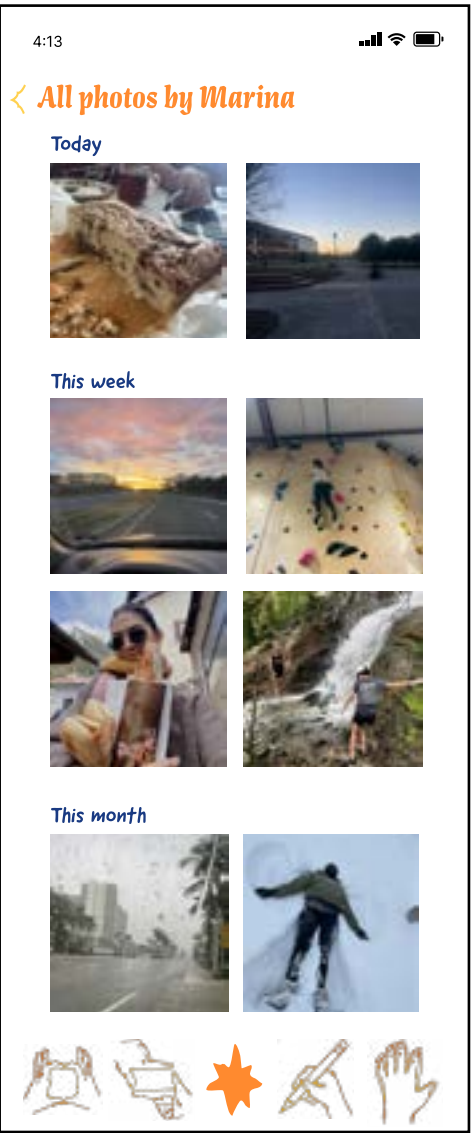
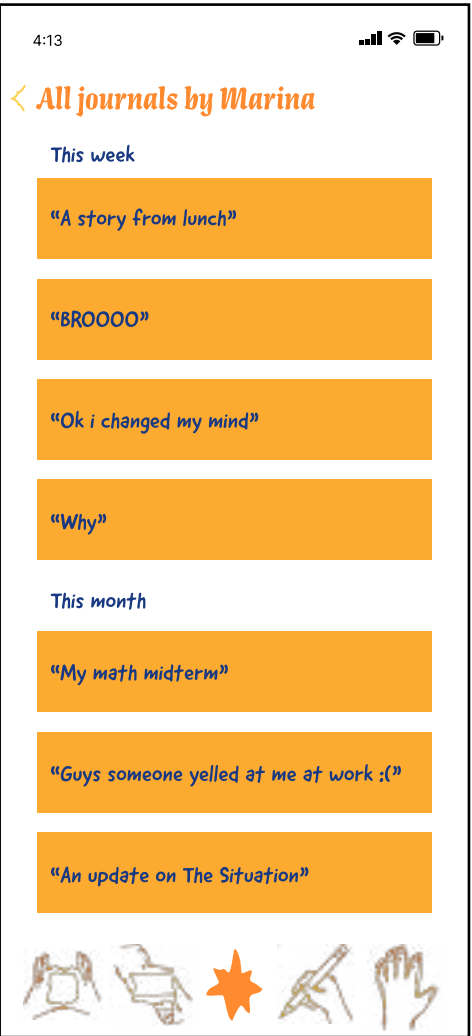
