

In-class Assignment

due: 05.24.07 beginning of class

Type as Protest / Literature as a Voice of Dissent

You have developed a logo for the book store **Left Bank Books**, utilizing three letters.

Your next step, develop headings for three different samples of literature supplied. These headings in turn will be applied to three sumo cards.

01. Left Bank Books is a diverse, multi-cultural, independent book store located in the West End of Saint Louis, Missouri. Visit their web site: <http://leftbank.booksense.com>. They have transformed themselves from a cooperative business during the early seventies to a non-franchise, independent bookstore selling mainstream and socially relevant material.

Develop a typographical logo to show diversity in their material, and to the philosophy of business. Supply a letter form from your own fonts or re-invent a new font.

Create 25 *working* typographical logos in Adobe Illustrator.

- Use flat black or solid white text. No colors. No tones.
- Modify text when necessary, using best judgement.
- Avoid warping, special filters, Live Trace, etc. (There are a time and a place for these; not here.)
- You are generating PATHS not IMAGES. Any path modification is permissible.
- Save a digital file to transfer space.
- Print off best version on letter-size paper. Save for later use.

02. Develop a script font for 3 of the following headings. In Illustrator you will need to utilize the calligraphic brushes; however, do not use the textured brush library.

Each heading should be uniquely different. (In other words, the 'H' chosen for Ginsberg's *Howl* would obviously not look appropriate for the 'H' in Wright's *Haiku*.) Follow the class demo for setup of the finalized heading.

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| • <i>Howl</i> | Allen Ginsberg |
| • <i>Haiku: This Other World</i> | Richard Wright |
| • <i>Río Grande de Loíza</i> | Julia de Burgos |
| • <i>Dedication</i> | Anna Akhmatova |
| • <i>Jabberwocky</i> | Lewis Carroll |
| • <i>Sassafras, Cypress & Indigo</i> | Ntozake Shange |
| • <i>Leaves of Grass</i> | Walt Whitman |

For each of your chosen three headings, print off ten variations of your script headings. Once your letters are determined be sure to modify shapes optically. Break kerning, baselines of supplied titles and authors.

Be sure to show your process. One layer should be devoted to creation of letters. Setup other layers for individual titles/authors.

03. You want to achieve multiple goals:

- promote the bookstore's diverse marketing as an independent business and voice of anti-mainstream marketing
- promote the chosen material and it's author
- promote the First Amendment of the Bill of Rights:

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

04. You will be taking the headlines and generating three sumo card promotionals. Additional requirements will be provided next lab.

HOMEWORK

05. Search the net for additional background material on the authors. These six were all chosen for specific, diverse reasons.

- What images could work as graphic illustrations for these works?
- What outside influences can be incorporated?
- What typographical designs and/or graphics can be applied?

Jabberwocky
Lewis Carroll

(from *Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There*, 1872)

‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought –
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

“And, has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!’
He chortled in his joy.

‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Haiku: This Other World

Richard Wright

In a misty rain
A butterfly is riding
The tail of a cow.

•

That abandoned house.
With its yard of fallen leaves,
In the setting sun.

•

A soft wind at dawn
Lifts one dry leaf and lays it
Upon another.

•

Burning autumn leaves,
I yearn to make the bonfire
Bigger and bigger.

•

A silent spring wood:
A crow opens its sharp beak
And creates a sky.

•

A blacksmith's hammer
Beating the silver moon thin
On a cool spring night.

•

Announcing autumn,
One dry leaf taps with crisp sound
On my window pane.

•

As though sleepwalking,
A gray cat crosses the sand
In yellow moonlight.

Río Grande de Loíza Julia de Burgos

¡Río Grande de Loíza!... Alárgate en mi espíritu
y deja que mi alma se pierda en tus riachuelos
para buscar la fuente que te robó de niño
y en un ímpetu loco te devolvió al sendero.

Enróscate en mis labios y deja que te beba,
para sentirte mío por un breve momento,
y esconderte del mundo y en ti mismo esconderte,
y oír voces de asombro en la boca del viento.

Apéate un instante del lomo de la tierra,
y busca de mis ansias el íntimo secreto;
confúndete en el vuelo de mi ave fantasía,
y déjame una rosa de agua en mis ensueños.

¡Río Grande de Loíza!... Mi manantial, mi río,
desde que alzome al mundo el pétalo materno;
contigo se bajaron desde las rudas cuestas,
a buscar nuevos surcos, mis pálidos anhelos;
y mi niñez fue toda un poema en el río,
y un río en el poema de mis primeros sueños.

Llegó la adolescencia. Me sorprendió la vida
prendida en lo más ancho de tu viajar eterno;
y fui tuya mil veces, y en un bello romance
me despertaste el alma y me besaste el cuerpo.

