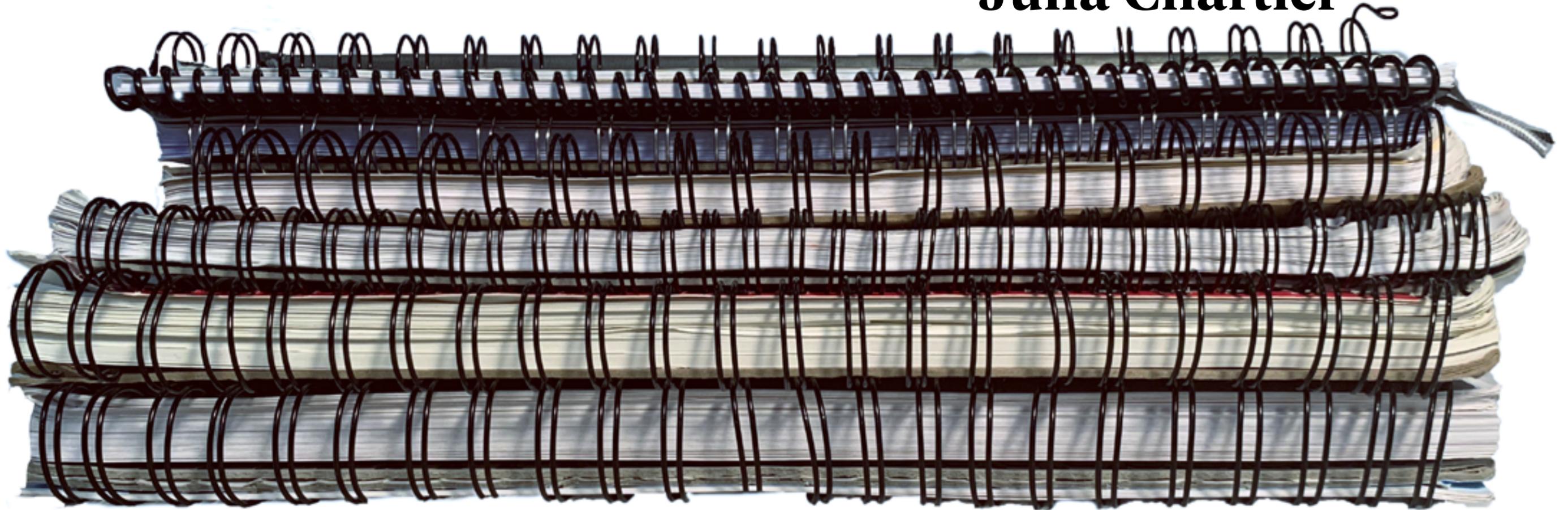
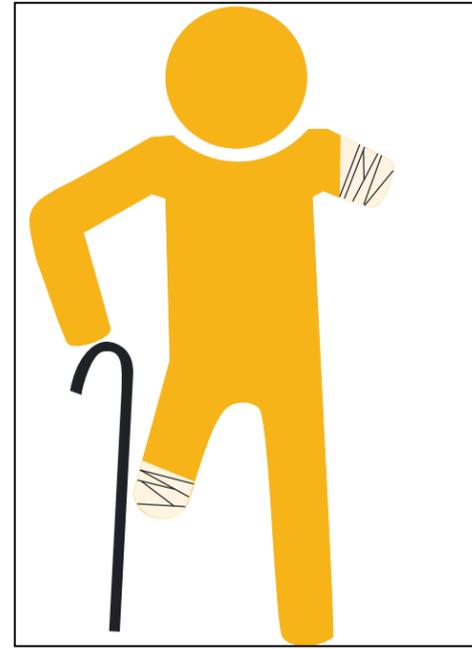
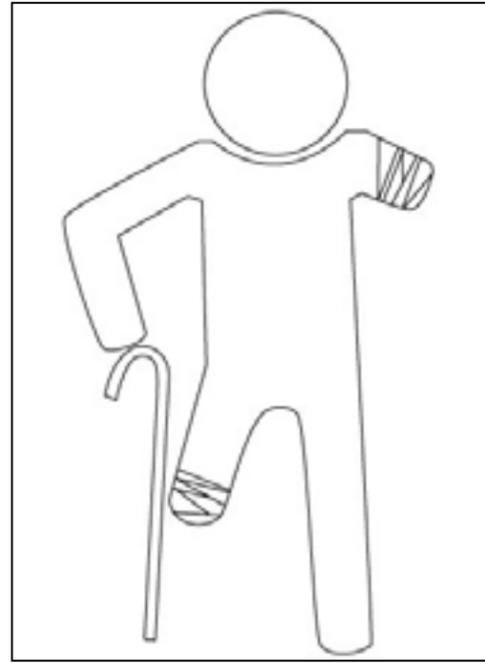
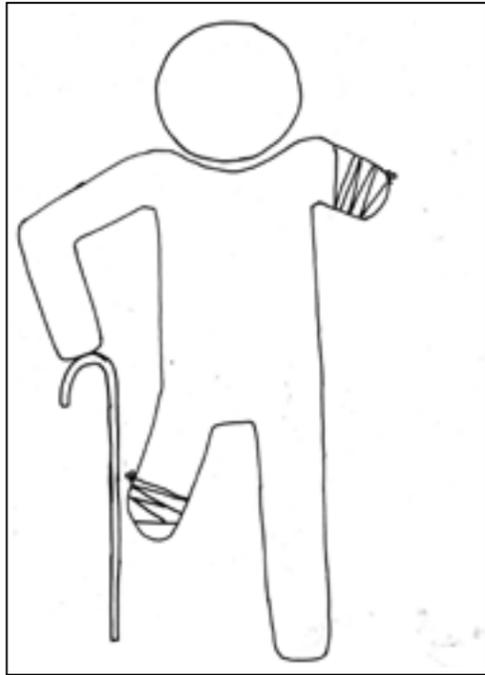