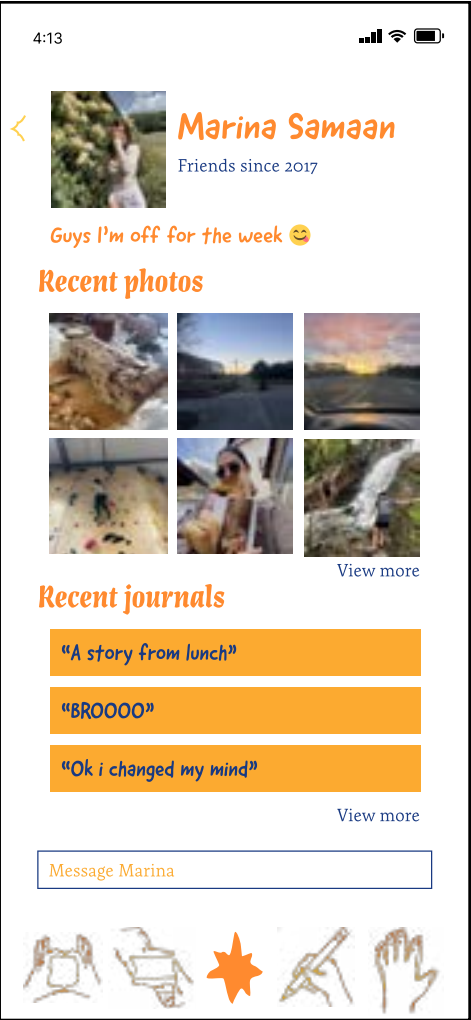
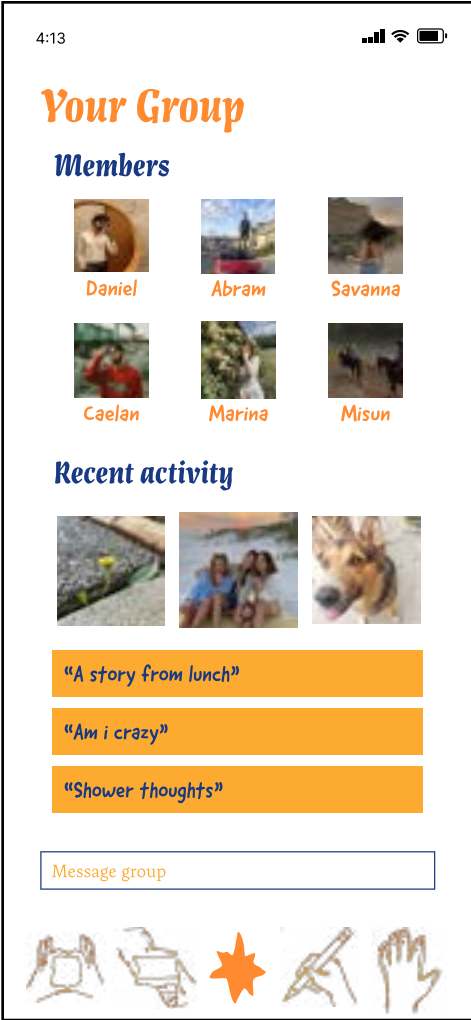
24



