

Art 3205

Winter Quarter 2009
M/W 2:00 pm – 4:20 pm

Applied Typography

Instructor: Karen Gutowsky
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Office Hours: M-W 10:20-11:00/1:20-2:00/4:20-5:00
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Exercise Four Random System

Our fourth project will focus on a Random System of typographic organization. A random system consists of elements that are arranged without definite aim, pattern, direction, rule, method or purpose, but it is deceptively simple because the viewer imposes organization on compositions even when it is unintentional.

Work is often begun by scattering elements in the compositional field with free abandon. Success is more frequent when legibility diminishes with cropping, overlapping, and placing text at odd angles, which are cues for randomness.

Process

Each system will have three phases.

—First, will include 5 (8" x 8") hand studies mounted on 9" x 9" black construction paper. Poems will use one sans serif font, same size and weight throughout the 5 sketches. Variables will include placement, line breaks, leading, word and letter spacing.

—Second, will include 2 (8" x 8") computer studies printed out and mounted on 9" x 9" black construction paper. Variables will include non-objective elements such as rules, shapes, value shifts (ie bold weight, transparency and tone), illustration and or photography

—Third, Final Due, student will take evaluation from 7 sketches and create a final composition printed out 8" x 8" color output (all studies will be mounted at the end of the quarter).

Below is the text used for Project Four-Random System

Alone, by Maya Angelou

Lying, thinking
Last night
How to find my soul a home
Where water is not thirsty
And bread loaf is not stone
I came up with one thing
And I don't believe I'm wrong
That nobody,
But nobody
Can make it out here alone.

Alone, all alone
Nobody, but nobody
Can make it out here alone.
There are some millionaires
With money they can't use
Their wives run round like banshees
Their children sing the blues
They've got expensive doctors
To cure their hearts of stone.

But nobody
No, nobody
Can make it out here alone.
Alone, all alone
Nobody, but nobody
Can make it out here alone.

Now if you listen closely
I'll tell you what I know
Storm clouds are gathering
The wind is gonna blow
The race of man is suffering
And I can hear the moan,
'Cause nobody,
But nobody
Can make it out here alone.

Alone, all alone
Nobody, but nobody
Can make it out here alone.

Schedule

Monday, February 2—
Steps 1 (5) hand sketches

Wednesday, February 4—
Steps 2 (2) computer sketches

Tuesday, March 17—Final Study Due