Julia Chartier





Cost an Arm and a Leg
Image as Message Spring 2019
Illustration based on an idiom



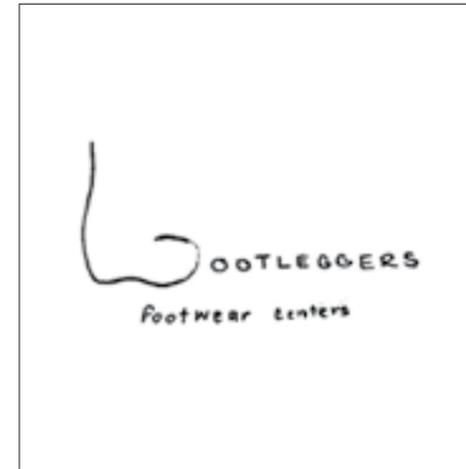
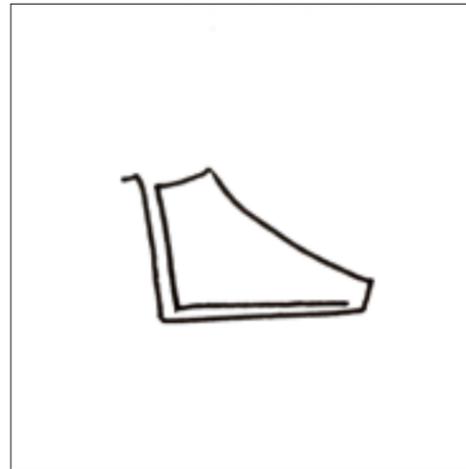
COST AN ARM & A LEG

Original Logo



Logo Redesign







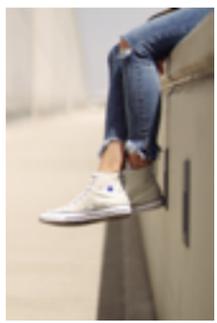
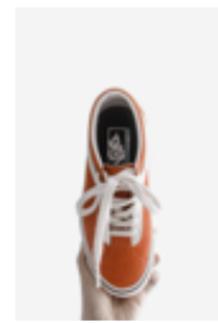
SALE
20%
OFF



BOOTS



SANDALS



ATHLETIC

- HOME
- SHOP
- LOCATIONS
- ABOUT
- FITTING TIPS
- CONTACT



10.19.18 NEW YORK CITY TRIP
kscgd.com/nyc2018fall

Art
 Food
 Galleries
 Museums
 Fun
 Buildings
 Excitement
 Culture
 Metropolitan
 Community
 Streets
 Design
 Graffiti
 and more!

Friday, October 19, 2018
Participants Sign Up Online:
kscgd.com/nyc2018fall
Registration Deadline:
Noon, Wednesday October 17
Payment by Credit Card
\$40 roundtrip. Show up at the
Hoot-n-Scoot at 5:15 am.
Bus leaves at 5:30 am sharp
and returns at 11:30 pm.