Poetry Book - final



Journal App - screens

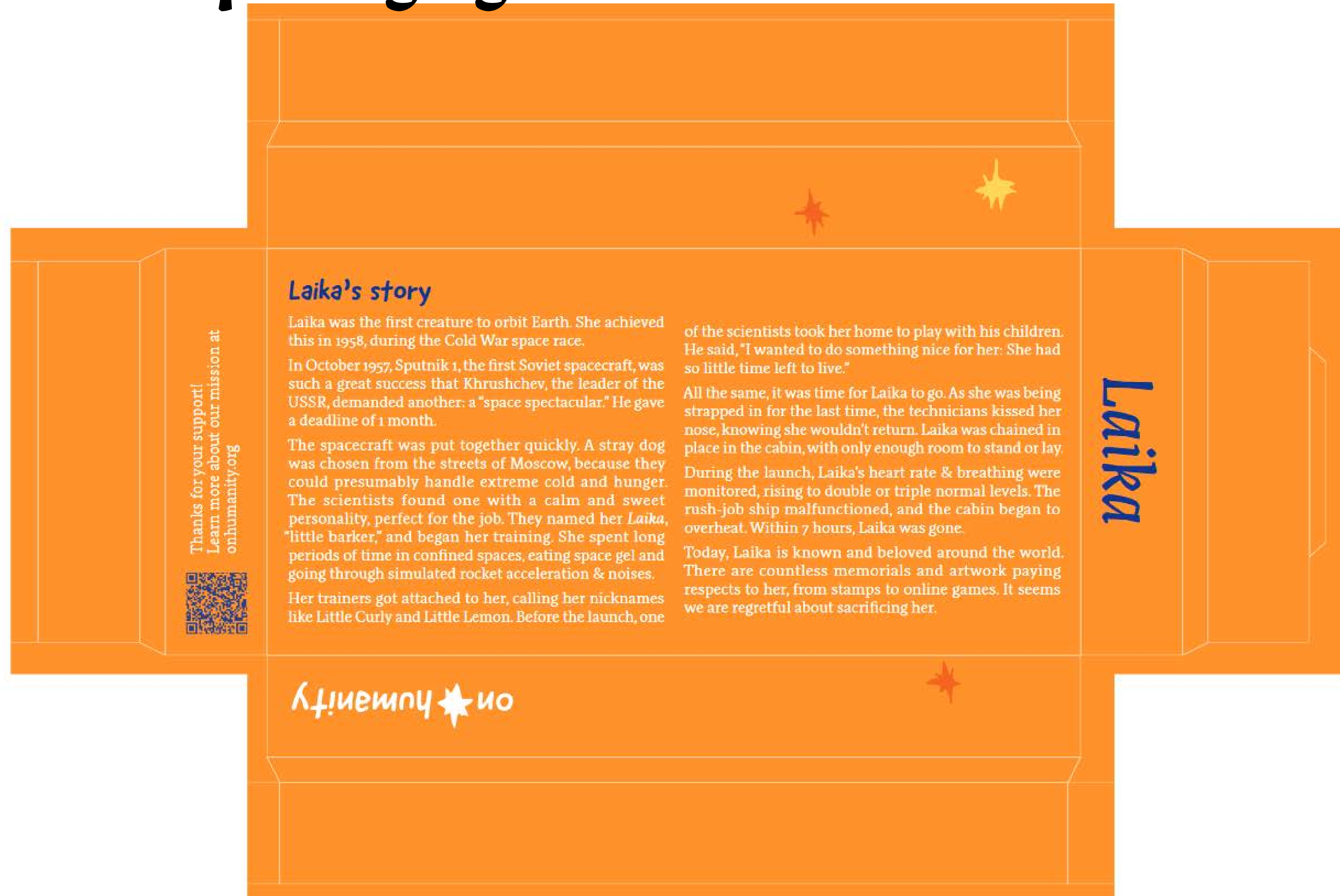


Click here to view prototype

Journal App - display



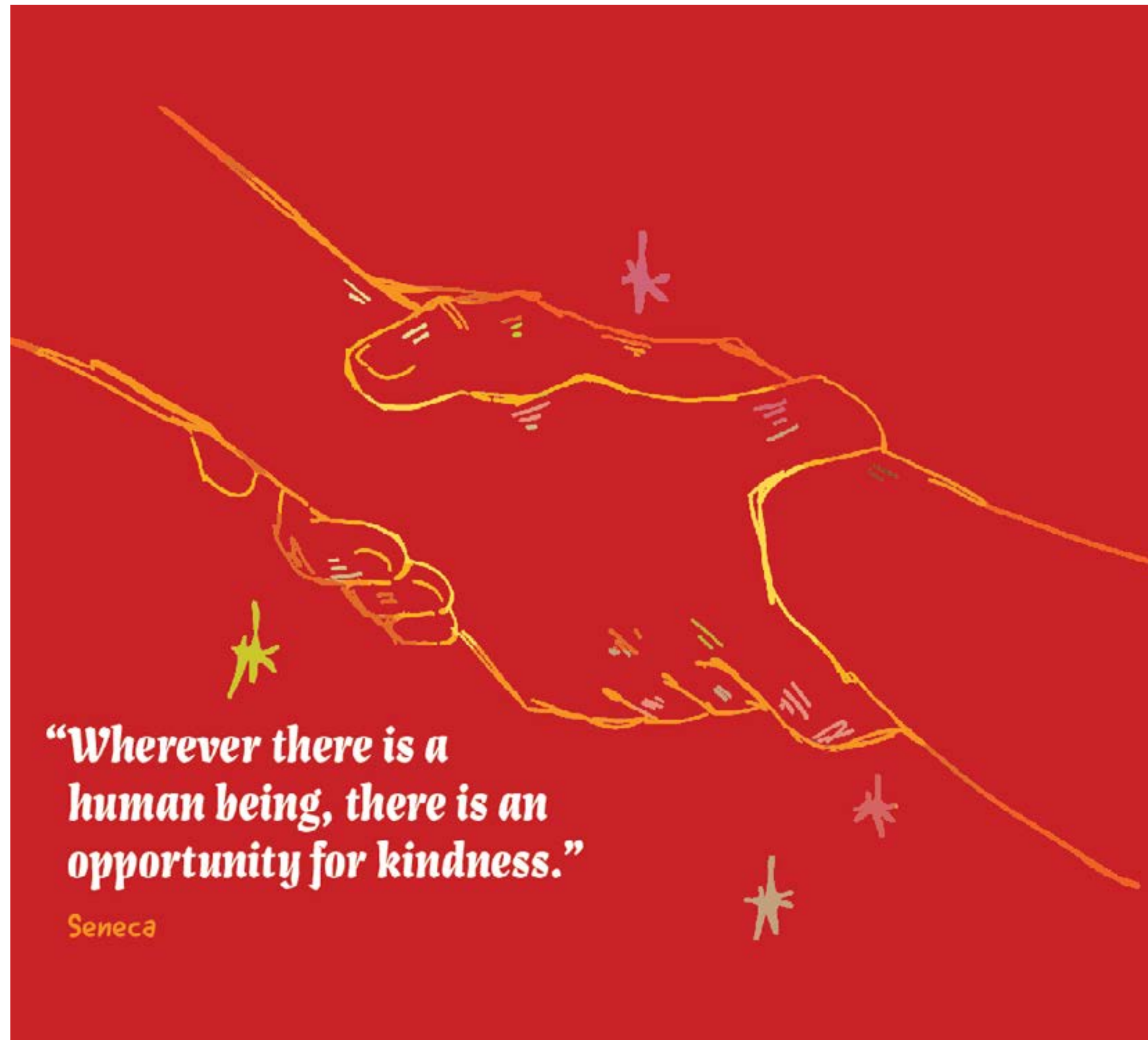
Laika Plushie - packaging



A brown and white stuffed dog, resembling a Weimaraner, is lying on its side on a blue surface. The dog has large black eyes and is wearing an orange sweater with yellow star patterns. In the foreground, an orange sign with white text reads "Please pet the dog." The background features a blue wall with a white panel containing text about the first Soviet spacecraft, Sputnik 1, and the dog Laika.



Sweater - design & final



Fundraiser - design & final

Want to help?



*All this talk about the morality of humans can really make you feel helpless.
Don't just stand there feeling bad. Here's your chance to do something!*

On Humanity is partnering with Doctors Without Borders to turn this gallery exhibition into a fundraising event. You can make a real, positive difference with any donation!

Doctors Without Borders is an international humanitarian organization that works to bring medical care to those who can't access it. Their mission is to do no harm, preserve respect and dignity, and protect life and health. They are an independent organization, giving aid only based on need, without factoring race, religion, gender, or political affiliation. They do not accept money from government organizations, and most of their funding comes from individuals like us.