¿A dónde te llevaste las aguas que bañaron
mis formas, en espiga de sol recién abierto?

¡Quién sabe en qué remoto país mediterráneo
algún fauno en la playa me estará poseyendo!

¡Quién sabe en qué aguacero de qué tierra lejana
me estaré derramando para abrir surcos nuevos;
me estaré congelando en cristales de hielo!

¡Río Grande de Loíza!... Azul. Moreno. Rojo.
Espejo azul, caído pedazo azul de cielo;
desnuda carne blanca que se te vuelve negra
cada vez que la noche se te mete en el lecho;
roja franja de sangre, cuando bajo la lluvia
a torrentes su barro te vomitan los cerros.

Río hombre, pero hombre con pureza de río,
porque das tu azul alma cuando das tu azul beso.

Muy señor río mío. Río hombre. Único hombre
que ha besado mi alma al besar en mi cuerpo.

¡Río Grande de Loíza!... Río grande. Llanto grande.
El más grande de todos nuestros llantos isleños,
si no fuera más grande el que de mí se sale
por los ojos del alma para mi esclavo pueblo.

Río Grande de Loíza Julia de Burgos

(English translated excerpt)

Río Grande de Loiza!... Blue. Brown. Red.
Blue mirror, fallen piece of blue sky; naked white flesh that turns
black each time the night enters your bed; red strip of blood, when
the rain falls. In torrents and the hills vomit their mud.

Man river, but man with the purity of river, because you give your
blue soul when you give your blue kiss.

Most sovereign river mine. Man river. The only man who has kissed
my soul upon kissing my body.

Río Grande de Loiza!...Great river. Great flood of tears. The greatest
of all our island's tears save those greater that come from the eyes of
my soul for my enslaved people.

**Dedication
Anna Akhmatova**

Mountains bow down to this grief,
Mighty rivers cease to flow,
But the prison gates hold firm,
And behind them are the "prisoners' burrows"
And mortal woe,
For someone a fresh breeze blows,
For someone the sunset luxuriates –
We wouldn't know, we are those who everywhere
Hear only the rasp of the hateful key
And the soldiers' heavy tread.
We rose as if for an early service,
Trudged through the savaged capital
And met there, more lifeless than the dead;
The sun is lower and the Neva mistier,
But hope keeps singing from afar.
The verdict . . . And her tears gush forth,
Already she is cut off from the rest,
As if they painfully wrenched life from her heart,
As if they brutally knocked her flat,
But she goes on . . . Staggering . . . Alone . . .
Where now are my chance friends
Of those two diabolical years?
What do they imagine is in Siberia's storms,
What appears to them dimly in the circle of the moon?
I am sending my farewell greeting to them.

March 1940

Leaves of Grass
Walt Whitman 1819-1892

excerpt from Song of Myself

1
I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their
parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

2
Houses and rooms are full of perfumes, the shelves are crowded
with perfumes,
I breathe the fragrance myself and know it and like it,
The distillation would intoxicate me also, but I shall not let it.

The atmosphere is not a perfume, it has no taste of the
distillation, it is odorless,
It is for my mouth forever, I am in love with it,
I will go to the bank by the wood and become undisguised
and naked,
I am mad for it to be in contact with me.

The smoke of my own breath,
Echoes, ripples, buzz'd whispers, love-root, silk-thread,
crotch and vine,
My respiration and inspiration, the beating of my heart, the passing
of blood and air through my lungs,
The sniff of green leaves and dry leaves, and of the shore and
dark-color'd sea-rocks, and of hay in the barn,
The sound of the belch'd words of my voice loos'd to the eddies
of the wind,
A few light kisses, a few embraces, a reaching around of arms,
The play of shine and shade on the trees as the supple boughs wag,
The delight alone or in the rush of the streets, or along the fields
and hill-sides,
The feeling of health, the full-noon trill, the song of me rising
from bed and meeting the sun.

Have you reckon'd a thousand acres much? have you reckon'd the
earth much?
Have you practis'd so long to learn to read?
Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of poems?

Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of
all poems,
You shall possess the good of the earth and sun, (there are millions
of suns left,)
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look
through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres
in books,
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me,
You shall listen to all sides and filter them from your self....

excerpt from **Howl** Allen Ginsberg

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked, dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix, angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night,

who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in the supernatural darkness of cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities contemplating jazz,

who bared their brains to Heaven under the El and saw Mohammedan angels staggering on tenement roofs illuminated,

who passed through universities with radiant cool eyes hallucinating Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy among the scholars of war,

who were expelled from the academies for crazy & publishing obscene odes on the windows of the skull,

who cowered in unshaven rooms in underwear, burning their money in wastebaskets and listening to the Terror through the wall,

who got busted in their pubic beards returning through Laredo with a belt of marijuana for New York,

who ate fire in paint hotels or drank turpentine in Paradise Alley, death, or purgatoried their torsos night after night,

with dreams, and drugs, with waking nightmares, alcohol and cock and endless balls,

incomparable blind streets of shuddering cloud and lightning in the mind leaping toward poles of Canada & Paterson, illuminating all the motionless world of Time in between

Peyote solidities of halls, backyard green tree cemetery dawns, wine drunkenness over the rooftops, storefront boroughs of teahead joyride neon blinking traffic light, sun and moon and tree vibrations in the roaring winter dusks of Brooklyn, ashcan rantings and kind king light of mind,

who chained themselves to subways for the endless ride from Battery to holy Bronx on benzedrine until the noise of wheels and children brought them down shuddering mouth-wracked and battered bleak of brain all drained of brilliance in the drear light of Zoo,

who sank all night in the submarine light of Bickford's, floated out and sat through the stale beer afternoon in desolate Fugazzi's, listening to the crack of doom on the hydrogen jukebox,

who talked continuously seventy hours from park to pad to bar to Bellevue to museum to the Brooklyn Bridge,

a lost battalion of platonic conversationalists jumping down the stoops off fire escapes off windowsills off Empire State out of the moon,

yacketayakking screaming vomiting whispering facts and memories and anecdotes and eyeball kicks and shocks of hospitals and jails and wars,

whole intellects disgorged in total recall for seven days and nights with brilliant eyes, meat for the Synagogue cast on the pavement,

who vanished into nowhere Zen New Jersey leaving a trail of ambiguous picture postcards of Atlantic City Hall,

suffering Eastern sweats and Tangerian bone-grindings and migraines of China under junk-withdrawal in Newark's bleak furnished room,

who wandered around and around at midnight in the railroad yard wondering where to go, and went, leaving no broken hearts,

who lit cigarettes in boxcars boxcars boxcars racketing through snow toward lonesome farms in grandfather night,

who studied Plotinus Poe St. John of the Cross telepathy and bop kaballa because the cosmos instinctively vibrated at their feet in Kansas...

excerpt from ***Sassafras, Cypress, & Indigo***
by **Ntozake Shange**

When there is a woman there is magic. If there is a moon falling from her mouth, she is a woman who knows her magic, who can share or not share her powers. A woman with a moon falling from her mouth, roses between her legs and tiaras of Spanish moss, this woman is a consort of the spirits.

Indigo seldom spoke. There was a moon in her mouth. Holding a moon in her mouth kept her laughing. Whenever her mother tried to pull the moss off her head, or clip the roses round her thighs, Indigo was laughing. "Mama, if you pull 'em off, they'll just grow back. I've got earth blood, filled up with the Geechees long gone, and the sea."

Sitting among her dolls, Indigo looked mad. As a small child, she stuffed socks with red beans, raw rice, sawdust or palm leaves. Tied ribbons made necks, so they could have heads and torsos. Then eyes from carefully chosen buttons or threads, hair from yarns specially dyed by her sisters and her mama, dresses of the finest silk patches, linen shoes and cotton underskirts, satin mitts or gloves embroidered with the delight of a child's hand. These creatures were still her companions, keeping pace with her changes, her moods and dreams, as no one else could. Indigo heard them talking to her in her sleep. Sometimes when someone else was talking, Indigo excused herself—her dolls were calling for her. There was much to do. Black people needed so many things. That's why Indigo didn't tell her

mama what all she discussed with her friends. It had nothing to do with Jesus. Nothing at all. Even her mama knew that, and she would shake her head the way folks do when they hear bad news, murmuring, "Something's got hold to my child, I swear. She's got too much South in her."

The South in her, the land and salt-winds, moved her through Charleston's streets as if she were a mobile sapling, with the gait of a well-loved colored woman whose lover was the horizon in any direction. Indigo imagined tough winding branches growing from her braids, deep green leaves rustling her ears, doves and macaws flirting above the nests they'd fashioned in the secret, protected niches way high up in her headdress. When she wore this Carolinian costume, she knew the cobblestone streets were really polished oyster shells, covered with pine needles and cotton flowers. She made herself, the world, from all that she came from. She looked around her at the wharf. If there was nobody there but white folks, she made them black folks. In the grocery, if the white folks were buying up all the fresh collards and okra, she made them disappear and put the produce on the vegetable wagons that went round to the Colored. There wasn't enough for Indigo in the world she'd been born to, so she made up what she needed. What she thought the black people needed.

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