Friday, October 19, 2018

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10.19.18

NEW
YORK
CITY
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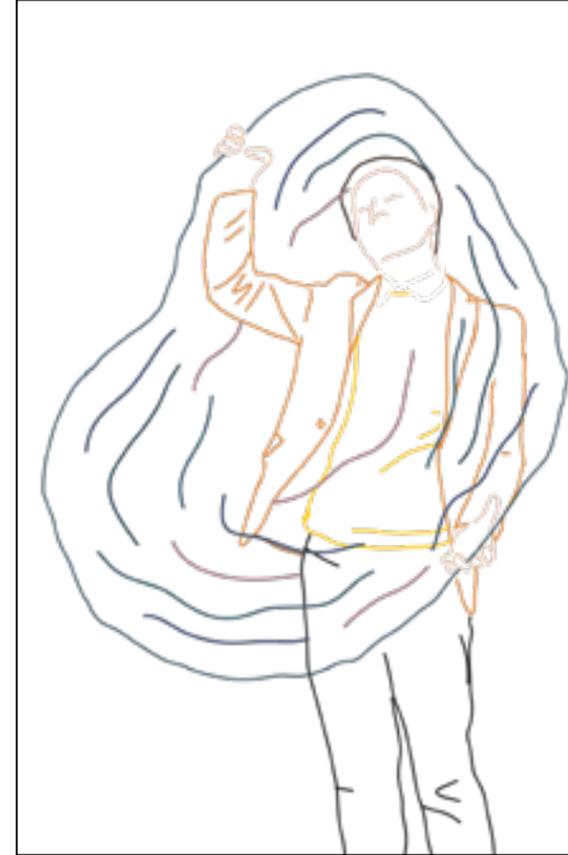
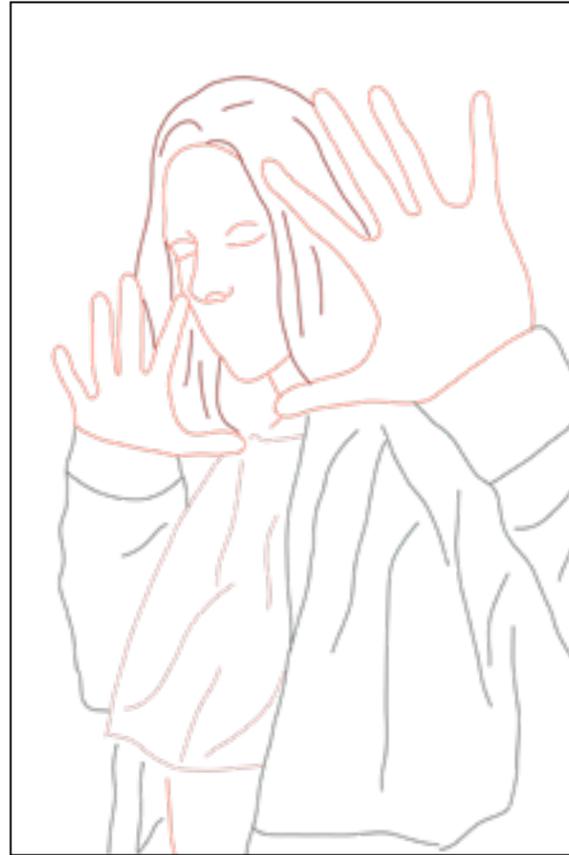
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kscgd.com/nyc2018fall



CD Case Design
Spring 2020
Illustrated visuals with lyrics.
Album "Vide Noir" by Lord Huron



Vide Noir

by Lord Huron

Well, the neon lights burned red and gold
I came to have my fortune told
Can't imagine what she saw
While gazing in her crystal ball

Far out past the astral plane
I cast you back from whence you came
Cosmic ash and blackened brain
I call you by your ancient names

I gotta get away from here
I gotta get away from her

What the fortune teller said
Is I'm alive for now but good as dead
She claims she'd seen it all while she was
Gazing in her crystal ball

If I can't evade my fate
Then I won't sit around and wait
A fallen star will be thy fate
I call you by your ancient names

