



WITH
ELLIOT EARLS

MECA WORKSHOP PROJECT #1

Elliott Earls

Design Process Inversion. Utilising the design process to interrogate a cultural terrain.

A Simplification of Traditional Design Process

.. Analysis .. [a.k.a Research]

.. Thesis .. [a.k.a Yer "IDEA"]

.. Synthesis .. [a.k.a Implementation]

Re-thinking the Design Process

.. Analysis/synthesis .. [a.k.a Thinking while implementing]

.. Thesis .. [a.k.a Post-Facto Rationalization - Yes, that's a good thing]

Specific Instructions

1. Please select a broad cultural terrain. That category should be a leitmotif of literature, film or music. Sex, Love, Death, Hate, Race, 'Kill'n, Steal'n, lying, Cheat'n, God, The Devil, etc...

2. Collect substantial amounts of media that deal in some way with your terrain.

3. Focus on selecting "charged" images, sounds or motion clips.

4. DO NOT (I REPEAT, DO NOT) THINK YET ABOUT AN "IDEA." DO NOT BEGIN TO CONCEIVE OF AN ORGANIZING PRINCIPLE.

Elliott Earls '02

5. Manipulate this media.
 - A. Bring images into proximity with one another until you have a retinal/conceptual response.
 - B. Sensitize yourself to the sensation of "surprise."
 - C. Continue manipulating attempting to cultivate this sensation of retinal/conceptual surprise.
6. Post-facto Rationalize.
 - A. Interpret end product to come to a deeper understanding of terrain.

Elliot: fundation goal plaka - all are historic
his go back to it this yr.

typography critical, each plakat

Design Issues: Hellmuth
emergency This falls issue

DF
authenticity
context
arbitrary

no: Modernist - issues always in relation to "communication"
"appropriateness" modernist
CE → always does
not the issue
• 30 ways to render
star - (star cabot)
"the glass goblet -
the designer"

define
EVA MFA: unique market niche
200 students look on yr.
1/2 has to teach 1/2 practice

Elliot Ethics '02

Pun Example No. 1: The Instant Pun Title (AABA)
HEART OVER HEELS

Romance is a game that I'd love to be winning
But I seem to attract impossible deals:
Dapper Dan looks my way and my head begins spinning,
And there I go—HEART OVER HEELS.

He tells me I'm special, he smiles at me sweetly
But, oh, what deception a sweet smile conceals!
Soon he's standing me up, or he drops me completely.
Doesn't care that I'm HEART OVER HEELS.

I meet another Don Juan and the story repeats
Right down to my last bitter tear.
Liars, Lotharios, lechers and cheats—
Why do they all have to gravitate here?

Mr. Right, when will *you* be the one I am choosing?
For once, I would like to find out how *that* feels.
To win would be nice, 'cause I'm tired of losing.
Losing my heart over all of those heels
Losing my HEART OVER HEELS.

© 1990 Rebecca Holtzman. Used with permission.

▲ Comment

The title “Heart Over Heels” embodies two literary devices: first it’s a paragram on the colloquialism *head over heels*, but more significantly here, it’s the play on the word *heel*— meaning simultaneously *part of a foot* and a *cad*. The writer set up the “heel” pun clearly with “Dapper Dan” so that we knew the singer had a habit of choosing surface over substance.

Double Entendre—A Risqué Instant Pun

This subtype of instant pun goes by the French term *double entendre* (DOObla ahnTAHNdra) which means *double meaning*. In this particular form of pun, one of its two meanings has a crude or vulgar connotation—usually either sexual or scatological. As a result, *double entendres* are more commonly heard in cabaret comedy songs and old blues lyrics than in pop. One of the most amusing and flawlessly executed lyrics in this genre is “If I Can’t Sell It, I’ll Keep Sittin’ On It,” (Rasaf! Hill). The singer is ostensibly trying to sell a valuable chair from her furniture shop to a male customer; yet, it’s evident that she’s in fact discussing the value of her sexual wares. And *sittin’ on it* is immediately perceived both in its literal sense and in its colloquial sense, *to refrain from acting*. Each of the lyric’s many *double-entendre* lines clearly works on both levels of meaning. The blues artist Ruth Brown, with her hilarious performances of the classic, has made the song her own. (“Sittin’ ” is part of the *Blues on Broadway* album on the Fantasy label.)

