

***Make it Bigger***

***Make It***

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***Bigger***

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*This book is dedicated to the profession of graphic design and to all the  
talented wits, intellects, and humanists who are its best practitioners.*

*"Any jackass can kick down a barn door. It takes a carpenter to build one."*

**OVER** the past thirty years the design field has not changed all that much. The basic motivating factors that fire up designers and push them to produce their best work remain the same. Designers want to make things, or make things up, and have those things that they've made or made up seen, used, and appreciated by lots of people.

The things designers make may help someone decide to read a book or a magazine, buy some recorded music or candy, see a play or a ballet. They may help someone navigate a building or a Web site, understand technology, or vote in an election. The things designers design may be powerful, provocative, funny, obsessive, or elegant. But they are all created with the express purpose that other people will use them in some way.

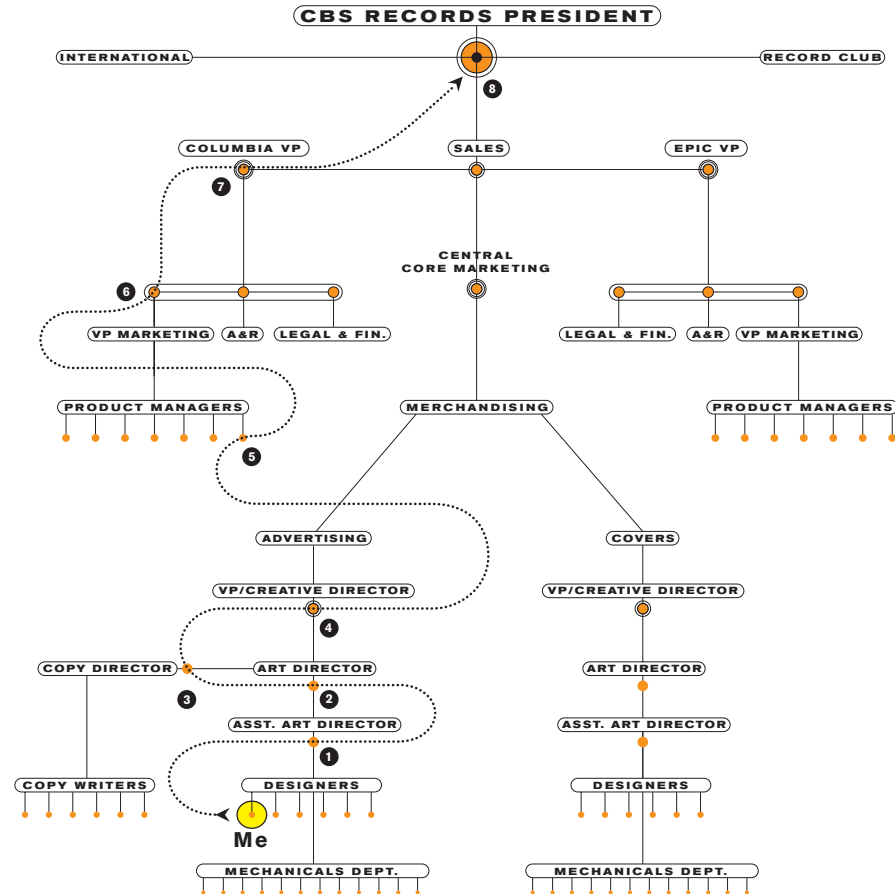
For designers to have the things they make, or make up, get made (and seen, used, and appreciated by lots of people), they must necessarily collaborate with editors, publishers, retailers, and businessmen—the people who have some stake, and therefore an important say, in the very things that are being made by designers. This book is about that collaboration.

In rereading this text I realize that in only a few instances do I make reference to the massive technological changes that occurred in the graphic design profession during the last three decades. While I acknowledge that technological changes have influenced design style and methodologies, have created new disciplines, and have certainly affected design production, they have had little to do with the way I approach design. It's not that I'm a Luddite—I don't have anything personal against the computer. I feel about computers the way I feel about cars: I need them, I drive them, I'm fond of them, but I don't want to hang around and talk about them.

I've never been interested in technology. I'm interested in people. If technology has changed during the past thirty years, people have not.



**APPROVAL PROCESS: CBS RECORDS ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT**



# MY FIRST

staff design job out of art school was in the advertising and promotion department of CBS Records. I held the lowest possible position: I reported to the assistant art director, who reported to the art director, who reported to the creative director, who reported to the vice president of merchandising, who reported to the vice president of sales, who reported to the president of CBS Records. I was teamed with a copywriter, and we created ads that promoted albums in trade publications like *Cashbox* and *Billboard*. We would be given a work order, which contained a job number and stated the name of the album and the band to be promoted, the publication in which the ad would appear, the size of the ad, and some other basic content requirements. This information came from the product manager of the band, who was typically the author of the marketing plan for a given album.

The copywriter and I would collaborate on a concept and headline. Then the copywriter would craft the body copy while I designed the ad. The finished layout would be attached to a routing slip, and a “traffic manager” would carry the ad from office to

office to obtain the necessary approvals from various people within the corporation. The necessary signatures were as follows: the assistant art director of the advertising department, the art director of the advertising department, the creative director of the advertising department, the product manager of the band, the director of product management, the vice president of A&R (artist and repertoire), the vice president of the record label (Columbia or Epic), and in the case of important recording artists, the president of CBS Records, who at that time was Clive Davis.

The average amount of time allowed for a given ad to be conceived, written, designed, approved, typeset, and mechanized (this was before the computer) was about three days. Trade ads (*Cashbox*, *Billboard*, et al.) were printed on Wednesdays, which often meant that ads for those magazines had to be completed and approved in less than a day to make the publications’ closings.

The first ad I laid out was a trade ad. It was routed to the assistant art director and promptly came back to me for all kinds of revisions. I responded to the comments, and the ad was rerouted to the assistant art director. Again it returned. In both instances, I was instructed to make the headline and the name of the album bigger. On the third submission, the headline and album title were huge. The ad was returned with a memo to make “on Columbia Records and Tapes” larger. The fourth submission came back with the notation that there was not sufficient room for the body copy.

I decided to talk to the assistant art director because I had only half a day left to produce the ad. I waited outside his office for twenty minutes while he finished a phone call. He held one

finger in the air to signal me to wait. When he finished the phone call, he rifled through a pile of papers on his desk. After a few more minutes, he waved to me to come in. I was standing in front of his desk with the ad when he picked up another pile of papers. He flipped through them for another minute, then looked up at me and said, "What's the problem?" I told him that I wasn't getting anywhere with the ad layout and asked him for advice. He picked up a tracing pad and said, "You need to do it like this," and created a thumbnail that in scale and proportion was nearly identical to my first layout. I thanked him and redesigned the ad. He signed off on it, and so did everyone else because it was late Wednesday night and there were no other options.

As far as I can remember, the assistant art director never approved an ad I designed on the first try. A month later I learned how to avoid obtaining his approval, and about six months after that he was fired in a corporate-wide layoff. I found out afterward that he had never been consulted about hiring me. The art director who hired me (his boss) hadn't invited him to my interviews, never showed him my portfolio, and informed him that I was hired just one day before I started working there.

This experience has repeated itself in a variety of scenarios throughout my professional life. Someone who was entitled to approve my designs but who hadn't been properly consulted about hiring me or hadn't been consulted by me with respect to a design would resort to any means possible to block, alter, or destroy my work. I quickly learned that the judgments made about graphic design in corporations, institutions, and organizations composed of more than one decision maker often have little to do with the effectiveness of a given design in the marketplace and more to do with how

human beings naturally behave in complicated hierarchical social situations.

**AT CBS** Records product managers were the closest thing we had to clients. The product manager's acceptance and support of a concept and design were crucial. A strong product manager participated in the creative process by providing the information that was essential to the design and encouraged an innovative result. When a strong product manager was pleased with a design, he or she would walk it through the approval process personally and act as a guardian of the work.

Weaker product managers supplied the relevant information, and responded positively to innovative design, but would not ultimately defend anything. A superior was then far more likely to criticize and compromise the work, largely because he or she sensed the product manager's weakness. It was an unbreakable cycle in which the weak product manager became even weaker, often became paranoid, and was eventually transferred out of the department or fired. The weakest product managers were frequently quite shrewd. They avoided the aforementioned trap by never responding or committing to anything so that they couldn't be criticized by a superior. They kept their jobs longer than even the strongest product managers, and working with them was usually fruitless.

These three types of product manager are the archetypes that describe every corporate or institutional client I've ever had. I've become adept at identifying them and try to limit client relationships to the strong managers. It might seem like an arrogant statement, but the fact is that a designer cannot accomplish anything of import by working for a weak client. The relationship

is pointless, even if it exists purely to obtain the design fee. The fee will probably be cut, or the amount of time expended on the job will wipe out the fee. The relationship is pointless because the weak client is eternally fearful. If a design succeeds through a weak client, it is only because someone stronger and more powerful has interceded on behalf of the design.

At CBS Records in the seventies, the record-cover department was much more powerful and respected than the advertising department. Covers weren't routed through the company by a traffic manager. Product managers and label heads actually came to the designers' offices to meet, discuss, and approve art. It is true that the packaging of music has always been perceived as more important to its sale than advertising, yet the two divisions' different art-approval processes were created by the heads of the respective departments. The two creative directors had absolutely opposing philosophies about the goals of design within the corporation.

The creative director of advertising saw himself as the leader of an organization in service to corporate management. He wanted to build personal relationships with label heads, sought them out socially, and didn't want to provoke, challenge, or offend them. He protected the status quo.

The creative director of the cover division saw himself as an art director and designer. He wanted to be well respected in the design community, win design awards, and make his service to the company a by-product of the excellence of the department. The cover department's creative director gained more immediate respect from the organization. In the late seventies and early eighties, however, when the record industry went into a financial slump, both creative directors were expendable.

**MOST OF** the ads I produced for my first design job at CBS were formulaic. They consisted of a headline, some body copy, a picture of the recording artist that was an out-take of the album-cover photo session, and a picture of the cover. The only way to produce an interesting ad was to break the formula completely, which was an impossible task. Even if a strong product manager supported it, it would generally be rejected by Clive Davis; and if the ad was for a smaller recording artist, the creative director would reject it.

After two years in the advertising department at CBS Records, I realized that it would be impossible to produce any notable work for the following reasons:

- *To produce notable work I would have to break record-advertising conventions.*
- *The president of the company was conventional.*
- *The creative director was conventional and afraid of the president.*

In the fall of 1973 I was offered a job at Atlantic Records, which had a smaller art department. The art director at Atlantic hired me to design ads and covers. The pay was the same as my next scheduled raise at CBS Records, so there was no question in my mind about taking the job. Atlantic offered an opportunity to produce interesting work; the advertising department of CBS Records did not. Money was irrelevant. It was more important to make uncompromised work.

I have never made a pivotal career decision based on money. Money has always been a by-product of design. When I have



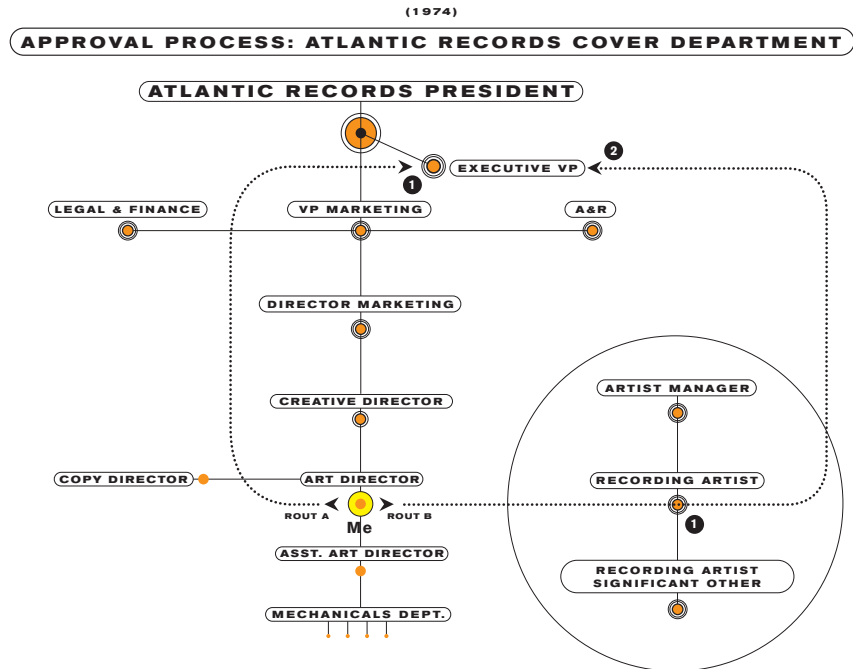
taken on projects that I am indifferent to but for which I have negotiated a high fee, I have found that the fee is never high enough.

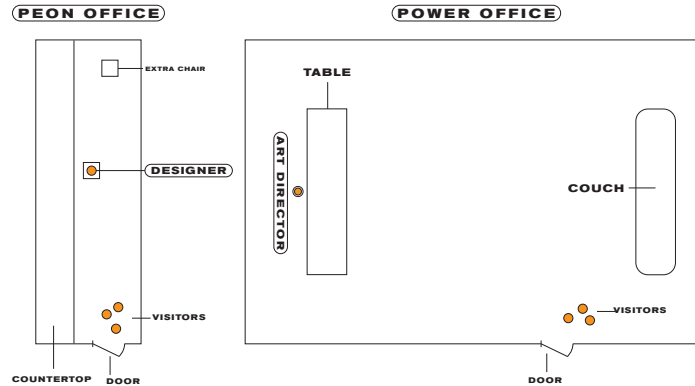
**AT ATLANTIC** Records my clients  
were the director of  
marketing, recording artists or their management, or Nesuhi Ertegun,  
one of Atlantic Records' founders. If Ertegun was interested in an  
album-cover design, then no other opinion mattered. Ertegun had  
good taste and was easy to talk to. I began to seek his approval  
first. Once he said he liked something, then everyone else liked it.

I call this “selling down.” It is the simple process of obtaining approval from the most powerful people first. I was capable of selling down at Atlantic because at the time I worked there it was a relatively small organization and because Ertegun made himself accessible to the design department.

In most corporations or institutions, the designer faces the ultimately compromising task of selling up. Selling up only works when the designer has a strong client who is well respected within the organization, who can set the stage for a positive presentation, and who can provide the necessary backup before criticism.

In the process of selling up, most objections to a design are expressed as “marketing concerns.” Marketing concerns are usually design-punishing reactions such as not liking a particular color or type choice, or thinking an image is “too” something (you fill in the blank). Designs that are “too” something are usually strong—maybe even edgy—and tend to be scary to people on first viewing. What most scares people in a corporation is a design that looks too far afield from other things like it in the marketplace (which is ironic, because the point of design in the marketplace is to identify and differentiate).





If, however, the most powerful person in the organization has blessed a design that seems different from other things like it in the marketplace, then marketing concerns usually vanish. The most powerful person can also often prevail over the results of market research and focus groups. Such corporate leaders are rare gems. They are visionaries and should ultimately be credited for all important design achieved by corporations and institutions.

At Atlantic Records I had a galleylike office with a long countertop that stretched the length of the space. My boss, the art director, had a big square office with a large table way back in the space, behind which he sat. It was an imposing position; my office was completely unimposing. There were books, color pencils, comps, and all sorts of arty things around. I found out that this worked to my advantage or disadvantage depending on the visitor. Recording artists who had cover approval, particularly the less powerful ones, enjoyed my office because it didn't seem corporate. They thought of me as an artist and enjoyed meeting with me. If they had healthy egos, there was positive collaboration.

Powerful managers of important recording artists didn't like my office because they thought they were talking to the art department's peon. I never held a successful meeting with an important artist's manager in that office. After some very frustrating experiences, I started borrowing my boss's office for power meetings. Even then, the meetings were not particularly fruitful if the manager thought that I wasn't the most important person in the art department. I realized then that if I wanted to be able to persuade people to a particular design, I would have to be perceived as first, an absolute authority and second, the most powerful person to approach about design.

This perception was nearly impossible to achieve at age twenty-five. The only way to have power at twenty-five, particularly in the music business, was to appear to be hip and groovy; then it would be assumed that you were a young visionary leading the way to the future. I could not achieve that persona. Being neither powerful nor particularly hip, I relied on my personal strengths. I was articulate, and I had a good sense of humor. I therefore styled myself as what can best be described as a young smart-ass. It served me reasonably well for a number of years.

**I HAD** worked for Atlantic Records for a year when I was offered a position as an art director in the CBS Records cover department. In that year at Atlantic I produced twenty-five album covers. As an art director at CBS Records I would oversee or produce 150 albums a year. I took the job because there was more to design. I always look for more to design: the more you design the more you learn. You learn the most from your mistakes. You don't learn anything from success.

In the CBS Records cover department more people were involved in everything because it was a much bigger company. It took longer to make things than it had at Atlantic. I later came to appreciate working for smaller companies, simply because the politics are easier to manage. A middle-size corporation, if it has an active and intelligent president, turns out to be the best client. It is small enough to enable the designer to build a relationship with the appropriate power figure and big enough to realize design on a relatively large scale.

**COVERS** that were typographic were comparatively easy to sell to product managers, producers, and musicians. Most of the typographic covers that I designed in the seventies were for classical and jazz albums or for reissues for pop recording artists who were either dead or dropped from the label. The corporation found these typographic covers particularly appealing because they were cheap to produce. The covers were often formalistic compositions of information, the objections voiced were usually about color.

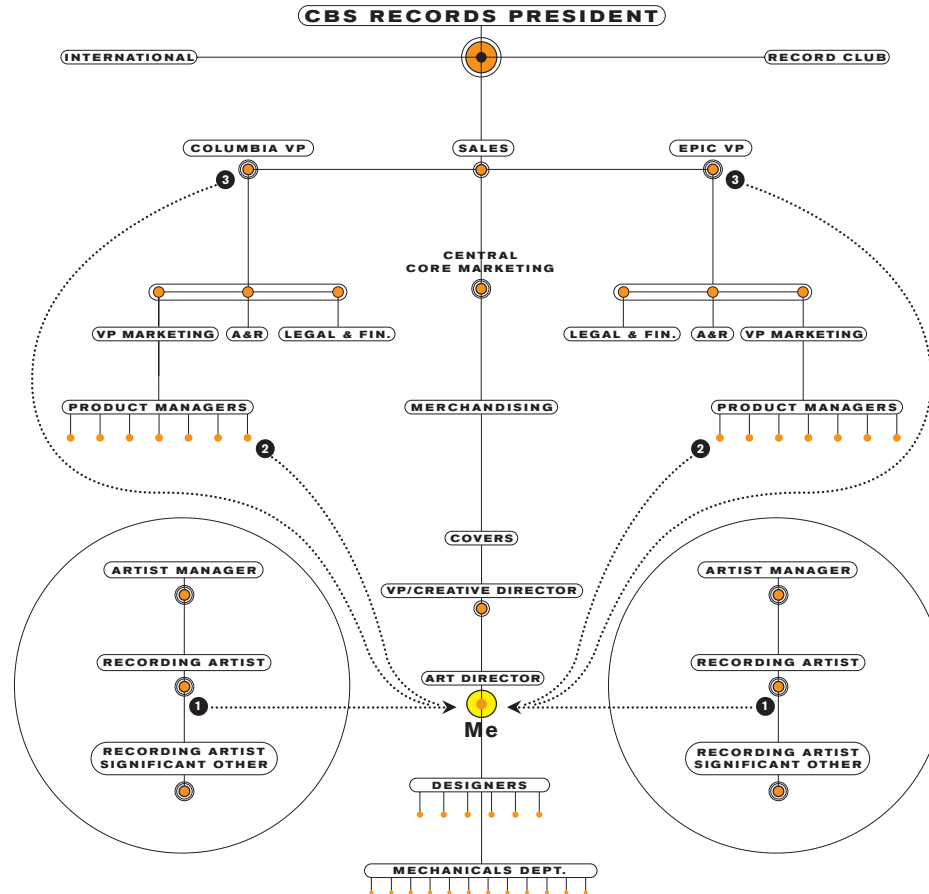
My classical album covers generally employed historical typefaces that reflected the period in which the music was written. Because I had the opportunity to design so many covers, I became familiar with virtually every period of typographic design. These early typographic covers at Atlantic and CBS Records became the basis for the design vocabulary on which I would continue to build for another twenty years.

I noticed that in the eighties clients were far more sensitive to typographic styles than they were in the seventies. In the seventies product managers, bands, editors, and other nondesigners were far more interested in imagery. They viewed typography as lettering only. Only rarely would they differentiate between the type that "had the little feet" (serifs) and the type that didn't.

In the seventies rock bands wanted logos, and a logo meant highly styled typography that integrated letterforms in a complicated way, like the Chicago album covers designed by John Berg and Nick Fasciano. The Chicago design was based on the Coca-Cola logo. When it proved successful, it became the expectation of every band requesting a logo, and it took many years before this ceased to be the case. I have found—and still

(1975)

## APPROVAL PROCESS: CBS RECORDS COVER DEPARTMENT



find—that I am always battling yesterday's success in the stylistic expectations of my clients.

My best work at CBS Records (and elsewhere) often came out of rush projects. The corporation would want to hurry something into the marketplace so quickly that it didn't care what it looked like. I've always found the rush a tremendous opportunity to employ some energetic design experimentation. The speed at which you are forced to work inspires a madcap kind of spontaneity, and that's good for design. Even the mistakes work for you.

The best thing about rush projects is the absence of the approval process and therefore the absence of fear and indecision, which are the impetus of most corporate design. In fact, one tends to receive far more gratitude for merely accomplishing a project on time for clients who are on an accelerated timeline than for satisfying the requirements in a scenario of careful group deliberation.

**THE 1970s** have often been called the "golden days of illustration." The work of Pushpin Studios (Milton Glaser, Seymour Chwast, James McMullan, Paul Davis, et al.) was prevalent and highly influential. At that time I was very much an illustrator's art director. Most of the illustrations I commissioned in the seventies were based on concepts that resulted from an initial meeting I had with a recording artist, the manager, and the internal product manager. I would relay the concept to an illustrator, who would embellish the idea and provide a sketch for presentation purposes. The presentation of the sketch to the recording artist and various other players might be a complete success, wherein

a finished piece of art was commissioned or some minor revisions were requested. Sometimes the whole sketch was rejected, and the cover was rethought. I very rarely requested that an illustrator produce more than one sketch. I usually found that if there were severe problems with the first sketch, there were likely to be more with a second or third one. When you revise an idea several times, you tend to lose the confidence of the group, which creates a spiral of negativity that leads to further criticism, skepticism, and indecision.

The most successful illustrations I commissioned were for jazz albums. Jazz musicians often responded positively to illustration because they were not particularly enthusiastic about having their pictures taken for the covers. As musicians, they felt at ease with wit, abstraction, fantasy, and surrealism, which are all working components of good illustration. It was more difficult to commission illustration for rock bands because there were usually too many people involved in the approval process to achieve agreement on a specific image. In addition, the bands were obsessed with stardom and how to dress and look cool on the album cover. More jazz covers than rock covers had illustrations; so if you commissioned an illustration for a rock cover, the company would complain that it looked like a jazz album.

Rock (particularly heavy-metal bands) liked specific types of pulp illustration, by artists like Frank Frazetta, and favored logo designs that looked like they came from violent superhero comic books. They read significant meanings into the illustrations and were looking to create a special visual myth.

I began to notice that nonvisual people tended to read illustrations literally. They would complain that a color in a painting wasn't "accurate," or would dislike a feature of a face or

the way an object was stylistically represented. It is always difficult to explain to a layperson that elements in a painting are interrelated and that what may seem like a small color change can destroy an entire work, or at least make it banal. Usually any defense of quality elicits one of two responses: "Well, I may not know what's good, but I know what I like," or "We don't want to win any art awards."

I was able to maintain the integrity of the illustrations I purchased while at CBS Records by gaining an understanding of the personalities involved in the approval process. That way I could control the situation in which the illustration was commissioned. When I perceived the political situation to be unfavorable to illustration, I relied on typography and photography.

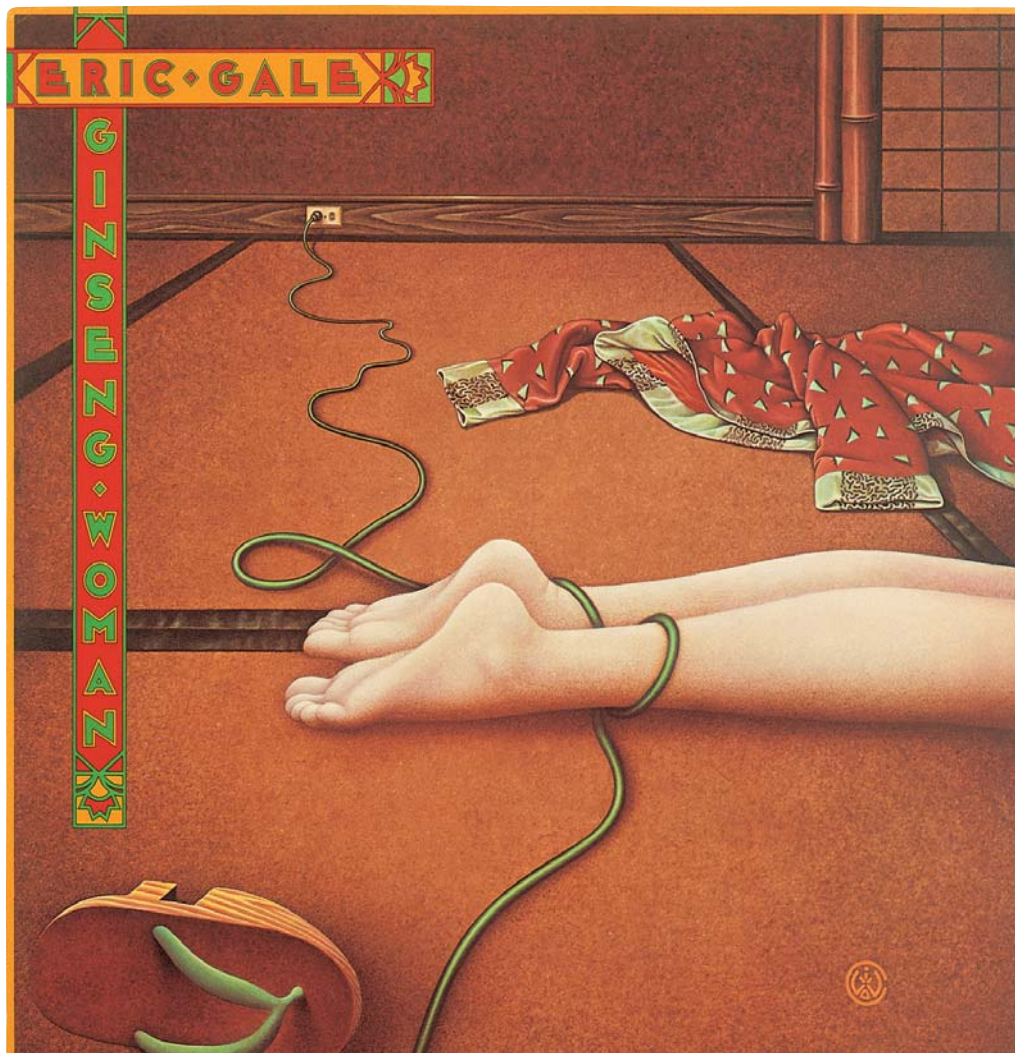
In the early eighties I found it increasingly difficult to commission illustration. There was a recession in the music industry, so the company was releasing fewer jazz albums. And in bad economic climates regressive caution usually enters the graphic marketplace. It is not accidental that in the early eighties largely stylistic typographic designs were less risky than specific imagery, which could invite controversy. The early nineties (another recession) was another anti-image period.

I left CBS Records in 1982 and started my own design firm, with magazines and publishing companies as clients. I found it nearly impossible to commission memorable illustration. Magazine and book editors were among the most literal interpreters of illustration. Many of them showed absolute contempt for the profession. They employed weak art directors who functioned as messengers and would not defend work.

The exalted profession of Art Director seemed to disappear. Editorial art directors, with a few notable exceptions, became

powerless to determine imagery and were instead relied upon to relate editors' comments to illustrators, to design layouts, and to facilitate copy revisions. Illustrators were therefore forced to work with weak clients. It was no accident that illustration fell out of fashion by the late eighties and that its marketplace value has remained flat for twenty years.

The fate of illustration will not change unless well-trained art directors regain power or illustrators learn to function as ad hoc art directors, to attend meetings, and to work directly with the most powerful people in organizations.

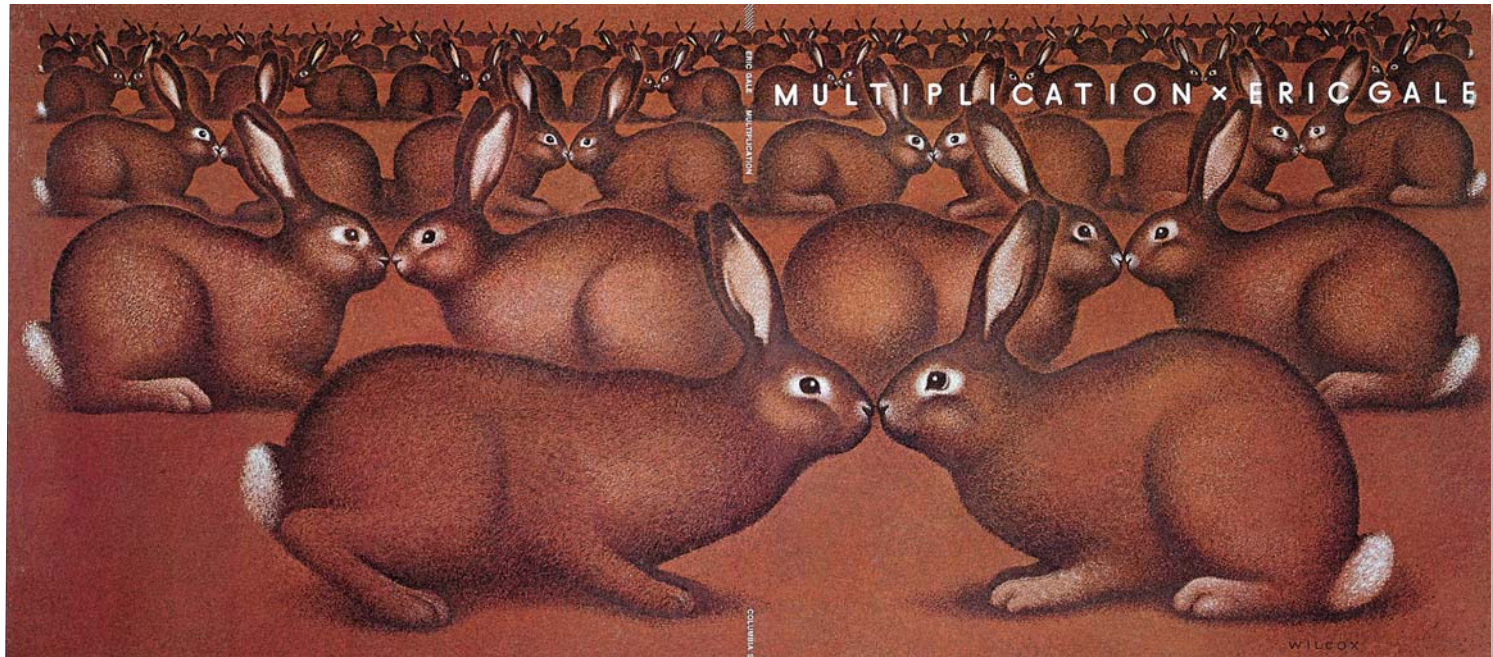


## ILLUSTRATIONS

My favorite album-cover illustrator in the seventies was David Wilcox, the best of the magical realists. His work would be nearly impossible to produce within a large corporate structure today. The approval process involves too many people, all of whom are too nervous to allow an illustration to be commissioned without seeing something similar already in existence. Most committees can't accurately interpret a sketch. Instead the art director has to find the similar thing that exists, scan it into the computer, show it to the committee, persuade the committee of its appropriateness, make recommended changes, represent it to the committee, assign the project to an illustrator, present the commissioned sketch to the committee, respond to the fact that the sketch doesn't look like the original presentation piece, have the illustrator rework the sketch perhaps three more times, and await the finished painting, which at this point is devoid of any spontaneity, emotion, surprise, or edge.

*Ginseng Woman* is the best of the Wilcox covers. Eric Gale, a jazz guitarist, was married to an Asian woman, and the album was dedicated to her. Gale wanted an image that would symbolize their connection. I persuaded Gale to accept a mysterious cover image: a Japanese room, tatami mats, a kimono, a sandal, and a woman's outstretched legs entwined with an electric cord from Gale's guitar. Wilcox's color choices and particular use of scale gave the room an eerie glow. He signed his name as a Japanese stamp, and I designed the album title in the spirit of Asian scrolls and stamps.





1977

The cover was nominated for a Grammy Award in 1978. Shortly thereafter, CBS Records received a letter from the National Organization for Women protesting violence to women in album-cover art and citing *Ginseng Woman* as an example. Corporate management (all male and very sexist) was absolutely delighted that a woman had designed the album cover and gleefully dumped the protest letter on me for a response.

I wrote a relatively serious treatise about the difference between illustration and photography, about how one interprets images, and about the difference between the real and the surreal. In the *Ginseng Woman* image, violence could be construed, but it would be in

the mind of the beholder. Because the image is an illustration, it is even further removed from reality. At the end of the treatise, I told NOW that I was earning significantly less money than male art directors with the same responsibilities and asked for their help. I received no reply. *Ginseng Woman* was my first experience with politically correct interpretations of graphic design. In the eighties and nineties the fear of offending anyone became so great that it was nearly impossible to commission specific imagery at all.

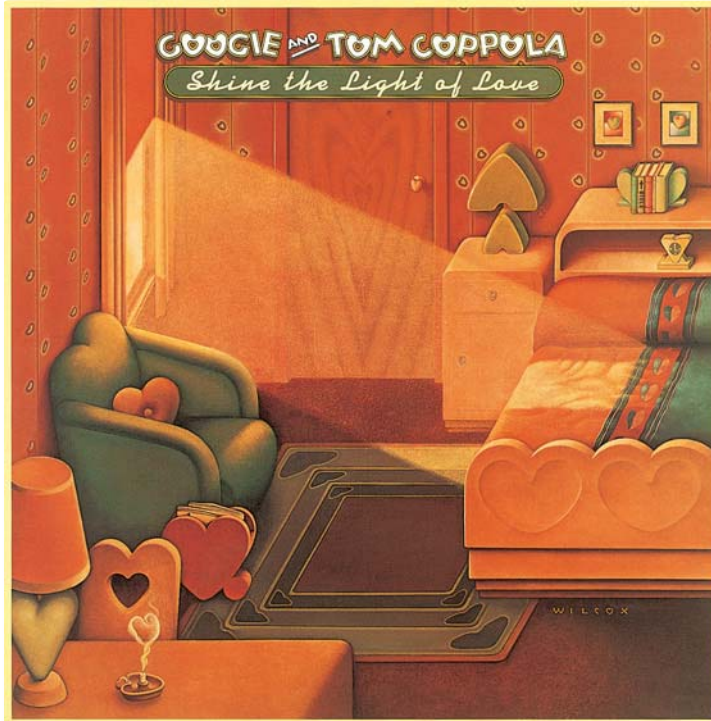
*Multiplication* was the album that followed *Ginseng Woman*. Gale said he wanted “bunnies” on the album cover. I supplied the title to the album, and Wilcox sup-

plied the rows of bunnies. In the top row of bunnies, in the background, there is actually a fornicating bunny couple. I can’t imagine any corporation allowing this to be produced today. At CBS Records at that time, though, Eric Gale’s approval was all that mattered. I don’t think anyone else looked at it that closely. As a jazz musician, Gale didn’t sell enough records to warrant the kind of scrutiny given to best-selling recording artists. On the other hand, his albums were sold all over the world. Album covers, particularly jazz albums, were my first global work, and I still see them in music stores when I travel abroad.

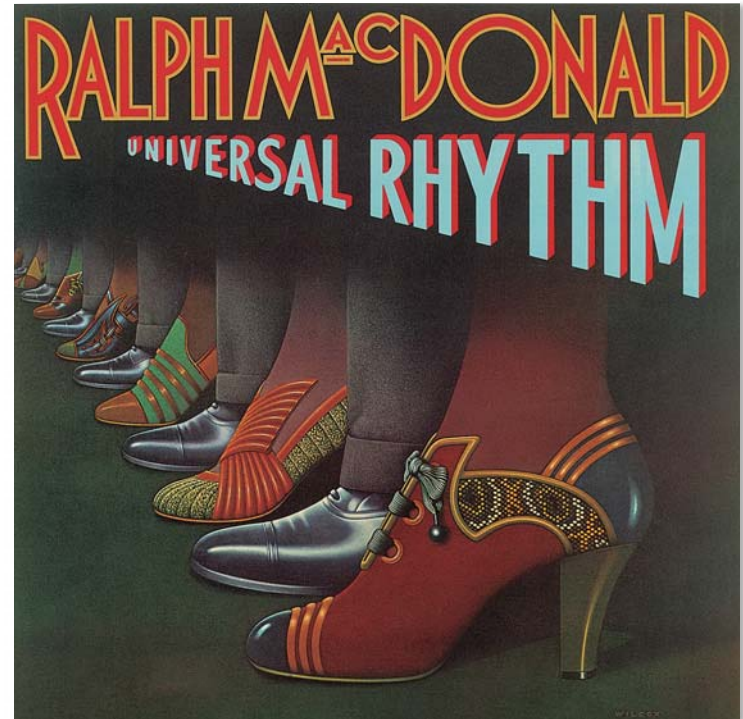


# YARDBIRDS FAVORITES





1980



1979

*The Yardbirds Favorites*, *Shine the Light of Love* and *Universal Rhythm* are good examples of the spirit of my collaboration with Wilcox. I supplied a ridiculous premise, and he supplied an obsessive response.

The Yardbirds album was a repackaging, which meant that the company had extra tapes lying around and the contractual right to release them, but the recording artist

wasn't in any way involved in the process. Repackages were generally nonpolitical album covers. Jim Charney, the project manager for Boston, Ted Nugent, and Cheap Trick, used to reward me with repackages as an antidote to the arduous political machinations that accompanied the production of cover designs for most best-selling albums.





1976

*Sidewalks of New York* and *Too Hot to Handle*, both illustrated by Robert Grossman, couldn't have been more different albums. *Sidewalks of New York* was a release by the classical division and featured popular tunes from the turn of the twentieth century played by the world's largest calliope. It was released by the Masterworks division, and a small audience was anticipated. There was no particular corporate interference in the art direction.

Heat Wave was an R&B band that Epic Records (a CBS subsidiary) had picked up. The album had an accidental hit single called "Boogie Nights," and the company wanted to rush the album into the marketplace to take advantage of the extra sales. Grossman produced the illustration in a week; I found the crazy wavy typography in the old Morgan Foundry collection. Epic Records was happy just that the album came out on time. It sold two million records. If it had not been a rush, the illustration would never have been accepted by management because it doesn't "look like" the artwork for any other R&B album.



1977





1980

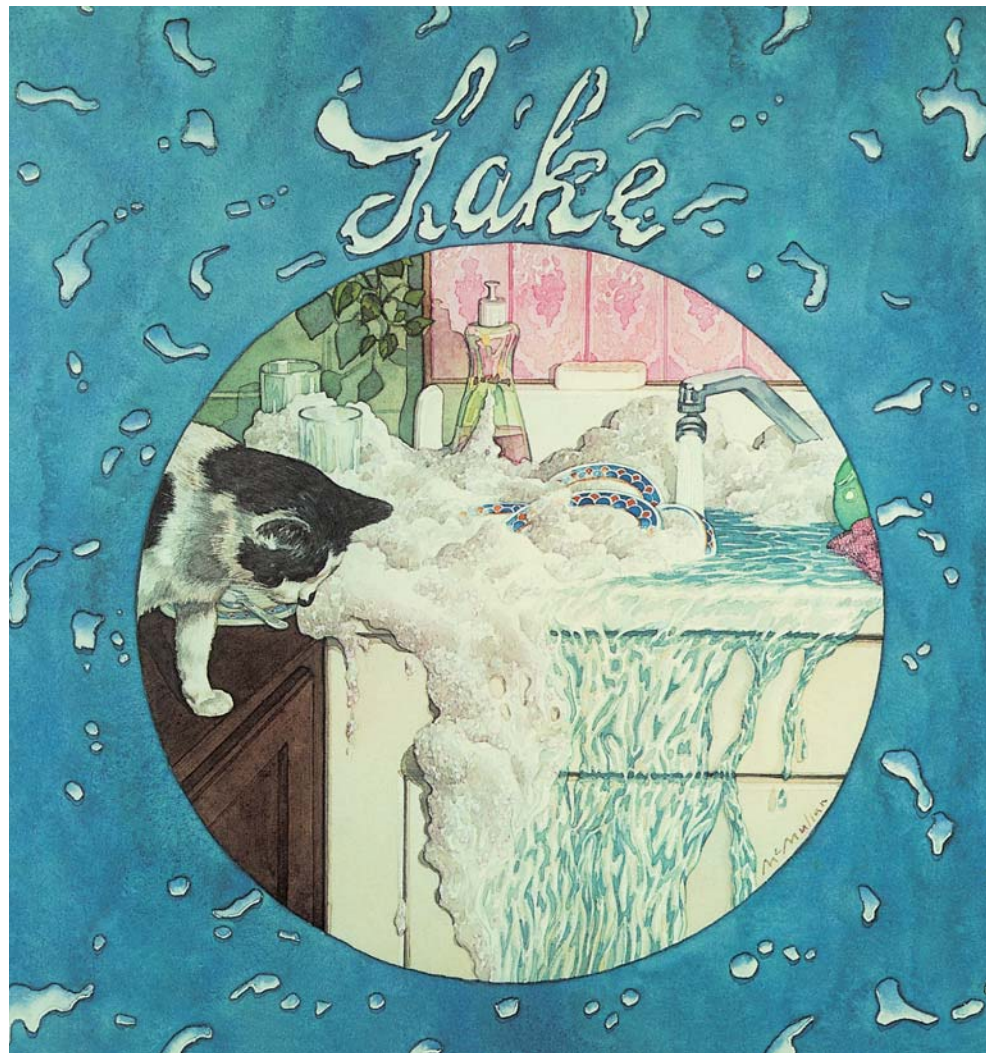
Lake was a German rock band that had had some success in Hamburg and was exporting its sound to the United States. I met with the band's manager, and we decided that their first album cover should illustrate some sort of flood. I thought the flood should be an everyday incident, like a sink overflowing, and the manager agreed. We told the producer of the album, who happened to be the head of the Columbia Records A&R department, and he liked the concept also.

I hired James McMullan to illustrate the album because he worked in watercolors. When I told him the

idea, he said it sounded frigid, that there needed to be some observer of the action. He sent me a painting in which a cat was witness to the flood. After Jim's painting arrived, I found out that the manager of the band was being replaced, and that the album's producer wanted a viewing of the painting. When he saw it, he was horrified. He said we'd never discussed a cat, that the cat wasn't part of the original deal, that pussycats were not rock & roll animals. I asked him what were rock & roll animals, and he told me that lions and tigers were rock & roll animals. When I pointed out that they were all cats, he told

me I was being smug. He then showed the cover to a Columbia vice president, who said that blue wasn't a rock & roll color.

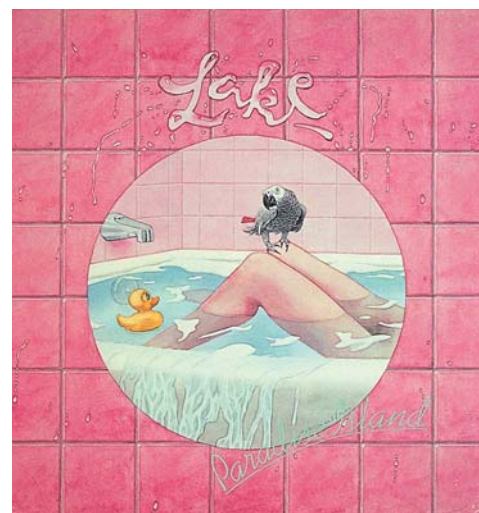
The *Lake* painting languished on the floor of my office for a couple of weeks. James William Guercio, who also managed Chicago, was hired to be the new band manager. He had good taste and liked things in series. I showed him the McMullan painting, and he liked it. He said, "Make 'em all like this."



1977



1978



1979



## BOSTON

A friend at CBS Records in the seventies predicted that when I die, my epitaph will read, “Art director of the original Boston album.” The thought has always horrified me.

*Boston* was the first album by the group of the same name. It was released in 1976 and sold six million copies in less than a year. The album had one hit single, “More Than a Feeling.” Epic Records had high hopes for the album release, but no one predicted its massive success.

The product manager, Jim Charney, was really responsible for the graphic direction of the *Boston* cover. A number of cover comps had already been created by various designers in the CBS Records cover department and rejected by the band’s management. The designs were all puns on the album title: a photograph of a head of lettuce or a cream pie with the word *Boston* attached to it. Charney told me that the band wanted a guitar on the front cover. My sarcastic response was, “How novel!” I remember being shown a sketch done by the band’s manager that showed a beauty pageant of guitar-shaped women, all with banners across their chests, and the winner was Boston.

Charney knew that the lead guitarist, Tom Scholz, was an engineer who worked at Polaroid, and thought the cover should be scientific or technological in spirit. He suggested a guitar-shaped spaceship. I never liked the idea. I thought it was idiotic. The album was simply called *Boston*. A guitar-shaped spaceship with the album title made no sense and wasn’t mysterious enough to overcome the stupidity, so we created some comic-book action for the spaceship. The ship had a floating city atop it, and the word *Boston* was illuminated on the front of the ship. The spaceship had run amok, and a mass of people was running for their lives. Roger Huyssen, an airbrush illustrator, was commissioned to create the sketch, and Gerard Huerta, a popular logo designer, was hired to design Boston’s logo.

The band’s manager liked the spaceship but thought it should be saving the crowd, not attacking it. That seemed ridiculous, so we made up another allegory: The Earth had blown up, and all the cities of the world were escaping in guitar-shaped spaceships with glass bubble domes. The big spaceship in the foreground was Boston, and the little spaceships in the background were Paris, London, and Rome. Roger Huyssen repainted the cover, and I remember lots of back and forth with the band’s manager about that illustration—the color wasn’t bright enough, Boston wasn’t big enough, and so on. At the very end of the process, the band got cold feet about the allegory and made me tone down the lettering of London, Paris, and Rome. They thought the audience would read the album title as *Boston, London, Paris, Rome*, so I kept scaling back the lettering until it was finally invisible.

I have never understood the strange chemistry and karma of hit music. Hits don’t really have anything to do with qualitative decision making or careful planning. Genius and originality don’t guarantee hits; you cannot even rely on predictable, salable mediocrity. Hits are happenings in a particular period of time that manage to capture the imagination of a large but specific audience in a specific and personal way that defies all logical explanation. Corporations and institutions would love to be able to come up with a mathematical formula to create hits, but they never will. Market research can provide fodder for audience preferences but cannot quantify what makes people respond to something with sudden, unexpected passion and loyalty.

Musically *Boston* is not a great album. “More Than a Feeling” is decidedly mediocre, and so is everything about the album package, but it struck a chord with sixteen-year-old boys and their girlfriends in 1976. It was that music and that graphic at that time. There was something technological about it: a harbinger of things to











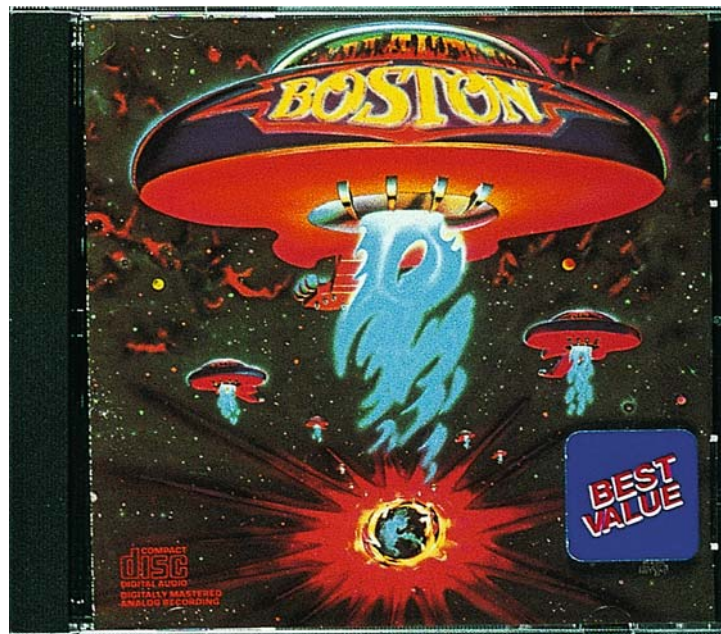
1994

come. Timing is everything. Hits have their own life. I don't think a corporation or an individual can plan or direct hits, but I do think one can create the climate in which they happen. That climate accepts luck and intuition as part of the operating procedure and supports the exact moment that the hit seems possible. CBS Records in the seventies created the climate for hits better than any corporation I have witnessed since.

The *Boston* album is an iconic image that has eclipsed the identities of those who invented it. Boston never had another album as successful as the first. The guitar-shaped spaceship was technically rendered better on the second and third album covers, but the first album bears the "real" spaceship.

The scientific aspect of the cover struck a chord with all those boys who grew up to be techies. I have noticed that a lot of technology packaging—first video games, then computer games, software, and hardware packaging—utilizes stylistic elements and color palettes that look like the 1970s illustrations typified by the *Boston* cover. I've often thought that the entire point of computer programs like Illustrator and Photoshop, based on the way they are advertised, is to enable anyone to create their own *Boston* cover.

Recently I was being considered for the design of a large packaging program for a major technology company. When I was interviewed about my branding expertise, I was asked what previous experience I had with



1987

technology companies. I had no experience whatsoever with technology brands, so I mentioned that I was the art director of the first Boston cover. I felt a hush of reverence permeate the room. I was given the assignment.

Now the Boston spaceship is commemorated on anniversary CDs. My Pentagram partner, J. Abbott Miller, recently came across a painter, Steve Keene, who was recreating album covers of the seventies. He had painted a row of Boston covers, one slightly different from the next. Two of the paintings are shown here in repetition. I like them better than the original.

## BLUE SKY RECORDS

Blue Sky Records was a custom label distributed by CBS and was the invention of Steve Paul, who managed Johnny and Edgar Winter, Muddy Waters, Rick Derringer, and David Johansen, who later became Buster Poindexter.

Paul was more a patron than a client. He was less concerned about what things looked like or what the subject matter was than about who did them and whether or not they were considered quality. Paul liked to work with the stars of the profession. He wanted to be convinced that every person handling any aspect of his project was simply the best in the business. He usually requested that Richard Avedon photograph his recording artists. If not Avedon, then how about Bert Stern? I didn't mind this at all: It's actually a good way of ensuring that the end product will be of the highest quality.

When Avedon photographed the Winter brothers, I persuaded Paul to run the image without any typography. The Winter brothers were popular at the time and the only albinos in the record business. They would be instantly recognizable. The album title was *Johnny and Edgar Winter Together*, and the cover certainly made that clear. The company demanded that a sticker be placed on the shrink-wrap, but Paul defended the position of no typography on the outside package. Once he was persuaded that it was an elegant thing to do, there was no stopping him.







JOHNNY & ERIC'S WHITE/TOGETHER

BLUE &



PRODUCED BY  
JOHNNY WINTER

Technical direction: Dave Still  
Organic advisor: Steve Paul

I'M READY  
33 YEARS  
WHO DO YOU TRUST  
COPPER BROWN  
I'M YOUR HOOCHIE  
COOCHIE MAN  
MAMIE  
ROCK ME  
SCREAMIN' AND  
CRYIN'  
GOOD MORNING  
LITTLE SCHOOL  
GIRL

Personnel:

Muddy Waters:

guitar, vocals

Johnny Winter: guitar

Walter Horton: harp

Jerry Portnoy: harp

Pine Top" Perkins:

piano

Jimmy Rogers: guitar

Bob Margolin: bass

Willie "Big Eyes"

Smith: drums

Personal management:

The Cameron Organisation  
Inc.



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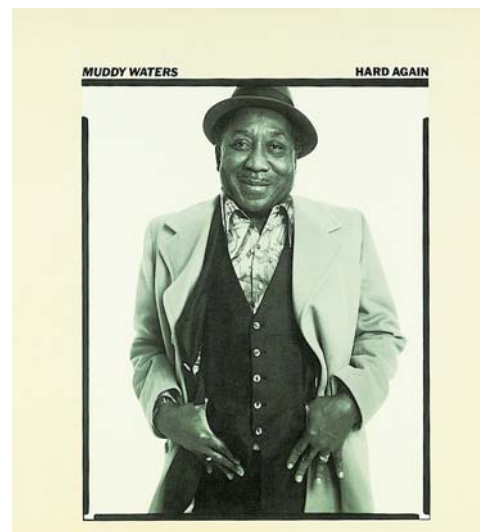
Z 34928

MUDDY WATERS / I'M READY

BLUE SKY STEREO

I'M REA





When Avedon shot Muddy Waters for *Hard Again* (1977), Waters had just walked in the door and hadn't yet taken off his hat and coat. Avedon moved him to a white wall, took four pictures, and said it was a wrap. It was. Paul had the confidence to accept two pictures from the four for the cover images.

It was harder to persuade Paul to purchase illustration because he didn't know enough about the genre to identify famous illustrators by name. When I wanted to hire Phil Hays to paint a portrait of Waters, Paul wanted to be assured that Hays was simply the best portraitist there was. He couldn't make a judgment by looking at Hays's work, but he was impressed by the fact that other illustrators thought Hays was the best illustrator. Paul wanted what was acknowledged as best and got it.



**BOB JAMES  
AND  
EARL KLUGH**

with

**RON CARTER  
HARVEY MASON  
RALPH MacDONALD  
GARY KING  
NEIL JASON**



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TOBY TECH INC.

**BOB JAMES  
EARL KLUGH**

END OF NO.

RECORDS & SERVICE

ONE  
ON  
ONE

## TAPPAN ZEE RECORDS

Bob James was my first ideal client. He had his own small label called Tappan Zee Records, which CBS distributed. He planned to release records of his own music plus those of other jazz musicians. He wanted his album covers to have a series look but not a specific format. James was entrepreneurial. He knew how to construct interesting deals with record labels that allowed him to have in-

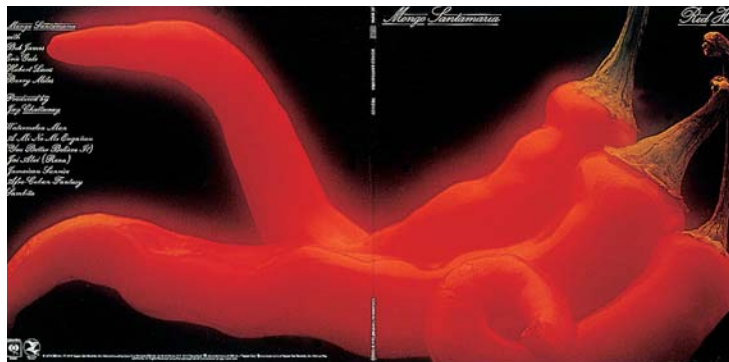
dependence and control. His was the only approval necessary in the creation of these album covers.

The Tappan Zee covers were all composed of small-ish objects—simple American icons blown up so they were out of scale. The approach was successful on the 12-by-12-inch format, particularly because the albums opened up and the whole 25-inch surface could be used.

James's covers were all numbered. He had had a previous label deal with CTI Records, and photographer

Pete Turner had produced his first four albums. *Heads* (a nickel) was his fifth album, *Touchdown* (six points) his sixth. The objects and names were selected with respect to the number or, in the case of the other jazz musicians, the title of the album. Most of the covers were photographed by John Paul Endress. The most successful Tappan Zee cover was *One on One* (1979), for which the matchbook became the entire package.

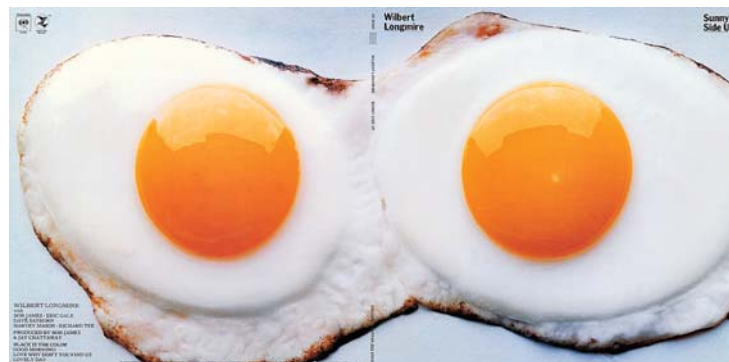




1979



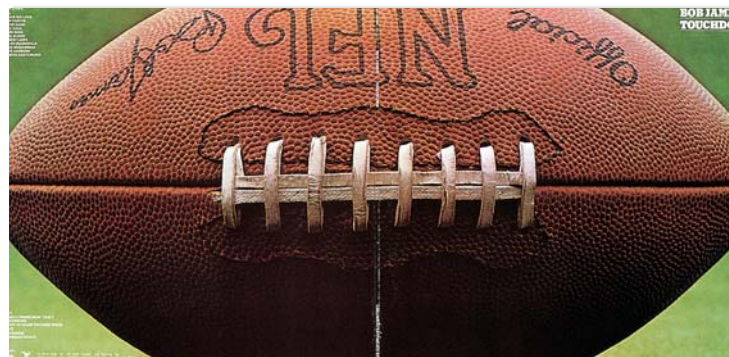
1980



1978



1979



1978



1978



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JC 34896

BOB JAMES HEADS

*Bob James*



COLUMBIA/TAPPAN ZEE STEREO





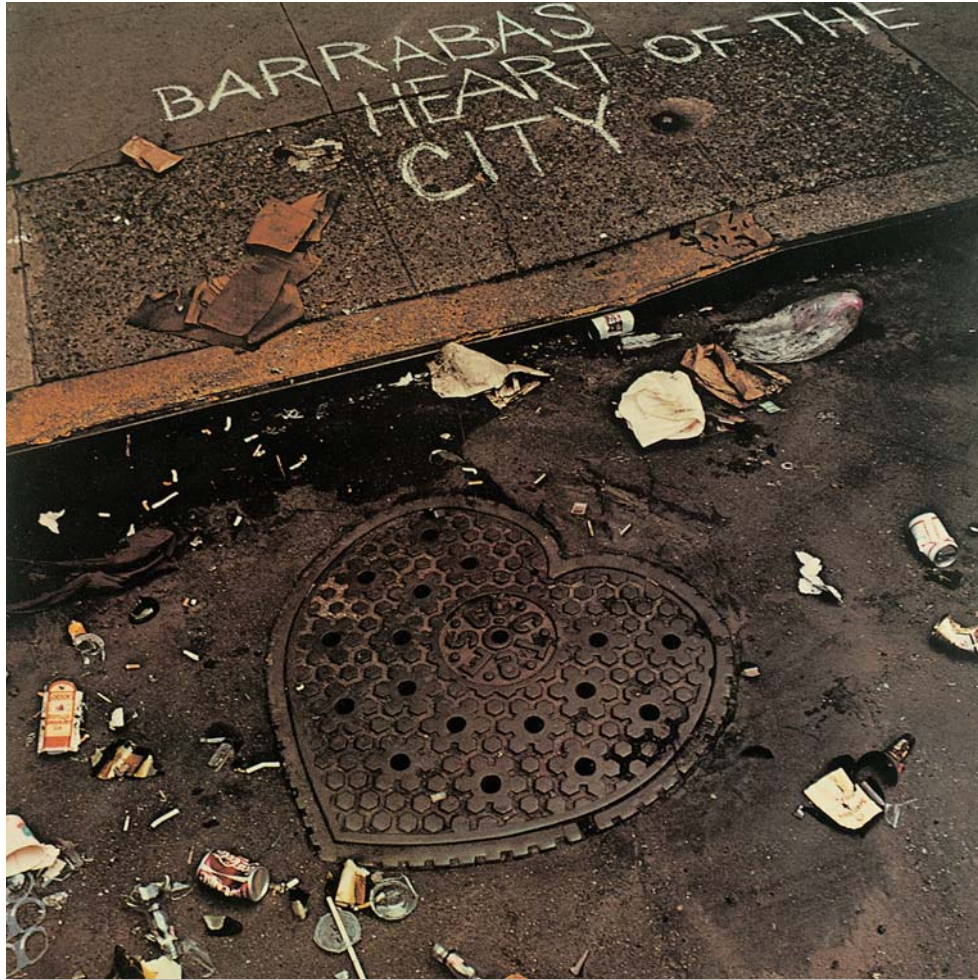


ALBUM COVER - 12 1/4"



CD - 7 7/8"

Most of the Tappan Zee albums have been reduced to CD scale and still exist in record stores. The images are uninteresting on the smaller scale, which is one reason I have never had a particular interest in designing CDs. I prefer to work bigger.



1975

## OBJECTS

Barrabas's *Heart of the City* was achieved by photographing a manhole cover in New York and retouching it into the shape of a heart. When the cover first appeared in 1975, the heart shape seemed miraculous. The mayor's office in Miami, Florida, sent a letter to Atlantic Records asking where they could purchase the manhole covers for their city. No such naïveté would exist today. The computer has made us believe that every image is manipulated.

The Leonard Bernstein cover *Poulenc/Stravinsky* was an actual piece of stained glass, 15-by-15 inches, built and painted by Nick Fasciano from a sketch I provided. The stained glass was backlit and photographed.









1976

## TYPOGRAPHY

*50 Years of Jazz Guitar* is a piece of inlaid wood, also built by Fasciano. The crude lettering is mine. Fasciano worked right off of my tracing-paper drawing.

Urgent's *Thinking Out Loud* was designed in the eighties for Manhattan Records but is similar in approach to the other covers that involved built or retouched objects. The lead singer of Urgent laid the screen over his face to create the impression, which was then photographed by Endress. The album was originally titled *Push Comes to Shove*, but after the image was produced the band changed the title to *Thinking Out Loud*. The visual makes no sense with the title, but it didn't matter at the time, because the pin screen was such an au courant object that the image defied explanation. We had also entered the age of ambiguity, so making sense was considered an impediment to an interesting image.

As a young art director in the seventies, I was in awe of illustrators and photographers. I felt that art direction was a second-class profession and that the illustrators and photographers were the real artists. I was merely an intermediary, a businessperson.

I liked making typographic covers because I made them myself. In the seventies—image was king, so a cover that was typographic was perceived as something cheap used on a budget package. Most typographic album covers were made for one of three reasons: (1) the album was a repackaging, and the company didn't want to spend any money; (2) the album was a classical or jazz album with a low sales expectation, and the company didn't want to spend any money; or (3) there was no time to do anything else.

By the end of the seventies my typography started to overwhelm the illustrations I purchased. I had always



1987

liked to integrate typography into the image, because I felt it made the covers more posterlike, and type that was paneled apart from the illustration made the album cover look smaller. Two of the most successful integrations of type and illustration are these two covers by John O'Leary. For *Blast*, he painted the typography as part of the image. In *Dance*, the typography was applied to the painting.



1980



1979





1974

These two covers for Charles Mingus, designed in 1974 for Atlantic Records, are now released as CDs, with the full-size typographic cover folded into the smaller CD case to maintain the integrity of the design. Atlantic was pleased that they were designed on my desk and that no extra money had to be expended. The albums themselves have come to be considered jazz classics, and now these "budget" covers are part of the albums' classic form.



1974



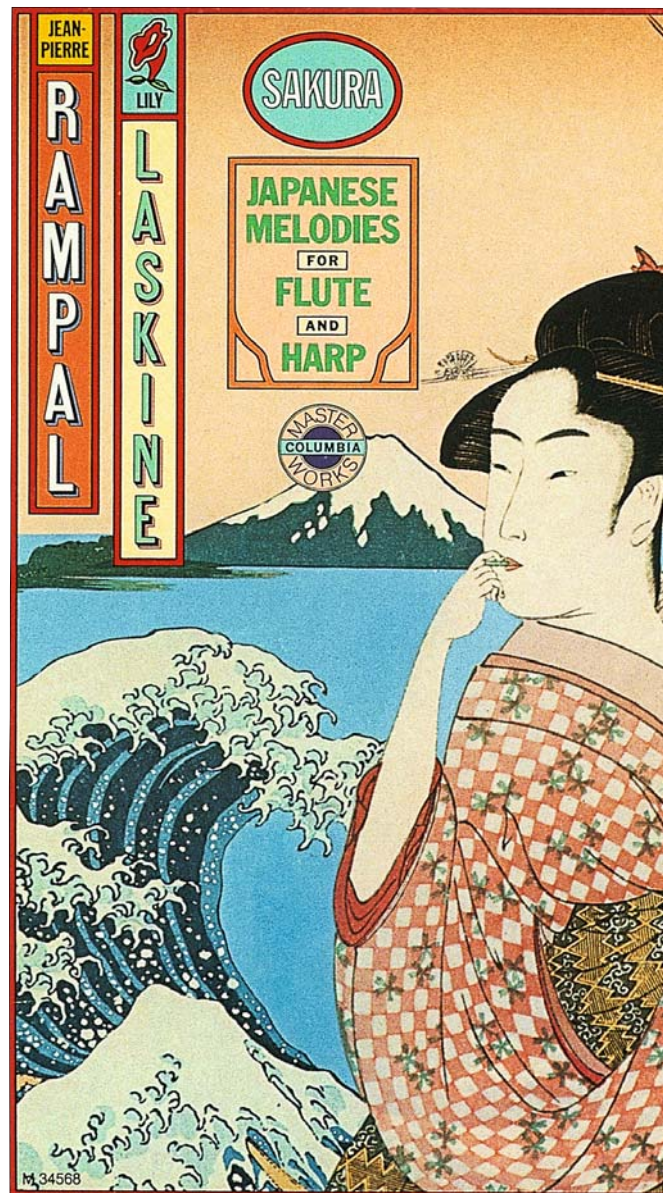
1975

John Prine's *Common Sense* was typical of my art-direction style in the early seventies, and, to some degree, still is today. The title was taken from the American Revolutionary tract written by Thomas Paine, which informed the design style and the choice of illustration. The farmer is about to step on a rake—a take on the album title. I hired illustrator Charles Slackman to do the drawing because he made line drawings similar to those done on early American almanacs, and the typeface, Caslon 540, is similar to those selected for pamphlet design in that period. But the layout, drop-cap initials, heavy bars, and other elements are decidedly seventies.

I remember showing the *Common Sense* cover to Prine on the floor of my office at Atlantic. He had a painting that he wanted to combine with the cover, so I neutralized the request by inserting the painting into the type design on the back cover. I would often protect the integrity of a front cover by giving away something on the back. I became more and more adept at such negotiations as I came to understand power and human nature.



This Jean-Pierre Rampal cover from 1978 is composed of a variety of woodblock prints I purchased in Japan in the early seventies. The type design started out as vertical Asian-influenced typographic scrolls or stamps on the front cover, and it became more obsessive on the back. The back cover was radical for its time because the typography is detailed, without an underlying or accompanying image. I have always liked the back cover better than the front.







"The Japanese are musically a very intelligent people," in the opinion of Jean-Pierre Rampal. The world-famous flutist speaks from first-hand knowledge, for he has been a long and happy association with Japanese concert audiences and record buyers, and each year he spends at least one month performing throughout Japan. Especially gratifying to Rampal is the fact that audiences in Japan are not only enthusiastic about the purely classical selections from the flute repertoire but also welcome the more "popular" items he often prefers to perform as encores.

Rampal has a true appreciation of things Japanese and he possesses a respectful curiosity about Japanese customs, history and tradition. He is also a true gourmet of Japanese food, and his search for Japanese dishes in Western capitals is one of the continuing joys of his world-wide travels.

An example of the happy rapport that exists between Rampal and the Japanese is this album of favorite Japanese melodies. Commissioned by Japan Columbia, the album was recorded in France, with special arrangements made by Akio Yashiro, a prominent Japanese composer, for Rampal and his frequent collaborator, the eminent harpist Lily Laskine.

The result is a unique collaboration both between artists and between cultures, with East meeting West to create the best of all possible musical worlds.

The music for this recording is drawn from favorite melodies of the Meiji Era (1867-1912), the Taisho Era (1912-1925) and the Showa Era, which began in 1926.

HARU NO UMI was composed by Michio Miyagi (1894-1956), who is noted for his koto music compositions of the Ikuta School. The piece is normally performed on a *shakuhachi* (a wooden flute) with *koto* accompaniment. The composer was well-studied in Western music and is considered the founder of modern Japanese music. HARU NO UMI is his best-known composition.

CHUGOKU CHIHU NO KOMORI UTA is an old Japanese melody, passed down from antiquity. In this arrangement by Kosaku Yamada (1886-1965) the melody has achieved even greater popularity than the original, and with TSUKI NO KOMORI UTA, from the Kyushu region, is considered one of the finest representatives of the Japanese lullaby.