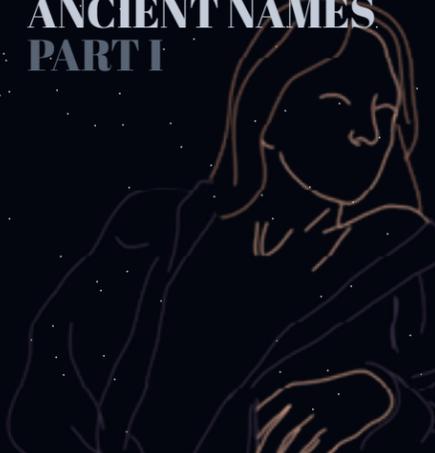
I gotta get away from here
(I'll never see the golden sunrise)
I gotta get away from her
(oh, if I leave this place alive)
I gotta get away from here

(I'll never see the golden sunrise)
Oh, I gotta get away from her

I gotta get away from here
I gotta get away from her
I gotta get away from here
I gotta get away from her

I gotta get away from here
If I live to see the next sunrise
I gotta get away from her
Oh, if I leave this place alive

ANCIENT NAMES PART I



Gone are the days, turn back, go around
Gone, baby, gone, we've all had enough
Carry on to spend all your dough
Take it down to the ground and sink me below

I scream and shout my name
If a girl's in my world then I'll scream again
I don't believe in life
And I won't believe in death 'til I die

Gone are the days, turn back, go around
Gone, baby, gone, we've all had enough
Carry on to spend all your dough
Take it down to the ground and sink me below

ANCIENT NAMES PART II

I will not live like this
If a girl's in my world then I still exist
I don't believe in life
And I won't believe in death 'til I die



I had a dream that you came to me shining
down
Through the clouds like a moonbeam
There you were
And you wore nothing more than your raven
hair
In the air like a moonbeam
Here you were

And you pulled me from a nightmare
With your eyes and your silver touch
Shone a little bit of light there
Now the darkness don't scare me much

La da da da
La da da da

You can feign your surprise, give me those
doe eyes
But I know I wanna love you
Yes I do
We can dance to the beat while I tap my feet
On the stars, you're gonna like me
Yes you are

When you saved me from a bad dream
I was drifting through time and space
But I landed on a moonbeam
Take me out of this place

The world is dark the night is long
I could use a few laughs and a couple of songs
The sun will rise above the hills
You'll be leaving me soon, like hell you will
The owl gazing at the moon
Is the feeling that I get when I'm lookin' at you
The sun will rise and fade the stars

And you're leaving me soon, like hell you are
And you're leaving me soon, like hell you are

La da da da
La da da da

I had a dream that you came to me shining down
Through the clouds like a moonbeam
There you were
I had a dream that you came to me shining down
Through the clouds like a moonbeam
There you were (la da da da)

MOONBEAM



Many nights have I heard her voice
Whisper my name without making a noise
Calling out from a pure, black void

Tears of sorrow or tears of joy
Drops in my cup as my mind is destroyed
Staring into a pure, black void

So what if I'm living out past the edge?
So what if I never come back again?

Many evils have I enjoyed
Prowling the night raising hell with the boys
Getting high on a pure, black void

I am only an aimless soul
Heading into a pure, black void

So what if I'm living out past the edge?
So what if I never come back again?

Where can you go when it's all in your head?
These are the last words that I ever said
Where can you go when it's all in your head?

I am only an aimless soul
Heading into a pure, black void
I am only an aimless soul
Heading into a pure, black void

VIDE NOIR



I will wake her in the morning
Once the dew has dried
I will say it to her face
"You're a conjured lie, a figment of my mind
Baby, I don't mind
Are you dead or are you alive?"

She was gone without a warning
Long before the sunrise
I will paint the perfect face
I will draw her eyes with the pigment of my mind
I will trace her lines
'Cause I have traced them thousands of times

All my days are filled with mourning
All my nights are empty
I just stare out into space
Searching for her eyes in a never-ending sky
Leave me where I lie
I don't care if I live or die

I will never ever love another one the way I loved her
If I ever learn to love again
I will wait until the end
'Cause I don't know where, I don't know when
But maybe, I'm gon' see her again

I will never ever love another one the way I loved her
If I ever learn to love again
I will wait until the end
'Cause I don't know where, I don't know when
But maybe, I'm gon' see her again

I will wake her in the morning
I will wake her in the morning



**NEVER
EVER**

I will wait by the river
In the light of the moon
At the edge of the city
I will wait for you

Though I can't wait forever
Someday I'll be dead and gone
And I won't be forgiven
For what I've done

I will wait by the river
I will wait by the river
I will wait by the river
I will wait by the river

I will cry out to heaven
As it rains down on me
I will beg for forgiveness
Get down on my knees

If I can't change the weather
Maybe I can change your mind
If we can't be together
What's the point of life

Baby, I didn't mean the things I said
I don't honestly wish you were dead
I'm a fool; I'm just a man
If I only could hold you again

And the stars fill the river
As it flows into the sky
And the mind leaves the body
And floats higher and higher

If we can't be together
I will leave this world behind
If I can't touch your body
Can I touch the sky?