If, the first time you read “Eight” (pages 44-46), you didn’t catch the *double-entendre* in its second verse, you might want to identify it now: It plays off two

Examples of Sequential Pun Titles

In a sequential pun title, the pivot word (or part of it) is repeated with a shift in meaning. “A *Ring* Where a *Ring* Used to Be,” “I *Like* the *Likes* of You,” “What’s *Good* About *Goodbye*?” Then there’s the potential of structuring a chorus on the different meanings inherent in a single phrase or word, as in this student lyric.

Pun Example No. 2: The Sequential Pun Chorus (Verse/Chorus/Bridge)
GETAWAY

It’s Friday night at five o’clock
For half an hour I haven’t moved a block.
My gas is low and my temper’s hot.
Just another day in the old gridlock.

A week of this is sure a grind.
Wanna leave the rat race far behind.
Been workin’ hard all week at what I do
Now I’m on my way to pick up you and

GET AWAY
We’re gonna GET AWAY:
Miami GETAWAY
Hawaii GETAWAY
Some kind of GETAWAY.
We gotta GET AWAY.

Now here we are in our private suite
With chilled champagne and lots to eat.
The view is great and the music’s low.
It’s only my apartment, but someday we’ll go and

GET AWAY
We’re gonna GET AWAY:
Bermuda GETAWAY
Aruba GETAWAY
Some kind of GETAWAY.
We gotta GET AWAY.

A few more hours. Make the weekend last.
‘Cause Monday mornin’ ’s comin’ fast. Then it’s
See those clients! Check those yields!
Sign those contracts! Make those deals!

But I will persevere and make it through
To Friday evening. Then it’s me and you and

GET AWAY
That’s when we’ll GET AWAY:
Bahama GETAWAY
Jamaica GETAWAY
Some kind of GETAWAY

- ~~• Copies - paper~~
- ~~• coffee cups - toware~~
- ~~• art supply stores~~
- ~~• fridge~~



☒ Manet
 Scandinavian
 → Northern
 Calaisienne
 1870
 1870

5 All in relationship
from another.

in my way

fish sheekinside
one Thupar 2?
moving one Thru

As the context
New context

form/cont
structure/cont
form/structure

② polymer - cat ~~the~~ - is fine

EE
Myself in relationship
to audience

lack of clarity - Think of audience
 defined by structure
 metaphor → $A=B$
 brain conducting meaning

visual pun / linguist pun

Context + form inextricably linked

Style is Ideological & style always

Idolry involved w/ my hand, my shoes
w/ a cultural context

Netro has Netrip: 100% staff

Common sense

③

analytical vs synthetic process

- A) how you think about things? ^{analytical} ~~reducible~~
- B) how you intuit things? ^{synthetic} ~~intuition~~ ^{vibe}

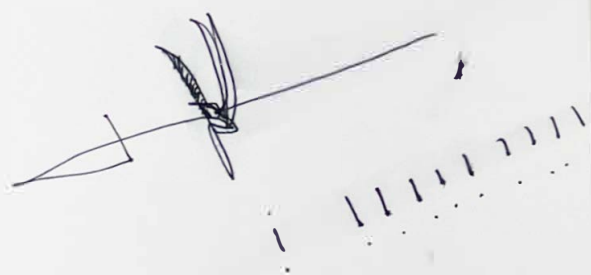
if you shift the process you
shift the ~~result~~ ^{result} - break the habits.