AKA TOMBO, with its memories of autumn, is one of the most nostalgic of all Japanese songs. Kosaku Yamada composed songs, orchestral music and operas, as well as fostering the growth of orchestral music and serving as an orchestra conductor. Through the Meiji, Taisho and Showa Eras, he dominated the Japanese orchestral scene. AKA TOMBO is one of three lyric songs by Yamada using verses by Rofu Miki; it was composed in the second year of the Showa Era.

CHIN-CHIN CHIDORI was composed by Hidemaro Kono and was first published in the third year of the Showa Era (1928). The composer enjoyed an international reputation as an orchestra conductor, and CHIN-CHIN CHIDORI is one of the most familiar of Japanese songs. Set to verses by Hakushu Kitahara, it is meant to be performed in the style of a simple folksong.

NAMBU USHI OI UTA is a folk song from the Iwate Prefecture, a region in the south of Japan surrounded by mountains. There in the castle town of Morioka, feudal lords sought to ease crop shortages by the raising of cattle. This song was sung by Japanese "cowboys" as they lead their cattle to market.

DEFUNE, composed by Haseo Sugiyama (1889-1952), is one of the most beloved of all Japanese songs. The lyrics are by Kogetsu Katsuta, and the work dates from the eleventh year of the Showa Era. The composer was a popular violinist who excelled in composing music that expressed the more melancholy side of the Japanese temperament, as in this song about boats leaving harbor.

KONO MICHU was composed by Kosaku Yamada to lyrics by Hakushu Kitahara. The words tell of the scenery at Sapporo, on the northernmost Japanese island of Hokkaido. Composed in the second year of the Showa Era, the song is a free expression of delight in nature.

HANAYOME NINGYO was composed by Haseo Sugiyama to lyrics by Koji Fukiya and was published in the twelfth year of the Taisho Era. The theme is that of the bride-doll that children play with and the deep emotions of the departing daughter, a bride-to-be, and the mother who must give her up.

KOJO NO TSUKI is the work of Rentaro Taki (1879-1903) who is credited with being the first major composer of the Meiji Era. Taki studied at the Leipzig Music Conservatory in Germany but returned to Japan to die at the age of 24. The lyrics for KOJO NO TSUKI, in four stanzas, were written by Bansui Tsuchi.

JOGASHIMA NO AWE, by Tadashi Yagada (1893-1939) is based on a poem by Hakushu Kitahara that describes the landscape of southern Shonan, especially Jogashima at the tip of the Miura Peninsula. This area, as seen from Misaki Harbor, is often obscured by rainy mists and was once separated from the mainland by a narrow strait that has since been bridged.

HANA was composed by Rentaro Taki in the 33rd year of the Meiji Era and was originally a three-part harmony song. Its verses, by Hagoromo Takeshima, presented four themes: Flower, Cool Breeze, Moon, Snow. HANA (flower) has become a familiar melody, particularly favored by young Japanese girls.

SAKURA SAKURA is an old Japanese song that is sung throughout the land to welcome spring. Like the waxing and waning of the four seasons, this song is a treasured part of Japanese art and culture and is favored by young and old alike. In this version, Lily Laskine assumes the part usually played on the *koto*, while Jean-Pierre Rampal provides a kind of obbligato comment on the flute, often producing high and low tones very close in sound to that of the traditional Japanese flute.

—From notes by Makoto Omiya

PRODUCED BY  
MICHEL GALS00N

SAKURA

SIDE 1  
HARU NO UMI  
(Michio Miyagi)  
CHUGOKU CHIHU NO KOMORI UTA  
(Kosaku Yamada)  
AKA TOMBO  
(Kosaku Yamada)  
CHIN-CHIN CHIDORI  
(Hidemaro Kono)  
NAMBU USHI OI UTA  
(Traditional)  
DEFUNE  
(Haseo Sugiyama)

SIDE 2  
KONO MICHU  
(Kosaku Yamada)  
HANAYOME NINGYO  
(Haseo Sugiyama)  
KOJO NO TSUKI  
(Rentaro Taki)  
JOGASHIMA NO AWE  
(Tadashi Yagada)  
HANA  
(Rentaro Taki)  
SAKURA SAKURA  
(Traditional)

JAPANESE  
MELODIES

FOR  
FLUTE  
AND  
HARP

Transcriptions: Akio Yashiro  
Recorded by  
Nippon Columbia Co., Ltd.

Other Jean-Pierre Rampal albums:  
Greatest Hits M 34561  
Encores M 34559  
Recorded by Nippon  
Columbia Co., Ltd.

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Manufactured by Columbia Records  
CBS Inc.

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Cover design: Paula Scher

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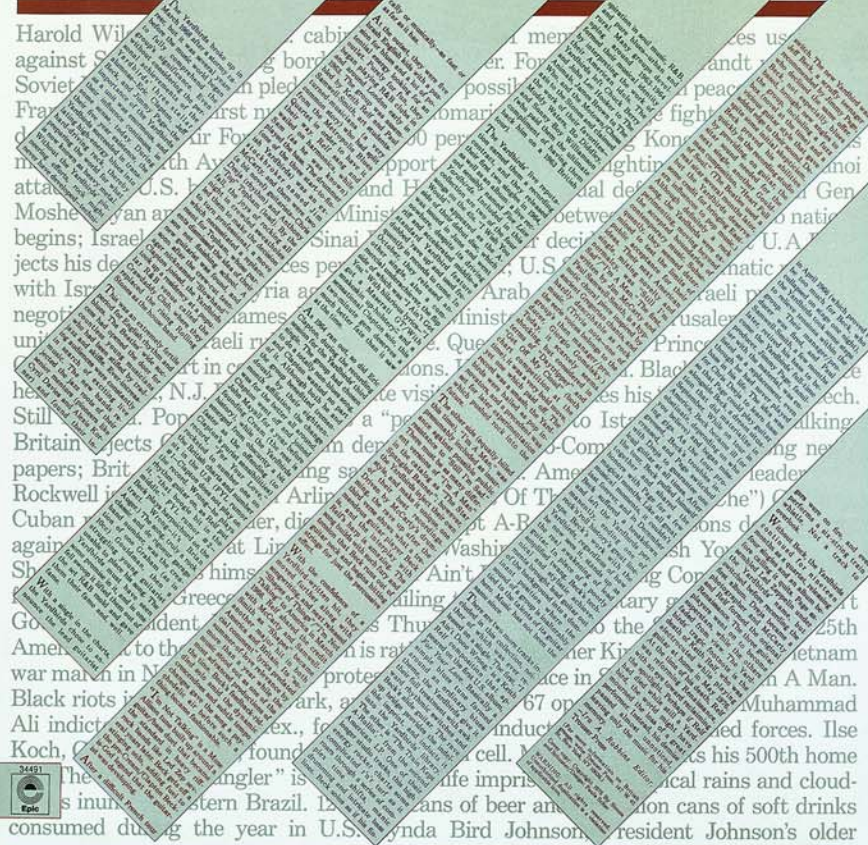
LASKINE

JEAN-PIERRE

RAMPAL







1977

This Yardbirds cover, designed in 1977, was the first of my editorial-design approaches. The front cover contains a list of important events of 1968, and the song titles are inserted into the list. The back has text columns with the history of the Yardbirds running diagonally over a history of 1968. This cover was designed at the same time David Wilcox illustrated *Yardbirds Favorites*.

*The Best of Phoebe Snow* was designed in 1981. The typography and layout were influenced by some 1930 copies of *Novum Gebrauchsgraphik* that I'd purchased in an antique store. The influence is definitely there, but it really doesn't look like anything designed in the thirties. It's pure eighties.



1977







1977



1978



1981



*Peter and the Wolf* (1977) employed a comic-book format to tell a story. I simply ran the narrative over the front and back covers. Stan Mack provided the illustrations, and I did the hand lettering of the title. The *Bartók* cover, designed in 1978, is an early example of what was later referred to as my “retro” work. It was typical of many book covers designed in the eighties, but the lack of image made it an anomaly in the seventies. *Busch Serkin Busch* is similar to the *Bartók* cover, but features a different period style.

The lettering on this jazz album of Al Di Meola, John McLaughlin, and Paco de Lucía was inspired by a Victorian Buckingham pipe-tobacco can. The type and colors evoke the spirit of San Francisco. I had completely forgotten that I designed it until I ran into it in the nineties in a European music store that specialized in old jazz albums. I purchased this copy. It still exists on CD. There are many similar album covers that I designed in the late seventies that I never bothered to save.



1978





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## THE BEST OF JAZZ

In the early eighties it was clear to me that album covers were going to get smaller. Compact disc technology had been introduced, and the CBS Records art department was beginning to experiment with ways to package CDs. The plastic "jewel box" container quickly became the industry favorite because the technophiles who bought the first CDs perceived the sophisticated digital technology as highly sensitive, demanding more serious protection than the cardboard packaging used on LP records. In reality CDs are far more durable than LPs, but the perception of the consumer was impossible to change. Folded-board packaging later reemerged as a popular system but was more expensive because the major printers of CD packaging (there are only four in the United States) had been tooled to produce jewel boxes.

At about this time I became interested in doing work for the CBS merchandising department, which had hired a savvy young director named Giselle Minoli. She was responsible for producing the merchandising materials for record stores. Minoli liked making posters, which has always been my favorite graphic form. (I considered album-cover design to be the act of making small posters and later felt the same way about book-jacket design. I did not enjoy designing the new smaller CD packages.) For a short period Minoli wielded tremendous power at CBS Records, and changed the whole output and structure of the merchandising department, which until she arrived produced blown-up ads and oversize album covers and shipped them to stores for display. Under Minoli the promotional poster became an entity unto itself rather than the stepchild of the record packaging.

In 1979 I worked on a series of covers for CBS Records called "The Best of Jazz." A compilation of works by about thirty jazz artists, it was designed in a deliberately inexpensive-looking format. The albums were all printed on Kraft paper (paper-bag stock) in flat colors

(red, black, and yellow). The photographs of the recording artists appeared as grainy, high-contrast reproductions, and the American wood type was boldly displayed at an angle. The covers had a vaguely constructivist look (not wholly accidental, because I was rediscovering El Lissitzky and Aleksander Rodchenko at that time).

Minoli asked that I design two posters to accompany the albums in store displays. She gave no design criteria except that the names of the artists be large and that they be done quickly. I laid out a big sheet of Kraft paper from an industrial roll and filled it with the names of the recording artists, cut out from the album covers that were already produced. The collage of names resulted in two posters with type at tangents in a decidedly constructivist style. At the time they looked radical. Record-store owners used them in interesting ways; they wrapped the cash desks with them or pasted them around columns. The posters would never have been made if Minoli hadn't been the director of merchandising. They simply didn't fit into any expected commercial-graphic category. The year the posters were designed, I entered them in several design competitions, and they were uniformly rejected.

Then, in the early eighties, they began to receive acclaim. They were first dubbed "new wave" design by critics, then "postmodern." The design had far more to do with the necessity of fitting names into a given space (the economy was bad and the budget was thin) than with any desire to return to the principles of the Russian avant-garde. I had always used style pragmatically. I found that in the eighties, among both clients and practitioners, circumstance was forgotten and style was an end in itself.



1979



THE FIRST



COSTELLO ON COLUMBIA

STAYS

## TRUST ELVIS

A year later Minoli needed a promotional poster for the new Elvis Costello album, *Trust*. Costello was on Stiff Records, which was distributed by CBS. Minoli hadn't received any of the new album covers and only had a black-and-white photostat of Costello from the proposed back cover of the new album. She needed the poster to ship to the stores, with the album, in two weeks. The photostat was grim, except that Costello's eyes, peeking over his glasses, made an interesting shadow across his face. I hand-colored the photostat and for some reason painted one eyeglass red and the other blue; then I put the words *TRUST* across the top and *ELVIS* across the bottom so it read like a political-campaign poster. I positioned the words *Costello on Columbia* so that they were coming out of Costello's ear, and I hired a retoucher to airbrush the photostat carefully to match the handmade comp. The job was returned the next day reproduced at four times the original size, which made the color richer and better in the reproduction.

In the meantime I had been trying to persuade Minoli to make the posters in general, and the Costello poster in particular, bigger. Most record stores requested a 20-by-30-inch scale because they had limited space for hanging posters, but I believed that bigger posters were more dramatic. If a poster was dynamic, and particularly if a popular recording artist was featured, I believed that the record stores would find the space. The theory had worked previously for two oversize posters I designed for Billy Joel. Minoli decided to produce the posters in both large-scale and 20-by-30-inch sizes. When the large posters came off press, they were instantly stolen. I saw them emerge around the CBS building in the offices of people I'd never met; then they were stolen off the walls of record stores. They simply disappeared. I soon found that collectors were trading them for \$1,200 a piece.

The poster had taken on a life of its own. A couple of weeks after the poster was released, I met Costello's manager, who was furious. He said that the red-and-blue-glasses made Costello look like a clown, and he didn't like the word *TRUST* hovering over Costello's head. My worst offense was printing "Costello on Columbia," when Costello was on Stiff Records, and his manager was the Stiff president.

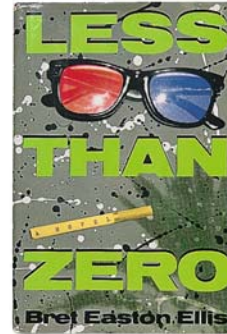
In 1984, after I left CBS Records to found my own firm, one of the designers who worked for me showed me Bret Easton Ellis's popular novel, *Less Than Zero*. I read this passage from the book:

*I look up with caution at the poster encased in glass that hangs on the wall above my bed....It's the promotional poster for an old Elvis Costello record.*

*Elvis looks past me, with this wry, ironic smile on his lips, staring out the window. The word "Trust" hovering over his head, and his sunglasses, one lens red, the other blue, pushed down past the ridge of his nose so that you can see his eyes, which are slightly off center. The eyes don't look at me, though. They only look at whoever's standing by the window.*

I don't know what Ellis—or his hero, Clay—saw in the poster. For me, it was a rush job that the artist's manager hated. The cover of the book, published by Simon & Schuster, had a rendition of the red-and-blue glasses. I still have no idea why I put them there (my father, who was a mapmaker, told me they are cartography glasses). Later, the "Trust Elvis" poster was used in the movie *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* as a symbol of eighties youth.

Unlike the *Boston* cover, I am proud of "Trust Elvis." It's well designed. But the poster has now acquired a meaning divorced from my authorship. It lives in its own place and time in American culture.



Bookjacket by George Casillo  
©1985 Simon and Schuster



# AFTER

I left CBS Records, in 1982, Michael Vanderbyl invited me to lecture with some other designers at the California Institute of Arts and Crafts. One of the speakers was Kathy McCoy, who was then running the graphic-design program at Cranbrook. McCoy showed work she had designed at Unimark in the sixties. The work was in the classic Swiss international style that was popular at that time (and is now popular again). She recounted how the greatest compliment one could pay any work was to say that it was “really clean.” Then she discussed Robert Venturi and company’s 1972 treatise *Learning from Las Vegas*. McCoy emphasized the breakthrough in this architect’s thinking and how it had affected graphic design in the subsequent decade. “Clean” was no longer good enough; as a result, we were all becoming postmodernists. Postmodern in this context meant employing some decorative graphic devices that may have come from classical architecture or geometry, or the act of deconstructing typography to alter meaning and create a more expressionistic layout.

In the late sixties, when I was in art school, I had not yet heard of Venturi. I had rebelled against the Swiss international style because the act of organizing the Helvetica typeface on a grid reminded me of cleaning up my room. Also I viewed Helvetica, the visual language of corporations, as *the* establishment typeface and therefore somehow responsible for the Vietnam War.

My major influences in the sixties were Zigzag rolling papers and album covers, particularly the Beatles’ covers. *Revolver* is art nouveau–influenced; the illustrative hair on the cover is drawn in the style of Aubrey Beardsley. I emulated the *Revolver* cover for all of my Tyler School of Art illustration assignments. *Sgt. Pepper*, my all-time favorite, inspired me because I kept finding more famous people and hidden meanings in the imagery. Stylistically it fuses Victoriana and pop, but what I liked most about it was the humor. The “White Album” is the ultimate in high concept—only the Beatles could be that expressly arrogant. Everything anyone ever needed to learn about graphic design was in those three album covers. My other inspirations were Pushpin Studios, Victor Moscoso, and California psychedelia. All of this influenced my work in the seventies, when my passion for eclectic typography moved from Roman classicism through Victoriana, art nouveau, and art deco—and finally to early modernism, constructivism, and all concoctions thereof.

I mostly employed historic typography to make some kind of point or to convey a mood based on the subject matter of the records or books I was designing. This was consistent with Pushpin’s approach to design. Pushpin Studios brilliantly married conceptual imagery (both illustration and photography) with eclectic, often decorative typography. They did so to make a specific point or to tell a joke. It seemed to me to be the most

generous form of design. It told you what you needed to know and entertained you at the same time. Seymour Chwast was my hero. I met him when I was twenty-two and married him twice (the second marriage worked).

The McCoy lecture stunned me because it seemed to deny the existence of the Pushpin form of eclecticism pre-Venturi. It ignored fifteen years of graphic-design culture. Graphic designers were the first postmodernists, not architects; but when a famous architect—in this case Venturi—was quoted, the design approach gained a credibility that could not be attained by the work of graphic designers alone.

McCoy's was the first of many lectures I attended in the eighties in which there was an apparent disconnect between theory and practice. Academic symposiums about design in the eighties addressed such themes as semiotics, deconstruction, and the vernacular as if designers worked in an ivory tower without the complex interaction between client and designer. It led to the impression that design styles and methodologies were hatched in art schools and then exported to the marketplace, where they were purchased for mass production. Many academic symposiums were theoretically all about process but never actually about the imperfect people who are the clients.

On the other hand, practitioner symposiums in the eighties were related to "business." They discussed proposal writing, promotion, appropriate business attire, office design, and other peripheral matters that were oriented toward appearance while they ignored the true designer-client relationship, which is all about power, personality, and human nature. It is the human factor—combustible client-designer relationships coupled with marketplace accidents—that inevitably lead to the visual gestalt of an era.

During this period a growing number of university design programs and an expanding academic design community—together with a plethora of graphic-design publications, annuals, conferences, and historic compendiums—made design style, in and of itself, highly visible and important. Mainstream journalists, sophisticated laypeople, and corporate marketers began using terms like *postmodern*, *new wave*, *retro*, and *punk* to describe design styles. Marketing departments made demographic associations based on these looks and styles, and through increased focus testing, began to determine what specific products should look like in order to appeal to specific audiences. Clients had become more style savvy—and the style wars had begun.

**I QUIT** my job as senior art director of CBS Records in 1982. I began freelancing and was retained to design two developmental publications for Time Inc. One was a lifestyle magazine called *Quality*, the other a human-relations publication called *Together*.

These new magazines were typical of publications produced then and now. Most publications fall into two basic categories: coping and craving. Coping publications tell you how to do something: make money, run your business, lower your cholesterol, save your marriage, clean out your closet, lose weight, use a computer, or hire a nanny. Craving publications tell you what you should want: what to buy, where to travel, what to wear, what to look like, and what sort of lifestyle to have.



## STYLE WARS

Coping magazines tend to have lots of instructional information. It is often completely useless, but it looks didactic all the same. Graphic devices used in coping publications are:

- *side bars*
- *decorative headings (early 1980s: in boxes with or without drop shadows; late 1980s: no boxes, but perhaps underscores, overscores, sometimes with teeny halftone photos; 1990s: lozenges)*
- *dingbats*
- *icons*
- *elaborately illustrated charts and graphs with inset photos that are silhouetted and have drop shadows or spot illustration*

Craving magazines tend toward big, splashy, dramatic layouts of photographs filled with people, places, and stuff. At the time I took on *Quality* they needed:

- *widely spaced type (later the opposite: big type in capitals with little spacing)*
- *layering*
- *out-of-focus photos, photos of people or places that look wet*
- *big drop caps or big words (later no drop caps or big words)*
- *textured backgrounds (later white space)*
- *rough devices, like photographic contact sheets or grease-pencil marks*

### STYLISTIC AFFECTATIONS OF COPING AND CRAVING PUBLICATIONS

#### COPING STYLE, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS "TEN POUNDS OF SHIT IN A FIVE-POUND BAG"

##### COPING STYLE 1985

### COPING



1 THIS IS A TYPICAL sidebar. It contains extra information that is designed to look somewhat instructional in nature. Sometimes it's the only thing that is actually read in a lengthy article.

2 LOTS OF PEOPLE SCAN the page instead of reading the text. You might be doing this right now.

3 BELOW IS A demonstration of a little silhouetted photograph with a drop shadow. In the 1980s this device was especially popular in annual-report design.



##### COPING STYLE 2001

### COPING

1 THIS IS A TYPICAL SIDEBAR. IT CONTAINS EXTRA INFORMATION THAT IS DESIGNED TO LOOK SOMEWHAT INSTRUCTIONAL IN NATURE. SOMETIMES IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT IS ACTUALLY READ IN A LENGTHY ARTICLE.

2 LOTS OF PEOPLE SCAN THE PAGE INSTEAD OF READING THE TEXT. YOU MIGHT BE DOING THIS NOW.

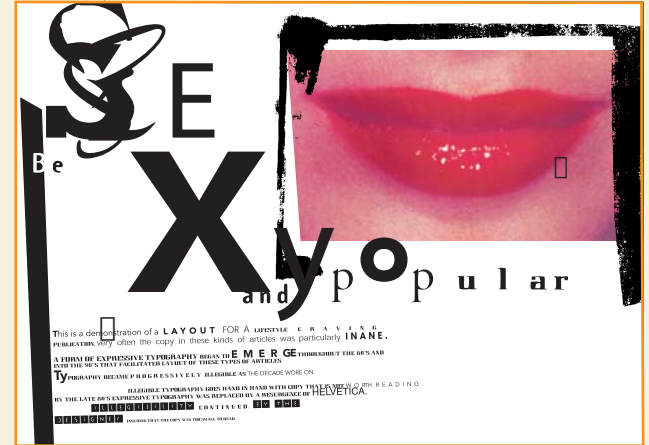
3 THE COLORS ARE HARsher AND MORE ACID THAN IN THE 1985 SIDEBAR. ROUNDED CORNERS AND SQUARE TYPE-FACES HAVE BEEN POPULAR FOR ABOUT FIVE YEARS, WHICH MEANS THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY OUT.

## CRAVING STYLE, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS: "SHINING SHIT"

### A CRAVING STYLE 1985



### B CRAVING STYLE 1995



### C CRAVING STYLE 2001



**THIS IS** a demonstration of layouts for a lifestyle (craving) publication. Very often the copy in these types of articles are particularly inane. A form of expressive typography began to emerge throughout the 1980s and into the 1990s that facilitated the layout of these types of magazines. Typography became progressively illegible as the decade wore on. Illegible typography goes hand in hand with copy that is not worth reading. By the late 1990s expressive typography was replaced by Helvetica. The illegibility continued, however, with designers making the copy too small to read.

The mannerisms of these types of publication informed all other forms of graphic design in the eighties and nineties, and are now the visual language of annual reports, brochures, books, packaging, and fashion advertising. Coping devices leaped right off magazine pages and became the language of computer screens. Most Web sites today owe their styling and organization to the coping magazines of the eighties and early nineties.

**MY IDEAL** magazine has always been the *Esquire* of the sixties, when George Lois produced his powerful “big idea” covers, and the seventies, when Jean-Paul Goude art-directed and contributed brilliant illustrations. By the eighties no mainstream magazine resembled the *Esquire* of the sixties and seventies. *New York* magazine, which successfully combined a highly packaged design format with conceptual or journalistic illustration and photography, assumed the *Esquire* mantle and became a role model first for all city magazines and then for weekly news publications. (The *New York* format was the mother of all coping publications.)

When Milton Glaser created the format for *New York* with Walter Bernard, he took on the masthead title “design director” because he had had a hand in shaping the editorial content of the publication along with Clay Felker, the magazine’s editor in chief. Previously the highest art title on the typical magazine masthead was art director, followed by assistant art director, designer, design assistant. In the twenties and thirties, art directors were called art editors. The art editor was responsible for the look and visual content of a magazine and had true editorial status.

Glaser’s “design director” title was misconstrued in the eighties. Rather than understanding it to mean a leading posi-

tion in the editorial process, magazine editors determined that the most important contributions to be obtained from the senior art employee or consultant were simply oversight of the format, packaging, and style of a publication. This consisted of little more than the choice of appropriate design devices and a methodology for purchasing and displaying necessary artwork. Most editors were comfortable with formats that were similar to other publications that existed in the same genre. This remains true even today. If I receive a call from the editor of, say, a travel magazine, he or she will ask to see all the other travel magazines I have designed. So coping magazines look like coping magazines, and craving magazines look like craving magazines. And coping magazines about money look like other coping magazines about money, and craving magazines about home decorating look like other craving magazines about home decorating. Once every five years a brave editor and publisher break the paradigm, and if they prove successful, shortly thereafter other publications follow suit.

Once an editor is comfortable with a designed format, which is very often purchased from an outside consultant, the editor feels confident that he or she can hire an inexpensive art director (sometimes an assistant to the consultant) to execute the magazine. The art director purchases the necessary photography and illustration that fit into the spaces allotted by the format and shows the layouts to the editor for comment and revision. He or she then obtains the necessary changes from the illustrator, shows it to the editor again, and fills in the format. This creates an insipid climate for magazine design. Magazine editors (“word people”) assume that designers (“art people”) don’t read and are only concerned with



stupid things like drop caps and hairline rules—the very things the editors are so anxious to purchase.

In the eighties, the age of Ronald Reagan, style triumphed over substance. I was often retained as a publication “cover consultant” to help “design directors” who did not have enough power to persuade their editors that a given solution was appropriate. The entwined priorities of telling an entire story on the cover yet not offending some faction of the magazine’s readership made it almost impossible to commission intelligent illustration or conceptual photography. Editors read all kinds of mysterious things into imagery that were never intended. The big-image, big-idea album covers I designed and art-directed in the seventies were impossible to achieve in the eighties. The images that would be accepted with relative ease tended to be nonspecific, impressionistic, blurry, or moody. Ambiguity, a postmodern approach, worked stylistically because it is apolitical and noncommittal. It became incredibly fashionable.

I began to discover that it was easier and less compromising to persuade editors to rely on type treatments for subject matter that was cerebral in nature. Editors were naturally more comfortable with words than with images and liked to be involved in fairly arbitrary decisions like color choice. Most strong type treatments (if they work in black-and-white) work in a plethora of color combinations, so when an editor would indicate that he or she didn’t like blue, green was possible. It allowed for a controlled area of harmless input. I employed this practice in all forms of design: poster design, book design, packaging, and sometimes advertising. Illustrative typography became my trademark out of necessity.

Design is an art of planning. A problem is presented, a conceptual blueprint is formed in response, a solution is achieved.

Style is a matter of appearance—the way something looks or feels. In the eighties design and style were confused and conflated by the people who purchased design, by the design press, and finally by designers and design educators. When I recall all the hot-button topics of the eighties, I see that they are all about style: the personal typographic approaches of Neville Brody and later David Carson; the deconstructed typography produced at Cranbrook; the postmodern catalog of substyles: new wave, high-tech, retro, and punk. They were commodities in competition with one another. They were purchased and dealt out to demonstrate all things coping or craving. The planning aspect, the conceptual aspect—the very thing Milton Glaser meant when he introduced the term *design director*—was commandeered by product managers, marketing departments, sales divisions, and editorial departments—by vast committees of people who assumed that when they hired a designer they were purchasing style.

**MY LEAST** favorite clients in the eighties were advertising agencies. Mediocre advertising agencies often wanted to be persuaded that they had the right “look” for an ad campaign that had been preconceived by an art director. Sometimes the agency wanted me to contribute logo designs for a pitch to a prospective client. I found that working for agencies usually meant breaking every important rule I learned at CBS Records. The art director who hired me was rarely a strong patron, and there was never direct access to a key decision maker, because the agencies simply would not allow it. My work had to pass through several layers of creative directors before it would finally be presented on the client

side. It rarely made it there. The structure of advertising agencies creates a system of continually selling up.

I also have a profound difficulty with how advertising agencies make money. Profit is made by retaining a percentage (17.65 percent is the standard industry rate) of the money allotted by the client for purchasing advertising space. That means that if the client purchases, say, a full-page, full-color ad in the *New York Times*, the client will advance the roughly \$100,000, for the purchase and the agency will make \$17,650 on the buy. If the client is purchasing lots of print ads and television advertising, the amount of money becomes enormous. Copy and design are thrown in for free. And if they're free, they're worthless. There is nothing to defend or protect, no standard to bear, no paradigm to change, nothing to elevate. There is no extra value in something intelligent or well crafted. If the "creative" is thrown in for free, then all that has value is the media space itself. If you take that thought to its logical conclusion, what fills the media space is essentially irrelevant, as long as the client feels satisfied enough to continue purchasing it. That creates a completely amoral design climate.

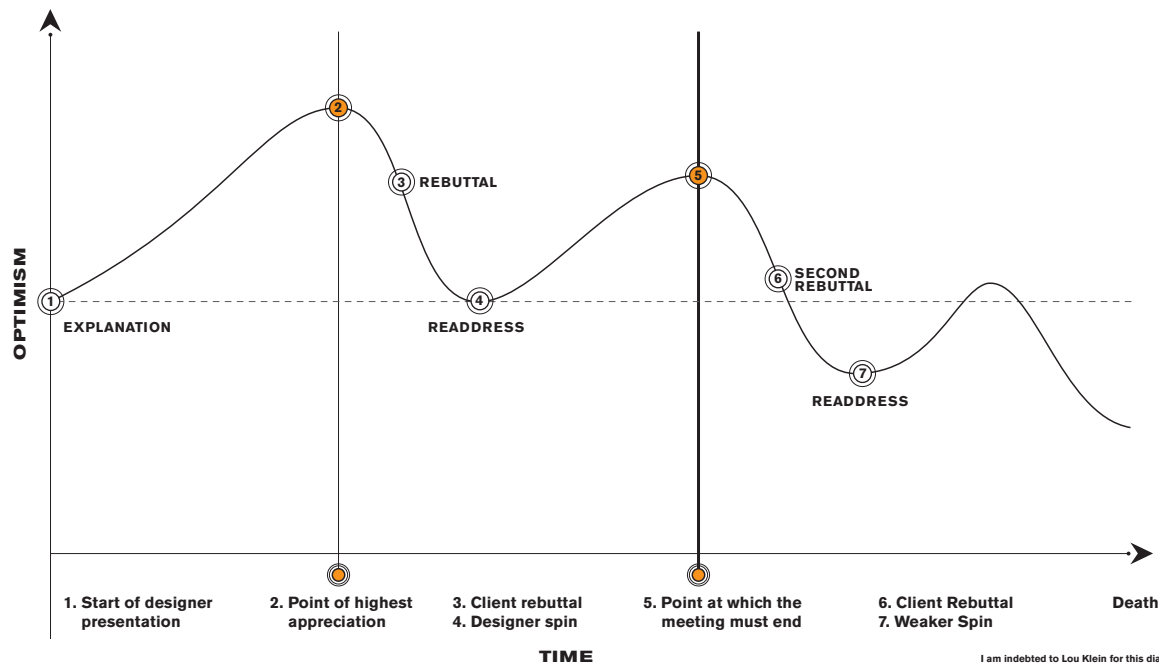
**MY FAVORITE** clients, other than design-related businesses, have always been entrepreneurs. I like working with entrepreneurs because they create products, take risks, and are prepared to make decisions. One or two entrepreneurs are better than three. Three entrepreneurs are a committee, and all committees have power struggles. I have never made a design presentation to three or more people of equal decision-making power and had all three like the design equally.

Usually there is one strong opinion leader who rules and persuades the others. If two people have equally strong opinions, there will be a power play for the third. The following dynamic is illustrated by the diagram at right:

- *At the beginning of the meeting, expectations are high.*
- *The presentation is well received; it reaches the moment of highest appreciation.*
- *One person in the group raises a few concerns not addressed in the presentation; another adds a few qualms and so on until the level of appreciation dips below the initial starting point.*
- *The designer reiterates the initial presentation, addressing points in the expressed concerns by proposing certain revisions. The sponsoring client reinforces this, and the level of appreciation rises to a point lower than the initial high but respectably above starting expectations.*
- *It is then time to end the meeting. If the meeting does not end, a counterrebuttal may ensue, which will bring the appreciation level down to a new low point, and the design will gradually become unsalvageable.*

Here's another design-committee axiom: If the design presented is simple and contains a limited amount of information and imagery, there are likely to be far more amendments and revisions than if the presentation has a great deal of copy and conveys lots of complicated information. This is because approval committees don't have the discipline, patience, or fastidiousness to concentrate on the details of complicated information. They can

DIAGRAM OF A MEETING





focus on anything reasonably simple, and will amend it until all the interest and joy are removed or until they are out of time.

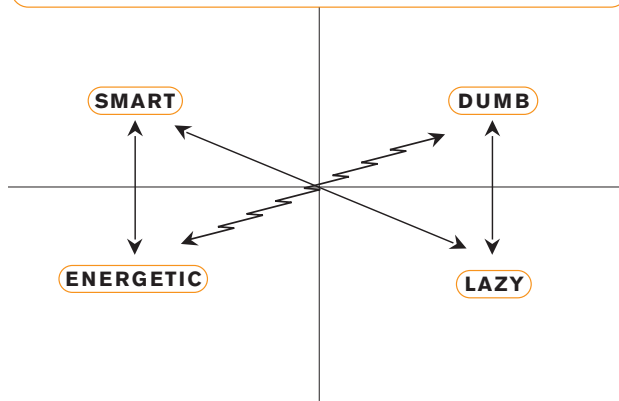
A correlative to this rule is that apparently simple jobs are rarely that. When a client once tried to persuade me to cut my fee on a “simple” job, I told him that I needed the money to pay for all the changes he was going to make. He insisted that the project was uncomplicated and that there would be few revisions. I offered him a deal: the design would be free, but every revision made—no matter how minor—would cost a thousand dollars. He refused the deal.

George Lois had this to say about the personality types of collaborators, and I have found it to be invariably true:

*There are smart people and dumb people. There are people who have energy and people who are lazy. They exist in combinations. If you work with a smart person with energy, that's your best collaborator. If you work with a smart person who's lazy, well, that's a bit of a waste, but it does no harm. If you work with a dumb person who's lazy, that's sad but not problematic, because they will simply be ineffectual. But if you work with a dumb person with energy, therein lies the seed of disaster.*

**BY THE** late eighties I had begun to understand that the fact that something was well designed, or even just well styled, was irrelevant if it was being presented to a group that did not understand what they were looking at or were embroiled in their own power struggles. I had begun to find it increasingly difficult to control the quality of

#### PERSONALITIES STEREOTYPES IN COMBINATIONS



my work and to develop as a designer unless I was working on a pro bono basis or for a minimal fee for a design organization or design-industry client. This was depressing, because I believed that the whole point of graphic design was to bring intelligence, wit, and a higher level of aesthetics to everyday products, the articles of mass culture. I did not want to be an ivory tower designer; I had little interest in theoretical exploration. My goals were to design things that would get made, to elevate popular taste through practice, and to make graphic breakthroughs on real projects.

I realized that my position in relationship to corporate committees with approval power was essentially weak. I was not famous or considered a guru. My entire reputation was within the design community, not in any specific business except possibly in the entertainment industry—and my reputation there was getting weaker as time went on.

I was hired on most projects for nominal fees. Very often I would be hired by a low-level marketing person who had to sell up. When my design failed to make it through the bureaucratic gauntlet, I found that the project would be reassigned to a large, powerful design firm for a large, powerful fee. I discovered that clients tended to respect an opinion in direct proportion to what they paid for it. The quality of the design was often irrelevant.

Most clients hired me based on previous work. That meant that if I tried to design something in a new way, they were uncomfortable with it and generally forced me to retreat to a previous solution. This made personal growth almost impossible. The type of work I had gotten would be the type of work I would get, in subject matter as well as in style; and as more design publications, books, and conferences made styles readily available for adaptation, there were more designers to compete with. Design and respect for design were devalued.

**THE RAPID** growth of the design industry and the introduction of desktop publishing in the eighties precipitated an equally rapid lifecycle for design styles. Designs appeared dated in astonishingly short order. It was easy for a designer to be considered “good” by his peers for five years, harder for ten, nearly impossible for fifteen. To maintain any creative longevity a designer today must reinvent his or her work every five years. This does not mean simply changing style. It means reassessing one’s approach—again, design is an art of planning—and finding a way that is new yet still reflects on one’s core ethic and aesthetic. This entails a reevaluation of one’s visual vocabulary, new

technologies, the cultural zeitgeist, and the scale on which one works. Reinvention is personal growth.

More history, criticism, and professional writing about design occurred in the eighties than in any previous decade. Ironically that writing also breaks down into those two basic categories, coping and craving. Coping design writing was about professional style: dress, office design, and proposal crafting. Craving writing was about design style: the myriad visual affectations that became popular through postmodernism. Neither addressed the complicated symbiotic relationship between designer and client. The designer was portrayed as either businessman or artist, the latter made personal work, with the client as patron; the former solved the clients’ problems and made money. It seemed to me that there had to be another alternative.



## GREAT BEGINNINGS

Terry Koppel and I had known each other in college (the Tyler School of Art), and began working together at Time Inc. While I was at CBS, Terry had worked as an art director at the *Boston Globe* and had redesigned *Inside Sports*. We reasoned that we could start a design studio that would marry our editorial and entertainment backgrounds, and it would broaden to include promotional and packaging projects.

Terry and I believed that our strong suit—the reason clients would hire us—would be our flexible, expressive typographic style. We promoted ourselves by mailing out a small book called *Great Beginnings*, which featured the first two paragraphs of famous novels designed in the period style in which the novels had been written. We printed and mailed six thousand copies of the book to potential clients, and the promotion proved remarkably successful—we received calls for new business almost



GREAT  
BEGINNINGS

# CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

1881

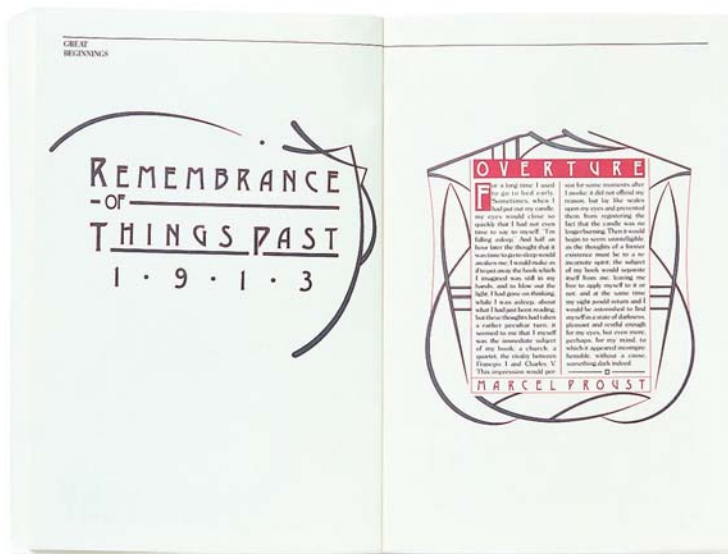
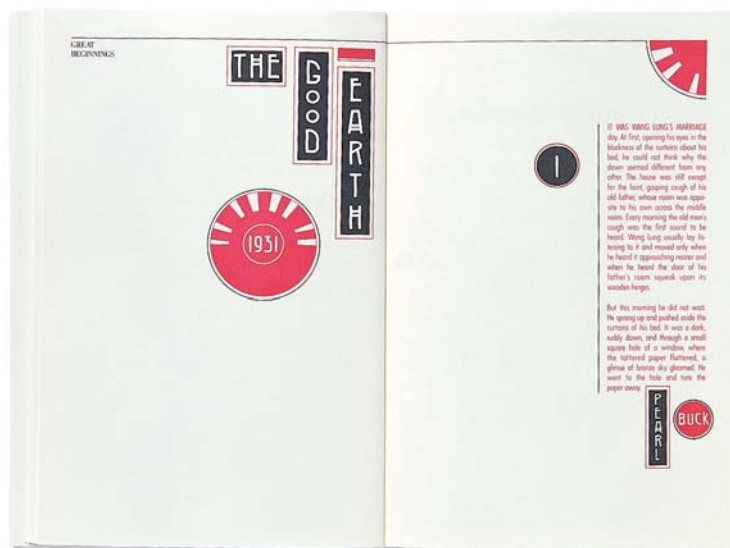
## 1 PART ONE

Early one evening, during an exceptional heat wave in the beginning of July, a young man walked out into the street from the closetlike room he rented on Stoliarny Place. Slowly, as though he could not make up his mind, he began to move in the direction of the Kokushkin Bridge.

He had managed to avoid meeting his landlady on the stairs. He lived practically under the roof of a five-floor house, in what was more a cupboard than a room. In an apartment one flight below lived his landlady, from whom he rented this garret, dinner and service thrown in. Every time he went out he had to pass her kitchen door, which almost always stood open facing the stairs.

FYODOR

# DOSTOYEVSKY



immediately. Some of the business came because we were the first new design studio (we didn't use the term *firm* yet) in New York in some time. Some of it came because *Great Beginnings* looked fresh in early 1984. The book was entirely typographic. Potential clients, art directors, and design critics had not yet labeled us as postmodernists or historicists, but they recognized that we had developed some form of "look."

The book was small, 5 by 7 inches, and was inexpensively printed in two colors with a glued ("perfect") binding. In my years as art director at CBS Records, I had received thousands of promotion pieces. I remembered that I couldn't bring myself to throw out a booklet that had perfect binding.

The pages from *Great Beginnings* were later reproduced in design textbooks as examples of how to work with period typography. The flaw of the booklet was that it inadvertently served as a catalog of style. Potential clients assumed that whatever we designed would either be constructivist or art nouveau or some other period style, not realizing that *Great Beginnings* was a gag advertising our new business and that its point, if anything, was that typographic treatments were not necessarily transferable to any given project. All through the eighties clients seemed to believe they were buying style, not thinking.

GREAT  
BEGINNINGS

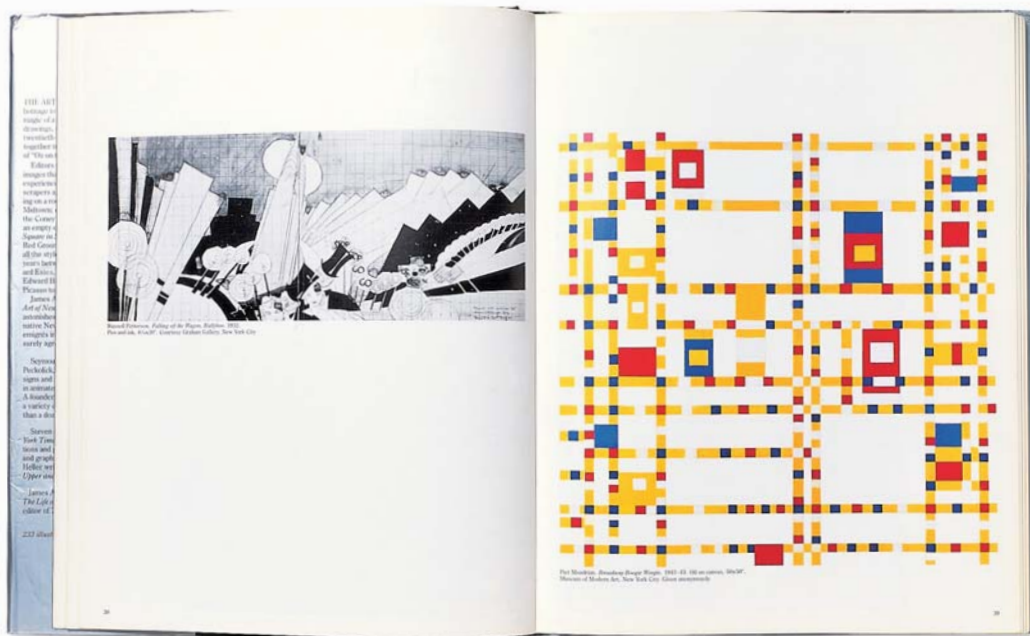
# THE M E T A M O R P h o S I S 1919

1 As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from **uneasy** dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a **gigantic** insect. He was lying on his hard, as it were **armor-plated**, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his **dome-like** brown belly divided into stiff arched **segments** on top of which the bed **quilt**, could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous **legs**, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, waved **helplessly** before his **eyes**.

# FRANZ KAFKA



## MANHATTAN RECORDS



Mondrian's Broadway Boogie-Woogie, 1942-43

I designed the identity for Manhattan Records, Capitol Records' new East Coast label, in 1984. The president of the company was Bruce Lundvall, who was president of CBS when I had worked there. I had sent him a copy of *Great Beginnings* when Terry and I opened our studio, and the timing was fortunate. When Lundvall called me, he was just beginning to set up his new office. There were no employees yet, except for one trusted aide.

Lundvall had purchased a copy of the compendium *The Art of New York*, and thought he would like a painting or a photo of a skyscraper as the predominant image for his record label. I think he assumed that the building would exist as a trademark coupled with a logo design.

But I was never good at designing logotypes in the manner typical of the seventies, which relied on complicated lettering with ligatures, in-lines, and drop shadows. I appreciated clever marks that had strong, simple, positive-and-negative shapes (my Pentagram partner Woody Pirtle is a genius at this), but never was capable of designing them. I was always much more comfortable with selecting a typeface that had a strong character, that somehow related to the situation at hand, and then modifying it to create a specific thought or spirit.

Most large-scale corporate identity programs from the fifties, sixties, and seventies seemed depressing (even some of those designed by the legendary Paul Rand). They looked as if all attention went into the form of the logotype or the mark (probably the point where the in-house designer came on board to execute the identity). These were then jammed into an upper-left or upper-right corner of whatever they needed to be stuck on, often with two lines of badly positioned Helvetica, that contained the company name and address. It appeared as though the logotype and mark alone was there to identify the corporation. The design of all the rest of the stuff that it was attached to—a carton, a package, an ad, a poster—be damned. The logo as identification didn't really identify anything, because if the corner of the object was obscured in any way, so was the entire identity.

Corporations looked like large corporations by virtue of the similarity of the mark or logotype position. I became interested in what communication material looked like in its totality, not the small corner that housed the logotype. I leafed through *The Art of New York* trying to figure out how a painting of a building could be manipulated to conform to all the various needs demanded by an identity for a record label, without becoming another trademark jammed into a corner. Then I came across the Mondrian painting *Broadway Boogie-Woogie*, which is an abstracted map of Manhattan. The logic for using this painting as an identity for Manhattan Records was obvious: it ostensibly represented Manhattan and was inspired by music. But its strongest attribute was that the painting's color blocks could easily be reconfigured for a multitude of uses.



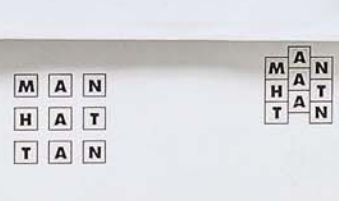
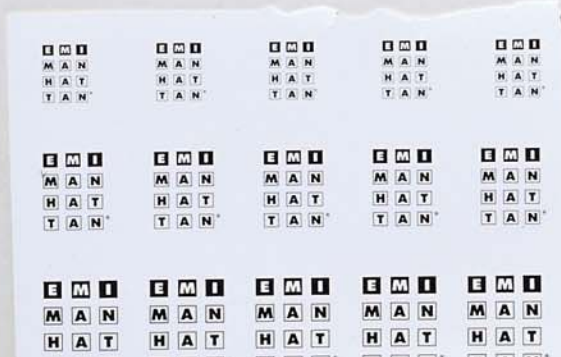
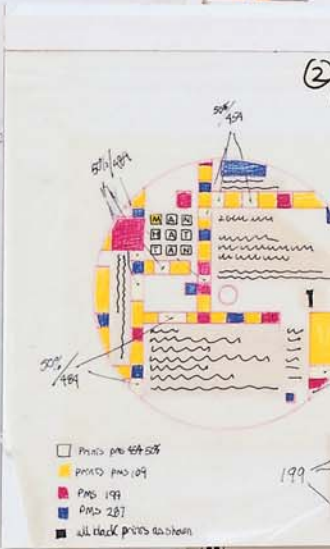
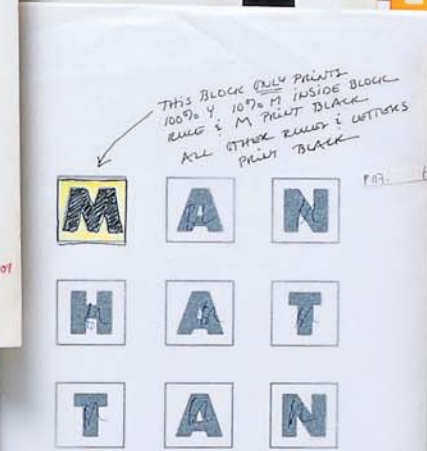
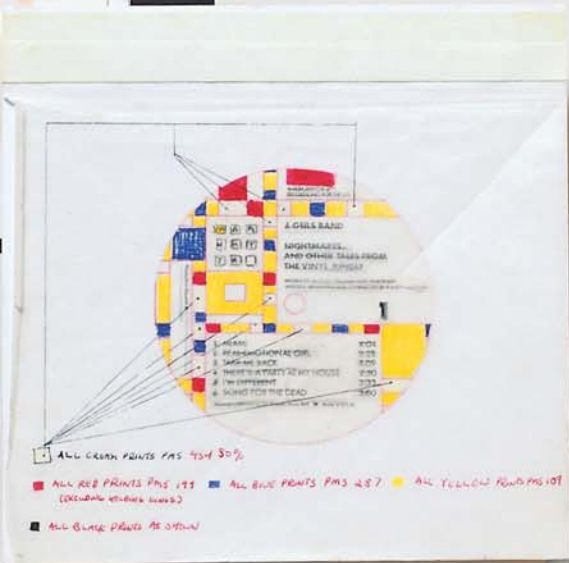
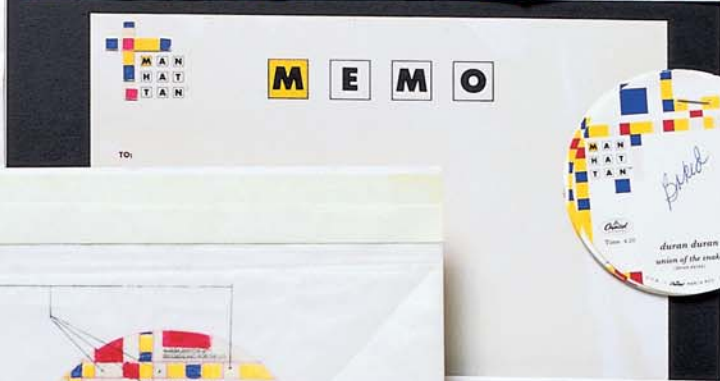
I began considering the logotype as something that came out of the red, blue, and yellow boxes of the painting. A logo in a grid, like the city. The character count of the word *Manhattan* was perfect, allowing for three stacks of three-letter units: MAN, HAT, TAN. It was my first and only idea for the logo. The problem was how to present this to Lundvall without another alternative. Presenting just the one solution would make it look as if I hadn't done enough work. This frequently happens to me. My first idea is often my best, and the rest are fillers. Most clients are uncomfortable with this. They assume that a lot of exploration ensures better design or that they're not getting their money's worth.

Lundvall was expecting to see buildings. I went back to *The Art of New York* and selected a few buildings to work with, some photographic, some rendered. I blew them up as record labels and attached the gridded typography or a variation of it. After I designed the first alternative to the initial scheme, I became worried because it actually was quite handsome and potentially selectable. So I made a few more choices. They were also handsome. I realized that the best way to pursue the Mondrian option was to create about nine or ten versions of the building identities using representational paintings, photos, and illustrations. That way the Mondrian solution would stand out simply by being the only abstraction. The endless renditions of different buildings all neutralized themselves.











A  
N  
T  
A  
N



MAN  
HAT  
TAN

LIFE BY NIGHT

ABCDEFGHIJ KLMNOPQ RSTU



LIFE BY NIGHT

ABCDEFGHIJ KLMNO

MAN  
HAT  
TAN

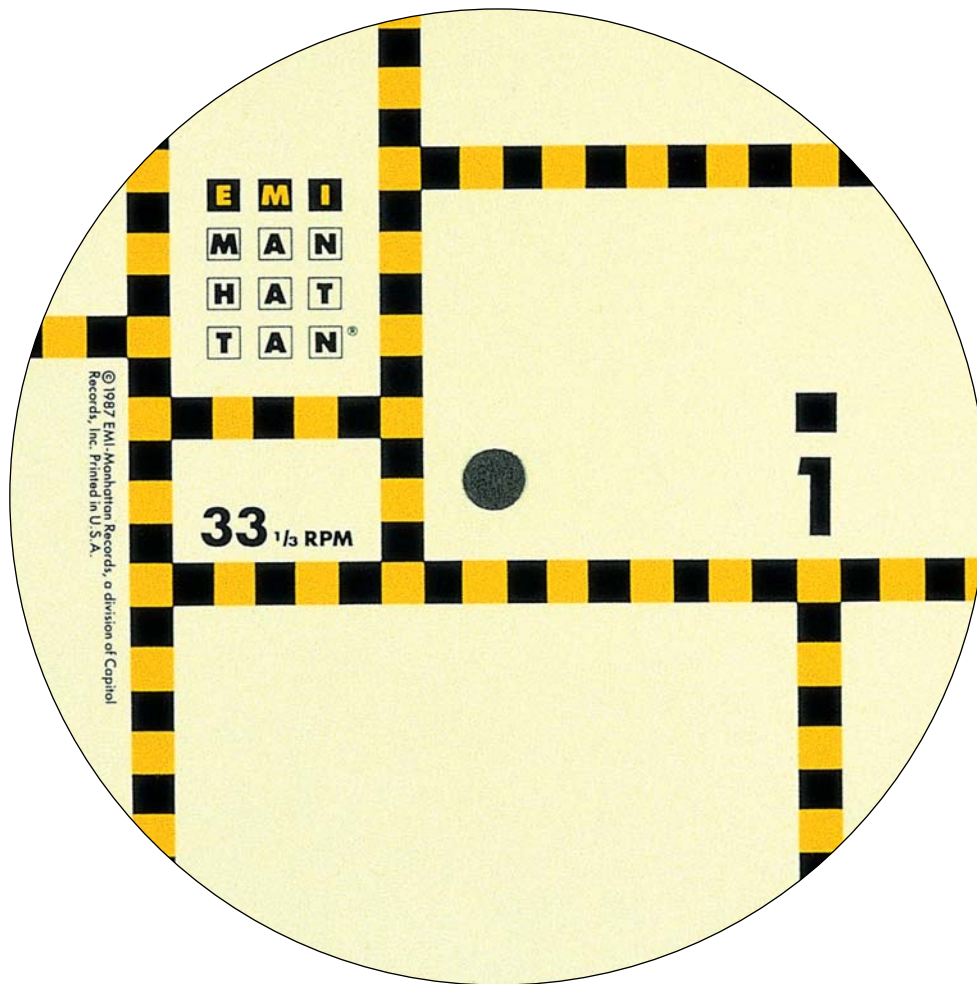
W  
O  
O



I had difficulty obtaining an approval from the Museum of Modern Art to use the painting. They would not allow me to use a section of it. They insisted I use the whole painting in every application. I asked what would happen if I just used a section on a few applications; they said they'd sue me and advised me simply to reconstruct the painting but not to duplicate it. That meant we had to have a lawyer check every application of the identity to ensure that no two color squares lined up in the exact same configuration as the original.

Shortly after the Manhattan identity was launched, L'Oreal came out with a shampoo product line called L'Oreal Studio that also used a Mondrian motif. I often wondered if they called the same lawyer to review the squares. There were many Mondrian adaptations and knockoffs in the eighties, along with a renewed interest in the Dutch de Stijl movement in general.

In the late eighties Manhattan Records merged with EMI, and the Mondrian colors were reduced to black and yellow (a taxicab reference). Then Manhattan Records disappeared altogether—it was folded into EMI—and the gridlike blocks were shoved together. In the mid nineties Capitol Records relaunched Manhattan Records and Capitol's art director brought back the design. In the eighties the design was characterized as postmodern. In the nineties it appeared to be more conceptual.

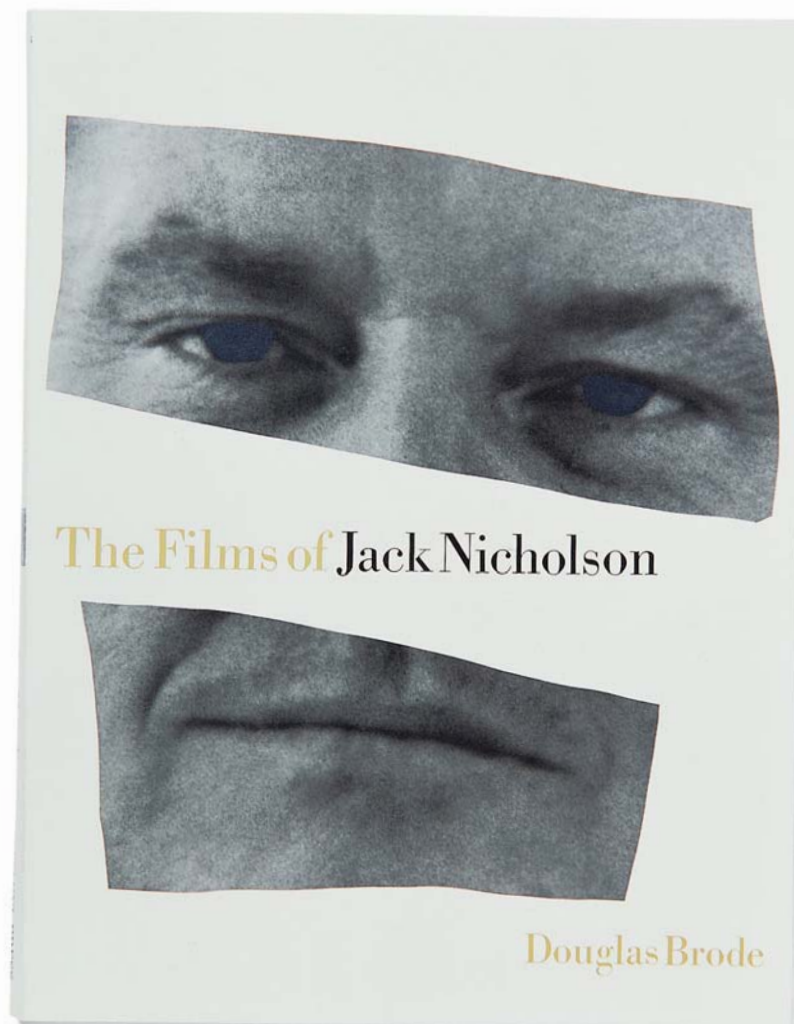


## BOOKS

I began designing book jackets by moonlighting when I was still at CBS Records. It was the easiest type of work for me to get based on my previous experience. At Koppel & Scher it comprised about a quarter of my business. In the eighties I designed jackets for most major publishing companies, including Simon & Schuster and its divisions; Random House; and Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

Most of the jackets I designed were typographic, largely a result of my emerging reputation. Publishing art directors had discovered that I was good at designing covers for books that had to look somewhat important but cerebral in nature. Like album covers, book jackets in the eighties (and today) looked a specific way for different genres of book. Nonfiction had large type, usually elongated or condensed, with a photograph (for a biography) or a small icon or illustration (for an exposé). The bigger the book (in terms of sales expectations), the more likely its typography would be embossed or foil stamped.

Self-help (coping) books were also largely typographic, and generally had long subtitles, often a listing of the contents. Sometimes they had spot illustrations, especially warm-and-fuzzy books about homeopathic medicines and exercise regimes. Novels tended to be more romantic, mysterious, or witty and were more likely to employ illustration and conceptual or blurry photography. Type on novels could be smaller and more eccentric unless the novels were mystery blockbusters like those by John Grisham or romantic bestsellers à la Jackie Collins. Every so often, these boundaries are deliberately crossed for special impact. Robert James Waller's *The Bridges of Madison County* was designed to look like a literary novel, and Toni Morrison's *Beloved* was designed to look like a blockbuster. These conventions have changed little during the past twenty years.



The procedure for designing book jackets outside of a publishing art department has also changed little over the years. First, the designer would be contracted by an art director at the publishing company, and sent a manuscript or synopsis of the book, some marketing points about its intended audience, and comparable books in the marketplace. The designer would also be given some vague direction—that the jacket should look important—or be sent another jacket that an editor or the author liked. Sometimes, usually for a novel, they would be sent an actual manuscript.

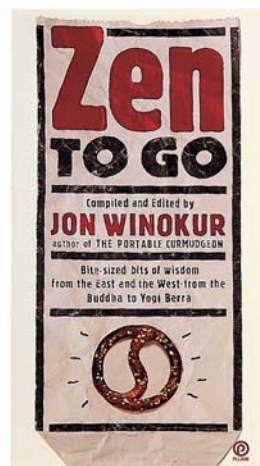
The designer would then proceed to design the cover and send a comprehensive sketch (or “comp”) to the art director, who would then show it to the editors, the marketers, the publisher, and the author for approval and comment. These comments would be relayed back to the designer by the art directors, and the designer would make the necessary revisions and copy changes to complete the project.

As the decade wore on, an increasing number of younger art directors replaced older, more powerful art heads at publishing companies. Like some art directors at magazines, they were forced to function as messengers between the companies’ various divisions. As a result, there might be five or six rounds of revisions before a given design would receive approval from the editor—only then to be rejected by the publisher or author. The number of changes, revisions, and redesigns were greater on book jackets than magazines or album covers. This was because there was more time to make them. I always had my greatest successes with covers for which someone else had already designed three or four unsatisfactory comps, and when I was hired the company was simply out of time.

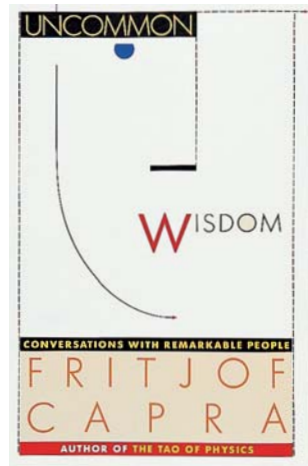
I asked a number of in-house art directors I worked with if they had ever tabulated the cost of producing book-



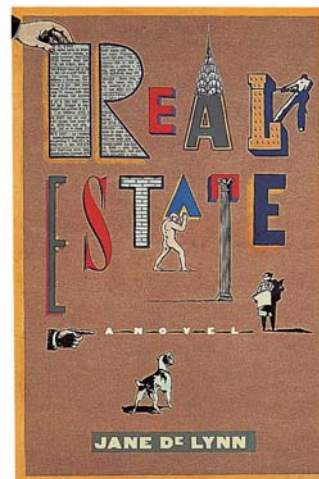




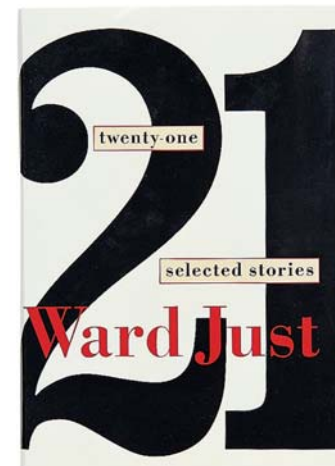
1987



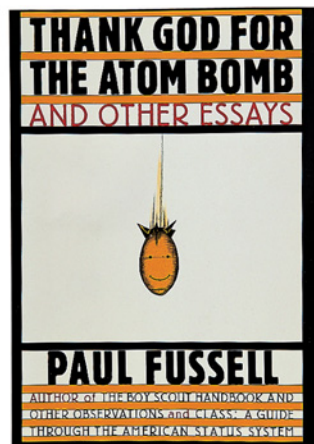
1988



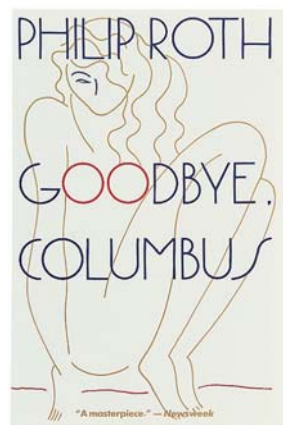
1988



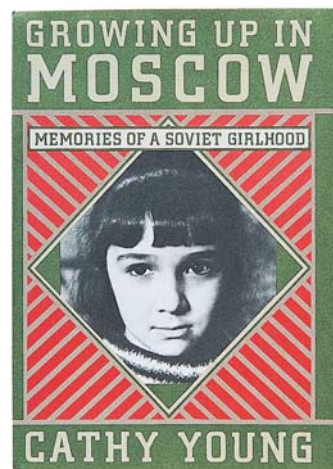
1990



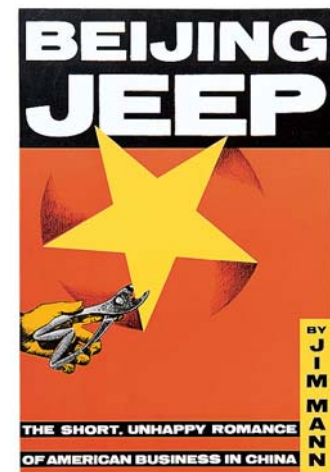
1988



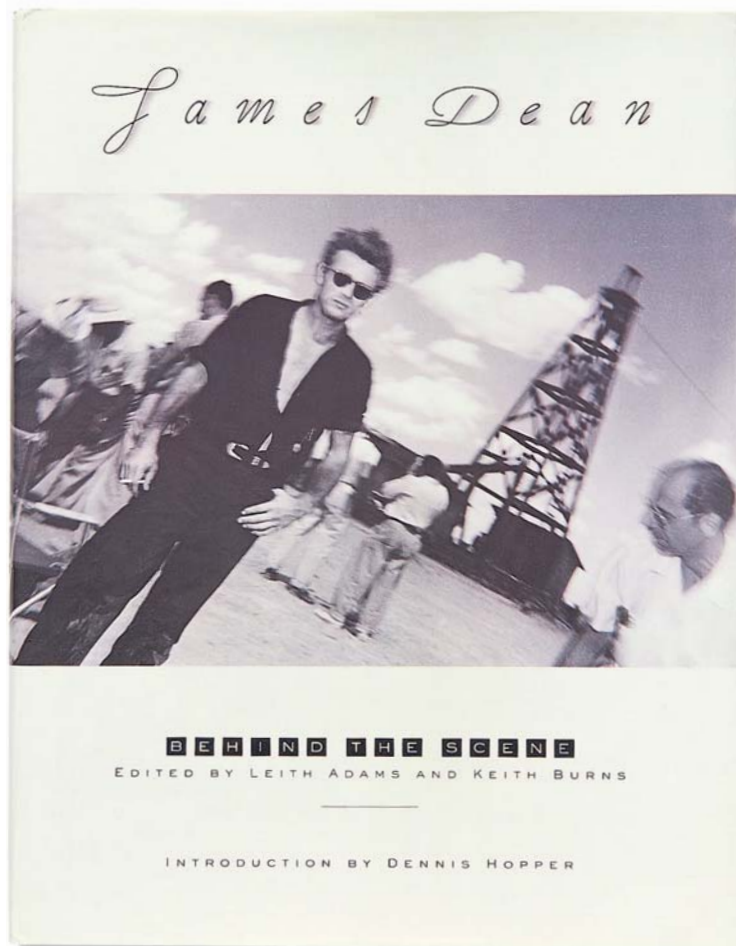
1989



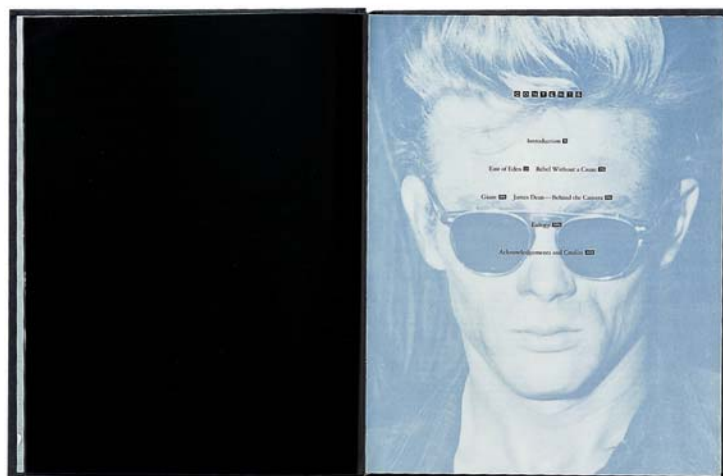
1989



1989



*This book of James Dean photographs (1990) documented every picture he made in his short movie career.*

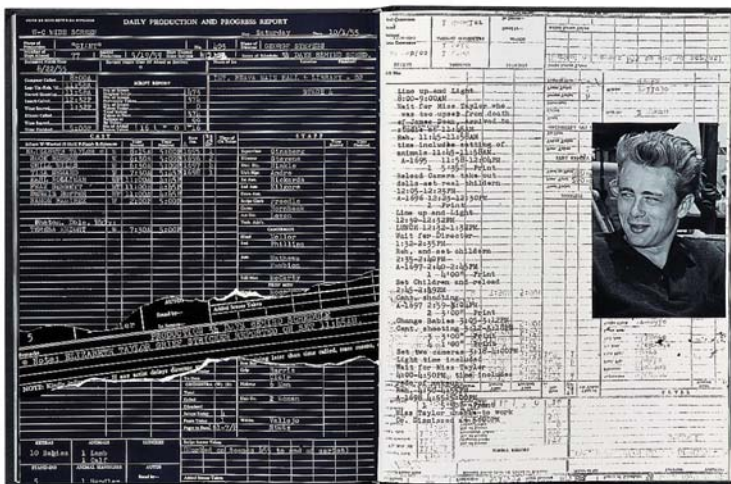
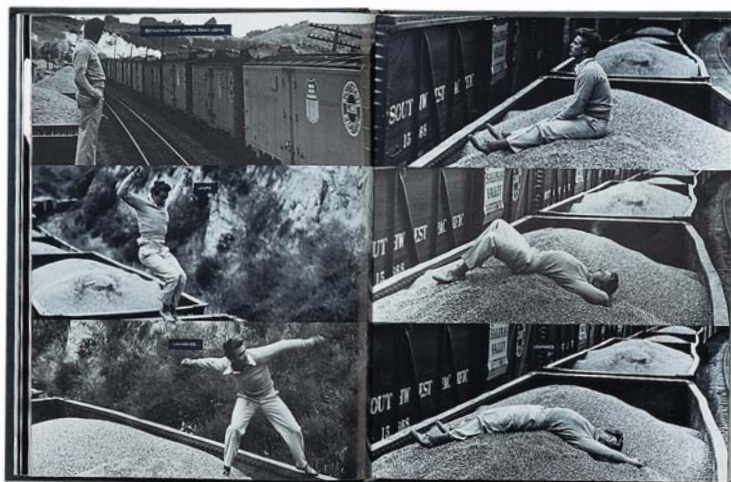




jacket comps for a year against what it would cost if the publishing company accepted the first design submitted by the designer with no revisions. I calculate the difference at four to seven times the initial cost. I've always wondered if these endlessly revised covers made up for this differential in costs. I doubt it.