I will wait by the river
I will wait by the river
I will wait by the river
I will wait by the river

**WAIT
BY THE
RIVER**



I came back from the edge, where you go when you die
I fell back down to earth through a hole in the sky
I crashed into the sea, then somehow I survived
Don't know what to believe, but I know I'm alive

Back from the edge

I was nearly destroyed when I looked in her eyes
I got lost in the void as I pondered the size
I got black-brained to death, but I just wouldn't die
I came back from the edge, I came back from the edge.

Back from the edge
Back from the edge
Back from the edge

I came back from the edge
I came back from the edge

**BACK
FROM THE
EDGE**



Lost in time and space
Aimless drifting in a far off place
Hurling through the vast unknown
Staring straight into the pure, black void

Drowning in the sea of stars
Lost in a galaxy of cocktail bars
Blinded by the neon lights
I lie awake and say your name into the night

I guess she's gone for good
She don't call me like I thought she would
She went west to chase her dreams
She took my money, but she didn't take me

Why go wander unknown worlds?
Stay right here and let the cosmos twirl
Blind without her source of light
I light a flame and say her name into the night
I don't know who I am, I don't know where I am

Lost in time and space
Aimless searching for a long, lost face
Haven't got a thing to lose
If I don't find her, gonna lie that noose

I quit my job and packed my car
Left in a hurry, and I've sure come far
Driving fast with no headlights
I'm wide awake, I say her name into the night

Oh, I'll find a way, I say your name into the night
I don't know who I am, I don't know where I am
I don't know who I am, I don't know where I am
I don't know who I am, I don't know where I am
I don't know who I am, I don't know where I am

**LOST
IN TIME &
SPACE**



Here by the lake, what a vision you are
In the light of the emerald star
I've come for you, my love
Through a window in the dark
Don't you know you're my everything?
If I lost you, I think I would die
Was everything you said just a lie?

You never loved me
I came all the way through time and space
To take you away and out of this place
With the moonlight in your eyes
You're the brightest star in all of the sky
I'll cry and I'll cry if your light ever dies

Oh, what a jewel are you
And, oh, what a fool am I
For squandering my love
On an emerald in the sky

Way out here in the void
Is the loneliest place to die
When everything you loved is a lie

You never loved me
I came all the way through time and space
To take you away and out of this place
You're an emerald in the sky
You light up the night by blinkin' your eyes.
I'll cry and I'll cry if your light ever dies

**EMERALD
STAR**





Lost in Time and Space Never Ever Ancient Names Part I
Ancient Names Part II Wait by the River Secret of Life
Back from the Edge The Balancer's Eye When the Night is Over
Moonbeam Vide Noir Emerald Star