Any amount can make a difference:

- \$10** can provide 45 polio vaccines
- \$25** can provide 21 malaria treatments
- \$30** can provide a week of clean water for 441 people

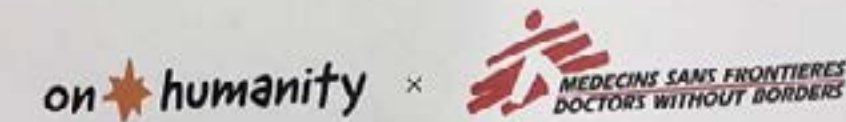
*Rather than despairing at the evil in the world, or turning a blind eye,
we can work to make this world a better place ourselves.*

DWB logo used with permission.
Thank you!



To learn more about Doctors Without Borders, visit doctorswithoutborders.org/who-we-are. If you would like to make a donation, scan this QR code to reach a secure online donation page. 100% of your donation goes to Doctors Without Borders. **Nothing** is collected by the designer, gallery, or school.

Want to help?



*All this talk about the morality of humans can really make you feel helpless.
Don't just stand there feeling bad. Here's your chance to do something!*

On Humanity is partnering with Doctors Without Borders to turn this gallery exhibition into a fundraising event. You can make a real, positive difference with any donation!
Doctors Without Borders is an international humanitarian organization that works to bring medical care to those who can't access it. Their mission is to do no harm, preserve respect and dignity, and protect life and health. They are an independent organization, giving aid only based on need, without factoring race, religion, gender, or political affiliation. They do not accept money from government organizations, and most of their funding comes from individuals like us.