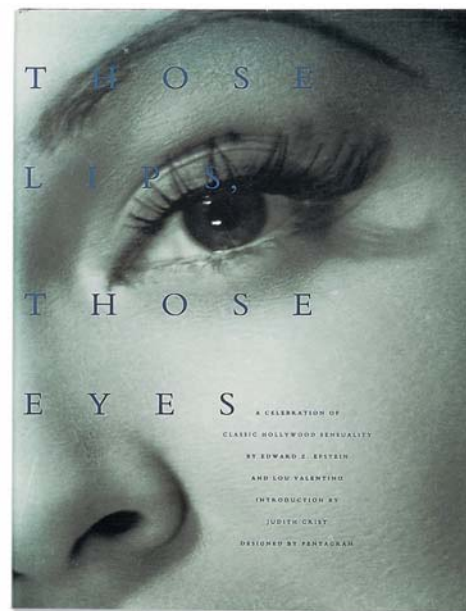
In the nineties the computer made matters worse for book-jacket designers. Comps produced by a computer are almost instantaneous. Now there was no controlling financial force or time impediment to the making of revisions. An editor had an opportunity to view twenty point-less incremental changes per jacket design, which could only foster confusion and greater indecision in any person not really qualified to make an untutored visual judgment. The matter became more complicated when editors were given comments from major bookstore chains like Barnes & Noble or Borders about what "sells." The contents of a book and the graphic elements were not separated or analyzed in any responsible way. "What sells" was prescribed as a formula for design elements and resulted in strange pronouncements about color and typography. I've never been able to learn anything of use from these pronouncements, because they always seem to describe the last thing in a particular category that was a bestseller. Since we already know what the last thing was, we don't learn anything at all about the next thing.

Editorial anguish about color always reminded me of my mother agonizing over the incremental differences of ten soft-green rug swatches for her living room wall-to-wall carpet. Was it better with a little more yellow? Should she pick the grayish one? Would it be too dull? She was so relieved when I released her from the responsibility by grabbing one and saying: "Here. Pick this, it's the best one." I don't understand why editors don't relieve themselves of this form of decision making and let their art directors pick the green. It's their job.





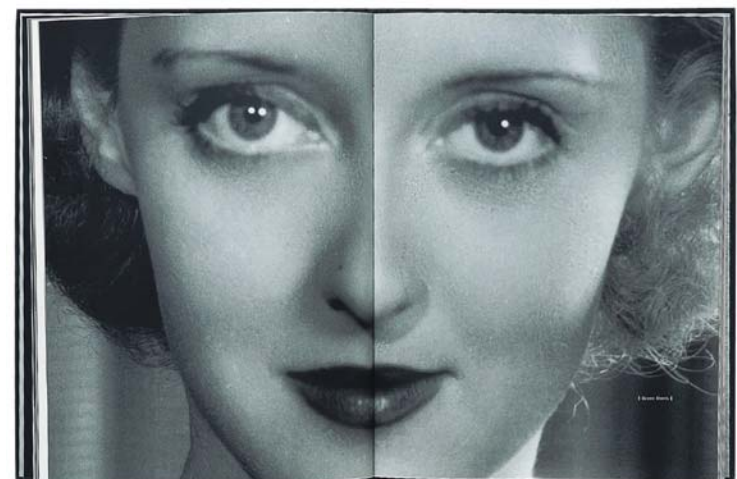
*Those Lips, Those Eyes* (1992) was a compilation of classic movie-star photos that I edited. The title was taken literally.



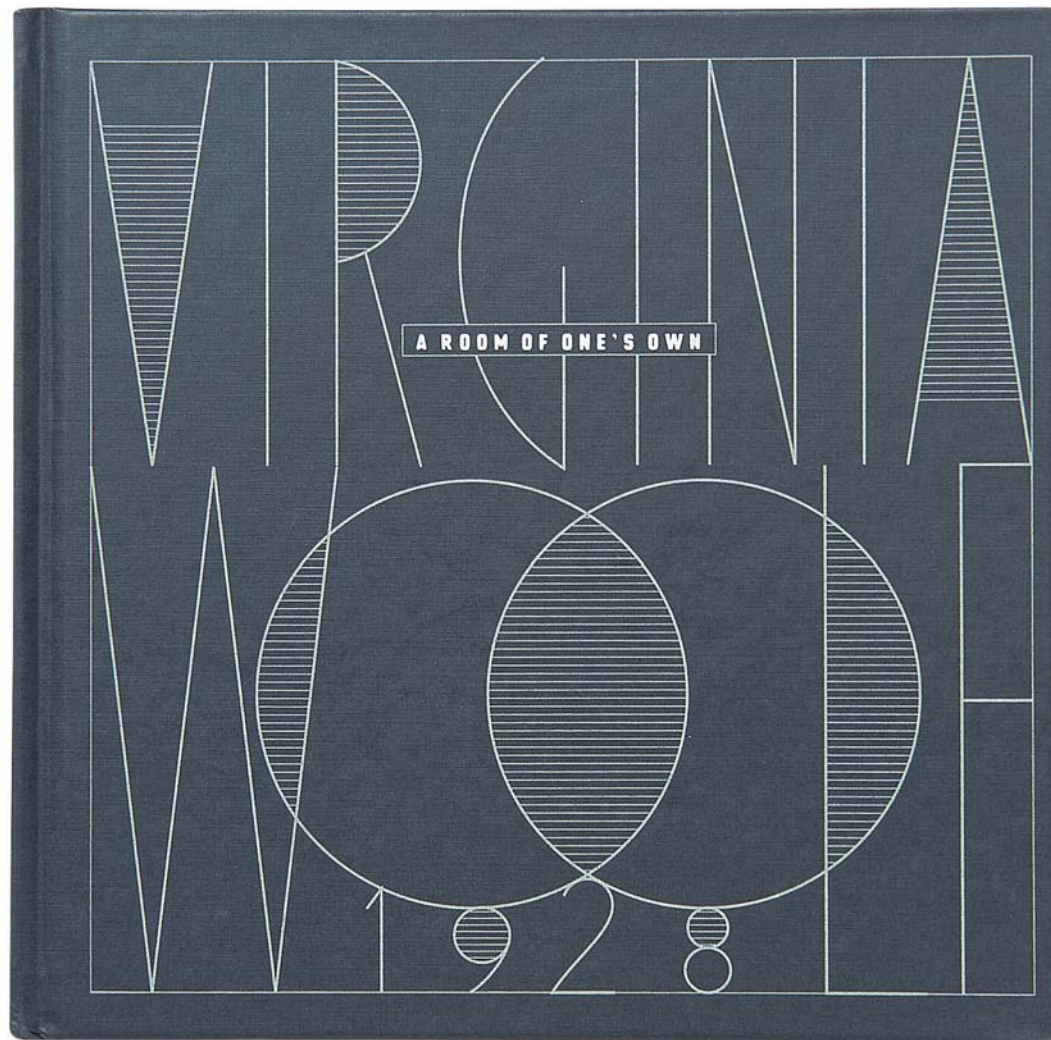
I found that in designing book jackets I had to relearn the lessons I learned in the music business. If there is not a strong client or patron (in the case of publishing companies, this means art director) to defend the work, then the work will be compromised. If there is no one to defend the work, you have to do it yourself (which means attend all necessary meetings, an impossibility if you are not a full-time employee of the publishing company or at least in their building daily). If someone is allowed to approve work and was not involved or consulted in the early developmental process of it, then that person will

inevitably alter or destroy it. The only approval that matters is the approval of the person in the organization who wields the most power. It may be the editor, it may be the author, or it may be the publisher, but generally one approval matters and the rest are irrelevant. Most things that are rejected are rejected for "marketing reasons," which means the jacket looks "too something" or "not enough something else," which translates into not looking significantly enough like other things in the marketplace that are like the thing in question and have had some modicum of success.

The best book jackets in the publishing business come out of a powerful in-house art department of a company whose editor-in-chief values design and allows a powerful department to be created. That is why the book jackets currently produced by Knopf are consistently better than those of most other publishing companies. Knopf's corporate management has a history of valuing design and fosters a condition that has allowed talented people to produce their best work.



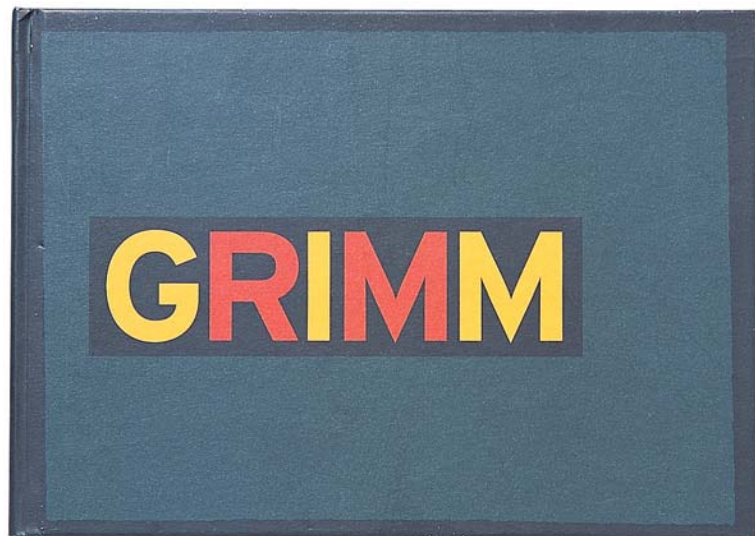
Occasionally I managed to design jackets where the initial idea was left intact, but they were more the exception than the rule. I used the many redos as an opportunity simply to design more. It was a useful exercise, a sort of design calisthenics. How many times can you solve the same problems? How many visual iterations are there in the same basic idea, and in how many color combinations? The trick was never to become attached to any given design. I also enjoyed designing full books, particularly picture books. Book design was satisfying because once a format was "approved," you simply executed it and made copy revisions—draft work not fraught with the political implications attached to jackets.



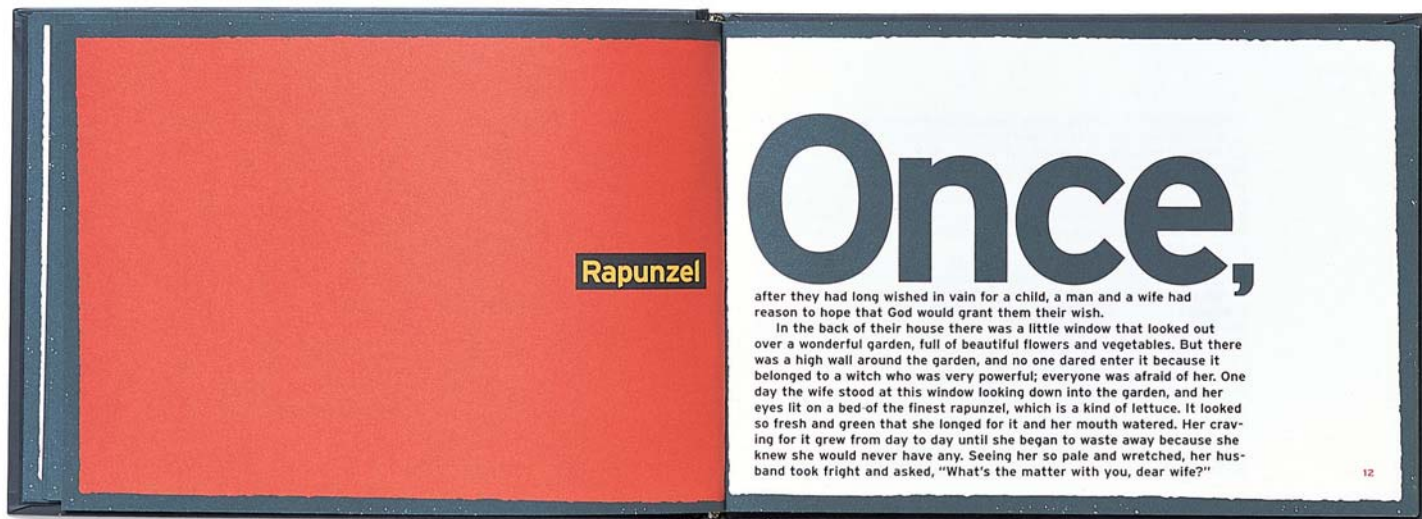
*A Room of One's Own* (1993) was published as a limited-edition book from Heritage Press, a printing company. The photographs were by Duane Michals.







*Grimm (1997) was another limited edition published by Heritage Press. This book was illustrated by Seymour Chwast.*



# Once,

after they had long wished in vain for a child, a man and a wife had reason to hope that God would grant them their wish.

In the back of their house there was a little window that looked out over a wonderful garden, full of beautiful flowers and vegetables. But there was a high wall around the garden, and no one dared enter it because it belonged to a witch who was very powerful; everyone was afraid of her. One day the wife stood at this window looking down into the garden, and her eyes lit on a bed of the finest rapunzel, which is a kind of lettuce. It looked so fresh and green that she longed for it and her mouth watered. Her craving for it grew from day to day until she began to waste away because she knew she would never have any. Seeing her so pale and wretched, her husband took fright and asked, "What's the matter with you, dear wife?"

## Rapunzel

"Oh," she said, "I shall die unless I get some rapunzel, cost what it may."

As night was falling, he climbed the wall into the witch's garden, took a handful of rapunzel, and brought it to his wife. She made it into a salad right away and ate it hungrily. But it tasted so good, so very good, that the next day her craving was three times as great. Her husband could see she would know no peace unless he paid another visit to the garden. So at nightfall he climbed the wall again, but when he came down on the other side he had an awful fright, for there was the witch right in front of him.

"How dare you!" she said with an angry look. "How dare you sneak into my garden like a thief and steal my rapunzel! I'll make you pay dearly for this."

"Oh, please," he said, "please temper justice with mercy. I only did it because I had to. My wife was looking out of the window, and when she saw your rapunzel she felt such a craving for it, she would have died if I didn't get her some."

At that the witch's anger died down and she said: "If that's how it is, you may take as much rapunzel as you wish, but on one condition: that you give me the child your wife will bear. It will have a good life and I shall care for it like a mother." In his fright, the man agreed to everything. The moment his wife gave birth, the witch appeared, gave the child the name of Rapunzel, and took her away.

Rapunzel grew to be the loveliest child under the sun. When she was twelve years old, the witch took her to the middle of the forest and

13

shut her up in a tower that had neither stairs nor a door, but only a little window at the very top. When the witch wanted to come in she stood down below and called out,

**"Rapunzel,  
Rapunzel,  
let down  
your hair."**

Rapunzel had beautiful, long hair, as fine as spun gold. When she heard the witch's voice, she undid her braids and fastened them to the window latch. They fell to the ground twenty ells down, and the witch climbed up.

A few years later, it so happened that the king's son was passing through the forest. When he came to the tower, he heard someone singing, and the

14

## Rumpelstiltskin

day, she started with Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, and reeled off all the names she knew, but at each one the little man said, "That is not my name."

The second day she sent servants around the district to ask about names, and she tried the strangest and most unusual of them on the little man, "Could your name be Ribcage or Muttonchop or Lacelegs?" Each time he replied, "That is not my name."

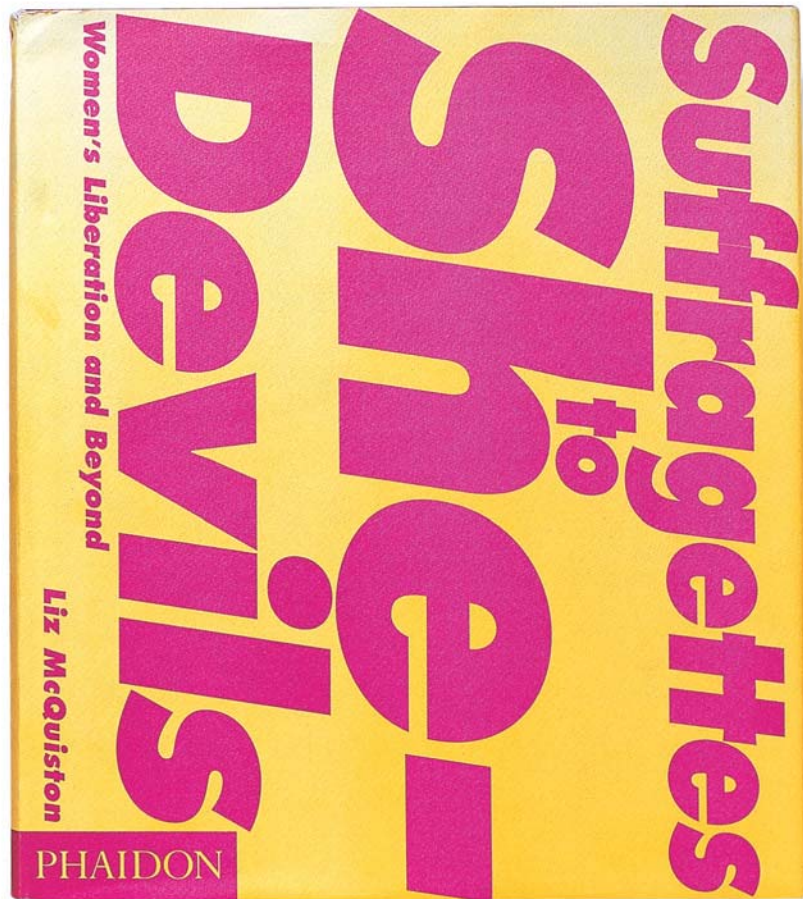
The third day the messenger returned and said, "I haven't discovered a single new name, but as I was walking along the edge of the forest, I rounded a bend and found myself at the foot of a high hill, the kind of place where fox and hare bid each other good night. There I saw a hut, and outside the hut a fire was burning, and a ridiculous little man was dancing around the fire and hopping on one foot and bellowing,

**"Brew today, tomorrow bake,  
after that the child I'll take,  
and sad the queen will be to lose it.  
Rumpelstiltskin  
is my name  
But luckily nobody knows it."**

69







*Suffragettes to She Devils (1997) documented women's protest art.*

## Lesbian culture strikes back

Lesbian power thrived as a result of the direct actions of the members of the New York group, Lesbian Avengers. The group was founded in 1992 in order to focus on strategies and issues vital to lesbian visibility and survival. Their direct actions not only echoed through New York streets, but resounded around the world. They marched with flaming torches, pestered politicians, stormed editorial offices, held around-the-clock vigils, ceremoniously ate live and staged many other vigorous activities—fueled by what they called 'ready-to-blowup' anger. All such actions were crucial to their mission of demanding respect for lesbians, as well as attempting to teach lesbians how to organize and think politically. Their manifests and logos, designed by the painter and graphic designer Carrie Mayer, encapsulated the explosive energy that has made them a legend.

Lesbian culture also achieved visibility through the graphic wit and social critique of Dyke Action Machine (DAM), the lesbian graphics project established in 1991 by Carrie Mayer and the photographer Sue Schaffner. DAM's poster campaigns criticized the prejudiced attitudes and programming of mainstream advertising by inserting lesbian images into currently recognizable advertising campaigns. (The results were then displayed around the city, preferably next to the original advertisements.) Their spoofs of GAP [1991] and Family Circle advertisements [1992] not only subverted the postures and styling normally reserved for heterosexual fantasy in magazines, but also began to subvert established visual profiles of society as a whole, as a new view of lesbian reality struggled to emerge.

Within a couple of years it did emerge (not to say explode) with Dyke TV and other forums, bringing DAM's more recent projects into a power league of their own. Their 1994 poster for a fantasy film of violence-wielding dyke revenge [page 151] carries a subtlety of real emotion expressed by a social group who refuse to be victimized any longer. Their Web site, presently an interactive promotion for a fantasy television station called The Grrrl Network, shows how the lesbian 'visual experience' may, in the future, expand and indeed illuminate cyberspace.

## the LESBIAN AVENGERS

### WE RECRUIT

PARTY & FUNDRAISER  
10-00 GIRLS' MUSIC  
MEDIA INSTALLATION

SAT, OCT 24  
1PM-4AM  
119 AVE D, 2nd FLR  
IS AT THE DOOR

The LESBIAN AVENGERS is a direct action group focused on issues vital to lesbian survival and visibility. We meet every Tuesday at 8 PM at the Lesbian & Gay Community Center, 300 West 13th Street, NYC. For more information: (212) 867-3771 ext. 3008



1. Party ticket for the Lesbian Avengers, USA, early 1990s.
2. Poster announcing meetings of the Lesbian Avengers, and which parodies a Constructivist poster (see page 46), by Carrie Mayer, USA, early 1990s.
3. The Dyke Manifesto by the Lesbian Avengers, designed by Carrie Mayer, USA, 1992.

## SPEAK OUT ABOUT VIOLENCE AGAINST LESBIANS!

Have you been the target of anti-Lesbian violence, hatred, or physical?

OPEN MIKE • ALL LESBIANS INVITED

Do you have ideas about the issue of violence against Lesbians?

Do you want to do something about what's happening in our community?

LESBIANS SPEAK OUT

The LESBIAN AVENGERS is a direct action group focused on issues vital to lesbian survival and visibility. We meet every Tuesday at 8 PM at the Lesbian & Gay Community Center, 300 West 13th Street, NYC. For more information: (212) 867-3771 ext. 3008

SUNDAY, NOV 22, 6-8PM • THE LESBIAN & GAY COMMUNITY SERVICES CENTER • 208 W 13TH ST, NYC

## DIYKE CALLING ALL LESBIANS! MAIN EVENTS TO WAKE UP!

IT'S TIME TO GET OUT OF THE BEDS, OUT OF THE BARS AND INTO THE STREETS.  
IT'S TIME TO SEIZE THE POWER OF DYKE LOVE, DYKE VISION, DYKE ANGER, DYKE INTELLIGENCE, DYKE STRATEGY.  
IT'S TIME TO ORGANIZE AND ACT! IT'S TIME TO GET TOGETHER AND FIGHT.  
WE'RE INVISIBLE, SISTERS, AND IT'S NOT SAFE—NOT IN OUR HOMES, NOT IN THE STREETS, NOT ON THE JOB, NOT IN THE COURTS.  
WHERE ARE THE OUT LESBIAN LEADERS? IT'S TIME FOR A FIERCE LESBIAN MOVEMENT AND THAT'S YOU! THE ROLE MODEL, THE VISION, THE DESIRE.  
**WE NEED YOU.**  
BECAUSE: WE'RE NOT WAITING FOR THE RAPTURE. WE ARE THE APOCALYPSE. We'll be your dream and their nightmare.

### LESBIAN POWER

LESBIAN AVENGERS BELIEVE IN CREATIVE ACTIVISM: LOUD, BOLD, SEXY, SILLY, FIERCE, TASTY AND DRAMATIC. ARREST! OPTIONAL.  
THINK DEMONSTRATIONS ARE A GOOD TIME AND A GREAT PLACE TO CRUSS WOMEN.  
LESBIAN AVENGERS DON'T HAVE PATIENCE FOR POLITE POLITICS. ARE BORED WITH THE BOYS.  
THINK OF STINK BOMBS AS ALL-SEASON ACCESSORIES. DON'T HAVE A POSITION ON THE AIR BETA.  
BELIEVE IN RECAPTIVATING THE ADULTS' NOT IN STRAIGHT WOMEN. DON'T RUN YOURSELF AT ALL.  
LESBIAN AVENGERS DO BELIEVE HOMOPHOBIA IS A FORM OF MISOGYNY.  
LESBIAN AVENGERS ARE NOT CONTENT WITH CHETTES. WE WANT YOUR HOUSE, YOUR JOB, YOUR FREQUENT FLYER MILES.  
WE'LL SELL YOUR JEWELRY TO SUBSIDIZE OUR MOVEMENT.  
LESBIAN AVENGERS DON'T BELIEVE IN THE FEMINIZATION OF POVERTY. WE DEMAND UNIVERSAL HEALTH INSURANCE AND HOUSING.  
WE DEMAND FOOD AND SHELTER FOR ALL HOMELESS LESBIANS.  
LESBIAN AVENGERS ARE THE 13th STEP. LESBIAN AVENGERS THINK GRL GANGS ARE THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE.

### LESBIAN SEX

BELIEVE IN TRANSCENDENCE IN ALL STATES, INCLUDING IN DRAGO AND GREGON.  
THINK SEX IS A DAILY LIMITON. GOOD IDEAS FOR ACTIONS.  
WE CRAVE, ENJOY, EXPLORE, SUFFER FROM NEW IDEAS ABOUT RELATIONSHIPS.  
SLIMMER PARTIES. POLYGAMY (WHY GET MARRIED ONLY ONCE? JESSICA'S AIDS. AFFIRM GROUPS.  
LIKE OLD FASHIONED: PINK LONG, WHINE STAY IN BAD RELATIONSHIPS.  
GET MARRIED BUT DON'T WANT TO DOMESTICATE OUR PARTNERS.  
LIKE THE SONG "MORE MADONNA, LESS BUS".  
USE LIVE ACTION WORDS: fuck, really, eat, fuck, don't play, like, give it up.  
LESBIAN AVENGERS LIKE UNKLES. SUBVERSION IS OUR PERVERSION.

### LESBIAN ACTIVISM

LESBIAN AVENGERS SCHEME AND SCREAM.  
THINK ACTIONS MUST BE LOCAL, REGIONAL, NATIONAL, GLOBAL, OR SPACE.  
LESBIAN AVENGERS THINK CLOSETED LESBIANS, QUEER BOYS AND SYMPHETIC STRAIGHTS SHOULD SEND US MONEY.  
BELIEVE DIRECT ACTION IS A KEY IN THE 1990s.  
LESBIAN AVENGERS PLAN TO TARGET HOMOPHOBES OF EVERY STRIFE AND IMPRINT THE CHRISTIAN RIGHT.  
LESBIAN AVENGERS ENJOY LITIGATION. Class action suits fit us very well.

## TOP 10 AVENGER QUALITIES

- (IN DESCENDING ORDER)
1. ACCESS TO RESOURCES (XEROX MACHINES)
  2. GOOD DANCER
  3. FIERCE SEX
  4. EIGHTH SENSE
  5. RIGHTEOUS ANGER
  6. FEARLESSNESS
  7. INFORMED
  8. NO BIG EGO
  9. LEADERSHIP
  10. COMPASSION

THE LESBIAN AVENGERS. WE RECRUIT.



## ÖOLA

In 1986 two young Swedish entrepreneurs came to meet with me about designing an identity and some packaging for a chain of candy stores that they were planning to open in shopping malls on the East Coast. They already owned a chain of stores in Sweden and the UK. The name of the chain in Europe was Sweetwave, and their main attractions were large glass cylinders that displayed brightly colored candy. The stores attracted young adults with little children and teenagers. Candy was dispensed by pulling a lever, which dropped the candy into a trough where it could be raked into a bag. The Swedes called this system “pick and mix.” The weight of the bag determined the cost of the candy. In Europe their major competitor was Sweet Factory, which also dispensed candy in cylinders and was opening stores in shopping malls in the United States.

The Swedes told me that the candy Sweetwave sold was not substantially different from the candy sold by Sweet Factory, and that there was essentially one great big candy wholesaler from which most retailers purchased hard candy and another wholesale manufacturer that produced chocolate. This was a disappointing revelation to me. In 1986 I still assumed that if there was a candy company that had a brand name, it was because they actually made the candy. At the time the biggest candy chain on the East Coast in shopping malls was Fanny Farmer. I always assumed that Fanny and her disciples were back in the kitchen somewhere stirring the pots of chocolate. I had accepted the notion that a chain like Fanny Farmer could be bought by a company like, say, Beatrice, and that the candy kitchen might be a huge factory somewhere in the Midwest, but the idea that the goodies were purchased through some anonymous wholesaler and repackaged to create a “brand” seemed particularly cynical. I asked the Swedes what was the point of their business if they didn’t make the candy. They said they were selling an environment and an expe-

rience. They wanted to package the candy in such a way that a consumer who wanted to buy a treat would enjoy the act of purchase as much as the candy.

I went to visit the Galleria shopping mall in White Plains, where the first store would open. I don’t particularly like shopping-mall environments, but the Galleria was especially depressing. The only candy store in the mall, Fanny Farmer, was a dreary, dingy place. The color palette was brown and tan with gold accents. The gold was selected to make the consumer believe that Fanny Farmer made elegant; expensive chocolate, but the feeling of the store was exactly the opposite: tacky, with low ceilings and faux fixtures.

I became intrigued by the idea of creating a terrific environment through packaging. Shopping malls are basically phony environments. They are temporary—built for change. Stores come and go. It would be easy enough to create a spirited modern environment. The design of the store—its shelving—needed only to be neutral. The Swedes didn’t have a lot of money. They had a very precise budget that was supposed to enable them to open fifteen stores over the course of two years. They expected all of the packages to be customized with the identity. The plan was to purchase generic boxes, cans, or clear plastic packaging and cover them with the new Sweetwave identity. The Swedes never used the word *branding*. If they had I would not have known what they meant. I viewed the project as a form of visual environmentalism, a way of being kind to the consumer by making their experience more enjoyable, even theatrical. I was designing entertainment.

I thought Sweetwave was a terrible name. It was too close to Sweet Factory. Also, there was nothing unusual in it. It had no specific personality and would not attract any special interest in an American shopping mall. It would seem simply a knockoff of Sweet Factory. I persuaded the owners to change the name of the store. We considered the words for *candy*, *sweets*, and *cookies* in Swedish, but the translations were unfortunate—*candy* is *konfekt*, *cake* is *kaka*. In retrospect, I don’t know if it mattered all that much since we were competing with Fanny herself.

I decided to make up a word. I had heard that “Häagen-Dazs” was an invention. It also dawned on me that the umlaut was distinctly European. Sometimes they seemed Swedish, sometimes Danish, sometimes Dutch or German, but definitely Northern European, perhaps Scandinavian. I began to make up words that sounded like a woman’s name. Oona and Oola were the favorites, with the umlaut stuck over the first o, Öola. A year after I’d designed the graphics for Öola, a group of Swedish designers came to visit Koppel & Scher. I showed them Öola and they roared with laughter, because they had spent their entire typographic careers trying to get rid of umlauts.





I presented two logo designs for Öola. One involved geometric letterforms with the round Os filled in with bright yellow. The color system was decidedly de Stijl. I assumed that the American shopping-mall consumer would recognize it as vaguely Northern European, modern, and progressive, especially against the dismal beiges of the competition. The second logo was a face made out of the letters. The Swedes liked both logos and couldn't decide between them. We decided to use both. The geometric letterforms would be used on signage and some labeling. It was ultimately redrawn as a complete typeface. The lettering that created a face was used for holiday promotions, bags, and other candy labeling. Both logos had the same color system, so the designs worked well together.

Packaging for Öola was produced inexpensively. The Swedes found preexisting plastic boxes, cans, and tins, and I created labels for them. Sometimes we selected specific candies as part of the design. For example, chunky tubular licorice in red and black was selected because it worked well with the package shape and logo design. The package and the candy became one entity.

My Swedish clients had purchased most of the fixtures for the first store. They involved me in the choosing of the store's color palette and asked me to create exterior and interior signage. I became somewhat more involved in subsequent stores, where the identity was used more liberally in the architecture. Some stores featured round windows that displayed the candy and were lit up by the umlaut.

The first store, which opened in White Plains in 1988, was instantaneously crowded with teenagers and young mothers with little children. Within five months Öola had pushed Fanny Farmer out of business in the White Plains shopping mall. This was an absolute revelation for me. I previously had no sense of the power of my work, be-







cause it had always been dependent on the quality of the product. Good covers couldn't sell bad music or boring books. Mediocre graphics never seemed to hurt products that were in demand. But here the product was somewhat generic, ordered from a giant wholesaler. Every candy store had access to the same product. Packaging spirit and store environment increased sales.

For fifteen years I had worked through approval processes in marketing departments, responding to comments about color, style, content. Marketing directors and their underlings were my clients. Here, with Öola, my clients owned the company. I was a design consultant who named, defined, and designed the spirit and personality of the product and store. I was the brand manager. I was the marketing director. I was all-powerful. I decided then and there that from that time on marketing departments should work for me, not the other way around.

Öola opened five more stores between 1988 and 1990, hit a huge recession, and found itself undercapitalized. The Swedes had a silent American partner who had bankrolled a large percentage of the company, and they were forced out of the operation. The American partner closed down the retail stores and began to turn the brand into a concession product for movie theaters. Gradually the packaging was modified in size, material, and color until it bore little resemblance to its original design. The company ran out of money, so I was never fully paid for my work (though my design fee was embarrassingly low).

But I had begun to understand the power of graphic design in the retail marketplace. At that time, I was unaware of how large design firms structured proposals and designated appropriate fees. The scope of work I had produced for Öola would be described on a typical brand identity proposal today as follows:



## STYLE WARS

*I. Research and Naming; II. Brand Attribute and Personality Development; III. Identity Development: a. Initial Concepts, Logo Color System, Materials, Typography; b. Corporate Materials, Stationery System, etc.; IV. Sub-brands, Naming Philosophy; V. Packaging System; VI. Signage; VII. Interior Store Design; VIII. Advertising, Point of Sale.*

I gave most of this to my clients for free. I didn't yet understand how to deconstruct the design process. I delivered everything at once because I thought that way and naturally worked that way. Had Öola been a large corporation, they never would have produced any of my designs because they would not have trusted the process. It would have appeared too easy and inexpensive to warrant the risk of investment. A long, complicated process involving focus testing and other consumer research would have been employed to make the larger client feel comfortable. Also Öola would not have looked enough like other products in the same category to satisfy a focus group. The test would probably have shown a polarized audience, some who felt strongly that the design was exciting, and others who would state that it didn't look enough like traditional candy packaging or that they didn't believe the candy would taste good. Obviously this is all supposition, but my later experiences with focus testing on products that I designed with a similar methodology or aesthetic have always resulted in these types of reactions. The design was always "too something," because it didn't look enough like something that already existed in the marketplace. The hypothetical large corporation would not be anxious to take any risk. There would have been revisions, more testing, and more revisions until the joy and spontaneity would have been squeezed from the design: blanding as opposed to branding.






It's a shame that Öola faced a massive retail recession in 1989 and 1990, because its financial failure made the design appear unsuccessful. It should have become a serious case history for how the design process can work. Öola was the best purely commercial project, in quality of work and process, that I have ever had. It was an ideal situation. There were only two decision makers. They had a clear understanding of their business goals. They were willing to trust a designer as a valued consultant who would make all important visual recommendations based on the information they provided and with their committed involvement. Our conversations were completely functional, collaborative, and often theoretical—not political. We accomplished much with little time and few resources. The relationship was mutually beneficial. And most importantly, they were prepared to take risks and to value intuition as an important part of analysis and decision-making. They were model clients in every way except that they simply didn't have enough operating capital.




## SWATCH WATCH USA

**"Since we got Swatch, Debbie made honors, and the football team too."**



**swatch THE FAMILY THAT TICKS TOGETHER STICKS TOGETHER.**



SWATCH. THE NEW MADE IN SWITZERLAND.

In 1984 the new marketing director of Swatch Watch USA called Koppel & Scher after seeing a copy of *Great Beginnings*. He had heard that I had worked in the music business and thought my background would be appropriate for an ad campaign for a new youth-oriented product that was being introduced in the United States.

The product was a series of brightly colored plastic watches that had groovy postmodern graphics. The watches were waterproof, sold for \$35, and were being marketed as trendy fashion items so cheap that you would wear three at once. The ad campaign to introduce them would run in *Rolling Stone*, the *Village Voice*, and other music-business rags and youth publications. The marketing director asked if I would design "something fifties."

In the eighties revisiting the fifties was very popular. Karrie Jacobs once wrote something to the effect that each generation recreates the graphics of its childhood so it can correct all the mistakes. In the eighties the baby-boom generation had come of age and was ready to relive their youth. I hated the idea of designing something that was "fifties." That direction usually implied that the designer would apply the product (a photograph of a watch) to a background pattern that was vaguely period—like linoleum or tacky Holiday Inn-type wallpaper—and then couple it with some retro script or jumpy typography.

I began rifling through some old *Life* magazines from the fifties that I had purchased and saved; at first I was simply studying graphic and photographic style. But the ads were simply hilarious. They often seemed to be concerned with the notion that a product could change your life in some overt way. Pepsi could make you popular; Maxwell House could improve your marriage. It's not that the messages of advertising are all that different today, it's just that there was absolutely no subtlety in the fifties. This goofy naiveté is completely familiar now,

seen everyday on Nick-at-Nite and at Old Navy. In 1984 it was slightly more surprising.

I decided there should be a Swatch family with a mom, a dad, a son, a daughter, and even a grandmother, and that the mom should always make a claim about how the Swatch Watch had changed the lives of the family for the better. For the first ad I wrote, "Since we got Swatch, my kids are never late for school, and their grades are better too!" Then we added the tag line, "The family that ticks together sticks together," which came from the old religious slogan, "The family that prays together stays together."

I hired Gary Heery, who I had worked with at CBS, to photograph the ads. We cast the family and wrote and produced one ad per month. I remember that the first four or five ads went relatively smoothly. We had developed a nice formula for them. The headlines all had the same rhythm: "Since we got Swatch, blah blah blah, and blah blah blah too!" I collaborated with the marketing director by first setting up the scenario for the photo session based on possible fifties activities—a slumber party, a Thanksgiving dinner, bowling—and then we would create the headlines. My personal favorite was "Since we got Swatch, Debbie made honors, and the football team too."

By the middle of the campaign, the ads began to attract attention from both the design and advertising press. Swatch Watch had refused to hire an advertising agency and had purchased their own media space. Hiring a design firm to write and art-direct the ads was unconventional. It was after the press acclaim that my relationship with the client began to deteriorate. We began arguing over scenarios, headlines, the size of the watches on the bottom of the page. Terry Koppel converted the ad campaign into a calendar that was sold with the watches. The campaign had been a success, but my relationship with my client had become tense.





When we began the second campaign for Swatch, the marketing director and I were in agreement that it would be another spoof. I was visiting him in his office, which was located in the Swiss International Business Building on Fifth Avenue. Swatch was still a fledgling company and shared office space with other Swiss businesses. On the walls of the offices hung the classic Herbert Matter posters for Swiss travel. I had long admired them and decided they were all simply crying out for a Swatch Watch. Better still, there were roughly the same number of letters in the word *Schweiz* as in *Swatch*. It was a natural match. The second parody campaign (now infamous) for Swatch was born.

I called the AIGA to find out about obtaining the right to use Matter's work, and sent permission forms to Mr. Matter. I found in laying out the first ad that it was impossible to strip in an arm holding a watch without changing the direction of the face. We reshot the lady

skier in the hat using Heery's wife as a model. I selected and positioned the typography exactly as it was positioned on the original poster. The marketing director said, "Make it bigger." I said "I can't make it bigger, it's a parody, it's supposed to look exactly the same." The marketing director insisted again that I make it bigger. So I made it somewhat bigger, and at his behest, somewhat bigger again. We finished the campaign, which was credited "Design: Koppel & Scher with Herbert Matter." The ad with the lady skier in a hat became a poster; the others existed only as ads.

In 1985 I was invited to speak at the first conference of the American Institute of Graphic Arts in Boston. The keynote speaker was Tom Wolfe. In his speech he discussed the state of contemporary graphic design and referred to "the big closet," the storehouse of the past where designers go to recycle ideas. He cited the Herbert Matter ad campaign as an example of design from "the

big closet." At that time the campaign was running in *Mademoiselle* and a few other fashion publications. I was amazed and flattered that anyone noticed it, as there was a very limited media buy. I showed a slide of the poster during my fifteen-minute presentation at the conference. It got a big laugh. Afterward the Swiss-American graphic designer Steph Geissbühler, a Matter devotee, told me he didn't know if he'd been kissed or kicked.

Most Americans don't know who Matter is. The Swatch/Schweiz joke was really for a very select audience: media types, poster aficionados, graphic designers, and people who worked at Swatch. I saw the poster used in retail situations, where Swatch watches were displayed. The graphics looked cool and young in 1985. By the end of 1985 the poster had disappeared from the marketplace but had its second life in design-competition award annuals, and book and magazine articles.

Shortly after the poster appeared in *Graphis*, the Zurich Poster Museum requested a copy.

In 1990 graphic designer Tibor Kalman ridiculed the poster in a talk he gave at a symposium at the School of Visual Arts. He started the talk by playing a sour version of the Lennon-McCartney song "Yesterday" (the recording was probably more damning than anything actually said). He referred to the Swatch poster and others as pieces of "jive modernism," which implied that the use of the poster was nostalgic, deliberately violating its intended modern target by quoting it out of context. But the public ridicule of one well-known designer by another was a cause celeb.

Shortly after the symposium and the publication of Kalman's article "Good History, Bad History," I began receiving theses from graphic-design students and professors that dealt with the Swatch poster and whether or not it was plagiarism, or if not plagiarism, some other nefarious act, and what was the appropriate role of history in design.

I had always viewed the Swatch poster as somewhat unexceptional. It was a joke, a poster about a poster, a parody. The period style in which the poster was made was irrelevant. It could just as easily have been Victorian or early American or art nouveau or completely contemporary. It was the fame of the poster that mattered, no pun intended. That's how parodies function. One is supposed to remember the original and get the joke. Parodies are an acceptable expressive form; they exist in literature, music, theater, and design. But the Swatch poster, a parody of a revered graphic icon, seemed to rankle a certain percentage of the design community that believes in the sacredness of midcentury modernism. There has probably been more discourse, more writing about my Swatch poster, pro and con, than any other piece of my work. I was told after being proposed

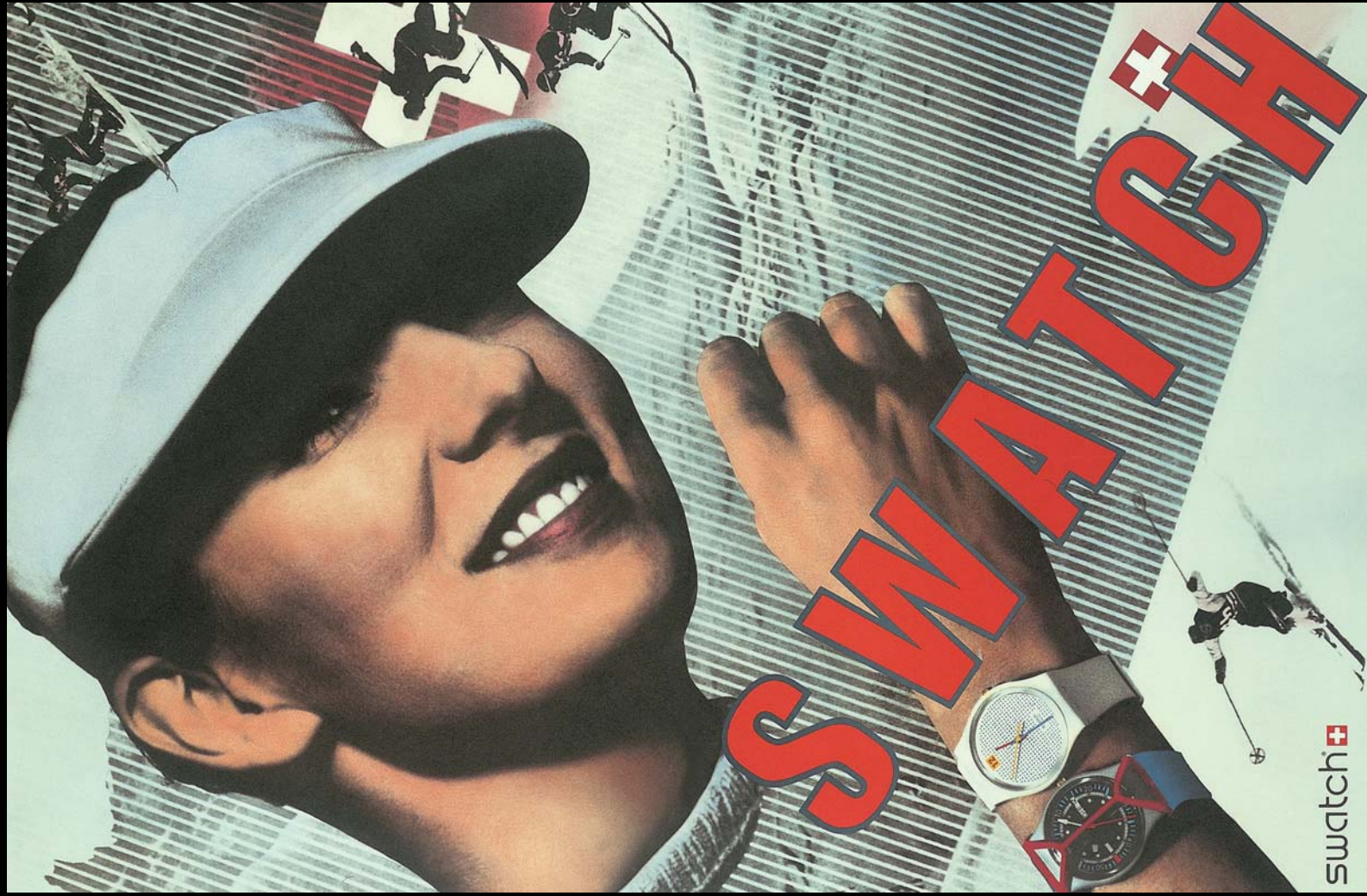


as a member to the Alliance Graphique Internationale (an elitist international graphic-design organization) that there was a Swiss designer who rejected me because he was so offended by the Swatch poster. "Over my dead body," he said. (Then he died.)

For a period of time I stopped showing the poster in design lectures because I didn't want to be forced to defend it. But the audience would always ask about it anyway. They still do.









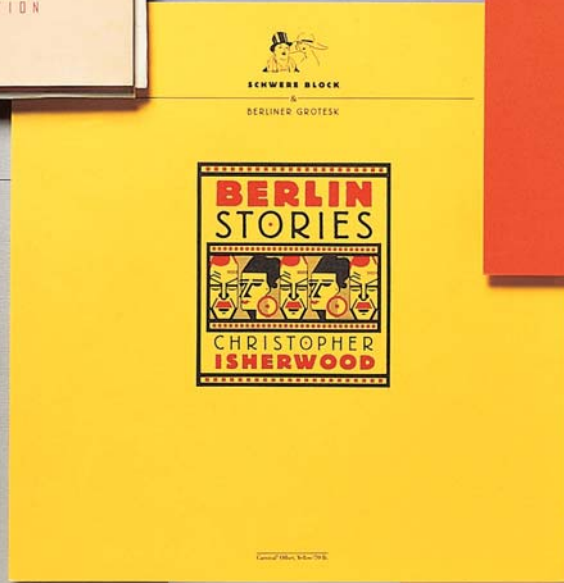
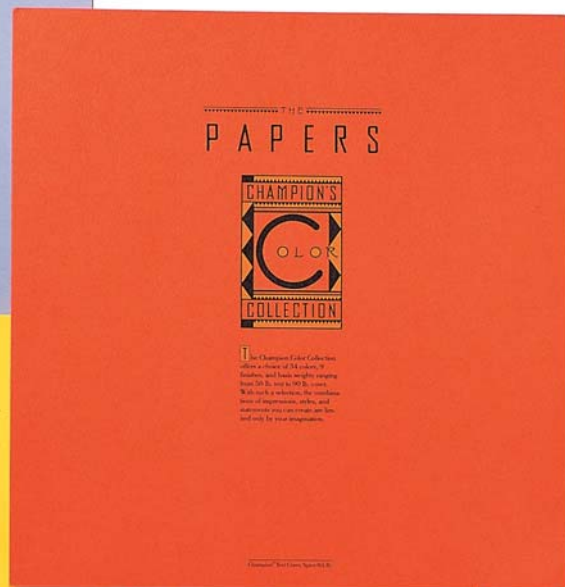
## BEAUTIFUL FACES/DINGBATS

Champion Papers approached me in 1986 about the possibility of promoting their Carnival Paper line. They said they spent a lot of money creating promotion pieces for designers (the Imagination Series they produced was legendary). But often, after the paper promotions were distributed to designers, the paper representatives would make sales calls and discover that the designers had thrown out the promotion pieces. They asked if I had an idea for a promotion that a designer would not throw away.

The logical answer seemed to be some sort of tool, something useful for the designer. It had to be something where the design of the container was irrelevant. While a design audience provides opportunity for design experimentation, most designers love to complain about design for designers, and to an extent, their complaints are warranted. This type of design is usually excessive, and if the content isn't witty or interesting, it seems especially banal.

I was often on the design-industry panels, and the question I was most asked was, "Where do you purchase your typography?" My typography came from lots of sources. There was a type house in New York City called Haber Typographers that had a wonderful collection of American wood types from the Morgan Foundry. I had collected prints of entire alphabets of the wood faces and photostated them repeatedly. The Xerox machine was the ruling graphic design-technology in the early eighties, and I often had designs reproduced from photocopies of wood typography. I collected other alphabets from old type books and type specimen sheets purchased at flea markets and in antique stores. The typefaces were Victorian, art nouveau, art deco, streamline—you name it. The dog's dinner of eclectic style was my response to the regimentation of Helvetica and the international style, and later to the tyranny of the type company ITC, which distributed a plethora of popular new and classic fonts. I have always





A

Agency Gothic

B

Carin Condensed

C

Binner Gothic

D

Epitaph Open

E

Hessbold

F

Herold Condensed

G

Triple Condensed  
Gothic

H

Long Tall Good Wood

I

Morgan Gothic

J

Triple Condensed  
Gothic

K

Wood Block  
Condensed

L

Comstock

M

Grocers Condensed

N

Long Tall Good Wood

O

Agency Gothic

P

Long Tall Good Wood

Q

Epitaph Open

R

Binner Gothic

S

Carin Condensed

T

Hessbold

U

Triple Condensed  
Gothic

V

Comstock

W

Long Tall Good Wood

X

Carin Condensed

Y

Morgan Gothic

Z

Grocers Condensed

1

Herold Condensed

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Comstock

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Carin Condensed

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Grocers Condensed

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Triple Condensed  
Gothic

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Agency Gothic

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Binner Gothic

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Carin Condensed

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Herold Condensed

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Hessbold



A

Binner Gothic

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Agency Gothic

D

Long Tall Good Wood

E

Epitaph Open

F

Grocers Condensed

G

Triple Condensed Gothic

H

Long Tall Good Wood

I

Comstock

J

Agency Gothic

K

Binner Gothic

L

Herold Condensed

M

Morgan Gothic

N

Binner Gothic

O

Triple Condensed Gothic

P

Binner Gothic

Q

Hessbold

R

Epitaph Open

S

Grocers Condensed

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Wood Block Condensed

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Carin Condensed

V

Herold Condensed

W

Carin Condensed

X

Hessbold

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Epitaph Open

Z

Herold Condensed

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Comstock

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Carin Condensed

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Triple Condensed Gothic

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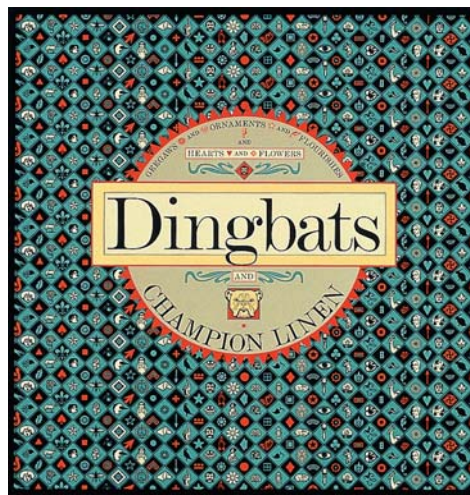
Agency Gothic

been wary of popular type companies that have a strong aesthetic (though I admire Emigre, for example, I don't often use their more eccentric fonts), because the ensuing typography somehow looks like it comes from the type house and is not a natural product of the design process. When a new typeface becomes a trend, I'm embarrassed by it.

*Beautiful Faces* was a simple idea. I selected twenty-odd fonts and laid their alphabets out on a grid that could fit comfortably on an 11-by-17 inch photocopier. The typefaces were then printed on Champion Carnival papers, inserted into a portfolio, and distributed to forty thousand graphic designers. I picked dark-colored papers, which would not copy well, for typographic demonstrations. These were period designs and not dissimilar to those in *Great Beginnings*.

I couldn't find the names of some of the typefaces I had collected so I made them up. One of the fonts in the *Beautiful Faces* portfolio was used by my friend Carin Goldberg on a jacket for a book titled *Trio*, so I named the typeface Trio after that. Years later I saw the face turn up in a collection of digital fonts with that name attached to it.

*Beautiful Faces* became the most requested promotion piece in Champion's history. It gave the design community access to a reproducible type portfolio for free and had the greatest individual impact I would make on the design gestalt of the times. There were three portfolios in all, two that contained typography and one that contained printer flourishes and decorative marks, called Dingbats. The success of the project cemented my relationship with Champion, which has since allowed me to produce some of my more inventive work.



[Romanesque]

[Gothic]

[Renaissance]

[Animals]

[Flowers]

[Leaves, Trees, and Birds]

# Dingbats

AND  
CHAMPION LINEN

Have you ever searched for that "perfect" Linen paper?  
Have you ever scoured through files or soiled books to find that perfect dingbat?

Have you ever noticed that dingbats (the walking variety) often appear at these times to offer advice?

These can be dangerous and frightening moments for even the most disciplined graphic designer.

Not anymore.

This collection of over 1,000 Dingbats was compiled from many sources, including old library books and the Dover Library. Some new and hard to find dingbats were personally donated by Eric Fisher, Kit Hareide, Alan Fletcher and Barry Reid.

Prints. Two problems solved. End of story.

We wish.

To help continue you of the printing virtues of Champion Linen, we asked designer and collector Paula Selzer to share her imagination using her favorite dingbats and Champion's fine paper Linen shades. All of her print production notes appear on the back of each folded page.

Please, this collection is for your use. We've included a dingbat and Linen paper for every occasion. Feel free to use them.

Often.

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Category	Count	Category	Count
Animals	100	Flowers	100
Arms & Weapons	100	Geometric	100
Books & Documents	100	Heads & Faces	100
Clothing	100	Hearts & Flowers	100
Food & Drink	100	Leaves & Trees	100
Games & Sports	100	Objects & Tools	100
Hands & Feet	100	Religious & Mythical	100
Heads & Faces	100	Signs & Symbols	100
Hearts & Flowers	100	Tools & Instruments	100
Leaves & Trees	100	Unlabeled	100
Objects & Tools	100		
Religious & Mythical	100		
Signs & Symbols	100		
Tools & Instruments	100		
Unlabeled	100		





Animals



Hands



Leaves, Trees, and Birds



Geegaws



Miscellaneous



Geegaws



Geegaws



Geegaws



Geegaws



Hands



Geometry



People



Swashes



Romance



Geometry



People



Miscellaneous



Romance



Miscellaneous



Swashes



Flowers



People



Romance



Geegaws



Leaves, Trees, and Birds



People



People



Geegaws



Geegaws



Animals



Flowers



Geegaws



Animals



Hands



Leaves, Trees



Miscellaneous



Hands



Animals



Geegaws



Miscellaneous



Romance



Swashes

Hands



Swashes



Romance



Geometry



Miscellaneous

Geometry



Miscellaneous



Hands



Geegaws



Geegaws



Animals



Flowers



Animals

Leaves, Trees, and Birds



People



Hands



Flowers

Animals



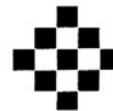
Leaves, Trees, and Birds



Geegaws



Geometry



Flowers





Swashes



Miscellaneous



Miscellaneous



Geegaws



People



Geegaws



Swashes



People



Romance



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Animals



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Geegaws



Geometry



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Romance



Hands



Geometry



Flowers



Flowers



Animals



People



Geegaws



Geometry



People



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Birds



Swashes



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Flowers



Flowers



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Miscellaneous



Geometry



People



Swashes



Romance



Geometry



Miscellaneous



Geegaws



Geegaws



Hands



Geegaws



Swashes



**KEY** ← **m** - MARRIED → **e** - CHILD OF → **d** - DESCENDED FROM → **illicit liaisons**



## 1985



# LUBEVITCH & MOSCOWITZ: FORGOTTEN DOYENS OF DELI DESIGN

Until recently, the prolific partnership of Lubevitch and Moscovitz was all but forgotten—a footnote in the history of design. As usual, it took the attention and objectivity of a foreign cultural center to point out the richness of our own heritage. At the current retrospective exhibition at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs (Louvre, Paris), one is awestruck by the innovation, logic, and esthetic of Lubevitch and Moscovitz, the original Delicatessen Designers.

Hyman Lubevitch and Solomon Moscovitz emigrated to the U.S. in 1907 and opened a delicatessen on Delancey Street on Manhattan's Lower East Side. Muriel Moscovitz, wife of the late Solomon, recalls, "There were so many delis then. Solomon didn't think we'd make it. Hyman said we'd get by if we could give the customers something to remember, a nicety, like a clean glass. We had a big waitress named Gittel who had come over from Minsk. She was terrible, but no one had the heart to fire her. She kept forgetting to put out napkins and the customers complained. So Solomon started tinkering in the back with little bits and pieces of aluminum. The next thing I knew, he designed a beautiful napkin dispenser. The same thing with the sugar. We had it in bowls and it spilled everywhere. He took a candy jar, and again with the aluminum. It was genius. So he takes both designs to Morty Rubenstein, the manufacturer. The next thing we know, they're turning

up all over the city. Even the Greeks have them. Morty makes a fortune and we wind up with *bupkis*."<sup>6</sup>

It was Hyman Lubevitch who created the delicatessen's famous signage.

"He wanted something simple and legible," states Muriel, "and the type had to be movable. Some days there was good pastrami, some days not! Before the signs, everyone yelled over the counter. The signs gave us class. Then all of a sudden everybody's designing signs. With ligatures yet! They make a fortune with that stuff at Donovan and Green and they don't even make movable letters!"

Massimo Vignelli recently remarked that Lubevitch and Moscovitz were his primary influences when he first arrived in the U.S. "One could not escape the logic of the design. Their grid-like guest check is a classic. I find myself always coming back to it. The rigidity begs for the human scrawl. The combination is beautiful."

Vignelli acknowledges that his own mug design is a tribute to an earlier design by Hyman Lubevitch. "I wanted to revitalize the classic for the '70s," states Vignelli; "perhaps mine becomes more streamlined, but I do not claim to equal the charm of the original."

Muriel blanches at the mention of the Vignelli mug. "It's completely impractical with that concave handle. The coffee drips over the side and runs down the crevice. Where does it land? On the table,



- 1,2. The quintessential designs for napkin and sugar dispensers; Lubevitch and Moscovitz, 1929.
3. Corporate signage for Lubevitch and Moscovitz, 1927.
4. The Moscovitz mug, 1920s.
5. The Vignelli mug, 1970s.

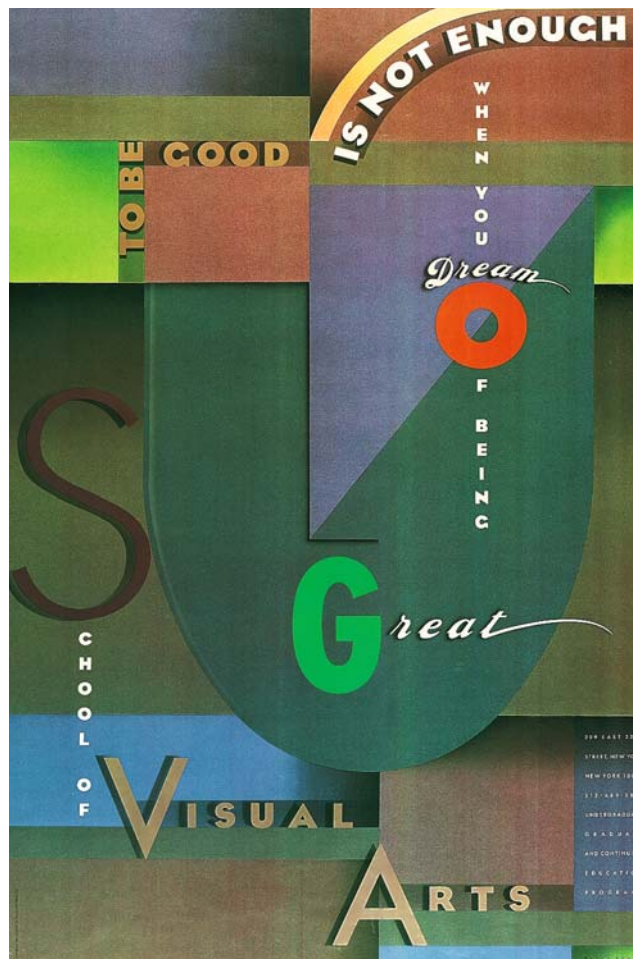


## SVA

I began teaching design at New York's School of Visual Arts in 1982, and have taught there ever since. Silas Rhodes, SVA's founder, has over the years invited me to design three posters for its acclaimed subway advertising campaign. The posters usually employ a thematic advertising headline. The first poster I was asked to design, in 1987, had the tag "To Be Good Is Not Enough When You Dream Of Being Great." Silas explicitly asked me to create a typographic poster. I produced a machinelike face derivative of thirties painting. It was typical of my work in the mid-eighties, which historian Phil Meggs dubbed "retro."

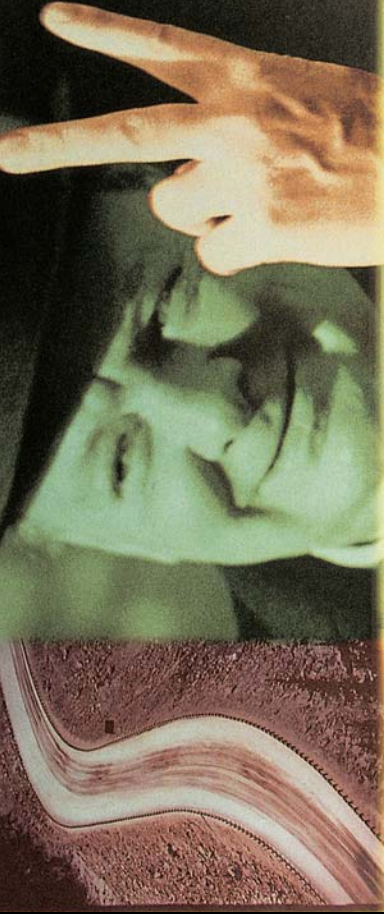
The second poster, in 1992, carried the headline "Great Ideas Never Happen Without Imagination." I combined three unrelated images—a winding road, Winston Churchill's "V" for victory, and the bottom of an unfinished Eiffel Tower—that, combined, spelled out SVA. When the poster was displayed in the subway, the forefinger of Winston Churchill's hand was artfully blacked out with Magic Marker on every subway stop on the Queens-Astoria line.

I was so thrilled by this spontaneous street activity that when it came time to design my third SVA poster I decided to make it deliberately interactive. The poster headline was "Art Is..." I created the words out of words by writing the names of all my favorite artists, musicians, and writers in alphabetical order. I created two posters, one for bus shelters and one for subways. The subway poster had a white background and came with instructions for the passersby to add their names. No one followed my instructions.





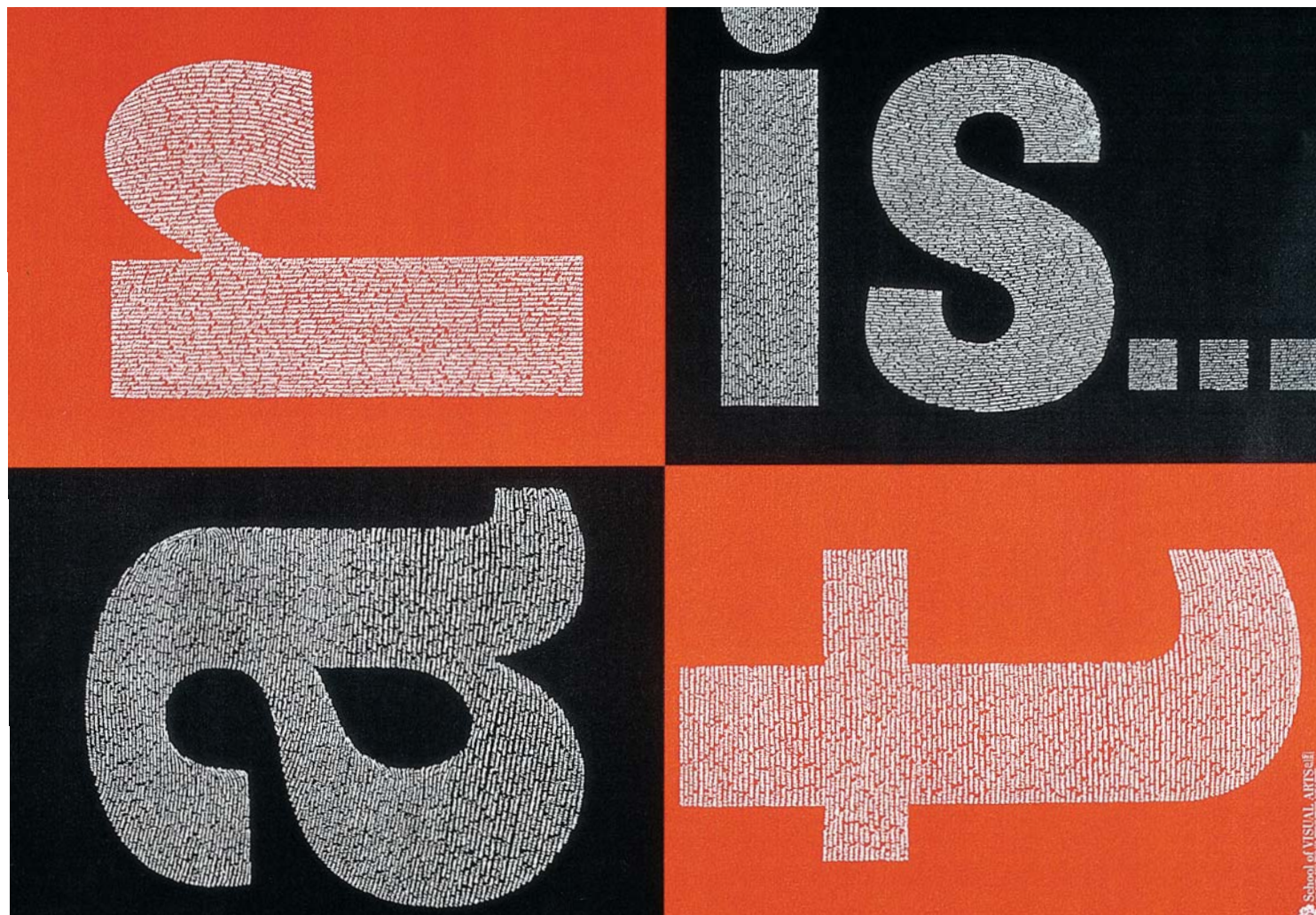
SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS ⑨⑩ A COLLEGE OF THE ARTS



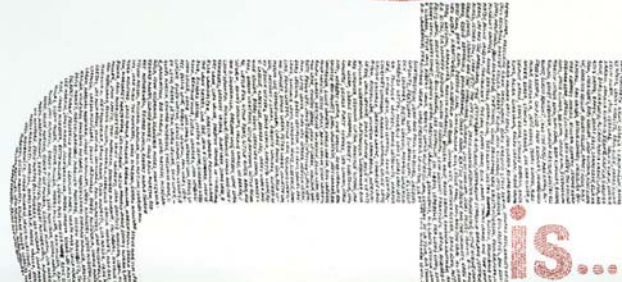
GREAT IDEAS NEVER HAPPEN WITHOUT IMAGINATION











is...