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Vide Noir
 by Lord Huron

Vide Noir
by Lord Huron



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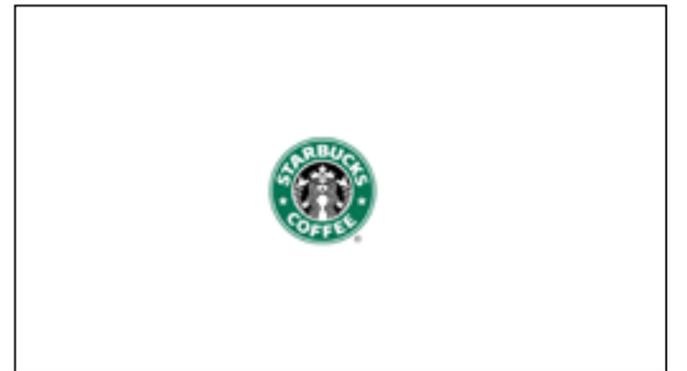
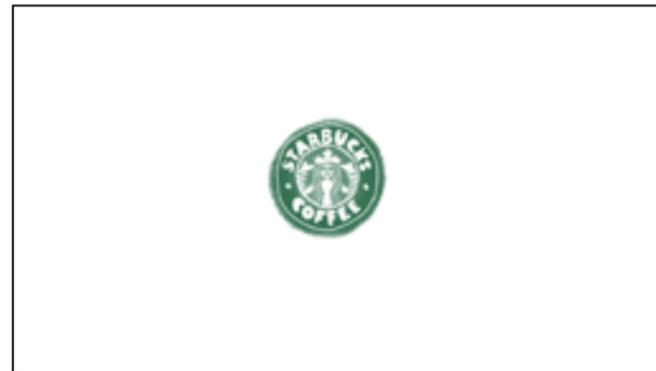
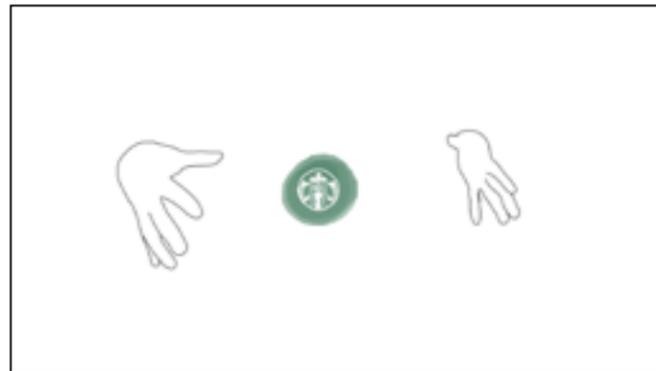
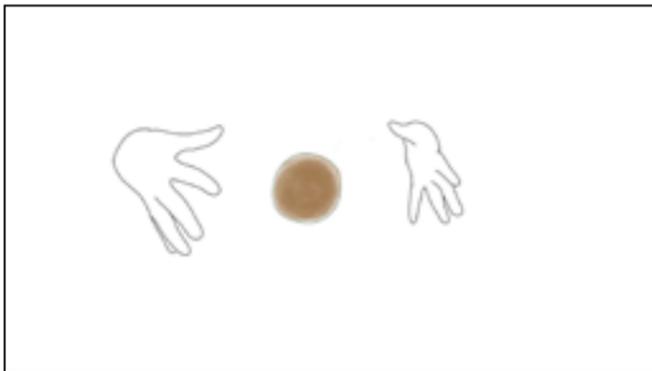
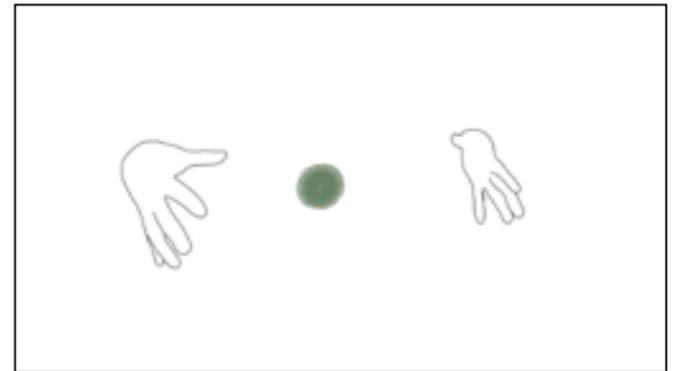
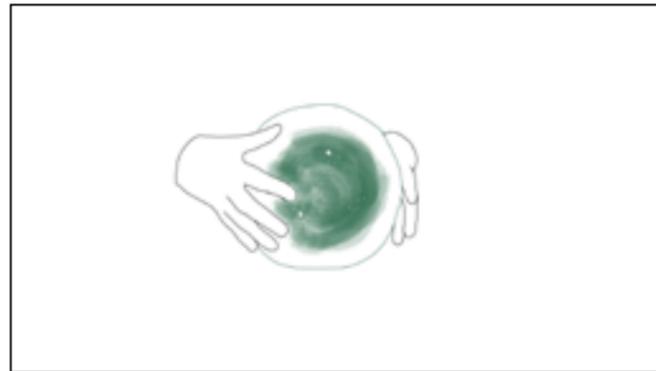
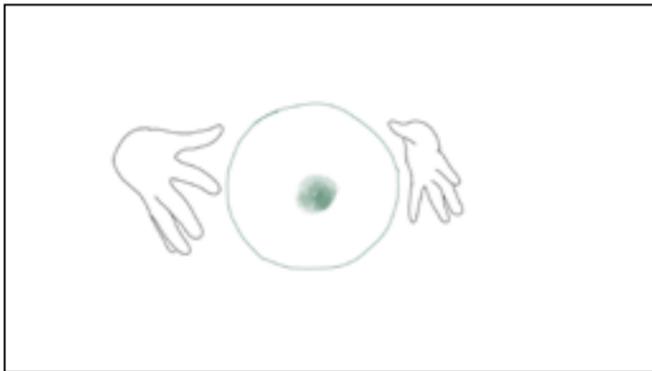
“The letters don’t get their true delight, when done in haste & discomfort, nor merely done with diligence & pain, but first when they are created with love and passion.”