analytical: unify, write
synthetic: exercises

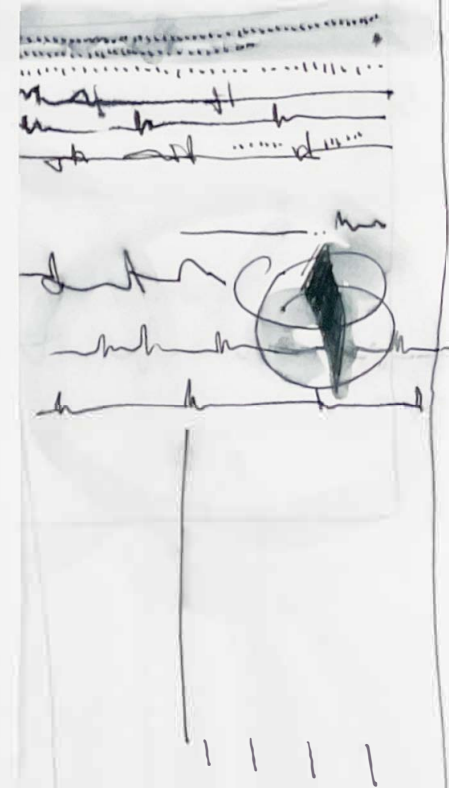
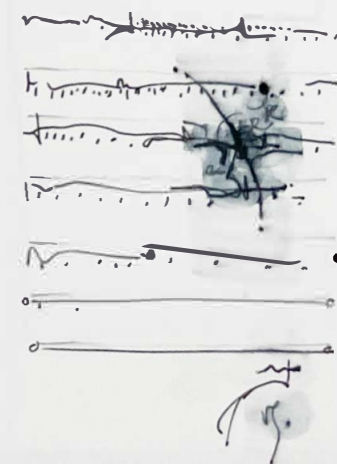
synthetic: can't b/c the whole
analytical: reduct. think feel
- draw connections
from that
- valid

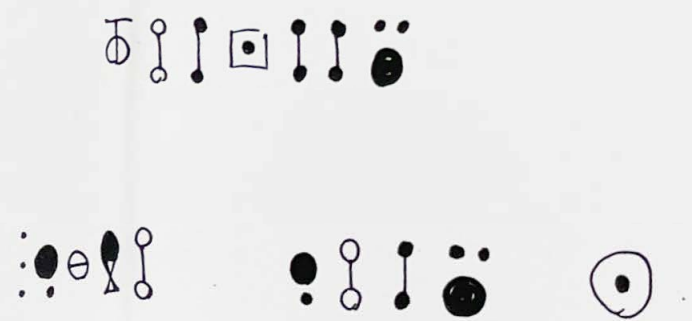
metaphors - 2 unrelated, related by = sign
(linearism \rightarrow blood cells, etc. - begin w/
arbitrary)

$\alpha - \dots \alpha - \dots \alpha - \dots \alpha - \dots$
 $\alpha - \dots \alpha - \dots \alpha - \dots \alpha - \dots$