EMERSON, ALFRED ESTES, SAINT ETIENNE  
WILLIAM EGGLESTON AND PALMER, CHARLES EAMLS, RALPH WALDO  
WALKER EVANS, ALEXANDER EXTER, THEODORE SEAGLE  
ANTHONY EDEN, BLAISE EDWARDS, ANITA EKBERG IN  
VITA " FLORENCE ELDRIDGE, DUKE ELLINGTON, GEORGE EL  
EVANS, PHILIP EPSTEIN, ERSKINE CALDWELL, RUTH ETTING, EL  
EARTH, WIND, AND FIRE, DAVE EDMUNDS, DUANE EDDY, JOE ELY,  
DON BUEHLER, PHIL EVERLY, TOM GOKERSLEY ALWIN EISENMAN,  
FREDERICO FELLIN, NATHANIEL FELTON, EDNA FERBER, EDWARD KRAMER,  
ELINGTOR, M.C. ESCHER, PETER HENRY EMERSON GILEVANSIERC  
FISCHER, DAN FLAVIN, THE REVEREND HOWARD FINISTER, COLINGS FORBES  
ALAN FLETCHER, EARL FLATT, LESTER SCRUGGS, HELEN FRANK  
GENTHALER, CASPAR DAVID FRIEDRICH, ROBERT FRANK, LEE  
TED FIRTH, BRIAN FERRY, MARIANNE FAITHFUL, FRIEDLANDER  
FRY FARRELL, EUSTACE FLAUBERT, CHARLES DICKENS, DAN VIN  
END, PETER FRIEND, LYONEL FEININGER, FERRARI, DAN VIN  
RY CONDA JANE FONDA, PETER FONDA, JOHN FORD, CLAUDE  
FRAMTON, ROBERT FLAHERTY, BENNO FREIDMAN KINKY  
MAN, HOWARD FREED, BUCKMINSTER FULLER, DOUGLAS  
FINKS, PETER FIRTH, PETER FALLS, FRANCES FARMER, JOHN  
MIA FARROW, WILLIAM FAULKNER, F. SCOTT FITZGERALD  
BELLMAN, JOSE FERRER, BETTY FIELD, SALLY FIELD, FIELDING  
FELS, PETER FINCH, FERLINGHETTI, ELLA FITZGERALD,  
FELTZGERALD, MAX FLEISHER, IAN FLEMING, LOUISE  
DI FOSTER, EDWARD FOX, JAMES FOX, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN  
R, WILLIAM FRAWLEY, BRUCE FRIEDMAN, WILLIAM FRIEDMAN  
KENHEIMER, JANET FROELICH, FOREIGNER, THE FOUR SEASONS,  
BUREITO BROTHERS, LES FENDER, JOSE FELICIANO, FELD  
O, ONNIE FRANCIS, ROBERTA FLACK, FLEETWOOD MAC, BOBBY  
ALBERT FINNEY, EDDIE FLOYD, FOLDS, DAN FOGLBERG, EDDIE  
FIRT, FRANKIE FORD, THE FOUR TOPS, THE FIVE SATINS, FREE  
FRANKLIN, THE FUGS, FUSION, ADRIAN PROTIGER, LOUISE FILI  
T, PABLO CASALS, RENÉ CASSIN, VERNON CASTLE, IRENE CASTLE  
EGORY CORSO, BILL COSBY, COSTA GRAYAS, MAURICE CHEVALIER  
CLAUDE PEBUSSY, GEORGE DELACOURT, GERARD DEPARDIEU, JOE  
ROBT AGASSE, ALEXANDER ALGARBI, WASHINGTON ALL  
ARBL APPEL, ALEXANDER ARCHAIPENKO, GIUSEPPE ARZIMMI  
SELITZ, JEAN MICHEL BASQUAT, FRANK AUERBACH, WILLIAM  
BOLTANSKI, FERNANDO BOTERO, FRANCOIS BOUCHE  
CI, ANDREA DEL BASTAGNO, GEORGE  
FRANCESCO CLEMENT

## AMBASSADOR ARTS

Ambassador Arts, a silkscreen printing company, was another design-industry company that afforded me an opportunity to design relatively unrestricted work. In the late eighties they asked me to design a poster they could distribute to their clients and friends as an elegant Christmas gift. The poster was lavishly silkscreened on heavy Arches paper. *Silent Night*, which came out in 1988, was one of the last pieces I designed in my “retro” period. I have a hard time with the poster now. It is cloyingly sweet, and I think I knew that the moment I designed it.

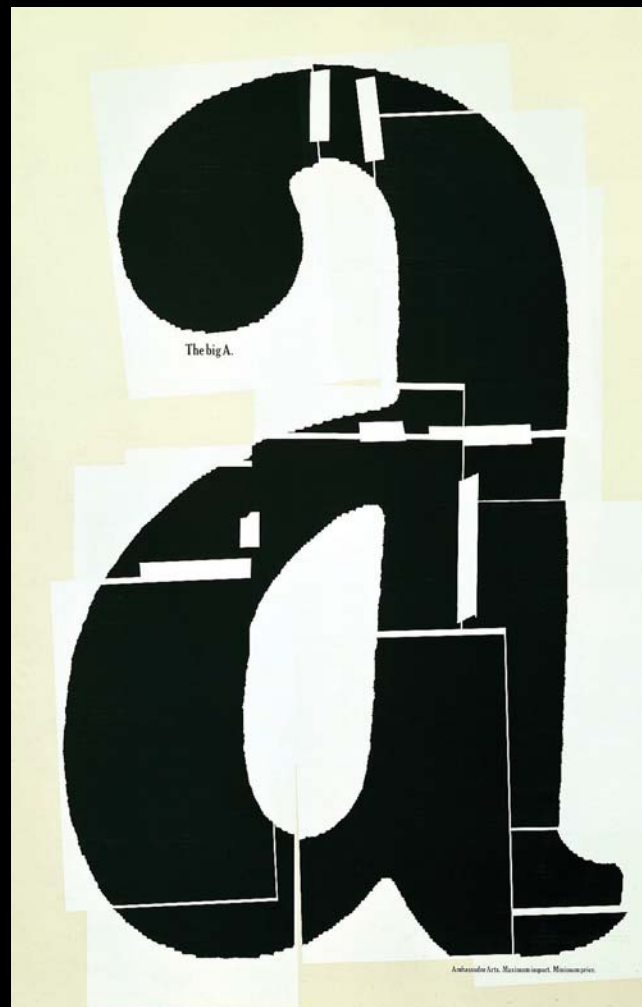
The *Big A* poster was my homage to fractured technology and inexpensive production values. The poster was silkscreened on newsprint. Though it was designed only a year and a half after *Silent Night*, the two posters could not have been more different in spirit and aesthetics. When I designed the *Big A*, I knew the eighties—and an era—were over. In the subsequent year and a half the stock market crashed, my business partner left, the United States bombed Iraq, the economy slid into a severe recession, the design industry went digital, and I was invited to join Pentagram. My work became less ornate, more pointed, and perhaps, meaner.

Ambassador Arts adopted the “Big A” as its identity (and reproduced it as a ridiculously small *a*) and suggested the creation of an entire alphabet. I arranged a cross-promotion with Champion Papers. Woody Pirtle and I selected twelve designers to produce the alphabet, and they were given the size of the poster, a red-and-black color palette, and assigned letters. Every designer asked if they *had* to use red and black.



1988







Michael Bierut



Peter Saville



Seymour Chwast



Paul Davis



Heinz Edelmann



Tom Geismar



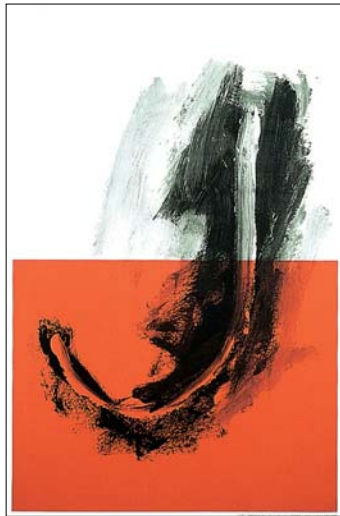
Paula Scher



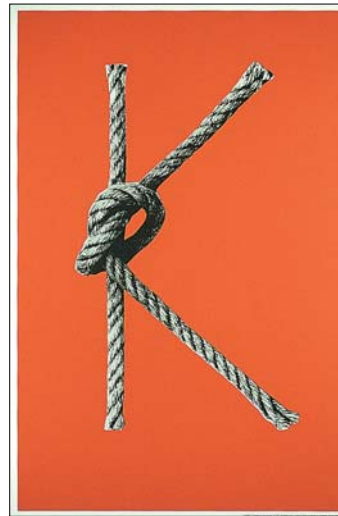
Yarom Vardimon



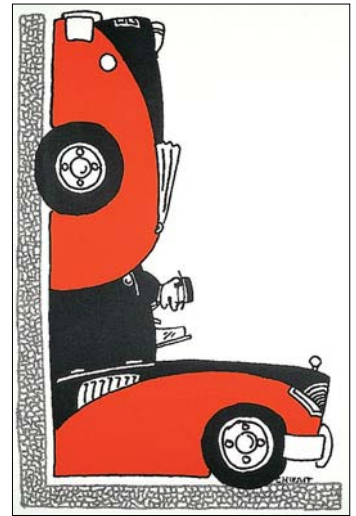
Paula Scher



Paul Davis



Pierre Mendell



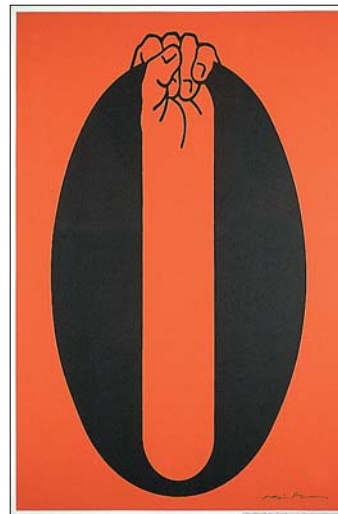
Seymour Chwast



Rosmarie Tissi



Michael Bierut



Shigeo Fukuda

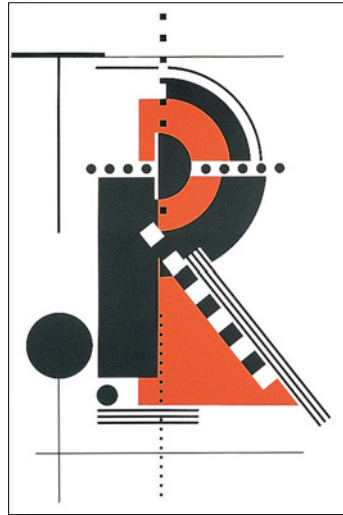


Paula Scher





Heinz Edelman



Rosmarie Tissi



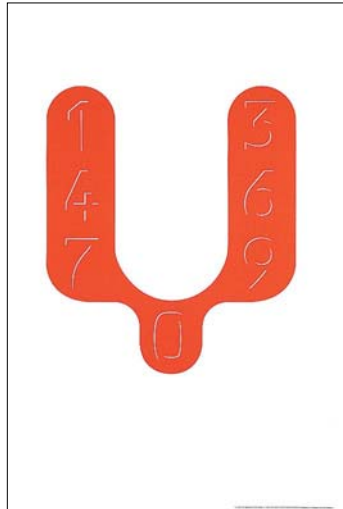
Shigeo Fukuda



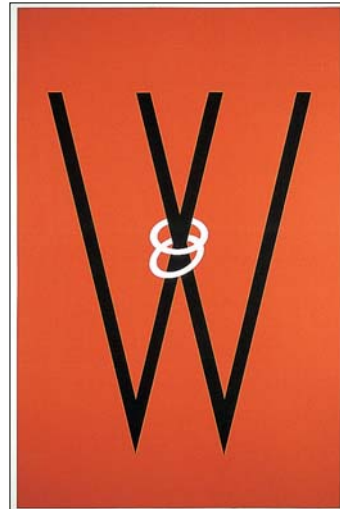
Woody Pirtle



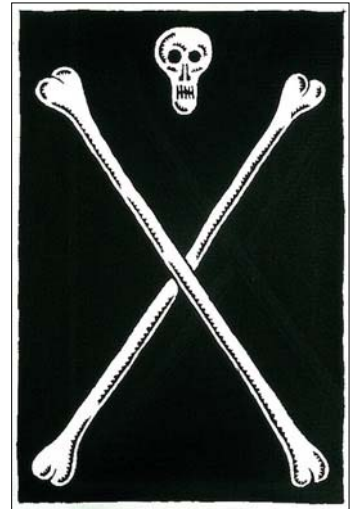
Yarom Vardim



Peter Saville



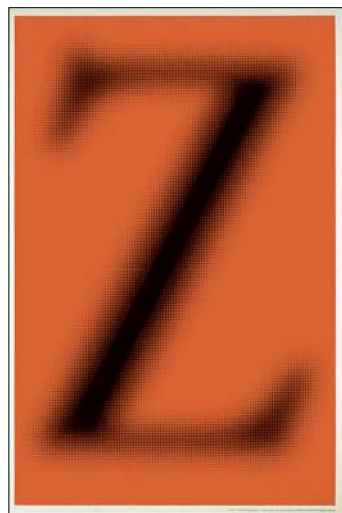
Pierre Mendell



Woody Pirtle



Woody Pirtle



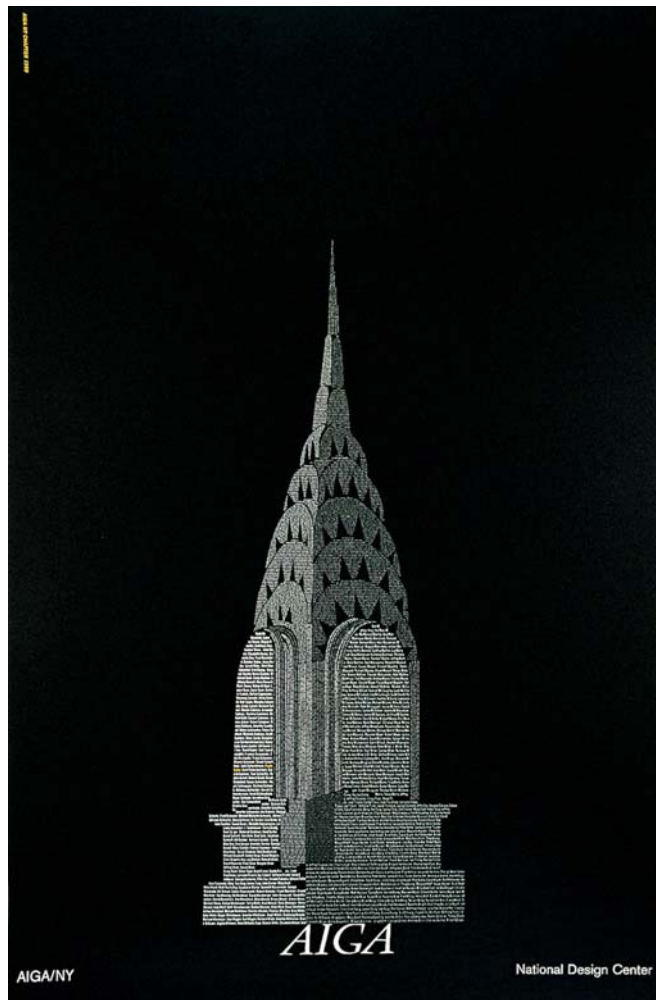
Tom Geismar

## FREE POSTERS

In the eighties I learned that if I wanted to make any kind of graphic discovery or control content, the best clients would be within the design industry and the best audience would be other designers or design students.

Design-industry clients have always afforded me the greatest opportunity for personal expression and growth. By the mid-to late eighties, I was feeling trapped in my own reputation. Commercial clients had an expectation that my work would have a period-oriented postmodern bent. They hired or didn't hire me because of it. Had I not been able to publicly change my design vocabulary, my ability to attract interesting projects would have been severely impaired. Work breeds work.

I love making posters. I love the form and the scale, and I will make them for free if someone will pay for the printing. (Sometimes I'll pay for it myself.) It's considered a dying or irrelevant form of communication, but I believe the opposite to be true. There are so many diverse forms of media—hundreds of cable TV stations, the Internet, thousands of publications—but the only promotion an urban population will see collectively is outdoor media: bus-shelter posters, subway posters, posters pasted on barricades, even billboards. The form has been abducted by advertising agencies that produce big ads that dominate city spaces. The territory rightfully belongs to the public. Graphic designers need to reclaim it for them.




The Chrysler Building composed of a list of the entire membership of the AIGA New York Chapter, 1999



For my show in Osaka, Japan, 1999

At the time I designed this poster, I smoked two and half packs of Parliaments a day. I quit smoking in 1996.



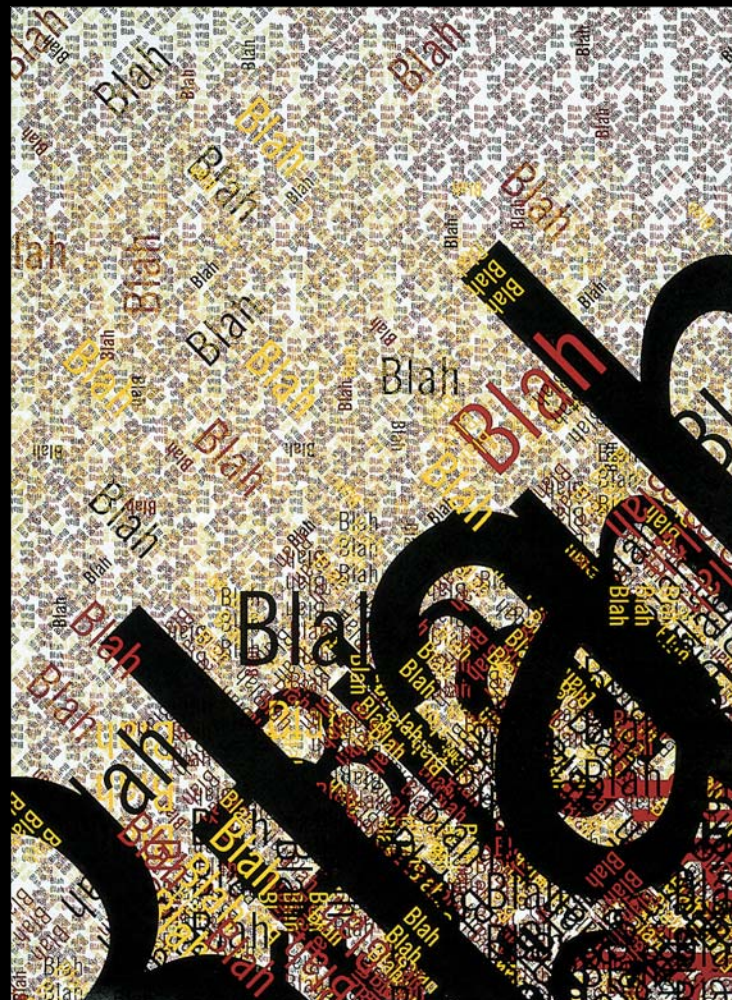


Paula

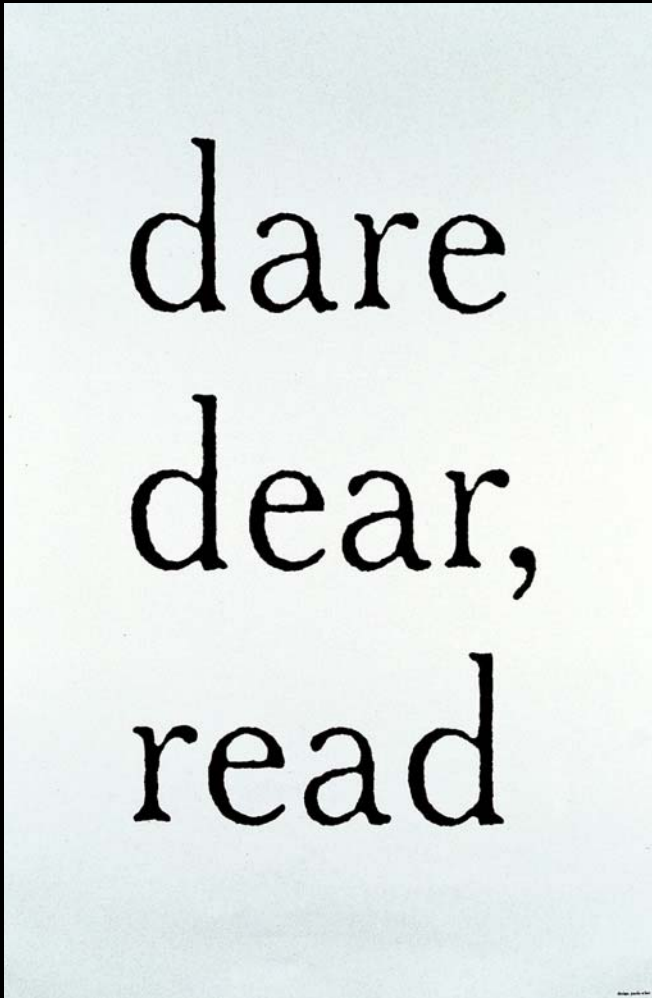
**WARNING: Paula Scher in Raleigh**  
**Presented by AIGA, Sponsored by FGI**  
**Thursday, February 24, 1994, 7:30pm**  
**100 Hamilton Hall, University of**  
**North Carolina, Chapel Hill**



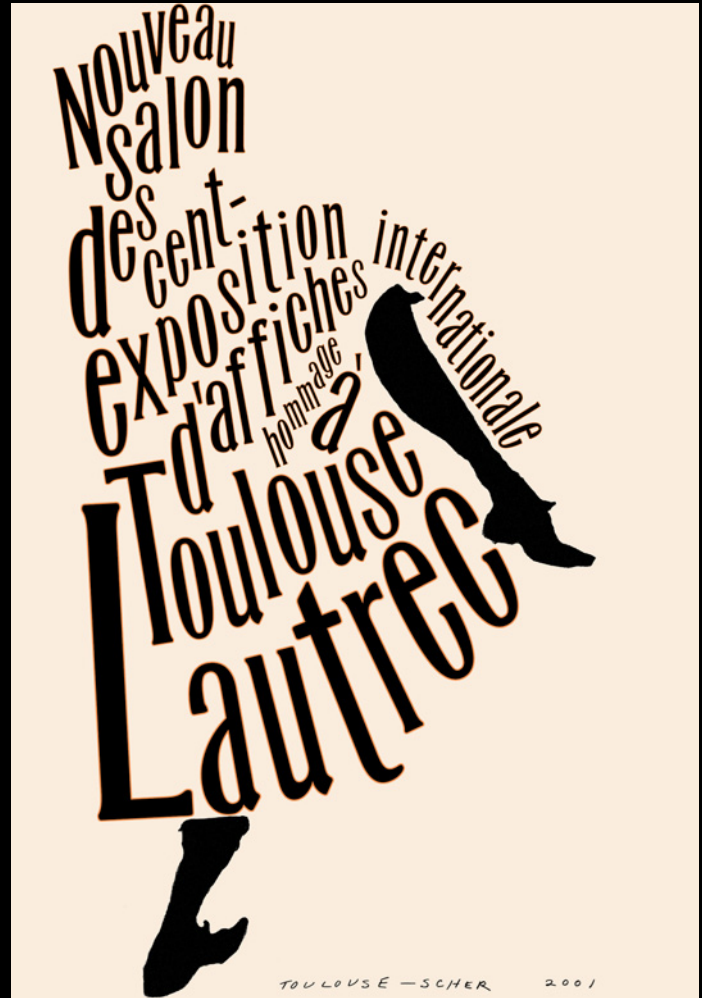
For the ICGRADA Design Renaissance Conference in Glasgow, Scotland, 1993



Blah Blah Blah: Worth Magazine asked a variety of designers to make a visual comment on the future of the technology. This was my comment. I thought it would look better bigger so I made large-scale silkscreen posters, which were sold by Jean-Yves Noblet, the silkscreen company that printed the posters.

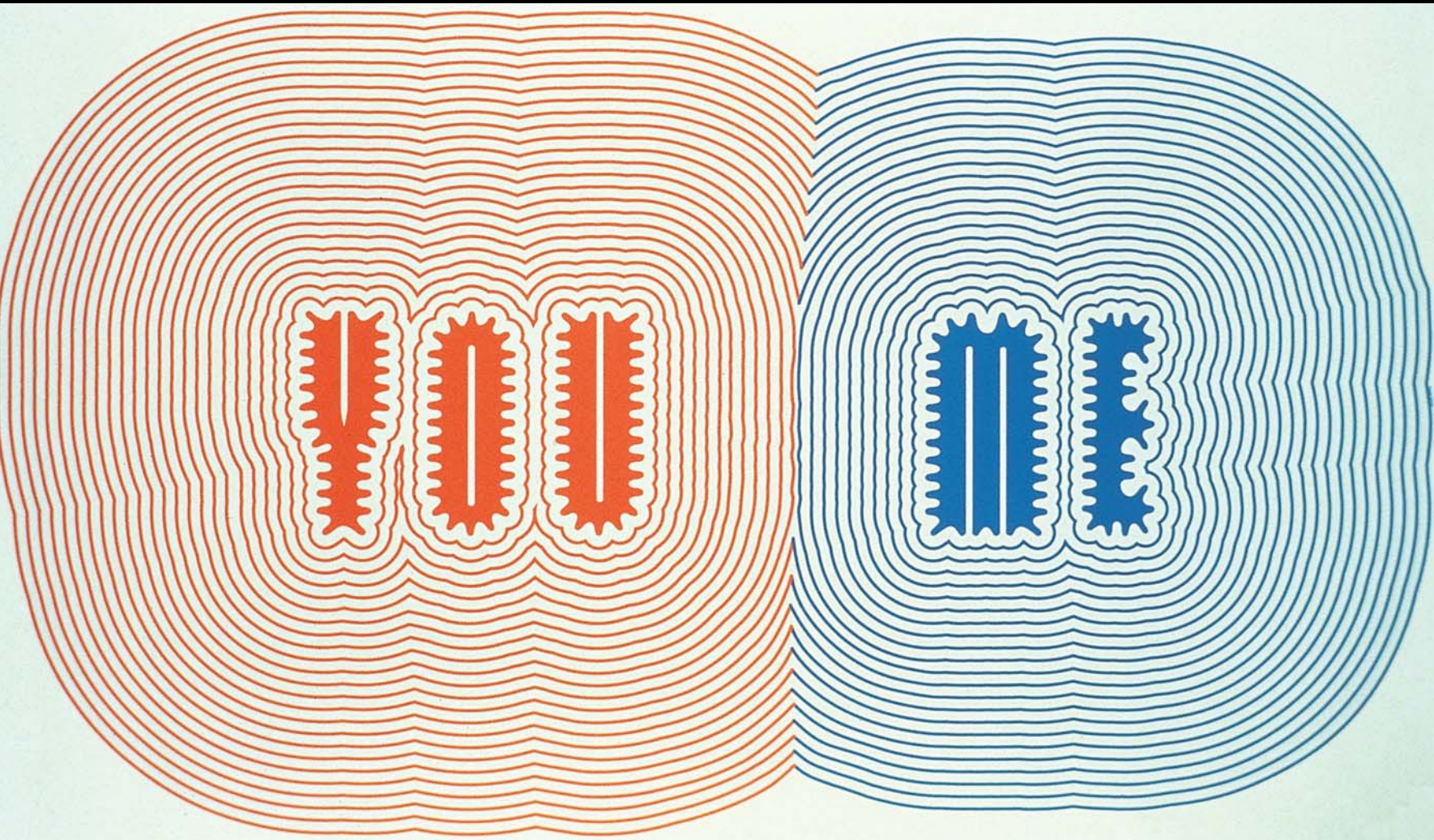


A poster advocating literacy, designed for the Denver Chapter of the AIGA, 1987



Poster honoring the centenary of Toulouse-Lautrec's death, 2001





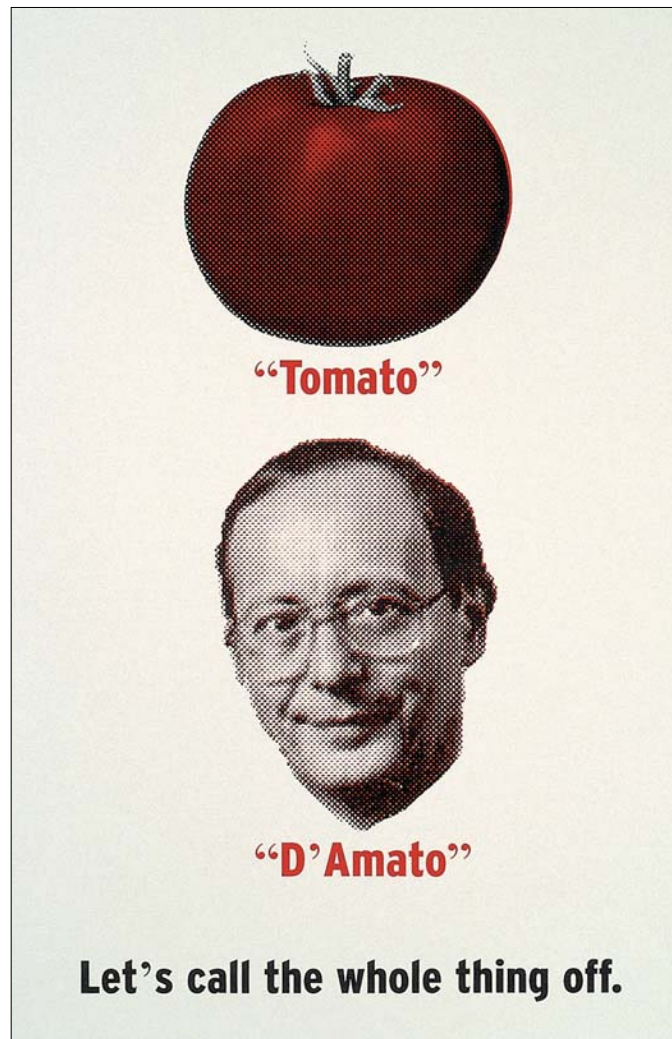
## TOMATO D'AMATO

I'm often asked to design posters promoting worthy political causes. Unfortunately the posters are usually for design organizations. They hang in a gallery and no one ever sees them. Posters belong outside, on the street.

When Alphonse D'Amato was running against Chuck Schumer in the 1998 New York senatorial election, I designed the Tomato-D'Amato poster. My New York Pentagram partners agreed to jointly pay for the printing and sniping (the act of plastering the poster on New York City construction barricades). The poster credit reads, "Designed and paid for by Pentagram." Shortly after the poster went up someone from Ed Koch's office called (he was supporting D'Amato), and asked the Pentagram receptionist to describe the poster. The next day the poster disappeared from the streets. It was covered over by other posters or simply ripped off the barricades. We called the sniping service and they told us that a police car had been following them around. Sniping in New York City is technically illegal, though off-Broadway productions, movies, and clothing stores use it as a medium. I found out that sniping is selectively illegal.

*You/Me: This poster was never produced. It was part of an Israeli invitational competition to create a message about peaceful coexistence within borders, for the Museum on the Seam, Jerusalem. I may print it myself.*

*Following pages: Promotional posters for Metropolis magazine's branding conferences. 1999-2000*





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## AIGA

In 1990 Caroline Hightower, then director of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, asked me to design the cover for the coming annual, *Graphic Design USA II*, which was a compendium of all the exhibits and competitions the AIGA had held in 1989. She told me there was no design fee, but that the AIGA would contribute \$1000 for "design expenses." I asked what design expenses were, and Hightower replied that they could be the purchase of photography, retouching, necessary typography. I asked what would happen if I didn't have any expenses, and she told me I'd get to keep the money anyway. I vowed then and there not to incur any expenses.

The 1990 AIGA cover was a spoof on graphic design in America, not dissimilar to the *Print* parody cover. I painted the information instead of typesetting it. It was writing as design. The cover simply took the words *Graphic Design USA* literally and then dished out some completely useless, nonsensical information. The front cover featured an eye whose lashes listed all the emotions and desires that might be attributed to ambitious designers: fame, power, money, ego, and ennui. The eyeball carried an absurd dissertation about whether or not less is more. The background of the painting had a listing of every state in the United States, and the percentage of people in each state who used Helvetica. I made up the statistics, but I decided to base them loosely on the 1986 Reagan-Mondale presidential election. I reasoned that if Reagan carried a state the local designers were probably inclined to use a lot of Helvetica. The back cover had a map of the United States that I had painted from memory (I inadvertently left out Utah). I painted all the flap-copy information simply to ensure that I could keep the entire thousand dollars.

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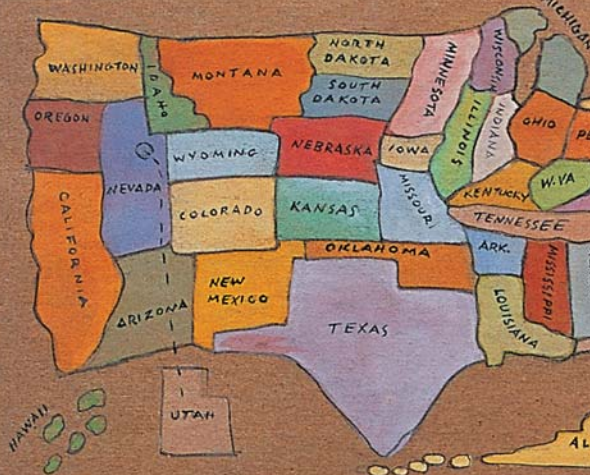


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## 11

**STEVEN HELLER, AUTHOR:** STEVEN HELLER IS A SENIOR ART DIRECTOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW. HE IS THE EDITOR OF THE AIGA JOURNAL OF GRAPHIC DESIGN, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR FOR PRINT AND 10 MAGAZINES. HELLER TEACHES DESIGN HISTORY AT THE SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS. HIS BOOKS INCLUDE *GRAPHIC STYLE: FROM VICTORIAN TO POSTMODERN*; *SOURCEBOOK OF VISUAL IDEAS: TRYLON AND PERISPHERE*; *1939 WORLD'S FAIR*; *DESIGNING WITH ILLUSTRATION*; AND *LOW BUDGET: HIGH QUALITY DESIGN*.

**PHILIP B. MEGGS; AUTHOR** PHILIP B. MEGGS IS A PROFESSOR IN THE COMMUNICATION ARTS AND DESIGN DEPARTMENT AT VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH UNIVERSITY AND A CONTRIBUTING EDITOR FOR PRINT MAGAZINE. HE IS THE AUTHOR OF A HISTORY OF GRAPHIC DESIGN AND CO-AUTHOR OF TYPOGRAPHIC DESIGN: FORM AND COMMUNICATION, HIS MOST RECENTLY PUBLISHED BOOK IS TYPE AND IMAGE: THE LANGUAGE OF GRAPHIC DESIGN.

**CHUCK BYRNE, AUTHOR:** CHUCK BYRNE IS ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF GRAPHIC DESIGN AT THE CALIFORNIA COLLEGE OF ARTS AND CRAFTS, AND A CONTRIBUTING EDITOR FOR PRINT MAGAZINE, AS WELL AS THE PRINCIPAL OF CHUCK BYRNE DESIGN. HIS WRITING DEALS WITH A WIDE VARIETY OF DESIGN TOPICS. HIS PRIMARY INTEREST IN THE LAST FEW YEARS HAS BEEN THE INFLUENCE OF THE MACINTOSH COMPUTER AND OTHER TECHNOLOGIES ON THE PRODUCTION AND AESTHETICS OF GRAPHIC DESIGN.

**ANTHONY RUSSELL, BOOK DESIGNER** ANTHONY RUSSELL, BORN AND EDUCATED IN LONDON, ARRIVED IN NEW YORK IN THE MID-1960'S. HE HEADS A MULTI-DISCIPLINE DESIGN OFFICE WITH A VARIETY OF CLIENTS INCLUDING FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS, MANUFACTURING COMPANIES, DEVELOPMENT CORPORATIONS AND MUSEUMS OR PROJECTS THAT INCLUDE ANNUAL REPORTS, POSTERS, CATALOGS, MAGAZINES, AND ENVIRONMENTAL GRAPHICS. HE IS THE PUBLISHER OF *TUS EYE*, A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE WORK OF NEW PHOTOGRAPHERS, AND TEACHES DESIGN AT NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

**PAULASCHER, JACKET DESIGNER** PAULA SCHER NEVER USES HELVETICA EVEN THOUGH IT IS THE OVERWHELMING CHOICE OF U.S. DESIGNERS. (SEE COVER). SCHER IS A PRINCIPAL OF KOPPELSCHER, A NEW YORK-BASED DESIGN FIRM. HER BIO IS UNIMPRESSIVELY SHORT HERE BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T LEAVE ENOUGH ROOM FOR IT.

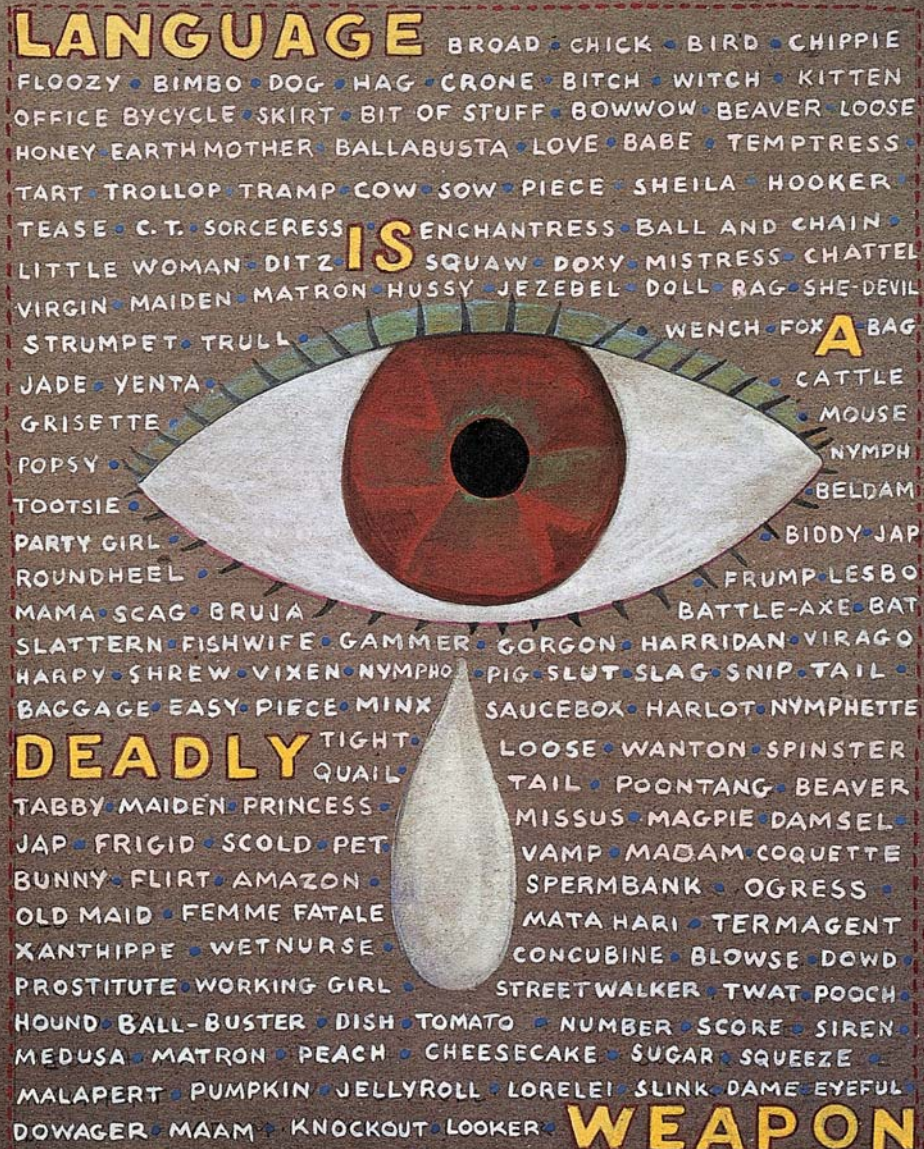
GRAPHIC DESIGN USA: 11

THE ANNUAL OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF GRAPHIC ARTS

WATSON  
CURTIS



By 1990, when the annual appeared, most of the design industry had converted to digital production. The cover was anticomputer, making its primitive idiocy even more laughable and poignant. The combination of personalized writing and painting was a creative breakthrough for me. Thereafter I became increasingly obsessed with painting useless information.

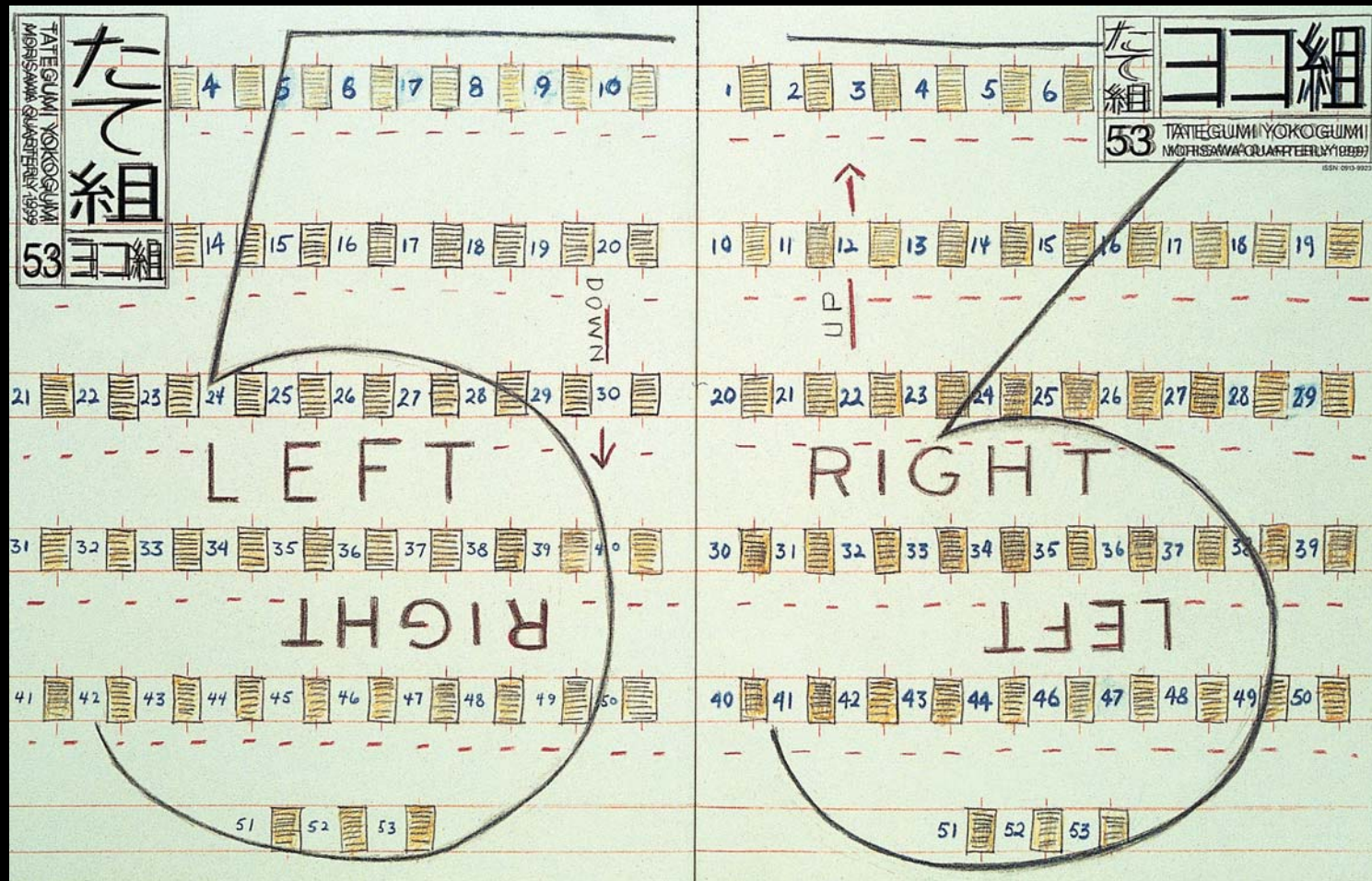


The self-portrait for AIGA (opposite) was painted in 1992. This dissertation on antifeminist language was for a 1993 MTV Awards program, 1993







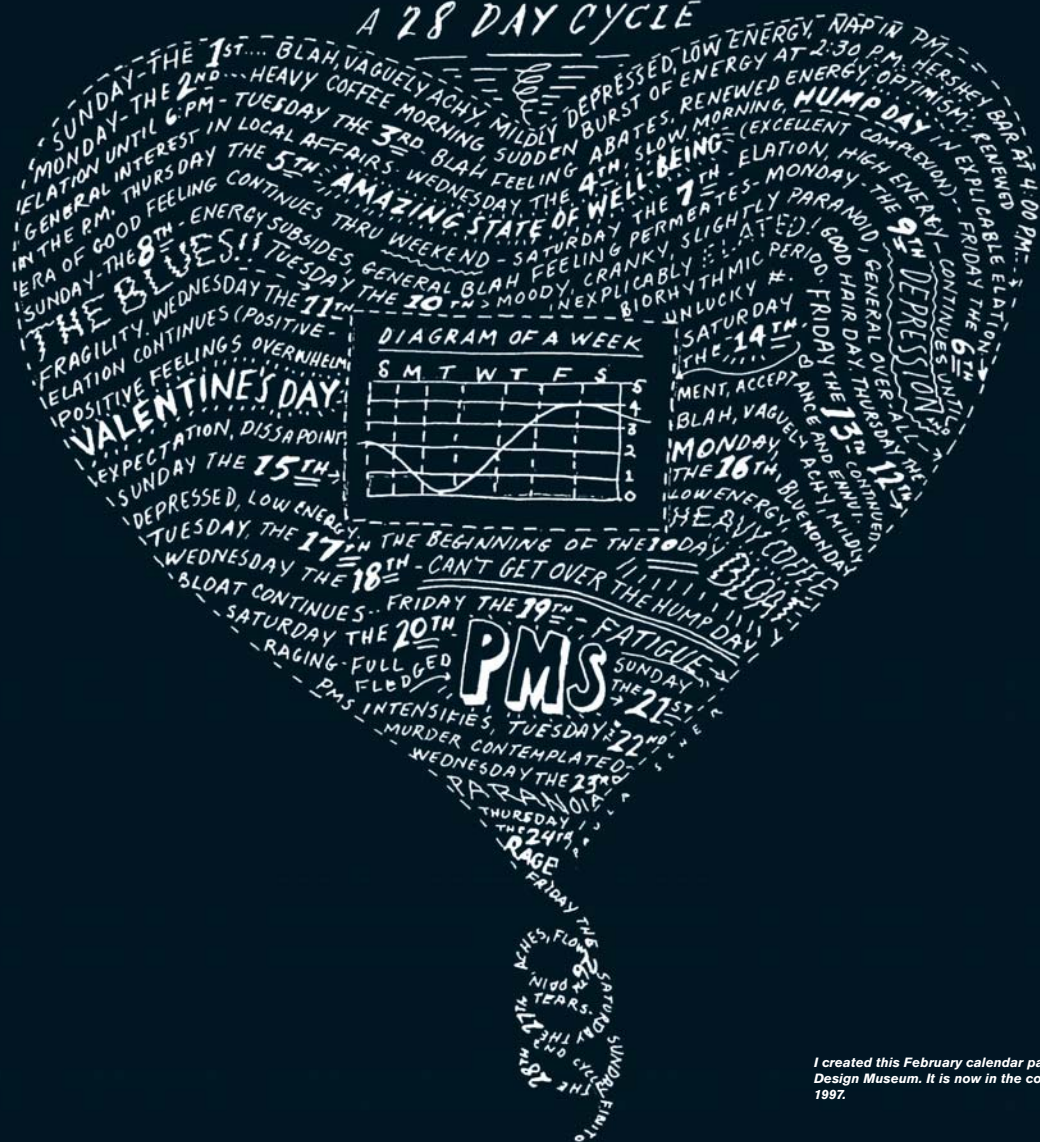


This hand-drawn cover for a Japanese design publication dealt with left/right reading legibility, 1999.



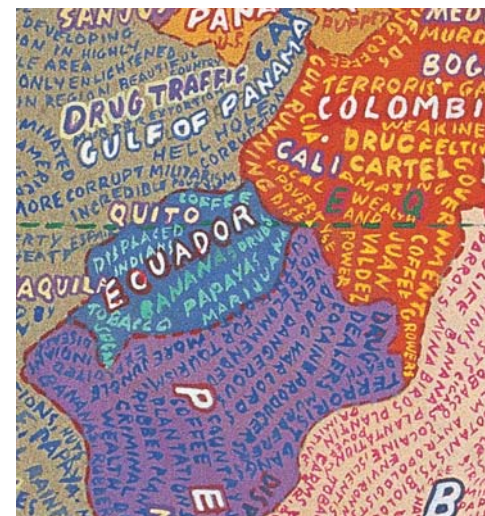
6 FEBRUARY 1997

# A 28 DAY CYCLE



I created this February calendar page for the Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum. It is now in the collection of the Museum of Menstruation, 1997.





An opinionated map, 1993

I began painting small opinionated maps in the early nineties. Over time they grew larger and more obsessive. In the late nineties and now the map paintings serve as an antidote to laborious corporate design projects frustrated by indecisive committees.



[illegible]





*The United States painted in 1999 (detail)*







# STYLE WARS



Manhattan 11'x 5' 2002





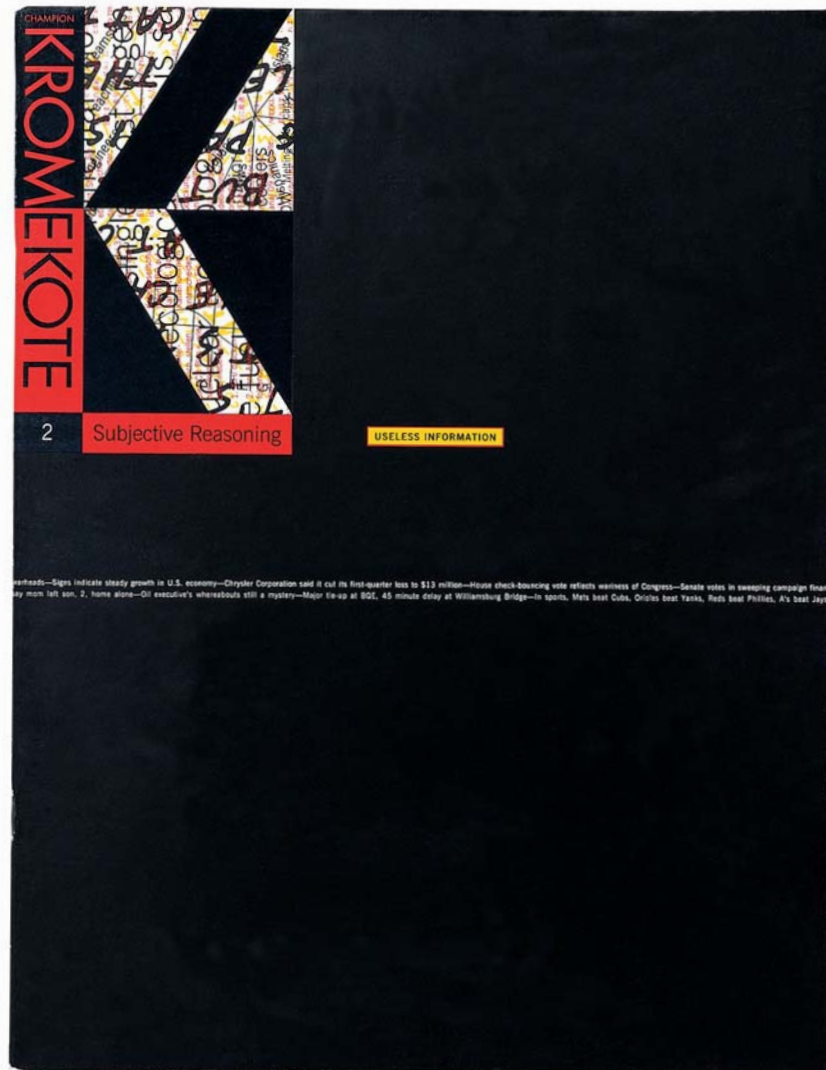




## USELESS INFORMATION

In the early 1990s Champion International paired William Drentt and me as editors of a series of pamphlets titled "Subjective Reasoning." The pamphlets were produced on a variety of topics—some political, some personal—for the edification of the design community, to help Champion promote Kromekote papers, and for the personal amusement of Bill and me.

I authored and designed my own pamphlet, entitled *Useless Information*. It was a diatribe on the information age, decrying news formatting, political blather, the hype of consumer electronics, the tyranny of economics, double talk, and the terror imposed on our daily lives by conflicting information about the health and safety of food. The last page of the pamphlet is a listing of all the numbers (driver's license, passport, credit cards, etc.) that are somehow connected to me. There is an astounding number of numbers. What do they mean? I recreated the portrait in a more literal way for the *New York Times* Op-Ed page in 1998.







"Today I want to talk about real change — about the fundamental problems of leadership and organization that are holding our economy back; and put forth a plan to address the long-term economic challenges we face."

Government isn't the only institution that has to change. To succeed in the global economy, we need a new spirit of cooperation between labor and management that will forge a new compact for economic growth."

"One, we want change. Everybody knows we need it. We want more accessibility; everyone knows we need that."

So at this election year it's understandable, I'm sure, that we hear a lot of talk about change. You all have been fighting for change — I think I have. And yes the time has come for change — far-reaching, fundamental reform."

"So, I think America must change course. Not just a tap a little bit this way or that way — because some poll result shows the president is not doing well, or he's got some primary challenge — but a whole new direction for America."

It is time for a change. It is time to take America back from a professional political class that seeks only its own aggrandizement and continuity in power."

"I am here today to make a commitment to each of you that I intend to keep and honor: that I will work with all my energy and that I will do whatever is necessary to bring about real change."

I am here to make a solemn promise that I am committed to be the catalyst for change."









Paula Schee

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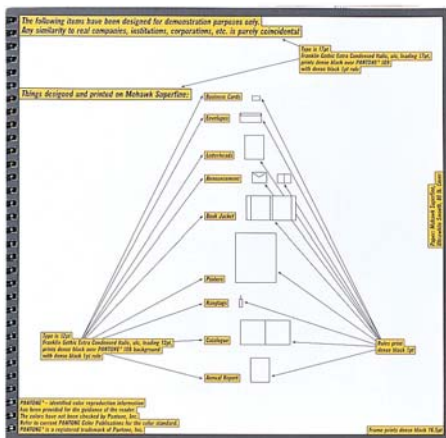


Scher, Paula Joan  
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/ Issue Date **4-24-88** Expires **4-25-98** / Issued N.Y.C. / **125**  
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**2739** / **212-683-7000** / Fax **212-532-0181** / New York State / Driver's  
License **503721 81534 986438** / **47 W 212713** / August **8, 1998** / **971**  
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Union **749653-2G** / Security Alarm System **849375214** Code **1991** / Cartier Warranty  
**797273** / Olympus **UF1-0746531** / The Haupt Tree Company **0004232** / Smith &  
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Beverage / Base Amount **\$49.53** / Tip Amount  
**\$7.50** / Total **\$57.03** / Customer  
Sign Here

Op-Ed page, New York Times, 1998

***YOUR NAME HERE***

Mohawk Papers created another opportunity for me to author an opinionated combination of writing and design. *Your Name Here* may be my most cynical piece of professional work. It is a manual of design styles attached to generic design problems. The designs are then described in detail, enabling any designer to lift them and apply them to an appropriate situation. The book contained identity designs for an elegant bank, an overpriced restaurant, a start-up technology company, a pretty housewares store, a format for a biotechnology company's annual report, and a catalog for an upper-middle-class child's toy. The last page of the manual described the typography used in it, which was described in another typeface, which was described again in another typeface, and another, and then on into infinity. *Your Name Here* is my final comment on style wars. By the end of the nineties designers had become so adept at manipulating style that the minute you described a business, you already knew what it looked like.





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BRANCH NUMBER:  
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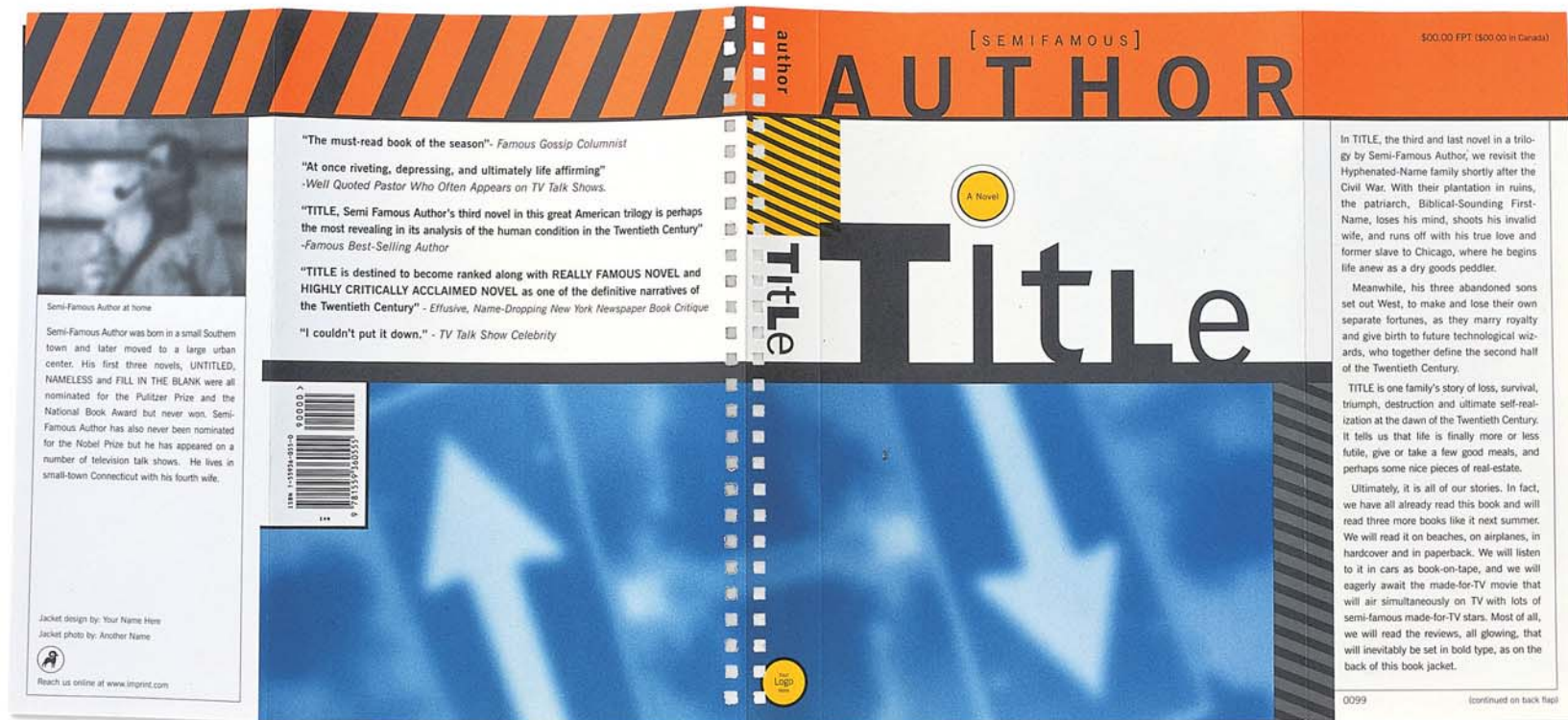
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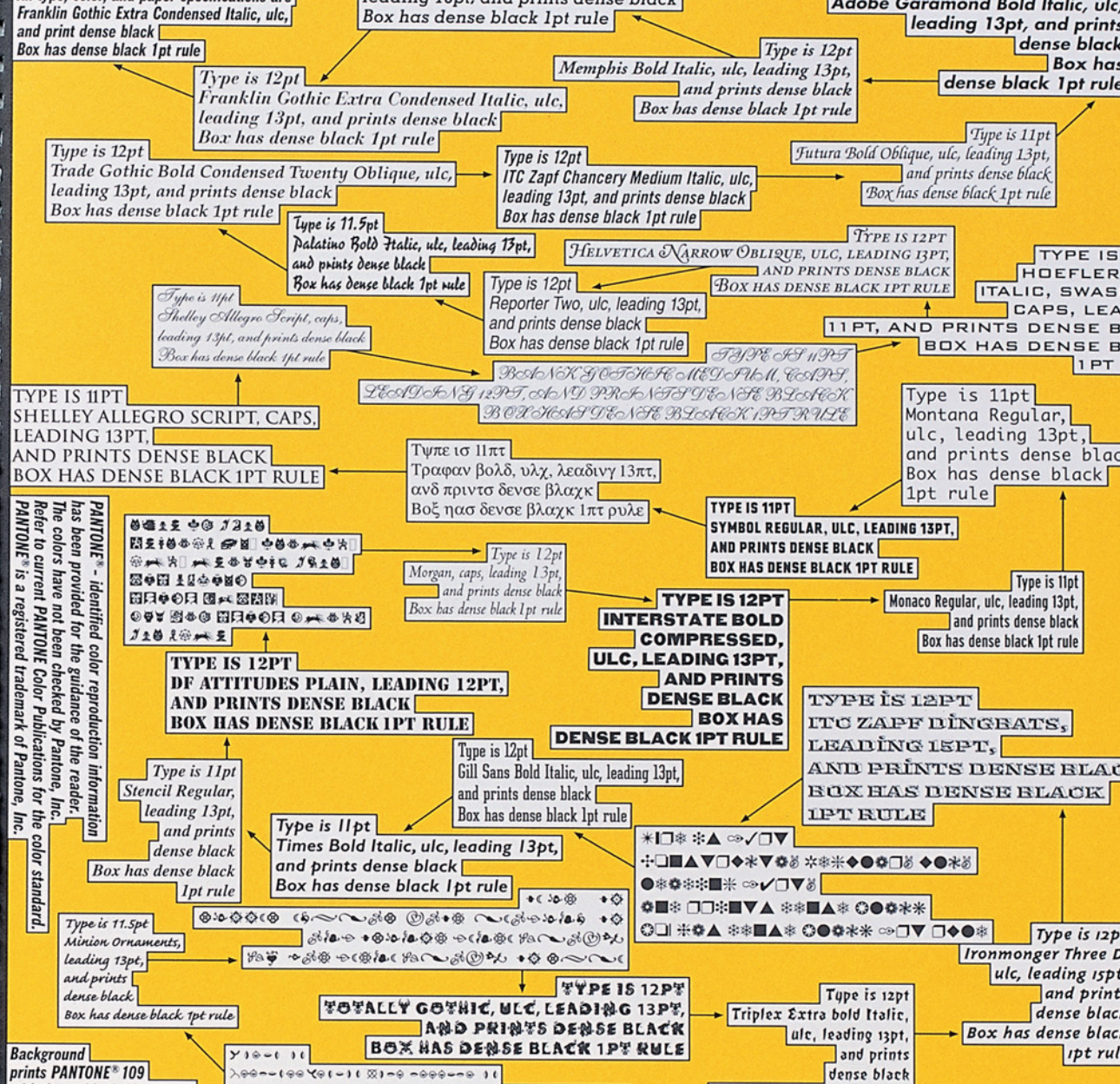
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amendment is necessary, an  
 chance of a divergence between  
 electoral and popular vote would  
 seem hardly likely. We

\*2 Since the English language is read from left to right, it is natural to expect that the dot will appear after the name. The sudden shift in the pattern – putting the dots for the right column on the left – is likely to confuse voters.\*\*



## DEFECTIVE EQUIPMENT: The Palm Beach County Ballot

The divider line between Republican and Democrat appears to be pointing to the second dot, suggesting it is the correct one for a Democratic vote.

Bush is first on the ballot, and the punch dot for the Republicans is also first. This is good design, making it highly unlikely that a Bush voter would make an error.

The Democrats are listed second, but the correct punch dot for them is third. Since it is logical to assume that one punches the second dot on the ballot to vote for them, this is unsuccessful design.

The diagram shows a ballot layout with two columns of candidates. The left column lists candidates under party affiliations: (REPUBLICAN), (DEMOCRATIC), (LIBERTARIAN), (GREEN), (SOCIALIST WORKERS), and (NATURAL LAW). The right column lists candidates under other affiliations: (REFORM), (SOCIALIST), (CONSTITUTION), (WORKERS WORLD), and a WRITE-IN CANDIDATE section. A central column of punch holes is numbered 3 through 13. Annotations point to specific features: a divider line pointing to the second dot, arrows pointing to punch holes, and a specific dot labeled \*1,2.

Party/Affiliation	Candidate	Position	Punch Hole Number
(REPUBLICAN)	GEORGE W. BUSH	PRESIDENT	3
	DICK CHENEY	VICE PRESIDENT	
(DEMOCRATIC)	AL GORE	PRESIDENT	5
	JOE LIEBERMAN	VICE PRESIDENT	
(LIBERTARIAN)	HARRY BROWNE	PRESIDENT	7
	ART OLIVIER	VICE PRESIDENT	
(GREEN)	RALPH NADER	PRESIDENT	9
	WINONA LA DUKE	VICE PRESIDENT	
(SOCIALIST WORKERS)	JAMES HARRIS	PRESIDENT	11
	MARGARET TROWE	VICE PRESIDENT	
(NATURAL LAW)	JOHN HAGELIN	PRESIDENT	13
	NAT' GOLDHABER	VICE PRESIDENT	
(REFORM)	PAT BUCHANAN	PRESIDENT	4
	EZOLA FOSTER	VICE PRESIDENT	
(SOCIALIST)	DAVID McREYNOLDS	PRESIDENT	6
	MARY CAL HOLLIS	VICE PRESIDENT	
(CONSTITUTION)	HOWARD PHILLIPS	PRESIDENT	8
	J. CURTIS FRAZIER	VICE PRESIDENT	
(WORKERS WORLD)	MONICA MOOREHEAD	PRESIDENT	10
	GLORIA LA RIVA	VICE PRESIDENT	
WRITE-IN CANDIDATE			
To vote for a write-in candidate, follow the directions on the long stub of your ballot card.			

\*1 This is the logical place for the dots corresponding to the second column of party listings. (Florida law actually specifies that voters must mark the box to the right of the ballot. The county election officials foolishly violated this law.)

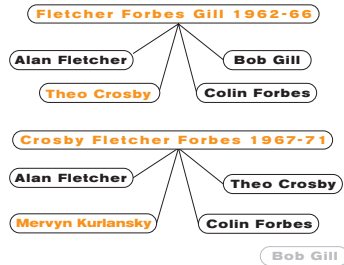
\*2 Since the English language is read from left to right, it is natural to expect that the dot will appear after the name. The sudden shift in the pattern – putting the dots for the right column on the left – is likely to confuse voters.\*\*

\*\* Many official bodies and corporations approve products or documents that are incompetently designed. When a design causes problems for a significant number of people, even if it was "approved," the product is usually recalled, and sometimes reparations are made.