Giambattista Bodoni

Bodoni

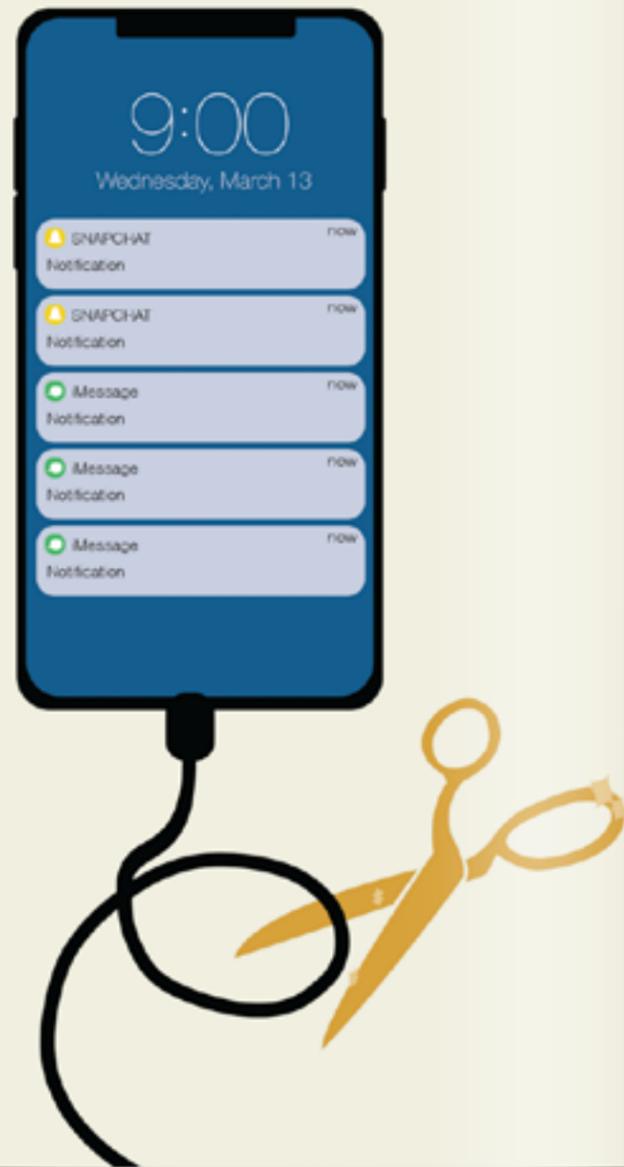
Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee Ff Gg Hh Ii
Jj Kk Ll Mm Nn Oo Pp Qq Rr
Ss Tt Uu Vv Ww Xx Yy Zz
1234567890 “” ;:./?!&

Released in 1790, Giambattista Bodoni was inspired by the Didone and Modern typefaces by John Baskerville and Pierre Simon Fournier. Classification: Didone/ Modern
Attributes: Slight J hook, centered Q tail, Bracketed hairline serifs, Double storey lower case a, Extreme contrast in weight variation



Logo Animation
Fall 2019
Starbucks logo





HUMAN CONTACT IS NOW A
LUXURY
GOOD

Screens used to be for the elite.
Now avoiding them is
a status symbol.

By Nellie Bowles
March 23, 2019

Editorial Illustration
Spring 2019
“Human Contact is now a Luxury Good”

Bill Langlois has a new best friend. She is a cat named Sox. She lives on a tablet, and she makes him so happy that when he talks about her arrival in his life, he begins to cry.

All day long, Sox and Mr. Langlois, who is 68 and lives in a low-income senior housing complex in Lowell, Mass., chat. Mr. Langlois worked in machine operations, but now he is retired. With his wife out of the house most of the time, he has grown lonely. Sox talks to him about his favorite team, the Red Sox, after which she is named. She plays his favorite songs and shows him pictures from his wedding. And because she has a video feed of him in his recliner, she chastises him when she catches him drinking soda instead of water.

Mr. Langlois knows that Sox is artifice, that she comes from a start-up called Care.Coach. He knows she is operated by workers around the world who are watching, listening and typing out her responses, which sound slow and robotic. But her consistent voice in his life has returned him to his faith.