Any amount can make a difference:

- \$10** can provide 45 polio vaccines
- \$25** can provide 21 malaria treatments
- \$30** can provide a week of clean water for 441 people

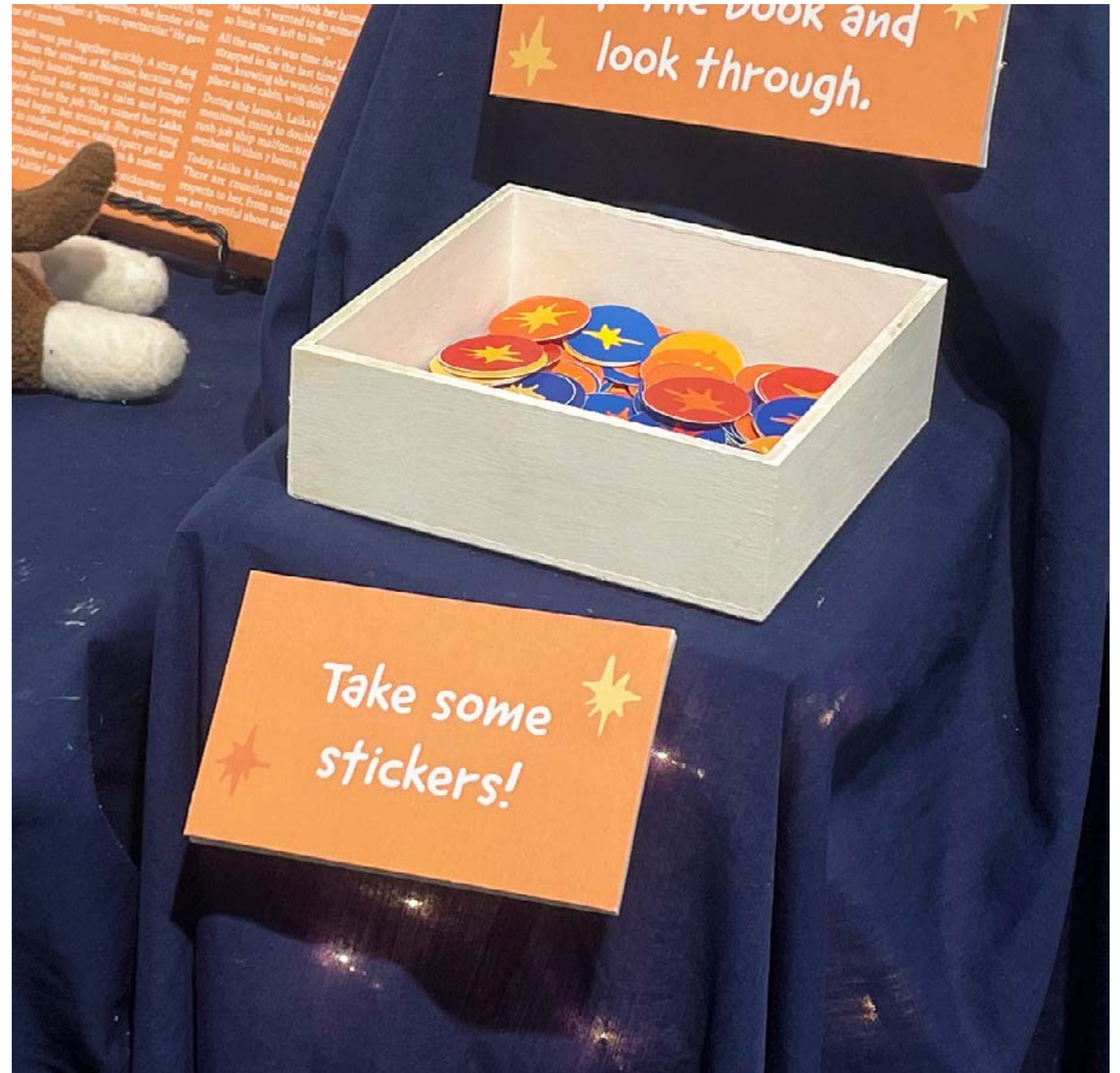
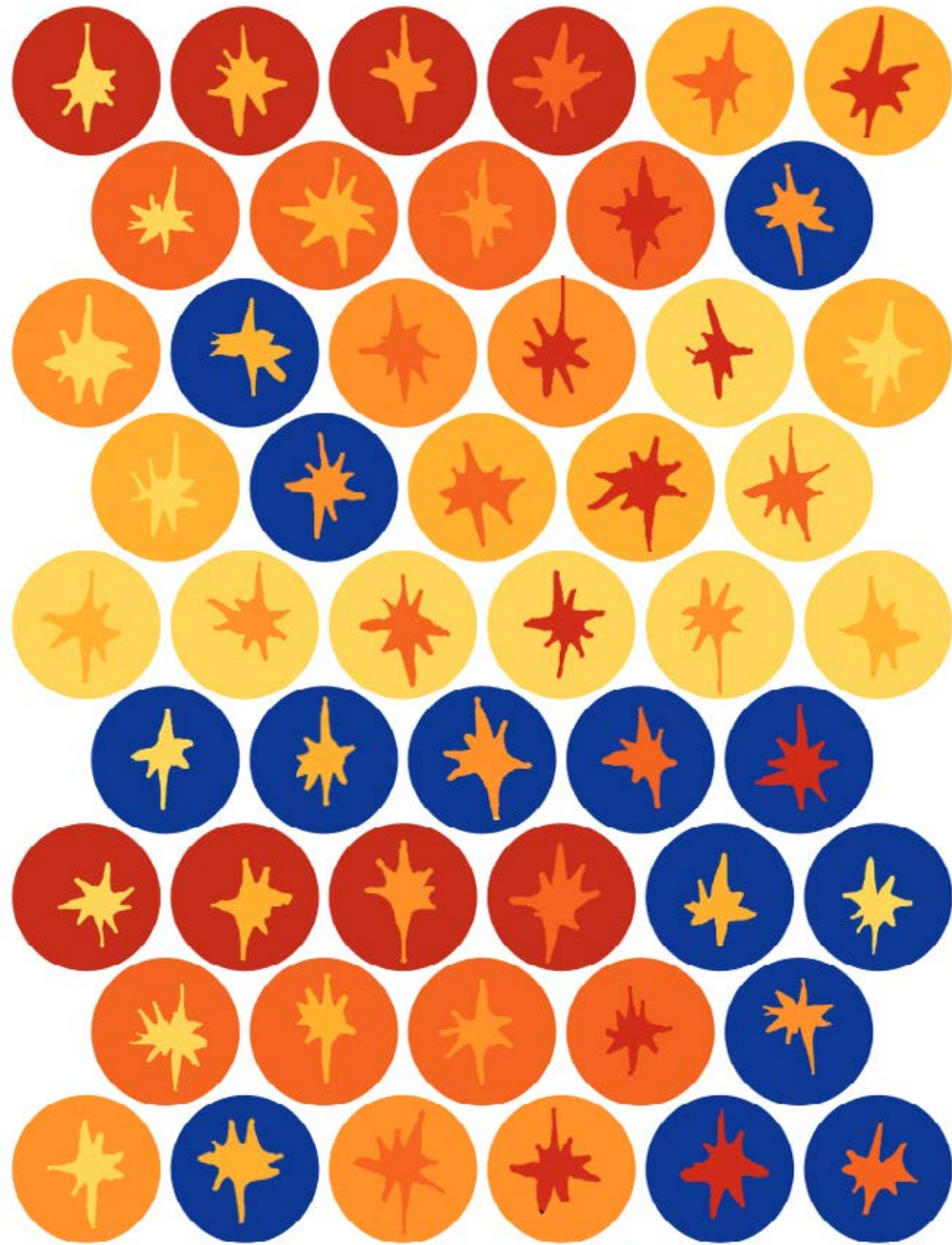
*Rather than despairing at the evil in the world, or turning a blind eye,
we can work to make this world a better place ourselves.*

DWB logo used with permission.
Thank you!



To learn more about Doctors Without Borders, visit doctorswithoutborders.org/who-we-are. If you would like to make a donation, scan this QR code to reach a secure online donation page. 100% of your donation goes to Doctors Without Borders. **Nothing** is collected by the designer, gallery, or school.

Stickers - design & final



Bookmarks - design

"The line separating good and
evil passes not through
states, nor between
classes, nor between
political parties
either —



but right through
every human heart — and
through all human hearts."

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

"The line separating good and
evil passes not through
states, nor between
classes, nor between
political parties
either —



but right through
every human heart — and
through all human hearts."

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

Bookmarks - final



Thank you!



saraabdo.com