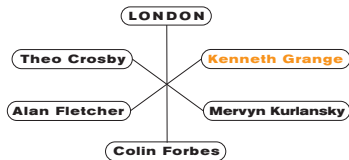
***In the  
Company  
of Men***



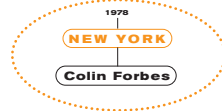
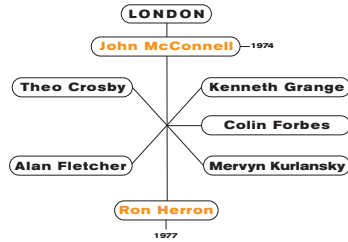
### The Early Years



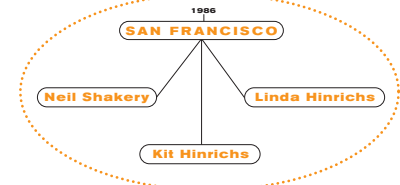
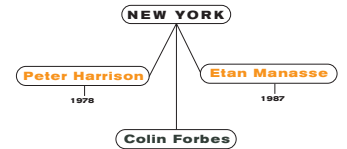
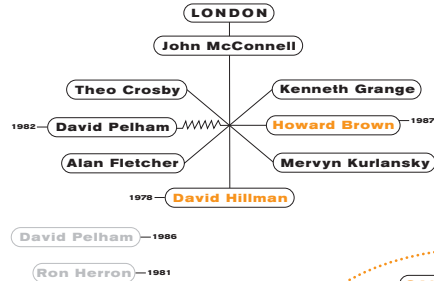
### PENTAGRAM FOUNDED 1972



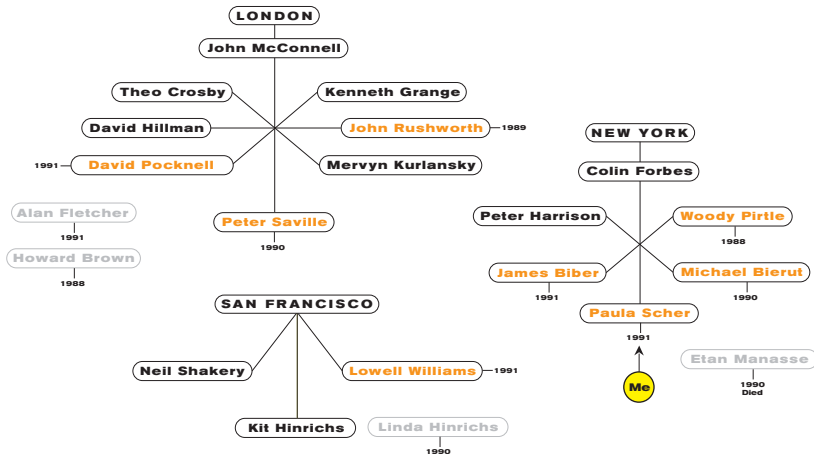
### PENTAGRAM 1973-78



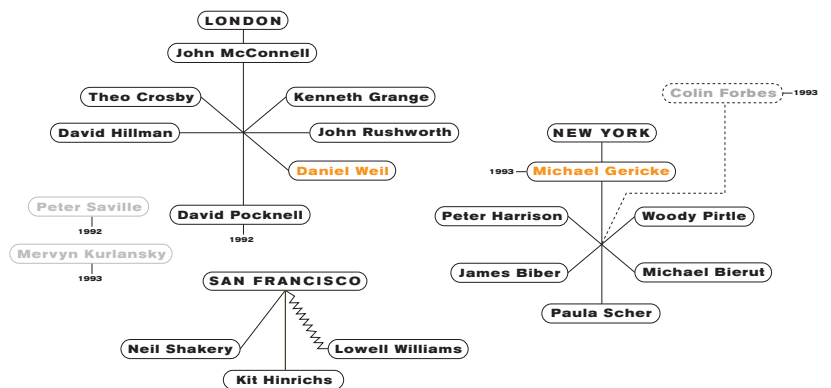
### PENTAGRAM 1978-87



### PENTAGRAM 1988-91



### PENTAGRAM 1992-93



Key to Diagram:      New Partner      Partner leaves      New Office opens ~~~~~ Friction Between Partners

## IN THE COMPANY OF MEN

# I JOINED

Pentagram in the spring of 1991, with the economy in the doldrums and my design business faltering. Koppel & Scher had suffered in the recession of 1990, and Terry Koppel had taken a staff position at *Esquire*. I was running the business on my own. It was time for a change.

Shortly after I joined Pentagram I saw a presentation by my partner Michael Bierut that explained the typographic system for a corporate packaging project for a large technology firm. Bierut had pasted a black-and-white printout of the typeface Times Roman to a piece of foamcore, and over the alphabet slugged the headline: "This is Times Roman. It is a serif typeface. It has little feet." I picked up the board and laughed. Then I realized it wasn't funny. In that instant I understood what I had been doing wrong in client situations for more than twenty years. I had assumed that clients had come to me having the background to make value judgments about what they were looking at. When they picked inferior design, I assumed it was because they were philistines bent on keeping down the American taste level. From Bierut I learned that clients were "just normal people," and that normal people

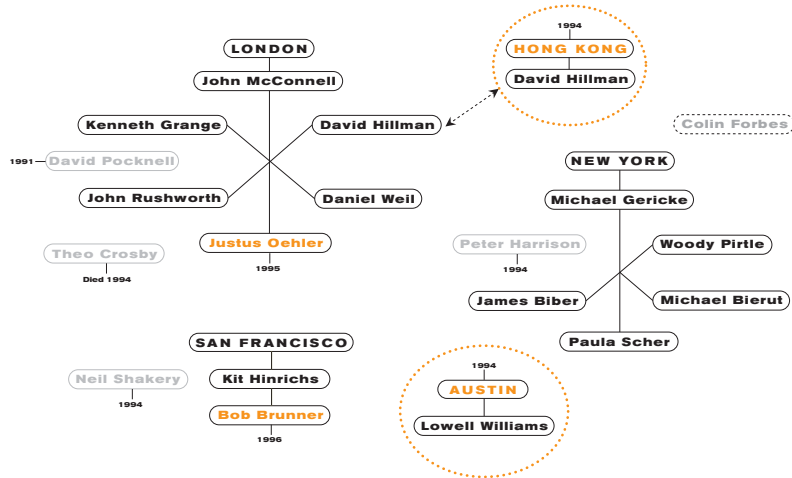
have a reasonable understanding of things based on their cultural environment—and are often directly influenced by some very specific milieu in which they operate. I was the one who was not normal. I had a graphic designer's understanding of things. "Most people don't understand what a graphic designer does, let alone what they see," Bierut explained. I had to learn to explain design in lay terms, in human terms. "Little feet" demystifies serif type. It explains a visual difference.

The ability to explain graphic design is fundamentally different from the ability to create graphic design, and it relies on different faculties. In the explanation process, the designer must deconstruct his or her work and place it in a logical sequence so one can understand its components and see how they collectively create an entity that has a specific idea, spirit, and look. The act of designing is more ephemeral; it is an intuitive process informed by external forces that direct the intuition. Whereas a solution can be explained, the process that created it can never adequately be understood. That's why the process is so mistrusted, misunderstood, even resented. It is not scientific or democratic, cannot be learned by following an appropriate course of study, and cannot even be equally understood or appreciated by people of similar intellects and levels of education.

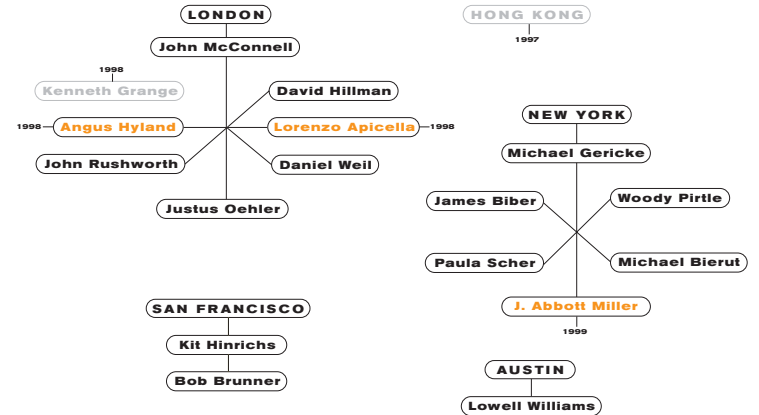
Whereas the act of explaining design requires specific order and logic, the act of creating design involves a form of disorder, with outer stimuli thrown together into the mixer of the human brain. The result is something that is various parts intellect, inspiration, and obsession. Too much intellect smothers obsession, too much obsession smothers intellect, and too much of either smothers inspiration.



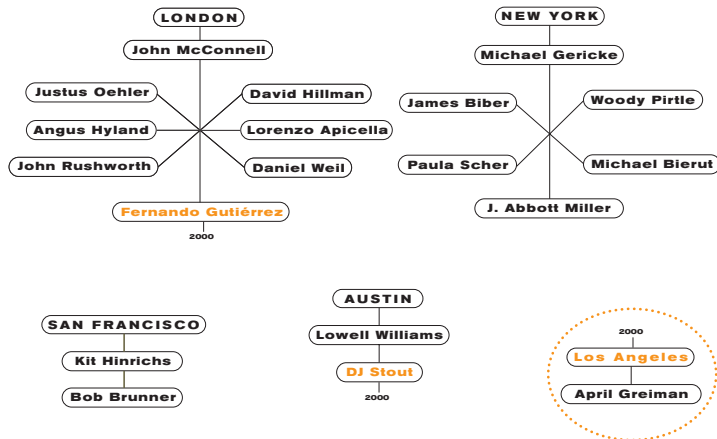
# PENTAGRAM 1994-96



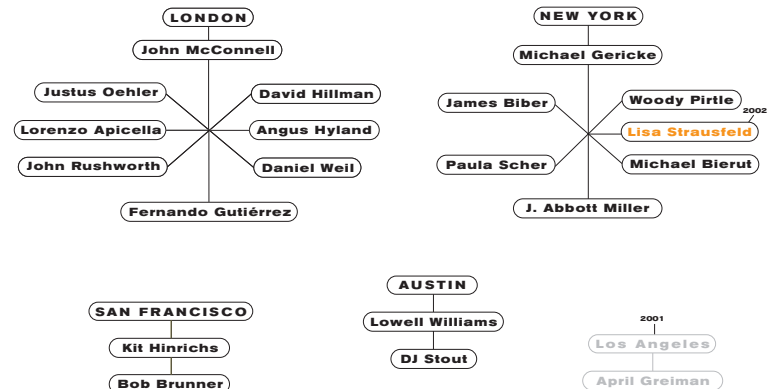
# PENTAGRAM 1997-99



# PENTAGRAM 2000



# PENTAGRAM 2001-02



Key to Diagram: New Partner Partner leaves New Office opens / / / / Friction Between Partners

Design-management symposiums tend to spend an enormous amount of time discussing process and rarely address intuition as part of that process. Certain professors are tremendously uncomfortable with the notion of intuitive thinking because it makes design appear magical as opposed to rational. Also it means that students will not perform equally if they follow an equivalent course of study and methodology. That's bad business for design pedagogues.

I can't design anything after a meeting in which I've explained design, and I can't explain a design immediately after I've designed it. I need at least half a day to recover from either act. The two jobs require different energies. Pentagram partners are drawn together because we all, to varying degrees, have and value both talents. We all recognize that graphic design is a social activity. It necessarily involves other people, their opinions, comments, egos, conceits, jealousies, and fears.

As a design firm Pentagram's structure is unique; it is essentially a group of small businesses linked together financially through necessary services and through mutual interests. Each partner maintains a design team, usually consisting of a senior designer, a couple of junior designers, and a project coordinator. The partners share accounting services, secretarial and reception services, and maintain a shared archive. Pentagram partners are responsible for attracting and developing their own business, but they pool their billings, draw the same salary, and share profit in the form of an annual bonus. It's a cooperative, and its most valued form of cooperation is the sharing of knowledge and information. There are presently four offices: London (the firm was founded there in 1972), New York, San Francisco, and Austin, Texas. Each office contributes a share of its profits to a central

fund that pays for partners meetings, promotion, and publishing. Annual profit is shared only in local offices, which have their own personalities.

The financial structure of Pentagram was designed by its founding partner, Colin Forbes. The system affords the partners complete equality. One partner may elect to operate a very large design team while another maintains a small one, but their profitability is what is measured, not their actual billing. A complicated formula determines office hourly rates to ensure complete fairness in the sharing of overhead. Best explained, Pentagram's financial structure emulates an affable roommate situation where there is an appropriate mechanism to compensate one roommate for the extra milk consumed by the other.

Partner equality also exists on an international basis. There are two international partners meetings per year, at which decisions are made by consensus—one partner, one vote. The organization is horizontal—one big committee—and is rife with the complications, indecision, and slowness endemic of committees. But it is worth the hassle, because the collective power of the group is a compilation of intelligence, experience, and portfolio that can not be matched by any individual. Pentagram gave me, instantaneously, a power base and by association, credibility.

Pentagram's unique structure enabled me to operate as if I were a principal at a powerful corporate design firm while maintaining the individuality of a small practitioner. With a large design firm, a client will meet initially with a principal but find that actual design is done by a much more junior person working several levels below. At Pentagram the partners are the designers, and the teams are small. The partner is always involved in the process.



Clients often ask how the partners collaborate on a given project. I usually explain that they are getting one partner as a designer and five kibitzers. Because we sit so close together—Pentagram has an open-plan office—it is impossible not to be involved in or influenced by one another's work. Most planned collaboration occurs cross-discipline. The graphic designers tend to collaborate with the product designers or architects. (My architect partner, Jim Biber, would say that the graphic designers come around when they need something that isn't made of paper and actually has to stand up in weather.)

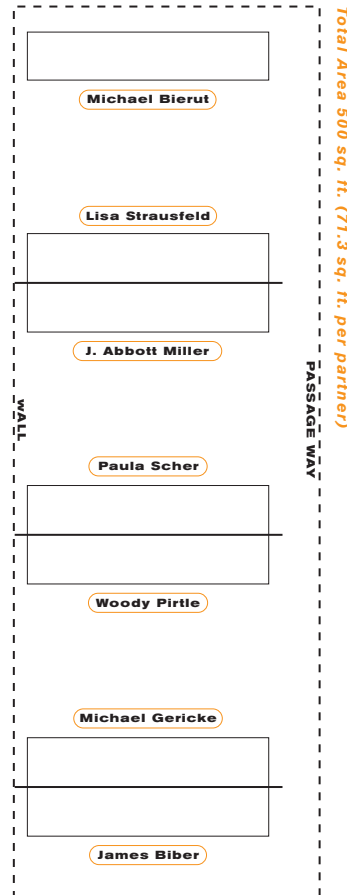
The most difficult aspect of the Pentagram partnership is the eternal struggle between the individual and the collective. The partners agree that the benefits of the collective wisdom of the group far outweigh the distinct disadvantage of being by oneself; however, when Pentagram promotes itself collectively the involuntary eccentricities of individual designs are somewhat neutralized and subsumed into a form of visual collectivism. It takes a certain kind of design ego to feel comfortable with this. I had trouble adjusting to it. Pentagram isn't for everybody.

One of the first things I learned at Pentagram was how to construct a proposal. I hadn't understood how to properly explain the design process and I had a tendency to give away services to my clients, as demonstrated by my arrangement with Öola. At Pentagram I learned to deconstruct the process and create a description and a line-item expense for each service. Corporations feel very comfortable with a detailed description of an orderly process; the more methodical and scientific-sounding it is the better. They are also more comfortable paying fees according to this model. If the process of a large-scale corporate identity project looks too simple and too inexpensive, the client

won't trust the process or believe in the ensuing design. I began to learn that corporate clients tended to respect work in direct proportion to the complexity of stages and the corresponding fees. They prefer buying process as opposed to design. In some instances, I've noticed a certain psychology existing not dissimilar to the way I buy clothes. If I'm in a clothing boutique in Europe in a good neighborhood, but I've never heard of the shop and the clothing prices are reasonable, I don't trust the clothing. Many clients who have never bought design before don't trust low prices in boutique design firms, even when they receive a terrific product.

**LARGE,** powerful corporations like large, powerful design firms. Michael Bierut has a theory that assumes that big American corporations are still headed by no-nonsense all-American men who believe that design is sissy-boy stuff and not part of the serious world of capitalism. These corporate leaders may have heard that "good design is good business," or they might be impressed with the global branding strategies of Coca-Cola, Nike, Starbucks, and McDonald's, but they are comfortable only with the research parts of the design process. Therefore, in a design proposal the actual process of creating something—say, a logo—is described as *design exploration*. This sounds downright scientific, as if the designer has put on a lab coat, pulled out the appropriate vial of design serum, and mixed it with varying proportions of brand essence until a piece of litmus paper bears a mark in the appropriate color and shape necessary to accurately represent a brand and make the corporation lots of money. In this scenario it is also assumed that the more time and exploration allotted, the more review and comment—the more "testing"—undertaken

## PENTAGRAM NEW YORK PARTNERS SEATING



by the designers, the more likely it is that the designer will come to the correct answer.

The term *design exploration* may seem like a harmless conceit, a description that allows for price comparison between firms or merely describes the process in which the designer engages. But it diminishes the real value a corporation gets from a designer. It neutralizes the idea that it takes a specific artistry to design a logo. It is the rare combination of the designer's intelligence, intuition, inspiration, and aesthetic sense—dare I say talent?—that makes for successful design. The idea of “design exploration” is difficult for me, because my first ideas are generally my best. I don't know why—it is the mystery of my creative process. More time, more experimentation, and more information seem to muddle my thinking, and my solutions are always somehow less incisive. Often I get my ideas in the middle of the first client meeting, or in the taxi on the way back, or in a conversation with a partner. It's random, somewhat accidental, incidental, and certainly not scientific.

**THE FOCUS** testing of design—logos, packaging, whatever—is another “scientific” charade. The people being tested are invariably selected because they are customers or potential customers and fit into an appropriate consumer profile, or maybe they are “early adopters,” those likely to purchase something new. The problem with such groups is that their reactions are traditionally reactionary. Focus groups can't be expected to respond positively to something new, because if it's something really new it's going to look “too something,” which means not sufficiently like other things like it that already exist in the mar-



ketplace. Focus testing tells you what the consumer already accepts, not what they will accept in the future. Focus groups always remind me of my childhood friends and their shoes. My friend Carolyn appreciated a shoe style just as it was about to become passé. She hated it when it was new, always said the shoes in that style were ugly, and swore she'd never wear them. Then after two years, just as the shoes were about to go out of style, she'd decide they were terrific. My friend Joan always bought shoes ahead of the curve. Joan was throwing out the shoes Carolyn was buying. Joan is the right person to bring into the focus test, a true early adopter. But most focus groups are formed of a combination of Carolyns and Joans. If your Carolyn is louder and more assertive than your Joan, your focus group will be a failure. One loud Carolyn can sway the whole group.

**THE WORST** thing about focus testing is that it's impossible to simulate a real-life consumer situation. The people composing the focus group know that they have been selected to respond to something, like a new package design. They naturally assume that because their opinion is being asked they should have one. Some of them take on the role of a self-appointed "marketing director" and infuse their comments with an air of expertise. This has nothing in common with a real consumer accidentally coming upon something new in a store. When one comes upon something new by accident, one is curious, not opinionated. One tends to ask questions, not give answers.

When a packaging system I had designed for 3Com, a technology company, was focus tested in an actual store, the group made countless critical observations. However, the actual

#### FIVE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT BRANDING

- 1 *It is not a science.*
- 2 *A smart brand-positioning program and an environmentally friendly, ergonomically correct design cannot make a potential consumer purchase a product they don't need or want.*
- 3 *The best brands of any sort are usually produced by corporations or institutions where the president is both a strong leader and a visionary.*
- 4 *Corporations composed of more than five people have most of their difficulties creating brands because of fear and jealousy among individuals in various departments.*
- 5 *Intuition is crucial. Luck helps.*

consumers who were in the store were curious and naturally drawn to the packaging, and commented without invitation that they thought it worked and that it was "cool." Had they been formally interviewed to any extent, their comments would undoubtedly have been more critical.

The large design firms that offer "branding" as a service try to persuade their clients that they are "scientific" by establishing an ordered process that appears to quantify intangible things like "brand positioning" or "brand personality attributes." They prepare lists, charts, and graphs (usually set in large type, with a fifty-word paragraph on each page, bound into a wire-bound book) that are designed to persuade a corporation that there is a specific brand positioning naturally appropriate to that corporation, and that this can manifest itself in everything that corporation does—a mantra for how the company should look, feel, and be perceived. There is nothing inherently wrong with this. Most large corporations have complicated structures, complicated politics, decentralized divisions, separate profit centers, and infighting between—and within—their divisions. They lose sight of how they represent themselves and how other people see them. Branding mantras give disparate political units a common cause and help them speak with the same voice.

Unfortunately the large branding firms that present these seemingly complicated scientific exercises often fall apart when they come to the "logo exploration" part of the design process. I always get the feeling that the firm's effort, money, and talent have gone into persuasive chart making, not logo aesthetics. Their wire-bound presentations show a corporate name set in a score of possible typefaces. After picking what is ostensibly the most appropriate from this set, they proceed to show scores of incre-

mental versions to the chosen face, displaying it in different colors and different weights with subtle modulations. The result appears scientific but leaves the client with nothing remarkable and nothing memorable—and nothing objectionable either.

I've been hired to design identities for corporations after they've gone through the brand-positioning process and logo exploration by another firm. When they've completed this exercise, they are often much better behaved clients. They have a basis for making visual judgments that has been depersonalized and has become more objective. It is far easier for a committee to determine whether a logo, packaging program, or advertising campaign is "on brand" than it is for the same group to agree about whether or not they "like it." And after having seen fifty or so incrementally different and therefore confusing logo designs, the group is often happy to look at two or three diverse designs from another firm.

Years ago, when I was a student-teacher in an unruly high school art class in Philadelphia, the master teacher I worked with would write a seemingly pointless quote about art or creativity on the blackboard every day. The students would noisily enter the classroom, throw their books around, and the teacher would admonish them to sit down, open their notebooks, and copy down the quote of the day. Suddenly the class would become orderly. Once they performed this rote exercise, they were ready to learn.

The same process is at work when large corporate committees undergo the strategic phase of a brand-positioning program. The exercise leaves them ready to pay attention.



**INVARIABLY** brand positions are most clear and succinct when they directly reflect the ideals of a strong institutional president. When brand positions and personality attributes are organized by an outside management consultancy on behalf of a large committee, the brand personality is watered down to include all possible attributes, like being both exclusive and inclusive or modern yet traditional. It is almost impossible to design anything memorable that would be “on brand” in this situation. The natural result is “blanding,” the act of removing any idiosyncrasy from a given design to ensure that it is not “too something.”

Most of Pentagram’s clients (my own included) are midsize corporations or sizable public institutions. They are small enough that we get to meet and to know their directors and become privy to their points of view. The challenge is to develop a dialogue, based on the level of the client’s visual sophistication, that explains just what design can do for them and how it works. Hence the value of Bierut’s explanation of serif typography. If I can persuade the president and his inner circle to adopt a given approach, the resulting design emerges with few compromises. In this role I am not a scientist, a salesman, a magician, or a charlatan. I am a teacher, and my curriculum includes aesthetics, branding, identity, and the inherently subjective—and not scientific—process of design.

The larger the corporation, the more teaching one has to do, mostly division by division, from marketing and finance to legal and manufacturing departments. It can be a mind-numbing exercise. When various subsidiaries are thrown into the mix, a design is refined, subbrands are created, positions are modified, and rules are changed—hopefully without harming the essential

aesthetics of the identity—until every visual avenue of the corporation or institution has been addressed.

The role as designer/teacher/guru to corporations, although effective, has been somewhat detrimental to my creative growth. The process takes time and necessarily demands long, boring, repetitive, and mostly thankless meetings, often with the goal of persuading an internal corporate committee not to trash a pre-approved design. In larger branding firms, this sort of thing may be handled by an account representative, not by a designer. But account executives generally are not capable of explaining why certain modifications ruin the aesthetics of a given design and others do not. Only a designer can do that. The presence of a partner in such meetings is crucial. A senior designer can’t do it, mostly because they have not attained the credibility inherent to the position of partner.

At Pentagram, I have attained the power, status, and credibility necessary to more easily persuade clients to a given design. My greatest dilemma has now become how to balance projects so they keep me interested and allow my design vocabulary to expand and how not to be bored senseless by interminable corporate meetings. The answer is to continually change the types of projects I take on, to move from corporate or institutional identity to magazine design, to package design, to environmental design, to pro bono work, to books, to my own artistic ventures as a painter, and back to corporate identity. One type of design informs the next. When I balance a mind-numbing corporate project with something particularly active, like my obsessive map painting, the opposites neutralize each other.

My partners in the New York office of Pentagram make this variety possible. We are perceived as a multidisciplinary firm that relies on shared experience. I began to work on environmental projects by collaborating with partner Michael Gericke, who had a broad background in that area. The learning curve has involved not only the specific regulatory and production rules of institutional and office-building signage but a whole new book of political problems inherent in working with architects and real-estate developers.

I find that when I work in an area in which I have no prior experience—when I am, in fact, “unqualified for the job”—I do my most innovative and interesting work. It is useful to be a neophyte. It is especially useful to be a neophyte in your fifties, because people may actually listen to you and believe you even when you aren’t totally sure what you’re talking about. (I could never get away with that at twenty-four.) After I’ve designed several projects in a new area, and start to understand the inherent limitations in those projects, the creative thinking diminishes. I know too much. The charm of ignorance is that I can devise solutions innocently that, although they may be impractical, may be altered in an innovative way and actually function. With too much knowledge, I tend to edit the impractical thinking.

**I BEGAN** working with architects in the mid-nineties, beginning with the Public Theater and the American Museum of Natural History and then in a series of public institutions, museums, theaters, and office buildings. In each instance I was hired to inform a public space with a spirit of identity. I found this process especially fascinating. The architects I worked with generally received more confi-

dence and respect from clients and were perceived as important professionals of stature in comparison to graphic designers. Architecture is an understood and revered profession. Some of the respect comes from the quasi-scientific aspect of architecture. If you don’t listen to your architect, it’s possible that your new building will fall down. People generally don’t die from bad graphic design. I found that both real-estate developers and institutional presidents who commissioned architecture also genuinely enjoyed being patrons to society. The permanence of a building is an enduring monument to the individual that commissioned and developed it as well as the donors or organizations that funded it. Graphic design is ephemeral—for instant reward. Architecture is for posterity.

I enjoy working with architects because they quickly understand an aesthetic point of view based on an idea or spirit of place. The dialogue is usually intelligent, sometimes inspiring, there is potential for innovation, and there is direct access to the architect/client. However, even if the architect is an enlightened client, the graphic designer is essentially functioning as a vendor to a consultant, more on the level of a typesetter. In architectural magazines credits for graphic design, if they appear at all, usually fall someplace between lighting, electricity, and plumbing.

Another frustrating aspect of working with architects has to do with timing and budget. It’s important for a graphic designer to be involved with a building from its initial planning stages, so that the signage and environmental design become integral parts of the structure. This often means planning a graphic program years in advance of a building’s completion, which means years of incremental changes as various budget restrictions



emerge. One often finds that the most innovative, exciting part of the graphic project is cut out at the very end due to economics. (If a building is running over budget, the materials in the signage package are the first to go.) It's depressing to invest four years of your life in a project and find you have nothing of significance to capture in a photo. One tends to miss the immediacy of print. I like to balance long-term signage projects with print projects like illustrations for the *New York Times* Op-Ed page. There is nothing like completing a project in one day and seeing it in print the next. Ironically it is the very immediacy of graphic communication—the result of fast, intuitive thinking—that architects most need to capture and incorporate in public spaces as part of their architecture—not just as signs stuck onto their buildings.

**THE TRAGEDY** of the graphic-design profession is that so many of its most talented practitioners are inarticulate, shy, or otherwise incapable of persuading large groups of people that there is inherent value in design. The best work from these designers is always for themselves, for design schools, or for pro bono clients within the design industry. Their work may be influential within the design community, but it is generally invisible to the world at large. Or worse, it may be poorly imitated by large design firms for large clients and then produced on a grand scale in a watered-down manner that ultimately reduces the original to a cliché.

The current buzz word from design writers and critics is "authorship," which advocates the production of work without clients, or at least in pure collaboration with them. (The hallmark of this seems to be Bruce Mau's credited collaboration with Rem

Koolhaas on the architect's monograph *S,M,L,XL*.) Somehow, according to these critics, this is a far more noble pursuit for designers than laying out a page or designing a package or logo for a corporation. This argument misses the larger point. All design is authored. The authorship is a collaboration between the designer and other people (editors, publishers, marketing executives, corporate presidents, architects, and entrepreneurs) who necessarily have a stake in the design. The authorship of the designer disappears when the designer has lost his power to influence others who have a stake in the design. Critics should not be making arguments for "designer authorship." They should be arguing for designer power and influence.

The production of work without clients is admittedly more fun for the designer. The work is less compromised, more personal, and receives more acclaim than "nonauthored" work. It is reproduced and written about in design publications, wins awards, and builds and enhances a designer's reputation. But the emphasis on self-published work does not help the design community with its more serious charge, which is how do we as designers, through our joy of making things, improve visual culture—and even standards of living—in the United States and elsewhere? How do we make food packaging more intelligent, practical, attractive, and less wasteful? How do we make public documents like census forms and election ballots more functional? How do we make magazines and books on important subjects appear more interesting? How do we make public spaces comfortable and noble? How do we keep marketing and advertising material from appearing banal and intellectually insulting? How do we make what is elite popular—and make what's popular meaningful? How do we make our daily experience more humane?

**THE ANSWER** lies in working effectively with other, often exasperating, people in politically complex situations. This means understanding human nature and learning to explain to ordinary people how extraordinary design can be. Every design success story makes the process easier. Every piece of writing in a mainstream magazine or newspaper that explains how design functions makes the process easier. Every talented designer who persuades a corporation that an innovative solution works makes the process easier. Every talented designer who designs a better package, a better book jacket, or a better magazine makes the process easier. Every client who supports a designer makes the process easier. Every client who can accept a design because they have come to believe in the intelligence and instincts of the designer makes the process easier. Every client who can accept the subjectivity in a design decision makes the process easier. Every committee that looks at a new design and does not ask the designer to make it bigger makes the process easier. In fact the process gets a little bit easier all the time.





One of Paul Davis's famous posters for the New York Shakespeare Festival, 1976.

## THE PUBLIC THEATER

The New York Shakespeare Festival, which provides free Shakespeare performances in Central Park during the summer, is a beloved New York City institution. Founded by Joseph Papp in 1954, it found its summer home at the Delacorte Theater in Central Park in 1962. Five years later Papp rescued the Astor Library on Lafayette Street from destruction, and the Public Theater was born. Although it had a sterling reputation, attendance and membership began to decline in the late 1980s, and Papp became ill with cancer and died in 1991.

In 1994 Wiley Hausam, a producer then working with the new director George C. Wolfe, asked if I could design some mailers and marketing materials for the New York Shakespeare Festival and Joseph Papp Public Theater. I would be hired as a “creative director” on a freelance basis. An interview with Wolfe was scheduled, and we discussed the image of the theater.

In an effort to rejuvenate the organization, Wolfe had initiated a market-research campaign to investigate New Yorkers' perceptions of the Public Theater and the Shakespeare Festival. Most young people confused it with *Masterpiece Theater*, shown on PBS; they assumed that Public Theater productions were educational but boring. The most loyal audience came from the Upper West Side of Manhattan: white, liberal, relatively wealthy, and over fifty years old—not a good demographic for a theater whose charge is to be a breeding ground for innovative new plays that can be exported to Broadway.

The Public Theater had never created a formal institutional identity. In the late seventies Papp had commis-

sioned a series of beautiful, highly regarded posters from the illustrator and designer Paul Davis. The posters were paintings of the major stars of the productions, featured in appropriate dress and character. Davis created about two posters a year for nineteen years, and they became emblematic of the Shakespeare Festival. In the late eighties, Davis also created posters for *Masterpiece Theater*, which may have led to some of the confusion reflected in the market research. But the biggest problem was the mingled identity of the various entities within the institution. The press called it equally “the Joseph Papp Public Theater,” “the New York Shakespeare Festival,” “Shakespeare in the Park,” and “the Papp.”

My first meeting with Wolfe seemed to go well. I remember talking to him about the lobby of the building, which had salmon-pink walls paneled with marbled mirrors. He thought it looked like a bordello. Jim Biber, my architect partner, and I went down and made some quick-fix recommendations, such as painting, covering or removing the chandeliers, and pulling the mirrors off the walls. Wolfe and Hausam interviewed three other designers for the creative director position. I didn't hear from the producers again for weeks. Then they called to arrange another meeting to discuss how I could help them create a new spirit for a younger multicultural audience. We talked for several hours, but the talks were inconclusive. They said they really didn't know how to proceed. I said, “Well, why don't you just give me the job?” They laughed and left. About three weeks later Hausam called and said they needed a design for the 1994 summer campaign for Shakespeare in the Park. They were putting on new updated versions of the musical *Kiss Me, Kate* and

Shakespeare's *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. They needed a mailer in a week and a half. Would I talk to George?

I worked this way with the Public Theater for the next eight years. In every way it was a great client. There was absolutely no time for careful and considered but painfully boring design. The Public demanded fast, instinctual solutions—without extensive, mind-numbing revisions. Best of all, I had total access to a brilliant, creative, and powerful decision maker with a strong personal aesthetic and opinion.

The identity for the Public Theater grew out of that first marketing campaign for the summer 1994 Shakespeare Festival. *Kiss Me, Kate* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* had nothing in common other than that they both originally came from Shakespeare and were going to be performed free and live in Central Park that summer. The marketing campaign was delayed because the Shakespeare Festival had to wait for approval from the author's estate to revise the *Kiss Me, Kate* book. The approval still had not been received at the point that I was asked to design the visual material. Wolfe had requested that the posters and billboards be "loud and in-your-face." He had shown me one advertising agency's attempt to create the marketing material. There were two separate poster images attached to each other, each with a cute "sell" line. Wolfe hated them.

The work produced by the agency was typical of most Broadway theatrical advertising at the time. The point was to change the paradigm. I thought that the best way to attract attention would be to abbreviate the names of the plays so they read "Kate" and "Wives." The language was not dissimilar to that of a porn poster:

**NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL IN CENTRAL PARK**

**THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR AND KISS ME, KATE**

**FREE! LIVE!**

**SUMMER 1994**

**THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR**  
BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
DIRECTED BY DANIEL SULLIVAN  
JUNE 23 TO JULY 24

**KISS ME, KATE**  
MUSIC & LYRICS BY COLE PORTER  
BOOK BY SAMUEL & BELLA SPENACK  
DIRECTED BY MIKE OCKENT  
CHOREOGRAPHED BY SUSAN STRONMAN  
AUG. 4 TO SEPT. 3

TUESDAY THROUGH SUNDAY  
EVENINGS AT  
**8 P.M.**  
DELAQUETTE THEATER  
ENHANCED: CENTRAL PARK WEST  
AT 82ND STREET  
5TH AVENUE AT 79TH STREET  
CALL (212) 461-7777 OR  
(212) 509-7000 FOR DETAILS

SHAKESPEARE IN CENTRAL PARK  
IS PRESENTED BY THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL  
WITH THE COOPERATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,  
RODOLPH W. GIULIANI, MAYOR  
THE CITY COUNCIL, PETER A. VALLINO, SPEAKER  
SCUYLER CHAPIN, COMMISSIONER, DEPARTMENT OF  
CULTURAL AFFAIRS • HENRY J. STERN, COMMISSIONER,  
DEPARTMENT OF PARKS AND RECREATION

MAJOR SUPPORT FOR THESE PRODUCTIONS HAS BEEN PROVIDED BY:  
**TDI**  
ADDITIONAL SUPPORT HAS BEEN PROVIDED BY  
NYNEX, PRUDENTIAL SECURITIES INCORPORATED,  
WOLFE NEWSTADT & CO., AND NEW YORK NEWSDAY.

GEORGE C. WOLFE, PRODUCER

"Wives and Kate, Free, Live No Waiting." The poster's language demanded large bold type, strong colors, a nonsense layout. After the campaign was produced and massive billboards were hung all over New York City, Wolfe found out that he was not going to be given approval to produce the updated version of *Kiss Me, Kate*.

The typographic structure of the posters made it easy to paste over the billboards and include the new replacement play, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. "Wives and Kate" became "Wives and Gents."



**THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR**

Production No. 25 of the Shakespeare Marathon  
Directed by Daniel Sullivan

Sir John Falstaff pretends to love the two merry wives, Mistresses Ford and Page—but really wants to con them out of some cash. Originally set in Elizabethan England, Daniel Sullivan has reimagined this popular frolic set in the boomtowns and saloons of the American goldrush in the Western Frontier.

**KISS ME, KATE**

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter  
Book by Samuel and Bella Spewack  
Directed by Mike Ockrent  
Choreographed by Susan Stroman

In this classic musical, Cole Porter's urbane wit meets the bawdy humor and jovial banter of Shakespeare's *The Taming of The Shrew*.

[illegible]

*The 1994 season for the New York Shakespeare Festival.*  
*Left: The Two Gentleman of Verona ("Gents") is pasted over Kiss Me Kate*



TDI

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL IN CENTRAL PARK

THE MERRY

# WIVES OF WINDSOR

AND

# THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA GENTS

FREE! LIVE! NO WAITING!

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
DIRECTED BY DANIEL SULLIVAN

JUNE 23 TO JULY 24

## THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
DIRECTED BY ADRIAN HALL

AUG. 4 TO SEPT. 3

TUESDAY THROUGH SUNDAY  
EVENINGS AT  
**8 P.M.**

DEACORTE THEATER  
ENTRANCES: CENTRAL PARK WEST  
AT 81ST STREET  
15TH AVENUE AT 79TH STREET  
CALL (212) 869-7277 OR  
(212) 508-7100 FOR DETAILS

## NEW TICKET POLICY:

PICK UP FREE TICKETS  
ON THE DAY OF THE SHOW  
FROM 1 P.M. ON  
AT THE DEACORTE  
IN CENTRAL PARK OR 1-3 P.M.  
AT THE PUBLIC THEATER.

SHAKESPEARE IN CENTRAL PARK  
IS PRESENTED BY THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL  
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RUDOLPH W. GIULIANI, MAYOR

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DEPARTMENT OF PARKS AND RECREATION

GEORGE C. WOLFE, PRODUCER



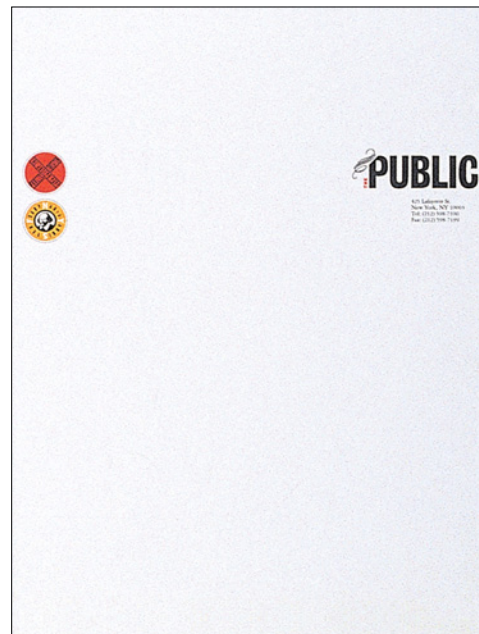
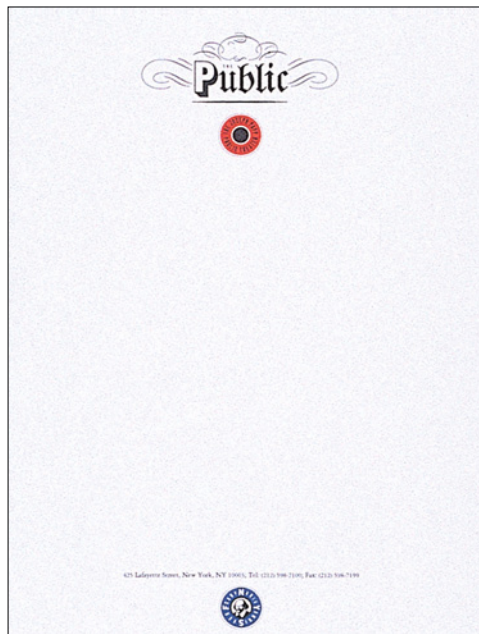
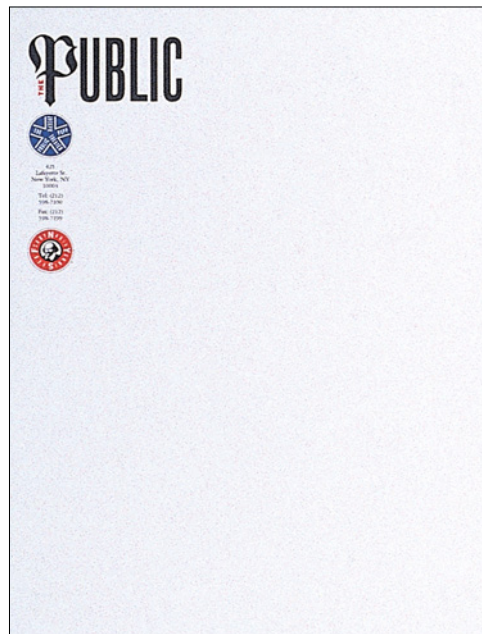
SUMMER 1994

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PRUDENTIAL SECURITIES INCORPORATED, NEWS NEWGRADIOS DE, AND NEW YORK NEWSPAPER.





The rejected stationery designs from the first Public Theater identity presentation.

After the summer festival hit the streets of New York, I began working on a new identity for the theater. Wolfe and I agreed that the whole entity—the spirit of the institution—should be “the Public Theater,” because that best expressed the inclusive aspect of the multicultural plays that would be performed there, and that the theater would be popularly referred to as “the Public.” Under the umbrella of the Public would be the New York Shakespeare Festival, an event held at the Delacorte Theater. The Lafayette Street building would be formally known as the Joseph Papp Public Theater. It seemed logical to me that the Public’s typography be organized to emphasize the word *public*. The other entities and

places within the institution would be represented by a series of round stamps—Wolfe called them “tokens.”

For the initial logo presentation, I made visual reference to the classical spirit of an American public facility in all but one version—the boldest and most startling—which used lettering inspired by a demonstration of typographic weights featured in Rob Roy Kelly’s book *American Wood Type*. Wolfe was immediately drawn to it. At the time, though, the other designs seemed safer and more public spirited. We were worried that the bold one was too edgy, had no roots in the history of design for cultural institutions, and would quickly become dated. On first viewing, the bold *Public* Theater logo was

definitely “too something.” Nevertheless, it was chosen. The scary design had won. And now, in retrospect, the other designs look ordinary and wimpy.

I had always admired Victorian theater posters from the Old Haymarket in London, which were simply a listing of plays, who was in them, and when and where they were being presented. This basic method of posting notices seemed to fit perfectly with the brash spirit of the reinvented Public. No fancy advertising lines, slogans, or complicated logos here. Just the facts: *Henry V* on March 6 at 8:00 p.m. at the Public. The combination of language and weights of wood typography that made up the logo created a powerful, recognizable language for

# THE PUBLIC THEATER

IN THE COMPANY OF MEN



From Rob Roy Kelly's *American Wood Type*, 1968.

the institution on tickets, T-shirts, caps, programs, flyers, mailers, flags, newspaper ads, its Web site, and everything else in print. Ultimately it was too much for my team at Pentagram to produce, so I hired a designer to work full-time at the Public Theater while I continued to collaborate with Wolfe on individual theater posters.

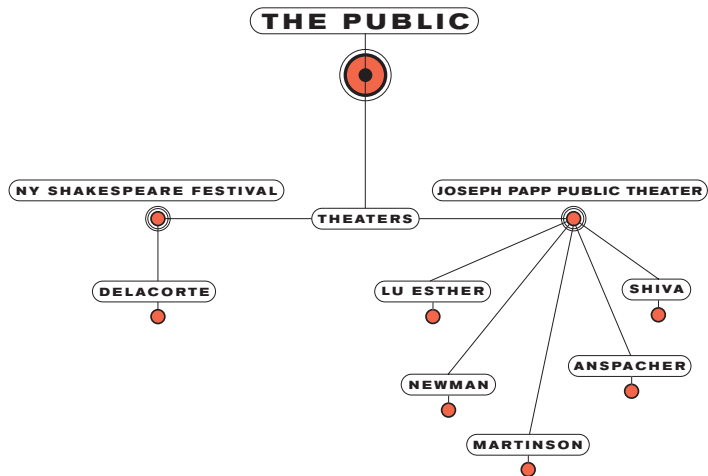
Wolfe wanted to make posters for each individual play at the Public (approximately six per season). This was almost unheard of in the 1990s: a client who wanted to make posters, a supposedly dying art form that had been rendered commercially futile by newspaper, radio, and direct-mail advertising. But the Public Theater posters completely changed the image and perception of the theater. The posters themselves had no specific methodology or ideology, except that initially they tended to be in bright, flat colors with stylized photography and illustrative wood typography. At the beginning of the season I'd be sent the list of plays with abbreviated



The chosen identity from the first presentation

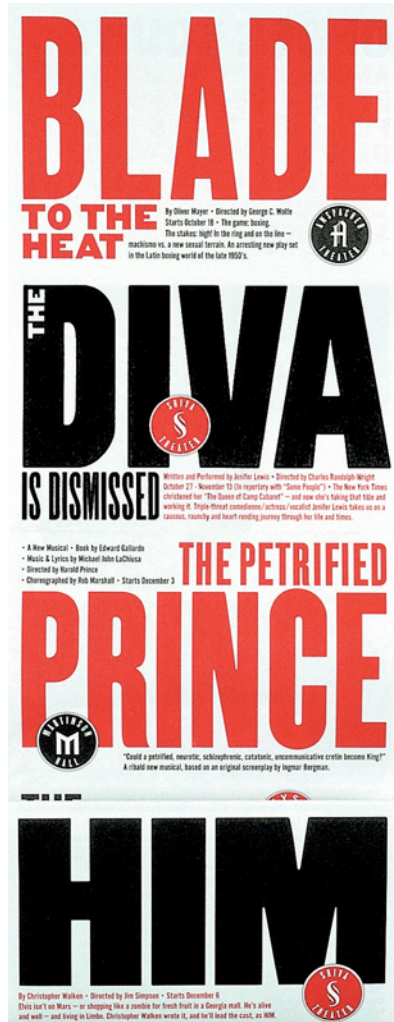
synopses. Sometimes I was sent the whole play to read. I found that reading the play or the synopsis of the play was useless because I would then design something that was my interpretation of the play, and my interpretation of the play didn't matter. What mattered was Wolfe's interpretation of the play. I had to interpret his interpretation.





The tokens that fall under the Public Theater umbrella





The first mailer



The Public Theater lobby



Victorian woodtype poster for theater



Wolfe is a brilliant director; he began his career as a set designer and collects folk art seriously. He has a sophisticated visual sensibility with a populist edge—a taste we share—and expresses himself in theatrical terms. Among his greatest skills is his ability to manage the creative process—to intuitively understand what nurtures it, what kills it, and how to allow someone to do his or her best work. In our collaboration, Wolfe made the unilateral decision to exclude actors, actresses, directors, and writers from the approval of poster images. They often saw a poster for the first time when it was hanging in the Public Theater lobby at the opening of their show. That Wolfe had the only approval meant that there was only one viewpoint, never a compromise. Over the years, the writers and directors not only accepted it, but they also anticipated it, looked forward to it. It was part of the cachet of having a play produced at the Public Theater, part of the tradition.

I had the most difficulty designing for the summer Shakespeare Festival, which was the most visible. The posters hung in subway stations and phone kiosks all over New York City and appeared as full-page ads in the *New York Times*. They always contained two plays, and the plays were always unrelated. The posters were necessarily typographic, to avoid the trap of combining two uncomplementary images. "Free Will," for the 1995 summer season, was the most startling on the street, both in language and design. Eventually this format became repetitive, so I abandoned the wood type and changed the typeface for each festival. I always believed that the summer festival designs were best seen in the *Sunday Times*, as full-page four-color ads.

**THE SEASON BEGINS OCTOBER 18**

**THE PEOPLE**

**BLADE TO THE HEAT**

**HIM**

**THE MERCHANT OF VENICE**

**LANGUAGE OF THEIR OWN**

**SILENCE, CHINING, EXILE**

**DANCING ON MOONLIGHT**

**DOG OPERA**

**JOIN**

**HOW TO ORDER**

**BRAVE NEW WORKS, BRAVE NEW WORLDS AND EASY NEW WAYS TO GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR.**

425 Lafayette Street

George C. Wolfe, Producer

Ads for the Public Theater's first season with the new identity, 1994

**BLADE TO THE HEAT**

**THE SEASON BEGINS OCTOBER 18**

**THE PEOPLE**

**DIVA**

**SIMPATICO**

**THE PETRIFIED PRINCE**

**HIM**

**MERCHANT OF VENICE**

**LANGUAGE OF THEIR OWN**

**SILENCE, CHINING, EXILE**

**DANCING ON MOONLIGHT**

**DOG OPERA**

**JOIN**

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**DANCING ON MOONLIGHT**

**DOG OPERA**

**JOIN**

**HOW TO ORDER**

**BRAVE NEW WORKS, BRAVE NEW WORLDS AND EASY NEW WAYS TO GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR.**

425 Lafayette Street

George C. Wolfe, Producer



THE  
**PUBLIC**  
THEATER  
'94-'95

**JOIN**

STARTING OCTOBER 18

THE **BLADE**  
TO THE HEAT  
SOME **PEOPLE**  
THE **DIVA** IS DISMISSED  
**SIMPATICO**  
THE PETRIFIED PRINCE  
**HIM**  
THE **MERCHANT**  
OF VENICE  
**A LANGUAGE**  
OF THEIR OWN  
SILENCE, CUNNING, EXILE  
**DANCING**  
ON MOONLIGHT  
THEATER **DOG OPERA**



# SOME PEOPLE

WRITTEN AND PERFORMED

BY **DANNY**

**Hoch**

DIRECTED

BY **JO**

**BONNEY**

**NOW  
PLAYING!  
LIMITED  
ENGAGEMENT!**



THE **PUBLIC** THEATER



432 MANHATTAN STREET  
NEW YORK, NY 10013  
(212) 989-7800

A stand up monologue performance by Danny Hoch.

1994

SIMPATICO

BEVERLY D'ANGELO

JAMES GAMMON

MARCIA GAY HARDEN

ED HARRIS

FRED WARD

WELKER WHITE

WRITTEN AND  
DIRECTED BY

SAM SHEPARD

STARTS  
NOVEMBER 1

**PUBLIC**  
THEATER



425 MADISON AVENUE  
(212) 510-7160

WHEATON/STUDIO

A Sam Shepard play and star-studded cast

1994





# HIM

BY CHRISTOPHER WALKEN DIRECTED BY JIM SIMPSON

THE PUBLIC THEATER



435 MANHATTAN AVENUE  
(212) 538-7150

Guess who

1994

THE **PUBLIC** THEATER



415 JAVITTIE STREET  
(212) 559-7155



**THE  
DIVA  
IS DISMISSED**

**PHILIP  
HARRIS  
GO-WITTEN AND DIRECTED BY  
HARRIS**

**GO-WITTEN AND PERFORMED BY  
JENIFER LEWIS**

**LIMITED ENGAGEMENT  
NOW PLAYING**

Jenifer Lewis's one-woman show

1994

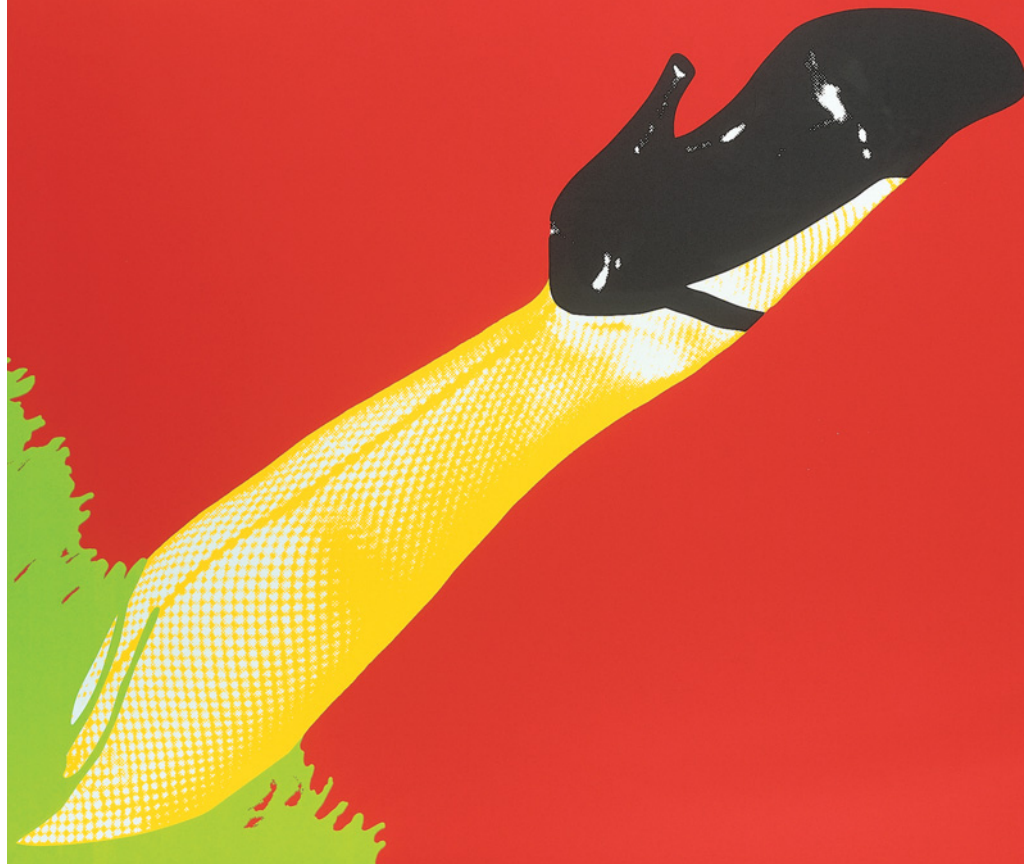


THE **PUBLIC** THEATER



425 MADISON STREET  
(212) 260-2400

WRITTEN BY NILO CRUZ  
DIRECTED BY GRACIELA DANIELE

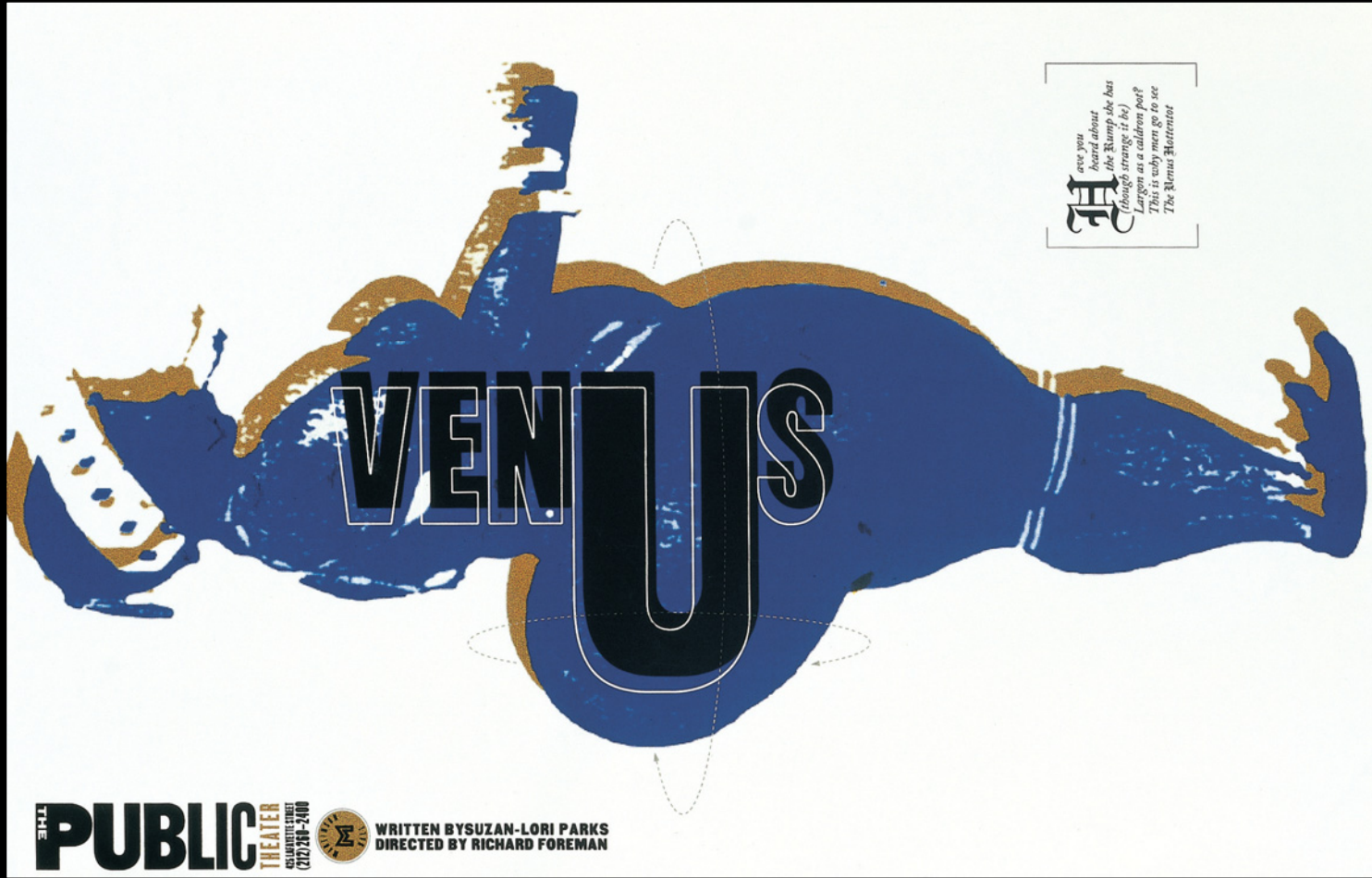


# NO HEAVEN CYNTHIA SENZIGES

DESIGN: J. PATTERSON

*A Latino dance duo in the 1950s*

1996



Have you  
ever heard about  
the Kump? He has  
(though strange it be)  
Largely as a children poet  
This is why men go to see  
The Venus Hottentot

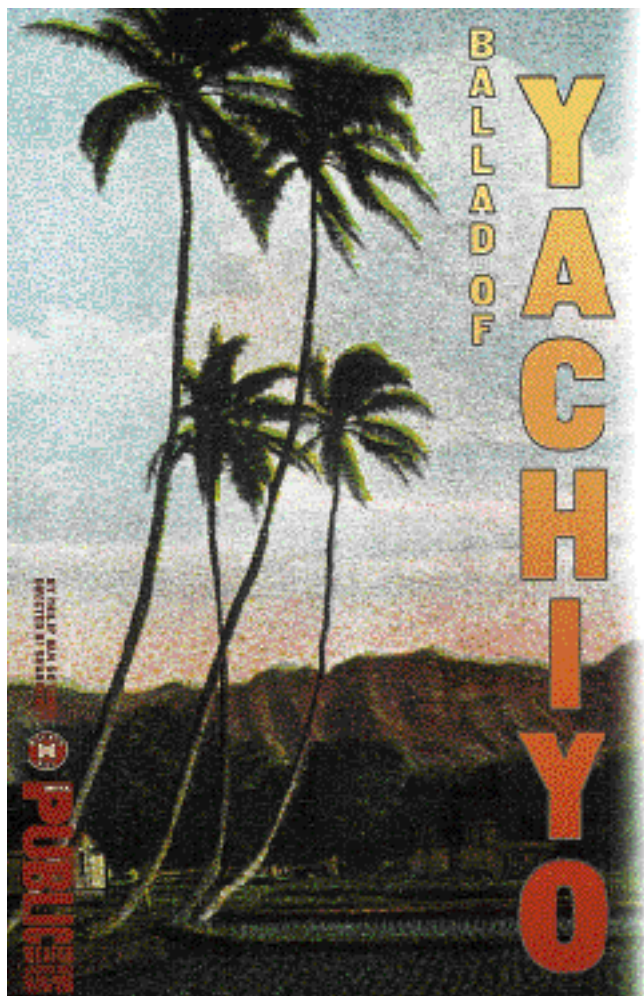
**THE PUBLIC**  
THEATER  
CLUB SEATING  
(212) 246-2400



WRITTEN BY SUZAN-LORI PARKS  
DIRECTED BY RICHARD FOREMAN

A play about the Venus Hottentot who astonished Europe  
with her fabulous derriere.



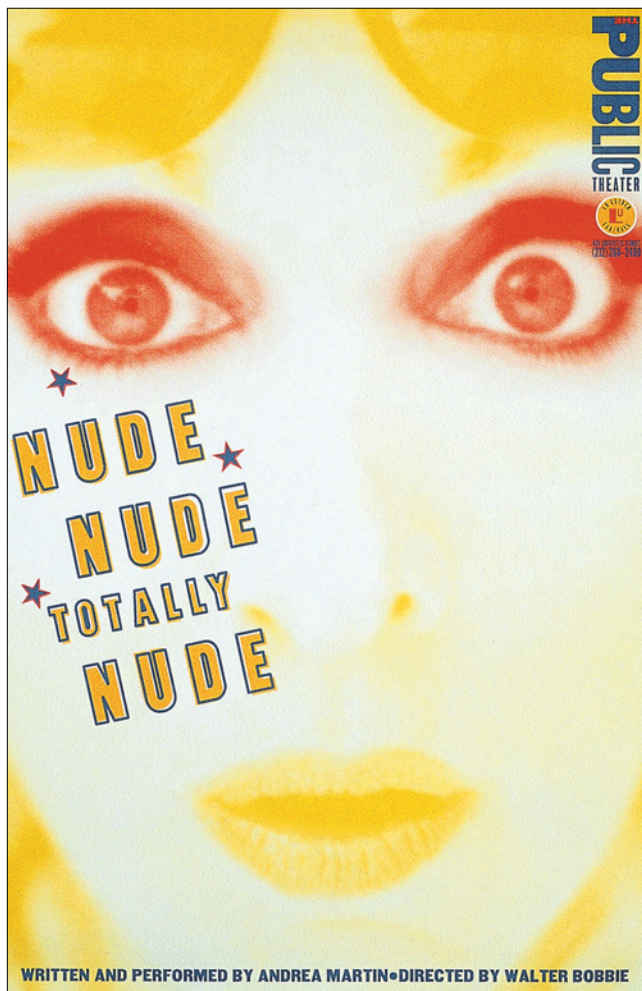


Two different plays about dysfunctional Asian families in America

1997



1996

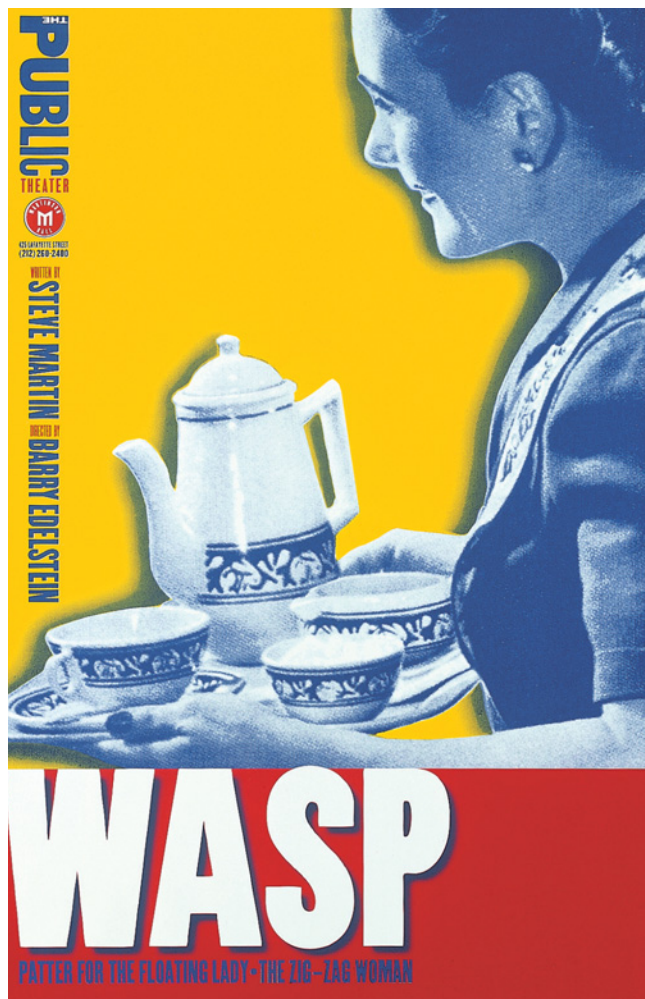


A one-woman show by Andrea Martin



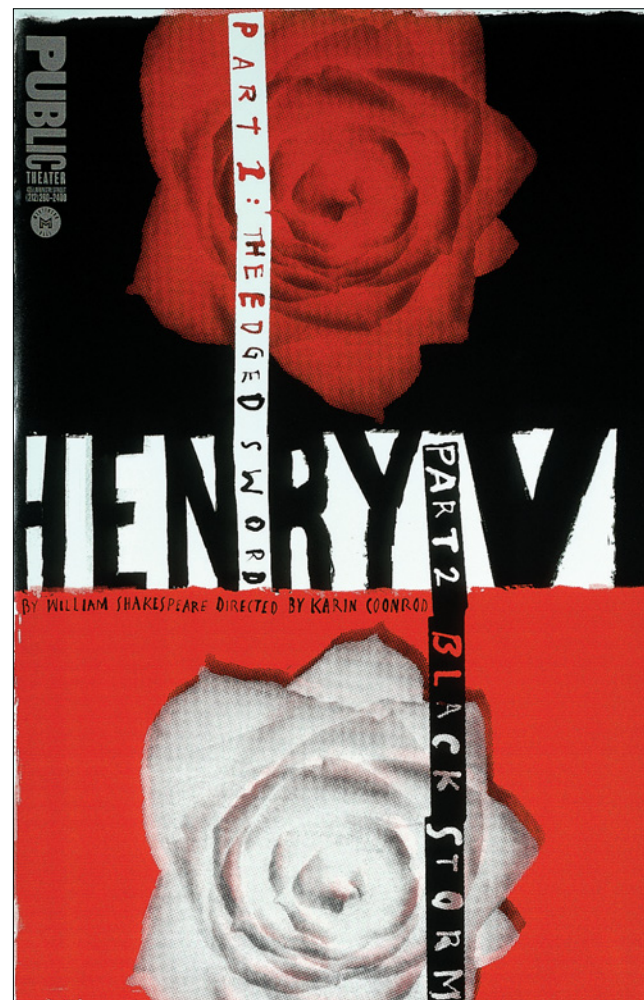
A play about a Latino boxer in the 1950s





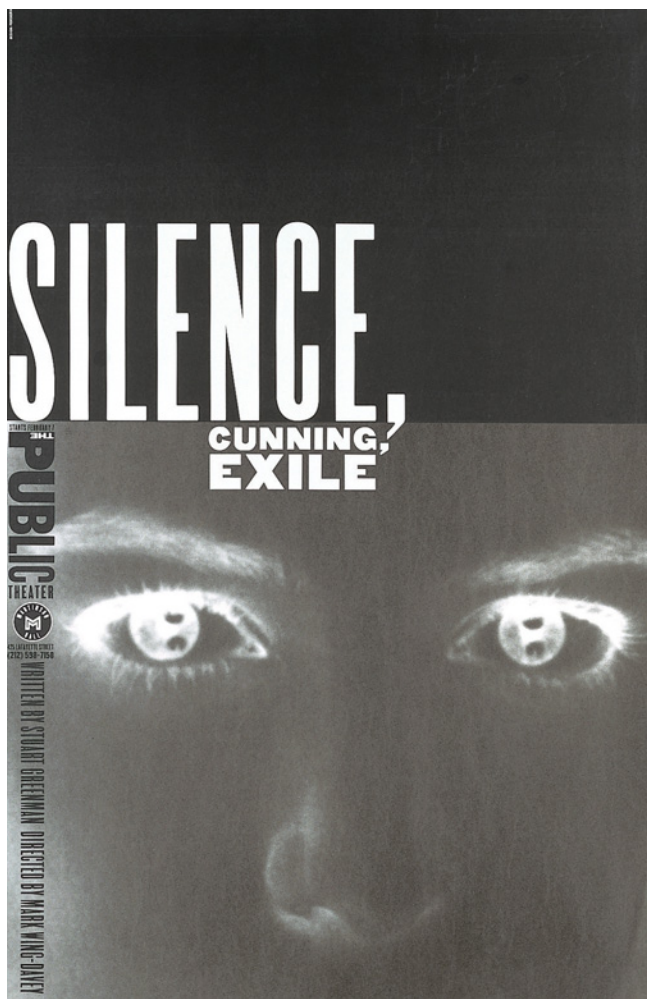
Three one-act plays written by Steve Martin

1995



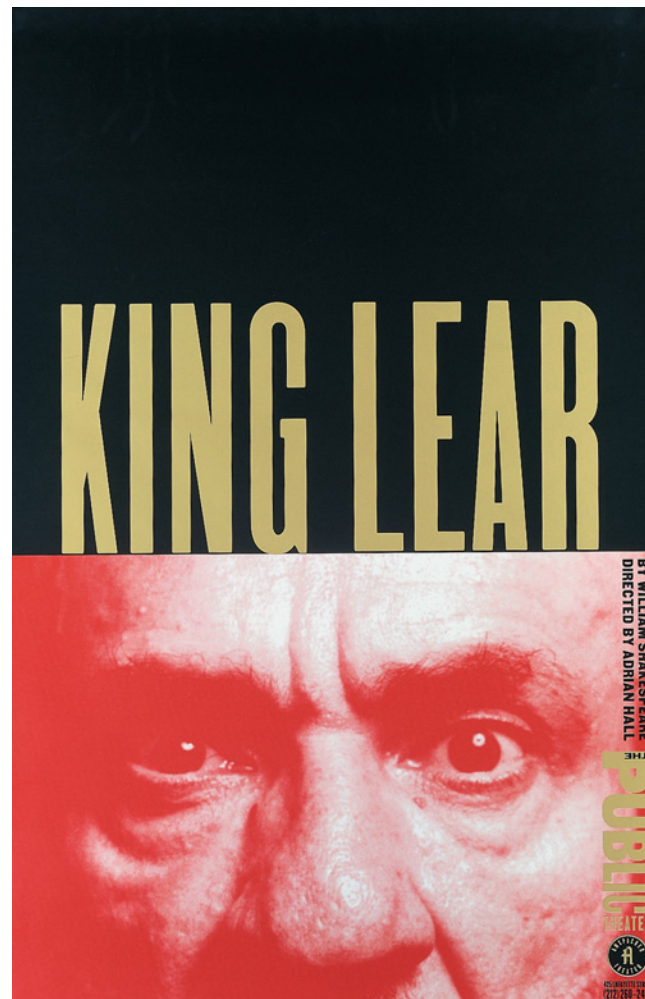
A "downtown" production of Henry VI

1996



A biography of Diane Arbus in the fifties

1994



F. Murray Abraham as the king

1995



SHAKESPEARE IN THE PARK

# FREE WILL

**THE TEMPEST**  
DIRECTED BY GEORGE C. WOLFE JUNE 22 - JULY 19

**TROILUS & CRESSIDA**  
AUGUST 4 - SEPTEMBER 2 DIRECTED BY MARK WING DAYE

MAJOR SUPPORTERS: **TDI** WGBS NEWSRADIO 88 **NYNEX** © 1995 NYNEX CORPORATION

**THE PUBLIC THEATER**

# LIVE

**ADDITIONAL SUPPORT:**  
GEORGE DELACORTE FUND  
THE GLADYS KRIEBEL DELMAS FOUNDATION  
THE STARR FOUNDATION  
HERMAN GOLDMAN FOUNDATION  
THE ELEANOR NAYLOR DANA CHARITABLE TRUST  
THE HELENA RUBINSTEIN FOUNDATION  
THE CHRISTIAN A. JOHNSON DONATION FOUNDATION  
NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS  
NEW YORK STATE COUNCIL ON THE ARTS

**8 PM**

**TICKET POLICY** PICK UP YOUR FREE TICKETS ON THE DAY OF THE PERFORMANCE FROM 1 PM ON AT THE DELACORTE IN CENTRAL PARK OR 1-3 PM AT THE PUBLIC THEATER.