"I found something so reliable and someone so caring, and it's allowed me to go into my deep soul and remember how caring the Lord was," Mr. Langlois said. "She's brought my life back to life."

Sox has been listening. "We make a great team," she says.

Sox is a simple animation; she barely moves or emotes, and her voice is as harsh as a dial tone. But little animated hearts come up around her sometimes, and Mr. Langlois loves when that happens. Mr. Langlois is on a fixed income. To qualify for Element Care, a nonprofit health care program for older adults that brought him Sox, a patient's countable assets must not be greater than \$2,000.

Such programs are proliferating. And not just for the elderly.

Life for anyone but the very rich — the physical experience of learning, living and dying — is increasingly mediated by screens.

Not only are screens themselves cheap to make, but they also make things cheaper. Any place that can fit a screen in (classrooms, hospitals, airports, restaurants) can cut costs. And any activity that can happen on a screen becomes cheaper.

The rich do not live like this. The rich have grown afraid of screens. They want their children to play with blocks, and tech-free private schools are booming. Humans are more expensive, and rich people are willing and able to pay for them.

Conspicuous human interaction — living without a phone for a day, quitting social networks and not answering email — has become a status symbol.

The texture of life, the tactile experience, is becoming smooth glass.

All of this has led to a curious new reality: Human contact is becoming a luxury good.

As more screens appear in the lives of the poor, screens are disappearing from the lives of the rich. The richer you are, the more you spend to be offscreen. Milton Pedraza, the chief executive of the Luxury Institute, advises companies on how the wealthiest want to live and spend, and what he has found is that the wealthy want to spend on anything human.

"What we are seeing now is the luxurification of human engagement," Mr. Pedraza said.

Anticipated spending on experiences such as leisure travel and dining is outpacing spending on goods, according to his

company's research, and he sees it as a direct response to the proliferation of screens.

"The positive behaviors and emotions human engagement elicits — think the joy of a massage. Now education, health care stores, everyone, is starting to look at how to make experiences human," Mr. Pedraza said. "The human is very important right now."

This is a swift change. Since the 1980s personal computer boom, having technology at home and on your person had been a sign of wealth and power. Early adopters with disposable income rushed to get the newest gadgets and show them off. The first Apple Mac shipped in 1984 and cost about \$2,500 (in today's dollars, \$6,000). Now the very best Chromebook laptop, according to Wirecutter, a New York Times-owned product reviews site, costs \$470.

"Pagers were important to have because it was a signal that you were an important, busy person," said Joseph Nunes, chairman of the marketing department at the University of Southern California, who specializes in status marketing.

Today, he said, the opposite is true: "If you're truly at the top of the hierarchy, you don't have to answer to anyone. They have to answer to you."

The joy — at least at first — of the internet revolution was its democratic nature. Facebook is the same Facebook whether you are rich or poor. Gmail is the same Gmail. And it's all free. There is something mass market and unappealing about that. And as studies show that time on these advertisement-support platforms is unhealthy, it all starts to seem déclassé, like drinking soda or smoking cigarettes, which wealthy people do less than poor people.

Screen exposure starts young. And children who spent more than two hours

a day looking at a screen got lower scores on thinking and language tests, according to early results of a landmark study on brain development of more than 11,000 children that the National Institutes of Health is supporting. Most disturbingly, the study is finding that the brains of children who spend a lot of time on screens are different. For some kids, there is premature thinning of their cerebral cortex. In adults, one study found an association between screen time and depression.

A toddler who learns to build with virtual blocks in an iPad game gains no ability to build with actual blocks, according to Dimitri Christakis, a pediatrician at Seattle Children's Hospital and a lead author of the American Academy of Pediatrics' guidelines on screen time.

In small towns around Wichita, Kan., in a state where school budgets have been so tight that the State Supreme Court ruled them inadequate, classes have been replaced by software, much of the academic day now spent in silence on a laptop. In Utah, thousands of children do a brief, state-provided preschool program at home via laptop.

Tech companies worked hard to get public schools to buy into programs that required schools to have one laptop per student, arguing that it would better prepare children for their screen-based future. But this idea isn't how the people who actually build the screen-based future raise their own children.

In Silicon Valley, time on screens is increasingly seen as unhealthy. Here, the popular elementary school is the local Waldorf School, which promises a back-to-nature, nearly screen-free education.

So as wealthy kids are growing up with less screen time, poor kids are growing up with more. How comfortable someone is with human engagement could become

Grid Font
Fall 2018
"Roasted"

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