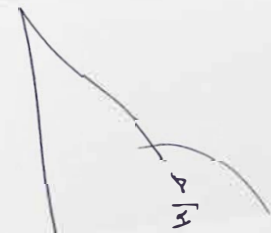
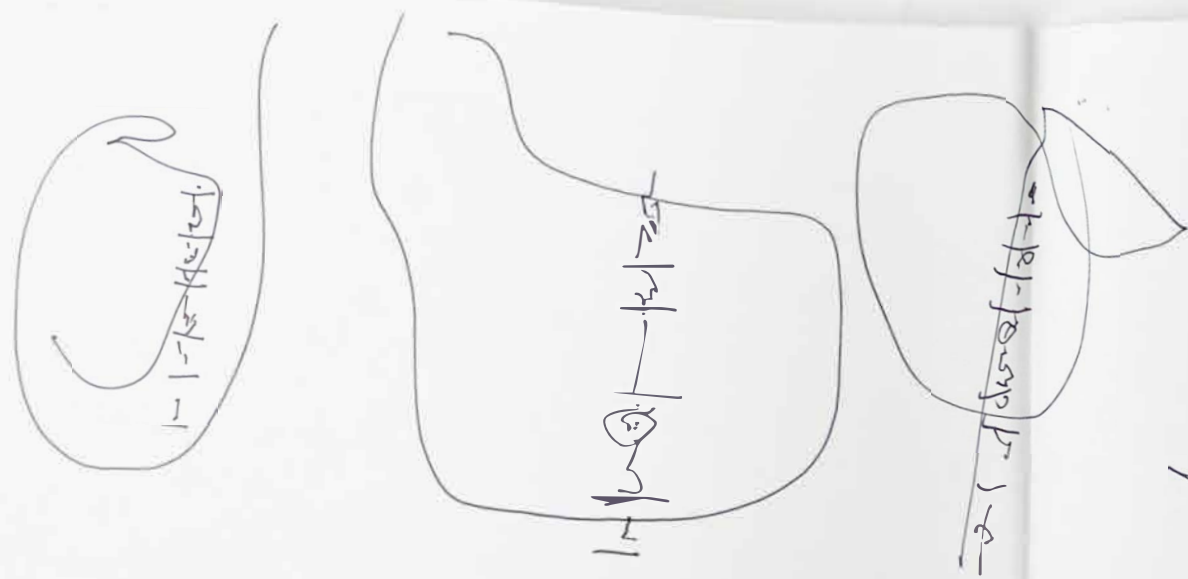
7!





Handwritten text in a circular script, possibly a decorative header or a specific dialect of a South Asian script.

Handwritten text in a circular script, consisting of three lines of characters.





WENDY BRADHAM
CHARLOTTE NC



CHARLOTTE VANWAGNER
WASHINGTON DC



DAVID BELLONA
CLINTON NY



LEAH MEYER
PHILADELPHIA PA

Maine Summer



RICHARD CHANG
MIAMI FL



CAROLE OTYPKA
NEW YORK NY



KITTY HUDSON
PORTLAND ME



SUSAN LINDBERG
NORWICH CT



MANA ROUHOLOMINI
MONTREAL QUEBEC



AJ MASTRANGELO
PORTLAND ME



SHELIA DILLON
BOSTON MA



BOB JORDAN
PORTLAND ME



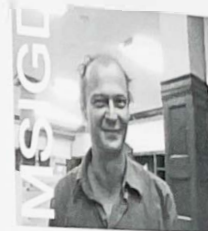
SARA AUSTIN
ASSISTANT



ANNE BERTUS
ASST DIRECTOR



MARGO HALVERSON
DIRECTOR



WITH
MELLE HAMMER
MARK JAMRA

Maine Summer Institute In Graphic Design 2002

בבית הבית

You walk for days among trees and among stones. Rarely does the eye light on a thing, and then only when it has recognized that thing as the sign of another thing: a print in the sand indicates the tiger's passage; a marsh announces a vein of water; the hibiscus flower, the end of winter. All the rest is silent and interchangeable; trees and stones are only what they are.

Finally the journey leads to the city of Tamara. You penetrate it along streets thick with signboards jutting from the walls. The eye does not see things but images of things that mean other things: pincers point out the tooth-drawer's house; a tankard, the tavern; halberds, the barracks; scales, the grocer's. Statues and shields depict lions, dolphins, towers, stars: a sign that something—who knows what?—has as its sign a lion or a dolphin or a tower or a star. Other signals warn of what is forbidden in a given place (to enter the alley with wagons, to urinate behind the kiosk, to fish with your pole from the bridge) and what is allowed (watering zebras, playing bowls, burning relatives' corpses). From the doors of the temples the gods' statues are seen, each portrayed with his attributes—the cornucopia, the hourglass, the medusa—so that the worshiper can recognize them and address his prayers correctly. If a building has no signboard or figure, its very form



The Street

The buildings stand one beside the other. They form a straight line. They are expected to form a line, and it's a serious defect in them when they don't do so. They are then said to be 'subject to alignment', meaning that they can by rights be demolished, so as to be rebuilt in a straight line with the others.