The 1995 New York Shakespeare Festival poster

THE TEMPEST

DIRECTED BY GEORGE C. WOLFE JUNE 22 - JULY 19

THE PUBLIC THEATER

THE JOSEPH PAPP PUBLIC THEATER

425 LAFAYETTE STREET

**ADDITIONAL SUPPORT:**

GEORGE DELACORTE FUND  
THE GLADYS KRIEBEL DELMAS FOUNDATION  
THE STARR FOUNDATION  
HERMAN GOLDMAN FOUNDATION  
THE ELEANOR NAYLOR DANA CHARITABLE TRUST  
THE HELENA RUBINSTEIN FOUNDATION  
THE CHRISTIAN A. JOHNSON DONATION FOUNDATION  
NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS  
NEW YORK STATE COUNCIL ON THE ARTS

FREE SHAKESPEARE IS PRESENTED WITH THE SUPPORT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK  
RUDDOLPH W. GILBERT  
THE CITY OF NEW YORK  
PETER F. VALLI  
SCHUYLER CHAPMAN  
DEPARTMENT OF CULTURAL AFFAIRS  
HENRY J. STERN  
DEPARTMENT OF PARIT



# IMPET

SHAKESPEARE  
IN THE PARK  
TUESDAY THROUGH SUNDAY EVENINGS AT

# 8<sup>PM</sup>

## TICKET POLICY

PICK UP YOUR FREE TICKETS ON  
THE DAY OF THE PERFORMANCE  
FROM 1 PM ON AT THE DELACORTE  
IN CENTRAL PARK OR 1-3 PM AT  
THE PUBLIC THEATER.

# LUS & CRESSIDA

AUGUST 4 - SEPTEMBER 3

DIRECTED BY MARK WING-DAVEY



GEORGE C. WOLFE, PRODUCER



ENTRANCES:  
CENTRAL PARK WEST  
AT 81ST ST &  
5TH AVE AT 79TH ST  
CALL 212 861 7277 OR  
212 598 7100 FOR DETAILS

IN CENTRAL PARK  
WITH THE COOPERATION  
OF NEW YORK  
GOVERNOR  
JULIANI, MAYOR  
RUCHE  
COUNCIL  
BLOOMER, SPEAKER  
IN, COMMISSIONER  
CULTURAL AFFAIRS  
I, COMMISSIONER  
AND RECREATION

## MAJOR SUPPORTERS:

# TDI

WCBS  
NEWSRADIO 88  
All News. All Day. All Night.

# NYNEX

# New York Newsday



THE PUBLIC THEATER • NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL IN CENTRAL PARK

GEORGE C. WOLFE, PRODUCER

# HENRY

OPEN WITH THIS PLAY FIRST, WITH ANASTAS CHAKOVSKI

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, ADAPTED BY MICHAEL BOONIN

TUESDAY  
— THROUGH —  
SUNDAY  
EVENINGS AT

# 8

PM



DELACORTE  
THEATER  
ENTRANCES:  
CENTRAL PARK  
WEST AT 81ST  
STREET  
5TH AVENUE  
AT 79TH STREET

CALL 212 539.8750



SHAKESPEARE IN CENTRAL PARK IS PRESENTED WITH THE COOPERATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, RUDOLPH W. GIULIANI, MAYOR; THE CITY COUNCIL, PETER VALLONE, SPEAKER; DEPARTMENT OF CULTURAL AFFAIRS, SCHUYLER CHAPIN, COMMISSIONER; DEPARTMENT OF PARKS AND RECREATION, HENRY J. STERN, COMMISSIONER.

# TIMON OF ATHENS

AUGUST 6TH THRU SEPTEMBER 1ST



MAJOR SUPPORT

SHAWNEE OUTDOOR NY  
WCBS88  
NEWS



The New York Times  
Barnes & Noble

THE  
PUBLIC  
THEATER  
CENTRAL PARK  
CALL 539.8750

**T**ICKETS: 12, 20, 28, 36, 44, 52, 60, 68, 76, 84, 92, 100, 108, 116, 124, 132, 140, 148, 156, 164, 172, 180, 188, 196, 204, 212, 220, 228, 236, 244, 252, 260, 268, 276, 284, 292, 300, 308, 316, 324, 332, 340, 348, 356, 364, 372, 380, 388, 396, 404, 412, 420, 428, 436, 444, 452, 460, 468, 476, 484, 492, 500, 508, 516, 524, 532, 540, 548, 556, 564, 572, 580, 588, 596, 604, 612, 620, 628, 636, 644, 652, 660, 668, 676, 684, 692, 700, 708, 716, 724, 732, 740, 748, 756, 764, 772, 780, 788, 796, 804, 812, 820, 828, 836, 844, 852, 860, 868, 876, 884, 892, 900, 908, 916, 924, 932, 940, 948, 956, 964, 972, 980, 988, 996, 1000

**QUEENS**  
12, 20, 28, 36, 44, 52, 60, 68, 76, 84, 92, 100, 108, 116, 124, 132, 140, 148, 156, 164, 172, 180, 188, 196, 204, 212, 220, 228, 236, 244, 252, 260, 268, 276, 284, 292, 300, 308, 316, 324, 332, 340, 348, 356, 364, 372, 380, 388, 396, 404, 412, 420, 428, 436, 444, 452, 460, 468, 476, 484, 492, 500, 508, 516, 524, 532, 540, 548, 556, 564, 572, 580, 588, 596, 604, 612, 620, 628, 636, 644, 652, 660, 668, 676, 684, 692, 700, 708, 716, 724, 732, 740, 748, 756, 764, 772, 780, 788, 796, 804, 812, 820, 828, 836, 844, 852, 860, 868, 876, 884, 892, 900, 908, 916, 924, 932, 940, 948, 956, 964, 972, 980, 988, 996, 1000

**BROOKLYN**  
12, 20, 28, 36, 44, 52, 60, 68, 76, 84, 92, 100, 108, 116, 124, 132, 140, 148, 156, 164, 172, 180, 188, 196, 204, 212, 220, 228, 236, 244, 252, 260, 268, 276, 284, 292, 300, 308, 316, 324, 332, 340, 348, 356, 364, 372, 380, 388, 396, 404, 412, 420, 428, 436, 444, 452, 460, 468, 476, 484, 492, 500, 508, 516, 524, 532, 540, 548, 556, 564, 572, 580, 588, 596, 604, 612, 620, 628, 636, 644, 652, 660, 668, 676, 684, 692, 700, 708, 716, 724, 732, 740, 748, 756, 764, 772, 780, 788, 796, 804, 812, 820, 828, 836, 844, 852, 860, 868, 876, 884, 892, 900, 908, 916, 924, 932, 940, 948, 956, 964, 972, 980, 988, 996, 1000

**MANHATTAN**  
12, 20, 28, 36, 44, 52, 60, 68, 76, 84, 92, 100, 108, 116, 124, 132, 140, 148, 156, 164, 172, 180, 188, 196, 204, 212, 220, 228, 236, 244, 252, 260, 268, 276, 284, 292, 300, 308, 316, 324, 332, 340, 348, 356, 364, 372, 380, 388, 396, 404, 412, 420, 428, 436, 444, 452, 460, 468, 476, 484, 492, 500, 508, 516, 524, 532, 540, 548, 556, 564, 572, 580, 588, 596, 604, 612, 620, 628, 636, 644, 652, 660, 668, 676, 684, 692, 700, 708, 716, 724, 732, 740, 748, 756, 764, 772, 780, 788, 796, 804, 812, 820, 828, 836, 844, 852, 860, 868, 876, 884, 892, 900, 908, 916, 924, 932, 940, 948, 956, 964, 972, 980, 988, 996, 1000

**ALL BOROUGH**  
12, 20, 28, 36, 44, 52, 60, 68, 76, 84, 92, 100, 108, 116, 124, 132, 140, 148, 156, 164, 172, 180, 188, 196, 204, 212, 220, 228, 236, 244, 252, 260, 268, 276, 284, 292, 300, 308, 316, 324, 332, 340, 348, 356, 364, 372, 380, 388, 396, 404, 412, 420, 428, 436, 444, 452, 460, 468, 476, 484, 492, 500, 508, 516, 524, 532, 540, 548, 556, 564, 572, 580, 588, 596, 604, 612, 620, 628, 636, 644, 652, 660, 668, 676, 684, 692, 700, 708, 716, 724, 732, 740, 748, 756, 764, 772, 780, 788, 796, 804, 812, 820, 828, 836, 844, 852, 860, 868, 876, 884, 892, 900, 908, 916, 924, 932, 940, 948, 956, 964, 972, 980, 988, 996, 1000

**SUPPORT SHAKESPEARE IN CENTRAL PARK**  
CALL 539.8750

**MAJOR SUPPORT**  
SHAWNEE OUTDOOR NY  
WCBS88  
NEWS  
The New York Times  
Barnes & Noble

**MAJOR SUPPORT**  
SHAWNEE OUTDOOR NY  
WCBS88  
NEWS  
The New York Times  
Barnes & Noble

Left: The 1996 NYSF poster  
Right: The 1998 NYSF poster

THE PUBLIC THEATER • NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL  
SHAKESPEARE IN CENTRAL PARK

# DECEIT! MURDER! ABANDONMENT!



# AND THE CROSS DRESSING! AMERICAN FAMILY!

JUNE 12TH - JULY 12TH

# THE SKIN

BY THORNTON WILDER, DIRECTED BY IRENE LEWIS

AUGUST 4TH - AUGUST 30TH

# GYMBELINE

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, DIRECTED BY ANDREI SERBAN

# SPONSORED BY

SEASON SPONSORS

ITDI

WCBS88  
NEWSRADIO

The New York Times



Barnes & Noble  
ebooks, audiobooks, more

GEORGE C.  
WOLFE,  
PRODUCER



DELACORTE THEATER ENTRANCES:  
CENTRAL PARK WEST AT 81ST STREET  
5TH AVENUE AT 79TH STREET



TUESDAY THROUGH SUNDAY EVENING AT 8PM

TICKET POLICY PICK UP YOUR FREE  
TICKETS ON THE DAY OF THE PER-  
FORMANCE BEGINNING AT 1PM AT THE DELA-  
CORTE IN CENTRAL PARK OR FROM 1 TO  
3 PM AT THE PUBLIC THEATER. THIS  
SUMMER, WE WILL ALSO DISTRIBUTE  
TICKETS IN EACH OF THE FIVE BOROUGH  
ON SELECTED DATES. FOR MORE IN-  
FORMATION CALL 212.539.8750

LUESTHER T. MERTZ CHARITABLE TRUST • DOROTHY  
AND LEWIS CULLMAN • THE SHUBERT FOUNDATION •  
GEORGE DELACORTE FUND • THE STARR FOUNDATION •  
THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS • THE  
NEW YORK STATE COUNCIL ON THE ARTS • THE NEW  
YORK CITY DEPARTMENT OF CULTURAL AFFAIRS

THE  
PUBLIC  
THEATER  
100 LIGHT STREET  
WWW.PUBLICTHEATER.ORG





Paul Davis's illustration of George C. Wolfe for the *New Yorker*, 1996

EXCEPTIONAL SUPPORT FOR THE 1995-1996 SEASON HAS BEEN PROVIDED BY L'ESTHER T. MERTZ CHARITABLE TRUST.

**THE 95 96 SEASON**

**BRING IN 'DA NOISE, BRING IN 'DA FUNK**

BY SAYON GLOYER, JEE E. GARNES AND DENISE C. WOLFE

**AND OTHER MASP AND PLAYS**

WRITTEN BY SAYON GLOYER  
DIRECTED BY JEE E. GARNES

**2 WOMEN**

ANDREA MARTIN & MARGA GOMEZ

**CHANG**

BY HAN ONG DIRECTED BY MARCUS STERN

**FRAGMENTS**

WRITTEN BY SUZUKI COLEMAN  
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL FOREMAN

**DANCING KNEES**

WRITTEN BY NILO CRUZ  
DIRECTED BY GRACIELA DANIELE

**THE SKRIKER**

WRITTEN BY CARYL CHURCHILL DIRECTED BY MARK WING-DAVEY

**VENUS**

**THEATER**

212-260-2400  
425 LAFAYETTE STREET

**SPECIAL ADD-ON PRODUCTION**  
**WAKEUP CALL** FEATURING CAMRYN MANHEIM

**MEMBERSHIP IS EASY! CALL 212-260-2400**

The Public Theater posters were designed to be sniped and seen in multiples on the streets of New York. Unfortunately there was never enough of a budget to accomplish this, and most of the posters were seen only at the Public Theater, where they were displayed and sold. The exception to this was the poster for the 1995-96 season and the tap-rap musical *Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk*, which opened at the Public Theater to rave reviews and was later exported to Broadway. The typographic language of the Public Theater was most effective when applied to the promotional material for *Noise/Funk* and particularly to the specially designed program, which utilized the lyrics from the show to retell the play.

The show was promoted throughout New York City in a series of billboards, subway posters, and street paintings. Even a water tower was wrapped with an ad. The design seemed to weave itself into the fabric of the city and became, for a time, emblematic of Broadway. I began to receive requests to have *Noise/Funk* posters appear on television shows. American Express used it in a commercial to promote Broadway. At the same time, the Public's flags appeared on television in *NYPD Blue*, and the Shakespeare in the Park posters began to show up in commercials and films depicting Central Park. The Public Theater's identity had become ubiquitous and synonymous with New York City.



SELF.

LY  
OON

RSELF.

LY  
OON

95  
96  
SEASON

THE

BRING IN  
'DA NOISE,  
BRING IN

BY SAVION GLOVER,  
REG E. GAINES  
AND GEORGE C. WOLFE

AND  
OTHER  
PLAYS

WRITTEN BY  
SAVION GLOVER  
DIRECTED BY  
EDIELSTEIN

2 WOMEN  
IN REP

BY HAN ONG DIRECTED  
BY MARCUS STERN

THE  
CHANG  
FRAGMENTS

KNICK  
LEAF

WRITTEN BY  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
DIRECTED BY ADRIAN HALL

DANCING  
KNEES

ON HER  
WRITTEN BY NILO CRUZ  
DIRECTED BY GRACIELA DANIELE

THE  
SKRIKER

WRITTEN BY CARYL CHURCHILL DIRECTED BY MARK WING-DAVEY

212-260-2400  
425 LAFAYETTE STREET

SPECIAL ADD-ON PRODUCTION  
WAKEUP CALL  
FEATURING  
CAMRYN  
MANHEIM

MEMBERSHIP IS EASY! CALL 212-260-2400

THE APARTMENT FONE

Prime Apartments from Real Estate Agencies

No Fee Apartments

Co-ops, Condos & Luxury Homes

THE APARTMENT

Prime Apartments from Real Estate Agencies

No Fee Apartments

Co-ops, Condos & Luxury Homes

EXCEPTIONAL SUPPORT FOR THE 1995-1996 SEASON HAS BEEN PROVIDED BY LUESTHER T. MERTZ CHARITABLE TRUST.

THE

BRING IN  
'DA NOISE,  
BRING IN

BY SAVION GLOVER,  
REG E. GAINES  
AND GEORGE C. WOLFE

WRITTEN BY  
STEVE MARTIN  
DIRECTED BY  
BARRY  
EDIELSTEIN

BY HAN ONG DIRECTED  
BY MARCUS STERN

THE  
CHANG  
FRAGMENTS

DANCING  
KNEES

ON HER  
WRITTEN BY NILO CRUZ  
DIRECTED BY GRACIELA DANIELE

THE  
SKRIKER

WRITTEN BY CARYL CHURCHILL DIRECTED BY MARK WING-DAVEY

212-260-2400  
425 LAFAYETTE STREET

SPECIAL ADD-ON PRODUCTION  
WAKEUP CALL  
FEATURING  
CAMRYN  
MANHEIM

MEMBERSHIP IS EASY! CALL 212-260-2400

SOUTHERN  
CULTURE

SOUTHERN  
CULTURE

SOUTHERN  
CULTURE

NO STANDING

7AM - 2PM

EXCEPT SUNDAY

NO STANDING

OTHER TIMES

EXCEPT TRUCKS

LOADING & UNLOADING



DEPT. OF TRANSPORTATION





DESIGN: PENTAGRAM PHOTOS: RICHARD AVEDON

THE PUBLIC THEATER/NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL PRESENTS

# BRING IN 'DA NOISE FUNK



**"VISUALLY STUNNING!**  
AT TIMES THE DANCING SEEMS  
LIKE AN ASSAULT ON THE FEET.  
THEY DANCE ON THEIR TOES, THEIR  
HEELS, SEEMINGLY ON THEIR ANKLES,  
INVARIABLY WITH RELENTLESS ABANDON."

**"IT SLAMS RAW  
RHYTHMS INTO  
YOUR HEART!"**  
Sally Kohn, The Village Voice

**"THIS EPIC POEM OPENS THE  
DOOR THROUGH WHICH TAP  
CAN ENTER THE 21ST CENTURY."**  
Howard Rosenberg, The New York Times

## MEDITATION ON TAP,

GEORGE C. WOLFE AND SAVION GLOVER HAVE CONCOCTED A SHORT-  
HAND VERSION OF AMERICAN HISTORY, IN WHICH THE BEAT OF DANCE  
IS EQUIVATED WITH SOMETHING LIKE AN UNSTOPPABLE LIFE FORCE.  
THE MOST ORIGINAL MUSICAL PRODUCTION OF THE SEASON."

## A JOYOUS

**"A JOYOUS CELEBRATION! THE CAST IS SUPERB!"**  
Clive Barnes, New York Post

**"SAVION GLOVER  
IS A HUMAN DIVINING  
ROD OF RHYTHM."**  
Sylvia Rosenberg, Time Out New York

**"NOISE/FUNK' IS SO FRESH,  
PURE, AND ALIVE, IT VIBRATES!"**  
Adrian Jackson, NY Monthly

**GLOVER'S  
DANCING IS  
A REVELATION  
OF VIRTUOSITY AND  
EXPRESSIVENESS.  
THIS MUSICAL HAS  
BROUGHT BACK 'DA BEAT."**  
Adrian Jackson, NY Monthly

**"TO GET ONE SHOWSTOPPING  
MOMENT IN A SHOW IS LUCKY;  
TO GET SEVEN—WHICH IS WHAT  
WOLFE AND GLOVER DO IN THEIR  
FABULOUS NOISE/FUNK—IS  
HEROIC!"**  
The Genius of Glover's Chore-  
ography and the Performers from  
Public and the Realm of Pain Out of Which  
The Dance Comes, By Staging Tap  
In This Narrative Way, Wolfe  
Has Created Something At  
Once Artistic, Tender,  
Fring and Very  
Beautiful."

Bob LaParo, The New Yorker

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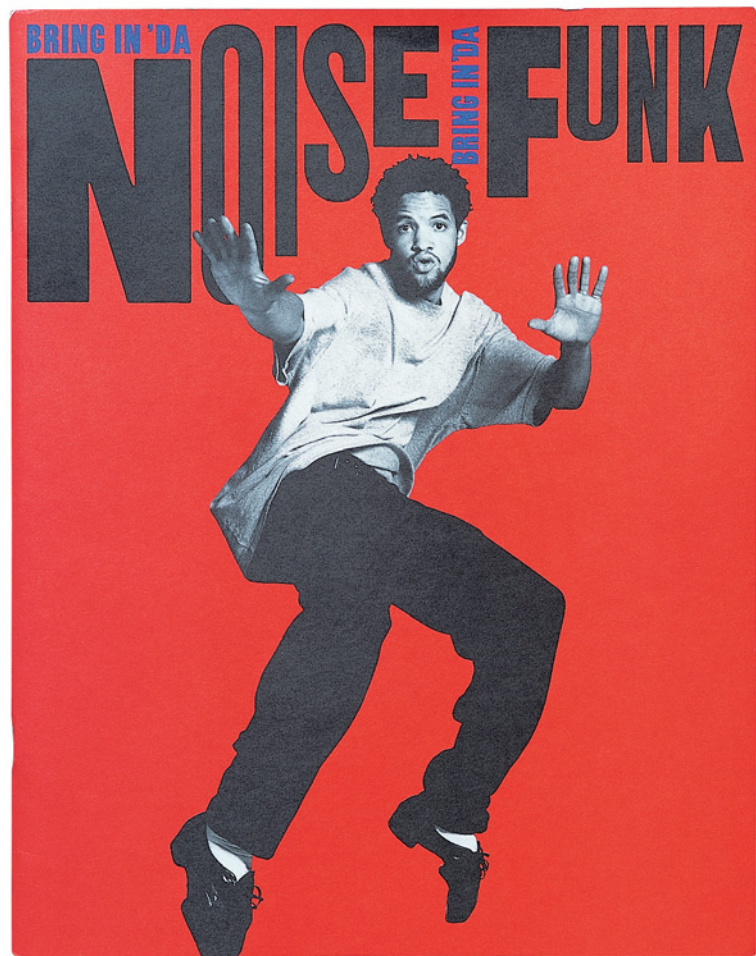
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Richard Avedon's photo for the first Broadway campaign of Noise/Funk and the teaser ad campaign that ran progressively in the New York Times





The Broadway program for Bring in 'Da Noise Bring in 'Da Funk.







THEM CONKHEADS

# HEY GIRL! AIN'T GOT TIME TO TALK

JUST TAKE THAT 2 TRAIN UP TA 135TH ST.

WALK ONE BLOCK TA 136TH AND MAYBELLE'S BEAUTY PARLOR BE RIGHT ON THE CORNER

CAN'T MISS IT SITTING RIGHT NEXT TA GRANNY GREEN'S SOUL SHACK

GIRL, YOU AIN'T LIVED TIL YOU HAD THEM **BE SELLIN' REEFERS IN 'DA BACK**

**CHICKEN & RIBS** AND THEM BOYS HANGING OUT IN FRONT OF WOOLWORTH'S DON'T BE LOOKIN AT 'UM TOO HARD

TELL MAYBELLE YOU HENRY'S FRIEND

**SHE** FIX YOUR HEAD UP RIGHT

FOR 'DAT SAM COOKE CONCERT

AT THE APOLLO THEATER TONITE YEAH.

**SAY WHAT? THEM BOYS?**

HELL... THEY SOME SLICK HEADED DOO RAG WEARIN' CONK HEADED...

**'SCUSE ME BABY**

YOU KNOW YOU COULD PLAY 'DEM DIGITS AT CALVIN'S CANDY STORE

TWO DOORS FROM BLACK JACK'S BARBER SHOP CROSS FROM THE YALLABAMA BAPTIST CHURCH

**GIRL PUT IN 9-9-0 FOR ME DIME STRAIGHT**

**NO COMBO GHOST IN MY DREAM SAY SO**

DON'T YOU PAY THEM BOYS NO MIND IF THEY SAY THEY KNOW ME

CUZ ALL THEY WANT TA DO IS SLOW DRAG. COME SATURDAY NIGHT IT'S "BABY YOU THE ONE"

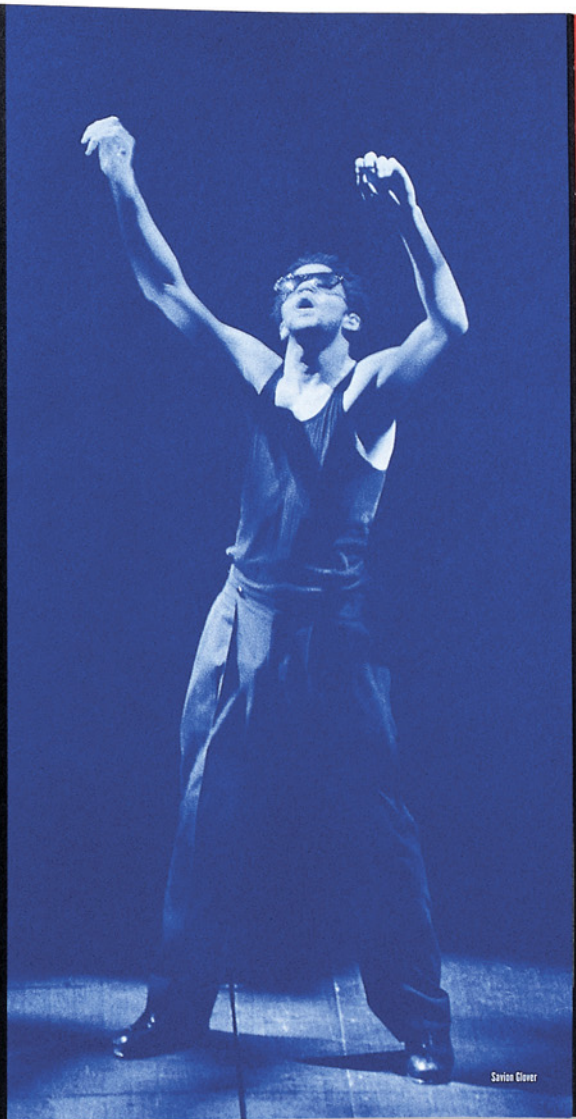
**COME SUNDAY, DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME**



Ann Duquesnoy

1987 - GOSPEL / HIP HOP RANT

ONLY THING THE SAME  
I GOTTA GET PAID  
AND DON'T GIVE A SHIT NOW  
SELLIN' CRACK  
PIMPIN' FREAKS  
DON'T STEP ON  
MY SNEAKS  
YEA  
AIN'T ABOUT BEIN'  
NO BUSBOY  
WORKIN' FOR NO  
MINIMUM WAGE  
GITS MINE  
ANY WAY I CAN  
YO KID  
HEARD WHAT THAT  
BERNARD GOETZ DID  
SHOT THEM IN THEY HEADS  
NOW THEM NIGGAS DEAD  
THAT'S RIGHT DEAD  
THAT'S RIGHT DEAD



Savion Glover





Savion Glover

**QUITTIN' TIME** DECKED TA 'DA NINES  
TIMES TA HAVE SOME FUN LEAVE 'DIS OLE FACTORY WAY BEHIND  
**QUITTIN' TIME TA FINDS ME A GIRL AND TIME**  
**TIME** **QUITTIN'** **DONE**  
**GONE** FROM 'DIS PLACE  
TIME TO GET A TASTE A' 'DAT  
**GOOD GOOD**  
**GOOD TIME**

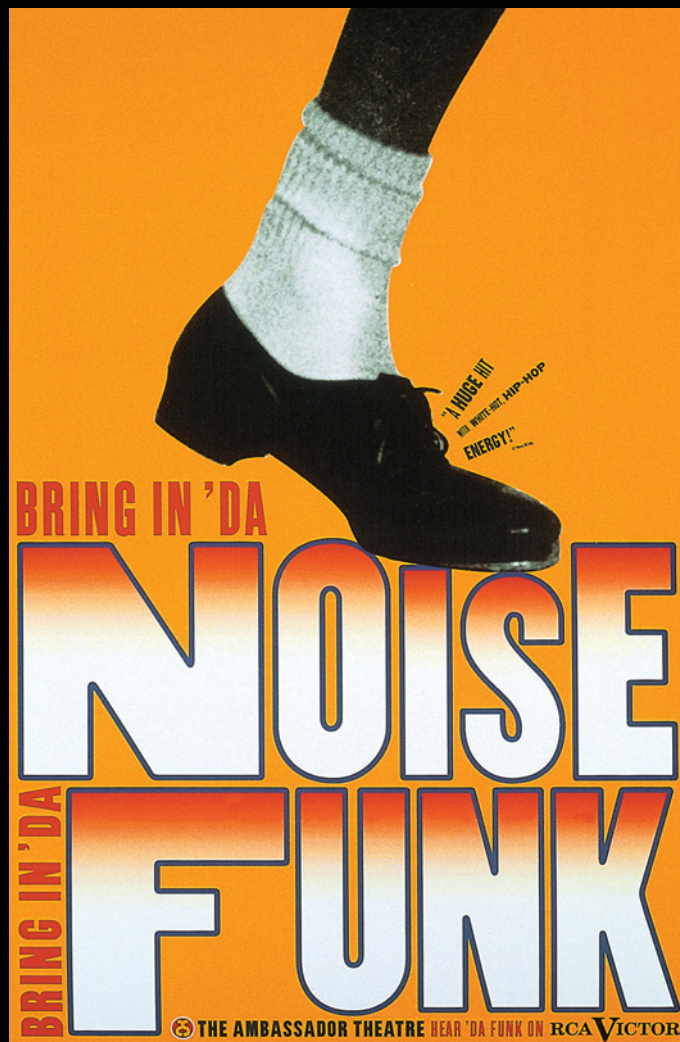


Two colored men are reported to have been killed and approximately 50 whites and Negroes injured, in race riots that broke out at South Side beaches yesterday. The rioting spread through the Black belt and by midnight had thrown the entire South Side into a state of turmoil. Minor rioting continued through the night all over the South Side. Negroes who were found in the street cars were ordered off the cars by white men. If they refused, the trolley was jerked off the wires, the Negroes then dragged into the street and beaten. Over 3,000 troops were mobilized in Chicago between 6 o'clock and midnight last night. At midnight Gen. Frank S. Dickson announced that they were ready to cope with any situation that might arise.

—The Chicago Daily Tribune, July 1919

Jimmy Tate, Savion Glover, Vincent Bingham, Baakari Wilder





The third and fourth Noise/Funk campaigns, after Savion Glover left the show, 1996. Next page: The last Noise/Funk campaign before it closed (8th Ave. between 57th and 58th), 1997







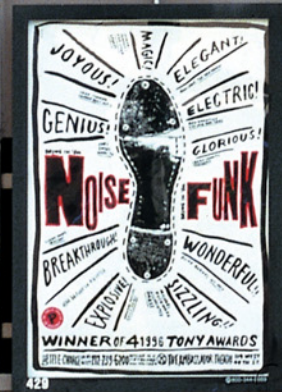




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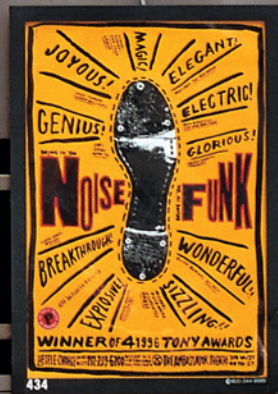
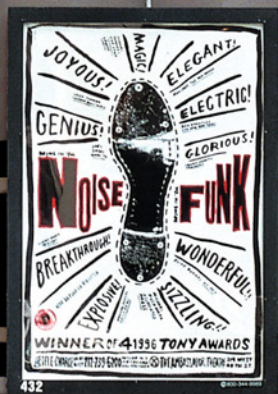


429




430





19





**“OH, MY GOD, I’M DOING A SCENE WITH DUSTIN HOFFMAN. ALL OF A SUDDEN, A MONTH LATER, I’M DOING THE SAME THING WITH DE NIRO. THE OTHER NIGHT MY WIFE SAID, ‘YOU KILLED DE NIRO.’ AND I WAS LIKE, ‘YEAH, I DID!’”**


**SAMUEL L. JACKSON**  
The US Interview by Tom O’Neill

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID FOSTER

SAMUEL L. JACKSON IS ACTING, EVER READY, HEAD-THIRSTILY bubbling up and down, the highly loaded (char and garden Gable) comedian actor is doing his best impersonation of Pamela Lee enjoying a not-so-private moment with his wife. “Pamela, you’re ‘Where am I now?’ he cries, cringing his neck to look behind him before letting his eyes roll back to meet women. In fact, Jackson is at a lunch table in the community of Raleigh Studios in Hollywood where he’s currently shooting *The Negotiator*, surrounded by gathering day players who are also familiar with the tenured couple’s widely praised sex video. Finished, the actor bursts out laughing. “Did you see that tape?” he asks the lone woman. “Mist? They did it completely! On the boat, in the bed, on the highway. They should have called it the *Where Am I Now?* tape.” It’s a subgenre that could just as easily be applied to Jackson’s own life. Since his frenetic performance in a crack addict in 1993’s *Jungle Fever*, the 40-year-old actor has become an ubiquitous presence in American cinema, in what short list of potential A-listers—all of them white—who might be dominant movie stars, none seem to count. “I saw you on four channels after movie

MARC SALEM’S

# MIND GAMES



**“GO! IT’S A WILD RIDE!”**

—NY Magazine

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**CHICAGO**  
THE MUSICAL

## LA DOLCE VITA

BY ONDINE COHANE & SARAH BERNARD

**L**AST YEAR, A SWARM OF HIGH-FASHION boutiques descended on Madison Avenue, their names emblazoned on storefronts that look like giant billboards. Now that Armani, Prada, and Versace have successfully charted the New York waters, Dolce & Gabbana qualifies for this season’s main event by taking the plunge and opening two much-anticipated shops: **Dolce & Gabbana** (825 Madison Avenue, near 68th Street) on Madison and **D&G** (434 West Broadway, near Prince Street) in SoHo. Virtually free of competition for the new-season spotlight, the Dolce & Gabbana flagship is a mixture of the baroque and the modern. Lavish details—pazzolotti pillars painted by artisans brought over from Italy, limestone floors, large glass windows, a grand staircase, maroon velvet panels, and gilded mirrors—show off the Sicilian-inspired, haute-tart apparel. The name already has household cachet with devoted luminaries like Madonna, Liv Ullmann, and Demi Moore, but with a Madison Avenue anchor, Dolce & Gabbana is set to invade the consciousness of the city’s power elite. New Yorkers will finally have easy access to the complete men’s and women’s collections—tailored three-piece pinstripe suits, tight-bodied chiffon asymmetrical dresses, knee-length jackets. Up on the second floor, Florentine architect Claudio Nardi has designed a Sicilian garden with terra-cotta pots, poplars, and cacti. A special fitting room is reserved for couples shopping and changing together (how Italian). For Dolce & Gabbana devotes looking for something less expensive or something more casual—you know, something to throw on for lunch at Bal-tazar—D&G houses the pair’s second collection. Heavy on eighties glam, the store hits the Vogue-edict-by-day-club-kid-by-night demographic.

**PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES SMOLKA**

# D&G

**FALL PREVIEW**

**FUR-COLLARED COATS**

**JUSSARA LEE**

**THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR**

**SHIPPING**

**ZEBRA-STRIPED**

**POLO**

**MIKASA HOME STORE**

**SHANGHAI TANG**

**SERGIO ROSSI**

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**KATE SPADE EXPANSION**

**FLATWARE**

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**L’OCCITANE**

**HELMUT LANG**

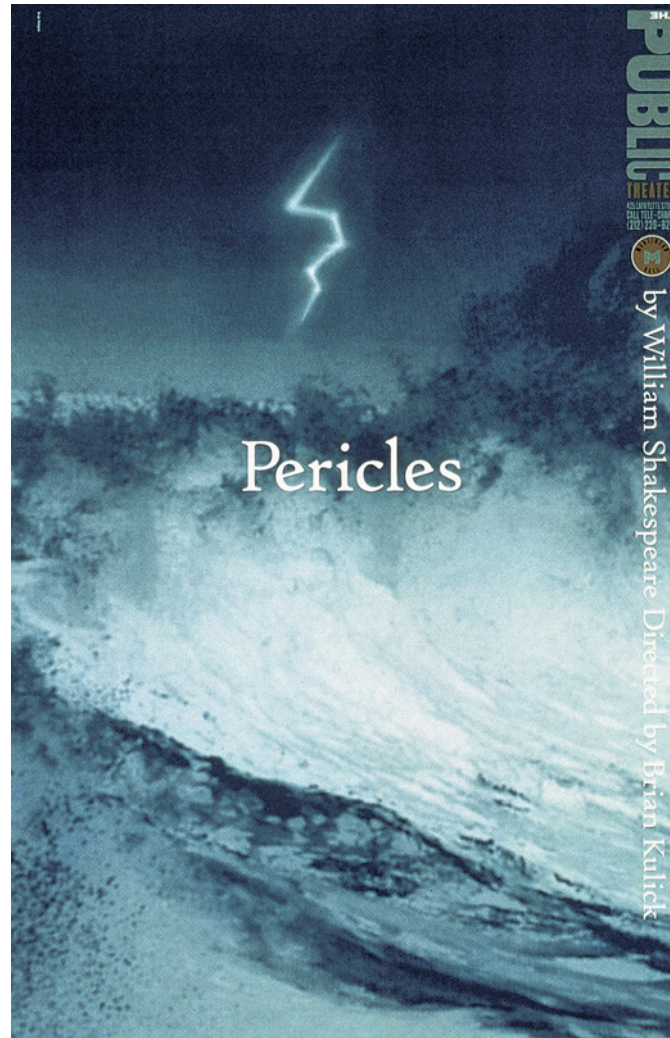
**ATSURO TAYAMA**

**MARGIE TSAI**

**DOLCE & GABBANA**

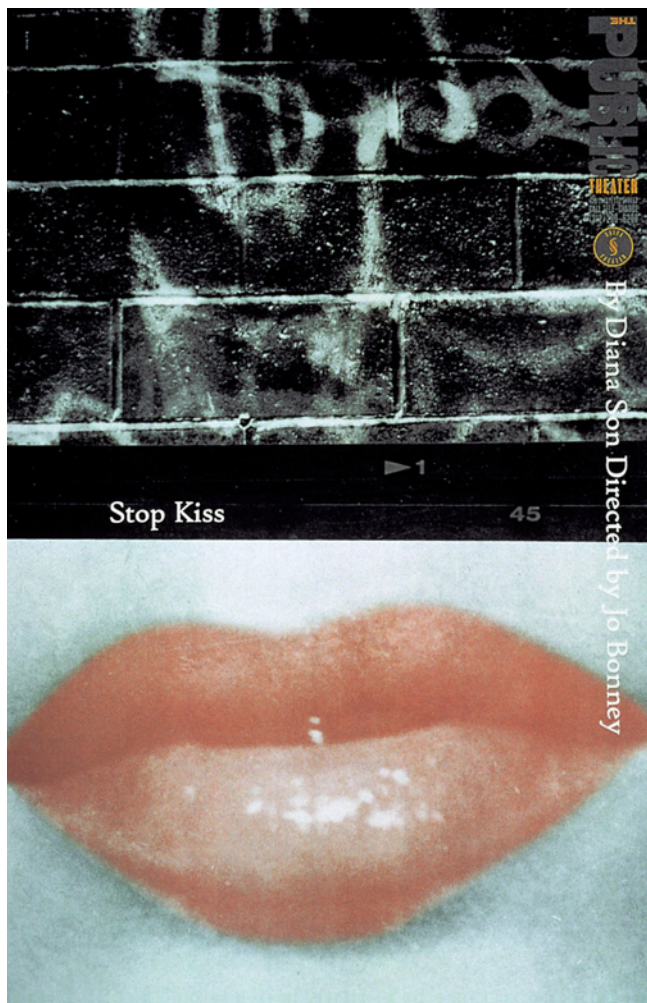
I soon began to notice the Public's typographic style everywhere, from magazines like *New York* and the *New York Times* magazine *Fashion of the Times* to the advertising for other Broadway shows (*Mind Games* and *Chicago*). In fact, the whole style of theater advertising changed. Previously theatrical advertising had been rife with fey logos and cute sell lines, but then everything began to get displayed in blocky wood type in all caps. One of my stated goals as a designer was to elevate the level of graphic design in a given area, but here I had changed a paradigm and it had completely backfired. New York City had eaten the Public Theater's identity and spit back a cliché. What made matters worse was that the Broadway show *Chicago*, whose campaign had a similar look to the Public's, had a bigger budget than any of the Public Theater's productions. If one didn't realize that the Public Theater campaign was designed first, one might assume that the Public's ads were imitations of the *Chicago* promotions.

By summer 1998 I couldn't continue to design the Shakespeare Festival and season posters in the same Public Theater style. I either had to resign the account or change the posters. I made the appeal to Wolfe, who understood the problem. There is simply a finite amount of time one can do the same thing without both the design and the designer becoming stale. I was facing my fiftieth birthday. I had been a professional graphic designer for twenty-eight years and had been at Pentagram for seven. I needed to change something, even if it was only the way I designed Public Theater posters. So I completely flopped the design. The posters became photographic and anti-typographic. The images were dark, romantic, brooding. Wolfe's reaction was succinct. He said, "Oh, my God. Paula's turning fifty. Let's have a year of depressing posters!" I don't know if I was right to recast the Public Theater posters, but after 1998 I changed the typography every year.

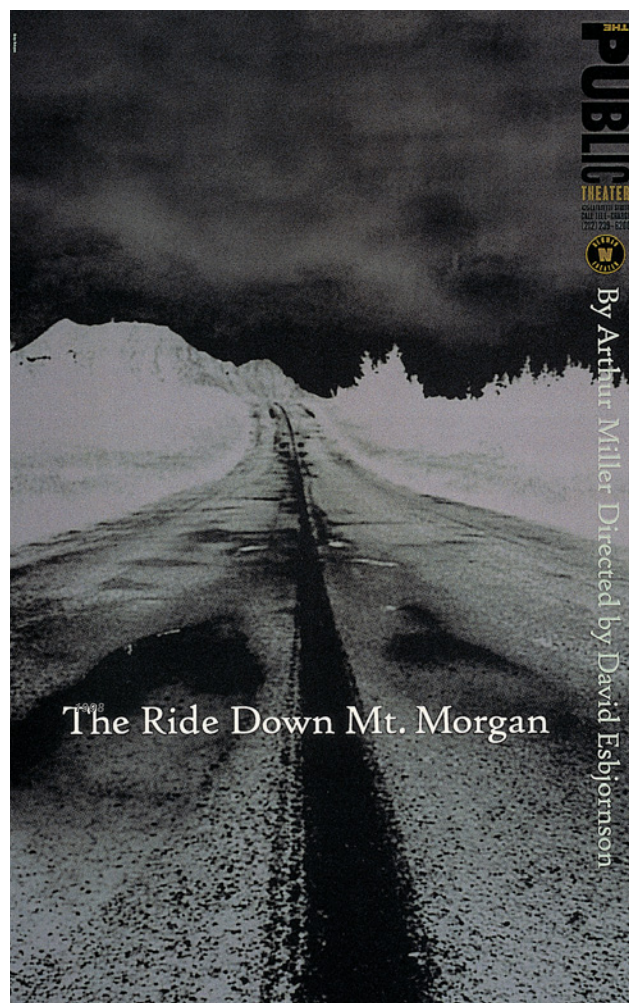


1998

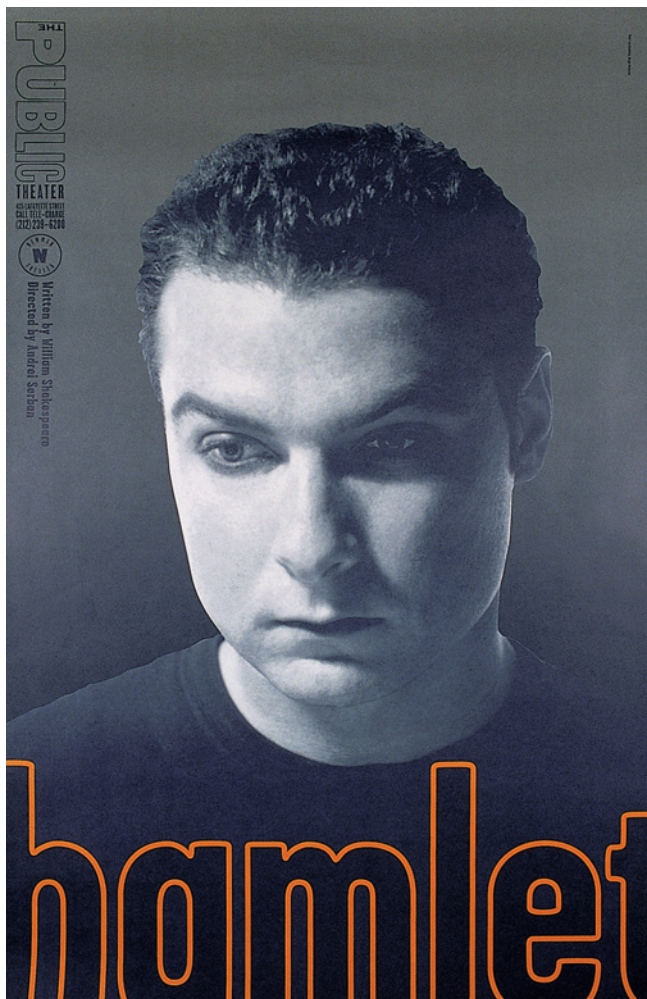




1998



1998

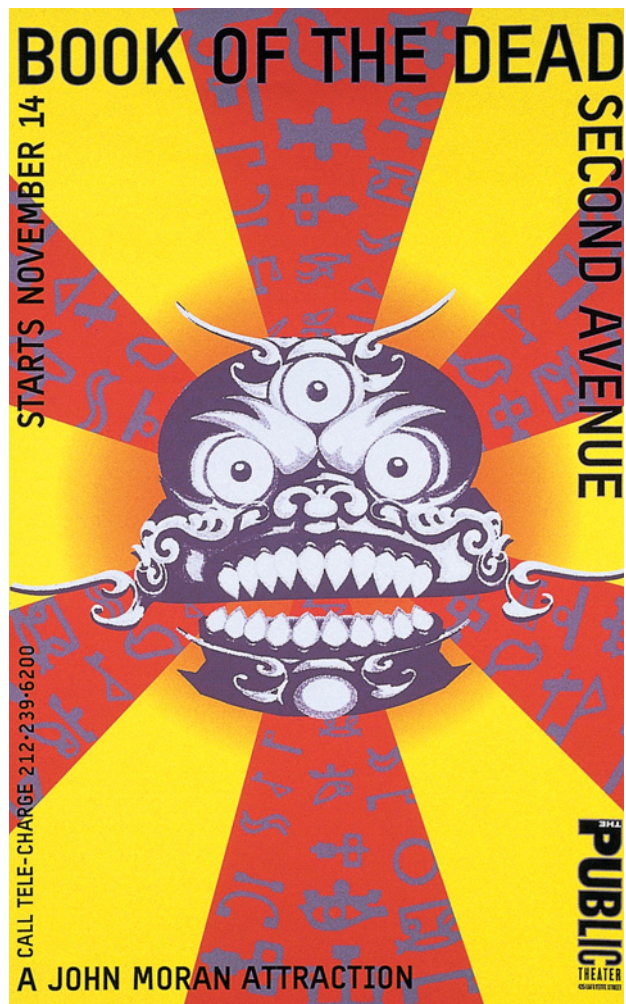


1999

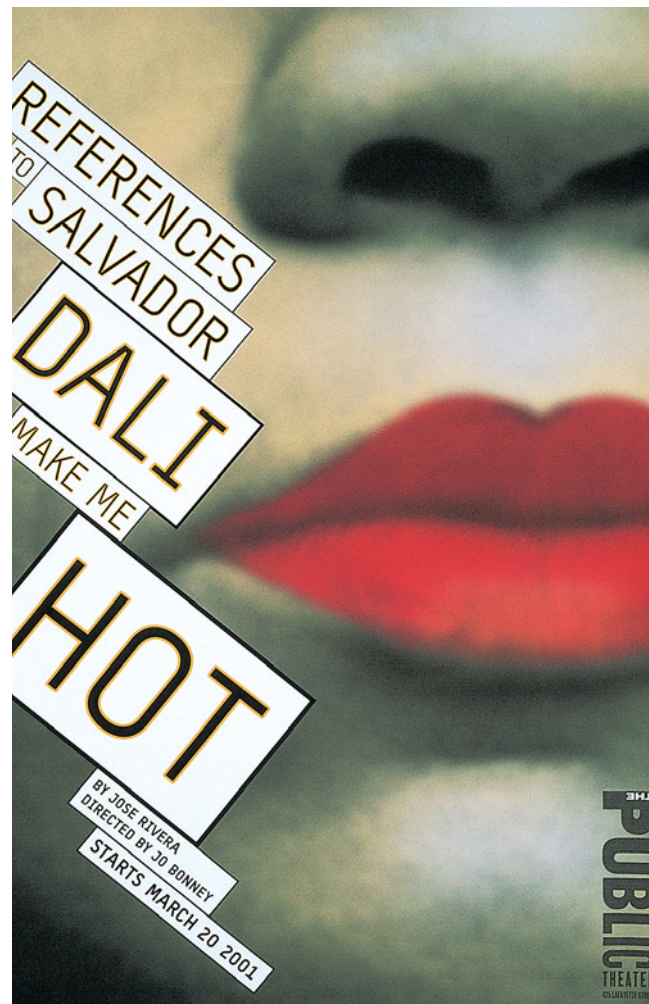


1999





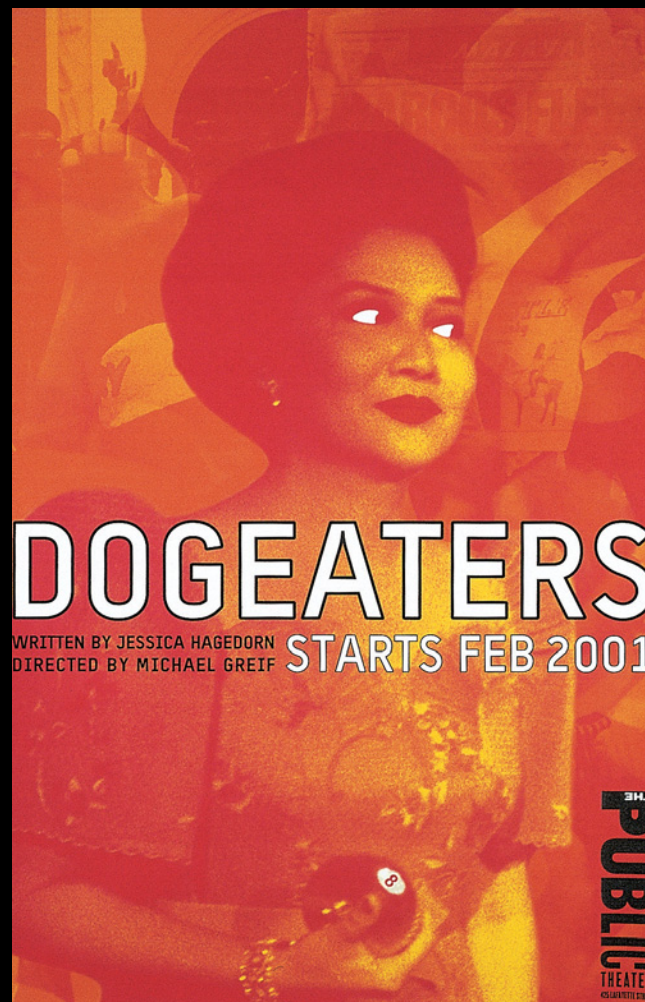
2000



2001



2001



2000



In the summer of 1997 Wolfe revised and directed the Comden and Green musical *On the Town* in Central Park and then took it to Broadway. It was probably the most “commercial” project produced by the Public Theater. It was the most difficult project I’d undertaken with Wolfe. *Noise/Funk* was successful because we had an absolute conviction about the spirit and direction under which everything would be done. *On the Town* was just the opposite. The shows and their graphics were complete reflections of each other.

Two years later Wolfe opened a production of *The Wild Party* on Broadway. He had partners in its production, one of whom was the Hollywood producer Scott Rudin. Wolfe had to persuade Rudin to let me design the poster; Rudin thought that because I did the Public Theater posters, I was “not commercial enough” (meaning “too artsy”) for this project. *The Wild Party* was Michael John LaChiusa’s musical adaptation of the 1920s poem by Joseph Moncure March. The dark poem dealt with a drunken debauchery during which each character’s inner self is gradually revealed. We selected an image by Covarrubias, the Jazz Age caricaturist, to represent the dark musical and coupled it with an aggressive 1920s-inspired typeface. It was a bit “artsy” for Broadway, but appropriate for the show.

My long-term collaboration with Wolfe remains my best and purest professional relationship. The total design experience—what we were able to produce with limited time and resources (a trifle of what a large corporation or institution would spend on similar materials)—serves as an example of seamless client-designer collaboration. It has been the perfect combination of my particular talents and sensibilities with another artist’s vision. The joy of working for the Public is the complete freedom from institutional committees and politics. The only real limits are my own. Why aren’t there more situations like this one?

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WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

DIRECTED BY BRAIN KULICK

JUNE 21-JULY 16

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PUBLIC  
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PUT OUT THE NEWS  
WE GOT A HOT  
PARTY. PUT OUT  
THE WORD AND  
GO AND ORDER  
THE ICE. WE SURE  
COULD USE A  
LITTLE FUN, LOVER.  
WHEN WAS THE  
LAST TIME I WORE

MY NEW STRAP-  
LESS? WHEN WAS  
THE LAST TIME  
YOU SMILED?  
WHEN WAS THE LAST  
TIME WE HAD  
A REAL PARTY?  
WET AND WICKED,  
FAST-TIME FUN  
AND WILD...!



## CITI

In 1998 Traveler's Group and Citicorp merged, creating the largest financial-services company known to man. Actually, it was never really a merger. Traveler's had bought Citicorp; and two disparate, complicated corporate cultures had united.

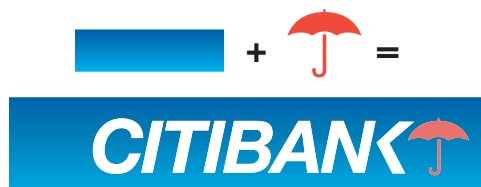
Michael Bierut received a call shortly after the merger from Michael Wolff, a British identity strategist, who informed him that the new global brand manager of what was to become Citigroup would be giving Pentagram a call about designing a logo for the new company. Bierut invited me to join him in the meeting. Our assignment was to develop a logo that would be ready for release to the press in ten weeks.



Traveler's had a red umbrella for a logo, which was applied to their various businesses and products by coupling it with a broad assortment of disconnected typography. Citigroup's logo had italic type with a dingbat at the end of it called "the compass rose" (designed by Dan Friedman in 1975). Another feature of the logo was a blue band—known as "the blue wave"—that used two shades of blue graduated together. This was inspired by the company's "The City Never Sleeps" ad campaign—the gradation was supposed to represent day and night.



Citibank used the bar on bank fascias and on all of its corporate literature, a method Bierut has dubbed "type and stripe." The designer picks one typeface and a colored bar and gives the corporation a consistent look by coordinating their positions and repeating them ad nauseum. It's a bore, but it works.



The corporate assumption was that the merger would be represented by two logos joined together in some obvious way that would ensure the equity of both identities. Bierut and I didn't believe that Citigroup, the world's largest financial entity, would be capable of accepting any logo in ten weeks. The prevailing press about the merger alluded to the disharmony that is endemic to the union of disparate corporate cultures. There was, furthermore, the classic power struggle between the head of Traveler's and the head of Citibank.

## The Honeymooners Amid the Storm

By TIMOTHY L. O'BRIEN

EMMED was by large towns overlooking St. Peter's Lutheran Church in midtown Manhattan, the fourth-story office building of the company running the world's largest financial services concern is a study in contrasts. In part, the library's design is coolly modern and restrained, in keeping with the personality of one of Citicorp's co-chief executives, Robert E. Ford, 42, who has won a certain bourgeois respect—in keeping with Citicorp's image—as a conservative, Stanford I, Wisconsin, son of a well-situated Wisconsin paper publisher, a \$100-million, 300-

"You never really know until you get married what it's going to be like," said Mr. Weill, 68, seated on a plush leather sofa in his private office adjoining the library as he spoke of his partnership with Mr. Ford.

"And I would say this marriage is off to a very good start. And we've lived in the engage-

ment period through one of the most volatile

By all the personal and professional standards of Mr. Weill and Mr. Ford, recent press coverage severely shamed by executive spokesmen, the marriage of the two men has been a success. In the end, it is the

edged the problem—Mr. Ford pointed out that Citicorp had been doing well for two weeks.

"I don't like to make a bad man of me," he said, at the end of the case of the Citicorp case.

Others in his immediate and long standing the company's top executives, planning that

planning marketing and company

 New York Times

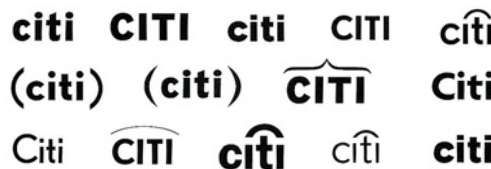
The New York Times, 1998

Wolff, who participated as a consultant and strategist in defining the new identity, thought the name should

be shortened to Citi. Bierut and I had simultaneously and coincidentally come to the same conclusion. I noticed that the lowercase *t* in the word *Citi* functioned as the handle of an umbrella. The *t* also stood for Traveler's. All one had to do was put an arc on top of it, and the two companies had merged. The word *Citi*, shortened, with the arc, made a logical beginning for a language that would identify all of the new company's services: Citifinance. Citiadvisors and so on.



I selected Interstate as the typeface for the logo about a day after Citi accepted our financial proposal for phase-one design exploration. The logo I set up was black and red with an umbrella arc. We thought it would be inappropriate, however, to present only one mark to Citi, because it would look like we hadn't completed a "scientific" logo exploration. We produced a large number of incrementally different logos, bound them into a book, and argued for the logo with the arc.



The global brand manager thought the logo with the arc, which had been reset in Franklin Gothic, was too thick, so we switched back to Interstate. Bierut and Wolff

made a series of presentations of this mark to the various vice presidents of Citigroup, and along the way the black was changed to blue. It made sense: Traveler's was red, and Citi was blue.



To further persuade the client, Wolff described Citibank as the bank of the future and identified the customer of the bank as an eleven-year-old girl who thinks of banking services in a whole new way, grows up doing her banking on-line, and expects everything to be simple. She certainly won't understand anything about the brand equity of umbrellas, blue waves, and compass roses. She lives in a land that is filled with behemoth brands like Nike, Coke, and McDonald's.



Bierut put together a presentation that demonstrated how naturally the Citi logo fit into such a landscape; he also



created a structure that showed how all of Traveler's and Citicorp's services would move to Citi by the year 2012.

The head of Traveler's didn't think it looked enough like an umbrella and didn't want the proposed logo to represent the whole corporation as Citigroup. He adapted the Interstate typography, and someone at Citigroup stuck an umbrella at the end of it. Meanwhile, the head of Citicorp wanted to use the Citi logo for the bank. The logo and strategy were well received by various vice presidents but not immediately adopted.

As I began to create the extended visual language for Citibank, the blue wave was suddenly brought back as part of the package. I thought we had rid ourselves of the blue wave with the argument about the eleven-year-old girl, but apparently it hadn't taken hold. I created a presentation called "The Next Wave," that demonstrated that the blue wave didn't have to be a bar but could be expanded to a gradation that runs from black to white with blue as its center.

This is not a wave



This is a bar



I included a number of ways to demonstrate the new "blueness." This phase of work demonstrated everything from credit-card design to signage, and I spent more than six months making incremental changes to the various Citibank identities. The designs were then passed on to a design firm that had long worked for Citibank, and more incremental changes were made until the designs had all the components of my original, but a lot of the tension was lost.

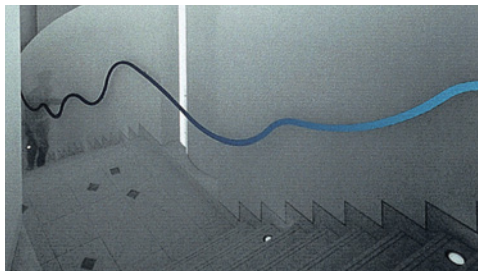
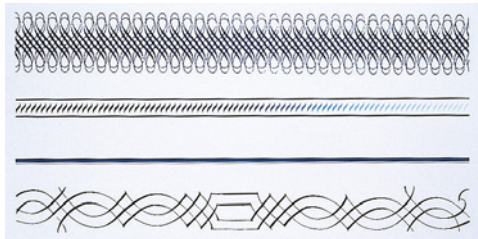
In the middle of the two-year period that I worked for Citi, the head of Citibank resigned and the head of Traveler's assumed command and consolidated the bank under his control.

We had been reasoned and logical in our approach to the Citi identity, but the process was never reasoned and logical. It took the judicious support of the bank's advertising and brand managers to implement the identity (first widely seen by the public through a massive and witty advertising campaign produced by Citi's newly hired advertising agency, Fallon Worldwide).

After the logo was introduced, I saw a presentation in which a branding firm that competes with Pentagram demonstrated to a Brazilian bank how a new logo should be simple. The designers showed marks by Nike, Coke, Disney, McDonald's, and Citi, and inserted a logo they



These are all blue waves.



had designed for the Brazilian bank. Their logo had an arc on the bottom.

The Citi logo will probably be the most reproduced mark I will ever design. I see it everywhere, every day, on the street and in my wallet. Nevertheless, it is remote, because the process of creating it was long, exasperating, and often mind-numbing. On the other hand, when I consider the naming and graphic results of the JP Morgan Chase and the PriceWaterhouseCoopers mergers, I'm glad we stayed the course.





## Ballet Tech

My work for the Public Theater brought me to the attention of Eliot Feld: dancer, choreographer, iconoclast, teacher, and director of two ballet troupes. Eliot, like George Wolfe, is independent and opinionated, and has a strong visual aesthetic. He is not only director and choreographer for his ballet companies but is also set designer, costume designer, lighting designer and in many ways, graphic designer.

His company, which was originally called the Feld Ballet, is unusual in that it is comprised of a number of different organizations. There is the adult ballet company that both tours the United States and has its home base in New York's Joyce Theater; there is a children's group composed of public school students, Kids Dance, which also performs at the Joyce Theater; and there is a New York City public school that admits elementary and high school students based on their talent and passion for dance. The public school is the proving ground for Kids Dance. The best of the students can eventually become a part of the ballet company.

In 1997 Feld decided to rename the whole organization Ballet Tech. The new name would express the modern, often groundbreaking, work performed by the adult troupe—even when he choreographs a classical ballet, Feld does it with an edge—and at the same time would be appropriate for the school. Feld held on to the name Kids Dance under the Ballet Tech umbrella, and added a new Christmas production, *NotCracker*, to his stable of enterprises.

Feld came to our first meeting with wonderful photographs taken by Lois Greenfield. He carefully explained his thinking through words and gestures. He didn't want Ballet Tech to look like a typical, painfully elegant classical ballet troupe, but an active and dynamic group. My first design proposal featured dancers in paired, three-dimensional images. Feld hated it. He liked it as a poster but not for his dance company because the design treatment broke the dancers' motions, obstructed a leap, and thwarted a jeté. In my effort to make the image bizarre, I had lost sight of the dance. In my second design I created

**KIDS DANCE**

**KIDS & COMPANY**

**SPRING 1997 CALENDAR**

	3/10	3/17	3/24	3/31	4/7	4/14	4/21	4/28
<b>SATURDAYS 2PM</b>	Kids Dance 2	Kids Dance 1	Kids Dance 2	Kids Dance 1	Kids Dance 2	Kids Dance 1	Kids Dance 2	Kids Dance 1
<b>SUNDAYS 12 NOON</b>	Kids Dance 1	Kids Dance 2	Kids Dance 1	Kids Dance 2	Kids Dance 1	Kids Dance 2	Kids Dance 1	Kids Dance 2
<b>SUNDAYS 4 PM</b>	Kids & Co. 1	Kids & Co. 2	Kids & Co. 1	Kids & Co. 2	Kids & Co. 1	Kids & Co. 2	Kids & Co. 1	Kids & Co. 2

Order by mail: Complete the coupon and mail to:  
The Joyce Theater, P.O. Box 950 Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10033  
Order by fax: 24 hours (212) 727-3658  
Order by phone: Call JoyceCharge: 212-242-0800. Call 12 noon-4pm daily.

**NAME** (please print name as it appears on credit card)  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_  
E-mail \_\_\_\_\_

**DATE** \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Kids Dance Program 1  
☐ Kids Dance Program 2  
☐ Kids & Co. Program 1  
☐ Kids & Co. Program 2

**AMOUNT** \_\_\_\_\_  
 Service Charge \_\_\_\_\_  
**TOTAL** \_\_\_\_\_

Brochure and calendar for Kids Dance  
Right: Poster for the 1997 season of Ballet Tech



## THE COMPANY

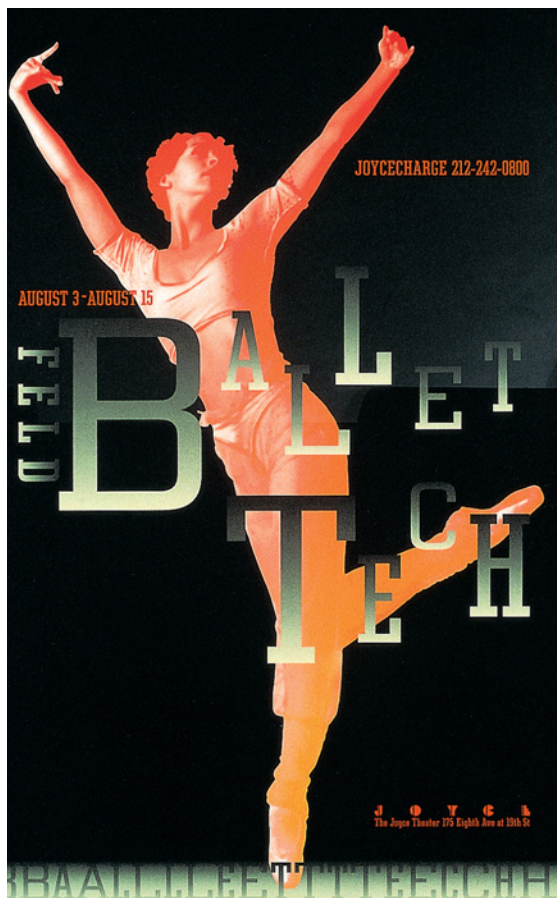
## KIDS DANCE

NYC PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR DANCE

# BALLET·TECH

## A NEW COMPANY FROM ELIOT FELD





Left and right: The 1998 season of Ballet Tech

a gradation within the photograph and overlaid typography in a structure that appeared to be moving. The linear framework, which contained the typography, could easily be expanded to contain complicated scheduling information. The identity program in that first year consisted of a stationery system, an announcement, a program mailer, invitations, a subway poster, a bus poster, the Joyce Theater posters, and small ads in the *New York Times*.

In 1998, a full year later, Feld came back for the new season's campaign. He told me he didn't like his identity and wanted me to redo it. I asked him why, and he told me that he thought the type treatment, with all those lines and bars, was too confining and that the dancers should be free. He described his ideas in such detail that I began to feel strangled by the design. I was against changing the design after only one year, because it meant that we would no longer be reinforcing an identity. On the other hand, we hadn't actually run enough ads and posters to make an indelible mark. I agreed to remove the bars and "free up the typography," but decided to stay within the same typographic family (slab serifs).

Feld was presented with two options. One version had different-size letterforms moving in space. The second was more bizarre: I combined two letters, one thick and one thin, strung together. My rationale was that this is how one reads a logo in motion. If you were on a moving train, it would simply read Ballettech. (For some reason this actually works, though I can't quite figure out why.) Eliot liked both treatments, so we used both of them. Each subsequent year, he has supplied me with exciting imagery for his campaigns. One year he came in with the lighting plans for the Joyce Theater and said, "Isn't this fabulous?" It was, and we used it as a background for the poster image.

Two years after that Feld decided he was sick of the "jumping" logo and wanted to retain the double lettering logo with an alternate, more legible, version that used only one letter throughout. We complied again. They all worked.

I am not sure who designed Ballet Tech. Sometimes I think I did. But last year I asked Feld if I could design one of his stage sets. "Absolutely not," he said.



JOYCECHARGE 212-242-0800

MARCH 24-APRIL 26

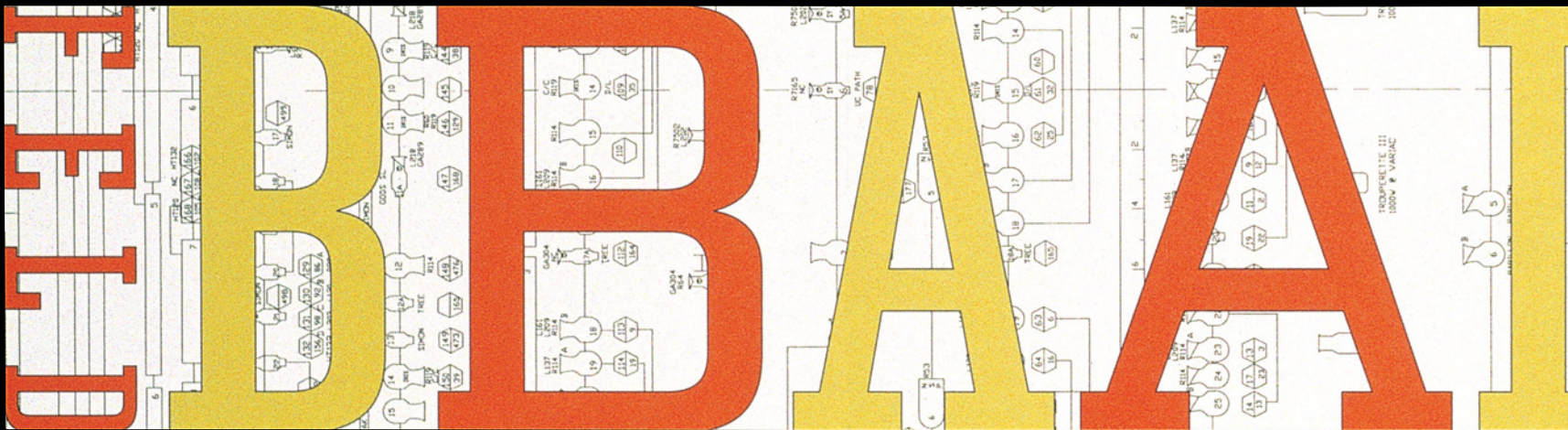
# FEEL BALLET TECH

Printing courtesy of **40** PHILIP MORRIS  
COMPANIES INC.  
Years of Arts Support

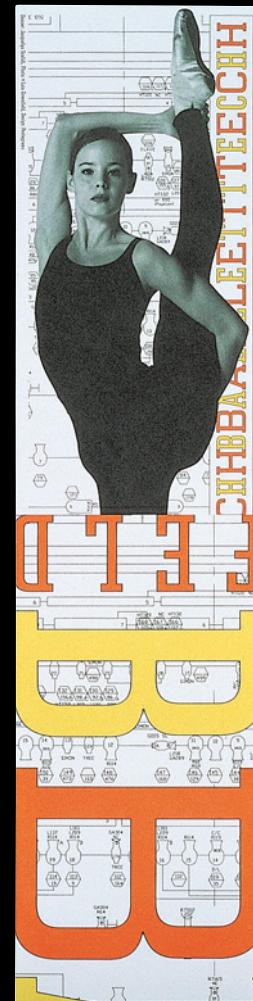
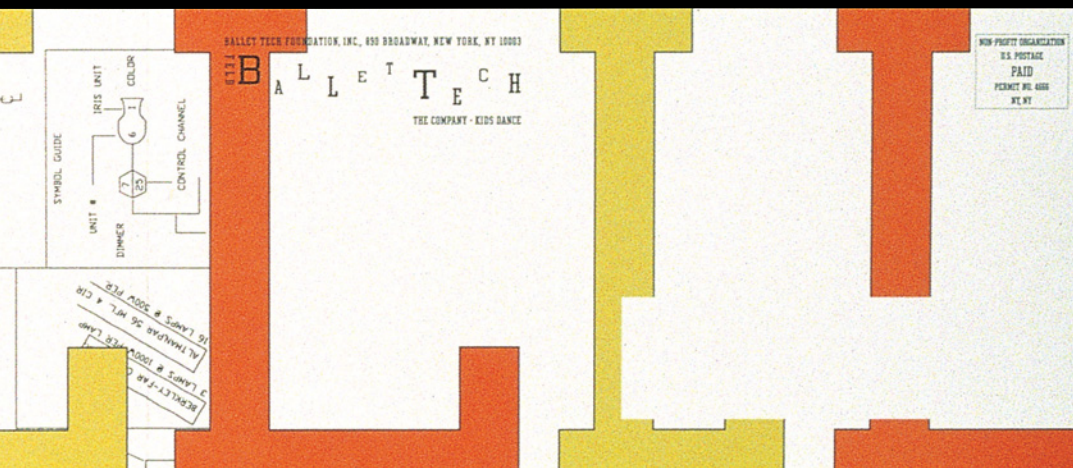
**J O Y C E**  
The Joyce Theater 175 Eighth Ave at 19th St



# BBBAAI

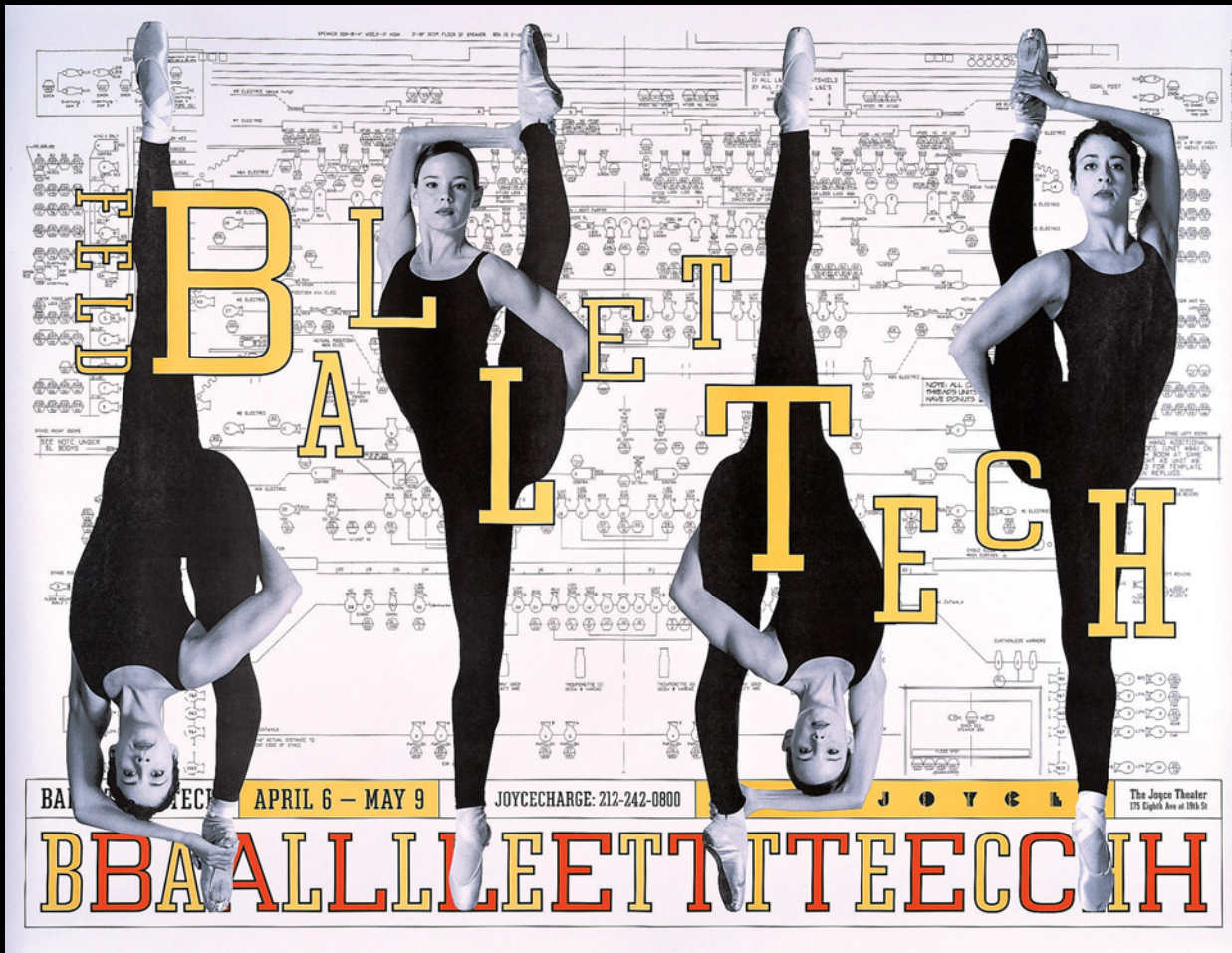




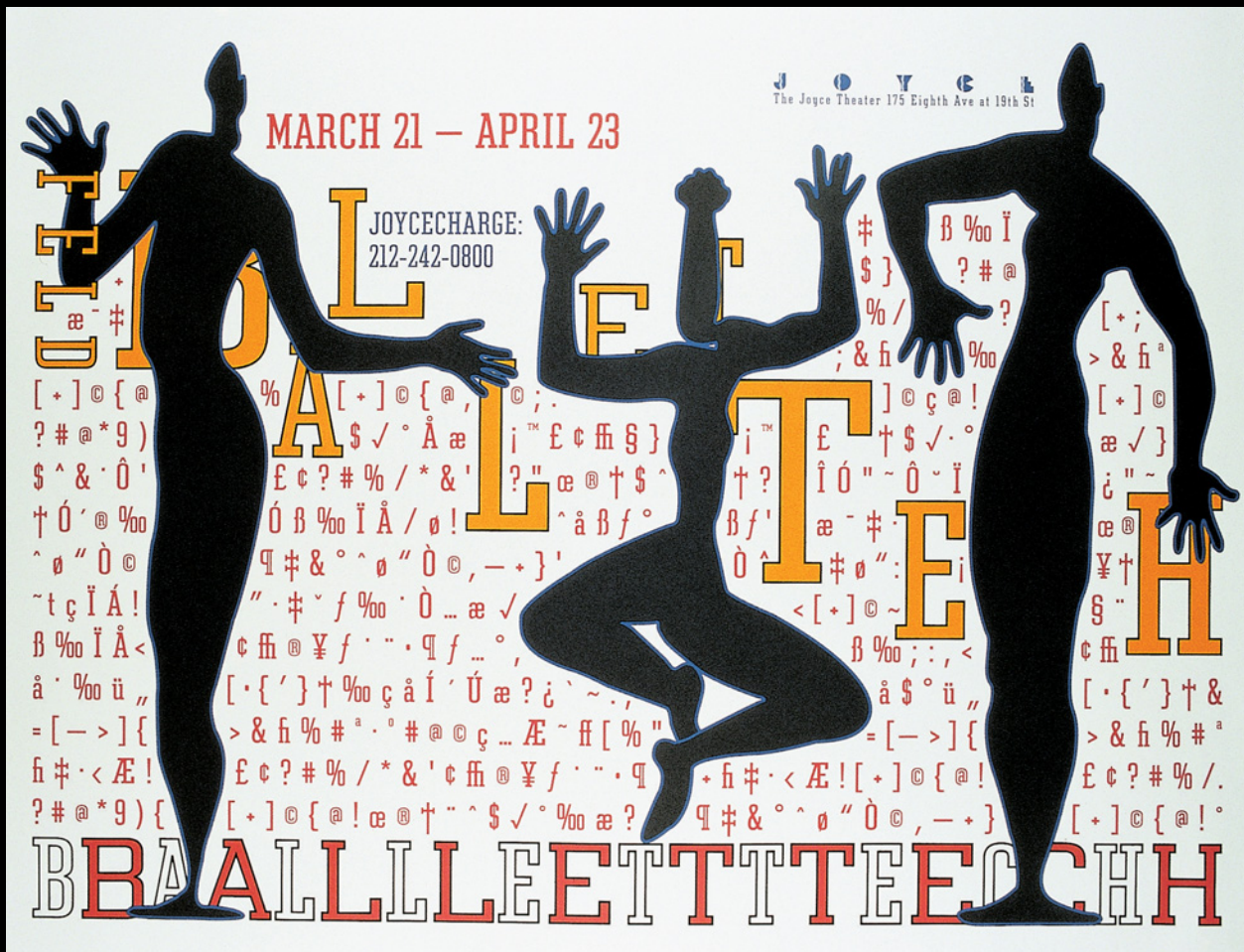


Promotions for the 1998 and 1999 Ballet Tech season





The 1999 Ballet Tech poster



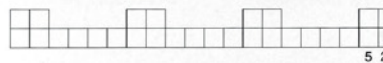
Above: The 2000 poster  
Following Pages: The 2001 and 2002 campaigns





CHOREOGRAPHY BY ELIOT FELD

NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
PERMIT NO. 4666  
NY, NY



ELIOT FELD  
BALLETTTECH

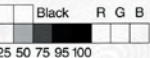
SPRING 2001 SEASON MARCH 20 - APRIL 22

CHOREOGRAPHY BY ELIOT FELD



>>>DESIGN PENTAGRAM

>>>>PHOTOGRAPHY LOIS GREENFIELD & JANET P. LEVITT



SPRING 2001 SEASON MARCH 20 - APRIL 22

CHOREOGRAPHY BY ELIOT FELD



JOYCE THEATER 175 EIGHTH AVE AT 19TH ST



JOYCE CHARGE: 212 242 0800 ONLINE AT JOYCE.ORG

>> ADVANCE TO SIDE 2 FOR 2001 SEASON PROGRAM >>>>



CHOREOGRAPHY BY ELIOT FELD



BALLETECH SPRING 2002 SEASON APRIL 2ND - MAY 5TH

JOYCE CHARGE 212 242 0800 ONLINE AT [WWW.JOYCE.ORG](http://WWW.JOYCE.ORG)

J O Y C E & THE JOYCE THEATER 175 EIGHTH AVE AT 19TH ST

NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION  
U.S. POSTAGE  
**PAID**  
PERMIT NO. 4666  
NY, NY



BALLETECH FOUNDATION, INC. 850 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NY 10003  
THE COMPANY • KIDS DANCE

CHOREOGRAPHY BY ELIOT FELD

BALLETECH

STONY BROOK CITY

STYLING: JESSICA BROWN  
CHOREOGRAPHY BY ELLIOT FELD



# THE BATTLE

JOYCE • THE JOYCE THEATER 175 EIGHTH AVE AT 19TH ST  
JOYCE CHARGE 212 242 0800 ONLINE AT WWW.JOYCE.ORG

ALLETECH SPRING 2002 SEASON APRIL 2ND - MAY 5TH



JOYCE CHARGE 212 242 0800 ONLINE AT WWW.JOYCE.ORG

JOYCE CHARGE 212 242 0800 ONLINE AT WWW.JOYCE.ORG



## 3COM

In 2000 the company that launched the Palm Pilot, 3Com, hired me to redesign their retail packaging for their home network products, meaning modems, cables, and boxes that link together computers or give them fast Internet connections. They had recently purchased a new identity, complete with typefaces, from another branding firm, but were left with no system with which to create packaging.

I hated the new identity—the company name plus three rings that represented who knows what? Worse yet, the prevailing typeface was Frutiger, which I simply don't like. My clients were a series of men anywhere from ten to twenty-five years younger than me who had all purchased the *Boston* album in their youth.

I could never quite figure out the hierarchical structure of 3Com. I was hired at first to design consumer product packaging from an office located in Chicago. The project was expanded to include business product packaging, which was based in Salt Lake City, and then expanded again to include business-to-business packaging, which had its offices in London. The marketing department, which oversaw all product divisions, was located in Santa Clara, California. Throughout the process, product managers and marketers would appear and disappear. The turnover was constant. The minute I learned someone's last name, they had moved on to another company or had started their own. I often felt like I was working in a moving maze. Each time I thought I had completed a phase of work and had received all the necessary approvals, someone would say, "Well, gee, we should run this by Bob," or, "Fred isn't in the loop, let's get him on a conference call and pull in Phil in London." Bob, Fred, and Phil always had legitimate concerns that could easily be answered. They were all very pleasant and friendly, and would say, "Thank you, Paula," at the end of every conference call. I never felt any sense of corporate

hierarchy, power, or even fear—just an endless array of nice young men who spoke using computer-product acronyms.

I am an absolute ignoramus when it comes to computers, and probably wasn't qualified for this job. They had selected me as a designer for precisely that reason. They understood they were insular and spoke in industry jargon. They knew that their customers tended to be computer geeks. If they could make their products more understandable, they could broaden their market.

3Com's packaging was confusing and depressing. It was "branded" by a bright red curved strip at the top of the package, had a number of confusing "why-to-buy" statements coupled with heavily rendered diagrams or pictures of happy families using the computers. Most of their products could be found at CompUSA or Staples, where their packaging was negligibly different from their competitors'. There was not much sales help in any of the stores I visited. If you didn't know exactly what you needed in that environment, you were lost. I visited the first CompUSA with my partner John Rushworth, from Pentagram's London office, and we both immediately came to the conclusion that the best service we could perform was to first make the product easy to find in a store and then make the product immediately comprehensible.

We focused on creating loud but simple fluorescent packages for consumer products and shiny metallic packaging for business products. I then began the long process of creating an appropriate method for conveying product information on the consumer package. How much explanation was too much explanation, what words were understandable, and so forth. The business packaging also contained simple language that existed in bullet points, not sentences. Also technical terms on the business packages did not require further definitions, because the business customer had greater technical knowledge.

Ultimately we arrived at the hierarchy and structure of language that is shown here. The process took about eight months. It involved focus testing, first for language and then for design. The language tests were 90 percent useful; the design tests were pointless. Audiences were polarized by the Day-Glo colors, or thought the packaging looked "too generic" or that the icons should have more detail. If you followed the comments of focus-group participants, you would wind up with the same packaging 3Com had started with when they hired us.

The company bravely decided to move ahead with the new design. We completed the project in March 2001. The business package designs were launched, but the consumer package designs never made it to market. The consumer division in Chicago was completely shut down, following the industry implosion. Almost everyone I worked with on the project lost their job.

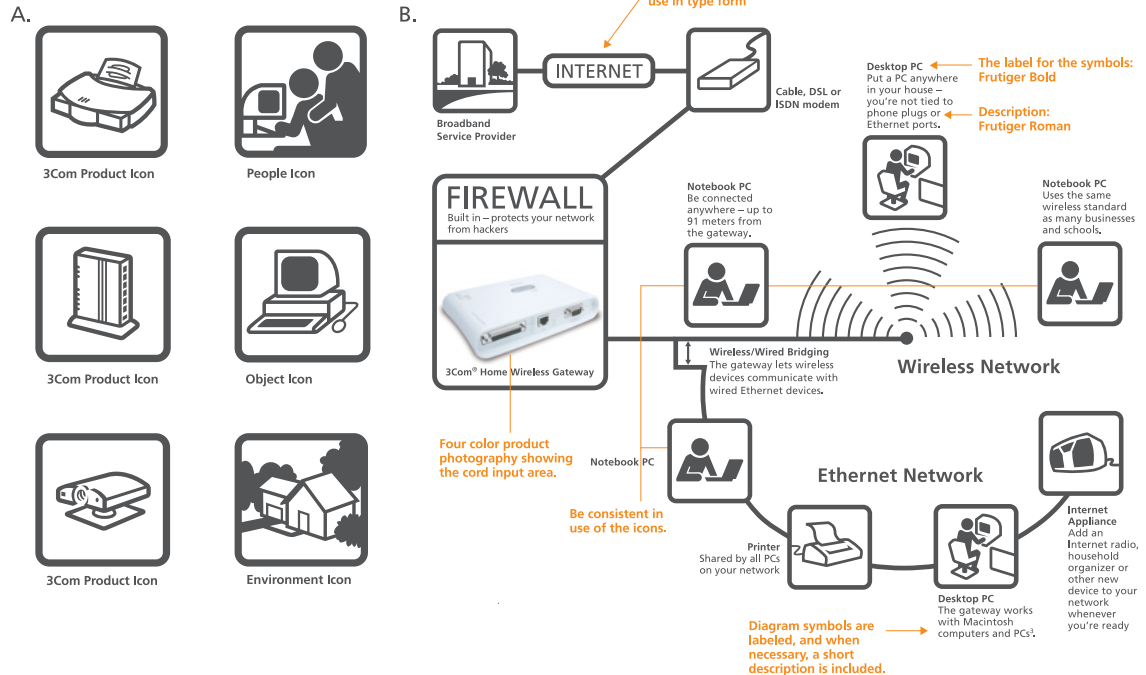
For me it was an important project. It's important for designers to change paradigms. I think the consumer packaging for 3Com products would have raised the standard in that marketplace, would have improved the environment of the average consumer electronics store, and would have made the products more understandable to the consumer. The benefit would have been to the man on the street. Sometimes, the best design is simply the kindest.

## Language, Philosophy, and Structure

*Packages for 3Com home network and broadband products are designed to be clear and understandable, like three-dimensional manuals.*

*These products are all called by their industry names (i.e. wireless gateway, or ADSL modem). The product is differentiated from other brands by the strong appearance of the 3Com logo in conjunction with the name. When at all possible, the length of the name should be simplified to the shortest understood form. Though some of the names are more technical, customers will be familiar with them because they have heard or read about them before they see the package.*

## Diagram and Diagram Symbols





## Design Template (Front Panel)

All elements should stay inside a .35 inch (.88 cm) boundary

Logo and product name should line up

The width size of logo is 25% of the horizontal measurement

Box around the word to be defined should be in solid white, with a radius of .12

Main Description: Frutiger Roman ulc. Description should flow around the product image without crowding

Word to be defined: Frutiger Roman in all caps

Let's your computers and other devices communicate over radio waves, without wires.

Call Outs: Frutiger Roman ulc.

Home Network

Category: Frutiger Roman ulc.

Category should be centered in available space

Connection technology color. (refer to color chart pg. 6 )

Product Name: Frutiger Roman in all lowercase. (all product exist in all lowercase unless otherwise specified)

The top and bottom space of the product name should be equal

Why-To-Buy: Frutiger Bold in ulc.

Secondary labeling (promotional offerings etc.)

Product image should be placed large on the front of the box without crowding the sentence structure. (Refer to photography of product on page 7)

Form Factor/Extended Description

3Com Model Number

Footnotes

External 3CRWE50194

1. See bottom panel for details.

Connect your whole home to the Internet – without wires!

Category, product, and why-to-buy should be left justified and lined up

The box around call out should be in white outline and have a stroke weight of 1pt, with a radius of .12

Let's your computers and other devices communicate over radio waves, without wires.

lets you share Internet access a printer, or personal files securely over your home network.

# Design Template (Back Panel)


All elements should stay inside a .35 inch (.88cm) boundary

All rules should be 1pt in weight

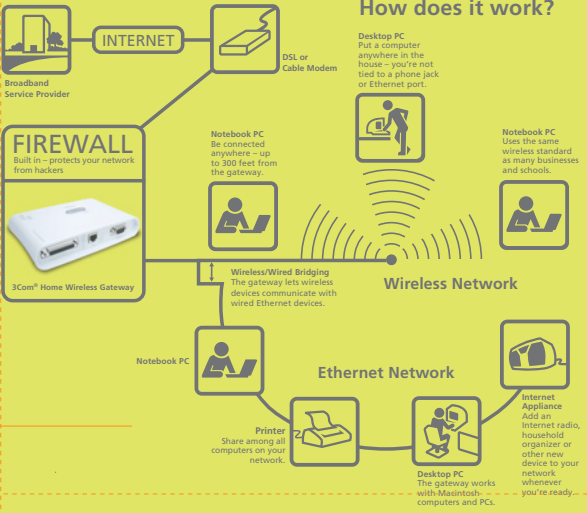
Logo and product name should line up

Diagram should be in 75% process black refer to page 8 for specifics on diagram symbols and layouts.

Photography for the back panel should be in four-color silhouetted. (Use of photography is encouraged where applicable).



## Home Network wireless gateway



**How does it work?**

**Desktop PC**  
Put a computer anywhere in the house – you're not tied to a phone jack or Ethernet port.

**Notebook PC**  
Be connected anywhere – up to 300 feet from the gateway.

**Notebook PC**  
Uses the same wireless standard as many businesses and schools.

**Wireless/Wired Bridging**  
The gateway lets wireless devices communicate with wired Ethernet devices.

**Wireless Network**

**Ethernet Network**

**Printer**  
Share among all computers on your network.

**Internet Appliance**  
Add an Internet radio, household organizer or other new device to your network whenever you're ready.

**Desktop PC**  
The gateway works with Macintosh computers and PCs.

**What does it do?**

The 3Com® Home Wireless Gateway works with a broadband (cable or DSL) modem, to provide high speed Internet access to any desktop or notebook PC, printer, scanner or Internet appliance in or around your house. You're not tied down to a desk, an Ethernet port or a phone jack. No holes to drill, no wires to install!

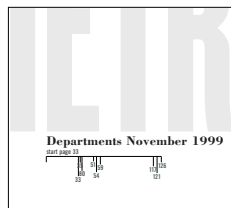
**It's easy to connect – wirelessly!**

- 1 Plug the power supply and your modem into the gateway; plug the power cord into an electric outlet.
- 2 Using a PC with an Ethernet adapter installed, type the address of the installation wizard into your Web browser, then follow the instructions. There's no software to install!
- 3 The gateway now recognizes any device equipped with a wireless Ethernet adapter within a 300 foot radius – you've created a wireless home network!

2. See bottom panel for details.



## METROPOLIS



## METROPOLIS

This diagram tells the reader where the departments begin in relationship to the advertising.

Although I have always regretted that I have never art-directed an ongoing publication for a year or more, I have enjoyed most of my experiences redesigning publications. The best scenario is when the publisher and editor are committed to creating a magazine that has its own style, character, point of view, and visual approach and is not trying to imitate another successful publication. Magazine design demands the collaboration of the publisher, the editor in chief, deputy editors, and the design staff.

What I find interesting about formatting a magazine has very little to do with the more flashy aspects of the feature well (the very thing that would be so much fun to art-direct) but with how to make a magazine's structure function so that a reader can effectively navigate through the publication, access all the relevant bits of information quickly, and feel comfortable with the more leisurely reads. In that process, the goal would then be to allow the framework to have the flexibility to grow (particularly in feature wells) and to allow for the splashy changing spreads that keep the magazine fresh.

*Metropolis*, a magazine about design (graphics, products, architecture, urbanism), presented some interesting problems. It was an oversize publication whose scale had kept it from being displayed on newsstands. The editors were anxious to reduce the size of the publication, and used that as an opportunity for the redesign. *Metropolis* is unusually rich in advertising. Unfortunately many of the ads (for contract furniture companies, lighting companies, and other interior and architectural suppliers) exist as partial space ads, meaning that there may be two or three on a given page. This leaves the front part of the magazine (the departments) chopped up with broken spaces—half editorial, half ad. Sometimes ads would interrupt a department story for two or three spreads. The advertisers continually pressed the publication to sell them space on the more desirable right-hand page.







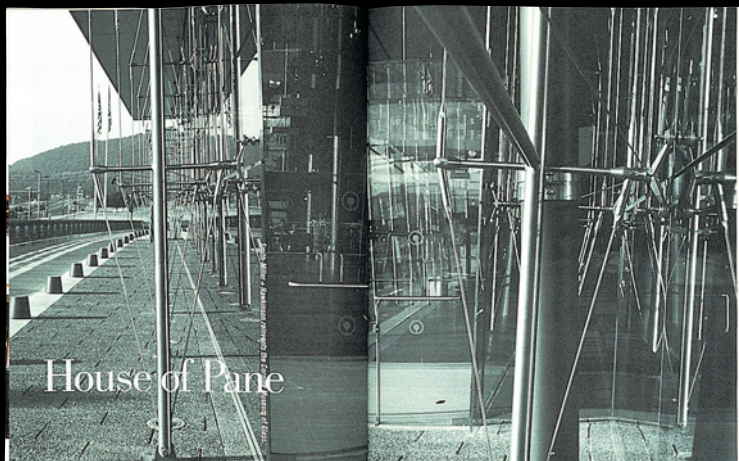
# Vicious

The excavation of Brickell Point began like most urban archaeological digs—with low expectations. In the summer of 1990, Bob Carr, then director of Miami-Dade County's historic preservation office, and John Ricisak, county archaeologist, were in charge of monitoring the construction of the multimillion-dollar condominium towers scheduled to rise from the rubble of six shabby apartment buildings in downtown Miami.

To the west of the cramped 2.3 acre site is Brickell Avenue, home to BankAtlantic, Union Planters, Espirito Santo, and a string of other financial institutions that make Miami second only to New York in international banking in the U.S. To the east, in the distance, are the loading derricks and Carnival Cruise ships of the Port of Miami, while closer in is Brickell Key, a mixed-use development on Claghton Island where wealthy South Americans pay upwards of \$1.5 million for condos.



# House of Pane

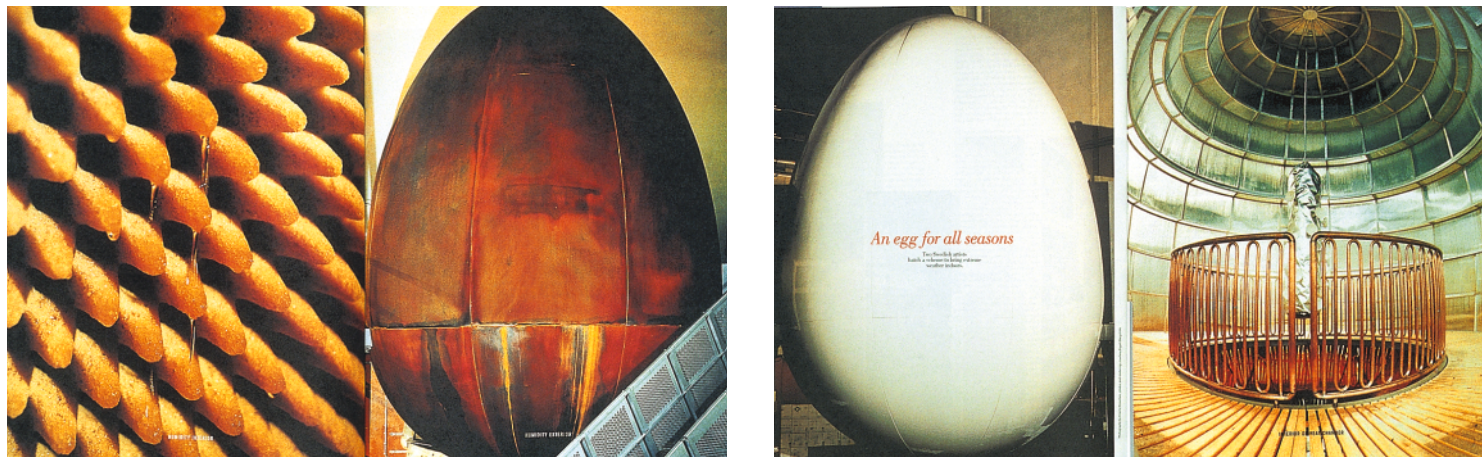


# Post-Cubist

How a bio, young, Turkish designer is breaking down the square office space



Feature stories from the first, second, and third issues after the redesign



The feature well didn't begin until more than halfway through the magazine. If one wanted to skip the departments and jump right into the feature well, the procedure was nearly impossible to accomplish quickly.

I decided to retain the *Metropolis* logo at its original size, but cropped it where the magazine got smaller on the top and the sides. This didn't work. The logo became illegible and I had to cheat so it simply looked cropped down. On the contents page, I created a small diagram of the magazine's contents for both features and stories. One can read the diagram and estimate at what point the feature well begins and where the departments are, which helps the reader avoid advertisements. I made it up to the advertisers by just giving them the preferred right-hand page. Always. The *Metropolis* departments run exclusively on the left. At first the switch was a little disconcerting, but it is actually kinder to the reader than

the previous design, because the editorial content—whether it is a full page, a spread, or a broken space always begin on the same side.

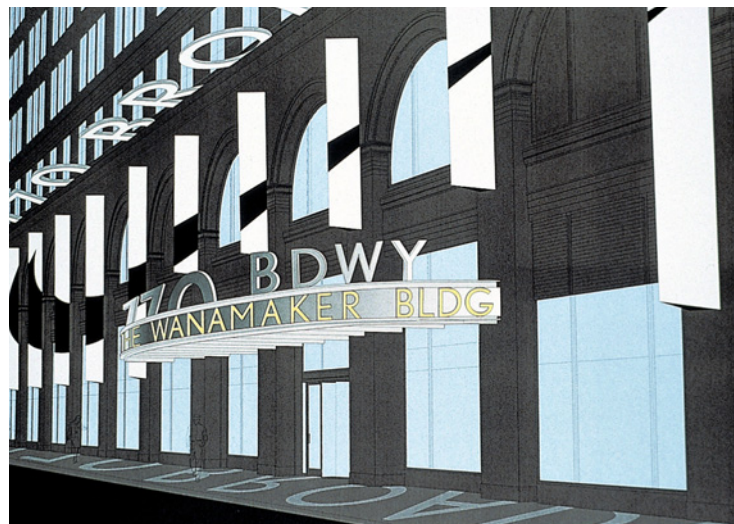
The reader was aided again by a change of paper stock in the feature well. Previously magazines had used this switch to signal a change from features to departments, usually by using an uncoated stock for the text-heavy departments and a glossy one for the glam photography in the feature well. I did just the opposite. I never liked gorgeous photography on glossy paper. (Shortly after *Metropolis* flopped the paper stocks, other magazines followed suit.)

The magazine was designed using only two typefaces: Bodoni Book and News Gothic Condensed and Italic. The department headings are small but are connected to the *Metropolis* logo, which progressively moves from left to right throughout the department sec-

tion. The feature well, while allowing for little type differential, demands no particular grid. The art director is free to take over.

Since the redesign of *Metropolis*, five different art directors have produced issues, but the magazine always looks like itself.





## 770 BROADWAY

It dawned on me in the nineties that cities are a lot like magazines. They exist as a combined product of advertising and editorial material. The advertising space is construction barricades, billboards, bus-shelter posters, subway posters, and street banners, and the editorial space is the buildings. A well-designed city allows the user to navigate both terrains and encourages their peaceful coexistence.

In 1998 Vornado Realty purchased 770 Broadway—the former Wanamaker Building on Astor Place and Broadway, a block away from the Public Theater—and began converting it into a chic downtown office building. The architectural firm was Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer. The realtor was looking for a design for exterior signage and the lobby floor, as well as a way to integrate advertising signs on the front of the building.

I presented some options that built display signs into the building structure to house various ads, but thought it

would be far more interesting to set a condition whereby an advertiser would purchase the entire block of ad space for one image that would be broken up into a cinematic series. I used the Coca-Cola and Nike logos as demonstrations, because they were horizontal. The building's address was designed as an enormous perpendicular attachment to the building. The “shadow” of the lettering was then painted on the sidewalk. The realtor was amused by the solution, but the City of New York wasn't. I had violated just about every code imaginable. The project was scaled back, and only the stainless-steel awning and floor were executed. However, the awning's lopped-off typography is so large in comparison to that on other city addresses that it landmarks the building. At 770 Broadway, the building is the story, but the awning is the headline.





770 BROADWAY 770 BROADWAY 770



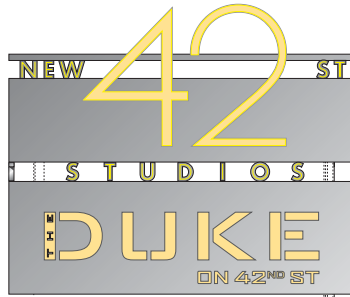






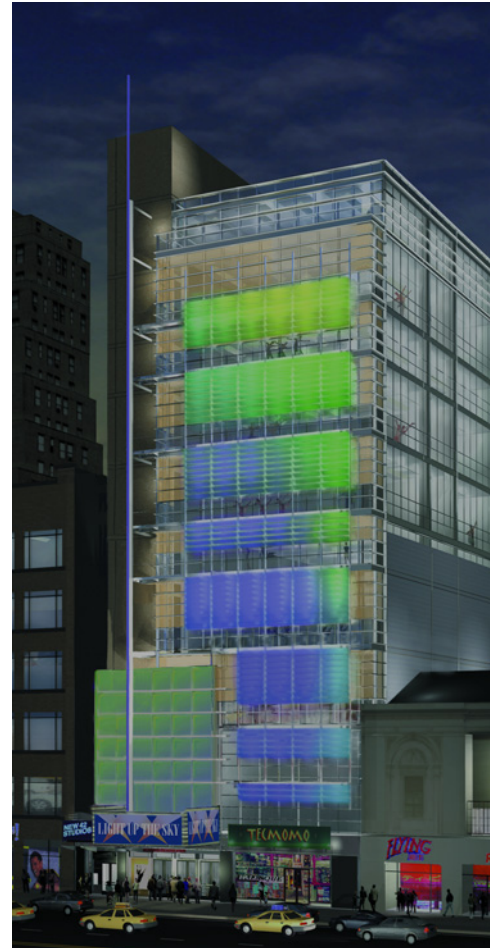


## NEW 42ND STREET STUDIOS



The New 42nd Street Studios is located on the revived, remade Forty-second Street, between Broadway and Eighth avenues in New York City. The new building houses a small theater, The Duke, and nine floors of rehearsal space rented to developing Broadway shows and not-for-profit theaters. One side of the ground floor is leased to the American Airlines (formerly Roundabout) Theatre. The building, which opened in 2000, was designed by architect Charles Platt and is managed by the New 42nd Street, an organization that serves as rental agent and oversees a number of new Forty-second Street theaters. The project was the brainchild of Cora Cahan, director of the New 42nd Street, a former dancer with great empathy for the actors and actresses who rehearse in the new studio.

Platt designed a building that is modern and light, has expansive studios, and is a handsome piece of architecture (an anomaly on rapidly developing Forty-second Street). While most architects will insist to their signage designers that “the building is the sign,” this building actually is one. The whole front facade is covered with programmed lights that change color and put on a show





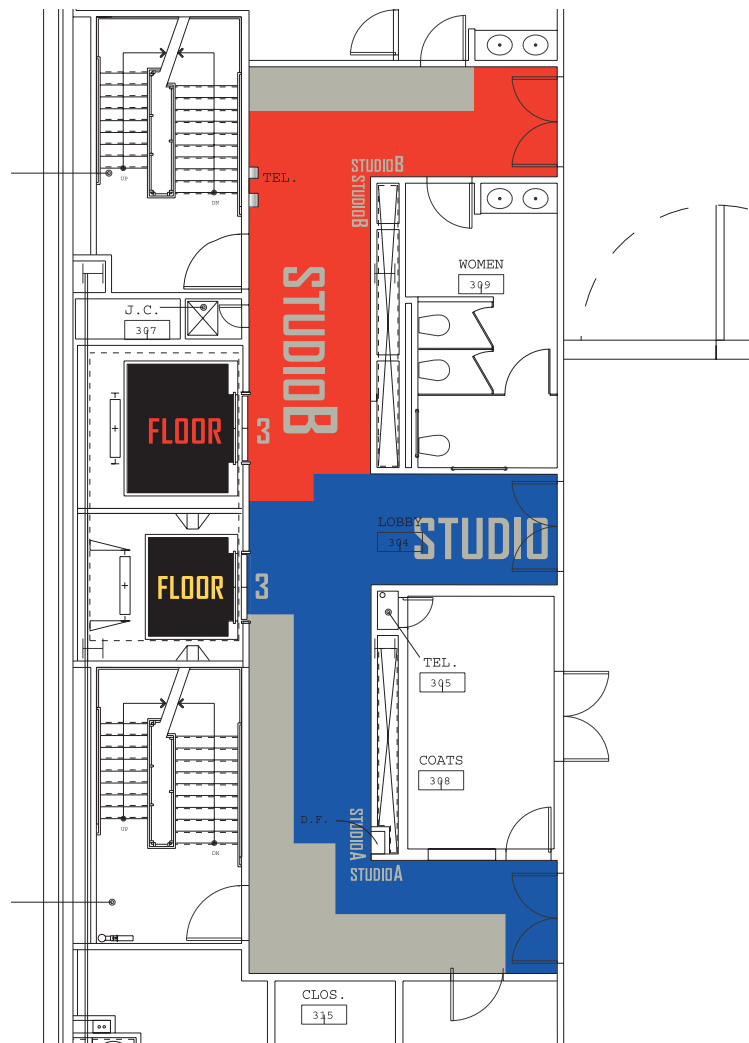


every evening. The lighting system was designed by Anne Militello, and its elegance puts it in contrast with everything else in the vicinity.

Cahan asked me to design the identity for the Duke, and exterior and interior signage for the new building. She explained that the rehearsal rooms were large, modern, light, and mostly white. She wanted the hallways and access ways to be kinetic and active. It occurred to me that Platt's building was a progressive factory for actors and actresses. Its structure and materials looked Dutch (latter-day de Stijl). In our first collaborative meeting, I assembled a board of materials, fonts, and colors that I thought might complement the architecture. This became the basis for the signage. It dawned on me that actors and actresses are accustomed to taking stage positions on the floor, so I began to use the floor as a basis for directional signage throughout the building. Sometimes a sign began on the floor and, bending up, completed its message on a door.

The collaboration between director, architect, and designer was tremendously satisfying, largely because, with the exception of costs, there were no preconceived notions of how the project was to be realized. I was amazed at how well floor signage functioned, particularly on the second floor of the Duke, where the four-letter word *DUKE* consumed the whole hallway floor and ran up the side of the wall under stage furniture bumpers. The signage system is particularly attuned to New Yorkers, who typically look at their feet when they're walking.



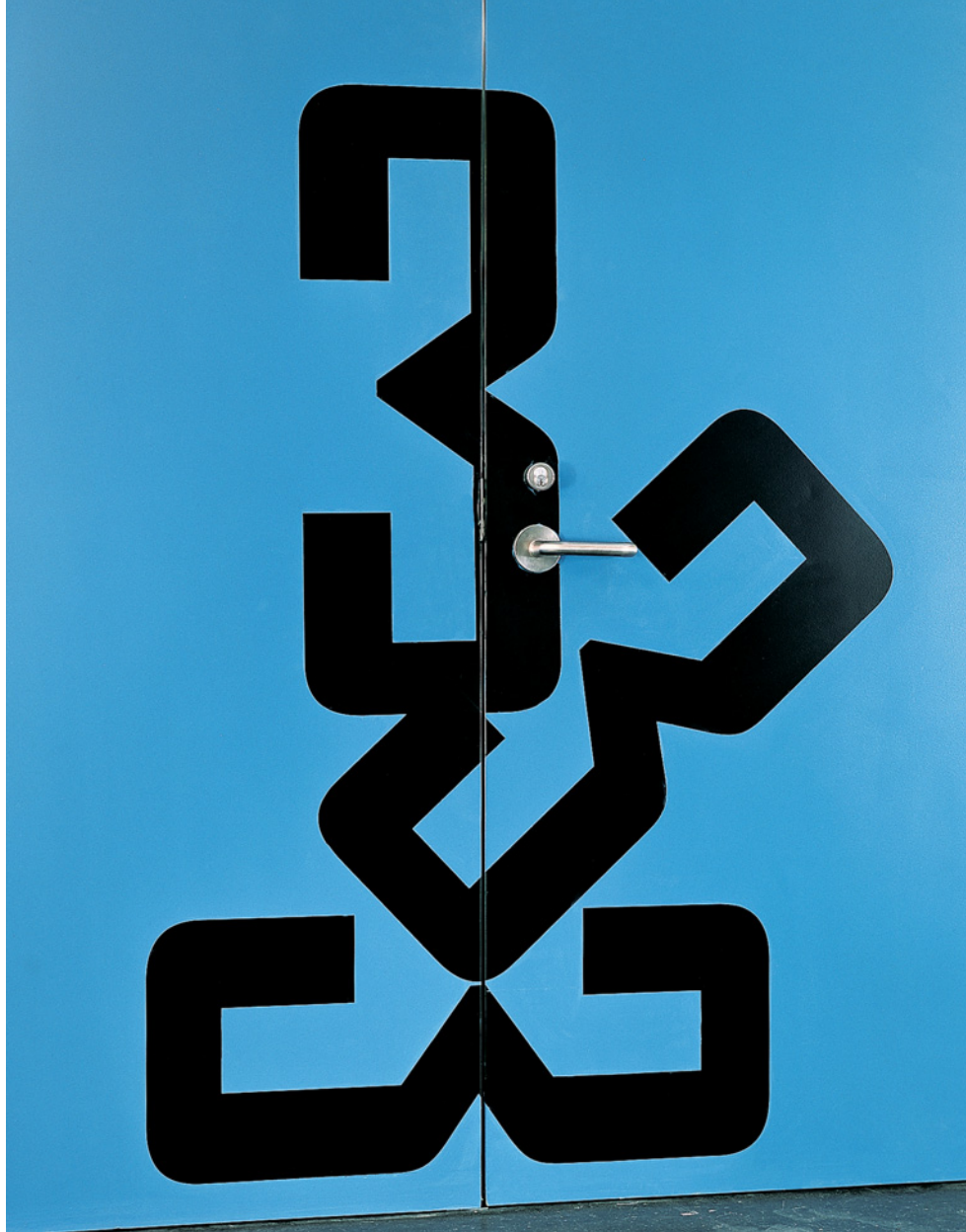






*The fabric of the theater seats in the Duke Theater spell "Duke" in Morse code.*









## NJPAC

In 2000 I was invited to lunch in Newark at the New Jersey Performing Arts Center (NJPAC) by Larry Goldman, the center's president. He showed me a school building located behind the center, erected sometime in the 1940s. NJPAC had received funding from Lucent Technologies to convert this building into a high school for the performing arts. The building functioned as a rectory, and while a portion of the rectory would be maintained, it would become a tenant of NJPAC. A local architecture firm, Kaplan Gaunt DeSantis was hired to remodel the building. Goldman explained that there was virtually no budget for a fancy renovation, and given that limitation, asked if there was some way the exterior of the building could be recast to look like an inspiring place to study the performing arts.

The building was depressing. There was something sadly institutional about it, particularly the brown and beige paint that permeated the hallways and bathrooms. I took some digital photographs of the front of the building and began experimenting with a variety of silly ideas. The building was changed instantaneously by simply painting it white (there really wasn't a budget for anything other than painting). In one iteration, the building was covered with the triangular plastic flags typical of used car lots (admittedly somewhat impractical). In another version, the building became a magic castle covered in stars. A third listed the activities to be found inside.

Goldman felt most comfortable with the typographic treatment (I was pushing hard for the used-car-lot version). The problem with the typographic approach was that the words were out of scale on the building and appeared unpleasantly urban. I rescaled the typography and began to use the nooks, crannies, and turrets of the castlelike structure to display the typography. Once the





words were scaled down to complement the structure, the typography actually accentuated the building's form. My favorite use of type is on the air-conditioning ducts, which originally were an eyesore and now are the most exciting aspect of this crazy building.

Goldman asked me to recast the interior of the building as well. We worked with typical institutional tile and commercial paints. A group of patterns was developed for the floors of hallways: stripes, checkerboards, chevrons. A systematized series of designs were created for painted radiators and fireplaces. We picked complementary colors for rehearsal-room curtains, and the NJPAC staffers went to Ikea and bought furniture in the same color palette.

The work on the interior of the building was completed a few months after we submitted the plans. The exterior of the building was finished in record time. The system for the interior of the school is so simple and obvious it can easily be exported to other public school buildings.

The NJPAC Lucent Technologies Center for Arts Education is architecture as graphic design, and it was designed the way a graphic designer works: immediately, instinctively, inexpensively. It is a marriage of spirit and form. It is my favorite example of maximum impact with minimum means, and it was achieved simply because there was a client who was willing and courageous enough to attempt something outside of the norm for a dramatic effect.









THEATER MUSIC

DRAMA THEATER

DANCE

POETRY

DRAMA  
WRITING  
DRAMA

THEATER

POETRY

DANCE  
DRAMA

POETRY

THEATER

DANCE

MUSIC

THEATER

DRAMA

WRITING

WRITING

WRITING

DANCE

CATHEDRAL HOUSE

MA

DANCE

CATHEDRAL HOUSE











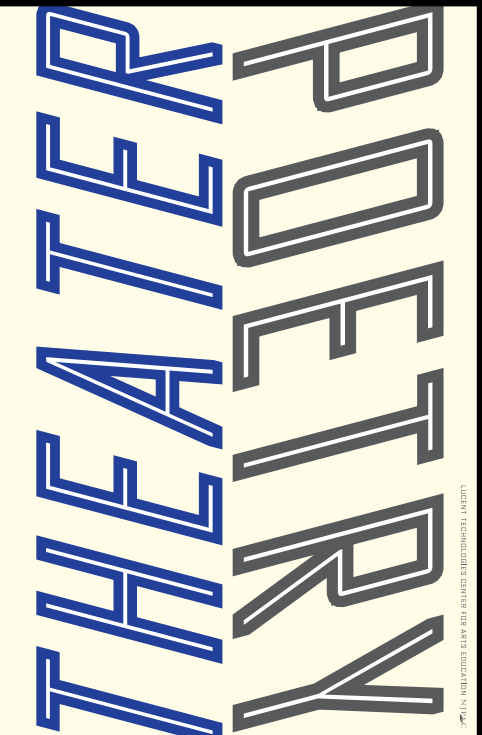
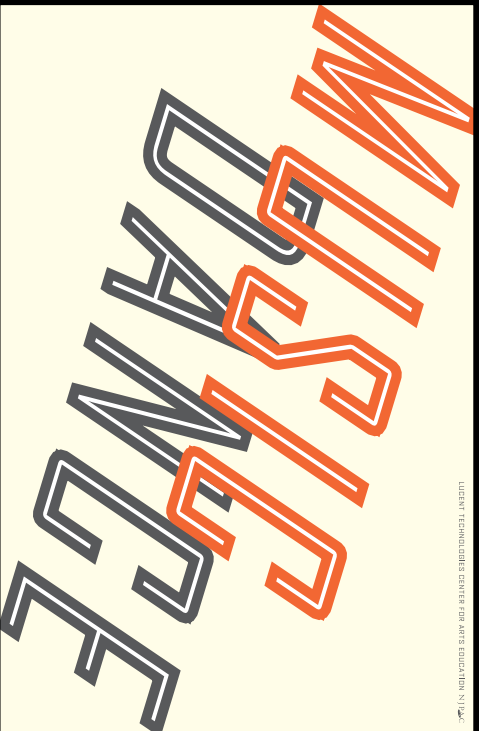
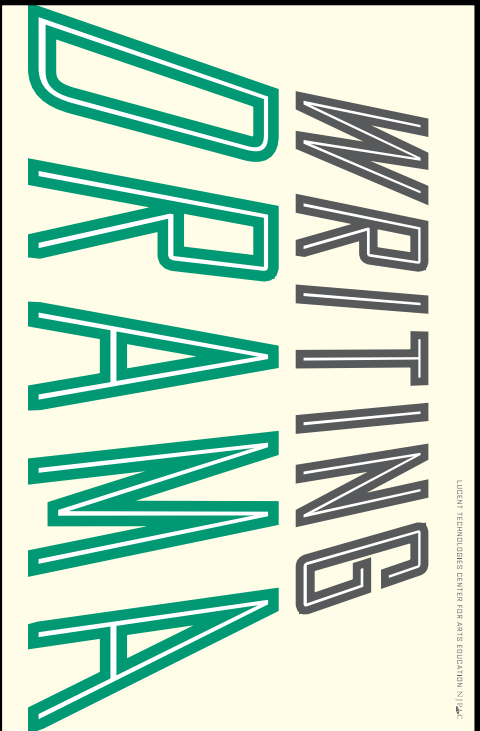












Posters for the Lucent Technologies Center for Arts Education, 2001



The following articles were authored over the past two decades. Although some of the details have become irrelevant, the thrust of the articles continues to be germane.

## **"BACK IN THE U.S.S.R.: (OR THAT UKRAINE TYPE REALLY KNOCKS ME OUT)"**

*Originally published in the AIGA Journal of Graphic Design, Volume 4, Number 1, 1984*

It's funny the way something suddenly looks good. I was recently shocked to find that a couple of terrific El Lissitzky and Rodchenko posters grace the pages of moldy art history books from my college days. In fact, there are Russian constructivist posters in all the poster collection books that I accumulated over thirteen years; but for some reason, I never really studied them until 1979.

I flipped by them when I was looking for Victorian inspiration. I ignored them when I was ripping off art nouveau and art deco designs.

I discovered El Lissitzky when I was heavily into my Cassandre phase. I remember flipping through *The Poster in History* and finding the black-and-white poster of a boy and girl whose heads were merging together. There was a giant red "U.S.S.R." running across their foreheads. "That's great!" I said.

At the moment I said "That's great!" I was back in the U.S.S.R. I knew I would look for more El Lissitzky posters and that I would incorporate the style into my own work.

I didn't say "That's great!" when I saw the poster in 1974. In 1974, I looked at the giant U.S.S.R. foreheads and said, "Too weird." If we want to predict future graphic trends, all we have to do is pick up poster books and tape-record our responses to various genres and periods. Here's what the responses mean:

**That's great:** what we are doing now or will be doing tomorrow, even though every client will reject it.

**Nice:** what we have been doing for the past three years, and what we will resort to when "That's great!" is rejected

**Tired:** what we have been doing for the past five years

**Too weird:** what we will be doing in five years

**Too ugly:** what we will be doing in ten years

It is no coincidence that around the time that I said "That's great!" to El Lissitzky, two Rodchenko books were published, followed by a big new Lissitzky book and *The Art of the October Revolution* and *Paris-Moscow* and *The Art of the Russian Avant-Garde*, plus the George Costinokos exhibition at the Guggenheim with the accompanying book, the Malevich book, etc. It was also no coincidence that many of my designer friends had gone Russian crazy at the same time. When 500 unrelated people say "That's great!" at the same time and incorporate the influence into their work, it constitutes a movement.

In analyzing our response to Russian constructivism, I'm convinced that we're responding to our political and economic climate in both emotional and practical terms. The work of the Russian constructivists represented the optimism of the Revolution and the Marxist utopian dream. But the late 1970s and the 1980s have been politically depressing times, a period of negativity, conservatism, and a general lowering of our personal and economic expectations. Constructivist work could make us feel we were creating a visual rebellion in inspired times. We could make a graphic statement that was visually strong although there was no justification for it. Another triumph of style over substance.

The practical aspect of constructivism is that it is cheap to do. A vigorous and "important-looking" graphic design can be had for the cost of typesetting and a few photostats.

The drawback to the constructivist design approach is that it is very difficult to sell. Firstly, the most logical use for it would be on jackets for Russian political books of that period.

Unfortunately, publishing editors find type on an angle very difficult to read. This means that a good Constructivist design is usually killed in favor of something "less complicated." Another editorial complaint is that it doesn't look "serious" enough. I confess that I don't understand this complaint. They were dead serious in 1917.

In four years and after umpteen attempts, I've had only three constructivist designs reach the printing press. Two were posters for a CBS Records promotion of *The Best of Jazz*. The problem was to get twenty big names on a poster, not spend any money, and have it look good enough to motivate record-store owners to hang it up.

The wonderful thing about being a designer in the music business is that nothing has to mean anything. That doesn't mean that it's easy being a music business designer. On the contrary. When I did the *Best of Jazz* posters in early 1980, the CBS Records marketing department didn't understand that I was being influenced by El Lissitzky. They were mostly concerned that the names be big and legible and that the posters be cheap. The marketing department thought the posters were a little weird stylistically, but that was OK because it made them new wave.

After the *Best of Jazz* posters came out, I began getting calls from the graphics community asking me to submit work to various new-wave shows. I would respond that I was not a new-wave designer, and then I would be asked specifically for the *Best of Jazz* poster.

How can something blatantly ripped off from 1917 be considered new wave?

Gene Greif, a designer who often displays constructivist influences in his work, told me recently that when he showed his portfolio two and three years ago, everyone said it was "too new wave." "Now," he tells me, "everyone says it's too postmodern."

I've never liked labels. Constructivism has certainly had an enormous impact on the way I design, but so has nearly every other movement in art history at different times.

It's 1983. I still think El Lissitzky is great, though sometimes I think he's merely nice. I think I only have one year left in the U.S.S.R.

## **"BACK TO SHOW AND TELL"**

*Originally published in the AIGA Journal of Graphic Design, Volume 4, Number 1, 1986*

A year ago I relived an experience I had in my ninth grade Algebra II class. The occasion was a seminar on graphic-design education at the Maryland Institute of Art in which some practicing designers and design educators shared a common stage. The premise was sound: to generate debate between these factions. However, what resulted was disappointing. Instead of meaningful discussion and clear explanation, the design educators gave pompous presentations on the structures and curricula of their schools supported by pedantic visuals and charts. They spoke in jargon I've never used professionally and didn't understand. The lectures were so abstruse that I hadn't a clue as to what was going on in their schools. I wondered if the students did either.

The Algebra II syndrome (a compulsion to hum 1960s rock and roll and make spitballs) is my reaction whenever theoretics (theoretics as an end in itself) are applied to design. At Maryland, my feelings were compounded. The first was one of shame. That's what happens when I'm bombarded with incomprehensible language. Boredom follows shame: I tune out and squirm in my seat. Then I realize I'm really angry. Boredom is anger. I'm angry in this case because the speaker is supposed to be talking about graphic design, not quantum physics.

Semiotics was one of the favorite words bandied about the Maryland session. In fact,



some of the educators took great pride in the fact that their schools were breaking new ground in this area. If so, why couldn't any of them make the idea understandable? At the risk of losing anyone who has read this far, the following is the Webster's dictionary definition of semiotics: "a general philosophical theory of signs and symbols that deals especially with their function in artificially constructed natural language and comprises syntactics, semantics, and pragmatics."

How does it really apply to graphic design? I thought it would be fun to call seven of my favorite "award winning" designers and ask them to define semiotics. Four said they didn't know (one of them didn't want to know); two said that it may have something to do with symbols; and one said she knew but didn't want to answer. If one asks the same designers how a symbol works, they'll give articulate answers and use good examples to illustrate their points.

It's not just the exclusionary language that bothers me, but also the process of making more complex the difficult act of explaining graphic-design principles to would-be designers. Obviously, my reaction is based on a personal teaching style that might be termed "extended apprenticeship." Call it what you will—a style, method, or philosophy—it is a hands-on process that has produced tangible results.

In 1982, I was asked to teach graphic design to seniors at the School of Visual Arts, in New York. The media department has a loosely prescribed curriculum, with an emphasis on doing. There are few, if any, theoretical courses. The school hires working designers who represent a broad range of experiences and approaches. Hence the instructors are completely responsible for course content and are encouraged to teach what they know best. The students have a certain choice in what they take. After the foundation year, they audit

classes to see whether they feel comfortable with the approach being taught.

When I first saw the work by the students entering my class, I thought that they were unprepared to enter the job market unless radical improvement occurred over the year. No amount of theoretical instruction would help. Therefore I created a series of complex assignments that were extensively critiqued. The challenge was to pinpoint what was wrong and show how it could be made better. My method was to use simple language and strong visual examples to illustrate my points. In effect, I became the client. But I also became a graphic fascist, disallowing typefaces, reordering elements, dictating style and content. The students were forced to design and redesign, yet in the process of following these directives, they made their own discoveries, which had surprising results.

The approach I instinctively used was the old apprentice method. Do what I do, and watch it come out your way. This method requires total commitment. The teacher must "give it all away" (style, conceits, tricks), or the premise won't work. It's sometimes threatening. It can be intimidating to watch as a student easily accomplishes something it took me fifteen years to master. But in the end and in a relatively short amount of time, some potentially good professionals emerged.

At the Maryland Institute seminar, one educator presented a chart that showed the spiraling growth of students as they absorbed the design theories of successive courses culminating in graduation—meaning the students were qualified to enter the profession. What hogwash! There was no mention of talent. All the theory in the world cannot replace talent. Talented students can overcome any form of education unless they've been bored out of the profession.

I abhor the charade of the Maryland session. These academicians, I believe, have created de-

sign speak to give credence to the profession because they're embarrassed that it was once called "commercial art." Is it necessary to indoctrinate students with jargon just to compensate for a sense of professional inferiority?

### **"THE RIGHT FACE"**

*Originally published in the AIGA Journal of Graphic Design, Volume 5, Number 1, 1987*  
Let's face it: We're living in an era of style over substance. Every day we are going to be asked to give something "a look."

I've been asked to give things all different kinds of looks, but very often I've had difficulty figuring out what kind of look the client is describing. The problem is language. In initial meetings, the client would talk about "concept development." I naively went off and came up with concepts, until I found out that "concept development" meant "the look." Another mistake I made was the use of the word style. I would talk about employing a style, as in "the style of tin-metal signs," or discuss a specific period style, such as Jugendstil or constructivism. I found that my clients didn't know what I was talking about. Firstly, they preferred the word look to the word style. Secondly, they had to see a picture of the style so they could grasp it within their own vernacular ("Art deco looks sort of like that post-modern stuff and is a little bit high-tech and would be good for yuppie audiences").

After seven years of trial and error, I have deciphered a style code. What follows is a guide to "the look" and how you make it, plus a list of common complaints and how to improve upon them.

**High-tech:** matte-black background, white or primary-colored sans serif type, slightly letter-spaced, small geometric shapes incorporated with graph-paper motif

**Postmodern:** sans serif or serif type (small);

one box, one triangle, one circle in salmon, gray-green, or turquoise; cream, white, or light gray background

**High-tech/Postmodern:** same as postmodern except change background to matte black and change geometric shapes to primary colors

**New Wave Generic:** sans serif type in different weights and heights, with italics intermittently dispersed; minimum of two ripped pieces of paper, one triangle (right triangle, not isosceles); long, skinny, right triangle preferred; use hot pink, lime green, and black; never use beige

**New Wave Yale:** same as new wave generic except change ripped paper to vertical parallel lines (preferably at an angle) and use different weights of Univers

**New Wave West Coast:** same as new wave Yale except add photographic images in boxes or silhouettes; suggested imagery: one to three eyes, one television set, one telephone

**New Wave/Postmodern:** same as postmodern except change gray-green to bright lime, change salmon to hot pink, add ripped paper, and enlarge triangle.

**New Wave/Postmodern/High-Tech:** same as new wave/postmodern except make background matte, take out ripped paper, add graph-paper grid

**Classic:** serif type (Bodonis, Caslons, Garamonds), lots of white space, white or cream background

**Funky:** same as new wave generic but all elements are bigger

**Gritty:** any of the above styles without any design sensibility such as color, form, or scale

**New York or Downtown New Wave:** same as gritty but use new wave generic elements

**Understated:** same as classic only use eight-point Garamond

**L.A.:** same as new wave West Coast but use turquoise and flamingo pink as predominant colors

Complaints and Remedies

**Too new wave:** remove one piece of ripped paper.

**Too funky:** make everything smaller.

**Too understated:** make everything bigger.

**Too L.A.:** remove turquoise.

**Too classic:** add one circle and one square.

**Too clever:** remove inadvertent idea.

**Too cute:** remove inadvertent idea.

**Too smart:** remove deliberate idea.

## "THE DARK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STAIRS"

*Originally published in Graphis, Issue 264, November/December 1989*

One morning, my snotty twenty-two-year-old assistant danced into the studio and informed me that he had gone to the opening of some graphic design competition and that I only had one piece in the show.

"Was it a good show?" I asked. "Yeah, it was OK," he said. "There was a lot of work from a guy in Iowa who sort of looks like Duffy Design." I harrumphed and muttered, "Too much style and no substance."

I've been muttering "too much style and no substance" frequently for the past several years. I love muttering it, and I hear all kinds of people I respect and admire mutter it. Our great designer "institutions" mutter it a lot. I've noticed that it's usually muttered in relation to designers who are younger than the mutterer. "Too much style and

no substance" is often coupled with "flash in the pan" as a way of describing hot young designers who get more than one piece in a design show.

What a wonderful way to demean youth! "Too much style" helps us conceal that nagging inkling we have that our own work may be out of style, and "no substance" convinces us that our potentially dated work is somehow more meaningful, rendering style irrelevant. Sometimes it is even true.

But what all this muttering denies is the great excitement in finding and creating style, that thrill in putting the pieces together in a way that looks new and fresh, if not to the design community at large then at least to ourselves. These are the kind of discoveries we generally make early in our careers, when each design is a new experience for us, when problem solving seems more experimental and some of our solutions may be true breakthroughs. This is when we are building and expanding the graphic vocabulary that will probably serve us for the rest of our careers, when we are establishing our rules and parameters, and breaking them, and reestablishing them.

I've always felt that a design career is like a long, surreal staircase. At the bottom, the risers are steep, and the landings are short. One makes long leaps of discovery at the bottom in a relatively short period of time—a step a year, or two, and sometimes even one great leap to the middle of the stairs. Then, suddenly, the risers become shallow and the landings lengthen. We trudge along the same endless plateau, and the scenery doesn't change. The light becomes dim around us, but there are sudden flashes back in the distance from the bottom of the steps. We don't dare turn around to look because we might lose our footing. Worse yet, the flashes seem ominous, hostile, like a potential fire that could burn up the whole staircase.

If only we could scamper to the top with the ease with which we loped to the middle. Instead we take baby steps and mutter, "Too much style and no substance," because we learned that line from higher-ups when we were hot young flashes at the bottom.

Very often, when we look at the work of our great graphic-designer institutions, we find that so much of their truly important, innovative work was produced over a relatively short period of time: five years, ten years, flashes in the pan. Then there seems to be a leveling. Maybe these institutions never made it to the top of the staircase but were merely inching along some other plateau in the dark. Maybe there is no top, just shorter risers and longer plateaus that go on forever.

Plateaus are actually very comfortable, because it takes less energy to move. The problem is the dark. Perhaps the solution is to step aside and allow a flash to trot by. With a little light from that torch, we may find the next step.

## "RASHOMON IN THE RECORD BUSINESS"

*Originally published in the AIGA Journal of Graphic Design, Volume 7, Number 4, 1990; from a speech at the 1989 AIGA Dangerous Ideas design conference in San Antonio, Texas.* Last winter, Milton Glaser called me to ask if I would prepare a talk for a conference about the history of the cover department of CBS Records. He was specifically interested in the rise of power in the marketing department and how it affected the design of record covers. He suggested that I trace record-cover design back to its birth fifty years ago and create a case study of a corporation, illustrating the increased influence of marketing over the years.

Now, I hate marketing. Somehow it wheedles its way into everything I do, enforcing guar-

anteed mediocrity. I clearly remember beautiful cover illustrations biting the dust at CBS Records, only to be replaced—always due to the influence of the marketing department—with trite photos of overweight musicians who were uncomfortable in front of the camera. So I began my research.

The very first call I made was to the newly appointed East Coast art director Chris Austopchuk, who had worked as a designer at CBS Records when I held his job. I enthusiastically recited the premise of my proposed speech while he listened in silence. Then he icily replied that while that may be my view of CBS Records, it certainly wasn't his and that my talk made it sound like design at CBS Records had gone downhill, while in his view it was better than ever.

I couldn't initially understand why Chris would defend the marketing department. But of course he wasn't. He was defending himself.

I was then persona non grata with the CBS Records art department, and since I couldn't expose the evils of marketing with the present, I'd have to rely on the past. Over the course of this year, I have conducted a series of conversations and interviews with the past heads of the CBS Records art department and some of the designers who served under them.

A peculiar thing began to happen. None of the stories really connected. There seemed to be no thread. It was as if each reigning art director had existed in a space and time that was totally his own. Rules changed; corporate personality changed. It was *Rashomon*.

For those of you who have never seen it, *Rashomon* is a film by the Japanese director Akira Kurosawa, produced in 1951. The film is set in eighth-century Japan and centers around an alleged rape and murder as told by witnesses. Each witness gives his or her version of the same story, but the stories are totally different, each affected by the person's point of view.



### *Alex Steinweiss: 1939–53*

Alex Steinweiss graduated in 1934 from Abraham Lincoln High School, where he had been trained by Leon Friend. Steinweiss was granted a scholarship to Parsons School of Design and in 1937 began his career as an assistant to Joseph Binder. Shortly thereafter, he started freelancing. In 1939 he got a telephone call from Doc Leslie saying that CBS had just bought a record company and that they were setting up an advertising department and would need an art director. An appointment was set up with the new advertising manager, Patrick Dolan. Steinweiss was hired. It was a thrilling development in his life because he would be doing creative work, and the work would be connected with music, which he loved.

Steinweiss was responsible for creating a visual image for the new company and was given a free hand in the design of catalogs, mailing pieces, posters, letterheads, and finally the design of album covers. The 78 rpm records were packaged in plain gray or tan folders, with the name of the album simply positioned on the cover in black or gold. Steinweiss thought this was no way to present a beautiful thing to the public, so he began designing bright, colorful, posterlike covers. Originally management balked because of the increased production cost, but when sales jumped 800 percent with the first release, they got enthusiastic. By 1943, Steinweiss had a staff of four or five designers, including James Flora and Bob Jones, plus ten writers and other specialists.

During the war, in 1944, Steinweiss joined a unit of the navy that produced training aids for sailors. It was located in New York, and he continued to design album covers for CBS on a freelance basis. His hours for the navy were from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M., and then he'd go home and work on album covers until 11 or 12 at night.

He'd mail the comps up to CBS in Bridgeport, where his former assistants would do the finished art for reproduction. After the war, he set up a freelance design office in his apartment and was retained by Ted Wallerstein, president of CBS Records, as a design consultant.