The parallel alignment of two series of buildings defines what is known as a street. The street is a space bordered, generally on its two longest sides, by houses; the street is what separates houses from each other, and also what enables us to get from one house to another, by going either along or across the street. In addition, the street is what enables us to identify the houses. Various systems of identification exist. The most widespread, in our own day and our part of the world, consists in giving a name to the street and numbers to the houses. The naming of streets is an extremely complex, often even thorny, topic, about which several books might be written. And numbering isn't that much simpler. It was decided, first, that even numbers would be put on one side and odd numbers on the other (but, as a character in Raymond Queneau's *The Flight of Icarus* very rightly asks himself, 'Is 13A an even or an odd number?'); secondly, that the even numbers would be on the right (and odd numbers on the left) relative to the direction of the street; and thirdly, that the said direction of the street would be determined generally (but we know of many exceptions) by the position of the said street in relation to a fixed axis, in the event the River Seine. Streets parallel with the Seine are numbered starting upstream, perpendicular streets starting from the Seine and going away from it (these explanations apply

GEORGES PEREC
Species of Space +
Other Piece

THE STREET 47

to Paris obviously; one might reasonably suppose that analogous solutions have been thought up for other towns).

Contrary to the buildings, which almost always belong to someone, the streets in principle belong to no one. They are divided up, fairly equitably, into a zone reserved for motor vehicles, known as the roadway, and two zones, narrower obviously, reserved for pedestrians, which are called pavements. A certain number of streets are reserved exclusively for pedestrians, either permanently, or else on particular occasions. The zones of contact between the roadway and the pavements enable motorists who don't wish to go on driving to park. The number of motor vehicles not wishing to go on driving being much greater than the number of spaces available, the possibilities of parking have been restricted, either, within certain perimeters known as 'blue zones', by limiting the amount of parking time, or else, more generally, by installing paid parking.

Only infrequently are there trees in the streets. When there are, they have railings round them. On the other hand, most streets are equipped with specific amenities corresponding to various services. Thus there are street lights which go on automatically as soon as the daylight begins to decline to any significant degree; stopping places at which passengers can wait for buses or taxis; telephone kiosks, public benches; boxes into which citizens may put letters which the postal services will come to collect at set times; clockwork mechanisms intended to receive the money necessary for a limited amount of parking time; baskets reserved for waste paper and other detritus, into which numbers of people compulsively cast a furtive glance as they pass; traffic lights. There are likewise traffic signs indicating, for example, that it is appropriate to park on this side of the street or that according to whether we are in the first or second fortnight of the month (what is known as 'alternate side parking'), or that silence is to be observed in the vicinity of a hospital, or, finally and especially, that the street is one way. Such is the density of motor traffic indeed that movement would be almost impossible if it had not become customary, in

chapter 3

Paradox on the Graphic Artist

— They're terribly cornered. Very little freedom of movement. Not only under stringent constraints, but various kinds of constraints, completely heterogeneous ones. They struggle in this web like crazy people. Each in his or her own way. Each one crying out that he/she is still alive. Long live graphic artists, but what does living mean for a graphic artist? To be still alive. All these constraints put together, maybe each in particular, are mortifying.

— What constraints?

— The heavy-duty ones are obvious: to be liked, to be persuasive, and to be just. What I mean to say is that the object (so I call the product resulting from the graphic artist's labor) gives pleasure to the gaze; that the object induces a disposition in the viewer to buy into (in the double sense of going there and believing in it) the demonstration, the exhibit, the institution, etc.; that the object is faithful to the thing (institution, exhibit,

**"Logan Airport : a world-class upgrade for the 21st century"
(Late 20th century billboard)**

Rabbit is the new beef.... Because we abhor the utilitarian, we have condemned ourselves to a life-long immersion in the arbitrary.... LAX: welcoming - possibly flesh-eating - orchids at the check-in counter.... 'Identity' is the new junk food for the dispossessed, globalization's fodder for the disenfranchised.... If space-junk is the human debris that litters the universe, junk-space is the residue mankind leaves on the planet. The built (more about that later) product of modernization is not modern architecture but Junkspace. Junkspace is what remains after modernization has run its course or, more precisely, what coagulates while modernization is in progress, its fallout. Modernization had a rational program: to share the blessings of science, universally. Junkspace is its apotheosis, or meltdown.... Although its individual parts are the outcome of brilliant inventions, lucidly planned by human intelligence, boosted by infinite computation, their sum spells the end of Enlightenment, its resurrection as farce, a low-grade purgatory.... Junkspace is the sum total of our current achievement; we have built more than all previous generations together, but somehow we do not register on the same scales. We do not leave pyramids. According to a new gospel of ugliness, there is already more Junkspace under construction in the 21st century than survived from the 20th.... It was a mistake to invent modern architecture for the 20th century. Architecture disappeared in the 20th century; we have been reading a footnote under a microscope hoping it would turn into a novel; our concern for the masses has blinded us to People's Architecture. Junkspace seems an aberration, but it is essence, the main thing... product of the encounter between escalator and air conditioning, conceived in an incubator of sheetrock (all three missing from the history books). Continuity is the essence of Junkspace; it exploits any invention that enables expansion, deploys the infrastructure of air conditioning, sprinkler, fire shutter, fire interior, so extensive that you rarely perceive interior by any means (mirror, polish, etc.) together not by structure, but by skin remained constant, resisted by the same time; but air conditioning - invisible medium of truly revolutionized architecture. Air conditioning is an endless building. If architecture separates, air conditioning unites them. Air conditioning has dictated the center now is the work of generations and fixers, like in the Middle Ages; air conditioning drags. (Unwittingly, all architects may be so far separate, but with hidden receptacles cohere.) Because it costs money, is no inevitably becomes conditional space; space turns into Junkspace.... When we only looked at its containers. As if space the production of space is based on an opposite: substance and objects, i.e.

90

STORY TIME

latter is already at work. Thus it is exemplary that Detienne and Vernant should have made themselves the storytellers of this "labyrinthine intelligence" (*"intelligence en dédale"*), as Françoise Frontisi so well terms it.¹⁴ This discursive practice of the story (*l'histoire*) is both its art and its discourse.

At bottom, this is all a very old story. When he grew old, Aristotle, who is not generally considered exactly a tightrope dancer, liked to lose himself in the most labyrinthine and subtle of discourses. He had then arrived at the age of *mêris*: "The more solitary and isolated I become, the more I come to like stories."¹⁵ He had explained the reason admirably: as in the older Freud, it was a connoisseur's admiration for the tact that composed harmonies and for its art of doing it by surprise: "The lover of myth is in a sense a lover of Wisdom, for myth is composed of wonders."¹⁶

The Generic City

**Part III
Spatial Practices**

Chapter VII Walking in the City

STING Manhattan from the 110th floor of the World Trade Center. Beneath the haze stirred up by the winds, the urban island, a sea in the middle of the sea, lifts up the skyscrapers over Wall Street, sinks down at Greenwich, then rises again to the crests of Midtown, quietly passes over Central Park and finally undulates off into the distance beyond Harlem. A wave of verticals, its agitation is momentarily arrested by vision. The gigantic mass is immobilized before the eyes. It is transformed into a textuality in which extremes coincide—extremes of ambition and degradation, brutal oppositions of races and styles, contrasts between yesterday's buildings, already transformed into trash cans, and today's urban intrusions that block out its space. Unlike Rome, New York has never learned the art of growing old by playing on all its pias. Its present invents itself, from hour to hour, in the act of throwing away its previous accomplishments and challenging the future. A city composed of paroxysmal places in monumental reliefs. The spectator can read in it a universe that is constantly exploding. In it are inscribed the architectural figures of the *concordato oppositorum* formerly drawn in miniatures and mystical textures. On this stage of concrete, steel and glass, cut out between two oceans (the Atlantic and the American) by a frigid body of water, the tallest letters in the world compose a gigantic rhetoric of excess in both expenditure and production.¹