In 1948, he witnessed the birth of the Columbia LP record and designed the record jacket, which is still in use today for this product. He patented it, released the patent to CBS, and found the manufacturer, Imperial Paper Box Corporation, which was willing to invest about \$250,000 in new equipment to produce it. Not long after, in 1953, Wallerstein had a serious disagreement with William Paley, the chairman of CBS. His contract was bought up, and he was out.

Steinweiss learned that Goddard Lieberman, who had come into the company the same year that Steinweiss had and for the same salary—\$65 per week—had been named president. Lieberman and Steinweiss were old friends, having worked on a myriad of record releases over the years. When Steinweiss went to see him, Lieberman said, "Who's going to protect you, now that your buddy Ted Wallerstein is out?" Steinweiss said, "The quality of my work is the only protection I need!"

Steinweiss adds that the newly appointed art director, Neil Fujita, got rid of him within the next month.

The package Alex Steinweiss invented was later known in the trade as the "wrap-pack." It was printed on pieces of paper that were pasted on a board backing. In the late 1960s, the shore-pack was introduced, for which the image was printed directly on a board and folded into the package. CBS Records still manufactures wrap-packs. The manufacturer is still Imperial Paper Box Corporation.

I told Steinweiss that a lot of my talk here would center on the rise in power of the CBS

Records marketing department. He seemed puzzled, then he said, "Oh, you mean sales!"

"That's it"

"Those sales guys came in, like Goddard Lieberman. Real Seventh Avenue types!"

This is a picture of Goddard Lieberman. As vice president and then president of CBS Records, he would have a powerful effect on the direction of the company and its graphics until his death in 1977.

### *Neil Fujita: 1954–57; 1958–60*

Neil Fujita was working for N. W. Ayer in Philadelphia when he was hired to become the first in-house art director of CBS Records. He was recommended to Goddard Lieberman, who was executive vice president at the time, by Bill Golden, CBS's famous corporate art director.

I asked Neil Fujita whom he had replaced at CBS Records, and he said, "No one. There was only an advertising manager, and he stayed in place."

Fujita said that he had to develop a department from nothing. This began by upsetting the arrangements that freelance designers and studios had with the company because he had been hired gradually to do all the design internally. He started with a secretary. Within a period of three years, the department grew to six or seven designers and mechanical artists; by the end of six years, he had nearly fifteen on staff. He started by doing all the record covers for Columbia Records and Epic Records plus the promotional work. Some advertising was done before an ad agency was retained. He worked very closely with sales and A&R.

He started by working in Bridgeport, Connecticut, at the company's plant and had to learn how a record was made and how records were packaged and mailed. He began designing the company's identity and everything re-

lated to that identifying image. Several months later, he moved to New York and began to sort out all the record labels under CBS. Fujita developed a new look for CBS packaging by calling in new and young photographers, designers, and illustrators, who offered a broad variety of solutions.

Neil Fujita says that he served as art director from 1954 to 1957, then left for a year to establish his own business. Roy Kuhlman replaced him but was fired after one year. Then Fujita returned to CBS and remained until 1960. He told me that he had been asked by Goddard Lieberman to return until Lieberman could find a suitable replacement. Roy Kuhlman says he was hired at CBS in 1954 and fired in 1955. Alex Steinweiss says that Fujita was hired in 1953. Bob Cato says that he was hired in 1959 and that Fujita was fired in 1959.

After talking to Roy Kuhlman about his CBS tenure, I called back Neil Fujita to try to straighten out the discrepancies in their stories. Fujita said, "You know, Paula, someone once told me the higher you get, the more people you have looking at your behind!"

Still later, Neil Fujita came to visit me in my studio. He talked about the department he built and the designers he hired: Peter Adler, Bob Sullivan, Ken Deardoff, George Gecomba, Marty Moskoff, and Clara Gentry. He told me that he was the art director who initiated the policy of putting the type in the top third of the record cover so it would be displayed properly. This rule has been record-business dogma ever since.

I asked him about the marketing department, and he said, "Oh, you mean sales! Yes, they were involved, but I had no problem with them. That stuff came later!"

Fujita did remember two of the freelance studios that he replaced. "There was a studio called Monogram, and there was another guy named Art Schlosser."

### Roy Kuhlman: 1954–55

Roy Kuhlman was the art director hired to replace Neil Fujita for one fateful year. Fujita said that he had originally recommended Art Kane, but Kane didn't want to do it and suggested that Fujita hire Roy Kuhlman, who was a young art director who did a lot of good work for Grove Press.

Kuhlman remembers that Fujita called and said he was going to recommend him for his job because he was planning to leave CBS Records. He asked Roy if he wanted it.

Roy said, "Want it? Ye gods! Want it? I thought I was going to have to bump someone off to get a shot at something like this...to get paid for doing album jackets!"

So he put on his best Phil's Men's Shop suit, and Fujita ushered him into the baroque office of Goddard Lieberman. Kuhlman was properly awed by the salary offered but succeeded in hiding the fact. He was not awed by the dinky, scrungy bull-pen they told him was his new office. It looked very much like what he imagined the owner of a sweatshop in the Garment District might call an office.

Fujita let Kuhlman in on the budgets: total \$300 per, all-inclusive. That meant all: artwork, type, stats, and mechanicals. But that didn't bother Kuhlman; he'd been doing Grove Press covers for a third of that. He felt like a tycoon. He hired a secretary and got it out in the grapevine that he wanted to see portfolios.

He was getting along just jim-dandy with sales by using Kuhlman's law: listening to what they had to say, then doing it his way, later convincing them it was the right way for the job. He didn't remember showing designs to recording artists. Somebody may have, but Kuhlman was blissfully unaware of it. The only artist he met in the flesh was a new one they'd just signed on by the name of Johnny Mathis.

Kuhlman was often asked to design flyers for the sales department, usually 6,000 titles for the record club, in a one-page format. His designs were too simple for sales, and they quickly went back to their agency. Some of the records needed special inserts for musical comment or biographical notes, so he hired a hot young designer named Ivan Chermayeff to handle the promotional things.

It was almost a year to the day since he was hired, and he was still having a ball. The sales department was well trained, and the budget was balanced, when he got a call to see Lieberman.

"Roy, I'm afraid I've got some bad news for you. I'm afraid we're going to have to let you go." This was quite a surprise, and Roy asked, "Has anyone had any complaints about my performance as art director?"

"No, Roy. That's not the reason," Lieberman said. "Neil Fujita wants his job back, and we feel obligated to give it to him."

Kuhlman's epilogue to this story was that Neil Fujita had left to start his own studio, and Kuhlman had not given that studio very much work because he didn't like their portfolio.

I was surprised to find out that Ivan Chermayeff had worked for CBS Records, and I called to get his recollection of the time. He remembered a bizarre thing that had happened. He was hired by Roy Kuhlman to work on promotional things, but when he turned up for his first day of work, he found out that Kuhlman had just been fired. Chermayeff said he ended up working for Neil Fujita. He described working on promotional booklets that ran as long as sixteen pages with no time for layout or design, and he specified type by intuition. He described many of the covers produced at the time as real garbage—an ugly portrait of Johnny Mathis and a line of type. Young Chermayeff lasted about six months at CBS Records before he quit.

I asked him what the allure of record covers was in those days. He said, "They were bigger than book jackets!"

### Bob Cato: 1959–68 and John Berg: 1960–84

Bob Cato told me that he originally met Goddard Lieberman in 1949. Lieberman wanted to package a special twelve-record set of contemporary authors reading the spoken word. Mitch Miller, the powerful head of A&R in the 1950s and 1960s, had recommended Cato to Lieberman. There was an instant rapport between Lieberman and Cato, and Lieberman, a mere vice president at that time, told Cato he would hire him when he became president of the company.

I don't understand why he had to wait to become president in order to hire Cato, because he seemed to be capable of hiring and firing art directors all through the fifties; but he did in fact hire Bob Cato right after he was named president.

Cato also told me that he had to put together an art department quickly because, in his words, "There wasn't much there."

One thing that's troubled me throughout my research is that every art director so far, including Cato, had to run out and set up a completely new art department. There was never anything there. Where did it all go?

The department Cato built was called Creative Services, which included packaging, promotion, publicity, and advertising design. This department remains pretty much intact today and is still called Creative Services.

Cato describes himself as a "music freak." His two passions are art and music. He attended the Chicago Art Institute and was also a student of Alexei Brodovitch. Cato had done stints at *Junior Bazaar* and *Harper's Bazaar* before being hired by Lieberman. He was phenomenally so-

cial and charming. His demeanor was one of a tall, elegant hipster, sophisticated and chic. Goddard Lieberman had cast the perfect art director.

Cato's initial graphic input was in advertising. He hired Richard Avedon and Irving Penn to shoot big, glossy celebrity ads. He believed the recording artists should become more involved in their album covers. Barbra Streisand was the first recording artist actually to come in and move around type. Cato loved it. Streisand loved it. Lieberman loved it. A trend was set that would become expensive, annoying, and irreversible.

CBS Records at that time made its money on big-selling musicals, like *My Fair Lady*, and popular mainstream artists, such as Johnny Mathis and Ray Conniff. Lieberman allowed the classical division to lose money as long as the pop division supported it. Lieberman was building an image of himself and CBS Records in the CBS corporate mold: a classy company that produces a public-worthy product but is not above putting out a lot of garbage for the quick buck. CBS was proud of their classical division, called Masterworks, and their jazz artists, like Miles Davis. John Hammond, a brilliant A&R man, had recorded Billie Holiday and Bessie Smith, and later discovered Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen.

Cato hired John Berg, a graduate of Cooper Union who was working as the art director of *Escapade* magazine. Cato was the guru, the troubleshooter, and the political schmoozer, and Berg ran the nuts and bolts of the operation. Berg did not have Cato's *savoir faire*, nor was he particularly comfortable with recording artists; but Cato loved them and smoothed out the rough edges. Berg liked winning awards and finding talent, and he excelled in both areas. Over the next twenty years, he would hire a slew of young designers, among them Henrietta Condak, Virginia Team, Ron Coro, Ed



Lee, Richard Mantel, Tony Lane, Nancy Donald, Anne Garner, Lloyd Ziff, John Crocker, Karen Lee Grant, Allen Weinberg, Teresa Alfieri, Gerry Huerta, Andy Engle, Carin Goldberg, Gene Grief, Chris Austopchuk, and me. He and his designers would also rack up a steady stream of awards for the cover department, which would enhance its reputation and glamour.

The Cato/Berg marriage set a perfect condition for exploratory design. Cato created harmony both within the corporation and with the recording artists. The art department was expected to be creative. This resulted in making the CBS Records packaging department one of the real hot spots in New York, with a line around the block filled with young designers, illustrators, and photographers all clamoring to get a crack at the big graphic lollipop. The record cover was king.

This didn't mean that there still wasn't garbage. There was a lot of it; there was still the Johnny Mathis and Ray Conniff cover. Later, heavy-metal rock would become the garbage cover. There was the garbage country and western cover and the garbage R&B cover. Anything was potentially garbage, but anything was also potentially good. There was simply a lot of everything, with plenty of room for tremendous success and terrible failure.

In 1968, four major events took place that would begin to change the company forever. Lieberman was promoted into the corporate arena, and Clive Davis, a company lawyer, was named president. Lieberman had become convinced during the sixties that CBS Records had to become a rock-and-roll company.

Contrary to legend, it was Lieberman, not Clive Davis, who initiated CBS's presence at the Monterey Pop Festival in 1968, which led to the signing of Janis Joplin, Sly Stone, and the Byrds—but Clive Davis took the credit.

Cato hated Davis. To Cato, Davis was "pure sleaze" and unworthy of Lieberman's position. Apparently the feeling was mutual. Almost from the day he became president, Davis began meddling with Cato's ads. Cato quit.

John Berg inherited Cato's job, but Berg didn't want to be responsible for advertising. He suggested that Creative Services be split into two separate divisions: promotion and packaging. Promotion was given to Arnold Levine, who had designed ads under Cato. Berg kept packaging.

CBS Records first hired me in the promotion department in 1971, three years after Creative Services split. I worked for Arnold Levine. I was there for two and a half years and never had any idea that promotion and packaging had ever been one department. The two departments were on the same floor at Black Rock. Both sides were filled with designers, but an icy wall existed between the two. The packaging department was the glory department, and the promotion department was the cootie department. Clive Davis rewrote almost every ad. I left and went to Atlantic Records, where I began designing record covers. John Berg hired me back to CBS exactly one year later, after my cooties had been sufficiently removed.

Along with the major changes of 1968 came the invention of something called "product management." Product managers were designed to be liaisons between the recording artist and the company. They became the core of the marketing department. In the late 1960s and early 1970s, product managers were nice hippies who had majored in liberal arts in college and liked to hang around with rock bands. In the early 1980s, product managers were nice yuppies who had majored in business in college and liked to hang around with rock bands. Some of them knew an enormous amount about music, and a few of them actually had very good ideas for record covers.

Clive Davis never really bothered Berg, but some product managers did. Berg threw them out of his office. But most product managers were in awe of Berg because they had grown up with his record covers.

In 1972, there was drug scandal in the Columbia label's A&R department. Clive Davis may or may not have been implicated, but he was fired for using corporate funds to pay for his son's bar mitzvah. The whole public scandal tainted the relationship between CBS Records and CBS corporate, which would steadily worsen over the years.

For a year, someone from CBS corporate managed CBS Records, and then Bruce Lundvall was appointed president. Lundvall had grown up in the records division. He was a Lieberman man. He loved the cover department and John Berg.

The seventies were an incredible time for the record industry. One year of profits was bigger than the next. CBS Records seemed to sell anything it shipped to the stores. The company grew layered and fat. Departments got restructured and restructured again. Berg got older while the rest of the company got younger. Product managers cut their hair and became vice presidents. Creative Services became part of something called Central Core Marketing, which was headed by a vice president of merchandising, who reported to the vice president of sales. The vice president of merchandising changed three times in two and a half years. Two of them were promoted to vice president of something else. The packaging department became larger also. Branches had opened in Nashville and Los Angeles.

Above all this was Bruce Lundvall, who still loved his art department, which was now referred to as the "famous award-winning packaging department."

Berg was untouched by the new maze of corporate hierarchy. He had become a perma-

nent fixture at CBS Records and an institution, and had direct access to the president regardless of the maze.

Goddard Lieberman died of cancer in 1977. He had been ill throughout the seventies. All of the major vice presidents attended the funeral, but the majority of the people who then worked for CBS Records were unmoved. Most had been hired after 1968 and had no idea who Goddard Lieberman was.

In 1979, CBS Records, which had experienced nothing but continual growth in sales and size for twenty-five years, crashed. For the first time, records were returned from the stores in huge amounts. There was a recession. Blank cassettes were outselling records. Kids were taping from the radio and spending their pocket money on video games. CBS Records, once a huge profit center for CBS corporate, for the first time did not make its sales expectations.

There is nothing more horrific within a corporation than the climate of fear that exists in a time of massive layoffs. At CBS, the layoffs came in waves every six months, then more frequently. They were known as "Black Fridays." CBS Records was scaling down. They closed plants; they closed branches; they fired secretaries and merged departments. Bruce Lundvall was demoted and quit. Another president was hired and fired and replaced with one even scarier than the last. It was like a burning office building. One didn't know whether to jump out the window or stay and get burned. John Berg got burned in 1984. The merchandising vice president decided to merge packaging and promotion back together, with himself as manager, and appointed Holland McDonald, who then ran the promotion department, to be the head art director on the East Coast.

I jumped out the window in 1982. In the midst of horrific corporate fear, I was having endless battles with the marketing department.

If I had not spent the past six months researching and remembering CBS Records, I would have told you that marketing considerations overpowered everything, killed creativity, and destroyed the Cato/Berg art department. I am beginning to realize that marketing in the abstract has nothing to do with anything and never really did at CBS Records, either.

There were no market-research surveys. Testing was tried once and then abandoned. There were no demographic studies. There were only people. People in something called the "marketing department." People in something called the "merchandising department." People in something called "sales." Too many people in a corporation that had ballooned too quickly. People afraid. People looking to impress other people. People grappling for power or survival, always in the name of something else.

The cover department lost power because the art director no longer had the firm and loyal support of the president of the company.

#### *Holland McDonald and Arnold Levine*

Holland McDonald was given the job of uniting two departments that hated each other. He set up a system in which each designer worked on everything from the record cover to the smallest ad. The advertising designers liked this, and the cover designers hated this. Some of the cover designers quit, and McDonald replaced them. McDonald reported to the merchandising vice president, who didn't particularly support him, so the designers were run ragged by increasingly aggressive product managers who reported to a very aggressive president named Al Teller.

The art directors of the West Coast and Nashville offices reported to both the merchandising vice president and a finance person. They were geographically distanced from

the New York office and did not suffer the same political problems.

CBS Records' sales position had improved dramatically with the help of MTV, the new technology of compact discs, and the phenomenal performance of superstars like Michael Jackson.

In 1986, Al Teller moved the vice president of merchandising to the purchasing department and then moved him out of the building and into the Nashville office. Teller then hired Arnold Levine to head up Creative Services. Levine had been the head of the promotion department under Clive Davis and Bruce Lundvall but was fired during one of the Black Friday purges in the early eighties and was replaced by Holland McDonald. Al Teller restructured Creative Services by pulling it out of the merchandising department, which reported to the sales department. Arnold Levine reported directly to the president of the company.

Holland McDonald didn't want to work for Arnold Levine again, so he quit. So did some other designers. Arnold Levine replaced them. By all accounts, the political clout of the art department has grown stronger under Arnold Levine.

CBS Records was sold to Sony in 1988, but the designers say that it hasn't noticeably changed anything.

Shortly after CBS Records was sold to Sony, Al Teller was fired and replaced. The new president is still there at this moment.

None of the designers I spoke to knew who Alex Steinweiss was. No one knew that Neil Fujita designed the logo they put on their record packages. No one thought that it was particularly odd that they didn't know. Like everyone else before them, including me, they exist in their own space and time at CBS Records, ignorant of the past and oblivious of the future.

Currently compact discs outsell records by more than three to one. The expectation is that LP records will be discontinued altogether in

one to three years. Masterworks has already begun discontinuing LPs. The whole Masterworks operation is being moved to Germany. I have been told that the new German management was appalled to discover how much input American designers had in the creation of classical record covers.

The long rectangular CD package was developed by Adam Summers, a creative director at Warner Communications. It is roughly the same size as a book jacket. The rectangular CD box became the industry standard in 1985, but CBS Records is presently planning to discontinue the package in favor of shrink-wrapping the plastic CD case.

In four to six years, compact discs that are three inches in diameter will be introduced. Their covers will be considerably smaller than book jackets.

I feel a certain absurdity in the knowledge that I have spent half of my adult life designing something that is about to become an antique.

But how fortunate we all are to be graphic designers and make these tangible objects—a piece of paper, a folded board—because long after all the power regimes rise and fall, rise and fall again, all that remains that is certain and true is our work. And the work speaks for itself.

#### ***"THE DEVALUATION OF DESIGN BY THE DESIGN COMMUNITY: I HAVE SEEN THE ENEMY, AND HE IS US"***

*Originally published in the AIGA Journal of Graphic Design, Volume 11, Number 4, 1993*  
What's wrong with this picture?

The Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum selected five designers in a paid competition (base price \$1,000, though some reportedly got more) to create a new identity for the museum. The winner was then awarded the job.

*I.D. Magazine* considered a number of designers for its redesign and asked at least one of them to provide comps on spec but did not award him the job.

The Industrial Designers Society of America (IDSA) contacted three or more design firms requesting a "proposal" for its new identity package even though it was a pro bono job, because they didn't want to show favoritism. They received some critical responses from some of the design groups they had approached, rescinded their policy, and awarded one firm the unpaid job.

The American Institute of Graphic Arts (AIGA), which assigned its annual jacket to a designer on a pro bono basis (plus \$1,000 to cover expenses), decided that the jacket was too important a marketing tool to rely on what the designated designer submitted. The institute changed its policy and requested a minimum of three sketches from the chosen designer while the assignment remained pro bono, and the expense money remained \$1,000.

All of these events occurred in the last year and a half. In that same time period, MTV, a winner of the AIGA Design Leadership Award, asked twenty designers and illustrators to create political art for the cause of their choice, to be aired at the MTV Video Music Awards ceremony and to be printed in the program. The artists were requested to produce the art for a fee of \$500, which would be donated to any charity they designated, with MTV matching the donation. (MTV is owned by Viacom, which is currently locked in the Paramount take over battle.)

Each organization operated with apparently altruistic motives, inspired by the design community itself. In three cases, the organizations are not-for-profit and rely on funds given by the communities they support. They are aware that many designers would love to work on their



projects for prestige or exposure or the opportunity to produce award-winning graphics, and they emphasize this as the selling point of the free work. In fact, with so many designers available and eager to work for so little, they probably feel the need to be fair about it and spread the opportunity around. When one considers this, it's not surprising that MTV would follow in kind with the added kicker of political-cause affiliation. And suddenly Seagram's has developed a similar attitude toward its annual report, which it touts as a "marvelous opportunity for exposure with cachet for any good designer." They asked three firms to compete and produce several ideas on spec.

These events can be blamed on the economy or on the overpopulation of the design community or, when one gets really far-fetched, on young designers using computers. If one is employed by an educational or other institution, a corporation, a publication, or an organization that supports, promotes, or is allied with graphic design in some way but does not rely on a paying clientele other than designers for survival, one can ignore these events altogether and assume they speak only to the commercially competitive concerns of design firms. Unfortunately, they speak to all of us. They are the symptom of a design community contemptuous of itself, a community so splintered by social, political, academic, sexual, regional, and aesthetic factionalism that it has lost sight of its original collective goals.

When I first became active in the AIGA in the 1970s, its goals were very clear: to promote, protect, and document the profession of graphic design and to encourage, support, and recognize quality work. What made the AIGA especially appealing was its stated tenet: the AIGA was about design, not designers. The belief was that by elevating the profession of graphic design, the AIGA would also elevate design value

to the American business and civic communities and thereby improve the visual standards and expectations of our society. The notion of value here had very little to do with money. Money is only one American symbol of value. The AIGA was interested in the power of the design profession, the ability of good graphic designers to become powerful enough individually and collectively to persuade cumbersome bureaucracies that good design is good business and good for society. How to do it? Organize a national community of designers. Publish. Involve the educational community. Alert the press. Create a journal, develop dialogue and criticism. Record history. Stage a national conference. Create professional practice guidelines. Encourage press coverage. Create awareness.

The events and activities of the design community in the 1980s and 1990s remind me of almost every boxing movie I've ever seen. The young idealistic fighter who has trained hard, has good family values, and a nice girl back home hooks up with a ne'er-do-well promoter with mob ties, who quickly pushes the young boxer to fame and fortune so heady and corrupt that our hero forgets his early family values one by one. He dumps the girl back home, compromises his principles, breaks his immigrant father's heart, and finally breaks his fingers, so he can neither fight nor play the violin. Moral of the story: Don't forget your values.

In the eighties, the design community witnessed the great rise of "professionalism" (now a euphemism for the production of non-innovative but stylishly acceptable work—usually in corporate communications—coupled with very good fees). Along with "professionalism" came the "business consultant to the designers," who proclaimed, "Design is a business." This became the mantra of the eighties. The AIGA, along with other organizations and publications, produced seminars, conferences, and

special magazine issues devoted to the business of design. These were followed by a plethora of design self-help books, which told you how to set up your own business, how to promote, how to speak correct business jargon, how to dress, how to buy insurance, and so on.

There was nothing inherently wrong with this except for the subsequent confusion it caused. "Professional" work did look more professional, and corporate communications in general were visually improved. The level of design mediocrity rose. Also, practicing designers as a rule had previously been rather sloppy about running their businesses. They were easily taken advantage of, didn't know how to construct proposals, and were generally more interested in designing than in minding the store, networking, or planning for the future. The business seminars did no harm, but the political and economic climate of the eighties in general, coupled with the pervasiveness of the "design is a business" hype, perverted the design community's overall goal. The goal became money.

*How and Step-by-Step Graphics* magazines were born in this climate. Both publications explained how to be a professional graphic designer. A young reader could learn how to set up a design business, how to furnish it, how to buy equipment, how to make a design and sell it to a client, and how to do award-winning work just as the rich and famous designers featured in the magazine did.

It was not surprising that enrollments at colleges with halfway decent design programs shot up in the eighties. Graphic design had become a viable profession, with the promise of glamour and success. In the 1950s and 1960s, graphic design had been a relatively obscure profession, largely undocumented and poorly reported. As a profession it seemed risky, populated by talented mavericks, and not a place

where a person could count on making a living. The publications of the eighties changed all that. If the goal of the AIGA was to change the general perception of graphic design and to create awareness of the profession, then this was our greatest area of success—an ambiguous success at best.

With all the young designers graduating from various design programs and entering the field, the design-publishing boom was on. More and more awards competitions were founded, more magazines, more books on type, on trends, on letterhead design, package design, shopping bag design, trademark design, magazine design, the history of design, famous designers, famous designers from California, famous designers under forty, women designers, more alternative design books featuring people left out of other books, and more books one could buy into to use for self-promotion.

The proliferation of graphic-design books in the eighties and nineties made all trends readily apparent and ripe for immediate imitation. The graphics publications began reporting on design trends like fashion columnists watching hemlines. Trends were news. Even the general press could understand them. Recently an article in the *New York Times*' Style section reported that the typeface Bodoni has become popular in magazine design. I had never seen the word Bodoni in the *New York Times* before, but I don't think this is what we had in mind when we wanted to create general graphic design awareness.

The increased number of annual award shows put a new financial and professional burden on the design community, a heightened sense of obligation to promote, be noticed, published, acclaimed, and have a national presence in every annual, in all compendiums then appearing, in total, almost monthly. The pressure was considerably less on older designers with

established reputations and recognizable work. For unknown young designers working on corporate communications, promotional material, obscure packaging, and obscure magazines, getting noticed was more and more impossible. The last design firm to gain national standing through design annuals was the Duffy Design Group, in the mid 1980s. If there is no substantial change in the number of annuals and frequency of publication, no designer or design group will gain that kind of national prominence again. The mass of work displayed in the total annual publishing output cancels out new designers. Familiar names remain familiar, and unfamiliar names stay unfamiliar.

Pick up a *Communication Arts Design Annual* and thumb through it, then flip through *Print's Regional Design Annual*. Follow it up with an *AIGA Annual*, then breeze through the graphic design section of the *New York Art Directors' Club Annual*, *Graphis Design*, the *American Center for Design 100 Show*, the *Society of Publication Designers* show, the *I.D. Magazine Annual Design Review*, and wind it all up with the *Type Directors Club Annual*. Do it all in one sitting, and don't read any of the copy. Make sure they are all from the same year, or at most a year or two apart. The effect will be a numbing sameness. There are some general stylistic differences in the work selected by various annuals, but only when one confronts the same piece three or four times in different books does that individual piece develop a character of its own, separate from the rest of the work in the publication. In fact, one could generalize about contemporary graphic design as viewed in annuals exactly the way Paul Rand did in the essay "From Cassandre to Chaos" in *Design: Form and Chaos*. Rand's analysis of stylistic approaches is separated from the intent and content of the work. It overgeneralizes the way annuals do.

Several years ago I thumbed through an *Art Directors Club Annual* from the mid 1950s. The print ads all seemed to have dumb line drawings of creatures with smiley faces that closely resembled the drawings in Paul Rand's *El Producto* ads. The drawings were coupled with quaint, poorly letter-spaced typography, some of it stenciled, some of it, apparently, in alternating colors (the annual was black-and-white), and some of it with cute little curlicues at the ends of the letterforms. The *El Producto* ads may have been in there too; I honestly don't recall. I just remember that everything looked the same—all style and no substance.

It was not surprising that by the end of the "design is a business"-ridden eighties, we got good and disgusted with our own rhetoric. The "Dangerous Ideas" AIGA National Conference in San Antonio in 1989, which attempted to highlight important social issues, was a refreshing change from the 1987 conference in San Francisco, which highlighted an insurance salesman. I applaud two social themes explored at the conferences: that wasteful packaging is a pollutant, and we need to take responsibility for it; and that our communications can be powerful and damaging to people, so we need to take responsibility for them.

Actually, the messages are the same. We are responsible for our work and its consequences. Responsibility is a crucial part of our professional ethic. We are also responsible (according to our original goals) for encouraging and supporting quality design. Therefore racism, sexism, and other forms of personal prejudice have no place in the design community.

That said, I believe that the phrase "social relevance" has replaced "design is a business" as a mantra for the nineties. Confusing social issues with design issues is dangerous. They're not the same.

It's hard to write this with dispassion because I hate mass mantras. I never trust or believe them, because they always pervert themselves, even when the mantra is in sync with my own views. Progressive political and social beliefs are generally lifelong, deeply held convictions, not transient group mores. Yes, consciousness can be raised, and I always love it when someone who voted for Ronald Reagan wakes up and smells the coffee, but I'm nervous when we try to make converts through the *AIGA* or *I.D. Magazine*. If they're that easily converted, they may respond just as positively to the mantra of the next decade, which could well turn out to be fascism.

The "social relevance" mantra disturbs me mostly because it confuses and diminishes our primary goals. It becomes easy to decry graphic design as a trivial profession. If one factors in all the world wars, diseases, poverty, illiteracy, and natural disasters, a well-designed hangtag is silly. But I don't think the responsibility for the visual environment of our society is silly or trivial, and collectively, that is our charge.

"Social relevance" can also become a strange criterion for judging design. I was on a jury last year with a judge who voted for work on the basis of the organization that commissioned the work. This is OK if the point of the exhibition is to highlight politically correct organizations; but if the point is design excellence, then a poorly designed brochure for an AIDS benefit is not better than a brilliantly designed brochure for an investment banking company, no matter how much one's sympathies run toward the AIDS brochure.

The recently created Chrysler Awards for Innovation in Design offer a cash prize of \$10,000 to architects, product designers, and graphic designers for their individual contributions to society. The items in the program's definition of design excellence for graphic

design appeared in the following order: Sustainability (environmentally sensitive), accessibility (seen by people), technology (the appropriate use of it), communication (successfully speaks to its audience), beauty (that extra aesthetic "something" that sets the design apart).

Had we been constantly reinforcing our original goals, the first three parts of this definition would be irrelevant, merely expected aspects of any responsible design. But here, communication and beauty are last, implying that the design community is so irresponsible that it cannot even meet the minimum requirements. An environmentally sensitive design that doesn't communicate is a real waste of paper—even unbleached, recycled paper with the proper amount of postconsumer waste. An environmentally sensitive design that actually communicates its message but looks like such holy hell that you don't want it in your home, on your desk, or in your hands for one minute is still a piece of garbage. Visual environmentalism matters, now more than ever.

Overall design goals also become confused when they are coupled with "women's issues." Women represent the largest percentage of the design community while holding the lowest-paying jobs. They feel robbed of opportunity, prestige, and even history. They are constantly confronted with the previous and still powerful generation of male design leaders, who, through their generation's culture, remain inherently sexist and completely unaware of their bad behavior. There's valid reason for anger.

Also, women as a group face a real struggle in overcoming centuries of sociological baggage. They must confront their fears of self-assertion, management, and success. In this respect, the Special Interest Groups provided by



AIGA on the chapter level are immensely helpful and successful.

But there is a tremendous danger of enforcing women's issues at the expense of the design community's primary goals. Blatant tokenism implies that a standard is being breached. Contemporary women's shows and books have the same implication. They inadvertently set different criteria for judging the work of women and may serve to diminish real achievement, not promote it.

At the AIGA National Conference in Miami in 1993, some women were infuriated by the small number of women invited to speak (five women were asked, one canceled, and twenty men participated as speakers). The number is low when we consider how many terrific women practitioners, educators, and writers with something important to contribute there are. But what was worse was that three of the women speakers were giving talks that had the word women in the title. This implied that women speak only to women's issues. In the planning of the conference, women had accidentally become segregated, as if operating under a separate agenda. The anger of the women at the conference was focused on the number of women though, not the content of the speeches.

I'm sure that the conference organizers meant well. Women's issues were addressed in three presentations, more than for any other single issue. This kind of thinking, however, either by or for women, is ultimately more damaging to women and the design community than it is helpful. Women's issues and overall design goals don't necessarily reinforce one another, and they may create destructive factionalism.

But an even broader example of angry factionalism that damages our community is something I have come to call "ageism," simply for want of a better word. Ageism reflects the divide between what are perceived to be East

Coast "establishment" designers, largely from an older generation, and younger designers with differing cultural and aesthetic sensibilities. Some ageism can be defined as regionalism because a lot of the aesthetic splits have to do with technologically experimental design emanating from the West Coast. Some ageism returns to women's issues when it involves splits between the so-called East Coast establishment and women who head aesthetic movements (Kathy McCoy at Cranbrook or Lorraine Wilde at CalArts) or socially oriented design movements (Sheila de Bretteville at Yale). Or ageism can be perceived as the split between establishment/practicing designers and academic/experimental designers.

Aesthetic debate is crucial to our community and has always existed. The modernism/eclecticism debate has raged for years while devout practitioners on both sides have come together in mutual admiration and respect because their goal is always the same: quality in graphic design for the betterment of business and society.

With ageism, fear, loathing, and disrespect bury our overall design goal. The goal of ageism is power, but not the power and influence of the design community as a whole. It becomes a power struggle within the various political and aesthetic factions to win control of the debate to define quality. As I've stated previously, I'm wary of value being defined by social and political agendas, but the aesthetic debate had become unnecessarily ugly, divisive, and destructive.

I'm not sure how ageism came to be. Its roots start in the early 1980s with the tremendous growth of the design industry and the perversion of its original goals. With the increase of design publishing and the proliferation of annuals, the older generation of designers became distanced from the younger generation. They stopped learning their names. (I

think the last generation to be absorbed included Woody Pirtle and Michael Vanderbyl.) When they stopped learning young designers' names, the veterans of graphic design began to refer to the work in terms of stylistic elements, like "layering," "letterspacing," "leading," "retro," and, finally, "that computer stuff." That there was appropriate and inappropriate use of each element became lost on them, simply because of the pervasiveness of it all (exactly my response when I looked at that *Art Directors Club Annual* from the fifties). The work had become all style and no substance.

Knowing (and liking) an individual helps to mute the competitive animosities caused by aesthetic differences. In the New York design community, Pushpin and Herb Lubalin lived harmoniously with Vignelli and Rudy de Harak. They all knew one another. Theoretically speaking, Massimo Vignelli should be as repulsed by Ed Benguiat's work as he is by that of Rudy Vanderlans. But Massimo knows Ed. Ed is a fine fellow, and after all, they both agree that what matters most is the continual striving for quality. Their goals are the same even if they approach them from different directions.

But the young designers featured in annuals and articles have become faceless and therefore valueless to this Eastern Establishment.

A progressive community turns reactionary when it believes it is about to lose something. This couldn't be more true of the Eastern Establishment. New technology has totally revolutionized the method, craft, and structure of the design practices that have existed for forty years. The technological shift has been coupled with a devastated economy, particularly on the East Coast. In the midst of layoffs, price reductions, and a general sense of demoralization, healthy perspectives become elusive. The computer is seen as an evil enemy, a dangerous tool in the hands of valueless incompetents

bent on destroying the design profession. When this fear is coupled with strange social agendas by some design groups, with angry women, and with bizarre experimental work by design schools receiving an amazing amount of press attention, suddenly it looks like the whole world is going to the dogs. It looks like the standards of quality are being destroyed.

The question then becomes, What is quality work? This is the eternal debate. We know design must function properly, but design functions differently for different problems and audiences. *Ray Gun* works perfectly for its audience but won't be received well by someone over forty-five who doesn't care about rock and roll. Is it quality or garbage? Aesthetics is a tricky business.

One can admire the aesthetics of a specific school without loving it. I admire *Emigre* without loving it. It's ten years old now. I admire the publication and some of the typefaces even though I'll never use them. But the *Emigre* designers were innovators. I felt the same way about Herb Lubalin. In fact, I feel the same way about Paul Rand. I never loved his work as I love Cassandre's, El Lissitzky's, Pierre Mendell's, and some of Fred Woodward's *Rolling Stone* spreads. But I admire it. I know how important it is. One builds admiration from a distance, in retrospect. It takes time.

With ageism there is no admiration for any work produced by a younger generation. None. No shining example, no beacon among the heathens. It's all bad: Neville Brody: bad. *Emigre* garbage. Fabien Baron: a rip-off of Brodovitch. Chuck Anderson: too many advertising cuts. Cranbrook: feh. Rick Valicenti: P.U. Et cetera. Pretty soon there's nothing left to eat. Only designers from their own generation or the distant past merit praise. At the end, there is no debate, no enlightenment—only a divide. And we are all losers.

We are losers because the ensuing factionalism, hurt feelings, confusion, resentment, and anger are damaging to the most important goals of the community. If we fear and loathe one another, how can we persuade society of the collective value of good design? If we're all chopped into different factions with different agendas, collectively we have no power at all. We destroy our credibility. When we are contemptuous of one another, we invite the contempt of business and society. We devalue design.

Everyday I find myself in supermarkets, discount drugstores, video shops, and other environments that are obviously untouched by our community. No "bad Brody" or "*Emigre* garbage," or for that matter, no "saintly" Vignelli, Rand, or Glaser. Just plain, old-fashioned, uncontroversial bad design, the kind of anonymous bad we've come to ignore because we're too busy fighting over the aesthetics of the latest AIGA poster. We don't talk or write about it, it heads no one's agenda, but it's still most of America.

So I come back to the petty list from the beginning of this article. What's wrong with the picture is that four organizations that exist in support of design demonstrated that they have absolutely no idea how to hire or work with a graphic designer. Responding to the contemptuous, factionalized climate we have created, they pitted designers against one another in competition for free work, and they lost sight of the fact that pro bono is a donation. They assume that the designer's benefit from the free job is greater than theirs. (With all the angry criticism they receive from the various design camps regardless of what is produced, maybe they have a point.) Yet for all our annuals, seminars, conferences, political- and sexual-consciousness-raising groups, environmental lectures, aesthetic manifestos, and diatribes, respect and understanding of the graphic design profession is worse than it was in the seventies.

At the end of all the boxing movies, the fighter always learns that his original ideals were valid and that things went wrong when the ideals were perverted, corrupted, and abandoned. The same lesson applies to us.

### "THE BOAT"

*Originally published in Print, March/April 1993*

Editor's note: The following letters were exchanged between Julie Lasky, managing editor of *Print*, and Paula Scher. Lasky's letter has been edited for brevity; Scher's is reproduced in its entirety.

Dear Paula:

Thumbing through the latest *AIGA Annual*, we ran across the picture of Pentagram's partners gathered together on a boat on the Thames, and we couldn't help noticing that you were the only woman in the group. And then we recalled that the art department at CBS Records wasn't exactly a bastion of feminism, either.

How would you feel about writing 1,000 or so words for us on the subject of breaking into and working for the boys' clubs? (I know it's not an original topic, but you always provide an original point of view.) Has your experience in the male-dominated Pentagram of the early 1990s been different from working in the male-dominated CBS Records of the early 1980s and before? Have you ever suffered tokenism? At the Chicago AIGA Conference last year, Cheryl Heller remarked that being the lone woman among male professionals brought an element of surprise that worked to her advantage: She could easily soar above the low expectations of her colleagues and clients. Has this been your experience? Does your status as a woman executive bring more responsibility in terms of mentoring other women, both within and beyond your workplace? Do you consider yourself

a role model? Has role modeling been thrust upon you? Please let me know.

Sincerely,  
Julie Lasky  
Managing Editor

Dear Julie:

I've long resisted the notion of writing a "woman's issue" piece or what it's like to be the only woman blah blah. I'm genuinely uncomfortable with the subject because I have conflicting feelings about it. I'd have to have been an ostrich not to have experienced the painful exclusivity of corporate boys' clubs, glass ceilings, and financial exploitation. I can sing along with any woman's group about the sexist-insensitive-noncommunicative-emotionally inept nature of men and add a few two-syllable adjectives of my own for good measure. But my confusion comes not in the worthy politicizing of women's issues but in their valid application to a life in graphic design.

Every time I give a presentation to a design group, I'm asked what it's like to be a woman blah blah. When I'm invited to give the presentation, I'm told that women will really want to hear about being a woman blah blah. They go like this: "Hello, can you judge the annual Peoria Hang Tag competition? Please say yes because we need a female juror." How I envy my male partners, who are invited to speak based on their achievements and prestige as opposed to their sex. I cannot separate my achievements from being a woman blah blah.

On the other hand, the tokenism has had its advantages. I've been able to attain a visibility that might have been harder to come by if I were male. The visibility may be helpful professionally, but it's always clouded by the veil of "women's issues." How ironic that the grand attempt in the graphic community to promote

women designers (me in this case) serves to undermine and diminish achievement.

The thing of it is I never set out to be the only woman blah blah. I set out to be a designer. I set out to be a designer who could design all kinds of things well with the hope that those things that I designed well would lead me to even more things to design. I set out as a designer not thinking that being a woman had much to do with anything. What mattered was the work. After all, designers produce tangible products. You can see the results. There is physical evidence of success or failure. I believed that good work brought more good work, and that money, while dictated by the marketplace, could mushroom, to a degree, in relationship to good work and reputation. I've held these beliefs for twenty years. I've had to, or I would not have been able to continue to work. The ability to produce work continually, make professional changes, take advantage of business opportunities as they arise, and create the opportunities yourself when they don't arise is absolutely key to the growth and development of a designer, male or female.

I don't believe that pursuing this course while happening to be a woman is particularly special, nor do I believe there should be special standards for women. I haven't "broken" into boys' clubs. I am merely following the path of a life in design at a time when doors are opening for women, not only because they are women but also because they are successfully following that path.

Which brings me to the photograph of the Pentagram partners on the boat. It is interesting how one photographic image can perfectly encapsulate my feelings. You said you couldn't help noticing that I was the only woman on the boat. I was less interested in the fact that I was the only woman; I already knew that. I was struck more by the pure visual physicality of the





Left to Right: Michael Bierut, Kenneth Grange, Alan Fletcher, John Rushworth, Peter Harrison, Theo Crosby, Mervyn Kurlansky, Peter Saville, David Hillman, me, Jim Biber, Kit Hinrichs, Woody Pirtle, Neil Shaker, Colin Forbes, John McConnell, Lowell Williams

situation—not the oddity of the sex, but the strangeness in scale. There I am, halfway down the side of the boat, in between rugged David Hillman and James Biber, who is twice my size. Kit Hinrichs, who is actually sitting behind James Biber, has a head that is half again as large as mine. And Colin Forbes, who stands with John McConnell and Lowell Williams way in the back, appears much larger than me. I look like a person who was originally standing far beyond Lowell Williams and was then stripped into the middle of the photograph but not blown up in proportion to the new position.

The photograph has made me look at my own professional situation and those of other women today as a matter of strange scale. I'm in the picture, but I'm not blown up in proportion to the new position. (If the photograph had pictured the same number of men and women, the scale wouldn't be strange; I'd just be short.)

I saw a similar thing in the *New York Times* several weeks ago. There was Donna Shalala standing next to Bill Clinton and Al Gore and some male senators and newly appointed cabinet members, and she was not blown up in proportion to her new position. The same week, in the same *New York Times*, I read about how women's groups were upset with Clinton for not appointing enough women to cabinet posts and how Clinton railed against the quotas. All of this served to diminish the wonderful accomplishments of the excellent women who were appointed. One woman in the group. Two women in the group. Their individuality is lost, and all one sees is the strangeness of scale.

I'm physically odd at Pentagram, the way I'm physically odd at a corporate meeting with clients who happen to be men. I'm physically odd to women who work for men in groups and view me as out of scale to the men in those groups.

I joined Pentagram the way I set out to design. I had had a business with one male partner for seven years. We had been split for one year, and I had continued running the business myself. I was offered the opportunity to join Pentagram, and I took it because I wanted to design things well and get more new things to design. There's no more to it than that. No crusade, no breaking down back-room doors. I took some personal risk to take advantage of a new business opportunity, with the price being the daily discomfort of being out of scale.

I can't equate Pentagram and CBS Records. Pentagram is a group of very intelligent, talented, and relatively sensitive men who design well and want to get more new things to design. I may be out of scale at Pentagram, but I was out of sync at CBS Records. That's much worse than being out of scale. One doesn't have to be a woman to be out of sync. All that requires is for one to have a completely different set of values than the larger group. Being out of scale can be uncomfortable. Being out of sync is dangerous. Women need to learn the difference.

It seems to me from your letter, particularly in reference to Cheryl Heller's talk, that you are looking for some sort of *modus operandi* for surviving in male-dominated working situations. There isn't one. Men are different. Situations are different. And women are different. The only thing that is a constant for me is my relationship to my work. When I find myself in a professional situation that is purely about politics or personalities and not about the effectiveness of design, I tend to fail.

Which brings me back to my ambiguous feelings about women's issues in relation to design. A profession that has long been dominated by men is changing. There are simply more women. There are more women who are terrific designers, more women running their own businesses, more women corporate executives,

more women changing the scale of things and appearing out of scale in the process.

There are also more underpaid women, more women juggling careers and motherhood, more women who feel squeezed out in a bad economy, more women going to art school and going nowhere afterwards, and more women who are resentful of their lack of success "because they are women." There are more women in design groups, more women's panels, more women mentoring women, more women who want women to mentor them, more women looking for women role models, and more women who don't like other women's success.

I don't know what my responsibility is in all this. I'm not sure I have one as it relates to women in general. There are things I've done naturally through relationships that existed by chance. I felt supportive of the terrific women designers at CBS Records because they were my friends. I have encouraged talented students, male and female, equally. I've supported those people I know and care about who want to design well and get more things to design. It is not a planned activity or a duty; it is simply part of a life in design.

I don't want to be anyone's "role model." I dislike the term because it diminishes my life by implying that I'm playing some kind of role for other people's benefit. It places my entire life out of scale.

This takes me back to the picture on the boat, where I'm confronted with my own image within a group. The boat ride on the Thames was really lovely. There was a good lunch, terrific conversation, and all in all it was the most pleasant part of an exhausting partners meeting. I don't remember feeling like an oddity on that boat, but in the photo there is that strangeness of scale.

Women's issues in design are focused on scale. We count the numbers, look at the

statistics, and demand change; and all the while change is occurring. Change doesn't come in one great thump. It comes one by one by one by one, and it looks kind of funny.

And then it doesn't.

Sincerely,  
Paula Scher  
Partner, Pentagram Design, Inc.



## CREDITS

### PART 1: CORPORATE POLITICS 101

All work in this section for CBS Records unless otherwise noted.

**Eric Gale, Ginseng Woman, 1976**  
Design: Paula Scher  
Lettering: Andy Engel  
Illustration: David Wilcox

**Eric Gale, Multiplication, 1977**  
Yardbirds Favorites, 1977  
Ralph Macdonald,  
Universal Rhythm, 1979  
Google & Tom Coppola,  
Shine the Light of Love, 1980  
Design: Paula Scher  
Illustration: David Wilcox

**Sidewalks of New York, 1976**  
Heatwave, Too Hot to Handle, 1977  
Design: Paula Scher  
Illustration: Robert Grossman

**Lake, Lake, 1977**  
Lake, Lake 2, 1978  
Lake, Paradise Island, 1979  
Lake, Ouch!, 1980  
Design: Paula Scher  
Illustration: James McMullan

**Boston, Boston, 1976**  
Design: Paula Scher  
Illustration: Roger Huyssen  
Logo: Gerard Huerta

**Johnny & Edgar Winter, Together, 1976**  
Muddy Waters, Hard Again, 1977  
Design: Paula Scher  
Photography: Richard Avedon

**Muddy Waters, I'm Ready, 1978**  
Design: Paula Scher  
Illustration: Philip Hays

**Bob James and Earl Klugh, One on One, 1979**  
Design: Paula Scher  
Photography: Arnold Rosenberg

**Mongo Santamaria, Red Hot, 1979**  
Bob James, H, 1980  
Bob James, Touchdown, 1978  
Wilbert Longmire, Sunny Side Up, 1978  
Wilbert Longmire,

**Champagne, 1979**  
Bob James, Heads, 1977  
Mark Colby, Serpentine Fire, 1978  
Design: Paula Scher  
Photography: John Paul Endress  
Barabas, Heart of the City, Atlantic Records, 1975  
Design: Paula Scher  
Photography: Arnold Rosenberg  
Retouching: Ralph Wernli

**Leonard Bernstein, Poulenc, Stravinsky, 1976**  
Design: Paula Scher  
Fabrication: Nick Fasciano

**50 Years of Jazz Guitar, 1976**  
Design: Paula Scher  
Fabrication: Nick Fasciano

**Urgent, Thinking Out Loud, EMI-Manhattan Records, 1987**  
Design: Paula Scher  
Photography: John Paul Endress

**Dance the Night Away, 1980**  
Blast, 1979  
Design: Paula Scher  
Illustration: John O'Leary

**John Prine, Common Sense, Atlantic Records, 1975**  
Design: Paula Scher  
Illustrator: Charles B. Slackman

**Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, Prokofiev: Peter and the Wolf, 1977**  
Design: Paula Scher  
Illustration: Stan Mack

**Al Dimeola, John McLaughlin, Paco DeLucia, Friday Night in San Francisco, 1981**  
Design: Paula Scher  
Hand Lettering: Seth Shaw

**Charles Mingus, Changes One and Changes Two, Atlantic Records, 1974**  
Jean-Pierre Rampal, Japanese Melodies, 1978  
The Yardbirds, Great Hits, 1977  
Best of Phoebe Snow, 1981  
Busch Serkin Busch, Schubert: Trio No. 2 in E-Flat Major, 1978  
Gary Graffman, Bartók,

**Prokofiev, Lees, 1978**  
Best of Dexter Gordon, 1979  
The Best of Jazz poster, 1979  
Trust Elvis poster, 1981  
Design: Paula Scher

### PART 2: STYLE WARS

**Great Beginnings for Koppel & Scher, 1984**  
Design: Paula Scher, Terry Koppel, Rosemary Intieri, Anne Petter, Richard Mantle, Jackie Murphy

**Manhattan Records identity, 1984**  
Design: Paula Scher, Rosemary Intieri, Jackie Murphy, Anne Petter, Drew Hodges

**Illustration (label ideas): Jon Matulka, Louis Lozowick, Guy Billout, Hugh Kepets, Jim McMullan (not shown)**

**The Films of Jack Nicholson cover for Carol Publishing / Citadel Press, 1990**  
Art Direction: Steve Brower  
Design: Paula Scher

**The Album Cover Album cover for Simon & Schuster / Prentice Hall, 1987**  
Art Direction: J.C. Suarez  
Design: Paula Scher

**Zen to Go cover for New American Library / Plume, 1989**

**Uncommon Wisdom cover for Simon & Schuster, 1988**  
Real Estate cover for Simon & Schuster / Poseidon Press, 1988

**Thank God for the Atom Bomb cover for Simon & Schuster / Summit Books, 1988**

**Beijing Jeep cover for Simon & Schuster, 1989**  
Art Direction: Frank Metz  
Design: Paula Scher

**21 Collected Stories cover for Houghton Mifflin, 1990**  
Growing Up in Moscow cover for Houghton Mifflin / Ticknor & Fields, 1989  
Art Direction: Michaela Sullivan  
Design: Paula Scher

**Goodbye, Columbus cover for Houghton Mifflin, 1989**

**Art Direction: Michaela Sullivan**  
Design: Paula Scher  
Illustration: Karen Barbour  
James Dean: Behind the Scene for Carol Publishing / Birch Lane Press, 1990  
Art Direction: Steve Brower  
Design: Paula Scher, Ron Louie  
Photos from Warner Bros. Archives

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Art Direction: Steve Brower  
Design: Paula Scher, David Matt, Ron Louie  
Photos from the Lou Valentino Collection

**A Room of One's Own for Heritage Press, 1993**  
Design: Paula Scher, Ron Louie  
Photography: Duane Michals

**Grimm for Heritage Press, 1997**  
Design: Paula Scher, Lisa Mazur  
Illustration: Seymour Chwast

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Design: Paula Scher, Lisa Mazur, Esther Bridavsky, Anke Stohlmann

**Oola packaging and identity, 1986-88**  
Design: Paula Scher, Deborah Bishop, Ron Louie

**Swatch Watch "Family" ads, 1984**  
Design: Paula Scher, Drew Hodges  
Photography: Gary Heery

**Swatch Swiss campaign, 1984**  
Design: Paula Scher, Drew Hodges

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Design: Paula Scher, Ron Louie, Cheri Dorr, Deborah Bishop, Rosemary Intieri, Jackie Murphy, LuAnn Graffeo, Mary Bess Heim, David Matt

**Print, parody issue, 1985**  
Co-editors: Paula Scher and Steven Heller  
Design: Paula Scher,

**Tony Sellari, Jackie Murphy, M&Co. Copy: Paula Scher, Steve Heller, Bob Sloan, Danny Abelson**  
Illustration: Eric Dinyer  
Dell photography: Edward Spiro

**"To Be Good Is Not Enough..." poster for School of Visual Arts, 1987**  
"Art Is..." poster for SVA, 1996  
Design: Paula Scher

**"Great Ideas Never Happen..." poster for SVA, 1992**  
Art Direction: Silas Rhodes  
Design: Paula Scher  
Copy: Dee Ito

**"Silent Night" poster for Ambassador Arts / Serigraphia, 1988**  
"The Big A" poster for Ambassador Arts, 1991  
Design: Paula Scher

**Alphabet poster series for Ambassador Arts / Champion International, 1994-95**  
Art Direction: Paula Scher, Woody Pirtle  
Design: Michael Bierut, Seymour Chwast, Paul Davis, Shigeo Fukuda, Tom Geismar, Woody Pirtle, Peter Saville, Paula Scher, Rosmarie Tissi, Yarom Vardimon

**AIGA/NY poster, 1999**  
Design: Paula Scher, Tina Chang

**"Type Is Image" poster for DDD Gallery, 1999**  
Design: Paula Scher, Keith Daigle

**Cigarette poster for AIGA Raleigh, 1994**  
Design: Paula Scher, Ron Louie  
Photographer: John Paul Endress

**"Blah Blah Blah" poster, based on an illustration for Worth magazine, 1997**  
Design: Paula Scher, Keith Daigle

**Toulouse-Lautrec poster for Le nouveau Salon des Cent / Scheufelen, 2001**  
Design: Paula Scher, Sean Carmody

**"Coexistence" poster for the Museum on the Seam,**

2000  
Design: Paula Scher, Avni Patel

**"Wonderbrands West" poster for Metropolis magazine, 1999**  
Design: Paula Scher, Keith Daigle

**"Net@work" poster for Metropolis, 2000**  
Design: Paula Scher, Keith Daigle, Tina Chang

**Tategumi Yokogumi magazine cover, 1999**  
Art Direction: Ikko Tanaka  
Design: Paula Scher

**Useless Information for Champion International, 1992**  
Design: Paula Scher, Ron Louie  
Copy: Tony Hendra, Paula Scher  
Research: Melissa Hoffman

**Series Art Direction: Paula Scher, Bill Drenttel**  
Food photos by Buddy Endress  
Photos in "The Two-Party System" spread courtesy Wide World Photos

**Your Name Here for Mohawk Paper Mills, 1998**  
Design: Paula Scher, Anke Stohlmann, Keith Daigle  
Copy: Paula Scher

**"Design Renaissance" poster for ICOGRADA, 1993**  
"Dare Dear, Read" poster for AIGA Denver, 1997

**"Tomato / D'Amato" poster for Pentagram, 1998**  
Graphic Design USA: 11 cover for AIGA, 1990

**"Language Is a Deadly Weapon" illustration for MTV Networks, 1993**  
Self-portrait, 1992  
"February" illustration for Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum / Universe, 1997

**South America word-map, 1993**  
World word-map, 1998  
USA word-map, 1999  
Manhattan word-map, 2002

**"Head" illustration for the New York Times Op-Ed page, 1998**  
"Defective Equipment: The Palm Beach County Ballot" illustration for the New York Times Op-Ed

page, 2000  
Design/illustration: Paula Scher

page, 2000  
Design/illustration: Paula Scher

### PART 3: IN THE COMPANY OF MEN

**The Public Theater identity, 1994**  
Design: Paula Scher, Ron Louie, Lisa Mazur

**New York Shakespeare Festival campaigns, 1994-2001**  
Design: Paula Scher, Ron Louie, Lisa Mazur, Jane Mella, Anke Stohlmann, Tina Chang, Sean Carmody

**The Public Theater posters, 1994-2001**  
Design: Paula Scher, Ron Louie, Lisa Mazur, Anke Stohlmann, Keith Daigle, Christoph Niemann

**Photography: Paula Court, Teresa Lizotte, Peter Harrison, Carol Rossegg, Lois Greenfield**

**Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk Broadway campaigns, 1996-1998**  
Design: Paula Scher, Lisa Mazur, Anke Stohlmann, Keith Daigle

**Photography: Richard Avedon, Eduardo Patino, Lois Greenfield**

**Noise/Funk souvenir program, 1996**  
Design: Paula Scher, Lisa Mazur  
Photography: Richard Avedon, Michal Daniel

**On the Town campaign, 1998**  
Design: Paula Scher, Keith Daigle  
Photography: Lois Greenfield

**The Wild Party campaign, 2000**  
Design: Paula Scher, Tina Chang  
Illustration: Miguel Covarrubias

**Citi identity, 1998-2001**  
Design: Paula Scher, Michael Bierut, Tina Chang, Keith Daigle, Anke Stohlmann, Brett Traylor

**Ballot Tech identity and posters, 1997-2002**  
Design: Paula Scher, Lisa Mazur, Anke Stohlmann, Keith Daigle  
Photography: Lois Greenfield

**Metropolis magazine, 1999**  
Editorial redesign: Paula Scher, Anke Stohlmann, Keith Daigle

**Issues pictured: Creative Direction: Paula Scher**  
Art Direction: Esther Bridavsky  
Photography: François Robert, Judith Turner, Charlie Drevstam, John Ricisic, Elizabeth Felicella

**770 Broadway for Vornado Realty Trust, 2000**  
Design: Paula Scher, Rion Byrd, Dok Chon, Bob Stern

**Architecture: Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer**  
Design: Paula Scher, Tina Chang

**3Com packaging guidelines, 2001**  
Design: Paula Scher, Tina Chang

**New 42nd Street Studios/The Duke Theater, 2000**  
Design: Paula Scher, Dok Chon, Rion Byrd, Bob Stern, Tina Chang  
Fabrication: Lettera Sign & Electric Co., VGS, Dale Travis Associates  
Architecture: Platt Byard Dovell

**NJPAC Lucent Technologies Center for Arts Education, 2001**  
Design: Paula Scher, Rion Byrd, Dok Chon, Keith Daigle  
Fabrication: Signcraft, Inc., ICS Builders, Inc. Architecture: Kaplan Gaunt DeSantis Architects

### ADDITIONAL CREDITS

**Boston LP cover painting by Stephen Keene**  
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**Less Than Zero by Brett Easton Ellis © 1985**  
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**American Wood Type: 1828-1900 by Rob Roy Kelly © 1968 Van Nostrand Reinhold Co.**  
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**Portrait of George C. Wolfe by Paul Davis for The New Yorker, 1996**  
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**Spread from Us, 1998**  
Photo: Davis Factor/Corbis  
Outline Architecture: Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer  
Magazine, March 1998  
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**Ad for Chicago from the New York Times, 1996**  
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**Ad for Mind Games, 1998**  
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### PROJECT PHOTOGRAPHY

**Kurt Koeppfle, pp. 175, 191**  
Tracey Kroll/Esto, p. 91  
Peter Mauss/Esto, pp. 237-239, 241-245, 249, 251-254  
Petter Margonelli, p. 173  
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Reven T.C. Wurman, pp. 169, 172

*My editor* Mark Lamster, *who encouraged me to write this book and gave me pivotal advice that made it better.*

*My graphic design team at Pentagram, who designed this book a million times, principally Tina Chang and Sean Carmody on the cover and spreads, Keith Daigle on the charts, Steffi Jauss, who coordinated and typed it, and Kurt Koepfle and Jim Brown, who provided the archive research.*

*My partners*  
Terry Koppel

*(at Pentagram)*  
Lorenzo Apicella  
Jim Biber  
Michael Bierut  
Bob Brunner  
Theo Crosby  
Alan Fletcher  
Colin Forbes  
Michael Gericke  
Kenneth Grange  
April Greiman  
Fernando Gutiérrez  
Peter Harrison  
David Hillman  
Kit Hinrichs  
Angus Hyland  
Mervyn Kurlansky  
John McConnell  
J. Abbott Miller  
Justus Oehler  
Woody Pirtle  
David Pocknell

John Rushworth  
Peter Saville  
Neil Shaker  
DJ Stout  
Lisa Strausfeld  
Daniel Weil  
Lowell Williams

*Partners (in work)*  
*All of the work produced in this book exists as collaboration with many talented young designers, who began their careers working with me.*  
*They are:*

Richard Baker  
Daphna Bavi  
Gina Bello  
Weston Bingham  
Deborah Bishop  
Rion Byrd  
Sean Carmody  
Tina Chang  
Dok Chon  
Billy Cole  
Tim (Kiwi) Convery  
Darren Crawford  
Diane Cuddy  
Keith Daigle  
Cheri Dorr  
Paula Eastwood  
April Garston  
Tanja Gaul  
Kim Gernsbacher-Swiler  
LuAnn Graffeo  
Mary Bess Heim  
Laurie Henzel  
Laurie Hinzman  
Drew Hodges  
Barbara Hofrenning  
Rosemary Intrieri  
John Jay  
Abbey Kuster  
Annika Larsen  
Carmen Lazul

Ron Louie  
David Matt  
Lisa Mazur  
Jane Mella  
Jennifer Muller  
Jackie Murphy  
Christoph Niemann  
Tim Nuhn  
Dottie O'Conner  
Avni Patel  
Ann Petter  
Tracey Primavera  
Allen Richardson  
Tony (Bodoni) Sellari  
Anke Stohlmann  
Jany Tran  
Michele Willems  
Elsie Woolcock

*Partners*  
*(in collaboration or commiseration or competition)*

Hugh Aldersey-Williams  
Julian Allen  
Margarida Amaro  
Chuck Anderson  
Jim Anderson  
Philippe Apeloig  
Bobby Arbesfeld  
Dana Arnett  
Elizabeth Arnold  
Chris Austopchuk  
Susan Avarde  
Richard Avedon  
Irene Bareis  
Ola Bartholdson  
Stephen Bear  
Dan Beck  
Laurie Beckelman  
Bill Bennet  
Ted Bernstein  
Merrill C. Berman  
James Bernard  
Rob Biro  
Ayse Birsell  
Nicholas Blechman  
Stephen Bradshaw

Lynn Breslin  
Esther Bridavsky  
Steven Brower  
Bob Brown  
David Brown  
Saul Brown  
Peter Buchanan-Smith  
Cora Cahan  
Linda Cahill  
Tracey Cameron  
Deborah Carr  
Jim Charney  
Rick Chertoff  
Ed Chiquiteto  
Maggie Christ  
Gerald Clerc  
Jeanne Collins  
Greg Colucci  
Henrietta Condak  
Barbara Cooke  
Joanne Cossa  
Jean Coyne  
Patrick Coyne  
Richard Coyne  
Bart Crosby  
Michelle Cuomo  
Cristina Cursino  
Myrna Davis  
Paul Davis  
Bob Defrin  
Tom DeKay  
Josephine Didonato  
Nancy Donald  
Tyler Donaldson  
Bob Downs  
Stephen Doyle  
Bill Drenttel  
Heinz Edelmann  
Sara Eisenman  
Stuart Elliott  
John Paul Endress  
Andy Engel  
John Evangelista  
Nick Fasciano  
Eliot Feld  
Anne Ferril  
Louise Fili  
Susan Fine  
Victor Fiorello  
Neil Flewelling

John Fontana  
Marty Fox  
Bill Freston  
Judith Friedlaender  
Alan Friedman  
Benno Friedman  
Howard Fritzen  
Janet Froelich  
Shigeo Fukuda  
Ellen Futter  
Tom Geismar  
Steff Geissbuhler  
Milton Glaser  
Lester Glasner  
Adam Glick  
Nathan Gluck  
David Glue  
Carin Goldberg  
Larry Goldman  
Stan Goodman  
Morris Greenberg  
Nancy Greenberg  
Ric Grefé  
Gene Greif  
Bob Grossman  
Barbara Gunn  
Ellen Guskind  
Bob Guisti  
Haber  
Typographers  
Brian Hagawara  
Peter Hall  
Gary Haney  
Hugh Hardy  
Vikki Hardy  
Sarah Haun  
Wiley Hausam  
Horace Havemeyer  
Phil Hays  
Duncan Hazard  
Gary Heery  
Patricia Heiman  
Cheryl Heller  
Steve Heller  
Seamus Henchy  
Tony Hendra  
Dick Hess  
Mark Hess  
Caroline Hightower  
John Hildenbiddle

Stephen Hinton  
Brad Holland  
Jim Houghton  
Marilyn Hoyt  
Gerard Huerta  
Roger Huyssen  
Warren Infield  
Karrie Jacobs  
Bob James  
Stewart Jones  
Tibor Kalman  
Emil Kang  
Michael Kaplan  
Rich Kaplan  
Karen Karp  
Wendy Katcher  
Karen Katz  
Andrea Klein  
Chip Kidd  
Tom Kluepfel  
Frank Lalli  
Tony Lane  
Criswell Lappin  
Julie Lasky  
Maud Lavin  
Lou Lenzi  
Martin Leventhal  
Herb Levitt  
Harris Lewine  
Robert Lewis  
Nina Link  
Margo Lion  
Bob Logan  
Gregory Long  
Frank Lopez  
Elaine Louie  
Bruce Lundvall  
Ellen Lupton  
Liz Lyons  
Nicholas Maccarone  
Anne Macdonald  
Stan Mack  
Peter Mauss  
Kathy McCoy  
Tony McDowell  
John McElwee  
Kevin McLaughlin  
James McMullan  
Allen McNeary  
Gloria McPike  
Liz McQuiston

Phil Meggs  
Linda Mele-Flynn  
Pierre Mendell  
Alicia Messina  
Frank Metz  
Jackie Meyer  
Duane Michals  
Melissa Milgram  
Victoria Milne  
Giselle Minoli  
Patrick Mitchell  
Susan Mitchell  
Ivette Montes de Oca  
Kristine Moore  
Celia Moreira  
Vickie Morgan  
Jennifer Morla  
Adam Moss  
Christopher Mount  
Dixon Muller  
Terry Nemeth  
Barbara Nessim  
Marty Neumeier  
Joseph Nevin  
Jared Nickerson  
Bobbie Oakley  
Emily Oberman  
John O'Leary  
Dennis Ortiz Lopez  
Alfredo Parraga  
Greg Parsons  
Elena Pavlov  
Chee Pearlman  
Dick Peccorella  
Marty Pedersen  
Marty Pekar  
Janet Perr  
Neal Peters  
Jim Petersen  
Diane Pilgram  
Steven Pipes  
Charles Platt  
Nicholas Platt  
Myron Polenberg  
James Polshek  
Lisa Post  
Beth Povie  
Don Povie  
Rick Poynor  
Byron Preiss  
Dan Reardon

Steven Reed  
Susan Reinhold  
David Rhodes  
Silas Rhodes  
Nancy Rice  
Margaret Richardson  
Rebecca Robertson  
David Rockwell  
Susan Rodriguez  
Arnold Rosenberg  
Jack Rosenthal  
Carl Ross  
Walter Rossi  
Richard Roth  
Steve Roth  
Randal Rothenberg  
Ruth & Marvin Sackner  
Stefan Sagmeister  
Paul Sahre  
Scott Santoro  
Todd Schliemann  
Jim Schmidt  
Donald Schmitt  
Olga Schubart  
Marc Schulman  
Joe Scorsone  
Sandra Seim  
Jackie Seow  
Evan Shapiro  
Seth Shaw  
Laura Shore  
Eric Siegel  
Bonnie Siegler  
Tom Smith  
Florie Sommers  
Lanny Sommesse  
Ed Sorel  
Susan Soros  
David Starr  
Steven Starr  
David Sterling  
Bob Stern  
Abbie Sussman  
Fred Swanson  
Susan Szenasy  
Ikko Tanaka  
Virginia Team  
Rosmarie Tissi  
Ed Tyburski  
Rick Valicenti

Michael Vanderbyl  
Yarom Vardimon  
Carol Wahler  
Katie Watts  
Alan Weinberg  
Tom Weir  
Phillippe Weissbecker  
Laura Wenke  
Ralph Wernli  
Peter Wertimer  
Bride Whelan  
David Wilcox  
Richard Wilde  
Tracy Williams  
Dick Wingate  
Richard Winkler  
George C. Wolfe  
Amy Wolfson  
Wang Xu  
Susan Yelovich  
Artie Yourainian  
Stanislav Zagorski  
Lloyd Ziff  
Michael Zweck-Bronner  
Daniel Zylberberg

*And my partner in life*  
Seymour Chwast



## OVER

A designer I respect warned me that the danger of doing a book on my own work, beyond the obvious egotism involved, is that after its publication I'd be "over." I've been "over" at least three times, rather prominently. Being over is a little embarrassing the first time, but if one considers that the average period of being "not-over" is perhaps five years, possibly now shortening to three, being over is inevitable and something a designer should plan for. The great thing about being over—after one finishes the self-flagellation part—is that one can start right up again. This book is over.